

TATEVIK KOCHARYAN
GRADUATING STUDENT RECITAL
LONGY SCHOOL OF MUSIC N-1 ON MAY 15 AT 8 P.M.

"Dreams I never had, but always wanted"

"È strano! ... Ah, fors' è lui...Sempre Libera" from opera La Traviata (1853)
Giuseppe Verdi (1813 - 1901)

Selection from Collection of songs Op. 10 (1885)
Richard Strauss (1864 - 1949)

"Die Nacht"

"Zueignung"

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873 - 1943)

"A Dream" op 8, n 5 (1893)

"Dream" op 38, n 5 (1916)

"La flûte enchantée" from song cycle Shéhérazade (1904)
Maurice Ravel (1875 - 1937)

Intermission

Five Poems of Anna Akhmatova, Op 27 (1917)

Sergei Prokofiev (1891 - 1953)

Poetess Anna Akhmatova (1889-1966)

The Sun has Filled my Room (Солнце комнату наполнило)

True Tenderness (Настоящую нежность)

Memory of the Sun (Память о солнце)

Hello (Здравствуй)

The Grey-Eyed King (Сероглазый король)

"Nana" from Siete canciones populares españolas (1914)
Manuel de Falla (1876 - 1946)

"Ari Im Sokhag" (Come my nightingale) Armenian lullaby (arr. 2022)
arr. Pardy Minasyan

Ձյունը իր երգն է երգում (Snow is singing its song) from Dream that has been found (Short film) (1976)
Ruben Hakhverdyan (1950-)

GOOD EVENING, EVERYONE,
AND WELCOME TO "DREAMS I NEVER HAD BUT ALWAYS WANTED."

TONIGHT, WE'LL EXPLORE THE ENCHANTING WORLD
OF DREAMS THROUGH MUSIC.
EACH COMPOSITION INVITES YOU TO JOIN IN A JOURNEY
THROUGH THE DEPTHS OF IMAGINATION,
FROM TRANQUIL REVERIES TO EERIE NIGHTSCAPES.

AS YOU LISTEN, I ENCOURAGE YOU
TO LET THE MELODIES EVOKE YOUR OWN PERSONAL DREAMS
AND EMOTIONS. TOGETHER, LET'S UNRAVEL THE MYSTERIES AND WONDERS
OF THE DREAMS WE'VE NEVER DARED TO SHARE OPENLY.

BELOW YOU WILL FIND THE LYRICS OF THE COMPOSITIONS
WE'LL BE PLAYING TONIGHT,
ALONG WITH THEIR TRANSLATIONS
AND BRIEF INFORMATION ABOUT EACH PIECE.

SPECIAL THANKS TO MY BEAUTIFUL COLLABORATORS
JONATHAN REDDIX, PIANO
MARÍA ESTEFANÍA BUSTOS, FLUTE
MARINA GOMES, GUITAR
HEMING CAO, TENOR
AND MY STUDIO TEACHER, ANGELA GOOCH

ENJOY!

XX,
TATEVIK

**“È strano! ... Ah, fors' è lui...Sempre Libera" from opera La Traviata (1853)
Giuseppe Verdi (1813 - 1901)
libretto by Francesco Maria Piave**

*IN THE ARIA "SEMPRE LIBERA" FROM VERDI'S "LA TRAVIATA,"
WE WITNESS VIOLETTA'S INNER STRUGGLE AS SHE GRAPPLES WITH A DREAM
SHE'S AFRAID TO PURSUE, REFLECTED IN THE SHIFTING KEYS THAT MIRROR HER
EMOTIONAL JOURNEY, TORN BETWEEN LONGING FOR LOVE AND FEAR OF ITS
CONSEQUENCES, JOIN US AS WE DELVE INTO HER CONFLICTED HEART IN THIS
UNFORGETTABLE BELCANTO MASTERPIECE.*

VIOLETTA (sola)

È strano! È strano! In core
scolpiti ho quegli accenti!
Saria per me sventura un serio amore?
Che risolvi, o turbata anima mia?
Null'uomo ancora t'accendeva - O gioia
ch'io non conobbi, esser amata amando!
E sdegnarla poss'io
per l'aride follie del viver mio?

Ah, fors'è lui che l'anima
solinga ne' tumulti
godea sovente pingere
de' suoi colori occulti!
Lui che modesto e vigile
all'egre soglie ascese,
e nuova febbre accese,
destandomi all'amor.
A quell'amor ch'è palpito
dell'universo intero,
misterioso, altero,
croce e delizia al cor!
Follie! follie! Delirio vano è questo!
Povera donna, sola,
abbandonata in questo
popoloso deserto
che appellano Parigi.
Che spero or più?
Che far degg'io? Gioire,
di voluttà ne' vortici perir.
Gioir, gioir!

