

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY

*I
met
you,
my
love*

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I MET YOU, MY LOVE — OLD RUSSIAN ROMANCES
DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY, BARITONE

- [1] ***I Met You, My Love*** (*Ya fstretil vas*) (4:41)
Anonymous — *Lyrics by F. Tyutchev*
- [2] ***No, It's Not You I Love So Fervently*** (*Net, ne tebia tak pīlko ya liubliu*) (3:44)
A. Shishkin — *Lyrics by M. Lermontov*
- [3] ***Only Once*** (*Tol'ko raz*) (3:48)
P. German — *Lyrics by B. Fomin*
- [4] ***Bright Is the Night*** (*Noch svetla*) (3:11)
N. Shishkin — *Lyrics by N. Shishkin*
- [5] ***I Remember the Charming Sound of the Waltz***
(*Ya pomniu val'sa zvuk prelestniy*) (2:37)
N. Listov — *Lyrics by A. Tolstoy*
- [6] ***O, If Only I Could Express in Sounds*** (*O, yesli b mog vīrazit' v zvuke*) (2:30)
L. Malashkin — *Lyrics by G. Lishin*
- [7] ***Do Not Awaken Memories*** (*Ne probuzhday vospominaniy*) (4:39)
P. Bulakhov — *Lyrics by N. N.*
- [8] ***The Coachman's Song*** (*Pesn' yamshchika*) (2:35)
A. Gurilyov — *Lyrics by K. Bakhturin*
- [9] ***In the Wide Open Field*** (*V pole shirokom*) (2:53)
P. Bulakhov — *Lyrics by L. Mey*
- [10] ***The Lonely Coach Bell Rings*** (*Odnoszvuchno gremit kolokol'chik*) (3:16)
A. Gurilyov — *Lyrics by I. Makarov*

- [11] **Misty Morning** (*Utro тумannoye*) (3:33)
V. Abaz — *Lyrics by I. Turgenev*
- [12] **But I Love You, Nevertheless** (*No ya Vas fsio-taki liubliu*) (2:10)
Anonymous — *Lyrics by N. Lensky*
- [13] **The Troika Speeds, the Troika Gallops** (*Troyka mchitsa, troyka skachet*) (3:14)
P. Bulakhov — *Lyrics by A. Viazemsky*
- [14] **The Autumn Wind Moans Mournfully** (*Zhalobno stonet veter osenniy*) (2:17)
Mikhaylov — *Lyrics by Pugachov*
- [15] **At That Fateful Hour** (*V chas rokovoy*) (2:57)
Anonymous — *Anonymous lyrics*
- [16] **I Loved You** (*Ya Vas liubil*) (2:47)
B. Sheremetev — *Lyrics by A. Pushkin*
- [17] **The Weeping Willows Slumber** (*Dremliut plakuchiye ivi*) (2:33)
B. B. — *Lyrics by A. Timofeyev*
- [18] **You Cannot Understand** (*Vam ne poniat'*) (4:07)
A. Gurilyov — *Anonymous lyrics*
- [19] **Shine, Shine, My Star** (*Gori, gori, moya zvezda*) (4:01)
P. Bulakhov — *Lyrics by V. Chuyevsky*

All arrangements by Evgeny Stetsyuk

Constantine Orbelian, conductor
Moscow Chamber Orchestra
Style of Five

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: 61:23

Few people outside Russia are familiar with these songs, and even fewer know the names of those who created them. Non-Russian experts and lovers of Russian prose and poetry would probably recognize just three or four names: Alexander Pushkin, the greatest Russian poet; Mikhail Lermontov, his literary heir, and like him, killed in a duel; Fyodor Tyutchev — poet and diplomat, romantic and philosopher of Russian poetry; and Ivan Turgenev, better known for his novels, short stories, the play "A Month in the Country" and his romantic involvement with the famous singer Pauline Viardot Garcia.

Among the composers, few, such as Alexander Gurilyov* or Piotr Bulakhov Jr. **, were prolific professionals.

Most other names disappeared even from the Russian collective memory, and the authorship of some songs (music, lyrics or both) is either unknown or still unclear and disputed.

The songs, however, are widely performed and cherished in all corners of Russia as well as in many parts of the former Russian Empire, Soviet Union and Russian émigré communities, and by all ages and social groups. In fact, for almost two centuries they could be heard in homes and on the concert stage, sung by famous opera singers as well as by gypsy choruses (very popular in Russia since the late 18th century) and their stars. No one doubts the immense influence of this genre on the music

style of great Russian composers — most obviously Glinka, Dargomyzhsky, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff. These songs were mentioned and quoted in novels and poems, and sung in plays and movies. They are still an important part of Russian life, mind and soul. They are, in a way, the idioms and symbols of the emotional language of the Russian people, even though composed years ago...

