

**Where
are You,
my Brothers?**

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY
constantine orbelian • moscow chamber orchestra

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WHERE ARE YOU, MY BROTHERS?

Songs from the War Years

- [1] Somewhere Far Away** (Gde-to Daleko (Pesnya o Dalekoy Rodine)) - *Lyrics by R. Rozhdestvensky, Music by M. Tariverdiev (4:02)*
- [2] Dark is the Night** (Tiomnaia Noch) - *Lyrics by V. Agatov, Music by N. Bogoslovsky (3:34)*
- [3] Unexpected Waltz** (Slutchaynyy Val's) *Lyrics by Ye. Dolmatovsky, Music by M. Fradkin (2:56)*
- [4] Where are You, My Brothers?** (Gde Zhe Vy Teper', Druz'ya-Odnopolchane) *Lyrics by A. Fatianov, Music by V. Soloviev-Sedoi (3:40)*
- [5] On a Nameless Hill** (Na Bezymiannoy Vysote) *Lyrics by M. Matusovsky, Music by V. Basner (4:22)*
- [6] The Roads** (Dorogi) *Lyrics by L. Oshanin, Music by A. Novikov (4:51)*
- [7] Soldiers are Coming** (Vot Soldaty Idut) *Lyrics by M. Lvovsky, Music by K. Molchanov (2:59)*
- [8] Cranes** (Zhuravli) *Lyrics by R. Gamzatov, Music by Ya. Frenkel (4:16)*
- [9] In the Trenches** (V Zemlianke) *Lyrics by A. Surkov, Music by K. Listov (3:02)*
- [10] The Sacred Stone** (Zavetnyy Kamen) *Lyrics by A. Zharov, Music by M. Matusovsky (4:36)*
- [11] Katyusha** (Katyusha) *Lyrics by M. Isakovsky, Music by M. Blanter (2:14)*
- [12] Cossacks in Berlin** (Kazaki v Berline) *Lyrics by Ts. Solodar, Music by Dm. and D. Pokrass (2:18)*
- [13] My Moscow** (Moia Moskva) *Lyrics by M. Lisyansky and S. Agranian, Music by I. Dunayevsky (2:37)*
- [14] The Road to the Front** (Dorozhka Frontovaia (Pesenka Frontovogo Shofiora)) *Lyrics by N. Labkovsky and B. Laskin, Music by B. Mokrousov (2:17)*
- [15] The Hills of Manchuria** (Na Sopkakh Mandzhurii) *Lyrics by A. Mashistov, Music by I. Shatrov (2:56)*
- [16] The Lonely Accordion** (Odinokaia Garmon) *Lyrics by M. Isakovsky, Music by B. Mokrousov (3:08)*
- [17] The Last Battle** (Posledniy Boi) *Lyrics and Music by M. Nozhkin (3:40)*

All arrangements by Evgeny Stetsyuk

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: 57:29

Dmitri Hvorostovsky, baritone

Constantine Orbelian, conductor

Moscow Chamber Orchestra

Style of Five

Spiritual Revival Choir of Russia, Lev Kontorovich, Director

DE 3315

The Songs

When baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky and music director of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra Constantine Orbelian began to plan this project, they called it "War Songs." They meant the Second World War or The Great Patriotic War, as it was called in the Soviet Union after the German invasion began on June 22, 1941. The disc's ultimate title, "Where Are You, My Brothers?" — after one of the most beautiful songs of this collection — corresponds better with the prevailing melancholic mood as well as with the actual chronological variety of the songs.

Some of them were written in the late 30s, before the outbreak of World War II ("Katyusha," 1938), while some appeared long after the end of the war, in the 60s and 70s ("Cranes," 1969). "On the Hills of Manchuria" was composed in 1905 in memory of Russian soldiers killed in the Russian-Japanese war. It was popular throughout the years, especially during both World Wars, but the Soviets changed the verses in order to get rid of any religious or monarchic references. The "Song About the Distant Homeland" ("Somewhere Far Away") was a title song for the TV series "17 Moments of Spring," which first aired in 1973 and told the story of a Soviet spy finding his way into the top echelon of Hitler's regime. It became

an instant and long-lasting hit; however, the verses of the song do not have direct references to war events. The same is true for "The Lonely Accordion" (1947), composed soon after the end of the war.

However, all of these songs are somehow related to the tragic collective experience of the people during this last big war, which brought horrific damage, losses and suffering to the land and the population of the Soviet Union. The war influenced the psyche of the nation enormously and left a very distinctive mark on the arts, especially on such a popular genre as song.

Dozens of songs were written during the war. Broadcast on national radio, recorded and printed in thousands of copies and performed by entertainers for the soldiers (often near the line of fire), they were far from mere propaganda tools. The best of them captured with great precision and poetic insight the prevailing mood of that tragic time. They corresponded with people's patriotic feelings and answered their need for consolation, encouragement and spiritual support. They reflected a wide range of emotions experienced by millions during the war — grief and hope, pain and hatred for the enemy, love and longing, sweet memories and dreams of a happy, peaceful life. They praised fidelity, resilience, heroism and determination. Often there was a touch of humor, as in "Cossacks

in Berlin" or in "The Road to the Front." Of course, all of these songs painted a rather idealized image of the people and of war itself. Many potential subjects for songs were off limits. But the country needed such songs; they united the nation and were imprinted into its collective memory as symbols of the war. They were great expressions of a human soul's life under the most terrible circumstances. Because of their high artistic qualities, the best of the war songs never lost their popularity, and to this day are in great demand by audiences of all generations.

The images of the Great Patriotic War continued to be a very significant part of the arts during the postwar period, acquiring step-by-step (in accordance with historic changes and revelations) new overtones, new meanings and dimensions. The end of the 50s, the 60s, and the 70s brought a revival of the war theme in Soviet art — from literature to cinema, from music to public monuments. The significance of the Great Patriotic War seemed to increase and intensify. The celebration of the 20th anniversary of the end of the war (the Great Victory) became a landmark. The 9th of May was declared a national holiday, the Day of Victory. Since then it has been accompanied by fireworks and military parades and most genuinely celebrated by everyone.

