



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

Evening Recital at 7.30pm

(Pre-concert Talk at 6.30pm)

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, 6.30pm
HOWARD ASSEMBLY ROOM

Pre-concert Talk

with **Mark Rogers**

We are always pleased when the legacy of our Young Artists programme can be demonstrated in our concert and Festival programming. This evening, we welcome back one of our Young Artist alumni and rising-star American pianist, Mark Rogers to give an engaging and insightful pre-concert talk. Winner of the Prix de Mélodie at the Concours Nadia et Lilli Boulanger, and the audience and First prize at the Helmut Deutsch Lieder Competition, Mark is becoming well-established as a performer specializing in vocal and chamber music, and is also an acclaimed writer in his field, winning first prize from the Royal Philharmonic Society for his article on Samuel Barber in their Young Classical Writers competition.



Friday 17 April 2026, 7.30pm
HOWARD ASSEMBLY ROOM

Evening Recital

Katharina Konradi soprano
Joseph Middleton piano

Katharina Konradi returns to Leeds following her knockout performance last year. Joined by pianist Joseph Middleton, she presents a programme of French, Russian, and German songs she has truly made her own. Together, they weave a rich tapestry of Romantic repertoire, exploring themes of love, longing, nature, and reflection, with moments of drama, intimacy, reverence, and lyrical beauty.

A regular on the operatic stage at the Bayerische Staatsoper, Wiener Staatsoper and Staatsoper Hamburg as well as major concert halls throughout Europe, Konradi is praised for her “crystal clear soprano” and “dazzling vocal technique” and along with Middleton is sure to provide an evening of typically emotive and nuanced song interpretation.

Pyotr Ilych Tchaikovsky

Six French Songs

Sérénade

Déception

Sérénade

Qu'importe que l'hiver

Les larmes

Rondel

Franz Schubert

Ellens Gesänge

Ellens Gesang I

Ellens Gesang II

Ellens Gesang III

Pyotr Ilych Tchaikovsky

In the midst of the ball

It was in the early Spring

Cradle Song

Serenade

INTERVAL

Franz Schubert

Lieder der Mignon

Heiß mich nicht reden

So laßt mich scheinen

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Franz Liszt

Élégie

S'il est un charmant gazon (Spätfassung)

Enfant, si j'étais roi

Oh! quand je dors

Franz Schubert

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Litnei auf das Fest Allerseelen

Die junge Nonne

Der Musensohn

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

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Six French Songs

Sérénade

Où vas-tu, souffle d'aurore
Vent de miel qui vient d'éclorre
Fraîche haleine d'un beau jour ?
Où vas-tu, brise inconstante
Quand la feuille palpitante
Semble frissonner d'amour?

Est-ce au fond de la vallée
Dans la cime échevelée
D'un saule où le ramier dort ?
Poursuis-tu la fleur vermeille
Ou le papillon qu'éveille
Un matin de flamme et d'or ?

Va plutôt, souffle d'aurore
Berger l'âme que j'adore ;
Porte à son lit embaumé
L'odeur des bois et des mousses
Et quelques paroles douces
Comme les roses de mai

Édouard Turquety (1807-1867)

Déception

Le soleil rayonnait encore.
J'ai voulu revoir les grands bois,
Où nous promenions autrefois
Notre amour à sa belle aurore.

Je mi disais: «Sur le chemin, Jela
retrouverai, sans doute: Ma main
se tendra vers sa main,
Et nous nous remettrons en route.»

Je regarde partout. En vain!
J'appelle! Et l'écho seul m'écoute!

O le pauvre soleil pâli!
O les pauvres bois sans ramage!
O, mon pauvre amour, quel
dommage! Si vite perdu dans l'oubli!

Paul Collin (1843-1915)

Serenade

Where do you go, breath of dawn,
Sweet as honey, newly hatched wind,
Cool breeze of a lovely day?
Where do you go, fickle wind,
When the quivering leaf
Seems to tremble with love?

Is it to the floor of the valley,
To the jagged crest
Of a willow where the wood pigeon sleeps?
Do you pursue the ruby red flower,
Or the butterfly which heralds
A morning of fiery gold?

Rather, go, breath of dawn,
To soothe the soul whom I adore.
Carry to her embalmed bed
The aroma of woods and of mosses
And some tender words
Like the roses in May

Deception

The sun was still shining.
I wanted to see again the deep woods,
Where we promenaded once upon a time
Our love at its beautiful dawn.

I said to myself: "On the way,
I'll find her, without doubt:
My hand will hold hers,
And we'll get back on track."

I look everywhere. In vain! I call out!
And Echo is the only one who hears me!

Oh, poor pale sun!
Oh the poor woods with no birdsong!
Oh, my poor love, how sad!
So quickly lost to oblivion!

Sérénade

J'aime dans le rayon de la limpide aurore
Le reflet de tes jolis yeux
Dans le chant matinal de l'oiseau j'aime encore
L'écho de ton rire joyeux

Dans le calme des lys j'aime ta paix sereine
Dans leur pureté, ta blancheur;
J'aime dans le parfum des roses ton haleine
Et dans leur fraîcheur, ta fraîcheur

Dans la merque le flux ou le reflux agite
J'aime tes caprices d'enfant
Et j'aime les soupirs de ton sein qui palpite
Dans les longues plaintes du vent

J'aime la fière ardeur dont ton coeur sent la flamme
Dans l'éclat du soleil qui luit;
Et j'aime les pudeurs charmantes de ton âme
Dans l'ombre chaste de la nuit

J'aime, dans le printemps qui verdit, la folie
De ta jeunesse et ses espoirs;
Et j'aime la douceur de ta mélancolie
Dans le vague déclin des soirs!

