

OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



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YOUNG ARTIST AUDITIONS - SESSION 4

Friday 13th March 2026, 3:30pm
The Levine Building, Trinity College

Laura Coppinger soprano
David Palmer piano
Archie Inns tenor
Alfred Fardell 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

Ina Boyle (1889 - 1967)	The Stolen Child	William Butler Yeats (1865 - 1939)
Elizabeth Maconchy (1907 - 1994)	In Fountain Court	Arthur Symons (1865 - 1945)
Oliver Knussen (1952 - 2018)	The Dalliance of the Eagles <i>from Whitman Settings</i>	Walt Whitman (1819 - 1892)
George Crumb (1929 - 2022)	Night <i>from Three Early Songs</i>	Robert Southey (1774 - 1843)
Rebecca Clarke (1886 - 1979)	The Seal Man	John Masefield (1878 - 1967)
Oliver Knussen (1952 - 2018)	When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer <i>from Whitman Settings</i>	Walt Whitman (1819 - 1892)

George Butterworth (1885 - 1916)	The lads in their hundreds <i>from Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad</i>	Alfred Edward Housman (1859 - 1936)
Ivor Gurney (1890 - 1937)	Far in a western brookland <i>from Ludlow and Teme</i>	Alfred Edward Housman (1859 - 1936)
Cheryl Frances-Hoad (b. 1980)	The Ballad of Harry Holmes <i>from Magic Lantern Tales</i>	Ian McMillan (b. 1956)
Ivor Gurney (1890 - 1937)	The Lent Lily <i>from Ludlow and Teme</i>	Alfred Edward Housman (1859 - 1936)
Peter Warlock (1894 - 1930)	The Night	Hilaire Belloc (1870 - 1953)
Cheryl Frances-Hoad (b. 1980)	<i>Marching Through Time</i> <i>from Magic Lantern Tales</i>	Ian McMillan (b. 1956)

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

THE STOLEN CHILD

Boyle / Yeats

Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water rats;
There we've hid our faery vats,
Full of berrys
And of reddest stolen cherries.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can
understand.

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim gray sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles
And anxious in its sleep.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can
understand.

IN FOUNTAIN COURT

Maconchy / Symons

The fountain murmuring of sleep,
A drowsy tune;
The flickering green of leaves that keep
The light of June.
Peace, through a slumbering afternoon,
The peace of June,
A waiting ghost, in the blue sky,
The white curved moon;
June, hushed and breathless, waits, and I
Wait too, with June.
Come, through the lingering afternoon,
Soon, love, come soon.

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout
And whispering in their ears
Give them unquiet dreams;
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can
understand.

Away with us he's going,
The solemn-eyed:
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal chest.
For he comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than he can
understand.

THE DALLIANCE OF THE EAGLES

Knussen / Whitman

Skirting the river road, (my forenoon walk, my rest,)
Skyward in air a sudden muffled sound, the dalliance
of the eagles,
The rushing amorous contact high in space together,
The clinching interlocking claws, a living, fierce,
gyrating wheel,
Four beating wings, two beaks, a swirling mass tight
grappling,
In tumbling turning clustering loops, straight
downward falling,
Till o'er the river pois'd, the twain yet one, a moment's
lull,
A motionless still balance in the air, then parting,
talons loosing,
Upward again on slow-firm pinions slanting, their
separate diverse flight,
She hers, he his, pursuing.

NIGHT

Crumb / Southey

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

THE SEAL MAN

Clarke / Masefield

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road,
calling.
There was a strong love came up in her at that,
and she put down her sewing on the table, and
"Mother," she says,
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no
door.
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all
will keep me this night from the man I love."
And she went out into the moonlight to him,
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond
the river.
And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the
world,
will you come where I go, over the waves of the
sea?"
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength,"
she says,
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet
bleeding."
Then they went down into the sea together,
and the moon made a track on the sea, and they
walked down it;
it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at
all on her;
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,
that was stronger than the touch of the fool.
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like
flowers,
and she went down into the sea with her man,
who wasn't a man at all.
She was drowned, of course.
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the
sea like himself.
She was drowned, drowned.

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER

Knussen / Whitman

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns
before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add,
divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he
lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

THE LADS IN THEIR HUNDREDS

Butterworth / Housman

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

THE BALLAD OF HARRY HOLMES

Frances-Hoad / McMillan

I'll tell you a tale of Harry Holmes
Who fought in the First World War
Who stared through a barbed wire window
At his mates dropping through Death's Door

And said 'All I want when I get through this
Is a stroll, and a pint, and a kiss.'

This is the story of Harry Holmes
Who sat in the mud and cried
As the bullets whizzed past his ear'ole
And he shrivelled up a bit inside;

And said 'All I want when I get through this
Is a stroll, and a pint, and a kiss.'

FAR IN A WESTERN BROOKLAND

Gurney / Housman

'Tis spring; come out to ramble
The hilly brakes around,
For under thorn and bramble
About the hollow ground
The primroses are found.

And there's the windflower chilly
With all the winds at play,
And there's the Lenten lily
That has not long to stay
And dies on Easter Day.

