Sunday 22 October 2023 at 5.25 p.m.

Recital by members of Choir

Helen Southernwood | soprano, Daniel Blaze | harpsichord
*Moralita Amorosa*, 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
*The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation*, Z196  
Henry Purcell (1659–95)

Emily Coatsworth | soprano, James Kitchingman | piano
*Ballad* from *Three Scottish Songs*  
James MacMillan (1959–)

Jessica Folwell | soprano, James Kitchingman | piano
*Why do they shut me out of Heaven?*  
Aaron Copland (1900–90)

Emma Caroe | mezzo-soprano, Lilly Vadaneaux | 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.

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.

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

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.

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 furaient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l’oiseau.

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

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

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

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

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.

Alles endet, was entstehet
Alles endet, was entstehet,
Alles, alles rings vergehet,
Denn die Zeit fliht, 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!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Words  Lorenzo Da Ponte (1749–1838)
Words  Michaelangelo Buonarroti (1475–1564), translated by Walter Heinrich Robert-Tornow (1852–95)
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 Blessd 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.

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
Why—do they shut Me out of Heaven?
Did I sing—too loud?
But—I can say¹ 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’²—
And they—were the little Hand—that knocked—
Could—I—forbid?

¹Copland — “sing”
²Copland — “Robes”

Words Nabum Tate (1652–1715)

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