



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
CERTIFICATE RECITAL

Galina Orlova, soprano
with Dr. John Cozza, piano

Ganymed, D. 544
An den Mond, D. 193
Ständchen, D. 957 ("Leise flehen meine Lieder")
Rastlose Liebe, D. 138

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Morire
Per pietá, bell'idol mio
Luoghi sereni e cari
Non t'accostare all'urna

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Czárdás (*Die Fledermaus*) (sung in English)

Johann Strauss (1825-1899)

INTERMISSION

Iolanta's Arioso (*Iolanta*)

P. I. Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

"Si, mi chiamano Mimi" (*La bohème*)

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Здесь хорошо (All is well here), Op. 21/7
Сон (A dream), Op. 8/5
Сумерки (Twilight), Op. 21/3
Ночь печальна (The Night is Sad), Op. 26/12

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

"Meine Lippen, sie küssen so heiss" (*Giuditta*)

Franz Lehár (1870-1948)

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



TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.
DECEMBER 1, 2020
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

GALINA ORLOVA, SOPRANO
PERFORMER'S CERTIFICATE RECITAL, DECEMBER 1, 2020
TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Da. ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!
Ach an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich, und schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebelthal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Ach, wohin? Wohin?
Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In eurem Schöne
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfängen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!

Ganymede

How, in the morning brightness,
You shine all around me,
Springtime, Beloved!
With thousand-fold love-bliss
The holy feeling
Of your eternal warmth
Presses itself upon my heart,
Unending beauty!
Could I but embrace you
In my arms!
Ah, upon your breast
I lie and languish,
And your blossoms, your grass
press upon my heart.
You cool the burning
Thirst of my bosom,
Lovely morning-wind!
The nightingale calls there
Lovingly for me from the misty vale.
I come, I come!
Whither, ah whither?
Up! Up it surges.
The clouds are leaning
Downward, the clouds
Bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap, clouds,
Upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to thy bosom,
All-loving Father!

- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

An den Mond

Geuss, lieber Mond, geuss deine Silberflimmer
Durch dieses Buchgrün,
Wo Phantasien und Traumgestalten
Immer vor mir vorüberfliehn.
Enthülle dich, dass ich die Stätte finde,
Wo oft mein Mädchen sass,
Und oft, im Wehn des Buchbaums und der Linde,
Der goldnen Stadt vergass.
Enthülle dich, dass ich des Strauchs mich freue,
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,

To The Moon

Beloved moon, shed your silver radiance
through these green beeches,
where fancies and dreamlike images
forever flit before me.
Unveil yourself, that I may find the spot
where my beloved sat, where often,
in the swaying branches of the beech and lime,
she forgot the gilded town.
Unveil yourself, that I may delight in the whispering
bushes that cooled her,

Und einen Kranz auf jeden Anger streue,
Wo sie den Bach belauscht.
Dann, lieber Mond, dann nimm den Schleier wieder,
Und traur'um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den Wolkenflor hernieder,
Wie dein Verlass'ner weint!

and lay a wreath on that meadow
where she listened to the brook.
Then, beloved moon, take your veil once more,
and mourn for your friend.
Weep down through the hazy clouds,
as the one who was forsaken weeps.

- Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

Ständchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!
Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.
Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.
Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.
Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

Serenade

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!
Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.
Do you not hear the nightingales calling?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs;
they are imploring for me.
They understand the heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.
Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

- Ludwig Rellstab

Rastlose Liebe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!
Lieber durch Leiden
Wollt' ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.
Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaffet es Schmerzen!
Wie soll ich flieh'n?
Wälderwärts zieh'n?

Restless Love

Into the snow, the rain,
and the wind,
through steamy ravines,
through mists,
onwards, ever onwards!
Without respite!
I would sooner fight my way
through suffering
than endure so much
of life's joy.
This affection
of one heart for another,
ah, how strangely
it creates pain!
How shall I flee?
Into the forest?

Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!

It is all in vain!
Crown of life,
happiness without peace –
this, O love, is you!

- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Morire?

Morire?... E chi lo sa qual è la vita!
Questa che s'apre luminosa e schietta
ai fascini, agli amori, alle speranze,
o quella che in rinuncie s'è assopita?

È la semplicità timida e queta
che si tramanda come ammonimento
come un segreto di virtù segreta
perché ognuno raggiunga la sua mèta,

O non piuttosto il vivo balenare
di sogni nuovi sovra sogni stanchi,
e la pace travolta e l'inesausta
fede d'avere per desiderare?

Ecco... io non lo so, ma voi che siete
all'altra sponda sulla riva immense
ove fiorisce il fiore della vita
son certo lo saprete.

To die?

Death?... But who knows what life is?
Is it something that opens itself up, bright
and free, to the world's charms, to love and to hope,
or something that in renunciation slumbers?

Is it the bashful and quiet simplicity
that is passed down like a warning,
like a secret of hidden virtue,
so that everyone can achieve his goal,

Or is it instead the bright flash
of new dreams over jaded dreams,
and restlessness and a never-ending
faith you need in order to desire?

In truth, I don't know, but you who have
crossed to that far and boundless shore
where the flower of life blooms,
you must know, I am sure.

- Giuseppe Adami

Luoghi sereni e cari

Luoghi sereni e cari, io vi ritrovo
quali ai bei dì lasciati di giovinezza!
Gli stessi amati aspetti
ovunque il passo io muovo...
Sol non mi punge ancor
che l'amarezza dei mesti giorni
in cui i tormenti d'un triste inganno
insegnato m'hanno pei primi cosa
al mondo è dolor!

Lungi da voi fuggito allor
cercai di trovar pace al mio tradito core.
Andai fin oltre mare, ed altre donne amai...
Ma nulla può lenire quel dolore
ch'è piaga viva in ogni core d'amante
che nell'amore aveva ugual fede
che pregando il Signor!

Places serene and dear

Places serene and dear, I find you again
Just as I left you in the beautiful days of youth!
The same beloved views
Wherever I set my foot...
This alone does not sting me still --
The bitterness of the mournful days
In which the torments of a sad deception
First taught me what
In the world is grief!

Having fled far from you
Then I tried to find peace for my betrayed heart.
I even went beyond the sea, and loved other women...
But nothing can soothe that pain
Which is a living wound in every heart of a lover
Who had as much faith in love
As in praying to the Lord!

- Alberto Donaudy

Non t'accostar all'urna

Non t'accostare all'urna,
Che il cener mio rinserra,
Questa pietosa terra
. sacra al mio dolor.
Odio gli affanni tuoi;
Ricuso i tuoi giacinti,
Che giovano agli estinti
Due lagrime, o due fior?
Empia! Dovevi allora
Porgermi un fil d'aita,
Quando traeva la vita
Nell'ansia e nei sospir.
A che d'inutil pianto
Assordi la foresta?
Rispetta un'ombra mesta,
E lasciala dormir.

Do not approach the urn

Do not approach the urn
which contains my bones;
this compassionate earth
is sacred to my sorrow.
I refuse your flowers,
I do not want your weeping;
what use to the dead
are a few tears and a few flowers?
Cruel one! You should have come
to help me
when my life was ebbing away
in anxiety and suffering.
With what futile weeping
do you assail the woods?
Respect a sad shade,
and let it sleep.

- *Jacopo Vittorelli*

The operetta *Die Fledermaus*, loved by many spectators, tells the story of a womanizer who is tricked into cheating on his wife ... with her. At a lavish party at the palace of Prince Orlovsky, Eisenstein falls for a beautiful and mysterious woman in a mask: no one knows that she is his wife, Rosalinda! She is posing as a Hungarian countess and singing about her homeland. Rosalind's song is tragic and comical at the same time. The tragedy is that she sings with longing for her beautiful homeland amid memories with despair and joyful moments—perhaps she is a convincing and homesick foreigner, or is her song an allegory about her pain over an unfaithful husband? In any case, she makes a fool of him with her compelling performance.

