



SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 2026 | 1:00 PM
GORDON K. AND HARRIET GREENFIELD HALL

CHAMBERFEST

Russian Romances & Ballads

Coached by Djordje Nesic

&

Songs of the Romantic Period

Coached by Jinhee Park

Piotr Illych Tchaikovsky
Пётр Ильич Чайковский
(1840-1893)

Reckless Nights, Dreamless Nights
Ночи безумные, ночи бессонные

Text by Aleksei Nikolayevich Apukhtin

Eleanor Rees, soprano
Wenzhuo Ma, piano

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!

Sergey Rachmaninoff
Сергей Васильевич Рахманино
(1873-1943)

Do Not Sing To Me, My Beauty
Не пой, красавица, при мне

Text by Aleksandr Sergeyevich Pushkin

Eleanor Rees, soprano
Di Min, piano

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.

Sergey Rachmaninoff
Сергей Васильевич Рахманино
(1873-1943)

Lilacs
Сирень

Text by Ekaterina Andreyevna Beketova

Mayu Tayama, mezzo-soprano
Ying Zhou, piano

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...

Pyotr Ilych Tchaikovsky
Пётр Ильич Чайковский
(1840-1893)

To forget so soon
Забывать так скоро

Text by Aleksei Nikolayevich Apukhtin

Isabel Koehler, soprano
Zhouyiwen Zhang, piano

To forget so soon, oh, God!
all the happiness we had together!
All our meetings, our talks!
To forget so soon, so soon!
To forget the excitements of our first days together,
Our meetings in the shadow of branches,
Mute talks between our eyes!
To forget so soon! So soon!
To forget how the full moon
Was looking at us through the window,
How the curtains fluttered -
To forget so soon! To forget so soon!
To forget our love, our dreams,
Our vows! Do you remember?
The ones we said during the dark and cloudy night?
To forget so soon! To forget so soon! Oh, God!

Pyotr Ilych Tchaikovsky
Пётр Ильич Чайковский
(1840-1893)

Why?
Отчего?

Text by Lev Aleksandrovich Mey

Jasmine Zhang, soprano
Chiao-Ning Chow, piano

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?

Sergey Rachmaninoff
Сергей Васильевич Рахманино
(1873-1943)

At my Window
У моего окна

Text by Glafira Adol'fovna Galina

Sadiyah Babatunde, soprano
Elif Karakas, piano

Before my window a cherry tree flowers,
blossoming dreamily in white bridal robes,
its fragrant silvery branches gently sway,
and rustling call to me...
I draw down the quivering blossoms
and lost in rapture breathe in
their sweet fragrance, until their
heady sweetness makes my senses reel,
as they sing a wordless song of love.

Piotr Ilych Tchaikovsky
Пётр Ильич Чайковский
(1840-1893)

Text by Lev Aleksandrovich Mey

I would like a single word
Хотел бы в единое слово

Mayu Tayama, mezzo- soprano
Chiao-Ning Chow, piano

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.

Sergey Rachmaninoff
Сергей Васильевич Рахманино
(1873-1943)

Text by Glafira Nikolayevna Mamoshina

In this beautiful spot
Здесь хорошо

Elena Bimbiloska, soprano
Linlin Li, pianist

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!

Pyotr Ilych Tchaikovsky
Пётр Ильич Чайковский
(1840-1893)

To forget so soon
Забывать так скоро

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Sergey Rachmaninoff
Сергей Васильевич Рахманино
(1873-1943)

In the silence of the secret night
В молчаньи ночи тайной

Text by Afanasy Afanasyevich Fet

Isabel Koehler, soprano
Elif Karakas, pianist

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.

Sergey Rachmaninoff
Сергей Васильевич Рахманино
(1873-1943)

Spring Waters
Весенние воды

Text by Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev

Jasmine Zhang, soprano
Yu Chen, pianist

The fields are still covered with snow,
But the waters already roar with Spring.
They rush and awaken the sleepy riverbank,
They rush, and sparkle, and proclaim...
They proclaim to all corners of the earth:
“Spring is coming, Spring is coming!
We are the heralds of the young Spring,
She has sent us forward!”
Spring is coming, Spring is coming,
And the quiet, warm days of May
In a bright and glowing round dance
Bustle joyfully behind her.

Pyotr Ilych Tchaikovsky
Пётр Ильич Чайковский
(1840-1893)

Where are you, my beloved?
Где же ты, мой желанный?

Text by Ippolit Shpazhinsky

Sadiyah Babatunde, soprano
Di Min, pianist

Where are you, my beloved? I am here!
Hurry, come quickly, light of my soul,
Beauty and joy of my eyes!
I long with impatience to see you
And hold you close to my passionate heart.
Without you, my soul is consumed by longing
Come, come!
Come quickly, and we'll flee with you
Far away from here, from evil and from sorrow!
Come quickly, come, my light!
We'll flee with you from evil and from sorrow!
Come, clear falcon,
Beauty and joy, light of my soul!
I burn with impatience to see you...

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Lo Spazzacamino

Text by S. Manfredo Maggioni

Yoonseo Lee, soprano
Kangning Shao, piano

The Chimney-sweep! I seem ugly
and black,
I stain everyone who presses against me;
I am badly dressed,
Ever barefoot around I go.

Ah! Who could be as happy as I—
On earth I cannot say!
Chimney-sweep! Ladies and gentlemen,
the chimney-sweep
Will save you from fire for a few pennies.

Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the chimney-sweep!
I get up before the sun
And through all the city
With my cry I fill the streets
And I do not have one enemy.

