

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



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

SONG ILLUMINATED

PROGRAMME: Saturday 30 April

Joseph Middleton

Director

Jane Anthony

Founder



Supported using public funding by

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ENGLAND**



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Room**



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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



'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

1 – 2pm

3 – 6pm

7 – 7.30pm

8pm

10 – 11pm

Pre-concert Talk *with* composer Jonathan Dove

Lunchtime Recital: Samling Institute Showcase

Festival Masterclass I *with* Amanda Roocroft*

Pre-concert Talk *with* Richard Stokes Hon RAM

Gala Opening Recital: Dorothea Röschmann and Joseph Middleton

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

Friday 29 April

10am – 12.30pm

1 – 2pm

3 – 4.30pm

7 – 7.30pm

8pm

10 – 11pm

Festival Masterclass II *with* Dorothea Röschmann*

Lunchtime Recital: Jess Dandy and Martin Roscoe

Young Artists Showcase

Pre-concert Talk *with* composer Deborah Pritchard

Evening Recital: Robin Tritschler and Christopher Glynn

Late Evening Recital: Ruby Hughes and Joseph Middleton

Saturday 30 April

p. 7 10am – 12.30pm

p. 8 1 – 2pm

p. 20 2.30pm

p. 20 5.30pm

p. 21 3 – 4pm

p. 21 7 – 7.30pm

p. 22 8pm

p. 36 10 – 11pm

Festival Masterclass III *with* Graham Johnson OBE*

Lunchtime Recital: Helen Charlston and Ilan Kurtser

Bring and Sing! Rehearsal**

Bring and Sing! Concert: English Coronation Anthems**

Lecture-recital *with* Graham Johnson OBE

Pre-concert Talk *with* Dr George Kennaway

Evening Recital: Ian Bostridge CBE and Dame Imogen Cooper

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

Sunday 1 May

10.30am – 12pm

1 – 2pm

3 – 5.30pm

7 – 7.30pm

8pm

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

Lunchtime Recital: Ashley Riches and Joseph Middleton

Festival Masterclass IV *with* Joan Rodgers CBE*

Pre-concert Talk *with* Dr Katy Hamilton

Closing Gala Recital: Louise Alder and Joseph Middleton

Linacre Studio*

Mantle Studio**

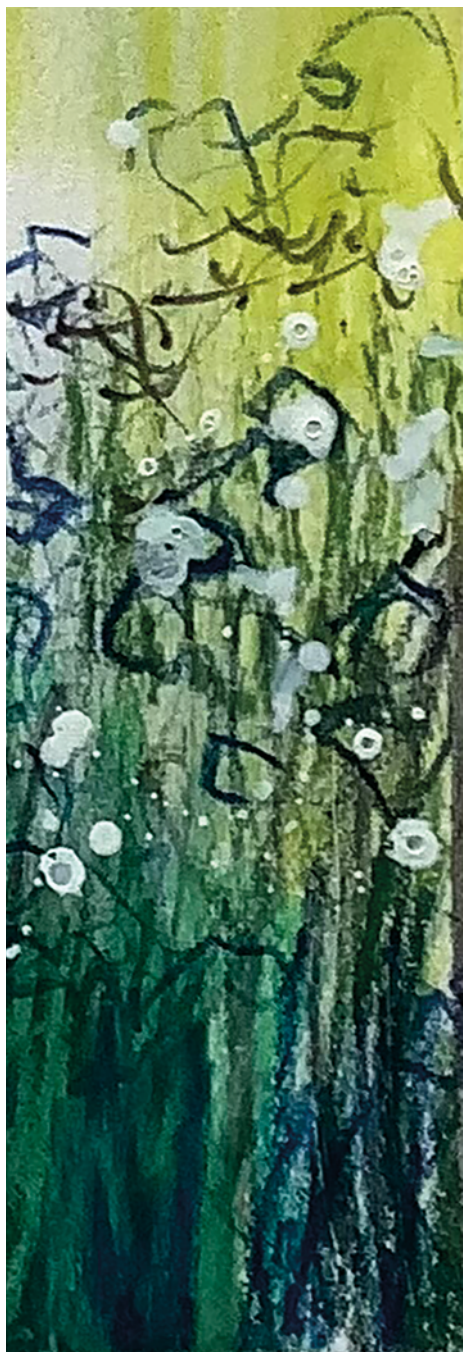
HAR Atrium***

All other events are in the HAR



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



Graham Johnson OBE
© Clive Barda

SATURDAY 30 APRIL
10AM – 12.30PM

Linacre Studio

Festival Masterclass III with Graham Johnson OBE

Known worldwide as a 'peerless song accompanist' (*Daily Telegraph*), Graham Johnson reimagined and revitalized the song recital with the advent of his Songmaker's Almanac. His complete recordings of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and a treasure trove of French song for Hyperion have set the benchmark for modern song recordings, and his scholarly programme notes have redesigned how performers write about music. Graham joins us straight from masterclasses at Carnegie Hall to share a lifetime of knowledge and insight with our Young Artists.



Helen Charlston



Ilan Kurtser



Howard Assembly Room
© Gerard Collett

SATURDAY 30 APRIL

1 – 2PM

Howard Assembly Room

Lunchtime Recital

Ferrier Award Winner's/BBC

New Generation Artist Recital

Helen Charlston *mezzo-soprano*

Ilan Kurtser *piano*

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Ständchen Op. 106/1

Dmitri Shostakovich (1906–1975)

Son (From *Spanish Songs*)

Aaron Copland (1900–1990)

Nature, the gentlest mother

Johannes Brahms

Feldeinsamkeit

Clara Schumann (1819–1896)

Sechs Lieder (Op. 13)

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen

Sie liebten sich beide

Liebeszauber

Der Mond kommt still gegangen

Ich hab' in deinem Auge

Die stille Lotosblume

Nathan James Dearden (b. 1992)

the way we go*

Joshua Borin (b. 1989)

Nature is Returning*

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Four Last Songs

Procris

Menelaus

Tired

Hands, eyes, and heart

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893)

Moi genij moi angel moi drug

Nyet tolka tot kto znal

Clara Schumann

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage

Stephen Bick (b. 1993)

On his blindness*

*From the *Isolation Songbook*

FILLING THE
CITY WITH
SONG

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2022

Texts and Translations

Johannes Brahms

(1833–1897)

Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.
Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.
Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: 'Vergiß nicht mein.'

Franz Theodor Kugler (1808–1858)

Dmitri Shostakovich

(1906–1975)

Son

Ne znaju, chto `eto znachit...
Son chudesnyj prisnilsja mne,
Kak budto v lodke rybach`ej
Ja plyvu po burnoj volne
Chjoln bez vjoseľ, ja ikh brosil...
Volny penjatsja, zljatsja i topjat moj chjoln,
No otvazhno mchus' ja sredi tjomnykh,
Sred' ogromnykh voln,
Ottogo, chto v rybachej `etoj lodke
Po morskoy nepokornoj glubi
Mchish`sja ty, moja gordaja,
mchishsja vmeste so mnoj
I menja ty budto tozhe ljubish'!
O moja golubka! Posmotri zhe,
Kak nesjotsja v svojej lodochke krupkoj po morju
Bednyj paren', chto tak krepko ljubit tebjal

Anon

Serenade

The moon hangs over the mountains
So perfect for lovers;
In the garden a fountain trickles,
Otherwise silence all around.
In the shadow by the wall
Are three students
With a flute, violin and zither,
Singing and playing.
The sounds creep quietly
Into the dreams of the loveliest of girls,
She sees her blond beloved
And whispers 'Don't forget me.'

A Dream

I don't know what it means...
I dreamed in a magical sleep
I was in a fishing boat
I cruised on the stormy wave
My boat has no oars – I threw them away...
The waves foam angrily – try to sink my vessel
But, bravely I speed on through the dark
through the enormous waves
Because in this fishing boat
on the sea's unruly depths
Speed you also, my proud one,
Speed together with me
And it seems as if you love me
O my dove! Look now
How towards you in his fragile little boat
Poor fellow that loves you so strongly!

Aaron Copland
(1900–1990)

Nature, the gentlest mother

Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest,—
Her admonition mild
In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.
How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon,—
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.
When all the children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,
With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

Emily Elizabeth Dickinson (1830–1886)



Johannes Brahms

Feldeinsamkeit

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn' Unterlaß,
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben.

Die schönen weißen Wolken ziehn dahin
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille Träume;
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin,
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Räume.

Hermann Allmers (1821–1902)

Clara Schumann

(1819–1896)

Sechs Lieder

Ihr Bildnis

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Sie liebten sich beide

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn.
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum.
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wußten es selber kaum.

Heinrich Heine

Solitude in a meadow

I rest peacefully in the tall green grass
And gaze upwards for a long time,
Surrounded by constantly chirping crickets,
And wonderfully intrwoven with the blue sky.

The beautiful white clouds drift by
Across the deep blue, like beautiful quiet dreams;
I feel as if I have been dead a long time,
And drift blissfully with them through eternal space.

Her Portrait

I stood in darkened daydreams
And gazed at her portrait
And that beloved face
Secretly came to life.

Around her lips there crept
A wonderful smile,
And melancholy teardrops
Glittered in her eyes.

Tears also flowed
Down my cheeks
And oh, I can't believe it,
That I have lost you!

They loved each other

They loved each other, but neither
Wanted to admit it to the other;
They looked at each other like enemies,
And yet were dying of love.

