

Recital : Thursday 3 December 2015, 7.30pm tbc – Rosslyn Chapel

Vlada Borovko
David Junghoon Kim
David Gowland

Soprano
Tenor
Piano

Tchaikovsky

The Canary
I will say nothing to you
A soul quietly flew

Strauss

Allerseelen
Heimliche Aufforderung
Zueignung

Rachmaninov
Gliere

Twilight
The Mermaid

Ju-Won Kim
Wonju Lee

Like the Wind
Sounds of the loom

Mussorgsky
Dunaevsky

Parasya's Dumka
Table song

Curtis
Tosti

Non ti scordar di me
L'alba separa dalle luce l'ombra

Interval

Tchaikovsky

Letter scene, from *Eugene Onegin*, Act I
Vlada Borovko (Tatyana)

Gounod

'Ah! Lève-toi soleil' from *Roméo et Juliette*, Act II
David Junghoon Kim (Roméo)

Puccini

'Donde lieta', from *La bohème*, Act III
Vlada Borovko (Mimì)

Puccini

'Che gelida manina', from *La bohème*, Act I
David Junghoon Kim (Rodolfo)

Verdi

Duet, from *La traviata*, Act I
Vlada Borovko (Violetta), David Junghoon Kim (Alfredo)

We welcome applause! However, to aid the artists' concentration, we would be grateful if applause could come at the end of each group of songs.

Vlada Borovko: Soprano

Russian soprano Vlada Borovko studied foreign languages at the Linguistics University of Nizhny Novgorod and opera singing under Galina Lastovka at the Kazan State Conservatoire. While a student, she participated in the world opera premieres of two contemporary works and sang Stephano *Roméo et Juliette* in Kazan. She made her professional opera debut as Mercèdes *Carmen* at Tatar State Opera and Ballet Theatre and sang Annie and Strawberry Woman *Porgy and Bess* with Marco Boemi at the International Shalyapin Opera Festival. Following participation in the 1st Russian Festival for Young Musicians in Sviyazhsk, she received support from the charity Sforzando. Sorovko She was a finalist in the 1st International Eva Marton Singing Competition, winning a special prize from the Bartok Plus Opera Festival. She joined the Jette Parker Young Artists Programme in September and made her Royal Opera debut as Frasquita *Carmen*, to be followed by Xenia *Boris Godunov* and Anna *Nabucco*. She will also cover Violetta *La traviata* and Leonora *Il trovatore*.

David Junghoon Kim: Tenor

Korean tenor David Junghoon Kim studied at the Seoul National University, graduating with a Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance. Competition successes include First Prize in the Voci Verdiane competition in Busseto, third prize in the International Singing Competition in Seoul, First Prize and Plácido Domingo Prize in the Francisco Viñas competition in Barcelona, semi-finalist in the Concours de Reine Elizabeth in Brussels, Prince Rainier III Voice Master Prize in the Concours Monte-Carlo, First Prize and Audience Prize in the Toulouse International Singing Competition. Professional experience Rodolfo *La bohème* in Seoul and an Independence Commemoration Concert with Myung-Whun Chung at Sejong Art Centre. He joined the Jette Parker Young Artists Programme in September and will make his Royal Opera debut as Venditore *Il tabarro*, to be followed by Arturo *Lucia di Lammermoor* and Ruiz *Il trovatore*. He will also cover Edgardo *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

