



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
GRADUATE RECITAL

**Galina Orlova, soprano**  
**with John Cozza, piano**

---

Купалінка (Kupalinka)	Belarusian Folk Song
Songs my mother taught me (from <i>Gypsy Songs</i> , Op. 55) Song to the Moon (from <i>Rusalka</i> )	Antonin Dvorak (1841-1904)
"Vissi d'arte" (from <i>Tosca</i> ) "Tu che di gel" (from <i>Turandot</i> )	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
Sure on this shining night (from <i>Four Songs</i> , Op. 13)	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Embroidery Aria (from <i>Peter Grimes</i> )	Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Mattinata	Ruggero Leoncavallo (1857-1919)

INTERMISSION

Liza's Aria "Откуда эти слезы" ("Why am I crying?") (from <i>Pique Dame</i> )	P. I. Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)
О чем в тиши ночей Op.40/3 (In the silence of the night) Коснулась я цветка Op.49/1 (I touched the flower) Царскосельская статуя (The Statue of Tsarskoye Selo)	Nikolay Rimski-Korsakov (1844-1908) César Cui (1835-1918)
Deep River Somebody's knockin'	arr. Moses Hogan (1957-2003)
Élégie (Elegy) Op.10/5 "Adieu, notre petite table" (from <i>Manon</i> ) Ouvre ton cœur	Jules Massenet (1842-1912) Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Performer's Certificate in Music. Galina Orlova is a student of Dr. Robin Fisher.*



---

TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.  
NOVEMBER 30, 2021  
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

**Galina Orlova, Soprano**  
Performer's Certificate Recital, November 2021  
**Texts and Translations**

**Kupalinka Belarussian Folk Song**

Kupalinka is a popular Belarusian song described as the “musical calling card of Belarus”. Kupalinka is the pagan goddess of love. The Kupala holiday dedicated to her is celebrated on a summer night in July. Legend has it that the one who finds a blooming fern in the forest will enjoy endless happiness, and the youth go to the forest at night to look for it. With the arrival of Christianity, the clergy tried to suppress the pagan tradition and visited every house on the Kupala holiday in July to make sure no one went into the forest. The song "Kupalinka" tells how parents explain to the authorities that their daughter is out gathering roses in the garden, pricking her hands on the thorns, and weeping as she weaves the flowers into a wreath.

**Купалінка**

- Купалінка-купалінка,  
Цёмная ночка...  
Цёмная ночка, дзе ж твая дочка?

- Мая дочка у садочку  
Ружу, ружу поліць,  
Ружу, ружу поліць,  
Белы ручкі коліць.

Кветачкі рвець, кветачкі рвець,  
Вяночкі звіае,  
Вяночкі звіае,  
Слёзкі пралівае.

- Купалінка-купалінка,  
Цёмная ночка...  
Цёмная ночка, дзе ж твая дочка?

- *Michaś Ćarot*

**Kupalinka**

- Kupalinka, kupalinka,  
Dark night...  
Dark night, and where is your daughter?

- My daughter is in the garden,  
Picking the roses,  
Picking the roses,  
They pierce her white hands.

She plucks flowers, she plucks flowers,  
Weaves wreaths,  
Weaves wreaths,  
Sheds tears.

- Kupalinka, kupalinka,  
Dark night...  
Dark night, and where is your daughter?

**“Songs my mother taught me” (from Gypsy Songs, Op. 55) by Antonín Dvořák**

A very precious Czech song to me. I remember how my mother taught me to sing. Her voice lives in me, in my heart, my soul, in my voice... It is the fourth of seven songs from Dvořák's cycle, *Gypsy Songs* (Czech: *Cigánské Melodie*), The *Gypsy Songs* are set to poems by Adolf Heyduk in both Czech and German. This song, in particular, has achieved widespread fame and has been recorded by many famous sopranos.

Když mne stará matka  
Zpívát, zpívát učívála,  
Podivno, že často, často slzívala.

A teď také pláčem  
Snědé líce mučím,  
Když cigánské děti  
Hrát a zpívát, hrát a zpívát učím!

- *Adolf Heyduk*

Songs my mother taught me,  
In the days long vanished;  
Seldom from her eyelids  
Were the teardrops banished.

Now I teach my children,  
Each melodious measure.  
Oft the tears are flowing,  
Oft they flow from my memory's treasure.

