

ARIAS OF LOVE & SORROW

GEVORG
HAKOBYAN
baritone

JOHN FISHER ♦ CONSTANTINE ORBELIAN
KAUNAS CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

50 YEARS



DE 3572



ARIAS OF LOVE & SORROW

Gevorg Hakobyan, baritone

Arias by Verdi, Puccini, Giordano, Tchaikovsky,
Rachmaninoff, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov,
Armen Tigranian, and Levon Khodja-Eynatyan

John Fisher ♦ Constantine Orbelian, conductors
Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra

Total Playing Time: 56:04

Arias of Love & Sorrow

Gevorg Hakobyan, baritone

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901): ***Otello***

1. "Vanne . . . Credo in un Dio crudel" (4:39)

Umberto Giordano (1867–1948): ***Andrea Chénier***

2. "Nemico della patria" (4:26)

Levon Khodja-Eynatyan (1904–1954): ***Arshak II***

(Inspired and loosely based on an opera of the same name by Tigran Chukhajian)

3. Arshak's Arioso (2:36)

Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924): ***Il tabarro***

4. "Nulla! Silenzio!" (3:09)

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873–1943): ***Aleko***

5. "Ves' tabar spit" (5:45)

Giuseppe Verdi: ***Nabucco***

6. "Son pur queste mie membra . . . Dio di Giuda" (4:05)

Giuseppe Verdi: *Un ballo in maschera*

7. "Alzati, là tuo figlio . . . Eri tu che macchiavi" (5:47)

Alexander Borodin (1833–1887): *Prince Igor*

8. "Ni sna ni otdycha izmuchennoj duse" (6:46)

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844–1908): *The Tsar's Bride*

9. "Ne tot teper ya stal . . . Kuda ty, udal' prezhnayaya, devalas" (5:16)

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893): *The Queen of Spades*

10. "Odnazhdy v Versale" (4:44)

Armen Tigranian (1879–1950): *Anoush*

11. Mosi's Aria (4:24)

Armen Tigranian: *David Bek*

12. David Bek's Aria (4:25)

Total Playing Time: 56:04

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Notes on the Operas

Otello was completed when **Giuseppe Verdi** was 73. He had intended *Aida* to be his farewell to opera and had announced his retirement when he reached 70. His glorious *Requiem* followed *Aida*, but it was not until he met the gifted poet and composer Arrigo Boito that he contemplated another opera; together they conceived an opera based on Shakespeare's *Othello*.

Shakespeare's Iago seems purely evil, but Iago espouses no philosophy in Shakespeare's version; Verdi's and Boito's Iago believes "in a cruel God who created me in His image. . . . He is eternal and He is infernal, and I must go my evil way with Him."

Andrea Chénier's stunning and immediate success established **Umberto Giordano** as a substantial presence in Italian opera. The action takes place in Paris during the French Revolution. The poet Andrea Chénier has been in hiding because he is suspected of counter-revolutionary tendencies. Long ago he knew Maddalena and they meet again and fall in love. The revolutionary leader Charles Gérard is also in love with Maddalena and he and Chénier fight a duel; Gérard is injured and plots revenge with false allegations. (He muses, "Nemico della patria? . . . un complice? . . . E' poeta?" — "An enemy of the fatherland? . . .

An accomplice? . . . A poet?") Gérard's accusations eventually lead to Chénier's and Maddalena's execution.

In its present form, **Arshak II** was first performed on November 29, 1945, at the Armenian Academic Opera and Ballet Theater in Yerevan. It is likely that Armenian musicologist Alexandre Shahverdian and composer **Levon Khodja-Eynatyan** were looking for a way to present an opera in Armenian, with Armenian themes. The Soviets were opposed to nationalistic themes for operas but allowed 19th-century works to be performed, and therefore Shahverdian and Khodja-Eynatyan presented their opera as a rewrite of Tigran Chukhajian's 1868 opera "Arsace Secondo," which originally had a libretto in Italian. The new Armenian libretto and the revised score conformed to communist ideals and the opera was awarded the USSR State Prize in 1946. The Soviet version of *Arshak II* is performed often at the Armenian Opera Theater in Yerevan.

The plot is based on the life of the Arsacide King of Armenia, Arsace II, who reigned from about 350–365 CE. The libretto adds a romantic flavor to the historical events. The story begins when the king returns triumphantly to his capital after defeating the Persians. The plot includes heroes, villains, hostages, treachery, love, intrigues

against the throne, betrayal, execution and a cup of poisoned wine at a "feast of reconciliation."

Il tabarro (*The Cloak*) is an opera in one act, part of the trilogy known as *Il trittico*. *Gianni Schicchi*, the third opera in the series, was an instant hit when given for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera in 1918. And although **Giacomo Puccini** intended the three one-act operas to be performed together, it is not unusual for *Il tabarro* to be performed by itself or paired with another one-act opera by a different composer, for example Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*.

A dark thriller, *Il tabarro* dramatizes the extramarital affair of Giorgetta, the wife of Michele. In the aria "Nulla! Silenzio!" Michele expresses his suspicion that Giorgetta is in love with another man. When Giorgetta's lover appears, Michele forces him to confess and then strangles him. Michele hides the body under the cloak that gives the opera its title.

Aleko, the earliest of **Sergei Rachmaninoff's** three operas, was written when the composer was still a student at the Moscow Conservatory. Praised at its first performance, at the Bolshoi Theater in 1893, the opera is based on a poem by Pushkin called "The Gypsies." The poem tells of a fugitive, Aleko, who is brought to a Roma-

ni camp by a young woman, Zemfira. The two eventually marry. In the end, Aleko, a jealous husband, murders the unfaithful Zemfira and her lover.

Maestro Constantine Orbelian calls *Aleko* "a miracle work by a 19-year old composer who brought to the creative task not only a fully developed musical intellect but a tremendous vision for the depth of the tragedy."

The aria "Ves' tabar spit," known as "Aleko's Cavatina," is the musical climax of the opera and gained fame when championed by the great Russian bass Feodor Chaliapin.