Finally they parted and saw each other
Only occasionally in their dreams;
They had been dead for a long time
And hardly knew it themselves.

Liebeszauber

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang;
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.

Und wie er klang, da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
Und leiser ging die Luft;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getön.

Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
Sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Wiederhall.

Emanuel von Geibel (1815–1884)

Der Mond kommt still gegangen

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Mit seinem gold'nen Schein.
Da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.
Und auf den Lüften schwanken
Aus manchem treuen Sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken
Über die Schläfer hin.
Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunkeln
Still in die Welt hinaus.

Emanuel von Geibel

Love's enchantment

Love perched as a nightingale
In the rosebush and sang;
Its wonderfully sweet sound
Soared through the green forest.

And as it rang out, all around arose
Fragrance from a thousand blossoms,
And the treetops stirred softly,
And the breeze blew more gently;

The streams were silent, which had just
Been splashing from the heights,
The deer stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sounds.

And the sun's rays flowed in
More and more brightly,
And flowers, forest and ravines
Were bathed in a red-gold glow.

But I continued on my journey
Listening to the sound.
And oh, everything I have sung since then
Has been nothing but its echo.

The moon glides quietly

The moon glides quietly
With its golden glow.
And in blissful splendour
The weary earth falls asleep.
And floating on the breezes
From many a faithful soul
Are thousands of thoughts of love
Above those who are asleep.
And down there in the valley dlisten
The windows of my loved one's house,
But I gaze into the darkness
Quietly into the world outside.

Ich hab' in deinem Auge

Ich hab' in deinem Auge
Den Strahl der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen
Einmal die Rosen des Himmels stehn.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
Ihr Abglanz ewig neu erfrischt,
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben,

Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen seh'n
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
So werden sie mir in Rosen steh'n
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

Die stille Lotosblume

Die stille Lotosblume
Steigt aus dem blauen See,
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
All seinen gold'nen Schein,
Gießt alle seine Strahlen
In ihren Schoß hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und schaut die Blume an.

Er singt so süß, so leise
Und will im Singen vergehn.
O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?

Emanuel von Geibel

In your eyes

In your eyes I saw
The radiance of eternal love,
On your cheeks I saw
Once blooming heaven's roses.

And as the radiance faded,
And the roses wilted,
Their reflection, ever fresh,
Has remained in my heart.

And I will never see your cheeks,
Never look into your eyes,
But they will be full of roses for me,
And your eyes will send me the beam of love.

The quiet lotus flower

The quiet lotus flower
Rises from the blue lake,
Its leaves shimmer and glitter,
Its chalice is white as snow.

Then the moon from heaven
Sends all its golden glow,
Pours all its rays
Into its lap.

Around the flower on the lake
Swims a white swan,
It sings so sweetly, so softly,
And gazes at the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so softly,
Wanting to perish singing,
Oh flower, white flower,
Can you understand its song?

SONG
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Nathan James Dearden

(b. 1992)

the way we go

(Song text not included for copyright reasons.)

Katharine Towers (b. 1961)

Joshua Borin

(b. 1989)

Nature is Returning

(Song text not included for copyright reasons.)

Sophie Rashbrook (b. 1987)



Ralph Vaughan Williams

(1872–1958)

Four last songs

Procris

Menelaus

Tired

Hands, eyes and heart

Ursula Vaughan Williams (1911–2007)

(Song text not included for copyright reasons.)

Pyotr Ilych Tchaikovsky

(1840–1893)

Moi genij, moi angel, moi drug

Ne zdes' li ty ljogkoju ten'ju,
Moj genij, moj angel, moj drug,
Besedujesh' tikho so mnoju
I tikho letajesh' vokrug?

I robkim darish' vdokhnoven'em,
I sladkij krachujesh' nedug,
I tikhim darish' snoviden'em,
Moj genij, moj angel, moj drug!

Afanasy Afanas'yevich Fet (1820–1892)

Net tolko tot

Net, tolko tot, kto znal svidanya zhazhdu,
Poymyot, kak ya stradal i kak ya strazhdu.
Glyazhu ya vdal... net sil, tuskneyet oko ...

Akh, kto menya lyubil i znal—daleko!
Akh, tolko tot, kto znal svidanya zhazhdu,
Poymyot, kak ya stradal i kak ya strazhdu.
Vsya grud gorit...
Kto znal svidanya zhazhdu,
Poymyot, kak ya stradal i kak ya strazhdu.

Lev Mey (1822–1862)

My spirit, my angel, my friend

You light shadow, you are here are you not,
My spirit, my angel, my friend,
Speaking softly with me,
And flying gently around?

And you give me timid inspiration
And you heal my minor ailments
And you offer me calm dreams,
My spirit, my angel, my friend!

Only one who knows yearning

Only one who knows yearning
Can know how I have suffered, and suffer still.
I look into the distance... I have no strength, my eyes are dim...

Ah, the one who loved and knew me is so far!
Only one who knows what yearning is
Can know how I have suffered, and suffer still.
My heart is burning...
Only one who knows what yearning is
Can know how I have suffered, and suffer still.

Clara Schumann

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage,
Freund, hörst du!
Ein Engel, der die Botschaft trage,
Geht ab und zu.

Er bringt sie dir und hat mir wieder
Den Gruß gebracht:
Dir sagen auch des Freundes Lieder
Jetzt gute Nacht.

Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

Stephen Blick

(b. 1994)

On his blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies: 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed

And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

John Milton (1608–1674)

The good night I bid you

The good night I bid you,
My friend, do you hear?
An angel who carries my message
Wanders back and forth.

He takes it to you and brings me
Your greeting in return:
Your friend's songs now also
Bid you good night.



LEEDS LIEDER FESTIVAL 2022

Programme Notes

Brahms's **Ständchen**, to a poem by Franz Kugler, was inspired by the voice of the beautiful Agathe Siebold, and contains a cryptic reference to her name (Gathe) in the opening melody. Kugler's poem mentions not only zithers, but flutes and fiddles too: the strumming and fluting can be heard in the spread chords of the prelude. When the serenaders are introduced in verse 2, the violin and flute can be heard duetting in sixths, while alternating spread chords introduce the third instrument at 'Zither' and 'spielen'. We learn in the final verse that the girl chooses the fair-haired lover and ditches the other two. The unrequited lover standing outside his sweetheart's door or window is a recurring theme of many Brahms songs – an indication of the composer's timidity and lack of confidence in his dealings with the fair sex.

Shostakovich was not the only Russian composer to be fascinated by the rhythms of Spanish music – Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakov and others had all been bewitched. Shostakovich's cycle *Spanish Songs* date from 1956, were composed between his first Violin Concerto and the Sixth String Quartet and have an interesting compositional history. At a dinner following the first performance of the *Michelangelo Suite*, Shostakovich, in lively form, recounted a number of curious incidents from his life as a concert artist, including the creation of the *Spanish Songs*. The soprano, Zara Dolukhanova, had brought him these simple folk melodies with their original texts, asking him to harmonize them. When, however, the texts were translated into Russian, it turned out that they were intended for a male performer. We hear **Son (Dream)** this afternoon.

The *Twelve poems of Emily Dickinson* were composed for the most part at Copland's home at Sneden's Landing, from March 1949 to March 1950. The work is not strictly a cycle, as only two of the songs are related musically, and there is no coherent narrative. **Nature, the gentlest mother** opens with brief decorative figures in the accompaniment that suggest bird-song and woodland stirrings, and the vocal line is dominated by the interval of a third, which conjures up a gentle, pastoral mood.

Feldeinsamkeit was composed in May 1879 to a poem by Hermann Allmers. Brahms was so pleased with his setting that he instructed the baritone Karl Reinthaler to perform the song to the poet. History does not relate whether or not Reinthaler possessed the required vocal technique, but Allmers was unimpressed and wrote to Praeger & Meier, the Bremen music publishers, that Brahms's 'artificial melody' wholly failed to express the mood of the poem; and he concluded the same letter by awarding the palm for the best setting of his poem to a composer who rejoiced in the name of Focken (*sic!*) and has long since been forgotten.

Unlike Mahler, Schumann encouraged his wife to compose songs. On 6 August 1843, he wrote a letter to Breitkopf & Härtel:

My wife sends you her regards together with a little book of songs which she would like you to publish soon. We shall decide on the complete title as soon as we have received a reply from the Queen in Copenhagen, to whom she would like to dedicate them.

Clara had given highly successful concerts at the Danish Court in April 1842, and the Queen now graciously accepted the dedication. The volume appeared in January 1844, and the title page read: 'Six Songs with Pianoforte Accompaniment Composed by Clara Schumann and Respectfully Dedicated to the Reigning Queen Caroline Amalie. Op. 13.' The set opens with **Ich stand in dunklen Träumen**, a song that Clara had presented to her husband during their first Christmas together in 1840. Instead of choosing a minor key, as Schubert had done in his B flat minor setting from *Schwanengesang*, Clara starts and ends the song in E flat major, as if to highlight the dream rather than the loss in Heine's devastating poem. The next two songs, **Sie liebten sich beide** and **Liebeszauber**, were composed in 1842 to celebrate Robert's birthday. On the title page she inscribed: 'Wenig, mit Liebe meinem guten Robert zum 8ten Juni 1842' ('Little, with love to my good Robert on 8 June 1842 from his Clara'. And Schumann's opinion? He wrote in the Marriage Journal: 'Das Gelungenste, was sie bis jetzt überhaupt geschrieben hat' ('The best that she has yet composed.'). **Der Mond kommt still gegangen** dates from July 1843, at a time when she was busy bringing up her two daughters, giving important piano recitals and preparing for an extensive concert tour to Russia! **Die stille Lotosblume** was composed in the same month, after which Schumann wrote to Breitkopf & Härtel, directing the publisher to grant Clara 'the usual sum of 6 Louisdor' as a fee for the six songs.

