

OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



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YOUNG ARTIST AUDITIONS - SESSION 6

Saturday 14th March 2026, 12:00pm
The Levine Building, Trinity College

Natalka Pasicznyk soprano
Bohdana Ravliuk piano
Gabriella Noble mezzo-soprano
Jasmin Allpress 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

Anatoliy Yosypovych Kos-Anatolsky (1909 - 1983)	Oy, pidu ya mezhy hory 'Oh, I go to the mountains'	Anatoliy Yosypovych Kos-Anatolsky (1909 - 1983)
Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)	Suleika I D720	Marianne von Willemer (1784 - 1860)
Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)	Liebeslied Op. 51 no.5	Marianne von Willemer (1784 - 1860)
Libby Larsen (b. 1950)	Anne Boleyn <i>from Try Me, Good King: Last Words of the Wives of Henry VIII</i>	Anne Boleyn (c.1500 - 1536)
Gian Carlo Menotti (1911 - 2007)	La lettera <i>from Canti della lontananza</i>	Gian Carlo Menotti (1911 - 2007)
Denis Sichynsky (1865 - 1909)	Son, 'Dream'	Heinrich Heine (1797 - 1856), trans. Ahatanhel Yukhymovych Krymsky

Luciano Berio (1925 - 2003)	Lo Fiolaire	Folksong
James MacMillan (b. 1959)	Ballad <i>from Three Scottish Songs</i>	William Soutar (1898 - 1943)
Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963)	Hôtel FP 107 no.2 <i>from Banalités</i>	Guillaume Apollinaire (1880 - 1918)
Libby Larsen (b. 1950)	Blond Men <i>from Love After 1950</i>	Julie Kane (b. 1952)
Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)	Blue Motel Room	Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)
John Cage (1912 - 1992)	Solo for Voice 43	Erik Satie (1866 - 1925)
Manuel de Falla (1876 - 1946)	El paño moruno	Gregorio Martínez Sierra (1881 - 1947)
	Nana <i>from Siete canciones populares Españolas</i>	Anon.
Luciano Berio (1925 - 2003)	Azerbaijan Love Song	Folksong

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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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TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

OY, PIDU YA MEZHY HORY

Kos-Anatolsky / Kos-Anatolsky

Oy, pidu ya mezhy hory,
Smerekovi lisy, bory.
Oy, pidu ya mezhy hory,
Tam, de zhyvut boiky.
De muzyka dribno hraie, heil
A pid tuiu muzychenku, heil!
Skachut polehonky.

Oy, tam mylyi, chornobryvyi
Na vysokii polonyni,
Oy, yak vin tam na floiartsi
Sumno vyhravaie.
A yak hraie veseloï, heil
To u mene molodoi, heil!
Sertse v hrudiakh taie...

Zazhurivsia mii mylenkyi
Tai siv pid smereku,
Bo ne znaie vin, serdenko,
Shcho ya nedaleko.
Heia, heia, heil! Oy, dana, dana, dana heil!
Koly floiarka hraie,
U hrudiakh sertse taie...

SULEIKA I

Schubert / Willemer

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heissen Wangen,
Küsst die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüsse;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüssen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebshauch, erfrischtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

OH, I GO TO THE MOUNTAINS

English Translation © Natalka Pasicznyk &
Bohdana Ravliuk

Oh, I go to the mountains,
Sprucely woods, forests.
Oh, I go to the mountains,
Where the Boyky people live.
Where delicate music plays, hey!
And to that music, hey!
They dance lightly.

Oh, there is a brown-eyebrowed lad
Sitting on the high mountain meadow,
Oh, he plays on the flute
So sadly.
And when he plays so happily – hey!
Then for me, a young girl, hey!
My heart inside my chest just melts...

My dear one worried
And sat under the spruce,
For he does not know, sweetheart,
That I am not far away.
Hey, hey, hey! Oh, dana, dana, dana hey!
When I hear the flute,
My heart melts in my breast...

SULEIKA I

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

What does this stirring portend?
Is the east wind bringing me joyful tidings?
The refreshing motion of its wings
cools the heart's deep wound.

It plays caressingly with the dust,
throwing it up in light clouds,
and drives the happy swarm of insects
to the safety of the vine-leaves.

It gently tempers the burning heat of the sun,
and cools my hot cheeks;
even as it flies it kisses the vines
that adorn the fields and hillsides.

And its soft whispering brings me
a thousand greetings from my beloved;
before these hills grow dark
I shall be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Now you may pass on,
and serve the happy and the sad;
there, where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ah, the true message of the heart,
the breath of love, renewed life
will come to me only from his lips,
can be given to me only by his breath.

