

# SHOSTAKOVICH

## Symphony No. 14

Gal James, Soprano • Alexander Vinogradov, Bass  
Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra  
Vasily Petrenko



## Dmitry Shostakovich (1906-1975)

### Symphony No. 14

The fifteen symphonies of Dmitry Shostakovich presently stand at the very centre of the orchestral repertoire: together with those of Mahler, they can fairly be said to represent 'modern' music as it appears to the non-specialist concertgoer. Yet unlike any comparable symphonic cycle since that of Beethoven, these works do not progress in a way that might have endowed their career-spanning inclusivity with a logical evolution which carries them from aspiration to fulfilment.

Of the symphonies, the *First* is a graduation work that quickly accorded the teenage composer national acclaim and then international prominence. The *Second* and *Third* both represent the reckless accommodation between modernist means and revolutionary ends, while the *Fourth* stakes out the boundary between the individual and society that was to remain a focal point thereafter. The *Fifth* clarifies that boundary through paradoxically making it even more equivocal; a process that the *Sixth* continues by subverting the private/public relationship still further. The *Seventh* is an unequivocal reaction to civil conflict and social collapse that finds its conceptual equivalent in the *Eighth*, and which in turn finds its opposite in the *Ninth*. The *Tenth* effectively marks the genre's culmination as the outlet for an abstract programme. The *Eleventh* initiates a period in which Russian concerns were to assume dominance, its historical acuity being diluted by the relative impersonality of the *Twelfth* and then intensified by the undeniable explicitness of the *Thirteenth*. The *Fourteenth* stands outside the symphonic genre as regards its form though emphatically not in terms of content, while the *Fifteenth* marks a belated re-engagement with an abstract approach to symphonic thinking such as might or might not have been continued.

The seven-year gap from Shostakovich's *Thirteenth* to his *Fourteenth* symphonies proved the longest between any two of his works in this genre, though it would not be so had the cantata *The Execution of Stepan Razin* [Naxos 8.557812] been expanded into a new symphony as envisaged. There were several film scores – notably

for Grigory Kozintsev's *Hamlet* [8.557446] – numerous songs including *Preface to the Complete Collection of My Works*, the *Five 'Krokodil' Romances*, a Pushkin romance *Spring, Spring* and the *Seven Blok Romances* [8.553297], as well as an orchestration of *From Jewish Folk Poetry*. Non-symphonic orchestral music was represented by the *Overture on Russian and Kirghiz Folk Themes*, the symphonic poem *October* [8.557812] and the *Funeral-Triumphal Prelude*, while larger works comprised the *Second Cello* [8.550813] and *Second Violin* [8.550814] *Concertos*, along with the re-orchestration of Schumann's *Cello Concerto* for Mstislav Rostropovich and the *Violin Sonata* for David Oistrakh. Most significant, however, are the four string quartets that were written during this period – Nos. 9 [8.550973], 10, 11 [both 8.550977] and 12 [8.550975] – which reaffirmed the composer's identity with the genre (as equally with the Beethoven Quartet) and facilitated that increasing inwardness which is a hallmark of almost all Shostakovich's music from his final decade.

The genesis of the *Fourteenth Symphony* goes back to 1962, when Shostakovich had orchestrated Mussorgsky's *Songs and Dances of Death*. Work began in earnest at a hospital stay in January 1969, when he informed Isaac Glikman that he was writing an 'oratorio' for soprano, bass, strings and percussion. The piano score was finished on 16th February, with the orchestration completed on 2nd March – by which time the composer had decided against the oratorio designation, there being no chorus involved, and opted instead to call the work a symphony (ironically it was three years earlier that the work intended as a *Fourteenth Symphony* mutated into the *Second Cello Concerto*) – with a dedication to Benjamin Britten (thereby returning the compliment as Britten had dedicated *The Prodigal Son*, the third of his *Church Parables*, to Shostakovich the year before). Considering the new work to be one of his most important, and naturally impatient to hear it, the composer sounded out Rudolf Barshai on performance practicalities and the piece went into rehearsal in June.

Realising a public hearing would not be possible until after summer vacation, Shostakovich agreed to a pre-performance run-through – which took place at the Moscow Conservatoire on 21st June 1969 with soprano Margarita Miroshnikova, bass Yevgeny Vladimirov, and the Moscow Chamber Orchestra with Rudolf Barshai. The response to so unequivocal a work was immediate – albeit marked by the audible departure, mid-way through, of Party functionary Pavel Apostolov who suffered a seizure and died a month later. The official première took place at the Glinka Concert Hall, Leningrad on 29th September with Galina Vishnevskaya (who withdrew from the first hearing through prior commitments) and Vladimirov, again with the Moscow CO and Barshai, while the Moscow public première followed on October 6th. The UK première took place in Aldeburgh on 14th 1970, Britten conducting the English Chamber Orchestra along with Vishnevskaya and Mark Reshetin, while the United States première came in Philadelphia on 1st January the following year – Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra with Phyllis Curtin and Simon Estes. The piece was acclaimed as being among Shostakovich's greatest, yet his colleague Lev Lebedinsky broke off their friendship on account of its nihilistic message, while the writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn took offence to one of the poems as belittling the experience of those who had endured the Gulag.

