

OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



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YOUNG ARTIST AUDITIONS - SESSION 8

Saturday 14th March 2026, 3:30pm
The Levine Building, Trinity College

Rachel Munro soprano
Jia Ning Ng piano
Quito Clothier tenor
Dida Condria 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

Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)	Let the florid music praise <i>from On This Island</i>	W H Auden (1907 - 1973)
George Crumb (1929 - 2022)	Three Early Songs Night Let It Be Forgotten Wind Elegy	Robert Southey (1774 - 1843) Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)
Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963)	C <i>from Deux Poemes de Louis Aragon</i>	Louis Aragon (1897 - 1982)
Claude Debussy (1862 - 1918)	Pierrot L15	Théodore de Banville (1823 - 1891)
Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)	All you who sleep tonight <i>from All you who sleep tonight</i>	Vikram Seth (b. 1952)

Claude Debussy (1862 - 1918)	Ballade des femmes de Paris L119 <i>from Trois Ballades de François Villon</i>	François Villon (1431 - 1463)
Germaine Tailleferre (1892 - 1983)	In Moments to Delight Devoted <i>from Deux Poèmes de Lord Byron</i>	Lord George Gordon Byron (1788 - 1824)
Charles Ives (1874 - 1954)	Watchman!	Sir John Bowring (1792 - 1872)
Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)	Sonetto XXIV <i>from Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo</i>	Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475 - 1564)
Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)	Der Feuerreiter <i>from Mörike-Lieder</i>	Théodore de Banville (1823 - 1891)
Alexander von Zemlinsky (1871 - 1942)	Selige Stunde	Paul Wertheimer (1874 - 1937)
Richard Strauss (1864 - 1949)	Cäcilie Op. 27 no.2	Heinrich Hart (1855 - 1906)

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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.

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.

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TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

LET THE FLORID MUSIC PRAISE

Britten / Auden

Let the florid music praise,
The flute and the trumpet,
Beauty's conquest of your face:
In that land of flesh and bone,
Where from citadels on high
Her imperial standards fly,
Let the hot sun
Shine on, shine on.

O but the unlov'd have had power,
The weeping and striking,
Always; time will bring their hour:
Their secretive children walk
Through your vigilance of breath
To unpardonable death,
And my vows break
Before his look.

THREE EARLY SONGS

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!

LET IT BE FORGOTTEN

Crumb / Teasdale

Let it be forgotten as a flower is forgotten,
Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold.
Let it be forgotten forever and ever.
Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten,
Long and long ago.
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed foot-fall
In a long forgotten snow.

WIND ELEGY

Crumb / Teasdale

Only the wind knows he is gone,
Only the wind grieves,
The sun shines, the fields are sown,
Sparrows mate in the eaves;

But I heard the wind in the pines he planted
And the hemlocks overhead,
"His acres wake, for the year turns,
But he is asleep," it said.

C

Poulenc / Aragon

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé
C'est là que tout a commencé

Une chanson des temps passés
Parle d'un chevalier blessé

D'une rose sur la chaussée
Et d'un corsage délacé

Du château d'un duc insensé
Et des cignes dans les fossés

De la prairie où vient danser
Une éternelle fiancée

Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé
Le long lai des gloires faussées

La Loire emporte mes pensées
Avec les voitures versées

Et les armes désamorçées
Et les larmes mal effacées

Ô ma France ô ma délaissée
J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé

PIERROT

Debussy / Banville

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,
Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple.
Une fillette au souple casaquin
En vain l'agace de son œil coquin;
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureau
Jette un regard de son œil en coulisse
À son ami Jean Gaspard Debureau.

ALL YOU WHO SLEEP TONIGHT

Dove / Seth

All you who sleep tonight
Far from the ones you love,
No hand to left or right,
And emptiness above –

Know that you aren't alone.
The whole world shares your tears,
Some for two nights or one,
And some for all their years.

C

English Translation © Richard Stokes

I have crossed the bridges of Cé
It is there that everything began

A song of bygone days
Tells of a knight who injured lay

Of a rose upon the carriage-way
And a bodice with an unlaced stay

And the castle of an insane duke
And swans in castle moats

And of the meadow where
An eternal fiancée comes to dance

And I have drunk the long lay
Of false glories like icy milk

The Loire bears my thoughts away
With the overturned jeeps

And the unprimed arms
And the ill-dried tears

O my France O my forsaken one
I have crossed the bridges of Cé

PIERROT

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Good old Pierrot, watched by the crowd,
Having done with Harlequin's wedding,
Drifts dreamily along the boulevard of the Temple.
A girl in a flowing blouse
Vainly leads him on with her teasing eyes;
And meanwhile, mysterious and sleek,
Cherishing him above all else,
The white moon with horns like a bull
Ogles her friend
Jean Gaspard Debureau.

