



FILLING THE
CITY WITH
SONG

LEEDS LIEDER

“...a compact triumph of
outstanding art song”
Sunday Times

Fatma Said *soprano*

Joseph Middleton *piano*

Bernadette Johns *mezzo-soprano*

Alexandra Standing *piano*

Friday 26 March 2021

6.00pm

Leeds Town Hall

PROGRAMME

Momentum Artists

Schubert

Die junge Nonne

Frank Bridge

Come to me in my dreams

Mahler

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder

Um Mitternacht

Fatma Said and Joseph Middleton

Ravel

Shéhérazade

Asie

La flûte enchantée

L'indifférent

Brahms

Verzagen

Schwesterlein

Lerchengesang

Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen

Schumann

Sechs Gedichte und Requiem op 90

Lied eines Schmiedes

Meine Rose

Kommen und Scheiden

Die Sennin

Einsamkeit

Der schwere Abend

Requiem

Ravel

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

Le réveil de la mariée

Là-bas, vers l'église

Quel galant m'est comparable?

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Tout gai!

Programme

Bernadette Johns - *mezzo-soprano*
Alexandra Standing - *piano*

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Die junge Nonne

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

So tobt' es auch jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n. Alleluia!

Jakob Nicolaus von Craigher de Jachelutta (1797-1855)

The young nun

How the wild storm roars through the treetops!
The rafters clatter, the house shudders!
The thunder roars, the lightning flashes,
And the night is as dark as the grave.

And so, as the storm rages,
Not long ago a storm raged within me
My limbs trembled like the house now,
Love flamed like the lightning now,
And my heart was as dark as the grave.

So rage on, you wild, powerful storm,
In my heart is peace, in my heart is calm,
The loving bride awaits her bridegroom
Purified in the testing flames,
Wedded to eternal love.

I wait, my Saviour, with a longing gaze!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, claim your bride,
Release her soul from earthly ties.
Listen, the bells ring peacefully from the tower!
I am drawn by the sweet sound,
So powerfully to eternal heights. Alleluia!

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

Come to me in my dreams

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to all the rest as me.

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say: My love! why suff'rest thou?

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

from: *Rückert-Lieder*

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selber auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

Um Mitternacht

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sternengewimmel
Hat mir gelacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Nahm ich in acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzes
War angefacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben!
Herr! über Tod und Leben
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht!

Don't look at my songs!

Don't look at my songs!
I lower my eyes,
As if caught doing something wrong.
I can't even trust myself
To watch them grow.
Your curiosity is betrayal!

Bees building their cells,
Don't let anyone watch them either,
Don't even watch themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
Have been brought out to the light of day,
Then you can have the first taste!

At midnight

At midnight
I was keeping watch
And gazed up to heaven;
No star from the throng of stars
Smiled down on me
At midnight.

At midnight
I sent my thoughts
Out through the barriers of the dark.
No thought of light
Brought me comfort
At midnight.

At midnight
I became aware
Of the beating of my heart;
One single pulse of agony
Was kindled
At midnight.

At midnight
I fought the battle,
O Mankind, of your suffering;
I could not gain victory
By my own strength
At midnight.

At midnight
I surrendered my strength
Into your hands!
Lord! over death and life
You keep watch
At midnight!

Fatma Said - *soprano*
Joseph Middleton - *piano*

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Shéhérazade

Tristan Klingsor (pseudonym of Léon Leclère) (1874-1966)

Asie

Asie, Asie, Asie.
Vieux pays merveilleux des contes de nourrice
Où dort la fantaisie comme une impératrice
En sa forêt tout emplie de mystère.
Asie,
Je voudrais m'en aller avec la goëlette
Qui se berce ce soir dans le port
Mystérieuse et solitaire
Et qui déploie enfin ses voiles violettes
Comme un immense oiseau de nuit dans le ciel d'or.
Je voudrais m'en aller vers des îles de fleurs
En écoutant chanter la mer perverse
Sur un vieux rythme ensorceleur.
Je voudrais voir Damas et les villes de Perse
Avec les minarets légers dans l'air.
Je voudrais voir de beaux turbans de soie
Sur des visages noirs aux dents claires;
Je voudrais voir des yeux sombres d'amour
Et des prunelles brillantes de joie
En des peaux jaunes comme des oranges;
Je voudrais voir des vêtements de velours
Et des habits à longues franges.
Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des bouches
Tout entourées de barbe blanche;
Je voudrais voir d'âpres marchands aux regards louches,
Et des cadis, et des vizirs
Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt qui
se penche
Accordent vie ou mort au gré de leur désir.
Je voudrais voir la Perse, et l'Inde, et puis la Chine,
Les mandarins ventrus sous les ombrelles,
Et les princesses aux mains fines,
Et les lettrés qui se querellent
Sur la poésie et sur la beauté;
Je voudrais m'attarder au palais enchanté
Et comme un voyageur étranger
Contempler à loisir des paysages peints
Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin
Avec un personnage au milieu d'un verger;
Je voudrais voir des assassins souriant
Du bourreau qui coupe un cou d'innocent
Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient.
Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des reines;
Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang;
Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien de haine.
Et puis m'en revenir plus tard
Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de rêves
En élevant comme Sindbad ma vieille tasse arabe De
temps en temps jusqu'à mes lèvres
Pour interrompre le conte avec art...

