



CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL

Sunday 17 November 2024 at 5.25 p.m.

Recital by members of Choir

Evie Perfect | mezzo-soprano, Eoin Jenkins | harpsichord

Evening Hymn

Henry Purcell (1659–95)

Jess Downton | alto, Jack Edis | harpsichord

Priva son d'ogni conforto, HWV 17

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Patrick Tweedie | bass, James Kitchingman | piano

Sovra il campo della vita

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)

Henry Lawrenson | tenor, Evie Perfect | piano

Auf der Donau, Op. 21

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Jemima Gazzard | soprano, Evie Perfect | piano

Die Nacht

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Mary Cotton | soprano, Daniel Blaze | piano

Sleep from Five Elizabethan Songs

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)

Laura Thomas | mezzo-soprano, Raphael Herberg | piano

Go, Lovely Rose, Op. 24, No. 3

Roger Quilter (1877–1953)

Harrison Kirk | tenor, Evie Perfect | piano

Linden Lea

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Thomas Alban | baritone, Isaac Chan | piano

Blacker

Judith Bingham (1952–)

Evening Hymn

Now, now that the sun hath veil'd his light
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear, dear God, even in Thy arms
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul!
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days
Hallelujah!

Words *William Fuller (1608–75)*

Priva son d'ogni conforto

Priva son d'ogni conforto,
 e pur speme di morire
 per me misera non v'è.
 Il mio cor, da pene assorto,
 è già stanco di soffrir
 e morir si niega a me.

*I am bereft of all comfort,
 yet there is no hope of death
 for me, wretched that I am.
 My heart, consumed with sorrow
 Is weary of suffering,
 Yet death denied itself to me.*

Words Nicola Francesco Haym (1678–1729)

Sovra il campo della vita

Sovra il campo della vita
 Sono pianta abbandonata.
 La misura ho già stancata
 Dell'immenso mio dolor.

*On the field of life
 I am an abandoned plant.
 I have already tired of
 The immensity of my sorrow.*

Senza nome, senza patria,
 Erro ignota a tutte genti.
 Cerco un eco a miei lamenti;
 Solo trovo in mezzo al cor.

*Without a name, without a home country,
 I err unknown to all peoples.
 I look for an echo to my laments;
 I only find it inside my heart.*

Words anonymous

Auf der Donau

Auf der Wellen Spiegel schwimmt der
 Kahn,
 Alte Burgen ragen himmelan,
 Tannenwälder rauschen geistergleich,
 Und das Herz im Busen wird uns weich.

*The boat glides on the mirror of the waves;

 old castles soar heavenwards,
 pine forests stir like ghosts,
 and our hearts grow faint within our breasts.*

Denn der Menschen Werke sinken all',
 Wo ist Turm, wo Pforte, wo der Wall,
 Wo sie selbst, die Starken, erzgeschirmt,
 Die in Krieg und Jagden hingestürmt?

*For the works of man all perish;
 where now is the tower, the gate, the rampart?
 Where are the mighty themselves, in their bronze
 armour, who stormed forth to battle and the chase?*

Trauriges Gestrüppe wuchert fort,
 Während frommer Sage Kraft verdorrt:
 Und im kleinen Kahne wird uns bang,
 Wellen drohn wie Zeiten Untergang.

*Mournful brushwood grows rampant
 while the power of pious myth fades.
 And in our little boat we grow afraid;
 waves, like time, threaten doom.*

Words Johann Mayrhofer (1787–1836)

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die
Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen
schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in
weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löschst sie aus und stiehlt
die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur
hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg
des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach
des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der
Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt,
sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

*Out of the forest steps
Night,
Out of the trees she
softly steals,
Looks around her in a
wide arc,
Now beware.*

*All the lights of this world,
All flowers, all colours
She extinguishes, and steals
the sheaves
From the field.*

*She takes everything that
is dear,
Takes the silver from the
stream,
and from the Cathedral's
copper roof,
She takes the gold.*

*The bushes are left,
stripped naked,
Come closer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear that the night
will also steal
You from me.*

Words *Hermann von Gilm (1812–64)*

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)*

Go, Lovely Rose

Go, lovely Rose! --
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be [desir'd],
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! -- that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Yet though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid
That goodness time's rude hand defies;
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

Words *Edmund Waller (1608–87)*

Blacker

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.
And at evening evermore,
In a Chapel by the shore,
Shall the Chaunters sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful Masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine!
Hush, the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!

Linden Lea

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,
By the oak trees' mossy moot,
The shining grass blades, timber shaded,
Now do quiver underfoot;
And birds do whistle overhead,
And water's bubbling in its bed;
And there for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,
Now do fade within the copse,
And painted birds do hush their singing,
Up upon the timber tops;
And brown leaved fruit's a-turning red,
In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruit for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster
In the air of dark-room'd towns;
I don't dread a peevish master,
Though no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Words *William Barnes (1801–86)*

Words *Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834)*