

A close-up portrait of Dmitri Hvorostovsky, a middle-aged man with short, wavy, light-colored hair. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is wearing a white collared shirt under a dark jacket. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY

TCHAIKOVSKY ROMANCES

IVARI ILJA PIANO

# TCHAIKOVSKY

## DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY, baritone

### DISC 1

1. **None but the Lonely Heart / Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal ...** Op. 6 No. 6 (Mey, after Goethe) [3:15]
2. **Night / Noch**, Op. 60 No. 9 (Polonsky) [4:37]
3. **At Bedtime / Na son Griadushchiyi**, Op. 27 No. 1 (Ogaryov) [3:08]
4. **I Opened the Window / Rastvoril ya okno**, Op. 63 No. 2 (Romanov) [1:41]
5. **My Genius, My Angel, My Friend / Moy geniy, moy angel, moy drug** (Fet) [1:45]
6. **Not a Word, O My Friend / Ni slova, o drug moy...** Op. 6 No. 2 (Pleshcheyev) [2:58]
7. **Why? / Otchevo?** Op. 6 No. 5 (Mey, after Heine) [3:08]
8. **To Forget So Soon / Zabit' tak skoro** (Apukhtin) [3:14]
9. **The Heroic Deed / Podvig**, Op. 60 No. 11 (Khomyakov) [4:14]
10. **Death / Smert**, Op. 57 No. 5 (Merezhkovsky) [2:23]
11. **I Should Like in a Single Word / Khotel bi v edinoye slovo** (Mey, after Heine) [1:55]
12. **Oh, If Only You Could / O, esli b ti mogla**, Op. 38 No. 4 (Tolstoy) [1:34]

Recording producer: Gennady Papin

Editing: Farida Uzbekova

Recorded at Mosfilm studio, Moscow, Russia

Photos: Pavel Antonov

© & © 2009 Delos Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 343, Sonoma, California 95476-9998  
(707) 996-3844 • Fax (707) 320-0600 • (800) 364-0645  
Disc Made in Canada • Assembled in USA  
[www.delosmusic.com](http://www.delosmusic.com)

# ROMANCES

## IVARI ILJA, piano

DISC 2

- The Love of a Dead Man / Lyubov' mertvetsa**, Op. 38 No. 5 (Lermontov) [4:53]  
**On the Golden Cornfields / Na nivi zhyoltiye**, Op. 57 No. 2 (Tolstoy) [4:04]  
**Tell Me, What in the Shade of the Branches / Skazhi, o chom v teni vetvey**, Op. 57  
No. 1 (Sollogub) [3:52]  
**The Fearful Moment / Strashnaya Minuta**, Op. 28 No. 6 (Anon) [3:43]  
**Reconciliation / Primiren'ye**, Op. 25 No. 1 (Shcherbina) [5:20]  
**Does the Day Reign / Den' li tsarit**, Op. 47 No. 6 (Apukhtin) [3:39]  
**Frenzied Nights / Nochi bezumniye**, Op. 60 No. 6 (Apukhtin) [3:18]  
**Serenade (O Child, beneath thy window) / Serenada "O, ditya"** Op. 63 No. 6  
(Romanov) [3:10]  
**It Was in The Early Spring / To bilo ranneyu vesnoy**, Op. 38 No. 2 (Tolstoy) [2:44]  
**Dusk Fell on the Earth / Na zemlyu sumrak pal**, Op. 47 No. 3 (Berg) [4:26]  
**I Bless You, Forests / Blagoslavlyayu vas, lesa**, Op. 47 No. 5 (Tolstoy)[4:59]  
**Don Juan's Serenade / Serenada Don-Zhuana**, Op. 38 No. 1 (Tolstoy) [2:54]

DE 3393

Dmitri Hvorostovsky's first triumphs as a young singer in Russia were associated mostly with romances of Tchaikovsky. These emotionally rich miniatures, sung in Russia throughout the years by the best performers, and known to everyone, present the most difficult test for a singer. Not only technical skills are tested here, but also sincerity, depth, and emotional sensitivity.

