

FILLING THE
CITY WITH
SONG

LEEDS
LIEDER FESTIVAL
2023

FRI 9 – SAT 17 JUNE 2023

TOUCHES
of SWEET
HARMONY

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

FRIDAY
9 JUNE

Guest of Honour
Dame Janet Baker

President
Elly Ameling

Director
Joseph Middleton

HOWARD
ASSEMBLY
ROOM

LEEDS
CONSERVATOIRE

Leeds Lieder Festival 2023

Opening Gala recital

Mark Padmore CBE tenor

Ana Manastireanu piano

Supported by Elizabeth and Olav Arnold

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810-56)
Hans Christian Andersen Lieder Op. 40

Märzveilchen
Muttertraum
Der Soldat
Der Spielmann

ROBERT SCHUMANN
Liederkreis Op. 39 (Eichendorff)

In der Fremde
Intermezzo
Waldesgespräch
Die Stille
Mondnacht
Schöne Fremde
Auf einer Burg
In der Fremde
Wehmut
Zwielficht
Im Walde
Frühlingsnacht

INTERVAL

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-76)
Who Are These Children?

GERALD FINZI (1901-56)
Channel Firing

REBECCA CLARKE (1886-1979)
The Seal Man

MICHAEL TIPPETT (1905-98)
Full Fathom Five

REBECCA CLARKE
The Tiger

GUSTAV HOLST (1874-1934)
Betelgeuse

TANSY DAVIES (b.1973)
Destroying Beauty

SALLY BEAMISH (b.1956)
Hoopoe

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)
Nocturne

FRANK BRIDGE (1879-1941)
Journey's End

GERALD FINZI (1901-56)
Fear No More the Heat O' the Sun



ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810-56)

Hans Christian Andersen Lieder Op. 40

Adalbert von Chamisso (1781-1838) – based on texts by Hans Christian Anderson (1805-75)

Märzveilchen

Der Himmel wölbt sich rein und blau,
Der Reif stellt Blumen aus zur Schau.
Am Fenster prangt ein flimmernder Flor.
Ein Jüngling steht, ihn betrachtend, davor.

Und hinter den Blumen blühet noch gar
Ein blaues, ein lächelndes Augenpaar.
Märzveilchen, wie jener noch keine gesehn!
Der Reif wird angehaucht zergehn.

Eisblumen fangen zu schmelzen an,
Und Gott sei gnädig dem jungen Mann.

Muttertraum

Die Mutter betet herzlich und schaut entzückt
Auf den schlummernden Kleinen.
Er ruht in der Wiege so sanft und traut.
Ein Engel muß er ihr scheinen.

Sie küßt ihn und herzt ihn, sie hält sich kaum.
Vergessen der irdischen Schmerzen,
Es schweift in die Zukunft ihr Hoffnungsraum.
So träumen Mütter im Herzen.

Der Rab indes mit der Sippschaft sein
Kreischt draußen am Fenster die Weise:
Dein Engel, dein Engel wird unser sein,
Der Räuber dient uns zur Speise.

Der Soldat

Es geht bei gedämpfter Trommel Klang;
Wie weit noch die Stätte! der Weg wie lang!
O wär er zur Ruh und alles vorbei!
Ich glaub', es bricht mir das Herz entzwei!

Ich hab' in der Welt nur ihn geliebt,
Nur ihn, dem jetzt man den Tod doch gibt!
Bei klingendem Spiele wird paradiert;
Dazu bin auch ich kommandiert.

Nun schaut er auf zum letzten Mal
In Gottes Sonne freudigen Strahl;
Nun binden sie ihm die Augen zu -
Dir schenke Gott die ewige Ruh!

Es haben die Neun wohl angelegt;
Acht Kugeln haben vorbeigefegt.
Sie zittern alle vor Jammer und Schmerz -
Ich aber, ich traf ihn mitten in das Herz.

March violets

The vault of heaven is pure and blue,
Flowers stand out against the hoar frost.
The window is sparkling with shimmering flowers.
A young man is standing in front of it watching.

And behind the flowers there glows
A pair of laughing blue eyes.
March violets, like no-one has seen before!
A breath will dissolve the rime.

Frosted flowers now begin to melt,
And may God be gracious to this young man.

A mother's dream

The mother prays earnestly and gazes entranced
At her sleeping little one.
He rests in his cradle, so sweetly and snug,
He must look like an angel to her.

She cannot stop herself kissing and hugging him.
Forgetting all her earthly sorrows,
Her dreams stray into the future full of hope.
The dreams that mothers have in their hearts.