BALLADE DES FEMMES DE PARIS

Debussy / Villon

Quoy qu'on tient belles langagières
Florentines, Veniciennes,
Assez pour estre messagières,
Et mesmement les anciennes;
Mais, soient Lombardes, Romaines,
Genevoises, à mes périls,
Piemontoises, Savoysiennes,
Il n'est bon bec que de Paris.

De beau parler tiennent chayères,
Ce dit-on Napolitaines,
Et que sont bonnes cacquetières
Allemandes et Bruciennes;
Soient Grecques, Egyptiennes,
De Hongrie ou d'autre país,
Espagnolles ou Castellannes,
Il n'est bon bec que de Paris.

Brettes, Suysse, n'y sçavent guères,
Ne Gasconnes et Tholouzaines;
Du Petit Pont deux harangères
Les concluront, et les Lorraines,
Anglesches ou Callaisiennes,
(Ay-je beaucoup de lieux compris?)
Picardes, de Valenciennes ...
Il n'est bon bec que de Paris.

Prince, aux dames parisiennes,
De bien parler donnez le prix;
Quoy qu'on die d'Italiennes,
Il n'est bon bec que de Paris.

BALLAD OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Though they be reckoned good talkers
Florentine and Venetian women,
Good enough to be go-betweens,
Even the ancient women too;
And be they Lombards or Romans
Or Genovese, I say to my peril,
Or Piedmontese or Savoyards,
There's no tongue like a Parisian one.

Chairs in the art of fine chatter, they say,
Are held by the women of Naples,
While those from Germany and Prussia
Are very good at prattle.
Yet be they Greek, Egyptian,
From Hungary or other lands,
Spanish or Catalonia —
There's no tongue like a Parisian one.

Bretons and Swiss are mere beginners,
Like Gascons and Toulousians;
Two jabberers on the Petit Pont
Would silence them, and Lorrainers, too,
And women from England and from Calais
(I've named a lot of places, eh?),
From Picardy and Valenciennes ...
There's no tongue like a Parisian one.

Prince, to the ladies of Paris
Present the prize for fine chatter;
Whatever is said of Italians,
There's no tongue like a Parisian one.

IN MOMENTS TO DELIGHT DEVOTED

Tailleferre / Byron

In moments to delight devoted
«My life» with tenderest tone you cry;
Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
If Youth could neither fade or die.

To Death even hours like these must roll,
Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change «my Life» into «my Soul»
Which, like my Love, exists for ever.

WATCHMAN!

Ives / Bowring

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star!
Watchman, aught of joy or hope?
Traveller, yes — it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
Dost thou see its beauteous ray?
Traveller, See!

SONETTO XXIV

Britten / Buonarotti

Spirto ben nato, in cui si specchia e vede
Nelle tuo belle membra oneste e care
Quante natura e 'l ciel tra no' puo' fare,
Quand'a null'altra suo bell'opra cede;
Spirto leggiadro, in cui si spera e crede
Dentro, come di fuor nel viso appare,
Amor, pietà, mercè, cose sì rare
Che mà furn'in beltà con tanta fede;
L'amor mi prende, e la beltà mi lega;
La pietà, la mercè con dolci sguardi
Ferma speranz'al cor par che ne doni.
Qual uso o qual governo al mondo niega,
Qual crudeltà per tempo, o qual più tardi,
C'a sì bel viso morte non perdoni?

SONNET XXIV

English Translation © Elizabeth Mayer & Peter Pears

Noble soul, in whose chaste and dear limbs are
reflected all that nature and heaven can achieve with
us, the paragon of their works:
graceful soul, within whom one hopes and believes
Love, Pity and Mercy are dwelling, as they appear in
your face; things so rare and never found in beauty so
truly:
Love takes me captive, and Beauty binds me; Pity and
Mercy with sweet glances fill my heart with a strong
hope.
What law or earthly government, what cruelty now or
to come, could forbid Death to spare such a lovely
face?

