



CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL

Vocal Recital

Sunday 16 March 2025 at 5.25 p.m.

Daniel Livermore (St John's 2021) | tenor
Evie Perfect (Clare 2023) | piano

<i>Night</i> (No. 1 from <i>4 Songs</i> , Op. 35)	Amy Beach (1867–1944)
<i>Sleep</i>	Peter Warlock (1894–1930)
<i>Dalla sua pace</i> , K. 540a (from <i>Don Giovanni</i> , K. 527)	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–91)
<i>O Lieb, so lang du lieben kannst</i> , S. 298	Franz Liszt (1811–86)
<i>Clair de Lune</i> (No. 2 from <i>Mélodies</i> , Op. 46)	Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
<i>Orpheus with his Lute</i>	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
<i>The Second Lute Song of the Earl of Essex</i> (from <i>Gloriana</i> , Op. 53)	Benjamin Britten (1913–76)

Night

'Tis night; all silent, dreaming,
The earth in slumber lies;
While far above, high in the heavens gleaming,
Slowly the stars arise.

'Tis night; in mem'ry's vision,
From happy days of yore
Come starry dreams of bliss departed
Forevermore!

Words *Ernst Scherenberg* (1839–1905)

Sleep

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence
All my powers of care bereaving.

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding!

Words *John Fletcher (1579–1625)*

Dalla sua pace

Dalla sua pace la mia dipende.
Quel che a lei piace vita mi rende;
Quel che le incresce morte mi dà.
S'ella sospira, sospiro anch'io.
È mia quell'ira; quel pianto è mio,
E non ho bene s'ella non l'ha

*On her peace, mine depends.
That which pleases her gives me life;
That which displeases her gives me death.
If she sighs, I sigh also.
That anger is mine; that mourning is mine,
And I am not well if she is not.*

Words *Lorenzo Da Ponte (1740–1838)*

O Lieb, so lang du lieben kannst

O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst!
O lieb, so lang du lieben magst!
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt,
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst.

*O love, love as long as you can!
O love, love as long as you will!
The time will come, the time will come,
When you will stand grieving at the grave.*

Und Sorge, daß dein Herze glüht
Und Liebe hegt und Liebe trägt,
So lang ihm noch ein ander Herz
In Liebe warm entgegenschlägt.

*And let it be that your heart glows
And nurtures and carries love,
As long as another heart is still
Warmly struck by love for you!*

Und wer dir seine Brust erschließt,
O tu ihm, was du kannst, zulieb!
[Und mach ihm jede Stunde froh,
Und mach ihm keine Stunde trüb.

*And to he who spills his breast to you,
O to him, do what you can, in Love!
And make him happy for each moment,
And never let him be sad for one!*

Und hüte deine Zunge wohl,
Bald ist ein böses Wort gesagt!
O Gott, es war nicht böse gemeint, -
Der andre aber geht und klagt.

*And guard your tongue tightly,
In case any slight escapes your mouth!
O God, it was not meant that way, -
But the other recoils, hurt and sighing.*

Words *Ferdinand Feiligrath (1810–76)*

Claire de Lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

*Your soul is a chosen landscape
Bewitched by masquers and revellers,
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.*

*Singing as they go in a minor key
Of conquering love and life's favours,
They do not seem to believe in their fortune
And their song mingles with the light of the moon,*

*The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees
And the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
Tall and svelte amid marble statues.*

Words *Paul Verlaine (1844–96)*

Orpheus with his Lute

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:

To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Words *from Henry VIII, William Shakespeare (1564–1616)*

The Second Lute Song of the Earl of Essex

Happy were he could finish forth his fate
in some unhaunted desert, where obscure
from all society, from love and hate
of worldly folk; then might he sleep secure;
then wake again, and give God ever praise,
content with hips and haws and bramble-berry;
in contemplation spending all his days,
and change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
where, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.
Happy, happy were he, happy were he.

Words *William Plomer (1903–73)*

Daniel Livermore is a recent History graduate from St John's College, Cambridge who works as the Choir Administrator at Clare, organising tours, concerts, and services alongside singing tenor in the Choir. Daniel sang in the Choir for all three years of his undergraduate degree and currently learns with Kate Symonds-Joy. Away from singing, Daniel is a keen horn player who enjoys playing historical instruments; other interests include wildlife recording, calligraphy, squash, classic fantasy literature, and medieval European history.

Evie Perfect is a second-year music student and is the Junior Organ Scholar at Clare College, Cambridge.

Having sung in the inaugural cohort of girl choristers at Gloucester Cathedral, Evie was inspired to study the organ under the direction of Adrian Partington and went on to become the Organ Scholar at Hereford Cathedral in 2022. During her university career, Evie has performed internationally in California, Germany, the Netherlands, and Switzerland.

When not playing the organ, Evie is in high demand as a pianist and has accompanied recitals in settings across the UK including Bristol Cathedral, Greyfriars Kirk Edinburgh, the Minchinhampton Music Festival, and of course, in Clare College Chapel. Some recent highlights include Schumann's *Frauenliebe und Leben*, Phyllis Tate's *Scenes from Tyneside* and Vaughan Williams' *Songs of Travel*.

An avid singer herself, Evie is regularly engaged as a soloist for local choral societies at home, namely the Stroud Refugee Choir and Newent Choral Society. She also sings in Cambridge Early Music Consort and many other ad hoc groups. Last term, Evie made her musical directing debut with John Blow's *Venus and Adonis* which she conducted from the harpsichord in Clare College Chapel, and she is looking forward to conducting her next opera as part of the CUOS Shorts event in March. Since arriving in Cambridge, Evie has been learning to play the bass viol and recently made her debut performance playing continuo in the CUOS main show, Monteverdi's *L'incoronazione di Poppea*.