

Aquilon Music Festival Presents:

To the Distant Beloved

Brennen Guillory, Tenor
Anton Belov, Baritone
Stanislav Serebriannikov, Piano

An die ferne Geliebte

1. Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
2. Wo die Berge so blau
3. Leichte Segler in den Höhen
4. Diese Wolken in den Höhen
5. Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
6. Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
Poetry by Alois Isidor Jeitteles (1794-1858)

Brennen Guillory, Tenor

Dichterliebe Op. 48

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nicht
8. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Traume
15. Aus alten Märchen winkt es
16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Poetry by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Anton Belov, Baritone

An die Musik

Ständchen

Der Lindenbaum (from Winterreise)

Die Post (from Winterreise)

Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)

Brennen Guillory, Tenor

Tre Sonetti di Petrarca

1. Pace non trovo
2. Benedetto sia il giorno
3. I vidi in terra angelici costumi

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)
Poetry by Francesco Petrarca (1304-1374)

Anton Belov, Baritone

Translations

An die ferne Geliebte

To the Distant Beloved

Music by Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Poetry by Alois Isidor Jeitteles (1794–1858)

1. I sit on the hill, gazing
Into the misty blue countryside,
Towards the distant meadows
Where, my love, I first found you.
Now I'm far away from you,
Mountain and valley intervene
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our pain.
Ah, you cannot see the fiery gaze
That wings its way towards you,
And my sighs are lost
In the space that comes between us.
Will nothing ever reach you again?
Will nothing be love's messenger?
I shall sing, sing songs
That speak to you of my distress!
For sounds of singing put to flight
All space and all time;
And a loving heart is reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

2. Where the blue mountains
From the misty grey
Look out towards me,
Where the sun's glow fades,
Where the clouds scud by –
There would I be!
There, in the peaceful valley,
Pain and torment cease.
Where among the rocks
The primrose meditates in silence,
And the wind blows so softly –
There would I be!
I am driven to the musing wood
By the power of love,
Inner pain.
Ah, nothing could tempt me from here,
If I were able, my love,
To be with you eternally!

3. Light clouds sailing on high,
And you, narrow little brook,
If you catch sight of my love,
Greet her a thousand times.
If, clouds, you see her walking
Thoughtful in the silent valley,
Let my image loom before her
In the airy vaults of heaven.
If she be standing by the bushes
Autumn has turned fallow and bare,
Pour out to her my fate,

Pour out, you birds, my torment.
Soft west winds, waft my sighs
To her my heart has chosen –
Sighs that fade away
Like the sun's last ray.
Whisper to her my entreaties,
Let her, narrow little brook,
Truly see in your ripples
My never-ending tears!

4. These clouds on high,
This cheerful flight of birds
Will see you, O gracious one.
Take me lightly winging too!
These west winds will playfully
Blow about your cheeks and breast,
Will ruffle your silken tresses. –
Would I might share that joy!
This brooklet hastens eagerly
To you from those hills.
If she's reflected in you,
Flows directly back to me!

5. May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild,
The babbling brooks flow again,
The swallow returns
To its rooftop home,
And eagerly builds
Her bridal chamber,
Where love shall dwell.
She busily brings
From every direction
Many soft scraps
For the bridal bed,
Many warm scraps for her young.
Now the pair lives
Faithfully together,
What winter parted,
May has joined,
For May can unite all who love.
May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild;
I alone cannot move on.
When spring unites
All lovers,
Our love alone
Knows no spring,
And tears are its only gain.

6. Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
Sing them again at evening
To the lute's sweet sound!

As the red light of evening draws
Towards the calm blue lake,
And its last rays fade
Behind those mountain heights;
And you sing what I sang
From a full heart
With no display of art,
Aware only of longing:
Then, at these songs,
The distance that parted us shall recede,
And a loving heart be reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

Dichterliebe Op. 48

A Poet's Love

Music by Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Poetry by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

1. In the Marvelous month of May
In the marvelous month of May
when all the buds were bursting,
then in my heart did
love arise.

In the marvelous month of May
when all the birds were singing,
then did I reveal to her
my yearning and longing.

