



**Iestyn Davies *countertenor***

**Nardus Williams *soprano***

**Joseph Middleton *piano***

**Saturday 31 October 2020**

**6.00pm**

**Leeds Town Hall**

## Programme

<b>Liszt</b>	Oh, quand je dors
<b>Brahms</b>	Mädchenlied Meine Liebe ist grün
<b>Wolf</b>	Kennst du das Land

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### **Schubert**    *Die schöne Müllerin*

Das Wandern  
Wohin?  
Halt  
Danksagung an den Bach  
Am Feierabend  
Der Neugierige  
Ungeduld  
Morgengruß  
Des Müllers Blumen  
Tränenregen  
Mein!  
Pause  
Mit dem grünen Lautenbande  
Der Jäger  
Eifersucht und Stolz  
Die liebe Farbe  
Die böse Farbe  
Trockne Blumen  
Der Müller und der Bach  
Des Baches Wiegenlied

**Franz Liszt (1811-1816)**

**Oh! quand je dors**

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche,  
Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,  
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche ...  
Soudain ma bouche  
S'entr'ouvrira!

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève  
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,  
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève ...  
Et soudain mon rêve  
Rayonnera!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,  
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,  
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme ...  
Soudain mon âme  
S'éveillera!

*Victor Hugo*

**Oh, when I sleep**

Oh, when I sleep, come close to my bed  
As Laura once appeared to Petrarco,  
And let your breath touch me as you pass ...  
Suddenly my lips  
Will open slightly!

On my sombre forehead where perhaps  
I'm ending a bad long-lasting dream  
Let your image rise like a star  
And suddenly my dream  
Will shine!

Then on my lips where a flame flickers,  
Which God himself has purified,  
Give me a kiss, and change from angel to woman ...  
And at once my soul  
Will awake!

**Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)**

**Mädchenlied**

Auf die Nacht in der Spinnstub'n,  
Da singen die Mädchen,  
Da lachen die Dorfbub'n,  
Wie flink gehn die Rädchen!

Spinnt Jedes am Brautschatz,  
Daß der Liebste sich freut.  
Nicht lange, so gibt es  
Ein Hochzeitgeläut.

Kein Mensch, der mir gut ist,  
Will nach mir fragen;  
Wie bang mir zumut ist,  
Wem soll ich's klagen?

Die Tränen rinnen  
Mir übers Gesicht—  
Wofür soll ich spinnen?  
Ich weiß es nicht!

*Paul Heyse (1830-1914)*

**A maiden's song**

At night in the spinning rooms  
The young girls sing,  
The village lads laugh,  
How quickly the wheels spin!

They are all working on a trousseau  
To please their beloveds.  
It won't be long now  
Before wedding bells ring out.

No-one who cares about me  
Will ask about me;  
I'm so deeply anxious,  
Who can I tell about it?

Tears run  
Down my cheeks –  
Why am I spinning?  
I don't know!

## Meine Liebe ist grün

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch  
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne;  
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch  
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall  
Und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder,  
Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht  
Viel liebe-strunkene Lieder.

*Felix Schumann (1854-1879)*

## My love is green

My love is as green as the lilac bush,  
And my sweetheart is as beautiful as the sun;  
The sun shines down on the lilac bush  
And fills it with fragrance and joy.

My soul has the wings of a nightingale  
And sways in the blossoming lilac,  
And, drunk with the fragrance, rejoices and sings  
So many love-intoxicated songs.

## Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

### Kennst du das Land

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blüuhn,  
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,  
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?  
Kennst du es wohl?  
Dahin! dahin  
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein  
Dach.  
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das  
Gemach,  
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:  
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?  
Kennst du es wohl?  
Dahin! dahin Möcht ich mit dir, o mein  
Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?  
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;  
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;  
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!

Kennst du ihn wohl?  
Dahin! dahin  
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)*

### Do you know the land

Do you know the land where the lemon-trees  
blossom?  
Where in the dark foliage the golden oranges glow,  
A gentle breeze blows from the blue sky,  
And the myrtle stands still, and the bay-tree tall?  
Do you know it, perhaps?  
It's there, there  
That I would like to go with you, my beloved.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests on columns.  
The hall gleams, the room glitters,  
And marble figures stand and look at me:  
What have they done to you, poor child?  
Do you know it, perhaps?  
It's there, there  
That I would like to go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path?  
The mule picks its way through the mist;  
In caves the ancient brood of dragons live;  
The rock face falls sheer and the stream plunges  
over it.  
Do you know it, perhaps?  
It's there, there  
That our path leads! O father, let us go!

**Franz Schubert (1797-1828)**

**Die schöne Müllerin**

*Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)*

**Das Wandern**

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,  
Das Wandern!  
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,  
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,  
Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,  
Vom Wasser!  
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,  
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,  
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,  
Den Rädern!  
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,  
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde gehn,  
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,  
Die Steine!  
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn  
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,  
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,  
O Wandern!  
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,  
Laßt mich in Frieden weiter ziehn  
Und wandern.

**Wohin?**

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen  
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,  
Hinab zum Tale rauschen  
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,  
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,  
Ich mußte auch hinunter  
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter  
Und immer dem Bache nach,  
Und immer heller rauschte,  
Und immer heller der Bach.

**Wandering**

To wander is a miller's delight,  
To wander!  
Only a bad miller  
Has never felt like wandering,  
Wandering!

We've learnt it from the water,  
The water!  
It doesn't rest by night or day,  
It's always intent on wandering,  
The water.

