

NAXOS

BORODIN

Prince Igor (Highlights)

Soloists • Chorus
Ukraine National Radio Symphony
Theodore Kuchar



Alexander Porfir'yevich Borodin (1833–1887)

Prince Igor (Highlights)

The Five, the so-called Mighty Handful, so named by the Russian critic and librarian Vladimir Stasov, were the principal nationalist composers in later nineteenth-century Russia, following the example of Glinka, their forerunner. Borodin, like some others of the group, followed another profession than music, winning distinction as a professor of chemistry. His work as a composer was limited by his other duties and preoccupations, and at his death he left a number of compositions unfinished, to be completed by his friend Rimsky-Korsakov and others.

Born in 1833, Borodin was the illegitimate son of a Georgian prince, given the name of one of his father's serfs. He was brought up by his mother in relatively privileged cultural surroundings that brought acquaintance with a number of Western European languages and a profound interest in music, a continuing enthusiasm that at times distracted him from his increasingly distinguished work as a scientist. His activity as a composer was stimulated by his meeting with Balakirev, self-appointed leader of the group of Russian nationalist composers, and association with Mussorgsky, César Cui and Rimsky-Korsakov.

Borodin had contributed to the collaborative opera-ballet *Mlada* in 1872, but his principal efforts were dedicated, over the years, to *Prince Igor*. For this he provided his own libretto, based on a scenario by Vladimir Stasov, but failing to complete the text before starting the task of composition, an omission that complicated his task. The work occupied Borodin intermittently from 1869, but was left unfinished at his

sudden death in 1887. Rimsky-Korsakov and the young Glazunov took on the task of editing, completing and, where necessary, orchestrating the opera as Borodin had left it, leading to a first performance of their version of the work in St Petersburg in 1892. For this purpose they had cut a quantity of the original music. Glazunov was said to have reconstructed the overture from memory, having heard Borodin's version of it, although the latter may only have left the very broadest hints as to what he intended. Glazunov also composed much of the third act of the completed version. A number of other versions of *Prince Igor* have been devised, in an attempt to restore as much as possible of Borodin's original work.

Stasov's epic conception, based on the allegedly early *Lay of the Host of Igor*, and episodes from medieval Kievan chronicles, provides the framework for contrast between the Russian Prince Igor, for which Borodin had some recourse to traditional Russian melodies and, like Mussorgsky, perhaps to speech intonations, and the medley of exotic musical elements that he associates with the Polovtsians.

The 'musical picture' *In the Steppes of Central Asia* was completed in 1880 and published two years later. It was intended as a contribution to a series of illustrations from episodes in Russian history to mark the silver jubilee of Tsar Alexander II, and depicts the progress of a caravan across the steppes, escorted by Russian troops. Borodin makes use of a Russian melody and a contrasting oriental theme, the two later combined. The work won wide contemporary popularity.

PRINCE IGOR: SYNOPSIS

① The *Overture* to the opera leads to a *Prologue*, set in the market-place of Putivl'. The people gather before their ruler, Igor Svyatoslavich, Prince of Seversk, who urges battle against the Polovtsians. The people, however, are anxious at an eclipse of the sun, a bad omen. Prince Igor insists on his campaign, and his men leave for battle against their traditional Tartar enemies.

ACT I

Scene 1

At the court of Prince Vladimir Galitsky, brother of Prince Igor's wife, Yaroslavna, the people praise him, appointed now by his brother-in-law to guard the kingdom and the Princess, led by the gudok-players Skula and Yeroshka, who tell of Galitsky's abduction of a girl for his pleasure.

② Galitsky declares his own philosophy of life (*Greshno tait': ya skuki nye lyublyu,*), deploring his sister's strait-laced attitude. His followers approve, but the gathering is interrupted by a group of girls deploring the abduction. Their pleas are in vain. Skula, who, with Yeroshka, has deserted from Prince Igor's army, returns to drinking, and urges support for Galitsky as their prince. The courtiers agree.

Scene 2

In her room Yaroslavna regrets her husband's absence, haunted by bad dreams. Her nurse announces the arrival of girls, who have come to complain of Galitsky's behaviour. They are interrupted by Galitsky himself. He tries to put aside his sister's strictures, but eventually agrees to release the girl he has abducted. As he goes, a group of Boyars enter, bringing news of the defeat and capture of Prince Igor and his son Vladimir. An alarm sounds. The Polovtsians are attacking Putivl'.