The first recording came promptly in the summer of 1969, with Barshai conducting the musicians as at the initial hearing. Ormandy made the second studio account immediately after the American première, while Visnevskaya and Reshetin were joined by Rostropovich and the Moscow Philharmonic in 1972. That orchestra again set down the work in 1974 with soloists Julia Varády and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Kirill Kondrashin conducting, while a performance at which Leonard Bernstein conducted the New York Philharmonic with Teresa Kubiak and Isser Bushkin took place on 8th December 1976 and was later issued on disc. Another recording of note is that from 1981 by Bernard Haitink and the Concertgebouw Orchestra, with soloists Julia Varády and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, which is sung in the original languages (Spanish, French, Russian and German) of the poems as previously authorized by the composer.

The *Fourteenth Symphony* is scored for soprano and bass soloists, percussion (requiring at least four players) and strings (ten violins, four violas, three cellos and two double-basses are specified). The eleven songs can also be divided into five groups according to those attacas between songs, while a further division into three larger movements – comprising songs Nos. 1-3, 4-7 and 8-11 – can also be adduced which serves to reinforce the work's 'symphonic song-cycle' connotation and will be referred to below. Alone of Shostakovich's fifteen symphonies, there is no key signature attached – though both outer movements tend to G minor and this is the key most often given in published catalogues (qv. Boosey & Hawkes). It is worth noting that the four poets have in common their early and unfortunate deaths: Federico García Lorca (1898-1936) died at the hands of the Spanish Nationalists; Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918) died in the Spanish flu pandemic; Wilhelm Küchelbeker (1797-1846) died in prison for subversive activities; Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926) died from leukaemia.

The first part symmetrically comprises a slow introduction followed by a scherzo and sonata-like allegro with slow coda. The first song is Lorca's *De profundis*, its evocation of those murdered given an unworldly setting in which the violins' undulating theme finds little warmth from the wan response of lower strings. The bass both partners and alternates with the strings, the music gradually opening out in expression before soloist and strings join in a brief climax which subsides into a recall of the violins' opening theme – itself rounded off by ascending then descending glissandi on double basses.

The second song is Lorca's *Malagueña*, evoking death in the context of archetypal Spanish images of tavern and guitar – and in which the soprano's forthright rhetoric is intensified by the feverish idea on violins which rise towards the limits of their compass above the stealthy movement of lower strings. Half-way through a more lilting theme emerges for the soloist then solo violin, though the initial idea resumes (now largely centred on strings) before the climactic return of the lilting theme sees the entry of castanets. A surging crescendo on strings and two snaps from castanets leads straight into

The third song, which is a setting of Apollinaire's narrative *Lorelei* interpreted as a dramatic scena for both soloists. Its opening section juxtaposes their impulsive exchanges against jabbing gestures on lower strings and xylophone, building towards a headlong contrapuntal discourse between the strings. Tension subsides as the soprano unfolds an expressive melody that finds contrast with the continual motion of lower strings, before a brusque interjection from the bass brings an interlude for xylophone and violins over an insistent figure on woodblock. This dies down on double basses, leading to a varied recall of ideas already heard before soprano then bass provoke a frenzied upsurge on strings and woodblock, summarily curtailed by two strokes on tubular bells. The coda brings a more resigned version of the expressive melody, soprano then bass recalling the ill-fated protagonist over undulating harmonies on strings, celesta, bells and vibraphone.

The second part comprises two relatively expansive slow movements that frame a compact scherzo then brief intermezzo. The fourth song is Apollinaire's *The Suicide*, its unworldly evocation of death and remembrance given an inward setting led off by solo cello then joined by soprano in a haunting refrain that makes inventive play with the initial words. Strings belatedly enter for a brief climax, soprano continuing until an upsurge for violins and xylophone sees an impassioned idea for the violins over heaving lower strings. It dies down, but a vocal outburst provokes a dissonant string cluster and two more strokes on bells. The soprano then brings a return to the initial inwardness that dies away on bells and lower strings.

The fifth song is Apollinaire's *On Watch*, its satire on approaching death and incestuous love wholly epitomized by the nonchalant refrain for xylophone and continued by soprano over militaristic tom-toms. The strings are initially pizzicato until their angry exchanges with percussion, after which the soprano invokes greater emotion which leads to an eloquent climax. This subsides – soprano and xylophone then heard as though from afar before tom-toms build to a strident close.

The sixth song is Apollinaire's *Madam, look!*, launched by a theatrical gesture on strings with the bass'

statement leading to the soprano's mock hysterical response which once again makes inventive play with the Russian translation – notably the three-note gesture echoed on xylophone which invokes desperation before being hammered out over receding strings.

