

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



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

SONG ILLUMINATED

PROGRAMME: Thursday 28 April

Joseph Middleton

Director

Jane Anthony

Founder



Supported using public funding by

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ENGLAND**



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Welcome to
The Leeds Lieder
2022 Festival
SONG
ILLUMINATED



Joseph Middleton
© Gerard Collett

'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.

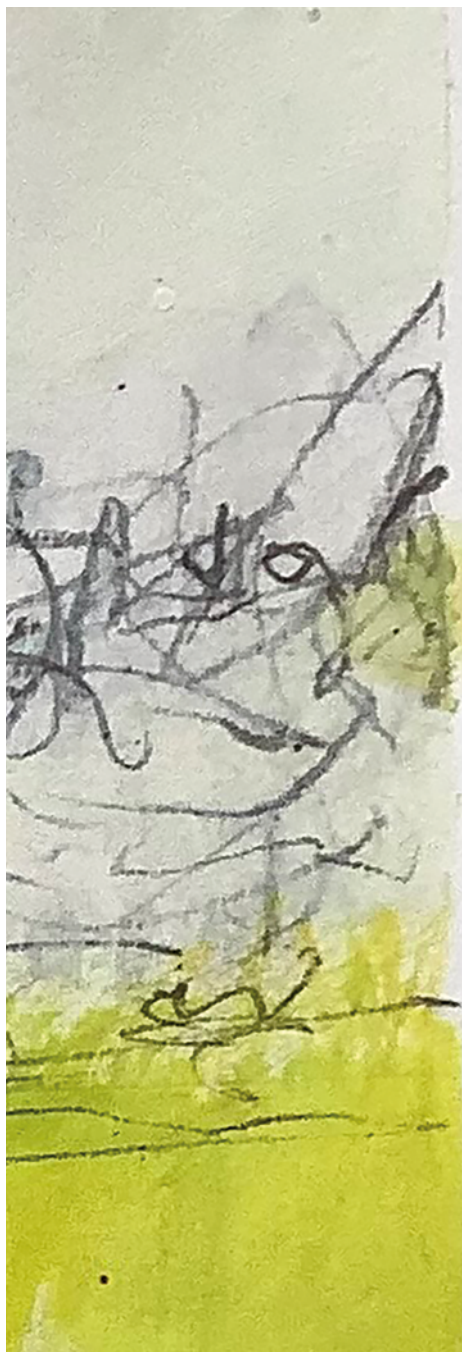
The great German soprano, Dorothea Röschmann, opens the Festival with music she has very much made her own, and it would be difficult to find music more steeped in its poetical landscape than Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with its panoply of characters and direct, ingeniously folklore-ish nature. 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
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FESTIVAL
2022

The 2022 Festival at a Glance

Thursday 28 April

- p. 7 **12 – 12.30pm**
- p. 8 **1 – 2pm**
- p. 17 **3 – 6pm**
- p. 17 **7 – 7.30pm**
- p. 18 **8pm**
- p. 33 **10 – 11pm**

Pre-concert Talk *with* composer Jonathan Dove
Lunchtime Recital: Samling Institute Showcase
Festival Masterclass I *with* Amanda Roocroft*
Pre-concert Talk *with* Richard Stokes Hon RAM
Gala Opening Recital: Dorothea Röschmann and Joseph Middleton
Late Evening Recital: Wallis Giunta, Sean Shibe and Adam Walker

Friday 29 April

- 10am – 12.30pm**
- 1 – 2pm**
- 3 – 4.30pm**
- 7 – 7.30pm**
- 8pm**
- 10 – 11pm**

Festival Masterclass II *with* Dorothea Röschmann*
Lunchtime Recital: Jess Dandy and Martin Roscoe
Young Artists Showcase
Pre-concert Talk *with* composer Deborah Pritchard
Evening Recital: Robin Tritschler and Christopher Glynn
Late Evening Recital: Ruby Hughes and Joseph Middleton

Saturday 30 April

- 10am – 12.30pm**
- 1 – 2pm**
- 2.30pm**
- 5.30pm**
- 3 – 4pm**
- 7 – 7.30pm**
- 8pm**
- 10 – 11pm**

Festival Masterclass III *with* Graham Johnson OBE*
Lunchtime Recital: Helen Charlston and Ilan Kurtser
Bring and Sing! Rehearsal**
Bring and Sing! Concert: English Coronation Anthems**
Lecture-recital *with* Graham Johnson OBE
Pre-concert Talk *with* Dr George Kennaway
Evening Recital: Ian Bostridge CBE and Dame Imogen Cooper
Lieder Lounge *with* Leeds Lieder Young Artists***

Sunday 1 May

- 10.30am – 12pm**
- 1 – 2pm**
- 3 – 5.30pm**
- 7 – 7.30pm**
- 8pm**

Study Event with Dr Katy Hamilton and Leeds Lieder Young Artists*
Lunchtime Recital: Ashley Riches and Joseph Middleton
Festival Masterclass IV *with* Joan Rodgers CBE*
Pre-concert Talk *with* Dr Katy Hamilton
Closing Gala Recital: Louise Alder and Joseph Middleton

Linacre Studio*
Mantle Studio**
HAR Atrium***
All other events are in the HAR



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



Jonathan Dove
© Marshall Light Studio



Shakira Tsindos
© Nick Rutter

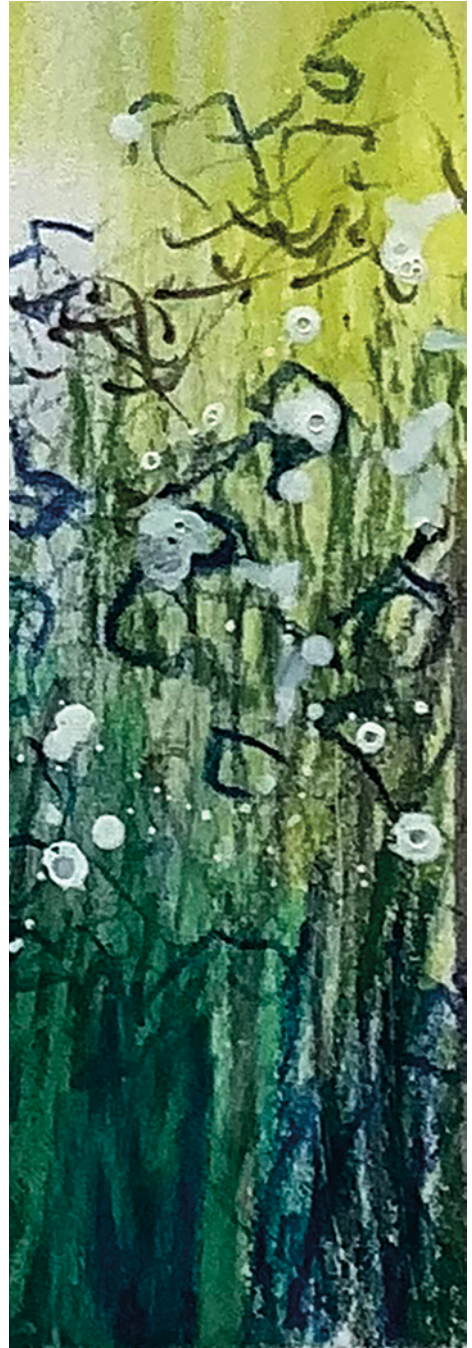
THURSDAY 28 APRIL

12 – 12.30PM

Howard Assembly Room

*Pre-concert Talk
with Jonathan Dove*

Jonathan Dove's music has filled opera houses with delighted audiences of all ages on five continents. Few, if any, contemporary composers have so successfully or consistently explored the potential of music to communicate, to create wonder and to enrich people's lives. It is so exciting that the opening event of the 2022 Leeds Lieder Festival features a living composer. He introduces his song cycle *Man, Woman, Child* – settings of poems by Judith Wright – which will receive its first performance outside London at today's lunchtime recital.





Dominic Sedgwick
© Clare Park



Ian Tindale
© Ruth Atkinson



Howard Assembly Room
© Gerard Collett

THURSDAY 28 APRIL

1 – 2PM

Howard Assembly Room

Lunchtime Recital

Samling Institute Showcase

Man, Woman, Child

Shakira Tsindos *mezzo-soprano*

Dominic Sedgwick *baritone*

Ian Tindale *piano*

arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

The Pretty Ploughboy

Vaughan Williams

Youth and Love (*Songs of Travel*)

Tired (*Four Last Songs*)

arr. Vaughan Williams

Think of me

Frank Bridge (1879–1941)

Love went a-riding

Come to me in my dreams

Adoration

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

O Mistress Mine (*Let us Garlands Bring*)

To Lizbie Brown (*Earth and Air and Rain*)

Rebecca Clarke (1886–1979)

Down by the Salley Gardens

Roger Quilter (1877–1953)

Fair House of Joy (*Elizabethan Lyrics* Op. 12)

Love calls through the summer night (*Love at the Inn*)

Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)

Man, Woman, Child

Pain

Song in a Wine Bar

Song

Night

Woman's Song

Stars

Texts and Translations

arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)

The Pretty Ploughboy

It's of a pretty ploughboy, stood gazing over his team
Where his horses stood underneath the shade
The wild youth goes whistling, goes whistling to his plough,
And by chance he used to meet a pretty maid.
A pretty maid, and by chance he used to meet a pretty maid.

If I should fall in love with you, it's my pretty maid,
And when your parents came for to know
The very first thing will be, they will send me to the sea;
They will send me in the wars to be slain!
To be slain, they will send me in the wars to be slain!

Now when her aged parents they came for to know,
The ploughboy was ploughing on the plain.
The press-gang was sent and they pressed her love away
And they sent him in the wars to be slain.
To be slain, and they sent him in the wars to be slain.

'Twas early the next morning when she early rose,
With her pockets well lined with gold.
See how she traced the streets, with the tears all in her eyes,
In search of her jolly ploughboy bold.
Her jolly ploughboy bold, in search of her jolly ploughboy bold.

The very first she met was a brisk young sailor bold.
Have you seen my pretty ploughboy? O she cried.
He's gone unto the deep, he's a-sailing in the fleet,
Will you ride, pretty maid, will you ride?
Will you ride, will you ride, pretty maid, will you ride?

She rode till she came to the ship her love was in,
Then unto the captain did complain.
Said she I've come to seek for my pretty ploughboy
That is sent to the wars to be slain.
To be slain, that is sent to the wars to be slain.

She took out fifty guineas and trotted them on the floor
And gently she told them all o'er,
And when she'd got her ploughboy all safe in her arms
Then she rowed the pretty ploughboy safe on shore.
Safe on shore, then she rowed the pretty ploughboy safe on shore.

Traditional Folk Song

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Youth and Love

(Songs of Travel)

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.
Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)

Tired

(Four Last Songs)

(Song text not included for copyright reasons.)

Ursula Vaughan Williams (1911–2007)



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arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams

Think of me

I stood upon a high mountain
And look'd into the sea.
And there I saw 'twas written,
That we with love were smitten
And should some day be one.

