

OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



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YOUNG ARTIST AUDITIONS - SESSION 1

Friday 13th March 2026, 10:30am
The Levine Building, Trinity College

Felicity Tomkins soprano
Sooyeon Baik piano
Alexandra Achillea mezzo-soprano
David Palmer piano

With thanks to the President and Fellows of Trinity College



Our Young Artist Programme is principally supported by
Jerwood Foundation and other charitable trusts and foundations

PROGRAMME

Joseph Haydn (1732 - 1809)	Der erste Kuß	Johann Georg Jacobi (1740 - 1814)
Madeleine Dring (1923 - 1977)	Take, O take those lips away	William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616)
Hanns Eisler (1898 - 1962)	Wienerlied	Bertolt Brecht (1898 - 1956)
Sergei Rachmaninov (1873 - 1943)	Son, 'Dreams' Op. 38 no.5	Fyodor Kuzmych Teternikov (1863 - 1927)
Gabriel Fauré (1845 - 1924)	Accompagnement Op. 85 no.3	Albert Samain (1858 - 1900)
Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963)	La dame de Monte Carlo FP 180	Jean Cocteau (1889 - 1963)

Olivier Messiaen (1908 - 1992)	Vocalise Op. 34 no.14	-
Luciano Berio (1925 - 2003)	Avendo Gran Disio <i>from Quattro Canzoni Popolari</i>	Jacopo da Lentini (13th century)
Peter Lieberson (1946 - 2011)	O ihr Zärtlichen, tretet zuweilen	Rainer Maria Rilke (1898 - 1956)
György Ligeti (1923 - 2006)	A csendes dalokból A bujdosó <i>from Öt Arany-dal (5 Arany Songs)</i>	János Arany (1817 - 1882)
Régis Campo (b. 1968)	Gruselett Himmel und Erde <i>from Morgenstern Lieder</i>	Christian Morgenstern (1871 - 1914)

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

DER ERSTE KUSS

Haydn / Jacobi

Leiser nannt' ich deinen Namen;
Und mein Auge warb um dich:
Liebe Chloe! Näher kamen
Unser beider Herzen sich.

O, es war ein süßes Neigen;
Bis wir endlich, Mund an Mund,
Fest uns hielten, ohne Zeugen -
Und geschlossen war der Bund.

THE FIRST KISS

English Translation © Felicity Tomkins & Sooyeon Baik

Softly I spoke your name;
And my eye wooed you:
Dear Chloe! Our hearts
drew nearer to each other.

Oh, it was a sweet affection,
Until at last, mouth to mouth,
We held fast, without witnesses -
And the bond was sealed.

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

Dring / Shakespeare

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed,
But sealed in vain!

WIENERLIED

Eisler / Brecht

“Herr Hauptmann, ich bitt, gehn's lassen's mein
Geliebten von die Soldaten weg.”

“Dein Geliebten kann ich vielleicht dir geb'n,
vorerst muß ich dir vier Rätsel aufgeb'n.

Rat' mal: was ist ein König ohne Land,
rat' mal: was ist ein Erde ohne Sand,
rat' mal: was ist ein Haus ohne Tisch,
rat' mal: was ist ein Wasser ohne Fisch?”

“Da rat' ich: im Kartenspiel ist ein König ohne
Land.
Da rat' ich: im Blumentopf ist ein Erde ohne Sand.
Da rat' ich: ein Schneckenhaus ist ein Haus ohne
Tisch,
da rat' ich: die Tränen sind ein Wasser ohne
Fisch.”

VIENNESE SONG

English Translation © Richard Stokes

‘Herr Hauptmann, Herr Hauptmann,
release my beloved from the army.’

‘I can perhaps give you your lover back,
but first, I must give you four riddles.

Guess: what do you call a king without a country?
Guess: what do you call earth without sand?
Guess: what's a house without a table?
Guess: what's water without fish?’

‘Answer: there's a king without a country in cards.
Answer: a flower-pot has earth without sand.
Answer: a snail-shell is a house without a table.
Answer: tears are water without fish.’

SON

Rachmaninov / Teternikov

V mire net nichego
Dozhdelenneje sna,
Chary jest' u nego,
U nego tishina,
U nego na ustakh
Ni pechal' i ni smekh,
I v bezdonnykh ochakh
Mnogo tajnykh utekh.

U nego shiroki,
Shiroki dva kryla,
I legki, tak ljogki,
Kak polnochnaja mgla.
Ne ponjat', kak nesjot,
I kuda i na chem
On krylom ne vzmakhnet
I ne dvinet plechom.

ACCOMPAGNEMENT

Fauré / Samain

Tremble argenté, tilleul, bouleau ...
La lune s'effeuille sur l'eau ...

