



WAIT
FOR
ME

Dmitri
Hvorostovsky

Constantine Orbelian
Novaya Opera Orchestra



DE 3475
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WAIT FOR ME

Classic Russian Songs of the War Years

Hot Snow • Wait for Me (two versions) •
Mother's Arioso from *We Need Peace* • The
Soldier Served • My Beloved Girl • Alyosha
• Moments of Silence • The Danube is Blue
• Ballad of a Soldier • Dark-eyed Cossack
Girl • Glowing Little Light • Nightingales
• Long-range Cannons are Silent • In the
Woods Near the Front • On My Way from
Berlin

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY, Baritone

CONSTANTINE ORBELIAN, Conductor

NOVAYA OPERA ORCHESTRA

MINISTRY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS CHORUS

STYLE OF FIVE ENSEMBLE

Total time: 63:43



DE 3475



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WAIT FOR ME

1. **Goryachii sneg • Hot Snow** (3:26)
Music: A. Pakhmutova; Lyrics: M. Lvov
2. **Zhdi menya • Wait for Me** (4:53)
Music: M. Blanter; Lyrics by K. Simonov
3. **Mother's Arioso** from the Cantata
Nam Nuzhen Mir • We Need Peace (3:11)
Music: A. Petrov; Lyrics: G. Roublev
4. **Kak sluzhil soldat • The Soldier Served**
(5:17)
Music: M. Blanter; Lyrics: K. Simonov
5. **Maya lubimaya • My Beloved Girl** (2:02)
Music: M. Blanter; Lyrics: Y. Dolmatovsky
6. **Alyosha** (4:16)
Music: E. Kolmanovsky; Lyrics: E. Vashenkin
7. **Minuti tishiny • Moments of Silence**
(2:53)
Music: A. Petrov; Lyrics: M. Matusovsky
8. **Dunai Goluboi • The Danube is Blue**
(3:59)
Music: A. Dolukhanyan; Lyrics: S. Smirnov
9. **Ballada o soldate • Ballad of a Soldier**
(5:24)
Music: V. Solovyov-Sedoy; Lyrics: M. Matusovsky
10. **Zhdi menya • Wait for Me** (3:19)
Music: N. Gorbenko; Lyrics: K. Simonov
11. **Chernoglazaya kazachka • Dark-eyed
Cossack Girl** (3:03)
Music: M. Blanter; Lyrics: I. Selvinsky
12. **Oganyok • Glowing Little Light** (4:21)
Composer unknown; Lyrics: M. Isakovsky
13. **Solovyi • Nightingales** (6:37)
Music: V. Solovyov-Sedoy; Lyrics: A
Fatyanov
14. **Pushki molchat dalnoboinye • Long-
range Cannons are Silent** (2:47)
Music: M. Blanter; Lyrics: M. Matusovsky
15. **V lesu prifrontovom • In the Woods
Near the Front** (4:53)
Music: M. Blanter; Lyrics: M. Isakovsky
16. **Ekhal ya iz Berlina • On My Way from
Berlin** (2:21)
Music: I. Dunaevsky; Lyrics: L. Oshanin

Total time: 63:43

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY, Baritone
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CHORUS

One evening in the summer of 2001, Delos founder Amelia Haygood and I were relaxing with Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Constantine Orbelian in a Moscow restaurant after a recording session for Dmitri's *Verdi Arias* album (DE 3292). Dmitri and Constantine began describing some of their favorite popular Russian songs written during WWII and in the war's aftermath. They had both grown up with these songs, Dmitri in Siberia and Constantine in San Francisco. As they took turns singing phrases to Amelia and me, we all began to recognize a recording plan taking shape: *Where Are You, My Brothers?* — *Songs of the War Years* (DE 3315) and, two years later, its sequel, *Moscow Nights* (DE 3339).

When the first of these two albums, "*Where Are You, My Brothers?*" was ready for release, Amelia described it as "an emotionally charged program... something so special that I know my description won't do it justice. I didn't grow up knowing these songs, as Dmitri, Constantine and all of the other performers did, but I grew up knowing the sentiments expressed so poignantly, and I know that handkerchiefs will be appropriate gear when listening to

this album. At the time we were making the recording, we had no idea how many people around the world would soon be experiencing some of the feelings expressed in these songs."

American Record Guide summed up the response to *Where Are You, My Brothers*, and encouraged us in our plans for *Moscow Nights*: "Hvorostovsky's dark, lyrical, burnished baritone treats this material as if it were among the great Russian art songs... and Orbelian gets a good deal of soul out of them... I was stirred by these songs, and hope Hvorostovsky and assisting forces are planning a follow-up."

Moscow Nights became a favorite Delos title as well, and I can only wish Amelia were still with us to experience the poignant songs presented here in *Wait for Me*, the third album in this unique series.

– Carol Rosenberger

In the summer of 2001, Russian baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky, known for his gorgeous baritone voice and great opera performances – and American conductor Constantine Orbelian, then music director of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra – came up with the novel idea of a recording of songs written during the Second World War. There was plenty of great, musically rich material to draw from.

When the German Army crossed the border of the (then) Soviet Union, the war had become for its citizens the Great Patriotic War. Its four years of enormous loss, destruction, sacrifice, suffering and heroism had huge and lasting consequences for the country. The experience was forever imprinted in the psyche of those who went through it. The memories of this period have been carried on through generations as a shining example of a country and people who came together in a heroic struggle for freedom, and as proof of human strength, nobility, patriotism and other great qualities.

Even now, when the publication of many memoirs and of documents previously

hidden from the public has made the story of the war and the people in it much darker and more complex, the image and symbolism of the war — and especially the victory — still has the ability to unite and uplift the general public.

The arts were particularly important in keeping the memory and the inevitable mythology alive. Songs – hundreds of them written, performed and broadcast during the war – became an important part of the war legacy. They were the strongest emotional document of the war times. For example, consider «Wait for Me,» the album's title song. What more poignant and universal wartime emotion could there possibly be than that of a soldier asking his sweetheart – again and again, almost as if in prayer – not just to wait for his return, but to keep faith that he is alive, thus saving him from the dangers of war. But as the Great Patriotic War moved into the past, the best of the war songs acquired a more universal and timeless meaning. They have never vanished into obscurity, and continue to be an important part of the nation's culture.

Meanwhile, the collection of “war songs” kept growing after the war: numerous war movies were produced, almost all featuring elaborate musical scores and beautiful songs; and yearly national celebrations of the Victory Day have added still more new songs.

Growing up in the Soviet Union, Hvorostovsky knew and loved these songs. But they had been made famous (and deeply revered) mostly by famous actors or pop singers. How, then, would the public react to an entire album of its favorites, sung by an opera singer, in a more classical style?

In the summer of 2002, in partnership with Moscow Chamber Orchestra, The Spiritual Revival Choir of Russia and the folk instrument ensemble Style of Five — all conducted by Constantine Orbelian — Hvorostovsky made the recording. In 2003, the CD was released: *Where are You, my Brothers? — Songs of the War Years*.

Little did Hvorostovsky and Orbelian know what a hit it would become! Concerts featuring the same songs followed, in-

cluding one at Red Square; many were televised. The musical public had always admired Hvorostovsky as an operatic artist and classical singer. Now, in a matter of months, he acquired the status of a pop star for all generations in Russia and abroad.