Paul Collin

Qu'importe que l'hiver

Qu'importe que l'hiver éteigne les clartés
Du soleil assombri dans les cieux attristés?
Je sais bien où trouver encore
Les brillants rayons d'une aurore
Plus belle que celle des cieux.
Toi que j'adore, c'est dans tes yeux!

Qu'importe que l'hiver ait des printemps défunts
Dispersé sans pitié les enivrants parfums?
Je sais où trouver, non flétrie,
Malgré les bises en furie,
Une rose encor tout en fleur.
Ô ma chérie,
C'est dans ton coeur!

Ce rayon qui, bravant les ombres de la nuit,
Toujours splendide et pur luit au fond de tes yeux;
Cette fleur toujours parfumée
Qui dans ton coeur est enfermée
Et qui sait survivre à l'été.
Ma bien aimée, c'est la beauté!

Paul Collin

Serenade

I relish, in the rays of the clear dawn,
The reflection of your pretty eyes,
In the morning song of the bird I yet relish
The echo of your joyous laughter.

In the calm of the lilies I relish your serene quietness,
In their purity, your ivory complexion.
I relish, in the scent of the roses, your breath,
And in their freshness, your freshness.

In the sea, ruffled by ebb and flow,
I relish your childlike caprices,
And I relish the sighs of your trembling breast
In the endless moan of the wind.

I relish the proud ardour, the flame of which warms
Your heart in the radiance of the shining sun;
And I relish the charming modesty of your soul
In the chaste shade of the night.

I relish, in the verdant springtime, the madness
Of your youth and its hopes;
And I relish the sweetness of your melancholy
In the hazy onset of the evenings!

It doesn't matter that the winter puts out the lights
Of the obscured sun in the saddened sky.
I still know where to find again
The bright rays of a sunrise
more beautiful than the dawn of the heavens!
You, who I adore, it's in your eyes !

It doesn't matter that the winter had unmercifully dispelled
The intoxicating perfumes of the late springs!
I know where to find, unfaded,
Despite the furious North wind,
A rose still in bloom!
O my darling,
it's in your heart!

This ray, defying the shadows and the night,
Always splendid and pure, shines deep in your eyes;
This always scented flower
Locked up in your heart
And which survives the summer,
My beloved, it's your beauty!

Les larmes

Si vous donnez le calme après tant de secousses,
Si vous courez d'oubli tant de maux dérobes,
Si vous lavez ma plaie et si vous êtes douces,
O mes larmes, tombez! tombez!

Mais, si comme autrefois vous êtes meurtrières,
Si vous rongez un coeur qui déjà brûle en soi,

N'ajoutez pas au mal, respectez mes paupières:
O larmes, laissez moi, laissez moi!

Oui, laissez moi! je sens ma peine plus cuisante,
Vous avez évoqué tous mes rêves perdus:
Pitié! pitié! pitié!
laissez mourir mon âme agonisante!
Larmes, ne tombez pas! ne tombez pas!
Non! non! ne tombez pas!

Augustine-Malvina Blanchecotte (1830-1897)

Rondel

Il se cache dans ta grâce
Un doux ensorcellement.

Pour leur joie et leur tourment
Sur les coeurs tu fais main basse.
Tous sont pris. Nul ne se lasse
De ce servage charmant.
Il se cache dans ta grâce
Un doux ensorcellement.

C'est l'affaire d'un moment,
Ton regard qui sur nous passe
Est le filet qui ramasse
Nos âmes; dieu sait comment!
Il se cache dans ta grâce
Un doux ensorcellement.

Paul Collin

Tears

Tears If you bring calm after such trauma,
If your flow can wash away such hidden sorrow,
If you bathe my wounds and if you are gentle,
O my tears, fall! fall!

But, if, as in past times, you are deadly,
If you gnaw at a heart which already is burning itself
up,

Do not add to the agony, pay heed to my eyelids: O
tears, let me be! let me be!

Yes, let me be! I feel my anguish more bitterly,
You have awakened all my lost dreams:
Mercy! mercy! mercy!
leave my ailing soul to die!
Tears, do not fall! do not fall!

Rondel

It hides in your grace:
A sweet enchantment.

For their joy and their torment
You steal their hearts.
All are captivated. No one tires
Of this charming servitude.
It hides in your grace
A sweet enchantment.

It takes place in a single moment,
Your glance passing over us
It's the net that ensnares
Our souls; God knows how!
It hides in your grace:
A sweet enchantment.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Ellens Gesänge

*Adam Storck (1789-1827) based on 'Ellen's Song' from
'The Lady of the Lake' Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)*

Ellens Gesang I

Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,
Träume nicht von wildem Strauss
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

In der Insel Zauberhallen
Wird ein weicher Schlafgesang
Um das müde Haupt dir wallen
Zu der Zauberharfe Klang.

Feen mit unsichtbaren Händen
Werden auf dein Lager hin
Holde Schlummerblumen senden,
Die im Zauberlande blühen.

Nicht der Trommel wildes Rasen,
Nicht des Kriegs Gebietend Wort,
Nicht der Todeshörner Blasen
Scheuchen deinen Schlummer fort.

Nicht das Stampfen wilder Pferde,
Nicht der Schreckensruf der Wacht,
Nicht das Bild von Tagsbeschwerde
Stören deine stille Nacht.

Doch der Lerche Morgensänge
Wecken sanft dein schlummernd Ohr,
Und des Sumpfgefieders Klänge
Steigend aus Geschilf und Rohr.

Ellens Gesang II

Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken,
Träume nicht, wenn Sonn' erwacht,
Daß Jagdhörner dich erwecken.

