



# CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL

**Sunday 6 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**

**Luca Zucchi | baritone, Daniel Liu | piano**

*A Morning Hymn* Henry Purcell (1659–95), arr. Benjamin Britten (1913–76)

**Jessica Folwell | soprano, Gregory May | piano**

*Ich folge dir gleichfalls* from *St John Passion* (BWV 245) Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

**Daniel Blaze | countertenor, Samuel Jones | harpsichord**

*Bereite dich Zion* from *Christmas Oratorio* BWV 248 Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

**Zoe Shu | alto, Daniel Livermore | piano**

*Comme raggio di sol* Antonio Caldara (1670–1736)

**Samuel Jones | baritone, Hannah Dienes–Williams | piano**

*Les Berceaux* Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

**Holly Sewell | mezzo–soprano, Gregory May | piano**

*The empty song (a tango)*, No. 4 from *Love After 1950* Libby Larsen (1950–)

**John Gallant | baritone, Raphael Herberg | piano**

*Lord God of Israel* from *Elijah* Felix Mendelssohn (1809–47)

**James Kitchingham | tenor, Samuel Jones | piano**

*Sea Fever* John Ireland (1879–1962)

**Julius Kiln | bass, Gregory May | piano**

*Intermezzo* from *Liederkreis*, Op. 39 No. 1 Robert Schumann (1810–56)

## **A Morning Hymn**

Thou wakeful shepherd, that does Israel keep,  
Rais'd by thy goodness from the bed of sleep,  
To thee I offer up this hymn  
As my best morning sacrifice;  
May it be gracious in thine eyes  
To raise me from the bed of sin.

And do I live to see another day?  
I vow, my God, henceforth to walk thy ways,  
And sing thy praise  
All those few days  
Thou shalt allow.  
Could I redeem the time I have mis-spent  
In sinful merriment,  
Could I untread  
Those paths I led I would so expiate each past offence,  
That ev'n from thence  
The innocent should wish themselves like me  
When with such crimes they such repentance see.  
With joy I'd sing away my breath,  
Yet who can die so to receive his death.

Words *Bishop William Fuller (1608–75)*

### **Ich folge dir gleichfalls**

Ich folge dir gleichfalls  
mit freudigen Schritten  
und lasse dich nicht,  
mein Leben, mein Licht.  
Befördre den Lauf  
und höre nicht auf,  
selbst an mir zu ziehen,  
zu schieben, zu bitten.

*I follow you likewise  
with joyful steps  
and do not leave you,  
my life, my light.  
Bring me on my way  
and do not cease  
to pull, push  
and urge me on.*

Words *from St John Passion*

### **Bereite dich Zion**

Bereite dich, Zion, mit zärtlichen Trieben,  
Den Schönsten, den Liebsten bald bei dir zu sehn!  
  
Deine Wangen Müssen heut viel schöner prangen,  
  
Eile, den Bräutigam sehnlichst zu lieben!

*Prepare yourself, Zion, with tender desires  
to see with you soon him who is most beautiful,  
most dear!  
Your cheeks must today be far more beautifully  
resplendent,  
hasten, to love your bridegroom with the greatest  
longing!*

Words *from Christmas Oratorio BWV 248*

### **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*

### **Les Berceaux**

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,  
Que la houle incline en silence,  
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux  
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,  
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,  
Et que les hommes curieux  
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui diminue,  
Sentent leur masse retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

*Along the quay the great ships,  
Listing silently with the surge,  
Pay no heed to the cradles  
Rocked by women's hands.*

*But the day of parting will come,  
For it is decreed that women shall weep,  
And that men with questing spirits  
Shall seek enticing horizons.*

*And on that day the great ships,  
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,  
Shall feel their bulks held back  
By the soul of the distant cradles.*

Words *Sally Prudhomme (1839–1907)*

### **The empty song (a tango)**

Today saw the last of my Spanish shampoo.  
Lasted an age now that sharing with you,  
such a thing of the past is.  
Giant Size. The brand  
was always a compromise.  
My new one's tailored exactly to my needs.  
Nonspill. Protein-rich.  
Feeds body, promises to solve my problem hair.  
Sweetheart, these days it's hard to care,  
But oh oh insomniac moonlight  
how unhoneyed is my middle of the night.  
I could see you  
far enough. Beyond me  
how we'll get back together.  
Campsites in Spain, moonlight,  
heavy weather.

Today saw the end of my Spanish shampoo,  
the end of my third month without you.

Words *Liz Lochead (1947–)*

### **Lord God of Israel**

Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel,  
this day let it be known that Thou art God,  
and that I am Thy servant!  
Lord God of Abraham!  
Oh shew to all this people  
that I have done these things according to Thy word.  
Oh hear me, Lord, and answer me!  
Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel,  
Oh hear me and answer me,

and shew this people that Thou art Lord God.  
And let their hearts again be turned!

Words from *Elijah*

### **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)*

### **Intermezzo**

Dein Bildnis wunderselig  
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund,  
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich  
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

*I bear your beautiful likeness  
Deep within my heart,  
It gazes at me every hour  
So freshly and happily.*

Mein Herz still in sich singet  
Ein altes, schönes Lied,  
Das in die Luft sich schwinget  
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

*My heart sings softly to itself  
An old and beautiful song  
That soars into the sky  
And swiftly wings its way to you.*

Words *Joseph von Eichendorff (1788–1857)*