

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



LEEDS  
LIEDER  
FESTIVAL  
2022

# SONG ILLUMINATED

PROGRAMME: Friday 29 April

Joseph Middleton

*Director*

Jane Anthony

*Founder*



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ENGLAND**



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'a compact TRIUMPH  
of  
OUTSTANDING  
ART  
SONG'

The Sunday Times



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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.

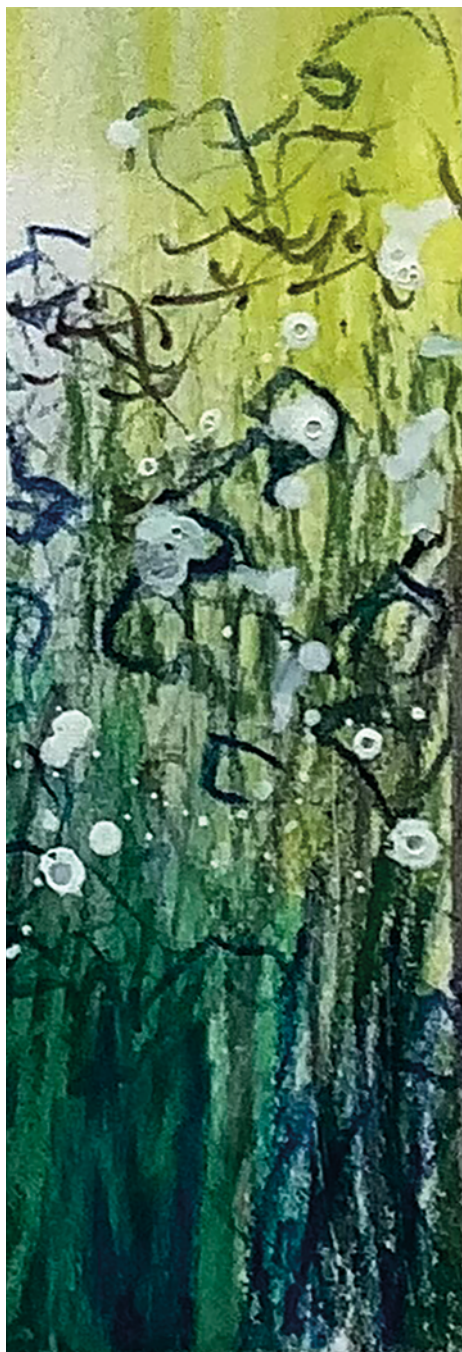
The great German soprano, Dorothea Röschmann, opens the Festival with music she has very much made her own, and it would be difficult to find music more steeped in its poetical landscape than Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with its panoply of characters and direct, ingeniously folklore-ish nature.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

# The 2022 Festival at a Glance

## Thursday 28 April

**12 – 12.30pm**

Pre-concert Talk *with* composer Jonathan Dove

**1 – 2pm**

Lunchtime Recital: Samling Institute Showcase

**3 – 6pm**

Festival Masterclass I *with* Amanda Roocroft\*

**7 – 7.30pm**

Pre-concert Talk *with* Richard Stokes Hon RAM

**8pm**

Gala Opening Recital: Dorothea Röschmann and Joseph Middleton

**10 – 11pm**

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

## Friday 29 April

p. 7

**10am – 12.30pm**

Festival Masterclass II *with* Dorothea Röschmann\*

p. 8

**1 – 2pm**

Lunchtime Recital: Jess Dandy and Martin Roscoe

p. 20

**3 – 4.30pm**

Young Artists Showcase

p. 20

**7 – 7.30pm**

Pre-concert Talk *with* composer Deborah Pritchard

p. 21

**8pm**

Evening Recital: Robin Tritschler and Christopher Glynn

p. 33

**10 – 11pm**

Late Evening Recital: Ruby Hughes and Joseph Middleton

## Saturday 30 April

**10am – 12.30pm**

Festival Masterclass III *with* Graham Johnson OBE\*

**1 – 2pm**

Lunchtime Recital: Helen Charlston and Ilan Kurtser

**2.30pm**

Bring and Sing! Rehearsal\*\*

**5.30pm**

Bring and Sing! Concert: English Coronation Anthems\*\*

**3 – 4pm**

Lecture-recital *with* Graham Johnson OBE

**7 – 7.30pm**

Pre-concert Talk *with* Dr George Kennaway

**8pm**

Evening Recital: Ian Bostridge CBE and Dame Imogen Cooper

**10 – 11pm**

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

## Sunday 1 May

**10.30am – 12pm**

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

**1 – 2pm**

Lunchtime Recital: Ashley Riches and Joseph Middleton

**3 – 5.30pm**

Festival Masterclass IV *with* Joan Rodgers CBE\*

**7 – 7.30pm**

Pre-concert Talk *with* Dr Katy Hamilton

**8pm**

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*



*Dorothea Röschmann*  
© Harald Hoffmann



*2021 Masterclass with  
Dame Felicity Lott*

FRIDAY 29 APRIL

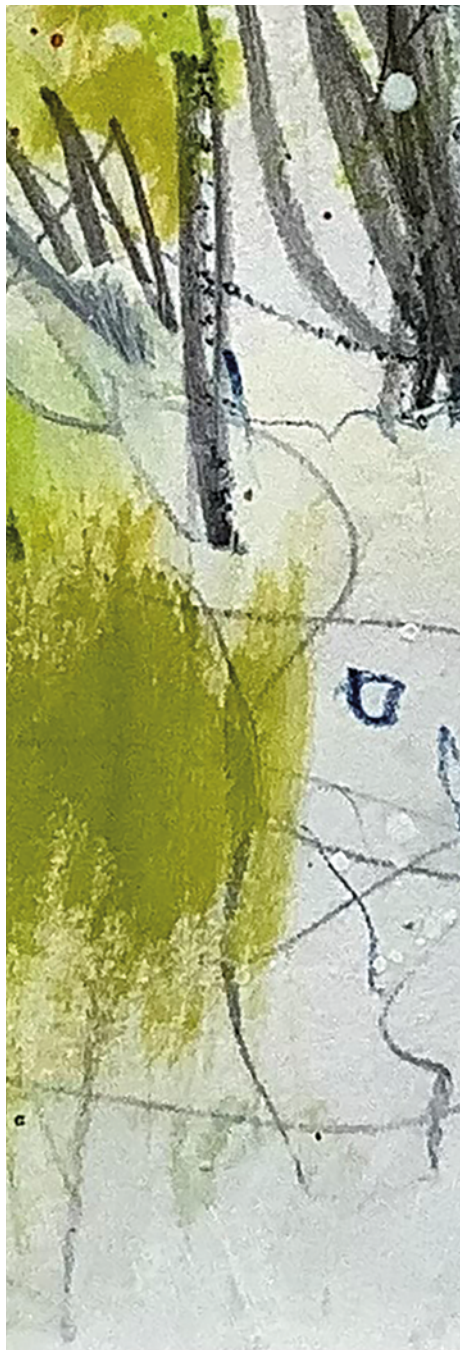
10AM – 12.30PM

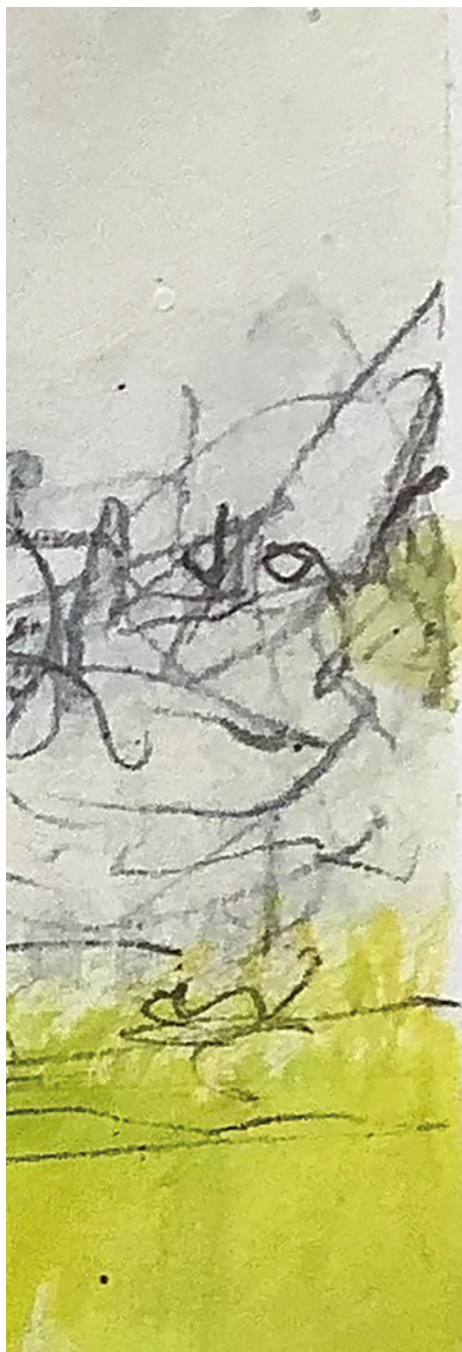
**Linacre Studio**

## *Festival Masterclass II with Dorothea Röschmann*

Our Young Artists programme continues to go from strength to strength, with alumni such as Elizabeth Watts and Nicky Spence now featuring on the world's great stages. Duos from around the globe have been selected from highly competitive entry to take part in the Festival as Leeds Lieder Young Artists. The great German soprano Dorothea Röschmann gives the second of four masterclasses in this year's Festival.

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Jess Dandy  
© Clare Park



Martin Roscoe

FRIDAY 29 APRIL

1 – 2PM

Howard Assembly Room

## Lunchtime Recital

**Jess Dandy** *contralto*

**Martin Roscoe** *piano*

**Amy Beach** (1867–1944)

*Three Songs of Robert Browning*

The year's at the spring

Ah, Love, but a day!

I send my heart up to thee

**Lili Boulanger** (1893–1918)

Reflets

Attente

Dans l'immense tristesse

Le retour

**Manuel de Falla** (1876–1946)

(From *Siete canciones españolas populares*)

El pano moruño

Seguidilla murciana

Asturiana

Polo

Nana

**Hugo Wolf** (1860–1903)

Er ist's

Verborgtheit

Nixe Binsefuss

Der Feuerreiter

**Tchaikovsky** (1840–1893)

It was early in Spring

Why?

The bride's lament

Can it be day?



## Texts and Translations

**Amy Beach**

(1867–1944)

### *Three songs of Robert Browning*

#### **The year's at the spring**

The year's at the spring,  
And the day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dewy pearl'd;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heav'n –  
All's right with the world!

#### **Ah Love, but a day**

Ah, Love, but a day,  
And the world has changed!  
The sun's away,  
And the bird estranged;  
The wind has dropped,  
And the sky's deranged;  
Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes!  
Wilt thou change too?  
Should I fear surprise?  
Shall I find aught new  
In the old and dear,  
In the good and true,  
With the changing year?

#### **I send my heart up to thee**

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart  
In this my singing,  
For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part;  
The very night is clinging  
Closer to Venice' streets to leave one space  
Above me, whence thy face  
May light my joyous heart to thee,  
to thee its dwelling place.

*Robert Browning (1812–1889)*



## Lili Boulanger (1893–1918)

### Reflets

Sous l'eau du songe qui s'élève  
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a peur.  
Et la lune luit dans mon cœur  
Plongé dans les sources du rêve!

Sous l'ennui morne des roseaux,  
Seul le reflet profond des choses,  
Des lys, des palmes et des roses  
Pleurent encore au fond des eaux.

Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à une  
Sur le reflet du firmament.  
Pour descendre, éternellement  
Sous l'eau du songe et dans la lune.

### Attente

Mon âme a joint ses mains étranges  
À l'horizon de mes regards ;  
Exaucez mes rêves épars  
Entre les lèvres de vos anges!

En attendant sous mes yeux las,  
Et sa bouche ouverte aux prières  
Éteintes entre mes paupières  
Et dont les lys n'éclosent pas ;

Elle apaise au fond de mes songes,  
Ses seins effeuillés sous mes cils,  
Et ses yeux clignent aux périls  
Éveillés au fil des mensonges.

*Maurice Maeterlinck (1862–1949)*

### Reflections

Under the rising water of the dream,  
My soul is afraid, my soul is afraid.  
And the moon shines in my heart  
Plunged into the well-springs of the dream!

Under the mournful boredom of the reeds,  
Only the profound reflection[s] of things,  
Of lilies, of palms, and of roses,  
Still weep at the bottom of the waters.

The flowers drop their petals one by one  
On the reflection of the sky  
In order to sink eternally  
Under the water of the dream and into the moon.

### Waiting

My soul has joined her foreign hands  
At the horizon of my glances;  
Grant my scattered dreams  
Between the lips of your angels!

Waiting under my weary eyes,  
And her mouth open in prayers  
Extinguished between my eyelids  
And of which the lilies do not bloom;

She satisfies at the bottom of my dreams,  
Her breasts denuded under my eyelashes  
And her eyes gazing half-open at the risks  
Awakened by the thread of illusions.

## Dans l'immense tristesse

Dans l'immense tristesse et dans le lourd silence,  
Un pas se fait entendre, une forme s'avance,  
Et vers une humble tombe elle vient se pencher  
O femme, en ce lieu saint, que viens-tu donc chercher.

Pourquoi viens-tu troubler la paix du cimetière?  
As-tu donc un trésor caché sous quelque pierre,  
Ou viens-tu mendier, à l'ombre des tombeaux,  
Pauvre vivante, aux morts, un peu de leur repos?

Non, rien de tout cela jusqu'ici ne l'amène,  
(La lune en cet instant éclairait cette scène,)   
Et ce que cette femme, (hélas! le coeur se fend,)   
Ce que cette femme vient chercher, c'est un frêle et   
gracieux enfant,

Qui dort sur cette tombe, et qui, dans sa chimère,  
Depuis qu'il a vu là disparaître sa mère,  
Doux être! s' imagine en son naïf espoir  
Qu'elle n'est que cachée et qu'il va la revoir.

Et l'on dirait, le soir, en vision secrète,  
Lorsque le blond enfant sent s'alourdir sa tête,  
Et que sa petite âme est lasse de gémir,  
Que sa mère revient chanter pour l'endormir.

*Berthe Galeron de Calone (1859–1936)*

## In this immense grief

In the immense sadness and in the heavy silence,  
A step makes itself heard, a form advances,  
And towards a humble tomb she comes to lean over;  
O, woman, in this holy place, what do you come to seek?

Why do you come to disturb the peace of the cemetery?  
Do you have a treasure hidden under some stone,  
Or do you come to beg, in the shadow of the tombs,  
Poor living woman, from the dead, a bit of their rest?

No, none of that brings her here,  
(The moon at that moment illuminated this scene,)   
And what this woman, (Alas! The heart breaks,)   
What this woman comes to seek is a frail and graceful  
child,

Who sleeps on this grave, and who, in his fallacy,  
Since it was there that he saw his mother disappear,  
(Sweet being!) imagines in his naïve hope  
That she is only hidden and that he will see her again.

And they say that at night in a secret vision,  
When the blond child feels his head grow heavy,  
And his little soul is weary of sighing,  
His mother returns to sing him to sleep.

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## Le retour

Ulysse part la voile au vent,  
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries,  
Avec des bercements la vague roule et plie.  
Au large de son coeur la mer aux vastes eaux  
Où son oeil suit les blancs oiseaux  
Egrène au loin des pierreries.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,  
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries !  
Penché oeil grave et coeur battant  
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère  
Il se rit, quand le flot est noir, de sa colère  
Car là-bas son cher fils pieux et fier attend  
Après les combats éclatants,  
La victoire aux bras de son père.  
Il songe, oeil grave et coeur battant  
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,  
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries.

*Georges Delaiguys (1880–1970)*

## Manuel de Falla (1876–1946)

(From *Siete canciones españolas populares*)

### El paño moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,  
una mancha le cayó;  
Por menos precio se vende,  
Porque perdió su valor.  
¡Ay! the Moorish cloth

## The return

Ulysses leaves with wind in his sails,  
Towards the cherished waves of Ithaca,  
With rocking motions the billow rolls and folds.  
To the offing of his heart the sea of vast waters,  
Where his eye follows the white birds,  
Drops away in the distance into faraway jewels.

Ulysses leaves with wind in his sails,  
Towards the cherished waves of Ithaca!  
Leaned over with a solemn eye and beating heart  
On the golden bill of his galley  
He laughs, when the surging tide is black, at his anger  
Because over there his dear son, pious and proud, waits  
After the clamoring battles,  
For victory at the arm of his father.  
He dreams, with a solemn eye and beating heart,  
On the golden bill of his galley.

Ulysses leaves with wind in his sails,  
Towards the cherished waves of Ithaca.

### The Moorish cloth

On the fine cloth in the store  
a stain has fallen;  
It sells at a lesser price,  
because it has lost its value.  
Alas!

## Seguidilla murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado  
Tenga de vidrio,  
No debe tirar piedras  
Al del vecino.  
Arrieros semos;  
¡Puede que en el camino  
Nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia  
Yo te comparo  
Con peseta que corre  
De mano en mano;  
Que al fin se borra,  
Y creyéndola falsa  
¡Nadie la toma!

## Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,  
arrimeme a un pino verde,  
Por verme llorar, lloraba.  
Y el pino como era verde,  
por verme llorar, lloraba

## Polo

¡Ay!  
Guardo una pena en mi pecho  
que a nadie se la diré.  
¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya  
y quien me lo dió a entender!  
¡Ay!

## Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,  
duerme, mi alma,  
duérmete, lucerito,  
de la mañana.  
Naninta, nana,  
duérmete, lucerito  
de la mañana.

*Traditional Folksongs*

## Seguidilla murciana

He who has a  
Roof of glass  
should not throw stones  
to their neighbor's.  
Let us be muleteers;  
It could be that on the road  
we will meet!

For your great inconstancy  
I compare you  
to a [coin] that runs  
from hand to hand;  
which finally blurs,  
and, believing it false,  
no one accepts!

## Asturian

To see if it might console me  
I drew near a green pine.  
To see me weep, it wept.  
And the pine, since it was green,  
wept to see me weeping!

## Polo

Ay!  
I have an ache in my heart  
of which I can tell no one.  
A curse on love, and a curse  
on the one who made me feel it!  
Ay!

## Nana

Sleep, little one, sleep,  
sleep, my darling,  
sleep, my little  
morning star.  
Lullay, lullay,  
sleep, my little  
morning star.

## Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

### Er ist's

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte.  
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.  
Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
Horch, ein Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab ich vernommen.

### Verborgenheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,  
Und die helle Freude zücket  
Durch die Schwere, so mich drückt,  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

### It's him!

It is Spring! Once again Spring flutters its  
Blue ribbons through the air.  
Sweet, familiar fragrances  
Float portentously over the land.  
Violets are already dreaming,  
Ready to appear soon,  
Listen – the sound of a harp.  
Spring, yes, it's you!  
It's you I heard!

### Seclusion

Oh world, let me be!  
Don't tempt me with gifts of love,  
Let this heart in solitued have  
Its bliss, its pain!

I don't know what I mourn,  
It is an unknown sorrow;  
But for ever I shall see  
The beautiful sunlight through tears.

Often I am scacely conscious,  
And bright joy brrreaks  
Through the gloom, and so penetrates  
Blissfully into my heart.

Oh world, let me be!  
Don't tempt me with gifts of love,  
Let this heart in solitued have  
Its bliss, its pain!



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## Nixe Binsefuß

Des Wassermanns sein Töchterlein  
Tanzt auf dem Eis im Vollmondschein,  
Sie singt und lachet sonder Scheu  
Wohl an des Fischers Haus vorbei.

Ich bin die Jungfer Binsefuß,  
Und meine Fisch wohl hüten muss;  
Meine Fisch, die sind im Kasten,  
Sie haben kalte Fasten;  
Von Böhmerglas mein Kasten ist,  
Da zähl ich sie zu jeder Frist.

Gelt, Fischermatz? gelt, alter Tropf,  
Dir will der Winter nicht in Kopf?  
Komm mir mit deinen Netzen!  
Die will ich schön zerfetzen!  
Dein Mägdlein zwar ist fromm und gut,  
Ihr Schatz ein braves Jägerblut.

Drum häng ich ihr, zum Hochzeitsstraus,  
Ein schilfen Kränzlein vor das Haus,  
Und einen Hecht, von Silber schwer,  
Er stammt von König Artus her,  
Ein Zwergen-Goldschmieds-Meisterstück,  
Wers hat, dem bringt es eitel Glück:  
Er lässt sich schuppen Jahr für Jahr,  
Da sinds fünfhundert Gröschlein bar.

Ade, mein Kind! Ade für heut!  
Der Morgenhahn im Dorfe schreit.'

## Nymph Reedfoot

The water spirit's little daughter  
Dances on the ice in the light of the full moon,  
She sings and laughs without fear  
Right past the fisherman's house.

I am the maiden Reedfoot,  
And I must look after my fish;  
My fish are in this casket.  
Cold and not eating;  
My casket is made of Bohemian glass,  
And I count them all the time.

What do you think, fisher fellow, old fool?  
Can't you grasp it's Winter?  
Come then with your nets,  
And I'll tear them to shreds!  
To be sure your daughter is pious & good,  
And her sweetheart is a good huntsman.

That's why I'll hang a wedding bouquet,  
A wreath of rushes outside her house,  
And a solid silver pike  
From King Arthur's time.  
The masterwork of a dwarf goldsmith,  
Which brings luck to whoever has it;  
You can descale it every year  
500 silver pennies in cash!

Farewell child, farewell for today!  
The morning cockerel is crowing in the village.'

## Der Feurreiter

Sehet ihr am Fensterlein  
Dort die rote Mütze wieder?  
Nicht geheuer muss es sein,  
Denn er geht schon auf und nieder.  
Und auf einmal welch Gewühle  
Bei der Brücke nach dem Feld!  
Horch! das Feuerglöcklein gellt:  
Hinterm Berg,  
Hinterm Berg  
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Schau! da sprengt er wütend schier  
Durch das Tor, der Feuerreiter,  
Auf dem rippendürren Tier,  
Als auf einer Feuerleiter!  
Querfeldein, durch Qualm und Schwüle,  
Rennt er schon und ist am Ort!  
Drüben schallt es fort und fort:  
Hinterm Berg,  
Hinterm Berg  
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Der so oft den roten Hahn  
Meilenweit von fern gerochen,  
Mit des heiligen Kreuzes Span  
Freventlich die Glut besprochen –  
Weh! dir grinst vom Dachgestühle  
Dort der Feind im Höllenschein.  
Gnade Gott der Seele dein!  
Hinterm Berg,  
Hinterm Berg  
Rast er in der Mühle!

