



CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL

Vocal Recital

Sunday 18 February 2024 at 5.25 p.m.

John Richardson (Clare Lay Clerk) | tenor
Daniel Blaze (Clare) | piano

King David, from *A Garland for de la Mare*, No. 12

Herbert Howells (1892–1983)

My Life's Delight from *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics*, Op. 12, No. 2

Roger Quilter (1877–1953)

Sea Fever

John Ireland (1879–1962)

Five Poems by Thomas Hardy

- i. *Beckon me to come*
- ii. *In my sage moments*
- iii. *It was what you bore with you, Woman*
- iv. *The tragedy of that moment*
- v. *Dear, think not that they will forget you*

The Trellis

Sleep, from *5 Elizabethan Songs*, No. 4

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)

Love's Philosophy from *3 Songs*, Op. 3, No. 1

Roger Quilter

King David

King David was a sorrowful man:
No cause for his sorrow had he;
And he called for the music of a hundred harps
To ease his melancholy

They played till they all fell silent:
Played and play sweet did they;
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David
They could not charm away

He rose; and in his garden
Walked by the moon alone
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree
Jargoned on and on

King David lifted his sad eyes
Into the dark-boughed tree –
“Tell me, thou little bird that singest
Who taught my grief to thee?”

But the bird in no-wise heeded;
And the king in the cool of the moon
Harkened to the nightingale’s sorrowfulness
Till all his own was gone

Words *Walter de la Mare (1873–1956)*

My Life’s Delight

Come, O come, my life’s delight!
Let me not in languor pine:
Love loves no delay, thy sight
The more enjoyed, the more divine.
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss:
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come then! and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light!

Words *Thomas Campion (1567–1620)*

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 seagulls 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 tale from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick’s over.

Words *John Masefield (1878–1967)*

Five Poems by Thomas Hardy

i. Beckon to me to come

Beckon to me to come
With handkerchief or hand,
Or finger mere or thumb;
Let forecasts be but rough,
Parents more bleak than bland
‘Twill be enough
Maid mine,
‘Twill be enough!

Two fields, a wood, a tree,
Nothing now more malign
Lies between you and me;
But were they bysm, or bluff,
Or snarling sea, one sign
Would be enough
Maid mine,
Would be enough!

iii. It was what you bore with you, Woman

It was what you bore with you, Woman,
Not inly were,
That throned you from all else human,
However fair!

It was that strange freshness you carried
Into a soul
Whereon no thought of yours tarried
Two moments at all.

And out from his spirit flew death,
And bale, and ban,
Like the corn-chaff under the breath
of the winnowing-fan.

v. Dear, think not that they will forget you

Dear, think not that they will forget you:
- If craftsmanly art should be mine
I will build up a temple, and set you
Therein as its shrine.

They may say: “Why a woman such honour?”
- Be told, “O so sweet was her fame,
That a man heaped this splendour upon her;
None now knows his name.”

ii. In my sage moments

In my sage moments I can say,
Come not near
But far in foreign regions stay,
So that here
A mind may grow again serene and clear.

But the thought withers. Why should I
Have fear to earn me
Fame from your nearness, though thereby
Old fires new burn me,
And lastly, maybe, tear and overturn me!

So I say, Come: deign again shine
Upon this place
Even if unslackened smart be mine
From that sweet face
And I faint to a phantom past all trace.

iv. The tragedy of that moment

The tragedy of that moment
Was deeper than the sea,
When I came in that moment
And heard you speak to me!

What I could not help seeing
Covered life as a blot;
Yes, that which I was seeing,
And knew that you were not!

The Trellis

Thick-flowered is the trellis
That hides our joys
From prying eyes of malice
And all annoys,
And we lie rosily bowered.

Through the long afternoons
And evenings endlessly
Drawn out, when summer swoons
In perfume windlessly,
Sounds our light laughter.

With whispered words between
And silent kisses.
None but the flowers have seen
Our white caresses –
Flowers and the bright-eyed birds.

Words *Aldous Huxley (1894–1963)*

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)*

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

Words *Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)*

John Richardson is currently in his second year as a tenor lay clerk with the Choir of Clare College. Prior to his time at Clare, John held a choral exhibition at The Queen's College, Oxford, and before that was a member of the BYU Singers and worked as a cantor at the Cathedral of the Madeleine in Salt Lake City, Utah. John is an active participant in Cambridge's choral scene, having sung in several operas and other projects. His most notable solo roles of late have been singing as a tenor soloist in Rachmaninoff's All Night Vigil with TCMS and in Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610 with the Choir of Clare College.

Daniel Blaze started playing the organ at All Saints Church where he spent two years as organ scholar accompanying the choir and playing voluntaries on the famous Frobenius organ. He spent a gap year as Organ Scholar for Sherborne Abbey and Sherborne School, playing for services for the Abbey choir and Sherborne School's choirs. As Organ Scholar at Clare, he has played for a broadcast Epiphany carol service, and has accompanied the Choir in venues in the Netherlands, the United States, and the UK. Daniel is a keen singer, directing and singing with Lady Clare's Consort, and Cantus Byrdus. He is a busy horn player, having performed with many orchestras in Cambridge, including the Cambridge University Orchestra, as well as performing chamber music as part of the Instrumental Award Scheme.