

OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



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YOUNG ARTIST AUDITIONS - SESSION 5

Saturday 14th March 2026, 10:30am
The Levine Building, Trinity College

Maryam Wocial soprano
Archie Bonham piano
Klara Solén mezzo-soprano
George Herbert 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

Cheryl Frances-Hoad (b. 1980)	Night Journey <i>from The Thought Machine</i>	Kate Wakeling (b. 1981)
Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)	Mignon „Kennst du das Land?“	Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749 - 1832)
Régine Poldowski (1879 - 1932)	Colombine	Paul Verlaine (1844 - 1896)
Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)	Heimliches Lieben D922	Karoline Luise Karsch von Klenke (1750 - 1802)
Dominick Argento (1927 - 2019)	Parents <i>from From the Diary of Virginia Woolf</i>	Virginia Woolf (1882 - 1941)
Liza Lehmann (1862 - 1918)	If no one ever marries me	Laurence Alma-Tadema (1865 - 1940)

William Bolcom (b. 1938)	Amor <i>from Cabaret Songs</i>	Arnold Weinstein (1927 - 2005)
Clara Schumann (1819 - 1896)	Liebst du um Schönheit Op. 37 no.4	Friedrich Rückert (1788 - 1866)
Claude Debussy (1862 - 1918)	La flûte de Pan <i>from Chansons de Bilitis</i>	Pierre Louÿs (1870 - 1925)
Jean Sibelius (1865 - 1957)	Den Första Kyssen Op. 37 no.1	Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804 - 1877)
	Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte Op. 37 no.5	
	Svarta Rosor Op. 36 no.1	Ernst Josephson (1851 - 1906)
Kurt Weill (1900 - 1950)	Youkali	Roger Fernay (1905 - 1983)

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

NIGHT JOURNEY

Frances-Hoad / Wakeling

When it's like this,

when mum is driving
and everyone is quiet,
heads toppling with sleep,
and the motorway is a dizzy black
slicked with lights,

when it's like this,

the car is not a mile machine.

It is a thought machine.

New thoughts fizz from nowhere.

New thoughts tick and gleam,
find strange shapes,
strange colours,
build things,
grow wings.

New thoughts sizzle out into the dark.

Old thoughts find new homes,
new roads
or
pop like bubbles.

Worries go slow mo,
fade to grey
and vanish.

Because the car is not a mile machine.

It is a thought machine.

MIGNON „KENNST DU DAS LAND?“

Schumann / Goethe

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

MIGNON “DO YOU KNOW THE LAND”

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Do you know the land where the lemons blossom,
Where oranges grow golden among dark leaves,
A gentle wind drifts from the blue sky,
The myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall,
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
I long to go with you, my love.

Do you know the house? Columns support its roof,
Its great hall gleams, its apartments shimmer,
And marble statues stand and stare at me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
I long to go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path?
The mule seeks its way through the mist,
Caverns house the dragons' ancient brood;
The rock falls sheer, the torrent over it,
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
Our pathway lies! O father, let us go!

COLOMBINE

Poldowski / Verlaine

Léandre le sot,
Pierrot qui d'un saut,
De puce
Franchit le buisson,
Cassandre sous sa
Capuce,

Arlequin aussi,
Cet aigrefin si
Fantasque
Aux costumes fous,
Les yeux luisants sous
Son masque,

- Do, mi, sol, mi, fa, -
Tout ce monde va,
Rit, chante
Et danse devant
Une belle enfant
Méchante

Dont les yeux pervers
Comme les yeux verts
Des chattes
Gardent ses appas
Et disent: "À bas
Les pattes!"

- Eux ils vont toujours! -
Fatidique cours
Des astres,
Oh! dis-moi vers quels
Mornes ou cruels
Désastres

L'implacable enfant,
Preste et relevant
Sa jupe,
La rose au chapeau,
Conduit son troupeau
De dupes?

COLOMBINE

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Foolish Leander,
Pierrot who with a flea-
Hop
Leaps the brushwood,
Cassandre beneath
Her cloak,

Harlequin too,
That swindler so
Bizarre
In his crazy clothes,
With eyes aglow behind
His mask,

- Do mi sol mi fa, -
See all of them go,
Laugh, sing,
And dance before
A sweet and naughty
Child

Whose pernicious eyes,
Like the green eyes
Of cats,
Keep their charms
And say: 'Keep your
Hands off!'

- On and on they go!
Like the fateful course
Of stars,
Oh! tell me, towards which
Dull or savage
Wreckage

Is the implacable child,
Nimbly lifting
Her skirt,
With a flower in her hat,
Leading her herd
Of fools?

