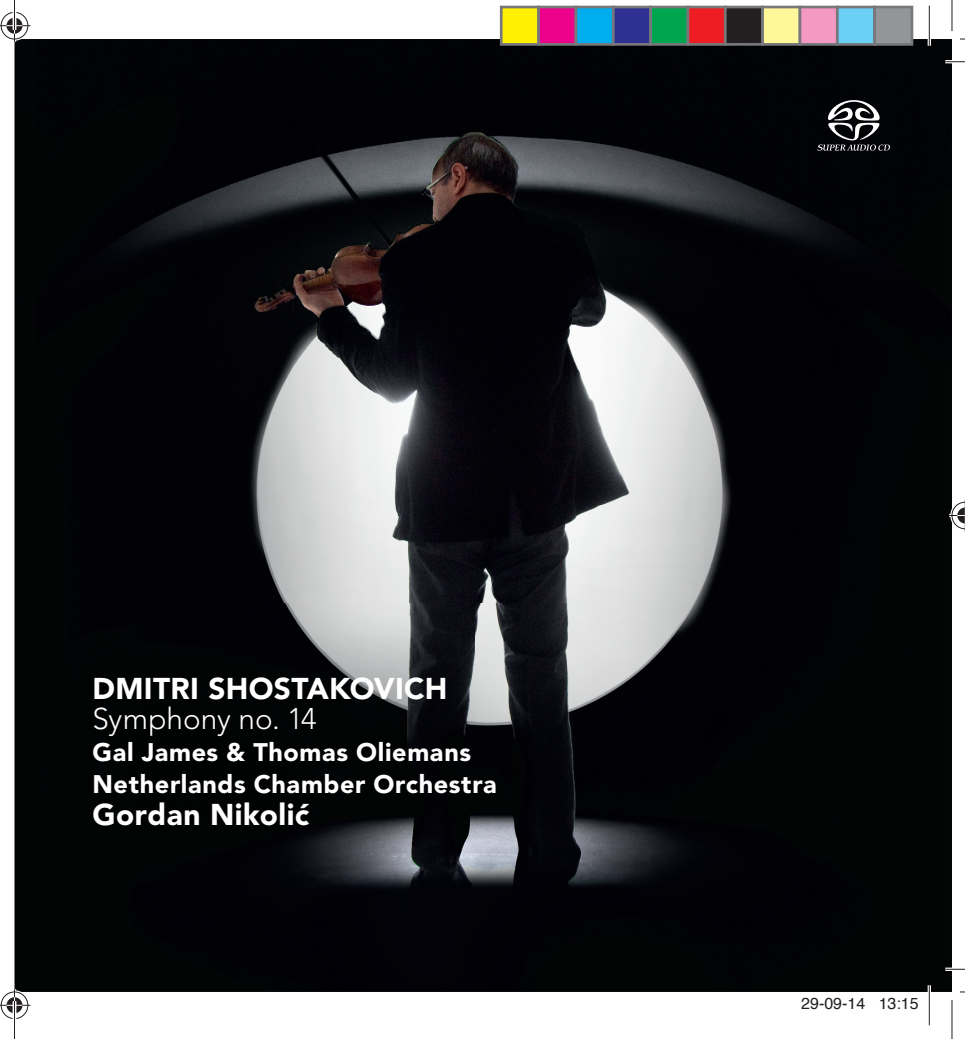


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**DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH**  
Symphony no. 14  
**Gal James & Thomas Oliemans**  
**Netherlands Chamber Orchestra**  
**Gordan Nikolić**



Executive producers: Anne de Jong & Marcel van den Broek

Recorded at: Muziekgebouw aan 't IJ, Amsterdam

Recording dates: 18 and 19 January 2013

Recording producer: Jean-Pierre Gabriël, Omroep MAX

A&R Challenge Records International: Anne de Jong

Liner notes: Heinz Köhnen

Libretto: provided by Kees Wisse & Salvador Pila

Booklet editing: Hedy Muehleck

Cover photo: Simone van Es

Product coordination: Boudewijn Hagemans

Graphic Design: Natasja Wallenburg & Juan Carlos Villarroel

Art direction: Marcel van den Broek

**[www.challengerecords.com](http://www.challengerecords.com)**



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**Gordan Nikolić** Leader / Violin

