

# CLASSICS UNCOVERED:

## Elizabeth Llewellyn: Samuel Coleridge-Taylor & Friends

Elizabeth Llewellyn - Soprano  
Simon Lepper - Piano

Friday 1 October 2021, 7.30pm, Firth Hall

From "Six Songs", Op. 37 (1899)	<b>Coleridge-Taylor</b>
<i>Elëanor</i>	(3'26")
<i>You'll love me yet!</i>	(2'32")
<i>Canoe Song</i>	(1'40")

From "Southern Love Songs", Op. 12 (1896)	<b>Coleridge-Taylor</b>
<i>Minguillo</i>	(1'50")
<i>If thou art sleeping, maiden</i>	(1'03")
<i>Tears</i>	(2'23")

	<b>Puccini</b>
<i>Morire?</i>	(3'13")
<i>Sole e amore</i>	(2'03")
<i>Terra e mare</i>	(1'25")
<i>E l'uccellino</i>	(1'27")
<i>Ad una morta</i>	(3'40")

From "A Sheaf of Songs from Leinster", Op. 140 (1914)	<b>Charles Villiers-Stanford</b>
<i>A soft day</i>	(2'13")
<i>The bold unbiddable child</i>	(0'50")

From "Songs of Sun and Shade" (1911)	<b>Coleridge-Taylor</b>
<i>Thou art risen, my beloved</i>	(2'16")
<i>You lay so still in the sunshine</i>	(2'52")
<i>Thou has bewitched me, beloved</i>	(1'30")

**INTERVAL**

From "5 Lieder", Op. 105 (1888)

*Wie Melodien zieht es mir*

*Immer leise wird mein Schlummer*

*Auf dem Kirchhofe*

**Brahms**

(2'11")

(3'51")

(3'08")

*A lament*

*A king there lived in Thule*

**Coleridge-Taylor**

(2'59")

(3'47")

*Fünf Lieder nach Rückert*

*Ich atmet' einen linden Duft*

*Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!*

*Liebst du um Schönheit*

*Um mitternacht*

*Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*

**Mahler**

(20'00")

## **Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875 - 1912)**

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor was a prolific English composer who enjoyed considerable acclaim in the early years of the 20th century.

He was born in London to an English woman Alice Hare Martin, and Daniel Peter Hughes Taylor, a Krio from Sierra Leone who had studied Medicine in the capital. Coleridge-Taylor was raised by his mother's family in Croydon and his musical ability was apparent at an early age. At five years old he began playing the violin and joined the choir of a Presbyterian church in Croydon - he would ultimately join the Royal College of Music in 1890.

While still a student he published some anthems, but his creative gifts were more apparent in various colourful instrumental works. In 1896 he became conductor of an amateur orchestra in Croydon and began teaching, guest-conducting, recital work, and judging at music festivals to support his wife and two children. He also continued to compose and was an early success at the Gloucester Festival with an orchestral Ballade in A Minor (1898), which was followed by his outstanding achievement, the Longfellow trilogy for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra of Hiawatha's Wedding Feast (1898), The Death of Minnehaha (1899), and Hiawatha's Departure (1900). In these and numerous other works, including incidental music, choral works, and a violin concerto (1911), influences from Dvořák, Tchaikovsky, and Grieg appear along with a spontaneity derived from appreciation of African American folk music, in which Coleridge-Taylor was a pioneer. He was well received in the United States, where he toured in 1904, 1906, and 1910.

In 1904, on his first tour there, Coleridge-Taylor was received by President Theodore Roosevelt at the White House, a rare event in those days for a man of African descent. His music was widely performed and he had great support among African Americans. Coleridge-Taylor sought to draw from traditional African music and integrate it into the classical tradition, which he considered Johannes Brahms to have done with Hungarian music and Antonín Dvořák with Bohemian music.

Coleridge-Taylor's greatest success was undoubtedly his cantata Hiawatha's Wedding Feast, which was widely performed by choral groups in England during Coleridge-Taylor's lifetime and in the decades after his death. Its popularity was rivalled only by the choral standards Handel's Messiah and Mendelssohn's Elijah. He did not directly benefit financially from its success, and he died of pneumonia at 37, probably due to the stress of his financial position.

### **Song Texts**

Texts provided where available.

