

DELOS SUPER AUDIO CD



**GALINA
GORCHAKOVA**
SOPRANO

ITALIAN OPERA ARIAS

**PHILHARMONIA
OF RUSSIA**
**CONSTANTINE
ORBELIAN**
CONDUCTOR



Endowed with what London's *Sunday Times* has called "one of the most important dramatic soprano voices in the post war era," Galina Gorchakova burst on the international scene in London in 1991 with her thrilling portrayal of the fiercely demanding role of Renata in Prokofiev's *The Fiery Angel*. Her radiant, sumptuous voice, her warmly natural stage presence and the intensity of her characterizations have put her in constant demand ever since. Following a London recital appearance in March 2001, the *Guardian* wrote of her Verdi: "There is no one else around to equal Gorchakova in this music — you have to go back 20 or 30 years, to Leontyne Price and Renata Tebaldi, to hear anything comparable."

Her triumph in London with Prokofiev came a mere three years after the Russian soprano made her operatic debut in Sverdlovst (now Ekaterinberg), having graduated from the Novosibirsk Music Academy and been a prize-winner in the Mussorgsky and Glinka competitions. From the beginning, Italian roles such as *Butterfly*, *Santuzza* and *Liù* were an integral and vital part of her repertoire. Soon she sang *Aida* at the Kirov Opera and quickly became its leading dramatic soprano. This achievement is represented here by the aria "Ritorna vincitor" in which the emotionally wrought *Aida* reveals

her inner torment: a military victory by her Egyptian lover *Radames* will mean the ruin of her own people, the Ethiopians. Another of Gorchakova's important Verdi roles is *Leonora* in *La forza del destino*, which she sang at the Kirov in 1998 in a production that followed Verdi's text for the St. Petersburg premiere. The composer's later revisions, however, did not touch "Pace, pace, mio Dio!," *Leonora's* prayer asking for death to end her earthly torment.

Gorchakova made her American debut as *Madama Butterfly*, which she sang in Houston and Los Angeles in 1994 and at the Metropolitan Opera the following year. The hope *Butterfly* expresses in the famous aria "Un bel di" that her American lover will someday return is here juxtaposed with her heart-rending despair when, having resolved to kill herself, she bids farewell to their child. *Floria Tosca*, another of Gorchakova's signature roles, is a glamorous opera diva but a woman no less vulnerable than the humble *Butterfly*. In the aria "Vissi d'arte" Puccini supplies respite from the tension of *Tosca's* frantic efforts to save her lover, *Cavaradossi*, with a contemplative moment in which she asks why the Lord has rewarded her devotion so harshly. "Non la sospiri la nostra casetta," a short aria embedded in her first-act love-duet with

Cavaradossi, offers a glimpse of happier times in a little country-house.

Gorchakova made her first appearances as the luxury-loving Manon Lescaut at the Rotterdam Festival in 1998. Although ensconced as the mistress of a wealthy Parisian, Manon sings wistfully, in the aria "In quelle trine morbide," of the passion she briefly enjoyed with the young Des Grieux. The full force of her emotions well up in "Solo, perduto, abbandonata," sung as the dying Manon wrongly believes she has been abandoned by Des Grieux. Nowadays, the two women in *La bohème* are rarely treated to Gorchakova's brand of full-bodied vocalism, yet they profit handsomely from it. In "Mi chiamano Mimi," the simple embroideress Mimi speaks about her solitary existence, rising to an emotional pitch as she describes her delight at the arrival of spring. And a robust voice ideally suits Musetta's expansive personality when, in her famous waltz, she conives to attract the attention of her former lover in a crowded cafe. As sung by Gorchakova, the slave-girl Liù in *Turandot* is no helpless waif but takes on a heroic dimension in striving to protect prince Calaf. And Gorchakova tugs at the heartstrings in "O mio babbino caro," from *Gianni Schicchi*, which, though lushly emotional, is no sentimental tribute to a father but a daughter's calculated

attempt to persuade him to commit fraud on a will; needless to say, he gives in at once.

