



Leeds
Song

"Leeds Song Festival ... from inner city to international, world-class music making."
The Guardian

*Music gives a soul
to the universe*

2026 Festival
Wednesday 15 April at 8pm

Evening Recital

LEFT BANK LEEDS



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**



THE LIZ & TERRY BRAMALL
FOUNDATION

Director's Welcome

Music gives a soul to the universe

It is with great joy and delight that I welcome you to the Leeds Song Festival 2026, a week-long celebration of one of the most intimate, expressive, and endlessly fascinating forms of music: the art song. Across seven days and a variety of venues throughout Leeds, we have gathered some of the brightest stars, most compelling voices, and most visionary creators in the world of song to present a programme as diverse and vibrant as the city itself.

Buoyed by the extraordinary success of last year's Festival – which broke all previous box office records by 30% – we return in 2026 with renewed energy, ambition and gratitude. This momentum would not be possible without the loyal and generous support of our Friends, audiences, donors, and those trusts and foundations whose belief in our mission underpins everything we do. My heartfelt thanks to each of you.

Faced with an embarrassment of riches, it feels almost invidious to pick out highlights, but as you turn the pages ahead you'll notice programmes from internationally acclaimed singers Marianne Crebassa, Katharina Konradi, Axelle Fanyo, and Fleur Barron, who bring fresh energy to Leeds. British stars Dame Sarah Connolly, Louise Alder, Huw Montague Rendall and Roderick Williams return, delivering performances that showcase the very best of British artistry. The opening and closing evening recitals are especially packed with joyous fare.

Our commitment to supporting the finest rising stars includes recitals by Austrian mezzo-soprano Patricia Nolz, our first lute-accompanied recital with Nardus Williams (partnered by early music royalty Elizabeth Kenny), and a performance from recent Deutsche Grammophon signing Theodore Platt. Leeds Song Young Artist alumni are also represented: Héloïse Werner's *Knight's Dream* will be performed by Helen Charlston and Sholto Kynoch, while Keval Shah, Felix Gygli and Jong Sun Woo all make welcome returns.

Festival favourites Roderick Williams and Iain Burnside explore new compositions inspired by Japanese haiku from leading American composer Libby Larsen, and we are proud to present a Leeds Song commission: *Dunwich*: an intermedia première by Martin Iddon blending spoken word, piano and video in a powerful meditation on history and memory.



This year's masterclasses feature renowned artists including Bernarda Fink, Joan Rodgers CBE, Mark Padmore and Roger Vignoles, whose guidance offers invaluable insight into the art of interpretation.

Our community offering, *Bring and Sing!*, returns with Gareth Malone, inviting all to take part in a joyous performance of Haydn's *Nelson Mass*. Meanwhile, the *Composers & Poets Forum* and the Art Song Challenge winner, Gerda Iguchi, broaden the boundaries of the genre with bold, interdisciplinary work.

The festival concludes with a specially curated recital by Dame Sarah Connolly, joined by prize winners from the Northern Aldborough New Voices Singing Competition – a fitting finale, celebrating both excellence and the future of song.

Leeds Song Festival is not just a series of concerts; it is a vibrant gathering of artists, audiences, and ideas, a space where music's power to connect, move, and transform is celebrated in all its richness. Whether you are a lifelong devotee of art song or discovering it anew, we invite you to join us for what promises to be an unforgettable festival.

Thank you for being part of this journey.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Joseph Middleton". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style and is positioned above a horizontal line.

Joseph Middleton
Director, Leeds Song

2026 Festival at a Glance

Saturday 11 April

1 – 2pm	Lunchtime Opening Recital: Patricia Nolz and Joseph Middleton	The Venue, LC
3 – 5.30pm	Bring and Sing! Rehearsal with Gareth Malone OBE	The Venue, LC
6pm	Bring and Sing! Concert with Gareth Malone OBE: Haydn <i>Nelson Mass</i>	The Venue, LC
6.30 – 7pm	Pre-concert Talk with Richard Stokes	HAR
7.30pm	Evening Opening Recital: Louise Alder, Huw Montague Rendall and Joseph Middleton	HAR

Sunday 12 April

10am – 12.30pm	Festival Masterclass I: Bernarda Fink	The Venue, LC
2 – 3pm	Lunchtime Recital: Nardus Williams and Elizabeth Kenny	Royal Armouries Museum
4 – 5.30pm	Young Artists Study Event with Richard Stokes	Recital Room, LC
6 – 7pm	Friends of Leeds Song Private Reception	Rooftop Bar, LC
6.30 – 7pm	Pre-concert Talk with Richard Stokes	The Venue, LC
7.30pm	Evening Recital: Marianne Crebassa and Joseph Middleton	The Venue, LC

Monday 13 April

10am – 1pm	Friends' Festival Masterclass II: Bernarda Fink	Linacre Studio, HOC
2pm – 5pm	Friends' Festival Masterclass III: Mark Padmore CBE	Linacre Studio, HOC

Tuesday 14 April

10am – 1pm	Festival Masterclass IV: Bernarda Fink	Linacre Studio, HOC
6 – 8pm	Evening Recital: Roderick Williams OBE and Iain Burnside	The Venue, LC
9pm	Late Night Recital: <i>Dunwich</i> : An intermedia première by Martin Iddon	The Attic