The *Four Last Songs* by Ralph Vaughan Williams, though published in 1960, were in fact composed at different times. The earliest is **Menelaus** (1954), the background to which is described by Ursula Vaughan Williams in *R.V.W. A Biography of Ralph Vaughan Williams*:

‘During the previous summer Ralph had read T.E. Lawrence’s translation of *The Odyssey*. One day he had been reading that part of the fourth book that tells of Menelaus and Proteus at Pharos: ‘(...) from the river of earth the west wind ever sings soft and thrillingly to re–animate the souls of men – there you will have Helen for yourself and will be deemed of the household of Zeus.’ The same day I wrote some verse which I left on Ralph’s table before I went out to work in the garden. When I came in the song was almost finished. This, like a very few other of his songs, was written in one day.’

Hands, eyes and heart followed in 1955, **Tired** in 1956 and **Procris** in 1958. The published score states that the songs are fragments of two projected song–cycles. Both ‘Procris’ and ‘Menelaus’ are characterized by a strangely disembodied atmosphere, as though Vaughan Williams had the late Fauré songs in mind; while the two love songs are more intimate. ‘Tired’ is the gentlest of lullabies set to a rocking accompaniment that seems in the final cadence to echo a phrase from ‘Linden Lea’, composed over half a century earlier. All four poems are by his wife Ursula, a considerable poet who, while influenced to some extent by Yeats and Hardy, wrote verse of striking originality. *The Collected Poems of Ursula Vaughan Williams* were published in 1996, and that volume was followed by *The Complete Poems*, published by Albion Music Ltd and edited by Stephen Connock, who had access to a collection of hitherto unpublished poems.

Tchaikovsky’s **My genius, my angel**, my friend sets a poem by Afanásy Fet and was composed as early as 1857 or 1858. It has no opus number and was not published until 1940. Tchaikovsky’s brother Modest dismissed it in his biography as ‘a dilettante affair with no trace of talent’, but the final melisma on ‘moj druk!’ bears the unmistakable hallmark of the mature composer. Tchaikovsky’s most celebrated song is probably his setting of Lev Mey’s translation of Goethe’s ‘Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt’, known in English as **None but the lonely heart**, the title given to it by Arthur Westbrook. It was composed in 1869 shortly after the publication of *Romeo and Juliette*. Goethe’s famous text from *Wilhelm Meister* tempted Schumann, Beethoven, Wolf, Zelter and a host of other Lieder composers, but Tchaikovsky’s setting of Mey’s Russian translation is as fine as any of the German versions, due in part to the indestructible tune, and in part to the wonderful way the piano takes over the melody at the end, and draws the singer back to the opening words.

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage, though omitted from Schumann’s Op. 37 which included three other Clara’s songs, is one of her finest. The marking is *sehr einfach*, and it is simplicity that characterizes this, her most intimate song. None of the virtuosity of ‘Er ist gekommen’ now, instead, a song of hushed adoration. Dotted minims support the lovely melody until, at the mention of angels, a *Bewegung* enters the accompaniment in the form of gently wafting quavers. Schumann composed the same poem five years after Clara’s setting as a part song for SATB. Clara’s gem was not published until 1992.

Richard Stokes © 2022

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Written between April and July 2020, the *Isolation Songbook* began as a way to deal with the reality of lockdown and quickly became a positive creative memorial to such a time of change and chaos. It comprises fifteen new commissions written for some combination of mezzo-soprano, baritone and piano. Whilst most of the songs are duets, today we present three of the solo songs, each showing a different facet of the experience of our poets and composers in 2020. Charlston says: 'art, love, joy and friendship are all around us: in the everyday as well as in days of celebration and loss. This is what I hope we have captured with these songs.'

Nathan James Dearden sets an evocative poem by Katharine Towers, which he first saw as one of TFL's poems on the underground. Towers words act as a perfect echo for the world of 2020, despite not being written specifically for the *Isolation Songbook*. The house becomes a metaphor for the the uncertain path of life in **the way we go**: each door leading into another empty room until finally a glimpse of the sky through an open window sets the reader free. Dearden's writing encompasses extremes of register in both the piano and voice, and immediately welcomes us into this ethereal world.

Nature is Returning is one of a handful of songs in the *Isolation Songbook* in which both text and music were commissioned. Working together for the first time, Sophie Rashbrook and Joshua Borin perfectly conjure up our world of Spring/Summer 2020. Through late night walks in Blackheath Park, to the amazement of a world of birdsong coming into focus, they take us on a journey which examines, in Rashbrook's words, 'the unsettling and at times oddly peaceful' aspects of lockdown.

With an extraordinary dose of steadfast hope, **On His Blindness** draws the programme to a close. Choosing to look further back in time for inspiration, Stephen Bick sets John Milton's 'Sonnet 19', in which Milton comes to terms with his loss of sight and ponders his place in God's world as a result. Bick's setting is beautifully rooted in Milton's world – he instructs to the piano to play *quasi liuto* (like a lute) and moments of Tallis' *Third Mode Melody* can be heard throughout, reminding us time and again that the essence of human experience is timeless. Cities may change, wars may rage, disease may strike, but as Milton reminds us, there is always hope.

Helen Charlston © 2022

The 'Isolation Songbook' was recorded by Helen Charlston, Michael Craddock and Alexander Soares for Delphian Records. It can be heard on all streaming platforms or purchased directly from Delphian Records.



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Anna Lapwood
© LNP photography.com



Bring and Sing!
© Robert Piwko



Harrison Cole

FRIDAY 30 APRIL

2.30PM

Mantle Studio

*Bring and Sing! Rehearsal
with Anna Lapwood*

English Coronation Anthems

BBC Young Musician of the Year presenter Anna Lapwood is also a prize-winning Fellow of the Royal College of Organists and Director of Music at Pembroke College, Cambridge. We celebrate the Queen's Platinum Jubilee with Anna leading rehearsals for a performance of English Coronation Anthems.

FRIDAY 30 APRIL

5.30PM

Mantle Studio

*Bring and Sing! Concert
with Anna Lapwood*

English Coronation Anthems

Harrison Cole *organ*

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Zadok the Priest

Samuel Wesley (1766–1837)

Thou wilt keep him

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

Agnus Dei from the *Coronation Mass*

Edward Elgar (1857–1934)

O harken thou

Hubert Parry (1848–1918)

I was glad



Graham Johnson OBE
© Clive Barda

SATURDAY 30 APRIL

3 – 4PM

Howard Assembly Room

Lecture: Overseen and Underheard: Reflections on the Accompanist's Art with Graham Johnson OBE

Few accompanists combine the intellectual rigour, inspired pianism, and silver tongue of our guest today. In a remarkable career that has spanned decades and combined work as world renowned recitalist, recording artist, writer, speaker and pedagogue, it is always a joy to welcome Patron of Leeds Lieder, Graham Johnson to the Festival. Following this morning's masterclass, and using issues discussed in the class as a springboard, Graham will give a lecture, complete with musical examples, he has called: 'Overseen and Underheard: Reflections on the Accompanist's Art'.



George Kennaway

SATURDAY 30 APRIL

7 – 7.30PM

Howard Assembly Room

Pre-concert Talk with Dr George Kennaway

Cellist and musicologist Dr George Kennaway introduces this evening's recital to be given by Ian Bostridge CBE and Imogen Cooper.



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Ian Bostridge CBE
© Kalpesh Lathigra



Dame Imogen Cooper
© Sussie Ahlburg



Franz Schubert
© Wilhelm August Rieder

SATURDAY 30 APRIL

8PM

Howard Assembly Room

Evening Recital

*Schubert Schwanengesang
and Other Lieder*

Ian Bostridge CBE *tenor*

Imogen Cooper *piano*

Franz Schubert (1797–1928)

Schwanengesang – Ludwig Rellstab settings

Liebesbotschaft

Kriegers Ahnung

Frühlingssehnsucht

Ständchen

Aufenthalt

In der Ferne

Abschied

Interval

Sehnsucht

Bei dir allein!

Im Freien

Der Wanderer an den Mond

Schwanengesang – Heinrich Heine settings

Der Atlas

Ihr Bild

Das Fischermädchen

Die Stadt

Am Meer

Der Doppelgänger

Die Taubenpost (Johann Gabriel Seidl)

Texts and Translations

Franz Schubert

(1797–1928)

Schwanengesang

Liebesbotschaft

Rauschendes Bächlein,
So silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten
So munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein,
Mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüße
Des Fernen ihr zu.

All ihre Blumen,
Im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich
Am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen
In purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke
Mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer,
In Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend
Das Köpfchen hängt,
Tröste die Süße
Mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte
Kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne
Mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen
In Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd
In süße Ruh,
Flüstere ihr Träume
Der Liebe zu.

Love's Message

Little rushing brook,
So silver and bright,
Are you hurrying to my beloved,
So cheerily and swiftly?
Oh, dear little brook,
Be my messenger;
Take her greetings
From one who is far away.

