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OLGA GURYAKOVA

RUSSIAN ARIAS AND ROMANCES

Pyotr Tchaikovsky

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- 2 Tatyana's Letter Scene from Eugene Onegin (11:56)
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- 5 If Only I Had Known, Op. 47, No. 1 (4:57)
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Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov

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Mikhail Glinka

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- **I**Spring Waters, Op. 14, No. 11 (2:13)

Olga Guryakova, soprano * with Andrei Baturkin, baritone Constantine Orbelian, conductor Moscow Chamber Orchestra

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: 65:26



OLGA GURYAKOVA WITH MAESTRO ORBELIAN

whom BBC Music Magazine called "one of the most exciting Russian sopranos to have emerged in recent years," sings a program of Russian arias and songs.

Combining the two genres points up the parallel course of their development and interdependence in Russia. Both drew on folk and Western elements, as characteristics that we associate with Russian music gradually became more prevalent, such as richly expressive melodies, often in minor keys. Perhaps more so than in the West, a composer who excelled in one medium tended to excel in the other as well.

And both genres are sometimes said to have originated in Russia with Mikhail Glinka (1804-57), even though each in fact had earlier roots. "The tsar of operas" is what Tchaikovsky called Glinka's Ruslan and Lyudmila, and judging from the profound influence it exerted on Russian opera since its premiere in 1842, most other Russian composers were of like mind. Simply by choosing a source by Alexander Pushkin, Glinka set a pattern that would be followed again and again. He even wanted Pushkin to collaborate with him, but the latter's death in a duel precluded that. So Glinka turned for a libretto to another writer, Valerian Shirkov, who supplied the text for Gorislava's cavatina "Lyubi roskoshnaya zvezda" (Luxurious star of love) as a kind of audition piece. The character of

Gorislava doesn't appear in Pushkin's ersatz epic poem, and as the rejected lover of one of Lyudmila's suitors (whom she eventually wins back), she remains a peripheral figure in the opera. Yet her cavatina, in tripartite form with a preliminary recitative and coda, brings her to the forefront for a moment of real pathos, the soulful melody in A minor expressing with special power her grief over lost love.

Song and opera are likewise fundamental to the musical output of Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-93). According to Richard Taruskin, Tchaikovsky's recourse to the idiom of the salon song or romance of the 1820s helps give his opera Eugene Onegin (Moscow, 1879) its special period quality. Taruskin sees each of the four principal sections of Tatyana's letter scene as consisting of a single romance. It's a persuasive way of viewing this extraordinary scene, whose structural contrasts may also owe something to the Italian double aria that was standard earlier in the century. In any event, the scene vividly captures both Tatyana's impetuosity as well as the depth of her character, as she declares her love to a man she scarcely knows, only to be curtly rejected in the ensuing scene. At the end of the opera, the situation is reversed, with Onegin, who rejected her earlier, now the supplicant and Tatyana determined to remain true to her new, elderly husband. Again, Tchaikovsky masterfully employs an

intricate, multi-sectional structure. At first Tatyana greets Onegin coldly, and, although she eventually admits she still loves him, her music grows increasingly resolute while his becomes more disjointed and frantic. As befits the situation, the voices rarely join together, but one especially poignant moment occurs midway through when both realize how close they came to happiness.

The Enchantress, first performed in St. Petersburg in 1887, is the eighth of Tchaikovsky's ten completed operas and one of the most melodramatic, with a finale that involves poisoning, multiple deaths and madness. The title suggests supernatural powers but actually relates simply to the feminine charms of an innkeeper, who captivates both a Russian Prince and his son. She sings her arioso "Gde zhe ty, moi zhelannyi?" (Where are you, my beloved?), the opera's most commonly extracted number, while waiting to elope with the son. Sexual longing underlies each of its three principal phrases, which begin similarly but end ever more intensely, with a further outpouring of passion in the brief coda.

It's quite a leap from the torrid
Enchantress to the innocent heroine of
Tchaikovsky's last opera, *Iolanta*, which
bowed on a famous double bill with *The Nutcracker* in 1892. The princess Iolanta, blind
from birth, has been raised at the insistence of
her father to believe she is normal. By the end

of the opera, she gains sight and a lover as well, but in the opening scene's arioso "Atchevo eta prezhde ne znala" (Why, until now, have I not shed tears) she reveals a sense of unease about her sheltered life. She begins tentatively with a delicately inquisitive melody that grows in intensity as she becomes increasingly sure her situation is not right.

Something of the consuming passion of Tatyana's Letter Scene is present in "Den li tsarit" (Does the Day Reign?), the sixth of Tchaikovsky's Opus 47 songs, which date from 1880. Here the singer rapturously exalts a love that touches every aspect of her being. Like "Den li tsarit," "Kaby znala ya" (If Only I Had Known), Op. 47, No. 1, shows Tchaikovsky's fondness for substantial preludes and postludes in his songs. Here the prelude, which is restated at the end, has no thematic relationship to the rest of the song but creates a story-like atmosphere for a girl's sober reflection about her preoccupation with a young horseman. The song reaches its climax when the singer finally breaks out of the prevailing pattern of the narrative's short, tension-building phrases. The ardor of Tchaikovsky's lyricism drives "Skazhi, o chyom v teni vetvei" (Tell Me, What in the Shade of the Branches), Op. 57, No. 1, a song from 1884 about the ubiquity of love.

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908) wrote his opera *Sadko* for St. Petersburg's Mariinsky Theater, where his earlier four operas saw their premieres. But it was rejected by order of Tsar Nikolai II, who said he wanted "something a bit merrier." Rimsky responded to this setback by throwing himself into song writing, producing more than 40 songs — over half his total song output during the years 1897-8. In "Redeyet oblakov" (The Clouds Begin to Scatter), Op. 42, No. 3, a girl's gaze at the evening star evokes distant memories, including at the song's height thoughts of lost love. Some of Rimsky's songs take a declamatory, almost recitative-like approach to text setting, following the tenet of realism espoused by the composers of the Mighty Handful, of which he was one. But, like "Redeyet oblakov," "O chyom v tishi nochey" (Of What I Dream in the Quiet Night), Op. 40, No. 3, a serene song about a secret love, follows a purely lyrical vein.