Keine Stunde hielt es an,  
Bis die Mühle barst in Trümmer;  
Doch den kecken Reitersmann  
Sah man von der Stunde nimmer.  
Volk und Wagen im Gewühle  
Kehren heim von all dem Graus;  
Auch das Glöcklein klinget aus:  
Hinterm Berg,  
Hinterm Berg  
Brennt's! –

Nach der Zeit ein Müller fand  
Ein Gerippe sammt der Mützen  
Aufrecht an der Kellerwand  
Auf der beinern Mähre sitzen:  
Feurreiter, wie so kühle  
Reitest du in deinem Grab!  
Husch! da fällt's in Asche ab.  
Ruhe wohl,  
Ruhe wohl  
Drunten in der Mühle!

*Eduard Mörike (1804–1875)*

## The fire–rider

Do you see at the window  
There, his red cap again?  
Something must be wrong  
For he's pacing up and down.  
And suddenly what a crowd  
At the bridge heading for the fields!  
Listen – the fire bell is ringing:  
Beyond the hill,  
Beyond the hill,  
The mill is on fire!

Look, there he goes galloping furiously  
Through the gate, the fire–rider,  
On his scrawny horse,  
Like a fireman's ladder!  
Across the fields through the smoke and heat  
He rides and has reached his goal!  
Over there the bells peal on and on:  
Beyond the hill  
Beyond the hill  
The mill is on fire!

You who have so often smelt a fire  
From miles away,  
And with a fragment of the True Cross  
Maliciously conjured the blaze –  
Look, grinning at you fro the rafters  
Is the devil and the flames of hell.  
God hae mercy on your soul!  
Beyond the hill  
Beyond the hill  
He is raging in the mill!

Not an hour passed  
Before the mill lay in ruins,  
But the bold rider  
Was never seen again after that hour.  
Crowds and carriages  
Return home from all the horror;  
And the bell stops ringing:  
Beyond the hill  
Beyond the hill  
Something is buring –

Some time later a miller found  
A skeleton complete with cap  
Upright agains the cellar wall  
Sitting on the mare's bones:  
Fire–rider, how coolly  
You ride in your grave!  
Hush! Now it falls to ashes.  
Rest in peace,  
Rest in peace  
Down there in the mill.



**Pyotr Ilych Tchaikovsky**  
(1840–1893)

**To bilo ranneyu vesnoy**

To bilo ranneyu vesnoy,  
Trava edva vskhodila,  
Ruchi tekli, ne paril znoy,  
I zelen roshch skvozila;

Truba pastushya poutru  
Eshchyo ne pela zvonko,  
I v zavitkakh eshchyo v boru,  
Bil paporotnik tonkiy;

To bilo ranneyu vesnoy,  
V teni beryoz to bilo,  
Kogda s ulibkoy predo mnoy  
T'i ochi opustila...

To na lyubov moyu v otvet  
T'i opustila vezhd'i!  
O zhizn! o les! o solntsa svet!  
O yunost! o nadezhd'i!

I plakal ya pered tobou,  
Na lik tvoy glyadya miliy;  
To bilo ranneyu vesnoy,  
V teni beryoz to bilo!

To bilo v utro nashikh let!  
O schastye! o slyoz'i!  
O les! o zhizn! o solntsa svet!  
O svezhiy dukh beryoz'i!

*Alexei Tolstoy (1817–1875)*

**It was in early Spring**

It was in early spring,  
The grass had barely sprouted,  
Streams were flowing, it was still cool,  
The groves were newly green.

In the mornings, the clear sound  
Of shepherds' pipes was still silent,  
In the pinewoods the slender ferns  
Were still tightly curled.

It was in early spring,  
In the shade of the birch trees,  
When you smiled and lowered  
Your eyes before me...

It was in reply to my love  
That you lowered your gaze.  
O life! O forest! O sunlight!  
O youth! O hopes!

And I wept before you,  
Looking into your beloved face.  
It was in early spring,  
In the shade of the birch trees.

It was the morning of our life!  
O happiness! O tears!  
O forest! O life! O sunlight!  
O the fresh scent of the birches!

SONG  
ILLUMINATED

## Otchevo?

Otchevo poblednela vesnoy  
Pishnotsvetnaya roza sama?  
Otchevo pod zelyonoy travoy  
Golubaya fialka nema?

Otchevo tak pechalno zvuchit  
Pesnya ptichki, nesaya v nebesa?  
Otchevo nad lugami visit  
Pogrebalnim pokrovom rosa?

Otchevo v nebe solntse s utra  
Kholodno i temno, kak zimoy?  
Otchevo i zemlya vsya sira  
I ugryumey mogili samoy?

Otchevo ya i sam vse grustney  
I boleznenney den otodnya?  
Otchevo, o skazhi mne skorey,  
Ti, pokinuv, zabila menya?

*Lev Mey (1822–1862)*

## Ya li v pole da ne travushka bila

Ya li v pole da ne travushka bila,  
Ya li v pole ne zelyonaya roslo;  
Vzyali menya, travushku, skosili,  
Na solnshke v pole issushili.  
Okh, ti, gore moyo, goryushko!  
Znat takaya moya dolyushka!

Ya li v pole ne kalinushka bila,  
Ya li v pole da ne krasnaya roslo;  
Vzyali kalinushku, slomali,  
Da v zhgutiki menya posvyazali!  
Okh, ti, gore moyo, goryushko!  
Znat takaya moya dolyushka!

Ya l u batyushki ne dochenka bila,  
U rodimoy ne tsvetochek ya roslo;  
Nevoley menya, bednuyu, vzyali,  
S nemilim, sedim povenchali!  
Okh, ti, gore moyo, goryushko!  
Znat takaya moya dolyushka!

*Ivan Surikov (1841–1880)*

## Why?

Why has the glorious rose  
Turned so pale in the spring?  
Why is the blue violet  
Silent beneath the green grass?

Why does the song of a bird  
Sound so sad in the sky?  
Why does the dew hang  
Over the meadows like a shroud?

Why is the morning sun  
So cold and sombre, as if it were winter?  
Why is the whole earth so damp  
And gloomier than the grave?

Why do I become sadder,  
More melancholy each day?  
Why—tell me quickly—  
Did you go away and forget me?

## I was a little blade of grass

I was a little blade of grass in the field,  
I grew green in the field;  
But they mowed me, a blade of grass,  
They laid me out in the field, they dried me.  
Oh, my sorrow, my terrible sorrow!  
See what my fate is!

I was a little bush in the field,  
I grew red in the field;  
But they uprooted the bush,  
Tied it into a bundle.  
Oh, my sorrow, my terrible sorrow!  
See what my fate is!

I was my father's daughter,  
I was my parents' little flower;  
But against my will they took me  
And married me off to an old man.  
Oh, my sorrow, my terrible  
See what my fate is!

## Den li tsarit

Den li tsarit, tishina li nochnaya,  
V snakh li bessvyaznikh, v zHITEYSKOY borbe,  
Vsyudu so mnoy, moyu zhizn napolnaya,  
Duma vse ta zhe, odna rokovaya,  
Vsyo o tebe!

S neyu ne strashen mne prizrak bilovo,  
Serditse vospryanulo snova lyubya...  
Vera, mechti, vdokhnovennoye slovo,  
Vsyo, shto v dushe dorogovo, svyatovo,  
Vsyo ot tebya!

Budut li dni moi yasni, unili,  
Skoro li sginu ya, zhizn zagubya!  
Znayu odno, shto do samoy mogili  
Pomislil, chuvstva, i pesni, i sili,  
Vsyo dlya tebya!

*Alexei Apukhtin (1841–1893)*

## Can it be day

In the glory of day or the silence of night,  
In confused dreams or in life's struggles,  
My life is filled wherever I go  
By one fateful thought alone:  
Always of you!

Past shadows no longer frighten me,  
My heart is again filled with love.  
Faith, dreams and noble words,  
All that is good and holy in the heart:  
All of it comes from you!

Whether my life proves joyful or sad,  
Whether my death comes sooner or later,  
I know that to the very end of my life  
My thoughts, emotions, songs and  
Strength are all devoted to you!



LEEDS  
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FESTIVAL  
2022



Amanda Rocroft



Dorothea Röschmann  
© Harald Hoffmann



Graham Johnson OBE  
© Clive Barda



Deborah Pritchard  
© BMC

FRIDAY 29 APRIL

3 – 4.30PM

Howard Assembly Room

### Young Artists Showcase

The finest young duos, coached over the weekend by Amanda Rocroft, Dorothea Röschmann, Graham Johnson OBE and Joan Rodgers CBE, showcase the songs they are exploring during the Festival. This is a wonderful opportunity to enjoy the next generation of Lieder singers and pianists.

For programme details, please see our website [leedslieder.org.uk](http://leedslieder.org.uk)

FRIDAY 29 APRIL

7 – 7.30PM

Howard Assembly Room

### Pre-concert Talk with composer Deborah Pritchard

Leeds Lieder featured composer Deborah Pritchard joins us to discuss her commissioned cycle *The World*, and to allow us an insight into her compositional process. Pritchard experiences synaesthesia, specifically perceiving sound as colour, light and darkness. In her own words; 'Ever since I was a small child, I've been aware that some harmonies seemed warm whilst others appeared cold. The relationship between colours and intervals seemed so natural to me that I didn't question it... When I engage with colour, light and darkness in my work, I become aware of a broader emotional content and hope to illuminate some kind of beauty to the listener.' In this discussion, we will learn more about Deborah's music, her visualisations and music maps before Ruby Hughes and Joseph Middleton give the world première of this major new song cycle.



*Robin Tritschler*  
© Garreth Wong



*Christopher Glynn*  
© Gerard Collett

FRIDAY 29 APRIL

8PM

Howard Assembly Room

## Evening Recital

**Robin Tritschler** *tenor*

**Christopher Glynn** *piano*

## Illuminated Music

**Benjamin Britten** (1913–1976)

Let the florid music praise (*On this island*)

*Britten Realisations:*

**William Croft** (1678–1827)

A Hymn to Divine Musick

**Henry Purcell** (1659–1695)

If music be the food of love

Music for a while

Turn then thine eyes

Sweeter than roses

I attempt from love's sickness to fly

Mad Bess

**Benjamin Britten**

Canticle I: My beloved is mine

## Interval

## Illuminating Songs

**Franz Schubert** (1797–1828)

Der Winterabend

**Claude Debussy** (1862–1918)

Recueillement

**Gabriel Fauré** (1845–1924)

Clair de lune

**Reynaldo Hahn** (1874–1947)

L'heure exquise

**Johannes Brahms** (1833–1897)

Sommerabend

Mondenschein

**Henry Mancini** (1924–1994)

Moon River

**Herbert Howells** (1892–1983)

Full Moon

**Liza Lehmann** (1862–1918)

Ah, Moon of my delight

## Texts and Translations

**Benjamin Britten**

(1913–1976)

**Let the florid Music Praise**

(From *On this island*)

*W. H. Auden (1907–1973)*

(Song text not included for copyright reasons.)

*Britten realisations:*

**William Croft**

(1678–1827)

**A Hymn to Divine Musick**

What art thou? From what causes dost thou spring?  
Oh! Musick thou Divine misterious thing?  
Let me, let me but know, and knowing give me Voice  
to sing?

Art thou the warmth in Spring, that Zephire breathes?  
Painting the meads, and whistling through the leaves.  
The happy, happy Season that all grief exiles,  
When God is Pleas'd and the Creation Smiles?  
Or art thou Love, that mind to mind imparts,  
the endless concord of agreeing hearts?