Nabucco was **Verdi's** first triumph; the premiere performance took place at La Scala in Milan in 1842. *Nabucco* reopened the rebuilt opera house more than a century later, in 1946.

The setting is biblical and takes place during the Babylonian siege of Jerusalem from about 589–587 BCE. The opera is named for Nabucco (Nebuchadnezzar II), the Babylonian king who destroyed Jerusalem and the temple of Solomon. The complicated plot involves rebellion, war, unrequited love, revenge, insanity, apotheosis and suicide.

In his aria "Ah, prigioniero io sono!" ("I am a Prisoner!") Nabucco promises to worship the God of the Judeans if He will deliver Nabucco from his plight. Ultimately Nabucco is freed, performs heroic deeds and announces his conversion to the religion of Judea.

Verdi's *Un ballo in maschera* (A Masked Ball) opened in Rome in 1859. It is based on the true story of King Gustav III of Sweden, who was assassinated during a masked ball in 1792, but because of censorship regulations, the setting and characters were changed. The king was recast as a governor named Riccardo, who is in love with Amelia, the wife of Renato—the governor's best friend and secretary. The aria "Eri tu che macchiavi," ("It was you who befouled my soul,") occurs in the last act, after Renato has threatened his wife with death because of her supposed infidelity. Amelia is unable to convince Renato of her innocence, and asks to see their son one more time. Renato laments the loss of his love and decides that for revenge he will kill not Amelia, but Riccardo. Renato stabs the governor during a masked ball, and as he is dying, Riccardo admits he loved Amelia but swears she is innocent.

Alexander Borodin was a distinguished professor of chemistry, and consequently he could not devote much time to com-

position. His musical life was invigorated when he joined the circle of composers including Rimsky-Korsakov and Mussorgsky, who had clustered around Mily Balakirev. In 1867 Borodin visited Liszt in Weimar and for the first time began to believe that his reputation as a composer might eventually outshine his reputation as a scholar and scientist. **Prince Igor** was left unfinished at his death and Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov completed it.

The opera's story is taken from an old Russian chronicle, *The Tale of Igor's Host*, and takes place in the 12th century. Prince Igor and his son are captured by Khan Kontchak, a Polovtsian ruler. (The Polovtsians were a Turkish nomadic people.) The Khan entertains Igor with music and dancing—the famous Polovtsian Dances, which employ Borodin's distinctive blending of Russian and Turkish styles of music. In his aria from Act II, Igor laments his fate and that of Russia. In the end, the prince is able to escape; his son, however, stays behind because of his love for the Khan's daughter.

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Tsar's Bride* takes place in mid-16th century Russia during the rule of Tsar Ivan IV (known as "Ivan the Terrible"). The charming and beautiful Marfa and Lykov, a member of the nobility, are in love, and

they are celebrating their engagement with a banquet. The Tsar has decided to select a bride from the most beautiful young aristocratic maidens in Russia, and during Marfa's and Lykov's engagement feast the news arrives that the Tsar has chosen Marfa to be his bride.

Gryaznoy, one of the Tsar's bodyguards, is also in love with Marfa and attempts to win her hand by slipping a love potion into her drink at the engagement banquet. But Gryaznoy's jealous mistress has substituted poison. Marfa drinks and becomes mortally ill. Gryaznoy accuses Lykov of attempting to murder Marfa and has him executed. Marfa then goes insane and dies in the arms of Gryaznoy, whom she has mistaken for Lykov. When Gryaznoy's mistress reveals that she is the one who poisoned Marfa, Gryaznoy becomes enraged and kills her. In the end, he is led away to prison to await execution.

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky's gift for melody is evident throughout ***The Queen of Spades***. The libretto was written by Tchaikovsky's brother Modest, who took the story from Pushkin's novella about Hermann, a young officer who is obsessed with the secret of winning at cards. Tomsy, Hermann's friend, reveals that the legendary countess, known as the Queen of Spades (and in her days in Paris as the

"Muscovite Venus,") possesses the secret but has already divulged it twice. Tomsy adds that according to prophesy, a "third suitor" would kill her while trying to force her to tell the secret. Hermann professes his love for the countess's granddaughter, Lisa, but perhaps he is just using her to get access to her grandmother so he can learn the secret. Tragically, Lisa, Hermann and the countess all meet their deaths before the end of the opera.

Armen Tigranian was born in Alexandropol (present-day Gyumri, Armenia). He graduated from the Tbilisi Conservatory of Music in 1901 and returned to his hometown the following year, dedicating himself to composing and teaching. He wrote the libretto and composed the music of his most famous work, the opera ***Anoush***, between 1908 and 1912. Tigranian revised the opera in 1935 to accommodate Soviet principles and aesthetics. *Anoush* is the most popular and important opera in the Armenian language and is performed regularly at the Armenian Academic Opera and Ballet Theater in Yerevan.

The opera's story is of love and tragedy: a young woman, Anoush, loves a shepherd, Saro, but her brother, Mosi, becomes enraged when, out of youthful enthusiasm, Saro violates the local code of honor and pins Mosi in a wrestling match. (According

to tradition, wrestling matches must end in a draw, so that no one is humiliated by losing in front of his friends.) Mosi plots revenge in his aria. ("You'll never escape me as long as I am alive. . . . I'll put an end to your life!") Anoush tries unsuccessfully to appease her brother, but Mosi finds Saro and kills him. When the body is discovered, Anoush goes mad with grief and throws herself off a cliff.

David Bek was Tigranian's second and last opera. The composer wrote the libretto, which is based on the historical figure of an Armenian military commander. David Bek prevailed against the invading Ottoman Turks in the early 18th century, and in his aria, he sings of "my wonderful, beautiful Motherland."

Texts and Translations

**Giuseppe Verdi: *Otello*
Vanne; la tua meta già vedo . . . Credo
in un Dio crudel**

Vanne; la tua meta già vedo.
Ti spinge it tuo dimone
e il tuo dimeno son io,
e me trascina il mio,
nel quale io credo inesorato Iddio:

Credo in un Dio crudel
che m'ha creato simile a sè,

e che nell'ira io nomo.
Dalla viltà d'un germe
o d'un atomo vile son nato.
Son scellerato perchè son uomo,
e sento il fango originario in me.
Si! quest'è la mia fè!

