



## *Vocal Pairings*

**Sarah Gorbatov, soprano**

**Blake Ray, piano**

**April 12, 2026**

**8:00 pm**

**Nelson Music Room**

O del mio amato ben  
Vaghiissima sembianza  
from *36 Arie di Stile Antico*

Stefano Donaudy (1879–1925)

Сирень  
from *12 Romances, Op. 21*  
Весенние воды  
from *12 Romances, Op. 14*

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873–1943)

with *Jacob Egol, cello*

Zueignung  
from *Acht Gedichte aus Letzte Blätter, Op. 10*  
Für fünfzehn Pfennige  
from *4 Lieder, Op. 36*

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Beau soir  
Les cloches

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

with *Jadelyn Ding, harp*

Sous le dôme épais  
from *Lakmé*

Léo Delibes (1836–1891)

with *Lauren Strauch, mezzo-soprano*

When I Have Sung My Songs

Ernest Charles (1895–1984)

The Girl in 14G

Jeanine Tesori (b. 1961)

*To give each audience member the opportunity to enjoy the performance fully, please silence all electronic devices.  
Flash photography, recording, food, and beverages are not permitted.*

## A note from the singer

First, I would like to dedicate this recital to my grandfather, Joseph Kosinovsky ל"ו, who passed away in November. My grandfather was the biggest lover of music, and particularly opera, I ever knew. How many people can whistle Eugene Onegin from beginning to end or belt out a plethora of famous arias word for word? I am forever inspired by his innate musicality. He was also always eager to hear the music I was learning, so hopefully he can hear me today, from up above.

This program is built on a simple but revealing idea: pairs. The first four composers – Donaudy, Rachmaninoff, Strauss, and Debussy – are each represented by two works. This invites comparison, contrast, and conversation about how a single creative voice can shift within its own native language.

Hearing two works by the same composer in close succession allows patterns to emerge. A familiar chord may return in a new emotional context; a rhythmic motif may feel playful in one piece and urgent in another.

In some cases, the pairing highlights contrast. Take for instance, "Сирень" and "Весенние воды." Both center on the theme of springtime in Russia, yet one feels lullaby-like and the other impassioned. Strauss's "Zueignung" is an outpouring of gratitude and devotion, with some mystical elements. With its sweeping vocal line and an almost orchestral breadth at the piano, the piece strives toward transcendence. "Für fünfzehn Pfennige" accomplishes essentially the opposite. It reveals Strauss's playful, satirical side. The premise – offering love at a comically low price (half-a-crown, to be precise) – undercuts the sincerity of "Zueignung." One elevates love as something sacred, while the other treats it as something expendable.

Some pieces reveal a deeper continuity, as though the second piece completes a thought left open by the first. The first Donaudy piece is steeped in nostalgia and longing as the singer reflects on her absent beloved. In the second piece, it is he who sees his beloved vividly present, but only in an image, a figment of her physical form. Both Debussy pieces reveal the composer's ability to evoke fleeting sensations, moments that feel suspended in time, whether that be looking at ripples in the water or hearing a belltower chime.

While not a pairing of songs by a single composer, the Flower Duet from Delibes's opera *Lakmé* offers perhaps the most literal interpretation of the recital's theme: two voices joined in musical partnership. The soprano and mezzo-soprano lines intertwine with remarkable symmetry, often moving in parallel or echoing one another. Subtle differences in timbre and register give each voice its color. The duet embodies collaboration, as two distinct voices shape a shared musical journey.

The final two pieces, both in English, present a striking contrast. Ernest Charles's parlor song is a quiet, intimate goodbye. "The Girl in 14G," meanwhile, is a contemporary cabaret showpiece, a tour-de-force of comic energy and vocal versatility. Heard together, they highlight the two extremes of vocal expression: inward and understated versus exuberant and theatrical. This rounds out the program's exploration of how "pairs" can reveal both connection and contrast within a shared language.

Lastly, all of the pieces are simply favorites of mine that I wanted to share. Some also have personal meaning. "O del mio amato ben" was the first piece I learned with Professor Federle, so I knew I wanted to open the program with it. In the summer of 2024, I studied Russian in Nice, France under Edna Andrews. One of the books we read was a biography of Rachmaninoff, and Dr. Andrews had us listen and even learn some of his pieces. "Сирень" really touched me, and I quickly developed a love for Rachmaninoff's music.

