



**OLD FIRE
STATION**

18 January 2019

*One Night,
Two Musical
Tributes to
the Bard*

Act One

The Food of Love Project

Act Two

Shakespeare in the Alley

*Paul Lodge
TMD Media
&
PinDrop Publicity*

Present



*A Performance in Two Acts
(with intermission)*

Act One

The Food of Love Project

**The Children of the Midnight Chimes,
Brickwork Lizards, Joe Swarbrick & Flights of Helios**

The Food of Love Project is an album commissioned by Tom McDonnell, director of the Oxford Shakespeare Jubilee 2016, which contains music mentioned or performed in Shakespeare's plays.

Act Two

Shakespeare in the Alley

Paul Lodge

Shakespeare in the Alley is a cycle of songs written by Paul and Richard Lodge in response to Shakespeare's plays. The songs take words and phrases from Shakespeare and reflect on his characters and themes to create a homage to the atmosphere and genius of the original works.

The Food of Love Project

The Children of the Midnight Chimes

Oh Death Rock Me Asleep – *Henry IV, Part II (Act II, Scene iv)*

Pistol: “What! shall we have incision? Shall we imbrue? (snatches up his sword) Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful.”

A Tudor-era poem. Usually attributed to Anne Boleyn, it was written shortly before her execution in 1536.

Brickwork Lizards

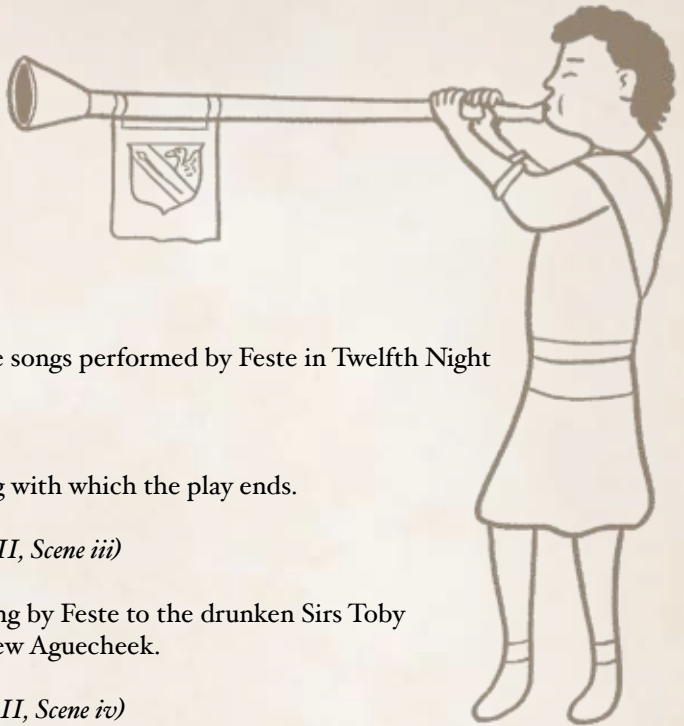
Fortune My Foe – *The Merry Wives of Windsor (Act II, Scene iii)*

Falstaff: ‘I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend.’

AKA *The Hanging Tune*, a 16th century Irish melody which appears in several early collections of music. It was licensed as a ballad in 1565-6.

Come Again – *Hamlet (Act IV, Scene v)*

Ophelia: “And will ‘a not come again? And will ‘a not come again? No, no, he is dead, Go to thy death bed: He will never come again.”



Joe Swarbrick

Original settings of three songs performed by Feste in Twelfth Night

Hey Ho (*Act V, Scene i*)

Feste's final song with which the play ends.

Oh Mistress Mine (*Act II, Scene iii*)

"A love song" sung by Feste to the drunken Sirs Toby Belch and Andrew Aguecheek.

Come Away Death (*Act II, Scene iv*)

A song performed for Duke Orsino which "did relieve (his) passion much" the night before

Flights of Helios

I Loathe That I Did Love – *Hamlet* (*Act V, Scene i*)

Referenced in 'The Gravediggers' Song'.

