

Cal Performances Presents

Sunday, November 4, 2007, 3pm
Zellerbach Hall

Dmitri Hvorostovsky, *baritone*

Moscow Chamber Orchestra
Constantine Orbelian, *conductor*

Academy of Choral Art Choir, Moscow
Victor Popov, *director*

Style of 5 Folk Ensemble

PROGRAM

- Dmitry Stepanovich Bortnyansky (1751–1825) “Cherubim Song”
- P. N. Tolstyakov “Priidite ko mne vsi truzhdajushiesia” (“Come to Me all you who labor”)
- Aleksandr Andreyevich Arkhangelsky (1846–1924) “Simvol very” (“Symbol of faith”)
- Pavel Chesnokov (1877–1944) “Da ispravitsja molitva moja” (“Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight”)
- Nikolay Andreyevich Rimsky-Korsakov (1844–1908) Gryaznoy’s aria from *The Tsar’s Bride* (1899)
- Pyotr Il’yich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893) “Po mostu mostochku” (“Across the little bridge”) from *Eugene Onegin*, Act I (1878)
- Tchaikovsky “Vi mne pisali” (“You wrote a letter”), Onegin’s aria, from *Eugene Onegin*, Act I
- Tchaikovsky “Budem pit i veselitsya!” (“We will drink and be merry”) from *The Queen of Spades*, Act III (1890)
- Tchaikovsky Prince Yeletsky’s aria from *The Queen of Spades*, Act II

INTERMISSION

Program

Vera Gorodovskaya *In Memory of Sergey Yesenin*

Nikolay Shishkin “Noch svetla” (“Bright is the night”)

Boris Fomin “Tol’ko raz” (“Only once”)

Pyotr Petrovich Bulakhov (1822–1885) “Gori, gori, moya zvezda” (“Shine, shine,
O my star”)

Stetsyuk *Medley on Russian Folk Songs*
“Korobeiniki” (“Peddlers”)
“Dremlyut plakuchie ivy” (“The weeping
willows slumber”)
“Korobeiniki” (“Peddlers”)

Aleksandra Nikolayevna Pakhmutova (b. 1929) “Nezhnost” (“Tenderness”)

Pakhmutova “Kak molody my byli” (“How young we were”)

Arno Harutyuni Babadjanian (1921–1983) “Ne speshi” (“Do not hurry”)

Babadjanian “Blagodariu tebia” (“I’m grateful to you”)

Arrangements by Evgeny Stetsyuk

*This concert is dedicated to the memory of the late Harry Orbelian,
Founder and President of the San Francisco Global Trade Council.*

Cal Performances’ 2007–2008 Season is sponsored by Wells Fargo Bank.

Sightlines

Dmitri Hvorostovsky and the Moscow Chamber Orchestra

Sunday, November 4, 2-2:30pm
Zellerbach Hall

Pre-performance talk by Elena Sharkova, choir master for
Symphony Silicon Valley.

This *Sightlines* event is free to all ticket holders.

Texts and Translations

Bortnyansky **“Cherubim Song”**

Izhe kheruvimy tajno obrazujushche,
i zhivotvorjashchey trojce trisvjatuju pesn'
pripevajushche,
vsjakoe nyne zhitejskoe otlozhim opechenie.
Amin'.
Jako da Carja vsek h podymem
Angel'skimi nevidimo dorinosima chinmi. Allilujja!

Tolstyakov **“Priidite ko mne vse truzhdajushchiesja”**

On zhe reche k nim:
“Priidite ko mne, vsi truzhdajushchiesja
i obremenennii, i Az upokoju vy.”

On zhe reche k nim:
“Az esm' dver', mnoju ashche kto vnidet, spasetsja,
i vnidet i izydet, i pazhit' obrjashchet.”

On zhe reche k nim:
“Ishchite zhe prezhdde Carstvija Bozhija i pravdy Ego,
I sija vsja prilozhatsja vam.”

On zhe reche k nim:
“Pokajtesja, priblizhisja bo Carstvie Nebesnoe,
pokajtesja.”
Slava Gospodnja vo vek i Carstvu Ego ne budet Konca.

Arkhangelsky **“Simvol very”**

Veruju vo Edinogo Boga Otca, Vsederzhitelja,
Tvorca nebu i Zemli, vidimym zhe vsem
i nevidmym. I vo edinogo Gospoda lisusa Khrista, Syna
Bozhija, Edinorodnogo, izhe ot Otca rozhdennogo
prezhde vsek h vek. Sveta ot sveta, Boga istinna ot Boga
istinna, rozhdenna, nesotvorena, edinosuschchna
Otcu, imzhe vsja bysha. Nas radi chelovek i nashego
radi spasenija, sshedshego s nebes, i voplotishegosja
ot Dukha Svjata, i Marii Devy, i vochelovechshasja.
Raspjatogo zhe za ny, pri Pontijstem Pilate, i stradvsha
i pogrebenna:
I voskresshego v tretij den' po Pisaniem.
I vossedshhego na nebesa, i sedjashcha odesnuju.
Otca: I paki grjadushchego so slavoju suditi zhivym i
ertvym, Ego zhe Carstviju ne budet konca.
I v Dukha Svjatogo, Gospoda zhivotvorjashchego,
izhe ot Otca iskhodjashchego, izhe so Otcem i synom
spoklanjaema, i sslavima, glagolavshhego proruki.
Vo edinu Svjatuju, Sobornuju i Apostol'skuju Cerkov'.

