



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
Friday 17 April at 1pm

Lunchtime Recital

HOWARD ASSEMBLY ROOM



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

Friday 17 April 2026, 1pm
HOWARD ASSEMBLY ROOM



Lunchtime Recital

Felix Gygli baritone
Jong Sun Woo piano

We are delighted to welcome back baritone Felix Gygli and pianist Jung Soo Woo, both alumni of the Leeds Song Young Artist Programme, to give this lunchtime recital.

Since participating in our Young Artists Programme in 2022, Felix has gone on to considerable success, winning the Kathleen Ferrier Awards in 2023 and the Lied Prize at the Queen Sonja International Music Competition in 2024. He continues to build an impressive international career with operatic and recital appearances across Europe, recent successes including performances at New York's Carnegie Hall and the Verbier Festival. Felix partners with pianist, Jong Sun Woo, winner of the Pianist Prize at the Wigmore Hall/Bollinger International Song Competition 2024, and recipient of the first prize at the Wolf International Art Song Competition 2024 in Stuttgart and the Gerald Moore Award from the Royal Philharmonic Society in 2022.

Their programme opens with Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*, followed by a Shakespeare-inspired set featuring songs by Geoffrey Bush, Korngold, Poulenc, Rautavaara, Amy Beach, Finzi and Quilter. The recital concludes with Schumann's *Liederkreis*, Op. 24. This programme showcases Felix's expressive storytelling and his natural affinity with the song repertoire."

FELIX GYGLI "A beautiful, glorious voice" (Seen and Heard International)

Ludwig van Beethoven

An die ferne Geliebte

Auf der Hügel sitz ich spähend

Wo die Berge so blau

Leichte Segler in der Höhen

Diese Wolken in der Höhen

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au

Nimm sie hir denn, diese Lieder

Geoffrey Bush

It was a lover and his lass

Erich Korngold

Come away, death

O mistress mine (*Songs of the Clown*)

Francis Poulenc

Fancy

Einojuhani Rautavaara

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

(*Three Sonnets of Shakespeare*)

Amy Beach

Fairy Lullaby (*Three Shakespeare Songs*)

Gerald Finzi

Who is Silvia? (*Let Us Garlands Bring*)

Roger Quilter

Take, O take those lips away

Blow, blow thou winter wind (*Three Shakespeare Songs*)

Robert Schumann

Liederkreis Op. 24

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage

Es treibt mich hin

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen

Lieb' Liebchen

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden

Warte, warte wilder Schiffmann

Berg und Burgen Schauen herunter

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen

Mit Myrten und Rosen

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

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

An die ferne Geliebte

Alois Isidor Jeittles (1794-1858)

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.
Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!
Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

Wo die Berge so blau

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

On the hill I sit gazing

On the hill I sit gazing
Into the blue, hazy distance,
Towards the distant meadows,
Where I found you, my love
I am far away from you,
Hills and valleys lie between us
And separate us from our peace,
From our happiness and our torment.
Ah! You can't see the passionate look,
That hastens towards you,
And my sighs, they drift away
Into the void that separates us.
Will then nothing more be able to reach you,
Nothing be a messenger of love?
I will sing, sing songs,
That cry to you of my pain!
For before the sound of love
Space and time flee,
And a loving heart is reached,
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

Where the blue mountains

Where the blue mountains
Out of the misty grey
Look down towards me,
Where the sun's glow fades,
Where the clouds drift by,
There would I be!

There in the peaceful valley
Suffering and sorrow are stilled.
There in the rocks
Where the primrose meditates quietly,
And the wind blows so softly,
There would I be!

To the musing woods
I am driven by the power of love,
Inner pain.
Ah! this would not drive me from here,
Could I, beloved,
Be with you eternally!

Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich fallb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein munterer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen.
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

...

Light clouds sailing in the heights

Light clouds sailing in the heights,
And you, narrow little brook,
If you should catch sight of my beloved
Greet her from me, a thousand times.

And, clouds, if you then see her
Walking lost in thought in the quiet valley,
Let my image appear before her
In the airy vault of heaven.

If she goes near the bushes,
Which Autumn has turned faded and bare,
Tell her what has happened to me,
Tell her, little birds, of my suffering!

