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DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY
BARITONE
Ivari Ilja, PIANO

Part I: Romances by Russian composers on Poems of Alexander Pushkin

Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka (1804-1857)
Ya ponmyu chudnoye mgnovenye
(I remember that magical moment)
V krovi gorit ogon’ zhelanya
(My blood boils with desire)
Priznaniye (Confession)

Alexander Sergeyevich Dargomyzhsky (1813-1869)
Yunosha i deva (A Jealous Maiden)

Alexander Porfiryevich Borodin (1833-1887)
Dlya beregov otchizni dal’noy
(For the shores of your far homeland)

Nikolai Andreyevich Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)
Redeyet oblakov letuchaya gryada
(The clouds begin to scatter)

César Antonovich Cui (1835-1918)
Tsarskosel’skaya statuya
(The Statue at Tsarskoye Selo)

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)
Solovey (Nightingale)

Nikolai Karlovich Medtner (1880-1951)
Ya perezhil svoi zhelan’ya
(I have outlived my aspirations)
Mechtatelyu (To a Dreamer)
Zimniy vecher (Winter Evening)

Sergei Vasilyevich Rachmaninov (1873-1943)
Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne
(Do not sing to me, fair maiden)

Georgy Vasilyevich Sviridov (1915-1998)
Pod’ezzhaya pod izhory
(Drawing near to Izhory)

INTERMISSION

Part II: Suite on Verses of Michelangelo Buonarroti (Op. 145)

Dmitri Dmitriyevich Shostakovich (1906-1975)
1. Truth
2. Morning
3. Love
4. Separation
5. Anger
6. Dante
7. To the exile
8. Creativity
9. Night
10. Death
11. Immortality

PRODUCTION NOTES

Program subject to change.

Pre-performance lecture by Duff Murphy. Pre-performance lectures are generously sponsored by the Flora L. Thornton Foundation and the Opera League of Los Angeles.

LA Opera expresses its appreciation to Yamaha for providing the concert grand piano for this evening’s recital. Yamaha is the Official Piano of LA Opera.

Please refrain from talking during the performance, and turn off all cell phones, electronic devices and watch alarms. If you are using an assistive hearing device, or are attending with someone who is, please make sure that it is set to an appropriate level to avoid distracting audio feedback. Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of the house management. Members of the audience who leave during the performance will not be shown back into the theater until the next intermission. The use of cameras and recording equipment is strictly prohibited. Your use of a ticket acknowledges your willingness to appear in photographs taken in public areas of the Music Center and releases the Center and its lessees and others from liability resulting from use of such photographs. Any microphones onstage are used for recording or broadcast purposes only; onstage voices are not amplified.
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LA Opera wishes to recognize and thank those who made extraordinary leadership commitments in honor of the Company’s 25th Anniversary Season, a milestone achievement. Following the tradition established by previous Angel campaigns, the support of the 25th Anniversary Angels ensures LA Opera’s continued artistic excellence and prominence in the worldwide cultural community.

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Dmitri Hvorostovsky
BARITONE

From: Krasnoyarsk, Siberia.
Career highlights: In 1989, Dmitri Hvorostovsky won the 1989 prestigious BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition. From the start, audiences were bowled over by his cultivated voice, innate sense of musical line and natural legato. After his Western operatic debut at the Opéra de Nice in Tchaikovsky’s The Queen of Spades, his career exploded to take in regular engagements at the world’s major opera houses and appearances at renowned international festivals, including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Metropolitan Opera, Paris Opera, Bavarian State Opera in Munich, Salzburg Festival, La Scala in Milan, Vienna State Opera and Lyric Opera of Chicago.

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

Dmitri Hvorostovsky retains a strong musical and personal contact with Russia. He became the first opera singer to give a solo concert with orchestra and chorus on Red Square in Moscow; this concert was televised in over 25 countries. He has gone on to sing a number of prestigious concerts in Moscow as a part of his own special series, “Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Friends.” He has invited such celebrated artists as Renée Fleming, Jonas Kaufmann, Marcello Giordani, Sumi Jo and Sondra Radvanovsky. In 2005 he gave an historic tour throughout the cities of Russia and Eastern Europe on an annual basis. His extensive discography spans recitals and complete operas. He has also starred in Don Giovanni Unmasked, an award-winning film (by Rhombus Media) based on the Mozart opera, tackling the dual roles of Don Giovanni and Leporello.

Recently he has established a new collaboration with the Russian popular composer Igor Krutoi, with very successful concerts in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Kiev and New York.