LIEBESLIED

Schumann / Willemer

Dir zu eröffnen mein Herz verlangt mich;
Hört' ich von deinem, darnach verlangt mich;
Wie blickt so traurig die Welt mich an!
In meinem Sinne wohnt mein Freund nur,
Und sonst keiner und keine Feindesspur.
Wie Sonnenaufgang ward mir ein Vorsatz!
Mein Leben will ich nur zum Geschäfte
Von seiner Liebe machen,
Ich denke seiner, mir blutet das Herz,
Kraft hab' ich keine als ihn zu lieben,
So recht im Stillen; was soll das werden?
Will ihn umarmen, und kann es nicht.

ANNE BOLEYN

Larsen / Boleyn

Try me, good king, ...and let me have a lawful trial, and let not my...enemies sit as my accusers and judges.
...Let me receive an open trial for my truth shall fear no open shame. ...Never a prince had a wife more loyal in
all duty, ...in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bulen ...You have chosen me from low estate
to be your wife and companion. ...Do you not remember the words of your own hand? "My own darling...I
would you were in my arms for think it long since I kissed you. My mistress and friend..." Try me good king.
...If ever I have found favor in your sight –if ever the name of Anne Bulen has been pleasing to your ears–
then let me obtain this request...and my innocence shall be...known and...cleared.

Good Christian People, I come hither to die, ...and by the law I am judged to die. ... I pray God save the King. I
hear the executioner's good, and my neck is so little...

*Letter from Anne Boleyn, Queen of England, to Henry VIII, 6 May 1536; Excerpts from two letters from Henry VIII
to Anne Boleyn; Anne Boleyn's speech at her execution, 19 May 1536*

LA LETTERA

Menotti / Menotti

Ecco il postino che arriva lento,
Mano appassita e sguardo spento.
Ecco il giornale, ecco le lettere,
Piccole lapidi ostili o remote.

Ed ecco, ah! Ecco la busta. (Piovon le schegge del
sole infranto.)

Ecco la tua magra scrittura troppo affrettata,
indifferente.

Strappo l'involucro che custodisce sì breve vita,
E mi divoran gioia e paura.

Aspiro in fretta il tenue arco del suo respiro.

Gia é troppo tardi, troppo indugiai.

Ecco la carta che si dilegua e si fa pianto.

Le frasi immobili come birilli fissano ironiche le mie
pupille.

Ecco l'inchiostro impallidire; la bianca busta, triste
colomba,

Volare verso nidi segreti.

Ah! Quante ore fino a domani?

LOVE SONG

English Translation © Richard Stokes

I long to open my heart to you;
When I heard of yours, I longed for it;
How sadly the world gazes at me!
My friend alone dwells in my mind,
No one else and not a trace of the foe.
A plan dawns on me like sunrise!
Henceforth I'll devote all my life
To his love,
I think of him, my heart bleeds,
I have no strength but to love him
In silence; where will this lead?
I long to embrace him and cannot.

THE LETTER

English Translation © Natalka Pasicznyk

Here is the postman, who arrives slowly,
His hand is faded and his look is dull.
Here is the newspaper, here are the letters,
Small gravestones are hostile and removed from any
feeling.

And here, ah! Here is the envelope! (The shards of the
broken sun rain down.)

Here is your pointed writing, written too quickly, too
indifferent.

I tear open the envelope that protects such a brief life,
And I am devoured by joy and fear.

I breath in quickly the tender arch of his breath.

Yet it is too late, I took too much time.

Here is the letter that is disappearing and becomes
crying.

The sentences are motionless, just like skittles, they
fix ironically on my eyes.

See the ink growing paler; the white envelope, as sad
as a dove,

Flies towards secret nests.

Ah! How many hours are there until tomorrow?

SON

Sichynsky / Heine trans. Krymsky

U mene buv kokhanyi, ridnyi krai.
V moim vikni shumiv hilliastyi dub,
Fialkamy tsviv mai,
Ta to v visni!
Ya movu chuv tam ridnoiu svoiu,
I khtos meni shchyrystynko skazav po-nashomu:
«Liubliu!»
Ta to v visni.

DREAM

English Translation © Bohdana Ravliuk

I had a homeland, dear to my heart.
By my window, an oak tree softly rustled,
May bloomed with violets,
But it was in a dream!
I heard my mother tongue there,
And someone said to me, with all their heart, in our
language: "I love you!"
But that was in a dream.