Comme de longs cheveux peignés au vent du soir,
L'odeur des nuits d'été parfume le lac noir.
Le grand lac parfumé brille comme un miroir.

Ma rame tombe et se relève,
Ma barque glisse dans le rêve.

Ma barque glisse dans le ciel
Sur le lac immatériel ...

En cadence, les yeux fermés,
Rame, ô mon cœur, ton indolence
À larges coups lents et pâmés.

Là-bas la lune écoute, accoudée au coteau,
Le silence qu'exhale en glissant le bateau ...
Trois grands lis frais-coupés meurent sur mon
manteau.

Vers tes lèvres, ô Nuit voluptueuse et pâle,
Est-ce leur âme, est-ce mon âme qui s'exhale?
Cheveux des nuits d'argent peignés aux longs
roseaux ...

Comme la lune sur les eaux,
Comme la rame sur les flots,
Mon âme s'effeuille en sanglots!

DREAMS

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

There is nothing in the world
More longed for than sleep,
It enchants,
It brings silence,
On its lips
Is neither sadness nor laughter,
And in its fathomless eyes
There are many secret delights.

Wide are its wings,
Wide its two wings,
And so light, oh so light,
Like the darkness at midnight.
We cannot know how it carries us,
Whither and on what,
Its wings do not beat,
Its shoulders do not move.

ACCOMPANIMENT

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Silver aspen, lime, birch ...
The moon sheds itself on the water ...

Like long hair combed by the evening breeze,
The scent of summer nights perfumes the black lake.
The great perfumed lake gleams like a mirror.

My oar dips and rises,
My boat glides in the dream.

My boat glides in the sky
On the insubstantial lake ...

In cadence, with closed eyes,
Row, O my heart, your indolence
In broad slow swooning strokes.

Over there the moon, against the hillside, listens
To the silence of the gliding boat ...
Three large fresh-cut lilies die on my cape.

Is it their soul or mine that reaches out
To your lips, O pale and voluptuous night?
Hair of silver nights combed by tall reeds ...

Like the moon on the waters,
Like the oar on the waves,
My soul sheds itself in sobs!

LA DAME DE MONTE CARLO

Poulenc / Cocteau

Quand on est morte entre les mortes,
qu'on se traîne chez les vivants
lorsque tout vous flanque à la porte
et la ferme d'un coup de vent,
ne plus être jeune et aimée ...
derrière une porte fermée,
il reste de se fiche à l'eau
ou d'acheter un rigolo.
Oui, messieurs, voilà ce qui reste
pour les lâches et les salauds.
Mais si la frousse de ce geste
s'attache à vous comme un grelot,
si l'on craint de s'ouvrir les veines,
on peut toujours risquer la veine
d'un voyage à Monte-Carlo.

Monte-Carlo! Monte-Carlo!
J'ai fini ma journée.
Je veux dormir au fond de l'eau
de la Méditerranée.
Monte-Carlo ! Monte-Carlo !

Après avoir vendu à votre âme
et mis en gage des bijoux
que jamais plus on ne réclame,
la roulette est un beau joujou.
C'est joli de dire: "je joue".
Cela vous met le feu aux joues
et cela vous allume l'œil.
Sous les jolis voiles de deuil
on porte un joli nom de veuve.
Un titre donne de l'orgueil!
Et folie, et prête, et toute neuve,
on prend sa carte au casino.
Voyez mes plumes et mes voiles,
contemplez les strass de l'étoile
qui mène à Monte-Carlo.

La chance est femme. Elle est jalouse
de ces veuvages solennels.
Sans doute elle m'a cru l'épouse
d'un véritable colonel.
J'ai gagné, gagné sur le douze.
Et puis les robes se décousent,
la fourrure perd des cheveux.
On a beau répéter: "Je veux",
dès que la chance vous déteste,
dès que votre cœur est nerveux,
vous ne pouvez plus faire un geste,
pousser un sou sur le tableau
sans que la chance qui s'écarte
change les chiffres et les cartes
des tables de Monte-Carlo.

THE LADY OF MONTE-CARLO

English Translation © Richard Stokes

When you're dead amongst the dead,
when you're withering in the land of the living,
when everything kicks you out
and the wind slams the door shut,
when you're no longer young and loved ...
when behind a closed door
there's nothing left but to drown
or buy a pistol —
Yes, gentlemen, that's what's left
for cowards and bastards.
But if the thought of suicide
makes you tremble like a leaf,
if you balk at slashing your veins,
you can always take the gamble
of a trip to Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo! Monte Carlo!
I've done with life.
I want to sleep on the bed
of the Med.
Monte Carlo! Monte Carlo!