Recent CD recordings include In This Moonlit Night featuring songs by Tchaikovsky, Mussorgsky and Taneyev, and Rachmaninov Romances (both with pianist Ivari Ilja); a DVD with Renée Fleming in a film set in St. Petersburg, and the DVDs Live from Red Square Moscow with Anna Netrebko as well as Il Trovatore from the Metropolitan Opera; all have been met with much critical acclaim.

This season’s appearances include performances at the Metropolitan Opera, Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Vienna State Opera, concerts and recitals in Europe, North America and Russia—including a “Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Friends” series in St. Petersburg and Moscow—and further recordings.

Ivari Ilja
PIANO

From: Tallinn, Estonia.
Career highlights: An internationally recognized accompanist and ensemble musician, Ivari Ilja studied at the Tallinn State Conservatory with Vera Gornostayeva and Sergey Dorensky. His collaborations with renowned singers Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Irina Arkhipova, Maria Guleghina and Elena Zaremba have been particularly successful and acclaimed. Together they have performed many of the great concert stages of the world, including Carnegie Hall, Alice Tully Hall, Avery Fisher Hall, the Kennedy Center, Davies Symphony Hall in San Francisco, La Scala in Milan, Queen Elizabeth Hall and Wigmore Hall in London, the Bolshoi Theater of Moscow, the great halls of St. Petersburg Philharmonic and Moscow Conservatory, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Suntory Hall of Tokyo, Musikverein of Vienna and Mozartum of Salzburg.

He has performed solo recitals throughout Europe and performed as a soloist with several symphony orchestras such as the Estonian National Symphony Orchestra, Moscow Symphony Orchestra and St. Petersburg Symphony Orchestra. His repertoire mostly consists of romantic music, primarily of the works by Frédéric Chopin, Johannes Brahms, Robert Schumann, but also Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Sergei Prokofiev, Benjamin Britten and others.

Since 2003, he has toured frequently with Dmitri Hvorostovsky throughout North America, Europe and Asia.
Glinka: “I remember that magical moment”

I remember that magical moment when you appeared before me, as a fleeting vision, as an inspiration of pure beauty.

In the languor of hopeless melancholy, in the anxieties of noisy bustle, that tender voice stayed with me and I dreamed of those pleasing features.

Years passed. The unruly drive of storms scattered dreams of the past, and I forgot your tenderness, your heavenly features.

In the wilderness, in the gloomy captivity, my days dragged on quietly, without God, without inspiration, without tears, without life, without love.

To my soul, an awakening came, and there again your face appeared, as a fleeting vision, as an inspiration of pure beauty.

And my heart beat in rapture, and for it were resurrected both God and inspiration, and life, and tears, and love.

Glinka: “My blood boils with desire”

My blood boils with desire, my soul is stung by you. Oh kiss me! Your loving is sweeter than myrrh or wine.

Bow your head onto my breast, dear one, and our repose will be serene, until the bright new day breathes the night shadows away.

Glinka: “Confession”

I do love you, though I’m going mad, Though it’s labor lost and shame undeserved, and I do declare this miserable folly here at your feet!

Without you, I am bored and yawning; and near you, I feel sad and restrained; and it’s my greatest wish to tell you, my angel, how much I love you!
Dargomyzhsky: “A Jealous Maiden”

Yunoshu, gor’ko rydaya,
Revnivaya deva branila,
K ney na plecho preklonyon,
Yunosha vdrug zadremal.

Deva totchas umolkla,
Son yego lyogkiy leleya,
I ulybalas’ yemu,
Tikhie slyozy liya.

A jealous maiden, weeping bitterly,
scolds a young man.
Leaning into her shoulder,
the youth suddenly falls asleep.

The maiden immediately falls quiet,
cherishing his light sleep,
and smiles at him
through her silent tears.

Borodin: “For the shores of your far homeland”

Dlya beregov otchizny dal’noy
ty pokidala kray chuzhoy;
v chas nezabvennyy, v chas pechal’nyy
ya dolgo plakal pred toboy.

Moyi khladeyushchiye ruki
tebya staralis’ uderzhat’;
tomlen’ya strashnogo razluki
moy ston molil ne preryvat’.

No ty ot gor’ko lobzan’ya
svoyi usta otorvala;
iz kraya mrachnogo izgnan’ya
ty v kray inoy menya zvala.

Ty govorila: “V den; svidan’ya,
pod nebom vechno golubym,
v teni oliv lyubvi lobzan’ya
my vnov’, moy drug, soyedinim.”

