



NAXOS



Valery
GAVRILIN

(1939–1999)

The Russian Notebook

Anyuta (excerpts)

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Valery Alexandrovich Gavrilin was one of the brightest stars within Russian music of the second half of the 20th century. His compositional style is immediately identifiable: he displays individualist creative aesthetics, and his compositions are amazingly beautiful, winningly appealing, and full of bright ethnic colour. In composing *The Russian Notebook*, the 25-year-old made a daring leap into the history books, bursting onto the musical scene of the time and astounding all with his profound and powerful talent, mastery and sincerity.

Gavrilin was born in ancient Vologda. The austere but beautiful nature of the Russian North, and his proximity to provincial surroundings, had a serious impact on his entire creative life. At a very young age he lost his father, who joined the Second World War efforts as a volunteer and was killed in the vicinity of Leningrad in 1942. In 1950 his mother was imprisoned, and Valery found himself in a children's home in the village of Kovyrino near Vologda.

He entered a specialist music school in 1951, and it was there that I.M. Belozemtsev, a teacher at Leningrad Conservatory, heard him and suggested that the talented boy should move to Leningrad. From 1953 to 1958 Gavrilin attended Leningrad Conservatory's Special Music School, studying clarinet, piano, and composition. In 1964 he graduated, majoring in two fields, composition (with O.A. Yevlakhov) and musicology (with F.A. Rubtsov).

After graduation, Valery Alexandrovich was connected with Leningrad his whole life. He taught at the Conservatory's College of Music, worked as an editor for the Sovetsky Kompositor publishers, and composed a great deal for Leningrad's theatres and the Lenfilm Studio, achieving wide renown and official recognition. Gavrilin was awarded the Russian Federation State Prize for *The Russian Notebook* in 1967, and the USSR State Prize and the title of National Artist of Russia for 'performance symphony' *The Chimes*.

Valery Gavrilin wrote four large vocal symphonic opuses, symphonic suites, multiple pieces for piano, songs and romances, chamber vocal cycles, and

compositions for chorus and chamber ensemble. He wrote the music for four ballets, thirty-eight theatrical productions, and eleven films. Gavrilin was also recognised as an excellent music critic and author of literary essays.

Gavrilin as composer understood every nuance of singing perfectly, and handled poetic texts with great skill and subtlety. He felt equally at ease both in the fields of classical and pop music. To most audiences, Gavrilin was known primarily as the author of very tuneful entertainment songs. Both comical and lyrical, they were often played on the radio and television, won various prizes, and were performed by the most popular singers.

The emergence of *The Russian Notebook* in 1965 was unexpected for two reasons. On one hand, it was a work that displayed a high level of classical compositional maturity for quite a young and unknown composer, and on the other, more importantly, everything in it was unusual and new: the musical language, the folklore texts, the virtuoso vocal part and the piano accompaniment.

This is how Valery Gavrilin himself described his cycle in *Yunost* magazine in 1968:

'I was told some time ago that a tenth grade schoolboy, a handsome clever boy loved by everyone, died from a disease in a school in Leningrad. It is a tragic situation where nothing can be changed. He died, he did not live to learn, to see, to love many things. But there must be a girl somewhere who would love him if he were alive. So I decided to write about the missed love on behalf of that girl. I wanted to write a poem of love and death.

I tried to position each of the eight songs in the cycle so that their very order would express a contrast of feelings, and make you follow the plot. These are reminiscence songs. I wrote them to folk texts collected in Leningrad Oblast, Vologda Oblast and Smolensk Oblast (I went on those

folklore expeditions myself). As to the music, it does not contain folklore citations or folk tunes. But it is directly related to Russian folk song intonations. And I used here several folk genres.

I needed to reveal the utmost of emotions in *The Russian Notebook* – and I needed frankness.'

The 'girl' in Gavrilin's work is a strong, passionate Russian woman who is deeply in love. In order to fully convey her passionate nature, the composer uses diversified vocal techniques, powerful culminations within the works and unexpected artistic reincarnations as well as a diversity of sounds in the piano accompaniment. Gavrilin expresses every strong human emotion in a musical way, finding the perfect technical solution for any artistic concept every time. He does not use direct musical quotations from folk music, but his deep understanding of folk music intonations enables an artful stylisation of traditional peasant tunes combined with urban melodies.

