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.

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.

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.

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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.

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

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.

Ob Theseus, my Theseus,
yes, I still call you mine,
even though you flee, cruel one,
far from my eyes.
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  Ottavio Rinuccini (1562–1621)

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.

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.

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

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 brodery 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 brodery 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.

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.

Schon schau’ ich die blassen Danaïdes,
Den fluchbeladen Tantalus;
Es murmelt todesschwangern Frieden,
Vergessenheit, dein alter Fluss.

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

Wann enden diese Qualen? Wann?

Words Johann Mayrhofer (1797–1836)