Schlaf! der Hirsch ruht in der Höhle,
Bei dir sind die Hunde wach,
Schlaf, nicht quäl' es deine Seele,
Daß dein edles Roß erlag.

Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken,
Wenn der junge Tag erwacht,
Wird kein Jägerhorn dich wecken.

Ellen's Song I

Rest, warrior! Your war is over,
Sleep the sleep, nothing shall wake you;
Do not dream of the fierce battle,
Of days and nights filled with terrors.

In the island's enchanted halls
A soft lullaby
Will caress your weary head
To the strains of a magic harp.

Fairies with unseen hands
Will scatter on your bed,
Sweet flowers of sleep
Which bloom in an enchanted land.

Neither the wild crash of drums,
Nor the summons to battle,
Nor the blaring of death's horns
Will scare away your sleep.

Neither the stomping of frenzied horses,
Nor the sentry's fearful cry,
Nor a premonition of the day's cares
Will disturb your peaceful night.

No, morning song of the lark
Will gently awaken your slumbering ear,
And the sounds of marsh birds
Rising from reeds and rushes.

Ellen's Song II

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
while our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveille.

Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveille.

Ellens Gesang III

Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild,
Erhöre einer Jungfrau Flehen,
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild
Soll mein Gebet zu dir hinwehen.
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum Morgen,
Ob Menschen noch so grausam sind.
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau Sorgen,
O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Unbefleckt!
Wenn wir auf diesen Fels hinsinken
Zum Schlaf, und uns dein Schutz bedeckt
Wird weich der harte Fels uns dünken.
Du lächelst, Rosendüfte wehen
In dieser dumpfen Felsenkluft,
O Mutter, höre Kindes Flehen,
O Jungfrau, eine Jungfrau ruft!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Reine Magd!
Der Erde und der Luft Dämonen,
Von deines Auges Huld verjagt,
Sie können hier nicht bei uns wohnen,
Wir woll'n uns still dem Schicksal beugen,
Da uns dein heil'ger Trost anweht;
Der Jungfrau wolle hold dich neigen,
Dem Kind, das für den Vater fleht.
Ave Maria!

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Sred' shumnogo bala

Sred' shumnogo bala, sluchajno,
V trevoge mirskoj sujety,
Tebja ja uvidel, no tajna
Tvoji pokryvala cherty.

Lish' ochi pechal'no gljadeli,
A golos tak divno zvuchal,
Kak zvon otdaljonnoj svireli,
Kak morja igrayushchij val.

Mne stan tvoj ponravilsja tonkij
I ves' tvoj zadumchivij vid,
A smekh tvoj, i grustnyj, i zvonkij,
S tekh por v mojom serdce zvuchit.

V chasy odinokije nochi
Ljublju ja, ustalyj, prilech';
Ja vizhu pechal'nyje ochi,
Ja slyshu veseluju rech',
...

Ellen's Song III

Ave, Maria! Maiden mild!
Oh listen to a maiden's prayer;
For thou canst hear tho' from the wild,
And Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care
Tho' banish'd outcast and reviled,
Oh, Maiden hear a maiden's prayer.
Oh Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave, Maria! Undefined!
The flinty couch we now must share,
Shall seem with down of eider piled
If Thy, if Thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of Balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden hear a maiden's prayer.
Oh Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave, Maria! Stainless-styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee, shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care
Beneath Thy guidance reconciled,
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer;
And for a father bear a child!
Ave Maria!

In the midst of the ball

In the midst of the noisy ball,
amid the anxious bustle of life,
I caught sight of you,
your face, an enigma.

Only your eyes gazed sadly.
Your divine voice
Sounded like pipes from afar,
Like the dancing waves of the sea.

Your delicate form entranced me,
and your pensiveness,
your sad yet merry laughter,
has permeated my heart since then.

And in the lonely hours of the night,
when I lie down to rest,
I see your pensive eyes,
hear your merry laugh...
...

I grustno ja, grustno tak zasypaju,
I v grjozakh nevedomykh splju...
Ljublju li tebja, ja ne znaju,
No kazhetsja mne, chto ljublju!

Count Aleksei Tolstoy (1817-1875)

To bylo ranneju vesnoj

To bylo ranneju vesnoj,
trava jedva vskhodila,
ruch'ji tekli, ne paril znoj,
i zelen' roshch skvozila;

Truba pastush'ja poutru
jeshchjo ne pela zvonko,
i v zavitkakh jeshchjo v boru,
byl paporotnik tonkij;

To bylo ranneju vesnoj,
v teni berjoz to bylo,
kogda s ulybkoy predno mnoj
ty ochi opustila...

To na ljubov' moju v otvet
ty opustila vezhdy!
O zhizn'! o, les! o, solnca svet!
O, junost'! o, nadezhdy!

I plakal ja pered toboj,
na lik tvoj gljadja milyj;
to bylo ranneju vesnoj,
v teni berjoz to bylo!

To bylo v utro nashikh let!
O, schast'je! o sljozy!
o, les! o, zhizn'! o, solnca svet!
O, svezhij dukh berjozy!

Kolybel'naja pesnja

Spi, ditja mojo, usni!
Sladkij son k sebe mani:
V njan'ki ja tebe vzjala
Veter, solnce i orla.

Uletel orjol domoj;
Solnce skrylos' pod vodoj:
Veter, posle trekh nochej,
Mchitsja k materi svojej.

...

And wistfully drifting
into mysterious reveries,
I wonder if I love you,
but it seems that I do!

