



# Festival Singers

Musical Director  
**Jonathan Berkahn**  
Presents

## ***The Blake Project***

Settings of William Blake's poems by Berkahn & Vaughan Williams; and other music of his time.



Pity: William Blake

**Barbara Paterson ~ soprano**  
**Thomas Nikora ~ accompanist**

**7-30 pm Saturday 16 Sept. 2017**

**Wesley Methodist Church**

75 Taranaki Street, Wellington

# Programme

**Samuel Webbe** (1740–1816)

Thy voice, O Harmony

**R J S Stevens** (1757–1837)

Ye spotted snakes

English traditional,

arr. **Ralph Vaughan Williams**

(1872–1958)

The Dark-eyed Sailor

**James Nares** (1715–1783)

Search me, O God

**William Boyce** (1711–1779)

Jubilate Deo in A

**James Ellor** (1819–1899)

All hail the power of Jesus' name

**Ludwig van Beethoven**

(1770–1827)

Kyrie, Mass in C, Op. 86

**Roger Quilter** (1877–1953)

from Three Songs of William Blake,

Op. 20

The Wild Flower's Song

Daybreak

(Barbara Paterson)

**Jan Ladislav Dussek** (1760–1812)

Piano Concerto in G, Op. 1/3

Allegro – Rondo Allegro

**Jonathan Berkahn**

Songs of Innocence  
and Experience

The Divine Image (Innocence)

Holy Thursday (Experience)

London (Experience)

The Little Vagabond (Experience)

On Another's Sorrow (Innocence)

The Lamb (Innocence)

The Tyger (Experience)

Night (Innocence)

**C H H Parry** (1848–1918)

Jerusalem

(See Jerusalem lyrics on page 8)

**INTERVAL**

## About this concert

I have for many years been fascinated by William Blake's *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*, by their memorable images, and the lucid and uncompromising language of the poems. The two books are, in a sense, parodies of each other: a reminder that there is always more than one way of looking at a thing.

Two years ago the Festival Singers performed a concert celebrating the animal world: *The Peaceable Kingdom*, and I took the opportunity to set three of the best-known poems: *The Lamb*, *The Tyger* and *Night*. Now we have a collection of eight ready to sing for you. The texts and music vary greatly in mood, from the coarse fun of *The Little Vagabond* to the tenderness of *On Another's Sorrow*, to the heartbreaking bitterness of *London*, and the still-topical cry of *Holy Thursday*:

Is this a holy thing to see  
In a rich and fruitful land,—  
Babes reduced to misery,  
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

To journey through Blake's poems is to journey through Blake's London, a city of wealth and poverty, green fields and cold stone churches.

For this reason, in the concert you will also hear music of Blake's time: respectable church music from the cathedrals, secular part-songs from the glee-clubs, instrumental music from the concert hall, and possibly a Methodist hymn or two. We will also sing the best-known Blake setting of all, Parry's *Jerusalem*. And then, after an hour or two spent in William Blake's London, you will be able to return safely to Wellington, 2017.

*Jonathan Berkahn*



## **Soprano Soloist**

Barbara Paterson

## **Festival Singers**

**Musical Director:** Jonathan Berkahn

**Accompanist:** Thomas Nikora

### **Sopranos:**

Heather Garside\*  
Rozie Gorman  
Diana Helen\*  
Janice Hopkins\*\*  
Carol Inge  
Kim New  
Lala Simpson  
Pam Southey  
Christine Taylor  
Megan Ward

### **Tenors:**

Joe Fecteau\*  
Paul Kilford  
Hajime Komatsu  
Alan Spinks

### **Altos:**

Rosemary Biss  
Heather Collins  
Karen Espersen  
Jan Hamil  
Adrienne Leuchars  
Wendy Nelson\*\*  
Margaret Seconi\*  
Irene Swadling  
Rita Urry

### **Basses:**

Philip Garside\*  
Ian Livingstone  
Brian Patchett

## **The Festival Players**

Nobuko Komatsu: violin 1  
Kim New: violin 2  
Megan Ward: viola  
Hajime Komatsu: cello

\* Soloists

\*\* Front of House

## About the choir

Festival Singers of Wellington is a community choir with a 40 year history and practice of seeking to work alongside the Christian church.

This includes singing in local church services and providing music for weddings, funerals and other events.

Our public concerts include large classical works – oratorios, cantatas and masses, as well as smaller pieces from all over the world. We also choose to support local composers and expose exciting new repertoire by regularly performing New Zealand compositions.

