A close-up portrait of Dmitri Hvorostovsky, a man with white hair, wearing a black tuxedo and a black bow tie. He is holding a large, ornate silver mallet vertically in front of his face, with the mallet head at the bottom and the handle extending upwards. The background is dark and out of focus.

DMITRI
HVOROSTOVSKY
baritone

HEROES AND VILLAINS

CONSTANTINE
ORBELIAN
conductor

Philharmonia
of Russia

Heroes and Villains —

Great Baritone Arias from Russian, French, Italian, and German Operas

- 1 **Borodin: Prince Igor** • Igor's aria "*Ni sna, ni otdikha*" (7:17)
- 2 **Mussorgsky: Boris Godunov** • Boris's aria "*Dastik ya vyshei vlasti*" (5:31)
- 3 **Mussorgsky: Khovanschina** • Shaklovity's aria "*Spit streletskoe gnezdo*" (5:03)
- 4 **Rubinstein: The Demon** • Demon's aria "*Na Vozdushnom akiane*" (5:00)
Florence Illi-Hvorostovsky, soprano
- 5 **Rubinstein: The Demon** • Demon's aria "*Ne plach ditya*" (2:52)
- 6 **Rubinstein: Nero** • Vindex's aria "*Epitalama*" (3:30)
- 7 **Wagner: Tannhäuser** • Wolfram's aria "*Oh du mein holder Abendstern*" (4:46)
- 8 **Giordano: Andrea Chenier** • Gérard's aria "*Nemico della patria*" (4:33)
- 9 **Verdi: La Forza del Destino** • Carlo's aria "*Urna Fatale*" (7:53)
Dmitry Kuznetsov, baritone
- 10 **Leoncavallo: Pagliacci** • Tonio's aria Prologue "*Si può?*" (5:42)
- 11 **Puccini: Tosca** • Scarpia's aria "*Te Deum*" (3:54)
- 12 **Gounod: Faust** • Valentin's aria "*Avant de quitter ces lieux*" (4:14)
- 13 **Massenet: Hérodiade** • Herod's aria "*Vision fugitive*" (4:05)
- 14 **Bizet: Carmen** • Escamillo • Toreador Song "*Votre toast*" (5:00)
Marnie Breckenridge, soprano • *Viktoria Smirnova, soprano* •
Anastasia Chikaeva, mezzo-soprano
- 15 **Thomas: Hamlet** • The Drinking Song "*Ô vin, dissipe la tristesse*" (3:39)
Andrey Azovsky, tenor • *Dmitry Kuznetsov, baritone*

Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Baritone

Philharmonia of Russia, Constantine Orbelian, Conductor and Music Director

Spiritual Revival Choir of Russia, Lev Kontorovich, Music Director

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: 72:59

DE 3365



*In memoriam, Delos Founder
Amelia S. Haygood (1919-2007)*

"I've known Amelia for the past seven years. They have been the most exciting and thrilling years of my life. At what is probably the highest level of my career, I've been taking steps forward as I discovered where and how to go; taking risks, and challenging myself increasingly... The entire time, I have cherished Amelia's unwavering pride and involvement in everything that I've been through, every step of the way.

"I remember my first talks with Amelia, strolling in the little forest just outside of Moscow, where she listened to my life stories and talked and talked in return, with charm and wisdom... Ever since, whenever we've been together, something important was happening in my life. Red Square, Los Angeles, the Met, London, Paris, Milan... And through it all, Amelia's wholehearted interest and enthusiasm, her great knowledge and experience, her ongoing advice, have protected me from many mistakes, and have encouraged me to be brave and honest with myself and with other people...

"I loved Amelia and love her still. I am sad that I won't see her coming towards me with her outgoing, warmhearted smile, holding her usual glass of vodka in her hand...

"I am honored to dedicate this album to Amelia."

Dmitri Hvorostovsky



NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

Dmitri Hvorostovsky's gorgeous baritone and his unremitting search for new repertoire find exciting outlet in this program of opera arias, many of which come from roles in which he has yet to appear on stage. The characters include heroes and villains but mixed among them are such lesser types as a clown and a minstrel. Nor do heroes and villains necessarily behave as one might expect. Don Carlo's quest for revenge makes him the villain of Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* (St. Petersburg, 1862, rev., Milan, 1869), but the cantabile of his aria "Urna fatale del mio destino" is nobility itself as he stands by his oath not to examine the papers of the wounded Don Alvaro, even though he suspects the latter of killing his father and seducing his sister. But upon discovering her portrait, he sings a joyous cabaletta of revenge, in which he envisions dispatching both Alvaro and his sister to hell. (track 9)

Tonio, a clown in an itinerant acting troupe, sings the Prologue to Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* (Milan, 1892), but he becomes uncommonly eloquent when with heartfelt lyricism he urges the audience to look beyond the characters' meager costumes and into their souls. Tonio describes the essence of the verismo movement of Italian opera, of which *Pagliacci* is a part, when he says that his troupe will present a slice of life (squarcio di vita). (track 10) Likewise, Gérard's monologue "Nemico della patria" from another *verismo* opera, Giordano's *Andrea Chenier* (Milan, 1896), blossoms at the end with a flowering melody. Here the servant-turned-revolutionary recalls the revolutionary ideal of love for mankind, which his own violent passions have caused him to betray by denouncing his rival in love, the poet Andrea Chénier, as an "enemy of the state." (track 8) The remorse shown by Gérard is utterly foreign to Baron Scarpia, the corrupt Roman police chief in Puccini's *Tosca* (Rome, 1900). At the close of Act 1, in what is perhaps Puccini's most brilliant act finale, the music builds relentlessly over a repeated figure, as bells, organ, cannon shots and a choral *Te Deum* contribute to the massed sonority, while Scarpia sings of his lust for the singer Tosca, declaring that she causes him to forget God before adding his voice to the others for a final verse of chant. (track 11)

Rare is the opera whose final form was not shaped by the capabilities and desires of its early singers. For the baritone Charles Santley, Gounod added the aria "Even the bravest heart may swell" to *Faust* (Paris, 1859) when the opera was first performed in English (London, 1864); as "Avant de quitter ces lieux," the aria became an indispensable component of the opera. Its principal tune was there from the beginning, however, as the central lyrical theme of the prelude. (track 12) The theme of the Toreador Song is also heard in the prelude to Bizet's *Carmen* (Paris, 1875), but when Escamillo sings it as his entrance aria, describing the thrill of the fight to an enraptured crowd, which joins in enthusiastically after each *couplet*, it makes for an embodiment of masculine bravado that neatly balances the sexuality of the opera's heroine. (track 14)

