

REVOLUTION RETROSPECTIVE

Tuesday 10 October, 7.30pm

An evening of Russian poetry and song

RNCM **SONGSTERS**

TIMOTHY WEST



RUSSIAN OCTOBER

RNCM SONGSTERS

The RNCM Songsters are a specially auditioned group of singers and pianists who have a passion for song, from which students are specially selected for various internal and external engagements. The group comprises of a variety of voices, allowing for exciting and creative repertoire programming. The artistic direction is led by RNCM Staff Pianist Jonathan Fisher, with further guest tutors including Julius Drake, Alice Coote, David Owen Norris, Ian Partridge and Roderick Williams.

The RNCM Songsters have given recitals at many of the RNCM's major festivals, in addition to recitals for Leeds Lieder Festival, St. John's Smith Square London, Friends of Buxton Festival, The English Music Festival, and many music societies across the north of England.

TIMOTHY WEST

Timothy West's appearances in the London Theatre have included *Gentle Jack*, *Exiles*, *The Italian Girl*, *Abelard and Heloise*, *The Homecoming*, *Hedda Gabler*, *Beecham*, *Master Class*, *When we are Married*, *The Sneeze*, *It's Ralph*, *Twelve Angry Men*, *The Birthday Party*, *The Old Country*, *The Collection* and *A Number*.

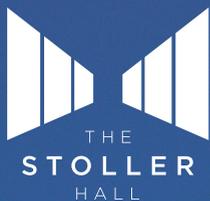
At the National Theatre he has performed in *Long Day's Journey into Night*, *King Lear*, and *Luther*; at the Royal Court in *Laughter*; in seasons with the RSC and at Chichester Festival; and with Prospect/Old Vic Company, for whom he played King Lear, Bolingbroke, Prospero, Shylock, Claudius and Enobarbus. At the Birmingham Rep, Galileo. For English Touring Theatre, on tour and in London he has played Falstaff in both parts of *Henry IV*, Solness in Ibsen's *The Master Builder*, King Lear, Arthur Winslow in *The Winslow Boy*, and Romka in Ronald Harwood's *The Handyman*.

Television includes *Edward VII*, *Churchill and the Generals*, *Brass*, *The Monocled Mutineer*, *The Good Doctor* *Bodkin Adams*, *What the Butler Saw*, *The Contractor*, *Blore, M.P.*, *Beecham*, *Framed*, *Eleven Men Against Eleven*, *Murder in Mind*, *Bedtime*, *Bleak House*, *A Room with a View*, *Going Postal*, *Exile*, *Titanic*, *Inside No. 9* and various series including recently *Coronation Street* and *Eastenders*.

Recent films: *Ever After*, *Joan of Arc*, *Villa des Roses*, *Iris*, *The Fourth Angel* and *Beyond Borders*.

He has taken part in over 500 radio broadcasts, and recorded many Talking Books. His autobiography *A Moment Towards the End of the Play*, and *So You Want to be an Actor* (co-written with his wife Prunella Scales) are published by Nick Hern Books.

He was made CBE in 1984, and is currently President of the London Academy of Dramatic Art, and of the Society for Theatre Research.



ST. GEORGE'S SINGERS

RACHMANINOV Vespers

Saturday 21 October, 7.30pm

RUSSIAN OCTOBER

www.stollerhall.com

PROGRAMME

Nikolai RIMSKY-KORSAKOV *Eastern Song: The Nightingale Enslaved
by the Rose Op. 2 No. 2 (1867)*

Text: Aleksey Vasilyevich Koltsov

Yuliya Shkvarko Soprano

Plenivshis' rozoy, solovey
I den' i noch' poyot nad ney;
No roza molcha pesnyam vnemlet...
Nevinnyy son yeyo ob"yemlet...

Na lire tak pevets inoy
Poyot dlya devy molodoy;
On strast'yu plamennoy sgorayet,
A deva milaya ne znayet --
Komu poyot on? otchego
Pechal'ny pesni tak yego?...

Aleksandr BORODIN *The Sea Princess (1868)*

Text: Aleksandr Porfiryevich Borodin

Charlotte Badham Mezzo Soprano

Pridi ko mne nochnoy poroy,
o putnik molodoy!
Zdes' pod vodoy
i prokhlada, i pokoy.

