

“Dir ist ja meine **Lust, mein Hoffen**, Leiden”

The energy and positive tension gathered in “**dir ist ja meine**” finds its apex in the “**L**” of “**Lust**”. This consonant is voiced on the upper pitch, then released into a focused, spinning operatic “**u**” through a focus round embouchure. Internally, the vowel is made as long as possible in the soft palate, as if the sound were being poured down from a height somewhere behind the top of the head. A connection to the chest register of the preceding motif is maintained, as if the higher pitch were anchored to the sternum as the **bright** overtones and heady **sheen** spin out above behind the **eyes**.

The spinning energy of “**Lust**” is carried forwards into the “**st**”, as if crescendoing through the consonant itself. The “**st**” and “**m**” (**Lust** and **mein**) are enunciated as a cluster, **ploughing forwards** into the new, more open “**a**” vowel.

“**Hoffen**”

A strong “**H**” articulates the beginning of “**Hoffen**”, causing the throat to open and a large, round “**O**” to pour forwards and outward. With this opening and descent of pitch, the darker colours of the middle voice are shaded into the tone.

Punctuated by a strong fricative “**fff**”, as if this consonant could cause a flame to flicker, the word reopens into an even darker “**er**” of “Hof-**fen**”, which is modified to this end as if singing the English name “**Fearne**”.

“-**fen Lei**-den”

The melisma of “-**fen**” sweeps down with momentum towards the appoggiatura of “**Leiden**”. Like “**st**” and “**m**” in “...**Lust mein**..”, “**n**” and “**L**” are grouped into a single cluster. These voiced consonants, sung on the same pitch are blurred together as the tongue—which remains behind the upper incisors—is tensed slightly, as if trying to push a wobbly tooth forwards.

This leaning of the tongue accompanies the idea of leaning into the first pitch of the appoggiatura. A bright “**a**” springs out as this loaded tongue is freed to flick down into a flat “**a**” position. Simultaneously the soft palate forms as large an “**a**” as possible, giving the vowel a highly contrasting colour to the previous round and slim vowels. The note is sung with release with the weight of a cry, like

I am feeling the tug of sorrow in my chest.

Mein Lieben, **meine** Treu’

The in breath is a snatched, gasping breath, the type you take when speaking faster than you can think, tripping over yourself. The second “**meine**” is articulated within this character, as if interrupting, pouncing onto the “**mm**” and colouring the possessive pronoun with a greater weight than the first—like I am attempting to convince myself that she is really “**meine**..”.

Treu’

This climactic pitch sits at the top of my passaggio, meaning that the internal lengthening of the vowel is stretched to it’s upper limits, with the eyes active and a flow of air intensely sweeping across the top of the note—like a bow just connecting with a string. The weight of the body is anchored down towards the ground, through the feet, with loose knees and a strength of posture—this is a whole body experience.

Adhering to the written rest, the diphthong of the climactic note “**treu**” is released into the room around me, throwing the note up into the air .

This offset allows for a short, snatched breath—whilst sustaining the stretched position of the upper passaggio.

As if catching the thrown away resonance sound as it begins to fall, I re-engage the voice, pouring sound and breath into “**mein Ruhm**”, which is sung with a sense of abandon—almost an ugliness—to allow the raw emotional quality to colour the voice.