VIOLETTA (alone)

*How strange! How strange! His words
are burned upon my heart!
Would a real love be a tragedy for me?
What decision are you taking, oh my soul?
No man has ever made me fall in love.
What joy,
such as I have never known - loving, being
loved!
And can I scorn it
for the arid nonsense of my present life?*

*Ah, perhaps he is the one
whom my soul,
lonely in the tumult, loved
to imagine in secrecy!
Watchful though I never knew it,
he came here while I lay sick,
awakening a new fever,
the fever of love,
of love which is the very breath
of the universe itself -
Mysterious and noble,
both cross and ecstasy of the heart.
Folly! All is folly! This is mad delirium!
A poor woman, alone,
lost in this
crowded desert
which is known to men as Paris.
What can I hope for?
What should I do? Revel
in the whirlpool of earthly pleasures.
Revel in joy! Ah!*

...continued on next page...

**“È strano! ... Ah, fors' è lui...Sempre Libera" from opera La Traviata (1853)
Giuseppe Verdi (1813 - 1901)**

Sempre libera degg'io
folleggiare di gioia in gioia,
vo' che scorra il viver mio
pei sentieri del piacer.
Nasca il giorno, o il giorno muoia,
sempre lieta ne' ritrovi,
a dilette sepre nuovi
dee volare il mio pensier.

ALFREDO (sotto al balcone)
Amore, amor è palpito...

VIOLETTA
Oh!

ALFREDO
...dell'universo intero -

VIOLETTA
Oh amore.

ALFREDO
Misterioso, misterioso, altero,
croce, croce e delizia,
croce e delizia, delizia al cor.

VIOLETTA
Follie! follie! Ah sì! Gioir, gioir!
Sempre libera degg'io
folleggiare di gioia in gioia,
vo' che scorra il viver mio
pei sentieri del piacer.
Nasca il giorno, o il giorno muoia,
sempre lieta ne' ritrovi,
a dilette sempre nuovi,
dee volare il mio pensier.

ALFREDO
Amor è palpito
dell'universo -

VIOLETTA
Ah! Dee volar il mio pensier.
Ah! il mio pensier. Il mio pensier.

Forever free, I must pass
madly from joy to joy.
My life's course shall be
forever in the paths of pleasure.
Whether it be dawn or dusk,
I must always live. Ah!
Gaily in the world's gay places,
ever seeking newer joys.

ALFREDO (outdoors, under the balcony)
Love is the very breath...

VIOLETTA
Oh!

ALFREDO
...of the universe itself -

VIOLETTA
Love.

ALFREDO
Mysterious and noble,
both cross and ecstasy,
cross and ecstasy of the heart.

VIOLETTA
Folly! Folly! Ah yes! From joy to joy,
forever free, I must pass
madly from joy to joy.
My life's course shall be
forever in the paths of pleasure.
Whether it be dawn or dusk,
I must always live. Ah!
Gaily in the world's gay places,
ever seeking newer joys, etc.

ALFREDO
Love is the very breath
of the universe itself.

VIOLETTA
Oh! My thoughts have to seek new joys.
Oh! My thoughts. My thoughts.

Selection from Collection of songs Op. 10 (1885)

Richard Strauss (1864 - 1949)

"Die Nacht"

"Zueignung"

*TWO EXQUISITE SONGS BY RICHARD STRAUSS: "DIE NACHT" AND "ZUEIGNUNG," BOTH FROM THE SAME SONG CYCLE.
IN "DIE NACHT," WE EXPERIENCE A HAUNTING PORTRAYAL OF FEAR AND LONGING,
AS THE NIGHT THREATENS TO STEAL AWAY ALL THAT IS CHERISHED. CONVERSELY, "ZUEIGNUNG" TELLS THE TALE OF GRATITUDE,
AS ONE FINDS THEMSELVES IMMERSSED IN A LOVE THEY NEVER DARED TO DREAM OF.*

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Night

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc,
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colours
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
The gold.

The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me.

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe
macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

Dedication

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
How I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,
Held high the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Have thanks.

And you exorcised the evils in it,
Until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,
Have thanks.

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873 - 1943)

"A Dream" op 8, n 5 (1893)

"Dream" op 38, n 5 (1916)

RACHMANINOFF'S "A DREAM" OPUS 8 EVOKES A NOSTALGIC, MELANCHOLIC MOOD WITH SLAVIC INFLUENCES, REFLECTING ON THE PAST, WHILE HIS OPUS 38 "DREAM" ADOPTS A MORE IMPRESSIONISTIC STYLE, CAPTURING FLEETING MOMENTS WITH SUBTLE EMOTIONS. THIS SHOWS HOW HIS MUSIC EVOLVED OVER TIME, EXPLORING NEW THEMES AND TECHNIQUES, AND HOW DIFFERENT CAN BE PERCEPTION OF A DREAM AND ITS COLOR

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!

