

# OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



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## YOUNG ARTIST AUDITIONS - SESSION 2

Friday 13th March 2026, 12:00pm  
The Levine Building, Trinity College

**Aksel Rykkvin** baritone  
**Alfred Fardell** piano  
**Ellen Mawhinney** soprano  
**Daniel Silcock** 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

<b>Franz Schubert</b> (1797 - 1828)	Der Einsame D800	Karl Lappe (1773 - 1843)
<b>Joseph Haydn</b> (1732 - 1809)	She never told her love	William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616)
<b>Gabriel Fauré</b> (1845 - 1924)	Nell Op. 18 no. 1	Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle (1818 - 1894)
<b>Johannes Brahms</b> (1833 - 1897)	Blinde Kuh Op. 58 no. 1	August Kopisch (1799 - 1853)
<b>Franz Schubert</b> (1797 - 1828)	Nachtviole D752	Johann Mayrhofer (1787 - 1836)
<b>Johannes Brahms</b> (1833 - 1897)	Sonntag Op. 47 no. 3	Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787 - 1862)
<b>Franz Schubert</b> (1797 - 1828)	Des Fräuleins Liebeslauschen D698	Schlechta, Franz (1796 - 1875)

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<b>Trad. arr. Marjory Kennedy Fraser</b> (1857 - 1930)	An Eriskay Lullaby	Trad.
<b>Carl Loewe</b> (1796 - 1869)	An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust Op. 60 no.7 <i>from Frauenliebe</i>	Otto Erich Hartleben (1864 - 1905)
<b>Joseph Marx</b> (1882 - 1964)	Nocturne	Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877 - 1944)
<b>Maurice Ravel</b> (1875 - 1937)	Là-bas, vers l'église <i>from 5 Mélodies populaires grecques</i>	János Arany (1817 - 1882)
<b>Trad.</b>	She Moved through the Fair	Trad.
<b>Maurice Ravel</b> (1875 - 1937)	Chanson de la mariée <i>from 5 Mélodies populaires grecques</i>	Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877 - 1944)
<b>Undine Smith Moore</b> (1904 - 1989)	Love Let the Wind Cry	William Bliss Carman (1861 - 1929)
<b>Trad.</b>	Red is the Rose	Trad.
<b>Lori Laitman</b> (b. 1955)	I Grow to be my Grandmother <i>from Within These Spaces</i>	Marjorie Saiser (b. 1943)
<b>Ina Boyle</b> (1889 - 1967)	Eternity	Robert Herrick (1591 - 1674)
<b>Percy Grainger</b> (1882 - 1961)	The Sprig of Thyme	Trad.

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## SUPPORT OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL

Oxford International Song Festival promotes classical song for future generations through its annual festival and year-round programme of world-class concerts and commissions.

We are committed to supporting established artists, providing a platform for emerging talent, and creating pathways to music in schools. This is shared by our wonderful family of supporters who, with us, invest in the future of song. We are grateful for the generosity of many trusts & foundations, the 1828 Syndicate, our Artistic Director's Circle & Schubert Circle members, and our Friends.

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# TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

## DER EINSAME

Schubert / Lappe

Wenn meine Grillen schwirren,  
Bei Nacht, am spät erwärmten Herd,  
Dann sitz' ich mit vergnügtem Sinn  
Vertraulich zu der Flamme hin,  
So leicht, so unbeschwert.

Ein trautes, stilles Stündchen  
Bleibt man noch gern am Feuer wach,  
Man schürt, wenn sich die Lohe senkt,  
Die Funken auf und sinnt und denkt:  
„Nun abermal ein Tag!“

Was Liebes oder Leides  
Sein Lauf für uns dahergebracht,  
Es geht noch einmal durch den Sinn;  
Allein das Böse wirft man hin,  
Es störe nicht die Nacht.

Zu einem frohen Träume,  
Bereitet man gemach sich zu,  
Wenn sorgenlos ein holdes Bild  
Mit sanfter Lust die Seele füllt,  
Ergibt man sich der Ruh.

Oh, wie ich mir gefalle  
In meiner stillen Ländlichkeit!  
Was in dem Schwarm der lauten Welt  
Dar irre Herz gefesselt hält,  
Gibt nicht Zufriedenheit.

Zirpt immer, liebe Heimchen,  
In meiner Klausen eng und klein.  
Ich duld' euch gern: ihr stört mich nicht,  
Wenn euer Lied das Schweigen bricht,  
Bin ich nicht ganz allein.

## SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE

Haydn / Shakespeare

She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek...;  
She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

## THE SOLITARY

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

When my crickets chirp  
at night, by the late-glowing hearth,  
I sit contentedly,  
confiding in the flame,  
so light-hearted and untroubled.

