UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

SCHOLA Cantorum of Oxford

The Chamber Choir of Oxford University

Steven Grahl
Conductor
George Finney
Conducting Scholar



music for REMEMBRANCE

Saturday 7 November 2026, 2:30pm
Pusey House Chapel, St Giles, Oxford, OX1 3LZ
Tickets £20/ Under 35s £10/ Students £5

Music by:
Mauersberger
Parry
Debussy
Ravel

From the Chairman of the Trustees



Schola Cantorum of Oxford, the Chamber Choir of Oxford University, is delighted to present a programme of Music for Remembrance as their first concert of the new academic year. Schola provides a great musical experience for its members, but also gives audiences in Oxford access to a wonderful range of choral repertoire – both sacred and secular. The choir sets out to challenge the best young singers from across the University to perform to the highest standards, stretching the boundaries of chamber choir repertoire, commissioning new works, and launching many young singers on a professional career path.

Schola Cantorum has an enviable and unbroken 66-year history and has played a pivotal role in the development of an astonishing number of singers and choral conductors of the last six decades, building an international reputation through extensive tours and recordings.

If you would like to receive regular information about its concerts, please email us at **admin@schola-cantorum.net** or use the QR code to sign up via our website at **www.schola-cantorum.net**.

Dame Hilary Boulding DBE
Chair of the Trustees, Schola Cantorum of Oxford

We are grateful to Pusey House for the use of the Chapel for this concert.

PROGRAMME

Debussy — **Trois chansons de Charles d'Orléans**

1. Dieu, qu'il la fait
2. Quant j'ai ouy la tabourin
3. Yver, vous n'estes qu'un vilain

J. Alain — *Variations sur un thème de Clément Jannequin*

Parry — **Songs of Farewell**

1. My soul, there is a country
2. I know my soul hath power
3. Never weather-beaten sail
4. There is an old belief
5. At the round earth's imagined corners
6. Lord, let me know mine end

S. Karg-Elert — *Pax vobiscum*

Mauersberger — **Wie liegt die stadt so wüst**

J. Alain — *Première fantaisie*

Ravel — **Trois chansons**

1. Nicolette
2. Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
3. Ronde

Please switch off mobile phones
Photography is not permitted during the performance

PROGRAMME NOTES, TEXTS and TRANSLATIONS

TROIS CHANSONS DE CHARLES D'ORLÉANS - Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Debussy and Ravel transformed European music in the early decades of the 20th century, creating a new soundscape which mirrored the revolution in the visual arts brought about by the Impressionists. Debussy's *Trois Chansons*, published in 1908, are supreme examples of the art of writing for unaccompanied voices, which makes it all the more regrettable that he did not produce more for this medium. The texts are by Charles d'Orléans, a prince and poet who was captured after the Battle of Agincourt in 1415 and imprisoned in England.

1. Dieu, qu'il la fait

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder
La gracieuse bonne et belle;
Pour les grans biens que sont en elle
Chascun est prest de la loüer.
Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser?
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder
La gracieuse bonne et belle!
Par de ça ne de là, la mer
Ne scay dame ne damoiselle
Qui soit en tous bien parfais telle.
C'est ung songe que d'i penser:
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

1. God! But she is fair

God! But she is fair,
graceful, good and beautiful.
All are ready to praise
her excellent qualities.
Who could tire of her?
Her beauty is ever new.
God! but she is fair,
graceful, good and beautiful!
Nowhere does the sea look on
so fair and perfect
a lady or maiden.
Thinking on her is but a dream.
God! but she is fair!

2. Quant j'ai ouy la tabourin

Quant j'ai ouy la tabourin
Sonner, pour s'en aller au may,
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray
Ne levé mon chief du coissin;
En disant: il est trop matin
Ung peu je me rendormiray:
Quant j' ay ouy le tabourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au may,
Jeunes gens partent leur butin;
De nonchaloir m'accointeray
A lui je m'abutineray
Trouvé l'ay plus prouchain voisin;
Quant j'ay ouy le tabourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au may
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray
Ne levé mon chief du coissin.

