

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY

Verdi
a r i a s





Verdi



has occupied an important place in Dmitri Hvorostovsky's musical life since his late teens, when he first dreamed of singing *Rigoletto* and even performed excerpts in his native Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. His professional assumption of Verdi roles, however, has been consistent with the orderly development of his prodigious vocal gifts. Two decades elapsed before he undertook *Rigoletto* in full, first in Moscow in 2000 and later in Houston. By that time his noble, richly-colored tones and elegant phrasing had enhanced the roles of Germont (*La traviata*) and Posa (*Don Carlo*), both of which had become familiar to audiences in the west, while his Francesco Moor in *I masnadieri* for Covent Garden demonstrated a capacity for demonic characterization. At Covent Garden in 2002 he adds the Count di Luna (*Il trovatore*) to his repertoire, and Chicago is scheduled to greet his first Renato (*Un ballo in maschera*).

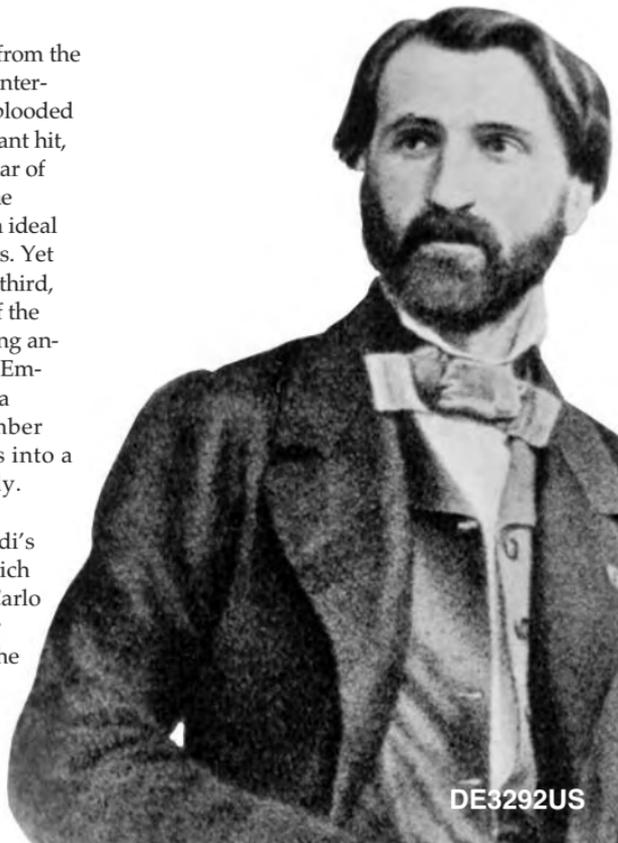
The arias Hvorostovsky sings here span Verdi's long career, which rose meteorically with his third opera, *Nabucco* (1842). Despite the unevenness of many of the early operas, all have moments of genius, a case in point being the Act IV scene for the title character, the Babylonian king Nebuchadnezzar. The striking use of prior themes in the scene's orchestral introduction suggests the rambling

mental state of the once mighty ruler, now held prisoner. Sounds of an offstage procession leading his daughter Fenena to her execution reduce him still further, and in a moving appeal he asks the Hebrew God for pardon.

Giuseppe Verdi at the time of *Nabucco*, 1842.

For *Ernani* (1844) Verdi turned away from the religious subjects of *Nabucco* and the intervening *I Lombardi* in favor of the hot-blooded Romanticism of Victor Hugo. An instant hit, *Ernani* remains one of the most popular of the early operas, an opera in which the earthy vigor of Verdi's music finds an ideal match in Hugo's passionate characters. Yet the opera's finest act may well be the third, dominated by the noble sentiments of the baritone, King Carlo of Spain. Awaiting announcement of the next Holy Roman Emperor, Carlo sings the famous cavatina "O de' verd'anni miei," whose somber beginning with solo cello blossoms into a superb flowering of stirring melody.

I masnadieri (1847), the second of Verdi's four operas based on plays by Friedrich Schiller, contrasts the Byronic hero Carlo with his malevolent younger brother Francesco, who schemes to acquire the family properties. The mellow glow of trumpets and horns at the start of Francesco's entrance



aria suggests the lamp of his father's life, which he hopes to extinguish with false news of Carlo's death in battle. Confident that the old man will die of grief, Francesco exalts in an emphatic cabaletta. Near the end of the opera, however, the apocalyptic vision of his highly charged *sogno* (dream) scene brings about a change of heart. After a preliminary recitative, Francesco begins the narration of his dream with the regular phrase structure of an aria, but it soon gives way to a free form in which the vivid textual images receive individual musical treatment.

The opera *Stiffelio* (1850) falls just before the popular trio of *Rigoletto*, *Il trovatore* and *La traviata* in the Verdi canon but until the 1960s was known almost exclusively in its revised form as *Aroldo* because performing materials were believed lost. Part of the opera's appeal is its unusual plot about a protestant minister who forgives his adulterous wife from the pulpit. This domestic drama brings characters that are closer to everyday life, though the wife's father, Stankar, stands simply as a stern guardian of morality. Despite the expressive *cantilena* of the first part of his double aria, his thoughts are focused on his personal dishonor, which has led him to the brink of suicide. But the thought of revenge on his daughter's seducer brings about a gleefully energetic, through-composed cabaletta.

