

Sunday, November 5, 2006, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Artists of the Mariinsky Academy

Larissa Gergieva, *piano*
Viktoria Yastrebova, *soprano*
Aleksei Markov, *baritone*

PROGRAM

Aleksei Markov

- Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakov (1844–1908) Oktava, Op. 45, No. 3
O, jesli b ty mogla, Op. 39, No. 1
Anton Rubinstein (1829–1894) Ballad
Aleksandr Borodin (1833–1887) Dlja beregov otchizny dal'noj
Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka (1804–1857) Pesnya Ritsarya

Viktoria Yastrebova

- Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893) Lullaby, Op. 16, No. 1
Serge Rachmaninoff (1873–1943) Polyubila ja na pechal svoyu, Op. 8, No. 4
Ne poj, krazavitsa, pri mne, Op. 4, No. 4
Vocalise, Op. 34, No. 14
Prayer, Op. 8, No. 6

Aleksei Markov

- Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924) “Si corre dal notaio” from *Gianni Schicchi*

Viktoria Yastrebova

- Alfredo Catalani (1854–1893) “Ebben! Ne andro lontana” from *La Wally*

INTERMISSION

Recital Series B is sponsored by Annette Campbell-White and Dr. Ruediger Naumann-Etienne.

Cal Performances' 2006–2007 Season is sponsored by Wells Fargo.

Viktoria Yastrebova

Mikhail Ippolitov-Ivanov (1859–1935) Japanese Cycle, Op. 60

Aleksei Markov

Alexandr Gretchaninov (1864–1956) Stepyu idu ya unyloyu, Op. 5, No. 1

Rachmaninoff O net, molyu, ne ukhodi, Op. 4, No. 1

Ja byl u nei, Op. 14, No. 4

Ruggero Leoncavallo (1857–1919) “Zazà, piccola zingara” from *Zazà*

Umberto Giordano (1867–1948) “Compiacente a’ colloqui,” Gérard’s aria
from *Andrea Chénier*

Viktoria Yastrebova

Vincenzo Bellini (1801–1835) “O s’io potessi,” Imogena’s aria from *Il Pirata*

Viktoria Yastrebova & Aleksei Markov

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901) “Udiste?...” Leonora and Conte di Lune’s duet
from *Il Trovatore*

Texts and Translations

Rimsky-Korsakov: Oktava

Garmonii stikha bozhestvennyje tajny
ne dumaj razgadat' po knigam mudrecov:
u brega sonnykh vod odin brodja, sluchajno,
prislushajsja dushoj k sheptan'ju trostnikov,
dubravy govoru; ikh zvuk neobyčajnyj
prochuvstvuj i pojmi...

V sozvuchii stikhov nevol'no s ust tvojikh
razmernyje oktavy pol'jutsja, zvuchnyje,
kak muzyka dubravy.

Rimsky-Korsakov: O, jesli b ty mogla

O jesli b ty mogla khot' na jedinyj mig
Zabyt' svoju pechal', zabyt' svoji nevgody,
O, jesli by khot' raz ja tvoj uvidel lik,
Kakim ja znal jego v schastlivejšije gody!

Kogda v glazakh tvojikh zasvetitsja sleza,
O, jesli b 'eta grust' mogla projti poryvom,
Kak v tepluju vesnu proletnaja groza,
Kak ten' ot oblakov, begushchaja po nivam!

Rubinstein: Ballad

Pered vojevodoj molcha on stojit,
Golovu potupil, sumrachno gljadit;
S plech moguchikh snjali barkhatnyj kaftan,
Krov' strujitsja tikho iz shirokikh ran.

Skovan po nogam on, skovan po rukam,
Znat', jemu ne ryskat' noch'ju po lesam!
Dumajet on dumu, dyshit tjazhelo:
Plokho!... vidno, vremena dobroje proshlo.

Chto, popalsja paren'? Dolgo zh ty guljal!
Dolgo mne v teneta volk ne zabegal!
Chto zh priumolk ty? Slyshal ja ne raz:
Pesenki ty master pet' v vesel'nyj chas;
Ty na lad segodnja vradli popadesh'...
Zavtra my uslyshim, kak ty zapojesh'.

Vzgovoril on mrachno: Ne uslyshish', net!
Zavtra pet' ne budu, zavtra mne ne sled;
Zavtra umirat' mne smertiju likhoj;
Sam ty zapojesh', chaj, s radosti takoj!

My pevali pesni, kak iz lesa shli,
Kak kupcov s tovarom my v ovrag veli...
Ty b nas tut poslushal, ladno peli my;
Da ne dolgo pesnej teshilis' kupcy...

Translation not available.

Translation not available.

