

ROMEO ET JULIETTE BY CHARLES GOUNOD

JE VEUX VIVRE

XU LEI

I wish to live only in this intoxicating dream.
Sweet flame, my heart holds you as a treasure.
The flame of youth, alas, burns but a day.
The time to weep comes, and the heart surrenders to love.
And joy flies away forever!
I want to remain in this intoxicating dream.
Sweet flame of youth, my heart holds you as a treasure.
Far from snowy winter, do not wake me;
But let me breathe in the rose, before it withers.

Пиковая дама (QUEEN OF SPADES) BY PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

IT IS NOT YET MIDNIGHT

DINA KUZNETSOVA

It is not yet midnight, and Herman is not here.
Ah, surely he will come to set at rest my anguish.
'Twas fate that lured him on.
A crime so hateful he could not have done.
Oh, I am weary, and worn with my sorrow.
Ever in sight, morning and night,
Crushing my heart like a heavy stone.
Past days of joy, now flown by.
Ah, I am weary and all alone.
Once life was radiant with promise,
Then came dark cares, woe and despair.
Shattering the hopes that I cherished.
Fortune and love, both have perished.
Ah, I am worn by my sorrow.

Евгений Онегин (EUGENE ONEGIN) BY PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

YOU WILL LOVE ANOTHER ONE DAY

YUN HYUNG

You wrote to me. Do not deny it.
I read the confessions of a trusting soul;
of love's innocent admission.
Your sincerity is dear, and reminded me of feelings long forgotten.
But, I am not here to praise or flatter you,
but to give a confession equally honest.
Accept what I tell you,
and then decide for yourself.

If I were the kind of man to be limited by a life of domestic bliss,
If I were destined to be a husband,
You would truly be a bride I would prize.
But I am not made for that life.
It is foreign to me.
I would be unworthy of all your qualities.
Believe what I tell you.
Wedlock for us would be abhorrent.
No matter how much I may love you,
I would fall out of love that same hour.
The roses of Gimeny would wilt, perhaps it would take years, perhaps days.
Dreams are lost in the dull march of time, with no return.
I love you as a brother loves – and yes, perhaps more – perhaps.
Hear me, without anger.
You will love another one day.
Another will fill your maiden's dreams.

那就是我 (LITTLE RIVER OF MY HOME)
XU LEI & JOSHUA STEWART

I miss the little river in my hometown and the water mill that is singing by the water.
Oh, Mother, If there is a wave that is smiling to you,
that is just me, that is just me, that is just me.

I miss the smoke from kitchen chimneys in my hometown,
and the ox cart that is going to the market on the little road.
Oh, Mother, If there is a bamboo flute blowing to you,
that is me, that is me, that is me.

I miss the lights on the fishing boats, and the beautiful trumpet shells,
Oh, Mother, if there is a sail sailing to you,
that is just me, that is just me, that is just me.

I miss the bright moon in my hometown, and the green mountains are fleshing in the water.
Oh, mother, if you have heard a folk song from far away,
that is just me, that is just me, that is just me.

가고파 (NOSTALGIA) BY DONGJIN KIM
JOSEPH KYUNGTEAK LIM

My hometown, the blue South Sea,
Comes into view as scenes from the past.
How can I forget the calm blue sea?
No, never, never even in my dreams.
Seagulls there now still might be flying,
How I wish to return to home.
Missing all those friends of mine,
Old playmates for whom I so long.
How could I forget my dear friends,
Who I used to run around with?
I do wonder what they might do now,
Wishing to see them, I do sure want.

Those seagulls and my playmates,
They all must be still at my home town.
Why on earth I'm here all alone,
Far, far away from my home town?
Shouldn't I leave all behind here now,
To fly back home -- shouldn't I?
There, there, I could live as in those days
When we all were together
Dressed in colorful coats of festivity,
Laughing and leaping, shouldn't I return,
To those days when there weren't tears?
Wishing to return, I do so want.

고향의 노래 (SONG OF MY HOME TOWN) BY SUIN LEE
LEE SANGMIN

On a frosty morning,
There are some aging chrysanthemums.
Blue-winged geese are flying to the north.
Ah! Look at the quiet countryside now!
The lamp of floral-patterns still glow
On the snow road of sweet home.
The moon and the sun are on the wane.
So the stars grow fainter.
As spring comes, tree branches are adorned with flowers
In the village of a secluded mountain valley.
Ah! Put your hands together and close your eyes!
Snow covered -- the fence of sweet home.

청산에 살리라 (I WILL LIVE ON THE VERDANT MOUNTAIN) BY YEONJOON KIM
YUN HYUNG

I will live on the verdant mountain of lush forest,
For my heart is pure,
I will live in the verdant mountain.
The green hue tinting the mountainside this spring,
Setting aside worldly passion and struggle,
Will live in on the verdant mountain.
The world may have changed through the long passing days;
I will live on the verdant mountain
For the verdant mountain stands unchanged.

