CaL PERFORMances





Program Book

Sunday, October 25, 2026, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Iestyn Davies, *countertenor*
Oliver Wass, *harp*

PROGRAM

Giovanni Maria TRABACI (1575–1647)	*Toccata Seconda & Ligature per l'arpa* (1615)
Claudio MONTEVERDI (1567–1643)	*Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius*, SV 287 (1641)
Girolamo FRESCOBALDI (1583–1643)	*Se l'aura spira tutta vezzosa*, F 7.15 (1630)
Francesco CAVALLI (1602–1676)	"Delizie contente," from *Il Giasone* (1649)
Henry PURCELL (1659–1695)	"Strike the Viol," from *Ode on the Birthday of Queen Mary II*, Z. 323 (1694)
Claude DEBUSSY (1862–1918)	"Clair de lune," from *Suite Bergamasque* (1890–1905)
Francis POULENC (1899–1963)	*Le Bestiaire*, FP 15 (1919) Le dromadaire Le chèvre du Thibet La sauterelle Le dauphin L'écrevisse La carpe
Franz SCHUBERT (1797–1828)	Im Frühling, D. 882 (1826) Seligkeit, D. 433 (1816) An den Mond, D. 193 (1815)

INTERMISSION

Amy BEACH (1867–1944)	Ecstasy, Op. 19, No. 2 (1892)
Anna MEREDITH (b. 1978)	Fin like a flower (2010)
PURCELL	Sweeter than Roses (1695)
Manuel de FALLA (1876–1946)	"Spanish Dance" from *La Vida Breve* (1904–1905)
Nico MUHLY (b. 1981)	Four Traditional Songs (2011) A Brisk Young Lad Searching for Lambs The Cruel Mother The Bitter Withy
Benjamin BRITTEN (1913–1976)	Suite for Harp, Op. 83 (1969) Overture Toccata Nocturne Fugue
George Frideric HANDEL (1685–1759)	"Sento amor," from *Partenope* (1730) "O Lord, whose mercies numberless," from *Saul* (1738)

This performance is made possible in part by Bernice E. Greene.

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PROGRAM NOTES

Spanning more than four centuries, this program explores the many ways in which music gives voice to love, nature, desire, memory, and mortality. We begin in the luminous world of 17th-century Italy: Trabaci's *Toccata Seconda & Ligature per l'arpa* announces the opening of this recital with its delicate virtuosity before Monteverdi's *Laudate Dominum* turns to sacred praise, Psalm 150, invoking the harp and other instruments in a universal call for the celebration of creation. Frescobaldi's *Se l'aura spira* brings us into an idyllic landscape of roses, fountains, birds, and dancing nymphs, while Cavalli's "Delizie contente" from the opera *Il Giasone* transforms sensual pleasure into something almost overwhelming: the singer asks the delights of love to stop, even as he willingly surrenders himself to their fatal sweetness. Purcell's "Strike the Viol" completes the sequence with an exuberant celebration of music itself, calling upon viol, lute, harp, and flute to praise and rejoice for the birthday of Queen Mary II.

Debussy's "Clair de Lune," inspired by Paul Verlaine's 1869 poem of the same name that describes a dreamlike garden landscape filled with masked dancers, playing lutes and singing of sad and beautiful things in a calm moonlit atmosphere, provides a moment of

reflection, before launching both singer and harp into the fantastical animal world of Apollinaire in Poulenc's *Le Bestiaire*: the camel becomes an image of freedom and travel and the goat an emblem of desire, the dolphin of joy shadowed by cruelty, the crayfish of uncertainty, and the carp of melancholy and mortality. Schubert's "Im Frühling" awakens memories of a lost love through the beauty of spring; "Seligkeit" contrasts the imagined bliss of heaven with the possibility of finding happiness in earthly love; and "An den Mond" addresses the moon as a confidant of memory and grief, asking it to illuminate the places once shared with a beloved, bringing the first half to a close.

