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)

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**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.
Beförde den Lauf
und höre nicht auf,
selbst an mir zu ziehen,
zu schieben, zu bitten.

Words from St John Passion

Bereite dich Zion
Bereite dich, Zion, mit zärtlichen Trieben,
Den Schönsten, den Liebsten bald bei dir zu seh’n!
Deine Wangen Müssen heut viel schöner prangen,
Eile, den Bräutigam sehnsichtz 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,
basten, 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 fluxi 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
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’.

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

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

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)