

THU 28 APRIL –
SUN 1 MAY 2022
HOWARD ASSEMBLY ROOM
OPERA NORTH



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

SONG ILLUMINATED

PROGRAMME: Sunday 1 May

Joseph Middleton

Director

Jane Anthony

Founder



Supported using public funding by

ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND



Howard
Assembly
Room



Nurturing Talent
Mastering Technique
Inspiring Excellence






“Samling is unique. There is nothing quite like this in the world!” Sir Thomas Allen

Samling Artist Programme provides outstanding early-career singers and pianists with life-changing opportunities. In residential masterclasses they refine all aspects of their craft under the guidance of internationally renowned singers, conductors, pianists, actors and coaches.

Our Samling Artists go on to appear in the world's greatest opera houses, concert halls, festivals and recordings.

Discover more about Samling Institute for Young Artists.

samling.org.uk

 SamlingInstitute  @Samling_Inst  samling_institute

Registered Charity in England & Wales 1112032 | Scottish Charity SC051568



'a compact TRIUMPH
of
OUTSTANDING
ART
SONG'

The Sunday Times



[leedslieder1](#)



[@LeedsLieder](#)



[@leedsliederfestival](#)

leedslieder.org.uk

Welcome to
The Leeds Lieder
2022 Festival
SONG
ILLUMINATED



'Song Illuminated': song, the artform we all love, illuminates so much of what we experience in life and through its inexplicable magic also illuminates so much of ourselves, to ourselves. The great poets and composers we celebrate and champion at Leeds Lieder prove themselves over and over to be our wisest companions as they cast light upon much of what it means to be human. Through them, connections between mankind and nature are shown in radiant relief. The environment, nature, rebirth, how song illuminates our lives and the beauty of the earth are themes that run through the 2022 Leeds Lieder Festival and it has been the biggest joy putting this Festival together for you all.

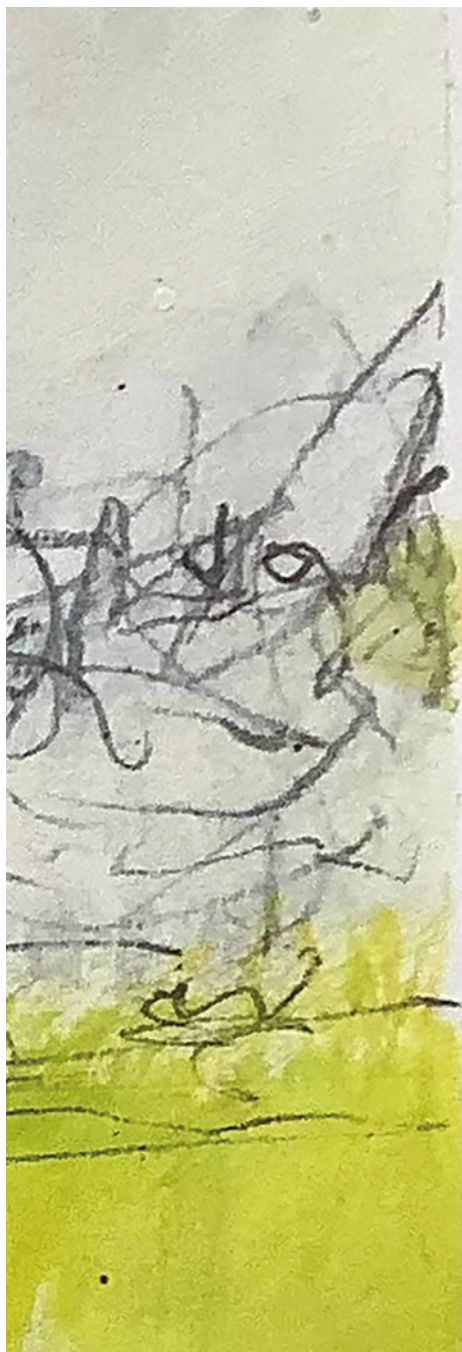
The great German soprano, Dorothea Röschmann, opens the Festival with music she has very much made her own, and it would be difficult to find music more steeped in its poetical landscape than Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with its panoply of characters and direct, ingeniously folklore-ish nature. Mahler features in the closing recital, given by 'the brightest lyric soprano of the younger generation': Louise Alder. Her typically wide-ranging programme includes delights from Fauré to Rodgers and Hammerstein. Ian Bostridge and Imogen Cooper have taken their place in the pantheon of all-time great recitalists and it is with such pleasure that we welcome Ian back to Leeds Lieder and that we invite Imogen to join us for the first time. Both are master Schubertians and have selected songs that invite audiences' imaginations to take flight and join them journeying outdoors. Schubert's towering late masterpiece *Schwanengesang* is juxtaposed with songs taking similar themes. Evocations of the sparkling gold of the welcoming sun, breezes playing in a valley, murmuring brooks, a deep blue spring sky, a bountiful season of bud and blossom are all etched in brilliant colour by Schubert. New Music, Young Artists, Emerging Stars all jostle joyously next to one another in our most thoughtfully programmed Festival to date.

With multiple artistic partners and thousands of individuals attending our events every year, Leeds Lieder is a true cultural success story and it's a particular joy to be presenting our first Festival in the glorious Howard Assembly Room. Our exciting Learning and Participation programme which opens up creative music—making to people of all ages, backgrounds and abilities allows many more individuals to take delight in our events. Around 1,000 school children will learn songs through our education programmes this year alone.

Ticket sales and public funding provide around half of Leeds Lieder's income and the remainder comes from the most generous philanthropic support, without which the scope of our programming and artistic vision would be compromised. Our audiences prove to be our greatest supporters and we remain immensely grateful to all our Friends. Every gift, no matter what size, really does make a difference. Visit our supporters page on the website if you'd like more information about how you can help shape culture in Leeds. I hope you like what is on over the next few pages and I look forward to welcoming you to this Festival. I feel confident it will be a very special few days.

With all best wishes,

Joseph Middleton
Director



Elly Ameling
President, Leeds Lieder

Dear Leeds Lieder Lovers!

At a time in history in which – unexpectedly – brute force is being exercised so near to us, I feel that we must be utterly grateful to know of a haven where we can find Music to comfort us.

My age prevents me from being present at this Leeds Lieder Festival. But in my heart I shall be with you all: the audience, the musicians and also with the students, during these days full of art song recitals and master classes of the highest calibre.

My warm praise goes to our Director Joseph Middleton, a splendid pianist, who again succeeded in programming a series of song recitals in a most delightful combination of styles and artists.

Real Art can only exist where Harmony reigns. I hope you find both of these in abundance during this Festival.

Elly Ameling



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

The 2022 Festival at a Glance

Thursday 28 April

12 – 12.30pm

Pre-concert Talk *with* composer Jonathan Dove

1 – 2pm

Lunchtime Recital: Samling Institute Showcase

3 – 6pm

Festival Masterclass I *with* Amanda Roocroft*

7 – 7.30pm

Pre-concert Talk *with* Richard Stokes Hon RAM

8pm

Gala Opening Recital: Dorothea Röschmann and Joseph Middleton

10 – 11pm

Late Evening Recital: Wallis Giunta, Sean Shibe and Adam Walker

Friday 29 April

10am – 12.30pm

Festival Masterclass II *with* Dorothea Röschmann*

1 – 2pm

Lunchtime Recital: Jess Dandy and Martin Roscoe

3 – 4.30pm

Young Artists Showcase

7 – 7.30pm

Pre-concert Talk *with* composer Deborah Pritchard

8pm

Evening Recital: Robin Tritschler and Christopher Glynn

10 – 11pm

Late Evening Recital: Ruby Hughes and Joseph Middleton

Saturday 30 April

10am – 12.30pm

Festival Masterclass III *with* Graham Johnson OBE*

1 – 2pm

Lunchtime Recital: Helen Charlston and Ilan Kurtser

2.30pm

Bring and Sing! Rehearsal**

5.30pm

Bring and Sing! Concert: English Coronation Anthems**

3 – 4pm

Lecture-recital *with* Graham Johnson OBE

7 – 7.30pm

Pre-concert Talk *with* Dr George Kennaway

8pm

Evening Recital: Ian Bostridge CBE and Dame Imogen Cooper

10 – 11pm

Lieder Lounge *with* Leeds Lieder Young Artists***

Sunday 1 May

p. 7 **10.30am – 12pm**

Study Event with Dr Katy Hamilton and Leeds Lieder Young Artists*

p. 8 **1 – 2pm**

Lunchtime Recital: Ashley Riches and Joseph Middleton

p. 25 **3 – 5.30pm**

Festival Masterclass IV *with* Joan Rodgers CBE*

p. 25 **7 – 7.30pm**

Pre-concert Talk *with* Dr Katy Hamilton

p. 26 **8pm**

Closing Gala Recital: Louise Alder and Joseph Middleton

Linacre Studio*

Mantle Studio**

HAR Atrium***

All other events are in the HAR



**Please remember to
switch off mobile phones**

Click on the page numbers above to move to that event page



Dr Katy Hamilton
© Helena Cooke



Leeds Lieder Young Artists
© Robert Piwko

SUNDAY 1 MAY
10.30AM – 12PM

Linacre Studio

Study Event

The Birds and the Bees: Lieder and the Natural World

Dr Katy Hamilton returns to Leeds Lieder for her popular Study Event, in which she marries academia with fascinating musical examples from our outstanding Young Artists. This year she'll look at the importance of pantheism, and images of nature in German lyric poetry, in repertoire from the late eighteenth to the early twentieth centuries.



