



**LEEDS SONG FESTIVAL 2026**

**THURSDAY APRIL, 10AM – 12.30PM, LINACRE STUDIO, HOWARD OPERA CENTRE**

**Festival Masterclass VI**

with **Roger Vignoles**  
and **Leeds Song Young Artists**

***Klara Solén (mezzo-soprano) and George Herbert (piano)***

**Gösta Nystroem (1890-1966)**

from *På reveln*

**Havet sjunger**

*Ebba Lindqvist (1908 - 1995)*

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**Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)**

**Da unten im Tale**

Da unten im Tale  
läuft's Wasser so trüb  
Und i kann dir's nit sagen  
I hab di so lieb.

Sprichst allweil von Lieb'  
Sprichst allweil von Treu'  
Und a bissele Falschheit  
Is au wol dabei!

Und wenn i dir's zehnmal sag'  
Dass i di lieb  
Und du willst nit verstehen.  
Muss weiter i gehn.

Für die Zeit, wo du g'liebt mi hast,  
Dank i dir schön  
Und i wünsch' dass dir's  
Anderswo besser mag gehn.

*Anon*

**Down there in the valley**

Down there in the valley  
The water runs so murkily,  
And I cannot tell you  
How much I love you.

You speak only of love,  
Speak only of constancy  
And a bit of falsehood  
Goes with it too.

And if I tell you ten times  
That I love you,  
And you don't want to understand  
I shall have to go on my way.

For the time that you loved me,  
I thank you so much,  
And wish that elsewhere  
You might fare better.

## Edward Grieg (1843-1907)

### Ved Gjætle-Bekken

Du surlande Bekk,  
du kurlande Bekk,  
her ligg du og kosar deg varm og klår.  
Og sprytar deg rein  
og glid yver Stein,  
og sullar så godt  
og mullar så smått,  
og glitrar i Soli med mjuke Bår'.  
Å, her vil eg kvila, kvila.

Du tiklande Bekk,  
du siklande Bekk,  
her gjeng du så glad i den ljose Li.  
Med Klunk og med Klukk,  
med Song og med Sukk,  
med Sus og med Dus  
gjenom lauvbygd Hus,  
med underlegt Svall og med Svæving blid.  
Å, her vil eg drøyma, drøyma.

Du hullande bekk,  
du sullande bekk,  
her fekk du seng under mosen mjuk.  
Her drøymer du kurt  
og gløymer deg burt  
og kviskrar og kved  
i den store fred,  
med svaling for hugsott og lengting sjuk.  
Å, her vil eg minnast, minnast.

Du vildrande Bekk,  
du sildrande Bekk,  
kva tenkte du alt på din lange Veg?  
Gjenom aude Rom?  
millom Busk og Blom?  
Når i Jord du smatt,  
når du fann deg att?  
Tru nokon du såg so eismal som eg?  
Å, her vil eg gløyma, gløyma.

Du tislende Bekk,  
du rislende Bekk,  
du leikar i Lund, du sullar i Ro.  
Og smiler mot Sol  
og lær i dit Skjøl  
og vandrar so langt  
og lærer so mangt ...  
å syng kje um det, som eg tenkjer no.  
Å, lat meg få blunda, blunda!

*Arne Garborg (1851-1924)*

### By the stream

You swirling brook,  
you curling brook,  
Here you lie cosily, warm and clear.  
And wash yourself clean  
and glide over stones  
and hum so amiably  
and murmur a little,  
and glisten in the sun with gentle waves.  
Oh, here I will rest, rest.

You singing brook,  
you trickling brook,  
here you run so happily down the bright hillside.  
With a gurgle and a chuckle,  
with a song and a sigh,  
with rushing and roaring  
through your leafy house,  
with strange chattering and gentle gliding.  
Oh, here I will dream, dream.

You crooning brook,  
you murmuring brook,  
here you find a bed under the soft moss.  
Here you dream a while  
and completely forget yourself,  
and whisper and chant  
in great peace,  
with balm for melancholy and terrible longing.  
Oh, here I will remember, remember.