DER FEUERREITER

Wolf / Mörike

Sehet ihr am Fensterlein
Dort die rote Mütze wieder?
Nicht geheuer muß es sein,
Denn er geht schon auf und nieder.
Und auf einmal welch Gewühle
Bei der Brücke, nach dem Feld!
Horch! das Feuerglöcklein gellt:
Hinterm Berg,
Hinterm Berg
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Schaut! da sprengt er wütend schier
Durch das Tor, der Feuerreiter,
Auf dem rippendürren Tier,
Als auf einer Feuerleiter!
Querfeldein! Durch Qualm und Schwüle,
Rennt er schon und ist am Ort!
Drüben schallt es fort und fort:
Hinterm Berg,
Hinterm Berg,
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Der so oft den roten Hahn
Meilenweit von fern gerochen,
Mit des heiligen Kreuzes Span
Frentlich die Glut besprochen –
Weh! dir grinst vom Dachgestühle
Dort der Feind im Höllenschein.
Gnade Gott der Seele dein!
Hinterm Berg,
Hinterm Berg,
Rast er in der Mühle!

Keine Stunde hielt es an,
Bis die Mühle borst in Trümmer;
Doch den kecken Reitersmann
Sah man von der Stunde nimmer.
Volk und Wagen im Gewühle
Kehren heim von all dem Graus;
Auch das Glöcklein klinget aus:
Hinterm Berg,
Hinterm Berg,
Brennts! –

Nach der Zeit ein Müller fand
Ein Gerippe samt der Mützen
Aufrecht an der Kellerwand
Auf der beinern Mähre sitzen:
Feuerreiter, wie so kühle
Reitest du in deinem Grab!
Husch! da fällt's in Asche ab.
Ruhe wohl,
Ruhe wohl
Drunten in der Mühle!

FIRE-RIDER

English Translation © Richard Stokes

See, at the window
There, his red cap again?
Something must be wrong,
For he's pacing to and fro.
And all of a sudden, what a throng
At the bridge, heading for the fields!
Listen to the fire-bell shrilling:
Behind the hill,
Behind the hill
The mill's on fire!

Look, there he gallops frenziedly
Through the gate, the fire-rider,
Straddling his skinny mount
Like a fireman's ladder!
Across the fields! Through thick smoke and heat
He rides and has reached his goal!
The distant bell peals on and on:
Behind the hill,
Behind the hill
The mill's on fire!

You who have often smelt a fire
From many miles away,
And blasphemously conjured the blaze
With a fragment of the True Cross –
Look out! there, grinning at you from the rafters,
Is the Devil amid the flames of hell.
God have mercy on your soul!
Behind the hill,
Behind the hill
He's raging in the mill!

In less than an hour
The mill collapsed in rubble;
But from that hour the bold rider
Was never seen again.
Thronging crowds and carriages
Turn back home from all the horror;
And the bell stops ringing too:
Behind the hill,
Behind the hill
A fire! –

Some time after a miller found
A skeleton, complete with cap,
Upright against the cellar wall,
Mounted on the fleshless mare:
Fire-rider, how coldly
You ride in your grave!
Hush! Now it flakes into ash.
Rest in peace,
Rest in peace
Down there in the mill!

SELIGE STUNDE

Zemlinsky / Wertheimer

In deiner Näh'
Ist mir so gut,
Mein Wilde, mein Weh
Nun bei dir ruht.
Siehst du mich an,
So weicht der Bann,
Der mich dunkel umfängen;
Ich schmiege in dein Gewand
Den Flittertand
Eitler Gedanken.
Meine Wünsche, die weit
Über Raum und Zeit
Spielen und schwanken,
Sie ziehn die Segel ein
In deinem Hafen,
Sie liegen stumm und klein
Und schlafen.

CÄCILIE

Strauss / Hart

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom Wandern und Ruhen
Mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest Dein Herz!

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt
In einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
Da Niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes
Die kampfmüde Seele –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt,
Umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor,
Lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höh'en,
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du lebstest mit mir.

BLISSFUL HOUR

English Translation © Richard Stokes

By your side
I feel so happy,
My will, my anguish
now rest beside you.
When you gaze on me,
the spell vanishes
that surrounded me in darkness;
I twine in your robe
the tinsel
of vain thoughts.
My wishes, which far
across time and space
play and waver,
draw in their sails,
having reached your harbour,
they lie silent and small
and sleep.

CECILY

English Translation © Richard Stokes

If you knew
What it is to dream
Of burning kisses,
Of walking and resting
With one's love,
Gazing at each other
And caressing and talking –
If you knew,
Your heart would turn to me.

If you knew
What it is to worry
On lonely nights
In the frightening storm,
With no soft voice
To comfort
The struggle-weary soul –
If you knew,
You would come to me.

If you knew
What it is to live
Enveloped in God's
World-creating breath,
To soar upwards,
Borne on light
To blessed heights –
If you knew,
You would live with me.