

HARRIMAN JEWELL S E R I E S



with assistance from
GEORGE HELMKAMP
presents

EMA NIKOLOVSKA, MEZZO-SOPRANO HOWARD WATKINS, PIANO

This evening marks Ema Nikolovska's U.S. recital debut and Mr. Watkins' second appearance on the Series. This is our 26th U.S. recital debut.

**The Muriel McBrien Kauffman Family Foundation
is the sponsor of our 59th Season.**

7:00 P.M., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 2024
FOLLY THEATER
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Ema Nikolovska, mezzo-soprano

EMA NIKOLOVSKA, MEZZO-SOPRANO
HOWARD WATKINS, PIANO

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Im Frühling D. 882
Dass sie hier gewesen D. 775
Herbst D. 945
Der Unglückliche D. 713

RICHARD STRAUSS

Nichts, Op. 10, No. 2
Gefunden, Op. 56, No. 1
Das Rosenband, Op. 36, No. 1

MARGARET BONDS

Songs of the Seasons
Poème d'Automne
Winter Moon
Young Love in Spring
Summer Storm

INTERMISSION

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Ariettes Oubliées, L. 60
I. C'est l'extase langoureuse
II. Il pleure dans mon coeur
III. L'ombre des arbres
IV. Chevaux de Bois
V. Green (Aquarelle I)
VI. Spleen (Aquarelle II)

NIKOLAI MEDTNER

Twilight
from 8 Poems, Op. 24, No. 4
Sleeplessness
from 5 Poems, Op. 37, No. 1

NICOLAS SLONIMSKY

Five Advertising Songs
Utica Sheets and Pillowcases
Pillsbury Bran Muffins
Vauv Nose Powder
Children Cry
Make This a Day of Pepsodent

*Please join us after the concert for an informal conversation with the artists.
We invite you to move to seats closer to the stage at that time.*

Photo by Kaupo Kikkas



EMA NIKOLOVSKA, MEZZO-SOPRANO

■ Macedonian-Canadian Mezzo-Soprano Ema Nikolovska grew up in Toronto where she studied voice with Helga Tucker and completed her undergraduate degree in violin at The Glenn Gould School.

She received her Masters in Voice at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama in London, where she also completed the Opera

Course. Ema is a current BBC New Generation Artist from 2019–2022. In 2019 she won first prize at the International Vocal Competition in 's-Hertogenbosch, the Ferrier Loveday Song Prize (Kathleen Ferrier Awards), and was a prize-winner at the Young Classical Artists Trust (YCAT) International Auditions. In 2022 she became a recipient of the prestigious Borletti-Buitoni Trust Award.

Ema joined the International Opera Studio at the Berlin Staatsoper Unter den Linden in Autumn 2020 where highlights have included Christian Jost's *Die Arabische Nacht*, along with Second Lady in *Die Zauberflöte*, Schäferin in *Jenůfa*, Giovanna in *Rigoletto*, and Diane in Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie*. In the 22/23 season she returns to sing Lucile in Henze's *Cubana* and her role debut as Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier*.

On the concert platform, recent highlights include Schumann's *Das Paradi es und die Peri* with the Staatskapelle Berlin and Marc Minkowski, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with the Münchner Rundfunkorchester and Howard Arman, Mozart's *Requiem* with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Adrian Partington, and Stravinsky's *Pulcinella* with Musikkollegium Winterthur conducted by Barbara Hannigan. Future engagements include Mozart's *Requiem* with Minkowski and the Staatskapelle Berlin and Jaquet de la Guerre's *Céphale et Procris* on tour with Reinoud van Mechelen and *Nocte Temporis* in Versailles, Namur, and Brussels.

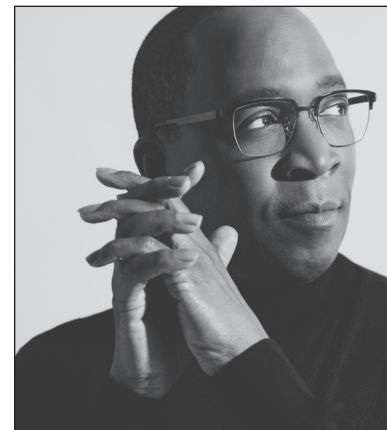
A prolific recitalist, in the last year Ema performed at the Pierre Boulez Saal, and Konzerthaus Berlin, the Elbphilharmonie Hamburg, London's Wigmore Hall, the Schubertiada Vilabertran, Leeds Lieder, Aldeburgh, Verbier, Gstaad and Toronto Summer Music Festivals, collaborating with Malcolm Martineau, Wolfram Rieger, Andras Schiff, Graham Johnson, and Joseph Middleton, among many others.