It was in the early Spring

It was in the early Spring,
The grass was barely showing,
The stream was flowing, the air mild;
The trees were turning green;

In the early morning
The shepherd's pipe as yet was silent,
The ferns were still tightly furled
In the pinewoods.

It was in the early Spring,
And in the shade of the birch trees
When, with a smile,
You lowered your eyes before me...

In reply to my love
You lowered your glance...
O life! O woods! O sunlight!
O youth! O hopes!

I wept before you,
Looking into your sweet face.
It was in the early Spring,
And in the shade of the birch trees!

It was the morning of our life!
O happiness! O tears!
O woods! O life! O sunlight!
O fresh scent of birch trees!

Cradle Song

Sleep, my child, fall asleep!
Beckon slumber's sweetness deep:
I have summoned three nannies for you -
The wind, the sun and an eagle.

The eagle has flown home,
The sun has slipped below the water,
The wind, after three nights,
Races to its mother.

...

Vetra sprashivajet mať:
«Gde izvolil propadat’?
Ali zvezdy vojeval?
Ali volny vsjo gonjal?»

«Ne gonjal ja voln morskikh,
Zvezd ne trogal zolotykh;
Ja ditja oberegal,
Kolybelochku kachal!»

Spi, ditja mojo, spi, usni! spi, usni!
Sladkij son k sebe mani:
V njan’ki ja tebe vzjala
Veter, solnce i orla.

Apollon Nikolayevich Maykov (1821-1897)

Serenade

O ditya, pod okoshkom tvoim
Ya tebe propoyu serenadu ...
Ubayukana penyem moim,
Ti naydyosh v snovideyakh otradu;
Pust tvoj son i pokoy
V chas bezmolniy nochnoy
Nezhnikh zvukov leleyut lobzanya!

Mnogo gorestey, mnogo nevzgod
Tebya v zhizni, ditya, ozhidayot;
Spi zhe sladko, poka net zaborot,
Poka serdtse trevogi ne znayet,
Spi vo mrake nochnom
Bezmyatezhnim ti snom,
Spi, ne znaya zemnovo stradanya.

Pust tvoj angel-khranitel svyatoy,
Miliy drug, nad toboyu letayet
I, leleya son devstvenniy tvoj,
Tebe rayskuyu pesn napevayet.
Pust toy pesni svyatoy
Otgolosok zhivoy
Tebe v dushu vselit upovanye.

Spi zhe, milaya, spi, pochivay
Pod akkordı moyey serenadi!
Pust prisnitsa tebe svetliy ray,
Preispolnenniy vechnoy otradi;
Pust tvoj son i pokoy
V chas bezmolniy nochnoy
Nezhnikh zvukov leleyut lobzanya!

Konstantin Konstantinovich (1858-1915)

The wind’s mother asked him:
‘Where have you been hiding all this time?
Did you wage war with the stars?
Did you drive the waves away?’

‘I didn’t drive the waves of the sea away,
I touched no golden stars;
I was keeping a child safe and sound,
Rocking its little cradle!’

Sleep, my child, fall asleep!
Beckon slumber’s sweetness deep:
I have summoned three nannies for you -
The wind, the sun and an eagle.

Serenade

O child, below your balcony
I will sing a serenade ...
Soothed by my singing,
You will find peace in your dreams;
May your repose
In the stillness of the night
Be caressed by the soft sound of kisses!

Many troubles, many woes
In life await you, child,
So sleep sweetly while you are free of care,
And your heart knows no burden;
Sleep your serene sleep
In the darkness of the night;
Sleep, ignorant of earthly strife.

May your guardian angel
Watch over you, dear friend,
And, lulling your childish slumbers,
Softly sing you a song of heaven.
May the living echo
Of this divine song
Ill your soul with hope.

Sleep then, darling girl, and surrender
To the harmonies of my serenade!
May you dream of a radiant paradise
Full of everlasting joy;
May your repose
In the stillness of the night
Be caressed by the soft sound of kisses!

Franz Schubert

Lieder der Mignon

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Heiß mich nicht reden

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht,
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muß sich erhellen,
Der harte Fels schließt seinen Busen auf,
Mißgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen
Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergießen,
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschließen.

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weiße Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich laße dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.

...

Do not bid me speak

Forbid me to speak bid me be silent,
For it is my duty to keep my secret.
I would like to show you my whole heart,
But fate wills otherwise.

At the appointed time the circling sun drives away
Dark night, and light must take its place,
The hard rock opens its bosom
And gives its deep-hidden waters ungrudgingly to
the earth.

Everyone seeks peace in the arms of a friend,
There one can pour out one's sorrows;
But an oath seals my lips,
And only a god can open them.

Thus let me seem till thus I become

Thus let me seem till I thus become;
Do not take off my white dress!
From the beautiful earth I hasten
For that dark dwelling place blow.

There for a brief silence I will rest,
Then my eyes will open afresh;
Then I will leave behind this pure garment,
This girdle and this rosary.

And those heavenly beings
Do not ask who is man or woman,
And no garments, no folds
Will cover this transfigured body.

Though I have lived free from care and toil,
Yet I knew much deep suffering.
Through sorrow I have aged too soon;
Make me forever young again!

Only those who know what longing is

Only those who know what longing is
Can know what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I keep gazing over yonder
Into the firmament

...

