



Friday August 24, 2018, 12.40pm

Stella Seaton-Sims *mezzo soprano*

Phillip Ypres-Smith *piano*

CONCERTS in the ROUND

*There will be a retiring
collection to support
the music programme
at St Chad's.*

*Refreshments are
served in the hall after
Friday concerts*

*Children are very welcome,
but we respectfully ask you
to take them out quietly if
they become noisy*

For church events
www.stchadschurchshrewsbury.com

For organ recitals
www.organrecitals.com

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for details of concerts
in the area

The Maids of Cadiz

We'd been to see the bullfight - three boys, three girls. It was beautiful on the green and we danced a bolero to the sound of castanets. Tell me, neighbour, if I'm fair and my skirt looks good this morning. Do you find my waist slim? The maids of Cadiz like to hear that! And we danced a bolero one Sunday evening. A gentleman approached us - clothes sewn with gold, a feather in his hat and hand on hip. If you want anything of me, a brunette with a sweet smile, you only need say and this gold is yours! Go on your way, fine sir... the maids of Cadiz won't hear of that!

Leo Delibes (1836-91)
Words by Alfred de Musset

El pescador sin dinero (The penniless fisherman) (from 'Canciones populares')

Fresh, delicious fish from the river - come and listen to my lament. Rush swiftly through the water, rush - for I no longer have any money and neither do I have a fishing line. Weep with my lament. I have nothing left, nothing - I have no fisherman's basket nor do I have my shirt embroidered with an anchor by my love. Yes, weep, everyone, weep with my lament. Rush through the water.

Oscar Esplá (1886-1975)
Words by Rafael Alberti

Prelude in B flat (Opus 28, No 21)

Aquarelle (Words by M.E. Baldwin)
Put your hand in mine (Words: Anon)
A Lullaby (Words: M.E. Baldwin)

Frederic Chopin (1810-49)
Sir George Dyson (1883-1964)

Prelude in E minor (Opus 28, No 4)

High in the Georgian hills ...

The evening mist lies on the hills of Georgia - the Acaxoz river murmurs before me. I am sad but light-hearted. My sadness is brightened and filled with you. With you and you alone. Nothing alarms or disturbs the growings of my heart and again my heart burns and loves because it can only love.

Frederic Chopin

Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)
Words by Alexander Pushkin

Love's Philosophy

The Rose

Where is our rose, my friend? The child of the dawn has faded. Don't say: so youth fades away! Don't say: this is the joy of life! To the flowers say: forgive me, I pity you! - and point out to me the fly.

Frederick Delius (1862-1934)
Words by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Nicolai Medtner (1880-1951)
Words by Alexander Pushkin

Prelude in G minor (Opus 28, No 22)

Chanson triste (Sad Song)

In your heart a moonbeam is sleeping - a soft, summer moonbeam. To escape the problems of life I'll bathe in your light. I'll forget past pains, my love, when you cradle my sad heart and thoughts in the loving peace of your arms. You'll take my sick head sometimes on your knees and tell it a ballad that apparently speaks of us and in your sorrowful eyes I'll drink in so many kisses and caresses that perhaps I'll recover...

Frederic Chopin

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Words by Jean Lahoré

The Song of Sorrowful Love (from the ballet 'Love the Magician')

Ah! I don't know what I feel or what's happening to me now this detestable gypsy has left me. The candle burns! My blood, inflamed by jealousy, burns more than hell! Ah! When the river sings what does it want to say! Ah! To desire another he forgets me! Ah! When the fire burns ... when the river sings ... if water doesn't extinguish fire I am condemned to suffer pain! I am poisoned by love! Grief kills me! Ah!

Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)
Words by Gregorio Martínez Sierra

Next Friday: Romanesca *music for recorder quartet*