Gentle west winds, take
To my heart's chosen one
My sighs, that fade away
Like the last rays of the sun.

Whisper to her my entreaties of love,
Let her, narrow little brook,
Truly see in your waves
My countless tears!

These clouds in the heights

These clouds in the heights,
This cheerful flight of birds,
Will see you, my adored one.
Take me with you on your effortless flight!

These west winds will playfully
Blow about your cheek and breast,
Will ruffle your silken tresses.
If only I could share this joy!

Down to you from these hills
The little brook hurries eagerly,
If her image is reflected in you,
Flow back directly to me!

May returns, the meadow blooms

May returns, the meadow blooms,
The breezes, they blow so softly, so mildly,
Chattering, the brooks flow again.

The swallow returns to her rooftop home,
She eagerly builds her bridal chamber,
Where love will live.

...

Sie bringt sich geschäftig von kreuz und von quer
Manch weiches Stück zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.

Busily she brings from all directions,
Many soft scraps for the bridal bed,
Many warm scraps for her little ones.

Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden, verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Now the couple lives together so faithfully,
What Winter separated is united by May,
May knows how to unite all who love.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.

May returns, the meadow blooms,
The breezes, they blow so softly, so mildly,
Only I cannot go away from here.

Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

When Spring unites all who love,
To our love alone no spring appears,
And tears are its only reward.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang.

Take, then, these songs

Accept, then, these songs,
That I sang to you, beloved,
Sing them again in the evenings
To the sweet sounds of the lute!

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann zieht
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

When the red twilight then sinks
Towards the calm, blue lake,
And the last rays disappear
Behind those mountain tops;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräg erklingen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

And you sing, what I sang,
Sang from a full heart,
With no false display of art,
Aware only of longing;

Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

For at these songs the distance
That separates us will recede,
And a loving heart will be reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

Settings of Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Geoffrey Bush (1920-1998)

It was a lover and his lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green corn-field did pass.

In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.
Between the acres of the rye,

...

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time
And with a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownéd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

As You Like It

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Come away, death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there.

Twelfth Night

O mistress mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is this love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.

And in delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Twelfth Night

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Fancy

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

The Merchant of Venice

Einojuhani Rautavaara (1928-2016)

from *Three Sonnets of Shakespeare*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet 18

Amy Beach (1867-1944)

from *Three Shakespeare Songs*

Fairy Lullaby

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

...

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

from *Let Us Garlands Bring*

Who is Silvia?

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

Two Gentlemen of Verona

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Take, O take these lips away

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn.
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, seal'd in vain.

Measure for Measure

from **Three Shakespeare Songs**

Blow, blow thou winter wind

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art no so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

As You Like It

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 24

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt feins Liebchen heut?
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Aus blieb sie auch heut.

In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer
Lieg' ich schlaflos, wach;
Träumend, wie im halben Schummer,
Träumend wandle ich bei Tag.

Es treibt mich hin

Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her!
Noch wenige Stunden, dann soll ich sie schauen,
Sie selber, die schönste der schönen Jungfrauen;-
Du treues Herz, was pochst du so schwer!
Die Stunden sind aber ein faules Volk!
...

Every morning I get up and ask

Every morning I wake up and ask
Will my lovely sweetheart come today?
Every evening I lie down and grumble:
She didn't come today either!

In the night alone with my grief
I lie awake, unable to sleep;
Dreaming, as if half asleep,
Dreaming, I wander through the day.

It drives me

I'm driven this way and that!
Just a few more hours, then I shall see her!
She, the most beautiful of beautiful maidens;
And you, my heart, why do you pound so?
But the hours are a lazy breed!
...

Schleppen sich behaglich träge,
Schleichen gähnend ihre Wege; -
Tumme dich, du faules Volk!

Tobende Eile mich treibend erfaßt!
Aber wohl niemals liebten die Horen; -
Heimlich im grausamen Bunde Verschworen,
Spotten sie tückisch der Liebenden Hast.

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Mit meinem Gram allein;
Da kam das alte Träumen
Und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.

Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein gelehret,
Ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh'?
Schweigt still! Wenn mein Herz es höret,
Dann tut es noch einmal so weh.

„Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,
Die sang es immerfort,
Da haben wir Vöglein gefangen
Das hübsche, goldne Wort.“

Das sollt ihr mir nicht erzählen,
Ihr Vöglein wunderschlau;
Ihr wollt meinem Kummer mir stehlen,
Ich aber niemandem trau'.

Lieb' Liebchen

Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herze mein;
Ach, hörst du, wie's pochet im Kämmerlein?
Da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg,
Der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Es hämmert und klopfet bei Tag und bei Nacht;
Es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf gebracht.
Ach! sputet euch, Meister Zimmermann,
Damit ich balde schlafen kann.

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
Schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
Schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden,
Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.
Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
...

They dawdle on in comfortable laziness,
Slip by yawning;
Get a move on, you lazy breed!

Frantic haste grips me!
But then the Horae can never have loved;
Cruelly and in secret collaboration
They spitefully mock a lover's haste

I wandered under the trees

I wandered under the trees
Alone with my grief;
And the old dream returned to me
And stole into my heart.

Who taught you this little word,
You high-flying birds?
Be silent! If my heart hears it,
Then my old pain will return again.

“A young maiden came walking here,
She sang it over and over,
And we birds caught
That lovely, golden word.”

You shouldn't have told me that,
You cunning little birds;
You want to steal my grief from me,
But I trust no-one now.

Dearest love

Dearest love, lay your hand on my heart,
Oh, can you feel how it throbs inside me?
A cruel, wicked carpenter lives in there,
And is making me a coffin.

He hammers and bangs all day and all night;
He's been keeping me awake for ages.
Oh hurry up, master carpenter,
So that I can rest soon.

Lovely cradle of my sorrows

Lovely cradle of my sorrows,
Lovely tombstone of my peace,
Lovely town, we have to part,
Farewell! I call to you.
Farewell, you blessed threshold,
...

Wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
Lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
Wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,
Schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär' es dann geschehen,
Daß ich jetzt so elend bin.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erleht;
Nur ein stilles Leben führen
Wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen,
Bittre Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
Und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
Schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
Bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
Ferne in ein kühles Grab.

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
Gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
Von zwei Jungfrauen nehm' ich Abschied,
Von Europa und von ihr.

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,
Daß ich mit dem heißen Blute
Meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
Schaudert's dich, mein Blut zu sehn?
Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend
Lange Jahre vor dir stehn!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
Von der Schlang' im Paradies,
Die durch schlimme Apfeligabe
Unsern Ahn ins Elend stieß.

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
Du brachst'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.

Where my sweetheart is at home.
Farewell, you blessed spot,
Where I saw her for the first time.

But if I had never seen you,
You beautiful queen of my heart!
Then it would never have come to this,
That I am now so miserable.

I never wished to touch your heart,
I have never begged you for love;
All I wanted was a peaceful life
And to breathe the air you breathed.

But you yourself drive me away,
Your lips utter bitter words;
My senses are overcome with madness,
And my heart is sick and wounded.

My limbs, tired and heavy,
I drag away, leaning on my staff,
Until I lay my weary head
In a cool, distant grave.

Wait, wait, wild seaman
Wait, wait, wild seaman,
I'll follow you to the harbour at once,
I'm saying farewell to two maidens,
To Europe and from her.

Blood, run from my eyes,
Blood, gush from my body,
So that I can use my hot blood
To write down my pain.

Oh, my love, why today of all days,
Do you shudder at the sight of my blood?
You have seen me pale, and with a bleeding heart
Standing before you for years.

Do you still remember the old story
About the serpent in the Garden of Eden?
That, through the wicked gift of an apple,
Plunged our ancestors into misery.

The apple is the cause of all misery!
Eva brought death with it,
Eris brought flames to Troy,
You brought both, flames and death.

Berg' und Burgen schau herunter

Berg' und Burgen schau herunter
in den spiegelhellen Rhein,
und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,
rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele
goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
still erwachen die Gefühle,
die ich tief im Busen hegt'.

Freundlich grüssend und verheißend
lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;
doch ich kenn' ihn, oben gleißend,
birgt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.

Oben Lust, im Busen Tücken,
Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild!
Die kann auch so freundlich nicken,
lächelt auch so fromm und mild.

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,
Und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie;
Und ich hab' es doch getragen -
Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?

