PRESENTS

LOVELY SHADOWS
THE FINAL UNDERGRADUATE RECITAL

MARTÍN RAMÍREZ JR.
TENOR

IN COLLABORATION WITH
DR. JOHN ELAM, PIANO

THURSDAY | MAY 20, 2021
SAN MARCOS, TX

8PM | RECITAL HALL
PERFORMING ARTS CENTER
Program

C H 1 – THE DEPRESSED NARRATOR

The trees they grow so high
The ash Grove
Oliver Cromwell

Benjamin Britten
(1913 - 1976)

C H 2 – DÉNÉGATION

Sérénade Florentine
Extase
Soupir

Henri Duparc
(1848 - 1933)

C H 3 – LA SOMBRA HERMOSA

“Bella Enamorada”
from El último romántico
Reveriano Soutullo & Juan Vert
(1880 – 1932) (1890 – 1931)

“Flor Roja”
from Los Gavilanes
Jacinto Guerrero
(1895 - 1951)

C H 4 – DER TRAUM

Intermezzo
Waldegespräch
Auf einer Burg
Selections from Liederkreis Op.39

Robert Schumann
(1810 - 1856)

C H 5 – ПСИХ

“куда вы удалились”
from Eugene Onegin
Pyotr Tchaikovsky
(1840 - 1893)

C H 6 – МИР

“Медлено день угасал”
from Prince Igor
Alexander Borodin
(1833 - 1887)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for the Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance.
People perceive madness as a very dark place, but in the mind of Silas (performed by yours truly), it is more than just paradise. Obsessed with his wife, Olga, Silas desires to be present with her every second he gets. Silas unfortunately encounters a major issue: he is unprepared when the love of his life and his whole universe unexpectedly passes away.

“Lovely Shadows” isn’t a simple recital, but rather a dramatic storyline. The full story was created after carefully reading the texts and organizing the selections that made sense with the story. You can notice that I’ve included the titles of these “Chapters” in this program. This production does rearrange a few of the detailed storylines in some arias and zarzuelas from their respected operas and zarzuelas to fit this program. “Same meaning but different scenario”, is my approach to such pieces to keep true to its original composition and text.

The small films featured in this program are the bridges that interconnect the sets and provide detail to the ongoing events in the story of this performance. (See Chapter Summaries for full description of the film) Inspired by visual arts with modernism and minimalism, I sincerely hope to make my mark as the type of artist I am today and will continue to be in the future:

Progressive, expressive, and still progressing.

Thank you. And enjoy the performance.

Texas State University is a tobacco-free campus.
Born in Lowestoft, Suffolk and became the leading British composer in the mid-20th century, Benjamin Britten is known for many of his unique works ranging from Folk Songs to Operas that some singers aspire to perform due to its complex beauty. Britten began composing at age 12 with his teacher, Frank Bridge and later went to study at the Royal College of Music in London. His name has also been quite decorated by receiving the OM (Order of Merit) and becoming a CH (Companion of Honour). After his death, he was also the first composer to be honored with life peerage in 1976. Other fellow composers that influenced Britten were Gustav Mahler, John Ireland, Dmitri Shostakovich and Igor Stravinsky. Some of his well known works include “Peter Grimes”, “Albert Herring”, “Les Illuminations”, and “The War Requiem, Op. 66” just to name a few.

From Paris, France, came a very interesting composer. Henri Duparc only composed for a very short amount of time and he intentionally destroyed as much of his music as he possibly could which brought down to only 17 pieces that are still alive or have been newly discovered by far. Unfortunately, he did suffer a mental illness called neurasthenia which causes emotional disturbance along with other side effects such as headaches, feeling fatigue, and lassitude to name a few. Like most French composers, Duparc does not want the performers to change a thing in his composition for their own “interpretation” and encourages the piano to play fully like an orchestra. Regardless of his attempt to destroy his own music, he is still known to be one of the greatest composers of the French mélodie!
These two composers from totally different hometowns (Pontearaes, Spain / Carcaixent, Spain) were the dynamic duo in composing Zarzuelas. Both composers began their partnership in 1919 and their bond was substantial and only parted when Juan Vert died from a premature death.