## **“Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém” (Song to the Moon) from *Rusalka* by Antonín Dvořák**

This aria is sung by the title character, Rusalka, in the opera's first act. Rusalka is the daughter of a water-goblin who wants nothing more than to be human after she falls in love with a hunter/prince who frequents the lake in which she lives. Rusalka sings this song asking the moon to reveal her love to the Prince.

### **Rusalka:**

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,  
Světlo tvé daleko vidí,  
Po světě bloudíš širokém,  
Díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,  
řekni mi, řekni, kde je můj milý!

Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,  
Mé že jej objímá rámě,  
Aby si alespoň chvíličku  
Vzpomenul ve snění na mě.

Zasvit' mu do daleka, zasvit' mu,  
řekni mu, řekni, kdo tu naň čeká!

O mně-li duše lidská sní,  
At' se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!  
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

- *By Jaroslav Kvapil*

### **Rusalka:**

Moon high and deep in the sky  
Your light travels far,  
You travel around the wide world,  
And see into people's homes.

Moon, stand still a little while  
And tell me where my dear is.

Tell him, silvery moon,  
That I am embracing him.  
For at least in this moment  
Let him recall dreaming of me.

Illuminate him from far away  
And tell him who is waiting for him.

If his human soul is really dreaming of me,  
May the memory awaken him!  
Moon, don't disappear!

## **“Vissi d'arte” from *Tosca* by Giacomo Puccini**

“Vissi d'arte” is the most famous aria from this opera. The young and famous singer, Floria Tosca, is in love with the young artist, Mario Cavaradossi. But he is suspected of harboring the political prisoner, Cesare Angelotti. The corrupt police chief, Scarpia, interrogates Tosca. Hearing the screams of Mario, who is being tortured in the next room, she reveals the place where Angelotti is hiding. Scarpia appoints Mario's execution for the morning, but he invites Tosca to sacrifice her honor to save him. The singer, agonizing over the choice between her honor and her love, sings this heart-wrenching aria.

### **TOSCA**

Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,  
non feci mai male ad anima viva!...  
Con man furtiva  
quante miserie conobbi, aiutai...  
Sempre con fe' sincera,  
la mia preghiera  
ai santi tabernacoli salì.  
Sempre con fe' sincera  
diedi fiori agli altari.  
Nell'ora del dolore  
perché, perché Signore,  
perché me ne rimunerai così?  
Diedi gioielli  
della Madonna al manto,  
e diedi il canto  
agli astri, al ciel, che ne ridean più belli.  
Nell'ora del dolore,  
perché, perché Signore,  
perché me ne rimunerai così?

- *By Giuseppe Giacosa*

### **TOSCA**

I lived for art. I lived for love:  
Never did I harm a living creature! ...  
Whatever misfortunes I encountered  
I sought with a secret hand to succor ...  
Ever in pure faith,  
My prayers rose  
In the holy chapels.  
Ever in pure faith,  
I brought flowers to the altars.  
In this hour of pain, why,  
Why, oh Lord, why  
Dost Thou repay me thus?  
Jewels I brought  
For the Madonna's mantle,  
And songs for the stars in heaven  
That they shone forth with greater radiance.  
In this hour of distress, why,  
Why, oh Lord,  
Why dost Thou repay me thus?

### **“Tu che di gel” from *Turandot* by Giacomo Puccini**

This is Liu's final aria before she is executed. The Tatar prince Calaf has fallen in love with the Chinese princess Turandot and attempts to solve her riddles, because only the one who solves them can become her husband. Death awaits the loser. No matter how much his father Timur and slave Liu try to dissuade him, he continues in the contest. But Turandot does not want to marry him. Calaf then asks her his riddle - to find out his name. But only Timur and Liu know him, but even under torture at Turandot's orders, they refuse to reveal his name. Liu sings this aria to Turandot in defiance--the last element of the opera that Puccini completed before he died and left the work to be finished by others.

Tu che di gel sei cinta  
Da tanta fiamma vinta  
L'amerai anche tu!  
Prima di quest'aurora  
Io chiudo stanca gli occhi  
Perche egli vinca ancora...  
egli vinca ancora...  
Per non vederlo piu!  
- Giacomo Puccini

You who are encircled by ice  
You who are won by such a flame  
You will love him too!  
Before this dawn  
I, tired, close my eyes  
So that he may win again...  
win again...  
To not see him anymore

### **“Sure on this shining night” (from *Four Songs, Op. 13*) by Samuel Barber**

The text of ‘**Sure on This Shinning Night**’ is a poem by James Agee from his collection, *Permit Me Voyage*. The poem is written from the perspective of an older man walking outside on a summer night, reflecting back on his life. This reflection at the end of the man's life encompasses the idea that even through the darkest times in life there is still kindness in the world. He marvels at the vastness of the universe and feels alone yet comforted. The specific lines, “The late year lies down the north, all is healed, all is health” could be referring to the glory of heaven.