Original Language

English

**Elëanore**

*The forest flowers are faded all,  
The winds complain, the snow-flakes fall,  
Elëanore!  
I turn to thee, as to a bower: –  
Thou breathest beauty like a flower,  
Thou smilest like a happy hour,  
Elëanore!*

*I turn to thee. I bless afar  
Thy name, which is my guiding-star,  
Elëanore!  
And yet, ah God! when thou art here  
I faint, I hold my breath for fear.  
Art thou some phantom wandering near,  
Elëanore?*

*Oh, take me to thy bosom fair;  
Oh, cover me with thy golden hair,  
Elëanore!  
There let me lie when I am dead,  
Those morning beams about me spread,  
The glory of thy face o'erhead,  
Elëanore!*

**You'll love me yet!**

*You'll love me yet! – and I can tarry  
Your love's protracted growing:  
June rear'd that bunch of flowers you carry,  
From seeds of April's sowing.*

*I plant a heartful now: some seed  
At least is sure to strike,  
And yield – what you'll not pluck indeed,  
Not love, but, may be, like.*

*You'll look at least on love's remains,  
A grave 's one violet:  
Your look?—that pays a thousand pains.  
What 's death? You'll love me yet!*

**Tears**

*Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not  
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—  
That is light grieving ! lighter, none befell  
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.  
Tears ! what are tears ? The babe weeps in its cot,  
The mother singing, at her marriage-bell  
The bride weeps, and before the oracle  
Of high-faned hills the poet has forgot  
Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,  
Ye who weep only ! If, as some have done,  
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place  
And touch but tombs,—look up ! those tears will run  
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,  
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.*

**Morire?**

Morire? ... E chi lo sa qual è la vita! ..  
 Questa che s'apre luminosa e schietta  
 ai fascino, agli amori, alle speranze, ...  
 o quella che in rinunce s'è assopita? ...

È la semplicità timida e queta ...  
 che si tramanda come ammonimento  
 come un segreto di virtù segreta  
 perché ognuno raggiunga la sua mèta,

o non piuttosto il vivo balenare  
 di sogni nuovi sopra sogni stanchi,  
 e la pace travolta e l'inesausta  
 fede d'avere per desiderare? ..

Ecco ... io non lo so...ma voi che siete  
 all'altra sponda sulla riva immensa  
 ove fiorisce il fiore della vita,  
 son certo lo saprete.

**Sole e amore**

Il sole allegramente  
 Batte ai tuoi vetri. Amor  
 Pian batte al tuo cuore,  
 E l'uno e l'altro chiama.  
 Il sole dice: O dormente,  
 Mostrati che sei bella.  
 Dice l'amor: Sorella,  
 Col tuo primo pensier pensa a chi t'ama!

**Terra e mare**

I pioppi, curvati dal vento  
 rimuggiano in lungo filare.  
 Dal buio, tra il sonno, li sento  
 e sogno la voce del mare.

E sogno la voce profonda  
 dai placidi ritmi possenti;  
 mi guardan, specchiate dall'onda,  
 le stelle del cielo fulgenti.

Ma il vento piu' forte tempesta  
 de' pioppi nel lungo filare.  
 Dal sonno giocondo mi desta...  
 Lontana è la voce del mare!

**E l'uccellino**

E l'uccellino canta sulla fronda:  
 Dormi tranquillo, boccuccia d'amore:  
 Piegala giù quella testina bionda,  
 Della tua mamma posala sul cuore.  
 E l'uccellino canta su quel ramo:  
 Tante cosine belle imparerai,  
 Ma se vorrai conoscer quant'io t'amo,  
 Nessuno al mondo potrà dirlo mai!  
 E l'uccellino canta al ciel sereno:  
 Dormi, tesoro mio, qui sul mio seno.

**Morire?**

*To die? And who knows what is life?  
 Is it this one that opens, shining and pure,  
 to the charms, the loves, the hopes,  
 or is it the one that dozed off in renunciations?*

*Is the bashful and calm simplicity  
 that is handed down as a warning,  
 like a secret of a secret life  
 so that everyone can reach his goal,*

*or rather the lively flash  
 of new dreams over jaded dreams,  
 and the overwhelmed peace and the inexhaustible  
 faith you need to have in order to desire?*

*There, I don't know. But you who are  
 on the other side, on the vast shore  
 where the flower of life blossoms -  
 I am sure you know.*

*The sun joyfully  
 Taps at your windows. Love  
 Softly taps at your heart,  
 And so the one and the other call to you.  
 The sun says: Oh sleeper,  
 Show yourself, since you're so beautiful.  
 Love says: Sister,  
 With your first thought, think of he who loves you!*

*The poplars, bent by the wind  
 roar again in long rows.  
 In the dark, half asleep I hear them  
 and dream of the voice of the sea.*

*And I dream of the deep voice  
 with its calm and mighty rhythms,  
 the stars in the sparkling firmament,  
 gaze at me reflected in the waves.*

*But the wind rages louder  
 through the long row of poplars  
 and wakes me from my joyful sleep ...  
 Distant now is the voice of the sea!*

*And the little bird sings on the branch:  
 Sleep calmly, Boccuccia my love:  
 Rest your little, blond head  
 on your mother's heart.  
 And the little bird sings on that branch:  
 You will learn so many beautiful things,  
 But if you want to know how much I love you,  
 No-one in the world can ever tell you!  
 And the bird sings to the serene sky:  
 Sleep, my treasure, here on my breast.*

**Ad una morta!**

Spirto gentil, dal carcere  
terreno assunto ai cieli,  
in qual astro ti celi,  
ove t'aggiri tu?