Like the Goethe-based *Faust*, Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* (Paris, 1868) takes many liberties with its revered literary source: Shakespeare's Hamlet has no drinking song. But the rousing "Ô vin dissipe la tristesse," with its stirring refrain, is hardly out of place dramatically, for it creates a false atmosphere of conviviality as Hamlet schemes to reveal King Claudius as the murderer of his father. (track 15) For most operagoers, the point of refer-

ence for Massenet's *Hérodiade* (Brussels, 1881, rev. Paris, 1884) is not an earlier play but a later opera. The vocal ranges for the principal male characters in *Hérodiade* are the reverse of those in Strauss's *Salome* — Herod is a baritone, John the Baptist a tenor — so that Herod experiences unrequited love typical of the baritone's lot. In the aria "Vision fugitive," Herod anticipates seeing a vision of Salome, channeling his lust into lyrical reflection while smoky tones from the saxophone add to the mood of sexual languor. (track 13) The disc's lone German aria comes from Wagner's *Tannhäuser* (Dresden, 1845), the minstrel Wolfram von Eschenbach's supremely lyrical Hymn to the Evening Star (track 7)

Mussorgsky revised *Boris Godunov* (St. Petersburg, 1874) primarily to meet official objections that it lacked a major female character. But he also toned down the starkness of the original (1869) by making other changes to enhance the opera's melodic content, notably in the central monologue of the guilt-ridden tsar in his Kremlin apartments, where he is earlier portrayed as a loving father. Hvorostovsky sings the monologue in the original version. (track 2) Boris's tragic fate engages the audience's compassion, but it is hard to find any sympathetic character in *Khovanshchina* (St. Petersburg, 1886), a multi-layered tale of intrigue at the time of Peter the Great. The Boyar Shaklovity is one of the opera's murkiest figures, yet he rings true in his monologue when he laments the sorry state of Mother Russia — one of several such moments in Russian opera where the listener cannot help but think of yet harder times to come. (track 3)

Anton Rubinstein is remembered today for his piano piece known as Melody in F, but he was also a sensational pianist and prodigious opera composer. *The Demon* (St. Petersburg, 1875), the best known of his nearly 20 operas, is based on Mikhail Lermontov's poem *The Demon* about a fallen angel, a Byronic figure who also resembles those Wagnerian heroes in need of a woman's redemptive love. Yet his satanic nature rules out redemption as he pursues the maiden Tamara for erotic purposes. In the first of two excerpts he urges her not to weep over the body of her fiancé (whose death he had in fact caused), promising, in a sweeping seductive phrase, to lead her to distant galaxies where she will be mistress of the world. (track 4) Later he promises her a release from torment and the prospect of golden dreams in a state of celestial harmony. (track 5) If Rubinstein's other operas have disappeared from the stage, the aria "Poyu tebe, bog Gimenez" from *Nerone* (Hamburg, 1879) remains popular in Russia as a detached piece. Commissioned but rejected by the Paris Opéra, *Nerone* deals with a love fling of the Roman emperor Nero and boasts some spectacular scenes, including an orgy during which this mock Epithalamian, or ode to a bride and groom, is sung. (track 6) The heroic campaign waged by the title character of Alexander Borodin's *Prince Igor* (St. Petersburg, 1890) against the nomadic warriors known as the Polovsti goes badly, and the prince finds himself a prisoner. In a two-part aria, he sings first of his desire for freedom, then of his love for his wife, which sustains him in his ordeal. (track 1)

George Loomis

VOCAL TEXTS

[1] Borodin: Prince Igor - Prince Igor's aria

Ni sna, ni otdikha iznuchennoi dushe...
Mne noch ne shl'ot otradi i zabvenya;
vsyo proshlaye ya vnov perezhivayu
odin v tishii nachei: i Boshya znamenia ugrozu,
i brannai slavi pir visoli, mayu pobedu nad vragom,
i brannai slavi goresni katets, pogrom, i ranu, i moi plen,
i gibel vsyekh maikh palkov, chesna za rodinu golavi slazhivshikh.
Pogibla vsyo, i chest maya, i slava;
pozoram stal ya zemli radnoi!
Plen, postidnyi plen - vot udel otline moi,
da mysl'shto vse vinat menyia.
O, daiyte, daiyte mnye svobodu, ya moi pozor sumeyu isкупit,
spasu ya chest svoyu i slavu, ya Rus ot nyedrugia spasu!
Ti odna, galupbka lada, ti odna vinit ne stanesh,
sertsem chutkim vsyo paimosh ti, vsyo ti meye prastish.
V teremu tvayom vysokam vdal glaza ti pragladelia,
druga zhdosh ti dni i nochi, gorka slozy lyosh.
Usheli denza dnom vlachit v plinu besplodna,
i snat, shto vrak tirzayet Rus? Vrak, shto luti bars,
stonet Rus v kakkakh maguchih i v tom vinit ana mina.
O daiyte, daiyte meye svobodu, ya svoi pazor sumeyu sкупit,
ya Rus ot nedrugia spasu!

Nii sna, ni otdikha izmuchannoi dushe...
Mne noch ne shlot nadeshdi na spasenye,
lish proshlaye ya vnov pperezhivayu,
odin v tishii nachei, i net iskhoda mne.
Akh, tashka, tashka mne, tashka saznanye bessilya mayevo.

[2] Mussorgsky. Boris Godunov - Boris's aria Dastik ya vyshei vlasti.

Shestoi ush got ya tsarstvuyu spakoino.
No shchastia net maei izmuchennai dushe.
Naprasno mne kudesniki suliat
Dni dolgie, dni vlasti bezmyatezhnoi.
Ni zhizn, ni vlast, ni slavy obolshchenie,
Ni krikhi talpy minya ne veselyat...
Mne shshastia net...

Ya dumal svoi narot
V dovolstvii I slave uspokoit,
Shchedrotami liubov ivo sniskat.
No atlazhil pustoe popochenie.
O, skol bezumny my, kogda narodnyi plesk,
Il varyi vopl tshcheslavnoe trevozhit sertse nashe!
Bokh nasylyal na zemlu nashu glad,

My tortured soul can find no rest, sleep will not
Come...The night withholds from me the comfort
Of oblivion; alone, in the still hours of darkness, I
Relive the events of the past; the ill omen sent by God,
The merry banquet for the glory of our army, my
Victory over the enemy, the pitiful end to the glorious
Fight- the slaughter, the wounding, my captivity,
And the loss of my whole host, the men nobly laying
Down their lives for their homeland. All is lost- my
Honour, and glory, I am a disgrace to my people!
Captivity, shameful captivity, and the thought that I
Am blamed by all- these are my destiny. Oh, please
Hear me, give me my freedom, and I will atone for
My disgrace, I will redeem my honour and my good
Name, I will save Russia from her foe!