Credo con fermo cuor,
siccome crede la vedovella al tempio,
che il mal ch'io penso e che da me procede
per mio destino adempio.

Credo che il giusto è un istrion beffardo
e nel viso e nel cuor,
che tutto è in lui bugiardo, lagrima,
bacio, sguardo, sacrificio ed onor.

E credo l'uomo gioco d'iniqua sorte
dal germe della culla
al verme del l'avel.

Vien dopo tanta irrision la Morte.
E poi? e poi?
La Morte è il Nulla
e vecchia fola il Ciel.



Go on then! I see your end already.
An ill fate drives you on;
And your ill fate is me.
I am your fiendish guide
and I myself am but a servant of evil.

Yes, I believe in a cruel God
who created me in His image.
He himself is a monster.
Foul is the seed I come from,
filthy and rotten is all that's in me.
I am a villain because I am human.
He is eternal and He is infernal,
and I must go my evil way with Him.
Yes, this is my belief.

Firmly do I believe,
that I am but a tool of my demon's will.
My vile intent must never stop
nor weaken until it has reached its goal.

Men speak of justice and do not know
that all these noble words are but lies,
a figment of delusion: friendship, fairness,
honor, all is nonsense and rot!

I believe we are but fools of fortune,
of blind and senseless fortune.
Our life's a stupid farce.
In the end, death pulls the final curtain.
And then? What then?
And then there's nothing!
Heaven is just an old wives' tale.

**Umberto Giordano: *Andrea Chénier*
Nemico della patria?**

Nemico della patria?!
É vecchia fiaba! . . .

Nato a Costantinopoli? . . .
Straniero!
Studiò a Saint-Cyr? . . .
Soldato! . . .
Traditore!
di Dumouriez un complice!
E' poeta?
Soveritor di cuori e di costumi! . . .

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

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

e in un sol bacio e abbraccio tutte le
genti amare!



Enemy of the Fatherland?
It is an old fable that
people still believe.
Born in Constantinople? An alien!
Studied at Saint Cyr?
A soldier! . . .
A traitor!
An accomplice of Dumouriez!
And a poet?
Subversive, destroyer of hearts and
traditions!

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

I was the first to hear the Revolution's cry
throughout the world, and united
it to my own.
And now my faith and dreams are lost. . . .
How glorious my path once was!
Restore conscience to the hearts of men!
Consolation for the suffering, the beaten!

Create a worldly Eden! Change men
into gods,
and love all humankind in one embrace!

Levon Khodja-Eynatyan: *Arshak II*
Arshak's Arioso

Es ktsankam, vor mer erkire qan ler
aparazhe ankhortank,
qan tser Masise srbazan, har lini veh,
ansasan,
qants var arev payli, tshnamu dem chk-
honarvi:
Arelq neng, te arevmutq sev, dav u
mah en mez nyutum,
On, andznazoh pahpanenq endmisht
hrits, srits tshnamyats erkire mer srbazan:
Es ktsankam, vor arqai het I mi linen ish-
khanq, razmik haywts hanun hayreniqi,
I ser chqnakh mer ashkhari, vor chkhocvi
erbeq andore mer hay erkri,
Es tenchum em erkire Hayots qants areve
anmar, har mna var ev parqe nra apri
Daredar, vor apri misht azat, erjanik u
hzor erkrum harazat azge mer Hajkyan.



I want our country to be like an impreg-
nable rock,
like the sacred old mount Ararat; noble
and steadfast.
I want it to shine like the bright sun itself
and never bow before the enemy!

East and West are scheming dark designs!
Come, let us be ready to sacrifice
ourselves
and defend forever,
from enemies' fire and sword, our
holy land!
I want to see the King, the princes and
the people of Armenia,
all united in the name of the homeland
and of love for our wonderful country,
so that Armenia's peace never falters! I
dream that the land of Armenia
will remain eternal like the sun, bright,
and that its glory survives for centuries
to come!
May it live forever, always free,
blissful and powerful,
may it live in its Motherland,
this Armenian nation of ours!

**Giacomo Puccini: *Il tabarro*
Nulla! Silenzio!**

Nulla! Silenzio!
È la! . . .
Non s'è spogliata . . . non dorme . . .
Aspetta . . . Chi? . . . Che cosa aspetta? . . .
Chi? Chi? . . . Forse il *mio* sonno! . . .
Chi l'ha trasformata?
Qual ombra maledetta è discesa fra noi?
Chi l'ha insidiata?
Il Talpa! . . . Troppo vecchio! . . . Il Tingo forse?
No . . . no . . . non pensa . . . beve. E
dunque chi?

Luigi? . . . no! . . . se proprio questa sera
voleva abbandonarmi . . .
e m'ha fatto preghiera dis sbarcarlo a
Rouen! . . .
Ma chi dunque? . . . Chi dunque? . . .
Chi sarà?
Squarciare le tenebre! . . .
Vedere! E serrarlo così fra le miei mani!
E gridargli: Sei tu! . . . Sei tu! . . .
Il tuo volto livido, sorrideva alla mia pena!
Sei tu! Sei tu! Su! Su! Su!
Dividi con me questa catena! . . .
Accumuna la tua con la mia sorte . . .
giù insieme nel gorgo profondo! . . .
Dividi con me questa catena! . . .
Accumuna la tua con la mia sorte! . . .
La pace è nella morte!



Nothing! Silence!
There she is!
She isn't undressing or sleeping—
She's waiting. Who is she waiting for?
Who? Who? Perhaps for me to sleep.
Who has changed her?
What wretched shadow is cast
between us?
Who has made her stray?
Talpa? Too old. Perhaps Tinca?
No, I don't think so—he drinks.
Who then?
Luigi? No; this same evening he asked
for leave

to go ashore at Rouen!
But who then? Who could it be?
To pierce the darkness
and see! To clutch him thus,
between my hands!
And shout at him, "So it's you!"
Your livid face,
that smiled at my pain!
It's you! Appear!
Share with me this chain!
Join your fate with mine!
The only peace is in death.