Or art thou Friendship, yet a nobler Flame,  
that can a dearer way make Souls the same?  
Or art thou rather which do all transcend,  
the Centre which at last the Blest ascend,  
the seat where Hallelujahs never end;  
Corporeal Eyes won't let us clearly see,  
but either thou art Heav'n, or Heav'n is thee.

*Anon*

**Henry Purcell**

(1659–1695)

**If music be the food of love**

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, you mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

*Henry Heveningham (1651–1700)*

## Music for a while

Music for a while shall all your cares beguile:  
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd,  
And disdain to be pleased,  
Till Allecco free the dead from their eternal band,  
Till the snakes drop from her head,  
And the whip from out her hand.

*John Dryden (1631–1700)*

## Turn then thine eyes

Turn then thine eyes upon those glories there,  
And catching flames will on thy cheek appear.

*Elkanah Settle (1648–1724) after Shakespeare*

## Sweeter than roses

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze  
On a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss,  
First trembling made me freeze,  
Then shot like fire all o'er.  
What magic has victorious love!  
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,  
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

*Richard Norton (1666–1732)*

## I attempt from love's sickness to fly

I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain,  
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.  
No more now, fond heart, with pride no more swell,  
Thou can'st not raise forces enough to rebel.  
For love has more pow'r, and less mercy than fate,  
To make us seek ruin, and love those that hate.

*John Dryden (1631–1700)*

## Mad Bess

From silent shades and the Elysian groves  
Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves,  
From crystal streams and from that country where  
Jove crowns the fields with flowers all the year,  
Poor senseless Bess, clothed in her rags and folly,  
Is come to cure her lovesick melancholy.

'Bright Cynthia kept her revels late  
While Mab, the Fairy Queen did dance,  
And Oberon did sit in state  
When Mars at Venus ran his lance.

'In yonder cowslip lies my dear,  
Entomb'd in liquid gems of dew;  
Each day I'll water it with a tear,  
Its fading blossom to renew.

'For since my love is dead and all my joys are gone,  
Poor Bess for his sake  
A garland will make,  
My music shall be a groan.

'Cold and hungry am I grown.  
Ambrosia will I feed upon,  
Drink Nectar still and sing.'

Who is content,  
Does all sorrow prevent?  
And Bess in her straw,  
Whilst free from the law,  
In her thoughts is as great as a king.

'I'll lay me down and die within some hollow tree,  
The rav'n and cat,  
The owl and bat  
Shall warble forth my elegy.

'Did you not see my love as he past by you?  
His two flaming eyes, if he comes nigh you,  
They will scorch up your hearts:

'Ladies, beware ye,  
Lest he should dart a glance that may ensnare ye!

'Hark! Hark!  
I hear old Charon bawl,  
His boat he will not longer stay,  
And furies lash their whips and call:  
Come, come away.

'Poor Bess will return to the place whence she came,  
Since the world is so mad she can hope for no cure.  
For love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name,  
Which fools do admire and wise men endure.

## Benjamin Britten

### My beloved is mine

Ev'n like two little bank-dividing brooks,  
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,  
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,  
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,  
Where in a greater current they conjoin:  
So I my best-beloved's am; so he is mine.

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,  
Ev'n so we joy'n'd; we both became entire;  
No need for either to renew a suit,  
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:  
Our firm-united souls did more than twine;  
So I my best-beloved's am; so he is mine.

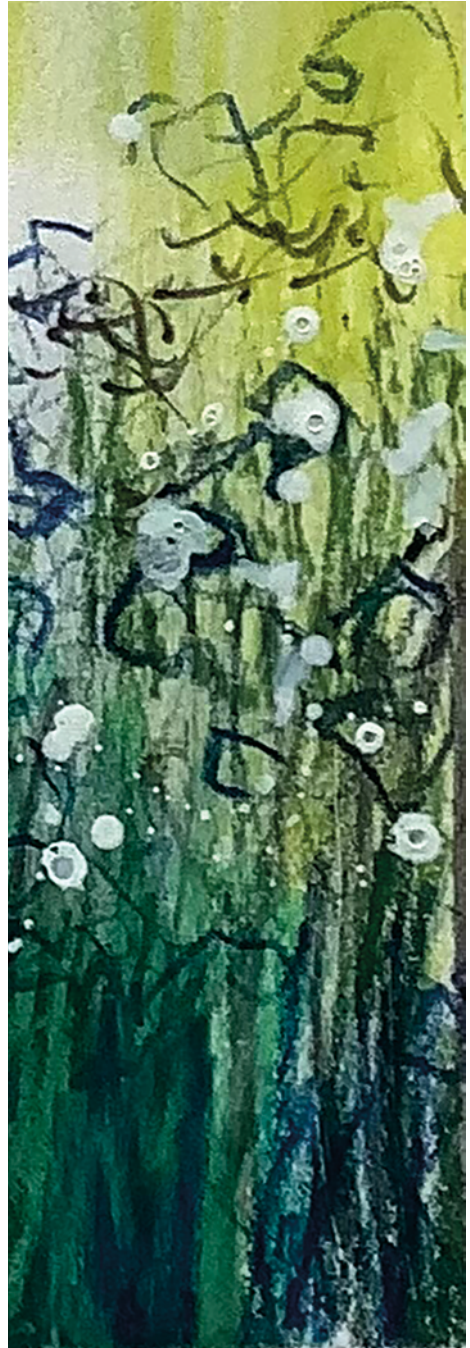
If all those glittering Monarchs that command  
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,  
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,  
I would not change my fortunes for them all:  
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:  
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

Nay, more; If the fair Thespian Ladies all  
Should heap together their diviner treasure:  
That treasure should be deem'd a price too small  
To buy a minute's lease of half my pleasure;  
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the nine  
Can buy my heart from him, or his, from being mine.

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow  
My least desires unto the least remove;  
He's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;  
He's mine by faith; and I am his by love;  
He's mine by water; I am his by wine,  
Thus I my best-beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He is my Altar; I, his Holy Place;  
I am his guest; and he, my living food;  
I'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;  
I'm his by purchase; he is mine, by blood;  
He's my supporting elm; and I his vine;  
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth; I give him all my vows:  
I give him songs; he gives me length of dayes;  
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows,  
And I his temples with a crown of Praise,  
Which he accepts as an everlasting signe,  
That I my best-beloved's am; that he is mine.





## Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

### Der Winterabend

Es ist so still, so heimlich um mich,  
Die Sonne ist untern, der Tag entwich.  
Wie schnell nun heran der Abend graut!  
Mir ist es recht, sonst ist mir's zu laut.

Jetzt aber ist's ruhig, es hämmert kein Schmied,  
Kein Klempler, das Volk verlief und ist müd.  
Und selbst, daß nicht rass'le der Wagen Lauf,  
Zog Decken der Schnee durch die Gassen auf.

Wie tut mir so wohl der selige Frieden!  
Da sitz ich im Dunkeln, ganz abgeschieden,  
So ganz für mich; nur der Mondenschein  
Kommt leise zu mir ins Gemach.

Er kennt mich schon und läßt mich schweigen,  
Nimmt nur seine Arbeit, die Spindel, das Gold,  
Und spinnet stille, webt und lächelt hold,  
Und hängt dann sein schimmerndes Schleiertuch

Ringsum an Gerät und Wänden aus.  
Ist gar ein stiller, ein lieber Besuch,  
Macht mir gar keine Unruh' im Haus.  
Will er bleiben, so hat er Ort,  
Freut's ihn nimmer, so geht er fort.

Ich sitze dann stumm im Fenster gern  
Und schaue hinauf in Gewölk und Stern.  
Denke zurück, ach weit, gar weit  
In eine schöne verschwundne Zeit.  
Denk an sie, an das Glück der Minne,  
Seufze still und sinne und sinne.

*Karl Gottfried von Leitner (1800–1890)*

### The Winter Evening

It is so still and secret all around me,  
The sun has set, the day is over,  
How swiftly the darkness falls!  
That suits me well, otherwise it's too loud.

Now it is peaceful, no blacksmith hammering,  
And no plumber; people have gone home weary.  
And lest the carts rattle as they pass  
The snow has laid blankets through the streets.

How welcome is this blissful peace!  
I can sit in the dark, completely secluded,  
Quite self-contained; only the moonlight  
Slips quietly into my room.

It knows me, and lets me be silent,  
Just takes up its work, the spindle, the gold  
And spins quietly, weaves and smiles sweetly,  
And then hangs out its shimmering veil

All around on furniture and walls.  
It is a very quiet and beloved visitor,  
Doesn't cause any disturbance in the house,  
If it wants to stay, it is welcome,  
If it's not happy, it leaves.

Then I like to sit quietly in the window  
And gaze up to watch the clouds and the stars.  
I think back, to long, long ago,  
To a beautiful, vanished time.  
I think of her, and the joy of love,  
I sigh softly and remember and remember.



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**Claude Debussy**  
(1862–1918)

**Recueillement**

Sois sage, ô ma Douleur, et tiens-toi plus tranquille.  
Tu réclamais le Soir: il descend; le voici:  
Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville,  
Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci.

Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile,  
Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci,  
Va cueillir des remords dans la fête servile,  
Ma Douleur, donne-moi la main; viens par ici,

Loin d'eux. Vois se pencher les défuntés Années,  
Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées;  
Surgir du fonds des eaux le Regret souriant;  
Le Soleil moribond s'endormir sous une arche,  
Et, comme un long linceul traînant à l'Orient,  
Entends, ma chère, entends la douce Nuit qui marche.

*Charles Baudelaire (1821–1867)*

**Gabriel Fauré**  
(1845–1924)

**Clair de lune**

Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

*Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)*

**Contemplation**

By good, oh my sorrow, keep more calm,  
You longed for the evening, it is falling, look;  
A murky atmosphere envelops the town,  
Bringing peace to some, trouble to others.

While the vile multitude of mortals,  
Commanded by pleasure, the merciless tormentor,  
Goes gathering remorse in the service of useless revels.  
My grief, give me your hand, come here.

Far from them. Look at the departed years leaning  
On the balconies of the heavens in old fashioned clothes,  
See how from the water's depths regret rises smiling;  
And the dying sun falling asleep beneath an arch.  
And like a long shroud trailing in the East,  
Listen, my dear, to the tread of gentle night.

**Moonlight**

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,  
Playing the lute and dancing and almost  
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor key  
Of conquering love and life's opportunities,  
They do not seem to believe in their fortune  
And their song mingles with the light of the moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,  
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees  
And the fountains sobbing in their rapture,  
Tall and svelte amid marble statues.

## Reynaldo Hahn

(1874–1947)

### L'heure exquise

La lune blanche  
Luit dans les bois;  
De chaque branche  
Part une voix  
Sous la ramée...  
Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,  
Profond miroir,  
La silhouette  
Du saule noir  
Où le vent pleure...  
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre  
Apaisement  
Semble descendre  
Du firmament  
Que l'astre irise...  
C'est l'heure exquise.

*Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)*

### The exquisite hour

The pale moon  
Sheds her light in the woods;  
From every branch  
A voice whispers  
Beneath the leaves...  
Oh my beloved.

The pool reflects,  
Like a deep mirror,  
The silhouette  
Of the black willow  
Where the wind weeps...  
Let us dream – it is the hour.

A boundless and tender  
Calm  
Seems to descend  
From the heavens  
Iridescent with stars...  
It is the exquisite hour.

