



CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL

Sunday 20 November 2022 at 5.25 p.m.

*As the recital is in preparation for worship,
please express your appreciation silently, without applause.*

Recital by members of Choir

Megan Webb | contralto, Samuel Jones | piano

In darkness let me dwell

John Dowland (1563–1626)

Derek Sorensen | bass, Samuel Jones | harpsichord

Music For A While

Henry Purcell (1659–95)

Gregory May | tenor, Daniel Livermore | piano

Strephon has fashion, 4th song from Songs of Sadness and piety

Victoria Longstaff (1999–)

Thea Bjøranger | contralto, Gregory May | piano

Excerpt from *Lasciatemi morire* from *L'Arianna*

Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)

John Richardson | tenor, Daniel Livermore | piano

If with all your hearts, Op. 70 No. 4 from *Elija*

Felix Mendelssohn (1809–47)

Zoe Shu | contralto, Daniel Livermore | piano

Comme raggio di sol

Antonio Caldara (1670–1736)

James Kitchingham | tenor, Samuel Jones | piano

Sea Fever

John Ireland (1879–1962)

Helen Southernwood | soprano, Gregory May | piano

Embroidery Aria from *Peter Grimes*

Benjamin Britten (1913–76)

Nicholas Ong | tenor, Gregory May | piano

The Ash Grove

Benjamin Britten

Hannah Dienes–Williams | soprano, Gregory May | piano

No Word From Tom from *The Rakes' Progress*

Igor Stravinsky (1882–1971)

Jasper Schoff | baritone, Gregory May | piano

Fahrt zum Hades, D 526

Franz Schubert (1797–1836)

In darkness let me dwell

In darkness let me dwell; the ground shall sorrow be,
The roof despair, to bar all cheerful light from me;
The walls of marble black, that moist'ned still shall weep;
My music, hellish jarring sounds, to banish friendly sleep.
Thus, wedded to my woes, and bedded in my tomb,
O let me living die, till death doth come, till death doth come.

Words *Giovanni Coprario (1570–1626)*

Music For a While

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdaining to be pleas'd
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.
Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.

Words from *Oedipus*

Strephon has Fashion

Strephon has Fashion, wit and youth,
With all things else that please;
He nothing wants but love and truth
To ruin me with ease:
But he is flint, and bears the art
To kindle strong desire;
His power inflames another's heart,
But he never feels the fire.
O how it does my soul perplex When I his charms recall
[...]
My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
Thus seeks in vain for rest;
Finding no hope to fix its love,
Returns unto my chest.

Words from an 18th century poetry collection, attrib. *Mrs Taylor*

Lasciatemi morire

Lasciatemi morire. Lasciatemi morire.
E che volete voi che mi conforte
in cosi dura sorte? In cosi gran martire?
Lasciatemi morire. Lasciatemi morire.

*Let me die. Let me die.
And why do you want to comfort me
in such a harsh fate? In such great martyrdom?
Let me die. Let me die.*

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
si che mio ti vodir, che mio pur sei,
ben che t'involi, ah! crudo!
a gl'occhi miei.

*Oh Theseus, my Theseus,
yes, I still call you mine,
even though you flee, cruel one,
far from my eyes.*

Volgiti, Teseo mio, volgiti Teseo,
oh Dio! Volgiti indietro a rimirar colei
che lasciato aperte la patria e'l regno
e'n queste arene ancora,
cibo di fere dispietate e crude,
lascierà l'ossa ignude.

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
se tu sapessi, oh Dio!
se tu sapessi oimè!
come s'affanna la povera Arianna,
forse, forse pentito
rivolgeresti ancor la prora al lito.

*Come back, my Theseus.
Come back to see again she who gave up
her home and reign for you,
and who, staying on these shores,
a prey to wild beasts,
will leave her bare bones.*

If you but knew, oh God!

*how poor Ariadne suffers.
Perhaps, perhaps you would repent
and turn your prow to shore again.*

Words *Ottavio Rinuccini (1562–1621)*

If with all your hearts

If with all your heart ye truly seek Me,
Ye shall ever surely find Me,
Thus saith our God.

Oh, that I knew where I might find Him,
That I might even come before His presence.

Words *Julius Schubring (1806–89)*

Come raggio di sol

Come raggio di sol mite e sereno
Sovra placidi flutti si riposa
Mentre del mare nel profondo seno
Sta la tempesta ascosa.

*Like the mild, serene ray of the sun,
Resting on peaceful waves,
While in the deep bosom of the sea
The storm lies hidden.*

Così riso talor gaio e pacato
Di contento, di gioia un labbro infiora,
Mentre nel suo segreto il cor piagato
S'angoscia e si martora.

*Thus a cheerful, calm laughter,
May make the mouth bloom with happiness and joy,
While the sore heart secretly
Tortures and torments itself.*

Words *Anonymous*

Sea Fever

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Words *John Masefield (1878–1967)*

Embroidery Aria

Embroidery in childhood was a luxury of idleness
A coil of silken thread giving dreams of a silk and satin life
Now my broidery affords the clue whose meaning we avoid!
My hands remembered its old skill
Those stitches tell a curious tale
I remember I was brooding
On the fantasies of children
And dreamt that only by wishing
I could bring some silk into their lives
Now my broidery affords the clue whose meaning we avoid.

Words *Charles Montagu Slater (1902–56)*

The Ash Grove

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.
'Twas there while the blackbird was joyfully singing,
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree,
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain;
But what are the beauties of nature to me?
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love.
Ye echoes, O tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the ash grove.

Words *Anonymous*

No Word from Tom

No word from Tom
Has love no voice, can love not keep
A Maytime vow in cities?
Fades it as the rose
Cut for a rich display?
Forgot! But no, to weep is not enough
He needs my help
Love hears, Love knows
Love answers him across the silent miles, and goes

Quietly, night
 O find him and caress
 And may thou quiet find
 His heart, although it be unkind
 Nor may its beat confess
 Although I weep, although I weep, although I weep
 It knows, it knows of loneliness
 Guide me, O moon
 Chastely when I depart
 And warmly be the same
 He watches without grief or shame
 It cannot, cannot be thou art
 A colder moon, a colder moon upon a colder heart

Words *W. H. Auden (1907–73)*

Fahrt zum Hades

Der Nachen dröhnt, Cypressen flüstern,
 Horch, Geister reden schaurig drein;
 Bald werd' ich am Gestad', dem düstern,
 Weit von der schönen Erde sein.

*The boat moans, the cypresses whisper;
 bark, the spirits add their gruesome cries.
 Soon I shall reach the shore, so gloomy,
 far from the fair earth.*

Da leuchten Sonne nicht, noch Sterne,
 Da tönt kein Lied, da ist kein Freund.
 Empfang die letzte Träne, o Ferne,
 Die dieses müde Auge weint.

*There neither sun nor stars shine,
 no song echoes, no friend is nigh.
 Distant earth, accept the last tear
 that these tired eyes will weep.*

Schon schau' ich die blassen Danaiden,
 Den fluchbeladnen Tantalus;
 Es murmelt todesschwangern Frieden,
 Vergessenheit, dein alter Fluss.

*Already I see the pale Danaïdes
 and curse-laden Tantalus.
 Your ancient river, Oblivion,
 breathes a peace heavy with death.*

Vergessen nenn' ich zwiefach Sterben,
 Was ich mit höchster Kraft gewann,
 Verlieren, wieder es erwerben –

*Oblivion I deem a twofold death;
 to lose that which I won with all my strength,
 to strive for it once more –*

Wann enden diese Qualen? Wann?

when will these torments cease? O when?

Words *Johann Mayrhofer (1797–1836)*