HOWARD WATKINS, PIANO

■ American pianist Howard Watkins is a frequent associate of some of the world's leading musicians on the concert stage and as an assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera. His appearances throughout the Americas, Europe, Asia, Russia, and Israel have included collaborations with Renée Fleming, Joyce DiDonato, Lawrence Brownlee, Diana Damrau, Thomas Hampson, Kathleen Battle, Grace Bumbry, Mariusz Kwiecien, Anna Netrebko, and Matthew Polenzani as well as violinists Xiang Gao and Sarah Chang at such venues as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Spivey Hall, Kennedy Center, the United States Supreme Court, Alice Tully Hall, the three stages of Carnegie Hall, the Elbphilharmonie in Hamburg, and the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow. He has accompanied the classes of legendary artists Renata Scotto, Frederica von Stade, Regine Crespin, Birgit Nilsson, Sherrill Milnes, and George Shirley.

His current and former faculty affiliations include The Juilliard School, the Bard College Conservatory of Music, the Merola Opera Program, the Santa Fe Opera Apprentice Program, the Yale School of Music as a Visiting Presidential Fellow, the Tanglewood Music Center, the Aspen Music Festival, the Mannes School of Music, the North Carolina School of the Arts, the International Vocal Arts Institute (Israel, Japan, and China), IIVA in Italy, the Brancaloni Music Festival in Piobbico, Italy, the Tokyo International Vocal Arts Academy (TIVAA) as a founding member, and VOICE Experience in Orlando, Tampa, and Savannah. Formerly a guest Master Coach for the Cafritz Young Artists of Washington Opera and the Opera Theater of St. Louis, Mr. Watkins has worked on the music staffs of Palm Beach Opera, the Washington National Opera, and the Los Angeles Opera.

A native of Dayton, Ohio, Mr. Watkins completed the Doctor of Musical Arts degree in Accompanying and Chamber Music at the University of Michigan. Honored as the recipient of both the Paul C. Boylan award from the University of Michigan for his outstanding contributions to the field of music and a Special Achievement Award from the National Alumni Association of the University of Dayton, he is also the 2019 recipient of the Lift Every Voice Legacy Award from the National Opera Association. He was recently recognized as one the 2022 Top Professionals of the Year by *Musical America* in part for his work to celebrate the music of Black composers and singers. Mr. Watkins appears courtesy of the Metropolitan Opera.



FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)

■ Im Frühling

Text by Ernst Schulze (1789–1817)

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang
Der Himmel ist so klar
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
Einst, ach so glücklich war

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
So traulich und so nah
Und tief im dunklen Felsenquell
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell
Und sie im Himmel sah

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schön
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich
Am liebsten pflückt ich von dem Zweig
Von welchem sie gepflückt!

Denn alles ist wie damals noch
Die Blumen, das Gefild
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell
Das blaue Himmelsbild

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn
Es wechseln Lust und Streit
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück
Die Lieb und ach, das Leid

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur
Dort an dem Wiesenhang
Dann blieb ich auf den Zweigen hier
Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr
Den ganzen Sommer lang

In Spring

English translation © Richard Wigmore

I sit silently on the hillside.
The sky is so clear,
the breezes play in the green valley
where once, in the first rays of spring,
I was, oh, so happy.

Where I walked by her side,
so tender, so close,
and saw deep in the dark rocky stream
the fair sky, blue and bright,
and her reflected in that sky.

See how the colourful spring
already peeps from bud and blossom.
Not all the blossoms are the same to me:
I like most of all to pluck them from the branch
from which she has plucked.

For all is still as it was then,
the flowers, the fields;
the sun shines no less brightly,
and no less cheerfully,
the sky's blue image bathes in the stream.

Only will and delusion change,
and joy alternates with strife;
the happiness of love flies past,
and only love remains;
love and, alas, sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a bird,
there on the sloping meadow!
Then I would stay on these branches here,
and sing a sweet song about her
all summer long.

■ **Dass sie hier gewesen**

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

Dass der Ostwind Däfte
Hauchet in die Lüfte,
Dadurch tut er kund,
Dass du hier gewesen.

Dass hier Tränen rinnen,
Dadurch wirst du innen,
Wär's dir sonst nicht kund,
Dass ich hier gewesen.

