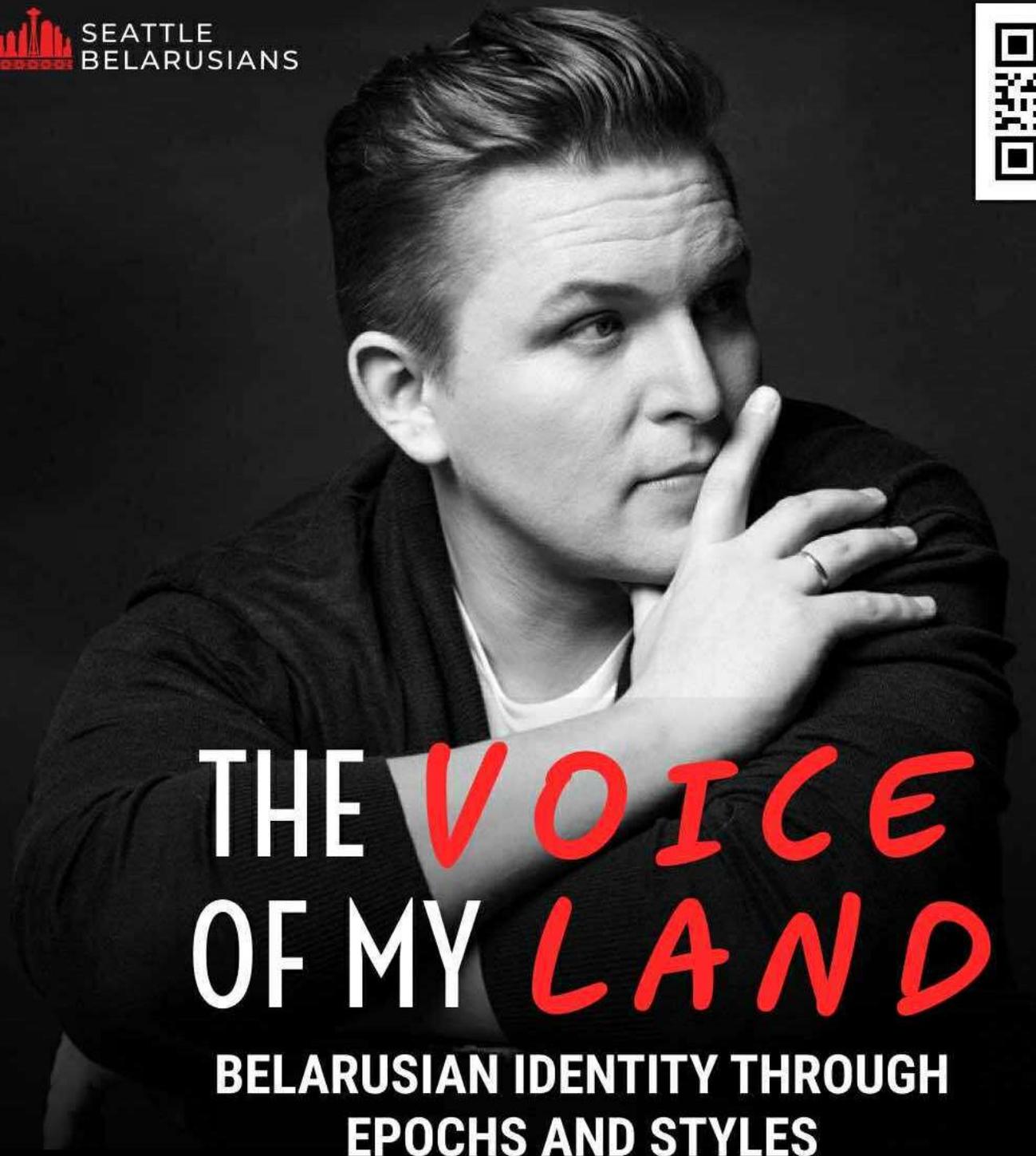


ILYA SILCHUKOU - BARITONE TATIANA LOISHA - PIANO

 SEATTLE
BELARUSIANS



THE VOICE
OF MY LAND

BELARUSIAN IDENTITY THROUGH
EPOCHS AND STYLES

NOVEMBER 2, 5PM

SEATTLE OPERA TAGNEY JONES HALL, 363 MERCER ST

The Voice of My Land

Seattle, November 2, 2025

PROGRAM

A man in temper claimed...

