

A portrait of a man with dark hair, wearing a dark blue button-down shirt over a dark sweater. He is resting his chin on his hand and looking thoughtfully to the side.

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The Venue, Leeds Conservatoire
28 September 2025, 3:00PM

Programme

Huw Montague Rendall, Baritone
Joseph Middleton, Piano

Franz Schubert 1797 - 1828

Die schöne Müllerin

Das Wandern
Wohin?
Halt!
Danksagung an den Bach
Der Feierabend
Der Neugierige
Ungeduld
Morgengruß
Des Müllers Blumen
Tränenregen
Mein!
Pause
Mit dem grünen Lautenbande
Der Jäger
Eifersucht und Stolz
Die liebe Farbe
Die böse Farbe
Trockne Blumen
Der Müller und der Bach
Des Baches Wiegenlied

This recital will be given without an interval

Texts and Translations

Franz Schubert 1797 - 1828

Die schöne Müllerin

Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde gehn,
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Laßt mich in Frieden weiter ziehn
Und wandern.

Wohin?

Ich hör' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Ich mußte auch hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer heller rauschte,
Und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag' ich denn vom Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Lass singen, Gesell, lass rauschen,
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

Wandering

To wander is a miller's delight,
To wander!
Only a bad miller
Has never felt like wandering,
Wandering!

We've learnt it from the water,
The water!
It doesn't rest by night or day,
It's always intent on wandering,
The water.

We see it in the wheels too,
The wheels!
They never want to stand still,
And never get tired the whole day long,
The wheels.

Even the stones, heavy as they are,
The stones!
They dance along cheerfully
Wanting to move even faster,
The stones.

Oh wandering, wandering, my delight
Oh wandering!
Master and Mistress,
Let me go my way in peace
Just wandering.

Whither?

I heard a little stream babbling
From its rocky source,
Babbling down to the valley,
So clear and bright.

I don't know what came over me,
Or who prompted me,
But I had to go down too
With my wanderer's staff.

Further and further down,
Always following the stream,
And the stream babbled ever more cheerily
And ever more brightly.

Is that then the path I should take?
Little stream, tell me — where does it go?
With your babbling
You have completely confused me.

Why do I speak of babbling?
That can't be babbling,
It's the water nymphs singing
As they dance their round far below.

Let them sing, my friend, and let the stream babble,
And follow it cheerfully!
For mill wheels turn
In every clear stream.

Halt

Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süsser Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

Danksagung an den Bach

War es also gemeint,
Mein rauschender Freund,
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
War es also gemeint?

„Zur Müllerin hin!“
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
„Zur Müllerin hin!“

Hat sie dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,
Ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich such', hab' ich funden,
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
Nun hab' ich genug,
Für die Hände, für's Herze
Vollauf genug!

Am Feierabend

Hätt' ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnst' ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnst' ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könnst' ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Dass die schöne Müllerin
Merke meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.
Und da sitz' ich in der grossen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister sagt zu Allen:
„Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;“
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

Halt

I see a mill gleaming
Amid the alders,
Over the babbling and singing
I hear the roar of mill-wheels.

Oh welcome, welcome,
Sweet music of the mill!
And the house, how inviting!
And the windows, how they sparkle!

And how brightly the sun
Shines in the heavens!
Oh stream, dear little stream,
Was this planned?

Thank you, stream

So was this what you meant,
My dear babbling friend,
Your singing, your murmuring,
Was this what you meant?

„To the maid of the mill!“
This is your meaning.
Have I understood you?
„To the maid of the mill!“

Did she send you?
Or are you teasing me?
That's what I want to know,
Did she send you?

Oh well, whatever!
I'll go along with it:
What I was searching for I have found,
However it has happened.

I asked for work,
Now I have plenty,
For my hands, for my heart,
More than enough!

At the end of the day

If I had a thousand
Arms to wield!
If only I could drive
The rushing wheels!
If only I could blow like the wind
Through every wood,
And turn
Every millstone!
So that the beautiful miller maid
Would see my true love!

Oh but my arms are so weak!
Whatever I lift, whatever I carry,
Whatever I cut, whatever I hammer,
Every apprentice can do the same.
And here I sit in the midst of the company,
In the quiet, cool hour at work's end,
And the master says to everyone
"I am pleased with your work,"

And the sweet maid wishes
Everyone a good night.

Der Neugieriger

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erfähr' so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut' so stumm!
Will ja nur Eines wissen,
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heisst das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heisset Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen schliessen
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderbar!
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

Ungeduld

Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein,
Ich grub' es gern in jeden Kieselstein,
Ich möcht' es sä'n auf jedes frische Beet
Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell verrät,
Auf jeden weissen Zettel möcht' ich's schreiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich möcht' mir ziehen einen jungen Star,
Bis dass er sprach' die Worte rein und klar,
Bis er sie sprach' mit meines Mundes Klang,
Mit meines Herzens vollem, heissem Drang;
Dann säng' er hell durch ihre Fensterscheiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Den Morgenwinden möcht' ich's hauchen ein,
Ich möcht' es säuseln durch den regen Hain;
O, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!
Trüg' es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!

Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als Räder treiben?
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich meint', es müsst' in meinen Augen stehn,
Auf meinen Wangen müsst' man's brennen sehn,
Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen Mund,
Ein jeder Atemzug gäb's laut ihr kund;
Und sie merkt nichts von all' dem banger Treiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben!

The inquisitive one

I can't ask the flowers,
I can't ask the stars,
None of them can tell me
What I so long to know.

I'm no gardener,
And the stars are too high,
I will ask my little stream
If my heart has lied to me.

