

THU 28 APRIL –
SUN 1 MAY 2022
HOWARD ASSEMBLY ROOM
OPERA NORTH



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

SONG ILLUMINATED

PROGRAMME: Thursday 28 April

Joseph Middleton

Director

Jane Anthony

Founder



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



**Howard
Assembly
Room**



Nurturing Talent
Mastering Technique
Inspiring Excellence






"Samling is unique. There is nothing quite like this in the world!" Sir Thomas Allen

Samling Artist Programme provides outstanding early-career singers and pianists with life-changing opportunities. In residential masterclasses they refine all aspects of their craft under the guidance of internationally renowned singers, conductors, pianists, actors and coaches.

Our Samling Artists go on to appear in the world's greatest opera houses, concert halls, festivals and recordings.

**Discover more about
Samling Institute for Young Artists.**

samling.org.uk

 SamlingInstitute  @Samling_Inst  samling_institute

Registered Charity in England & Wales 1112032 | Scottish Charity SC051568



Jonathan Dove
© Marshall Light Studio



Shakira Tsindos
© Nick Rutter

THURSDAY 28 APRIL

12 – 12.30PM

Howard Assembly Room

*Pre-concert Talk
with Jonathan Dove*

Jonathan Dove's music has filled opera houses with delighted audiences of all ages on five continents. Few, if any, contemporary composers have so successfully or consistently explored the potential of music to communicate, to create wonder and to enrich people's lives. It is so exciting that the opening event of the 2022 Leeds Lieder Festival features a living composer. He introduces his song cycle *Man, Woman, Child* – settings of poems by Judith Wright – which will receive its first performance outside London at today's lunchtime recital.





Dominic Sedgwick
© Clare Park



Ian Tindale
© Ruth Atkinson



Howard Assembly Room
© Gerard Collett

THURSDAY 28 APRIL

1 – 2PM

Howard Assembly Room

Lunchtime Recital Samling Institute Showcase Man, Woman, Child

Shakira Tsindos *mezzo-soprano*

Dominic Sedgwick *baritone*

Ian Tindale *piano*

arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

The Pretty Ploughboy

Vaughan Williams

Youth and Love (*Songs of Travel*)

Tired (*Four Last Songs*)

arr. Vaughan Williams

Think of me

Frank Bridge (1879–1941)

Love went a-riding

Come to me in my dreams

Adoration

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

O Mistress Mine (*Let us Garlands Bring*)

To Lizbie Brown (*Earth and Air and Rain*)

Rebecca Clarke (1886–1979)

Down by the Salley Gardens

Roger Quilter (1877–1953)

Fair House of Joy (*Elizabethan Lyrics* Op. 12)

Love calls through the summer night (*Love at the Inn*)

Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)

Man, Woman, Child

Pain

Song in a Wine Bar

Song

Night

Woman's Song

Stars

Texts and Translations

arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)

The Pretty Ploughboy

It's of a pretty ploughboy, stood gazing over his team
Where his horses stood underneath the shade
The wild youth goes whistling, goes whistling to his plough,
And by chance he used to meet a pretty maid.
A pretty maid, and by chance he used to meet a pretty maid.

If I should fall in love with you, it's my pretty maid,
And when your parents came for to know
The very first thing will be, they will send me to the sea;
They will send me in the wars to be slain!
To be slain, they will send me in the wars to be slain!

Now when her aged parents they came for to know,
The ploughboy was ploughing on the plain.
The press-gang was sent and they pressed her love away
And they sent him in the wars to be slain.
To be slain, and they sent him in the wars to be slain.

'Twas early the next morning when she early rose,
With her pockets well lined with gold.
See how she traced the streets, with the tears all in her eyes,
In search of her jolly ploughboy bold.
Her jolly ploughboy bold, in search of her jolly ploughboy bold.

The very first she met was a brisk young sailor bold.
Have you seen my pretty ploughboy? O she cried.
He's gone unto the deep, he's a-sailing in the fleet,
Will you ride, pretty maid, will you ride?
Will you ride, will you ride, pretty maid, will you ride?

She rode till she came to the ship her love was in,
Then unto the captain did complain.
Said she I've come to seek for my pretty ploughboy
That is sent to the wars to be slain.
To be slain, that is sent to the wars to be slain.

She took out fifty guineas and trotted them on the floor
And gently she told them all o'er,
And when she'd got her ploughboy all safe in her arms
Then she rowed the pretty ploughboy safe on shore.
Safe on shore, then she rowed the pretty ploughboy safe on shore.