You alone, my darling beloved, you alone will not
Blame me, with your warm heart, will understand
And forgive me. There, in your lofty tower, you gaze
Into the distance, waiting, night and day, for your
Loved one, and shedding bitter tears.

Am I to languish in prison, day after day, knowing
That the foe tears Russia asunder? Panther-like, he
Holds Russia in his cruel grip; she groans and blames
Me for her pain. Oh, please hear me, give me my
Freedom, and I will atone for my disgrace,
I will save Russia from her foe!

My tortured soul can find no rest, sleep will not
Come...the night brings me no hope of salvation;
Alone, in the still hours of darkness, all I can do is
relive the past and there is no way out for me..oh,
I am in torment! The burden of my helplessness
Weighs heavy.

I've attained the highest power.
It's the sixth year of my peaceful reign.
But there's no joy in my tormented soul.
In vain the wizards promise
that the days of my placid power will last long.
Life and power, the glory's seduction,
The crowd's calls — all this doesn't make me glad...
I feel no joy...

I thought to satisfy
my people in contentment and glory,
to gain their love by generous gifts.
But I have put away that empty hope.
O, how foolish we are, when the people's groans
or passionate wailing makes our vain heart vibrate!
God sent a famine on our land,

Narod zavyl, v mucheniakh iznyvaya,
Ya velel otkryt im zhitnitsy, ya zlato
Rassypal im, ia im syskal raboty –
Ani zh minya, besnyas, prakilnali!
Pazharnyi ogn ikh domy istrebil,
I vetr raznyos ikh zhaklie lachushki.
Ya vystroil im novye zhilishcha,
Ya adezhdy rozdal im,
Ya prigrel, ya priyutil ikh.
Ani zh minya pazharom uprekali!
Vot cherni sut!
F simye svaei ya mnil naiti atradu,
Gatovil docheri visyolyi brachnyi pir,
Maei tsarevne, galupke chistoi.
No ne sudil Gaspot mne eto uteshenie -
Kak buria, smert unosit zhenikha...
I tut lukavaya malva
Vinovnikom docherneva vdfastva
Shchitala – Bozhe pravednui! –
Minya, minya, nishchasnova atsa!

Kto ni umriot – ya vsekh ubiitsa tainyi:
Ya atravil sestru svaju tsaritsu,
Ya uskoril Feodora konchinu,
Ya otroka nishchasnova, tsarevicha, malutku...

[3] Mussorgsky. Khovanshchina - Shaklovity's aria Spit streletscoe gnezdo.

Spi, russkii lud, varok ni dremlet.
Akh ty, v sudbine zloschasnay, rodnaya Rus!
Kto sh, kto tibya, pichalnuyu,
At bedy likhoi spasiot?
Al nedruk tvoi nalozhit ruku
Na sudbu tvaju?
Al Nemchin zlaradnyi
At sudby tvaei pazhivy zhdiot?
Stonala ty pad yeremom tatarskim,
Shla, breia za umom bayarskim.
Propala dan tatarskaya
Prestala vlast bayarskaya.
A ty, pechalnitsa, strazhdesh i zhdiosh...

Gospodi! Ty, s vysot bespredelnykh
Nash greshnyi mir objemlushchyi,
Ty, vedyi tainya isia serdets boljashchikh, izmuchennykh,
Darui ei izbrannika, toi by spas,
Vaznyos zloschastnyuyu Rus-stradalitsu.
Ei, Gospodi, vzemlyai grekz mira, uslysh menyia:
Ne dai Rusi pagibnut
At likhikh nayomnikof!

the people moaned, perishing in torments.
I ordered granaries to open for them, I scattered
gold among them, I found labour for them.
And they cursed me with fury!
The fire destroyed their homes,
the wind smashed their wretched huts.
I built for them new dwellings,
I distributed clothes among them,
I gave them warmth, I sheltered them,
but they blamed me for the fire!
Such is the mob's judgment!
I hoped to find joy in my family.
I was preparing a merry wedding feast for my daughter,
for the Tsarevna, the chaste dove.
But Lord refused to give me this solace.
Death, like a tempest, took off the bridegroom!
And at once the sly rumour
announced me guilty of my daughter's widowhood
Me, me – o just God! –
her ill-fated father.

Whoever dies, I'm their secret murderer,
I've poisoned my sister, the Tsarina,
I've hastened Feodor's end.
And the poor youth, the Tsarevich, the little one...

The Streltsy's nest is asleep.
Sleep, o Russian folk, the enemy is watchful!
Ah, my dear Russia, how dark is your fate!
Who'll save you, o doleful,
from your hard misfortune?
The evil enemy is ready
to get hold of your destiny.
The pernicious Germans expect
to make a profit on your fate.
You suffered under the Tartar yoke,
you dragged yourself, led by the boyars.
Now you haven't to pay tribute to the Tartars,
there is no boyars' power over you,
but you, o doleful one, are still suffering!

O Lord! Embracing our sinful world from Thy infinite heights,
and knowing the secrets of all the sick and exhausted hearts,
grant to Russia the blissful light of reason,
give her the chosen one, who'll save
and exalt the ill-fated suffering Russia.
O Lord, that takest away the sins of the world, heed me:
Don't allow evil mercenaries
to destroy Russia!

[4] *A. Rubinstein: The Demon - Demon's aria*

DEMON

Na vozdušnom akiane
Bez rulja i bez vetril
Tikho plavaut f tumane
Khory stroinye svetil
Sred palei niabazrimykh
V nebi khodiat bes slida
Ablakof niulavimyykh
Valaknistye stada.
Chas razluki, chas svidanyia –
Im ne radost,
Im v gliadushchem net zhelanya,
Im prashetsheva ne zhal.
V den tamitelnyi neshchastia ty a nikh lish vspomyani –
But k zemnomu bez uchastia i bespechna, kak ani.

TAMARA

Kto ty? Moi Li khranitel,
Posol li, angel — nebozhitel?
Kto? Kto? Skazhi... skazhi... kto?

DEMON

Lish tolko noch svaim pakrovom
Verkhi Kavkaza asenit,
Lish tolko mir, valshebnym slovom
Zavorozhonnyi, zamolchiy,
Lish tolko mesyats zolotoi
Iz-za gary tikhonka vstanet,
I na tibya s ulypkoi vzglianet –
K tibe ya stanu priletat.
Gastit ya budu da Dennitsy,
I na shelkovie resnitsy
Sny zalatye navivat.
Da, k tibe ya stanu priletat.
Gastit ya budu da Dennitsy,
I na shelkovie resnitsy
Sny zalatye navivat.