SONG  
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**Johannes Brahms**  
(1833–1897)

**Sommerabend**

Dämmernd liegt der Sommerabend  
Über Wald und grünen Wiesen;  
Goldner Mond im blauen Himmel  
Strahlt herunter, duftig labend.

An dem Bache zirpt die Grille,  
Und es regt sich in dem Wasser,  
Und der Wanderer hört ein Plätschern  
Und ein Atmen in der Stille.

Dorten, an dem Bach alleine,  
Badet sich die schöne Elfe;  
Arm und Nacken, weiß und lieblich,  
Schimmern in dem Mondenscheine.

*Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)*

**Mondenschein**

Nacht liegt auf den fremden Wegen,  
Krankes Herz und müde Glieder, –  
Ach, da fließt, wie stiller Segen,  
Süßer Mond, dein Licht hernieder;

Süßer Mond, mit deinen Strahlen  
Scheuchest du das nächtge Grauen;  
Es zerrinnen meine Qualen  
Und die Augen übertauen.

*Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)*

**A Summer Evening**

The twilight of a Summer evening  
Lies over the woods and green meadows,  
The golden moon in the blue heavens  
Shines down, in a soothing haze..

A cricket chirps by the stream,  
And something stirs in the water,  
And the traveller hears splashing  
And breathing in the silence.

There, alone by the river  
And lovely water–nymph is bathing,  
Her arm and neck, white and soft,  
Shimmer in the moonlight.

**Moonshine**

Night lays over the strange paths,  
Sick at heart, and wery limbed,  
Oh, like a silent blessing, sweet moon,  
Your light streams down.

Sweet moon, with your rays  
You chase away night's horrors;  
My fears dissolve,  
And my eyes fill with tears.



**Henry Mancini**  
(1924–1994)

**Moon River**

*Johnny Mercer (1909–1976)*

(Song text not included for copyright reasons.)

**Herbert Howells**  
(1892–1983)

**Full Moon**

One night as Dick lay half asleep,  
Into his drowsy eyes  
A great still light begins to creep  
From out the silent skies.  
It was lovely moon's, for when  
He raised his dreamy head,  
Her surge of silver filled the pane  
And streamed across his bed.

So, for a while, each gazed at each –  
Dick and the solemn moon –  
Till, climbing slowly on her way,  
She vanished, and was gone.

*Walter De la Mare (1873–1956)*

**Liza Lehmann**  
(1862–1918)

**Ah, Moon of my delight**

Ah, moon of my delight, that knows no wane,  
The moon of Heav'n is rising once again:  
How oft hereafter rising shall she look  
Through this same garden after me – in vain!

*Edward Fitzgerald (1809–1883)*

## Programme Notes

However difficult and disparate the five Auden poems of **On this Island** might at first appear, they are all (apart from 'Seascape') linked by a common theme: relationships – and the whole work is dedicated, significantly, to Christopher Isherwood, Auden's lover over a period of years. The first verse of **Let the florid** music praise celebrates the beauty of a young man, but the vacuity of the music – particularly the arpeggios and melismas – suggests that physical beauty alone will not be enough to sustain the relationship. Verse two confirms this ('O but the unloved have had power'); the poet sees himself as the physically unattractive artist who, like Aschenbach in *Death in Venice*, has been enthralled by beauty. When confronted by his lover's sexual allure, the poet's resolve to end the relationship founders ('And my vows break/Before his look.')

The music of this second stanza switches to the minor, and the coda, though retaining the brilliance of the opening, is now tinged with sadness.

The first of the seven Benjamin Britten realisations we hear this evening is William Croft's **A Hymn on Divine Musick**. When John Blow died in 1708, Croft succeeded him not only as the organist of Westminster Abbey, but as Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal and Composer to the Chapel Royal. 'A Hymn on Divine Musick' first appeared in print in 1700, together with a song by Jeremiah Clarke under the title *Two Divine Hymns/being a Supplement/To the Second Book of Harmonia Sacra*. Both were then incorporated into the second book of Henry Playford's *Harmonia Sacra* in its subsequent reprints.

'Music for a while', 'If music be the food of love' and 'Sweeter than roses' are among the earliest of Britten's arrangements of Purcell songs, seven of which were published in 1947. Purcell merely provided the vocal part and a bass line that was figured to indicate the harmony – Britten, the continuo-player, 'realized' the rest of the accompaniment with astonishing imagination. **Music for a while** dates from 1692 and comes from a play, *Oedipus*, by Dryden and Lee, where it is sung as part of a supernatural ritual to raise the ghost of Laius, the father of Oedipus, so that it might be discovered why a terrible curse hangs over the city of Thebes. The 'Alecto' of the final verse was one of the Furies, whose head was covered with serpents, and who with her whip chastized men for their misdeeds, breathing vengeance, war and pestilence. It is an aria of astonishing power, and should be sung with the sort of rapt intensity that suits the text; built on a ground bass, with the opening repeated at the close, it anticipates the da capo aria of Handelian opera. **If music be the food of love** was first published in 1692 in Pierre Antoine Motteux's *The Gentleman's Journal*. The opening line from *Twelfth Night* is Shakespeare's sole contribution to this wonderful song, the rest of whose text is the work of Colonel Heveningham, a Suffolk gentleman colonel. **Sweeter than roses** is an aria sung by Pandora in Richard Norton's tragedy *Pausanias* (1695). It begins, like several Purcell songs, on a sustained note which then develops into a drooping phrase; the whole piece, with its strangely accentuated melodic contours, is described by Ian Spink in his book *English Song – Dowland to Purcell* as 'unmistakably erotic and as highly charged as anything in Wagner or Strauss'. Britten's word-painting in his realization of the song concentrates on words like 'freeze' (jagged *sforzando* chords) and 'shot' (swift staccato chords), while the martial piano ritornello depicts the 'victorious love' of the final section. **Turn then thine eyes** was adapted from a duet from *The Fairy Queen*, based on Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* – the texts to both these songs are anonymous. Purcell's 'Bess of Bedlam' (1682), which Britten realised as **Mad Bess**, is one of many songs to depict insanity – a genre that still attracts composers, *viz* Peter Maxwell Davies's *Eight Songs for a Mad King*. In the seventeenth century London's Bethlehem Hospital, which became known as Bedlam, opened its doors to a voyeuristic public who, on payment of a penny, could witness the antics of the asylum's inmates.

The text of Britten's **Canticle I** is by Francis Quarles (1592–1644), a devout Anglican who wrote little else but religious texts. 'My beloved is mine and I am his' paraphrases a line from *The Song of Solomon*, and the poet follows the medieval tradition of addressing Christ as a lover; the possible homo–erotic dimensions of the poem will not be lost on the modern reader, however, and Britten's interest in the poem clearly reflects his own relationship to Peter Pears.

**Der Winterabend** dates from Schubert's final year. 'Winterabend' (the poem's original title) describes the gentle approach of death: night has fallen, the man is old and the moon has draped a shimmering veil of gold over the walls of his house – a symbolical funeral pall. The syphilitic Schubert, who must have had premonitions of his own death, clearly understood the symbolic import of Leitner's poem and lavished on it all his art. The relentless semiquavers look like night on the page and tick away like a clock, as time runs out for the old man who, at least in Schubert's setting, seems aware of his impending fate. How else can one explain the composer's use of two chilling diminished sevenths, the first on 'stille' at 'Und spinnet stille', as the poet describes the moonlight weaving a pall over the furniture and walls of the house, and then at the end of the song, as the old man looks back to a 'schöne, verschwund'ne (*vanished*) time?'

**Recueillement**, written by Baudelaire after his break with Jeanne Duval, was published in the *Nouvelles Fleurs du Mal* in 1861. Their relationship had lasted twenty years, and the parting was bitter. The poem expresses Baudelaire's intense sorrow but also, in almost allegorical form (notice the capitalized nouns such as Plaisir, Douleur, Regret), the conflict between good and evil, wonderfully managed by placing 'Loin d'eux' (far from them) at the start of stanza three, thus separating it from the multitude's servile addiction to Pleasure described in verse two. Debussy's setting begins with *Tristan*–like horns; the melody begins slowly but quickens at the mention of 'lashed by Pleasure', then quieters to welcome the arrival of night.

**Clair de lune**, Fauré's first Verlaine setting, dates from 1887, five years after Debussy's version of the same poem. It is one of his finest compositions, a piano piece with vocal obbligato of breathtaking beauty that evokes the masked figures of the *commedia dell' arte* in an eighteenth century landscape, familiar to us from the paintings of Antoine Watteau.

Paul Verlaine was also one of Reynaldo Hahn's favourite poets, and on a famous occasion, at the house of Alphonse Daudet in 1893, Sybil Sanderson (the dedicatee of Hahn's 'L'énamourée') performed Hahn's Verlaine cycle, *Chansons grises*, in front of the poet. Verlaine, who did not care for Fauré's settings of his poems, was greatly moved by Hahn's songs, and wept as he listened. **L'heure exquise** is the fifth song of the set, and should be heard in a remarkable performance recorded in 1929 by Ninon Vallin with Hahn himself at the piano (EMI, Références).

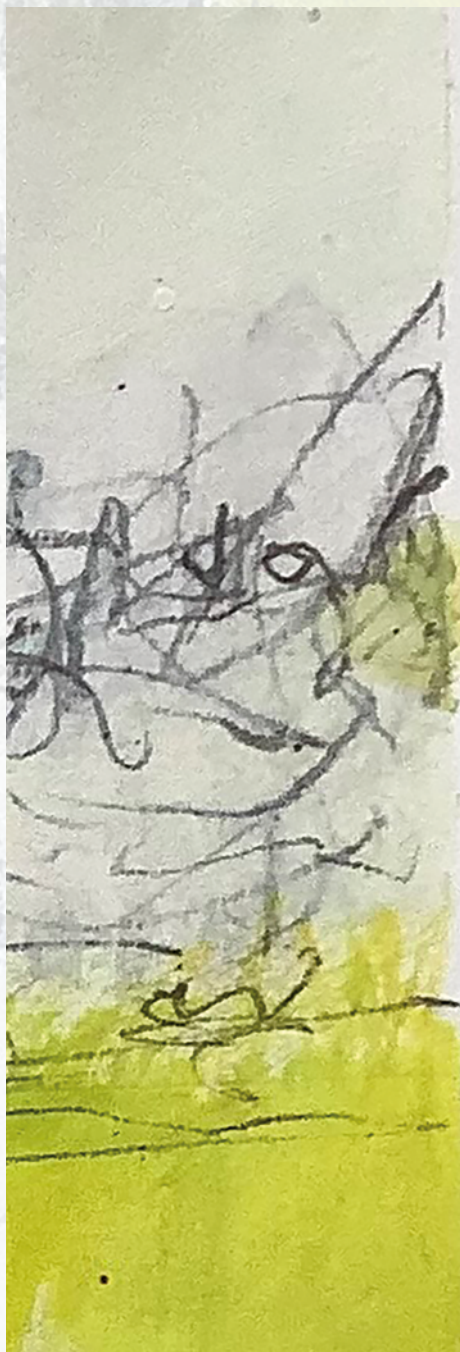
**Sommerabend** and **Mondenschein** are the opening two songs of Brahms's Op. 85. The poems appear together in Heine's *Heimkehr* as numbers 85 and 86 ('Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht' follows as no. 87), and though one poem describes an idyllic moonscape and the other an anguished heart, Brahms ingeniously uses substantially the same musical material for both songs. When asked by Otto Dessoff to explain his treatment of the verse, Brahms replied that both poems came together in Heine's volume, that the moon was a central figure in both, and that it was very annoying for a musician to have to use four pretty lines only once, when he might repeat them with suitable and pleasing variations!

