

ONDINE

# SACRED LOVE

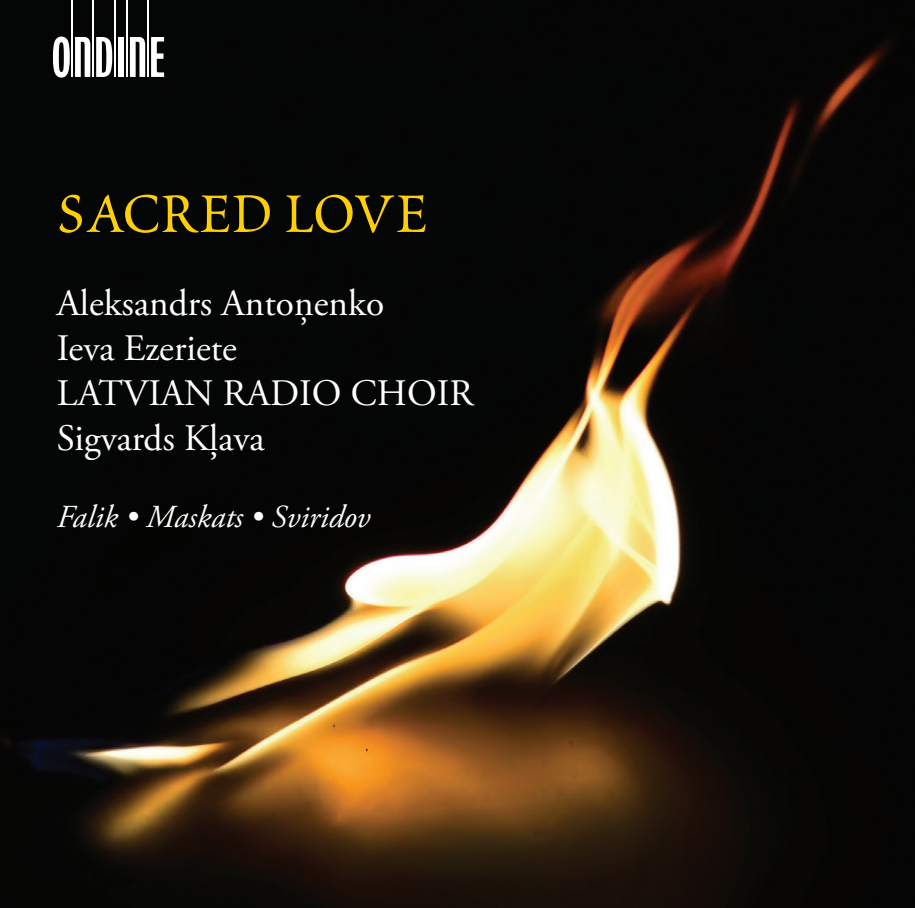
Aleksandrs Antoņenko

Ieva Ezeriete

LATVIAN RADIO CHOIR

Sigvards Kļava

*Falik • Maskats • Sviridov*





SIGVARDS KLĀVA

# SACRED LOVE

**YURI FALIK** (1936–2009):

- |   |   |      |
|---|---|------|
| 1 | <b><i>A Stranger</i></b> (Neznakomka; 1974)   | 1:50 |
| 2 | <b><i>Your Temple, Lord</i></b> (Khram Tvoy, Gospodi; 2001) – from concerto for soprano and mixed choir “Elegy” | 5:09 |
| 3 | <b><i>Habanera</i></b> (1979) from concerto for mixed choir “Poetry of Igor Severyanin”                         | 2:03 |
| 4 | <b><i>Autumn</i></b> (Osen’; 1998) – from concerto for mixed choir “Stanzas by Pushkin”                         | 3:33 |

**ARTURS MASKATS** (b. 1957):

- |   |   |       |
|---|---|-------|
| 5 | <b><i>Let My Prayer Be Granted</i></b> (Da ispravitsya molitva moy; 2004) | 9:04  |
| 6 | <b><i>Spring</i></b> (Vesna; 2011)  | 13:38 |

**GEORGY SVIRIDOV** (1915–1998):

- |    |   |      |
|----|---|------|
| 7  | <b><i>Winter Morning</i></b> (Zimneye utro; 1979) – from concerto “Pushkin’s Garland”                         | 3:53 |
| 8  | <b><i>About Lost Youth</i></b> (Ob Utrachennoy Yunosti; 1958) – from cycle “Five compositions for choir”      | 4:03 |
| 9  | <b><i>Christmas Carol</i></b> (Kolyada; 1972–75) – from cycle “Three miniatures”                              | 1:52 |
| 10 | <b><i>Sacred Love</i></b> (Lyubov’ Svyataya; 1973) music for play by Aleksey Tolstoy “Tsar Feodor Ioannovich” | 3:16 |
| 11 | <b><i>Natasha</i></b> (1979) – from concerto “Pushkin’s Garland”  | 2:03 |
| 12 | <b><i>Icon</i></b> (Ikona; 1980) – from cycle “Songs for the End of Time”                                     | 5:59 |

**Aleksandrs Antojenko**, tenor (4, 6, 8)

**Ieva Ezeriete**, soprano (2, 10)

## LATVIAN RADIO CHOIR

**SIGVARDS KLAVA**, conductor

The choral works on this CD have all been inspired by Russian poems – or Russian folk and psalm texts, showcasing a strong tradition of choral singing in Russia and Latvia.

