

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY

GEORGY
SVIRIDOV
RUSSIA
CAST
ADRIFT

WORLD PREMIERE, ORCHESTRAL VERSION
ST. PETERSBURG STATE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
STYLE OF FIVE ENSEMBLE
CONSTANTINE ORBELIAN, conductor



DE 1631



GEORGY SVIRIDOV: RUSSIA CAST ADRIFT

WORLD PREMIERE, ORCHESTRAL VERSION
ARRANGED BY EVGENY STETSYUK

Autumn ♦ I Left My Home Behind ♦ Open Before Me,
O My Guardian Angel ♦ Silver Path ♦ Russia Cast Adrift ♦
Simon, Peter ... Where Are You? Come to Me ♦ Where Are You,
O My Father's House? ♦ Beyond the Hills of the Milky Way ♦
It Sounds, It Sounds, the Fateful Trumpet! ♦ An Owl Cries in
Autumn ♦ Oh, I Believe, I Believe in Happiness! ♦ O My
Homeland, O Joyful And Eternal Hour! ♦ The Virgin in the City*

Total Playing Time: 36:34

* From *Petersburg*, a vocal poem

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY, BARITONE
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**WORLD PREMIERE, ORCHESTRAL VERSION
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1. Autumn (2:22)
 2. I Left My Home Behind (2:22)
 3. Open Before Me, O My Guardian Angel (3:23)
 4. Silver Path (2:31)
 5. Russia Cast Adrift (2:00)
 6. Simon, Peter ... Where Are You? Come to Me (4:04)
 7. Where Are You, O My Father's House? (2:46)
 8. Beyond the Hills of the Milky Way (1:41)
 9. It Sounds, It Sounds, the Fateful Trumpet! (3:05)
 10. An Owl Cries in Autumn (2:42)
 11. Oh, I Believe, I Believe in Happiness! – O My Homeland, O Joyful and Eternal Hour! (5:23)
 12. Bonus track: The Virgin In the City* (4:15)
- Total Playing Time: 36:34

* From Sviridov's *Petersburg, a vocal poem*

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY, BARITONE
ST. PETERSBURG STATE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
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This recording once again reunites Dmitri Hvorostovsky with the music of one of his most admired composers, Georgy Sviridov (1915-1998). Personally knowing Sviridov, working with him and performing his music, was, in the singer's words, "an enormous epoch" in his life.

They first met in 1994: a 79-year-old icon of Russian music and a rising international star singer, born almost half a century later. The occasion was Dmitri's performance of *Russia Cast Adrift* (Otchaliivshaya Rus) in Moscow. Written for tenor and piano in 1977 on verses by Sergei Yesenin (1895-1925), it was known in Russia, most notably due to performances by the great mezzo-soprano Elena Obraztsova. For Hvorostovsky the performer, however, it was his first encounter with Sviridov's songs.

The composer, usually strict and demanding (especially when it came to performances of his own music), took a liking to Dmitri right away and enthusiastically approved his interpretation. A few days later, Hvorostovsky and pianist Michail Arkadiev performed *Russia Cast Adrift* at the Los Angeles Opera to a standing ovation, and then to great acclaim around the world. Their recording of it on Philips was released in 1996.

As Hvorostovsky later recalled, "Sviridov was an austere man, but to me he was kind, like

a great father. He was a man of outstanding intellect and humor, and his knowledge and admiration for Russian poetry was enormous. I will remember him all my life." They became friends, and Sviridov wrote *Petersburg* (1995) for Dmitri: nine songs on verses by Alexander Blok. That composition was later recorded by Delos together with Sviridov's first masterpiece, *Six Romances on verses by Alexander Pushkin* (1935) – and with *Russia Cast Adrift*, all three works became an important part of Hvorostovsky's concert repertoire.

"Working on Sviridov's music was a very important educational experience for me," said Hvorostovsky. "At first glance, his songs seem simple. However, they demand the deepest emotional involvement. It is not enough to just sing them beautifully. From the first note you are immersed in his whole world. The music colors each word with pain and unspeakable purity ... it tortures you emotionally. I always go through very strong, very dramatic inner conflicts while performing it."

Fearlessly, Hvorostovsky has now decided to return to Sviridov's music, specifically to *Russia Cast Adrift*. He embarked again on this emotionally charged journey not only because of his experiences over the twenty-plus years since his first recording; one that had enormously enriched both his expressive palette and musical perspective.

He also did it to realize Sviridov's unfulfilled wish to orchestrate *Russia Cast Adrift*. The composer had mentioned his plans for orchestration in his diary as early as in 1981-82 – but his intentions were left unrealized.

The new version offered here – brilliantly adapted by Evgeny Stetsyuk for orchestra and Style of Five, an ensemble of Russian folk instruments, and conducted by Constantine Orbelian – closely reflects the sonic effects and colors of the vividly depictive piano score. Bells ring, winds blow, waves "whisper," geese cry, wings flap, and the magnificent stillness of expansive Russian landscapes alternates with sweeping flights through time and space.

