

FILLING THE CITY WITH SONG
LEEDS LIEDER FESTIVAL
2023

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



Leeds Lieder Festival 2023

Evening recital

Ailish Tynan soprano
Joseph Middleton piano

HUBERT PARRY (1848-1918)

My heart is like a singing bird
Good night
Crabbed age and youth
Bright star

JUDITH BINGHAM (b.1952)

The shadow side of Joy Finzi

CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD (1852-1924)

La belle dame sans merci

REBECCA CLARKE (1886-1979)

A dream
Greeting
Infant joy
Shy one

INTERVAL

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

Blumengruss
Ganymed
Gleich und gleich
Kennst du das Land?

TRAD. ARR. HERBERT HUGHES (1882-1937)

The Spanish lady

MURIEL HERBERT (1897-1984)

Lake Isle of Innisfree

SAMUEL BARBER (1910-81)

Solitary hotel

EDMUND J. PENDLETON (1899-1987)

Bid adieu

HERBERT HUGHES

Marry me now

LIBBY LARSON (b.1950)

Pregnant

HERBERT HUGHES

The Gartan mother's lullaby

TRAD. ARR. HERBERT HUGHES

Tigaree torum orum



HUBERT PARRY (1848-1918)

My heart is like a singing bird

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a purple sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of purple and gold;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love, is come to me.

Christina Rossetti (1830-94)

Good night

Good-night? ah! no; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be good night.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood --
Then it will be -- good night.

To hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good; because, my love,
They never say good-night.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

Crabbed age and youth

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.



Bright star

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art -
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite

The moving waters at their priest like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains, and the moors

No - yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever - or else swoon to death.

John Keats (1795-1821)

JUDITH BINGHAM (b.1952)


The shadow side of Joy Finzi

Sweet the lily, sweet the rose,
Sweet my love whom nobody knows.
Stay the cuckoo, stay the moon.
Away my love, the dial's past noon.
Down to the river, so swift its flow,
To show to my love the way to go.
Bright the water, dark the tide,
Sharp the wound within my side.
Sweet the lily, sweet the rose,
Sweet my love whom nobody knows.

But lo, in the night such a storm of snow began
As never have I heard nor read of,
The wind was moaning sadly
And the sky as dark as a wood.

There was a wound, it would not heal,
It was both wide and deep.
I sought to bind it, it could not be,
The waiting earth received its blood,
There was a cry, it would not cease,
It echoed throughout sleep.
Where is the balm I sought to find?

It was snowing harder than it had ever snowed before
And the leaden depth of the sky came down.
The snow drove in, a great white billow,
Rolling and curling beneath the violent blast;
The snow drove in, tufting, tufting and combing
With rustling swirls, rustling, rustling swirls,
And all the while from the smothering sky
Came the pelting, pitiless arrows,
The pelting, pitiless arrows
Winged with murky white,
Pointed and pointed with barbs of frost.



A world without ending,
Into a vast similitude withdrawn.
Dear heart, throughout this bright world
Immense mystery, ah!
Our searchings, our searchings,
Searchings the darkness and the light,
And that end to which we go imperishable.

CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD (1852-1924)

La belle dame sans merci

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So lone and palely loitering?
The sedge hath wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woebegone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful - a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.


She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said -
"I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd - Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried - "La belle dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloom,
With horrid warning gaping wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.



And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

John Keats (1795-1821)

REBECCA CLARKE (1886-1979)

A dream

I dreamed that one had died in a strange place
Near no accustomed hand;
And they had nailed the boards above her face,
The peasants of that land,
And, wond'ring, planted by her solitude
A cypress and a yew:
I came, and wrote upon a cross of wood,
Man had no more to do:
"She was more beautiful than thy first love,
This lady by the trees:"
And gazed upon the mournful stars above,
And heard the mournful breeze.