This success inspired Hvorostovsky and Orbelian to dig deeper into the Soviet era song repertoire, creating the “Moscow Nights” album (2006). Now, nearly a dozen successful projects later (including concerts and recordings with Renée Fleming, Sonda Radvanovsky and Anna Netrebko), Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Constantine Orbelian have created this new CD with yet another group of war songs. It appears on the eve of the 70th anniversary of the end of the Second World War.

Not unlike the first collection, this one consists of songs written either during the Second World War—or in later years, but still connected to this painful and heroic period. Some initially appeared in movies: for example, “Moments of Silence” or “Hot Snow” (both 1974) or “Ballad of a Soldier” (written not for the internationally known film of the same title by Grigory Chukhrai,

but for a different one from 1961.) “Alyosha” (1966) was inspired by a monument in Plovdiv, Bulgaria, honoring an unnamed Russian soldier.

“Mother’s Arioso” is part of a 1954 cantata, *We Need Peace*. The cantata is largely forgotten, but this sincere and passionate song immediately gained popularity and has been in the repertoire ever since.

Two songs are based on the poem, “Wait for Me,” by Konstantin Simonov. A writer, poet and war correspondent, Simonov wrote the poem as a personal note to his lover, actress Valentina Serova, during the first days of the war. Simonov did not intend to publish it, but this soldier’s plea to his beloved to wait for his return from the war struck a chord with everyone who happened to see or hear it; so a few months later, under pressure from friends, the poet changed his mind. While the poem was initially rejected by editors as too lyrical and not at all uplifting, it was finally published in *Pravda* in January 1942, after which it became *the* favorite poem of the war years.

For a special film-concert to be shown on the front, the popular jazz-band leader and singer Leonid Utesov recorded a song setting the poem by Novosibirsk composer Nikolay Gorbenko in 1942. Better-known composer Matvey Blanter wrote another setting for the movie *Wait for Me*, inspired by the poem (1943). More songs on the same text followed, including the one by Shlomo Drori based on a Hebrew translation; this version of the song is still popular in Israel.

Except for a few light-hearted, fast paced songs (like the post-victory “On my way from Berlin” or the 1966 “Dark-eyed Cossack Girl” and heroic ones (“Ballad of a Soldier”), most of the songs are deeply lyrical, and tell personal stories. Their often intimate, melancholic, and meditative tone — embodied in touching and soulful melodies, sometimes with a hint of sentimentality — makes them deeply appealing to this day, and is very well-suited to Hvorostovsky’s dark, brooding vocal timbres and his unique breathing technique.

– Maya Pritsker

1. Goryachii sneg – Hot Snow

Klubilis yarosno meteli
Po stalingratskoi no zemle.
Dymilis potnye shineli,
I shli soldaty po zole.
I tank f sugrobe kak v bolote,
I byut snaryady po brone,
Snezhinki tayali f polyote,
Kak vetki s listyami v ogne.
I padal v bitve chelovek
V goryachii sneg, f krovavyi sneg.

Smertelnoi bitvy etoi veter,
Kak by rasplavlenyi metal,
I zhok, i plavil fsio na svete,
Shto dazhe sneg goryachim stal.
I za chertoj poslednei, strashnoi,
Sluchalos, tank i chelovek
Fstrechalis f skhvatke rukopashnoi,
I prevrashchalsya f pepel sneg.
Khvatal rukami chelovek
Goryachii sneg, krovavyi sneg.

Opali belye meteli.
Tsvetami stali po vesne.
Bolshie gody proleteli,
A ya fsio sertsem na voine,
Gde otpevali nas meteli,
Gde v zemliu mnogie legli.
...A doma mamy posedeli.

U doma – vishni zatsveli.
A u menya v glazakh navek –
Goryachii sneg, krovavyi sneg.

The blizzards spread up fiercely
All around Stalingrad.
Overcoats wet with steamy sweat
As the soldiers went through the ashes.
Tanks in snowdrifts and swamps,
The shells falling on armored steel.
Snowflakes melt as they fly,
As leafy branches burn in the fire.
And in the battle, people fell –
In the hot snow, wet with blood.

This deadly battle's wind,
Like molten metal,
Burned and melted everywhere
So that it made the snow hot.
And the final deadly blow
Brought men and tanks together
In hand-to-hand fighting,
Making ashes of even the snow.
Soldiers grasped the hot snow,
Wet with blood.

White snowstorms, as winter faded,
Turned into spring's flowers.
Decades may have passed,
But I'm still there – at the war;
Where blizzards sang a funeral song,

Where the best of us lay dead.
Back home, our mothers have gone gray,
And the cherry trees are in full bloom.
But before my eyes, there is forever
The hot snow, wet with blood.

2. Zhdi menya – Wait for me

Zhdi menya, i ya vernus,
Tolko ochen zhdi.
Zhdi, kagda navodyat grust
Zholtye dozhdi,
Zhdi, kagda snega metut,
Zhdi, kagda zhara.
Zhdi, kagda drugikh ne zhdut,
Pozabyf fchera.
Zhdi, kagda iz dalnikh mest
Pisem ne pridyot.
Zhdi, kagda ush nadaest
Fsem, kto vmeste zhdiot.

Zhdi menya, I ya vernus,
Ne zhelai dobra
Fsem, kto znaet naizust
Shto zabyt pora.

Pust poveryat syn I mat
F to, shto net menya,
Pust druzya ustanut zhdut,
Siadut u agnya,

Vypiut gorkoe vino
Na pomini dushi...
Zhdi. I s nimi zaodno
Vypit ne speshi.

Zhdi menya, I ya vernus,
Fsem smertyam nazlo.
Kto ne zhdal menya, tot pust
Skazhet: - Povezlo.

Ne ponyat, ne zhdafshim im,
Kak sredi agnya,
Azhdaniem svaim
Ty spasla menya.

Kak ya vyzhil, budem znat
Tolko my s taboi.
Prosto ty umela zhdut
Kak nikto drugoi.

Wait for me,
And I'll be back.
But please, just wait.
Wait, when sadness comes
With the yellow rains;
Wait, in a snowstorm;
Wait, when it's hot;
Wait, even when others don't...
Their yesterdays forgotten.

Wait, when there's no news from afar.
Wait day and night, and believe in me!
Wait for me, and I'll be back.
Don't listen when they say,
That it's no use; that
I won't come back to you.

Let my son and my mother
Believe that I am no more.
Let my friends tire of waiting,
And sit down by the fire,
And drink bitter wine
For the peace of departed souls.
But you: wait –
Don't drink with them.

Wait for me and I'll come back;
Death won't take me now.
Those who didn't wait,
Let them say: "Lucky man!"
They will never understand,
Even as battle rages around me,
That you, just by waiting,
Will have saved me.

How I survived,
Only you and I will know:
You, like no one else,
Knew how to wait!

3. **Mother's arioso** from the Cantata *Nam Nuzhen Mir • We Need Peace*

Fse liudi spyat.
No mat ne spit sichas.
I ne smykaet mat ustalykh glas.
Byla vaina.
Byl sin ubit v baiu.

Pred nim atkryto bylo sto darog –
On byt uchyonym mok.
On stat paetom mok.
A noch temna.
No verit mat I zhdyot –
Razdastsa v dveri stuk,
I syn vernyotsa vdruk.

Fse liudi spyat.
No mat ne spit sichas.
I lyutsa sliozy iz ustalykh glas.
I mnoga dnei, I mnoga let
Ana fsio syna zhdiot
A syna net....

Everyone is slumbering.
But mother doesn't sleep now.
She can't close her weary eyes.
There was a war.
Her son was killed in combat;
He gave his life
for his motherland.