Of the *Cav-Pag* twins, Gorchakova added Santuzza to her international repertoire in Buenos Aires in 2000. Here she pairs "Voi lo sapete," Santuzza's smoldering account of her betrayal in love, with the carefree *ballatella* that Nedda sings in *Pagliacci* about the delights of watching birds in flight. The contrast in mood reflects the women's respective situations, for Nedda has not been betrayed but is herself a betrayer. Alfredo Catalani's *La Wally*, a stormy tale of love in the Tyrol, is mainly remembered for the powerfully expressive aria "Ebben? Neandrò lontana," sung by the heroine as she prepares to retreat to the mountains after banishment by her father for refusing to marry the man of his choice. *Adriana Lecouoreur* by Francesco Cilea is an opera much loved by prima donnas and their admirers, and Gorchakova's gift for sincere musical expression comes to the fore in "Io son l'umile ancella," a heartfelt tribute by a stage actress to her art form.

George Loomis

1. Voi lo sapete, o mamma (Santuzza's aria)

SANTUZZA

Voi lo sapete, o mamma, prima d'andar soldato
Turiddu aveva a Lola eterna fè giurato.

Tornò, la seppe sposa, e con un nuovo amore
Volle spegner la fiamma che gli bruciava il core.
M'amò, l'amai. Quell'invida d'ogni delizia mia,
Del suo sposo dimentica, arse di gelosia...
Me l'ha rapito. Priva dell'onor mio rimango;
Lola e Turiddu s'amano, io piango, io piango!
Io son dannata...

Andate, o mamma, ad implorare Iddio,
E pregate per me... Verrà Turiddu,
Vo' supplicarlo un' altra volta ancora!

2. Vissi d'arte

TOSCA

Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,
Non feci mai male ad anima viva!
Con man furtiva quante miserie conobbi,
Aiutai.
Sempre con fe' sincera la mia preghiera
Ai santi tabernacoli salì. Sempre con fe' sincera
Diedi fiori agli altar.
Nell'ora del dolore perchè, perchè, Signore,
Perchè me ne rimunerì così?
Diedi gioielli della Madonna al manto,
E diedi il canto agli astri al ciel,
Che ne ridean più belli.
Nell'ora del dolore perchè, perchè, Signor, ah,
Perchè me ne rimunerì così?

3. Ballatella: Stridono lassù

NEDDA

Qual fiamma avea nel guardo.
Gli occhi abbassai per tema ch'ei leggesse

SANTUZZA

You know, Mama, that before he left as a soldier
Turiddu pledged his eternal devotion to Lola.
When he came back and found her married, he tried
To dampen the ardor of his onetime passion.
He loved me; I loved him. And she who was consumed
With jealousy forgot about her husband.
She snatched him from me. And so I am dishonored;
They are in love, and I cry alone, alone!
I am damned...
Please go, Mama, and pray to God
Pray for me... Turiddu is coming
And I will plead with him once more!

TOSCA

I have lived for art, I have lived for love;
Never have I harmed a living creature!
Countless times have I given secret aid
To the unfortunate.
Always with true faith were my prayers offered
To the holy shrines; Always with true faith
Have I laid flowers on the altar.
In this, my hour of grievous trouble,
Why, oh Lord, do You reward me thus? I have
Given jewels to grace the mantle of Our Lady;
I have sung for the stars and for the heavens,
That they might smile more kindly.
In this hour of grievous trouble,
Why, O Lord, have You rewarded me thus?

NEDDA

What fire in his gaze!
I looked away in case

Il mio pensier segreto.
Oh! S'ei mi sorprendesse,
Brutale come egli è. Ma basti, orvia.
Son questi sogni paurosi e fole!
O che bel sole di mezz'agosto!
Io son piena di vita, e, tutta illanguidita
Per arcano desio, non so che bramo!
Oh! Che volo d'augelli, e quante strida!
Che chiedono? Dove van? Chissà?...
La mamma mia, che la buona ventura
Annunciava, comprendeva il lor canto
E a me bambina così cantava:
Hui! Stridono lassù, liberamente
Lanciati a vol come frecce, gli augel.
Disfidano le nubi e il sol cocente,

E vanno, e vanno per le vie del ciel.
Lasciateli vagar per l'atmosfera
Questi assetati di azzurro e di splendor;
Seguono anch'essi un sogno, una chimera,
E vanno, e vanno fra le nubi d'or.
Che incalzi il vento e latri la tempesta,
Con l'ali aperte san tutto sfidar;
La pioggia, i lampi, nulla mai li arresta,
E vanno, e vanno sugli abissi e i mar.
Vanno laggiù verso un paese strano
Che sognan forse e che cercano invan.

Ma i boëmi del ciel seguon l'arcano
Poter che li sospinge, e van, e van!