I would like to thank Professor Federle for his years of musical wisdom and mentorship. Thanks to him, I have grown more than I could have ever imagined as a musician. I would also like to thank Blake, my incredible accompanist, who has played through every lesson, studio class, and jury in the past three years. I would like to thank Professor Rottfolk for her help with diction amongst so many other things, and David Heid for his mentorship through DOT. I would like to thank my fantastic collaborators – Jacob, Jadelyn, and Lauren. I have had so much fun preparing these pieces and making music with you. Finally, I would like to thank my mom, sister, grandparents, partner, and friends for putting up with my late-night shower rehearsals and always being there for me. I love you all!

## About the Artists

**Sarah Gorbatov** is a senior at Duke University from Charlotte, North Carolina. She studies biology, computer science, and Russian, and has taken voice lessons in the studio of Thomas Federle for six semesters. Before that, she was trained by Emma Brondolo in voice and Donald Mokrynski in clarinet at the award-winning Thurnauer School of Music. There, she also played in the Thurnauer Symphony Orchestra and sang in the Young People's Choir, an affiliate of the Young People's Chorus of New York City, performing repeatedly at Carnegie Hall. At Duke, Sarah has been involved in Duke Opera Theater (DOT), playing roles such as Countess Almaviva in scenes from Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* and Carmen in scenes from Georges Bizet's *Carmen*, which was performed in collaboration with the Duke Wind Symphony. Her final DOT appearance will be April 17, 2026, at 7 pm in Baldwin Auditorium, performing in scenes from Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe*. Sarah competed in the 2025 NATS Classical Competition and was selected as a regional qualifier. She has also appeared as Velma Von Tussle in Duke Hoof 'n' Horn's production of *Hairspray*. This fall, Sarah will begin her Ph.D. in the Department of Molecular Biology at Princeton University, where she hopes to continue to develop as a musician as well.

**Blake Ray** studied piano at the Interlochen Arts Academy and did his undergraduate work in piano and Russian Language and Literature at the University of Michigan and Ann Arbor. From there, he moved to Detroit and received a master's degree in Piano Performance from Wayne State University. He worked as a freelance collaborative pianist and piano teacher for many years in the Detroit area. He joined the Duke University School of Music as a staff accompanist in 2015.

**Jacob Egol** is pursuing a Ph.D. in Molecular Genetics and Microbiology at Duke and was previously a Duke undergraduate, graduating in 2023 with Distinction in Music Performance and High Distinction in Biology. He studies cello with Caroline Stinson and has performed in a variety of orchestras across the United States including the NOI+F Philharmonic, New World Symphony, Brevard Music Center Orchestra, and Durham Medical Orchestra. He has additionally served as principal cellist of the Duke Symphony Orchestra and as the cellist of various Duke chamber ensembles, most notably the Larkspur Quartet, with which he has performed for the Duke Board of Trustees and with the Ciompi Quartet. Jacob is a recipient of Duke's Benenson Award in the Arts, Ciompi Quartet Award in Chamber Music, and Duke Symphony Orchestra Conductor's Award. This summer, he will attend the PRISMA Festival in Powell River, British Columbia.

**Jadelyn Ding** is a senior majoring in Evolutionary Anthropology and Biology at Duke University. She began playing the harp at age seven and studied with Gretchen Van Hoesen in Pittsburgh, PA. She has performed in various harp competitions and summer programs such as the American Harp Society National Competition, Young Artist's Harp Competition, and the National Youth Orchestra 2 (NYO2) program. At Duke, she studies harp with Laura Byrne and performs with the Durham Medical Orchestra.

**Lauren Strauch** is a senior at Duke from San Antonio, Texas. She studies biomedical engineering and currently takes voice with Professor Clara Rottsohlk. Over the last few years, she has had a blast singing hymns for the Duke Catholic Center, the national anthem for Duke Men's Lacrosse and Women's Volleyball, and anything from "Amazing Grace" to "Puff the Magic Dragon" for patients at Duke Hospice. Thank you to Sarah for inviting her to sing on her recital!