LEEDS LIEDER FESTIVAL 2022



Ashley Riches
© Debbie Scanlon



Joseph Middleton
© Harmonia Mundi

SUNDAY 1 MAY

1 – 2PM

Howard Assembly Room

Lunchtime Recital

Ashley Riches *bass–baritone*

Joseph Middleton *piano*

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

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

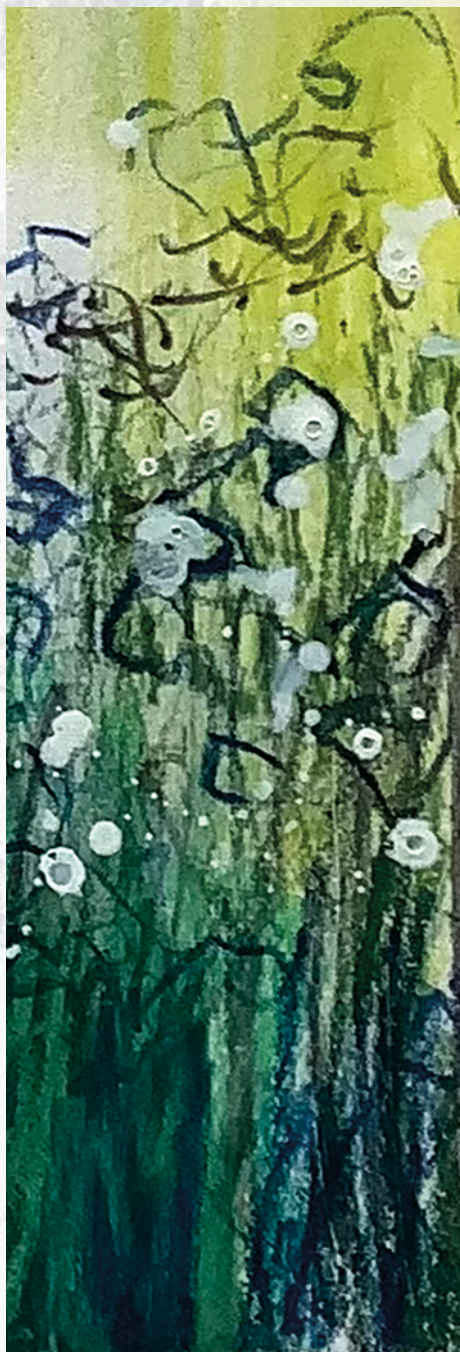
Die liebe Farbe

Die böse Farbe

Trockne Blumen

Der Müller und der Bach

Des Baches Wiegenlied



Texts and Translations

Franz Schubert

(1797–1828)

Die schöne Müllerin

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.

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.

SONG
ILLUMINATED

Wohin?

Ich hör' 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.

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 Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

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.

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

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!

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?

Thank you, 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!



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

Am Feierabend

Hätt' ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könn' ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könn' ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könn' 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 Neugieriger

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erführ' 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 wunderbarlich!
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 little 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 grub' 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 sprach' die Worte rein und klar,
Bis er sie sprach' 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 müsst' 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!

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.

SONG
ILLUMINATED

Morgengruß

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!
Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,
Als wär' dir was geschehen?
Verdriest 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 euren runden Tor,
Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

Ihr schlummertrunkenen 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?

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

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.

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.

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

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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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 want to say.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Raining tears

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

Mein!

Bächlein, lass dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stell 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.

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
Durfte' ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz,
Und wie ich klagte so süss und fein,
Glaub' 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 Lautenbände

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

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 Lautenband

'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 blühen,
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 betrüht:
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!

With the green lute 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 it 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 Rosmaren,
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 fickleness.
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 lovely 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 though 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.

SONG
ILLUMINATED

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'?

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

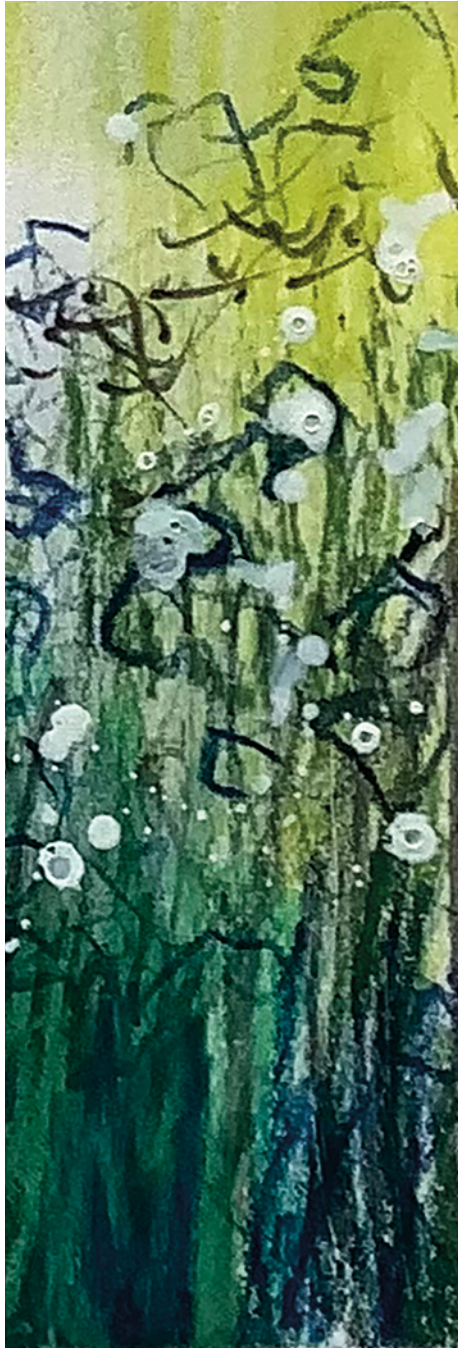
Ach, Tränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen tote Liebe
Nicht wieder blühn.

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

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

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

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



Dried 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?

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.

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The miller and the stream

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

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

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

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

Three roses spring up,
Half red and half white,
They will not fade again,
From their thorny stems.

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

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

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 Mägdelein, 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!

Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827)

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 green 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 delicate 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!



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

Programme Notes

The background to *Die schöne Müllerin*.

In the winter of 1816/17 Privy Councillor Friedrich August von Stägemann and his wife Elisabeth, both of whom were published poets, organized evenings of literary charades in their Berlin home to entertain their adolescent children, August and 16 year–old Hedwig. Among the guests were Clemens von Brentano, the 22 year–old Wilhelm Hensel, soon to marry Fanny Mendelssohn, his 18 year–old sister Luise Hensel and of course Wilhelm Müller, then aged 23. The charades must have been emotionally fraught, since both Brentano and Müller were in love with Luise. Brentano actually proposed marriage to her (unsuccessfully, as it turned out), but the younger Müller, shy like *Die schöne Müllerin*'s hero, confided his own passion to his diary, a little known document that sheds fascinating autobiographical light on two poems from Schubert's cycle. 'Der Neugierige' echoes the passage in the Diary when he wrote on pieces of paper: 'Luise, liebst du mich?' and the single words 'Ja' and 'Nein'; while 'Pause', with its famous couplet:

Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,
Weiß nicht, wie ichs in Reime zwingen soll

clearly reflects the entry for 8 November 1815 when, having confessed his clandestine love to a fresh page, he re–reads the amorphous effusion and refuses to re–phrase his undisciplined outpouring, since it is too great to shape in artistic form. Müller's obsession with Luise Hensel is apparent throughout the diary from October 1815 to December 1816: he is tortured by the thought that she might not return his love, he expresses his delight at Luise's gift of a songbook, he shows her his own poetry and favourite pieces by other writers, he worries about her health, and often ends an entry with the words 'Gute Nacht, Luise!' – a phrase that was to provide the title to the opening poem of *Die Winterreise*.

The theme chosen for the Stägemann soirées was that of a miller maid wooed by a number of suitors, and the literary genre in which they wrote was the *Liederspiel*, a narrative play in verse and song. The theme was already popular in both literature and music: Paisiello's opera *La molinara* (we know the evergreen 'Nel cor più non mi sento') was enjoying great success on the contemporary German stage, and Goethe's mill romances, such as *Der Edelknabe und die Müllerin* and *Der Jungesell und der Mühlbach* anticipate the Müller cycle in many of their phrases and cadences, especially the first verse of the former:

Wohin? Wohin?
Schöne Müllerin!

Each player in the Stägemann soirées assumed a different role, wrote their own part in verse and then declaimed it – not without a certain ironic detachment. Hedwig von Stägemann played the eponymous Müllerin, Wilhelm Hensel the hunter, his sister Luise the gardener and Wilhelm Müller – appropriately – the miller. Someone from this circle of friends suggested that the poetic contributions of each individual should be expanded into a play about the miller's daughter (who was to be called Rose) and her rival suitors. Ludwig Berger (1777–1839) was persuaded to write the music and it is to him that posterity owes a debt of gratitude. His resultant song cycle of ten songs was published in 1818 as *Gesänge aus einem gesellschaftlichen Liederspiele 'Die schöne Müllerin'* and included five poems that were subsequently set by Schubert: 'Des Müllers Wanderlied' ('Wohin?'), 'Müllers Blumen' ('Des Müllers Blumen'), 'Der Müller' ('Die böse Farbe'), 'Müllers trockne Blumen' ('Trockne Blumen') and 'Des Baches Lied' ('Des Baches Wiegenlied'). All five have been recorded by Graham Johnson on Hyperion with Mark Padmore and Ann Murray. Müller, inspired by the older composer's cycle, collected and expanded his own contributions to these soirées and published them finally in 1821 as *Die schöne Müllerin*, part of a larger collection called *Sieben und siebenzig Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen Papieren eines reisenden Waldhornisten*.

The cycle bore the sub–title ‘Im Winter zu lesen’ (‘To be read in Winter’) and was framed by a Prologue and Epilogue in rhyming couplets, which gently satirized the fashion of rustic balladry.

The Prologue begins:

Ich lad euch, schöne Damen, kluge Herrn,
Und die ihr hört und schaut was Gutes gern,
Zu einem funkelnagelneuen Spiel
Im allerfunkelnagelneusten Stil...

I invite you, fair ladies and wise gentlemen,
Who like a good theatrical occasion,
To a brand–new play
Written in the brandest–newest way...

This mocking tone is intensified in the Epilogue, where the poet dissociates himself from the tragic events, jokes with his audience and bids them all go quietly home:

Wir blasen unsere Sonn’ und Sternlein aus –
Nun findet euch im Dunkel gut nach Haus.

We’ll blow out our tiny stars and sun –
Home in the dark with you, everyone.

The *Stimmungsbrechung*, with its deflating diminutive, is worthy of Heinrich Heine, and it reminds us that the poet of Schumann’s *Dichterliebe* not only sent Müller a dedicated copy of his *Lyrisches Intermezzo* and set him above Uhland in his *Romantische Schule* but also wrote him a glowing letter in which we read:

(...) aber ich glaube in Ihren Liedern den reinen Klang und die wahre Einfachheit, wonach ich immer strebte, gefunden zu haben. Wie rein, wie klar sind Ihre Lieder, und sämtlich sind es Volkslieder.