And since till girls go maying
You find the primrose still,
And find the windflower playing
With every wind at will,
But not the daffodil.

Bring baskets now, and sally
Upon the spring's array,
And bear from hill and valley
The daffodil away
That dies on Easter Day.

One night when the bombs were falling
He carried his mates through Hell
The sky lit up like bonfire night
His head rang like a bell

He said 'I told them if we get through
The first pint of bitter's on you'

A general came from miles away
Stuck a medal on Harry's chest
But because he wasn't very bright
The pin went through his vest

And Harry thought: 'if we get through
The first pint of bitter's on you. Sir.'

I guess Harry was a hero;
Well, they all were and so was he
But in the stinking night he spoke to the dark
And whispered 'don't take me...'

He said 'All I want when this war is done
Is to sit by the sea in the Yorkshire sun'

Someone shouted 'Harry, it's over!'
A bird sang in the silent sky
The men in the mud shook hands and thanked
Summat that they didn't die

And said 'All we want now the war is done
Is to sit by the sea in the Yorkshire sun'

Harry came home to Bradford
And he gazed out from the train
Glad to be back in God's County
Well, the bits he could see through the rain

And he said 'all I want now I'm back here
Is a stroll and a kiss and a pint of beer'

He came back to England to win the Peace
Picked up his painting brush
Dragged his ladders through the Yorkshire streets
'Tek yer time' Harry smiled, 'no rush...'

He said 'All I want now I'm back here
Is a stroll and a kiss and a pint of beer.'

Harry was a decorated soldier
Awarded the Military Cross
Now he decorated peoples' houses
He was the worker and the boss

He said with a shrug and a cheeky grin
'a medal's just a gaudy lump of tin'

He fell in with Harry Ramsden
Of chip shop fame, and so
Harry said 'Hello Harry
Where's that pub I used to know?'

Harry said with a shrug and cheeky grin
'A pub's just a palace they keep beer in'

Harry and Harry: peas in a pod
One talked paint and one talked chips
But all the words ground to a halt
When the first pint passed their lips

They sang 'I say, this is the life
Pass me a beer and find me a wife'

Harry Ramsden married quite late on
Long after the flush of youth
But his wife didn't like him drinking
So he swallowed the bitter truth

And sang 'I say, that was the life
I'll pass on the beer now I've a wife...'

Harry H missed Harry R
So he hit on a daring plot
Said: Buy a dog to walk each night
Can she stop yer? She can not!

And the dog took 'em both to the old Crown Inn
Where they glugged strong ale and the odd neat gin

They drank and talked for many a day
With the dog sat by their side
Harry R spoke of perfect batter
Harry H spoke of gloss with pride

And the dog took 'em both to the old Crown Inn
Where they glugged strong ale and the odd neat gin

Then Harry R he passed away
To the chip shop in the sky
Harry H went to his funeral
And said 'Old lad, goodbye

'I lived through Ypres and life's been good
But I shut my eyes and I'm slumped in't mud.'

Then Ramsden's widow took the dog
For an evening walk, and it
Dragged her straight to the Crown Inn tap room
Where her husband used to sit

'I lived through Ypres and life's been good
But I shut my eyes and I'm slumped in't mud.'

I've told you the tale of Harry Holmes
From the War to end all Wars
To a quiet life with a paintbrush
And a medal in a chest of drawers

He said 'You could say my life was small
But I faced lots of things and I beat them all'

Harry was a hundred when he died
A century: caught and bowled
Harry's was a story like so many others
Now Harry's tale's been told

He said 'You could say my life was small
But I faced lots of things and I beat them all...'

THE LENT LILY

Gurney / Housman

'Tis spring; come out to ramble
The hilly brakes around,
For under thorn and bramble
About the hollow ground
The primroses are found.

And there's the windflower chilly
With all the winds at play,
And there's the Lenten lily
That has not long to stay
And dies on Easter Day.

And since till girls go maying
You find the primrose still,
And find the windflower playing
With every wind at will,
But not the daffodil.

Bring baskets now, and sally
Upon the spring's array,
And bear from hill and valley
The daffodil away
That dies on Easter Day.

THE NIGHT

Warlock / Belloc

Most holy night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep,
To me when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose.
And let the far lament of them
That chaunt the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the hornèd moon,
By my bedside their memories croon.
So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold your great wings about my face,
Hide dawning from my resting-place,
And cheat me with your false delight,
Most holy night.

MARCHING THROUGH TIME

Frances-Hoad / McMillan

They marched through the streets
Of these Northern towns
And their winding-sheets
And their hospital gowns
Are not all we remember of these
marching men
Because their stories get told again
and again.

From these Northern towns
They marched through the streets
And the terrible sounds
Of advances, retreats
Are not all we remember of these
innocent boys:
Stories rebuild just what wartime destroys.

And a photograph is a kind of map;
A map of where we've been, where we heard
That story lifting up the tentflap
Of history, that story that hinged on a word
From a 100 year old woman, a 95 year
old man
That turns and returns to where
stories began.

They marched through the light
In these Northern places
To a bomb-blasted night
And the fear on their faces
We should remember as the years slowly pass;
Stories as brittle as glass
Stories as brittle as glass...

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