

A portrait of Dmitri Hvorostovsky, a man with long, wavy white hair, wearing a dark grey ribbed sweater. He is sitting and looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is dark and out of focus.

*Dmitri
Hvorostovsky*

MOSCOW
NIGHTS

*Constantine
Orbelian
Moscow
Chamber
Orchestra*

- 1 Kak molody my byli • How young we were (5:59)
- 2 Podmoskovnye vechera • Moscow nights (3:54)
- 3 Shum berioz • The whisper of birches (4:21)
- 4 Ne speshi • Do not hurry (3:47)
- 5 Nezhnost' • Tenderness (2:56)
- 6 Zhdi menia • Wait for me (4:31)
- 7 Tri goda • Three years (3:21)
- 8 Vechernaya pesnya • Evening song (3:12)
- 9 Ty moya melodiya • You are my melody (4:57)
- 10 Moskovskie okna • Moscow windows (3:52)
- 11 Kak mnogo devushek horoshih • There are
so many pretty girls (3:18)
- 12 Blagodariu tebia • I'm grateful to you (3:38)
- 13 Ia liubliu tebia, zhizn' • I love you, life (3:50)
- 14 Vecher na reide • Evening in the harbor (3:56)
- 15 S chego nachinaetsia Rodina • Where does
Motherland come from? (2:41)
- 16 Russkoe pole • Russian field (3:54)
- SPECIAL BONUS TRACK:
- 17 Rodina slyshit • Motherland hears (3:35)

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: 65:43



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*Dmitri
Hvorostovsky*

**MOSCOW
NIGHTS**

*Constantine
Orbelian*

*Moscow
Chamber
Orchestra*

Style of Five

DSD
Direct Stream Digital
Recorded using Sony
Direct Stream Digital™



MOSCOW NIGHTS

1. **Kak molody my byli • How young we were** (5:59)
Lyrics: Nikolay Dobronravov; Music: Alexandra Pakhmutova
2. **Podmoskovnye vechera • Moscow nights** (3:54)
Lyrics: Mikhail Matusovskiy; Music: Vasilij Soloviev-Sedoy
3. **Shum berioz • The whisper of birches** (4:21)
Lyrics: Vladimir Lazarev; Music: Konstantin Orbelian
4. **Ne speshi • Do not hurry** (3:47)
Lyrics: Yevgeny Yevtushenko; Music: Arno Babadzhanian
5. **Nezhnost' • Tenderness** (2:56)
Lyrics: Sergei Grebennikov and Nikolay Dobronravov; Music: Alexandra Pakhmutova
6. **Zhdi menia • Wait for me** (4:31)
Lyrics: Konstantin Simonov; Music: Kirill Molchanov
7. **Tri goda • Three years** (3:21)
Lyrics: Alexey Fatianov; Music: Nikita Bogoslovsky
8. **Vechernaya pesnya • Evening song** (3:12)
Lyrics: Alexander Tchurkin; Music: Vasilij Soloviev-Sedoy
9. **Ty moya melodiya • You are my melody** (4:57)
Lyrics: Nikolay Dobronravov; Music: Alexandra Pakhmutova
10. **Moskovskie okna • Moscow windows** (3:52)
Lyrics: Mikhail Matusovskiy; Music: Tikhon Khrennikov
11. **Kak mnogo devushek horoshih • There are so many pretty girls** (3:18)
Lyrics: Vasilij Lebedev-Kumach; Music: Isaak Dunayevsky
12. **Blagodariu tebia • I'm grateful to you** (3:39)
Lyrics: Robert Rozhdestvenskiy; Music: Arno Babadzhanian
13. **Ia liubliu tebia, zhizn' • I love you, life** (3:50)
Lyrics: Konstantin Vanshenkin; Music: Eduard Kolmanovsky
14. **Vecher na reide • Evening in the harbor** (3:56)
Lyrics: Alexander Tchurkin; Music: Vasilij Soloviev-Sedoy
15. **S chego nachinaetsia Rodina • Where does Motherland come from?** (2:41)
Lyrics: Mikhail Matusovskiy; Music: Veniamin Basner
16. **Russkoe pole • Russian field** (3:54)
Lyrics: Inna Goff; Music: Yan Frenkel

SPECIAL BONUS TRACK:

17. **Rodina slyshit • Motherland hears** (3:32)

Lyrics: Yevgeny Dolmatovskiy; Music: Dmitri Shostakovich

Arrangements by Evgeny Stetsyuk: 2–9, 11, 14–17; Yuri Yakushev: 10

Total Playing Time: 65:43

Dmitri Hvorostovsky, baritone
Constantine Orbelian, conductor
Moscow Chamber Orchestra

Violin Solos (tracks 10, 11): Alexander Mayorov

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, synthesizers)

BONUS TRACK

Archival home recording of Dmitri Hvorostovsky age 11 singing "Motherland Hears," followed by the same song recorded in 2004 by Hvorostovsky, Orbelian and the MCO.



Executive Producers: Amelia S. Haygood, Carol Rosenberger
Recording Producer: Tatiana Vinnitskaya
Recording Engineers: Igor Solovyov, Oleg Ivanov
Editing: Ruslana Oreshnikova, Chris Landen
Mixing: Andrés Villalta
Mastering: Chris Landen
Recorded January / June 2004
Studio 5 of the Russian State TV & Radio Broadcasting Company "Kultura," Moscow, Russia
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DSD Editing and Mixing: Sony Sonoma Audio Workstation
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Console: Neve VR2

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NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

Dmitri Hvorostovsky's recording, "Where Are You, My Brothers," also known as "Songs of the War Years" (2003) has become an instant hit around the world and a "must have" CD in Russia. Hvorostovsky's concerts featuring songs from that CD at the Kremlin Palace in April, 2003, for 6,500 people, and in Moscow's Red Square in May, 2004 attended by 10,000 people, President Putin among them, were greeted with equal enthusiasm. The concerts were broadcast to 130 million TV viewers throughout the Russian Federation, carried by Satellite TV to 37 countries around the world, and were described by the Russian press as a powerful spiritual experience, concluded by a triumphant "sing along," with the entire audience standing and applauding, often drenched in tears. The program is already booked for performances in Israel, Germany, France, England and the US.