Some of their notable works include "El Capricho de una Reina", "La Leyenda del Beso" and "La del Soto del Parral.". Finally in 1927, their newest accomplishment together was "El Último Romántico".

In “the city of 3 cultures” of Toledo, Spain, the most famous Zarzuela composer in the early 20th century rose to fame after composing his first 3 Zarzuelas: “La alsaciana” (1921), “La montería”(1922) and “Los gavilanes” (1923). Inspired by his father’s musicianship, Jacinto Guerrero started his music training at such an early age. He was a chorister at Toledo Cathedral and studied with Luis Ferré who became aware of his great skill in composition. Eventually, after composing a Hymn to Toledo, he was given a grant to study at the Madrid Conservatory in 1914. Soon, he also served as a Madrid city councilor, and became the President of La Sociedad de Autores Españoles in 1948.

Growing up with the love music and books as the son of a book dealer in Zwickau, Germany, he was a little indecisive as of what exactly he wanted to do in his older years. After attempting to study law at the University of Leipzig, it was clear that law wasn’t for him.

However, he did take piano lessons from Friedrich Wieck where he met Clara Wieck. After an injury that took away his chances of becoming a concert pianist, he dedicated to composition and criticism. Schumann became the founder of Neue Zeitschrift für Musik, a music magazine that
still lives today. His German Lieds (German Songs) became of great influence that created a French counterpart: the mélodie and also influenced music in several other countries as well! Some of Schuman’s greatest pieces are “Carnaval, Op.9”, “Kreisleriana”, Frauenliebe Und-Leben” and most certainly “Liederkreis” which 3 out of 12 will be performed in this evening’s recital.

Emerging from the small town of Votkinsk, Russia, Pyotr Tchaikovsky already had great musical ability by improvising and composing his very first piece at the wee age of 4! Destined to have a career in the government as wished by his parents, he graduated from a law school at 19. But after being a civil servant for 4 years, he himself enrolled in the new St. Petersburg conservatory where he was trained by Anton Rubinstein, a composer and one of the greatest pianists at the time. Soon, he earned a teaching position at The Moscow Conservatory where he became a professor of harmony. It wasn’t long until he became the most famous Russian composer! Few of his notable compositions consist of “Swan Lake”, Symphony No.6, “Pathétique”, “The Queen of Spades”, “The Nutcracker”, and who could ever forget his memorable “Overure 1812”? Bang! Bang!

From the beautiful city of St. Petersburg, rose a person many people today thought he composed for a living when first hearing about him. Composing music was merely a hobby for Alexander Borodin. He was a very gifted composer whose primary focus and life was dedicated to organic chemistry. What got him to make huge works was taking composition lessons with Mily Balakirev who promoted Nationalism and marrying Ekaterina Protopopova who was a pianist. Therefore, in his spare time when he wasn’t doing science, he composed wonderful music such as “On the Steppes of Central Asia”, “String Quartet No.2”, the “Polovtsian Dances” from his opera, Prince Igor, and his symphonies that are worth listening to. Aside from excelling in music and medicine, he advocated for women’s rights and became one of the founders for the School of Medicine for Women in St. Petersburg.
**The Trees They Grow so High:** This Somerset Folk Song has several different versions. The version with Britten’s composition is the latest version. The melodic lines are repeated throughout the music, but the accompaniment is always changing as it dramatically progresses.

The trees they grow so high  
And the leaves they grow so green,  
And many a cold winter's night  
My love and I have seen.  
Of a cold winter's night,  
My love, you and I alone have been,  
Whilst my bonny boy is young  
He's a-growing.  
Growing, growing.  
Whilst my bonny boy is young  
He's a-growing.  
I'll send your love to college  
All for a year or two,  
And then in the mean-time  
He will do for you;  
I'll buy him white ribbons,  
Tie them round his bonny waist  
To let the ladies know  
That he's married,  
Married, married,  
To let the ladies know  
That he's married.  
At the age of sixteen,  
He was a married man  
And at the age of seventeen  
He was a father to a son  
And at the age of eighteen  
The grass grew over him,  
Cruel death soon put an end  
To his growing,  
Growing, growing,  
Cruel death soon put an end  
To his growing.