The second half of this afternoon's recital opens with Amy Beach's "Ecstasy," imagining an almost timeless state of love, where the beloved offers refuge through both "storm and sunshine." Anna Meredith's "Fin like a Flower," written specifically for countertenor and harp, brings that idea into a strikingly contemporary sound world, text almost half spoken and unfinished and somewhat out of time. Purcell's "Sweeter than Roses" returns to the physical intensity of first love, describing a kiss that passes from trembling to fire and makes everything subsequently seen or touched seem transformed by love. Falla's "Spanish Dance" from *La Vida Breve* provides a vivid instrumental counterpart, before Nico Muhly's Four Traditional Songs, written especially for Iestyn Davies, plunges into the darker territory of English folk memory: lost love, separation, murder, death, and the supernatural.

Muhly chose these songs for their extraordinary storytelling power, describing "A Brisk Young Lad" as deeply sad; "Searching for Lambs" as bringing together one of the loveliest traditional melodies with one of the most unlikely love stories; "The Cruel Mother" as a murder ballad haunted by the ghosts of her children; and "The Bitter Withy" as especially poignant. Like Muhly's homage to the cultural heritage of the British Isles, Britten's Suite for Harp, is inspired by the heritage of its dedicatee, the Welsh harpist Osian Ellis. It makes full use of the harp's large range and exploits various techniques, such as tremolando, to great affect. Britten's music was heavily inspired also by the Baroque and he was instrumental in kick-starting much of the early-music revival of the mid-20th century, and so it is fitting that we return to the 18th century and Handel, in full operatic voice in a florid aria from his comic opera *Partenope*; in "Sento amor," love is remembered as an irresistible wound whose first arrow still has the greatest power. A businessman as much as composer, Handel adapted his output to serve his downturn in operatic fortunes during the 1730s and realized his expressive genius through the loosely sacred works of his oratorios. "Oh Lord, Whose Mercies Numberless," from *Saul*, finds the young hero David kneeling at the feet of the raging and jealous King Saul, attempting to expel the demons from his mind with a hymn of quiet prayer. The magic of this aria lies both in the tension of harmonic suspensions throughout the vocal line and the crystalline harp solo David goes on to play to lull the king to rest.

—Iestyn Davies

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

After studying archaeology and anthropology at St John's College, Cambridge, **Iestyn Davies** continued his education at the Royal Academy of Music, London. An esteemed Handelian, he has delighted audiences globally with his vocal agility and supreme musicianship in roles such as Orlando, Rinaldo, Bertarido (*Rodelinda*), Ottone (*Agrippina*), and David (*Saul*). Committed also to contemporary music, his intelligent and considered interpretations have led to fruitful collaborations with Thomas Adés, George Benjamin, and Nico Muhly.

During the current season, Davies will create the role of Jørgen Tesman in the world premiere of *Hedda Gabler* by Vasco Mendoça for the Dutch National Opera; sing Oberon in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Teatro Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, and appear as Didymus in *Theodora* with the Monteverdi Choir and Christophe Rousset on a tour of South America and Europe. The countertenor makes a return to London's Barbican Centre to perform works by John Dowland in the "theatrical meditation' *An Anatomy of Melancholy* and continues his current recital tour of the US with harpist Oliver Wass. Other concert plans include Bach cantatas with Les Violons du Roy, Handel's *Messiah* with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and recitals in Shanghai with guitarist Sergio Bucheli.

An outstanding recitalist, Davies has performed in Vienna, Tokyo, Paris, and New York in repertoire ranging from Dowland to Eric Clapton. He is a regular favorite at London's Wigmore Hall and Kings Place, where he has curated several residencies, most recently a weekend at Wigmore Hall honoring John Dowland on the 400th anniversary of the composer's death.

Davies' recital discs have won three *Gramophone* Awards, and he can be heard on the Grammy-winning recording of Thomas Adès' *The Tempest*. He is the recipient of a Royal Philharmonic Society Award and was nominated for an Olivier Award for his singing role in *Farinelli and the King* opposite Mark Rylance (premiered at London's Sam Wanamaker Playhouse and transferred to the West End and Broadway). In 2017, he was awarded an MBE by the Queen for his services to music. Davies received a TAPA (Toronto Alliance for the Performing Arts) Award for Outstanding Performance by an Individual in 2026 following his performances as Orfeo with the Canadian Opera Company.

