

ROYAL WELSH COLLEGE
OF MUSIC & DRAMA
COLEG BRENHINOL
CERDD A DRAMA CYMRU

Saturday 6 March | Sadwrn 6 Mawrth 2021
4pm

International Women's Day Concert
Cyngerdd Diwrnod Rhyngwladol y Menywod

Forgotten Voices

Created in partnership with Kitty Whately & SWAP'ra
Wedi'i greu mewn partneriaeth â Kitty Whately &
SWAP'ra

NEUADD
DORA STOUTZKER
HALL

Programme | Rhaglen

Elaine Hugh-Jones The Trumpet

Performed by Rhys Meilyr

Grace Williams Slow, Slow Fresh Fount

Grace Williams Fear, No More the Heat o' the Sun

Performed by Charlotte Forfar

Elaine Hugh-Jones *Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun*

Performed by Molly Beere

Morfydd Owen Flower Songs

1. I'r Fioledau (To Violets)

2. Duw 'Greodd Ardd o Rosynnau (God Made a Lovely Garden)

Performed by Emyllt Thomas

Elaine Hugh-Jones Two Fantastic Songs

1. To Julia

2. The Children

Performed by Nicole Dickie

Claire Lidell Five Orkney Scenes

1. Fisherman's Bride No.4

2. Roads No.5

Performed by Kira Charleton

Morfydd Owen Sunshine Town

Morfydd Owen April

Performed by Chloe Hare-Jones

Morfydd Owen Gweddi y Pechadur

Performed by Rhys Meilyr

Elaine Hugh-Jones Nights Songs

1. The Starlight Night

2. The Nightingale Near the House

Performed by Maisie O'Shea

Elaine Hugh-Jones Music
Performed by Molly Beere

About SWAP'ra

SWAP'ra was established in 2018 to redress unconscious gender bias and to provide a supportive platform to effect positive change for women and parents in opera.

SWAP'ra is a group of artists who have come together to build a supportive community and to effect positive change for women and parents in opera.

We aim to be a voice for women and parents (men and women) in opera by

- celebrating professional achievements in an industry where women are underrepresented in so many areas, as illustrated by the graphics to the left
- collating data from existing artists in the industry and offering effective and workable solutions for companies
- establishing a friendly, supportive and non-judgemental community
- providing a platform for performance and publicity
- challenging preconceptions to improve attitudes towards women and parents in the arts

The ultimate aim is to foster an environment in which a female CEO, Music Director, Artistic Director, Conductor, Composer or Librettist is no longer noteworthy

Elaine Hugh-Jones The Trumpet
Performed by Rhys Meilyr

Rise up, rise up,
And as the trumpet blowing
Scatters the dreams of men,
The dawn glowing
As the stars that left unlit
The land and water,
Rise up and scatter
The dew that covers
The print of last night's lovers;
Scatter it, scatter it!

While you are listening
To the clear horn,
Forget, men, everything
On this earth new-born,
Except that it is lovelier
Than any mysteries.
Open your eyes to the air
That has washed the eyes of the stars
Through all the dewy night:
Up with the light,
To the old wars;
Arise, arise!

Grace Williams Slow, Slow Fresh Fount
Performed by Charlotte Forfar

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;
Yet slower, yet, O faintly, gentle springs!
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers;
Fall grief in showers.

Grace Williams Fear, No More the Heat o' the Sun
Performed by Charlotte Forfar

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Elaine Hugh-Jones *Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun*
Performed by Molly Beere

Fear no more the heat o' the sun;
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers come to dust.

Fear no more the frown of the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:

The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dread thunder-stone;
Fear no slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exerciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Morfydd Owen Flower Songs—I'r Fioledau (To Violets)
Performed by Emyllt Thomas

Croeso, swil forynion, chwi sy'n dwyn
Welcome, shy maidens, you do bring

Sawr a swyn, Y Gwanwyn tirion.
Beauty and charm, to the gentle spring.