Psalm 52. Music by unknown author (XVII cent.). Lyrics by Simeon of Polotsk from the "Psalter in Rhyming"
He who dwells under the shelter of the Almighty...

Psalm 90. V. Titou (approx. 1650-1710). Adapted by K. Sharau. Lyrics by Simeon of Polotsk from the "Psalter in Rhyming"
Ombra mai fu

G. F. Handel (1685–1759). From Serse
My Sweetheart, you hurt my feelings

Canzone from the "Polotsk Notebook". Anonymous (XVII cent.)
Polonaise II

Michal Kleofas Oginski (1765-1833). Lyrics by unknown author
Rivolgete a Lui Lo Sguardo

W. A. Mozart (1756–1791). From Così fan tutte
Polonaise in c minor

Michal Kleofas Oginski (1765-1833). Solo piano.
Serenade

Franz Schubert (1797–1828). Lyrics by Ludwig Rellstab; Trans. by V. Siomukha
Village Lira Player. Idyll

Vocal cycle of four songs. Music by Stanislaw Moniuszko. Lyrics by Wladyslaw Syrokomla (Transl. by U. Markhel)

Godmother and Godfather (Chums)

Music by Stanislaw Moniuszko. Lyrics by Jan Czczot
Wandering Bird

Music by Stanislaw Moniuszko. Lyrics by Jan Czczot
O, Sainte Medaille... Avant de quitter ces lieux

C. Gounod (1818–1893). From Faust
Love Song

Jan Tarasiewicz. Solo piano.
For Long I Have Been Sick in Body (Даўно ўжо целам я хварэю)

Jan Tarasiewicz (1889–1961). Lyrics by Maksim Bahdanovich
Wept Was the Summer (Плакала лета, зямлю пакідаючы)

Jan Tarasiewicz (1889–1961). Lyrics by Maksim Bahdanovich
My Land, Please Do Not Curse Me (Зямля не пракляні мяне)

Dmitry Smolsky (1937–2017). Libretto by Uladzimir Karatkevich, from Grey Legend
Some Enchanted Evening

Richard Rodgers (1902–1979) and Oscar Hammerstein II (1895–1960). From South Pacific

ILYA SILCHUKOU – baritone
TATIANA LOISHA - piano

The Voice of My Land

Seattle, November 2, 2025

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A man in temper claimed...

Psalm 52. Music by unknown author (XVII cent.). Lyrics by Simeon of Polotsk from the "Psalter in Rhyming"

Муж буй в сердце глаголаше,
Несть Бог правый и небыше.
Тем же врази си ся тлиша,
Тем же врази си ся тлиша,
В делех своих мерзцы быша.

A man in temper claimed:
God is not right and does not exist.
In claiming so, he fell in sin
In claiming so, he fell in sin
And committed a heinous crime

Господь свыше сам призрел есть,
В сынех людских сам смотрел есть.
Есть ли кто в них правду зная,
Есть ли кто в них правду зная
Или Бога возыскай

The Lord looks from heaven
Down on the sons of man
To see if there are any true to God,
To see if there are any true to God,
Or praising God.

He who dwells under the shelter of the Almighty...

Psalm 90. V. Titou (approx. 1650-1710). Adapted by K. Sharau. Lyrics by Simeon of Polotsk from the "Psalter in Rhyming"

Боже, помощи вышняго вручится,
В крове небесна Бога водворится.
Господу речет: Заступник мой еси,
Ты ми надежда, живый на небеси.

He who dwells under the shelter of the Almighty
is under the protection of God.
He says to the Lord: you are my protector,
I have faith in you, oh dear God.

Он тя от сети ловящих избавит,
Слово мятежно далече отставит,
Плещма Своими будет осеняти,
Крылы Своими от бед защищати.