Oliver Wass, an award-winning soloist and chamber musician, as well as Professor of Harp at London's Royal College of Music, is renowned for playing with "verve and polish" (*The Times*).

He has won the Suoni d'Arpa International Competition in Italy, the International Harp Competition of Slovenia, and the Jury Prize at the International Harp Competition in Szeged, Hungary. In May 2016, he became the first harpist ever to win the Guildhall Gold Medal —the Guildhall's most prestigious prize.

Wass has performed every major harp concerto, including William Alwyn's *Lyra Angelica* with the Philharmonia Orchestra; Mozart's Flute and Harp Concerto in C major with The Mozartists and Debussy's *Danse sacrée et danse profane* with 12 Ensemble at Wigmore Hall; and he has directed the Handel Harp Concerto at London's Barbican Hall.

He plays both modern and early harps, and has performed the Handel Harp Concerto with the English Concert at Wigmore Hall on the triple harp, as well as touring to Carnegie Hall, the Berlin Philharmonie, and the Salzburg Mozarteum.

His flute-viola-harp trio, *The Pelléas Ensemble*, won the Royal Philarmonic Society Henderson Award and the Elias Fawcett Award for Outstanding Chamber Ensemble at the Royal Overseas League Competition. He has also won both the Grand Prize and the Audience Prize in the St Martin-in-the-Fields Chamber Music Competition.

Wass holds a First Class master's degree from the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, where he studied with Imogen Barford. He graduated from the University of York with a First Class Honors degree in chemistry. He spent his teenage years making fireworks in his parents basement. Remarkably, he says, he still has all his fingers.

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI
***Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius*, SV 287**
[Biblical text]

Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius;
Laudate eum in firmamento virtutis eius.
Laudate eum in sono tubae;
Laudate eum in psalterio et cithara.
Laudate eum in tympano et choro.
Laudate eum in cymbalis bene sonantibus;
Laudate eum in cymbalis iubilationibus.
Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum!
Alleluia.

Praise the Lord in his sanctuary

Praise the Lord in his sanctuary;
praise him in the firmament of his power.
Praise him in the sound of the trumpet;
praise him upon the psaltery and harp.
Praise him in the timbrels and choir.
Praise him upon the well-tuned cymbals,
Praise him upon the joyful cymbals.
Let every spirit praise the Lord!
Alleluia.

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

GIROLAMO FRESCOBALDI
Se l'aura spira tutta vezzosa, F 7.15
[Anonymous]

Se l'aura spira tutta vezzosa,
la fresca rosa ridente sta,
la siepe ombrosa di bei smeraldi
d'estivi caldi timor non ha.

A'balli, a'balli, liete venite,
ninfe gradite, fior di beltà.
Or, che sì chiaro il vago fonte
dall'alto monte al mar sen va.

Suoi dolci versi spiega l'augello,
e l'arboscello fiorito sta.
Un volto bello al l'ombra accanto
sol si dia vanto d'haver pieta.

Al canto, al canto, ninfe ridenti,
Scacciate i venti di crudelta.

When the graceful breeze blows

When the graceful breeze blows,
the fresh rose stands laughing
and the shady hedge of emerald green
has no fear of the summer heat.

Come delight in the dance,
nature's fair maidens, flowers of beauty,
while the clear stream
flows from the mountain to the sea,

Such sweet verses spread from bird to bird
bringing the sapling to flower.
A beautiful face in the nearby shade
alone exalts in displaying compassion.

With your song, sweet maidens,
drive away the winds of cruelty.

FRANCESCO CAVALLI
"Delizie contente," from *Il Giasone*
[Giacinta Andrea Cicognini]

Delizie contente, che l'alma beate fermate.

Su questo mio core deh più,
Deh più non stillate le gioie d'amore.
Delizie mie care, fermatevi qui:
Non so più bramare, mi basta così.
In grembo agli amori fra dolci catene morir,
Morir mi conviene, dolcezza omicida a morte,

A morte mi guida, mi guida in braccio
al mio bene.