This new orchestration also dramatically magnifies both the epic scope and profound philosophical meaning of the work. Not by chance did the composer define the genre of *Russia Cast Adrift* as a "vocal poem," thus stressing its conceptual unity and connecting the work to his monumental *Poem in Memory of Sergey Yesenin* for tenor, chorus and orchestra. Written in 1956, this "Poem" (as well as its close predecessor *My Father is a Peasant* (Moi otetz krestianin for tenor, baritone and piano, 1955) was crucial in bringing Yesenin's name back onto the list of the "officially accepted" artists after decades of harsh ideological criticism by Soviet cultural authorities.

During his lifetime, Sviridov turned to Yesenin's poetry a few more times: in a four-movement cantata, *Wooden Russia* (*Dereviannay Rus'*, 1964) for orchestra and chorus (it exists also in a later version as a song cycle for two voices and piano with the same title), and in *Two Choruses* (1967). Only poetry by Yesenin's contemporary Alexander Blok (1880-1921) got more musical settings by Sviridov, who also set literature by Pushkin, Lermontov, Shakespeare, Robert Burns, Avetik Isaakyan, Mayakovsky and many others.

The composer was not only drawn to Yesenin's verses – musical, sincere and Russian in soul and sound – but also to the tragic and rebellious personality of this village-born genius who committed suicide in 1925 at the age of thirty. There is a 1976 entry in Sviridov's diary – not long before he created *Russia Cast Adrift* – about Yesenin and his poetry: "... everything is deep, from the soul. Everything is simplicity itself; everything is truth, not a shadow of pretentiousness or self-adoration ... He gave his heart to people. He will live on until the last Russian is alive on earth".

Always perfectly attuned to language and poetry and thoughtful in his selections, Sviridov chose a few short poems for *Russia Cast Adrift* – along with some excerpts from Yesenin's larger works – to build a

philosophical narrative about the soul and fate of a poet and his beloved country. All were written between 1914 and 1920, during the most dramatic and turbulent period in modern Russian history: the years of World War One, the Bolshevik revolution and the devastating Civil War. Although Yesenin explored his favorite topics here – the beauty of Russian landscape, love for Mother Russia, Christian faith, loneliness and longing – they all seem to take on an especially dark tone.

The verses also overflow with religious symbolism: Jesus and other biblical figures appear, sad premonitions are felt, and cosmic fires burn. Moments of intimacy, lyricism and strong melancholy contrast with images of tragic destruction – but there are also evocations of hymn-like, epic, and triumphant grandeur. At the end, Russia – “My golden land,” as the poet calls it, watched over by God, is seen through the eyes of someone who loves it passionately and believes in its special destiny and in its survival in the eternal battle of good and evil.

Sviridov, whose songs were often a means of expressing his spiritual independence and inner resistance to Soviet officialdom, not only shared these sentiments; he also identified to some degree with the poet.

Having been strongly influenced by church singing since childhood, he dedicated his entire creative life to music for voice – both in the choral and chamber genres, and incorporated many features of Russian folk and church music into his own organic musical language. In *Russia Cast Adrift*, he is at the peak of his mastery, bringing together the best qualities of his style: seemingly traditional yet recognizably original, laconic yet immensely rich, austere yet emotionally intense.

Sviridov is celebrated and admired in Russia, but remains relatively unknown beyond its borders. Dmitri Hvorostovsky has taken on the personal mission of making his music more widely known. This album is yet another vital and lasting contribution from Hvorostovsky – and it is as deep, personal and sincere as the music itself.

— Maya Pritsker

*Editor's note: A bonus track (No. 12: The Virgin in the City) has been added to the program. This is the ninth and final song from Sviridov's **Petersburg, a vocal poem** (see above program notes, p. 3).*

1. Osen'

Tikho v chashche mozhevelya pa abryvu,
osen'- ryzhaya kabyla cheshet grivu,
Nad rechnym pakrovom beregof
slyshen sinii liask yiyo padkof.

Veter – skhimnik shagom astarozhnym
mnyot listvu pa vystupam darozhnym,
i tseluet na ryabinovom kustu
yazvy krasnye nezrimomu Khrisru.

2. Ya pakinul radimyi dom

Ya pakinul radimyi dom
galubuyu astavil Rus'.
F tri zvezdy bereznyak nat prudom
Teplit materi staroi grust.

Zalatoyu liagushkoi luna
rasplastalas' na tikhoi vade.
Slovno yablonnyi tsvet, sedina
u atsa pralilas v barade.

Ya ne skoro, ne skoro vernus'!
Dolga pet' i zvinet' purge.
Sterizhot zalatuyu Rus'
staryi klion na adnoi nage.