Oh dear little stream,
Why are you so silent today?
I want to know just one thing,
Just say one of two words.

One word would be yes,
The other would be no,
These two little words
Enclose my whole world.

Oh dear little stream,
How strange you are!
I won't tell anyone else,
But tell me little stream, does she love me?

Impatience

I would like to carve it on the bark of every tree,
I would like to inscribe it on every pebble ,
I want to sow it on every fresh plot,
With cress seeds to quickly reveal it,
I want to write it on every bit of white paper,
My heart is yours, and always will be.

I wish I could train a young starling
Until it could speak words purely and clearly,
Until it spoke them with the sound of my voice,
With the whole passionate desire of my heart,
Then it could sing brightly at her window,
My heart is yours, and always will be.

I want to breathe in into the morning breeze,
I want to whisper it through the rustling grove,
If only it could shine from every flower!
If only sweet fragrances could carry it to her
from near and far!
You waves, can you drive nothing but millwheels?
My heart is yours, and always will be.

I'm sure it must shine out from my eyes,
It must be seen burning on my cheeks,
You must be able to read it on my silent mouth,
Every sigh must proclaim it;
But she sees nothing of all this desperate longing.
My heart is yours, and always will be.

Morgengruß

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!
Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,
Als wär' dir was geschehen?
Verdriesst dich denn mein Gruss so schwer?
Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?
So muss ich wieder gehen.

O lass mich nur von ferne stehn,
Nach deinem lieben Fenster sehn,
Von ferne, ganz von ferne!
Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor!
Hervor aus eurem runden Tor,
Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

Ihr schlummertrunknen Äugelein,
Ihr taubetrübten Blümelein,
Was scheuet ihr die Sonne?
Hat es die Nacht so gut gemeint,
Dass ihr euch schliesst und bückt und weint
Nach ihrer stillen Wonne?

Nun schüttelt ab der Träume Flor,
Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor
In Gottes hellen Morgen!
Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft,
Und aus dem tiefen Herzen ruft
Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.

Des Müllers Blumen

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehn,
Aus hellen blauen Augen sehn;
Der Bach der ist des Müllers Freund,
Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint;
Drum sind es meine Blumen.

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein
Da will ich pflanzen die Blumen ein,
Da ruft ihr zu, wenn alles schweigt,
Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum Schlummer neigt,
Ihr wisst ja, was ich meine.

Und wenn sie tät die Äuglein zu,
Und schläft in süßer, süßer Ruh',
Dann lispelt als ein Traumgesicht
Ihr zu: „Vergiss, vergiss mein nicht!“
Das ist es, was ich meine.

Und schliesst sie früh die Laden auf,
Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf:
Der Tau in euren Äugelein,
Das sollen meine Tränen sein,
Die will ich auf euch weinen.

Morning Greeting

Good morning, fair maid of the mill!
Why do you so quickly turn head
As if something had happened to you?
Does my greeting displease you so much?
Does my glance distress you so much?
If so, I must go away again.

Oh let me stand far off
And look at your dear window,
From far away, very far away!
Little blond head, show yourself!
Come out of your round gates
You blue stars of morning!

You little eyes still drunk with sleep,
Little flowers, saddened by the dew,
Why do you avoid the sun?
Was the night so wonderful
That you close them and droop and weep
For its quiet bliss?

Now shake off the veil of dreams
And rise up refreshed and free
To God's bright morning!
The lark is trilling in the sky,
And from the depths of your heart
Love draws grief and care.

The Miller's flowers

There are many little flowers by the stream,
Gazing from clear blue eyes;
The stream is the miller's friend,
And my beloved's eyes are bright blue;
So they are my flowers.

Right under her little window
I will plant the flowers,
Then call to her, when everything is still,
When she lays down her head to sleep,
Well, you know what I want to say.

And when she closes her eyes,
And sleeps, oh so sweetly,
Then whisper to her as in a dream
“Don't, oh don't forget me!”
That's what I want to say.

And when she opens her shutters in the morning
Gaze up at her with a look of love:
The dew in your little eyes
Will be my tears,
Which I will shed on you.

Tränenregen

Wir sassen so traulich beisammen
Im kühlen Erlendach,
Wir schauten so traulich zusammen
Hinab in den rieselnden Bach.

Der Mond war auch gekommen,
Die Sternlein hinterdrein,
Und schauten so traulich zusammen
In den silbernen Spiegel hinein.

Ich sah nach keinem Monde,
Nach keinem Sternenschein,
Ich schaute nach ihrem Bilde,
Nach ihren Augen allein.

Und sahe sie nicken und blicken
Herauf aus dem seligen Bach,
Die Blümlein am Ufer, die blauen,
Sie nickten und blickten ihr nach.

Und in den Bach versunken
Der ganze Himmel schien,
Und wollte mich mit hinunter
In seine Tiefe ziehn.

Und über den Wolken und Sternen
Da rieselte munter der Bach,
Und rief mit Singen und Klingen:
„Geselle, Geselle, mir nach!“

Da gingen die Augen mir über,
Da ward es im Spiegel so kraus;
Sie sprach: „Es kommt ein Regen,
Ade, ich geh’ nach Haus.“

Mein!

Bächlein, lass dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stellt eur Brausen ein!
All’ ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
Gross und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!
Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut’ ein Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!
Mein!
Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
Ach, so muss ich ganz allein,
Mit dem seligen Worte mein,
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein.

