



I met a traveler from an antique land,
Who said— "Two vast and trunked legs of stone
stand in the desert... near them, on the sand,
Two six-headed sphinxes..."

Borys Mykolayovych LYATOSHYNsky

Ozymandias
and other Romances
for low voice and piano



Vassily Savenko, bass
Alexander Blok, piano

INCLUDES FIRST RECORDINGS

THE SONGS OF BORYS LYATOSHYNsky

by Anthony Phillips

When you do something to react against a rigid system, the product loses its authenticity. Rather one has to act as though the system doesn't exist at all. That's the only way music continues to be viable in the longer term.¹

The conductor Theodore Kuchar, born in New York but of Ukrainian descent, has written² that there are very few musically literate Ukrainians who do not know the Third Symphony of Boris Lyatoshynsky.³ Almost precisely the reverse is true of their counterparts in Russia, not to mention western Europe or America. The contrast serves to underline the deep isolation in which Ukrainian intellectual and cultural life existed throughout the nineteenth century as a neglected outpost of Imperial Russia, only to sink again, after a brief but rather glorious outpouring in the first two decades of the twentieth century, beneath the waves of post-Revolution Soviet Russian political and cultural hegemony, and the aesthetically stifling Communist Party doctrine of Socialist Realism.

Borys Mykolayovych Lyatoshynsky (Mykola is the Ukrainian equivalent of Nikolai) grew up and came to maturity at the apogee of this short-lived 'Ukrainian Renaissance' of writers, artists, musicians, choreographers and philosophers, parallel to and contemporaneous with Russia's Silver Age. In keeping with the convulsive political and social instability of the times, artists and thinkers threw off the restrictions of convention to experiment with new forms, new ideas, new language, new approaches to religion, mysticism and the occult. Collisions abounded: the aesthetic refinement of Symbolism with the urban barbarity of Futurism, untrammelled individualism with collective *sobornost* (national and group solidarity), spirituality with decadence. The time, the place and the

¹ Alfred Schnittke, 1990, quoted in Peter J. Schmelz, *Such Freedom, If Only Musical*, Oxford University Press, New York, 2009, p. 3.

² Booklet notes to his Marco Polo recording (8.223540; 1994) with the Ukrainian State Symphony Orchestra of Lyatoshynsky Symphonies Nos. 2 and 3.

³ Lyatoshynsky's name is usually transliterated from Russian as Boris Lyatoshinsky; here I adhere to the Ukrainian version but have generally retained the more familiar Russian names of places and other individuals.

milieu produced such artists – writers and thinkers eventually to grace the world stage as Lev Shestov, Nikolai Berdyayev, Mikhail Bulgakov, Vladimir Tatlin, David Burluk, Ilya Repin, Sholem Aleichem, Vasily Grossman, Isaac Babel, Leon Trotsky, Sergei Prokofiev, Leonid Utyosov, Anatoly Lunacharsky, Serge Lifar, Vatslav and Bronislava Nijinsky, Alexandra Exter, Heinrich Neuhaus, Sviatoslav Richter, Emil Gilels, Ilya Ehrenburg – although hardly any of these powerful creative spirits would either at the time or now be recognised as Ukrainian. That is the point, as the writer and polemicist Mykola Khvylovyi argued with such vehemence in his references to ‘rozstriliane Vidrozhennia’ (‘the executed Renaissance’) – and his rallying war cry ‘Het’vid Moskvu!’ (‘Away with Moscow!’). Khvylovyi, despairing, committed suicide in 1933.

Lyatoshynsky thus emerged from a cradle of germinating imagination. He was born in 1895 to a cultivated middle-class family – his father was a local headmaster and school director – in Zhitomir, now in north-western Ukraine near the Polish border but then the regional capital of Volhynia, a still mainly rural Governorate of the Russian Empire populated predominantly by Ukrainian-Russians with substantial German, Polish and Jewish communities. He attended the local gymnasium and on graduation entered the University of Kiev where he studied law. At the same time he joined the composition class of Reinhold Glière, who had come home to Kiev to head the newly founded Kiev Conservatoire. Glière, who had been the first proper teacher of the young Prokofiev, another gifted young composer from rural Ukraine, not only gave Lyatoshynsky a similarly solid and comprehensive grounding in compositional technique and musical form, but as can be seen from their extensive and candid correspondence extending from 1913 to Glière’s death in 1956 and published in 2002,⁴ became a lifelong friend and mentor.