God will deliver you from catching nets,
from mutinous words will keep you safe,
He will provide you with a shelter,
Protect you from evil with his wings

Ombra mai fu

G. F. Handel (1685–1759). From Serse

Ombra mai fu
Di vegetabile
Cara ed amabile
Soave più

Never was the shade,
Gift from a tree of green
Precious or lovelier
More sweet, more dear

The Voice of My Land

Seattle, November 2, 2025

My Sweetheart, you hurt my feelings

Canzone from the "Polotsk Notebook". Anonymous (XVII cent.)

Я паранены табой, дзеўчына кахана.
Ой, як кепска, больна ад гэтай раны.
Маё сэрцайка трымціць ад атруты,
Не ведаю што рабіць ад пакуты.

My sweetheart, you hurt me,
This wound is bleeding so hard.
This poison speeds up the rate of my heart.
I do not know what to do with all this pain.

Ад цябе, дзяўчына, я чакаю лекаў.
Веру: дачакаюсь – стану чалавекам.
Толькі усміхнешся – падаруеш ружу,
Сэрца вылечыш маё, а таксама душу

My sweetheart, I am longing for a cure,
I know, you'll bring me to life,
If you just smile – like a rose blossom,
You'll heal my heart and soul.

Polonaise II

Michal Kleofas Oginski (1765-1833). Lyrics by unknown author

Багацце мець ужо знікла ахвота,
Рад буду як яго астыне след.
Патрэбен мне твой смех, смех і пяшчота,
Рука твая мілей, чым цэлы свет.

I have no desire for wealth anymore,
I wish I could leave it behind.
I crave your laugh and affection.
Your hand is dearer to me than the world.

Багацце мець ужо знікла ахвота,
Рад буду як яго астыне след.
Што без цябе мне бляск, што бляск мне
гэты,
Слава ў жыцці, нібы колас пусты.

I have no desire for wealth anymore,
I wish I could leave it behind.
This glitter is worthless to me without you,
Glory is worthless as an empty rye head.

Любі, любі мяне – будзем на небе!
Твой голас стаў мілей: пяеш ім ты

Love me – and we will be in the sky!
Your voice ever sweeter is music for me.

The Voice of My Land

Seattle, November 2, 2025

Rivolgete a Lui Lo Sguardo

W. A. Mozart (1756–1791). From Così fan tutte

Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo
E vedrete come sta :
Tutto dice, io gelo, io ardo
Idol mio, pietà, pietà,

E voi cara un sol momento
Il bel ciglio a me volgete
E nel mio ritroverete
Quel che il labbro dir non sa.
Un Orlando innamorato
Non è niente in mio confronto;
Un Medoro il sen piagato
Verso lui per nulla io conto :
Son di foco i miei sospiri
Son di bronzo I suoi desiri,
Se si parla poi di merto
Certo io sono e egli è certo
Che gli uguali non si trovano
Da Vienna al Canada ,

Siam due Credi per ricchezza,
Due Narcisi per bellezza
In amor i Marcantoni
Verso noi sarian buffoni
Siam più forti d'un ciclopo,
Letterati al par di Esopo.

Se balliamo un Pichne chede
Sì gentil e snello è il piede,
Se cantiam col trillo solo
Facciam torto all'usignuolo,
E qualch'altro capitale
Abbiam poi che alcun non sa.

Bella, bella, tengon sodo :
Se ne vanno ed io ne godo!
Eroine di costanza,
specchi son di fedeltà

Return his glance
and you'll see how it is:
It says everything: I freeze, I burn
My idol, have pity, pity

And you, beloved, for just a moment
cast your lovely eye on me
And in me you will find
that which the lip doesn't know how to say.
Some love-struck Orlando
Is nothing compared to me;
A Medoro with wounded breast
Is as nothing next to me:
My sighs are fire
His lust is bronze
So if we speak of merit
I am sure and he is sure
You cannot find equals
From Vienna to Canada.

The two of us are rich as Croesus
Handsome as Narcissus
In love, Marc Anthonys
would seem like clowns in comparison
We are stronger than a Cyclops
Writers on par with Aesop.

If we dance, Pichne bows to
our refined narrow feet
Singing, a single trill
puts nightingales to shame
And we have other strengths
That you still don't know.