4. Un bel di

BUTTERFLY

Un bel di vedremo
Levarsi un fil di fumo
Sull'estremo confin del mare.

He could read my innermost thoughts.
Oh! If he caught me off guard,
Brutal as he is! But that's enough,
These are just bad dreams and silliness.
Oh, how beautiful is the midsummer sun!
I'm full of life, dreamy with desire,
But not knowing what I'm yearning for!
Oh! What a flight of birds, what a din!
What are they looking for? Where are they going?
Who knows? My mother, who could see the future,
Understood their songs, and sang
Such like this to me when I was young.
Hui! How wildly they scream up there,
Flying freely like arrows!
They defy the storm clouds and the sun itself!

As they fly through the sky,
Seeking light, air and grandeur,
Let them follow their path; for they
Also pursue a dream and a vision,
Flying on and on through golden clouds.
Let winds shake them and storms throw them,
They meet all head-on with open wings;
Neither rain nor lightning deters them,
Neither sea nor gorge dismays them, as they fly on,
They travel toward a mysterious land.
A land they have dreamed of, that they may never find...

Vagabonds of the sky, who answer only
To the inner power that propels them forward.

BUTTERFLY

One fine day we'll see
A curl of smoke arising
On the sea's horizon,

E poi la nave appare—
Poi la nave bianca
Entra nel porto, romba
Il suo saluto. Vedi?
È venuto!
Io non gli scendo incontro.
Io no. Mi metto là
Sul ciglio del colle e aspetto,
E aspetto gran tempo
E non mi pesa
La lunga attesa.
E... uscito dalla folla cittadina
Un uom, un picciol punto
S'avvia per la collina.
Chi sarà? chi sarà?
E come sarà giunto—
Che dirà? che dirà?
Chiamerà «Butterfly!»
Dalla lontana.
Io senza dar risposta
Me ne starò nascosta,
Un po' per celia
E un po' per non morir
Al primo incontro,
Ed egli alquanto in pena
Chiamerà, chiamerà:
«Piccina mogliettina,
Olezzo di verbena!»
I nomi che mi dava
Al suo venire.
Tutto questo avverrà,
Te lo prometto.
Tienti la tua paura,
Io con sicura fede l'aspetto.

And then the ship will appear.
Then the white ship
Will sail into the harbor, will thunder
A salute. Do you see it?
He has come!
I won't go down to meet him,
No, I'll stand there
On the crest of the hill and wait,
And wait for a long time,
And I won't find
The long wait.
And from the midst of the crowd
A man — a tiny figure —
Will begin to climb the hill.
Who could it be?
And when he has arrived,
What will he say?
He will call, "Butterfly!"
From the distance.
I, without answering,
Will stay hidden,
Partly to tease him,
And partly so I don't die
At the first meeting.
And, a little worried,
He'll call,
Dear little wife,
Bouquet of verbena,
The names he called me
When he was here.
All of this will happen,
I promise you.
Calm your fears,
With utter faith I'll wait for him.

5. Tu, tu, tu, piccolo iddio

BUTTERFLY

Tu? tu? tu? tu?

Piccolo Iddio!

Amore, amore mio.

Fior di giglio e di rosa.

Non saperlo mai ... per te

Pei tuoi puri occhi

Muore Butterfly...

Perché tu possa andar

Di là dal mare

Senza che ti rimorda

Ai dì maturi

Il materno abbandono.

O a me, sceso dal trono

Dell'altro Paradiso,

Guarda ben fiso, fiso,

Di tua madre la faccia!

Che te'n resti una traccia,

Guarda ben!

Amore, addio, addio!

Piccolo amor!

Va', gioca, gioca.

BUTTERFLY

You? You?

My little treasure,

My little love,

Flower of lily and rose.

You must never know that, for your sake,

For your naïve eyes,

Butterfly will die...

So that you may go

Away over the sea

Without feeling any regret

When you're older

That your mother abandoned you.

Oh, you who came to me

Through heaven's grace,

Look carefully, carefully

At your mother's face

So that you will always keep it in dim memory,

Look carefully!

Farewell, farewell!

My little love!

Now go and play.

6. In Quelle trine morbide

MANON

In quelle trine morbide...

nell'alcova dorata v'è un silenzio

gelido, mortal, v'è un silenzio,

un freddo che m'agghiaccia!

Ed io che m'ero avvezza

a una carezza

voluttuosa

di labbra ardenti e d'infuocate braccia...

or ho tutt'altra cosa!

