Graduate Student Recital

Erik Lawrence, Piano
Zhongxi Lin, Piano • Valdis Jansons, Baritone

December 8, 2021 | 7:30 pm | Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall

program

Études L. 136 (1915)  
I: pour les cinq doigts  
XI: pour les arpèges composés  
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Estampes L. 100 (1903)  
I. Pagodes  
II. La soirée dans Grenade  
III. Jardins sous la pluie

Fantasia in F minor for Piano Four-Hands (1828), D. 940  
Zhongxi Lin, piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Intermission

Op. 47, No. 6 (1880) “Does the Day Reign?”  
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Op. 38, No. 2 (1878) “It was in the Early Spring”  
Op. 38, No. 3 “Amid the Din of the Ball”  
Op. 60, No. 11 (1886) “The Heroic Deed”  
Op. 38, No. 1 “Don Juan’s Serenade”  
“l love you beyond measure” (Yeletsky) from The Queen of Spades (1890)

Valdis Jansons, baritone

“l love you beyond measure” (Yeletsky) from The Queen of Spades (1890)

Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

“l love you beyond measure” (Yeletsky) from The Queen of Spades (1890)

Valdis Jansons, baritone

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Erik Lawrence is a student of UC Santa Barbara Professor Robert Koenig

Presented by the University of California, Santa Barbara Division of Humanities and Fine Arts in the College of Letters and Science and the UC Santa Barbara Department of Music in partial fulfillment of the Doctor of Musical Arts degree.

UC SANTA BARBARA
**Text and Translations**

**Op. 47, No. 6 (1880) “Does the Day Reign?”**

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Whether the day reigns or the stillness of night,
In incoherent dreams or everyday struggles,
Always with me, making my life whole,
Is the same thought, one fateful thought –
Always of you!
With it I have no fear of ghosts from the past,
My heart leaps again with love…
Faith, dreams, an inspired word,
All that is dear and sacred in my soul –
All of this comes from you!
Whether my hears be bright or despondent,
If I should perish and ruin my life!
There is one thing I know: that to the grave itself,
My thoughts and feelings, songs and strength
Are all for you!

**English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock**

**Op. 38, No. 2 (1878) “It was in the Early Spring”**

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

It was in the early spring,
The grass had barely begun to grow,
The streams were flowing, the air was mild,
And the groves were flecked with green.
The shepherd’s horn
Did not yet ring out in the morning,
And in the pinewood, the slender fern
Was yet to unfurl itself fully;
It was in the early spring,
It was in the shade of birch trees,
When standing before me, smiling,
You lowered your eyes…
It was in answer to my love
That you cast down your gaze –
Oh life! Oh woods! Oh sunlight!
Oh youth! Oh hopes!
And I shed tears before you,
Looking after your tender face –
It was in the early spring,
It was in the shade of birch trees!
It was in the morning of our days!
O happiness! O tears!
O woods! O life! O sunlight!
O fresh scent of the birch tree

**English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock**

Poet: Aleksei Nikolayevich Apukhtin

Poet: Leo Tolstoy
Op. 38, No. 3 “Amid the Din of the Ball”
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Sred shumnovo bala, sluchaino,
V trevoge mirskoi suety,
Tebya ya uvidel, no taina
Tvoi pokryvala cherty.
Lish ochi pechalno glyadeli,
A golos tak divno zvuchal,
Kak zvon otdalyonnoi svireli,
Kak morya igrayushchyi val.
Mne stan tvoi ponravilsa tonkyi
I ves tvoi zadumchivy vid,
A smekh tvoy, i grustnyi, i zvonkyi,
S tekh por v moyom serdtse zvuchit.
V chasy odinokie nochi
Lyublyu ya, ustalyi, prilech;
Ya vizhu pechalnye ochi,
Ya slyshu vesyoluyu rech,
I grustno ya, grustno tak zasypayu,
I v gryozakh nevedomykh splyu …
Lyublyu li tebya, ya ne znayu,
No kazhetsa mne, chto lyublyu!

Poet: Leo Tolstoy

Op. 60, No. 11 (1886) “The Heroic Deed”
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Podvig jest’ i v srazhen’i,
Podvig jest’ i v bor’be,
Vysshij podvig v terpen’i
Ljubvi i mol’be.

