

## Louis Andriessen (b.1939)

### Overture to Orpheus (1982)

## John Dowland (1563-1626)

### Come, heavy sleep (1597)

arranged by Paul Edlin

*Anonymous*

Come heavy sleep the image of true death,  
And close up these my weary weeping eyes:  
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,  
And tears my heart with sorrow's sigh swollen cries:  
Come and posses my tired thoughts-worn soul,  
That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,  
Allied to death, child to his black-faced night:  
Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,  
Whose waking fancies do my mind affright.  
O come sweet sleep, come, or I die for ever:  
Come ere my last sleep comes, or come never.

## Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

### O solitude, my sweetest choice Z406 (1684-5)

realised by Benjamin Britten

*Katherine Philips*

O solitude, my sweetest choice!  
Places devoted to the night,  
Remote from tumult and from noise,  
How ye my restless thoughts delight!  
O solitude, my sweetest choice!  
O heav'ns! what content is mine,  
To see these trees, which have appear'd  
From the nativity of time,  
And which all ages have rever'd,  
To look today as fresh and green  
As when their beauties first were seen.  
O, how agreeable a sight  
These hanging mountains do appear,  
Which th'unhappy would invite  
To finish all their sorrows here,  
When their hard fate makes them endure  
Such woes as only death can cure.  
O, how I solitude adore!  
That element of noblest wit,  
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,  
Without the pains to study it.  
For thy sake I in love am grown  
With what thy fancy does pursue;  
But when I think upon my own,  
I hate it for that reason too,  
Because it needs must hinder me  
From seeing and from serving thee.  
O solitude, O how I solitude adore!

### We sing to him whose wisdom form'd the ear Z199 (pub. 1688)

realised by Benjamin Britten

*Nathaniel Ingelo*

We sing to Him, whose wisdom form'd the ear,  
our songs, let Him who gave us voices, hear;  
we joy in God, who is the Spring of mirth,  
who loves the harmony of Heav'n and Earth;  
our humble sonnets shall that praise rehearse,  
who is the music of the Universe.  
And whilst we sing, we consecrate our art,  
and offer up with ev'ry tongue a heart.

### The Fairy Queen Z629 (1692)

*Anonymous, after William Shakespeare*

### One charming night

realised by Benjamin Britten

One charming night  
Gives more delight  
Than a hundred lucky days.  
Night and I improve the feast,  
Make the pleasure longer last,  
A thousand thousand several ways.

### I take no pleasure in the sun's bright beams Z388 (1680)

realised by Benjamin Britten

*Anonymous*

I take no pleasure in the sun's bright beams,  
Nor in the crystal river's purling streams,  
But in a dark and silent shady grove,  
I sigh out woes of my neglected love.  
Come, cruel fair, and charm me, ere I go  
To Death's embraces in the shades below.  
For though condemn'd and fetter'd here I lie,  
Till I your sentence have, I cannot die.  
One look from those dear eyes, and then adieu,  
To all your cruelties and beauties too.

## Wilhelm Friedemann Bach (1710-1784)

### Sonata in E flat (1748)

#### I. Allegro non troppo

#### II. Largo

#### III. Presto

## Bohuslav Martinů (1890-1959)

### Two Pieces for harpsichord (1935)

# Michael Tippett (1905-1998)

## Songs for Ariel (1962)

*William Shakespeare*

### Come unto these yellow sands

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist,  
Foot it feately here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.  
Hark, hark!  
The watch-dogs bark!  
Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

### Full fathom five

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell  
Hark! now I hear them, – Ding-dong, bell.

### Where the bee sucks

Where the bee sucks. there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.