O father, dearest father,  
You've done to me great wrong,  
You've tied me to a boy  
When you know he is too young.  
O daughter, dearest daughter,  
If you wait a little while,  
A lady you shall be  
While he's growing.  
Growing, growing.  
A lady you shall be  
While he's growing.  
I went up to the college  
And I looked over the wall,  
Saw four and twenty gentlemen  
Playing at bat and ball,  
I called for my true love,  
But they would not let him come,  
All because he was a young boy  
And growing,  
Growing, growing,  
All because he was a young boy  
And growing.  
And now my love is dead  
And in his grave doth lie.  
The green grass grows o'er him  
So very, very high.  
I'll sit and mourn  
His fate until the day I die,  
And I'll watch all o'er his child  
While he's growing,  
Growing, growing,  
And I'll watch all o'er his child  
While he's growing.

At the age of sixteen,  
He was a married man  
And at the age of seventeen  
He was a father to a son  
And at the age of eighteen  
The grass grew over him,  
Cruel death soon put an end  
To his growing,  
Growing, growing,  
Cruel death soon put an end  
To his growing.

**The Ash Grove:** Simplicity can sometimes be what makes a piece very powerful. Another well known tune from Wales has several versions of the text. Britten chose the first known version written by Thomas Oliphant. This piece also consists of a change in the accompaniment only and develops to the depressing conclusion. What makes this piece pleasing is the interweaving melodies between the piano and the voice. Therefore, it is technically a sorrowful duet.

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,  
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,  
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander  
Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.  
'Twas there while the blackbird was joyfully singing,  
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;  
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,  
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.  
Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,  
Still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree,  
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain;  
But what are the beauties of nature to me?  
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,  
All day I go mourning in search of my love.  
Ye echoes, O tell me, where is the sweet maiden?  
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the ash grove.
**Oliver Cromwell:** In opposition to the delicate pieces, we now have a robust Nursery Rhyme from Suffolk. This was Britten’s shortest works that takes less than a minute. Despite of its lively tempo, is has a dark side to it. The text is based on a real British historical figure, Oliver Cromwell, who was hated for his “ethnic cleansing” at the time as well as the death of King Charles I. This folk song is a mockery of a man whose head was only buried.

Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead,  
Hee-haw, buried and dead,  
There grew an old apple-tree over his head,  
Hee-haw, over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall,  
Hee-haw, ready to fall,  
There came an old woman to gather them all,  
Hee-haw, gather them all.

Oliver rose and gave her a drop,  
Hee-haw, gave her a drop,  
Which made the old woman go hippety hop,  
Hee-haw, hippety hop.

**Sérénade Florentine / Serenade Florentine:** Duparc wanted to put more attention to the text so there is no full melodic line in this gently, lullaby-like mélodie. According to “The Interpretation of French song”, the go-to for knowing about the composer’s performance preference, The whole mélodie is to be sung in a “serene and blissful tranquility.”

**Français**

Étoile dont la beauté luit  
Comme un diamant dans la nuit,  
Regarde vers ma bien-aimée  
Dont la paupière s'est fermée.

Et fais descendre sur ses yeux  
La bénéédiction des cieux.  
Elle s'endort... Par la fenêtre  
En sa chambre heureuse pénètre;

Sur sa blancheur, comme un baiser,  
Viens jusqu'à l'aube te poser  
Et que sa pensée, alors, rêve  
D'un astre d'amour qui se lève!

**English**

Star whose beauty glistens  
like a diamond in the night,  
look towards my beloved  
whose eyelid has closed.

And make the benediction of the heavens  
descend upon her eyes.  
She is falling asleep... Through the window,  
into her happy room, enter;

come and settle like a kiss  
upon her whiteness, until dawn  
and let her thought, then, dream  
of a rising star of love!
**Extase / Rapture:** This mélodie is actually paying tribute to the great romantic German composer, Richard Wagner and is known as a “Wagnerian nocturne” for the piano. The composition for this mélodie is very rich in texture while the melodic line only consists of six lines of text. Once again, it is typical that Duparc puts more attention to the poetry.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Français</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort</td>
<td>On a pale lily my heart is sleeping</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D’un sommeil doux comme la mort …</td>
<td>A sleep as sweet as death:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mort exquise, mort parfumée</td>
<td>Exquisite death, death perfumed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Du souffle de la bien-aimée …</td>
<td>By the breath of the beloved:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort</td>
<td>On your pale breast my heart is sleeping…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D’un sommeil doux comme la mort …</td>
<td>A sleep as sweet as death:</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Soupir / Sigh:** It appears that Duparc wanted this piece to be expressive in a simple and sincere way. With this intense piece, both the accompaniment and voice are to work together and help each other to achieve the desired expression Duparc would want. It’s the pieces such as this that encourages great teamwork between the vocalist and the collaborator.