## Text

### O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!  
Lungi è dagli occhi miei  
chi m'era gloria e vanto!  
Or per le mute stanze  
sempre lo cerco e chiamo  
con pieno il cor di speranze?  
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!  
E il pianger m'è sì caro,  
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni loco.  
Notte mi sembra il giorno;  
mi sembra gelo il foco.  
Se pur talvolta spero  
di darmi ad altra cura,  
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:  
Ma, senza lui, che farò?  
Mi par così la vita vana cosa  
senza il mio ben.

### Vaghissima sembianza

Vaghissima sembianza d'antica donna amata,  
chi, dunque, v'ha ritratta contanta simiglianza  
ch'io guardo, e parlo, e credo d'avervi a me  
davanti come ai bei dì d'amor?

La cara rimembranza che in cor mi s'è destata  
si ardente v'ha già fatta rinascere la speranza,  
che un bacio, un voto, un grido d'amore  
più non chiedo che a lei che muta è ognor.

## Translation

### Oh lost enchantment of my dearly beloved

Oh lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!  
Far from my eyes is he  
who was to me glory and pride!  
Now through the empty rooms  
I always seek him and call him  
with a heart full of hopes?  
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!  
And the weeping is so dear to me,  
that with weeping alone I nourish my heart.

It seems to me, without him, sadness is everywhere.  
The day seems like night to me;  
the fire seems cold to me.  
If however I sometimes hope  
to give myself to another cure,  
one thought alone torments me:  
But, without him, what shall I do?  
To me life seems a vain thing  
without my beloved.

### Very charming image

Very charming image of a woman formerly loved,  
who, then, has portrayed you with so much similarity  
that I look, and I speak, and I believe to have you  
before me as in the beautiful days of love?

The dear remembrance which has been awakened  
in my heart so ardently has revived my hopes,  
so that a kiss, a vow, a cry of love?  
more I do not ask of her who is silent forever.

## Сирень

По утру, на заре,  
По росистой траве,  
Я пойду свежим утром дышать;  
И в душистую тень,  
Где теснится сирень,  
Я пойду своё счастье искать...

В жизни счастье одно  
Мне найти суждено,  
И то счастье в сирени живёт;  
На зелёных ветвях,  
На душистых кистях  
Моё бедное счастье цветёт...

## Весенние воды

Ещё в полях белеет снег,  
А воды уж весной шумят –  
Бегут и будят сонный брег,  
Бегут, и блещут, и гласят...

Они гласят во все концы:  
«Весна идёт, весна идёт!  
Мы молодой весны гонцы,  
Она нас выслала вперёд.

Весна идёт, весна идёт,  
И тихих, тёплых майских дней  
Румяный, светлый хоровод  
Толпится весело за ней!...»

## The lilacs

In the morning, at dawn,  
Through the dew-clad grass,  
I shall walk, breathing the freshness of morning,  
And to the fragrant shade,  
Where lilacs cluster,  
I shall go in search of happiness...

In life there is but one happiness  
That I am fated to find,  
And that happiness dwells in the lilacs;  
On their green branches,  
In their fragrant clusters  
My poor happiness blooms...

## Spring waters

The fields are still covered with snow,  
But the streams already herald spring –  
They run and stir the sleepy banks,  
They run, and glitter, and proclaim...

They proclaim in every direction:  
“Spring is coming, spring is coming!  
We are the messengers of youthful spring,  
Who has sent us on ahead.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
And the quiet, warm days of May  
Like some rosy, radiant round-dance  
Rush gaily in her wake!...”

## **Zueignung**

Ja, du weißt es, theure 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!

## **Für fünfzehn Pfennige**

Das Mägdlein will ein' Freier hab'n,  
Und sollt' sie'n aus der Erde grab'n,  
Für fünfzehn Pfennige.

Sie grub wohl ein, sie grub wohl aus,  
Und grub nur einen Schreiber heraus,  
Für fünfzehn Pfennige.

Der Schreiber hatt' des Gelds zu viel,  
Er kauft dem Mädchen, was sie will,  
Für fünfzehn Pfennige.

