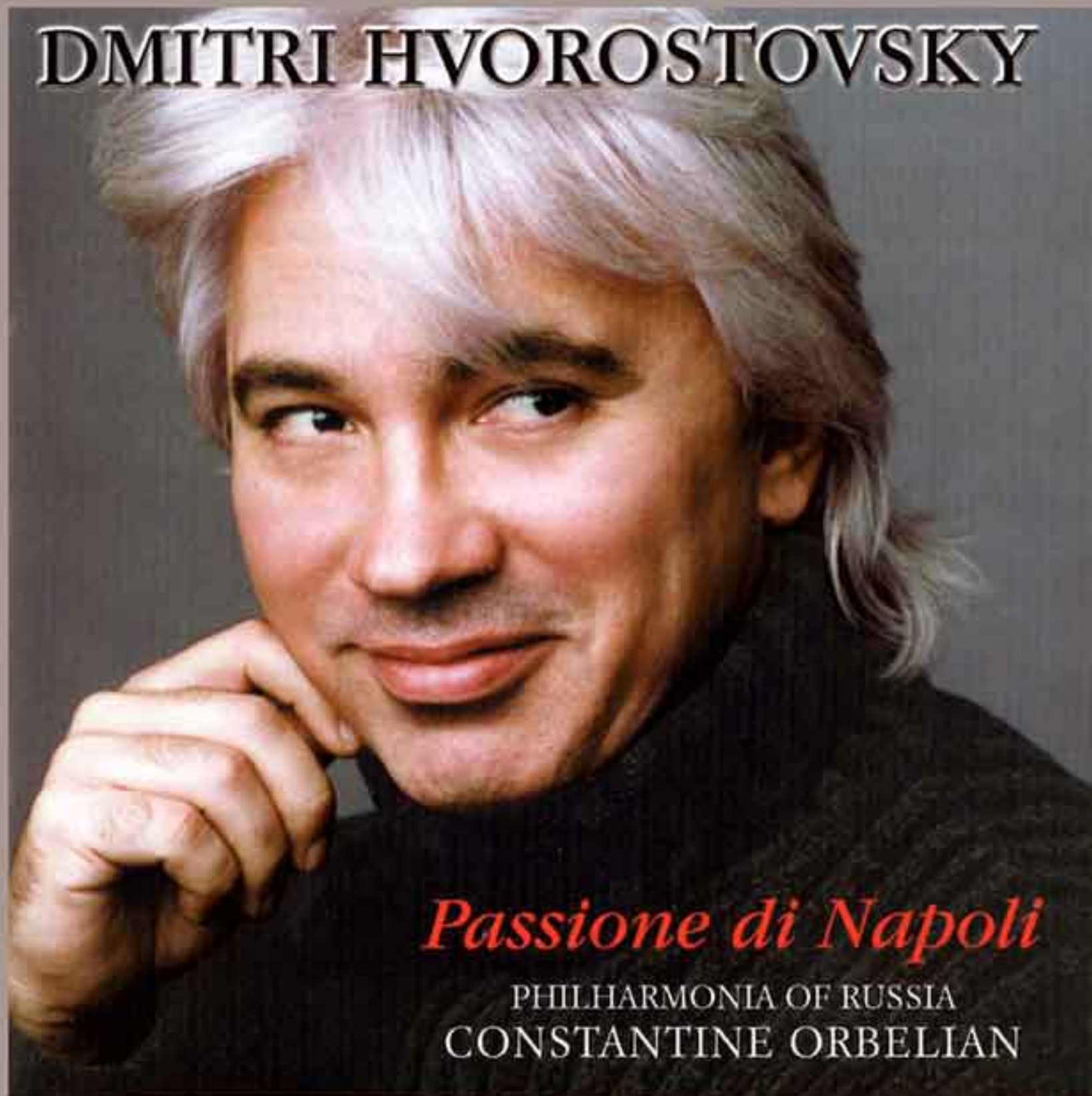


# DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY



## *Passione di Napoli*

PHILHARMONIA OF RUSSIA  
CONSTANTINE ORBELIAN



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## ***Passione di Napoli...***