Ty zdes' otdokhnosh',
ty sladko zasnosh',
kachayas', na zybkiikh vodakh,
gde, negi polna,
lish' dremler volna
v pustynnykh beregakh.

Po zybi morskoy
sama za toboy
tsarevna morskaya plyvot!
Ona manit, ona poyot,
k sebe tebya zovot...

Rachel Fright Piano

The Nightingale in fervent song
Doth woo the rose the whole night long,
But to his lay no ear she lendeth,
Her head in innocence she bendeth.

Thus oft the lover sings a strain,
To his guitar, of grief and pain,
With glowing love he hopeth, feareth,
But even if the maiden heareth,
She doth not know of whom he sings,
Or why his song so sadly rings.

Rachel Fright Piano

Come to me at night,
Young traveller!
Here beneath the water
All is cool and calm.

You will find rest here
And a sweet sleep,
Rocked by the rippling water
Where, at peace,
The waves rest
On deserted shores.

Through the waves of the sea
Following behind you
Swims the Sea-Princess!
She beckons and she sings
Calling you to approach her.

Nikolai RIMSKY-KORSAKOV *Song of Zuleika* Op. 26 No. 4 (1882)

Text: Ivan Ivanovich Kozlov, from Byron

Yuliya Shkvarko Soprano

Rachel Fright Piano

Lyubovnik rozy-solovey
prislal tebe tsvetok svoymilyy:
on budet pesneyu svoey
vsyu noch' plenyat' tvoy dukh unylyy.
On lyubit pet' v tishi nochey,
i dyshit pesn' yego toskoyu;
No, obnadezhenny mechtouy,
spoyot on pesnyu veseley.
I s dumoy taynoy moyey
tebya kosnetsya pen'ya sladost'
i napoyot na serdtse radost'
lyubovni rozy-solovey.

The nightingale upon the roses
Sends you the fairest flower
Throughout the night he sings
A charm for your weary soul.
Through the still of the night he sings
His voice a breath of melancholy.
Then, waking from a dream,
His song grows bright with gladness
Sharing my secret
Singing sweetly
A song of joy from the heart
Of a nightingale upon a rose.

Mily BALAKIREV *The Young Moon Ascended into the Sky* (1858)

Text: M. Yatsevitch

Yuliya Shkvarko Soprano

Rachel Fright Piano

Vzoshol na nebo mesyats yasnyy,
Tumany v pole uleglis',
YA zhdu tebya, moy drug prekrasnnyy,
Na zov moy nezhnnyy otzovis'.

The young moon ascended into the sky
As mists hung upon the field,
I'm waiting for you, fair one,
To answer my gentle call.

Soydi syuda na bereg tomnyy,
Nas skroyet sumrak goluboy,
I ne primetit vzor neskromnyy
Moyey besedy zdes' s toboy.

Come down here to the nighttime shore
Concealed by the dark blue dusk,
You need not fear for your modesty
When you speak with me here.

O! ty uznayesh', kak lyublyu ya,
Dlya chuvstv serdechnykh net rechey,
Ikh skazhet sladost' potseluya,
Ob'yatiy zhar, ogon' ochey.

I will let you know how much I love
Though words can't tell the feelings of the
heart,
I will speak through the sweetness of my
kiss,
The warmth of my arms, the fire in my eyes.

**Tatyana's Letter from *Eugene Onegin* by Alexander Pushkin
Read by Timothy West**

Pyotr Ilyich TCHAIKOVSKY *None but the Lonely Heart* Op. 6 No. 6 (1869)

Text: Lev Aleksandrovich Mey, from Goethe

Ryan Davies Tenor

David Jones Piano

Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal svidan'ja, zhazhdu,
pojnjot, kak ja stradal i kak ja strazhdu.
Gljazhu ja vdal'... net sil, tusknejet oko...
Akh, kto menja ljubil i znal — daleko!
Akh, tol'ko tot, kto znal svidan'ja zhazhdu,
pojnjot, kak ja stradal i kak ja strazhdu.
Vsja grud' gorit...
Kto znal svidan'ja zhazhdu,
pojnjot, kak ja stradal i kak ja strazhdu.