O mia dimora umile,

MANON

In these soft draperies

In the gilded alcove I feel a silence

The chill of death, a silence

A cold that freezes me.

And I, who had become accustomed

To a passionate

caress

Of ardent lips and loving arms,

Now have all but that!

Oh my simple little home,

tu mi ritorni innanzi
gaia, isolata, bianca
come un sogno gentile
di pace e d'amor!

7. Quando men vo

MUSETTA

Quando men vo,
quando men vo soletta per la via,
la gente sosta e mira,
e la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me,
da capo a piè.

Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
sottil che dagl'occhi traspira
e dai palesi vezzi intender sa
alle occulte beltà.

Così l'effluvio del desio
tutta m'aggira —
felice mi fa, felice mi fa!
E tu che...

...sai, che memori e ti struggi,
da me tanto rifuggi?

So ben: le angoscie tue
non le vuoi dir...

...so ben, ma ti senti morir!

8. Ebben? Ne andrò lontana

WALLY

Ebben? Ne andrò lontana,
Come va l'eco della pia campana là,
Fra la neve bianca! là, fra le nubi d'ôr,
Laddove la speranza, è rimpianto, è dolor.

O della madre mia casa gioconda,
La Wally ne andrà da te lontana assai,
E forse a te non farà mai più ritorno,

Your image comes back to me
Happy, sheltered, safe
Like a sweet dream
Of peace and love!

MUSETTA

When I walk by myself
Along the street
People stop and gaze,
And find me beautiful
From head to toe.
And I enjoy the attraction
That glows in eyes
And can imagine veiled beauties
From external charms.

So the whiff of desire
Surrounds me
And makes me elated!
And you who...

...know, who remember and are upset,
are you running away from me?
I know very well that you won't convey
Your distress...

...I know, yet you feel you could die!

WALLY

Well? I shall go far away,
As far as the echo of the church bell.
There in the midst of the white snow! There in
The midst of the golden clouds.

There where hope becomes regret and sorrow.
Oh my mother's cheerful house, Wally is going far
away from you, perhaps never to return.

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'ôr!

9. Non la sospiri

TOSCA

Non la sospiri la nostra casetta
Che tutta ascosa nel verde ci aspetta?
Nido a noi sacro, ignoto al mondo inter,
Pien d'amore e di mister?
Al tuo fianco sentire
Per le silenziose
Stellate ombre, salir
Le voci delle cose!
Dai boschi, dai roveti,
Dall'arse erbe, dall'imo
Dei franti sepolcreti
Odorosi di timo,
La notte escon bisbigli
Di minuscoli amori
E perfidi consigli
Che ammoliscono i cuori.
Fiorite, o campi immensi, palpitate,
Aure marine, nel lunar albor,
Ah...piovete voluttà, volte stellate!
Arde in Tosca un folle amor!

10. Sola, perduta, abbandonata

MANON

Sola, perduta, abbandonata...
in landa desolata!
Orror! Intorno a me s'oscura il ciel...

You will see her no more, no more!

I will go alone, as far
As the echo of the church bell,
There in the midst of the white snow.
I will go alone, far away,
In the midst of the golden clouds!

TOSCA

Don't you sigh for our little house
That waits for us, secluded in the woods?
Our retreat, sacred to us and hidden from all,
Covered with love and mystery?
Oh to listen there with you
To the voices of the night
Rising from the silent shadows
In the starlight,
From the woods, the brambles
And the dry grass, from the base
Of broken tombs
Redolent of thyme,
The night whispers
Of its thousand loves
And false counsels
That beguile hearts.
Oh vast fields, bloom!
Sea breezes, breathe in the moonlight,
Ah...stars, radiate desire
A mad love burns in Tosca!

MANON

Alone, lost, abandoned
In a desolate land!
Horror! Around me the sky darkens...

Ahimè, son sola!
E nel profondo deserto io cado,
strazio crudel, ah! sola abbandonata,
io, la deserta donna!
Ah! non voglio morir!
No! non voglio morir!
Tutto dunque è finito.
Terra di pace mi sembrava questa...
Ah! mia beltà funesta,
ire novelle accende...
Strappar da lui mi si voleva; or tutto
il mio passato orribile risorge,
e vivo innanzi al guardo mio si posa.
Ah! di sangue s'è macchiato.
Ah! tutto è finito.
Asil di pace ora la tomba invoco...
No! non voglio morir... amore, aita!

