

## LOOKING AT BLAKE

Tuesday 24 October 2023 | 5.15pm  
The Levine Building, Trinity College

**Robin Tritschler** tenor  
**Christopher Glynn** piano

### PROGRAMME

<b>Theodor Chanler</b> (1902 - 1961)	The Lamb
<b>Rebecca Clarke</b> (1886 - 1979)	Infant Joy
<b>Sir Arthur Somervell</b> (1863 - 1957)	Piping Down the Valleys Wild
<b>Theodor Chanler</b> (1902 - 1961)	A Cradle Song
<b>Sir Arthur Somervell</b> (1863 - 1957)	Nurse's Song
<b>Sir Arthur Somervell</b>	Blossom
<b>Roger Quilter</b> (1877 - 1953)	The Wild Flower's Song, Op. 20 no.2
<b>Benjamin Britten</b> (1913 - 1976)	A Poison Tree, Op. 74 no.6
<b>Theodor Chanler</b> (1902 - 1961)	Memory
<b>Granville Bantock</b> (1868 - 1946)	Love's Secret
<b>Roger Quilter</b> (1877 - 1953)	The Jocund Dance, Op. 18 no.3

**Roger Quilter**  
(1877 - 1953)

Daybreak, Op. 20 no.3

**William Walton**  
(1902 - 1983)

Holy Thursday  
*from A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table*

**Ralph Vaughan Williams**  
(1872 - 1958)

London, no.4 *from Ten Blake Songs*

**Virgil Thomson**  
(1896 - 1989)

Divine Image

**Rebecca Clarke**  
(1886 - 1979)

Tyger Tyger

**Charles Tomlinson Griffes**  
(1884 - 1920)

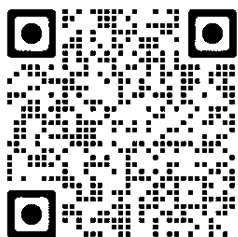
In a Myrtle Shade, Op. 9 no.1

**Hubert Parry**  
(1848 - 1918)

Jerusalem

All texts by **William Blake (1757-1827)**

## ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



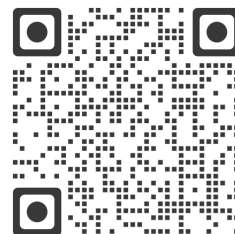
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# TEXTS

## THE LAMB

Chanler / Blake

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:  
He is callèd by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a Lamb.  
He is meek, and He is mild:  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are callèd by His name.  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

## INFANT JOY

Clarke / Blake

"I have no name:  
I am but two days old."  
What shall I call thee?  
"I happy am,  
Joy is my name."  
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty Joy!  
Sweet Joy, but two days old.  
Sweet Joy I call thee:  
Thou dost smile,  
I sing the while,  
Sweet joy befall thee!

## PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

Somervell / Blake

Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb."  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
"Piper, pipe that song again."  
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer."  
So I sang the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write  
In a book, that all may read."  
So he vanished from my sight;  
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stain'd the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

## **A CRADLE SONG**

Chanler / Blake

Sweet dreams, form a slumberous shade  
Over my lovely infant's head!  
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams  
By silent moony beams!

Sweet sleep, with soft dream  
Weave thy brows an infant crown.

## **NURSE'S SONG**

Somervell / Blake

When the voices of children  
are heard on the green  
And laughing is heard on the hill,  
My heart is at rest within my breast  
And everything else is still.

"Then come home, my children,  
the sun is gone down  
And the dews of night arise;  
Come, come, leave off play,  
and let us away  
Till morning appears  
in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day  
And we cannot go to sleep;  
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly  
And the hills are all cover'd  
with sheep."

"Well, well, go and play  
till the light fades away  
And then go home to bed."  
The little ones leaped  
and shouted and laugh'd  
And all the hills echoed.

## **THE BLOSSOM**

Somervell / Blake

Merry, merry sparrow!  
Under leaves so green  
A happy blossom  
Sees you, swift as arrow,  
Seek your cradle narrow,  
Near my bosom.

Pretty, pretty robin!  
Under leaves so green  
A happy blossom  
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,  
Pretty, pretty robin,  
Near my bosom.