The title character of *Rigoletto* (1851) also seeks vengeance against his daughter's seducer, but he is far less conventional. As with *Ernani*, the source is Hugo, and it was the very bizarreness of Hugo's central character, whose love for his daughter is the sole bright spot in his life as court jester for a licentious ruler, that appealed to Verdi. "To me," Verdi wrote, "there is something really fine in representing on stage this character outwardly so ugly and ridiculous, inwardly so impassioned and full of love." Rigoletto's principal solos reflect his unconventional nature. He has no double aria, and in fact his famous soliloquy "Pari siamo" is technically simply an obligato recitative. But it abounds in musical expressivity, not least when Rigoletto voices his horror at having been cursed by the father of a girl whom Rigoletto's employer, the Duke of Mantua, seduced. The curse works its effect when Rigoletto's daughter is kidnapped and held in the Duke's palace. In the aria "Cortigiani, vil razza dannata," Rigoletto at first denounces thunderously the Duke's courtiers, but soon his only recourse is an appeal to their mercy, as the tempo slows and he sings an emotionally charged melody accompanied by solo cello and oboe.

Coming after *Rigoletto*, *Il trovatore* (1853) is popularly seen as an artistic step back to the more rugged melodramatic style of Verdi's earlier years. But this view necessarily overlooks much about the opera, especially its purported villain, the Count di Luna. Though he shows an unsavory side in forcing himself on the much coveted Leonora, the poetry of his aria "Il balen del suo sorriso" reveals the sincerity and tenderness of his feelings. In fact, its expression of unrequited love actually comes closer to the troubadour tradition than anything sung by the opera's troubadour hero, Manrico.

Although composed to a newly written Italian libretto, *Un ballo in maschera* (1859) traces back to French opera, for its source is Eugène Scribe's libretto for *Gustave III, ou le bal masqué*, an *opéra historique* by Auber about the assassination of the Swedish king Gustavus III. Like many French *grands opéras*, *Ballo* draws on the spirit of *opéra comique*, and it partakes of French vocal forms as well. The result is a lighthearted backdrop for the stormy essence of the opera's plot, Renato's belief that his wife is involved in an adulterous relationship with the Gustavus figure, Riccardo. When the opera opens, Renato is Riccardo's loyal sec-

retary, yet his aria "Alla vita che t'arride," with its sunny lyricism, gives Renato's professed faith in his ruler a hint of naiveté. Later, Renato gives vent to his fury in "Eri tu," which he addresses to a portrait of Riccardo in his study. Like "Cortigiani," the aria moves from rage to tenderness, as Renato recalls happier days with his wife.

Even before writing *Aida*, Verdi expressed thoughts about retirement, and sixteen years elapsed between that opera and his next, *Otello* (1887). That he wrote it at all is a tribute to the perseverance of his librettist, Arrigo Boito, and the music publisher Giulio Ricordi as well as to the composer's lifelong fascination with Shakespeare. But the result is one of the supreme masterpieces of nineteenth century opera. The idea of an evil credo for Iago was Boito's, and it met with Verdi's strong endorsement, who called Boito's text "most powerful and wholly Shakespearean." But it is Verdi's musical setting, with its powerful vocal declamation and the fierce octaves and eerie trills from the orchestra, that goes to the heart of Iago's diabolic nature.

George Loomis



Above: Arrigo Boito and Giuseppe Verdi.



Right: Verdi writes to Boito after completing the score of *Otello*.

La Scala,
Milan,
site of
Otello
premiere.



VERDI
L'OTELLO

Numero Unico
PUBBLICATO
dalla

**ILLUSTRAZIONE
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Semestrale	" 12	" 17
Trimestrale	" 7	" 9

Prezzo del presente numero
Lire 2.



Above: Cover of a special edition of *Illustrazione Italiana* published for the first performance of *Otello*, 1887.

Right: Costume design for Iago, *Otello*, Act I, 1887.



OTELLO

1. *Vanne... Credo in un Dio crudel*

Iago

Vanne;

la tua meta già vedo.

Ti spinge il tuo dimone,

e il tuo dimon son io.

E me trascina il mio, nel guale 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.

Sì! questa 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 il 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'uom giuoco d'iniqua sorte

dal germe della culla

al verme dell'avel.

Vien dopo tanta irrision la Morte.

E poi? E poi?

La morte è il nulla.

È vecchia fola il Ciel.

Iago

Go on, then;

I see your end already.

An ill fate drives you on,

And your ill fate is me;

And mine draws me on,

You implacable God I believe in.

I believe in a cruel God who made me

Like himself, and whom I call upon with anger.

From some low germ or atom

I was born vile.

I am a villain because I am human,

And I feel the primordial ooze in myself.

Yes, such is my religion!

I believe with a firm heart,

As a widow in church believes,

That the evil I think and the evil I do

Is product of my fate.

I believe the righteous man is a strutting player

In both appearance and thought

And that everything about him is false:

His tears, his kiss, his glance,

Sacrifices and honor.

And I believe man is a toy of wicked fate

From the germ of the cradle

To the worm of the grave.

After all this grief comes death.

What then?

Death is oblivion,

Heaven is an old wives' tale.