The composer's virtuosic handling of traditional texts is also impressive. He uses vocal accents freely, repeating particular words or syllables, and plays with colloquial expressions, but always stays within the boundaries of classical composition. Gavrilin's knowledge of folk art is organic and genuine, and he handles this musical implementation with the greatest care and respect.

Valery Gavrilin's mature understanding of compositional techniques is clear in *The Russian Notebook*. The unexpected harmonies, acute modulations, polyrhythms and polymetry, and the detailed polyphonic processing of the material in the cycle, presented a daring and original step forward for Russian music during the 1960s.

The orchestral version of the cycle was created by St Petersburg composer Leonid Rezetdinov. He was guided by the principles of Gavrilin's orchestration, and the configuration of his orchestra. The idea of orchestrating *The Russian Notebook* was born from an understanding of the scale of the cycle itself, its unique place in Russian vocal culture and Gavrilin's own unrealised desire to orchestrate his work.

The ballet *Anyuta* is a rare case in history when the choreographic staging was specifically tailored for the screen before being brought to the theatrical stage. The television ballet film *Anyuta*, produced by scriptwriter and director Alexander Belinsky and ballet master Vladimir Vasiliev in 1982, was based on Chekhov's story *Anna on the Neck*. The director's long-held dream was to combine one of Chekhov's plots with ballet. This was to change, however, as the great Russian ballerina Ekaterina Maximova, who performed the main role in the ballet, recollected: Belinsky 'heard a waltz of Valery Gavrilin and realised that it was a real "Chekhovian waltz"'. Thus, the film's concept originated not from literature but from music. Underlying the plot are several stories by Chekhov, and primarily *Anna on the Neck*.

Valery Gavrilin, whose attitude towards ballet was rather lukewarm, suggested that the accompaniment for the new production be selected from his early opuses. The main theme emerged from the orchestral composition *The Machinery of Government*, and the famous *Tarantella* often performed in concerts, is an orchestration of the piece *French Song* from *Piano Album*; indeed most of the other numbers are orchestrations of Gavrilin's popular piano pieces, or fragments of his orchestral *Theatre Divertimento*. The ballet *Anyuta* is assembled from different works like a patchwork quilt, which is why the choreography is so diversified. The heartfelt sincerity and expression of Ekaterina Maximova, became a choreographic embodiment of the steadfast 'Chekhovian' spotlight on the characters' emotional distress.

Vasiliev details the life story of Anyuta – a girl from a poor family who married a well-to-do official. Modest Alexeevich, and was dazzled by 'high society splendour – with the aid of movie techniques. Focusing on close-ups, he gave the actors an opportunity to express themselves dramatically. The so-called 'edit choreography' enabled joining fragments of different dance numbers, building a parallel image.

The first time the ballet was presented on a theatrical stage was at the San Carlo Theatre in Naples in 1986. In the same year, it was presented by the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow and remained in its repertory until 1994. The

ballet also ran in dozens of cities in the Soviet Union and Russia, and in many European countries.

This album presents ten of more than twenty musical numbers from the ballet, to give quite an ample impression of the music – lively, melodious, touching, and warm-hearted. Although Valery Gavrilin did not consider

himself fully to be the composer of the ballet *Anyuta*, it was this opus that brought him broad public acclaim, and enabled him to implement many other creative ideas, for musical theatre in particular.

Yuri Serov

Русская тетрадь, слова народные (1965)

1 Над рекой стоит калина

Над рекой стоит калина,
по другой стоит малина,
ох, тошно, ох, худо мне.
Над рекой стоит калина,
колыхается малина,
во малине буду ждать парня,
ждать парня, ой, буду.

2 Страдальная

Что, девчоночки, стоите, глазки выголяете,
Про мою тоску-кручину ничего не знаете.
А говорила я годинке, говорила: «Не губи»,

говорила, что не надо, говорила: «Погоди».
Мил друг уехал далеко, на сердце рана глубока.

