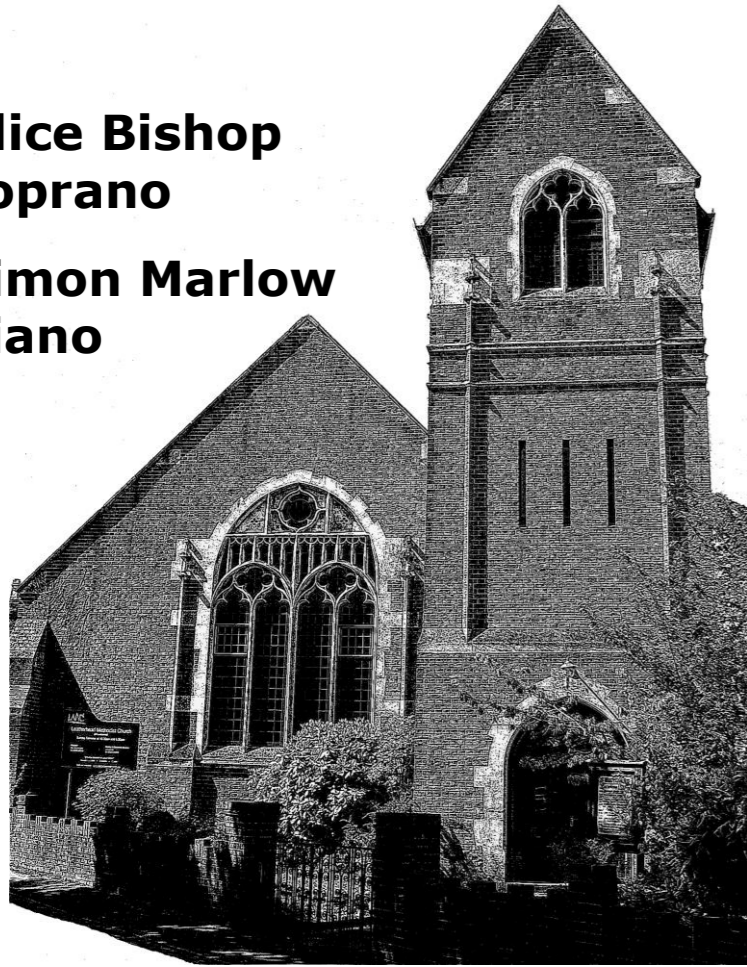


Music on Thursdays at Leatherhead Methodist Church

12.30, Thursday 27th August 2015

Alice Bishop
soprano

Simon Marlow
piano



Songs of Love and Loss

Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)
Cinque Liriche (1918)
1 I tempi assai lontani / Time Long Past
Text: Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

Like the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is Time long past.
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was Time long past.

There were sweet dreams in the night
Of Time long past:
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast
Which made us wish it yet might last--
That Time long past.

There is regret, almost remorse,
For Time long past.
'Tis like a child's beloved course
A father watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance, cast
From Time long past.

2 Canto funebre / A Dirge

Text: Shelley

Rough wind that moanest loud,
Grief too sad for song
Wild wind when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail! for the world's wrong.

3 Par les soirs

Text : Jacques d'Adelswärd-Fersen(1880-1923)

Vaguely, slowly, during purple-hued sunsets,
We'll reach those imaginary lands,
Just at that instant of infinite beauty slips down to the horizon
'When your eyes turn a darker blue than the deep heavens above.
When the evening, with its pale shades, seems to
Reflect the magnificent splendour of the seas.
The sun's last rays, lighting up the landscape in glory,
Have the air of conquering those distant lands.
Hand in hand, our hearts ponder as they listen
To the dying earth down in the woods and around the towns,
And yet we feel within a dawn of tranquillity
That shines out thanks to the spectacle of the setting sun
And the melancholy we feel will lift,
So that our love is embraced and gathered like flowers,
And with the welcome appearance of the first star
We'll be two children with just one heart!

4 Par L'étreinte

Text: d'Adelswärd-Fersen

You came and the room filled with your perfume,
And like the delicate echo of your voice,
I'm writing these words of love that sing in my soul.
Oh, never has the deep blue sky, the blazing red sky,
Even the most delicate sunset sky
Seemed so beautiful or divine
As your eyes as they just now looked into mine as I kissed you.

Like someone raging with fever
I felt their gentleness intoxicate me for ages.
We were like children, who've just met again,
Our desires just starting to open their wings
And our joie de vivre and great friendship
Will sow seeds of Infinity in our hearts!

5 La Fine

Text: Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)

It is time for me to go, Mother I am going.
When in the paling darkness of the lonely dawn
you stretch out your arms for your baby in the bed,
I shall say, "Baby is not there!" - Mother, I am going.
I shall become a delicate draught of air and caress
you and I shall be ripples in the water when you bathe,
and kiss you and kiss you again.

In the gusty night when the rain patters on the
Leaves you will hear my whisper in your bed,
and my laughter will flash with the lightning
through the open window into your room.
If you lie awake, thinking of your baby till late into the night,
I shall sing to you from the stars, "Sleep, mother, sleep."

On the straying moonbeams I shall steal over your bed,
and lie upon your bosom while you sleep. I shall become a dream,
and through the little opening of your eyelids I shall slip into the
depths of your sleep and when you wake up and look round startled,
like a twinkling firefly I shall flit out into the darkness.
When, on the great festival of puja, the neighbours' children come
and play about the house, I shall melt into the music of the flute and
throb in your heart all day.

Dear Auntie will come with puja-presents and will ask,
"Where is our baby, Sister?"
Mother, you will tell her softly,
"He is in the pupil of my eyes, he is in my body and my soul."