RIGOLETTO

2. *Pari siamo*

Rigoletto

Pari siamo! io la lingua,
egli ha il pugnale;
l'uomo son io che ride,
ei quel che spegne!
Quel vecchio maledivami!
O uomini! o natura!
Vil scellerato mi faceste voi!
O rabbia! esser difforme!
O rabbia! esser buffone!
Non dover, non poter altro che ridere!
Il retaggio d'ogni uom m'è tolto: il pianto!

Questo padrone mio,
giovin, giocondo, sì possente, bello,
sonnacchiando mi dice:
Fa ch'io rida, buffone ...
forzarmi deggio e farlo! Oh dannazione!

Odio a voi, cortigiani schernitori!
Quanta in mordervi ho gioia!
Se iniquo son, per cagion vostra è solo.
Ma in altr'uomo qui mi cangio!
Quel vecchio maledivami! Tal pensiero
perchè conturba ognor la mente mia? ...
Mi coglierà sventura?
Ah, no! è follia!

Rigoletto

How alike we are! I use my words,
He uses his dagger;
I am the man who mocks
And he who murders!
That old man cursed me!
O mankind! O nature!
You have made me a base churl!
I rage that I'm misshapen!
I rage that I'm a jester!
I must not, can not do anything but laugh!
Man's common lot is denied me: weeping!

This master of mine,
Young, happy, so powerful, handsome,
Yawns at me saying:
Make me laugh, fool!
And I must force myself to do it! Damnation!

How I hate you, courtiers who mock me,
How I enjoy sharpening my teeth on you!
If I am evil, it is all your fault!
But here I become a different man!
That old man cursed me! Why does the thought
Still perturb my mind?
Will some mishap befall me?
Ah, no, that is madness!



Title page for the Voice and Piano First Edition, *Rigoletto*.

Costume design for *Rigoletto*, Act I, Scene III, 1851.

RIGOLETTO

3. Cortigiani, vil razza dannata

Rigoletto

Cortigiani, vil razza dannata,
per qual prezzo vendeste il mio bene?
A voi nulla per l'oro sconviene!
Ma mia figlia è impagabil tesoro.
La rendete ... o, se pur disarmata,
questa man per voi fora cruenta;
nulla in terra più l'uomo paventa,
se dei figli difende l'onore.

Quella porta, assassini, assassini, m'aprite!
La porta, la porta, assassini, m'aprite.

Ah! Voi tutti a me contro venite!
Tutti contro me!
Ah! Ebben, piango ... Marullo ... signore,
tu ch'hai l'anima gentil come il core,
dimmi tu dove l'hanno nascosta.
E là? non è vero? E là?
Tu taci! Ohimè!
Miei signori ... perdono, pietate ...
al vegliardo la figlia ridate ...
Ridonarla a voi nulla ora costa,
tutto al mondo è tal figlia per me.
Signori, perdono, ecc.

Rigoletto

Courtiers, base, damnable breed,
At what price did you sell my dear one?
There is nothing you won't do for money
But my daughter is a treasure beyond price!
Give her back, or even without a weapon
This hand will bloody you;
A man fears nothing more on earth
When forced to defend his children's honor.

That door, assassins, open it for me!
The door, the door, assassins, open it.

Ah, you are all against me!
All against me!
Then I will weep. Marullo, my lord,
With your soul as noble as your mind,
Tell me where they have hidden her.
She's in there, yes? In there?
You're silent! Alas!
My lords, forgive me, have pity!
Give an old man his daughter back!
To give her back costs you nothing now,
But my daughter is the whole world to me.
My lords, forgive me, *etc.*

STIFFELIO

4. *Ei fugge!... Lina, pensai che un angelo...
Oh gioia inesprimibile*

Stankar

Ei fugge! e con tal foglio,
Lina a seguirlo tenta
Infame! egli s'invola a mia vendetta!

(prendendo in mano la spada)

O spada dell'onor, che per tant'anni
cingevi il fianco del guerrier antico,
e nei cimenti,
a lui mietevi gloria,
vanne lungi da me.
Più non ti merto ...

Disonorato io son! Disonorato!
E ch'è la vita mai senza l'onore? ...
È un' onta... ebbene... si tolga...
sì, sì un istante, e tutto sia finito.

(Prende una pistola, poi si arresta)

Lasciar tutto! Stiffelio!... la mia figlia!
La mia colpevol figlia!
Che? Una lagrima!
Lagrima il ciglio d'un soldato!
Oh quanto
sei tu grande, o dolor!
Mi strappi il pianto.

Lina, pensai che un angelo
in te mi desse il cielo,
raggio d'amor purissimo
degli anni miei sul gelo...
Stolto! sognai! sparit

Stankar

He has fled! And with this letter
he tempts Lina to follow him!
Villain! Thus he escapes my vengeance.

(He takes up his sword)

Oh sword of honor, which for so many years
has graced the ancient warrior's side
and in the hour of need has reaped
for him a harvest of glory,
begone from me!
I no longer deserve you...

I am dishonored! Dishonored!
And what is life without honor?
Shame...Well then...Let it be taken from me.
Yes, yes, one instant and it will all be over.

(He takes up a pistol, then stops)

To leave everything! Stiffelio! My daughter!
My erring daughter!
What! A tear!
A tear dims a soldier's eye!
Oh sorrow,
how great you are
to wring tears from me!