Да ой, да как мне быть, девочки?
Да ой, да как мне быть, милые?
Ой! Не томилась я без милого друга!

The Russian Notebook (1965)

Texts: traditional. English translations by Sergey Suslov

1 Cranberry O'er the River

There's high cranberry o'er the river,
there's raspberry along another,
oh I feel bad, oh I'm so sad.
Yes, cranberry o'er the river,
and that raspberry's swaying,
in that raspberry for the guy I'll be waiting,
I'll be waiting, oh, I'll be waiting.

2 Lament

Why girlies, why are you staring so?
See you don't know a thing of my black pain and sorrow.
Now didn't I tell him, tell my sweetheart
'Don't break my heart!'
Yeah I said he didn't ought to, and I told him 'Wait awhile.'
My sweetheart's gone far away, there's a deep sore
on my heart.
Oh, oh how can I go on now girls?
Oh, oh how can I go on now friends?
Oh! Pined away without my sweetheart, yes I did!

3 Страдальная

Ах, милый мой, пусти домой!
Пусти домой, смотри в окно: зорю видно.
Ужо проснется мать и бу... зорю видно;
и будет спрашивать: «Где я? А где... зорю видно.

А где была, шальная дочь,
а где ты шлялась эту ночь? Зорю видно...»
«В саду была, в саду... зорю видно.
Цветы рвала, цветы рвала... зорю видно.
Тебе, мать, розы принесла, цветочки алые,
а что на сердце у меня от них узнала я,
а что на сердце у меня, да мука сладкая,
любовь твоя, мой миленький,
что для тебя рвала бы я, рвала бы я, мой
милый, розочки,
розы, розы алый цвет, кого люблю, того здесь нет,
кого люблю,
того здесь нет, мамаша милая, того здесь нет,
мово дроли». А.

4 Зима

Ой, зима, зима моя! зима морозная.
Ты не трожь меня, я боюсь тебя, зима!
Я. Я жена, я жена, жена, жена мужняя,
ох, спотешилась, распотешилась.
Я тоску свою свела в зелен сад
и на толстый сук там повесила.
Ты виси, тоска, да проветрился,
в саду соловьев понаслушайся,
сладких яблочков понакушайся
и назад ко мне не ворочайся, не ворочайся!
Домой возвратилась с прогулки,
оделася в лучший наряд,
вплела в волоса алу ленту,
и села к окошку сама...
И начала думу я думать,
что снова осталась одна,
что нет у меня и милова,
то нет у меня и тоски.

3 Lament

Ah my lover boy, let me home!
Let me home, look out the window: the dawn is here.
Now Mother will wake up, ask ... the dawn is here;
Wake up asking, 'Where's she? Lor',
where ... the dawn is here.
Lor', where'd you loaf stray daughter,
where'd you loaf all night? the dawn is here ...'
'In the orchard, in the orchard Mother ... the dawn is here.
Picking flowers, picking flowers Mother ... the dawn is here.
They're for you Mother, those roses, all those scarlet flowers,
it's from them I learned just what's in my heart,
now what's in my heart, it's that sweet pain,
it's your love my sweetheart,
now it's for you sweetheart that I'd pick those
lovely roses,
roses, roses, scarlet ones, the one I love is not a-round,
he's not a-round dear Mother, no he's not,
my lover boy he's not around'. Ah.

4 Winter

Hey you winter, winter! ah you frosty one.
Don't come near, no, I fear you winter!
I – I'm a wife, wife, wife, I'm my husband's wife,
Oh I had fun, did I have fun, oh so good.
Now I took my Sorrow to a green orchard,
Now I hung it there on a thickest branch.
Now do hang there Sorrow, hang and air yourself,
listen to birds singing in the orchard,
have a bite of sweetest apples there, a bite or two,
don't come back to me, ne'er come back to me!
I'm back home from a walk,
I've put my best garments on,
I've plaited a scarlet ribbon into my hair,
and I sat down by the window ...
And I started brooding, started thinking,
that I'm alone again,
that I have no lover boy,
that I have no sorrow, too.