ACT II

③ In the Polovtsian camp girls sing a hymn to the evening, and dance to entertain Konchakovna, daughter of Khan Konchak, the Polovtsian leader.

④ Konchakovna sings of her planned meeting with Vladimir (*Merkyet syet dnevnoy...*). She tells her women to give the Russian prisoners, returning from their labours, water to drink. Their Polovtsian guards, together with the baptized Polovtsian Ovlur, sing of the end of the day. Ovlur remains behind, as they pass on.

⑤ Vladimir expresses his feelings of love for Konchakovna (*Myedlenno dyen' usagal*). She appears, and they sing together of their love.

⑥ They leave as Prince Igor enters, lamenting his captivity and separation from Yaroslavna (*Ni sna, ni otdikha*). Ovlur steps forward, proposing a plan of escape. Prince Igor finds the suggestion dishonourable, but then starts to demur. He is greeted by his captor, Khan Konchak, who offers him further hospitality, and suggests even an alliance between them, rejected by Prince Igor.

⑦ Khan Konchak orders entertainment for his guest. The first is a dance of Polovtsian slave girls, followed by a wild dance of the men and general dance, singing in praise of the Khan, and finally a boys' dance and men's dance.

ACT III

⑧ In the often omitted Act III, the *Polovtsian March* celebrates a further victory by the Polovtsians against the Russians, who watch in anger as Russian prisoners are brought in.

ACT IV

By the walls of Putivl' Yaroslavna laments the absence of her husband and his captivity, while peasants add their own lament at the fate of the city. Two horsemen are seen approaching, one of them Prince Igor, whom she embraces in joy. They make to leave, as Yeroshka

and Skula, drinking and plotting, appear, afraid when they recognise Prince Igor. They save themselves by sounding the tocsin to proclaim the return of the Prince, who is greeted by the elders and Boyars.

Keith Anderson

Angelina Shvachka

Born in Dnepropetrovsk, Ukraine, the mezzo-soprano Angelina Shvachka started her musical studies as a choral conductor. From 1990 she continued at the vocal faculty of the Kiev State Conservatory, where she graduated in 1997. Since then she has been Grand-Prize winner of the International Competition of young singers in Beskow, Germany and diploma winner at the Tchaikovsky International Competition in Moscow, and is a leading soloist of the National Opera of Ukraine in Kiev. Angelina Shvachka has made concert tours of Canada, Switzerland, Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, France, Lithuania, Poland, and Turkey, winning acclaim from critics and audiences.

Dmytro Popov

Born in 1980, the tenor Dmytro Popov studied at the Kharkiv State Conservatory in Ukraine from 1997 to 2002. From 2001 to 2002 he worked with the Kharkiv Opera and Ballet Theatre, and since 2002 has been a soloist of the Ukraine National Opera.

Mykola Koval

The baritone Mykola Koval is a soloist of the National Opera of Ukraine. Born in Belorussia, in 1981 he graduated from the Moscow Tchaikovsky Conservatory, and since then has been a soloist of the National Opera of the Ukraine. He has performed in France, Spain, Hungary, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Italy, Poland, Germany, the Czech Republic, Greece, Russia and elsewhere.

Taras Shtonda

The bass Taras Shtonda was born in Kiev and in 1993 graduated from the Kiev Tchaikovsky Conservatory in the class of Galina Sukhorukova. In 1991-2001 he won prizes at the following international competitions: M. Glinka (Alma-Ata), Julian Gayarre (Pamplona), Francisco Vihas (Barcelona), Maria Callas (Athens), and from 1992 has been a soloist of the National Opera of the Ukraine. He gives many performances in the cantata-oratorio and the chamber music repertoire, and performs Ukrainian classical and modern music. He has toured in France, Spain, Hungary, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Brazil, Yugoslavia, Italy, Poland, Germany, and Russia. He is a soloist of the National Opera of Ukraine and the Bolshoy Theatre in Moscow.