Hvorostovsky passed the test brilliantly. Now, almost 20 years after the appearance of his first recordings of Tchaikovsky romances, the internationally acclaimed singer turns to this important part of Russian classical heritage again. He interprets the Tchaikovsky romances, some of which he had not recorded before, from the perspective of a mature man and experienced artist, and finds in them an exceptionally wide range of emotional colors and subtlety of nuances.

"I've been performing Tchaikovsky's music my entire career, and it has grown and changed with me," says Hvorostovsky.

Romance — the Russian equivalent of the German Lied — was the most popular genre of Russian music since the beginning of the 19th century till the 1950s, when the art of this deeply lyrical and at the same time sophisticated chamber song was for many reasons pushed to the fringes. No Russian composer — from Glinka to Shostakovich, not to mention dozens of the lesser ones — ignored the genre. For many of them the romance became a crucial part of their creative output, simultaneously a mirror and an important source of their entire style.

The Romances of **Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky** (born May 7, 1840 in Votkinsk; died October 6, 1893, St. Petersburg) belong to this category. He wrote over a hundred romances. The genre had become his lyrical journal, to which he turned throughout his life. The rest of Tchaikovsky's music is permeated with melodic patterns, emotional immediacy and sincerity typical for the romance.

Tchaikovsky began to write romances early in his career. From the very beginning it was music of great ingenuity, melodic appeal and a natural flow of emotions (as **My Genius**,

**My Angel, My Friend**, written in the 1850s, as well as the romances of his Op. 6 demonstrate). Their heightened emotional temperature is a clear reflection of Tchaikovsky's own inner turmoil: he was prone to insomnia, fears and extreme fluctuations of mood, from depression to elation. He could easily cry both from joy and from gloom; and his unique sensitivity, which made his governess call him "a boy of glass," did not diminish with the years.

Tchaikovsky's romances enormously enriched the genre, which was cultivated earlier by the first important Russian composers Mikhail Glinka and Alexander Dargomyzhsky and by dozens of composer-dilettantes, authors of so-called *bytoviyе* (domestic) romances.

Being dismissed by some contemporaries as "not Russian enough" and later by the Soviet critics of the 1920s as "teary" and sentimental, Tchaikovsky's romances nevertheless always enjoyed enormous popularity among Russian audiences, ever since the first group of them, Six Romances Op. 6, was published in 1869.

In their subjects as well as in their music, often filled with melancholy, sometimes tragic and intense, they addressed emotional needs of the Russian society of the late 19th century. That was the time of dramatic political, social, and psychological changes in Russia. The end of serfdom in 1861 led to a fast urbanization and democratization of life. However, the society as a whole was still oppressed. Music making, especially in the Russian provinces, was the best and sometimes the only means of self-expression and communication.

Tchaikovsky's romances, which blended the unpretentious and elegiac tone of the Russian domestic romance with elements of Russian, Ukrainian and gypsy songs and with some stylistic influences of Robert Schumann, struck a deep, personal chord, almost confessional on the one hand, but universal in their appeal on the other. Though vastly diverse, from children's songs to hymn-like poems to humorous scenes to tragic monologues, Tchaikovsky's romances mostly explored themes close to everyone's heart: loneliness, longing, love's anguish and dreams, or happiness which vanished forever.

Poetry and poets surrounded Tchaikovsky from his youth, spent at the St. Petersburg School of Jurisprudence. Many of his songs were written on texts of his

friends and acquaintances, such as Alexey Apukhtin, Constantine Khomyakov, Afanasiy Fet, or Great Prince Constantine Romanov. The words of the greatest Russian poets Alexander Pushkin or Mikhail Lermontov were only a few times a source of inspiration for Tchaikovsky romances, though Pushkin's bigger works, *Eugene Onegin* and *The Queen of Spades*, were transformed by Tchaikovsky in two operatic masterpieces.