Obviously, Hvorostovsky and his collaborator Constantine Orbelian, who conducted the Moscow Chamber Orchestra at both concerts and on the recording, touched a very important note here. For millions of people of the former Soviet Union, the war songs represent the most heroic and tragic era in the recent history of their nation. For today's Russia these songs are an uplifting reminder of a time of strength, sacrifice and unity. Emotionally charged and melodically rich, they are also universal in their appeal, and even without knowing Russian, any human being can find in them plenty to identify with, to enjoy and even to cry over. The great voice and interpre-

tive power of a world famous singer is able to bring a new dimension and new meaning to this experience.

The success of the "War Songs" led Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Constantine Orbelian to a new project. The 17 songs recorded on this CD under the title "**Moscow nights**" belong, with two exceptions, to the postwar era. Both exceptions — "**There are so many pretty girls**" (Kak mnogo devushek horoshih), written in 1937 by Isaak Dunaevsky, and "**Evening in the harbor**" (Veche na reide), written in 1941 by Soloviev-Sedoy — are ageless favorites.

People who lived through the Soviet era will recognize, with varying degrees of nostalgia, the songs that accompanied their day-to-day life and often helped to overcome its difficulties and tragedies. These songs were performed constantly on radio and later on TV, and thus heard simultaneously by millions. There were only three national radio stations and four TV channels for the entire Soviet Union up until perestroika; to listen to, and to know, these songs was really a shared experience! Even if some verses sound a bit dated, the music and emotions behind them are still alive and relevant.

As for the younger generations, who, not having lived under the Soviet regime, often idealize the past, they perceive Soviet songs as part of the history of their motherland and at the same time an important symbol

of the best of the soul of the nation. They also appreciate the songs' optimism, moral convictions and sheer musical beauty. That is why many young singers include them in their repertoire. One of the most popular concert and TV series of recent years in Russia is based on new arrangements and recordings of Soviet era songs, called "Old Songs about the Main Thing" (meaning songs about what is most important in life).

The song was the most sensitive indicator of changes in Soviet society, and the post-war years saw a boom of the genre as well as deep changes in it. Often, patriotic subjects were treated with lyricism, warmth, and confession-like sincerity, as in the waltz-like "**Where does Motherland come from.**" Actually, the beginning of this trend can be traced to Dmitri Shostakovich, who soon after the war wrote his tender masterpiece "**Motherland hears, Motherland knows.**" Even the Soviet space program received an unusually lyrical interpretation in the song "**Nezhnost,**" as did the city of Leningrad (now re-named St. Petersburg) and its glorious history in "**Evening song.**"

As the number of new songs began to grow rapidly by the end of the '50s (one of the main reasons was the fast expansion of the movie and television industries), so did the diversity of subjects: love, scenes from everyday life, comic situations; all kinds of human experiences and characters were explored.

Musically, the popular song of the Soviet era continued the tradition of Russian songs, domestic romances, art songs and operatic arias of the 19th century. However, the post-war years, especially the '60s through the '80s, brought more complexity and diversity of musical language and structure. In lyrical songs, which became more reminiscent of ballads, the melodic line, for instance, consists of longer phrases. After a rich development, the melody climbs to the top register and often comes to an extremely passionate climax, more in the manner of the rock song (which started to leak into Soviet society from the West) rather than the Russian romance ("**How young we were**").

These songs often conveyed very intense emotions and were vocally demanding. Many of them were written for singers who originally had had professional training in opera, but either had chosen pop music, or had continued to perform both opera and pop (and this practice was widespread in the Soviet Union).

The popular song, especially if it celebrated socialist values and the joys of Soviet life, was considered the most important musical genre by Soviet authorities, since it was an effective propaganda tool. Songs were constantly performed in concerts, on radio, on TV, and in the movies; and the songwriters were among the most privileged, well-paid and highly respected members of Soviet society. It is no wonder then that the Soviet era produced so many

prolific and talented songwriters. Even such masters of serious music as Dmitri Shostakovich, Sergei Prokofiev, Nikolai Miaskovsky, Reinhold Gliere and Aram Khachaturian wrote popular songs — more or less successfully.

Important poets of the Soviet era were never averse to writing lyrics for popular songs. Some poets were devoted exclusively to the genre, like Nikolay Dobronravov, husband and collaborator of the composer Alexandra Pakhmutova. Others wrote lyrics from time to time, but with heartfelt dedication and inspired creative results. Yevgeny Yevtushenko, who wrote “**Do not hurry**” (Ne speshi), first gained enormous popularity during Khrushchev’s Thaw, with famous poetry evenings at the Moscow Polytechnicheskoy Museum and publications in the “Younost’” magazine.

Konstantin Simonov, writer, poet and journalist, wrote his short poem “**Wait for me**” (Zhdi menia) in 1941, soon after the outbreak of the war, as a rather intimate letter. Published in 1942 by the newspaper “Pravda,” however, it immediately gained enormous popularity in all corners of the country. For millions separated by war, the poem, with its message (“wait for me, and I’ll come back”), became a symbol of love, a ray of hope for soldiers and their loved ones. That is why it found its way into Kirill Molchanov’s opera “And the Dawns Here Are So Quiet” (see below). The poem was also transformed into a song by Matvej Blanter, composer of the famous

“Katusha.” It also was incorporated into a play and a movie, and continued to be a favorite long after the war was over. (Simonov himself did indeed come back from the war, and lived into the early 1980s.)

As with the “War Songs” recording and earlier with the CD of Russian Romances (“I met you, my love”), this project has an especially personal meaning for Dmitri Hvorostovsky. It is his heartfelt, nostalgic tribute to the years of his childhood and youth, spent in Soviet Russia against a backdrop of these songs, many of which Dmitri not only heard, but sang as a child and teen-ager. The “bonus track” on this disc adds a touching reminder of this fact: here is 11-year-old Dima singing at home, with his father playing the piano part, Shostakovich’s “Rodina slyshit... (“Motherland hears, Motherland knows”), originally written for a boy’s voice. Then the orchestra gently enters, connecting the old home recording to today’s, in which the grownup singer gives a completely new rendering of a timeless classic.

The composers of the songs on this disc were well-known around the country, but, with the exception of Shostakovich and Khrennikov, were unknown beyond the borders of the former Soviet Union. We offer here some basic information about them, which can be helpful in understanding the realities of Soviet musical life.