Quite tellingly, in Russia no one calls them "songs." They are "romances," "Russian romances," "Old Russian romances" (*starinniye russkiye romansy*), or, in professional musical terminology, "Russian domestic (household) romances" (*russkiye bitoviye romansy*). Thus they are distinguished from their simple, naïve predecessors of the last third of the 18th century, *rossiyskaya pesnya* ("Russian-style songs"), as well as from their sophisticated younger cousins, art songs ("romances") written in the 19th and 20th centuries by virtually every important figure in Russian music, from Glinka to Medtner. The art song did not replace the domestic romance, which continued to flourish during the second half of the 19th and early 20th century and later became a foundation for songs of the Soviet era.

The domestic romance of the 19th century was a product of a young Russian urban culture, where new social groups — workers, merchants, clerks etc. — lived at the crossroads

of the traditional culture, still very close to a village life, and the increasing influences of the Western world. Melodies played on the streets by French- and German-built barrel-organs; street fiddlers, who migrated from Poland; Italian and French operas performed by visiting, and later permanent, troupes; polonaises and mazurkas danced in the aristocrats' palaces; sheet music published in Europe and played in every well-to-do household (beginning in the 18th century music had become part of a proper upbringing)... All these and many other elements blended with the songs of old, rural Russia, resulting in the distinct style of the Russian domestic romance.

The typical domestic romance tells the story of love — passionate, unhappy, heart-breaking. Separation, loneliness, melancholy, bitter-sweet memories — often against the background of vast, empty Russian landscapes with long roads under foggy, gray skies — such is the usual content of the romance. No wonder that the major key makes an extremely rare appearance in its musical language. Harmonization and texture are quite simple (based on a progression of T-D-T or T-S-D-T) — in accordance with the modest skills of an amateur performer who was the chief consumer as well as the main character-narrator of such pieces. Some composers themselves were dilettantes, and an accompaniment was often created not for piano, but for guitar, the most

popular instrument in the Russian urban household. Due to the enormous popularity of the waltz in Russia, many romances are based on a waltz-rhythm formula, but usually in a slower tempo. The formal structure almost never goes beyond a few simple couplets.

The main source of expression and beauty in the Russian domestic romance is its melody. It seems to flow so naturally — mainly because of its very close connection with the lyrics, some of which are in fact verses by the best Russian poets. The melodic line was not created exclusively for trained operatic voices, though it consists of long cantilena-like phrases; and some romances (like # 15 on this disc) could be like small musical dramas. The interval of the *sixth* (most often *minor sixth*) plays a key role in these melodies (see, for example, # 6 or 18). After this "leap" the melody usually returns to the initial level, going gently and slowly through the missing steps.

Bitovoy romans saw both good and bad times. Extremely popular in the mid- and late 19th century, it was almost banished by the Soviet Government as a "low" philistine genre, the bad inheritance of the "old" Tzarist Russia, alien to the "new progressive society." It made a complete comeback after World War II and lives on in numerous musical arrangements. It is hard to find in Russia a professional singer who does not have these romances in his or her repertoire.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky's affiliation with this music goes back to his childhood. His father, a chemical engineer, is also a devotee and experienced performer of the Russian romances. Dmitri grew up listening to the romances in his father's interpretations as well as to numerous recordings and radio-broadcasts, featuring different performers and interpretive styles. In the early '90s Hvorostovsky recorded a disc of Russian folk songs and domestic romances for *Philips* with the accompaniment of the Osipov Russian Folk Orchestra. For this recording he chose domestic romances only (including just one title from the earlier disc) and a different instrumental background. The new arrangements combine a classical chamber orchestra with traditional Russian instruments: balalaikas and bayan (a Russian version of accordion). That gives the music, in Hvorostovsky's own words, a charming and colorful touch. What did not change, however, is his desire and ability to present these small gems in the most tasteful manner. "This music is very refined and delicate," maintains Mr. Hvorostovsky. "However, it is often performed in a tasteless, even vulgar manner. To stay on the right track stylistically was the most important task for us." By the way, his father attended the recording sessions in Moscow, as a guardian of authenticity and good taste. The whole process took three days — Hvorostovsky likes spontaneity and prefers

one-take recordings; both the singer and his father were pleased with the results.

Maya Pritsker

***) Alexander Gurilyov (1803-1858)** was the son of the composer, pianist and conductor Lev Guriliov and, like his father, was a serf of Count Orloff. Both father and son were freed in 1831. An accomplished violinist, violist and pianist, and a student of John Field, Alexander lived in Moscow and was known as a teacher, pianist and composer. In spite of the enormous popularity of his songs and romances (he also wrote many piano compositions), he spent all of his life in deep poverty, suffering from mental illness during his last years.