**Gal James** Soprano

**Thomas Oliemans** Baritone



## DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH (1906-1975)

### Symphony no. 14

[1]	<b>De profundis.</b> Adagio	5:37
[2]	<b>Malagen'ya.</b> Allegretto	2:42
[3]	<b>Loreleya.</b> Allegro molto. Presto. Adagio	9:08
[4]	<b>Samoubi'ytsa</b> (The Suicide). Adagio	7:49
[5]	<b>Nacheku</b> (On the Alert). Allegretto. Adagio. Allegretto	3:06
[6]	<b>Madam, posmotrite</b> (Look here, Madam). Adagio	1:46
[7]	<b>V tyur'me Sante</b> (At the Santé Jail). Adagio	10:23
[8]	<b>Otvet zaporozjckikh kazakov konstantinopelskomu sultanu</b> (Reply to the Sultan of Konstantinopel). Allegro	2:20
[9]	<b>O Delvig, Delvig!</b> Andante	5:12
[10]	<b>Smert' poeta</b> (The Poet's Death). Largo	5:33
[11]	<b>Zaklyucheniye</b> (Conclusion). Moderato	1:31

total time 55:13







## 11 Schlußstück / Zaklyucheniye

(Rainer Maria Rilke / T. Silman)

Vsevlastna smert'.

Ona na strazhe

I v schast'ya chas.

V mig vísšhey zhizhni ona v nas strazhdet,

Zhdyot nas i zhazhdet

## 11. Conclusion

Death is great.

We belong to her

with laughing mouths.

When we believe ourselves to be in the midst of  
our lives, she dares to cry inside us.

## Death and resistance

'I become more and more convinced that words are more effective than music. When I combine music with words, it is more difficult to misunderstand my intentions', said Dmitri Shostakovich in reference to his *Symphonies No. 13* and *No. 14*, both of which make use of texts.

For *No. 13*, Shostakovich used five poems of the then young avant-garde poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko. The title he gave to his poetic monument for the Russian Jews who had been killed by the German occupying forces at Babi Yar became the name of *Symphony No. 13: Babi Yar*. Following its premiere, further performances were prohibited.

*Symphony No. 14* is in fact part of a pair with *No. 13*, but *No. 14*, which is untitled, was not found to be subversive on its premiere. In both symphonies, Shostakovich chose the form of a song cycle, yet they exhibit great differences. *No. 13* was written for a large orchestra, a large all-male choir and a bass soloist. In *No. 14* he returned to the heart of the symphonic ensemble, the string orchestra. Supplemented with percussion, it accompanies and frames a soprano and a bass. In its expressiveness, this symphony comes close to the poignancy and rarefaction of the thirteen string quartets Shostakovich gave us.

He drew his texts from world literature. Two poems by the Spaniard Federico Garcia Lorca, six by the Frenchman Guillaume Apollinaire, two from the German Rainer Maria Rilke and one poem of Russian origin by Wilhelm Küchelbecker.



At first sight, a black thread of Death runs through the entire cycle; in other words, human mortality. The work starts with a 'De profundis' (Out of the depths I cry unto thee, O God), as if this symphony comprises a requiem.

### Injustice

But quite a few texts are also about resistance to many forms of injustice. 'I do not wish to oppose death; I oppose the violent death that people bring to themselves and to each other', said Shostakovich. His choice of a text by Küchelbecker is characteristic: he was one of the participants in a 1825 rebellion against the absolutist regime of the tsar. His punishment was lifelong exile in Siberia, where Küchelbecker died in 1846.

The poet addresses a friend called Delvig, another rebel; he was executed. The third verse is interesting: 'Oh Delvig, my friend! What is persecution? Immortality is the reward both of valiant, inspired deeds and of sweet singing.' Shostakovich set the final line of the verse to very melodic music for cello. He seems to identify with the poet. In the fourth verse Küchelbecker speaks of 'the bond joining those who have been chosen by the Muses'. These lines too are underscored by cellists. Did Shostakovich wish to express his solidarity with his friend, the cellist Rostropovich, a sharp critic of the Soviet regime?

