# Sunday 3 November 2024 at 5.25 p.m.

Recital by members of Choir

Sara Liu | soprano, John Gallant | baritone

O Quam Mirabilis Hildegard of Bingen (1098 1179)

Evie Perfect | mezzo-soprano, Eoin Jenkins | harpsichord

Evening Hymn Henry Purcell (1659 95)

Zoe Gunasekera | soprano, Daniel Blaze | piano

Ach, ich Fühls from Die Zauberflöte, K620 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 91)

Raphael Herberg | bass, Isaac Chan | piano

An Die Musik, **D. 547** Franz Schubert (1797 1828)

Emma Paterson | soprano, Isaac Chan | piano

Die Mainacht, Op. 48,



#### O Quam Mirabilis

O quam mirabilis est
prescientia divini pectoris
que prescivit omnem creaturam.
Nam cum Deus inspexit

## An Die Musik

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden, Wo mich des Lebens wilder Krischs mich des

## Die Lotosblume

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

'The lotus-flower fears

Die Beiden Grenadiere

## Love-Sight

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee
Made known?
Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies

#### Sea Slumber Song

Sea-birds are asleep, The world forgets to weep, Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song On the shadowy sand Of this elfin land;

Hush thee, oh my child, Forget the voices wild! Hush thee, oh my child, Hush thee. Isles in elfin light Dream, the rocks and caves, Lulled by whispering waves, Veil their marbles Veil their marbles bright. Foam glimmers faintly faintly white Upon the shelly sand Of this elfin land: Sea-sound, like violins, To slumber woos and wins, I murmur my soft slumber-song, my slumber song Leave woes, and wails, and sins. s shadowy might Breathes good night, Good night... Leave woes, and wails, and sins. Good night...Good night... Good night... Good night... Good night... Good night

**Words** *Roden Noel* (1834–94)

Wagtail and Baby (A Satire)

A baby watched a ford, whereto A wagtail came for drinking; A blaring bull went wading through, The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across, The birdie nearly sinking; He gave his plumes a twitch and toss, And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot A mongrel slowly slinking; The wagtail gazed, but faltered not In dip and sip and prinking

A perfect gentleman then neared; The wagtail, in a winking, With terror rose and disappeared; The baby fell a-thinking.

**Words** *Thomas Hardy* (1840–1928)