However, no matter how great or weak the poetry, the composer treated it as a source of strong musical expression. Being very sensitive to the rhythm and inner melody of the verses, he was not so concerned with following each and every detail of the text. By creating a psychologically true and remarkably memorable musical image in the first bars, then by developing it — often in one melodic and emotional wave — he transformed the song into a compact and expressive musical poem and achieved a powerful emotional impact, sometimes bordering on the melodramatic. As in his operas, the instrumental part continues the vocal one, adds to it, and often discloses the unspoken feelings.

These discs bring together romances of different opuses and times, displaying them not in chronological order. For example, the first two romances, **None but the Lonely Heart** (Op. 6) and **Night** (Op. 60) mark two opposite points of Tchaikovsky's life. They provide a striking contrast of young longing expressed in one of the composer's most memorable melodies, and the bitter disappointment and loneliness of later days, shown in expressive though restrained declamation.

**None but the lonely heart** as well as **Why** and **Not a word, O my friend** all belong to the Six Romances Op. 6, written in 1869, when the young professor of the newly opened Moscow conservatory and the author of the First Symphony (*Winter Dreams*) had just completed another soon-to-be popular symphonic work, the fantasy-overture *Romeo and Juliet*. Together with **To forget so soon** (without opus, written around 1870), **Reconciliation** (Op. 25, 1875) and **The fearful moment** (Op. 28, 1875) they represent Tchaikovsky's "Moscow period" (1869-1877), which ended with the opera "Eugene Onegin" and included, among other works, the First Piano Concerto, the ballet "Swan

Lake,” and “The Seasons” for piano.

Those were the years of his fast development as a professional composer, the first Russian composer trained in Russia. It was also a time of an active social life in Moscow’s cultural circles, of youthful hopes, romantic encounters and inner turmoil (Tchaikovsky fell in love easily and intensely with young men, but did try to hide his homosexuality, especially from his father and sister).

Many of the romances of the period bear similar characteristics. They usually grow out of a short motif-cell, based on the “melody” of the first word (*Otchevo*) or phrase (*Zabit Tak Skoro*). An almost obsessive repetition eventually gives way (in the third stanza) to a new mood. For instance, **Why** has a dramatic recitative-like outburst and then a brief conclusion filled with quiet despair; in **To forget so soon** a tender lyrical reminiscence is followed by a passionate reproach and a feeling of emptiness and sadness, which continues long after all words are spoken...

The tempestuous plea of **Oh, if only you could**, the dreamy and tender **It was in the early spring** and the bravura **Don Juan’s Serenade** belong to Op. 38 (1878), which marked another period of Tchaikovsky’s life. Fleeing Russia after his brief and disastrous marriage, a naïve and failed attempt to “normalize” his life, which resulted in a nervous breakdown, Tchaikovsky recovered his emotional and creative strength traveling in Switzerland and Italy. For the first time in his life he was also financially secure and free of the burden of a regular job’s duties, because of the support he received from wealthy widow and philanthropist Nadezda von Meck, in whose vast Ukrainian estate of Brailov he completed the Op. 38 songs. One can sense a feeling of freedom, easiness, and even joy in these songs. There is one exception, however: the tragic and almost autobiographical **The love of a dead man**, dedicated by Tchaikovsky to his younger brother Anatoly. This “confessional letter” is full of dark passion, underlined by the funeral-like rhythm and declamatory melody.

Two popular masterpieces, the ecstatic love dedication **Does the day reign** and the philosophical hymn to the world and nature **I bless you, forests** as well as a beautiful night

landscape with a bitter end, **Dusk fell on the earth**, were written in 1880, as part of Op. 47.

**On the golden cornfields** and **Tell me, what in the shade of the branches** (both Op. 57, 1884) are complex monologues, written by a mature master. Piano chords reminiscent of funeral bells open **On the golden cornfields**, one of the most tragic vocal poems in Russian music. Its bitter regrets give way in a second romance to a hymn-like celebration of love. In both, the line between recitative and arioso-like cantilena is blurred. The goal is expression and intensity. **Death**, of the same opus, starts as a tender lyrical song and changes in the second stanza into an explosion of despair.