You wandering brook,  
you trickling brook,  
what do you think about on your long journey?  
Through empty spaces,  
amongst bushes and flowers?  
When you slip into the earth  
and appear again?  
Have you ever seen anyone as lonely as I?  
Oh, here I will forget, forget.

You hissing brook,  
you rippling brook,  
you play in the grove, you hum at rest.  
And smile at the sun  
and laugh in your shelter,  
and wander so far  
and learn so much ...  
Oh, don't sing about what I'm thinking of now.  
Oh, let me sleep, sleep!

*Martina Neubauer (soprano) and Alexander Koschka (piano)*

**Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)**

**Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte**

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,  
kom med röda händer. Modern sade:  
„Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?“  
Flickan sade: „Jag har plockat rosor  
och på törnen stungit mina händer.“

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,  
kom med röda läppar. Modern sade:  
„Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?“  
Flickan sade: „Jag har ätit hallon  
och med saften målat mina läppar.“

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,  
kom med bleka kinder. Modern sade:  
„Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?“  
Flickan sade: „Red en grav, o moder!  
Göm mig där och ställ ett kors däröver,  
och på korset rista, som jag säger:

En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,  
ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.  
En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar,  
ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.  
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder,  
ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro.“

*Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804-1877)*

**The girl returned from meeting her lover**

The girl returned from meeting her lover,  
came with her hands all red. Said her mother:  
'What has made your hands so red, girl?'  
Said the girl: 'I was picking roses  
and pricked my hands on the thorns.'

Again she came from meeting her lover,  
came with her lips all red. Said her mother:  
'What has made your lips so red, girl?'  
Said the girl: 'I was eating raspberries  
and stained my lips with the juice.'

Again she came from meeting her lover,  
came with her cheeks all pale. Said her mother:  
'What has made your cheeks so pale, girl?'  
Said the girl: 'Oh mother, dig a grave for me!  
Hide me there and set a cross above,  
and on the cross write as I tell you:

Once she came home with her hands all red;  
they had turned red between her lover's hands.  
Once she came home with her lips all red;  
they had turned red beneath her lover's lips.  
The last time she came home with her cheeks all pale;  
they had turned pale at her lover's faithlessness.'

**Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)**

*from Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

**Lob des hohen Verstandes**

Einstmals in einem tiefen Tal  
Kukuk und Nachtigall  
Täten ein Wett anschlagen,  
Zu singen um das Meisterstück:  
„Gewinn es Kunst, gewinn es Glück,  
Dank soll er davon tragen.“

Der Kukuk sprach: So dirs gefällt,  
Hab ich den Richter wählt,  
Und tät gleich den Esel ernennen,  
Denn weil er hat zwei Ohren groß,  
So kann er hören desto bos,  
Und was recht ist, kennen.

**In praise of high intelligence**

Once in a deep valley  
The cuckoo and the Nightingale  
Made a bet,  
Whoever sang the finer song  
Whoever won win by skill or luck  
Th winner will carry off the prize."

The cuckoo spoke: if it's alright with you  
I have already chosen the judge,  
And straight away named the donkey,  
Because he has two such large ears  
He'll hear more clearly what is bad  
And will recognise what is good.

Sie flogen vor den Richter bald,  
Wie dem die Sache ward erzählt,  
Schuf er, sie sollten singen.  
Die Nachtigall sang lieblich aus,  
Der Esel sprach, du machst mir's kraus.  
Du machst mir's kraus. Ija! Ija!  
Ich kanns in Kopf nicht bringen.

Der Kukuk drauf fing an geschwind  
Sein Sang durch Terz und Quart und Quint.  
Dem Esel gfiels, er sprach nur: Wart,  
Dein Urteil will ich sprechen.