Full Fathom Five – *The Tempest* (*Act I, Scene ii*)

Ariel's song.

Song for Bassanio – *The Merchant of Venice* (*Act III, Scene ii*)

Music ordered by Portia while Bassanio determines which casket to choose.



The Children of the Midnight Chimes

The Children of the Midnight Chimes is a collaboration between Oxford Shakespeare Jubilee director Tom McDonnell and fellow *Food of Love Project* producer Sebastian Reynolds. A composer and multi-instrumentalist based in Oxford, Sebastian's previous releases include the *Mahajanaka* EP and the *Solo Collective Part One*, recorded with Anne Muller and Alex Stolze and released by Nonostar Records.

www.sebastianreynolds.co.uk

Brickwork Lizards

Brickwork Lizards is a Cinematic Arabic Jazz fusion ensemble based in Oxford, coming off the back of a successful nationwide tour promoting their latest album *Haneen*.

Brickwork Lizards began to take shape after a chance encounter at a party, when Egyptian vocalist and oud-player Tarik Beshir met Oxford rap scene stalwart Tom O'Hawk. Discovering a mutual love of the 1930s harmony group *The Ink Spots*, they dreamed up an entirely new sound that would combine pre-war jazz with Arabic and Middle Eastern music, paying tribute along the way to countless other styles.

Over the ten years since then the band has refined their line-up, adding guitar, drums and trumpet, alongside violin, cello and double bass, while building up a dedicated fan base with hundreds of gigs and festival appearances across the UK. *Brickwork Lizards'* eight members draw on a wide range of musical experiences, from critically-acclaimed Arabic classical ensembles (*Oxford Maqam*) to chart-topping pop groups (*Saint Etienne*).

"One of the most creative, and certainly eclectic, bands the city has ever produced."
(Oxford Times)

www.brickworklizards.com



Joe Swarbrick

Joe Swarbrick is a musician, writer, drama teacher and occasional actor based in Oxford. In 2016 he played the role of Feste in the Oxford Theatre Guild's production of *Twelfth Night*, as well as composing and arranging the music. Tonight's performance comprises excerpts from this. Joe was previously the singer in the Oxford band *Borderville* and is currently developing a new musical based on their work.



Flights of Helios

Flights of Helios are an exceptionally popular space rock/drone-folk group from Oxford. They have performed many high profile events over the years, including Glastonbury music festival. The band have recently been lauded by influential BBC presenters Steve Lamacq and Don Letts.

"Anyone who has caught the band live will know that when they're at their best, they can be truly transcendental."

(Oxford's *Nightshift*)

www.flightsofhelios.co.uk

*Music to hear,
why hear'st
thou music sadly?*

SonnetVIII



Shakespeare in the Alley

Paul Lodge

Tonight's performance comprises

Crooked Be My Discontent (Richard III)

Know Nothing (Henry IV)

I Am Swan (Richard II)

Summer Me All Night (A Midsummer Night's Dream)

From The Heath (King Lear)

Miranda's Island (The Tempest)

Her Intricate Variety (Antony and Cleopatra)

All This Time (The Winter's Tale)

The Briars Have Thorns (All's Well That Ends Well)

Crooked Be My Discontent
(Richard III)

If you make a world like this,
expect a spider's stratagem.
All who live their lives amiss,
will find that I can better them

Crooked be my discontent.

Who would woo in manner thus?
A snake has ways towards a bite.
I can cross you with my thrust.
I can make your red hear white

Crooked be my discontent.

Since none give me the chance or truth,
I shall take what can't be mine.
When you crush a withered fruit,
forth might gush a poisoned wine.

Crooked be my discontent.

Cynical is cynic done.
Evil meets its apogee.
When I have the kingdom one,
all will see themselves in me.

Crooked be my discontent.