For one cosy, peaceful hour  
it is pleasant to stay awake by the fire,  
kindling the sparks when the blaze dies down,  
musing and thinking,  
'Well, yet another day!'

What joy or grief  
its course has brought us  
we run once again through our mind.  
But the bad is discarded  
lest it disturb the night.

We gently prepare ourselves  
for pleasant dreams.  
When a sweet image  
fills our carefree soul with gentle pleasure  
we succumb to rest.

Oh, how happy I am  
with my quiet rustic life.  
What in the bustle of the noisy world  
keeps the heart fettered  
does not bring contentment.

Chirp on, dear crickets,  
in my narrow little room.  
I like to hear you: you don't disturb me.  
When your song breaks the silence  
I am not completely alone.

**NELL**

Fauré / Leconte de Lisle

Ta rose de pourpre, à ton clair soleil,  
 Ô Juin, étincelle enivrée;  
 Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:  
 Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse  
 Monte un soupir de volupté;  
 Plus d'un ramier chante au bois écarté,  
 Ô mon cœur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflammé,  
 Étoile de la nuit pensive!  
 Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive  
 Qui rayonne en mon cœur charmé!

La chantante mer, le long du rivage,  
 Taira son murmure éternel,  
 Avant qu'en mon cœur, chère amour, ô Nell,  
 Ne fleurisse plus ton image!

**NELL**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Your crimson rose in your bright sun  
 Glitters, June, in rapture;  
 Incline to me also your golden cup:  
 My heart is like your rose.

From the soft shelter of shady leaves  
 Rises a languorous sigh;  
 More than one dove in the secluded wood  
 Sings, O my heart, its love-lorn lament.

How sweet is your pearl in the blazing sky,  
 Star of meditative night!  
 But sweeter still is the vivid light  
 That glows in my enchanted heart!

The singing sea along the shore  
 Shall cease its eternal murmur,  
 Before in my heart, dear love, O Nell,  
 Your image shall cease to bloom!

**BLINDE KUH**

Brahms / Kopisch

Im Finstern geh ich suchen,  
 Mein Kind, wo steckst du wohl?  
 Ach, sie versteckt sich immer,  
 Dass ich verschmachten soll!  
 Im Finstern geh ich suchen,  
 Mein Kind, wo steckst du wohl?  
 Ich, der den Ort nicht finde,  
 Ich irr im Kreis umher!

Wer um dich stirbt,  
 Der hat keine Ruh!  
 Kindchen, erbarm dich  
 Und komm herzu!  
 Ja, komm herzu,  
 Herzu, komm herzu!

**BLIND MAN'S BLUFF**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

I'm searching in the dark,  
 where are you hiding, my child?  
 Alas, she's still hiding —  
 to make me languish!  
 I'm searching in the dark,  
 where are you hiding, my child?  
 I can't find the place,  
 I'm running round in circles!

He who's dying for you  
 can find no peace!  
 Child, take pity,  
 and come out here!  
 Yes, come out here,  
 out here, out here!

## NACHTVIOLEN

Schubert / Mayrhofer

Nachtviolen, Nachtviolen,  
Dunkle Augen, seelenvolle,  
Selig ist es, sich versenken  
In dem samtne Blau.

Grüne Blätter streben freudig,  
Euch zu hellen, euch zu schmücken;  
Doch ihr blicket ernst und schweigend  
In die laue Frühlingsluft.

Mit erhabnen Wehmutsstrahlen  
Trafet ihr mein treues Herz,  
Und nun blüht in stummen Nächten,  
Fort die heilige Verbindung.

## DAME'S VIOLETS

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

Dame's violets,  
dark, soulful eyes,  
it is blissful to immerse myself  
in your velvety blue.

Green leaves strive joyously  
to brighten you, to adorn you;  
but you gaze, solemn and silent,  
into the mild spring air.

With sublime shafts of melancholy  
you have pierced my faithful heart,  
and now, in silent nights,  
our sacred union blossoms.

## SONNTAG

Brahms / Uhland

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche  
Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n,  
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag  
Wohl vor der Türe steh'n:  
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,  
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,  
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!

So will mir doch die ganze Woche  
Das Lachen nicht vergeh'n,  
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag  
Wohl in die Kirche geh'n:  
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,  
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,  
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!

## SUNDAY

English Translation © Richard Stokes

For a whole week now  
I haven't seen my love;  
I saw her on a Sunday,  
standing at her door:  
my loveliest girl,  
my loveliest sweet,  
would to God I were with her today!

