



CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL

Sunday 5 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)

Lisa Blum | alto, Evie Perfect | piano

Murre nicht, lieber Christ

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

John Gallant | baritone, Isaac Chan | piano

Lord God of Abraham

Felix Mendelssohn (1809–47)

Megan Webb | alto, Daniel Blaze | piano

Mit einem gemalten Band, 3 Gesänger, Op. 83, No. 3

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)

Julian Manresa | baritone, Isaac Chan | piano

Zueignung

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Lilly Vadaneaux | soprano, Daniel Liu | piano

Un grand sommeil noir

Edgar Varèse (1883–1965)

James Kitchingman | tenor, Daniel Blaze | piano

Who are these children? Op. 84, No. 9

Benjamin Britten (1913–76)

Zoe Shu | alto, Lilly Vadaneaux | piano

Die Lotosblume, Op. 25, No. 7

Robert Schumann (1810–56)

Alex Carter | baritone, Isaac Chan | piano

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)

Isabella Theodosius | mezzo-soprano, James Kitchingman | piano

Reflets

Lili Boulanger (1893–1918)

Daniel Livermore | tenor, Isaac Chan | piano

Down by the Salley Gardens

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)

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)*

Murre nicht, lieber Christ

Murre nicht, lieber Christ
Wenn was nicht nach Wunsch geschicht;
Sondern sei mit dem zufrieden,
Was dir dein Gott hat beschieden,
Er weiß, was dir nützlich ist.

*Do not grumble, dear Christian,
when things do not go as you wish
but be content with
what your God has granted you,
He knows what is useful to you.*

Words *Anonymous*

Lord God of Abraham

Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel
This day, let it be known that thou art God
And I am thy servant
Lord God of Abraham.

O show to all this people
That I have done these things
According to thy word
O hear me lord and answer me
O hear me lord and answer me
Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel
O hear me, o hear me and answer me
And show this people that thou art lord God
And let their hearts again be turned
And show this people that thou art lord God
And let their hearts again be turned
Lord
And let their hearts and let their hearts again be turned.

Words *Julius Schubring (1839–1914)*

Mit einem gemalten Band

Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter
Streuen mir mit leichter Hand
Gute, junge Frühlings-Götter
Tändelnd auf ein luftig Band.

Zephyr, nimm's auf deine Flügel,
Schling's um meiner Liebsten Kleid;
Und so tritt sie vor den Spiegel
All in ihrer Munterkeit.

Sieht mit Rosen sich umgeben,
Selbst wie eine Rose jung.
Einen Blick, geliebtes Leben!
Und ich bin belohnt genug.

Fühle, was dies Herz empfindet,
Reiche frei mir deine Hand,
Und das Band, das uns verbindet,
Sei kein schwaches Rosenband!

*Little leaves and flowers are being strewn
By gods of spring, so young and fair,
Playfully, delicately,
On a ribbon light as air.*

*Zephyr, take it on your wings,
Wind it about my dearest's dress.
Then she'll step up to her mirror,
There in all her sprightliness.*

*And with roses all about her,
She'll look young as any rose.
Grant me just one glance, my dearest,
Reward enough, as Heaven knows!*

*Feel just what this heart is feeling,
Freely offer me your hand,
See the bond that binds us
More than a ribbon will withstand.*

Words *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)*

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

*Yes: you know, darling soul,
That when far from you, I'm tormented,
Love makes all hearts weak—
Thank you.*

*Once I, a free spirit, held
High an amethyst chalice,
And you blessed the drink—
Thank you.*

*And you banished my evil,
Until I, like I'd never been,
In awe, holy, sank into your heart—
Thank you.*

Words *Hermann von Glim (1812–64)*

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)*

Who are these children?

With easy hands upon the rein,
And hounds at their horses' feet,
The ladies and the gentlemen
Ride through the village street.

Brightness of blood upon the coats
And on the women's lips:
Brightness of silver at the throats
And on the hunting whips.

Is there a dale more calm, more green
Under this morning hour;
A scene more alien than this scene
Within a world at war?

Who are these children gathered here
Out of the fire and smoke
That with remembering faces stare
Upon the foxing folk?

Words *William Soutar (1898–1943)*

Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

*The Lotus flower is afraid
of the sun's splendour,
and with drooping head
she dreamily awaits the night.*

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

*The moon, he is her lover.
He wakes her with his light
and to him she happily unveils
her devoted flower-face.*

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet,
Und starret stumm in die Höh;
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

*She blooms and glows and shines
and stares mute into the heavens.
She exhales and weeps and trembles
with love and love's pain.*

Words *Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)*

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)*
Translation *Richard Stokes (1945–)*

Reflets

Sous l'eau du songe qui s'élève
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a peur.
Et la lune luit dans mon coeur
Plongé dans les sources du rêve!

Sous l'ennui morne des roseaux.
Seul le reflets profonds des choses,
Des lys, des palmes et des roses
Pleurent encore au fond des eaux.

Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à une
Sur le reflet du firmament.
Pour descendre, éternellement
Sous l'eau du songe et dans la lune.

*Beneath the water of the dream that rises,
My soul is afraid, my soul is afraid.
And the moon shines into my heart
That is bathed in the dream's source!*

*Beneath the sad tedium of the reeds,
Only the deep reflection of things,
Of lilies, palms and roses,
Still weep on the water's bed.*

*One by one the flowers shed their leaves
Upon the firmament's reflection
To descend, eternally,
Beneath the dream's water and into the moon.*

Words *Maurice Maeterlinck (1862–1949)*

Down by the Salley Gardens

Down by the salley gardens,
my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens
with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy,
as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish,
with her would not agree.

In a field by the river,
my love and I did stand;
And on my leaning shoulder
she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy,
as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish,
and now am full of tears.

Words *W. B. Yeats (1865–1939)*