



ORDINE

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY

*The Bells of Dawn*

Russian Sacred and Folk Songs

The Grand Choir 'Masters of Choral Singing'  
Lev Kontorovich

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## *The Bells of Dawn*

### Russian Sacred and Folk Songs

1	<b>Dobri Khristov</b> (1875–1941) Praise the Name of the Lord (Khvalite imya Gospodne)	3'35
2	<b>Pavel Chesnokov</b> (1877–1944) Blessed Is the Man (Blazhen muzh)	3'26
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DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY, baritone

The Grand Choir "MASTERS OF CHORAL SINGING"  
LEV KONTOROVICH, conductor

Arrangement for mixed choir by G. Shaydulova (8), L. Kontorovich (10, 11, 14), L. Shvarts (13)

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Lev Kontorovich

Musical instruments were banned from Orthodox religious services in Russia, which means its church music is characterised by absence of instrumental accompaniment. The Imperial Chapel in St. Petersburg was an important vehicle for all music composed for the services, and no works could be performed or even published without its approval. Before the middle of the seventeenth century, Russian church music was written for no more than three voices, but in the second half of the century as it became subjected to increasingly Western influences, polyphonic writing became more sophisticated. A new genre, Chant, appeared, where three voice-writing was organised in block chords. Although Chant could be both sacred and secular, it was the latter that quickly became more popular.

The 1860s saw the beginnings of scholarly study in the history of Russian church music, and five Russian composers known as The Mighty Handful, hugely contributed to its development. The leader of the group, Mily Balakirev, served as a director of the Imperial Chapel in St. Petersburg in 1883–95, appointing Rimsky-Korsakov as his assistant. At the same time in Moscow, a new school of composition was developing, in connection with the Synodal Choir. The most important composers of Russian church music in Moscow were Aleksandr Kastalsky (1856–1926) and Pavel Chesnokov (1877–1944), but Rachmaninov's *Liturgy of St John Chrysostom* and *All-Night Vigil* are considered to be the crowning glories of Russian church music.

Dobri Khristov (1875–1941) was a Bulgarian composer and choral conductor, born in Varna. He studied composition with Dvořák at the Prague Conservatory (1900–03), was a director of the state music school in Sofia (1918–20), and taught at the State Music Academy, where he also held the post of director. Khristov's compositions are based on Bulgarian folk music. His somber and restrained, and simultaneously melodious and beautiful *Praise the Name of the Lord* [1] is intoned by a single male voice, with a mixed choir providing support in crystal clear harmonies.

Pavel Chesnokov (1877–1944) was a Russian and Soviet composer, choral conductor, and teacher. He studied piano, violin, and composition at the Moscow Conservatory, where his teachers included Ippolitov-Ivanov and Taneyev. His talents as conductor and choirmaster led to an invitation to join the staff of the conservatory, where he founded and taught a choral conducting programme. He was a prolific composer, and left over five hundred choral compositions. All his sacred works were composed before the October

Revolution of 1917, and during the Soviet regime, when sacred composition was banned, he began composing secular music for choir. Chesnokov continued to conduct, leading such celebrated collectives as the Moscow Academy Choir and the Bolshoy Theatre Choir. It is thought that Chesnokov stopped composing because he was deeply saddened when the Cathedral of Christ the Savior, where he was a choirmaster, was destroyed by the Soviet authorities.

Chesnokov's *Blessed Is the Man* [2] is based on melodic material that is reminiscent of Russian folksong, and the beginning of his *Pre-Eternal Counsel* [3] immediately brings to mind another song on the CD, Varlamov's *A Snowstorm Sweeps the Street* [8]. *Hear My Prayer* [4], and *From My Youth* [5] abound in rich and yet clear harmonies, and all deal with the question of faith. The baritone soars freely above the mixed choir, at times blending into the magnificence of harmonies to achieve perfect unity.

Burmagin's *The Wise Thief* is from Eksapostilary Good Friday [6], and shows an impressive interplay of the baritone and the choir in this short plea for salvation.

- <sup>6</sup> Aleksandr Arkhangelsky (1846–1924) was the first composer in the 1880s to introduce female voices into the works for choir. In his *Symbol of Faith* [7] the baritone chants an energetic affirmation of faith against the background of solid harmonic support. In the second half, the choral lines soar to high registers in an intense proclamation, and join the baritone in an exulted 'Amen' at the end.

Alexandr Varlamov (1801–48) was a Russian composer, singer, and teacher. At age of ten, he became a chorister in the Imperial Chapel in St Petersburg, where he studied music with Bortnyansky, who was the director of the chapel. In 1923 he accepted a post of singing teacher in the St Petersburg theatre school, but it took him ten years to gain the appointment he really wanted—that of a Kapellmeister of the Imperial Theatres in Moscow in 1832. A year later he published some of his songs and, having attracted immediate public attention, his songs and romances remain hugely popular to this day. His vast output includes huge volumes of songs, two ballets, and piano, and incidental music.