Russian composer and cellist **Yuri Falik** (1936–2009) was born in Odessa, where he began studying the cello at the age of nine at a local music school. In 1955 he was accepted to the Leningrad Conservatory and, following early successes on the concert platform as a student of Alexander Shtrimer (1888–1961), he decided to embark on postgraduate study as both cellist and composer. His cello teacher was none other than the legendary Mstislav Rostropovich (1927–2007), and his composition teacher was one of the leaders of the Composers' Union, Boris Arapov (1905–1992), – a recipient of a number of prestigious prizes such as National Artist of the USSR and the Lenin Order. Composition proved to be Falik's true calling, and like his teacher, he became active in the Composers' Union in Leningrad. Throughout his career, he taught cello, instrumentation, and directed the students' chamber orchestra at the Leningrad conservatoire. One of many acknowledgements he received for his work was a nomination for the Honoured Representative of the Arts of the RSFSR in 1981.

Spending his formative years in the institution whose professors he personally knew and with Stravinsky, – and studying the music of Webern, Lutosławski, and Hindemith, contributed to the development of his own characteristic style. Falik's music is characterised by clear harmonies, economic writing, mastery of musical form, and use of serial technique and traditional modality. His works deal with such themes as faith, love, ethics, and nature.

*A Stranger* (1974) [1], set to a poem by a symbolist poet Alexander Blok, is a delightfully lively, charming work, with clear structure and beautiful harmonies. *Your temple, Lord* [2] is an excerpt from *Elegy*, a concerto for soprano and mixed choir (2001). Set to a text by Nikolay Gumilyov, it is an exploration of faith, in which Falik creates a sense of space, by placing the soaring soprano's vocal lines far away from the crystal clear textures of the choir. *Habanera* [3] is an excerpt from a concerto for mixed choir *Poetry of Igor Severyanin* (1979). The rhythm of a traditional Spanish dance forms the foundation for the playful and elegant composition. *Autumn* [4] is an excerpt from *Stanzas by Pushkin*, a concerto for mixed choir (1998). Set to one of Pushkin's most famous poems, it creates a frozen,

static atmosphere, depicting the decline of natural life in preparation for a long Russian winter, and simultaneously revelling in the cruel beauty of the season.

**Arturs Maskats** was born in 1957 in Valmiera, the largest city of the historical Vidzeme region in Latvia. After studying composition with Valentīns Utkins (1904–1995) at the Latvian State Conservatory, he embarked on a career that was closely intertwined with theatre, writing music for over a hundred productions. Maskats was the Music Director of the Rainis Dailes Theatre in 1982–97, during which time he was also the chairman of the executive board of the Latvian Composer's Union (1993–96). In 1996 he took the post of the artistic director of the Latvian National Opera, holding it until 2013. He received several prizes and awards, such as the top prize at the All Nations Young Composer Festival in Yerevan, Armenia, and several Lielā mūzikas balva (Great Music Award) in Latvia.

Maskats is inspired by French and Russian poetry, Latin culture, dance, and Russian and Soviet music, particularly Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninov, Shostakovich, and Prokofiev. The guiding principles of Maskats' work are faith, beauty, and maintaining his artistic integrity. He is always searching for new means of expression: 'Every performance, every new work of art and creative expression is a leap into the unknown. If that is not the case, I fall into a routine and copy what I have already created' (Lolita Fūrmane, Musica Baltica).

The composer's predilection for vocal writing is shown in the two works on this CD, *Let my prayer be granted* (2004) [5], set on psalm texts, and *Spring* (2011) [6] after Boris Pasternak. Both works deal with the theme of hope and renewal, creating a highly expressive emotional energy with pure harmonies and elegant, beautiful melodies.

**Georgy Sviridov** (1915–1998) was born during revolutionary stirrings of tsarist Russia, and by the time he turned two, old Russia had ceased to exist, giving way to a new order that would remain in place for over 70 years. Sviridov's artistic development unfolded during the Soviet regime, under the guidance of his composition teacher Shostakovich at the Leningrad Conservatory. In the course of his career he became one of Soviet Russia's most beloved composers, and was also awarded several

prestigious accolades such as Stalin Prize, Lenin Prize, USSR State Prize, and the highly coveted titles of People's Artist of the USSR and a Hero of Socialist Labor. He even had an asteroid named after him in 1982.