It is only natural that these years brought

many new songs related to the subject of the Great Patriotic War. Stylistically they are remarkably similar to their wartime predecessors. However, in the "new" songs (written between the 60s and the 80s) the heroic or humorous aspect is almost always absent, replaced by the lyrical, nostalgic or mournful. And all of the lyrical songs written after the war lack the emotional tension and darkness always lurking beneath the surface of a war song; compare "The Lonely Accordion," written two years after the war ended, and "Dark is the Night" (1943).

In the centralized and highly politicized system of Soviet culture, the song, especially the popular mass song (song for the masses) that celebrated socialist values and the joys of Soviet life, was considered the most important musical genre. Stalin and those around him had simple tastes. The song, with "proper" words and a good melody, was exactly what they wished for. These songs were effective propaganda, so much so that they were constantly performed in concerts, on the radio (later on TV), and in the movies. As a result, the songwriters were among the most privileged members of Soviet society.

It is no wonder that the Soviet years produced many prolific and talented composers and lyricists. This disc is representative of many of the best. However, the number of composers who contributed to

this genre was much greater. The list includes even Dmitri Shostakovich, the creator of at least two masterpieces in the genre. Sergei Prokofiev, Nikolay Miaskovsky, Reinhold Gliere, Aram Khachaturian, Tikhon Khrennikov and dozens of others paid attention to the genre of popular song, more or less successfully, and some of them, reluctantly.

Musically, the popular song of the Soviet era was part of a long tradition of old Russian songs and domestic romances as well as art songs: the same melodic richness, often with a typical Russian melodic leap on the interval of the sixth; the same preference for minor keys; the same close connection between lyrics and melody; the same structure; and often the same fondness for the waltz form. While listening to some of the songs today, it is easy to notice how outdated the words are. No matter; the music remains eternally beautiful, soulful and filled with truly sincere emotions.

With this disc the celebrated Russian baritone **Dmitri Hvorostovsky** pays one more tribute to his Russian roots. It may be perceived as a direct continuation of "I Met You, My Love," the collection of old

Russian romances recorded last year on Delos (DE 3293), accompanied by the same combined forces of Constantine Orbelian and his Moscow Chamber Orchestra with the participation of the folk instrument ensemble "The Style of Five." The songs received new arrangements by Evgeny Stetsyuk, and some songs were enriched by the addition of a choral part.

Great Russian singers of the past, like Sergey Lemeshev or Pavel Lisitsian, performed and recorded the war songs. However, Mr. Hvorostovsky is the first modern-day classical singer of international fame who has dedicated an entire album to this kind of song.

This disc is also another of Hvorostovsky's steps into so-called crossover territory, so successfully explored in the disc "Passione di Napoli," a group of Neapolitan Songs also released on Delos (DE 3290).

Maya Pritsker

For more information about the composers of these songs, visit the Delos website: www.delosmusic.com

Gde-to Daleko (Pesnya o Dalekoy Rodine)

Ya proshu, hot' nenadolgo
Grust' moya, ty pokin' menya!
Oblakom, sizym oblakom
Ty poleti k rodnomu domu,
Otsiuda k rodnomu domu.

Bereg moy, pokazhis' vdali
Kraeshkom, tonkoy liniey.
Bereg moy, bereg laskoviy,
Ah, do tebya, rodnoy doplyt' by,
Doplyt' by hotya b kogda-nibud'.

Gde-to daleko, gde-to daleko
Idut gribnye dozhdi.
Priamo u reki, v malen'kom sadu
Sozreli vishni, nakloniayas' do zemli.

Gde-to daleko, v pamiati moey,
Seychas, kak v detstve, teplo,
Hot' pamiat' ukryta
Takimi bol'shimi snegami.
Ty groza, napoi menia
Dop'yana, da ne do smerti.
Vot opyat', kak v posledniy raz,
Ya vse glyzhu kuda-to v nebo,
Kak budto ishchu otveta...

Ya proshu, hot' nenadolgo,
Grust' moia, ty pokin' menia!
Oblakom, sizym oblakom
Ty poleti k rodnomu domu,
Otsiuda k rodnomu domu.

Tiomnaia Noch

Tiomnaia noch, tol'ko puli svistiat po stepi,
Tol'ko veter gudit v provodakh, tusklo zviozdy mertsaiut.
V tiomnuu noch ty, liubimaia, znaiu ne spish,
I u deskoy krovatki taykom ty slezu utiraesh.

Kak ia liubliu glubinu tvoikh laskovykh glaz,
Kak ia khotchu k nim prizhat'sia seychas gubami...
Tiomnaia noch pazdeliaet, liubimaia nas,
I trevozhnaia, tchiornaia step' prolegla mezhdu nami.

Somewhere Far Away

I beg you, even for a little while,
My sorrow, leave me alone!
Like a cloud, a blue-grey cloud
Fly to my dear homeland,
From here to my dear homeland.

And I see you, my distant shoreline, so inviting;
How wonderful it would be
If I could swim to you some day.

Somewhere far away, somewhere far away
It is raining in the sunlight.
By a river, in a small orchard
Cherries have ripened on trees bent to the ground.

Somewhere far away, in my memory
As in my childhood, it is warm now
Though my memory is covered
With such deep snow.
You, thunderstorm, make me drunk,
Till I am intoxicated, but never dead.
Again and again, as if for the last time,
I gaze somewhere into the sky
As if I am looking for an answer...

I beg you, even for a little while,
My sorrow, leave me alone!
Like a cloud, a blue-grey cloud
Fly to my dear homeland,
From this place to my dear homeland.

Dark is the Night

Dark is the night; only bullets whistle in the steppe
Only the wind hums through the wires overhead; stars shine faintly.
When the night is dark, my darling, I know you do not sleep,
Sitting by the baby's cradle and wiping away a tear.

