



ORCHID CLASSICS

HYMNS OF LOVE

DMYTRO POPOV

Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin
Mikhail Simonyan, *conductor*

HYMNS OF LOVE

1	Giacomo Puccini <i>Recondita Armonia</i> (Tosca, Act I)	2.56
2	Charles Gounod <i>Ah, lève-toi soleil!</i> (Roméo et Juliette, Act II)	4.23
3	Giacomo Puccini <i>Donna non vidi mai</i> (Manon Lescaut, Act I)	2.30
4	Georges Bizet <i>La fleur que tu m'avais jetée</i> (Carmen, Act II)	4.27
5	Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky <i>Nyet! Chary lask krasny myatezhnoy</i> (Iolanta, Act II)	4.00
6	Amilcare Ponchielli <i>Cielo e mar</i> (La Gioconda, Act II)	4.49
7	Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky <i>Ja liublu vas!</i> (Eugene Onegin, Act I)	2.58
8	Charles Gounod <i>Salut! demeure chaste et pure</i> (Faust, Act III)	6.18
9	Alexander Borodin <i>Medlenno den' ugasal</i> (Prince Igor, Act II)	4.50
10	Giacomo Puccini <i>Che gelida manina</i> (La bohème, Act I)	4.44
11	Antonin Dvořák <i>Vidino divná</i> (Rusalka, Act I)	6.36
12	Franz Lehár <i>Dein ist mein ganzes Herz!</i> (Das Land des Lächelns, Act II)	3.45
13	Ukrainian Folk Song <i>Raven black brows, eyes like hazel</i>	3.18
	Total time	55.41

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When we think of opera we immediately think of love. Love, trepidation, and passion. I wanted my first solo album to be filled with these feelings. I have been privileged to perform famous roles such as Don José, Rodolfo and Cavaradossi on so many great stages. While singing their arias, with each declaration of pure love and absolute joy, I become wrapped up in the characters' feelings and identify with their emotions, and in these moments, just like them, I never want it to end!

And so, this programme was born, a collection of love declarations, direct and indirect, and other moments of elation that my characters experience, often just before the storm. I was thrilled to unite and explore these beautiful arias of different languages and different musical styles.

While revisiting these arias I also made quite an interesting realization. While many tenor arias call for a rich and powerful sound it is a very intense vocal *piano* that is required in the moments when the emotion is at its strongest. These culminations sometimes pose a real technical challenge but only by following the composer's exact directions can one achieve the right emotion. This is vital for the French arias presented in this programme, among them 'La fleur que tu m'avais jetée' which I learned to refine over time during numerous performances of *Carmen*.

I was especially happy to revisit the aria 'Medlenno den ugasal' from *Prince Igor* which fits perfectly into this collection, for the rapturous Prince Igor's son Vladimir Igorevich was in fact the first major role that I performed at the very beginning of my career.

I have also decided to include the famous 'Dein ist mein ganzes Herz' from Lehar's operetta 'Das Land des Lächelns' which has recently become my go-to aria for gala performances.

And last but not least, one of the most poetic and melodious Ukrainian folk songs

which, through symphonic orchestration, truly reaches the heights of operatic scale and has been performed by some of the best tenors in my home country.

I hope that you my listeners, together with me, will be inspired by the beauty and intensity of these hymns of love.

Dmytro Popov



Tosca (1900) by Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924) is a supreme example of *verismo* ('realism'): the operatic depiction of everyday life. Puccini based his opera on French writer Sardou's play, *La Tosca*, of which he declared: "I see in this *Tosca* the opera I need, with no overblown proportions, no elaborate spectacle, nor will it call for the usual excessive amount of music." The opera opens in the church of Sant'Andrea della Valle, where the painter, Mario Cavaradossi, is working on his picture of Mary Magdalene. He sings of the 'hidden harmony' – 'Recondita Armonia' – in the contrast between the blonde Magdalene in the painting and his brunette lover, the singer, Floria Tosca.

Charles Gounod (1818-1893) introduced some important innovations into the world of 19th century French opera, notably his use of "spoken rhythm" within regular musical phrases, emphasising the "expression of truth" rather than "the exactitude of language". He also embraced Wagner's influence, in the love music of *Roméo et Juliette* (1867) especially. This five-act opera, based on Shakespeare's play, is to a French libretto by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, who were also behind the text for Gounod's *Faust*. Roméo sings 'Ah, lève-toi soleil!' in Act II, in the garden of the Capulets, imploring the sun to rise so that he may see Juliette.

Manon Lescaut (1893) earned Puccini an international reputation as the successor

to Verdi. In Act I we meet Manon, who quickly captivates both the Chevalier des Grieux and the wealthy Geronte. In 'Donna non vidi mai', des Grieux declares his feelings for Manon: "I have never seen a woman such as this one!"