Asia

Asia, Asia, Asia,
Old marvellous land of tales told by my nurse
Where fantasy sleeps like an empress
In her forest filled with mystery.
Asia,
I want to sail away in the ship
That is cradled this evening in the port
Mysterious and solitary
And that finally deploys her violet sails
Like an enormous night-bird in the golden sky.
I want to sail away to the isles of flowers,
Listening to the perverse sea sing
Over an old, bewitching rhythm.
I want to see Damascus and the cities of Persia,
With their tall slender minarets;
I want to see beautiful silk turbans
On dark faces with bright teeth;
I want to see eyes dark with love
And pupils shining with joy
Out of skin yellow as oranges;
I want to see velvet garments
And robes with long fringes.
I want to see pipes in mouths
Completely surrounded by white beards;
I want to see ruthless merchants with shifty eyes,
And judges, and viziers
Who with a single movement of their
crooked finger
Grant life, or death at will.
I want to see Persia, and India, and then China,
The pot-bellied mandarins under their umbrellas,
And princesses with dainty hands,
And literary men who argue
About poetry and about beauty;
I want to linger in an enchanted palace,
And like a foreign traveller
Take my time looking at landscapes painted
On material in frames of fir,
With a figure standing in the middle of an orchard;
I want to see assassins smiling
As the executioner cuts through an innocent neck
With his great curved Oriental sabre.
I want to see paupers and queens;
I want to see roses and blood;
I want to see people dying of love or even of hate.
And then I want to come back afterwards
And recount my adventures to believers in dreams,
Raising, like Sinbad, my old Arab cup
From time to time to my lips
To interrupt my tale with art. . . .

La flûte enchantée

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort
Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche.
Mais moi, je suis éveillée encor
Et j'écoute au dehors
Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie.
Un air tour à tour langoureux ou frivole
Que mon amoureux chéri joue,
Et quand je m'approche de la croisée
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole
De la flûte vers ma joue
Comme un mystérieux baiser.

L'Indifférent

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d'une fille,
Jeune étranger,
Et la courbe fine
De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé
Est plus séduisante encor de ligne.
Ta lèvre chante sur le pas de ma porte
Une langue inconnue et charmante
Comme une musique fausse.
Entre! Et que mon vin te reconforte...
Mais non, tu passes
Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner
Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce
Et la hanche légèrement ployée
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse...

The enchanted flute

The shade is sweet and my master sleeps,
Wearing a conical silk bonnet,
With his long yellow nose in his white beard.
As for me, I'm still wide awake
And I listen
To the song of a flute outside pouring forth
By turns sadness and joy.
A song sometimes languid, sometimes frivolous,
Played by my cherished lover,
And when I approach by the window
It seems to me that each note flies away
From the flute to my cheek
Like a mysterious kiss.

The indifferent one

Your eyes are soft, like those of a girl,
Young stranger,
And the fine curve
Of your handsome face, covered with soft down
Is more seductive still.
Your lips sing on my doorstep,
In an unfamiliar and charming tongue
Like dissonant music.
Enter! And let my wine comfort you. . .
But no, you pass on by
And from my threshold I watch you walk away,
Gesturing to me gracefully at the last,
Your hips softly bending
In your feminine and weary gait. . . .

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Verzagen

Ich sitz' am Strande der rauschenden See
Und suche dort nach Ruh',
Ich schaue dem Treiben der Wogen
Mit dumpfer Ergebung zu.
Die Wogen rauschen zum Strande hin,
Sie schäumen und vergehn,
Die Wolken, die Winde darüber,
Die kommen und verwehn.
Du ungestümes Herz sei still
Und gib dich doch zur Ruh',
Du sollst mit Winden und Wogen
Dich trösten, - was weinst du?

Karl von Lemcke (1831-1913)

Schwesterlein

Er: Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein,
Wann geh'n wir nach Haus?
Sie: Morgen wenn die Hahnen kräh'n,
Woll'n wir nach Hause geh'n,
Brüderlein, Brüderlein,
Dann geh'n wir nach Haus.

Despondency

I sit on the shore of the rushing sea
And try to find peace there,
I watch the pounding waves
With gloomy resignation.
The waves rush to the shore,
They foam and disappear;
The clouds and the winds above,
They come and drift away.
Be still, impetuous heart,
And calm yourself,
Be comforted by the winds and waves.
Why do you weep?