<table>
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<tr>
<td>Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,</td>
<td>Never to see or hear her,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,</td>
<td>never to name her aloud,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mais, fidèle, toujours l'attendre,</td>
<td>but faithfully always to wait for her</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toujours l'aimer!</td>
<td>and love her.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ouvrir les bras, et, las d'attendre,</td>
<td>To open my arms and, tired of waiting,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sur le néant les refermer!</td>
<td>to close them on nothing,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mais enco, toujours les lui tendre</td>
<td>but still always to stretch them out to her</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toujours l'aimer.</td>
<td>and to love her.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre</td>
<td>To only be able to stretch them out to her,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et dans les pleurs se consumer,</td>
<td>and then to be consumed in tears,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mais ces pleurs toujours les répandre,</td>
<td>but always to shed these tears,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toujours l'aimer...</td>
<td>always to love her.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,</td>
<td>Never to see or hear her,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,</td>
<td>never to name her aloud,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mais d'un amour toujours plus tendre</td>
<td>but with a love that grows ever more tender,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toujours l'aimer. Toujours!</td>
<td>always to love her. Always!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**Bella Enamorada/ Beautiful Beloved from El Ultimo Romantico**: A Zarzuela, for those who don’t know, is a Spanish Operetta. El Ultimo Romantico was one of Soutullo and Vert’s most successful works. In this ballad in the Zarzuela, Enrique, the leading male character, is passionate about meeting Aurora, a woman who is believed to be his lover in the past life but was separated due to her father’s arranged marriage.

<table>
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bella enamorada, con tu imagen sueño</td>
<td>Beautiful beloved, I dream with your image</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y un amor dichoso, busco para mí</td>
<td>And a happy love, I search for myself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bella enamorada, eres mi consuelo</td>
<td>Beautiful beloved, you are my consolation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ya sin tu cariño, ya sin tu cariño</td>
<td>Without your love, Without your love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No podré vivir.</td>
<td>I can’t live</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noche de amor, noche misteriosa,</td>
<td>Night of love, mysterious night,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ven hacia mi, sombra de mujer</td>
<td>Come to me, shadow of a woman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suave placer, ver lo que soñamos,</td>
<td>Soft pleasure, see what we dream,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quiero vivir, por volverte a ver,</td>
<td>I want to live, to see you again,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ilusión perdida, quiero recordar</td>
<td>Lost illusion, I want to remember</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>De un amor lejano, que no volverá</td>
<td>Of a distant love that will not return</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dama misteriosa, que en la sombra vives</td>
<td>Mysterious lady, who lives in the shadows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dime ya quién eres, y sabrás mi amor</td>
<td>Tell me who you are, and you’ll know my love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bella entre las bellas, linda enamorada</td>
<td>Beautiful among the beautiful, pretty beloved</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tú eres mi tormento, tú eres mi tormento</td>
<td>You are my torment, you are my torment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yo tu esclavo soy</td>
<td>I am your slave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noche de amor, noche misteriosa,</td>
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Flor roja / Red Flower from Los Gavilanes: In this next Zarzuela, Gustavo gives a rose to his beloved, Rosura. In the music, there is so much freedom for the vocalist especially in the rubatos (or parts of the music where one can take time). The reason for the freedom is because one of the qualities of a Zarzuela is the dramaticism with limitless, but reasonable, expression.

**Español**

¡Flor roja, como los labios de mi zagala!
¡Flor bella, que yo he cortado para mi amada!
¡Un beso pone mi boca con toda el alma!
¡De amores esta flor sea la más preciada!