BABADZHANIAN, Arno (1921–1983) — born in Armenia,

graduated from the Moscow Conservatory, where he studied piano (with the great Konstantine Igumnov) and composition. Became known in early 50s first for his passionate and colorful “Heroic Ballad” for piano and orchestra, influenced by Khachaturian and awarded the Stalin Prize. Later worked both in classical and popular fields.

BASNER, Veniamin (1925–) — graduated from the Leningrad Conservatory, wrote a number of operettas, symphonies, concertos, quartets and art songs. Best known for his music for cinema (more than 40 films) and theater.

BOGOSLOVSKY, Nikita (1913–) — studied in St. Petersburg (Leningrad) conservatory, wrote about 300 songs, but also film and incidental music, operas, 8 symphonies etc. as well as books, short stories and jokes.

DUNAYEVSKY, Isaak (1900–1955) — most famous composer of popular songs, operettas (12) and film scores of the Soviet era and popular songs that became classics. He was one of the creators of Soviet musical film-comedy. The highest point of his career coincided with Stalin’s era: from the ‘30s to the ‘50s. Some of his songs became emblems of Soviet life. Their sunny, energetic and optimistic tone was well suited to the image of a happy people in a happy land — the image that the government tried to project and promote to the world. How-

ever, the songs actually did reflect the true enthusiasm and belief that most of Soviet people felt about the bright future of their homeland. Dunayevsky’s great melodic talent was enriched by his vast knowledge of jazz and symphony orchestra (for several years he served as a music director and chief conductor of the Leningrad Music-Hall).

FRENKEL, Yan (1920–1989) — started as an orchestral violinist, played and made arrangements for big jazz bands; later started to write songs and music for movies; was awarded the State Prize and the title “The People’s Artist.” Sometimes performed his own songs.

KOLMANOVSKY, Eduard (1923–1994) — graduated from the Moscow Conservatory. Main genre, songs; also incidental music.

KHRENNIKOV, Tikhon (1913–) — a state-wide celebration of his 90 birthday was held in Russia in 2003. Internationally known as chairman of the Union of Soviet Composers, Khrennikov was appointed by Stalin in 1948 and served in this position for 43 years, until the fall of the Soviet Union. He was known to be the faithful executor of government policies. Russian audiences know him also as a gifted melodist, a composer of songs and music for theater and film.

MOLCHANOV, Kirill (1922–1982) — worked in different

genres, including opera, and was director of Moscow's Bolshoi Theater, 1973-75. His opera "And the Dawns Here Are So Quiet," which contains the song "**Wait for me**," tells the story of a group of young women-soldiers who perished during the Second World War.

ORBELIAN, Konstantin (b.1928) — graduated from Yerevan conservatory and in 1956 became Artistic Director of the Armenian State Pop and Jazz orchestra, for which he created numerous compositions. His songs were known throughout the Soviet Union as classics of the genre, and he also composed 20 film scores. Since the late '90s, he has resided in the USA and continues to write songs that are popular in Russia and Armenia. He is the uncle of the conductor Constantine Orbelian.

PAKHMUTOVA Alexandra (1929–) — one of the most prolific and successful song-writers in Soviet history, she reached enormous popularity in the 60s and since then continues to attract mass audiences. Her songs, often an immediate response to important events of Soviet life, are emblems of the last decades of the Soviet Union.

SHOSTAKOVICH, Dmitri (1906–1975) — the greatest composer of the Soviet era, who composed 15 symphonies, 15 quartets, as well as operas, concertos, vocal cycles and other serious compositions. His music was

deeply rooted, among other things, in Russian urban culture of his time. In his youth he played the piano in movie theaters, providing accompaniment to silent movies; later he frequently collaborated with his movie-maker friends in writing music for early Soviet sound films. It was for these films that he wrote his first popular songs, which became instant hits, like "Song of the Counterplan" or songs from the "Maxim Trilogy" (1930s).

SOLOVIEV-SEDOY, Vasiliy (1907–1979) — graduated from the Leningrad Conservatory (1936), wrote numerous songs, many of which are considered Soviet classics. He wrote the most internationally known song of the Soviet time, "**Moscow nights**" (Podmoskovnye vechera), which Van Cliburn played in Moscow and in the White House for Reagan and Gorbachev. Was awarded the highest official titles and prizes — such as the Lenin Prize and the honorary title of a Hero of Socialist Labor.

Maya Pritsker

VOCAL TEXTS

1. Kak molody my byli

Oglianis', neznakomyi prohozhii,
Mne tvoi vzgliad nepodkupnyi znakom,
Mozhet, ia eto, - tol'ko molozhe,
Ne vseгда my sebia uznaem.

*Nichto na zemle ne probodit bessledno,
I iunost' ushbedsala vsio zbe bessmertna.
Kak molody my byli!
Kak iskrenno liubili,
Kak verili v sebia!*

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

Nichto na zemle ne probodit bessledno...

Pervyi taim my uzhe otygrali,
I odno lish' sumeli poniat';
Chtob tebia na zemle ne teriali,
Postaraysia sebia ne teriat'!

*Nichto na zemle ne probodit bessledno,
I iunost' ushbedsala vsio zbe bessmertna.*

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

Nichto na zemle ne probodit bessledno...

2. Podmoskovnye vechera

Ne slyshny v sadu dazhe shorohi.
Vsio zdes' zamerlo do utra.
Esli b znali vy, kak mne dorogi
Podmoskovnye vechera.

Rechka dvizhetsia i ne dvizhetsia,
Vsia iz lunnoг serebra.
Pesnia slyshitsia i ne slyshitsia
V eti tihie vechera.

A rassvet uzhe vsio zametnee.
Tak, pozhaluista, bud' dobra,
Ne zabud' i ty eti letnie
Podmoskovnye vechera.

Ne slyshny v sadu dazhe shorohi.
Vsio zdes' zamerlo do utra.
Esli b znali vy, kak mne dorogi
Podmoskovnye vechera.

1. How young we were

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

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

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

Everything leaves traces on this Earth...

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

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

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

Everything leaves traces on this Earth...

2. Moscow nights

Not a rustle can be heard in the garden.
Everything is quiet here.
If you only knew how dear they are to me,
These Moscow nights.

The river is flowing and not flowing,
Made of moon silver.
A song is heard and not heard
In these quiet evenings.

