

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY

SINGING OF LOVE

DE 3565



DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY - *SINGING OF LOVE*

1. **PIOTR BULAKHOF: Shine, shine, my star (Gori, gori, moya zvezda)** (4:01)
(Lyricist: Vladimir Chuyevsky)
2. **ARNO BABAJANIAN: Do not hurry (Ne speshi)** (3:47)
(Lyricist: Yevgeny Yevtushenko)
3. **VERDI: Don Carlo: O Carlo, ascolta (O Carlos, now listen)** (4:23)
4. **MOZART: Don Giovanni: Deh vieni alla finestra (Come to the window)** (2:55)
5. **LEONCAVALLO: Pagliacci: Prologue "Si può?" (If I may?)** (5:42)
6. **GOUNOD: Faust: Valentin's aria "Avant de quitter ces lieux" (Before I leave this town)** (4:14)
7. **WAGNER: Tannhäuser: Wolfram's aria "Oh du mein holder Abendstern"** (4:45)
(Oh, star of eve, thy tender beam)
8. **TCHAIKOVSKY: Iolanta: Robert's Aria "Who can compare with my Mathilde?"** (2:36)
9. **TCHAIKOVSKY: Mazeppa: Mazeppa's Aria "Oh Maria, Maria!"** (5:27)
10. **ALEKSANDRA PAKHMUTOVA: Tenderness (Nezhnost)** (2:56)
(Lyricists: Sergei Grebennikov/Niklay Dobronravov)
11. **KIRILL MOLCHANOV: Wait for me (Zhdi menya)** (4:31)
(Lyricist: Konstantin Simonov)
12. **GLINKA: I recall a wonderful moment (Ja pomnu chudoe mgnovnie)** (3:24)

13. **TCHAIKOVSKY: Serenade, "O Child, beneath thy window" (Serenada, "O, ditya")** (3:10)
14. **TCHAIKOVSKY: Tell me, what in the shade of the branches** (3:51)
(“Skahzi, o chom v teni vetvey”)
15. **CAESARE ANDREA BIXIO: Parlami d’amore, Mariù (Speak to me of love, Mariù)** (3:16)
(Orchestration: L. Logi)
16. **EDUARDO DI CAPUA/GIOVANNI CAPPURO: 'O sole mio (My sun)** (4:40)
(Orchestration: Giancarlo Chiaramello)
17. **MATVEY BLANTER: Wait for me (Zhdi menya)** (4:53)
(Lyricist: Konstantin Simonov)
18. **ARNO BABAJANIAN: I’m grateful to you (Blagodariu tebia)** (3:39)
(Lyricist: Robert Rozhdestvenskiy)
19. **YAN FRENKEL: Cranes (Zhuravli)** (4:16)
(Lyricist: Rasul Gamzatov)

CONSTANTINE ORBELIAN, conductor
Moscow Chamber Orchestra
Philharmonia of Russia
State Academic Symphony Orchestra of Russia
Novaya Opera Orchestra
Style of Five
Ivari Ilja, piano

Total Playing Time: 75:34

**“Dmitri Hvorostovsky... one of the
voices of the century”
—*Opera News***

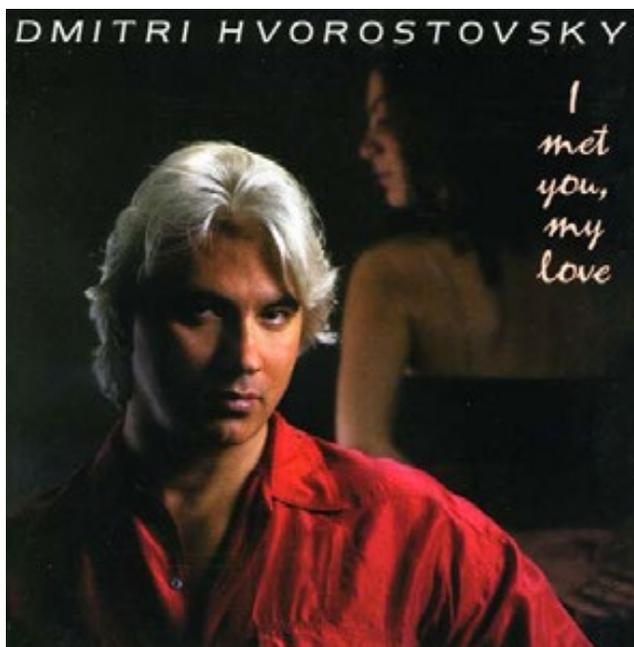
**“Some of the most beautiful and eloquent sounds
that can be heard from any human throat”
—*The New York Times***

**“the Verdi baritone of our time”
—*Los Angeles Times***

A BOUQUET FOR THE AGES

From early childhood to the last months of his life, Dmitri Hvorostovsky lived to sing. And through his wonderful recordings, Dmitri continues to sing for us — gloriously, tenderly and passionately.

“Shine, Shine, My Star” (track 1) comes from ***I Met You, My Love — Old Russian Romances***, one of Dmitri’s first albums for Delos. These “domestic” ro-



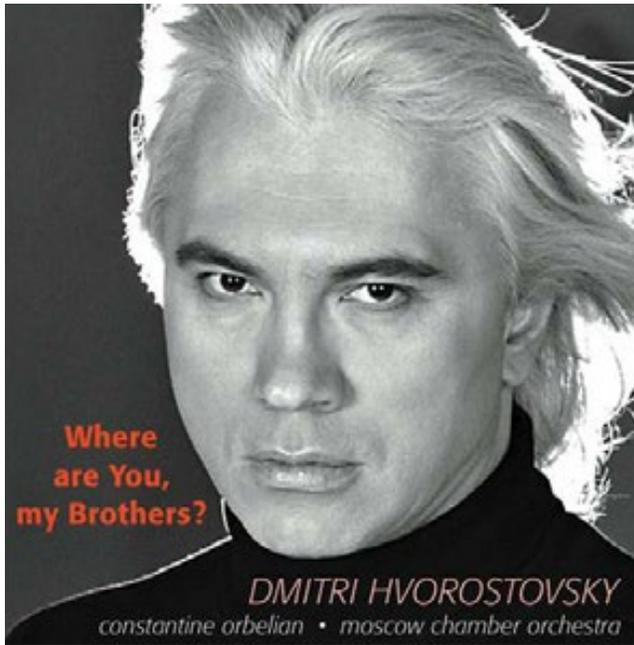
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delosmusic.com/recording/i-met-you-my-love-old-russian-romances

mances, as they were called in the early nineteenth century, flourished alongside Russian art songs, and eventually became the basis for popular Russian songs of the twentieth century. Dmitri knew these “domestic” nineteenth century romances from an early age, hearing them sung by his father, and described the songs as “refined and delicate.” Evgeny Stetsuk, arranger and member of the Style of Five ensemble, made unique arrangements for our Russian Romances recording.

The sentimental popular Russian twentieth century songs that developed from the older romances are represented here on tracks 2, 10, 11, 17, 18 and 19. Our Delos series originated in the summer of 2001, when label founder Amelia Haygood and I were relaxing with Dmitri and conductor Constantine Orbelian in a Moscow restaurant after a recording session. Dmitri and Constantine began describing these special songs to us, and took turns singing phrases from their favorites.

