



CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL

Vocal Recital

Sunday 12 May 2024 at 5.25 p.m.

Jessica Folwell (Clare 2021) | soprano
James Kitchingman (Clare 2022) | piano

<i>If music be the food of love</i> , Z. 379c	Henry Purcell (1659–95)
<i>Gretchen am Spinnrade</i> , Op. 2, D. 118	Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
<i>Two Shakespeare Songs</i> <i>i. Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day</i> <i>ii. They bore him barefaced on a bier</i>	Cheryl Frances-Hoad (1980–)
<i>Music, when soft voices die</i> from <i>6 Songs</i> , Op. 25, No. 5	Roger Quilter (1877–1953)
<i>Scots Song</i> from <i>Three Scottish Songs</i>	James MacMillan (1959–)
<i>Blondel zu Marien</i> , D. 626	Franz Schubert
<i>Big Sister Say, 1967 (a honky-tonk)</i> from <i>Love After 1950</i>	Libby Larsen (1950–)

This programme explores how longing and love sickness are presented through song.

If Music be the Food of Love

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

Words *Henry Heveningham (1651–1700)*

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

*My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.*

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

*When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave;
The whole world
Is turned to gall.*

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

*My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Shattered.*

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

*My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.*

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

*It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.*

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

*His proud bearing
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes,*

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss.
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

*And the magic flow
Of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!*

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

*My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.*

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn.

*My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
And hold him,*

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt'
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

*And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish!*

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
and I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,
And dugged the chamber door.
Let in the maid that out a maid
Never departed more.

Pretty Ophelia-

Indeed, without an oath I'll make an end on 't:

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie, for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't.
By Cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, "Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed."

He answers,
"So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed."

Words *William Shakespeare (1564–1616)*

Music, When Soft Voices Die

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the belovèd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Words *Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)*

They bore him barefaced on the bier

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear:--
Fare you well, my dove!

You must sing a-down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.
O, how the wheel becomes it!
It is the false steward,
that stole his master's daughter.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed:
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

Words *William Shakespeare*

Scots Song

O luely, luely, cam she in
And luely she lay doun:
I kent her be her caller lips
And her breists sae sma' and roun'.

A' thru the nicht we spak nae word
Nor sinder'd bane frae bane:
A' thru the nicht I heard her hert
Gang soundin' wi' my ain.

It was about the waukrife hour
When cocks begin to craw
That she smool'd saftly thru the mirk
Afore the day wud daw.

Sae luely, luely, cam she in
Saie luely was she gaen;
And wi' her a' my simmer days
Like they had never been.

Words *William Soutar (1898–1943)*

Blondel zu Marien

In düst'rer Nacht,
Wenn Gram mein fühlend Herz umziehet,
Des Glückes Sonne mir entweicht,
Und ihre Pracht:
Da leuchtet fern
In feurig wonniglichem Glanze,
Wie in der Liebe Strahlenkranze,
Ein holder Stern.

Und ewig rein
Lebt unter Wonne, unter Schmerzen,
Im treuen liebevollen Herzen
Sein Widerschein.
So hold und mild
Wird unter tröstenden Gestalten
Auch in der Ferne mich umwallten
Dein Zauberbild.

*In the dark night,
when grief envelops my tender heart,
when the sun of happiness
and its splendour escape me,
a fair star
shines in the distance
with a fiery, joyous lustre,
like a jewel in the radiant crown of love.*

*Amid joy and sorrow
its reflection
remains forever pure
within my faithful, loving heart.
Thus your magic image,
fair and gentle,
will stay by me and comfort me
though I am far away.*

Words *Anonymous*

Big sister say, 1967 (a honky-tonk)

“Beauty hurts,” big sister says,
Yanking a hank of my lanky hair
Around black wire-mesh rollers

Whose inside bristles prick my scalp
Like so many pins. She says I'd better
Sleep with them in.

She plucks, tweezes, glides razor
Blades over tender armpit skin,
Slathers downy legs with stinking
Depilatory cream, presses straight lashes
Bolt upright with a medieval-looking
Padded metal clamp. “Looking good
hurts,” Beryl warns. “It’s hard work.”

Words *Kathryn Daniels*

Jessica Folwell is a third year medical student currently intercalating Biological Anthropology at Clare, where she sings soprano in the Chapel Choir. She first came to singing as a chorister at St Peter's Church in St Albans and now studies with Nicola-Jane Kemp. During her time in Cambridge, Jess has enjoyed getting involved with the Clare College Music Society (CCMS), singing in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, the CCMS opera in her second year, as well as managing the CCMS orchestra. Recently, Jess has enjoyed directing several performances of Britten's *Ceremony of Carols* and performing as Minerva in Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld* with the Cambridge University Opera Society. When she moves to clinical school next year, Jess looks forward to joining the Choir of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

James Kitchingman is a second-year undergraduate from Harrogate, studying music at Clare and singing tenor in Clare College Choir. He was a chorister at Ripon Cathedral, going on to study piano and voice at junior RNCM in Manchester. He took a gap year to sing as a choral scholar at Worcester Cathedral. Most of his time is now dedicated to the administrative duties that come with the presidency of Clare College Music Society, CCMS. He studies singing with Marcus van den Akker at the Royal Academy of Music. Pianistically, James focuses on accompanying rather than pursuing solo engagements, under the tuition of David Earl. Aside from music James is a keen footballer, playing every Saturday.