The seventh song is Apollinaire's *At the Santé Prison*, the poet's sojourn in Paris' Santé Prison transformed into an all-encompassing outcry against incarceration. The bass is joined by pensive lower strings for an impassioned climax – gradually subsiding into a speculative interlude for the strings, playing *col legno* (with the wood of the bow) or pizzicato, and woodblock in a remarkable demonstration of textural ingenuity. At length the bass re-enters, and strings duly intensify for a sequence of sombre exchanges into which ideas from the interlude are gradually reintroduced. After a relatively sustained climax the music withdraws to its initial brooding, the bass finally ceasing so that spectral double-basses are the last sounds audible.

The third part comprises three movements of progressively slower tempo which is rounded off by a peremptory epilogue. The eighth song is Apollinaire's *The Zaporozhian Cossacks' Reply to the Sultan of Constantinople*, a flood of invective such as unleashes an uninhibited response – the bass jousting with strings until a climax is reached with the acerbic initial motif engulfed in rapid violin passage-work. Surging to the top of their compass, these are abruptly curtailed going into

The ninth song, a setting of Küchelbeker's *O Delvig, Delvig!* (and which is often seen as a direct address from composer to dedicatee). The plangently affecting initial phrase for divided strings returns twice, setting in relief the bass' entreaty which is (not unreasonably) innately Russian in its expression. At first warmly emotional, the music soon rises to a peak of imploring eloquence before gradually regaining its earlier poise – the refrain then affording a measure of stoic serenity.

The tenth song is Rilke's *The death of the poet* which, with its stark though soulful depiction of human demise, audibly brings the work full-circle with the undulating theme at its start heard in the violins' highest register. The soprano for the most part unfolds at a remove from her

accompaniment, though becoming more involved with each brief climax, before joining seamlessly with the strings for the final statement of a haunting refrain which is gradually dissolved in the violas.

The eleventh song is Rilke's *Conclusion*, which is made the blackly ironic epilogue of the whole work. This commences with expectant tapping from the woodblock (the first notable entry of percussion since the seventh song), with soprano and bass singing in unison throughout as a thunderous climax is reached – during which both of the soloists sustain their closing notes over

hammered strokes on un-tuned percussion. A violent crescendo on strings has the final, fateful word.

Shostakovich introduced the piece on 21st June 1969. Recalling Mussorgsky, he explained it as "...a great protest against death and a reminder to live one's life honestly, nobly, decently, never committing base acts ... [Death] awaits all of us. I don't see anything good about such an end to our lives and this is what I am trying to convey in this work."

Richard Whitehouse

Cover photograph: After a performance of *Symphony No. 14* at the Glinka Concert Hall, Leningrad (now the Capella Concert Hall, St Petersburg) on 1st October, 1969:  
Margarita Miroshnikova, Dmitry Shostakovich, Yevgeny Vladimirov, Rudolf Barshai  
(photographer unknown) (courtesy of the DSCH Archive, Moscow)

### 1 De profundis

*Federico García Lorca (1898-1936) / I. Tynyanova*

Sto goryacho vlyublyonnikh  
Snom vekov'im usnuli  
Gluboko pod sukhoy zemlyoyu.  
Krasnim peskom pokriti  
Dorogi Andalusii.  
Vetvi oliv zelyonikh  
Kordovu zaslonili.  
Zdes' im kresti postavyat,  
Chtob ikh ne zabili lyudi.  
Sto goryacho vlyublyonnikh  
Snom vekov'im usnuli.

### 2 Malagueña / Malagen'ya

*Federico García Lorca / Anatoli Geleskul*

Smert' voshla i ushla iz taverni.  
Smert' voshla i ushla iz taverni.  
Chyornkiye koni i tyomniye dushi  
V ushchel'yakh gitarı, brodyat.  
Zapakhli sol'yu i zharkoy krov'yu  
Sotsvet'ya zibi nervnoy.  
A smert' vsyo ukhodit  
I vsyo ne udyot iz taverni.

### 1 De profundis

Those one hundred lovers  
are sleeping for ever  
beneath the dry earth.  
Andalusia has  
long red roads.  
Cordoba, green olive trees  
where a hundred crosses  
can be raised  
in their memory.  
Those one hundred lovers  
are sleeping for ever.

### 2 Malagueña

Death walks in and out of the tavern.  
Death walks in and out of the tavern.  
Black horses and sinister people  
wander the deep paths of the guitar.  
And there's a smell of salt and women's blood  
on the febrile spikenards along the coast.  
Death walks in and out,  
out of and into the tavern walks death.

### 3 La Loreley / Loreleya

*Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918) / Mikhail Kudinov*

K belokuroy koldun'ye iz prireynskogo kraya  
Shli muzhchiniı tolpoı, ot lyubvi umiraya.

I velel yeyo vizvat' yepiskop na sud,  
Vsyo v dushe yey proshchaya za yeyo krasotu.

'O skazhi, Loreleya, ch'i glaza tak prekrasni,  
Kto tebya nauchil etim charam opasnım?'

'Zhizn' mne v tyagost', yepiskop, i proklyat moy vzor.  
Kto vzglyanul na menya, svoı prochyol prigovor.