It was fascinating to hear them compare notes about growing up with this music — Dmitri in Siberia and Constan-



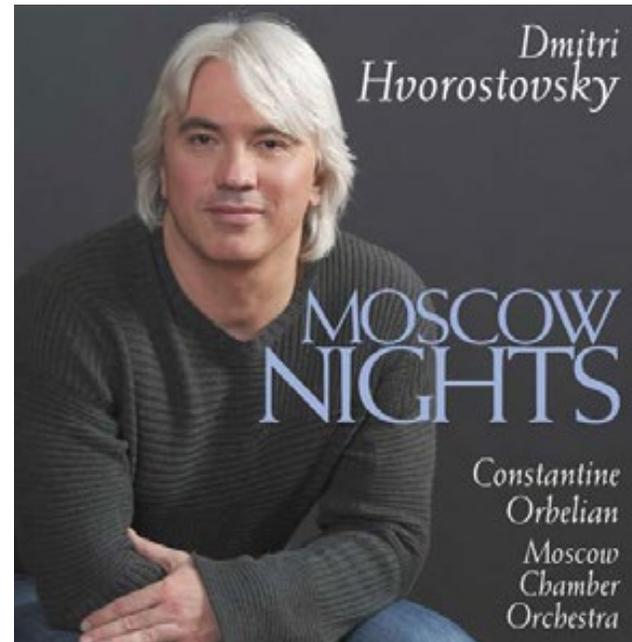
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tine in San Francisco. And as Amelia and I discovered while working on the subsequent recordings, the beauty and sentiment in these songs have a lasting emotional impact, even for people who had not grown up with them. In fact, their effect was so strong on all of us that we recorded three albums of the songs: ***Where Are You, My Brothers***; ***Moscow Nights***; and ***Wait for Me***. For all three, Evgeny Stetsuk and the Style of

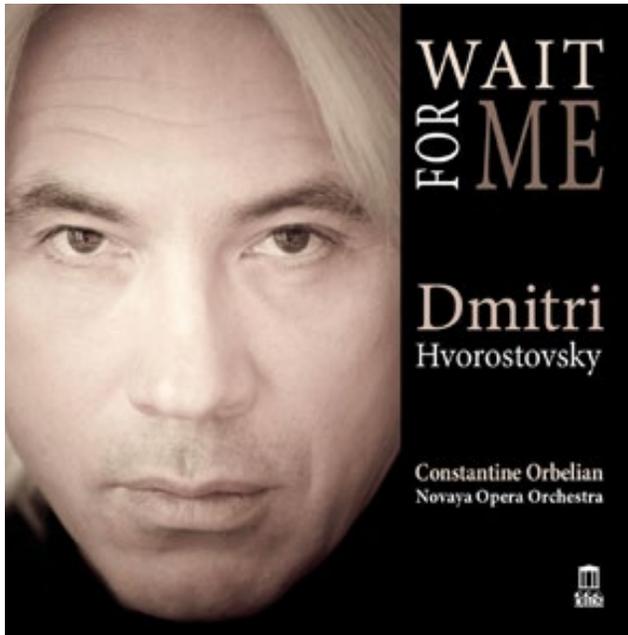
Five again contributed a special Russian flavor to the arrangements.

“Do not hurry” (track 2) and **“I’m grateful to you”** (track 18) are the beautiful work of Armenian composer Arno Babajanian, based on deeply emotional love poems. **“Tenderness”** (track 10) is a touching gem by Aleksandra Pakhmutova, inspired by the first manned space flight. We include two settings



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delosmusic.com/recording/moscow-nights



DE 3475

delosmusic.com/recording/wait-for-me

of the sentimental “**Wait for Me**” text, which came from a letter that journalist Konstantin Simonov sent to his sweetheart during the Second World War. The version composed by Kirill Molchanov (track 11) comes from our ***Moscow Nights*** program and the version by Matvey Blanter (track 17) is featured on our third program of songs, entitled ***Wait for Me***. The final track on this compilation, “**Cranes**” (track 19), composed by Yan Frenkel, expresses a

soldier’s heartbreaking fantasy about joining his fallen comrades, whose souls may have turned into white cranes flying above in a “blue-gray haze.”

Tracks 3 and 4 are from ***Verdi Opera Scenes***, a live recorded concert at the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory in 2008, featuring solos and duets by Dmitri and soprano Sondra Radvanovsky. One of Dmitri’s hallmark Verdi solos is Rodrigo’s moving aria from ***Don***



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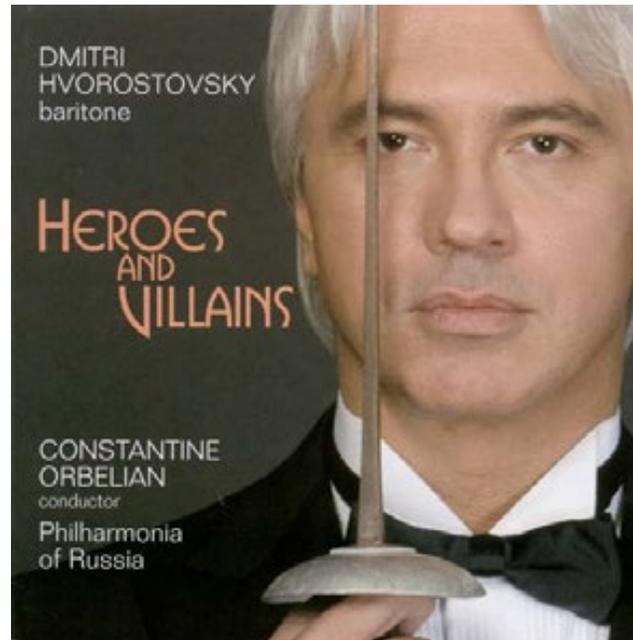
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Carlo, "O Carlo, ascolta" (track 3). Rodrigo, fatally wounded by an assassin, bids farewell to his dear friend Don Carlo and pleads with him to continue their struggle to bring freedom to the Netherlands. The famous Mozart serenade, "**Deh vieni alla finestra,**" (track 4) is an encore from the concert. As annotator Harry Pack put it, "in Hvorostovsky's interpretation it becomes an irresistible invitation, erotic to the core."

The **Verdi Opera Scenes** live performance was also made into a video after its release as an audio CD. The title of the video is "**Hvorostovsky in Moscow — with guest star Sondra Radvanovsky**" (Delos DV 7006). If you would enjoy watching Dmitri sing these arias, and also duets with Sondra, here is a link providing you with more information about the video:

delosmusic.com/recording/hvorostovsky-in-moscow

Tracks 5, 6 and 7 are from **Heroes and Villains**, Dmitri's wonderful aria album dedicated to Amelia Haygood, who died just before the recording's release. Tonio's Prologue aria from **I Pagliacci**



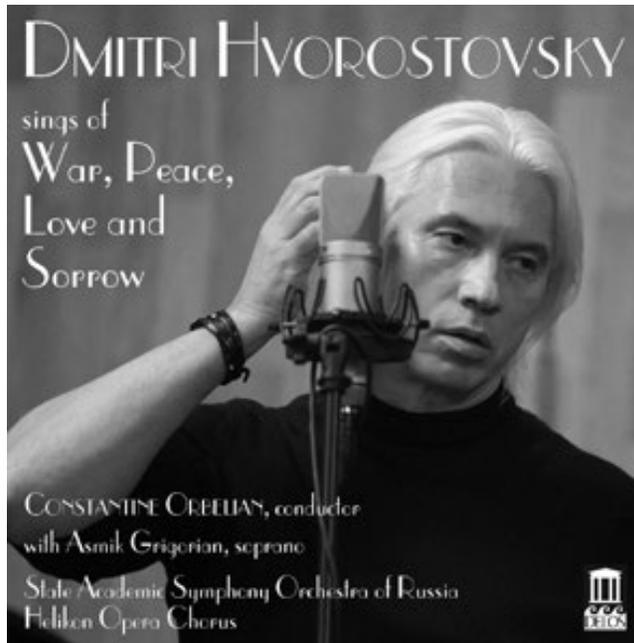
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(track 5) finds the clown "uncommonly eloquent . . . with heartfelt lyricism he urges the audience to look beyond the characters' meager costumes and into their souls" (George Loomis, annotator).