The dawn is already breaking.
So, please, be so kind
As not to forget these summer
Moscow nights.

Not a rustle can be heard in the garden.
Everything is quiet here.
If you only knew how dear they are to me,
These Moscow nights.

3. Shum berioz

Svet berioz,
V moiom serdtse vseгда
Etot svet berioz.
Svet berioz,
Po dorogam zemnym,
Kak liubov' pronios.
Kak liubov'
K nasheydobroy zemle,
Skvoz' poryvy groz.
Na vetru
Shum berioz slyshu.
Shum berioz
Dlia menia navseгда —
Eto pesni zvuk.
Shum berioz —
Sto zelenyh vetvey,
Sto nadiozhnyh ruk.
Shum berioz —
Eto golos liubvi
Skvoz' pechal' razluk.
Smolklo vsio —
Shum berioz slyshu.
Svet liubvi —
Dlia menia navseгда
Eto svet berioz.
Svet liubvi —
Na dorogah zemnyh,
Ja ego sberioг.
Shum berioz,
Sredi gor i morey,
Sredi vseh dorog.
Den' i noch',
Shum berioz slyshu ia.

4. Ne speshi

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

Ne speshi, ne speshi kogda,
My s toboy vdvoiom i vdali beda:
Skazhut «da» list'ia i voda,
Zvezdy i ogni, i poezda.
Ne speshi, kogda glaza v glaza,

3. The whisper of birches

The shimmer of birches —
I have in my heart forever
This shimmer of birches.
The shimmer of birches —
Along every path, the world over,
I have carried it with me, like love.
Like love
For our gentle land,
Through raging thunderstorms.
In the wind
I hear the whisper of birches.
The whisper of birches
For me, forever —
Will be the sound of a song.
The whisper of birches —
One hundred green branches,
One hundred firm and steadfast arms.
The whisper of birches —
Is the voice of love
Heard through the sadness of good-byes.
Everything has gone silent —
But I hear the whisper of birches.
The glow of love —
For me, forever,
Is the shimmer of birches.
The glow of love —
Along every path, the world over,
I have managed to keep it.
The whisper of birches —
In the mountains and on the seas,
Along every path,
Day and night,
I hear the whisper of birches.

4. Do not hurry

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

Do not hurry when
We are together and troubles are far away;
There is a "yes" from leaves and water,
Stars and lights and trains.
Do not hurry, when eyes gaze into eyes,

Ne speshi, kogda speshit' nel'zia,
Ne speshi, kogda ves' mir v tishi —
Ne speshi, ne speshi!...
Ne speshi, kogda ves' mir v tishi —

Ne speshi, ne speshi!...

Ne speshi, ne speshi!...

5. Nezhnost'

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

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

Opustela bez tebia Zemlia.
Esli mozhesht', priletai skorei.

6. Zhdi menia

Zhenka's aria from the opera "And the Dawns Are So Quiet Here"

Zhdi menia.
I ia vernus'.
Tol'ko ochen' zhdi.
Zhdi, kogda navodiat grust'
Zhioltye dozhdii,
Zhdi, kogda snega metut,
Zhdi, kogda zhara,
Zhdi, kogda drughih ne zhdut,
Pozabyv vchera.

Pust' poveriat
Syn i mat',
V to, chto net menia.
Pust' druž'ia ustanut zhdatt',
Siadut u ognia.
Vyp'iut gor'koe vino
Za pomini dushi.
Zhdi, i, s nimi zaodno,
Vypit' ne speshi.

Zhdi, menia i ia vernus'.
Vsem smertiam nazlo.
Kto ne zhdal menia,
Tot pust' skazhet: —
«Povezlo!»
Ne poniat', ne zhdavshim im,
Kak sredi ognia,

Do not hurry, when you shouldn't hurry,
Do not hurry, when the whole world is silent,
Do not hurry, do not hurry!
Do not hurry, when the whole world is silent,

Do not hurry, do not hurry!

Do not hurry, do not hurry!

5. Tenderness

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

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

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

6. Wait for me

Zhenka's aria from the opera "And the Dawns Are So Quiet Here"

Wait for me,
And I'll be back.
But, please, do wait.
Wait, when sadness comes
With the yellow rains;
Wait, in a snowstorm;
Wait, when it's hot;
Wait, when they do not wait for the others,
Having forgotten about them yesterday.

Let my son
And my mother believe
That there's no me anymore.
Let my friends get tired of waiting,
And sit down near the fire,
And drink bitter wine
For the eternal peace of the soul.
But you, wait, and do not hasten
To drink with them.

Wait for me and I'll come back,
Death will not take me now.
Those who didn't wait for me,
Let them say:
“Lucky man!”
They won't understand, those who didn't wait,
When I am in the midst of battle,

Ozhidaniem svoim,
Ty spasla menia.

Kak ia vyzhil,
Budem znat'
Tol'ko my s toboy.
Prosto ty umela zhdatt',
Kak nikto drugoy!...

7. Tri goda

Mne tebia sravnit' by nado
S pesney solov'inoiu,
S tihim utrom, s maiskim sadom,
S gibkoii riabinoiu.
S vishney ocharovannoy,
Dal' moiui tumannuii,
Samaia dalekaia,
Samaia zhelannaia.

Kak eto vsio sluchilos'?
V kakie vchera?
Tri goda ty mne snilas',
A vstretilas' vchera.
Ne znaiu bol'she sna ia,
Mechtu svoiu hraniu,
Tebia, moia rodnaia,
Ni s kem ia ne sravniui.

Mne tebia sravnit' by nado
S pervoiu krasavitsey,
Chto svoim vesel'ym vzgliadom,
K serdisu prikasaetsia,
Chto pohodkoy legkoii,
Podoshla, nezhdannaia,
Samaia dalekaia,
Samaia zhelannaia.

Kak eto vsio sluchilos'?
V kakie vchera?
Tri goda ty mne snilas',
A vstretilas' vchera.
Ne znaiu bol'she sna ia,
Mechtu svoiu hraniu,
Tebia, moia rodnaia,
Ni s kem ia ne sravniui.

8. Vechnaya pesnya

Gorod nad vol'noy Nevoy,
Gorod nashey slavy trudovoy,
Slushay, Leningrad,
Ia tebe spoiu,
Zadushevnuui pesnuii svoiu.