In 1872 the Opéra-Comique in Paris commissioned an opera from Georges Bizet (1838-1875), specifying that the librettists should be Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, but leaving the subject-matter open. Bizet suggested a daring story that had arrested his attention: Mérimée's *Carmen*. The result, finished in 1874, was Bizet's first mature full-length work. Naive soldier Don José is seduced by a passionate gypsy, Carmen. In Act II, Carmen dances for José only to be interrupted by a bugle signalling the resumption of his military duties; Carmen mocks José, and he responds with his 'Flower Song', 'La fleur que tu m'avais jetée', showing her the flower she threw to him in Act I.

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893) composed 11 operas; the one-act *Iolanta*, Op. 69 (1892) was his last. The libretto was written by his brother, Modest, based on a Danish play that presented a romanticised account of the medieval princess Yolande, Duchess of Lorraine. Progress was slow and was hampered by other tasks, as Tchaikovsky wrote in the summer of 1891:

"Everything depends on *Iolanta*. Until now it has been progressing slowly and sluggishly, mainly because of the fact that alongside this I had some intolerably tedious work – proofreading the full score of *Eugene Onegin*, which Jurgenson is republishing. This required the corrections of many of my own mistakes and oversights, and a far greater multitude of Jurgenson's; this task poisoned my life. Finally I completed it, took the score to Moscow, and I've now returned so that I can devote all my time to the opera. By the way, tell Modest that the more I immerse myself in composing the music to *Iolanta*, the greater admiration I have for the quality of his libretto. It is excellently done, and the poetry is sometimes very, very beautiful."

In this embellished version of the story, Lolanta is an isolated princess who has been kept ignorant of her status and even her blindness. Count Vaudémont is a Burgundian knight who falls in love with her; in Vaudémont's *Romance*, 'Nyet! Chary lask krazy myatezhnoy', he sings of his love to some of Tchaikovsky's most ardent and hopeful music.

Verdi cast a long shadow over the next generation of Italian composers, and Amilcare Ponchielli (1834-1886) was one of the few who managed to claim the spotlight. In *La gioconda* (1876), based on Victor Hugo's *Angelo, Tyrant of Padua*, Ponchielli included multiple principal roles and the now-famous ballet, 'The Dance of the Hours'. The tenor role, Enzo, is a prince disguised as a sailor; Act II is set onboard his ship and focusses on his relationship with Laura and her rival for his love, la Giaconda, who realises during this Act that Laura saved her mother's life. In 'Ceilo e mar' Enzo longs for Laura, Boito's libretto using Enzo's naval surroundings – the sea and sky – as symbols for his feelings.

On reading Pushkin's novel, *Eugene Onegin*, in 1877, Tchaikovsky wrote to his brother, Modest: "You won't believe how inflamed I am with this subject. How delightful it is to avoid the usual Pharaohs, Ethiopian princesses, poisoned cups, and all these other lifeless ideas. What infinite poetry there is in *Onegin*!" Tchaikovsky had completed the opera by the following February. The plot follows a conceited anti-hero, loved by the modest Tatyana. Tchaikovsky wrote his own libretto, focussing on plot rather than action: "I know that there will be little in the way of stage effects or movement in this opera. But the amount of poetry, humanity, simplicity in the subject, and a text of genius, will more than compensate for these deficiencies." In Act I, Onegin's friend Lensky, who is engaged to Tatyana's sister, Olga, sings 'Ja liublu vas' ('I love you').

Goethe's 1823 version of the Faust story sent ripples through 19th-century Europe, with adaptations proliferating in France. Among these were the play *Faust et Marguerite* (1850) by Michel Carré, who permitted librettist Jules Barbier

to adapt his text freely. The result was set to music by Gounod, and an Italian version of the opera became a staple at London's Covent Garden, where it was performed during every season between 1863 and 1911. In 1890 George Bernard Shaw wrote: "Something had better be done about this Royal Italian Opera. I have heard Gounod's *Faust* not less than 90 times within the last 10 or 15 years; and I have had enough of it."

Gounod himself was surprised by the opera's success, preferring his own *Roméo et Juliette*. He wrote in his *Mémoires d'un artiste* that *Faust* was "the greatest theatrical success I ever had. Do I mean that it is the best thing that I have written? That I cannot tell. I can only reiterate the opinion that I have already expressed, that success is more a result of a certain concatenation of favourable elements and successful conditions than a proof and a criterion of the intrinsic value of a work." Debussy gave Gounod credit for avoiding Wagner's influence, creating instead a work that "represented a moment in French sensibility". In Act III the devil, Méphistophélès, sings a cavatina (a melodious song, simpler and less virtuosic than an aria), 'Salut! demeure chaste et pure', in praise of the innocence of the opera's heroine, Marguerite.