David Gowland : Artistic Director, Jette Parker Young Artists Programme

David Gowland studied at the Royal College of Music, where he won the Ruby Hope and Major van Someren Godfrey prizes for piano accompaniment, and at the National Opera Studio, supported by the Countess of Munster Musical Trust. He joined the Glyndebourne music staff in 1987, won the 1988 Jani Strasser Award and worked there for 20 years. He was Head of Music Staff at the Grand Théâtre de Genève 1989-96, assisting conductors such as Tate, Patané, Jordan, Bartoletti, Thielemann, Plasson, Elder, de Waart, Bertini and Campanella. He has worked as assistant conductor/senior coach with many companies, including Opéra National de Paris, Netherlands Opera, Teatro Real di Madrid, Rome Opera, Royal Danish Opera, Teatro San Carlo di Napoli and the Aix, Orange, Salzburg and Wexford Festivals. He was senior coach on *The Ring* under Jeffery Tate in Australia. He has conducted *Die Dreigroschenoper* for RADA. Concert work has included the Edinburgh and Aldeburgh Festivals and the BBC Proms. He is a visiting tutor at the National Opera Studio, Royal College of Music, Guildhall School of Music & Drama, Royal Northern College of Music and works regularly with Scottish Opera Emerging Artists, Grange Park Opera, Northern Ireland Opera, the New National Theatre Young Artists Programme in Tokyo, British Youth Opera and Cardiff International Academy of Voice. He has been associated with the Young Artists Programme at the Royal Opera House since its inception in 2000, initially as Director of Musical Preparation and from 2006 as Artistic Director. He regularly accompanies all the singers on the Jette Parker Young Artists Programme in recitals of both song and operatic repertoire.

Jette Parker Young Artists Programme

The Jette Parker Young Artists Programme is designed to support the artistic development of young professional singers, conductors, directors and répétiteurs. The Young Artists are salaried company members, who work at the opera house on a full-time basis over a two-year period. They receive coaching in all opera disciplines, including music, languages, movement and acting, as well as guidance in related issues and career development. Each artist is given the opportunity to work on productions for The Royal Opera. The Young Artists give an annual performance on the main stage with the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House. Other performance opportunities include recitals in the Linbury and the Crush Room. The Programme is run by Artistic Director David Gowland and Administrator Siri Fischer Hansen, assisted by Emma Nevell. There are currently ten singers, two music staff and a stage director on the Programme. If you would like more information, please visit the JPYAP pages on the ROH website: <http://www.roh.org.uk/about/jette-parker-young-artists-programme>

Jette Parker Young Artists Programme is generously supported by Oak Foundation

Tchaikovsky: The Canary

Text: Lev Mey

Gavarit sultansha kanarejke:
 'Ptichka! luchshe f tereme vysokam
 Shebetat' ee pesni pet' Zulejke,
 Chem parhat' na zapade dal'okam?
 Spoj zhe, spoj zhe mne pra za-mare, pevichka,
 Spoj zhe, spoj zhe mne pra Zapad, nepasetka!
 Jest' li tam takoje neba, ptichka,
 Jest' li tam takoj gareem ee kletka?
 U kavo tam stol'ka roz byvala?
 U kavo iz shahav jest' Zulejka –
 Ee padn'at' li tak jej pakryvala?'

Jej v atvet sh'ebechet kanarejka:
 'Ne prasi s men'a zamorskih pesen,
 Ne budi taski majej bez nuzhdy:
 Tvoj gareem pa nashym pesn'am tesen,
 Ee slava ih adaliskam chuzhdy...
 Ty v lenivaj dr'ome rastsvetala,
 Kak ee vsa krugom teb'a priroda,
 Ee ne znajesh – dazhe ne slyhala,
 Shto u pesni jest' sestra - svaboda.'

Tchaikovsky: I will say nothing to you

Text: Afanasy Fet

Ja tebe nichevo ne skazhu
 Ee teba ne fstrevozhnu nichut',
 Ee a tom, shto ja molcha tverzhu,
 Ne reshush' ni za shto nameknut'.

Tselyj den' sp'at nachnyje tsvety,
 No, lish' sontse za tuchi zajd'ot,
 Raskryvajutsa tiha listy,
 Ee ja slyshu, kak sertse tsvet'ot...

Ee v bal'nuju, ustaluju grut'
 Vejet vlagaj nachnoj... Ja drazhu...
 Ja teba ne fstrevozhnu nichut',
 Ja tebe nichevo ne skazhu!