Pause

Meine Laute hab’ ich gehängt an die Wand,
Hab’ sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band –
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,
Weiss nicht, wie ich’s in Reime zwingen soll.
Meiner Sehnsucht allerheissesten Schmerz
Durf’t’ ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz,
Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,
Glaub’t’ ich doch, mein Leiden wär’ nicht klein.
Ei, wie gross ist wohl meines Glückes Last,
Dass kein Klang auf Erden es in sich fasst?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh’ an dem Nagel hier!
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,
Da wird mir so bange und es durchschauert mich.
Warum liess ich das Band auch hängen so lang’?
Oft fliegt’s um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.
Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?
Mit dem grünen Lautenbande

Raining tears

We sat comfortably together
In the shade of the alders,
And in harmony gazed down
Into the sparkling stream.

The moon had also joined us,
Followed by the stars,
And they gazed down in harmony
Into the silver mirror.

I didn’t look at the moon,
Nor at the stars,
I gazed only looked at her reflection,
Only at her eyes.

And I saw them nod and gaze up
From the blissful stream,
The little blue flowers on the bank,
They nodded and looked at her.

It seemed that the whole sky
Was immersed in the stream,
And wanted to draw me
With it into its depths.

And over the clouds and stars
The stream rippled merrily,
And called and sang
“Come on friend, follow me!”

Then my eyes filled with tears,
And the mirror crumpled;
She said: “It’s going to rain,
Goodbye, I’m going home.”

Mine!

Little stream stop your babbling!
Wheels, stop your roaring!
All you cheerful woodbirds,
Large and small,
Stop your warbling!
Through the wood
Within it and beyond,
Just let one shout resound today:
My beloved, the maid of the mill is mine!
Mine!
Spring, are those all your flowers?
Sun, can you not shine more brightly?
Ah, then I have to be alone
With this blissful word of mine,
With no-one in creation to understand.

Pause

I have hung my lute up on the wall,
I have tied a green ribbon around it –
I can’t sing any more, my heart is too full,
I don’t know how I can fashion it into rhyme.
The most burning pangs of my longing
I could express in playful song,
And as I lamented so sweetly and tenderly
I thought my suffering was not trifling,
Oh, how great is the burden of my joy,
That no sound on earth can contain it?

So, dear lute, rest on this nail!
And if a breeze wafts over your strings,
Or of a bee grazes you with its wings,
I shall be afraid and shudder
Why did I allow the ribbon to hang down so far?
If often flutters by the strings making them sigh.
Is it the echo of the pain of my love?
Or is it the prelude to new songs?
To accompany the lute’s green ribbon.

Mit dem grünen Lautenband

„Schad' um das schöne grüne Band,
Dass es verbleicht hier an der Wand,
Ich hab' das Grün so gern!“
So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut' zu mir;
Gleich knüpf' ich's ab und send' es dir:
Nun hab' das Grüne gern!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiss,
Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,
Und ich auch hab' es gern.
Weil unsre Lieb' ist immergrün,
Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühn,
Drum haben wir es gern.

Nun schlinge in die Locken dein
Das grüne Band gefällig ein,
Du hast ja's Grün so gern.
Dann weiss ich, wo die Hoffnung grünt,
Dann weiss ich, wo die Liebe tront,
Dann hab' ich's Grün erst gern.

Der Jäger

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach hier?
Bleib', trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes, für mich.
Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,
So lass deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,
Und lass deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,
Und lass auf dem Horne den Saus und Braus,
Und scheere vom Kinne das struppige Haar,
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu,
Und liessest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh'.
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?
Was will denn das Eichhorn im bläulichen Teich?
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain,
Und lass mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein;
Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich machen beliebt
So wisse, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen betrüht:
Die Eber, die kommen zur Nacht aus dem Hain,
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein,
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:
Die Eber die schiesse, du Jägerheld!

Eifersucht und Stolz

Wohin so schnell, so kraus und wild, mein lieber Bach?
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen Bruder Jäger nach?
Kehr' um, kehr' um, und schilt erst deine Müllerin
Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen Flattersinn.
Sahst du sie gestern abend nicht am Tore stehn,
Mit langem Halse nach der grossen Strasse sehn?

Wenn von dem Fang der Jäger lustig zieht nach Haus,
Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den Kopf zum Fenster 'naus.
Geh', Bächlein, hin und sag' ihr das, doch sag' ihr nicht,
Hörst du, kein Wort, von meinem traurigen Gesicht;
Sag' ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine Pfeif' aus Rohr,
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz' und Lieder vor.

With the green lute ribbon

“Shame about the pretty green ribbon,
It's faded here on the wall,
And I like green so much!”
That's what you, my darling, said to me today,
I untied it straight away and sent it to you:
So enjoy the green!

Though your sweetheart is all in white
Green will have its reward,
And I like it too!
Because our love is evergreen,
Because distant hopes blossom green,
That's why we love it.

Now wind this green ribbon
Prettily in your hair,
You like green so much.
Then I will know where hope dwells,
Then I will know where love rules,
Only then will I really love green!

The Huntsman

What is this huntsman doing here by the millstream?
Stay, defiant huntsman, in your own territory.
There is no game for you to hunt here,
There is only one little fawn here, a tame one, for me.
And if you want to see than gentle fawn,
Then leave your guns in the forest,
And leave your baying hounds at home,
And stop making all that noise on your horn,
And shave that coarse hair off your chin,
Or you will really frighten the fawn in the garden.

But it would be much better if you stayed in the forest,
And leave the mills and millers in peace.
How can fish thrive among green branches?
What can a squirrel want in the blue pond?
So, defiant huntsman, stay in the woods,
And leave me alone with my three millwheels;
And if you want to please my sweetheart
Take note, my friend, what distresses her heart:
Wild boars come out of the forest at night
And break into her cabbage patch,
Rooting and trampling around in the field.
Shoot the wild boars huntsman!