We see it in the wheels too,  
The wheels!  
They never want to stand still,  
And never get tired the whole day long,  
The wheels.

Even the stones, heavy as they are,  
The stones!  
They dance along cheerfully  
Wanting to move even faster,  
The stones.

Oh wandering, wandering, my delight  
Oh wandering!  
Master and Mistress,  
Let me go my way in peace  
Just wandering.

**Whither?**

I heard a little stream babbling  
From its rocky source,  
Babbling down to the valley,  
So clear and bright.

I don't know what came over me,  
Or who prompted me,  
But I had to go down too  
With my wanderer's staff.

Further and further down,  
Always following the stream,  
And the stream babbled ever more cheerily  
And ever more brightly.

Ist das denn meine Straße?  
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?  
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen  
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag' ich denn vom Rauschen?  
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:  
Es singen wohl die Nixen  
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, lass rauschen,  
Und wandre fröhlich nach!  
Es gehn ja Mühlräder  
In jedem klaren Bach.

### **Halt**

Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken  
Aus den Erlen heraus,  
Durch Rauschen und Singen  
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,  
Süßer Mühlengesang!  
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!  
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle  
Vom Himmel sie scheint!  
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
War es also gemeint?

### **Danksagung an den Bach**

War es also gemeint,  
Mein rauschender Freund,  
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,  
War es also gemeint?

„Zur Müllerin hin!“  
So lautet der Sinn.  
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?  
„Zur Müllerin hin!“

Hat sie dich geschickt?  
Oder hast mich berückt?  
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,  
Ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,  
Ich gebe mich drein:  
Was ich such', hab' ich funden,  
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,  
Nun hab' ich genug,  
Für die Hände, für's Herze  
Vollauf genug!

Is that then the path I should take?  
Little stream, tell me – where does it go?  
With your babbling  
You have completely confused me.

Why do I speak of babbling?  
That can't be babbling,  
It's the water nymphs singing  
As they dance their round far below.

Let them sing, my friend, and let the stream babble,  
And follow it cheerfully!  
For mill wheels turn  
In every clear stream.

### **Halt**

I see a mill gleaming  
Amid the alders,  
Over the babbling and singing  
I hear the roar of mill-wheels.

Oh welcome, welcome,  
Sweet music of the mill!  
And the house, how inviting!  
And the windows, how they sparkle!

And how brightly the sun  
Shines in the heavens!  
Oh stream, dear little stream,  
Was this planned?

### **Thanksgiving to the stream**

So was this what you meant,  
My dear babbling friend,  
Your singing, your murmuring,  
Was this what you meant?

„To the maid of the mill!“  
This is your meaning.  
Have I understood you?  
„To the maid of the mill!“

Did she send you?  
Or are you teasing me?  
That's what I want to know,  
Did she send you?

Oh well, whatever!  
I'll go along with it:  
What I was searching for I have found,  
However it has happened.

I asked for work,  
Now I have plenty,  
For my hands, for my heart,  
More than enough!

## Am Feierabend

Hätt' ich tausend  
Arme zu rühren!  
Könnt' ich brausend  
Die Räder führen!  
Könnt' ich wehen  
Durch alle Haine!  
Könnt' ich drehen  
Alle Steine!  
Daß die schöne Müllerin  
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!  
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,  
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,  
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.  
Und da sitz' ich in der grossen Runde,  
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,  
Und der Meister sagt zu Allen:  
„Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;“  
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt  
Allen eine gute Nacht.

## Der Neugierige

Ich frage keine Blume,  
Ich frage keinen Stern,  
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,  
Was ich erfähr' so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,  
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;  
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,  
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
Wie bist du heut' so stumm!  
Will ja nur Eines wissen,  
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heißt das eine Wörtchen,  
Das andre heißet Nein,  
Die beiden Wörtchen schließen  
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
Was bist du wunderlich!  
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,  
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

## At the end of the day

If I had a thousand  
Arms to wield!  
If only I could drive  
The rushing wheels!  
If only I could blow like the wind  
Through every wood,  
And turn  
Every millstone!  
So that the beauriful miller maid  
Would see my true love!

Oh but my arms are so weak!  
Whatever I lift, whatever I carry,  
Whatever I cut, whatever I hammer,  
Every apprentice can do the same.  
And here I sit in the midst of the company,  
In the quiet, cool hour at work's end,  
And the master says to everyone  
"I am pleased with your work,"  
And the sweet maid wishes  
Everyone a good night.

## The inquisitive one

I can't ask the flowers,  
I can't ask the stars,  
None of them can tell me  
What I so long to know.

I'm no gardener,  
And the stars are too high,  
I will ask my little stream  
If my heart has lied to me.

Oh dear lttle stream,  
Why are you so silent today?  
I want to know just one thing,  
Just say one of two words.

One word would be yes,  
The other would be no,  
These two little words  
Enclose my whole world.

Oh dear lttle stream,  
How strange you are!  
I won't tell anyone else,  
But tell me little stream, does she love me?



## Ungeduld

Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein,  
Ich grüb' es gern in jeden Kieselstein,  
Ich möcht' es sä'n auf jedes frische Beet  
Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell verrät,  
Auf jeden weissen Zettel möcht' ich's schreiben:  
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich möcht' mir ziehen einen jungen Star,  
Bis dass er spräch' die Worte rein und klar,  
Bis er sie spräch' mit meines Mundes Klang,  
Mit meines Herzens vollem, heissem Drang;  
Dann säng' er hell durch ihre Fensterscheiben:  
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Den Morgenwinden möcht' ich's hauchen ein,  
Ich möcht' es säuseln durch den regen Hain;  
O, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!  
Trüg' es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!

Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als Räder treiben?

Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich meint', es müßt' in meinen Augen stehn,  
Auf meinen Wangen mü't man's brennen sehn,  
Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen Mund,  
Ein jeder Atemzug gäb's laut ihr kund;  
Und sie merkt nichts von all' dem bangen  
Treiben:  
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben!

## Morgengruß

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!  
Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,  
Als wär' dir was geschehen?  
Verdrießt dich denn mein Gruss so schwer?  
Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?  
So muss ich wieder gehen.

O lass mich nur von ferne stehn,  
Nach deinem lieben Fenster sehn,  
Von ferne, ganz von ferne!  
Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor!  
Hervor aus eurem runden Tor,  
Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

Ihr schlummertrunknen Äugelein,  
Ihr taubetrübten Blümelein,  
Was scheuet ihr die Sonne?  
Hat es die Nacht so gut gemeint,  
Dass ihr euch schließt und bückt und weint  
Nach ihrer stillen Wonne?

## Impatience

I would like to carve it on the bark of every tree,  
I would like to inscribe it on every pebble ,  
I want to sow it on every fresh plot,  
With cress seeds to quickly reveal it,  
I want to write it on every bit of white paper,  
My heart is yours, and always will be.

I wish I could train a young starling  
Until it could speak words purely and clearly,  
Until it spoke them with the sound of my voice,  
With the whole passionate desire of my heart,  
Then it could sing brightly at her window,  
My heart is yours, and always will be.

I want to breathe in into the morning breeze,  
I want to whisper it through the rustling grove,  
If only it could shine from every flower!  
If only sweet fragrances could carry it to her  
from near and far!

You waves, can you drive nothing but  
millwheels?

My heart is yours, and always will be.

I'm sure it must shine out from my eyes,  
It must be seen burning on my cheeks,  
You must be able to read it on my silent mouth,  
Every sigh must proclaim it;  
But she sees nothing of all this desperate  
longing.

My heart is yours, and always will be.

## Morning Greeting

Good morning, fair maid of the mill!  
Why do you so quickly turn head  
As if something had happened to you?  
Does my greeting displease you so much?  
Does my glance distress you so much?  
If so, I must go away again.

Oh let me stand far off  
And look at your dear window,  
From far away, very far away!  
Little blond head, show yourself!  
Come out of your round gates  
You blue stars of morning!

You little eyes still drunk with sleep,  
Little flowers, saddened by the dew,  
Why do you avoid the sun?  
Was the night so wonderful  
That you close them and droop and weep  
For its quiet bliss?



Nun schüttelt ab der Träume Flor,  
Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor  
In Gottes hellen Morgen!  
Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft,  
Und aus dem tiefen Herzen ruft  
Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.

Now shake off the veil of dreams  
And rise up refreshed and free  
To God's bright morning!  
The lark is trilling in the sky,  
And from the depths of your heart  
Love draws grief and care.

### **Des Müllers Blumen**

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehn,  
Aus hellen blauen Augen sehn;  
Der Bach der ist des Müllers Freund,  
Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint;  
Drum sind es meine Blumen.

### **The Miller's flowers**

There are many little flowers by the stream,  
Gazing from clear blue eyes;  
The stream is the miller's friend,  
And my beloved's eyes are bright blue;  
So they are my flowers.

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein  
Da will ich pflanzen die Blumen ein,  
Da ruft ihr zu, wenn alles schweigt,  
Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum Schlummer neigt,  
Ihr wißt ja, was ich meine.

Right under her little window  
I will plant the flowers,  
Then call to her, when everything is still,  
When she lays down her head to sleep,  
Well, you know what I want to say.

Und wenn sie tät die Äuglein zu,  
Und schläft in süßer, süßer Ruh',  
Dann lispelt als ein Traumgesicht  
Ihr zu: „Vergiss, vergiss mein nicht!“  
Das ist es, was ich meine.

And when she closes her eyes,  
And sleeps, oh so sweetly,  
Then whisper to her as in a dream  
“Don't, oh don't forget me!”  
That's what I wan to say.

Und schließt sie früh die Laden auf,  
Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf:  
Der Tau in euren Äugelein,  
Das sollen meine Tränen sein,  
Die will ich auf euch weinen.

And when she opens her shutters in the morning  
Gaze up at her with a look of love:  
The dew in your little eyes  
Will be my tears,  
Which I will shed on you.

### **Tränenregen**

Wir sassen so traulich beisammen  
Im kühlen Erlendach,  
Wir schauten so traulich zusammen  
Hinab in den rieselnden Bach.

### **Rain of Tears**

We sat comfortably together  
In the shade of the alders,  
And in harmony gazed down  
Into the sparkling stream.

Der Mond war auch gekommen,  
Die Sternlein hinterdrein,  
Und schauten so traulich zusammen  
In den silbernen Spiegel hinein.

The moon had also joined us,  
Followed by the stars,  
And they gazed down in harmony  
Into the silver mirror.

Ich sah nach keinem Monde,  
Nach keinem Sternenschein,  
Ich schaute nach ihrem Bilde,  
Nach ihren Augen allein.

I didn't look at the moon,  
Nor at the stars,  
I gazed only looked at her reflection,  
Only at her eyes.

Und sahe sie nicken und blicken  
Herauf aus dem seligen Bach,  
Die Blümlein am Ufer, die blauen,  
Sie nickten und blickten ihr nach.