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

Greeting

Over the wave-patterned sea-floor
Over the long sunburnt ridge of the world,
I bid the winds seek you.
I bid them cry to you
Night and morning
A name you loved once;
I bid them bring to you
Dreams, and strange imaginings, and sleep.

Ella Young (1867-1956)

Infant joy

"I have no name:
I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am,
Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty Joy!
Sweet Joy, but two days old.
Sweet Joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

Shy one

Shy one, shy one,
Shy one of my heart,
She moves in the firelight
Pensively apart.

She carries in the dishes
And lays them in a row.
To an isle in the water
With her would I go.

She carries in the candles,
And lights the curtained room,
Shy in the doorway
And shy in the gloom;

And shy as a rabbit,
Helpful and shy.
To an isle in the water
With her would I fly.

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

INTERVAL

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Blumengruss

Der Strauß, den ich gepflückt,
Grüße dich viel tausendmal!
Ich habe mich oft gebücket,
Ach, wohl eintausendmal,
Und ihn ans Herz gedrückt
Wie hunderttausendmal!

A flower greetings

May the bouquet I have picked,
Greet you many thousand times!
I have often bent down,
Oh, about a thousand times,
And pressed it to my heart
About a hundred thousand times!

Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herze drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Daß ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg ich und schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Ach wohin, wohin?

Ganymede

How in the radiance of morning
You glow around me,
Spring, my lover!
With love's thousand-fold bliss
The blessed feeling of
Your eternal warmth
Pierces my heart,
Oh infinite beauty!
If only I could clasp
You in my arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie and languish,
And your flowers and your grass
Press against my heart.
You cool the burning
Thirst of my breast,
Sweet wind of the morning!
The nightingale calls
Tenderly to me out of the misty valley.
I'm coming, I'm coming!
But where to? where to?

Hinauf strebt's hinauf!
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!

Upwards, strive upwards!
The clouds drift
Down, the clouds
Give way to my yearning love.
To me! To me!
Enveloped by you
Upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards into your bosom,
All-loving Father!

Gleich und gleich

Ein Blumenglößchen
Vom Boden hervor
War früh gesprosset,
In lieblichem Flor;
Da kam ein Bienchen
Und naschte fein: --
Die müssen wohl beide
Für einander sein.

Both the same

A little flower bud
Had sprung early
From the earth,
Such a fair flower;
A little bee came along
And drank deeply --
They were obviously
Made for each other.

Kennst du das Land?

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

Do you know the land?

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

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

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

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


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

TRAD. ARR. HERBERT HUGHES (1882-1937)

The Spanish lady

I walked down thro' Dublin city
At the hour of twelve at night,
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady,
Washing her feet by candlelight.

First she washed them,
Then she dried them,
O'er a fire of amber coal;
All my life I ne'er did see
A maid so neat about the sole.



Whack for the toora loora lady
Whack for the toora loora lee
Whack for the toora loora lady
Whack for the toora loora lee

As I came back thro' Dublin city
At the hour of half-past eight,
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady
Brushing her hair in broad day light.

First she tossed it,
Then she brushed it,
On her lap was a silver comb;
In all my life I ne'er did see
So fair a maid since I did roam.

As I went down thro' Dublin city
When the sun began to set,
Who should I see but a Spanish lady
Catching a moth in a golden net;

When she saw me
Then she fled me,
Lifting her petticoat over the knee;
In all my life I ne'er did spy
A maid so blithe as the Spanish lady!

MURIEL HERBERT (1897-1984)

Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket
sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.


I will arise and go now, for always night and day,
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

SAMUEL BARBER (1910-81)

Solitary hotel

Solitary hotel in a mountain pass.
Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit.
In dark corner young man seated.
Young woman enters.
Restless. Solitary. She sits.
She goes to window. She stands.
She sits. Twilight. She thinks.
On solitary hotel paper she writes.



She thinks. She writes. She sighs.
Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out.
He comes from his dark corner.
He seizes solitary paper.
He holds it towards fire. Twilight.
He reads. Solitary. What?
In sloping, upright and backhands:
Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's ho...