Before the governor he stood silently
with drooping head and morose expression, from
his mighty shoulders they removed a velvet kaftan,
blood seeping silently from his wounds.

With his hands and feet in chains,
he will never prowl the woods at night again!
He thinks to himself,
his breathing hard and labored!
The best time of his life is over.
“What have we here?
For so long you have been prowling!
For so long the wolf has escaped my trap!
What, have you become silent?
I have heard:
you are the master of singing at a jolly hour.
But today is no time for singing...
Tomorrow we shall hear, as you will start singing.”
The other replied gloomily:
“You will not hear, no! I shall not sing tomorrow
tomorrow, not a note from me
tomorrow I will die a valiant death
it is you who will sing for joy!
We sang as we walked through the wood,
when we brought the merchants' train to ruin...
You would listen to us here—we sang well,
yes, not for long with the merchants who accompa-
nied the song...

Texts and Translations

Da jeshchjo peval ja v domike tvojom;
Zapival ja pesni vsje tvojim vinom;
Zajedal ja charku khozjajskoj jedoj;
Celovalsja sladko da s tvojeje zhenoj!

Borodin: Dlja beregov otchizny dal'noj

Dlja beregov otchizny dal'noj
ty pokidala kraj chuzhoj;
v chas nezabvennyj, v chas pechal'nyj
ja dolgo plakal nad toboj.

Moji khladejushchije ruki
tebja staralis' uderzhat';
tomlen'ja strasnogo razluki
moj ston molil ne preryvat'.

No ty ot strasnogo lobzan'ja
svoji usta otorvala;
iz kraja mrachnogo izgnan'ja
ty v kraj inoj menja zvala.

Ty govorila: „V chas svidan'ja,
pod nebom vechno golubym,
v teni oliv i mirt lobzan'ja
my vnov', moj drug, sojedinim.“

No tam, uvy, gde neba svody
sijajut v bleske golubom,
gde pod skalami dremljut vody,
usnula ty poslednim snom.

Tvoja krasa, tvoji stradan'ja
ischezli v urne grobovoj,
ischez i poceluj svidan'ja...
No zhdu jego: on za toboj!

Glinka: Pesnya Ritsarya

Tchaikovsky: Lullaby

Spi, ditja mojo, spi, usni! spi, usni!
Sladkij son k sebe mani:
V njan'ki ja tebe vzjala
Veter, solnce i orla.

Uletel orjol domoj:
Solnce skrylos' pod vodoj:
Veter, posle trekh nochej,
Mchitsja k materi svojej.

Sprashivala vetra mat':
„Gde izvolil propadat“?

I also sang in your little house
I washed down my songs with your wine
I ate a meal fit for a master
and shared sweet kisses with your wife!”

For the shores of your far homeland
You left this strange land;
Within this unforgettable hour, this hour of sadness,
I wept lingeringly before you.

My chilling hands
Tried to detain you;
Dreading the anguish of parting
My moan beseeched you not to go.

But you wrenched your lips away
From our bitter kisses;
From this country of gloomy exile
You bid me to another land.

You said: “On the day of our rendezvous
Under the ever-blue skies,
In the shade of olive trees,
Our kisses, my friend, will again reunite us.”

But there, where the horizons
are radiant blue,
and the waters dream beneath the cliffs,
you fell into eternal slumber.

Your beauty, your suffering has
Disappeared into the grove;
The kiss of our rendezvous has also disappeared...
But I still await it: You promised it to me!

Text and translation not available.

Sleep, my baby, sleep, fall asleep, sleep, fall asleep!
Beckon sweet dreams to yourself:
I've hired as nannies for you
The Wind, the Sun and the Eagle.

The Eagle has flown back home,
The Sun has hidden under the waters,
And three nights later
The Wind is rushing away to her Mother.

The Wind's mother has been asking:
“Where have you been for so long?”

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

Ali zvezdy vojeval?
Ali volny vsjo gonjal?“
„Ne gonjal ja voln morskikh,
Zvezd ne trogal zolotykh;
Ja ditja oberegal,
Kolybelochku kachal!“

Spi, ditja mojo, spi, usni! spi, usni!
Sladkij son k sebe mani:
V njan'ki ja tebe vzjala
Veter, solnce i orla.

Rachmaninoff: Polyubila ja na pechal svoju

Poljubila ja na pechal' svoju
Sirotinushku bestalannogo.
Uzh takaja mne dolja vypala.
Razluchili nas ljudi sil'nyje;
Uvezli jeho, sdali v rekruty...
I soldatkoj ja, odinokoj ja,
Znat' v chuzhoj izbe i sostarejus'.
Uzh takaja mne dolja vypala.
A! A!