So many paths were open before him:
He could've become a scientist,
He could've become a poet.
The night is dark,
But mother still hopes and waits
To hear a knock on the door,
And her son will be back.

Everyone is slumbering.
But mother doesn't sleep now.
Tears drip from her weary eyes.
For many days, and many years,
She has been waiting for her son.
But he is not alive...

4. Kak sluzhil soldat – The soldier served

Kak sluzhil soldat sluzhbu ratnuyu.
Sluzhbu ratnuyu, sluzhbu trudnuyu.
Dvatsat let sluzhil da eshchyo pyat let...
General-anshef emu otpusk dal.

Kak prishol soldat vo rodimyi dom –
Fsia to grud f krestakh, ves sedoi, kak lun.
Na kryltse stoit moloda zhená –
Dvatsati godof slovno ne bylo.

Ni morshchinki net na shchekakh yiyo,
Ni sedinki net f kosakh devichiikh.

Posmotrel soldat na zhenú svayú,
I skazal soldat slovo gorkoe:

“Vidno ty, zhená, khorosho zhilá,
Khorosho zhilá – ne sostarilas...”
Kak v otvet s kryltsa govorit ona,
Govorit ona, sama plachetsya:

Ne zhená tvoyá ya zakonnáya,
A ya doch tvaya, doch sirotskaya.
A zhená tvaya piatyí got lezhít
Vo syroi zemle, pod beryozinkoi.”
Kak voshol v izbu, sel za stol soldat,
Zelena vina prikazal podat.
Pyot fsiu noch soldat, po sedym usam
To l vino techyot, to li slozynki.

Kak sluzhil soldat sluzhbu ratnuyu.
Sluzhbu ratnuyu, sluzhbu trudnuyu.
Dvatsat let sluzhil da eshchyo pyat let...
General-anshef emu otpusk dal.

The soldier served in the army;
His military service was very hard.
Twenty years he served, plus five more.
The chief general granted him leave.

The soldier returned to his native home,
Wearing all his war medals; his hair gone
gray.

On the porch, his young wife welcomes
him,
As if twenty years had not passed at all.

No wrinkles on her cheeks,
Not a single gray hair in her braids.
He looked up at his young wife,
And his words were bitter.

“It looks like you had a very good life,
So good that you didn’t grow old...”
And his wife replied, standing on the
porch,
Tears flowing as she told him:

“I am not your wife, whom you married;
I am your daughter, and an orphan.
We buried your wife five years ago.
She’s in her grave, under the birch tree.”

Into the hut he went, and sat at the table.
He asked her to bring him new wine.
All night long he sat, drinking,
Both wine and tears dripping from his
face.

The soldier served in the army;
His military service was very hard.
Twenty years he served, plus five more.
The chief general granted him leave.

5. Maya lubimaya – My beloved girl

Ya ukhodil togda f pakhot
F’surovye kraya.
Rukoi vzmakhnula u vorot
Maya lubimaya.

Vtoroi strelkovyi khrabryi vsvot
Teper maya semya.
Privet-paklon tebe on shliot,
Maya lubimaya.

Shtob vse mechty mai sbylis
V pakhodakh i bayakh,
Izdaleka mne ulybnis
Maya lubimaya.

V karmane malenkom mayom
Est kartochka tvaya.
Tak znachit my fsegda vdvayom,
Maya lubimaya.

I went to the war,
To a troubled region.
A hand waved to me
From my beloved girl’s gate.

The second infantry platoon
Is now my brave family.
They all send their regards

To my beloved girl.

For all my dreams to come true
As battles and campaigns rage,
From so far away, send me a smile,
My beloved girl.

In my little pocket,
I keep your photo.
For me it means
We are always together,
My beloved girl.

6. Alyosha

Beleit li f pole porosha
Il gulkie livni shumiat
Stoit nad garoyu Alyosha
Balgarii russkii soldat.

I sertsu po-prezhnemu gorko,
Shto posle svintsovoi purgi
Is kamnya evo gimnastyorka,
Is kamnya evo sapogi.

Nemalo pat strashnayu noshei
Leglo bezymyannykh parnei.
No to, shto vot etot – Alyosha,
Izvesno Baolgarii fsei.
K dalinam, pakoem abyatym,

Emu ne saiti s vysaty.
Tsvetof on ne darit defchatam,
Ani emu daryat tsvety.

Privychnyi, kak sontse, kak veter
Kak sontse I veter,
Privychnyi, kak sontse I veter
Kak v nebe vechernem zvezda.
Stait on nad gorodom etim,
Nad gorodom etimю
Kak butta nad gorodom etim
Vot tak I stayal on fsigda.

Beleit li f pole porosha
Il gulkie livni shumiat
Stoit nad garoyu Alyosha
Balgarii russkii soldat.

Whether first snows cover the field,
Or rains are loudly drumming,
Alyosha will stand on the mountain
Alyosha: a Russian soldier of Bulgaria.

•
The heart feels bitterness
That after a terrible snowstorm
His uniform shirt is made of rock
And so are his boots.
There are many nameless men
Lying there under the mountain.
But this one – Alyosha –

Is known to all of Bulgaria.

He will never step down
From the heights into the peaceful valley.
He will never give flowers to the girls –
They will bring flowers to him.

As familiar as the sun or the wind –
Like a star in the night sky –
He will rise and stand over this city,
As he has always stood:
Familiar – like the sun, like the wind.

Whether first snows cover the field,
Or rains are loudly drumming,
Alyosha will stand on the mountain
Alyosha: a Russian soldier of Bulgaria.

7. Minuti tishiny – Moments of silence

Kak ni stranno, v dni voyny
Est minuti tishiny,
Kagda boi zatikhaet ustalo
I razryvy pochti ne slishny.
I staim my v dni voyny,
Tishinoi oglusheny.

Tak byvaet v dni voyny -
Nam v okopakh snyatsa sni,
Snaytsa nam dovoennye syola,

Gde v okoshkah ogni zazheny.
I v zemlyankakh v dni voyny
Dyshat mirom nashi sni.

Kak predvidet naperyot
Trudnyi put strelkovykh rot,
Kto daidyot do blizhaishei perepravy,
Kto do samoi pabedy daidyot?
Kak predvidet naperyot,
Shto tebya na svete zhdiot?

Kak ni stranno, v dni voyny
Est minuti tishiny,
Kagda boi zatikhaet ustalo
I razryvy pochti ne slishny.
I staim my v dni voyny,
Tishinoi oglusheny.

Strange as it may seem,
Moments of silence happen in wartime.
When the fighting dies down
And explosions can hardly be heard.
In these days of war, we are there,
Stunned by deafening silence.

It happens so that in the days of war,
Lying in entrenchments, we dream at
night.
In these dreams, we see our villages –
With lights in the windows.

In the trenches, in the days of war
We see the peaceful life of our dreams.

Who can foresee what will happen
Along the rifle company's path?
Who will get to the nearest crossing,
Who will get the victory?
How can one foresee
What will happen to him?

Strange as it may seem,
Moments of silence happen in wartime.
When the fighting dies down
And explosions can hardly be heard.
In these days of war, we are there,
Stunned by deafening silence.

8. Dunai Goluboi - The Danube is blue

Dunaiskie volny, matrosskii pakhod –
Doroga k pobede na zapad vidiot.
Nam pesnya tverdila: Dunai – goluboi.
A my evo serym vidali s taboi.

Shli tuchi serye nad nim,
I s beregof pazharishch dym.
I boi, tyazholyi, kak va sne,
I beskozyrka na volne.