LO FIOLAIRE

Berio / Folksong

Ton qu'èrè pitchounèlo,
Gordavè loui moutous.
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

Obio 'no counoulhèto
è n'ai près u postrou.
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

Per fa l'obiroudèto
Mè domound' un poutou.
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

È ièu soui pas ingrato,
Èn lièt d'un n'in fau dous!
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

THE SPINNER

English Translation © Gabriella Noble

When I was a little girl,
I tended to the sheep.
Lirou etc.

I had a spindle
And I called for a shepherd (to help)
Lirou etc.

For looking after the flock
He demanded a kiss
Lirou etc.

And I, not being ungrateful,
Instead of one gave him two!
Lirou etc.

BALLAD

MacMillan / Soutar

O! shairly ye hae seen my love
Down whaur the waters wind:
He walks like ane wha fears nae man
And yet his e'en are kind.

O! shairly ye hae seen my love
At the turnin o' the tide;
For then he gethers in the nets
Down by the waterside.

O! lassie I hae seen your love
At the turnin o' the tide;
And he was wi' the fisher-folk
Down by the waterside.

The fisher-folk were at their trade
No far frae Walnut Grove;
They gether'd in their dreepin nets
And fund your ain true love.

HÔTEL

Poulenc / Apollinaire

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette
Je ne veux pas travailler je veux fumer

HOTEL

English Translation © Richard Stokes

My room is shaped like a cage
The sun slips its arm through the window
But I who want to smoke to make mirages
I light my cigarette on daylight's fire
I do not want to work I want to smoke

BLOND MEN

Larsen / Kane

I think I ought to warn you that I hate blond men before you break your heart
I think I ought to warn you that I hate blond men
I hate the greenish gold of their eyebrows and lashes
How they shatter the sun into rainbows
And their eyes: like a long drink of water
That clear and that cold
Worse than the eyes
Worse than the eyes is the blond hair
The shock of a bright blond head slanting above me
Like a sunbeam on the covers of my dark blue bed

BLUE MOTEL ROOM

Mitchell / Mitchell

I've got a blue motel room
With a blue bedspread
I've got the blues inside and outside my head
Will you still love me
When I call you up when I'm down
Here in Savannah it's pouring rain
Palm trees in the porch light like slick black
cellophane
Will you still love me
When I call you up when I get back to town
I know that you've got all those pretty girls coming
on
Hanging on your boom-boom-pachyderm
Will you tell those girls that you've got German
Measles
Honey, tell them you've got germs
I hope you'll be thinking of me
Because I'll be thinking of you
While I'm traveling home alone
Tell those girls that you've got Joni
She's coming back home

SOLO FOR VOICE 43

Cage / Satie

Et tout cela m'est advenu
par la faute de la Musique

SOLO FOR VOICE 43

English Translation © Gabriella Noble

And all this happened to me
because of music

EL PAÑO MORUNO

Falla / Martínez Sierra

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó.

Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

NANA

Falla / Anon.

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

AZERBAIJAN LOVE SONG

Berio / Folksong

Da maesden bil de maenaes
di dilamnanai ai naninai

go shadaemae hey ma naemaes yar
go shadaemae hey ma naemaes
sen ordan chaexman boordan
tcholoxae mae dish ma naemaes yar
tcholoxae mae dish ma naemaes
kaezbe li nintché dirai nintché
lebleri gontchae derai gontchae
kaezbe linini je deri nintché
lebleri gontcha de le gontcha

na plitye korshis sva doi
ax kroo gomshoo nyaka mae shi
ax pastoi xanaem pastoi
jar doo shi ma nie patooshi

go shadaemae hey ma naemaes yar
go shadaemae hey ma naemaes
sen ordan chaexman boordan
tcholoxae mae dish ma naemaes yar
tcholoxae mae dish ma naemaes
kaezbe li nintché dirai nintché
lebleri gontchae derai gontchae

nie didj dom ik diridit
boost ni dietz stayoo zaxadit
ootch to boodit ai palam
syora die limtchésti snova papalam

THE MOORISH CLOTH

English Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain.

It sells for less
for it has lost its value
Ay!

LULLABY

English Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

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

AZERBAIJAN LOVE SONG

Berio's wife Cathy Berberian transcribed the original folk song from the radio, purely by ear and from memory. She wrote down sounds, not meanings, and therefore it is a phonetic impression of a memory, not real Azerbaijani text.

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INTERNATIONAL
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SONGS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN



THEANO PAPADAKI soprano
SHOLTO KYNOCH piano

THU 14 MAY, 6PM
WOLFSON COLLEGE



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