Beauty, beauty, hold fast:
If they go, I rejoice
Heroines of constancy
are mirrors of faithfulness.

Polonaise in c minor

Michal Kleofas Oginski (1765-1833). Solo piano.

The Voice of My Land

Seattle, November 2, 2025

Serenade

Franz Schubert (1797–1828). Lyrics by Ludwig Rellstab; Trans. by V. Siomukha

Ціхі спеў мой, на змярканні
Да цябе ляціць,
Ў гай вячэрні на спатканне,
Мілая, прыйдзі.

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!

У начы ліства шапоча —
Месяцовы час,
І ў святле начным ніхто там
Не ўстрывожыць нас,

Slender treetops whisper
and rustle in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Чуеш, — песняй салаўінай
Клічу я ў журбе,
Пра мой сум яна павінна
Расказаць табе.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.

Боль маёй сардэчнай мукі,
Мой салодкі боль,
Праз крыштальнай песні гукі
Перадаць дазволь,

They understand the heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.

Дык прымі ж маё прызнанне,
Любая мая,
Выйдзі песняй на спатканне,
Песняй салаўя,
Любоў мая.

Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy

The Voice of My Land

Seattle, November 2, 2025

Village Lira Player. Idyll

*Vocal cycle of four songs. Music by Stanislaw Moniuszko. Lyrics by Wladyslaw Syrokomla
(Transl. by U. Markhel)*

IV

Мая ліра для спеваў,
з чарадзейскага дрэва!
Ты заўсёды са мною!
Праз цябе маю сілу,
калі ж лягу ў магілу,
ты славай будзь маёю.

My lira for singing songs,
you are made from a magic tree!
You are always with me!
My strength comes from you,
and when I go to my grave,
you will become my glory.

Гэй, шырока па свеце
водгук твой разнясецца,
словы песні памножыць.
Песня з краю да краю
пойдзе аж да Дунаю,
ці да Кіева, можа,
ці да Кіева, можа.

Hey, your echo will spread wide around the world,
and multiply the words of this song.
From end to end the song will walk,
all the way to the Danube,
or to Kiev, probably,
Or to Kiev, probably.

Потым ў леты якія
прыйдуць людзі чужыя,
збяруць людзей ля дому:
"Хочам глянуць на дзіва,
дзе ваш лірнік зычлівы,
лірнік, свету вядомы".

Someday, strangers will come
and call our people to a meeting at a house:
"We would like to see this miracle.
Where is your friendly lira player,
your world-famous lira player?"

Вось тады люд мясцовы
пачне ўспамін вясковы,
распусціць пагалоскі,
і шаптацца люд будзе:

This is when local people will start recalling
our village story,
spreading rumors
and whispering to each other:

"Скуль далёкія людзі
знаюць песні іх вёскі,
знаюць песні іх вёскі?"

"Why do all these people coming from far away
know our village songs,
know our village songs?"

Гонар вёскі багаты:
дзеці, хлопцы, дзяўчаты —
усе з людзьмі чужымі,
усе з людзьмі чужымі
будуць згадваць з былога
слаўнага лірніка тога,
што спяваў паміж імі,
павядуць люд прыбылы
да цвінтарнай магілы,
да крыжа і да клёну,
горда ўзнімуць галовы:

The village will be very honored.
Children, boys and girls,
all of them together with the strangers,
all of them together with the strangers,
will restore from the past
memories of that glorious lira player
who sang among them,
and they will lead these newly arrived people
to a grave in a cemetery,
to a cross under a maple tree,
and proudly hold their heads high:

The Voice of My Land

Seattle, November 2, 2025

"Тут наш лірнік вясковы
граў на ліры да скону,
граў на ліры да скону".

"Here is where our lira player
played the lira until the very end,
played the lira until the very end."

Godmother and Godfather (Chums)

Music by Stanislaw Moniuszko. Lyrics by Jan Czeczot

Кума нітак напрала,
у маток іх зівала.
Кум дзівіўся, як гожа
кума ніткі віць можа,
кум дзівіўся, як гожа
кума ніткі віць можа.