His first success came when he was 19, with a song cycle based on Pushkin's poems (1935), which led to his acceptance into the ranks of the Composers' Union – an unusual achievement that foretold his future brilliant career. Like for many Russian and Soviet composers, poetry was a huge inspiration in Sviridov's compositional practice. His music is expressive, emotive, and accessible, remaining uncomplicated in its character and style even when the composer deals with complex emotional issues. Like his countrymen Rimsky-Korsakov and Musorgsky did a hundred years before him, Sviridov constantly searched for a distinctively Russian musical style of the twentieth century. He made his name as a prolific composer and public figure, with particular talent for choral writing, where he found his own unique style.

One of Sviridov's most successful cycles is *Pushkin's garland* (1979), which sets ten poems by the quintessential Russian poet in the composer's characteristic style that combines modernity and tradition. *Winter morning* [7] and *Natasha* [11] greet the arrival of winter in different ways. While the *Winter morning* is an excited anticipation of sleigh rides, clear blue sky, and glistening snow, *Natasha* is a farewell to love, where two lovers are separated at the end of autumn. Perfect simplicity of harmony and texture reflect the sincerity of the texts.

*About lost youth* [8] is an excerpt from cycle *Five choruses on words by Russian poets* (1958), set to the text by Nikolay Gogol. This is a melancholy and poignant song that conjures a sense of a gloomy Russian soul searching for something unattainable – a mood that Gogol was unparalleled at expressing. Sviridov paints a desolate landscape by setting a male voice against a slowly moving choral accompaniment, punctuated only by haunting piercing soprano interjections.

*Christmas carol* [9] belongs to a cycle *Three miniatures* (1972–75), written on folk text. It is energetic, with pulsating rhythms and jarred, hurried vocal lines, with repetitions and frequent exclamations. It ends after a sudden pause, when a new peaceful and calm mood enters unexpectedly.

*Sacred love* [10] is from the *Three choruses* for a play *Tsar Feodor Ioannovich* by Aleksey Tolstoy (1973), where Sviridov pays homage to the Russian tradition of choral music. By distancing the main soprano melody from the choral textures and harmonies, Sviridov creates a sense of space and freedom.

*Icon* [12] is from cycle *Songs for the end of time* (1980) set to the text by Alexander Blok. This austere and sombre song marries the music and text in a perfect union, enrobing them in simple, clear, and minimalist harmony, rich in emotion and inner drama.

**Anastasia Belina-Johnson**

## ALEKSANDRS ANTOŅENKO

Aleksandrs Antoņenko started vocal studies in Jāzeps Mediņš Secondary School of Music and was taught by Margarita Gruzdīeva; after that he studied in the Jāzeps Vītols Latvian Academy of Music in the class of Arvīds Luste. He debuted in Latvian National opera in 1998 as Oberto in Alcina singing both tenor and counter-tenor. Afterwards he sang several roles in different operas – he was Don Ottavio in Don Giovanni, Lensky in Eugene Onegin, Rudolf in La Bohème, Alfredo in La Traviata, Hermann in The Queen of Spades, Sergei in Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District. Since 2004 he has sang in the Deutsche Oper am Rhein of Düsseldorf, in the operas of Berlin and Graz, Covent Garden of London, in the opera houses of Monte Carlo, Rome, Geneva and in the Salzburg festival. In the season 2009/2010 he was successful in L'Opéra Bastille and in the German state opera of Berlin as Cavaradossi, in the Oslo opera house (Don Jose), in Dresden's Semperoper as Otello, in Bavarian State Opera as Ishmael. He triumphed in the Vienna State Opera and the Royal Swedish Opera as Hermann, in New York's Metropolitan as Luigi, False Dimitry. Aleksandrs performs with world famous opera singers, such as Renée Fleming, Barbara Frittoli, Bryn Terfel, conductors Riccardo Muti, Jiří Bělohlávek and others. Antoņenko received the Grand Music Award 2003 for his outstanding performances in several operas and in the performance of Requiem by Giuseppe Verdi. Antoņenko received the Swedish Jussi Björling prize in 2014.

## IEVA EZERIETE

Soprano Ieva Ezeriete began her musical career as a participant of the famous children ensemble Knīpas un knauķi (Toddlers). Since 1985 Ieva Ezeriete has been a member of the Latvian Radio Choir and as a soloist indispensable in the Latvian Radio Choir's performances of both classical and contemporary music. Apart from her duties at the Latvian Radio Choir, she sings solo parts at performances of large-scale vocal and instrumental compositions. In 2007 Ieva Ezeriete was awarded the Latvian Great Music Award for an outstanding performance in ensemble.