And I saw them nod and gaze up  
From the blissful stream,  
The little blue flowers on the bank,  
They nodded and looked at her.

Und in den Bach versunken  
Der ganze Himmel schien,  
Und wollte mich mit hinunter  
In seine Tiefe ziehn.

It seemed that the whole sky  
Was immersed in the stream,  
And wanted to draw me  
With it into its depths.

Und über den Wolken und Sternen  
Da rieselte munter der Bach,  
Und rief mit Singen und Klingen:  
„Geselle, Geselle, mir nach!“

And over the clouds and stars  
The stream rippled merrily,  
And called and sang  
“Come on friend, follow me!”

Da gingen die Augen mir über,  
Da ward es im Spiegel so kraus;  
Sie sprach: „Es kommt ein Regen,  
Ade, ich geh’ nach Haus.“

Then my eyes fuilled with tears,  
And the mirror crumpled;  
She said: “It’s going to rain,  
Goodbye, I’m going home.”

### **Mein!**

Bächlein, lass dein Rauschen sein!  
Räder, stellt eur Brausen ein!  
All’ ihr muntern Waldvögelein,  
Gross und klein,  
Endet eure Melodein!  
Durch den Hain  
Aus und ein  
Schalle heut’ ein Reim allein:  
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!  
Mein!  
Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?  
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?  
Ach, so muss ich ganz allein,  
Mit dem seligen Worte mein,  
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein.

### **Mine!**

Little stream stop your babbling!  
Wheels, stop your roaring!  
All you cheerful woodbirds,  
Large and small,  
Stop your warbling!  
Through the wood  
Within it and beyond,  
Just let one shout resound today:  
My beloved, the maid of the mill is mine!  
Mine!  
Spring, are those all your flowers?  
Sun, can you not shine more brightly?  
Ah, then I have to be alone  
With this blissful word of mine,  
With no-one in creation to understand.

### **Pause**

Meine Laute hab’ ich gehängt an die Wand,  
Hab’ sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band –  
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,  
Weiss nicht, wie ich’s in Reime zwingen soll.  
Meiner Sehnsucht allerheißesten Schmerz  
Durf’t ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz,  
Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,  
Glaubt’ ich doch, mein Leiden wär’ nicht klein.  
Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines Glückes Last,  
Dass kein Klang auf Erden es in sich fasst?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh’ an dem Nagel hier!  
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,  
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,  
Da wird mir so bange und es durchschauert mich.  
Warum liess ich das Band auch hängen so lang’?  
Oft fliegt’s um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.  
Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?  
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?  
Mit dem grünen Lautenbande

### **Pause**

I have hung my lute up on the wall,  
I have tied a green ribbon around it –  
I can’t sing any more, my heart is too full,  
I don’t know how I can fashion it into rhyme.  
The most burning pangs of my longing  
I could express in playful song,  
And as I lamented so sweetly and tenderly  
I thought my suffering was not trifling,  
Oh, how great is the burden of my joy,  
That no sound on earth can contain it?

So, dear lute, rest on this nail!  
And if a breeze wafts over your strings,  
Or of a bee grazes you with its wings,  
I shall be afraid and shudder  
Why did I allow the ribbon to hang down so far?  
If often flutters by the strings making them sigh.  
Is it the echo of the pain of my love?  
Or is it the prelude to new songs?  
To accompany the lute’s green ribbon.

## Mit dem grünen Lautenbände

„Schad' um das schöne grüne Band,  
Dass es verbleicht hier an der Wand,  
Ich hab' das Grün so gern!“  
So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut' zu mir;  
Gleich knüpf' ich's ab und send' es dir:  
Nun hab' das Grüne gern!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiss,  
Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,  
Und ich auch hab' es gern.  
Weil unsre Lieb' ist immergrün,  
Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühn,  
Drum haben wir es gern.

Nun schlinge in die Locken dein  
Das grüne Band gefällig ein,  
Du hast ja's Grün so gern.  
Dann weiss ich, wo die Hoffnung grünt,  
Dann weiss ich, wo die Liebe tront,  
Dann hab' ich's Grün erst gern.

## Der Jäger

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach hier?

Bleib', trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!  
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,  
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes, für  
mich.  
Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,  
So laß deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,  
Und laß deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,  
Und laß auf dem Horne den Saus und Braus,  
Und scheere vom Kinne das struppige Haar,  
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein  
fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu,

Und ließest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh'.  
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?  
Was will denn das Eichhorn im bläulichen  
Teich?  
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain,  
Und laß mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein;  
Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich machen  
beliebt  
So wiße, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen  
betrührt:  
Die Eber, die kommen zur Nacht aus dem Hain,  
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein,  
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:  
Die Eber die schieße, du Jägerheld!

## The lute's green ribbon

“Shame about the pretty green ribbon,  
It's faded here on the wall,  
And I like green so much!”  
That's what you, my darling, said to me today,  
I untied it straight away and sent it to you:  
So enjoy the green!

Though your sweetheart is all in white  
Green will have its reward,  
And I like it too!  
Because our love is evergreen,  
Because distant hopes blossom green,  
That's why we love it.

Now wind this green ribbon  
Prettily in your hair,  
You like green so much.  
Then I will know where hope dwells,  
Then I will know where love rules,  
Only then will I really love green!

## The Huntsman

What is this huntsman doing here by the  
millstream?

