



UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS INTERNATIONAL CONCERT SERIES

Friday 3 February 2023
Clothworkers Centenary Concert Hall

Bethany Horak-Hallett
Natalie Burch

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Programme

Hildegard von Bingen – O beata infantia

Edvard Grieg – En Svane

George Butterworth – O fair enough are sky and plain

Franz Schubert – Im Abendrot

Clara Schumann – Ich Stand in Dunkeln Träumen

Clara Schumann – Ich hab' in deinem Augen

Clara Schumann – Die Stille Lotusblume

Nico Muhly – Quiet Music

Henri Duparc – Phidylé

Dilys Elwyn-Edwards – The Cloths of Heaven

Alexander von Zemlinsky – Sie kam zum Schloss gegangen

Gustav Mahler – Ich bin der Welt

Texts & Translations

Hildegard von Bingen – O beata infantia

O beata infantia
electi Disibodi,
que a Dio ita inspirata est
quod post sanctissima opera
in mirabilibus Dei
ut suavissimum odorem
balsami exudasti

Blissful childhood
of Disibod, the chosen one,
a childhood so inspired by God
that later your holiest deeds,
among the miracles of God,
were as if you were exuding
the softest scent of balm.

Edvard Grieg – En Svane

Min hvide svane
du stumme, du stille,
hverken slag eller trille
lod sangrøst ane.

My swan, my silent one,
With white plumage,
Your delightful songs,
No trill betrayed.

Angst beskyttende
alfen, som sover,
altid lyttende
gled du henover.

Fearfully mindful of
The elves in the dell,
You glided, listening,
Always in circles.

Men sidste mødet,
da eder og øjne
var lønlige løgne,
ja da, da lød det!

And yet you forced
Our final parting
With false promises.
Yes, there, there you sang!

I toners føden
du slutted din bane.
Du sang i døden;
du var dog en svane!

Singing, you closed
Your earthly course.
You died, faded away.
You were a swan nevertheless!

George Butterworth – O fair enough are sky and plain

Oh fair enough are sky and plain,
But I know fairer far:
Those are as beautiful again
That in the water are;
The pools and rivers wash so clean
The trees and clouds and air,
The like on earth was never seen,
And oh that I were there.
These are the thoughts I often think
As I stand gazing down
In act upon the cressy brink
To strip and dive and drown;
But in the golden sanded brooks
And azure meres I spy
A silly lad that longs and looks
And wishes he were I.

Franz Schubert – Im Abendrot

O wie schön ist deine Welt,
Vater, wenn sie golden strahlet!
Wenn dein Glanz herniederfällt,
Und den Staub mit Schimmer malet;
Wenn das Rot, das in der Wolke blinkt,
In mein stilles Fenster sinkt!

Könnst' ich klagen, könnt' ich zagen?
Irre sein an dir und mir?
Nein, ich will im Busen tragen
Deinen Himmel schon allhier.
Und dies Herz, eh' es zusammenbricht,
Trinkt noch Glut und schlürft noch Licht.

How lovely is your world,
Father, in its golden radiance
when your glory descends
and paints the dust with glitter;
when the red light that shines from the clouds
falls silently upon my window.

Could I complain? Could I be apprehensive?
Could I lose faith in you and in myself?
No, I already bear your heaven
here within my heart.
And this heart, before it breaks,
still drinks in the fire and savours the light.

Clara Schumann – Ich Stand in Dunkeln Träumen

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

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

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

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

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

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Clara Schumann – Ich hab' in deinem Augen

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

I saw in your eyes
The ray of eternal love,
I saw on your cheeks
The roses of heaven.

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

And as the ray dies in your eyes,
And as the roses scatter,
Their reflection, forever new,
Has remained in my heart,

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

And never will I look at your cheeks,
And never will I gaze into your eyes,
And not see the glow of roses,
And the ray of love.

Clara Schumann – Die stille Lotusblume

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

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

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

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

The silent lotus flower
Rises out of the blue lake,
Its leaves glitter and glow,
Its cup is as white as snow.

The moon then pours from heaven
All its golden light,
Pours all its rays
Into the lotus flower's bosom.

In the water, round the flower,
A white swan circles,
It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And gazes on the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And wishes to die as it sings.
O flower, white flower,
Can you fathom the song?

Henri Duparc – Phidylé

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

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

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

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

The grass is soft for sleep beneath the cool
poplars
On the banks of the mossy springs
That flow in flowering meadows from a
thousand sources,
And vanish beneath dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves
Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme, alone, in the bright
sunlight,
The fickle bees are humming.

A warm fragrance floats about the winding
paths,
The red flowers of the cornfield droop;
And the birds, skimming the hillside with their
wings,
Seek the shade of the eglantine.

But when the sun, low on its dazzling curve,
Sees its brilliance wane,
Let your loveliest smile and finest kiss
Reward me to for my waiting!

Dilys Elwyn-Edwards – The Cloths of Heaven

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Alexander von Zemlinsky – Sie kam zum Schloss gegangen

Sie kam zum Schloss gegangen
— Die Sonne erhob sich kaum —
Sie kam zum Schloss gegangen,
Die Ritter blickten mit Bangen
Und es schwiegen die Frauen.

Sie blieb vor der Pforte stehen,
— Die Sonne erhob sich kaum —
Sie blieb vor der Pforte stehen,
Man hörte die Königin gehen
Und der König fragte sie:

Wohin gehst du? Wohin gehst du?
— Gib acht in dem Dämmerchein! —
Wohin gehst du? Wohin gehst du?
Harrt drunten jemand dein?
Sie sagte nicht ja noch nein.