(...) but I think that it was in your songs that I first discovered the pure tone and the true simplicity for which I was always striving. How pure and clear your songs are – folksongs every one of them.

Heine not only admired the simplicity of Müller’s writing, his ability to tell a story directly without the archaic trappings of folksong, he also relished the Romantic irony evident in both Prologue and Epilogue and within the cycle itself.

Schubert ignored the irony entirely. He omitted both Prologue and Epilogue and approached the poems with a deadly seriousness. Instead of attempting, for example, to express the bathos of the final stanza of ‘Tränenregen’, he enriches the harmony with major/minor variations, veers off into the remote key of C major and lingers in the postlude on the miller’s despair. It is a magical moment, but hardly what Müller intended. Time and again Schubert elevates the simple text into a statement of profound emotional significance, like Mozart did at the end of *Le nozze di Figaro*, where da Ponte’s lapidary ‘Contessa, perdono’ is transmuted into a poignancy that mere words cannot describe. Let three examples suffice: the anguished repetition of ‘allen eine gute Nacht’ in ‘Am Feierabend’, which turns Müller’s factual statement into a cry of searing pain, as the miller realizes that the girl’s greeting was not for him alone; verse 4 of ‘Der Neugierige’ where the brook’s semiquavers cease, the accompaniment shifts to G major and the miller communes with himself in a reverie of aria and recitative; and ‘Die liebe Farbe’, which in Schubert’s setting becomes an unremitting threnody, as the F sharp is struck a foreboding 532 times.

Any performance of Schubert’s *Die schöne Müllerin* will fail to do justice to the tone and design of Müller’s poem, and it is unfair to judge his achievement as a poet by listening to Schubert’s settings, though Müller himself never claimed to have written anything substantial. Indeed, shortly before his death he penned that famous and prophetic disclaimer, which has perhaps also hindered a true appreciation of his poems:

Ich kann weder spielen noch singen, und wenn ich dichte, so singe ich doch und spiele auch.

Wenn nur ich die Weisen von mir geben könnte, so würden meine Lieder besser gefallen als jetzt. Aber getrost, es kann sich ja eine gleichesinte Seele finden, die die Weisen aus den Worten herausorcht und sie mir zurückgibt.

I can neither play nor sing, but when I write poetry, I am also singing and playing. If I could only make up the tunes myself, my songs would give greater pleasure than they now do. But no matter! A like–minded soul might appear who will hear the tunes in the words and give them back to me.

Like–minded? No. But modest Wilhelm Müller – like the rest of us – would have been eternally grateful to Schubert for truncating and freely adapting his poem.

Richard Stokes © 2022



Joan Rodgers
© Groves Artists



Masterclass
© Tom Arber



Dr Katy Hamilton
© Helena Cooke

SUNDAY 1 MAY

3 – 5.30PM

Linacre Studio

Festival Masterclass IV
and presentation of the Leeds Lieder/Schubert
Institute UK Song Prize

with Joan Rodgers CBE

Joan Rodgers's many accolades include receiving the Royal Philharmonic Society Award, Evening Standard Award for outstanding performance in opera for her performance as The Governess in the Royal Opera's production of *The Turn of the Screw* and an Honorary Doctorate of Music from Liverpool University. She was awarded the CBE in the 2001 New Year's Honours List. Her winning personality and innate musicality make her one of the most in demand masterclass leaders. Today she will end her class with a presentation to the Young Artist duo who have shown most promise over the course of the Festival. They will win the Leeds Lieder/Schubert Institute UK Song Prize.

For Young Artist biographies, please see our website leedslieder.org.uk

SUNDAY 1 MAY

7 – 7.30PM

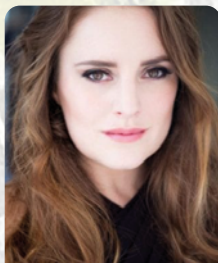
Howard Assembly Room

Pre-concert talk
with Dr Katy Hamilton

Dr Katy Hamilton introduces tonight's closing recital to be given by Louise Alder and Joseph Middleton.



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022



Louise Alder
© Gerard Collett



Joseph Middleton
© Harmonia Mundi



Howard Assembly Room
© Gerard Collett

SUNDAY 1 MAY

8PM

Howard Assembly Room

Closing Recital *Hello Young Lovers*

Generously Supported by Elizabeth and Olav Arnold

Louise Alder *soprano*

Joseph Middleton *piano*

Gabriel Fauré (1887–1979)

Le papillon et la fleur
Chanson d'amour
Rêve d'amour
Notre amour

Nadia Boulanger (1887–1979)

and **Raoul Pugno** (1852–1914)

Les heures claire

C'était en juin
Que tes yeux claires, tes yeux d'été
S'il arrive jamais

Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)

Frühlingsmorgen
Erinnerung
Urlicht
Das himmlische Leben (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*)

Interval

Aaron Copland (1900–1990)

12 Poems of Emily Dickinson

Nature, the gentlest mother

There came a wind like a bugle
Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
The world feels dusty
Heart, we will forget him!
Dear March, come in!
Sleep is supposed to be
When they come back
I felt a funeral in my brain
I've heard an organ talk sometimes
Going to Heaven!
The chariot

Ned Rorem (*b. 1923*)

Early in the morning

Richard Rodgers (1902–1979)

He was too good to me
Dancing on the ceiling
Hello, young lovers

Texts and Translations

Gabriel Fauré

(1845–1924)

Le papillon et la fleur

La pauvre fleur disait au papillon céleste:
Ne fuis pas!
Vois comme nos destins sont différents. Je reste,
Tu t'en vas!

Pourtant nous nous aimons, nous vivons sans les hommes
Et loin d'eux,
Et nous nous ressemblons, et l'on dit que nous sommes
Fleurs tous deux!

Mais, hélas! l'air t'emporte et la terre m'enchaîne.

Sort cruel!
Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de mon haleine
Dans le ciel!

Mais non, tu vas trop loin! – Parmi des fleurs sans nombre
Vous fuyez,
Et moi je reste seule à voir tourner mon ombre
À mes pieds.

Tu fuis, puis tu reviens; puis tu t'en vas encore
Luire ailleurs.
Aussi me trouves-tu toujours à chaque aurore
Toute en pleurs!

Oh! pour que notre amour coule des jours fidèles,
Ô mon roi,
Prends comme moi racine, ou donne-moi des ailes
Comme à toi!

Victor Hugo (1802–1885)

The butterfly and the flower

The little flower said to the heavenly butterfly
Don't fly away!
Look how different our destinies are, I stay here
And you fly away!

Yet we love each other, we live without people
And far away from them,
And we look alike, and people say that
We are both flowers!

But alas, the breeze carries you away and the earth
holds me fast
Cruel fate!
I would like to perfume your flight with my breath
In the sky.

But no, you fly too far away amongst countless flowers
You fly away.
As for me, I stay here alone only to watch my shadow
Circle round my feet.

You fly away, then you return, then you fly away again
To shimmer somewhere else.
And also you always find me at dawn
Bathed in tears.

Oh that our love might flow through faithful days,
Oh my king,
Take root like me, or give me a pair of wings
Like yours!

Chanson d'amour

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

Armand Silvestre (1837–1901)

Rève d'amour

S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où naissse en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclosse,
Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose!

S'il est un sein bien aimant
Dont l'honneur dispose,
Dont le tendre dévouement
N'ait rien de morose,
Si toujours ce noble sein
Bat pour un digne dessein,
J'en veux faire le coussin
Où ton front se pose!

S'il est un rêve d'amour
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
Oh! j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton cœur se pose!

Victor Hugo

Love Song

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
Oh my rebel, oh my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall melt.

I love your voice, I love the strange
Charm of everything you say,
Oh my rebel, Oh my beloved angel,
My inferno and my paradise!

I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet right to your hair,
Oh you, to whom all my vows are directed,
Oh my wild one, oh my rebel!

Dream of love

If there is a lovely lawn
Watered from the sky,
Where every new season
Blossoming flowers grow,
Where one can gather bouquets
Of lilies, woodbine and jasmine,
I would like to make them the path
Where you feet would tread.

If there is a loving heart
Where honour dwells,
Whose devoted tenderness
Holds nothing morose,
If this noble heart would always
Beat with noble intent,
I would make of it a cushion
Where your head could rest.

If there is a dream of love
Perfumed with roses,
Where every day you would find
Some sweet delight,
A dream which God would bless.
Where souls is united to soul,
Oh I would make it the nest
Where you heart would rest.

Notre amour

Notre amour est chose légère,
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.–
Notre amour est chose légère.

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.–
Notre amour est chose charmante.

Notre amour est chose sacrée,
Comme le mystère des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.–
Notre amour est chose sacrée.

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Notre amour est chose éternelle,
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur.–
Notre amour est chose éternelle.

Armand Silvestre

Our love

Our love is gentle,
Like the fragrance the breeze
Carries from the lips of ferns
For us to breathe while we dream.
Our love is gentle.

Our love is full of charm,
Like morning songs
Where no regret is voiced,
Where uncertain hopes tremble.
Our love is full of charm.

Our love is sacred,
Like the mystery of the woods
Where an unknown soul shivers,
Where silences have a voice.
Our love is sacred.

Our love is infinite,
Like paths at sunset
Where the sea, united with the skies,
Goes to sleep under setting suns.

Our love is eternal,
Like all that a victorious God
Has touched with his fiery wing,
Like everything that comes from the heat.
Our love is eternal.

SONG
ILLUMINATED

Nadia Boulanger

(1887–1979)

C'était en juin

C'était en juin, dans le jardin,
C'était notre heure et notre jour;
Et nos yeux regardaient, avec un tel amour,
Les choses,
Qu'il nous semblait que doucement s'ouvraient
Et nous voyaient et nous aimaient
Les roses.

Le ciel était plus pur qu'il ne le fut jamais:
Les insectes et les oiseaux
Volait dans l'or et dans la joie
D'un air frêle comme la soie;
Et nos baisers étaient si beaux
Qu'ils exaltaient et la lumière et les oiseaux.

On eût dit un bonheur qui tout à coup s'azure
Et veut le ciel entier pour resplendir;
Toute la vie entrait, par de douces brisures,
Dans notre être, pour le grandir.