*A Snowstorm Sweeps the Street* [8] is one of the most popular songs written by Varlamov, and one of the most loved works in Russian vocal repertoire. It is a delightful plea of a young man to his beloved to let him look at her for as long as possible.

Songs have always formed an integral part of Russian culture, and played an important contribution to the development of not only choral, but also operatic and symphonic music. The nineteenth century saw a high level of activity in the field of musical scholarship, which helped to raise interest in folk music in Russia (as well as in Europe). Scholars and musicians collected, documented, and classified the enormous wealth of folk songs and church music. Balakirev, the head of the Mighty Handful, was a pioneer in that area.

Russian songs can be classified into traditional and urban groups. The traditional group contains ritual songs—calendar and family ceremonial songs (weddings and laments), and non-ritual—such as epic, historical, heroic, work, lyric, protracted, humor, satirical, and children's songs. Urban songs contain lyric (romance), patriotic, drinking, table, marching soldier songs, and *chastushka* (limericks).

Some of the characteristics of Russian folk songs are irregular meter, varied phrase lengths, narrow ranges, wide use of pentatonic, whole-tone, and 12-tone scales; they are often intoned by a solo singer, sung in unison, and often in 'thin' (reedy) voice, and are closely linked to the inflections and rhythm of speech.

In *They Do Not Let Masha...* [9] a solo voice recounts a tale of an unrequited love in its emotive, expressive melodic lines. *There Is Not One Path Through the Field* [10] and *Farewell, My Joy* [12] are folksongs with rich networks of melodies and wealth of harmonies that belong to the genre of *prot'yazhnaya*, or a long, drawn-out song, usually of a mournful character. Another firm favourites with audiences are *The Lonely Coach Bell* [11] and *I Walk My Path Alone* [14], melancholy stories of a long-distant past that is never to return, and desire to achieve freedom from continuous searches and difficulties of this life. *The Fog Has Fallen Onto the Field* [13] begins with the choral introduction that sets the stage for the entry of the solo voice. During this song, the singer is musing about his future, and the choir is echoing his question: 'Where shall I find a wide road?' In *Oh, Night* [15], a young man laments his loneliness. He is an orphan, and even his beloved does not share his affection.

Georgy Sviridov (1915–1998) was born during revolutionary stirrings of tsarist Russia, and by the time he turned two, the old Russia ceased to exist, giving way to a new order that would remain in place for over 70 years. Sviridov's artistic development unfolded during the Soviet regime, under the guidance of his

composition teacher Shostakovich at the Leningrad Conservatory. In the course of his career not only did he become one of Soviet Russia's most beloved composers, but was also awarded several prestigious accolades such as Stalin Prize, Lenin Prize, USSR State Prize, and the highly coveted titles of People's Artist of the USSR and a Hero of Socialist Labor. He even had an asteroid named after him in 1982. His first success came when he was 19, with a song cycle based on Pushkin's poems (1935), as a result of which he was accepted into the ranks of the Composers' Union—an unusual achievement that foretold his future brilliant career. Like many Russian and Soviet composers, poetry was a huge inspiration in Sviridov's compositional practice. His music is expressive, emotive, and accessible, remaining uncomplicated in its character and style even when the composer deals with complex emotional issues. Like his countrymen Rimsky-Korsakov and Mussorgsky did a hundred years before him, Sviridov constantly searched for a distinctively Russian musical style of the twentieth century. He made his name as a prolific composer and public figure, with particular talent for choral writing, where he found his own unique style.

8 Sviridov's *The Bells of Dawn* [16] is an atmospheric song, and another melancholy, wistful tale of the past memories. It begins and ends with the soprano voice singing short rhythmical phrases echoing somewhere in the vastness of Russia's expansive lands. The three layers here—solo voice, the soprano, and the rich choral foundation—all combine to create an almost otherworldly and remote soundscape.

Anastasia Belina-Johnson

One of the world's leading baritones of today, **Dmitri Hvorostovsky** was born and studied in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. From the start, audiences were bowled over by his cultivated voice, innate sense of musical line, and natural legato. In 1989, he won the prestigious BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition. Since his Western operatic debut at the Nice Opera in Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame*, he has been invited for regular engagements at the major opera houses and festivals internationally. Hvorostovsky has also performed as a celebrated recitalist in every corner of the globe, and appeared in concert with the world's top orchestras and conductors, including James Levine, Bernard Haitink, Claudio Abbado, Lorin Maazel, Zubin Mehta, Yuri Temirkanov, and Valery Gergiev.