The Romantic elements that pervade Tchaikovsky's songs find further expression in the eighty-some songs of Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943), all of which were written before the Russian Revolution and his subsequent emigration. "Siren" (Lilacs), Op. 21, No. 5, with its lightly rippling accompaniment and almost naive melody, is as simple musically as the sentiment it expresses, the solace of visiting a lilac grove. "Vesenniya vodi" (Spring Waters), Op. 14, No. 11, also takes its subject from nature, as waters flowing through the countryside herald the arrival of spring. Here the image is expressed by the

turbulent accompaniment while the voice ecstatically proclaims the new season. Rachmaninoff's skill at creating musical atmosphere for his songs is also demonstrated by "Sumerki" (Twilight), Op. 21, No. 3, which follows the economical means of "Siren" in evoking the calm of twilight. "Davno I, moi drug" (How Long My Friend), Op. 4, No. 6, expresses the longing of one in a foreign land for a separated lover, the song's growing agitation heightened by the shift from minor to major for the impassioned final stanza.

No opera of the twentieth century carries on the nineteenth's tradition of song better than War and Peace, with its gorgeously lyrical love music for the young Natasha Rostov and her fiancé, Prince Andrei. Because of the Soviet cultural bureaucracy, Sergei Prokofiev (1891-1953) never saw his operatic version of Tolstoy's monumental novel performed complete, though the "peace" scenes were given on their own to great acclaim at the Maly Theater in St. Petersburg in 1946-7. In the third of these scenes, Natasha visits the family of Andrei, who has been sent by his father abroad to discourage the marriage. After a rebuff by her prospective father-in-law, Natasha is beset by feelings of longing for Andrei and also foreboding. They find fervent expression in the chromatic rise and fall of her poignant melodic line in the arioso "Kakoye prava oni imeyut" (What right do they have).

George W. Loomis

Tchaikovsky: Aria of the Kuma from The Enchantress

Gde zhe ty, moi zhelannyi?
Ya zdes. Poskorei prikhodi,
svet dushi moei, krasa, radost ochei!
Neterpeniev goryu ya tebya uvidat
I k goryachemu sedtsu prizhat,
bes tebya istomilo mne dushu toskoi,
prikhodi, prikhodi!

Poskorei prikhodi, i umchimsya s toboi my podalshe otsyuda, ot zol I bet. Prikhodi z poskorei, prikhodi zhe, moi svet, my umchimsyi s toboyu ot zol I ot bet. Prikhodi zhe, sokol yasnyi, Krasa I radost, svet dushi moei, neterpeniem goryu ya tebya uvidat! Where are you, my beloved?
I am here. Come quickly here,
Love of my heart, my beauty and joy.
I burn with desire to see you again,
to take you to my heart; being away from you
Fills my heart with sorrow,
Come, come!

Come quickly, together we will run away as far from here as possible, From all the troubles and sorrows.

Come, come my beloved, we will run away from all the sorrows and troubles. My beauty and joy, love of my heart, I burn with desire to see you again.

Tchaikovsky: Tatyana's Letter scene from Eugene Onegin

Tatyana

Puskai pogibnu ya, no prezhde, Ya v oslepitelnoi nadezhde Blazhenstvo tomnoye zovu, Ya negu zhizni uznayu! Ya piyu volshebnyi yad zhelanyi! Menya presleduiut mechty! Vezde, vezde peredo mnoi Moi iskusitel rokovoi, Vezde, vezde on predo mnoyu.

Nyet, fsyo ne to! Nachnu snachala.

Akh, shto so mnoi, ya fsia goryu...

Tatyana

Let me perish, but first
In dazzling hope, I feel such bliss
I've never known before.
I feel the sweetness of life!
I drink the magic poison of desire!
I'm beset by visions!
Everywhere I look

I see my fatal tempter! Wherever I look, he is there!

No, that is all wrong. I will begin again.

Ah, what is going on with me? I am all on fire!

Ne znayu, kak nachat!

Ya ka vam pishu, — chivo zhe bole? Shto ya magu eshchyo skazat? Teper, ya znayu, v vashei vole Menya prezrenyem nakazat! No vy, k moyei neshchasnoi dole Khot kaplu zhalosti khranya, Vy ne ostavite menya. Snachala ys molchat khotela; Povertye, moevo styda Vy ne uznali b nikogda, Nukogda!

O da, klialas ya sokhranit v dushe Priznanie v strasti pilkoi I bezumnoi! Uvy! Ne v silakh ya vladet svoei dushoi!

Pust budet to, shto byt dolzhno so mnoi! Yemu priznaus ya! Smelei! On csyo uznayet!

Zachem, zachem vi posetili nas? V glushi zabytovo selenia Ya b nikogda ne znala vas, Ne znala b gorkogo muchenia. Dushi neopytnoi volnenia Smiriv, so vremenem, kak znat? Po serdtsu ya nashla by druga, Byla by vernaya supruga I dobrodetelnaya mat...?

Drugoi! Nyet, nikomu na svete Ne otdala by serdta ya. To v vyshnem suzhdeno sovete, I don't know how to begin!

I'm writing to you — so
What more is there to say?
Now, I know, it is in your power
To punish me with disdain!
But if you have just the slightest pity
For my unhappiness,
You will not abandon me.
At first I wanted to be silent;
Believe me, you'd have never known
My shame,
Never!

O yes, I swore to bury in my heart This mad and ardent passion. Alas, I have no strength to make my heart not feel.

Let that which providence has for me, be, I will confess to him! I must be courageous! He shall know everything!

Why on earth did you visit us?
In this remote countryside
I would have known neither you,
Nor that bitter torment.
The emotional stress of a pure heart
I would calm down in time,
And who knows, most likely
I would have fallen in love with another man,
And would have made a faithful wife
And virtuous mother...?