Let us who mystically represent the Cherubim, and who
sing the thrice-holy hymn to the life-creating Trinity,
now lay aside earthly cares.
Amen.
That we may receive the King of All,
Who comes invisibly escorted by the angelic hosts.
Alleluia!

“Come to Me, all you who labor”

He said unto them:
“Come to me, all you who labor and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest.” [Matthew 11:28]

He said unto them: “I am the door. If anyone enters by
me he will be saved, and will go in and out and will find
pasture.” [John 10:9]

He said unto them: “Seek first the kingdom of God and
His righteousness, and all these things shall be added
unto you.” [Matthew 6:33]

He said unto them:
“Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, repent.”
“The glory of the Lord is for ever, and there is no end to
His Kingdom. [Matthew 3:2]

“Symbol of faith”

I believe in one God, the Father almighty, Maker of
Heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.
And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the only-
begotten, begotten of the Father before all ages. Light
of Light, true God of true God; begotten, not made; of
one essence with the Father, by whom all things were
made; who for us men and for our salvation came down
from Heaven, and was incarnate of the Holy Spirit
and the Virgin Mary, and became man. And He was
crucified for us under Pontius Pilate, and suffered and
was buried. And the third day He rose again, according
to the Scriptures, and ascended into Heaven, and sitteth
at the right hand of the Father; and He shall come
again with glory to judge the living and the dead; whose
Kingdom shall have no end. And in the Holy Spirit,
the Lord, the Giver of Life, who proceedeth from the
Father; who with the Father and the Son together is
worshipped and glorified; who spake by the prophets.
In one Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church.

Texts and Translations

Ispoveduju edino kreshchenie vo ostavlenie grekhov.
Chaju voskresenija mertvykh: i zhizhni
Buduschego veka. Amin'.

Chesnokov

“Da ispravitsja molitva moja”

Da ispravitsja molitva moja, jako kadilo pred Toboju.
Vozdejanie ruku moeju, zhertva vechernijaja.
Gospodi, vozzvakh k tebe, uslyshi mja:
Vonmi glasu molenija moego, vnegda vozzvati mi
K tebe. Da ispravitsja molitva moja...
Polozhi, Gospodi, khranenie ustom moim,
i dver' orgrazhdenija o usnakh moikh
Da ispravitsja...
Ne ukloni serdce moe v slovesa lukavstvija,
nepshchevati viny o gresekh.
Da ispravitsja...

Rimsky-Korsakov

Gryaznoy's aria from *The Tsar's Bride*

S uma neidiet krasaviza!
I rad by zabyt ee, zabyt to sili niet.
Naprasno dumal chestyu konchit delo,
naprasno zasyal k otzu ja svyatov.
Velel skazat kupez mne naotrez:
blagodarim boyarina za lasku,
a doch' svoyu ya obeshal drugomu,
Ivanu Lykovu, chto vozvratilysya
nidavno iz kraev syuda zamorskikh.
Kuda ty udal' prezhnaya devalas,
kuda umchalis' dni likhikh zabav?
Ni tot ya stal teper', vse minovalo,
otvaga mne dushi ni veselit
i buinaya golovushka ponikla.
Ni uznayu teper ya sam sebya,
ni uznayu Grigorya Gryaznovo.
Kuda ty udal' prezhyaya devalas',
kuda umchalis' dni likhikh zabav?
ni tot ya stal teper', ni tot ya stal
byvayu my, chut deviza po serdzu,
Nagryaniem noch'yu,
Dver' s kryuka sorvali,
Krasavizu na troiku i poshel.
Nagryanuli i pominai kak zvali
Nemalo ikh ya vykral na rodu.
Nemalo ikh umchal na borzykh konyakh,
I yunoyu devichei krasotoi
Poteshil krov' goryachyu svoyu.
Ni uznayu teper ya sam sebya
Ni uznayu Grigorya Gryaznoovo
Kuda tu udal' prezhnaya devalas'

I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins.
I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of
the world to come. Amen.

“Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight”

Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight like incense, and
let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.
Lord, I have cried to Thee, hear me. Hear the voice of
my prayer, when I cry to Thee.
Let my prayer be set forth, *etc.*
Set a watch, o Lord, before my mouth, and keep the
door of my lips.
Let my prayer be set forth, *etc.*
Incline not my heart to an evil thing, nor to practice
wicked deeds.
Let my prayer be set forth, *etc.*

I cannot get the beautiful girl out of my mind!
I would be happy to forget her, but I cannot.
In vain I sought to end this matter honorably.
I vain I sent the matchmakers to her father.
The merchant ordered me to be told outright
“We thank the *boyar* for his kindness,
but I have promised my daughter to another,
to Ivan Lykov, who has returned here
recently from foreign parts.”
What has happened to my old valor,
where have those days of wild adventure gone?
I am not the same man, it has all passed,
bravery does not lift my soul,
my reckless head hangs low.
I do not recognize myself,
I do not recognize Grigory Gryaznoy.
What has happened to my old valor,
where have those days of wild adventure gone?
I am not the same man, not the same man.
It used to be that if a girl took my fancy,
we would come out of the blue at night,
tear the door of its hinges,
put the girl in the *troika* and off we would go.
We came out of the blue and vanished into thin air.
Not a few of them I abducted from their families.
With not a few of them I sped on swift horses
And gratified my fiery blood
With their youthful and maidenly beauty.
Now I don't recognize myself,
I don't recognize Grigory Gryaznoy
What has happened to my old valor,