Godmother was spinning yarn,
godmother rolled the yarn into a ball,
and godfather was astonished at how craftily
she could spin.

Наварыў кум ёй піва,
частаваць стаў зычліва
і дзівіўся, як гожа
кума піва піць можа,
і дзівіўся, як гожа
кума піва піць можа.

Godfather brewed beer,
Godfather served godmother a feast,
Godfather was astonished at how artfully
she could drink.

Як з бяседы аднойчы
кум куму веў уночы,
ён дзівіўся: "О, Божа!
кума йсці ўжо не можа!",
ён дзівіўся: "О, Божа!
кума йсці ўжо не можа!"

Godfather escorted godmother
home at night.
Godfather was astonished
that godmother could not walk.

The Voice of My Land

Seattle, November 2, 2025

Wandering Bird

Music by Stanislaw Moniuszko. Lyrics by Jan Czeczot

Пташка, пташка,
Скуль ляціш ты —
Ці не з нашых ніў?

Little bird, little bird
Where are you coming from -
Maybe from our land?

Каб пачуць мне
Што аб мілай,
Я б шчаслівы быў.

If only I could learn
How my sweetheart is there,
I would be so happy.

Мо была
Ў яе садочку?
Ці не стрэла там

Maybe you have been
in her garden?

Той найгожай,
Да якой бы
Паляцеў я сам?

Have you met there
The most beautiful girl,
To whom I would fly right away?

Ці не чула
Выпадкова
Ты хоць колькі слоў

Maybe you heard by chance
Even a few words

Той, якая
Не выходзіць
З маіх юных сноў?

Arom the one girl
Who lives in my youth dreams.

Ах ты, пташка,
Адлятаеш —
У якую ж даль?

Oh, you little bird
You fly away -
To what far lands?

Мне пакінула
Ізноў тут
Па наймілай жаль.

You leave me here again,
Longing for my sweetheart.

The Voice of My Land

Seattle, November 2, 2025

O, Sainte Medaille... Avant de quitter ces lieux

C. Gounod (1818–1893). From Faust

O sainte médaille,
Qui me vient de ma sœur,
Au jour de la bataille,
Pour écarter la mort,
Reste sur mon coeur.

Avant de quitter ces lieux,
Sol natal de mes aïeux
A toi, Seigneur et Roi des cieux,
Ma soeur je confie.
Daigne de tout danger
Toujours, toujours la protéger,
Cette soeur si chérie
daigne de tout danger la protéger,
Daigne la protéger de tout danger!
Délivré d'une triste pensée
J'irai chercher la gloire,
La gloire au sein des ennemis,
Le premier, le plus brave,
Au fort de la mêlée,
J'irai combattre pour mon pays,
Et si, vers lui, Dieu me rappelle,
Je veillerai sur toi fidèle,
Ô Marguerite!

Avant de quitter ses lieux,
Sol natale de mes aïeux,
A toi, Seigneur et Roi des cieux,
Ma soeur je confie!
Ô Roi des cieux, jette les yeux,
Protège Marguerite, Roi des cieux!

O holy medal,
Which comes to me from my sister,
On the day of battle,
To ward off death,
Remain upon my heart.

Before I leave this town,
My forefathers' native place,
To you, Lord and King of Heaven,
Do I entrust my sister.
I beg you to defend her
From every peril,
My beloved sister.
Freed from this harrowing thought,
I shall seek glory in the enemy's ranks,
The first, the bravest, in the thick of the
fray,
I shall go and fight for my country.
And if God should call me to his side,
I shall faithfully watch over you,
O Marguerite.

Before I leave this town,
My forefathers' native place,
To you, Lord and King of Heaven,
O King of Heaven, hear my prayer
And defend Marguerite,
O King of Heaven.

Love Song

Jan Tarasiewicz. Solo piano.

The Voice of My Land

Seattle, November 2, 2025

For Long I Have Been Sick in Body (Даўно ўжо целам я хварэю)

Jan Tarasiewicz (1889–1961). Lyrics by Maksim Bahdanovich

Даўно ўжо целам я хварэю,
І хвор душой, —
І толькі на цябе надзея,
Край родны мой!