Jesli serdce zanylo
Pered zloboj ljudskoj,
Il’ nasil’e skhvatilo
Tebya cep’ju stal’juj,
Jesli skorbi zemnye
Zhalom v dushu vpilis’,
S veroj bodroj i smeloj
Ty za podvig beris’:

Jest’ u podviga kryl’ja,
I vzletish’ ty na nikh,
Bez truda, bez usil’ja,
Vyshe mrakov zemnykh;
Vyshe kryshi temnicy,
Vyshe zloby slepoj,
Vyshe voplej i krikov
Gordoj cherni ljudskoj!

Podvig jest’ i v srazhen’i,
Podvig jest’ i v bor’be,
Vysshij podvig v terpen’i
Ljubvi i mol’be.

Poet: Aleksey Stepanovich Khomyakov (1804-1860)
Op. 38, No. 1 “Don Juan’s Serenade”
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Gasnut dal’nej Al’pukhary
Zolotistye kraja,
Na prizvynyj zvon gitary
Vyjdi, milaja moja!

Vsekh, kto skazhet, chto drugaja
Zdes’ ravnjajetsja s toboj,
Vsekh, ljuboviju sgoraja,
Vsekh, vsekh, vsekh
zovu na smertnyj boj!

Ot lunnogo sveta
Zardel nebosklon,
O, vyjdi, Niseta, o vyjdi, Niseta,
Skorej na balkon!

Ot Sevil’i do Grenady,
V tikhom sumrake nochej,
Razdajutsja serenady,
Razdajotsja stukh mechej.

Mnogo krovi, mnogo pesnej
Dlja prelestnykh l’jutsja dam,
Ja zhe toj, kto vsekh prelestnej,
Vsjo, vsjo, pesn’ i krov’ moju otdam!

Ot lunnogo sveta
Zardel nebosklon,
O, vyjdi, Niseta, o vyjdi, Niseta,
Skorej na balkon!

Poet: Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy, Count (1817-1875)

The distant Alpujarras are growing dim
In the golden distance,
At the inviting sound of my guitar
Come out, my beloved!

All of those who say that another person
Here can compare to you,
All of them, since I am on fire with love,
All of them, all of them,
I shall challenge all of them to a fight to the death!

The light of the moon
Has set fire to the rim of the sky,
Oh, come out, Nisetta, come out, Nisetta,
Quickly, out onto the balcony!

From Sevilla to Granada
In the quiet darkness of the night
Serenades can be heard,
The sound of clashing swords can be heard.

A great deal of blood, a great deal of singing
Pours out for the attractive ladies,
As for me, for the most beautiful of them
I shall give everything, my singing and my blood!

The light of the moon
Has set fire to the rim of the sky,
Oh, come out, Nisetta, come out, Nisetta,
Quickly, out onto the balcony!

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"I love you beyond measure" (Yeletsky)  
from *The Queen of Spades* (1890)  
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

**ELETSKY**  
Postoite na odno mgnovenye!  
Ya dolzhen, dolzhen vam skazat!  
Ya vas lyublyu, lyublyu bezmerno,  
Bez vas ne myslju dnya prozhit,  
Ya podvig sily bezprimernoi  
Gotov sechas dlya vas svershit,  
No, znatie: serdtsa vashevo svododu  
Nischem ya ne khochu stesnyat,  
Gotov skryvatsya vam v ugodu  
I pyl revnivykh chuvstv unyat,  
Na vsy dlya vas gotov ya!  
Ne tolko lyubyashchim suprugom,  
Slugoi poleznym inogda,  
Zhelal by ya byt vashim drugom  
I uteshitelem vsegda.  
No yasno vizhu, chuvstvuyu teper ya,  
Kuda sebya v mechtakh zavlyok,  
Kak malo v vas ko mne doverya,  
Kak chuzhd ya vam i kak dalyok,  
Akh! Ya terzayus etoi dalyu,  
Sostrazhdus vam ya vsei dushoi,  
Pechalyus vashej ya pechalyu  
I plachus naslovno slezoi!  
Akh! Ya terzayus etoi dalyu,  
Sostrazhdy vam ya vsei dushoi!  
Ya vas lyublyu, lyublyu bezmerno...  
O, milaya, dovertes mne!  
Librettist: Modest Tchaikovsky


"At the Gates of the Holy Cloister" (1890)  
Sergei Rachmaninov

**YELETSKY**  
Wait one moment! I simply must speak to you!  
I love you, love ou beyond all measure,  
I cannot conceive a day without you,  
I am ready to accomplish for our sake  
A heroic task requiring matchless strength.  
But he assured I do not wish in any way  
To restrict the liberty of your heart,  
I am rad to hide my feelings in order to please you  
And master the heat ot jealousy,  
I am ready to do an thing, anything for you!  
I should like to be not simply a loving husband  
Or sometimes a useful servant,  
But your friend and always sour conoler.  
Yet I see clearly and feel it now  
How I allowed myself to be misled by my dreams,  
How little trust you have in me, how alien and  
How remote I seem to you.  
Oh! I am tormented by this remoteness,  
All my soul shares in your suffering,  
Your sadness is mine. Your tears, I weep them too!  
Oh! I am tormented by this remoteness.  
All my soul shares in your suffering!  