All the flowers
That she tends in her garden,
Which she so sweetly
Wears on her bosom,
And her roses,
In their scarlet glow,
Little brook, refresh them
With your cool water.

When on the riverbank,
Sunk in dreams,
Thinking about me,
She hangs her head,
Comfort my sweetheart
With a friendly glance,
For her beloved
Will soon return.

When the sun sinks
With a red glow,
Rock my darling
To sleep.
Murmur to her
In her sweet repose,
Whisper to her dreams
Of love.

Kriegers Ahnung

In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich her
Der Waffenbrüder Kreis;
Mir ist das Herz so bang und schwer,
Von Sehnsucht mir so heiß.

Wie hab ich oft so süß geträumt
An ihrem Busen warm!
Wie freundlich schien des Herdes Glut,
Lag sie in meinem Arm!

Hier, wo der Flammen düstrer Schein
Ach! nur auf Waffen spielt,
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.

Herz! Daß der Trost dich nicht verläßt!
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht.
Bald ruh ich wohl und schlaf fest,
Herzliebste – gute Nacht!

Frühlingssehnsucht

Säuselnde Lüfte wehend so mild
Blumiger Düfte atmend erfüllt!
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig begrüßend an!
Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?
Es möchte euch folgen auf luftiger Bahn!
Wohin?

Bächlein, so munter rauschend zumal,
Wollen hinunter silbern ins Tal.
Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!
Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und Himmel darin.
Was ziehst du mich, sehndend verlangender Sinn,
Hinab?

Grüßender Sonne spielendes Gold,
Hoffende Wonne bringest du hold!
Wie labt mich dein selig begrüßendes Bild!
Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt!
Warum?

Grünend umkränzt Wälder und Höh'!
Schimmernd erglänzt Blütenschnee!
So drängt sich alles zum bräutlichen Licht;
Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;
Sie haben gefunden, was ihnen gebricht:
Und du?

Rastloses Sehnen! Wünschendes Herz,
Immer nur Tränen, Klage und Schmerz?
Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewußt!
Wer stillt mir endlich die drängende Lust?
Nur du befreist den Lenz in der Brust,
Nur du!

Warrior's Foreboding

In deepest sleep all around me
Lie my brothers in arms;
My heart is fearful and heavy,
And I am full of longing.

How often have I dreamed so sweetly
On her warm breast!
How friendly was the fire's glow,
When she lay in my arms!

Here, where the dull glow of the flames
Plays only on cold steel,
Here I feel totally alone,
And shed a tear of sorrow.

My heart! May comfort not forsake you!
I have to face many more battles.
Soon I will rest and sleep soundly,
My heart's darling – good night!

Spring Longing

Whispering breezes blowing so gently
Your breath filled with the scent of flowers!
You breathe an intoxicating greeting to me!
What have you done to my pounding heart?
It wants to follow your aerial path!
Where to?

Little brook, rushing along so cheerily,
Flowing like silver into the valley,
The strong current is hurrying there!
Meadows and sky are reflected in its depths,
My longing and yearning – why do you drag me
Down there?

Shimmering gold greeting from the sun,
You bring the bliss of hope!
How your blessed appearance soothes me!
In the azure sky it smiles so gently
And has filled my eyes with tears!
Why?

Forests and hills, crowned in green!
Blossom like snow shimmers and glitters!
Everything reaches for the bridal light;
Shoots are swelling, the buds burst open;
They have found what they were lacking:
Have you?

Restless longing! Wishful heart,
Still only tears, laments and pain?
I too feel urges stirring within me!
Who will finally still my urgent longing?
Only you can free the Spring in my heart,
Only you!

Ständchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich dir entgegen!
Komm, beglücke mich!

Aufenthalt

Rauschender Strom, brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels, mein Aufenthalt.

Wie sich die Welle an Welle reiht,
Fließen die Tränen mir ewig erneut.

Hoch in den Kronen wogend sich's regt,
So unaufhörlich mein Herze schlägt.

Und wie des Felsen, uraltes Erz,
Ewig derselbe bleibet mein Schmerz.

Serenade

My songs fly softly
Through the night to you.
Here to this quiet grove,
Sweetheart, come to me!

Slender treetops rustle in whispers
In the moonlight;
Don't fear, beloved,
That hostile ears will betray you.

Can you hear the nightingales singing?
Oh, they are pleading with you,
With their songs of sweet complaint
They are pleading with you for me.

They understand the heart's yearning,
They know the pain of love,
With their silvery song they touch
Every tender heart.

Let your heart too be moved,
Sweetheart, listen to me!
I am waiting for you, trembling!
Come, make me happy!

Resting Place

Rushing stream, blustery forest,
Menacing rock – my resting place.

As wave rides upon wave,
So my flowing tears are ever renewed.

High up the treetops sway,
And so also my heart beats unceasingly.

And like the rocks, the ancient ore,
So my pain remains always the same.

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Inder Ferne

Wehe dem Fliehenden,
Welt hinaus ziehenden! –
Fremde durchmessenden,
Heimat vergessenden,
Mutterhaus hassenden,
Freunde verlassenden
Folget kein Segen, ach!
Auf ihren Wegen nach!

Herze, das sehrende,
Auge, das tränende,
Sehnsucht, nie endende,
Heimwärts sich wendende!
Busen, der wallende,
Klage, verhallende,
Abendstern, blinkender,
Hoffnungslos sinkender!

Lüfte, ihr säuselnden,
Wellen sanft kräuselnden,
Sonnenstrahl, eilender,
Nirgend verweilender:
Die mir mit Schmerz, ach!
Dies treue Herze brach –
Grüßt von dem Fliehenden,
Welt hinaus ziehenden!

Far Away

Alas for the fugitive,
The world forsaking! –
Through strange lands travelling,
His native land forgetting,
His home despising,
His friends abandoning,
Alas, no blessing follows him
On his way.

Heart yearning,
Eyes weeping, ,
Longing interminable
Turning homewards.
Heart swelling,
Cries dying away,
The evening star twinkling,
Hopelessly sinking!

Murmuring breezes,
Softly curling waves,
Hurrying sunbeam,
Never resting:
To the one who hurt me,
Who broke this faithful heart –
Take greetings from
The world forsaker!

FILLING THE
CITY WITH
SONG



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Abschied

Ade! du muntre, du fröhliche Stadt, ade!
Schon scharret mein Rößlein mit lustigen Fuß;
Jetzt nimm noch den letzten, den scheidenden Gruß.
Du hast mich wohl niemals noch traurig gesehn,
So kann es auch jetzt nicht beim Abschied geschehn.
Ade! du muntre, du fröhliche Stadt, ade!

Ade, ihr Bäume, ihr Gärten so grün, ade!
Nun reit ich am silbernen Strome entlang.
Weit schallend ertönet mein Abschiedsgesang;
Nie habt ihr ein trauriges Lied gehört,
So wird euch auch keines beim Scheiden beschert!
Ade, ihr Bäume, ihr Gärten so grün, ade!

Ade, ihr freundlichen Mägdlein dort, ade!
Was schaut ihr aus blumenumduftetem Haus
Mit schelmischen, lockenden Blicken heraus?
Wie sonst, so grüß ich und schau' mich um,
Doch nimmer wend ich mein Rößlein um.
Ade, ihr freundlichen Mägdlein dort, ade!

Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst du zur Ruh, ade!
Nun schimmert der blinkenden Sterne Gold.
Wie bin ich euch Sternlein am Himmel so hold;
Durchziehn wir die Welt auch weit und breit,
Ihr gebt überall uns das treue Geleit.
Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst du zur Ruh, ade!

Ade! du schimmerndes Fensterlein hell, ade!
Du glänzest so traulich mit dämmerndem Schein
Und ladest so freundlich ins Hüttchen uns ein.
Vorüber, ach, ritt ich so manches Mal,
Und wär es denn heute zum letzten Mal?
Ade! du schimmerndes Fensterlein hell, ade!

Ade, ihr Sterne, verhüllet euch grau! Ade!
Des Fensterlein trübes, verschimmerndes Licht
Ersetzt ihr unzähligen Sterne mir nicht,
Darf ich hier nicht weilen, muß hier vorbei,
Was hilft es, folgt ihr mir noch so treu!
Ade, ihr Sterne, verhüllet euch grau! Ade!

Parting

Adieu! you cheerful, happy town, adieu!
My horse is already eagerly pawing the ground;
Now take my last, my farewell greeting.
You have never before seen me sad,
So that musn't happen at this farewell either.
Adieu! you cheerful, happy town, adieu!

Adieu, you trees, you verdant gardens, adieu!
Now I am riding along the silver stream.
My song of farewell rings out far and wide;
You have never heard me sing a sad song,
And you won't get one either as I say farewell!
Adieu, you trees, you verdant gardens, adieu!

Adieu, you friendly girls, adieu!
Why are you peeping out of your flower-fragrant houses
So mischievously and enticingly?
As always, I greet you and look away.
And I never turn my horse around.
Adieu, you friendly girls, adieu!

Farewell, dear sun, as you go to rest, farewell!
The twinkling stars glimmer gold.
How fond I am of you, little stars in the heavens,
We travel far and wide through the world,
And everywhere you accompany us faithfully!.
Adieu, dear sun, as you go to rest, adieu!

Adieu, you bright, sparkling little window, adieu!
You gleam so invitingly in the twilight,
And beckon me so pleasantly into the little house.
I've ridden past you, oh, so often,
Was it for the last time today?
Adieu, you bright, sparkling little window, adieu!