Mit Myrten und Rosen, lieblich und hold

Mit Myrten und Rosen, lieblich und hold,
Mit duft'gen Zypressen und Flittergold,
Möcht' ich zieren dieß Buch wie ,nen
Totenschrein,
Und sargen meine Lieder hinein.

O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen hinzu!
Am Grabe der Liebe wächst Blümlein der Ruh',
Da blüht es hervor, da pflückt man es ab, -
Doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich selber im Grab.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die einst so wild,
Wie ein Lavastrom, der dem Ätna entquillt,
Hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten Gemüt,
Und rings viel blitzende Funken versprüht!

Nun liegen sie stumm und totengleich,
Nun starren sie kalt und nebelbleich,
Doch aufs neu die alte Glut sie belebt,
Wenn der Liebe Geist einst über sie schwebt.

...

Mountains and castle look down

Mountains and castles look down
Into the mirror-clear Rhein,
And my little ship sails on cheerfully,
Surrounded by glistening sunshine,

Calmly I watch the play
Of golden waves, broken by ripples,
And silently the feelings awaken
That I carry here deep in my heart.

Enticing and with a friendly greeting
The river's splendour beckons;
But I know it, the smooth surface
Hides the death and night beneath.

Joy on the surface, spite underneath,
River, you are the image of my beloved!
She can nod with just such friendliness,
And smile so chastely and gently.

At the beginning, I almost despaired

At the beginning, I almost despaired,
And I thought I could never bear it;
But I did bear it,
Just don't ask me how!

With Myrtles and roses, sweet and beautiful

With myrtles and roses, sweet and beautiful,
With fragrant cypresses and golden tinsel,
I should like to decorate this book like a coffin,
And bury my songs inside it.

Oh, if only I could bury my love with it too!
On love's grave blooms the flower of peace,
There it blossoms, there it is plucked,
But it will flower for me only when I myself am in
my grave.

Here are the songs, once as wild
As a lava-stream cascading from Etna.
Storming forth from its innermost soul,
And scattering glittering sparks all around

Now they lie there silent and deathlike.
Now they stare coldly and palely shrouded in mist,
But once again the old fires will be rekindled,
When the spirit of love hovers over them again.

...

Und es wird mir im Herzen viel Ahnung laut:
Der Liebe Geist einst über sie taut;
Einst kommt dies Buch in deine Hand,
Du süßes Lieb im fernen Land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes Zauberbann,
Die blaßen Buchstaben schaun dich an,
Sie schauen dir flehend ins schöne Aug',
Und flüstern mit Wehmut und Liebeshauch.

And in my heart a warning sounds:
One day the spirit of love will thaw them;
One day this book will fall into your hands,
My dearest love, in a distant land.

And then the magic spell will break,
The pale letters will gaze at you,
They will look imploringly into your beautiful eyes,
And will whisper with sadness and the breath of love.

Programme Notes

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

An die ferne Geliebte

Auf der Hügel sitz ich spähend
Wo die Berge so blau
Leichte Segler in der Höhen
Diese Wolken in der Höhen
Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
Nimm sie hir denn, diese Lieder

An die ferne Geliebte, composed in 1816, can be seen as the first 'song cycle' – a series of songs linked together by a theme, narrative, or musical form, as opposed to a simple anthology of songs. The title page of the first publication of the cycle called it a '*Liederkreis*', an unusual term that did not have a formal definition until 1865, but which was recognised at the time as denoting a collection of songs connected in some way. A review of these songs in 1817 noted that they were

closely connected both poetically and musically... The short turn to C minor [at the end of the fifth song] makes the return, in the last *Lied*, of the key as well as the mood and loveliness of the first *Lied*, all the more magnificent. It is truly splendid that, toward the end, even the poet lets the first *Lied* itself again become more discernible, only condensed, ending with a free and heartfelt close. Thus, at the same time, the whole work concludes as a true *Lieder-Kreis* ...

The texts are by the minor poet Alois Jitteles (1794-1858), a young Viennese doctor whose verse had become very popular. The songs are heard without breaks, and piano transitions link some of them. The cycle is further unified by a tonal scheme centred around E flat major, and, as that first reviewer noted, by the return of the first song's opening phrase at the end of the final song. The formal sophistication of the cycle is underlined by the poet making a gift of these very songs to his beloved.