DON PASQUALE BY GAETANO DONIZETTI
QUEL GUARDO IL CAVALIERE
XU LEI

Norina reads her romance novel:
“That glance, it pierced the knight’s heart;
He bent on his knees and said: I am your knight.
And in that glance there was such taste of Heaven,
That the knight, Riccardo, being conquered by love,
Swore he would not think of any other woman.” Ha, ha!

I also know the magic virtue
Of a glance at the right time; in the right place.
I also know how hearts burn on the slow fire of a short smile.
I also know the effect of a deceitful tear, of an instant languor;
I know the thousand means false lovers use;
The charms and the easy arts used to seduce a heart.
I have a quick mind, I have a ready wit.
I like being witty, joking:
But if I get angry, I rarely can remain calm.
But I can soon change indignation into a laugh.
I have a quick mind and a temper – But an excellent heart!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY BY GIACOMO PUCCINI
LOVE DUET
DINA KUZNETSOVA & BRIAN ARREOLA

| | |
|-----------|---|
| Pinkerton | Evening has fallen, and we are alone. |
| Butterfly | And darkness fills the silence. Alone and disowned. Disowned, yet happy. |
| Pinkerton | Close the house for the evening. |
| Butterfly | Yes, we are alone. Apart from the world. |
| Pinkerton | And the Bonze is quiet. |
| Butterfly | Suzuki, bring my robes. Good night, then. |
| Pinkerton | Your elegant obi is replaced by the pure gown of a bride. |
| Pinkerton | I will untie each thread of her gown. To think, this doll is my wife. |
| Butterfly | With whispers, smiles and glances he watches me. I’m blushing. |
| Pinkerton | I am struck by passion’s fever. |
| Butterfly | And still I hear their curses: “Butterfly, we disown you.” I am rejected . . . and happy. |
| Pinkerton | Girl with eyes full of enchantment, now you are mine alone. Your gown is like a pure lily, with your dark tresses on its petals. |
| Butterfly | I resemble the goddess of the moon, who descends on the bridge of the sky. |
| Pinkerton | And she fascinates the hearts of men. |
| Butterfly | As she surrounds them in her cloak. She goes to her kingdom, in the highest realm. |
| Pinkerton | And yet, you have not told me that you love me. |
| Butterfly | The goddess knows the words that satisfy a lover’s desires. She knows, but may not say them for fear she will die from them. |

(cont. next page)

Pinkerton Foolish fear. Love does not kill.
Love is life, and smiles for a heavenly joy.
Just as your oval eyes are smiling.

Butterfly Now and forever, you are to me the eyes of Heaven.
You have been my joy from the first time I saw you.
You are tall and strong.
Your laugh reveals your kind spirit.
And you tell me so many things I have never heard before. Now I am so happy.
Love me tenderly, like a delicate child.
Be gentle with me. Love me completely.
We are a people who treasure the little things.
Humble and silent. Tenderness touches us.
Yet we love as profoundly as the sky and ocean are vast.

Pinkerton Let me kiss your dear little hands.
My Butterfly. How well you have been named, my delicate Butterfly.

Butterfly I am told that beyond the ocean, when they are captured,
Every butterfly is run through with a pin,
And locked in a glass case!

Pinkerton There is some truth in this.
Do you know why? So they cannot escape.
I have caught you. You tremble at my embrace. You are mine!

Butterfly Yes, forever!

Pinkerton Your anguish and fears are over.
The night is serene; all the world slumbers.

Butterfly Ah. Sweet night. So many stars.

Both Come, my love. The night is serene.

Intermission & Asian Herald Award Presentations – Dr Ki-hyun Chun

THE PEARL FISHERS BY GEORGES BIZET
AU FOND DU TEMPLE SAINT
 JOSHUA STEWART & JOSEPH KYUNGTEAK LIM

In the first act of this, Bizet's earliest hit, old friends Zurga and Nadir are reunited after several years. They recall how they once loved the same woman, Leila, but both renounced her to save their friendship.

Nadir At the back of the holy temple, decorated
with flowers and golf, a woman appears
I can still see her. The prostrate crowd looks at her,
amazed, and murmurs under its breath:
"Look, this is the goddess looking up in the shadow, and
holding out her arms to us."

Zurga Her veil parts slightly. What a vision? What a dream?
The crowd is kneeling.

Both Yes, it is she. It is the goddess, more charming and more beautiful.
Yes, it is she. It is the goddess who has come down among us.
Her veil has parted and the crowd is kneeling.

Nadir But, through the crowd she makes her way.

Zurga Already her long veil hides her face from us.

Nadir My eyes, alas! Seek her in vain.