Traditional Folk Song

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Youth and Love

(Songs of Travel)

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.
Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)

Tired

(Four Last Songs)

(Song text not included for copyright reasons.)

Ursula Vaughan Williams (1911–2007)



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams

Think of me

I stood upon a high mountain
And look'd into the sea.
And there I saw 'twas written,
That we with love were smitten
And should some day be one.

I went with her a-sporting,
a-sporting in the wood,
I thought to give her something,
Some keepsake tho' a dumb thing
Of gold a tiny ring.

A little ring it is no gift,
It costeth naught but gold.
A ring a trump'ry farthing,
We are not all a-starving.
Earth still has something left.

Farewell then my fine mistress,
For we must part for aye,
Yet lest I one day come again,
For lovers sometimes are insane,
Fair maid, pray think of me.

*German folk song, translated by
Arthur Foxton Ferguson (1866–1920)*

Frank Bridge (1879–1941)

Love went a-riding

Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode...
The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.

Then all the youths and the maidens cried,
'Stay here with us.' 'King of Kings.'
But Love said, 'No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings.'

Mary Coleridge (1861–1907)

Come to me in my dreams

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.
Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to all the rest as me.

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say: My love! why suff'rest thou?

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Matthew Arnold (1822–1888)

Adoration

Asleep! O sleep a little while, white pearl!
And let me kneel, and let me pray to thee,
And let me call Heaven's blessing on thine eyes,
And let me breathe into the happy air
That doth enfold and touch thee all about,
Vows of my slavery, my giving up,
My sudden adoration, my great love!

John Keats (1795–1821)

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming

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

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

From: *Twelfth Night*
William Shakespeare (1554–1616)

To Lizbie Browne

Dear Lizbie Browne,
Where are you now?
In sun, in rain? –
Or is your brow
Past joy, past pain,
Dear Lizbie Browne?

Sweet Lizbie Browne
How you could smile,
How you could sing! –
How archly wile
In glance-giving,
Sweet Lizbie Browne!

And Lizbie Browne,
Who else had hair
Bay-red as yours,
Or flesh so fair
Bred out of doors,
Sweet Lizbie Browne?

When, Lizbie Browne,
You had just begun
To be endeared
By stealth to one,
You disappeared,
My Lizbie Browne!

Ay, Lizbie Browne,
So swift your life,
And mine so slow,
You were a wife
Ere I could show
Love, Lizbie Browne.

Still, Lizbie Browne,
You won, they said,
The best of men
When you were wed...
Where went you then,
O Lizbie Browne?

Dear Lizbie Browne,
I should have thought,
'Girls ripen fast,'
And coaxed and caught
You ere you passed,
Dear Lizbie Browne!

But, Lizbie Browne,
I let you slip;
Shaped not a sign;
Touched never your lip
With lip of mine,
Lost Lizbie Browne!

So, Lizbie Browne,
When on a day
Men speak of me
As not, you'll say,
'And who was he?' –
Yes, Lizbie Browne!

Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)



Rebecca Clarke
(1886–1979)

Down by the Salley Gardens

Down by the Salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the Salley gardens with her little snow–white
feet.

She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not
agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow–white
hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

W. B. Yeats (1865–1939)

Roger Quilter
(1877–1953)

Fair house of joy

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!'
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

Tobias Hume (c. 1579–1645)

Love calls through the summer night

Far in the darkness a nightingale is singing,
Singing his love and sorrow to the moon;
Lost in the branches, the night wind, winging,
Wakens the leaves to a low sweet tune.

Oft have I heard them, nights unending,
Heard them and loved them and gone my way;
Now with their passion a new note is blending,
Born of their beauty but more than they.

Love calls through the summer night,
Love sings with a strange delight,
Calls our young hearts to find his way,
Let him lead us where'er he may.

Dear heart, shall he call in vain
When ne'er he may ask again?
Ah! Love, wherever you lead us,
We follow the road of dreams tonight.

Swift to the dawn the enchanted hours are flying,
Bringing the time of waking all too soon,
Songs will be hushed, and the lovelight, dying,
Pass with the stars and the waning noon.

Come as it may with tears or laughter,
Bring as it will either rose or rue,
Why should we care for what may come after?
Still for a while, only dreams are true.

Love calls through the summer night,
Love sings with a strange delight,
Calls our young hearts to find his way,
Let him lead us where'er he may.