Wednesday 15 April

5 – 7pm	Composers & Poets Forum Showcase and Exhibition: 'A Leeds Songbook'	Brodrick Hall, Leeds City Museum
8pm	Evening Recital: Helen Charlston and Sholto Kynoch	Left Bank Leeds

Thursday 16 April

12 – 1.30pm	Young Artists Showcase	HAR
3 – 6pm	Festival Masterclass V: Joan Rodgers CBE	Linacre Studio, HOC
6.30 – 7pm	Pre-concert Talk with Dr Katy Hamilton	HAR
7.30pm	Evening Recital: Axelle Fanyo, Fleur Barron and Julius Drake	HAR
9.45 – 11pm	Late Night Lieder Lounge with Leeds Song Young Artists	HAR Bar

Friday 17 April

10am – 12.30pm	Festival Masterclass VI: Roger Vignoles	Linacre Studio, HOC
1 – 2pm	Lunchtime Recital: Felix Gygli and Jong Sun Woo	HAR
3 – 6pm	Festival Masterclass VII: Anna Tilbrook	Linacre Studio, HOC
6.30 – 7pm	Pre-concert Talk with Mark Rogers	HAR
7.30pm	Evening Recital: Katharina Konradi and Joseph Middleton	HAR
9.45 – 11pm	Late Night Recital: Gerda Iguchi: Art Song Challenge 2025	HAR Bar

Saturday 18 April

11am – 12pm	Coffee Recital: Theodore Platt and Keval Shah	The Venue, LC
2 – 3.30pm	Young Artists Finale Concert	The Venue, LC
6 – 6.30pm	Pre-concert Talk with Dr George Kennaway	Rooftop Bar, LC
7pm	Festival Closing Recital: Dame Sarah Connolly and Joseph Middleton (and Northern Aldborough New Voices Singing Competition Prize Winners)	The Venue, LC

HAR = Howard Assembly Room | LC = Leeds Conservatoire | HOC = Howard Opera Centre

All information correct at the time of publication.

Leeds Song reserves the right to change artists, programmes and events if necessary.

Box Office: 0113 223 3600 | boxoffice@operanorth.co.uk | www.leedssong.com/whats-on

Wednesday 15 April 2026, 8pm
LEFT BANK LEEDS



Evening Recital

Knight's Dream

Helen Charlestone mezzo-soprano
Sholto Kynoch piano

Mezzo-soprano Helen Charlestone and pianist Sholto Kynoch present a programme celebrating Heinrich Heine's vivid poetry and the blurred boundaries between reality and imagination in life and love. At its heart is *Dichterliebe*, Schumann's 1840 song cycle drawn from Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, alongside *Knight's Dream* – a 2023 BBC Radio 3 commission by Héloïse Werner, alumna of the Leeds Song Young Artists Programme, written as a contemporary companion piece.

Heine's poetry anchors the programme, guiding us from the 19th to the 21st century through works by Josephine Lang, Carl Loewe, and Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn, each offering a unique take on Heine's concise and evocative texts. Werner's imaginative setting closes the programme – part homage, part playful dialogue with both Schumann and Heine—bringing past and present into lyrical conversation.

Clara Schumann

Sechs Lieder

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen

Sie liebten sich beide

Liebeszauber

Der Mond kommt still gegangen

Ich hab' in deinem Auge

Die stille Lotosblume

Fanny Hensel

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam

Felix Mendelssohn

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

Robert Schumann

Die Lotosblume

Carl Loewe

Die Lotosblume

Fanny Hensel

Schwanenlied

Felix Mendelssohn

Reiselied

Josephine Lang

Wenn zwei von einander scheiden.

INTERVAL

Héloïse Werner

Knight's Dream

*Commissioned by BBC Radio 3 for the artists in 2023

Robert Schumann

Dichterliebe

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Die Rose, die Lillie, die Taube, die Sonne

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Ich grolle nicht

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

Aus alten Märchen

Die alten, bösen Lieder

Texts and Translations

If you are using a printed copy of this programme, please turn the pages quietly to avoid disturbing the performers and other audience members

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Ich stand in dunklen Träume

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab,
Und ach, ich kann 's nicht glauben,
Daß ich dich verloren hab!

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Sie liebten sich beide

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn.
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum.
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wußten es selber kaum.

Heinrich Heine

Liebeszauber

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang;
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.

Und wie er klang, da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
Und leiser ging die Luft;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getön.

...

I stood in dark dreams

I stood in dark dreams
And gazed at her portrait,
And her beloved face
Came secretly came to life.

Around her lips crept
A wonderful smile,
And as if moist with sad tears
Her eyes glistened.

My tears flowed too
Down my cheeks,
And oh, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

They loved each other

They loved each other, but neither
Wanted to admit it to the other.
They regarded each other with enmity,
And were dying from love.

Finally they parted and saw one another
Only now and then in their dreams.
They had long since died
And scarcely even knew it.

Love's enchantment

Love perched as a nightingale
In the rosebush and sang;
Its wonderfully sweet sound
Soared through the green forest.