Dmitri Hvorostovsky

- 1 **Torna a Surriento** ~ G. De Curtis – E. De Curtis (orch. G. Chiaramello) (3:39)
- 2 **Passione** ~ Tagliaferri – Valente (arr. L. Logi, 2001) (3:37)
- 3 **Maria, Marí'** ~ V. Russo – E. Di Capua (orch. G. Chiaramello) (3:06)
- 4 **Core 'ngrato** ~ S. Cordillo – R. Cordiferro (orch. G. Chiaramello) (3:13)
- 5 **Parlami d'amore, Mariù** ~ Bixio (orch. L. Logi) (3:16)
- 6 **Non ti scordar di me** ~ D. Furnó – E. De Curtis (orch. G. Chiaramello) (3:33)
- 7 **'O sole mio** ~ E. Di Capua – G. Capurro (orch. G. Chiaramello) (4:40)
- 8 **A Marechiare** ~ S. Di Giacomo – F.P.Tosti (orch. G. Chiaramello) (2:56)
- 9 **Voce'e notte** ~ F. Russo – E. De Curtis (orch. G. Chiaramello) (3:14)
- 10 **Dicitencello vuie** ~ Fusco - Falvo (orch. L. Logi) (3:56)
- 11 **Comme facette mámmeta?** ~ Gambardella (orch. A. Medvedev) (2:53)
- 12 **Musica proibita** ~ Gastaldoni (orch. L. Logi) (4:11)
- 13 **'A vucchella** ~ G.D. Annunzio – F.P. Tosti (orch. G. Chiaramello) (2:50)
- 14 **Canta pe' me!** ~ E. De Curtis (orch. W. Mnatsakanov) (2:45)
- 15 **Fenesta ca lucive** ~ Traditional (arr. A. Gritsevitch) (3:22)
- 16 **Santa Lucia** ~ Teodoro Cottrau (4:44)
- 17 **'O surdato 'nnamurato** ~ A. Califano – E. Cannio (orch. G. Chiaramello) (3:36)

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: 58:32

**Dmitri Hvorostovsky, baritone**  
**Constantine Orbelian, conductor**  
**Philharmonia of Russia**

Firmly established as a foremost interpreter of Italian opera — *Opera* magazine has called him “born to sing Verdi” — the Siberian baritone Dmitry Hvorostovsky now joins that elite coterie of singers to make a mark in Neapolitan songs. These songs, with their suggestions of Naples’s popular heritage one minute and bel canto grace the next, as well as their strong whiff of nostalgia, evoke a bygone Italy. Yet they’ve won popularity the world over. Tunes with folk-music roots are sometimes cloaked in a guise of artistic respectability, but few of these songs have ever pretended to be high art. Most were written in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries by songwriters who are rarely mentioned in standard reference works. Even the best known among them, Paolo Tosti, a friend and collaborator of Caruso who became singing teacher to Britain’s royal family, made few ripples as a composer of serious music. But who can resist the melodic intoxication of the lilting “A vucchella,” which has a text by no one less than Gabriele D’Annunzio, or the bracing rhythms of “Marechiaro,” with its exotic melodic tint?

Like songs by contemporaneous songwriters in America, these songs were written for the moment but often enough went on

to become classics. And they often have the same formal structure consisting of a verse in conversational style followed by a melodically charged refrain. Yet there is a crucial distinction, for the Neapolitans represented here wrote with the trained operatic voice in mind, often for specific singers. Ernesto De Curtis wrote “Non ti scordar di me,” one of the most overtly emotional of Neapolitan songs, for Beniamino Gigli. The songs thus were and remain cherished vehicles for displaying the singer’s art. The surging lines of Stanislao Gastaldon’s “Musica proibita” bring a well-shaped legato to the fore. Salvatore Gambardella’s upbeat “Comme facette m’ammata” and the military panache of Enrico Cannio’s “O surdato ‘nnamurato” allow for more lively narrative. And like so many of the others, Eduardo Di Capua’s ever-popular “O sole mio” gives ample opportunity for a heartfelt expression of ardor and a generous flow of sound.

With a voice of burnished beauty, warm and liquid in tone, and a superb capacity for eloquent phrasing and stunning, long-spun phrases, Hvorostovsky is a natural for this repertoire. But as he is frank enough to observe, “some people think you have to be a tenor or at least Italian to sing these

songs." Yet he has qualifications besides vocal endowment. "I have an Italian wife, I've sung in Italian all my life, and I've worked hard on the Neapolitan dialect. Besides, this repertoire has been in my blood for twenty-five years, from my early days as a student. I'm quick to defend myself and my right to sing these songs!" He recounts his addiction to records by Caruso, a Neapolitan and one who did much to popularize the repertoire. Tito Schipa was another early model. "But the biggest influence early on was Mario Lanza. He was born in the United States, but came from a Neapolitan family. My parents used to tell me about his films, which were shown in the Soviet Union during the 1950s and 60s. They weren't available by the time I was old enough to see them, but at least I had the records. Baritones have sung the songs too — the

great Titta Ruffo, of course, but also Tito Gobbi and Gino Bechi from the golden age of the 50s."