Adieu, you stars, veil yourselves in grey! Adieu!
The sorrowfully shimmering light from the window
Cannot replace for me you innumerable stars.
If I can't stay here, if I have to ride on,
What is the point of your following me so faithfully?
Adieu, you stars, veil yourselves in grey! Adieu!

Sehnsucht

Die Scheibe friert, der Wind ist rau,
Der nächt'ge Himmel rein und blau.
Ich sitz' in meinem Kämmerlein
Und schau' ins reine Blau hinein!

Mir fehlt etwas, das fühl' ich gut,
Mir fehlt mein Lieb, das treue Blut;
Und will ich in die Sterne seh'n,
Muß stets das Aug' mir übergeh'n!

Mein Lieb, wo weilst du nur so fern,
Mein schöner Stern, mein Augenstern?
Du weißt, dich lieb' und brauch' ich ja,
Die Träne tritt mir wieder nah.

Da quäl't ich mich so manchen Tag,
Weil mir kein Lied gelingen mag,
Weil's nimmer sich erzwingen läßt
Und frei hinsäuselt, wie der West!

Wie mild mich's wieder grad' durchglüht!
Sieh' nur, das ist ja schon ein Lied!
Wenn mich mein Los vom Liebchen warf,
Dann fühl' ich, daß ich singen darf.

Bei dir allein

Bei dir allein
Empfind' ich, daß ich lebe,
Daß Jugendmut mich schwellt,
Daß eine heit're Welt
Der Liebe mich durchbebe;
Mich freut mein Sein
Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein
Weht mir die Luft so labend,
Dünkt mich die Flur so grün,
So mild des Lenzes Blüh'n
So balsamreich der Abend,
So kühl der Hain,
Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein
Verliert der Schmerz sein Herbes,
Gewinnt die Freud' an Lust!
Du sicherst meine Brust
Des angestammten Erbes;
Ich fühl' mich mein
Bei dir allein!

Longing

The window is frosted, the wind is wild,
The night sky is clear and blue,
I sit in my little room
And gaze out into the clear blue.

I know well that I am lacking something,
I'm missing my beloved, that faithful heart;
And when I look up at the stars
My eyes always fill with tears.

My love, where are you, so far away,
My lovely star, the light of my life?
You know that I love you and need you,
The tears are welling up again.

I've been torturing myself for days
Because my songs aren't turning out well,
They can never be forced.
But have to murmur freely, like the West wind

But a gentle glow is warming me!
Look, this really is a song!
Though fate has torn me from my sweetheart,
At least I feel that I can sing!

Only with you

Only with you
Do I feel that I am alive;
That youthful vigour stirs in me,
That the blissful world
Of love courses through me,
My whole being is happy
Only with you.

Only with you
Does the wind refresh me,
Do the meadows appear so green,
Does Spring's awakening seem so gentle,
Does the evening seem so balmy,
The grove so cool,
Only with you!

Only with you
Does pain lose its bitterness,
Does happiness grow in sweetness,
You assure my heart
Of its natural heritage;
I feel I am myself
Only with you!

In Freien

Draußen in der weiten Nacht
Steh ich wieder nun,
Ihre helle Sternenpracht
Läßt mein Herz nicht ruhn!

Tausend Arme winken mir
Süß begehrend zu,
Tausend Stimmen rufen hier,
'Grüß dich, Trauter, du!'

O ich weiß auch, was mich zieht,
Weiß auch, was mich ruft,
Was wie Freundes Gruß und Lied
Locket, locket durch die Luft.

Siehst du dort das Hüttchen stehn,
Drauf der Mondschein ruht.
Durch die blanken Scheiben sehn
Augen, die mir gut!

Siehst du dort das Haus am Bach,
Das der Mond bescheint?
Unter seinem trauten Dach
Schläft mein liebster Freund.

Siehst du jenen Baum,
Der voll Silberflocken flimmt?
O wie oft mein Busen schwoll,
Froher dort gestimmt!

Jedes Plätzchen, das mir winkt,
Ist ein teurer Platz,
Und wohin ein Strahl nur sinkt,
Lockt ein teurer Schatz.

Drum auch winkt mir's überall
So begehrend hier,
Drum auch ruft es, wie der Schall
Trauter Liebe mir.

Outside

I stand once again
Outside in the vast night,
Its brilliant splendour of stars
Will not leave my heart in peace.

A thousand arms beckon me,
With sweet longing,
A thousand voices call out
'Greetings, dear friend!'

Oh I know what draws me,
And I know what calls to me,
What, like the greeting and songs of friends,
Beckons enticingly through the air.

Do you see that little hut over there,
Where the moonlight is resting,
Through its shining windows
Affectionate eyes are watching.

Do you see the house by the stream
Which the moon is illuminating?
Under that cosy roof
My dearest friend lies sleeping.

Do you see that tree
Glimmering full of silver flakes
Oh how often my heart has swelled
With joy there.

Every little spot, which beckons me,
Is a precious place,
And where just one moonbeam falls,
A precious treasure entices.

That's why everything all around
Seems to beckon me with longing,
That's also why everything calls to me
With the sounds of true love.



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Der Wanderer an den Mond

Ich auf der Erd', am Himmel du,
Wir wandern beide rüstig zu:
Ich ernst und trüb, du mild und rein,
Was mag der Unterschied wohl sein?

Ich wandre fremd von Land zu Land,
So heimatlos, so unbekannt;
Bergauf, bergab, Wald ein, Wald aus,
Doch bin ich nirgend, ach! zu Haus.

Du aber wanderst auf und ab
Aus Ostens Wieg' in Westens Grab,
Wallst Länder ein und Länder aus,
Und bist doch, wo du bist, zu Haus.

Der Himmel, endlos ausgespannt,
Ist dein geliebtes Heimatland:
O glücklich, wer, wohin er geht,
Doch auf der Heimat Boden steht!

Ludwig Rellstab (1799–1860)

Heinrich Heine

(1797–1856)

Schwanengesang

Der Atlas

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! Eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muß ich tragen,
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

The traveller to the moon

I here on earth, you up in the heavens,
We both travel briskly on;
I serious and sad, you sweet and pure,
What can the difference be?

I wonder as a stranger from land to land,
Homeles and unknown;
Up and down mountains, in and out of forests,
But nowhere am I at home.

But you wander up and down.
From the East's cradle to the West's grave,
Travel from counry to ountry
And yet wherever you are, you are at home.

The heaven's wide immensity
Is your beloved homeland;
Oh how lucky is he who, wherever he goes,
Is constantly on his native soil!

Atlas

Unlucky Atlas that I am! A world,
The whole world of sorrows must I carry,
I carry the unbearable,
And my heart wants to break in my body.

You proud heart, you wanted this!
You wanted to be happy, endlessly happy,
Or endlessly wretched, proud heart,
And so you are wretched.

Ihr Bild

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Daß ich dich verloren hab!

Das Fischermädchen

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Triebe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

Die Stadt

Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen,
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn.

Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste verlor.

Her Portrait

I stood lost in dreams
Staring at her portrait,
And the beloved face
Came mysteriously to life.

Around her lips crept
A wonderful smile,
And as if full of sorrowful tears
Her eyes glistened.

And from my eyes too tears flowed
Down my cheeks –
And oh, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

The Fisher Maid

You beautiful fisher maid,
Bring the boat to shore;
Come here to me and sit down,
And we can cuddle hand in hand.

Lay your little head on my breast
And don't be too afraid;
After all, you entrust yourself without worry
Daily to the wild sea.

My heart is just like the sea,
It has its storms, its ebb and flow,
And many precious pearls
Are hidden in its depths.

The Town

On the distant horizon,
Appears, as in a mist,
The town with its towers,
Wrapped in twilight.

A damp breeze ruffles
The grey waters;
With heavy strokes rows
The sailor in my boat.

The sun rises again
Gleaming from the earth
And shows me the place
Where I lost my beloved.

Am Meer

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir saßen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir saßen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwell,
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;
Ich hab von deiner weißen Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen;
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

Der Doppelgänger

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe
Und ringt die Hände vor Schmerzensgewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe –
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger, du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

By the Sea

The sea was glittering far and wide
In the last rays of evening;
We sat in a lonely fisherman's house,
We sat silently and alone.

The mist arose, the waters swelled,
The seagulls flew back and forth;
And sweetly from your eyes
Tears began to fall.

I saw them falling on your hand
And sank on my knees before you;
I drank the tears
From your white hand.

Since that hour my body has wasted away,
My soul is dying of longing;
The wretched woman
Has poisoned me with her tears.

The Ghostly Double

The night is quiet, the streets are still,
My sweetheart lived in this house;
She left the town long ago,
But the house still stands in the same square.

And there stands a man staring up at the house,
Wringing his hands in grief;
I am filled with horror when I see his face –
The moon shows me my own features.

You ghostly double, you pale companion!
Why do you mock the pain of love
That tortured me in this place
For so many nights in time gone by?

Die Taubenpost

Ich hab' eine Brieftaub' in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie viel tausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüße scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb ich ihr,
Oh, sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich,
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!

Sie wird nicht müd, sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub' ist so mir treu!

Drum heg ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heißt – die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie? –
Die Botin treuen Sinns.