Jealousy and Pride

Where are you rushing to, dear stream, so ruffled and wild
Are you dashing after our insolent huntsman friend in anger?
Turn back, turn back, and first scold your miller maid
For her frivolous, wanton fickleness.
Didn't you see her yesterday evening standing at the gate,
Craning her neck as she peered down the high road?

When a huntsman comes back merrily after the kill
No nice girl sits with her head out of the window.
Go, little stream, and tell her that, but don't say a word,
Do you hear? - about my mournful face.
Tell her, he is on my banks carving a reed pipe
And is playing pretty songs and dances for the children.

Die liebe Farbe

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,
In grüne Tränenweiden,
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,
Eine Heide von grünem Rosmarein,
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!
Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.
Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod,
Die Heide, die heiss ich die Liebesnot,
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,
Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen,
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein Blümlein bunt,
Grün, alles grün so rings und rund!
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Die böse Farbe

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
Hinaus in die weite Welt,
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär'
Da draussen in Wald und Feld!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all'
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all'
Weinen ganz totenbleich.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
Was siehst mich immer an,
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
Mich armen, armen weissen Mann?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür,
Im Sturm und Regen und Schnee,
Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht
Das eine Wörtchen Ade!

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt,
Da klingt ihr Fensterlein,
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab
Das grüne, grüne Band,
Ade, Ade! und reiche mir
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

The lovely colour

I will dress myself in green,
In green weeping willows,
My love is so fond of green.
I will search out a cypress grove,
A heath full of green rosemary,
My love is so fond of green.

Up and away to the merry hunt!
Away over heath and hedge!
My love is so fond of the hunt.
The game that I pursue, is death,
The heath, I call the torment of love.
My love is so fond of the hunt.

Dig me a grave in the grass,
Cover me with green turf,
My love is so fond of green.
No little black cross, no colourful flowers,
Green, just everything green all around!
My love is so fond of green.

The hateful colour

I want to set off out into the world,
Out into the wide world,
If only it wasn't so green, so green,
Out there in the woods and fields.

I want to pick all the green leaves
From every twig,
I want to weep all the grass
White with my tears.

Oh green, you hateful colour,
Why do you constantly look at me,
So proud, so insolent, so gloating,
At poor me, at this poor white miller?

I want to lie at her door,
In storm and rain and snow,
And sing softly night and day
The one little word — farewell!

Listen, when a horn sounds in the forest
There's the sound of her window opening,
And even though she isn't looking out for me,
I can look in at her.

Oh unbind that ribbon from your brow,
That green, green ribbon,
Farewell, farewell, and
Give me your hand in parting.

Trockene Blumen

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir ins Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle
Mich an so weh,
Als ob ihr wüsstet,
Wie mir gescheh'?

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blass?
Ihr Blümlein alle
Wovon so nass?

Ach, Tränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen tote Liebe
Nicht wieder blühn.

Und Lenz wird kommen
Und Winter wird gehn,
Und Blümlein werden
Im Grase stehn.

Und Blümlein liegen
In meinem Grab,
Die Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab.

Und wenn sie wandelt
Am Hügel vorbei,
Und denkt im Herzen:
„Der meint' es treu!“

Dann Blümlein alle,
Heraus, heraus!
Der Mai ist kommen,
Der Winter ist aus.

Dried flowers

All you flowers,
Which she gave me,
They should place you
With me in my grave.

Why do you look at me
So sorrowfully,
As if you knew
What has befallen me?

All you flowers,
So faded, so pale,
All you flowers
Why are you so moist?

Alas, tears don't create
The green of May,
They don't make dead love
Blossom again.

And Spring will come,
And Winter will go,
And there will be flowers
In the grass.

And flowers will lie
In my grave,
All the flowers
That she gave me.

And when she walks
Past the mound,
And thinks in her heart
"His love was true!"

Then little flowers,
Come forth, come forth!
May has arrived,
Winter is over.

Der Müller und der Bach

Der Müller: Wo ein treues Herze
In Liebe vergeht,
Da welken die Lilien
Auf jedem Beet.

Da muss in die Wolken
Der Vollmond gehn,
Damit seine Tränen
Die Menschen nicht sehn.

Da halten die Englein
Die Augen sich zu,
Und schluchzen und singen
Die Seele zu Ruh'.

Der Bach: Und wenn sich die Liebe
Dem Schmerz entringt,
Ein Sternlein, ein neues
Am Himmel erblinkt.

Da springen drei Rosen,
Halb rot und halb weiss,
Die welken nicht wieder
Aus Dornenreis.

Und die Engelein schneiden
Die Flügel sich ab,
Und gehn alle Morgen
Zur Erde herab.

Der Müller: Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
Du meinst es so gut:
Ach, Bächlein, aber weisst du,
Wie Liebe tut?

Ach, unten, da unten,
Die kühle Ruh'!
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
So singe nur zu.

The miller and the stream

The miller: When a faithful heart
Dies of love,
The lilies wilt
In their beds.

The full moon
Must hide behind the clouds,
So that no-one
Can see its tears.

And the angels
Close their eyes,
And sob and sing
The soul to its rest.

The stream: And when love
Struggles free from sorrow,
A new little star
Appears in the heavens.

Three roses spring up,
Half red and half white,
They will not fade again,
From their thorny stems.

And the angels
Cut off their wings,
And every morning
All descend to the earth.

The miller: Oh stream, dear stream,
You mean so well,
But, little stream, do you know
What love can do?

Down below, down below,
There is cool rest!
Oh stream, dear little stream,
Carry on singing.

