



SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 2024 | 12:00 PM
GORDON K. AND HARRIET GREENFIELD HALL

CHAMBERFEST

Russian Romances & Ballads

Coached by Djordje Nesic

&

Songs of the Romantic Period

Coached by Jinhee Park

Russian Romances & Ballads

Coached by Djordje Nesic

Pyotr Illych Tchaikovsky
Пётр Ильич Чайковский
(1840-1893)

Not a word, My Friend
Ни слова, о друг мой

Text by Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev
Алексей Николаевич Плещеев

No word, -- not e'en a sigh, my darling!
Together now the silence keeping;
In truth as o'er some grave stone leaning
The silent willows low are weeping,

And drooping o'er it so are reading --
I read in thy tired heart at last,
That days of happiness existed,
And that this happiness is past.

Qiyi Li, soprano
Laura Yu, piano

Sergei Rachmaninoff
Сергей Васильевич Рахманинов
(1873-1943)

Lilacs
Сирень

Text by Ekaterina Andreyevna Beketova
Екатерина Андреевна Бекетова

In the morning, at daybreak,
over the dewy grass,
I will go to breathe the crisp dawn;
and in the fragrant shade,
where the lilac crowds,
I will go to seek my happiness...

In life, only one happiness
it was fated for me to discover,
and that happiness lives in the lilacs;
in the green boughs,
in the fragrant bunches,
my poor happiness blossoms...

Victoria Magnusson, soprano
Jianing Sun, piano

Sergei Rachmaninoff
Сергей Васильевич Рахманинов
(1873-1943)

In the silence of the secret night
В молчаньи ночи тайной

Text by Afanasy Afanasyevich Fet
Афанасий Афанасьевич Фет

Oh, long will I, in the silence of the mysterious night,
Chase from my thoughts and then call up again
Your artful chatter, your smile, your casual glance,
The thick tresses of your hair, so pliant in my fingers;
Breathing fitfully, alone, unseen by anybody else,
Burning with the glow of vexation and of shame,
I shall seek out the slightest hint of mystery
In the words you uttered;
I shall whisper and improve upon the past expressions
Of things I once said to you, things full of bashfulness,
And intoxicated, against all reason,
I shall wake night's darkness with your cherished name.

Suzuna Ikeda, soprano
Yung-Yi Chen, piano

Pyotr Illych Tchaikovsky
Пётр Ильич Чайковский
(1840-1893)

Why?
Отчего?

Text by Lev Aleksandrovich Mey
Лев Александрович Мей

Why has the sumptuous rose
Grown pale in spring?
Why is the blue violet so mute
Under the green grass?

Why does the little bird's song
Sound so sad as it rises up to heaven?
Why does the dew hang over the meadows
Like a mourning veil?

Why is the morning sun in the sky
Cold and dark, as in winter?
Why is the earth so damp
And gloomier than the grave itself?

Why do I grow sadder
And sicker each day?
Why, oh tell me why, did you leave me
And forget me?

Conghui Li, soprano
Yuang Zhou, piano

Sergei Rachmaninoff
Сергей Васильевич Рахманинов
(1873-1943)

In this beautiful spot
Здесь хорошо

Text by Glafira Nikolayevna Mamoshina
Глафира Николаевна Мамошина

How fair this place...
Look, in the distance
The river sparkles like fire,
The meadows stretch out like a coloured carpet,
The clouds are growing white.

There are no people here ...
There is just silence here ...
Only God and I are here.
Flowers, and an old pine tree,
And you, my daydream!

Emily Hanseul Park, soprano
Laura Yu, piano

Pyotr Illych Tchaikovsky
Пётр Ильич Чайковский
(1840-1893)

I would like a single word
Хотел бы в единое слово

Text by Lev Aleksandrovich Mey
Лев Александрович Мей

I'd like to merge into a single word
All my melancholy and sorrow,
And throw that word to the wind,
So the wind carries it far away...

And let that word of sorrow
Travel with the wind to you,
So always and everywhere
It would flow into your heart.

And if your tired eyes
Would close with a nocturnal dream,
Oh, let that word of sorrow
Ring in your dream...
In your dream above you.