Schönheit oder Liebe,
Ob versteckt sie bliebe?
Däfte tun es und Tränen kund,
Dass sie hier gewesen.

■ **Herbst**

Text by Ludwig Rellstab (1799–1860)

Es rauschen die Winde
So herbstlich und kalt;
Verödet die Fluren,
Entblättert der Wald.
Ihr blumigen Auen!
Du sonniges Grün!
So welken die Blüten
Des Lebens dahin.

Es ziehen die Wolken
So finster und grau;
Verschwunden die Sterne
Am himmlischen Blau!
Ach, wie die Gestirne
Am Himmel entflieh'n,
So sinket die Hoffnung
Des Lebens dahin!

Ihr Tage des Lenzes
Mit Rosen geschmückt,
Wo ich die Geliebte
An's Herze gedrückt!
Kalt über den Hügel
Rauscht, Winde, dahin!
So sterben die Rosen
Der Liebe dahin!

That she has been here

English translation © Richard Wigmore

The east wind
breathes fragrance into the air,
and so doing it makes known
that you have been here!

Since tears flow here
you will know,
though you are otherwise unaware,
that I have been here!

Beauty or love:
can they remain concealed?
Fragrant scents and tears proclaim
that she has been here!

Autumn

English translation © Richard Wigmore

The wind blows
with an autumnal chill;
the meadows are bare,
the woods leafless.
Flowering meadows;
sunlit green!
Thus do life's blossoms
Wilt.

The clouds drift by,
so sombre and grey;
the stars have vanished
in the blue heavens.
Ah, as the stars disappear
in the sky,
so does life's hope
fade away.

You days of spring,
adorned with roses,
when I pressed
my beloved to my heart.
Winds, blow cold
over the hillside!
So do the roses
of love die.

*Texts continue on the next page.
Please turn pages quietly.*

■ Der Unglückliche

Text by Caroline Pichler (1769–1843)

Die Nacht bricht an, mit leisen Lüften sinket
Sie auf die müden Sterblichen herab;
Der sanfte Schlaf, des Todes Bruder, winket,
Und legt sie freundlich in ihr täglich Grab.

Jetzt wachet auf der lichtberaubten Erde
Vielleicht nur noch die Arglist und der Schmerz,
Und jetzt, da ich durch nichts gestöret werde,
Lass deine Wunden bluten, armes Herz.

Versenke dich in deines Kummers Tiefen,
Und wenn vielleicht in der zerrissnen Brust
Halb verjährte Leiden schliefen,
So wecke sie mit grausam süßer Lust.

Berechne die verlorenen Seligkeiten,
Zähl' alle, alle Blumen in dem Paradies,
Woraus in deiner Jugend goldnen Zeiten
Die harte Hand des Schicksals dich verstieß.

Du hast geliebt, du hast das Glück empfunden,
Dem jede Seligkeit der Erde weicht.
Du hast ein Herz, das dich verstand, gefunden,
Der kühnsten Hoffnung schönes Ziel erreicht.

Da stürzte dich ein grausam Machtwort nieder,
Aus deinen Himmeln nieder, und dein stilles Glück,
Dein allzuschönes Traumbild kehrte wieder
Zur besser'n Welt, aus der es kam, zurück.

Zerrissen sind nun alle süßen Bande,
Mir schlägt kein Herz mehr auf der weiten Welt.

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864–1949)

■ Nichts

Text by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg (1812 - 1864)

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich!
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,
Ach, und was weiß ich davon.

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Licht's
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle?—nichts.

The Unhappy One

English translation © Richard Wigmore

Night falls, descending with light breezes
upon weary mortals;
gentle sleep, death's brother, beckons,
and lays them fondly in their daily graves.

Now only malice and pain
perchance watch over the earth, robbed of light;
and now, since nothing may disturb me,
let your wounds bleed, poor heart.

Plunge to the depths of your grief,
and if perchance half-forgotten sorrows
have slept in your anguished heart,
awaken them with cruelly sweet delight.

Consider your lost happiness,
count all the flowers in paradise,
from which, in the golden days of your youth,
the harsh hand of fate banished you.

You have loved, you have experienced a happiness
which eclipses all earthly bliss.
You have found a heart that understands you,
your wildest hopes have attained their fair goal.

Then the cruel decree of authority dashed you down
from your heaven, and your tranquil happiness,
your all-too-lovely dream vision, returned
to the better world from which it came.