“The melodies of my homeland will speak for me!”
Voice of my homeland, nostalgic, enthralling,
I hear you calling and tears fill my eyes.
Dreaming, I hear your plaintive sighing,
and I'm lonely for you, my native skies.
O homeland I hold so dear,
where sunlight is golden and clear,
where green forests tower, and fields are in flower.
O land that I love and revere.
Never, oh, never your image will fade from my memory,
your beloved name!
Wherever I may wander, Ah! Far. Ah.
As lonely years go by, to you my thoughts will fly,
till the day I die!
Twirling round and round, stamping the dusty ground,
dance the night away till the break of day.
Lads and lasses, lift your glasses, pass the bottles,
pass the bottles fast from hand to hand!
Drown your sorrow till tomorrow.
Raise a toast to the father land! Ha!
Fiery evening sky, spirits are soaring high.
Friends all gather round, hear the Czardas sound.

Ариозо Иоланты (Iolanta's Arioso)

The touching story of the blind girl, Iolanta, who was healed through love, contains a great humanistic message. The eternal darkness, in which the daughter of King Rene, unaware of her misfortune, lives serenely and calmly, becomes a symbol of mental blindness, which is a source of deep grief for people close to her. But love and compassion ignite in Iolanta's heart a compelling desire to see the world, and prepare her for self-sacrifice and the courage to endure torment which ultimately enables her to see.

The opera takes place in the 15th century in the mountains of southern France at the castle of the king of Provence. The princess is born blind but does not know, because the king has ordered that everyone must hide it from her. Iolanta has been carefree, spending time with friends, until she begins to feel that they are hiding something from her.

The brave knight, Vaudemont, asks Iolanta to give him a flower as scarlet as her cheek. But she offers a white rose, and the knight realizes that the princess is blind. With great sadness, he tells Iolanta about the beauty of the world she cannot see, and he is condemned to die for revealing the secret of her blindness to her. Due to her desire to save the knight from execution, the doctor is able to heal her blindness.

Отчего это прежде не знала
Ни тоски я, ни горя ни слез,
И все дни протекали, бывало,
Среди звуков небесных и роз?
Чуть услышу я птиц щебетанье,
Чуть тепло оживит дальний бор,
И везде зазвучит ликование, -
Я вступала в торжественный хор!

Why didn't I know before
Any sorrow or tears,
And all the days that went by were filled
With heavenly sounds and roses?
I could hear birds twittering,
And warmly the far forest awakening,
And everywhere the resonating celebration,
I joined in the triumphant chorus!

А теперь все мне днем навевает
Непонятный глубокий упрек,
И укоры судьбе посылает
Птичек хор и шумящий поток.
Отчего это ночи молчанье
И прохлада мне стали милей?
Отчего я как будто рыдания
Слышу там, где поет соловей?
Отчего, скажи? Отчего?
Отчего?
Скажи, Марта?!

But now all the day brings to me is
Unclear, deep reproach,
And the chorus of birds and noisy floods.
Echo fate's reproach.
Why is it, that the quiet of the night
And cool air are pleasing to me?
Why when I hear the nightingale,
It seems a cry and not singing?
Why, tell me? Why?
Why?
Tell Me, Martha?!

***"S., mi chiamano Mimì."* from *La bohème* (The Bohemian Life)**

Mimì, a young seamstress, knocks on her neighbor's door on Christmas Eve because her candle has gone out. A young poet, Rudolfo, is alone because his artist friends have just left for a night on the town. He pretends not to find the key that Mimì drops in the darkness, and introduces himself in a poetic discourse. Then he sits in the darkness and listens, as Mimì tells about her simple life and her love for things of beauty. They fall in love, but their happiness will be short-lived, because Mimì's life of poverty has led to terminal illness...

Si. Mi chiamano Mimì
Ma il mio nome è Lucia
La storia mia è breve

Yes, they call me Mimì
But my real name is Lucia.
My story is short.