Et ce n'étaient que cris invocatoires,
Et fous élans et prières et vœux,
Et le besoin, soudain, de recréer des dieux,
Afin de croire.

Que tes yeux claires, tes yeux d'été

Que tes yeux clairs, tes yeux d'été,
Me soient, sur terre,
Les images de la bonté.

Laissons nos âmes embrasées
Revêtir d'or chaque flamme de nos pensées.

Que mes deux mains contre ton cœur
Te soient, sur terre,
Les emblèmes de la douceur.

Vivons pareils à deux prières éperdues
L'une vers l'autre, à toute heure, tendues.

Que nos baisers sur nos bouches ravies
Nous soient sur terre
Les symboles de notre vie.

It was in June

It was in June in the garden,
It was our hour and our day.
And our eyes looked at things
With such love,
That it seemed to us that the roses
Gently opened and gazed on us
And loved us.

The sky was purer than ever before;
The insects and the birds
Flew in gold and in joy,
As fragile as silk;
And our kisses were so beautiful
That they exhaled light and birds.

As though happiness had suddenly been tinged with blue,
Wanting all Heaven to glitter;
All life entered, through sweet chinks,
Our being, and magnified it.

Nothing but invocatory cries
And crazed impulses and prayers and vows
And the sudden need to recreate gods,
In order to believe.

May your bright eyes, your eyes of summer

May your bright eyes, your eyes of summer
Be for me on earth
Images of kindness.

May our glowing souls
Clothe with gold every flame of our thoughts.

May my two hands against your heart
Be on earth
Emblems of sweetness.

May we live like two ecstatic prayers,
Always sensitive to each other.

May our kisses on our enraptured lips
Be for us on earth
The symbols of our life.

S'il arrive jamais

S'il arrive jamais
Que nous soyons, sans le savoir,
Souffrance ou peine ou désespoir,
L'un pour l'autre ; s'il se faisait
Que la fatigue ou le banal plaisir
Détendissent en nous l'arc d'or du haut désir ;
Si le cristal de la pure pensée
Doit en nos cœurs tomber et se briser,
Si malgré tout, je me sentais
Vaincu pour n'avoir pas été
Assez en proie à la divine immensité
De la bonté;
Alors, oh ! serrons-nous comme deux fous sublimes
Qui sous les cieus cassés, se cramponnent aux cimes
Quand même – et d'un unique essor,
L'âme en soleil, s'exaltent dans la mort.

Émile Verhaeren (1855–1916)

Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)

Frühlingsmorgen

Es klopft an das Fenster der Lindenbaum
Mit Zweigen, blüthenbehangen: Steh' auf! Steh' auf!
Was liegst du im Traum?
Die Sonn' ist aufgegangen! Steh' auf! Steh' auf!
Die Lerche ist wach, die Büsche weh'n!
Die Bienen summen und Käfer! Steh' auf! Steh' auf!
Und dein munteres Lieb hab' ich auch schon geseh'n.
Steh' auf, Langschläfer! Langschläfer, steh' auf!

Richard Leander (1830–1889)

Should it ever occur

Should it ever occur
That we unwittingly become
Pain, sorrow or despair
For one another; if it ever were
That fatigue or banal pleasure
Loosened up the golden bow of high desire;
If the crystal of pure thought
In our hearts should ever fall and break,
If, in spite of it all, I felt
Defeated for not having been
Sufficiently touched by the divine immensity
Of kindness;
Then, oh, let us embrace like two sublime madmen
Who under broken skies still hang on to the summit –
And in one soaring path,
Our souls bathed in sunlight, exaltedly go to our death.

(Boulanger translations: Richard Stokes)

Spring morning

The linden tree is knocking at the window
With branches covered in blossom: Get up! Get up!
Why are you still asleep?
The sun is up! Get up! Get up!
The lark is awake, the bushes are rustling,
The bees and beetles are humming! Get up! Get up!
And I have already seen your lively love,
Get up, sleepy-head! Sleepy-head, get up!

Erinnerung

Es wecket meine Liebe
Die Lieder immer wieder!
Es wecken meine Lieder
Die Liebe immer wieder!

Die Lippen, die da träumen
Von deinen heißen Küssen,
In Sang und Liedesweisen
Von dir sie tönen müssen!

Und wollen die Gedanken
Der Liebe sich entschlagen,
So kommen meine Lieder
Zu mir mit Liebesklagen!

So halten mich in Banden
Die Beiden immer wieder!
Es weckt das Lied die Liebe!
Die Liebe weckt die Lieder!

Richard Volkmann (1830–1889)

Urlicht

O Röschen rot,
Der Mensch liegt in größter Not,
Der Mensch liegt in größter Pein,
Je lieber möcht' ich im Himmel sein.
Da kam ich auf einem breiten Weg,
Da kam ein Engelein und wollt' mich abweisen.
Ach nein, ich ließ mich nicht abweisen!
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott,
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben,
Wird leuchten mir bis an das ewig selig' Leben!

Anon

Remembrance

My love constantly
Inspires my songs!
My songs constantly
Inspire my love!

My lips, which dream
Of your warm kisses,
In word and melody
Must sing about you!

And if my thoughts
Want to escape from love,
Then my songs return to me
With love's laments!

That's how I am held in thrall
To both of them, over and over again!
Songs inspire love,
Love inspires songs!

Primeval light

O little red rose,
Man lies in greatest need,
Man lies in greatest pain.
I would prefer to be in heaven.
Once I came upon a wide road,
There came an Angel who wanted to turn me away.
But no, I would not be turned away!
I came from God and will return to God,
This loving God will give me a little light,
Will light my way up to eternal, blessed life!



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

Das himmlische Leben

(Aus Des Knaben Wunderhorn)

Wir genießen die himmlischen Freuden,
Drum tun wir das Irdische meiden.
Kein weltlich Getümmel
Hört man nicht im Himmel!
Lebt alles in sanfterer Ruh.
Wir führen ein englisches Leben,
Sind dennoch ganz lustig daneben.
Wir tanzen und springen,
Wir hüpfen und singen,
Sankt Peter im Himmel sieht zu.

Johannes das Lämmlein auslasset,
Der Metzger Herodes drauf passet,
Wir führen ein geduldig's,
Unschuldig's, geduldig's,
Ein liebliches Lämmlein zu Tod!
Sankt Lukas, der Ochsen tät schlachten
Ohn' einig's Andenken und Achten,
Der Wein kost' kein' Heller
Im himmlischen Keller,
Die Englein, die backen das Brot.

Gut Kräuter von allerhand Arten,
Die wachsen im himmlischen Garten,
Gut Spargel, Fisolen
Und was wir nur wollen!
Ganze Schüsseln voll sind uns bereit!
Gut Äpfel, gut Birn und gut Trauben,
Die Gärtner, die alles erlauben.
Willst Rehbock, willst Hasen,
Auf offenen Straßen
Sie laufen herbei!
Sollt' ein Festtag etwa kommen,
Alle Fische gleich mit Freuden angeschwommen!
Dort läuft schon Sankt Peter
Mit Netz und mit Köder
Zum himmlischen Weiher hinein,
Sankt Martha die Köchin muß sein.

Kein Musik ist ja nicht auf Erden.
Die unsrer verglichen kann werden,
Elftausend Jungfrauen
Zu tanzen sich trauen!
Sankt Ursula selbst dazu lacht!
Kein Musik ist ja nicht auf Erden,
Die unsrer verglichen kann werden.
Cäcilie mit ihren Verwandten,
Sind treffliche Hofmusikanten.
Die englischen Stimmen
Ermuntern die Sinnen,
Daß alles für Freuden erwacht.

Anon

The Heavenly Life

(From Des Knaben Wunderhorn)

We enjoy heavenly pleasures
and therefore avoid earthly ones.
No worldly tumult
Is to be heard in heaven.
Everything lives in gentlest peace.
We lead angelic lives,
But still have a merry time of it.
We dance and we leap,
We skip and we sing.
Saint Peter in heaven looks on.

John lets the little lamb out,
And Herod the Butcher lies in wait for it.
We lead a patient,
An innocent, patient,
Dear little lamb to its death.
Saint Luke slaughters the ox
Without any thought or concern.
Wine doesn't cost a penny
In heaven's cellars;
And angels bake the bread.

Good vegetables of every sort
Grow in the heavenly garden,
Good asparagus, string beans,
And whatever we want!
Whole dishfuls are set for us!
Good apples, good pears and good grapes,
And gardeners who allow everything!
If you want roebuck or hare,
In the very streets
They come running by.
Should a feast day come along,
All the fishes at once swim up to us with joy!
There goes Saint Peter already running
With his net and his bait
To the heavenly pond.
Saint Martha must be the cook.

There is just no music on earth
That can compare to ours.
Even the eleven thousand virgins
Venture to dance!
Saint Ursula herself has to laugh!
There is just no music on earth
That can compare to ours.
Cecelia and all her relations
Make excellent court musicians.
The angelic voices
Gladden our senses,
So that everything awakens with joy.

Aaron Copland
(1900–1990)

12 poems of Emily Dickinson

Nature, the gentlest mother

Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest, –
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon, –
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

There came a wind like a bugle

There came a Wind like a Bugle –
It quivered through the Grass
And a Green Chill upon the Heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the Windows and the Doors
As from an Emerald Ghost –
The Doom's electric Moccasin
The very instant passed –

On a strange Mob of panting Trees
And Fences fled away
And Rivers where the Houses ran
Those looked that lived – that Day –
The Bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings told –
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the World!

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?
But I can sing a little minor,
Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me
just once more
Just see if I troubled them
But don't shut the door!

Oh if I were the Gentlemen
in the White Robe
and they were the little Hand that knocked
Could I forbid?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?

The world feels dusty

The World feels Dusty
When We stop to Die
We want the Dew then
Honors taste dry

Flags vex a Dying face
But the least Fan
Stirred by a friend's Hand
Cools like the Rain

Mine be the Ministry
When they Thirst comes
And Hybla Balms
Dews of Thessaly, to fetch

Heart, we will forget him

Heart, we will forget him
You and I, tonight!
You must forget the warmth he gave
I will forget the light
When you have done pray tell me
Then I, my thoughts, will dim
Haste! 'lest while you're lagging
I may remember him!