Lyatoshynsky’s very earliest student compositions reflect in their lyrical romanticism his evident love of Schumann, Chopin and Borodin, but a few short years later, in the chaotic aftermath of the First World War and the Russian Revolution, his country and Kiev itself descended into anarchy, a battleground perpetually fought over by the German and Austrian armies, Trotsky’s Red Army, General Denikin’s White Army, the Polish Army, the short-lived German-backed Ukrainian People’s Republic, and anarchists led by Nestor Makhno. Kiev, for example, was taken by the Red Army on 9 February 1918, by the Germans on 2 March 1918, by the Bolsheviks a second time on 5 February 1919, by the White Army on 31 August 1919, by the Bolsheviks for a third time on 15 December 1919, by the Polish Army on 6 May 1920, and finally by the Bolsheviks for the fourth time on 12 June 1920. Against such a background of death, destruction, fear, high ideals and heroism the young composer’s musical language acquired a more exalted Scriabinesque

⁴ Borys Lyatoshynsky, *Epistoliarna Spadshchina* (‘Legacy in Letters’): Vol. 1, Boris Lyatoshynsky–Reinhold Glière, Letters, 1914–1956, ed. Iya Tsarevich and Marianna Kopitsa, Tchaikovsky National Music Academy of the Ukraine/TOV Zadruga, Kiev, 2002.

expressionism, as can be heard in his String Quartets Nos. 1 and 2, and his graduation composition, the First Symphony of 1918. By 1922, the date of composition of the first cycle of songs in this disc, the *Five Romances*, Op. 5 [1]–[5], the struggle for independence had been brought to a close by the establishment of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic. Culturally speaking, the 1920s were a time of relatively light Kremlin control, largely due to the principle of *korenizatsia* (literally ‘growing roots’), a deliberate policy of fostering indigenous language and culture in the republics of the Soviet Union as a means of counteracting the former Russian imperial domination. Lyatoshytsky’s music by 1924, the date of the *Four Romances to Verses by Shelley*, Op. 14 [6], has absorbed the new language of post-Romantic Central and Western Europe, not excepting the Second Viennese School. The cycle of piano pieces *Otrazhenie* (‘Reflections’), Op. 16, of 1925 and the Violin Sonata, Op. 18, the following year, clearly show this influence. Nevertheless, it is one thing to take advantage of a relaxed, even encouraging climate for artistic envelope-pushing, but quite another to take a text such as ‘Ozymandias’, Shelley’s outcry against despotism [7], at a time when Stalin was consolidating his stranglehold over the Soviet Union. Lyatoshytsky had too much courage and conviction as man and artist to abandon easily his artistic and philosophical integrity.

Towards the end of the decade, perhaps recognising that the pro-western orientation of the Association of Contemporary Music (in whose Ukrainian chapter Lyatoshytsky had played a prominent and active part) was losing out to the very different agenda of the militant Association of Proletarian Musicians, the composer immersed himself in Ukrainian and pan-Slavic history and folklore, producing in 1926 an *Overture on Four Ukrainian Folksongs* and in 1929 a large-scale opera based on a historical novella by one of his favourite writers, Ivan Franko: *The Golden Hoop*. To what extent this new direction was influenced by an admixture of pragmatism to an undoubtedly genuine, deeply felt interest is hard to say, but in any case during the 1930s Lyatoshytsky’s reluctance to jump to the often contradictory succession of tunes promulgated by the cultural apparatus of the Communist Party under the banner of Socialist Realism was to cause him much hardship, professional disappointment and emotional distress. The Second Symphony, composed in 1935–36, a dense and complex work reflecting the individual’s often conflicting relationship with reality, was harshly reviewed even before the first performance, as a result of which the performance was cancelled and the work (like Shostakovich’s Fourth Symphony at approximately the same time) was not heard until 1964, not long before Lyatoshytsky died (in 1968). Although he escaped specific censure by name in Zhdanov’s Decree of 1948 which for so long blighted the careers of his better-known (because Moscow-based) fellow-composers Shostakovich, Prokofiev, Khachaturian and Myaskovsky, the charges of ‘formalist distortion’, ‘anti-democratic tendencies’ in music ‘antipathetic to the tastes of Soviet people’, promotion of ‘atonalism, dissonance and unharmoniousness’

and ‘neurotic combinations’ all too obviously applied to him. Lest he be in any doubt of this, there were plenty of hostile opinions he could read in the pages of *Pravda*, *Sovetskaya Kultura*, *Sovetskoe Iskusstvo* and the like. He wrote to Glière after the Decree: ‘As a composer I am dead, and do not know when I shall be resurrected’.⁵

But despite the criticism and virtually total neglect beyond the Ukraine, the lack of performances and obstacles to publication by the State Publishing House, he kept going, completing (and spending a further four years revising under heavy Party pressure) a Third Symphony (1951–54), to be followed by two more; the patriotic opera *Shchors*, Op. 29 (1938), on the Civil War hero Nikolai Shchors; the *Slavonic* Piano Concerto based on Slav folk material, symphonic poems, choral music, chamber music, solo piano works – and songs. In Ukraine his status as the leading composer was unaffected: at the inaugural congress of Ukrainian Composers in 1939 he was elected President of the Ukrainian Union of Composers and continued to play a leading role in the Union until his death.