A tela o a seta
Ricamo in casa e fuori
Son tranquilla e lieta
Ed è mio svago
Far gigli e rose
Mi piaccion quelle cose
Che han sì dolce malìa
Che parlano d'amor, di primavera
Di sogni e di chimere
Quelle cose che han nome poesia
Lei m'intende?
Mi chiamano Mimi
Il perché non so
Sola, mi fo
Il pranzo da me stessa
Non vado sempre a messa
Ma prego assai il Signore
Vivo sola, soletta
Là in una bianca cameretta
Guardo sui tetti e in cielo
Ma quando vien lo sgelo
Il primo sole è mio
Il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!
Germoglia in un vaso una rosa
Foglia a foglia la spio!
Così gentile il profumo d'un fiore!
Ma i fior ch'io faccio
Ahimè! non hanno odore
Altro di me non le saprei narrare
Sono la sua vicina che la vien fuori d'ora a
importunare.

Здесь хорошо...

Здесь хорошо...
Взгляни, вдали огнем
Горит река;
Цветным ковром луга легли,
Белеют облака.

Здесь нет людей...
Здесь тишина...
Здесь только Бог да я.
Цветы, да старая сосна,
Да ты, мечта моя!

I embroider on canvas and silk,
At home and about...
I live peacefully and happily,
And it is my pastime
To make lilies and roses.
I love all things
That have gentle, sweet fragrance,
That speak of love, of spring,
Of dreams and fanciful things,
Those things that have poetic names ...
Do you understand?
They call me Mimi,
I do not know why.
Alone, I make Lunch by myself.
I do not go to church,
But I pray often to the Lord.
I live alone,
Up there in a small, white room
Where I look upon the roofs and into the sky.
But when the thaw comes
The first sun, like
The first kiss of April, is mine!
Rose buds bloom in a vase...
Petal by petal, as I watch them!
That gentle perfume of a flower!
But the flowers that I create, Alas!
They have no smell.
Other than telling you about me,
I have nothing else to tell. I am only your
neighbor who comes by at an inopportune
moment to bother you.

All is well here...

All is well here...
Look, in the distance
The river glows like a fire;
The meadows are like a colorful carpet,
And there is the whiteness of clouds.

There is nobody here.
All is quiet...
Here I am alone with God.
And the flowers, and the old pine,
And you, my dream...

- G. Galina

Сон

И у меня был край родной;
Прекрасен он!
Там ель качалась надо мной...
Но то был сон!
Семья друзей жива была.
Со всех сторон
Звучали мне любви слова...
Но то был сон!

Сумерки

Она задумалась.
Одна, перед окном клонясь,
Она сидит, и в сумраке ночном
Мерцает долгий взор;
А в синеве безбрежной темнеющих небес,
Роняя луч свой нежный,
Восходят звездочки бесшумною толпой,
И кажется, что там какой-то светлый рой
Таинственно парит и, словно восхищенный,
Трепещет над её головкою склоненной.

Ночь печальна

Ночь печальна, как мечты мои...
Далеко, в глухой степи широкой,
Огонек мерцает одинокий...
В сердце много грусти и любви.
Но кому и как расскажешь ты,
Что зовёт тебя, чем сердце полно?
Путь далек, глухая степь безмолвна,
Ночь печальна, как мои мечты.

A Dream

I too had a native land,
Which was so beautiful!
A fir tree swayed over me there...
But that was a dream!
A clan of friends still lived then,
Surrounding me on all sides
And speaking words of love to me...
But that was a dream!

- *Aleksey Pleshcheyev*

Twilight

She pondered.
Alone, in front of a window, leaning,
She sits, and in the twilight,
the expanse glimmers,
And in the deep blue of the darkening sky,
Sending their tender rays,
Small stars rise like a silent crowd;
And it seems there is some kind of flock
Mysteriously soaring, admiring
and trembling over her bowed head.