Dunaiskie volny, moskofskii saliut,

Matrosy s “palundroi” v ataku idut!
Nam pesnya tverdila: Dunai – goluboi,
A my evo krasnym vidali s taboi.

Zarnitsy boya f chas nochnoi,
I krof meshaetsa s volnoi.
I boi, tyazholyi, kak va sne,
I beskozyrka na volne.

Dunaiskie volny, rechnoi parakhot
Vesyolykh turistof na zapad vezyot...
Na palube vmeste staim my s taboi
I vidim fpervye : Dunai – goluboi.

Golubiznoi blesnyot volna,
A nam pripomnilas vaina.
I boi, tyazholyi, kak va sne,
I beskozyrka na volne.

From the Danube's waves, the sailor's
campaign,
The road to victory leads westward.
The song tells us: the Danube is blue.
But what we saw was gray.

Gray clouds flew over the river,
And the smoke of fires from its banks.
And in the hard battle, as in a dream,
A sailor's cap floats on the waves.
Waves of the Danube, Moscow salutes

The sailors with "Watch out," and attack!
The song tells us: the Danube is blue.
But what we saw was red.

The fires of battle fire light up the night,
And blood mixes with the waves.
And in the hard battle, as in a dream,
A sailor's cap floats on the waves.

Waves of the Danube, a river steamer
Now carries happy tourists westward ...
On deck, we stand together with them,
And for the first time we see: the Danube
is blue.

The waves will shed shining blue light
As we recall the days of war,
And in the hard battle, as in a dream,
A sailor's cap floats on the waves.

9. Ballada o soldate – Ballad of a soldier

Polem, vdol berega krutova
Mimo khat,
F seroi shineli ryadovova
Shol soldat.
Shol soldat, pregrat ne znaya,
Shol soldat, drusei tiraya,
Chasto, byvalo,

Shol bes privala,
Shol fpiriot soldat.

Shol on nochami grozovymi,
V'dozhd i grat.
Pesniu s druziami frontovymi
Pel soldat.
Pel soldat, glotaya sliozy,
Pel pro russkie beriozy,
Pro kari ochi,
Pro dom svoi otchii
Pel f puti soldat.

Slovno priros k plechu soldata
Aftomat –
Fsudu vragof svaikh zaklyatykh
Bil soldat.
Bil soldat ikh pot Smolenskom,
Bil soldat f posyolke enskom,
Pul ne shchitaya,
Glas ne smykaya,
Bil vragof soldat.

Polem, vdol berega krutova
Mimo khat,
F seroi shineli ryadovova
Shol soldat.
Shol soldat, sluga Otchizny,
Shol soldat vo imya zhizni,
Zemliu spasaya,

Mir zashchishchaya,
Shol fpiriot soldat.

Through the fields, by the steep river
bank,
Past the huts,
In a grey overcoat,
The soldier went on.
He went on; no barriers could stop him.
He went on, as his friends fell.
Often, he went without halting,
Ahead he went.

He went on through stormy nights,
In rain and hail.
With his brother soldiers
He sang the song.
Swallowing tears, he sang the song.
He sang about birch trees,
About dark eyes.
The soldier sang of his home
As he went on.

As if rooted to his shoulder
Was his gun,
As on his way he went.
He struck his enemies.
He struck them near Smolensk;
He struck them in other towns.
Not counting the bullets,

Not closing his eyes,
The soldier struck the enemy.

Through the fields, by the steep river
bank,
Past the huts,
In a grey overcoat,
The soldier went on.
The soldier went on,
A servant of his Fatherland.
He went on, in the name of life.
Saving his land, defending peace
The soldier went ahead.

10. Zhdi Menya – Wait for me
(see text on page 8-9)

**11. Chernoglazaya kazachka – Dark-
eyed Cossack girl**

Chernoglazaya kazachka
Potkovala mne konya.
Srebro s menya sprosila
Trut nedorogo tsenya.
Kak zavut tebya, molotka?
A molotka govorit:
Imya ty mayo uslyshish
Is pot topota kopyt.

Ya po ulitse poekhal,
Po doroge poskagal.
Po tropinke mezhdu burykh,
Mezhdu serykh, mezhdu skal.
Masha, Zina, Dasha, Nina?
Fsio kak butto ne ona.
Katya, Katya vysekayut
Mne patkovy skakuna.

S toi pory khot shagom edu,
Khot galopom poskachu,
Katya, Katya, Katerina,
Neustanno ya shepchu.
Shto za bestoloch takaya –
U menya zh drugaya est!
Nu a Katiu, slovno pesniu,
Iz grudi, brat, ne izvest.

Chernoglazaya kazachka
Potkovala mne konya.
Srebro s menya sprosila
Trut nedorogo tsenya.
Kak zavut tebya, molotka?
A molotka govorit:
Imya ty mayo uslyshish
Is pot topota kopyt.

A dark-eyed Cossack girl shod my horse.
Her asking price was very small.
“What is your name, young girl?”

She replied: “You will hear my name
From beneath your horse’s shoes.”

I rode down the street, galloped along
the road,
On narrow byways, between grey rocks.
Masha, Zina, Dasha, Nina –
None of these names are hers.
But the horseshoes knock out her name:
Katya, Katya.

Since then, as I ride or gallop my horse,
“Katya, Katya, Katerina,” - I whisper
constantly.
What a stupid fool I am: I already have a
girlfriend.
But Katya, as a never ending song,
Cannot be removed from my heart.

A dark-eyed Cossack girl shod my horse.
Her asking price was very small.
“What is your name, young girl?”
She replied: “You will hear my name
From beneath your horse’s shoes.”

12. Oganyok – Glowing Little light

Na pozitsii devushka
Provozhala boitsa.
Tyomnoi nochiu prostilasya

Na stupenkakh kryltsa.
I poka za tumanami
Videt mok parenyok,
Na okoshke na devichiem
Fsio gorel oganyok.

Parnya fstretila slavnaya
Frontovaya semya.
Fsiudu byli tovarishchi,
Fsiudu byli druzia.
No znakomuyu ulitsu
Pozabyt on ne mok:
“Gde zh ty, devushka milaya,
Gde zh ty, moi oganyok?”

I padruga dalyokaya
Parnu vestochku shliot.,
Shto liubov eyo devichia
Nikogda ne umriot.
Fsio, shto bylo zagadano,
F svoi ispolnitsa srok, -
Ne pogasnet bez vremeni
Zolotoi oganyok.

I prostorno, I radosno,
Na dushe u boitsa.
Ot takova khorosheva,
Ot eyo pismetsa.
I vraga nenavisnova
Krepche byot parenyok,

Za sovetskuyu rodinu,
Za rodnoi oganyok.

The girl saw her soldier off to the front;
In night's darkness, she bade him fare-
well
On the steps of her porch.
So long as he could see it through the
fog,
A little light shone from the girl's window.

At the front, the boy met his comrades:
His new war family.
All around him
Were his companions and friends.
But he couldn't forget the familiar street:
“Where are you, my dear girl,
Where are you, my little light?”

And his girl, from afar,
Sent a message to him:
That her love for him would never die;
That everything they'd hoped
Will come true in time.
The little light won't burn out before
then.

This letter fills the boy's heart
With joy and happiness.
And he fights the enemy even harder,

For his Soviet motherland;
for his little light.

13. Solovyi - Nightingales

Solovyi, solovyi, ne trevoshte soldat,
Pust soldaty nemnogo pospyat,
Nemnogo pust pospyat.