Sure on this shining night  
Of star-made shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.  
The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.  
I weep for wonder  
Sure on this shining night

I weep for wonder  
Wandering far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.

- By James Agee

### **Embroidery Aria from *Peter Grimes* by Benjamin Britten**

The embroidery to which Ellen is referring is work she crafted on a piece of clothing that she'd given the boy who was Peter Grimes' apprentice, tragically killed after falling from a cliff. She identifies the body after seeing the embroidery, and it appears that Grimes has murdered the boy. This is Act 3, the pivotal point for Ellen and Balstrode, when they turn against Grimes and encourage him to commit suicide after the horrific revelation of his crime.

Embroidery in childhood was a luxury of idleness.  
A coil of silken thread giving dreams... of a silk and satin life.  
Now my broidery affords the clue whose meaning we avoid!  
My hand remembered its old skill  
These stitches tell a curious tale.  
I remember I was brooding  
On the fantasies of children...  
And dreamt that only by wishing  
I could bring some silk into their lives...  
Now... my broidery affords the clue... whose meaning we avoid.  
- By Montague Slater

## Mattinata by Ruggero Leoncavallo

**Mattinata** (translated: “Morning”) was the first song ever written expressly for the Gramophone Company, later known as “His Master’s Voice.” Composed by Ruggero Leoncavallo in 1904, this song was dedicated to the world-famous tenor, Enrico Caruso, who was the first to record it in 1904 with the composer at the piano. Ever since, this piece has been a concert favorite.

L'aurora di bianco vestita  
Già l'uscio dischiude al gran sol;  
Di già con le rosee sue dita  
Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!

The dawn, dressed in white,  
has already opened the door to the sun,  
and caresses the flowers  
with its pink fingers.

Commosso da un fremito arcano  
Intorno il creato già par;  
E tu non-ti desti, ed invano  
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar.

A mysterious trembling seems  
to disturb all nature.  
And yet you will not get up, and vainly  
I stand here sadly singing.

Metti anche tu la veste bianca  
E schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!  
Ove non-sei la luce manca;  
Ove tu sei nasce l'amor.

Dress yourself also in white,  
and open the door to your serenader!  
Where you are not, there is no light;  
where you are, love is born.

- *Ruggero Leoncavallo*

## Lisa's Aria “Откуда эти слезы” (Where are these tears from) from *Pique Dame* by P.I. Tchaikovsky

*Pique Dame (The Queen of Spades)* is an opera in 3 acts by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky, set to a Russian libretto by the composer's brother Modest Tchaikovsky, based on a short story of the same name by Alexander Pushkin. This scene takes place in the Countess Lisa's room, at the country home near St. Petersburg. Alone, Lisa despairs that all of her hopes and dreams have gone awry. At one time, she thought marrying the prince would be the best thing for her. However, now she realizes too late that she will not marry him for love. Instead, she has fallen in love with another and the conflict between what she must do and what she wants to do is tearing her apart. She confides her true feelings of love to the beautiful night.

Откуда эти слезы,  
Зачем оне?  
Мои девичьи грезы,  
Вы изменили мне,  
Вот как вы оправдались наяву!  
Я жизнь свою вручила ныне князю,  
Избраннику по сердцу, существу,  
Умом, красою, знатностью, богатством  
Достойному подруги не такой, как я.  
Кто знатен, кто красив, кто статен, как он?  
Никто! И что же?  
Я тоской и страхом вся полна,  
Дрожу и плачу!

Why am I crying,  
What is it?  
My girlhood dreams,  
You have deceived me!  
This is how you have come true in real life!  
I have entrusted my life to the prince  
Chosen by me for his heart, his personality,  
And his intelligence, his looks, his position wealth,  
And worthy of a very different wife from me.  
Who can compare with him in nobility,  
In looks or dignity?  
No one! And yet . . . here am I wretched and  
fearful, Trembling and weeping!

