



**THE CHOIR OF CLARE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE**  
**Director | Graham Ross**

Anfiteatro Simón Bolívar, Mexico City  
Saturday 6 April 2019, 12.30 p.m.

**‘THERE IS SWEET MUSIC’**



a member of  The Anglo Mexican Foundation

## Texts

### Hail, gladdening light

[PHOS HILARON, 3<sup>RD</sup> CENTURY GREEK, trans. JOHN KEBLE (1792–1866)]

Hail, gladdening light, of His pure glory poured, who is the immortal Father, heavenly, blest,  
Holist of Holies, Jesus Christ our Lord!  
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest, the lights of evening round us shine,  
we hymn the Father, Son and Holy Spirit divine.  
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung with undefiled tongue, Son of our God, giver of life, alone:  
therefore in all the world Thy glories, Lord, they own.

~

### 5 Negro Spirituals

[TRADITIONAL]

#### Steal away

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus;  
Steal away, steal away home  
I han't got long to stay here.

My Lord, He calls me, He calls me by the thunder,  
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul,  
I han't got long to stay here.

Green trees a-bending, poor sinner stands a-trembling,  
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul,  
I han't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus;  
Steal away, steal away home  
I han't got long to stay here.

#### Nobody knows

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,  
Nobody knows like Jesus.

O brothers, pray for me,  
O brothers, pray for me,  
And help me to drive old Satan away.

O mothers, pray for me,  
O mothers, pray for me,  
And help me to drive old Satan away.

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,  
Nobody knows like Jesus.

**Go down, Moses**

Go down, Moses, Way down in Egypt land;  
Tell old Pharoah, to let my people go.

When Israel was in Egypt land,  
Let my people go,  
Oppressed so hard They could not stand,  
Let my people go,  
“Thus spake the Lord”, bold Moses said,  
Let my people go,  
“If not, I’ll smite your first-born dead,”  
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land;  
Tell old Pharoah, to let my people go.

**O by and by**

O by and by,  
I’m going to lay down my heavy load.

I know my robe’s going to fit me well,  
I tried it on at the gates of Hell.

O, Hell is deep and a dark despair,  
O stop, poor sinner, and don’t go there!

O by and by,  
I’m going to lay down my heavy load.

**Deep river**

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,  
Deep river, Lord,  
I want to cross over into camp-ground.

O, chillun! Oh, don’t you want to go  
to that gospel feast,  
That promised land,  
That land where all is peace?  
Walk into heaven and take my seat,  
And cast my crown at Jesus’ feet.

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,  
Deep river, Lord,  
I want to cross over into camp-ground.

### **Fair Phyllis**

[JOHN FARMER (c. 1570–c. 1601)]

Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone  
Feeding her flock near to the mountain side.  
The shepherds knew not,  
they knew not whither she was gone,  
But after her lover Amyntas hied,  
Up and down he wandered  
whilst she was missing;  
When he found her,  
O then they fell a-kissing.

### **Now is the month of maying**

[THOMAS MORLEY (c. 1557–1602)]

Now is the month of maying,  
when merry lads are playing, *fa la la*,  
Each with his bonny lass  
upon the greeny grass. *Fa la la*.

The Spring, clad all in gladness,  
doth laugh at Winter's sadness, *fa la la*,  
And to the bagpipe's sound  
the nymphs tread out their ground. *Fa la la*.

Fie then! Why sit we musing,  
youth's sweet delight refusing? *Fa la la*,  
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,  
shall we play barley-break? *Fa la la*.

### **All creatures now**

[JOHN BENNET (c. 1575–1614)]

All creatures now are merry, merry-minded.  
The shepherds' daughters playing,  
The nymphs are fa-la-la-ing.  
Yond bugle was well winded.  
At Oriana's presence each thing smileth.  
The flowers themselves discover;  
Birds over her do hover;  
Music the time beguileth.  
See where she comes, with flowery garlands crowned  
Queen of all queens renowned.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:  
Long live fair Oriana, fair Oriana.