Tchaikovsky: A soul quietly flew

Text: Aleksei Tolstoy

Gornymi tiha letela dusha nebesami,
 Grusnye dolu ana apuskala resnitsy,
 Sl'ozy f prastranstva at nih upadaja zvezdami,
 Svetlaj ee dlinnaj vilisa za nej verenitsej.
 Fstrechnyje tiha jejo vaprashali svetila:
 'Shto tak grusna ee a chom eti sl'ozy va vzore?'
 Im atvechala ana: 'Ja zemli ne zabyla.
 Mnoga astavila tam ja stradan'ja ee gor'a.
 Zdes' ja lish likam blazhenstva ee radasti vneml'u,
 Pravednyh dushy ne znajut ni skorbi, ni zloby.
 O, atpusti men'a snova, Sazdatel', na zeml'u,
 Byla-b a kom pazhalet' ee uteshyt' kavo-by!'

Strauss: Allerseelen

Text: Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg

Stell' auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
 Die letzten roten Asten trag' herbei,
 Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
 Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
 Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
 Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
 Wie einst im Mai.

The Sultana said to the canary:
 'Little bird! Is it not better to sing to Zuleika
 here, in my tall and handsome palace,
 than to flutter around in the distant West?
 Sing to me, sing to me of land beyond the sea,
 sing to me, sing to me about the West, my fidget!
 Can you find sky there such as this,
 have you seen such a harem, such a fine cage?
 Who ever had so many roses?
 Can any other Shah display such fine Zuleika –
 and can she raise her veil as enticingly as I?'

The canary said to the Sultana:
 'Do not ask of me to sing my foreign songs,
 do not awaken my longing;
 your harem has no space for our songs,
 odalisques could never grasp their meaning ...
 you came to bloom in drowsy indolence,
 slumbering like the nature which surrounds you,
 and you do not know – you've never even heard,
 that every Song has a sister called Freedom.'

I will say nothing to you,
 I will not disturb you at all,
 I will never dare to even hint
 at my silent refrain, my constant thought.

The flowers that open at night sleep all day,
 if the sun should hide behind a cloud,
 they softly unfold their petals
 and I can hear my heart blossom...

My sick and tired heart
 is refreshed by the night ... I tremble ...
 I will not disturb you at all,
 I will say nothing to you!

A soul quietly flew through heavenly heights.
 In sadness her lashes shaded her eyes,
 her eyes which shed tears and created new stars,
 a trail which sparkled and brightened her wake.
 Other heavenly bodies softly inquired:
 'Why are you sad and whence come these tears?'
 And the soul replied: 'I have not forgotten the Earth,
 where I left much suffering and woe behind.
 Here I meet only those who rejoice in eternal bliss:
 for souls of the righteous know neither grief nor malice.
 O, Creator, let me return to Earth,
 where I would pity and console many!'

Place the fragrant mignonettes on the table,
 bring the last red asters inside,
 and let us speak again of love,
 as once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I can press it secretly,
 and if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.
 Give me but one of your sweet glances,
 as once you did in May.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Strauss: Heimliche Aufforderung

Text: John Henry Mackay

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein Herz gesund.
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich still wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns das Heer
Der trunkenen Schwätzer – verachte sie nicht zu sehr.
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genoßen, den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlaße der lauten Genoßen festfreudiges Bild
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrauch,
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh' du's erhofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehemals oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht.
O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!

Strauss: Zueignung

Text: Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Rachmaninov: Twilight

Text: Jean Marie Guillot, translated Ivan Tkhorzhevsky

Ana zadumalas'. Adna, pered aknom
Sklan'as', ona sidit ee f sumrake nachnom
Mertsajet dolgij vzor; a f sineve bezbrezhnaja
Temnejush'ih nebes, ran'aja luch svoj nezhnij,
Vashodat zv'ozdachki bes-shumnaju talpoj;
Ee kazhetsa, chto tam kakoj-ta svetlyj roj
Ta-eeinstvenna parit ee, slovna vas-hish'onnyj,
Trepesh'et nad jejo galofkaju sklan'onnaj.

Glière: The Mermaid

Text: Konstantin Balmont

Jesli mozhesh, pajmi. Jesli hochesh, vaz'mi.
Ty adin mne panravilsa mezhd u'ud'mi.
Da teb'a ja byla haladna ee bledna.
Ja - s glubokava, tihava, t'omnava dna.

Net, pamedli. Sejchas zagaritsa dl'a nas
Maladaja luna. Vot – ty vidish? Zazhglas'!
Dyshit mrak galuboj. Nu, tseluj zhe! Ty moj?
Zdes'. Ee zdes'. Tak.... ah, kak slatka s taboj!

