

Arax Davtian
RUSSIAN ROMANCES



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GLINKA

1. **Alla Cetra** (K Tsytre) (2:41)
2. **I Recall a Wonderful Moment** (Ya Pomnyu Chudnaye Mgnavenye) (3:13)
3. **The Blue Waves Are Asleep** (Usnuli Golubye) (2:42)
4. **How Sweet It Is To Be With You** (Kak Slatko S Taboyu Mne Byt) (3:08)
5. **Tell Me Why** (Skazhi, Zachem...) (1:54)
6. **The Fair Maiden Is Miserable** (Gorko, Gorko Mnye, Krasnoi Devitse) (2:34)

DARGOMYZHSKIY

7. **The Sierra-Nevada Is Covered With Fog** (Adelas Tumanami Sierra-Nevada) (2:58)
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9. **Sixteen Years** (Shesnatsat Lyet) (2:28)
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TCHAIKOVSKY

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15. **In A Single Word** (Khatel By V Yedinaye Slovo) (1:41)
16. **Again Like Before** (Snova, Kak Prezhde...) (2:25)

RACHMANINOFF

17. **Don't Sing to Me, Fair Maiden** (Ne Poi, Krasavitsa) Op. 4, No. 4 (4:46)
18. **The Lilac** (Siren) Op. 21, No. 5 (1:55)
19. **An Excerpt From A. Musset** (Atryvok Iz A. Musse) Op. 21, No. 6 (1:52)
20. **Rat-Catcher** (Krysalof) Op. 38, No. 4 (3:00)
21. **Daisies** (Margaritki) Op. 38, No. 3 (2:40)
22. **Spring Waters** (Vesenniye Vody) Op. 14, No. 11 (2:00)

Total Playing Time: 57:46

Arax Davtian, soprano • Vladimir Yurigin-Klevke, piano



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NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

Among the works created by **Mikhail Glinka**, romances and songs held an important place. They represent a great variety of styles and subjects, as well as musical forms that range from simple variation of verses to free fantasies. Glinka took a great interest in studying vocal art and was a wonderful singer besides. All of this contributed to the success he achieved in the field of romance composition and means of vocal interpretation.

In the Russian song *The Fair Maiden is Miserable* to words by Rimsky-Korsakov, the composer continues in the steps of the traditional verse-based song style. This work is notable for its terse narration, and an equal balance between the melodic and harmonic elements. The romance confession *Tell Me Why* to words by Sergei Golitsyn is the composer's tribute to epicurean love poetry. The lyrical monologue *I Recall a Wonderful Moment* to words by Alexander Pushkin is highly contrasting, and combines lyrical softness and extreme drama, smooth cantilena and measured declamation. In *Alla Cetra* the composer employs a form typical of the Italian canzonetta. *The Blue Waves Are Asleep*, to words by Nestor Kukolnik, is a barcarolle from the *Farewell to Petersburg* cycle. *How Sweet It Is To Be With You*, to words by Pyotr Ryndin, attracts with its elegance and fine melodic design.

The roots of romances and songs written by **Alexander Dargomyzhsky** go deeply into the Pushkin-Glinka age, and the influence of Glinka on his creative achievements was very strong. *The Youth and The Maiden* to words by Pushkin and *Sixteen Years* to words by Anton Antonovich Delvig are moving with their naive sentimentality, and are written in a lively waltz style. *The Garden* (oriental romance), to words by Pushkin, is a finely stylized biblical poem that is striking in its fanciful melodic invention and bold harmonic language. The bolero *The Sierra-Nevada is Covered with Fog* to words by Valerian Shirkov is a brilliant Spanish serenade, while *The Clouds in the Sky* to words by Mikhail Lermontov is cast in the vein of a downtown song.

Tchaikovsky's romances, created during various periods of his life, are represented here by an early song, *Not a Word, Oh, My Friend* to words by Alexei Pleshcheyev, which is distinguished by laconic language and the stamp of Tchaikovsky's personal style. *In A Single Word* to words by Lev Aleksandrovich Mey, expresses one predominant idea — that of a limitless space taking one outside the boundaries of the visible world, with the music breathing a passionate youthful desire and noble feelings. *That Was In Early Spring* to words by Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy was written

soon after the composer completed *Eugene Onegin* and bears a distinct resemblance to the opera's style, especially the episode of Tatyana's letter to Onegin. The charming fascination of this unpretentious, radiant melody dwells in its simplicity and songfulness. *Amidst the Bustling Party* to words by Tolstoy is cast in the vein of a slow melancholic waltz. *Again, Like Before All Alone* to words by Daniil Rathaus, one of the composer's later works, is full of deep melancholy.