Meanwhile the raven with its clan
Shrieks a tune outside the window:
Your angel, your angel will be ours,
The thief will provide us with supper.

The soldier

He walks to the sound of a muffled drum;
How far away is the place still! It's such a long way!
Oh, if only he were at peace and everything over already!
I think it will break my heart in two!

I loved only him in the world,
Only him, whom they are now putting to death!
They have to march to the sound of the band;
I've been ordered to join them.

Now for the last time he looks up
Into the joyous sunbeams of God's sun;
Now they blindfold him -
May God grant you eternal peace!

The nine then took aim:
Eight bullets went wide.
They were all trembling with fear and pain -
But I - I shot him right through the heart.

Der Spielmann

Im Städtchen gibt es des Jubels viel,
Da halten sie Hochzeit mit Tanz und mit Spiel.
Dem Fröhlichen blinket der Wein so rot,
Die Braut nur gleicht dem getünchten Tod.

Ja tot für den, den nicht sie vergißt,
Der doch beim Fest nicht Bräutigam ist:
Da steht er inmitten der Gäste im Krug,
Und streichelt die Geige lustig genug.

Er streichelt die Geige, sein Haar ergraut,
Es schwingen die Saiten gellend und laut,
Er drückt sie ans Herz und achtet es nicht,
Ob auch sie in tausend Stücke zerbricht.

Es ist gar grausig, wenn einer so stirbt,
Wenn jung sein Herz um Freude noch wirbt.
Ich mag und will nicht länger es sehn!
Das möchte den Kopf mir schwindelnd verdrehn!

Wer heißt euch mit Fingern zeigen auf mich?
O Gott - bewahr uns gnädiglich,
Daß keinen der Wahnsinn übermannt.
Bin selber ein armer Musikant.

The fiddler

In the little town there is much festivity,
There is a wedding with dancing and playing.
To the happy man the wine sparkles so red;
But the bride is as pale as death.

Yes, she is dead for him whom she cannot forget,
For he is not the bridegroom at the feast;
There he stands in the midst of the guests,
Playing his fiddle cheerfully enough.

He caresses his fiddle, his hair turning grey.
The strings resonate, shrilly and loudly,
He presses it to his heart, taking no notice of
Whether it breaks into a thousand pieces.

It is really dreadful when someone dies like this,
When a young heart is still craving happiness.
I can't and won't watch any longer!
It will make my head spin!

Who told you to point your finger at me?
O God - graciously protect us,
That madness may not overcome us.
I am myself a poor musician.

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Liederkreis Op. 39

Joseph Karl Benedikt von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

In a far-away land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,
The clouds drift in,
But my father and mother are long since dead,
No-one there knows me anymore.

But soon, oh soon, will come the quiet time,
When I too will rest, and above me
Will be the sweet murmur of the lonely woods,
And no-one here will know me anymore.

Intermezzo

Your sublime image
I carry deep within my heart,
It gazes at me constantly,
So freshly and happily.

My heart sings softly to itself,
An old and beautiful song,
Which soars up into the air
And swiftly wings its way to you.

Waldegespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reitst du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ dich heim!

"Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin."

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn ich dich - Gott steh mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei.

"Du kennst mich wohl - von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es wird schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald."

Die Stille

Es weiß und rät es doch keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüßt es nur einer, nur einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen sollt!

So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh,
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht', ich wäre ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis daß ich im Himmel wär!

Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müßt.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund
Um die halbversunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund.

Conversation in the forest

It's already late, it's getting cold,
Why are you riding alone through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
Beautiful maiden, I will accompany you home!

"Great is the deceit and deviousness of men,
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
Oh flee! You don't know who I am."

The lady and steed are so richly decked out,
And her young form is very beautiful,
Now I recognise you – God help me!
You are the witch Lorelei!

"Indeed you do know me – from the towering rock
My castle looks silently down into the Rhein.
It's already late, it's getting cold,
You will never get out of this forest again."

Silence

No-one can know or guess,
How happy I am, how happy!
Oh, if just one person knew, just one person,
No-one else ever should!

The snow outside is not so silent,
The stars in the heavens
Are not so still and discreet,
As my thoughts are.

I wish I were a little bird
Flying over the sea,
Far over the sea and ever higher,
Until I arrived in Heaven!

Moonlit night


It seemed as if Heaven,
Had gently kissed the earth,
As if she in a shower of blossom
Had only to dream of him.

The breeze wafted through the meadows,
The ears of corn swayed gently,
The forest rustled softly,
The night was full of stars.