Sie stieg zur Fremden hernieder,
— Gib acht in dem Dämmerchein! —
Sie stieg zu der Fremden hernieder,
Sie schloss sie in ihre Arme ein.
Die beiden sagten nicht ein Wort
Und gingen eilends fort.

She came to the castle,
— The sun had hardly risen —
She came to the castle,
The knights looked on in fear,
And the ladies fell silent.

She halted in front of the gate,
— The sun had hardly risen —
She halted in front of the gate,
The queen could be heard pacing,
And the king asked her:

Where are you bound? Where are you bound?
— Be wary in this twilight —
Where are you bound? Where are you bound?
Does someone wait for you below?
She answered neither yes nor no.

She descended to the unknown woman,
— Be wary in this twilight —
She descended to the unknown woman,
Who clasped her in her arms.
Neither of them said a word
And swiftly they hurried away.

Gustav Mahler – Ich bin der Welt

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

I am lost to the world
With which I used to waste much time;
It has for so long known nothing of me,
It may well believe that I am dead.
Nor am I at all concerned
If it should think that I am dead.
Nor can I deny it,
For truly I am dead to the world.
I am dead to the world's tumult
And rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love, in my song!

Biographies

Returning to her alma mater, The University of Leeds, Rising Star of the Enlightenment and Samling Artist **Bethany Horak-Hallett** is 'among the best young singers in Britain today' (Bachtrack). She completed her training at Trinity Laban Conservatoire, was a finalist in the 2020 Cesti Competition at the Innsbruck Festival of Early Music and won Second Prize in the 2021 International Handel Singing Competition.

Bethany's opera engagements have included Dorabella *Così fan Tutte* for Garsington Opera, Kitchen Boy *Rusalka* for Glyndebourne Festival Opera and the Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester / Robin Ticciati, and Žena *Katya Kabanova* at Glyndebourne.

On the concert platform Bethany appears regularly with many leading orchestras and ensembles, including the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Academy of Ancient Music, Southbank Sinfonia, Instruments of Time and Truth, Manchester Camerata, Holland Baroque, and the Royal Northern Sinfonia. She made her BBC Proms début with the Monteverdi Choir / Sir John Eliot Gardiner singing Handel *Dixit Dominus* (broadcast on BBC TV and Radio), and has given recitals at the London Handel Festival and for Garsington Opera. Amongst Bethany's films and recordings are Cupid in John Eccles *Semele* with the Academy of Ancient Music / Julian Perkins, Bach and Telemann for OAEPlayer and *Messiah* for the Voces8 Foundation Live from London festival.

She looks forward to her English National Opera debut covering Mercédès in their revival production of *Carmen*, international tours with the Monteverdi Choir/Sir John Eliot Gardiner and Dunedin Consort/John Butt and her recital debut at the Wigmore Hall as part of the Samling Showcase.

An alumnus of Chetham's School of Music and the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, **Natalie Burch** is a dedicated song pianist and curator, interested in the political and social intersection of music and its audiences. She regularly presents recitals at festivals across the country, is an advocate for increasing female representation in the song-piano world and is co-founder of the Devon Song Festival, which returns in 2023 following a hiatus.

Much in demand as a song specialist, Natalie regularly collaborates with a number of award-winning artists. Recent and future projects include her debut at the Aldeburgh Festival alongside Lotte Betts-Dean and James Way, a performance of Ukrainian composer Valentin Silvestrov's *Silent Songs* at the Oxford Lieder Festival and the release of her debut disk with Camilla Harris on Linn Records.

Natalie is also producing a recital project with Fleur Barron and Francesca Chiejina, recorded in December 2022 with Delphian Records. This song-recital disk project will document what it feels like to be a part of society in England today, exploring the challenges we face, collectively and individually, balanced with a celebration of the hope that can still be found around us in the British landscape.

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SPRING SEASON 2023

JANUARY

SUN 29 | 3:00PM
Quatuor Agate

FEBRUARY

FRI 3 | 1:05PM
Bethany Horak-Hallett
& Natalie Burch

FRI 8 | 6:00PM
Sophie Clarke & Slivia Lucas

FRI 10 | 1:05PM
Stephanie Lamprea

FRI 10 | 7:30PM
Jennifer Johnston
& Joseph Middleton

SAT 11 | 7:30PM
ELISION Ensemble

TUES 14 | 6:00PM
Kate Harrison-Ledger

WED 15 | 6:00PM
concerts+ composers

FRI 17 | 1:05PM
lovemusic

FRI 24 | 1:05PM
Student Showcase



MARCH

THURS 2 | 6:00PM
Siwan Rhys

FRI 3 | 1:05PM
Jervaulx Singers

FRI 10 | 1:05PM
Student Showcase

MON 13 | 7:30PM
University of Leeds
& Leeds Conservatoire Orchestra

FRI 17 | 1:05PM
The Project

FRI 17 - SUN 19 | VARIOUS
Leeds Emerging Artist Festival

FRI 24 | 1:05PM
Charlotte Saluste-Bridoux
& Joseph Havlat

FRI 24 | 7:30PM
School of Music Ensemble
Performance: Chamber

FRI 31 | 1:05PM
Jessica Burroughs & David Cowan

MAY

FRI 5 | 1:05PM
Student Showcase

FRI 5 | 6:00PM
LSTwo

FRI 12 | 1:05PM
Nicholas Watts & David Cowan