- *Jean Marie Guyau*

The Night is Sad

The night is sad, like my dreams...
Far away, in the broad remote steppe,
A solitary light flickers...
My heart is full of sadness and love.
But to whom and how could you tell
What beckons you, what fills your heart?
Long is the road, silent is the God-forsaken steppe,
The night is sad, like my dreams.

- *Ivan Bunin*

"Meine Lippen, sie küssen so heiß" from *Giuditta*

Lehar's operetta, *Giuditta*, tells the story of a Spanish femme fatale, who is bored with marriage and leaves it for the dashing Octavio, a young officer fascinated by her beauty. Giuditta willingly goes with him to Africa. In a luxurious villa in Libya, they enjoy love, but soon their idyllic interlude comes to an end: Octavio is ordered to appear in a military unit to go on a military campaign. She sings this aria in an exotic dance hall, where all can hear about what he is missing when he left her to follow his officer's career.

Meine Lippen, sie küssen so heiß

Ich weiß es selber nicht,
warum man gleich von Liebe spricht,
wenn man in meiner Nähe ist,
in meine Augen schaut und meine Hände küsst.

My lips' fiery kiss

I don't understand myself,
why they keep talking of love,
whenever they come near me,
And look into my eyes and kiss my hand.

Ich weiß es selber nicht
warum man von dem Zauber spricht,
dem keiner widersteht, wenn er mich sieht
wenn er an mir vorüber geht.

Doch wenn das rote Licht erglüht
Zur mitternächt'gen Stund
Und alle lauschen meinem Lied,
dann wird mir klar der Grund:

Meine Lippen, sie küssen so heiß
Meine Glieder sind schmiegsam und weiß,
In den Sternen da steht es geschrieben:
Du sollst küssen, du sollst lieben!

Meine Füße sie schweben dahin,
meine Augen sie lokken und glüh'n
und ich tanz' wie im Rausch den ich weiß,
meine Lippen sie küssen so heiß!

In meinen Adern drin,
da rollt das Blut der Tänzerin
Denn meine schöne Mutter war
Des Tanzes Königin im gold'nen Alcazar.

Sie war so wunderschön,
ich hab' sie oft im Traum geseh'n.
Schlug sie das Tamburin, zu wildem Tanz,
dann sah man alle Augen glühn!

Sie ist in mir aufs neu erwacht,
ich hab' das gleiche Los.
Ich tanz' wie sie um Mitternacht
Und fühl das eine bloß:

Meine Lippen, sie küssen so heiß!
Meine Glieder sind schmiegsam und weiß
In den Sternen da steht es geschrieben:
Du sollst küssen, du sollst lieben!

Meine Füße sie schweben dahin,
meine Augen sie lokken und glüh'n
und ich tanz' wie im Rausch, denn ich weiß,
meine Lippen sie küssen so heiß!

I don't understand myself,
Why they talk of the magic,
That no one can resist, whenever they see me
Or pass by me in the street.

But if the red light is on
In the middle of the night,
And everybody listens to my song,
Then the reason is very clear:

My lips, they give so fiery a kiss,
My limbs, they are supple and white,
It is written for me in the stars:
Thou shalt kiss! Thou shalt love!

My feet, they glide and float,
My eyes, they lure and glow,
And I dance as if entranced, because I know!
My lips give so fiery a kiss!

In my veins
runs a dancer's blood,
Because my beautiful mother
was the Queen of dance in the gilded Alcazar.

She was so very beautiful,
I often saw her in my dreams,
If she beat the tambourine, to her beguiling dance
All eyes were glowing admiringly!

She is reborn in me,
I have the same fate.
I dance like her at midnight
And from deep within I feel:

My lips, they give so fiery a kiss!
My limbs, they are supple and white,
It is written for me in the stars:
Thou shalt kiss! Thou shalt love!

My feet, they glide and float,
My eyes, they lure and glow,
And I dance as if entranced, 'cause I know!
My lips give so fiery a kiss!