Lina, I thought that in you
an angel brought me heavenly bliss,
a ray of purest love
to warm the frost of my declining years...
Fool! I was dreaming. Vanished



Cover, First Edition for Voice and Piano,
Stiffelio, 1850.

Libretto cover
Stiffelio, 1850.

sparita è la gioia,
è la mia gioia di mia vita,
una innocente lagrima
spirando non vedrò, no;
solo seguace al feretro
il disonore avrò.

Oh gioia inesprimibile,
che questo core inondi,
è troppo, è troppo il palpito
che in tutto me diffondi!
Convulsa provo un' estasi
che quasi par deliro!;
la voce ed il respiro
mancar già sento a me!
Oh gioia inesprimibile!
Oh gioia! oh gioia!
Vendetta! ah vieni, affrettati,
rinascerò per te!
Vendetta! vieni, affrettati, rinascerò per te!
Oh gioia inesprimibile! Oh gioia! *ecc.*

NABUCCO

5. *Son pur queste mie membra? ... Dio di Giuda!*

Nabucco

Son pur queste mie membra?
Ah, fra le selve
non scorrea anelando
quasi fiera inseguita?
Ah, sogno ei fu ... terribil sogno!

Or ecco, il grido di guerra! Oh, la mia spada!
Il mio destrier che alle battaglie anela
come fanciulla a danza!

is my life's happiness.
No tear of innocence
shall I behold in dying;
only dishonor shall walk
behind my coffin.

Oh joy beyond words
that floods my soul,
too great is the beating
that overwhelms my heart!
I feel shocked by a joy
that is near to madness,
I can't speak or breathe,
My senses have failed me.
Oh joy beyond words!
Make haste, Vengeance,
For your sake I will be reborn.

Nebuchadnezzar

Yes, indeed these are my limbs!
Ah, in the woods
Weren't I running, breathless
Like a hunted beast?
Ah, it was a dream, a terrible dream!

Listen! the battle cry! Give me my sword,
My horse, that yearns to do battle
As girls yearn to dance!

Oh, prodi miei! Sionne,
la superba cittade, ecco, torreggia ...
Sia nostra, cada in cenere!

Oh, sulle labbra de' miei fidi
Il nome della figlia risuona!
Ecco! Ella scorre tra
le file guerriere!
Ohimè!... traveggo?
Perchè le mani di catene ha cinte? ...
Piange!

Ah, prigioniero io sono!
Dio degli Ebrei, perdono!

Dio di Giuda! ... l'ara, il tempio
a te sacro, sorgeranno ...
Deh! mi toglia a tanto affanno
e i miei riti struggerò.
Tu m'ascolti!
Già dell'empio rischiarata
è l'egra mente! Ah!
Dio verace, onnipossente,
adorarti ognor saprò!, *ecc.*
Porta fatal, oh, t'aprirai!

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA

6. *Alla vita che t'arride*

Renato

Alla vita che t'arride
Di speranze e gaudio piena,
D'altre mille e mille vite
Il destino s'incatena!

Brave soldiers! Zion
The proud city, look how high it rises!
Let it be ours, let it fall into ashes!

Oh, On the lips of my subjects
My daughter's name resounds!
Look! She runs between
The soldier's ranks!
Alas! What am I looking at?
Why are her hands bound with chains?
She is crying!

Ah, I am a prisoner!
God of the Hebrews, forgive me!

God of Judah! The altar, the temple
Sacred to you shall rise again
Please! Relieve me of such torment
And I will abolish my rituals.
You are listening!
Already my impious,
Sick mind is clearing!
True God, Omnipotent God
I now know how to worship you!
Deadly door, oh, I shall open you!

Renato

To your fortunate life
Filled with hopes and gladness
Thousands of other lives
Are bound by fate.

NABUCODONOSOR

DRAMMA LIRICO IN QUATTRO PARTI

DI

TEMISTOCLE SOLERA

DA RAPPRESENTARSI

NELL' I. R. TEATRO ALLA SCALA

L' AUTUNNO DEL 1842.



DAMIANO MUONI

Libri, Disegni, Stampe, Ritratti
Pergamene, Manoscritti, Autografi

Milano

PER GASPARE TRUFFI

Nabucco,
cover of the
original libretto,
1842.



Cover of the First Edition of *Un Ballo*, for 4 hand piano and voice, 1859.



Illustration of the tragic finale of *Un Ballo*, 1859.

Te perduto, ov'è la patria
Col suo splendido avvenir?
E sarà dovunque, sempre
Chiuso il varco alle ferite,
Perchè scudo del tuo petto
È del popolo l'affetto?
Dell'amor più desto è l'odio
Le sue vittime a colpir.
Te perduto, *ecc.*

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA

7. *Alzati! ... Eri tu*

Renato

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'ofessa!

Il sangue tuo!
E lo trarrà il pugnale
Dallo steal tuo core:
Delle lagrime mie vendicator!

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

With you gone, what of our land,
What of its shining future?
And always and everywhere
Will you be safe from harm
Because your armor
Is the love of your people?
Hatred is quicker than love
To act on its object.
With you gone, *ecc.*

Renato

Get up! Your son's in there
I allow you to see him. In the darkness
And the silence there
Hide your blushing, conceal my shame.

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

Your blood!
And my knife, avenger of my tears,
Will draw that blood
From your treacherous heart!

