

OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



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YOUNG ARTIST AUDITIONS - SESSION 3

Friday 13th March 2026, 2:00pm
The Levine Building, Trinity College

Georgie Malcolm soprano
Edward Campbell-Rowntree piano
Matthew McKinney tenor
Roelof Temmingh 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

Sergei Prokofiev (1891 - 1953)	Solntse komnatu napolnilo, 'Sunlight filled the room' Op. 27 no.1 <i>from Five Poems of Anna Akhmatova</i>	Anna Akhmatova (1889 - 1966)
Frederic Mompou (1893 - 1987)	L'Hora Grisa	Manuel Blancafort i de Rosselló (1897 - 1987)
Peter Warlock (1894 - 1930)	Sleep	John Fletcher (1579 - 1625)
Manuel de Falla (1876 - 1946)	Nana <i>from Siete canciones populares Españolas</i>	Anon.
Judith Weir (b. 1954)	Lady Isobel and the Elf-Knight <i>from Scotch Minstrelsy</i>	Anon.
Régine Poldowski (1879 - 1932)	L'heure exquise	Paul Verlaine (1844 - 1896)
Anton von Webern (1883 - 1945)	Heimgang in der Frühe	Detlev von Liliencron (1844 - 1909)
Sergei Rachmaninov (1873 - 1943)	Son, 'Dreams' Op. 38 no.5	Fyodor Kuzmych Teternikov (1863 - 1927)

Henri Duparc (1848 - 1933)	L'invitation au voyage	Charles Baudelaire (1821 - 1867)
	Le Galop	René-François Sully-Prudhomme (1839 - 1907)
Sergei Rachmaninov (1873 - 1943)	Zdes' khorosho, 'How fair this spot' Op. 21 no.7	Glafira Adol'fovna Galina (1873 - 1942)
Henri Duparc (1848 - 1933)	Lamento	Théophile Gautier (1811 - 1872)
Sergei Rachmaninov (1873 - 1943)	Son, 'Dreams' Op. 38 no.5	Fyodor Kuzmych Teternikov (1863 - 1927)
Roelof Temmingh (b. 1996)	Verjaarsdagbrief	JS Labuschagne (1929 - 2010)

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

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OXFORD
INTERNATIONAL
SONG FESTIVAL

SONGS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN



THEANO PAPADAKI soprano
SHOLTO KYNOCH piano

THU 14 MAY, 6PM
WOLFSON COLLEGE



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

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

SOLNTSE KOMNATU NAPOLNILO

Prokofiev / Akhmatova

Solntse komnatu napolnilo
Pylyu zhyoltoi i skvoznoi.
Ya prosnulsya i pripomnila:
Milyi, nynche prazdnik tvoi.

Ottovo i osnezhyonnaya
Dal za oknami tepla,
Ottovo i ya, bessonnaya,
Kak prichastnitsya spala.

L'HORA GRISA

Mompou / Blancafort

¡Tot dorm a l'hora grisa,
Els arbres, les muntanyes,
Els ocells, el vent!

Solament el fum fa son camí lentamente,
Amunt, amunt, com l'oració.
Més tard, quan el cel s'apagui,
Sortirà una estrelleta d'or.

¡Tot dorm a l'hora grisa,
Els arbres, les muntanyes,
Els ocells, el vent!

SLEEP

Warlock / Fletcher

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies, that from thence
There may steal an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy,
We, that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding.

SUNLIGHT FILLED THE ROOM

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

Sunlight has filled the room
With flecks of yellow dust.
I woke up and remembered:
It's your birthday today, my darling.

That's why, outside my windows,
The distant snow is warm,
That's why I, an insomniac,
Slept as soundly as a communicant.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

English Translation © Lorena Paz Nieto

Everything sleeps at the twilight hour,
The trees, the mountains,
The oceans, the wind!

Only the smoke makes its way slowly,
Up, up, like a prayer.
Later, when the sky darkens,
A little golden star will come out.