Откуда эти слезы, Зачем оне?  
Мои девичьи грезы,  
Вы изменили мне,  
Мои девичьи грезы,  
Вы изменили мне!  
И тяжело и страшно!  
Но к чему обманывать себя?  
Я здесь одна, вокруг все тихо спит...

Why am I crying, what is it?  
My girlhood dreams, you have deceived me!  
What am I crying for, what is it?  
My girlhood dreams, you have deceived me!  
I feel oppressed and frightened!...  
But why, delude myself?  
I am alone here, all around me lie sleeping...

О, слушай, ночь!  
Тебе одной могу поверить тайну  
Души моей.  
Она мрачна, как ты,  
Она, как взор очей печальных,  
Покой и счастье у меня отнявших...  
Царица-ночь!  
Как ты, красавица, как ангел падший,  
Прекрасен он,  
В его глазах огонь палящей страсти,  
Как чудный сон  
Меня манит, и вся моя душа во власти его!  
О ночь! о ночь!..

- *Modest Tchaikovsky (the composer's brother)*

Oh! Hear me, night!  
To you alone can I confide the secret  
Of my heart! It is as dark as you,  
Dark as the melancholy look of those sad eyes  
That rob me of my happiness and peace of mind...  
Queen Night! Like you, great beauty,  
Like a fallen angel he is handsome,  
In his eyes is the fire of glowing passion.  
He beckons to me like some wonderful dream  
And all my soul is in his power!  
O night . . . night!

### **“О чем в тиши ночей” (What I Dream in the Quiet Night), Op.40/3 by Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakov**

О чем в тиши ночей  
Таинственно мечтаю,  
О чем при свете дня  
Всечасно помышляю,  
То будет тайной всем.

И даже ты, мой стих,  
Ты, друг мой ветреный,  
Улада дней моих,  
Тебе не передам  
Души своей мечтанья,  
А то расскажешь ты,  
Чей глас в ночном молчанье  
Мне слышится,  
Чей лик я всюду нахожу,  
Чьи очи светят мне,  
Чье имя я твержу.

- *Apollo Maikov*

What in the quiet of the nights  
I dream mysteriously,  
What in the light of day  
I think every hour,  
That is a secret to everyone.

And even you, my verse,  
You, my windy friend,  
The delight of my days  
I will not give you  
The soul of dreams  
Because then you will tell

Whose voice I hear in the silence of the night  
Whose face I find everywhere  
Whose eyes shine on me  
Whose name am I repeating.

### **“Коснулась я цветка” Op.49/1 (I touched the flower) by César Cui**

Коснулась я цветка горячими устами;  
И лепестки рассыпались, лежат.  
Я стебель лишь держу, а жизнь и аромат  
Вернёшь ли ты бессильными слезами?

Ты не любил меня! Безжалостно, сурово,  
Развевя твой обман сердечные мечты,  
Как лепестки цветка. Их возвратишь ли ты?  
И сердцу моему вернёшь ли счастье снова?

- *Vasily Nemirovich-Danchenko*

I touched the flower with passionate lips;  
And the petals, fallen loose, lie strewn about.  
I keep only the stem; but will you restore  
its life and fragrance?  
Will you restore it with feeble tears?

You did not love me! Unpitying, harsh,  
Your deception shattered my heart's dreams,  
Like the petals of the flower.  
Will you restore them?  
And will you return happiness to my heart again?

## **Царскосельская статуя Op.57/17 (The statue at Tsarskoye Selo) by César Cui**

Урну с водой уронив,  
Об утес ее дева разбила.  
Дева печально сидит,  
Праздний держа черепок.  
Чудо! Не сякнет вода,  
Изливаясь из урны разбитой;  
Дева, над вечной струей,  
Вечно печальна сидит.  
- *Alexander Pushkin*

Having dropped an urn of water,  
The maiden broke it on the cliff.  
The maiden sits, sadly,  
While holding a broken piece of the pottery.  
A miracle! The water does not dry up,  
As it pours from the broken urn:  
The maiden, above the eternal stream,  
Sits, forever sad.