Hvorostovsky has retained a strong musical and personal contact with Russia and tours its cities on an annual basis. He became the first opera singer to give a solo concert with orchestra and chorus on Red Square in Moscow; this performance was televised in over 25 countries. Together with Renée Fleming, Jonas Kaufmann, Sumi Jo, Sondra Radvanovsky and others he has appeared in a 'Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Friends' series of concerts in Moscow.

Hvorostovsky has recorded a large number of recitals and complete operas on CD and DVD to much critical acclaim. He has also starred in *Don Giovanni Unmasked*, an award-winning film (2001) based on the Mozart opera.

9 [www.hvorostovsky.com](http://www.hvorostovsky.com)

The Grand Choir, also known as “**Masters of Choral Singing**”, was established in 1928. Its founder and first leader was the prominent master of choral art, A. Sveshnikov. The Choir was later directed by such remarkable musicians as N. Golovanov, I. Kuykin, K. Ptitsa, and L. Ermakova.

In 2005 Prof. Lev Kontorovich, People’s Artist of Russia, became the Artistic Director of the Grand Choir. He has carried on the traditions established by his predecessors and increased the international visibility of the chorus. The name, “Masters of Choral Singing,” defines the high standards of vocal performance and musical expertise required for membership in the chorus. Every singer must be able to perform both as a soloist and as an integrated member of the chorus.

The Grand Choir has performed over 5,000 works since its founding 85 years ago. Its immense repertoire includes operas, oratorios, folk songs, church music, and many other genres. Its recordings have earned gold medal recognition, both in Russia and internationally (Grand Prix of International Recording competition in Paris, Gold Medal in Valencia).

<sup>10</sup> The Grand Choir has premiered many works by S. Prokofiev, D. Shostakovich, R. Shchedrin, O. Taktakishvili, A. Khachaturian, V. Agafonnikov, Y. Evgrafov and others, and has collaborated with such eminent conductors and singers as E. Svetlanov, M. Rostropovich, V. Spivakov, D. Kitaenko, V. Fedoseev, H. Rilling, G. Rozhdestvensky, A. Zedda, E. Morricone, V. Yurovsky, M. Pletnev, C. Eschenbach; E. Obraztsova, I. Arkhipova, N. Gedda, D. Hvorostovsky, A. Netrebko, Z. Sotkilava, E. Nesterenko, R. Alagna, A. Gheorghiu, V. Ladiuk and many others.

The Grand Choir has been acclaimed by audiences in Russia, Italy, France, Germany, Israel, Bulgaria, Czech Republic, Japan, South Korea, Qatar, Indonesia and many other countries. It has also toured with Dmitri Hvorostovsky in Siberia, the Ural region and the Far East.

In 2008 and 2012, the Grand Choir was invited to take part in the Inauguration ceremonies of Russian Presidents Dmitry Medvedev and Vladimir Putin.

Professor **Lev Kontorovich** graduated with honors in 1969 from the Moscow State Tchaikovsky Conservatory, where he studied choral conducting with Prof. Klavdy Ptitsa, symphony conducting with Prof. Leo Ginsburg, and orchestration with Prof. Alfred Schnittke.

For 30 years he was one of the leading teachers at the Moscow Choral School, where he worked with the Sveshnikov Boys’ Chorus. During this period, he also directed students’ chorus at the Academy of Choral Art.

In 2005, Lev Kontorovich became the Artistic Director of the Grand Choir “Masters of Choral Singing” of the Russian State Musical Television & Radio Centre. Since 2012, he holds the chair of Modern Choral Performing Art at the Moscow Conservatory. His pupils have performed in choirs, opera houses and educational institutions in Russia and internationally.

Maestro Kontorovich has participated internationally in numerous musical events, including International Musical festivals of J.S. Bach’s music in Germany, International festivals of Boys’ choirs in Grasse (France) and Poznan (Poland), the European festival of Orthodox music celebrating the 1,000th Anniversary of Baptism of Rus (Russia, Germany, France, Luxembourg), and the European symposium of Choral music in Ljubljana (Slovenia). His choirs have collaborated with such prominent conductors and singers as M. Rostropovich, E. Svetlanov, V. Spivakov, H. Rilling, A. Zedda, V. Fedoseev, S. Ozawa, K. Nagano, M. Pletnev, I. Kozlovsky, N. Ghedda, D. Hvorostovsky, R. Alagna and many others.

From the beginning of his creative career as conductor and teacher, L. Kontorovich was recognized in Russia as a bright, talented musician with a wide musical outlook. Since he became Artistic Director of the Grand Choir, the international musical community has come to recognize his extraordinary musical leadership in the field of choral arts.