Prishla i k nam na front vesna,
Soldatam stalo ne do sna –
Ne potomu, shto pushki byut,
A potomu, shto vnov poyut,
Zabyv, shto zdes idut boii,
Poyut shalnye solovyi.

Solovyi, solovyi, ne trevoshte soldat,
Pust soldaty nemnogo pospyat,
Nemnogo pust pospyat.

No shto voina dlya solovya!
U solovya ved zhizn svaya.
Ne spit soldat, pripomniv dom,
I sad zelyonyi nat prudom,
Gde solovyi fsu noch poyut,
A v dome tom soldata zhdut.

Solovyi, solovyi, ne trevoshte soldat,
Pust soldaty nemnogo pospyat,
Nemnogo pust pospyat.

A zafra snova budet boi –
Ush tak naznacheno sudboi,
Shtob nam uiti, nedolubif,
Ot nashikh zhon, ot nashikh nif,
No s kazhdym shagom f tom boyu
Nam blizhe dom v rodnom krayu.

Solovyi, solovyi, ne trevoshte soldat,
Pust soldaty nemnogo pospyat,
Nemnogo pust pospyat.

Nightingales, nightingales,
Don't disturb the soldiers;
Let the soldiers get a little sleep,
Just a little bit of sleep.

Spring has come to us on the front,
Making the soldiers forget about sleep.
Not because the guns keep firing,
But because, despite the battles,
The nightingales, like mad,
Keep singing their song.

Nightingales, nightingales,
Don't disturb the soldiers,
Let the soldiers get a little sleep,
Just a little bit of sleep.

But what is the war to a nightingale?
The nightingale has a life of its own.

The soldier, sleepless, recalls his home
And the green garden by the pond,
Where nightingales sing through the
night;
Where his family waits for him.

Nightingales, nightingales,
Don't disturb the soldiers,
Let the soldiers get a little sleep,
Just a little bit of sleep.

Tomorrow looms another battle -
Our destiny has been
To leave our wives and homes
And deprive them of our love.
But each moment of the battle
Brings us closer to our native land.

Nightingales, nightingales,
Don't disturb the soldiers,
Let the soldiers get a little sleep.

14. Pushki molchat dalnoboinye - Long-range cannons are silent

Pushki molchat dalnoboinye,
Zalpy davno ne slyshny.
Shto zh mne nochami spokoinymi
Snyatsa trevozhnye sny?
Molniei nebo raskoloto,

Plamya vo ves gorizont.
Nasha voennaya molodost -
Severo-Zapadnyi front.

Gde zh eti parni bezusye,
S kem v sorok pervom godu
Gde-to pat Starayu Russayu
My zamerzali vo ldu.
S kem po zhare i po kholodu
Shli my upriamo fpiriot.
Nasha voennaya molodost -
Severo-Zapadnyi front.

Slavoi soldatskoi povituyu
S tekhn nezapamyatnykh dnei,
Zemliu, s bayami otbituyu,
My polubili silnei.
Roshchi, odetye v zoloto,
Reki, proidyonnye vbrot.
Nasha voennaya molodost -
Severo-Zapadnyi front.

Pushki molchat dalnoboinye,
Zalpy davno ne slyshny.
Shto zh mne nochami spokoinymi
Snyatsa trevozhnye sny?
Molniei nebo raskoloto,
Plamya vo ves gorizont.
Nasha voennaya molodost -
Severo-Zapadnyi front.

The long-range cannons are silent,
The volleys have not been heard for some
time.

Why are my dreams are so disturbed
On these peaceful nights?
The sky above me is split by lightning;
The flames burn away to the horizon.
Our wartime years of youth –
Northwestern Front.

Where are those young fellows,
With whom, back in 'forty-one,
Somewhere near Staraya Russa,
We were freezing on ice.
...With whom, in heat and in frost,
We stubbornly moved ahead.
Our wartime years of youth –
Northwestern Front.

Our land, glorified by the soldiers;
Our land, won back from the enemy –
We treasure and love it even more,
Since those unforgettable days.
Groves in golden colours;
Rivers, waded across –
Our wartime years of youth –
Northwestern Front.

15. V lesu prifrontovom - In the woods near the front

S biroys neslyshen, nevesom,
Sletaet zholtyi list.
Starinnyi vals "Asennii son"
Igraet garmonist.
Vzdykhaut, zhaluyas, basy,
I, slovno v zabytii,
Sidyat i slushaut baitsy –
Tavarishchi maii.

Pad etot vals vesennim dniom
Khodili my na kruk;
Pad etot vals f krayu random
Liubili my padruk.
Pad etot vals lovili my
Ochei liubimykhn svet;
Pad etot vals grustili my,
Kagda padrugi net.

I vot on snova prozvuchal
V lesu prifrontovom,
I kazdyi slushali i mechtal
O chom-to dorogom;
I kazhdyi dumal o svaiei,
Pripomnif tu vesnu.
I kazhdyi znal – doroga k nei
Vedyot cherez vainu.

Pust svet i radost prezhnikh fstrech
Nam svetyat f trudnyi chas.
I kol pridyotsa v zemlu lech,
Tak eto sh tolko ras.
No pust i smert v agne, v dymu
Boitsa ne ustrashit.
I shto polozheno komu –
Pust kazhdyi sovershit.

Tak shto sh, druzia, kol nash cheriot,
Da budet stal krepka!
Pust nashe sertse ne zamriot,
Ne zadrozhit ruka.
Nastal cheriot, prishla pora, -
Idyom, druzia, idyom.
Za fsio, chem zhili my fchera,
Za fsio, shto zafta zhdiom.

S biroys neslyshen, nevesom,
Sletaet zholtyi list.
Starinnyi vals “Asennii son”
Igraet garmonist.
Vzdykhaut, zhaluyas, basy,
I, slovno v zabytii,
Sidyat i slushaut baitsy –
Tavarishchi maii.

A yellow leaf, soundless, weightless,
Drifts down from the birch.
The accordion is playing

An old waltz, “Autumn dream.”
Low voices sigh as if complaining,
And, as if unconscious,
The soldiers, my friends,
Sit and listen to the song.

On spring days, we went to the circle
To the sound of this waltz.
Back at home, we loved our girlfriends
To the sound of this waltz.
We looked into our sweethearts’ eyes.
We were sad, to the sound of this waltz,
When our girls weren’t with us.

And here, we heard it again,
In the woods near the front.
And everyone listened, and dreamed
About something dear to him,
And everyone thought of his girlfriend,
Remembering that bond.
And everyone knew that the road to her
Leads through the war.

Let the joyful light of those times
Shine for us in our hour of need.
And, if we are to die ...
It will happen only once.
But let death, amid the fire and smoke,
Not frighten the soldier.

And whatever he must do,
Let him do it.

So, friends, it's our turn now.
Let the steel be strong,
Let our hearts not fail us,
Let our hands be firm.
Out time has come,
Come on, my friends, come on:
We fight for all that was dear to us,
And for all that lies ahead.

A yellow leaf, soundless, weightless,
Drifts down from the birch.
The accordion is playing
An old waltz, "Autumn dream."
Low voices sigh as if complaining,
And, as if unconscious,
The soldiers, my friends,
Sit and listen to the song.

16. Ekhal ya iz Berlina - On my way from Berlin

Ekhal ya iz Berlina
Po doroge priamoi,
Na poputnykh mashinakh
Ekhal s fronta domoi.
Ekhal mimo Varshavy,
Ekhal mimo Orla –

Tam gde russkaya slava
Fse tropinki proshla.