I ya znayu, est radost' v nyom,
tem, kto listyef tseluyet dosht',
attavo, shto tot staryi klion
golovoi na menya pakhosh.

Autumn

In the juniper thicket by the cliff,
autumn, like a chestnut mare,
softly shakes her mane.
Over the river's veiled banks,
one hears the blue ring of her hooves.

Like a monk, with careful steps,
the wind tramples the leaves
on the rutted road,
and, on a rowan bush, kisses
the unseen Christ's scarlet wounds.

I Left My Home Behind

I left my home behind,
renouncing blue Russia.
Dangling over the pond,
three stars of birch melt my old mother's grief.

Like a golden frog, the moonshine
dapples the still water.
Sprinkles of gray, like apple blossoms,
show in my father's beard.

I won't return for a very long time!
Singing blizzards will long ring.
An ancient, one-legged maple
keeps vigil over blue Russia.

And I know that I would
kiss its rain of leaves with joy,
for the maple tree's head
is much like my own.

3. Atvari mne, strash zaoblachnyi

Atvari mne, strash zaoblachnyi,
Galubye dveri dnya.
Belyi angel etoi polnochyu
maivo uvylol kanya.
Bogu lishnivo ni nadabna,
kon' moi – moshch maya i krep'.
Slishu ya, kak rzhot on zhalabna,
zakusif zlatuyu tsep'.

Vizhu, kak on byotsa, mechitsa,
teribya tugoi arkan,
i letit s nivo, kak s mesitsa,
sherst bulanaya f tuman.

4. Seribristaya daroga

Seribristaya daroga,
ty zaviosh minya kuda?
Svechkoi chistochetvirgovoi
Nada mnoi garit zvizda.

Grust' ty ili radost' teplizh?
Il' k bizumu pravish bek?
Pamagi mne sertsem veshnim
dalubit' twoi zhostkiy snek.

Dai ty mne zariu na drovni,
Vetku verby na uzdu.
Mozhet byt', k vratam gaspodnim
sam sibya ya prividu.

Open Before Me, O My Guardian Angel

Open before me, O my guardian angel,
the day's blue gates.
Yesterday at midnight, a white angel
took my horse from me.
God doesn't need him –
my horse, my power and strength.
I hear his pathetic whinny,
as he champs his golden bit.

I see him struggling and flailing,
tugging at his tight halter,
his dark hair flying into the mist,
as if from the moon.

Silver Path

Silver path,
where do you lead me?
Above me shines a star,
like a burning candle in holy week.

Is there joy or grief in your warmth?
Or do you lead straight into madness?
Help me to love your bitter snow
with a heart of spring.

And bring me down on a wooden sleigh,
a sprig of willow in the horse's bridle.
Perhaps I can find
heaven's gates alone.

5. Atchalifshaya Rus'

Zemlya maya zlataya!
Asenniy svetlyi khram!
Gusei krikliwykh staya
nisyotsa k ablakam.

To dush priobrazhennykh
neschislimaya rat',
s azior padnyafshis' sonnykh
litit v nibesnyi sat.

A fpiridi ikh lebit',
v glazakh, kak roshcha, grust'.
Ni ty li plachish v nebe,
atchalifshaya Rus'?
Leti, leti, ni beisya,
fsimu svoi chas i brek.
Vitra stekayut f pesniu,
a pesnya kanet v vek.

Leti, zlataya Rus'!

6. Simone, Pyotr... Gde ty? Pridi...

"Simone, Pyotr... Gde ty? Pridi..."
Vzdrognuli vyotly: "Tam, fperidi!"
"Simone, Pyotr... Gde ty? Zavu!"
Shepchitsa kto-to: "Krichi f sinivu!"
Kriknul – I gromko vzdybilsya mrak.
Vyshel s katomkoi ryshiy rybak.
"Druk... ty atkuda?" "Shol za taboi..."
"Kto ty?" – "Iuda", – shamknul priboi.

Russia Cast Adrift

My golden earth!
Shining temple of autumn!
A flock of noisy geese
flies up to the clouds.

A countless host
of transformed souls,
rises from the sleepy lake,
ascending to heaven's garden.

And a swan leads them,
a grove of sorrow in its eyes.
Is that you wailing in the heavens,
Russia cast adrift?
Fly, fly, don't worry,
there's a time and place for everything.
The wind descends, flowing into my song,
and my song fades away into time.

Fly, golden Russia!

Simon, Peter ... Where Are You? Come to Me

"Simon, Peter ... Where are you? Come here
to me ..."
The willows quivered: "There, just ahead!"
"Simon, Peter ... Where are you? I call to you!"
Someone whispers: "Call into the blue!"
He called out, and the darkness bristled loudly.
Out came a redhead fisherman with a
knapsack.
"My friend ... where did you come from? I
followed you ... who are you?"
"Judas," murmured the surf.