Dear March, come in!

Dear March, come in
How glad I am
I hoped for you before
Put down your Hat
You must have walked
How out of Breath you are
Dear March, how are you, and the Rest
Did you leave Nature well
Oh March, Come right upstairs with me
I have so much to tell
I got your Letter, and the Birds
The Maples never knew that you were coming
I declare how Red their Faces grew

But March, forgive me
And all those Hills you left for me to Hue
There was no Purple suitable
You took it all with you
Who knocks? That April
Lock the Door
I will not be pursued
He stayed away a Year to call
When I am occupied
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come
That blame is just as dear as Praise
And Praise as mere as Blame

Sleep is supposed to be

Sleep is supposed to be,
By souls of sanity,
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down which on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be,
By people of degree,
The breaking of the day.

Morning has not occurred!
That shall aurora be
East of Eternity;

One with the banner gay,
One in the red array, –
That is the break of day.

When they come back

When they come back – if Blossoms do –
I always feel a doubt
If Blossoms can be born again
When once the Art is out –

When they begin, if Robins do,
I always had a fear
I did not tell, it was their last Experiment
Last Year,

When it is May, if May return,
Has nobody a pang
Lest on a Face so beautiful
We might not look again?

If I am there – One does not know
What Party – One may be
Tomorrow, but if I am there
I take back all I say

I felt a funeral in my brain

I felt a funeral in my brain,
And mourners to and fro,
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed
That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated
A service like a drum
Kept beating, beating, till I thought
My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,
And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead.
Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell,
And Being but an ear,
And I and silence some strange race,
Wrecked, solitary, here.

I've heard an organ talk sometimes

I've heard an organ talk sometimes
In a cathedral aisle
And understood no word it said
Yet held my breath the while...

And risen up and gone away,
A more Bernardine girl
And know not what was done to me
In that old hallowed aisle.

Going to Heaven

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how, –
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven! –
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest 'robe' will fit me,
And just a bit of 'crown';
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

The chariot

Because I would not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The carriage held but just ourselves –
and Immortality.

We slowly drove – he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labour, and my leisure too
For His Civility –

We passed the school, where children played,
Their lessons scarcely done,
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
a swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)

Ned Rorem

(b. 1923)

Early in the morning

Robert Stillman Hillyer (1895–1961)

(Song text not included for copyright reasons.)

Richard Rodgers

(1902–1979)

He was too good to me

There goes my young intended
The thing has ended
Regrets are vain
I'll never find another half so sweet
And we'll never meet again
I got impatient
Told him goodbye
Sad eyes out in the rain

He was too good to me how can I get along now
So close he stood to me
Everything is all messed up and wrong now
My baby would have brought me the sun
Cos making me smile that was his fun

When I was mean to him he didn't say go away now
You see I was his queen to him
Who's gonna make me gay now
It's only natural that I'm blue
Cos my baby was too good to be true

I said he was too good to me how am I ever get along now
So close he stood to me
Everything's all messed up and wrong now
He would have brought me the sun and the moon
Cos anytime I left him it was too soon

When I was mean to him he didn't say go away now
I was his queen to him who's gonna make me gay now
It's only natural said it's only natural that I'm so blue
He was too good to be true.

SONG
ILLUMINATED

Dancing on the ceiling

The *world* is lyrical
Because a miracle
Has brought my lover to me
Though he's some *other* place, his face I see

At *night* I *creep* in bed
And *never* sleep in bed
But look *above* in the air
And to my *greatest* joy, my love is there

He *dances* overhead
On the *ceiling* near my bed
In my sight
Through the night

I try to hide in vain
Underneath my counterpane
But there's my love
Up above

I whisper, 'Go away, my lover
It's not fair'
But I'm so *grateful* to discover
He's *still* there

I love my *ceiling* more
Since it is a *dancing* floor
Just for my love

Lorenz Hart (1895–1943)

Hello young lovers

(The King and I)

Oscar Hammerstein II (1895–1960)

(Song text not included for copyright reasons.)



Programme Notes

Louise and Joseph open their recital with four songs by Gabriel Fauré. **Le papillon et la fleur**, composed in 1861, while Fauré was still a teenager, is the first of his many Hugo settings. This charming *mélodie* with its scintillating accompaniment, though marked *allegretto* or *allegro non troppo*, is often performed too fast, thus ignoring the vulnerability of the poet's young, nascent love. Between 1866 and his death in 1901, Armand Silvestre published numerous volumes of poetry that were eagerly awaited by composers, and we hear two of Fauré's twelve Silvestre settings this evening. **Notre amour**, an exultant love poem, is set to exuberant music, with a soaring vocal line and a swiftly moving triplet figure in the accompaniment; **Chanson d'amour** is one of the very few *mélodies* of Fauré that repeats a stanza – here the opening one, which follows the end of the second verse without a pause or even a breath for the singer. **Rêve d'amour** sets a poem by Victor Hugo addressed to his mistress Juliette Drouet. The original title was 'Nouvelle chanson sur un vieil air'. There are also settings by Liszt, César Franck and Saint-Saëns.

This evening's Mahler group opens with two of the *Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit* that date from the early 1880s. **Frühlingsmorgen**, in which the bough of a linden tree knocks against the girl's window, urging her to wake up and meet her lover, is reminiscent of Schumann, but there are plenty of picturesque Mahlerian touches too, such as birdsong trills and buzzing bees. **Erinnerung** is a pithy little poem that talks about the interdependence of love and song. Love, we are told, inspires song; and though the poet might wish to banish thoughts of love, song will always remind him of his sweetheart. Richard Leander, the poet of these two gems, was the pseudonym of Richard von Volkmann, who as a surgeon served with distinction in the wars of 1866 and 1870/1. He published several volumes of short stories and verse: *Aus der Burschenzeit* (1876), *Gedichte* (1878), *Kleine Geschichten* (1885) and *Alte und neue Troubadour-Lieder* (1889).

Urlicht forms part of the Second Symphony, where it is scored for alto solo and orchestra. It is one of Mahler's most beautiful songs, expressing man's anguish and pain and his hope that God will not forsake him but lead him to Heaven. In a letter to Alma of 15 December 1901, Mahler explains the programme of the movement in one simple sentence: 'Die rührende Stimme des naiven Glaubens tönt an unser Ohr.' ('The touching voice of naive faith sounds in our ears'). The poem appears in Volume 2 (1808) of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, that celebrated collection of over 700 folk-songs collected by Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano. The Bavarian folksong, **Das himmlische Leben**, was published in Volume I (1805) under the title 'Der Himmel hängt voll Geigen'. Mahler originally planned it to form part of the Third Symphony – it was to have been the seventh movement, but he had second thoughts (possibly because the angelic theme duplicated the 'angels' movement of the Third) and finally used it as the cornerstone of the Fourth Symphony. Mahler calls the movement 'What the child tells me', and in this setting of one of the longer Wunderhorn songs, he gives us a child's naive idea of Paradise – the soprano is instructed to sing in a cheerful childlike tone. The sleigh-bells from the first movement reappear between the verses, and at the end of the orchestral version the cor anglais gives out four witty chirrups, before the harp brings the symphony to a close.



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

The Twelve poems of Emily Dickinson were composed for the most part at Copland's home at Sneden's Landing, from March 1949 to March 1950. In his autobiography, *Copland since 1943*, the composer talks about his search for suitable song texts. Hopkins and Whitman were considered, but his discovery of Dickinson's **The chariot** decided him. 'Its first line', he wrote ('Because I could not stop for Death/He kindly stopped for me') 'absolutely threw me. The idea of this completely unknown girl in Massachusetts seeing herself riding off into immortality with death himself seemed like such an incredible idea! I was very struck with that, especially since it turned out to be true. After I set that poem, I continued reading Emily Dickinson. The more I read, the more her vulnerability and loveliness touched me. The poems seemed the work of a sensitive yet independent soul. I found another poem to set, then one more, and yet another. They accumulated gradually, and when I had perhaps more than six, I began to think about how I would order them. But when I had twelve, they all seemed to run to their right places.'

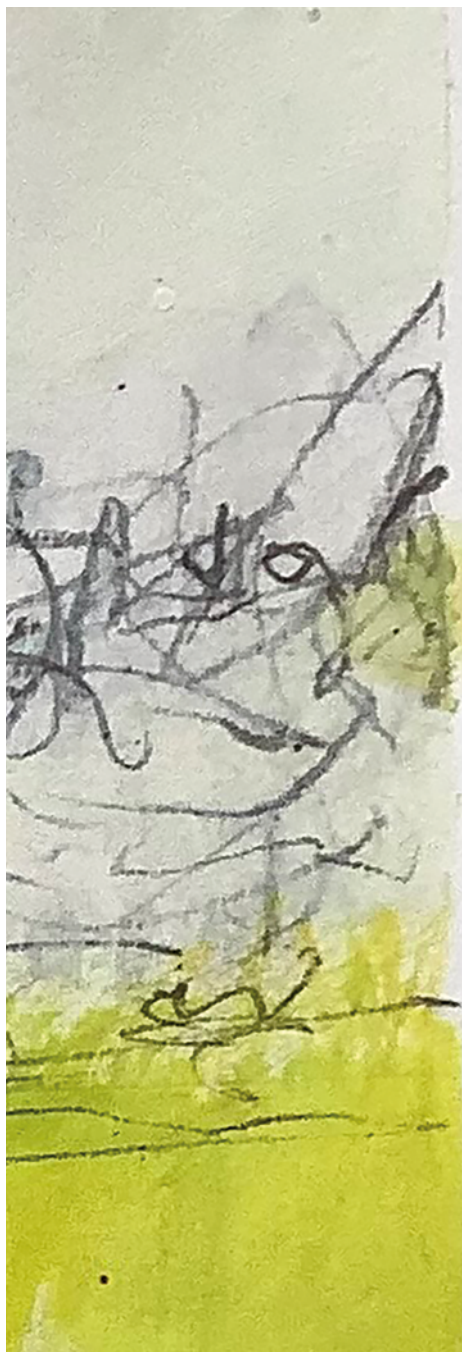
The work is not strictly a cycle, as only two of the songs, **Sleep is supposed to be** and **The chariot**, are related musically, and there is no coherent narrative. **Nature, the gentlest mother** opens with brief decorative figures in the accompaniment that suggest bird-song and woodland stirrings, and the vocal line is dominated by the interval of a third, which conjures up a gentle, pastoral mood. The atmosphere changes in the second song, **There came a wind like a bugle**, where the storm in nature reflects the commotion in the poet's mind. Copland illustrates the quivering grass in swiftly alternating right-hand semiquavers, and we hear the 'bell within the steeple wild' in the accented notes of the left hand. **Why do they shut me out of heaven?** alternates between lyricism and declamation, as the poet expresses her doubts. The two-note rocking figure in the accompaniment of **The world feels dusty** is redolent of a lullaby and calm acceptance of death, as the voice gradually spans the octave D, rising from the tonic, to the fifth, to the seventh, before finally reaching the high D. The simplest of the twelve songs is **Heart, we will forget him**, a love song set to a slow and wonderfully lyrical accompaniment. **Dear March, come in** describes the poet's excitement at spring's return – an emotion captured by the undulating ostinato of broken ninth and tenth intervals in the piano, over which the voice leaps in ecstasy to welcome the month of March.