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

kuda umchalis' dni likhikh zabav?
Ni tot ya stal teper', Vse minovalo
ni tot teper' ya stal. K chem nasile?
Ni prikhot', a lyubov'
krushit mne dushu
Chem konchitsya, cho budet vperedu,
ni znayu sam.
A lykovu Ivashke ni obkhodit krugom naloya s Marfoi.
Pozval gostei.
Khochu zabystsya s nimi
Pridet li tolko Elisei Bomelii?
On mne nuzhnee vsekh

Tchaikovsky "Po Mostu Mostochku" from *Eugene Onegin*

Uzh kak po mostu, mostochku,
Po kalinovim dosochkam,
Vayinu, vayinu, vayinu, vayinu,
Po kalinovim dosochkam,
Tut i shol proshol detina,
Slovno yagoda malina,
Vayinu...
Slovno yagoda malina.
Na pleche nesyt dubinku,
Pod poloi nesyt volinku,
Vayinu...
Pod poloi nesyt volinku,
Pod drugoi nesyt gudochek.
Dogadaisa, mil družhoček,
Vayinu...
Dogadaisa, mil družhoček.
Solntse syelo, ti ne spish li!
Libo viidi, libo vishli,
Vayinu...
Libo viidi, libo vishli,
Libo Sashu, libo Mashu,
Libo dushechku Parashu,
Vayinu...
Libo dushechku Parashu,
Libo Sashu,
Parashenka vikhodila,
S milim ryechi govorila:
Vayinu...
S milim ryechi govorila:
"Ne bessud-ka, moi družhoček,
V chom khodila, vi tom i vishla,
V khudenkoi vo rubashonke,
Vo korotkoi ponizhonke,
Vayinu...
V khudenkoi vo rubashonke,
Vo korotkoi ponizhonke!
Ne bessud-ka, moi družhoček..."
Vayinu...

where have those days of wild adventure gone?
I'm not the same man now, they have all passed.
I'm not the same man now, What use is force?
It is not a whim, but love
That is destroying my soul.
How will it end, what will happen
In the future I do not know,
But Ivan Lykov will not walk
Around the church lectern with Marfa.
I have invited some guests. In their company, I want
To forget. If only Yelisey Bomelius comes.
I need him most of all.

"Across the little bridge"

One day across the bridge, the little bridge,
along the hazel planks,
Vayinu, vayinu, vayinu, vayinu,
along the hazel planks,
came a fine young fellow,
fresh and ruddy as a raspberry,
Vayinu...
fresh and ruddy as a raspberry.
Over his shoulder he carries a cudgel,
under one coat-skirt he carries bagpipes,
Vayinu...
under one coat-skirt he carries bagpipes,
under the other is a fiddle.
Now just you guess, my dearest,
Vayinu...
Now just you guess, my dearest.
The sun has set, aren't you asleep, then?
Come out yourself or else send out,
Vayinu...
Come out yourself or else send out
Sasha or Masha
or dear little Parasha,
Vayinu...
Send dear little Parasha,
Sasha, *etc.*
Parashenka came out,
and had a talk with her sweetheart,
Vayinu...
had a talk with her sweetheart:
"Don't grumble at me, my dearest,
I've come out just as I was,
in my shabby little blouse
and my short skirt.
Vayinu...
In my shabby little blouse
and my short skirt!
Don't you grumble at me, *etc.*"
Vayinu...

Texts and Translations

Tchaikovsky

“Vi mne pisali,” Oegin’s aria from *Eugene Onegin* “You wrote a letter”

Vi mnye pisali.
Ne otpiraites. Ya prochol
Dushi dovyerchivoi priznanya,
Lyubvi nevinnoi izliyanya;
Mnye vasha iskrennost mila!
Ona v volnenye privela
Davno umolknuvshiye chuvstva.
No vas khvalit ya ne khochu;
Ya za nyeyo vam otplachu
Priznanyem takzhe hez iskusstva.
Primite zh isposed moyu,
Sebya na sud yam otdayu!
Kogda bi zhizn domashnim krugom
Ya ogranichit zakhotyel,
Kogda b mnye bit otsom,
suprugom Priyatni zhrebi povelyel,
To, vyerno b, krome vas odnoi,
Nevyesti ne iskal inoi.
No ya ne sozdan dlya blazhenstva,
Yemu chuzhda dusha moya,
Naprasni vashi sovershenstva,
Ikh ne dostoyin vovse ya.
Povyerte, sovest v torn porukoi,
Supruzhestvo nam budet mukoi.
Ya skolko ni lyubil bi vas,
Priviknuv, razlyublyu totchas.
Sudite zh vi, kakiye rozi
Nam zagotovil Gimenyei,
Il mozhet bit, na mnogo dneyi!
IlMechtam i godam nyet vozvrata,
Ne obnovlyu dushi moyei!
Ya vas lyublyu lyubovyu brata,
lyobovyu brata
Il, mozhet bit, yeshcho nezhnyei!
Il, mozhet bit yeshcho, yeshcho silnyei!
Poslushaite zh menya bez gnyeva,
Smenit ne raz mladaya dyeva
Mechtami lyogkiye mechti!