**Moon River** was made famous by Audrey Hepburn in the 1961 movie *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, in which she played the part of New York socialite Holly Golightly. Hepburn was not a trained singer and initially Paramount film–makers thought they would need to dub a professional singer's voice, but the composer Henry Mancini was determined to write music that she could manage. Mancini's widow Ginny recalls: 'Henry was at home one night and we were watching *Funny Face* in which Audrey Hepburn sings 'How Long Has This Been Going On'. He went to the piano and started playing it, and knew she could sing something in that range. It took him about a month and a half before he put down the first three notes. It sounded promising and in half an hour he had written the melody of Moon River.' Mancini asked Johnny Mercer to write the lyrics but much of the film's musical score, including 'Moon River', was never written down during the editing process.

Herbert Howells's favourite poet was Walter de la Mare who was also his lifelong friend. Of his 80 or so songs, 25 are settings of de la Mare, and although the most celebrated is 'King David' (Howells said: 'I'm prouder to have written 'King David' than almost anything else of mine.'). There are other de la Mare settings that run it close. *Peacock Pie: A Book of Rhymes* was published by de la Mare in 1913, and it was immediately praised for its wit and lack of sentimentality. Many English composers were drawn to these charming poems, and Howells himself wrote two sets of *Peacock Pie* songs: the five songs of Set I and the fourteen songs (some are sketches) of Set II were all written in 1919. **Full moon**, from the first set, is a lovely nocturne, and as Dick watches the moon, he is accompanied by an ostinato of bare fifths in 5/4 time.

Liza Lehmann, the daughter of Rudolph Lehmann, the German painter, and Amelia Chambers, daughter of the Edinburgh publisher and writer Robert Chambers, studied singing with Jenny Lind in London where, at a concert in 1888, she was accompanied in two songs by Clara Schumann. Despite success as a recitalist, she turned to composition, and studied with Hamish MacCunn. We hear tonight **Ah, moon of my delight**, perhaps the most popular song of her first great success. In a Persian Garden (1896), a cycle of selected quatrains from FitzGerald's translation of the *Rubayyāt of Omar Khayyām*, which had caused a literary sensation when it first appeared in 1859.

**Richard Stokes © 2022**







*Ruby Hughes*  
© Camillo Eschevern



*Joseph Middleton*  
© Harmonia Mundi



*Deborah Pritchard*  
© BMC

FRIDAY 29 APRIL

10 – 11PM

Howard Assembly Room

*Late Evening Recital*  
*The Dawn of Time*

**Ruby Hughes** *soprano*

**Joseph Middleton** *piano*

**Deborah Pritchard** (*b. 1977*)

*The World*

(Leeds Lieder co-commission, generously supported by Peter Hirschmann, Martin Staniforth and the RVW Trust)

The Morning-Watch

The World (extract)

Midnight (extract)

Peace

**Errollyn Wallen** (*b. 1958*)

About here

Peace on earth

North

Rain

*Rückert-Lieder*

Liebst du um Schönheit

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

Um Mitternacht

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen



LEEDS  
LIEDER  
FESTIVAL  
2022

## Texts and Translations

**Deborah Pritchard**

(b. 1977)

### *The Dawn of Time*

#### **The Morning–Watch**

O joys! infinite sweetness! with what flow'rs  
And shoots of glory my soul breaks and buds!  
All the long hours  
Of night, and rest,  
Through the still shrouds  
Of sleep, and clouds,  
This dew fell on my breast;  
Oh, how it bloods  
And spirits all my earth! Hark! In what rings  
And hymning circulations the quick world  
Awakes and sings;  
The rising winds  
And falling springs,  
Birds, beasts, all things  
Adore him in their kinds.  
Thus all is hurl'd  
In sacred hymns and order, the great chime  
And symphony of nature. Prayer is  
The world in tune,  
A spirit voice,  
And vocal joys  
Whose echo is heav'n's bliss.  
O let me climb  
When I lie down! The pious soul by night  
Is like a clouded star whose beams, though said  
To shed their light  
Under some cloud,  
Yet are above,  
And shine and move  
Beyond that misty shroud.  
So in my bed,  
That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide  
My lamp and life, both shall in thee abide.

#### **The World (extract)**

I saw Eternity the other night,  
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,  
All calm, as it was bright;  
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,  
Driv'n by the spheres  
Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world  
And all her train were hurl'd.

#### **Midnight (extract)**

Thy heav'ns, some say,  
Are a fiery–liquid light,  
Which mingling aye  
Streams, and flames thus to the sight.  
Come then, my God!  
Shine on this blood  
And water, in one beam;  
And Thou shalt see  
Kindled by Thee  
Both liquors burn, and stream.  
O what bright quickness,  
Active brightness,  
And celestial flows,  
Will follow after  
On that water,  
Which Thy Spirit blows!

#### **Peace**

My Soul, there is a country  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a winged sentry  
All skillful in the wars;  
There, above noise and danger  
Sweet Peace sits, crown'd with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious friend  
And (O my Soul awake!)  
Did in pure love descend,  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flow'r of peace,  
The rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges,  
For none can thee secure,  
But One, who never changes,  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

*Henry Vaughan (1621–1695)*

## Gustav Mahler

(1860–1911)

*Friedrich Rückert*

(1788–1866)

### Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Sonne,  
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe der Frühling,  
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,  
O nicht mich liebe.  
Liebe die Meerfrau,  
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,  
O ja, mich liebe!  
Liebe mich immer,  
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

### Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder

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

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

### If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,  
Oh, do not love me!  
Love the sun,  
She has golden hair!

If you love for youth,  
Oh, do not love me!  
Love the Spring;  
Which is young every year!

If you love for treasure,  
Oh, do not love me!  
Love the mermaid;  
She has many beautiful pearls!

If you love for love,  
Then yes, do love me!  
Love me always,  
I will love you for ever!

### Don't look at my songs!

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

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

## Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!  
Im Zimmer stand  
Ein Zweig der Linde,  
Ein Angebinde  
Von lieber Hand.  
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!

Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!  
Das Lindenreis  
Brachst du gelinde!  
Ich atme leis  
Im Duft der Linde  
Der Liebe linden Duft.

## Um Mitternacht

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

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

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

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

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

## I breathed a gentle fragrance!

I breathed a gentle fragrance!  
In the room was  
A sprig of lime,  
A gift  
From a beloved hand.  
How lovely was the scent of the lime blossom!

How lovely is the scent of the lime blossom!!  
That sprig of lime  
That you broke off so gently!  
Softly I breathe in  
The fragrance of the lime blossom,  
The gentle fragrance of love.

## At midnight

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

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

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

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

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

## Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,  
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,  
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,  
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,  
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,  
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,  
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,  
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!  
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,  
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

## I am lost to the world

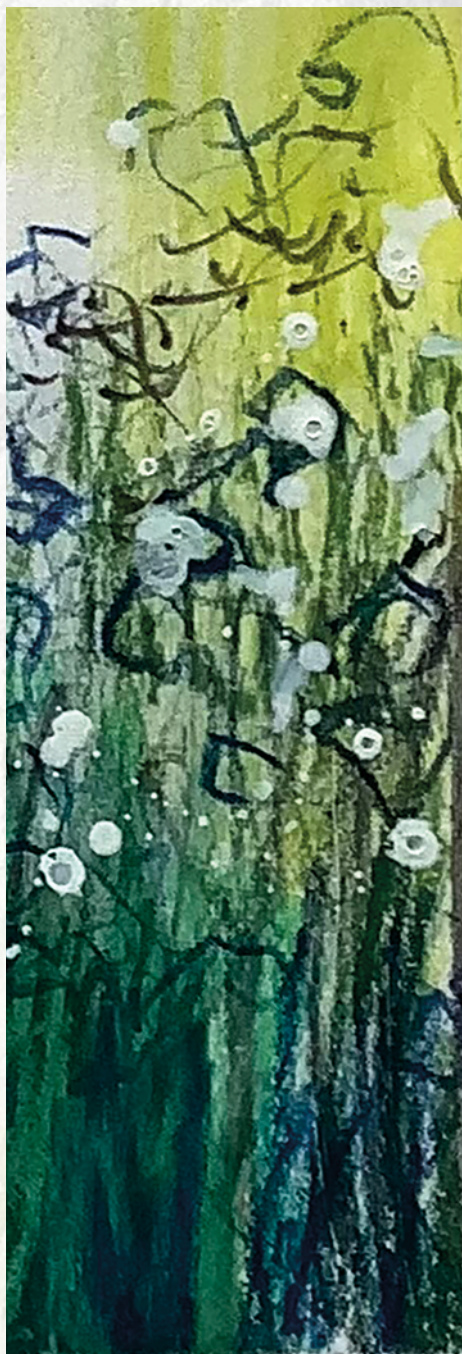
I am lost to the world,  
Where I wasted so much time,  
It has heard nothing from me for so long  
That it probably thinks I am dead!

It doesn't really matter to me at all,  
If it thinks me dead;  
Anyway I can't really deny it,  
For I really am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world's tumult,  
And I rest in a quiet place!  
I live alone in my heaven,  
In my love and in my song!



# LEEDS LIEDER FESTIVAL 2022



## Programme Notes

*The World* is a cycle of four Henry Vaughan poems.

**The Morning-Watch** evokes a burgeoning soul that attunes to heaven through ascending piano and bright vocal lines whilst **The World** is a song of space and resonance, as a dream-like eternity is illuminated in the darkness. **Midnight** transforms the narrative into vibrant streams of fire which resolves into **Peace**: a song of stillness, light and a prayer for the world.

Deborah Pritchard © 2022

Mahler's *Fünf Lieder nach Rückert* were written in the first two years of the twentieth century and later published with 'Revelge' and 'Der Tamboursg'sell' as *Sieben Lieder aus letzter Zeit*. The songs, which do not form a cycle, are a far cry from the desperate soul-searching of his contemporary symphonies, and are also uninfluenced by folksong which had dominated his earlier Lieder. **Liebst du um Schönheit**, which scarcely rises above *piano*, is Mahler's most personal love song, written for his wife Alma. 'You must love me neither for my beauty, my youth, my fortune, but because I love you.' It's almost as if Rückert's poem had been written expressly for Mahler who, at the age of 42, married Alma Schindler, half his age. During their first holiday together, Mahler, wishing to surprise his wife, hid the song in her score of *Siegfried* which she used to study daily. It is no coincidence that the chromatic C major tune echoes the love theme from *Tristan und Isolde*. Describing the song in her autobiography *Mein Leben*, Alma wrote:

(...) das Lied ist so rührend, daß ich... fast geweint habe. Die Innigkeit eines solchen Menschen! Und meine Seelenlosigkeit! Oft fühle ich, wie wenig ich bin und habe – im Vergleich zu seinem unermäßlichen Reichtum!

(...) the song is so moving that I... almost cried. The fervour of the man! And my own lack of soul! I often feel how little I am and have – compared with his immeasurable richness!

**Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder** has a *moto perpetuo* accompaniment depicting the buzzing of bees who, the poems tells us, will not be watched when they build their cells. So it should be with the composition of songs: do not look into them, as I write, for when they are finally completed, you shall be the first to hear them. Mahler, by the way, could not bear people eavesdropping when he was composing. Natalie Bauer-Lechner in her memoirs recalls Mahler saying: 'To me it is as if a mother would undress herself and expose to the world the child in the womb before it is born.'