7. Gde ty, gde ty, otchiy dom

Gde ty, gde ty, otchiy dom
grefshiy spinu gad bugrom?
Siniy, siniy moi tsvitok,
niprikhozheniy pisok.

Gde ty? Za rekoi payot pitukh –
tam stada stiryok pastukh,
i svitilis' iz vady
Tri dalyokie zvizdy.

Vremya – melnitsa s krylom
apuskait za silom
mesyats mayatnikom v rosh
lit' chisof nizrimimyi dosht'.

Etot dozhdik s sonmom strel
f tuchakh dom moi zavirtel,
Galuboi skasil tsvitok,
zalatoi primyal pisok.

Gde ty, gde ty,
otchiy dom?

8. Tam, za mlechnymi khalmami

Tam, za mlechnymi khalmami,
Sred' nibesnykh topolei,
aprakinulisia nad nami
srebrostrunnyi Vadalei.

On Midveditsei s lazuri –
kak iz bochki chirpakom.
V nebo prygnuftshaya burya
sela mesiatsu virkhom.

Where Are You, O My Father's House?

Where are you, where are you,
O my father's house,
as it warms your back on the hill?
My blue, blue flower, untracked sand.

Where are you? Beyond the river, a
cock crows – a shepherd guards his flock,
and three faraway stars
glow in the water.

Time, on a windmill's wings,
swings the moon down behind the village
like a pendulum, streaming
an unseen rain of hours into the rye.

The rain, with arrows flying,
spun my house in the clouds.
It mowed down the blue flower,
flattening the golden sand.

Where are you, where are you,
O my father's house?

Beyond the Hills of the Milky Way

Beyond the Milky Way's hills,
amid the heavenly poplars,
silver-stringed Aquarius
stumbled from the sky above.

He ladled the Great Bear
up from the blue, like water from a barrel.
A storm, springing into the sky,
straddled the moon.

V vikhre snitsa sonm umershikh,
molokom dymyashchiy sat.
Vizhu, det moi tyanit vershei
sontse s poldnya
na zakat.

9. Trubit, trubit pagibelnyi rok!

Trubit, trubit pagibelnyi rok!
Kak zhe byt', kak byt' tiper' nam
na izmyzgannykh liashkakh darok?

Skoro zamoros' izvestiu vybelit
Etot pasiolok i eti luga.
Nikuda nam ni skrytsa at gibeli,
nikuda ni uhti at vraga.

Vot on, vot on s zhileznym bryukhom,
tyanit k glotkam ravnin pyaterniu...

Trubit, trubit pagibelnyi rok!

10. Pa-asennimu kychet sava

Pa-asennimu kychet sava
nad razdol'em dorozhnoi rani.
Abletayet maya galava,
kust valos zalatistyj vyanit.

Palivoe, stipnoe "ku-ku,"
zdrastvui, mat' galubaya asina!
Skoro mesyats, kupayas' f snigu,
siadit v retkie kudri syna.

In the maelstrom I dream of hosts
of dead men, of a garden steaming
like milk. I see my grandfather
holding the sun in a net
from noonday to sundown.

It Sounds, It Sounds, the Fateful Trumpet!

It sounds, it sounds, the fateful trumpet!
What are we going to do now, what to do
along the road's muddied thighs?

The frost will soon whiten this village,
and wash these meadows white.
Nowhere can you go to escape death,
nowhere can you escape the enemy.

There he is, there he is, with belly of iron,
splaying out his fingers to the plains' throats ...

It sounds, it sounds, the fateful trumpet!

An Owl Cries in Autumn

In autumn, an owl cries
over the stretches of the early morning road.
My head drops its leaves,
the golden bush of my hair fades.

The owl cry of the field and steppe,
I greet you, my mother - blue aspen!
The moon, as it swims in snow,
will soon set amid your son's scant curls.

Skoro mne bez listvy kholodet',
zvonom zviost nasypaya v ushi.
Bez minya budut unoshi pet',
ni minya budut startsy slushat'.

Novyi s polya pridyot paet,
v novom les aglasistsa sviste.
Pa-asennimu syplet vetr,
pa-asennimu shepchut listya.

**11. O veryu, veryu, shchastye est'!
– O Rodina, shchaslivyi i neiskhodnyi chas!**

O veryu, veryu, shchastye est'!
Yishcho i sontse ne pagaslo.
Zarya malitvenikom krasnym
Prarochit blagosnuyu vest'.

Zveni, zveni zlataya Rus',
Valnuisya, niuemnyi veter!
Blazhen, kto radastiu atmetil
Tvayu pastusheskuyu grust'.

Liublu ya ropot buinykh vot
I na volne zvizdy siyanie.
Blagoslovennoe stradanye,
Blagoslavlyaushchiy narot.



O Rodina, shchaslivyi
i neiskhodnyi chas!
Net luchshe, net krasivei
tvaikh karovyikh glas.