You wrote to me.
Don’t deny it. I have read
the avowal of a trusting heart,
the outpouring of an innocent love;
your candor touched me deeply.
It has stirred
feelings long since dormant.
I won’t commend you for this,
but I will repay you
with an equally guileless avowal.
Hear my confession,
then judge me as you will!
If I had wished to pass my life
within the confines of the family circle,
and a kindly fate had decreed for me
the role of husband and father,
then, most like, I would not choose
any other bride than you.
But I was not made for wedded bliss,
it is foreign to my soul,
your perfections are vain,
I am quite unworthy of them.
Believe me, I give you my word,
marriage would be a torment for us.
No matter how much I loved you,
habit would kill that love.
Judge what a thorny bed of roses
Hymen would prepare for us,
and, perhaps, to be endured at length!
One cannot return to dreams and youth,
I cannot renew my soul!
I love you with a brother’s love,
a brother’s love
or, perhaps, more than that!
Perhaps, perhaps more than that!
Listen to me without getting angry,
more than once will a girl exchange
one passing fancy for another.

Tchaikovsky

**“Budem pit i veselitsya!” from
*The Queen of Spades***

Budem pit i veselitsya!
Budem zhizniyu igrat!
Yunosti ne vechno dlitsya,
Starosti ne dolgo zhdat!
Pust potonet nasha mladost
V nege, kartakh I vine!
V nikh odnikh na svete radost,
Zhizn promchitsya kak vo sne!

“We will drink and be merry”

Drink and make merry!
Life is a game!
Youth passes quickly,
Age hurries on!
Drown youth’s short summer
In wine, cards and pleasure!
Nought else gives happiness,
Life is a swift dream, life’s done!

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

Prince Yeletsky's aria from *The Queen of Spades*

Pastoite na adno mgnavenye!
Ya dolzhen, dolzhen vam skazat'!
Ya vas liubliu, liubliu bezmerna,
Bez vas ne mysliu dnia prazhyt',
Ya podvik sily besprimernai
Gatof seichas dlia vas svershyt',
No, znaite: sertsas vasheva svabodu
Niche m ya ne hachu stesniat',
Gatof skryvatsa vam v ugodu
I pyl revniviyh chustf uniat',
Na fsio, na fsio dlia vas gatof ya!
Ne tol'ka liubiashim suprugam—
Slugoi, paleznym inagda,
Zhelal by ya byt' vashym drugam
I uteshytelem fsегда!
No yasna vizhu, chustvuyu teper'ya,
Kuda sebia v mechtah zavliok,
Kak mala v vas ka mne daverya
Kak chusht ya vam i kak daliok!
Ah, ya terzayus' etai dalyu,
Sastrazhdu vam ya fsei dushoi,
Pechalius vashei ya pechalyu
I plachu vasheyu slezoi,
Ah, ya terzayus' etai dalyu,
Sastrazhdu vam ya fsei dushoi!
Ya vas liubliu, liubliu bezmerna,
Bez vas ne mysliu dnia prazhyt',
Ya podvik sily besprimernai
Gatof seichas dlia vas svershyt'!
O, milaya, ya vas liubliu!

Wait just one moment!
I simply have to talk with you!
I love you without bounds
And can't imagine living a day without you.
I'm prepared to perform for you
A feat of unparalleled prowess,
But know this: I don't wish to restrict
The freedom of your heart.
If you were you to wish it, I'd vanish
And douse jealousy's flame.
I'm prepared to do anything for you!
I'd like to be not just a loving spouse,
A useful servant at time,
But your friend as well
And always a consoler!
But I clearly see, now I feel,
How much my dreams misled me,
How little you have faith in me,
How remote I am to you!
Oh, I am distressed by the distance;
I feel for you with my entire heart,
I feel your grief,
And cry with your tears.
Oh, I'm distressed by the distance,
I feel for you with my entire heart,
I love you without bounds,
And cannot imagine living a day without you,
I'm prepared to perform for you
A feat of unparalleled prowess:
Oh my darling, I love you!

INTERMISSION

Gorodovskaya *In Memory of Sergey Yesenin*

[instrumental]

Shishkin "Noch svetla"

Noch svetla, nad rekoy tiho svetit luna,
I blestit serebrom golubaya volna.
Tiomniy les... Tam v tishi izumrudnih vetvey
Zhokih pesen svoih ne poyot solvey.

Miliy drug nezhniiy drug, ya, kak prezdhe liubia,
V etu noch pri lune fsprominayu tebia.

"Bright is the night"

Bright is the night, the moon shines quietly over the river,
And the blue waves shine like silver.
Dark the forest... In the quiet of its emerald branches
The nightingale no longer sings its loud songs.

Dear friend, gentle friend, as before, when I loved you,
Remember you this night, by the light of the moon.

Texts and Translations

V etu noch pri lune, na chuzhoy storone,
Miliy drug nezhnıy drug, pomni ti obo mne.
Pod lunoy rastsveli golubiye tsveti,
Etot tsvet goluboy, eto f serdse mechti.
K tebe griozoy lechu, tvoyo imia tverzhu
Pri lune, v tishine, ya s tsvetami grushchu.