Rachmaninoff: Ne poj, krazavitsa, pri mne

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruziji pechal'noj;
Napominajut mne oni
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

Uvy, napominajut mne
Tvoji zhestokije napevy
I step', i noč', i pri lune
Cherty dalekoj, bednoj devy!

Ja prizrak milyj, rokovoj,
Tebja uvidev, zabyvaju;
No ty pojosh', i predi mnoj
Jego ja vnov' voobrazhaju.

Rachmaninoff: Vocalise

No text

Rachmaninoff: Molitva

O moj tvorec! O, Bozhe moj!
Vzgljani na greshnuju menja;
Ja muchus', ja bol'na dushoj,
Izryta skorb'ju grud' moja.
O, moj Tvorec, velik moj grekh,
Ja na zemle prestupnej vsekh.

Kipela v njom mladaja krov',
Byla chista jeho ljubov',

Have you been fighting the stars?
Have you been chasing the waves?“
“I haven't been chasing the sea waves,
I haven't been touching the golden stars,
I have been guarding a baby
And rocking gently his little cradle.”

Sleep, my baby, sleep, fall asleep, sleep, fall asleep!
Beckon sweet dreams to yourself:
I've hired as nannies for you
The Wind, the Sun and the Eagle.

To my sorrow I have grown to love
my wretched little orphan.
That is the fate which has befallen me.
Powerful people separated us;
they took him away and gave him to be a recruit...
And a soldier's wife, a lonely soul,
it seems that I shall grow old in a stranger's home.
That is the fate which has befallen me.
Ah! Ah!

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant shore.

Alas, They remind me,
your cruel melodies,
of the steppe, the night and moonlit
features of a poor, distant maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition
I forget when you appear;
but you sing, and before me
I picture that image anew.

Prayer
Oh, my God!
Look at sinful me;
I suffer, I am ill in my soul,
sorrow tortures my breast.
Oh, my Creator, great is my sin,
I am the worst criminal on earth.

Young blood boiled in him,
pure was his love,

Texts and Translations

No on jejo v grudi svojeje
Tajil tak svjato ot ljudej.
Ja znala vsjo... O Bozhe moj!
Prosti mne greshnoj i bol'noj.

Jego ja muki ponjala;
Ulybknoj, vzorom lish' odnim
Ja b iscelit' jegu mogla,
No ja ne szhalilas' nad nim.
O moj tvorec, velik moj grekh,
Ja na zemle prestupnej vsekh.

Tomilsja dolgo, dolgo on,
Pechal'ju tjazhkoj udruhjon;
I umer, bednyj nakonec,
O Bozhe moj, o moj Tvorec!
Tron'sja greshnoju mol'boj...
Vzgljani, kak ja bol'na dushoj.

Puccini: Si corre dal notaio

"Messer notaio, presto,
Via da Buoso Donati!
C'è un gran peggioramento!
Vuol fare testamento!
Portate su con voi le pergamene,
presto, messere, se no è tardi!"
Ed il notaio viene.
Entra: la stanza è semi oscura,
dentro il letto intravede
di Buoso la figura!!
Il testa
la cappellina!
Al viso
la pezzolina!
Fra cappellina e pezzolina un naso
che par quello
di Buoso e invece è il mio,
perchè al posto di Buoso ci son io.
Io, lo Schicchi con altra voce e forma!
Io falsifico in me Buoso Donati,
testando e dando al testamento normal!
O gente! questa matta bizzarria
che mi zampilla nella fantasia
è tale da sfidar l'eternità!!

Catalani: Ebben! Ne andrò lontana

Ebben! Ne andrò lontana
Come va l'eco pia campana,
Là fra la neve bianca;
Là fra le nubi d'òr;
Laddóve la speranza, la speranza
È rimpianto, è rimpianto, è dolor!

but he kept it in himself
so holy, from people.
I knew it all... Oh, my God!
Forgive me, sinful and ill.

I understood his sufferings;
With only the sign of a smile
I could have cured him,
But I didn't pity him.

He suffered long, long,
With sadness and heavily depressed
And died, miserable at last,
Oh, my God, Oh, my Creator!
Be touched by my sinful prayer...
Look how I am ill in my soul.

You run to the Notary:
"Master Notary, quickly!
Come to Buoso Donati!
He's been taken much worse!
He wants to make his will!
Bring your papers with you,
hurry, master, or it'll be too late!"
And the notary comes.
He enters; the room
is in semi-gloom,
in the bed he glimpses
the form of Buoso!
On his head a nightcap!
Round his face a kerchief!
Between nightcap and kerchief a nose
which looks like Buoso's
but is really mine
because I shall take Buoso's place!
I, Schicchi, with another voice and form!
I shall pass myself off as Buoso Donati!
and dictate my last will and testament!
Friends, this mad invention
springing from my imagination
is such as to challenge eternity!

