

FILLING THE  
CITY WITH  
SONG

LEEDS  
LIEDER FESTIVAL  
2023

FRI 9 – SAT 17 JUNE 2023

TOUCHES  
*of* SWEET  
HARMONY

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

THURSDAY  
15 JUNE

*Guest of Honour*  
Dame Janet Baker

*President*  
Elly Ameling

*Director*  
Joseph Middleton

HOWARD  
ASSEMBLY  
ROOM

LEEDS  
CONSERVATOIRE

# Leeds Lieder Festival 2023

Lunchtime recital

opera  
north

Nick Pritchard tenor

David Cowan piano

With members of the Orchestra of Opera North:

Winona Fifield violin

Claire Osborne violin

David Aspin viola

Dan Bull 'cello

**RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS** (1872-1958)

*Four Hymns* for tenor, viola and piano

Lord! Come away!

Who is this fair one?

Come love, come Lord

Evening hymn

Linden Lea

The splendour falls

As I walked out

Silent noon

*On Wenlock Edge* for tenor, piano and string quartet

On Wenlock Edge

From far, from eve and morning

Is my team ploughing?

Oh, when I was in love with you

Bredon Hill

Clun



**RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)**

*Four Hymns for tenor, viola and piano*

**Lord! Come away!**

Lord! Come away! Why dost thou stay?  
Thy road is ready; and thy paths made straight  
With longing expectation, wait  
The consecration of thy beauteous feet!  
Ride on triumphantly!  
Behold we lay our lusts and proud wills in thy way!

Hosanna! Welcome to our hearts! Lord, here  
Thou hast a temple too; and full as dear  
As that of Sion, and as full of sin:  
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein;  
Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!  
Crucify them that they may never more  
Profane that holy place  
Where thou hast chose to set thy face!

And then, if our stiff tongues shall be  
Mute in the praises of thy deity,  
The stones out of the temple wall  
Shall cry aloud, and call  
'Hosanna!' and thy glorious footsteps greet!

*Jeremy Taylor (1613-67)*

**Who is this fair one?**

Who is this fair one in distress,  
That travels from the wilderness,  
And press'd with sorrows and with sins  
On her beloved Lord she leans?


This is the spouse of Christ our God,  
Bought with the treasures of his blood,  
And her request and her complaint  
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint:

"O let my name engraven stand  
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;  
Seal me upon mine arm and wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

Stronger than death thy love is known  
Which floods of wrath could never drown,  
And hell and earth in vain combine  
To quench a fire so much divine.

But I am jealous of my heart  
Lest it should once from thee depart;  
Then let my name be well impress'd  
As a fair signet on thy breast.

Till thou hast brought me to thy home,  
Where fears and doubts can never come,  
Thy countenance let me often see,  
And often shalt thou hear from me:



Come, my beloved, haste away,  
Cut short the hours of thy delay,  
Fly like a youthful hart or roe,  
Over the hills where spices blow.”

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

## Come love, come Lord

Come love, come Lord, and that long day  
For which I languish, come away,  
When this dry soul those eyes shall see  
And drink the unseal'd source of thee,  
When glory's sun faith's shades shall chase,  
Then for thy veil give me thy face.

*Richard Crashaw (1612/3-49)*

## Evening hymn

O gladsome light, O grace  
Of God the Father's face,  
The eternal splendour wearing;  
Celestial, holy, blest,  
Our Saviour, Jesus Christ,  
Joyful in thine appearing:

Now, ere day fadeth quite,  
We see the evening light,  
Our wonted hymn outpouring;  
Father of might unknown,  
Thee, his incarnate Son,  
And Holy Spirit adoring.

To thee of right belongs  
All praise of holy songs,  
O Son of God, Life-giver;  
Thee, therefore, O Most High,  
The world doth glorify  
And shall exalt for ever.


*Robert Bridges (1844-1930)*

## RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

### Linden Lea

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,  
By the oak trees' mossy moot,  
The shining grass blades, timber-shaded,  
Now do quiver underfoot;  
And birds do whistle overhead,  
And water's bubbling in its bed;  
And there, for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,  
Now do fade within the copse,  
And painted birds do hush their singing,  
Up upon the timber tops;  
And brown-leaved fruits a-turning red,  
In cloudless sunshine overhead,  
With fruit for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.