O yepiskop, v glazakh moikh plamyա pozhara,  
Tak predayte zh ognıu eti strashniye chari!'

'Loreleya, pozhar tvoı vsesilen: ved' ya  
Sam tobıy okoldovan i tebe ne sud'ya.'

'Zamolchite, yepiskop! Pomolites' i ver'te:

Eto volya Gospodnya predat' menya smerti.

Moy lyubimiy uyekhal, on v dalyokoy strane.  
Vsyo teper' mne ne milo, vsyo teper' ne po mne.

Serdtsе tak isstradalos', chtо dolzhna umeret' ya.  
Dazhe vid moy vnushayet mne misli o smerti.

Moy lyubimiy uyekhal, i s etogo dnya  
Svet mne beliy ne mil, noch' v dushe u menya.'

I tryokh rıtsareı kliknul yepiskop: 'Skoreye  
Uvedite v glukhoy monastir' Loreleyu.

Proch', bezumnaya Lor, volookaya Lor!  
Ti monakhineı stanesh', i potyomknet tvoı vzor.'

Troye rıtsareı s devoı idut po doroge.  
Govorit ona strazhnikam khmurım i strogim:

### 3 Lorelei

There was in Bacharach a sorceress fair,  
who let every man around die of love.

The bishop had her summoned to his tribunal  
but absolved her in advance on account of her beauty.

O fair Lorelei, with your eyes full of gemstones,  
from which magician did you get your sorcery?

I'm weary of living and my eyes are damned;  
all men have perished, my lord, on meeting my gaze.

My eyes are flames and not gemstones,  
throw, oh throw this sorcery into the flames.

I am ablaze in those flames, o fair Lorelei;  
let another condemn you, for I am bewitched by you.

You laugh, my lord, when you should be  
praying to the Virgin for me,  
so let me die, and may God protect you.

My lover has left for a far-off land,  
so let me die, since there is nothing I love.

My heart aches so that I must die,  
were I to look into my own eyes I should have to die.

My heart has ached so since he left,  
my heart began to ache so the day he went away.

The bishop summoned three knights armed with lances:  
Take this poor demented woman off to the convent.

Go now, deluded Lore, go, Lore with your trembling gaze,  
you will be a nun, dressed all in black and white.

Then all four set off along the highway.  
Lorelei begged them, her eyes shining like stars,

'Na skale toy visokoy dayte mne postoyat',  
Chtob uvidet' moy zamok mogla ya opyat',

Chtob svoyo otrazhen'ye ya uvidela snova,  
Pered tem, kak voyti v monastir' vash suroviy.'

Veter lokoni sputal, i gorit yeyo vzglyad,  
Tshchetno strazha krichit: 'Loreleya, nazad! Nazad!'

'Na izluchinu Reyna lad'ya viplivayet,  
V ney sidit moy lyubimiy, on menya prizivayet.

Tak legko na dushe, tak prozrachna volna...'  
I s visokoy skali v Reyn upala ona,

Uvidav otrazhyonniye v gladi potoka  
Svoi reynskiye ochi, svoi solnechniy lokon.

#### 4 Le suicidé / Samoubi'ytsa Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov

Tri lilii, tri lilii... Lilii tri na mogile moyey bez kresta,  
Tri lilii, ch'yu pozolotu kholodniye vetri sduvayut,

I chymoye nebo, prolivshis' dozhdym, ikh poroy omivayet,  
I slovno u skipetrov groznikh, torzhestvenna ikh krasota.

Rastyot iz rani odna, i kak tol'ko zakat zapilayet,

Okravavlennoy kazhetsya skornbnaya liliya ta.  
Tri lilii, tri lilii... Lilii tri na mogile moyey bez kresta,  
Tri lilii, ch'yu pozolotu kholodniye vetri sduvayut.

Drugaya iz serdsa rastyot moyego, chto tak sil'no stradayet,  
Na lozhe chervivom. A tret'ya kornyami mne rot razrivayet.

Oni na mogile moyey odinoko rastut, i pusta  
Vokrug nikh zemlya, i kak zhizn' moya, proklyata ikh krasota.  
Tri lilii, tri lilii... Lilii tri na mogile moyey bez kresta.

Good knights, allow me to climb up to that cliff so high,  
to look one last time upon my fine castle,

To see one last time my reflection in the river,  
then I shall go to the convent of maidens and widows.

There on high the wind twisted her tumbling locks.  
The knights cried out, Lorelei, Lorelei.

There far below a little boat is floating along the Rhine:  
my lover is at the helm, he has seen me, he's calling me.

My heart is filled with tenderness, 'tis my lover who comes.  
Then she leant over the edge and fell down into the Rhine.

For the fair Lorelei had seen in its waters  
her Rhine-coloured eyes, her tresses golden as the sun.

#### 4 The Suicide

Three tall lilies, three tall lilies on my grave with no cross.  
Three tall lilies dusted with gold that the wind scatters  
in fright,

watered only when a dark sky showers them,  
majestic and handsome like royal sceptres.