How I love the depth of your tender eyes,
How I want to feel them against my lips...
But the dark night separates us, my love
And the fearsome black steppe lies between us.

Veriu v tebia, v doroguiu podругu moiu,
Eta vera ot puli menia tiomnoy nochyiu khranila.
Padostno mne, ia spokoen v smertel'nom boiu,
Znaiu, vstretish s liubov'iu menia, chto b so mnoy ni slutchilos'

Smert' ne strashna, s nei ne raz my vstrechalis' v stepi,
Vot i teper' nado mnoiu ona kruzhitsia...
Ty menia zdoish i u detskoy krovatki ne spish,
I poetomu, znaiu, so mnoy nitchego ne slutchitsia!

Slutchaynyy val's

Noch korotka,
Spat oblaka,
I lezhit u menia na ladoni
Neznakomaia vasha ruka.
Posle trevog
Spit gorodok.
Ia uslyshal melodiuyu val'sa
I siuda zaglianul na tchasok.

Refrain:

Hot' ia s vami sovsem neznakom,
I dalioko otsiuda moy dom,

Ia kak budto by snova
Vozle doma rodnogo...
V etom zale pustom
My tantsuem vdvoiom,
Tak skazhite hot' slovo,
Sam ne znaiu o tchiom.

Budem kruzhit',
Pet' i družhit'.
Ia sovsem tantsevat' razutchilsia
I proshu vas menia izvinit'.
Utro zoviot
Snova v pokhod...
Pokidaia vash maen'kiy gorod,
Ia proydu mimo vashikh vorot.

I believe in you, my dear friend,
This faith has saved me from a bullet on dark nights.
I am full of joy; I am cool in a deadly battle,
I know that you meet me with love whatever happens to me.

I am not afraid of death; death and I have met each other in
the steppe more than once, even now it is circling above me...
You are waiting for me, sleepless by the baby's cradle;
That is why I am sure nothing will happen to me.

Unexpected Waltz

The night is short,
The clouds are asleep,
And on my palm
Rests your unfamiliar hand.
After all the raids and alarms
The village sleeps.
I heard the sound of a waltz
And dropped in for a while.

Refrain:

Though I do not know you,
And my home is far away,

I am as if I'm once again
Near my own home...
In this empty hall
We are dancing together,
Please, say something to me
About anything at all.

We will dance together,
Sing and be friends.
I have forgotten how to dance
And beg your pardon for that.
The morning calls me
To march out again...
As I leave your small town
I will pass by your gate.

Refrain:

Hot' ia s vami sovsem neznakom,
I dalioko otsiuda moy dom,
Ia kak budto by snova
Vozle doma rodnogo...
V etom zale pustom
My tantsuem vdvoiom,
Tak skazhite hot' slovo,
Sam ne znaiu o tchiom.

Gde Zhe Vy Teper', Druz'ya-Odnopolchane

Ma'skimi korotkimi nochami,
Otgremev, zakonchilis' boi.
Gde zhe vy teper', druz'ya-odnopolchane,
Boevye sputniki moi?
Ya hozhu v horoshi' chas zakata
U sosnovykh novem'kih vorot;
Mozhet, k nam syuda znakomogo soldata
Veterok poputny' zaneset.

My by s nim pripomnili, kak zhili,
Kak tereli trudnym verstam schet.
Za pobedu myb po polno' osushili,
Za druze' dobavili b esche.
Esli ty slucha'no nezhenaty', —
Ty druzhok, niskol'ko ne tuzhi:

Zdes' u nas v ra'one, pesnyami bogatom,
Devushki uzh bol'no horoshi.

My tebe kolhozom dom postroim,
Chtoby bylo vidno po vsemu:
Zdes' zhivet sem'ya rossi'skogo geroya,
Grud'yu zashishavshego stranu...

Ma'skimi korotkimi nochami,
Otgremev, zakonchilis' boi.
Gde zhe vy teper', druz'ya-odnopolchane,
Boevye sputniki moi?

Gde zhe vy teper',...

Refrain:

Though I do not know you,
And my home is far away,
I am as if I'm once again
Near my own home...
In this empty hall
We are dancing together,
Please, say something to me
About anything at all.

Where Are You, My Brothers?

In the short nights of May,
With the thundrous battles over,
Where are you, my brothers,
My battle comrades?
In the midst of a beautiful sunset
I stand by a new pine gate;
Maybe a fellow soldier
Will drift in.

We would remember how we lived,
How we could not count all the rugged miles we've covered.
We would drink full glasses to the Victory,
And we would add a little toast to our friends.
If, by chance, you are not married yet
My buddy, don't be sad:

Here in our region rich with songs
Girls are very pretty.

Our kolkhoz, we all would build you a new home
So that everybody could see
Here lives the family of a Russian hero,
Who stood up for his homeland...

In the short nights of May,
With the thundrous battles over
Where are you, my brothers,
My battle comrades?

Where are you,...

Na Bezymiannoy Vysote

Dymilas' roshcha pod goroiu,
I vmeste s ney gorel zakat...
Nas ostavolos' tol'ko troe
Iz vosemnadtsati rebiat.
Kak mnogo ih, družey khoroshikh,
Lezhat' ostalos' v temnote
U neznakomogo posiolka
Na bezymiannoy vysote.
U neznakomogo posiolka
Na bezymiannoy vysote.

Svetilas', padaia, raketa,
Kak dogorevshaia zvezda...
Kto hot' odnazhdy videl eto,
Tot ne zabudet nikogda.
On ne zabudet, ne zabudet
Ataki iarostnye te
U neznakomogo posiolka
Na bezymiannoy vysote.
U neznakomogo posiolka
Na bezymiannoy vysote.

