

CIVIC ORCHESTRA OF CHICAGO

CIVIC & RYAN OPERA CENTER



Erina Yashima
CONDUCTOR

**Members of The Patrick G. and
Shirley W. Ryan Opera Center at
Lyric Opera of Chicago**
SOLOISTS

JUNE 1 | 7:30



NEGAUNEE MUSIC INSTITUTE AT THE
CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



This concert is generously sponsored by **Nancy Dehmlow and Lori Julian for the Julian Family Foundation.**

The 2025–26 Civic Orchestra season is generously sponsored by **Lori Julian for the Julian Family Foundation**, which also provides major funding for the Civic Fellowship program.

ONE HUNDRED SEVENTH SEASON

CIVIC ORCHESTRA OF CHICAGO

KEN-DAVID MASUR Principal Conductor

The Robert Kohl and Clark Pellett Principal Conductor Chair

Monday, June 1, 2026, at 7:30

Erina Yashima Conductor

**Members of The Patrick G. and Shirley W. Ryan Opera Center
at Lyric Opera of Chicago**

Kylie Kreucher Soprano

Josie Larsen Soprano

Alexis Peart Mezzo-Soprano

Camille Robles Mezzo-Soprano

Sid Chand Tenor

Daniel Luis Espinal Tenor

Sihao Hu Baritone

Adam Partridge Baritone

Lin Fan Bass-Baritone

Benjamin R. Sokol Bass-Baritone

MOZART

Overture to *Don Giovanni*, K. 527

MOZART

Selections FROM *Don Giovanni*, K. 527

Madamina, il catalogo è questo

Là ci darem la mano

Batti, batti, O bel Masetto

Ah, taci, ingiusto core

Il mio tesoro intanto

In quali eccessi, O numi . . . Mi tradì quell'alma ingrata

Leporello **Lin Fan**

Don Giovanni..... **Adam Partridge**

Zerlina.....**Josie Larsen**

Donna Elvira.....**Alexis Peart**

Don Ottavio.....**Sid Chand**

INTERMISSION

- TCHAIKOVSKY** Polonaise FROM *Eugene Onegin*, Op. 24
- TCHAIKOVSKY** Onegin! Ya togda molozhe FROM *Eugene Onegin*,
Op. 24
KYLIE KREUCHER
SIHAO HU
- TCHAIKOVSKY** Waltz FROM *Eugene Onegin*, Op. 24
- VERDI** De' miei bollenti spiriti . . . O mio rimorso FROM
La traviata
DANIEL LUIS ESPINAL
- SAINT-SAËNS** J'ai gravi la montagne FROM *Samson and Delilah*,
Op. 47
CAMILLE ROBLES
BENJAMIN R. SOKOL
- SAINT-SAËNS** Bacchanale FROM *Samson and Delilah*, Op. 47
- COPLAND** The Promise of Living FROM *The Tender Land*

Stage direction by Alexi Ortega Chavez, assisted by AJ Helms

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The Civic Orchestra of Chicago acknowledges support from the Illinois Arts Council.

WOLFGANG MOZART

Born January 27, 1756; Salzburg, Austria

Died December 5, 1791; Vienna, Austria

Selections FROM *Don Giovanni*, K. 527



COMPOSED 1787

In early 1787, Mozart was in Prague, where the public was exhibiting extreme enthusiasm for his latest

opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*. He wrote to his friend Gottfried von Jacquin about “all these people leaping about in sheer delight to the music of my *Figaro*; nothing is discussed but *Figaro*; nothing is played, blown, sung, or whistled but *Figaro*; no opera is succeeding but *Figaro*.” A commission for a new opera shortly followed from the Prague-based impresario Pasquale Bondini. Mozart and his librettist Lorenzo Da Ponte determined that the new piece should be based on the legend of the lascivious, monstrous Don Juan. Da Ponte completed the libretto quickly, in part by parroting aspects of a recent opera on the same subject by Giovanni Bertati, and Mozart finished composing the music for *Don Giovanni* within the year, conducting its premiere at the National Theatre in Prague that October.

It was an oddly serious choice of topic for an opera that aimed to follow on the success of the frothy, comedic *Marriage of Figaro*. Indeed, *Don Giovanni* is one of Mozart’s most tonally bizarre works. It begins with an attempted murder, and close to the end, the villainous don is dragged down to hell to the sound of some of the most dramatic music the composer ever imagined. Much of the opera is devoted to the winking seductions and clownish machinations of Don Giovanni and his manservant Leporello, who, close to the start of the opera, indiscreetly lists out his master’s affairs in “Madamina, il catalogo è questo” (Pretty lady, here’s a list I would show you). Don Giovanni woos Zerlina, a soon-to-be-married young woman who seems at least a little bit flattered by the seduction, in the flirtatious duet “Là ci darem la mano” (There we will give each other our hands). After she is rescued from his advances, she returns to her fiancé Masetto, singing the cringe-inducing lines “Batti, batti, O bel Masetto” (Beat, beat, O handsome Masetto) in a disarmingly sublime aria that features a flexible, wandering solo cello line.

THIS PAGE: Wolfgang Mozart, portrait by Joseph Lange (1751–1831), 1782, brother-in-law of the composer. Mozart Museum Salzburg | NEXT PAGE: Illustration of a scene from Mozart’s opera *Don Giovanni*, in which Don Giovanni attempts to seduce Zerlina, ca. 1914. © Photos.com/Jupiterimages

Mozart had a profound gift for expressing the painful vulnerability of love and longing in his slightly sad major-key melodies. In the act 2 trio shared by the spurned Donna Elvira, Don Giovanni, and Leporello, “Ah, taci, ingiusto core” (Ah, be quiet, unfair heart), the music is tragically, poignantly hopeful, which makes the don’s further deceptions all the more cruel. To provide contrast to these moments of sincere sweetness, Mozart writes several indignant outbursts from the guests in Don Giovanni’s house. The noble Don Ottavio, whose fiancée Donna Anna is attacked by Don Giovanni at the start of act 1, sings “Il mio tesoro intanto” (My darling, in the meantime), carefully oscillating between tenderness and spurts of righteousness, and Donna Elvira violently explodes at her mistreatment in “Mi tradi quell’alma ingrata” (That ungrateful soul has betrayed me).

