

OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



For full details of this event
including artist biographies, please visit
oxfordsong.org or use this QR code

YOUNG ARTIST AUDITIONS - SESSION 7

Saturday 14th March 2026, 2:00pm
The Levine Building, Trinity College

Bethan Terry soprano
Francesca Lauri piano
Luca Zucchi baritone
Lilly Vadaneaux 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

Clara Schumann (1819 - 1896)	Lorelei	Heinrich Heine (1797 - 1856)
William Walton (1902 - 1983)	Daphne <i>from Three Façade Settings</i>	Edith Sitwell (1887 - 1964)
Claude Debussy (1862 - 1918))	La romance d'Ariel L54	Paul Bourget (1852 - 1935)
Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)	Mignon (Kennst du das Land) <i>from Goethe-Lieder</i>	Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749 - 1832)
Jake Heggie (b. 1961)	Ophelia's Song <i>from Songs and Sonnets to Ophelia</i>	Jake Heggie (b. 1961)
Amy Beach (1867 - 1944)	Fairy Lullaby	William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616)

Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)	Der Atlas Die Stadt <i>from Schwanengesang</i>	Heinrich Heine (1797 - 1856)
Lilly Vadaneaux (b. 2002)	Song of the Bowmen of Shu	Ezra Pound (1885-1972)
Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)	Warte, warte wilder Schiffmann <i>from Liederkreis</i>	Heinrich Heine (1797 - 1856)
	Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen <i>from Dichterliebe</i>	
Thomas Adès (b. 1971)	Erdő sűrűjében	Ottó Orbán (1936 - 2002)
Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)	Auf dem Flusse <i>from Winterreise</i>	Wilhelm Müller (1794 - 1827)

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

LORELEI

Schumann / Heine

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

DAPHNE

Walton / Sitwell

When green as a river was the barley,
Green as a river the rye,
I waded deep and began to parley
With a youth whom I heard sigh.
'I seek', said he, 'a lovely lady,
A nymph as bright as a queen,
Like a tree that drips with pearls
Her shady locks of hair were seen;
And all the rivers became her flocks
Though their wool you cannot shear,
Because of the love of her flowing locks,
The kingly sun like a swain came strong,
Unheeding of her scorn,
Wading in deeps where she has lain,
Sleeping upon her riven lawn
And chasing her starry satyr train.
She fled, and changed into a tree,
That lovely fair-haired lady...
And now I seek through
the sere summer
Where no trees are shady!'

LORELEY

English Translation © Richard Stokes

I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
And the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountains glitters
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song the while;
It has an awe-inspiring,
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain;
He does not see the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat;
And that, with her singing,
The Loreley has done.

LA ROMANCE D'ARIEL

Debussy / Bourget

Au long de ces montagnes douces,
Dis! viendras-tu pas à l'appel
De ton délicat Ariel
Qui veloute à tes pieds les mousses?

Suave Miranda, je veux
Qu'il fasse juste assez de brise
Pour que ce souffle tiède frise
Les pointes d'or de tes cheveux!

Les clochettes des digitales
Sur ton passage tinteront;
Les églantines sur ton front
Effeuilleront leurs blancs pétales.

Sous le feuillage du bouleau
Blondira ta tête bouclée;
Et dans le creux de la vallée
Tu regarderas bleuir l'eau,

L'eau du lac lumineux ou sombre,
Miroir changeant du ciel d'été,
Qui sourit avec sa gaieté
Et qui s'attriste avec son ombre;

Symbole, hélas! du cœur aimant,
Où le chagrin, où le sourire
De l'être trop aimé, se mire
Gaîment ou douloureusement ...

MIGNON (KENNST DU DAS LAND)

Wolf / 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!

ARIEL'S SONG

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Come, will you not cross these fair mountains,
When summoned by
Your fair Ariel,
Who velvets the moss at your feet?

Sweet Miranda, I would wish
For just enough breeze
For its warm breath to ruffle
The golden tips of your hair!

The foxglove bells
Will chime as you pass;
The eglantine will shed on your brow
Its white petals.

Beneath the birch leaves
Your curly head will turn blond;
And in the depths of the valley
You will see the water turn blue,

The water of the luminous or dark lake,
A changing mirror of the summer sky,
Which smiles in merriment
And grows sad in its shadow;

Symbol, alas, of the loving heart,
Where the sorrow, where the smile
Of one too well loved, is reflected
Merrily or sadly ...

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!

OPHELIA'S SONG

Heggie / Heggie

The hills are green, my dear one,
and blossoms are filling the air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

In this flowery field I'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

Taste of the honey. Sip of the wine.
Pine for a chalice of gold.
I have a dear one and he is mine.
Thicker than water. Water so cold.

In this flowery field I'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

FAIRY LULLABY

Beach / Shakespeare

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby

DER ATLAS

Schubert / Heine

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muss ich tragen.
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

DIE STADT

Schubert / Heine

Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn.

Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor,
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste verlor.

ATLAS

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

I, unhappy Atlas, must bear a world,
the whole world of sorrows.
I bear the unbearable, and my heart
would break within my body.

Proud heart, you wished it so!
You wished to be happy, endlessly happy,
or endlessly wretched, proud heart!
And now you are wretched!

THE TOWN

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

On the distant horizon
appears, like a misty vision,
the town with its turrets,
shrouded in dusk.