The idea for the opera *Prince Igor* (1869-87) by Alexander Borodin (1833-1887) came from the critic Vladimir Stasov, who acted as a spokesman for the group of Russian composers known as 'The Mighty Handful': Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Mussorgsky, Cui, Balakirev. Stasov suggested a libretto based on the 12th-century epic prose poem, *The Lay of Igor's Host*. Borodin responded: "Your outline is so complete that everything seems clear to me and suits me perfectly. But will I manage to carry out my own task to the end? Bah! As they say here, 'He who is afraid of the wolf doesn't go into the woods!' So I shall give it a try..." Borodin worked on *Prince Igor* from 1869 onwards, but died suddenly in 1887 before he could finish the work. The opera was faithfully completed and orchestrated by fellow composers Glazunov and Rimsky-Korsakov; Glazunov had an exceptional

memory and even reconstructed the Overture based on his recollection of Borodin's piano performance. In Act II, Igor's son, Vladimir, sings 'Medlenno den ugal' ('Slowly the day has faded', known as Vladimir's Cavatina), hoping that his love, Konchakovna, will join him as night falls in the Polovtsian camp.

With *La bohème* (1896), Puccini initially puzzled both audiences and critics with his use of impressionistic scoring and a naturalistic, conversational vocal style, devices designed to communicate the feelings of the protagonists with immediacy and directness – an effect unfamiliar to those accustomed to more stylised operatic writing. *La bohème* is set in Paris in about 1830. During Act I, Rodolfo becomes fascinated by the consumptive seamstress, Mimì; in 'Che gelida manina' he takes her 'cold little hand' and tells her of his life as a poet.

Rusalka (1901) is the ninth and most successful opera by Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904), composed towards the end of his life to a libretto by Jaroslav Kvapil. The work's heroine is a water nymph – in Slavic mythology a 'rusalka' is a water sprite – who falls in love with a human prince. When the Prince sees Rusalka in human form he sings 'Vidino divná' which, along with Rusalka's 'Song to the Moon', is one of the highlights of the opera.

Hungarian composer Franz Léhar (1870-1948) wrote his operetta *Das Land des Lächelns* ('The Land of Smiles') as a vehicle for his friend, tenor Richard Tauber. The work is set in Vienna and China, its title referring to the traditional Chinese custom of smiling even in the face of adversity; this bittersweet quality was a great hit with Viennese audiences. Léhar composed what came to be known as *Tauberlieder* for his star tenor: a pivotal number showcasing the singer's great talents. In the case of *Das Land des Lächelns*, the principal *Tauberlied* is 'Dein ist mein ganzes Herz!' ('You are my heart's delight!'); this became the most famous of the *Tauberlieder* and was repeatedly given as an encore by the tenor.

Ukraine has a rich history of folksong and folk-inspired art songs, many of them made popular by singers such as Boris Hmyria, a Ukrainian singer and friend of the composer Dmitri Shostakovich. Our recital ends with the traditional Ukrainian song, 'Raven black brows, eyes like hazel' (*Chyorni brovi, kari ochi*), a passionate, brooding outpouring of yearning.

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Dmytro Popov

Tenor

Ukrainian tenor Dmytro Popov began his career as a soloist with Kiev National Theatre where he made his professional debut as Lensky in *Eugene Onegin*. He came to international attention in 2013 when he performed the role of Rodolfo in *La bohème* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Dmytro was the youngest ever opera artist to be granted the title of 'Honoured Artist of Ukraine' (2003) which recognises outstanding contribution to the performing arts. In 2007, he also became a winner of the prestigious Placido Domingo Operalia Competition.

Dmytro maintains close relationships with Opéra de Paris, Royal Opera House London, Metropolitan Opera New York, Opernhaus Zurich, Dresden Semperoper, Wiener Staatsoper, Bayerische Staatsoper, and Hamburg Staatsoper, and performs regularly at these houses. Elsewhere, he has performed at the top opera houses and theatres around the world, including Teatro Real Madrid, Teatro Regio di Torino, Grand Théâtre de Genève, Sydney Opera House, Deutsche Oper Berlin, and Oper Köln. His roles include Don José (*Carmen*), Rodolfo (*La bohème*), Pinkerton (*Madama Butterfly*), Vaudémont (*Iolanta*), Cavaradossi (*Tosca*), Alfredo (*La traviata*), Prince (*Rusalka*), Pollione (*Norma*), Rodolfo (*Luisa Miller*), Andrej (*Mazeppa*), Riccardo (*Un Ballo in maschera*), and Duke (*Rigoletto*).

Dmytro is also an avid recitalist and concert performer, with recent performances including a recital of Russian song with Iain Burnside at Wigmore Hall, Verdi's Requiem at the BBC Proms with the LPO under Andrés Orozco-Estrada, with the LPO under Vladimir Jurowski, and on tour of Europe with MusicAeterna under Teodor Currentzis, and Dvořák's *Stabat Mater* with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Andris Nelsons. He features on recordings of Rachmaninov's *The Bells* under Sir Simon Rattle with the Berliner Philharmoniker, and as Vaudémont in Tchaikovsky's *Iolanta* for the label Oehms under Dmitri Kitajenko.



Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin

For almost 75 years the Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin (DSO Berlin) has distinguished itself as one of Germany's leading orchestras. The number of renowned music directors, the scope and variety of its work, and its particular emphasis on modern and contemporary music, makes the ensemble unique. Founded as the RIAS Symphony Orchestra in 1946, it was renamed the Radio Symphony Orchestra Berlin in 1956 and has borne its current name since 1993.

Robin Ticciati has led the DSO as its music director since the 2017–18 season. Since its inception, the orchestra has been able to retain outstanding artist personalities. As the first music director, Ferenc Fricsay defined the standards in terms of repertoire, acoustic ideal and media presence. In 1964, Lorin Maazel assumed artistic responsibility. In 1982, he was followed by Riccardo Chailly and in 1989 by Vladimir Ashkenazy. Kent Nagano was appointed music director in 2000 and has stayed associated with the orchestra as an honorary conductor.



Kai Bienert

As his successors Ingo Metzmacher (2007–2010) and Tugan Sokhiev (2012–2016) set decisive accents with the DSO in the concert life of the German capital.

With its many guest performances, the orchestra is present on the national and international music scene. The orchestra has performed in recent years in Brazil and Argentina, in Japan, China, Malaysia, Abu Dhabi and Eastern Europe, as well as at major festivals such as the Rheingau Musik Festival, Edinburgh International Festival, Salzburg Festival and the BBC Proms. The DSO also has a global presence with numerous award-winning recordings. In 2011, it received the Grammy Award for the premiere recording for the production of Kaija Saariaho's opera *L'amour de loin* conducted by Kent Nagano.

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For more information please visit dso-berlin.de

Mikhail Simonyan

Mikhail Simonyan was born in Novosibirsk in 1985. He started playing the violin at the age of five. In 1997, the young talent received his first award at the Virtuoso-2000 International Young Violinists Competition, followed by the Priznanie "Constantinus international award" in 1998 and an award at the Yehudi Menuhin International Contest for young violinists in Boulogne sur Mer in 1999. He performed his first solo concert at New York's Lincoln Center at the age of 13 and received international fame in 2000, when he debuted at the Carnegie Hall. In spring 2001, Leonard Slatkin invited him to perform with the National Symphony Orchestra (NSO) at the 30th anniversary of the John F. Kennedy Center of Performing Arts in Washington, D.C.; in 2002 he entertained the guests of the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland. In 1999 Mikhail Simonyan received a Salon de Virtuosi grant covering his tuition at Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. He has been working with directors such as Valery

Gergiev, Mikhail Pletnev, Kristjan Järvi, Leonard Slatkin, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos and Cristian Măcelaru at international renowned concert houses such as Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center New York, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory and the Grand Hall of the Saint Petersburg Philharmonic; playing with world renowned orchestras, including New York Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Vienna's Tonkünstler Orchestra, Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Mariinsky Theatre Orchestra, and the Russian National Orchestra. Currently Mikhail spends most of his time touring Russia and abroad.



Puccini

Recondita Armonia (*Tosca*)

Recondita armonia
di bellezze diverse!...
è bruna Floria,
l'ardente amante mia,

e te, beltate ignota,
cinta di chiome bionde!
Tu azzurro hai l'occhio,
Tosca ha l'occhio nero!

L'arte nel suo mistero
le diverse bellezze insiem confonde:
ma nel ritrar costei
il mio solo pensiero,
il mio sol pensier sei tu,
Tosca, sei tu!

*Such mysterious harmony
between contrasting beauties!
My own darling Flora has dark hair.*

*And you, mysterious beauty...
are crowned with golden locks,
While your eyes are blue,
my Tosca's eyes are black!*

*Art, in its mysterious way, has blended
both beauties into one:
but no matter whom I paint,
my thoughts are of only one woman
I have vowed my love only to you!
Tosca! Only you!*

Gounod

Ah, lève-toi soleil (*Roméo et Juliette*)

L'amour, l'amour !

Oui, son ardeur a troublé tout mon être

Mais quelle soudaine clarté

resplendit à cette fenêtre?

C'est là que dans la nuit rayonne sa beauté!

Ah! lève-toi, soleil!

Fait pâlir les étoiles

qui, dans l'azur sans voiles,

brillent au firmament.

Ah! lève-toi! Parais!

Astre pur et charmant!

Elle rêve, elle dénoue

une boucle de cheveux

qui vient caresser sa joue.

Amour! Amour, porte-lui mes vœux!

Elle parle! Qu'elle est belle!

Ah! Je n'ai rien entendu!

Mais ses yeux parlent pour elle!