None but the lonely heart can know my
sadness
Alone and parted far from joy and gladness
Heaven's boundless arch I see spread out
above me
Oh what a distance drear to one who loves
me
None but the lonely heart can know my
sadness
Alone and parted far from joy and gladness
Alone and parted far from joy and gladness
My senses fail; a burning fire devours me
None but the lonely heart can know my
sadness.

Pyotr Ilyich TCHAIKOVSKY *Don Juan's Serenade* Op. 38 No. 1 (1878)

Text: Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy

John Ieuan Jones Baritone

David Jones Piano

Gasnut dal'ney Al'pukhary
Zolotistyye kraya,
Na prizyvnyy zvon gitary
Vvydi, milaya moya!
Vsekh, kto skazhet, chto drugaya
Zdes' ravnayetsya s toboy,
Vsekh, lyuboviyu sgoraya,
Vsekh, vsekh, vsekh zovu na smertnyy boy!

Darkness descends on the remote Alpujara's
Golden outline.
To the inviting tune of my guitar
Come out, my beloved.

Ot lunnogo sveta
Zardel nebosklon,
O, vvydi, Niseta, o vvydi, Niseta,
Skorey na balkon!

Whoever would dare to say
That another can stand equal to you
With all my passion
I will challenge to a duel.

Ot Sevil'i do Grenady,
V tikhom sumrake nochey,
Razdayutsya serenady,
Razdayotsya stukh mechey.

The moonlight
Coloured the sky in red,
Oh do come out, Nisetta,
On your balcony.

Mnogo krovi, mnogo pesney
Dlya prelestnykh l'yutsya dam,
YA zhe toy, kto vsekh prelestney,
Vso, vso, pesn' i krov' moyu otdam!

From Seville to Granada
In the quiet darkness of the night
You can hear the music of serenades
And the sounds of swords clashing.

How much blood, how many songs
Are pouring out for the sake of beautiful
dames
But only for the most beautiful of them all
I will give my song and my blood.

Pyotr Ilyich TCHAIKOVSKY *Dawn Op. 46 No. 6 (1880)*

Text: Ivan Zakharovich Surikov

Ryan Davies Tenor **John Ieuean Jones** Baritone

David Jones Piano

Zanyalas' zarya;
Skoro solntse vzoydot.
Slyshish'... chu! ... solovey
Gromko pesni poyot.

Dawn has come;
Soon the sun will rise.
Do you hear ... chu! ... the nightingale
Brilliantly singing.

Vse yarchey i yarchey
Perelivy zari;
Slovno par nad rekoy
Podnyalsya, posmotri.

All bright, all aglow
Dawn comes creeping
Lighting the mist on the river
I stand and stare.

Ot tsvetov na polyakh
L'yotsya zapakh krugom,
I siyayet rosa
Na trave serebrom.

From blossoms in the fields
Sweet scent comes pouring,
Morning's dew shines
Silver on the grass.

I k vode naklonyas',
Chto-to shepchet kamysh;
A krugom, na polyakh,
Neprobudnaya tish'...

Leaning to touch the water
The reeds are whispering
And on the field beside them
The silence is complete.

Kak otradno, legko,
Shiroko dyshit grud'
Nu, molis' zhe skorey!
Nu, molis'! Poskorey!
Nu, molis', da i v put'!

How easily, how thankfully
I breathe the air!
Quickly, say a prayer!
Pray! Hurry!
Pray, and be gone!

Nad rekoy, naklonyas',
Chto-to shepchet kamysh...
A krugom, na polyakh,
Neprobudnaya tish'...
Neprobudnaya tish'...

Over the river, leaning,
The reeds are whispering
And on the field beside them
The silence is complete...
The silence is complete...

***The Kreutzer Sonata* (excerpt from Chapter 23) by Leo Tolstoy
Read by Timothy West**

Sergei RACHMANINOV

Spring Waters Op. 14 No. 11 (1896)

Text: Fyodor Tyutchev

Rebecca Barry Mezzo Soprano

Rachel Fright Piano

Yeshcho v polyakh beleyet sneg,
A vody uzh vesnoy shumyat --
Begut i budyat sonnyy breg,
Begut, i bleshchut, i glasyat...

