

FILLING THE
CITY WITH
SONG

LEEDS
LIEDER
2023

FESTIVAL

FRI 9 - SAT 17 JUNE 2023

TOUCHES
of SWEET
HARMONY

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

FRIDAY
16 JUNE

Guest of Honour
Dame Janet Baker

President
Elly Ameling

Director
Joseph Middleton

HOWARD
ASSEMBLY
ROOM

LEEDS
CONSERVATOIRE

Leeds Lieder Festival 2023

Study Event with Dr Katy Hamilton and Leeds Lieder Young Artists:
'I am'

Felix Mendelssohn, *Ach um deinen feuchten Schwingen* Op. 34, no. 4

Jonny Maxwell-Hyde (tenor) and Edward Picton-Tubervill (piano)

Robert Schumann, *Lied der Suleika* Op. 25, no. 9

Rachel Barnard (mezzo-soprano) and Beth Haughan (piano)

Clara Schumann, *Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen* Op. 13 no. 1

Helena Moore (soprano) and Francesca Orlando (piano)

Pauline Viardot, *Madrid* VWV1136

Noëlle Drost (soprano) and Jorian van Nee (piano)

Libby Larsen, 'The Empty Song' from *Love after 1950*

Anna Trombetta (mezzo-soprano) and Koenraad Spijker (piano)

Amy Beach, *Je demande à l'oiseau* Op. 51, no. 4

Charlotte Jane Kennedy and Frasier Hickland

Samuel Barber, *Solitary Hotel* Op. 41, no.4 1950

Georgie Malcolm (soprano) and Edward Campbell-Rowntree

Edvard Grieg, *Mens jeg venter* Op. 60, no. 3

Wencong Xue (baritone) and Chia Yun Hsieh (piano)

Antonín Dvořák, *Als die alte Mutter* Op. 55, no. 4

Florian Störtz (bass-baritone) and Mark Rogers (piano)

Aaron Copland, 'Heart, we will forget him' from *12 Emily Dickinson Songs* 1950

Stephanie Wong (soprano) and Anna Chiu (piano)

Ina Boyle, *A Song of Enchantment*

Bethan Terry (soprano) and Francesca Lauri (piano)

Flanders & Swann, *The Gnu Song*

Charles Cunliffe (bass-baritone) and Daniel Silcock (piano)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847)

Ach, um deinen feuchten Schwingen

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

Marianne von Willemer (1784-1860)

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

Lied der Suleika

Wie mit innigstem Behagen,
Lied, empfind' ich deinen Sinn!
Liebevoll du scheinst zu sagen:
Dass ich ihm zur Seite bin.

Dass er ewig mein gedenket,
Seiner Liebe Seligkeit
Immerdar der Fernen schenket,
Die ein Leben ihm geweiht.

Ja, mein Herz, es ist der Spiegel,
Freund, worin du dich erblickt,
Diese Brust, wo deine Siegel
Kuss auf Kuss hereingedrückt.

Süßes Dichten, laute Wahrheit,
Fesselt mich in Sympathie!
Rein verkörpert Liebesklarheit
Im Gewand der Poesie.

Marianne von Willemer

Suleika

Ah, West Wind, how I envy you
Your moist pinions:
For you can bring him word
Of what I suffer away from him!

The movement of your wings
Wakes silent longing in my heart;
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills,
Dissolve in tears where you blow.

Yet your mild, gentle breeze
Cools my sore eyelids;
Ah, I'd surely die of grief,
Did I not hope to see him again.

Hurry, then, to my beloved,
Whisper softly to his heart;
Take care, though, not to sadden him,
And hide from him my anguish.

Tell him, but tell him humbly:
That his love is my life,
His presence here will fill me
With happiness in both..

English translation © Richard Wigmore

Suleika's Song

With what heartfelt contentment,
O song, do I sense your meaning!
Lovingly you seem to say:
That I am at his side;

That he ever thinks of me,
And ever bestows his love's rapture
On her who, far away,
Dedicates her life to him.

For my heart, dear friend, is the mirror,
Wherein you have seen yourself;
And this the breast where your seal is imprinted
Kiss upon kiss.

Your sweet verses, their unsullied truth
Chain me in sympathy;
Love's pure embodied radiance
In the garb of poetry!

English translation © Richard Stokes

CLARA SCHUMANN (1819-1896)

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen

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)

PAULINE VIARDOT (1821-1910)

Madrid

Madrid, princesse des Espagnes,
Il court par tes mille campagnes
Bien des yeux bleus, bien des yeux noirs.
La blanche ville aux sérénades,
Il passe par tes promenades
Bien des petits pieds tous les soirs.

Madrid, quand tes taureaux bondissent,
Bien des mains blanches applaudissent,
Bien des écharpes sont en jeux.
Par tes belles nuits étoilées,
Bien des señoras long voilées
Descendent tes escaliers bleus.