## **One foot in Eden still, I stand**

[EDWIN MUIR (1887–1959)]

One foot in Eden still, I stand  
And look across the other land.  
The world's great day is growing late,  
Yet strange these fields that we have planted  
So long with crops of love and hate.  
Time's handiworks by time are haunted,  
And nothing now can separate  
The corn and tares compactly grown.  
The armorial weed in stillness bound  
About the stalk;—these are our own.  
Evil and good stand thick around  
In the fields of charity and sin  
Where we shall lead our harvest in.  
Yet still from Eden springs the root  
As clean as on the starting day.  
Time takes the foliage and the fruit  
And burns the archetypal leaf  
To shapes of terror and of grief  
Scattered along the winter way.  
But famished field and blackened tree  
Bear flowers in Eden never known.  
Blossoms of grief and charity  
Bloom in these darkened fields alone.  
What had Eden ever to say  
Of hope and faith and pity and love  
Until was buried all its day  
And memory found its treasure trove?  
Strange blessings never in Paradise  
Fall from these beclouded skies.

~

## **The oak and the ash**

[TRADITIONAL]

A north-country maid up to London had stray'd,  
Although with her nature it did not agree,  
She wept and she sighed and she bitterly cried,  
'I wish once again in the north I could be.'  
Oh! The oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,  
They flourish at home in my own country.

While sadly I roam I forget my dear home,  
Where lads and gay lasses are making the hay;  
The merry bells ring, and the birds sweetly sing,  
And maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay.

No doubt did I please I could marry at ease;  
Where maidens are fair many lovers will come;  
But he whom I wed must be north-country bred,  
And carry me back to my north-country home.

### **Bushes and Briars**

[TRADITIONAL]

Through bushes and through briars I lately took my way;  
All for to hear the small birds sing and the lambs to skip and play.  
I overheard my own true love, her voice it was so clear,  
'Long time I have been waiting for the coming of my dear.

Sometimes I am uneasy and troubled in my mind,  
Sometimes I think I'll go to my love and tell to him my mind.  
And if I should go to my love, my love he will say nay,  
If I show to him my boldness, he'll ne'er love me again.'

~

### **The silver swan**

[ANONYMOUS]

The silver swan, who living had no note,  
When death approached unlocked her silent throat.  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sang her first and last and sung no more:  
Farewell all joys, O death come close mine eyes,  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

### **The blue bird**

[MARY COLERIDGE (1861–1907)]

The lake lay blue below the hill,  
O'er it, as I looked, there flew  
Across the waters, cold and still  
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,  
The sky beneath me was blue in blue,  
A moment ere the bird had passed  
It caught his image as he flew.

~

## **There is sweet music**

[ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–92)]

There is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
Or night-dews on still waters between walls  
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;  
Music that gentler on the spirit lies,  
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;  
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies,  
Here are cool mosses deep,  
And through the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

~

## **Sleep**

[CHARLES ANTHONY SILVESTRI (b. 1965)]

The evening hangs beneath the moon,  
A silver thread on darkened dune.  
With closing eyes and resting head  
I know that sleep is coming soon.  
Upon my pillow, safe in bed,  
A thousand pictures fill my head,  
I cannot sleep, my mind's a-flight;  
And yet my limbs seem made of lead.  
If there are noises in the night,  
A frightening shadow, flickering light;  
Then I surrender unto sleep,  
Where clouds of dream give second sight.  
What dreams may come, both dark and deep,  
Of flying wings and soaring leap  
As I surrender unto sleep,  
As I surrender unto sleep.

## **The long day closes**

[HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY (1808–72)]

No star is o'er the lake,  
Its pale watch keeping,  
The moon is half awake,  
Through gray mist creeping.  
The last red leaves fall round  
The porch of roses,  
The clock hath ceased to sound,  
The long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth  
In calm endeavour,  
To count the sound of mirth,  
Now dumb for ever.  
Heed not how hope believes  
And fate disposes:  
Shadow is round the eaves,  
The long day closes.

The lighted windows dim  
Are fading slowly.  
The fire that was so trim  
Now quivers lowly.  
Go to the dreamless bed  
Where grief reposes,  
Thy book of toil is read,  
The long day closes.

## Summertime

[EDWIN DUBOSE HEYWARD (1885–1940)]

Summertime,  
And the livin' is easy,  
Fish are jumpin',  
And the cotton is high.  
Oh, Your daddy's rich  
And your mamma's good lookin'  
So hush little baby,  
Don't you cry.

One of these mornings  
You're going to rise up singing,  
Then you'll spread your wings  
And you'll take to the sky.  
But until that morning  
There's a'nothing can harm you  
With your daddy and mammy standing by.

Summertime,  
And the livin' is easy,  
Fish are jumpin',  
And the cotton is high.  
Your daddy's rich  
And your mamma's good lookin'  
So hush little baby,  
Don't you cry.