The whole spectacle begins with a contrast-filled overture that serves as a perfect microcosm for the jarring duality of the music and the narrative. It opens with two chords in D minor, orchestrated in a way that creates extraordinary tension. The violins play notes in syncopations, the timpani



have a violent roll, and the low strings and bassoons hold onto their note longer than the rest of the group, as if the gruff voice of God himself is insisting on being heard through the tumult of hellish activity above. After a series of long, lamenting lines and swirling, tragic scales, this dense prelude gives way to a chipper delight, full of infectious, symphonic bravado. The seesawing continues, with stormy passages of transition and development, reminiscent of the severe character of the introduction regularly, giving way to lighthearted fleets of fancy. ■

PYOTR TCHAIKOVSKY

Born May 7, 1840; Votkinsk, Russia

Died November 6, 1893; Saint Petersburg, Russia

Selections FROM *Eugene Onegin*, Op. 24**Polonaise
Onegin! Ya togda molozhe
Waltz****COMPOSED**
1877-78

The eponymous protagonist of Alexander Pushkin's novel *Eugene Onegin* is a lost, arrogant dandy

who breaks the heart of a young woman named Tatyana and also winds up killing his best friend in an unnecessary duel. Years later, he encounters Tatyana again and admits his love for her, but she has married and refuses to run off with him. The story is strikingly unsentimental and devoid of melodrama, largely focused on Onegin's ennui and on the sensible but emotionally devastating decision Tatyana makes at the end.

In 1877 Pyotr Tchaikovsky was approached by the singer Yelizaveta Lavrovskaya about writing an opera based on Pushkin's novel. He was unsure about it at first; this relatively realist tale lacks the narrative extremes of a typical nineteenth-century opera. But he quickly warmed up to the idea,

writing to his brother in May about his excitement to bypass the exoticism and the extravagant stagings that were all the rage in operas of this time:

How passionately keen I am about this plot. How glad I am to get rid of Ethiopian princesses, Pharaohs, poisonings, and all that sort of pompous convention. . . . I know very well that there will be no scenic effects and little movement in this opera; but the lyrical quality, the humanity, and the simplicity of the story, and a text written by a genius, will compensate more than enough for these failings.

The resulting work is a groundbreakingly humble opera that displays an almost modern focus on the psychology of individual characters and how their actions are shaped by stifling social convention.

Much of the action in *Onegin* takes place at grand balls, which Tchaikovsky fills out with infectious dance numbers. In the waltz that occurs at the start of the second act, a jolly refrain becomes cover for interludes full of insidious gossip from the elderly onlookers who

ABOVE: Pyotr Tchaikovsky, ca. 1877, from a photograph included in *The Life and Letters of Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky*, a biography written by his brother Modest (1850–1916)

watch the young people on the dance floor. He opens the third and final act of his opera with a rambunctious polonaise, orchestrated in a bombastic manner that brings to mind his Symphony no. 4, which he wrote contemporaneously to *Onegin*. The opera closes with an intimate scene between Onegin and Tatyana, in which she reluctantly turns him down, “Onegin! Ya togda molozhe” (Onegin! I was younger then). Tchaikovsky shows Onegin’s

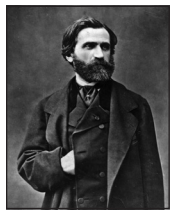
flagging attempts to win her over, as his swagger-filled entries gradually change in affect to match the lamenting quality of the lines sung by Tatyana, who immediately recognizes that it is impossible to return to young love. Tchaikovsky doesn’t spare the tragic fireworks at the very end, suggesting that though the scale of this tale is relatively small, the emotional impact of the events can still be extremely powerful. ■

GIUSEPPE VERDI

Born October 10, 1813; Le Roncole, near Busseto, Italy

Died January 27, 1901; Milan, Italy

De’ miei bollenti spiriti . . . O mio rimorso FROM *La traviata*



COMPOSED
1852–53

In the eighteenth century, operas were parcelled out into clearly defined numbers that

began with a recitative or dialogue to set the action, then proceeded to a more formally organized aria, duet, ensemble, or chorus that reflected on the mood and themes of the scene. The number would end, thunderous applause would ensue, and a new

scene would begin. Early-nineteenth-century composers of the bel canto (beautiful singing) tradition, such as Gioacchino Rossini, expanded the scope of numbers to include multiple arias arranged in a dynamic sequence that steadily increased tempo, energy, and drama. In the middle of the century, Giuseppe Verdi brought this style of scene construction, known by then as *la solita forma* (the usual form), to new heights. He infused his multipartite numbers with a degree of unity that makes many of them akin to symphonic movements.

THIS PAGE: Giuseppe Verdi, portrait by André Adolphe-Eugène Disdéri (1810–1890), 1855. Paris, France | OPPOSITE PAGE: Camille Saint-Saëns, portrait, albumen print on paper, studio of J. Lacroix, active ca. 1850–1900. Musée Carnavalet, History of Paris, France

The scene that opens the second act of Verdi's *La traviata* contains a perfect example of a two-part number that follows this conventional shape. At this point in the action, things seem to be going well on the surface. Alfredo, the slightly naive, provincial tenor, has succeeded in wooing the courtesan Violetta away from her life in Paris, and they are settling into a blissful life in the countryside. The orchestra plays a slightly anxious and foreboding introduction before Alfredo reassures us of his current contentment by singing a jaunty ditty about how happy he is, "De' miei bollenti spiriti" (My

passionate spirit). The scene intensifies as Alfredo learns that Violetta has sold all her Parisian luxuries to pay for their new life together. He could take this as a token of trust, but he is disarmed by it and quickly moves into a passionate cabaletta, "O mio rimorso" (Oh, my remorse). The pompous, fanfarelike orchestral accompaniment, the spicy harmony changes that come suddenly on the last beat of a bar, the rhetorical flourishes in the vocal line that shimmy from one measure to the next, and the singer's many emphatic accents all contribute to this cabaletta's soaring, climactic sweep. ■

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

Born October 9, 1835; Paris, France
Died December 16, 1921; Algiers, Algeria

Selections FROM *Samson and Delilah*, Op. 47

J'ai gravi la montagne Bacchanale



COMPOSED
1867-77

Camille Saint-Saëns's *Samson and Delilah* spent a long time in development purgatory before

he completed it and arranged its first performance. He finished rough drafts of the vocal parts for the first two acts in the late 1860s, but he did not receive an enthusiastic response when he

informally played them through for a group of colleagues. He also faced some pushback about the opera's scriptural subject matter. As he wrote in an article remembering the work's genesis, "No sooner did the matter get abroad than there was a general outcry of protest. A Biblical opera!" He dropped the project for a few years, then resuscitated it in the mid-1870s after receiving encouragement from the pianist, composer, and conductor Franz Liszt, who promised to arrange its premiere.

The opera itself recounts the grim, Old Testament story of Samson, a judge in the ancient Kingdom of



Israel endowed with superhuman strength, who lived during a period of conflict between the Israelites and the Philistines, a civilization that occupied present-day Gaza. Samson is seduced by one of the Philistines, Delilah, and she discovers that his powers are tied to his long locks. She arranges a fatal haircut that also leads to the destruction of the Philistine temple. In the duet “J’ai gravi la montagne” (I have climbed the mountain), Delilah and the Philistine High Priest solidify their plot to betray Samson. Saint-Saëns gives the duet a dangerous, kinetic undercurrent by placing varied, urgent figures on almost every offbeat.