Soon, bare of leaves, shall I freeze,
as the stars' ringing fills my ears.
Without me, the young will still ring –
but the old will no longer hear me.

From the field, a fresh poet will arise,
A new pipe will resound in the forest.
The winds of autumn blow,
and autumn's leaves whisper.

**Oh, I Believe, I Believe in Happiness!
– O My Homeland, O Joyful and Eternal Hour!**

Oh, I believe, I believe in happiness!
The sun isn't snuffed out yet.
With its red book of prayer, the dawn
foretells the wondrous news.

Ring out, ring out, O golden Russia,
Rage on, tumultuous wind!
Blessed is he who answered
your shepherd's grief with joy.

I love the thunder of stormy waters
and a star's twinkle on a wave.
Blessed suffering
from a blessing nation.



O my homeland,
O joyful and eternal hour!
Nothing could be better or lovelier
than your cowlike gaze.

Tibe, tvaim tumanam
i oftsam na palyakh,
nisu, kak snop afsyanyi,
ya sontse na rukakh.

Sviatis' pripoloveniem,
i rozhdestvom sviatis',
shstop zhazhdushchie bdeniya
bessmertiem napisil'.

Tibe, tvaim tumanam
i oftsam na palyakh,
nisu, kak snop afsyanyi,
ya sontse na rukakh.

I ni edinyi kamen',
cheris prashu i luk,
ne padabyot nad name,
padyatye Bozhikh ruk.

Tibe, tvaim tumanam
i oftsam na palyakh,
nisu, kak snop afsyanyi,
ya sontse na rukakh.

12. Bogomater' v gorode (bonus track from *Petersburg*)

Ty prokhodish' bez ulybki,
opustivshaya resnitsy,
i vo mrase nad Soborom
zolotyat'sa kupola.

Kak litso tvoyo pokhozhe
na vechernykh Bogorodits,

To you, your mists
and the sheep in your fields,
I bring in my arms the sun,
like a bundle of oats.

May the liturgy sanctify you,
may Christmas bless you,
so that the thirsty vigils
may drink their fill of immortality.

To you, your mists
and the sheep in your fields,
I bring in my arms the sun,
like a bundle of oats.

And not one single stone,
whether from sling or bow,
will reach God's arms,
that stretch above us.

To you, your mists
and the sheep in your fields,
I bring in my arms the sun,
like a bundle of oats.

The Virgin In the City

You are passing by without a smile,
your eyes are cast down,
and in the darkness above the Cathedral
the golden domes are shining.

Your face resembles so vividly
the evening Virgins,

opuskayushchikh resnitsy
Propadayushchikh vo mgle...

No s tobui idiot kudryavyi
Krotkii mal'chik v beloi shapke,
ty vedyosh' evo za ruchku,
ne dayosh' emu upast'.

Ya stoyu v teni portala,
tam, gde duet rezkii veter,
zastilayushchiy slyozami
napriazhennye glaza.

Ya khochu vnezapno vyiti
i vosckliknut': "Bogomater!"
diya chevo v moi chiornyi gorod
ty mladentsa privela?"

No yazyk bessilen kriknut',
ty prokhodish', za tobouy,
nad syashchennymi sledami,
pochivaet sinii mrak.

I smotryu ya, vspominaya,
kak opushcheny resnitsy,
kak tvoi mal'chik v beloi shapke
ulybnulsa na tebya.

who cast down their eyes,
who disappear in the darkness...

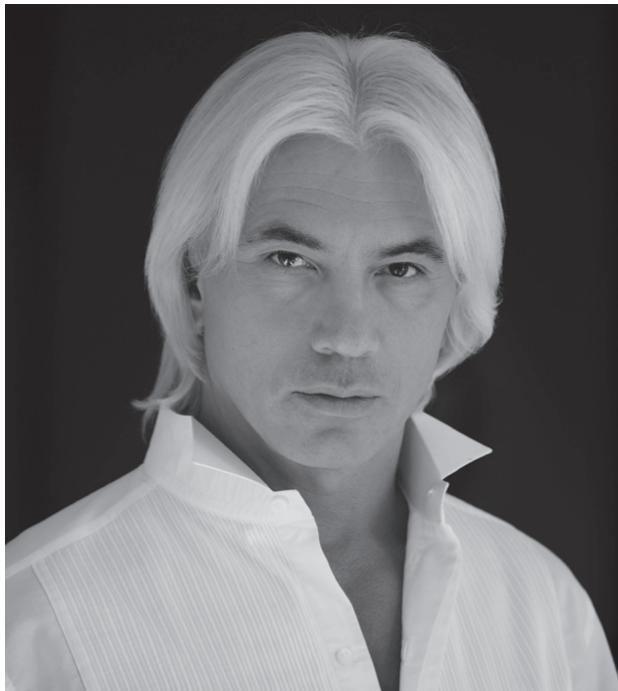
But there is a little boy with you,
a curly-haired, gentle boy, wearing a white cap.
You are leading him by the hand,
you do not allow him to fall.

