

CHAN 6617



Shostakovich

Chamber Symphony
Symphony for Strings
From Jewish Folk Poetry

Nadia Pelle
Mary Ann Hart
Rodney Nolan
I Musici de Montréal
Yuli Turovsky

CHANDOS
COLLECT

Dmitri Shostakovich (1906–1975)

Chamber Symphony, Op. 110a
(arr. Barshai from String Quartet No. 8)
in C minor

23:29

1	I	Largo –	5:15
2	II	Allegro molto –	3:04
3	III	Allegretto –	4:37
4	IV	Largo –	6:31
5	V	Largo	4:02

Symphony for Strings, Op. 118a
(arr. Barshai from String Quartet No. 10)
in A flat major

26:20

6	I	Andante	5:03
7	II	Allegretto furioso	4:52
8	III	Adagio –	6:43
9	IV	Allegretto	9:37

From Jewish Folk Poetry*

24:55

10	1	The lament for the dead child	2:34
11	2	The thoughtful mother and aunt	1:54
12	3	Lullaby	2:55
13	4	Before a long parting	2:42
14	5	A warning	1:24
15	6	The abandoned father	1:56
16	7	The song of misery	1:25
17	8	Winter	3:13
18	9	A good life	1:41
19	10	The young girl's song	3:13
20	11	Happiness	1:44

TT 75:01

Nadia Pelle soprano*

Mary Ann Hart mezzo-soprano*

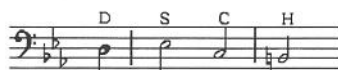
Rodney Nolan tenor*

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Shostakovich: Chamber Symphony etc.

The Eighth Quartet, which became the basis of the **Chamber Symphony**, was composed in 1960, when it became apparent that the illness which afflicted Shostakovich was incurable. It is possible that he then began to think about death as a reality and felt the necessity to sum up his own life as well as the era with which he was inextricably bound up. The Eighth Quartet is in its own way a musical autobiography. It begins with a fugue-like exposition of the main four-note motif of the composition. This motif is quite simply the musical signature of the composer built on notes, the German notation of which makes up his initials:



Here Shostakovich without doubt was following in the footsteps of another composer, whose influence on him was so great, and who wrote his musical testament for posterity and died leaving unfinished the last 'Chapter' but succeeded in leaving his musical signature: B.A.C.H.

The signature D. Shostakovich is the *leitmotif* of the whole composition; it threads



its way through all five movements with modifications and elaborations, but is always recognizable.

The Quartet is also autobiographical in that Shostakovich makes wide use of quotations from his own compositions which were most dear to him and which played an important part in his life. Already in the first movement we hear a quotation from his First Symphony which he composed while still a nineteen-year-old student at the Leningrad Conservatory of Music, and which made him world famous.

The terror and horror of the second movement erupt, or rather, burst into the Jewish theme of his Piano Trio (1944). The whole second movement comes abruptly to a stop on the same themes with the suddenness of a bullet killing outright. In the third movement, a theme from the First Cello Concerto (1959) is introduced as if by chance, in order to be transformed in the fourth movement, into a theme-symbol of pitiless and destructive force.

If Beethoven talked about recurring notes in a theme in his Fifth Symphony as 'Fate

knocking at the door', so one can say the same about the recurring, frequent and sinister chords of the fourth movement. But Fate here appears dressed in the uniform of the Secret Police. The whole country had waited at night for dozens of years for the knocks at the door, in a state of passive numbness. So, too, Shostakovich waited.

Another quotation follows, but not from his own music. This melody is an old prison song known to every schoolboy in the Soviet Union: 'Tormented by heavy bondage'. The narration in this song is in the first person and it is clear without any explanations that in the words of A. Solzhenitsyn: 'It is I! It is I myself who am tormented by oppressive bondage', Shostakovich, 'the captive genius'.

And finally the quotation from his opera *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* appears. Shostakovich quotes from the aria in which his heroine Katerina Ismailova addresses her beloved, 'Serge my dear one', for whose sake she committed a crime, was deported to Siberia and was betrayed by him. The solo cello playing this music without doubt forms the quiet but tense culmination of the whole composition. After this climax Shostakovich returns (in the fifth movement) to the themes of the first movement, which sound helpless and devastated as if repeating: 'Life is a circle, from ashes to ashes...'

