

# OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



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## YOUNG ARTIST AUDITIONS - SESSION 9

Saturday 14th March 2026, 5:00pm  
The Levine Building, Trinity College

**Binny-Supin Yang** soprano  
**Siyuan Xu** piano  
**Zheng Jiang** countertenor  
**Ruiqi Fang** 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

<b>Franz Liszt</b> (1811 - 1886)	O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst! S298	Ferdinand Freiligrath (1810 - 1876)
<b>Richard Strauss</b> (1864 - 1949)	Amor Op. 68	Clemens Brentano (1778 - 1842)
<b>Hugo Wolf</b> (1860 - 1903)	Er ist's no.6 <i>from Mörike-Lieder</i>	Eduard Mörike (1804 - 1875)
<b>Franz Schubert</b> (1797 - 1828)	Die Liebe 'Klärchens Lied' D210	Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749 - 1832)
<b>Felix Mendelssohn</b> (1809 - 1847)	Neue Liebe Op. 19a no.4	Heinrich Heine (1797 - 1856)
<b>Claude Debussy</b> (1862 - 1918)	Apparition L53	Stéphane Mallarmé (1842 - 1898)
<b>Ahn JeongJun</b> (1929 - 2009)	Ari Arirang	Traditional Korean folk song
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<b>Henry Purcell</b> (1659 - 1695)	Sweeter than roses	Richard Norton (1666 - 1732)
<b>Herbert Howells</b> (1892 - 1983)	King David	Walter de la Mare (1873 - 1956)
<b>Claude Debussy</b> (1862 - 1918)	Mandoline L29	Paul Verlaine (1844 - 1896)
<b>Reynaldo Hahn</b> (1873 - 1947)	Si mes vers avaient des ailes	Victor Hugo (1802 - 1885)
	Le printemps	Théodore de Banville (1823 - 1891)
<b>Franz Schubert</b> (1797 - 1828)	Nacht und Träume D827	Matthäus Casimir von Collin (1779 - 1824)

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# TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

## O LIEB, SO LANG DU LIEBEN KANNST!

Liszt / Freiligrath

O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst!  
O lieb, so lang du lieben magst!  
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt,  
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst!  
Und Sorge, daß dein Herze glüht  
Und Liebe hegt und Liebe trägt,  
So lang ihm noch ein ander Herz  
In Liebe warm entgegenschlägt!

Und wer dir seine Brust erschließt,  
O tu ihm, was du kannst, zulieb!  
Und mach ihm jede Stunde froh,  
Und mach ihm keine Stunde trüb.

Und hüte deine Zunge wohl,  
Bald ist ein böses Wort gesagt!  
O Gott, es war nicht böse gemeint, —  
Der andre aber geht und klagt.

## AMOR

Strauss / Brentano

An dem Feuer saß das Kind  
Amor, Amor  
Und war blind;  
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fächelt  
In die Flammen er und lächelt,  
Fächelt, lächelt, schlaues Kind!

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!  
Amor, Amor  
Läuft geschwind!  
„O wie ihn die Glut durchpeinet!“  
Flügelschlagend laut er weinet;  
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt  
Hilfeschreiend das schlaue Kind.

Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,  
Amor, Amor  
Bös und blind.  
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,  
Hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet.  
Sieh, die Flamme wächst geschwinde.  
Hüt dich vor dem schlaunen Kind!  
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind!

## O LOVE AS LONG AS YOU CAN

English Translation © Richard Stokes

O love as long as you can!  
O love as long as you may!  
The hour will come, the hour will come  
When you stand by graves and mourn!  
And be sure that your heart glows,  
And nourishes and harbours love,  
As long as another heart  
Beats lovingly in reply!

And whoever opens his heart to you,  
O do all you can to love him!  
Make him happy at every moment,  
And at no moment make him sad!

And take good care of what you say,  
It's easy to utter an angry word!  
O God, though you meant no harm —  
The other departs and grieves.

## CUPID

English Translation © Richard Stokes

The child sat by the fire.  
Cupid, Cupid,  
And was blind;  
With his little wings he fans  
The flames and he smiles,  
Fans and smiles, the crafty child!

Alas, the child has burnt his wing,  
Cupid, Cupid,  
Runs quickly!  
'Ah, how the flames hurt him!'  
Beating his wings, he cries aloud,  
Seeks refuge in the shepherdess's lap,  
Crying for help, the crafty child.

And the shepherdess helps the child  
Cupid, Cupid,  
Naughty and blind.  
Look, shepherdess, your heart's on fire,  
Didn't you recognize the child?  
Look how quickly the flames spread.  
Beware the crafty child!  
Fans and smiles, the crafty child!

## **ER IST'S**

Wolf / Mörike

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
Süsse, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.  
Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
– Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab ich vernommen!

## **SPRING IS HERE**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Spring sends its blue banner  
Fluttering on the breeze again;  
Sweet, well-remembered scents  
Drift propitiously across the land.  
Violets dream already,  
Will soon begin to bloom.  
– Listen, the soft sound of a distant harp!  
Spring, that must be you!  
It's you I've heard!

## **DIE LIEBE 'KLÄRCHENS LIED'**

Schubert / Goethe

Freudvoll  
Und leidvoll,  
Gedankenvoll sein;  
Langen  
Und bangen  
In schwebender Pein;  
Himmelhoch jauchzend  
Zum Tode betrübt;  
Glücklich allein  
Ist die Seele, die liebt.

## **LOVE 'KLÄRCHEN'S SONG'**

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

Joyful,  
sorrowful,  
thoughtful;  
yearning  
and grieving  
in lingering pain;  
touching the heavens in joy,  
despairing unto death;  
happy alone  
is the soul that loves.