Kiev Municipal Chamber Choir

The Kiev Municipal Chamber Choir was founded in December of 1990. Choir members include professional singers, graduates of conservatories and musical institutes throughout Ukraine. The Musical Director, Mykola Hobdych, graduated from the Kiev Tchaikovsky Conservatory. The choir's national and international repertoire includes medieval, renaissance, baroque, classical, romantic and modern music. The choir has performed in Carnegie Hall (New York), Washington National Cathedral, the Concert Hall of George Mason University, St John's Smith Square, London, Espace Pierre Cardin, Eglise Saint Roch, Paris, Notre Dame de Paris and cathedrals in Rouen, Reims, Amiens, Strasbourg, Chartres, Nancy, Le Havre, Lille, Dieppe, Metz, and Paris, and in the Philharmonic Halls of Utrecht, Rotterdam, Amsterdam (Concertgebouw), Berlin, Moscow ("Russia" Concert Hall) Minsk, Kiev, Berlin Cathedral, Long Gallery, Kilkeny, and the Tivoli Concert Hall, Marmorkirke and Cathedral in Copenhagen.

National Radio Symphony Orchestra of Ukraine

The National Radio Symphony Orchestra of Ukraine was founded in 1929. The orchestra has recorded a vast amount of repertoire during the last seventy years, ranging from Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, to Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Lyсенko, Liatoshynsky, Stankovych, and Skoryk, among many others. The versatility of the orchestra is shown in its wide repertoire and skill in interpretation. In recent years the orchestra has performed in Italy, Germany, France, Spain, Poland, and South Korea.

Theodore Kuchar

Theodore Kuchar is one of the most prolifically recorded conductors of the past decade, having recorded over eighty compact discs for the Naxos and Marco Polo labels. He served as Artistic Director and Principal Conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra of Ukraine in a contract spanning 1992-2000; upon completion of that agreement, he was awarded the title of Conductor Laureate for Life. Since 1990, he has served as Artistic Director of the Australian Festival of Chamber Music, an annual event regarded as the pre-eminent chamber music festival of the Southern Hemisphere. He presently serves as Music Director and Principal Conductor of the Fresno Philharmonic Orchestra, Boulder Philharmonic Orchestra, and Reno Chamber Orchestra, and Resident Conductor of Kent/Blossom Music Festival, the educational institution established by the late George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra. Recent guest conducting engagements have taken him to major musical centres including Amsterdam, Berlin, Chicago, Cleveland, Helsinki, Hong Kong, London, Madrid, Prague and Sydney. Soloists with whom Kuchar has collaborated include Mstislav Rostropovich, Itzhak Perlman, Yo-Yo Ma, Sarah Chang, James Galway and Lynn Harrell, among many others.

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Alexander Porfir'yevich Borodin (1833–1887)

Prince Igor (Highlights)

Recitative and song of Vladimir Galitsky, Act I

② *Greshno tait':*
ya skui nye lyublyu,
a tak, kak Igor' knyaz' i dnya bi
ya nye prozhil.
Zabavoy knyazheskoy lyublyu
poteshit' serdtse,
lyublyu ya veselo pozhit'.
Ekh, tol'ko b sest' mnye knyazem na Putivlye, -
Ya zachil bi na slavu!
E...Ekh!

Tol'ko b mnye dozhdat'sya chesti
na Putivlye knyazem sest'i, -
ya b ne stal tuzhit'
ya bi znal kak zhit'!
Dnyom za branimi stolami,
za vesyolimi pirami
ya b sutil-ryadil, vsye dela vershil.
Vsem chinil bi ya raspravu,
kak prishlos' bi mnye po nravu,
vsem bi sud chinil,
vsekh vinom poil.
Pey, pey, pey, pey, pey, gulyay!

K nochi v terem bi sgonyali
krasnikh devok vsekh ko mnye, -
devki pesni b mnye igrali,
knyazya slavili b onye.
A kto runyaney da beleye,
u sebya bi ostavlyal;
kto iz devits mnye mileye,
s temi b nochi ya gulyal.
E...Ekh

② It would be a sin to conceal it:
I don't like boredom,
and I would not live a day
in the way that Prince Igor does;
I love to delight my heart
with princely amusements,
I love to live merrily.
Ha, if only I were made prince of Putivl, -
I would start having a fine time!
H...Ha!