I went with her a-sporting,
a-sporting in the wood,
I thought to give her something,
Some keepsake tho' a dumb thing
Of gold a tiny ring.

A little ring it is no gift,
It costeth naught but gold.
A ring a trump'ry farthing,
We are not all a-starving.
Earth still has something left.

Farewell then my fine mistress,
For we must part for aye,
Yet lest I one day come again,
For lovers sometimes are insane,
Fair maid, pray think of me.

*German folk song, translated by
Arthur Foxton Ferguson (1866–1920)*

Frank Bridge (1879–1941)

Love went a-riding

Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode...
The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.

Then all the youths and the maidens cried,
'Stay here with us.' 'King of Kings.'
But Love said, 'No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings.'

Mary Coleridge (1861–1907)

Come to me in my dreams

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.
Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to all the rest as me.

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

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

Matthew Arnold (1822–1888)

Adoration

Asleep! O sleep a little while, white pearl!
And let me kneel, and let me pray to thee,
And let me call Heaven's blessing on thine eyes,
And let me breathe into the happy air
That doth enfold and touch thee all about,
Vows of my slavery, my giving up,
My sudden adoration, my great love!

John Keats (1795–1821)

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

From: *Twelfth Night*
William Shakespeare (1554–1616)

To Lizbie Browne

Dear Lizbie Browne,
Where are you now?
In sun, in rain? –
Or is your brow
Past joy, past pain,
Dear Lizbie Browne?

Sweet Lizbie Browne
How you could smile,
How you could sing! –
How archly wile
In glance-giving,
Sweet Lizbie Browne!

And Lizbie Browne,
Who else had hair
Bay-red as yours,
Or flesh so fair
Bred out of doors,
Sweet Lizbie Browne?

When, Lizbie Browne,
You had just begun
To be endeared
By stealth to one,
You disappeared,
My Lizbie Browne!

Ay, Lizbie Browne,
So swift your life,
And mine so slow,
You were a wife
Ere I could show
Love, Lizbie Browne.

Still, Lizbie Browne,
You won, they said,
The best of men
When you were wed...
Where went you then,
O Lizbie Browne?

Dear Lizbie Browne,
I should have thought,
'Girls ripen fast,'
And coaxed and caught
You ere you passed,
Dear Lizbie Browne!

But, Lizbie Browne,
I let you slip;
Shaped not a sign;
Touched never your lip
With lip of mine,
Lost Lizbie Browne!

So, Lizbie Browne,
When on a day
Men speak of me
As not, you'll say,
'And who was he?' –
Yes, Lizbie Browne!

Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)



Rebecca Clarke
(1886–1979)

Down by the Salley Gardens

Down by the Salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the Salley gardens with her little snow–white
feet.

She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not
agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow–white
hand.

She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

W. B. Yeats (1865–1939)

Roger Quilter
(1877–1953)

Fair house of joy

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!'

I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

Tobias Hume (c. 1579–1645)

Love calls through the summer night

Far in the darkness a nightingale is singing,
Singing his love and sorrow to the moon;
Lost in the branches, the night wind, winging,
Wakens the leaves to a low sweet tune.

Oft have I heard them, nights unending,
Heard them and loved them and gone my way;
Now with their passion a new note is blending,
Born of their beauty but more than they.

Love calls through the summer night,
Love sings with a strange delight,
Calls our young hearts to find his way,
Let him lead us where'er he may.

Dear heart, shall he call in vain
When ne'er he may ask again?
Ah! Love, wherever you lead us,
We follow the road of dreams tonight.

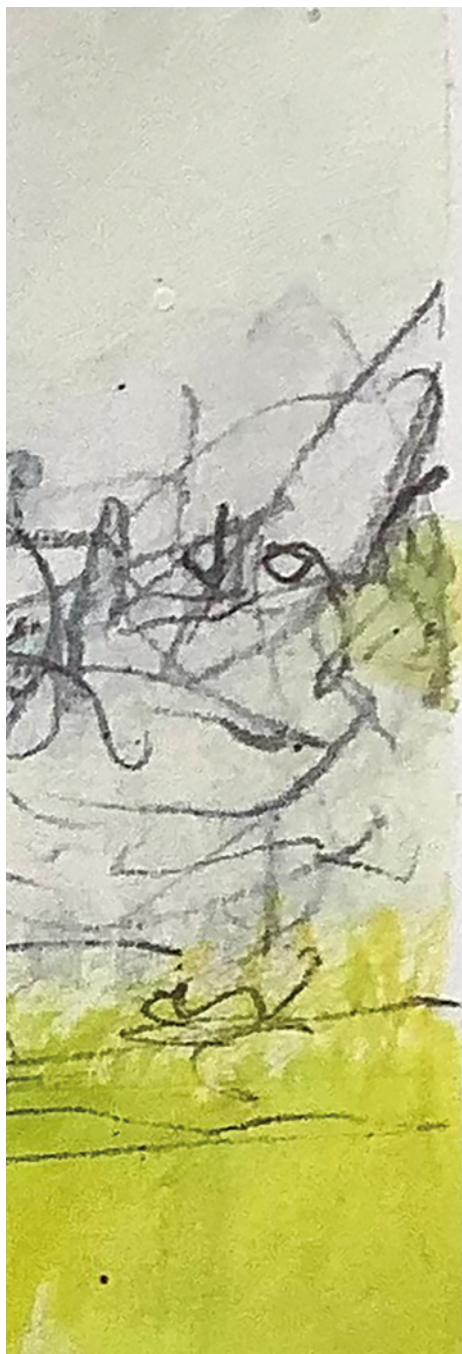
Swift to the dawn the enchanted hours are flying,
Bringing the time of waking all too soon,
Songs will be hushed, and the lovelight, dying,
Pass with the stars and the waning moon.

Come as it may with tears or laughter,
Bring as it will either rose or rue,
Why should we care for what may come after?
Still for a while, only dreams are true.

Love calls through the summer night,
Love sings with a strange delight,
Calls our young hearts to find his way,
Let him lead us where'er he may.

Dear heart, shall he call in vain,
When ne'er he may ask again?
Ah! Love, together wherever you lead us,
We take the wonderful road, the roadway of dreams.
Follow, come follow, love of my heart, tonight.

Harry Rodney Bennett (1890–1948)



Jonathan Dove

(b. 1959)

Man, Woman, Child

Pain

Man, Woman, Child

Pain

Song in a Wine Bar

Song

Night

Woman's Song

Stars

Judith Wright (1915–2000)

(Song text not included for copyright reasons.)

FILLING THE
CITY WITH
SONG



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Programme Notes

This lunchtime recital opens with four songs by Ralph Vaughan Williams. **The pretty ploughboy** forms part of *Folk Songs from Sussex*, first published in 1912. All fourteen of them were originally sung by Henry Hills (1831–1901), a farmer from Lodswoth, near Petworth. ‘The pretty ploughboy’ was found on broadsides throughout the nineteenth century, often with different titles. Press-gangs flourished in Britain between 1664 and 1814, and in this song the girl’s parents bribe the press-gang to take their son away – before she sets off in pursuit and finally buys him back. **Youth and Love** is the fourth of Vaughan Williams’s *Songs of Travel*, composed to poems by Robert Louis Stevenson. In the previous song, ‘The Roadside Fire’, the protagonist had in his imagination conjured up an image of his beloved and showered her with gifts. In ‘Youth and Love’, however, he abandons this shared bliss, leaves her and sets out once more to discover what fate might have in store. The accompaniment, which alternates triplets with duplets, seems to speed him on his way, and we hear once more the ‘Vagabond’ motif, as he travels on with a wave and ‘a wayside word to her at the garden gate.’ **Tired** is the second of Vaughan Williams’s *Four Last Songs*, set to poetry by his wife Ursula, a considerable poet who, while influenced to some extent by Yeats and Hardy, wrote verse of striking originality. ‘Tired’ is a gentle lullaby, set to a rocking accompaniment that seems in the final cadence to echo a phrase from ‘Linden Lea’, composed over half a century earlier. **Think of me** was originally published, with ‘Adieu’, under the title of *Two Old Airs*. Vaughan Williams studied composition with Max Bruch in 1897 during which he became exposed to German folk music, and six years later in 1903 he began an extensive study of the folk music of the British Isles. ‘Think of me’ dates from this period. The text was translated into English by A. Foxton Ferguson and Vaughan Williams arranged the song for vocal duet and piano.

Frank Bridge’s **Love went a-riding** sets a poem by Mary Coleridge, the great-great niece of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. ‘Love went a-riding over the earth,/On Pegasus he rode’ run the opening lines, and, inspired by this ‘Pegasus’ image, Bridge responds with galloping music that takes us on an exhilarating journey with breathless changes of key from G flat major to A major to D minor, D flat major, with a final sprint to the line in a flat out G-flat! The song dates from 1914. **Come to me in my dreams**, to a poem by Matthew Arnold, was probably written in the autumn of 1850 immediately after his engagement to his future wife Frances Lucy Wightman had been forbidden by her father. His opposition to their union meant that they could only contact each other through writing. Bridge’s song dates from 1906 and successfully conveys the Romantic atmosphere of the poem. **Adoration** is an early song, dating from 1905 and not published until 1918. After a passage of quiet meditation, the music reaches an enormous musical and emotional climax. Keats’s poem is the sixth and last of his *Extracts from an Opera*. He was almost certainly encouraged to experiment with writing for the operatic stage by his friend Charles Brown, whose comic opera *Narensky, or the Road to Yaroslaff* was premièred at Drury Lane on 11 January 1814.

Gerard Finzi’s *Let us Garlands Bring* was published in 1942 and dedicated to Ralph Vaughan Williams. The first performance, on 12 October, coincided with Vaughan Williams’s seventieth birthday, and was given in front of the composer at a National Gallery concert by Robert Irwin and Howard Ferguson. The songs, settings of five Shakespeare poems from four different plays, are the most popular of Finzi’s output, with memorable tunes and simple song-forms. They do not form a cycle, but are arranged by the composer to give contrast and variety. **O mistress mine**, one of Feste’s songs from *Twelfth Night*, dates from 1942, when Finzi was working in the Ministry of War Transport, a job that he, as a humanist, detested, as this extract from a letter makes clear:

I have managed to do a pleasant light, troubadorish setting of ‘O mistress mine’... But it has taken me more than 3 months to do its four pages. So you’ll know that I’m still balked, thwarted, fretted, tired, good for nothing and utterly wasting my time in this dismal occupation.

To **Lizbie Browne**, the seventh song of Finzi's *Earth and Air and Rain* (1936), is wonderfully reflective, with the poet's love couched in a warm E flat tonality. Thomas Hardy's poem was inspired by his passion for Elizabeth Bishop, one of his early loves. *The Life of Thomas Hardy* (pp.25–6) describes her as 'a gamekeeper's pretty daughter, who won Hardy's boyish admiration because of her beautiful bay—red hair. But she despised him, as being two or three years his junior, and married early.'