Each work written by **Rachmaninoff** in the vocal chamber genre has a special individuality and a uniqueness of style. "Melody is music, the main feature of the whole music, because a perfect melody implies and calls forth its own harmonic embodiment," was Rachmaninoff's creative credo. In his romances, the piano part tends to occupy a very important place, and goes beyond the limits of the genre to establish a style of a vocal-instrumental duet rather than a song. His earlier romance, *Don't Sing to Me, Fair Maiden* to words by Pushkin, "a little lyric tragedy," breathes a truly Georgian atmosphere. *Spring Waters* to words by Fyodor Tyutchev is marked by a genuine symphonic

treatment. *The Lilac* to words by Yekaterina Beketova is one of Rachmaninoff's finest lyric landscapes, where the voice part, endowed with imitative figurations, is contrasted to the swaying figurations on the piano. *An Excerpt from A. Musset* to words by Alexei Apukhtin is a dramatic monologue, revealing, in a manner full of pathos, a feeling of loneliness and disillusionment. The romances of his later Op. 38 are notable for their combination of delicacy and expressivity, and demonstrate a highly refined musical language. *Daisies*, to words by Igor Severyanin, is a soft dithyramb to maidenly beauty, where the melodic and thematic initiative belongs to the piano, and not to the vocal part. *Rat-Catcher*, to words by Valery Bryusov, is a scherzo; the melodic development is based on a somewhat impulsive and slightly mocking motive of the enchanted pipe whistling.

Glinka

1. K Tsytre

Ekho maikhe rydani,
Tsytra, zachem zvuchish ty vnof?
Akh, vyrazit sertsya stradanii
Ne f silakh sama lyubov.
Akh, vyrazit sertsya stradanii
Ne f silakh sama lyubov.
Struny naprasno zvuchali,
Net, ne peredat strunam zvenyashchim
Moi vzdokh i ston pechali
Zvukom ikh drazhashchim,
V atvet na stony muki
Zvuchit struna, rydaya.
O chom te plachut zvuki,
Ya ni o tom vzdychayu.
Ta, kamu atdal ya fse mechtanya,
Akh, mne yiyo ne vidat ush vnof.
I vyrazit sertsya stradanya
Ne f silakh sama lyubof.

2. Ya Pomnyu Chudnaye Mgnavenye

Ya pomnyu chudnaye mgnavenye:
Pereda mnoi yavilas ty.
Kak mimalyotnaye videnye,
Kak genii chistoi krasoty.
F tamlenyi grusti beznadezhnoi,
F trivogakh shumnoi suyety,
Zvuchal mnje dolga golos nezhenyi,
I snilis milye cherty.
Shli gody. Bur paryf mitezhenyi
Rasseyal prezheniye mechty.
I ya zabyl tvoi golos nezhenyi,
Tvai nebesnyie cherty.
V glushi, va mrake zatachenya
Tyanulis tikho dni mai,
Bez bazhestva, bez vdakhnavenya,
Bez slyos, bez zhizni, bez lyubvi.

Glinka

1. Alla Cetra

Like echo of my tears, lyre,
I don't want to hear you again.
Love itself is unable
To express how I suffer.
Love itself is unable
To express how I suffer.
The quavering sound of your strings
Failed to render my distress
And lament of my heart.
As a recoil of my heart's laments
Your strings quaver and weep.
They weep and lament,
but not for her!
For her, who has been my only dream.
I'll never see her again.
Love is itself unable
To know how I suffer.

2. I Recall a Wonderful Moment

I recall a wonderful moment
When you appeared before me,
As a fleeting vision,
As an inspiration of pure beauty.
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. The unruly drive of storms
Scattered dreams of the past,
And I forgot your tenderness,
Your heavenly features.
In the wilderness, in gloomy captivity,
My days dragged on quietly,
Without God, without inspiration,
Without tears, without life, without love.

Dushe nastalo probuzhdenye:

I vot apyat yavilas ty.
Kak mimalyotnaye videnye,
Kak genii chistoi krasoty.
I sertse byotsa v upayenyi,
I dlya nivo vaskresli vnof
I bozhestvo, i vdokhnovenye,
I zhizn, i slyozy, i lyubov.

3. Usnuli Golubye

Usnuli golubye, sivodnya,
Kak fchira, akh, volny udalye.
Nadolgo I – da utra!
U nas i v mrake nochi
Volnenye lyubvi
Agyom garit f kravi.
I pleskom razmakhnulas
Shirokaye veslo,
I tikho raspakhnulas
Zavetnaye akno,
I vam pakoya, volny.

4. Kak Slatko S Taboyu Mne Byt

Kak slatko s taboyu mne byt
I molcha dushoi pagruzhat
V lazurnye ochi tvai.
Fsyu pylkost, fse strasti dushi
Tak silno ani vyrazhayut
Kak slovo ne vyrazit ikh.
I sertse trepeshchet nivelna
Pri vide tibya!
Lyublu ya smatret na tibya:
Tak mnogo v ulybke atrady
I negi v dvizhenyakh tvaikh.
Naparasno khachu zaglushit
Paryvy dushevnykh valnenii,
I sertse rassutkom panyat. . .
Ne slushayet sertse rassutka

To my soul, an awakening came,
And there again your face appeared,
As a fleeting vision,
As an inspiration of pure beauty.
And my heart beat in rapture,
And for it were resurrected
Both God and an inspiration,
And life, and tears, and love.