Hvorostovsky also keeps up with more recent trends in Neapolitan songs and singing. "I like to listen to folk singers from Naples. They may not have much of a voice, and they sing with guitar accompaniments, but you get the feeling it's the real stuff, part of the tradition." For Hvorostovsky, these singers are another facet of the Neapolitan atmosphere that the more established songs conjure up. "There's a feeling of Neapolitan pride, enthusiasm, energy and the sheer joy of singing. And the poetry is naive and beautiful, very sensitive. These songs are a great opportunity to let go, to be hot blooded and follow the heart."

*George Loomis*

## 1. Torna a Surriento

Vide'o mare quant'è bello!  
Spira tanta sentimento...  
Comme tu, a chi tiene mente,  
Ca, scetato 'o faje sunnà!

Guarda, guà' chisti ciardino;  
Siente siè' sti sciure arance;  
Nu profumo accussi fino  
Dinto 'o core se ne va...

E tu dice: "I' parto, addio!"  
T'alluntane da stu core...  
Da la terra de ll'ammore,  
Tiene 'o core 'e nun turnà?

Ma nun mme lassà,  
Nun darne stu turmiento...  
Torna a Surriento:  
Famme campà!

Vide'o mare de Surriento  
Che tesoro tene 'nfunno:  
Chi ha girato tutt' 'o munno  
Nun ll'ha visto comm'a ccà.

Guarda attorno sti Sserene,  
Ca te guardano 'ncantate  
E te vònno tantu bene:  
Te vulessero vasà!  
E tu dice: "Io' parto, addio!" *ecc.*

Look how beautiful is the sea!  
The feelings it arouses!  
Like your inviting glance,  
Awake, but as if in a dream.

Look! Look at this garden  
Breathe the scent of orange blossoms,  
A perfume so enchanting  
That it invades your heart.

And you say, "I'm leaving; goodbye!"  
You would distance yourself from a loving heart  
And a land of love..  
Do you really intend not to return?

Don't leave me,  
Don't break my heart!  
Come back to Sorrento,  
So that I may live!

Look at the sea by Sorrento  
What a treasure it surrounds!  
No traveler has ever  
Seen anything so beautiful in all the world.

See the Sirens surrounding you  
Gazing at you, enchanted  
With love for you, and longing  
To kiss you.  
And you say "I'm leaving, goodbye!" *etc.*

## 2. Passione

Cchiù luntana me staje  
cchiù vicina te sento  
chisà a chistu mumento tu a che pienze che faje!  
Tu m'è miso'int' 'e vvene, nu veleno ch'è ddoce...  
Comme pesa 'sta croce, ca trascino pe'te!...

Te voglio... Te penzo... te chiammo...  
te veco... te sento... te sonno...  
E' n'anno, 'nce pienze ch'è n'anno ca stu'uocchie  
nun ponno cchiù pace truvà!....

E cammino, cammino...  
ma nun saccioaddò vaco...  
I' sto' sempe' mbriaco e nun bevo mai vino...  
Aggio fatto nu vuto  
a' Madonna d'a neve:  
si mme passa 'sta freve,  
oro e perle lle dò...

E n'anno, 'nce pienze ch'è n'anno ca st'uocchie  
nun ponno cchiù pace tru va!...

## 3. Maria Mari'

Arapete fenesta!  
Famme affaccia a Maria,  
ca stongo 'mmiez' à via...  
speruto d' à vedé...

Nun trovo n'ora 'e pace:  
'a notte 'a faccio juorno,  
sempe pe' stá ccá attuorno,  
speranno 'e ce parlá!

The further from me you are  
The closer to you I feel  
Who knows what you're thinking and doing right now —  
You've poured sweet poison in my veins  
How heavy is this cross I bear for you!

I want you, think of you, call you,  
I see you, hear you, dream of you.  
Just think — it's been a year, a whole year  
That these eyes have known no peace.

And I walk and walk  
But don't know where I'm going  
I'm always drunk though I don't drink wine.  
I've made a vow  
To Our Lady of the Snow  
That if this fever subsides  
I'll offer her gold and pearls.

Just think — it's been a year, a whole year  
That these eyes have known no peace.

Open the window  
And let Maria look out  
I'm standing here in the middle of the road  
Desperate to see her.

I can't get an hour's peace  
The night's the same as day to me  
Always hanging around here  
Hoping to talk to her.

Oje Marí, oje Marí,  
quànta suonno ca perdo pe' te!  
Famme addurní,  
abbracciato nu poco cu te!  
Oje Marí, oje Marí!

Pare che già s'arape  
na senga 'e fenestella...  
Mària cu 'a manella,  
nu segno a me mme fa!