The Tenth Quartet, Op. 118, later to be

orchestrated as the **Symphony for Strings**, was composed in 1964.

The first movement, *Andante*, astonishes us with its distinctive 'freezing' of emotions. An atmosphere of passive anticipation of some horrible event is created. We have, for example, the bloodchilling episode in the middle of the first movement with the triplets of muted violas *sul ponticello*. This section invariably brings to my mind the image of Orwell's hero Winston Smith in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, frozen in fear at the sight of rats, an uncontrollable fear which he is unable to overcome.

The designation of the second movement, *Allegretto furioso*, in itself expresses a certain eerie incompatibility. It is one of the most typical of Shostakovich's images, an image in which we become witnesses to an inhuman carnage where steel boots crush living human beings, where the Orwellian rats are let free.

The third movement, *Adagio*, is written in the form of a passacaglia and sounds like a requiem for the victims, where the lone voice of the violin sometimes is absorbed into the repetitive theme of the passacaglia, while at other times comes to the surface as if to make sense of the events and to pray for the dead. In the voice of the violins, at times, we hear a passionate protest and rejection of what has happened, while at other times it is the sound of humility and resignation. Gradually,

however, the emotions are again frozen, all motion is halted and the third movement leads without interruption into the fourth and last movement, *Allegretto*.

While in itself rather lighthearted, carefree and scherzo-like in character, the *allegretto* theme, when heard against a background of two motionless notes carried over from the third movement, gives the impression of an hallucination. This theme, in the development of the fourth movement, undergoes every possible metamorphosis. Initially inoffensive, it later betrays its sinister, ominous grin. At the movement's climax the theme of the passacaglia unexpectedly reappears like a final outburst of life and struggle after which all energy gradually disappears. Shostakovich seems to plunge into himself and returns to the theme of the first movement. The sonority fades away and the violin rises higher and higher as though the soul were flying away...

Shostakovich composed the song-cycle **From Jewish Folk Poetry** in 1948, at a time when a new wave of anti-Semitism, unprecedented in its brutality, overtook the Soviet Union.

The cycle consists of eleven songs. Formally, the first eight are dedicated to the hard life of the Jews under the Czar – the coded expression of the time made it possible to speak about current issues only with reference to history or by making use of allegory.

Scenes from Jewish life alternate: sometimes tragic in content ('The lament for the dead child'), sometimes merry ('The thoughtful mother and aunt'), sometimes tragic-comic ('The song of misery'), as if the characters had stepped out from a Chagall painting.

The culmination of the entire cycle is the eighth song, 'Winter'. As one hears the frightening wailing of voices and wind instruments, one imagines the nation paralysed by fear and by the expectations of new killings, a nation which was once hoping that after the war (after *such* a war!) life would return to its natural human values and that there would not be a resurgence of the Stalinist terror of pre-war times. But with the last stanza

The cold and the wind have returned,
One cannot bear it and be silent.
So scream, So weep, children,
For winter has come back

it becomes clear that all hope is lost.

'One cannot bear it and be silent': Shostakovich here explains why such a work was created at exactly that time, even though it was condemned to lie hidden away in a desk drawer for many years (and it would have meant mortal danger for the composer, had someone prematurely retrieved it from that drawer).

The last three songs are dedicated to the so-called 'happy life' of the Jews under Stalin's

regime. In order truly to understand their meaning we should return to Shostakovich's words regarding Jewish music:

It can appear happy while it is tragic.

It's almost always laughter through tears.

The strained jubilation of songs nine and ten is suddenly cut short with the phrase (No. 10):

Just don't cry, little pipe!...

Don't you hear my life is full?

Merrier, merrier,

Must you sing, little pipe!

And the pipe (oboe), having understood its duty to sing merrier, races with great energy

through the fifteen-bar *accelerando* towards the end.

The title of the last song, No. 11 is 'Happiness'. The words sung by the mezzo-soprano are so ridiculously improbable, and the lamentations of the accompanying soprano and tenor, which appear to comment on the text, are so close to the hopeless Jewish 'Oy-vey!' that the whole of this grotesque scene turns into an open mockery of this officially proclaimed 'happiness'. At the same time the spiritual strength of the Jewish people is somehow confirmed.