Having sold your soul,
and pawned your jewellery
once and for all,
roulette is a pretty plaything.
It's fun to say: 'I gamble'.
It makes your cheeks flush
and lights up your eyes.
Beneath your fine widow's veil,
you've a fine widow's name.
Such a title gives you pride!
Crazy, prepared, and wholly restored,
you take out your card at the casino.
Just look at my feathers and my veils,
behold the bejewelled star,
leading to Monte Carlo.

Luck is a woman. She's jealous
of these solemn widows.
She no doubt took me for the wife
of a real colonel.
I won, won on the twelve.
Dresses then become unstitched,
fur loses its hair.
No matter how often you say: 'I want',
once fortune hates you,
once you're highly strung,
you can no longer make a move,
push a coin on the board,
without luck beating a retreat
and changing numbers and cards
on the tables at Monte Carlo.

Les voyous, le buses, les gales !
Ils m'ont mise dehors ... dehors ...
et ils m'accusent d'être sale,
de porter malheur dans leurs salles,
dans leurs sales salles en stuc.
Moi qui aurais donné mon truc
à l'œil, au prince, à la princesse,
au Duc de Westminster, au Duc,
parfaitement. Faut que ça cesse,
qu'ils me criaient, votre boulot !
Votre boulot ? ...

Ma découverte.
J'en priverai les tables vertes.
C'est bien fait pour Monte-Carlo, Monte-Carlo.
Et maintenant, moi qui vous parle,
je n'avouerai pas les kilos que j'ai perdus, que j'ai
perdus
à Monte-Carle, Monte-Carle, ou Monte-Carlo.
Je suis une ombre de moi-même ...
les martingales, les systèmes
et les croupiers qui ont le droit
de taper de loin sur vos doigts
quand on peut faucher une mise.
Et la pension où l'on doit
et toujours la même chemise
que l'angoisse trempe dans l'eau.
Ils peuvent courir. Pas si bête.
Cette nuit je pique une tête
dans la mer de Monte-Carlo, Monte-Carlo.

The scoundrels! The fools! The scabs!
They threw me out ... threw me out ...
They accuse me of being dirty,
of bringing misfortune to their saloons,
to their dirty stucco saloons —
I, who would have told them my trick
for free, to the Prince, the Princess,
the Duke of Westminster,
this must stop,
this has to stop, they screamed at me,
this business of yours! This business? ...

My discovery —
I'll deprive the green tables of it.
Serves Monte Carlo right. Monte Carlo.
And now, I who am talking to you,
I shan't admit how many kilos I've lost
at Monte Carle, Monte Carle, or Monte Carlo.
I am a shadow of myself ...
The martingales, the systems
and the croupiers who have the right
to rap your knuckles,
when you're about to pinch the stake.
And the money you owe at your digs,
and always the same wet night-shirt
drenched with anguish.
Let them pursue me. I'm not that stupid.
Tonight I'll hurl myself head first
into the sea at Monte Carlo, Monte Carlo.

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VOCALISE

Messiaen

AVENDO GRAN DISIO

Berio / Lentini

Avendo gran disio
dipinsi una pintura
bella a voi somigliante
e quando voi non vio
guardo in quella figura
e par ch'eo v'agia avante.

Al cor m'arde una doglia
com' om che ten, lo foco
a lo suo seno ascoso
che quanto più lo'n voglia
allor' arde più loco
e non può stare in chiuso.
Similmente eo ardo
quando passo e non guardo
a voi Viso amoroso.

S'i scite quando passo
in ver, voi non mi giro
bella per risguardare
andando ad ogni passo
gittane un suspiro
che mi facie andosciare
e certo bene ancoscio
ch'a pena mi conoscio
tanto bella mi pari

O IHR ZÄRTLICHEN, TRETET ZUWEILEN

Lieberson / Rilke

O ihr Zärtlichen, tretet zuweilen
in den Atem, der euch nicht meint,
laßt ihn an eueren Wangen sich teilen,
hinter euch zittert er, wieder vereint.

O ihr Seligen, o ihr Heilen,
die ihr der Anfang der Herzen scheint.
Bogen der Pfeile und Ziele von Pfeilen,
ewiger glänzt euer Lächeln verweint.

Fürchtet euch nicht zu leiden, die Schwere,
gebt sie zurück an der Erde Gewicht:
schwer sind die Berge, schwer sind die Meere.

Selbst die als Kinder ihr pflanztet, die Bäume,
wurden zu schwer längst; ihr trüget sie nicht.
Aber die Lüfte . . . aber die Räume

FILLED WITH DESIRE

English Translation © Jennifer Rushworth

Filled with desire
I painted a picture,
Beautiful lady, of your likeness,
And when I cannot see you
I look at that image
And it seems as if I have you in front of me.