And as it rang out, all around arose
Fragrance from a thousand blossoms,
And the treetops stirred softly,
And the breeze blew more gently;

The streams were silent, which had just
Been splashing from the heights,
The deer stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sounds.

...

Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
Sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Widerhall.

Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884)

Der Mond kommt still gegangen

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Mit seinem gold'nen Schein.
Da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
Aus manchem treuen Sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken
Über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunklen
Still in die Welt hinaus.

Emanuel Geibel

Ich hab' in deinem Auge

Ich hab' in deinem Auge
Den Strahl der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen
Einmal die Rosen des Himmels stehn.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
Ihr Abglanz ewig neu erfrischt,
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben,

Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen seh'n
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
So werden sie mir in Rosen steh'n
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

And the sun's rays flowed in
More and more brightly,
And flowers, forest and ravines
Were bathed in a red-gold glow.

But I continued on my journey
Listening to the sound.
And oh, everything I have sung since then
Has been nothing but its echo.

The moon glides quietly

The moon glides quietly
With its golden glow.
And the weary earth
Goes to sleep in its glorious splendour.

And upon the breezes waft
From many a faithful heart
Thousands of thoughts of love,
Over those who sleep.

And down in the valley, there glisten
The windows of my true love's house;
But I gaze in darkness
Quietly out into the world.

I have seen in your eyes

I have seen in your eyes
The radiance of everlasting love;
I once saw on your cheeks
The roses of heaven.

And as the radiance in those eyes fades,
And as the roses have withered,
Their reflection, ever fresh,
Has remained in my heart,

And never will I see those cheeks
And never look into your eyes,
But they will always be full of roses to me
And sending me their radiance.

Die stille Lotosblume

Die stille Lotosblume
Steigt aus dem blauen See,
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
All seinen gold'nen Schein,
Gießt alle seine Strahlen
In ihren Schoß hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und schaut die Blume an.

Er singt so süß, so leise
Und will im Singen vergehn.
O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?

Emanuel Geibel

Fanny Hensel (1805-1847)

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler Höh';
Ihn schläfert; mit weißer Decke
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,
Die fern im Morgenland,
Einsam und schweigend trauert
Auf brennender Felsenwand.

Heinrich Heine

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
Herzliebchen, trag ich dich fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges,
Dort weiß ich den schönsten Ort;

Dort liegt ein rotblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein,
Die Lotosblumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.

...

The quiet lotus flower

The quiet lotus flower
Rises out of the blue waters;
Her leaves shimmer and glisten,
Her chalice is white as snow.

From the sky above the moon
Pours forth its golden glow,
Pours all its radiance
Into her bosom.

In the water around her
A white swan circles,
Sings so sweetly, so softly
Gazing at the flower.

Sings so sweetly, so softly
Near perishing in his singing.
O flower, white flower,
Do you understand this song?

A lonely fir tree

A lonely fir tree stands
On barren heights in the North
It dozes; snow and ice
Cover it with a white blanket.

It dreams of a palm tree
Which, far away in the East
That mourns alone in silence
On a burning mountain face.

On Wings of Song

On the wings of song
Beloved, I shall carry you away,
Away to the meadows of the Ganges,
Where I know the most beautiful spot.

There a garden with red blooms
Lies in the serene moonlight,
The lotus flowers await
Their cherished little sister.

...

Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und schau'n nach den Sternen empor,
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen ins Ohr.

Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazell'n,
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heil'gen Stromes Well'n.

Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum,
Und Liebe und Ruhe trinken,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

Heinrich Heine

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht,

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

Heinrich Heine

Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht,

...

The violets giggle and flirt
And look up at the stars,
The roses whisper
Fragrant tales to each other.

The gentle, frisky gazelles
Come leaping by to listen,
And in the distance is heard the rushing
Of the waters of the sacred river.

There we will sink down
Beneath a palm tree,
And taste love and peace,
And dream blissful dreams.

The Lotus blossom

The lotus blossom fears
The glory of the sun,
And with drooping head
She waits, dreaming, for the night.

The moon is her lover,
He wakes her with his light,
And to him she cheerfully unveils
Her chaste flower-face.

She blooms and glows and shines
And gazes silently on high,
Fragrantly she weeps and trembles
With love and the pain of love.

The Lotus blossom

The lotus blossom fears
The glory of the sun,
And with drooping head
She waits, dreaming, for the night.

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He wakes her with his light,
And to him she cheerfully unveils
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Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

Heinrich Heine

She blooms and glows and shines
And gazes silently on high,
Fragrantly she weeps and trembles
With love and the pain of love.

Fanny Hensel

Schwanenlied

Es fällt ein Stern herunter
Aus seiner funkelnden Höh;
Das ist der Stern der Liebe,
Den ich dort fallen seh.

Es fallen vom Apfelbaume,
Der weißen Blätter so viel,
Es kommen die neckenden Lüfte,
Und treiben damit ihr Spiel.

Es singt der Schwan im Weiher
Und rudert auf und ab,
Und immer leiser singend,
Taucht er ins Flutengrab.