Lleva tú, linda flor,
llena el beso a mi amor,
y que bese también con pasión.
Nuestros besos unirá
esta flor.
Nunca pude soñar
una gloria mayor
si ella llega a besar
donde yo con apasionado amor.

¡Es ella mi ilusión y ella es mi fe!

¡Flor roja, como la sangre que hay en mis venas!
¡Mi sangre, por sus amores con gusto diera!
¡Flor mía, dile a mi amada que mis pasiones,
de fijo, no se marchitan, como estas flores!
De amores, esta flor sea la más preciada.

**English**

Red flower, like the lips of my gal!
Beautiful flower, that I have cut for my beloved!
My mouth puts a kiss with all my soul!
Of love, this flower is the most precious!

Take it, pretty flower,
take the kiss to my love,
and that she also kisses with passion.
Our kisses will unite
This flower.
I could never dream
of a greater glory
if she gets to kiss
where I with passionate love.

She is my illusion and she is my faith!

Red flower, like the blood in my veins!
My blood, for her love I would gladly give!
My flower, tell my beloved that my passions,
of certainty, will not wither, like these flowers!
Of love, this flower is the most precious.
**Liederkreis** : The year 1840 was known as “the year of song” for Schubert since that was the year he composed around 140 Lieds! (German songs) “Liederkreis” is a song cycle of 12 songs based on texts by Joseph von Eichendorff, a German Romantic poet. The main theme in his lieder is nature are shown in both music and text. Usually, the songs in a cycle are supposed to tell a story, but “Liederkreis” does no such thing. Instead, it is based on connections on these 12 poems.

**Intermezzo**: Whereas this piece may appear to be about love, this is actually in reference to a bird. This can be clearly seen in the text.

**Deutsch**

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab’ ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund’.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes, schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

**English**

I bear your beautiful likeness
Deep within my heart,
So freshly and happily.

My heart sings softly to itself
An old and beautiful song
That soars into the sky
And swiftly wings its way to you.

**Waldegespräch / A Forest Dialogue**: In this lied, the character encounters a moment with someone in a forest that’s slowly getting dark. The lied consist of two different people in the text: a man, and a siren.

**Deutsch**

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit’st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ’ dich heim!

„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.”

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn’ ich dich—Gott steh’ mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

„Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommmst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!”

**English**

It is already late, already cold,
Why ride lonely through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
You lovely bride! I’ll lead you home!

‘Great is the deceit and cunning of men,
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am.’

So richly adorned are steed and lady,
So wondrous fair her youthful form,
Now I know you—may God protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

‘You know me well—from its towering rock
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.
It is already late, already cold,
You shall never leave this forest again!”
**Auf einer Burg:** Up in a castle, lies a man who has been isolating himself for more than a century. Along comes a description of a jubilant wedding. Well, not everyone was ecstatic about the wedding.

**Deutsch**

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte Ritter;
Drüben gehen Regenschauer,
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare,
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre
Oben in der stillen Klause.

Draußen ist es still und friedlich,
Alle sind in’s Tal gezogen,
Waldesvögel einsam singen
In den leeren Fensterbogen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenscheine,
Musikanten spielen munter,
Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

**English**

Up there at his look-out
The old knight has fallen asleep;
Rain-storms pass overhead,
And the wood stirs through the portcullis.

Beard and hair matted together,
Ruff and breast turned to stone,
For centuries he’s sat up there
In his silent cell.

Outside it’s quiet and peaceful,
All have gone down to the valley,
Forest birds sing lonely songs
In the empty window-arches.

Down there on the sunlit Rhine
A wedding-party’s sailing by,
Musicians strike up merrily,
And the lovely bride—weeps.

**куда вы удалились / Where did you go? (kuda vi udalils):** This famous aria is from Tchaikovsky’s *Eugene Onegin*, a perfect example of lyric opera. The romantic period was a time where composers shifted focus to the emotional and dramatic aspects of the music and wrote music to par up with what’s going on. In this aria, Vladimir Lensky is anxiously waiting at the meeting spot for a fight to the death with his best friend, Eugene, who was caught flirting with Olga, Lensky’s wife.

*Translations on the next page - - - >*
Русский

Куда, куда, куда вы удалились,
Весны моей златые дни?