**1 Dobri Khristov (1875–1941):  
Khalite imya Gospodne**

Khvalite imya Gospodne,  
Khvalite rabi Gospoda.  
Aliluiya, aliluiya, aliluiya.

Blagosloven Gospod' ot Siona,  
Zhiv'i vo Iyerusalime.  
Aliluiya, aliluiya, aliluiya.

Isповedaytesya Gospodevi,  
Yako blag, yako v vek milost' Yego.  
Aliluiya, aliluiya, aliluiya.

Isповedaytesya Bogu nebesnomu,  
Yako v vek milost' Yego.  
Aliluiya, aliluiya, aliluiya.

**2 Pavel Chesnokov (1877–1944):  
Blazhen muzh**

Blazhen muzh, izhe ne ide na sovet nechestivikh.  
Aliluiya, aliluiya, aliluiya.

Yako yest' Gospod' put' pravednikh, i put' nechestivikh  
pogibnet.  
Aliluiya, aliluiya, aliluiya.

Rabotayte Gospodevi so strakhom i raduytesya Yemu s  
trepetom.  
Aliluiya, aliluiya, aliluiya.

**1 Dobri Khristov (1875–1941):  
Praise the Name of the Lord**  
Text: Canonical Church text

Praise the Name of the Lord,  
Servants, praise the Lord.  
Halleluiah. Halleluiah. Halleluiah.

Blessed the Lord by Zion,  
Those who dwell in Jerusalem are alive.  
Halleluiah. Halleluiah. Halleluiah.

Confess unto the Lord,  
For He is gracious, for His mercy is eternal.  
Halleluiah. Halleluiah. Halleluiah.

Confess unto the God of heaven,  
For His mercy is eternal.  
Halleluiah. Halleluiah. Halleluiah.

**2 Pavel Chesnokov (1877–1944):  
Text: Canonical Church text**

Blessed is the man who does not accept the counsel of  
the ungodly.  
Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah.

For the Lord is the path of the righteous, and the path of  
the ungodly shall end.  
Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah.

Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice unto Him trembling.  
Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah.

Blazheni vsi nadeyushchiysya nan'.  
Aliluiya, aliluiya, aliluiya.

Gospodne yest' spaseniye, i na lyudekh tvoikh  
blagosloveniye Tvoye.  
Aliluiya, aliluiya, aliluiya.

Slava Otsu i Sinu i Svyatomu Dukhu, i ninye i pristno, i vo  
veki vekov. Amin'.  
Aliluiya, aliluiya, aliluiya.

Aliluiya, aliluiya, aliluiya,  
Slava Tebe Bozhe.

**3 Pavel Chesnokov (1877–1944):  
Sovet prevechniy**

Sovet prevechniy otkrivaya Tebe, Otkrokovitse,  
Gavriil predstal Tebe, lobzaya i veshchaya:  
Raduysya, zemle nenaseyannaya;  
Raduysya, kupino neopalimaya;  
Raduysya, glubino neudobozrimaya;  
Raduysya, moste, k Nebesem privoday,  
I lestvitse visokaya, Yozhe lakov vide;  
Raduysya, Bozhestvennaya stamno manni;  
Raduysya, razresheniye klyatvi;  
Raduysya, Adamovo vozzvaniye;  
S Toboyu Gospod'.

Blessed are those who place their hope unto Him.  
Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah.

Salvation is in the Lord, and Thy blessing is upon Thy  
people.  
Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,  
Now and ever and forever. Amen.  
Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah.

Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah.  
Glory to Thee, Oh Lord.

**3 Pavel Chesnokov (1877–1944):  
Pre-Eternal Counsel**  
Text: Canonical Church text

Revealing the pre-eternal counsel,  
Gabriel appeared before You, Oh Maiden,  
And with kisses and greetings he said:  
'Rejoice in the earth that has not been sown;  
Rejoice in the burning bush that remains unconsumed;  
Rejoice in the unsearchable depth;  
Rejoice in the bridge that leads to Heaven;  
Rejoice in the high ladder seen by Jacob;  
Rejoice, divine, in the heavenly manna;  
Rejoice in the resolution of the oath;  
Rejoice in the appeal of Adam;  
For the Lord is with You.'

**4 Pavel Chesnokov (1877–1944):  
Da ispravitsya molitva moya`**

*Choir:*  
Zhertva vechernyaya

Da ispravitsya molitva moya, yako kadilo pred Toboyu,  
Vozdeyaniye ruku moyeyu, zhertva vechernyaya.

Gospodi, vozzvakh k Tebe, uslishi mya,  
Vonmi glasu moleniya moyego, vnegda vozzvati mi,  
Vonmi, vnegda vozzvati mi k Tebe.

*Choir:*  
Da ispravitsya molitva moya, yako kadilo pred Toboyu,  
Vozdeyaniye ruku moyeyu, zhertva vechernyaya.