Flowers release fragrances today on each grave,
one day in the year the dead are free.
Come to my heart, so that I can have you again,
as once I did in May.

Up, raise the sparkling cup to your lips,
and drink your heart's fill at the joyous feast.
And when you raise it, wave secretly at me,
then I'll smile and drink quietly like you...

And quietly like me look around at the crowd
of drunken revellers – don't disdain them too much.
No, lift the twinkling cup, filled with wine,
and let them be happy at the noisy meal.

But when you have savoured the meal, slaked your thirst
then leave the loud gathering's joyful feast
and wander out into the garden to the rosebush,
there shall I await you as of old,

And before you know it, I shall sink upon your breast,
and drink your kisses, as so often before,
and twine the rose's splendour into your hair.
Oh come, you wondrous, longed-for night!

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
how I suffer far from you,
love makes the heart sick,
have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,
held high the amethyst beaker,
and you blessed the drink,
have thanks.

And you exorcised the evils in it,
until I, as I had never been before,
blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,
have thanks.

Lost in thought, alone at the window
she sits and in the evening twilight her fixed gaze
seems to sparkle; and in the boundless blue
of darkening skies, sending down their gentle rays,
little stars appear in silent throngs,
They resemble a great swarm of lights
soaring magically over her head
and, as in in excitement, trembling above her.

If you can, understand me. If you wish, take me.
You are the only one I have ever liked among the humans.
Before I met you I was cold and pale.
I came from the darkest, quietest depths.

No, wait. A young moon will in a moment
shine its light upon us. There – can you see it? So bright!
The darkness is breathing. Well, kiss me! Are you mine?
Here. And here. Just so ... ah, your embrace is so sweet!

Ju-Won Kim: Like the wind

Text: Jeong-Ju Seo

In a sunlit spot of a deep valley once swept over by gun smoke,
 We feel the sorrow of parting ... but not too much.
 Farewell ... separating ... but not forever.
 I dream of our meeting again ... wherever I am.
 I see a lotus bloom ... a steady wind approaching,
 Passing over ... becoming calm and peaceful,
 And long for you ... like the wind.

Wonju Lee: Sounds of the loom

Text: Junghee Ko

My sweat stains the thread in my loom,
 The thread will warm your soul,
 The ever-moving shuttle carries my pain.

I am weaving heavy silk to warm you
 When cold morning winds blow.
 I am missing you,
 I am waiting, waiting, waiting.

Working, working, working,
 Twelve times one day the thread breaks.
 I am fearful. Will my work never end?
 When will my love return?

The sounds of the loom are my serenade.
 Will I sing this futile song until the day I die?
 My tears stained the silk while waiting for you,
 Hoping this silk will protect you from suffering.

Mussorgsky: Parasya's Dumkafrom *Sorochintsy Fair*, Act III

Ty ne grusti, moj milyj,
 Gor'a grust'ju ne pragonish;
 Ved' ne adna sh tol'ka va vs'om svete jest' Parasja?
 A vesela slyshat' mne:
 'Parasja, galupka, ty maja pannachka!
 A sam gl'adit tak laskava,
 A ochi pad brov'ju chernaju gar'at kak u sokala!

Do not be sad, my darling,
 grief will not be driven away by sadness;
 Parasya is not the only girl in the world!
 I am happy to hear:
 'Parasya, my dove, my little lady!
 His gaze on me is so kind,
 his eyes burn like those of a falcon, his brow is dark!

Vot ee samoj vzgrusnulas'.
 A zachem - ee ne znaju; razve ja staren'ka,
 Razve ne maloden'ka, ne haroshen'ka?

Well, now I feel sad myself.
 But why should I? Am I old?
 Am I not young, am I not pretty?

Dunaevsky: Table song

Text: Vasilij Lebedev-Kumach

Zazdravnuju charu da kraja naljom,
 Zastol'nuju pesn'u, igraja, spajom.
 L'uboj nam patt'anet, l'uboj patpajot,
 Ee pesn'a, slovna charka, pa krugu pajd'ot.