Ei, fstrechai,
S pobedoi pozdravliai,
Milymi rukami
Pokrepche obnimai.

Ochen dalnie dali
My s'druziami proshli.
I nigde ne vidali
Luchshe nashei zemli.
Nashe solnyshko krashe,
I skazhu, ne taya:
Luchshe devushek nashikh
Net na svete, druzia.

Ei, fstrechai,
S pobedoi pozdravliai,
Milymi rukami
Pokrepche obnimai.

Za vesennie nochi,
Za rodnuyu stranu,
Da za karie ochi
Ya khodil na voinu.
Vy tsvetite pyshnee,
Zolotye kraya.
Ty tresui goriachee,
Dorogaya moya.

Ei, fstrechai,
S pobedoi pozdravliai,
Milymi rukami
Pokrepche obnimai.

I drove from Berlin
Directly, all the way,
In bypassing cars,
Back home from the front.
Along the way I passed by Warsaw;
I passed by Oryol,
Where the glorious Russian troops
Advanced along all routes.

Hey, here I am –
Congratulate me on our victory.
Embrace me tightly,
My sweetheart.

We may have gone far away,
My friends and I.
But nowhere did we see
A fairer land than ours.
Here the sun shines brighter,
And, friends, it's true to say,
Our girls are the most beautiful.

Hey, here I am –
Congratulate me on our victory.
Embrace me tightly,

My sweetheart.

It's for those spring nights,
For my native land,
For those dark eyes,
That I fought in the war.
Prosper and flourish,
My beloved land.
Kiss me with passion,
My sweetheart.

Hey, here I am –
Congratulate me on our victory.
Embrace me tightly
My sweetheart.

COMPOSER BIOGRAPHIES:

Matvey Blanter (1903-1990) was born in Kursk, Russia, where he studied piano and violin. In 1920-1921 he studied composition in Moscow. Blanter worked as music director in theaters, wrote songs and operettas and gained national fame in the early 1930s, when his new songs about heroes of the Russian revolution and the civil war had become instant hits. A prolific songwriter, he created hundreds of songs, many considered classics;

he was highly decorated as the people's artist, hero of socialist labor, and was awarded a state prize.

Alexander Dolukhanian (1910-1968) was born in Tbilisi (Georgia, then part of the Russian empire) into an Armenian family. He composed and studied piano from the age of five. He graduated from Tbilisi State Conservatory and completed his studies both in piano and composition at the Leningrad and Moscow conservatories, including studies with Nikolay Miaskovsky, one of the leading Russian symphonists. His musical activities ranged from piano recitals to performing with music ensembles during the war, as well as recording and studying folk music. A talented composer in classical genres, including piano concertos, he became best known for his lyrical and heroic songs.

Isaak Dunayevsky (1900-1955) was the Soviet era's most distinguished composer of popular songs (80) and operettas (14) – also music for films (42) and theater (88); he was one of the creators of Soviet musical film-comedy. He was born into a Jewish family in a small town near Poltava (now Ukraine); he studied violin – and

later music theory – in Kharkiv, where he also worked as a violinist and leader of the local big-band orchestra. His successful conducting career led him to Moscow, where he ran the Hermitage Theatre, known for its variety shows. He moved on from there to Leningrad, where he became director and chief conductor of the city's music hall (1929 - 34); he was also one of the first proponents of jazz music in Russia. His career flourished during the Stalin era: from the 1930s to the '50s. The energetic and optimistic tone of his songs made some of them emblems of Soviet life; they projected an image of a happy people in a happy land: the image that the government wanted to present to the world. However, they reflected the Soviet people's true enthusiasm for the bright future of their homeland. Dunaevsky combined great melodic talent with serious knowledge of jazz and symphonic music. He composed "Song of the motherland" (Pesnya o rodine), the Soviet Union's most famous and uplifting patriotic song. In terms of its role, impact and popularity, it can be compared to Irving Berlin's "God Bless America" in the USA.

Eduard Kolmanovsky (1923-1994) was born into a Jewish family in Mogilev, Belorussia. He studied in Moscow, first at the prestigious Gnessin College and then at the Moscow Conservatory, with Vissarion Shebalin, one of the leading Russian composers. After working for five years as the senior musical editor at the state radio, he immersed himself in writing mostly incidental and film music, becoming one of the favorite composers of the 1970s and '80s.

Anatoly Novikov (1896–1984) came from the small provincial town of Scopin, and first studied choral singing and conducting. After the October Revolution of 1917, he worked as a music director of amateur workers' and soldiers' groups and as a music teacher, while studying at the Moscow Conservatory with prominent composer Reinhold Glière. His oeuvre – besides choral compositions and a few musical comedies – consists mostly of popular songs of various kinds, from patriotic marches to lyrical reveries. Like most composers of popular patriotic songs, he was highly appreciated and richly decorated by the Soviet government.

Alexandra Pakhmutova (b. 1929), whose songs have been famous internationally since the 1960s, still continues to write them (mostly with her husband and long-time collaborator, poet Nikolay Dobronravov). She remains one of the most popular and prolific Russian composers, whose portfolio includes more than 400 songs, as well as symphonic scores and film music. Born near the city of Stalingrad (now Volgograd), she spent most of her life in Moscow, where she studied piano and composition at the Moscow Conservatory, completing her postgraduate studies with Vissarion Shebalin. Throughout her creative life, she has been admired not only by the public – which immediately responded to her original melodies and made them a part of their everyday life – but by state officials as well, who have always valued the sincere patriotism, youthful enthusiasm and optimism of her songs and showered her with the highest awards, medals, titles and positions.

Andrey Petrov (1930-2006) belongs, like Pakhmutova, to the generation of Soviet-era born and classically trained composers that came of age during Khrus-

chev's thaw. A native of St. Petersburg (then Leningrad), he decided to become a composer at the age of 14, after seeing *The Great Waltz*. After graduating from the Leningrad Conservatory, he quickly became a successful composer of ballets, operas, symphonic compositions (some were performed internationally) and especially music and songs for about 80 films made for the silver screen or TV. An intelligent and tolerant man, he served for many years as the head of the Leningrad (and later St. Petersburg) chapter of the Union of Composers, helping his colleagues to navigate the waters of Soviet bureaucracy.

Vasily Soloviev-Sedoi (1907-1979) was born in St. Petersburg, where he became a pianist-improviser on local radio and graduated from the city's conservatory in 1936; he wrote first of his three ballets in 1940. During the war, he served as the director of a front-line theater. He composed 10 operettas, but became best known for his songs. The most famous of them is "Moscow Nights" (Podmoscovnuye vechera), written in 1957. It was performed by Van Cliburn in Russia, and quickly became his favorite encore;

he later played it in the White House for President Ronald Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev.

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES:

Internationally acclaimed Russian baritone **Dmitri Hvorostovsky** was born and studied in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. In 1989, he won the prestigious BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition. From the start, audiences were bowled over by his cultivated voice, innate sense of musical line and natural legato. After his Western operatic debut at the Nice Opera in Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame*, his career exploded to take in regular engagements at the world's major opera houses and appearances at renowned international festivals, including Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, New York's Metropolitan Opera, Paris Opera, Bayerische Staatsoper Munich, Salzburg Festival, La Scala Milan, Vienna State Opera and Chicago Lyric Opera.

A celebrated recitalist in demand in every corner of the globe--from the Far East to the Middle East, from Australia to South America -- Dmitri has appeared at such venues as 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. The singer performs in concert with top orchestras like the New York Philharmonic and the Rotterdam Philharmonic, and conductors, including James Levine, Bernard Haitink, Claudio Abbado, Lorin Maazel, Zubin Mehta, Yuri Temirkanov and Valery Gergiev.