Johann Gabriel Seidl

Pigeon Post

I have a carrier pigeon in my wallet,
Which is devoted and faithful,
It never fails to reach its goal,
And never flies past it.

Thousands of time a day
I send it out with messages,
Past many dear places
Right to my beloved's house.

There it secretly peeps in through the window,
Watches her face and steps,
Cheerfully gives her my greetings,
And brings hers back.

I don't need to write letters any more,
I even give it my own tears,
Oh, it will certainly never lose them,
It serves me so devotedly.

By day, by night, asleep or awake,
It's all the same to my pigeon,
As long as it can wander free,
It is totally content.

It doesn't get tired, doesn't get weary,
The way is always new;
It doesn't need enticement nor payment,
The pigeon is so loyal to me!

And so I cherish it faithfully on my breast,
Sure of the fairest rewards;
It's called – Longing! Do you know it?
The messenger of a faithful heart.



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Programme Notes

Schubert did not write a song-cycle called *Schwanengesang*. *Schwanengesang* was the title invented by Tobias Haslinger when he published fourteen of Schubert's late songs in the spring of 1829: seven settings of Ludwig Rellstab, six of Heinrich Heine and one of Johann Gabriel Seidl.

Ludwig Rellstab, two years younger than Schubert, was active in Berlin as literary critic, dramatist, novelist, poet and librettist. He had originally offered his poems to Beethoven, who died before he could set them to music, but not before he had studied the poems in detail, as this extract from Rellstab's memoirs makes clear:

A few had been marked with pencil, in Beethoven's own hand – those which he liked best and had then passed on to Schubert to set, since he himself felt too ill... It was a moving experience to receive back the manuscripts which had travelled a route so strange, yet so fruitful for Art, before they returned to me.

Schubert's source, then, was almost certainly the annotated manuscript that Beethoven's secretary, Anton Schindler, had provided for him after Beethoven's death. It must have been a wonderful thrill for Schubert to handle the very manuscript pages of Rellstab's poems that Beethoven had consulted and marked in pencil. Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte* (*To the Distant Beloved*) had made an immediate impression on Schubert, who was soon trying his own hand at the cycle form, in emulation of his great hero: the *Harfenspielerlieder*, *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*. The seven Rellstab poems from *Schwanengesang* have the distant beloved as their central theme; and it seems more than likely that Schubert, when after Beethoven's death he received the portfolio of Rellstab poems, wished to impose order on the random selection by choosing poems that, though free-standing, were united by this common theme, thus forming a tribute to the composer of *An die ferne Geliebte*.

The poets of both **Liebesbotschaft** and 'Leichte Segler in den Höhen' from Beethoven's cycle beg the brooklet (the surrogate lover, as in *Die schöne Müllerin*), to convey greetings to the beloved. The song begins, like 'Wohin', in G major, and then passes through E minor, C major, A minor, F major and B, as though Schubert wished to illustrate the distance between the lovers by the multiplicity of keys: the rippling semiquavers might provide a formal unity to the song, but the lovers remain apart. **Kriegers Ahnung** begins with nine bars of muffled drums, as we are introduced to the soldier who, billeted with his comrades on a battlefield, dreams of his beloved in the knowledge that his imminent death will prevent them ever meeting again – the conclusion we must draw from the five times repeated 'Herzliebste, gute Nacht!' In **Frühlingssehnsucht** it is the whispering breezes that initially become the medium for the poet's message to his distant beloved. The difficulty facing Schubert was to find an accompaniment that would also fit the imagery of the four subsequent verses, in which babbling brooks, sunlight, bursting buds, and longing are requested to act as the poet's messengers – a problem that he solved with his ubiquitous triplets. The poem ends with a passionate question and answer: 'Who shall finally quell my longing?/Only you can set free the spring in my heart./Only you!' Though the poet's 'Nur du!' is repeated four times, the last two to an *ff* dynamic, there is no final flourish; instead the broken B flat major chords limp to a close with a suggestion of E flat minor, as we realize that the poet is alone.

A similar melancholy informs **Ständchen**. Schubert's irresistible tune has led some singers and pianists to perform the song as euphorically as possible – but that is to misunderstand the poem, the music and the theme of these Rellstab songs. The song might begin brightly enough with staccato quavers that suggest a plectrum-plucked guitar, the key, however, is minor and all four verses are touched with a sense of vulnerability. There is an abrupt change of mood and rhythm at 'Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen!' ('Let your heart too be moved!'), but the singer's macho confidence is a sham; and though the thrice repeated 'Komm, beglücke mich!' suggests sexual union (especially when voice and piano combine in triplet thirds during the first repeat of the phrase), it loses all sense of conviction in the final repetition and peters away in a heart-breaking decrescendo, as the singer realizes how unattainable his beloved has become.

Though **Aufenthalt** is the only one of the seven Rellstab settings in which there is no mention of love, the distant beloved seems present in every bar of this anguished outpouring in which the outcast and fugitive expresses his torment in E minor, Schubert's key of sadness and depression – as in 'Wasserflut' from *Winterreise* and 'Trockne Blumen' from *Die schöne Müllerin*. By the next song, however, **In der Ferne**, all sense of vigour and defiance has vanished; we are confronted with an emotional wreck, although, because of the poem's deliberately contorted syntax, it is only in the final stanza that we learn how the poet had been talking of his own plight. There he describes how his beloved has broken his heart and how he must now leave her. The torment had been present from the obsessive opening bars of the prelude which rise and fall a semitone in B minor – the key of 'Der Doppelgänger'. The poet's distressed and depressed mental state is wonderfully conveyed by Schubert at the end of the first verse where the vocal line plunges a fifth on the repeated 'Wegen nach' ('No blessing follows him on his way'). Though the song ends in a fortissimo crescendo, the final *ffz* tells us that there can be no solace or cure.

In **Abschied**, the lover has recovered sufficiently to control his grief. The song is marked *mäßig geschwind*, which means that he does not leave the town at breakneck speed, as some singers and pianists insist. Nor is this a merry farewell. The last verse, in particular, is full of foreboding – the stars are commanded to 'veil themselves in grey', and the jilted lover tells us that he has been forced to leave the town: 'Darf ich *hier* nicht weilen, muß *hier* vorbei' – the italics are Rellstab's. The present has become unbearable. As if to stress the impossibility of remaining in her town, Schubert sets the key word 'Ade' ('farewell') in virtually every part of the vocal register, as seconds, thirds (ascending and descending), fourths and sixths hammer home the irrevocable rift.

The Heine songs from the *Schwanengesang* manuscript follow on from the Rellstab settings. **Der Atlas** calls for a dynamic range from *pp* to *fff* to express the suffering of Atlas, who fought for the Titans against Zeus, was defeated and condemned to carry the weight of the world on his shoulders. The bleakness of **Ihr Bild** is achieved in a mere thirty-six bars – a distillation of despair conveyed by bare octaves and a modulation at 'ihre Lippen' from B minor to G flat major that provides an illusory solace which is immediately dashed as minor reasserts itself. The song begins with a dotted minim B flat octave followed by a rest – which Schubert then repeats in the second bar. Heinrich Schenker, in *Der Tonwille* (1921), famously interpreted these two bars as a tonal analogue for the act of staring – as the poet peers through the gloom of his dream.

Das Fischermädchen is not the blithe barcarolle it is sometimes claimed to be. The abrupt shift from C flat to B flat in stanza two and the repetition of the final word of each verse as a slurred seventh successfully convey the irony of Heine's verse. The short prelude of **Die Stadt** repeats in the bass the bare octaves of 'Ihr Bild', while the scurrying diminished sevenths of the right hand seventeen times convey the gusting wind – without resolution. A lonely low C on the piano brings the chilling song to a close. The serene diatonic opening of **Am Meer** is followed by a tormented, chromatic stanza whose tremolando chords depict the rising tide, the mist and the grief. Heine's bitter last line is caught to perfection by Schubert's slow ironic turn on 'Tränen'. The same device closes **Der Doppelgänger**, the bleakest song – or rather declamation – in Schubert. As in 'Der Atlas', the dynamic range required is from *pp* to *fff*. The resemblance between the four-note theme of the opening bars to the *Agnus Dei* of Schubert's *E flat Mass*, composed in June of the same year, tells us which way Schubert's thoughts were turning. His art, with this intensely dramatic declamation, was turning prophetically towards Wagner and Wolf.

The final song of *Schwanengesang*, **Die Taubenpost**, must, like many of his Lieder, have been set from manuscript, since it does not appear in the two volume edition of Seidl's verse that was published in 1826. No song of Schubert's demonstrates better his delight in life and the bitter-sweet magic of his melodies. The song, Schubert's last, was composed in October 1828; a month later he was dead.

Ian and Imogen perform four of Schubert's late settings of Johann Gabriel Seidl between the two halves of *Schwanengesang*. **Sehnsucht** (1826), with its cold rush of triplets and D minor shifts to D major anticipates 'Erstarrung' from *Winterreise*, composed the following year. **Bei dir allein!**, the second of the set, though light-hearted, is a straightforward love song of longing; Schubert marks it *Nicht zu geschwind, doch feurig*, and it is precisely this 'fiery' quality that is conveyed by the driving triplet figure. To express this ardour, Schubert requires the tenor to encompass a wide range, from middle C to a top A on 'Ich fühl' mich *mein*'. **Im Freien**, in which the traveller, returning home, is overcome with emotion at seeing once more the familiar scenes he had so sorely missed, has something of the nature of a solo piano piece, with the voice often doubling the top line of the accompaniment. **Der Wanderer an den Mond** contrasts the wanderer's sad lot with the moon's serenity, minor contrasts with major, strongly accented chords, depicting the wanderer's tread through the landscape, contrast with the flowing semiquavers of the moon's light.