Everything sleeps at the twilight hour,
The trees, the mountains,
The oceans, the wind!

NANA

Falla / Anon.

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.

LULLABY

English Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

LADY ISOBEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT

Weir / Anon.

Fair Lady Isobel sits in her bower sewing,
There she heard the Elf-Knight blowing his horn.

'If I had yon horn that I hear blowing,
And yon Elf-Knight to sleep in my bosom.'

The maiden had scarcely these words spoken,
When in at her window the Elf-Knight has luppen.

'It's a very strange matter, fair maiden' said he,
'I canna blow my horn but ye call on me.

But will ye go to yon Greenwood side?
If ye canna gaing, I will cause you to ride'.

He leapt on a horse and she on another,
And they rode on to the greenwood together.

'Light down, light down, fair lady Isobel', said he,
'We are come to the place where you are to die'.

'Have mercy, have mercy kind sir on me,
Till once my dear father and mother I see'.

'Seven king's daughters here have I slain,
And you shall be the eighth of them'.

'O sit down a while, rest your head upon my knee,
That we may have some rest before I die'.

She stroked him so softly the nearer he did creep;
With a small secret charm she lulled him fast
asleep.

With his own sword belt so softly she bound him;
With his own dagger so softly she killed him.

L'HEURE EXQUISE

Poldowski / Verlaine

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

EXQUISITE HOUR

English Translation © Richard Stokes

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.

HEIMGANG IN DER FRÜHE

Webern / Liliencron

In der Dämmerung,
Um Glock' zwei, Glock' dreie,
Trat ich aus der Tür
In die Morgenweihe.

Klanglos liegt der Weg,
Und die Bäume schweigen,
Und das Vogellied
Schläft noch in den Zweigen.

Hör ich hinter mir
Sacht ein Fenster schließen?
Will mein strömend Herz
Übers Ufer fließen?

Sieht mein Sehnen nur
Blond und blaue Farben?
Himmelsrot und Grün
Samt den andern starben.

Ihrer Augen Blau
Küßt die Wölkchenherde,
Und ihr blondes Haar
Deckt die ganze Erde.

Was die Nacht mir gab,
Wird mich lang durchbeben;
Meine Arme weit
Fangen Lust und Leben.

Eine Drossel weckt
Plötzlich aus den Bäumen,
Und der Tag erwacht
Still aus Liebesträumen.

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.

HOMEWARDS IN THE EARLY MORNING

English Translation © Richard Stokes

In the dawn,
At two o'clock, three o'clock,
I stepped out of the door
Into the hallowed morning.

The road lies soundless
And the trees are silent
And the song of morning
Slumbers in the boughs.

I hear behind me
A window softly closing.
Will my surging heart
Overflow its banks?

Does my longing see only
Blond and blue colours?
Sky-red and green
Died with all the others.

The blue of her eyes
Kisses the flock of little clouds,
And her blond hair
Covers the whole earth.

What the night gave me
Will vibrate long in me,
My outstretched arms
Seize joy and life.

A thrush awakes
Suddenly from among the trees,
And the day stirs gently
From dreams of love.

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.

L'INVITATION AU VOYAGE

Duparc / Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
-Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

INVITATION TO JOURNEY

English Translation © Richard Stokes

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

LE GALOP

Duparc / Sully-Prudhomme

Agite, bon cheval, ta crinière fuyante;
Que l'air autour de nous se remplisse de voix!
Que j'entende craquer sous ta corne bruyante
Le gravier des ruisseaux et les débris des bois!

Aux vapeurs de tes flancs mêle ta chaude haleine,
Aux éclairs de tes pieds ton écume et ton sang!
Cours, comme on voit un aigle en effleurant la
plaine
Fouetter l'herbe d'un vol sonore et frémissant.

'Allons, les jeunes gens, à la nage! à la nage!
Crie à ses cavaliers le vieux chef de tribu,
Et les fils du désert respirent le pillage,
Et les chevaux sont fous du grand air qu'ils ont bu!