Another! No, not to any other in the world Would I have given my heart! It is decreed on high

To volya neba: ya tvoya! Fsya zhizn moya byla zalogom Svidanya vernova s toboi; Ya znayu: ty mne poslan Bogom, Do groba ty khranitel moi! Ty v snovideniakh mne yavlyalsya, Nezrimi, ty mne byl uzh mil, Tvoi chudnyi vzgliad menya tomil, V dushe tvoi golos razdavalsya. Davno ... nyet, eto byl ne son! Ty chut voshel, ya vmig uznala, Fsya obomlela, zapylala, I v mysliakh molvial - vot on! Vot on! Ne pravda l? Ya tebya slykhala, Ty govoril so mnoi v tishi, Kogda ya bednym pomogala, Ili molityoi uslazhdala Tosku dushi? I v eto samoye mgnovenie, Ne ty li, milie videnie, V prozrachnoi temnote melknul, Priniknuv tikho k izgoloviyu, Ne ty li s otradoi I lubovyu, Slova nadezhdy mne shepnul?

Rto ty: moi angel li khranitel, Ili kovarnyi iskusitel? Moi somnenia razreshi. Byt mozhet, eto fsyo pustoe, Obman ncopytnoi dushi, I suzhdeno sovsem inoe...?

No tak I byt! Sudbu moyu Otnyne ya tebe vruchayu. Pered to boyu slyozy lyu, It is the will of heaven: I am yours! My whole life has been a pledge of this inevitable encounter. I know: you have been sent to me by God, To be with me until I perish. I have seen you in my dreams: Although unseen, you were already my beloved, Your awesome gaze filled me with longing, your voice resounded in my heart. Long ago... no, it was not a dream. The moment you appeared, I recognized you, I was stupefied, blazing with fire, And said to myself: It is he. It is he! I knew it. I have heard you ... Have you not spoken to me in silence when I visited the poor, or prayed in hope of solace for the anguish of my heart? And just this very moment, was it not you, dear vision, that flashed through pure darkness, stooped softly at my bedside, and with joy and love whispered words of love to me?

Who are you? My guardian angel
Or a wily tempter?
Let my doubts disappear.
Maybe this all is just an empty dream,
deception of an inexperienced soul,
and something quite different is to be...

But so be it! From now on I entrust my destiny to you; I shed my tears before you, and Tvoei zashchity umolyayu,
Umolyayu.
Voobrazi: ia zdes odna!
Nikto menya ne ponimayet!
Rassudok moi iznemogaet,
I molcha gibnut ya dolzhna!
Ya zhdu tebya,
Ya zhdu tebya! Yedinym slovom
Nadezhdy serdtsa ozhivi,
Il son tyazholyi perervi
Uvi, zasluzhennym,
Uvi, zasluzhennym ukorom!

Konchayu! Strachno perechest Stydom I strakhom zamirayu, No mne porukoi chest yevo I smelo yei sebya vveryau!

Tchaikovsky: Iolanta's Arioso from Iolanta

Neuzheli glaza dany zatem shtob tolko plakat? Zkazhi mne, Marta!

Atchivo eto prezhde ne znala
ni toski ya, ni gorya, ni slyos,
I fse dni protikali, byvalo,
sredi zvukof nebesnykh i ros?
Chut uslyshu ya ptits shchebetanye,
Chut teplo ozhivit dalnyi bor
I vezde zazvuchit likovanie,
ya fstupala v torzhestvennyi khor!
A teper fsyo mne dnyom navevayet
neponyatnyi, glubokyi upryok,
I ukory sudbe posylaet

implore your protection.

I implore.

Imagine: I am all alone here!

No one understands me.

My mind can not bear the pressure, and I must perish in silence.

I wait for you.

I wait for you. Say just one word to revive my heart's inmost hopes,

Or break off this oppressive dream with, alas, the reproach,
alas, the reproach I have deserved.

Finished. It is too frightening to read it over. My heart sinks from fear and shame, but my guarantee is his honor, and I put my trust in it.

Are eyes given to us only so that we can weep? Is that so, Martha?

Why, until now, have I not known feelings of longing, sorrow, nor shed tears, spending all days amid roses and sweet, heavenly sounds?

Whenever I heard birds twitter, or the distant pine forest come to life, triumphant sounds would ring out everywhere. as though I was with an exultant choir.

While now, it seems like everything around me sends a mysterious and deep reproach, which seems to be reproaching fate

Ptichek khor I shumyashchyi patok.
Atchivo eto nochi malcanie
I prokhlada mne stali milei,
Atchivo ya kak budto rydanyia
slishu tam, gde poyot solovei.
Atchivo? Atchivo?
Skazhi, Marta?

Tchaikovsky: Tell Me, What in the Shade of the Branches (V. Sollogub)

Skazhi, a chom f tyeni vitvei, Kagda priroda atdykhayet, Payout visenniy salavei, I shto on pesnei vyrazhayet? Shto taino fsyem valnuyet krol? Skazhi, skazhi, skazhi kakoye slovo Znakomo fsyem i vechno novo? Lyubof, lyubof, lyubof!

Skazhi, a chom nayedine, V razdumye devushka gadayet? Shto tainym tryepetom va snye Yei strakh i radast abishchayet? Niduk tot stranyi nazavi, F katorom svetlaya atrada, Chivo yei, zhdat, chivo yei nada? Lyubvi, lyubvi!

Skazhi: Kadga at zhiznenay taski
Ty, utamlyonnyi, iznyvayesh,
I, zloi pichali vapriki,
Khot prizrak shchastya prizyvayesh,
Shto uslazhdayet grut tvayu?
Nye to li zvuki nizemnye,
Kagda uslyshal ty fpirvye slava,
Slava lyubvi!

for sending the choir of birds and the rushing stream.
Why are now much dearer to me
The stillness and coolness of the night.
Why do I seem to hear sobbing
whenever the nightingale sings?
Why is this so, why?
Tell me, Martha!

Tell me, what are the things
The nightingale sings in the spring
In the shade of the branches,
When nature is still and motionless,
What does this song express?
Tell me, what is the word,
Forever known, forever new?
Love, love, love!

Tell me, what is it the young girl
Dreams about, alone, in thought?
What makes her heart quiver
With fear and joy, when she's asleep?
Name this strange ailment which
Is full of radiant joy.
What is she waiting for? What does she want?
It's love, love!

Tell me, when you are tired
And pine away in anguish,
Contrary to cruel sadness
Call for an illusion of happiness.
What is it that delights you?
Are they those unearthly sounds
Of words you heard for the first time?
The words of love.