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

Tvoya krasa, tvoyi stradan’ya
ischezli v urne grobovoy,
a s nim i poceluy svidan’ya...
No zhdu yego: on za toboy!

For the shores of your far homeland
you were leaving this strange land;
In that unforgettable hour, this hour of sadness,
I wept lingeringly before you.

My cold hands
tried to hold you;
dreading the anguished parting
my cry beseeched you not to go.

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

You said, “On the day of our rendezvous
under the ever-blue skies,
in the shade of olive trees,
we will reunite in a kiss of love.”

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

Your beauty and your suffering have
disappeared into the grave;
and your promised kiss too...
But I am still waiting for it: you promised it to me!

Rimsky-Korsakov: “The clouds begin to scatter”

Redeyet oblakov letuchaya gryada.
Zvezda pechal’naya, vechernyaya zvezda!
Tvoy luch oserebril uvyadshie ravniny,
I dremlyushchiy zaliv, i chyornykh skal vershiny.
Lyublyu tvoy slabyy svet v nebesnoy vyshine;
On dumy razbudil, usnushevo mne:
Ya pomnyu tvoy voskhod, znakomye svetilo,
Nad mirnyo stranoj gde usno dlya serdca milo,
Gde stroyny topoly v dolinakh vosneslis’,
Gde dremlet neznyy mirt i tyomnyy kiparis,
I sladostno shumyat poludennyye volny.

Tam nekogda v gorakh, serdechnoy dumy polny,
Nad morem ya vlyal zadumchivuyu len’,
Kogda na khizhiniy skhodila noch’ ten’ —
I deva yunaya vo mgle tebya iskala
I imenem svoim podrugam nazyvala.

The clouds begin to scatter.
Evening Star, star of woe on high,
your beam touches the silver plains,
the dreamy bay, and the high black cliff.
I love your pale glow in the night sky.
All my sleepy thoughts were woken by your light.
I remember, star, how you were rising.
above the peaceful land that I loved,
where slender poplars grew tall in the steep valleys,
where tender myrtles and dark cypresses slept,
where in midday the songs of the waves were haunting.
There, in those mountains, above that sea, I was alone
and passionately lazy, and have been ever since.
Then shadows stretched slowly over grey cabins
and a young woman looked up as evening came,
and named you, there, in her own country, with her own name.

**Cui: “The Statue at Tsarskoye Selo”**

_Umu s vodoi uroniv._  
_Obytyos yeyo dyeva razbila._  
_Dyeva pechal’no sitit,_  
_Prazdnyi dierzha cherepok._  
_Chudo! Nye syaknyet voda, izlivayas’ iz urny razbitoi;_  
_Dyevanadvechnoi struyoi_  
_Vechno pechal’na sitit._

A young girl dropped a pitcher of water.  
It breaks on the rocks.  
She sits sadly,  
holding the jug, now useless.  
A miracle! The water does not dry up;  
it issues from the broken vessel.  
Above that eternal spring  
she sits sadly there, eternally.

**Tchaikovsky: “Nightingale”**

_Solovey moy, soloveyko!_  
_Ptica malaya, lesnaya!_  
_U tebya l’, u maloy pticy,_  
_Nezamennye tri pesni,_  
_U menya li, u molodca,_  
_Tri velikiye zaboty!_  
_Kak uzh pervaya zabota—_  
_Rano molodca zhenili;_  
_A vtoraya-to zabota—_  
_Voron kon’ moy pritomilisyja;_  
_Kak uzh tret’ya-to zabota—_  
_Krasnu-devicu so mnyou_  
_Razluchili zlye lyudi._  
_Vy kopajte mne mogilu_  
_Vo pole, pole shirokom,_  
_V golovakh mne posadite_  
_Aly cvetiki-cvetochki,_  
_A v nogakh mne provedite_  
_Chistu vodu klyuchevuyu._  
_Proydut mimo krasny devki,_  
_Tak splelet sebe kepochki:_  
_Proydut mimo stary lyudi,_  
_Tak vody sebe zacherpnut._

My nightingale, dear nightingale!  
Dear little bird of the woods!  
You, little bird,  
have three unchanging songs.  
I, a young man,  
have three great worries.  
The first of them is:  
will this young man marry soon?  
The second:  
my brown horse  
is old and weary;  
the third: a beautiful girl  
was taken from me  
by wicked people.  
Dig a grave in the field for me,  
in the wide field.  
Put flowers by my head  
and at my feet  
let clear spring water flow.  
Pretty girls will pass by me,  
making chains of flowers;  
old folks will pass by me  
as they come to draw water.