Dmitri retains a strong musical and personal contact with Russia. He became the first opera singer to give a solo concert with orchestra and chorus on Red Square in Moscow; this concert was televised in over 25 countries. Dmitri has gone on to sing a number of prestigious concerts in Moscow as a part of his own special series, "Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Friends." He has invited such celebrated artists as Renée Fleming, Barbara Frittoli, Sumi Jo, Sondra Radvanovsky, Jonas Kaufmann, Marcello Giordani, Ildar Abdrazakov and Ramon Vargas. In 2005, together with conductor Constantine Orbelian, Dmitri made 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.

Dmitri's extensive discography spans recitals and complete operas. He has also starred in *Don Giovanni Unmasked*, an award-winning film (by Rhombus Media) based on the Mozart opera, tackling the dual roles of Don Giovanni and Leporello.

Recently Dmitri has established a new collaboration with the Russian popular composer Igor Krutoi, with very successful concerts in Moscow, St Petersburg, Kiev and New York.

Recent CD recordings include "*In This Moonlit Night*" (lieder by Tchaikovsky, Mussorgsky & Taneyev); "*Rachmaninov Romances*" (both with pianist Ivori Ilja); a choral recording "The Bells of Dawn" (Russian Sacred and Folk Songs); a DVD starring Dmitri alongside Renee Fleming in a film set in St Petersburg and a DVD recording "*Live from Red Square Moscow*" with Anna Netrebko as well as the "*Il Trovatore*" from the Metropolitan Opera; all have been met with much critical acclaim.

The 2014-15 season will include appearances at the Metropolitan Opera, Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Wiener Staatsoper and Opera de Paris.



“**Constantine Orbelian** stands astride two great societies, and finds and promotes synergistic harmony from the best of each.” (*Fanfare*) For over 20 years the brilliant American pianist/conductor has been a central figure in Russia’s musical life — as Music Director of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra and the Philharmonia of Russia, and as frequent guest conductor with other illustrious Russian orchestras. In 2013 he also became Chief Conductor of the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra. He tours with American stars in Russian and European music centers, and with Russian stars in North American music centers, and extends these splendid collaborations to tours in Europe, UK, Japan, Korea, and other music capitals throughout the world.

Orbelian’s 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 well known as a tireless champion of Russian-American cultural exchange and international ambassadorship through his worldwide

tours. In January 2004, President Putin awarded Orbelian the coveted title “Honored Artist of Russia,” a title never before bestowed on a non-Russian citizen. In May 2010, Orbelian led the opening Ceremonial Concert for the Cultural Olympics in Sochi, Russia — the first event setting the stage for Russia’s hosting of the Olympic Games in 2014. In 2012, Orbelian was awarded the Russian Order of Friendship (ROF) Medal, the highest Russian award bestowed on non-Russians whose work contributes to the betterment of relations with the Russian Federation and its people.

“Orbelian has star quality, and his orchestra plays with passion and precision,” *The Audio Critic* wrote of his acclaimed series of over 30 recordings on Delos. Among his recent concert and televised appearances are collaborations with stars Renée Fleming and Dmitri Hvorostovsky, and with Van Cliburn in Cliburn’s sentimental return to Moscow, the great pianist’s last performance. *Opera News* calls Orbelian “the singer’s dream collaborator,” and commented that he conducts vocal repertoire “with the sen-

sitivity of a lieder pianist.” Orbelian’s frequent collaborations with Hovorostovsky include repertoire from their Delos recordings “Where Are You, My Brothers?” and “Moscow Nights,” featured on many tours and telecasts. On several occasions he has conducted historic live telecasts from Moscow’s Red Square, the latest of which took place on June 19, 2013, with Hovorostovsky and Anna Netrebko.

Recently Orbelian has turned to film to create more of his unique American/Russian collaborations. His first film production, “Renée Fleming and Dmitri Hovorostovsky: *An Odyssey in St. Petersburg*,” was filmed in St. Petersburg’s most glorious palaces, and features the two superstars in opera scenes and arias. The film is in some ways a culmination of Orbelian’s efforts in St. Petersburg, since he is founder and Music Director of the annual Palaces of St. Petersburg International Music Festival.

Born in San Francisco to Russian and Armenian emigré parents, Constantine Orbelian made his debut as a piano prodigy 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 with conductor Neeme Järvi won “Best Concerto Recording of the Year” award in the United Kingdom.

From his 1995 performance at the 50th Anniversary Celebrations of the United Nations in San Francisco, to his 2004 performance at the U.S. State Department commemorating 70 years of diplomatic relations between Washington and Moscow, and a repeat State Department appearance in 2007, all with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Orbelian continues to use his artistic eminence in the cause of international goodwill. He and his orchestras also participate in cultural enrichment programs for young people, both in Russia and the U.S. In 2001 Orbelian 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.



“An excellent sense of taste and proportion” – “entrancing, breathtaking beauty of orchestral sound” – “truly world-class professionals” ... these remarks are typical of what the press has said about the **Novaya Opera (NO) Orchestra**.

The high standards of the orchestra’s performance were set by the Novaya Opera’s founder, Evgeny Kolobov. After his death, the position of chief conductor was held by other prominent musicians, until maestro Jan Latham-Koenig assumed the position in 2011.

The NO orchestra feels equally secure performing music of various genres, periods and styles. In recent years its theater’s operatic premieres have included Wag-

ner’s *Tristan und Isolde* (the first Moscow production), Tchaikovsky’s *The Queen of Spades*, Martynov’s *The School for Wives*, the DIDO project (Nyman’s *Dido - The Prologue* and Purcell’s *Dido and Aeneas*), Britten’s *The Turn of the Screw* and Mozart’s *Le Nozze di Figaro*. In addition to opera performances, the orchestra collaborates in recitals of Novaya Opera soloists and performs symphonic programs. Its concert repertoire includes major symphonies by Shostakovich and Mahler, as well as various works by composers like Liszt, Strauss, Janáček, Gershwin, Weill, Milhaud and Walton, among others.

Over the years, this highly versatile orchestra has collaborated with many prominent conductors: Gennady Rozhdestvensky,

Vladimir Fedoseyev, and Yuri Temirkanov, to name but a few. It has worked with international opera stars like Jose Cura, Mario Frangoulis, Matti Salminen, Sonya Yoncheva, Lyubov Petrova, and Olga Borodina; also instrumental soloists such as pianist Nikolay Petrov and cellist Natalya Gutman, among many others. The orchestra actively collaborates with a number of leading ballet companies, and its members have enthusiastically taken part in chamber concerts.

Audiences on almost every continent have enthusiastically applauded the NO orchestra. Most recently, it performed on tour at the Israeli Opera in Tel Aviv in October 2013, and at the English National Opera in London in April 2014. For years, an important aspect of the orchestra's overall mission has been the presentation of concerts and operas in various theatres and concert halls in Moscow and on tour throughout Russia.

The Novaya Opera Orchestra began its collaboration with legendary opera star Dmitri Hvorostovsky back when Evgeny Kolobov, the theater's founder, was still alive. It was renewed in 2014 with performances of this program of wartime songs, conducted by Constantine Orbeli-

an, in Moscow (Barvikha Luxury Village and the State Kremlin Palace) and in Tobolsk (during the Summer in the Tobolsk Kremlin Festival). Dmitri has also given a concert on the Novaya Opera main stage as part of the World Opera Stars cycle.