One is growing from my wound, and when daylight  
catches it,  
bloodied, it reaches upwards: this is the lily of fear.  
Three tall lilies, three tall lilies on my grave with no cross.  
Three tall lilies dusted with gold that the wind scatters  
in fright.

Another grows from my heart as it lies aching in the earth  
where the worms are eating it; the last is growing  
from my mouth.

On my grave set apart all three reach upwards,  
all alone, all alone, and, I believe, as damned as I am.  
Three tall lilies, three tall lilies on my grave with no cross.

#### 5 Les attentives I / Nacheku Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov

V transheye on umryot do nastuplen'ya nochi,  
Moy malen'kiy soldat, chey utomlyonniy vzglyad  
Iz-za ukritiya sledil vse dni podryad  
Za Slavoy, chto vzletet' uzhe ne khochet.  
V transheye on umryot do nastuplen'ya nochi,  
Moy malen'kiy soldat, lyubovnik moy i brat.

I vot poetomu khochu ya stat' krasivoy.  
Pust' yarkim fakelom grud' u menya gorit.  
Pust' opalit moy vzglyad zasnezhenniye niv'i,  
Pust' poyasom mogil moy budet stan obvit.  
V krovosmeshenii i v smerti stat' krasivoy  
Khochu ya dlya togo, kto dolzhen bit' ubit.

Zakat korovoyu revyot, pilayut rozi,  
I siney ptitseyu moy zacharovan vzglyad.  
To probil chas lyubvi, i chas likhoradki groznoy.  
To probil smerti chas, i net puti nazad.  
Segodnya on umryot, kak umirayut rozi,  
Moy malen'kiy soldat, lyubovnik moy i brat.

#### 6 Les attentives II / Madam, posmotrite! Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov

Madam, posmotrite!  
Poteryali vi chto-to...  
- Akh! Pustyakii! Eto serdtse moyo,  
Skoreye yego podberite.  
Zakhochu—otdam. Zakhochu—  
Zaberu yego snova, pover'te.  
I ya khokhochu, khokhochu, khokhochu, khokhochu,  
Kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha.  
I ya khokhochu, khokhochu  
Nad lyubov'yu, chto skoshena smert'yu.

#### 6 On Watch

The one who has to die tonight in the trenches  
is a young soldier whose eye idly falls  
throughout the day on the trophies that were hung  
from the cement crenellations during the night.  
The one who has to die tonight in the trenches  
is a young soldier, my brother and my lover.

And since he has to die, I want to make myself beautiful.  
I want to light the torches with my bare breasts,  
I want to melt the frozen pool with my wide eyes,  
and as for my hips, I want them to be gravestones.  
For since he has to die, I want to make myself beautiful,  
in incest and death, two such handsome gestures.

The cows at sunset are lowing all their roses,  
the wing of the blue bird gently fans me.  
It's the hour of Love and its ardent neuroses,  
it's the hour of Death and the final promise.  
The one who has to die just as roses die  
is a young soldier, my brother and my lover.

#### 6 Madam, look!

Madam, listen to me a moment:  
you've dropped something.  
It's my heart, nothing much.  
Pick it up again then.  
I gave it, I took it back again.  
It was down there in the trenches.  
It's here, and I laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh,  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.  
It's here, and I laugh and laugh  
about the love affairs cut down by the scythe of death.

7 A la Santé / V tyur'me Sante

Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov

Menya razdeli dogola,  
Kogda vveli v tyur'mu;  
Sud'boy srazhyon iz-za ugla,  
Nizvergnut ya vo t'mu.

Proshchay, vesolyiy khorovod,  
Proshchay, devichiy smekh.  
Zdes' nado mnoy mogil'niy svod,  
Zdes' umer ya dlya vsekh.

Net, ya ne tot,  
Sovsem ne tot, chto prezhd.  
Teper' ya arestant,  
I vot konets nadezhde.

V kakoy-to yame, kak medved',  
Khozhu vperyod, nazad,  
A nebo! Luchshe ne smotret'.  
Ya nebu zdes' ne rad.  
V kakoy-to yame, kak medved',  
Khozhu vperyod, nazad.

Za chto Ti pechal' mne etu prinyos?  
Skazhi, vsemogushchiy Bozhe.  
O szhal'sya, szhal'sya! V glazakh moikh netu slyoz,  
Na masku litso pokhozhe.

Ti vidish', skol'ko neschastnikh serdets  
Pod svodom tyuremnim b'yotsya!  
Sorvi zhe s menya ternoviy venets,  
Ne to on mne v mozg vop'yotsya.

Den' konchilsya. Lampa nad golovoyu  
Gorit, okruzhonnaya t'moy.  
Vsyo tikho. Nas v kamere tolko dvoye:  
Ya i rassudok moy.

7 At the Santé Prison

Before going into my cell  
I had to strip naked  
and that sinister voice howled,  
Guillaume, what's become of you?

Farewell, farewell, songs and dances,  
o my youth, o young girls.  
Lazarus going into his tomb  
instead of rising from it as he did.

No, here I no longer  
feel I'm myself.  
I'm number fifteen  
in block eleven.