2. From my tears there spring
From my tears there spring
up many blossoming flowers.
And my sighs turn into
a choir of nightingales.
And if you love me, child,
I will give you all the flowers,
and at your window shall sound
the song of the nightingale.

3. The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun
The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
once, rapt with love, I loved them all.
I love them no more, I love only
her who is small, exquisite, chaste, unique.
She, all loving rapture, herself
is rose and lily and dove and sun.

4. When I gaze into your eyes
When I gaze into your eyes
all my pain and grief vanishes,
then when I kiss your mouth
I am made wholly and completely well.
When I lean on your bosom
joy as of heaven comes upon me;
but when you say "I love you,"
I must weep bitterly.

5. I long to sink my soul
I long to sink my soul

within the cup of the lily;
the lily would sing in whispers
a song of my beloved.
The song would tremble and quiver
like the kiss from her mouth
that once she gave me
in an hour of wondrous sweetness.

6. In the Rhine, the holy river
In the Rhine, the holy river,
there in the waves is reflected
with its mighty cathedral,
mighty, holy Cologne.
In the cathedral there hangs a picture
painted on golden leather;
into the wilderness of my life
it has shed its friendly beams.
Flowers and angels hover there
round Our Lady;
her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
are exactly like my beloved's.

7. I do not complain
I do not complain, even if my heart is breaking,
love lost forever! I do not complain.
Though you gleam with the glory of diamonds,
no gleam falls into the night of your heart.
I knew it long ago-I saw you in my dreams
and saw night in the confines of your heart,
and saw the viper that gnaws at your bosom;
I saw, my love, how wretched you are.

8. If only the flowers could know
If only the flowers, little as they are,
could know how deeply wounded is my heart,
they would weep with me
to heal my sorrow.
If only the nightingales knew
how sad and sick I am,
they would gladly pour out
their refreshing song.
If only they knew my woe,
those golden stars,
they would come down from aloft
and speak comfort to me.
They can none of them know,
one only knows my sorrow;
she herself has made the rent,
has rent my heart asunder.

9. There is fluting and fiddling
There is fluting and fiddling,
trumpets are blaring within.
There in the wedding circle dances
the best beloved of my heart.
There is a hubbub and a din,
drumming and piping,
and in between are sobbing and wailing

the dear angels.

10. When I hear the sound of the song
When I hear the sound of song
that once my beloved sang,
my bosom is near to bursting
with the savage strain of sorrow.
A dark longing drives me
up to the woody heights;
there in tears is released
my overwhelming woe.

11. A lad loves a girl
A lad loves a girl;
she has chosen another.
That other loves another,
and it is this one he has married.
The girl out of anger accepts
the first good man
who crosses her path
the lad is hard hit.
It is an old tale
but it remains ever new,
and when it has just happened to a man
his heart breaks in twain.

12. On a gleaming morning in summer
On a gleaming morning in summer
I pace about in the garden.
The flowers they whisper and speak,
but I wander speechless.
The flowers they whisper and speak,
and look at me compassionately;
"Do not be cross with our sister,
you sorrowful, pale-faced man!"

13. I wept in my dreams
I wept in my dreams.
I dreamed you lay in the grave;
I awoke, and the tears
still poured down my cheeks.
I wept in my dreams,
I dreamed you had left me;
I awoke and I went on weeping
long and bitterly.
I wept in my dreams,
I dreamed you were still kind to me;
I awoke, and still
the flow of my tears streams on.

14. All night in dreams I see you
All night in dreams I see you,
and see you greet me warmly,
and crying aloud I throw myself
at your sweet feet,
You look at me sadly
and shake your fair head
From your eyes there are stealing

teardrops like pearls.
Secretly you speak to me a hushed word,
and give me a branch of cypress.
I wake up, and the branch is gone
and I have forgotten the word.