The dotted rhythm motif of **Sleep** is supposed to be repeated in 'The chariot' that closes the cycle. When they come back refers to the blossoms: will they look the same, and will the poet be the same? In the following I felt a funeral in my brain, the poet pictures her own funeral – note the tolling bells and beating drums. In **I've heard an organ talk sometimes**, Dickinson recalls the church service she attended as a young girl – the accompaniment seems to imitate the organ. **Going to heaven!** is the liveliest song of the twelve and the only one that is regularly sung separately. Death, in the concluding **The chariot** (Copland's title), accompanies the poet, to an incessant dotted rhythm, across the countryside, past a school, fields and a homestead, into eternity. **This song**, the most moving of the twelve, is marked *with quiet grace*.

Ned Rorem studied privately with Copland for a while at the Berkshire Music Center, and is now generally regarded as America's foremost composer of art song. Early in the morning (1955) is a wonderfully evocative portrayal of Paris. Robert Hillier's poem contains the now famous lines: 'I was breakfasting on croissants/And café au lait/Under greenery like scenery,/Rue François Premier', and Rorem responds with a tuneful nostalgic waltz, marked *moderato*.

Louise Alder and Joseph Middleton end their recital with three celebrated pieces from musicals. **He was too good to me** and **Dancing on the ceiling** come from *Simple Simon* (music Richard Rodgers, words Lorenz Hart) which was premièred at the Ziegfeld Theatre, New York in 1930 and ran for 135 performances. Hart's witty verses would have been appreciated by his distant relative Heinrich Heine! **Hello, young lovers** is sung by Anna Leonowens in Oscar Hammerstein II's *The King and I* (1951) to music by Richard Rodgers. In the original production the role was sung by Gertrude Lawrence.

Richard Stokes © 2022



Nadia Boulanger

(1887–1979)

and Raoul Pugno

(1852–1914)

(From *Les heures claires*)

C'était en juin
Que tes yeux clairs, tes yeux d'été
S'il arrive jamais

These songs are settings of poems by Emile Verhaeren (1855–1916), a French-speaking Belgian author who wrote poetry, short stories, plays, and art criticism, in some fifty publications from 1883 onwards. He was aligned with the symbolist and neo-impressionist movements, discovering the artists Khnopff and Ensor, and edited the influential magazine *L'art moderne*. He also published studies of Rembrandt, Rubens, Khnopff, and Ensor. He was close to many members of the Belgian group of avant-garde artists called *Les XX* (the 20). He was a friend of Maeterlinck, Gide, and Mallarmé, and corresponded regularly with the writers Rilke, Dehmel, the Russian symbolist Bryusov, and Stefan Zweig (who translated Verhaeren into German and was a strong advocate for his work there). He was always a patriotic Belgian, with the reputation of being Belgium's national poet. Maeterlinck wrote that Verhaeren 'stood for Belgium in every part of her being. The world has never seen... another poet who so truly embodied within himself the soul of a country.' He was nominated several times for the Nobel prize in literature. His earlier collections were full of *fin-de-siècle* melancholy, but this changed when he married the Liège artist Marthe Massin in 1891. At the end of 1896, his work took a new direction with *Les heures claires*, a collection of love poems dedicated to Marthe. A decade later Verhaeren followed this with *Les Heures d'après-midi* and *Les Heures du soir*. Each collection comprised around thirty untitled poems, mostly combining *vers libre* (a wide range of line- and stanza-lengths) with rhyming couplets or quatrains.

Nadia Boulanger's reputation is principally as a teacher of composition, an advocate of early music, especially Monteverdi, and as a conductor – she was the first woman to conduct the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Her students included Aaron Copland, Philip Glass, Burt Bacharach, Astor Piazzolla, John Eliot Gardiner, and many others. However, her own compositions are relatively unfamiliar, and she stopped composing after 1923, saying to Gabriel Fauré that her work had no value. Caroline Potter (*Opera Quarterly*, 2000) quotes a French journal's wincingly sexist reaction to news that Boulanger and Raoul Pugno were writing an opera together: 'This is the first time that... a collaboration has been established between a 'female composer' and a composer.' Boulanger began piano studies with Pugno in 1904. He promoted her as a pianist, and in the 1930s she deputised for Alfred Cortot in his masterclasses. They lived near each other in Paris and gave many concerts together; Pugno sent Boulanger her first American students. They composed *Les heures claires* in 1909 and it was published the next year, at around the same time that they were working on their opera *La ville morte* (a second opera was planned but never materialised as Pugno died suddenly in Moscow). This was a collection of eight songs, some from from Verhaeren's 1896 collection of the same name and some (including tonight's 'C'était en juin') from more recent *Les heures de l'après-midi* (1905).

C'était en juin describes the sensual atmosphere of the garden where the lovers perceive the divine. The opening of the roses ('s'ouvraient') is matched with a modulation to C major, and their love for the couple is expressed in gentle chromaticism. The texture changes for the second stanza ('Le ciel') where the harmonies shift with the lightness of the insects flying in the sun. The third builds up to the fourth stanza marked 'avec un enthousiasme croissant' (growing enthusiasm), peaking at the moment when desire recreates the lovers as gods. **Que tes yeux clairs** is in a more transparent, simpler idiom, entirely diatonic at its opening and much less chromatic than the previous song. Gold reappears – it was the June sunshine, but here it clothes the lovers' feelings. Verhaeren, who admired England, may have had at the back of his mind the language with which Romeo wooes Juliet (pilgrims' hands in prayer). There is more harmonic tension as we approach 'tendues', and then a relaxation into the last lines; kisses are the symbols of our life, so the music does not become sensual here but serene. **S'il arrive jamais**, the last song of the collection, also refers to the 'golden arc of desire' but this time loosened by banal pleasures. The singer contemplates an uncertain future where the lovers suffer and cling to each other in death. The music is stormy throughout (although the time-signature and tempo suggest at first something more barcarolle-like) while the singer sings 'avec une fierté (pride) noble et triste'. The final exaltation in death is only established with uncertainty with a quietly delayed cadence.

George Kenneway © 2022

SONG
ILLUMINATED



FILLING THE
CITY WITH
SONG

LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

Biographies



Dr Katy Hamilton
© Helena Cooke

Dr Katy Hamilton *speaker*

Dr Katy Hamilton is one of the UK's most sought-after speakers on music, providing talks for a host of organisations including the Southbank Centre, BBC Proms, Ryedale Festival and Oxford Lieder Festival. In addition, she regularly writes programme notes for the Salzburg Festival, Wigmore Hall and Philharmonia Orchestra, and is a frequent contributor to BBC Radio 3. Katy is an editor of the books *Brahms in Context* (2019) and *Brahms in the Home and the Concert Hall* (2014) and has also published widely on the music of the 19th and early 20th centuries. She has taught at the Royal College of Music, the University of Nottingham, Middlesex University and City Lit. You can find out more about her work at katyhamilton.co.uk



Leeds Lieder Young Artists
© Robert Piwko

Leeds Lieder *Young Artists*

For Young Artists' biographies, please see our website, leedslieder.org.uk



LEEDS LIEDER FESTIVAL 2022



Ashley Riches
© Debbie Scanlon

Ashley Riches

bass—baritone

British bass—baritone Ashley Riches read English at the University of Cambridge where he was a member of the King's College Choir under Stephen Cleobury. He studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. A former Jette Parker Young Artist, his roles for the Royal Opera House include Morales (*Carmen*), Mandarin (*Turandot*), Baron Douchol (*La traviata*) and Officer (*Les Dialogues des Carmélites*). For English National Opera, he has sung Escamillo (*Carmen*), Count Almaviva (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Schaunard (*La bohème*) and the Pirate King (*The Pirates of Penzance*). Elsewhere, he has appeared as Brander (*Le damnation de Faust*) for the Glyndebourne Festival under Robin Ticciati; Claudio (*Agrippina*) at the Grange Festival; Don Giovanni, Harasta (*The Cunning Little Vixen*), and Ibn—Hakia (*Iolanta*) for Opera Holland Park; Simon Peter in Schubert's *Lazarus* in a new Frederic Wake—Walker production at the Potsdamer Winteroper and Count Almaviva in Tokyo.

Highlights on the concert platform include Bernardino (*Benvenuto Cellini*), Berlioz's *Lélio* and Verdi's *Requiem* with the Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra under Sir John Eliot Gardiner; *The Silver Tassie* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra and Ryan Wigglesworth; Bernstein's *Wonderful Town* with the London Symphony Orchestra and Sir Simon Rattle recorded for LSO Live; a European tour of *Giulio Cesare* and *Agrippina* under Christophe Rousset with Les Talens Lyriques; recordings and tours of *The Fairy Queen* and *King Arthur* with the Gabrieli Consort under Paul McCreesh; Aeneas (*Dido and Aeneas*) and King Arthur with the Academy of Ancient Music under Richard Egarr; Schumann's *Requiem* (also Egarr), Handel's *Solomon* and *Israel in Egypt* with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra and Peter Dijkstra; Brahms' *Requiem* and Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra; Sonmus/Cadmus (*Semele*) with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment under Rousset and Handel's *Messiah* with the Freiburg Baroque Orchestra under Trevor Pinnock. In the 2021/22 season Ashley sings Tippet's *Midsummer Marriage* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Edward Gardner, Haydn's *Creation* with the Academy of Ancient Music and Laurence Cummings, Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* with the Helsinki Baroque Orchestra, a US tour of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* with the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra and Egarr, a European tour of Handel's *Messiah* with the Basel Chamber Orchestra and McCreesh, Handel's *Solomon* with the Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra and Bach's *St. John Passion* with The Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra in Amsterdam under Trevor Pinnock.