Tchaikovsky: If Only I Had Known (A.K. Tolstoy)

Kaby znala ya, kaby vedala, Ne smotrela by iz okoshechka Ya na molodtsa razydalogo, Kak on ekhal po nashei ulitse, Nabekren zalomibshi murmolku, Kak likhogo konya bulanavo, Zvonkonogoo, dolgogrivovo, Suprotiv okon na diby vzdymal!

Kaby znala ya, kaby vedala,
Dlya nego by ya ne ryadilasya,
S zolotoi kaymoy lentu aluyu
V kosu dlinnuyu ne vpletala by,
Za okolitsu ne speshila by,
V rose nozhenki ne mochila by,
Na proselok tot ne glyadela by
Ne proedet li tem proselkom on,
Na ruzhe derzha pestra sokola?
Kaby znala ya, kabi vedala

Kabi znala ya, kabi vedala,
Ne sidela by pozdnim vecherom,
Prigoryunivshis, na zavaline,
Na zavaline, bliz kolodezya,
Podzhidayuchi, da gadayuchi,
Ne pridet li on, nenaglyadny moy,
Akh, ne pridet li on, nenaglyadny moy,
Napoit konya studenoy vodoy!
Kabi znala ya, kabi vedala.

Tchaikovsky: Does the Day Reign? (Apukhtin)

Den li tsarit, tishina li nachnaja,

If only I had known, if only I had known,
I would not have looked through the window
At the handsome lad
Riding along our street
With cocked hat aslant,
As his dashing horse
With ringing hooves and long mane
Reared up before my window!

If only I had known, if only I had known,
I would not have dressed up for him,
Plaited a red and gold ribbon
Into my long hair,
I would not have hurried to the edge of the village,
Gotten my feet wet in the dew,
I would not have looked at the road
In case he passed by on that road
With a falcon on his arm!
If only I had known, if only I had known.

If only I had known, if only I had known, I would not have sat late in the night Becoming sad, on the bank
On the bank near the well,
Waiting, wondering about my fate —
Is he coming, my beloved?
Oh, is he coming, my beloved
To let his horse drink the cool water?
If only I had known, if only I had known.

When the day reigns, or the night falls,

F snakh li bessonnykh, vzhiteiskai barbe, Fsyudu sa mnoi, mayu zhizn napalnyaya, Duma fsyo ta zhe, adna, rokovaya, Fsyo a tibye! Fsyo a tibye! Fsyo, fsyo, fsyo, jsyo a tibye!

S neyu nye strashen mnye prizrak bylova, Sertse vaspryanula snova lyubya... Vera, mechty, vdakhnavennaye slovo, Fsyo, shto v duche daragova, svitova, Fsyo, at tibya, fsyo, fsyo at tibja!

Budut li ndi mayi yasny, unyly, Skoro li zginu ya, zhizn zagubya! Znayu adno, shto da samoi magily, Pomysly, chustva i pesni, i sily, Fsyo, fsyo, fsyo, fsyo dlya tibya!

Tchaikovsky: Final Scene from Eugene Onegin

O! kak mnye tyazhelo!
Opyat Onegin stal na puti moyom,
kak prizrak besposhchadni!
On vzorom ognennim
Mnye dushu vozmutil,
On strast zaglokhshuyu kak zhivo voskresil,
Kak budto snova dyevochkoi ya stala,
Kak budto s nim menya nishto ne razluchalo!
Dovolno, vstante, ya dolzhna
Vam obyasnitsa otkrovyenno.
Onegin, pomnite l tot chas
Kogda v sadu, v allyeye nas
Sudba svela i tak smiryenno
Urok vash vislushala ya?

In my sleep and in everyday rounds, Always with me, filling my life is One and the same thought, the fatal thought: The thought about you! All about you!

With it, I fear no ghosts of the past, The heart has leaped up full of love... Thoughts and faith, inspiration, All that is sacred and dear to my heart: It is all from you!

Whether my life will be happy or sad, Whether I die, having ruined my life! I only know that, until I die, All my aspirations, feelings, songs and emotions, All of them are for you!

Tatyana

O, how upset I am!
Again, Onegin has crossed my path
Like a relentless apparition!
His burning look
Has troubled my heart
And reawakened my sleeping passion
So that I feel like a girl again
And as if we were never parted!
Enough, get up, I must
Speak frankly.
Onegin, do you remember when
In the path in our garden,
Fate brought us together and I listened
So timidly to your speech?

Onegin

O, szhaltes, szhaltes nado mnoyu! Ya tak oshibsa, ya tak nakazan!

Tatyana

Onegin! Ya togda molozhe, Ya luchshe, kazhetsa, bila! I ya lyubila vas, no shto zhe Shto v vashem syerdtse ya nashla, Kakoi itvyet? Odnu surovost! Ne pravda l, vam bila ne novost Smiryennoi dyevochki lyubov? I ninche... Bozhe, stinet krov, Kak tolko vspomnyu vzglyad kholodni I etu propoved! No vas ya ne vinyu... V tot strashni chas Vi postupili blagorodno, Vi bili pravi predo mnoi. Togda, ne pravda li, v pustine, Vdali ot suyetnoi molvi, Ya vam ne nravilas; shto zh nine Menya preslyeduyete vi? Zachem u vas ya na primyete? Ne potomu l, shto v visshem svyete Tepyer yavlyatsa ya dolzhna, Sto ya bogata i znatna, Shto muzh v srazhenyakh izuvyechen, Shto nas za to laskayet dvor? Ne potomu l, shto moi pozor Tepyer bi vseyemi bil zamyechen I mog be v obshchestve prinyest Vam soblaznitelnuyu chest?

Onegin Akh! O Bozhe! Uzhel, Onegin

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

Tatyana

Onegin, I was younger then, And a better person, I think! And I loved you, but what Response did I find then In your heart? Only severity! Am I right in believing that A simple maiden's love was nothing new to you? Even now... God! My blood is chilled When I remember that cold look, That speech! But I do not blame you... In that horrible moment You behaved honorably, You acted rightly toward me. At that time, I think, in the middle of nowhere, Far from the frivolousness of social gossip, You did not think me attractive. Why, then Do you pursue me now? Why am I the object of such attention? Could it be because now I move among the highest circles, Because I am rich and noble, Because my husband, wounded in battle, Enjoys, therefore, the court's favor? Couldn't it be that my disgrace Would now be generally noticed And would give you the

Onegin Oh! My God!