Oni glasyat vo vse kontsy:
«Vesna idot, vesna idot!
My molodoy vesny gontsy,
Ona nas vyslala vperod.

Vesna idot, vesna idot,
I tikhikh, teplykh mayskikh dney
Rumyanyy, svetlyy khorovod
Tolpitsya veselo za ney!...»

The fields are still covered with white snow.
But the streams are already rolling in a spring
mood,
Running and awakening the sleepy shore,
Running and glittering and announcing
loudly.

They are announcing to every corner:
“Spring is coming, spring is coming!
We are the messengers of young spring,
She has sent us ahead.

Spring is coming, spring is coming!”
And the quiet, warm May days,
In a rosy, bright dancing circle.
Follow her, merrily crowded.

Sergei RACHMANINOV

In the Silence of the Night Op. 4 No. 3 (1896)

Text: Afanasy Afanasyevich Fet

Liam McNally Baritone

Rachel Fright Piano

O, dolgo budu ya, v molchan'ï nochi taynoy,
Kovarnyy lepet tvoy, ulybku, vzor
sluchaynyy,
Perstam poslushnuyu volos gustuyu pryad',
Iz mysley izgonyat', i snova prizyvay';
Dysha poryvisto, odin, nikem ne zrimyy,
Dosady i styda rumyanami palimyy,
Iskat' khotya odnoy zagadochnoy cherty
V slovakh, kotoryye proiznosila ty;
Sheptat' i popravlyat' bylyye vyrazhen'ya
Rechey moikh s toboy, ispolnennykh
smushchen'ya,
I v op'yanenii, naperekor umu,
Zavetnym imenem budit' nochnuyu mglu.

In the silence of the mysterious night,
Your alluring babble, smiles and glances,
Your fleeting glances,
The locks of your rich hair,
Locks pliant under my fingertips -
I will long be trying to get rid of the images
only to call them back again.
I will be repeating and correcting in a
whisper
The words I've told you, the words full of
awkwardness,
And, drunk with love, contrary to reason,
I will be awakening the night's darkness with
a cherished name.

Sergei RACHMANINOV *Lilacs Op. 21 No. 5 (1902)*

Text: Ekaterina Andreyevna Beketova

Rhiain Taylor Mezzo Soprano

Jonathan Fisher Piano

Po utru, na zare,
Po rosistoy trave,
YA poydu svezhim utrom dyshat';
I v dushistuyu ten',
Gde tesnitsya siren',
Ya poydu svoye schast'ye iskat'...

In the morning, at daybreak,
Over the dewy grass,
I will go to breathe in the crisp dawn;
And in the fragrant shades,
Where the lilacs crowd,
I will go to seek my happiness...

V zhizni schast'ye odno
Mne nayti suzhdeno,
I to schast'ye v sireni zhivot;
Na zelonykh vetvyakh,
Na dushistykh kistyakh
Moyo bednoye schast'ye tsvetot...

In life, only one happiness
Was fated for me to discover,
And that happiness lives in the lilacs;
On the green boughs,
On the fragrant bunches,
My poor happiness blossoms...

Sergei RACHMANINOV *How Fair This Spot Op. 21 No. 7 (1902)*

Text: Glafira Adolfovna Galina

Kimberley Raw Soprano

Jonathan Fisher Piano

Zdes' khorosho...
Vzglyani, vdali
Ognom gorit reka;
Tsvetnym kovrom luga legli,
Beleyut oblaka.
Zdes' net lyudey...
Zdes' tishina...
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ya.
Tsvety, da staraya sosna,
Da ty, mechta moya!

How fair this spot...
See - far away,
The river is ablaze with fire;
The meadows are laid out like carpets of
colour
The clouds are white.
Nobody is here...
Here it is silent...
Only God is here, and I,
The flowers, the old pine tree,
And you, my dream!

Russian Revolution by Mikhail Kuzmin
Read by Timothy West

Sergei RACHMANINOV *Arion* Op. 34 No. 5 (1912)

Text: Aleksandr Sergeyeovich Pushkin

Kimberley Raw Soprano

Jonathan Fisher Piano

Nas bylo mnogo na chelne:

Inyye parus napryagali,

Drugiyе druzhno upirali

V glub' moshchny vosla.