Yet I'll still be able  
to laugh all week;  
I saw her on a Sunday,  
as she went to church:  
my loveliest girl,  
my loveliest sweet,  
would to God I were with her today!

## DES FRÄULEINS LIEBESLAUSCHEN

Schubert / Schlechta

Hier unten steht ein Ritter  
Im hellen Mondenstrahl,  
Und singt zu seiner Zither  
Ein Lied von süssem Qual:

„Lüfte, spannt die blauen Schwingen  
Sanft für meine Botschaft aus,  
Rufet sie mit leisem Klingen  
An dies Fensterlein heraus.

„Sagt ihr, dass im Blätterdache  
Seufz' ein wohlbekannter Laut,  
Sagt ihr, dass noch einer wache,  
Und die Nacht sei kühl und traut.

„Sagt ihr, wie des Mondes Welle  
Sich an ihrem Fenster bricht,  
Sagt ihr, wie der Wald, die Quelle  
Heimlich und von Liebe spricht!

„Lass ihn leuchten durch die Bäume,  
Deines Bildes süssem Schein,  
Das sich hold in meine Träume  
Und mein Wachen webet ein.“

Doch drang die zarte Weise  
Wohl nicht zu Liebchens Ohr,  
Der Sänger schwang sich leise  
Zum Fensterlein empor.

Und oben zog der Ritter  
Ein Kränzchen aus der Brust;  
Das band er fest am Gitter  
Und seufzte: „Blüht in Lust!“

„Und fragt sie, wer euch brachte,  
Dann, Blumen, tut ihr kund.“  
Ein Stimmchen unten lachte:  
„Dein Ritter Liebesmund.“

## THE YOUNG LADY'S SERENADE

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

A knight stands down below  
in the bright moonlight,  
and sings to his zither  
a song of sweet suffering:

'Breezes, gently spread your blue wings  
and bear my message;  
with soft strains call her  
to this window.

'Tell her that beneath the canopy of leaves  
a familiar voice is sighing;  
tell her that someone is still awake,  
and that the night is cool and intimate.

'Tell her how the wave of moonlight  
breaks upon her window;  
tell her how the grove and the fountain  
speak secretly of love.

'Let the sweet light of your image  
shine through the trees,  
your image which is gently woven  
into my dreams and my waking hours.'

But the tender melody could not have reached  
his sweetheart's ear,  
for the singer swung himself softly  
up to her window.

And once up there the knight  
drew a garland from his breast  
and bound it fast to the grille,  
sighing: 'Bloom in joy.'

'And if she asks who brought you,  
then, flowers, tell her.'  
A voice below laughed:  
'Your knight, Liebesmund!'

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OXFORD  
**INTERNATIONAL**  
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# SONGS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN



**THEANO PAPADAKI** soprano

**SHOLTO KYNOCH** piano

THU 14 MAY, 6PM  
WOLFSON COLLEGE



[OXFORDSONG.ORG](https://oxfordsong.org)

## **AN ERISKAY LULLABY**

Trad. arr. Fraser / Trad.

Ho ro lady bhig,  
Ho ro eile!  
My babe on a curling green wave, be thy cradling.  
Ho ro lady bhig,  
Ho ro eile  
Ho ro la.

## **AN MEINEM HERZEN, AN MEINER BRUST**

Loewe / Chamisso

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück,  
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,  
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt  
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,  
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,  
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du  
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

## **NOCTURNE**

Marx / Hartleben

Süß duftende Lindenblüthe  
in quellender Juninacht.  
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüthe  
ist mir in Sinnen erwacht.

Als klänge vor meinen Ohren  
leise das Lied vom Glück,  
als töne, die lange verloren,  
die Jugend leise zurück.

Süß duftende Lindenblüthe  
in quellender Juninacht.  
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüthe  
ist mir zu Schmerzen erwacht.

## **ON MY HEART, AT MY BREAST**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

On my heart, at my breast,  
You my delight, my joy!

Happiness is love, love is happiness,  
I've always said and say so still.

I thought myself rapturous,  
But now am delirious with joy.

Only she who suckles, only she who loves  
The child that she nourishes;

Only a mother knows  
What it means to love and be happy.

Ah, how I pity the man  
Who cannot feel a mother's bliss!

You dear, dear angel, you,  
You look at me and you smile!

On my heart, at my breast,  
You my delight, my joy!

## **NOCTURNE**

English translation © Daniel Silcock

Sweetly, myriad scents of Linden blossom  
Fly across the quivering June night,  
Awakening in the depths of my soul  
past memories of complete delight.