****) Piotr Petrovich Bulakhov (1822-1885)** belonged to a well-known family of composers and singers. His father performed tenor roles at the Moscow Bolshoi Theater, as well as Russian songs and romances at other venues. His brother Pavel Petrovich (also a tenor) performed on the St. Petersburg opera stage and originated the part of the Count in one of the important Russian operas, "Rusalka" by Dargomyzhsky. He, too, wrote some popular songs. However, it is Piotr Petrovich whose romances became most recognized.

1. Ya fstretil Vas

Ya fstretil Vas — i fsio biloye
V otzhivshem serdtse ozhilo;
Ya fspomnil vremia, vremia zolotoye —
I serdtsu stalo tak teplo...

Kak pozdney oseni poroyu
Bivayut dni, bivayet chas,
Kogda poveyet vdrug vesnoyu
I shto-to fstrepeniotsa v nas.

Kak posle vekovoy razluki,
Gliazhu na Vas kak bi vo sne, —
I vot — slishnee stali zvuki,
Ne umolkafshiye vo mne...

Tut ne odno vospominan'ye,
Tut zhizn' zagovorila vnof' —
I to zhe v Vas ocharovan'ye,
I ta zh v dushe moyey liubof'.

2. Net, ne tebia tak pilko ya liubliu

Net, ne tebia tak pilko ya liubliu,
Ne dlia menia krasī tvoyey blistan'ye:
Liubliu f tebe ya proshloye stradan'ye
I molodost', i molodost' pogibshuyu moyu.

Kogda poroy ya na tebia smotriu,
F tvoyi glaza vnikaya dolgim vzorom, —
Tainstvennim ya zaniat razgovorom,
No ne s toboy ya serdtsem govoriu,
No ne s toboy ya serdtsem govoriu.

Net, ne tebia tak pilko ya liubliu...

1. I Met You, My Love

I met you, my Love, and all that had passed
Came to life in my jaded heart;
I remembered a bygone time, a golden time,
And my heart was bathed in a warm glow...

Just as in the time of late autumn
There are those certain days and hours,
When a springtime breeze wafts suddenly,
And something stirs within us.

After being apart for what seems an eternity,
I gaze at you, as if in a dream,
And suddenly, the sounds that would not fall silent in me
Become more audible.

This is not merely a memory,
This is life speaking once again—
It is the same enchantment in you,
And the same love in my soul.

2. No, It's Not You I Love So Fervently

No, it's not you I love so fervently,
Not for me is the brilliance of your beauty:
Instead, I love in you the suffering that's passed
And my youth, my youth that is no more.

When at times I look upon you,
Probing your eyes with a deep gaze,
I engage in a mysterious conversation,
But it's not with you that I speak from my heart,
But it's not with you that I speak from my heart.

No, it's not you I love so fervently...

Ya govoriu s podrugoy yunih dney;
F tvoih chertah ishchu cherti drugiye,
V ustah zhivih usta davno nemie,
V glazah ogon' ugasnufshih ochey,
V glazah ogon' ugasnufshih ochey.

Net, ne tebia tak pilko ya liubliu...

3. Tol'ko raz

Den' i noch roniayet serdtse lasku,
Den' i noch kruzhitsa golova,
Den' i noch vzvolnovannoyu skazkoy
Mne zvuchat tvoyi slova.

Priпев:

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 okutani tsvefi.
Gde zhe ti, zhelannaya kogda-to,
Gde vo mne rodivshaya mechu?

Priпев.

4. Noch svetla

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

Miliy drug, nezheniy drug, ya, kak prezhdе liubia,
V etu noch pri lune fspominayu tebia.

I speak, instead, with a friend of youthful days;
In your face I seek another face,
In living lips I seek lips long silent,
In your eyes, the fire of eyes grown dim,
In your eyes, the fire of eyes grown dim.

No, it's not you I love so fervently...

3. Only Once

Day and night my heart expresses fondness,
Day and night, my head spins around,
Day and night, like an impassioned fairy tale,
Your words 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.

4. Bright Is the Night

Bright is the night, the moon shines quietly over the river,
And the blue wave shines 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.

V etu noch pri lune, na chuzhoy storone,
Miliy drug, nezheniy drug, pomni ti obo mne.

Pod lunoy rastsveti golubiy tsveti,
Etot tsvet goluboy, eto f serdtse mechti.
K tebe grizoy lechu, tvoyo imia tverzhu
Pri lune, v tishine, ya s tsvetami grushchu.

5. Ya pomniu val'sa zvuk prelestniy

Ya pomniu val'sa zvuk prelestniy,
Vesenny nochyu pozdny chas,
Yevo pel golos neizvesniy,
I pesnia chudnaya lilas'.
Da to bil val's, prelestniy, tomniy,
Da to bil divniy val's.

Teper' zima, i te zhe yeli,
Pokriti sumrakom, stoyat,
A pod oknom shumiat meteli,
I zvuki val'sa ne zvuchat...
Gde etot val's, starinni, tomniy,
Gde zh etot divniy val's?