## **Deep River, arranged by Moses Hogan**

Deep river, my home is over Jordan.  
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.  
Oh, don't you want to go to that Gospel-feast?  
That Promised Land, where all is peace?  
- *Traditional Spiritual*

## **Somebody's Knockin,' arranged by Moses Hogan**

Somebody's knockin' at yo' door,  
Somebody's knockin' at yo' door,  
O sinner, why don't you answer?  
Somebody's knocking at your door.  
Can't you hear Him?  
Sounds like Jesus.  
- *Traditional Spiritual*

Jesus calls you.  
Somebody's knockin' at yo' door,  
Somebody's knockin' at yo' door,  
O sinner, why don't you answer?  
Somebody's knocking at your door.

## **Élégie (Elegy), Op.10/5 by Jules Massenet**

Ô, doux printemps d'autre fois, vertes saisons,  
Vous avez fui pour toujours!  
Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu;  
Je n'entends plus les chants joyeux des oiseaux!  
En emportant mon bonheur...  
Ô bien-aimé, tu t'en es allé!  
Et c'est en vain que [le printemps revient!]  
Oui, sans retour,  
avec toi, le gai soleil,  
Les jours riants sont partis!  
Comme en mon coeur tout est sombre et glacé!  
Tout est flétri  
pour toujours!  
- *By Louis Gallet*

O sweet springtime of old verdant seasons  
You have fled forever  
I no longer see the blue sky  
I no longer hear the bird's joyful singing  
And, taking my happiness with you,  
You have gone on your way, my love!  
In vain Spring returns  
Yes, never to return with you,  
The happy sun,  
The days of happiness have fled.  
How gloomy and cold is my heart  
All is withered  
Forever

## **"Adieu, notre petite table" from Manon by Jules Massenet**

In Act II, Manon's cousin, Lescaut, accompanied by Brétigny, has found the lovers trying to escape. While Lescaut argues with Des Grieux, Brétigny takes Manon aside and tells her that Des Grieux's father would not accept their marriage, and that he will abduct his son this evening. De Brétigny offers her as an alternative a life in luxury. After he leaves, Manon is conflicted as she considers De Brétigny's seductive offer to live with him like a queen. Her decision has been made. Overwhelmed by nostalgic feelings, she says good-bye to her small apartment where she shared happiness for a brief moment with her true love.

Allons! Il le faut pour lui-même...  
Mon pauvre chevalier!  
Oui, c'est lui que j'aime!  
Et pourtant, j'hésite aujourd'hui.

Non, non!... Je ne suis plus digne de lui!  
J'entends cette voix qui m'entraîne  
contre ma volonté:  
"Manon, Manon, tu seras reine...  
Reine... par la beauté!"  
Je ne suis que faiblesse et que fragilité...  
Ah! malgré moi je sens couler mes larmes...

Devant ces rêves effacés,  
l'avenir aura-t-il les charmes  
de ces beaux jours déjà passés?

Adieu, notre petite table,  
qui nous réunit si souvent!  
Adieu, adieu, notre petite table,  
si grande pour nous cependant!

On tient, c'est inimaginable...  
Si peu de place... en se serrant...  
Adieu, notre petite table!

Un même verre était le nôtre,  
chacun de nous, quand il buvait  
y cherchait les lèvres de l'autre...

Ah! pauvre ami, comme il m'aimait!  
Adieu, notre petite table, adieu!

- *By Henri Meilhac*

Come now! I must do it for his sake!  
My poor Chevalier!  
Yes, it is him that I love!  
And yet, I hesitate today.

No, no, no! I am not worthy of him anymore!  
I keep hearing his voice that compels me  
against my will:  
"Manon, Manon, you will be queen...  
Queen... by beauty!"  
I am only weakness and frailty...  
Ah! in spite of myself I feel my tears flowing...

After these dreams have been erased,  
will the future have the charms  
of these beautiful days that have already passed?

Farewell, our little table,  
which so often brought us together!  
Farewell, farewell, our little table,  
Which seemed too large for just us!

It is hard to imagine...  
We take up so little space when we are embracing.  
Farewell, our little table!

We shared the same glass,  
The two of us, when we drank,  
We sought the lips of the other...

Ah! poor friend, how he loved me!  
Farewell, our little table, farewell!

### **"Ouvre ton cœur" (Open your heart) by Georges Bizet**

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,  
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.  
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?  
Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.

Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme,  
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.  
Je veux reprendre mon âme,  
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

- *By Louis Delâtre*

The daisy has closed its petals,  
The shadow has closed its eyes for the day.  
Beauty, will you keep your word?  
Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart, o young angel, to my flame  
So that a dream may enchant your sleep.  
I wish to reclaim my soul,  
As a flower turns to the sun!