3. The Blue Waves Are Asleep

The blue waves are asleep.
Those swift waves,
Day after day. Until what time?
Until morning breaks.
In the darkness of the night,
The feeling of love
Brings tears into my eyes.
Burning my blood hot.
The sound of splashing paddle
Is heard, her window opens quietly.
You waves will have no peace,
While I'm there.

4. I'm Happy To Be With You

I feel so happy with you,
My soul drowns in the azure
Of your eyes.
They express, in a way so strong,
All the ardor and passions of one's soul
As words would have failed to express.
Instinctively, my heart trembles
At the sight of you!
I like to look at you:
Your smile is breathing joy,
And your movements – ease.
I tried, but in vain, to suppress
The passion burning in my heart,
To comprehend my soul with my mind.
My heart obeys no reason

Pri vide tibya!
Nezhdannayu chudnoi zvezdoi
Yavilasya ty preda mnoyu
I zhizn azarila mayu.
Siyai zhe, ukazyvai put,
Vedi k nepriyvchnomu shchastyu
Tavo, kto nadezhdy ne znal.
I sertse utonyet v vastorge
Pri vide tibya!

5. Skazhi, Zachem...

Skazhi, zachem yavilas ty
Ocham maim, mladaya Lila.
I vnof znakomye mechty
Dushi zasnuvshei prabudila.
Skazhi, zachem?
Nat strastiyu mayei shutya,
Zachem s uma minya ty svodish,
Kagda zh lyubuyus na tibya,
Ty vzor s khalodnastyu atvodish,
Skazhi, zachem?
Net, pagadi!
Khachu pradlit ya zabluzhdenye;
Udar zhestokiy atrvati:
Udvoish ty mayo muchenye,
Skazaf, zachem.

6. Gorko, Gorko Mnye Krasnoi Devitse

Gorko, gorko mnye, krasnoi devitse,
F svetlom teremye, v zlatye, serebrye,
Akh! Padruzhenki, vy ne poite mne
Pesny brachnye.
Akh! Padruzhenki, pesny brachnye
Vy ne poite mne.
Presni brachnye naros sertse rvut,
Naros sertse rvut.
Vy zapoite mne pesnyu gorkuyu,
Pagribalnuyu.
Strashno na polye v noch asennuyu
Kagda solnyshko, kagda krasnaye,
Za les pryachetsa.

At the sight of you!
You came into my life
Like a strange and wonderful star,
And lighted up my life
Shine and show me the way
To happiness which I have never known,
To hopes I've never had.
My heart gets overwhelming with bliss
At the sight of you!

5. Tell Me Why

Tell me why I should have met you,
You stirred my soul and
My long-abandoned dreams.
Tell me why?
You taunt me, you deride my passion,
You drive me mad;
When I look at you with admiration,
You turn your eyes away –
Tell me why? Tell me why?
No, please wait!
This sweet delusion
I don't want to end.
Don't be hard on me!
You'll only make me suffer more
If you tell me why.

6. The Fair Maiden is Miserable

I'm so miserable
In my marble palace,
Full of silver and gold.
Dear girls, my beloved friends,
Sing me no wedding song.
Those wedding songs
Only break my heart.
Sing me a sorrowful song.
A funeral song.
The autumn night
Is dark and frightful.
The sun is hiding behind the woods.
Oh, I'm so miserable without my Uslad,

Grusno, milye, bez Uslada mnye,
Kak bis solnyshka polevym tsvetam,
Bez Uslada mnye.

7. Adelas Tumanami Sierra-Nevada

Adelas tumanami Sierra-Nevada,
Valnami igrayet kristalnyi Khenil,
I g bergu veyet s patoka prakhlada,
I v vozdukhke bleshchet srebristaya pyl.
Prazrachnye bezny efira,
Lunoi i zvezdami garyat!
Atkroi mne ventanu, Elvira.
Minuty blazhenstva lityat!
Usnul li idalgo dakuchnyi?
Spusti mhye s uzlami snurik!
Sa mnoyu kinzhal nirazluchnyi,
I smertnava zeliya sok!
Nye boisya, tsvet miloi Grenady!
Ventanu za mnoyu zakroi!
Puskai nam payot serenadu
I plachet Kartecho mladoi!

8. Vertograd

Vertograd mayei sestry,
Vertagrat uyedinenny!
Chisty kluch u nei s gary
Nye bezhit, zapechatlyonnyi.
U menya plady blistyat,
Nalivnyie, zalatyie,
U menya begut, shumyaty,
Vody chistyie, zhivyyie!
Nart, alloi i kinnamon
blagavoniyem bagaty,
Lish paveyeyet akvilon
I pasplyut aramaty.