ALEKSANDRS ANTONENKO



IEVA EZERIE

## **LATVIAN RADIO CHOIR**

The Latvian Radio Choir is a full-time professional chamber choir founded in 1940. Chief Conductor Sigvards Kļava and Conductor Kaspars Putniņš have been leading the Choir since 1992. The Choir's repertoire extends from the Renaissance to the present day, and its main focus is on exploring the capabilities of the human voice and seeking to push its limits. A major part of the repertoire is dedicated to contemporary music and composers of the 20th and 21st centuries. The Choir is also open to creative experiments and often participates in dramatic performances and multimedia projects. The Choir regularly commissions works from leading Latvian composers such as Pēteris Vasks and Ēriks Ešņvalds. In addition to its frequent engagements with the Latvian Radio, the Choir has made numerous internationally critically acclaimed CDs, including a series of a dozen albums in association with Le Festival de Radio France et Montpellier. Recently, the Choir has collaborated with such outstanding artists and ensembles as Stephen Layton, Tõnu Kaljuste, Lars Ulrik Mortensen and Concerto Copenhagen, Esa-Pekka Salonen and the Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra. The Choir frequently performs at festivals, for example at the Montpellier Radio festival in France, the Austrian Klangspuren festival, the Baltic Sea Festival, TENSO Days and the Haarlem Choir Biennale. The Latvian Radio Choir is a seven-time recipient of the Great Music Award of the Latvian government and a founding member of TENSO, a European exchange and research network for professional chamber choirs.

**[www.radiokoris.lv](http://www.radiokoris.lv)**

## **SIGVARDS KĻAVA**

Sigvards Kļava is one of the most outstanding Latvian conductors, also a professor of conducting and producer, music director of the Latvian Radio Choir since 1992. As a result of Sigvards Kļava's steady efforts, the Latvian Radio Choir has become an internationally recognized, vocally distinctive collective, where each singer possesses a creative individuality. Under Sigvards' guidance, the choir has recorded a number of choral works by little known or completely forgotten composers of the past, as well as formed a friendly collaboration with a number of notable Latvian composers. Sigvards Kļava is an associate professor at the Jāzeps Vītols Latvian Academy of Music. Kļava is a multiple winner of the Latvian Grand Music Award. He has performed at the Concertgebouw and Muziekgebouw of Amsterdam, Berliner Konzerthaus and Philharmonie, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in Paris, Berwaldhallen in Stockholm, Dresdner Frauenkirche as well as in the New York Lincoln Centre.

## LYRICS

### 1 *Neznakomka*

Aleksandr Blok (1880–1921)

Po vecheram nad restoranami  
Goryachiy vozduhk dik i glukh,  
I pravit okrikami p'yanimi  
Vesenniy i tletvorniy dukh.

I kazhdīy vecher, v chas naznachennīy,  
(Il' eto tol'ko snitsya mne?)  
Devichiy stan, shelkami skhvachennīy,  
V tumannom dvizhetsya okne.

I medlenno, proydya mezh p'yanimi,  
Vsegda bez sputnikov, odna,  
Disha dukhami i tumanami  
Ona saditsya u okna.

I veyut drevnimi pover'yami  
Yeyo uprugīye shelka,  
I shlyapa s traurnimi per'yami,  
I v kol'tsah uzkaya ruka.

I strannoy blizost'yu zakovannīy,  
Smotryu za tyomnuyu vual',  
I vizhu bereg ocharovannīy  
I ocharovannuyu dal'.

### 1 *A Stranger*

Aleksandr Blok (1880–1921)

The restaurant atmosphere  
Is wild and dull in the evenings,  
And drunken cries  
Fill the spring's rotting air.

Every evening at the same time,  
(Or am I only dreaming?)  
In the misty window  
Moves a body of a woman, dressed in silk.

Always alone,  
Exuding aroma of mists and perfume,  
She moves between the drunk,  
And sits down by the window.

Her crispy silk gowns,  
Her hat with mourning feathers,  
And rings on her narrow hand  
Speak of ancient myths.

Taken by the stranger's closeness,  
I look into her dark veil,  
And see an enchanted shore,  
And an enchanted far away land.



LATVIAN RADIO CHOIR





I per'ya strausa sklonyonniye  
V moyom kachayutsya mozgu,  
I ochi siniye, bezdonniye  
Tsvetut na dal'nem beregu.

Tsvetut...

## **2 *Khram Tvoy, Gospodi***

Nikolay Gumilyov (1886–1921)

Khram Tvoy, Gospodi, v nebesakh,  
No zemlya tozhe Tvoy priyut.  
Rastsvetayut lipi v lesakh,  
I na lipakh ptitsi poyut.