Valentin's aria from **Faust** (track 6), is a touching and much-loved prayer sung by a young man going off to battle, and entreating God to look after his beloved sister, Marguerite. Wolfram's aria from **Tannhäuser** (track 7) is a prayer to a

bright evening star, seeking light, help and guidance for his beloved Elizabeth as she treads a dangerous path.



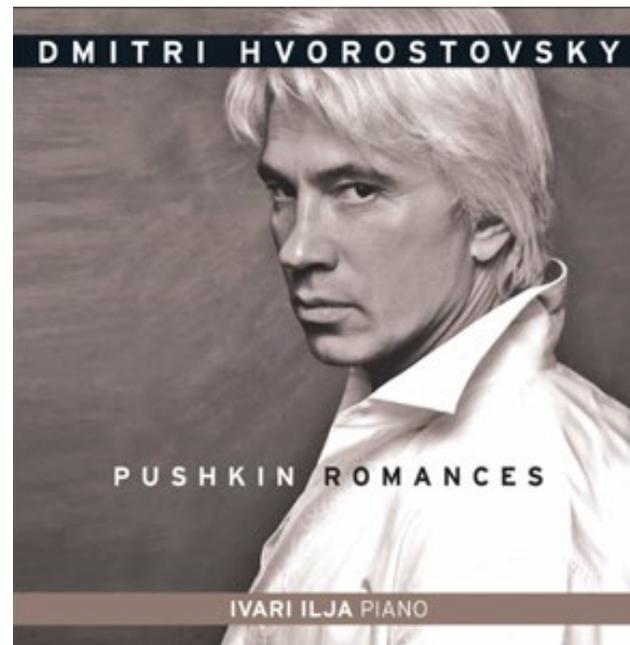
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Tracks 8 and 9 stem from *Dmitri Hvorostovsky Sings of War, Peace, Love and Sorrow*, recorded in 2015. Robert's aria from *Iolanta*: "**Who can compare with my Mathilda,**" (track 8), expresses "Robert's vivid and passionate description of Mathilda's beauty and virtues"

(Maya Pritsker, annotator). In Mazeppa's aria, from *Mazeppa*: "**O Maria, Maria**" (track 9), the military leader "contemplates his love for Maria and invokes her enchanting image."

Tracks 12, 13 and 14 represent two of Dmitri's albums of Russian art songs: *Pushkin Romances*, and *Tchaikovsky Romances*. Track 12 is Glinka's setting of the powerful Pushkin poem "**I recall a wonderful moment,**" expressing a

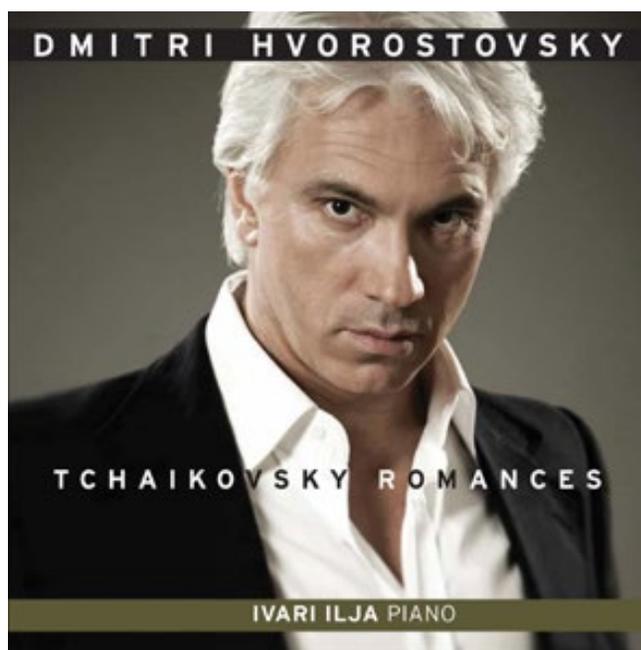


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delosmusic.com/recording/pushkin-romances-hvorostovsky

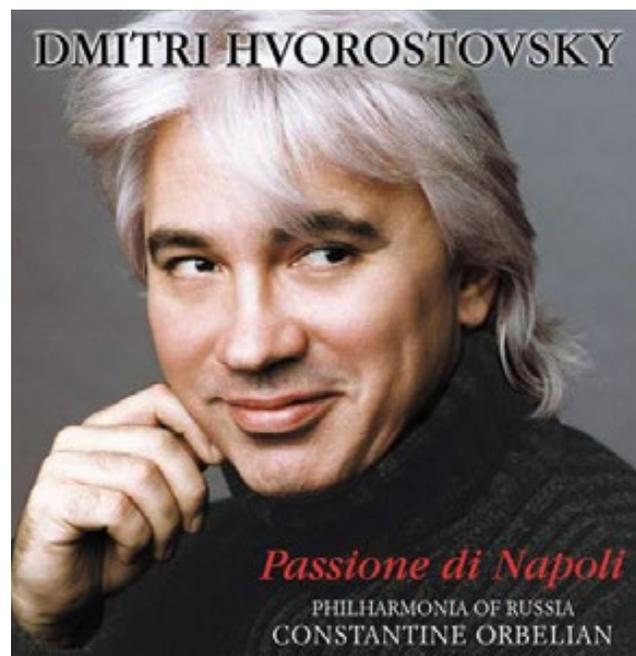
beautiful and loving image that kept returning to the narrator as an inspiration throughout a difficult life.

Track 13, "**O child, beneath your window,**" is a serenade that "brings out the composer's graceful playfulness, theatricality and melodic inventiveness" (Maya Pritsker). Track 14, "**Tell me, what in the shade of the branches**" is an intense plea to hear the word "love."



DE 3393

[delosmusic.com/recording/
tchaikovsky-romances-hvorostovsky](https://delosmusic.com/recording/tchaikovsky-romances-hvorostovsky)



DE 3290

[delosmusic.com/recording/
passione-di-napoli](https://delosmusic.com/recording/passione-di-napoli)

Dmitri recorded a program of his favorite Neapolitan songs for Delos, entitled *Passione di Napoli*. Of these songs, represented here by "**Parlami d'amore, Mariù**" (track 15) and "**O sole mio**" (track 16), he said: "There's a feeling of Neapolitan pride, enthusiasm, energy and the sheer joy of singing. And the poetry is naïve and beautiful, very sensitive. These songs are an opportunity to let go, to be hot-blooded and follow the heart."

— Carol Rosenberger

1. Gori, gori, moya zvezda

(Shine, shine, my star)

Gori, gori, moya zvezda,
zvezda liubvi privetnaya!
Tì u menia odna zavetnaya,
drugoy ne budet nikogda,
tì u menia odna zavetnaya,
drugoy ne budet nikogda!

Zvezda liubvi volshebnaya,
zvezda prishedshih luchshih dney!
Tì budesh vechno nezabvennaya
v dushe izmuchennoy moyey,
Tì budesh vechno nezabvennaya
v dushe izmuchennoy moyey.

Tvoyih luchey nebesnoy siloyu
fsia zhizn' moya ozarena;
umru li ya, tì nad mogiloyu.
Gori, siyay, moya zvezda!
Umru li ya, tì nad mogiloyu.
Gori, siyay, moya zvezda!