Wohl sungen hast du Nachtigall,  
Aber Kukuk singst gut Choral,  
Und hältst den Takt fein innen;  
Das sprech ich nach mein' hohn Verstand,  
Und kost es gleich ein ganzes Land,  
So laß ichs dich gewinnen.  
Kukuk, Kukuk, Ija!

*Anon*

They flew quickly to the judge,  
And explained their plan to him,  
He commanded them to sing.  
The nightingale sang sweetly,  
The donkey said: you're driving me mad,  
You're driving me mad. Hee-haw! Hee-haw!!  
I just can't understand it.

Then the cuckoo quickly sang his song  
Through thirds and fourths and fifths.  
The donkey liked it, he just said wait:  
I will give my verdict.

You sang well nightingale,  
But cuckoo you sing a fine hymn  
And keep good time;  
That is my learned judgement,  
And though it cost a whole country,  
So I declare you the winner!  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, hee-haw!

### **Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)**

from *Airs chantés*

#### **Air romantique**

J'allais dans la campagne avec le vent d'orage,  
Sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas,  
Un corbeau ténébreux escortait mon voyage  
Et dans les flaques d'eau retentissaient mes pas.

La foudre à l'horizon faisait courir sa flamme  
Et l'Aquilon doublait ses longs gémissements;  
Mais la tempête était trop faible pour mon âme,  
Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses battements.

De la dépouille d'or du frêne et de l'érable  
L'Automne composait son éclatant butin,  
Et le corbeau toujours, d'un vol inexorable,  
M'accompagnait sans rien changer à mon destin.

*Jean Moréas (1856-1910)*

#### **Romantic air**

I walked in the countryside with the storm wind,  
beneath the pallid morning, under the low clouds,  
a sinister raven followed me on my way  
and my steps splashed in the puddles.

The lightning on the horizon forked its flame  
and the North Wind redoubled its long wailing;  
but the tempest was too weak for my soul,  
which drowned the thunder with its throbbing.

From the golden spoils of the ash and the maple  
autumn amassed her brilliant booty,  
and the raven still, with inexorable flight,  
bore me company changing nothing towards my fate.

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

**Charles Ives (1874-1954)**

**Ich grolle nicht**

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,  
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.  
Das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,  
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,  
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.  
Ich grolle nicht.

*Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)*

**I bear no grudge**

I bear no grudge, even though my heart is breaking,  
Love lost forever! I bear no grudge.  
Although you shine in diamond splendour,  
No beam falls into the night of your heart.  
I knew that long ago.

I bear no grudge, even though my heart is breaking,  
I saw you in my dreams,  
And saw the night within your heart,  
And saw the viper that gnaws at your heart;  
I saw, my love, how wretched you are.  
I bear no grudge.

**Samuel Barber (1910-1981)**

*from Hermit Songs*

**The Desire for Hermitage**

*Seán Ó Faoláin (1900-1991)*

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**Rita Strohl (1865-1941)**

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*from Dix Poésies mises en musique*

**La Mort des pauvres**

C'est la Mort qui console et la Mort qui fait vivre ;  
C'est le but de la vie, et c'est le seul espoir  
Qui, [divin]<sup>2</sup> élixir, nous monte et nous enivre,  
Et nous donne le cœur de marcher jusqu'au soir ;

À travers la tempête, et la neige et le givre,  
C'est la clarté vibrante à notre horizon noir ;  
C'est l'auberge fameuse inscrite sur le livre,  
Où l'on pourra manger, et dormir, et s'asseoir

C'est un Ange qui tient dans ses doigts magnétiques  
Le sommeil et le don des rêves extatiques,  
Et qui refait le lit des gens pauvres et nus ;

C'est la gloire des Dieux, c'est le grenier mystique,  
C'est la bourse du pauvre et sa patrie antique,  
C'est le portique ouvert sur les Cieux inconnus !

*Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)*

**The death of the poor**

It is Death that consoles — yea, and causes our lives;  
'Tis the goal of this Life — and of Hope the sole ray,  
Which like a strong potion enlivens and gives  
Us the strength to plod on to the end of the day.