Now all the sweet bonds are torn asunder;
no heart now beats for me in the whole world.

Nothing

English translation © Richard Stokes

You say I should name
My queen in the realm of song!
Fools that you are, I know
Her least of all of you.

Ask me the colour of her eyes,
Ask me about the sound of her voice,
Ask me about her walk, her dancing, her bearing,
Ah! what do I know of all that.

Is not the sun the source
Of all life, of all light,
And what do we know about it,
I and you and everyone?—nothing.

■ Gefunden

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Ich ging im Walde
So für mich hin,
Und nichts zu suchen,
Das war mein Sinn.

Im Schatten sah ich
Ein Blümchen stehn,
Wie Sterne leuchtend,
Wie Äuglein schön.

Ich wollt es brechen,
Da sagt' es fein:
Soll ich zum Welken
Gebrochen sein?

Ich grub's mit allen
Den Würzlein aus,
Zum Garten trug ich's
Am hübschen Haus.

Und pflanzt es wieder
Am stillen Ort;
Nun zweigt es immer
Und blüht so fort.

■ Das Rosenband

Text by Friedrich Klopstock (1724 - 1803)

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich!
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,
Ach, und was weiß ich davon.

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Licht's
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle?—nichts.
Dass sie hier gewesen.

Found

English translation © Richard Stokes

I was walking
In the wood alone,
And intended
To look for nothing.

In the shade I saw
A little flower growing
Gleaming like stars,
Lovely as eyes.

I was going to pick it,
When gently it said:
Must I be picked
To wilt and die?

I dug it out
With all its roots.
Took it to the garden
Of my pretty home.

And planted it again
In a quiet corner;
Where still it grows
And continues to bloom.

The rose garland

English translation © Richard Stokes

I found her in the spring shade,
And bound her fast with a rose garland:
Oblivious, she slumbered on.

I gazed on her; with that gaze
My life became entwined with hers:
This I sensed, yet did not know.

I murmured wordlessly to her
And rustled the garland of roses:
Then she woke from slumber.

She gazed on me; with that gaze
Her life became entwined with mine,
And Paradise bloomed about us.

*Texts continue on the next page.
Please turn pages quietly.*

Songs of the Season

MARGARET BONDS (1913–1972)

Texts by Langston Hughes (1901–1967)

■ Poème d'Automne

The autumn leaves
 Are too heavy with color.
 The slender trees
 On the Vulcan Road
 Are dressed in scarlet and gold
 Like young courtesans
 Waiting for their lovers.
 But soon
 The winter winds
 Will strip their bodies bare
 And then
 The sharp, sleet-stung
 Caresses of the cold
 Will be their only
 Love.

■ Winter Moon

How thin and sharp is the moon tonight!
 How thin and sharp and ghostly white
 Is the slim curved crook of the moon tonight!

■ Young Love in Spring

When the March winds roar like a lion
 and the last little snowflakes drift down
 from a half-dreary, half-happy April sky
 and then lovely May rolls around
 and I walk with you down a country lane,
 we know that spring has come again.
 When the rising sun laughs at the dawn
 and the scent of the soil's warm and sweet
 and the little green sprouts peep out of the earth
 and grow upward the sunshine to greet
 and we find a violet beside the way,
 we know that spring has come to stay,
 spring has come our way.

When I look at you in the haze
 of the twilight's last lingering glow
 in the half-dusky, half-starry evening sky,
 where sweet scented winds gently blow
 and our dreams, like birds,
 heading homeward soar,
 we know that spring has come once more.

■ Summer Storm

Thunder
 July thunder
 and the wonder
 of lightning in the sky
 and a sudden gale
 that shakes the blossoms down

in performed spender
 to the grassy ground.
 Thunder
 July thunder
 and the wonder
 in my heart
 that I have found you
 wonderful you
 beneath the blossoms gay
 in the perfumed splendor
 of a July day

with the wonder
 of summer lightning
 in the sky
 and a sudden gale that shakes
 the blossoms down
 like confetti in your hair,
 like confetti on the ground
 perfumed confetti drifting down
 on the sweet and wonderful summer earth
 the sweet summer earth.

There
 pillowed on the grass
 in the orchard's shade
 I kissed you and kissed you
 and kissed you
 till a sudden gale shook
 the blossoms down,
 confetti in your hair,
 confetti on the ground
 and then the rain
 the soft sweet rain
 came down.

We run down the road in the dust of July
 we are happy for the rain,
 clean and cool from on high,
 in the dust, hand in hand,
 in the dust of July,
 hand in hand, you and I,
 in July.