USA Today wrote of the Russian folk instrument ensemble **Style of Five**, "They are so good at what they do that one wants to go to Russia and listen to them again and again."

Style of Five was established in 1994, when leading soloists of St. Petersburg came together to develop musical programs that explore fresh applications of Russian folk instruments. The group's unique distinction is that, apart from using traditional Russian instruments – gusly, domra, bayan (accordion), double-bass, and balalaika – the ensemble uses electronic instruments as well. Another unique characteristic of the ensemble is that its accomplished musicians are able to perform in many different configurations: solo, duet, trio and quartet.

The ensemble's high degree of collective and individual mastery has earned them



top prizes in All-Russia as well as international competitions. Its members – all graduates of the St. Petersburg Conservatory – are able to perform almost every kind of musical composition. Their touring activities have won the hearts of audiences across Russia, as well as at top halls in Great Britain, Sweden, Germany, France, Japan and the USA, among other nations; they remain in steady demand at leading international festivals. Unless you've heard them, you'll hardly believe the virtuosity, imagination or sheer joy and fun of their programs.

The group has long been associated with superstar baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky. In addition to touring with him extensively in highly visible concerts – including a 15-concert series celebrating the 60th anniversary of Russia's victory in WW II – they have collaborated on three of his CDs for Delos. The label has also released a separate CD of their unique and charmingly idiomatic playing.

Style of Five's musicians are **Evgeny Stetsyuk** (piano, composer/arranger), **Natalia Shkrebko** (domra), **Irina Ershova** (gusli, alto domra), **Victor Semenkin**

(bayan-accordion), and **Sergey Rouksha** (balalaika, contrabass).

The all-male **Ministry of Internal Affairs (MIA) Chorus** is the pride of the **Academic Song and Dance Ensemble of the Domestic MIA Forces of Russia**: the first (and one of the biggest) professional Army artistic teams in Russia. Founded in 1973, the ensemble's director and conductor since 1985 has been **Major General Viktor Eliseyev**, who began his career with the organization as a soldier. Over the years, its 39 varied programs have been presented in 8,000 concerts before audiences totaling over 25 million people. The ensemble was awarded the distinctive rank of "Academic" in 1993, and was honored in 1998 with an engraved plate in the Square of Stars. One of Russia's most visible cultural institutions, it represents its nation like few others.

The members of the chorus are all graduates of Russia's finest cultural academies and conservatories. The choir commands a broad repertoire, to include classical works by Chesnokov, Bortniansky and Rachmaninoff; music by more modern composers, and a wealth of patriotic and folk



material. Its participation in festivals and competitions worldwide has gained the group tremendous international respect.

The broader ensemble – including instrumentalists and dancers – takes part in many official government-sponsored ceremonies and events, such as inaugurations, important national and local (Moscow) anniversaries, WWII victory celebrations, and Olympic Games (1980). It participates regularly in important cultural festivals, competitions and charitable events, as well as cultural exchange activities. Its touring activities have taken the group to many dozens of nations and major cities on every continent.



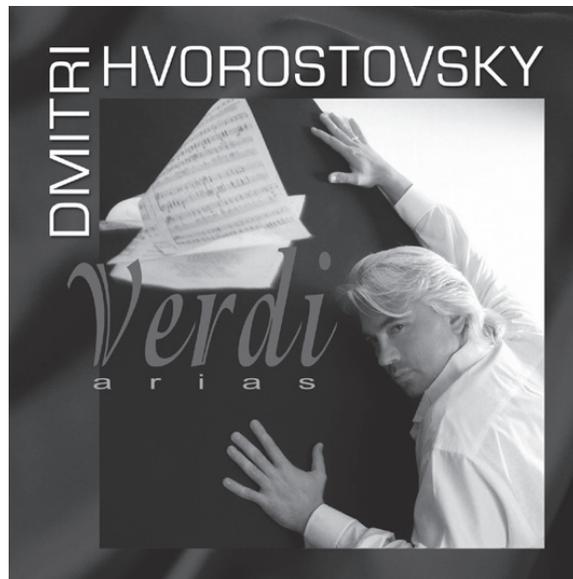
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This CD is lovingly dedicated to our parents — Alexander and Ludmilla Hovorostovsky, Vera Voznesenskaya Orbelian, and to the memory of Harry Orbelian. These four remarkable people lived through all of the horrors of war and personally experienced all of the emotions expressed in this collection of songs.

— Dmitri Hovorostovsky and Constantine Orbelian

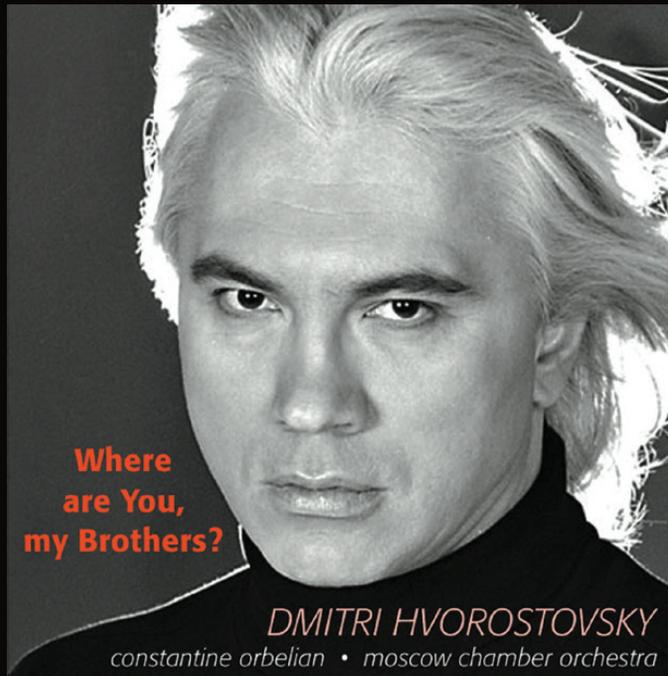
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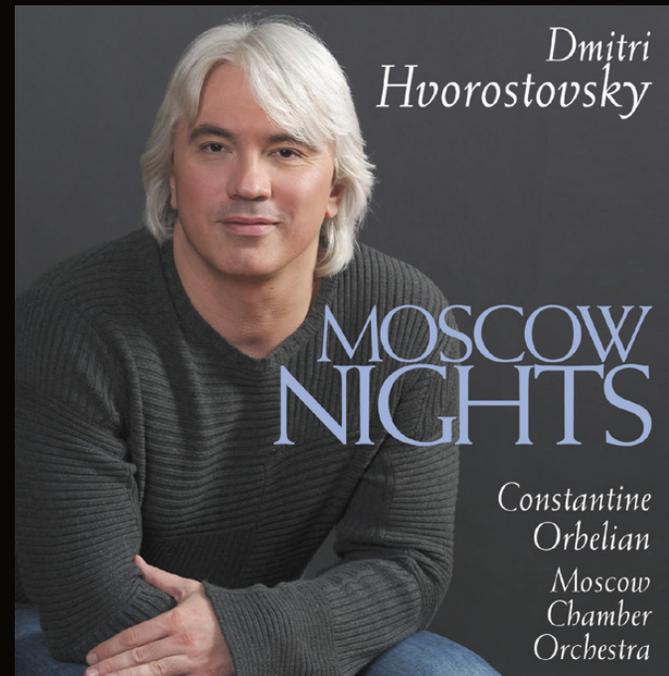
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