Что день грядущий мне готовит?
Его мой взор напрасно ловит:
В глубокой мгле таится он!
Нет нужды; прав судьбы закон!
Паду ли я, стрелой пронзенный,
Иль мимо пролетит она,
Приходит час определенный!
Благословен и день забот,
Благословен и тьмы приход!

Блеснет заутра луч денницы
И заиграет яркий день,
А я, быть может, я гробницы
Сойду в таинственную сень!
И память юного поэта
Поглотит медленная Лета.
Забудет мир меня; но ты, ты, Ольга...

Скажи, придешь ли, дева красоты,
Слезу пролить над ранней урной
И думать: он меня любил!
Он мне единой посвятил
Рассвет печальный жизни бурной!
Ах, Ольга, я тебя любил!
Тебе единой посвятил
Рассвет печальный жизни бурной!
Ах, Ольга, я тебя любил!

Сердечный друг, желанный друг.
Приди, приди!
Желанный друг, приди, я твой супруг!
Приди, приди!
Я жду тебя, желанный друг.
Приди, приди; я твой супруг!
Куда, куда, куда вы удалились,
Златые дни, златые дни моей весны?

English

Where, where, did you disappear,
The golden days of my spring?

What will forthcoming day will bring me?
My gaze in vain tries to see:
It's lurking in the deep haze!
There is no need; right is the law of fate!
Whether I fall, pierced by an arrow,
Or it will fly past me, indeed
All good; vigil and sleep
There comes a certain hour!
Blessed is the day of cares,
Blessed is the coming of the darkness!

The ray of morning star will shine
And bright day will sparkle
And I, maybe, into the shrine
Will go down into mysterious dark shade!
And the memory of the young poet
The slow Lethe will swallow it.
The world will forget me; but you, you, Olga...

Tell me, will you come, the maiden of beauty
To shed a tear over early urn
And thinking: he loved me! I should've known!
He dedicated to me alone
The stormy life sad dawn!
Oh, Olga, I've loved you!
I dedicated to you alone
The stormy life sad dawn!
Oh, Olga, I've loved you!

My heartfelt friend, desired friend.
Come, come!
Desired friend, come, I'm your husband!
Come, come!
I wait for you, desired friend.
Come, come, I'm your husband!
Where, where, did you disappear,
The golden, golden days of my spring?
Медлено день угасал / Slowly the day faded away (medlenno dyen ugasal): The final Russian piece for the program is from Broodin’s Prince Igor. This isn’t an aria, but instead a recitative and cavatina. A cavatina is a short aria but in a simplified style without repetition in an ABA form. In the cavatina, Vladimir, the son of Prince Igor, is waiting at night away from the Polovtsian camp where Prince Igor’s army just lost a battle to the Polovtsians. He is meeting up to see Konchakovna, the daughter of Khan Konchak, the Polovtsian Kahn. Vladimir expresses his great love for her and urges her to come now that everyone else is asleep.

Translations on next page. - - - >
Русский
Медленно день угасал,
Солнце за лесом садилось,
Зори вечерние меркли,
Ночь надвигалась на землю,
Тени ночные черным покровом
Степь застилали...
Теплая южная ночь!
Грезы любви навевая,
Разливая негу в крови,
Зовет свиданью.
Ждешь ли ты меня, моя милая?
Ждешь ли?
Чую сердцем,
Что ждешь ты меня.
Ах! Где ты, где?!
Отзовись на зов любви!
Ах! Скоро ли, скоро ли я Увижу тебя?
Ты приди!
Скорей, скорей на зов любви отозвись!
Вспомни: я в тоске, Грудь горит.
Я жду, страстно жду я тебя,
Любви твоей...!
Больше жизни я люблю тебя!
Что ж ты медлишь, друг мой?
Встань, приди ко мне.
Не бойся, все давно заснули.
Кругом все крепко спит,
Все мирно, тихо спит...
Ах! Где ты, где?
Отзовись на зов любви.
Ах! До жду ли, дождусь я Ласки нежной твоей?
Ты приди
скорей, На зов любви отозвись!
Приди под кровом темной ночи,
Когда и лес, и воды спят.
Когда лишь звезды, неба очи,
Один на нас с тобой глядят.
Кругом все мирно, тихо спит.
Крепко спит...
Приди!