And my soul
Stretched out its wings,
And soared over the quiet countryside,
As if it were flying home.

Beautiful far-away land

The treetops rustle and shudder,
As if just at this hour
Around the half-sunken walls
The ancient Gods were doing their rounds.



Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr wie in Träumen
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie vom künftigen, großem Glück.

Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte Ritter;
Drüber gehen Regenschauer,
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre
Oben in der stillen Klausur.

Draußen ist es still' und friedlich,
Alle sind ins Tal gezogen,
Waldesvögel einsam singen
In den leeren Fensterbögen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenschein,
Musikanten spielen munter,
Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen
Im Walde her und hin.
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen,
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was sagen
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondesschimmer fliegen,
Als sah ich unter mir
Das Schloß im Tale liegen,
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müßte in dem Garten,
Voll Rosen weiß und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,
Und ist doch so lange tot.

Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Here, behind the myrtle trees,
In secret evening glory,
What strange, dreamlike things are you saying
To me, you fantastic night?

All the stars are shining on me
With glowing gazes of love,
And the distant horizon speaks
Of great happiness in the future.

In a castle

Fallen asleep in his lookout,
Up there is the old knight;
Rain squalls pass over him,
And the forest rustles through the portcullis.

Beard and hair matted together,
Breast and ruff turned to stone,
For many hundreds of years
He has sat up there in his silent cell.

Outside all is still and peaceful,
Everyone has left for the valley.
Forest birds sing their solitary songs
In the empty window arches.

A wedding party travels
Down the Rhine in the sunshine,
Musicians play cheerful music,
But the lovely bride is weeping.

In a far-away land

I hear the little stream murmuring
Here and there in the forest.
In the forest, in the rustling,
I don't know where I am.


The nightingales sing
Here in the solitude,
As if they wanted to tell
Of the beautiful days of long ago.

The moonbeams flicker,
As if I saw beneath me
The castle nestled in the valley,
Yet it is really so far from here!

As though, in the garden
Full of white and red roses,
My beloved were waiting for me,
But she died so long ago.

Sadness

Indeed I can sometimes sing,
As if I were happy,
But secretly tears well up,
And release my heart.



Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draußen Frühlingsluft,
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

Zwielicht

Dämrrung will die Flügel spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume -
Was will dieses Grau'n bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Laß es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden,
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,
Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen Frieden.

Was heut gehet müde unter,
Hebt sich morgen neu geboren.
Manches geht in Nacht verloren -
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das Waldhorn klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde,
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der Wald
Und mich schauerts im Herzensgrunde.

Frühlingsnacht

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel ziehn,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blühn.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Träumen rauscht's der Hain,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist deine! Sie ist dein!

When the Spring breezes blow,
Nightingales pour forth,
Their song of yearning
From their prison cell.

And every heart listens,
And every heart rejoices,
But no-one feels the pain,
The deep sorrow in the song.

Twilight

Dusk prepares to spread its wings,
The trees shiver frighteningly,
Clouds gather like troubled dreams -
What does this dread mean?

If you have a favourite fawn,
Don't let it graze alone.
There are hunters in the woods sounding their horns,
Voices wander to and fro.

If you have a friend here on earth,
Don't trust him in this hour,
Though acting as a friend in appearance and speech,
He is planning war in malicious silence.

Whatever sets wearily today,
Will rise again tomorrow, new born.
Much can be lost in the night -
Be careful, be watchful and alert.

In the forest

A wedding party wended its way along the hillside,
I heard the birds singing,
Then riders flashed by, the hunting horns sounded,
That was a merry chase!

And in a twinkling everything had passed by,
The night covered everything in darkness,
All that could be heard was the forest murmurings,
And my heart shuddered with fear.

Spring night

In the skies above the garden
I heard the birds passing by,
That heralds Spring's arrival,
Flowers are already blooming down below.

I want to rejoice, I want to weep,
I feel as if it could not be!
Old wonders return to shine in
With the shimmering moonlight.

The moon and the stars say it,
In my dreams the trees whisper it,
And the nightingales sing it:
She is yours! She is yours!



BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-76)

from *Who Are These Children Op. 84*

Who Are These Children?

With easy hands upon the rein,
And hounds at their horses' feet,
The ladies and the gentlemen
Ride through the village street.

Brightness of blood upon the coats
And on the women's lips:
Brightness of silver at the throats
And on the hunting whips.

Is there a dale more calm, more green
Under this morning hour;
A scene more alien than this scene
Within a world at war?

Who are these children gathered here
Out of the fire and smoke
That with remembering faces stare
Upon the foxing folk?