Stay, defiant huntsman, in your own territory.  
There is no game for you to hunt here,  
There is only one little fawn here, a tame one, for  
me.  
And if you want to see than gentle fawn,  
Then leave your guns in the forest,  
And leave your baying hounds at home,  
And stop making all that noise on your horn,  
And shave that coarse hair off your chin,  
Or you will really frighten the fawn in the garden.

But it would be much better if you stayed in the  
forest,  
And leave the mills and millers in peace.  
How can fish thrive among green branches?  
What can a squirrel want in the blue pond?

So, defiant huntsman, stay in the woods,  
And leave me alone with my three millwheels;  
And if you want to please my sweetheart

Take note, my friend, what distresses her heart:

Wild boars come out of the forest at night  
And break into her cabbage patch,  
Rooting and trampling around in the field.  
Shoot the wild boars huntsman!

## **Eifersucht und Stolz**

Wohin so schnell, so kraus und wild, mein  
lieber Bach?  
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen Bruder Jäger  
nach?  
Kehr' um, kehr' um, und schilt erst deine  
Müllerin  
Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen Flattersinn.  
Sahst du sie gestern abend nicht am Tore  
stehn,  
Mit langem Halse nach der grossen Straße  
sehn?

Wenn von dem Fang der Jäger lustig zieht  
nach Haus,  
Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den Kopf zum  
Fenster 'naus.  
Geh', Bächlein, hin und sag' ihr das, doch  
sag' ihr nicht,  
Hörst du, kein Wort, von meinem traurigen  
Gesicht;  
Sag' ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine Pfeif'  
aus Rohr,  
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz' und  
Lieder vor.

## **Die liebe Farbe**

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,  
In grüne Tränenweiden,  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.  
Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,  
Eine Heide von grünem Rosmarein,  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!  
Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!  
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.  
Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod,  
Die Heide, die heiß ich die Liebesnot,  
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,  
Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen,  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.  
Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein Blümlein bunt,  
Grün, alles grün so rings und rund!  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

## **Jealousy and Pride**

Where are you rushing to, dear stream, so  
ruffled and wild  
Are you dashing after our insolent huntsman  
friend in anger?  
Turn back, turn back, and first scold your miller  
maid  
For her frivolous, wanton ficklemess.  
Didn't you see her yesterday evening standing  
at the gate,  
Craning her neck as she peered down the high  
road?

When a huntsman comes back merrily after the  
kill  
No nice girl sits with her head out of the window.

Go, little stream, and tell her that, but don't say a  
word,  
Do you hear? - about my mournful face.

Tell her, he is on my banks carving a reed pipe

And is playing pretty songs and dances for the  
children.

## **The beloved colour**

I will dress myself in green,  
In green weeping willows,  
My love is so fond of green.  
I will search out a cypress grove,  
A heath full of green rosemary,  
My love is so fond of green.

Up and away to the merry hunt!  
Away over heath and hedge!  
My love is so fond of the hunt.  
The game that I pursue, is death,  
The heath, I call the torment of love.  
My love is so fond of the hunt.

Dig me a grave in the grass,  
Cover me with green turf,  
My love is so fond of green.  
No little black cross, no colourful flowers,  
Green, just everything green all around!  
My love is so fond of green.

## Die böse Farbe

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,  
Hinaus in die weite Welt,  
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär'  
Da draußen in Wald und Feld!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all'  
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,  
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all'  
Weinen ganz totenbleich.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,  
Was siehst mich immer an,  
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,  
Mich armen, armen weißen Mann?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür,  
Im Sturm und Regen und Schnee,  
Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht  
Das eine Wörtchen Ade!

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt,  
Da klingt ihr Fensterlein,  
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,  
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab  
Das grüne, grüne Band,  
Ade, Ade! und reiche mir  
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

## The hateful colour

I want to set off out into the world,  
Out into the wide world,  
If only it wasn't so green, so green,  
Out there in the woods and fields.

I want to pick all the green leaves  
From every twig,  
I want to weep all the grass  
White with my tears.

Oh green, you hateful colour,  
Why do you constantly look at me,  
So proud, so insolent, so gloating,  
At poor me, at this poor white miller?

I want to lie at her door,  
In storm and rain and snow,  
And sing softly night and day  
The one little word – farewell!

Listen, when a horn sounds in the forest  
There's the sound of her window opening,  
And even thought she isn't looking out for me,  
I can look in at her.

Oh unbind that ribbon from your brow,  
That green, green ribbon,  
Farewell, farewell, and  
Give me your hand in parting.

## Trockne Blumen

Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Die sie mir gab,  
Euch soll man legen  
Mit mir ins Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle  
Mich an so weh,  
Als ob ihr wüßtet,  
Wie mir gescheh'?

Und Lenz wird kommen  
Und Winter wird gehn,  
Und Blümlein werden  
Im Grase stehn.

Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Wie welk, wie blaß?  
Ihr Blümlein alle  
Wovon so naß?

Ach, Tränen machen  
Nicht maiengrün,  
Machen tote Liebe  
Nicht wieder blühn.

## Withered flowers

All you flowers,  
Which she gave me,  
They should place you  
With me in my grave.

Why do you look at me  
So sorrowfully,  
As if you knew  
What has befallen me?

And Spring will come,  
And Winter will go,  
And there will be flowers  
In the grass.

All you flowers,  
So faded, so pale,  
All you flowers  
Why are you so moist?

Alas, tears don't create  
The green of May,  
They don't make dead love  
Blossom again.