Er kauft ihr einen Gürtel schmal,  
Der starrt von Gold wohl überall,  
Für fünfzehn Pfennige.

Er kauft ihr einen breiten Hut,  
Der wär' wohl für die Sonne gut,  
Für fünfzehn Pfennige.

## **Dedication**

Yes, dear soul, you know,  
That I'm in torment far from you,  
Love makes hearts sick,  
Be thanked.

Once I, reveling in freedom,  
I held the amethyst cup aloft,  
And you blessed that draught,  
Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,  
Til I, as never before,  
Holy, sank holy upon your heart,  
Be thanked!

## **For half-a-crown**

The maid would fain a lover find,  
To get one she had rack'd her mind,  
And all for half-a-crown.

She ponder'd deep, left naught untried,  
At last a clerk with her wish complied,  
And all for half-a-crown.

The clerk was rich; her wish, his will:  
Her ev'ry craving he'd fulfil,  
Though't cost him half-a-crown.

He brought his love a costly belt,  
(That 'twas of gold you could have felt)  
It cost him half-a-crown.

He bought her many a broad-brimm'd hat,  
To keep the burning sun off, think of that!  
For half-a-crown.

DER SHREIBER

Wohl für die Sonn', wohl für den Wind,  
Bleib du bei mir, mein liebes Kind,  
Für fünfzehn Pfennige.

Bleibst du bei mir, bleib' ich bei dir,  
All meine Güter schenk' ich dir,  
Sind fünfzehn Pfennige.

MÄGDLEIN

Behalt dein Gut, laß mir mein'n Mut,  
Kein' and're doch dich nehmen tut,  
Für fünfzehn Pfennige.

DER SHREIBER

Dein' guten Mut, den mag ich nicht,  
Hast traun von treuer Liebe nicht,  
Für fünfzehn Pfennige.

Dein Herz ist wie ein Taubenhaus,  
Gebt einer 'nein, der and're aus,  
Für fünfzehn Pfennige.

### **Beau soir**

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,  
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,  
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses  
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde  
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,  
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette onde:  
Elle à la mer – nous au tombeau!

CLERK

Yea, for the sun, yea, for the wind,  
Stay, stay with me, be not unkind,  
I'll give thee half-a-crown.

Be true to me, I'm true to thee,  
All my belongings thine shall be  
The last for half-a-crown.

MAIDEN

Nay, keep thy wealth, I know not stealth!  
No maid would wed thee for all thy wealth;  
Nor I for half-a-crown.

CLERK

I would not wed thee, gentle dove,  
Nay, by my troth, for all thy love  
Is worth not half-a-crown.

Thy heart is like a pigeoncot;  
New love flies in, the old flies out,  
It's not worth half-a-crown.

### **Beautiful evening**

When at sunset the rivers are pink,  
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,  
All things seem to advise content  
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Advice for us to savor the gift of life  
While we are young and the evening is fair,  
For our life slips by, as that river does:  
It to the sea – we to the tomb!

## **Les cloches**

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des branches

Délicatement.

Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches,

Dans le ciel clément.

Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne,

Ce lointain appel

Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne

Des fleurs de l'autel.

Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années,

Et, dans le grand bois,

Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées,

Des jours d'autrefois.

## **The bells**

The leaves opened upon the edge of the branches

delicately.

The bells tolled, light and free,

In the clear sky.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an antiphon,

This far-away call

Reminded me of the Christian whiteness

Of altar flowers.

These bells told of happy years,

And, in the great forest,

They seemed to revive the withered leaves

Of days gone by.

## **Sous le dôme épais**

LAKME

Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs

Jettent déjà leur ombre

Sur le ruisseau sacré qui coule, calme et sombre,

Eveillé par le chant des oiseaux tapageurs!

MALLIKA

Oh! maîtresse,

C'est l'heure où je te vois sourire,

L'heure bénie où je puis lire

dans le cœur toujours fermé de Lakmé!

LAKME

Dôme épais le jasmin,

A la rose s'assemble,

Rive en fleurs frais matin,

## **Beneath the thick dome**

LAKME

Come, Mallika, the vines in bloom

Already cast their shadow

On the sacred stream flowing, calm and dark,

Awakened by the song of the boisterous birds!