Although it is a song cycle, the symphony is not a series of individual songs. Shostakovich endowed it with suspenseful transitions from one text to the next. Note, for example, the transition from the second poem by Lorca ('Malagueña') with castanets, immediately followed by two sharp blows, introducing the

### 10. Der Tod des Dichters / Smert' poeta

(Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926) /  
T. Silman)

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

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

Litso yego i bilo tem prostorum,  
chto ryanetsya k nemu i tshchetno  
l'nyot,  
a eta maska robkaya umryot,  
otkrito predstavlenaya vzoram,  
na tlen'ye obrechyonniy nezheniy plod.

### 10. Death of a poet

There towards him,  
to court him,  
and his mask, that now anxiously expires,  
is tender and open like thee he lay. His face resting  
on the inclined pillow was pale and defiant  
since the world and this, of it, know-it-all,  
devoid of his senses  
redounded upon the indifferent year.

Those who saw him living, did not know  
how much he was one with all this,  
for, these valleys, these meadows,  
and this water were his face.

Oh, his face was this entire vastness  
that, even now, wants to move inner core  
of a fruit that rots in the air.



### 9. O Del'vig, Delvig!

(Wilhelm Kuchelbecker)

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

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

O Del'vig, Del'vig! Chto gonen'ya?  
Bessmertnye ravno udel  
I smelikh vdokhnovennikh del  
I sladostnogo pesnopen'ya.

Tak ne umryot i nash soyuz,  
Svobodniy, radostniy i gordiy!  
I v schast' i v neschast' i tvyordiy,  
Soyuz lyubimtsev vechnikh muz!

### 9. Oh Delvig, Delvig

Oh Delvig, Delvig! Where is the reward  
for good deeds and for the poetry?  
What place is there for talent  
amongst rascals and fools?

In Juvenal's rigorous hand  
the frightful scourge menaces the villains  
and robs the colour of their cheeks.  
The power of tyrants trembled.

Oh Delvig, Delvig! What is the pay for persecution?  
Immortality is yet the reward  
for valiant and courageous deeds  
or for delightful poetic singing.

Thus, our alliance will never be lost,  
proud, joyful and free!  
And, for better or for worse, will remain unshaken  
the alliance of friends of the immortal muse!

romantic tale of Loreley. The hot-blooded style of the string accompaniment to both texts offers another continuous and rising line of tension.

### Heinz Köhnen



## Gal James

After completing the opera studio of the Staatsoper Berlin, Israeli soprano Gal James joined the ensemble at the Oper Graz.

Recent opera-engagements are Mimi in *La Bohème* at the Palau de la Música in Valencia and the title role in *Rusalka* at the Semperoper Dresden. Highlights on the concert-platform have included the *Vier Letzte Lieder* with the Oslo Philharmonic and the Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, and Shostakovich's *Fourteenth Symphony* with the Sinfonieorchester St Gallen.

Gal James already had the pleasure to work with renowned conductors such as Daniel Barenboim, Seiji Ozawa, Neeme Järvi, Julien Salemkour, Vasily Petrenko, Riccardo Chailly, Ion Marin, Dan Ettinger and Jukka-Pekka Saraste.

## 8. Réponse des Cosaques Zaporogues au Sultan de Constantinople

/ Orvet zaporozhskikh kazakov

konstantinopol'skomu sultanu

(Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov)

T'i prestupney Varravī v sto raz.  
S Vel'zevulom zhivya po soosedstvu,  
V samikh merzkikh grekhakh t'i pogryaz.  
Nechistotami vskormlenniy s detstva,  
Znay: svoy shabash t'i spravish' bez nas.

Rak protukhshiy, Salonik otbroši,  
Skvernij son, chto nel'zya rasskazat',  
Okrivershiy, gnilyo i beznosiy,  
T'i rodilsya, kogda tvoya mat'  
Izvivalas' v korchakh ponosa.

Zloy palach Podol'ya, vzglyani:  
Ves' t'i v ranakh, yzvakh i strup'yakh.  
Zad kobilī, rilo svin'i,  
Pust' tebe vse snadob'ya skupyat,  
Chtob lechil t'i bolyachki svoi!