Settings of Shakespeare

Geoffrey Bush 1920-1998

It was a lover and his lass

As You Like It provides this popular song text, set to music by many composers from the Elizabethan Thomas Morley to Hollywood's Erich Korngold. Geoffrey Bush wrote in a wide range of genres but was particularly interested in vocal music; as a boy he sang in the choir of Salisbury Cathedral. From the age of 13, while at Lancing College, he studied music with John Ireland, who remained a life-long friend and mentor. He studied

music at Oxford, returning there after WW2 to read both classics and music. Bush taught in the extramural departments of Oxford and London University, and was visiting professor at King's College, London. He was made a Fellow of University College, Wales in 1986. He was a prolific song composer (although he observed that "most singers do not even know they exist"), and tended to set poetry from the established English canon. This song combines abruptly energetic writing with lyrical moments and ends with a pianistic flourish.

Erich Korngold 1897-1957

Come away, death

O mistress mine

The child prodigy Korngold impressed Mahler and Richard Strauss; Schnabel played his second piano sonata all over Europe; at nineteen, he wrote incidental music for *Much Ado About Nothing* which had a Viennese run of eighty performances. His first work for Hollywood was an arrangement of Mendelssohn's incidental music for Max Reinhardt's film *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1934-5), which enabled to settle there before the outbreak of war. Max Reinhardt, Korngold's closest collaborator, set up the *Max Reinhardt Workshop* in Los Angeles in 1937, a studio to train young actors and directors; he and Korngold continued to work together when possible and these songs were among the composer's contribution to a studio production called *Shakespeare's Women, Clowns and Songs*. Korngold thought of England, which he never visited, as somehow still suffused with the spirit of Shakespeare. His Shakespearean songs were confiscated by the Nazis when they searched his possessions upon entering Austria, but he reconstructed them from memory. 'Come away, death' is sung by Feste when the love-lorn Orsino asks for the "old and antique song we heard last night". Feste sings 'O mistress mine' to entertain Sir Toby Belch who asks for a love song.

Francis Poulenc 1899-1963

Fancy

This text is from *The Merchant of Venice*, in the scene where Bassanio successfully wins Portia's hand by choosing the lead casket which contains her portrait (Harrison Ford makes a similarly correct choice in *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*). The song is dedicated to 'Miles and Flora', the children in Britten's *The Turn of the Screw*. Marion, Countess of Harewood, invited Poulenc to contribute a setting for an anthology of songs for children published in 1964. It is Poulenc's only song in English, and there are places where the

stress falls on normally weak syllables. Nonetheless it is a charmingly simple song, subtly alluding to 'ding dong bell', and ending with a very French major seventh chord.

Einojuhani Rautavaara 1928-2016

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

The Finnish composer Rautavaara was a pupil of Aarre Merikanto in Helsinki, and was recommended by Sibelius for a scholarship to study at the Juilliard School. There he studied with Vincent Persichetti, and also studied at Tanglewood with Roger Sessions and Aaron Copland. He described composition in gardening terms: "In both processes, one observes and controls organic growth rather than constructing or assembling existing components and elements. I would also like to think that my compositions are rather like 'English gardens', freely growing and organic, as opposed to those that are pruned to geometric precision and severity." This song is the third of Rautavaara's *Three Sonnets of Shakespeare* composed in 1951. It uses Shakespeare's sonnet number 18, one of his most popular. Shakespeare's play with a conventional simile is matched by Rautavaara's hints of bitonality.

Amy Beach 1867-1944

Fairy Lullaby

Amy Beach (*née* Cheney) was America's first female classical composer to find success at home and in Europe without formal European training – and her Gaelic Symphony was the first symphony by an American woman. As a child, while spending the summer with her grandfather in New Hampshire, she composed three waltzes even though there was no piano present. Aged seven she gave her first public recitals, playing works by Handel, Beethoven, and Chopin, and her own pieces. By 1885 she had married a surgeon and amateur singer named H.H.A. Beach. He did not want her to tour and perform, so she focused on composing, performing only once a year for charity. As a composer Beach was included in what was called the Second New England School. After her husband and both parents died, Beach moved to Europe in 1911 where she performed successfully in Germany, returning to the USA in 1914 where she remained for the rest of her life. Amy Beach was most successful with her art song repertoire; she composed about 150 songs for voice and piano, sometimes setting her own poetry. 'Fairy Lullaby' sets the poem 'Philomel with melody', sung by Titania's fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and is the third of Beach's *Three Shakespeare Songs* of 1897.