In the second half of the nineteenth century, most opera composers became obsessed with depicting cultures considered exotic. They tended to use common musical elements—namely,

shimmering orchestrations and minor-scale variants that feature a few extra-large leaps—to portray them. Everyone from Georges Bizet’s *Carmen*, a Roma woman in Spain, to an Ethiopian princess in Giuseppe Verdi’s *Aida*, to the ancient Philistines in Saint-Saëns’s *Samson and Delilah*, was treated to the same set of vaguely foreign-sounding intervals. In the wild Bacchanale, the frenzied dance of the Philistines, the oboe kicks things off with a winding line that plainly outlines one such exoticizing scale. An elegant, balletic theme kicks in, and then eventually the oboe returns to the foreground with an extremely catchy melodic rendering of the scale from the start of the number. Saint-Saëns carefully combines these ideas, leading the group to an admittedly fabulous, ecstatic climax. ■

AARON COPLAND

Born November 14, 1900; Brooklyn, New York
Died December 2, 1990; Sleepy Hollow, New York

The Promise of Living FROM *The Tender Land*



COMPOSED 1952-54

The 1954 premiere of Aaron Copland's only full-length opera, *The Tender Land*, was perplexing and

disappointing to critics. Olin Downes, writing for the *New York Times*, was particularly harsh, opining that “there are many lines that are uninspiring for musical setting, as there is also a good deal of music that is, perhaps inevitably, pulseless, dry, and uninspired.” Many were taken aback by the intimate narrative, which seemed better suited to a stage play than a grand opera. Copland, who was quite sensitive to reviews, was ready to write the project off as a flop. Fortunately, the librettist Erik Johns was less despondent, maintaining that they had simply been misunderstood because “this [is] an abstract piece with its own aura.” He motivated Copland to keep the piece alive and to make some revisions in response to the criticisms. The version they completed in 1955 was more positively received, though stagings of the full opera remain a rarity.

The Tender Land is a family drama focused on Laurie, a Depression-era high school senior on a midwestern farm. As she begins to distance herself from her life at home, she must navigate relationships with her regretful mother, her conservative grandfather, and an itinerant worker she falls in love with. The first act ends with an uplifting quintet, “The Promise of Living,” sung by all the main characters as they celebrate the spring harvest and the promising future it represents. The music features appealing, open-hearted tonal harmonies, but like many of Copland's melodies, the vocal lines are full of large leaps that carry a heavy sense of sadness and longing. In the opera as a whole, Copland and librettist Everett create an overall mood of careful deliberation and meditation—tenderness, but also distance—things Laurie needs to move on to a new life. ■

Cellist, writer, and music researcher Nicky Swett holds a PhD in music from the University of Cambridge, where he was a Gates Scholar. From 2016 to 2018, he was a section member and community engagement fellow in the Civic Orchestra of Chicago.

Selections FROM *Don Giovanni*, K. 527

Music by Wolfgang Mozart

Libretto by Lorenzo Da Ponte

Madamina, il catalogo è questo

LEPORELLO

Madamina, il catalogo è questo

delle belle che amò il padron mio,
un catalogo egli è che ho fatt'io,
osservate, leggete con me.

In Italia seicento e quaranta,
in Lamagna duecento e trent'una,
cento in Francia, in Turchia novant'una,
ma in Ispagna son già mille e tre.

V'han fra queste contadine,
cameriere, cittadine,
v'han contesse, baronesse,
marchesane, principesse,
e v'han donne d'ogni grado,
d'ogni forma, d'ogni età.

Nella bionda egli ha l'usanza
di lodar la gentilezza,
nella bruna la costanza,
nella bianca la dolcezza.

Vuol d'inverno la grassotta,
vuol d'estate la magrotta;
è la grande maestosa,
la piccina e ognor vezzosa.

Pretty lady, here's a list I would show you

LEPORELLO

Pretty lady, here's a list I would
show you,
of the fair ones my master has courted.
Here you'll find them all duly assorted,
in my writing, will't please you to look.

Here is Italy, six hundred and forty,
France is down for five hundred
and twenty,
only two hundred the Rhineland
supplied him,
but mark the climax, Spain has already
one thousand and three.

Here are countesses in plenty,
Waitingmaids, nineteen or twenty.
Rustic beauties, marchionesses,
Ev'ry grade his pow'r confesses.
Here are courtly dames and maidens,
young and handsome, old and plain.

His custom is to praise
the blonde for her kindness,
the brunette for her loyalty,
the gray-haired for her sweetness.

When 'tis cold he likes her portly,
in the summer, slim and courtly,
tall and haughty, ne'er she alarms him.
If she's tiny, no less she charms him.

Delle vecchie fa conquista,
 pel piacer di porle in lista,
 ma passion predominante
 è la giovin principiante.

Non si pica se sia ricca,
 se sia brutta, se sia bella:
 purché porti la gonnella,
 voi sapete quel che fa.

Là ci darem la mano

DON GIOVANNI

Là ci darem la mano,
 là mi dirai di sì;
 vedi, non è lontano,
 partiam, ben mio, da qui.

ZERLINA

Vorrei e non vorrei,
 mi trema un poco il cor;
 felice, è ver, sarei,
 ma può burlarmi ancor.

DON GIOVANNI

Vieni, mio bel diletto!

ZERLINA

Mi fa pietà Masetto.

DON GIOVANNI

Io cangierò tua sorte.

ZERLINA

Presto . . . non son più forte!

Ripe duennas he engages,
 that their names may grace these pages.
 But what most he's bent on winning
 is of youth the sweet beginning.

Poor or wealthy, wan or healthy,
 stately dame or modest beauty,
 he to win them makes his duty,
 and you know it, not in vain.

**There we will give each other
 our hands**

DON GIOVANNI

There we will give each other our hands,
 there you will say yes to me;
 you see, it's not far,
 let's go, my dear, from here.

ZERLINA

I would, and yet I would not,
 my heart trembles a little.
 True, I would be happy,
 but he can still make a fool of me.

DON GIOVANNI

Come, dearest, let me guide thee!

ZERLINA

I feel sorry for Masetto.

DON GIOVANNI

I will change your fate.

ZERLINA

Quickly . . . I can no longer resist!

(Please turn the page quietly.)

DON GIOVANNI

Andiam!

ZERLINA

Andiam!

DON GIOVANNI E ZERLINA

Andiam, andiam, mio bene,
a ristorar le pene
d'un innocente amor.

Batti, batti, O bel Masetto

ZERLINA

Batti, batti, O bel Masetto,
la tua povera Zerlina:
starò qui come agnellina
le tue botte ad aspettar.

Lascero' straziarmi il crine,
lascero' cavarmi gli occhi
le care tue manine
lieta poi sapro' baciare.

Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!
Pace, pace, O vita mia,
in contenti ed allegria
notte e di vogliam passar.

DON GIOVANNI

Let's go!

ZERLINA

Let's go!

DON GIOVANNI AND ZERLINA

Let's go, let's go, my beloved,
to relieve the pain
of an innocent love.