Little Sister

He: Little sister, little sister,
When are we going home?
She: Tomorrow at cock-crow
We'll go home,
Little brother, little brother,
Then we'll go home.

Er: Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein,
Wann geh'n wir nach Haus?
Sie: Morgen, wenn der Tag anbricht,
Eh' end't die Freude nicht,
Brüderlein, Brüderlein,
Der fröhliche Braus.

Er: Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein,
Wohl ist es Zeit.
Sie: Mein Liebster tanzt mit mir,
Geh' ich, tanzt er mit ihr,
Brüderlein, Brüderlein,
Lass' du mich heut'.

Er: Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein,
Was bist du blass?
Sie: Das macht der Morgenschein
Auf meinen Wängelein,
Brüderlein, Brüderlein,
Die vom Taue nass.

Er: Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein,
Du wankest so matt?
Sie: Suche die Kammertür,
Suche mein Bettlein mir,
Brüderlein, es wird fein
Unterm Rasen sein.

Lerchengesang

Ätherische ferne Stimmen,
Der Lerchen himmlische Grüße,
Wie regt ihr mir so süße
Die Brust, ihr lieblichen Stimmen!

Ich schließe leis mein Auge,
Da ziehn Erinnerungen
In sanften Dämmerungen
Durchweht vom Frühlingshauche.

Karl August Candidus (1817-1872)

Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen

Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen
Beschloß ich und beschwor ich,
Und gehe jeden Abend,
Denn jede Kraft und jeden Halt verlor ich.

Ich möchte nicht mehr leben,
Möcht' augenblicks verderben,
Und möchte doch auch leben
Für dich, mit dir, und nimmer, nimmer sterben.

Ach, rede, sprich ein Wort nur,
Ein einziges, ein klares;
Gib Leben oder Tod mir,
Nur dein Gefühl enthülle mir, dein wahres!

Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800-1875)

He: Little sister, little sister,
When are we going home?
She: Tomorrow at dawn.
This fun won't end before then,
Little brother, little brother,
These cheerful revels!

He: Little sister, little sister,
It really is time.
She: My sweetheart is dancing with me,
If I go, he'll dance with her,
Little brother, little brother,
Leave me alone today.

He: Little sister, little sister,
Why are you so pale?
She: It's only the morning light
On my cheeks,
Little brother, little brother,
They are wet with dew.

He: Little sister, little sister,
Why so pale and unsteady?
She: Find me my bedroom door,
Find me my little bed,
Little brother, all will be fine
Under the turf.

The larks' song

Ethereal, distant voices,
The heavenly greetings of larks:
How sweetly you move
My heart, you lovely voices!

I close my eyes gently;
Then come memories
In soft half-light
Suffused with the breath of Spring.

Not to go to you any more

Not to go to you any more
Is what I decided and swore.
And yet I go every evening,
Because I have lost all my strength and
determination.

I don't want to live any more,
I wish I could perish at once,
And yet I do still want to live
For you, with you, and never, never to die.

Oh say something, just one word,
Just one clear word;
Give me life or death,
Just say what you feel, truly feel!

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Sechs Gedichte und Requiem (op. 90)

Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)

Lied eines Schmiedes

Fein Rösslein, ich
Beschlage dich,
Sei frisch und fromm,
Und wieder komm!

Trag deinen Herrn
Stets treu dem Stern,
Der seiner Bahn
Hell glänzt voran!

Trag auf dem Ritt
Mit jedem Tritt
Den Reiter du
Dem Himmel zu!

Nun Rösslein, ich
Beschlage dich,
Sei frisch und fromm,
Und wieder komm!

Meine Rose

Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,
Der Rose, meiner Freude,
Die schon gebeugt und blasser
Vom heißen Strahl der Sonnen,
Reich ich den Becher Wasser
Aus dunklem, tiefen Bronnen.

Du Rose meines Herzens!
Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens
Bist du gebeugt und blasser;
Ich möchte dir zu Füßen,
Wie dieser Blume Wasser,
Still meine Seele giessen!
Könnt ich dann auch nicht sehen
Dich freudig auferstehen.

Kommen und Scheiden

So oft sie kam, erschien mir die Gestalt
So lieblich wie das erste Grün im Wald.

Und was sie sprach, drang mir zum Herzen ein
Süß wie des Frühlings erstes Lied.

Und als Lebewohl sie winkte mit der Hand,
War's, ob der letzte Jugendtraum mir schwand.

Song of the blacksmith

Noble little steed,
You'll soon be shod,
Go off fresh and well-behaved,
And come back again!

Always carry your master
Faithfully towards the guiding star
Which brightly
Illuminates his road.

And as you go,
With every step
Carry your rider
Towards heaven.

Noble little steed,
You'll soon be shod,
Go off fresh and well-behaved,
And come back again!

My rose

To the precious jewel of Springtime,
To the rose, my joy,
Which is already drooping and pale
From the hot rays of the sun,
I bring a beaker of water
From the deep, dark well.