Katelynn Cherry, soprano
Yung-Yi Chen, piano

Sergei Rachmaninoff
Сергей Васильевич Рахманинов
(1873-1943)

Christ has Risen!
Христос воскрес!

Text by Dmitry Sergeyevich Merezhkovsky
Дмитрий Сергеевич Мережковский

"Christ is risen" they sing in church.
Yet I am sad... my soul is silent.
The world is steeped in blood and tears,
and so this hymn before the altars
sounds like an insult.

Were He present among us to see
what our glorious age has achieved --
how brother comes to hate his brother,
and how shameful is mankind --
and if, within the shining church,
this "Christ is risen" he were to hear,
what bitter tears
before the crowd would He sob!

Edvard Sandbakken, baritone
Jianing Sun, piano

Sergei Rachmaninoff
Сергей Васильевич Рахманинов
(1873-1943)

Do not sing to me, my beauty
Не пой, красавица, при мне

Text by Aleksandr Sergeyevich Pushkin
Александр Сергеевич Пушкин

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant shore.

Alas, They remind me,
your cruel melodies,
of the steppe, the night and moonlit
features of a poor, distant maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition
I forget when you appear;
but you sing, and before me
I picture that image anew.

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant shore.

Nicole Paravicini, soprano
Yuang Zhou, piano

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov
Николай Римский-Корсаков
(1844-1908)

Nightingale and The Rose
Пленившись розой, соловей

Text by Aleksey Vasil'yevich Kol'tsov
Алексей Васильевич Кольцов

Captivated by a rose, the nightingale
Sings over her, both day and night;
But the rose in silence harkens to his songs...
And so a certain other singer, to his lyre,
Sings for his young maiden;
But the maiden tender does not know
For whom he sings, and why
His songs should be so sad?...His songs should be so sad?...

Emily Hanseul Park, soprano
Yung-Yi Chen, piano

Pyotr Illych Tchaikovsky
Пётр Ильич Чайковский
(1840-1893)

Reckless Nights, Dreamless Nights
Ночи безумные, ночи бессонные

Text by Aleksei Nikolayevich
Arukhtin Алексей Николаевич Арухтин

Frenzied nights, reckless nights,
Incoherent thoughts, tired glances...
Nights, illuminated by the last fire,
Autumn's dead flowers blooming too late!

Even if the merciless hand of time
Has showed me that which was false in you,
I still fly to you full of a covetous memory,
Stuck in the past, looking for an impossible answer...

Insinuating whispers from you muffle
The sounds of day, unbearable, noisy...
In the quiet night, you drive away my dream,
frenzied nights, reckless nights!

Victoria Magnusson, soprano
Yuang Zhou, piano

Sergei Rachmaninoff
Сергей Васильевич Рахманинов
(1873-1943)

How Long, My Friend
Давно-ль, мой друг

Text by Arseny Golenishchev-Kutuzov
Арсений Голенищев-Кутузов

Has it been so long, my friend, since I caught
your sad gaze at our farewell moment?
The ray of that farewell
penetrated my soul.

Has it been so long, my friend, since, blundering alone
in a constricting and strange crowd,
I rushed to you, distant beloved,
In a sad dream?

My desires faded... my heart ached...
Time stopped... my mind was numb...
Has it been so long ago, this calm?
But a whirlwind of reunion came rushing...

We are together anew, and the days rush along
As in a flying sea of waves,
And thoughts boil
And songs pour forth from my heart
Brimming over with thoughts of you!

Katelynn Cherry, soprano
Laura Yu, piano

Pyotr Illych Tchaikovsky
Пётр Ильич Чайковский
(1840-1893)

Don Juan's Serenade
Серенада Дон-Жуана

Text by Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy
Алексей Константинович Толстой

Night falls on the golden lands
Of distant Alpujarras,
Come out, my dear, to the call of my guitar!

If anybody dares to claim
That another can compare with you,
I shall fight them all, burning with love,
Fight them to the death!

The sky's horizon is aglow in the moonlight,
Oh come out, Nisetta, come out, Nisetta,
Come out on to the balcony now!

From Seville to Grenada,
In the quiet darkness of the night,
Comes the sound of serenading,
Comes the clatter of swords.

Blood is spilt and songs flow forth,
All for the sake of beautiful ladies,
I will give my song and my blood
To the one who is loveliest of all!

