



CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL

Sunday 3 November 2024 at 5.25 p.m.

Recital by members of Choir

Sara Liu | soprano, John Gallant | baritone

O Quam Mirabilis

Hildegard of Bingen (1098–1179)

Evie Perfect | mezzo-soprano, Eoin Jenkins | harpsichord

Evening Hymn

Henry Purcell (1659–95)

Zoe Gunasekera | soprano, Daniel Blaze | piano

Ach, ich Fühls from *Die Zauberflöte*, K620

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–91)

Raphael Herberg | bass, Isaac Chan | piano

An Die Musik, D. 547

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Emma Paterson | soprano, Isaac Chan | piano

Die Mainacht, Op. 48, No. 2

Johannes Brahms (1833–97)

Sophie Meredith | alto, Evie Perfect | piano

Die Lotosblume from *Myrthen*, Op. 25. No. 7

Robert Schumann (1810–56)

Eoin Jenkins | baritone, Evie Perfect | piano

Die Beiden Grenadiere, Op. 49, No. 1

Robert Schumann

Charlotte Crawley | alto, Isaac Chan | piano

Love-Sight, Song 1 from *The House of Life*

Ralph Vaughan-Williams (1872–1958)

Maya Stubbings | alto, Evie Perfect | piano

Sea Slumber Song, Sea picture No. 1

Edward Elgar (1857–1934)

James Kitchingman | tenor, Daniel Blaze | piano

Wagtail and Baby (A Satire), *Winter Words*, Op. 52, No. 3

Benjamin Britten (1913–76)

O Quam Mirabilis

O quam mirabilis est
prescientia divini pectoris
que prescivit omnem creaturam.
Nam cum Deus inspexit
faciem hominis quem formavit,
omnia opera sua
in eadem forma hominis
integra aspexit.
O quam mirabilis est inspiratio
que hominem sic suscitavit.

*Oh how miraculous is
the foreknowing of the holy heart
which anticipated all creation.
For when God looked into
the face of the human he had created
he saw fulfilled
all of his works
in that same human form.
O how miraculous is the inspiration
which kindles human life.*

Words *Hildegard of Bingen (1098–1179)*

Evening Hymn

Now, now that the sun hath veil'd his light
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear, dear God, even in Thy arms
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul!
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days
Hallelujah!

Words *William Fuller (1608–75)*

Ach, ich Fühls

Ach, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden,
Ewig hin der Liebe Glück!
Nimmer kommt ihr Wonnestunde
Meinem Herzen mehr zurück!
Sieh', Tamino, diese Tränen,
Fließen, Trauter, dir allein!
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen,
So wird Ruh' im Tode sein!

*Ah, I can feel it, love's happiness
Is fled forever!
Nevermore, O hours of bliss,
Will you return to my heart!
See, Tamino, these tears
Flow for you alone, beloved.
If you do not feel love's yearning,
I shall find peace in death!*

Words *Emanuel Schikaneder (1751–1812)*

An Die Musik

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis
umstrickt,

*O blessed art, how often in dark hours,
When the savage ring of life tightens round me,*

Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb'
entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt,
In eine bessere Welt entrückt!

*Have you kindled warm love in my heart,
Have transported me to a better world!
Transported to a better world*

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf' entfloßen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir,

*Often a sigh has escaped from your harp,
A sweet, sacred harmony of yours*

Den Himmel besserer Zeiten mir erschloßen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir!

*Has opened up the heavens to better times for me,
O blessed art, I thank you for that!
O blessed art, I thank you!*

Words *Emanuel Schikaneder*

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch die
Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den
Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Whenever the silver moon gleams through the undergrowth

And strews its slumbering light over the grass,

*And the nightingale sings like a flute,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.*

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein
Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende
mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Covered over by foliage, a pair of doves is cooing

Their devotion in front of me; but I turn away and

*Look for darker shadows,
And the single tear runs [down my cheek].*

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie
Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf
Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

When, oh smiling image, which, like dawn

*Is shining through my soul, when shall I find you on
earth?*

*And the single tear
Feels hotter as it trembles down my cheek.*

Words *Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty (1748–76)*

Die Lotosblume

‘Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh’;
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.’