I am in the shade of the portal,
where the sharp wind blows,
and my strained eyes
are clouded with tears.

I would like to spring up before your eyes
and to exclaim "Oh, Virgin!
Why have you brought the Infant
to my black city?"

But my tongue is powerless to shout;
you are passing by, and, behind you,
above the blessed footprints,
the blue darkness slumbers.

And I remain, watching, remembering
your downcast eyes,
and how your little boy with a white cap
smiled at you.



Internationally acclaimed Russian baritone **Dmitri Hvorostovsky** was born and studied in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. From the start, audiences were bowled over by his cultivated voice, innate sense of musical line and natural legato. His career has taken him to all the world's major opera houses and renowned international festivals, including Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, New York's Metropolitan Opera, Paris Opera, Bayerische Staatsoper Munich, Salzburg Festival, La Scala Milan, Vienna State Opera and Chicago Lyric Opera.

A celebrated recitalist in demand in every corner of the globe — from the Far East

to the Middle East, from Australia to South America — Dmitri has appeared at such venues as Wigmore Hall, London; Carnegie Hall, New York; the Teatro alla Scala, Milan; the Tchaikovsky Conservatoire, Moscow; the Liceu, Barcelona; the Suntory Hall, Tokyo; and the Musikverein, Vienna.

Dmitri retains a strong musical and personal contact with Russia. He became the first opera singer to give a solo concert with orchestra and chorus on Red Square in Moscow, a concert televised in over 25 countries. Dmitri has gone on to sing a number of prestigious concerts in Moscow as a part of his own special series, "Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Friends." He has invited such celebrated artists as Renée Fleming, Barbara Frittoli, Elena Garanca, Sumi Jo, Sondra Radvanovsky, Jonas Kaufmann, Marcello Giordani and Ildar Abdrazakov. In 2005 he gave a historic tour throughout the cities of Russia at the invitation of President Putin, singing to crowds of hundreds of thousands of people to commemorate the soldiers of the Second World War. Dmitri has major annual tours throughout Russia and C.I.S. countries.

Dmitri's extensive discography spans recitals and complete operas. He has also starred in *Don Giovanni Unmasked*, an award-winning film (by Rhombus Media) based on the Mozart opera, tackling the dual roles of Don Giovanni and Leporello. Recent CD record-

ings include *Wait for Me* (Russian War Songs with orchestra conducted by Constantine Orbelian) and *Simone Boccanegra* (with Barbara Frittoli, Ildar Abdrazakov, Stefano Secco and Constantine Orbelian), which have been met with much critical acclaim. For a complete discography, please visit his website.

Dmitri has established great collaboration with the Russian popular composer Igor Kru-toi, with very successful concerts in Moscow, St Petersburg, Sochi, Kiev and New York.

www.hvorostovsky.com

Grammy-nominated conductor **Constantine Orbelian** "stands astride two great societies, and finds and promotes synergistic harmony from the best of each." (*Fanfare*) For over 20 years the brilliant American pianist /conductor has been a central figure in Russia's musical life — first as Music Director of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra and the Philharmonia of Russia, and more recently as guest conductor with a number of illustrious Russian orchestras. Currently Chief Conductor of the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra in Lithuania, Orbelian leads concerts and recordings there with some of the world's greatest singers, in projects such as a recording of *Simon Boccanegra*, with Dmitri Hvorostovsky in the title role. In 2016 he became Artistic Director of the State Academic Opera and Ballet Theater in Yerevan, Armenia.

Opera News calls Orbelian "the singer's dream collaborator," and commented that he conducts vocal repertoire "with the sensitivity of a lieder pianist." The California-based conductor tours and records with American stars such as Sondra Radvanovsky and Lawrence Brownlee, and with Hvorostovsky and other renowned Russian singers in European, North American, Russian and Asian music centers. He is the founder and Music Director of the annual Palaces of St. Petersburg International Music Festival.



"Orbelian has star quality, and his orchestra plays with passion and precision," *The Audio Critic* wrote of his acclaimed series of over 50 recordings on Delos. Among his concert and televised appearances are collaborations with stars Renée Fleming and Dmitri Hvorostovsky, and with Van Cliburn in Cliburn's sentimental return to Moscow, the great pianist's last performance. Orbelian's frequent collaborations with Hvorostovsky include repertoire from their Delos recordings of universal sentimental songs *Where Are You, My Brothers?* and *Moscow Nights*, as well as their 2015 recording in the same series, *Wait for Me*. On several occasions Orbelian has conducted historic live telecasts from Moscow's Red Square, with such artists as Hvorostovsky and Anna Netrebko.