Gerald Finzi 1901-1956

Who is Silvia?

Gerald Finzi's family moved to Harrogate during WW1, and Finzi studied music at school there with Ernest Farrar, himself a pupil of Stanford. Farrar described Finzi as "very shy, but full of poetry". After Farrar's death in the war, Finzi studied privately at York Minster with the organist and choirmaster Edward Bairstow. The death of Farrar combined with the deaths of his three brothers left Finzi with a bleak outlook on life and a taste for the poetry of Traherne, Hardy, Wordsworth, and Christina Rossetti – of whom treated topics of the innocence of childhood corrupted by adult experience. In 1925 Finzi moved to London and met many leading composers such as Rubbra, Vaughan Williams, and Holst. His compositional style remained largely fixed through most of his productive life, and even more than Britten, he tended to set texts of higher literary quality than is often the case with English song – he was widely read and owned over 3000 books. This song comes from Finzi's collection *Let Us Garlands Bring*, premiered in 1942 on Vaughan Williams's 70th birthday and dedicated to him. 'Who is Silvia?', from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, wittily suggests a simple, almost rumbustious, folk song, but Finzi elides the last two lines of each stanza unexpectedly.

Roger Quilter 1877-1953

Take, O take those lips away
Blow, blow thou winter wind

Quilter was best known for his songs – indeed he wrote little in any other form. His songs are close to the popular England ballad type very popular in the early years of the last century, and have remained in the repertoire ever since. He was educated at Eton and at the Hoch conservatory, Frankfurt (c.1897–c.1901). In 1901, Quilter attracted attention when Denham Price sang the *Four Songs of the Sea* at the Crystal Palace. For many years, major singers of the day took up his songs: Harry Plunket Greene, Ada Crossley, John Coates, and Gervase Elwes. Quilter was a founder member and benefactor of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, and served on its committee until his death. He gave discreet financial help to young musicians, and in the 1930s further used his wealth to sponsor Jews fleeing Austria. Despite his German training, Quilter's style was indisputably English, and his wistful lyricism was characterized by chromatic harmonies and highly vocal melodic lines. He was frequently ill and found composition difficult, despite the polished grace and ease of the finished works. Diffident, well-travelled and cultured, his musical tastes ranged from Bach to Sullivan and Stravinsky. 'Take, O take those lips away' comes from *Measure for Measure*, but here Shakespeare used an

existing text; it was also used in the rather more obscure *Rollo, Duke of Normandy* of uncertain authorship. It was included in Quilter's *Five Shakespeare Songs* of 1921. Quilter captures the overall tone of melancholy and does not set the second stanza with its references to snowy hills topped with pink flowers. 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind' was published in 1905 as the third of his *Three Shakespeare Songs* op. 6. The song is sung by Amiens in *As You Like It* to entertain an exiled court. Quilter sets it cheerfully – the key word is 'jolly' – sidestepping any darker irony in the poem by moving to a major key before the repeated chorus.

Robert Schumann 1810-1856
Liederkreis Op. 24

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage
Es treibt mich hin
Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Lieb' Liebchen
Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden
Warte, warte wilder Schiffmann
Berg und Burgen Schaun herunter
Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen
Mit Myrten und Rosen

The Heine *Liederkreis* cycle (Schumann's later cycle of the same name used texts by Eichendorff) was the first substantial product of Schumann's *Liederjahr* ('Year of Song'), and was completed by the end of February 1840. Song was a marketable genre, and Schumann may have wanted to demonstrate financial stability at a time when marriage negotiations were at a difficult stage. The form also let Schumann engage with a long-standing concern – the uniting of music and poetry.