Ah well then! I shall go far away
Like the echo of the pious churchbell goes away,
There somewhere in the white snow;
There amongst the clouds of gold,
There where hope, hope
Is regret, is regret, is sorrow!

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

O della madre mia casa gioconda
La Wally ne andrà da te, da te!
Lontana assai, e forse a te,
E forse a te, non farà mai più ritorno,
Nè più la rivedrai!
Mai più, mai più!

Ne andrò sola e lontana,
Là, fra la neve bianca, n'andrò,
N'andrò sola e lontana
E fra le nubi d'òr!

Ebben! Ne andrò lontana
Come va l'eco pia campana,
Là fra la neve bianca;
Là fra le nubi d'òr;
Laddóve la speranza, la speranza
È rimpianto, è rimpianto, è dolor!

O della madre mia casa gioconda
La Wally ne andrà da te, da te!
Lontana assai, e forse a te,
E forse a te, non farà mai più ritorno,
Nè più la rivedrai!
Mai più, mai più!

Ne andrò sola e lontana,
Come l'eco della pia campana,
Là, fra la neve bianca, n'andrò,
N'andrò sola e lontana
E fra le nubi d'òr!

INTERMISSION

Ippolitov-Ivanov: Japanese Cycle

1. Alleji vse osypany listvoju,
I v alyj cvet okrashen list'jev rjad—
To osen' k nam stuchitsja...
To osen' k nam prishla,
Svojeju nepogodoj razgonit vsekh družej,
Na svetlyj ogonjok nikto k nam ne pridjot,
Kto dorog nam i mil!

2. Akh, v 'etom mire stradat' ja ustal,
Akh, v 'etom mire pechali i sljoz...
Ja ujdú v glubínu dal'nikh gor.
Pust' zhizn' moja tam ischeznet, kak son,
Kak tajet belyj sneg v solnca luchakh,
Na verшинakh gor, na list'jakh gornogo klena...

O from my mother's cheerful house
La Wally is about to go away from you, from you!
Quite far away, and perhaps to you,
And perhaps to you, will never more return,
Nor ever more see you again!
Never again, never again!

I will go away alone and far,
There, somewhere in the white snow, I shall go,
I will go away alone and far
And amongst the clouds of gold!

Ah well then! I shall go far away
Just like the echo of the pious churchbell goes away,
There somewhere in the white snow;
There amongst the clouds of gold,
There where hope, hope
Is regret, is regret, is sorrow!

O from my mother's cheerful house
La Wally is about to go away from you, from you!
Quite far away, and perhaps to you,
And perhaps to you, will never more return,
Nor ever more see you again!
Never again, never again!

I shall go away alone and far,
Like the echo of the pious churchbell goes away,
There, somewhere in the white snow, I shall go,
I'll go away alone and far
And amongst the clouds of gold!

1. The alleys are strewn with leaves,
layers of scarlet-colored leaves
So autumn is knocking on our door,
so autumn has come to us
And with its bad weather it chased
all our friends away
Nobody will come to our bright little fire.

2. Ah! How tired I am of suffering in this world
Ah in this world of sorrow and tears...
I will go away, into the recesses of the farthest
mountains.
I wish my life would vanish like a dream.
Like the white snow melts in the rays of the sun
On mountain tops, on the leaves of the maple.

Texts and Translations

3. O zapakh pomerancev, tak zhdushchikh zhadno
maja,
Opjat' vdykhaju ja vsju prelest' ikh cvetov...
I vot ljubov' mel'knula predno mnoj bylaja,
I vnov' javilsja ty v mechtakh vesny zhelannoj,
No ty ne tot teper', ne tot, chem byl kogda-to...
Tebja ne uznaju—ved' serdca tvojego
Nikto ne znajet, i ne pojmut jeho...
No pochemu cvety sovsem poprezhnemu
blagoukhajut,
I tak oni tebjja vsegda, vsegda napominajut!

4. V tumane utrennem vsja bukhta Akasi,
Kotoroj svet sari jedva-jedva kosnulsja,
Ne vidno ostrovov vdali...
I dumy vse moji o korable,
Kotoryj schast' je vsjo unjos,
Razbil mne serdce i ne vernulsja...

5. Vse sklony tam, u gorochki,
Pokryty cvetom vishni,
Blestjat, gorjat na solnnishke,
Kak motylechka kryl'ja...
I vot mne kazhetsja, chto belyje cvety—
Ne vishni lepestki, a prosto sneg!