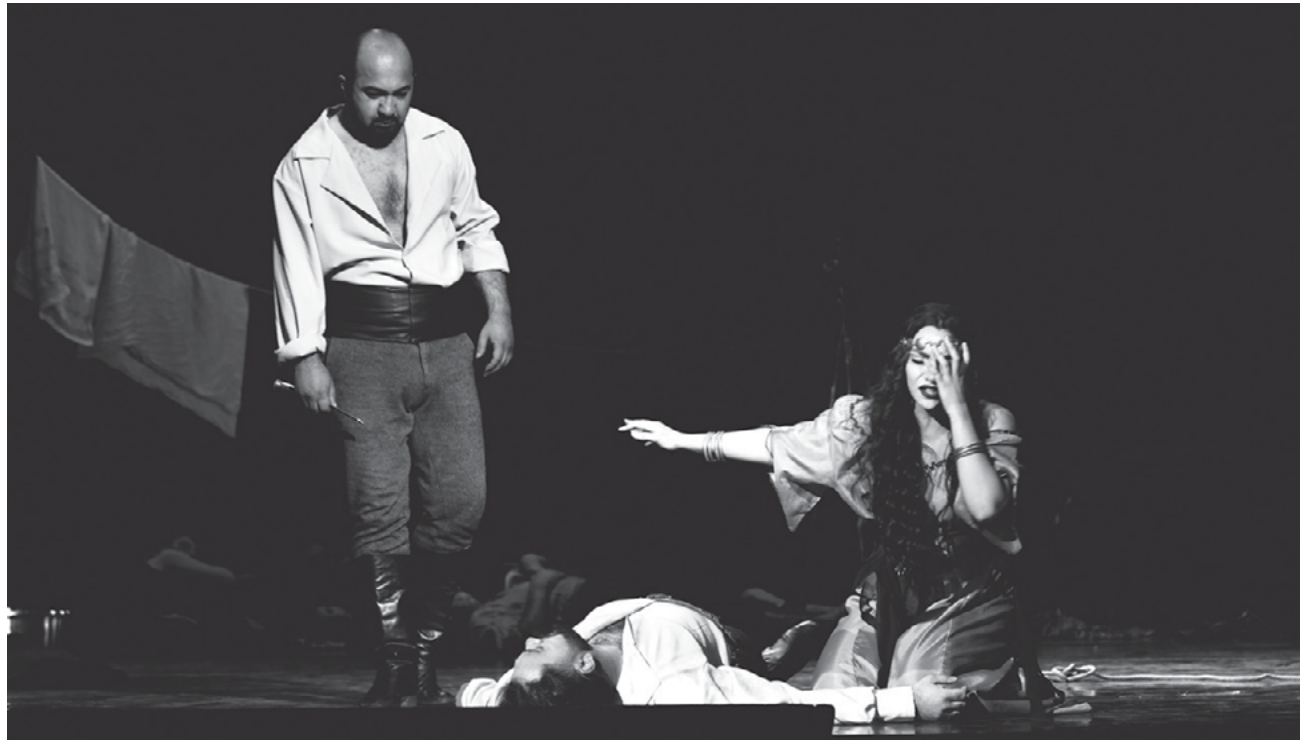
Sergei Rachmaninoff: Aleko
Ves' tabar spit

Ves' tabar spit.
Luna nad nim
Polnochnoy krasotoyu blyeshchet.
Shto zh serdtse byednoye trepeshchet?
Kakoyu grust'yu ya tomim
Ya byez zabor, byez sozhalen'ya
Vyedu kochuyushchiye dni.
Prezryev okovi prosveshchen'ya,
Ya volyen tak zhe, kak oni.
Ya zhil, nye priznavaya vlasti
Sud'bi kovarnoy i slepoy.
No, Bozhe, kak igrayut strasti
Moyey poslushnoyu dushoy!
Zemfira! Kak ona lyubila!
Kak nyezhno priklonyas' ko mnye
V pustinoy tishinye chasi
Nochniye provodila!
Kak chasto milim lepetan'yem,

Upoitel'nim lobzan'yem
Zadumchivost' moyu v minutu
Razognat' umyela!
Ya pomnyu: s nyegoy, polnoy strasti
Sheptala mnye ona togda:
"Lyublyu tebya! V tvoyey ya vlasti!
Tvoja, Aleko, navsegda!"
I vsyo togda ya zabival,
Kogda recham yeyo vnimal
I, kak byezumnii, tseloval yeyo
Charuyushchiye ochi,
Cos chudnikh pryad'?
Temnyeye nochi?
Usta Zemfiri. . . .
A ona, vsya nyegoy, strast'yu polna,
Pril'nuv ko mnye, v glaza glyadyela. . . .
I shto zh? I shto zh?
Zemfira nyevyerna!
Zemfira nyevyerna!
Moya Zemfira okhladyela!



All the camp is asleep.
The moon's midnight beauty
Shines overhead.
Why does my wretched heart tremble?
What sadness do I suffer?
Without care, regretting nothing,
I spend my days as a wandering nomad.
I scorn the shackles of civilization;
Like them, I am free.
I have never acknowledged the authority
Of a blind and treacherous fate.



Aleko has just murdered his wife's lover as she looks on in horror and terror.

But, my God, how the passions
Play with my faithful soul!
Zemfira! How she loved me!
She came to me with such tenderness
Alone in the silence,
And passed there the hours of the night!
How often—with her sweet banter
And enchanting kisses—
She was quickly able
To banish my melancholy!
I remember how,
With sensual passion,

She would whisper to me,
"I love you! You have me in your power!
I am forever yours, Aleko!"
And, as I heard her words,
She brought me forgetfulness.
As if possessed, I kissed her
Enchanting eyes,
And her wondrous locks,
Darker even than the night—
And her lips . . .
While she, full of sensual passion,
Clung to me, gazing into my eyes. . . .

But what now?
What has happened?
Zemfira is untrue!
Zemfira is unfaithful!
My Zemfira has become
As cold as ice toward me!