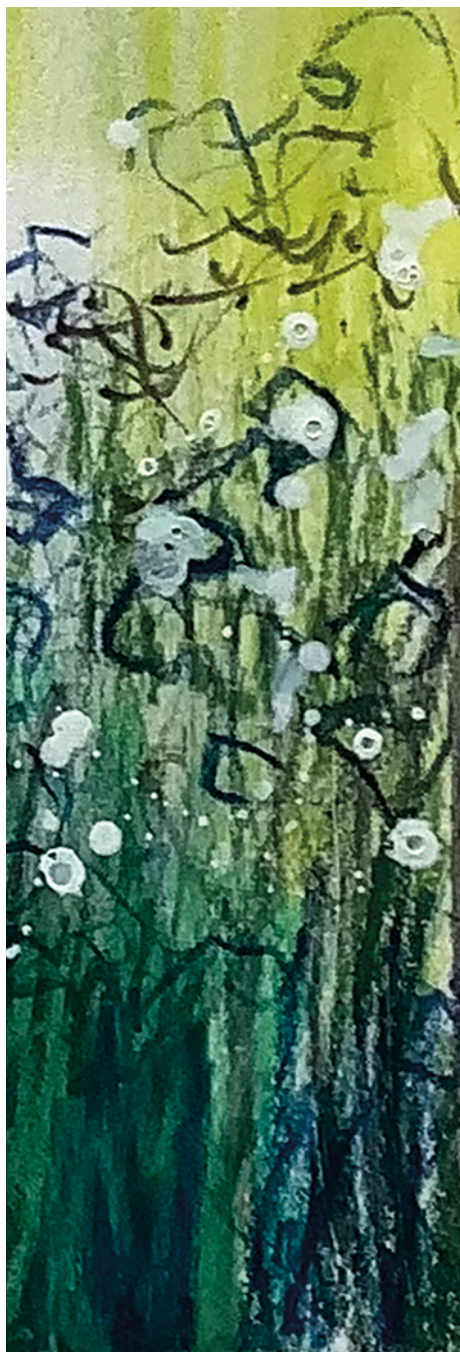
Rebecca Clarke claimed that her love for music was first awakened by hearing Brahms's Opus 91 songs with viola accompaniment. In 1907 she entered the RCM where she became the first female student of Charles Stanford.

Down by the Salley Gardens sets a famous poem by W.B. Yeats, first published in *Crossways* (1889), about which the poet had this to say in a radio broadcast:

'When I was a young man poetry had become eloquent and elaborate. Swinburne was the reigning influence and he was very eloquent. A generation came that wanted to be simple, I think I wanted that more than anybody else. I went from cottage to cottage listening to stories, to old songs; sometimes the songs were in English, sometimes they were in Gaelic – then I would get somebody to translate. Some of my best known poems were made in that way. 'Down by the Salley Gardens', for example, is an elaboration of two lines in English somebody sang to me at Ballysadare, County Sligo'. Simplicity is precisely what characterizes Rebecca Clarke's setting, so much so that the editor of *The Musical Times* found 'its simplicity rather too studied' – a view not shared by posterity.

Roger Quilter's **Fair house of joy**, the final song of *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics* (1908), sets an anonymous poem in praise of love and is characterized by a wonderfully elastic vocal line over a rich and heavy accompaniment. The work was premièred by Gervase Elwes, who can be heard singing 'Fair house of joy' on an HMV Golden Voice LP. It was in 1929 that Quilter began to collaborate with Rodney Bennett (father of Richard Rodney Bennett) on a light opera which he sometimes referred to as *Julia* and sometimes *Love at the Inn*; a number of songs, including the duet **Love calls through the summer night**, appear in both. It is set as a waltz over a simple harmonic line and boasts a graceful melody.

Richard Stokes © 2022



Jonathan Dove

Man, Woman, Child

The search for the right words is usually the biggest task that faces a song-composer. Once the words are found, they tell the composer how they want to be sung. When Karon Wright introduced me to the work of Australian poet Judith Wright (no relation), she had done a lot of my work for me.

Karon is the Artistic and Executive Director of Samling Institute for Young Artists, and wanted a song-cycle to mark twenty-five years of the Institute's extraordinary work. She had simplified my task further by making a selection of five poems, which I found very lyrical and direct, although I wanted to explore further, and read more of Judith Wright's work. She writes with wonderful vitality, about life and love and nature.

Karon had asked me for a song-cycle for two singers. I immediately wanted some of these songs to be duets, and for there to be some kind of narrative linking the songs. This would be a duet cycle, something I had only written once before.

For a while, I pondered a larger selection of ten poems, mostly from one particular collection, *Woman to Man*: I made preliminary sketches to see how they might work together as songs. Eventually, I settled on just six, including four of Karon's original choices. Gradually, a story emerged of a man, coming home from war, who meets a woman in a wine bar: it ends with the voice of the child that emerges from this union.

As I started to set Wright's words to music in earnest, I discovered that the clarity and appeal of her writing is deceptive: it has hidden depths, and takes the reader or listener further than they were expecting. When I started trying to sing them, I found I was being drawn to imagine new sounds – new for me, at least.

Some of the images of nature initially tempted me to paint too much, which was going to get in the way of the vocal lines. Complex birdsong had to be stripped back to a few notes, and as I explored tree imagery ('Standing here in the night / we are turned to a great tree'), rich arpeggiation had to be simplified to rooted, strummed chords, like the accompaniment to a folk song, to allow the voices to flow freely.

The final poem, **Stars**, was the most challenging: it took me a long time to find the right texture. I started off with very busy piano twinkling, with the vocal line in the middle of it all, but eventually I found that the stars need to emerge more slowly, in a vast sky.

The high-voice (soprano and tenor) version of *Man, Woman, Child* was premiered at the Samling Artist Showcase, Wigmore Hall, London, Sunday 7 November. This is the world premiere of the low-voice (mezzo-soprano and baritone) version.



Amanda Rocroft

THURSDAY 28 APRIL

3 – 6PM

Linacre Studio

Festival Masterclass I with Amanda Rocroft

Amanda Rocroft is well-known to our audiences as soprano extraordinaire and, more recently, as one of our most popular masterclass leaders. With her own wealth of experience as a renowned performer on the world's opera and song stages, she will share her expertise with a new generation of singers and pianists, specifically invited to be 2022 Leeds Lieder Young Artists.



Richard Stokes



Richard Wagner

THURSDAY 28 APRIL

7 – 7.30PM

Howard Assembly Room

Pre-concert Talk with Richard Stokes Hon RAM

Professor of Lieder at the Royal Academy of Music, and Leeds Lieder Patron, Richard Stokes: there's no one better to give the first of this year's evening pre-concert talks. Schumann, Mahler, Wolf and Wagner all contributed to the rich tapestry of Lieder, many of their songs standing as masterpieces in the canon. Richard will introduce these songs and illuminate the opening recital of the Festival.

SONG ILLUMINATED



Dorothea Röschmann
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Joseph Middleton
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Howard Assembly Room
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THURSDAY 28 APRIL

8PM

Howard Assembly Room

*11th Festival Opening
Gala Recital*

Dorothea Röschmann soprano

Joseph Middleton piano

Schumann (1810–1856)

Lieder der Maria Stuart

Abschied von Frankreich

Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes

An die Königin Elisabeth

Abschied von der Welt

Gebet

Mahler (1860–1911)

Lieder aus des Knaben Wunderhorn

Rheinlegendchen

Das irdische Leben

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Lob des hohen Verstandes

Verlorne Müh

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

Interval

Wolf (1860–1903)

Lieder der Mignon

Heiß mich nicht reden

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

So laßt mich scheinen

Kennst du das Land

Wagner (1813–1883)

Wesendonck-Lieder

Der Engel

Stehe still!

Im Treibhaus

Schmerzen

Träume

Robert Schumann

(1810–1856)

Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart

Abschied von Frankreich

Ich zieh dahin, dahin!
Ade, mein fröhlich Frankenland,
Wo ich die liebste Heimat fand,
Du meiner Kindheit Pflegerin!
Ade, du Land, du schöne Zeit.
Mich trennt das Boot vom Glück so weit!
Doch trägt's die Hälfte nur von mir;
Ein Teil für immer bleibt dein,
Mein fröhlich Land, der sage dir,
Des Andern eingedenk zu sein!
Ade!

Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes

Herr Jesu Christ, den sie gekrönt mit Dornen,
Beschütze die Geburt des hier Gebor'nen.
Und sei's dein Will', lass sein Geschlecht zugleich
Lang herrschen noch in diesem Königreich.
Und alles, was geschieht in seinem Namen,
Sei dir zu Ruhm und Preis und Ehre, Amen.

An die Königin Elisabeth

Nur ein Gedanke, der mich freut und quält,
Hält ewig mir den Sinn gefangen,
So daß der Furcht und Hoffnung Stimmen klangen,
Als ich die Stunden ruhelos gezählt.

Und wenn mein Herz dies Blatt zum Boten wählt,
Und kündet, euch zu sehen, mein Verlangen,
Dann, teurer Schwester, faßt mich neues Bangen,
Weil ihm die Macht, es zu beweisen, fehlt.

Ich seh', den Kahn im Hafen fast geborgen,
Vom Sturm und Kampf der Wogen festgehalten,
Des Himmels heit'res Antlitz nachtumorgraut.

So bin auch ich bewegt von Furcht und Sorgen,
Vor euch nicht, Schwester.
Doch des Schicksals Walten
Zerrißt das Segel oft, dem wir vertraut.

Farewell to France

I must go far away, far away!
Farewell, my happy land of France,
Where I found my dearest homeland,
You guardian of my childhood!
Farewell, my country, my happy times.
The ship carries me far away from happiness!
But it carries only half of me;
One part will forever be yours,
My happy country, may that remind you
Of that other self!
Farwell!

On the birth of her son

Lord Jesus Christ, who has been crowned with thorns,
Protect this new-born child.
And if it is Thy will, let his heirs
Reign long in this kingdom.
And let everything done in his name
Be to Thy glory, praise and honour. Amen.

To Queen Elizabeth

Just one thought, which both gladdens and grieves me,
Dominates my mind constantly,
So that I hear the voices of fear and hope
As I count the hours, unable to sleep.

And if my heart choses this letter as messenger,
And reveals to you my desire to see you,
Then dear sister, a new fear seizes me,
Because it has not the power to prove it.

I see the boat half hidden in the harbour,
Held captive by the storm and battling waves,
And Heaven's serene face covered by night's darkness.

So I too am beset by fear and sorrows,
Not of you, my sister.
But fate's power
Often wrecks the sail in which we trusted.

Abschied von der Welt

Was nützt die mir noch zugemess'ne Zeit?
Mein Herz erstarb für irdisches Begehren,
Nur Leiden soll mein Schatten nicht entbehren,
Mir blieb allein die Todesfreudigkeit.