Und Blümlein liegen  
In meinem Grab,  
Die Blümlein alle,  
Die sie mir gab

And flowers will lie  
In my grave,  
All the flowers  
That she gave me.

Und wenn sie wandelt  
Am Hügel vorbei,  
Und denkt im Herzen:  
„Der meint' es treu!“

And when she walks  
Past the mound,  
And thinks in her heart  
“His love was true!”

Dann Blümlein alle,  
Heraus, heraus!  
Der Mai ist kommen,  
Der Winter ist aus.

Then little flowers,  
Come forth, come forth!  
May has arrived,  
Winter is over.

### **Der Müller und der Bach**

*Der Müller:* Wo ein treues Herze  
In Liebe vergeht,  
Da welken die Lilien  
Auf jedem Beet.

### **The miller and the stream**

*The miller:* When a faithful heart  
Dies of love,  
The lilies wilt  
In their beds.

Da muß in die Wolken  
Der Vollmond gehn,  
Damit seine Tränen  
Die Menschen nicht sehn.

The full moon  
Must hide behind the clouds,  
So that no-one  
Can see its tears.

Da halten die Englein  
Die Augen sich zu,  
Und schluchzen und singen  
Die Seele zu Ruh'.

And the angels  
Close their eyes,  
And sob and sing  
The soul to its rest.

*Der Bach:* Und wenn sich die Liebe  
Dem Schmerz entringt,  
Ein Sternlein, ein neues  
Am Himmel erblinkt.

*The stream:* And when love  
Struggles free from sorrow,  
A new little star  
Appears in the heavens.

Da springen drei Rosen,  
Halb rot und halb weiß,  
Die welken nicht wieder  
Aus Dornenreis.

Three roses spring up,  
Half red and half white,  
They will not fade again,  
From branches of thorns.

Und die Engelein schneiden  
Die Flügel sich ab,  
Und gehn alle Morgen  
Zur Erde herab.

And the angels  
Cut off their wings,  
And every morning  
All descend to the earth.

*Der Müller:* Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
Du meinst es so gut:  
Ach, Bächlein, aber weisst du,  
Wie Liebe tut?

*The miller:* Oh stream, dear stream,  
You mean so well,  
But, little stream, do you know  
What love can do?

Ach, unten, da unten,  
Die kühle Ruh'!  
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
So singe nur zu.

Down below, down below,  
There is cool rest!  
Oh stream, dear little stream,  
Carry on singing.

## Des Baches Wiegenlied

Gute Ruh', gute Ruh'!  
Tu' die Augen zu!  
Wandrer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.  
Die Treu' ist hier,  
Sollst liegen bei mir,  
Bis das Meer will trinken die Bächlein aus.

Will betten dich kühl,  
Auf weichen Pfühl,  
In dem blauen krystallinen Kämmerlein.  
Heran, heran,  
Was wiegen kann,  
Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein.

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt  
Aus dem grünen Wald,  
Will ich sausen und brausen wohl um dich her.  
Blickt nicht herein,  
Blaue Blümelein!  
Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die Träume so schwer.

Hinweg, hinweg!  
Von dem Mühlensteg,  
Böses Mädelein, dass ihn dein Schatten nicht  
weckt.  
Wirf mir herein  
Dein Tüchlein fein,  
Dass ich die Augen ihm halte bedeckt.

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!  
Bis alles wacht,  
Schlaf' aus deine Freude, schlaf' aus dein Leid!  
Der Vollmond steigt,  
Der Nebel weicht,  
Und der Himmel da droben, wie ist er so weit.

## The stream's lullaby

Sleep well, sleep well,  
Close your eyes!  
Tired wanderer, you are at home!  
Here is constancy;  
You will lie with me,  
Until the sea swallows all the little streams.

I shall prepare you a cool bed,  
On soft pillows,  
In the little blue crystal chamber.  
Come on, come on,  
All you who can lull,  
Rock and lull this lad for me.

If a hunting horn sounds  
From the gree forest  
I will rush and surge around you!  
Don't look in,  
Little blue flowers,  
You will give my sleeper bad dreams.

Away away  
From the mill path,  
Wicked girl, lest your shadow wake him!

Throw me  
Your fine shawl  
So that I can keep his eyes covered.

Good night, good night,  
Till everything awakes.  
Sleep away your joy, sleep away your sorrow!  
The full moon is rising,  
The mist is dispersing,  
And the heavens above are so wide!



## Programme Notes

### Franz Liszt 1811-86

Oh, quand je dors

In his early 30s, Liszt lived in Paris and was a friend of Victor Hugo – in 1832, in Hugo's house, he would play Beethoven's *Marche funèbre* from his twelfth piano sonata during a cholera epidemic as the funeral processions passed by. 'Oh! quand je dors' was one of seven Victor Hugo poems that Liszt set beginning in 1842, and was published in 1847. He substantially revised the song in 1849 and this version is the one normally performed now. The refined sensuality of the song, its use of telling silences, and the frequent 'una corda' markings in the piano part, convey an atmosphere of intimacy and dream.

### Johannes Brahms 1833-1897

Mädchenlied op. 107 no. 5

Meine Liebe ist grün op. 63 no. 5

This 'Mädchenlied' (Brahms wrote several) was composed in the summer of 1886. 'Mädchenlied', like Robert Schumann's setting of the same poem, emphasises the girl's forlorn state by using a minor key, the rhythm of her spinning wheel guiding the song to a melancholy close (spinning wheels in Lieder rarely give grounds for optimism).