11. Io son l'umile ancella

ADRIANA

Ecco: respiro appena.
Io son l'umile ancella del Genio creator
Ei m'offre la favella, io la diffondo al cor.
Del verso io son l'accento,
L'eco del dramma uman,
Il fragile strumento vassallo della man.
Mite gioconda, atroce, mi chiamo, Fedeltà,
Un soffio è la mia voce, che al novo dimorrà.

12. Ritorna vincitor!

AIDA

Ritorna vincitor!
E dal mio labbro uscì l'empia parola!
Vincitor del padre mio, di lui che impugna l'armi
Per me, per ridonarmi una patria, una reggia,
E il nome illustre che qui celar m'è forza!

Alas! I am all alone!
And in the midst of the wilderness I am dying;
Merciless torment. Ah! Alone, abandoned,
I am a woman deserted.
Ah! I don't want to die!
No! I don't want to die!
So it is all over.
And this seemed to be a peaceful land!
But my ill-fated beauty
Arouses conflict anew...
They wanted to take me away from him! Now all
My terrible past resurges once more,
And imposes upon me its images!
Ah! It is bloodstained.
Ah! All is finished!
Now as peaceful refuge I summon the tomb...
No, I don't want to die! My love, help me!

ADRIANA

See, I am scarcely breathing ...
I am the humble servant of the creative genius
Who gives me the words which ignite the soul.
I am only the accent of his verse,
The echo of the human drama,
The fragile instrument on which he plays.
Tender, joyful, savage, my name is "Faithful."
My voice is a sigh which will die tomorrow.

AIDA

Return in victory!
From my lips have come traitorous words!
Victory over my father, who leads the army
To regain for me a country, a kingdom, and a Great
name which I must conceal for the present.

Vincitor de' miei fratelli ... ond'io lo veggia, tinto
Del sangue amato, trionfar nel plauso
Dell'Egizie coorti!
E dietro il carro, un Re, mio padre,
Di catene avvinto!
L'insana parola, O Numi, sperdetevi!
Al seno d'un padre la figlia rendete;
Struggete le squadre dei nostri oppressor!
Ah! Sventurata! che dissi? E l'amor mio?
Dunque accordar poss'io questo fervido amore
Che, oppressa e schiava,
Come raggio di sol qui mi beava?
Imprecherò la morte a Radamès,
A lui ch'amo pur tanto!
Ah! non fu in terra mai, da più crudeli angoscie
Un core affranto!
I sacri nomi di padre, d'amante
Nè profferir poss'io, nè ricordar;
Per l'un, per l'altro confusa tremante
Io piangere vorrei, vorrei pregar.
Ma la mia prece in bestemmia si muta ...
Delitto è il pianto a me, colpa il sospir ...
In notte cupa la mente è perduta,
E nell'ansia crudel vorrei morir.
Numi, pietà del mio soffrir!
Speme non v'ha pel mio dolor.
Amor fatal, tremendo amor, spezzami il cor,
Fammi morir!
Numi pietà del mio soffrir!

13. Sì. Mi chiamano Mimi

MIMI

Sì. Mi chiamano Mimi,
Ma il mio nome è Lucia.
La storia mia
È breve: a tela o a seta

Victory over my brothers ... with whose beloved
Blood he may be stained
When he is welcomed in triumph by Egypt.
And behind his chariot, a king, my father,
A captive in chains.
O gods, undo my insane words!
Return this daughter to her father's heart;
Destroy the forces of our oppressor! Ah
Wretched me! What have I said? And my love?
Can I then forget this burning passion
Which as an oppressed slave I welcomed
Like a warming ray of sunshine?
Shall I invoke death upon Radamès,
The one whom I love so much?
Oh, never on this earth has a heart known
More cruel torment!
The sacred words "father" and "lover" — I can
No longer speak nor remember them;
In my fear and confusion I long to weep,
To pray for each.
But my prayers become blasphemies ...
My tears and sighs become sins ...
My mind is lost in darkest night,
And in such cruel anguish I wish only to die.
O gods, have pity on my suffering!
There is no hope for such sorrow as mine.
Fatal love, overwhelming love, break my heart! Let
me die!
O gods, have pity on my suffering!

MIMI

Yes. They call me Mimi,
But my name is Lucia.
There's not much to tell:
I do embroidery on linen or silk,

Ricamo in casa e fuori.
Son tranquilla e lieta,
Ed è mio svago
Far gigli e rose.
Mi piaccion quelle cose
Che han sì dolce malia,
Che parlano d'amor, di primavera;
Che parlano di sogni e di chimere,
Quelle cose che han nome poesia.
Lei m'intende?