James Joyce (1882-1941)

EDMUND J. PENDLETON (1899-1987)

Bid adieu

Bid adieu, adieu, adieu,
Bid adieu to girlish days,
Happy love is come to woo
Thee and woo thy girlish ways -
The zone that doth become thee fair,
The snood upon thy yellow hair.

When thou hast heard his name upon
The bugles of the cherubim
Begin thou softly to unzone
Thy girlish bosom unto him
And softly to undo the snood
That is the sign of maidenhood.

James Joyce (1882-1941)

HERBERT HUGHES

Marry me now

Said brawny Bill, the sailor bold,
O marry me now!
Our love is nearly two days old,
Marry me, marry me now!
I've got the parson and the ring,
I mean to do the proper thing;
Marry me now!

You see I've got to sail away,
O marry me now!
I'd hate to miss our wedding day;
Marry me, marry me now!
For life is short and love is long,
And once we're spliced we can't go wrong;
Marry me now!

Heave to, my lass and strike your sail,
O marry me now!
A sailor lad will never fail,
Marry me, marry me now!
You may not see him once a year,
But when he's there he'll make good cheer:
Marry me now!

James Bernard Fagan (1873-1933)



LIBBY LARSON (b.1950)

Pregnant

My husband was out of town, but he'd be home that evening.
I'd be picking him up at the airport, but I wouldn't tell him there.
The news was too momentous, too beautiful to be delivered at an airport or an automobile.
I would lead him into our little red cottage by the pond
Where I'd open a bottle of non-alcoholic something
And say the word I'd been wanting to say to him for a year:
Pregnant, pregnant, pregnant.
When I drove to the airport he was there already.
I'M PREGNANT I shrieked crazily the minute his eyes met mine.
People looked at us in alarm.
I've always been terrible at keeping secrets.

HERBERT HUGHES

The Gartan mother's lullaby

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums
The silent twilight's fall.
Eeval from the Grey Rock comes
To wrap the world in thrall.

A lyan van o, my child, my joy,
My love and heart's desire,
The crickets sing you lullaby
Beside the dying fire.

Dusk is drawn, and the Green Man's thorn
Is wreathed in rings of fog,
Sheevra sails his boat till morn
Upon the starry bog.

A lyan van o, the paly moon
Hath brimm'd her cusp in dew
And weeps to hear the sad sleep tune I sing,
O love to you.

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil (1879-1944)


TRAD. ARR. HERBERT HUGHES

Tigaree torum orum

There was a wise old woman and her story I will tell,
She loved her husband dearly and another man just as well.
With my tigaree torum orum and my torum orum me
And my tigaree torum orum and the blind man he can see.

Now she went into the doctor's shop some medicine for to buy,
She asked the doctor kindly what would close her old man's eye.
Now get for him some marrow bones and make him suck them all
And when he has the last one sucked, he cannot see you at all.

Now the doctor sent for this old man and told him what she spoke,
He thanked the doctor kindly and he said he'd play the joke.
Now she got for him the marrow bones and she made him suck them all
And when he had the last one sucked, he couldn't see her at all.



“In this world I have no comfort and it’s here I can’t remain,
Sure I’ll go out and drown myself if I could see the stream.”
“In this world you have no comfort and it’s here you can’t remain
And if you like to drown yourself I’ll show you to the stream.”

“Let you stand on the river bank and I’ll run up the hill.”
“Then push me in with all your might,” he says. “My love, I will.”

Now he stood on the river bank and she ran up the hill
And when she ran down he slipped aside and let her tumble in.

She sank down to the bottom and she floated to the top,
He put a wattle to her side and he shoved her further off.

“Yirra, Johnny, dearest Johnny, are you leaving me behind?”
“Yirra, Nancy, dearest Nancy, sure you thought you had me blind!”

James Bernard Fagan (1873-1933)

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