Joyful delights, making my soul blissful

Joyful delights, making my soul blissful,
come to an end.
On my very heart
no longer drip the joys of love.
Dear pleasures, come to an end now:
I cannot desire any longer, it is enough
In Cupid's lap, tied by sweet chains I will die.
It suits me to die, sweet murder guides me
to death,
into the arms of my beloved.

HENRY PURCELL
"Strike the Viol," from *Ode on the Birthday of Queen Mary II*, Z. 323
[Nahum Tate]

Strike the viol, touch the lute,
Wake the harp, inspire the flute.
Sing your patroness' praise,
In cheerful and harmonious lays.

FRANCIS POULENC
***Le bestiaire*, FP 15**
[Guillaume Apollinaire]

The bestiary

Le dromadaire
Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l'admira
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

The dromedary
With his four dromedaries
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
roamed the world and admired it.
He did what I would like to do
if I had four dromedaries, too.

Le chèvre du Thibet
Les poils de cette chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine
Jason ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris

The Tibetan goat
The hair of this goat and even
the golden hair that so preoccupied
Jason, cannot match
the head of hair I'm smitten with.

La sauterelle
Voici la fine sauterelle
La nourriture de Saint Jean
Puissent mes vers être comme elle
Le régal des meilleures gens.

The grasshopper
Behold the delicate grasshopper,
the food Saint John was wont to eat.
May my verses likewise be
a feast for the elite.

Le dauphin
Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,
Mais le flot est toujours amer.
Parfois, ma joie éclate-t-elle?
La vie est encore cruelle.

The dolphin
Dolphins, you play in the sea,
though the waves are briny.
Does my joy at times erupt?
Life is still cruel.

L'écrevisse
Incertitude, ô mes délices
Vous et moi nous nous en allons
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,
À reculons, à reculons.

The crayfish
Uncertainty, O! my delights
You and I we progress
As crayfish progress,
Backwards, backwards.

La carpe
Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs,
Carpes, que vous vivez longtemps!
Est-ce que la mort vous oublie,
Poissons de la mélancolie.

The carp
In your pools, in your ponds,
Carp, how you live for aeons!
Does death forget you,
Fish of melancholy?

—Translations by © Richard Stokes, from
A French Song Companion *by Graham Johnson*
& Richard Stokes, published by OUP (2002)

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

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Im Frühling, D. 882
[Ernst Schulze]

Still sitz ich an des Hügels Hang,
Der Himmel ist so klar,
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
Einst, ach, so glücklich war.

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
So traulich und so nah,
Und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell,
Und sie im Himmel sah.

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,
Am liebsten pflückt' ich von dem Zweig,
Von welchem sie gepflückt.

Denn alles ist wie damals noch,
Die Blumen, das Gefild;
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell
Das blaue Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,
Es wechseln Lust und Streit,
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
Die Lieb' und ach, das Leid!

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur
Dort an dem Wiesenhang!
Dann blieb' ich auf den Zweigen hier,
Und säng ein süsses Lied von ihr,
Den ganzen Sommer lang.

In Spring

I sit silently on the hillside.
The sky is so clear,
the breezes play in the green valley
where once, at the first gleam of spring,
I was, ah, so happy.

Where I walked by her side
so fondly and so close,
and saw deep in the dark rocky stream
the lovely sky blue and bright,
and her reflected in the sky

See how the colorful spring
already peers from bud and flower!
Not all flowers are the same to me,
I'd like best to pluck them
from the branch from which she has plucked.

For all is as it used to be,
the flowers and the fields,
the sun shines no less brightly,
and the blue sky ripples
no less cheerfully in the stream.

It's only will and whim that change,
joy alternates with strife,
the happiness of love slips by,
and love alone remains,
love and, alas, sorrow!

Ah, if only I were a little bird
there on the hillside meadow!
Then I 'd stay on these branches here
and sing a sweet song about her
all summer long.