**Medtner: “I have outlived my aspirations”**

_Ya perezhil svoyi zhelan’ya,_  
_Ya razlyubil svoyi mecht’y;_  
_Ostalis’ mne odni stradan’ya,_  
_Plody serdcechnoy puntoty._

_Pod buryami sud’by zhestokoy_  
_Uvyal cvetushchiy moy venec,_  
_Zhivu pechal’no, odinokoj_  
_I zhidu: pridyot li moy konec?_  
_Tak, pozdnim khladom porazhyonnyy,_  
_Kak buri slyshen zimniy svist,_  
_Odnin na vetke obnazhyonnoy_  
_Trepeshchet zapozdalyy list._

I have outlived my aspirations  
I have fallen out of love with my dreams.  
Suffering is all that remains,  
the result of an empty heart.

Under the severe storms of fate,  
My colorful crown faded.  
I live sadly, with loneliness,  
And I wait: when will my end come?

Thus, when struck by a late storm,  
as I hear winter storm winds whistling,  
on that exposed branch  
the last leaf trembles.
**Medtner: “To a Dreamer”**

Ty v strasti gorestnoy nakhodish' naslazhen'ye; 
tebe priyatno slyozy lit',
naprasnym plamenom tomit' voobrazhen'ye 
i v serdce tikhoye unyniye tayit'.

Pover', ne ljubish' ty, neopytnyy mechtatel'!
O, yesli by tebya, unylykh chuvstv iskatel',
postiglo strashnoye bezumiye lyubvi;
kogda b ves' yad yevo kipel v tvoyey krovi;

kogda by v dolgiye chasy bessonnoy nochi 
na lozhe, medlenno terzayemyy toskoy, 
y tebya priyatno slyozy lit',
voobrazhen'ye i v serdce tikhoye unyniye tayit'.

**Medtner: “Winter Evening”**

Burya mgloyu nebo kroyet,
Vikhri snezhnyye krutya;
To, kak zver', ona zavoyet,
To zaplachet, kak ditya,
To po krovle obvetshaloy
Vdrug solomoy zashumit,
To, kak putnik zapozdaly,
K nam v okoshko zastuchit.

Net, net! v slezakh upav k nogam
svojej ljubovnicy nadmennoy,
drozhashchiiy, blednyy, istuplennyy,
togda b voskliknul ty k bogam:

"Otdyte, bogi, mne rassudok omrachennyy,
Voz'mite ot menya sej obraz rokovoy!
Dovol'no ya ljubil; otdajte mne pokoy!"

**Medtner: “To a Dreamer”**

"Gods, restore, my darkened reason, 
Take from me this fateful pattern! 
I've loved enough; return me to peace!"

But gloomy love and unforgettable images 
would remain eternally with you.

**Medtner: “Winter Evening”**

"The storm covers the sky with mist, 
Snowy whirlwinds are twisting; 
now it howls like a beast, 
now it cries like a child. 
Now, on the frail roof, 
the thatches suddenly rustle, 
now like a belated wanderer, 
it knocks at our window. 

Our decrepit hovel 
is sad and dark; 
Why are you, my dear old lady,
silent at the windowsill?
Has the storm’s howl
tired you, dear friend?
Or are you just dozing
to the humming of the spindle?

Let us drink, dear comrade
of my wretched youth,
let’s drink in grief—where’s the tankard?
It will lighten the heart.
Sing to me the song of the tomtit
that lived tranquilly beyond the sea,
sing to me the song of the girl
fetching water in the morning.

The storm covers the sky with mist,
snowy whirlwinds are twisting;
now it howls like a beast,
now it cries like a child.
Let us drink, dear comrade
of my wretched youth,
let’s drink in grief—where’s the tankard?
It will lighten the heart.

Rachmaninov: “Do not sing to me, fair maiden”

Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne
Ti pesen Gruzii pechal’noy:
Napominayut mne one
Druguyu zhizni’ i bereg dal’ni’y.

Uvi! napominayut mne
Tvoi zhestokiye napevi
I step’, i noch’ — i pri lune
Cherti dalyokoi, bednoy devi.

Ya prizrak milii, rokovay,
Tebya uvidev, zabivayu;
No ti poyosh’ — i predo mnoy
Evo ya vnov’ voobrazhayu.

Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne
Ti pesen Gruzii pechal’noy:
napominayut mne one
Druguyu zhizni’ i bereg dal’ni’y.