Beat, beat, O handsome Masetto

ZERLINA

Beat, beat, O handsome Masetto,
your poor Zerlina:
I'll stay here, as a little sheep
to wait for your blows.

Pull out my hair
and pluck out my eyes!
and your dear little hands
I will kiss.

Ah, I see that, you have no heart!
Peace, my dearest,
let us pass
the night and day in happiness.

Ah, taci, ingiusto core

DONNA ELVIRA

Ah, taci, ingiusto core,
non palpitarmi in seno!
È un empio, e un traditore,
è colpa di aver pietà.

LEPORELLO

Zitto! di Donna Elvira,
signor, la voce io sento!

DON GIOVANNI

Cogliere io vo' il momento;
tu fermati un po' là!
Elvira, idolo mio!

DONNA ELVIRA

Non è costui l'ingrato?

DON GIOVANNI

Si, vita mia, son io,
e chieggo clarità.

DONNA ELVIRA

Numi, che strano affetto
mi si risveglia in petto!

LEPORELLO

State a veder la pazza,
che ancor gli crederà.

DON GIOVANNI

Discendi, O gioia bella,
vedrai che tu sei quella
che adora l'alma mia;
pentito io sono già.

Ah, be quiet, unfair heart

DONNA ELVIRA

Ah, be quiet, unfair heart,
don't beat so fast in my chest!
He's a wicked man, a traitor;
it would be a fault to have mercy.

LEPORELLO

Quiet! Sir, I can hear
Donna Elvira's voice!

DON GIOVANNI

I want to get the chance,
stay there a moment!
Elvira, my dear!

DONNA ELVIRA

Isn't that an ungrateful man?

DON GIOVANNI

Yes, my life, it's me,
and I ask for clarity.

DONNA ELVIRA

Heavens, what a strange feeling
is awakening inside me!

LEPORELLO

See if that fool
isn't going to believe him once more.

DON GIOVANNI

Come down, you beautiful jewel
you'll see you're the one
that my soul loves.
I'm already regretting everything.

(Please turn the page quietly.)

DONNA ELVIRA

No, non ti credo, O barbaro!

DON GIOVANNI

Ah credimi, O m'uccido!
Idolo mio, vien qua.

LEPORELLO

Se seguitate, io rido.

DONNA ELVIRA

Dei, che cimento è questo!
Non so s'io vado O resto!
Ah proteggete voi
la mia credulità.

DON GIOVANNI

Spero che cada presto!
Che bel colpo è questo!
Più fertile talento
del mio, no, non si dà.

LEPORELLO

Già quel mendace labbro
torna a sedur costei!
Deh proteggete, O dei,
la sua credulità.

Il mio tesoro intanto

DON OTTAVIO

Il mio tesoro intanto
andate a consolar,
e del bel ciglio il pianto
cercate di asciugar.
Ditele che i suoi torti
a vendicar io vado:
che sol di stragi e morti
nunzio vogl'io tornar.

DONNA ELVIRA

No, I don't believe you, beast!

DON GIOVANNI

Ah, believe me, or I'll kill myself!
My dear, come here!

LEPORELLO

If you go, I'll laugh!

DONNA ELVIRA

O gods, what a challenge is this!
I don't know if I should go or not!
Ah, please, protect
my credulity.

DON GIOVANNI

I hope she'll soon fall for this!
What a lucky punch is this!
A more useful talent
than mine, no, there is not.

LEPORELLO

Those mendacious lips
are already seducing her again.
Alas, protect, O gods,
her credulity.

My darling, in the meantime

DON OTTAVIO

My darling, in the meantime,
please console
and try to wipe away the tears
from her beautiful eyes.
Tell her I'm going to avenge
the injustices she suffered.
And I want to come back to her
only to announce slaughters.

**In quali eccessi, O numi . . . Mi tradi
quell'alma ingrata**

DONNA ELVIRA

In quali eccessi, O numi, in quai misfatti
orribili, tremendi è avvolto il sciagurato!

Ah no! Non potete tardar l'ira del cielo,

la giustizia tardar!

Sentir già parmi la fatale saetta,

che gli piomba sul capo!

Aperto veggio il baratro mortal!

Misera Elvira!

Che contrasto d'affetti, in sen ti nasce!

Perchè questi sospiri, e
queste ambascie?

Mi tradi quell'alma ingrata:

infelice, O Dio, mi fa.

Ma tradita e abbandonata,

provo ancor per lui pietà.

Quando sento il mio tormento,

di vendetta il cor favella.

Ma se guardo il suo cimento,

palpitando il cor mi va.

**In what follies, O gods . . . That
ungrateful soul has betrayed me**

DONNA ELVIRA

In what follies, O gods, in
what misdeeds
so horrible and terrible is that disgraced
man entrapped!

Ah, no! Heaven's wrath won't be
much late,

and justice!

I can almost already hear the lethal bolt
falling on his head!

I can see the deadly chasm open!

Poor Elvira!

What contrast between your feelings is
born inside your chest!

Why do you sigh so much? Why do
you sob?

That ungrateful soul has betrayed me:

O God, he makes me sad.

But [even if I'm] betrayed
and abandoned

I still pity him.

When I hear my torments,
my heart talks of vengeance.

But when I see what happens to him,
my heart beats faster.

Onegin! Ya togda molozhe FROM *Eugene Onegin*, Op. 24

Music by Pyotr Tchaikovsky

Libretto by Pyotr Tchaikovsky and Konstantin Shilovsky

Onegin! Ya togda molozhe

TATYANA

Oh, kak mnye tyazhelo apyat
Anyegheen stal na puu-tee mayom
kak preezrak bezpashchadniy!
On vzoram ognenuim
mnye dooshoo vazmooteel.

On strast zaglokhshooyoo
tak zhiva vaskryeseel!
Kak boodta snova dyevachkay stala,
kak boodta s neem myenya
neechto nye razloochala!

Davalna, vstantye, ya dalzhna vam
abyasneetsya atkravyenna.
Anyegheen, amneetyel tot chas
kagda v sadoo valyeye nas soodba svyela
i tak smeeryenna oorok vash
vuyslushala ya?

ONEGIN

Oh, zhalyes nada mnoyou!
Ya tak ashibsya, ya tak nakazan!

TATYANA

Anyegheen! Ya tagda malozhe,
ya loochshe kazhetsya, buyla,
ee ya lyubila vas, no shto zhe,
shto v vashem syetzre ya nashla,
kakoye atvyet?
Adnoo surovast! Nye pravdal,
vam buyla nye novast smiryennay
devachky lyubov?

Onegin! I was younger then

TATYANA

O, how distressed I am!
Onegin has crossed my path
like a merciless apparition!
His burning glance
has troubled my heart.

He has reawakened
my dormant passion,
and I feel like a young girl again,
as if nothing had
ever parted us!

Enough, get up. I must
talk to you frankly.
Onegin, do you remember that time
when fate brought us together
and I listened so meekly to your lecture?