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Lieder Lounge
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SATURDAY 30 APRIL

10 – 11PM

Howard Assembly Room Restaurant

Lieder Lounge

Join us in the Restaurant for an informal late-evening session of song and poetry presented by our Leeds Lieder Young Artists.



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Biographies



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 thirty-seven 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 schöne 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).



Helen Charlston

Helen Charlston

mezzo—soprano

Helen Charlston is quickly cementing herself as a key performer in the next generation of British singers. She won first prize in the 2018 Handel Singing Competition and was a finalist in the Hurn Court Opera Competition, and the Grange Festival International Singing Competition. She was a 'Rising Star' of the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment 2017–2019 and a 2018 City Music Foundation Artist. In 2021, she joined Le Jardin des Voix academy with Les Arts Florissants, and the BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artists scheme, and also became winner of the Ferrier Loveday Song Prize in 2021 Kathleen Ferrier Awards.

In 2020, Helen premiered the *Isolation Songbook* with Michael Craddock and Alexander Soares, which is a set of fifteen newly commissioned songs and duets written during lockdown as a musical response to the changing world in which we found ourselves.

Recent and upcoming concert highlights include Handel's *Messiah* with BBC NOW and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Bach's *Weihnachtatorium* with Casa da Musica, *Judas Maccabaeus* with the RIAS Kammerchor, Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* with the Royal Northern Sinfonia and Paul McCreesh, Bach's *St Matthew Passion* on a tour in The Netherlands, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with Orquesta Sinfónica de Galicia, a worldwide tour of Handel's *Messiah* with the Seattle Symphony, the Western Australian Symphony Orchestra and Adelaide Symphony Orchestra, and solo recitals at Wigmore Hall, Leeds Lieder, Cheltenham Festival, York Early Music Festival, London Handel Festival, Händel–festspiele Halle, and Korčula Baroque Festival.

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Ilan Kurtser

Ilan Kurtser *piano*

Ilan Kurtser is currently studying on the Advanced Diploma course at the Royal Academy of Music under the guidance of Michael Dussek, James Baillieu and Malcolm Martineau. He is a Leeds Lieder Young Artist, Samling Artist and the winner of the two major accompaniment prizes at the Royal Academy of Music, the Bampton Classical Opera Competition Accompanist Prize and the 2021 Kathleen Ferrier Awards Help Musician's Accompanist Prize in memory of Arthur and Gwyneth Harrison.

Ilan is a Bicentenary Scholar at the Royal Academy of Music supported by the Sir Jack Lyons Charitable Trust. As part of his Bicentenary Scholarship, he will be recording a double CD album of the complete Goethe–Lieder by Hugo Wolf. Ilan also has recently made his Wigmore Hall debut as part of the Academy's Song Circle concert series.

Ilan's early training was in Israel with Enn Wittenberg and later at the Buchmann–Mehta School of Music in Tel–Aviv with Asaf Zohar. He has participated in the David Goldman Chamber Music Program for Outstanding Young Musicians (Jerusalem Music Centre) and in numerous international festivals. He has taken part in masterclasses with Murray Perahia, Menahem Pressler, Helmut Deutsch, Elly Ameling, and Graham Johnson.

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Anna Lapwood
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Anna Lapwood conductor

Anna Lapwood is an organist, conductor, and broadcaster. She is Director of Music and a Bye-Fellow at Pembroke College, Cambridge (UK). While studying at Oxford University, Anna became the first female in Magdalen College's 560-year history to be awarded the Organ Scholarship.

Now performing organ concertos with leading orchestras and multiple recitals each season across Europe, Anna released her debut solo album *Images* on Signum Records in 2021. The recording includes her transcription for organ of Britten's 'Four Sea Interludes' from *Peter Grimes*, now published by Boosey & Hawkes. A new anthology of organ pieces by female composers, *Gregoriana*, commissioned and edited by Anna, was published in 2022 by Stainer & Bell. Also in 2022, two new albums featuring the Pembroke Choirs will be released on Signum Records.

In 2021 Anna made her BBC Proms debut as a soloist in Saint-Saëns' *Organ Symphony* with the Hallé Orchestra conducted by Sir Mark Elder, repeating the work later that month with conductor Kazuki Yamada and the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Other recent performances include a concert with the BBC Singers for International Women's Day 2022 broadcast live on Radio 3, George Baker's *Toccata-Gigue* for Classic FM from the Royal Albert Hall, an organ recital at St David's Hall, Cardiff for BBC Radio 3 and a performance of Poulenc's *Organ Concerto* with the London Chamber Orchestra. In 2019, Anna opened the BAFTA TV awards on the organ of the Royal Festival Hall. Anna performs two organ recitals at the Aldeburgh Festival 2022 following her annual 24-hour 'Bach-a-thon' from Pembroke College which raises money for the Muze-Pembroke Music Exchange Programme.

Making her TV presenting debut hosting coverage of BBC Young Musician, Anna was also invited to present a televised BBC Prom from the Royal Albert Hall in 2021. As a radio broadcaster she is a regular contributor to BBC Radio 3 and Radio 4, and until July 2020 she hosted a live, weekly classical music show on Radio Cambridgeshire. Anna has also been featured on Classic FM and presented for Scala Radio.

Anna's passion for the organ is matched by her mission to support girls and women in music. Her commitment to opportunity, equality and diversity is evident in almost every aspect of her life and work, especially in programming. Anna is humbled to find that she is an inspiration to many young women and proud that they have adopted her hashtag, #playlikeagirl.



Harrison Cole

Harrison Cole *organ*

Harrison Cole is 21 and reading music at Trinity College, Cambridge. He is also the college's Senior Organ Scholar, working with its world-famous choir, under the direction of Stephen Layton, where he plays for services, tours, recordings and broadcasts. Before this, he was the Senior Organ Scholar at Wells Cathedral, and attended the Royal Academy of Music Junior Department whilst at school. Harrison has toured across Europe and performed in a variety of different venues, including the Royal Albert Hall and Snape Maltings. As an accompanist and chamber musician, Harrison enjoys a varied schedule of playing with instrumentalists, singers and choirs. This year, he is one of the pianists for the Pembroke College Lieder Scheme, run by Leeds Lieder Festival director Joseph Middleton. Outside of music, he enjoys a wide range of literature, philosophy and history.

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George Kennaway

Dr George Kennaway *speaker*

Dr George Kennaway is a Scottish cellist, conductor, teacher, and musicologist. He was co-principal cello in the Orchestra of Opera North 1980–2008, and now regularly appears as a soloist and chamber music player, on modern, nineteenth-century, and baroque cello. He has conducted orchestras in Central Asia, Russia, Lithuania, as well as the UK. He plays in the Meiningen Ensemble, a chamber group specialising in the historical performance of nineteenth-century repertoire, which recently recorded a selection of trio movements from the large collection at Burton Constable Hall, East Yorkshire. He was a cello pupil of Marie Dare, Valentine Orde, Michael Edmonds, and Christopher Bunting, and also studied with William Pleeth and Bruno Schrecker. In 1985 he gave the UK and Scottish premières of Kurt Weill's cello sonata; he gave the première of George Morton's chamber version of the Dvorak cello concerto in 2017. Recent concerts have included twentieth-century Russian cello music, sonatas by Ireland and Barber, chamber music by Schumann, a CPE Bach cello concerto, and Tchaikovsky's 'Rococo' variations.

George has taught at the Royal Northern College of Music, the Lithuanian National Academy of Music, and at the Abbaye aux dames (Saintes, France), and has lectured at Newcastle, Hull, Leeds, and Huddersfield universities. He has given pre-concert talks for Opera North, Leeds Lieder, the Leeds International Concert Season, Bridgewater Hall, Birmingham Symphony Hall, and Glyndebourne Opera.

As a musicologist with a PhD from the University of Leeds his publications include *Playing the Cello 1780–1930* (2014), *John Gunn: Musician Scholar in Enlightenment Britain* (2021), and articles and book chapters on aspects of nineteenth-century performance research and on Lithuanian music and art. He chairs the committee of the North–East Early Music Forum, and is a trustee of the Leeds Lieder Festival. George is visiting research fellow at the universities of Leeds and Huddersfield.

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ILLUMINATED



Ian Bostridge CBE
© Kalpesh Lathigra

Ian Bostridge CBE

tenor

Ian Bostridge's international recital career takes him to the foremost concert halls of Europe, Southeast Asia, and North America. His operatic appearances have included Aschenbach (*Death in Venice*) for the Deutsche Oper, Peter Quint (*The Turn of the Screw*) for the Teatro alla Scala, Handel's (*Jeptha*) for Opéra National de Paris, Nerone (*L'Incoronazione di Poppea*) and Tom Rakewell for the Bayerische Staatsoper, Don Ottavio *Don Giovanni* for the Wiener Staatsoper, Tamino (*Die Zauberflöte*) and Jupiter (*Semele*) for English National Opera and Caliban (*The Tempest*) for the Royal Opera House.