Nad Nami "Messery" kruzili,
I bylo vidno, slovno dniom...
No tol'ko kreptche my družili
Pod perekriostnym artogniom.
I kak by trudno ne byvalo,

Ty veren byl svoey metchte
U neznakomogo posiolka
Na bezymiannoy vysote.
U neznakomogo posiolka
Na bezymiannoy vysote.

Mne tchasto sniatsia vse rebiata,
Druz'ia moikh voennykh dney,
Zemlianka nasha v tri nakata,
Sosna sgorevshaia nad ney.
Kak budto vnov ia vmeste s nimi
Stoiu na ognennoy tcherte
U neznakomogo posiolka
Na bezymiannoy vysote.
U neznakomogo posiolka
Na bezymiannoy vysote.

On a Nameless Hill

A grove was smoldering under the hill
And with it the sunset was burning... (too)
Only three of us were left
Out of eighteen young fellows.
How many of them, good friends,
Were left there lying in the darkness
By an unknown village,
On a nameless hill.
By an unknown village,
On a nameless hill.

A lighted flare fell
Like a burnt out star...
Those who saw it
Will never forget it.
They will never forget, never forget
Those fierce assaults
By an unknown settlement,
On the unnamed height.
By an unknown settlement,
On the unnamed height.

Above us "Messers" were circling
The sky was bright as day...
But we became even closer friends
Under the artillery crossfire.
And however difficult it was

You stayed faithful to your dream
By an unknown settlement,
On the unnamed height.
By an unknown settlement,
On the unnamed height.

I often dream about all our fellows,
Friends of my war time days,
Our trench with walls three logs thick,
And a charred pine tree over it.
As if I am with them once again
Standing on the firing line
By an unknown settlement,
On the unnamed height.
By an unknown settlement,
On the unnamed height.

Vot Soldaty Idut

Vot soldaty idut
 Po stepi opalionnoy;
 Tikho pesniu poiut
 Pro beriozki da kliony,
 Pro zadumtchivyi sad
 I plakutchuiu ivu,
 Pro rodnye lesa,
 Da shirokuiu nivu.

Vot soldaty idut —
 Zvontche pesnia nesiotsia,
 I pro groznyi redut
 V etoy pesne poiotsia,
 Pro otvagu v boiu,
 I pro smert' radi zhizni,
 I pro vernost' svoiu
 Nashey slavnoy otchizne.

Vot soldaty idut
 Storonoj neznakomoy;
 Vsekh vragov razob'iut
 I vernutsia do domu,
 Gde zadumtchivyi sad
 I plakutchaiia iva,
 Gde Rodnye lesa,
 Da shirokaia niva.

Vot soldaty idut...

Zhuravli

Mne kazhetsia poroiu, chto soldaty,
 S krovavyykh ne prishedshie poley,
 Ne v zemliu nasu polegli kogda-to,
 a prevratilis' v belykh zhuravley.
 Oni do sey pory s vremoin tekhn dal'nikh
 Letiat i podaiut nam golosa.
 Ne potomu li tak tchasto i petchal'no
 My zamolkaem, gliadia v nebesa.

Letit, letit po nebu klin ustalyy,
 Letit v tumane na iskhode dnia,
 I v tom stroiu est' promezhutok malyy, —
 Byt' mozhet eto mesto dlia menia.

Soldiers Are Coming

Soldiers are coming
 Crossing the scorched steppe,
 In a low voice they sing a song
 About birch trees and maples,
 About a quiet orchard
 And a weeping willow,
 About native woods, native woods
 And wide fields.

Soldiers are coming
 Their song can be heard more clearly,
 They sing about a dangerous ambush
 About courage in battle,
 About death for the sake of life,
 And about their devotion
 To our glorious fatherland.

Soldiers are coming
 Crossing unknown land;
 They will defeat all enemies
 And come back home
 Where there is a quiet orchard
 And a weeping willow,
 Where there are native woods
 And wide fields.

Soldiers are coming...

Cranes

It seems to me sometimes that soldiers
 Who didn't come home from the blood-soaked battle fields,
 Weren't laid to rest in the earth,
 But turned into white cranes...
 That ever since that time long ago
 They have been flying, calling,
 Maybe that's why we often, and sadly,
 Fall silent, staring into the sky?

The tired flock flies and flies up in the sky,
 It flies in the fog, as the day dies,
 And in this formation there is a space;
 Maybe it is a place for me.

Nastanet den', i s zhuravlinoy staey
Ia poplyvu v takoy zhe sizoy mgle,
Iz pod nebes po-ptitch'i oklikaia
Vsekh vas, kogo ostavil na zemle.

Mne kazhetsia poroiu, chto soldaty,
S krovavykh ne prishedshie poley,
Ne v zemliu nasu poegli kogda-to,
A prevratilis' v belykh zhuravley...

V Zemlianke

Byiotsia v tesnoy petchurke ogon',
Na polenyakh smola, kak sleza.
I poiut mne v zemlianke garmon'
Pro ulybku tvoiu i glaza.
Pro tebia mne sheptali kusty
V belosnezhnykh poliakh pod moskvoy.
Ia khotchu, chtoby slyshala ty,
Kak toskuet moy golos zhivoy.

Ty seytchas daleko, daleko,
Mezhdu nami snega i snega...
Do tebia mne doyti ne legko,
A do smerti — tchetyre shaga.
Poy, garmonika, vyuge nazlo,
Zaplutavshee schastyie zovi.
Mne kholodnoy zemlianke teplo
Ot moey negasimoy liubvi.

Poy, garmonika,...

Zavetnyy Kamen'

Kholodnye volny vzdymaet lavinoy
Shirokoe Tchiornoe More.
Posledniy matros Sevastopol' pokinul,
Ukhodit on, s volnami sporia.
I groznyy solenyy, bushuiushchiy val
O shliupku volnu za volnoy razbival.

V tumannoy dali
Ne vidno zemli,
Ushli daleko korabli.

The day will come when I will also drift
With the cranes' flock in the same blue-grey haze,
Calling from the sky, in the birds' language,
The names of you whom I've left on earth.