Thunder
 thunder in my heart
 the wonder of love
 thunder
 wonder in our eyes
 the wonder of being in love
 we two
 the wonder of being in love
 with you.

Ariettes Oubles

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862–1918)

Texts by Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

■ C'est l'extase langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

■ Il pleure dans mon couer

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

It is languorous rapture

English translation © Richard Stokes

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

Tears fall in my heart

English translation © Richard Stokes

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.

*Texts continue on the next page.
Please turn pages quietly.*

■ III. L'ombre des arbres

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!

■ IV. Chevaux de Bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou surnois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

The shadow of trees

English translation © Richard Stokes

The shadow of trees in the misty stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above, in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.

How this faded landscape, O traveller,
Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly in the lofty leaves
Your drowned hopes were weeping!

Merry-go-round

English translation © Richard Stokes

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

■ V. Green (Aquarelle I)

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers ;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

■ VI. Spleen (Aquarelle II)

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était [trop bleu, trop tendre,]¹
La mer trop [verte et l'air trop doux].²

Je crains toujours, -- ce qu'est d'attendre
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,

Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

Green

English translation © Richard Stokes

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

Spleen

English translation © Richard Stokes

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.

I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,

And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

*Texts continue on the next page.
Please turn pages quietly.*

NIKOLAI MEDTNER (1880–1951)*Text by Fyodor Tyutchev (1803–1873)**Translations © 2018 DelphianvRecords Ltd*■ **Twilight**

Тени сизые смешались,
 Цвет поблекнул, звук уснул –
 Жизнь, движенье разрешились
 В сумрак зыбкий, в дальний гул ...
 Мотылька полет незримый
 Слышен в воздухе ночном ...
 Час тоски невыразимой! ...
 Всё во мне, и я во всем! ...
 Сумрак тихий, сумрак сонный,
 Лейся в глубь моей души,
 Тихий, томный, благовонный,
 Все залей и утиши –
 Чувства мглой самозабвенья
 Переполни через край! ...
 Дай вкусить уничтоженья,
 С миром дремлющим смешай!

The blue-grey shadows have blended together,
 Colour has faded, sound has fallen asleep –
 Life, movement, in the unsteady twilight,
 Have dissolved into a distant rumble ...
 A moth flies past, invisible
 Heard in the night air ...
 Hour of ineffable longing! ...
 Everything in me, and I in everything! ...
 Quiet twilight, sleepy twilight,
 Pour into the depths of my soul,
 Quiet, dark, fragrant,
 All flood in and calm me –
 Feelings of the haze of self-forgetting
 Fill me to overflowing! ...
 Let me taste of oblivion,
 Blend me with the slumbering world!

■ **Sleeplessness**

Часов однообразный бой,
 Томительная ночи повесть!
 Язык для всех равно чужой
 И внятный каждому, как совесть!

The monotonous striking of the clock –
 The story of the weary night!
 A language equally foreign to everyone
 And distinct for everyone, like conscience!

Кто без тоски внимал из нас,
 Среди всемирного молчанья,
 Глухие времени стенанья,
 Пророчески-прощальный глас?

Which of us has heard without melancholy,
 Amid the world's silence,
 Time's deaf groan,
 Its voice foretelling our departure?

Нам мнится: мир осиротелый
 Неотразимый Рок настиг —
 И мы, в борьбе, природой целой
 Покинуты на нас самих.

It seems to us the orphan world
 Is overtaken by irresistible Destiny –
 And we, in the struggle, have been abandoned
 To ourselves by the whole of Nature.

И наша жизнь стоит пред нами,
 Как призрак на краю земли,
 И с нашим веком и друзьями
 Бледнеет в сумрачной дали...

And our life stands before us,
 Like a ghost at the end of the earth,
 And along with our times and our friends
 It fades into the gloomy distance ...

И новое, младое племя
 Меж тем на солнце расцвело,
 А нас, друзья, и наше время
 Давно забвеньем занесло!

And a new, young generation
 Meanwhile, has blossomed in the sun,
 And we, our friends, and our age
 Are long forgotten in oblivion!

Лишь изредка, обряд печальный
 Свершая в полуночный час,
 Металла голос погребальный
 Порой оплакивает нас!

But occasionally, completing its sad ritual
 At the hour of midnight,
 The funerary voice of the metal
 Sometimes mourns for us!