[5] *Rubinstein: The Demon - Demon's aria*

Ne plach', diŭja, ne plach naprasno!

Tvoja sliza na trup bezglasnyi
Zhivoi rosoi ne upagiot.
On daleko, on ne uznaet,
Ne otsenit toski tvojei;
Nebesnyi svet teper laskaet
Besplotnyi vzor jevo ochei,
On slyshit raiskiye napevy,
Raiskiye napevy...
Shto zhizni melochnye sny?
Shto ston i sljozy junoi devy?
Dlja gostja raiskoi storony?
Tebja ja, volnyi syn efira,
Vozmy v nadzvezdnye kraja:
I budesh tam tsaritsei mira,
Podruga vechnaja moja!

DEMON

On the oceans of the air,
Without rudder, without sail,
The harmonious host of heavenly bodies
Glides silently through the mist.
Across the sky's boundless meadows,
Elusive flocks of wispy clouds move,
Leaving no trace.
The moments of parting and reunion
Bring to them neither joy nor sadness,
They have no desires for the future,
No regrets for the past.
When unbearable misfortune assails you,
Think of them; be, as they are,
Indifferent to this Earth and untroubled!

TAMARA

Who are you? Are you my guardian?
An envoy, or angel from heaven?
Who? Who? Tell me... tell me... Who?

DEMON

As soon as the mantle of night
Enfolds the Caucasian summits,
As soon as the world falls silent
Under the spell of the magic word,
As soon as the amber moon rises, slowly,
Beyond the mountain, and steals a glance at you,
I will fly to you and
I will stay by your side until daybreak,
Casting golden dreams
Onto your silken eyelashes.
Yes, I will fly to you and
I will stay by your side until daybreak,
Casting golden dreams
Onto your silken eyelashes.

Do not weep, child! You weep in vain.
Your tears do not fall as reviving
Dew on the sightless body.
He is far away, he knows nothing about it,
Yours mean nothing to him.
The light of heaven caresses his eyes,
Which are now free of care.
He hears the songs of paradise...
What are life's brief dreams,
What are the sighs and cries
Of a young maiden for a guest of
Paradise? I, the free son of the ether,
Will lead you to far-distant galaxies
And there you shall be mistress of
The world, and shall be my friend for ever.

[6] *A. Rubinstein: Nero - Vindex's Epitalama*

Payu tibe, bokh Gimeneya!

Ty, kto saedinyaish nivestu s zhinikhom,
Ty ljubof blagoslovlyaesht,
Payu tibe, bokh novobrachnykh,
Bokh Gimeneya, bokh Gimeneya!
Choir: Payom tibe, bokh Gimeneya!
Praslavlenn Neron,
Nevesta neporochna,
Kak nevmnye ochi i kak svetloe chelo!
Shchastie, shchastie, blazhenstvo novobrachnym.
Shchastie, shchastie, blazhenstvo novobrachnym.
Payu tibe i prizyvayu,
Bokh Gimeneya, bokh Gimeneya!
Choir: Payom tibe, bokh Gimeneya!
Eros, bokh lubvi, ikh osyashchaet,
Venera predlagayet chertogi svai.
Slava i khvala Krize i Neronu,
Slava i khvala Krize i Neronu,
Payu tibe, bokh Gimeneya,
Bokh Gimeneya, bokh Gimenei!
Choir: Payom tibe, bokh Gimenei!

[7] *Wie Todesahnung... (Tannhäuser)*

Wie Todesahnung Dämm'ung deckt die Lande,
Umhüllt das Thal mit schwärzlichem Gewande;
Der Seele, die nach jenen Höhen verlangt,
Vor ihrem Flug durch Nacht und Grausen bangt.
Da scheintest du, o! Lieblichster der Sterne,
Dein saustes Licht entsendest du der Ferne,
Die nächt'ge Dämm'ung theilt dein lieber Strahl,
Und freundlich zeigtst du den Weg aus dem Thal.

O du mein holder Abendstern,
Wohl grüsst' ich immer dich so gern:
Vom Herzen, das sie nie — verrieth,
Grüsse sie wenn sie vorbei dir zieht,
Wenn sie entschwebt dem Thal der Erden,
Ein sel'ger Engel dort zu werden;
Wenn sie entschwebt dem Thal der Erden,
Ein sel'ger Engel dort zu werden!

[8] *Nemico della patria (Andrea Chenier)*

GERARD

Nemico della patria?
E' vecchia fiaba! ...
che beatamente ancor la beve il popolo!
Nato a Costantinopoli? ...
Straniero!
Studiò a Saint-Cyr? ...
Soldato! ...
Traditore!
di Dumouriez un complice!
E' poeta?
Soveritor di cuori e di costumi! ...

I sing to you, Hymen divine!
You unite the bride and her husband,
You give your blessing to love.
I sing to you, god of all newly-weds,
Hymen divine! Hymen divine!
Choir: We sing to you, Hymen divine!
Nero is glorified,
The bride is a virgin,
Like innocent eyes, like pure brow,
Happiness and bliss to the newly-weds,
Happiness and bliss to the newly-weds.
I sing to you and call on you,
Hymen divine! Hymen divine!
Choir: We sing to you, Hymen divine!
May Eros, the god of love, sanctify them,
May Venus open her palaces to them.
Glory and praise to Chrysa and to Nero.
Glory and praise to Chrysa and to Nero.
I sing to you, Hymen divine!
Hymen divine! Hymen divine!
Choir: We sing to you, Hymen divine!

Like death's dark shadow night her gloom extendeth,
Her sable wing o'er all the vale she bendeth;
The soul that longs to tread yon path of light,
Yet dreads to pass the gate of fear and night.
I look on thee, oh star in heav'n the fairest,
Thy gentle beam thro' trackless space thou bearest,
The hour of darkness is by thee made bright,
Thou lead'st us upward with pure, kindly light.

Oh, star of eve, thy tender beam
Smiles on my spirit's troubled dream;
From heart that ne'er its trust betray'd,
Greet, when she passes, the peerless maid,
Bear her beyond this vale of sorrow,
To fields of light that know no morrow;
Bear her beyond this vale of sorrow,
To fields of light that know no morrow.

GERARD

Enemy of his country?
Ancient fable! ... And the public
still swallows it beautifully!
Born at Constantinople? ...
An alien!
Schooling at St. Cyr? ...
Soldier! ...
Traitor!
Accomplice of Dumouriez!
And poet?
Subversive, destroyer of hearts and traditions!

Un dì m'era di gioia passar
fra gli odii e le vendette, puro, innocente e forte!
Gigante mi credea! Sono sempre un servo! ...
Ho mutato padrone!
Un servo obbediente di violenta passione!
Ah, peggio! Uccido e tremo!
e mentre uccido, io piango!