It was you who befouled that soul,
The delight of my soul;
You took my trust and in a heinous deed
Poisoned the world for me!
Traitor! This is the way you repay
The loyalty of your foremost friend.

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

ERNANI

8. *Gran Dio! ... Oh! de' verd'anni miei*

Carlo

Gran Dio! costor sui sepolcrali marmi
Affilano il pugnall per trucidarmi!
Scettri! dovizie! onori!
Bellezza! gioventù! che siete voi?
Cimbe natanti sopra il mar degli anni,
Cui l'onda batte d'incessanti affanni,
Finchè giunte allo scoglio della tomba
Con vio nel nulla il nome vostro piomba!

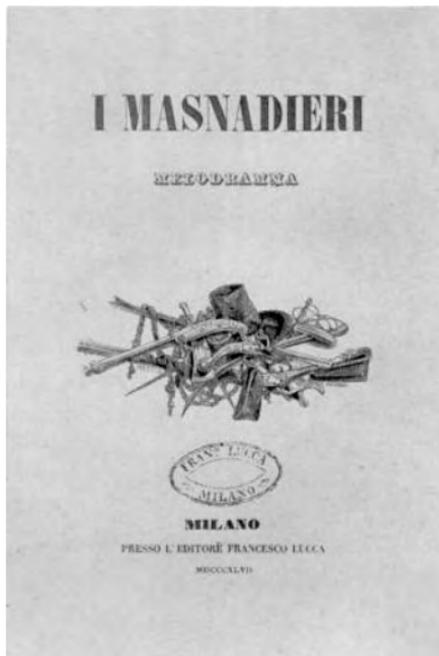
Oh! de' verd'anni miei
Sogni e bugiarde larve,
Se troppo vi credei,
L'incanto ora disparve.
S'ora chiamato sono
Al più sublime trono,
Della virtù com'aquila
Sui vanni m'alzerò;
E vincitor dei secoli
Il nome mio farò.

O lost sweetness! O memories
Of an embrace that made life divine!
When Amelia in her pure beauty
Shone with love in my arms!
It's over — Only hate
And death are alive in my heart!

Carlo

Great God! On these marble tombs
They sharpen the knife to kill me!
Scepters! Wealth! Honors!
Beauty! Youth! What are they?
Boats floating on the sea of years,
Beaten by waves of unending grief,
Until, having reached the shoal of death,
Even the words themselves fall into oblivion.

Oh! If in my youthful years,
Dreams and deceptive appearances
Were all too credible
Their charm is now gone.
If I am now named
To the world's highest throne
I will rise like an eagle
On wings of virtue,
And, conquering the centuries,
I will make my name endure.



Above: cover of the original libretto for *I masnadieri*, 1847.

Left: *Ernani*, cover of the original libretto.

I MASNADIERI

9. *Vecchio! spiccai da te ...*

La sua lampada vitale ... Tremate, oh miseri!

Francesco

Vecchio! spiccai da te quell'odiato primogenito suo! La piangolosa lettera ch'è ti scrisse io l'ho distrutta: una mia ne leggesti, ove tel pinsi con sì cari colori... Alfin la colpa della natura, che minor mi fece, castigai nel fratello: ora nel padre punir la debbo... Il dritto! La coscienza! Spauracchi egregi per le fiacche animucce. Osa, Francesco! Spàcciati del vecchiardo! È vivo a stento questo logoro ossame; un buffo... è spento!

La sua lampada vitale langue, è ver, ma troppo dura. Se va lenta la natura giuro al ciel! l'affretterò, *ecc.* Mente mia, trova un pugnale che trapassi il core umano, né svelar possa la mano che lo strinse e lo vibrò,

Tremate, o miseri! vio mi vedrete nel mio verace, terribile aspetto; D'un vecchio debole che non temete, più non vi modera la stanca man. Al riso, al giubilo succederanno singulti, e lagrime, timor, sospetto; l'inedia, il carcere, l'onta, l'affanno strαιο ineffabile di voi faran, *ecc.*

Francesco

Old man, I have plucked from you that hated first-born of yours! I destroyed the whining letter that he wrote you: you read one of mine, in which I painted him in such fair colors... At last I have avenged Nature's misdeed in making me the younger on my brother; now I must punish my father for it... Rights! Conscience! Admirable scarecrows for feeble fools! Courage, Francesco! Dispatch the old dotard! This worn-out bag of bones is barely alive; one gust, and he is finished!

The lamp of his life burns low, it is true, but lasts too long. If Nature moves slowly, I swear to heaven I'll speed it! Find, my brain, a dagger which will pierce the human heart without revealing the hand that grasped and wielded it.

Tremble, you wretches, you shall see me in my true terrible aspect; the tired hand of a weak old man you did not fear will no longer rule you. To laughter and joy shall succeed sobs, tears, fear, suspicion; starvation, prison disgrace, suffering shall wreak unspeakable havoc on you.

I MASNADIERI

10. *Sogno di Francesco*

Francesco

Tradimento! Risorgono i defunti!
Mi gridano: assassino!? Ola!

Arminio

Signore!

Francesco

Non udisti rumor?

Arminio

No, signor mio!

Francesco

No?? Va! corri al Pastore e qui lo guida!
Rimanti! Un altro invia.

Arminio

Che! voi tremate!