Every morning I pace  
around a pit, like a bear.  
We go round and round and round again.  
The sky is blue like a chain.  
Every morning I pace  
around a pit, like a bear.

What will become of me, o God,  
you who know my pain,  
you who gave it to me?  
Take pity on my dry eyes, my pallor...

And on all those poor hearts beating in prison.  
Love, my companion,  
take pity above all on my feeble wits  
and this despair that's overpowering them.

The day is dying, see how a lamp  
is burning in the prison.  
We are alone in my cell,  
fair light, beloved reason.

8 Réponse des Cosaques Zaporogues au Sultan de Constantinople / Otvet zaporozhskikh kazakov konstantinopol'skomu sultanu

Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov

Ti prestupney Varravı v sto raz.  
S Vel'zevulom zhivya po sosedstvu,  
V samikh merzkikh grekhakh ti pogryaz.  
Nechistotami vskormlenniy s detstva,  
Znay: svoy shabash ti spravish' bez nas.

Rak protukhshiy, Salonik otbrosı,  
Skvernii son, chto nel'zya rasskazat',  
Okrivervshiy, gniloy i beznosiy,  
Ti rodilsya, kogda tvoya mat'  
Izivalas' v korchakh ponosa.

Zloy palach Podol'ya, vzglyani:  
Ves' ti v ranakh, yazvakh i strup'yakh.  
Zad kobili, rılo svin'i,  
Pust' tebe vse snadob'ya skupyat,  
Chtob lechil ti bolyachki svoi!

9 O Del'vig, Delvig!

Wilhelm Kuchelbecker (1797-1846)

O Del'vig, Del'vig! Chto nagrada  
I del visokikh i stikhov?  
Talantu chto i gde otrada  
Sredi zlodeyev i gluptsov?

V ruke surovoy Yuvenala  
Zlodeyam grozniy bich svistit  
I krasku gonit s ikh lanit,  
I vlast' tiranov zadrozhalo.

O Del'vig, Del'vig! Chto gonen'ya?  
Bessmertie ravno udel  
I smelikh vdokhnovennikh del  
I sladostnogo pesnopen'ya.  
Tak ne umryot i nash soyuz,

8 Reply of the Zaporogue Cossacks to the Sultan of Constantinople

More criminal than Barabbas,  
horned like fallen angels,  
what Beelzebub are you there below,  
nourished on mud and filth?  
We shall not come to your sabbaths.

Putrid fish of Salonica,  
long chain of nightmarish slumber,  
eyes gouged out with the tip of a pike.  
Your mother passed wind half-heartedly  
and you were born from her colic.

Butcher of Podolia, lover  
of wounds, of ulcers, of scabs,  
pig's snout, mare's arse,  
hold on tight to all your money  
to pay for your medicines.

9 O, Delvig, Delvig!

O, Delvig, Delvig, what is the reward  
for poems and noble deeds?  
What comfort is there, and where, for talent that lives  
among villains and fools?

In Juvenal's harsh hand  
the sound of a whip threatens the villains,  
and drains blood away from their faces,  
and the tyrants' power diminishes.

O, Delvig, Delvig, what is persecution?  
Bold inspired deeds  
and sweet songs  
are destined for immortality!  
And so our union will not die,



Svobodniy, radostniy i gordiy!  
I v schast'ii v neschast'ii tvordiy,  
Soyuz lyubimtsev vechnikh muz!

📖 **Der Tod des Dichters / Smert' poeta**  
*Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926) / T. Silman*

Poet bil' myortv. Litso yego, khranya  
vsyo tu zhe blednost', chto-to otvergalo,  
ono kogda-to vsyo o mire znalo,  
no eto znan'ye ugasalo.  
i vozvrashchalos' v ravnodush'ye dnya.

Gde im ponyat', kak dolog etot put';  
o, mir i on—vsyo bilo tak yedino:  
ozyora i ushchel'ya, i ravnina  
yego litsa i sostavlyali sut'.

Litso yego i bilo tem prostorom,  
chto tyanetsya k nemu i tshchetno l'nyot,  
a eta maska robkaya umryot,  
otkrito predostavlenneya vzoram,  
na tlen'ye obrechyonniy nezhnii plod.

📖 **Schlußstück / Zaklyucheniye**  
*Rainer Maria Rilke / T. Silman*

Vsevlastna smert'.  
Ona na strazhe  
I v schast'ya chas.  
V mig visshey zhizhni ona v nas strazhdet,  
Zhdyyot nas i zhazhdet  
I plachet v nas.

liberated, joyous, and proud!  
Equally strong in happiness and sorrow,  
the union of those who are loved by the immortal muse!

📖 **The death of the poet**

He was lying. His uptilted face  
had been pale and unconsenting among the steep pillows  
since the world and this knowing-about-it –  
ripped away from his senses –  
had reverted to the indifferent year.

Those who saw him living did not know  
how very much he was one with all of this;  
for this – these depths, these meadows  
and these waters – were his visage and vision.