Fomin

“Tol’ko raz”

Text by Pavel German

Den’i noch roniyayet serdse lasku,
Den’i noch kruzhitsa glogva,
Den’i noch vzvolnavannoyu skazkoy
Mne zvuchat tvoyi slova.

Pripev:

Tol’ko raz bivayet v zhizni fstrecha,
Tol’ko raz sud’boyu rviotsa nit’
Tol’ko raz v holodniy zimniy vecher
Mne tak hochetsa liubit’.

Tayet luch purpurnovo zakata,
Sinevoy okutanı tsveti.
Gde zhe ti, zhelannaya kogda-to,
Gde vo mne rodivishaya mechti?
Pripev

Bulakhov

“Gori, gori moya zvezda”

Text by V. Chuevsky

Gori, gori moya zvezda,
Zvezda liubvi privetnaja!
Ti u menia odna zavetnaya,
Drugoy ne budet nikogda!
Ti u menia odna zavetnaya,
Drugoy ne budet nikogda!
Zvezda liubvi volshebnaya,
Zvezda prishedshih luchshih dnei!
Ti budesh vechno nezabennaya
V dushe izmuchennoy moyey,
Ti budesh vechno nezabennaya
V dushe izmuchennoy moyey.

Tvoyih luchney nebesnoy siloyu
Fsia zhizn moya ozarena;
Umru li ya, ti nad mogiloyu
Gori siyay moya zvezda!
Umru li ya, ti nad mogiloyu
Gori siyay moya zvezda!

This night, by the light of the moon, in a faraway land,
Remember me also, dear friend, gentle friend.
Beneath the moon blue flowers have blossomed,
This color marks the longing of the heart.
I fly to you in my thoughts, repeating your name,
Beneath the moon, in the silence, I mourn with the
flowers.

“Only once”

Day and night my heart expresses fondness,
Day and night, my head spins around,
Day and night, like an impassionate fairy tale,
Your word resound in my ears.

Refrain:

A true encounter happens but once in life,
The thread of life is torn by fate but once,
Only this once, on a cold and wintry evening
I so much desire to love.

The ray of the crimson sunset melts away,
The flowers are wrapped in the blueness of dusk,
Where are you, the one I once so desired,
Where are you. Who planted this longing in me?
Refrain

“Shine, shine, O my star”

Shine, shine, my star,
The welcoming star of my love!
You are my only cherished one,
There will never be another,
You are my only cherished one,
There will never be another!
O, magic star of love,
O star of better days now here!
You will forever be unforgettable
Within my tortured soul,
You will forever be unforgettable
Within my tortured soul.

The celestial power of your rays
Illumine my entire life:
And, should I die, upon my grave
You’ll shine and glisten, O my star!
And, should I die, upon my grave
You’ll shine and glisten, O my star!

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

Stetsyuk

Medley on Russian Folk Songs

“Korobeiniki”

Oi, polna moya korobushka,
Est' i sitez, i parcha,
Pozhalei, moya zaznobushka,
Molodezkovo precha!

Vydu, vydu v rozh' vysokuyu,
Tam do nochki pogozhu,
Ya zavizhu chernookuyu
Vse tovari razlozhu.

Katya berezhno torguetsya,
Vse boitsya peredat,
Paren' s devizei zeluetsya
Prosit zeny nabavlyat'.

“Dremlyut plakuchie ivy”

Dremlyut plakuchie ivy
Nizko sklonyas nad ruch'em
Ctruiki begut toroplivo,
Shepchut vo mrake nochnom.
Shepchut, vse chepchut, vo mrake nochnom.

“Korobeiniki”

Znaet tolko noch glubokaya,
Kak poladili oni
Raspriamilis ty, rozh' vysokaya,
Tainu svyato sokhrani!

“Peddlers”

Oh my little peddler girl
Oh, there is calico and brocade,
You will be rewarded, my sweetheart,
with broad and dashing shoulders!

I leave for the high rye field,
and there I will hide for a while
I see your dark eyes
and offer all my goods.

Katya carefully bargains,
reluctant to sell,
A boy kisses his girlfriend
she increases the price.

“The weeping willows slumber”

The weeping willows slumber
they bend over the stream
which rapidly flow,
whispering in the darkness.
Whispering, whispering, in the darkness.

“Peddlers”

Only the deep night knows,
how it all happened
Straighten up tall rye field
and keep faith with the holy secret!

Pakhmutova

“Nezhnost”

Text by S. Grebennikov and Nikolay Dobronravov

Opustel bez tebia Zemlia.
Kak mne neskol'ko chasov prozhit'?
Tak zhe padaet v sadah listva
I kuda-to vsio speshat taksi.
Tol'ko pusto bylo na Zemle seichas bez tebia
A ty, ty letish' I tebe dariat zviozdy svoyu nezhnost.

Tak zhe pusto bylo na Zemle
I kogda letal Ekziuperi.
Tak zhe padala listva v sadah
I pridumat' ne mogla Omelia
Kak prozhit' ey bez nego, Poka
On letal, letal I vse zviozdy emu otdavali svoyu
nezhnost.

“Tenderness”

The Earth seems deserted without you.
How can I survive for these few hours?
As always leaves are falling in gardens,
And taxis are hurrying somewhere.
I feel emptiness without you now,
But you—you are flying, and stars are giving you
their tenderness.