Five Advertising Songs
NICOLAS SLONIMSKY (1894–1995)
Texts from Advertisements (Authors Unknown)

■ *Utica Sheets and Pillowcases*

So soft, so smooth, so snowy white,
 Utica sheets and pillowcases.
 Spread them upon the bed, and see
 there isn't even a wrinkle.
 Launder them and you will feel
 How soft is their fabric.
 Enjoy this sturdy quality, smoothness, reliability
 And sleep and dream in comfort and in peace.
 So soft, so smooth so snowy white
 These linens from Utica.

■ *Pillsbury Bran Muffins*

And then her doctor told her...
 For sometime she had not been herself...
 She was run down, languid, tired, each
 day before her work began...
 One day she called her doctor
 He advised to eat bran muffins
 Made according to Pillsbury's recipe,
 Pillsbury's marvelous natural laxative...
 He knew the underlying cause of her trouble.
 It was a case of faulty elimination
 Eat bran muffins! There is health
 and delight in every bite.....
 And this her doctor told her.....

■ *Vauv Nose Powder*

No more shiny nose!
 Something to keep your nose from getting shiny!
 Something to rid you of this oiliness of skin.
 No more shiny nose!
 VAUV is the name of our new magic powder.
 Spelt V-A-U-V, pronounced VUV.
 VAUV is on sale in ev'ry good drug store.
 VAUV keeps the shine off, and the powder on!

■ *Children Cry for Castoria*

Children cry for Castoria!
 Yes, they cry for Castoria....
 Mother! Relieve your constipated child!
 Hurry, mother....
 Even a fretful, feverish, bilious child
 Loves the pleasant taste of Castoria....
 O gentle harmless laxative
 Which never fails to sweeten the
 stomach and open the bowels!

A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child
 tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no
 narcotics or soothing drugs. Ask your druggist for
 genuine Castoria which has directions for babies
 and children of all ages printed on the bottle.

■ *Make This a Day of Pepsodent*

Make this a day you never will regret it
 Here is your chance. So take it now!
 A perfect toothpaste has been created.
 The name of it is Pepsodent!
 It brings to you new beauty, new emotion.
 It means to you new safety, new delight,
 Do not reflect, ask for a ten days' portion
 Make this a day of Pepsodent!
 Film on your teeth ferments and forms acid,
 That vicious film that clings to teeth.
 Use Pepsodent, the dentists all advise it.
 And watch its wondrous natural effect.
 See how your teeth become so white and shiny.
 See how your mouth enjoys a new delight.
 Make this a day, you never will regret it!
 Make this a day of Pepsodent!

The following artists performed their American Recital Debut on the
Harriman-Jewell Series. Tonight's concert is the 26th of these debuts!

Luciano Pavarotti, tenor	February 1, 1973	Gano Hall, William Jewell College
Ileana Cotrubaș, soprano	November 10, 1977	Gano Hall, William Jewell College
Yevgeny Nesterenko, bass	October 9, 1979	Gano Hall, William Jewell College
Francisco Araiza, tenor	November 3, 1982	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Luciana Serra, soprano	October 15, 1983	Gano Hall, William Jewell College
Carol Vaness, soprano	November 8, 1986	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Thomas Allen, baritone	November 4, 1989	Folly Theater, Kansas City
June Anderson, soprano	January 19, 1991	Music Hall, Kansas City
Sergei Leiferkus, baritone	September 28, 1991	Music Hall, Kansas City
Maxim Vengerov, violin	March 8, 1993	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Vladimir Chernov, baritone	September 29, 1995	Music Hall, Kansas City
Ben Heppner, tenor	October 22, 1997	Music Hall, Kansas City
Marcelo Álvarez, tenor	January 6, 2001	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Juan Diego Flórez, tenor	April 21, 2002	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Daniil Shtoda, tenor	October 31, 2002	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Sergey Khachatryan, violin	September 20, 2003	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Salvatore Licitra, tenor	January 8, 2005	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Hugh Clifton Forbis, tenor	May 26, 2006	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Danielle de Niese, soprano	February 4, 2009	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Stephen Costello, tenor	March 5, 2011	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Giuseppe Filianoti, tenor	April 21, 2012	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Michael Fabiano, tenor	January 19, 2013	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Tara Erraught, mezzo-soprano	April 12, 2013	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Ben Bliss, tenor	October 22, 2016	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Mahani Teave, piano	September 9, 2023	Folly Theater, Kansas City
Emma Nikolovska, mezzo-soprano	March 6, 2024	Folly Theater, Kansas City