Dear heart, shall he call in vain,
When ne'er he may ask again?
Ah! Love, together wherever you lead us,
We take the wonderful road, the roadway of dreams.
Follow, come follow, love of my heart, tonight.

Harry Rodney Bennett (1890–1948)



Jonathan Dove
(b. 1959)

Man, Woman, Child

Pain
Man, Woman, Child
Pain
Song in a Wine Bar
Song
Night
Woman's Song
Stars

Judith Wright (1915–2000)

(Song text not included for copyright reasons.)

FILLING THE
CITY WITH
SONG



LEEDS
LIEDER
FESTIVAL
2022

Programme Notes

This lunchtime recital opens with four songs by Ralph Vaughan Williams. **The pretty ploughboy** forms part of *Folk Songs from Sussex*, first published in 1912. All fourteen of them were originally sung by Henry Hills (1831–1901), a farmer from Lodsworth, near Petworth. ‘The pretty ploughboy’ was found on broadsides throughout the nineteenth century, often with different titles. Press-gangs flourished in Britain between 1664 and 1814, and in this song the girl’s parents bribe the press-gang to take their son away – before she sets off in pursuit and finally buys him back. **Youth and Love** is the fourth of Vaughan Williams’s *Songs of Travel*, composed to poems by Robert Louis Stevenson. In the previous song, ‘The Roadside Fire’, the protagonist had in his imagination conjured up an image of his beloved and showered her with gifts. In ‘Youth and Love’, however, he abandons this shared bliss, leaves her and sets out once more to discover what fate might have in store. The accompaniment, which alternates triplets with duplets, seems to speed him on his way, and we hear once more the ‘Vagabond’ motif, as he travels on with a wave and ‘a wayside word to her at the garden gate’. **Tired** is the second of Vaughan Williams’s *Four Last Songs*, set to poetry by his wife Ursula, a considerable poet who, while influenced to some extent by Yeats and Hardy, wrote verse of striking originality. ‘Tired’ is a gentle lullaby, set to a rocking accompaniment that seems in the final cadence to echo a phrase from ‘Linden Lea’, composed over half a century earlier. **Think of me** was originally published, with ‘Adieu’, under the title of *Two Old Airs*. Vaughan Williams studied composition with Max Bruch in 1897 during which he became exposed to German folk music, and six years later in 1903 he began an extensive study of the folk music of the British Isles. ‘Think of me’ dates from this period. The text was translated into English by A. Foxton Ferguson and Vaughan Williams arranged the song for vocal duet and piano.

Frank Bridge’s **Love went a-riding** sets a poem by Mary Coleridge, the great–great niece of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. ‘Love went a-riding over the earth,/On Pegasus he rode’ run the opening lines, and, inspired by this ‘Pegasus’ image, Bridge responds with galloping music that takes us on an exhilarating journey with breathless changes of key from G flat major to A major to D minor, D flat major, with a final sprint to the line in a flat out G–flat! The song dates from 1914. **Come to me in my dreams**, to a poem by Matthew Arnold, was probably written in the autumn of 1850 immediately after his engagement to his future wife Frances Lucy Wightman had been forbidden by her father. His opposition to their union meant that they could only contact each other through writing. Bridge’s song dates from 1906 and successfully conveys the Romantic atmosphere of the poem. **Adoration** is an early song, dating from 1905 and not published until 1918. After a passage of quiet meditation, the music reaches an enormous musical and emotional climax. Keats’s poem is the sixth and last of his *Extracts from an Opera*. He was almost certainly encouraged to experiment with writing for the operatic stage by his friend Charles Brown, whose comic opera *Narensky*, or the Road to Yaroslaff was premièred at Drury Lane on 11 January 1814.

Gerard Finzi’s *Let us Garlands Bring* was published in 1942 and dedicated to Ralph Vaughan Williams. The first performance, on 12 October, coincided with Vaughan Williams’s seventieth birthday, and was given in front of the composer at a National Gallery concert by Robert Irwin and Howard Ferguson. The songs, settings of five Shakespeare poems from four different plays, are the most popular of Finzi’s output, with memorable tunes and simple song-forms. They do not form a cycle, but are arranged by the composer to give contrast and variety. **O mistress mine**, one of Feste’s songs from *Twelfth Night*, dates from 1942, when Finzi was working in the Ministry of War Transport, a job that he, as a humanist, detested, as this extract from a letter makes clear:

I have managed to do a pleasant light, troubadorish setting of ‘O mistress mine’... But it has taken me more than 3 months to do its four pages. So you’ll know that I’m still balked, thwarted, fretted, tired, good for nothing and utterly wasting my time in this dismal occupation.

