



# Russian Song Recital

**Tuesday 25 November, 7pm**  
**The Church**  
**9 Mitchell Road, Alexandria**

*The Opera Australia Young Artist Program is generously supported by Principal Patron Maureen Wheeler AO*

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## PROGRAM

|                          |  |              |
|--------------------------|--|--------------|
| Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky | Duet of Tatjana and Olga, from Act 1 of <i>Eugene Onegin</i> | Op. 24       |
| Sergei Rachmaninov       | In my garden at night  | Op. 38 No. 1 |
| Sergei Rachmaninov       | To her   | Op. 38 No. 2 |
| Mikhail Glinka           | I remember that wonderful moment                             |              |
| César Cui                | The burnt letter   | Op. 33 No. 4 |
| Anton Rubenstein         | Mountain peaks   |              |
| Nicholai Rimsky-Korsakov | The southern night   | Op. 3 No. 2  |
| Sergei Rachmaninov       | I have grown fond of sorrow                                  | Op. 8 No. 4  |
| Nicholai Rimsky-Korsakov | The waves break and splash and gush                          | Op. 46 No. 1 |
| Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky | No, only the one who knew                                    | Op. 6 No. 6  |
| Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky | Cradle Song  | Op. 16 No. 1 |
| Nicholai Rimsky-Korsakov | On the hills of Georgia                                      | Op. 3 No. 4  |
| Alexsandr Borodin        | For the shores of your far homeland                          |              |
| Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky | Again, as before, I am alone                                 | Op. 73 No. 6 |

## PERFORMERS

(in order of appearance)

Francis Greep, Piano

Chelsea Burns, Soprano

Shikara Ringdahl, Mezzo-soprano

Elias Wilson, Tenor

Leon Vitogiannis, Baritone

Dr Natalia Melnik, Russian Language Coach

Opera Australia Young Artist Program sincerely thanks Judith Nielson for the use of The Church today

## YOUNG ARTIST TEAM

**Head of Young Artists** Dr Francis Greep

**Young Artist Producer** Jane Hennessy

**Young Artist Co-Ordinator** Sammie Bailey

**Young Artists** Chelsea Burns, Jem Herbert, Claudia Osborne,  
Shikara Ringdahl, Leon Vitogiannis, Elias Wilson

OPERA AUSTRALIA IS GENEROUSLY SUPPORTED BY PRINCIPAL PATRON MAUREEN WHEELER AO

PATRON-IN-CHIEF  
**DR HARUHISA HANDA**

HERO PARTNERS

GOVERNMENT PARTNERS



# Translations

Translations by Dr Natalia Melnik

## **Tatyana's and Olga's Duet from *Eugene Onegin***

Text after A.F. Pushkin

Have you ever heard at nighttime behind the grove the voice of the singer of love, the singer of his sorrow?  
When the fields were quiet in the morning hour, have you heard the sad and simple sound of a pipe?  
Have you ever heard it?  
Have you ever spared a sigh listening to the soft voice of the singer of love, the singer of his sorrow?  
When you saw a young man wondering in the forest, catching the glance of his eyes with no more fire in them?  
Have you spared a sigh, catching the glance of his eyes with no more fire in them?

## **In my Garden at Night / Ночь в саду у меня / Notch'yu v sadu u menya**

Text by Alexander Blok

In my garden at night the weeping willow is crying, and she is disconsolate.  
The willow is sad. Early morning will shine,  
Dawn, the gentle maiden, will wipe the willow's bitter tears with her locks.

## **To Her / К ней / K nej**

Text by K. Biély

The grass is dressed in pearls. Somewhere, I can hear sad and dear greetings...  
Darling, where are you, Darling!  
The evening lights are vivid and red! I raise my hands: I am waiting for you.  
Darling; where are you, Darling?  
I raise my hands: I am waiting for you, who has been washed away by the pale streams of the Lethe river...  
Darling, where are you, Darling!

## **I Remember that Wonderful Moment / Я помню чудное мгновенье / Ya pomnyu chudnoye mgnoven'ye**

Text by A.F. Pushkin

I remember that wonderful moment when you appeared again like a fleeting vision,  
like a genius of pure beauty, like a genius of pure beauty.  
In the languor of hopeless sadness, in the anxieties of noisy bustle,  
your gentle voice sounded on for a long time for me, and I dreamed of your dear features.

Years passed. A rebellious gust of storm dispelled my old dreams, and I forgot your gentle voice,  
your heavenly features, your heavenly features.  
In the wilderness, in the darkness of imprisonment, my days dragged on silently without divinity,  
without inspiration, without tears, without life and without love.

My soul has awakened: and here you appeared again like a fleeting vision,  
like a genius of pure beauty, like a genius of pure beauty.  
And my heart beats in ecstasy, and for it resurrected divinity and inspiration, and life, and tears, and love.