2. Ne speshi (Do not hurry)

Ty speshi, ty speshi ko mne,
esli ia vdali, esli trudno mne.
Esli ia — slovno v strashnom sne,
esli ten' bedy v
moiom okne.
Ty speshi, kogda obidiat vdruk,
ty speshi, kogda mne nuzhen drug,

Shine, shine, my star,
the welcoming star of love!
You are my only cherished one,
there will never be another,
you are my only cherished one,
there will never be another!

O, magic star of love,
O star of better days now here!
You will forever be unforgettable
within my tortured soul,
you will forever be unforgettable
within my tortured soul.

The celestial power of your rays
illumine my entire life;
And, should I die, upon my grave
you'll shine and glisten, O my star!
And, should I die, upon my grave
you'll shine and glisten, O my star!

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

ty speshi, kogda grushchu v tishi —
ty speshi, ty speshi!..
Ty speshi, kogda grushchu v tishi —
ty speshi, ty speshi!..

Ne speshi, ne speshi kogda,
my s toboy vdvoiom
i vdali beda:
Skazhut da list'ia i voda,
zvezdy i ogni, i poezda.
Ne speshi, kogda glaza v glaza,
ne speshi, kogda speshit' nel'zia,
ne speshi, kogda ves'
mir v tishi —
ne speshi, ne speshi!
Ne speshi, kogda ves'
mir v tishi —
ne speshi, ne speshi!..
Ne speshi, ne speshi!..

**3. VERDI: O Carlo ascolta –
from *Don Carlo***
(O Carlos, now listen)

O Carlo ascolta,
ta madre
t'aspetta a San Giusto doman;
tutto ella sa.
Ah! la terra mi manca!
Carlo mio, a me porgi la man!

Io morirò, ma lieto in core,
chè potei, così serbar;

hurry, when I am silently sad,
hurry, hurry!
Hurry, when I am silently sad,
hurry, hurry!

Do not hurry when
we are together and troubles
are far away;
there is a "yes" from leaves and water,
stars and lights and trains.
Do not hurry, when eyes gaze into eyes,
do not hurry, when you shouldn't hurry,
do not hurry, when the whole
world is silent.
Do not hurry, do not hurry!
Do not hurry, when the whole
world is silent,
do not hurry, do not hurry!
Do not hurry, do not hurry!

O Carlos, now listen,
Your mother will wait
by San Giusto tomorrow;
she knows all —
Ah, The earth fails me!
My Carlos, give me your hand!

I will die, but with a joyful heart;
I was able to stay true,

alla Spagna un salvatore,
Ah! di me non ti scordar!
Di me non ti scordar!
Regnare tu dovevi,
ed io morir per te.
Ah! Io morirò ma lieto in core,
chè potei, così serbar
alla Spagna un salvatore,
Ah! di me non ti scordar!
Ah! la terra mi manca
la mano a me, a me,
Ah! salva la Flandra —
Carlo, addio, ah! ah!

as a savior to Spain;
Ah! Do not forget me!
Do not forget me!
To rule is your destiny,
and I to die for you.
Ah! I will die, but with a joyful heart;
I was able to stay true,
as a savior to Spain;
do not forget me!
Ah, the earth fails me —
give your hand to me, to me,
Ah! Save Flanders!
Carlos, farewell! Ah! Ah!

4. MOZART: Dei vieni alla finestra —
from *Don Giovanni*
(Come to the window)

Dei vieni alla finestra, o mio tesoro,
de vieni a consolar il pianto mio.
Se neghi a me di dar qualche ristoro,
davanti agli occhi tuoi morir vogl'io!

Come to the window, my treasure,
come to console my tears.
If you deny me some relief,
I wish to die before your eyes!

Tu ch'hai la bocca dolce più che miele,
tu che il zucchero porti in mezzo al core,
non esser, gioia mia, con me crudele!
Lasciati almen veder, mio bell'amore!

Your mouth is sweeter than honey,
you carry sweetness in your heart,
don't be cruel to me, my joy.
Let me at least see you, my beautiful love!

5. LEONCAVALLO: Si può? —
from *I Pagliacci*
(If I may?)

Si può?... Signore! Signori!...
Scusatemi se da sol mi presento — (bring
this line up one space)
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

If 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 taken to heart!"
No! Your author intends
rather by far 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;

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!

6. GOUNOD: Avant de quitter ces lieux

— From *Faust*

(Before I leave this town)

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

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 yourselves we are breathing the
air of this world,
forlorn and lonely!
Now I've given you the notion! Watch
now the plot
unfolding before you.
Come on, then! Let us begin!

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.

**7. WAGNER: Oh du mein holder
Abendstern — from *Tannhäuser***
(O you, my lovely evening star)

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 scheinst du, o! Lieblichster
der Sterne,
dein saustes Licht entsendest
du der Ferne,
die nächt'ge Dämm'ung theilt
dein lieber Strahl,

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.

Like a premonition of death, twilight
covers the lands,
it shrouds the valley with
blackish raiment;
the soul that yearns for these heights
is fearful of its flight through horror
and night!

O loveliest star, there
you shine;
you send your tender light across
the distances.
The nightly twilight is split by your
dear ray,

und freundlich zeigst 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;

8. TCHAIKOVSKY: Who can compare with my Mathilde? — from *Iolanta*

Kto mozhet sravnit'sja s Matil'doj moej,
sverkajushchej iskrami chernykh ochej,
kak na nebe zvezdy osennikh nochej!
Vse strastnoju negoju v nej divno polno,
v nej vse op"janjaet, v nej vse op janjaet
i zhzhjet, kak vino.
Ona tol'ko vzgljanet,-
kak molnziej ranit,
i plamen' ljubvi
zardeet v krovi;
ona zasmeeetsja,
kak pesnej zal'etsja,-
i zhemchugov rjad
lico osvetjat,
o strasti kipuchej,
i burnoj, i zhguchej,
glaza govorjat
i k blazhenstvu manjat,
k blazhenstvu lobzanij,
bezumnykh zhelanij,

Ever friendly, you show the way out of
the valley.

O you, my lovely evening star,
I always greeted you gladly;
with the heart that never betrayed it.
Greet it as it passes by you,
as it soars away from the earthly valley
there to become a blessed angel!

Who can compare with my own
darling Mathilde,
dazzling beauty with lights in her
jet-black eyes,
like the stars in the skies of
autumnal nights?
She overflows with passion's
delightful bliss,
the pleasure she brings goes to my head
and she sets me aglow, like wine.
Just a single glance from her
burns me like lightning
and my blood is made redder
by love's flame!
Then she will suddenly laugh,
or burst into song,
and a row of pearls
will light up her face.
Her eyes show passion
that's warm, exuberant, wild,

k pozhatijam nezhnym
ruki belosnezhnoj,
k zabveniju gorja
i k schastju bez mer, bez konca i granic!
Kto mozhet sravnit'sja s Matil'doj moej,
sverkajushchej iskrami chernykh ochej,
kak na nebe zvezdy osennikh nochej!
Vse strastnoju negoju v nej divno polno,
v nej vse op"anjaet, v nej vse op"anjaet
i zhzhjet, kak vino, i zhzhjet kak vino!