**At the Gates of the Holy Cloister**  
stood a beggar, exhausted, pale and destitute  
of hunger, thirst and suffering  
Just one piece of bread he asked,  
and his look reflected the torments of his life  
and someone had laid down a stone  
in his extended hand  
Likewise I begged your kindness  
with bitter tears and melancholy heart  
Likewise my better feelings  
you betrayed forever!  
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**U vrat obiteli svjatoj**  
At the gates of the holy cloister  
stood a beggar, exhausted, pale and destitute  
of hunger, thirst and suffering  
Just one piece of bread he asked,  
and his look reflected the torments of his life  
and someone had laid down a stone  
in his extended hand  
Likewise I begged your kindness  
with bitter tears and melancholy heart  
Likewise my better feelings  
you betrayed forever!  
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**Stojal prosjashchij podajan’ja,**  
and his look reflected the torments of his life  
and someone had laid down a stone  
in his extended hand  
Likewise I begged your kindness  
with bitter tears and melancholy heart  
Likewise my better feelings  
you betrayed forever!  
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**[Bednjak issokhshij, chut’ zhivoj]**  
exhausted, pale and destitute  
of hunger, thirst and suffering  
Just one piece of bread he asked,  
and his look reflected the torments of his life  
and someone had laid down a stone  
in his extended hand  
Likewise I begged your kindness  
with bitter tears and melancholy heart  
Likewise my better feelings  
you betrayed forever!  
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**Ot glada, zhazhdy i stradan’ja.**  
of hunger, thirst and suffering  
Just one piece of bread he asked,  
and his look reflected the torments of his life  
and someone had laid down a stone  
in his extended hand  
Likewise I begged your kindness  
with bitter tears and melancholy heart  
Likewise my better feelings  
you betrayed forever!  
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**Kusa lish’ khleba on prosil,**  
Just one piece of bread he asked,  
and his look reflected the torments of his life  
and someone had laid down a stone  
in his extended hand  
Likewise I begged your kindness  
with bitter tears and melancholy heart  
Likewise my better feelings  
you betrayed forever!  
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**I vzor javljal zhiviju muku,**  
and his look reflected the torments of his life  
and someone had laid down a stone  
in his extended hand  
Likewise I begged your kindness  
with bitter tears and melancholy heart  
Likewise my better feelings  
you betrayed forever!  
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**I kto-to kamen’ polozhil,**  
and his look reflected the torments of his life  
and someone had laid down a stone  
in his extended hand  
Likewise I begged your kindness  
with bitter tears and melancholy heart  
Likewise my better feelings  
you betrayed forever!  
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**V jego protjanutuju ruku.**  
and his look reflected the torments of his life  
and someone had laid down a stone  
in his extended hand  
Likewise I begged your kindness  
with bitter tears and melancholy heart  
Likewise my better feelings  
you betrayed forever!  
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**Tak ja molil tvojej ljubvi**  
and his look reflected the torments of his life  
and someone had laid down a stone  
in his extended hand  
Likewise I begged your kindness  
with bitter tears and melancholy heart  
Likewise my better feelings  
you betrayed forever!  
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**S slezami gor’kimi, s toskoju;**  
and his look reflected the torments of his life  
and someone had laid down a stone  
in his extended hand  
Likewise I begged your kindness  
with bitter tears and melancholy heart  
Likewise my better feelings  
you betrayed forever!  
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**[Obmanuty navek]2 toboju!**  
and his look reflected the torments of his life  
and someone had laid down a stone  
in his extended hand  
Likewise I begged your kindness  
with bitter tears and melancholy heart  
Likewise my better feelings  
you betrayed forever!  
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**Poet: Mikhail Yur’evich Lermontov (1814-1841)**

Librettist: Modest Tchaikovsky
“I Shall Tell You Nothing” (1890)
Sergei Rachmaninov

Ya tebe nichego ne skazhu
[i]1 tebya ne vstrevozhu nichut’,
i o tom, chto ya molcha tverzhu,
ne reshus’ ni za chto nameknut’.