The Earth was also deserted like this
When Saint Exupéry was flying.
Leaves were falling in gardens as they say today,
And the Earth could not imagine
How it could survive without him,
While he was flying—flying, and all the stars were
given him their tenderness.

Texts and Translations

Opuelsta bez tebia Zemilia.
Esli mohesh', priletai skorei.

Pakhmutova

“Kak molody my byli”

Text by Nikolay Dobronravov

Oglianis' nezakomyi prohozhiy,
Mne tvoi vzgliad nepodkupnyi znakom,
Mozhe, ia eto, tol'ko molozhe,
Ne vseгда my sebia uznaem.

*Nichto na zemle ne probodit bessledno,
I iunost' ushedshaia vsio zhe bessmertna.
Kak molodu my byli!
Kak iskrenno liubili,
Kak verili v sebia!*

Nas togda bez usmeshkek vstrechali
Vse tsvety na dorogah zemli.
My druzei za oshibki proshchali,
Lish' izmeny prostit' ne mogli,

Nichto na zemle ne probodit bessledno...

pervyi taim my uzhe otygrali,
I odno lich' sumeli poniat';
Chtob tebia na zemle ne teriali,
Postaraysia sebei ne teriat'!

*Nichto na zemle ne probodit bessledno,
I iunost' ushedshaia vsio zhe bessmertna.*

V nebesah otgoreli zarnitsy,
I v serdtsah utihaet groza.
Ne zabyt' nam liubimye litsa,
Ne zabyt' nam rodnye glaza...

Nichto na zemle ne probodit bessledno...

Babadjanian

“Ne speshi”

Text by Yevgeny Aleksandrovich Yevtushenko

Ty speshi, ty speshi ko mne,
Esli ia vdali, esli trudno mne.
Esli ia—slovno v strashnom sne,
Esli ten' bedy v moiom okne.
Ty speshi, kogda obidiat vdrug,
Ty speshi, kogda mne nuzhen drug,
Ty speshi, kogda grushchu v tishi—
Ty speshi, ty speshi!
Ty speshi, kogda grushchu v tishi—

The Earth seems deserted without you.
If you can, return very soon.

“How young we were”

Glance back, unknown passer-by,
your incorruptible look seem familiar to me.
Maybe it's me but younger,
We don't always recognize ourselves.

*Everything leaves traces on this Earth,
And our bygone youth is immortal.
How young we were!
How earnestly we loved,
And believed in ourselves!*

Back then we were met, not with ironic smiles,
But with flowers along the way.
We forgave our friend for their mistakes,
The only thing we could not forgive was betrayal.

Everything leaves traces on this Earth...

We have already played the first inning of the game,
And we have managed to understand only one thing:
If you don't want to be lost to others,
Try not to lose yourself!

*Everything leaves traces on this Earth,
And our bygone youth is immortal.*

The summer lightning has ceased in the skies,
The thunderstorm has subsided in our hearts,
We won't forget beloved faces,
We won't forget our dear ones' eyes.

Everything leaves traces on this Earth...

“Do not hurry”

Hurry, hurry to me,
If I am far, I am in trouble,
If I am having a nightmare,
If there is a shadow of trouble at my window.
Hurry, when I am suddenly upset,
Hurry, when I need a friend,
Hurry, when I am silently sad,
Hurry, hurry!
Hurry, when I am silently sad,

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

Ty speshi, ty speshi!
Ne speshi, ne speshi kogda,
My s tobom vdvom i vdali beda:
Skazhut “da” list, ia i voda,
Zvezdy i ogni, i poezda.
Ne speshi, kogda glaza v glaza,
Ne speshi, kogda ves’ mir v tishi—
Ne speshi, ne speshi!

Ne speshi, ne speshi!

Ne speshi, ne speshi!

Babjanian **“Blagodariu tebia”**

Text by Robert Ivanovich Rozhdestvensky

Blagodariu tebia za pesennost’ goroda;
I otkrovennogo, i tainogo.
Blagodariu tebia, chto vsem bylo holodno,
A ty ottaiala, ottaiala.

*Za shiopot i za krik,
Za vechnost’ I za mik,
Za otgorevshuiu zvezdu,
Za smeh i za pechal’,
Za tihov “Proshchay”
Za vsio tebia blagodariu.
Za smeh i za pechal’,
Za tihov “Proshchay”
Za vsio tebia blagodariu.*

Blagodariu zu to, chto ty po sud’ beproshla,
Za to, chto dlia drugogo sbudesh’sia.
Blagodariu tebia, za to, chto so mnoy byla,
Eshche za to, chto ne zabudesh’sia.

Za shiopot i za krik...

Za vsio, za vsio,
Tebia blagodariu!...Tebia!

Hurry, hurry!
Do not hurry when
We are together and trouble is far away,
There is a “yes” from leaves and water,
Stars and lights and trains.
Do not hurry, when eyes gaze into eyes
Do not hurry, when the world is silent,
Do not hurry, do not hurry!

Do not hurry, do not hurry!

Do not hurry, do not hurry!

“I’m grateful to you”

I’m grateful to you for this town,
Both frank and secret.
I’m grateful that when everyone was cold.
You warmed us back to life.