Ganddo mae gwryfon teg, di-ri',
With him fair and plenty virgins,

Eto chwi sy'n fwyaf graslon.
And you most gracious.

Eich gwryfol riniau 'ddont â bri 'nawr i chwi
Your virginal essence now brings excitement,

Goruwch rosynnau.
More than the roses.

Ond, er i chwi'n boddio,
However, as satisfying as you are,

Gyda hyn pawb a fynn
With all your qualities in mind, you will

Eich llwyr anghofio.
Be entirely forgotten.

Morfydd Owen Flower Songs—Duw 'Greodd Ardd o
Rosynnau (God Made a Lovely Garden)
Performed by Esyllt Thomas

Duw 'greodd ardd a'i llond o hardd rosynnau,
God made a garden full of lovely roses,

Ac yno sawrai holl felystra'r byd:
And there, all the sweetness of the world sharpens:

Y cyfoeth droes yn ddethol flodeuglynnau,
And from its wealth was pluck'd the choicest posies,

Ni wenodd haul ar ddim mor deg ei bryd,
Nor ever shone the sun on a scene fairer.

Mor llawn rhyfeddod oedd yr heulog fannau,
So full the wonder were the sunlit spaces,

Pob cysgod rhiniol draw a'm denodd i;
And ev'ry shadow held such sweet allures;

Un dydd mi ddysgais rin y mwyn rosynnau,
One day, I learnt the secret of its graces,

Cans eiddot oeddynt hwythau, eiddot ti.
As they belonged to you.

Elaine Hugh-Jones Two Fantastic Songs—To Julia
Performed by Nicole Dickie

Oh, she thought she was in China
And a million miles away...
All among the tall pagodas where the shining geishas play,
And the mocking birds were singing,
And the lanterns burning red,
And the temple bells were ringing softly, softly, in her head.
And those high and frozen mountains
Brought her comfort in the night,
Golden fish in silver fountains
Wove her garments of delight.
And the rich mimosa blossoms scented all the shining air,
And the mocking birds were nesting quietly, quietly, in her hair.

Elaine Hugh-Jones Two Fantastic Songs—The Children
Performed by Nicole Dickie

Once more he steps into the street,
And to his lips again laid his long pipe of smooth, straight
cane.
And e'er he blew three notes (such sweet soft notes as yet
musician's cunning
Ne'er gave the enraptured air).
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling of merry
crowds,
Jostling at pitching and hustling.
Small feet were pattering,
Wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farmyard where barley is scattering,
Out came the children running!
All the little boys and girls with rosy cheeks and flaxen curls
And sparkling eyes and teethlike pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after the magical music
With shouting and laughter.

Claire Lidell Five Orkney Scenes—Fisherman's Bride No.4
Performed by Kira Charleton

Around us a muted din of fiddles and feet
Cirlclings of bread and ale
This room we are in
At the seaward side, is still
I turn a cold sheet
Midnight.
The shoal drifts like a host of souls unborn along the shore.
The tide sets from the west.
His salt hand shift from tumults of thigh and breast
To the hard curve of an oar.

Claire Lidell Five Orkney Scenes—Roads No.5
Performed by Kira Charleton

The road to the burn is pails, gossip, gray linen.
The road to the shore is salt and tar.
We call the track to the peats the kestrel road.
The road to the Kirk is a road of silences.
Ploughmen's feet have beaten a road to the lamp and barrel.
And the road from the shop
Is loaves, sugar, paraffin, newspapers, gossip.
Tinkers and shepherds
Have the whole round hill for a road.

Morfydd Owen Sunshine Town
Performed by Chloe Hare-Jones

Quaint old streets and quaint old houses nestling by the sea.
Fisher boats in haven dreaming,
All are dear to me.
Thro' this byway off the highway,
Time goes slowly on its way,
In my little town of sunshine,
Just beyond the world of grey.