He said in 1839 that he did not think of song-writing as 'great art', but he may have wanted to achieve what John Daverio has called 'the perfecting of imperfect tendencies in contemporary art'. The nine songs tell of frustrated or lost love. Heine's poems sometimes suggest a more bitter tone than is present in Schumann's music, and the interaction of the two creates a sense of ambiguity. 'Morgens steh'ich' is quite cheerful. The mysterious change of key for the bird's verse and the melancholy descent of the singer's last words in 'Ich wandelte' suggest introspection, but the hesitation at the end of each stanza of 'Lieb' Liebchen' is gleefully sinister and witty, like the off-beat heartbeats in the piano part. 'Schöne Wiege' was Heine's farewell to Hamburg and a doomed love affair, but its bitterness is softened by Schumann. Schumann comes closer to Heine's mood in 'Warte, warte', with its pounding octaves, but in 'Berg und Burgen' he simply evokes a gently rocking boat where Heine sees pleasure and malice combined in the Rhine. 'Mit Myrten' dissolves in chromatic harmonies having largely regained the cheerfulness of the opening song.

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Biographies

Felix Gygli

Baritone

Swiss baritone Felix Gygli won the Kathleen Ferrier Awards 2023, the Lied Prize at the Queen Sonja Competition 2024 and was the inaugural winner of the Eastbourne International Singing Competition 2024.

Highlights of the 2025–26 season include a house and role début as Schaunard (*La bohème*) at Theater St Gallen, a return to Zürich Opera House as Graf Dominik (*Arabella*), performances of St Matthew Passion with Gli Angeli Genève, and a series of recitals with Sholto Kynoch.

Highlights of the 2024–25 season included stepping in to sing the title role in Elijah at Zürich Opera House under Gianandrea Noseda and directed by Andreas Homoki, and a return to the Verbier Festival as Spinelloccio/Notaio (*Gianni Schicchi*).

Felix was a member of the International Opera Studio of Zürich Opera House, where his roles included Il Barone di Trombonok (*Il viaggio a Reims*), Vier brabantische Edle (*Lohengrin*), and most notably Phileas Fogg in the world première of *Around the World in 80 Days* by Jonathan Dove. Other operatic highlights include Papageno (*Die Zauberflöte*) for Ouverture Opéra and the Second Apprentice (*Wozzeck*) for the Verbier Festival.

He was a member of the Atelier Lyrique at the Verbier Festival 2023, where he was awarded the Prix Thierry Mermod for the most promising singer. In January 2024, he participated in Carnegie Hall SongStudio under the patronage of Renée Fleming.



A passionate Lieder singer, Felix performs regularly in recital in the UK, France and Switzerland with pianists Jong Sun Woo and Tomasz Domanski. He made his US début performing Schubert's *Winterreise* with Pierre-Nicolas Colombat at the Boston Text and Tone Festival.

Felix is a Samling Artist and was a Young Artist at the National Opera Studio in 2022–23. He trained at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London and at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis.

Jong Sun Woo

Piano

Described as “poetic and characterful” (*The Guardian*), Jong Sun Woo recently won the Pianist Prize at the Wigmore Hall/Bollinger International Song Competition 2024 and, together with her duo partner Giacomo Schmidt, First Prize at the Wolf International Art Song Competition 2024 in Stuttgart, as well as Second Prize and the Audience Prize at the Schubert Lied Duo Competition 2023 in Dortmund.

Jong Sun also received the Gerald Moore Award from the Royal Philharmonic Society in 2022 and the Pianist Prize at the Maureen Lehane Vocal Awards in 2021.

She has participated in many young artist programmes, including the Heidelberger Frühling Lied Akademie (2021–22), Wigmore French Song (2023–24) and Carnegie Hall SongStudio (2025). She is also a Leeds Song Young Artist, Samling, Britten-Pears and CMF Artist.

Jong Sun began studying with Patsy Toh at the Junior Royal Academy of Music and the Purcell School. After completing her undergraduate studies with First Class Honours at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, she won a full scholarship to Bard College, New York, where she studied with the late Peter Serkin. She later returned to London to complete her Masters and Artist Diploma in Piano Accompaniment at the Guildhall School, studying with Eugene Asti, Pamela Lidiard, Carole Presland and Dr Bretton Brown. She graduated with distinction and was awarded the Concert Recital Diploma for her outstanding final recital. She is currently mentored by Sebastian Wybrew.



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