9. Shesnatsat Lyet

Mnye minulo shesnatsat lyet.
No sertse bylo v volye;
Ya dumala:
Ves belyu svet –

My beloved Uslad.
Uslad – my delight,
Like flowers in the field without the sun.

7. The Sierra-Nevada is Covered with Fog

The Sierra-Nevada is covered with fog,
Ksenil is rushing its waves playfully.
The water breathes cool air to the shore
Glistening with silver-like drops.
The air is pure and transparent,
The moon and the stars shine brightly!
Just open your window for me Elvira!
Don't let those blissful minutes perish!
Is your annoying Hidalgo asleep?
Drop down the rope for me.
I have my dagger with me,
And a poisonous potion, too.
Don't be scared, the flower of Granada!
Shut the window behind me.
Let young Kortho sing
His serenade for us.

8. The Garden

My sister's garden
Is very secluded.
There is no brook there
Streaming down from the hill.
In my garden, the fruit trees
Stand golden and ripe.
The stream is flowing down,
Pure and lively.
Spikenard, aloe, cinnamon –
All these just smell divine!
The moment the soft wind blows
The air is filled with their odors!

9. Sixteen Years

I turned sixteen,
My heart was vacant yet.
I thought that the entire world
Was just the woods, the river

Nash bor, potok i polye.
 K nam yunosha prishol f silo:
 Kto on? Atkol? Ne znayu –
 No fsjo minya k nimu vliklo,
 Fsjo mnye tverdilo – znayu!
 Kuda paidu – i on za mnoi.
 Na dolgayu l razluku?
 Ne znayu. Tolko on s taskoi,
 Akh, on s taskoi,
 Bezmolvna zhal mnye ruku.
 “Shto khochish ty? – sprasila ya.
 – Skazhi, pastukh unlyi.”
 I s zharom on skazal:
 “Lyublyu, lyublyu tibya.”
 I tkho nazval miloi.
 I mne p tagda “lyublyu” skazat,
 No slof naiti ne znala.
 Na zemlyu patupila, patupila vzgliat,
 Krasnela, trepetala.
 Ni slova ne skazala ya;
 Za shtosh yemu serditsa?
 Za shto pakunul, pakinul on minya?
 I skoro l vazvratitsa?

10. Tuchki Nebesnye

Tuchki nebesnye, vechnye stranniki,
 Stepyu lazurnayu, tsepyu zhemchuzhnayu.
 Mchites vy, butta kak ya zhe, izgnanniki,
 S milova severa f storanu yuzhnayu!
 Kto zhe vas gonit: sudby li resheniye?
 Zavist li tainaya? Zloba atkrytaya?
 Ili na vas tyagatit prestupleniye?
 Ili druzei klevita yadavitaya?
 Net, vam naskuchili nyvy besplodnye,
 Chuzhdy vam strasti, i chuzhdy stradaniya,
 Vechno khalodnye, vechno svobodnye,
 Net u vas rodiny, net vam izgnaniya.
 Vechno khalodnye, vechno svobodnye,
 Net u vas rodiny, net vam izgnaniya.

11. Yunoshu, Gorko Rydaya

Yunoshu, gorko rydaya

And the cornfields around us.
 One day, a young man
 Appeared in our village.
 Who was he? Where from?
 I had no idea. But something
 Drew me to him, as if
 I'd known him for years.
 Wherever I went – he followed me.
 Why? Did he feel the same?
 I don't know.
 He took my hand,
 Yearning in his eyes.

“I love you,” said he, “you're my love.”
 I should have told him I loved him, too.
 Somehow, words did fail me.
 I could only look down,
 Blushing, trembling,
 I did not say a word.
 Why should he be angry?
 Why did he abandon me?
 Will he ever be back?

10. The Clouds In The Sky

The clouds in the sky, eternal wanderers!
 Passing over the steppes, in a pearl-like chain,
 Forward you rush, outcasts, like me,
 From the dear north, to southern lands!
 What is chasing you? Fate?
 A secret envy? An open hatred?
 A crime you committed?
 Or libel levelled at you?
 No, you are simply bored with
 Those infertile fields of grain.
 Feeling no passions, no sufferings,
 Forever cold, forever free,
 You have no fatherland –
 You'll never be ostracized!

11. The Youth and the Maiden

A jealous maiden, weeping bitterly,

Revnivaya deva branila;
 K nei na plichu priklanyon,
 Yonosha vdruk zadrimal.
 Deva totchas umolkla,
 Son vivo lyokhki lileya.
 I ulybalas yemu,
 Tikhie slyozy liya.