Saper vorrei qual sia  
la forma tua novella,  
saper se in ciel sei bella  
qual eri un dì quaggiù;

Saper vorrei se gli angeli  
dell'amor tuo consoli,  
se per siderei, pei siderei voli  
i vanni Iddio ti diè.

Ah! dimmi almen se assorta  
dei cieli ai gaudii immensi,  
a me talor ripensi  
com'io ripenso a te!

***Thou art risen, my beloved***

*Thou art risen, my beloved,  
And thou callest me to follow,  
Follow thro' the chilly twilight  
Of this silent virgin morning.*

*Whither, whither wouldst thou lead me,  
To what place of new enchantment?  
Can the day that thou art seeking  
Give such rapture as the darkness?*

*Thou art warm with many kisses,  
With the hand clasps of thy lover,  
Turn again unto my bosom,  
I would have it night for ever!*

***You lay so still in the sunshine***

*You lay so still in the sunshine,  
So still in that hot sweet hour –  
That the timid things of the forest land  
Came close; a butterfly lit on your hand,  
Mistaking it for a flow'r.*

*You scarcely breath'd in your slumber,  
So dreamless it was, so deep –  
While the warm air stirr'd in my veins like wine,  
The air that had blown thro' a jasmine vine,  
But you slept – and I let you sleep.*

***Thou hast bewitched me, beloved***

*Thou hast bewitched me, beloved,  
Till I am weaker than water,  
Water that drips from the fountain,  
Through thy white tapering fingers.*

*Yet as the waters together  
Gather and grow to a torrent,  
Gathers the flood of my passion,  
Bearing thee forth on its bosom!*

### Wie Melodien zieht es

Wie Melodien zieht es  
Mir leise durch den Sinn,  
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es,  
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es  
Und führt es vor das Aug',  
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es  
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime  
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,  
Den mild aus stillem Keime  
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

### Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,  
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer  
Zitternd über mir.  
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich  
Rufen drauß vor [meiner]<sup>1</sup> Tür:  
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,  
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,  
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,  
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.  
Eh' die Maienlüfte [wehen,]  
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:  
Willst du [einmal noch mich sehen],  
[Komm, o komme bald!]

### Auf dem Kirchhofe

Der Tag ging regenschwer und sturmbewegt,  
Ich war an manch [vergessenem]<sup>1</sup> Grab gewesen,  
Verwittert Stein und Kreuz, die Kränze alt,  
Die Namen überwachsen, kaum zu lesen.

Der Tag ging sturmbewegt und regenschwer,  
Auf allen Gräbern fror das Wort: Gewesen.  
Wie sturместot die Särge schlummerten,  
Auf allen Gräbern taute still: Genesen.

*It moves like a melody,  
Gently through my mind;  
It blossoms like spring flowers  
And wafts away like fragrance.*

*But when it is captured in words,  
And placed before my eyes,  
It turns pale like a gray mist  
And disappears like a breath.*

*And yet, remaining in my rhymes  
There hides still a fragrance,  
Which mildly from the quiet bud  
My moist eyes call forth.*

*My slumber grows ever more peaceful;  
and only like a thin veil now does my anxiety  
lie trembling upon me.  
Often in my dreams I hear you  
calling outside my door;  
no one is awake to let you in,  
and I wake up and weep bitterly.*

*Yes, I will have to die;  
another will you kiss,  
when I am pale and cold.  
Before the May breezes blow,  
before the thrush sings in the forest:  
if you wish to see me once more,  
come, o come soon!*

*The day was heavy with rain and disturbed by storms;  
I was walking among many forgotten graves,  
with weathered stones and crosses, the wreaths old,  
the names washed away, hardly to be read.*

*The day was disturbed by storms and heavy with rain;  
on every grave froze the words "we were."  
The coffins slumbered calmly like the eye of a storm,  
and on every grave melted quietly the words: "we were healed."*

### A lament

*Why were you born when the snow was falling?  
You should have come to the cuckoo's calling  
Or when grapes are green in the cluster,  
Or, at least, when lithe swallows muster  
For their far off flying  
From summer dying.*

*Why did you die when the lambs were cropping?  
You should have died at the apples' dropping,  
When the grasshopper comes to trouble,  
And the wheat-fields are sodden stubble,  
And all winds go sighing  
For sweet things dying.*

---

## Elizabeth Llewellyn (Soprano)

Elizabeth Llewellyn is a British opera singer who continues to rise in stature – this year opening the BBC Proms and the Wigmore Hall season. She debuted with the English National Opera in 2010.