Io della Redentrice figlio pel primo ho udito
il grido suo pel mondo ed ho al suo
il mio grido unito
Or smarrito ho la fede nel sognato destino? ...
Com'era irradiato di gloria il mio cammino! ...
La coscienza nei cuori ridestar de le genti! ...
Raccogliere le lacrime dei vinti e sofferenti! ...
Fare del mondo un Pantheon! Gli uomini in dei mutare
e in un sol bacio e abbraccio tutte le genti amare!

[9] Verdi: La Forza Del Destino “Urna Fatale”

CARLO
Morir! Tremenda cosa!
Sì intrepido, sì prode,
ei pur morrà! Uom singolar costui!
Tremò di Calatrava al nome.
A lui palese n'è forse il disonor?
Cielo! Qual lampo!
S'ei fosse il seduttore?
Desso in mia mano, e vive!
Se m'ingannassi? Questa chiave il dica.
Ecco i fogli!
Che tento!
E la fè'r che giurai?
E questa vita
che debbo al suo valor? Anch'io lo salvo!
S'ei fosse quell' Indo maledetto
che macchiò il sangue mio?
Il suggello sì franga.
Niun qui mi vede.
No? Ben mi vegg'io!

Urna fatale del mio destino,
Va, t'allontana, mi tenti in vano;
L'onor a tergere qui venni, e insano
D'un onta nuova nol macchierò,
Un giuro è sacro per l'uom d'onore;
Que' fogli serbino il lor mistero.
Disperso vada il mal pensiero
Che all'atto indegno mi concitò.

E s'altra prova rinvenir potessi?
Vediam.
Qui v'ha un ritratto ...
Suggel non v'è ... nulla ei ne disse ...
Nulla promisi ... s'apra dunque ...

Once I enjoyed hatred, vengeance,
in my alleged purity, innocence, strength!
A giant I thought me. I am a servant! ...
I've only changed masters!
A servant obeying violent passion!
Ah, worse! I kill and tremble!
And as I kill, I weep!

I was first to hear Revolution's cry
throughout the world, and united
it to my own.
And now my faith is lost, and dreams ...
How glorious once was my path!
Restore conscience to the hearts of men!
Consolation for the suffering, the beaten!
Create a worldly Eden! Change men into gods,
and love all humankind in one embrace!

CARLOS
To die! A terrible thing —
so fearless, so valiant,
yet he must die! A strange man, this!
He shuddered at the name of Calatrava!
Has he perhaps heard of our dishonor?
Heavens! A sudden thought!
What if he were the seducer?
And in my hands - alive!
But if I am wrong? This key will tell me!
Here are the papers!
about to open it
What am I doing?
And the oath I swore? And my life
that I owe to his bravery? But I saved him, too!
And what if he were the cursed Indian,
who soiled my blood?
I will break the seal,
no one can see me here.
No? But I can see myself.

Away with you, fatal urn of my destiny;
you tempt me in vain.
I came here to redeem my honour, and in madness
will not stain it with this new shame.
An oath is sacred to a man of honour;
these papers shall keep their secret.
Perish the evil thought
that spurred me to the unworthy deed.

But if I could find some other proof?
Let's see.
Here is a portrait.
It has no seal. He said nothing about this.
I promised nothing. Let me open it then.

Ciel! Leonora!
Don Alvaro è il ferito!
Ora egli viva, e di mia man poi muoia!

SURGEON
Lieta novella, è salvo!

CARLO
È salvo! È salvo! O gioia!
Ah! Egli è salvo! Oh gioia immensa
che m'innodndi il cor, ti sento!
Potrò affine il tradimento
sull'infame vendicar.
Leonora, ove t'ascondi?
Di': seguisti tra le squandre
chi del sangue di tuo padre, chi del
sangue di tuo padre
ti fe' il volto rosseggiar?
Ah! felice appien sarei
se potesse il brando mio
amendue d'averno al Dio
d'un sol colpo consacrar!
Egli è salvo! O gioia immensa! ecc.

[10] Si può... (Pagliacci)

TONIO
Si può?... Signore! Signori!...
Scusatemi se da sol mi presento —
Io sono il Prologo:
Poichè in iscena ancor le antiche maschere
mette l'autore; in parte ei vuol reprendre
le vecchie usanze, e a voi di nuovo inviami.
Ma non per dirvi come pria:
“Le lacrime che noi versiam son false!
Degli spasimi e de' nostri martir
non allarmatevi!” No. L'autore ha cercato invece pingervi
uno squarcio di vita.
Egli ha per massima sol che l'artista
è un uom e che per gli uomini
scrivere ei deve. —
Ed al vero ispiravasi.

Un nido di memorie in fondo a l'anima
cantava un giorno, ed ei con vere lacrime
scrisse, e i singhiozzi il tempo gli battevano!
Dunque, vedrete amar sì come s'amano
gli esseri umani; vedrete de l'odio
i tristi frutti. Del dolor gli spasimi,
urli di rabbia udrete, e risa ciniche!
E voi, piuttosto che le nostre povere
gabbane d'istrioni, le nostr'amine
considerate, poichè noi siam uomini
di carne e d'ossa, e che di quest'orfano
mondo al pari di voi spiriamo l'aere!
Il concetto vi dissi... Or ascoltate
com'egli è svolto.
Andiam. Incominciate!

Heavens! Leonora!
The wounded man is Don Alvaro!
Now let him live, and then die by my hand!

SURGEON
Good news; he's saved.

CARLOS
He is saved! He is saved! Oh joy!
Ah, he is saved! What immense joy
I feel in my heart!
At last I wreak my vengeance
on the villain for his betrayal.
Leonora, where are you hidden?
Tell me — have you followed here
the man who reddened your face
with the blood,
with the blood of your father?
Ah, I should be wholly happy
if this sword of mine
might dispatch both in a single blow
down to the Lord of Hell!
He is saved! What great joy! etc.

TONIO
I may? So please you! My Ladies and Gentlemen!
And pardon me, if alone I present me:
I am the Prologue!
Once again the author brings the classic mask
Before you; so partly to revive for you
The antique usage, he bids me once more
Address you! But not to tell you, as of old,
“The tears we shall shed for you here are false ones!
And the sighs we heave, and our martyrdom here,
Must not be ta'en to heart!” No! Your author intends
Far rather to draw you a bit of life
True to nature! 'Tis his conviction, the artist
Is first a man, and that for men
What he writes should be written.
And the truth he has given to you!