Lyatoshynsky wrote songs throughout his composing life, amassing a corpus of over sixty, although few of them were published in his lifetime. Generally, his approach to the setting of poetry is dominated by the words: he stated that his aim was to create a musical partner (‘accompaniment’ was the term he used) to the poetry, rather than a piece of music with words attached. The shaping of the melody is determined by the sound and the sense of the words, as a result of which it can sometimes take several listenings to grasp the shape of the musical line. At the same time, immense care, imagination and skill are lavished on the piano parts: they are anything but ‘accompaniments’ but marvellously atmospheric evocations of the imagery in the poems. Listen, for instance, to the wind in Shelley/Balmont’s ‘A Dirge’ [4], the rustling of the leaves in Pleshcheyev’s ‘The Tomb’ [9] or the icy, dead tinkling sound of the suicide’s flower [10]. The choice of poets from whom Lyatoshynsky drew inspiration, or at least the selection of their work for these songs, reveals much about his artistic personality and, by all accounts, his personal demeanour as well: introspective, undemonstrative, reluctant to engage in flamboyant or superficial display, firm but not aggressive in his convictions, with a keen understanding of history and man’s true place in the physical and spiritual world. Love, death and the transience of human ambition are the themes with which the composer is concerned. Since these subjects do not generally provoke euphoria among thoughtful people, the mood is predominantly sombre rather than joyful, but the sensitivity and imaginative resourcefulness of the settings avoids any hint of morbidity.

Noticeable in this collection is the extent to which Lyatoshynsky modified his musical language from the dissonance of the 1922 and 1924 cycles, which often resort to sequences of major seventh

⁵ Letter No. 386, dated 2 May 1948, *ibid.*, p. 358.

harmonies for expressive effect and even (in the setting of Shelley's 'A Dirge' [4]) to dodecaphony, to the less intimidating idiom of the later collections. The treatment of the Shelley/Balmont 'Ozymandias' [7] is a masterfully compressed drama in which the timeless, featureless desert is conveyed by static, empty chords, suddenly and briefly interrupted by the equally hollow declamatory boast of the long-vanished tyrant. Pushkin's 'There on the Shore' [13] has echoes of Musorgsky while the setting of Lermontov's wistfully hopeful love song 'The Sun' [14] reminds one of a romance by Tchaikovsky or Borodin. The decorative piano figuration in Pushkin's 'On the Hills of Georgia' [11] is a clear memory of the 'orientalism' of Georgian traditional music. By 1940, the time at which Lyatoshynsky was writing his affectionate settings of the Ukrainian poets Ivan Franko [15]–[18], Leonid Pervomaiski [19], Maxim Rylsky [22] and Volodymyr Sosyura [23], the idiom has been simplified still further but without loss of expressivity. The romances of Borys Lyatoshynsky, Ukrainian composer, take their honoured place with those in the enduring tradition of Glinka, Dargomyzhsky, Musorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Rachmaninov, Prokofiev, Shostakovich and many others.

The scholarship of the eminent musicologist and Lyatoshynsky specialist Dr Marianna Kopitsa, Professor of the History of Ukrainian Music at the Tchaikovsky National Music Academy, Kiev, is gratefully acknowledged.

Anthony Phillips, formerly General Manager of the South Bank Concert Halls in London, now translates and annotates books by and about Russian musicians and writers. His latest publications are translations of Rodion Shchedrin's Autobiographical Memories, published by Schott, Mainz, 2012, and the third of three volumes of Prokofiev's diaries, covering the period 1924–33 and published by Faber & Faber in 2012 under the title Prodigal Son.

Ukrainian-born Vassily Savenko completed his vocal studies at the Moscow Conservatory. He won both the Mussorgsky and Lysenko Competitions and has sung principal roles for major opera houses in his native Ukraine and in Russia, including the Bolshoi Opera in Moscow and the Kirov Opera, St Petersburg, where he sang Iago (*Otello*) under Valery Gergiev.

In the early 1990s Vassily Savenko moved to Britain where his debut at the Wigmore Hall launched the showcase vocal series 'Russian Images'. This feast of Russian art song was followed by the series 'Rachmaninov and Medtner', 'Russian Horizons', 'Pushkin in Music' and 'Russian settings of Robert Burns', with much of the material recorded on prominent record labels – *Russian Settings of Robert Burns* on Toccata Classics (TOCC 0039). UK Festival appearances have included the Cheltenham International Music, Hereford Autumn, Three Choirs, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Oxford Lieder. Elsewhere he has sung at the Kiev Music Fest, Moscow Autumn, Second International Medtner Festival, Three Centuries of the Classical Romance in St Petersburg and the Radio Orpheus Music Festival, Moscow.

Vassily Savenko's recital programmes on the concert platform and on CD, many with his long-standing partner, the pianist Alexander Blok, include romances by Arensky, Dargomyzhsky, Denisov, Glière, Glinka, Khrennikov, Lyatoshynsky, Medtner, Mosolov, Musorgsky, Rachmaninov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Sviridov, Taneyev and Tchaikovsky. His collaboration with Tchaikovsky gold-medallist Boris Berezovsky has focused on the songs of Nikolai Medtner: they have given recitals in the UK, Belgium, Russia and Japan, and recorded a CD (on the Mirare label).

Sacred works include the Rachmaninov *Vespers* (Cantor) with Adrian Partington and the Gloucester Choral Society, and numerous performances of Sacred Orthodox Chants with The Revutsky Academic Male Capella (Boyan Ensemble of Kiev).