Zdes' prohodila, druž'ia,
Iunost' komsomol'skaia moia...
Za rodinyi kray,
S pesney molodoy

With just your waiting,
You will have saved me.

How I survived,
We will know,
Only you and I.
You just knew how to wait,
Like no one else!

7. Three years

I should have compared you
With a nightingale's song,
With a quiet morning, an orchard in May,
With a supple mountain ash-tree.
With an enchanted cherry-tree,
You, lost in the distant fog,
You are my most distant one,
You are my most desired one.

How did it happen?
When, which evenings?
For three years I have seen you in my dreams,
But I came across you only yesterday.
I stay awake,
To hang onto my dream,
You, my dear,
I will not compare with anyone.

I should have compared you
With the first beauty
Who, with her merry look,
Touched my heart,
Who, with her light walk,
Came up to me unexpectedly,
You, my most distant one,
You, my most desired one.

How did it happen?
When, which evenings?
For three years I have seen you in my dreams,
But I came across you only yesterday.
I stay awake,
To hang onto my dream,
You, my dear,
I will not compare with anyone.

8. Evening song

The City over the wide Neva river,
The City of our glorious labor,
Listen, Leningrad,
I will sing this for you,
My heart-felt song.

Here, my friends,
I spent my komсомol youth...
Defending our land,
With a youthful song

Shli rovesniki riadom so mnoy.
S etoy pory ognevoy,
Gde by my ni vstretilis' s toboy,
Starye друз'яа,
V vas ia uznaiu
Bespokoiniu iunost' svoiu.

Pesnia letit nad Nevoy,
Zasyaet gorod dorogoy.
V parkah i sadah
Lipy shelestiat,
Dobroy nochi, rodnoy Leningrad.

9. Ty moya melodiya

Ty moia melodiya,
Ia tvoj predanniy Orfey...
Dni, chto nami proydeny,
Pomniat svet nezhnosti tvoey.

Vsio, kak dym, rastaialo,
Golos tvoj teriaetsja vdali...
Chto tebia zastavilo
Zabyt' melodiyu liubvi?

Ty moio somnenie,
Tayna dolgogo puti.
Skvoz' dozhdni osennie
Slyshu ja gor'koe «prosti».

Zor' proshchal'nyh zarevo,
Golos tvoj teriaetsja vdali...
Chto tebia zastavilo
Predat' melodiyu liubvi?

Ty moio prizvanie,
Pesnia, stavshaia sud'boy,
Bol' zabven'ia rannego
Znal Orfey, predanniy toboy.

Stan' moye vsennoiu,
Smolknushie struny ozhivi...
Serdtsu vdohnovennomu
Verni melodiyu liubvi!

10. Moskovskie okna

Vot opiat' nebes temneet vys',
Vot i okna v sumrake zazhglis'.
Zdes' zhivut moi друз'яа.
I, dyhan'e zataia, v nochnye okna,
Vgliadyvaius' ia...

Ia liubliu pod oknami mechat',
I mogu, kak knigi ih chitat'.
I, zavetnyi svet hrania,
I volnuia, i mania,
Oni, kak liudi, smotriat na menia.

Ia liubuius' vami po nocham,

My contemporaries marched along with me.
From those fiery years,
Wherever I meet you,
Old friends,
I recognize you,
My restless youth.

The song flies over the Neva river
The dear city goes to sleep.
In parks and gardens
The lime-trees are rustling,
Good night, my dear Leningrad.

9. You are my melody

You are my melody,
I am your devoted Orpheus...
All the days we have lived
Remember the light of your tenderness,

Everything evaporates like smoke,
Your voice is disappearing in the distance...
What made you
Forget the melody of love?

You are my doubt,
The mystery of the long trek.
Through autumn rains
I hear your bitter "Forgive me."

Your farewell glance fades,
Your voice is disappearing in the distance...
What made you
Betray the melody of love?

You are my calling,
The song that became my destiny,
The pain of early oblivion
Was known by Orpheus, whom you betrayed.

Be my universe,
Bring back to life these silent strings...
To my inspired heart
Return the melody of love!

10. Moscow windows

Look, the sky above is getting dark again,
Look, the windows are lit up in the twilight.
My friends live here.
And I hold my breath,
As I look into night windows.

I love dreaming beneath these windows;
I can read them like books.
And guarding their sacred light,
They excite me, they attract me,
And they look at me as if they were people.

I admire you at night,

Ia zhelaui, okna, schast'ia vam...
On mne dorog s davnih let,
I ego iasnee net, —
Moskovskih okon negasiminy svet.

11. Kak mnogo devushek horoshih

Kak mnogo devushek horoshih,
Kak mnogo laskovyh imion,
No lish' odno iz nih trevozhit,
Unosia pokoy i son...
Kogda vliublen...

Liubov' nechaianno nagriamet,
Kogda eio sovsem ne zhdiosh',
I, kazhdyi vecher srazu stanet
Udivitel'no horosh...
I ty poiosh'

*Serdse,
Tebe ne bochetsia pokoia.*

*Serdse,
Kak borosbo na svete zhit'.
Serdse,
Kak borosbo, chto ty takoe,
Spasibo, serdse,
Chto ty umeesh' tak liubit'.*

Ljubov' nechaianno nagriamet,
Kogda eio sovsem ne zhdiosh',
I, kazhdyi vecher srazu stanet
Udivitel'no horosh...
I ty poiosh'...

*Serdse,
Tebe ne bochetsia pokoia...*

12. Blagodariu tebia

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

*Za shiopot i za krik,
Za vecnost' i za mig,
Za otgorevsbuiu zvezdu,
Za smeб i za pechal',
Za tiboe «Prosbchay»,
Za vsio tebia blagodariu.
Za smeб i za pechal',
Za tiboe «Prosbchay»,
Za vsio tebia blagodariu.*

Blagodariu za to, chto ty po sud'be proshla,
Za to, chto dlia drugogo sbudesh'sia.
Blagodariu tebia, za to, chto so mnoy byla,
Eshche za to, chto ne zabudesh'sia.

I wish you, my windows, happiness.
The light of Moscow windows has long been very dear to me,
And there is nothing brighter,
Than that light which cannot be extinguished.