Теперь я счастливая снова,
опять мое сердце горит.
Пойду я в прекрасное поле
и буду одна там гулять...
Вышла на крыльцо, холодно мне.
Девки, девки идут, цветы несут...
Холодно мне, холодно, холодно.
Ой, зима, зима моя! зима морозная!
Ты не трожь меня, я боюсь тебя, зима моя морозная!
Не сморозь меня, стужа лютая,
стужа черная, стужа злобная,
у меня защитник есть, я жена мужняя!

5 Сею-вею

Сею-вею молоденькая цветиков маленько,
ти-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри.
Милый мой дружок, выйди на лужочек,
Поцелуй разочек, дам веночек,
ти-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри.
Дам тебе веночек, шелковый платочек,
а на нем цветочек-стебелечек,
ти-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри.
Я его садила, я его растила,
я за ним ходила, поливала,
ти-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри-ри.
А я красивая така!
Приедут завтра ямщики –
а я красивая така...
Приедут завтра ямщики –
а я красивая такая.
Приедут завтра ямщики,
меня с собою увезут –
ведь я красивая така...
Ой, почему, да зачем, поле чистое,
широкое раскинулося.
Так, ах, что мне, девчонке, боязно гулять.

Now I feel happy once again,
once again, my heart's a-burning.
I'll go out to the lovely field,
and take a stroll there alone ...
Now that I'm out on the porch, I feel cold.
See those girls, girls walking by, and carrying flowers ...
I feel cold, cold, I feel oh so cold.
Oh, you winter, winter! ah you frosty one!
Don't you touch me, I fear you, you my frosty one!
Don't you freeze me dead, you biting frost,
you black frost, you evil frost,
I'm protected, I'm my husband's wife!

5 Sowing Flowers

I'm a young girl, want to sow a few flowers,
tee ree ree ree ree ree ree ree.
Lover boy, come out to the meadow,
Kiss me once, I'll give you a wreath,
tee ree ree ree ree ree ree ree.
Give you a wreath, and a silk necktie,
With a teeny-tiny flower on it,
tee ree ree ree ree ree ree ree.
Now I sowed it, and I grew it,
and I cared for it, and I watered it,
tee ree ree ree ree ree ree ree.
Why I'm such a beautiful girl!
Coachmen will come tomorrow,
and see me such a beautiful ...
Coachmen will come tomorrow –
and see me such a beautiful girl.
Coachmen will come tomorrow,
and drive me far away from here –
'cause I'm such a beautiful girl ...
Oh why, tell me why open field,
why d'you stretch so wide,
So wide that I little girl am scared to go for a walk.

6 Дело было

Дело было на гулянке.
Молодой парнишечка ко мне подсел.
Я ему сказала, что люблю его безумно,
он потом меня до дому провожал...
Ой, тоска моя, тоска, ты скажи, скажи, откройся.
Ну к чему мне было, ну зачем мне было,
для чего мне надо было полюбить.
Ах, коль знала бы я, ах, коль ведала бы,
лучше б было с мамочкой мне время проводить.
Пойду плясать, сать, сать, сать, сать,
каблуки ломать, мать, мать, мать, мать,
злу тоску, тоску-занозу вон гнать, гнать, гнать,
чтобы горюшко мое встрепенулося,
да с души моей долой сомахнулося!
Эх, каблучок, чок, чок, чок, чок,
веселей, лей, лей, лей, лей, лей, лей,
горе бабье, горе горько не жалей, лей, лей, ...
Эй!
Приходите, приходите, приходите в понедельник,
приходите, приходите, приходите и во вторник,
приходите, добры люди, и в пресветлую субботу,
приходите, поглядите, как девчонка горько плачет.
Горько плачет и рыдает красавица,
да как жалобно-то стонет по другу, голубушка.
Каблучок, чок, чок, чок, чок,
веселей, лей, лей, лей, лей, лей, лей,
горе бабье, горе горько не жалей, лей, лей.
Ты топчи, каблук, топчи по досочечкам,
горе бабье растопчи по кусочечкам.
Мети, подол, пол, пол, пол, пол,
Гармонист, играй, рай, рай, рай, рай,
Веселей лады, лады ты выбирай, рай, рай.
Сапогов не берегу, сами сносятся,
государыней пройду, ноги просятся.
Приходите, мужички, вечерочечком,
прогуляюсь я по вам с батожочечком. А...