Vassily Savenko made his UK operatic debut in a Rachmaninov double-bill in the dual roles of Baron (*The Miserly Knight*) and Lanciotto Malatesta (*Francesca da Rimini*) for Chelsea Opera. He has performed with the conductors Nikolai Alexeev, Alexander Annisimov, Alberto Hold-Garrido, Alexander Lazarev, David Lloyd-Jones, Alexander Polianichko and Gennadi Rozhdestvensky in principal roles for Grange Park Opera, Opera Holland Park, Opera Ireland, State Theatre Klagenfurt (Austria), Teatro Lirico di Cagliari, Teatro Nacional, Lisbon, and Welsh National Opera. For his Royal Opera House debut he covered the role of Sobakin in a new production of Rimsky-Korskov's *The Tsar's Bride* under Mark Elder.

In 2012 he sang the roles Prince Gremin (*Eugene Onegin*); Khan Konchak (*Prince Igor*), and the title role in *Boris Godunov* for the State Academic Opera Theatre, Ukraine. Later that year he joined the extensive



European tour of Tchaikovsky's *Iolanta* under Emmanuel Villaume, as the mystic healer Ibn-Hakia, with Anna Netrebko in the title role.

Vassily Savenko's website can be visited at www.vassilysavenko.co.uk.

Born in Moscow in 1957, **Alexander Blok** graduated from the Gnessin Academy of Music, Moscow, in Piano (under Vladimir Tropp) and composition under Georgy Litinsky). As a principal soloist with the Moscow Concert Philharmonic, he performs as concert pianist and chamber-music leader and has toured Germany, Italy, Finland, Norway and the United States, as well as the countries of the former Soviet Union. A Moscow resident, he joined the USSR Composers' Union in 1985; his significant output includes compositions for string orchestra, solo piano, vocal, chamber and ballet music. He is related to the influential Russian poet-playwright Alexander Alexandrovich Blok (1880–1921), described by the Russian literary critic Viktor Zhirmunsky as 'the last romantic poet'.

Alexander Blok made his British concert debut in 1999 at the Cheltenham International Festival of Music. For two decades he has partnered Vassily Savenko, who premiered his song-cycle *Dreams* at the Wigmore Hall in London in 1994. The work was enthusiastically received, one critic describing it as a 'a surrealist fairy tale in a modern urban setting'. Their recitals and recordings exploring some of the rarer Russian vocal masterpieces have won critical acclaim: noteworthy programmes include 'Pushkin in Music', 'Musorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov', 'English Poets/Russian Romances' and 'Russian Settings of Robert Burns'.



Five Romances for bass voice and piano, Op. 5 (1922)

1 No. 1, 'После боя'

Воткнув копьё, он сбросил шлем и лёг.
Курган был жёсткий, выбитый, кольчуга колола
грудь,
А в спину полдень жёт. Осенней сущью, жарко
дуло с юга.
И умер он, околел, застыл, припав к земле
тяжёлой головою.
А ветер волосами шевелил, как ковылем, как
мёртвою травую,
И муравьи закопошились в них.
Но равнодушно всё кругом молчало.
И далеко среди полей нагих копьё в курган
воткнутое торчало.

Ivan Bunin

2 No. 2, 'Смерть (На кладбище)'

Спокойно на погосте под луною..
Крестов объятья, камни и сирень.
Но вот наш склеп. Под мраморной стеною,
Как ранний призрак, вытянулась тень.

И жутко мне, и мой двойник могильный
Как будто ждёт чего-то при луне.
Но я иду, и тень, как раб бессильный
Опять ползёт, опять покорна мне!

Ivan Bunin

3 No. 3, 'Старая песня'

Был царь: его сердце остыло.
Покрыла чело седина;
У бедного, дряхлого старца
Была молодая жена.

1 No. 1, 'After the Battle'

After the last lance thrust, he threw off his helmet
and lay on the ground.
The hill, unyielding ground hard-won, the chain-
mail pricked his chest.
The noon-day sun burning on his back. From the
south the wind blew hot,
Bearing the drought of autumn.
And there he died. His limbs grew stiff and cold,
His head weighed heavy on the earth.
The wind ruffled his hair like withered feather-grass
While ants burrowed deep into his locks.
But all around indifferent silence reigned,
Amid the naked fields a far-off spear-stuck mound.

2 No. 2, 'Death (At the Cemetery)'

It is quiet in the graveyard under the moon,
The cold embrace of the crosses, stones and lilac.
Here is our crypt. Upon the marble walls
The outline of a shadow, a ghost before its time.

And horror strikes me, as I seem to see
My moonlit double from the grave awaiting me.
But I walk on. The shadow, powerless slave,
Obediently slinks at my command.

3 No. 3, 'A King There Was'

A King there was, now old in years,
With heavy heart and head so grey;
That poor sad aged King,
He took a youthful wife.

Был паж, белокурый красавец;
Он жизнь беззаботно любил,
И шёлковый шлейф он повсюду за юной царицей
носил.

Ты знаешь ли старую песню?
Звучит так печально она!

Пришлось умереть им – любовь их была чересчур
уж сильна.

Heinrich Heine (translated by A. Shkaff)

4] No. 4, 'Похоронная Песнь'

О, ветер, плачущий уныло, О, вестник тучи
грозовой!

Пещера, мрачная могила, где слышен бури
злобный вой!