Polozhi, Gospodi, khraneniye ustom moim,  
I dver` ograzhdeniya o ustnakh moikh.

*Choir:*  
Da ispravitsya molitva moya, yako kadilo pred Toboyu,  
Vozdeyaniye ruku moyeyu, zhertva vechernyaya.

Ne ukloni serdtse moyo v slovesa lukavstviya,  
Nepshchevati, nepshchevati vini o gresekh.

*Choir:*  
Da ispravitsya molitva moya, yako kadilo pred Toboyu,  
Vozdeyaniye ruku moyeyu, zhertva vechernyaya.

**4 Pavel Chesnokov (1877–1944):  
Hear My Prayer**  
Text: Canonical Church text

*Choir:*  
Evening sacrifice...

Let my prayer be answered, as a censer before Thee,  
Held up by my hand as the evening sacrifice.

Lord, I am calling Thee; hear me,  
Heed the voice of my supplication,  
When I call Thee.

*Choir:*  
Let my prayer be answered, as a censer before Thee,  
Held up by my hand as the evening sacrifice.

Keep my lips safe, oh Lord,  
And secure the words that I utter.

*Choir:*  
Let my prayer be answered, as a censer before Thee,  
Held up by my hand as the evening sacrifice.

Guard my heart from evil words  
That seek to excuse my sins.

*Choir:*  
Let my prayer be answered, as a censer before Thee,  
Held up by my hand as the evening sacrifice.

**5 Pavel Chesnokov (1877–1944):  
Ot yunosti moyeya**

Ot yunosti moyeya mnozi boryut mya strasti:  
No sam mya zastupi, i spasi Spase moy.

Ne navidyashchiye Siona posramitesya ot Gospoda:  
Yako trava bo ognem budete izsohshe.

Svyatim Dukhom vsyaka dusha zhivitsya  
I chistotoyu vozvishayetsya,  
Svetleyetsya Troicheskim Yedinstvom svyashchenotayne.

**6 Mikhail Burmagin:  
Razboynika blagorazumnago**

Razboynika blagorazumnago vo yedinom chase rayevi  
spodobil yesi, Gospodi.  
I mene Drevom Krestrnim prosveti i spasi mya.

**7 Aleksandr Arkhangelsky (1846–1924):  
Simvol veri`**

Veruyu vo yedinogo Boga Otsa, Vsederzhitel'ya, Tvortsa  
nebu i zemli, vidimim zhe vsem i nevidimim.

I vo yedinogo Gospoda Isusa Khrista, Sina Bozhiya,  
Yedinorodnogo, izhe ot Otsa rozhdennago prezhe vsekh  
bed: Sveta ot sveta, Boga istinna ot Boga istinna,  
rozhdenna, nesotvorennaya, yedinosushchna Otsu, im zhe  
vsya bivsha.

**5 Pavel Chesnokov (1877–1944):  
From My Youth**  
Text: Canonical Church text

Since my youth I have fought many passions,  
But Thou alone can protect and save me, Oh my Saviour.

You, who hate Zion, be ashamed before the Lord:  
Like grass you will be burned by the fire.

Every soul becomes alive when the Holy Spirit touches it  
And in purity it is exalted,  
Illuminated by the Unity of Trinity in mystic holiness.

**6 Mikhail Burmagin:  
The Wise Thief**  
Text: Canonical Church text

You made the wise thief worthy of Paradise in a single  
moment, Oh Lord.  
So, by the wood of the Cross enlighten and save me too.

**7 Aleksandr Arkhangelsky (1846–1924):  
The Symbol of Faith**  
Text: Canonical Church text

I believe in one God the Almighty Father, creator of heaven  
and earth, visible and invisible to all.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the one and  
only, begotten of the Father before all troubles: Light from  
Light, true God from true God, born, not created, from the  
Holy Father, the one who created all things.



Nas radi chelovek, i nashego radi spaseniya shedshego s nebes, i voplotivshagosya ot Dukha Svyata i Marii Devi, i vochelovechshasya.

Raspiatago zhe za ni pri Pontistem Pilate, i stradavsha i pogrebenna.

I voskresshago v tretiy den' po Pisaniyam.

I vozshedshago na nebesa, i sidyashcha odesnuyu Otsa.

I paki gryadushchago so slavoyu suditi zhimim i myortvim, Yego zhe tsarstviyu ne budet kontsa.

I v Dukha Svyatago, Gospoda, zhitovvoryashchago, lzhe ot Otsa iskhodyashchago, lzhe so Otsem i Sinom spoklanyayema i slavima, glagolavshago proroki.

Vo Yedinu Svyatuyu, Sobornuyu i Apostol'skuyu Tserkov'.