Do not sing to me, fair maiden,
those sad songs from Georgia;
they recall to me
another life and distant shores.

Alas, your ardent singing
stirs up all my memories
of the steppes, of night, of moonlight
shining on a humble girl.

Seeing you, I can forget
this beautiful and fateful image;
but when you sing
she rises up again before me.

Do not sing to me, fair maiden,
those sad songs from Georgia;
they recall to me
another life and distant shores.

Sviridov: “Drawing near to Izhory”

Pod’ezzhaya pod Izhory
Ya vzglyanul na nebesa
I vosprinmul vash vzory,
Vashi siniye glaza.
Khot’ ya grustno ocharovan
Vashey devstvennoi krasoy,
Khot’ vampirov imenovan
Ya v gubernii Tverskoj,
No kolen moikhpred vami
Prekolnit’ ya ne posmel
Ivlyublyonnymi mol’bami
Vas trevozhit ne khotel.

Upivayas’ nepriyanto
Khmelem svetskoy suety,
Pozabudu veroyatno,
Vashi milye chery,
Lyokhii stan, dvizhenii strainost’,
Ostoroschyi razgovor,
Etu skromnuyu spokoinost’,
Khitryi smekh khitryi vzdzor.
Yesili zh net... po prezhyu sledu
V vashi mirmry kraya
Cherez god opyat’ zayedu
I vlyublyus’ do noabrya, do noyabrya.

Drawing near to Izhory,
I glanced at the heavens
and remembered your glances,
your dark blue eyes.
Although I am sadly bewitched
by your maidenly beauty,
although I am called a vampire
in the district of Tversko,
I would not dare to bend
my knee before you,
I would not wish to disturb you
with entreaties of love.

So I’ll revel pointlessly, cluelessly,
in the intoxication of worldly cares,
I shall probably forget
your sweet features,
the slender waist, your lithe movements,
the guarded conversation,
that modest calmness,
the sly laughter and the sly nonsense.
If not...along the old path
into your peaceful province
I shall again ride in a year’s time
and I shall fall in love until November.

Shostakovich
Suite on Verses of Michelangelo Buonarroti

1. Truth

Est istiny v rechenyakh stariny,
I vot odna: kto mozhet, tot ne khochet.
Ty vnyal, Gospod', tomu, chto lozh' strekochet,
I bol'tuny tobyay nagrazhdeny;

Ya zh—tvoy sluga: moi trudy dany
Tebe, kak solntsu luch,—khot' i porochit
Tvoy gnev vsyo to, chto pyl moy sdelat' prochit,
I vse moy staranya ne nuzhny.

Ya dumal, chto vozmyot tvoyo velichye
Menya k sebe ne ekhom dlya palat,
A lezviyem suda i luzhet

No est' k zemnym zaslugam bezrazlichye
Na nebesakh—i znat' ot nikh nagrad,—
Chto ozhidat' plodov s suhovo dreva.

My lord, if any ancient proverb has some truth
it’s surely this: the one who’s able, never wants to.
You have believed fantastic tales and talk,
rewarding one who is truth’s enemy.

I am, and long have been, your faithful servant.
I gave myself to you, as rays attend the sun.
But you don’t suffer or care about my time;
the more I toil, the less you like me.

I hoped that your eminence would raise me up,
and that the scales of justice and the powerful sword
were what was needed, and not the echoing voice.

But heaven seems to scorn all virtue
once planted in the world, leaving us
to scrounge fruit out of a tree that’s dry and barren.

2. Morning

Net radostney vesyolovo zanyatya:
Po zlatu kos, tsvetam napereboy
Soprikasatsa s miloy golovoy
I l'nut lobzanyem vsyudu bez izyatya!

I skol'ko naslazhdennyia dlya platya
Szhimat' yei stan i nispadat' volnoy.
I kak otradno setke zolotoy
Yeyo lanity zakluchat' v obya'tya!

Yeshcho nezhney naryadnoy lenty vyaz',
Blestya uzorny vyshivkoy svoeyu,
Smykayetsa vkrug persey molodykh.

A chisty poyas, laskovo vyjas';
Kak budto shepchet: "Ne rasstanus' s neyu..."
O, skol'ko dela zdes dlya ruk moikh!

How joyfully the garland of flowers
intertwines with her golden locks,
each blossom jostling with another
so that it might be the first to kiss her head.

All day long, that dress is contented
to tighten around her breast and then stream down;
and what they call a spun-gold thread
never ceases to touch her cheeks and neck.