6. O, yesli b mog vrazit' v zvuke

O, yesli b mog vrazit' v zvuke
Fsiu silu stradaniy moih,
V dushe tvoyey stihli bi muki,
I ropot somnen'ya zatih;
I ya b otdohnul, dorogaya,
Stradaniye viskazav fsio,
I ya b otdohnul, dorogaya,
Stradaniye viskazav fsio.
Zavetnomu zvuku vnimaya,
Razbilos' bi serdtse tvoyo,

This night, by the light of the moon, in a faraway land,
Remember me also, dear friend, gentle friend.

'Neath the moon blue flowers have blossomed,
This color blue marks the longing of the heart.
I fly to you in my thoughts, repeating your name,
'Neath the moon, in the silence, I mourn with the flowers.

5. I Remember the Charming Sound of the Waltz

I remember the charming sound of the waltz,
How late at night on a spring evening
An unknown voice was singing it,
And a marvellous song went forth.
Yes, it was a charming and languid waltz,
Yes, it was a glorious waltz.

But now it's winter, and the very same fir trees
Stand, covered in darkness,
While 'neath the wind a blizzard howls,
And no sounds of the waltz are heard...
Where is that waltz, so old and languid,
Where is that glorious waltz?

6. O, If Only I Could Express in Sounds

O, if only I could express in sounds
The full power of my sufferings,
The torture would cease in your soul,
And the murmur of doubt would be silenced;
And then I could rest, dear one,
After expressing all my suffering,
And then I could rest, dear one,
After expressing all my suffering.
But if you were to listen to this hidden sound,
Your heart would be shattered,

Zavetnomu zvuku vnimaya,
Razbilos' bī serdtse tvoyo.

7. Ne probuzhday vospominaniy

Ne probuzhday vospominaniy
Minufshih dney, minufshih dney,
Ne vozrodish bīlīh zhelaniy
V dushe moyey, v dushe moyey.

I na menia svoj vzor opasniy
Ne ustremliay, ne ustremliay,
Mechtoy liubvi, mechtoy prekrasnoy
Ne uvlekay, ne uvlekay.

Odnazhdi shchast'ye v zhīzni etoy
Fkushayem mī, fkushayem mī,
Sviaŋim ogniom liubvi sogreŋi,
Ozhīvlenī, ozhīvlenī.

8. Pesn' yamshchika

Al' opiat' ne vidat'
Prezhney krasnoy doli?
Ya dushoy sam ne svoj —
Sokhnu kak v nevole.
A bīval ya udal!
S uharskoyu troykoy
Ponesus' i zal'yus' pesenkoyu boykoy!

Ne knutom povediosh — tol'ko rukavitsey,
I po pniām, po holmam mchat loshadki ptitsey!
Ni s slezoy, ni s toskoy molodets ne znalsia,
Popeval, da gulial... Vot i dogulialsia!

Uzh dugu ne smogu peregnut' kak nado;

But if you were to listen to this hidden sound,
Your heart would be shattered.

7. Do Not Awaken Memories

Do not awaken memories
Of days gone by, of days gone by,
You shall not reawaken past desires
In my soul, in my soul.

Your daring gaze towards me
Do not direct, do not direct,
With thoughts of love, with wondrous thoughts
Beguile me not, beguile me not.

Of happiness but once in this life
Do we partake, do we partake,
Warmed by the sacred fire of love,
We are revived, we are revived.

8. The Coachman's Song

Shall I never see again
Those beautiful expanses?
In my soul I'm not myself—
I wither, as if in prison.
Yet I used to be so gallant!
With my daring troika
I would dash away and strike up an upbeat tune!

You can't steer them with a whip—only with a firm hand,
Over hill, over dale, the horses fly like birds!
This young lad knew neither tears nor sadness,
He just sang and partied... Now he's paying the price!

I can't even bend the harness as it needs to be;

Vozhzhī vroz', nu hot' bros'—
Ekaya dosada!
Nochyu, dniom, ob odnom tiashko pomīshliayu:
Fsio po ney, po moyey lapushke stradayu!

9. V pole shirokom (ballada)

V pole shīrokom zhelezom kopīt
Vzrito zelionoye zhīto,
Tam, pod plakuchey beriozoy lezhīt
Molodets tayno ubitūy!

Molodets tayno ubitūy lezhīt,
Tayno f travu ohoronenniy,
Ves' on, bedniashka, kitaykoy pokrīt,
Tonkoy kitaykoy chervonnoy!

Vot pod beriozu devitsa prishla,
Rozoy ona rastsvetala,
S molodtsa tiho kitayku sniala,
Strastno yevo tselovala.

Vot i drugaya devitsa prishla,
Ochi siyali zvezdami,
S molodtsa tiho kitayku sniala,
Fsia zalilasia slezami!

Tret'ya prishla, i gorel yeyo vzor,
Molvila: "Spit, ne razbudish;
Spi, moy golubchik, teper' trioh sestior
Bol'she liubit' ti ne budesh!"