Tchaikovsky

12. To Bylo Ranneyu Vesnoi

T bylo ranneyu vesnoi,
 Trava yedva fskhadila,
 Ruchyi tekli, nye paril znoi,
 I zelen ros skvazila.
 To bylo ranneyu vesnoi,
 F teni biryos to bylo,
 Kagda s ulypkoi preda mnoi
 Ty ochi apustila. . .
 To na lyubof mayu v atvet
 Ty apustila vezhdy –
 O zhizn! o les! o sontsa svet!
 O yunast! o nadezhdy!
 I plakal ya peret taboi,
 Na lik tvoi gliadya milyi.
 To bylo ranneyu vesnoi,
 F teni biryos to bylo.
 To bylo v utro nashikh lyet,
 O shchastye! o slyozy! o les!
 O zhizn! O sontsa svet!
 O svezhi dukh biryozy!

13. Sred Shumnova Bala

Sred shumnova bala sluchaino
 F trivoge mirskoi suyety,
 Tibya ya uvidel, no taina
 Tvai pakryvala cherty;
 Lish ochi pichalno gliadeli,
 A golos tak divno zvuchal,
 Kak zvon atdalyonnai svireli,
 Kak morya igrayushchii val.
 Mne stan tvoi panravilsya tonkii,

Scolds a youth.
 Leaning onto her shoulder,
 The youth suddenly dozes off.
 The maiden immediately falls silent,
 Cherishing his light sleep,
 And smiles at him
 Her quiet tears flowing.

Tchaikovsky

12. That Was In Early Spring

That was in early spring,
 The grass was sprouting,
 The melting water streamed,
 The air was cool, and roses turned green.
 That was in early spring,
 In the shadows of birch trees.
 When you, smiling,
 Cast down your eyes. . .
 It was a response to my love –
 You, casting down your eyes.
 Oh, life! Oh, forest! Oh, sunshine!
 Oh, youth! Oh, hopes!
 I cried, standing in front of you,
 Looking into your sweet face.
 That was in early spring,
 In the shadows of birch trees.
 That was the morning of our life.
 Oh, happiness! Oh, tears! Oh, forest!
 Oh, life! Oh, sunshine!
 Oh, the fragrance of the birch tree!

13. Amidst the Bustling Party

Amidst the bustling party
 In the midst of vanity and fuss,
 I saw you, but there was something
 Enigmatic about you.
 Your eyes were so sad,
 And your voice was so beautiful,
 Like the sound of a distant reed,
 Like the waves of the sea.
 I liked the sight of your slim figure,

I ves tvoi zadumchvyi vit.
I smekh tvoi, i grusnyi, i zvonkii,
S tekh por v mayom sertse zvuchit.
F chasy adinokiye nochi,
Lublyu ya, ustalyyi, prilech,
I vizhu pechalnyie ochi,
I slyshu visyoluyu rech.
I grusno ya, grusno tak zasypayu,
I v gryozakh nivedomykh splyu...
Lyublyu li tebya, ya nye znayu,
No kazhetsa mnye, shto lyublyu.

14. Ni Slova, O Druk Moi

Ni slova, o druk moi, ni vzdokha,
My budim s taboi malchaliyv.
Vit molcha nat kamnem,
Nat kamnem magylnym.
Sklyanyayutsa grusnyie ivy.
I tolko sklanifshis, chitayut,
Kaka ya, f tvayom sertse ustalom,
Shto byli dni yasnova shchastya,
Shto etova shchastya ni stalo.

15. Khatel By V Yedinaye Slovo

Khatel by v yedinaye slovo
Ya slit mayu grust i pechal,
I brosit to slovo na veter
Shtob veter unyos yivo vdal.
I pust by to slovo pechali
Pa vetru k tibye danislos.
I pust by fsigda i pafsyudu
Ano tibye f sertse lilos!
I yesli p ustalyye ochi
Samknulis pat gryozoi nachnoi,
O, pust by to slovo pechali
Zvuchalo va snye nat taboi!
Khatel by v yedinaye slovo
Ya slit mayu grust i pechal,
I brosit to slovo na veter
Shtob veter unyos yivo vdal.
Shtob veter unyos, unyos yevo vdal!

And that pensive look of yours,
The peals of your laughter, sad and lively,
I have not been able to forget ever since.
During the long lonely night hours,
Tired, I feel like taking a snap.
Dreaming, I see your sad eyes,
And hear your lively talk.
Miserable, I fall asleep,
And have strange dreams...
I don't know whether I love you,
But I feel that I do.

14. Not a Word, Oh, My Friend

Not a word, O my friend, not even a sigh,
We will keep silent along with you
As you stand over the tombstone
In your grief and silence.
With just the weeping willows,
Bending and reading,
I tried to read in your heart
What you treasured in those happy days...
The happiness that has gone ...

15. In a Single Word

I would like to merge in a single word
My melancholy and sadness.
To throw this word into the wind,
For the wind to carry it far away,
So that this word of sadness
Would reach you via the wind.
And all the time and everywhere
Stay in your heart.
And when you close your tired eyes
To go to sleep and see your dreams,
I wish that you could see
This word of sadness in your sleep.
I would like to merge in a single word
My melancholy and sadness.
To throw this word into the wind,
For the wind to carry it far away.
For the wind to carry it far away!