Francesco

Io? no!? non tremo Arminio!
Di! risorgono i morti?
o v'ha ne' sogni nulla di ver!
Pur ora un terribile io n'ebbi!

Arminio

Oh come in volto pallido siete!

Francesco

Ascoltami!

Arminio

V'ascolto.

Francesco

Treachery! The dead arise!
They cry out to me: You! Murderer!

Arminio

My lord!

Francesco

Did you not hear a tumult?

Arminio

No, my lord!

Francesco

No? Run for the Pastor and bring him here.
No, stay! Send some one else.

Arminio

Why are you trembling?

Francesco

I am not trembling. Arminio,
Tell me, do the dead arise? Or is there
No truth in dreams? Just now
I had a terrible dream.

Arminio

How pale you are!

Francesco

Listen to me!

Arminio

I am listening.

Francesco

Pareami, che sorto da lauto convito,
dormissi fra l'ombre d'un lieto giardino;
quand' ecco, percosso da ondo ruggito,
mi sveglïo, ed in fiamme la terra m'appar:
e dentro quel foco squagliati, consunti
gli umani abituri? poi sorgere un grido:
O terra rigetta dal grembo i defunti!
rigetta i defunti dal baratro, o mar.
Ed ossa infinite coprì la pianura?
Fui tratto in quel punto sui gioghi del Sina;
e tre m'abbagliâro splendenti figure?

Arminio

L'immagine è questa dell'ultimo dì!

Francesco

Armata la prima d'un codice arcano,
sclamava: Infelice chi manca di fede!

E l'altra, uno specchio recandosi in mano,
dicea: La menzogna confondesi qui!
In alto una lance la terza librava,
gridando: Venite, figliuoli d'Adamo.
E primo il mio nome fra nemi tuonava,
che il Sina copriano d'un orrido vel.
Ogn'ora, passando, d'un nuovo misfatto
gravava una coppa che crebbe qual monte;
ma il Sangue nell'altra del nostro Riscatto
teneala gran mole sospesa nel ciel.
Quand' ecco un vegliardo, per fame distrutto,
spicossi una ciocca di bianchi capelli,
e dentro la tazza di colpe,
di lutto quel veglio a me noto la ciocca gittò.
Allor, cigolando, la coppa giù scese,
balzò l'avversaria sublime alle nubi,
e tosto una voce di tuono s'tene:
Per te, maledetto, l'Uom Dio non penò,
no, per te, maledetto, ecc.

Francesco

It seemed to me, I left a sumptuous feast
And fell asleep in the shade of a lovely grove:
When suddenly, struck by a deep rumbling,
I awoke, and the world seemed to be in flames:
In that fire, melted, destroyed,
Were the homes of all humankind...then arose a cry:
O Earth, spew forth the dead!
Spew the dead from your depths, O Seas!
And bones beyond counting covered the plains.
Then I was hauled to the top of Mount Sinai;
And three shining figures dazzled my sight.

Arminio

This is the image of Judgment Day!

Francesco

The first brandished a book of secrets,
Exclaiming: Wretched is he who betrays his faith!

The second held up a mirror
Saying: Here is Deceit confounded!
The third figure balanced a scale up on high,
Calling: Come, all you children of Adam.
Mine was the first name to roar through the clouds
Which veiled Sinai with a horrible mist.
Each passing hour another new sin
Was heaped on the scale, heaped high as the mountain:
On the scale's other side, the blood of salvation
Held evil's weight suspended on high.
And then an old man, ravaged by hunger
Cut from his head a lock of grey hair,
And onto the balance of guilt and grief,
The old man, so known to me, tossed the lock.
Then, the foul side hissed and fell down,
While the side of the good rose upward to heaven,
Right then a thunderous voice was heard:
Be damned! God-made-man did not suffer for you.

IL TROVATORE

11. *Tutto è deserto... Il balen del suo sorriso ...
Per me ora fatale*

Conte

Tutto è deserto,
Nè per l'aure ancora
Suona l'usato carne.
In tempo io giungo!

Ferrando

Ardita opra, o signore,
Imprendi.

Conte

Ardita, e qual furente amore
Ed irritato orgoglio
Chiesero a me.
Spento il rival, caduto
Ogni ostacol sembrava
A' miei desiri;
Novello e più possente
Ella ne appresta: l'altare!
Ah no! Non fia d'altri Leonora!
Leonora è mia!

Il balen del suo sorriso
D'una stella vince il raggio!
Il fulgor del suo bel viso
Novo infonde a me coraggio.
Ah! l'amor, l'amore ond'ardo
Le favelli in mio favor!
Sperda il sole d'un suo sguardo
La tempesta del mio cor.
Ah! l'amor, l'amore ond'ardo *ecc.*

Qual suono! Oh ciel!

Count

There is no one here
Nor yet in the air
Sounds the usual chant.
I have arrived in time!

Ferrando

It is a daring plan
You undertake, my lord.

Count

A daring plan which raging love
And wounded pride
Demand of me.
With my rival dead, fallen
Seemed every obstacle
To my desires;
Now a new and more powerful
Obstacle presents itself — the church!
Ah, no! Leonora will not belong to others!
Leonora is mine!