MALLIKA

Oh! mistress,

It's time I see you smile,

The blessed hour where I can read

in the still closed heart of Lakmé!

LAKME

Thick dome jasmine,

At the rose assembles,

Fresh flowering shore in the morning,

Nous appellent ensemble.  
Ah! glissons en suivant  
Le courant fuyant:  
Dans l'on de frémissante,  
D'une main nonchalante,  
Gagnons le bord,  
Où l'oiseau chante, l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.  
Dôme épais, blanc jasmin,  
Nous appellent ensemble!

#### MILLIKA

Sous le dôme épais, où le blanc jasmin  
A la rose s'assemble,  
Sur la rive en fleurs riant au matin,  
Viens, descendons ensemble.  
DouceMENT glissons  
De son flot charmant  
Suivons le courant fuyant:  
Dans l'on de frémissante,  
D'une main nonchalante,  
Viens, gagnons le bord,  
Où la source dort  
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.  
Sous le dôme épais,  
Sous le blanc jasmin,  
Ah! descendons ensemble!

#### LAKME

Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite,  
S'empare de moi,  
Quand mon père va seul à leur ville maudite;  
Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!

#### MALLIKA

Pourquoi le Dieu Ganeça le protège,  
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux  
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,  
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

We call together.  
Ah! slide next  
The current running away:  
In the quivering one,  
With a nonchalant hand,  
Let's win the edge,  
Where the bird sings, the bird, the bird sings.  
Thick dome, jasmine white,  
Call us together!

#### MILLIKA

Under the thick dome, where the jasmine white  
At the rose assembles,  
On the bank in blooming laughing in the morning,  
Come, let's go down together.  
Gently gliding  
From its charming flow  
Let's follow the current running away:  
In the quivering one,  
With a nonchalant hand,  
Come, win the edge,  
Where the source is sleeping  
And the bird, the bird sings.  
Under a dome,  
Under the jasmine white,  
Ah! let's go down together!

#### LAKME

But, I do not know what sudden fear,  
Take hold of me,  
When my father goes alone to their cursed city;  
I tremble, I tremble with terror!

#### MALLIKA

Why the God Ganeça protects him,  
Up to the pond where frolic  
Swans with snow wings,  
Let's go pick the blue lotus.

LAKME

Oui, près des cygnes aux ailles de neige,  
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Ensemble

LAKME

Dôme épais le jasmin,  
A la rose s'assemble,  
Rive en fleurs frais matin,  
Nous appellent ensemble.  
Ah! glissons en suivant  
Le courant fuyant:  
Dans l'on de frémissante,  
D'une main nonchalante,  
Gagnons le bord,  
Où l'oiseau chante, l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.  
Dôme épais, blanc jasmin,  
Nous appellent ensemble!

MALLIKA

Sous le dôme épais, où le blanc jasmin  
A la rose s'assemble,  
Sur la rive en fleurs riant au matin,  
Viens, descendons ensemble.  
DouceMENT glissons  
De son flot charmant  
Suivons le courant fuyant:  
Dans l'on de frémissante,  
D'une main nonchalante,  
Viens, gagnons le bord,  
Où la source dort  
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.  
Sous le dôme épais,  
Sous le blanc jasmin,  
Ah! descendons ensemble!

LAKME

Yes, near the snow-winged swans,  
Let's go pick the blue lotus.

Together

LAKME

Thick dome jasmine,  
At the rose assembles,  
Fresh flowering shore in the morning,  
We call together.  
Ah! slide next  
The current running away:  
In the quivering one,  
With a nonchalant hand,  
Let's win the edge,  
Where the bird sings, the bird, the bird sings.  
Thick dome, jasmine white,  
Call us together!

MALLIKA

Under the thick dome, where the jasmine white  
At the rose assembles,  
On the bank in blooming laughing in the morning,  
Come, let's go down together.  
Gently gliding  
From its charming flow  
Let's follow the current running away:  
In the quivering one,  
With a nonchalant hand,  
Come, win the edge,  
Where the source is sleeping  
And the bird, the bird sings.  
Under a dome,  
Under the jasmine white,  
Ah! let's go down together!