A throng of recollections within his inmost soul
One day was stirring, and these with sincerest tears
Has he written, while his sobbing and sighing
Beat the time for him.
So, then, you'll see love shown
As human beings do love each other; you'll see, too,
Of hatred the direful ending, witness woe's
Sharp agony! Howlings of rage will reach you,
And scornful laughter! And you must consider,
Not so much our poor flimsy costumery of actors,
Rather let our hearts speak to you for us.
Aya! for we're men, as well, of flesh and of blood, too,
And like you yourselves we are breathing the air of this world
Forlorn and lonely!
Now I've given you the notion! Watch you the plot
Unfolding before you.
Come on! Let us begin, then!

[11] Puccini: Tosca “Scarpia’s Te Deum”

SCARPIA

Tre sbirri, una carrozza... Presto, seguila
Dovunque vada, non visto. Provedi!

SPOLETTA

Sta bene. Il convegno?

SCARPIA

Palazzo Farnese!

Va, Tosca!

Nel tuo cuor s’annida Scarpia!...
Va, Tosca! È Scarpia che scioglie a volo
Il falco dela tua gelosia.
Quanta promessa nel tuo pronto sospetto!
Nel tuo cuors’annida Scarpia!...
Va, Tosca!

CORO

Adjutorum nostrum in nomine Domini
Qui fecit coelum et terram
Sit nomen Domini benedictum
Et hoc nunc et usquen in saeculum.

SCARPIA

A doppia mira tendo il voler,
Nè il capo del ribelle è la più preziosa...
Ah di quegli occhi Vittoriosi veder la fiamma illanguidir
Con spasimo d’amor, fra le mie braccia illanguidir d’amor...
L’uno al capestro,
L’altra fra le mie braccia...

CORO

Te Deum Laudamus:
Te Deum confitemur!

SCARPIA

Tosca, mi fai dimenticare Iddio!...

CORO, SCARPIA

Te aeternum
Patrem omnis terra veneratur!

[12] O sainte médaille ... (Faust)

VALENTIN

O sainte médaille,
Qui me vient de ma sœur,
Au joir de la bataille
Pour écarter la mort,
Reste là sur mon cœur!
... ..
Avant de quitter ces lieux,
Sol natal de mes aïeux,
A toi, seigneur et roi des cieux,
Ma sœur je confie.
Daigne de tout danger

SCARPIA

Three men and a carriage... Quick, follow
Wherever she goes! And take care!

SPOLETTA

Yes sir. And where do we meet?

SCARPIA

Farnese Palace!

Go, Tosca!

Now Scarpia digs a nest within your heart!
Go, Tosca! Scarpia now sets loose
The roaring falcon of your jealousy!
How great a promise in your quick suspicions!
Now Scarpia digs a nest within your heart!
Go, Tosca!

CHORUS

Adjutorum nostrum in nomine Domini
Qui fecit coelum et terram
Sit nomen Domini benedictum
Et hoc nunc et usquen in saeculum.

SCARPIA

My will takes aim now at a double target,
Nor is the rebel’s head the bigger prize...
Ah, to see the flame of those imperious eyes
Grow faint and languid with passion...
For him, the rope,
And for her, my arms...

CHORUS

Te Deum laudamus;
Te Deum confitemur!

SCARPIA

Tosca you make me forget God!

CHORUS, SCARPIA

Te aeternum
Patrem omnis terra veneratur!

VALENTIN

O holy medal,
Which my sister gave me,
On the day of battle
Remain on my heart
To ward off Death!
... ..
Before I leave this town,
My forefathers’ native place,
To you, Lord and King of Heaven,
Do I entrust my sister.
I beg you to defend her

Toujours la protéger,
Cette sœur si chérie.
Délivré d’une triste pensée,
J’irai chercher la gloire au sein des ennemis,
Le premier, le plus brave, au fort de la mêlée,
J’irai combattre pour mon pays.
Et si vers lui Dieu me rappelle,
Je veillerai sur toi, fidèle,
O Marguerite.
Avant de quitter ces lieux, *etc.*
O roi des cieux jette les yeux,
Protège Marguerite, ô roi des cieux.

[13] Ce breuvage pourrait... (Herodiade)

Ce breuvage pourrait me donner un tel rêve!
Je pourrais la revoir ... contempler sa beauté!
Divine volupté à mes regards promise ...
Espérance trop brève
qui viens bercer mon coeur et troubler ma raison ...
Ah! ne t’enfuis pas, douce illusion!

Vision fugitive et toujours poursuivie,
ange mystérieux qui prends toute ma vie ...
Ah! c’est toi que je veux voir,
ô mon amour! ô mon espoir!
Vision fugitive! c’est toi
qui prends toute ma vie!
Te presser dans mes bras!
Sentir battre ton coeur
d’une amoureuse ardeur!
Puis, mourir enlacés
dans une même ivresse ...
Pour ces transports, pour cette flamme,
ah! sans remords et sans plainte
je donnerais mon âme,
pour toi, mon amour! mon espoir!
Vision fugitive! c’est toi
qui prends toute ma vie!
Oui, c’est toi, mon amour!
Toi, mon seul amour, mon espoir!

[14] Votre Toast (Carmen)

ESCAMILLO

Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre,
Señors, car avec les soldats,
Oui, les toréros peuvent s’entendre,
Pour plairs ils ont les combats!
Le cirque est plein du haut en bas.
Les spectateurs perdant la tête,
Les spectateurs s’interpellent à grand fracas!
Apostrophes, cris et tapage
Poussés jusques à la fureur!
Car c’est la fête des gens de coeur!
C’est la fête des gens de coeur.
Allons! en garde! ah!
Toréador, en garde!
Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant,
Qu’un oeil noir te regarde

From every peril,
My beloved sister.
Freed from this harrowing thought,
I shall seek glory in the enemy’s ranks,
The first, the bravest, in the thick of the fray,
I shall go and fight for my country.
And if God should call me to his side,
I shall faithfully watch over you,
O Marguerite.
Before I leave *etc.*
O King of Heaven, I beg you to look down
And defend Marguerite, o King of Heaven.

This potion might give me such dreams!
I might see her again ... admire her beauty!
Godlike pleasure promised to my eyes ...
Fleeting hope
that comes to touch my heart and disturb my reason ...
Ah, do not vanish, gentle illusion!

Fleeting and long-sought vision,
you mysterious angel who have seized my life ...
Ah, it is you I would see,
O my love, O my hope!
Fleeting vision, it is you
who have seized my life!
To press you in my arms!
To feel your heart beating
with a loving excitement!
Then to die embracing
in the same drunkenness ...
For such raptures, for such fire,
ah! without regret or complaint
I would give my soul,
for you, my love, my hope!
Fleeting vision, it is you
who have seized my life!
Yes, it is you, my love!
You, my only love, my hope!