Her shining smile
Outgleams the rays of a star!
The beautiful radiance of her face
instills new courage in me.
Ah! May the love with which I burn
Speak to her on my behalf!
The sunshine of one glance from her
Dispels the storm in my heart.
Ah! May the love with which I burn *etc.*

What sound is that! Heavens!

Ferrando

La squilla
Vicino il rito annunzia.

Conte

Ah! pria che giunga all'altar,
Si rapisca!

Ferrando

Oh bada!

Conte

Taci!
Non odo! Andate.
Di quei faggi all'ombra
Celatevi.
Ah! fra poco mia diverrà;
Tutto m'investe un foco!

Ferrando e Seguaci

Ardir! andiam,
Celiamoci fra l'ombre,
Nel mister! Ardir! Andiam!
Silenzio!
Si compia il suo voler!

Conte

Per me ora fatale,
I tuoi momenti affretta, affretta:
La gioia che m'aspetta,
Gioia mortal non è
Gioia mortal, no, no, no, non è!
Invano un Dio rivale
S'oppone all'amor mio,
Non può nemmeno un Dio,
Donna, rapirti a me,
Non può rapirti a me!

Ferrando

The ringing tells
the service is about to start.

Count

Ah, rather than she reach the altar
Let her be abducted!

Ferrando

Take care!

Count

Quiet!
I am not listening! Go.
In the shadows of those beech trees
Hide yourselves.
Ah! Soon she will be mine;
I feel myself aflame!

Ferrando and followers

Courage! Let's go,
Let's hide in the shadows,
In secret! Courage! Let's go!
Quiet!
Let's do as he says!

Count

In this, my destined hour,
May the minutes fly by:
The joy that awaits me
Is no mortal joy!
Is no mortal joy, no!
A rival god would
Oppose my love in vain,
Not even a god can
Snatch her away from me!
Not away from me!

Translations: M. Hopke

The internationally acclaimed Russian baritone **Dmitri Hvorostovsky** was born in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, and studied in Krasnoyarsk. He made his western operatic debut at the Nice Opera in Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades*, and his career rapidly expanded to include regular engagements at all major opera houses, including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the Bavarian State Opera, Munich, the Berlin State Opera, the Teatro alla Scala, Milan, the Vienna State Opera, the Teatro Colon, Buenos Aires, the Metropolitan Opera, New York, Chicago Lyric Opera and the Kirov Opera, St Petersburg, in addition to appearances at the Salzburg Festival as the Count in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* and in the title role in a new production of *Don Giovanni*. His most notable roles include Onegin in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, Figaro in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the title role in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Posa in Verdi's *Don Carlos*, Germont père in *La Traviata*, Francesco in *I Masnadieri*, and, most recently, the title role in *Rigoletto* (in Houston and in Moscow).

Dmitri Hvorostovsky has given many recitals, to great acclaim, in most major international recital venues, including the Wigmore Hall, London, Queen's Hall, Edinburgh, Carnegie Hall, New York, the Teatro alla Scala, Milan, the Tchaikovsky Conservatoire, Moscow, the Liceu, Barcelona, the Cultural Centre, Hong Kong and the Musikverein, Vienna. He has also

given recitals in Seoul, Oslo, Istanbul, Jerusalem and Australia, South America and the Far East.

He appears regularly in concert with orchestras such as the New York Philharmonic, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and the Rotterdam Philharmonic, and conductors with whom he has worked include Bernard Haitink, Michael Tilson Thomas, Zubin Mehta and Valery Gergiev.

He retains strong musical and personal contacts with Russia. The distinguished Russian composer Georgi Sviridov wrote a song cycle, *St. Petersburg*, especially for Dmitri Hvorostovsky, who often includes this cycle and other music by Sviridov in his recitals. He also takes an interest in Russian church music and has given many concerts and made a recording of this music with the St. Petersburg Chamber Choir.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky's numerous recordings include several recital and aria discs (Russian romances, folk songs, arias, Bel Canto arias, Arie antiche, Sviridov's *Russia cast adrift*). He has recorded Mussorgsky's *Songs and Dances of Death* with Valery Gergiev and the Orchestra of the Kirov Opera. Complete opera recordings include Verdi's *La Traviata*, with Mehta, and *Don Carlos*, with Haitink; Tchaikovsky's *Queen of*

Spades and *Iolanta*, and Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Tsar's Bride*, with Valery Gergiev. He has also starred in *Leporello*, a film (by Rhombus Media) based on Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, released in the autumn of 2000.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky has recently made two other recordings for Delos, conducted by Constantine Orbelian: a program of Russian romances, and *Passione di Napoli*, a collection of Neapolitan songs. Additional recordings are in the works with Delos.

Future operatic plans include *War and Peace* at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, *Le Nozze di Figaro* at the Bastille Opera, Paris, and *Il trovatore* and *I masnadieri* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Bass **Alexander Vinogradov** was born in 1976 in Moscow, and graduated from Moscow State Conservatory. In 1997, he was a prizewinner in the International Competition "Classica Nova" in Hannover and in 1999, he won the "Special Prize" of the Neue Stimmen Competition in Gutersloh. He also won the Orfeo 2000 International Singing Competition, organized by the Staatsoper in Hannover. At the age of 21, he made his debut at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow as Oroveso in *Norma* and is currently a principal artist with this theatre. He sings regularly in recitals in Moscow and St. Petersburg. His engagements in Europe and America have included Sarastro in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*

at the Hannover Staatsoper, the Monk in *Don Carlo* at the Teatro Real, Madrid and his London debut at the City of London Festival with Sir Neville Marriner and the Academy of St Martin in the Fields. He has also sung in concert performances of *Iolanta* with Temirkanov and the Baltimore Symphony. He is now a member of the Deutsche Staatsoper, Berlin, as Principal Bass where his roles in the 2001/2 season include Oroveso (*Norma*), Basilio (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Masetto (*Don Giovanni*), Lodovico (*Otello*) and the Nightwatchman (*Die Meistersinger*). He will also appear at the Opera de Paris, Bastille, in *Idomeneo*.