Mi chiamano Mimi,
Il perchè non so.
Sola mi fo
Il pranzo da me stessa.
Non vado sempre a messa,
Ma prego assai il Signor.
Vivo sola, soletta,
Là in una bianca cameretta;
Guardo sui tetti e in cielo,
Ma quando vien lo sgelò,
Il primo sole è mio;
Il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!
Il prinmo sole è mio!
Germoglia
In un vaso una rosa;
Foglia a foglia
La spio! Così gentil
Il profumo d'un fior.
Ma i fior ch'io faccio, ahimè! ...
Non hanno odore!
Altro di me non le saprei narrare:
sono la sua vicina
che la vien fuori d'ora
a importunare.

At home or elsewhere.
I'm comfortable and happy
And I enjoy
Making roses and lilies.
I love those things
That have such sweet magic,
That speak of love and springtime,
That speak of dreams and visions,
Those things that are called poetic.
Do you understand?

They call me Mimi;
I don't know why.
By myself
I make my supper.
I don't always go to Mass
But I pray faithfully to God.
I live alone,
There in a little white room
I have a view of rooftops and sky;
But when the thaw comes,
The first sunshine is mine,
The first kiss of April is mine!
The first sunshine is mine!
A rose begins to bloom
In a vase;
Petal by petal
I watch it! The scent
Of a flower is so sweet!
But the flowers I make, sadly,
Have no scent!
There's nothing else I can tell you about myself.
I am just your neighbor
Who has interrupted you
At the wrong time.

14. Tu, che di gel sei cinta

LIÙ

Tu, che di gel sei cinta,
da tanta fiamma vinta
l'amerai anche tu!
Prima di questa aurora,
io chiudo stanca gli occhi,
perché egli vinca ancora...
per non vederlo più!

15. O mio babbino caro

LAURETTA

O mio babbino caro,
mi piace, è bello, bello;
vo' andare in Porta Rossa
a comperar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare.
E se l'amassi indarno
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
ma per buttarmi in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento,
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

16. Pace, pace, mio Dio

LEONORA

Pace, pace, mio Dio!
Cruda sventura m'astringe, ahimè a languir;
Come il di primo da tant'anni dura
Profondo il mio soffrir.
L'amai, gli è ver! Ma di beltà e valore
Cotanto Iddio l'ornò, che l'amo ancor,
Nè togliermi dal core l'immagin sua saprò.
Fatalità! Fatalità! Fatalità!
Un delitto disgiunti n'ha quaggiù!
Alvaro, io t'amo, e su nel cielo è scritto:

LIÙ

You, who are encased in ice,
When overcome by such a flame,
You will love him too!
Before tomorrow morning,
I will close my weary eyes,
So that he may win once more...
And I'll never see him again!

LAURETTA

Oh, my dear papa
I like him, he is handsome;
I want to go to Porta Rosa
To buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go,
If my love is unrequited
I'll go to the Ponte Vecchio
And throw myself into the Arno!
I am so anxious and in such pain,
Oh God, I could die!
Papa, take pity on me, please!

LEONORA

Peace, peace, o God!
Cruel misfortune has driven me to misery.
From the beginning of these hard years
I have suffered bitterly.
Truly, I loved him! But God bestowed on him
Such grace and virtue that I love him still, and
Cannot keep him from my thoughts.
Oh fate! Oh cruel fate!
The sins of the past have separated us!
Alvaro, I love you, but in heaven it is written

Non ti vedrò mai più!
Oh Dio, Dio, fa ch'io muoia;
Che la calma può darmi morte sol.
Invan la pace qui spero quest'alma
In preda a tanto duol, in mezzo a tanto duol.
Misero pane, a prolungarmi vieni
La sconsolata vita ... Ma chi giunge?
Chi profanare ardisce il sacro loco?
Maledizione! Maledizione! Maledizione!

That we shall never meet again!
Oh God, God, let me die;
For only then can I know peace.
In vain does my soul seek peace
In the midst of such anguish.
Oh cursed bread, which prolongs this miserable
existence.... But who comes now?
Who dares profane this sacred place?
A curse upon him!

Galina Gorchakova made her unforgettable Western début in the role of Renata (*Fiery Angel*) at the 1991 BBC Promenade concerts to international acclaim and made her Covent Garden début in the same role in 1992. Since then she has appeared in opera and concert in the most important musical centres of the world.