ONEGIN

O spare me, have pity on me!
I was so mistaken; I have been
cruelly punished!

TATYANA

Onegin, I was younger then,
and a better person;
and I loved you, but what, then,
what response did I find in your heart?
Only severity! Am I not right to think
that a simple girl's love was no novelty
to you?

Ee nuynche, Bozhe, stuynet krov,
 kak tolka vspomnyu vzglyad halodniy
 ee yetoo eespavyed!
 No vas ya nye veenyu!
 V tot strashniy chas vuy
 pastoopeelee blagarodna,
 vuy buylee pravuy pryed mnoy.

Tagda ne pravdalee v poostuynye,
 vdalee at sooyetnay malvuy
 ya vam nye nraveelas?
 Shtozh nuynye myenya
 pryesledooyetye vuy?
 Zachyem oo vas ya na preemyetye?
 Nye patamool, shto vuysshem svyetye
 tyepyer yavlyatsa ya dalzhna,
 shto ya bagata ee znatna
 shto moozh vsrazhenyah eezoovyechen,
 shto nas za to laskayet dvor!
 Nye patamool, shto moy pazor tyepyer
 buy vsyemee buyl zamyechen
 ee mog buy v obshestvye preenyest
 vam sablazneetyalnooyou chest!

ONEGIN

Akh! O, Bozhe!
 Oozhel, oozhel v malbye
 mayey smeeryennay ooveedeet
 vash khalodniy vzor za tuy ee
 kheetrastee pryezrennay?
 Myenya tyerzayet vash ookor!

Kagda vuy znalee, kak oozhasna
 tameetsya zhazhdayou lyubvee,
 tyerpyet, ee razoomam vsyechasna
 smeeryat valnyeneeye vkravee,
 zhelat abnyat oo vas kolna ee
 zaryudav oo vasheekh nog,
 eezleet malbuy preeznanya,
 pyenee, vsyo, vsyo shto vuyrazit
 buy mog!

Dear God, my blood runs cold
 whenever I recall that cold look,
 that sermon!
 But I do not blame you!
 In that dreadful moment
 you behaved honorably,
 you acted correctly toward me.

Then, isn't it true in the desert,
 far from the frivolity of social gossip,
 you didn't find me attractive?
 Why do you pursue me now?
 Why am I the object of such attention?
 Could it be because I now
 frequent the highest circles,
 because I am rich and of the nobility,
 because my husband, wounded in battle,
 enjoys, on that account, the favor of
 the court?
 Could it not be that my disgrace
 would now be generally remarked
 and would confer upon you
 the reputation of a seducer?

ONEGIN

Ah! My God!
 Is it possible that in my humble pleading
 your cold look sees nothing
 but the wiles of
 despicable cunning?
 Your reproach torments me!

If you only knew how terrible
 it is to suffer love's torments,
 to endure and constantly to check
 the fever in the blood by reason,
 to long to clasp your knees
 and, weeping at your feet,
 pour out prayers, avowals, reproaches
 all, all that words can express!

TATYANA

Ya plachoo!

ONEGIN

Plachtye!

Yetez slezuy darozhe sakrovish meera!

TATYANA, ONEGIN

Akh! Shchastye buyla tak vazmozhnna,
tak bleezka!

TATYANA

No soodba maya oozh ryeshena
ee bezvazvratna!

Ya vuyshla za moozh; vuy dalzhnuy, ya
vas prashoo, myenya astavit!

ONEGIN

Astavit? Kak astavit? Nyet!

Paminootna veediet vas,
papsyudoo slyedavat za vamee,

ooluybkoo oost, dveezhenye vzglyad
laveet vlyublyonnymee glazamee,
vneemat vam dolga,
paneemat dooshoy vsyo

vashe savyershenstva,
pryed vamee v strastnikh
mookakh zameerat,

blyednyet ee gasnoot:
vot blazhenstva, vot adna myechta
maya, adna blazhenstva!

TATYANA

Anyegheen, v vashem syertse yest
ee gordast ee pryamaya chest!

ONEGIN

Ya nye magoo astavit vast!

TATYANA

I am weeping!

ONEGIN

Weep on! Those tears are dearer
than all the treasures in the world!

TATYANA, ONEGIN

Ah! Happiness was within our reach,
so close!

TATYANA

But my fate has already been
decided irrevocably.

I am married; you must,
I beg you, leave me!

ONEGIN

Leave you? How? What! No!

To see you hourly,
to follow your every smile, movement,
and glance

with loving eyes,
to listen to you, to understand
in my soul all your perfection,
to swoon before you in
passionate torment,
turn pale and fade away,

this is bliss,
this is my only dream, my
only happiness!

TATYANA

Onegin, your heart knows
both pride and true honor!

ONEGIN

I cannot leave you!

TATYANA

Yevgeniy, vuy dalzhnuy
ya vas prashoo meenya astaveet!

ONEGIN

Oh, zhaltyes!

TATYANA

Zachyem skrivat, zachyem lookaveet!
Akh! Ya vas lyublyu!

ONEGIN

Shto sluyshoo ya! Kakoye slova
tuy skazala!
O, radast, zhizn maya! Tuy
pryezhnnyeyou Tatyany stala!

TATYANA

Nyet, nyet! Prashlava nye varateet!
Ya atdana tyeper droogamoo,
maya soodba uzhl ryeshena,
ya boodoo vyek yemoo vyerna.

ONEGIN

Oh, nye ganee! Myenya tuy lyubeesh
ee ne astavlyou ya tebya!
Tuy zhizn svayou naprasna sgoobeesh;
to volya nyeba: tuy maya!

Vsya zhizn tvaya buyla zalogam
sayeedeenenya sa mnoy! I znay:
tebye ya poslan Bogam,
da groba ya khraaneetel tvoy!

Nye mozhesh tuy myenya atreenoot,
tuy dlya myenya dolzhna pakeenoot,
pasteeluy dom ee shoomnuy svyet,
tebye drugoy darogee.

TATYANA

Eugene! You must.
I beg you to leave me.

ONEGIN

Oh, have pity!

TATYANA

Why hide it, why pretend?
I love you!

ONEGIN

What do I hear? What are you saying?

O joy, my life! You are again the
old Tatyana!

TATYANA

No! No! Do not bring back the past!
I am another's now;
my fate is already decided.
I shall always be true to him.

ONEGIN

Oh, do not drive me away! You love me,
and I will not leave you!
You will ruin your life for nothing;
this is the will of heaven: you are mine!

All your life has been a pledge
of our union! And be assured:
I was sent to you by God,
I am your protector to the grave!

You cannot refuse me,
for me you must forsake,
this hateful house, the clamor of society,
you have no other path!

(Please turn the page quietly.)

TATYANA

Anyegheen, ya tvyerda astanoos!
Soodboy droogomoo ya dana,
s neem boodoo zhit I nye rasstanoos,
nyet, klyatvuy pamneet ya dol.