*The lotus-flower fears
The sun’s splendour,
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.*

*The moon is her lover,
And wakes her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her innocent flower-like face.*

*She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently aloft—
Fragrant and weeping and trembling
With love and the pain of love.’*

Words *Heinrich Heine (1796–1856)*

Die Beiden Grenadiere

Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier',
die waren in Rußland gefangen.
Und als sie kamen in's deutsche Quartier,
sie ließen die Köpfe hangen.

Da hörten sie beide die traurige Mähr:
daß Frankreich verloren gegangen,
besiegt und zerschlagen das tapfere Heer,
und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.

Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier'
wohl ob der kläglichen Kunde.
Der Eine sprach: Wie weh wird mir,
wie brennt meine alte Wunde.

Der Andre sprach: das Lied ist aus,
auch ich möcht mit dir sterben,
doch hab' ich Weib und Kind zu Haus,
die ohne mich verderben.

Was scheert mich Weib, was scheert mich
ich trage weit bessert Verlangen;
laß sie betteln gehn, wenn sie hungrig
sind,—
mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!

Gewähr' mir Bruder eine Bitt':
wenn ich jetzt sterben werde,
so nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich
mit,
begrab' mich in Frankreichs Erde.

Das Ehrenkreuz am rothen Band
sollst du auf's Herz mir legen;
die Flinte gib mir in die Hand,
und gürt' mir um den Degen.

So will ich liegen und horchen still,
wie eine Schildwach, im Grabe,
bis einst ich höre Kanonengebrüll,
und wiehernder Rosse Getrabe.

Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über mein
Grab,
viel Schwerter klirren und blitzen;
dann steig' ich gewaffnet hervor aus dem
Grab',—
den Kaiser, den Kaiser zu schützen.

*Towards France roamed two grenadiers,
who were in Russia captured.
And as they were coming into the German quarters,
they let their heads hang.*

*There heard they, the two, the dreary news:
that France had lost,
besieged and torn asunder, the brave army, —
and the emperor, the emperor captured.*

*There wept together the grenadiers,
of course, due to the dreadful news.
One spoke: how woeful am I,
how burns my old wound.*

*The other spoke: the song is finished,
even as I might die with you,
though I have a wife and child at home,
who without me would perish.*

*Go away my wife, go away my child,
I support a better cause;
let them go beg when they are hungry, —
my emperor, my emperor captured!*

*Grant me, brother, a request:
if I now am to die,
take my corpse to France with you,
bury me in France's soil.*

*The Honour-Cross on the red band
you should upon my heart lay;
my gun give me in my hand,
and attach my sword to my belt.*

*So I will lie still and bark,
a sentry in the grave,
until at some point I hear the roar of cannons,
and the whinnying of trotting horses.*

*Then rides my emperor over my grave,
much swordly clinking and flashing;
then rise I armed forth from the grave, —
the emperor, the emperor to defend.*

Love-Sight

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee
Made known?
Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?
O love-my love! If I no more should see thyself,
Nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The groundwhirl of the perished leaves of Hope
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

Words *Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–82)*

Sea Slumber Song

Sea-birds are asleep,
The world forgets to weep,
Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song
On the shadowy sand
Of this elfin land;
“I, the Mother mild,
Hush thee, oh my child,
Forget the voices wild!
Hush thee, oh my child,
Hush thee.
Isles in elfin light
Dream, the rocks and caves,
Lulled by whispering waves,
Veil their marbles
Veil their marbles bright.
Foam glimmers faintly
faintly white
Upon the shelly sand
Of this elfin land;
Sea-sound, like violins,
To slumber woos and wins,
I murmur my soft slumber-song,
my slumber song
Leave woes, and wails, and sins.
Ocean’s shadowy might
Breathes good night,
Good night...
Leave woes, and wails, and sins.
Good night...Good night...
Good night...
Good night...
Good night... Good night”

Words *Roden Noel (1834–94)*

Wagtail and Baby (A Satire)

A baby watched a ford, whereto
A wagtail came for drinking;
A blaring bull went wading through,
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,
The birdie nearly sinking;
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,
And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot
A mongrel slowly slinking;
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not
In dip and sip and prinking

A perfect gentleman then neared;
The wagtail, in a winking,
With terror rose and disappeared;
The baby fell a-thinking.

Words *Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)*