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1. Plach ob umershem mladentse

- 10 Solntse i dozhdik, siyanie i mglia, tuman
opustilsya, pomerkla luna.
– Kavо rodila ona?
– Mal'chika, mal'chika.
– A kak nazvali?
– Moyshela, Moyshela.
– A v chom kachali Moyshela?
– V lyul'ke.
– A chem kormili?
– Khlebom i lukom.
– A gde skhoronili?
– V mogile.
Oy, mal'chik v mogile, v mogile Moyshela, v
mogile.

2. Zabotlivye mama i tyotyа

- 11 – Bay, bay, bay, v selo, tatunya, poezzhay!
Privezi nam yablochko, shtob ne bolet'
glazochkam!
Bay...
– Bay, bay, bay, v selo, tatunya, poezzhay!
Privezi nam kurochku, shtob ne bolet'
zubochkam!
Bay...
– Bay, bay, bay, v selo, tatunya, poezzhay!
Privezi nam utochku, shtob ne bolet'
grudochkel
Bay...
– Bay, bay, bay, v selo, tatunya, poezzhay!
Privezi nam gusochku, shtob ne bolet'
puzochku!
Bay...
– Bay, bay, bay, v selo, tatunya, poezzhay!
Privezi nam semechek, shtob ne bolet'
temechku!

1. The lament for the dead child

- Sun and rain, shine and mist, the fog has descended,
the moon has grown dim.
– Whom did she give birth to?
– To a boy, to a boy.
– And how did they name him?
– Moyshela, Moyshela.
– And in what did they rock Moyshela?
– In a cradle.
– And what did they feed him with?
– With bread and onions.
– And where did they bury him?
– In a grave.
Oy, little boy in the grave, in the grave, Moyshela in
the grave.

2. The thoughtful mother and aunt

- Bye, bye, bye, to the village, Daddy go!
Bring us an apple, so our eyes won't hurt! Bye...

– Bye, bye, bye, to the village, Daddy, go!
Bring us a chicken, so our teeth won't hurt! Bye...

– Bye, bye, bye, to the village, Daddy, go!
Bring us a duck, so our chest won't hurt! Bye...

– Bye, bye, bye, to the village, Daddy, go!
Bring us a goose, so our stomach won't hurt! Bye...

– Bye, bye, bye, to the village, Daddy, go!
Bring us some seeds, so our crown won't hurt! Bye...

Bay...

- Bay, bay, bay, v selo, tatunya, poezzhay!
Privezi nam zaychika, shtob ne bolet'
pal'chikam! Bay...

3. Kolybel'naya

- 12 Moy synok veskh krashe v mire, spi, a ya ne
splyu.
Tvoy otets v tsepyakh v Sibiri.
Derzhit tsar' yevo v tyur'mye
Spi lyu-lyu-lyu, lyu-lyu
Kolybel' tvoyu kachaya, mama slyozy lyot.
Sam poymyoshh'ty, podrastaya, shto yey serdtse
zhzhot.
Tvoy otets, v Sibiri dal'ney, ya nuzhdu terplyu.
Spi, pokuda bespechal'no a lyu-lyu-lyu,
lyu-lyu-lyu.
Skorb' moyа cherneye nochі, spi, a ya ne splyu.
Spi, khoroshiy, spi, synochek, spi, lyu-lyu-lyu,
lyu-lyu-lyu.

4. Pered dolgoy razlukoy

- 13 – Oy, Abram, kak bez tebyа mne zhit'?
Ya bez tebyа, ty bez menya, kak nam v razluke
zhit'?
– A pomnish', v vorotakh so mnoy stoyala, shto
po sekretu ty mne skazala?
Oy, Rivochka, day mne tvoy rotik, devochka!
– Oy, Abram, kak nam zhit' teper'?
Ya bez tebyа, ty bez menya, oy, kak bez ruchki
dver'!
– A pomnish', gulyaya s toboy my v pare – shto
ty skazala mne na bul'vare?

Oy, Rivochka, day tvoy rotik, devochka!

- Bye, bye, bye, to the village, Daddy, go!
Bring us a rabbit, so our fingers won't hurt! Bye...

3. Lullaby

- My son who is the most beautiful in the world, sleep,
but I'm not sleeping.
Your father is in chains in Siberia,
The Tsar holds him in prison
Sleep, Lyu-lyu-lyu, lyu-lyu
Rocking your cradle, your mother sheds tears.
Later you will understand yourself what grieves her
heart.
Your father is in far Siberia, and I suffer in misery.
Sleep while you're still carefree, and lyu-lyu-lyu,
lyu-lyu-lyu.
My grief is darker than the night, sleep, but I'm not
sleeping.
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep, my son, sleep, lyu-lyu-lyu,
lyu-lyu-lyu.