In my heart there burns a pain,
Like someone who has a fire
Hidden within their breast;
The more they try to hide it,
The more the fire burns
And cannot be contained:
In a similar way I burn
When I pass by and do not look
At you and your beloved face.

If, when I pass by, I do not
Turn to look at you,
Beautiful lady,
With each step I take
I let out a sigh
Which makes me distressed;
And indeed I am rightly distressed
For I barely recognize myself,
So beautiful do you seem to me.

O YOU GENTLE HEARTED

English Translation © Richard Stokes

O you gentle-hearted, step from time to time
into the breath not meant for you,
let it waft over your cheeks and, parted,
it will quiver behind you, united once more.

O you blissful ones, sound and whole,
who resemble the heart's first beat.
Bows for arrows and targets for arrows,
your smile glows more eternal when tear-stained.

Do not be afraid to suffer, give your heaviness
back to the weight of the earth:
mountains are heavy, seas are heavy.

Even those trees you planted as children
have long grown too heavy for you to bear.
But the breezes . . . but the open spaces

A CSENDES DALOKBÓL

Ligeti / Arany

Igyunk bízart egy-egy kicsit,
Ne szégyeljük, ha jól esik;
Hiszen egy-két ital bortul
Ez a világ fel nem fordul.

S ha felfordul: mit én bánom!
Abba sincsen semmi károm;
Tán, kit a sors fejre buktat,
Akkor ismét talpra juthat.

Ha felfordul: Isten neki!
Tán bizony még használ neki:
Mélyen leszánt a jó gazda,
Úgy esik alul a gazza.

A BUJDOSÓ

Ligeti / Arany

Párjavesztett gilicének szíve fáj.
Fülemile panaszától zeng a táj;
Ne szomorkodj, ne szomorkodj, fülemile, gerlice:
A te bajod az enyémhez semmi se.

Égi madár hegyen-völgyön megszállhat,
Társa helyen társra megint találhat:
Jaj de nekem nincs se hazám, se párom,
A világot egyesegyedül járom.

Messzi honom tája körül jaj be kék...
Azt se tudom, hegy-e az ott, vagy az ég;
Azt se tudom, eljutok-é oda még,
Vagy sose lesz egyéb hazám, mint az ég.

GRUSELETT

Campo / Morgenstern

Der Flügelflagel gaustert
durchs Wiruwaruwolz,
die rote Fingur plaustert
und grausig gutzt der Golz.

HIMMEL UND ERDE

Campo / Morgenstern

Der Nachtwindhund weint wie ein Kind,
dieweil sein Fell von Regen rinnt.

Jetzt jagt er wild das Neumondweib,
das hinflieht mit gebognem Leib.

Tief unten geht, ein dunkler Punkt,
querüberfeld ein Forstadjunkt.

FROM THE QUIET SONGS

English Translation © Laurie Anne McGowan

Come, let's drink a wee bit,
we'll not be ashamed if it does us good;
one or two swallows of wine
won't turn the world upside down.

And if it is turned upside down: well then!
It won't bother me any;
if fortune drops you on your head,
it can set you on your feet again.

If it's turned upside down: in the name of God!
Perhaps it may be of some use;
a good farmer ploughs deeply,
thus are the weeds buried under.

THE ERRANT

English Translation © Laurie Anne McGowan

The widowed dove is heartsick.
The nightingale's complaint fills the countryside;
don't be sorrowful, o dove, o nightingale;
your grief is nothing compared to mine.

A bird of the skies can accommodate itself in
mountain or valley,
in place of its lost companion, it will find another;
but, woe is me, I have neither home nor companion,
I wander alone through the world.

Blue surrounds the landscape of my far-off homeland;
I don't even know whether it's mountain or sky;
I don't know whether I'll ever get back there
or if I'll ever have a home other than heaven.

SCARIBOO

English Translation © Max Knight

The Winglewangle phutters
through widowadowood,
the crimson Fingoor splutters
and scary screams the Scrood.

HEAVEN AND EARTH

English Translation © Richard Stokes

The night-wind hound weeps like a child,
while his fur drips with rain.

He's now hunting wild the new moon wench
who flees with her body bent forwards.

Far below, a dark dot, the assistant forester
makes his way diagonally across the fields.

OXFORD
INTERNATIONAL
SONG FESTIVAL

THE GREAT AMERICAN SONGBOOK IN SUMMER



CAROLE J. BUFFORD vocalist

JAMES LANGTON bandleader

SUN 14 JUN, 4PM
JACQUELINE DU PRE MUSIC BUILDING



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