

WIGMORE HALL 125

Saturday 8 November 2025
4.30pm

Rebecca Clarke Day

Lecture-Recital III: A British Voice – The Royal
College of Music's Cornucopia of English Song

Ailish Tynan soprano
Kitty Whately mezzo-soprano
Nicholas Phan tenor
Ashley Riches bass-baritone
Anna Tilbrook piano
Natasha Loges speaker

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

John Ireland (1879-1962)

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

George Butterworth (1885-1916)

Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Muriel Herbert (1897-1984)

Elizabeth Maconchy (1907-1994)

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

La belle dame sans merci (1877)

Silent Noon from *The House of Life* (1903)

Earth's call (1918)

June Twilight (1925)

The lads in their hundreds from *6 Songs from A
Shropshire Lad* (1911)

Sleep (1912)

King David (1919)

The Lake Isle of Innisfree (1928)

The Woodspurge (1930)

Love went a-riding (1914)



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Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

La belle dame sans merci (1877)

John Keats

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So lone and palely loitering?
The sedge hath wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woebegone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true.'

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—'La belle dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

I saw their starved lips in the gloom,
With horrid warning gaping wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Silent Noon from *The House of Life* (1903)

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, –
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragonfly
Hangs like a blue thread loosen'd from the sky: –
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companion'd inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

John Ireland (1879-1962)

Earth's call (1918)

Harold Monro

The fresh air moves like water round a boat.
The white clouds wander. Let us wander too.
The whining, wavering plover flap and float.
That crow is flying after that cuckoo.
Look! Look! ... they're gone. What are the great trees
calling?
Just come a little farther, by that edge
Of green, to where the stormy ploughland, falling
Wave upon wave, is lapping to the hedge.
Oh, what a lovely bank! Give me your hand.
Lie down and press your heart against the ground.
Let us both listen till we understand
Each through the other, every natural sound ...

I can't hear anything today, can you,
But, far and near: 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!'

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

June Twilight (1925)

John Masefield

The twilight comes;
The sun dips down and sets,
The boys have done
Play at the nets.

In a warm golden glow
The woods are steeped.
The shadows grow;
The bat has cheeped.

Sweet smells the new-mown hay;
The mowers pass
Home, each his way,
through the grass.

The night-wind stirs the fern,
A night-jar spins;
The windows burn
In the inns.

Dusky it grows. The moon! The dew's descend.
Love, can this beauty in our hearts end?

George Butterworth (1885-1916)

The lads in their hundreds from 6 Songs from *A Shropshire Lad* (1911)

Alfred Edward Housman

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and
the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and
the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of
heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the
grave.

I wish I could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them
farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not
return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to
scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be
told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)

Sleep (1912)

John Fletcher

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dream beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy.
We, that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding.

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

King David (1919)

Walter de la Mare

King David was a sorrowful man:
No cause for his sorrow had he;
And he called for the music of a hundred harps,
To ease his melancholy.

They played till they all fell silent:
Played and play sweet did they;
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David
They could not charm away.

He rose; and in his garden
Walked by the moon alone,
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,
Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes
Into the dark-boughed tree –
'Tell me, thou little bird that singest,
Who taught my grief to thee?'

But the bird in no wise heeded;
And the king in the cool of the moon
Hearkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,
Till all his own was gone.

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its
accompaniment have ended.*

Muriel Herbert (1897-1984)

The Lake Isle of Innisfree (1928)

William Butler Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the
cricket sings,
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Elizabeth Maconchy (1907-1994)

The Woodspurge (1930)

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:
I had walked on at the wind's will,
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was,
My lips, drawn in said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me,
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

Love went a-riding (1914)

Mary Coleridge

Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode ...
The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.

Then all the youths and the maidens cried,
'Stay here with us, King of Kings.'
But Love said, 'No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings.'

Clarke June Twilight text by John Masefield, printed by kind permission from The Society of Authors as the literary representative of the estate of John Masefield. Howells King David text by Walter de la Mare, printed by kind permission from The Literary Trustees of Walter de la Mare and the Society of Authors as their representative.

Kitty Whately and Anna Tilbrook are delighted to announce that in January 2026, they will be working with the charity SWAP'ra to launch **The Rebecca Clarke Song Competition**, a new national competition celebrating Clarke and other British women composers of the past century. Singers and pianists are warmly encouraged to apply, and audiences will be invited to attend the public semi-final and final in central London. Applications close on 28 November. For more information please see swap-ra.org/rebecca-clarke-song-competition

For full information about Rebecca Clarke and her works, please see rebeccaclarkecomposer.com