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Élégie

En ces lieux tout me parle d'elle,
A mon cœur tout la rappelle,
O mon Dieu comme elle était belle
Et combien je l'adorais –
Ah je crois malgré ma tristesse,
Voir encore avec ivresse sa pudeur enchanteresse
Quand un soir je lui dis que je l'amais
Cet aveu si tendre sans colère
Elle a pu l'entendre !
La douleur hélas m'égaré
Une tombe nous sépare pour jamais !
Ton souvenir o mon amie
Maintenant est toute ma vie
Et te rejoindre est ma seule envie
E plus d'amour d'espoir pour moi
Je bénis ma douleur amère
Mon ame quittant celle terre
Bientôt volera vers toi.
Oui, mon ame volera vers toi
Oui mourir est mon envie
Car l'aimer était ma vie
Mon ame ma vie va bientôt voler vers toi.
Je bénis ma douleur amère
Mon ame j'espère va bientôt voler vers toi
Oui bientôt voler vers toi
Oui mon ame j'espère quittant bientôt la terre
Va voler enfin vers toi
Mon ame j'espère quittant la terre
Va voler vers toi

S'il est un charmant gazon

S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où brille en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclore,
Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose!

...

Alas! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I feel giddy, I am on fire
Inside.
Only those who know what longing is
Can know what I suffer!

Elegy

Here everything reminds me of her,
My heart remembers everything.
Oh God, how beautiful she was
And how I adored her –
Ah despite my grief, I can still see
Her intoxicating enchanting power
When one evening I told her I loved her.
She listened without anger
To my tender vow!
But grief consumes me
A tomb separates us for ever!
The memory of you
Is now my whole life,
And all I desire is to rejoin you.
That is my only hope.
I bless my bitter grief.
My soul wants to quit this earth
And fly towards you,
Yes, my soul will fly to you,
Yes, I want to die.
Because loving her was my life.
My soul, my life will soon hurry towards you
I bless my bitter grief,
I hope my soul will soon fly to you.
Yes, soon fly towards you,
Yes. I hope my soul will soon quit this earth
And fly towards you.
I hope my soul will quit this earth
And fly towards you.

If there be a lovely lawn

If there be a lovely lawn
Watered by the sky,
Where every season
Flowers spring up,
Where lily, woodbine, and jasmine
Can be gathered liberally,
I would like to make a path with them
For your feet to tread!

...

S'il est un rêve d'amour,
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
Oh! j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton cœur se pose!

Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

Enfant, si j'étais roi

Enfant, si j'étais roi, je donnerais l'empire,
Et mon char, et mon sceptre, et mon peuple à
genoux,
Et ma couronne d'or, et mes bains de porphyre,
Et mes flottes, à qui la mer ne peut suffire,
Pour un regard de vous!

Si j'étais Dieu, la terre et l'air avec les ondes,
Les anges, les démons courbés devant ma loi,
Et le profond chaos aux entrailles fécondes,
L'éternité, l'espace et les cieux et les mondes,
Pour un baiser de toi!

Victor Hugo

Oh! quand je dors

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche,
Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche ...
Soudain ma bouche
S'entr'ouvrira!

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève ...
Et soudain mon rêve
Rayonnera!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme ...
Soudain mon âme
S'éveillera!

Victor Hugo

If there be a dream of love
Scented with roses,
Where each day you could find
Some sweet new delight,
A dream blessed by the Lord
Where soul unites with soul,
Oh! I shall make of it the nest
Where your heart will rest!

My child, if I were king

My child, if I were king, I would give you my empire,
And my chariot and my sceptre, and my people on
their knees,
And my crown of gold and my baths of porphyry,
And my fleets, which the oceans cannot contain
For just one glance from you.

If I were God, I'd give the earth and air and waves,
The angels, demons curbed by my laws,
And the fertile womb of profound chaos,
Eternity, space and the heavens and worlds,
For one kiss from you.

Oh! when I sleep

Oh, when I sleep, come close to my bed
As Laura once appeared to Petrarch,
And let your breath touch me as you pass
Suddenly my lips
Will open slightly!

On my sombre forehead where perhaps
Is ending a bad long-lasting dream
Let your image rise like a star
And suddenly my dream
Will shine!

Then on my lips where a flame flickers,
Which God himself has purified,
Give me a kiss, and change from angel to woman
And at once my soul
Will awake!

Franz Schubert

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

Friedrich Leopold, Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg (1750-1819)

Litnei auf das Fest Allerseelen

Ruhn in Frieden alle Seelen,
Die vollbracht ein banges Quälen,
Die vollendet süßen Traum,
Lebenssatt, geboren kaum,
Aus der Welt hinüber schieden:
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Liebevoller Mädchen Seelen,
Deren Tränen nicht zu zählen,
Die ein falscher Freund verliess,
Und die blinde Welt verstieß:
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Und die nie der Sonne lachten,
Unterm Mond auf Dornen wachten,
Gott, im reinen Himmelslicht,
Einst zu sehn von Angesicht:
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

To be sung on the water

In the midst of the reflecting waves
The swaying boat glides like a swan;
And on the glistening waves of happiness
My soul glides along like the boat.
Because the evening sunset dances from heaven
Around the boat.

Above the tree tops in the western grove
The crimson glow waves kindly to us;
And beneath the tree tops in the eastern grove
The reeds rustle in the crimson glow;
In the deepening glow my soul
Breathes in heaven's bliss and the peace of the grove.

Alas, time vanishes from me on dewy wings
On the rocking waves.
Tomorrow may time vanish again with shimmering wings
As it did yesterday and today,
Until I on higher gleaming wings
Vanish myself from the flux of time.

Litany for the Feast of All Souls

May all souls rest in peace;
Who have lived through dreadful torment,
Whose sweet dreams are over;
Those tired of life, those barely born,
Who have left this world:
May their souls rest in peace!

The souls of girls in love,
Whose tears cannot be counted,
Who, abandoned by a faithless lover,
Rejected the blind world.
May all who have departed hence,
May their souls rest in peace!