**9. TCHAIKOVSKY: "Oh Maria, Maria!" –
from *Mazeppa***

O Mariya, Mariya!
Na sklone let moikh
ty, kak vesna, mne dushu ozhivila,
I v strastnom lepete rechej tvoikh
dlya starika byla charuyushchaya sila!
O Mariya, Mariya!
Ya perezhil s tobom
mgnoven'ya strasti pylkoy i blazhenstva,
Kogda tvoy chudny stan ya obnimal
I v nege tomnoy lyubovalsya
krasoy tvoey...
Tvoy nezhny vzor menya zhivil,
I v zhilakh krov' tekla bystreje,
v tvoikh ya ob'yat'yakh nakhodil
blazhenstvo, obnovlen'ye,
obnovlen'ye i ray!
Blazhenstvo i obnovlen'ye!
Tvoy nezhny vzor menya zhivil,
I v zhilakh krov' tekla bystreje,

enticing me
to surrender to rapture,
to the rapture of kisses
and of mad desires,
to the tender touch of her hand,
white as the snow,
to forget my sorrows
and find joys untold,
that know no bounds or end!

Oh Maria, Maria!
In my declining years,
like the spring, you reawakened my heart,
And in the passionate flood of
your words
There was, for an old man, an
enchancing strength.
O Maria, Maria!
I have experienced with you
moments of wild passion and bliss,
when I embraced your lovely body
and in languorous rapture admired
your beauty.
Your tender glance reinvigorated me,
and the blood flowed faster in my veins.
In your embraces I found
bliss, new youth,
new youth and paradise!
Bliss and new youth!

v tvoikh ob'yat'yakh nakhodil ya ray,
v tvoikh ob'yat'yakh nakhodil ya ray,
v tvoey lyubvi – blazhenstvo,
blazhenstvo i obnovlen'ye.
O Mariya! Kak ya
lyublyu tebya!

10. Nezhnost' (Tenderness)

Opustela bez tebia Zemlia.
Kak mne neskol'ko chasov prozhit'?
Tak zhe padaet v sadah listva
i kuda-to vsio speshat taksi.
Tol'ko pusto na Zemle seichas bez tebia
a ty, ty letish' i tebe dariat zviozdy
svoyu nezhnost'.
Tak zhe pusto bylo na Zemle
i kogda letal Ekziuperi.
Tak zhe padala
listva v sadah
i pridumat' ne mogla Zemlia
kak prozhit' ey bez nego,
poka on letal, letal i vse zviozdy
emu otdavali svoyu nezhnost'.

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

Your tender glance reinvigorated me,
and the blood owed faster in my veins.
In your embraces I found paradise,
in your embraces I found paradise,
in your love, bliss, bliss and new youth.
Oh Maria! How I love you!

The Earth seems deserted without you.
How can I survive for these few hours?
As always leaves are falling in gardens,
and taxis are hurrying somewhere.
I feel emptiness without you now,
but you — you are flying, and stars
are giving you their tenderness.
The Earth was also deserted like this
when Saint Exupery was flying.
Leaves were falling in gardens as they
are today,
and the Earth could not imagine
How it could survive without him,
while he was flying ... flying, and all the stars
were giving him their tenderness.

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

11. (and 17) Zhdi menia

(Wait for me)

Zhdi menia.
I ia vernus'.
Tol'ko ochen' zhdi.
Zhdi, kogda navodiat grust'
zhioltye dozhdi,
zhdi, kogda snega metut,
zhdi, kogda zhara,
zhdi, kogda drugih ne zhdut,
pozabyv vchera.

Pust' poveriat
syn i mat',
v to, chto net menia.
Pust' druz'ia ustanut zhdat',
siadut u ognia.
Vyp'iut gor'koe vino
za pomin dushi.
Zhdi, i, s nimi zaodno,
vypit' ne speshi.

Zhdi, menia i ia vernus'.
Vsem smertiam nazlo.
Kto ne zhdal menia,
tot pust' skazhet: —
"Povezlo!"
Ne poniat', ne
zhdavshim im,
kak sredi ognia,
ozhidaniem svoim,
ty spasla menia.

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

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

Wait for me and I'll come back,
death will not take me now.
Those who didn't wait for me,
let them say:
"Lucky man!"
They won't understand, those who
didn't wait,
when I am in the midst of battle,
with just your waiting,
you will have saved me.

Kak ia vyzhil,
budem znat'
tol'ko my s toboy.
Prosto ty umela zhdat',
kak nikto drugoy!...

How I survived,
we will know,
only you and I.
You just knew how to wait,
like no one else!

12. Ya pomnju chudnoje mgnoven'je

(I recall a wonderful moment)

Ya pomnju chudnoje mgnoven'je:
Peredo mnoj javilas' ty,
kak mimoljotnoje, viden'je,
kak genij chistoj krasoty.

I recall a wonderful moment
when you appeared before me,
as a fleeting vision,
as an inspiration of pure beauty.

V tomlen'jakh grusti beznadezhnoj,
v trevogakh shumnoj sujety,
zvuchal mne dolgo
golos nezhnoj,
i snilis' milyje cherty.

In the languor of hopeless melancholy,
in the anxieties of noisy bustle,
that tender voice stayed with me,
and I dreamed of those pleasing features.
Years passed.

Shli gody. Bur' poryv mjatezhnyj
rassejal prezhnije mechty,
i ya zabyl tvoj nezhnyj,
tvoji nebesnyje cherty.

The unruly drive of storm's
scattered dreams of the past,
and I forgot your tenderness,
your heavenly features.

V glushi, vo mrake zatochen'ja
tjanulis' tikho dni moji;
bez Bozhestva, bez vdokhnoven'ja,
bez sljoz, bez zhizni, bez ljubvi.

In the wilderness, in gloomy captivity,
my days dragged on quietly,
without god, without inspiration,
without tears, without life, without love.

Dushe nastalo probushden'je:
i vot opjat' javilas' ty,
kak mimoljotnoje viden'je,
kak genij chistoj krasoty.

To my soul, an awakening came,
and there again your face appeared,
as a fleeting vision,
as an inspiration of pure beauty.

I serdce b'jotsja v upojen'je,
i dlja nego voskresil vnov'
i bozhestvo, i vdokhnoven'je,
i zhizn', i sljozy, i ljubov'.

And my heart beat in rapture,
and it resurrected again
both god and an inspiration,
and life, and tears, and love.

13. Serenada, 'O, ditya'
(‘O Child’ Serenade)

O ditja, pod okoshkom tvojim
ja tebe propoju serenadu...
Ubajukana pen'jem mojim,
ty najdjosh' v snovide'jakh otradu;
pust' tvoj son i pokoj
v chas bezmolvnyj, nochnoj
nezhnykh zvukov lelejut lobzan'ja!

O child, below your balcony
I will sing a serenade...
Soothed by my singing
you will find peace in your dreams;
may your repose
in the stillness of the night
be caressed by the soft sound of kisses!

Mnogo gorestej, mnogo nevzgod
tebja v zhizni, ditja, ozhidajot;
spi zhe sladko, poka net zobot,
poka serdce trevogil ne znajet,
spi vo mrake nochnom
bezmjatezhnym ty snom,
spi, ne znaja zemnogo stradan'ja.

Many troubles, many woes
in life await you, child,
so sleep sweetly while you are free of care,
and your heart knows no burden;
sleep your serene sleep
in the darkness of the night;
sleep, ignorant of earthly strife.

Pust' tvoj angel-khranitel' svjatoj,
milyj drug, nad toboju letajet
i, leleja son devstvennyj tvoj,
tebe rajskuju pesn' napevajet.
Pust' toj pesni svjatoj
otgolosok zhivoj
tebe v dushu vselit upovan'je.

May your guardian angel
watch over you, dear friend,
and, lulling your childish slumbers,
softly sing you a song of heaven.
May the living echo
of this divine song
fill your soul with hope.