**Ich atmet' einen linden Duft** is a love song that describes the poet's happiness at receiving a spray of from his beloved (the point of the poem is the untranslatable play on the words 'lind', which means 'delicate', and 'Linde', meaning 'lime-tree'). Delicacy describes exactly the mood of this Stimmungslied, whose vocal line floats over a shimmering accompaniment, marked *con molta tenerezza e fervore*, and seems redolent of hot summer days, heavy with the scent of lime-flowers. Mahler described the song to Natalie Bauer-Lechner as 'filled with the kind of quiet happiness you feel in the presence of someone dear, in whom you have utter trust' (Natalie Bauer-Lechner: *Erinnerungen*), a feeling that Rückert partly conveys by his use of the liquescent 'I' that suffuses the poem – intensified by Mahler's restructuring of the final lines. Rückert's original had ended: 'Ich atme leis/Im Duft der Linde/Der Herzensfreundschaft linden Duft'. Mahler, by replacing the inelegant 'Herzensfreundschaft' with 'Liebe', changes not only the sound but also the meaning of the final lines: the poem, originally an expression of friendship, becomes an avowal of love.

**Um Mitternacht** invites comparison with the song in the fourth movement of the Third Symphony which sets a poem by Nietzsche with the same title. Rückert's poem opens with the bleak thoughts of a lonely man at midnight and closes in triumph, as the poet commends his soul to God. It was in February 1901, shortly before he started work on the *Rückert-Lieder*, that Mahler suffered the haemorrhage which nearly killed him, and there is something indisputably autobiographical about his choice of Rückert's poem. The first four stanzas of Mahler's music are characterized by repetitions of two striking motifs: one resembles the ticking of a clock, one aching with anguish as it descends the scale; and although keys change, the basic mood is bleak A minor – until the final stanza when, in the orchestral version, trumpets, trombones, tuba and timpani blaze out in the major, as an expression of the poet's faith.

**Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen** deals with the artist's loneliness: the poet pleads for a cessation of human anguish and withdrawal from the world, and Mahler rises to the occasion with one of his most yearning melodies which breathes the same atmosphere as the *Adagietto* of the Fifth Symphony. Willem Mengelberg, a close friend of both Mahler and Alma, wrote in his score of the *Adagietto* that the music was a declaration of Mahler's love for Alma – a statement which throws interesting light on Rückert's final two lines: 'I live alone in my heaven,/In my loving, in my song'. Rückert's penultimate line, however, is not entirely apt. Mahler was no longer alone but in love with the radiant 23 year-old to whom he wrote on 11 December 1901: 'If notes, if sounds were as strong as my longing for you, you would hear them ringing throughout this morning. Everything that lives in me shall be for you and addressed to you! My beloved Alma!'

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*Biographies*





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.



Jess Dandy  
© Clare Park

## Jess Dandy *contralto*

Shortlisted for a Royal Philharmonic Society Award in the category of Young Artist, Cumbrian contralto Jess Dandy has been praised for her instrument of velvety plangent timbre, and her artistic maturity of remarkable immediacy.

This Summer, Jess was the contralto soloist at the First Night of the Proms 2021, singing Vaughan Williams' *Serenade to Music* and a new commission by Sir James Macmillan. Other recent highlights include a series of BBC Radio 3 broadcasts which included Jess's Wigmore Hall début, and a solo recital with Malcolm Martineau at Perth Concert Hall. Jess also appeared at Wigmore Hall in a Vivaldi and Ariosti programme with La Serenissima.

Jess has appeared on the concert platform with the Orchestre révolutionnaire et romantique, The English Concert, Florilegium, BBC National Orchestra and Chorus of Wales, The Academy of Ancient Music, The Dunedin Consort, BBC Symphony Orchestra, and Les Arts florissants, collaborating with conductors including Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Harry Bicket, Trevor Pinnock, John Butt William Christie, Kristian Bezuidenhout and Stephen Layton.

Highlights of the 21/22 season include: Bradamante in Vivaldi's *Orlando Furioso* at the Teatro Real Madrid and the Seine Musicale Paris; *Messiah* with The Hallé, Britten Sinfonia and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and appearances with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales, Academy of Ancient Music and Kitchener–Waterloo Symphony, as well as Jess's return to Wigmore Hall for both a new commission by Huw Watkins, and also a solo evening recital.

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2022



*Martin Roscoe*

## *Martin Roscoe*

### *piano*

With an extraordinary career spanning over five decades, Martin Roscoe is unarguably one of the UK's best loved pianists. Renowned for his versatility at the keyboard, Martin is equally at home in concerto, recital and chamber performances. Martin is Artistic Director of Ribble Valley International Piano Week and the Manchester Chamber Concerts Society, and Co-Artistic Director of the Beverley Chamber Music Festival.

With a repertoire of over one hundred concertos, Martin continues to work regularly with many of the UK's leading orchestras, having especially close links with the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra, BBC National Orchestra of Wales, Hallé Orchestra, Manchester Camerata, Northern Chamber Orchestra and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, where he has given over ninety performances. Martin also performs widely across Europe, Canada and Australia, sharing the concert platform with eminent conductors such as Sir Simon Rattle, Sir Mark Elder, Gianandrea Noseda, and Christoph von Dohnányi.

A prolific recitalist and chamber musician, Martin tours the UK extensively every season, including regular appearances at Wigmore Hall and Kings Place. He has a number of long-standing associations, including Peter Donohoe, Kathryn Stott, Tasmin Little and Jennifer Pike, as well as more recent collaborations with Jess Dandy, Liza Ferschtman, Marcus Farnsworth and the Brodsky and Carducci Quartets.

Martin has made many commercial recordings for labels such as Hyperion, Chandos and Naxos. For the Deux-Elles label, Martin has recorded the complete Beethoven piano sonatas, for which he received unanimous critical acclaim.

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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.



Graham Johnson OBE  
© Clive Barda

## Graham Johnson OBE

### piano

Graham Johnson is recognised as one of the world's leading vocal accompanists. Studying at the Royal Academy of Music, London, his teachers included Gerald Moore and Geoffrey Parsons. In 1972 he was the official pianist at Peter Pears' first masterclasses at Snape Maltings, which brought him into contact with Benjamin Britten. In 1976 he formed the Songmakers Almanac to explore neglected areas of piano-accompanied vocal music; the founder singers were Dame Felicity Lott, Ann Murray DBE, Anthony Rolfe Johnson and Richard Jackson.

His relationship with the Wigmore Hall is unique, devising and accompanying concerts in the hall's re-opening series in 1992 and in its centenary celebrations in 2001. He is Senior Professor of Accompaniment at the Guildhall School of Music and has led a biennial scheme for Young Songmakers since 1985. For Hyperion Records, he has devised and accompanied a set of complete Schubert lieder on 37 discs and a complete Schumann series. There is an ongoing French Song series all issued with his own programme notes and two solo recital discs with Alice Coote. Awards include the Gramophone solo vocal award in 1989 (Dame Janet Baker), 1996 (Die schone Müllerin, Ian Bostridge), 1997 (Schumann series, Christine Schäfer) and 2001 (Magdalena Kozena). He was The Royal Philharmonic Society's Instrumentalist of the Year in 1998 and in June 2000, he was elected a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music.

He is author of *The Songmakers' Almanac; Twenty years of recitals in London*, *The French Song Companion* (2000), *The Vocal Music of Benjamin Britten* (2003), *Gabriel Fauré – the Songs and their Poets* (2009) and *Franz Schubert: The Complete Songs* (2014). His latest book, *Poulenc – The Life in the Songs*, was published in August 2020.

Graham Johnson was made an OBE (1994), created Chevalier in the Ordre des Arts et Lettres (2002), Honorary Member of the Royal Philharmonic Society (2010), and awarded the Wigmore Hall Medal (2013). He received Honorary Doctorates from Durham University, the New England Conservatory of Music, and the Edith Cowan University Western Australia. He was awarded the Hugo Wolf Medal (2014) for his services to the art of song and Germany's Cross of the Order of Merit (2021).

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Deborah Pritchard  
© BMC

## Deborah Pritchard composer

Deborah Pritchard was awarded a British Composer Award for her solo violin piece *Inside Colour* in 2017. Her music has been performed by world-class ensembles such as the London Symphony Orchestra, London Sinfonietta, BBC National Orchestra of Wales, Philharmonia, BBC Singers and the Choir of New College Oxford with soloists including Natalie Klein, Nicola Benedetti and Tina Thing Helseth. Recent works include her graphic score *Colour Circle*, commissioned by the London Sinfonietta over lockdown whilst future premières include a new violin concerto for Jennifer Pike and the BBC Symphony Orchestra.

As a synaesthetic composer Pritchard has worked with numerous visual artists including Maggi Hambling, Hughie O'Donoghue and Icelandic sculptor Steinunn Thorarinsdottir. Her violin concerto *Wall of Water*, after the paintings by Maggi Hambling, was performed by Harriet Mackenzie and the English String Orchestra at the National Gallery in 2015, reviewed by *Gramophone* as 'work that will take one's breath away'. Her new symphonic work *Songs after Kandinsky* will be premiered in China in 2023. She also paints music and created a series of *music maps* for the London Sinfonietta, described in *The Times* as 'beautifully illustrated... paying visual homage to those wonderful medieval maps of the world.' Her paintings were exhibited at the *Amazing Women of the Royal Academy of Music* 2017–2018 exhibition and are due to be displayed at the 2022 Purbeck International Chamber Music Festival, where she will also be composer in residence.

Deborah was awarded an entrance scholarship to study composition with Simon Bainbridge for her MMus Degree at the Royal Academy of Music and completed her DPhil at Worcester College, Oxford where she studied with Robert Saxton. She currently teaches composition tutorials at the University of Oxford and is Associate of both the Royal Academy of Music and the Faculty of Music, Oxford.



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Robin Tritschler  
© Garreth Wong

## Robin Tritschler

tenor

Irish tenor Robin Tritschler graduated from the Royal Academy of Music and was a BBC New Generation Artist.

This season Robin opened the Oxford Lieder Festival with two recitals and sang Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9* under Nathalie Stutzmann with the Kristiansand Symfoniorkester. He also gave performances of Mozart's *Requiem* with Le Concert Spirituel and Hervé Niquet, recorded for future release on Alpha Classics. Robin will sing the Evangelist in Theater Basel's new production of *St Matthew Passion*, a coproduction with Deutsche Oper Berlin, staged by Benedikt von Peter.

Highlights of recent seasons include a return to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden as Jaquino *Fidelio* (Pappano), Mozart's Mass in C with Ensemble Pygmalion at the Salzburg Festival, Britten's War Requiem in Katowice (Dutoit), C Minor Mass with the Bayerische Rundfunk (Blomstedt), and recital appearances at Wigmore Hall and the Amsterdam Het Concertgebouw.