16. Snova, Kak Prezhde...

Snova, kak prezhde adin,
Snova abyat ya taskoi,
Smotritsa topol v akno,
Ves azaryonnyi lunoi.
Smotritsa topol v akno...
Shepchut a chom-to listy...
V zvozdakh garyat nebesa...
Gde tiper, milaya, ty?
Fsyo, shto tvaritsa sa mnoi,
Ya peredat nye berus...
Druk! Pamalis za minya,
A ya za tibya ush malys!

Rachmaninoff

17. Ne Poi, Krasavitsa

Ne poi, krasavitsa pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi:
Napominayut mne one
Druguyu zhizn a berek dalnyi.
Uvy, napominayut mne
Tvai zhestokiye napevy
I step, i noch, i pri lune
Cherty dalyokoi bednoi devy.
Ya prizrak milyi, rokovoi,
Tibya uvidef, zabyvayu:
No ty payosh, i predo mnoi
Yevo ya vnof vaabrazhayu.
Ne poi, krasavitsa pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi:
Napominayut mne one
Druguyu zhizn a berek dalnyi.

18. Siren

Pautru, na zarye, pa rasistol trave
Ya paidu svezhim utrom dyshat;
I v dushistuyu ten
Gde tesnitsa siren,
Ya paidu svayo shchastye iskat...
V zhizni shchastye adno

16. Again Like Before

Again, like before, all aone,
Overwhelmed by melancholy,
The poplar is looking into the window,
All lit up by the moon.
The poplar is looking into the window,
The leaves are whispering softly.
The ski is lit with shiny stars,
Where are you new, my dear girl,
Words cannot express
The things that I feel.
Dear friend! Pray for me!
And I'm praying for you!

Rachmaninoff

17. Don't Sing to Me, Fair Maiden

Don't sing to me, fair maiden
Your sorrowful songs of Georgia;
They remind me
Of another life and distant shores.
Alas, they remind me,
Your cruel melodies,
Of steppe, of night — and by the moon
The distant features of a poor virgin.
That dear and fateful illusion,
Seeing you, I forget;
But you sing, and before me
I imagine anew.
Don't sing to me, fair maiden
Your sorrowful songs of Georgia;
They remind me
Of another life and distant shores.

18. The Lilac

In the morning, when the dawn breaks
I go out — the grass is heavy with dew —
To breathe the freshness of the morning air.
Into the shadow full of fragrance
Where the lilac grows, I'll go;
Looking for my happiness there.

Mne naiti suzhdeno,
I to shchastye f sireni zhivyot;
Na zilyonkh vetyakh,
Na dushistykh kistyakh
Mayo bednaye shchastye tsveyot.

19. Atryvok Iz A.Musse

Shto tak usilenno sertse balnoye byotsa.
I prosit, i zhazhdet pakoya?
Chem ya vzvalnovan, ispugan v nochi?
Stuknula dver, zastonaf i zanoya.
Gasnushchei lampy blesnuli luchy...
Bozhe moi! Dukh mne v grudi zakhvatilo.
Kto-to zovyot menya, shepchet unlyo...
Kto-to vashol... Maya kelya pusta,
Net nikavo, eto polnoch probilo...
O, adinochestvo, o nishcheta!

20. Krysalof

Ya na dudachke igrayu
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
Ya na dudachke igrayu,
Chyi-to dushi veselya.
Ya idu vdol tikhoi rechki,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
Dremlyut tikhie ovechki,
Krotko zyblyutsa polya.
Spite, oftsy i barashki,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
Za lugami krasnoi kashki
Stroino fstali topolya.
Malyi domik tam taitsa,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
Milai devushke prisnitsa
Shto yei dushu otdal ya.
I na nezhnyi zof svireli,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
Vyidet, slovna k svetloi tseli,
Cheris sat, cheris palya.
V lesu pad dubom tyomnym,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,

Where my happiness is?
Where the lilac grows,
It is there — hidden in the foliage,
In the fragrance of the flowers,
My poor happiness is there.

19. An Excerpt from A. Musset

Why is my heart beating so fast,
Begging and yearning for peace?
Why do I feel so uneasy and scared?
A knock on the door, a creaking sound.
The gleaming rays of a lamp...
My God! It takes my breath away.
Somebody is calling for me, a faint whisper...
Somebody came in... my cell is empty,
No one is there — the clock struck midnight.
Oh, loneliness, oh, destitution!