Oh, his visage and vision was this whole wide-open space,  
which as yet still wants to go to him and woos him,  
and his mask, now dying in trepidation,  
is tender and open, like the inside  
of a fruit going bad through contact with the air.

📖 **Conclusion**

Death is great.  
We are his  
when our mouths are filled with laughter.  
When we think we are in the midst of life,  
he dares to weep  
in our midst.

*Russian transliterations: Anastasia Belina-Johnson  
English translations of the original French, Spanish  
and Russian texts by Susannah Howe (tracks 1-8);  
Anastasia Belina-Johnson (track 9);  
Susan Baxter (tracks 10-11)*

## Gal James



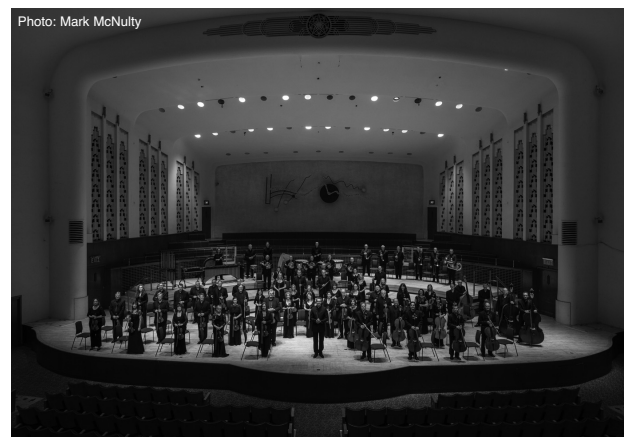
After completing her studies at the the opera studio of the Staatsoper Berlin, Israeli soprano Gal James joined Oper Graz where her repertoire has included the title-rôle in Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*, Desdemona in Verdi's *Otello*, Chrysothemis in Strauss's *Elektra*, Eva in Wagner's *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust* and Donna Anna in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Other opera engagements include Mimi in Puccini's *La Bohème* at the Palau de la Música in Valencia and the title-rôle in *Rusalka* at the Semperoper Dresden. On the concert platform highlights have included the *Vier letzte Lieder* of Richard Strauss with the Oslo Philharmonic and Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestras, Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 14* with the Sinfonieorchester St Gallen and the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, Mendelssohn's *Elias* with the Berlin Philharmonic, and *Psalm 42* with the Stavanger Symphony Orchestra, and Bernstein's *Jeremiah Symphony* and Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with the Bochumer Symphony Orchestra. Gal James has worked with renowned conductors such as Daniel Barenboim, Seiji Ozawa, Neeme Järvi, Steven Sloane, Julien Salemkour, Vasily Petrenko, Riccardo Chailly, Ion Marin, Dan Ettinger and Jukka-Pekka Saraste.

## Alexander Vinogradov



Born in Moscow, Alexander Vinogradov made his debut at the Bolshoy Theatre at the age of 21 as Oroveso in *Norma*. He has worked with many leading conductors including Gustavo Dudamel, Daniel Barenboim, Kent Nagano, Vladimir Jurowski, Lorin Maazel, Mariss Jansons, Plácido Domingo, Valery Gergiev, Philippe Jordan, Yuri Temirkhanov, Vasily Petrenko, Helmuth Rilling, Zubin Mehta and Myung-Whun Chung. He has won numerous competitions. Recent performances include Janáček's *Glagolitic Mass* with Sir Mark Elder and the Hallé Orchestra in San Sebastián, Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 13* at the Paris Opera with Philippe Yordan, Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 14* with Vasily Petrenko and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with the Pittsburgh Symphony and Shostakovich's *Song of the Forests* with the Orquesta Sinfónica del Principado de Asturias (OSPA), *Don Carlo* and *Eugene Onegin* at the Teatro Regio di Torino and *Attila* (title rôle) at St Gallen Opera. He has also recorded songs by Rachmaninov with pianist Iain Burnside for the Delphian label. Alexander Vinogradov has appeared at many Festivals and Opera Houses around the world, and with leading orchestra. He currently lives in Berlin, Germany, where he also teaches singing at the Hochschule für Musik Hanns Eisler. He continues to study with Svetlana Nesterenko.

## Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra



The award-winning Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra is the UK's oldest continuing professional symphony orchestra, dating from 1840. The dynamic young Russian, Vasily Petrenko, was appointed Principal Conductor of the orchestra in September 2006 and in September 2009 became Chief Conductor. The orchestra gives over sixty concerts each season in Liverpool Philharmonic Hall and tours widely throughout the UK and internationally, most recently touring to China, Switzerland, France, Spain, Germany, Romania and the Czech Republic. In recent seasons world première performances have included major works by Sir Peter Maxwell Davies, Sir John Tavener, Karl Jenkins, Michael Nyman and Jennifer Higdon, alongside works by Liverpool-born composers including John McCabe, Emily Howard, Kenneth Hesketh and Mark Simpson. Recent additions to the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra's extensive and critically acclaimed recording catalogue include Tchaikovsky's *Manfred Symphony* [Naxos 8.570568] (2009 Gramophone Awards Orchestral Recording of the Year), the world première performance of Sir John Tavener's *Requiem*, an ongoing Shostakovich cycle (the recording of *Symphony No. 10* [Naxos 8.572461] was the 2011 Gramophone Awards Orchestral Recording of the Year); Rachmaninov's *Symphonic Dances*, and *Piano Concertos Nos. 2 and 3* and *Nos. 1 and 4* with Simon Trpčeski; and Rachmaninov's *Symphonies Nos. 2 and No. 3*.