Let us fill this grace cup to the brim,
 let us joyfully sing our table song.
 Anyone can join in, anyone can sing along,
 this song, like the cup, will make the rounds.

Zazdravnuju charu da kraja naljom,
 Zastol'nuju pesn'u, igraja, spajom.

Let us fill this grace cup to the brim,
 let us joyfully sing our table song.

Zastol'naja pesn'a, zveni veselej.
 Sevodn'a my vmeste sred' milyh družej.
 Ee govar ves'olyj zvuchit fkruk stala,
 Ee litsa sijajut, ee radast' svetla.

Ring joyfully, our table song.
 Today we are celebrating with our dear friends.
 Merry chatter and laughter fill our table,
 our faces are happy, our joy is innocent and bright.

Curtis: Non ti scordar di me

Text: Domenico Furnò

Partirono le rondini
Dal mio paese freddo e senza sole,
Cercando primavera di viole,
Nidi d'amore e di felicità;
La mia piccolo rondine parti,
Senza lasciarmi un bacio,
Senza un'addio parti.

Non ti scordi me:
La vita mia legata è a te,
Io t'amo sempre più,
Nel sogno mio rimani tu.

No ti scordar di me:
La vita mia legata è a te,
C'è sempre un nido nel mio cor per te,
Non ti scordar di me.

Tosti: L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra

Text: Gabriele d'Annunzio

L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra,
E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.
O dolci stelle, è l'ora di morire.
Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.

Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!
Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.

Chiudimi, O Notte, nel tuo sen materno,
Mentre la terra pallida s'irrorà.
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!

Tchaikovsky: Letter Scene

from *Eugene Onegin*, Act I

Puskaj pagibnu ja, no prezhde,
Ja v aslepitel'naj nadezhde
Blazhenstva t'omnaje zavu,
Ja negu zhyzni uznaju!
Ja pju valshebnyj yad zhelanij,
Men'a presledujut mechtj!
Vezde, vezde pereda mnoj
Moj iskusitel' rakavoj,
Vezde, vezde on preda mnoju!

Net, vs'o ne to! Nachnu snachala!
Ah, shto sa mnoj! Ja vsa gar'u!
Ne znaju, kak nachat'!

Ja k vam pishu – chevo zhe bole?
Shto ja magu esh'o skazat'?
Teper, ja znaju, v vashej vole
Men'a prezren'jem nakazat'!
No vy, k moei nesh'asnaj dole
Hot' kapl'u zhalasti hran'a,
Vy ne astavite men'a!
Snachala ja malchat' hatela,
Paver'te: majevo styda
Vy ne uznali b nikagda, nikagda!
O da, kl'alas ja sahranit' v dushe
Priznan'je f strasti pylkaj ee bezumnaj.
Uvy! Ne f silah ja vladet' svajej dushoj.
Pust' budet to, shto byt' dalzhno sa mnoj, -
Jemu priznaju' ja! Smelej! On fso uznajet!

The swallows have abandoned
my cold and sunless land,
searching springs of violets,
nests of love and happiness;
my little swallow has left,
without a kiss,
without a goodbye.

Do not forget me:
my life is bound to yours,
I love you more and more,
you are always in my dream.

Do not forget me:
my life is bound to yours,
there is always a nest in my heart for you,
do not forget me!

The dawn divides the darkness from the light,
and my sensual pleasure from my desire.
O sweet stars, the hour of death is at hand,
a love more holy sweeps you from the skies.

Gleaming eyes, o you who will never return
sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted light!
I must die. I do not want to see the day,
for love of my own dream and of the night.

Envelop me, o Night, in your maternal breast,
while the pale earth bathes itself in dew.
But let the dawn rise from my blood
and the eternal sun from my brief dream!

To write is foolishness, I know it,
but as I love him, I must show it.
And though I suffer evermore,
I will learn what love may have in store!
Desire has poisoned me with longing;
all day I only think of him.
For though I hide in my despair,
my fatal tempter finds me there;
my tempter haunts my footsteps everywhere!

No, that won't do! I'll start another.
What's wrong with me? I'm all on fire.
I can't think how to start.