A keen recitalist, and former BBC New Generation Artist 2016—2018, Ashley has collaborated with pianists including Graham Johnson, Iain Burnside, Julius Drake, Joseph Middleton, Anna Tilbrook, James Baillieu, Simon Lepper, Gary Matthewman and Sholto Kynoch.

Ashley has a fast—growing discography including the BBC Music Magazine 2020 Recording of the Year, Purcell's *King Arthur* with Gabrieli and *Wonderful Town* with the LSO and Sir Simon Rattle. Last season he released his debut solo—disc for Chandos, *Musical Zoo*.



Joseph Middleton
© Harmonia Mundi

Joseph Middleton *piano*

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 labeled ‘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 also 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 and Musikverein Vienna, Zürich Tonhalle, Hamburg Elbphilharmonie, Berlin BoulezSaal, Kölner Philharmonie, Strasbourg, Frankfurt, Lille and Gothenburg Opera Houses, Baden–Baden, 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, Soeul, Stuttgart, Toronto and Vancouver. He made his BBC Proms début in 2016 alongside Iestyn Davies and Carolyn Sampson and returned in 2018 alongside Dame Sarah Connolly where they premièred 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, Marianne Crebassa, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Samuel Hasselhorn, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Angelika Kirchschrager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray DBE, James Newby, Mark Padmore, Mauro Peter, Miah Persson, Sophie Rennert, Ashley Riches, Dorothea Röschmann, Kate Royal, Carolyn Sampson, Nicky Spence and Roderick Williams.

He has a special relationship with BBC Radio 3, frequently curating his own series and performing alongside the BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artists. His critically acclaimed and fast–growing discography has seen him awarded a Diapason D’or, Edison Award and Priz Caecilia as well as receiving numerous nominations for Gramophone, BBC Music Magazines and International Classical Music Awards. His interest in the furthering of the song repertoire has led Gramophone Magazine to describe him as ‘the absolute king of programming’.



Joan Rodgers
© Groves Artists

Joan Rodgers CBE

soprano

Internationally renowned, Joan Rodgers is equally established in opera, concert, and as a recitalist. She has appeared in concert with conductors including Solti, Barenboim, Mehta, Harnoncourt, Mackerras, Ashkenazy, Salonen and Rattle and has been a regular guest at the BBC Proms. Operatic engagements have included engagements at the Royal Opera House, English National Opera, Opera North and Glyndebourne in Britain, Paris, Munich, Brussels, Amsterdam and Vienna in Europe, and at the Metropolitan Opera, New York. Joan Rodgers has also appeared in concert and recital throughout Europe and the USA including in London, Paris, Vienna, Amsterdam, Moscow and New York.

Joan Rodgers' recordings include Mozart's da Ponte trilogy with Daniel Barenboim and the Berlin Philharmonic, *The Turn of the Screw* (Virgin), solo discs of Tchaikovsky, Mozart and Wolf (Hyperion), *The Creation* (Philips), Rachmaninov songs with Howard Shelley (Chandos), Shostakovich's *Seven Romances on Verses by Alexander Blok* with the Beaux Arts Trio (Warner Classics) and most recently, a recording of songs by Prokofiev, Mussorgsky, Shostakovich and Britten (Hyperion).

Joan Rodgers received the Royal Philharmonic Society award as Singer of the Year for 1997, the 1997 Evening Standard Award for outstanding performance in opera for her performance as The Governess in the Royal Opera's production of *The Turn of the Screw* and an Honorary Doctorate of Music from Liverpool University in July 2005. Joan Rodgers was awarded the CBE in the 2001 New Year's Honours List.

SONG
ILLUMINATED



Louise Alder
© Gerard Collett

Louise Alder

soprano

Louise Alder studied at the Royal College of Music's International Opera School where she was the inaugural Kiri Te Kanawa Scholar. She won the Young Singer Award at the 2017 International Opera Awards and the Dame Joan Sutherland Audience Prize at the 2017 Cardiff Singer of the World Competition. She also won the 2015 inaugural Young British Soloists' Competition, and is the recipient of Glyndebourne's 2014 John Christie Award.

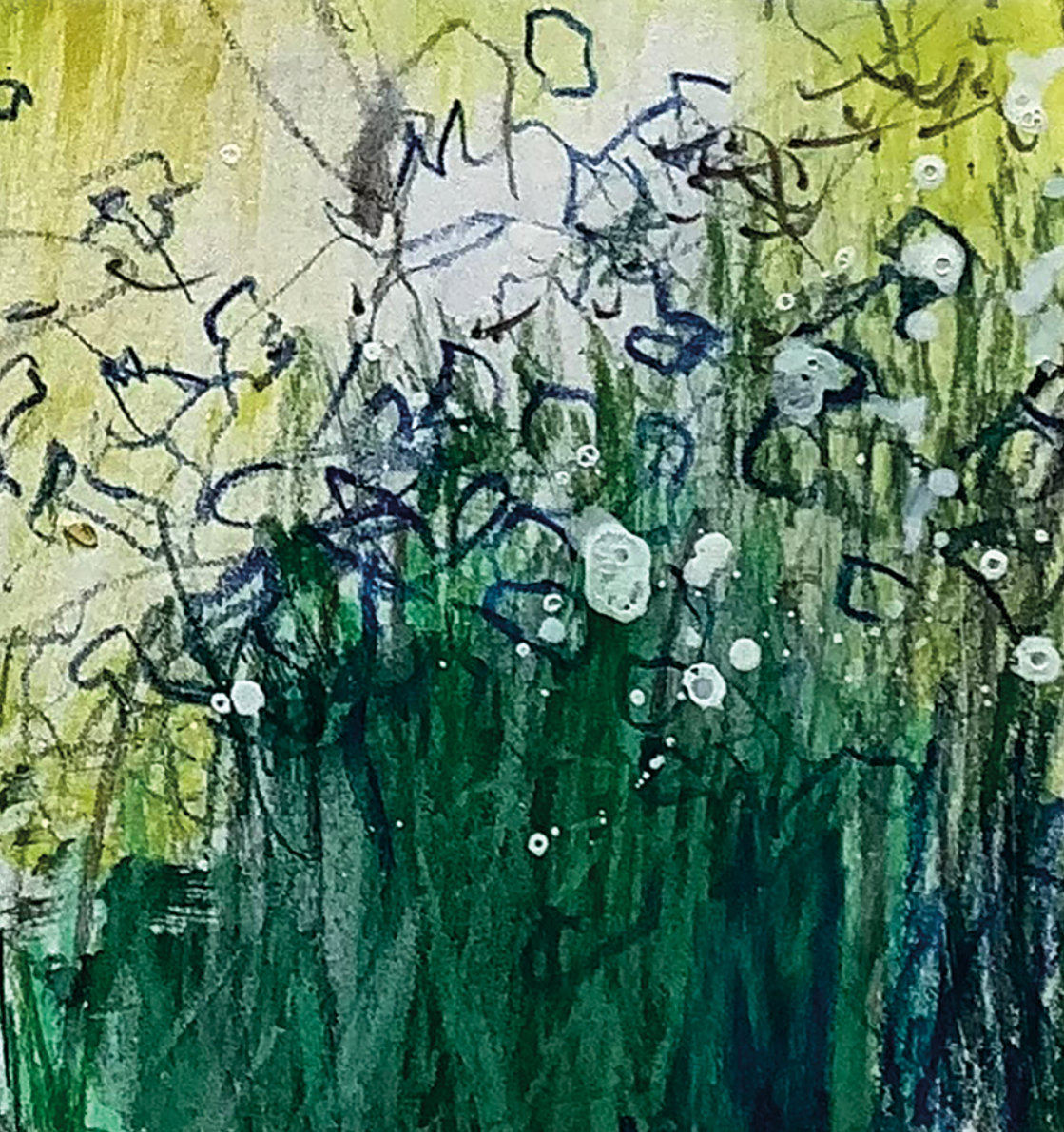
In the 2021/22 season Louise sings Musetta in *La bohème* for the English National Opera; Cleopatra in *Giulio Cesare* for the Theater an der Wien, Susanna in a new production of *Le nozze di Figaro* for the Opernhaus Zürich and Sophie Der Rosenkavalier at the Wiener Staatsoper.

Recent successes have included Susanna and Sophie for the Wiener Staatsoper; Susanna and Gretel in *Hänsel und Gretel* at the Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich; Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* and the title role in *La Calisto* for the Teatro Réal, Madrid; Zerlina for the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; Sophie for Glyndebourne and the Welsh National Opera; Lucia in *The Rape of Lucretia* and Zerlina for Glyndebourne; Ilia in *Idomeneo* and Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte* for Garsington Opera and Gilda in *Rigoletto*; Despina in *Così fan tutte*; Cleopatra in *Giulio Cesare*, Romilda in *Seize*; Sophie in *Der Rosenkavalier*; Gretel and the title role in *The Cunning Little Vixen* for Oper Frankfurt.

On the concert platform particular highlights include the title role in *Theodora* at the BBC Proms and at the Kozerthaus in Vienna (Arcangelo/Cohen); the title role in *Semele* on tour (Monteverdi Choir/Gardiner); Schumann's *Szenen aus Goethes Faust* (Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra/Gardiner), *Messiah* (New York Philharmonic/Bicket), *Beethoven's Symphony No. 9* (Tokyo Philharmonic/Nott) and Mozart Arias at the Salzburg Mozartwoche (Mahler Chamber Orchestra/Harding).

