



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 hulls 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)*