Giuseppe Verdi: *Nabucco*
Ah, prigioniero io sono! . . . Dio di Giuda

Ah, prigioniero io sono!
Dio degli Ebrei, perdono!
Dio di Giuda! . . . l'ara, il tempio
a Te sacro, sorgeranno . . .
Deh mi togli a tanto affanno
e i miei riti struggerò.
Tu m'ascolti! . . . Già dell'empio
rischiarata è l'egra mente!
Dio verace, onnipossente,
adorarti ognor saprò.



Oh! I am a prisoner!
God of the Hebrews, forgive me!
Judah's God . . . the Altar, the Temple
Sacred to Thee . . . shall rise again.
Please, relieve me of my torment
And I will abolish my rituals.
Thou hearest me! . . .
Already my impious,
Sick and sinful mind is clearing.
True and omnipotent God,
I will worship Thee always from now on.



Warned of divine vengeance, an angry Nabucco declares himself king and god of Babylon as he orders death to his captives, the Israelites.

**Giuseppe Verdi: *Un ballo in maschera*
Alzati, là tuo figlio . . . Eri tu che macchiavi**

Alzati, là tuo figlio
A te concedo riveder. Nell'ombra
E nel silenzio, là,
Il tuo rossore e l'onta mia nascondi.

Non è su lei, nel suo
Fragile petto che colpir degg'io.
Altro, ben altro sangue a terger dèssi
L'offesa!

Il sangue tuo!
E lo trarrà il pugnale
Dallo sleal tuo core:
Delle lacrime mio vendicatore!

Eri tu che macchiavi quell'anima,
La delzia dell'anima mia;
Che m'affidi e d'un tratto esecrabile
L'universo avveleni per me!
Traditor! che in tal guisa rimunerì
Dell'amico tuo primo la fè!

O dolcezze perdute! O memorie
D'un amplesso che mai non s'oblia!
Quando Amelia sì bella, sì candida
Sul mio seno brillava d'amor!
È finita— non siede che l'odio,
E la morte sul vedovo cor!



Stand up. Your son is in there.
I allow you to see him. In the shadows
and in the silence—there
hide your blushing, conceal my shame.

It is not her, not her
Gentle heart that I must strike.
Another's blood must wash away
The sin!

Your blood!
And my knife, the avenger of my tears,
Will draw that blood
From your treacherous heart!
And it was you who befouled my soul,
My delight;
You took my trust and in a heinous deed
Poisoned the universe for me!
Traitor! That is the way you repay
The loyalty of your best friend!

O lost sweetness! O memories
of an embrace that made life divine!
When Amelia with her pure beauty
shone in my arms with love!
It's over—only hate
and death are alive in my heart!

**Alexander Borodin: *Prince Igor*
Ni sna ni otdycha izmuchennoj duse**

Ni sna ni otdycha izmuchennoj duse. . . .
Mne noch ne shl'ot otradi i zabvenya;
vsyo proshlaye ya vnov perezhivayu

odin v tishi nachei: i Boshya znamenia
ugrozu,
i brannai slavi pir visoli, mayu pobedu
nad vragom,
i brannai slavi goresni katets, pogrom, i
ranu, i moi plen,
i gibel vsyekh maikh palkov, chesna za
rodinu golavi slazhivshikh.
Pogibla vsyo, i chest maya, i slava;
pozoram stal ya zemli radnoi!
Plen, postidnyi plen—vot udel otnine moi,
da mysl'shto vse vinat menya.
O, daitye, daitye mnye svobodu, ya moi
pozor sumeyu iskupit,
spasu ya chest svoyu i slavu, ya Rus ot
nyedrug a spasu!
Ti odna, galupbka lada, ti odna vinit ne
stanesh,
sertsem chutkim vsyo paimosh ti, vsyo ti
meye prastish.
V teremu tvayom vysokam vdal glaza ti
pragladela,
druga zhdosh ti dni i nochi, gorka slozy
lyosh.
Usheli denza dnom vlachit v plinu bes-
plodna,
i snat, shto vrak tirzayet Rus? Vrak, shto
luti bars,
stonet Rus v kakdakh maguchih i v tom
vinit ana mina.
O daitye, daitye meye svobodu, ya svoi
pazor sumeyu sikupit,
ya Rus ot nedrug a spasu!
Ni sna, ni otdikha izmuchannoi dushe. . . .

Mne noch ne shl'ot nadeshdi na
spasenye,
lish proshlaye ya vnov pperezhivayu,
odin v tishi nachei, i net iskhoda mne.
Akh, tashka, tashka mne, tashka saznanye
bessilya mayevo.



My tortured soul can find no rest,
Sleep will not come.
The night withholds from me the comfort
of oblivion;
Alone, in the still hours of darkness,
I relive the events of the past;
The ill omen sent by God,
The merry banquet for the glory of
our army,
My victory over the enemy,
The pitiful end to the glorious fight:
The slaughter, the wounding, my captivi-
ty, and the loss of my whole host,
The men nobly laying down their lives for
their homeland.
All is lost: my honor, my glory.
I am a disgrace to my people!
Captivity, shameful captivity, and the
thought that
I am blamed by all—this describes
my destiny.
Oh, please hear me, give me my freedom,
and I will atone for my disgrace,
I will redeem my honor and my good name,
I will save Russia from her foe!

You alone, my darling beloved, you alone
will not blame me.

With your warm heart, you will under-
stand and forgive me.

There, in your lofty tower,
You gaze into the distance,
Waiting, night and day,
For your loved one, and shedding bitter
tears.

Am I to languish in prison, day after day,
Knowing that the foe tears Russia asunder?
Panther-like, he holds Russia in his
cruel grip;
She groans and blames me for her pain.
Oh, please hear me, give me my freedom,
And I will atone for my disgrace.
I will save Russia from her foe!

My tortured soul can find no rest,
Sleep will not come.
The night brings me no hope of salvation;
Alone, in the still hours of darkness,
All I can do is relive the past
And there is no way out for me.
Oh, I am in torment!
The burden of my helplessness
weighs heavy.