Ah! Who could be as happy as I—
On earth I cannot say!
Chimney-sweep! Ladies and gentlemen,
the chimney-sweep
Will save you from fire for a few pennies.
Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the chimney-sweep!

Now I rise to the rooftops
Now I go through the rooms
With my name the little children
Timid and quiet I make

Ah! Who could be as happy as I—
On earth I cannot say!
Chimney-sweep! Ladies and gentlemen,
the chimney-sweep
Will save you from fire for a few pennies.
Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the chimney-sweep!

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)
Text by Antonio Giuliano

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Lei Chen, mezzo soprano
Michael Wang, piano

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)
Text by Theodore de Banville

Nuit d'étoiles

Zihan Ning, mezzo soprano
Edward Siu, piano

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene melancholy
Now blooms deep in my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Quiver in the dreaming woods.

Night of stars...

Once more at our fountain I see
Your eyes as blue as the sky;
This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars...

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)
Text by Pietro Metastasio

Vedi quanto adoro ancora ingrato!, D.510

Charlotte Jakobs, soprano
Michael Wang, piano

See how much I adore you despite your ingratitude.
With a single glance
You remove all my defences and you disarm me.
And do you have the heart to betray me and then leave me?
Oh, do not leave me, no,
My beautiful beloved:
Who can I trust
If you deceive me?
I would lose my life
In saying farewell to you;
It would not be possible to live
Amongst so many afflictions.

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor
(1875–1912)
Text by Marguerite Radclyffe Hall

You lay so still in the sunshine

Zihan Ning, mezzo soprano
Chenling Xia, piano

You lay so still in the sunshine,
So still in that hot sweet hour –
That the timid things of the forest land
Came close; a butterfly lit on your hand,
Mistaking it for a flow'r.

You scarcely breath'd in your slumber,
So dreamless it was, so deep –
While the warm air stirr'd in my veins like wine,
The air that had blown thro' a jasmine vine,
But you slept – and I let you sleep.

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874–1947)
Text by Victor Hugo

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Lei Chen, mezzo soprano
Nanga Lin, piano

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!

Hugo Wolf
(1860–1903)
Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Die Spröde

Yoonseo Lee, soprano
Wing Tung Lei, piano

On the clearest of spring mornings
The shepherdess went out and sang,
Carefree, young and beautiful,
Till it echoed through the fields,
So la la! le ralla!

Thyrsis offered her for a kiss
Two, three lambs without delay,
She looked on archly for a while;
But went laughing and singing on her way,
So la la! le ralla!

And another offered ribbons,
And a third bid his heart;
But she made fun of heart and ribbons,
As she had done with the lambs,
Only la la! le ralla!

Lili Boulanger
(1893–1918)

Reflets

Text by Maurice Maeterlinck

Cynthia Dai, soprano
Ziqi Xiong, piano

Beneath the water of the dream that rises,
My soul is afraid, my soul is afraid.
And the moon shines into my heart
That is bathed in the dream's source!

Beneath the sad tedium of the reeds,
Only the deep reflection of things,
Of lilies, palms and roses,
Still weep on the water's bed.

One by one the flowers shed their leaves
Upon the firmament's reflection
To descend, eternally,
Beneath the dream's water and into the moon.

Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

Gestillte Sehnsucht, Op. 91, No. 1

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Shuo Wang, countertenor
Owne Xayboury, viola
Edward Siu, piano

Bathed in golden evening light,
How solemnly the forests stand!
The evening winds mingle softly
With the soft voices of the birds.
What do the winds, the birds whisper?
They whisper the world to sleep.

But you, my desires, ever stirring
In my heart without respite!
You, my longing, that agitates my breast –
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
The winds and the birds whisper,
But when will you, yearning desires, slumber?

Ah! when my spirit no longer hastens
On wings of dreams into golden distances,
When my eyes no longer dwell yearningly
On eternally remote stars;
Then shall the winds, the birds whisper
My life – and my longing – to sleep.

Vittorio Giannini
(1903–1966)
Text by Karl West Flaster

Tell me, Oh blue, Blue Sky

Yinxuan Zhu, soprano
Nanga Lin, piano

Summer has flown, the leaves are falling,
I hear a voice, Your voice, calling,
I see a face, Your face, pleading,
I feel a heart, Your heart, bleeding.
Tell me, Oh blue, blue sky,
Why did we part?
Tell me, Oh whispering wind, breathe on my heart.
Breathe on my lonely heart, that too has bled.
Tell what is left in life, since love has fled, since love has fled?
[Oh, no!]
Tell me, Tell me, Tell me, Oh blue, blue sky,
Tell me, Oh blue, blue sky!

Edvard Grieg
(1843–1907)
Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Zur Rosenzeit, Op. 48, No. 5

Hayoung Lee, soprano
Yufei Liu, piano

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! You bloom for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief!

Sorrowfully I think of those days,
When I, my angel, set my heart on you,
And waiting for the first little bud,
Went early to my garden;

Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
At your very feet,
With hope beating in my heart,
When you looked on me.

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief.

Edvard Grieg
(1843–1907)

Ein Traum, Op. 48, No. 6

Text by Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt

Hayoung Lee, soprano
Yufei Liu, piano

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
A blonde maiden loved me,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,
From the distant village came the sound of bells—
We were so full of bliss,
So lost in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than the dream,
It happened in reality,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,
From the village came the sound of bells—
I held you fast, I held you long,
And now shall never let you go!

O woodland glade so green with spring!
You shall live in me for evermore—
There reality became a dream,
There dream became reality!