*For a murmur and a cry,
For eternity and an instant,
For a fading star.
For laughter and sadness,
For a quiet “farewell,”
I thank you for everything.
For laughter and sadness,
For a quiet “farewell,”
I thank you for everything.*

I’m grateful that you passed through my destiny,
And that you will come true for someone
I’m grateful that you were with me,
And that I will never forget you.

For a murmur and a cry...

For everything,
I’m grateful to you!...To you!

About the Artists



The internationally acclaimed Russian baritone **Dmitri Hvorostovsky** was born in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, and studied in Krasnoyarsk. He made his western operatic debut at the Nice Opera in Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*, and his career rapidly expanded to include regular engagements at all major opera houses, including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London; the Metropolitan Opera, New York; the Opera Bastille and Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris; the Bavarian State Opera, Munich; the Teatro alla Scala, Milan; the Vienna State Opera; and the Chicago Lyric Opera; in addition to appearances at the major international festivals.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky is also a celebrated recitalist and has given concerts in the world's major international recital venues, including the Wigmore Hall, London; Queen's Hall, Edinburgh; Carnegie Hall, New York; the Teatro alla Scala, Milan; the Tchaikovsky Conservatoire, Moscow; the Liceu, Barcelona; the Suntory Hall, Tokyo; and the Musikverein, Vienna. He has also given recitals in Istanbul, Jerusalem and Australia, South America and across the Far East.

He appears regularly in concert with orchestras such as the New York Philharmonic, the San Francisco Symphony and the Rotterdam Philharmonic, and conductors with whom he has worked include James Levine, Bernard Haitink, Claudio Abbado, Lorin Maazel, Zubin Mehta, Yuri Termikanov and Valery Gergiev. Giya Kancheli wrote his symphonic work *Do Not Grieve* for Dmitri Hvorostovsky and the San Francisco Symphony, premiered in May 2002. The distinguished Russian composer Georgy Sviridov wrote a song-cycle, *St. Petersburg*, especially for Dmitri Hvorostovsky, who often includes this cycle and other music by Sviridov in his recitals.

Mr. Hvorostovsky retains strong musical and personal contacts with Russia. He became the first Russian opera singer to give a solo concert with orchestra and chorus on Red Square in Moscow; this concert was televised in over 25 countries. In 2005, Mr. Hvorostovsky gave an historic tour throughout the cities of Russia at the invitation of President Putin, singing to crowds of hundreds of thousands of people to commemorate the soldiers of the Second World War. The tour stretched from Moscow and St. Petersburg to Krasnoyarsk, Samara, Omsk, Kazan, Novosibirsk and Kemerovo. Mr. Hvorostovsky now tours the cities of Russia on an annual basis.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky's many recordings include recital and aria discs for Philips Classics and for Delos Records, as well as complete opera performances on CD and DVD. He has also starred in *Don Giovanni Unmasked*, a film (by Rhombus Media) based on Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.



The brilliant American pianist and conductor **Constantine Orbelian** is a central figure in Russia's musical life. As Music Director of the celebrated

Moscow Chamber Orchestra and Permanent Guest Conductor of the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, Maestro Orbelian has a unique lead-

About the Artists

ership position with two of Russia's most illustrious orchestras. His appointment in 1991 as Music Director of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra was a breakthrough event: He is the first American ever to become music director of an ensemble in Russia.

Maestro Orbelian's ambitious series of over 30 recordings on Delos features both the Moscow Chamber Orchestra and the Philharmonia of Russia. His worldwide tours with the MCO include concerts during 2005 and 2006 in New York, Washington, Miami, London, Paris, Munich, Frankfurt, Tokyo, Seoul, Prague and Istanbul. In July 2005, Maestro Orbelian conducted baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky and the MCO in a live telecast in Tokyo, followed by a concert in Tokyo's Opera City Concert Hall and a concert in Seoul's Sejong Center with Korean soprano Sumi Jo. In 2004, Maestro Orbelian conducted legendary pianist Van Cliburn and the Moscow Philharmonic in a special memorial concert at Moscow's Great Hall, dedicated to the children of Beslan. Maestro Orbelian led New York's only Khachaturian Centennial Concert in 2003, with the Philharmonia of Russia and Marina Domashenko. Among his recent concert appearances are collaborations with vocal stars Ewa Podles, Roberto Alagna, Renée Fleming, Galina Gorchakova and Dmitri Hvorostovsky.

Maestro Orbelian's frequent collaborations with Mr. Hvorostovsky include the spectacular "Songs of the War Years" program, recorded on the Delos album *Where Are You, My Brothers?* and featuring songs from the World War II era. In January 2006, the "War Years" program toured New York's Lincoln Center, Washington's Kennedy Center, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Toronto and London. The May 2005 "War Years" concert at Moscow's Kremlin Palace was attended by 80 presidents and heads of state from all over the world, commemorating the 60th anniversary of the end of World War II. A "Hero Cities" tour of Russia followed, culminating in St. Petersburg, where both Maestro Orbelian and Mr. Hvorostovsky were awarded the President's Konstantinov Medal. In May 2004, the "War Years" concert in Moscow's Red Square was attended by an audience of 10,000, including President Putin, and telecast live throughout Russia

and to 37 countries worldwide. Maestro Orbelian and Mr. Hvorostovsky performed the "War Years" program in 2004 for survivors of the Siege of Leningrad and in 2003 for 6,000 Muscovites at the Kremlin Palace in Moscow, telecast by Russian television to over 90 million viewers.