Ты, вечно трепетное море, ты сосен вековых
семья ,

Оплачьте мировое горе, тоску земного бытия !

P. B. Shelley (translated by Konstantin Balmont)

5] No. 5, 'Мне снилось'

Мне снилось: печально светила луна,

И звёзды печально светили;

В тот город, в котором осталась она,

Я мчался за многие мили.

Примчался и каменный дома порог так пламенно
стал целовать я,

Те камни, что милых касались ног, касались краев
её платья.

Темна, холодна была ночь; холодны и камни
немые порога...

В окне бледный образ при свете луны смотрел и

A page there was, a lovely boy,
His head was fair, his heart was gay;
He bore aloft the silken train
Behind the young Queen's gowns.

You know the old song, do you not?
It rings so sweet, it tolls so drear!
They both must die, you see,
They loved too much, too well.

4] No. 4, 'A Dirge'

Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;

Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;

Sad storm whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches strain,

Deep caves and dreary main, –
Wail, for the world's wrong!

5] No. 5, 'I Dreamed: The Moon Shone Sadly'

I dreamed: the moon shone sadly
And sadly gleamed the stars;
That city where my beloved lives
Drew me for many hundred miles.

I hastened to her house
And passionately kissed the threshold,
That stone so often touched by her dainty foot,
And brushed by the hem of her dress.

The night was long, the night was cold,

печально и строго.

Heinrich Heine (translated by Konstantin Balmont)

The stone was colder still,
From the window peered a blank visage,
Cold in the light of the moon.

From Four Romances to Verses by Shelley, Op. 14 (1924)

6 No. 3, 'Доброй ночи'

Доброй ночи? О нет, дорогая!
Она не добра, если гонит любовь мою прочь;
Проведем её вместе с тобою без сна и тогда будет
добрая ночь!
Разве может быть добрая ночь без тебя?
Разве в силах я грусть о тебе превозмочь?
Нет, – весь мир позабыть, трепеща и любя, – это
добрая ночь!
Ночь лишь тем хороша, что мы ночью нежней,
От влюблённых сердец скорбь уносится прочь,
Но не будем совсем говорить мы о ней, и тогда
будет добрая ночь!

P. B. Shelley (translated by Konstantin Balmont)

6 No. 3, 'Good Night'

Good-night? ah! no; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be good night.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood –
Then it will be – good night.

To hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good; because, my love,
They never say good-night.

7 *Озимандия*, Op. 15 (1924)

Я встретил путника; он шёл из стран далёких
И мне сказал: 'вдали, где вечность сторожит
Пустыни тишину, среди песков глубоких
Обломок статуи распавшейся лежит.
Из полустёртых черт сквозит надменный пламень –
Желанье заставлять весь мир себе служить;
Ваятель опытный вложил в бездушный камень
Те страсти, что могли столетья пережить.

И сохранил слова обломок изваянья:

7 'Ozymandias', Op. 15

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:

“Я – Озимандия, я – мощный царь царей!
Взгляните на мои великие деянья,
Владыки всех времён, всех стран и всех морей!”

Кругом нет ничего ... Глубокое молчанье ...
Пустыня мёртвая ... И небеса над ней ...

P. B. Shelley (translated by Konstantin Balmont)

Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!”

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.’

Three Romances for low voice and piano, Op. 6 (1922)

8 No. 1, ‘Проклятое место’

Здесь цветы так высоко растут,
Здесь цветы все бледны, словно смерть,
Но меж ними один лишь цветок посреди весь в
багрянце стоит.
Его цвет не от солнца лучей – здесь не светит оно
никогда.
Его кровью горячей земля напоила, напившись
сама.

Friedrich Hebbel (translated by Zoya Belza-Doroshuk)

8 No. 1, ‘Accursed Place’

The flowers here all grow so tall,
The flowers here are pale as death,
Just one among them is deep crimson,
Its brilliance not from the sun, which shines not here,
But nourished by blood drunk from the warm earth.

9 No. 2, ‘Могила’

Листья шумели уныло
В дубраве ночью порой.
Гроб опустили в могилу,
Гроб, озарённый луной.

Тихо, без плача зарыли
И удалились все прочь.
Только луна на могилу
Молча смотрела всю ночь.

Alexei Pleshcheyev

9 No. 2, ‘The Tomb’

The leaves rustled dismally
At night time in the grove.
The coffin, lowered into the grave,
Gleamed palely in the moonlight.
Quietly they buried it, not weeping,
And went their separate ways.
Only the moon, grieving,
Looked down all night on the grave.

10 No. 3, 'Зарыт на дальнем перекрёстке'

Зарыт на дальнем перекрёстке
Самоубийцы труп в песок,
Над ним растёт цветочек синий,
Самоубийц цветок.

Там я стоял, вздыхая... Вечер
Всё сном и холодом облёк,
И при луне качался тихо
Самоубийц цветок.

Heinrich Heine (translated by Pyotr Vainberg)

From Four Romances to words by Pushkin, Op. 27 (1936)

11 No. 1, 'На холмах Грузии лежит ночная мгла'

На холмах Грузии лежит ночная мгла
Шумит Арагва предо мною.
Мне грустно и легко: печаль моя светла
Печаль моя полна тобою.
Тобой, тобою одной.
Унынья моего ничто не мучит, не тревожит.
И сердце вновь горит и бьётся оттого,
Что не любить оно не может.

