



# CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL

Sunday 22 October 2023 at 5.25 p.m.

## Recital by members of Choir

**Helen Southernwood | soprano, Daniel Blaze | harpsichord**

*Moralita Amoroza*, Op.3, no. 2 (1654)

Barbara Strozzi (1619–77)

**Flora Tassinari | alto, Daniel Liu | piano**

*Amarilli, mia bella*

Giulio Caccini (1550–1618)

**Alexander Carter | baritone, Isaac Chan | piano**

*Si mes vers avaient des ailes*

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)

**Maggie Tam | soprano, Daniel Blaze | piano**

*Deh vieni, non tardar* from *Le nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–91)

**Harry Elliot | baritone, James Kitchingman | piano**

*Alles endet, was entstehet* from *Drei Gedichte von Michaelangelo*

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

**Lilly Vadaneaux | soprano, Daniel Liu | piano**

*Un grand sommeil noir*

Edgar Varèse (1883–1965)

**John Richardson | tenor, Daniel Blaze | piano**

*Sleep* from *Five Elizabethan Songs*

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)

**Emily Coatsworth | soprano, James Kitchingman | piano**

*Ballad* from *Three Scottish Songs*

James MacMillan (1959–)

**Jessica Folwell | soprano, James Kitchingman | piano**

*The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation*, Z196

Henry Purcell (1659–95)

**Emma Caroe | mezzo-soprano, Lilly Vadaneaux | piano**

*Why do they shut me out of Heaven?*

Aaron Copland (1900–90)

**Nicholas Ong | tenor, Daniel Liu | piano**

*O Waly, Waly*

Anon., arranged by Benjamin Britten (1913–76)

### **Moralita Amorosa**

Sorge il mio sol con mattutini albori,  
E intento a coltivar beltà divine  
Con profumi odorosi incensa il crine  
Per aditar altrui come s'adori.

*My love rises with the early dawn,  
and intent on cultivating divine beauty,  
with fragrant scents perfumes her hair  
to show the world how adornment is done.*

Poscia con sottilissimi candori  
Sparge del aureo capo ogni confine,  
Che di polve di Cipri argente e brine  
Fanno officio di smalto in su quegli ori.

*Then with finest whiteners  
she sprinkles her golden hair all over,  
with Cypress powder of silver and frost  
giving the effect of enamel overlaid upon the gold.*

Mentre così in bella man s'impiega,  
E fra ceneri e fumi il crine involve,  
In catene di foco il cor mi lega.

*As her beautiful hands are thus employed,  
and her hair is infused with ashes and smoke,  
my heart is bound in chains of fire.*

Che meraviglia è poi se si dissolve  
La bellezza in brev'ora, e chi mi nega  
Che fugace non sia, s'è fumo e polve.

*So it's hardly a marvel that  
beauty dissolves quickly, and who can deny  
that it must be fleeting, since it's smoke and dust.*

Words translated by Richard Kolb

### **Amarilli, mia bella,**

Amarilli, mia bella,  
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,  
D'esser tu l'amor mio?  
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,  
Dubitar non ti vale.  
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:  
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli è il mio amore.

*My lovely Amaryllis,  
Don't you know, O my heart's sweet desire,  
That it is you whom I love?  
Believe in my love; and if fear besets you,  
Don't doubt that it's true.  
Open my breast and see written on my heart:  
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis, is my love.*

Words translated by Paul Archer

### **Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,  
Vers votre jardin si beau,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Comme l'oiseau.

*My verses would flee, sweet and frail,  
To your garden so fair,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like a bird.*

Ils voleraient, étincelles,  
Vers votre foyer qui rit,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Comme l'esprit.

*They would fly, like sparks,  
To your smiling hearth,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like the mind.*

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,  
Ils accourraient nuit et jour,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Comme l'amour.

*Pure and faithful, to your side  
They'd hasten night and day,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like love!*

Words Victor Hugo (1802–85), translated by Richard Stokes (1945–)

### **Deh, vieni, non tardar**

Deh, vieni, non tardar, oh gioia bella,  
vieni ove amore per goder t'appella,  
finché non splende in ciel notturna face,  
finché l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo tace.  
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura,  
che col dolce sussurro il cor ristaura,  
qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca,  
ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescà.  
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose,  
ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

*Come, do not delay, oh bliss,  
Come where love calls thee to joy,  
While night's torch does not shine in the sky,  
While the air is still dark and the world quiet.  
Here murmurs the stream, here sports the breeze,  
Which refreshes the heart with its sweet whispers.  
Here flowers smile and the grass is cool;  
Here everything invites to the pleasures of love.  
Come, my dearest, and amid these sheltered trees  
I will wreath thy brow with roses.*

Words *Lorenzo Da Ponte (1749–1838)*

### **Alles endet, was entstehet**

Alles endet, was entstehet,  
Alles, alles rings vergehet,  
Denn die Zeit flieht, und die Sonne sieht,  
Dass Alles rings vergehet,  
Denken, Reden, Schmerz und Wonne;  
Und die wir zu Enkeln hatten,  
Schwanden wie bei Tag die Schatten,  
Wie ein Dunst im Windeshauch.  
Menschen waren wir ja auch,  
Froh und traurig, so wie ihr;  
Und nun sind wir leblos hier,  
Sind nur Erde, wie ihr sehet;  
Alles endet, was entstehet,  
Alles, alles rings vergehet!