Gretchaninov: Step'ju idu ja unyloju

Step'ju idu ja unyloju,
net ni cvetochka na nej;
Netu zeljonogo dereva,
gde by mog spit solovej.
Mrachno tak vecher nasupilsja,
zvezd ni sleda v vyshine...
Sam ja ne znaju, chto vspomnilas'
vdrug v 'etu noru ty mne!
Vspomnilas', ty, moja milaja,
s krotkim i jasnym licom...
Vizhu tebjja i, mne kazhetsja,
mgla uzh redejet krugom:
i budto pesn' solov' jinaja
v chashche zelenoj zvuchit:
volny cvetov kolykhajutsja,
v zvezdakh vse nebo gorit...

Rachmaninoff: O net, molyu, ne ukhodi

O, net, molju, ne ukhodi!
Vsja bol' nictio pered razlukoj,
Ja slishkom schastliv

3. O the smell of oranges that have waited so eagerly
for May to come
Once more I can breathe in all the wonder of the
blossoms...
And have a fleeting vision of my love past
And so you have waited in my dreams of long
awaited spring
But you are not the same now, you are the same as
you were then...
I do not recognize you since your heart remains
a mystery to us all, and no one will ever understand!
But why do the flowers have the same fragrance as
before
And why do they always, oh, always remind me of
you?

4. In the morning mist bathes the whole of Akashi
Barely touched by the light of dawn
One cannot see the islands in the distance...
And all my thoughts go to that ship
Which took all happiness away from me
Which broke my heart and is not coming back...

5. There every slope of the mountain
is covered in cherry blossoms
They shine, burning in the sunlight,
like the wings of a butterfly
But suddenly it seems to me that the white flowers
are not cherry petals, but just snow!

Despondent I leave for the steppes,
where there is no light
there are no green trees
where the nightingale could rest.
The evening knits its brows gloomily
no sign of the stars in the heavens...
I don't know what made me
think of you this night!
I remembered you, my darling,
with a gentle and bright brow...
I see you and, it seems,
the darkness is fading away around us:
As if the song of the nightingales
in the green thicket are to be heard:
waves of flowers sway,
the sky burns in the reflection of the stars.

O, no, I beg you, do not leave!
All my pains are nothing compared to separation
I am only too fortunate

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

ʼEtoj mukoj,
Sil'nej prizhmi menja k grudi,
Skazhi ljublju.

Prishjol ja vnov',
Bol'noj, izmuchennyj i blednyj.
Smotri, kakoj ja slabyj, bednyj,
Kak mne nuzhna tvoja ljubov'...

Muchenij novykh vpered
Ja zhdu kak lasku, kak poceluja,
I ob odnom molju, toskuja:
O, bud' so mnoj, ne ukhodi!
O, bud' so mnoj, ne ukhodi!

Rachmaninoff: Ja byl u nei

Ja byl u nej; ona skazala:
„Ljublju tebjja, moj milyj drug!“
No 'etu tajnu ot podrug
khranit' mne strogo zaveshchala.

Ja byl u nej, na prelest' zlata
Kljalas' menja ne promenjat';
Ko mne lish' strastiju pylat',
Menja ljubit', ljubit', kak brata.

Ja byl u nej; ja vечно budu
S jejo dushoj dushoju zhit'.
Puskaj ona mne izmenit',
No ja izmennikom ne budu.

Leoncavallo: Zazà, piccola zingara

Zazà, piccolo zingara,
schiava d'un folle amore,
tu non sei giunta al termine
ancor del tuo dolore
Quanto convien di lacrime
che sui tuo volto scenda
pria che il tuo solo ed umile
pellegrinar riprenda!
To lu credesti libero...
or la speranza è spenta...
Ora sei to la libera,
e il tuo dover rammenta!
Ahi! Del sognato idillio
sparve l'incanto a un tratto!
Una manina d'angelo
indietreggiar t'ha fatto!

Giordano: Compiacente a' colloqui

Compiacente a' colloqui del cicisbeo
che a dame maturate porgeva qui la mano!

with that torment,
Press me tightly to your bosom
and say you love me.

I came anew
full of pain, pale and exhausted.
See how poor and weak I am,
how I need your love...

The new torments ahead
I await like a caress or kiss,
and again I beg you in anguish:
O stay with me, do not leave!
O stay with me, do not leave!

I was with her; she said to me:
“I love you, my dearest friend!”
But she strictly implored me to keep
this secret from her girlfriend.

I was with her, not for golden riches
she swore to trade me;
only to me to be afire with passion,
to love me, love me like a brother.