Des Baches Wiegenlied

Gute Ruh', gute Ruh',
Tu' die Augen zu!
Wandrer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.
Die Treu' ist hier,
Sollst liegen bei mir,
Bis das Meer will trinken die Bächlein aus.

Will betten dich kühl,
Auf weichen Pfühl,
In dem blauen krystallinen Kämmerlein.
Heran, heran,
Was wiegen kann,
Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein.

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt
Aus dem grünen Wald,
Will ich sausen und brausen wohl um dich her.
Blickt nicht herein,
Blaue Blümelein,
Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die Träume so schwer.

Hinweg, hinweg
Von dem Mühlensteg,
Böses Mägdelein, dass ihn dein Schatten nicht weckt!
Wirf mir herein
Dein Tüchlein fein,
Dass ich die Augen ihm halte bedeckt.

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!!
Bis alles wacht,!
Schlaf' aus deine Freude, schlaf' aus dein Leid!!
Der Vollmond steigt,!
Der Nebel weicht,!
Und der Himmel da droben, wie ist er so weit!

The stream's lullaby

Sleep well, sleep well,
Close your eyes!
Tired wanderer, you are at home!
Here is constancy;
You will lie with me,
Until the sea swallows all the little streams.

I shall prepare you a cool bed,
On soft pillows,
In the little blue crystal chamber.
Come on, come on,
All you who can lull,
Rock and lull this lad for me.

If a hunting horn sounds
From the green forest
I will rush and surge around you!
Don't look in,
Little blue flowers,
You will give my sleeper bad dreams.

Away, away
From the mill path,
Wicked girl, lest your shadow wake him!
Throw me
Your delicate shawl
So that I can keep his eyes covered.

Good night, good night,
Till everything awakes.
Sleep away your joy, sleep away your sorrow!
The full moon is rising,
The mist is dispersing,
And the heavens above are so wide!

Programme Notes

Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*, when it was published in 1816, must have made a huge impression on Schubert, for it was not long before he was trying his own hand at the cycle form, in emulation of his great hero. Beethoven's cycle had appeared in the Spring, and in September of that same year Schubert wrote his first mini-cycle, the *Harfenspieler-Lieder*, that he later revised and published as his op.12 in 1822. In March 1823 he composed 'Abendröte', the autograph of which reads 'Abendröte: Erster Teil', which suggests that he intended to set all the poems in Friedrich von Schlegel's cycle. By the end of the year we know that he was already busy with *Die schöne Müllerin*, for there exists in Vienna's Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde a first draft of 'Eifersucht und Stolz', dated October 1823; and in a letter to Schober, dated 30 November 1823, he makes the lapidary remark: 'Ich habe seit der Oper [*Fierrabras*] nichts komponiert als ein paar Müllerlieder.' ('Since the opera I've composed nothing but a few Müller Lieder'). *Die schöne Müllerin* was finally published as op. 25 in five books, the first two appearing in February and March 1824, the remainder in August.

Spaun and Schober both state in their *Memoirs* that Schubert composed some of the songs of *Die schöne Müllerin* in hospital, where he was receiving treatment for what was almost certainly syphilis. His mood at this time is reflected in a harrowing poem, 'Mein Gebet', written in May 1823, which pleads for an immediate release from his physical torment. It seems certain, then, that the first songs of *Die schöne Müllerin* were composed during one of the bleakest periods of Schubert's life.

It is fruitless to speculate on how this was possible. We know little about the processes of creation and next to nothing about the affairs of Schubert's heart. The miller's suicide might have spoken to his own mood, he might have consciously drowned his sorrow/shame/terror in composition. Indisputable, however, is the inspiration that Wilhelm Müller's verse provided. The poems are not, as has too often been maintained, the work of a poetaster; the genius of *Die schöne Müllerin* derives as much as *Le nozze di Figaro* from the inexplicable congruity of word and music – but while da Ponte has often been praised, Müller has been shoddily treated by posterity.

Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827), the son of a master tailor, was the friend of many of the Romantic writers, including Arnim and Brentano. He fought in the Greek Wars of Liberation, and his *Lieder der Griechen* (1821-4) earned him the nickname 'Griechen-Müller'. He translated Marlowe's *Dr Faustus*, but it is through Schubert's song-cycles and *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* that he is still known to us today. *Die schöne Müllerin* appeared in *Siebenundsiebzig Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen Papieren eines reisenden Waldhornisten* (77 poems from the posthumous papers of a travelling hornplayer) which were dedicated to Ludwig Tieck, the poet of Brahms's *Die*

schöne Magelone; and to understand the cycle properly, it is necessary to know a little of the circumstances in which the poems were conceived.

In the winter of 1816/17 Privy Councillor Friedrich August von Stägemann and his wife Elisabeth, both of whom were published poets, organized evenings of literary charades in their Berlin home as entertainment for their adolescent children, August and the 16 year-old daughter Hedwig, the original 'schöne Müllerin'. Among their guests were Clemens von Brentano, the 22 year-old Wilhelm Hensel, who was soon to marry Fanny Mendelssohn, his 18 year-old sister Luise Hensel and of course Wilhelm Müller, then aged 23. The charades must have been emotionally fraught, since both Brentano and Müller were in love with the nubile Luise. Müller, shy like *Die schöne Müllerin*'s hero, confided his own passion to his diary, a document that sheds fascinating autobiographical light on two poems from Schubert's cycle. 'Der Neugierige' echoes the passage in the Diary when he wrote on pieces of paper: 'Luise, liebst Du mich?', and the single words 'Ja' and 'Nein'; while 'Pause', with its famous couplet:

Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,
Weiß nicht, wie ichs in Reime zwingen soll,

I can sing no more, my heart is too full,
I do not know how to force it to rhyme.

clearly reflects the entry for 8 November 1815 when, having confessed his clandestine love to a fresh page, he re-reads the amorphous effusion and refuses to rephrase his undisciplined outpouring, since it is too great to shape in artistic form. Müller's obsession with Luise Hensel is apparent throughout the diary from October 1815 to December 1816: he is tortured by the thought that she might not return his love, he expresses his delight at Luise's gift of a songbook, he shows her his own poetry and favourite pieces by other writers, he worries about her health, and often ends an entry with the words 'Gute Nacht, Luise!', a phrase that was to provide the title to the opening poem of *Die Winterreise* that Schubert later adapted for his own *Winterreise*.