6 It all started

It all started at a merry party.
A nice young lad sat down close to me.
I told him I loved him crazy,
then he saw me off to my home ...
Oh sorrow, oh you my sorrow, tell me, tell me the whole truth.
Now why did I have, why did I have,
for what reason did I have to fall in love?
Ah, if I knew, if I could only guess,
I'd better spend my time with Mother.
I'll go dancing, sing, sing, sing, sing,
Breaking my heels off, off, off, off, off,
drive my nagging painful sorrow away, way, way,
shake my grief up, move it out,
wipe my grief off of my soul!
Now my heel go chok, chok, chok, chok,
Try to cheer me up, up, up, up, up,
don't you spare my sorrow, bitter sorrow, whip it up, up, up ...
Hey!
Come around, come around, come around on Monday,
come around, come around, come around Tuesday too,
come around good neighbours, holy Saturday too,
come to see, yes come to see a girl weeping so bitter.
The beauty's weeping, yes she's crying bitterly,
such a pity, sadly moaning for her friend, my dove.
Now my heels go chok, chok, chok, chok,
try to cheer me up, up, up, up, up, up,
don't you spare my sorrow, bitter sorrow, whip it up, up, up ...
Stamp my heel, and crush those little planks away, way,
crush my sorrow, woman's sorrow, into tiny bits.
Sweep my skirt, sweep that floor, Lor', Lor', Lor', Lor',
play accordion, play, lay, lay, lay, lay,
choose your sounds to cheer me up, up, up,
I don't care for my shoes, they'll be worn anyway,
I'll be dancing like a queen, my feet want me to.
Hey you country lads, come to me tonight,
I'll flog you along, I will put you right, Ah!

7 Стдания

Ой не знаю, не знаю, не знаю, да ой не знаю,
не знаю, милые,
и отчего за любовью гонятся и что ей надо
от нас проклятой...

Холодно мне, холодно мне, холодно мне.
У скамьи, у скамьи, у скамьи, мой милый,
буду ждать, буду ждать, буду ждать завтра.
Приходи, приходи, приходи, мой милый.

А мне подружка вчера говорила,
что ты сегодня поедешь к другой,
что повезешь ей сережки и бусы,
и что всю ночь гулять будешь с ней.

Правда ли это, мой миленький?
Ой не верю, не верю, не верю, да ой не верю,
не верю, милые,
что в любви одно только счастье
да одни соловьи да розочки...

Холодно мне, холодно мне, холодно мне...
Мы с тобой, мы с тобой, мы с тобой, мой милый,
пойдем в сад, пойдем в сад, пойдем в сад зеленый,

приходи, приходи, приходи, мой милый...
Еще подруженька мне рассказала,
что ты давно на другую глядишь,
что полюбились тебе косы черны,
а косы русые ты разлюбил.
А это, правда-ли это, мой миленький?
Конечно, подруженька притренивала
меня к тебе, но я ей не поверила, нет не поверила.
Нет, мой любимый, нет, мой хороший, нет, дорогой...
Не учила меня мамашенька,
не учил меня родной папенька,
как не пить того зелья сладкого,
как не попробовать яблоч адских...

Что потеряно, то не вернете, а что потеряно –
в воду кануло,
а счастье девичье – счастье малое, как потеряете –
не воротите...

Ох, не доброю памятью вспомнятся ночи темные,
зори ясные,

7 Laments

Oh I don't know, don't know, don't know,
why I don't know, and I don't know, my friends,
why people look for love and what that damned love
needs from us ...

I feel cold, I feel cold, I feel cold.
Near the bench, near the bench, near the bench my lover,
I'll be waiting, I'll be, I'll be waiting tomorrow.
Come round, come round, come round honey boy.
Now my girlfriend told me yesterday

that you're going to another one today,
that you're carrying earrings and necklaces to her,
and that you'll spend all night with her.