Ispoveduyu yedino kreshcheniye vo ostavlyeniye grekhov.

Chayu voskresyeniye moyrtvikh:

I zhizni budushchago veka.  
Amin'.

**8 Aleksandr Varlamov (1801–1848):  
Vdol' po ulitse metelitsa metyot**

Vdol' po ulitse metelitsa metyot,  
Za metelitsy moy milen'kiy idyot.  
Ti postoy, postoy, krasavitsa moya,  
Dozvol' naglyadetsya, radost', na tebya.

Who came down from heaven for us men, and for our salvation, and was incarnate of the Holy Ghost, and of the Virgin Mary, and was made man.

And was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate, and suffered, and was buried.

And rose again on the third day according to the Scripture.

And ascended into heaven, to sit on the right hand of the Father.

And He shall come again with glory to judge the living and the dead, and His kingdom shall last forever.

And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord, the creator of life, begotten by the Father, and speaking prophecies, to be worshipped together.

In one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

I teach that Baptism will purify all sins.

I await resurrection of the dead,

And the new age to come.  
Amen.

**8 Aleksandr Varlamov (1801–1848):  
A Snowstorm Sweeps the Street**  
Text: D. Glebov

A snowstorm sweeps the street,  
And my beloved is following it.  
Wait, my beauty, slow down,  
Let me feast my eyes upon you.

*Choir:*  
Ti postoy, postoy, krasavitsa moya,  
Dozvol' naglyadetsya, radost', na tebya.

Krasota tvoya menia s uma svela,  
Issushila dobra molodtsa menya.  
Ti postoy, postoy, krasavitsa moya,  
Dozvol' naglyadetsya, radost', na tebya.

*Choir:*  
Ti postoy, postoy, krasavitsa moya,  
Dozvol' naglyadetsya, radost', na tebya.

Na tvoyu li na priyatnu krasotu,  
Na tvoyo li chto na beloye litso.  
Ti postoy, postoy, krasavitsa moya,  
Dozvol' naglyadetsya, radost', na tebya.

*Choir:*  
Ti postoy, postoy, krasavitsa moya,  
Dazvol' naglyadetsya, radost', na tebya.

**9 Russian folk song  
Ne velyat Mashe za rechen'ku khodit'**

Ne velyat Mashe za re...  
Za rechen'ku khodit',  
Ne velyat Mashe molo...  
Okh molodchika lyubit'.

Chto molodchika molo...  
Moloden'kogo,  
Nezhenatogo, kholo...  
Oh, kholosten'kogo.

*Choir:*  
Wait, my beauty, slow down,  
Let me feast my eyes upon you.

Your beauty is causing me to lose my mind,  
It dried me up, a young man.  
Wait, my beauty, slow down,  
Let me feast my eyes upon you.

*Choir:*  
Wait, my beauty, slow down,  
Let me feast my eyes upon you.

Let me see your pleasing beauty,  
And your white face.  
Wait, my beauty, slow down,  
Let me feast my eyes upon you.

*Choir:*  
Wait, my beauty, slow down,  
Let me feast my eyes upon you.

**9 Russian folk song  
They Do Not Let Masha...**  
Text: Trad.

They do not let Masha walk across the ri...  
Walk across the river,  
They do not let Masha to love a you...  
To love a young man.

A man who is you...  
So young,  
A bachelor, unmarri...  
Oh, unmarried.

Kholostoy mal'chik lyubi...  
Lyubitel' dorogoy,  
On ne chuvstvuyet lyubo...  
Okh, lyubovi da nikakoy.

Takova lyubov' na sve...  
Na svete goryacha,  
Stoit da Man'ka, u kosya...  
Okh, kosyashcha to okna.

Stoit Masha u kosya...  
Kosyashchya to okna,  
Stoit da bedna zapla...  
Okh, zaplakanī glaza.

Stoit bednaya zapla...  
Zaplakanī glaza,  
Prizatyortī svoi be...  
Okh, da belī da rukavam.

Znat' na Mashen'ku pobe...  
Pobedushka bila,  
Znat' to milaya pogib...  
Okh, pogibnet za druzhka.

Ekh...

**10 Russian folk song**  
***Ne odna vo pole dorozhka***

Ne odna, akh ne odna,  
Ne odna vo pole dorozhka,  
Ne odna dorozhen'ka,

Unmarried boy, a de...  
A dear lover,  
He does not feel the lo...  
Oh, he does not feel any love at all.

This is a kind of love in the wor...  
A bitter love in the world.  
Masha stands by a win...  
Oh, by a window.

Masha stands by a win...  
By a window,  
Stands, poor girl, with tea...  
Oh, with tears in her eyes.

Stands, poor girl, with tea...  
Oh, with tears in her eyes.  
Wiping tears with her whi...  
With her white sleeves.

