



LEEDS SONG FESTIVAL 2026

THURSDAY APRIL, 3PM – 6PM, LINACRE STUDIO, HOWARD OPERA CENTRE

Festival Masterclass V

with Joan Rodgers CBE

and Leeds Song Young Artists

Bruno Meichsner (baritone) and Wan-Yen Li (piano)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Auflösung

Verbirg dich, Sonne,
Denn die Glut der Wonne
Versengen mein Gebein;
Verstummet, Töne,
Frühlings Schöne
Flüchte dich und lass mich allein!

Quillen doch aus allen Falten
Meiner Seele liebliche Gewalten,
Die mich umschlingen,
Himmlisch singen.
Geh unter, Welt, und störe
Nimmer die süßen, ätherischen Chöre.

Johann Mayrhofer (1787-1836)

Dissolution

Hide yourself sun,
For the fire of your splendour
Burns my whole being.,
Be silent, sounds,
Beauty of Spring
Go away and leave me alone!

From every corner of my soul
Gentle powers well uo
Which surround me
With celestial singing.
Dissolve world and never again
Disturb the sweet ethereal choirs.

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Go, lovely Rose

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died

Edmund Waller (1606-1687)

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Chanson triste

Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste coeur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresse
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Henri Cazalis (1840-1909)

Sorrowful song

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My love, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And sing to it a song
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Naomi Boot (mezzo-soprano) and Viviana Ţaga-Radu (piano)

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

from *Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit*

Erinnerung

Es wecket meine Liebe die Lieder immer wieder!
Es wecken meine Lieder die Liebe immer wieder!
Die Lippen, die da träumen von deinen heißen Küssen,
In Sang und Liedesweisen von dir sie tönen müssen!

Und wollen die Gedanken der Liebe sich entschlagen,
So kommen meine Lieder zu mir mit Liebesklagen!
So halten mich in Banden die Beiden immer wieder!
Es weckt das Lied die Liebe! Die Liebe weckt die
Lieder!

Richard Leander (1830-1889)

Memories

My love repeatedly arouses songs !
My songs repeatedly arouse love!
My lips, which dream of your ardent kisses,
Must sing of you in words and melody!

And if my thoughts try to rid themselves of love
My songs come to me with laments of love!
So both these hold me bound in eternal bonds
Song arouses love! Love arouses song!

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

from *In a Persian Garden*

Ah, moon of my delight

Ah, moon of my delight, that knows no wane,
The moon of Heav'n is rising once again;
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same garden after me in vain!
And when thyself with shining foot shall pass
Among the guests star-scatter'd on the grass,
And in thy joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one,
Turn down an empty glass.

Hakim Omar Khayyám (c1048-c1122)
English: Edward Fitzgerald (1809-1883)

Kelsey Thomas (soprano) and Edward Lloyd (piano)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

from *Italienisches Liederbuch*

Nein, junger Herr

Nein, junger Herr, so treibt man's nicht, fürwahr;
Man sorgt dafür, sich schicklich zu betragen.
Für alltags bin ich gut genug, nicht wahr?
Doch Bess're suchst du dir an Feiertagen.
Nein, junger Herr, wirst du so weiter sünd'gen,
Wird dir den Dienst dein Alltagsliebchen künd'gen.

Mein Liebster ist so klein

Mein Liebster ist so klein, daß ohne Bücken
Er mir das Zimmer fegt mit seinen Locken.
Als er ins Gärtlein ging, Jasmin zu pflücken,
Ist er vor einer Schnecke sehr erschrocken.
Dann setzt' er sich ins Haus, um zu verschlafen,
Da warf ihn eine Fliege übern Haufen;
Und als er hintrat an mein Fensterlein,
Stieß eine Bremse ihm den Schädel ein.
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnacken, Bremsen
Und wer ein Schätzchen hat aus den Maremmen!
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnacken, Mücken
Und wer sich, wenn er küßt, so tief muß bücken!

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen,
Und hatte doch kein Haus, mich zu empfangen,
Nicht Holz noch Herd zum Kochen und zum Braten,
Der Hafen auch war längst entzwei gegangen.
An einem Fäßchen Wein gebrach es auch,
Und Gläser hatt' er gar nicht im Gebrauch;
Der Tisch war schmal, das Tafeltuch nicht besser,
Das Brot steinhart und völlig stumpf das Messer.

Anon

No, young man

No, young man, in truth that won't do at all;
People should try to behave properly.
I'm good enough for everyday, aren't I?
But you look for something better for feast days.
No, young man, if you carry on misbehaving like that
Your everyday girl will give you notice.

My beloved is so small

My beloved is so small that without bending
He can sweep my room with his hair.
When he went into the garden to pick Jasmine,
He was terrified by a snail!
Then he sat down in the house to get his breath back,
And a fly knocked him over;
And as he went to my little window,
A bluebottle cracked his skull.
Cursed be all flies, snails and bluebottles,
And anyone who has a sweetheart from Maremma!
Cursed be all flies, snails, midges,
And anyone who has to bend down low for a kiss!

My beloved has invited me

My beloved has invited me to dinner,
But doesn't have a house where he can receive me,
Neither wood, nor hearth to cook and roast,
And the cooking pot itself was broken in two long ago.
Not even a little cask of wine does he have,
And absolutely no glasses to use,
The table was mean, the table cloth no better,
The bread was rock hard and the knife quite blunt.

Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Son

V mire net nichego
Dozhdelenneje sna,
Chary jest' u nego,
U nego tishina,
U nego na ustakh
Ni pechal' i ni smekh,
I v bezdonnykh ochakh

Mnogo tajnykh utekh.
U nego shiroki,
Shiroki dva kryla,
I legki, tak ljogki,
Kak polnochnaja mgl.
Ne ponjat', kak nesjot,
I kuda i na chem
On krylom ne vzmakhnet
I ne dvinet plechom.