Born in Russia, Galina Gorchakova studied at the Novosibirsk Music Academy and Conservatoire and was a prize-winner in the Mussorgsky and Glinka Competitions.

Major engagements in the West have included *Eugene Onegin* at the Tanglewood Festival with Seiji Ozawa, at the Pacific Music Festival in Japan, at the Cologne Opera with James Conlon, at the Bastille Opera, the Teatro Comunale, Florence, the Vienna State Opera and at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; the title role in *Iolanta* at the Royal Albert Hall; Prokofiev's *Fiery Angel* at La Scala with Riccardo

Chailly; Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* in Houston, Los Angeles, Vienna, the Metropolitan Opera, New York, at La Scala, Milan with Riccardo Chailly and in Tokyo with the Saito Kinen Orchestra and Seiji Ozawa; *Aida* in St Petersburg, in Bilbao and at the Concertgebouw; *Tosca* at Covent Garden, at the Teatro alla Scala, the Vienna State Opera, the Bavarian State Opera, Munich, at the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires and at the Bastille Opera (with Plácido Domingo); *Cavalleria Rusticana* at the Teatro Colon, Buenos Aires; *Manon Lescaut* in the Rotterdam Festival, with Valery Gergiev; Ruslan and Ludmila, *The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh*, *The Enchantress* and *Sadko* with the Kirov Opera at the Edinburgh Festival, and *La forza del destino* with the Kirov Opera in Russia, Paris and in Germany, and also with the Bavarian State Opera, Munich.

After her highly acclaimed recital debut

in the West at the Edinburgh International Festival in 1994, she has pursued a busy recital career in Europe, America, Canada and the Far East, and has sung in concert with many distinguished conductors, including Jukka-Pekka Saraste, Antonio Pappano and Valery Gergiev.

Recordings on the Philips Classics label include Kirov productions of Borodin's Prince Igor, Prokofiev's *Fiery Angel* (audio and video), Glinka's *Ruslan and Ludmilla*, Tchaikovsky's *Iolanta*, Verdi's *La forza del destino* and Rimski-Korsakov's *Maid of Pskov* and *The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh*, and a solo operatic CD of Verdi and Tchaikovsky arias, all conducted by Valery Gergiev. She has recorded Verdi's *Don Carlo* under Sir Bernard Haitink; a Russian recital album; and also excerpts from *Tosca* and *Manon Lescaut*, with Neil Shicoff and the Orchestra of the Maggio Musicale, Florence, under Seiji Ozawa, for Philips Classics.

Future recitals and concerts are planned in Europe, America and the Far East. Future opera performances include *Don Carlo* at the Metropolitan Opera, New York; *Queen of Spades* at the Bavarian State Opera and with the Washington Opera; and Bellini's *Norma* in San Diego.

The brilliant pianist and conductor **Constantine Orbelian** is the first American ever to become music director of an ensemble in Russia. His appointment in 1991 as Music Director of the celebrated Moscow Chamber Orchestra was a breakthrough event, and came in the midst of Orbelian's successful career as a concert pianist. In September, 2000, Orbelian was named Permanent Guest Conductor of the Moscow Philharmonic, putting him in a unique leadership position with not only Moscow's outstanding chamber orchestra but also its most illustrious symphony orchestra. As founding Music Director of the **Philharmonia of Russia**, Maestro Orbelian has brought together Russia's outstanding players to form the "crème de la crème" ensemble heard on this recording.

Maestro Orbelian's ambitious new series of recordings on Delos includes other new releases with the Philharmonia of Russia, including "Vodka & Caviar – The Ultimate Russian Spectacular (DE 3288), an album introducing the exciting young mezzo Marina Domashenko (DE 3285), and an album of Neapolitan songs featuring the great baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky (DE 3290). With the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Orbelian offers "Russian Arias and Romances," featuring the brilliant young soprano, Olga Guryakova, (DE

3273); Rachmaninoff's one-act opera, *Aleko*, also with Guryakova and baritone Vassily Gerello (DE 3270); Handel arias from *Rinaldo* and *Orlando* featuring the remarkable Polish contralto Ewa Podles' (DE 3253); the Shostakovich Chamber Symphony and Schnittke Piano Concerto, in which Orbelian is also the piano soloist (DE 3259, "Dedicated to Victims of War and Terror"); Music of Frank Bridge, with pianist Carol Rosenberger (DE 3263); Vivaldi Four Seasons, Storm at Sea and Pleasure, with violinist Massimo Quarta (DE 3280); Tchaikovsky Serenade and The Seasons (DE 3255); Shostakovich Waltzes (DE 3257); Russian Soul (DE 3244); Piazzolla Tangos, with Italian saxophonist Federico Mondelci (DE 3252); and Mozart Adagios (DE 3243).