HEIMLICHES LIEBEN

Schubert / Klenke

O du, wenn deine Lippen mich berühren,
So will die Lust die Seele mir entführen;
Ich fühle tief ein namenloses Beben
Den Busen heben.

Mein Auge flammt, Glut schwebt auf meinen
Wangen;
Es schlägt mein Herz ein unbekannt Verlangen;
Mein Geist, verirrt in trunkner Lippen Stammeln,
Kann kaum sich sammeln.

Mein Leben hängt in einer solchen Stunde
An deinem süßen, rosenweichen Munde,
Und will, bei deinem trauten Armumfassen,
Mich fast verlassen.

O! dass es doch nicht ausser sich kann fliehen,
Die Seele ganz in deiner Seele glühen!
Dass doch die Lippen, die voll Sehnsucht brennen,
Sich müssen trennen!

Dass doch im Kuss' mein Wesen nicht zerfließet,
Wenn es so fest an deinen Mund sich schliesset,
Und an dein Herz, das niemals laut darf wagen,
Für mich zu schlagen!

PARENTS

Argento / Woolf

How beautiful they were, those old people - I mean
father and mother - how simple, how clear, how
untroubled. I have been dipping into old letters and
father's memoirs. He loved her: oh and was so
candid and reasonable and transparent . . . How
serene and gay even, their life reads to me: no mud;
no whirlpools. And so human - with the children and
the little hum and song of the nursery. But if I read
as a contemporary I shall lose my child's vision and
so must stop. Nothing turbulent; nothing involved;
no introspection.

HEAVENLY LOVE

English Translation © Richard Stokes

When your lips touch me,
desire all but bears away my soul;
I feel a nameless trembling
deep within my breast.

My eyes flame, a glow tinges my cheeks;
my heart beats with a strange longing;
my mind, lost in the stammering
of my drunken lips, can scarcely compose itself.

At such a time my life hangs
on your sweet lips, soft as roses,
and, in your beloved embrace,
life almost deserts me.

Oh that my life cannot escape from itself,
with my soul aflame in yours!
Oh that lips ardent with longing
must part!

Oh that my being may not dissolve in kisses
when my lips are pressed so tightly to yours,
and to your heart, which may never dare
to beat aloud for me!

IF NO ONE EVER MARRIES ME

Lehmann / Alma-Tadema

If no one ever marries me -
And I don't see why they should,
For nurse says I'm not pretty,
And I'm seldom very good -

If no one ever marries me
I shan't mind very much,
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage
And a little rabbit-hutch;

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
And a pony all my own
And a little lamb, quite clean and tame,
That I can take to town.

And when I'm getting really old -
At twenty-eight or nine -
I shall buy a little orphan-girl
And bring her up as mine.

AMOR

Bolcon / Weinstein

It wasn't the policeman's fault
in all the traffic roar
Instead of shouting halt when he saw me
he shouted Amor.

Even the ice-cream man
(free ice-creams by the score)
Instead of shouting Butter Pecan one look at me
he shouted Amor.

All over town it went that way
Ev'rybody took off the day
Even philosophers understood
How good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!

The poor stopped taking less
The rich stopped needing more.
Instead of shouting no and yes
Both looking at me shouted Amor.

My stay in town was cut short
I was dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace
And the jury gave him what for!

The judge raised his hand
And instead of Desist and Cease
Judgie came to the stand, took my hand
And whispered Amor.

Night was turning into day
I walked alone away.
Never see that town again.
But as I passed the churchhouse door
Instead of singing Amen
The choir was singing Amor.

LIEBST DU UM SCHÖNHEIT

Schumann / Rückert

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar!

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar!

IF YOU LOVE FOR BEAUTY

English Translation © Richard Stokes

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!

If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Who is young each year!

If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me always;
I shall love you forever!

LA FLÛTE DE PAN

Debussy / Louÿs

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux; mais je suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue après moi, si doucement que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre; mais nos chansons veulent se répondre, et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes qui commence avec la nuit. Ma mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée si longtemps à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

DEN FÖRSTA KYSSEN

Sibelius / Runeberg

På silvermolnets kant satt aftonstjärnan,
Från lundens skymning frågte henne tärnan:
Säg, aftonstjärna, vad i himlen tänkes,
När första kyssen åt en älskling skänkes?
Och himlens blyga dotter hördes svara:
På jorden blickar ljusets änglaskara,
Och ser sin egen sällhet speglad åter;
Blott döden vänder ögat bort -- och gråter.

FLICKAN KOM IFRÅN SIN ÄLSKLINGS MÖTE

Sibelius / Runeberg

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda händer. Modern sade:
"Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har plockat rosor
och på törnen stungit mina händer."