She has also appeared at the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, St Magnus and London Handel Festivals and at the BBC Proms. Louise is also a passionate recitalist, appearing at Wigmore Hall, BBC Proms, the Musikverein in Graz, Oper Frankfurt, Madrid's Fundación Juan March and the Fundación Privada Victoria de los Ángeles in Barcelona, Birmingham's Barber Institute, the Bath Mozart Festival and the Brighton and Oxford Lieder Festivals and in the Perth Concert Hall with pianists Helmut Deutsch, Joseph Middleton, Gary Matthewman, Julius Drake and Roger Vignoles. Her recordings include The Russian Connection featuring songs by Rachmaninov, Sibelius, Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Medtner and Britten (Chandos) and a disc of Strauss Lieder, *Through Life and Love*, (Orchid Classics), both with pianist Joseph Middleton; Lucia in *The Rape of Lucretia* (Opus Arte) and Silandra in Cesti's *L'Orontea* (OEHMS Classics/Oper Frankfurt).

SONG ILLUMINATED



Leeds Lieder *Young Artists 2022*

We are delighted to welcome the following duos to this year's Leeds Lieder Young Artists Programme:

Charles Cunliffe & Michael Xie

Katrine Deleuran Strunk & Aleksandra Myslek

Helena Donie & Hana Kang

Karla Grant & Jia Ning Ng

Felix Emanuel Gygli & Jong Sum Woo

Kirsty McLean & Sharon Cheng

Hannah Morley & Michael Rose

Chloë Pardoe & Yupeng He

Helena Ressurreicao & Ester Lecha Jover

George Reynolds & Bethany Reeves

Angharad Rowlands & Joseph Cavalli Price

Flore Van Meerssche & Gyeongtaek Lee

Please refer to the Leeds Lieder website for biographical information and details of their masterclass repertoire.

About Leeds Lieder

Leeds Lieder was founded in 2004 by Jane Anthony in partnership with Leeds College of Music and a group of individuals, to promote the enjoyment, understanding, appreciation, composition and performance of art-song. With relatively few opportunities to hear the art-song repertoire in live performance outside London, this gap in the musical landscape provided the inspiration for Leeds Lieder. Leeds Lieder was inaugurated with a Festival of Song in 2005 and there followed a decade of biennial Festivals attracting some of the finest singers and pianists of our time, including Dames Janet Baker, Felicity Lott, Margaret Price, Sarah Connolly and Ann Murray, Barbara Bonney, Florian Boesch, Christiane Karg, Sir Thomas Allen, Graham Johnson, Roger Vignoles, Julius Drake and Malcolm Martineau. Encouraged by this success, in 2017 it was decided that the Festival should become an annual event. In between Festivals, audiences are able to enjoy a lively season of concerts and masterclasses presented as co-promotions with our principal partners, the Howard Assembly Room, the University of Leeds and Leeds International Concert Season.

Alongside the Festivals and Season events, Leeds Lieder inspires hundreds of children to discover and perform the rich vein of art songs and compose their own songs, through our education projects, Living Lieder (formerly Cool Lieder) and Discovering Lieder, in primary and secondary schools.

The pianist Joseph Middleton was appointed Director of Leeds Lieder in December 2014. Recent years have seen Leeds Lieder enjoy a dramatic rise in audience numbers, a Royal Philharmonic Society Award Nomination, and frequent collaborations with BBC Radio 3.

Leeds Lieder People

Jane Anthony *Founder*

Elly Ameling *President*

Joseph Middleton *Director*

Honorary Patrons

Dame Sarah Connolly CBE

John Gilhooly CBE

Graham Johnson OBE

Dame Felicity Lott DBE

Richard Stokes Hon RAM

Trustees

Kathleen Evans

Chair

Peter Brathwaite

Jane Dowson

Robert Holt

Company Secretary

Jillian Johnson MBE

Administrator of the Friends of Leeds Lieder

George Kennaway

Peggy Pullan

Helen Stephens

Committee Member

Kate Dugdale

Emeritus Committee Members

Graham Hearn

James Marsh

Treasurer

Marion Riley

Leeds Lieder Team

Joseph Middleton

Director

Rebecca Emery

Administrator

Madeleine Middleton

General Manager

Lucy Turner

Marketing and Media Manager

Phil Wilcox

Learning and Participation Manager

Cynthia Wainwright

Fundraising Consultant

Philippa Chamberlayne

Freelance Festival PR

Rachel Bradley

Young Artists Co-ordinator

Morgana Warren-Jones

Under 35s Ambassador

Thank You!

A big thank you to the following people for their invaluable help

Dr George Kennaway

For programme notes

Helen Stephens

For translations and texts

Richard Stokes

For programme notes

Hannah Stone

For the Pop-up Poetry event

Jonathan Dove, Katy Hamilton, George Kennaway,

Deborah Pritchard and Richard Stokes

For the pre-concert talks and study events

Alex Barnes and his team at Apple and Biscuit Recordings

For livestreaming

Jonathan Burton

For surtinting

John Tordoff

For tuning the pianos

Lee Abols (Design It)

For designing the programme

Steve Williams at Murray Harcourt LLP

Our Independent Examiners

Richard Ashton, the Howard Assembly Room team

and the Opera North Box Office and Marketing teams

For their support during the run-up to and during the Festival.



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

Leeds Lieder Gratefully Acknowledges the Generous Support of

Principal Partners

Arts Council England
BBC Radio 3
The Liz and Terry Bramall Foundation
Howard Assembly Room
Leeds Conservatoire
Leeds International Concert Season
Leeds City Council
Samling Institute for Young Artists
University of Leeds

Other Partners

Artforms Leeds
arts@leeds
Leeds Music Education Partnership
Pyramid of Arts
Schubert Institute UK
SongPath
The Kathleen Ferrier Awards

Trusts and Foundations

Fidelio Charitable Trust
Mayfield Valley Arts Trust
RVW Trust
The Finzi Trust
The Jean Meikle Music Trust
Three Monkeys Trust
Wade's Charity

Individual Donors

Elizabeth Arnold
Olav Arnold
Kate Dugdale
Peter Hirschmann
Clive and Virginia Lloyd
Peter and Veronica Lofthouse
Mark and Peggy Pullan
Martin Staniforth

Corporate Supporters

Radisson Blu



Friends of Leeds Lieder 2022

The Jane Anthony Circle

Elizabeth and Olav Arnold

Kate Dugdale

Platinum

Peter and Veronica Lofthouse

Dr Martin Staniforth

Gold

Dick and Gill Andrews

Liz Card

Mr Peter Hirschmann

Silver

Mr and Mrs C Johnson

Ms C Love

Mr J Marsh

Mr M Meadowcroft and Ms E A Bee

Dr D L Salinger

Miss Helen Stephens

Bronze

Ms Sheila Banks

Mrs M Cadney

Mrs Helen Darbyshire

Prof David Hoult

Mr J Kirby

Dr Vivienne Pike

Prof and Mrs J R G Turner

Ms Veronica Youngson

And those many Friends who wish to remain anonymous.

**We are hugely grateful to all our funders, Friends and individual donors,
all of whom make an invaluable contribution to our work.**

**If you would like to help ensure the continued success,
and future development, of Leeds Lieder,
please visit leedslieder.org.uk/support-us for details.**



LEEDS LIEDER FESTIVAL 2022

Refreshments

The restaurant will be open each day of the festival offering tea, coffee, cakes, and bar service throughout. Light lunches will be available between 1pm and 4.30pm each day, and evening meals between 5pm and 8pm. The restaurant will close at 8pm.

Pre-booking is non-essential, reservations will be accepted on the day. However, we invite you to complete the expression of interest form by following the link: shorturl.at/acCT2

Once completed, a member of the team will be in contact to confirm your requirements and complete your reservation.

The Atrium bars will be open during pre-concert and during intervals and interval drinks may be pre-ordered on Level 2. Drinks may be taken into the auditorium in plastic glasses.

Contact Details

Leeds Lieder

Suite E7.6
Joseph's Well
Hanover Walk
Leeds
LS3 1AB

Tel: 07425 233451

Email: info@leedslieder.org.uk
leedslieder.org.uk



[leedslieder1](https://www.facebook.com/leedslieder1)



[@LeedsLieder](https://twitter.com/LeedsLieder)



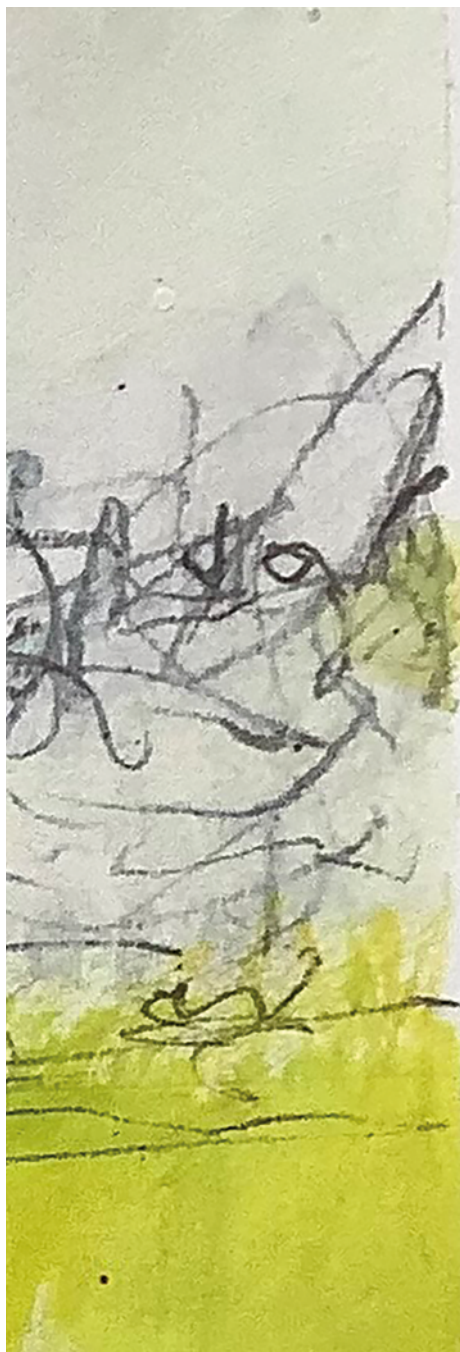
[@leedsliederfestival](https://www.instagram.com/leedsliederfestival)

Registered Charity Number: 1105803

Cover and interior images from an original artwork by Helen Antill.



[@HelenAntill16](https://www.instagram.com/HelenAntill16)





FILLING THE
CITY WITH
SONG