Spi zhe, milaja, spi, pochivaj
pod akkordy mojej serenady!
Pust' prisnitsja tebe svetlyj raj,
prejispolnennyj vechnoj otrady;
Pust' tvoj son i pokoj
v chas bezmolvnyj, nochnoj
nezhnykh zvukov lelejut lobzan'ja!

Sleep then, darling girl, and surrender
to the harmonies of my serenade.
May you dream of a radiant paradise
full of everlasting joy;
may your repose
in the stillness of the night
be caressed by the soft sound of kisses!

14. Skazhi, o chjom v teni vetvej

(Tell me, what in the shade of the branches)

Skazhi, o chjom v teni vetvej,
kogda priroda otdykhajet,
pojot vesennij solovej,
i chto on pesnej vyrazhajet?

Tell me, what in the shade of the branches,
where nature rests,
spring nightingale sings,
and that it is the song?

Chto tajno vsem volnujet krov?
Skazhi, skazhi, skazhi, kakoje slovo
znakomo vsem i vечно novo?
Ljubov, ljubov, ljubov!

What secretly worries all in their veins?
Say, Say, Say, what word
familiar to all, and ever new?
Love, love, love!

Skazhi, o chjom najedine,
v razdum je devushka gadajet,
chto tajnym trepetom vo sne
jej strakh i radost obeshchajet?

Say, as in private,
in thought the girl wonder
that secret thrill in their sleep
her fear and the joy of promises?

Nedug tot strannyj nazovi,
v ktorom svetlaja otrada,
chego jej zhdaj, chego jej nado?
Ljubvi, ljubvi!

Strange malady, that name,
Full of bright joy,
why wait for it, why should you?
Love, love!

Skazhi! Kogda ot zhiznennoj toski
ty utomlennyj iznyvajesh

Say! When a life of longing
makes you languish

i zloj pechali vopreki
khot prizrak schast ja prizyvajesh!

Chto uslazhdajet grud' tvoju?
Ne te li zvuki nezemnyje
kogda uslyshal ty vpervyje
slova, slova ljubvi!

15. Parlami d'amore, Mariù
(Speak to me of love, Mariù)

Come sei bella, piu' bella, stasera, Mariù
splende un sorriso di stella negli occhi
tuoi blu!
Anche se avverso il
destino domani sarà
oggi ti sono vicino, perche' sospirar.
Non pensar.

Parlami d'amore, Mariù
tutta la mia vita sei tu.
Gli occhi tuoi belli brillano
fiamme di sogno scintillano.
Dimmi che illusione non è
dimmi che sei tutta per me.
Qui sul tuo cuor non soffro
ù parlami d'amore, Mariù.

Qui sul tuo cuor non soffro più ecc.

and sorrows of the wicked,
even the ghost of happiness Calls!

What sweetens in your bosom?
Did not those sound heavenly,
when I heard you the first time
words, words of love!

How beautiful you are,
so beautiful this evening, Mariù.
A smiling star shines out from your eyes
of blue!
Even if fate is against us tomorrow,
I'm with you today, so why sigh?
Don't worry.

Speak to me of love, Mariù,
now that my whole life is you.
Your beautiful eyes shine bright,
the flames of dreams alight.
Tell me it's no illusion I see,
tell me that you're only for me.
Close to your heart I suffer no more.
Speak to me of love, Mariù.

Close to your heart I suffer no more *etc.*

16. 'O sole mio (My sun)

Che bella cosa e' na jurnata 'e sole.
n' aria serena doppo na tempesta!
Pe'll'aria fresca pare gia' na festa ...
Che bella cosa na jurnara 'e sole.

Ma n'atu sole,
cchiu' bello, oje,
'o sole mio
sta 'nfronte a te!

Quanne fa notte e 'o sole se
ne scenne.
me vene quasi 'na malincunia,
sotta 'a fenestra toia restarria
quanno fa notte e 'o sole se
ne scenne.

Ma n'atu sole, ecc

17. (See 11).

18. Blagodariu tebia

(I'm grateful to you)

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

What a beautiful thing is a day of sunshine,
the air serene after the storm.
The fresh air makes me feel so merry.
What a beautiful thing is a day of sunshine!

But another sun,
even more beautiful,
my sun,
Shines from your face!

When twilight comes and the sun begins
to set,
I feel a sense of melancholy.
Beneath your window, where I would linger,
When twilight comes and the sun begins
to set...

But another sun *etc.*

17. (See 11).

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

Za shiopot i za krik,
za vechnost' i za mig,
za otgorevshuiu zvezdu,
za smeh i za pechal',
za tihoe "Proshchay",
za vsio tebia blagodariu.
Za smeh i za pechal',
za tihoe "Proshchay",
za vsio tebia blagodariu.

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

Za shiopot i za krik...

Za vsio, za vsio,
Tebia blagodariu!.....Tebia!

19. Zhuravli (Cranes)

Mne kazhetsia poroiu, chto soldaty,
s krovavykh ne prishedshie poley,
ne v zemliu nasu polegli kogda-to,
a prevratilis' v belykh zhuravley.
Oni do sey pory s vremoin
tekh dal'nikh
letiat i podaiut nam golosa.
Ne potomu l' tak tchasto i petchal'no
my zamolkaem, gliadia v nebesa.

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

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

For a murmur and a cry...

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

It seems to me sometimes that soldiers
who didn't come home from the
blood-soaked battlefields,
weren't laid to rest in the earth,
but turned into white cranes...
That ever since that time long ago,
they have been flying, calling;
maybe that's why we often, and sadly,
fall silent, staring into the sky?

Letit, letit po nebu klin ustalyy,
letit v tumane na iskhode dnia,
i v tom stroiu est' promezhutok малы, —
byt' mozhet eto mesto dlia menia.
Nastanet den', i s zhuravlinoy staey
Ja poplyvu v takoy zhe sizoy mgle,
iz pod nebes
po-ptitch'i oklikaia
vsekh vas, kogo ostavil na zemle.

Mne kazhetsia poroiu, chto soldaty,
s krovavykh ne prishedshie poley,
ne v zemliu nasu
polegli kogda-to,
a prevratilis' v belykh zhuravley...

The tired flock flies and flies up in the sky,
it flies in the fog, as the day dies,
and in this formation there is a space;
maybe it is a place for me.
The day will come when I will also drift
with the cranes' flock in the same
blue-grey haze,
calling from the sky, in the birds' language,
the names of you whom I've left on earth.

It seems to me sometimes that soldiers
who didn't come home from the
blood-soaked battlefields,
weren't laid to rest in the earth,
but turned into white cranes.

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY

Internationally acclaimed Russian baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky was born and studied in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. From the start, audiences were bowled over by his cultivated voice, innate sense of musical line and natural legato. His career took him to all the world's major opera houses and renowned international festivals, including London's Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, New York's Metropolitan Opera, Opéra national de Paris, Bayerische Staatsoper Munich, Salzburger Festspiele, Teatro alla Scala Milan, Wiener Staatsoper 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 appeared at such venues as Wigmore Hall, London; Carnegie Hall, New York; the Teatro alla Scala, Milan; the Tchaikovsky Conservatoire, Moscow; the Liceu, Barcelona; the Suntory Hall, Tokyo; and the Musikverein, Vienna.