## **NEUE LIEBE**

Mendelssohn / Heine

In dem Mondenschein im Walde  
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten,  
Ihre Hörner hört' ich klingen,  
Ihre Glöcklein hört' ich läuten.

Ihre weißen Rößlein trugen  
Gold'nes Hirschgeweih' und flogen  
Rasch dahin; wie wilde Schwäne  
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Kön'gin,  
Lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten.  
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe?  
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

## **NEW LOVE**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

In the moonlight of the forest  
I saw of late the elves riding,  
I heard their horns resounding,  
I heard their little bells ring.

Their little white horses  
Had golden antlers and flew  
Quickly past; like wild swans  
They came through the air.

With a smile the queen nodded to me,  
With a smile she rode quickly by,  
Was it to herald a new love?  
Or does it signify death?

## APPARITION

Debussy / Mallarmé

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs  
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs  
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes  
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.  
— C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.  
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser  
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse  
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse  
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.  
J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,  
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue  
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue  
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté  
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté  
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées  
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

## ARI ARIRANG

JeongJun / Traditional

Arirang arariyo  
Arirang, gogaero neomeoganda.  
Nareul beorigo gasineun nimeun  
Simnido motgaseo balbyeong nanda.

## APPARITION

English Translation © Richard Stokes

The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim,  
dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy  
flowers, drew from dying viols  
white sobs that glided over the corollas' blue.  
— It was the blessed day of your first kiss.  
My dreaming, glad to torment me,  
grew skilfully drunk on the perfumed sadness  
that — without regret or bitter after-taste —  
the harvest of a Dream leaves in the reaper's heart.  
And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old paving  
stones,  
when with sun-flecked hair, in the street  
and in the evening, you appeared laughing before me  
and I thought I glimpsed the fairy with her cap of light  
who long ago crossed my lovely spoilt child's  
slumbers,  
always allowing from her half-closed hands  
white bouquets of scented flowers to snow.

## BEAUTIFUL ARIRANG

English Translation © Binny-Supin Yang

Arirang, Arariyo  
You are going over Arirang Pass.  
The one who leaves me,  
Shall not walk ten li before his feet go sore.

*In this context, "ten li" (about 4 km) symbolizes a very short distance, expressing the singer's sorrowful wish that the departing lover will not go far.*

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# SONGS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN



**THEANO PAPADAKI** soprano  
**SHOLTO KYNOCH** piano

THU 14 MAY, 6PM  
WOLFSON COLLEGE



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

## **SWEETER THAN ROSES**

Purcell / Norton

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze  
On a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss,  
First trembling made me freeze,  
Then shot like fire all o'er.  
What magic has victorious love!  
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,  
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

## **KING DAVID**

Howells / de la Mare

King David was a sorrowful man:  
No cause for his sorrow had he;  
And he called for the music of a hundred harps,  
To ease his melancholy.

They played till they all fell silent:  
Played and play sweet did they;  
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David  
They could not charm away.

He rose; and in his garden  
Walked by the moon alone,  
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,  
Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes  
Into the dark-boughed tree --  
"Tell me, thou little bird that singest,  
Who taught my grief to thee?"

But the bird in no-wise heeded;  
And the king in the cool of the moon  
Hearkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,  
Till all his own was gone.

## **MANDOLINE**

Debussy / Verlaine

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Échangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

## **MANDOLIN**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

The gallant serenaders  
and their fair listeners  
exchange sweet nothings  
beneath singing boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is there,  
and tedious Clitandre too,  
and Damis who for many a cruel maid  
writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,  
their long trailing gowns,  
their elegance, their joy,  
and their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture  
of a grey and roseate moon,  
and the mandolin jangles on  
in the shivering breeze.

## SI MES VERS AVAIENT DES AILES

Hahn / Hugo

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,  
Vers votre jardin si beau,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,  
Vers votre foyer qui rit,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,  
Ils accourraient nuit et jour,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Comme l'amour.

## LE PRINTEMPS

Hahn / Banville

Te voilà, rire du Printemps!  
Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent.  
Les amantes, qui te chérissent  
Délivrent leurs cheveux flottants.  
Sous les rayons d'or éclatants  
Les anciens lierres se flétrissent.  
Te voilà, rire du Printemps!  
Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent.

Couchons-nous au bord des étangs,  
Que nos maux amers se guérissent!  
Mille espoirs fabuleux nourrissent  
Nos cœurs émus et palpitants.  
Te voilà, rire du Printemps!

## NACHT UND TRÄUME

Schubert / Collin

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,  
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,  
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.  
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

## IF MY VERSES HAD WINGS

English Translation © Richard Stokes

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,  
To your garden so fair,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,  
To your smiling hearth,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like the mind.

Pure and faithful, to your side  
They'd hasten night and day,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like love!

## THE SPRING

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Smiling Spring, you have arrived!  
Sprays of lilacs are in bloom.  
Lovers who hold you dear  
Unbind their flowing hair.  
Beneath the beams of glistening gold  
The ancient ivy withers.  
Smiling Spring, you have arrived!  
Sprays of lilacs are in bloom.

Let us lie alongside pools  
That our bitter wounds may heal!  
A thousand fabled hopes nourish  
Our full and beating hearts.  
Smiling Spring, you have arrived!

## NIGHT AND DREAMS

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

Holy night, you sink down;  
dreams, too, float down,  
like your moonlight through space,  
through the silent hearts of men.  
They listen with delight,  
crying out when day awakes:  
come back, holy night!  
Fair dreams, return!

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# THE GREAT AMERICAN SONGBOOK IN SUMMER



**CAROLE J. BUFFORD** vocalist

**JAMES LANGTON** bandleader

SUN 14 JUN, 4PM  
JACQUELINE DU PRE MUSIC BUILDING



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