Ihr Feinde, laßt von eurem Neid:
Mein Herz ist abgewandt der Hoheit Ehren,
Des Schmerzes Übermaß wird mich verzehren;
Bald geht mit mir zu Grabe Haß und Streit.

Ihr Freunde, die ihr mein gedenkt in Liebe,
Erwägt und glaubt, dass ohne Kraft und Glück
Kein gutes Werk mir zu vollenden bliebe.

So wünscht mir bess're Tage nicht zurück,
Und weil ich schwer gestrafet werd' hienieden,
Erfleht mir meinen Teil am ew'gen Frieden!

Gebet

O Gott, mein Gebieter, ich hoffe auf dich!
O Jesu, Geliebter, nun rette du mich!
Im harten Gefängnis, in schlimmer Bedrängnis
Ersehne ich dich;
In Klagen, dir klagend, im Staube verzagend,
Erhör', ich beschwöre, und rette du mich!

Farewell to the world

What use is the time still left to me?
My heart is dead to earthly desires,
My spirit is left only with sorrow.
All that is left to me is my longing for death.

My enemies, be envious no longer:
My heart rejects the honours of nobility,
An excess of suffering consumes me;
Hate and conflict will soon accompany me to the grave.

My friends, who will always think of me with love,
Consider and believe that without power and fortune
There are no good works left for me to do.

So don't wish for the return of better bygone days,
But as I am harshly punished here on earth,
Pray for me for my share of eternal peace.

Prayer

Oh Lord my God, I place my trust in Thee!
Oh dearest Jesus, now please save me!
In my harsh prison, in deepest distress
I long for Thee;
I cry mournfully to Thee, despairing in the dust.
Hear me, I implore Thee, and save me.

Gisbert, Freiherr von Vincke (1813–1892)

FILLING THE
CITY WITH
SONG



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

Gustav Mahler

(1860–1911)

(From Des Knaben Wunderhorn)

Rheinlegendchen

Bald gras ich am Neckar,
Bald gras ich am Rhein,
Bald hab ich ein Schätzlein,
Bald bin ich allein.

Was hilft mir das Gras,
Wenn d'Sichel nicht schneidet,
Was hilft mir ein Schätzlein,
Wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt.

So soll ich denn grasen
Am Neckar, am Rhein,
So werf ich mein goldenes
Ringlein hinein.

Es fließet im Neckar
Und fließet im Rhein,
Soll schwimmen hinunter
Ins Meer tief hinein.

Und schwimmt es das Ringlein,
So frißt es ein Fisch,
Das Fischlein soll kommen
Aufs Königs sein Tisch.

Der König tät fragen,
Wems Ringlein sollt sein?
Da tät mein Schatz sagen,
Das Ringlein g'hört mein.

Mein Schätzlein tät springen,
Berg auf und Berg ein,
Tät mir wiedrum bringen
Das Goldringlein fein.

Kannst grasen am Neckar,
Kannst grasen am Rhein,
Wirf du mir nur immer
Dein Ringlein hinein.

Little Rhein Legend

Sometimes I go grazing on the Neckar,
Sometimes on the Rhein,
Sometimes I have a sweetheart,
Sometimes I'm alone!

But what use is grazing
If the scythe doesn't cut,
And what point is a sweetheart
If she doesn't stay with me.

So what if I go grazing
On the Neckar or Rhein,
And what if I throw
My golden ring into the river,

It will be swept away by the Neckar
Or by the Rhein,
It will be swept down
Deep into the sea.

And if it should float, my little ring,
A fish will eat it!
The fish could be served up
On the King's table!

The Queen would ask,
Whose ring can that be?
Then my sweetheart would say:
That ring is mine.

My sweetheart would spring
Up and down the mountains,
And would bring my ring
Back to me!

You can graze on the Neckar
Or on the Rhein,
As long as you always
Throw your ring into the river.

Das irdische Leben

‘Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.’
‘Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir säen geschwind.’

Und als das Korn gesäet war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
‘Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.’
‘Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir ernten geschwind.’

Und als das Korn geerntet war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
‘Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.’
‘Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir dreschen geschwind.’

Und als das Korn gedroschen war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
‘Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.’
‘Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir mahlen geschwind.’

Und als das Korn gemahlen war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
‘Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.’
‘Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir backen geschwind.’

Und als das Brot gebacken war,
Lag das Kind auf der Totenbahn.

The earthly life

‘Mother, of Mother! I’m so hungry;
Give me some bread, or I shall die!’
‘Wait a little, my darling child,
Tomorrow we will sow quickly.’

But when the corn had been sown,
The child was still crying:
‘Mother, oh Mother! I’m so hungry;
Give me some bread, or I shall die!’
‘Wait a little, my darling child;
Tomorrow we shall harvest quickly.’

And when the corn had been harvested,
The child was still crying:
‘Mother, oh Mother! I’m so hungry;
Give me some bread, or I shall die!’
‘Wait a little, my darling child;
Tomorrow we shall thresh quickly.’

And when the corn had been threshed,
The child was still crying:
‘Mother, oh Mother! I’m so hungry;
Give me some bread, or I shall die!’
‘Wait a little, my darling child;
Tomorrow we shall grind quickly.’

But when the corn had been ground,
The child was still crying:
‘Mother, oh Mother! I’m so hungry;
Give me some bread, or I shall die!’
‘Wait a little, my darling child;
Tomorrow we shall bake quickly.’

But when the bread had been baked,
The child already lay on the funeral bier.

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Dort oben am Berg in dem hohen Haus,
Da guckt ein fein's lieb's Mädel heraus,
Es ist nicht dort daheime,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.

'Mein Herze ist wund,
komm Schätzel mach's gesund!
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich verwundet!

Dein rosiger Mund
Macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund.'

Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen.

Who thought up this little song?

In the house way up there on the mountain
A fine, sweet girl is peeping out,
That's not where she lives,
She's the young daughter of the landlord,
They live in the green meadow.

'My heart is wounded,
Come little treasure, cure it!
Your dark brown eyes
Are what has wounded me!

Your rosebud mouth
Can cure the heart.
Can make youth wise,
Can bring the dead back to life,
Can cure the sick.'

Who thought up that little song?
Three geese brought it over the water,
Two grey ones, one white;
And whoever can't sing the song,
They'll whistle it for him!



LEEDS LIEDER FESTIVAL 2022

Lob des hohen Verstandes

Einstmals in einem tiefen Tal
Kukuk und Nachtigall
Täten ein Wett anschlagen,
Zu singen um das Meisterstück:
'Gewinn es Kunst, gewinn es Glück,
Dank soll er davon tragen.'

Der Kukuk sprach: So dir's gefällt,
Hab ich den Richter wählt,
Und tät gleich den Esel ernennen,
Denn weil er hat zwei Ohren groß,
So kann er hören desto bos,
Und was recht ist, kennen.

Sie flogen vor den Richter bald,
Wie dem die Sache ward erzählt,
Schuf er, sie sollten singen.
Die Nachtigall sang lieblich aus,
Der Esel sprach, du machst mir's kraus.
Du machst mir's kraus. Ija! Ija!
Ich kanns in Kopf nicht bringen.

Der Kukuk drauf fing an geschwind
Sein Sang durch Terz und Quart und Quint.
Dem Esel gfiels, er sprach nur: Wart,
Dein Urteil will ich sprechen.

Wohl sungen hast du Nachtigall,
Aber Kukuk singst gut Choral,
Und hältst den Takt fein innen;
Das sprech ich nach mein' hohn Verstand,
Und kost es gleich ein ganzes Land,
So laß ichs dich gewinnen.
Kukuk, Kukuk, Ija!

In praise of high intellect

Once in a deep valley
A cuckoo and a nightingale
Decided to have a bet
To see who could sing the finer song
'Whether skill or luck wins,
He will be the winner.'

The cuckoo spoke: if it's alright with you,
I've already chosen the judge;
And he immediately named the donkey,
Because as he has two such large ears
He will be able to hear really well what's bad,
And recognise which is best.

Then they flew to the judge,
And when they explained the situation to him,
He told them to start singing.
The nightingale sang beautifully,
But the donkey said you're confusing me,
Yes you're really confusing me!
I can't get my head round it.

Then the cuckoo quickly began,
Sang through thirds and fourths and fifths.
And the donkey liked it, and said – right,
I'll give my verdict.

You sang very well, nightingale,
But the cuckoo sings a fine hymn
And keeps very good time;
So it is the decision of my high intellect, that,
Even though it costs a whole country,
I name you the winner,
Cuckoo, cuckoo – hee–haw!

Verlorne Müh

Sie

Büble, wir wollen ausse gehe,
Wollen wir? Unsere Lämmer besehe,
Komm, liebs Büberle,
Komm, ich bitt.

Er

Nährisches Dinterle,
Ich geh dir halt nit.

Sie

Willst vielleicht a Bissel nasche,
Hol dir was aus meiner Tasch;
Hol, liebs Büberle,
Hol, ich bitt.

Er

Nährisches Dinterle,
Ich nasch dir halt nit.

Sie

Gelt, ich soll mein Herz dir schenke,
Immer willst an mich gedenke;
Nimms, liebs Büberle!
Nimms, ich bitt.

Er

Nährisches Dinterle,
Ich mag es halt nit!

Wasted effort

She

Hey laddie, let's go out,
Shall we? Go and look at our lambs,
Come on laddie,
Come on, I beg you.

He

Stupid little girl,
I'm not going with you.

She

Do you want a snack?
Get yourself something out of my bag,
Help yourself, laddie,
Help yourself.

He

Stupid little girl,
I don't want anything to eat.

She

Look, I'll give you my heart,
Then you will always think of me;
Take it lover boy,
Please, take it.

He

Stupid little girl,
I just don't want it!

SONG
ILLUMINATED

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

Wer ist denn draußen und wer klopfet an,
Der mich so leise, so leise wecken kann?
Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,
Steh auf und laß mich zu dir ein!

Was soll ich hier nun länger stehn?
Ich seh die Morgenröt aufgehen,
Die Morgenröt, zwei helle Stern,
Bei meinem Schatz, da wär ich gern,
Bei meiner Herzallerliebsten.

Das Mädchen stand auf und ließ ihn ein;
Sie heißt ihn auch willkommen sein.
Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein,
So lang hast du gestanden!

Sie reicht ihm auch die schneeweiße Hand.
Von ferne sang die Nachtigall
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein eigen sein.
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiß,
Wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist.
O Lieb auf grüner Erden.

Ich zieh in Krieg auf grüner Heid,
Die grüne Heide, die ist so weit.
Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen,
Da ist mein Haus, von grünem Rasen.

Hugo Wolf
(1860–1903)

Lieder der Mignon

Heiß mich nicht reden

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht,
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muß sich erhellen,
Der harte Fels schließt seinen Busen auf,
Mißgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergießen,
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschließen.

Where the beautiful trumpets blow

Who is outside, and who is knocking,
Who can so softly, softly waken me?
It is your heart's darling
Get up and let me come in to you!