Specialising in the Italian repertoire, Elizabeth's roles have centred around the operas of Puccini and Verdi – **Madama Butterfly, Magda La Rondine, Giorgetta Il Tabarro, Tosca, Suor Angelica; Aida, Luisa Miller, and Amelia Simon Boccanegra** for which Elizabeth was nominated for "Singer of the Year 2013" in OpernWelt.

Elizabeth's 2020/21 season started with an acclaimed return to the role Mimi/*La Boheme*, and has continued with her reinvention as a celebrated recitalist, with debuts at the **Wigmore Hall** in London and at Snape Maltings. Her **debut solo album** of songs by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor was released in May 2021 on Orchid Classics. Also this season, Elizabeth made her debut as Alice Ford in Verdi's *Falstaff*, directed by **Sir David McVicar**. Looking further ahead, Elizabeth reprises her role as Bess (*Porgy and Bess*) at the **Metropolitan Opera** in November 2021.

---

## Simon Lepper (Piano)

Simon Lepper read music at King's College, Cambridge before studying piano accompaniment with Michael Dussek at the Royal Academy of Music and later with Ruben Lifschitz at the Fondation Royaumont. He is currently professor of collaborative piano and a vocal repertoire coach at the Royal College of Music, London where he also in charge of the collaborative piano course. Since 2003 he has been an official accompanist for the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition.

---

## Professor Hannah Marie Robbins

### Assistant Professor in Popular Music, University of Nottingham

Hannah is an expert on the intersections of Blackness, queerness, and gender in American musical theatre. She has published and spoken on queer culture, race representation, and the construction of gender in musicals ranging from *The Wizard of Oz* to *Hamilton*. They are currently finishing their first monograph on Cole Porter's *Kiss Me, Kate* and have forthcoming publications on the American musical and identity politics through a Black feminist lens. Hannah is a committed advocate for equality in higher education. She is the co-founder of the international network Black in the Arts and Humanities and a member of the radical collective, the Free Black University.

---

## COMING UP NEXT...

**The Steinway Launch Weekend - Buy both events at the same time and get £5 off!**

### Imogen Cooper

Saturday 13 November, 7.30pm

Firth Hall

Tickets: £16 Full / £13 Concessions / £8.50 Student and Under 30

Classics Uncovered



Regarded as one of the finest interpreters of Classical and Romantic repertoire, Imogen Cooper is internationally renowned for her virtuosity and lyricism.

**Peter Hill & Benjamin Frith**

Sunday 14 November, 7.30pm

Firth Hall

Tickets: £16 Full / £13 Concessions / £8.50 Student and Under 30

Classics Uncovered

Benjamin Frith is one of the leading British pianists of his generation. He was first prize winner in the Rubinstein Piano Masters Competition, where he was also awarded the special prize for chamber music, and won top prize in the Busoni International Piano Competition. Peter Hill's career as a pianist was launched when he won the performance prize at Darmstadt for his playing of Cage and Stockhausen. He records for Delphian, with a Bach cycle in progress that has so far seen the release of *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, the *French Suites* and the *Goldberg Variations*.

---

**Fournier Trio**

Thursday 2 December, 7.30pm

Firth Hall

Tickets: £16 Full / £13 Concessions / £8.50 Student & Under 30

Classics Uncovered

Formed in 2009, the internationally award-winning Fournier Trio has rapidly established itself as one of the leading young chamber ensembles in the UK. Described by Classical Source as having "awesome but restrained technical ability and chamber-music antennae", they were winners of the prestigious 2013 Parkhouse Award at Wigmore Hall, finalists at Hamburg in 2012 and were recipients of 2nd Prize and Audience Prize at the 6th Trondheim International Chamber Music Competition in 2011.

We are delighted to welcome them to Firth Hall this Autumn as part of Classics Uncovered to present a varied programme with trios by Haydn, Mendelssohn and Brahms.

**Ella Taylor plus Dorothy Ker, Dominic McHugh & Renee Timmers**

Thursday 9 December, 5.30pm

Firth Hall

Free

Classics Uncovered / Sound Laboratory

*Researching Music: materials, cultures, behaviours*

*An inaugural celebration of three Professors in Music*

To celebrate the work of recently qualified professors Dorothy Ker, Dominic McHugh and Renee Timmers, we are delighted to be hosting an evening of inaugural lectures, Q&As and a performance from rising young soprano Ella Taylor. The lectures will span the interaction of mind and body in the enjoyment of music, Broadway and (dis)ableism in Cold War America, plus contemporary composition.

After the talks, join us for a mesmerising performance of the second part of Dorothy Ker's song cycle for soprano, and piano, alongside a selection of other pieces with Ella Taylor. We are delighted to welcome Ella back after their fantastic stream celebrating trans and non-binary musicians, and composers, earlier this spring.

Supported by and in association with the Faculty of Arts & Humanities