Near my little town of sunshine,
Birds sing oh so sweet,
And the breezes bear their rapture,
To the sunlit street.
Peace and song conspire together,
Making every hour divine.
I'm the place where God has given perfect joy to me and
mine.

Quaint old streets and quaint old houses,
Nestling by the sea.
Fisher boats in haven dreaming,
All are dear to me.

Morfydd Owen April
Performed by Chloe Hare-Jones

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

Morfydd Owen Gweddi y Pechadur
Performed by Rhys Meilyr

O'th flaen, O Dduw rwy'n dyfod,
O God! Before you I come,

Gan sefyll o hir bell;

And stand a long way off;

Pechadur yw fy enw
A sinner is my name

Ni feddaf enw gwell;
There is no better name;

Trugaredd wyf yn geisio
For mercy I am seeking

A cheisio eto wnaif;
And seek again I will;

Trugaredd i mi dyro
Have mercy on me

Rwy'n marw, rwy'n marw
I die, I die

Rwy'n marw o ni chaf.
I die unless it's so.

Pechadur wyf, mi welaf
A sinner I am, I see it now

O Dduw! Nad allaf ddim;
O Lord! That I cannot;

Rwy'n dlawd rwy'n frwnt rwy'n euog
I am poor and dirty and guilty

O! bydd drugarog im;
O Lord have mercy on me;

Rwy'n addef nad oes genyf
I admit I can do nothing

Trwy mywyd hyd fy medd
Throughout my life until my grave

O hyd ond gwaeddi pechais!
But to shout 'I am a sinner!'

Nid wyf yn haeddu hedd
I do not deserve peace

Nid wyf yn haeddu hedd.
I do not deserve peace.

Mi glywais gynt fod Iesu,
I heard before that Jesus,

A'i fod ef felly'n awr,
And that He is so now;

Yn derbyn publicanod
Accepts the publicans

A pechaduriaid mawr!
And the great sinners!

O derbyn Arglwydd derbyn
O Lord accept, please accept

Fi hefyd gyda hwy.
Me also with them

A maddau'm holl anwiredd
And forgive all my lying

Maddau, maddau'm holl anwiredd
Forgive, forgive all my iniquity

Heb gofio'm camwedd mwy
And forget all my wrongs.

Heb gofio, heb gofio'm camwedd mwy.
And forget all my wrongs

Elaine Hugh-Jones Nights Songs—The Starlight Night
Performed by Maisie O'Shea

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!
The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!
Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!
Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!
Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.

Buy then! bid then! — What? — Prayer, patience, alms, vows.
Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow shallows!
These are indeed the barn; withindoors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

Elaine Hugh-Jones Nights Songs—The Nightingale Near the
House
Performed by Maisie O'Shea

Here is the soundless cypress on the lawn:
It listens, listens. Taller trees beyond
Listen. The moon at the unruffled pond
Stares. And you sing, you sing.

That star-enchanted song falls through the air
From lawn to lawn down terraces of sound,
Darts in white arrows on the shadowed ground;
And all the night you sing.

My dreams are flowers to which you are a bee

As all night long I listen, and my brain
Receives your song, then loses it again
In moonlight on the lawn.

Now is your voice a marble high and white,
Then like a mist on fields of paradise,
Now is a raging fire, then is like ice,
Then breaks, and it is dawn.

Elaine Hugh-Jones Music
Performed by Molly Beere

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass.
Or night dews on still waters beneath walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

Credits

'Slow, slow, fresh font' by Grace Williams edition by Graeme Cotterill appears courtesy of Oriana Publications

'Fear no more' by Grace Williams appears courtesy of Oriana Publications

All songs by Elaine Hugh-Jones appear courtesy of Caradoc Press

2 songs by Claire Liddell from Five Orkney Scenes-
(Fisherman's Bride and Roads)- Appear courtesy of Good-
music Publishing Ltd