You rose of my heart!
The silent rays of pain
Have rendered you drooping and pale;
As I brought the flower water,
So I would wish to silently pour out my soul
At your feet!
Even though I might not see you
Revive like the rose!

Meeting and parting

Every time she came she appeared to me
As lovely as the first green in the woods.

And what she said touched my heart
As sweetly as the first song of Spring.

And when she waved her hand in farewell,
It was as if youth's final dream was vanishing.

Die Sennin

Schöne Sennin, noch einmal
Singe deinen Ruf ins Tal,
Dass die frohe Felsensprache
Deinem hellen Ruf erwache.

Horch, o Sennin, wie dein Sang
In die Brust den Bergen drang,
Wie dein Wort die Felsenseelen
Freudig fort und fort erzählen!

Aber einst, wie Alles flieht,
Scheidest du mit deinem Lied,
Wenn dich Liebe fortbewogen,
Oder dich der Tod entzogen.

Und verlassen werden stehn,
Traurig stumm herübersehn
Dort die grauen Felsenzinnen
Und auf deine Lieder sinnen.

Einsamkeit

Wild verwachs'ne dunkle Fichten,
Leise klagt die Quelle fort;
Herz, das ist der rechte Ort
Für dein schmerzliches Verzichten!

Grauer Vogel in den Zweigen,
Einsam deine Klage singt,
Und auf deine Frage bringt
Antwort nicht des Waldes Schweigen.

Wenn's auch immer Schweigen bliebe,
Klage, klage fort; es weht,
Der dich höret und versteht,
Stille hier der Geist der Liebe.

Nicht verloren hier im Moose,
Herz, dein heimlich Weinen geht,
Deine Liebe Gott versteht,
Deine tiefe, hoffnungslose!

Der schwere Abend

Die dunklen Wolken hingen
Herab so bang und schwer,
Wir beide traurig gingen
Im Garten hin und her.

So heiß und stumm, so trübe
Und sternlos war die Nacht,
So ganz wie unsre Liebe
Zu Tränen nur gemacht.

Und als ich mußte scheiden,
Und gute Nacht dir bot,
Wünscht ich bekümmert beiden
Im Herzen uns den Tod.

The cowgirl

Lovely cowgirl,
Send your call into the valley again,
So that the cheerful voice of the rocks
Will wake to your bright summons.
Listen, dear cowgirl, to how your song

Has pierced the heart of the mountains,
How your words are joyfully
Echoed by the soul of the crags!

But then, all things pass, and one day
You will depart with your song,
Either drawn away by love,
Or taken by death.

And the towering gray crags
Will then stand looking down abandoned,
Silent and dejected,
Remembering your song.

Loneliness

Wild, tangled dark pine trees,
The endless quiet lament of the fountain,
My heart, this is the right place
For your painful renunciation.

A solitary grey bird in the branches
Sings your sorrow,
And your question
Is answered only by the silence of the woods.

Though the woods may always stay silent,
Do not cease to lament; here dwells
The quiet spirit of love,
Which hears and understands.

Not lost in the mosses,
My heart, are your secret tears,
God understands your love,
Deep and hopeless though it is.

The difficult evening

The dark clouds hung
Lowering, anxious and heavy,
We two walked sadly
Up and down in the garden.

So sultry and silent, so overcast
And starless was the night,
Just like our love,
Fit only for tears.

And when I had to leave
And bade you goodnight,
Deeply troubled in my heart
I wished death would take us both.

Requiem

Ruh von schmerzreichen Mühen
Aus und heißem Liebesglühen;
Der nach seligem Verein
Trug Verlangen,
Ist gegangen
Zu des Heilands Wohnung ein.

Dem Gerechten leuchten helle
Sterne in des Grabes Zelle,
Ihm, der selbst als Stern der Nacht
Wird erscheinen,
Wenn er seinen
Herrn erschaut in Himmelspracht.

Seid Fürsprecher, heilige Seelen!
Heiliger Geist, laß Trost nicht fehlen.
Hörst du? Jubelsang erklingt,
Feiertöne,
Darein die schöne
Engelsharfe singt.

Leberecht Dreves (1816-1870)

Requiem

Rest from painful striving
And the your passionate burning love;
He who longed for
Blissful union,
Has gone
To his Saviour's house.

Bright stars illuminate
The grave of the righteous man,
Of him, who himself
Will appear as a star in the night,
When he beholds
His Lord in heavenly splendour.

Intercede for him, holy souls!
Holy Spirit. Let him not lack comfort.
Listen –songs of joy ring out!
Solemn tones,
Among them the beautiful song
Of an angel's harp.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877-1944)

Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon coeur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

Song to the bride

Wake up, wake up, little partridge!
Open your wings tot he morning.
Three beauty spots – my heart is on fire!
Look at this golden ribbon I have brought you
To tie around you hair.
If you want, my beauty, let's get married!
Everyone is related in our two families!

Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costannidino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

Down there, by the church

Down there, by the church,
By the church of Ayio Sidéro,
The church, o holy virgin,
The church of Aiyo Costannidino,
There are gathered,
Assembled in infinite numbers
The world's, o holy virgin,
The world's best people.

Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

Which gallant can compare to me

Wich gallant can compare to me,
Amongst all those one sees passing by?
Tell me, Lady Vassiliki?
Look, hanging from by belt
I have pistols and a sharp sword ...
And it is you that I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

O joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
O lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la...

Song of the mastic collectors

Oh joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart,
Treasure, so precious to me;
Joy of my soul and my heart,
You, whom I love passionately,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
When you appear,
My sweet angel,
Before our eyes,
Like a golden haired angel,
In the bright sunlight,
Alas! All our poor hearts sigh!

Everyone is merry!

Everyone is merry, Everyone is merry!
Beautiful legs, tireli, are dancing;
Beautiful legs; even the china is dancing!
Tra la la la ...

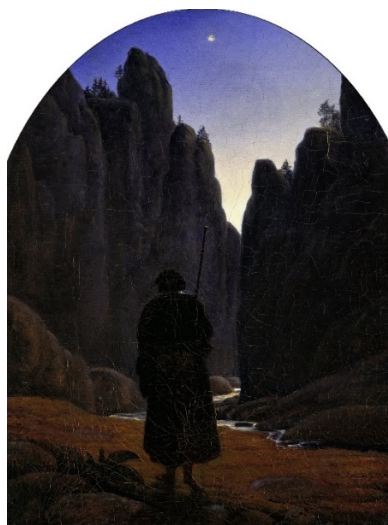
Programme Notes

Schubert	Die junge Nonne
Frank Bridge	Come to me in my dreams
Mahler	Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder Um Mitternacht

'*Die junge Nonne*' is a dramatic monologue dating from 1825. The dark and stormy mood, enhanced by the tolling convent bell, creates a different use of the pathetic fallacy, with the present storm symbolising the nun's earlier emotions pre-vocation, and contrasting with the calm she experiences now. There is nonetheless a sense that her wild emotions may not be fully suppressed – they pursue her in a manner reminiscent of the Erl-king.

Frank Bridge's compositions became more experimental as he got older. *Come to me in my dreams* is the first of several poems by Matthew Arnold set by Bridge. It expresses Arnold's feelings when his marriage was forbidden by his fiancé's father. He composed it in 1906, but revised it in 1918, and the first performance took place that year on October 30 in the Wigmore Hall.

'Blicke mir nicht' and 'Um Mitternacht' both come from Mahler's *Rückert-Lieder*. The text of 'Blicke mir nicht' may have appealed to Mahler because according to his wife Alma he hated eavesdroppers when he was working. The poet asks the reader not to read his poems until they are finished, just as bees don't let anyone watch them building cells. Mahler's busy piano part illustrates the bees at work. 'Um Mitternacht' dates from the summer of 1901 when Mahler was recuperating from a life-threatening illness and surgery. It expresses the current concerns of his middle-life, and anxieties for the future, in particular the imminent threat of death. Mahler exploits the poem's symmetrical construction, using repetition of phrases and patterns to take us deeper and deeper into the night.



Carl Carus, Pilgrim in a Rocky Valley (c. 1820)

Ravel

Shéhérazade



The Chinese Pavilion at the 1900 Paris Exposition universelle

Ravel had written an orchestral overture in 1899 called *Shéhérazade*, but the critics disliked it so much that he used none of that material in his song cycle. The texts were *vers libre* by his friend Léon Leclère (also a painter) who wrote under the Wagnerian pseudonym Tristan Klingsor, and who recited the poems to Ravel to give him an idea of their speech rhythms. Ravel and Klingsor were fellow members of a group of young creative artists calling themselves 'Les Apaches' (the Hooligans); Klingsor was also a member of the 'Fantaisistes' group of poets (artistic factions become ever more exotic at this time). *Shéhérazade* was first performed on 17 May 1904 at a Société Nationale concert at the Salle Nouveau Théâtre, Paris, with Jeanne Hatto and an orchestra conducted by the pianist Alfred Cortot.

The three songs of the cycle are individually dedicated by the composer to Jeanne Hatto ('Asie'), Madame René de Saint-Marceaux ('La flûte enchantée') and Emma Bardac ('L'indifférent'). Hatto was a successful dramatic soprano, singing several Wagnerian roles as well as roles in operas by Rameau. Saint-Marceaux ran an important Parisian *salon* which tried out new compositions for the Société Nationale by Fauré and others. In 1904, a few months after the première, Debussy left his wife to live with Emma Bardac, who was an amateur singer formerly in a relationship with Fauré. Ravel originally conceived the cycle with 'Asie' coming last, and this order was adopted at the première, but he settled on an order that gradually moves, as Caroline Rae puts it, 'from rich voluptuousness and gentle lyricism to languid sensuousness'.