Born in San Francisco to Russian and Armenian emigré parents, **Constantine Orbelian** made his debut as a pianist with the San Francisco Symphony at the age of 11. In his early teens he went to the Soviet Union on a music scholarship; at the age of 18, after graduating from Juilliard in New

York, Orbelian embarked on a solo career that typically involved 85-90 concerts per year. His solo appearances with orchestras have included the Symphony Orchestras of Boston, Detroit, San Francisco, and St. Petersburg, the Moscow Philharmonic, Scottish National and Russian State Symphony Orchestras, the Moscow Virtuosi, the Budapest Chamber Orchestra among many others. His piano recordings include concertos of Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Khachaturian, the latter winning "Best Concerto Recording of the Year" award in the United Kingdom.

Constantine Orbelian is Founder and Music Director of the annual Palaces of St. Petersburg International Music Festival, a three-week event featuring concerts in many of St. Petersburg's magnificent, lavishly restored palaces. He also founded Moscow's unique concert series, "Musical Treasures at the Museums of the Kremlin." Orbelian is in charge of the Music Program for the Stanford University Overseas.

Visit Delos on the Web

For information about other fine recordings, visit **www.delosmus.com**, where you will also find streaming audio excerpts of new recordings, and information about current and future releases, articles about recording technologies used by Delos engineers, catalogs and biographies of Delos exclusive artists, an interview with Delos founder, Amelia Haygood, and more.

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Recording Producer: *Ramiro Belgardt*

Recording Engineer: *Jeff Mee*

Assistant Engineers: *Alexey Pogarsky, Igor Solovyov*

Editing: *Chris Landen*

Recorded June 24–26, 29, 2001

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GALINA GORCHAKOVA — ITALIAN ARIAS

- 1 **Mascagni: Cavalleria Rusticana** Voi lo sapete, o mamma (*Santuzza*) (4:05)
- 2 **Puccini: Tosca** Vissi d'arte (*Tosca*) (3:09)
- 3 **Leoncavallo: I Pagliacci** Ballatella: Stridono lassù (*Nedda*) (1:54)
- 4 **Puccini: Madama Butterfly** Un bel dì (*Cio-Cio-San*) (4:36)
- 5 **Puccini: Madama Butterfly** Tu, tu, tu piccolo iddio (*Cio-Cio-San*) (2:20)
- 6 **Puccini: Manon Lescaut** In quelle trine morbide (*Manon*) (2:27)
cello solo: Alexander Zagorinski
- 7 **Puccini: La Bohème** Quando men vo (*Musetta*) (2:41)
- 8 **Catalani: La Wally** Ebben, ne andrò lontana (*Wally*) (4:02)
- 9 **Puccini: Tosca** Non la sospiri (*Tosca*) (2:55)
- 10 **Puccini: Manon Lescaut** Sola, perduta, abbandonata (*Manon*) (5:20)
- 11 **Cilea: Adriana Lecouvreur** Io son l'umile ancella (*Adriana*) (3:30)
- 12 **Verdi: Aida** Ritorna vincitor! (*Aida*) (7:03)
- 13 **Puccini: La Bohème** Sì, Mi chiamano Mimì (*Mimì*) (5:06)
- 14 **Puccini: Turandot** Tu, che di gel sei cinta (*Liù*) (2:50)
- 15 **Puccini: Gianni Schicchi** O mio babbino caro (*Lauretta*) (2:55)
- 16 **Verdi: La forza del destino** Pace, pace, mio Dio! (*Leonora*) (5:55)

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: 60:47

Galina Gorchakova, soprano
Constantine Orbelian, conductor
Philharmonia of Russia

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GALINA GORCHAKOVA — ITALIAN OPERA ARIAS
Constantine Orbelian, conductor • Philharmonia of RussiaORIGINAL
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GALINA GORCHAKOVA SOPRANO

ITALIAN OPERA ARIAS

PHILHARMONIA OF RUSSIA • CONSTANTINE ORBELIAN

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