2. When I heard the tambourine

When I heard the tambourine
call us to go a-Maying,
I did not let it frighten me in my bed
or lift my head from my pillow,
saying, "It is too early,
I will go back to sleep."
When I heard the tambourine
call us to go a-Maying,
Young folks dividing their spoils,
I cloaked myself in nonchalance,
clinging to it
and finding the nearest neighbour.
When I heard the tambourine
call us to go a-Maying,
I did not let it frighten me in my bed
or lift my head from my pillow.

3. Yver, vous n'estes qu'un vilain

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un vilain;
Esté est plaisant et gentil
En témoing de may et d'avril
Qui l'accompaignent soir et main.
Esté revet champs, bois et fleurs
De sa livrée de verdure
Et de maintes autres couleurs
Par l'ordonnance de nature.
Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plein
De nège, vent, pluye et grézil.
On vous deust banir en éxil.
Sans point flater je parle plein,
Yver, vous n'estes qu'un vilain.

3. Winter, you're naught but a rogue

Winter, you're naught but a rogue.
Summer is pleasant and kind,
as we see from May and April,
which accompany it evening and morn.
Summer, by nature's order, clothes
fields, woods and flowers
with its livery of green
and many other hues.
But you, Winter, are too full
of snow, wind, rain and sleet.
We must send you into exile.
I'm no flatterer and I speak my mind.
Winter, you're naught but a rogue.

VARIATIONS SUR UN THÈME DE CLÉMENT JANNEQUIN - J. Alain (1911-1940)

Jehan-Ariste Paul Alain was a French organist, composer and soldier. Born into a family of musicians, he learned the organ from his father and a host of other teachers. At the outbreak of the Second World War, Alain became a dispatch rider in the Eighth Motorised Armour Division of the French Army; he took part in the Battle of Saumur, in which he was killed in June 1940.

SONGS OF FAREWELL - Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918)

Written amidst the death and violence of the First World War, Parry's *Songs of Farewel*l see the composer in his late sixties facing up to his own mortality. Much influenced by nineteenth century rationalism and Darwinism, Parry was essentially an agnostic, though throughout his life he used Biblical, especially Old Testament, texts in his music. The first five songs make use of a selection of sixteenth and seventeenth century English texts, which explore his philosophical doubts and fear of the unknown; the sixth and final song is set to verses from Psalm 39. Parry never lived to hear the Songs sung as a set. He died in October 1918, a month before Armistice.

1. My soul, there is a country

My soul, there is a country
  Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
  All skilful in the wars:

There, above noise and danger
  Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles
And One, born in a manger
  Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend
  And -- O my soul, awake! --
Did in pure love descend
  To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
  There grows the flow'r of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
  Thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Henry Vaughan (1622-1695)

2. I know my soul hath power

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet she is blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain and but a span;
I know my sense is mock'd in ev'rything;
And, to conclude, I know myself a Man,
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

Sir John Davies (1569-1626)

3. Never weather-beaten sail

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore.
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise.
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

4. There is an old belief

There is an old belief,
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief
Dear friends shall meet once more..

Beyond the sphere of Time
And Sin and Fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep
That hope I'll ne'er forgo,
Eternal be the sleep,
If not to waken so.

John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854)

5. At the round earth's imagined corners

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise
From death, you numberless infinities

All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow
All whom war, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain; and you whose eyes
Shall behold God and never taste death's woe,
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
For, if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
As if [Thou hadst] seal'd my pardon with Thy blood.

John Donne (1572 - 1631)

6. Lord, let me know mine end

Lord, let me know mine end and the number of my days,
That I may be certified how long I have to live.

Thou hast made my days as it were a span long;
And mine age is as nothing in respect of Thee,
And verily, ev'ry man living is altogether vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow
And disquieteth himself in vain,
He heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what is my hope?
Truly my hope is even in Thee.