I was with her; I will always
live with her soul, her soul.
Let her betray me,
but I will be no traitor.

Zazà, little gypsy,
slave to a wild love,
yet has not come to its end
your dull sorrow
How many tears still
have to run down your face
before you take up again
your lonely and humble wandering!
You thought him free...
Now your hope is vanished
Now you are the free one
Remember your duties!
Ah! The enchantment of his love
Vanished all at once!
It was an angel's hand
who guided your withdrawal!

Aider and abettor of discourses
between hand-kissing beaux and faded ladies!

Texts and Translations

Qui il Tacco rosso al Neo sospirando dicea:
Oritia, o Clori, o Nice, incipriate
vecchiette e imbellettate io vi bramo,
ed anzi sol per questo, forse, io v'amo!
Tal dei tempi è il costume!

Son sessant'anni, o vecchio, che tu servi!
A' tuoi protervi, arroganti signori
hai prodigato fedeltà, sudori,
la forza dei tuoi nervi,
l'anima tua, la mente,
e, quasi non bastasse la tua vita
a renderne infinita eternamente
l'orrenda sofferenza,
hai dato l'esistenza dei figli tuoi.
Hai figliato dei servi!

T'odio, casa dorata!
L'immagin sei d'un mondo incipriato e vano!

Vaghi dami in seta ed in merletti,
affrettate, accelerate
le gavotte gioconde e i minuetti!
Fissa è la vostra sorte!
Razza leggiadra e rea,
figlio di servi, e servo,
qui, giudice in livrea,
ti grido: È l'ora della morte!

Bellini: O s'io potessi

Oh! s'io potessi dissipar le nubi
che mi aggravan la fronte!...
È giorno, o sera?
Son io nelle mie case,
o son sepolta?
Ascolta...
Geme l'aura d'intorno... Ecco l'ignuda
Deserta riva, ecco giacer trafitto
Al mio fianco un guerrier... ma non è questo,
Non è questo Gualtiero...
È desso... Ernesto!...
Ei parla... ei chiama il figlio...
Il figlio è salvo... io...
io lo sottrassi ai colpi de' malfattori...
a lui si rechi... il vegga... l'abbracci
e mi perdoni anzi ch'ei mora.

Deh! tu, innocente,
tu per me l'implora!

Col sorriso d'innocenza,
Collo sguardo dell'amore,

Here Red Heel to Beauty-Spot has sighed:
"Horatia—or Clorinda, or Bernice—powdered,
painted and faded though you may be,
I love you, and, perhaps, for that alone!
That's the way of the world today!

Old man, you have been in service for sixty years!
To your haughty, arrogant masters
you have given unstinting loyalty and labor,
the strength of your body,
your spirit and your mind;
and, as if your own life were not enough,
so that the atrocious suffering
might be infinite and eternal,
you have given your children's lives as well.
You have fathered servants!

I hate you, gilded house!
Image of a world of powdered decadence and useless-
ness!
Charming gallants in your silks and laces,
hurry, speed up the tempo
of your gay gavottes and minuets!
Your fate is sealed.
O race of beauty and wickedness!
I, son of servants and myself a servant,
stand here, a judge in livery
and cry: "This is your house of doom!"

Oh! If only I could clear away the clouds
that bear down on my head!...
Is it day, or night?
Am I in my home,
or am I buried?
Listen...
The wind is howling...
See the bare, deserted shore, see a warrior
lying wounded at my side...
But this is not Gualtiero...
It is him... Ernesto!...
He is speaking... he's calling his son...
his son is safe!... I...
I rescued him from the villain's blows...
take him to him... let him see him...
let him embrace him and forgive me before he dies.

You, innocent child,
implore him for me.

With the smile of innocence,
with the look of love

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

Di perdono, di clemenza,
Deh! favella al genitor.

Digli, ah! che respiri,
digli che sei libero per me,
che pietoso un guardo ei giri
a chi tanto oprò per te.
Qual suono ferale
echeggia, rimbomba?
Del giorno finale
è questa la tromba!
Udite.

Verdi: Udite?...

CONTE
Udite? Come albeggi,
La scure al figlio ed alla madre il rogo.
Abuso io forse del poter che pieno
In me trasmise il prence! A tal mi traggi,
Donna per me funesta!... Ov'ella è mai?
Ripreso Castellor, di lei contezza
Non ebbi, e furo ondarne
Tante ricerche e tante!
Ah! dove sei, crudele?

LEONORA
A te davante.

CONTE
Qual voce!... come!... tu, donna?

LEONORA
Il vedi.

CONTE
A che venisti?

LEONORA
Egli è già presso
All'ora estrema; e tu lo chiedi?