Tochno blagovest Tvoy, vesna  
Po vesyolim idyot polyam,  
A vesnoyu na kril'yakh sna  
Priletayut angeli k nam.

Yesli, Gospodi, eto tak,  
Yesli pravedno ya poyu,  
Day mne, Gospodi, day mne znak,  
Chto ponyala ya volyu Tvoyu.

Khram Tvoy, Gospodi, v nebesakh,  
No zemlya tozhe Tvoy priyut.  
Rastsvetayut lipi v lesakh,  
I na lipakh ptitsi poyut.

And swaying ostrich feathers  
Tremour in my mind,  
And bottomless blue eyes  
Blossom in the faraway shore.

Blossom...

## **2 *Your Temple, Lord***

Nikolay Gumilyov (1886–1921)

Your temple, Lord, is in the heavens,  
But the Earth is also your home.  
Lindens blossom in forests,  
And on lindens' branches birds sing.

Like the toll of Your bells, the spring  
Marches along merry fields,  
And in spring, angels  
Come to us on the wings of dreams.

If, Lord, it is so,  
If I sing with pure heart,  
Then give me, Lord, a sign,  
That I understood Your will.

Your temple, Lord, is in the heavens,  
But the Earth is also your home.  
Lindens blossom in forests,  
And on lindens' branches birds sing.



Tochno blagovest Tvoy, vesna  
Po vesyolim idyot polyam,  
A vesnoyu na kril'yakh sna  
Priletayut angeli k nam.

### 3 *Habanera*

Igor Severyanin (1887–1941)

Ot gryoz Klareta – v glazakh rubini,  
Rubini strasti, fialki neg.  
V khrustal'nikh vazakh korall ryabin  
I belopudriy, i sladkiy sneg.

Struyatsya vzori... Lukavyat ser'gi...  
Kostryat ekstazi... Strunyat glaza...  
–Kak on vozmozhen, mirazhniy bereg –  
V bokal shepnula sin'ora Za.

O, bezdna tayni! O, tayna bezdni!  
Zabven'ye glubi... Gamak volni...  
Kak mi podzemni! Kak mi nadzvyyozdni!  
Kak mi bezdonni! Kak mi polni!

Shurshat istomno muari vlagi,  
Vino sverkayet, kak stikh poem...

Like the toll of Your bells, the spring  
Marches along merry fields,  
And in spring, angels  
Come to us on the wings of dreams.

### 3 *Habanera*

Igor Severyanin (1887–1941)

In claret-induced dreams I see rubies, and  
Passions of rubies and languor of forget-me-  
not's are in my eyes.  
In crystal vases there are corals of rowan  
trees  
And powdery white, sweet, snow.

There are glances... Earrings play with  
mischief...  
Ecstasies burn... Eyes play...  
'How is it possible for this mysterious shore  
to exist...'  
Whispered into the glass Signora Za.

Oh, the deep secret! Oh, secret of the deep!  
The chasm of oblivion! Hammock of waves...  
We are under the Earth! We are above stars!  
How deep we are! How satisfied we are!

Languorously whisper droplets of moisture,  
Wine sparkles, like a poem's verse...  
And from the charms of sweet wine

I zakruzhilis' ot char malagi  
Golovki zhenshchin i khrizantem...

Spin the heads of women and  
chrysanthemums.

**4 *Osen'***

Aleksandr Pushkin (1799–1837)

Unilaya pora! Ochey ocharovan'ye!  
Priyatna mne tvoya proshchal'naya krasa –  
Lyublyu ya pishnoye prirodi uvyadan'ye,  
V bagrets i v zoloto odetiye lesa,  
V ikh senyakh vetra shum i svezheye  
dykhan'ye,  
I mgloy volnistoyu pokriti nebesa,  
I redkiy solntsa luch, i perviye morozī,  
I otdalyonniye sedoy zimi ugrozi.

**5 *Da ispravitsya molitva moye***

Arturs Maskats (b. 1957)

Da ispravitsya molitva moye, yako kadilo  
pred Toboyu, vozdeyaniye ruku moyeyu,  
zhertva vechernyaya,  
Gospodi, vozzvakh k Tebe, uslishi mya:  
vonmi glasu moleniya moyego,  
v negda vozzvati mi k Tebe.  
Polozhi, Gospodi, khraneniye ustom moim, i  
dver' ograzhdeniya o usnakh moikh;  
Ne ukloni serdtse moye v slovesa  
lukavstviya, nepshchevati vini o gresekh.  
Da ispravitsya molitva moye,

**4 *Autumn***

Aleksandr Pushkin (1799–1837)

Melancholy days! Pleasure for the eyes!  
Your farewell beauty enchants me—  
I like the ceremonious dying of nature,  
And forests, dressed in red and gold,  
And in their depths, the noise and fresh breath  
of wind,  
The skies, covered in wavy darkness,  
And rare ray of sun, and first frosts,  
And faraway threats of white winter.