10. Odnovuchno gremit kolokol'chik

Odnovuchno gremit kolokol'chik,
I doroga pilitsa slegka.

Reins apart, what's the use—
What a shame!
By night and by day, I mourn for just one thing:
I grieve for her, for my dear lass!

9. In the Wide Open Field

In the wide field the green wheat is
Dug up with the iron of hooves,
There, 'neath the weeping birch tree lies
A young fellow, slain in secret.

The murdered young fellow lies,
Secretly buried in the grass.
He is all covered up, the poor fellow,
With a fine red silk shirt.

First a young maiden came to the birch tree,
Like a rose in bloom was she,
Quietly she took the shirt off the fellow,
And kissed him passionately.

Then a second maiden came,
Her eyes like shining stars,
Quietly she took the shirt off the fellow,
And broke down in tears!

Then a third maid came, and her gaze was burning,
Said she, "So, you sleep soundly, eh?
Sleep on, my dearest! No longer will you love
Any of these three sisters!"

10. The Lonely Coach Bell Rings

The lonely coach bell rings,
And the dust from the road fills the air.

I unilo po rovnomu poliu
Zalivaetsa pesn' yamshchika.

Skol'ko chustva f toy pesne uniloy,
Skol'ko grusti v napeve rodnom,
Shto v grudi moyey hladnoy, ostiloy
Razgorelosia serdtse ogniom.

I pripomnil ya nochi drugiye,
I rodnıye polia i lesa.
I na ochi, davno uzh suhiye,
Nabezhala, kak iskra, sleza.

Odnovuchno gremit kolokol'chik,
Izdali otdavayas' slehka.
I zamolk moy yamshchik, a doroga
Predo mnoy daleka, daleka!

11. Utro tumannoye

Utro tumannoye, utro sedoye,
Nivi pechal'niye, snegom pokritiye,
Nehotia fspomnish i vremia biloye,
Fspomnish i litsa davno pozabitiye,
Fspomnish i litsa davno pozabitiye.

Fspomnish obil'niye, strastniye rechi,
Vzgliadi, tak zhadno i nezhno lovimiye,
Pervaya fstrecha, posledniaya fstrecha,
Tihovo golosa zvuki liubimiye,
Tihovo golosa zvuki liubimiye.

Fspomnish razluku s ulibkoyu strannoy,
Mnogoye fspomnish, davno pozabitoye,
Slushaya govor kolios neprestanniye,
Gliadia zadumchivo v nebo shirokoye,
Gliadia zadumchivo v nebo shirokoye.

And across the wide fields
The coachman's sorrowful song is heard.

So much feeling is in that sad song,
So much grief can be heard in that strain,
That my cold heart, long hardened and weary
In my bosom was kindled again.

I recalled other nights,
And the fields and the forests so dear,
And my eyes, which so long have been arid,
Became moist like jewels with a tear.

The lonely coach bell rings,
Echoing slightly in the countryside.
And my coachman has now fallen silent,
While the road before me is long, oh, so long!

11. Misty Morning

Misty morning, grey-haired morning,
Sorrowful wheat fields, covered with snow,
Reluctantly cause you to recall times past,
To recall faces long ago forgotten,
To recall faces long ago forgotten.

You recall eloquent, passionate words,
Glances, so hungrily and gently exchanged,
The very first meeting, and the final meeting,
The beloved strains of a quiet voice,
The beloved strains of a quiet voice.

With an odd smile you remember the parting,
You remember many things long ago forgotten,
As you listen to the constant chatter of the wheels,
As you gaze pensively into the broad sky,
As you gaze pensively into the broad sky.

12. No ya Vas fsio-taki liubliu

Vi mnoy igrayete, ya vizhu,
Smeshna dlia Vas liubof' moya,
Poroyu ya Vas nenavizhu,
Na Vas molius' poroyu ya...
Vas pozabit' ne znaya sredstva,
Ya serdtsem iskrenno skorbliu;
Hot' v Vas tsarit odno koketstvo,
No ya Vas fsio-taki liubliu.

Nemalo dush Vi pogubili.
No eto Vam ne fsio l' ravno?
Akh! nikogda Vi ne liubili,
I Vam liubit' ne suzhdeno.
Nadezhda mne lish uteshen'ye,
Da, ya nadeyus' i terpliu.
Bezdushni Vi — f tom net somnen'ya,
No ya Vas fsio-taki liubliu.

Nastupit vremia, mozhet statsa,
K Vam f serdtse fkradetsa liubof'.
Vi perestanete smeyatsa,
I strast' vzvolnuyet Vashu krof'.
Terzan'ya Vashi soznavaia,
Svoyi muchen'ya iskupliu...
Ya Vam takih zhe muk zhelayu,
No ya Vas fsio-taki liubliu.