20. Rat-Catcher

I play my pipe.
And others cheer up
At the sounds of my pipe.
As I walk quietly
Along the river bank,
The sheep slumber,
The fields rustle softly.
Go to sleep, my sheep and lambs.
Behind the meadows,
Hidden in the shadow of poplars,
There is a small house.
In that house,
There is a girl
Who is my beloved.
She'll see in her dreams
That I gave her all my soul.
Hearing the sound of my pipe,
Through the garden,
Through the fields
Will she run.
In the forest,
Under the oak tree

Budit zhdad v bredu istomnom,
F chas kagda usnyot zemlya.
Fstrechu gostyu daraguyu,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
Fplot da ultra zatseluyu,
Sertse laskoi utolya.
I, smenifshis s nei kalechkom.
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
Atpushchu yiyo k avechkam,
F sat, gde stroiny topolya.
Tra-lya-lya-lya.

21. Margaritki

O, pasmatri, kak mnoga margaritok
I tam, i tut.
Ani tsvetut, ikh mnoga, ikh izbytok,
Ani tsvetut.
Ikh lepestki tryokhgrannye,
Kak krylya, kak belyi sholk.
V nikh lyeta moshch!
V nikh radast izabilya.
V nikh svetlyi polk.
Gotov, zemlya, tsvetam iz ros napitok.
Dai sok steblyu.
O devushki, o zvyozdy margaritok,
Ya vas lyublu.

22. Vesenniye Vody

Yishcho f palyakh beleyet snek.
A vody ush vesnoi shumyat,
Bigut, i budyat sonnyi brek,
Bigut, i bleshchut, i glasyat.
Ani glasyat va fsye kantsy:
“Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot!”
My molodoi vesny gantsy,
Ana nas vyslala fpiryot.
Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot!”
I tikhikh, tyoplykh maiskikh dnei
Rumyani, svetlyi khorovod
Tolpitsa veselo za nei.

She'll wait for me,
Weary with languor,
Until the dark falls.
There I'll meet my girl,
Kiss and caress her
My heart will sing with joy.
After we exchange our rings,
I'll let her go,
Into the meadows,
To the sheep, to that garden
Where the poplars are so big.

21. Daisies

Just have a look — how many daisies
There are all over there.
Dozens of them.
They blossom, they are so many.
Their petals are trihedral
Like wings, like white silk.
In them is heat of summer,
The joy of plenitude and light.
Get ready, the soil,
To fill them with dew,
Their stems with sap.
Oh, girls, oh, daisies,
I love you.

22. Spring Waters

Although the fields are still covered with snow,
The melting waters rumble like in spring.
They flow, waking up the drowsy river bank.
They rumble, glitter and announce:
“Spring is coming! Spring is coming!”
We're her messengers,
She sent us forward to herald
That she is coming!
Spring is coming! Spring is coming!”
With a whole bunch
Of warm and quiet days of May
Thronging joyfully behind.

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

Arax Davtian (1949–2010), People’s Artist of Armenia, has often been called Armenia’s greatest soprano. She rose to international prominence in 1984, when she won first prize at the International Viotti Competition in Italy. In the same year she was invited to perform at the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow, where she made her debut as Violetta in Verdi’s *La Traviata*.

Through her subsequent tours of Europe and the USA with the Moscow Virtuosi and their conductor Vladimir Spivakov, Davtian became an international sensation. She was invited to perform with many prestigious orchestras, including the Concertgebouw with Riccardo Chailly, the Rotterdam Philharmonic with James Conlon, the Berlin Radio Symphony with David Zinman, the Orchestre de Paris with Daniel Barenboim, the Mozarteum Symphony Orchestra with Hans Graf, the Moscow Chamber Orchestra with Constantine Orbelian, the Lithuanian Chamber Orchestra with Saulius Sondeckis; and with such conductors as Yuri Bashmet, Emyl Chakirov, Gerd Albrecht, and Klaus Peter Flor, among others.

Davtian’s repertoire embraced a wide range of works by Bach, Mozart, Verdi, Richard Strauss, Stravinsky, Shostakovich, Prokofiev, and modern Armenian composers. She was always a welcome guest at the world’s major music festivals – the Mozart Festival, the Colmar Festival, the Nafplion Festival, the Palaces of St. Petersburg Festival, and many others.

Arax Davtian was filmed as an opera diva in the movie “Vocal parallels” by the legendary Roustam Khamdamov (2005). She sang with great success in Riga Dom Cathedral with Erik Kurmangaliev (2002) and in the “Farinelli™ Project” by Vladimir Reshetov (2003).

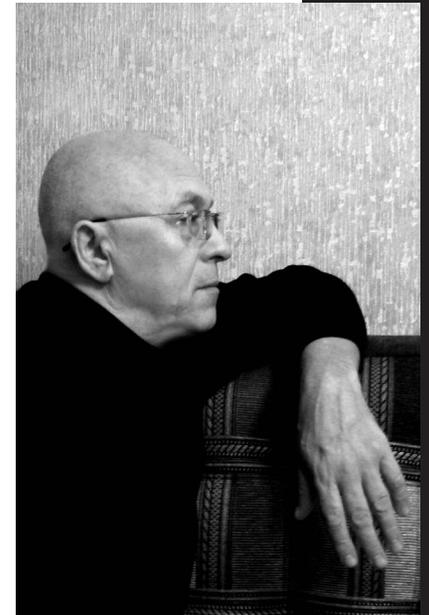
Arax began her musical education in her native Armenia as a pianist. Upon graduation from music school, she continued her study as a vocalist at the Melikian Music School, and graduated from the Yerevan Komitas Conservatory. In 1979 she became a laureate of the Glinka International Competition, which led to the steady rise of her career.

