

BISQFest 2023

2:30pm Saturday September 2 – Concert 4, Rolston Recital Hall

Ema Nikolovska, mezzo-soprano

Gilles Vonsattel, piano

Amelie Wallner, violin

Lukas Schwarz, cello

Dmitri Shostakovich: *Seven Romances on Poems by Alexander Blok, Op. 127*

<p>Pesnjaf Ofelii Razluchajas' s devoj miloj, drug, Ty kljalsja mne ljubit'!... Ujezzhaja v kraj postylyj, Kljatvu dannuju khranit'!...</p> <p>Tam, za Danijej schastlivoj, Berega tvoji vo mgle... Val serdityj, govorlivyj Mojet sljozy na skale...</p> <p>Milyj voin ne vernjotsja, Ves' odetyj v srebro... V grobe tjazhko vskolykhnjotsja Bant i chjornoje pero...</p>	<p>Ophelia's Song As you parted from your dear maiden, My friend, you swore to me of your love!.. As you left for a detested land, You swore to keep your oath!</p> <p>There, away from happy Denmark, Your shores are in darkness... The angry, eloquent waves Wash tears away from the rocks...</p> <p>My beloved warrior shall not return, All in silver dressed... In the grave the ribbon and black feather Will droop heavily.</p>
<p>Gamajun ptica veshchaja Na gladjakh beskonechnykh vod, Zakatom v purpur oblechjonnykh, Ona veshchajet i pojot, Ne v silakh kryl podnjat' smjatjonnykh...</p> <p>Veshchajet igo zlykh tatar, Veshchajet kaznej rjad krovavykh, I trus, i golod, i pozhar, Zlodejev silu, gibel' pravvykh...</p> <p>Predvechnym uzhasom ob"jat, Prekrasnyj lik gorit ljubov'ju, No veshchej pravdoju zvuchat Usta, zapekshijesja krov'ju!</p>	<p>Gamayun, the bird of prophecy Over the smooth and endless waters Which the sunset has turned to purple, She utters prophecies and sings, Too weak to raise her uncertain pinions...</p> <p>She prophesies the cruel Tartars' yoke, A succession of bloody executions, Earthquake, and famine, and flames, The power of tyrants, the death of the righteous...</p> <p>Seized by primordial terror, Her beautiful face burns with love, But with prophetic truth resound Those lips stained with blood!</p>

<p>My byli vmeste My byli vmeste, pomnju ja... Noch' volnovalas', skripka pela, Ty v `eti dni byla moja, Ty s kazhdym chasom khoroshela.</p> <p>Skvoz' tikhoje zhurchan'je struj, Skvoz' tajnu zhenstvennoj ulybki K ustam prosilsja poceluj, Prosilis' v serdce zvuki skripki...</p>	<p>We were together We were together, I recall... The night was agitated, a violin sang... In those days you were – my own, With every hour you grew more fair...</p> <p>Through the quiet gurgle of the stream, Through the mystery of a feminine smile A kiss begged for lips, The sounds of the violin begged to enter my heart....</p>
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<p>Gorod spit Gorod spit, okutan mgloju, Chut' mercajut fonari... Tam daljoko, za Nevoju, Vizhu otbleski zari.</p> <p>V `etom dal'nem otrazhen'ji, V `etikh otbleskakh ognja Pritailos' probuzhden'je Dnej, tosklivykh dlja menja...</p>	<p>The city sleeps The city sleeps, wrapped in darkness, The streetlamps barely flicker... Over there, beyond the Neva I espy the gleaming of dawn.</p> <p>In this faraway reflection, In those glimmerings of fire, Lay concealed the origins Of days which for me have been bleak...</p>
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<p>Burja O, kak bezumno za oknom Revjot, bushujet burja zlaja, Nesutsja tuchi, l'jut dozhdjom, I veter vojet, zamiraja!</p> <p>Uzhasna noch'! V takuju noch' Mne zhal' ljudej, lishjonnykh krova, Sozhalen'je gonit proch' - V ob"jat'ja kholoda syrogo!</p> <p>Borot'sja s mrakom i dozhdjom, Stradalcev uchast' razdeljaja... O, kak bezumno za oknom Bushujet veter, iznyvaja!</p>	<p>The storm O, how wildly outside my window The savage tempest roars and rages, The scudding storm clouds unleash the rain And the wind howls as it fades!</p> <p>The night is dreadful! On such a night I pity those bereft of shelter. And compassion drives me forth Into the embrace of the chill and damp!...</p> <p>To contest with the gloom and rain, Sharing the fate of those who suffer... O, how wildly outside my window The wind rages as it wearies!</p>
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<p>Tajnyje znaki Razgorajutsja tajnyje znaki Na glukhoj, neprobuđnoj stene. Zolotyje i krasnyje maki Nado mnoj tjagotejut vo sne.</p> <p>Ukryvajus' v nochnyje peshchery I ne pomnju surovyykh chudes. Na zare golubyje khimery Smotrjat v zerkale jarkikh nebes.</p> <p>Ubegaju v proshedshije migi, Zakryvaju ot strakha glaza, Na listakh kholodejushchej knigi - Zolotaja devich'ja kosa.</p> <p>Nado mnoj nebosvod uzhe nizok, Chjornyj son tjagotejet v grudi. Moj konec prednachertannyj blizok, I vojna, i pozhar - vpered...</p>	<p>Secret symbols The secret symbols burst into life Golden and crimson poppies Loom over me in my dreams.</p> <p>I conceal myself in the caverns of night, And no longer recall the solemn miracles. At dawn pale blue chimeras Gaze into the mirror of the bright heavens.</p> <p>I will retreat into moments from the past, Closing my eyes with terror. On the pages of a book which grows cold – A maiden's golden tresses.</p> <p>The canopy of the sky hangs low above me, A dark dream lies oppressive in my heart. My predestined end is near, War and flames lie ahead...</p>
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<p>Muzyka V noch', kogda usnjot trevoga I gorod skrojetsja vo mgle, O, skol'ko muzyki u boga, Kakije zvuki na zemle!</p> <p>Chto burja zhizni, Jesli rozy tvoji cvetut mne i gorjat! Chto chelovecheskije sljozy, Kogda rumjanitsja zakat!</p> <p>Primi, Vladychica vselennoj, Skvoz' krov', skvoz' muki, skvoz' groba Poslednej strasti kubok pennyj Ot nedostojnogo raba.</p>	<p>Music At night, when alarms fade, And the city is wrapped in darkness, How much music there is in the divine, What sounds can be heard on earth!</p> <p>What are the storms of life to me, If your roses blossom and glow!! What the sorrows of mankind, When you can watch the crimson sunset!</p> <p>O Lady, Sovereign of the Universe, Accept – through blood, through pain, through death – This foaming cup, filled to the brim With the last passions of your unworthy slave!</p>
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Russian text source Alexander Blok

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