It seems to me sometimes that soldiers
Who didn't come home from the blood-soaked battle fields,
Weren't laid to rest in the earth,
But turned into white cranes...

In the Trenches

Flames are trembling in a poky little stove,
Resin is on logs like tear drops.
And an accordion sings its song to me
About your smile and eyes.
Bushes whispered about you to me
In white snow fields outside of Moscow.
I want you to hear
My fading voice.

You're now far, very far, really far,
The snows lie between us...
It is difficult for me to reach you
But death is only four steps away.
Sing, my accordion, to spite the snowstorm,
Recall my lost happiness.
I am warm in the cold trench
With my love, that cannot be fulfilled.

Sing, my accordion,...

The Sacred Stone

Cold waves come crashing
By the wide Black Sea.
The last sailor has left Sevastopol,
He is walking away, fighting the waves.
And a threatening, salted, raging billow
Has been smashing wave after wave against the boat.

In a foggy distance
The land cannot be seen,
The ships are far away.

Druz'ia-moriaki podobrali geroia.
Kipela volna shtormovaia
On kamen' szhimal posinevshey rukoiu
I tikho skazal, umiraia:
"Kogda pokidal ia rodimy' utios,
S soboiu kusotchek granita unios

Zatem, chtob v dali
Ot Krymskoy zemli
O ney my zabyt' ne mogli.

Skvoz' buri i shtormy proydiot etot kamen'
I stanet na mesto dostoyno.
Znakomaia tchayka pomashet krylami,
I serdtse zab'iotsia spokojno.
Vzoydiot na utios Tchernomorskiy matros,
Kto Rodine novuiu slavu prinios,

I v mirnoy dali
Proydut korabli
Pod solntsem rodimoy zemli.

Katyusha

Rastsvetali yabloni i grushi,
Poplyli tumany nad rekoy.
Vyhodila na bereg Katyusha,
Na vysokiy bereg na krutoy

Vyhodila, pesniu zavodila
Pro stepnogo sizogo orla,
Pro togo, kotorogo liubila
Pro togo, ch'i pis'ma beregla.

Oy, ty pesnya, pesenka devich'ya,
Ty leti za yasnym solntsem vsled
I boytsu na dal'nem pogranich'e
Ot Katiushi pereday privet.

Pust' on vspomnit devushku prostuii,
Pust' uslyshit kak ona poiot,
Pust' on zemliu sberehiot rodnuui,
A liubov' Katiusha sberezhiot.

Sailor-friends have rescued a hero.
A storm wave is churning.
He squeezed a stone in his blue hand
And said in a low voice, dying:
"When I abandoned my dear rock,
I took a piece of granite with me

So that far away
From the Crimean land
We can never forget it.

Through storms and tempests this stone will travel
And return to its original place in a worthy manner.
A familiar seagull will flap its wings
And your heart will beat peacefully.
A Black Sea sailor will climb the rock,
The one who has brought his Motherland new glory,

And in a peaceful time
Ships will pass by
Under the sun of our native land.

Katyusha

Apple-trees and pear-trees were blooming,
Mists and fogs were floating above the river.
Katyusha stepped out to the river bank,
To the high, steep river bank.

Stepping out, she started singing
A song about a blue-grey eagle,
About the one whom she loved
About the one whose letters she kept.

Oh, you song, little girlish song,
Fly in pursuit of the bright sun
And to a warrior in the distant frontier
Pass on greetings from Katyusha.

Let him remember a simple girl,
Let him hear her singing,
Let him guard his native land
But their love will be guarded by Katyusha.

Rastsvetali yablони i grushi,
Poplyli tumany nad rekoy.
Vyhodila na bereg Katiusha,
Na vysokiy bereg na krutoy.

Kazaki v Berline

Po Berlinsko' Mosttovo'
Koni shli na vodopo',
Shli, potryahivaya Grivo',
Koni-Donchaki.
Raspevaet verhovo':
"Eh, rebyata, ne vpervo'
Nam poit' kone' Kazackih
Iz chuzho' reki..."

Refrain:

Kazaki, Kazaki,

Edut, edut po Berlinu
Nashi Kazaki.

On kone' vedet shashkom.
Vidit – devushka s flazhkom
I s kosoyu pod pilotko'
Na uglu stoit.
S tonkim stanom, kak loza,
Sinevo' glyadyat glaza.
"Ne zaderzhiva' dvizhen'ya!" –
Kazaku krichit.

Refrain:

Kazaki, Kazak...

Zaderzhat'sya on by rad.
No, po'mav serdity' vzglyad,
"Nu-ka, rys'yu!" – s neohoto'
Kriknul na skaku.
Liho konnica proshla,
A divchina rascvela –
Nezhny' vtor ne po ustavu
Darit Kazaku.

Refrain:

Kazaki, Kazak...

Apple-trees and pear-trees were blooming,
Mists and fogs were floating above the river.
Katyusha stepped out to the river bank,
To the high, steep river bank.

Cossacks in Berlin

On the streets of Berlin
Horses were trotting slowly to a watering-place,
Trotting and shaking their manes
Were horses from the Don River.
The chief horseman sings:
"Oh, guys, it is not for the first time
For us to water our Cossack horses
From a foreign river..."

Refrain:

Cossacks, Cossacks,

Advance through Berlin
Our Cossacks.

He is trotting along slowly.
Suddenly he sees a girl with a small flag
And a braid under her field cap
Standing on a corner.
Slim like a willow,
Her eyes are deep blue.
"Don't slow down!"
She cries out to the Cossack.

Refrain:

Cossacks, Cossacks...

He would be glad to slow down.
But having caught her fiery look,
"Hey, you, at a fast trot!" – reluctantly
He has ordered the pace to continue.
The cavalry passed by at a lively pace,
And the girl blossomed out –
She gives the Cossack
A forbidden tender look.

Refrain:

Cossacks, Cossacks...