ONEGIN

Nyet, nye mozhesh tuy myenya atrinoot!
Tuy dlya myenya dolzhna
pakeenoot vsyo!

TATYANA

Glooboka v sertze praneekayet
yevo atchayaniy preeziv,
no puyl prestoopleniy padaveev,
dolg chestee sooroviy, svyashteniy,
choovstva pabezhdayet.

Ya oodalyayus!

ONEGIN

Nyet!

TATYANA

Davolna!

ONEGIN

Oh, malyou nye ookhadee!

TATYANA

Nyet, ya tvyerdda astanoos!

ONEGIN

Lyublyu tyebya!

TATYANA

Astav myenya!
Prashchay navyekee!

TATYANA

Onegin, I shall remain firm!
Fate gave me to another;
with him I will live and never leave him.
I must remember my vows.

ONEGIN

No, you can't push me away!
You don't have another path!

TATYANA

Deep into my heart penetrates
his desperate plea,
but suppressing the sinful flame,
the sacred and severe duty of honor
overcomes the passion.

I am leaving!

ONEGIN

No!

TATYANA

Enough!

ONEGIN

I beg you, do not go!

TATYANA

No, I am resolved!

ONEGIN

I love you!

TATYANA

Leave me!
Please, forever!

ONEGIN

Tuy maya!
Pazor! Taska!
Oh, zhalkiy zhryebiy moy!

ONEGIN

You are mine!
Ignominy! Anguish!
Oh, my pitiable fate!

De' miei bollenti spiriti . . . O mio rimorso FROM *La traviata*

Music by Giuseppe Verdi

Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave

**De' miei bollenti spiriti . . .
O mio rimorso**

ALFREDO

Lunge da lei per me non v'ha diletto!

Volaron già tre lune
dacché la mia Violetta
agi per me lasciò, dovizie, amori,
e le pompose feste
ov'agli omaggi avvezza,
vedea schiavo ciascun di sua bellezza.
Ed or contenta in questi ameni luoghi
tutto scorda per me. Qui presso a lei
io rinascere mi sento,
e dal soffio d'amor rigenerato
scordo ne'gaudi suoi tutto il passato.

De' miei bollenti spiriti
il giovanile ardore
ella temprò col placido
sorriso dell'amor!
Dal dì che disse, "Vivere
io voglio a te fedel,"
dell'universo immemore
io vivo quasi in ciel.

**My passionate spirit . . .
Oh, my remorse**

ALFREDO

There's no pleasure in life when
she's away!

It's three months now since Violetta
gave up for me her easy, luxurious life
of love affairs and expensive parties.
There she was used to the homage of all
who were enslaved by her beauty,
but she seems happy here in this
charming place,
where she forgets everything for me.
With her beside me, I feel myself reborn,
revived by the breath of love,
forgetting the past in present delights.

My passionate spirit
and the fire of youth
she tempers with the
gentle smile of love.
Since the day when she told me,
"I want to live, faithful to you alone,"
I have forgotten the world
and lived like one in heaven.

(Please turn the page quietly.)

O mio rimorso! O infamia!
E vissi in tale errore!
Ma il turpe sogno a frangere
il ver mi balenò.
Per poco in seno acquétati,
o grido dell'onore;
m'avrai sicuro vindice;
quest'onta laverò!

Oh, my remorse! Oh, disgrace!
I lived so mistaken!
But the truth flashed before me
to shatter that vile dream!
For a moment be quiet,
oh, cry of honor;
In me you shall have a sure avenger;
I shall wash away this infamy.

J'ai gravi la montagne FROM *Samson and Delilah*, Op. 47

Music by Camille Saint-Saëns

Libretto by Ferdinand Lemaire

J'ai gravi la montagne

LE GRAND-PRÊTRE

J'ai gravi la montagne
pour venir jusqu'à toi;
Dagon qui m'accompagne
m'a guidé vers ton toit.

DALILA

Salut à vous, mon père!
Soyez le bienvenu, vous qu'ici
l'on révère!

LE GRAND-PRÊTRE

Notre sort t'est connu!
La victoire facile
des esclaves Hébreux
leur a livré la ville.
Nos soldats devant eux
ont fui, pleins d'épouvante
au seul nom de Samson,
dont l'audace effrayante
a troublé leur raison.

I have climbed the mountain

THE HIGH PRIEST

I have come here, Delilah,
To your lonely retreat;
the gods who have sent me
have lent wings to my feet.

DELILAH

With love and deep emotion
I welcome you, my father, in
humble devotion!

THE HIGH PRIEST

You shall know why I came!
By surprise the sources
of our mutinous slaves
have overcome our forces.
Our soldiers, like knaves,
discarding sword and spear,
when they heard Samson's name,
have fled in mortal fear
in the face of his fame.

Fatal à notre race,
 il reçut de son Dieu
 la force avec l'audace.
 Enchaîné par un vœu,
 Samson, dès sa naissance,
 fut marqué par le ciel
 pour rendre la puissance
 au peuple d'Israël.

DALILA

Je sais que son courage
 brave votre courroux,
 et qu'il n'est pas d'outrage
 qu'il ne garde pour vous!

LE GRAND-PRÊTRE

À tes genoux sa force
 un jour l'abandonna;
 mais depuis, il s'efforce
 d'oublier Dalila.
 On dit que, dans son âme
 oubliant ton amour,
 il se rit de la flamme
 qui ne dura qu'un jour!

DALILA

Je sais que de ses frères
 écoutant les discours,
 et les plaintes amères
 que causent nos amours,
 Samson, malgré lui-même,
 combat et lutte en vain;
 je sais combien il m'aime
 et mon cœur ne craint rien.
 C'est en vain qu'il me brave,
 il est fort aux combats,
 mais il est mon esclave
 et tremble dans mes bras.

His strength makes him our master,
 and a terrible fraud
 has led to our disaster,
 brought about by his God.
 And now they tell the story,
 how he vowed to use his spell
 again to bring glory
 to the people of Israel.

DELILAH

How Samson must despise you,
 trembling before his brawn,
 laughing, he now defies you!
 You yourself are his pawn!

THE HIGH PRIEST

Yet, in your arms, Delilah,
 Samson once lost his spell.
 Now he tries to forget you,
 and that ever he fell.
 In most derisive fashion
 I myself heard them say
 that he laughs at his passion,
 which only held one day.

DELILAH

I know that those around him
 often warn him of me,
 that his brothers confound him
 in vain and bitter plea.
 The less he tries to see me,
 the more his heart will pine;
 in vain he'll try to flee me;
 he will always be mine.
 Yes, in vain will he fight me.
 He will soon yield his charms,
 when in trembling delight
 he will lie in my arms.

(Please turn the page quietly.)

LE GRAND-PRÊTRE

Sers-nous de ta puissance,
prête-nous ton appui!
Que surpris, sans défense,
il succombe aujourd'hui!
Vends-moi ton esclave Samson!
Et, pour te payer sa rançon,
je ne ferai point de promesses;
tu peux choisir dans mes richesses.