And those who never laughed in the sun,
Who lay awake beneath the moon on beds of thorns,
To be able one day to see God face to face
In the pure light of heaven:
May all who have departed hence,
May their souls rest in peace!

Die junge Nonne

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

So tobt' es auch jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n. Alleluia!

Jakob Nicolaus von Craigher de Jachelutta (1797-1855)

Der Musensohn

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget
Und nach dem Maß beweget
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüßen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

...

The young nun

How the wild storm roars through the treetops!
The rafters clatter, the house shudders!
The thunder roars, the lightning flashes,
And the night is as dark as the grave.

And so, as the storm rages,
Not long ago a storm raged within me
My limbs trembled like the house now,
Love flamed like the lightning now,
And my heart was as dark as the grave.

So rage on, you wild, powerful storm,
In my heart is peace, in my heart is calm,
The loving bride awaits her bridegroom
Purified in the testing flames,
Wedded to eternal love.

I wait, my Saviour, with a longing gaze!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, claim your bride,
Release her soul from earthly ties.
Listen, the bells ring peacefully from the tower!
I am drawn by the sweet sound,
So powerfully to eternal heights. Alleluia!

The Son of the Muses

Roaming through fields and woods,
Whistling out my song,
I go from place to place!
And they all keep time with me,
And move in rhythm
Keeping time with me.

I can hardly wait for them,
The first flowers in the garden,
The first blossom on the tree.
They greet my songs,
And when winter comes again
I am still singing of that vision.

I sing it far and wide,
The length and breadth of ice,
Where Winter blooms in beauty!
This flowering also vanishes,
And new joy is found
In the hillside villages.

...

Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel.
Und treibt durch Tal und Hügel
Den Liebling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,
Wann ruh ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?

For when under the linden tree,
I come upon a crowd of young people,
I rise them up at once,
The dull yokel puff himself up,
The prim girl twirls
In time to my melody.

You give my feet wings
And drive through vale and hill
Your favourite, far from home.
You dear, gracious Muses,
When on her bosom
Will I finally again find rest?

Programme Notes

Tchaikovsky's songs have long suffered from an unjust lack of attention beside his major works—surprising given his particular gift for the miniature. The instantly memorable melodies and vivid scenepainting that permeate his ballets, or the lyrical arias of *Eugene Onegin*, are equally present in his songs. Tonight's selection includes some of his finest.

The opening set, **Six French Songs**, is dedicated to the Belgian soprano Désirée Artôt-Padilla. During her highly successful tours of Russia, she and Tchaikovsky became close friends and were even briefly engaged. Her extensive European touring, and (not insignificantly) the composer's homosexuality, meant the engagement ended. A decade later, the two reconnected while on separate tours in Hamburg in 1888. Tchaikovsky, raised like many middleclass Russians speaking both Russian and French, selected the poems himself and wrote these songs for her voice. They are perfectly suited to the salons of Paris, where she quickly began performing them.

His Russian songs, by contrast, move in darker and more melancholy colours. **In the midst of the ball** is a haunting waltz—an echo of the fleeting sight of an entrancing beauty—and remains one of his bestknown songs. **It was in the early Spring** looks back on youthful love with heartfelt nostalgia. **Cradle Song**, dedicated to Rimsky Korsakov's wife upon the news of her pregnancy, unfolds a tender, haunting melody that in its final stanza blossoms with harmonic touches unmistakably Tchaikovskian. The concluding **Serenade** offers a line one might imagine in Schubert, but tinged with a distinctly Slavic hue.

The famous set of three of **Ellen's Songs** comes from *The Lady of the Lake* by Sir Walter Scott, whose Romantic and historical writings ignited Europe's imaginative fascination with Scotland. Motivated partly by his love of the poems and partly by their commercial success, Schubert began composing several settings with an eye toward publishing them with English translations.

In the poem, Ellen Douglas is the daughter of a banished Highland chief, living in hiding with her mother on an island in Loch Katrine. She sings these songs to a wandering hunter she discovers left behind on the loch's banks—unaware that he is James V, the king in disguise who exiled her family.

The first song suspends time with its distant, repeating horn call and magical shift into C sharp minor. Its middle section depicts the violence of a now ended battle, the piano evoking the echoing gallop of war,

before returning to the horn's distant gleam, now shining an octave higher. The second song continues the theme with a brisk, dancing rhythm, and a brief interlude leads directly into the third—perhaps the most famous song ever written.

Sung in Latin, it is rarely recognised as its original text: a prayer of piety sung by Ellen later in the poem. From its very first performance for Schubert's friends, the song cast a spell, quickly achieving widespread publication. Its long melodic line reveals Schubert's study of Italian opera with Salieri in Vienna—almost a distant cousin to Bellini—supported by harmonies that shift with deceptive simplicity.

The second Schubert set comes from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, a vast, nine-volume novel tracing the journey to adulthood of its protagonist. Its most memorable character, however, is the thirteen-year-old orphan Mignon. Kidnapped, apparently from Italy, she is forced to work in a travelling circus. She sings several lonely songs throughout the story, whose beauty inspired countless musical settings.

Schubert's are remarkable for their economy. **Heiß mich nicht reden** moves through an extraordinary range of harmonies and emotions in only 42 bars without breaking its organic unity. Its treadlike rhythmic motif is one Schubert used often to symbolise fate. **So laßt mich scheinen** is sung by Mignon shortly before her death in a children's orphanage, where she has taken to wearing an angel's costume. The final song is the sparsest and most famous—its melody, piercing harmonies, and dramatic force make it one of Schubert's most moving creations.