Deliver me from all mine offences
And make me not a rebuke to the foolish.

I became dumb and opened not my mouth
For it was Thy doing.

Take Thy plague away from me,
I am even consumed by means of Thy heavy hand.

When Thou with rebukes does chasten man for sin
Thou makest his beauty to consume away
Like as it were a moth fretting a garment;
Ev'ry man therefore is but vanity.

Hear my pray'r, O Lord
And with Thy ears consider my calling,
Hold not Thy peace at my tears!

For I am a stranger with Thee and a sojourner
As all my fathers were.

O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence
And be no more seen.

Psalm 39 verses 5-15

PAX VOBISCUM, Op. 86, No. 5 - Sigfrid Karg-Elert (1877–1933)

German composer Sigfrid Karg-Elert composed 'Pax Vobiscum', in 1911. The Latin title means 'Peace be with You'.

WIE LIEGT DIE STADT SO WÜST - Rudolf Mauersberger (1889-1971)

Rudolf Mauersberger was Kreuzkantor in Dresden from 1930 until his death in 1971. *Wie liegt die Stadt so wüs*t was composed as a direct response to the Second World War bombing of Dresden in February 1945. Mauersberger had escaped to his hometown, but eleven of his choirboys were killed in the bombing. Mauersberger chose texts from Martin Luther's translation of the Book of Lamentions, which deals with the destruction of Jerusalem by the Babylonians in the sixth century BC. The motet was performed on 4 August 1945 by the Dresdner Kreuzchor in its first vespers after the war in the destroyed Kreuzkirche.

Wie liegt die Stadt so wüst	**How solitary lies the city**
Wie liegt die Stadt so wüst, die voll Volks war.	*How solitary lies the city,* *that once was full of people!*
Alle ihre Tore stehen öde.	*All her gates are desolate.*
Wie liegen die Steine des Heiligtums vorn auf allen Gassen zerstreut	*The stones of the sanctuary* *lie strewn at every street-corner.*
Er hat ein Feuer aus der Höhe in meine Gebeine gesandt und es lassen walten.	*He sent down fire from heaven,* *it ran through my bones, and turned me* *back.*
Ist das die Stadt, von der man sagt, sie sei die Allerschönste, der sich das ganze Land freuet.	*Is this the city that was called* *the perfection of beauty,* *the joy of all the earth?*
Sie hätte nicht gedacht, daß es ihr zuletzt so gehen würde;	*She took no thought* *of her future;*
sie ist ja zu greulich heruntergestoßen und hat dazu niemand, der sie tröstet.	*her downfall was appalling,* *with none to comfort her.*
Darum ist unser Herz betrübt und unsere Augen sind finster geworden:	*Because of this our hearts are sick,* *because of these things our eyes have* *grown dim:*
Warum willst du unser so gar vergessen und uns lebenslang so gar verlassen!	*Why have you forgotten us completely?* *Why have you forsaken us these many* *days?*
Bringe uns, Herr, wieder zu dir, daß wir wieder heimkommen!	*Restore us to yourself, O Lord* *that we may be restored.*
Erneue unsre Tage wie vor alters.	*Renew our days as of old.*
Ach Herr, siehe an mein Elend!	*Look, Lord, upon my misery.*

PREMIÈRE FANTAISIE - Jehan Alain

TROIS CHANSONS - Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)

Maurice Ravel began writing his *Trois Chansons* in November of 1914 and completed it in February of the following year. Durand Musical Editions published the composition in 1916. The Bathori-Engel Chorus, conducted by Louis Aubert, gave the premiere in October 1917. The compositional time frame coincides with Ravel's numerous attempts to volunteer for military service at the onset of the First World War and his eventual enlistment in March of 1916. The texts are Ravel's own.

1. Nicolette

Nicolette, à la vesprée,
S'allait promener au pré,
Cueillir la pâquerette,
la jonquille et le muguet,
Toute sautillante, toute guillerette,
Lorgnant ci, là de tous les côtés.