Oje Marí, oje Marí, *ecc.*

#### 4. Core 'ngrato

Catari, Catari, pecchè me dici  
sti parole amare;  
pecchè me parle e 'o core me turmiente,  
Catari?  
Nun te scurdà ca t'aggio date 'o core,  
Catari, nun te scurdà!  
Catari, Catari, che vene a dicere stu parlà  
ca me dà spaseme?  
Tu nun'nce pienze a stu dolore mio,  
tu nun'nce pienze, tu nun te cure  
Core, core'ngrato,  
t'aie pigliato 'a vita mia,  
tutt'è passato e  
nun'nce pienze cchiù!

Oh Marì, oh Marì  
How much sleep I lose for you  
Just let me fall asleep  
Hugging you a while!  
Oh Marì, oh Marì

Now it looks like one of the  
Window shutters is opening  
Maria puts out her hand  
And waves to me!

Oh Marì, oh Marì, *etc.*

Catari, Catari, why are you telling me  
only bitter things,  
why only things that torment my heart,  
Catari?  
Don't forget that I once gave you my heart,  
Catari, don't forget!  
Catari, Catari, why are you saying  
these things that hurt me so?  
You never give a thought to my pain,  
you never think of it, it doesn't matter to you.  
Ungrateful heart,  
you tore my life away from me  
and now it's over,  
you no longer think of me!

## 5. Parlami d'amore, Mariù

Come sei bella, piu' bella, stasera, Mariù  
splende un sorriso di stella negli occhi tuoi blu !  
Anche se avverso il destino domani sarà  
oggi ti sono vicino, perche' sospirar.  
Non pensar

Parlami d'amore, Mariù  
tutta la mia vita sei tu.  
Gli occhi tuoi belli brillano  
fiamme di sogno scintillano.  
Dimmi che illusione non è  
dimmi che sei tutta per me.  
Qui sul tuo cuor non soffro ù  
parlami d'amore, Mariù.

Qui sul tuo cuor non soffro più *ecc.*

How beautiful you are, so beautiful this evening, Mariù  
A smiling star shines out from your eyes of blue!  
Even if Fate is against us tomorrow  
I'm with you today, so why sigh?  
Don't worry.

Speak to me of love, Mariù  
Now that my whole life is you  
Your beautiful eyes shine bright  
The flames of dreams alight  
Tell me it's no illusion I see  
Tell me that you're only for me  
Close to your heart I suffer no more  
Speak to me of love, Mariù.

Close to your heart I suffer no more *etc.*

## 6. Non ti scordar di me

Partirono le rondini dal mio paese freddo e senza sole,  
Cercando primavera di viole,  
Nidi d'amore e di felicità.

La mia piccola rondine partì  
Senza lasciarmi un bacio,  
Senza un addio partì.

Non ti scordar di me;  
La vita mia legata è a te.  
Io t'amo sempre più,  
Nel sogno mio rimani tu.  
Non ti scordar di me:  
La vita mia legata è a te.

The swallows left my cold and sunless country,  
Looking for spring and violets,  
Love nests and happiness.

My little swallow left  
Without a kiss,  
Without saying goodbye.

Don't forget me;  
My life is tied to yours.  
I love you more all the time,  
I dream always of you.  
Don't forget me;  
My life is tied to yours.

C'è sempre un nido nel mio cor per te.  
Non ti scordar di me!

Non ti scordar di me! *etc.*

### 7. 'O sole mio

Che bella cosa e' na jurnata 'e sole,  
n'aria serena doppo na tempesta!  
Pe'll'aria fresca pare gia' na festa...  
Che bella cosa na jurnata 'e sole.

Ma n'atu sole  
cchiu' bello, oje,  
'o sole mio  
sta 'nfronte a te!

Quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne scenne,  
me vene quasi 'na malincunia,  
sotta 'a fenesta toia restarria  
quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne scenne.

Ma n'atu sole *etc.*

### 8. A Marechiare

Quanno spónta la luna a Marechiaro,  
pure li pisce ncè fanno a ll'ammore...  
Se revoltano ll'onne de lu mare:  
pe' la priézza cagnano culore...

Quanno spónta la luna a Marechiare.

A Marechiare ce sta na fenesta:

There will always be a nesting place for you in my heart.  
Don't forget me!

Do not forget me! *etc.*

What a beautiful thing is a day of sunshine,  
The air serene after the storm.  
The fresh air makes me feel so merry.  
What a beautiful thing is a day of sunshine,!

But another sun,  
Even more beautiful,  
My sun,  
Shines from your face!

When twilight comes and the sun begins to set,  
I feel a sense of melancholy,  
Beneath your window, where I would linger,  
When twilight comes and the sun begins to set...

But another sun *etc.*

When the moon rises over Marechiare  
Even the fish make love,  
The waves undulate with joy  
And reflect changing colors

When the moon rises over Marechiare.