Arax Davtian was a member of the faculty of the Moscow Conservatory, and earlier had held a similar position in Yerevan.

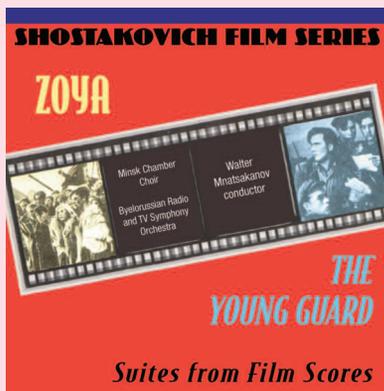
“A rich lower register, masterly control of vibrato and uncanny skill with echo effects were some of the outstanding qualities of Davtian’s performance... Her voice could probably be heard halfway to her native Armenia, and every note she projected flew true. Davtian is a soprano to remember.” *Seattle Times*

“Davtian, a soprano of dark-hued, well-focused tone and carefully pointed coloratura... reached the heights easily and gracefully, producing an affecting pianissimo, and negotiated the cadenzas with stylistic aplomb.” *Los Angeles Times*

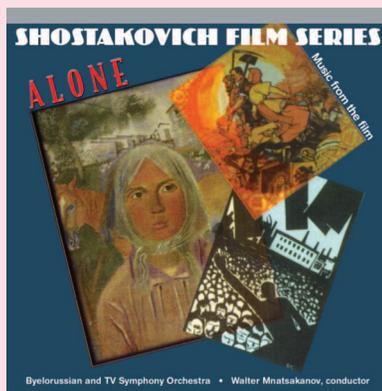
Vladimir Yurigin-Klevke studied at the Moscow Conservatory under Heinrich Neuhaus and Jacov Zak and was a First Prize-Winner at the 1969 National Piano Competition of Contemporary Soviet Music. He tours both as soloist and accompanist to such violinists as Kurt Nikkanen, Valentin Zhuk and Nana Yashvili. Also noteworthy is his work with singers, among them leading soloists of the Bolshoi Theatre: Bella Rudenko, Alexander Vedernikov and Arthur Eisen. A great event in his career was accompanying the great tenor Nikolai Gedda in St. Petersburg in 1994. Mr. Yurigin-Klevke has released two other discs on the Russian Disc label, including one of contemporary Russian piano music.



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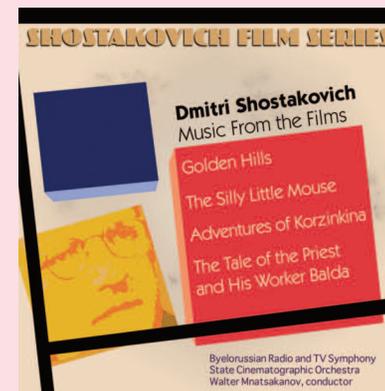
Shostakovich Film Series: Music from the film "Alone" • DRD 2002



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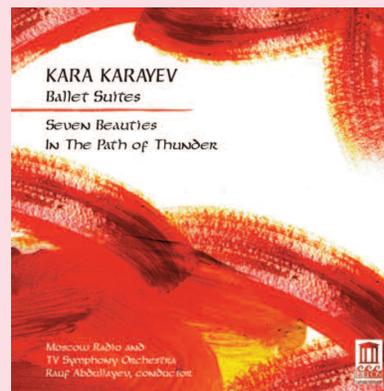
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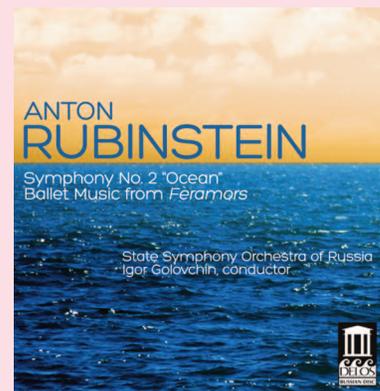
Russian Romances • Arax Davtian, soprano • Vladimir Yurigin-Klevke, piano • DRD 2007



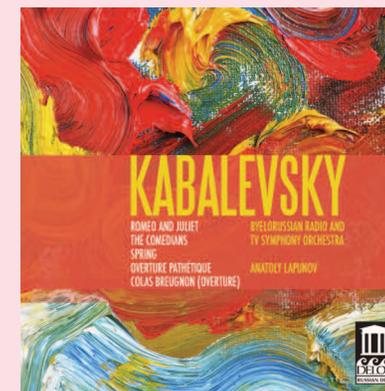
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