I write to you, my love compels me;
what is there more that I can say?
For now I know that you'll disdain me
for acting rashly in this way.
But if you'd only show compassion
and think how wretched I must be,
you will surely not abandon me!
At first I meant to hide my feelings;
believe me, I had hoped that you would
never know them, never know!
Oh, yes, I'd sworn that I would hide my love
and not betray this madness that consumes me.
But now I cannot hide my passion any more;
Fate has decreed whatever lies in store.
I shall declare myself and trust in my confession!

Zachem, zachem vy pasetili nas?
V glushy zabytava selen'ja
Ja b nikagda ne znala vas,
Ne znala b gor'kava muchen'ja.
Dushy neopytnaj valnen'ja
Smirif sa vremenem (kak znat'?)
Pa sertsu ja nashla by druga,
Byla by vernaja supruga
Ee dabradetel'naja mat'...

Drugoi! Net, nikamu na svete
Ne atdala by sertsu ja!
To v vyshnem suzhdeno savete,
To vol'a neba: ja tvaja!
Vs'a zhyzn' maja byla zalogam,
Svidan'ja vernava s taboj;
Ja znaju, ty mne poslan bogam
Da groba ty hranitel' moj!
Ty f snaviden'jah mne javl'alsa,
Nezrimyj, ty uzhl byl mne mil.
Tvoj chudnyj vzgl'ad menya tamil,
V dushe tvoj golaz razdavals!
Davno ... Net, eta byl ne son!
Ty chut' vashol, ja vmig uznala,
Vsa abamlela, zapylala,
Ee v myslyah molvila: vot on!
Vot on!
Ne pravda l', ja teb'a slyhala:
Ty gavaryl sa mnoj f tishy,
Kagda ja bednym pamagala
Ili malitvaj uslazhdala
Tasku dushy?
Ee v eta samaje mgnaven'je
Ne ty li, milaje viden'je
F prazrachnaj temnate mel'knul,
Priniknuf tiha k izgalov'ju,
Ne ty l', s atradaj ee l'ubov'ju
Svala nadezhdy mne shepnul?

Kto ty, moj anghel li hranitel'
Ili kavarnyj iskusitel',
Ma-ee samnen'ja razreshy.
Byt mozhet, eto fso pustoje,
Abman neopytnaj dushy,
Ee suzhdeno safsem inoje?

No tak ee byt'! Sud'bu maju
Atnyne ja tebe vruchaju,
Peret taboju sl'ozy l'ju,
Tvajej zash'ity umal'aju
Umal'aju.
Vaabrazi: ja zdes' adna!
Nikto men'a ne panimajet!
Rassudak moj iznemagajet,
Ee molcha gibnut' ja dalzhna!
Ja zhdu teb'a,
Ja zhdu teb'a! Jedinyim slovam
Nadezhdy sertsu azhyvi,
Il' son t'azholyj perervi,
Uvy, zasluzhennym ukoram!

Kanchaju! Strashna perechest',
Stydom ee straham zamiraju,
No mne parukaj chest' jevo,
Ee smela ej seb'a vver'aju!

Whatever brought you to this lonely place?
For since we live here in seclusion
I never would have seen your face,
or know the pangs of bitter torment.
My heart would soon have grown contented
and then as time went by, who knows,
I might by chance have found another,
agreed to honour and respect him,
and made a loving wife and virtuous mother...

Another! No there could never be another
to whom I'd give my love!
My life is bound to yours for ever;
this is decreed by heaven above.
Now my existence has a meaning,
your noble soul for which I sigh.
I know that God above has sent you
to guard and love me till I die!
Often I had seen you in my dreaming;
your noble face had long been clear.
Nightly you whispered in my ear;
your words disturbed me with their meaning.
And then ... no, it was not a dream!
For we met, at once I knew you,
and in that instant, beating wildly,
my heart cried out to me: 'Love him,
Love him!'
For you were always there beside me
when, sick at heart, I knelt in prayer.
Your noble presence seemed to guide me
when I would help the poor and
needy in charity.
Yes, it is your beloved vision
that comes in this moment of decision
to stand beside me as I write,
and fill my heart with new emotion,
with whispered promise of devotion
that brings me comfort and delight.

