

The EWU Department of Music presents

Yekaterina Slyusarev
A Musical Soirée

Assisted by
Nicole Johnston, clarinet
Evan Wang, piano
Margaret Francik, piano
Yi-chun Chen, piano

Sunday, May 31, 2015
5:00 p.m.
Music Building Recital Hall

Studio of Dr. Julia Salerno and Dr. Randel Wagner

Koibito	Jacob Beal b. 1989
Oblivion	Astor Piazzolla 1921-1992
Contrasts Verbunkos Pihenő	Béla Bartók 1881-1945
The Hunt	Margaret Francik b. 1992

Evnika Trio

Yekaterina Slyusarev, violin
Nicole Johnston, clarinet
Evan Wang, piano

Intermission

Après un Rêve	Gabriel Fauré 1845-1924
O Del Mio Dolce Ardor	Christoph Willibald Gluck 1714-1787
Do Not Go My Love	Richard Hageman 1881-1966
On Govoril Mne	Alfons Guerchia
O Mio Babbino Caro (<i>from Gianni Schicchi</i>)	Giacomo Puccini 1858-1924
	Yekaterina Slyusarev, voice Yi-Chun Chen, piano
Der Hirt auf dem Felsen	Franz Schubert 1797-1928
	Yekaterina Slyusarev, voice Nicole Johnston, clarinet Margaret Francik, piano

Après un Rêve

Dans un sommeil
que charmaient ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur,
ardent mirage.
Tes yeux étaient plus doux,
ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel
éclairé par l'aurore.

Tu m'appelais
et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi
vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous
entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues,
lueurs divines entrevues.

Hélas! Hélas!
triste réveil des songes!
Je t'appelle ô nuit,
rends-moi tes mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

In a sleep
enchanted by your image
I dreamed of happiness,
a passionate illusion;
Your eyes were so gentle
your voice so pure and rich,
you were radiant like a sky
lighted by the dawn

You called to me
and I left the earth
to fly with you
toward the light.
For us the skies
parted their clouds;
unknown splendors,
glimpses of divine light.

Alas! Alas!
sad awakening from dreams;
I call to you, o night
give me back your illusions!
Return, return in radiance!
Return, o mysterious night!

O Del Mio Dolce Ardor

O del mio dolce ardor, bramatto oggetto,
l'aura che tu respiri, alfin respiro.
Ovunque il guardo io giro
le tue vaghe sembianze
amore in me dipinge:
il mio pensier si finge
le più liete speranze;
e nel desio che così m'empie il petto
cerco te, chiamo te, spero e sospiro.

O desired object of my sweet ardor,
the air which you breathe, at last I breathe.
Wherever my glance I turn
your lovely features
love for me paints:
my thought to itself imagines
the most happy hopes;
and in the longing which thus fills my bosom
I seek you, I call you, I hope and I sigh.

Do Not Go My Love

Do not go, my love,
Without asking my leave.
I have watched all night,
And now my eyes are heavy with sleep;
I fear lest I lose you
When I am sleeping.
I start up and stretch my hands to touch you.
I ask myself, "Is it a dream?"
Could I but entangle your feet with my heart,
And hold them fast to my breast?

On Govoril Mne

On govoril mne: "Bud ti moyeyu,
i stanu jit' ya strast'yu sgoraya;
prelest' ulibki,
nega vo vzore
mne obeshayut radosti raya."
Bednomu serdcu tak govoril on,
no ne lyubil on, ah, ne lyubil menya.

On govoril mne: "Yarkoi zvezdoyu
mrachnuyu dushu ti ozarila,
ti mne nadezhdu v serdce vselila
sni napolnyaya sladkoi mechtoyu."
To ulibalsya, to slezi lil on,
no ne lyubil on, ah, ne lyubil menya.

On obeshal mne, bednomu serdcu,
schast'ye i grezi, strasti, vostorgi,
nezhno on klyalsya jizn usladit' mne
vechnoi lyubov'yu, vechnim blazhenstvom.
Sladkoyu rech'yu serdce sgubil on,
no ne lyubil on, ah, ne lyubil menya.

He said to me: "Be mine,
and I will live burning with passion;
the loveliness of your smile,
the care in your gaze
promise me the joys of paradise."
To my poor heart he said this,
but he did not love, ah, he did not love me.

He said to me: "Like a bright star
you have brightened my dark soul,
you have planted hope in my heart
filling my dreams with a sweet vision."
He would smile, he would shed tears,
but he did not love, ah, he did not love me.

He promised me, my poor heart,
happiness and dreams, passion, delight,
gently he swore to make my life sweeter
with everlasting love, everlasting bliss.
With sweet words he ruined my heart,
but he did not love, ah, he did not love me.

O Mio Babbino Caro

O mio babbino caro,
mi piace, è bello, bello;
vo'andare in Porta Rossa
a comperar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
E se l'amassi indarno,
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio
ma per buttarmi in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei, morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

O my daddy dear,
He pleases me, he is handsome, handsome
I want to go to Porta Rossa
to buy the ring!
Yes, yes, there I wish to go!
And if him I should love in vain,
I would go on the Ponte Vecchio
but to throw myself in the Arno!
I pine away and torment myself!
O God, I would like to die!
Daddy, have pity, pity!

Der Hirt auf Dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
in's tiefe Thal herniederseh',
und singe,
fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Thal
schwingt sich empor der Widerhall,
der Widerhall der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
je heller sie mir wiederklingt
von unten.
Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
drum sehn' ich mich so heiss nach ihr
hinüber!

In tiefem Gram verzehr' ich mich,
mir ist die Freude hin,
auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
ich hier so einsam bin.
So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
so sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
der Frühling meine Freud',
nun mach' ich mich fertig,
zum Wandern bereit.
Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
je heller sie mir wiederklingt.

When on the highest rock I stand,
into the deep valley down look,
and sing,
afar from the deep dark valley
swings itself up the echo,
the echo of the cliffs.

The further my voice penetrates,
the brighter it to me sounds back
from below.
My sweetheart dwells so far from me,
therefore long I so warmly for her
yonder!

In deep sorrow consume I myself,
from me is the joy gone,
on earth for me the hope vanished,
I here so lonely am.
So longing sounded in the forest the song,
So longing sounded it through the night,
hearts it to heaven draws
with wondrous might.

The spring will come,
the spring my joy,
now make I myself ready,
for wandering prepared.
The further my voice penetrates,
the brighter it to me sounds back.