13. Troyka mchitsa, troyka skachet

Troyka mchitsa, troyka skachet,
Vyotsa pil' iz pod kopit,
Kolokol'chik, zalivayas',
Upoitel'no zvenit.

12. But I Love You, Nevertheless

You are playing with me, this I realize,
My love to you is a thing to be ridiculed,
At times I despise you,
At other times I worship you...
Having no means of forgetting you,
I genuinely suffer with my heart;
You are filled with nothing but flirtation,
But I love you, nevertheless

You have destroyed no small number of souls.
But is this not all the same to you?
Ah! You have never loved,
And it is not your destiny to love.
Hope remains my only consolation,
Yes, I hope and endure.
You have no soul—of this there is no doubt,
But I love you, nevertheless.

A time may come when it might happen
That love should find its way into your heart.
You will stop ridiculing,
And passion shall stir up your blood.
Recognizing your torments,
I shall redeem my own suffering...
I wish you the same measure of pain,
But I love you, nevertheless.

13. The Troika Speeds, the Troika Gallops

The troika speeds, the troika gallops,
The dust billows from beneath the hooves,
And the ringing of the jingling bell
Sounds so entrancing.

Pripev:

Yedet, yedet, yedet k ney,
Ah, yedet k liubushke svoey,
Yedet, yedet, yedet k ney,
Yedet k liubushke svoey!

Kto sey putnik zapozdaliy,
Put' kuda lezhit yemu?
Vidno, on s bol'shoy ohotoy
Mchitsa k domu svoemu.

Pripev.

Vot selo uzh pokazalos'...
Yamshchik pesniu zatianul,
Pesniu zvonkuyu, rodnuyu,
Pro zaznobushku svoyu.

Pripev.

Din', din', din'... i troyka stala,
Yamshchik sprignul s obluchka,
Krasna devka podbezhala
I tseluyet yamshchika!

Vot priyehal priamo k ney,
Priamo k liubushke svoey,
Vot priyehal priamo k ney,
Priamo k milushke svoey.

14. Zhalobno stonet veter osenniy

Zhalobno stonet veter osenniy,
List'ya kruzhat'sya poblekshiye,
Serdtshe napolnilos' chustvom tomleniya,
Pomnitsa shchast'ye uteksheye.

Pomniatsa letniye nochi veseliye,

Refrain:

He rides, he rides, he rides to her,
Ah, he rides to his beloved one,
He rides, he rides, he rides to her,
Ah, he rides to his beloved one!

Who is this tardy traveller,
Where does his path lie?
It seems that with great anticipation
He rushes towards his home.

Refrain.

Lo, the village is now in sight,
The coachman starts up a song,
A loudly ringing, cherished song
About his sweetheart.

Refrain.

Ding, ding, ding... the troika halts,
The coachman jumps from his perch,
The fair maid runs up
And showers kisses on the coachman!

Straight to her he has galloped,
Straight to his beloved,
Straight to her he has galloped,
Straight to his dear one.

14. The Autumn Wind Moans Mournfully

The autumn wind moans mournfully,
The faded leaves swirl about,
The heart is filled with a feeling of languor,
At the memories of lost happiness.

I recall merry summer nights,

Nezhniye rechi — privetniye,
Ochi lazurniye, ruchen'ki beliye,
Laski liubvi beskonechniye.

Fsio, shto bivalo, liubil bezzavetno ya,
Fsio, vo shto verilos' mne —
Eti laski i rechi privetniye
Bili lish griozh odne.

Medlenno kruzhat'sya list'ya osenniye,
Veter v okoshko stuchit...
Pamiat' o teh shchaslivih mgnoven'yah
Dushu moyu beredit.

15. V chas rokovoy

V chas rokovoy, kogda fstretil tebia,
Trepetno serdtse zabilos' vo mne.
Strastno, bezumno tebia poliubia,
Ves' ya gorio, kak v ogne.

Priпев:

Skol'ko shchast'ya, skol'ko muki,
Ti, liubof', nesiosh s soboy.
Chas svidan'ya, chas razluki —
Dishit fsio toboy odnoy.

Sniatsa mne miliye glazki tvoyi,
Chudniy tvoy stan, tvoya krasota;
Fsia sozdana ti dlia znoynoy liubvi,
Fsia ti liubof', fsia mechta!

Priпев

Rezvoyu ptashkoy, vozduشنا, kak ten',
V val'se bespechno nosishsia ti:
Mne zhe na zavtra toska tseliy den',
Nochyu fsio te zhe mechtai!

Priпев

Tender words, welcoming words,
Azure-blue eyes, snowy-white hands,
Endless caresses of love.

All that which was, I loved with devotion,
All that in which I believed —
But alas, these caresses and words of endearment
Were nothing but phantoms.

The autumn leaves swirl slowly,
The wind knocks on the window pane...
The memories of those happy moments
Chafe upon my soul.