Why should I stand here any longer?
I see the sky begin to turn pink,
The dawn, two bright stars,
I would like to be with my beloved,
With my heart's darling,

The girl got up and let him in;
In fact she welcomed him;
Welcome, my beloved boy,
You've been standing outside so long!

She stretched out her snow-white hand to him.
In the distance a nightingale sang.
The girl began to weep.

Oh, do not cry, my darling,
Next year you will be my own!
You will certainly be my own
As no one else on earth is.
O Love on the green earth!

I go to war on the green heath,
The green heath that is so broad!
It is there where the beautiful trumpets blow,
There is my house of green grass!

Do not bid me speak

Do not bid me speak, bid me be silent,
For it is my duty to keep my secret.
I would like to show you my whole heart,
But fate wills otherwise.

In due season the circling sun drives away
Dark night, and light must take its place,
The hard rock opens its bosom
And gives its deep-hidden waters ungrudgingly to the earth.

Everyone seeks peace in his friend's arms,
There he can pour out his sorrows;
But an oath seals my lips,
And only a god can open them.

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

So laßt mich scheinen

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weiße Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Only those who know what longing is

Only those who know what longing is
Can know what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I keep gazing over yonder
Into the firmament

Alas! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I feel giddy, I am on fire
Inside.
Only those who know what longing is
Can know what I suffer!

Thus let me seem

Thus let me seem till I thus become;
Do not take off my white dress!
From the beautiful earth I hasten
For that dark dwelling place blow.

There for a brief silence I will rest,
Then my eyes will open afresh;
Then I will leave behind this pure garment,
This girdle and this rosary.

And those heavenly beings
Do not ask who is man or woman,
And no garments, no folds
Will cover this transfigured body.

Though I have lived free from care and toil,
Yet I knew much deep suffering.
Through sorrow I have aged too soon;
Make me forever young again!



LEEDS
LIEDER
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2022

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen,

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

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

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Richard Wagner (1813–1883)

Wesendonck Lieder

Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen
Hört ich oft von Engeln sagen,
Die des Himmels hehre Wonne
Tauschen mit der Erdensonne,
Daß, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen
Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,
Daß, wo still es will verbluten,
Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,
Daß, wo brünstig sein Gebet
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,
Da der Engel niederschwebt,
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.
Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder,
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

Do you know the land where the lemon-trees blossom?

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

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

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

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

The Angel

In my early childhood
I used to hear tales of angels
Who exchanged the bliss of heaven
For the sunshine of earth.
I heard that when a sorrowful heart
Hides its grief from the world,
When it bleeds in silence and
Dissolves in tears,
And when it can merely pray
Fervently for deliverance,
Then an angel flies down
And carries it gently up to heaven.
To me too an angel has come down
And on its shining wings
It carries my spirit away from all pain,
Towards heaven!

Stehe still!

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,
Messer du der Ewigkeit;
Leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,
Die ihr umringt der Weltenball;
Urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,
Genug des Werdens, laß mich sein!

Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!
Hemmet den Atem, stilltet den Drang,
Schweigt nur eine Sekunde lang!
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!

Daß in selig süßem Vergessen
Ich mög' alle Wonne ermessen!
Wenn Aug' in Auge wonnig trinken,
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;
Wesen in Wesen sich wiederfindet,
Und alles Hoffens Ende sich kündigt,
Die Lippe verstummt in staunendem Schweigen,
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das Innre zeugen:
Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,
Und löst dein Rätsel, heil'ge Natur!

Im Treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?

Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge
Steiget aufwärts, süßer Duft.

Weit in sehndem Verlangen
Breitet ihr die Arme aus
Und umschlinget wahnbefangen
Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.

Wohl ich weiß es, arme Pflanze:
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
Unsre Heimat is nicht hier!

Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
Von des Tages leerem Schein,
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.

Stille wird's; ein säuselnd Weben
Füller bang den dunklen Raum.
Schwere Tropfen seh' ich schweben
An der Blätter grunem Saum.

Stand Still!

Rushing, roaring wheel of time,
You measure of eternity,
You shining spheres in the vast firmament,
You that encircle our earthly sphere:
Eternal creation, stop!
Enough of becoming: let me be!

Cease, generative force,
Primal thought that endlessly creates;
Stop every breath, pacify every urge,
Be still for just one second!
Swelling pulses, restrain your beating!
End, eternal day of the will!

So that in sweet forgetfulness
I may taste the fullness of joy!
When one eye gazes blissfully into another,
When one soul drowns in another;
When one being discovers itself in another
And the end of all hoping is near;
When lips are mute in silent amazement
And the soul has no further wish:
Then man recognises Eternity's footprint
And solves your riddle, sacred Nature!

In the Hothouse

High-arching leafy crowns,
Canopies of emerald,
You children of distant lands,
Tell me, why do you lament?

Silently you incline your branches,
Tracing signs in the air,
And a perfume rises,
Mute witness to your sorrows.

You spread your arms out wide
With longing and desire,
But in your delusion you embrace
Only barren emptiness, a fearful void.

How well I know it, you poor plant!
We share the same fate.
Although around us the light shines brightly,
Here is not our homeland!

And just as the sun gladly departs
From the empty brightness of the day,
So he who truly suffers
Will wrap himself in darkness and silence.

It grows quiet; an anxious rustling
Fills the dark room.
I see heavy drops hanging
From the green edges of the leaves.

Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend
Dir die schönen Augen rot,
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;

Doch erstehst in alter Pracht,
Glorie der düstren Welt,
Du am Morgen, neu erwacht,
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!

Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn, Muß die Sonne
selbst verzagen,
Muß die Sonne untergehn?

Und gebieret Tod nur Leben,
Geben Schmerzen Wonnen nur:
O wie dank'ich daß gegeben
Solche Schmerzen mir Natur.

Träume

Sag', welch' wunderbare Träume
Halten meinen Sinn umfassen,
Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
Jedem Tage schöner blühn
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn?

Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen;
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,
Daß zu nie gehntr Wonne
Sie der neue Tage begrüßt,

Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühn
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

Mathilde Wesendonck (1828–1902)

Sorrows

Sun, you weep every evening
Until your lovely eyes are red,
When, immersed in the sea,
You meet an early death:

But you rise again in your former splendour, The glory
of the dark world,
Freshly awakened in the morning
Like a proud and conquering hero!

Ah why should I complain then,
And why should my heart be so heavy,
If the sun itself despairs,
And the sun itself must go down?

If only death gives birth to life,
And if only sorrow brings bliss,
Then how thankful I am that Nature
Has given me such sorrow.

Dreams

Say, what are these wondrous dreams
That hold my soul captive,
And have not, like bubbles,
Disappeared into oblivion?

Dreams which in every hour
Of every day bloom more beautifully
And float blissfully through my mind
Like messengers from heaven?

Dreams which like glorious rays
Penetrate the soul,
Leaving there an eternal image:
Oblivion, remembrance!

Dreams which, like the the spring sun
Kissing blossoms out of the snow
And leading them to
Undreamed-of bliss,

Letting them grow, blossom
And dreamily cast their scent,
Glow softly on your breast,
And then sink into their grave.

Programme Notes

Schumann's *Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart* were composed in December 1852 at a time of deep depression. Syphilis was taking hold, and he had fallen prey to a general apathy that not only paralysed his creative urge, but caused him to spend days on end staring into space. His speech became more hesitant, he found it increasingly difficult to move, and a fortnight in Godesberg, where he went for a cure, only made matters worse. In the middle of August, however, he and Clara went to Scheveningen to seek relief through sea-bathing, and a fortnight's stay brought some improvement. In mid-October, though, he had a serious attack of giddiness, and on 21 November he noted in his diary 'Merkwürdige Gehöraffectionen' – remarkable aural symptoms. A month later the five *Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart*, which he gave Clara as a Christmas present, were finished. They are Schumann's last Lieder. The five poems, attributed to Mary, Queen of Scots, and translated by Gisbert Freiherr Vincke, deal with different times of her life.

Abschied von Frankreich, set to flowing semiquavers, describes her departure from France, where she spent a happy childhood; **Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes** is a fervent prayer to Christ, begging Him to protect her infant son; **An die Königin Elisabeth**, marked 'leidenschaftlich' (with passion), is dominated by a dotted phrase, which mirrors the restlessness of the Queen, as she expresses her fear of what fate has in store; in **Abschied von der Welt** she reflects on the grief that is destroying her in prison, where she spent nineteen years of her life – a song full of resignation and stoicism; and the work ends with **Gebet**, a prayer to God, imploring Him to hear her lamentation and save her – a heartfelt cry that Schumann matches by setting each phrase at a higher pitch, thus cranking up the tension, as she prepares for death.

Almost half of Mahler's forty or so solo songs are settings of poems from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, a volume of folk verses collected by Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano, the first part of which was published in 1805. The title refers to the figure of a boy on horseback brandishing a horn, an illustration of 'Das Wunderhorn', the anthology's opening poem. The source for many of the poems was oral, but the editors made frequent amendments in accordance with their own tastes. **Rheinlegendchen** is one of the most delightful of the Wunderhorn settings, very much in Ländler mood with the horn pedals at the beginning and end of the song recalling Schubert. The poem in *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* is called 'Rheinischer Bundesring', and Mahler's original title was 'Tanzlegendchen'. **Das irdische Leben** tells of a child dying of starvation, since the mill grinds the corn too late. Mahler gives both mother and child their own themes, the child's consisting of dramatic octave leaps; while the mill can be heard in the oscillating moto perpetuo accompaniment. In the orchestral version, the scurrying accompaniment of the strings creates a mood of extreme anguish. **Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?** a great favourite of Elisabeth Schumann, is in Ländler-style, and with its florid vocal line is a test for any singer. **Lob des hohen Verstandes** satirizes pomposity and uncomprehending critics – Mahler sets the donkey's bray to leaps of over two octaves. He was later to use the opening theme in the introduction to the Rondo Finale of his Fifth Symphony. **Verlorne Müh**, a duet in Swabian dialect, is set as a Ländler; it depicts a girl wooing in vain – despite her energetic flirting, beautifully conveyed by Mahler in her grace notes, the boy will have none of it and sends her packing with fortissimo defiance. **Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen**, a dialogue between a dead soldier and his grieving sweetheart, dates from July 1898. The accompaniment begins with a succession of empty fifths that dreamily conjure up the distant trumpet calls that wake the girl, who, 'somewhat reserved', asks who it is that knocks at her door. The soldier replies in a beguiling D major passage that he wishes to be admitted, whereupon she bids him welcome in a melting G flat major melody to a soft accompaniment of parallel sixths. Major and minor alternate throughout the song which ends in the soldier's confession that his home is in the grave – after which the relentless martial rhythm, indicative of man's subjection to Fate, slowly fades away.