Nage ainsi dans l'espace, ô mon cheval rapide.
Abreuve-moi d'air pur, baigne-moi dans le vent.
L'étrier bat ton ventre, et j'ai lâché la bride,
Mon corps te touche à peine, il vole en te suivant.

Brise tout, le buisson, la barrière ou la branche;
Torrents, fossés, talus, franchis tout d'un seul bond;
Cours, je rêve et sur toi, les yeux clos, je me
penche...
Emporte, emporte-moi dans l'inconnu profond!

ZDES' KHOROSHO

Rachmaninov / Galina

Zdes' khorosho... Vzgljani, vdali
Ognjom gorit reka;
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,
Belejut oblaka.

Zdes' net ljudej... Zdes' tishina...
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.
Cvety, da staraja sosna,
Da ty, mechta moja!

THE GALLOP

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Flourish, good horse, your flying mane,
That the air about us be filled with voices!
That beneath your clattering hooves I hear
The gravel of streams and the woods' broken boughs!

Mingle your hot breath with the steam of your flanks,
Your foam and your blood with the sparks from your
hooves!
Run, like an eagle we see skimming the plain,
Lashing the grass with its quivering loud wings!

'Come, young men, swim your horses across!
Cries the old tribal chief to his horsemen;
And the sons of the desert are eager for plunder,
And the horses are crazed with the air they have
drunk!

Swim thus in space, O my swift mount,
Quench my thirst with pure air, bathe me in wind;
The stirrup strikes your belly, I've slackened the rein,
My body scarcely touches you, it flies in your wake.

Break down everything, bush, gate, or branch;
Cross torrent, ditch, embankment with a single bound;
Race on, I dream, bending over you with closed eyes...
Transport me, transport me to the deep unknown!

HOW FAIR THIS SPOT

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

How fair this spot... Just look, there in the distance
The river is ablaze;
The meadows are like a radiant carpet,
And the clouds are white.

There is nobody here... here silence reigns...
Here I am alone with God.
And the flowers, and the old pine tree,
And you, my dream!...

LAMENTO

Duparc / Gautier

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if?
Sur l'if une pâle colombe,
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson
De la chanson,
Et du malheur d'être oubliée
Se plaint dans un roucoulement
Bien doucement.

Ah! jamais plus, près de la tombe,
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Écouter la pâle colombe
Chanter sur la branche de l'if
Son chant plaintif!

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.

LAMENT

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Do you know the white tomb,
Where the shadow of a yew
Waves plaintively?
On that yew a pale dove,
Sad and solitary at sundown
Sings its song;

As if the awakened soul
Weeps from the grave, together
With the song,
And at the sorrow of being forgotten
Murmurs its complaint
Most meltingly.

Ah! nevermore shall I approach that tomb,
When evening descends
In its black cloak.
To listen to the pale dove
On the branch of the yew
Sings its plaintive song!

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.

VERJAARSDAGBRIEF

Temmingh / Labuschagne

Ek is die Here baie dankbaar
Dat hy jou vir nog 'n jaar gespaar het
En dat ons die besondere dag kan deel.

Dankie dat jy jy is,
En dat daar plek vir my in jou lewe is;
Jy is nog altyd die sonskyn in die huis.
Jy is die bron van dit wat ons kinders so besonders
maak.
Maar dat ek jou liefde mag deel is nog die
kosbaarste van alles.

Mag die jaar wat voorlê meer sonskyn inhou
As die afgelope jaar.
Maar kom daar dan weer skaduwees,
Kom ons dit ook saam tegemoet.

En daar sal ons nie alleen wees nie!

BIRTHDAY LETTER

English Translation © Roelof Temmingh

I am very grateful to the Lord
For sparing you for another year
And that we can share this special day.

Thank you for being who you are,
And that there is a place for me in your life;
You are still the sunshine in this house.
You are the source of what makes
Our children so special.
Still, that I may share your love
Is the most precious of all.

May the year ahead bring more sunshine
Than the past year.
But if shadows loom once more,
We will face them together, too.

And there, we won't be alone!

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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