Long now my body has been ailing,
And sick my soul,—
In you alone lies hope unfailing,
My native soil!

У родным краю ёсць крыніца
Жывой вады.
Там толькі я змагу пазбыцца
Сваей нуды.

Within my native land there is a spring
Of living water;
There only can I loose this clinging
Wearisome bother.

Калі-ж у ім умру—загіну,—
Не жалюсь я!
Ня будзеш цяжкая ты сыну
Свайму, земля.

And if there I should die—fall all the same—
I won't complain;
You will not press on me at all,
Your son, O plain.

Там хоць у гліне? хоць у брудзе,
Там пад зямлёй,
Найдуць мае слабыя грудзі
Сабе спакой.

There—be it in the clay? be it in mire—
There, underground,
My feeble breast, grown spent and tired,
Will peace have found.

Wept Was the Summer (Плакала лета, зямлю пакідаючы)

Jan Tarasiewicz (1889–1961). Lyrics by Maksim Bahdanovich

Плакала лета, зямлю пакідаючы;
Ціха ліліся слязінкі на поле.
Але прыгожаю восенню яснаю
Там, дзе упалі яны, вырасталі
Кветкі асеннія, кветкі, ўспаёныя
Тугаю, горам, слязінкамі лета.

Summer wept, leaving the earth behind;
Quietly, teardrops flowed across the field.
But in fair autumn, lucid, mild of mind,
Where they had fallen, flowers were
revealed—
Autumnal flowers, flowers steeped and set
In longing, sorrow, in the summer's tears.

Кветкі асеннія, родныя, бледныя!
Выраслі вы, каб ураз жа і згінуць.
Можа, таму-то душа надарваная
Гэтак любоўна вянок з вас сплятае.

Autumnal blossoms, kindred, pale as yet!
You grew, only at once to disappear.
Perhaps that's why my soul, by rending tried,
So lovingly from you a wreath is tied.

The Voice of My Land

Seattle, November 2, 2025

My Land, Please Do Not Curse Me (Зямля не пракляні мяне)

Dmitry Smolksy (1937–2017). Libretto by Uladzimir Karatkevich, from Grey Legend

Зямля, не пракляні мяне, зямля, што
дрэмле ў вечным сне...
Каханая і вечна нелюбівая, любоў што
вечна будзе нам здрадліваю,
не кінь мяне ў пякельным сне, любоў.

Earth, do not curse me—earth that slumbers,
lulled in an everlasting dream...
Beloved, ever unloved by us, O Love,
whose faith to us is ever treacherous,
do not abandon me within that hellish dream,
O Love.

О, як сэрца маё прагне ласкавага маю.
Любові моліць кожным раннем, дзяцей ад
твайго кахання.
Выкіньце мір і літасць, зямля і любоў.

Oh, how my heart longs for a gentle May—
each morning begs for love, for children
born of your loving.
Grant me—earth and love—grant me peace
and mercy.

Зямля, не праклянай мяне,
Любоў, не пакідай мяне, каханая і сэрцу не
любівая, жаданая і вечна нам здрадлівая,
не кінь мяне, не здрадзь мяне, любоў.

Earth, do not curse me.
Love, do not forsake me—
beloved and yet not dear to the heart, desired
and ever faithless to us—do not cast me off,
do not betray me, Love.

О, як сэрца маё прагне ласкавага маю.
Любві моліць кожным раннем, дзяцей ад
твайго кахання. Вы кіньце мне мір і
літасць, зямля і каханне.

Oh, how my heart longs for a tender May.
Each morning prays for love, for children
of your affection.
You—cast to me peace and mercy, earth and
love.

Не праклінай зямля бацькова...
Не пракляні каханне...
Не кінь мяне.
Не кіньце пеклу... надзеі... не пракляні
зямля.

Do not curse me, father's earth...
Do not curse—O Love...
Do not cast me away.
Do not cast me to hell... from hope...
do not curse me, earth.

Some Enchanted Evening

Richard Rodgers (1902–1979) and Oscar Hammerstein II (1895–1960). From South Pacific