## **The Burnt Letter / Сожжённое письмо / Sozhzhonnoe Pis'mo**

Text by A.F. Pushkin

Farewell, love letter, farewell! She told me to do this...  
How long have I been hesitating, how long my hand would not want to consign all my joys to the fire!  
But it's enough, the hour has come: Burn, love letter. I am ready: my soul listens to nothing.  
The greedy flame accepts your pages... A minute!.. The pages flared up!..  
They are burning... Light smoke twists and disappears together with my plea.  
It happened!  
Dark pages curled up; the cherished features of the letter now turned white on the light ashes.  
My chest felt tight.  
The dear ashes, the poor joy in my dull fate, stay forever with me on my sorrowful chest.

## **Mountain Peaks / Горные вершины / Gornye vershiny**

Text by M. Lermontov (after Goethe)

The mountain peaks sleep in the shadow of the night;  
the quiet valleys are filled with fresh darkness.  
Dust is not rising from the road, and the leaves are not trembling...  
Wait a little, and you too shall rest, wait a little, and you too shall rest!

### **The Southern Night / Южная ночь / Yuzhnaya Noch**

Text by Nikolai Shcherbina

The moon shines brightly in the vastness of the sky, and the leaves of the olive trees are silvered.  
Full of wild willpower, the waves rose, decorating the bay with pearls.  
This wonderful night is both dark and bright, and it spreads fire through my blood.  
I lit up the mastic and picked some flowers; hurry to the love rendezvous! Hurry to the love rendezvous!  
This night will fly by, and the wave will fall silent in the glow of dispassionate day, and, busy with cares,  
I will be cold with you: you will not recognise me then...

### **I have Grown Fond of Sorrow / Полюбила я на печаль свою / Polyubila ja na petchal' svoyu**

Text by Alexei Pleshcheyev

For my sorrow have I fallen in love with a poor orphan fellow. So this is my fate.  
Powerful people have separated us; They took him away and sent him to the army... And a soldier's wife am I, lonely.  
Seems, in other people's house I will get old. So this is my fate..

### **The Waves Break and Splash and Gush... Дробится, и плещет, и брызжет волна / Drobitsia, i pleshchet, i bryzzhet volna**

Text by Alexei Tolstoy

The waves break and splash and gush into my eyes with salty water; I sit still on the rock - my soul is full of unconscious courage.  
Waves come after waves, coming forward and rolling back, with the foam covering their crests.  
Oh, sea, who should I challenge to a battle to test my resurrected strength?  
My heart sensed that life is good. You, waves, have broken my sorrow.  
My soul awoke from the thunder and splashes, it is just like this roaring sea!

### **No, Only The One Who Knew / Нет, только тот, кто знал / Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal**

Text by L. Mei (after Goethe)

No, only one who has known the thirst for a rendezvous will understand how I suffered and how I still languish.  
I gaze into the distance... I have no strength left, my eyes dim...  
Ah, the one who loved and knew me is now far away!  
Ah, only the one who has known the thirst for a rendezvous will understand how I suffered and how I still languish, my chest burns...

### **Cradle Song / Колыбельная песня / Kolybel'naya pesnya**

Text by Apollon Maykov

Sleep, my child, sleep, sleep! Invite sweet dream to come to you. I took as babysitters for you the wind, the sun and an eagle.  
The eagle flew back home; the sun disappeared under the water; the wind, after three nights of babysitting, rushed back to his mother.  
The wind's mother asked him: "If you please, where have you disappeared to? Have you been fighting stars?  
Or have you been chasing waves?"  
"I have not been chasing the sea waves; I have not touched the golden stars; I have been guarding a child, rocking his little cradle!"  
Sleep, my child, sleep, sleep ...

### **On The Hills of Georgia / На холмах Грузии / Na kholmakh Gruzii**

Text by A.F. Pushkin

Night shadow lies on the hills of Georgia; Aragva river ripples before me.  
I feel sad but light-hearted; my sorrow is illuminated; my sorrow is filled with you, with you, with you alone...  
Nothing torments or disturbs my sadness and my heart burns and beats again for it is not able not to love.

### **For The Shores Of Your Distant Fatherland / Для берегов отчизны дальной / Dlya beregov otchizny dalnoy**

Text by A.F. Pushkin

For the shores of your distant fatherland, you were leaving the foreign land;  
at the unforgettable hour, at the sad hour, I've been crying before you for a long time.  
My cold hands were trying to hold you from leaving;  
my moan begged not to interrupt the terrifying longing of the moment of separation.  
But you tore your lips off our bitter kiss; from the land of dark exile, you called me to come to a different land.  
You said: "On the day of our next rendezvous under the ever-blue sky, in the shade of olive trees,  
we will join our lips again in love kisses, my friend".  
But, alas, there, where the sky's vaults shine in blue brilliance, where waters slumber under the rocks, you fell asleep for the last time.  
Your beauty and your sufferings disappeared in the urn of the tomb, and the kiss of our rendezvous disappeared too...  
But I am waiting for it: you promised me this kiss!..

### **Again, as before, I am alone / Снова, как прежде, один / Snova, kak prezhde, odin**

Text by D. Ratgauz

Again, as before, I am alone, again I am overcome with longing...  
A poplar looks into my window, all lit up by the moon. A poplar looks into my window...  
The leaves are whispering about something... The sky is burning with the stars...  
Where are you now, my darling? It is not possible for me to express to you all my overwhelming feelings...  
My friend! Pray for me, I am already praying for you!...