Most of the twelve Romances, Op. 60 (1886), including **Night, Frenzied Nights** and **The Heroic Deed** are colored by darkly meditative, even mournful tones. Self-doubt, depression, and despair are increasingly evident in the choice of poems and their interpretation.

**O child, beneath your window** (Op. 63, 1884) like the earlier **Don Juan's Serenade** of Op. 38, is a brilliant example of a different, "extroverted" Tchaikovsky. A genre of serenade in both brings out the composer's graceful playfulness, theatricality and melodic inventiveness.

**I opened the window**, like **O Child** and the four other songs of Op. 63, were written on poems of the Tsar's nephew Grand Duke Konstantin Konstantinovich Romanov. Much younger than Tchaikovsky, the Grand Duke, himself a musician and poet, had arranged a meeting seven years earlier with Tchaikovsky at the house of their mutual friend Vera Brandukova. It led to a friendship that ended only with Tchaikovsky's death.

Maya Pritsker

**None but the Lonely Heart / Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal...**

Op. 6 No. 6 (Mey, after Goethe)

None but the lonely heart  
Can know my longing  
Alone and parted  
From all joy  
I look to the firmament  
Far above me.  
Oh! He who loves and knows me  
Is far away.  
I am suffering,  
My insides are burning.  
None but the lonely heart  
Can know my longing.

**Night / Noch, Op. 60 No. 9 (Polonsky)**

Why do I love you, bright night?  
I love you so much that I admire you even when I'm suffering!  
And why do I love you, quiet night?  
You bring rest to everyone but me!

What are the stars, moon, sky, clouds to me?  
The light illuminating cold granite,  
turning dewdrops on a flower into diamonds,  
is like a golden path across the sea!

Night, why do I love your silver light?  
Will it sweeten the bitterness of hidden tears?  
Will it give the answer an insatiable heart craves?  
Will it resolve profound doubt?

Why do I love you, night?  
I love you so much that I admire you even when I'm suffering!

Why do I love you, night?  
Perhaps because I won't soon find rest.

**At Bedtime / Na son Griadushchiyi, Op. 27 No. 1**  
(Ogaryov)

The dark of night brings the silence  
That calls me to rest now.  
It's time, it's time! My body asks for rest,  
My soul is tired from the day's whirlwind.

I pray at bedtime, Lord:  
Give us peace, and the sleep of infants;  
Keep and bless the poorest bed,  
And love's quiet tears!

Forgive us our sins,  
And soothe our burning pain,  
And all your sorrowful creatures  
Distract once more!

**I Opened the Window / Rastvoril ya okno, Op. 63 No. 2**  
(Romanov)

I opened the window - it was too hot -  
And knelt down,  
And breathed in the spring night air  
With its wonderful scent of lilacs.

And somewhere else the nightingale sang,  
I listened to him with sadness  
And remembered my Motherland;  
My faraway native land,

Where the native nightingale sings his native songs,

And, unacquainted with the world's sorrows,  
Sings the whole night through  
Upon the lilac branch.

**My Genius, My Angel, My Friend / Moy geniy, moy  
angel, moy drug (Fet)**

Isn't it here,  
My genius, my angel, my friend,  
That you talk to me softly,  
And fly quietly around me like a light shadow?

You give me gentle inspiration,  
And heal my mild ailments,  
And give me a tranquil dream,  
My genius, my angel, my friend!

**Not a Word, O My Friend / Ni slova, o drug moy...  
Op. 6 No. 2 (Pleshcheyev)**

Not a word, O my friend, not even a sigh,  
We will keep silent along with you  
As you stand over the tombstone  
In your grief and silence.  
With just the weeping willows, bending and reading,  
I tried to read in your heart  
What you treasured in those happy days...  
The happiness that has gone ...  
The happiness that has gone ...  
Not a word, O my friend, not even a sigh,  
We will keep silent along with you  
As you stand over the tombstone  
In your grief and silence.