Es ist so still und dunkel,
Verweht ist Blatt und Blüt',
Der Stern ist knisternd zerstoßen,
Verklungen das Schwanenlied.

Swansong

A star is tumbling downward
From where it sparkled on high,
It is the star for lovers,
Which I see falling.

From the apple tree have been
Falling so many white petals,
And tearing breezes come along
And play with the debris.

The swan sings in the water,
And paddles up and down,
And singing ever more softly
Dives to his watery grave.

It is so dark and silent,
Blossom and leaves are blown away,
The star has fizzled and scattered;
The swan's song is heard no more.

Felix Mendelssohn

Reiselied

Der Herbstwind rüttelt die Bäume,
Die Nacht ist feucht und kalt;
Gehüllt im grauen Mantel,
Reite ich einsam im Wald

Und wie ich reite, so reiten
Mir die Gedanken voraus;
Sie tragen mich leicht und luftig
Nach meiner Liebsten Haus.

Die Hunde bellen, die Diener
Erscheinen mit Kerzengeflirr;
Die Wendeltreppe stürm' ich
Hinauf mit Sporengeklirr.

Im leuchtenden Teppichgemache,
Da ist es so duftig und warm,
Da harret meiner die Holde,
Ich fliege in ihren Arm!

...

The Autumn wind rustles through the trees,
The night is damp and cold;
Wrapped in a grey cloak,
I ride alone into the woods.

And as I ride, ahead of me
Ride my thoughts;
They carry me light as air
To my beloved's house.

The hounds bay, the servants appear
With flickering candles;
I race up the spiral staircase
With spurs clanking.

In the light of the carpeted chamber,
Where it's so scented and warm,
There my sweetheart waits for me.
I fly into her arms!

...

Es säuselt der Wind in den Blättern,
Es spricht der Eichenbaum:
"Was willst du, törichter Reiter,
Mit deinem törichtem Traum?"

Heinrich Heine

Josephine Lang (1815-1880)

Wenn zwei von einander scheiden
Wenn zwei von einander scheiden,
So geben sie sich die Händ',
Und fangen an zu weinen,
Und seufzen ohne End'.

Wir haben nicht geweinet,
Wir seufzten nicht Weh und Ach!
Die Tränen und die Seufzer,
Die kamen hinten nach.

Heinrich Heine

Héloise Werner (b. 1991)

Knight's Dream

Es war mal ein Ritter trübselig und stumm,
Mit hohlen, schneeweißen Wangen;
Er schwankte und schlenderte schlotternd herum,
In dumpfen Träumen befangen.
Er war so hölzern, so täppisch, so links,
Die Blümlein und Mädglein die kicherten rings,
Wenn er stolpernd vorbeigegangen.

Oft saß er im finstersten Winkel zu Haus;
Er hatt sich vor Menschen verkrochen.
Da streckte er sehrend die Arme aus,
Doch hat er kein Wörtlein gesprochen.
Kam aber die Mitternachtsstunde heran,
Ein seltsames Singen und Klingen begann –
An die Türe da hört er es pochen.

Da kommt seine Liebste geschlichen herein,
Im rauschenden Wellenschaumkleide.
Sie blüht und glüht wie ein Röselein,
Ihr Schleier ist eitel Geschmeide.
Goldlocken umspielen die schlanke Gestalt,
Die Äuglein grüßen mit süßer Gewalt –
In die Arme sinken sich beide.

...

The wind rushes through the leaves;
The oak tree declares:
"What do you want, foolish rider,
With your foolish dream?"

When two people part
When two people part,
They clasp hands
And begin to weep
And to sigh unendingly.

We didn't weep,
We didn't groan and sigh!
The tears and the sighs
Came much later.

There once was a knight so afflicted with care,
so silent, with cheeks white and haggard,
He stumbled and bumbled he didn't know where,
In a gloomy trance he staggered.
He was so wooden, so clumsy, so daft,
The flowers and maidens giggled and laughed
As they passed the blundering laggard.

He often sat home in the gloomiest nook;
With the world of men he had broken.
He stretched out his arms with a yearning look,
Yet never a word would be spoken.
But soon as the hour of midnight came round,
A singing and ringing would strangely resound –
A knock on the door was the token.

Then in glides his loved one, in shimmering clothes
of sea foam mantling her graces;
she flows and glows like a blossoming rose,
Her veil is of jewelled laces.
Her golden hair flutters around her pale form,
Her sweet eyes invite him, passionate, warm –
They fall in each other's embraces.

...

Der Ritter
Liebesmacht
Feur
Der Träumer erwacht,
Freier
Schleier

The knight
his heart that aches,
Fire;
The dreamer awakes,
Higher
Veil

Spielen und singen
Der Ritter sitzt wieder ganz einsam zu Haus,
In dem düstern Poetenstübchen.

They play and they sing
Once more alone, the knight finds himself back
In his gloomy poet's attic.