Reputation of a seducer?

Uzhel v molbye moyei smiryennoi uvidit vash kholodni vzor
Zatyeyi khitrosti prezryennoi?
Menya terzayet vash ukor!
Kogda b vi znali, kak uzhasno
Tomitsa zhazhdoyu lyubvi,
Terpyet i razumom vsyechasno
Smiryat volnyenye v kkrovi,
Zhelat obnyat u vas kolyeni
I, zaridav u vashikh nog,
Islit molbi, priznanya, pyeni,
Vsyo, vsyo, shto virazit bi mog!

Tatyana Ya plachu!

Onegin Plachte, eti slyozi Dorozhe vsyekh sokrovisheh mira!

Taryana
Akh! shchastye bilo tak vozmozhno,
Tak blizko! Tak blizko!

Onegin Akh!

Tatyana, Onegin Schchastye bilo tak vozmozhno, Tak blizko! Tak blizko! Blizko!

Tatyana No sudba moya uzh reshena, i bezvozvratno! Ya vishla zamuzh, vi dolzhni, Ya vas proshu menya ostavit!

Onegin
Ostavit? Ostavit! Kat!... vas ostavit?

Is it possible that you see in my
Humble pleading the wiles of
A contemptible cunning?
Your reproach torments me!
If only you knew how terrible
It is to suffer the torments of love,
To put up with and to constantly stanch
Love's fever with reason,
To wish to embrace your knees
And, weeping at your feet,
Pour out prayers, promises, reproaches,
Everything which words can express!

Tatyana I weep!

Onegin
Weep, those tears are more dear
Than all the world's treasures!

Tatyana
Ah! Happiness was in our grasp,
So close! So close!

Onegin Alas!

Tatyana, Onegin Happiness was in our grasp, So close! So close! So close!

Tatyana
But my fate has been decided, irreversibly!
I am married; you must,
I implore you, leave me!

Onegin
Leave you! Leave you! What!... Leave you?

Nyet! Nyet!
Pominutno videt vas,
Povsyudu slyedovat za vami,
Ulibku ust, dvizhenye, vzglyad
Lovit vlyublyonnimi glazami,
Vnimat vam dolgo, ponimat
Dushoi vsyo vashe sovershenstvo,
Pred vami v strastnikh mukakh zamirat,
Blednyet i gasnut: vot blazhenstvo,
Vot odna mechta moya, odno blazhenstvo!

Tatyana Onegin, v v vashem syerdtse yest I gordost, i pryamaya chest!

Onegin
Ya ne mogu ostavit vas!

Tatyana Yevgyeni! Vi dolzhni, ya vas proshu Menya ostavit.

Onegin
O, szhaltes!

Tatyana Zachem skrivat, zachem lukavit, Akh! Ya vas lyublyu!

Onegin
Shto slishu ya?
Kakoye slovo ti skazala!
O, radost! zhizn moya!
Ti pryezhneyu Tatyanoi stala!

Tatyana
Nyet! Nyet!
Proshlovo ne vorotit!
Ya otdana tepyer drugomu,

No! No!
To see you every hour,
To follow in your footsteps, to follow
Every smile, movement and look
With loving eyes,
To listen to you for hours, to understand
In my heart your complete perfection!
To swoon before you in passionate agony,
Turn pale and pass 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 Eugene! You must. I beg you To leave me.

Onegin
Oh, have pity!

Tatyana
Why hide it, why pretend?
Ah! I love you!

Onegin
What do I hear?
What word did you speak?
O, joy! My life!
You are again the Tatyana of former days!

Tatyana
No! No!
You cannot make the past return!
I belong to another now,

Moya sudba uzh reshena, Ya budu vyek yemu verna.

Onegin
O, ne goni, menya ti lyubish!
I ne ostavlyu ya tebya
Ti zhizn svoyu naprasno sgubish!
To volya nyeba: ti moya!
Vsya zhizn tvoya bila zalogom
Soyedinyeniya so mnoi!
I znai: tebye ya poslan Bogom,
Do groba ya khranitel tvoi!

Ne mozhesh ti menya otrinut,

Ti dlya menya dolzhna pokinut

Postili dom, i shumni svyet, -

Tatyana Onegin, ya tverda ostanus

Tebye drugoi dorogi nyet!

Onegin Nyet, ne mozhesh ti... ...menya otrinut

Tatyana
...sudboi drugomu...
...ya dana,
S nim budu zhit i ne rastanus.

Onegin
...Ti dlya menya...
...dolzhna pokinut vsyo, vsyo —
Postili dom i shumni svyet!
Tebye drugoi dorogi nyet!
O, ne goni menya, molyu!
Ti lybish menya; ti zhizn svoyu
Naprasno gubish!
Ti moya, navyek moya!

My fate is already decided, I will 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 in vain!
It's Heaven's will - you are mine!
All of your life has been a pledge
Of our union!
And be assured, God sent me to you,
I'll protect you until you die!
You can't refuse me.
For me you must forsake
This hateful house, the social whirl —
You have no choice!

Tatyana Onegin, I will remain firm

Onegin
No. you can't...
...refuse me

Tatyana
...to another by fate...
...I have been given.
I will live with him and never leave him.

Onegin
...For me...
...you must forsake all, all —
hateful house and society's whirl!
You have no choice!
Oh, do not drive me from you, I beg!
You love me; you will ruin
Your life in vain!
You are mine, mine forever!

Tatyana
...Nyet, klyatvi pomnit ya dolzhna!
Gluboko v syerdtse pronikayet,
Yevo otchayanni priziv,
No, pil prestupni podaviv,
Dolg chesti surove, svyashchenni
Chuvstvo pobezhdayet!
Ya ukalyayus!

Onegin Nyet! Nyet! Nyet! Nyet!

Tatyana Dovolno!

Onegin
O, molyu: ne ukhodi!

Tatyana Nyet, ya tverda ostanus!

Onegin Lyublyu tebya, lyublyu tebya!

Tatyana Ostav menya!

Onegin Lyublyu tebya!