Dmitri always retained a strong musical and personal contact with Rus-



sia. He became the first opera singer to give a solo concert with orchestra and chorus on Red Square in Moscow, a concert that was televised in over 25 countries. Dmitri went on to sing in a number of prestigious concerts in Moscow as a part of his own special series, Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Friends. He invited such celebrated artists as Renée Fleming, Barbara Frittoli, Elina Garanca, Sumi Jo, Sonda Radvanovsky, Jonas Kaufmann, Marcello Giordani, Marcelo Alvarez, Stephen Costello, Aida Garifullina, Dinara Alieva and Ildar Abdrazakov to join him a series that now continues in his memory. In 2005 he gave a 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 also undertook major annual tours throughout Russia and countries of the Commonwealth of Independent States.

Dmitri's extensive discography spans recitals, broadcast concerts and complete operas. He also starred in *Don Giovanni Unmasked*, an award-win-

ning film (by Rhombus Media) based on the Mozart opera, in which he tackled the dual roles of Don Giovanni and Leporello. Recent CD recordings include the Grammy-nominated re-recording of Sviridov's *Russia Cast Adrift*, *Rigoletto*, the Russian WWII songs recording *Wait For Me* and *Simon Boccanegra*—all have met with much critical acclaim. For a complete discography, please visit his website.

Dmitri also enjoyed highly successful collaborations with conductors including Claudio Abbado, Marco Armiliato, Semyon Bychkov, James Conlon, Charles Dutoit, Vladimir Fedoseev, Valery Gergiev, Bernard Haitink, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Yevgeny Kolobov, James Levine, Fabio Luisi, Lorin Maazel, Zubin Mehta, Riccardo Muti, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Gianandrea Noseda, Constantine Orbelian, Seiji Ozawa, Antonio Pappano, Speranza Scappucci, Yuri Temirkanov and Michael Tilson Thomas—as well as with the Russian popular composer Igor Krutoi, with highly acclaimed concerts in Moscow, St Petersburg, Sochi, Kiev and New York's Radio City Music Hall.



Grammy-nominated conductor **Constantine Orbelian** “stands astride two great societies, and finds and promotes synergistic harmony from the best of each.” (*Fanfare*) For over 25 years the brilliant American pianist/conductor has been a central figure in Russia’s and Eastern Europe’s musical life—first as Music Director of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra and the Philharmonia of Russia, and more recently as Chief Conductor of the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra in Lithuania. In 2016 he also became Artistic Director of the State Academic Opera and Ballet Theater in Yerevan, Armenia. In all of these centers, Orbelian leads concerts and recordings with some of the world’s greatest singers.

Opera News calls Constantine Orbelian “the singer’s dream collaborator,” and commented that he conducts vocal repertoire “with the sensitivity of a lieder pianist.” The Califor-

nia-based conductor tours and records with American stars such as Sondra Radvanovsky and Lawrence Brownlee, and made numerous celebrated recordings with Dmitri Hvorostovsky before the legendary singer's untimely death. Orbelian is the founder of the annual Palaces of St. Petersburg International Music Festival.

"Orbelian has star quality, and his orchestra plays with passion and precision," *The Audio Critic* wrote of his acclaimed series of over 50 recordings on Delos. Among his 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. Orbelian's frequent collaborations with Hvorostovsky included repertoire from their Delos recordings of universal sentimental songs *Where Are You, My Brothers?* and *Moscow Nights*, as well as their 2015 recording in the same series, *Wait for Me*. Orbelian has conducted historic live telecasts from Moscow's Red Square, with such artists as Hvorostovsky and Anna Netrebko.

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 United States, United Kingdom, Europe, and Russia. His recording of the Khachaturian piano concerto with conductor Neeme Järvi won the "Best Concerto Recording of the Year" award in the United Kingdom.

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. A tireless champion of Russian-American cultural exchange and international ambassadorship through his worldwide tours, he was awarded the coveted title "Honored Artist of Russia" in 2004, 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—he first event setting the stage for Russia’s hosting of the Olympic Games in 2014. In 2012 the Consulate in San Francisco awarded him the Russian Order of Friendship Medal, whose illustrious ranks include pianist Van Cliburn and conductor Riccardo Muti, and which singles out non-Russians whose work contributes to the betterment of international relations with the Russian Federation and its people.

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 have also participated in cultural enrichment programs for young people, both in Russia and the United States. 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.

The “dynamic Moscow Chamber Orchestra” (*New York Times*) is known as one of the world’s great ensembles. First called “the greatest chamber orchestra in the world” by Dmitri Shostakovich, the legendary **Moscow Chamber Orchestra** (MCO) celebrated its 50th Anniversary in 2006. The Orchestra’s Music Director for two decades, brilliant American pianist/conductor Constantine Orbelian, brought the MCO into a new era of international activity and acclaim beginning in 1991. For his remarkable achievements with the MCO, Orbelian was awarded the title “Honored Artist of Russia” by President Putin in 2004.

From its 1995 performance at the 50th Anniversary Celebrations of the United Nations in San Francisco, to its 2004 performance at the U.S. State Department commemorating 70 years of diplomatic relations between Washington

and Moscow, the MCO has brought its celebrated artistry to a wide range of international audiences, touring in the UK, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Finland, Sweden, Korea, Japan, South Africa, South America, Canada and the United States. Under Orbelian's leadership the Orchestra was accorded the honor of "Academic" in its official Russian title (The State Academic Chamber Orchestra of Russia).

The MCO's acclaimed series of recordings with Maestro Orbelian on the Delos label numbers over 30 recordings. "A wonderful ensemble," wrote BBC Magazine. "They truly perform as a single, luminous, singing voice," exclaimed *Sensible Sound*. Copley News Service called the MCO "peerless among orchestras of its kind playing today." As London's *The Daily Telegraph* put it, "The musicians channel all of their emotion into the music and give performances of such passion and musicality... producing music making of both subtlety and verve."

The MCO was created in 1956 by renowned conductor and violist Ru-

dolph Barshai. Always a magnet for the most talented and brilliant musicians in Moscow, the MCO was an inspiration to important Russian composers such as Dmitri Shostakovich, who entrusted the first performance of his 14th Symphony to the Orchestra. The MCO's 50th Anniversary season featured music written or arranged for the Orchestra, in addition to music long associated with the MCO's illustrious history.

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** (POR). The core of the group was none other than Orbelian's elite Moscow Chamber Orchestra (MCO), which celebrated 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 mu-

sicians were handpicked to expand the POR; and from the outset both groups of musicians reported feeling inspired by the new experience. The result was 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 POR, "*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 subsequently led the POR in another 12 albums for Delos, including *The Khachaturian Centennial Album*, Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades*, great scenes and Arensky's one-act opera *Raffaello*. Exciting POR collaborations with Dmitri Hvorostovsky are the albums *Passione di Na-*

poli and *Verdi Arias*. Ewa Podles, Galina Gorchakova, Marina Domashenko, Olga Guryakova and Daniil Shtoda are all featured on POR's aria recordings. An album with cellist Nina Kotova features Bloch's *Shelomo*.

Orbelian, Hvorostovsky and the POR made international news in the widely-televised Red Square concert in May of 2004. Topping even that event was the VE Day 60th Anniversary Concert with Hvorostovsky, Orbelian and the ensemble at the Kremlin Palace in Moscow in May, 2005, attended by 53 heads of state from around the world, and featuring Songs from the war years. Following the VE Day concert, the POR accompanied Hvorostovsky and Orbelian on a "Hero Cities" tour of Russia, performing the same repertoire for audiences of thousands and honoring surviving World War II veterans.

In 2005, Orbelian led the POR in concerts with Hvorostovsky at Paris's Chatelet Theatre, Tokyo's Opera City Concert Hall and Hitomi Memorial Hall, as well as in Seoul with Hvoros-

tovsky and Sumi Jo. In 2006, the POR, 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 in Miami; In Europe, they appeared in London's Barbican Theatre, and in concerts in Moscow and St. Petersburg joined by Renée Fleming. The POR's 2007 tours included 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.