11. There are so many pretty girls

There are so many pretty girls,
There are so many gentle names,
But only one of them troubles you,
Taking away peace and sleep
When you are in love.

Love will come suddenly,
When you least expect it,
And every evening will become
Surprisingly beautiful,
And you sing

*Heart,
You do not wish peace.
Heart,
It's so nice to live in this world.
Heart,
It's so nice you are like this;
Thank you, my heart,
That you are able to love like this.*

Love will come suddenly,
When you least expect it,
And every evening will become
Surprisingly beautiful;
And you sing

*Heart,
You do not wish peace...*

12. I'm grateful to you

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

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

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

*Za sbiopot i za krik...
Za vsio, za vsio,
Tebia blagodariu!.....Tebia!*

13. Ia liubliu tebia, zhizn'
(Dedicated to the famous Russian actor Mark Berness)

Ia liubliu tebia, zhizn',
Chto samo po sebe i ne novo.
Ia liubliu tebia, zhizn',
Ia liubliu tebia snova i snova.

Vot uzh okna zazhglis',
Ia shagaiu s raboty ustalo, —
Ia liubliu tebia, zhizn',
I hochu, chtoby luchshe ty stala.

Mne nemalo dano:
Shir' zemli i ravnina morskaiia,
Mne izvestna davno
Beskorystnaia družba muzhskaia.

V zvone kazhdogo dnia,
Kak ia schastliv, chto net mne pokoia —
Est' liubov' u menia.
Zhizn', ty znaesh', chto eto takoe.

Kak poiut solov'i,
Polumrak, potseluy na rassvete,
I vershina liubvi,
Eto chudo velikoe — deti!

Vnov' my s nimi proidiom
Detstvo, iunost', vokzaly, prichaly,
Budut vnuki potom,
Vsio opiat' povtoritsia snachala.

Ah, kak gody letiat,
My grustim, sedinu zamechaia,
Zhizn', ty pomnish' soldat,
Chto pogibli, tebia zaschischaia?

Tak likuy i vershis'
V trubnyh zvukah vesennego gimna;
Ia liubliu tebia, zhizn',
I nadeius', chto eto vaimno!

14. Vecher na reide
Spoiomte, druž'ia, ved' zavtra v pohod.
Uydiom v predrassvetnyi tuman.
Spoiom veseley, pust' nam podpoiot,
Sedoy boevoy kapitan.

*Proschay, liubimyi gorod!
Ubodim zavtra v more,
I ranney poroy
Mel'kniot za kormoy
Znakomyy platok goluboy.*

For a murmur and a cry...

For everything, for everything,
I'm grateful to you!.....To you!

13. I love you, life
(Dedicated to the famous Russian actor Mark Berness)

I love you, life,
And this is nothing new.
I love you, life,
I fall in love with you over and over again.

All the windows are lit,
I come back from work very tired,
I love you, life,
And I want you to become even better.

I was given a lot:
All the lands and the seas;
I have known for ages
The friendship of fair-minded men.

In everyday sounds
I am so happy that I am restless,
But I have love.
Life, you know what that is.

A nightingale's song
In the darkness, a kiss at dawn...
The triumph of love,
The greatest miracle — children!

We will go together through
Childhood, youth, train stations and ports,
Then we will have grandchildren,
And everything will be repeated.

Ah, how fast years fly,
We are sad to notice some gray hair.
Life, do you remember those soldiers
Who were killed fighting for you?

So live, and rejoice
In the trumpet sounds of the Spring Hymn;
I love you, life.
And I hope you love me too!

14. Evening in the harbor
Let's sing, my friends, for tomorrow we'll sail off.
We'll go away into the fog before dawn comes.
Let's sing and cheer ourselves; and let him sing with us,
Our gray-haired combat captain.

*Farewell, our beloved town!
Tomorrow we sail off.
And early in the morning,
I'll see briefly on the shore
That dear blue scarf.*

A vecher opiat' horoshiy takoy,
Chto pesen ne pet' nam nel'zia;
O družbe bol'shoy, o sluzhbe morskoy
Podtianem družnee, druž'ia!

Proschay, liubimyi gorod! ...

Proschay, liubimyi gorod! ...

Na reide bol'shom legla tishina,
A more okutal tuman,
I bereg rodnoy tseluet volna,
I tiho donosit baian.

Proschay, liubimyi gorod! ...

Proschay, liubimyi gorod! ...

15. S chego nachinaetsia Rodina
(Sound track for the film "The shield and the sword")

S chego nachinaetsia Rodina?
S kartinki v tvoiom bulvare,
S horoshih i vernyh tovarishchey,
Zhivushchih v sosednem dvore.
A mozhet ona nachinaetsia
S toy pesni, chto pela nam mat',
S togo, chto v liubyh ispytaniyah
U nas nikomu ne otniat'.
S chego nachinaetsia Rodina?
S zavetnoy skam'i u vorot,
S toy samoy beriozki, chto vo pole,
Pod vetrom skloniaias', rastiot.
A mozhet ona nachinaetsia
S vesenney zapevki skvortsa
I s etoy dorogi prosiolochnoy,
Kotoroy ne vidno kontsa.

S chego nachinaetsia Rodina?
S okoshek, goriaschih vdali.
So staroy otsovskoy budionovki,
Chto gde-to v shkafu my nashli.
A mozhet, ona nachinaetsia
So stuka vagonnyh kolios
I s kliatvy, kotorui v iunosti
Ty ey v svoiom serdtse prinios...
S chego nachinaetsia Rodina?

But the evening is again very nice,
So we cannot help singing
About our cherished friendship, about our service in the Navy;
Let's sing together in chorus, my friends.

Farewell, our beloved town!...

Farewell, our beloved town!...

The silence lies on the sea in the harbor,
And it is covered with fog,
Our native shore is kissed by a wave,
And sounds of an accordion are heard faintly, from afar.

Farewell, our beloved town!...

Farewell, our beloved town!...

15. Where does Motherland come from?
(Sound track for the film "The shield and the sword")

Where does Motherland come from?
From a picture in your primer,
From your good and faithful friends,
Who live in your neighborhood.
But maybe she comes
From the song that Mother sang us,
From something that nobody
Can take away from us.
Where does Motherland come from?
From our favorite bench by the gates,
From that birch-tree that grows
In the field, bending under the wind.
But maybe she comes
From the starlings' first song in spring,
And from this cart-road,
With no end in sight.