**5 *Let My Prayer Be Granted***

Arturs Maskats (b. 1957)

Let my prayer be granted, like a censer before  
You, made by my hand,  
My evening sacrifice.  
Lord, I call out to You, hear me: hear the voice  
of my pleading,  
Take me to You.  
Allow, Lord, safety for my lips, and the door  
of defense  
For my words;  
Do not let my heart be swayed by false words,  
or the guilt of sin.

Zhertva vechernyaya, uslyshi mya, Gospodi!

Let my prayer be granted,  
My evening sacrifice, hear me, Lord!

## 6 *Vesna*

Boris Pasternak (1890–1960)

Yeshcho krugom nochnaya mgl.  
Yeshcho tak rano v mire,  
Chto zvyozdam v nebe net chisla,  
I kazhdaya, kak den', svetla,  
I yesli bi zemlya mogla,  
Ona bi Paskhu prospala  
Pod chteniye Psaltiri.

Yeshcho krugom nochnaya mgl.  
Takaya ran' na svete,  
Chto ploshchad' vechnost'yu legla  
Ot perekryostka do ugla,  
I do rassveta i tepla  
Yeshcho tisyachelet'ye.  
Yeshcho zemlya golim-gola,  
I yey nochami ne v chem  
Raskachivat' kolokola  
I vtorit' s voli pevchim.

I so Sratsnogo chetverga  
Vplot' do Strastnoy subboti  
Voda buravit berega  
I v'yot vodovoroti.  
I les razdet i nepokrit,

## 6 *Spring*

Boris Pasternak (1890–1960)

The night's darkness is still everywhere.  
It is still so early in the world,  
That there are countless stars in the sky,  
And every one is light, as day,  
And if the Earth could,  
It would sleep through Easter  
While Psalter is read.

The night's darkness is still everywhere.  
It is so early,  
That the square lies in eternity  
From crossing to corner,  
And there is still a thousand years  
Until dawn and warmth of the sun.  
The Earth is still naked,  
And at night there is nothing  
Where she can gently rock the bells  
And echo singers freely.

And from Holy Thursday  
Until Holy Saturday  
Water burrows the shores  
And creates waterfalls.  
The forest is naked and uncovered,

I na Strastyakh Khristovikh,  
Kak stroy molyashchikhsya, stoit  
Tolpoy stvolov sosnovikh.

A v gorode, na nebol'shom  
Prostranstve, kak na skhodke,  
Derev'ya smotryat nagishom  
V tserkovniye reshyotki.

I vzglyad ikh uzhasom ob'yat.  
Ponyatna ikh trevoga.  
Sad'i vikhodyat iz ograd,  
Kolebletsya zemli uklad:  
Oni khoronyat Boga.  
I vidyat svet u tsarskikh vrat,  
I chyorniy plat, i svechek ryad,  
Zaplakannīye litsa –  
I vdruk navstrechu kryostoniy khod  
Vikhodit s plashchanitsey,  
I dve beryozī u vorot  
Dolzhnī postoronit'sya.

I shestviye obkhodit dvor  
Po krayu trotuara,  
I vnosit s ulitsi v pritvor  
Vesnu, vesenniy razgovor  
I vozdukh s privkusom prosfor  
I veshnego ugara.  
I mart razbrasivayet sneg  
Na paperti tolpe kalek,

And during Christ's Passions,  
The pines stand in a crowd,  
Like a prayer meeting.

In a city, in a small space,  
As if in a gathering,  
The trees look from their nakedness  
Into the church's lattices.

Their looks are full of terror.  
Their fear is understandable.  
The gardens march out from their fences,  
The Earth's order trembles:  
They bury God.  
And they see the light at the King's gates,  
And black boards, and a row of candles,  
Crying faces—  
And suddenly they meet a procession  
That comes out with a shroud,  
And two silver birches near the gates  
Must give them way.

And the procession walks around the yard  
Along the end of the street,  
And brings from the street  
Spring itself, spring chat  
And air with the taste of prosphoras  
And spring smoke.  
And March throws snow  
To the crowd of invalids on the parapet,

Kak budto vishel Chelovek,  
I vines, i otril kovcheg,  
I vsyo do nitki rozdal.

I pen'ye dlitsya do zari,  
I, naridavshis' vdostal',  
Dokhodyat tishе iznutri  
Na pustiri pod fonari  
Psaltir' ili Apostol.

No v polnoch' smolknut tvar' i plot',  
Zasl'ishav slukh vesenniy,  
Chto tol'ko-tol'ko raspogod',  
Smert' mozno budet poborot'  
Usil'yem Voskresen'ya.