If only I were to have the honour
of getting the throne of Putivl, -
I wouldn't grieve,
I would know how to live!
Sitting all day at brocaded tables,
at merry feasts, I would sit in judgement,
lay down the law, and run the show.
I would mete out punishment to all,
just as it took my fancy,
I would administer justice,
and give them all their fill of wine.
Drink, drink, drink, drink, carouse!

Towards nightfall they would herd
all the pretty girls over to my place, -
the girls would play songs for me,
glorifying the prince.
And whichever was the most rosy and fair
I would have her stay with me;
whichever of the girls were nicest to me
I would carouse with them all night.
H...Ha!

*Kabī mnye da etu dolyu,
 ponateshilsya b ya vvolyu:
 ya b nye stal zevat',
 znal s chevo nachat'!
 Ya b im knyazhestvo upravil,
 ya b kazni im poubavil,
 pozhil bi ya vslast', -
 ved' na to i vlast'! Ekh!
 Lish' tol'ko b mnye poknyazhit',
 Ya sumyel bi vsekh uvazhit',
 i sebya n vas, nye zabili b nas!
 Goy, goy, goy, goy, goy! Gul'yay!*

If that were my fate,
 I would have fun to my heart's content:
 I wouldn't miss a thing,
 I would know where to get started!
 I would manage the principedom for them,
 I would make a dent in the coffers,
 I would live to my heart's content, -
 after all, that is what power is for! Ha!
 Just make me prince,
 and I would be able to humour everyone,
 myself and you, and you wouldn't forget us!
 Goy, goy, goy, goy, goy! Carouse!

Konchakovna's cavatina, Act II

- ④ *Merknyet svyet dnevnoy...
 Pesni pyet', plyasat' konchim mi!
 Tyomna noch, spuskeysya skorey,
 t'moy okutay menya,
 mgloy, tumanom ukroy, oden'...
 Chas svidan'ya nastayot dlya nas.*

*Pridyot li miliy moy,
 uzhel' nye chuyet on,
 shto ya davno-davno
 yevo zdes' zhdu?
 Gdye zhe ti. miliy moy?
 Otzovis'! Gdye ti?
 Miliy moy, otzovis'!
 Ya zhdu tebya! O miliy moy!
 O miliy, chas nastal, nastal,
 schast'ya chas,
 svidan'ya chas nastal,
 nastal dlya nas!
 Noch', spuskeysya skorey,
 t'moy okutay menya,*

- ④ Daylight is fading...
 We have finished with our songs and dances!
 The dark night is spreading its veil.
 Night, descend quickly
 and shroud me with your gloom,
 conceal me, array me in darkness and mist.
 The hour of our meeting approaches.

Will my darling come?
 Can it not be that he does not feel
 that I have been
 waiting here for him so long?
 Where are you, my darling?
 Respond! Where are you?
 My darling, respond!
 I am waiting for you! O, my darling!
 O my darling, the hour is nigh, nigh,
 the hour of happiness,
 the hour of our meeting is nigh,
 it approaches for us!
 Night, descend quickly
 and shroud me with your gloom,

*mgloy, tumanom ukroy, oden' !
Chas svidan'ya, sladkiy blizok chas,
blizok chas, blizok chas.*

conceal me, array me in darkness and mist.
The hour of meeting, the sweet hour is nigh,
the hour is nigh

Vladimir's cavatina, Act II

5 *Myedlenno dyen' ugalal,
sontsa za lesom sadilos',
zori vecherniye merkli,
noch' nadvigalas' na zemlyu,
tyeni nochniye chornim
pokrovom step' zastilali...
Tyoplaya yuzhnaya noch',
gryoz' lyubvi navevaya,
ralivaya negu v krovi,
zovyot k svidan'yu.
Zhdyosh' li ti menya, moya milaya?
Zhdyosh' li?
Chuyu serdtsem, shto zhdyosh' ti menya.
Akh, gdye ti, gdye.
Otzovis' na zov lyubvi!
Akh, skoro l',
skoro li ya uvizhu tebya!
Ti pridi, skorey,
skorey na zov lyubvi otzovis'!
Vspomni: ya v toskye, grud' gorit,
ya zhdu, strastno zhdu
ya tebya, lyubvi tvoyey!
Bol'she zhizni ya lyublyu tebya!
Shto zh ti myedlish', drug moy?
Vstan', pridi ko mnye!
Nye boysya, vsye davno zasnuli,
krugom vsyo krepko spit,
vsyo mirno, tikho spit...
Akh, gdye ti, gdye. Otzovis' na zov lyubvi!
Akh, dozhdus' li,
dozhdus'ya laski nyezhnoy tvoyey!
Ti pridi, skorey*