*All must end that has beginning,  
All things round us perish,  
For time is fleeting, and the sun sees  
That all things round us perish,  
Thought, speech, pain and rapture;  
And our children's children  
Vanished as shadows by day,  
As mists in a breeze.  
We were also human beings,  
With joys and sorrows like your own.  
And now there is no life in us here,  
We are but earth, as you can see;  
All must end that has beginning,  
All things round us perish!*

Words *Michaelangelo Buonarroti (1475–1564)*, translated by *Walter Heinrich Robert-Tornow (1852–95)*

### **Un grand sommeil noir**

Un grand sommeil noir  
Tombe sur ma vie:  
Dormez, tout espoir,  
Dormez, toute envie!

*A vast black sleep  
Descends on my life:  
Sleep, all hope,  
Sleep, all desire!*

Je ne vois plus rien,  
Je perds la mémoire  
Du mal et du bien ...  
Ô la triste histoire!

*I can no longer see anything,  
I am losing my memory  
Of the bad and the good . . .  
Oh, the dismal story!*

Je suis un berceau  
Qu'une main balance  
Au creux d'un caveau:  
Silence, silence!

*I am a cradle  
Rocked by a hand  
In the depth of a vault:  
Silence, silence!*

Words *Paul Verlaine (1844–96)*

### **Sleep**

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dream beguile  
All my fancies, that from thence  
I may feel an influence,  
All my powers of care bereaving.  
Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy.  
We, that suffer long annoy,  
Are contented with a thought  
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:  
O let my joys have some abiding.

Words *John Fletcher (1579–1625)*

### **Ballad**

O! shairly ye hae seen my love  
Down whaur the waters wind:  
He walks like ane wha fears nae man  
And yet his e'en are kind.

O! shairly ye hae seen my love  
At the turnin o' the tide;  
For then he gethers in the nets  
Doun be the waterside.

O! lassie I hae seen your love  
At the turnin o' the tide;  
And he was wi' the fisher-folk  
Doun be the waterside.

The fisher-folk were at their trade  
No far frae Walnut Grove;  
They gether'd in their dreepin nets  
And fund your ain true love.

Words *William Soutar (1893–1943)*

### **The Blesd Virgin's Expostulation**

Tell me, some pitying angel, quickly say,  
Where does my soul's sweet darling stray,  
In tiger's, or more cruel Herod's way?  
Ah! rather let his little footsteps press  
Unregarded through the wilderness,  
Where milder savages resort:  
The desert's safer than a tyrant's court.  
Why, fairest object of my love,  
Why dost thou from my longing eyes remove?  
Was it a waking dream that did foretell  
Thy wondrous birth? no vision from above?  
Where's Gabriel now that visited my cell?  
I call; he comes not; flatt'ring hopes, farewell.

Me Judah's daughters once caress'd,  
Call'd me of mothers the most bless'd.

Now (fatal change!) of mothers most distress'd.  
How shall my soul its motions guide?  
How shall I stem the various tide,  
Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring soul divide?

For whilst of thy dear sight beguil'd,  
I trust the God, but oh! I fear the child.

Words *Nahum Tate (1652–1715)*

### **Why do they shut me out of Heaven?**

Why—do they shut Me out of Heaven?  
Did I sing—too loud?  
But—I can say<sup>1</sup> a little 'Minor'  
Timid as a Bird!

Wouldn't the Angels try me—  
Just—once—more—  
Just—see—if I troubled them—  
But don't—shut the door!

Oh, if I—were the Gentleman  
In the 'White Robe'<sup>2</sup>—  
And they—were the little Hand—that knocked—  
Could—I—forbid?

<sup>1</sup>*Copland* – “sing”

<sup>2</sup>*Copland* – “Robes”

Words *Emily Dickinson (1830–86)*

### **O Waly, Waly**

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,  
And neither have I wings to fly.  
Give me a boat that will carry two,  
And both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,  
A-gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,  
A-gath'ring flowers both red and blue,  
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak,  
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;  
But first he bended and then he broke,  
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,  
She's loaded deep as deep can be,  
But not so deep as the love I'm in:  
I know not if I sink or swim.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,  
And love's a jewel while it is new,  
But when it is old, it groweth cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.

Words *Anonymous*