It seems that Masha was conqu...  
She was conquered,  
It seems that she will peri...  
Oh, perish for her lover.

Oh...

**10 Russian folk song**  
***There Is Not One Path Through the Field***  
Text: Trad.

There is not one, oh, not one,  
Not one path through the field,  
Not one path,

Ekh ne odna vo pole prolegala.  
Kak po toy li po dorozhen'ke,  
Kak po toy li po dorozhke nel'zya ni proyekhat',  
Da nel'zya ni proyekhat', ni proyti.

**11 Russian folk song**  
***Odnovuchno gremit kolokol'chik***

Odnovuchno gremit kolokol'chik  
I doroga pilit'sya slegka,  
I unilo po rovnomu polyu  
Razlivayetsya pesn' yamshchika.

Stol'ko grusti v toy pesne uniloy,  
Stol'ko chuvstva v napeve rodnom,  
Chto v dushe moyey khladnoy, ostiloy  
Razgorelosya serdtse ognyyom.

I pripomnil ya nochi drugie  
I rodnīye polya i lesa,  
I na ochi, davno uzhi sukhiye  
Nabezhalo, kak iskra, sleza.

Odnovuchno gremit kolokol'chik,  
Izdali otdavayas slegka.  
I umolk joy yamshchik, a doroga  
Predo mnoy daleka, daleka.

Oh, not one path laid in the field.  
And along that path,  
One cannot walk nor ride,  
Nor walk nor ride.

**11 Russian folk song**  
***The Lonely Coach Bell***  
Text: Trad.

The bell rings monotonously  
And the road is covered in dust.  
And riding along a flat field,  
A coachman sings his melancholic song.

There is so much sadness in that cheerless song,  
There is so much emotion in that dear tune,  
That in my cold and bare chest  
The heart started to burn with fire.

And I remembered other nights,  
And familiar fields and forests,  
And in my eyes, dry for so long,  
Appeared a tear.

The bell rings monotonously,  
Echoing slightly in a distance.  
And my coachman fell silent,  
And my road is long.

**12 Russian folk song**  
***Proshchay, radost'***

Proshchay, radost', zhizn' moyal'  
Znyayu, yedesh' bez menya.  
Znat' odin dolzhon ostat'sya  
Tebya mne bol'she ne vidat'.  
Tyomna nochen'ka,  
Okh, da ne spitsya.

Sam ne znayu, pochemu  
Ti, devchinchka, menya  
Ti odna menya trevozhish',  
Odna reshila moy pokoy,  
Tyomna nochen'ka,  
Okh, da ne spitsya.

Vspomni, vspomni mayskiy den',  
Mi kupat'sya s miloy shli,  
Mi sadilis' na pesoček,  
Na zhojltiy, na melkoy pesok.  
Tyomna nochen'ka,  
Okh, da ne spitsya.

**13 Russian folk song**  
***Uzh kak pal tuman***

*Choir:*  
Ekhl! Kuda poydu,  
Gde dorozhen'ku shirokuyu naydu.

Ekhl, uzhd kak pal tuman na pole chistoye da pozakrīl tuman  
dorogi dal'niye.

**12 Russian folk song**  
***Farewell, My Joy***

Text: Trad.

Farewell, my joy, my life!  
I know you will leave me.  
It seems I have to live alone,  
Without seeing you again.  
The night is dark,  
Oh, I cannot sleep.

I do not know why  
You, oh girl,  
You are the one I love,  
You are the one who took my rest away.  
The night is dark,  
Oh, I cannot sleep.

Remember that day in May,  
When we went to bathe in the river,  
When we sat on the sand,  
On fine yellow sand.  
The night is dark,  
Oh, I cannot sleep.

**13 Russian folk song**  
***The Fog Has Fallen Onto the Field***

Text: Trad.

*Choir:*  
Oh, where shall I go,  
Where shall I find a wide road?

Oh, the fog has fallen on the wide field  
And obscured long roads.

Ekhl! Kuda poydu, gde dorogu ya shirokuyu naydu,  
Gde zhe ya dorozhen'ku shirokuyu naydu?

*Choir:*  
Dorozhen'ku naydu.

Ekhl, za oknom shumit da nepogodushka,  
Ekhl, vsyo bolit, bolit moya golovushka.  
Ekhl! Kuda poydu, gde dorogu ya shirokuyu naydu,  
Gde zhe ya dorozhen'ku shirokuyu naydu?

*Choir:*  
Dorozhen'ku naydu.

Ekhl, poskorey vzaydi ti, solntse krasnoye,  
Ekhl, poraskin' shatrom ti nebo sineye.  
Ekhl! Kuda poydu, gde dorogu ya shirokuyu naydu,  
Gde zhe ya dorozhen'ku shirokuyu naydu?