'Are you an angel sent to guard me,
or will you tempt and then discard me?
Resolve these doubts I cannot dispel.
Could all my dreams be self-delusion?
am I too innocent to tell?
Has Fate prepared its own conclusion?'

'No, come what may, I am now resolved
to lay my empty life before you.
Pity my burning tears and grant me
your protection I implore you,
I implore you.
Believe me: I am all alone!
There is no one who understands me!
I fear my reason will desert me,
To find release I would gladly die!
I long for you,
I long for you to save me;
one word can set my heart on fire
or simply stifle my desire,
to leave me desolate and wretched!'

It is finished! Dare I read it through?
For shame and terror now assail me,
but since his honour is my pledge,
I boldly trust he will not fail me.

Gounod: Ah! lève-toi soleil!

from *Roméo et Juliette*, Act II

L'amour! L'amour! oui, son ardeur a troublé tout mon être!
Mais quelle soudaine clarté respandit à cette fenêtre?
C'est là que dans la nuit rayonne sa beauté!
Ah! lève-toi, soleil! fais pâlir les étoiles
Qui dans l'azur sans voiles,
Brillent au firmament.
Ah! lève-toi! ah! lève-toi! parais! parais!
Astre pur et charmant!
Elle rêve! elle dénoue
Une boucle de cheveux
Qui vient caresser sa joue.
Amour! amour! port lui mes vœux!
Elle parle! qu'elle est belle
Ah! je n'ai rien entendu!
Mais ses yeux parlent pour elle,
Et mon cœur a répondu!
Ah! lève-toi! ah! lève-toi! parais! parais!
Astre pur et charmant! ...
Viens, parais! viens, parais!

Love! love! yes, its intensity has disturbed my very being!
But what sudden light shines through this window?
It is there that by night her beauty shines!
Ah, arise, O sun! turn pale the stars
that, unveiled in the azure,
sparkle in the firmament.
Ah, arise! ah, arise! appear! appear!
pure and enchanting star!
She is dreaming, she loosens
a lock of hair
which falls to caress her cheek.
Love! love! carry my vows to her!
She speaks! How beautiful she is!
Ah, I heard nothing!
But her eyes speak for her
and my heart has answered!
Ah, arise! ah, arise! appear! appear!
pure and enchanting star!
Come, appear! come, appear!

Puccini: Donde lieta

from *La bohème*, Act III

Donde lieta uscì al tuo grido d'amore torna sola Mimi.
Al solitario nido
Ritorna un'altra volta
A intesser finti fior.
Addio senza rancor.
Ascolta, ascolta.
Le poche robe aduna che lasciai
Sparse. Nel mio cassetto
Stan chiusi quel cerchietto
D'or e il libro di preghiere.
Involgi tutto quanto in un grembiale
E manderò il portiere...
Bada, sotto il guanciale
C'è la cuffietta rosa.
Se vuoi... serbarla a ricordo d'amor...
Addio, senza rancor.

Back to the place I left at the call of your love,
I'm going back alone
to my lonely nest
to make false flowers
Goodbye... no hard feelings.
But listen.
Please gather up the few things
I have left behind. In the trunk
is the little bracelet
and my prayer book.
Wrap them in an apron
and I will send someone for them...
Wait! Under the pillow
is my pink bonnet
If you want... keep it in memory of our love.
Goodbye, no hard feelings.

Puccini: Che gelida manina

from *La bohème*, Act I

Che gelida manina, se la lasci riscaldar.
Cercar che giova? Al buio non si trova.
Ma per fortuna è una notte di luna
E qui la luna l'abbiamo vicina.
Aspetti, signorina, le dirò con due parole
Chi son, e che faccio, come vivo. Vuole?
Chi son? Sono un poeta. Che cosa faccio? Scrivo.
E come vivo? Vivo.
In povertà mia lieta scialo da gran signore
Rime ed inni d'amore.
Per sogni e per chimere, e per castelli in aria,
L'anima ho milionaria.
Talor dal mio forziere
Ruban tutti i gioielli due ladri, gli occhi belli.
V'entrar con voi pur ora
Ed i miei sogni usati.
E i bei sogni miei, tosto si dileguar!
Ma il furto non m'accora,
Poiché, v'ha preso stanza la speranza!
Or che mi conoscete, parlate voi, deh!
Parlate. Chi siete? Vi piaccia dir!