*Poet Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev
(after Heinrich Heine)*

A Dream (op 8)

And I had a motherland--
So beautiful was she!
There spruce trees swayed above ...
But it was a dream!

There our family friends still lived.
From every side about me
Were heard sweet words of love ...
But it was a dream!

English version ©2011, by E. Lein

Сон

V mire net nichego
Vozhdelenneje sna,
Chary jest' u nego,
U nego tishina,
U nego na ustakh
Ni pechal' i ni smekh,
I v bezdonnykh ochakh
Mnogo tajnykh utekh.

U nego shiroki,
Shiroki dva kryla,
I legki, tak lehgki,
Kak polnochnaja mgla.
Ne ponjat', kak nesjot,
I kuda i na chem
On krylom ne vzmakhnet
I ne dvinet plechom.

Poet Fyodor Sologub

Dreams (op 38)

There is nothing in the world
More longed for than sleep,
It enchants,
It brings silence,
On its lips
Is neither sadness nor laughter,
And in its fathomless eyes
There are many secret delights.

Wide are its wings,
Wide its two wings,
And so light, oh so light,
Like the darkness at midnight.
We cannot know how it carries us,
Whither and on what,
Its wings do not beat,
Its shoulders do not move.

English translation © Philip Ross Bullock

**"La flûte enchantée" from song cycle Shéhérazade (1904)
Maurice Ravel (1875 - 1937)**

*ALTHOUGH RAVEL HIMSELF NEVER SET FOOT OUTSIDE OF EUROPE, HE WAS INSPIRED BY RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S
RUSSIAN SYMPHONIC WORK TO CREATE HIS OWN MASTERPIECE, SHÉHÉRAZADE.
ONE OF THE SONGS FROM THIS COLLECTION PORTRAYS A YOUNG SLAVE GIRL TENDING TO HER SLEEPING MASTER,
WHILE OUTSIDE, SHE HEARS HER LOVER PLAYING HIS FLUTE. THE MUSIC EVOKES A MIXTURE OF SADNESS AND JOY,
MIRRORING THE GIRL'S FEELINGS AS SHE CONTEMPLATES HER UNCERTAIN FUTURE, NOT KNOWING IF SHE WILL EVER
LEAVE THE CASTLE ALIVE OR IF SHE WILL FINALLY GAIN HER FREEDOM AND REUNITE WITH HER LOVER.*

La flûte enchantée

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort
Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche.
Mais moi, je suis éveillée encore
Et j'écoute au dehors
Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie.
Un air tour à tour languoureux ou frivole
Que mon amoureux chéri joue,
Et quand je m'approche de la croisée
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole
De la flûte vers ma joue
Comme un mystérieux baiser.

French source: Poet [Tristan Klingsor](#)

The enchanted flute

The shade is soft and my master sleeps,
A cone-shaped silken cap on his head,
And his long yellow nose in his white beard.
But I am still awake,
Listening to the song
Of a flute outside that pours forth
Sadness and joy in turn,
A tune now languorous now lively,
Which my dear lover plays.
And when I draw near the casement,
Each note seems to fly
From the flute to my cheek
Like a mysterious kiss.

English translation © Richard Stokes

Five Poems of Anna Akhmatova, Op 27 (1917)
Sergei Prokofiev (1891 - 1953)
Poetess Anna Akhmatova (1889-1966)

A RECURRING THEME IN AKHMATOVA'S POETRY IS THE HAUNTING DREAM OF A MYSTERIOUS LOVER WHO HAS LEFT HIS BELOVED. BEHIND THE APPARENT SIMPLICITY OF HER VERSE LIES AN INVISIBLE REALM TEEMING WITH ANXIETY AND MYSTERY, IMBUING HER IMAGERY WITH SYMBOLIC ESSENCE. ANNA AKHMATOVA'S POETRY CAPTURES A TANGLED LABYRINTH OF SENSATIONS, A COMPLEXITY THAT IS ANYTHING BUT MONOTONOUS.

"IN AKHMATOVA'S POETRY, ALL THE POEMS, FIT WITHIN A CERTAIN TIMEFRAME AND ALIGN IN A LYRICAL NARRATIVE: A MEETING, SEPARATION, ANTICIPATION OF A NEW ENCOUNTER, FEELINGS OF GUILT, AVERSION TO HER HUSBAND, BETRAYAL."