In Marechiare there's a window,

la passiona mia nce tuzzuléa...  
Nu garofano addora int'a na testa,  
passa ll'acqua pe' sotto e murmuléa...

A Marechiare ce sta na fenesta...

Chi dice ca li stelle só' lucente,  
nun sape st'uocchie ca tu tiene 'nfronte!  
Sti doje stelle li saccio i' sulamente:  
dint'a lu core ne tengo li ponte...

Chi dice ca li stelle só' lucente?

A Marechiare ce sta na fenesta...ecc.

#### 9. Voce'e notte

Si'sta voce te sceta 'int'a nuttata,  
mentre t'a-strigne 'o sposo tuo vicino,  
statte scetata, si vuo sta scetata,  
ma fa vede ca duorme a suonno chino.

Nun gghi vicino'e llastre pe' ffa' spia,  
pecche nun puo sbaglia: 'sta voce e'a mia...  
E'a stessa voce 'e quanno tutt'e dduie  
scurmuse, nce parlavamo c'o "vvue".

Si'sta voce, che chiagn'int' 'a nuttata  
te sceta'o sposo, nun ave paura,  
vide ch'e senza nomme'a sserenata...  
Dille ca dorme e ca se rassicura...

Dille accussi: "Chi canta 'int'a 'sta via  
o sarra pazzo, o more'e ggelusia...  
Starra chiagneno quacce 'nfamita  
Canta isso sulo. Ma che canta a ffa?

The target of my passion;  
Framed by carnations,  
Beneath it a mumuring brook.

There's a window in Marechiare.

Whoever says the stars burn brightly  
Doesn't know the brightness of your eyes!  
Those two stars whose rays  
Shine always in my heart,

Whoever says the stars burn brightly?

There's a window in Marechiare. *etc.*

If this voice wakes you in the night  
While the man at your side is holding you  
Stay awake if you want to stay awake  
But pretend that you're fast asleep.

Don't go to the window to see who's there  
Because you can't mistake it — that voice is mine  
The same voice as when we both  
Were strangers, both so formal.

If this voice crying into the night  
Wakes your man, don't be afraid  
Because there are no names in my serenade.  
Tell him to sleep, that everything's alright.

Tell him: 'Whoever is singing down in the street  
Is either crazy or mad with jealousy.  
He's probably crying over some betrayal,  
He sings alone. And really — what's he singing for?'

## 10. Dicitencello vuie

Dicitencello  
a 'sta cumpagna vosta  
ch'aggio perduto 'o suonno  
e 'a fantasia  
ca 'a penzo sempe  
che e' tutta 'a vita mia  
l'nce 'o vulesse dicere  
ma nun nce 'o ssaccio di'  
'A voglio bene  
'a voglio bbene assaie  
dicitencello vuie  
ca nun m' a scordo maie  
E' 'na passiona  
cchiu' forte 'e 'na catena  
ca me turmenta l'anema  
e nun me fa campa'

'Na lacrema lucente v'e' caduta  
diciteme 'nu po a che penzate?  
Cu' st'uocchie doce  
vuie sola guardate  
Leva'mmece 'sta maschera  
dicimmo 'a verita'!...

Te voglio bene...  
Te voglio bene assaje...  
Si' tu chesta catena  
ca nun se spezza maje!

Suonno gentile  
suspiro mio carnale  
te cerco comm'all'aria  
te voglio pe' campa'!

Tell her  
Tell that friend of yours  
That I've been losing sleep  
And my mind's a blank  
Say I'm always thinking about her  
That she's my whole life.  
I'd like to tell her  
But I don't know how to say  
That I love her  
I love her very much  
You tell her  
That I'll never forget her  
It's a passion  
Stronger than chains  
It torments my soul  
And I can't go on.

A glistening tear slid down your cheek  
Tell me — what goes through your mind?  
Such sweet eyes  
Are yours and yours alone  
Let's get rid of these masks  
And tell the truth

I love you  
I really love you  
You are these chains  
That will never break.

A soft sound  
My senses sigh  
I need you like the air I breathe  
I need you to go on.

## 11. Comme facette mámmeta?

Quanno mámmeta t'ha fatta,  
Quanno mámmeta t'ha fatta...  
Vuo' sapé comme facette?  
Vuo' sapé comme facette?...

Pe' 'mpastá sti ccarne belle,  
Pe' 'mpastá sti ccarne belle...  
Tutto chello ca mettatte?  
Tutto chello ca mettette?...

Ciento rose 'ncappucciate,  
Dint'a martula mmescate...  
Latte, rose, rose e latte,  
Te facette 'ncopp'o fatto!...