Et mon cœur a répondu!

Ah! lève-toi, soleil!

Fait pâlir les étoiles

qui, dans l'azur sans voiles,

brillent au firmament.

Ah! lève-toi! Parais!

Astre pur et charmant!

... viens! Parais!

Love! Love!

Ay, its intensity has disturbed my very being!

But what sudden light

through yonder window breaks?

'Tis there that by night her beauty shines!

Ah, arise, o sun!

Turn pale the stars

that, unveiled in the azure,

do sparkle in the firmament.

Ah, arise! Ah, arise! Appear! Appear,

thou pure and enchanting star!

She is dreaming, she loosens

a lock of hair

which falls to caress her cheek.

Love! Love, carry my vows to her!

She speaks! How beautiful she is!

Ah, I heard nothing!

But her eyes speak for her!

And my heart has answered!

Ah, arise, o sun!

Turn pale the stars

that, unveiled in the azure,

do sparkle in the firmament.

Ah, arise! Ah, arise! Appear! Appear,

thou pure and enchanting star!

... come thou, appear!

Puccini

Donna non vidi mai (*Manon Lescaut*)

Donna non vidi mai simile a questa!
A dirle: io t'amo,
a nuova vita l'alma mia si desta
Manon Lescaut mi chiamo!
Come queste parole profumate
mi vagan nello spirto
e ascose fibre vanno a carezzare.
O sussurro gentil, deh! non cessare...
Manon Lescaut mi chiamo!
Sussurro gentil, deh, non cessar!

*I have never seen a woman, such as
this one!
To tell her: 'I love you',
my soul awakens to a new life.
'Manon Lescaut is my name',
How these fragrant words
wander around in my mind.
And come to caress my innermost fibres.
Oh! Sweet thoughts,
Ah do not cease!*

Bizet

La fleur que tu m'avais jetée (*Carmen*)

La fleur que tu m'avais jetée,
Dans ma prison m'était restée.
Flétrie et sèche, cette fleur
Gardait toujours sa douce odeur;
Et pendant des heures entières,
Sur mes yeux, fermant mes paupières,
De cette odeur je m'enivrais
Et dans la nuit je te voyais!
Je me prenais à te maudire,
À te détester, à me dire
pourquoi faut-il que le destin l'ait mise là
sur mon chemin?

*The flower that you had thrown me,
I kept with me in prison.
Withered and dry, the flower
still kept its sweet smell;
And for hours,
on my eyes, my eyelids closed,
I became intoxicated by its fragrance
and in the night I saw you!
I began to curse you,
and hating you, I began to tell myself:
why should fate put you on my path?*

Puis je m'accusais de blasphème,
et je ne sentais en moi-même,
je ne sentais qu'un seul désir,
un seul désir,
un seul espoir
te revoir, ô Carmen, oui, te revoir!
Car tu n'avais eu qu'à paraître,
Qu'a jeter un regard sur moi
Pour t'emperer de tout mon être,
Ô ma Carmen!
J'étais une chose à toi
Carmen, je t'aime!

*Then I accused myself of blasphemy,
and I felt within myself,
I only felt but one desire,
one desire, one hope:
to see you again, Carmen, oh,
you again!
For all you needed was to be there,
to share one glance with you,
to long for you with all my being,
O my Carmen!
And I was yours
Carmen, I love you!*

Tchaikovsky

Nyet! Chary lask... (*lolanta*)

Nyet! Chary lask krasny mjatezhnoj
mne nichevo ne govorjat,
vo mne ne budit strasti nezhnnoj prizyva
k nege tomnyj vzgljad...
Nyet! Pogruzhena v pokoj polnochnyj,
ljubov' vo mne mechtaja spit...
Ej snitsja ang'el neporochnyj,
nebesnyj krotkij, chudnyj vid...
Oblik defstvennoj bagani,
velichavaj krasoty,
s vzoram polnym blagastyni,
heruvimskaj dobroty...
Gost' selen'ja nezemnogo,
snega veshnego svetlej,

*No, the charming attentions of a spirited
beauty tempt me not,
tender passion would not be stirred in me
by soft looks promising bliss...
No! Immersed in the midnight stillness,
the love within me falls to dreaming...
of an angel who is chaste,
heavenly, meek and wondrous to behold...
who has the grace and dignity
of an untainted goddess,
with eyes that are full of kindness
and angelic innocence...
a guest from a celestial place,
brighter than the vernal snow,*

chishche landysha lesnogo,
krashe lilii polej
vot chevo ja zhdu i zhazhdu!
O, pridi, svetlyj ang'el,
istochnik ljubvi,
serdca tajnyje struny sogrej, ozhivi!
Iz-za tajushchikh tuch ozari,
svetlyj luch,
sumrak pylkoj dushi,
o, speshy, o, speshy!
O, pridi, svetlyj prizrak,
zhdu tebjaja! Ah!
Istomilos' serdce,
zhdu ja, pospeshy!
O, pridi, o, pridi!
Zhdu tebjaja, svetlyj ang'el, pridi, pridi!