The sky's horizon is aglow in the moonlight,
Oh come out, Nisetta, come out, Nisetta,
Come out on to the balcony now!

Edvard Sandbakken, baritone
Yuang Zhou, piano

Songs of The Romantic Period

Coached by Jinhee Park

Fanny Mendelssohn Hendel
(1805-1847)

Nach Süden

Text by Wilhelm Hensel
Translation by Richard Stokes

Migrating birds from every branch
Rise up into the air,
Resounding far through the skies
The travelling chorus can be heard:
To the South, to the South
Into the eternal blossoming.

Little birds, you sing merrily from on high,
We sing out merrily too;
When Spring comes
We shall return,
Return to nest and home
From the South! But now – let's away!

Mark Filatov, tenor
Zelong Pan, piano

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

In this beautiful spot

Text by Glafira Nikolayevna Mamoshina
Translation by Emil Ezust

How nice it is here... Look - far away,
The river is a blaze of fire;
The meadows lie like carpets of colour
The clouds are white.
Here there is no one... Here it is silent...
Here is only God and I,
The flowers, the old pine tree,
And you, my dream!

Daisy Sigal, soprano
Chengling Xia, piano

Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)

Nebbie

Text by Ada Negri
Translation by Thomas A. Gregg

I suffer. Far, far away
the sleeping mists
rise from the silent
plain.

Shrilling cawing, the crows,
trusting their black wings
cross the heath
grimly.

To the raw weathering of the air
the sorrowful tree trunks
offer, praying, their
bare branches.

How cold am I! I am alone;
driven through the gray sky
a wail of extinction
flies;

And repeats to me: come,
the valley is dark.
Oh sad, oh unloved one,
Come! Come!

Boosung Park, soprano
Jianglu Li, piano

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Nachtstück

Text by Johann Mayrhofer
Translation by Richard Wigmore

When the mists spread over the mountains,
and the moon battles with the clouds,
the old man takes his harp, and walks
towards the wood, quietly singing:
'Holy night,
soon it will be done.
Soon I shall sleep the long sleep
which will free me from all grief.'

Then the green trees rustle:
'Sleep sweetly, good old man';
and the swaying grasses whisper:
'We shall cover his resting place.'
And many a sweet bird calls:
'Let him rest in his grassy grave!'
The old man listens, the old man is silent.
Death has inclined towards him.

Sarah Strezewski, soprano
Weihao Chen, piano

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Die Mainacht

Text by Ludwig Christopher Heinrich Höltz
Translation by Richard Stokes

When the silvery moon gleams through the bushes,
And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,
And the nightingale is fluting,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Covered by leaves, a pair of doves
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,
Seek darker shadows,
And the lonely tear flows down.

When, O smiling vision, that shines through my soul
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you here on earth?
And the lonely tear
Quivers more ardently down my cheek.

Tingdang Deng, soprano
Chengling Xia, piano

Émile Paladilhe
(1844-1926)

Psyche

Text by Pierre Corneille
Translation by Christopher Goldsack

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!
The sun's rays kiss you too often,
your hair suffers too much from the wind's caresses.
As it strokes them, I grumble!
Even the air that you breathe
passes over your mouth with too much pleasure.
Your dress touches you too closely!
And as soon as you sigh
I know not what it is that startles me so
and fears, amidst your sighs, some sighs for another!

Samara Bowden, soprano
Jianglu Li, piano

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Apparition

Text by Stéphane Mallarmé
Translation by 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.

Emily Hanseul Park, soprano
Weihao Chen, piano

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Phydylé

Text by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle
Translation by Richard Stokes

The grass is soft for sleep beneath the cool poplars
On the banks of the mossy springs
That flow in flowering meadows from a thousand sources,
And vanish beneath dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves
Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme, alone, in the bright sunlight,
The fickle bees are humming.

A warm fragrance floats about the winding paths,
The red flowers of the cornfield droop;
And the birds, skimming the hillside with their wings,
Seek the shade of the eglantine.

But when the sun, low on its dazzling curve,
Sees its brilliance wane,
Let your loveliest smile and finest kiss
Reward me to for my waiting!

Konstantin Jan, soprano
Zelong Pan, piano