Nun c'è bisogno 'a zingara  
P'andiviná, Cunce'...  
Comme t'ha fatto mámmeta,  
'o ssaccio meglio 'e te!...

E pe' fá 'sta vocca bella,  
E pe' fá 'sta vocca bella...  
Nun servette 'a stessa dose,  
Nun servette 'a stessa dose...

Vuó sapé che nce mettette?  
Vuó sapé che nce mettette?...  
Mo te dico tuttecosa...  
Mo te dico tuttecosa:

Nu panaro chino, chino,  
Tutt'e fravule 'e ciardino...  
Mele, zuccaro e cannella:  
Te 'mpastaje 'sta vocca bella...

When your mother made you  
When your mother made you  
Do you know what she did?  
Do you know what she did?

To cook up this nice dish  
To cook up this nice dish  
What did she put in it?  
What did she put in it ?

A hundred rosebuds  
She mixed with a mortar  
Milk and roses, roses and milk  
She whisked you up in the blink of an eye!

It doesn't take a gypsy  
To figure it out, Concé  
Just how mother made you  
I know better than you!

And to make that lovely mouth  
And to make that lovely mouth  
There were other things she added  
There were other things she added

Want to know what she put in?  
Want to know what she put in?  
Now I'll tell you all  
Now I'll tell you all

A basket filled to the brim  
With all the strawberries in the garden  
Apples, sugar and cinnamon  
To make that lovely mouth.

Nun c'è bisogno 'a zingara, *ecc.*

E pe' fá sti ttrezze d'oro,  
E pe' fá sti ttrezze d'oro...  
Mamma toja s'appezzentette,  
mamma toja s'appezzentette...

Bella mia, tu qua' munetal!?  
bella mia, tu qua' munetal!?  
Vuo' sapé che nce servette?  
vuo' sapé che nce servette?...

Na miniera sana sana,  
tutta fatta a filagrana,  
nce vulette pe' sti ttrezze,  
che, a vasá, nun ce sta prezzo!

Nun c'è bisogno 'a zingara, *ecc.*

## 12. Musica proibita

Ogni ser ci sotto al mio balcone  
Sento cantar una canzon d'amore,  
Più volte la ripete un bel garzone  
E battere mi sento forte il core, ri.  
Oh quanto è dolce quella melodia.  
Oh com'è bella, quanto m'è gradita!  
Ch'io la canti non vuol la mamma mia:  
Vorrei saper perche me l'ha priobita?

Ella nonc'è edio la vo' cantare  
La frase che me l'ha fatto palpitare:

It doesn't take a gypsy, *etc.*

And to make these golden braids  
And to make these golden braids  
Your mother gave all she had  
Your mother gave all she had

Oh my lovely, how many riches  
Oh my lovely, how many riches  
Do you want to know how much was needed?  
Do you want to know how much was needed?

A whole goldmine  
Spun into golden thread  
That's what those braids cost  
That are priceless to kiss!

It doesn't take a gypsy, *etc.*

Every evening under my balcony  
I hear a serenade of love,  
Repeated many times by a handsome young man  
And I feel my heart beating faster.  
Oh how sweet that melody is!  
Oh how beautiful, and how I love to hear it!  
My mother does not want me to sing it,  
I wish I knew why she has forbidden me!

She is not home and now I'm going to sing  
The song that has me so excited:

Vorrei baciare i tuoi capelli neri, Le labbra tue e gli  
occhi tuoi severi,  
Vorrei morir con te, angel di Dio,  
O bella innamorata, tesor mio.

Qui sotto il vidi ieri a passeggiare,  
E lo sentiva al solito cantar:  
Vorrei baciare i tuoi capelli neri,  
Le labbra tue e gli occhi tuoi severi!  
Stringimi, o cara, stringimi al tuo core,  
Fammi provar l'ebbrezza dell'amor.

### 13. 'A vucchella

Si' comm'a nu sciurillo...  
tu tiene na vucchella,  
nu poco pucurillo,  
appassuliatella.  
Méh, dammillo, dammillo,  
è comm'a na rusella...  
dammillo nu vasillo,  
dammillo, Cannetella!  
Dammillo e pigliatillo  
nu vaso...piccerillo  
comm'a chesta vucchella  
che pare na rusella...  
nu poco pucurillo  
appassuliatella...

### 14. Canta pe' me!

Canta pe' me, stanotte, na canzone,  
Tu ca si' bella e tiene 'a voce d'oro...  
Cantammélla stanotte, ca si moro,

I want to kiss your dark hair,  
Your lips and your sober eyes;  
I would die with you, you heavenly angel.  
My beautiful love, my treasure.