'Asie' is in E flat minor, a dark key once associated with mental illness, and the distinctive intervals in the accompaniment's opening melody add to a sense of disquiet. Much of the music is emotionally intense, but look out for the hints of *chinoiserie* at 'Les mandarins', and the shiver at 'assassins'. The harmonies of 'Asie' are wide-ranging and diverse, like the

subject matter, but as is so often the case with Ravel the least harmonically complex passages are also deeply expressive.

'La flûte enchantée' refers to the instrument played by the speaking girl's lover outside; Ravel was to write one of the famous orchestral flute solos in his ballet *Daphnis et Chloe* (1912). Its notes seem like her lover's kiss, but she is separated from him and the fleeting melody seems to create a sense of absence. The flute plays ('joue') and the notes kiss the girl's cheek (also 'joue') – the play on words enacts this.

'L'indifférent' tells how the narrator is attracted to an androgynous youth, but fails to persuade him to come into his – or her? – house to drink wine. The song is in E major, and it opens with the most harmonically settled bars in the work with hardly an accidental to be seen (or heard), similar to the opening of his 'Le jardin féérique' in *Ma mère l'Oye*. This changes at 'tes lèvres chantent' and 'musique fausse', but then the simpler style returns. This story's inconclusive ending (the youth waves, but walks on) is matched by the final unresolved seventh chord.

Brahms

'Verzagen', from Brahms's opus 72 group of five songs (1877), tries but fails to express a resignation rather different from Ravel's indifferent youth. The stormy piano part sets the scene for the lonely lover on the seashore, whose stormy emotions are mirrored in the crash of the waves – a classic example of the pathetic fallacy, unsurprising from a poet (Carl von Lemke) who was a professor of aesthetics and art history.

'Schwesterlein' comes from a large collection of 49 folksong arrangements composed in 1893-4, a collection that achieved the widespread 19th-century ambition of bringing folk music into the drawing-room. This song is in a simple strophic form, but as it goes on that music is marked to be played increasingly slowly, as the girl approaches death.

'Lerchengesang', from Brahms's four opus 70 songs (1875), avoids pictorial birdsong, instead suggesting a melody high in the sky consisting of just two descending notes, while the singer enjoys his memories.

'Nicht mehr zu dir' is particularly dark, with low piano writing in octaves, but the mood is not only brooding and despairing; the subtle variation in musical phrase-lengths suggests an underlying disquiet as well.

Schumann Sechs Gedichte und Requiem op. 90



Title page for Schumann's op. 90, with funeral motifs

Schumann's op. 90 cycle, to words by Nicolaus Lenau, was composed under the impression that Lenau had died – hence the addition of the 'Requiem'. Lenau was alive at the time, but by a strange coincidence he died on the day of the first performance (a private event in 1850 at the home of one of Schumann's friends). Clara Schumann wrote in her diary that this event, plus the songs themselves, 'put us all in a melancholic mood'. The songs were published in 1851 with a title page that included symbols of mourning – Schumann specifically requested this.

The blacksmith is vividly present in 'Lied eines Schmiedes', a simple song expressing the pleasure in shoe-ing a horse – although the star to which it might travel is also a symbol present at the top of the title page.

'Meine Rose' sets a poem of two stanzas in an A-B-A form by repeating the first stanza, but marked *pianissimo*. There is a subtle interplay of duple and triple rhythms, and harmonic sideslip from B flat to G flat for the second stanza is not a dramatic event but simply a change of colour. The descending figure at the opening of the song may suggest the eventual wilting of the rose.

'Kommen und Scheiden' describes a momentary lost vision in short, fleeting phrases.

'Die Sennin' opens with a little phrase that evokes the herdsman singing in the open air, and is predominantly an evocation of the simple life, except for its inevitable loss. It opens in B major but closes curiously in D sharp.

'Einsamkeit' is in four stanzas, but Schumann sets it as a single through-composed form, with a constantly undulating piano part and more or less fragmentary vocal line – but notice the extended sustained notes at 'Geist der Liebe'. 'Der schwere Abend' is in an ominous E flat minor. There is almost no sense of movement, as if the two lovers are themselves incapacitated.

'Requiem' takes its text from Eichendorff's edition of a poem by Leberecht Dreves published in 1849, although the musical score describes it as 'Anonymous, an old Catholic poem'. It is more optimistic, anticipating the deceased's arrival in heaven – notice the return of the star idea from the first song. We can already hear the angelic harps in the piano part (marked 'wie Harfenton', like the sound of a harp), which only pause for a moment to highlight 'Verlangen' (desire or bliss).