4. Before a long parting

- Oy, Abram, how shall I live without you?
I without you, you without me, how shall we live in
separation?
– And do you remember how you stood with me at
the gate, what you told me in secret?
Oy, Rivochka, give me your lips, girl!
– Oy, Abram, how shall we live now?
I without you, you without me, oy, like a door
without a handle!
– And do you remember, going for a walk as a couple
what you told me on the boulevard?

Oy, Rivochka, give me your lips girl!

- Oy, Abram, kak bez tebya mne zhit'?
- Oy, Rivochka, kak bez tebya mne zhit'?
- Ya bez tebya, ty bez menya, kak nam bez schastya zhit'?

Ty pomnish', ya krasnuyu yubku nosila?
Oy, kak togda ya byla krasiva!

- Oy, Abram, oy, Abram!
- Oy, Rivochka, day tvoj rotik, devochka!

5. Predosterezheniye

¹⁴ Slushay, Khasya!
Nel'z'ya gulyat', ne smey gulyat', s lyubym gulyat'
opasaysya, opasaysya, opasaysya!

Poydyosh' gulyat', do utra gulyat'. Oy, potom
naplacheshsya,
Khasya!
Slushay! Khasya!

6. Broshenniy otets

- ¹⁵ Ele – staryevschik nadel khalat.
K pristani dochka ushla, govoryat.
– Tsirele, dochka, vernis' k otsu, dam tebe platyev
naryadnykh k ventsu.
Tsirele, dochka, ser'gi i koltsa kuplyu tebe
sam. Tsirele, dochka, i na pridachu
krasavchika, krasavchika dam. Tsirele,
dochka.
– Ne nado mne naryadov, ne nado mne kolets,
lish' s gospodinom pristavom poydu ya pod
venets.
– Gospodin pristav, skoreye gonite v sheyu
starovo yevreya.

- Oy, Abram, how shall I live without you?
- Oy, Rivochka, how shall I live without you?
- I without you, you without me, how shall we live
without happiness?

Do you remember, I wore a red skirt?
Oy, how beautiful was I then!

- Oy, Abram, oy, Abram!
- Oy, Rivochka, give me your lips girl!

5. A warning

Listen, Hasya!
Don't go for a walk, don't you dare go for a walk,
be careful not to go for a walk with just anyone,
be careful, be careful!
If you go for a walk, for a walk until dawn, oy, you will
cry later,
Hasya!
Listen! Hasya!

6. The abandoned father

- Heleh – the old man put on his coat.
They say his daughter left for the quay.
– Tsirele, daughter, come back to your father, I'll give
you beautiful dresses for your wedding.
Tsirele, daughter, earrings and rings I will buy you
myself. Tsirele, daughter, and in addition I'll give
you a handsome young man, a handsome young
man. Tsirele, daughter.
– I don't need dresses, I don't need rings, I'll only
marry the police chief.
– Mr Police chief, quickly chase the old Jew away.

- Tsirele, dochka, vernis' k otsu!
- Ah... vernis' k otsu! Tsirele! Dochka!

7. Pesnya o nuzhde

¹⁶ Krysha spit na cherdake pod solomoy sladkim
snom. V kolybel'ke spit ditya bez pelyonok,
nagishom.

Gop, gop, vyshe, vyshe!
Yest koza solomu s kryshi!
Gop, gop, vyshe, vyshe!
Yest koza solomu s kryshi, oy!

Kolybel' na cherdake,
Pauchok v ney tkyot bedu.
Radost' on moyu sosyot,
Mne ostaviv lish' nuzhdu.

Gop, gop, vyshe, vyshe!
Yest koza solomu s kryshi!
Gop, gop, vyshe, vyshe!
Yest koza solomu s kryshi, oy!

Petushok na cherdake,
Yarko krasniy grebeshok.
Oy, zhena, zaymi dlya detok
Khleba, chorstvovo kusok.

Gop, gop, vyshe, vyshe!
Yest koza solomu s kryshi!
Gop, gop, vyshe, vyshe!
Yest koza solomu s kryshi, oy!