## 8. Reply of the Zaporozh Cossacks to the Sultan of Constantinople

More villain than Barabbas,  
horned like the angels of evil,  
what Beelzebub are you down there,  
nourished with filth and mire?  
We shall not attend your Sabbaths.

Rotten fish of Salonika,  
long necklace of horrible dreams,  
of eyes pulled out by dint of a pike.  
Your mother farted wet,  
and you were born of her colic.

Executioner of Podolia, lover  
of wounds, of ulcers, of scabs.  
Pig's snout, mare's arse.  
Keep all your riches  
to pay for your medicines.



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

Za chto T'i pechal' mne etu prinyos?  
Skazhi, vsemogushchiy Bozhe.  
O szhal'sya, szhal'sya! V glazakh moikh netu slyoz,  
Na masku litso pokhozhe.

T'i vidish', skol'ko neschastnikh serdets  
Pod svodom tyuremnim b'yotsya!  
Sorvi zhe s menya ternoviy venets,  
Ne to on mne v mozg vop'yotsya.

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

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

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

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

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





## Thomas Oliemans

Born in Amsterdam in 1977, the Dutch baritone Thomas Oliemans graduated from the Amsterdam Conservatory. Most recent opera appearances include the role of Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte* at the Festival in Aix-en-Provence and the Dutch National Opera, his debut at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden as Schaunard in *La Bohème* and Lescaut in *Manon* at the Théâtre du Capitole in Toulouse.

Oliemans has worked with conductors such as Semyon Bychkov, Ivor Bolton, Hartmut Haenchen, Edo de Waart, Jaap van Zweden, Pablo Heras-Casado, Marc Albrecht and with orchestras such as the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra, Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, Dresdner Philharmonie, Norwegian Radio Orchestra and the Orchestre National de Lille.

Zakhochu—otdam. Zakhochu—  
Zaberu yego snova, pover'te.  
I ya khokhochu, khokhochu, khokhochu,  
khokhochu,  
Kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha,  
kha.  
I ya khokhochu, khokhochu  
Nad lyubov'yu, chto skoshena smert'yu.

### 7. A la Santé / V tyur'me Sante (Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov)

Menya razdeli dogola,  
Kogda vveli v tyur'mu;  
Sud'boy srazhyon iz-za ugla,  
Nizvergnut ya vo t'mu.  
Proshchay, vesolyiy khorovod,  
Proshchay, devichiy smekh.  
Zdes' nado mnoy mogil'niy svod,  
Zdes' umer ya dlya vsekh.

Net, ya ne tot,  
Sovsem ne tot, chto prezhdde.  
Teper' ya arestant,  
I vot konets nadezhde.  
V kakoy-to yame, kak medved',

I have given it, and I have taken it back.  
It was down there in the trenches.  
It's here, and I laugh and laugh and laugh  
and laugh,  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.  
It's here, and I laugh and laugh  
at the beautiful loves scythed down by death.

### 7. At the Santé Prison

Before going into my cell  
I had to strip naked  
and that sinister voice howled,  
Guillaume, what's become of you?  
Farewell, farewell, songs and dances,  
o my youth, o young girls.  
Lazarus going into his tomb  
instead of rising from it as he did.

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



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

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

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

**6. Les attentives II / Madam, posmotrite!**  
(Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov)

Madam, posmotrite!  
Poteryali vi chto-to...  
- Akh! Pustyaki! Eto serdtse moyo,  
Skoreye yego podberite.