ESCAMILLO

For a toast, your own let me hand you,
Señors, for though of different fame,
Well we toreros can understand you:
When we fight we both feel the same!
On holidays the ring is crowded,
The ring is full from rim to floor;
Men call to others, wildly excited,
And start to send up a roar!
Shouts of greeting, and bets and wagers,
Reach a frenzy, fade, and rise again!
They know the day is filled with dangers!
It’s the day of courageous men!
Go on! get ready! ah!
Toreador, stand bravely!
And don’t forget that even as you fight,
Dark eyes watch from afar;

Et que l'amour t'attend!	Love will be yours tonight!	COMÉDIENS O liqueur enchanteresse, Verse l'ivresse Et l'oubli dans moncoeur! Verse nous l'ivresse!	ACTORS O elixir of potent charm brings vinous balm and oblivion to my heart. Brings us rapture!
(Chorus: Toréador, en garde! etc. ...)	(Chorus: Toreador, stand bravely! etc. ...)	MARCELLUS et HORATIO Il cherche l'oubli dans ivresse	MARCELLUS and HORATIO I search for oblivion in my heart
Tout d'un coup, on fait silence, On fait silence, ah! que se passe-t-il? Plus de cris, c'est l'instant! le taureau s'élance En bondissant hors du toril! Ils'élance! Il entre, il frappe! Un cheval roule, entraînant un picador, "Ah! bravo! Toro!" hurle la foule; Le taureau va, il vient, et frappe encor! En secouant ses banderilles, Plein de fureur, il court! le cirque est plein de sant! On se sauve, on franchit les grilles! C'est ton tour maintenant! Allons! engarde! ah! Toréador, en garde! etc.	Suddenly the crowd is silent; What is this dread they feel? Tense is the moment, when the bull, with violent Leaping, bounds from the toril! On he comes! he turns, he charges! a horse is falling, Dragging down a picador; "Ah! bravo! Toro!" the crowd is calling! Now he goes on, he stops, he turns, charges once more! He brandishes his banderillas, And mad with pain he comes; his blood has stained the sand! All escape, run behind the barriers! Only you stand your ground! Go on! get ready! ah! Toreador, stand bravely! etc.	HAMLET La vie est sombre, Les ans son courts' De nos beaux jours Dieu sait le nombre Chaeun, hélas! Port ici-bas Sa lourde chaine! Cruels devoirs, Longs désespoirs De l'âme humaine!	HAMLET Life is dark The years are short; God knows the number of our good days. Each of us, alas, carries here below his own heavy chain! Cruel duties Endless despair of the human spirit!
[15] O vin, dissipe la tristesse (Hamlet) HAMLET O vin, dissipe la tristesse Qui pèse sur mon coeur! A moi les rêves de l'ivresse Et le rire moqueur! O liqueur enchanteresse, Verse l'ivresse Et l'oubli dans mon coeur! Douce liqueur! O liqueur enchanteresse, etc.	HAMLET O wine, dispel the sorrow that weighs heavy on my heart! Give me the dreams of ecstasy and the scoffing laugh! O elixir of potent charm, bring vinous balm and oblivion to my heart! Sweet elixir! O elixir of potent charm, etc.	MARCELLUS et HORATIO Qu'a-t-il donc? COMÉDIENS Qu'a-t-il donc? HAMLET Loin de nous, Noirs présages! etc. Les plus sages Sont les fous! ...Ah! Le vin dissipe la trstesse qui pèse sur mon coeur!	MARCELLUS and HORATIO What then? ACTORS What then? HAMLET Far from us, Black omens! The wisest Are the fools! — Ah! Wine dispels the sorrow that weighs heavy on my heart!

BIOS

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 Metropolitan Opera, New York, the Paris Opera Bastille and Chatelet, the Bavarian State Opera, Munich, the Teatro alla Scala, Milan, the Vienna State Opera, and the Chicago Lyric Opera in addition to appearances at the major international festivals.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky is also a celebrated recitalist and has given concerts in the world's 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 Suntory Hall Tokyo 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 James Levine, Bernard Haitink, Claudio Abbado, Lorin Maazel, Zubin Mehta, Yuri Termikanov 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. 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 retains strong musical and personal contacts with Russia. Dmitri became the first Russian opera singer to give a solo concert with orchestra and chorus on Red Square in Moscow; this concert was televised in over 25 countries. In 2005 Dmitri Hvorostovsky gave an historic tour throughout the cities of Russia at the invitation of President Putin, singing to crowds of hundreds of thousands of people to commemorate the soldiers of the Second World War. The tour stretched from Moscow and St Petersburg, to Krasnoyask, Samara, Omsk, Kazan, Novosibirsk and Kemerovo. Dmitri now tours the cities of Russia on an annual basis.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky's many recordings include recital and aria discs for Philips Classics and for Delos Records, 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*.

“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. As Music Director of the celebrated Moscow Chamber Orchestra and Permanent Guest Conductor of the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, Orbelian has a unique leadership position with two of Russia’s most illustrious orchestras. His appointment in 1991 as Music Director of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra was a breakthrough event: he is the first American ever to become music director of an ensemble in Russia. This “American in Moscow” is also well known as a tireless champion of Russian-American cultural exchange and international ambassadorship through his worldwide tours with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra. 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 precision,” *The Audio Critic* wrote of Maestro Orbelian’s acclaimed series of over 30 recordings on Delos, which features both the Moscow Chamber Orchestra and the Philharmonia of Russia. Orbelian’s recent worldwide tours with the MCO include concerts in New York, Washington, Miami, London, Paris, Munich, Frankfurt, Tokyo, Seoul, Prague, Istanbul, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. *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 collaborators are Ewa Podleś, Roberto Alagna, Renée Fleming, Galina Gorchakova, Sumi Jo and Dmitri Hvorostovsky.

Orbelian’s frequent collaborations with Hvorostovsky include the spectacular “Songs of the War Years” program recorded on the Delos album “Where Are You, My Brothers?” and featuring songs from the World War II era. In January 2006 the “War Years” program toured New York’s Lincoln Center, Washington’s Kennedy Center, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Toronto and London. The May 2005 “War Years” concert at Moscow’s Kremlin Palace was attended by 80 Presidents and Heads of State from all over the world, commemorating the 60th Anniversary of the end of World War II. A “Hero Cities” tour of Russia followed, culminating in St. Petersburg, where both Orbelian and Hvorostovsky were awarded the President’s Konstantinov Medal. The “War Years” concert in Moscow’s Red Square was attended by an audience of 10,000, including President Putin, and telecast live throughout Russia and to 37 countries worldwide.