'Meine Liebe ist grün', is a setting of an unpublished poem by Robert Schumann's son, and Brahms's godson, Felix. This song is in strophic form, but Brahms's wide-ranging harmony starts in the relative minor and delaying the arrival of the tonic.

### Hugo Wolf 1860-1903

Kennst du das Land

This is one of the most frequently set poems in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, with versions by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Fibich, and Wolf. It is sung by Mignon, a central character in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. Mignon was born in Italy, then abducted by vagabonds into Germany where she is forced to perform in a band of street entertainers. She remembers Italy like a dream. Goethe describes her singing:

*She began every verse in a stately and solemn manner, as if she wished to draw attention towards something wonderful, as if she had something weighty to communicate. In the third line, her tones became deeper and gloomier; the 'Know'st thou it, then?' was uttered with a show of mystery and eager circumspectness; in the "T is there! 'tis there!" lay a boundless longing; and her I with thee would go! she modified at each repetition, so that now it appeared to entreat and implore, now to impel and persuade. On finishing her song for the second time, she stood silent for a moment, looked keenly at Wilhelm, and asked him, 'Know'st thou the land?' 'It must mean Italy,' said Wilhelm: 'where didst thou get the little song?' 'Italy!' said Mignon with an earnest air: 'If thou go to Italy, take me along with thee; for I am too cold here.'*

Wolf follows this in a strophic setting (unusual for him), but with subtle differences for the end of each stanza. The note of wild hysteria near the end tells us that Mignon won't see Italy.

**Schubert (1797-1828)**



**Title page of the 1st edition from Sauer & Leidesdorf, with a more picturesque edition by Diabelli**



**Schubert (R) with the singer Vogl (L) (1825)**

## Die schöne Müllerin

This is Schubert's first song-cycle, described as such on the title page ('Zyklus von Liedern'), although we should remember that he often created structural relations between apparently unconnected songs. In his op.59 (four songs published in 1826), a group of four songs published in 1826, there is a progression of keys which underlines the connections between the topics of the songs. *Die schöne Müllerin* sets poems by Johann Müller which were published in 1820, although they originated some years earlier in a literary game which started in 1816. Müller joined a salon which staged a *Liederspiel*, a little drama told in poetry and song. Its subject was based on the folk story of a miller's daughter choosing between various suitors. Salon members acted in various roles, writing their own songs (and referring to their own romantic entanglements). Unsurprisingly, Müller played the miller. Müller eventually wrote a complete cycle of poems, and a first draft was finished by 1817. He expanded the cycle in 1820 and published it in his *Sieben und Siebzig Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen Papieren eines reisenden Waldhornisten* (Seventy-Seven Poems from the Posthumous Papers of a Travelling Horn Player) in 1821. It is not known how Schubert came to know these poems. An apocryphal story relates how Schubert simply found the poetry in a friend's house and just took it home; its owner called on Schubert the next day to retrieve it and was presented with the book as well as the first few songs in the cycle. However, more recently it has been suggested that the composer Weber introduced Schubert to Müller's poetry when he visited Vienna in 1822. At all events, he composed most of the songs in a few months in 1823, while he was also working on his opera *Fierrabras*. Schubert was ill from syphilis and during at least some of this time he was hospitalized; he may have composed part of the cycle while in hospital. In 1824 Schubert wrote to a friend:

*... imagine a man whose health will never be right again; Imagine a man, I say, whose most brilliant hopes have come to nothing, to whom the joy of love and friendship have nothing to offer but pain. I may well sing every day now, for each night, I go to bed hoping never to wake again, and each morning only tells me of yesterday's grief.*

There is a very clear sense of form at every level in the cycle. The whole cycle is in two parts, separated by 'Pause'. Most of the songs are strophic, repeating the same melody to each stanza, although this is sometimes modified. Some through-composed songs also include an element of repetition. Popular tunes are evoked – the opening 'Das Wandern' could almost be a song for Papageno. As in *Winterreise*, the natural world is present, most obviously in the brook, but there are also the water wheel and musical instruments (lute and hunting horn). The colour green is also significant, found in the huntsman's clothes and the ribbon, and the subject of several songs. If in general there are fewer detailed evocations of the natural world than in *Winterreise*, the brook plays a central role. It winds its way through the cycle, guiding the young man to the mill, acting as his confidant, and finally singing him a lullaby. The few notes that open 'Danksagung an den Bach' return as the motif of 'Des Baches Wiegenlied' – we think the stream is actually answering the young man with an offer of permanent rest. Indeed, the stream is more a presence than the girl – but the Diabelli title page uses her as a marketing device. The hunting horns are not just conventional topics of romanticism. Listen to how in 'Die liebe Farbe' the man notes how the girl likes green, the huntsman's colour – and a hunting horn appears in the piano part at 'Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern' in the major and then the minor.