Where does Motherland come from?
From lighted windows seen in the distance,
From Father's old budionovka*,
That we found once in the closet.
But maybe she comes
From the clatter of carriage wheels,
And from the oath you took in your youth,
Swearing allegiance to her in your heart...
Where does Motherland come from?

** BUDIONOVKA – (a military cap with a big red star on it. It was introduced in the Red Army in 1918 and used until the beginning of the Great Patriotic War, 1941 – 1945. The cap received its name after Budioniy who had been Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army during those years.)*

16. Russkoe pole...*(Soundtrack to the film "The New Adventures of the Invisible Avengers")*

Pole...

Russkoe pole ...

Svetit luna ili padaet sneg.

Schast'em i bol'iu

Sviazan s toboiu.

Net, ne zabyt' tebia serdsu vovek,

Russkoe pole,

Skol'ko dorog proshagat' mne prishlos'.

Ty moia iunost', ty moia volia,

To, chto sbylos',

To, chto v zhizni sbylos'

Ne sravniatsja s toboy;

Ni lesa, ni moria,

Ty so mnoy moio pole,

Studit veter visok.

Zdes' otchizna moia,

I skazhu ne taia: —

<Zdravstvuy, Russkoe pole,

Ia tvoj tonkiy kolosok>.

Pole...

Russkoe pole ...

Pust' ia davno chelovek gorodskoy.

Zapakh polyni,

Veshnie livni,

Vdrug obozhgut menia prezhney toskoy,

Russkoe pole ...

Ia, kak i ty, ozhidan'em zhivu.

Veriu molchan'iu, kak obeshchan'iu.

Pasmurnym dniom vizhu ia sinevu.

Ne sravniatsja s toboy;

Ni lesa, ni moria,

Ty so mnoy moio pole,

Studit veter visok.

Zdes' otchizna moia

I skazhu ne taia: —

<Zdravstvuy, Russkoe pole,

Ia tvoj tonkiy kolosok>.

Pole...

Russkoe pole ...

16. Russian field*(Soundtrack to the film "The New Adventures of the Invisible Avengers")*

Field...

Russian field...

The moon is shining, or the snow is falling.

By my happiness and pain

I am bound to you.

No, my heart will never forget you,

Russian field,

I have followed so many paths.

You are my youth, you are my freedom,

Something that came true,

Something that really came true.

Nothing can be compared to you;

Neither woods nor seas.

You are with me, my field,

The cold wind chills my head.

This is my homeland,

And I will tell you, hiding nothing,

“Good day, Russian field,

I am your thin ear of wheat.”

Field...

Russian field...

Though I've long been a city man,

The smell of wormwood,

Heavy spring showers,

Suddenly will burn me with nostalgia.

Russian field...

Like you, I live only by hope,

I believe in silence, as I believe in promise.

On a dull day I see the blue of the sky.

Nothing can be compared to you;

Neither woods nor seas.

You are with me, my field,

The cold wind chills my head.

This is my homeland,

And I will tell you, hiding nothing,

“Good day, Russian field,

I am your thin ear of wheat.”

Field...

Russian field...

17. Rodina slyshit

Rodina slyshit, Rodina znaet,

Gde v oblakah eio syn proletaet.

S družeskoj laskoj neznoy ljubov'iu

Alymi zviozdami bashen moskovskih,

Bashen kremliovskih

Smotrit ona za toboiu.

Rodina slyshit, Rodina znaet,

Kak nelegko ee syn pobezhdaet.

No ne sdaiotsja pravyi i smelyi!

Vseiu sud'boy svoey ty utverzhdaesh',

Ty zashchishchaesh'

Mira velikoe delo.

Rodina slyshit, Rodina znaet,

Chto eio syn na doroge vstrechaet,

Kak ty skvoz' tuchi put' probivaesh'.

Skol'ko by chernaia buria ne zilas',

Chtob ni sluchilos',

Bud' nepreklonnym, tovarishch!

17. Motherland hears

Motherland hears, Motherland knows,

Where in the clouds her son is flying.

Full of friendly caresses and tender love,

With her eyes of red Moscow Kremlin stars,

Kremlin towers' stars,

She watches you.

Motherland hears, Motherland knows,

How her son wins his hard-fought victory.

He never gives in!

By all your destiny you secure,

You defend,

The great cause of peace.

Motherland hears, Motherland knows

What her son finds along the way,

How you make your way through thunderclouds.

Never mind the rage of the black storm,

Never mind what could happen,

Do not be bowed, comrade.

Translations and transliterations by Sergei Gusarov

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

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 *Pique Dame*, 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 major international festivals. His most notable roles include Onegin in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, the title role in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Posa in Verdi's *Don Carlo*, Germont père in *La Traviata*, Francesco in *I Masnadieri*, the title role in *Rigoletto* and Renato in *Un ballo in maschera*.

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 Istanbul, Jerusalem and Australia, South America and across the Far East.

He appears regularly in concert with orchestras such as the New York Philharmonic, the San Francisco Symphony 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, *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. In May 2004 he became the first Russian opera singer to give a solo concert with orchestra and chorus on Red Square in Moscow; and this concert, with Constantine Orbelian and the MCO, was attended by President Putin and televised in 37 countries.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky's many recordings include recital and aria discs

for Philips Classics and for Delos, as well as complete opera performances on CD and DVD. He has also starred in *Don Giovanni Unmasked*, a film (by Rhombus Media) based on Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. His most recent releases with Delos are CDs of the music of Sviridov, *Petersburg, a vocal poem* (DE 3311), Russian romances, *I met you, my love* (DE 3293), and of Russian war songs, *Where are you, my brothers?* (DE 3315).

Future concert plans include a performance of Russian war songs at the Chatelet Theatre, Paris with Constantine Orbelian and the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, followed by a tour of North America with performances at the Los Angeles Opera, the Kennedy Center, Washington and the Lincoln Center, New York, all with Orbelian and the MCO.