A wicked world breeds wickedness.
A brutish world gets what it schemes.
Blame me not for your distress.
I have lived your evil dreams.

Crooked be my discontent.

Know Nothing
(Henry IV)

Wooden shacks and bitter ale
are friends I know will not me fail.
I go round a thwarting way.
Double words are what I say.
How I stagger, how I fall.
I am without use at all.
Bloated by my life of leisure,
I embody harmful pleasure.

In my mind a juggler jaunts.
In my mind a tester taunts.
In my mind my pride may vaunt.
But in my mind is where you haunt.

What a rotten joke I told.
How it hurts to be so old.
Oh my heart and feet are cold.
Yet my mind cannot be sold.
Come to me my laughing friend.
Let us drink to life, its end.
I shall go where you send.
My will to you will I bend.

In my mind a juggler jaunts.
In my mind a tester taunts.
In my mind my pride may vaunt.
But in my mind is where you haunt.

I have a scheme. I have a plan.
Now you're king, I'll by you stand.
I offer now my flabby hand.
You say "I know you not, old man."

In my mind a juggler jaunts.
In my mind a tester taunts.
In my mind my pride may vaunt.
But in my mind is where you haunt.

In my mind I am still young.
In my mind we've just begun.
In my mind I am not shunned.
In my mind you are my son.

I Am Swan

(Richard II)

I am swan
and golden.
I am mood
and rood blood

Loyalty is salt to the sea.
They deprive me.

Should I crawl
to one and all?
I make my go.
They mock me so.

Loyalty is salt to the sea.
They deprive me.

Who am I
if not the sky?
I must resign
all that is mine

Loyalty is salt to the sea.
They deprive me.

My act is done.
My setting sun.
I flow and run.
So the kingdom comes.

Loyalty is salt to the sea.
They deprive me.

Summer Me All Night

(A Midsummer Night's Dream)

The woods are dark with strange intentions,
foolish nights of summer escapades.
Spirits are the hope of love's true invention,
cannot be evaded in these shades.

Lose me in the night.
Love me in the night.
Find me in the moonlight.
Summer me all night.

The chase of love is starlit and alive,
guessing at the hounds and hares.
Only the honest lover can survive
jobs for those who fall down stairs.

Lose me in the night.
Love me in the night.
Find me in the moonlight.
Summer me all night.

Transformation makes the soul aspire.
Heaven is a place of still arrival.
Only after dreams dare you inquire.
Lovers live a life of dizzy spirals.

Lose me in the night.
Love me in the night.
Find me in the moonlight.
Summer me all night.

After turning and inverting you awake.
The best of us is what we designate.
I tell you that I love you until I ache.
The battle's won, love makes jokes of hate.

Lose me in the night.
Love me in the night.
Find me in the moonlight.
Summer me all night.

From The Heath*(King Lear)*

And that's true too.
I'm cold myself.
And that's true too.
I am bound on a wheel of fire.
And that's true too.
I know myself slenderly.
And that's true too.
And that's true too.
And that's true too.
I see the business.
And that's true too.
Stand up for bastards.
And that's true too.
Yet I Edmund was beloved.
And that's true too.
And that's true too.
And that's true too.
Milk-livered man.
And that's true too.
And my poor fool is hanged.
And that's true too.
Blow winds and crack your freaks.
And that's true too.
And that's true too.
And that's true too.
I am moonshine's lag.
And that's true too.
Unburdened crawl to death.
And that's true too.
See better Lear.
And that's true too.
And that's true too.
And that's true too.
Nothing comes of nothing.
And that's true too.
'Tis a dreadful trade.
And that's true too.
And I'll go to bed at noon.
And that's true too.
And that's true too.
And that's true too.

Miranda's Island*(The Tempest)*

We are such stuff.
As dreams decayed from.
Our revels now must end.
All we said is gainsaid now.

I cry to dream again.