English
Slowly did the day grow dim,
The sun set beyond the woods,
It's light faded away.
Night fell on the earth,
Nocturnal shadows spread
A black cloak on the steppes.
The warm southern night!
Calls for dreams of love,
Spreading warmth in my blood
And draws me to the tryst.
Are you waiting for me, my beloved?
Are you waiting?
My heart tells me
That you are waiting for me.
Oh Where are you, where?!
Answer the call of love!
Oh, will I see you soon, very soon?
Come!
Faster, faster answer the call of love!
Remember: I suffer, my breast is aflame.
I am waiting, I am waiting for you,
Waiting for your love!
I love you more than my life!
Why are you late, my beloved?
Get up, come to me!
Do not fear, everyone is asleep,
Sleeping soundly,
Sleeping peacefully, quietly...
Oh, where are you, where?
Answer the call of love!
Oh, will I, will I live
To feel your tender caress?
Come
Faster, answer the call of love!
Come under the cloak of the dark night,
When the woods and the waters sleep,
When just the stars, the eyes of the sky,
Watch us two alone.
All about sleep peacefully, quietly,
They sleep soundly...
Come!
CHAPTER SUMMARIES

C H 1 – THE DEPRESSED NARRATOR

The name Silas comes from Latin origin meaning “Man of the Forest”. He is on his way to leave a place known as “небо” or heaven, and journey back to the real world to share his story with the people there. He heads to a tree very familiar to him. Silas talks about his past where he has always known death. His father died when he was only one, and his lover Olga, is buried by the ash grove. But the idea of death has really gotten to him and time is reversed to the moment where it all began.

C H 2 – DÉNÉGATION

The wedding anniversary has been something Silas has always looked forward to. He was very much in love with Olga because of her beauty and her kind soul. Silas has a virtual date due to a job that required him to go to France. Everything is peaceful until after he leaves for a short while to retrieve a beverage where as if in an instant, Olga is not well. Silas travels back to the U.S. to visit her in a hospital where there is an ongoing surgery. He waits patiently in hopes of recovery.

C H 3 – LA SOMBRA HERMOSA

Devastated by the news, he refuses to accept her death. No one would accept the death of a beloved at first. He then sees what appears to be a shadow that looks like Olga. Curiously, he begins to follow this shadow and finally gets it to turn and face him. Indeed, it is Olga, except the only issue is that Silas is oblivious to the fact that Olga isn’t really there. She exists only in his mind. Yet, he re-declares his love for her.
Years pass and his life just feels normal to him. As always, his anniversary has been his favorite day. There is great sincerity of his content with Olga by his side again. So great, he falls asleep in a public park and dreams of encountering a gorgeous being only to be rejected and eventually isolates himself from her rejection. The being in the dream is Olga.

Reality is restored in the film as we see a famous social media influencer, Ayden, going live describing his simple day when he is suddenly encountered by a random man repeatedly saying “Olga”. In Silas’ mind, this man took Olga away from him but his innocent heart doesn’t have the will to attack this stranger. Ayden, while still filming, captures the moment when Silas makes a last minute attempt to harm Ayden which Silas then regrets and keeps asking for Olga. Silas then flees into the woods from too much stress. Now becoming a hermit with so many physical and mental health issues, he comes across an angel in a form of a little girl, desperately pleading for health and even offering a small, dry, plant that he randomly finds on the ground. Silas is excited as he receives a pure smile of approval from this angel from his gift. But once again, there is nobody there, no one other than the millions of dried leaves and branches waiting for him to die a slow and painful death.

Back at небо, a similar image from earlier is pacing across a simple pathway in the nighttime. Her soul is suddenly blinking and she stops. This is no ordinary blinking, but rather a signal that indicates a reconnection. It’s Olga. Overwhelming optimism fills her knowing that she is soon to be reconnected to someone she is immensely fond of, Silas. Back in the waiting realm, Silas physical and mental problems have how disintegrated and has become fully conscious. He is uneasy after realizing he is dead, but is appeased and eager to finally reconnect with Olga once again for eternity.