12 No. 2, 'Три ключа'

В степи мирской, печальной и безбрежной,
Таинственно пробилась три ключа:
Ключ юности, ключ бурный и мятежный,
Кипит, бежит, сверкая и журча;
Кастальский ключ волною вдохновенья
В степи мирской изгнанников поит.
Последний ключ - холодный ключ забвенья,
Он слаще всех жар сердца утолит.

10 No. 3, 'At the Crossroads'

At the crossroads there is buried
Someone who killed himself.
A flower grows there, a blue flower,
The condemned man's flower.

I stood sighing at the crossroads,
The night was cold and mute.
In the moonlight the blue flower slowly nodded,
The condemned man's flower.

11 No. 1, 'On the Hills of Georgia'

Over the hills of Georgia
Lies the gloom of night.
Before me the rushing sound of the Aragua,
I am prey to easy sadness, a sadness light, not dark.
My sadness is filled with thee, and only thee,
It is free from hurt and dread.
My heart is on fire, it loves once again,
Because it must.

12 No. 2, 'Three Springs'

In this world's boundless, melancholy steppe
Mysteriously appear three springs:
The spring of youth is quick and rebellious,
Boiling, rushing, sparkling and babbling.
From Apollo's Castalian spring are bathed by waves
Of inspiration exiles from the world.
The last cold spring of oblivion, sweetest of all,
Slakes the heart free from the world's heat.

13 No. 3, 'Там на берегу'

Там на берегу, где дремлет лес священный
Твоё я имя повторял,
Там часто я бродил уединённый
И вдаль глядел, и милой встречи ждал.

14 Солнце (1940)

Как солнце зимнее прекрасно,
Когда, бродя меж серых туч,
На белые снега напрасно
Оно кидает слабый луч!

Так точно, дева молодая,
Твой образ предо мной блестит,
Но взор твой, счастье обещаю,
Мою ли душу оживит?

Mikhail Lermontov

From Five Romances to Verses by I. Franko, Op. 31 (1940)

15 No. 1, 'Твої очі, як те море'

Твої очі, як те море, неспокійне, сум'яне.
Мого серця давнє горе мов пилінка в них тонє.
Твої очі, як криниця, чиста на перловім дні.
А надія, як зірниця, в них всміхається мені.

16 No. 3, 'Безмежнеє поле'

Безмежнеє поле в сніжному завою
О, дай мені обширу й волі!

13 No. 3, 'There on the Shore'

There on the shore, where drowns the sacred wood,
I would repeat your name;
There often I wandered alone, gazing into the
distance,
Awaiting our sweet meeting.

14 'The Sun'

How fine the sun in winter is,
Darting between the winter clouds
And vainly spilling its wan beams
On the whiteness of the snow.

Just so, young girl, you dazzle me
With the brilliance of your image,
But can your glance, which promises such bliss,
Bring my soul back to life?

15 No. 1, 'Your Eyes are like the Sea'

Your eyes are like the sea,
Restless and stormy,
My heart's long grief
Is like a mote in them.
Your eyes are like a well,
Lustrous as a pearl to its depths,
And in them hope, like summer lightning,
Smiles at me.

16 No. 3, 'Boundless Plain'

Boundless plain, covered in snow,
O give me strength and freedom!

Я сам серед тебе, лиш кінь підо мною
І в серці нестерпні боли.
Неси ж мене, коню, по чистому полю,
Як віхор, що тутка гуляє
Ачень утечу я від лютого болю,
Що серце мені розриває!

17 No. 4, 'Чому не смієшся ніколи?'

Чому не смієшся ніколи?
Чому в твоїм серці зима?
І горе зморозило душу,
Що сміху в горлі нема?
Чому не смієшся ніколи?
Чи може лежить якийсь гріх
великий на твоїм сумлінню,
І здавлює радісний сміх?
Лежить якийсь смуток таємний
на твоїм чудовім чолі,
І усміх твій – наче під осінь
всміхається сонце у мгли.

18 No. 5, 'Не минай з погордою'

Не минай з погордою і не смійсь, дитя!
Може в тім осміянім – суть твого життя.
Може в тім зневаженім – твого щастя карб,
Може в тім погордженім є любові скарб.
Може сміх твій нинішній, срібний і дзвінкий,
Стане в твоїй пам'яті, за докір гіркий.

I stand in your midst, mounted on my steed,
With unbearable pain in my heart.

Carry me, my horse, across the empty plain,
Like the whirlwind raging about me,
Perhaps it will assuage the terrible pain
Which tears my heart asunder.

17 No. 4, 'Why do you never laugh?'

Why do you never laugh?
Why is there winter in your heart?
Has grief turned your soul to ice
And silenced laughter there?
Why do you never laugh?
Perhaps some great sin
Lies heavy on your conscience
And stifles joyous laughter?
Or does some secret sorrow
Furrow your superb brow,
And hide your laughter
As autumn mist hides the sun?