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov:

The Tsar's Bride

**Ne tot teper ya stal . . . Kuda ty, udal'
prezhnyaya, devalas'**

S uma neydet krasavitsa!
I rad by zabyt' yeye, zabyt' — to sily net.
Naprasno dumal chest'yu konchit' delo,
naprasno zasylal k ottsu ya svatov.
Veled skazat' kupets mne naotrez: "Bla-
godarim boyarina za lasku, A doch' svoyu
ya obeshchal drugomu, Ivanu Lykovu,
chto vozvratilsya nedavno iz krayev syuda
zamorskikh."

Kuda ty, udal' prezhenyaya, devalas',
Kuda umchalis' dni likhikh zabav?
Ne tot ya stal teper — vse minovalo,
Otvaga mne dushi ne veselit,
I buynaya golovushka ponikla.
Ne uznayu teper' ya sam sebya,
Ne uznayu Grigoriya Gryaznogo.
Kuda ty, udal' prezhenyaya, devalas',
Kuda umchalis' dni likhikh zabav?
Ne tot ya stal teper', ne tot ya stal.
Byvalo my, chut' devitsa po serdtsu,
Nagryanem noch'yu, dver's kryuka
sorvali, Krasavitsu na troyku, i poshel.
Nagryanuli, i pominay, kak zvali!
Nemalo ikh ya vykral na rodu, Nemalo ikh
umchal na borzykh konyakh I yunoy dev-
ich'yey krasoyu Poteshil krov' goryachuyu
svoyu.
Ne uznayu teper' ya sam sebya, Ne
uznayu Grigoriya Gryaznogo.

Kuda ty, udal' prezhnaya, devalas', Kuda
umchalis' dni likhikh zabav?
Ne tot ya stal teper' — vse minovalo!



Her beauty is driving me crazy!
I would gladly forget her,
But I have no strength to forget.
In vain did I think to end the matter
with honor.
In vain I sent matchmakers to her father.
The merchant said flatly to me:
"We thank the boyar for your kindness,
But I promised my daughter to another,
To Ivan Lykov, who returned
Recently from overseas."

Where are you, my old daring,
Where have the days of dashing fun gone?
I am not the same now — everything
is over.
Courage does not please my soul,
The wild energy has wilted, and
I do not recognize myself now.
I don't recognize Grigory Gryaznoy.

Where are you, my old daring,
Where have the days of dashing
fun gone?
I do not recognize myself now.

We used to swoop in at night,
And tear the door off the hook.

I stole a lot of girls then.
Some sped off, but
Youthful girlish beauty
Entertained my hot blood.

I do not recognize myself now.
I don't recognize Grigory Gryaznoy.
Where are you, my old daring,
Where have the days of dashing fun gone?
I am not the same now — everything
is over.

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky:
The Queen of Spades
Odnazhdy v Versalye

O, tak poslushaite!
Grafinya mnogo let nazad v Parizhe
Krasavitsei slyla
Fsia molodyosh po nei s uma skhodila,
Nazyvaya "veneroi moskovskoi"
Graf Sen Zhermen sredi drugikh,
Tagda eshcho krasavets, plenilsya yeyu,
No bezuspeshno on vzdykhal po grafine!
Fse nochi napralyot igrala krasavitsa,
I, uvy, pretpochitala faraon liubvi.

Odnazhdy v Versalye "au jeu de la Reine"
"Venus Moscovite" proigralas dotla;
v chisle priglasyonnykh by!
Graf Saint Germain;
sledya za igroi, on slykhal kak ona
sheptala v razgare azarta:
"O Bozhe! Oh, Bozhe!

Ya vsyo by mogla otygrat,
Kogda by khvatilo postavit opyat
Tri karty, tri karty, tri karty!"
Graf, vybrav udachno minutukogda
Pokinuv ukradkoi gostei polny zal,
Krasavitsa molcha sidela odna,
Vlyublyonno nad ukhom yeyo prosheptal
Slova, slasche zvukov Mozarta:
"Grafinya, tsenoi odnovo rendez-vous
khotite, porzhalui, ya vam nazovu
tri karty, tri karty, tri karty?"
Grafinya vspylila: "Kak smeyete vy?"
No graf byl ne trus. I kogda cherez den
Krasavitsa snova yavilas, uvy,
Bez grosha v karmane
"Au jeu de la Reine",
Ona uzhe znala tri karty . . .
Ikh smelo postaviv, odnu za drugoi,
Vernula svoyo, no kakoyu tsenoi!
O karty, o karty, o karty!
Raz muzhu te karty ona nazvala,
V drugoi raz ikh yuny krasavets uznal,
No v etu zhe noch, lish ostalas odna,
K nei prizrak yavilsya i grozno skazal:
"Poluchish smertelny udar ty
ot tretyevo kto pylko, strastno Iyubya
pridyot chtoby siloi uznat u tebya
tri karty, tri karty, tri karty!"



Then listen to me!
Many years ago in Paris
The Countess was a famous beauty.

All the young men were mad about her
And she was known as "the Moscow Venus."
Count Saint Germain, who was then
Still a handsome man,
Was one of her admirers, but his sighs for the
Countess were to no avail!
The beauty spent her whole nights gaming
And alas! preferred Pharaon to love.

One day at Versailles, at the "Jeu de la Reine"
The "Moscow Venus" had lost her last cent.
Count Saint Germain was among the guests;
Following her from the tables,
He heard her whisper in despair,
"O heaven! O heaven. I could recoup
all my losses
If I could only have once more the secret
of those three cards, just three cards,
three cards!"

The Count chose his moment cleverly.
After she had quietly left the
crowded casino
And was sitting silent and alone,
He whispered amorously into her ear
Words sweeter than the music of Mozart:
"Countess, in return for a single
rendez-vous,
I am ready, if you will, to name you
Those three cards, the three cards,
the three cards!"
The Countess replied angrily,
"How dare you?"
But the Count was patient

When, a day later, she was seen once again,
Without a cent in her pocket at the
"Jeu de la Reine"
She already knew the three cards. . . .
Playing them boldly, one after the other,
She won back her fortune, but at
what a price!
O cards, cards, cards!
Later she revealed the cards to her husband,
And on another occasion to a handsome
young man,
But on that very night, as soon as
she was alone,
An apparition warned her threateningly—
"You will receive your death-blow
From the third who, driven by
passionate love,
Comes to force from you the knowledge
Of those three cards, the three cards, the
three cards!"