And all through the tempest, the frost and the snows,  
'Tis the shimmering light on our black sky-line;  
'Tis the famous inn which the guide-book shows,  
Whereat one can eat, and sleep, and recline;

'Tis an angel that holds in his magic hands  
The sleep, which ecstatic dream commands,  
Who remakes up the beds of the naked and poor;

'Tis the fame of the gods, 'tis the granary blest,  
'Tis the purse of the poor, and his birth-place of rest,  
To the unknown Heavens, 'tis the wide-open door.

*Carleigh Ross (soprano) and Curtis Vetter (piano)*

**Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)**

from *Brettli-Lieder*

**Der genügsame Liebhaber**

Meine Freundin hat eine schwarze Katze  
Mit weichem knisterndem Sammetfell,  
Und ich, ich hab' eine blitzblanke Glatze,  
Blitzblank und glatt und silberhell.

Meine Freundin gehört zu den üppigen Frauen,  
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das ganze Jahr,  
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer Katze zu krauen,  
Mein Gott ihr behagt halt das sammtweiche Haar.

Und komm' ich am Abend die Freundin besuchen,  
So liegt die Mieze im Schoße bei ihr,  
Und nascht mit ihr von dem Honigkuchen  
Und schauert, wenn ich leise ihr Haar berühr.

Und will ich mal zärtlich tun mit dem Schatze,  
Und daß sie mir auch einmal "Eitschi" macht,  
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf meine Glatze,  
Dann streichelt die Freundin die Katze und lacht.

*Hugo Salus (1866-1929)*

**The contented suitor**

My sweet girlfriend has a black pussy-cat  
With soft fur, rustling and velvety,  
And I, I have a shiny bald spot,  
Shiny and slick and silvery.

My girlfriend's a lady of the voluptuous sort,  
She lies on the sofa the whole year round,  
Quite busily stroking the cat's fur for sport,  
My God, how she dotes on that soft furry mound.

And when I at evening a visit make,  
Then I hear the cat on her lap loudly purr,  
While nibbling with her from the honey cake,  
It trembles whenever I stroke its fur.

And if I desire to caress my darling  
So that she might say "kitchie koo" to me,  
Then I place the pussy upon my bald spot  
So my girlfriend then pets it and laughs with glee.

**Arthur Honegger (1892-1955)**

from *Saluste du Bartas*

**Le départ**

**La promenade**

**Duo**

*Pierre Bédât de Monlaur (1907-1990)*

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**Zheng Jiang (counter-tenor) and Yihan Zhao (piano)**

**Claude Debussy**

**Mandoline**

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Echangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

*Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)*

**Mandolin**

The givers of serenades  
And the lovely women who listen  
Exchange insipid words  
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas  
And there's the eternal Clytander,  
And there's Damis who, for many a  
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their joy  
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy  
Of a pink and grey moon,  
And the mandolin prattles  
Among the shivers from the breeze.

**Henri Duparc (1848-1933)**

**Phidylé**

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais peupliers,  
Aux pentes des sources moussues,  
Qui dans les prés en fleur germant par mille issues,  
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages  
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil.  
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,  
Changent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,  
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,  
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,  
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,  
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,  
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser  
Me récompensent de l'attente!

*Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)*

**Phidylé**

The grass is soft to sleep on under the cool poplars,  
On the slopes by the mossy springs,  
Which, in the meadows flowering with a thousand plants,  
Disappear into dark thickets.

Rest, o Phidylé! The midday sun shines on the foliage  
And invites you to sleep!  
Midst clover and thyme, alone, in full sunlight  
Hum the fickle honeybees.

A warm scent fragrances the paths,  
The red cornflowers bend,  
And the birds, skimming the hills with their wings,  
Search for shade among the wild rose bushes.

But when the sun, descending on its magnificent path,  
Finds its heat beginning to abate,  
Let your loveliest smile and your warmest kiss  
Recompense me for waiting!