Heinrich Heine

Robert Schumann

Dichterliebe

Heinrich Heine

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

In the beautiful month of May

In the wonderful month of May
When all the buds were bursting open,
Then in my heart,
Love began to blossom.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wonderful month of May
When all the birds were singing,
It was then that I confessed to her
Yearning and desire.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

From my tears there spring

From my tears there spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs become
A choir of nightingales.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall

And if you love me, child,
I will give you all the flowers;
And at your window shall sound
The song of the nightingale.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once, in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I love only
She who is small, exquisite, pure, unique;
She herself, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
 So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
 Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
 So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.
 Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
 Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
 Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
 So muss ich weinen bitterlich

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
 In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
 Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
 Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
 Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
 Denn sie mir einst gegeben
 In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
 Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
 Mit seinem großen Dome
 Das große, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
 Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;
 In meines Lebens Wildnis
 Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Englein
 Um unsre liebe Frau;
 Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
 Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
 Ewig verlornes 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.

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
 All my pain and sorrow vanish;
 But when I kiss your lips,
 Then I am completely healed.
 When I rest my head on your breast,
 I am filled with heavenly bliss;
 But when you say: I love you!
 I must weep bitterly.

I want to plunge my soul

I want to bathe my soul
 In the lily's chalice;
 And the lily should resound
 With a song of my beloved.

The song should quiver and tremble
 Like the kiss from her lips
 That she once gave me
 In an hour of wonderful sweetness

In the holy river Rhine

In the holy river Rhine,
 Is reflected in the waves
 With its mighty cathedral
 Mighty, holy Cologne.

In the Cathedral hangs a picture
 Painted on gilded leather;
 Into the wilderness of my life
 It has shone friendly light.

Flowers and little angels hover
 Around Our Lady;
 Her eyes, lips and cheeks
 Are exactly like my beloved's.

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.

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldnen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.
Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmetterten darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

...

If only the little flowers knew

If only the little flowers knew
How deeply wounded my heart is,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

And if the nightingales knew
How sad and ill I am,
They would happily pour forth
Their refreshing song.

And if they knew of my grief,
Those little golden stars,
They would come down from the sky
And speak consoling words to me.
But none of them can know;
Only one knows my sorrow;
For it is she herself has broken,
Broken my heart.

What a fluting and fiddling

What a fluting and fiddling,
And a blaring of trumpets;
There at her wedding feast dances
My dearest love.

What a ringing and roaring,
A drumming and piping;
And in between are sobbing and wailing
Lovely little angels.

When I hear the little song

When I hear the little song
That once my beloved sang,
My heart is near to bursting
With the wild rush of grief.

A dark longing drives me
Up into the woody heights
And there in tears is released
My overwhelming grief.

A boy loves a girl

A boy loves a girl
Who has chosen another boy;
That boy loves another girl,
And marries that one.

In anger the girl takes
The first good man
Who crosses her path;
The boy is badly hurt.

...

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber, ich wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
Sei unserer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger blasser Mann!

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wärst mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehst mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perletränenröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,
Und das Wort hab' ich vergessen.

It's an old tale,
But it remains ever new;
And whoever it happens to,
It breaks his heart in two.

On a bright Summer morning

On a bright Summer morning
I wander around my garden.
The flowers are whispering and talking,
But I wander around silently.

The flowers are whispering and talking,
And look at me with pity.
"Don't be angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man!"

I wept in my sleep

I wept in my sleep,
I dreamt you lay in a grave.
I awoke, and tears
Still poured down my cheeks.

I wept in my sleep,
I dreamt you were leaving me.
I awoke and I wept
Long and bitterly.

I wept in my sleep,
I dreamt you still loved me.
I awoke, and still
My tears flood down.

Every night I see you in my dreams

Every night I see you in my dreams
And I see you greet me warmly,
And crying aloud I throw myself
Down at your sweet feet.

You look at me sadly,
And shake your fair little head;
From your eyes trickle down
Tiny pearl-like tears.

You whisper a soft word to me,
And give me a cypress wreath;
I wake up, and the wreath is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.

Aus alten Märchen

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weißer Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmetternd drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume bös' und arg,
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht, was;
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer,
Wie's Heidelberger Faß.

...

From old fairy tales

From old fairy tales
A white hand beckons,
There is singing and the sounds
Of a magical land;

Where brightly coloured flowers
Blossom in a golden twilight,
And, sweetly scented, they glow
With the bride-like faces.

And green trees are singing
Melodies of long ago;
And mysterious breezes murmur,
And birds twitter,

And misty shapes rise
Out of the earth,
And dance airy dances,
In a strange gathering,

And blue sparks flicker
On every leaf and twig,
And red lights run
Madly round and round;

And noisy springs burst
Out of wild marble cliffs,
And strangely in the streams
The reflections continue to glow.

Oh, if only I could go there
And make my heart happy
And be relieved of all my sorrows,
And be free and full of joy!

Oh, that land of joy,
I see it so often in my dreams,
But when the morning sun arrives,
It vanishes like foam.

The bad old songs

The bad old songs,
The evil and bitter dreams,
Let us bury them now;
Fetch a large coffin.

In it I will place many things,
But I won't say what yet;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the Heidelberg Vat.

...

Und holt eine Totenbahre,
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muß sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem großen Sarge
Gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

And fetch a funeral bier
Made of firm, thick planks;
They must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.