The **State Academic Symphony Orchestra "Evgeny Svetlanov"** is one of Russia's oldest symphonic ensembles. The ensemble's debut performance took place on October 5, 1936, at the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory. From its inception, the orchestra has been led by outstanding musicians such as Evgeny Svetlanov (1965-2000). Under Svetlanov's leadership the orchestra became one of the

world's best, and its repertoire grew to include virtually all Russian symphonic music, many Western classics, and works by contemporary composers. On 27 October 2005 the Orchestra was officially named after Maestro Svetlanov.

In 2011 Vladimir Jurowski, a world-renowned conductor collaborating with many leading opera companies and orchestras, was appointed as the ensemble's Artistic Director. The orchestra has worked with conductors such as Ernst Ansermet, Otto Klemperer, Lorin Maazel, Charles Munch, Mstislav Rostropovich, Kurt Sanderling, Igor Stravinsky, Charles Dutoit, Valery Gergiev, Kurt Masur, Gennady Rozhdestvensky, Leonard Slatkin, Yuri Temirkanov, and other great musicians.

Since its first tour abroad in 1956, the orchestra has performed in Australia, Austria, Belgium, Canada, China, the Czech Republic, Denmark, France, Germany, Hong Kong, Italy, Japan, Lebanon, Mexico, New Zealand, Poland, South Korea, Switzerland, Thailand, Turkey, the US, and many oth-

er countries. A special aspect of the Orchestra's activities belongs to undertaking charitable and educational projects.

The orchestra's discography includes hundreds of vinyl records and CDs released by leading labels worldwide. A special place in this list belongs to the Anthology of Russian Symphonic Music project, encompassing recordings of Russian composers from Glinka to Stravinsky: a Svetlanov project to which he dedicated many years.

This world-renowned Orchestra is a group that is firmly rooted in tradition, yet is steeped in the present and is constantly evolving.

"Entrancing, breathtaking beauty of orchestral sound," "truly world-class professionals" are some of the press comments about the **Novaya Opera Orchestra** (NOO). 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 conduc-

tor was held by prominent musicians Felix Korobov (2004–2006) and Eri Klas (2006–2010). In 2011, maestro Jan Latham-Koenig took over the position.

The NOO is equally at home performing music of different epochs and styles. In addition to performing operas, the orchestra participates in performances of Novaya Opera soloists and performs symphony programs. The orchestra has collaborated with prominent conductors of different generations, such as Gennady Rozhdestvensky, Vladimir Fedoseyev, Yuri Temirkanov, and many others.

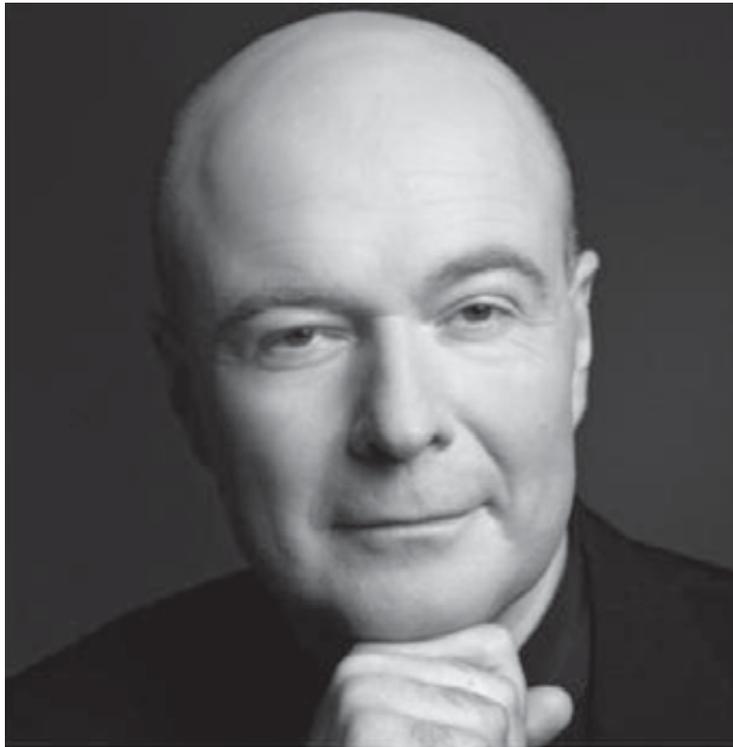
Audiences on most continents have applauded the NOO. It has performed on tour at the Israeli Opera in Tel-Aviv, at the English National Opera in London, and many others. An important part of the orchestra's activity has for years been concerts and operas in various theatres and concert halls in Moscow and across Russia. The ensemble actively collaborates with a number of leading ballet companies.

The NOO began its collaboration with the great Dmitri Hvorostovsky when founder of the theatre Evgeny Kolobov was alive. In 2014 this collaboration was renewed when the orchestra performed a program of war-tim songs conducted by Constantine Orbelian in Moscow and in Tobolsk. A concert also took place on the Novaya Opera main stage as part of the World Opera Stars cycle.

The **Style of Five** (SOF) ensemble is made up of brilliant, charismatic performers of Russian folk music. Founded in 1993, the group brought together leading musicians of St. Petersburg whose aim was to look at traditional Russian folk instruments in a new way. The musicians' ability to experiment and improvise, as well as to explore non-traditional musical forms, allows them to use their unique combination of old and new instruments in fascinating ways. The SOF's performances in Russia, Europe, Japan and the U.S. are cheered for their virtuosity, imagination and the sheer joy and fun of their programs. The SOF also brings its own distinc-

tive instrumentation and arrangements to favorite classical repertoire, as demonstrated by the group's delightful CD for Delos. The ensemble's ability to fully explore the acoustic potential of their instruments, together with their interesting and diverse programs, have won the hearts of audiences all over the world. As *USA Today* wrote, "They are so good at what they do that one wants to go to Russia and listen to them again and again."





Estonia-born **Ivari Ilja** is an internationally recognized collaborative pianist and ensemble musician. His collaboration with renowned singers Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Irina Arkhipova, Maria Guleghina and Elena Zarem-ba has been particularly acclaimed. Together they have performed on many of the great concert stages of the world, including Carnegie Hall, Alice Tully Hall, Avery Fisher Hall of New York, The Kennedy Center of Washington, Davies Symphony Hall

San Francisco, La Scala in Milan, Queen Elizabeth Hall and Wigmore Hall in London, the Bolshoi Theatre of Moscow, the great halls of St. Peterburg Philharmonic and Moscow Conservatory, Staatsoper Hamburg, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Suntory Hall of Tokyo, Musikverein of Vienna and Mozarteum of Salzburg. Beginning in 2003, he made many tours with Dmitri Hvorostovsky in USA, Europe, Hong-Kong, Japan and elsewhere.

Ivari Ilja has also given solo recitals in France, United Kingdom, Germany, Estonia, Russia, Sweden, Finland and performed as a soloist with several orchestras such as Estonian National Symphony Orchestra, the Moscow Symphony Orchestra, and the St. Petersburg Symphony Orchestra. His repertoire mostly consists of romantic music, primarily of the works by Frédéric Chopin, Johannes Brahms, Robert Schumann, but also Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Sergei Prokofiev, Benjamin Britten and others.

Cover photo of Dmitri Hvorostovsky: © Pavel Vaan & Leonid Semenyuk.

For further information about any track in "Dmitri Hvorostovsky — Singing of Love", please see the link under the cover graphic of the original album from which the track was taken.

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