Rencontra vieux loup grognant,
Tout hérissé, l'œil brillant;
Hé là! ma Nicolette,
viens tu pas chez Mère Grand?
A perte d'haleine, s'enfuit Nicolette,
Laissant là cornette et socques blancs.

Rencontra page joli,
Chausses bleues et pourpoint gris,
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,
veux tu pas d'un doux ami?
Sage, s'en retourna,
pauvre Nicolette, très lentement,
le cœur bien mari.

Rencontra seigneur chenu,
Tors, laid, puant et ventru
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,
veux tu pas tous ces écus?
Vite fut en ses bras,
bonne Nicolette
Jamais au pré n'est plus revenue.

1. Nicolette

Nicolette, at twilight,
Went for a walk through the fields,
To pick daisies,
daffodils, and lilies of the valley.
Skipping around, completely jolly,
Spying here, there, and everywhere.

She met an old, growling wolf,
On alert, eyes a-sparkle:
"Hey there! Nicolette, my dear,
won't you come to Grandma's house?"
Out of breath, Nicolette fled,
Leaving her cornette and white clogs.

She met a cute page,
Blue shoes and gray doublet:
"Hey there! Nicolette dear,
wouldn't you like a sweetheart?"
Wisely, she turned 'round,
poor Nicolette, very slowly,
with a contrite heart.

She met an old gentleman,
Twisted, ugly, smelly and pot-bellied:
"Hey there! Nicolette dear,
don't you want all this money?"
She ran straight into his arms,
good Nicolette,
Never to return to the fields again.

2. Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Mon ami z-il est à la guerre
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Ont passé par ici.

Le premier était plus bleu que ciel,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Le second était couleur de neige,
Le troisième rouge vermeil.

"Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
Qu'apportez par ici?"

"J'apporte un regard couleur d'azur
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)"
"Et moi, sur beau front couleur de
neige, Un baiser dois mettre,
encore plus pur."

Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
Que portez vous ainsi?

"Un joli coeur tout cramoisi"
Ton ami z-il est à la guerre
"Ha! je sens mon coeur qui froidit...
Emportez le aussi."

2. Three beautiful birds of paradise

Three beautiful birds of paradise
(My love is gone to the war)
Three beautiful birds of paradise
Have passed this way.

The first was bluer than sky
(My love has gone to the war)
The second was the color of snow
The third was red as vermillion.

"Beautiful little birds of paradise
(My love has gone to the war)
Beautiful little birds of paradise
What do you bring here?"

"I carry an azure glance
(Your love has gone to the war)
And I, on a beautiful snow-white
brow, Must leave a kiss,
even more pure."

"You red bird of paradise
(My love has gone to the war)
You red bird of paradise
What are you bringing me?"

"A loving heart, flushing crimson."
(Your love has gone to the war)
"Ah, I feel my heart growing cold . . .
Take that with you as well."

3. Ronde

Les Vielles

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes filles, n'allez pas au bois:
Il y a plein de satyres,
de centaures, de malins sorciers,
Des farfadets et des incubes,
Des ogres, des lutins,
Des faunes, des follets, des lamies,

3. Roundelay

The old women

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Young girls, do not go into the forest:
It is full of satyrs,
Of centaurs, of evil sorcerers,
Of sprites and incubuses,
Ogres, pixies,
Fauns, hobgoblins, spooks,

Diables, diablots, diablotins,
Des chèvre-pieds, des gnomes,
des démons,
Des loups-garous, des elfes,
des myrmidons,
Des enchanteurs et des mages,
des stryges, des sylphes,
des moines-bourus,
des cyclopes, des djinns,
gobelins, korrigans,
nécromants, kobolds ...
Ah!
N'állez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
N'allez pas au bois.

Devils, imps, and fiends,
Cloven-foot, gnomes,
Of demons,
Of werewolves, elves,
Warriors,
Enchanters and conjurers,
Of fairies, sylphs
Of surly hermits,
Cyclopes, Djinns,
Spirits, gremlins,
Necromancers, trolls ...
Ah!
Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Do not go into the forest.