The isle is full of noises.
Music falls like jewels.
Magic is tormenting.
My wishes are my fools.

I cry to dream again.

Admired mirror, tell me.
How might love be carried.
Faith and sacrifice,
are virtues, must be married.

I cry to dream again.

How she suffered.
When she saw.
How the others suffered.
Broken far from shore.

I cry to dream again.

Cloud capped towers loom.
Palaces and globes on fire.
Sunset burnish gloom.
Love taught to aspire.

I cry to dream again.

Her Intricate Variety

(Antony and Cleopatra)

Of course, of course, a golden barge
and cupid boys that swoon for her.
Of course, of course, her entourage
and how the sun must moon for her.

Love finds all in her intricate variety.

A horse, a horse, for warrior she
and armour o'er her proud torso.
A horse, a horse for victory
and playful thrust of to and fro.

Love stands tall for her intricate variety.

Perforce, perforce she makes commands
and draws love back if it ever stray.
Perforce, perforce, by her sweet hands,
a lover must be led astray.

Love is called in her intricate variety.

Assail, assail, and board the bark.
The noise is fierce, the battle shaking.
Assail, assail, this is no lark.
A coward soul is our unmaking.

Love has fallen for her intricate variety.

Away, away, she'll not be seen.
The shame is bitter, the failure pain.
Away, away, there is no scheme.
Can make this better, can make this gain.

Love is stalled by such intricate variety.

Of course, of course, a poison end,
and nothing more but tears and sorrow.
Of course, of course, without a friend,
we end our lives in bleak tomorrows.

Love is all in such intricate variety.

All This Time

(The Winter's Tale)

Frost eats the heart.
Nature freezes art.
Doubt hurts the soul.
Love fails and falls.

All this time, all this time,
when I was buried in snow.
All this time, all this time,
you knew what you know

Paranoia lies like life.
The sun is the moon's wife.
See it better, see it clear.
Truth alone can conquer fear.

All this time, all this time,
when I was beaten by the rain.
All this time, all this time,
you dared to remain.

Fool myself with lying.
Grow old lonely only crying.
Deny the joy that was there.
Grey your eyes, grey your hair.

All this time, all this time,
when I was hurled in storms
All this time, all this time,
your love stayed warm.

Is that you, your image now?
I wish you knew my deepest vow.
I end, I end, when they begin.
I lose it all. I cannot win.

All this time, all this time,
I dared not look to see.
All this time, all this time,
you awaited me.

The Briars Have Thorns

(All's Well That Ends Well)

The web of our life is of mingled yarn.
Safe from love is safe from harm.
Much war is folly, much failure is pain.
We go out to battle and return not again.

Loyal is the love that follows its heart.
Standing for something stands you apart.
True is the word, the word that's understood.
Better than wine is the pulse of blood.

When the briars have blooms,
as well as thorns.

A Love refused is a love ridiculed.
Cruel rejection led by a fool.
A heart should know what it deserves,
is no rejection, is just something absurd

And the briars have thorns,
and very few blooms.

What is a man when he's found out cold?
How and yet may our lives still unfold?
Anticipation is crowned as king.
Love is a wholly, a wholly worthless thing.

And the briars have blooms,
and sometimes thorns.



Paul Lodge

Paul Lodge is a Professor of Philosophy at Oxford University.

For the last 30 years Paul has been quietly performing original songs for solo voice and guitar, many written with his brother Richard. In addition to *Shakespeare in the Alley*, current projects include *Cotton Mill Poems* (settings of poems written by local people during the Lancashire Cotton Famine of the 1860s) and *Canto Ergo Sum* (settings of poems by philosophers).

Richard Lodge read English Literature at St Hugh's College, Oxford. He is Head of English at Conyers' School in Yarm, Teeside.

www.paul lodge.com

*‘If music be the food
of love, play on,
Give me excess of it;
that surfeiting,
The appetite may
sicken, and so die.’*

Twelfth Night Act I, Scene i

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