**Armen Tigranian: Anoush
Mosi's Aria**

Dushman dardzanq en harsanqic,
Akhper tgheq geti mijin
Im khanchalov durs pit hanem nra srtits
Vay . . . papak sern Anoushi . . . vay.
Saro, ay Saro, ay namard Saro,
Luys arevd togh khavari
Chka indzanic qez erbeq prkutyun.
Luys arevd Saro, srtid sern Anoushi
Im khanchali tserov piti khlem qeznits,
Akh, amot qez Mosi, tuq u nakhatingq

Amot qez nman govats igitin.
Der go tikunqe cher tesel getin, inchpes
Ver enkar, du sari nman, erb nayum er
qez voghj geghe kangnats,
Du kuch gas takin Saroi tsnkan . . . akh.
Ekats er es ban iski qo glkhin.
De merir eli, getine mtir, tane ver enkir,
ilik pttir.
Amot qez Mosi, touq ou nakhatingq . . .
akh.



We became foes the day of the wedding;
We, who were like brothers in this village.
I'll pluck out his heart. . . .
The love he feels for Anoush!
Oh, Saro, treacherous Saro,
May the sun no longer shine in your eyes!
You'll never escape me as long as I am
alive. . . .
I'll put an end to your life,
Cut out your heart. . . .
Your love for Anoush . . .
Shame, shame, Mosi! You are mocked
and disgraced.
Shame on your valor, once so praised.
Not once had your back ever touched
the ground.
Oh, how did you, strong as a rock,
fall down
Before the eyes of the entire village,
Ending up under Saro's knee?
Never before had you been so disgraced!

Go and perish then! Enter the ground!
Or stay at home and spin the wheel!
Shame, Mosi, you are mocked and disgraced!

Armen Tigranian: *David Bek*
David Bek's Aria

Oh, im chqnakh, sirun hayreniq,
Oh, im tanjvats erkir hayreni,
Du daravor parqi erkir, chqnakh, chqnakh
Hayastan.
Anarg tshnamineri u stor hayrenadavneri
matnutyamb,
hetsum e azgn im parsik khaneri chiran-
neri mech otarin geri.
O, im chqnakh, sirun Hayreniq, akh,
chqnakh im erkir,
gervats hayreniq, burn tsasumov Itsvats
e hogis,
kanchum e azgn im azat kyanqi tenchov.
Togh hnchen, hnchen shepornner gor marti,
ard kazmenq, kazmenq sharqer martakan,
qez parq, parq erkir Hayastan.
Ov dyutsazants azat erkir ev hogh hayreni,
harazat im chqnakh erkir, qez parq!



O, my wonderful, beautiful Motherland,
O, my tortured Homeland,
You are a country of centuries-old glory,
wonderful, wonderful Armenia.
Betrayed by enemies and vile traitors,
My country languishes in captivity of the

Persian Khans.
O, my wonderful, beautiful Motherland,
My wonderful country, my
captive Homeland!
My soul is full of rage. It calls upon my
people to rise to a free life.
Let the trumpets sound, call for a fear-
some battle,
Let us gather, let us gather the warriors.
Glory to you, glory, land of Armenia.
O glorious free land, my Homeland,
My wondrous land, glory to you!

Artist Biographies

Armenian dramatic baritone **Gevorg Hakobyan** studied at the Komitas State Conservatory in Yerevan with Maestro Sergey Danielyan. He has captured the hearts of opera lovers with his rich dramatic baritone and charismatic acting on many famed stages around the world. In 2008, Hakobyan was awarded both the Gold Medal and First Prize at the prestigious First International Pavel Lisitsian Baritone Competition in Moscow, and in 2011 he was recognized as an Artist of Merit of the Republic of Armenia.

Hakobyan has appeared at the Wiener Staatsoper, Teatro Real Madrid, Liceu Barcelona, Teatro Carlo Felice Genoa, Bolshoi Theatre Moscow, Mariinsky Theatre,



Mikhailovsky Theatre, Nationale Opera Amsterdam, Stuttgart Opera, Terme di Caracalla Roma, Teatro Comunale di Bologna, Palau de les Arts Reina Sofía, Teatro Massimo di Palermo, Armenian Academic Opera and Ballet Theater, Hong Kong Cultural Centre, Opera de Lille, Opera di Genova and Teatro Regio di Torino as well as the White Nights Festival St. Petersburg and Savonlinna Festival.

Hakobyan has worked with stage directors Barrie Kosky, Stefano Poda, Robert Carsen, Lydia Steier, Julia Pevzner, Rimas Tuminas, Gegam Grigorian, Mariusz Trelinski, Marina Bianchi, and conductors including Lorin Maazel, Lorenzo Viotti, Anton Grishanin,

Plácido Domingo, Daniele Callegari, Axel Kober, Marco Armiliato, Nicola Luisotti, Alexandre Bloch, Jader Bignamini, Dmitri Jurowski, Gennady Rozhdestvensky, Tugan Sokhiev, Daniel Oren, Constantine Orbelian, Henrik Nanasi and Oksana Lyniv.

For more information please see gevorghakobyan.com.

John Fisher is a Scottish conductor, opera manager, vocal coach and record producer. He is a graduate of the University of Glasgow, the Royal Academy of Music and the London Opera Centre.

In the early 1970s Fisher was on the music staff of both La Monnaie in Brussels and the Netherlands Opera in Amsterdam. In 1977 he joined the staff of Teatro alla Scala, Milan, becoming head of music staff in 1979. He served there as Artistic administrator from 1981–1987. He collaborated closely with Claudio Abbado, and regularly with, among others, Carlos Kleiber, Wolfgang Sawallisch, Georges Pretre and Georg Solti. He was also music administrator of the Rossini Opera Festival in Pesaro from 1983–1988.