[www.liverpoolphil.com](http://www.liverpoolphil.com)



## Vasily Petrenko



Photo: Mark McNulty

Vasily Petrenko was appointed Principal Conductor of the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra in 2006 and in 2009 became Chief Conductor. He is also Chief Conductor of the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, Principal Guest Conductor of the Mikhailovsky Theatre of his native St Petersburg, and Principal Conductor of the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain. He was the Classical BRIT Awards Male Artist of the Year 2010 and 2012 and the Classic FM/Gramophone Young Artist of the Year 2007. He is only the second person to have been awarded Honorary Doctorates by both the University of Liverpool and Liverpool Hope University (in 2009), and an Honorary Fellowship of the Liverpool John Moores University (in 2012). These awards recognise the immense impact he has had on the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic and the city's cultural scene. He now works regularly with many of the world's finest orchestras, including the London Philharmonic, Philharmonia, Russian National, Netherlands Radio Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony, Philadelphia, Czech Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, Sydney Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic and San Francisco Symphony Orchestras, the National Symphony Orchestra Washington, Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, the Orchestra dell'Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, Rome, and the Rundfunk Sinfonieorchester Berlin. His wide operatic repertoire includes *Macbeth* (Glyndebourne Festival Opera), *Parsifal* and *Tosca* (Royal Liverpool Philharmonic), *Le Villi*, *I due Foscari* and *Boris Godunov* (Netherlands Reisopera), *Der fliegende Holländer*, *La Bohème* and *Carmen* (Mikhailovsky Theatre), *Pique Dame* (Hamburg State Opera) and *Eugene Onegin* (Opéra de Paris, Bastille). Recordings with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra include Tchaikovsky's *Manfred Symphony* [Naxos 8.570568] (2009 Classic FM/Gramophone Orchestral Recording of the Year), an ongoing Shostakovich cycle, and Rachmaninov's *Symphonic Dances*, *Second* and *Third Symphonies* and complete *Piano Concertos*.

At its première in June 1969 Shostakovich described his *Symphony No. 14*, in effect a symphonic song cycle, 'a fight for the liberation of humanity... a great protest against death, a reminder to live one's life honestly, decently, nobly...' Originally intending to write an oratorio, Shostakovich set eleven poems on the theme of mortality, and in particular early or unjust death, for two solo singers accompanied by strings and percussion. This is the penultimate release in Vasily Petrenko's internationally acclaimed symphonic cycle.

ROYAL  
LIVERPOOL  
PHILHARMONIC  
ORCHESTRA

Dmitry  
**SHOSTAKOVICH**  
(1906-1975)



**Symphony No. 14, Op. 135 (1969)**

<b>1 De profundis: Adagio</b> †	<b>4:51</b>
<b>2 Malagueña: Allegretto</b> – *	<b>2:46</b>
<b>3 Lorelei: Allegro molto</b> – * †	<b>8:37</b>
<b>4 The Suicide: Adagio</b> *	<b>6:51</b>
<b>5 On Watch: Allegretto</b> – *	<b>3:04</b>
<b>6 Madam, look!: Allegretto</b> – †	<b>2:02</b>
<b>7 At the Santé Prison: Adagio</b> †	<b>9:55</b>
<b>8 The Zaporozhian Cossacks' Reply to the Sultan of Constantinople: Allegro</b> – †	<b>1:51</b>
<b>9 O Delvig, Delvig!: Andante</b> †	<b>4:04</b>
<b>10 The death of the poet: Largo</b> – *	<b>4:32</b>
<b>11 Conclusion: Moderato</b> * †	<b>1:22</b>

Texts by Federico García Lorca **1-2**, Guillaume Apollinaire **3-8**,

Wilhelm Küchelbecker **9** and Rainer Maria Rilke **10-11**.

Sung in Russian. Translations by I. Tynyanova **1**, Anatoli Geleskul **2**,

Mikhail Kudinov **3-8** and T. Silman **10-11**.

**Gal James, Soprano\* • Alexander Vinogradov, Bass†**

**Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra • Vasily Petrenko**

Recorded at Liverpool Philharmonic Hall, England, on 4th and 5th May, 2013

Producer and editor: Andrew Walton (K&A Productions Ltd.) • Engineer: Mike Clements

Publisher: Sikorski Musikverlage Hamburg • Booklet notes: Richard Whitehouse

The transliterated Russian texts and English translations can be found inside the booklet,  
and may also be accessed at [www.naxos.com/libretti/573132.htm](http://www.naxos.com/libretti/573132.htm)