Let other folk make money faster,  
In the air of dark-roomed towns;  
I don't dread a peevish master,  
Though no man may heed my frowns.  
I be free to go abroad,  
Or take again my homeward road,  
To where, for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

*William Barnes (1801-86)*

## The splendour falls

The splendour falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

## As I walked out

As I walked out one morning,  
In the springtime of the year,  
I overheard a sailor boy,  
Likewise a lady fair.  
They sang a song together,  
Made the valleys for to ring,  
While the birds on spray  
And the meadows gay  
Proclaimed the lovely spring.

## 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 sun-searched 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

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-82)*



RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

*On Wenlock Edge* for tenor, piano and string quartet

*Alfred Edward Housman (1859-1936)*

## On Wenlock Edge

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble;  
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;  
The gale, it plies the saplings double,  
And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger  
When Uricon the city stood:  
'Tis the old wind in the old anger,  
But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman  
At yonder heaving hill would stare:  
The blood that warms an English yeoman  
The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,  
Through him the gale of life blew high;  
The tree of man was never quiet:  
Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,  
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:  
To-day the Roman and his trouble  
Are ashes under Uricon.

## From far, from eve and morning

From far, from eve and morning  
And yon twelve-winded sky,  
The stuff of life to knit me  
Blew hither: here am I.


Now - for a breath I tarry  
Nor yet disperse apart -  
Take my hand quick and tell me,  
What have you in your heart.

Speak now, and I will answer;  
How shall I help you, say;  
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters  
I take my endless way.

## Is my team ploughing?

"Is my team ploughing,  
That I was used to drive  
And hear the harness jingle  
When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,  
The harness jingles now;  
No change though you lie under  
The land you used to plough.



"Is my girl happy,  
That I thought hard to leave,  
And has she tired of weeping  
As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, she lies down lightly,  
She lies not down to weep:  
Your girl is well contented.  
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,  
Now I am thin and pine,  
And has he found to sleep in  
A better bed than mine?"

Yes, lad, I lie easy,  
I lie as lads would choose;  
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,  
Never ask me whose.

## Oh, when I was in love with you

Oh, when I was in love with you,  
Then I was clean and brave,  
And miles around the wonder grew  
How well did I behave.

And now the fancy passes by,  
And nothing will remain,  
And miles around they'll say that I  
Am quite myself again.

## Bredon Hill


In summertime on Bredon  
The bells they sound so clear;  
Round both the shires they ring them  
In steeples far and near,  
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning  
My love and I would lie,  
And see the coloured counties,  
And hear the larks so high  
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her  
In valleys miles away;  
"Come all to church, good people;  
Good people come and pray."  
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer  
Among the springing thyme,  
"Oh, peal upon our wedding,  
And we will hear the chime,  
And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas  
On Bredon top were strown,  
My love rose up so early  
And stole out unbeknown  
And went to church alone.



They tolled the one bell only,  
Groom there was none to see,  
The mourners followed after,  
And so to church went she,  
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,  
And still the steeples hum,  
"Come all to church, good people."  
O noisy bells, be dumb;  
I hear you, I will come.

## Clun

Clunton and Clunbury,  
Clungunford and Clun,  
Are the quietest places  
Under the sun.

In valleys of springs of rivers,  
By Ony and Teme and Clun,  
The country for easy livers,  
The quietest under the sun,

We still had sorrows to lighten,  
One could not be always glad,  
And lads knew trouble at Knighton,  
When I was a Knighton lad.

By bridges that Thames runs under,  
In London, the town built ill,  
'Tis sure small matter for wonder  
If sorrow is with one still.

And if as a lad grows older  
The troubles he bears are more,  
He carries his griefs on a shoulder  
That handselled them long before.

Where shall one halt to deliver  
This luggage I'd lief set down?  
Not Thames, not Teme is the river,  
Nor London nor Knighton the town:

'Tis a long way further than Knighton,  
A quieter place than Clun,  
Where doomsday may thunder and lighten  
And little 'twill matter to one.

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