18 No. 5, 'Do not pass by so proudly, my child'

Do not pass by so proudly, my child, do not laugh!
It may be what you mock is the core of your life.
Perhaps what you despise is the echo of your
happiness;
Perhaps it is the treasure of your love your arrogance
rejects.
Perhaps your present mocking laughter, silvery and
loud,
Will live on in your memory to taunt you.

[19] No. 2, 'Все мені сниться'

Все мені сниться голос твій милий
В полі криниця, явір похилий.
Поле росилося і колосилося,
Все, що наснилося, перемінилось.
Полям блукає вітер в негоду,
Явір пускає листя на воду.
Тільки криниця ще не зміліла
Все мені сниться згублена мила...

[19] No. 2, 'Recurring Dreams'

I hear in my dreams your dear voice;
I see in the field a well below a leaning sycamore,
The field watered with dew and sown with wheat.
Nothing that I dreamt has come to pass:
An ill wind blows over the field,
The sycamore sheds its leaves into the water.
Only the well has not run dry,
And my ruined darling still haunts my dreams.

Romances for bass and piano or orchestra, Op. 57 (1951)

[20] No. 1, 'Послание в Сибирь'

Во глубине Сибирских руд
Храните гордое терпенье,
Не пропадет ваш скорбный труд
И дум высокое стремление..

Несчастью верная сестра,
Надежда в мрачном подземелье
Разбудит гордость и веселье,
Придет желанная пора:

Любовь и дружба до вас
Дойдут сквозь мрачные затворы,
Как в ваши каторжные норы
Доходит мой свободный глас

Оковы тяжкие падут,
Темницы рухнут и свобода
Вас примет радостно у входа
И братья меч вам отдадут!

[20] No. 1, 'A Letter to Siberia'

In the depths of the Siberian mines
Guard your proud endurance,
Your grievous toil is not in vain,
Nor the nobility of your ambitions.

That faithful sister of misfortune
Hope, in the gloom of the dungeon
Gives birth to pride and joy,
The long-awaited day will come:

Love and friendship come to you
Passing through the dreadful prison bars,
As to your convict cells
My voice of freedom reaches.

Your heavy chains will fall from you,
The fortress walls collapse, and freedom
Welcome you joyfully as you emerge
And your brothers hand you your sword.

Alexander Pushkin

[21] No. 2, 'Элегия'

Исполнились мои желанья,
Сбылись давнишние мечты:
Мои жестокие страданья,
Мою любовь узнала ты.

Напрасно я себя тревожил,
За страсть вполне я награжден:
Я вновь для счастья сердцем ожил
Исчезла грусть, как смутный сон.

Так, окроплен росой отрадной,
В тот час, когда горит восток,
Вновь воскресает ночью холодной
Полузавялый василёк.

Kondraty Ryleyev

Two Romances, Op. 37 (1942)

[22] No. 1, 'Зоря'

Меркнуть зорі, білою стіною смутен день на обрії
встає.
Сивий сніг заносить поле бою, чорний ворон
білий труп клює.
Все мовчить. Країна занімала, від пожарищ
в'ється мертвий дим.
Над Дніпром розгнівана могила розмовляє з
вітром сніговим.
Ходить вітер, посланець крилатий, на криваве
заклика вино...
Припадає до причілку хати, срібним перстнем
стукає в вікно.
Вечір довгі простягає крила, тихі тіні викралися
з хат,

[21] No. 2, 'Elegy'

My wishes have been granted,
My long-held dreams have come about:
My cruel sufferings, my love,
You have at last recognised.

Needlessly did I torment myself,
My passion has found its full reward:
My heart lives once again for happiness,
Sorrow has vanished like a misty dream.

Just so, when sprinkled with refreshing dew,
And in the East the light glows red,
After the cool of the night
Revives the wilting cornflower.

[22] No. 1, 'The Star'

The stars fade; the white wall of dull day rises on the
horizon.
Grey snow covers the battlefield, a black crow pecks
at the white corpse.
All is still. The countryside is dumb, smoke rises
slowly from the charred houses.
By Dnieper's side the furious grave [of Shevchenko]
laments in the snow-laden wind.
The wind stalks, a messenger on wings with his
offering of blood-wine,
Stumbles at the cottage doorway, knocks at the
window with his silver ring.
The long-drawn evening spreads its wings, quiet
shadows come out of the cottages,

Поток лягла ворожа сила, не побачить сонця
супостат.
Гомонять під Каневом селяни, оживає постать
Кобзаря.
Віє вітер з Ясної Поляни, над Москвою світова
зоря!

Maxim Rylsky

23 No. 2, 'Найвище щастя'

Коли додому я прийду в годину радісну, побідну,
Я на коліна упаду і поцілую землю рідну.
Дніпро, і Лавра, і мости, веселий гомін, дзвін
трамваю...
По бруку рідному іти- я щастя вищого не знаю!
Сніги...і туга... і блакить...
Як сльози падають години.
І у лице моє шумить, ридає вітер з України.
Коли додому я прийду
В годину радісну, побідну,
Я на коліна упаду і поцілую землю рідну.

Volodymyr Sosyura

The enemy's power is vanquished, they will not see
the sun again.