## 7 *Zimneye utro*

Aleksandr Pushkin (1799–1837)

Moroz i solntse: den' chudesniy!  
Yeshcho ti dremlesh', drug prelestniy –  
Pora, krasavitsa, prosnis':  
Otkroy somknuti negoy vzori  
Navstrechu severnoy Avrori,  
Zvezdoyu severa yavis'.

Vechor, ti pomnish', v'yuga zilas',  
Na mutnom nebe mгла nosilas';

As if a Man came out,  
And brought out, and opened the Arc,  
And gave everything he had away.

And the singing lasts until dawn,  
And, having cried enough,  
Psalter and Apostle  
Emerge quieter from the inside  
Onto the clear spaces under the street  
lamps.

But at midnight man and beast will grow  
quiet,  
Having heard Spring's message  
That as soon as it arrives,  
It would be possible to overcome Death  
With the power of Sunday.

## 7 *Winter Morning*

Aleksandr Pushkin (1799–1837)

Frost and sun; beautiful day!  
You are still dreaming, my lovely friend,  
But it is time, my beauty, wake up:  
Open your sleepy eyes  
To greet the Northern Aurora,  
And raise like the Star of the North!

Do you remember, last night the storm  
raged,

Luna, kak blednoye pyatno,  
Skvoz' tuchi mrachniye zheltele  
I tï pechal'naya sidela –  
A niñche... poglyadi v okno:

Pod golubimi nebesami  
Velikolepnimi kovrami,  
Blestya na solntse, sneg lezhit;  
Prozrachniy les odin cherneteyet,  
I yel' skvoz' iney zeleneyet  
I rechka podo l'dom blestit.

Skol'zya po utrennemu snegu,  
Drug miliy, predadimsya begu  
Neterpelivogo konya  
I navestim polya pustiye,  
Lesa, nedavno stol' gustiye,  
I bereg, miliy dlya menya.

**8 *Ob Utrachennoy Yunosti***  
Nikolay Gogol (1809–1852)

Prezhde, davno, v leta moyey yunosti, v  
leta nevozvratno mel'knuvshogo detstva,  
mne bilo veselo podyezhat' kazhdiy raz k  
neznakomomu mestu. Mnogo lyubopitnogo  
otkrival tam detskiy moy vzglyad. Teper'  
ravnodushno, bezuchastno glyazhu na  
dorogu. I to, chto probudilo bi v prezhniye

The darkness tore the dim sky;  
Like a pale spot, the moon  
Yellowed through dark clouds,  
And you sat in sadness—  
And now... look into the window:

Under the blue skies  
The snow glistens,  
Like a majestic carpet;  
The see-through forest blackens alone,  
And a pine tree is green under the frozen dew,  
And the river sparkles under the ice.

Gliding along the morning snow,  
My lovely friend, let us trust  
The trot of the impatient horse  
And visit empty fields,  
Forests, only recently so dense,  
And the shore, dear to me.

**8 *About Lost Youth***  
Nikolay Gogol (1809–1852)

Long ago, in the days of my youth, in the years  
of fleeting and never to return childhood, I  
liked to ride past an unknown place. So many  
interesting things my child's eye would find  
there. Now, I look at the road indifferently. And  
while in the past new sights would awaken  
a lively movement on my face, laughter and

godī zhivoye dvizhen'ye v litse, smekh i  
nemolchniye rechi, to skol'zit teper' mimo,  
molchat usta... O, moya yunost'! O, moya  
svezhest'!

**9 *Kolyada***

Folk Song

Urodilas' kolyada nakanune Rozhdestva  
Za goroyu, za krutoyu, da za rechkoyu, za  
bīstroyu.  
Stoyat lesa dremuchiye, vo tekh lesakh ogni  
goryat,  
Ogni goryat goryuchiye, vokrug ognya lyudi  
stoyat, kolyaduyut.

**10 *Lyubov' Svyataya***

Aleksey Tolstoy (1817–1875)

Ti lyubov' svyataya.  
Ot nachala ti gonima,  
Krov'yu politaya.  
Ti lyubov' svyataya.

**11 *Natasha***

Aleksandr Pushkin (1799–1837)

Vyanet, vyanet leto krasno;  
Uletayut yasni dni;  
Steletsya tuman nenastniy  
Nochi dremlyushchey v teni;

incessant chat, now, when they pass, my lips  
are silent... O, my youth! O, my innocence!

**9 *Christmas Carol***

Folk song

On Christmas Eve, a carol was born  
Behind the high mountain and a fast river.  
There are dense forests, in those forests there  
are fires,  
Hot fires, and around the fire people are  
singing carols.