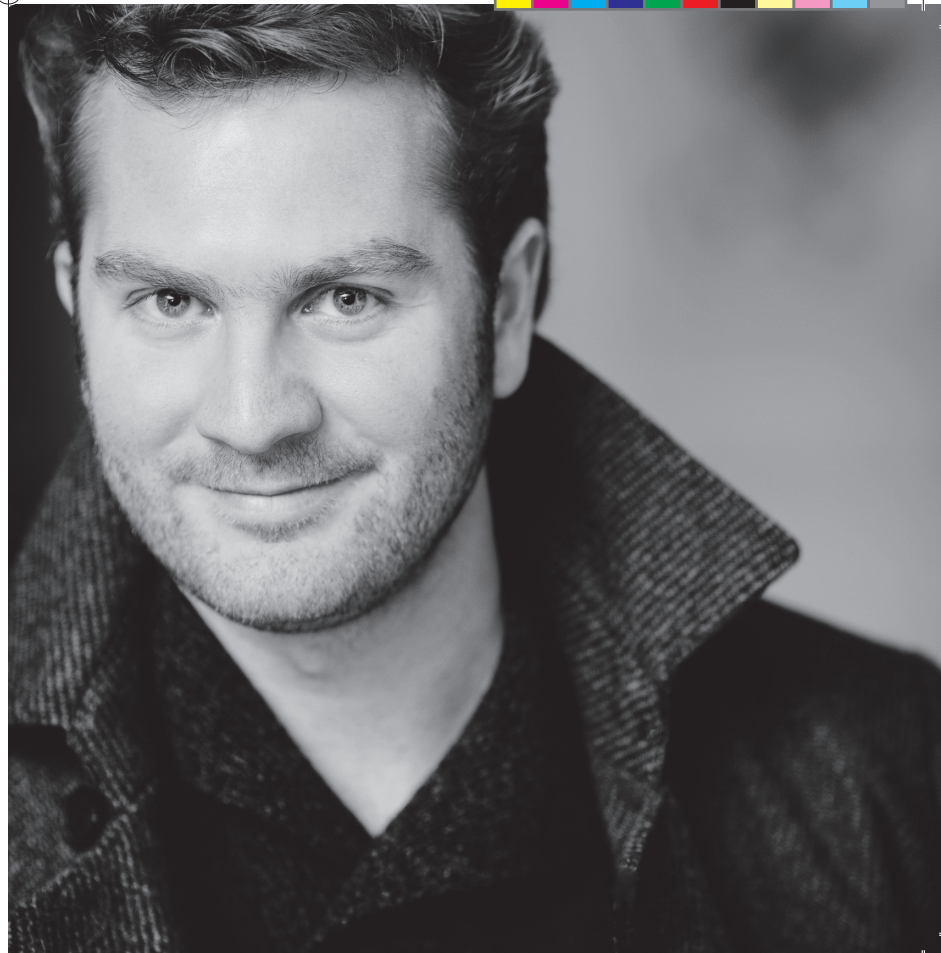
at the concrete battlements  
where the night's glories were hung.  
The one that must die this evening in the trenches  
is a young soldier, my brother and my lover.

And since he must die I want to make myself  
beautiful; I want my naked breasts to light the  
torches, I want my big eyes to melt the pond that  
freezes. And I want my hips to be tombs for,  
since he must die, I want to be beautiful in both  
incest and death, these two magnificent deeds.

The cows at sunset low all their roses,  
the bluebird's wing fans me softly.  
It is the hour of Love, of ardent neuroses.  
It is the hour of Death and of the final promise.  
The one that must perish, just as the roses die,  
is a young soldier, my brother and my lover.

**6. Madame, look!**

Madame, look!  
You have lost something.  
It's my heart -- not much of a thing!  
So pick it up.







## Gordan Nikolić

Gordan Nikolić has been the musical director, the concertmaster and the face of the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra since 2004. Nikolić is an energetic master violinist; as the musical director, he puts across what moves him in the music he plays. He studied at the Academy of Music in Basle with the well-known French violinist and conductor Jean-Jacques Kantorow. He has steeped himself in Baroque music, but also works with contemporary composers such as Lutoslawski and Kurtág. He has performed with numerous orchestras in Europe, and the posts he has held include concertmaster of the London Symphony Orchestra, professor at the Royal College of Music and the Guildhall School of Music as well as lecturer at the Rotterdam Conservatorium. Gordan Nikolić plays a Petrus Guarnerius violin built in 1735.

sduvayut,  
I chyornoye nebo, prolivshis' dozhdyom, ikh  
poroy omivayet, I slovno u skipetrov groznikh,  
torzhestvenna ikh krasota.

Rastyot iz rani odna, i kak tol'ko zakat zapilayet,  
Okravavlennoy kazhetsya skorbnaya liliya ta.  
Tri lilii, tri lilii... Lilii tri na mogile moyey bez  
kresta, Tri lilii, ch'yu pozolotu kholodniye vetri  
sduvayut.