And then fetch me twelve giants;
They must be even stronger
Than the mighty St. Christopher
In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall carry the coffin away
And sink it deep into the sea,
For such a great coffin
Deserves a great grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Needs to be so large and heavy?
I would like to sink my love
And my pain inside it.

Programme Notes

In 1828, Robert Schumann was granted an audience in Munich with one of the most highly regarded poets of the day. 'Heine,' Schumann wrote in his diary, 'witty and intelligent conversation – ironic little man.' But it was not until 12 years later – 1840 his 'annus mirabilis' of song – that he turned to Heine's extraordinary poetry for musical inspiration.

Heine is the constant voice today, with texts from his *Lyrisches Intermezzo* (the second section of his 1827 *Buch der Lieder*) appearing again and again. This 'book of songs' comprises 65 poems, many of which are very direct and concise, often just 8 lines of text. Recurring themes include obsession with the idealised world of romantic love versus the reality of heartbreak; seeking solace in nature's beauty; the personification of flowers in the role of the ideal lover; and the possibility of escapism through magical worlds of dreams and fairytales.

All these themes run through Schumann's 1840 cycle *Dichterliebe* ('Poet's Love'). Schumann selects sixteen texts from Heine's book to weave a new tale of elation and despair that grapples with the reality of losing a love so sweet as to be painful – the memory of falling in love so vivid and fresh that nothing can ever put it to rest.

This oscillation between love and loss is felt right from the opening of tonight's programme. Clara Schuman's **Sechs Lieder** (op.13) flit between these two extremes with succinct transparency, reminding us of her talents as a miniaturist. Each song conjures its own atmosphere with great clarity, from the inevitability of sadness to the excitement of new love. She too turns to Heine's poetry to open the set. **Ich stand in dunklen Träumen** and **Die Liebten sich beide** both follow his trademark pattern of pulling the rug out from us, just as we settle into any contentment or joy. The set ends with a musical question mark in the seemingly unfinished final chord of **Die Stille Lotosblume**; are we left in the devastation of loss or the joy of love? Perhaps it is for us to decide.

It was not just the Schumanns who turned to Heine's poetry as song texts. Felix Mendelssohn and his sister Fanny Hensel both met Heine in the flesh and set his poetry on numerous occasions. **Schwanenlied** was the first song published under Fanny's name. Full of gentle pathos it conjures a world of timelessness: falling stars, gentle blossom, and a silent swan give space for memory and nostalgia. Song itself becomes our escapism in Felix's **Auf Flügeln des Gesanges**. Mendelssohn's bubbling piano writing and lilting strophic setting whisks us away to a world of peace and

dreams. **Reiselied** is a breathless almost nightmarish number. We follow the rider through an autumnal forest. With each step he is pulled forward by a world of happy possibility: warm fires beckoning, the sight of the embrace of a lover's arms. Yet in the final verse it becomes clear that the treacherous wood is his only companion. There is no reunion to come, no love to be found.

Heine so often turns the knife in this way in his poetry, showing a world that could be enjoyed, only to meet reality at the final moment. Josephine Lang's **Wenn zwei von einander scheiden** epitomises this comparison of how a situation should go with its heartbroken reality: the nobility of the opening gives way to the wide vocal leaps of weeping and sorrow. The gentle pulsation of Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel's **Fichtenbaum und Palme** invites us to step into a mystical world somewhere between waking and sleeping: the spruce tree trapped in the snow, dreams of the luscious world of a palm tree in the 'far away land of morning'. This vibrant world leaps to life in the middle section with such reality it is hard to know whether the spruce *knows* it is dreaming or has found its way out into a world of sunshine.

Die Lotosblume reminds us that night can also bring moments of requited love, its darkness providing protection for honest revelations of the heart. The intimacy of this text and the overwhelming power of the love that is admitted between the two lovers, represented by the Lotus flower and the moon, is striking. We get the joy of hearing it set to music twice. Schumann's version glides by in a world of sincere commitment and ecstasy; whilst Loewe revels in the sensuality of the text, taking time to enjoy the pain of love as well as its victory.

In **Knight's Dream** Héloïse Werner turned to the opening Prologue of the *Lyrisches Intermezzo*. We meet a knight sat in his dusty attic, hiding from the world. As he tires and falls asleep, his dark reality explodes into life when his love walks in. For just a moment everything becomes a tumble of colour: her golden hair, shimmering clothes and beautiful songs fill him with ecstasy. They dance, they play, he reaches to hold her close; but as suddenly as she appeared she is gone, and he alone once more.

Werner cherishes this story in the way that only she can, playing with the words (and us!) at every opportunity. She says: "When reading this beautiful prologue for the first time, I was struck by its strange and dreamlike nature with the narrative quickly spiralling into a surreal, magical and passionate adventure before abruptly returning to a somewhat stark reality at the very end of

the poem. I wanted to musically convey this journey, the soundworld slowly becoming more and more abstract, words gradually unravelling, the illusionary visions of the poem reverberating in the resulting collage of timbres and phonetic sounds.”

