



# CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL

**Sunday 19 November 2023 at 5.15 p.m.**

**Recital by members of Choir**

**Daniel Blaze | countertenor, James Kitchingman | harpsichord**

*The Cypress Curtain of the Night*

Thomas Campion (1567–1620)

**Isaac Chan | bass, Daniel Blaze | piano**

*In diesen heil'gen Hallen, Die Zauberflöte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–91)

**Evie Perfect | alto, Eoin Jenkins | harpsichord**

*Ab! How sweet it is to love*

Henry Purcell (1659–95)

**Emma Paterson | soprano, Isaac Chan | piano**

*In Uomini, Così fan tutte, K.588*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

**Cameron Riley | bass, Lilly Vadaneaux | piano**

*Die Liebe hat gelogen*

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

**Maria Teresa Maddison | soprano, James Kitchingman | piano**

*Frühlingsglaube*

Franz Schubert

**Maya Stubbings | alto, Evie Perfect | piano**

*Esurientes implevit bonis*

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

**Ananya Ajit | alto, Evie Perfect | piano**

*O del mio dolce ardor*

Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714–87)

**Jemima Gazzard | soprano, Isaac Chan | piano**

*Ich folge dir gleichfalls*

Johann Sebastian Bach

**Eoin Jenkins | baritone, Evie Perfect | piano**

*The Roadside Fire*

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

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

*Un grand sommeil noir*

Edgar Varèse (1883–1965)

### **The Cypress Curtain of the Night**

The cypress curtain of the night is spread,  
And over all a silent dew is cast.  
The weaker cares by sleep are conquered.  
But I alone with hideous grief aghast,  
In spite of Morpheus' charms, a watch do keep  
Over mine eyes to banish careless sleep.

Grief, seize my soul, for that will still endure  
When my crazed body is consumed and gone;  
Bear it to thy black den, there keep it sure,  
Where thou ten thousand souls dost tire upon;  
Yet all do not afford such food to thee  
As this poor one, the worsser part of me.

Words *Thomas Campion (1567–1620)*

### **In diesen heil'gen Hallen**

In diesen heil'gen Hallen  
Kennt man die Rache nicht.  
Und ist ein Mensch gefallen,  
Führt Liebe ihn zur Pflicht.  
Dann wandelt er an Freundes Han  
Vergnügt und froh ins bess're Land.

*Within these hallowed halls  
One does not know revenge.  
And should a person fall along the way,  
Love will guide him to duty.  
Then he wanders at the hand of a friend  
Cheerful and joyous into a better land.*

In diesen heil'gen Mauern,  
Wo Mensch den Menschen liebt,  
Kann kein Verräter lauern,  
Weil man dem Feind vergibt.  
Wen solche Lehren nicht erfreun,  
Verdient nicht ein Mensch zu sein.

*Within these hallowed walls,  
Where all mankind loves each other,  
No traitor can remain lurking,  
Because one forgives the enemy.  
Whomever these lessons do not please,  
Deserves not to be a human being.*

Words *Emanuel Schikaneder (1751–1812)*

### **Ah, how sweet it is to love**

Ah, how sweet it is to love!  
Ah, how gay is young Desire!  
And what pleasing pains we prove  
When we first approach Love's fire!  
Pains of love be sweeter far  
Than all other pleasures are.

Words *John Dryden (1631–1700)*

### **In Uomini**

In uomini, in soldati sperare fedeltà?  
Non vi fate sentir, per carità!  
Di pasta simile son tutti quanti,  
le fronde mobili, l'aure inconstanti  
han piu degli uomini stabilità.  
Mentite lagrime, fallaci sguardi  
voci inganevoli, vezzi bugiardi  
son le primarie lor qualità.  
In noi non amano che il lor diletto;  
poi ci dispregiano, neganci affetto,  
nè val da' barbari chieder pietà,  
Paghiamo, o femine, d'ugual moneta  
questa malefica razza indiscreta;  
amiam per comodo, per vanità.

*In men, in soldiers, you hope for loyalty?  
Do not be heard, even for charity!  
Cut from the same cloth, every one of them,  
The leaves, furniture, and fickle breezes  
are more stable than men!  
False tears, deceptive looks,  
Misleading voices, charming lies  
Are their primary qualities!  
In that we dislike their pleasure,  
Then they despise us, and deny us affection,  
It is futile to ask the barbarians for pity!  
Let us females, pay them back with equal money  
This evil indiscreet race.  
Let's love for convenience, for vanity!*

Words *Lorenzo Da Ponte (1749–1838)*

### **Die Liebe hat gelogen**

Die Liebe hat gelogen,  
Die Sorge lastet schwer,  
Betrogen, ach! Betrogen  
Hat alles mich umher!

*Love has lied,  
Sorrow oppresses me,  
I am betrayed, ah, betrayed  
By all around!*

Es rinnen helle Tropfen  
Die Wange stets herab,  
Laß ab, laß ab zu klopfen,  
Laß ab, mein Herz, laß ab!

*Hot tears keep flowing  
Down my cheeks,  
Beat no more, my heart,  
Wretched heart, beat no more!*

Words *August von Platen (1796–1835)*

### **Frühlingsglaube**

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,  
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,  
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.  
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!  
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!  
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

*The soothing breezes have woken up,  
They are rustling and weaving day and night,  
They are creating things everywhere.  
Oh fresh fragrance, oh new sound!  
Now poor heart, do not be anxious!  
Now everything, everything has to change.*

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,  
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,  
Das Blühen will nicht enden.  
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:  
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Quall  
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

*The world is going to become more beautiful every day,  
Nobody knows what might still happen,  
The blossoming does not want to end.  
The most distant, deepest valley is coming into blossom.  
Now poor heart, forget your distress!  
Now everything, everything has to change.*

Words *Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862)*

**Esurientes implevit bonis**

Esurientes implevit bonis,  
et divites dimisit inanes.

*He has filled the hungry with good things,  
and sent the rich away empty.*

Words *Luke 1: 46–55*

**O del mio dolce ardor**

O del mio dolce ardor  
Bramato oggetto  
L'aura che tu respire  
Alfin respiro

*Oh, desired object  
Of my sweet ardor,  
The air which you breathe,  
At last I breathe.*

Ovunque il guardo io giro  
Le tue vaghe sembianze  
Amore in me dipinge  
Il mio pensier si finge  
Le più liete speranze  
E nel desio che così  
M'empie il petto  
Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e sospiro

*Wherever I turn my glance  
Your lovely features  
Paint love for me:  
My thoughts imagine  
The most happy hopes,  
And in the longing which  
Fills my bosom  
I seek you, I call you, I hope, and I sigh*

Words *Raniero de' Calzabigi (1714–95)*

**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 *John 8:12, 6:44*

**The Roadside Fire**

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,  
I will make a palace fit for you and me  
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Words *Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–94)*

## 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 *Paul Verlaine (1844–96)*