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

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

### 5. Les attentives I / Nacheku

(Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov)

V transheye on umryot do nastuplen'ya nochi,  
Moy malen'kiy soldat, chey utomlyonnii vzglyad

gold, daunted by the wind.  
Watered only when a murky sky pours upon them,  
majestic and beautiful like kings' scepters.

One emerges from my wound and, when a ray of  
sunlight brushes it, moves up bleeding. It is the  
lily of terror. Three large lilies, three large lilies on  
my grave without a cross, three large lilies dusted  
with gold, daunted by the wind.

Another emerges from my heart, which lies  
suffering on this resting place, gnawed by worms.  
The third emerges from my mouth.

All three stand on my lonely grave  
All alone, all alone and condemned as I deem  
myself.  
Three large lilies, three large lilies on my grave  
without a cross.

### 5. On guard

The one that must die this evening in the trenches  
is a young soldier who, all day long, stares idly





Proch', bezumnaya Lor, volookaya Lor!  
 T'i monakhiney staneshe', i potyomknet tvoj vzor.'  
 Troye ritsarey s devoy idut po doroge.  
 Govorit ona strazhnikam khmurim i strogim:  
 'Na skale toy visokoy dayte mne postoyat,  
 Chtob uvidet' moy zamok mogla ya opyat',  
 Chtob svoyo otrazhen'ye ya uvidela snova,  
 Pered tem, kak voyti v monastir' vash suroviy.'  
 Veter lokoni sputal, i gorit yeyo vzglyad,  
 Tshchetno strazha krichit: 'Loreleya, nazad!  
 Nazad!'  
 'Na izluchinu Reyna lad'ya viplyivayet,  
 V ney sidit moy lyubimiy, on menya prizivayet.  
 Tak legko na dushe, tak prozrachna volna...'  
 I s visokoy skali v Reyn upala ona,  
 Uvidav otrazhyonniye v gladi potoka  
 Svoi reynskiyeye ochi, svoi solnechniy lokon.

#### 4. Le suicidé / Samoubi'ytsa

(Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov)

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

lances': take this demented woman to the  
 convent. Go away Lore in madness, away Lore  
 with tremulous eyes, you shall become a nun  
 dressed in black and white.' So the four left  
 down the road, the Loreley implored them and  
 her eyes glowed bright like stars. 'Knights, please  
 let me climb onto that rock so high for I may  
 see my beautiful castle one last time. To see once  
 more my reflection in the river and then I shall  
 go to the convent of virgins and widows.'  
 Up there, the wind blew her untied hair,  
 the knights cried: 'Loreley, Loreley'. 'Down there,  
 on the Rhine, comes a boat and, on board, there  
 is my lover, he has seen me and calls. My heart  
 becomes so tender, it is my lover returning.'  
 She leans over and falls into the Rhine.  
 To see her in the water, the beautiful Loreley,  
 her Rhine-coloured eyes, her sun-like hair.

#### 4. The suicide

Three large lilies, three large lilies on my grave  
 without a cross, three large lilies dusted with





### Netherlands Chamber Orchestra

The Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, with its pendant the Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, is one of the most versatile cultural undertakings in the Netherlands. The Royal Concertgebouw is the artistic home to its varied concert programme; as the regular orchestral partner of the Dutch National Opera, the orchestra stands out among European opera orchestras. The orchestra is also welcomed by other Dutch concert halls, concert stages and at festivals in other countries. Since 2004, master violinist Gordan Nikolić has been its artistic director.

The Netherlands Chamber Orchestra was established in 1955. The orchestra exhibits artistic excellence and plays to a wide audience while taking forward-looking responsibility with its large-scale educational programmes, thus making classical music available to one and all. Together, the Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra and the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra reach 200,000 visitors each year. In collaboration with the Dutch National Opera, the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra performs classical and chamber opera as well as contemporary opera.