But even more delighted seems that ribbon,
gilded at the tips, made in such a way
that it presses and touches the breast it laces up.

And her simple belt, tied up in a knot,
seems to say: “Here would I clasp forever!”
What, then, is left for my poor arms to do?

3. Love

—Skazhi, Lyubov', voistinu li vzoru
Zhelannya predstala krasota,
Il to mya tvoryashchaya mechta
Sluchayny lik vzyla sebe v oporu?

Tebe l' ne znat? Ved s nym po ugovoru
Ty sna menya lishila. Pust'! Usta
Leleyut kazhdy vzdroj, i zalita
Dusha ognym, ne znayushchim otporu.

—Ty istinnuyu vidish' krasotu,
No blesk eyo goriit, vsyo razrastayas',
Kogda skvoz' zvor k dushe voskhodit on;

Tam obretayet bozhyu chistotu,
Bessmertnomu tvortsu upodobyas',—
Vot pochemu tvoy vzglyad zavorozhon.

Kindly tell me, Love, whether my eyes
really see the beauty that I long for,
or if it’s just inside me when, looking around,
I find that woman’s face carved everywhere.
You must know, since you come along with her to rob me of all peace and make me angry; yet I wouldn’t want to miss a single sigh, nor ask for a less burning fire.

“The beauty that you see does come from her, but it grows when it rises to a better place, when through mortal eyes it reaches the heart.

There it is made divine and pure and beautiful, since what’s immortal wants things to be like itself: this beauty, not the other, is what leaps to your eyes.”

4. Separation

Derznu l’, sokrovishche moyo,
Sushchestvovat’ bez vas, sebe na muku,
Raz glukhi vy k mol’bam smyakhchit razluku?
Unylym serdtsem bol’she nye tayu
Ni vozglasov, ni vzdochnov, ni ryzdaniy.
Chto vam yayit’, madonna, gnyot stradaniy
I smert’ uzh nedzhukhov, ni rydanly.
No daby rok potom moyo sluzyhnye
Izgnat’ iz vashey pamyati ne mog,—
Ya ostavlyayu serdtse vam v zalog.

How will I ever have the nerve, my beloved, to stay alive without you, if I dare not ask your help when leaving you? Those sobs and those tears and those sighs that came to you with my unhappy heart, testified distressingly, my lady, to my impending death and to my torments. But if it is true that through my absence my faithful servitude may be forgotten, I leave with you my heart, which is not mine.

5. Anger

Zdes’ delayut iz chash mechi i shlemy
I krov’ Khristovu prodayut na ves;
Na shchit zdes’ tyorn, na kopyakh krest izchez—
Usta zh Khristovy terpelivo nemy.

Pust’ on ne skhodit v nashi villeyemy
Il snova bryznet krovyu do nebes,
Zatem, chto dusheugubam Rim—chto les,
L miloserdye derzhim na zamke my.

Mne ne grozyat roskoshestva obuzy,
Ved’ dlya menya davana uzh net zdes’ del;
Ya mantii strashus’, kak Mavr–Meduzy;
No esli bednost’ slavoy Bog odel,
Kakie zh nam togda gotovit uzy
Pod znamenem inym inoy udel?

6. Dante

Spustivshis’ neba v tlennoy ploti, on
Uvidel ad, obitel’ iskuplenya,
I zhiv predstal dlya Bozhyai litsezrenya,
J nam povedal vsyo, chem umudryon.

Luchistaya zvezda, chim ozaryon
Siyanem kray, mne danny dlya rozhdenny;
I nam ne ot mira zhdat’ vozvrazhdenya,
No ot tebya, kem mir byl sotvoryon.

Ya govoryu o Dante, o Dante: ne nuzhny
Ozloblennoy tolpe yevo sozday,
Ved’ dlya neyo i vysshii geni mal.

Bud’ ya kak on! O, bud’ mne suzhdeny
Yevo dela i skorb’ yevo izgannya;
Ya b luchshey doli v mire ne zhela!

He came down from heaven, and once he had seen the just hell and the merciful one, he went back up, with his body alive, to contemplate God, in order to give us the true light of it all.

For such a shining star, who with his rays undeservedly brightened the nest where I was born, the whole wicked world would not be enough reward; only you, who created him, could ever be that.

I speak of Dante, for his deeds were poorly appreciated by that ungrateful people who fail to welcome only righteous men.