Tell me is that true my lovely honey boy?

Oh I don't believe, no I don't,
no I don't believe my friends,
that love is just all happiness and nightingales
and lovely roses, oh no ...

I feel cold, I feel cold, I feel cold ...
You and I, you and I, you and I, my sweetheart,
we'll walk to the garden, walk to the garden,
walk to the green garden,

come to me, come to me, come to me my sweetheart ...

Now my girlfriend told me more,
that you've been long looking at another one,
that you take the fancy of her black plaits,
and you've disliked my blonde plaits.

Now is that true, my honey boy?
Sure my little girlfriend is jealous of me,
but I didn't believe her, no I never believed her.

No my lover, no my sweetheart, no my honey boy ...
Mother did not tell me, and Father no,
he never taught me

how to shun drinking that sweet brew,
how to shun tasting apples of hell ...

What is lost won't come back,
what is lost is drowned in water,
and a girl's happiness is a tiny one,
you won't have it back when it's lost ...

Oh, it'll be sad memories remembering those dark night,
and bright dawns,

как останешься, свет, без милого,
да как останешься сиротинкою.
И я девчончика... Девчоночка счастливая была.

8 В прекраснейшем месяце мае

В прекраснейшем месяце мае,
когда соловьи в рощах поют,
цветы на лугах, расцветают у нас и на всей земле.

С тобой по лугам мы гуляли.
Там наша любовь цвела.
Когда-нибудь теплым денечком, как солнце зайдет,

месяц взойдет, сберутся ребята гурьбою,
пойду во луга гулять.
Найдут там красивые цветочки.
И вспомнят, и вспомнят нас: как с миленьком сидели,

и чего молчим, не знаю, и чего молчим, не знает он,
не знаю я.

Лишь на реку глядим, все на быстру,

там ребята гуляли, там хороводы завели больши.

Прощай, мой милый, мой дружок.
Прощай, мой милый, мой дружок...
ты напиши мне письмецо.

When you're left alone, child, without your lover boy,
like an poor little orphan.
There were days I was a happy lass ...
a happy lassie I was too.

8 In the loveliest month o' May

In the loveliest month o' May,
when nightingales sing in groves,
flowers in the meadows blossom,
in this land and round the world.

We had walks in those meadows then.
And our love was blossoming there.

One day, when the weather is fine,
and the sun goes down,
And the moon's up, lads and lovelies in a crowd
will walk those meadows.

They will find lovely flowers there.
They'll remember, yes they will remember us:
me sittin' with my lover boy,

all in silence, can't say why, why so silent, I don't know,
now why so silent he don't know, an' I don't know.
We just watched the river, watched the quick stream
all the time,

lads and lovelies havin' fun there,
havin' oh so big round dances there ...

So long honey, so long sweetheart...
So long honey, my sweetheart ...
write me a letter.

Mila Shkirtil



Mezzo-soprano Mila Shkirtil graduated from the Musical College N.A. Rimsky-Korsakov of St Petersburg and the Rimsky-Korsakov St Petersburg State Conservatory. She made her debut in Vivaldi's *Gloria* in 1994 at the St Petersburg Philharmonic Hall. Since 1997, Shkirtil has appeared in performances at the Opera and Ballet Theatre of the St Petersburg State Conservatory, and made her overseas debut in 2001 in *Don Carlo* at the Stadttheater Klagenfurt, Austria. Shkirtil performs across Russia and Europe, appearing in opera roles, cantatas and oratorios. She has appeared in chamber recitals at prestigious venues in St Petersburg and internationally, in France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Norway, Ireland, Portugal, Italy, Brazil, the US and Japan. Shkirtil has recorded several albums for Delos of the vocal works of Shostakovich and Glinka, and for Northern Flowers songs and vocal cycles by Glazunov, Smirnov, Sviridov and B. Tchaikovsky, Gavrilin and Rubinstein, as well as appearing on three albums for Naxos featuring the works of Kuzmin, Tishchenko and Sviridov.