Seligkeit, D. 433
[Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty]

Freuden sonder Zahl
Blühn im Himmelssaal
Engeln und Verklärten,
Wie die Väter lehrten.
O da möcht' ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Jedem lächelt traut
Eine Himmelsbraut;
Harf' und Psalter klinget,
Und man tanzt und singet.
O da möcht' ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Lieber bleib' ich hier,
Lächelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der saget,
Daß ich ausgeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr,
Bleib' ich ewig hier!

Bliss

Joys without number
bloom in the halls of Heaven
for angels and transfigured souls,
as our fathers taught us.
How I 'd love to be there
and rejoice eternally!

A heavenly bride smiles
sweetly on everyone;
harp and psalter resound,
and there 's dancing and singing.
How I 'd love to be there
and rejoice eternally!

I'd sooner stay here
If Laura smiles on me
with a look that says
I've to grieve no more.
Blissfully then with her
I'd stay forever here!

An den Mond, D. 193
[Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty]

Geuss, lieber Mond, geuss deine Silberflimmer
Durch dieses Buchengrün,
Wo Phantasien und Traumgestalten
Immer vor mir vorüberfliehn.

Enthülle dich, dass ich die Stätte finde,
Wo oft mein Mädchen sass,
Und oft, im Wehn des Buchbaums
und der Linde,
Der goldnen Stadt vergass.

Enthülle dich, dass ich des Strauchs
mich freue,
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
Und einen Kranz auf jeden Anger streue,
Wo sie den Bach belauscht.

Dann, lieber Mond, dann nimm den
Schleier wieder,
Und traur um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den Wolkenflor hernieder,
Wie dein Verlassner weint!

To The Moon

Shed your silver light, dear moon,
through these green beeches,
where fancies and dream-like visions
forever flit by me!

Unveil yourself, that I might find the place
where my sweetheart often sat,
and where, to the rustle of beech and lime,

I often forgot the gilded town!

Unveil yourself, that I might enjoy the
murmuring bushes
that cooled her,
and lay a wreath on every meadow,
where she once listened to the brook!

Then, dear moon, veil yourself once more

and mourn your friend,
and weep through hazy clouds,
just like I, forsaken, weep.

—Translations by © Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder *(Faber & Faber, 2005), with thanks to George Bird, co-author of* The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder *(Victor Gollancz Ltd, 1977).*

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

AMY BEACH
Ecstasy, Op. 19, No. 2
[Amy Beach]
Only to dream among the fading flowers,
Only to glide along the tranquil sea;
Ah dearest, dearest, have we not together
One long, bright day of love, so glad and free?

Only to rest through life, in storm and sunshine,
Safe in thy breast, where sorrow dare not fly;
Ah dearest, dearest! Thus in sweetest rapture
With thee to live, with thee at last to die!

ANNA MEREDITH
Fin like a flower
[Philip Ridley]
You wore your fin
Like a flower
And by petal
And perfume
Enticed me
beyond
Land's
End
to your
teeth
oh, consume me
Piece by piece
Oh, no release
I'm in your power
My fin like a flower.

PURCELL
Sweeter than Roses
[Anonymous]
Sweeter than roses,
Or cool evening breeze on a warm
flowery shore,
Was the dear kiss first trembling made
me freeze,
Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

NICO MUHLY
Four Traditional Songs

A Brisk Young Lad
A brisk young lad, he courted me,
He stole away my liberty,
He stole my heart with a free good-will,
He has it now and he'll keep it still.

There is a flow'r I've heard them say,
Would ease my heart both night and day,
I would to God that flow'r I could find
That would ease my heart and my
troubling mind.

Dig me a grave both wide and deep,
Set marble stones at my head and feet,
And a turtle white dove carve over above
To let the world know that I died of love.x

Searching for Lambs
As I went out one May morning,
One May morning betime
I met a maid, from home had stray'd
Just as the sun did shine

What makes you rise so soon, my dear,
Your journey to pursue?
Your pretty little feet they tread so sweet,
Strike off the morning dew.

I'm going to feed my father's flock,
His young and tender lambs,
That over hills and over dales
Lie waiting for their dams.

O stay! O stay! you handsome maid,
And rest a moment here,
For there is none but you alone
That I do love so dear.