The theme chosen for the Stägemann soirées was that of a miller maid wooed by a number of suitors, and the literary genre in which they wrote was the *Liederspiel*, a narrative play in verse and song. The theme was already popular in both literature and music: Paisiello's opera *La molinara* (we know the evergreen 'Nel cor più non mi sento') was enjoying great success on the contemporary German stage, and Goethe's mill romances, such as *Der Edelknabe* und *die Müllerin*, anticipate the Müller cycle in many of its phrases and cadences, especially its first verse

('Wohin? Wohin?/Schöne Müllerin!'); while his *Der Junggesell und der Mühlbach*, with its opening lines

Wo willst du, klares Bächlein, hin
So munter?
Du eilst mit frohem, leichtem Sinn
Hinunter.
Was suchst du eilig in dem Thal?
So höre doch und sprich einmal!

almost certainly gave Müller the idea of creating the brooklet as a confidante. Each player in the Stägemann soirées assumed a different role, wrote their own part in verse and then declaimed it – not without a certain ironic detachment. Hedwig von Stägemann played the eponymous milleress, Wilhelm Hensel the hunter, while his sister Luise played the gardener. Müller collected his own contributions to these soirées, expanded them and published them finally in 1821 as *Die schöne Müllerin*.

The cycle bore the sub-title 'Im Winter zu lesen' ('To be read in Winter') and was framed by a Prologue and Epilogue in rhyming couplets, which gently satirize the fashion of rustic balladry. The Prologue begins:

Ich lad euch, schöne Damen, kluge Herrn,
Und die ihr hört und schaut was Gutes gern,
Zu einem funkelnagelneuen Spiel
Im allerfunkelnagelneusten Stil . . .

I invite you, fair ladies and wise gentlemen,
Who like a good theatrical occasion,
To a brand-new play
Written in the brandest-newest way . . .

This mocking tone is intensified in the Epilogue, where the poet dissociates himself from the tragic events, jokes with his audience and bids them all go quietly home:

Wir blasen unsere Sonn' und Sternlein aus –
Nun findet euch im Dunkel gut nach Haus.

We'll blow out our tiny stars and sun –
Home in the dark with you, everyone.

The *Stimmungsbrechung* with its deflating diminutive is worth of Heinrich Heine, and it reminds us that the poet of Schumann's *Dichterliebe* not only sent Müller a dedicated copy of his *Lyrisches Intermezzo* and set him above Uhland in his *Romantische Schule*, but also wrote him this glowing letter to accompany a volume of his *Reisebilder*:

"[...] aber ich glaube in Ihren Liedern den reinen Klang und die wahre Einfachheit, wonach ich immer strebte, gefunden zu haben. Wie rein, wie klar sind Ihre Lieder, und sämtlich sind es Volkslieder."

"[...] but I think that it was in your songs that I first discovered the pure tone and the true simplicity for which I was always striving. How pure and clear your songs are – folksongs every one of them."

Heine not only admired the simplicity of Müller's writing, his ability to tell a story directly without the archaic trappings of folksong, he also relished the Romantic irony evident in both Prologue and Epilogue and within the cycle itself. Schubert, however, chose to ignore the irony entirely. He dispensed with both Prologue and Epilogue, omitted three of the longer poems (including the two most self-mocking of the work) and approached the poems with a deadly seriousness. Instead of attempting, for example, to express the bathos of the final stanza of 'Tränenregen', he enriches the harmony with major/minor variations, veers off into the remote key of C major and lingers in the postlude on the miller's despair. It is a magical moment, but hardly what Müller intended. Schubert adapted the poems to his own needs; time and again he elevates Müller's simple narrative text into a statement of profound emotional significance, as Mozart did at the end of *Figaro*, where da Ponte's prosaic 'Contessa, perdono' is transmuted into a poignancy that mere words cannot describe. Schubert works such magic throughout the twenty songs of the cycle. Take, for example, the anguished repetition of 'allen eine gute Nacht' in 'Am Feierabend', which transforms Müller's factual statement into a cry of searing pain, as the miller realizes that the girl's greeting was not for him alone; or verse 4 of 'Der Neugierige' where the brook's semiquavers cease, the accompaniment shifts to G major and the miller communes with himself in a reverie of recitative; or the way in which Schubert reduces the varied emotions of Müller's 'Die liebe Farbe' to an unremitting threnody, as the F sharp is struck a foreboding 532 times.

Any performance of Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* will fail to do justice to the tone and design of Müller's poem, and it is unfair to judge his achievement as a poet by listening to Schubert's settings, though Müller himself never claimed to have written anything substantial. Indeed, shortly before his death he wrote that famous and prophetic disclaimer, which has perhaps also hindered a true appreciation of his poems:

"Ich kann weder spielen noch singen, und wenn ich dichte, so singe ich doch und spiele auch. Wenn nur ich die Weisen von mir geben könnte, so würden meine Lieder besser gefallen als jetzt. Aber getrost, es kann sich ja eine gleichgesinte Seele finden, die die Weisen aus den Worten heraushorcht und sie mir zurückgibt."