Ponchielli

Cielo e mar! (*La Gioconda*)
Cielo e mar! L'etereo velo
Splende come un santo altar.
L'angiol mio verra dal cielo?
L'angiol mio verra dal mare?
Qui l'attendo; ardente spira
Oggi il vento dell'amor.
Ah! Quell'uom che vi sospira
Vi conquide, o sogni d'or!

*purer than lily of the valley,
more delicate than lilies -
that is what I wait and long for!
Oh, come to me, bright vision, love's inspiration,
warm the secret strings of my heart,
bring them to life!
As the storm clouds part,
let your light shine through into
the gloom of my ardent soul,
oh, tarry not!
Oh, come to me, bright angel,
I am waiting for you! Oh!
My heart is weary,
I'm waiting, hurry to me!
Oh, come to me!
I'm waiting for you, bright angel, come!*

*Sky and sea! The ethereal veil
Shines like a holy altar.
Will my angel come from sky?
Will my angel come from the sea?
I await here; ardently the wind
Of love breezes today.
Oh! That man who sighs,
Will vanquish, oh dreams of gold!*

Nell'aura fonda
Non appar ne suol ne monte.
L'orizzonte bacia l'onda!
L'onda bacia l'orizzonte!
Qui nell'ombra, ov'io mi giaccio
Coll'anelito del cuor,
Vieni, o donna, vieni al bacio
Della vita e dell'amor ...
Ah, vieni!

*Through the dense atmosphere,
Appears neither earth nor mountain,
The horizon kisses the waves!
The waves kiss the horizon!
Here in the shade, where I lay
With the yearning of my heart,
Come, oh my Lady, come to the kiss
Of life and of love...
Oh! Come!*

Tchaikovsky

Ja ljublu vas! (*Eugene Onegin*)

Ja ljublju vas,
Ja ljublju vas, Ol'ga,
Kak odna bezumnaja dusha poëta
Eshe ljubit' osuzhdena.
Vsegda, vezde odno mechtan'e,
Oдно privychnoe zhelan'e,
Oдна privychnaja pechal'!
Ja otrok byl toboj plenennyj,
Serdechnyh muk esche ne znay,
Ja byl svidetel' umilennyj
Tvoih mladencheskih zabav.
V teni hranitel'noj dubravy
Ja razdeljal tvoje zabavy.
Ja ljublju tebya, ja ljublju tebya,
Kak odna dusha poëta tol'ko ljubit.
Ty odna v moih mechtan'jah,
Ty odno moe zhelan'e,

*I love you,
I love you, Olga,
as only a poet's frantic heart
can still be fated to love.
Always, everywhere, one dream alone,
one constant longing,
one insistent sadness!
As a boy I was captivated by you,
when heartache was still unknown;
I witnessed, with tender emotion,
your childish games.
Beneath the grove's protecting boughs
I shared those games.
Ah, I love you, I love you with that love
known only to a poet's heart.
For you alone I dream.
for you alone I long,*

Ty mne radost' i stradan'e.
Ja ljublju tebjja, ja ljublju tebjja,
I nikogda, nichto: Ni ohlazhdajuschaja
dal',
Ni chas razluki, ni vesel'ja shum
Ne otrezvjat dushi, Sogretoj
devstvennym ljubvi ogniom!

*you are my joy and my suffering.
I love you, I love you, eternally, and
nothing -
not the chilling distance,
the hour of parting, nor pleasure's clamour -
can quench that heart aflame with love's
virgin fire!*

Gounod

Salut! Demeure chaste et pure (*Faust*)

Quel trouble inconnu me pénètre?
Je sens l'amour s'emparer de mon être!
Ô Marguerite, à tes pieds me voici!

Salut, demeure chaste et pure
Salut, demeure chaste et pure
Où se devine la présence
D'une âme innocente et divine

Que de richesse en cette pauvreté
En ce réduit, que de félicité
Que de richesse
Que de richesse en cette pauvreté
En ce réduit, que de félicité

O Nature
C'est là que tu la fis si belle
C'est là que cette enfant
A dormi sous ton aile
A grandi sous tes yeux

*What unknown emotion now fills me?
I feel that my whole being is in the grip
of love.*

O Marguerite, here I am at your feet!

*Hail, chaste and pure dwelling
Where one can feel the presence of an
innocent and holy soul.*

*How much richness in this poverty!
In this retreat, how much happiness!
How much richness,
What richness in this poverty!
In this retreat, how much happiness!*

*O nature, it is here
That you have made her so beautiful!
It is here that this child
Slept under your wing,
Grew up under your eyes.*

Là que de ton haleine
Enveloppant son âme
Tu fis avec amour
Epanouir la femme
En cet ange des cieux
C'est là! Oui! C'est là!