I saw him walking by here yesterday,  
And heard him sing his familiar song:  
I want to kiss your dark hair,  
Your lips and your sober eyes!  
Hold me, dearest, hold me close to your heart,  
Let me feel the ecstasy of love!

Your lips are like little flower-petals  
With just the tiniest touch of passion.

Ah, give me those little rosebud-lips —  
Give me a little kiss,  
Just one, Cannatella!

Give me one, and take one too,  
Just a little kiss  
From those rose-petal lips,  
With just the tiniest touch of passion...

Yes, your little lips  
Have the tiniest touch of passion.

Sing a song for me tonight  
You, so beautiful with golden voice  
Sing it me tonight, so if I die

Moro sentenno na bella canzone...

Canta na serenata 'e marenare...  
Ch'a tantu tiempo nun se canta cchiù...  
Mare!... Stanotte, quanta varche a mare...  
Ma tu nun cante? Ma a che pienze tu?

E pecché chiagne si 'a nuttata è bella,  
E si' figliola, e tiene 'a voce d'oro?  
Canta pe' me, pe' me ca mme ne moro...  
Moro sentenno na canzone bella...

Canta, luntana mia, ca si' turnata  
Ca si' turnata e nun te ne può ghí...  
Canta, pecché te tengo 'ncatenata,  
Pecché tu sola mm'hè 'a vedé murí!...

#### 15. Fenesta ca lucive

Fenesta ca lucive e mo nun luce...  
Sign'è ca nénna mia stace malata...  
S'affaccia la surella e mme lu dice:  
Nennèlla toja è morta e s'è atterrata...

Chiagneva sempe ca durmeva sola,  
mo dorme co' li muorte accompagnata...

Addio fenesta, restate 'nzerrata  
Ca nenna mia mo nun se pò affacciare...  
Io cchiù nun passarraggio pe' 'sta strata:  
Vaco a lo camposanto a passàre!

'Nzino a lo giorno ca la morte ngrata,  
mme face nénna mia íre a trovare!...

I die listening to a beautiful song.

Sing a sailor's serenade  
That hasn't been sung for an age  
The sea! So many ships at sea tonight  
But why aren't you singing? What are you thinking?

And why are you crying if the night is beautiful  
You, so young with golden voice  
Sing for me, for me who's dying  
So I die listening to a beautiful song.

Sing, now you're back from afar  
Back here and can't go away anymore  
Sing, because I'll keep you in chains  
Because you alone must see me die.

The once-lit window, now dark  
Means that my sweetheart is ill  
Her sister looks out and tells me:  
Your sweetheart is dead and buried.

She once complained that she slept alone  
Now she sleeps in the company of the dead.

Farewell window, keep shutters closed  
Because my sweetheart can look out no more  
I no longer walk along this street  
The graveyard is where I go for walks!

Until the day that ungrateful death  
Lets me go to meet my sweetheart!

## 16. Santa Lucia

Comme se frícceca  
la luna chiena...  
lo mare ride,  
ll'aria è serena...  
Vuie che facite  
'mmiez'a là via?  
Santa Lucia!

Stu viento frisco,  
fa risciatare,  
chi vò' spassarse  
jènno pe' mare...  
E' pronta e lesta  
là varca mia...  
Santa Lucia!

La tènnà è posta  
pe' fá na cena...  
e quanno stace  
la panza chiena,  
non c'è la mínema  
melanconia!  
Santa Lucia!

Pòzzo accostare  
la varca mia?  
Santa Lucia!

How it shines  
The full moon  
The sea laughs  
The air is clear.  
What are you doing  
In the middle of the road?  
Santa Lucia!

This cool breeze  
Makes happy  
Whoever enjoys  
Going down to the sea.  
My boat  
Is swift and ready.  
Santa Lucia!

The canopy is fixed  
Ready for dinner  
And when you've  
Had your fill  
You don't feel  
Any sadness at all.  
Santa Lucia!

Can I draw up  
My boat?  
Santa Lucia!

17. 'O surdato 'nnamurato

Staje luntana da stu core  
E a te volo cu'o penziero  
Niente voglio e niente spero  
Ca tenerte sempre affianco a me  
Si sicura e chist'ammore  
Comm'i so sicuro e te  
Oj vita, oj vita mia  
Oj core e chistro core  
Si stato o primm'ammore  
O primmo e ll'ultimo sarra pe'me.

Quanta motte nun te veco  
Nun te sientu in fra sti braccia  
Nun te vaso chista faccia  
Nun t'astenco forte mbracio a me  
Ma scetannomi a sti suonne  
Ma faj chiagnere per te  
Oj vita, oj vita mia *ecc.*

Scrivo sempe 'e stà cuntenta:  
io nun pienzo che a te sola:  
nu pensiero mme cunsola;  
ca tu pienze sulamente a me ....