8. Zima

¹⁷ Lezhit moya Sheydl v krovati,
I s neyu rebyonok bol'noy.
Ni schyopki v netoplennoy khate,
A veter gudit za stenoy.

- Tsirele, daughter, come back to your father!
- Ah... come back to your father! Tsirele! Daughter!

7. The song of misery

The roof sleeps sweetly in the attic under the straw.
In the cradle sleeps a child without swaddling, all
naked.

Hop, hop, higher, higher!
A goat eats straw from the roof!
Hop, hop, higher, higher!
A goat eats straw from the roof, oy!

The cradle is in the attic,
In it a spider weaves misfortune.
It sucks away my happiness,
Leaving me only misery.

Hop, hop, higher, higher!
A goat eats straw from the roof!
Hop, hop, higher, higher!
A goat eats straw from the roof, oy!

A rooster is in the attic,
With a bright red comb.
Oy, wife, borrow for the children
A piece of stale bread.

Hop, hop, higher, higher!
A goat eats straw from the roof!
Hop, hop, higher, higher!
A goat eats straw from the roof, oy!

8. Winter

My Sheyndl is in bed,
And with her a sick child.
There's not a splinter in the unheated hut,
And outside the wind howls.

Ah... Ah...
Ah... Ah...
Ah... Ah...

Vernulis' i stuzha, i veter,
Net sily terpet' i molchat'.
Krichite zhe, plach'te zhe, deti,
Zima vorotilas' opyat'.

Ah... Ah...
Ah... Ah...
Ah... Ah...

9. Khoroshaya zhishn'

¹⁸ O pole prostornom, druzya dorogiye,
Pesen ne pel ya v gody glukhiye.
Ne dlya menya polya rastsvetali,
Ne dlya menya rosinki stekali.

V tesnom podvale, vo t'me syroy,
Zhil ya kogda – to izmuchen nuzhdoy.
I grusnaya pesnya neslas' iz podvala
O gore, o muke moey nebyvalo.

Kolkhoznaya rechka, struis' veseleye,
Druzyam pereday moy poklon poskoreye.
Skazhi, shto v kolkhoze teper' moy dom,
Tsvetusheye derevo stoit pod oknom.

Teper' dlya menya polya rastsvetayut,
Menya molokom i myodom pitayut.
Ya schastliv, a ty rasskazhi moim bratyam:
Kolkhoznym polyam budu pesni slagat' ya.

10. Pesnya devushki

¹⁹ Na luzhayke, vozle lesa, shto zadumchiv tak
vsegda
My pasyom s utra do nochi kolkhozyne stada.

Ah... Ah...
Ah... Ah...
Ah... Ah...

The cold and the wind have returned,
One cannot bear it and be silent.
So scream, so weep, children,
For winter has come back.

Ah... Ah...
Ah... Ah...
Ah... Ah...

9. A good life

Of wide fields, dear friends,
I did not sing songs long ago.
Not for me did the fields bloom,
Not for me did dew-drops flow down.

In a narrow cellar, in humid darkness,
Lived I once, worn out by misery.
And a sad song ascended from the cellar,
Of grief, of my unparalleled suffering.

Kolkhoz river, flow joyfully,
Quickly give my regards to my friends.
Tell them that my home is now in the kolkhoz.
A blossoming tree stands under my window.

Now the fields bloom for me,
They feed me with milk and honey.
I'm happy, and you tell my brothers:
I'll write songs to the kolkhoz fields.

10. The young girl's song

In the meadows, near the ever-so-pensive forest,
We look after the kolkhoz herds from daybreak till
sundown.

I sizhu ya na prigorke, s dudochkoy sizhu svokey.
Ne mogu ya naglyadet'sya na krasu strany moyey.

V yarkoy zeleny derevya i krasivy, i stroyny,
A v polyakh tsvetut kolosya, prelesti polny.

Oy, oy, oy, oy, lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu!
Oy, lyul Oy, lyul
Oy, lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu!

To mne vetka ulybnyotsya, kolosok vdrug
podmignyt,
Chustvo radosti velikoy v serdtse iskroyu
sverknyot.
Poy zhe dudochka prostaya, tak lekhko nam pet'
vdvaynom!
Slyshat gory i doliny, kak my radostno poyom.
Tol'ko dudochka ne plakat'! Proshlyu zabud'
pechal'.