St Petersburg Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra



The St Petersburg Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra (also known as the St Petersburg Academic Symphony Orchestra) is one of the two symphony orchestras belonging to the St Petersburg Philharmonia Society, the other being the St Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra. The orchestra was founded in 1931 as the Leningrad Radio Orchestra and for more than two decades its activity was linked with the radio station, first as a concert orchestra then as a large symphony orchestra. During the Second World War, the Leningrad Radio Orchestra was the only orchestra that remained in the besieged city. In August 1942, despite the limited number and poor health of the musicians, it performed the Leningrad premiere of Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 7* led by Karl Eliasberg. In 1953 the orchestra came under the umbrella of the Saint Petersburg Philharmonia Society. Its conductors have included Nikolay Rabinovich and Arvids Jansons, who took the orchestra on its first foreign tours, and Yuri Termikanov, who expanded the orchestra's repertoire. Alexander Dmitriev was principal conductor from April 1977 to June 2018, succeeded by Nikolai Alekseev. Guest artists have included Lorin Maazel, Evgeny Svetlanov, Gennady Rozhdestvensky, Van Cliburn, Emil Gilels, Yehudi Menuhin, David Oistrakh and Mstislav Rostropovich. The orchestra has taken part in prestigious international festivals, and has toured Europe, Asia and America. It participates in unique concerts including the commemoration of the reburial of Empress Maria Feodorovna in 2006. It also premieres new works by contemporary St Petersburg composers.

Yuri Serov



Yuri Serov graduated from the Rimsky-Korsakov St Petersburg State Conservatory as a pianist in 1993, also studying in Salzburg and Weimar. As a conductor, Serov graduated from the Russian Gnessin's Academy of Music in Moscow. As both a conductor and a pianist, he has toured across over 35 countries, and has recorded more than 70 albums for a number of labels in Russia, Belgium, Japan and the US. Serov is chief conductor of the Volgograd Philharmonic Orchestra and the St Petersburg Mussorgsky Youth Symphony Orchestra, and is the author of many articles and essays on music. He is artistic director of the Northern Flowers International Chamber Music Festival, and founder and editor of the St Petersburg Musical Archive album series.

Valery Gavrilin was one of the most colourful and significant Russian composers of the second half of the 20th century. He was only 25 when he composed *The Russian Notebook*, a ‘poem of love and death’ crafted in a new musical language that doesn’t employ folk melodies but does use folkloric texts, and with a virtuosic vocal part. These stylised tunes are combined with rich melodies to form a haunting cycle heard here in a 2018 orchestration. The ten numbers from the ballet *Anyuta* are lively, melodious and touchingly beautiful.

Valery
GAVRILIN
(1939–1999)

Russkaya tetrad’ (‘The Russian Notebook’) (1965) (version for orchestra 2018 by Leonid Rezetdinov, b. 1961)	35:30	Anyuta (excerpts) (1982) Act I	34:25
1 Cranberry O’er the River	2:35	9 Grand Waltz	4:29
2 Lament	2:20	10 Department	3:32
3 Lament	4:45	11 Organ-grinder	1:19
4 Winter	6:46	12 Adagio	6:32
5 Sowing Flowers	3:13	13 In the Bedroom	3:40
6 It all started	3:10	Act II	
7 Laments	6:22	14 Quadrille	3:14
8 In the loveliest month o’ May	6:17	15 Gypsies Dance	1:49
		16 His Excellency	4:35
		17 Tarantella	2:30
		18 Postlude	2:34

Mila Shkirtil, Mezzo-soprano 1–8

St Petersburg Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra

Yuri Serov

Recorded: 5–7 September 2018 at St Petersburg Radio Studio, Russia
Producer: Yuri Serov • Engineer and editor: Danil Zosin • Booklet notes: Yuri Serov

The Russian sung texts and English translations are included in the booklet,
and may also be accessed at www.naxos.com/libretti/573883.htm

Publishers: Music Fund, St Petersburg 1–8; Composer, St Petersburg 9–18

Cover: *The Dance* by Filipp Andreevich Maliavin (1869–1940)

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