"I can neither play nor sing, but when I write poetry, I am also singing and playing. If I could only make up the tunes myself, my songs would give greater pleasure than they now do. But no matter! A like-minded soul might appear who will hear the tunes in the words and give them back to me."

Like-minded? No. But modest Wilhelm Müller – like the rest of us – would have forgiven Schubert for freely adapting his poem and creating one of the masterpieces of the Lieder repertoire.

Richard Stokes © 2025

Huw Montague Rendall

Baritone

One of the most exciting talents to have emerged in recent years, British baritone Huw Montague Rendall has already made hugely acclaimed debuts on some of the world's most important stages such as the Royal Ballet & Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Opéra National de Paris, Festival d'Aix en Provence, and the Salzburg and Glyndebourne Festivals, earning rapturous acclaim for his compelling artistry, stage craft and musicianship.

Winner of the 2024 Oper! Awards for Best Newcomer, this season sees the release of Montague Rendall's debut album recording, *Contemplation*, with Warner/Erato where he is an exclusive recording artist. His opera engagements start with David McVicar's loved production of *Le nozze di Figaro* as the Count at the Royal Ballet & Opera. He then makes a very exciting house and role debut at the Wiener Staatsoper in the title role in *Billy Budd* before returning to the Opéra national de Paris for a highly anticipated new production of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Other engagements include Eisenstein *Die Fledermaus* with Les Musiciens du Louvre and Marc Minkowski in Baden-Baden and Paris; Count *Le nozze di Figaro* in a new production at Glyndebourne Festival; a European tour with Pygmalion Ensemble and Raphaël Pichon of Bach's *Johannespassion*; his Wigmore Hall recital debut; Wolf's

Italienisches Liederbuch with Erin Morley and Malcolm Martineau; and a recital with Joseph Middleton at Pembroke College Cambridge.

Last season's highlights include Eisenstein *Die Fledermaus* with Staatsoper Hamburg and Les Musiciens du Louvre on tour at the Teatro Real and the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées; his debut at the Bayerische Staatsoper in a new production of *Le nozze di Figaro*; his first *Don Giovanni* in concert at Opéra de Rouen; and a huge triumph in the title role of *Pelléas et Mélisande* at Festival d'Aix-en-Provence. On the concert platform, he performed a solo recital at the Opéra National du Rhin in Strasbourg and made his debut with the Musikkollegium Winterthur, singing Mahler's heartbreaking *Kindertotenlieder*.

Previously Montague Rendall made a series of extraordinary debuts: the title role in Ambroise Thomas' *Hamlet* in a new production created at Komische Oper Berlin; his company debut at Opéra national de Paris with a double appearance: Papageno *Die Zauberflöte* and Mercutio in the premiere of Thomas Jolly's *Roméo et Juliette*; Papageno in a new production of *Die Zauberflöte* at Opéra National du Rhin which was also a vehicle for his hugely acclaimed debut at Royal Ballet & Opera and at Lyric Opera of Chicago; Guglielmo *Così fan tutte* at Staatsoper Hamburg and Glyndebourne; *Pelléas et Mélisande* at Santa Fe Opera and at Opéra de Rouen

Normandie; Malatesta in a critically acclaimed production of *Don Pasquale* at Glyndebourne Festival; *Le nozze di Figaro* at Opéra National de Lorraine; and Harlequin *Ariadne auf Naxos* at Festival d'Aix-en-Provence and Théâtre des Champs-Élysées.

Equally at home in concert and recital, he was heard as Christus in a European tour of the Bach Trilogy: *The Life of Christ* with Raphaël Pichon and Ensemble Pygmalion, which comprised three oratorios: *The Christmas Oratorio*, *St John Passion* and *The Easter Oratorio*; Brahms' *Ein Deutsches Requiem* together with the Dutch National Opera at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam; Ned Keene *Peter Grimes* at the Enescu Festival; a "Mozart Matinee" series with Pichon at the Salzburg Festival; Richard Blackford's *Pietà* at the Cadogan Hall with the Bournemouth Symphony Chorus & Orchestra; Mendelssohn *Die Erste Walpurgisnacht* with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra; Duruflé *Requiem* with the RTE National Symphony Orchestra; and many concerts in the UK ranging from solo song recitals to sacred works by Brahms, Handel, Stainer, Fauré, Finzi and Vaughan Williams. A dedicated recitalist, his most recent appearances include a recital at the Opéra de Lille, a recital with Hélios Vida in Nancy and *Die Schöne Müllerin* with pianist Gary Matthewman for Lancaster Arts.

Montague Rendall's debut album, *Contemplation*, was released in September 2024 to high acclaim, receiving 5 star reviews in The Guardian, saying that this "debut album from the British baritone lives up to the hype, showcasing his velvet and nuanced singing with room to spare".

An alumnus of the Royal College of Music, Montague Rendall trained under the tutorage of Russell Smythe, having previously studied under David Rendall and Philip Doghan. In summer 2016 Montague Rendall was a Jerwood Young Artist with Glyndebourne Festival Opera, where he sang the role of Fiorello *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, for which he was awarded the much-coveted John Christie Award 2016. The following summer he joined the prestigious Young Artist Programme at the Salzburg Festspiele and was a member of the International Opera Studio in Zürich from 2016 to 2018.