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### Our CD — on sale today

*People of the Light* includes *The Third Day* cantata, which tells the Easter story from the cross, through



low Saturday, to finding the empty tomb, Jesus' appearance in the locked room and giving the great commission. The work ends with a glorious finale that proclaims, "Christ is Risen, Alleluia!"

\$25.00 each for 1 or 2 copies;  
\$20.00 each for 3 or more copies

## Festival Singers:

- Has lively, fun rehearsals and workshops
- Gives performances that communicate
- Has a diverse, quality repertoire
- Celebrates New Zealand compositions
- Performs in public, and in churches
- Is friendly, with many social events.

Rehearsals are on Mondays 7.00–9.00pm at Newland Christian Assembly, 126 Newlands Road, Newlands, Wellington.

New singers are very welcome. To join us please contact:

Jonathan Berkahn (musical director)  
jonathan@berkahn.net.nz  
0210 241 7233, or

Heather Collins (committee member)  
hetbruce@gmail.com  
04 237 4070

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## Our Next Concert

### *Come Celebrate Christmas.*

7:00pm Sunday 10 Dec. 2017,  
at St Barnabas Anglican Church,  
Khandallah.

### **The Divine Image**

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.  
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,  
There God is dwelling too.

### **Holy Thursday II**

Is this a holy thing to see  
In a rich and fruitful land,—  
Babes reduced to misery,  
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?  
Can it be a song of joy?  
And so many children poor?  
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,  
And their fields are bleak and bare,  
And their ways are filled with thorns,  
It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,  
And where'er the rain does fall,  
Babe can never hunger there,  
Nor poverty the mind appall.

### **London**

I wander through each chartered street,  
Near where the chartered Thames does  
flow,

A mark in every face I meet,  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,  
In every infant's cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every blackening church appals,  
And the hapless soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the marriage  
hearse.

### **On Another's Sorrow**

Can I see another's woe,  
And not be in sorrow too?  
Can I see another's grief,  
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,  
And not feel my sorrow's share?  
Can a father see his child  
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear  
An infant groan, an infant fear?  
No, no! never can it be!  
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all  
Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
Hear the small bird's grief and care,  
Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest,  
Pouring pity in their breast,  
And not sit the cradle near,  
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,  
Wiping all our tears away?  
O no! never can it be!  
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:  
He becomes an infant small,  
He becomes a man of woe,  
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,  
And thy Maker is not by:  
Think not thou canst weep a tear,  
And thy Maker is not near.

O He gives to us His joy,  
That our grief He may destroy:  
Till our grief is fled and gone  
He doth sit by us and moan.

### **The Little Vagabond**

Dear mother, dear mother,  
the Church is cold;  
But the Alehouse is healthy,  
and pleasant, and warm.  
Besides, I can tell where I am used well;  
The parsons with wind  
like a blown bladder swell.

But, if at the Church  
they would give us some ale,  
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,  
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,  
Nor ever once wish  
from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach,  
and drink, and sing,  
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring;  
And modest Dame Lurch,  
who is always at church,  
Wouldn't have bandy children,  
nor fasting, nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see  
His children as pleasant and happy as He,  
Would have no more quarrel  
with the Devil or the barrel,  
But kiss him, and give him  
both drink and apparel.

### **The Lamb**

Little lamb, who made thee?  
Does 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?  
Does 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!

### **The Tyger**

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 seize 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 and what dread feet?

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

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered 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?

### **Night**

The sun descending in the West,  
The evening star does shine;  
The birds are silent in their nest,  
And I must seek for mine.  
The moon, like a flower  
In heaven's high bower,  
With silent delight,  
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,  
Where flocks have ta'en delight,  
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move  
The feet of angels bright;  
Unseen, they pour blessing,  
And joy without ceasing,  
On each bud and blossom,  
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest  
Where birds are covered warm;  
They visit caves of every beast,  
To keep them all from harm:  
If they see any weeping  
That should have been sleeping,  
They pour sleep on their head,  
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,  
They pitying stand and weep;  
Seeking to drive their thirst away,  
And keep them from the sheep.

But, if they rush dreadful,  
The angels, most heedful,  
Receive each mild spirit,  
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes  
Shall flow with tears of gold:  
And pitying the tender cries,  
And walking round the fold:  
Saying: 'Wrath by His meekness,  
And, by His health, sickness,  
Is driven away  
From our immortal day.'

'And now beside thee, bleating lamb,  
I can lie down and sleep,  
Or think on Him who bore thy name,  
Graze after thee, and weep.  
For, washed in life's river,  
My bright mane for ever  
Shall shine like the gold,  
As I guard o'er the fold.'

### **Jerusalem**

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.