15. From old tales someone waves
From old tales someone waves
out with a white hand.
There is singing, and there are sounds
of a magical land,
Where gay flowers bloom
in golden evening light,
and, sweetly smelling, glow
with faces radiant as brides,
And green trees are singing
the tunes of long ago;
the breezes sound softly
and birds twitter there.
And misty shapes rise
up out of the ground
and dance in airy circles
a wondrous assembly,
And azure sparks are burning
on every leaf and twig,
and crimson lights are running
in circles hither and thither.
And noisy springs are bursting
from the unhewn marble rock,
and strangely in the streams
glows the reflection.
Ah! Could I but go there,
and there make my heart happy,
and be relieved of all sorrows,
and be free and full of joy.
Ah! that land of rapture,
I see it often in my dreams,
but the sun comes at morning
and dispels it like sea foam.

16. The old and evil songs
The old and evil songs,
the dreams so evil and bad
let us bury them now-
fetch an enormous coffin.
In it I'll lay plenty
(but I don't yet say what it is);
the coffin must be even larger
than the tun of Heidelberg.
And fetch a funeral bier
and planks firm and thick;
it too must be even longer
than the bridge at Mainz.
And then fetch me twelve giants;
they must be mightier even
than mighty St. Christopher
in the cathedral of Cologne on the Rhine.
They shall carry the coffin away

and sink it deep in the sea;
for such a huge coffin
demands a huge grave.
Do you know why the coffin
must be so huge and heavy?
I want to sink my love
and my sorrow in it.

An die Musik

To Music

Music by Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)

Poetry by Franz von Schober (1796 – 1882)

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous round,
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of love,
and borne me away to a better world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,
a sweet, celestial chord
has revealed to me a heaven of happier times.
Beloved art, for this I thank you!

Ständchen

Serenade

Music by Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)

Poetry by Ludwig Rellstab (1799 – 1860)

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.

They understand the heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

Der Lindenbaum (from Winterreise)

The Linden Tree

Music by Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)

Poetry by Wilhelm Müller (1794 – 1827)

By the well, before the gate,
stands a linden tree;
in its shade I dreamt
many a sweet dream.

In its bark I carved
many a word of love;
in joy and sorrow
I was ever drawn to it.

Today, too, I had to walk
past it at dead of night;
even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled
as if they were calling to me:
'Come to me, friend,
here you will find rest.'

The cold wind blew
straight into my face,
my hat flew from my head;
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours' journey
from that place;
yet I still hear the rustling:
'There you would find rest.'

Die Post (from Winterreise)

The Post

Music by Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)

Poetry by Wilhelm Müller (1794 – 1827)

A posthorn sounds from the road.
Why is it that you leap so high,
my heart?

The post brings no letter for you.
Why, then, do you surge so strangely,
my heart?

But yes, the post comes from the town
where I once had a beloved sweetheart,
my heart!

Do you want to peep out
and ask how things are there,
my heart?

Tre Sonetti di Petrarca

Three Sonnets of Petrarch

Music by Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Poetry by Francesco Petrarca (1304-1374)

Sonnet 134

I find no peace, but for war am not inclined;
I fear, yet hope; I burn, yet am turned to ice;
I soar in the heavens, but lie upon the ground;
I hold nothing, though I embrace the whole world.

Love has me in a prison which he neither opens nor shuts fast;
he neither claims me for his own nor loosens my halter;
he neither slays nor unshackles me;
he would not have me live, yet leaves me with my torment.

Eyeless I gaze, and tongueless I cry out;
I long to perish, yet plead for relief;
I hate myself, but love another.

I feed on grief, yet weeping, laugh;
death and life alike repel me;
and to this state I am come, my lady, because of you.

Sonnet 61

Blessed be the day, the month, the year,
the season, the hour, the moment, the lovely scene,
the spot when I was put in thrall
by two lovely eyes which bind me fast.

And blessed be the first sweet pang
I suffered when love overwhelmed me,
the bows and arrows which stung me,
and the wounds which pierce to my heart.

Blessed be the many voices which have echoed
when I have called Laura's name,
the sighs and tears, the longing;

and blessed be all those writings
in which I have spread her fame, and my thoughts,
which stem from her and centre on her alone.

Sonnet 156

I beheld on earth angelic grace,
and heavenly beauty unmatched in this world,
such as to rejoice and pain my memory,
which is so clouded with dreams, shadows, mists.