5 Slowly the day was fading,
The sun was setting beyond the forest,
The glow of evening was growing dim,
And night crept over the earth.
The shadows of night spread over
the steppes like a black veil...
The warm southern night,
Wafting dreams of love,
And pouring voluptuousness into the blood,
Was made for lovers' trysts.
Are you waiting for me, my darling?
Are you waiting?
My heart senses that you are waiting for me.
Ah, where are you, where?
Respond to my call of love!
Ah, will it be soon,
will it be soon that I shall see you!
Come soon,
Respond to my call of love!
Remember: I am languishing, my breast is aflame,
I am waiting, waiting passionately
For you and for your love!
I love you more than my life!
What detains you, my love?
Get up, come to me!
Do not be afraid, everyone fell asleep long ago,
All around everyone is deep in slumber,
Everyone is sleeping peacefully and calmly...
Ah, where are you, where?
Respond to my call of love!
I cannot wait, I cannot wait for your tender caress!
Come soon,

na zov lyubvi otzovis'!
Pridi pod krovom tyomnoy nochi,
kogda i lyes i vodi spyat,
kogda lish' zvyozdi, neba ochi,
odni na nas s toboy glyadyat.
Krugom vsyo mirno, tikho spit,
krepko spit...
Pridi!

Prince Igor's Aria

- 6 *Ni sna, ni otdikha*
izmuchennoy dushye:
mnye noch' nye shlyot otradi
zabven'ya.
Lish' proshloye ya vnov' perezhivayu,
odin, v tishi nochey:
i bozh'ya znamen'ya ugrozu,
i brannoy slavī pir vesyoliy,
moyu pobedu nad vragom,
i brannoy slavī gorestniy konets,
pogrom i ranu, i moy plyen,
i gibel' vsekh moikh polkov,
chestno za rodinu golovī
slozhivshikh.
Pogiblo vsyo: i chest' moya, i slava,
pozorom stal ya zemli rodnoy.
Plyen, postidniy plyen, -
vot udyel otñnye moy,
da müs', shto vsye vinyat menya!
O daytye, daytye mnye svobodu,
ya moy pozor sumeyu iskupit';
spasu ya chest' svoyu i slavu,
ya Rus' ot goresti spasu!

Ti odna, golubka lada,
ti odna vinit' menya nye stanyesh',
serdtsem chutkim vsyo poymyosh' ti,
vsyo ti mnye prostish'!

Respond to my call of love!
Come under cover of dark night
When even the forest and the waters sleep,
When only the stars, the eyes of the night,
Gaze down on us.
Everyone is sleeping peacefully and calmly,
They are deep in slumber...
Come!

- 6 There is neither sleep nor rest
for my tormented soul:
the night does not send to me comfort and
forgetfulness.
Again I live through all the past,
alone in the silence of the night:
the threat of God's warning sign,
the clamorous feast of martial glory,
my victory over the enemy,
and the sorrowful end to that martial glory,
the massacre, the wound, my capture,
and the destruction of all my regiments,
that sacrificed themselves honourably for their
homeland.
All has perished: my honour and my glory,
and I have become the shame of my native land.
Captivity, shameful captivity, -
this is my fate henceforth,
and the thought that everyone blames me!
O, grant me, grant me my freedom,
I shall know how to redeem my shame;
I shall save my honour and my glory,
I shall save Russia from misfortunes!

You alone, my dearest,
only you will not blame me,
with your sensitive heart you will understand
and you will forgive me for everything!