Fyodor Sologub (1863-1927)

A Dream

There is nothing
more desirable
In the world than the dream.
It has magic stillness.
It has on its lips
No sadness, no laughter
And bottomless eyes,
and many hidden pleasures.

It has two immense wings,
as light as
the shadow of midnight.
It's unfathomable
how it carries them,
and where and on what;
It will not beat its wings,
And it will not move its shoulder.

Daniel Sauer (baritone) and Honoka Komoda (piano)

Franz Schubert

Der Wanderer

Wie deutlich des Mondes Licht
Zu mir spricht,
Mich beseelend zu der Reise:
„Folge treu dem alten Gleise,
Wähle keine Heimat nicht.
Ew'ge Plage
Bringen sonst die schweren Tage;
Fort zu ändern
Sollst du wechseln, sollst du wandern,
Leicht entfliehend jeder Klage.“

Sanfte Ebb' und hohe Flut,
Tief im Mut,
Wandr' ich so im Dunkeln weiter,
Steige mutig, singe heiter,
Und die Welt erscheint mir gut.
Alles reine
Seh' ich mild im Widerscheine,
Nichts verworren
In des Tages Glut verdorren:
Froh umgeben, doch alleine.

Friedrich von Schlegel (1772-1829)

The traveller

How clearly the moonlight
Speaks to me,
Giving me courage for the journey,
“Keep faithfully to the old path,
Don't chose anywhere as home
Lest bad times
Bring endless difficult days;
Move onwards,
Welcome change, travel to new places,
Lightly casting off all grief.”

With gentle ebb and high flood,
Deep within my soul
I wander on in the darkness,
I climb boldly, sing lustily,
And the whole world looks good to me.
I see everything clearly,
In its gentle reflections,
Nothing is blurred
Or wilted in the heat of the day;
I am surrounded by joy, but alone.

George Butterworth (1885-1916)
from *Six Songs from 'A Shropshire Lad'*

When I was one-and-twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

A, E, Houseman (1859-1936)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

from *Songs of Travel*

Whither must I wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door -
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is
cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of
old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the
moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees
and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing
hours.
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood -
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney
But I go for ever and come again no more.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

Mariana Rodrigues (soprano) and Andrew Cowie (baritone)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

from *Lieder und Gesänge, ii* (Op. 51)

Sehnsucht

Sterne der blauen
Himmlischen Auen,
Grüßt mir das Mädchen,
Das ich geliebt!

Weit in der Ferne
Möcht' ich so gerne
Wo das geliebte
Mädchen mir weilt.

Schweigende Sterne,
Grüßt mir die Ferne,
Grüßt mir das Mädchen,
Das ich geliebt!

Sterne der blauen
Himmlischen Auen,
Treuliche Winde,
Küßt sie von mir!

Stumme Vertraute,
Küßt mir die Braut,
Bringt ihr auch Tränen,
Tränen von mir.

Ach! ich muß weinen
Tränen der Einen,
Tränen der Sehnsucht,
Teuere, dir!

Robert Schumann

Longing

Stars in the
Blue fields of heven,
Send my greetings
To the girl I loved.

I would so like
To journey far away
To where
My beloved girl lives.

Silent stars,
Greet the distance for me
And greet for me the girl
That I have loved.

Stars in the
Blue fields of heaven,
Faithful breezes,
Kiss her for me!

You silent friends
Kiss the bride for me,
And take her tears too,
Tears from me.

Oh I must weep tears
Tears for my love,
Tears of longing,
Tears for you, my love.

Hugo Wolf

Schlafendes Jesuskind

Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind! am Boden
Auf dem Holz der Schmerzen eingeschlafen,
Das der fromme Meister, sinnvoll spielend,
Deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;
Blume du, noch in der Knospe dämmernd
Eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!
O wer sehen könnte, welche Bilder
Hinter dieser Stirne, diesen schwarzen
Wimpern sich in sanftem Wechsel malen!

Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

The sleeping child Jesus

Son of the Virgin, child of Heaven, lying on the floor
Fallen asleep on the wood of suffering
That the pious painter has placed —
With wry meaning—under your gentle dreams;
Come to flower; even in the darkness of the bud,
Enveloped in the glory of God the Father!
Oh, who could imagine,
Behind this brow, these dark lashes,
what softly-changing pictures are being painted!

Reynaldo Hahn (1873-1947)

L'énamourée

Ils se disent, ma colombe,
Que tu rêves, morte encore,
Sous la pierre d'une tombe :
Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore,
Tu t'éveilles réanimée,
Ô pensive bien-aimée !

Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,
Dans la brise qui murmure,
Je caresse tes longs voiles,
Ta mouvante chevelure,
Et tes ailes demi-closes
Qui voltigent sur les roses !

Ô délices ! je respire
Tes divines tresses blondes !
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,
Suit la vague sur les ondes,
Et, suave, les effleure,
Comme un cygne qui se pleure !

Théodore Faullin de Banville (1823-1891)

The one in love

They say, my dove,
That you are still dead and dreaming
Beneath a tombstone;
But for the soul which adores you
You awaken, revived,
Oh pensive beloved!

Through the blank nights of stars,
In the murmuring breeze,
I caress you long veils,
Your rippling hair,
And your half-closed wings
Which flutter among the roses.

Oh delights! I breathe in
Your divine blond tresses!
Your pure voice, that lyre,
Which follows the flow of the waves,
And touches them gently,
Like a weeping swan!