DALILA

Qu'importe à Dalila ton or!
Et que pourrait tout un trésor,
si je ne rêvais la vengeance!
Toi-même, malgré ta science,
je t'ai trompé par cet amour.
Samson sut vous dompter un jour;
mais il n'a pu me vaincre encore,
car, autant que toi, je l'abhorre!

LE GRAND-PRÊTRE

J'aurai dû deviner ta haine et
ton dessein!
Mon cœur en t'écoutant tressaille
d'allégresse.
Mais sur son cœur déjà n'aurais-tu pas
en vain
mesuré ta puissance, essayé
ton adresse?

DALILA

Oui, déjà, par trois fois, déguisant
mon projet,
j'ai voulu de sa force éclaircir le secret.

J'allumai cet amour, espérant qu'à
sa flamme
je lirais l'inconnu dans le fond de
son âme.
Mais, par trois fois aussi, déjouant
mon espoir,

THE HIGH PRIEST

Deprive him of his senses!
Our strength we unite:
you will break his defenses,
I will snare him tonight!
I ask you to hand him to me,
whatever the ransom shall be.
You will live in wealth and in splendor;
just call the price for his surrender.

DELILAH

Delilah never asks for gold.
What you propose will leave her cold.
If she were not willing to break him,
no riches could make her forsake him.
But you yourself believed my play
though Samson held my heart in sway;
while I pretended to enjoy him,
I now have resolved to destroy him!

THE HIGH PRIEST

Ah, how well you've disguised your
fiercely burning hate!
My heart is overjoyed by what your
own confesses.
Yet, do you hold him still, or could it be
too late?
Has he ever denied you or defied
your caresses?

DELILAH

Yes, three times I have tried to discover
the spell,
the mysterious bode where his power
would dwell.
I, pretending to love, have proceeded to
charm him,
trying vainly to lure and at last to
disarm him.
Three times he fled from me, and I still
don't know

il ne s'est point livré, ne m'a rien
 laissé voir.
 En vain d'un fol amour j'imitai
 les tendresses,
 espérant amollir son cœur par
 mes caresses.
 J'ai vu ce fier captif, enlacé dans
 mes bras,
 s'arracher de ma couche et courir
 aux combats.
 Aujourd'hui cependant il subit
 ma puissance,
 car je l'ai vu pâlir, trembler en
 ma présence,
 et je sais qu'à cette heure, abandonnant
 les siens,
 il revient en ces lieux resserrer
 nos liens.
 Pour ce dernier combat j'ai préparé
 mes armes:
 Samson ne pourra pas résister à
 mes larmes.

LE GRAND-PRÊTRE

Que Dagon, notre dieu, daigne étendre
 son bras!
 Tu combats pour sa gloire, et par lui
 tu vaincras!

DALILA

Il faut, pour assouvir ma haine,
 il faut que mon pouvoir l'enchaîne!
 Je veux que, vaincu par l'amour,
 il courbe le front à son tour!

whence he would draw his strength,
 from what source it would flow.
 In vain I sought to drown him in
 loving excess,
 in vain I fought to drown him in
 unrestrained caresses.
 Now sighing in my arms, he seemed
 certain to yield,
 when at once he would flee me and turn
 to the field.
 Yet, I know that tonight I shall break
 his defiance.
 Yes, all his righteous spite
 will melt into compliance.
 Taking leave of his men, he will return
 to me,
 whom he never again will be able to flee.

THE HIGH PRIEST

And our god, mighty Dagon, may he
 take your part!
 You are serving his glory! He will sustain
 your heart!

DELILAH

And so, the evil seed is planted;
 my triumph shall at last be granted!
 At last, my revenge will come true,
 and Samson will suffer his due!

(Please turn the page quietly.)

LE GRAND-PRÊTRE

Je veux, pour assouvir ma haine,

je veux que Dalila l'enchaîne;
il faut que, vaincu par l'amour,
il courbe le front à son tour!

À toi l'honneur de la vengeance!

DALILA

À moi l'honneur de la vengeance!
À moi l'honneur, à moi!

LE GRAND-PRÊTRE ET DALILA

Je veux, pour assouvir ma haine,
je veux que Dalila l'enchaîne!
il faut que, vaincu par l'amour,
il courbe le front à son tour!
Unissons nous tous deux!
Mort au chef des Hébreux!

THE HIGH PRIEST

May Dagon bless the seed
you've planted
and triumph to our cause be granted!
May Samson now suffer his due,
our final revenge now come true!

The glory of vengeance is yours!

DELILAH

The glory of vengeance is mine!
It is mine!

THE HIGH PRIEST AND DELILAH

Yes, now the evil seed is planted,
and the triumph to my case be granted!
At last, my revenge will come true,
and Samson will suffer his due!
Strong and united we stand!
Death to the foe of our land!

The Promise of Living FROM *The Tender Land*

Music by Aaron Copland

Libretto by Horace Everett

The promise of living with hope and thanksgiving
is born of our loving our friends and our labor.

The promise of growing with faith and with knowing
is born of our sharing our love with our neighbor.

The promise of living, the promise of growing
is born of our singing in joy and thanksgiving.

For many a year we've known these fields
and known all the work that makes them yield.

Are you ready to lend a hand?
By working together, we'll bring in the blessings of the harvest.

We're ready to work, we're ready to lend a hand.
By working together, we'll bring in the harvest.

We plant each row with seeds of grain,
and Providence sends us the sun and the rain.

We plow and plant each row with seeds of grain,
bring in from the land, bring out the blessings of harvest.

By lending an arm, bring out from the farm,
bring out the blessings of harvest.

Give thanks there was sunshine, give thanks there was rain,
give thanks we have hands to deliver the grain!

O, let us be joyful, O let us be grateful to the Lord for his blessing!
O, let us sing our song, and let our song be heard.

The promise of ending in right understanding
is peace in our own hearts and peace with our neighbor.

The promise of living, the promise of growing,
the promise of ending is labor, and sharing, and loving.

A gift to the Civic Orchestra of Chicago supports the rigorous training that members receive throughout the season, which includes coaching from musicians of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and world-class conductors. Your gift today ensures that the Chicago Symphony Orchestra Association will continue to enrich, inspire, and transform lives through music.

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SCAN TO GIVE



Erina Yashima Conductor



German-born conductor Erina Yashima was Kapellmeister at the Komische Oper Berlin from 2022 to 2024. She has worked with many renowned

ensembles, orchestras, and opera companies worldwide.

In the 2025–26 season, she makes her debut with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Prague Radio Symphony Orchestra, Philharmonisches Staatsorchester Mainz, and Omaha Symphony Orchestra and returns to the Orchestre della Toscana. On the opera stage, Yashima makes her debut at the Metropolitan Opera with *The Magic Flute* and returns to Opera Australia with *Madama Butterfly*; following a highly acclaimed debut in August 2025.