Les vieux

N'állez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes garçons, n'allez pas au bois:
Il y a plein de faunesses,
de bacchantes et de males fées,
garcons, n'allez pas au bois.
Des satyresses,
des ogresses,
Et des babaiagas,
Des centauresses et des diablesses,
Goules sortant du sabbat,
Des farfadettes et des démones,
Des larves, des nymphes,
des myrmidones,
Il y a plein de démones,
D'hamadryades, dryades,
naiades,
ménades, thyades,
follettes, lémures,
gnomides, succubes,
gorgones, gobelines ...
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

The old men

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Young men, do not go into the forest:
It is full of female fauns,
Of Bacchae and evil spirits,
Lads, do not go into the forests.
Of female satyrs,
Ogresses,
And Baba Yagas,
Of female centaurs and devils,
Ghouls emerging from sabbath,
Of sprites and demons,
Of larvae, of nymphs,
Of warriors,
It is full of demons,
Tree spirits and dryads,
Naiads,
Bacchantes, oreads,
Hobgoblins, ghosts,
Gnomes, succubuses,
Gorgons, monsters,
Do not go into Ormonde forest.

Les filles / Les garcons

N'irons plus au bois d'Ormonde,
Hélas!
plus jamais n'irons au bois.

The maids / The lads

We won't go to Ormonde forest again,
Alas!
Never more we'll go into the forest.

Il n'y a plus de satyres,
plus de nymphes ni de males fées.
Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,
Plus d'ogres, de lutins,
Plus d'ogresses,
De faunes, de follets, de lamies,
Diables, diablots, diablotins,
De satyresses, non.
De chèvre-pieds, de gnomes,
de démons,
Plus de faunesses, non!
De loups-garous, ni d'elfes,
de myrmidons
Plus d'enchanteurs ni de mages,
de stryges, de sylphes,
de moines-bourus,
De centauresses, de naiades,
de thyades,
Ni de ménades, d'hamadryades,
dryades,
folletes, lémures, gnomides, succubes,
gorgones, gobelines,
de cyclopes, de djinns, de diabloteaux,
d'éfrits, d'aegypans,
de sylvains, gobelins, korrigans,
nécromans, kobolds ...Ah!

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
N'allez pas au bois.
Les malavisées vielles,
Les malavisés vieux
les ont effarouchés -- Ah!

There are no more satyrs there,
No more nymphs or evil spirits.
No more sprites, no more incubuses,
No ogres, no pixies,
No more ogresses,
No more fauns, hobgoblins or spooks,
Devils, imps, or fiends,
No female satyrs, no.
No more goat-footed, no gnomes,
No demons.
No more female fauns, no!
Nor werewolves, nor elves,
No warriors,
No more enchanters or conjurers,
No fairies, no sylphs,
No surly hermits,
No female centaurs or naiads,
No more oreads,
No more Bacchantes or tree spirits,
No dryads,
Hobgoblins, ghosts, gnomes, succubuses,
gorgons, goblins,
No cyclops, nor djinns, nor fiends,
no ifrits, no Aegipan,
No tree spirits, goblins, gremlins,
necromancers, trolls …Ah!

Do not go into the Ormonde forest,
Do not go into the forest.
The misguided old women,
The misguided old men
Have chased them all away – Ah!

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Programme notes are by current and former members of Schola Cantorum of Oxford

BIOGRAPHIES

Steven Grahl (Conductor)



Steven Grahl is Conductor of Schola Cantorum of Oxford, Director of Music at Trinity College, Cambridge, and Artistic Director of Oxford Bach Soloists. A distinguished keyboard player, he is a prize-winning Fellow of the Royal College of Organists, an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music, and a former President of the Incorporated Association of Organists.