*V teremu svojom visokom
 vdal' glaza ti proglyadyela:
 druga zhdyosh' ti,
 dni i nochi, gor'ko slyozhi l'yosh'.
 Uzheli dyen' za dnyom vlachit'
 v plyenu byesplodno i znat',
 shto vrag terzayet Rus'?
 Vrag, shto lyutiyy bars.
 Stonyet Rus' v kogtyakh moguchikh
 i v tom vinit ona menya!
 O daytye, daytye mnye svobodu,
 ya moy pozor sumeyu iskupit'.
 Ya Rus' ot nyedruaga spasui!*

*Ni sna, ni otidkha
 izmuchennoy dushye:
 mnye noch' nye shlyot nadezhdi na spasen'ye;
 lish' proshloye ya vnov' perezhivayu,
 odin, v tishi nochey...
 I nye iskhoda mnye!
 Okh, tyazhko, tyazhko mnye,
 tyazhko soznan'ye bessil'ya moyevo!*

Polovtsian dances

7 NEVOL'NITSY

*Ulyetay na kril'yakh vyetra
 ti v kray rodnoy, rodnaya pyesnya nasha,
 tuda, gdye mi tebya svobodno pyeli,
 gdye bilo tak privol'no nam s toboy.
 Tam, pod znoynim nebom,
 nyegoy vozdukh polon,
 tam pod govor morya
 dremlyut gor'i v oblakakh,
 tam tak yarko sontse svetit,
 rodnīye gor'i svyetom zalivaya
 v dolinakh pishno roz'i rastsvetayut.
 i solov'i poyut v lesakh zelyonikh,*

In your lofty chamber
 your eyes gaze out into the distance:
 you await your beloved,
 and day and night you shed bitter tears.
 Can it be that I am aimlessly to drag out
 one day after another in captivity,
 knowing that the enemy is preying upon Russia?
 That enemy which is like a fierce panther.
 Russia is groaning in those mighty clutches
 and for that she blames me!
 O grant me, grant me my freedom,
 I shall know how to redeem my shame;
 I shall save Russia from the enemy!

There is neither sleep nor rest
 for my tormented soul:
 the night does not bring me the hope of escape.
 I just live through all the past again,
 alone in the silence of the night...
 There is no resolution for me!
 Ah, how painful, how painful,
 how painful is the thought of my powerlessness!

7 CAPTIVE MAIDENS

Fly away on the wings of the wind,
 our native song, to your native land,
 to that place where we sang you freely,
 where we were at liberty.
 There beneath a sultry sky,
 the air is full of bliss,
 there to the murmur of the sea,
 the hills slumber in the clouds.
 The sun shines so brightly there,
 suffusing our native mountains with its light,
 and in the valleys the roses blossom luxuriously,
 and the nightingales sing in the verdant forests,

*i sladkiy vinograd rastyot.
Tam tebye privol'nyey, pyesnya, -
ti tuda i ulyetay!*

OBSHCHYIY KHOR

*Poytye pyesni slavi khanu! Poy!
Slav'tye silu, doblest' khana!
Slav'!
Slavyen khan! Khan!
Slavyen on, khan nash!
Blyeskom slavi
sontsu ravyen khan!
Nyetu ravniikh slavyo khanu! Nyet!*

NEVOL'NITSI

Chagi khana slavyat khana svoyevo

OBSHCHYIY KHOR

*Poytye pyesni slavi khanu! Poy!
Slav'tye shchedrost', slav'tyemilost'!
Slav'!
Dlya vragov khan -
grozny on, khan nash!
Kto zhe slavyo ravyen khanu, kto?
Blyeskom slavi
sontsu ravyen khan!*

POLOVTSI

*Slavyo dyedam ravyen khan nash,
groznyy khan, khan Konchak!
Slavyen khan, khan Konchak!*

NEVOL'NITSI

*Ulyetay na kril'yakh vyetra
ti v kray rodnoy, rodnaya pyesnya nasha,
tuda, gdye mi tebya svobodno pyeli,
gdye bilo tak privol'no nam s toboy.
Tam, pod znoynim neбом,*

and the sweet vine grows.
There you were freer, our song, -
fly away to that place.

FULL CHORUS

Sing songs of glory to the Khan! Sing!
Glorify the power and the valour of the Khan!
Glorify him!
Glorious is the Khan! The Khan!
He is glorious, our Khan!
Through the radiance of his glory,
the Khan matches the sun!
None are equal in glory to the Khan! None!

CAPTIVE MAIDENS

The captives of the Khan glorify our Khan.

FULL CHORUS

Sing songs of glory to the Khan! Sing!
Glorify his generosity, glorify his beneficence!
Glory!
For his enemies, the Khan
he is awesome, our Khan!
Glorious is the Khan, Khan Konchak!
Who in glory is equal to the Khan, who?
Through the radiance of his glory,
the Khan matches the sun!

