

LEEDS LIEDER CONCERT SEASON 2022 / 23

Friday 21 October, 7.30 p.m.

Kitty Whately - mezzo-soprano

Joseph Middleton - piano

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

The Willow Song

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her and murmur'd her moans,
Sing willow, willow.
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones,
Sing willow, willow,
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Othello

Three Shakespeare songs

Full fathom five

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,ding-dong bell.

The Tempest

The cloud-capp'd towers

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

The Tempest

Over hill, over dale

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire
I do wander everywhere.
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's
ear.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Elizabeth Maconchy (1907-1944)

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Ophelia's song

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Anon – quoted in Hamlet

from: *Four Shakespeare Songs*

Come away, Death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, [thousand]⁵ sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Twelfth Night

King Stephen

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.
He was a wight of high renown.

And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee

Othello

Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)

Take, O take those lips away

Take, o take those lips away,
That so sweetly [were]¹ forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights [that]² do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, sealed in vain.

Hide, o hide those hills of snow
that thy frozen bosom wears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
are yet of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Measure for Measure

It was a lover and his lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green corn-field did pass.
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folk would lie,

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownéd with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

As You Like It

Grace Williams (1906-1977)

The Lament of the Border Widow

My love, he built me a bonny bower
And clad it o'er with lily flower
A bonnier bower you ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me

There came a man by middle day
He spied his sport and went away
And brought the King that very night
Who broke my bower and slew my knight

He slew my knight to me so dear
He slew my knight and seized his gear
My servants all for life did flee
And left me in extremity

I sewed his shroud, making my moan
I watched his corpse, myself alone
I watched his body night and day
No living creature came that way

I took his body on my back
And whiles I walked and whiles I sat
I digged a grave and laid him in
And happed him with the turf so green

Oh, don't you think my heart was sore
As I laid the earth on his yellow hair
Oh, don't you think my heart was woe
As I turned about, away to go

No living man I'll love again
Since that my lovely knight is slain
With just one lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart forevermore

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

The Seal Man

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.
There was a strong love came up in her at that,
and she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother," she says,
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all
will keep me this night from the man I love."
And she went out into the moonlight to him,
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river.
And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world,
will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says,
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."
Then they went down into the sea together,
and the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;
it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,
that was stronger than the touch of the fool.
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,
and she went down into the sea with her man,
who wasn't a man at all.
She was drowned, of course.
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself.
She was drowned, drowned.

John Masefield (1878-1967)

The Salley Gardens

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree
But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

The House of Life

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

Love Sight

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?
Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love—my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The groundwhirl of the perished leaves of Hope
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, –
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hourglass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragonfly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: –
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

Love's Minstrels

One flame-winged brought a white-winged harp-player
Even where my lady and I lay all alone;
Saying: 'Behold this minstrel is unknown;
Bid him depart, for I am minstrel here:
Only my songs are to love's dear ones dear.'
Then said I: 'Through thine hautboy's rapturous tone
Unto my lady still this harp makes moan,
And still she deems the cadence deep and clear.'

Then said my lady: 'Thou art passion of Love,
And this Love's worship: both he plights to me.
Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea:
But where wan water trembles in the grove,
And the wan moon is all the light thereof,
This harp still makes my name its voluntary.'

Heart's Haven

Sometimes she is a child within mine arms,
Cowering beneath dark wings that love must chase,
With still tears showering and averted face,
Inexplicably filled with faint alarms:
And oft from mine own spirit's hurtling harms
I crave the refuge of her deep embrace,—
Against all ills the fortified strong place
And sweet reserve of sov'reign counter-charms..

And Love, our light at night and shade at noon,
Lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away
All shafts of shelterless tumultuous day.
Like the moon's growth, his face gleams through his tune;
And as soft waters warble to the moon,
Our answering spirits chime one roundelay

Death in Love

There came an image in Life's retinue
That had Love's wings and bore his gonfalon:
Fair was the web, and nobly wrought thereon,
O soul-sequestered face, thy form and hue!
Bewildering sounds, such as spring wakens to,
Shook in its folds; and through my heart its power
Sped trackless as the immemorable hour
When birth's dark portal groaned and all was new.

But a veiled woman followed, and she caught
The banner round its staff, to furl and cling,
Then plucked a feather from the bearer's wing,
And held it to his lips that stirred it not,
And said to me, 'Behold, there is no breath:
I and this Love are one, and I am Death.'

Love's Last Gift

Love to his singer held a glistening leaf,
And said: 'The rose-tree and the apple-tree
Have fruits to vaunt or flowers to lure the bee;
And golden shafts are in the feathered sheaf
Of the great harvest marshal, the year's chief
Victorious summer; aye, and 'neath warm sea
Strange secret grasses lurk inviolably
Between the filtering channels of sunk reef

'All are my blooms; and all sweet blooms of love
To thee I gave while spring and summer sang;
But autumn stops to listen, with some pang
From those worse things the wind is moaning of.
Only this laurel dreads no winter days:
Take my last gift; thy heart hath sung my praise.'