Born in San Francisco to Russian and Armenian emigré parents, Constantine Orbelian made his debut as a piano prodigy with the San Francisco Symphony at the age of 11. After graduating from Juilliard in New York, he embarked on a career as a piano virtuoso that included appearances with major symphony orchestras throughout the U.S., U.K., Europe, and Russia. His recording of the Khachaturian piano concerto with conductor Neeme Järvi won "Best Concerto Recording of the Year" award in the United Kingdom.

Orbelian's appointment in 1991 as Music Director of the Moscow Chamber Orches-

tra was a breakthrough event: he is the first American ever to become music director of an ensemble in Russia. A tireless champion of Russian-American cultural exchange and international ambassadorship through his worldwide tours, he was awarded the coveted title "Honored Artist of Russia" in 2004, a title never before bestowed on a non-Russian citizen. In May 2010, Orbelian led the opening Ceremonial Concert for the Cultural Olympics in Sochi — the first event setting the stage for Russia's hosting of the Olympic Games in 2014. In 2012 the Consulate in San Francisco awarded him the Russian Order of Friendship Medal, whose illustrious ranks include pianist Van Cliburn and conductor Riccardo Muti, and which singles out non-Russians whose work contributes to the betterment of international relations with the Russian Federation and its people.

From his 1995 performance at the 50th Anniversary Celebrations of the United Nations in San Francisco, to his 2004 performance at the U.S. State Department commemorating 70 years of diplomatic relations between Washington and Moscow, and a repeat State Department appearance in 2007, all with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Orbelian continues to use his artistic eminence in the cause of international goodwill. He and his orchestras have also participated in cultural enrichment programs for young people, both in Russia and the U.S. In 2001 Orbelian

was awarded the Ellis Island Medal of Honor, an award given to immigrants, or children of immigrants, who have made outstanding contributions to the United States.

An accomplished composer, arranger and performing member of the Style of Five folk ensemble, Ukrainian-born **Evgeny Stetsyuk** graduated in 1990 from the St. Petersburg Conservatory, where he studied composition. A member of the Union of Composers of Russia, his works include two symphonies and a rock opera, as well as music for chamber ensembles, folk ensembles and the theater. His highly original works and unique arrangements have been performed internationally to great acclaim.

He has also produced widely varied arrangements of music for orchestras, chamber groups and his own Style of Five folk ensemble that add uniquely Russian sounds and stylistic flavors. We at Delos have been particularly honored to feature his arrangements for orchestra with Style of Five in several of our releases starring revered Russian baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky — including the present album.

Russian folk ensemble **Style of Five** was founded in 1994, when five leading St. Petersburg musicians came together to develop musical programs that explore fresh



applications of Russian folk instruments. The group's unique distinction is that, apart from using traditional Russian instruments (gusli, domra, bayan [accordion], double-bass and balalaika) the ensemble uses electronic keyboards as well.

The ensemble's high degree of collective and individual mastery has earned them top prizes in All-Russia as well as international competitions. Its members — all graduates of the St. Petersburg Conservatory — are able to perform almost every kind of musical composition. Their appearances on tour have won the hearts of audiences across Russia, as well as in nations around the globe. They also remain in steady demand

at leading international festivals. Unless you've heard them, you'll hardly believe the virtuosity, imagination, sheer joy and fun of their programs.

The group has long collaborated with superstar baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky, as they have in this release. In addition to touring extensively with him and Maestro Constantine Orbelian in highly visible concerts — including a fifteen-concert series celebrating the 60th anniversary of Russia's victory in WW II — they have helped to add Russian spirit and soul on four of his CDs (also a DVD) for Delos. The label has also released a separate CD of their unique and charmingly idiomatic playing.

Style of Five's musicians are **Evgeny Stetsyuk** (piano, keyboards, composer/arranger), **Natalia Shkrebko** (domra), **Irina Ershova** (gusli, alto domra), **Victor Semenkin** (bayan-accordion), and **Sergey Rouksha** (balalaika, contrabass).

www.styleoffive.com

Founded in 1967 in the city then known as Leningrad, the **St. Petersburg State Symphony Orchestra** has long been a prominent fixture in St. Petersburg's musical scene. The ensemble was originally known as The Orchestra of Ancient and Modern Music. Under the decade-long leadership of Russian conductor Edward Serov, the orchestra



performed throughout the Soviet Union as well as in many foreign countries, attended prestigious festivals, and made many recordings for the Soviet Melodiya label. Then the city's third-ranked orchestra, it still attracted many renowned conductors and soloists.

Considering the ensemble's vital role in Leningrad's artistic life, the orchestra's status was elevated in 1985, when it was renamed the Leningrad State Orchestra. From then until 2004, the ensemble flourished under the primary leadership of its chief conductor Ravil Martynov, who guided the orchestra into the post-Soviet era. From 2004 until 2007, the orchestra was headed by Martynov's distinguished protégé Vasily Petrenko, then by the equally prominent conductor Alexander Titov.