**10 *Sacred Love***

Aleksey Tolstoy (1817–1875)

Sacred love,  
You are persecuted,  
Soaked in blood,  
You are sacred love.

**11 *Natasha***

Aleksandr Pushkin (1799–1837)

Beautiful summer is ending;  
Clear days are vanishing;  
In a sleeping shadow  
There is creeping fog;

Opusteli zlachniĭ nivĭ,  
 Khladen rucheyok igrivĭy;  
 Les kudryaviy posedel;  
 Svod nebesniy poblednel.  
 Svet Natasha! gde tĭ nĭne?  
 Chto tebya nikto ne zrit?  
 Il' ne khochesh chas yedinĭy  
 S drugom serdtsa razdelit' ?  
 Ni nad ozerom volnistim,  
 Ni pod krovom lip dushistikh  
 Ranney – pozdneyu poroy  
 Ne vstrechayus' ya s toboy.

Skoro, skoro kholod zimniy  
 Roshchu, pole posetit;  
 Ogonyok v lachuzhke dĭmnoy  
 Skoro yarko zablestit;  
 Ne uvizhu ya prelestnoy  
 I, kak chizhik v kletke tesnoy,  
 Doma budu gorevat'  
 I Natashu vspominat'.

## 12 *Ikona*

Aleksandr Blok (1880–1921)

Vot on – Khristos – v tsepyakh i rozakh  
 Za resyotkoy moyey tyur'mĭ.  
 Vot Agnets Krotkiy v belikh rizakh  
 Prishyol i smotrit v okno tyur'mĭ.

The fields are empty,  
 A playful brook is cold;  
 A pretty forest lost its colour;  
 Sky grew pale.  
 Lovely Natasha! Where are you now?  
 Why no one has seen you?  
 Perhaps you do not want to share  
 One hour with your sweetheart?  
 Not near the wavy lake,  
 Not under the fragrant linden trees,  
 Not early, or late,  
 Do I meet you.

Soon, soon the winter frost  
 Will visit the forest and field;  
 Soon in a little smoky house  
 A little light will burn brightly;  
 I will not see you, my lovely  
 And, like a little bird in a small cage,  
 I will be sad at home  
 And think about Natasha.

## 12 *Icon*

Aleksandr Blok (1880–1921)

There he is—Christ—in chains and roses  
 Beyond the gate of my jail.  
 There is Holy Lamb in white robes  
 That came to look into the window of my jail.



V prostom oklade sinego neba  
Yego ikona smotrit v okno.  
Ubogiy khudozhnik sozdal nebo.  
No lik i siney nebo – odno.

I vsyo tak blizko i tak dalyoko,  
Chto, stoya ryadom, dostich' nel'zya,  
I ne postignesh' sinego oka,  
Poka ne stanesh' sam kak stezya.

Poka takoy zhe nishchiy ne budesh',  
Ne lyazhesh', istoptan, v glukhoy ovrag,  
Obo vsyom ne zabudesh', i vsego ne  
razlyubish',  
I ne poblekneshe', kak myortvyy zlak.

In the simple blue sky  
His icon is looking in the window.  
A humble artist created him.  
But face and blue sky—are one.

And everything is so close and so far,  
That, even standing near, it is not possible to  
understand,  
And not possible to reach the blue sky  
Until you do not become like a long path.

Until you do not become this poor,  
And do not lie, trodden on, in an empty ravine  
Do not forget everything and stop loving  
everything,  
And do not grow pale, like dead grass.

(English translation: Anastasia Belina-Johnson)

Publishers:

Kompozitor (Yuri Falik), Musica Baltica Riga (Arturs Maskats), Muzyka (Georgy Sviridov)

Recording:

7-13 October 2011, St. John's Church (Sv. Jāņa baznīca), Riga, Latvia

Executive Producers: Egils Štāls, Reijo Kiilunen

Recording Engineer: Andris Ūze

Mixing & Mastering: Enno Mäemets, Editroom Oy, Helsinki

© 2014 Latvijas Koncerti



© 2014 Ondine Oy, Helsinki

Cover: Mercava2007 | dreamstime.com

Photos: Janis Deinats (Sigvards Kļava, Ieva Ezeriete)

Booklet Editor: Joel Valkila

Design: Armand Alcazar

## ALSO AVAILABLE



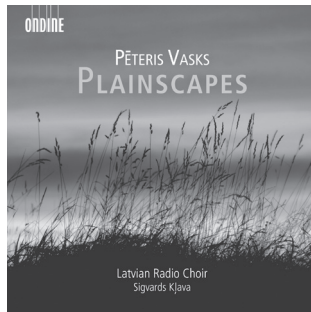
ODE 1206-5



ODE 1151-5



ODE 1223-2



ODE 1194-2

For a complete discography visit [www.ondine.net](http://www.ondine.net)