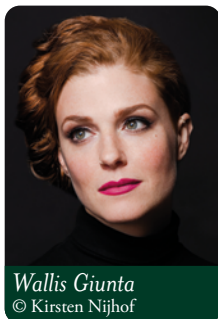
Hugo Wolf's four *Mignon-Lieder* were composed in quick succession between 17 and 22 December 1888. In *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt* Mignon is obsessively and unrequitedly in love with the much older Wilhelm Meister. She expresses her longing for him in a celebrated poem – note how the *ei* assonance (10 examples in 12 lines) and the feminine rhymes (all ending in –e) throbb their way through this expression of thwarted desire. Her longing has nothing to do with the ‘Sehnsucht’ that we read about in Novalis and other German romantics. Mignon is sick with desire or lust: she craves a consummated relationship with Wilhelm. The key phrase is: ‘Es brennt mein Eingeweide’, which I’ve translated, perhaps rather freely, as ‘My womb’s ablaze’, reminding us of Gretchen’s ‘Mein Schoß, Gott/ Drängt sich nach ihm hin’ (My womb yearns for him’) in the original version of ‘Meine Ruh ist hin’ from *Urfaust*. In the first version of the novel the poem is sung alone by Mignon after she has seen Wilhelm flirting with Philine. Unable to cope, she flees and spends the night ‘unter entsetzlichen Zuckungen’ – suffering terrible convulsions.

Who is Mignon? She’s a 13-year-old Italian girl who has been kidnapped in Italy by a troupe of actors and brought to Germany. She joins the players but refuses to divulge anything about her past, as we hear in **Heiß mich nicht reden**. Why? Because as she was being captured, the Mother of God appeared to her in a vision and promised to protect her under one condition – that she never tell her story. Mignon sings the next song, **So laßt mich scheinen**, at a children’s party. Dressed up as an angel, she longs to be released from the suffering she has endured on earth. And then we come to the immortal **Kennst du das Land** in which Mignon longs to return to Italy. The poem, like the music, is a **Steigerung** – a gradual crescendo of longing. Verse 1 describes the country of her birth, Verse 2 the Palladian-like house she often visited; and in Verse 3 she pictures the mountains that bar her way. The beautiful plangent melody gradually grows more chromatic and exalted; G flat shifts to F sharp minor, *tremolandi* thunder out in both hands, and the music, ineffably overwrought, mirrors Mignon’s ecstatic vision of her homeland beyond the Alps.

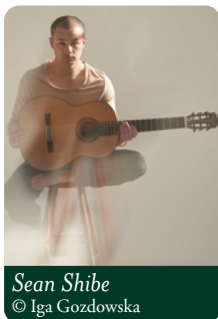
Wagner first met Mathilde Wesendonck while living as an exile in Zurich, after he had fled Germany in the wake of his revolutionary activities of 1849. She was the wife of Otto Wesendonck, a wealthy Rhenish silk merchant who supported Wagner financially. The wealthy Wesendoncks erected a grandiose villa on a ridge called the ‘Gabler’ (which Wagner later called the ‘Green Hill’) overlooking Lake Zurich.

By also building a modest house that adjoined their new property, Mathilde was able to fulfil Wagner’s wish for a home of his own with a garden; and as a delicate gesture she arranged for him to pay a token rent. Wagner and his wife Minna entered their new home in late April 1857. Wagner could work undisturbed in the new environment, and Otto Wesendonck indulged his wife in her role as muse to the composer. The atmosphere must have been extremely tense: Wagner once took it upon himself to object to Otto’s presence in his own drawing-room; Wesendonck, seemingly confident of his wife’s fidelity, waited for Mathilde’s infatuation to blow over; Minna looked on. Wagner’s attachment to Mathilde developed into a passion, and although Wagner wrote Minna a long letter on 19 October 1861 explaining that though passion had become a component of his ‘originally delicate and pure’ relationship with Mathilde, temperance had prevailed, the music suggests that this was not the case. Their relationship yielded rich artistic results, and the composer’s decision in 1857 to shelve work on the *Ring* and turn to *Tristan und Isolde* must have been partly inspired by his love for Mathilde. The **Fünf Gedichte für eine Frauenstimme** were written to poems by Mathilde during the early stages of his work on the new opera. **Der Engel**, composed on 30 November, celebrates Wagner as an angelic redeemer; **Träume** (4–5 December) evokes the Tristan-like relationship between the lovers; **Schmerzen** (17 December) expresses the day and night imagery of *Tristan*. All five songs inhabit the same harmonic world as *Tristan*, while two of them employ actual material from the opera: the Prelude to Act III can be heard in **Im Treibhaus** (1 May), and ‘Träume’ anticipates that section of the Act II love duet beginning ‘O sink hernieder, Nacht der Liebe’. Both songs were described by Wagner as ‘Studies for *Tristan und Isolde*’, when he published them in 1862. Although they were conceived for piano accompaniment, Wagner made an orchestral transcription of ‘Träume’ as a birthday present for Mathilde on 23 December, when an ensemble of 18 players performed it outside her villa. The other songs were orchestrated by Friedrich Motll, the Austrian conductor who was to perform *Tristan* at Bayreuth after Wagner’s death. Wagner himself had a high opinion of the *Wesendonck-Lieder*, and in a letter to Mathilde of 9 October 1858 he wrote: ‘Besseres, als diese Lieder, habe ich nie gemacht, und nur wenig von meinen Werken wird ihnen zur Seite gestellt werden können.’ (‘I have never done anything better than these songs, and few of my works will bear comparison with them.’)

Richard Stokes © 2022



Wallis Giunta
© Kirsten Nijhof



Sean Shibe
© Iga Gozdowska



Adam Walker
© Christa Holka

THURSDAY 28 APRIL
10 – 11PM

Howard Assembly Room

Late Evening Recital
The Revolution
Smells of Jasmine

Wallis Giunta *mezzo-soprano*

Sean Shibe *guitar*

Adam Walker *flute*

Ástor Piazzolla (1921–1992)

L'Histoire du Tango

Café

Bordel 1900

Ariel Ramirez (1921–2010)

Alfonsina y el Mar

Gringa Chaqueña

Dorotea la Cautiva

Juana Azurduy

Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)

Woodstock

Violeta Parra (1917–1967)

La Carta

Ayudame Valentina

Joan Baez (b. 1941)

Saigon Bride

Words by Joan Baez and Nina Dusheck

Birmingham Sunday

Words by Richard Farina (1937–1996)

Abel Meeropol (1903–1986)

Strange Fruit

Programme Note

Our programme, *The Revolution Smells of Jasmine*, is a collection of songs written for social change.

It's the soundtrack of revolution and an homage to protest music in North and South America, from female performing artists and both male and female songwriters/composers. The program explores themes of political protest, patriarchal oppression, racism, and of course, revolution. The title is taken from one of the songs in the program, *Juana Azurduy*, 'Lend me your rifle, for the revolution smells of jasmine', and evokes the narrative of revolution and social change as the engines of a virtuous, feminine war for salvation of society and culture.

Wallis Giunta

(Song texts not included for copyright reasons.)



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Biographies



Jonathan Dove
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Jonathan Dove composer

Jonathan Dove's music has filled opera houses with delighted audiences of all ages on five continents. Few, if any, contemporary composers have so successfully or consistently explored the potential of opera to communicate, to create wonder and to enrich people's lives.

Born in 1959 to architect parents, Dove's early musical experience came from playing the piano, organ and viola. Later he studied composition with Robin Holloway at Cambridge and, after graduation, worked as a freelance accompanist, répétiteur, animateur and arranger. His early professional experience gave him a deep understanding of singers and the complex mechanics of the opera house. Opera and the voice have been the central priorities in Dove's output throughout his subsequent career.

Starting with his breakthrough opera *Flight*, commissioned by Glyndebourne in 1998, Dove has gone on to write almost thirty operatic works. *Flight*, a rare example of a successful modern comic opera, has been produced and broadcast many times, in Europe, the USA and Australia.

Dove's innate understanding of the individual voice is exemplified in his large and varied choral and song output, and his confident optimism has made him the natural choice as the composer for big occasions. In 2010 *A Song of Joys* for chorus and orchestra opened the festivities at the Last Night of the Proms, and in 2016 an expanded version of *Our Revels Now Are Ended* premiered at the same occasion.

Throughout his career Dove has made a serious commitment to community development through innovative musical projects. *Tobias and the Angel*, a 75-minute opera written in 1999, brings together children, community choirs, and professional singers and musicians in a vivid and moving retelling of the Book of Tobit. His 2012 opera *Life is a Dream*, written for Birmingham Opera Company, was performed by professionals and community choruses in a disused Birmingham warehouse, and a church opera involving community singers *The Walk from The Garden* was premiered at Salisbury Cathedral as part of the 2012 Salisbury International Arts Festival.

2015 brought the World Première of *The Monster in the Maze*, a community opera commissioned by the London Symphony Orchestra, Berliner Philharmoniker and Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, performed under the baton of Sir Simon Rattle in three separate translations and productions. *The Monster in the Maze* has since been performed around the world, translated further into Taiwanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Swedish and Catalan, and received a BASCA British Composer Award in 2016's 'Amateur and Young Performers' category.

Jonathan Dove was made a Commander of the British Empire (CBE) in the Queen's 2019 Birthday Honours for services to music.



Shakira Tsindos
© Nick Rutter

Shakira Tsindos

mezzo—soprano

Australian/Cypriot mezzo—soprano Shakira Tsindos is a 2021/2022 young artist at the National Opera Studio, an Emerging Artist with Oxford Lieder and a Samling Artist.

Shakira's work has spanned various companies in Australia including Opera Australia and Victorian Opera, and she has also performed as a soloist with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Andrew Davis.

Further UK and European débuts include the title role in *Carmen*, Dorabella in *Così fan tutte* and Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*.

Shakira is looking forward to making her Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra début as the mezzo—soprano soloist in the world première performance of Teresa Barlow's *Requiem 2020* in May, and performing as Suzy and Lolette in *La rondine* and Dido in *Dido and Aeneas* with IF Opera later this summer.

Winner of the Nigel Beale First Prize at the 2021 Hurn Court Opera competition, Shakira is an award holder with Help Musicians UK, the Tait Memorial Trust and the Australian Music Foundation. She holds a Masters of Performance from the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.



Dominic Sedgwick
© Clare Park

Dominic Sedgwick

baritone

British baritone Dominic Sedgwick was a member of the Royal Opera's Jette Parker Young Artists Programme 2017–2019 where his roles included Kuligin in a new production of *Káťa Kabanová*, Novice's Friend in a new production of *Billy Budd*, Moralès in a new production of *Carmen* and Third Ghost Child in the world première of Mark—Anthony Turnage's *Coraline*.

Recent roles include Melot in a new production of *Tristan und Isolde* for the Festival d'Aix—en—Provence and English Clerk in David McVicar's new production of *Death in Venice* for the Royal Opera.

His 2021/22 season sees a return to the Royal Opera as Marullo in a new production of *Rigoletto*, his début at Teatro dell'Opera di Roma as Anthony in the world première of Giorgio Battistelli's *Julius Caesar* and his début for the Opéra National de Bordeaux as Belcore in *L'elisir d'amore*. Upcoming engagements include further roles for the Royal Opera and débuts for Théâtre Luxembourg and Grange Park Opera.