V tishine,

Na rul' sklonyas', nash kormishchik umnyy

V molchan'і pravil gruznyy choln;

A ya bespechnoy very poln

Plovtsam ya pel...

Vdrug lono voln

Izmyal s nalotu vikhor' shumnyy...

Pogib i kormshchik i plovets!

Lish' ya, tainstvennyy pevets,

Na bereg vybroshen grozoyu.

YA gimny prezhniye poyu,

I rizu vlazhnuyu moyu

Sushu na solntse pod skaloyu.

There were many of us upon the sea:

Some straining at the sail,

Some huddled closely

Strongly rowing.

In the silence,

Our clever captain leaned upon the wheel

Silently steering our laden ship

And I, forever faithful,

Sang for the sailors.

Suddenly a great wave

A violent storm raged loud...

The captain and sailors perished!

Only I, the singer, poet,

Was washed up to the shore.

To sit and sing old hymns

As my drenched robes

Dry on the sun-warmed stones.

INTERVAL



CHETHAM'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SHOSTAKOVICH

Symphony No. 12: The Year 1917

TCHAIKOVSKY

Festival Overture: The Year 1812

COPLAND

Concerto for Clarinet

Oliver Burrow clarinet

Stephen Threlfall conductor

INSIDE THE ORCHESTRA

Sunday 15 October, 2-4pm at The Stoller Hall, Chetham's | £10

Delve deeper into the programme through dialogue, visual art and music

Friday 20 October, 7.30pm

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Chetham's
School of Music



Chetham's OPEN DAY

Saturday 14 October
Saturday 20 January

www.chethams.com

ACT II

To Russia by Vladimir Myakovsky Read by Timothy West

Sergei PROKOFIEV 'Field of the Dead' from *Alexander Nevsky* Op. 78 No. 6 (1938)

Text: Vladimir Lugovsky

Lucy Vallis Mezzo Soprano

Ya poydu po polyu belomu,
Polechu po polyu smertnomu,
Poishchu ya slavnykh sokolov,
Zhenikhov moikh, dobrykh molodtsev.
Kto lezhit, mechami porublenny,
Kto lezhit, streloyu poranenny,
Napoiili oni krov'yu aloyu Zemlyu chestnuyu,
zemlyu russkuyu.
Kto pogib za Rus' smert'yu dobroyu,
Potseluyu togo v ochi mertvyeye,
A tomu molodtsu, chto ostalsya zhit',
Budu vernoy zhenoy, miloy ladoyu.
Ne voz'mu v muzh'ya krasivogo, -
Krasota zemnaya konchitsya.
A poydu ya za khrabrogo.
Otzovitesya, yasny sokoly!

David Jones Piano

I will go across the snow-clad field,
I will fly above the field of death.
I will search for valiant warriors,
My betrothed, my stalwart youths,
Here lies one felled by a wild saber;
There lies one impaled by an arrow.
From their wounds blood fell like
Rain on our native soil, on Russian fields.
He who fell for Russia in noble death shall
Be blessed by my kiss on his eyes and to
Brave lad who remained alive,
I will be a true wife and loving friend.
I'll not be wed to a handsome man;
Earthly charm and beauty fade fast and die.
I'll be wed to the man who's brave.
Give heed to this, brave warriors!

Arno BABADJANIAN

Piano Trio in F# minor (1952)

Allegretto

Tianyang Han Piano

Lu Liu Violin

Yuuki Bouterey-Ishido Cello

The Twelve by Alexander Blok
Read by Timothy West

Dmitri SHOSTAKOVICH *The Storm* Op. 127 No. 5 (1967)

Text: Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Blok

Charlotte Richardson Soprano

Lu Liu Violin

Tianyan Han Piano

Yuuki Bouterey-Ishido Cello

O, kak bezumno za oknom
Revjot, bushujet burja zlaja,
Nesutsja tuchi, l'jut dozhdjom,
I veter vojet, zamiraja!

Uzhasna noch! V takuju noch'
Mne zhal' ljudej, lishjonnykh krova,
Sozhalen'e gonit proch' -
V ob''jat'ja kholoda syrogo!