And I beheld tears spring from those two bright eyes,
which many a time have put the sun to shame,
and heard words unered with such sighs
as to move the mountains and stay the rivers.

Love, wisdom, excellence, pity and grief
made in that plaint a sweeter concert
than any other to be heard on earth.

And heaven on that harmony was so intent
that not a leaf upon the bough was seen to stir,
such sweetness had filled the air and winds.

About the Artists

Tenor **Brennen Guillory** has become known for his powerful, dramatic voice and thoughtful interpretations of both operatic and concert music. Radiating both “immense power and tender intimacy” he has performed a number of operatic leads, but it is in the concert hall that he has focused his efforts since he became a pastor and moved back to his beloved Pacific Northwest in 2006. Mr. Guillory has appeared internationally in Canada performing gala concerts and in England, first recording Mahler’s fiendishly difficult *Das Lied von der Erde* with the Orchestra of the Swan in Stratford-upon-Avon. The Somm recording was released to critical acclaim and remarked on Guillory’s artistry: “barging his way deliriously through the two drinking songs and is heart-stopping in the visionary ‘Von der Jugend’...Guillory’s vocal range, control and power are quite something.” Brennen Guillory returned for concerts with English Symphony Orchestra, performing Britten’s *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings*, Finzi’s *Dies Natalis* and a revival of Sullivan’s *Golden Legend*. He performed with the English Symphony Orchestra once again as Siegmund in their performance of *Die Walküre* in Worcestershire. Brennen has sung on both coasts in opera galas and concerts, performing Verdi’s *Requiem*, Beethoven’s *Ninth Symphony*, and *Fidelio*, as well as concert excerpts ranging from *Carmen* and *La Traviata* to *Otello* and *Lohengrin*. In 2018 he sang *Das Lied von der Erde* at the 31st Mahler Festival in Colorado and then again in 2021 with the Fargo-Moorehead symphony. He returned in 2023 to the Colorado Mahler Festival to perform *Die Walkure* and selections from Mahler *Das Knaben Wunderhorn*.

The voice of baritone **ANTON BELOV** has been called “rich and mellifluous” by the New York Times, while his appearance as the soloist in *Carmina Burana* was described by Florida Weekly as “captivating in every way, casting a mystical spell over the audience.” He earned praise from critics and audiences alike for his portrayals of Enrico (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), Don Giovanni, Germont (*La Traviata*), Count di Luna (*Il trovatore*), Eugene Onegin, Escamillo, and Figaro. Mr. Belov performed with Boston Lyric Opera, Portland Opera, Opera Boston, Opera Delaware, Connecticut Grand Opera, Tacoma Opera, Opera New Jersey, Eugene Opera, as well as Boston Baroque, Opera Orchestra of New York, the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, the Oregon Symphony, Las Vegas Philharmonic, and Colorado Symphony. Anton holds a Doctorate of Music degree from Boston University, a Bachelor of Music Degree from The New England Conservatory, and a Master of Music Degree from The Juilliard School. Dr. Belov is an associate professor of music at [Linfield University](#) in McMinnville, OR.

Stanislav Serebriannikov, is an internationally recognized concert and collaborative pianist with degrees in both piano and vocal performance from Moscow Conservatory. Stanislav served as chief accompanist at the Prokofiev Opera Theater-Studio in Moscow and the principal coach and assistant conductor at the Mariinsky Theatre Affiliate in Vladivostok, and the Assistant Chief Conductor in the chamber orchestra “Vremena Goda” (“The Seasons”) in Moscow. Stanislav is in great demand as a solo and collaborative pianist. In all, he has appeared in over 2,000 concerts at the best concert venues around the world, including Carnegie Hall in New York City, and concert halls of Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Austria. In 2023 Stanislav served as the principal collaborative pianist and assistant conductor at Aquilon Music Festival in McMinnville, OR. Since the beginning of the Ukraine War, Stanislav was vocal in his opposition to the Russian invasion and programmed numerous concerts that celebrated Ukrainian music. Most-recently, he has produced an album of Ukrainian art songs in collaboration with baritone Anton Belov.

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