If only I were he! To be born to such good fortune, to have his harsh exile along with his virtue, I would give up that happiest state in the world.
7. To the Exile

Kak budto chtim, a vsyo zhe chest’ mala.
Yevo velichye vzor nashe oslepilo,
Chto chern’ korit za nizkoe merilo,
Kogda pusta i nasha pokhvala!

On radi nas sashol v obitel’ zla;
Gospodne tsarstvo lik yemu yavilo;
No dver, chto dazhe nebo ne zakrylo,
Pred Dante otchizna zlobno zaperla.

Neblagodarnaya! Sebe na gore
Ty dlila muki syna svoyego;
Tak sovershenstvu nizost’ mstit ot veka.

All that should be said of him cannot be said,
for his splendor flamed too brightly for our eyes;
it’s easier to blame the people who hurt him
than for all our greatest to rise to his least virtue.

This man descended to the pits of error
for our sake, and then ascended to God;
the gates that heaven did not block for him
his homeland slammed in Dante’s face.

Ungrateful country! To its own prejudice
nurse of his fortunes, proof that
she lavishes the most woes on the most perfect.

Among a thousand proofs this one suffices:
no exile was ever as undeserved as his,
and no man equal or greater was ever born.

8. Creativity

Kogda skalu moy zhostki molotok
V oblichyiya lyudey preobrazhayet—
Bez mastera, kotoryy napravlyayet
Yevo udar, on delu b ne pomog.

No Bozhi molot iz sebya izylyok
Razmakh, chto miru prelestit’ so-obshchayet;
Vse moloty tot molot predveshchayet,
I v nyom odnom—im vsem zhivoy urok.

Chem vyshye vzmakh ruki nad nakoval’ney,
Tem tyazheley udar; tak zanesyon
I nado mnoy on k vysyam podnebesnym;
Mne glyboyu kosnet’ pervonachalnoy,
Poka kuznets gospodeni;—tol’ko on!—
Ne posobit’ udarom polnovesnym.

If my crude hammer shapes the hard stones
into one human appearance or another—
deriving its motion from the master who guides it,
watches and holds it—it moves at another’s pace.

But that divine one, which lodges and dwells in heaven,
beautifies self and others by its own action;
and if no hammer can be made without a hammer,
by that living one every other one is made.

And since a blow becomes more powerful
the higher it’s raised up over the forge,
that one’s flown up to heaven above my own.

So now my own will fail to be completed
unless the divine smithy, to help make it,
gives it that aid which was unique on earth.

9. Night

Dzhovanni Strocci na Noch’ Buonarroto:
Vot eta Noch’, chto tak spokoino spit
Pered toboyu, angela sozdanye.
Ona iz kammva, no v ney est dykhanye:
Lish razbuditi,—ona zagovorit.

Michelangelo’s reply:
Mne sladko spat’, a pushche—kamnem byt’,
Kogda krugom pozor i prestuplenye:
Ne chuvstovat, ne videt’—oblyekhchenye,
Umolki 2h, drug, k chemu menya budit’?

Giovanni Strozzi on Michelangelo’s statue of Night:
The Night that you see sleeping here
so sweetly was sculpted by an Angel
out of stone; since she sleeps, she must have life.
Wake her, if you don’t believe me, and she’ll speak to you.

Michelangelo’s reply:
I prize my sleep, and more so being stone,
as long as injury and shame endure;
Not to see and not to hear is my good fortune;
Therefore, do not wake me, lower your voice.

10. Death

Uzh chuya smert’, khot’ i ne znaya sroka,
Ya vizhu: zhizn’ vsyo ubystryayet shag,
No telu y-eshcho zhalko plotskikh blag,
Dushe zhe smert’ zhelanyeye poroka.
Mir v slepote: postydnovo uroka
Iz vlasti zla ne izvekayet zrak,
Nadezhdy net, i vysyo obymelit mrank,
I lozh’ tsarit, i pravda pryachat oko.

Kogda zh, Gospod’, nastupit to, chevo
Zhdut verniye tebe? Oslabevayet
V otsrochakah vera, dushe davit gnyot;

Na chto nam svet spasenya tvoyevo,
Raz smert’ bystrej i navsegda yavl’yaet
Nas v sramote, v kotoroy zastayot?

Certain of death, though not yet of its hour,
life is short and little of it is left for me;
it delights my senses, but is no fit home
for my soul, which is begging me to die.

The world is blind, and bad example goes on
overcoming and drowning even the best of habits.
The light is extinguished, and with it all valor;
overcoming and drowning even the best of habits.

Lord, when will come what is awaited
by those who believe in you? Every excess
delay shortens hope and puts the soul in mortal danger.