It was as if a song of pure bliss  
Fell softly upon my ears -  
its gentle sounds; thought long lost,  
brought me somehow my old self.

Sweetly, myriad scents of Linden blossom  
Fly across the quivering June night,  
Awakening in the depths of my soul  
a dear pain - the ache of love.

## **LÀ-BAS, VERS L'ÉGLISE**

Ravel / Calvocoressi

Là-bas, vers l'église,  
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,  
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,  
L'église Ayio Costandino,  
Se sont réunis,  
Rassemblés en nombre infini,  
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,  
Du monde tous les plus braves!

## **DOWN THERE BY THE CHURCH**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Down there by the church,  
By the church of Saint Sideros,  
The church, O Holy Virgin,  
The church of Saint Constantine,  
Are gathered together, buried in infinite numbers,  
The bravest people, O Holy Virgin,  
The bravest people in the world!

## **SHE MOVED THROUGH THE FAIR**

Trad / Trad

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind  
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind"  
And she stepped away from me and this she did say:  
It will not be long, love, till our wedding day"

As she stepped away from me and she moved  
through the fair  
And fondly I watched her move here and move there  
And then she turned homeward with one star awake  
Like the swan in the evening moves over the lake

Last night she came to me, she came softly in  
So softly she came that her feet made no din  
As she laid her hand on me and this she did say  
"It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day"

## **CHANSON DE LA MARIÉE**

Ravel / Calvocoressi

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,  
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.  
Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé!  
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,  
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.  
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!  
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

## **THE BRIDE'S AWAKENING**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,  
Spread your wings to the morning,  
Three beauty spots - and my heart's ablaze.  
See the golden ribbon I bring you  
To tie around your tresses.  
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!  
In our two families all are related.

## LOVE LET THE WIND CRY

Moore / Carman

Love let the wind cry  
On the dark mountain,  
Bending the ash trees  
And the tall hemlocks  
With the great voice of  
Thunderous legions,  
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent  
In the blue canyon,  
Murmuring mightily  
Out of the gray mist  
Of primal chaos  
Cease not proclaiming  
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm  
Of crunching rollers,  
Breaking and bursting  
On the white seaboard  
Titan and tireless,  
Tell, while the world stands,  
How I adore thee.

Love, let the clear call  
Of the tree cricket,  
Frailest of creatures,  
Green as the young grass,  
Mark with his trilling  
Resonant bell-note,  
How I adore thee.

But, more than all sounds,  
Surer, serener,  
Fuller of passion  
And exultation,  
Let the hushed whisper  
In thine own heart say,  
How I adore thee.

## RED IS THE ROSE

Trad / Trad

Come over the hills, my bonny Irish lass  
Come over the hills to your darling  
You choose the road, love, and I'll make the vow  
And I'll be your true love forever

Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows,  
And fair is the lily of the valley;  
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne  
But my love is fairer than any.

It's not for the parting that my sister pains  
It's not for the grief of my mother,  
"Tis all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass  
That my heart is breaking forever.

## I GROW TO BE MY GRANDMOTHER

Laitman / Saiser

I have taken to eating toast  
at odd times in the day  
the hands closing the quart of milk  
are hers  
at last she is giving me fingernails

it is her hand surely  
running the cloth over the counter  
up and down the doors of cabinets  
discovering corners

that day when I cut myself  
it was no one if not her  
who comforted

standing within these spaces

watching red coins spreading  
on the white enamel  
saying *it could have been worse,*  
*much worse.*

## **ETERNITY**

Boyle / Herrick

O years! and age! farewell:  
Behold I go,  
Where I do know  
Infinity to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see  
All times, how they  
Are lost i' th' sea  
Of vast eternity.

Where never moon shall sway  
The stars; but she,  
And night, shall be  
Drown'd in one endless day.

## **THE SPRIG OF THYME**

Grainger / Traditional

Wunst I had a sprig of thyme,  
It prospered by night and by day  
Till a false young man came acourtin' te me,  
And he stole all this thyme away.

The gardiner was standiddn by;  
I bade him che-oose for me:  
He chose me the lily and the violet and the pink,  
But I really did refuse them all three.

Thyme it is the prettiest thing,  
And time it e will grow on,  
And time it'll bring all things to an end  
Addend so doz my time grow on.

It's very well drinkin' ale  
And it's very well drinkin' wine;  
But it's far better sittin' by a young man's side  
That has won this heart of mine.

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OXFORD  
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# KNIGHT'S DREAM



**HELEN CHARLSTON** mezzo-soprano

**SHOLTO KYNOCH** piano

THU 26 NOV, 6PM  
WOLFSON COLLEGE



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