Future operatic plans include *Un ballo in maschera*, *Rigoletto* and *Eugene Onegin* at Covent Garden, *Pique Dame* at the Teatro alla Scala, Milan, *Il trovatore* at the Paris Opera Bastille, *Don Carlo* at the Vienna State Opera, Valentin in *Faust* at the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

"**Constantine Orbelian** stands astride two great societies, and finds and promotes synergistic harmony from the best of each." (*Fanfare*) The brilliant American pianist/conductor is a central figure in Russia's musical life, both as Music Director of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra and as Permanent Guest Conductor of the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra. His unique leadership position with two of Russia's most illustrious orchestras began with an historic breakthrough: in 1991 Orbelian became the first American ever to be appointed Music Director of an ensemble in Russia. This "American in Moscow" has led his celebrated Moscow Chamber Orchestra into a new era of international prominence, and has become known as a tireless champion of Russian-American cultural exchange and international ambassadorship. In January, 2004 President Putin awarded Orbelian the coveted title "Honored Artist of Russia," a title never before bestowed on a non-Russian citizen.

"Orbelian has star quality, and his orchestra plays with passion and pre-



cision," *The Audio Critic* wrote of Orbelian's ambitious series of nearly 30 recordings on Delos. He is currently embarking on a series of recordings celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the MCO, featuring repertoire either written for the Orchestra or closely associated with its illustrious history.

Orbelian's worldwide tours with the MCO include concerts during 2005 and 2006 in New York, Washington, Miami, London, Paris, Munich, Frankfurt, Tokyo, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Seoul, Prague and Istanbul. In September, 2004, Orbelian conducted legendary pianist Van Cliburn and the Moscow Philharmonic in a special memorial concert at Moscow's Great Hall, dedicated to the children of Beslan. Orbelian led New York's only Khachaturian Centennial Concert in fall, 2003, with the Philharmonia of Russia and rising young opera star Marina Domashenko.

Opera News calls Constantine Orbelian "the singer's dream collaborator," and commented that he conducts vocal repertoire "with the sensitivity of a lieder pianist." Among his recent concert appearances are collaborations with vocal stars Ewa Podles, Roberto Alagna, Galina Gorchakova and Dmitri Hvorostovsky. His frequent collaborations with Hvorostovsky include the spectacular May, 2004 concert in Moscow's Red Square for a live audience of 10,000, with President Putin in attendance. The program was telecast live throughout Russia and to 37 countries worldwide. In January, 2004, Orbelian conducted Hvorostovsky and the St. Petersburg Academic Symphony Orchestra in an historic program for survivors of the Siege of Leningrad, featuring songs from the World War II era recorded by Orbelian and Hvorostovsky for the Delos album "Where Are You, My Brothers?" Hvorostovsky, Orbelian and the Moscow Chamber Orchestra performed the same program in the spring of 2003 for 6,000 Muscovites at the Kremlin Palace in Moscow, telecast by Russian Television to over 90 million viewers.

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

Orbelian is Founder and Music Director of the annual Palaces of St. Petersburg International Music Festival, and of Moscow's unique concert series, "Musical Treasures at the Museums of the Kremlin." 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.

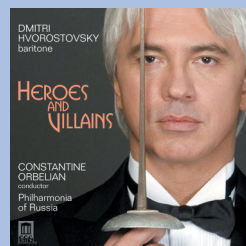
The "dynamic **Moscow Chamber Orchestra**" (*New York Times*) is one of the world's great ensembles. First called "the greatest chamber orchestra in the world" by Dmitri Shostakovich, the legendary Moscow Chamber Orchestra will celebrate its 50th Anniversary in 2006. The Orchestra's present Music Director, brilliant American pianist/conductor Constantine Orbelian, has brought the MCO into a new era of international activity and acclaim since his appointment in 1991. For his remarkable achievements with the MCO, Orbelian was awarded the title "Honored Artist of Russia" by President Putin in 2004.

From its 1995 performance at the 50th Anniversary Celebrations of the United Nations in San Francisco, to its 2004 performance at the U.S. State Department commemorating 70 years of diplomatic relations between Washington and Moscow, the MCO brings its celebrated artistry to a wide range of international audiences. The MCO's international tours typically take the Orchestra to the UK, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Finland, Sweden, Korea, Japan, South Africa, South America, Canada and the United States. Maestro Orbelian and the MCO now perform more than 120 concerts per year, including one or more annual Carnegie Hall appearances since 1998, and a sold-out subscription series in the Great Hall of Moscow's famed Tchaikovsky Conservatory. Under Orbelian's leadership the Orchestra was accorded the honor of "Academic" in its official Russian title (The State Academic Chamber Orchestra of Russia).

The Moscow Chamber Orchestra's acclaimed series of recordings with Maestro Orbelian on the Delos label numbers 19 recent releases, with four more currently in production. Both in its stellar recordings and electrifying live performances, the Orchestra attracts universal excitement. "A wonderful ensemble," wrote BBC Magazine. "They truly perform as a single, luminous, singing voice," exclaimed *Sensible Sound*. Copley News Service calls the MCO "peerless among orchestras of its kind playing today." 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 Moscow Chamber Orchestra was created in 1956 by renowned conductor and violist Rudolph Barshai, and has long been considered a Russian national treasure. Always a magnet for the most talented and brilliant musicians in Moscow, the MCO has been an inspiration to important Russian composers such as Dmitri Shostakovich, who entrusted the first performance of his 14th Symphony to the Orchestra. The MCO's 50th Anniversary season will feature music written or arranged for the Orchestra, in addition to music long associated with the MCO's illustrious history.

ALSO AVAILABLE ON DELOS



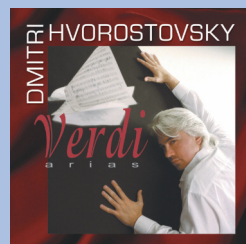
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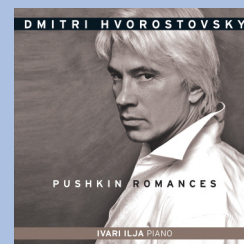
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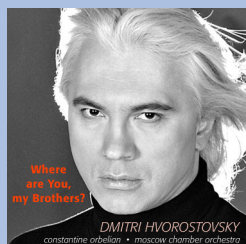
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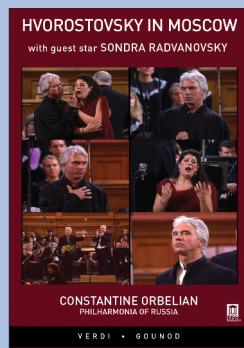
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