The peasants whisper near Kanev; Kobzar the poet's
statue comes to life.

A wind is blowing from Yasnaya Polyana,
a worldwide star rises over Moscow!

23 No. 2, 'The Height of Happiness'

When that joyous day comes and I return home,
victorious,
I shall fall to my knees and kiss my native soil.
The Dnieper, the Lavra monastery, the bridges, the
merry chatter,
To hear the trams, to walk along the pavements – I
know no greater happiness!
The snow ... and the longing ... and the azure sky ...
Fall at times like this like tears,
I feel on my face the sobbing of the wind from
Ukraine.
When that joyous day comes and I return home,
victorious,
I shall fall to my knees and kiss my native soil.

In memory of Iya Sergeevna Tsarevich,
31 October 1928–20 April 2010,
niece of Borys Lyatoshynsky
and an enthusiastic supporter
of this recording project





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BORYS LYATOSHYSKY Romances for low voice and piano

Five Romances for bass and piano, Op. 5 (1922) **13:02**

- | | | |
|----------|---------------------------------|------|
| 1 | No. 1 'After the Battle' | 3:25 |
| 2 | No. 2 'Death (At the Cemetery)' | 2:57 |
| 3 | No. 3 'An Old Song' | 2:28 |
| 4 | No. 4 'A Dirge' | 1:45 |
| 5 | No. 5 'I had a dream' | 2:27 |

From Four Romances to Verses **by Shelley, Op. 14:**

- | | | |
|----------|---|-------------|
| 6 | No. 3 'Good Night' (1924) | 2:39 |
| 7 | <i>Ozymandias, Op. 15</i> (1924) | 3:59 |

Three Romances for low voice **and piano, Op. 6** (1922) **7:34**

- | | | |
|-----------|---------------------------|------|
| 8 | No. 1 'Accursed Place' | 2:47 |
| 9 | No. 2 'The Tomb' | 2:04 |
| 10 | No. 3 'At the Crossroads' | 2:43 |

From Four Romances to Verses **by Pushkin, Op. 27** (1936) **7:13**

- | | | |
|-----------|---------------------------------|------|
| 11 | No. 1 'On the Hills of Georgia' | 2:59 |
| 12 | No. 2 'Three Springs' | 2:15 |
| 13 | No. 3 'There on the Shore' | 1:59 |

14 ***The Sun*** (1940) **1:50**

From Five Romances to Verses **by I. Franko, Op. 31** (1940) **7:29**

- | | | |
|-----------|--|------|
| 15 | No. 1 'Your Eyes are like the Sea' | 1:31 |
| 16 | No. 3 'Boundless Plain' | 2:05 |
| 17 | No. 4 'Why do you never laugh?' | 2:25 |
| 18 | No. 5 'Do not pass by so proudly,
my child' | 1:28 |

From Two Romances to Verses **by L. Pervomaysky, Op. 32** (1940)

- | | | |
|-----------|--------------------------|------|
| 19 | No. 2 'Recurring Dreams' | 2:09 |
|-----------|--------------------------|------|

Romances for bass and piano, Op. 57 (1951) **5:29**

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------------------------|------|
| 20 | No. 1 'A Letter to Siberia' | 3:26 |
| 21 | No. 2 'Elegy' | 2:03 |

Two Romances, Op. 37 (1942) **9:54**

- | | | |
|-----------|---------------------------------|------|
| 22 | No. 1 'The Star' | 5:17 |
| 23 | No. 2 'The Height of Happiness' | 4:37 |

TT 61:19

Vassily Savenko, bass
Alexander Blok, piano



TOCC 0053

The Ukrainian composer Boris Lyatoshynsky (1895–1968) studied with Glière at the Kiev Conservatory, where he remained as a much-loved teacher for the rest of his life. Lyatoshynsky's songs – a neglected part of his output – meld intense Scriabinesque expressionism with elements of Ukrainian folksong in a language that embraces both the lyrical and the dramatic. His setting of Shelley's *Ozymandias*, with its warning of the impermanence of power, was a brave act in the Soviet Union of 1924.

LYATOSHYNSKY Romances for low voice and piano

1	<i>Five Romances for bass and piano, Op. 5</i> (1922)	13:02
6	<i>Four Romances to Verses by Shelley, Op. 14: No. 3</i> (1924)	2:39
7	<i>Ozymandias, Op. 15</i> (1924)*	3:59
8	<i>Three Romances for low voice and piano, Op. 6</i> (1922)	7:34
11	<i>Four Romances to Verses by Pushkin, Op. 27: Nos. 1–3</i> (1936)	7:13
14	<i>The Sun</i> (1940)	1:50
15	<i>Five Romances to Verses by I. Franko, Op. 31: Nos. 1 and 3–5</i> (1940)	7:29
19	<i>Two Romances to Verses by L. Pervomaysky, Op. 32: No. 2</i> (1940)	2:09
20	<i>Romances for bass and piano, Op. 57</i> (1951)	5:29
22	<i>Two Romances, Op. 37</i> (1942)*	9:54

Vassily Savenko, bass
Alexander Blok, piano

TT 61:19

ALL EXCEPT * FIRST RECORDINGS

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