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda läppar. Modern sade:
"Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har ätit hallon
och med saften målat mina läppar."

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
kom med bleka kinder. Modern sade:
"Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Red en grav, o moder!
Göm mig där och ställ ett kors däröver,
och på korset rista, som jag säger:

En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,
ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.
En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar,
ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder,
ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro."

THE FLUTE OF PAN

English Translation © Richard Stokes

For Hyacinthus day he gave me a syrinx made of carefully cut reeds, bonded with white wax which tastes sweet to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap; but I am a little fearful. He plays it after me, so gently that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say, so close are we one to another, but our songs try to answer each other, and our mouths join in turn on the flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green frogs that begins with the night. My mother will never believe I stayed out so long to look for my lost sash.

THE FIRST KISS

English Translation Anon

The evening star sat on the rim of silver mist.
From the shadowy grove the maiden asked her:
Tell me, evening star, what do they think in heaven
when you give the first kiss to your lover?
And heaven's shy daughter was heard to answer:
The angels of light look toward the earth
and see their own bliss reflected back;
only death turns his eyes away and weeps.

THE MAIDEN CAME FROM HER LOVER'S TRYST

English Translation © Maria Forsström

The maiden came from her lover's tryst,
Came with red hands. The mother said:
"Whence redden your hands, maiden?"
The maiden said: "I have picked roses
And stung my hands on the thorns."

Again she came from her lover's tryst,
Came with red lips. The Mother said:
"Whence redden your lips, maiden?"
The maiden said: "I have eaten raspberries
And with the juices painted my lips."

Again she came from her lover's tryst,
Came with pale cheeks. Her mother said:
"Whence pale your cheeks, maiden?"
The maiden said: "Make me a grave, o mother!
Hide me there and put a cross on top,
And on the cross carve, what I say:

Once she came home with red hands,
Since they had reddened between her lover's hands.
Once she came home with red lips,
Since they reddened under her lover's lips.
Lastly she came home with pale cheeks,
Since they had paled with her lover's unfaithfulness.

SVARTA ROSOR

Sibelius / Josephson

Säg, varför är du så ledsen i dag,
du, som alltid är så lustig och glad?
Och inte är jag mera ledsen i dag
än när jag tyckes dig lustig och glad;
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

I mitt hjärta där växer ett rosendeträd,
som aldrig nånsin vill lämna mig fred,
och på stjälkarna sitter det tagg vid tagg,
och det vållar mig ständigt sveda och agg;
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

Men av rosor blir det en hel klenod,
än vita som döden, än röda som blod.
Det växer och växer. Jag tror jag förgår,
i hjärträdets rotter det rycker och slår;
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

YOUKALI

Weill / Fernay

C'est presque au bout du monde,
Ma barque vagabonde,
Errant au gré de l'onde,
M'y conduisit un jour.
L'île est toute petite,
Mais la fée qui l'habite
Gentiment nous invite
A en faire le tour.
Youkali,
C'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
C'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir,
Youkali,
C'est la terre où l'on quitte tous les soucis,
C'est, dans notre nuit, comme une éclaircie.
L'étoile qu'on suit,
C'est Youkali.
Youkali,
C'est le respect de tous les vœux échangés,
Youkali,
C'est le pays des beaux amours partagés,
C'est l'espérance
Qui est au cœur de tous les humains,
La délivrance
Que nous attendons tous pour demain, Youkali,
C'est le pays de nos désirs, Youkali,
C'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir,
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

BLACK ROSES

English Translation © Daniel M. Grimley

Say, why are you so sad today,
You, who are always so happy and glad?
I am sad no more today
Than when I think of you happy and glad;
For sorrow has roses black as night.

In my heart there grows a tree,
Which never grants me rest,
upon its stems hangs thorn after thorn,
it causes me endless suffering and pain;
For sorrow has roses black as night.

But there is a whole treasure of roses,
Some white as death, some red as blood.
It grows and grows. I believe I pale,
in my heart-tree's roots it tugs and pulls;
For sorrow has roses black as night.

YOUKALI

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Wandering at the will of the sea,
My wayward boat
Led me one day
Almost to the end of the world.
Though the island is very small,
The sprite who lives there
Kindly invites us
To walk round it.
Youkali -
The land of our desires, Youkali -
Happiness and pleasure, Youkali -
The land where you abandon all care.
It's like a beacon in our night,
The star we follow
Is Youkali.
Youkali -
Where all our promises are kept,
Youkali -
The land of shared love,
The hope
Which dwells in all human hearts,
The release
We all are waiting for,
Youkali -
The land of our desires, Youkali -
Happiness and pleasure.
But it's a dream, it's folly,
There is no Youkali!

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