In the current season, Steven conducts performances with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Britten Sinfonia, His Majestys Sagbutts & Cornetts, and The Raschèr Saxophone Quartet. He gives concerts with the Choir of Trinity College, Cambridge in Germany, Holland, and the USA, and will release recordings of works by Finzi, and Music for Christmas on the Hyperion label. World premieres include new music by Cheryl Frances-Hoad, Martyn Harry, Joanna Marsh, Nico Muhly, and Laurence Osborn.

From 2018 to 2024, Steven was Organist (Director of Music) and Tutor in Music at Christ Church, Oxford, and an Associate Professor of Music at Oxford University. From 2014 to 2018 he served as Director of Music at Peterborough Cathedral, where he was responsible for training the Cathedral Choir and for the re-pitching of the Hill organ. Prior posts include Assistant Organist at New College, Oxford, Organist and Director of Music at St Marylebone Parish Church, London, and musical directorships of The Guildford Chamber Choir, Peterborough Choral Society, Benson Choral Society, and The Stamford Chamber Orchestra.

His extensive experience as a conductor encompasses ensembles including Cambridge University Symphony Chorus, The English Cornett & Sackbut Ensemble, New London Chamber Choir, Guildford Philharmonic, Prime Brass, and Oxford Philharmonic Orchestra.

A chorister at Derby Cathedral, Steven Grahl held Organ Scholarships at Derby Cathedral and Norwich Cathedral, proceeding to prize-winning organ scholarships at Magdalen College, Oxford, and the Royal Academy of Music. An interpretation finalist in the International Organ Competitions at St Albans and Dudelange (Luxembourg), he is also a holder of the Worshipful Company of Musicians' Silver Medallion.

George Finney (Conducting Scholar)



George Finney is an Organ Scholar at Hertford College, Oxford, where he is reading Music and serves as President of the College Music Society. He is currently Conductor of the Oxford University Philharmonia and has recently completed his tenure as Principal Conductor of the Oxford University Chorus. Recent engagements include participating in a masterclass with Sir John Rutter and the Choir of Queen's College, Oxford, and conducting the inaugural 'An Evening with Composers' concert for The Choral Music Hub in Keble College Chapel. Alongside his conducting work, George has been involved in a number of theatrical productions around Oxford as both Musical Director and cellist. He is also the founder and director of Persevare, a chamber choir based in the West Midlands. Before coming to Oxford, George was Organ Scholar at Solihull School, where he was awarded the Tsz Fok Bursary for Musical Performance. George currently studies choral conducting with Lucy Joy Morris and Will Dawes.

Schola Cantorum of Oxford

Schola Cantorum of Oxford, conducted by Steven Grahl, is the Chamber Choir of Oxford University. The choir was founded by László Heltay in 1960 and has built a reputation as Oxford's premier concert choir, engaging deeply with complex repertoire and commissioning new music for chamber choir. Schola's mission is to provide an outstanding musical training for young singers and choral conductors.

Schola has worked with many of the foremost musicians of the last six decades and has built an international reputation through extensive tours and recordings. Alumni who have gone on to successful musical careers include John Mark Ainsley, Emma Kirkby, Christine Rice, Susan Gritton, Ian Bostridge and Roderick Williams – many came to Oxford to study other subjects but developed their musical talents during their time in Schola.

Concerts in 2026 included premières of two new pieces commissioned for Schola from Nico Muhly and Cheryl Frances-Hoad, and a performance with His Majestys Sagbutts & Cornetts at the new Sohman Concert Hall. In July the choir undertook a short tour to Germany, where they performed at the Herrenchiemsee Festspiele with Fabio Biondi and Italian period-instrument orchestra Europa Galante, followed by a recording session with the Raschèr Saxophone Quartet in Freiburg, and a concert with them in Kirche St Maria in Landau (Pfalz).

Schola Cantorum of Oxford

Soprano Jemima Broadhead
Amélie Brownridge
Tansy Fowler
Fleur Gardner-Wray
Maya Hearsum
Helen Matthews
Elizabeth Millett
Holly Smith
Clare Tedder

Alto Ursula Batchelor
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