**Why? / Otchevo? Op. 6 No. 5 (Mey, after Heine)**

Why are the roses so pale?  
Oh tell me, my love, why?  
Why are the blue violets  
So silent in the green grass?

Why does the lark sing  
In such a grieving tone?  
Why does the scent of wilting blossoms  
Rise from the balsam weed?

Why does the sun shine on the meadow,  
so coldly and gloomily?  
Why is the earth as gray  
and bleak as a grave?

Why am I myself so sick and dreary?  
My beautiful darling, speak,  
Tell me, my heart's beloved,  
why have you deserted me?

**To Forget So Soon / Zabit' tak skoro, (Apukhtin)**

To forget so soon, dear God,  
the happiness of our life gone by!  
All of our encounters, our conversations!  
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!

To forget the excitement of those first days,  
of our rendezvous under shady branches!  
Our long looks, without words.  
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!

To forget how the full moon

looked upon us through the window,  
how the curtain stirred gently...  
To forget so soon, to forget so soon, so soon!

To forget love, to forget the dreams,  
To forget your vows - do you remember, do you remember?  
taken in the solemn hours of night, taken in the solemn  
hours of night!  
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!  
Dear God!

### **The Heroic Deed / Podvig, Op. 60 No. 11 (Khomyakov)**

In battle there is a heroic deed,  
In struggle there is a heroic deed,  
But the most heroic of all is in patience,  
In love and in prayer.  
If your heart aches  
From human evil,  
And you are oppressed  
By a force like a steel chain,  
If all the world's sorrows,  
Sting your soul,  
Then aim for your heroic deed  
With confidence and faith.  
The heroic deed has wings,  
That will lift you high,  
Effortlessly,  
Above the earth's darkness,  
Above your dungeon roof,  
Above the blind rage,  
Above the screams and yells,  
Of the mob of people.

### **Death / Smert, Op. 57 No. 5 (Merezhkovsky)**

When roses quietly shed their petals,  
When stars grow dim in the sky,  
When waves crash on the rocks ,  
And the light of dawn grows dim,

It is death. It is death.

Death, without a painful struggle  
Enthralling in its beauty,  
With a promise of pleasant rest,  
The best gift of heaven and nature.

The divine guide will take you to your death,  
Death with a smile,  
as festive as it is gentle,  
To greet your end with serenity and grace.

### **I Should Like in a Single Word / Khotel bi v edinoye slovo, (Mey, after Heine)**

I wish I could pour all my grief  
Into a single word,  
I would give it to the winds,  
That would gladly carry it forth.

They would carry it to you, my love,  
That pain-filled word;  
You would hear it always,  
You would hear it everywhere.

And you would scarcely have closed your eyes  
In sleep at night,  
Before my image would follow you,  
Into your deepest dream.

**Oh, If Only You Could / O, esli b ti mogla**, Op. 38 No. 4

Oh, if you could, just for one moment,  
Forget your sadness, forget your worries,  
If only I could see once again your look  
As it was in our happy years!

When I see a tear in your eyes,  
Oh, if that sadness could pass quickly,  
Like a warm spring storm that passes through and is gone,  
Like cloud shadows moving across fields of grain!

Oh, if you could, just for one moment,  
Forget your sadness, forget your worries,  
If only I could see once again your look  
As it was in our happy years!

**The Love of a Dead Man / Lyubov' mertvetsa**, Op. 38  
No. 5 (Lermontov)

Though I lie here  
In the cold ground  
Oh my love! Always, always,  
My soul is with you,  
Always and forever, my soul is with you!

I cannot forget  
The wild and painful longing of love.  
Though I now lie in a grave  
In a place of stillness and oblivion  
I cannot forget.  
Unafraid in my final hour of agony  
I left this world,  
Hoping separation would provide relief.  
But there is no separation!