To Lizbie Browne, the seventh song of Finzi's *Earth and Air and Rain* (1936), is wonderfully reflective, with the poet's love couched in a warm E flat tonality. Thomas Hardy's poem was inspired by his passion for Elizabeth Bishop, one of his early loves. *The Life of Thomas Hardy* (pp.25–6) describes her as 'a gamekeeper's pretty daughter, who won Hardy's boyish admiration because of her beautiful bay–red hair. But she despised him, as being two or three years his junior, and married early.'

Rebecca Clarke claimed that her love for music was first awakened by hearing Brahms's Opus 91 songs with viola accompaniment. In 1907 she entered the RCM where she became the first female student of Charles Stanford.

Down by the Salley Gardens sets a famous poem by W.B. Yeats, first published in *Crossways* (1889), about which the poet had this to say in a radio broadcast: 'When I was a young man poetry had become eloquent and elaborate. Swinburne was the reigning influence and he was very eloquent. A generation came that wanted to be simple, I think I wanted that more than anybody else. I went from cottage to cottage listening to stories, to old songs; sometimes the songs were in English, sometimes they were in Gaelic – then I would get somebody to translate. Some of my best known poems were made in that way. 'Down by the Salley Gardens', for example, is an elaboration of two lines in English somebody sang to me at Ballysadare, County Sligo'. Simplicity is precisely what characterizes Rebecca Clarke's setting, so much so that the editor of *The Musical Times* found 'its simplicity rather too studied' – a view not shared by posterity.

Roger Quilter's **Fair house of joy**, the final song of *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics* (1908), sets an anonymous poem in praise of love and is characterized by a wonderfully elastic vocal line over a rich and heavy accompaniment. The work was premièred by Gervase Elwes, who can be heard singing 'Fair house of joy' on an HMV Golden Voice LP. It was in 1929 that Quilter began to collaborate with Rodney Bennett (father of Richard Rodney Bennett) on a light opera which he sometimes referred to as *Julia* and sometimes *Love at the Inn*; a number of songs, including the duet **Love calls through the summer night**, appear in both. It is set as a waltz over a simple harmonic line and boasts a graceful melody.

Richard Stokes © 2022



Jonathan Dove

Man, Woman, Child

The search for the right words is usually the biggest task that faces a song-composer. Once the words are found, they tell the composer how they want to be sung. When Karon Wright introduced me to the work of Australian poet Judith Wright (no relation), she had done a lot of my work for me.

Karon is the Artistic and Executive Director of Samling Institute for Young Artists, and wanted a song-cycle to mark twenty-five years of the Institute's extraordinary work. She had simplified my task further by making a selection of five poems, which I found very lyrical and direct, although I wanted to explore further, and read more of Judith Wright's work. She writes with wonderful vitality, about life and love and nature.

Karon had asked me for a song-cycle for two singers. I immediately wanted some of these songs to be duets, and for there to be some kind of narrative linking the songs. This would be a duet cycle, something I had only written once before.

For a while, I pondered a larger selection of ten poems, mostly from one particular collection, *Woman to Man*: I made preliminary sketches to see how they might work together as songs. Eventually, I settled on just six, including four of Karon's original choices. Gradually, a story emerged of a man, coming home from war, who meets a woman in a wine bar: it ends with the voice of the child that emerges from this union.

As I started to set Wright's words to music in earnest, I discovered that the clarity and appeal of her writing is deceptive: it has hidden depths, and takes the reader or listener further than they were expecting. When I started trying to sing them, I found I was being drawn to imagine new sounds – new for me, at least.

Some of the images of nature initially tempted me to paint too much, which was going to get in the way of the vocal lines. Complex birdsong had to be stripped back to a few notes, and as I explored tree imagery ('Standing here in the night / we are turned to a great tree'), rich arpeggiation had to be simplified to rooted, strummed chords, like the accompaniment to a folk song, to allow the voices to flow freely.

The final poem, **Stars**, was the most challenging: it took me a long time to find the right texture. I started off with very busy piano twinkling, with the vocal line in the middle of it all, but eventually I found that the stars need to emerge more slowly, in a vast sky.

The high-voice (soprano and tenor) version of *Man, Woman, Child* was premiered at the Samling Artist Showcase, Wigmore Hall, London, Sunday 7 November. This is the world premiere of the low-voice (mezzo-soprano and baritone) version.