Amid Franz Liszt's vast output, his songs remained central to his creative life for some forty years. Particularly in his final decade, he frequently revised them, discovering new—often simpler—meanings within works he had composed in youth. Like Tchaikovsky, he spoke fluent French and spent much of his life in Paris. Tonight we hear three of his songs to French texts.

Élégie is a recently rediscovered addition to his song repertory. Its mysterious, belllike opening and plaintive vocal line show Liszt at his most expressive. **S'il est un charmant gazon** ripples warmly from its opening: an easygoing, flowing lovesong to the beloved. It stands in contrast to the impassioned, almost desperate plea for Laura in **Oh! Quand je dors**. Here, a daringly exposed opening line set against silence gives way to long Romantic arcs for the soprano. Operatic in scale, the song demands a voice of great power and flexibility.

The final Schubert set contains some of his most vivid and powerful songs. **Auf dem Wasser zu singen** presents sunlit ripples in the piano—one of his finest musical depictions of water. The vocal line alternately clings to and drifts from the piano as the boat glides across the surface, and in the final stanza the poem reflects on the soul's transcendence of time. **Litanei** is a strophic prayer for departed souls: consoling music, its gently oscillating right hand and firm bass supporting a hushed, Italianate vocal line.

Die junge Nonne is a dramatic, throughcomposed work, electric in its portrayal of the storm raging over the young novice's small room. A tolling bell rings in the distance. Her story is never fully told; we witness only her account of earthly suffering and her growing acceptance—indeed, embrace—of her impending release, a resolution related to that of the previous songs but far more hardwon.

By contrast, **Der Museensohn** shows Schubert at his most buoyant: a folklike romp through the forest as the singer lifts his spirits—and those of others—with song. The piano gives an irresistible, toetapping bounce as the singer races through jubilant verses. At the end he confides a private anxiety: when will he find for himself the joy he brings to others? Yet Schubert refuses to linger, launching a piano romp straight to the finish.

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Biographies

Katharina Konradi

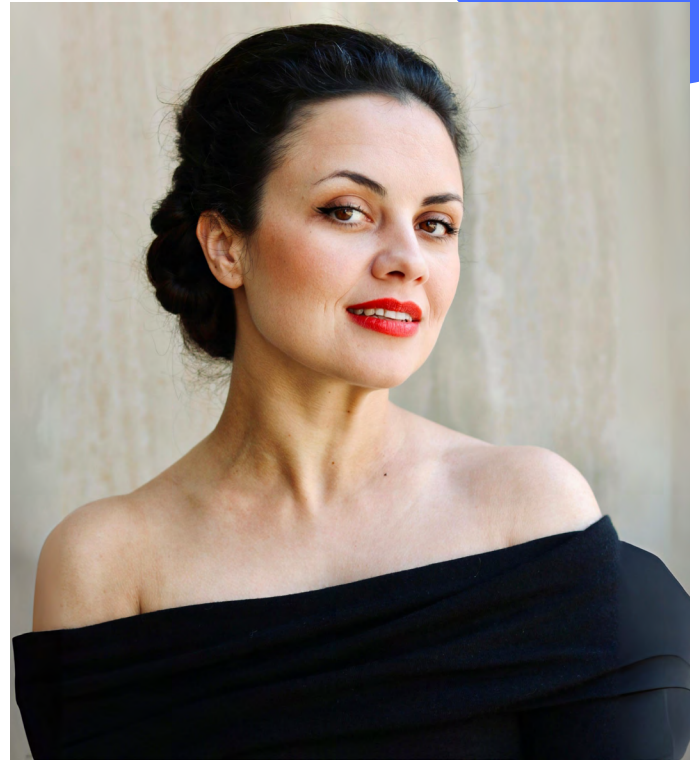
Soprano

Katharina Konradi's artistic versatility is showcased through her thriving international career as an operatic performer, her sought-after presence on the concert and recital stage, and her already extensive and varied discography. Her soprano voice, described as "crystalclear" by *Bachtrack* and possessing a "fascinating palette of colour shades" according to *Das Opernglas*, has delighted audiences in roles such as Sophie (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Gilda (*Rigoletto*) and Susanna (*Le nozze di Figaro*).

A former member of Staatsoper Hamburg, Katharina Konradi has debuted several of her now signature roles there, including: Ännchen (*Der Freischütz*); Nannetta (*Falstaff*); Susanna (*Le nozze di Figaro*); Pamina (*Die Zauberflöte*); Marzelline (*Fidelio*); Gretel (*Hänsel und Gretel*); and most recently, Gilda (*Rigoletto*), all to great critical acclaim. Her extensive operatic experience also includes Oscar (*Un ballo in maschera*) at Opernhaus Zürich; Sophie, Susanna and Adele (*Die Fledermaus*) at the Bayerische Staatsoper; Zdenka (*Arabella*) at the Semperoper Dresden; Susanna at the Wiener Staatsoper; Morgana (*Alcina*) at the Hessisches Staatstheater Wiesbaden; and Woglinde (*Das Rheingold* and *Götterdämmerung*) at the Bayreuther Festspiele.

Highlights of Katharina Konradi's 2025–26 season include joining the Wiener Staatsoper on their Japan tour as Susanna (*Le nozze di Figaro*) under Bertrand de Billy and as Sophie (*Der Rosenkavalier*) in Otto Schenk's historic production under Philippe Jordan. She returns to the Semperoper Dresden as Pamina (*Die Zauberflöte*) and reprises Sophie in a concert performance at the Festspielhaus BadenBaden with the SWR Symphonieorchester under François-Xavier Roth. She appears with the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Antonio Pappano for the opening of their season in Bernstein's Symphony No. 3 'Kaddish'; with the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia and Daniel Harding in Haydn's *Die Schöpfung*; with the Wiener Symphoniker under Ádám Fischer in Haydn's *Nelson Mass* at the Musikverein; and with the Deutsches SymphonieOrchester Berlin in Mahler's Symphony No. 4 under Kent Nagano. Recital highlights this season include performances in Stockholm, Valencia, Amsterdam, Stuttgart, London and Bonn, and the release of her latest Liszt Lieder album for Universal Music, *Un Cycle Imaginaire*, with Daniel.

