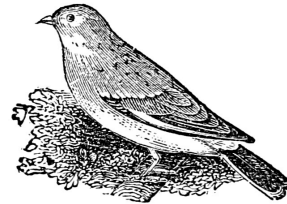


The Michael Singers present:

## birds

Monday 19 March, 2018  
UCLH Atrium



THE LINNET

### The singers

Greg Barbour  
Dougal Davis  
Liam Escott  
Damián Gvirtz  
Pol van Hoften  
Simon Jolly  
Yang Li  
Emily Maw  
Rosalba García Millán  
Alice Sackville Hamilton  
Adam Townsend  
Helen Wilson  
Alex Young

Directed by Sheena Phillips



We are a group of faculty and students, mostly from or connected to UCL Maths Department. To be added to our email list, please send a note to [liam.escott.12@ucl.ac.uk](mailto:liam.escott.12@ucl.ac.uk)

**Linnet** words by William Wordsworth (1770 – 1850)  
music by Ludwig van Beethoven (1770 – 1827)

**Il Bianco e Dolce Cigno** (The White and Lovely Swan)  
words by Giovanni Guidiccioni (1480 – 1541)  
music by Jacob Arcadelt (c. 1505 – c. 1568)

**Blackbird** John Lennon and Paul McCartney arr. Daryl Runswick  
Solo whistling: Emily Maw

**Mo Chasan Dubh** (The White Swan's Lullaby)  
trad. arr. John Hearne  
Solo: Helen Wilson

**Sparrow** words by Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872 – 1906)  
music by Antonio Caldara (1670 – 1736)

**The Blue Bird** words by Mary Coleridge (1861 – 1907)  
music by C.V. Stanford (1852 – 1924)  
Solo: Alice Sackville-Hamilton

**Le Chant des Oyseaulx** (Birdsong) Clément Janequin (1485 – 1558)

**Skylark** words by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792 – 1822)  
music by Sheena Phillips

See overleaf for texts and translations

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Enquiries: Liam Escott ([liam.escott.12@ucl.ac.uk](mailto:liam.escott.12@ucl.ac.uk))

### **Linnet**

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees that twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
Behold him perched in ecstasies, yet seeming still to hover.  
There! where the flutter of his wings upon his back and body flings  
Shadows and sunny glimmerings that cover him all over.

### **Il Bianco e Dolce Cigno**

Il bianco e dolce cigno cantando more,  
Ed io piangendo giung' al fin del viver mio.  
Stran' e diversa sorte,  
Ch'ei more sconcolato, ed io moro beato.  
Morte che nel morire, m'empie di gioia tutto e di desire.  
Se nel morir, altro dolor non sento,  
Di mille morte il di sarei contento.

*The white and sweet swan dies singing,  
And I, weeping, reach the end of my life.  
Strange and different fate,  
That he dies disconsolate, and I die blessed.  
A death that, in dying, fills me full of joy and desire.  
If, in dying, I felt no other pain,  
I would be content to die a thousand deaths every day.*

### **Blackbird**

Blackbird singing in the dead of night,  
Take these broken wings and learn to fly;  
All your life, you were only waiting for this moment to arise.  
Blackbird singing in the dead of night,  
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see;  
All your life, you were only waiting for this moment to arise.  
Blackbird, fly, into the light of a dark black night.

### **Mo Chasan Dubh**

Cu bhí cì, cu bhí cò, cu bhí cuan, etc. (*imitation swan song*)

Mo chasan dubh, 's mi fhìn bán.  
*My feet are black and I am white.*

### **Sparrow**

A little bird with plumage brown beside my window flutters down,  
A moment chirps its little strain, then taps upon my window pane,  
Then chirps again and hops along, to call my notice to his song.

So birds of peace and hope and love come fluttering earthward from above,  
To settle on life's window sills and ease our load of earthly ills;  
But we, in traffic's rush and din too deep engaged to let them in,  
With deadened heart and sense plod on, nor know our loss till they are gone.

### **The Blue Bird**

The lake lay blue below the hill,  
O'er it, as I looked, there flew  
Across the waters, cold and still,  
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,  
The sky beneath me blue in blue.  
A moment, ere the bird had passed,  
It caught his image as he flew.

### **Le Chant des Oyseaulx**

Reveillez vous, cueurs endormis,  
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne.  
A ce premier jour de may,  
Oysealux feront merveillez,  
Pour vous mettre hors d'esmay  
Destoupez vos oreilles.  
Et fa-ri-ra-ri-ron etc.  
Vous serez tous en ioye mis,  
Car la saison est bonne.

*Rouse yourselves, sleeping hearts,  
The god of love calls you.  
On this first day of May,  
The birds will make you marvel.  
To banish your dismay,  
Unstop your ears.  
Fa-ri-ra-ri-ron etc. (imitation birdsong)  
You will all be moved to joy  
Because it's a delightful season.*

### **Skylark**

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.