Salut, demeure chaste et pure
Salut, demeure chaste et pure
Où se devine la présence
D'une âme innocente et divine

Salut!
Salut, demeure chaste et pure
Où se devine la présence
D'une âme innocente et divine

Borodin

Medlenno den' ugasal (*Prince Igor*)

Medlenno den' ugasal
Solntse za lesom sadilos
Zori vechernie merkli,
Noch nadvigalas na zemlyu
Teni nochnye chornym pokrovom
Step' zastilali
Tioplaya yuzhnaya noch!
Gryozy lyubvi navevaya
Razlivaya negu v krovi
Zovyot k svidaniyu.
Zhdyozh li ty menya, moya milaya?

*Here, too, breathing into her soul,
You lovingly turned this angel of
heaven
Into a fresh blooming woman.
This is the place ... yes ... here it is!*

*Hail, chaste and pure dwelling
Where one can feel the presence of
an innocent and holy soul.*

*Hail, chaste and pure dwelling
Where one can feel the presence of an
innocent and holy soul.*

*The day has slowly faded to peace.
The sun has set beyond the forest.
The sunset's red glow only is left.
Soon night will cover the earth.
The steppe is getting darker,
is covered by shadows,
fogs are rising!
Mild, alluring night!
Longing and dreams are you carrying,
blood's desire, mighty and delightful.
Oh night! Oh longing!*

Zhdyozh ty?
Chuyu serdtsem chto zhdyozh ty menya.

Akh! Gde ty, gde`?
Otzovis' na zov ljubvi.
Akh! Dozhdus li, dozhdus ja
Laski nezhnoy tvoey?
Ty pridi!
Skorey na zov lyubvi otzovis!
Pridi pod krovom tyomnoy nochi,
Kogda i les i vody spyat,
Kogda lish zvyozdy, neba ochi
Odni na nas s toboy glyadyat.
Krugom vsyo mirno, tikho spit, krepko spit.
Pridi!

Puccini

Che gelida manina (*La Bohème*)

Che gelida manina,
se la laschi riscaldar.
Cercar che giova? Al buio non si trova
Ma per fortuna é una notte di luna,
e qui la luna l'abbiamo vicina.
Aspetti, signorina,
le dirò con due parole,
chi son, e che faccio, come vivo. Vuole?
Chi son? Sono un poeta.
Che cosa faccio? Scrivo.
E come vivo? Vivo.

*My beloved, don't you hear my longing's
call?*

Answer! Oh, my heart, it answers for you!

Oh come, yes come!

Hear my prayer, answer me, answer me!

*Oh! For my heart is calling you, it is calling
you!*

*Don't hesitate! Oh no! For all my soul is
calling you!*

Oh come, in the cloak of night enclosed!

A star will light your path.

*Already earth is resting, all is quiet,
only my heart's longing is still awake,
and my heart is calling you.*

Come, oh come, oh come!

How cold your little hand is!

Let me warm it for you.

There's no sense looking in the dark.

*But luckily there's a full moon tonight,
and the moon will keep us company.*

*Just wait, my dear young lady,
let me tell you in a few words
who and what I am. Shall I?*

Who am I? I'm a poet.

What do I do? I write.

And how do I live? I live.

In povertà mia lieta
scialo da gran signore
rime ed inni d'amore.
Per sogni e per chimere
e per castelli in aria
l'anima ho milionaria.
Talor dal mio forziere
ruban tutti i gioielli
due ladri: gli occhi belli:
Ventrar con voi pur ora,
ed i miei sogni usati
e i bei sogni miei,
tosto si dileguar.
Ma il furto non m'accora,
poiché, poiché vha preso stanza
la speranza!
Or che mi conoscete,
Parlate voi, deh! Parlate. Chi siete?
Vi piaccia dir!

Dvořák

Vidino divná (*Rusalka*)

Vidino divná, přesladvá,
jsi-li ty člověk, nebo pohádka?
Přišla jsi chránit vzácné zvěři,
kterou jsem zahléd' v lesa šeři?
Přišla-lis prosit za ni,
sestřičko bílých laní?