'A cchiu bella 'e tutt'e belle  
nun è maje cchiù bella 'e te!

Oje vita , oje vita mia, *ecc.*

You are far from my heart  
And I fly to you in my mind  
I want nothing, I hope for nothing  
But to have you near me forever  
Be sure of this love  
As I am sure of you.  
Oh life, oh my life  
Oh heart, oh this heart  
You were my first love  
My first and you will be my last.

How many nights since I've seen you  
Haven't felt you in my arms  
Haven't kissed that face  
Haven't held you tight in my arms  
But as I wake to these dreams  
You make me cry for you.  
Oh life, oh my life *etc.*

I always write saying you should be happy  
I only think of you  
And one thought consoles me  
That you only think of me.

The most beautiful of beautiful women  
Is not nearly as beautiful as you.

Oh life, oh my life *etc.*

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 *Queen of Spades*, and his career rapidly expanded to include regular engagements at all major opera houses, including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the Bavarian State Opera, Munich, the Berlin State Opera, the Teatro alla Scala, Milan, the Vienna State Opera, the Teatro Colon, Buenos Aires, the Metropolitan Opera, New York, Chicago Lyric Opera and the Kirov Opera, St Petersburg, in addition to appearances at the Salzburg Festival as the Count in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* and in the title role in a new production of *Don Giovanni*. His most notable roles include Onegin in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, Figaro in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the title role in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Posa in Verdi's *Don Carlos*, Germont père in *La Traviata*, and Francesco in *I Masnadieri*.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky has given many

recitals, to great acclaim, in most 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 Cultural Centre, Hong Kong and the Musikverein, Vienna. He has also given recitals in Seoul, Oslo, Istanbul, Jerusalem and Australia, South America and the Far East.

He appears regularly in concert with orchestras such as the New York Philharmonic, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and the Rotterdam Philharmonic, and conductors with whom he has worked include Bernard Haitink, Michael Tilson Thomas, Zubin Mehta and Valery Gergiev.

He retains strong musical and personal contacts with Russia. The distinguished Russian composer Georgi Sviridov wrote a song cycle, *St. Petersburg*, especially for Dmitri Hvorostovsky, who often includes

this cycle and other music by Sviridov in his recitals. He also takes an interest in Russian church music and has given numerous concerts and made a recording of this music with the St. Petersburg Chamber Choir.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky's numerous recordings include several recital and aria discs (Russian romances, folk songs, arias, Bel Canto arias, Arie antiche, Sviridov's *Russia cast adrift*) He has recorded Mussorgsky's *Songs and Dances of Death* with Valery Gergiev and the Orchestra of the Kirov Opera. Complete opera recordings include Verdi's *La Traviata*, with Mehta, and *Don Carlos*, with Haitink; Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades* and *Iolanta*, and Rimsky-Korsakov's *The*

*Tsar's Bride*, with Valery Gergiev. He has also starred in *Leporello*, a film (by Rhombus Media) based on Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, released in the autumn of 2000.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky has recently made two other recordings for Delos: a program of Russian romances, also conducted by Constantine Orbelian, and a disc of Verdi arias, conducted by Mario Bernardi. Additional recordings are in the works with Delos.

Future operatic plans include *Don Carlo* and *War and Peace* at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, *Le Nozze di Figaro* at the Bastille Opera, Paris, and *Il trovatore* and *I masnadieri* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

The brilliant pianist and conductor **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 historically most illustrious symphony orchestra. As founding Music Director of the **Philharmonia of Russia**, Maestro Orbelian has brought together Russia's outstanding players to form the "crème de la crème" ensemble heard on this recording.

Maestro Orbelian's ambitious new series of recordings on Delos includes other new releases with the Philharmonia of Russia, including "Vodka & Caviar — The Ultimate

Russian Spectacular" (DE 3288); an album introducing the exciting young mezzo Marina Domashenko (DE 3285); and an album of Italian arias with leading Russian soprano Galina Gorchakova (DE 3286). With the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Orbelian offers "Russian Arias and Romances," featuring the brilliant young soprano, Olga Guryakova, (DE 3273); Rachmaninoff's one-act opera, *Aleko*, also with Guryakova and baritone Vassily Gerello (DE 3270); Handel arias from *Rinaldo* and *Orlando* featuring the remarkable Polish contralto Ewa Podles' (DE 3253); 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); Vivaldi *Four Seasons*, *Storm at Sea* and *Pleasure*, with violinist Massimo Quarta (DE 3280); 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).

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.

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.

### Visit Delos on the Web

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*John Eargle*

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(800) 364-0645 • (707) 996-3844  
*contactus@delosmusic.com • www.delosmusic.com*  
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