15. At That Fateful Hour

At that fateful hour, when I met you,
My trembling heart started beating in me.
Passionately and madly in love with you,
I burn, as one engulfed in flames.

Refrain:

How much bliss and how much suffering
Thou, O Love, bring with yourself.
The hour of meeting, the hour of parting—
Both are filled with you alone.

I dream of your sweet eyes,
Your graceful waist, your marvellous beauty;
You are entirely created for fiery love,
All of you is love, all of you—a dream!

Refrain.

Like a flitting bird, like an ethereal shadow,
You glide through the waltz with no cares;
But for me tomorrow will bring only longing,
And the night, the very same dreams!

Refrain.

16. Ya Vas liubil

Ya Vas liubil; liubov' yeshcho, bit' mozhet,
V dushe moyey ugasla ne sofsem;
No pust' ona Vas bol'she ne trevozhit;
Ya ne hochu pechalit' Vas nichem.
Ya Vas liubil bezmolvno, beznadezhno,
To robost'yu, to revnost'yu tomim.
Ya Vas liubil tak iskrenno, tak nezhno,
Kak day Vam Bog liubimoy bit' drugim.

17. Dremlut plakuchiye ivi

Dremlut plakuchiye ivi,
Nizko sklonias' nad ruchyom,
Struyki begut toroplivo,
Shepchut vo mrake nochnom,
Shepchut, fsio shepchut vo mrake nochnom.

Dum' o proshlom daliokom
Mne navevayut oni,
Serdsem bol'nim, odinokim
Rvus' ya v te prezniye dni,
Rvus' ya v te prezniye, svedliye dni.

Gde ti, golubka rodnaya?
Pomnish li ti obo mne,
Tak zhe l', kak ya, iznivaya,
Plachesh v nochnoy tishine,
Plachesh li tak zhe v nochnoy tishine?

18. Vam ne poniat'

Vam ne poniat' moyey pechali,
Kogda rasterzani toskoy
Nadolgo vdal' ne provozhali

16. I Loved You

I loved you; it's possible, perhaps, that love
Has not yet fully been extinguished in my soul;
But let it be of no further concern to you;
I do not desire to sadden you in any way.
I loved you silently, hopelessly,
Tormented in turn by timidity and jealousy.
I loved you so truly, so tenderly,
As I pray God will grant you to be loved by another.

17. The Weeping Willows Slumber

The weeping willows slumber,
Bowing low over the stream,
The current flows swiftly,
Whispering in the darkness of night,
Whispering, still whispering in the darkness of night.

They bring on thoughts of times long past
With their humming,
Sick and lonely of heart
I long for those days gone by,
I long for those bright days gone by.

Where are you, my beloved darling?
Do you even remember me,
Do you pine, as I do,
And weep for me in the still of the night,
And weep for me likewise in the still of the night?

18. You Cannot Understand

You cannot understand my sadness,
When, ravaged by sorrow,
You did not come to see me off on a long journey

Tovo, kto chustvuyet dushoy,
Tovo, kto chustvuyet dushoy.
Vam ne poniat', vam ne poniat',
Vam ne poniat' moyey pechali.

Vam ne poniat' moyey pechali,
Kogda v ochah vam dorogih
Holodnosti vi ne chitali,
Prezren'ya ne vidali v nih.

Vam ne poniat', vam ne poniat',
Vam ne poniat' moyey pechali.

19. Gori, gori, moya zvezda

Gori, gori, moya zvezda,
Zvezda liubvi privetnaya!
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 vечно nezabvennaya
V dushe izmuchennoy moyey,
Ti budesh vечно nezabvennaya
V dushe izmuchennoy moyey.

Tvoyih luchey 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!

One who feels with his soul,
One who feels with his soul.
You cannot understand, you cannot understand,
You cannot understand my sadness.

You cannot understand my sadness,
Unless in eyes so dear to you,
You have read coldness
And beheld contempt in them.

You cannot understand, you cannot understand,
You cannot understand my sadness.

19. Shine, Shine, My Star

Shine, shine, my star,
The welcoming star of 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!

The internationally acclaimed Russian baritone **Dmitri Hvorostovsky** was born and studied in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. 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. 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 Carlo*, Germont père in *La Traviata*, and Francesco in *I Masnadieri*, and, most recently, the title role in *Rigoletto* (in Houston and in Moscow).

Dmitri Hvorostovsky has given many recitals, to great acclaim, in most major international recital venues, including London, Edinburgh, New York, Milan, Moscow, Barcelona, Hong Kong and 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.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky's numerous recordings include several recital and aria discs. 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 based on Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, released in the autumn of 2000.

Mr. Hvorostovsky has recently made several recordings for Delos: a CD of Neapolitan songs (DE & DS 3290) and Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades – great scenes* (as Yeletsky) (DE & DS 3289), conducted by Constantine Orbelian; and a disc of Verdi arias (DE & DS 3292), conducted by Mario Bernardi.