A damp wind ruffles
the grey stretch of water.
With mournful strokes
the boatman rows my boat.

Radiant, the sun rises once more
from the earth,
and shows me that place
where I lost my beloved.

SONG OF THE BOWMEN OF SHU

Vadaneaux / Pound

Here we are, picking the first fern-shoots,
And saying; When shall we get back to our country?
Here we are because we have the Ken-in for our foemen.
We have no comfort because of these Mongols.

When anyone says "Return," the others are full of sorrow.
Sorrowful minds, sorrow is strong, we are hungry and thirsty.
Our defence is not yet made sure, no one can let his friend return.

There is no ease in royal affairs, we have no comfort.
Our sorrow is bitter, but we would not return to our country.
Our mind is full of sorrow, who will know of our grief?

WARTE, WARTE WILDER SCHIFFMANN

Schumann / Heine

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
Gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
Von zwei Jungfraun nehme ich Abschied,
Von Europa und von ihr.

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,
Dass ich mit dem heißen Blute
Meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
Schaudert dich, mein Blut zu sehn?
Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend
Lange Jahre vor dir stehn!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
Von der Schlang' im Paradies,
Die durch schlimme Apfelgabe
Unsern Ahn ins Elend stieß?

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
Du bracht'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.

HÖR' ICH DAS LIEDCHEN KLINGEN

Schumann / Heine

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

WAIT, O WAIT, WILD SEAMAN

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Wait, O wait, wild seaman,
Soon I'll follow to the harbour;
I'm taking leave of two maidens:
Of Europe and of her.

Stream from my eyes, O blood,
Gush from my body, O blood,
That with my hot blood
I may write down my agonies.

Why today of all days, my love,
Do you shudder to see my blood?
You've seen me pale and with bleeding heart
Stand before you for years on end!

Remember the old story
Of the serpent in Paradise,
Who, through the evil gift of an apple,
Plunged our forbears into woe?

The apple has caused all our ills!
Eve brought death with it,
Eris brought flames to Troy,
And you – both flames and death.

WHEN I HEAR THE LITTLE SONG

English Translation © Richard Stokes

When I hear the little song
That my love once sang,
My heart almost bursts
With the wild rush of pain.

A dark longing drives me
Out to the wooded heights,
Where my overwhelming grief
Dissolves in tears.

ERDŐ SŰRÜJÉBEN

Adès / Orbán

Jó reggel kimentem,
az erdőbe mentem,
erdő sűrűjében
gallyat szedegettem,
virágom, virágom,
kertem ékessége,
szívem fényessége,
gyönyörűsége.

Az erdőbe mentem,
gallyat szedegettem,
erdő sűrűjében
gyöngyen lépegettem,
virágom, virágom,
kertem ékessége,
szívem fényessége,
gyönyörűsége.

Gallyat szedegettem,
gyöngyen lépegettem,
feneketlen kútba,
szerelembe estem,
virágom, virágom,
kertem ékessége,
szívem sötétsége,
Keserűsége.

AUF DEM FLUSSE

Schubert / Müller

Der du so lustig rauschtest,
Du heller, wilder Fluss,
Wie still bist du geworden,
Gibst keinen Scheidegruss.

Mit harter, starrer Rinde
Hast du dich überdeckt,
Liegst kalt und unbeweglich
Im Sande ausgestreckt.

In deine Decke grab' ich
Mit einem spitzen Stein
Den Namen meiner Liebsten
Und Stund' und Tag hinein:

Den Tag des ersten Grusses,
Den Tag, an dem ich ging,
Um Nam' und Zahlen windet
Sich ein zerbrochener Ring.

Mein Herz, in diesem Bache
Erkennst du nun dein Bild?
Ob's unter seiner Rinde
Wohl auch so reissend schwillt?

IN THE THICK OF THE FOREST

English Translation © Thomas Adès

Early in the morning I went out,
I went to the forest,
in the thick of the forest
I gathered kindling,
my flower, my flower,
my garden's jewel,
my heart's brightness,
its delight.

I went to the forest,
I gathered kindling,
in the thick of the forest
I walked on pearls,
my flower, my flower,
my garden's jewel,
my heart's brightness,
its delight.

I gathered kindling,
I walked on pearls,
into a bottomless well,
I fell into love,
my flower, my flower,
my garden's jewel,
my heart's darkness,
its bitterness

ON THE RIVER

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

You who rippled so merrily,
clear, boisterous river,
how still you have become;
you give no parting greeting.

With a hard, rigid crust
you have covered yourself;
you lie cold and motionless,
stretched out in the sand.

On your surface I carve
with a sharp stone
the name of my beloved,
the hour and the day.

The day of our first greeting,
the date I departed.
Around name and figures
a broken ring is entwined.

My heart, do you now recognise
your image in this brook?
Is there not beneath its crust
likewise a seething torrent?

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.

Please consider supporting our work today by joining our community of regular supporters or making a one-off donation. Your contribution will help create a bright future for song. To find out more and donate, please visit oxfordsong.org/support.

Oxford International Song Festival is a Registered Charity ('Oxford Lieder'), no. 1111458.



OXFORD
INTERNATIONAL
SONG FESTIVAL

KNIGHT'S DREAM



HELEN CHARLSTON mezzo-soprano

SHOLTO KYNOCH piano

THU 26 NOV, 6PM
WOLFSON COLLEGE



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