This season's highlights include Britten's *War Requiem* with Kent Nagano and the Tonhalle-Orchester Zürich, the Konzertchor Darmstadt and the Boston Symphony Orchestra cond. Pappano, *Schwanengesang* at the Wigmore Hall and *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* for Orchestre de Chambre de Paris, both with Lars Vogt, *Winterreise* with Pappano at the Bayerische Staatsoper and with Thomas Adès for Auditori de Barcelona, *Les Illuminations* with Barcelona Symphony Orchestra and Orchestra della Toscana and a return to the Elbphilharmonie Hamburg with Cappella Neapolitana. 21/22 also sees European tours with Europa Galante of Monteverdi's *Orfeo* and *The Seasons* with the Orchestra of 18th century, a US tour with Basel Chamber Orchestra, *The Folly of Desire* at the MITO and Verbier, a world première of a new commission by James MacMillan with the London Symphony Orchestra for the WW1 centenary, recordings of the major Schubert song cycles live at the Wigmore Hall with pianists Lars Vogt and Thomas Adès, the release of his latest album on the Pentatone label as well as collaborations with Angela Hewitt and long-standing duo partner, Julius Drake.

His many recordings have won all the major international record prizes and been nominated for fifteen Grammys. His recording for Pentatone of Schubert's *Winterreise* with Thomas Adès won the Vocal Recording of the Year 2020 in the International Classical Music Awards. Recent recordings include Respighi Songs and *Die schöne Müllerin* with Saskia Giorgini for Pentatone, Shakespeare songs (Grammy Award, 2017) and *Requiem: The Pity of War* with Pappano for Warner Classics.

His book *Schubert's Winter Journey: Anatomy of an Obsession* was published by Faber and Faber in the UK and Knopf in the USA in 2014. He was made a CBE in the 2004 New Year's Honours.



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Dame Imogen Cooper
© Sussie Ahlburg

Imogen Cooper *piano*

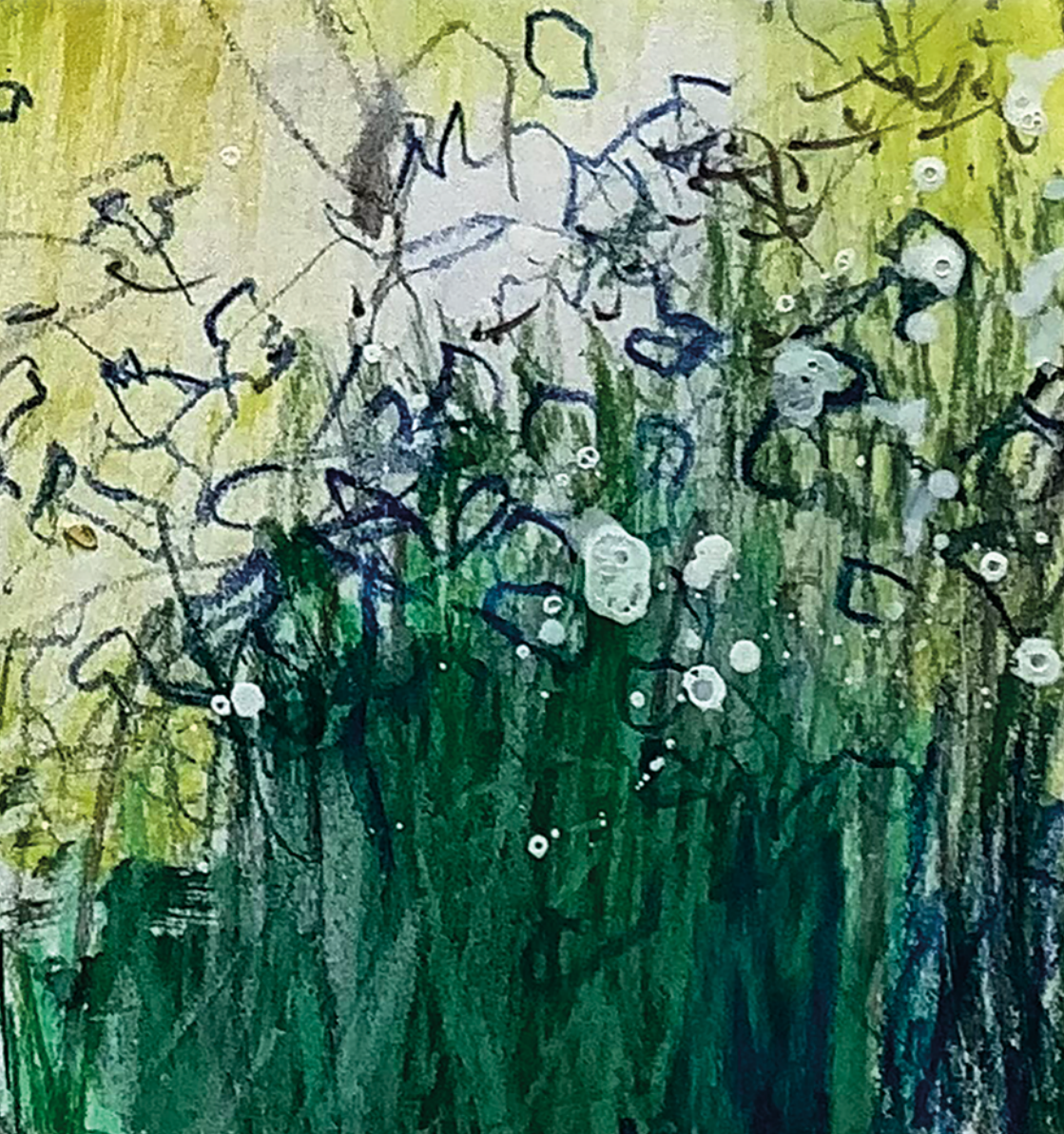
Regarded as one of the finest interpreters of Classical and Romantic repertoire, Imogen Cooper is internationally renowned for her virtuosity and lyricism. Recent and future concerto performances include the London Symphony Orchestra with Sir Simon Rattle, Cleveland Orchestra with Dame Jane Glover, the Hallé Orchestra with Sir Mark Elder, the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra with Ryan Wigglesworth and the Aurora Orchestra with Nicholas Collon. Her solo recitals this season include performances at the Klavierfest Ruhr in Germany, Schubertiada in Spain, Stockholm, London and Montreal. In September 2021 Imogen was the Chair of the Jury at the Leeds International Piano Competition.

Imogen has a widespread international career and has appeared with the New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia, Boston, Berliner Philharmoniker, Vienna Philharmonic, Royal Concertgebouw, Leipzig Gewandhaus, Budapest Festival and NHK Symphony Orchestras. She has also undertaken tours with the Camerata Salzburg, Australian and Orpheus Chamber Orchestras. She has played at the BBC Proms and with all the major British orchestras, including particularly close relationships with the Royal Northern Sinfonia and Britten Sinfonia, play/directing. Her recital appearances have included Tokyo, Hong Kong, New York, Singapore, Paris, Vienna, Prague and the Schubertiade in Schwarzenberg.

Imogen is a committed chamber musician and performs regularly with Henning Kraggerud and Adrian Brendel. As a Lieder recitalist, she has had a long collaboration with Wolfgang Holzmair in both the concert hall and recording studio. Her discography also includes Mozart Concertos with the Royal Northern Sinfonia (Avie) and a cycle of solo works by Schubert under the label 'Schubert Live'. Her recent recordings for Chandos Records feature music by French and Spanish composers, Beethoven, Liszt and Wagner.

She received a DBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours in 2021. The honour adds to Imogen's many awards and accolades, including the Queen's Medal for Music (2019), Royal Philharmonic Society Performers Award (2008), Commander of the Order of the British Empire (2007), Doctor of Music at Exeter University (1999) and Honorary Membership of the Royal Academy of Music (1997). Imogen was the Humanitas Visiting Professor in Classical Music and Music Education at the University of Oxford for 2013. The Imogen Cooper Music Trust was founded in 2015, to support young pianists at the cusp of their careers and give them time in an environment of peace and beauty.

SONG ILLUMINATED



Leeds Lieder Young Artists 2022

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

Charles Cunliffe & Michael Xie

Katrine Deleuran Strunk & Aleksandra Myslek

Helena Donie & Hana Kang

Karla Grant & Jia Ning Ng

Felix Emanuel Gygli & Jong Sum Woo

Kirsty McLean & Sharon Cheng

Hannah Morley & Michael Rose

Chloë Pardoe & Yupeng He

Helena Ressurreicao & Ester Lecha Jover

George Reynolds & Bethany Reeves

Angharad Rowlands & Joseph Cavalli Price

Flore Van Meerssche & Gyeongtaek Lee

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

About Leeds Lieder

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

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

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

Leeds Lieder People

Jane Anthony *Founder*

Elly Ameling *President*

Joseph Middleton *Director*

Honorary Patrons

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John Gilhooly CBE

Graham Johnson OBE

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Philippa Chamberlayne

Freelance Festival PR

Rachel Bradley

Young Artists Co-ordinator

Morgana Warren-Jones

Under 35s Ambassador

Thank You!

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For programme notes

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For programme notes

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For livestreaming

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For surtitling

John Tordoff

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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Leeds City Council
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SongPath
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Mr J Marsh

Mr M Meadowcroft and Ms E A Bee

Dr D L Salinger

Miss Helen Stephens

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Mr J Kirby

Dr Vivienne Pike

Prof and Mrs J R G Turner

Ms Veronica Youngson

And those many Friends who wish to remain anonymous.

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

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



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Refreshments

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

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

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

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

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