## **THE WILD FLOWER'S SONG**

Quilter / Blake

As I wander'd in the forest,  
The green leaves among,  
I heard a wild flower  
Singing a song:

"I slept in the earth  
In the silent night,  
I murmur'd my thoughts  
And I felt delight.

In the morning I went,  
As rosy as morn,  
To seek for new joy,  
But I met with scorn."

## **A POISON TREE**

Britten / Blake

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,  
Night and morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright.  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veil'd the pole,  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

## **MEMORY**

Chanler / Blake

Memory, hither come  
And tune your merry notes;  
And while upon the wind  
Your music floats,

I'll pore upon the stream,  
Where sighing lovers dream,  
And fish for fancies as they pass  
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,  
And hear the linnet's song,  
And there I'll lie and dream  
The day along;

And when night comes I'll go  
To places fit for woe,  
Walking along the darkened valley,  
With silent melancholy.

## **LOVE'S SECRET**

Bantock / Blake

Never seek to tell thy love  
Love that never told can be;  
For the gentle wind does move  
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,  
I told her all my heart,  
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears -  
Ah, she doth depart.

Soon as she was gone from me  
A traveller came by  
Silently, invisibly --  
He took her with a sigh.

## **THE JOCUND DANCE**

Quilter / Blake

I love the jocund dance,  
The softly breathing song,  
Where innocent eyes do glance,  
And where lips the maiden's tongue.

I love the laughing vale,  
I love the echoing hills,  
Where mirth does never fail,  
And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,  
I love the innocent bow'r,  
Where white and brown is our lot,  
Or fruit in the midday hour.

I love the oaken seat,  
Beneath the oaken tree,  
Where all the old villagers meet,  
And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbors all,  
But Kitty, I better love thee;  
And love them I ever shall;  
But thou art all to me.

## **DAYBREAK**

Quilter / Blake

To find the Western path,  
Right thro' the Gates of Wrath  
I urge my way;  
Sweet morning leads me on  
With soft repentant moan:  
I see the break of day.

The war of swords and spears,  
Melted by dewy tears,  
Exhales on high;  
The Sun is freed from fears,  
And with soft grateful tears  
Ascends the sky.

## **HOLY THURSDAY**

Walton / Blake

'Twas on a holy Thursday, their  
innocent faces clean,  
The children walking two and two,  
in red and blue and green:  
Gray-headed beadles walked  
before, with wands as white as  
snow,  
Till into the high dome of St Paul's  
they like Thames waters flow.

O what a multitude they seemed,  
these flowers of London town!  
Seated in companies they sit, with  
radiance all their own.  
The hum of multitudes was there,  
but multitudes of lambs,  
Thousands of little boys and girls  
raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise  
to heaven the voice of song,  
Or like harmonious thunderings  
the seats of heaven among;  
Beneath them sit the aged men,  
wise guardians of the poor:  
Then cherish, cherish pity, lest  
you drive an angel from your door.

## **LONDON**

Vaughan Williams / Blake

I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames  
does flow,  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.  
In every cry of every Man,  
In every Infants' cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every blackning Church appals,  
And the hapless Soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born Infants' tear  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

## **DIVINE IMAGE**

Thomson / Blake

To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love  
All pray in their distress;  
And to these virtues of delight  
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love  
Is God, our Father dear,  
And Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love  
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,  
Pity a human face,  
And Love, the human form divine,  
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,  
That prays in his distress,  
Prays to the human form divine,  
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,  
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;  
When Mercy, Love and Pity dwell  
There God is dwelling too.

## **TYGER, TYGER**

Clarke / Blake

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? What dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp,  
Dared its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

## **IN A MYRTLE SHADE**

Griffes / Blake

To a lovely myrtle bound,  
Blossoms showering all around,  
Oh, how weak and weary I  
Underneath my myrtle lie!

Why should I be bound to thee,  
O my lovely myrtle tree?  
Love, free love cannot be bound  
To any tree that grows on ground.

## **JERUSALEM**

Parry / Blake

And did those feet in ancient time,  
Walk upon Englands mountains green:  
And was the holy Lamb of God,  
On Englands pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine,  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here,  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

*- second verse ommitted  
in light of the current conflict*

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