Born in San Francisco to Russian and Armenian émigré parents, Constantine Orbelian made his debut as a pianist with the San Francisco Symphony at the age of 11. After graduating from The Juilliard School, he embarked on a career as a piano virtuoso that included appearances with major symphony orchestras throughout the United States, United Kingdom, Europe and Russia. His recording of the Khachaturian piano concerto won "Best Concerto Recording of the Year" award in the United Kingdom.

Maestro Orbelian is Founder and Music Director of the annual Palaces of St. Petersburg International Music Festival, and of Moscow's unique concert series, "Musical Treasures at the Museums of the Kremlin." Professor of conducting at the Russian Academy of Music in Moscow, Maestro Orbelian is also in charge of the music program for the Stanford University Overseas Campus in Moscow. In 2001, Constantine Orbelian was awarded the Ellis Island Medal of Honor, an award given to immigrants, or children of immigrants, who have made outstanding contributions to the United States.

The **Moscow Chamber Orchestra** is one of the world's great musical ensembles. First called "the greatest chamber orchestra in the world" by Dmitri Shostakovich, the legendary Moscow Chamber Orchestra celebrated its 50th anniversary in 2006. The Orchestra's present Music Director, brilliant American pianist/conductor Constantine Orbelian, has brought the MCO into a new era of international activity and acclaim since his appointment in 1991. For his remarkable achievements with the MCO, in 2004 Maestro Orbelian was awarded the title "Honored Artist of Russia" by President Putin, a title never before bestowed on a non-Russian citizen.

From its 1995 performance at the 50th anniversary celebrations of the United Nations in San Francisco, to its 2004 performance at the US State

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Department commemorating 70 years of diplomatic relations between Washington and Moscow, the MCO brings its celebrated artistry to a wide range of international audiences. Called “one of the crown jewels of Russia,” the Moscow Chamber Orchestra tours internationally in the UK, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Finland, Sweden, Korea, Japan, South Africa, South America, Canada and the United States. Maestro Orbelian and the MCO now perform more than 120 concerts per year, including one or more annual Carnegie Hall appearances since 1998, and a sold-out subscription series in the Great Hall of Moscow’s famed Tchaikovsky Conservatory. Under Orbelian’s leadership the Orchestra was accorded the honor of “Academic” in its official Russian title (The State Academic Chamber Orchestra of Russia).

The Moscow Chamber Orchestra’s acclaimed series of recordings with Maestro Orbelian on the Delos label numbers 23 recent releases, with more currently in production. Both in its stellar recordings and electrifying live performances, the Orchestra attracts universal excitement.

The Moscow Chamber Orchestra was created in 1956 by renowned conductor and violist Rudolph Barshai, and has long been considered a Russian national treasure. Always a magnet for the most talented and brilliant musicians in Moscow, the MCO has been an inspiration to important Russian composers such as Dmitri Shostakovich, who entrusted the first performance of his 14th Symphony to the Orchestra. The MCO’s 50th Anniversary season will feature music written or arranged for the Orchestra, in addition to music long associated with the MCO’s illustrious history.

The **Academy of Choral Art Choir’s** history goes back to 1944 when the well-known choirmaster Alexander Sveshnikov established the Moscow Choral College to restore the traditional system of Russian choral education interrupted in the early 20th Century. Sveshnikov’s ideas were upheld and developed by Professor **Victor Sergeyerch Popov**, who assumed leadership of the Sveshnikov Moscow Choral College in 1970.

In 1991, Professor Popov founded the Academy of Choral Art to provide secondary and higher professional education. Whereas the Choral College

admitted boys and young men only, the Academy has expanded to include musical instruction to young women, and offers musical subjects such as solfege, theory, voice instruction, choral conducting and music history, as well as liberal arts studies such as foreign languages, philosophy, history, aesthetics and religion. The Academy includes 400 singers, with a separate Boys’ Chorus, Youth Chorus, Mixed Adult Chorus and Men’s Chorus.

The Academy, like the Choral College before it, specializes in reviving early Russian religious music, presenting music and chant of both Orthodox and Western Christian traditions. However, the choir is equally at home performing contemporary and standard choral works, including opera, oratorio, symphonic repertoire, as well as choral arrangements of Russian folk songs. The Academy Choir has won two of Germany’s international choir competitions, produced more than 40 CDs, and appears frequently on radio and television. Touring performances have included concerts and festivals in Austria, France, Italy, the Vatican, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Poland, Romania, Japan and Korea, as well as in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Kiev, Tbilisi and Baku. Recent festival appearances include the Festival de Colmar in France and the Rheingau Musikfest in Germany. The Academy Choir made its American debut in 1994.

Founded in 1993, the **Style of 5 Folk Ensemble** brought together leading musicians of St. Petersburg whose aim was to look at traditional Russian folk instruments in a new way. The group’s first appearance took place in Norway in 1993. In 1994, the ensemble represented Russia in a concert tour of the United States and gave performances in Japan as part of the cultural program dedicated to the signing of the Agreement on Cultural and Economic Cooperation between the Kyoto province and the Leningrad region.

A unique feature of the Style of 5 is its imaginative combination of traditional Russian musical instruments with synthesizers, experimenting and improvising, exploring the acoustic potential of their instruments to perform interesting and diverse programs.