*In my happy poverty
I squander like a prince
For I'm rich in the rhymes of love.
With my fantasies
and castles in air,
I have the soul of a millionaire.
But now, all my treasure
has been robbed of all its jewels
by two thieves: a pair of pretty eyes.
Tonight, they came in with you
and stole away my lovely dreams,
The dreams of my past,
floated away in air.
But the theft doesn't upset me,
because the empty space has been filled
by the sweetest hope.
Now that you know about me,
tell me about yourself. Tell me who you are.
Would you please tell me?*

*Wondrous vision, immensely sweet,
are you human or a fairy tale?
Have you come to protect that rare creature
I glimpsed in the dimness of the forest?
Have you come to beg for her life,
oh sister of the white doe?*

A nebo sama, jak vstříc mi jdeš,
kořistí lovcovou býti chceš?
Svírá ti ústa tajemství,
či navždy jazyk tvůj ztich'?
Něma-li ústa tvá, Bůh to ví,
vylíbám odpověď s nich!
Odpověď záhadám,
jež mne sem lákaly,
jež mne sem volaly,
přes trní, přes skály,
abych tu konečně v blažený dnešní den,
dítě, tvým pohledem náhle byl okouzlen.
Co v srdci tvém je ukryto,
máš-li mne ráda, zjev mi to!
Vím, že jsi kouzlo, které mine,
a rozplyne se v mlžný rej,
leč dokud čas náš neuplyne,
ó, pohádka má, neprchej!
Můj skončen lov, nač myslit naň?
Tys nejvzácnější moje laň,
tys hvězdička zlatá v noc temnou,
pohádka má, pojd' se mnou!

*Or do you yourself, as you come toward me,
want to be the hunter's booty?
Are your lips sealed by a secret,
or has your tongue fallen forever silent?
If your lips are mute, God knows
I'll kiss an answer from them!
An answer to the mysteries
that enticed me here,
that called me
past thorns, past crags,
for me finally, on this blissful day,
child, to be suddenly enchanted by your
gaze!
What's hidden in your heart?
If you love me, give me a sign!
I know you are magic that will pass
and dissolve into a play of mist,
but while our time lasts,
oh my fairytale, don't flee!
My hunt is over, why think of it?
You are my most precious doe,
you're a golden star shining into the dark night,
my fairytale, come with me!*

Léhar

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz (*Das Land Des Lächelns*)

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz!
Wo du nicht bist, kann ich nicht sein.
So, wie die Blume welkt,
Wenn sie nicht küsst der Sonnenschein!

Dein ist mein schönstes Lied,
Weil es allein aus der Liebe erblüht.
Sag mir noch einmal, mein einzig Lieb,
Oh sag noch einmal mir:
Ich hab dich lieb!

Wohin ich immer gehe,
Ich fühle deine Nähe.
Ich möchte deinen Atem trinken
Und betend dir zu Füßen sinken,
Dir, dir allein! Wie wunderbar
Ist dein leuchtendes Haar!
Traumschön und sehnsuchtsbang
Ist dein strahlender Blick.
Hör ich der Stimme Klang,
Ist es so wie Musik.

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz!
Wo du nicht bist, kann ich nicht sein.
So, wie die Blume welkt,
Wenn sie nicht küsst der Sonnenschein!

*Yours is my heart alone!
I cannot exist where you are not,
just as the bloom wilts,
if the sun does not shine on it.*

*My loveliest song is yours,
because it only comes from love.
Tell me once more, my only true love,
Oh, tell me once more:
I love you!*

*Wherever I go,
I feel you close by.
I would love to drink in your breath
and sink longingly at your feet,
you, you alone!
How wonderful is your glowing hair!
Dreamily beautiful and anxious with longing
is your radiant countenance.
When I hear your voice,
it is just like music.*

*Yours is my heart alone!
I cannot exist where you are not,
just as the bloom wilts,
if the sun does not shine on it.*

Dein ist mein schönstes Lied,
Weil es allein aus der Liebe erblüht.
Sag mir noch einmal, mein einzig Lieb,
Oh sag noch einmal mir:
Ich hab dich lieb!

*My loveliest song is yours,
because it only comes from love.
Tell me once more, my only true love,
Oh, tell me once more:
I love you!*

Ukrainian Folk Song

Raven black brows, eyes like hazel

Чорнії брови, карії очі,
Темні, як нічка, ясні, як день!
Ой очі, очі, очі дівочі,
Де ж ви навчились зводить людей?

Вас і немає, а ви мов тут,
Світите в душу, як дві зорі.
Чи в вас улита якась отрута,
Чи, може, й справді ви знахарі?

Чорнії брови, карії очі,
Страшно дивитись весь час на вас
Не будеш спати ні, вдень, ні, вночі,
Все будеш думать очі, про вас.
Не будеш спати ні, вдень, ні, вночі,
Все будеш думать очі, про вас!

*Raven black brows, eyes like hazel,
Dark like the night, bright like the day!
Oh those eyes, eyes of a maiden,
Where did you learn to drive people
insane?*

*You are not present, but as though
you're here
You light up my soul, like two evening
stars.*

*Maybe some poison in to you poured,
Or, maybe, for real the healers you are?*

*Raven black brows, eyes like hazel,
Dark like the night, bright like the day!
Oh those eyes, eyes of a maiden,
Where did you learn to drive people
insane?*

*Oh those eyes, eyes of a maiden,
Sometime it's scary looking always at
you...*



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An Ensemble of



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