Other highlights include *Scwhanengesang* in San Diego (Barnatan), *St John Passion* in Dresden and Salzburg (Herreweghe); appearances with Pygmalion (Pichon), NDR Hannover, London Philharmonic (Jurowski, Nézet-Séguin, Stutzmann), Bournemouth Symphony (Karabits), Hong Kong Philharmonic (de Waart), the BBC Proms (Sir Mark Elder); a return to the Risor Chamber Music Festival and his début for the Bregenz Festival in a newly commissioned opera by Thomas Larcher, *The Hunting Gun*. Robin performs regularly in recital at the Wigmore Hall, Köln Philharmonie, Kennedy Centre (Washington DC), and for the Aldeburgh, Klavier-Festival Ruhr, West Cork Chamber Music and Aix-en-Provence Festivals. Robin also enjoys performing contemporary opera, creating the tenor roles in Roger Waters' *Ça Ira*, Will Gregory's *Piccard in Space*, Jonathan Harvey's *Wagner Dream* (Welsh National Opera), productions of John Cage's *Européras 1 & 2*, Louis Andriessen's *De Materie* with the RuhrTriennale Festival and in his début for the Teatro Colon, Buenos Aires.

His recording of World War One songs on Signum with Malcolm Martineau is critically acclaimed.

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Christopher Glynn  
© Gerard Collett

## Christopher Glynn piano

Chris is an award-winning pianist and accompanist, praised for his 'breathtaking sensitivity' (*Gramophone*), 'irrepressible energy, wit and finesse' (*The Guardian*), 'a perfect fusion of voice and piano' (*BBC Music Magazine*) and as 'an inspired programmer' (*The Times*). He is also Artistic Director of the Ryedale Festival, programming around sixty events each year in beautiful and historic venues across North Yorkshire.

Chris read music at New College, Oxford and studied piano with John Streets in France and Malcolm Martineau at the Royal Academy of Music, where he now teaches. He has made many CD recordings and is regularly heard on BBC Radio 3.

An interest in bringing classical song to a wider audience recently led Chris to commission Jeremy Sams to create new English translations of Schubert's song cycles which have been recorded for Signum Records as well as Wolf's Italian Songbook. Future plans include recitals with Roderick Williams and Ian Bostridge, further collaborations with Jeremy Sams (Schumann songs), CD recordings with Nicky Spence, Kathryn Rudge, Claire Booth, Roderick Williams and The Sixteen, performances at the Spitalfields, Lammermuir and Bath festivals, leading masterclasses for the Britten Pears School, a tour of Wolf's Italian Songbook, and embarking on a project with Rachel Podger to perform and record Beethoven's violin sonatas as well as many appearances at the Wigmore Hall and the Concertgebouw.



# LEEDS LIEDER FESTIVAL 2022





Ruby Hughes  
© Camillo Eschevern

## Ruby Hughes

soprano

Winner of First and Audience Prizes at London Handel Singing Competition 2019, Ruby Hughes is a former BBC New Generation Artist. She is building an impressive discography, in 2018 she released a disc (Chandos Records) with Laurence Cummings and the OAE dedicated to Giulia Frasi, Handel's lyric muse. For the BIS label she released *Heroines of Love and Loss* which received huge critical acclaim including a Diapason d'or award, a highly praised album (nominated for a Gramophone Award) of works by Mahler, Berg and Rihian Samuel with BBCNOW and Mahler's *Symphony No. 2* with the Minnesota Symphony under Osmo Vänskä. Most recently a solo recital disc with Joseph Middleton titled *Songs for New Life and Love* including works by Mahler, Ives and Helen Grime.

She has a passion for performing new repertoire and is a champion of female composers having had many commissions written for her including those by Helen Grime, Deborah Pritchard Judith Weir and Errolyn Wallen.

2021/22 season highlights include those with Orchestre d'Ile de France (Mahler *Symphony No. 4*), Residente Orchestra (*Rückert-Lieder*), Orchestre National de Lille (Mozart Great Mass in C), Potsdam Kammerakademie, Aarhus Symfoniorkester and recitals at Wigmore Hall and at the Muziekcentrum De Bijloke Gent.



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Joseph Middleton  
© Harmonia Mundi

## Joseph Middleton *piano*

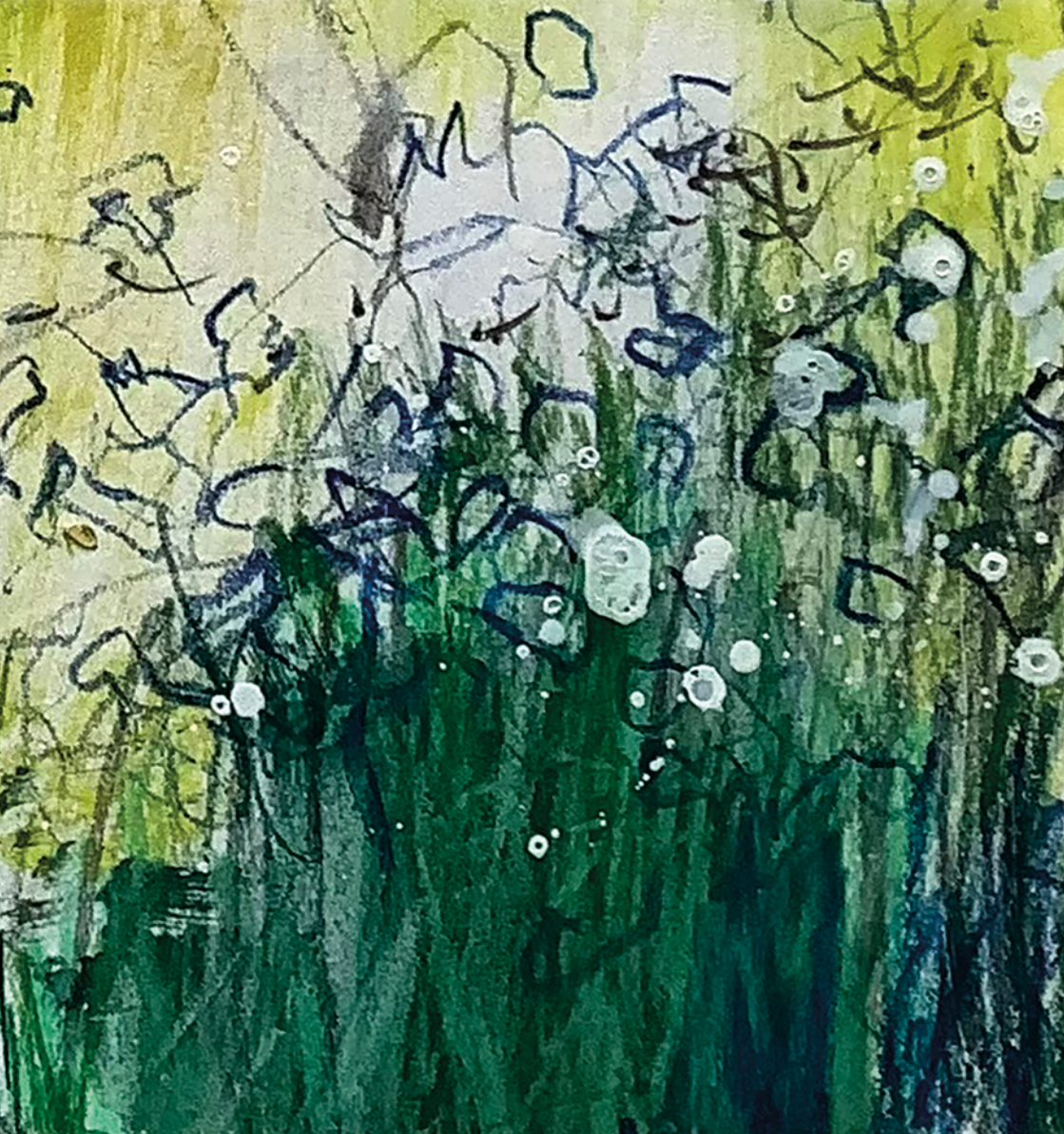
Pianist Joseph Middleton specializes in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been highly acclaimed in this field. Described in *Opera Magazine* as ‘the rightful heir to legendary accompanist Gerald Moore’, by *BBC Music Magazine* as ‘one of the brightest stars in the world of song 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’.

# SONG ILLUMINATED



## *Leeds Lieder Young Artists 2022*

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

Charles Cunliffe & Michael Xie

Katrine Deleuran Strunk & Aleksandra Myslek

Helena Donie & Hana Kang

Karla Grant & Jia Ning Ng

Felix Emanuel Gygli & Jong Sum Woo

Kirsty McLean & Sharon Cheng

Hannah Morley & Michael Rose

Chloë Pardoe & Yupeng He

Helena Ressurreicao & Ester Lecha Jover

George Reynolds & Bethany Reeves

Angharad Rowlands & Joseph Cavalli Price

Flore Van Meerssche & Gyeongtaek Lee

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

### *About Leeds Lieder*

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

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

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

## Leeds Lieder People

**Jane Anthony** *Founder*

**Elly Ameling** *President*

**Joseph Middleton** *Director*

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## Thank You!

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Dr George Kennaway

*For programme notes*

Helen Stephens

*For translations and texts*

Richard Stokes

*For programme notes*

Hannah Stone

*For the Pop-up Poetry event*

Jonathan Dove, Katy Hamilton, George Kennaway,

Deborah Pritchard and Richard Stokes

*For the pre-concert talks and study events*

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*For livestreaming*

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*For surtitling*

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*For tuning the pianos*

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*For designing the programme*

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*Our Independent Examiners*

Richard Ashton, the Howard Assembly Room team

and the Opera North Box Office and Marketing teams

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



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**We are hugely grateful to all our funders, Friends and individual donors,  
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**If you would like to help ensure the continued success,  
and future development, of Leeds Lieder,  
please visit [leedslieder.org.uk/support-us](http://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](http://shorturl.at/acCT2)

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

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

## Contact Details

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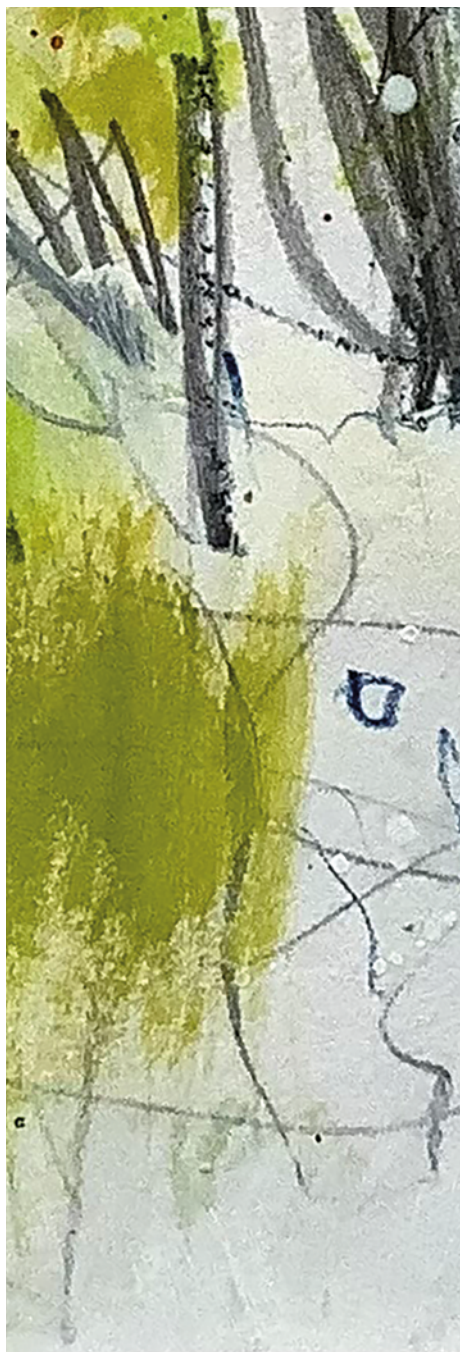
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