Tatyana Proschai na vyeki!

Onegin
Ti moya!
Pozor!... Toska!...
O zhalki, zhrebi moi!

Tatyana

...No, I must remember my vows!

In the depths of my heart, his desperate plea
Strikes an answering chord,
But the flame of sin stifled,
The harsh and sacred duty of Honor
Will win out over Passion!
I leave you!

Onegin No! No! No!

Tatyana Enough!

Onegin Oh, I beg you! Don't go!

Tatyana No, I am resolved!

Onegin
I love you! I love you!

Tatyana Leave me!

Onegin
I love you!

Tatyana Good-bye for ever!

Onegin
You are mine!
Shame!... Anguish!...
Oh, my pitiable fate!

Rimsky-Korsakov: Of What I Dream in the Quiet Night (A. Maikov)

O chyom v tishi nochei tainstvenno mechtayu, O chyom pri svete dnya fsechasno pomyshliayu, To budet tainoi fsem. I dazhe ty, moi stikh, ty, druk moi vetrennyi, Uslada dnei moikh, tebe ne peredam Dushi moei mechatania. A to rasskazhesh ty, chei glas v nochnom molchanii, Mne slyshitsya, Chei lik ya fsyudu nakhozhu, Chii ochi svetyat mne, Chio imya ya tverzhu.

Rimsky-Korsakov: The Clouds Begin to Scatter (A. K. Pushkin)

Redeyet oblakof letuchaya gryada. Zvezda pechalnaya, vechernyaya zvezda Tvoi luch serebril pechalnye ravniny, I dremlushchii zalif, I chyornykh skal vershiny.

Lyublyu tvoi slabyi svet v nebesnoi tishine, On dumy razbudil usnyfshie vo mne.

Ya pomnyu tvoi voskhot, znakomoye svetilo, Nad mirnouy stranoi, gde fsyo dlya serdsa milo. Gde stroino topoli v dolinakh vozneslis, Gde dremlet nezhnyi mirt i temnyi kiparis, My furtive dreams In the silence of the night, My ubiquitous thoughts in the light of the day -They are my secret. Even to you, my verse, My frivolous friend, A joy of my life, I will not open up What my heart dreams of. Or you will tell everyone Whose voice I hear In the silence of the night. Whose face I see everywhere, Whose eyes shine for me, Whose name is always on my lips.

The clouds scatter in the skies.
The melancholic evening star
Sheds its silver rays over the sad plains,
The quiet gulf, the dark cliff peaks.

I love that faint starlight In the quiet stillness of the sky. It evoked my secret dreams.

I can remember how the luminary rosc Over the peaceful country Where everything was dear to my heart. Where poplars rosc up on the plains, Amid soft myrtle and dark cypresses, I sladostno shumiat poludennye volny.

Tam nekogda v gorakh Serdechnoi dumoi polnyi Nad morem ya vlachil zadumchivuyu len, kogda na khizhiny skhodila nochi ten I deva yunaya vo tme tebya iskala I imenyem svoim podrugam nazyvala. And rustle of the waves.

In the old days, up there in the hills
When my heart was in torment, sadly
I used to stroll over the seashore.
When night came down on the shacks,
A maiden would be looking for you in the dark,
And give you her own name.

Glinka: Gorislava's Aria from Ruslan and Lyudmila

Kakie sladostnye zvuki Ko mne neslis v tishi, Kak druga glas, oni smiagchayut muki Vo glubine dushi.

K kakomu putniku
Mne slyshalis prizvaniya?
Uvy! Ne mne!
Komu zh delit moyo stradanie
F chuzhoi strane?
Lubvi roskoshnaya zvezda,
Ty zakatilas navsegda.

O, moi Ratmir!

Lubov I mir

V radnoi priyut tebya zavut.

Uzheli mne vo tsvete let

Lubvi skazat: Prosti navek?

Prosti navek?

Ne dlya tebya l Mne chuzhdoi stala Rossiya milaya moya. Revnivyi plamen zataya, What blissful sounds
I could hear in silence.
As a friend's consolation,
They alleviate sorrow
That burns the heart.

Could it be that I heard my name
Called out by an unknown voice?
Alas! It was not my name!
Who would want to share my sorrows
In an alien country!
The sumptuous star of love
For ever has set.

Oh, my Ratmir!
Love and calm
Offer you a place of refuge.
Is it my lot in the prime of life
To bid my love farewell for ever,
farewell for ever?

It was because of you that my dear Russia became alien to me. Flaming with jealousy, but yet submissive, I would watch Ne ya l s pokornostiyu vnimala Kogda dlya negi v tishine Platok byl broshen ne ko mne?

O, moi Ratmir!
Lubov I mir
V radnoi priyut tebya zavut.
Uzheli mne vo tsvete let
Lubvi skazat: Prosti navek?
Prosti navek?
Toska iz mirnova garema
Menya izgnala za toboi,
O, vozvratis na breg rodnoi!

Uzhel venok tyazhele shlema? I zvuki trup, I stuk mechei Napeva zhyon tvoikh milei? whom you chose to take with you to share your sweet love.

Oh, my Ratmir!
Love and calm
Offer you a place of refuge.
Is it my lot in the prime of life
To bid my love farewell forever,
farewell forever?
Deep longing of my heart forced me
To leave the quiet harem life and follow you.
Oh, I implore — return home!

Or is for you a garland Heavier than a helmet? And the sounds of horns and swords are Dearer to you than the songs of your wives?

Prokofiev: Natasha's Arioso from War and Peace

Kakoye prava ani imeyut ni pazhelat prin at menya f svayo ratstvo? Bozhe moy, yesli b on byl tut! A mozhet byt on priyedet nynche. Mozhet on fchira yechyo priyehal; tolka ja safsem zabyla. On tam v gastinay, ya abnimu yevo bez robast, tak prost, i zastavlyu smatret va mai glaza yevo iskatelynym i lyubapytnym vzglyadam. Virnus damoy i vrdug yevo uvizhu, yevo glaza, litso yevo, ulypku. Ah, za shto ya prapadayu tak! Yevo sichas, sichas mne nada. Dayte mne yevo skareye! Bayus, sluchitsa shto-nibut dalzhno. Shto delat, shtop skarey virnulsya on? I za nivo, i za sibya, za fsyo mne strashna.