Czely’j den’ spyat nochny’e czvety’,
no, lish’ solnce za [roshhi]2 zajdyot,
[raskry’vayutsya tixo listy’,]3
i ya sly’hu, kak serdce czvetyot...
I v bol’nuyu, ustaluyu grud’
veet vlagoj nochnoj... YA drozhu...

Poet: Afanasy Afanas’yevich Fet (1820-1892)

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“Oh No, I Beg You, Do Not Leave!”
Op. 4, No. 1 (1893)
Sergei Rachmaninov

O, net, molju, ne ukhodi!
Vsja bol’ nichto pered razlukoj,
Ja slishkom schastliv
’Etoj mukoj,
Sil’nej prizhmi menja k grudi,
Skazhi ljublju.

Prishjol ja vnov’,
Boł’noj, izmuchennyj i blednyj.
Smotri, kakoj ja slabyj, bednyj,
Kak mne nuzhna tvoja ljubov’...

Muchenij novykh vperedi
Ja zhdu kak lasku, kak poceluja,
I ob odnom molju, toskuju:
O, bud’ so mnoj, ne ukhodi!

Poet: Dmitry S. Merezhkovsky (1865–1941)

Translation from: https://www.chandos.net/chanimages/Booklets/OD1207.pdf
“In the Silence of the Secret Night” Op. 4, No. 3
Sergei Rachmaninov

O, dolgo budu ja, v molchan’i nochi tajnoj,
Kovarnyj lepet tvoj, ulybku, vzor sluchajnyj;
Perstam poslushnuju volos gustuju prijad’,
Iz myslej izgonjat’, i snova prizyvat’;
Dysha poryvisto, odin, nikem ne zrimy,
Dosady i styda rumjanami palimy;
Iskat’ khotja odnoj zagadochnoj cherty
V slovakh, kotorye proiznosila ty;
Sheptat’ i popravljat’ bylye vyrazhen’ja
Rechej moikh s toboj, ispolnennykh smushchen’ja,
I v op’janenii, naperekor umu,
Zavetnym imenem budit’ nochnuju mglu.

Poet: Afanasy Afanas’yevich Fet (1820-1892)

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock
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Sergei Rachmaninov

Ya zhdu tebya! Zakat ugas,
I nochi tyomny’e pokrovy’n
Spustit`sya na zemlyu gotovy’n
I spryatat` nas.

YA zhdu tebya! Dushistoj mgloj
Noch` napoila mir usnuvshij,
I razluchil`sya den` minuvshij
Na vek s zemlej.

YA zhdu tebya! Terzayas` i lyubya,
Schitayu kazhdy`a mgnoven`ya,
Polna toski i neterpen`ya.
YA zhdu tebya!

Poet: Maria Avgustovna Davidova (1863-?)

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Sergei Rachmaninov

Prokhodit vse, i net k nemu vozvrata.
Zhizn` mchitsja vdal’, mgningenja bystrej,
Gde zvuki slov, zvuchavshikh nam
kogda-to?
Gde svet zari nas ozarjavshikh
dnej?
Rascvel cvetok, a zavtra on
uvjanet.
Gorit` ag`on’, chtob vskore otgoret’
Idet volna, nad nej drugaja vstanet...
Ja ne mogu veselykh pesen` pet’!

Poet: Daniil M. Rathaus (1868-1937)

Everything passes, without return.
Life runs along and so do fleeting moments.
Where are the echoes of the words we once used to hear?
Where is the light of the dawns that used to brighten up our days?
The flower has blossomed, and it will have wilted by tomorrow,
The more flames flare up, the faster they will fade...
A wave comes, and the next one rolls on...
I can no longer sing joyful songs!

Translation from: https://www.chandos.net/chanimages/Booklets/OD1207.pdf
“Sing Not, O Lovely One” Op. 4, No. 4
Sergei Rachmaninov

Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi;
Napominayut mne one
Druguyu zhizn i bereg dalnyi.
Uvy, napominayut mne
Tvoi zhestokie napevy
I step, i noch – i pri lune
Cherty dalyokoy, miloi devï.

Poet: Alexander Pushkin

Oh do not sing for me, fair maiden,
Those Georgian songs so sad;
They remind me
Of another life and a distant shore.
Alas, your cruel strains
Remind me
Of the steppe and the night,
And the moonlit face of my distant beloved.