Madrid, Madrid, moi, je me raille
De tes dames à fine taille
Qui chaussent l'escarpin étroit;
Car j'en sais une par le monde
Que jamais ni brune ni blonde
N'ont valu le bout de son doigt!

Car c'est ma princesse andalouse,
Mon amoureuse, ma jalouse !
Ma belle veuve au long réseau!
C'est un vrai démon, c'est un ange!
Elle est jaune, comme une orange,
Elle est vive comme l'oiseau!

Or, si d'aventure on s'enquête
Qui m'a valu telle conquête,
C'est l'allure de mon cheval,
Un compliment sur sa mantille
Puis des bonbons à la vanille
Par un beau soir de carnaval.

Alfred de Musset (1810-1857)

AMY BEACH (1867-1944)

CLARA SCHUMANN (1819-1896)

I stood darkly dreaming

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

English translation © Richard Stokes

Madrid

Madrid, Princess of Spanish lands,
Many blue eyes, many dark eyes
Can be seen on your thousand fields.
Many dainty feet tread each evening
Along the walks of your white town,
Famed for its serenades.

Madrid, when your bulls rampage,
Many a white hand applauds,
Many scarves are waved.
On your beautiful starry nights,
Many a señora with long veils
Descends your blue stairs.

Madrid, Madrid, I mock
Your slim-waisted ladies
Who wear narrow dancing shoes;
For there's no brunette or blonde
In all the world who's worth the finger-tips
Of a lady I know!

For she is my Andalusian princess,
My lover, my jealous one!
My beautiful, well-connected widow!
She's a real demon, she's an angel!
She's as yellow as an orange,
She's as lively as a bird!

Now, if by chance people wonder
How I achieved such a conquest,
I reply: because of my handsome horse,
The way I praised her mantilla,
The vanilla sweets I gave her
On a beautiful carnival evening.

English translation © Richard Stokes

AMY BEACH (1867-1944)



Je demande a l'oiseau

Je demande à l'oiseau qui passe
Sur les arbres, sans s'y poser,
Qu'il t'apporte, à travers l'espace,
La caresse de mon baiser.

Je demande à la brise pleine
De l'âme mourante des fleurs,
De prendre un peu de ton haleine
Pour en venir sécher mes pleurs.

Je demande au soleil de flamme,
Qui boit la sève et fait les vins,
Qu'il aspire toute mon âme,
Et la verse à tes pieds divins !

Armand Silvestre (1837 - 1901)

EDVARD GRIEG (1843-1907)

Mens jeg venter

Vildgjæs, vildgjæs i hvide Flokker,
Solskinsvejr.
Ællingen spanker i gule Sokker,
fine Klær.
Ro, ro til Fiskeskjær,
lunt det er omkring Holmen her,
Sjøen ligger så stille.
Bro, bro brille.

Løs dit Guldhår og snør din Kyse,
du min Skat.
Så skal vi danse den lune,
lyse Juninat.
Vent, vent, til Sanktehans
står vort Bryllup med lystig Dans.
Alle Giger skal spille.
Bro, bro brille

Vug mig, vug mig du blanke
Vove langt og let.
Snart går min Terne til Dans i Skove
søndagsklædt.
Vug, vug i Drøm mig ind,
hver tar sin, så tar jeg min,
hør hvor Gigerne spille!
Bro, bro brille.

Vilhelm Krag (1871-1933)

I ask the bird

I ask the bird...
That flies above the trees without stopping...
...to transport my caresses through the air

I ask the breeze...
Full of the dying soul of the flowers...
...to bring some of your breath
so that it comes to dry my tears

I ask the sun...
Whose flame drinks the sap and makes the wines...
...to soak up all my soul
and pour it at your feet!

On the water

Wild geese in white flocks –
Sunny weather.
Ducks displaying their yellow socks –
Elegantly dressed.
Row out to the rock,
It's calm here, round the island.
The water is so still.
Row, row your boat.

Let down your golden hair and tie your bonnet –
You're my joy.
Then we shall dance in the calm light –
June night.
Wait – on St John's day
We'll marry with lively dancing.
All the fiddlers will be playing.
Row, row your boat.

Rock me, you gentle waves –
Gently for all time.
Soon my beloved will dance in the wood –
Sunday fine.
Rock me into dreams,
You take yours and I'll take mine –
Hear what the fiddlers play.
Row, row your boat.

English translation © William Jewson, adapted by
Claire Booth

ANTON DVORAK (1841-1904)



Als die alte Mutter

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte singen,
tränen in den Wimpern gar so oft ihr hingen.
Jetzt, wo ich die Kleinen selber üb im Sange,
rieselt's in den Bart oft,
rieselt's oft von der braunen Wange.

Songs my mother taught me

Songs my mother taught me,
In the days long vanished;
Seldom from her eyelids
Were the teardrops banished.
Now I teach my children,
Each melodious measure.
Oft the tears are flowing,
Oft they flow from my memory's treasure.

English translation © Natalia Macfarren