What an icy little hand, let me warm it.
What is the use of searching? We cannot find it in the dark.
But fortunately it is a moonlit night
and the moon is near to us here.
Wait, miss, I'll tell you in two words
who I am, what I do, how I live. Shall I?
Who am I? I am a poet. What do I do? I write.
And how do I live? I live.
In my happy poverty I squander like a great Lord
rhymes and hymns of love.
When it comes to dreams and chimeras and castles in the air,
I have a millionaire's soul.
At times all my jewels are stolen
from my coffer by two thieves, two beautiful eyes.
They entered here just now with you
and my familiar dreams.
My beautiful dreams, they quickly disappeared.
But the theft does not grieve me,
because, hope has taken their place!
Now that you know me, speak yourself, come!
Speak. Who are you? Would it please you to tell?

Verdi: Duet
from *La traviata*, Act I

Violetta
Oh qual pallor! Voi qui?

Alfredo
Cessata è l'ansia che vi turbò?

Violetta
Sto meglio.

Alfredo
Ah in cotal guisa v'ucciderete ...
Aver v'è d'uopo cura dell'esser vostro ...

Violetta
E lo potrei?

Alfredo
Oh! se mia foste, custode veglierei pe' vostri soave dì.

Violetta
Che dite? ... Ha forse alcuno cura di me?

Alfredo
Perchè nessuno al mondo v'ama ...

Violetta
Nessun? ...

Alfredo
Tranne sol io.

Violetta
Gli è vero! ... Sì grande amor dimenticato avea.

Alfredo
Ridete! ... e in voi v'ha un core?

Violetta
Un cor? ... sì ... forse ... e a che lo richiedete?

Alfredo
Ah se ciò fosse non potreste allora celar ...

Violetta
Dite davvero?

Alfredo
Io non v'inganno.

Violetta
Da molto è che mi amate?

Alfredo
Ah sì, da un anno.
Un dì felice, etera mi balenaste innante,
E da quell' di tremante vissi d'ignoto amor.
Di quell'amor ch'è palpito dell'universo intero,
Misterioso, altero, croce e delizia al cor.

Violetta
Ah se ciò è ver fuggitemi ... solo amistade io v'offro;
Amar non so, nè soffro sì eroico amore.
Io sono franca, ingenua; altra cercar dovete;
Non arduo troverete dimenticarmi allor.

Alfredo
O amore, misterioso, altero, croce e delizia al cor *ecc...*

Violetta
Oh what pallor! You here?

Alfredo
Has the trouble that upset you passed?

Violetta
I'm better.

Alfredo
Ah in this fashion you will kill yourself ...
you must take care of yourself ...

Violetta
And how can I do it?

Alfredo
Oh! If you were mine, I would watch over your gentle days.

Violetta
What are you saying? ... Does anyone really care for me?

Alfredo
Because no one in the world loves you ...

Violetta
No one? ...

Alfredo
Only I alone.

Violetta
That's true! ... I had forgotten such great love.

Alfredo
You are laughing! ... and do you have a heart?

Violetta
A heart? ... yes ... maybe ... and why do you ask?

Alfredo
Ah if it were so then you would not be able to mock ...

Violetta
Are you speaking the truth?

Alfredo
I am not deceiving you.

Violetta
Have you loved me for a long time?

Alfredo
Ah yes, for a year.
One happy day, you appeared like a flash before me,
and since that day I've lived trembling in an unknown love.
in that love which is the throb of the entire universe,
mysterious, aloof, cross and delight of the heart.

Violetta
Ah if that is true flee from me ... I only offer you friendship;
I cannot love, nor can I bear such heroic love.
I am honest, simple; you must find someone else;
you will not find it hard to forget me.

Alfredo
Oh love, mysterious, aloof, cross and delight of the heart *etc...*

Violetta

Non arduo troverete dimenticarmi allor *ecc* ...

Violetta

You will not find it hard to forget me *etc* ...