FIVE POEMS COMPOSED BY S.PROKOFIEV FORM A COMPLETE WORK, USING FIVE DIFFERENT POEMS BY AKHMATOVA FROM TWO OF HER CYCLES. THE MUSIC, CHARACTERISTIC OF THE 20TH CENTURY, FEATURES MINIMAL PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT AND A STRAIGHTFORWARD APPROACH, EVOKING AN INCREDIBLE FEELING OF ALMOST BEING "OUT OF REACH", BEING SO HUMAN AND FEMININE AND THE SAME TIME.

I. The Sun has Filled my Room

Sunlight fills my room
With hot dust, lucent, grey.
I wake, and I remember:
Today is your saint's day.
That's why even the snow
Is warm beyond the window,
That's why, sleeplessly,
Like a communicant, I slept.

II. True Tenderness

True tenderness is silent
and can't be mistaken for anything
else.
In vain with earnest desire
you cover my shoulders with fur;
In vain you try to persuade me
of the merits of first love.
But I know too well the meaning
of your persistent burning glances.

III. Memory of the Sun

Memory of sun seeps from the heart.
Grass grows yellower.
Faintly if at all the early snowflakes
Hover, hover.

Water becoming ice is slowing in
The narrow channels.
Nothing at all will happen here again,
Will ever happen.

Against the sky the willow spreads a fan
The silk's torn off.
Maybe it's better I did not become
Your wife.

Memory of sun seeps from the heart.
What is it? -- Dark?
Perhaps! Winter will have occupied us
In the night.

Five Poems of Anna Akhmatova, Op 27 (1917)
Sergei Prokofiev (1891 - 1953)
Poetess Anna Akhmatova (1889-1966)

IV. Hello

Hi! Did you hear me rustle slightly
By your desk, just to the right?
You won't finish what you're writing

—

I have come to you tonight.
Will you hurt me now by chance,
Like you did that time —
Saying that you don't see hands,
These hands and eyes of mine.

Your room is bright — a cozy niche,
Don't send me off disheartened,

Where beneath the stifling bridge
The dirty water hardens.

V. The Grey-Eyed King

Glory to you, inconsolable ache
Yesterday passed away the grey-eyed king.
Late autumn evening was sultry and red
My husband returned and quietly said:
«After the hunt it all happened, you know,
His body was found right by the oak grove.
He was too young to be taken away...
Pity the queen, overnight she turned grey.»
Then, after smoking his usual pipe,
He left for work, as he did every night.

My little daughter, I'll wake up at once
Only to have at her grey eyes one glance.
And by my window the poplar will sing:
«Gone from this earth, no more is your king...»

**F"Nana" from Siete canciones populares españolas (1914)
Manuel de Falla (1876 - 1946)**

**"Ari Im Sokhag" Արի Իմ Սոխակ
(Come my nightingale) Armenian lullaby (arr. 2022)
arr. Pardy Minasyan**

Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.

Lullaby

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

Spanish source: Anon.

English translation © Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes

Ari im soghak (Come my nightingale)*

Come my nightingale, leave the garden
Tell poems for my boy to fall into slumber
He is crying, do not come, nightingale
My son doesn't want to become a bishop

Dear turtledove, leave your home and youngs
Whimper for my boy to fall into slumber
He is crying, do not come, turtledove
My son doesn't want to become a mourner

Leave your green and pasture, skylark
Swing my boy, he needs to sleep
He is crying, do not come, skylark
My son doesn't want to become a priest

Leave your hunt, come, brave hawk
Your song may be what my son wants
When the hawk came, my son hushed
And fell into slumber with the songs of war.

*Poet Raphael Patkanian
English translation by Armenuhi Sahakyan*

**only the 1st and last verses will be performed*

**Ձյունը իր երգն է երգում (Snow is singing its song)
from Dream that has been found (Short film) (1976)
Ruben Hakhverdyan (1950-)***

The snow waited long
For the night's sacrament (mystery),
Till the lights got turned off
And the voices got silent.

And suddenly in the night,
Something ringed,
Dancing like a crazy,
Snowflakes fell down.

The snow fells slow,
The snow sings its song,
The snow flows like a thread,
The snow tells its fairy-tale.

Silver butterflies:
Peeled out from blue fairy-tales,
Fluttering fell down,
Filled with song our old town.

Snow, white snow,
Forgive my sins,
White snow, my white tenderness,
White snow, my white childhood.

Golden-haired beautiful lady,
I would not live without you,
Without you the white snow,
Ah, would soon stop.

Come out in the night's
Real fairy-tale,
That till dawn
Takes us into its arms (hugs us).

THANK YOU!