Katharina Konradi's reputation as an exceptional concert performer is reflected in collaborations with major orchestras and conductors. Notable performances include Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 with the Berlin Philharmonic under Kirill Petrenko at the Festspiele BadenBaden; Mozart's Mass in C minor with the Philharmonisches Staatsorchester Hamburg under Kent Nagano at the Elbphilharmonie; and Mozart's Requiem with the Camerata Salzburg under Manfred Honeck at the Salzburger Festspiele. In Mahler's Symphony No. 2, she appeared with the Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks under Daniel Harding, and in Bruckner's Mass in F minor with the



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Münchner Philharmoniker under Thomas Hengelbrock. She joined the Mahler Chamber Orchestra under Gustavo Dudamel at the UNESCO World Heritage site of Burgos Cathedral for performances of Mozart's *Coronation Mass*; and, as part of the Cultural Olympiad of the Paris Olympic Games, she performed Fauré's Requiem with the Orchestre de Chambre de Paris under Thomas Hengelbrock at the historic Panthéon.

A distinguished recitalist, Katharina Konradi's *Liederabende* form a central part of her artistic calendar. She collaborates with pianists such as Malcolm Martineau, Helmut Deutsch, Daniel Heide and Ammiel Bushakevitz, and is a regular guest at venues including the Kölner Philharmonie, Wigmore Hall, the Konzerthaus Wien, the Elbphilharmonie and the Schubertiade in both Hohenems and Schwarzenberg. Her passion for curating thematic programmes is evident in her extensive recital repertoire, which embraces both celebrated and lesser-known composers, with a particular affinity for the music of Schubert.

A prolific recording artist, Katharina Konradi's "dazzling vocal technique" (*Bachtrack*) is captured in numerous orchestral works, including Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with the TonhalleOrchester Zürich under Paavo Järvi; Mozart's *Coronation Mass* with the Akademie für Alte Musik Berlin under Howard Arman; Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* under Hans-Christoph Rademann; and Mozart's Mass in C minor with the Cologne Chamber Orchestra under Christoph Poppen. Her acclaimed Lieder recordings include *Echoes*, a collection of duets by Schumann, Brahms, Gounod and Fauré with mezzo-soprano Catriona Morison and pianist Ammiel Bushakevitz. Her earlier releases feature works by Strauss, Mozart, Schubert, Wolf, and Clara and Robert Schumann. Her collaboration with Trio Gaspard, *Russian Roots*, explores chamber works by Weinberg, Gubaidulina and Shostakovich.

Born in Kyrgyzstan, Katharina Konradi moved to Germany as a teenager and pursued her studies at the Universität der Künste Berlin and the Hochschule für Musik und Theater München. In 2016 she won the International ARD Competition and was a BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist from 2018 to 2021.

Joseph Middleton

Piano

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

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

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

He has enjoyed fruitful partnerships with Sir Thomas Allen, Louise Alder, Mary Bevan, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Marianne Crebassa, Véronique Gens, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Huw Montague Rendall, Christiane Karg, Sir Simon Keenlyside, Elsa Dreisig, Angelika Kirchschrager, Katharina Konradi, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray DBE, James Newby, Mark



Padmore, Konstantin Krimmel, Mauro Peter, Miah Persson, Sophie Rennert, Dorothea Röschmann, Carolyn Sampson, Nicky Spence and Roderick Williams.

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

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

Mark Rogers

Speaker

Mark Rogers is an American pianist specialising in vocal and chamber music. He has been a Young Artist at the International Lied Festival Zeist, Leeds Song, the Ludlow English Song Weekend, and has played for masterclasses with Christian Gerhaher, Martin Fröst, Felicity Lott and Lawrence Power, among others.

Together with regular recital partner, baritone Florian Störtz, he won the Prix de Mélodie at the Concours Nadia et Lili Boulanger and the Audience Prize and First Prize at the Helmut Deutsch Lied Competition. Mark performs recitals regularly with musicians on the Countess of Munster and Philharmonia schemes and has appeared in concert at the Scottish Parliament, the Malmö Rådhuset, and in a series of recitals at Atelier Ferrandou in the south of France with cellist Kristian Chojewski. He was previously accompanist for the BBC Choir of the Year, Les Sirènes, and is a staff pianist at the Oxenfoord Summer School.

Mark is an alumnus of the Royal Academy of Music, where he studied with James Baillieu, Malcolm Martineau and Michael Dussek. He was recently awarded First Prize in Art Song Accompaniment at the Royal Academy of Music, and he has previously received the Alex Menzies Memorial Prize and the Hester Dickson Lieder Prize at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland, where he completed his undergraduate studies with Graeme McNaught in 2021.

In addition to performing, he won First Prize from the Royal Philharmonic Society in their Young Classical Writers Competition for his article on Samuel Barber, and he writes programme notes for Wigmore Hall.



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We kindly ask that you either download the programme to your mobile device in advance or print your own copy to bring with you, as printed copies will not be provided.

QR codes will be available around the venue should you wish to access the programme upon arrival. You are welcome to use your mobile device to view song texts during the recital, but please ensure that your device is switched to silent mode and that your screen brightness is turned down so as not to disturb the performers or fellow audience members.

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