What do I care about God's shining kingdom  
And exalted paradise?  
I brought my human passions with me.  
I treasure a dear dream  
Just the same;  
I desire, weep, envy,  
Just as in the past.

**On the Golden Cornfields / Na nivi zhyol'tiye**, Op. 57 No.  
2 (Tolstoy)

The golden fields are calm,  
Cooling in the evening air as villages fade  
Disturbed only by the sound of ringing bells.  
My soul overflows  
With separation from you, and bitter regret.  
And I remember all of my criticisms  
And even more strongly every helpful word  
That I could have told you, my love,  
But that I buried, cruelly,  
Within myself.

**Tell Me, What in the Shade of the Branches / Skazhi, o  
chom v teni vetvey**, Op. 57 No. 1 (Sollogub)

Tell me, what in the shade of the branches,  
Where nature relaxes  
And the nightingale sings,  
What is the song?

What is the secret obsession?  
Say it, say it, what is the word  
Familiar to all, but ever new?  
Love, love, love!

Say, what in her innermost thoughts  
The young girl wonders,  
That excitement pervading her sleep,  
That promise both fearful and joyful?

The name of the strange malady,  
That brings such bright joy,  
Why wait any longer for its name?  
Love, love!

Say, when life's yearning  
Brings suffering  
And sorrow for sins,  
Even then the ghost of happiness beckons!

What sweetens your being?  
Don't those words sound divine,  
Which I first heard from you,  
Those words, the words of love!

**The Fearful Moment / Strashnaya Minuta**, Op. 28 No. 6  
(Anon)

You listen, head bowed,  
With lowered eyes and a gentle sigh!  
You don't know how fearful  
These moments are for me,  
How meaningful,  
And how your silence  
Worries me.  
I'm waiting for the verdict,  
For your sentence:  
Whether you will stab me in the heart  
Or welcome me to paradise.  
Don't leave me in torment,

Speak just a word!  
Why are you so hesitant,  
And so distressed?  
When you sigh, quiver and weep,  
Can't you speak a word of love,  
Or don't you love me?  
I'm waiting for the verdict,  
For your sentence:  
Whether you will stab me in the heart  
Or welcome me to paradise.  
Oh, answer my entreaty,  
Answer me quickly!  
I'm waiting for your sentence.

**Reconciliation / Primiren'ye**, Op. 25 No. 1 (Shcherbina)

O my heart, please fall asleep!  
Don't wake up; don't stir up the past,  
Don't recall what vanished so quickly  
Don't love what you once loved...  
Don't let hope and idle dreams  
Disturb your peace and quiet!

For you cannot regain the past,  
There is no hope in the future...  
You did not find peace in ecstasy,  
Accept your suffering now,  
And try to forget in winter  
The roses you gathered in spring!

**Does the Day Reign / Den' li tsarit**, Op. 47 No. 6  
(Apukhtin)

Whether day reigns or in night's stillness,  
Whether I'm dreaming or awake,  
Wherever I go, I am filled with only one thought:  
Only of you!

The sorrow that has tortured me is gone,  
In my heart love alone reigns supreme!  
Courage, hope, devotion forever,  
All that is noble and good,  
It is all because of you!

Whether in the rest of my life joy or sadness reigns,  
Whether my life is long or short,  
I know that, until I die,  
All I do, all for which I give thanks,  
All is from you!

**Frenzied Nights / Nochi bezumniye**, Op. 60 No. 6  
(Apukhtin)

Frenzied nights, restless nights,  
Rambling speech, exhausted looks  
Nights with fading light  
Late fall's dying flowers!

Relentless time uncovered your deception  
And yet I soar back on wings of memory,  
Looking hopelessly for answers  
In times gone by.

Your hazy whispers overwhelm the sounds  
Of bustling day,

The unbearable noise...  
And in the quiet night you disturb my sleep;  
Frenzied nights, restless nights!