Written for the artists and commissioned by BBC Radio 3, *Knights Dream* was always designed as a companion piece to *Dichterliebe*. Werner’s mesmerising journey takes us through cloud-like musical memories and slowly dissolving lines that end up as groups of consonants and vowels rather than words at all; to flashes of exuberant colour, knocks on the piano, spoken dialogue and lines suddenly sung in English. The final song is a worldless postlude which acts both as a place of rest for the story that has been told and the perfect prelude for what is yet to come.

And so, to *Dichterliebe*. Sixteen poems chosen with great care and direction to craft a narrative arch that has beguiled performers and audiences for nearly two centuries. The cycle ends with the poet grandly declaring his intention to bury his love and pain and move on, but it feels from the first aching notes of this cycle that this is never going to be possible or even truly wanted. Schumann’s songs are so full of the sweetness of nostalgia, that the more I sing these songs, the more I feel the process of telling the story – to wildly tell the world ‘I loved and was loved’ – is far more important to our protagonist than any attempt to put that love to rest.

The cycle begins with four very short but densely packed songs. Like shards of memories, these songs share the flashes of the fire of love that has indelibly marked our poet’s soul. Since heartbreak, every step he takes through life has been changed by these memories - even to the point of perceiving the image of the Virgin Mary in Cologne cathedral as his beloved in the sixth song, **Im Rhein, im Heiligen Strome**.

Despair and anger begin to creep in by **Ich grolle nicht**. She is no longer that angelic image, the most blissful of lovers, the giver of healing kisses. Instead, he sees her for her real self: darkness in the form of a snake encircling her heart, to cause infidelity and grief. Now totally engrossed in his heartbreak, he tortures himself further when he hears the music of her wedding party to another man in **Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen**.

Just as Schumann’s protagonist seems to become completely lost, an extraordinary ray of sunshine appears. In the twelfth song, **Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen**, the flowers plead with the poet to not judge their sister too harshly. This garden encounter opens a path of consolation that takes us through the last four songs of the cycle. Gently guided by fairy hands, mysterious breezes and the golden morning sun, we find our way to the final piano postlude.

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You can hear tonight’s programme on Helen and Sholto’s new album **A Poet’s Love** to be released on BIS Records on May 8th 2026.

Biographies

Helen Charlston

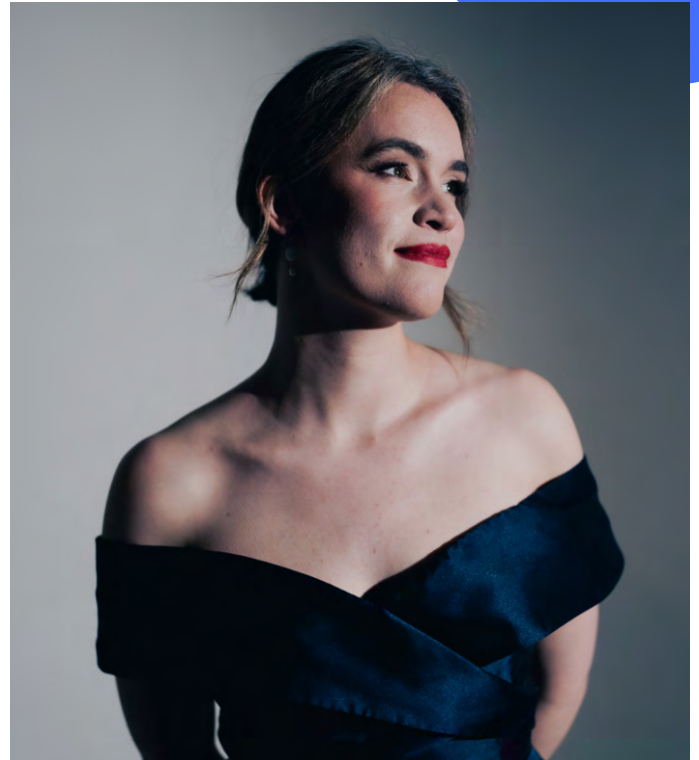
Mezzo-soprano

Helen Charlston's ability to make each performance entirely her own, combined with her exceptional depth of communication with audiences, has earned her international acclaim as "one of the most exciting voices in the new generation of British singers" (*Gramophone*). She was recently a BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist (2021–23) and in 2023 won the *Gramophone* Award for Best Concept Album, as well as the Vocal Award at the *BBC Music Magazine Awards*, for her second Delphian album *Battle Cry* — the only recording that year to win at both ceremonies.

This season, Helen makes her début at Dutch National Opera in the world première of Michel van der Aa's *Theory of Flames* in the role of Marianne. On the concert platform she sings the title role in *Solomon* with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment; Mozart's Requiem at Casa da Música under Andreas Spering and with the Czech Philharmonic under Giovanni Antonini; Bach's Mass in B minor with De Nederlandse Bachvereniging and Richard Egarr; and Bach's St Matthew Passion with the Antwerp Symphony Orchestra under Laurence Cummings. In recital she collaborates with the Consone Quartet at the Brighton Early Music Festival and Oxford Song; with Sholto Kynoch at the Wimbledon Festival and the National Centre for Early Music; with Roman Rabinovich in Canada; and she performs an ensemble programme at the Fundación Juan March in Madrid.