Fisher also collaborated closely with Jean Pierre Ponnelle on several opera films for Unitel films. In 1989 he was appointed Ar-



tistic Director of Teatro la Fenice, remaining in that post until 1994, when he joined Deutsche Grammophon as Executive Producer and Director of Opera and Vocal Productions. In 1997 he was appointed Director of Music Administration at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, remaining in that position until becoming General Director of Welsh National Opera in 2006. He later returned to the Met to help prepare the new production of Wagner's *Ring*, and subsequently became Assistant General Manager there in 2015.

Fisher served as jury chairman of BBC Cardiff Singer of the World in 2007, 2009 and 2011, as well as serving on the jury for the 15th Tchaikovsky International Com-

petition in Moscow and St. Petersburg in 2015. In 2014 he conducted the Verdi Requiem in Lithuania to commemorate the 70th anniversary of the liquidation of the Jewish ghetto in Kaunas.

In 2013, John Fisher was awarded an Honorary Fellowship of the Royal Welsh College of Music, where he subsequently became Artistic Director of the Seligman Opera School in 2020. He continues to pursue an international career as a pianist, conductor and teacher.

Four-time GRAMMY® Award nominated conductor **Constantine Orbelian** has been called "the singer's dream collaborator" by *Opera News*, which hailed him for conducting vocal repertoire "with the sensitivity of a lieder pianist." On June 7, 2021, Maestro Orbelian was appointed Music Director and Principal Conductor of one of the great New York institutions—New York City Opera.

For over 30 years, the brilliant American pianist and 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 then the Philharmonia of Russia. He is the founder of the annual Palaces of St. Petersburg International Music Festival and is the Chief



Conductor of the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra in Lithuania. In 2016 he also became General and Artistic Director of the State Academic Opera and Ballet Theater in Yerevan, Armenia. During his four-year tenure there, Orbelian created new productions of Bizet's *Carmen*, Mozart's *Magic Flute*, Massenet's *Manon*, and Kar-en Khachaturian's ballet *Cipollino*. He restored a historic production of Donizetti's opera *Poliuto*, produced the ballet *La Bohème* to the music of Charles Aznavour and brought Renée Fleming for the first time to Armenia for a recital.

Orbelian has toured and recorded with some of the world's greatest singers, including American stars Sondra Radvanovsky

and Lawrence Brownlee, and with the great Dmitri Hvorostovsky and other renowned singers in European, North American, Russian and Asian music centers.

"Orbelian has star quality, and his orchestra plays with passion and precision," *The Audio Critic* wrote of his acclaimed series of over 60 recordings on the Delos label. Orbelian's frequent collaborations with Hvorostovsky included repertoire from their Delos recordings of universal sentimental songs, *Where Are You, My Brothers?* and *Moscow Nights* and *Wait for Me*. His recordings with Hvorostovsky of Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* and *Rigoletto* have become legendary. Among his concert and televised appearances are collaborations with Hvorostovsky, Renée Fleming, Anna Netrebko and Van Cliburn, including the famous pianist's farewell performance.

Born in San Francisco to Russian and Armenian emigré parents, Orbelian made his performing debut as a piano prodigy with the San Francisco Symphony at the age of 11. After graduating from the Juilliard School 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. The first American to become music director of an ensemble in Russia, he was awarded the coveted title "Honored Artist of Russia" in 2004 for



his efforts championing Russian-American cultural exchange. In 2001 Orbelian was presented with the Ellis Island Medal of Honor, given to immigrants or children of immigrants who have made outstanding contributions to the United States.

For more information please visit constantineorbelian.com

The Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra of Lithuania (KCSO) evolved from the Kaunas Chamber Orchestra, which was founded in 1988. Constantine Orbelian is its principal conductor, and the orchestra is managed by Algimantas Treikauskas. A GRAMMY® Award Nominee, the KCSO is an integral

part of the cultural life of Kaunas, Lithuania, and the entire Baltic region.

The orchestra performs more than 60 concerts a year and performs in Lithuania and around Europe including Latvia, Estonia, Norway, Croatia, Italy, Germany, Finland and Switzerland. The orchestra has appeared at Lithuanian music festivals—the International Young Musicians festival, the festivals of composers M. K. Čiurlionis and Edvard Grieg, the Pažaislis Music Festival, the international contemporary music festival “Iš arti,” “Fjord Cadenza” in Norway, and “Murten Classics” in Switzerland.

In 2020, the orchestra celebrated its fifteenth anniversary; during those years, a

number of major and significant projects and memorable concerts took place. The orchestra has made a remarkable series of recordings, and has had the honor of performing with the world's most famous soloists, including Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Lawrence Brownlee, Charles Castronovo, Stephen Costello, John Osborn, José Carreras, Ildar Abdrazakov, Nadine Sierra, Elina Garanča, Sarah Coburn, Asmik Grigorian, Sarah Brightman and Barbara Frittoli. The orchestra has also performed with legendary bands and world artists such as The Scorpions, Electric Light Orchestra, Smokie,

Bonnie Tyler, Chris Norman, Robert Wells and Maggie Reilly.

The orchestra's discography consists of over twenty CDs for the Delos label with Maestro Constantine Orbelian. These recordings have received great critical acclaim and have been nominated for prestigious international awards including the International Classical Music Awards.

For more information see kaunosimfoninis.lt/en

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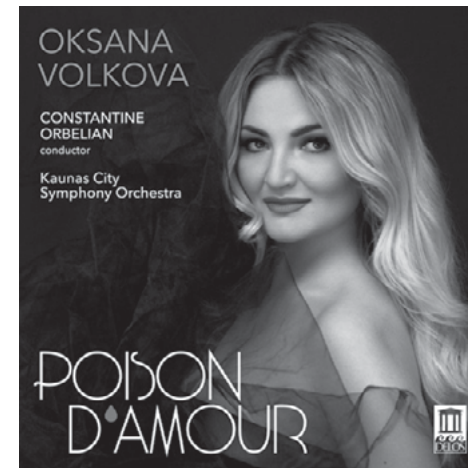
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