**Serenade (O Child, beneath thy window) / Serenada  
"O, ditya"** Op. 63 No. 6

O child, beneath your window  
I'll sing a serenade...  
Lulled by my singing  
You will have peaceful dreams;  
May your sleep  
In the stillness of night  
Be touched by the gentle sound of kisses!

Sadness and danger  
Await you, child, in life  
So sleep sweetly while you are carefree,  
And your heart is not weighed down;  
Sleep your tranquil sleep  
In the darkness of night  
Sleep, unaware of human discord.

May your guardian angel  
Keep watch over you, dear young friend,  
And lulling your innocent sleep,  
Sing you a gentle song of heaven.  
May the earthly echo  
Of this divine song  
Fill your soul with hope.

So sleep, beloved girl, and welcome  
The harmonies of my serenade.  
May you dream of bright paradise  
And boundless joy;  
May your tranquil sleep

In the stillness of night  
Be touched by the gentle sound of kisses!

**It Was in The Early Spring / To bilo ranneyu vesnoy,**  
Op. 38 No. 2 (Tolstoy)

It was in the early spring,  
The grass was just appearing,  
The stream flowing, the air warm;  
The trees were turning green;

It was early in the morning,  
And no shepherd's pipe could be heard,  
The ferns were still curled up  
In the pine forests.

It was in the early spring,  
and under the birch trees  
When you smiled  
And lowered your eyes at my glance...

In reply to my love  
You lowered your eyes...  
Oh life! Oh forest! Oh sunlight!  
Oh youth! Oh hope!

I shed tears in front of you,  
As I looked into your dear face  
It was in the early spring,  
And under the birch trees!

It was the dawn of our lives!  
Oh happiness! Oh tears!  
Oh forest! Oh sunlight!  
Oh fresh aroma of birch trees!

**Dusk Fell on the Earth / Na zemlyu sumrak pal,** Op. 47  
No. 3 (Berg)

Dusk fell on the earth,  
On bushes that were not stirring,  
And on sheets of lilies;  
The lake was quiet.  
Under the spell of such beauty,  
I stand and contemplate. Are you sad today,  
Is everything around you sad?  
Morning came, wakened by the dew:  
A lily, awake in its radiant beauty  
In its sparkling clothing, smiles kindly,  
And greets the heavens  
With a cheerful wave to the lake.  
But !! I am full of sadness.

**I Bless You, Forests / Blagoslavlyayu vas, lesa,** Op. 47  
No. 5 (Tolstoy)

I bless you, forests, valleys, fields, mountains, waters  
I bless you, freedom and the blue sky.

I bless my walking stick and my modest clothing,  
And the steppe from end to end,  
And the light of the sun, and the darkness of night.

And the path that I follow, poor though I am,  
And every blade of grass in the fields,  
And every star in the sky!

Oh, if only I could embrace all living things,  
And join my soul with theirs,  
Oh, if only I could embrace you all,  
Foes, friends, brothers, all creatures,  
And envelop in my arms all of nature!

**Don Juan's Serenade / Serenada Don-Zhuana, Op. 38**  
No. 1 (Tolstoy)

Darkness gradually extinguishes  
The golden peaks of Alpujara  
Come out, my beloved,  
At the invitation of my guitar!

Whoever says that another is your equal,  
I defy, I defy them all  
And challenge them to a duel  
Ignited by my love.

The silvery moon  
Lights up the sky,  
Come out, come out, Nisetta,  
Onto your balcony!

From Seville to Granada,  
In the quiet, sweet night,  
Serenades can be heard  
And the clash of swords.

As much blood as song flows  
For the attractive ladies,  
As for me, I would give all for the loveliest,  
My blood and my song.

The silvery moon  
Lights up the sky,  
Come out, come out, Nisetta,  
Onto your balcony!

## DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY

Internationally acclaimed Russian baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky was born and studied in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. In 1989, he won the prestigious Cardiff Singer of the World Competition. From the start, audiences were bowled over by his cultivated voice, innate sense of musical line and natural legato. After his Western operatic debut at the Nice Opera in Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame*, his career exploded to take in regular engagements at the world's major opera houses and appearances at renowned international festivals, including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, New York's Metropolitan Opera, the Paris Opera, the Bavarian State Opera, the Salzburg Festival, the Teatro alla Scala Milan, the Vienna State Opera, and the Chicago Lyric Opera.