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 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.

In the Year 2000, Constantine Orbelian brought together Russia’s finest musicians to form a “crème de la crème” symphony orchestra, the **Philharmonia of Russia**. The core of the group was none other than Orbelian’s elite Moscow Chamber Orchestra, celebrating its 50th Anniversary in 2006. The MCO, known for playing “as a single, luminous, singing voice” (Sensible Sound) and channeling “all of their emotion into the music” (The Daily Telegraph, London), gave the young Philharmonia its heart and soul. Outstanding colleagues of the MCO musicians were handpicked to expand the Philharmonia; and from the outset both groups of musicians reported feeling inspired by the new experience. The result is an orchestra epitomizing Russian style on a grand scale, while retaining the subtlety and seamless ensemble of the group’s MCO core.

Orbelian’s first symphonic spectacular recording with the Philharmonia, “Vodka and Caviar, the ultimate Russian spectacular,” featuring music of Tchaikovsky, Borodin and Khachaturian (Delos DE 3288), immediately established this splendid orchestra as “world-class” (*The Absolute Sound*). “The Philharmonia of Russia plays with precision and verve,” reported *Stereophile*. “File this one under ‘Guilty Pleasures,’ if you like, but don’t miss it.” Maestro Orbelian has subsequently led the Philharmonia in another 13 albums for Delos, including “The Khachaturian Centennial Album,” Tchaikovsky’s “Queen of Spades, great scenes,” Arensky’s one-act opera “Raffaello,” and “Passione di Napoli” and “Verdi Arias” with Dmitri Hvorostovsky. Ewa Podleś, Galina Gorchakova, Marina Domashenko, Olga Guryakova and Daniil Shtoda are all featured on Philharmonia aria recordings. An album with Nina Kotova features Bloch’s Shelomo.

In 2006, the Philharmonia, Orbelian and Hvorostovsky toured the U.S., appearing in New York’s Lincoln Center, Washington DC’s Kennedy Center, San Francisco’s Davies Hall, the Los Angeles Opera and Miami; and Europe, appearing in London’s Barbican Theatre, and in concerts in Moscow and St. Petersburg joined by Renée Fleming. The Philharmonia’s 2007 tours include performances with Hvorostovsky and Orbelian in London, Paris, Guadalajara, Monterrey, Los Angeles, Berkeley, Dallas, New York’s Lincoln Center, Miami, Washington D.C., Boston, Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto.



OTHER RELEASES • CREDITS

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY ON DELOS INTERNATIONAL

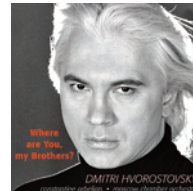
"Hvorostovsky continues to astonish, and his voice remains one of the most beautiful of the world." — *The Guardian*



TCHAIKOVSKY ROMANCES •
Ivori Ilya, piano (DE 3392)



PUSHKIN ROMANCES • Ivori
Ilya, piano (DE 3392)



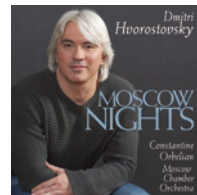
**Where Are You, My Brothers? -
Songs of the War Years** Orbelian,
MCO, Style of Five, Spiritual Revival
Choir of Russia (DE 3315)



**I Met You, My Love – Old Russian
Romances •** Orbelian, MCO,
Style of Five (DE 3293)



Verdi Arias • Mario Bernardi,
Philharmonia of Russia (DE 3292)



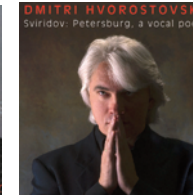
MOSCOW NIGHTS • Constantine
Orbelian, Moscow Chamber Or-
chestra (DE 3339)



**Tchaikovsky: Queen of Spades ~
great scenes •** Orbelian, Philhar-
monia of Russia, Spiritual Revival Choir
of Russia (DE 3289)



Passione di Napoli ~ Neapolitan
Songs • Orbelian, Philharmonia of
Russia (DE 3290)



**Sviridov: Petersburg: a vocal
poem; Six Pushkin Songs •**
with Mikhail Arkadiev (DE 3311)



TO RUSSIA WITH LOVE • The St.
Petersburg Concert – Live DVD •
Constantine Orbelian, Moscow
Chamber Orchestra, Style of Five
Folk Ensemble (DV 7005)

Recording Producer: *Tatiana Vinnitskaya* (for *SVIP Productions, Ltd*)
Recorded by: *Tatiana Vinnitskaya, Oleg Ivanov*
Assistant Engineers: *Andrey Myagkov, Alexander Zaitsev, Evgeny Aleshin*
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DMITRI
HVOROSTOVSKY
baritone

HEROES AND VILLAINS

PHILHARMONIA
OF RUSSIA

CONSTANTINE
ORBELIAN

Conductor and
Music Director

Spiritual Revival
Choir of Russia
Lev
Kontorovich
director

Great Baritone Arias from Russian, French, Italian, and German Operas

- 1 **Borodin: Prince Igor** • Igor's aria "*Ni sna, ne otdikha*" (7:17)
- 2 **Mussorgsky: Boris Godunov** • Boris's aria "*Dastig ya vyshei vlasti*" (5:31)
- 3 **Mussorgsky: Khovanschina** • Shaklovity's aria "*Spit Streletskoe gnezdo*" (5:03)
- 4 **Rubinstein: The Demon** • Demon's aria "*Na Vozdushnom akiane*" (5:00)
- 5 **Rubinstein: The Demon** • Demon's aria "*Ne plach ditya*" (2:52)
- 6 **Rubinstein: Nero** • Vindex's aria "*Epitalama*" (3:30)
- 7 **Wagner: Tannhäuser** • Wolfram's aria "*Oh du mein holder Abendstern*" (4:46)
- 8 **Giordano: Andrea Chenier** • Gérard's aria "*Nemico della Patria*" (4:33)
- 9 **Verdi: La Forza del Destino** • Carlo's aria "*Urna Fatale*" (7:53)
- 10 **Leoncavallo: Pagliacci** • Tonio's aria Prologue "*Si può?*" (5:42)
- 11 **Puccini: Tosca** • Scarpia's aria "*Te Deum*" (3:54)
- 12 **Gounod: Faust** • Valentin's aria "*Avant de quitter ces lieux*" (4:14)
- 13 **Massenet: Hérodiade** • Herod's aria "*Vision fugitive*" (4:05)
- 14 **Bizet: Carmen** • Escamillo • Toreador Song "*Votre toast*" (5:00)
- 15 **Thomas: Hamlet** • The Drinking Song "*O vin, dissipe la tristesse*" (3:39)

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: 72:59



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