Last season saw Yashima make her debut with the Frankfurt Radio Symphony, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Staatsphilharmonie Nürnberg, Stuttgarter Philharmoniker, Münchner Symphoniker, and Japan's Nagoya Philharmonic Orchestra and Kobe City Chamber Orchestra. On the opera stage, she made her debut with the Lyric Opera of Chicago with a production of *Le nozze di Figaro*, Opera Australia with *La Bobème*, and the Irish National Opera with *L'elisir d'amore*.

Recent highlights include performances with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Philadelphia Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony, Houston Symphony Orchestra, Orchestre Philharmonique Royal de Liège, Seoul Philharmonic Orchestra, Orchestre Métropolitain de Montréal, Royal Scottish National Orchestra, Arena di Verona, and the Tonkünstler-Orchester, among others.

Erina Yashima is equally at home in music theatre and on the concert stage. As Kapellmeister of the Komische Oper Berlin, she conducted *Rusalka*, *Hamlet*, *Così fan tutte*, and *The Magic Flute* as well as the world premiere of Elena Kats-Chernin's *Nils Holgersson* and various concert programs.

From 2019 to 2022, Yashima was assistant conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, where she assisted Music Director Yannick Nézet-Séguin and other guest conductors and conducted various concert programs. Riccardo Muti has been an important mentor for Erina Yashima since 2015. As a scholarship holder of the Sir Georg Solti Conducting Apprenticeship of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, she assisted Riccardo Muti and worked regularly with the Civic Orchestra of Chicago and with many renowned guest soloists and conductors, including Yo-Yo Ma, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Christoph Eschenbach, and Edward Gardner.

About the Ryan Opera Center

The Patrick G. and Shirley W. Ryan Opera Center is Lyric Opera of Chicago's preeminent artist-development program that nurtures the talents of some of the most promising operatic artists of each generation. The program's Ensemble members earn their coveted spot by successfully auditioning among more than 600 artists worldwide. Its alumni are among the dominant names in opera today. Donor generosity ensures continued unparalleled training, performance experience, and professional readiness of Ensemble members. This highly competitive program, established in 1974, is led by Director Dan Novak, Music Director Craig Terry, and Director of Vocal Studies Julia Faulkner.

Civic Orchestra of Chicago

The Civic Orchestra of Chicago is a training program of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's Negaunee Music Institute that prepares young professionals for careers in orchestral music. It was founded during the 1919–20 season by Frederick Stock, the CSO's second music director, as the Civic Music Student Orchestra, and for over a century, its members have gone on to secure positions in orchestras across the world, including over 160 Civic players who have joined the CSO. Each season, Civic members are given numerous performance opportunities and participate in rigorous orchestral training with its principal conductor, Ken-David Masur,

distinguished guest conductors, and a faculty of coaches comprised of CSO members. Civic Orchestra musicians develop as exceptional orchestral players and engaged artists, cultivating their ability to succeed in the rapidly evolving music world.

The Civic Orchestra serves the community through its commitment to present free or low-cost concerts of the highest quality at Symphony Center and in venues across Greater Chicago, including annual concerts at the South Shore Cultural Center and Fourth Presbyterian Church. The Civic Orchestra also performs at the annual Crain-Maling Foundation CSO Young Artists Competition and Chicago Youth in Music Festival. Many Civic concerts can be heard locally on WFMT (98.7 FM), in addition to concert clips and smaller ensemble performances available on CSOtv and YouTube. Civic musicians expand their creative, professional, and artistic boundaries and reach diverse audiences through educational performances at Chicago public schools and a series of chamber concerts at various locations throughout the city.

To further expand its musician training, the Civic Orchestra launched the Civic Fellowship program in the 2013–14 season. Each year, up to twelve Civic members are designated as Civic Fellows and participate in intensive leadership training designed to build and diversify their creative and professional skills. The program's curriculum has four modules: artistic planning, music education, social justice, and project management.

Ryan Opera Center 2026-27 Ensemble



Kylie Kreucher
Soprano



Josie Larsen
Soprano



Alexis Peart
Mezzo-Soprano



Camille Robles
Mezzo-Soprano



Sid Chand
Tenor



**Daniel Luis
Espinal**
Tenor



Sihao Hu
Baritone



Adam Partridge
Baritone



Matthew Dexter
Bass-Baritone



Lin Fan
Bass-Baritone



Benjamin R. Sokol
Bass-Baritone



Myungseo Kim
Pianist



Luke Poepfel
Conductor



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Stage Director



AJ Helms
Stage Manager

Civic Orchestra of Chicago

Ken-David Masur Principal Conductor

The Robert Kohl and Clark Pellett Principal Conductor Chair

VIOLINS

Sage Chen
 Keshav Srinivasan
 Natalie Boberg
 Carlos Chacon
 Ebedit Fonseca
 Alyssa Goh
 Rose Haselhorst
 John Heo
 Hojung Christina Lee
 June Lee
 Mona Mierxiati
 Matthew Musachio
 Hobart Shi
 Justine Jing Xin Teo*

Alba Layana Izurieta
 Naomi Powers
 Maria Paula Bernal
 Adam Davis
 Ben Koenig
 Lara Madden Hughes
 Tricia Park
 Sean Qin
 Mia Smith
 Jingjia Wang
 Yulia Watanabe-Price
 Lina Yamin

VIOLAS

Sava Velkoff*
 August DuBeau
 Lucie Boyd
 Eugene Chin
 Jacob Davis
 Elena Galentas
 Judy Huang
 Matthew Nowlan**
 Benjamin Perez
 Mason Spencer*

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 Buianto Lkhasaranov
 Ómkara Gil
 Luis Gonzalez
 Henry Lin
 Nick Reeves
 Santiago Uribe-Cardona
 Shun-Ming Yang

BASSES

Jared Prokop
 Alexander Wallack
 Tina Battaglia
 Gisel Dominguez
 Aidos Khamitov
 Jonathon Piccolo

FLUTES

Isabel Evernham
 Cierra Hall
 Hanna Oyasu

PICCOLOS

Isabel Evernham
 Hanna Oyasu

OBOES

Orlando Salazar*
 Will Stevens
 Guillermo Ulloa

ENGLISH HORN

Guillermo Ulloa

CLARINETS

Max Reese
 Elizabeth Kapitaniuk
 Henry Lazzaro

BASS CLARINET

Henry Lazzaro

BASSOONS

William George
 Jason Huang

CONTRABASSOON

Hannah Dickerson

HORNS

Erin Harrigan
 Emmett Conway
 Eden Stargardt*
 Jordan Petan

TRUMPETS

Hamed Barbarji*
 Abner Wong
 Kai-Chun Chang
 Maria Merlo

TROMBONES

Arlo Hollander
 Dustin Nguyen

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CIVIC ORCHESTRA OF CHICAGO SCHOLARSHIPS

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