Borot'sja s mrakom i dozhdjom,
Stradalcev uchast' razdeljaja...
O, kak bezumno za oknom
Bushujet veter, iznyvaja!

Outside my window, savage and wild,
The storm roars and fiercely rages,
Stormclouds scatter, rain pours down
And the howling wind fades into silence!

A dreadful night! A night on which
I pity those without shelter
A pity deep enough to drive me out
Into the chill arms of this wintery night.

I fight through darkness and through rain,
Ally myself with outcasts, share their
suffering...
Outside my window, savage and wild,
The howling wind fades into exhaustion.

Dmitri SHOSTAKOVICH *Secret Signs Op. 127 No. 6 (1967)*

Text: Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Blok

Daniella Sicari Soprano

Lu Liu Violin

Tianyan Han Piano

Yuuki Bouterey-Ishido Cello

Razgorajutsja tajnye znaki
Na glukhoj, neprobudnoj stene.
Zolotye i krasnye maki
Nado mnoj tjugotejut vo sne.

Ukryvajus' v nochnye peshchery
I ne pomnju surovyykh chudes.
Na zare golubye khimery
Smotrjat v zerkale jarkikh nebes.

Ubegaju v proshedshije migi,
Zakryvaju ot strakha glaza,
Na listakh kholodejushchej knigi -
Zolotaja devich'ja kosa.

Nado mnoj nebosvod uzhe nizok,
Chjornyj son tjugotejet v grudi.
Moj konec prednachertannyj blizok,
I vojna, i pozhar - vpered...

Secret signs appear
Upon the impassable wall
Poppies, red and golden,
Blossom in my dreams.

I drown in midnight caverns
These magical visions fading.
My dreamning thoughts
Are mirrored in the shining skies.

These glimpses disappear
Like the closing eyes
Of a fair maiden
Like the pages of a book.

The stars are hanging low,
Darker dreams lie heavy on my heart.
My end is near, my fate decided,
Fire and war await me.

Dmitri SHOSTAKOVICH *Music Op. 127 No. 7 (1967)*

Text: Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Blok

Daniella Sicari Soprano

Lu Liu Violin

Tianyan Han Piano

Yuuki Bouterey-Ishido Cello

V noch', kogda usnjot trevoga
I gorod skrojetsja vo mgle,
O, skol'ko muzyki u boga,
Kakije zvuki na zemle!

Chto burja zhizni,
Jesli rozy tvoje cvetut mne i gorjat!
Chto chelovecheskije sljozy,
Kogda rumjanitsja zakat!

Primi, Vladychica vselennoj,
Skvoz' krov', skvoz' muki, skvoz' groba
Poslednej strasti kubok pennyj
Ot nedostojnogo raba.

When the night brings peace
When the city sleeps in darkness,
There comes a heavenly music
Wonderful sounds are heard!

Forget the hard times of your life
Look for the brightness of a rose!
Forget the sorrows of the earth
Look for the redness of the sunset.

O, Master of the universe,
Accept, through pain, through blood,
The cup I bring you, overflowing
With the last passions of this unworthy one.

Forthcoming Events

Saturday 21 October, 7.30pm

St George's Singers

GORECKI *Totus tuus*

TAVENER *Song for Athene*

LUKASZEWSKI *Nunc Dimittis*

RACHMANINOV *Vespers*

Saturday 11 November, 7.30pm

Salford Choral Society

POULENC *Gloria*

STRAVINSKY *Serenade in A*

FAURÉ *Cantique de Jean Racine*

FAURÉ *Requiem*

Wednesday 22 November, 7.30pm

Chetham's Vocal Concert

Classical and modern vocal repertoire, performed by superb young voices.

Saturday 9 December, 7.30pm

Cara Dillon: *Upon A Winter's Night*

Classic Carols, Celtic Hymns and songs to celebrate and share in the Christmas spirit.

Sunday 11 February, 4.30pm & 6.30pm

Scenes from Mozart's Operas

Stunning young singers from Chetham's Sixth Form present semi-staged scenes from Mozart's operas in Chetham's medieval Baronial Hall.

Wednesday 4 March, 2.30pm

Marcus Farnsworth: Vocal masterclass

Part of our Haworth Masterclass Series - open to the public, and free to all students and under 18s.