What right do they have not to be willing to take me
Into their family? O God, if only he were here!
Maybe he'll come today. Maybe he even arrived yesterday
And I've just forgotten. For all I know, he's sitting there in
The salon. I won't be timid, I'll embrace him and make him
Look into my eyes. I can picture his face: the searching,
Questioning look. I'll go home and then, suddenly, I'll see him,
His eyes, his face, his smile. Oh, why do I feel so bad? I need
Him now. Now! Give him to me, I can't wait! I'm afraid.
Something's bound to happen. What can be done to get
Him home quickly? I fear for him, for myself, for everything.

Rachmaninoff: Twilight

(M. Guyot)

Ona zadumalas odna, Pered oknom sklonyas, Ona sidit, I v sumrake nochnom Mertsayet dolgii vzor.

A f sineve bezbrezhnoi
temneyushchikh nebes,
Ronyaya luch svoi nezhnyi,
Voskhodyat zvezdochki
besshumnoyu tolpoi,
I kazhetsya, shto tam kakoi-to
Svetlyi roi tainstvenno parit,
I, slovno voskhishchyonnyi,
Trepeshchet nad yeyo golofkoyu sklonennoi.

Deep in thoughts, she sat Bending over the window, Her gaze flickering In the darkness of the night.

In the endless blue sky
Already touched by dark,
The stars flickering their rays
Rise quietly, as if a cloud,
As a mysterious swarm
soaring up there;
Enraptured, the cloud
quivers in the dark
Over her bent head.

Rachmaninoff: How Long My Friend (A. Golenishchev-Kutuzov)

Davno l, moi druk, tvoi vzor pechalnyi Ya v rasstavanya smutnyi mik Lovil, shtob luch yevo proshchalnyi Naveki v dushu mne pronik.

Davno I, bluzhdaya odinoko V tolpe tesnyashchei I chuzhoi K tebe, zhelannoi I dalyokoi, Ya mchalsya s grustnoyu mechtoi.

Zhelaniya gasli, serdtse nylo, Stoyalo vremya, um molchal... Davno l zatishye eto bylo? No vikhr svidanya nabezhal...

My vmeste vnov, I dni nesutsya, Kak v more voln letuchikh stroi, I mysl kipit, I pesni lyutsa Is sertsa, polnova toboi.

Rachmaninoff: Siren (E. Beketova)

Pautru, na zarye, pa rasistoi trave Ya paidu svezhim utrom dyshat; I v dushistuyu ten Gde tesnitsa siren, Ya paidu svayo shchastye iskat... V zhizni shchastye adno Mne naiti suzhdeno, I to shchastye f sireni zhivyot; Na zilyonykh vetvyakh, Na dushistykh kistyakh Mayo bednaye shchastye tsvetyot. A long time since, my beloved, I caught a glimpse Of that sorrowful look of yours, when we were parting, so that I keep that farewell token forever in my heart.

A long time since, when wandering lonely Crowded by strangers, In my dreams I would be carried to you So far away from me, yet so beloved.

Desires died, my heart ached, my mind was empty — time stopped for me. A long time since it was. But then anew we met.

Since then we have been together, and days pass in a rush, Like the waves that break the shoreline. I'm again alive, my heart is singing, My heart is full of you.

In the morning, when the dawn breaks
I go out — the grass is heavy with dew,
To breathe the freshness of the morning air.
Into the shadow full of fragrance
Where the lilac grows, I'll go.
Looking for my happiness there.
Where is my happiness?
Where the lilac grows,
It is there — hidden in the foliage,
In the fragrance of the flowers,
My poor happiness is there.

Rachmaninoff: Spring Waters (Tyutchev)

Vishcho f palyakh beleyet snek,
A vody ush vesnoi shumyat,
Bigut, i budyat sonnyi brek,
Bigut, i bleshchut, i glasyat.
Ani glasyat va fsye gantsy:
"Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot!
My molodoi vesny gantsy,
Ana nas vyslala fpiryot.
Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot!"
I tikhikh, tyoplykh maiskikh dnei
Rumyanyi, svetlyi khorovod
Tolpitsa veselo za nei.

Although the fields are still covered with snow,
The melting waters rumble like in spring.
They flow, waking up the drowsy river bank,
They rumble, glitter and announce:
"Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
We're her messengers,
She sent us forward to herald
That she is coming!
Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"
With a whole bunch
Of warm and quiet days of May
Thronging joyfully behind.

"With a big voice of glamour and freshness, Olga Guryakova is one of the most exciting Russian sopranos to have emerged in recent years," BBC Music Magazine wrote about Gurakova's August, 2000 recording debut as Zemfira in Rachmaninoff's Aleko (DE 3269).

The heightened emotional intensity Guryakova brings to everything she sings is already one of the young soprano's signature qualities. The top-to-bottom evenness and vibrancy of her voice allows her every expressive freedom, and she is able to communicate directly to the listener the essence of an operatic character or the deep emotional core of a song.

Of her July, 2000 performance of Maria in Tchaikovsky's Mazeppa at Covent Garden

with Valery Gergiev, the London Times reported, "Truly great nights at Covent Garden are few and far between, but Friday was one of them....there were several times when [the production] had the audience picking its collective jaw up off the floor....With Olga Guryakova's performance as Maria, we have witnessed the emergence of a new star. That final lullaby was sung with ravishing beauty and hushed control, matched by stage presence at once strong and delicate. Typical of many Russian sopranos in the mezzo-like richness of her lower register, Guryakova stands out for the tonal depth and radiance of her singing."

In addition to return engagements at Covent Garden and La Scala, Guryakova, in the few years since she began her professional career, has sung at the Vienna State Opera, the Opera Bastille, the Mariinsky (Kirov) Theater and in Turin, Frankfurt and Brussels. Her collaborators have included Valery Gergiev, who conducted her Metropolitan Opera debut as Maria in Mazeppa, and Mstislav Rostropovich, who conducted her in the Verdi Requiem throughout Italy. In her return to the Metropolitan Opera in March, 2001 she sings the role of Pauline in Prokofiev's The Gambler. Guryakova made her Carnegie Hall debut in 1998, singing the title role in a concert version of Tchaikovsky's Iolanta.