Schubert and the singer Johann Michael Vogl frequently performed songs from *Die schöne Müllerin* in concerts throughout Austria in mid-1820s. Vogl was a well-known opera singer who had retired from the stage in 1823. Schubert admired him, saying 'The manner in which Vogl sings and the way I accompany, as though we were one at such a moment, is something quite new and unheard-of for these people.' Vogl would elaborate Schubert's melodic lines, was somewhat affected in performance, and had a habit of toying with his spectacles while singing. Vogl thought Schubert's songs were 'truly divine inspirations, the

utterance of a musical clairvoyance.’ In 1830 a version of *Die schöne Müllerin* was published including Vogl’s embellishments and alterations, which was for many years seen as the standard text of that work. But a complete performance of the cycle – something we take for granted now – did not happen until 1856, given by Julius Stockhausen. Schubert’s friend Joseph von Spaun summed up his achievement:

*‘In this category he stands unexcelled, even unapproached ... Every one of his songs is in reality a poem on the poem he set to music ... Who among those who had the good fortune to hear some of his greatest songs does not remember how this music made a long familiar poem new for him, how it was suddenly revealed to him and penetrated to his very depth.’*

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## Artists’ Biographies

### IESTYN DAVIES

After graduating from St John’s College, Cambridge, Iestyn Davies studied at the Royal Academy of Music, London. In 2017 Iestyn received an Olivier Award nomination for singing the role of Farinelli in *Farinelli and the King* with Mark Rylance, a Globe Theatre production which was revived in the West End and on Broadway.

On the opera stage he has appeared at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, English National Opera, La Scala, Milan, the Metropolitan Opera, New York, the Chicago Lyric Opera and in Munich, Vienna and Zurich. Recent highlights include returns to the Bayerische Staatsoper, Royal Opera House and at the Metropolitan Opera for *Ottone/Agrippina*, *Terry/Marnie* at the Metropolitan Opera and *Polinesso/Ariodante* at the Lyric Opera of Chicago. In the 2020/21 season Iestyn makes his début at Santa Fe opera as Oberon in Britten’s *Midsummer Night’s Dream* with Harry Bicket.

Celebrated on the concert platform, he has performed at La Scala Milan, the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, Tonhalle in Zurich, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in Paris, at the Barbican in London and Lincoln Centre New York. This season he joins an all-star cast for concert performances at the Royal Opera House as Polinesso in Handel’s *Ariodante*, Handel’s *Messiah* with Wiener Symphoniker/Andrea Marcon & the Academy of Ancient Music/Richard Egarr and Bach’s *B Minor Mass* with Sächsischen Staatskapelle/Philippe Herreweghe at the Osterfestspiele Salzburg.

A committed recitalist, with repertoire ranging from Dowland to Clapton, he is a regular guest at Carnegie Hall, New York and has curated residencies at both the Wigmore Hall and Saffron Hall. Iestyn has twice been awarded the Gramophone Recital Award, and in 2017 won the Gramophone Baroque Vocal Award for his Bach Cantatas disc with Arcangelo and Jonathan Cohen. In 2017 he was awarded an MBE for his to music.

### JOSEPH MIDDLETON

Highly acclaimed pianist Joseph Middleton specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music. He is Director of Leeds Lieder, Musician in Residence at Pembroke College Cambridge and a Professor at his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music. Joseph works with many of the world’s finest singers in major venues worldwide and has an award-winning and fast-growing discography.

He is a regular guest at New York's Alice Tully Hall, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Vienna Konzerthaus, Zürich Tonhalle, Köln Philharmonie, Luxembourg Philharmonie, Musée d'Orsay in Paris and London's Wigmore Hall. Recent seasons have also taken him to the Aldeburgh, Aix-en-Provence, Edinburgh, Ravinia, and Stuttgart Festivals. Joseph collaborates with internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Ian Bostridge, Sarah Connolly, Lucy Crowe, Iestyn Davies, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Simon Keenlyside, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Kate Royal, Carolyn Sampson and Roderick Williams.

His critically acclaimed discography includes discs with Carolyn Sampson (Radio France's Disc of the Month & nominated for a Gramophone Award), Ruby Hughes (BBC Music Magazine's Recording of the Month), Dame Felicity Lott, Amanda Roocroft, Clara Mouriz, Matthew Rose and Allan Clayton. Joseph made his BBC Proms debut in 2016 with Iestyn Davies and Carolyn Sampson.

## **NARDUS WILLIAMS**

Praised for her 'superbly controlled, sensuous soprano' (Opera Today), British soprano Nardus Williams is an English National Opera Harewood Artist, was a member of the Houston Opera Studio for the 2018/19 season and is a former Jerwood Young Artist at Glyndebourne. Highlights of the 2020/21 season include Countess *Le nozze di Figaro* for Opera Holland Park, Mimi *La bohème* for English National Opera's Drive & Live series and the world premiere of Belinda Dido's *Ghost*, a co-commission with the Dunedin Consort, Mahogany Opera and The Barbican.

Recent highlights for Williams include Micaëla *Carmen* at English National Opera, Mimi *La bohème* and Donna Anna *Don Giovanni* for Houston Grand Opera, Armida *Rinaldo* (cover) and Adina *L'elisir d'amore* (cover) at Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Governess *The Turn of the Screw* for Garsington Opera (cover), the role of Martha in a new commission, *Wake*, by Giorgio Battistelli for Birmingham Opera Company directed by Graham Vick, and Countess (cover) *The Marriage of Figaro* for English National Opera. Further roles have included Maggie/Marjana in the world première of Lewis Murphy *Belongings* for Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Donna Elvira *Don Giovanni* for Opera Holland Park and Fox in Janáček *The Cunning Little Vixen* at the Royal College of Music. Williams was also invited to perform with Welsh National Opera and Nevill Holt Opera. Recent concert highlights include recitals at Wigmore Hall and St. John's Smith Square, and Handel *Messiah* at King's Place.

Williams trained at the International Opera School at the Royal College of Music where she was the sole recipient of the prestigious Kiri Te Kanawa Scholarship. Other awards and prizes include the Maureen Lehane Vocal Awards First Prize and Audience Prize (2016); Williams was also a finalist in the 2018 Kathleen Ferrier Competition.