### 3. Loreley / Loreleya

(Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov)

K belokuroy koldun'ye iz prireynskogo kraya  
Shli muzhchini' tolpooy, ot lyubvi umiraya.  
I velel yeyo vizvat' yepiskop na sud, Vsyo v dushe  
yey proshchaya za yeyo krasotu.  
'O skazhi, Loreleya, ch'i glaza tak prekrasni,  
Kto tebya nauchil etim charam opasnim?'  
'Zhizn' mne v tyagost', yepiskop, i proklyat  
moy vzor.  
Kto vzglyanul na menya, svooy prochyol prigovor.  
O yepiskop, v glazakh moikh plamy pozhara,  
Tak predayte zh ognuyu eti strashniye chari!'  
'Loreleya, pozhar tvooy vsesilen: ved' ya  
Sam toboy okoldovan i tebe ne sud'ya.'  
'Zamolchite, yepiskop! Pomolites' i ver'te:  
Eto volya Gospodnya predat' menya smerti.  
Moy lyubimiy uyekhal, on v dalyokoy strane.  
Vsyo teper' mne ne milo, vsyo teper' ne po mne.  
Serdtshe tak isstradalos', chto dolzhna umeret' ya.  
Dazhe vid moy vnushayet mne misli o smerti.  
Moy lyubimiy uyekhal, i s etogo dnya  
Svet mne beliy ne mil, noch' v dushe u menya.'  
I tryokh ritsarey kliknul yepiskop: 'Skoreye  
Uvedite v glukhoy monastir' Loreleyu.

### 3. Loreley

In Bacharach lived a witch with fair hair  
who let all the men around die of love.  
The bishop summoned her to his court  
and acquitted her on account of her beauty.  
'Oh lovely Loreley, your eyes are made of precious  
stones, which magician gave you the power of  
sorcery?' 'I am weary of life and my eyes are  
accursed; oh bishop, those who have looked at me  
have perished.  
My eyes are not precious stones but flames,  
throw this sorcery to the fire.'  
'That fire is consuming me, oh lovely Loreley,  
somebody else has to condemn you, for you have  
enchanted me.' 'Bishop you laugh. Pray rather to  
the Virgin for me,  
let me die and may God protect you.  
My lover has left for a distant land, let me die for  
there is nothing I love.'  
My heart is so heavy that I must necessarily die,  
I would die if I would dare look at myself.  
My heart is so heavy since he is no longer there,  
my heart has been so heavy since the day he left.  
The bishop summoned three knights armed with



## 1. De profundis

(Federico García Lorca / I. Tynyanova)

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

## 2. Malagueña / Malagen'ya

(Federico García Lorca / Anatoli Geleskul)

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

## 1. De profundis

The hundred lovers  
 sleep for ever  
 beneath the dry earth.  
 Andalusia has  
 long red roads.  
 Córdoba, green olive trees  
 where to place  
 a hundred crosses,  
 in their memory.  
 The hundred lovers  
 sleep for ever.

## 2. Malagueña

Death enters and leaves the tavern.  
 Death enters and leaves the tavern.  
 Black horses and sinister people  
 pass through the deep pathways of the guitar.  
 And there is a smell of salt and of female blood  
 in the fevered tuberose of the seaside.  
 Death is about to leave the tavern,  
 He is going but not gone

## conductor

Christian Jost

## soloists

Gordan Nikolic - violin  
 Lisanne Soeterbroek - violin  
 Gal James - soprano  
 Thomas Oliemans - baritone

## 1st violin

Gordan Nikolic  
 Heinz Oberdorfer  
 Philip Dingenen  
 Dimitir Tchernookov  
 Melissa Ussery  
 Pedja Milosavljev  
 Tomoko Katsura  
 Michiel Commandeur

## 2nd violin

Lisanne Soeterbroek  
 Laura Oomens  
 Maaïke Aarts  
 Inge Jongerman  
 Zheng Hu  
 Marjolein van Dingstee

## viola

Richard Wolfe  
 Leonid Rusanovksy  
 Berdien Vrijland  
 David Marks\*

## cello

Floris Mijnders  
 Jan Bastiaan Neven  
 Guillaume Grosbard  
 Wijnand Hulst

## double bass

Annette Zahn  
 Walther van Domburg

## percussion

Hans Zonderop  
 Martin Baai

## celesta

Kim Huigens