Joseph Middleton

Piano

Joseph Middleton is widely regarded as one of the most exceptional and creative pianists of his generation, specialising in song accompaniment and chamber music at the highest international level. Hailed by Gramophone as "the absolute king of programming," and by the New York Times as "the perfect accompanist" he collaborates with many of the world's foremost singers, performing at venues and festivals across Europe, North America, and Asia.

A passionate advocate for the power of song, Joseph is the Artistic Director of Leeds Song, praised by The Guardian for its "world-class" programming and by The Times as a "Northern powerhouse of song." He also curates series' for BBC Radio 3, Wigmore Hall, and the University of Cambridge, where he founded and directs their Lieder Scheme. Joseph is Musician in Residence at Pembroke College. He is a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, where he is Professor of Ensemble Piano, and was made a Bye-Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge by Lord Chris Smith. Joseph is the first—and to date, only—accompanist to receive the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist Award, the UK's most prestigious recognition for a classical musician.

Joseph appears regularly at leading international venues including Wigmore Hall, where he has been a featured artist with series' on Ravel, Mahler and Strauss; Royal Opera House, Barbican and Southbank Centre; Alice Tully Hall and Park Avenue Armory in New York; Concertgebouw Amsterdam; Vienna Konzerthaus and Musikverein; Hamburg Elbphilharmonie; Berlin BoulezSaal and Philharmonie; Cologne Philharmonie; Madrid's Teatro de la Zarzuela; Baden-Baden Festspielhaus; Zurich Tonhalle; Paris's Musée d'Orsay; and Oji Hall Tokyo. Festival highlights include Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Heidelberger Frühling, Munich, San Francisco, Ravinia, Schubertiade Hohenems and Schwarzenberg, Seoul, Toronto and Vancouver.

He has enjoyed include fruitful partnerships alongside Sir Thomas Allen, Louise Alder, Mary Bevan, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Marianne Crebassa, Veronique Gens, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Huw Montague Rendall,

Christiane Karg, Sir Simon Keenlyside, Elsa Dreisig, Angelika Kirchschlager, Katharina Konradi, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray DBE, James Newby, Mark Padmore, Konstantin Krimmel, Mauro Peter, Miah Persson, Sophie Rennert, Dorothea Röschmann, Carolyn Sampson, Nicky Spence and Roderick Williams.

His award-winning discography on Warner, Harmonia Mundi, BIS, Chandos and Signum, amongst others, includes multiple honours: the Diapason d'Or, Edison Award, and Prix Caecilia, alongside nominations for Gramophone, Opus Klassik, BBC Music Magazine, and International Classical Music Awards. Committed to expanding the song repertoire, he has commissioned and premiered works by composers including Thomas Adès, Helen Grime, Mark-Anthony Turnage, Hannah Kendall, Errollyn Wallen, Mark Simpson and Nico Muhly. At the 2018 BBC Proms he premiered recently discovered songs by Benjamin Britten, alongside Dame Sarah Connolly. He is frequently called upon to give masterclasses, recent seasons taking him to Toronto Summer Music, Ravinia in Chicago, Britten-Pears in Aldeburgh, deSingel Antwerp, Samling and the Royal Opera House, London.

Highlights of the 2025-26 season include recitals alongside Dorothea Röschmann, Fatma Said, Louise Alder, Elsa Dreisig, Dame Sarah Connolly, Huw Montague Rendall, Hera Hyesang Park, Katharine Konradi, Carolyn Sampson, and Hugh Cutting at venues including London's Wigmore Hall, the Palau de les Arts Reina Sofia, Valencia, Grand Théâtre de Genève, Amsterdam's Muziekgebouw and Prinzregententheater Munich. With Elsa Dreisig he will also perform Schumann Frauenliebe und -leben in staged performances at the Staatsoper Hamburg. His recording projects include an ongoing 5-album set of Mahler Lieder for Signum Records.



Upcoming Events

Miah Persson Soprano Joseph Middleton Piano

Thursday 23 October 2025
7:45PM–9:30PM (Doors open 7:00PM)

Tickets £20.00
Concessions available

Howard Assembly Room
32 New Briggate, Leeds

Programme to include

Alban Berg
7 frühe Lieder

Richard Strauss
Selected songs

And songs by

Gösta Nystroem
Jean Sibelius

Internationally celebrated Swedish soprano, Miah Persson returns to Leeds Song following her 2023 recital, reuniting with pianist Joseph Middleton. At the heart of their programme lies Alban Berg's *Seven Early Songs*—a collection of extraordinary lyricism and atmosphere.

Alongside these stand expressive songs by Richard Strauss, before the programme journeys north, with a selection of Scandinavian song close to the artists' hearts—music that blends folk inflections, nature imagery and emotional intimacy in distinctive and compelling ways.



Ailish Tynan Soprano Joseph Middleton Piano

Friday 14 November 2025
7:30PM–9:30PM

Tickets £25.00
Free to students

Clothworkers Centenary Concert Hall,
University of Leeds

Programme to include

Maurice Ravel
Shéhérazade

Francis Poulenc
La Courte Paille

And songs by

Erik Satie
Manuel Rosenthal

Renowned for her radiant voice and captivating stage presence, Irish soprano Ailish Tynan joins Joseph Middleton for a richly varied celebration of French song.

Their programme includes Ravel's sensual and exotic *Shéhérazade*, Poulenc's whimsical *La Courte Paille*, and rarely heard gems by Erik Satie and Manuel Rosenthal—songs that sparkle with wit, elegance, and emotional depth.

Presented in partnership with the University of Leeds, this recital forms part of a wider celebration of French Song and takes place the day before Dame Felicity Lott's masterclass on the same theme.



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