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“Spring Waters” Op. 14, No. 11 (1896)
Sergei Rachmaninov

Jeshchjo v poljakh belejet sneg,
A vody uzh vesnoj shumjat —
Begut i budjat sonnyj breg,
Begut, i bleshchut, i glasjat...
Oni glasjat vo vse koncy:
“Vesna idjot, vesna idjot!
My molodoj vesny goncy,
Ona nas vyslala vperjod.

Vesna idjot, vesna idjot,
I tikhikh, teplykh majskih dnej
Rumjanyj, svetlyj khorovod
Tolpitsja veselo za nej!... “

Poet: Fyodor I. Tyutchev (1803-1873)

Although snow still whitens the fields,
Spring is already here in the murmur of the waters
That run and awaken the sleepy riverbanks,
That run and dance and shout.
They shout high and low:
“Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
We are the young heralds of spring,
It sent us forth.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming,
And the bright and rosy dance
Of the quiet warm may days
Is merrily clustering behind it!”

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ALEKO
Vyes’ tabor spit.
Luna nad nim polnochnoy krasotoyu blyeshchet.
Shto zh serdtsa byednoye trepeshchet?
Kakoyu grust‘yu ya tovim?
Ya byez zabot, byez sozhalen’ya vvedu kochuyushchiye
dni.
Prezryev okovï prosveshchen’y, ya volyen tak zhe, kak
oni.
Ya zhil, nye priznava vlasti sud’bi kovarnoy i slepoy.
No, Bozhe, kak igrayut strasti moyey poslushnoy
dushoy!
Zemfira! Kak ona lyubila!

Kak nyezhno priklonyas’ ko mnye v pustiny v tishine
chasi nochniye provodila!
Kak chasto milim lepet’uyem, upoitel’nim lobzan’yem
zadumchivost’ moyu v minutu
razognat’ umyela!
Ya pomnyu: s nyego, polnoy strasti sheptala mnye ona
toga:
“Lyubyu tebya! V tvoey va vlasti! Tvoya, Aleko,
navsegda!”
I vsyo toga ya zabival, kogda recham yeyo vnimal i, kak
byezumnii, tseloval yeyo
charuyushchiye ochi, kos chudnih pryad’,
timnee nochii usta Zimfiry…
Ah ana fsgaj, strastju palna priluf ka mne v glaza
glidela
Ee shtosh? Zimfira niverna,
maja Zimfira ahladela

Librettist: Vladimir Nemirovich-Danchenko (1858–1943)

The entire encampment sleeps.
The moon shines with its midnight beauty overhead.
Why does my poor heart quiver?
With what sadness do I languish?
Without cares, without regret I spend my days in no- 
madic roaming.
Feeling contempt for the shackles of civilisation, I am 
free as they are,
I have lived without acknowledging the authority of a
perfidious and blind fate,
But, my God, how the passion rules my obedient soul.
Zemfira! How she used to love!

How tenderly, leaning against me, In the deserted 
silence She loved to spend her time.
How often with her dear babbling, And breath-taking
kisses, My gloom she could chase
away in minutes.
I remember with bliss and passion she then would whis-
per to me:
“I love you, I am in your power! I am yours, Aleko, 
forever!”
I used to forget everything when I was listening to her
and kissed madly her charming
eyes, the locks of her hair, darker than night, her lips …
And she possessed by happiness and passion, Leaned
on my and looked into my
eyes…
And now? Zemfira is unfaithful.
My Zemfira’s forgotten me!

Translation from: https://www.singrussian.co.uk/wp-
About the Artist

Pianist Erik Lawrence has experience in orchestral, chamber music, art song, operatic, and choral genres. Erik has given performances at the Canadian Opera Company’s Virtuoso Pianist Afternoon Concert Series, at the International Holland Music Sessions in Bergen, Netherlands, and performed Rachmaninoff’s Third Piano Concerto with the Lake Charles Symphony. He was orchestral keyboardist with the Topeka Symphony Orchestra. He began his Doctoral studies in Collaborative Piano at UC Santa Barbara with Robert Koenig, and was a TA at UM Kansas City where he earned a Master’s Degree with Dr. Robert Weirich. Before that, he received an Artist’s Diploma from the Glenn Gould School with pianist John O’Conor, and a Bachelor’s Degree from Rice University with Dr. Robert Roux in his hometown of Houston, Texas. Erik currently works and studies in the Santa Barbara area, where he is a TA collaborative pianist at UCSB, plays with the Santa Barbara Master Chorale, and in private voice lessons with Dr. Isabel Bayrakdarian and Marilyn Horne.