What good is your promise of great light to all,
and Hair Stylists, Local 706. Interns in the Technical Department are students at California
Artists and Allied Crafts of the United States and Canada, AFL-CIO, CLC,:  Stage Crew, Local
International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, Moving Picture Machine Technicians,
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American Guild of Musical Artists. Orchestra musicians are represented by the American
Foundation for Emerging Artists. The program was created with funding from the Hanna and Leo
Orsten Fund. Additional contributions from the Flora L. Thornton Foundation.

11. Immortality

Zdes’ rok paslal bezvremenny mne son,
No ya ne myortv, khot’ i apushchen v zemlyu:
Ya zhiv v tebe, chim setovanyam vnemyu,
Zatem chto v druge drug otobrazhon.

Ya slovno b myortv, no miru v uteshenye
Ya tysyachami dush zhiv v serdtsakh
Vsekh lyubyashchikh, i, znachit, ya ne prakh,
I smert’ ne menja ne tronet tleny.

Here my fate wills that I should sleep too early,
buts I’m not really dead, though I’ve changed homes: I live in on you, who mourn me now,
since friend is reflected in friend.

I am as though dead. But as a comfort to the world
with its thousands of souls, I live on in the hearts
Of all loving people. And that means I am not dust.
Mortal decay cannot touch me.
Plácido Domingo
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CARMEN  GEORGES BIZET  
September 21 – October 6, 2013  
Production made possible by generous gifts from The Milan Panic Family and The Alfred and Claude Mann Fund, in honor of Plácido Domingo.

EINSTEIN ON THE BEACH  ROBERT WILSON/PHILIP GLASS  
October 11 – 13, 2013

AUDRA MCDONALD IN CONCERT  
October 26, 2013

FALSTAFF  GIUSEPPE VERDI  
November 9 – December 1, 2013  
November 26, 2013, at Segerstrom Center for the Arts  
New production made possible by a generous gift from Bardinell Roberts Gottlieb, in memory of Milton Gottlieb’s centennial anniversary. Special underwriting support from Leslie and John Dorman, and the Opera League of Los Angeles. The presentation of LA Opera at the Segerstrom Center for the Arts made possible by a generous gift from Gemini Industries, Inc., and Sebastian Paul and Marybelle Musco.

THE MAGIC FLUTE  WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART  
November 23 – December 15, 2013  
Production made possible by a generous gift from The Carol and Warner Henry Production Fund for Mozart Operas. Special underwriting for Maestro James Conlon’s conducting provided by James and Ellen Strauss.

BILLY BUDD  BENJAMIN BRITTEN  
February 22 – March 16, 2014  
Production made possible by generous funding provided from the National Endowment for the Arts and Britten-Pears Foundation.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR  GAETANO DONIZETTI  
March 15 – April 6, 2014  
New production made possible by generous funding from The Blue Ribbon and The Seaver Endowment.

WORLD PREMIERE  JONAH AND THE WHALE  JACK PERLA / VELINA HASU HOUSTON  
March 21 – 22, 2014, at the Cathedral of Our Lady of the Angels  
Production made possible with generous underwriting support from the Dan Murphy Foundation. Special support also received from the National Endowment for the Arts, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Saunders, City of Los Angeles, Department of Cultural Affairs and The James Irvine Foundation.

GREAT OPERA CHORUSES  
April 13, 2014, at the Valley Performing Arts Center  
Generously underwritten with special support from Los Angeles County Supervisor Zev Yaroslavsky.

THAÏS  JULES MASSENET  
May 17 – June 7, 2014  
May 27, 2014, at Segerstrom Center for the Arts  
Production made possible through the generosity of Barbara Augusta Teichert and Rolex, corporate production sponsor. Special underwriting support from Ana and Robert Cook and Marie H. Song. Additional funding from the many individual donors to the Thaïs Subscriber Campaign. The presentation of LA Opera at the Segerstrom Center for the Arts made possible by a generous gift from Gemini Industries, Inc., and Sebastian Paul and Marybelle Musco.

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE  ANDRÉ PREVIN / PHILIP LITTELL  
May 18 – 24, 2014  
Production made possible by generous leadership gifts from Lloyd E. Rigler – Lawrence E. Deutsch Foundation, Selim K. Zilkha & Mary Haylay/Selim K. Zilkha Foundation, The Blue Ribbon special committee for Streetcar, Marc & Eva Stern Foundation and The Andrew W. Mellon Foundation.

> DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY IN RECITAL  
May 22, 2014