How gloriously the sun doth shine,
How pleasant is the air,
I'd rather rest on a true love's breast
Than any other where.

For I am thine and thou art mine,
No man shall uncomfort thee;
We'll join our hands in wedded bands
And married we will be.

The Cruel Mother

There was a lady lived in York,
All alone and a loney,
A farmer's son, he courted her
All down by the greenwood side.

He courted her for sev'n long years,
All alone and a loney,
At last she had a child by him,
All down by the greenwood side.

She pitched her knee against a tree,
All alone and a loney,
And there she found great misery,
All down by the greenwood side.

She pitched her back against a thorn,
All alone and a loney,
And there she had her baby boy.
All down by the greenwood side.

She drew the fillet off her head,
All alone and a loney,
She bound the baby's hands and legs
All down by the greenwood side.

She drew a knife both long and sharp,
All alone and a loney,
She pierced the baby's innocent heart,
All down by the greenwood side.

She wiped the knife upon the grass,
All alone and a loney,
The more she wiped the blood run fast,
All down by the greenwood side.

She washed her hands all in the spring,
All alone and a loney,
Thinking to turn a maid again,
All down by the greenwood side.

As she was going to her father's hall,
All alone and a loney,
She saw three babes a-playing at ball,
All down by the greenwood side.

One dressed in silk, the other in satin,
All alone and a loney,
The other stark-naked as ever was born,
All down by the greenwood side.

"O dear baby if you was mine,
All alone and a loney,
I'd dress you in silk, and satin so fine,
All down by the greenwood side."

"O dear mother I once was thine,
All alone and a loney,
You never would dress me coarse or fine,
All down by the greenwood side.

"The coldest earth, it was my bed,
All alone and a loney,
The green grass was my coverlet,
All down by the greenwood side.

"O mother, mother for your sin,
All alone and a loney,
Heav'ngate you shall not enter in,
All down by the greenwood side.

"There is a fire beyond Hell's gate,
All alone and a loney,
And there you'll burn both early and late,
All down by the greenwood side."

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

The Bitter Withy
As it befell on a bright holiday,
Small hail from the sky did fall,
Our Saviour asked his mother dear
If he might go and play at ball.

At ball, at ball, my own dear Son,
It's time that you were gone,
And don't let me hear of any mischief
At night when you come home.

So up the hill and down the hill
Our sweet young Saviour ran,
Until he met three rich young lords,
'Good morning' to each one.

"Good morn, good morn, good morn," said they,
"Good morning," then said he,
"And which of you three rich young lords
Will play at ball with me?"

"We all are lords' and ladies' sons,
Born in a baron hall,
And you are nothing but a poor maid's child,
Born in an oxen stall."

Sweet Jesus turned him round about,
He neither laughed nor smiled,
But the tears came trickling from his eyes
Like water from the sky.

Then he made him a bridge from the
beams of the Sun
And over the water ran he,
The rich young lords chased after him
And drown'd they were all three.

Then up the hill and down the hill
Three rich young mothers ran,
Saying, "Mary mild, fetch home your child
For drown'd is ours each one."

So Mary mild fetched home her child
And laid him across her knee
And with a handful of withy twigs,
She gave him slashes three.

"Ah bitter withy, ah bitter withy,
You've causèd me to smart,
And the willow shall be the very first tree
To perish at the heart."

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL

"Sento amor," from *Partenope*, HWV 27
Sento amor con novi dardi,
Ma il piu dolce e il primo strale.

E frà cento accesi sguardi
Il primiero al fin prevale.

Love unrelenting
Love unrelenting, with a varied dart,
less pleasing than the first, has pierc'd
my heart.
Amidst the languish of each glance I find
my soul more fondly to the first inclin'd.

"O Lord, whose mercies numberless," from *Saul*, HWV 53
O Lord, whose mercies numberless
O'er all thy works prevail:
Though daily man Thy law transgress,
Thy patience cannot fail.
If yet his sin be not too great,
The busy fiend control;
Yet longer for repentance wait,
And heal his wounded soul.