Tenor **Vsevolod Grivnov** was born in 1967 and graduated from the Russian Academy of Music. In 1991, while still a student at the academy, he was invited to join the Moscow City Opera, where he performed in numerous productions, including Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, Stravinsky's *Mavra*, Verdi's *I due Foscari*, Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda* and Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*. He made his Bolshoi debut in *Boris Godunov* and later sang Alfredo in *La Traviata*. In recent years he has sung regularly at the Bastille Opera in Paris, appearing in productions of Stravinsky's *The Nightingale*, Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades*, Prokofiev's *War and Peace*,

Verdi's *Macbeth* and Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*. He has performed at the Danish Royal Opera, the Opera Theatre of Nice, the Israeli National Opera, Geneva's Grand Theatre and in the United States, at the Houston Grand Opera. In addition to his wide operatic repertoire, Grivnov sings the lieder of Schumann and Schubert and has a large symphonic/oratorio repertoire, including music of Bach, Beethoven, Dvořák, Glinka, Medtner, Mozart, Rossini, Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky.

Mario Bernardi, Principal Conductor of the CBC Radio Orchestra since 1983 and Conductor Laureate of both the Calgary Philharmonic and the National Arts Centre Orchestra, was born in Canada of Italian parentage. He received his early training at the "Benedetto Marcello" conservatory in Venice, and returned to Canada to complete his studies at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto. In 1966, he was appointed Music Director of the English National Opera. In 1969 he was the founding Music Director of the new National Arts Centre Orchestra in Ottawa, a position he held for 13 seasons. In addition he was Artistic Director of the National Arts Centre's highly successful Opera Festival between 1971 and 1982.

Mr. Bernardi made his US debut in 1967 with the San Francisco Opera's productions of *Un Ballo in Maschera* and *La Bohème*. He

later returned to the company to conduct *La Cenerentola*, *Cendrillon*, *Fra Diavolo* and *I' ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*. He has appeared with the New York City Opera in *Die Fledermaus*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Albert Herring*, *La Traviata*, *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, *The Abduction from the Seraglio*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Cendrillon* and *Don Quichotte*. His debut at the Metropolitan Opera was in *Rinaldo* with Marilyn Horne. He has also conducted for the Houston Grand Opera, the Chicago Lyric, the Washington Opera, L'Opera de Montréal, the Vancouver Opera Calgary Opera, Edmonton Opera, the Stratford (Ont) Festival, the St. Louis Opera, the Santa Fe Opera, Wolf Trap and at Covent Garden. Mr. Bernardi has conducted the symphony orchestras of San Francisco, Houston, San Jose, Indianapolis, Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburgh, all major Canadian orchestras and, in Europe, the Danish Radio Orchestra, the Göteborg Symphony, the Oslo Philharmonic, the London Symphony, the Royal Philharmonic, several BBC orchestras, the Suisse Romande and the Stuttgart Philharmonic. He has toured internationally with Cecilia Bartoli and in Canada with Ben Heppner. Mr. Bernardi has made over forty recordings with various Canadian orchestras for HMV, RCA, CBS and CBC Records. One of his records won a Juno award in 1998.

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DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY

baritone

Verdi
A r i a s

Otello

1 Vanne... Credo in un Dio crudel (4:51)

Rigoletto

2 Pari siamo (4:01)

3 Cortigiani, vil razza dannata (4:51)

Stiffelio

4 Ei fuggè!... Lina, pensai che un angelo...

Oh gioia inesprimibile (8:11)

Nabucco

5 Son pur queste mie membra?... Dio di Giuda! (7:59)

Un ballo in maschera

6 Alla vita che t'arride (2:29)

7 Alzati!... Eri tu (6:07)

Ernani

8 Gran' Dio!... Oh de' verd'anni miei (6:19)

I masnadieri

9 Vecchio! Spiccai... La sua lampada vitale...

Tremate, o miseri! (8:34)

10 Sogno di Francesco: Tradimento!... Pareami,
che sorto da lauto convito (6:58) †

Il trovatore

11 Tutto è deserto... Il balen del suo sorriso...
Per me ora fatale (8:40) * †

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: 69:00

VSEVOLOD GRIVNOV
TENOR †

ALEXANDER VINOGRADOV
BASS *

SPIRITUAL REVIVAL
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— Classic fm Magazine

Otello

- 1 Vanne... Credo in un Dio crude! (4:51)

Rigoletto

- 2 Pari siamo (4:01)
3 Cortigiani, vil razza dannata (4:51)

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Lina, pensai che un angelo...
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VSEVOLOD GRIVNOV, TENOR
SPIRITUAL REVIVAL CHOIR OF RUSSIA
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