CONTE
Osar potresti?...

LEONORA
Ah sì, per esso pietà domando...

CONTE
Che! tu deliri!
Io del rival sentir pietà?

LEONORA
Clemente Nume a te l'ispiri...

CONTE
È sol vendetta mio Nume... Va!

ah, speak to your father
of forgiveness and clemency.

Tel him, ah! that you are alive,
tell him that you are free because of me,
and to look with pity
on one who did so much for you.
What gloomy sound
is echoing, booming?
Is this the trumpet
of the day of judgment?
Listen.

COUNT
You hear me? At daybreak
the son to the executioner, the mother to the stake.
Perhaps I abuse the power
conferred on me by the prince!
You drive me to it, fateful woman...
But where is she?
Castellor is captured, but not a sign of her,
and all our searches have been fruitless...
Where are you, cruel one?

LEONORA
Here before you.

COUNT
Her voice!... What, is it you?

LEONORA
You can see it is.

COUNT
Why have you come?

LEONORA
His time is near at hand,
and you ask me that?

COUNT
How can you dare?

LEONORA
Ah yes, I plead for mercy for him...

COUNT
What? You are raving!
Shall I show mercy to my rival?

LEONORA
May the mercy of God inspire you...

COUNT
My only god is vengeance... Away!

Texts and Translations

LEONORA

Mira, di acerbe lagrime
Spargo al tuo piede un rio:
Non basta il pianto? svenami,
Ti bevi il sangue mio...
Calpesta il mio cadavere,
Ma salva il Trovator!

CONTE

Ah! dell'indegno rendere
Vorrei peggior la sorte:
Fra mille atroci spasimi
Centuplicar sua morte;
Più l'ami, e più terribile
Divampa il mio furor!

LEONORA

Conte!

CONTE

Né cessi?

LEONORA

Grazia!...

CONTE

Prezzo non havvi alcuno
Ad ottenerla... scostati...

LEONORA

Uno ve n'ha... sol uno!...
Ed io te l'offro.

CONTE

Spiegati, Qual prezzo, di'.

LEONORA

Me stessa!

CONTE

Ciel!... tu dicesti?...

LEONORA

E compiere saprò la mia promessa.

CONTE

È sogno il mio?

LEONORA

Dischiudimi la via fra quelle mura...
Ch'ei m'oda...
Che la vittima fugga, e son tua.

CONTE

Lo giura.

LEONORA

Lo giuro a Dio che l'anima
Tutta mi vede!

LEONORA

See how fast my bitter tears flow
as I lie here at your feet:
have they no power to move you?
Slay me, and shed my blood...
trample on my corpse,
but spare the troubadour!

COUNT

Ah! Would that I could make
the wretch's end more terrible yet...
and in frightful torture
make him die a thousand deaths...
The more you love him, the more terrible
becomes my rage!

LEONORA

Count!

COUNT

Enough, I say!

LEONORA

Mercy!

COUNT

No price on earth could buy it...
Let me go...

LEONORA

One price alone there is...
and that...I offer you.

COUNT

Explain yourself: What price?

LEONORA

Myself!

COUNT

What!... Do you mean it?

LEONORA

I will carry out my promise.

COUNT

Am I dreaming?

LEONORA

Open the doors of his prison...
Let me tell him...
Let your victim escape, and I am yours.

COUNT

Swear it.

LEONORA

I swear it to God,
who sees into my heart!

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

CONTE

Olà!

LEONORA

(M'avrai, ma fredda esanime spoglia)

CONTE

Colui vivrà.

LEONORA

(Vivrà!... contende il giubilo

I detti a me, Signore...

Ma coi frequenti palpiti

Merce' ti rende il core!

Ora il mio fine impavida,

Piena di gioia attendo...

Potrò dirgli morendo:

Salvo tu sei per me!)

CONTE

Fra te che parli?... volgimi,

Volgimi il detto ancora,

O mi parrà delirio

Quanto ascoltai finora...

Tu mia!... tu mia!... ripetilo.

Il dubbio cor serena...

Ah!... ch'io lo credo appena

Udendolo da te!

LEONORA

Andiam...

CONTE

Giurasti... pensaci!

LEONORA

È sacra la mia fe'!

COUNT

Ho there!

LEONORA

(A cold and lifeless prize he shall find me.)

COUNT

He shall live.

LEONORA

(He shall live!

Oh God, joy prevents me speaking,

but my wildly beating heart

gives thanks to Thee!

Now unafraid and full of joy

I can await my end...

I can tell him, as I die,

that he owes his life to me!)

COUNT

What are you saying? Oh say to me

those words once more,

or I shall think

that what I heard before was all a fancy...