Ravel Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

Ravel and Tristan Kilingsor were members of the 'Apaches' – and so was Ravel's friend Michel Calvocoressi, a French writer and musical scholar with Greek parents, who translated the Greek texts for the Cinq mélodies populaires grecques. Ravel was skilled at imitating vernacular styles. He had a large library of folk music from many nations, and he first experimented with setting a group of Corsican songs in 1895. Ravel's *Chansons hébraïques* were so convincing that some thought he was Jewish. He made arrangements of eight Greek songs, but three have been lost. Calvocoressi praised his treatment of the Greek poems. These are fresh, short lyrics about love and peasant life, and the songs as a whole are characterised by simple textures and clarity of line.

Artists' Biographies

FATMA SAID

Egyptian soprano Fatma Said is one of the most exciting young artists of her generation. Hailed by the Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung as “a discovery”, Fatma has not only distinguished herself in opera houses and on concert stages, but also in a humanitarian capacity, regularly representing her home country as an ambassador for culture and education.

In 2016, she made her sensational role debut at Teatro alla Scala as Pamina in Peter Stein’s critically-acclaimed new production of *Die Zauberflöte*, conducted by Adam Fischer. The production, in which Fatma was described as “luminous” “warm and mature” and full of “incredible depth”, was broadcast by ARTE and has since been released on DVD.

Fatma has established a reputation as an extraordinarily gifted musician and was previously a BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist. In 2019, Fatma became an exclusive Warner recording artist. The 2019/20 season saw performances of Mahler 4 with Teatro Lirico di Cagliari, Fauré *Requiem* with Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra, recital appearances at Leeds Lieder, Wigmore Hall and Bayerische Rundfunk Funkhaus, and performances as Pamina in China with the Teatro alla Scala.

Highlights of Fatma’s 2020/21 season so far include concert appearances with the Orchestre Philharmonique de Monte-Carlo and the Orchestre national de France, a gala concert for Rolex with Sonya Yoncheva at the Deutsche Staatsoper Berlin, and recitals at Wigmore Hall and the Victoria de los Ángeles Festival Barcelona. Later this year, Fatma makes her house debut at the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino as Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* under Riccardo Muti.

Previous highlights include Mozart *Requiem* at the BBC Proms under Nathalie Stutzmann, *Die Schöpfung* and performances and a recording of Mahler 8 with Adam Fischer at Tonhalle Düsseldorf, Strauss lieder with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, plus *Suor Angelica* with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Andris Nelsons and the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra under Omer Meir Wellber.

Fatma has also given recitals in Perth, Dresden, Bonn and Mallorca, concerts in Lucerne, Vienna and Salzburg with Rolando Villazón, and gala concerts at The United Nations in Geneva and in Muscat with Juan Diego Flórez. Fatma also appeared as L’Amour in the new John Fulljame/Hofesh Schechter *Orphée et Eurydice* at Teatro alla Scala, in addition to making her debut at the Salzburg MozartWoche in a production of Mozart’s T.H.A.M.O.S by La Fura del Baus.

Fatma is an alumna of the Hochschule für Musik Hanns Eisler and the prestigious Accademia del Teatro alla Scala in Milan, where she the first Egyptian to ever have debuted at the house. Fatma represented Egypt twice at the United Nations to highlight children’s right to education and dignity through music and this year was part of the “Silk Road Concert” at the Temple of Luxor.

In 2016, Fatma Said received an honorary award from Egypt’s National Council for Women and was singled out for one of Egypt’s highest accolades during the first National Youth Convention: she became the first opera singer ever to be awarded the state’s Creativity Award for her outstanding artistic achievement on an international level.

Fatma Said appears courtesy of Warner Classics. Hear her latest disc here: <https://w.lnk.to/eln>

JOSEPH MIDDLETON

Pianist Joseph Middleton specializes in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been highly acclaimed in this field. Described in Opera Magazine as 'the rightful heir to legendary accompanist Gerald Moore', by BBC Music Magazine as 'one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder', he has also been labelled 'the cream of the new generation' by The Times. He is Director of Leeds Lieder, Musician in Residence at Pembroke College, Cambridge and a Fellow of his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music, where he is a Professor. He was the first accompanist to win the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist Award.

Joseph is a frequent guest at major music centres including London's Wigmore Hall (where he has been a featured artist), Royal Opera House and Royal Festival Hall, New York's Alice Tully Hall and Park Avenue Armory, Het Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Konzerthaus Vienna, Zürich Tonhalle, Kölner Philharmonie, Strasbourg, Frankfurt, Lille and Gothenburg Opera Houses, Philharmonie Luxembourg, Musée d'Orsay Paris, Oji Hall Tokyo and Festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Barcelona, Schloss Elmau, Edinburgh, Munich, Ravinia, San Francisco, Schubertiade Hohenems and Schwarzenberg, deSingel, Seoul, Stuttgart, Toronto and Vancouver. He made his BBC Proms debut in 2016 alongside Iestyn Davies and Carolyn Sampson & returned in 2018 alongside Dame Sarah Connolly where they premiered recently discovered songs by Benjamin Britten.