Concert engagements include *Messiah* with the OAE, the RLPO and Canada's National Arts Centre Orchestra, Pilate in Bach's *Matthäus—Passion* at the BBC Proms with Arcangelo and Jonathan Cohen as well as a number of concerts with the OAE featuring Bach Cantatas as part of their *Bach, the Universe and Everything* series at Kings Place.

He studied at Clare College, Cambridge and is a graduate of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama's Opera School. He was awarded the Audience Prize in the inaugural 2017 Grange Festival International Singing Competition.



Ian Tindale

© Ruth Atkinson

Ian Tindale *piano*

British pianist Ian Tindale studied at Cambridge University and the Royal College of Music, and has been awarded prizes in the Wigmore Hall/Kohn Foundation Song Competition, Kathleen Ferrier Awards, Royal Overseas League Music Competition and the Gerald Moore Award.

In the 2018–19 season Ian performed with baritone and ECHO Rising Star Josep–Ramon Olivé in recitals across Europe including Amsterdam’s Concertgebouw and Palau de la Música in Barcelona. Ian has frequently performed at UK festivals including Leeds Lieder, Oxford Lieder and Ryedale and he collaborates with singers such as Soraya Mafi, Nick Pritchard and Roderick Williams. Recent highlights include Britten, Tippett and Shostakovich songs for English Touring Opera; the 25th anniversary Samling Artist Showcase at Wigmore Hall and a recital tour of the Netherlands with Harriet Burns.

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Amanda Roocroft

Amanda Roocroft

soprano

Amanda Roocroft graduated from the RNCM in 1990. She quickly made an international reputation as one of Britain's most exciting singers, in opera, concert, and recital, winning The Royal Philharmonic Society Music award for an operatic début and a Silver Medal from the Worshipful company of Musicians. She enjoyed a close relationship with the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Glyndebourne Festival, English National Opera, the Welsh National Opera and the Bayerische Staatsoper, and her leading roles in these houses have ranged from Handel to Wagner. She has also sung at The Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Houston, Amsterdam, Berlin, Salzburg, Madrid, Barcelona and Paris. She has earned a reputation for being a singing actress and in 2007 she was awarded the Laurence Olivier Award for Outstanding Achievement in Opera for her portrayal of Jenufa at ENO.

Amanda made her professional recital début in September 1989 at the Aix-en-Provence Festival and her professional operatic début in 1990 as Sophie in *Der Rosenkavalier* with Welsh National Opera. House débuts followed at London's Royal Opera House (as Pamina) and Glyndebourne Festival Opera (as Fiordiligi) in 1991, and the Bavarian State Opera (Fiordiligi) and English National Opera (as Ginevra in Handel's *Ariodante*) in 1993. In 1994 she was the subject of a Granada Television documentary, 'Amanda Roocroft: Opera's Rising Star'. The film, directed by Colin Bell, chronicled the first seven years of her career, beginning with her days as a student and ending with her solo recording début for EMI Records.

Favourite roles include Fiordiligi (*Così fan Tutte*), Countess (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), Donna Elvira (*Don Giovanni*), Cleopatra (*Giulio Cesare*), Desdemona (*Otello*), Amelia (*Simon Boccanegra*), Mimi (*La bohème*), Eva (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*), Ellen (*Peter Grimes*), Giulietta (*I Capuleti e i Montecchi*), Tatiana (*Eugene Onegin*) and the title roles in *Madam Butterfly*, *Katya Kabanova* and *Jenufa*.

She has appeared with leading orchestras throughout Europe and North America with conductors including Sir Georg Solti, Sir Simon Rattle, Zubin Mehta, Mariss Jansons, Ivor Bolton, Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Daniele Gatti, Sir Neville Marriner, Sir Andrew Davis, Sir Charles Mackerras, Valery Gergiev Sir Mark Elder, Antonio Pappano and Bernard Haitink.

Recital engagements have included London's Wigmore Hall, Queen Elizabeth Hall, the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, the Musikverein in Vienna, New York's Lincoln Center, La Monnaie in Brussels, as well as appearances in Munich, Frankfurt, Paris, Valencia and Lisbon.

Amanda's other roles in the latter part of her career have included Ellen Orford in *Peter Grimes*, the Duchess in *Powder Her Face*, Emilia Marty in *The Makropulos Case*, Queen Elizabeth I in *Gloriana* and the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier*. She will sing Madam Larina in *Eugene Onegin* at Opera Holland Park in June 2022.

Amanda is a professor of vocal studies at Royal College of Music and the Royal Birmingham Conservatoire.

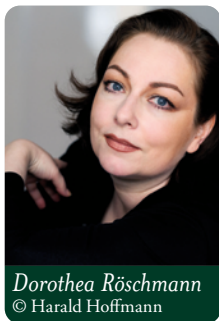


Richard Stokes

Richard Stokes *speaker*

Richard Stokes, Professor of Lieder at the Royal Academy of Music, is a regular juror at international Song Competitions. For the operatic stage he has translated *Wozzeck* and *La voix humaine* (Opera North), and *Parsifal*, *Lulu*, *L'Amour de loin* and *Jakob Lenz* (ENO). His books include *The Spanish Song Companion* (with Jacqueline Cockburn), *J.S. Bach – The Complete Cantatas* (Scarecrow Press), *A French Song Companion* (with Graham Johnson) (OUP), *The Book of Lieder* (Faber), a translation of Jules Renard's complete *Histoires Naturelles* in a dual-language edition (Alma Classics) and *The Penguin Book of English Song – Seven Centuries of Poetry from Chaucer to Auden*, now available in paperback. With Alfred Brendel he collaborated on the latter's *Collected Poems: Playing the Human Game* (Phaidon). His translations of Kafka's *Metamorphosis* and *The Trial* have been published by Hesperus Press, and Alma Books published his translation (with Hannah Stokes) of Kafka's *Letter to his Father*. His translation of Helmut Deutsch's *Memoirs of an Accompanist* appeared in the autumn of 2020 (Kahn & Averill) and Faber recently published *The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf: Life, Letters, Lieder*. Richard Stokes was awarded the Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany in 2012.

SONG
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Dorothea Röschmann
© Harald Hoffmann

Dorothea Röschmann

soprano

Born in Flensburg, Germany, Dorothea Röschmann was a member of the Ensemble at the Deutsche Staatsoper Berlin where in 2017, having sung over twenty roles there, she was awarded the title of Kammersängerin. She has been a frequent guest at the Salzburg Festival since her début in 1995 singing Susanna with Nikolaus Harnoncourt. She returned to the Salzburg Easter Festival in 2016 for Desdemona (*Otello*).

At the Wiener Staatsoper, she has appeared as Countess Almaviva, Donna Elvira, Susanna, Marschallin and Jenufa. Her many roles at the Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich include Zerlina, Susanna, Änchen, Marzelline, Anne Trulove, Elvira, Rodelinda and, in 2019, her role début as Alceste. Elsewhere in Europe she has appeared at La Monnaie, Brussels, the Opéra Bastille Paris, and at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. At Teatro alla Scala Milan she has sung Countess Almaviva, Florinda (*Fierrabras*), and Donna Elvira on tour with the company to the Bolshoi Theatre with Daniel Barenboim.

In the U.S. she has appeared many times at the Metropolitan Opera, New York as Susanna, Pamina, Elvira and Ilia, and sang the title roles of Handel's *Theodora* and Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* at Carnegie Hall. She has appeared frequently in concert in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Dallas, Cincinnati and San Diego.

Recent role débuts include Elisabeth (*Tannhäuser*) at the Semperoper Dresden and in 2021, Ariadne at the Edinburgh International Festival. In the 2022/23 season she will return to the Hamburgische Staatsoper, Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich, and the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, and will make a notable début at the Opéra National de Lorraine, Nancy.

A prolific concert artist, in the 2019/20 season she sang Wagner's *Wesendonck Lieder* with Karina Canellakis and the Orchestre de Paris, Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder* (Tove) with Jonathan Nott and the Tokyo Symphony Orchestra, Beethoven's *Ah! Perfido* and *Choral Fantasy* with Louis Langrée and the Cincinnati Symphony, Mahler's *Rückert-Lieder* with Rafael Payare and the San Diego Symphony, and Berg's *Sieben frühe Lieder* with Sir Simon Rattle and the London Symphony Orchestra, in London and on tour in Europe.

She has performed Strauss's *Vier letzte Lieder* with Daniel Barenboim in Berlin, Daniel Harding in Milan, Antonio Pappano in Rome, Yannick Nézet-Séguin in Rotterdam and Zubin Mehta in Valencia. Other concert highlights include Schumann's *Faustszenen* with Daniel Harding/Berliner Philharmoniker, *Wozzeck* (Marie) with Harding/Berliner Philharmoniker and Bayerischer Rundfunk Orchestra, and Mahler's *Symphony No. 4* on tour in Europe with Mariss Jansons and the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra.

She is a renowned recitalist with recent appearances including London's Wigmore Hall, Amsterdam's Het Concertgebouw, the Wiener Konzerthaus and in Antwerp, Lisbon, Madrid, Barcelona, Cologne, Brussels, Oslo, Stockholm, Oxford, and at the Edinburgh, Munich, and Schwarzenberg Festivals. She has sung in recital with Daniel Barenboim at the Schiller Theater and Boulez Saal in Berlin. With Mitsuko Uchida she has performed at the Lucerne Festival, Wigmore Hall and on tour in the U.S. culminating in a recital at New York's Carnegie Hall. The live recording from Wigmore Hall won the Best Solo Vocal Album at the 2017 Grammy Awards.



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’.



Wallis Giunta
© Kirsten Nijhof

Wallis Giunta

mezzo—soprano

Wallis Giunta was the winner of the ‘Young Singer’ category at the 2018 International Opera Awards and ‘Breakthrough Artist in UK Opera’ in the 2017 WhatsOnStage Awards. Highlights of the 2021/22 season include Maria *Maria de Buenos Aires* for Opera de Lyon following a recent run of performances at the festival, Les Nuits de Fourvière, Angelina *La Cenerentola* for Opera Montpellier, Rosina *Il barbiere di Siviglia* for Dallas Opera and concert performances of Tigrane *Radamisto* with the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra.

Operatic highlights for Giunta include Anna 1 *Seven Deadly Sins* for Opera North, Dodo in Missy Mazzoli *Breaking the Waves* for the Edinburgh International Festival and the Adelaide Festival, house débuts for Seattle Opera as Angelina *La Cenerentola* and for Deutsche Oper am Rhein as Bradamante *Alcina*, role débuts as the title role Carmen, Rosina *The Barber of Seville*, and Octavian *Der Rosenkavalier* at Oper Leipzig, Idamante *Idomeneo* at Opera Atelier, Toronto, Flora *La Traviata* with Plácido Domingo at the Royal Opera House, Muscat, Cherubino *Le nozze di Figaro* at The Grange Festival, the title role in Ravel *L'enfant et les sortilèges*, Dinah in Bernstein *Trouble in Tahiti* and Angelina *La Cenerentola* for Opera North, Weill *Seven Deadly Sins* with the Real Orquesta Sinfónica de Sevilla and John Axelrod, Mercédès *Carmen* for Oper Frankfurt, Sesto *La Clemenza di Tito* and Dorabella *Così fan tutte* for the Canadian Opera Company, Olga *The Merry Widow* for the Metropolitan Opera, and Paquette in Bernstein *Candide* with the Hamburger Symphoniker conducted by Sir Jeffrey Tate.