POLOVTSIANS

Equal to the glory of his forebears is our Khan,
the awesome Khan, Khan Konchak!
Glorious is the Khan, Khan Konchak!

CAPTIVE MAIDENS

Fly away on the wings of the wind,
our native song, to your native land,
to that place where we sang you freely,
where we were at liberty.
There beneath a sultry sky,

*nyegoy vozdukh polon,
tam pod govor morya
dremlyut gorī v oblakakh,
tam tak yarko sontse svetit,
rodnīye gorī svyetom zalivaya
v dolinakh pīshno rožī rastsvetayut.
i solov'ī poyut v lesakh zelyonīkh,
i sladkiy vinograd rastyot.
Tam tebye privol'nyey, pyesnya, -
tī tuda i uleytay!*

POLOVTSI

*Slavoy dyedam ravyen khan nash,
groznīy khan, khan Konchak!
Slavyen khan, khan Konchak!*

OBSHCHYIY KHOR

*Plyaskoy vashey tesh'tye khana, chagi,
khana svoyevo!
Nash khan Konchak!*

the air is full of bliss,
there to the murmur of the sea,
the hills slumber in the clouds.
The sun shines so brightly there,
suffusing our native mountains with its light,
and in the valleys the roses blossom luxuriously,
and the nightingales sing in the verdant forests,
and the sweet vine grows.
There you were freer, our song, -
fly away to that place.

POLOVTSIANS

Equal to the glory of his forebears is our Khan,
the awesome Khan, Khan Konchak!
Glorious is the Khan, Khan Konchak!

FULL CHORUS

With your dancing, captive girls,
please your Khan!
Our Khan Konchak!

Transliteration and English translation,
Philip Taylor © 2005



DDD

8.557456

Playing Time
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Booklet notes in English
Sung texts and translations included
Made in Canada

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NAXOS

BORODIN: Prince Igor (Highlights)

8.557456

Prince Igor, a vast nationalist epic which describes the clash of cultures between the Russians, symbolised by Prince Igor, and the Tartar Polovtski tribe, led by Khan Konchak, is one of the greatest of all Russian operas. This disc of vocal and orchestral highlights features several evocative arias as well as the famous *Dance of the Polovtsian Maidens* and the choral *Polovtsian Dances*. The 'musical picture' *In the Steppes of Central Asia* is a vivid evocation of an oriental caravan crossing the central Asian plains, escorted by Russian troops.

Alexander Porfir'yevich

BORODIN

(1833–1887)

Prince Igor (Highlights)

(Completed and edited by Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov)

- | | | | |
|--|--------------|---|--------------|
| 1 Overture | 10:18 | 6 There is neither sleep,
nor rest ³ | 7:03 |
| 2 I don't like boredom ⁴
(Galitzky's Recitative & Aria,
Act I) | 3:58 | 7 Choral version of the
Polovtsian Dances, Act II | 10:43 |
| 3 Dance of the Polovtsian
Maidens, Act II | 2:19 | 8 Polovtsian March, Act III | 4:59 |
| 4 Daylight is fading ¹ | 5:38 | 9 In the Steppes of
Central Asia | 7:32 |
| 5 Slowly the day was fading ²
(Vladimir's Cavatina, Act II) | 5:07 | | |

Angelina Shvachka, Mezzo-Soprano¹ • Dmytro Popov, Tenor²
Mykola Koval, Baritone³ • Taras Shtonda, Bass⁴
Kiev Chamber Choir (Mykola Hobdych, Chorus-Master)
National Radio Symphony Orchestra of Ukraine
Theodore Kuchar

Recorded in the Large Concert Studio of the National Radio Company of Ukraine, Kiev,
from 12th to 16th December, 2003 • Producer: Alexander Hornostai

Engineer: Andriy Mokrytsky • Editing: Viacheslav Zhdanov and Andriy Mokrytsky
Booklet Notes: Keith Anderson • Cover Picture: *Prince Igor set design* by Nicholas Roerich (1874–1947)
(Victoria and Albert Museum, UK / Bridgeman Art Library)

NAXOS

BORODIN: Prince Igor (Highlights)

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