Recent operatic appearances have included her début at the Gran Teatre del Liceu as Sesto (*Giulio Cesare*) in Calixto Bieito's production conducted by William Christie; her début at the Opéra Royal de Versailles as Dido in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*; and the Sorceress/Spirit (*Dido and Aeneas*) at the Grange Festival. She also covered the title role in Charpentier's *Médée* at the Opéra National de Paris. Helen toured two semistaged productions with Les Arts Florissants and William Christie, singing Dido and Rosmira (*Partenope*) across France and Canada.

Further recent concert appearances include the première of a new song cycle by Héloïse Werner — written as a companion piece to Schumann's *Dichterliebe* — at the Oxford International Song Festival and Wigmore Hall; Bach's Mass in B minor with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra under Richard Egarr; Mendelssohn's *Elijah* at the BBC Proms with Maxim Emelyanychev; Britten's *Phaedra* with the BBC Philharmonic; Handel's *Messiah* with the Warsaw Philharmonic, Britten Sinfonia and the Academy of St Martin in the Fields at the Proms; Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus* with the RIAS Kammerchor at the



Berlin Philharmonie under Justin Doyle; Bach's Magnificat in South Korea; Bach's Christmas Oratorio with WDR Köln under Simon Halsey; Mahler's *Songs of a Wayfarer* with the BBC Philharmonic; Elgar's *Sea Pictures* and Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra; and Irene (*Theodora*) with Philharmonia Baroque in San Francisco.

As Artistic Advisor for the York Early Music Festival, Helen featured in a 2024 residency performing repertoire from Dowland and Couperin to Schumann and Mendelssohn, alongside new commissions for her and Toby Carr by Ben Rowarth and Anna Semple. Helen was a Rising Star of the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment (2017–19) and was selected for Le Jardin des Voix with Les Arts Florissants in 2021. She was a finalist in the 2021 Kathleen Ferrier Awards, receiving the Ferrier Loveday Song Prize.

In addition to her two Delphian recital albums, she recently released *If the Fates Allow: Music by Purcell and his contemporaries* with Sounds Baroque on the BIS label. She has also recorded for Signum, Hyperion and the Academy of Ancient Music's own label, including Dussek's *Messe solennelle* — winner of a *Gramophone* Award in 2021 — and Eccles's *Semele* (role of Juno), shortlisted for a *Gramophone* Award. Forthcoming releases include a threepart Schumann songcycle trilogy for BIS.

Helen's regular collaborators include Toby Carr, Sholto Kynoch, the Consone Quartet, Joseph Middleton, Kunal Lahiry and Roman Rabinovich. Recent recital engagements have taken her to the Brucknerhaus Linz, the Oxford International Song Festival, the Lobkowitz Palace with the Prague Philharmonia, the Concertgebouw Amsterdam and Wigmore Hall.

Sholto Kynoch

Piano

Sholto Kynoch is a sought-after pianist who specialises in song and chamber music. He is the founder and Artistic Director of the Oxford International Song Festival (formerly Oxford Lieder), which won a prestigious Royal Philharmonic Society Award in 2015, cited for its “breadth, depth and audacity” of programming. In July 2018, Sholto was elected a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music in the RAM Honours.

Working with many of today’s leading singers, recent recitals have taken him to Wigmore Hall, Heidelberger Frühling, Beethovenfest Bonn, the Zeist International Lied Festival in the Netherlands, the LIFE Victoria Festival and the Palau de la Música in Barcelona, the Fundación Juan March in Madrid, the Opéra de Lille, Opernhaus Zürich, the Maison Symphonique de Montréal, the Queensland Art Song Festival in Australia, and many other major venues and festivals nationally and internationally.

His extensive discography includes the first complete edition of the songs of Hugo Wolf, recorded live at the Oxford International Song Festival, the final volume of which was released in January 2023. He has also recorded the complete songs of John Ireland and Havergal Brian, as well as recital discs of Schubert and Schumann songs.



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A big thank you to the following people for their invaluable help

Apple and Biscuit Recordings Limited:

Alex Barnes and Kit Mackenzie

Festival Event Streaming

Ruth Hansford

Surtitles

Helen Stephens

Translations

Dr Katy Hamilton, Dr George Kennaway,
Mark Rogers, Keval Shah, Richard Stokes,
Nardus Williams and Roderick Williams
Programme Notes

Dr Katy Hamilton, Martin Iddon,
Dr George Kennaway, Libby Larsen,
Mark Rogers and Richard Stokes
Pre-Concert Talks

Martin Iddon and Hannah Stone
Composers & Poets Forum Leaders

India Ashbury, Greg Bush and
Caitlin Duncombe
Freelance Events Staff

David Simpson

Provision of lighting equipment at

The Attic, Left Bank Leeds and Brodrick Hall

Shigeru Kawai

Provision of pianos at

The Attic and Brodrick Hall

John Tordoff

Piano Tuner and Technician

Tony Green and colleagues

Howard Assembly Room

Maisie Wood, George Clarke, and
colleagues

Leeds Conservatoire

David Brown, Amy Illingworth and Sol
Edwards

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Sara Merritt and colleagues

Brodrick Hall, Leeds City Museum

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Programme Design

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