Repeat that you are mine, you are mine,

and set my doubts to rest...

I can scarce believe it,

hearing this from you!

LEONORA

Lead on...

COUNT

You have sworn...remember it!

LEONORA

An oath is sacred to me!

About the Artists



Larissa Gergieva (*piano*) is Artistic Director of the Mariinsky Theatre Academy of Young Opera Singers, Artistic Director of the International Summer School in Mikkeli and General Director of the Rimsky-Korsakov International Competition and the International Lisitsian Competition. In summer 2005, she was appointed the artistic director of the Vladivokavkaz Opera and Ballet Theatre. She is also a jury member for many international competitions, and has herself won many prestigious awards and diplomas competing in them.

Ms. Gergieva regularly performs with well-known singers of the Mariinsky Theatre in such concert venues as Carnegie Hall, La Scala and Wigmore Hall. She has toured to the United States, Italy, Canada, Argentina, France, Sweden, Iceland, Austria, Australia, Switzerland, Portugal, Spain, Japan, China, South Korea, Germany, Brasil, Turkey and Macao. She also gives concert performances at the Great Philharmonic Halls in Moscow and St. Petersburg.

She has recorded 20 CDs in Great Britain, Germany, the United States and Russia for the Philips Classics, Harmonia Mundi and EMI labels, among others.

Ms. Gergieva also works as a coach for Russian opera productions at the Metropolitan Opera, La Scala, Royal Opera House-Covent Garden, Welsh National Opera, Tokyo Opera, the Salzburg Festival, Festival d'Aix-en-Provence and at theatres in San Francisco, Florence, Paris, Monte Carlo and Madrid.

In 2005, she prepared and staged several new productions on the stage of the Mariinsky Theatre with students of the Academy, including Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Snow Maiden* and *The Tale of Tsar Saltan*, Rossini's *Il Viaggio a Reims*, the premiere of Dargomizhsky's *The Stone Guest* and Verdi's *Falstaff*.

In 2006, she accompanied selected students of the Mariinsky Academy on a tour of Shostakovich songs to China, Belgium, France, Spain, England and Holland. This tour will culminate with three recitals at Carnegie Hall in New York in November 2006.

Ms. Gergieva has been honored with the highest title of National Artist in Ossetia, Ukraine and Russia.



Viktoria Yastrebova (*soprano*) was born in Rostov on Don, Russia. She graduated from the music faculty of the Taganrog Pedagogical Institute and subsequently from the Rostov on Don Conservatoire. She then became a soloist

About the Artists

with the Rostov Music Theatre, where she performed the roles of Violetta in *La traviata* and Cio-Cio-San in *Madama Butterfly*.

She has been a soloist with the Mariinsky Academy of Young Singers since 2002.

At the Mariinsky Theatre, she has performed numerous roles, including Maria (*Mazepa*), Polina (*The Enchantress*), Iolanta (*Iolanta* in concert), Kupava (*The Snow Maiden*), Tsaritsa Militrisa (*The Tale of Tsar Saltan*), Violetta (*La traviata*), Lauretta (*Gianni Schicchi*), Micaëla (Carmen), Rosina (*Le nozze di Figaro*) and Klingsor's Flower Maiden (*Parsifal*).

In 2003, Ms. Yastrebova was a diploma recipient at the Third International Elena Obraztsova Competition in St. Petersburg. She has also won prizes at the International Moniuszko Vocalists' Competition (Warsaw, 2004) and the Sixth International Rimsky-Korsakov Young Opera Singers' Competition (St. Petersburg, 2004).

the International Lisitzian Vocal Competition in Vladikavkaz. In 2004, he won first prize in the Sixth International Rimsky-Korsakov Competition of Young Opera Singers in St. Petersburg. In 2005, he won second prize at the first all-Russian Nadezhda Obuhova Competition. That same year, he won first prize in the Fourth Elena Obraztsova International Competition of Young Opera Singers.

In June 2006, Mr. Markov won second prize at the Compagnie dell'Opera in Dresden.

In 2005, he debuted on the stage of the Mariinsky Theatre singing Don Carlos in Dargomizhsky's *The Stone Guest*. A year later, he sang the title role of *Eugene Onegin* with the Mariinsky company under maestro Valery Gergiev. His repertoire also includes Iago in Verdi's *Otello*.

He has sung in recital with Larissa Gergieva in Germany, Austria, Great Britain (including the Wigmore Hall in London) and Finland.



Aleksei Markov (*baritone*) was born in Vyborg, Russia. In 2001, he was admitted to the Mariinsky Young Singers' Academy.

Mr. Markov's singing has garnered him numerous prizes. In 2003, he won third prize at