On the concert platform, recent highlights include *The Sound of Argentina* and a critically acclaimed solo recital at the BBC Proms in Cadogan Hall, a return to the Münchner Rundfunkorchester for Mozart *Die Schuldigkeit des Ersten Gebots*, a return to Koerner Hall, Toronto, for a Bernstein Centenary gala following her acclaimed performances as Anna in Weill *Seven Deadly Sins* with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Mozart *Grosse Messe* with the Gewandhaus Orchester and Beethoven *Symphony No. 9* with the National Arts Centre Orchestra in Ottawa.

Giunta is a recipient of a 2013 Novick Career Advancement Grant and the Sylva Gelber Music Foundation Career Development Award, and has been supported by the Canada Council for the Arts. She is a 2013 graduate of both the Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artist Development Program, and the Juilliard School's Artist Diploma in Opera Studies, and was a member of the Canadian Opera Company Ensemble Studio 2009 to 2011.



Sean Shibe
© Iga Gozdowska

Sean Shibe guitar

Sean Shibe, born in Edinburgh in 1992 with British and Japanese heritage, studied with Allan Neave at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland and with Paolo Pegoraro in Italy. Today, the 30-year-old is considered one of the most remarkable guitarists of our time, his innovative approach to his instrument has enhanced his reputation for having 'one of the most discriminating ears in the business' (*Gramophone*). He was the first guitarist ever to be selected for BBC Radio 3's New Generation Artists scheme, to be awarded a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship and, in 2018, to receive the Royal Philharmonic Society Award for Young Artists.

A great admirer of the masterful composers of the past, Shibe is equally committed to conceiving imaginative programmes of new music. Alongside his own transcriptions of Bach's lute suites and seventeenth-century Scottish lute manuscripts he continues to explore, experiment, and expand the repertoire for his instrument both in the studio and on stage with the music of composers such as Daniel Kidane, David Fennessy, Sofia Gubaidulina, Thomas Adès, Shiva Feshareki, David Lang, Julia Wolfe, Sylvia Villa and Freya Waley-Cohen.

He has already released four solo albums, each with a well-thought-out concept and presenting a broad musical spectrum – from the Renaissance to contemporary compositions commissioned for him. His début album, *Dreams and Fancies*, was released by Delphian in 2017 and received wide critical acclaim. His second album, *sofiLOUD*, combines the acoustic guitar with the electric guitar, bringing together ancient and modern traditions in a collection that ranges from Scottish lute manuscripts to electric guitar arrangements of, for example, Reich's *Electric Counterpoint* or Wolfe's *LAD* (originally for 9 bagpipes). The album *Camino*, released in 2021, compiles works from around 1900 by French and Spanish composers such as Manuel de Falla or Maurice Ravel into an introspective programme.

Sean Shibe has performed at internationally renowned venues and festivals, including the Wigmore Hall, Alte Oper Frankfurt, Heidelberger Frühling, Mecklenburgh-Vorpommern, Marlboro Summer Music Festival and the Schleswig-Holstein Musik Festival. Orchestras with which he has appeared include the BBC Scottish Symphony, the BBC National Orchestra of Wales, the BBC Symphony and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic. Recent collaborations include the Danish String Quartet, harpsichordist Mahan Esfahani and performance artist and art filmmaker Marina Abramović.



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Adam Walker
© Christa Holka

Adam Walker

flute

At the forefront of a new generation of wind soloists, Adam Walker is a leading ambassador for the Flute with a ferocious appetite for repertoire and a curious and creative approach to programming. His interests range from lesser-known French Baroque repertoire through to newly commissioned works. He has given world premières of concertos by composers including Brett Dean, Kevin Puts, and Huw Watkins as well as championing works by Kaija Saariaho, John Corigliano and Weinberg.

As a soloist Walker regularly performs with the major UK orchestras including the BBC Philharmonic, BBC Scottish Symphony, London Symphony, Hallé, Ulster, Scottish Chamber and the BBC National Orchestra of Wales. Further afield he has performed with the Baltimore Symphony, Seattle Symphony, Grant Park Festival, Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional de Mexico, Seoul Philharmonic, Auckland Philharmonia, Malaysian Philharmonic, Malmö Symphony, Tampere Philharmonic, Vienna Chamber, Solistes Européens, Luxembourg and the RTE National Symphony Orchestras.

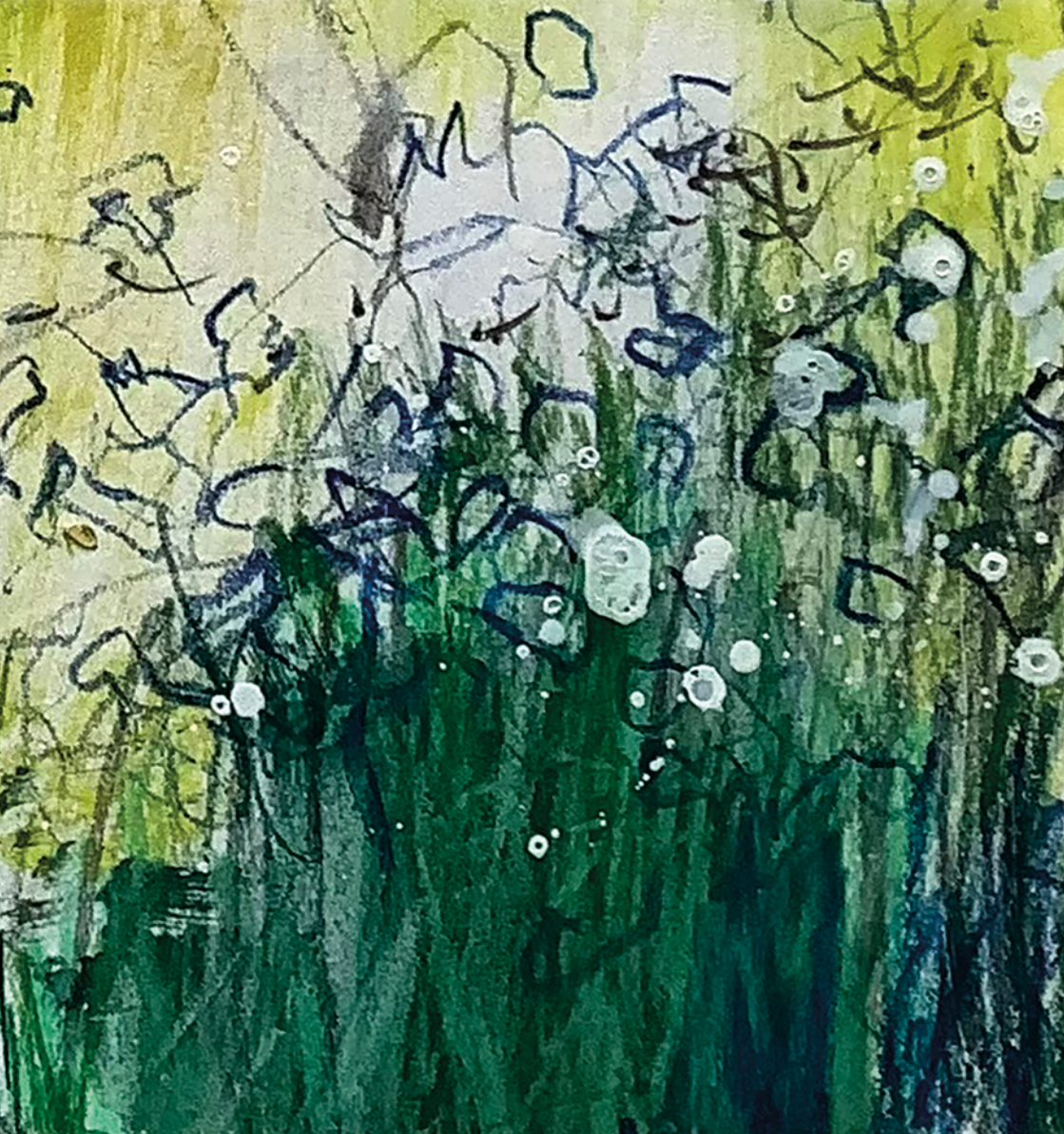
A committed chamber musician with an open and collaborative style, recent seasons have seen Walker make appearances at the BBC Chamber Proms, Wigmore Hall, LSO St Luke's, De Singel Antwerp, Musée du Louvre, Hamburg Elbphilharmonie, Frankfurt Alte Oper and the Utrecht, West Cork, Delft and Moritzburg Chamber Music Festivals. Recent collaborators include Tabea Zimmermann, Cédric Tiberghien, Angela Hewitt, Mahan Esfahani, Ailish Tynan and Sean Shibe. Walker is an alumnus of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center's prestigious Bowers Program and in 2018 he founded the Orsino Ensemble; a wind ensemble with a mission to showcase the depth and versatility of the wind chamber repertoire.

Concerto engagements in the current season include performances with the Ulster Orchestra, English Chamber Orchestra, Orquesta Sinfonica de Tenerife, Tampere Philharmonic and Toulon Opera Orchestra, whilst recital engagements see Walker return to the Bath Mozartfest, Wigmore Hall and Weesp Chamber Music Festival.

Walker's first recital disc for the Chandos label was released in spring 2021; 'French Works for Flute' saw him praised in Gramophone for his 'clear, cool, bright tone, effortless technique and finely nuanced expressiveness'. 2021 also saw the simultaneous release on Chandos of the debut recording from Walker's Orsino Ensemble, showcasing repertoire from the French Belle Époque. Previous releases include *Vocalise* for the Opus Arte label; an exploration of the lyrical, vocal nature of the Flute, which prompted *The Guardian* to praise Walker as 'a stunning talent'. He has also recorded the Kevin Puts Flute Concerto with Marin Alsop and the Peabody Institute (Naxos) and the Huw Watkins Concerto with the Hallé and Ryan Wigglesworth (NMC).

Adam Walker studied at Chetham's School of Music with Gitte Sorensen and at the Royal Academy of Music with Michael Cox graduating with distinction in 2009 and winning the HRH Princess Alice Prize for exemplary studentship. He was appointed principal flute of the London Symphony Orchestra at the age of just 21, a position he held until 2020. His many awards include Outstanding Young Artist Award at MIDEM Classique as well as a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship. He was appointed professor at the Royal College of Music in 2017.

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.

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Elly Ameling *President*

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Our Independent Examiners

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and the Opera North Box Office and Marketing teams

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



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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.**



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.

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