*Choir:*  
Dorozhen'ku naydu.

**14 Elizaveta Shashina (1805–1903):**  
***Vikhozhu odin ya na dorogu***

Vikhozhu odin ya na dorogu;  
Skvoz' tuman kremnistiy put' blestit;  
Noch tikha. Pustinya vnemlet Bogu,  
I zvezda s zvezdoyu govorit.

V nebesakh torzhestvenna i chudna!  
Spit zemlya v siyan'ye golubom...

Oh, where shall I go, where shall I find a wide road,  
Where shall I find a wide road?

*Choir:*  
Shall I find a road.

Oh, outside my window the weather is stormy,  
Oh, my head is aching.  
Oh, where shall I go, where shall I find a wide road,  
Where shall I find a wide road?

*Choir:*  
Shall I find a road.

Oh, you beautiful sun, rise soon,  
And spread the tent of the blue sky.  
Oh, where shall I go, where shall I find a wide road,  
Where shall I find a wide road?

*Choir:*  
Shall I find a road.

**14 Elizaveta Shashina (1805–1903):**  
***I Walk My Path Alone***  
Text: Mikhail Lermontov (1814–1841)

I come out alone onto the path;  
Through the mist, the stony road glistens;  
Night is silent. The desert listens to God,  
And the stars are speaking to each other.

In the heavens, majestic and wonderful,  
The Earth is sleeping in a blue shining light...

Chto zhe mne tak bol'no i tak trudno?  
Zhdu l'chego? Zhaleyu li o chyom?

Uzh ne zhdu ot zhizni nichego ya,  
I ne zhal' mne proshlogo nichut';  
Ya ishchu svobodī i pokoya!  
Ya b khotel zabit'sya i zasnut'!

No ne tem kholodnim snom mogili...  
Ya b zhelal naveki tak zasnut',  
Chtob v grudī dremali zhizni silī,  
Chtob dīsha, vzdīmalas' tikho grud',

Chtob vsyu noch', ves' den' moy slukh leleya,  
Pro lyubov' mne sladkiy golos pel,  
Nado mnoy chtob, vechna zeleneya,  
Tyomniy dub sklonysya i shumel.

**15 Russian folk song**  
***Akh ti, nochen'ka***

Akh ti, nochen'ka,  
Oy, nochka tyomnaya,  
Nochka tyomnaya,  
Oy, noch' osennyaya.

S kem-to ya nochen'ku,  
Oy, s kem osennyuyu,  
S kem ya dozhdlivuyu  
Korotat' budu?

Net-to ni batyushki,  
Oy, net-to ni matushki,

Why, then, my heart aches and I feel such burden?  
Am I waiting for, or regretting something?

I no longer expect anything from life,  
And I do not wish for the past to return;  
I search for peace and freedom!  
I wish to forget everything and fall asleep!

But not with the sleep of cold grave:  
I wish to sleep forever with the kind of sleep  
That would keep my breath alive,  
So that my breast would quietly rise and fall.

So that day and night my ear would be caressed  
With songs of love, sung by a sweet voice,  
So that above me would bend and rustle  
An evergreen oak.

**15 Russian folk song**  
***Oh, Night***

Text: Trad.

Oh you, night  
Oh, dark night,  
Dark night,  
Oh, autumn night.

With whom will I  
While away  
This autumn night,  
This rainy night?

I have no father,  
Oh, I have no mother,

Tol'ko yest' da yest'  
Odna zaznobushka.

Oy, tol'ko yest' da yest'  
Odna zaznobushka,  
Da i to so mnoy  
Ne v lyubvi zhivyot.

**16 Gyorgy Sviridov (1915–1998):**  
***Zoryu b'yut***

Zoryu b'yut...iz ruk moikh  
Vetkhiy Dante vipadayet  
Na ustakh nachatīy stikh  
Nedochitanniī zatikh—  
Dukh dalyoko uletayet.

Zvuk privīchniīy, zvuk zhivoy,  
Kak ti chasto razdavalsya  
Tam, gde tikho razvivalsya  
Ya davnishneyu poroy.

Zoryu b'yut.

I only have  
My beloved.

I only have  
My beloved,  
But she does not  
Share my love.

**16 Gyorgy Sviridov (1915–1998):**  
***The Bells of Dawn***  
Text: Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837)

The Bells of dawn... from my hands  
Ancient Dante tome falls out,  
On my lips an unfinished poem  
Falls silent—  
The spirit is far away.

A familiar, alive sound,  
How often did you ring out  
There, where so long ago  
I quietly grew up.

The Bells of Dawn.

English translation & transliteration: Anastasia Belina-Johnson



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Lev Kontorovich