Zurga She flees.

Nadir She flees. But what is this strange flame that is
suddenly kindled in my soul?

Zurga What unknown fire is destroying me?

Nadir Your hand pushes mine away.
Love takes our hearts by storm and turns us into enemies.

Zurga Le us swear to remain friends.

Both Yes, let us swear to remain friends. Yes, it is she, the goddess,
Who comes to unite us this day.
Yes, let us share the same fate,
Let us be united until death.

阳关三叠 (MORNING RAIN) BY WANG WEI

MORNING RAIN

XU LEI

The morning rain of Weicheng town dampens the light dust,
The guest house is green with the color of fresh willows.
Let's finish another cup of wine, my dear gentleman,
Past the Yangguan out to the west, old friends there'll be none.
Great wine, great wine, getting drunk already without drinking it with friends;
A metaphor of being extremely sad with deep love and emotions;
Missing friends when parting, only in the dreams,
And repeat the sadness in this song.

长歌行 BY CHANG GE XING

GUZHENG SOLO WITH PIANO, HARP AND PERCUSSION

Ding Xue'er, guzheng
Emily Jarrell Urbanek, piano
Andrea Mumm, harp
Peyton Becton, percussion

Иоланта (IOLANTA) BY PETER ILYCH TCHAIKOVSKY

WHY DID I NOT KNOW THIS BEFORE?

DINA KUZNETSOVA

Why did I not know this before?
No anguish, neither sorrow nor crying,
My days used to just pass by,
Surrounded by roses and heavenly sounds.
As I hear the birds twittering in the morning,
And a distant grove's warmed up by the sunlight,
And all around me is penetrated with jubilation,
I join the solemn choir!
And now all of my days bring to me
Just a confusing and deep reproach,
And now the birds choir and swishing stream –
Seem to send to the destiny their pang ...
Why is it I like more now
The silence of the night and its coolness?
Why do I hear sobbing
In the Nightingale singing?
Why, tell me?? Why? Why?
Tell me, Martha!

Дорогой длиною - Нани Брегдадзе (THOSE WERE THE DAYS) BY KONSTANTIN PODREVSKY & BORIS FOMIN
DINA KUZNETSOVA & EMILY JARREL URBANEK

Once upon a time there was a tavern
Where we used to raise a glass or two
Remember how we laughed away the hours
And think of all the great things we would do

Those were the days my friend
We thought they'd never end,
We'd sing and dance forever and a day.
We'd live the life we choose
We'd fight and never lose
For we were young and sure to have our way.
Those were the days, oh yes those were the days.

Then the busy years went rushing by us
We lost our starry notions on the way.
If by chance I'd see you in the tavern,
We'd smile at one another and we'd say

Just tonight I stood before the tavern
Nothing seemed the way it used to be.
In the glass I saw a strange reflection,
Was that lonely woman really me?

Through the door there came familiar laughter,
I saw your face and heard you call my name.
Oh my friend we're older but no wiser
For in our hearts the dreams are still the same.

SAN CHAUN (A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE) BY DUNAM CHO
YUN HYUNG & LEE SANGMIN

The sounds of the ox cart clatter over the cobbles
Is turning round and round.
The woman who carrying water is
As beautiful as a flower.
If I look at fields opening a door
Made of tree branches,
There are enough grains and fruits
With the brilliant morning sun!
The mountain was filled with the fragrance of flowers!
Everyone cannot help but enjoy living a long, long time.
The sounds of a foal went over the crest of the hill.
Clouds reflected in a running stream, but there was calm.
The farmer with a suntan hopes for a good harvest.
Each sweaty face covered with a smile.
The mountain was filled with the fragrance of flowers!
Everyone cannot help but enjoy living a long, long time!

DON CARLO BY GIUSEPPE VERDI
DIO, CHE NELL'ANIMA INFONDERE AMOR
LEE SANGMIN & YUN HYUNG

Rodrigo Take heart, my prince, dispel the clouds of grief and sorrow.
Your rising star shines so clear and bright upon tomorrow.
Have faith and pray that God may be with you.

Both God, in His infinite love has filled the heart of man with fire,
Yes, God, our Lord guiding us from above,
Let freedom be our first desire.
Father in Heaven, steel our hearts, beating forever united.
To fight for right through death and night,
Shall be our last, eternal plea.

(King Philip and his new bride, who was the Carlo's betrothed, enter)

Rodrigo Here they arrive.
Carlo Stay with me. I cannot bear to see her.
Rodrigo Take heart. I stand with you. Until death.
Carlo I stand with you. Until death.

Both Throughout our lives to fight for right,
Until men can shout in joy: "We are free."

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Graphic design provided by Michael Bentley.
Creative writing provided by John W. Love, Jr.
Public relations support provided by Rowan Communications.
Web support provided by Studiobanks.