A celebrated recitalist in demand in every corner of the globe; from the Far East to the Middle East, from Australia to South America, Dmitri has appeared at such venues as Wigmore Hall, London; Queen's Hall, Edinburgh; Carnegie Hall, New York; the Teatro alla Scala, Milan; the Tchaikovsky Conservatoire, Moscow; the Liceu, Barcelona; the Suntory Hall, Tokyo; and the Musikverein, Vienna. He regularly performs with the world's top orchestras, and conductors such as James Levine, Bernard Haitink, Claudio Abbado, Lorin Maazel, Zubin Mehta, Yuri Termikanov and Valery Gergiev.

Dmitri retains a strong musical and personal contact with Russia. He became the first opera singer to give a solo concert with orchestra and chorus on Red Square in Moscow; this concert was televised in over 25 countries. Dmitri has gone on to sing a number of prestigious concerts in Moscow as a part of his own special series, 'Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Friends'. He has invited such celebrated artists as Renee Fleming, Sumi Jo, Sondra Radvonosky and Jonas Kaufmann. In 2005 he gave an historic tour throughout the cities of Russia at the invitation of President Putin, singing to crowds of hundreds of thousands of people to commemorate the soldiers of the Second World War.

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

## IVARI ILJA

Ivari Ilja was born in Tallinn. He studied piano at the Tallinn State Conservatoire with Professor Laine Mets and at the Moscow Tchaikovsky Conservatoire with Professor Vera Gornostayeva and Professor Sergey Dorensky.

He has won prizes in several national and international competitions, including the Chopin Piano Competition in Warsaw and the Vianna da Motta Piano Competition in Lisbon.

He has given recitals and he has performed as a soloist with orchestras including the Moscow Symphony Orchestra, the Estonian National Symphony Orchestra and the St.Petersburg Symphony Orchestra, with such conductors as Arvo Volmer, Eri Klas, Leo Krämer, Veronica Dudarova, Urs Schneider, Roman Matsov, Imants Resnis, Andres Mustonen, Peeter Lilje, Theodore Kuchar and Vello Pähn .

His repertoire mostly includes Romantic music, such as Chopin, Brahms, and Schumann, but he also performs repertoire by composers such as Mozart, Prokofiev and Britten.

Ivari Ilja also performs in chamber music, and has accompanied singers such as Irina Arkhipova, Maria Guleghina, Elena Zaremba, Pauletta de Vaughn, and Dmitri Hvorostovsky.

He has performed concerts in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Finland, Sweden, the Baltic States, Japan, USA, Germany, Great Britain, Spain, Poland, France, amongst other countries.



**DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY**



**IVARY ILJA**



# TCHAIKOVSKY ROMANCES

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY BARITONE  
IVARI ILJA PIANO

## DISC 1

None but the Lonely Heart | Night | At Bedtime |  
I Opened the Window | My Genius, My Angel, My Friend |  
Not a Word, O My Friend | Why? | To Forget So Soon |  
The Heroic Deed | Death | I Should like in a Single Word |  
Oh, If Only You Could

## DISC 2

The Love of a Dead Man | On the Golden Cornfields |  
Tell Me, What in the Shade of the Branches |  
The Fearful Moment | Reconciliation |  
Does the Day Reign | Frenzied Nights |  
Serenade (O Child, beneath thy window) |  
It Was in The Early Spring | Dusk Fell on the Earth |  
I Bless You, Forests | Don Juan's Serenade

© & © 2009 Delos Productions, Inc.  
P.O. Box 343, Sonoma, California 95476-9998  
Discs Made in Canada. Assembled in the USA  
[www.delosmusic.com](http://www.delosmusic.com)

DELLOS

DE 3393