Dorozhka Frontovaia (Pesenka Frontovogo Shofiora)

Tcherez gory, reki i doliny,
Skvoz' purgu, ogon' i tchiorny dym.
My veli mashiny, ob'ezzhaia miny,
Po putiam-dorogam frontovym

Refrain:

Ekh, dorozhka frontovaia,
Ne srashna nam bombiozhka liubaia.
Pomirat' nam ranovato,
Est' u nas eshchio doma dela.

Put' dlia nas k Berlinu, mezdu protchim,
Byl, druz'ia, neliogok i ne skor.
Shli my dni i notchi, bylo trudno otchen',
No baranku ne brosal shofior.

Refrain:

Ekh, dorozhka frontovaia...

Mozhet byt', otdelnym shtatskim liudiam
Eta pesnia malost' nevdomiok,
My zh ne pozabudem, gde my zhit' ni budem —
Frontovykh iz'ezzhennykh dorog.

Refrain:

Ekh, dorozhka frontovaia...

Na Sopkakh Manzhurii

Notch podoshla, sumrak na zemliu liog,
Tonut vo mgle pustynnye sopki,
Tutchev zakryt vostok.
Zdes', pod zemlioy,
Nashi gueroi spiat,
Pesniu nad nimi veter poirot,
I Zviozdy s nebes gliadiat.
To ne zalp s polei doletel,
Eto grom vdali progremel,
I opiat' krugom vsio tak spokoyno,
Vsio moltchit v tishine notchnoy.
Spite, boitsy, spite spokoinym snom,
Pust' vam prisniatsia nivy rodnye,
Otchiy daliokiy dom.

The Road to the Front

Across mountains, rivers and valleys,
Through snow storms, fire and black smoke,
We were driving, skirting mines,
Up and down the front lines.

Refrain:

Oh, the front lines,
We are not afraid of any bombings.
It is too soon for us to die,
We still have a lot to do at home.

Our advance to Berlin, by the way,
My friends, was neither easy nor fast.
We drove day and night; it was very difficult,
But the driver forged ahead.

Refrain:

Oh, the front lines...

Maybe some civilians
Won't get the meaning of this tune,
But we will never forget, wherever we may be,
The deep-rutted roads of the front.

Refrain:

Oh, the front lines...

The Hills of Manchuria

The night has approached, dusk has settled on the ground,
Deserted hills are drowned in the darkness,
The east is covered by a cloud.
Here in the ground
Our heroes sleep,
A song is sung by the wind above them
And the stars look down from the sky.
We were not hearing a salvo from the fields,
But the roar of distant thunder,
And once again everything is calm all around,
All remains silent in the night.
Sleep, warriors, sleep in peace,
May you see in your dreams your native fields
And your faraway home.

Pust' poguibli vy v boiakh s vragami —
 Podvig vash k bor'be nas zoviot,
 Krov'iu narodnoy omytoe znamia
 My ponesiom vperiod.
 My poydiom navstretchu novoy zhizni,
 Sbrosim bremla rabskikh okov,
 I ne zabudut narod i otchizna
 Doblest' svoikh synov.
 Notch, tishina, lish gaolian shumit,
 Spite gueroi, pamiat' o vas
 Rodina-mat' khranit!

Odinokaia Garmon'

Snova zamerlo vsio do rassveta,
 Dver' ne skripnet, ne vspykhnet ogon'.
 Tol'ko slyshno — na ulitse gde-to
 Odinokaia brodit garmon'.

To poydiot na polia za vorota,
 To obratno verniotsia opiat' —
 Slovo ishchet v potiomkakh kogo-to
 I ne mozhet nikak otyskat'.

Veet s polia nochnaia prokhlada,
 S iablon' tsvet obletaet gustoy...
 Ty priznaysia, kogo tebe nado,
 Ty skazhi, garmonist molodoy?

Mozhet, radost' tvoia nedalioko,
 Da ne znaet, eio li ty zhdiosh...
 Chto zh ty brodish vsiu noch odinoko,
 Cto zh ty devushkam spat' ne daiosh?

Posledniy Boi

My tak davno, my tak davno ne otdykhali.
 Nam bylo prosto ne do otdykha s toboy.
 My pol-Evropy po-plastunski propakhali,
 I zavtra, zavtra, nakonets, posledniy boi.

Refrain:

Eshchio nemnogo, eshchio tchut'-tchut',
 Posledniy boi, on trudniy samyi.
 A ia v Rossiiu, domoy khotchu,
 Ia tak davno ne videl mamu!

Even though you were killed in battles against enemies
 Your heroic deed calls us to victory;
 Our blood-drenched flag
 We'll carry forward.
 We'll go to meet a new life,
 We'll throw down the burden of shackles,
 And the people and the fatherland will not forget
 Their sons' courage.
 Night, silence, only the Gaolian is babbling;
 Sleep, heroes, the motherland will always
 Cherish your memory.

The Lonely Accordion

Once again everything is still till dawn,
 No door will squeak, no light will flash.
 You can hear only that somewhere in the street
 The lonely accordion is wandering.

Once it goes out to a field behind the gates,
 Then it comes back again,
 As if looking for someone in the darkness
 But not able to find anyone.

There is night coolness from fields
 From apple-trees many petals fall...
 Please, confess, whom do you seek,
 Speak it out, young accordion-player.

Maybe your happiness is near,
 But she does not know if she is the one you are waiting for...
 Why are you wandering, lonely, all night,
 Why don't you let the girl sleep?

The Last Battle

It's been so long, so long since we've had rest.
 You and I simply had no time for it.
 We covered half of Europe, crawling on our stomachs,
 And tomorrow, tomorrow, finally, is our last battle.

Refrain:

A little more, just a little bit more,
 The last battle — it's the hardest;
 But I want to go back to Russia, I want to go home;
 It's been so long since I've seen my mother!

Tchetviortyi god nam net zhit' ia ot etikh Fritsev,
Tchetviortyi god solionyi pot i krov' rekoy.
A mne b v devtchionotchku khoroshuiu vliubit'sia,
A mne b do rodiny dotronut'sia rukoy.