Other 2000/2001 Guryakova appearances include Natasha in War and Peace at La Scala and Opera Bastille; Tatyana in Eugene Onegin at the Deutsche Oper, Berlin; Donna Anna in Don Giovanni, Desdemona in Otello, and Elisabeth in Don Carlo, all at the Mariinski (Kirov) Theater with Gergiev; Mimi in La Boheme at Moscow's Stanislavsky Theatre.

Born in 1971 in Novokuznetsk, Siberia, Guryakova is a graduate of the Moscow Conservatory, and a veteran of the Stanislavsky Musical Theatre in Moscow, which she joined in 1994. Among her honors are First Prize in the 1996 Rimsky-Korsakov Competition in St. Petersburg and Moscow's "Golden Mask" award in 1997 for her portrayal of Mimi in *La Boheme* at the Stanislavsky Theatre. The latter performance also earned her the Journalists' Prize. Whenever her full touring schedule gives her time to be at home in Moscow, she returns to star in opera productions at the Stanislavsky Theatre, where, true to its founder's beliefs, fine acting and imaginative stage direction are considered to be as important as the production's musical values.

Constantine Orbelian is the first American ever to become music director of an ensemble in Russia. His appointment in 1991 as Music Director of the celebrated Moscow Chamber Orchestra was a breakthrough event, and came in the midst of Orbelian's successful career as a concert pianist. In September, 2000, Orbelian was named Permanent Guest Conductor of the Moscow Philharmonic, putting him in a unique leadership position with not only Moscow's outstanding chamber orchestra but also its most illustrious symphony orchestra.

Maestro Orbelian's ambitious new series of recordings on Delos with the MCO is indicative of the scope of his current musical activities with the orchestra, and includes the Shostakovich Chamber Symphony and Schnittke Piano Concerto, in which Orbelian is also the piano soloist (DE 3259, "Dedicated

to Victims of War and Terror"); Music of Frank Bridge, with pianist Carol Rosenberger (DE 3263); Tchaikovsky Serenade and The Seasons (DE 3255); Shostakovich Waltzes (DE 3257); Russian Soul (DE 3244); Piazzolla Tangos, with Italian saxophonist Federico Mondelci (DE 3252); and Mozart Adagios (DE 3243).

Rachmaninoff's one-act opera, Aleko, with baritone Vassily Gerello in the title role and soprano Olga Guryakova as Zemfira, was released in August, 2000 (DE 3270). The opera was performed live with the same cast at the Palaces of St. Petersburg Festival in June, 2000. Orbelian's new recording of Handel arias from *Rinaldo* and *Orlando* with the remarkable Polish contralto Ewa Podles (DE 3253) was a January, 2001 release.

Born in San Francisco to Russian and Armenian emigré parents, Constantine Orbelian made his debut as a pianist with the San Francisco Symphony at the age of 11. In his early teens he went to the Soviet Union on a music scholarship; at the age of 18, after graduating from Juilliard in New York, Orbelian embarked on a solo career that typically involved 85-90 concerts per year. His solo appearances with orchestra have included the Symphony Orchestras of Boston, Detroit, San Francisco, and St. Petersburg, the Moscow Philharmonic, Scottish National and Russian State

Symphony Orchestras, the Moscow Virtuosi, the Budapest Chamber Orchestra among many others. His piano recordings include concertos of Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Khachaturian, the latter winning "Best Concerto Recording of the Year" award in the United Kingdom.

Maestro Orbelian's recent guest conducting appearances include the world premiere performance in Jerusalem of Josef Bardanashvili's work, "A Time for Love," performed by four Armenian monks singing in Armenian, Georgian and Hebrew. Orbelian performs regularly as piano soloist/conductor, both as guest and with his own orchestra, in concerto repertoire ranging from Mozart to Schnittke.

Constantine Orbelian is Founder and Music Director of the annual Palaces of St. Petersburg International Music Festival, a three-week event featuring concerts in many of St. Petersburg's magnificent, lavishly restored palaces. He also founded Moscow's unique concert series, "Musical Treasures at the Museums of the Kremlin." Orbelian is in charge of the Music Program for the Stanford University Overseas Campus in Moscow.

One of the world's great chamber orchestras, the **Moscow Chamber Orchestra** was created in 1956 by renowned conductor and violist Rudolph Barshai, and 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 appointment of Constantine Orbelian as Music Director of the MCO in 1991 brought the orchestra into a new era of international activity and acclaim. Under Orbelian's direction, the MCO performed at the 50th Anniversary Celebrations of the United Nations in San Francisco and has made extensive international tours in 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 three Carnegie Hall appearances in 1998 and 1999, and a sold-out subscription series in the Great Hall of Moscow's famed Tchaikovsky Conservatory. It is also under Orbelian's leadership that the orchestra was accorded the honor of "Academic" in its official Russian title (Russian State Academic Chamber Orchestra).

It has often been noted that the Moscow Chamber Orchestra under Orbelian's direction has a special "luminous" sound and that they play "with one voice." As London's *The Daily Telegraph* put it, "The musicians channel all of their emotion into the music and give performances of such passion and musicality... producing music making of both subtlety and verve."

Baritone Andrei Baturkin has been a member of Moscow's Stanislavsky Theatre since 1993. Since that time he has been a prizewinner in a number of international competitions, including the Rimsky-Korsakov International Competition in St. Petersburg, the Tchaikovsky International Competition in Moscow, the International Opera Competition in Shizuoka, Japan, the Irina Archipova TV-Competition and the Rachmaninoff International Competition, both in Moscow, and the International Belvedere Competition in Vienna. Among his recent appearances are the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, the Opera Bastille in Paris, the Wexford Opera Festival in Ireland, the Queen Elizabeth Hall in London, a number of times at the opera houses of Salzburg, Linz, and Klagenfurt in Austria, and in Japan and Korea. His appearances on disc include recordings of Szymanowski's Stabat Mater and Shostakovich's Moskva, Cheremushik, both on the Chandos label. Mr. Baturkin was born in Moscow in 1966 into a family of musicians. After graduating from music school as a pianist, he turned to vocal studies at the Moscow Conservatory with Artur Eizen.

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