I puskey tvoi napevy mchatsya v laskovuyu dal'.

Oy, oy, oy, oy, lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu!
Oy, lyul Oy, lyul
Oy, lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu!

Ya v svoym kolkhoze schastлива
Slyshish', zhizn' moya polna!
Veseleye, veseleye,
Dudochka ty pet' dolzhna!

11. Schastye

²⁰ Ya muzha smelo pod ruku vzyala,
Pust' ya stara i star moy kavalier.
Vevo s soboy v teatr povela,
I vzyali dva bileta my v parter.

Do pozdney nochi s muzhem sidya tam,
Vse predavalis' radostnym mechtam
Kakimi blagami okruzheni

And I sit on the hill with my little pipe.
I cannot stop to feast my eyes on the beauty of my
country.
In the bright greenery the trees are beautiful and tall,
And in the fields blossom the ears, full of beauty.

Oy, oy, oy, oy, lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu!
Oy, lyul Oy, lyul
Oy, lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu!

Sometimes a branch smiles at me, an ear suddenly
winks at me,
A feeling of great happiness flashes through my heart.
So sing, simple pipe, oh how easy it is for us to sing
together!
Mountains and valleys hear how we sing joyfully.
Just don't cry, little pipe! Forget the old sadness.

Let your tunes rush along into the tender distance.

Oy, oy, oy, oy, lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu!
Oy, lyul Oy, lyul
Oy, lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu-lyu!

I am happy on my kolkhoz,
Don't you hear, my life is full?
Merrier, merrier,
Must you sing, little pipe!

11. Happiness

I boldly took my husband's arm,
So what if I'm old and my date is old, too!
I took him with me to the theatre,
And we bought two tickets to the pit.

Sitting there with my husband late into the night,
Everyone succumbed to the happy thoughts
About what wealth surrounds

Yevreyskovo sapozhnika zhená.
Oy, oy, oy, oy, kakimi blagami okruzhena
Yevreyskovo sapozhnika zhená. Oyl

I vseý strane knochu provedat' ya
Pro radostniy i svyettliy zhrebiy moy:
Vrachami, vrachami nashi stali synovya –
Zvezda gorit nad nashey golovoy!

Oy, oy, oy, oy, zvezda gorit.
Zvezda gorit,
Zvezda gorit nad nashey golovoy!

Vrachami, vrachami,
Nashi stali synovya!
Zvezda gorit,
Nad nashey golovoy.
Oyl

Transcription: Alexander Schelechow

The Jewish shoemaker's wife.
Oy, oy, oy, oy, what wealth surrounds
The Jewish shoemaker's wife. Oyl

And to the whole country will I tell
About my happy and bright lot!
Doctors, doctors, have become our sons –
A star shines above our heads!

Oy, oy, oy, oy, a star shines.
A star shines,
A star shines above our heads!

Doctors, doctors,
Have become our sons!
A star shines
Above our heads.
Oyl

Translation: Alexander Schelechow

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(*From Jewish Folk Poetry*)

Sound engineer Ralph Couzens

Assistant engineers Philip Couzens (*Symphony for Strings*), Richard Lee & Ben Connellan (*From
Jewish Folk Poetry*)

Editors Ralph Couzens (*Chamber Symphony*), Tim Handley (*Symphony for Strings*), Jeffrey Ginn
(*From Jewish Folk Poetry*)

Recording venue St Pierre Apôtre, Montréal; August 1984 (*Chamber Symphony*), Ste Madeleine,
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Front cover Photograph of Shostakovich at rehearsals in Leningrad, c.1942 (source unknown)

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SHOSTAKOVICH: CHAMBER SYMPHONY ETC. - Solists/ Musici de Montréal/Turovsky



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Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975)

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|---------|---|----------|
| 1 - 5 | Chamber Symphony, Op. 110a
(arr. Barshai from String Quartet No. 8)
in C minor | 23:29 |
| 6 - 9 | Symphony for Strings, Op. 118a
(arr. Barshai from String Quartet No. 10)
in A flat major | 26:20 |
| 10 - 20 | From Jewish Folk Poetry* | 24:55 |
| | | TT 75:01 |

Nadia Pelle soprano*
Mary Ann Hart mezzo-soprano*
Rodney Nolan tenor*
I Musici de Montréal
Yuli Turovsky

DDD



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