Refrain:

Eshchio nemnogo, eshchio tchut'-tchut'...

Posledniy raz soydiomsia zavtra v rukopashnoy,
Posledniy raz Rossii smozhem poslužit',
A za neio i pomeret' sovsem ne strashno,
Khot' kazhdyi vsio-taki nadeetsia dozhit'.

Refrain:

Eshchio nemnogo, eshchio tchut'-tchut'...

For the fourth year we've had no life because of those Fritzes,
For the fourth year the rivers are flowing with our salty sweat
and blood;
But what I would like is to fall in love with a wonderful young girl;
What I would like is to touch my motherland with my hand.

Refrain:

A little more, just a little bit more...

For the last time we will meet in hand-to-hand combat;
For the last time we will be able to serve Russia;
Because we are not afraid to die for her,
Though we all hope to survive!

Refrain:

A little more, just a little bit more...

The internationally acclaimed Russian baritone **Dmitri Hvorostovsky** was born in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia and studied in Krasnoyarsk. He made his western operatic debut at the Nice Opera in Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*, and his career rapidly expanded to include regular engagements at all major opera houses, including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, 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 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 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. Giya Kancheli wrote his symphonic work "Do not grieve" for Dmitri Hvorostovsky and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, premiered in May 2002.

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 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 *The 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.

Mr. Hvorostovsky has recently made several recordings for Delos: "I Met You, My Love," a CD of old Russian romances (DE 3293), "Passione di Napoli", 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.

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, 17 recordings with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra and nine with the Philharmonia of Russia. The acclaimed series, ranging in repertoire from Handel to Schnittke, inspires comments such as *The Audio Critic's*:

"Orbelian has star quality, and his orchestra plays with passion and precision." In addition to orchestral music, Maestro Orbelian has been creating a remarkable collection of new operatic recordings with some of the most brilliant opera stars of our time. *Opera News* calls him "the singer's dream collaborator," and has commented that he conducts vocal repertoire "with the sensitivity of a lieder pianist." Among Maestro Orbelian's recent concert appearances are collaborations with Ewa Podleś, Roberto Alagna, Galina Gorchakova, and Dmitri Hvorostovsky.

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 career as a piano virtuoso that included appearances with 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.

Since the blossoming of his conducting career, 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 and Theatre Champs Elysees in Paris, Carnegie Hall and Avery Fisher Hall in New York, Suntory Hall in Tokyo, and the Kremlin Palace in Moscow. 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.

Beginning in the 2003-04 season, Orbelian and the MCO play a series of concerts in the new Moscow Music Center. International tours in the 2003-04 season include concerts in Munich; Prague; Istanbul; London's Barbican; two concerts at New York's Carnegie Hall, one with Ewa Podleś;

and thirty concerts throughout the U.S., some with Dmitri Hvorostovsky as soloist.

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." He is in charge of the Music Program for the Stanford University Overseas Campus in Moscow.

In December, 2000, Orbelian was inducted into the Academy of Arts and Sciences of St. Petersburg, an honor he shares with only one other conductor – Valery Gergiev. In May, 2001, he was awarded the Ellis Island Medal of Honor, an award given to immigrants, or children of immigrants, who have made outstanding contributions to the United States.

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 direc-

tion, the "dynamic Moscow Chamber Orchestra" (*New York Times*) 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. To quote *Sensible Sound*, "they truly perform as a single, luminous, singing 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 (Natalia Shkrebko (domra), Irina Ershova (gusli [psaltery] / alto domra), Sergei Ruksha (double-bass-balalaika), Valentin Zaviriukha (bayan [accordion]), Evgeny Stetsyuk (composer, arranger, syn-

thesizers)) 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.

The Spiritual Revival Choir of Russia, based at Moscow's Schnittke Institute of Music, was founded by Lev Kontorovich in 1992, at the end of the Soviet era. This was a time when freedom of religious expression, long forbidden in Russia, was once again permitted. The Choir takes its name from the inspiration of Russia's new-found spiritual revival. The Spiritual Revival Choir's repertoire is centered around religious subjects and the spiritual exaltation that accompanies religious celebration.

The Choir's repertoire includes not only the music of Russia and its composers, but music of the Renaissance and Baroque, Viennese classics, the 18th- and 19th-century Romantic masterpieces, and music of the last century.

Since 1997 the ensemble has been the

chamber choir of the Moscow Schnittke Institute of Music. Under Mr. Kontorovich's direction, it performs frequently in the various halls of the Moscow Conservatory, at the Tchaikovsky Philharmonic and at the Glinka Museum Concert Hall, and has toured in Germany.

The Spiritual Revival Choir has two recent choral releases on Delos: *Sounds on My Spirit* (DE 3301), and *Serene Ecstasy – The Light and Sorrow of Orthodox Russia* (DE 3264), and also appears on *Queen of Spades ~ great scenes* (DE 3289).

Also Available with Dmitri Hvorostovsky

- *I Met You, My Love* – Old Russian Romances • Orbelian, cond. • Moscow Chamber Orchestra • Style of Five (DE 3293)
- *Passione di Napoli ~ Neapolitan Songs* • Orbelian, cond. • Philharmonia of Russia (DE 3290)
- *Verdi Arias* • Mario Bernardi, cond. • Philharmonia of Russia (DE 3292)
- *Tchaikovsky: Queen of Spades ~ great scenes* • also with Larin, Prokina, Gerello, Obratsova, Domashenko • Orbelian, cond. • Philharmonia of Russia • Spiritual Revival Choir of Russia (DE 3289)

For information about recordings featuring Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Constantine Orbelian, the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, the Style of Five, and the Spiritual Revival Choir, visit Delos on the Web: www.delosmusic.com

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Recording Engineer: *Jeff Mee*
Associate Engineer: *Vladimir Schuster*
Assistant Engineers: *Alexey Korolev, Andrey Levin, Anatoly Ryasov*
Editing: *Ruslana Oreshnikova*
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СПАСЕМ СОВЕТ
РЕБЯТ ОТ НЕМЦ



ВЕЛИЕСТНЫЕ ВОИНЫ, КРЕПЧЕ БИТЕ ВРАТА!
ВПЕРЕД НА ЗАПАД,
КЛИКЕ ОСВОБОЖДЕНИЕ СОВЕТСКОЙ ЗЕМЛИ!