The orchestra's repertoire is truly limitless: they continue their tradition of performing music of every epoch, genre, and style. They

continue to perform throughout Russia, tour extensively worldwide, and participate extensively in festivals and other important musical events.

Vladimir Lande, a prominent American musician, became the orchestra's principal guest conductor in 2008. Under his baton,

the orchestra has made recordings for the world's leading labels, including releases on Delos of cello concertos by Shostakovich and concertos for cello and clarinet by Sean Hickey. Since 2014, Belgian maestro Walter Proost has been the orchestra's principal guest conductor.

www.spb-orchestra.ru/en/about/

Recorded July 15 – 20, 2016, at the House of Radio in St. Peterburg, Russia

Special Thanks to Svetlana Efimova, pianist and vocal coach, who contributed greatly to this recording

Executive Producer: Carol Rosenberger

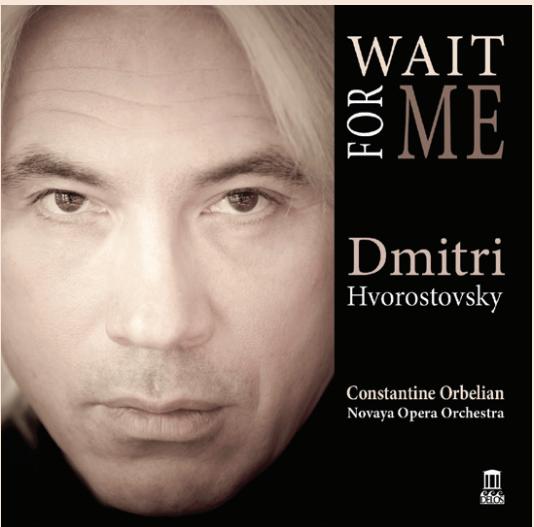
Recording Producer and Engineer: Danil Zosin

Booklet Editors: Lindsay Koob and Anne Maley

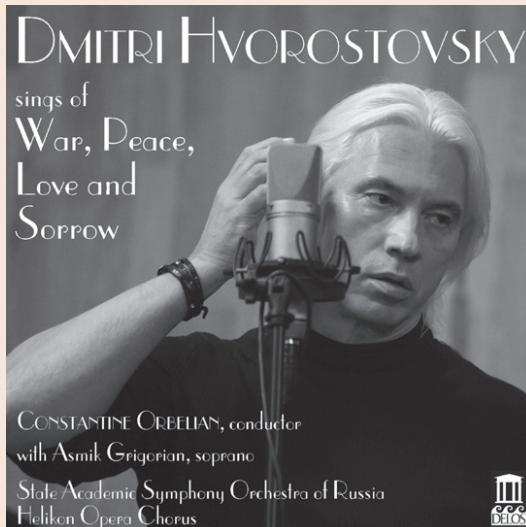
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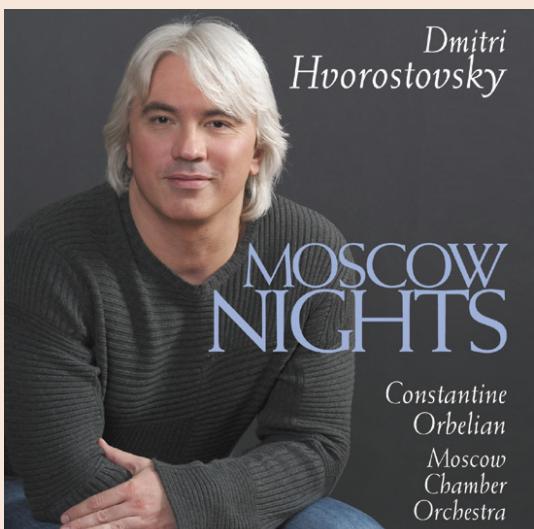
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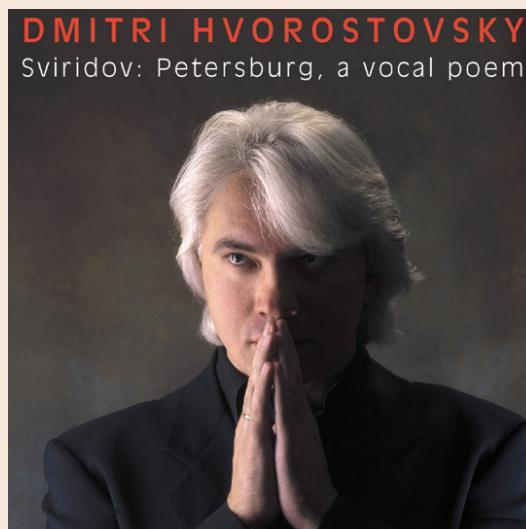
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