Joseph enjoys recitals with internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Louise Alder, Mary Bevan, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Lucy Crowe, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Samuel Hasselhorn, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Angelika Kirchschrager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray DBE, James Newby, Mark Padmore, Miah Persson, Sophie Rennert, Ashley Riches, Amanda Roocroft, Kate Royal, Matthew Rose, Carolyn Sampson, Nicky Spence and Roderick Williams.

He has a special relationship with BBC Radio 3, frequently curating his own series and working with the BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artists. His critically acclaimed and fast-growing discography has seen him awarded a Diapason D'or and Edison Award as well as receiving nominations for Gramophone, BBC Music Magazines and International Classical Music Awards. He enjoys a particularly fruitful collaboration with Carolyn Sampson on the BIS label. Further recording projects include: an English Song recital with Dame Sarah Connolly for Chandos; Strauss Lieder, 'A Russian Connection' and 'Chere Nuit' with Louise Alder, also for Chandos; 'Voyages' and 'A Divine Muse' with Mary Bevan for Signum Records; 'Stille Liebe' with Samuel Hasselhorn for Harmonia Mundi; 'I wonder as I wander' with James Newby for BIS; 'A Musical Zoo' with Ashley Riches for Chandos; 'Nocturnal Variations' with Ruby Hughes, 'Elgar in Sussex' with Dame Felicity Lott, 'Tell me the Truth about Love' with Amanda Roocroft, 'This other Eden' with Kitty Whately, the Lieder of Ludwig Thuille with Sophie Bevan and Jennifer Johnston and the complete Purcell/Britten realizations with Ruby Hughes, Allan Clayton and Matthew Rose, all for Champs Hill Records. His interest in the furthering of the song repertoire has led Gramophone Magazine to describe him as 'the absolute king of programming'.

BERNADETTE JOHNS

Bernadette Johns is a prize-winning mezzo-soprano whose performances span song, opera and oratorio repertoire. She is currently training at Royal Academy Opera (RAO) with Giles Underwood and Joseph Middleton, and is generously supported by the Help Musicians Sybil Tutton Opera Award, the Carr-Gregory Trust Award and the Clive and Sylvia Richards Charity. In 2020 Bernadette was awarded a Master of Arts with Distinction and Diploma of the Royal Academy of Music for an outstanding final recital. She previously studied at the University of Oxford.

Bernadette was selected as a Leeds Lieder Young Artist 2020 with duo partner Alexandra Standing. She was a finalist in the 2019 Somerset Song Prize, and twice a finalist in the Richard Lewis/Jean Shanks Award, winning the Song Prize in 2019. She frequently performs as part of the Academy Song Circle. Her operatic roles include Hippolyta in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Dorabella (cover) in *Così fan tutte*. In scenes she has sung Isabella (*L'Italiana in Algeri*), Octavian (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Idamante (*Idomeneo*), Marcellina (*Le nozze di Figaro*) and Giovanna Seymour (*Anna Bolena*).

In concert, Bernadette has performed many of Bach's works with conductors Trevor Pinnock, Masaaki Suzuki, Philippe Herreweghe, John Butt and Iain Ledingham. She most recently performed the alto cantata '*Widerstehe doch der Sünde*' with Rachel Podger and Laurence Cummings to open the 2020 'Bach the European' concert series.

Upcoming performances include Maman (*L'Enfant et les sortilèges*) and the title role *Giulio Cesare* in RAO scenes, and Dido in RAO's *Dido and Aeneas* in May 2021.

ALEXANDRA STANDING

British pianist Alexandra Standing recently graduated with distinction from the Royal Academy of Music, where she completed an MA in piano accompaniment under the tutelage of James Baillieu and Christopher Glynn.

Alex completed her undergraduate studies in Glasgow at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland, where she studied solo piano with Aaron Shorr. At the RCS she focused on chamber music and was highly commended in the Louis Carus duo prize. She was also able to continue studying the violin as second study.

Alex has performed at a variety of venues ranging from Wigmore Hall to Latitude Festival. Her playing has been broadcast multiple times on BBC Radio 3.

At the Royal Academy of Music, Alex was awarded first prize in the Marjorie Thomas Art of Song award, as well as being very highly commended in the English Song prize, the Gerhardt Lieder prize and the Flora Nielsen award for French Song. She was a finalist in the Richard Lewis competition in 2020 and was the grateful recipient of funding from the Richard Lewis Trust.

Alex enjoys working with singers as a pianist/repetiteur and has worked professionally for companies such as Hampstead Garden Opera, the Association of British Choral Directors, Camden Youth Choir, the RSNO Chorus and the Royal Academy Opera.

During her time in London, Alex also studied with Joseph Middleton, Richard Stokes, Matthew Fletcher, Christian Gerhaher and Helmut Deutsch. She is now based in Salisbury at the Godolphin School, and balances a busy teaching schedule with recitals.