НАРОД АРМИЯ СТАЛИН — СПАС



М ДО БЕРЛИ



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НАШЕ ЗНАМЯ — ЗА ПОБЕДУ!



Т!

ОНИ ВЕРН
СВОЕ СЧАСТЬЕ



ВОИНЫ-ПОБЕДИТЕЛИ



ТЫ ВЕРНУЛ НА



ОСВОБОЖДЕННЫЕ СОВЕТСКИЕ
ВЫ ИЗБАВЛЕНЫ ОТ ГНЕТА ФАШИЗМА

ВОЗВРАЩАЙТЕСЯ

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY

Where are You, my Brothers?

Dmitri Hvorostovsky, baritone

Constantine Orbelian, conductor

Moscow Chamber Orchestra

Style of Five

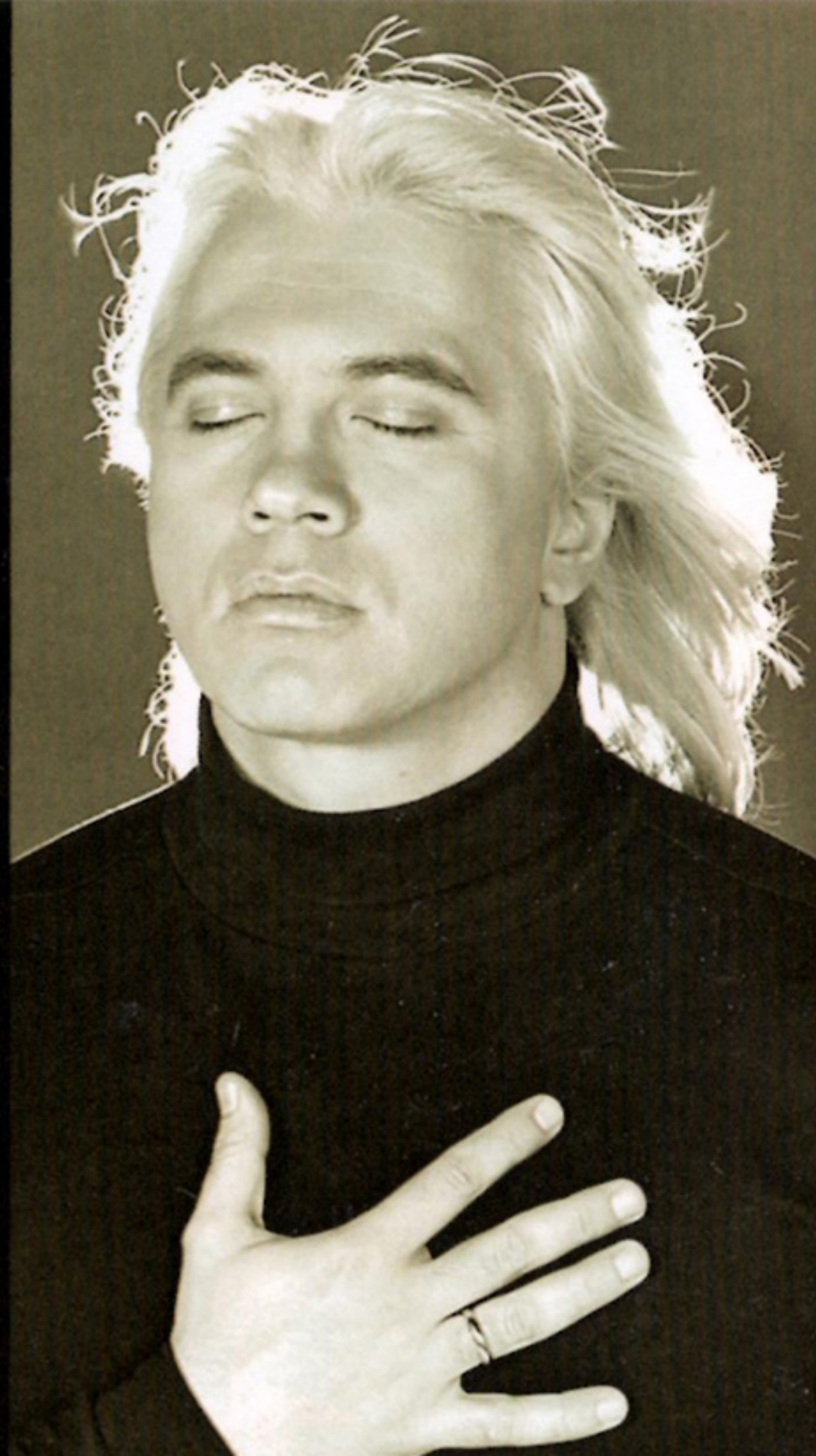
Spiritual Revival Choir of Russia

Lev Kontorovich, Director

Arrangements by Evgeny Stetsyuk

SONGS of the WAR YEARS: Somewhere Far
Away / Dark is the Night / Unexpected Waltz /
Where are You, My Brothers? / On a Nameless
Hill / The Roads / Soldiers are Coming /
Cranes / In the Trenches / The Sacred Stone /
Katyusha / Cossacks in Berlin / My Moscow /
The Road to the Front / The Hills of Manchuria /
The Lonely Accordion / The Last Battle

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: 57:29



DELOS DE 3315

HVOROSTOVSKY, Dmitri / Where are You, my Brothers?
Constantine Orbelian, cond. • Moscow Chamber Orchestra

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