Future operatic plans include *Le Nozze di Figaro* at the Bastille Opera, 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 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 a number of his recordings. Maestro Orbelian's ambitious new series of recordings on Delos includes, as of this writing thirteen other recordings with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra and six with the Philharmonia of Russia.

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, and in his early teens he went to the Soviet Union on a music scholarship. After graduating from Juilliard in New York, Orbelian embarked on a solo career that 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 recording of the Khachaturian piano concerto won "Best Concerto Recording of the Year" award in the United Kingdom.

Constantine Orbelian has conducted in the most prestigious concert halls of Europe and America, including the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, Frankfurter "Alte Oper," the Schauspielhaus in Berlin, Queen Elizabeth Hall in London, the Salle Pleyel in Paris, Carnegie Hall and Avery Fisher Hall in New York, and Suntory Hall in Tokyo. Maestro Orbelian's extensive international tours as conductor include concerts in France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Finland, Sweden, Korea, Japan, South Africa, South America, Canada and the United States. He conducts 40 concerts each season in Russia, including a 10-concert sold-out subscription series with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra in the Great Hall of Moscow's renowned Tchaikovsky Conservatory.

Maestro 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." He 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."

The **Style of Five** are brilliant, charismatic performers of Russian folk music. They also delight in exploring the classical genre with their own unique instrumentation and arrangements. Each musician is a highly respected expert on these complex Russian traditional instruments, and the group's performances in Russia, Europe, Japan and the U.S. are cheered for their virtuosity, imagination and the sheer joy and fun of their programs.

Founded in 1993, the Style of Five brought together the 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 autumn 1994 the ensemble represented Russia in a concert tour of the U.S. The same year, the group 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. The ensemble is a consistent favorite in the Large and Small Halls of the St. Petersburg Philharmonic, on the stage of the State Academic Capella, in

the Hermitage Theatre and other St. Petersburg stages.

A unique feature of the Style of Five is their imaginative combination of traditional Russian musical instruments with synthesizer. The musicians' ability to experiment and improvise, to explore non-traditional musical forms, allows the group to use their unique combination of old and new instruments in fascinating ways. The musicians are equally proficient in performing solo, duo, trio, quartet, and quintet works, demonstrating a rare flexibility in presenting a wide variety of music. These qualities are in evidence on the group's debut recording for Delos, *Style of Five – The Unique Russian Folk Ensemble* (DE 3251). The Style of Five's ability to fully explore the acoustic potential of their instruments, together with their interesting and diverse programs, have won the hearts of audiences all over the world.



Natalia Shkrebko (domra) was born in Krasnodar, Russia, graduated from the St. Petersburg Conservatory in 1988 and completed a post-graduate course in domra in 1991. Winner of the first prize at the International Shostakovich Competition in Hannover,

Germany, in 1997, she is a professor at the St. Petersburg Conservatory.



Irina Ershova (gusli [psaltery] / alto domra) was born in the Vologda region of Russia, graduated from the St. Petersburg Conservatory in 1992, and completed post-graduate work in 1995, specializing in gusli. Winner of the first prize in the All-Russia Competition in 1990, she teaches gusli at the St. Petersburg Conservatory and School of music.



Valentin Zaviriukha (bayan [accordion]) was born in Ukraine, and began to study the accordion under the direction of his father. He graduated from the St. Petersburg Conservatory in 1990, followed by post-graduate work at the same conservatory specializing in accordion. Winner of the Grand Prix of the International Competition in 1994, he teaches accordion at the St. Petersburg Conservatory.



Sergei Ruksha
(double-bass-balalaika)
was born in Belarus, graduated from the St. Petersburg Academy of Culture, and has performed in the musical ensemble of the Chamber Philharmonia of St. Petersburg.



1990 in composition, and was a prize-winner in the all-USSR Composers Competition (1987). He is a member of the Union of Composers of Russia, author of two symphonies and a rock opera, as well as works for chamber ensemble and folk ensemble, and theatre music. His works have been performed in the USA, England, France, Sweden, and Bulgaria. He teaches at the St. Petersburg Conservatory and Academy of Culture.

Evgeny Stetsyuk (composer, arranger, synthesizers) was born in Ukraine, graduated from the St. Petersburg Conservatory in

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Also Available with the Style of Five

- *Style of Five — The Unique Russian Folk Ensemble* (DE 3251)

My father has been the strongest influence in my musical life. As far back as I can remember, I loved to listen to him sing and play the piano, especially his favorites, the "Old Russian Romances." Recording this program is my tribute to his love and devotion — to music and to me. I dedicate this album to my father, Alexander Hvorostovsky.
D. H.



*Above –
Dmitri
Hvorostovsky
and his father,
Alexander*

*At left –
Constantine
Orbelian,
Florence
and Dmitri
Hvorostovsky*



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