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

The Seal Man

Text: John Edward Masefield (1878-1967)

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.
There was a strong love came up in her at that,
and she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother," she says,
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all
will keep me this night from the man I love."
And she went out into the moonlight to him,
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river.
And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world,
will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says,
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."
Then they went down into the sea together,
and the moon made a track [upon]¹ the sea, and they walked
down it;

it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,
that was stronger than the touch of the fool.
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,
and she went down into the sea with her man,
who wasn't a man at all.
She was drowned, of course.
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself.
She was drowned, drowned.

Traditional tune

The Lark in the Clear Air

Text: Samuel Ferguson (1810-1886)

Dear thoughts are in my mind
And my soul soars enchanted,
As I hear the sweet lark sing
In the clear air of the day.
For a tender beaming smile
To my hope has been granted,
And tomorrow she shall hear
All my fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love,
All my soul's adoration,
And I think she will hear
And will not say me nay.
It is this that gives my soul
All its joyous elation,
As I hear the sweet lark sing
In the clear air of the day.

Christopher Kaye Le Fleming (1908-1985)

If it's ever spring again

Text: Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

If it's ever spring again,
Spring again,
I shall go where went I when
Down the moor-cock splashed, and hen,
Seeing me not, amid their flounder,
Standing with my arm around her;
If it's ever spring again,
Spring again,
I shall go where went I then.

If it's ever summer-time,
Summer-time,
With the hay crop at the prime,
And the cuckoos--two--in rhyme,
As they used to be, or seemed to,
We shall do as long we've dreamed to,
If it's ever summer-time,
Summer-time,
With the hay, and bees achime.

Michael Head (1900-1976)

A Green Cornfield

Text: Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

The earth was green, the sky was blue:
I saw and heard one sunny morn
A skylark hang between the two,
A singing speck above the corn;

The cornfield stretched a tender green
To right and left beside my walks;
I knew he had a nest unseen
Somewhere among the million stalks.

And as I paused to hear his song
While swift the sunny moments slid,
Perhaps his mate sat listening long,
And listened longer than I did

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Song of the Blackbird

Text: William Ernest Henley (1849-1903)

The Nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The Lark's is a clarion call,
And the Blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him, I love him best of all...

For his song is all of the joy's of life,
And we in the mad spring weather,
We two have listened 'till he sang
Our hearts and lips together.

Alice Bishop, soprano

Alice Bishop graduated in music from the University of Surrey with BMus (Hons) and completed the Diploma in Performance Studies at Abbey Opera. Recent solo engagements have included Strauss' Four Last Songs, Beethoven's Ah Perfido, Handel's Dixit Dominus, Mozart's Ch'io mi scordi di te?, Bruckner's Mass in F Minor, Beethoven's 9th Symphony, Haydn's Little Organ Mass, Nelson Mass and Salve Regina, Rutter's Requiem, Mass of the Children and Feel the Spirit, Vivaldi's Gloria and a recording of a new oratorio by Joe St Johanser.

A regular performer in the Music on Thursdays series, songs and song recitals have always been at the centre of Alice's interest in singing. Her repertoire ranges from 16th century to contemporary music and she has given many well-received recitals in and round London. She has recently spent an intensive week studying song repertoire with Malcolm Martineau.

Simon Marlow, piano

Simon Marlow enjoys a busy career with frequent concert appearances in Britain and many other European countries. He has also performed in Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, the US, Sri Lanka and Iceland. He has appeared with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, broadcasted and made several recordings.

Simon has worked for many years with the Medici Quartet violist, Ivo-Jan van der Werff, with whom he has toured and recorded – most recently a disc of Britten's Lachrymae and the Shostakovich Sonata. Simon has also established a recital and recording partnership with the violinist Shulah Oliver, with a particular emphasis on the many marvellous works by English composers for violin and piano. Last year Simon took part in a Dutch project to perform and record music composed by Nietzsche which also included works by other composer who were inspired by his philosophy.

In addition to his musical interests, Simon worked for ten years with the Lucis Trust, an educational charity, and has made (for his sins!) several forays into local politics.

12.30 lunchtime concerts continue until November

Thursday 3rd September, here at LMC: Emma Halnan, flute and Daniel King Smith, piano, return in a concert of music by JS Bach, Kent Kennan, Poulenc, and François Borne *Carmen Fantasy*

Thursday 10th September, here at LMC: Royal Academy of Music students Anna Orlik, violin, and pianist Yi-Shing Cheng

Wednesday 16th September at Christ Church, Epsom

Road: Anthony Cairns, organ, plays works by works by: Buxtehude, Bruhns, JS Bach, Thomas Tomkins, Locke, Whitlock, Donald Hunt, Christopher Tambling

Still to come, this Autumn

Thursday 24 September
Duo Bayanello

Iosif Purits, accordion (bayan)®
Cecilia Bignall, cello®

Thursday 1st October
Angelos Georgakis, bouzouki
Pavlos Melas, guitar

Thursday 8th October
Cavendish Winds Quintet
Katy Ovens, flute®
Mary Tyler, clarinet®
Henry Clay, oboe®
Alice Quayle, bassoon®
Charlie Ransley, horn®

Thursday 22nd October
Nicola Berg, soprano & Linda Marley, piano

Thursday 29th October
Tim Ridout, viola® & Ke Ma, piano®

Thursday 5th November
Viv McLean, piano

Thursday 12th November
2015 Season Finale
Atéa Wind Quintet
Leader: Anna Hashimoto, clarinet

**Organ concerts resume at Christ Church
on Wednesday 20th April 2016**

**Music on Thursdays at LMC
returns for a 5th season on
Thursday 28th April 2016**




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