William Soutar (1898-1943)

GERALD FINZI (1901-56)

Channel Firing

That night your great guns, unawares,
Shook all our coffins as we lay,
And broke the chancel window-squares,
We thought it was the Judgment-day

And sat upright. While drearishome
Arose the howl of wakened hounds:
The mouse let fall the altar-crumbs,
The worms drew back into the mounds,

The glebe cow drooled. Till God called, 'No;
It's gunnery practice out at sea
Just as before you went below;
The world is as it used to be:

'All nations striving strong to make
Red war yet redder. Mad as hatters
They do no more for Christ's sake
Than you who are helpless in such matters.

'That this is not the judgment-hour
For some of them's a blessed thing,
For if it were they'd have to scour
Hell's floor for so much threatening.

Ha, ha. It will be warmer when
I blow the trumpet (if indeed
I ever do; for you are men,
And rest eternal sorely need).'

So down we lay again. 'I wonder,
Will the world ever saner be',
Said one, 'than when He sent us under
In our indifferent century!'

And many a skeleton shook his head.
'Instead of preaching forty year,'
My neighbour Parson Thirdly said,
'I wish I had stuck to pipes and beer.'

Again the guns disturbed the hour,
Roaring their readiness to avenge,
As far inland as Stourton Tower,
And Camelot, and starlit Stonehenge.

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

REBECCA CLARKE (1886-1979)

The Seal Man

Text not included for copyright reasons.



MICHAEL TIPPETT (1905-98)

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:
Ding-dong.
Hark! Now I hear them — Ding-dong-bell.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) from The Tempest

REBECCA CLARKE

The Tiger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?


Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake (1757-1827)

GUSTAV HOLST (1874-1934)

Betelgeuse

On Betelgeuse
the gold leaves hang in golden aisles
for twice a hundred million miles,
and twice a hundred million years
they golden hang and nothing stirs,
on Betelgeuse.



Space is a wind that does
not blow on Betelgeuse,
and time - oh time - is a bird,
whose wings have never stirred
the golden avenues of leaves
on Betelgeuse.

On Betelgeuse
there is nothing that joys or grieves
the unstirred multitude of leaves,
nor ghost of evil or good haunts
the gold multitude
on Betelgeuse.

And birth they do not use
nor death on Betelgeuse,
and the God, of whom we are
infinite dust, is there
a single leaf of those
gold leaves on Betelgeuse.

Humbert Wolfe (1885-1940)
from *The Unknown Goddess*, 1925

TANSY DAVIES (b.1978)

Destroying Beauty

Troubling the cornfields with destroying beauty
The different greens of the woodland trees
The dark oak, the paler ash, the mellow lime, the white poplars
Peeping above the rest like leafy steeples
The grey willow shining chilly in the sun
As if the morning mist still lingered in the cool, cool green

John Clare (1793-1864)

SALLY BEAMISH (b.1956)

from *Four Songs from Hafez*

text: *Divan-e-Hafez*, translated by Jila Peacock


Hoopoe

O Hoopoe of the east wind,
To Sheba I shall send you.
Take heed from where to where
I shall send you

Pity a bird like you
Lodged in a well of sorrow.
From here, to the nest of devotion
I shall send you

In quest of love
There is no near or far but only now.
I see you whole, and my fealty
I shall send you

Whispering in the winds
Each dawn and dusk,
Convoys of sweet invocations
I shall send you



Love's face
Reveals the joy of all Creation
In the God-reflecting mirror
I shall send you

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)

Nocturne

Whispers of heavenly death murmur'd I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever flowing,
(Or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless waters of human tears?)

I see, just see skyward, great cloud-masses,
Mournfully slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing,
With at times a half-dimm'd sadden'd far-off star,
Appearing and disappearing.

(Some parturition rather, some solemn immortal birth;
On the frontiers to eyes impenetrable,
Some soul is passing over.)

Walt Whitman (1819-92)

FRANK BRIDGE (1879-1941)

Journey's End

What will they give me, when journey's done?
Your own room to be quiet in, Son!

Who shares it with me? There is none
Shares that cool dormitory, Son!

Who turns the sheets? There is but one,
And no one needs to turn it, Son!

Who lights the candle? Everyone
Sleeps without candle all night, Son!


Who calls me after sleeping? Son!
You are not called when journey's done.

Humbert Wolfe (1885-1940)

GERALD FINZI

Fear No More the Heat O' the Sun

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.



Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownéd be thy grave!

William Shakespeare: from Cymbeline

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