

CD 2

*The University of Washington  
School of Music  
Presents*

COMPACT  
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2003  
12-14  
CD 2

*Craig Grayson, Bass  
and  
Sheila Bristow, Piano*

*with  
Dmitri Pavlyuk, Clarinet  
and  
John Teske, Doublebass*

*December 14, 2003,  
4:30 PM  
Brechemin Auditorium  
University of Washington*

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON  
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*Craig Grayson is a student of Mr. Julian Patrick.*

*This Recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the  
degree of Doctor of Musical Arts.*

## CD 2

### Program

#### I SEE: CD-1

Selections from *Mezhdú Delom Bezdel'e ili Sobranie Raznykh Pesen* (c. 1758)  
[*Idleness in between Work or a Collection of Various Songs*]

Grigorii N. Teplov  
(1711-1779)

Kogda nachnyosh' [When will you begin]  
Skol'ko grusti [How much sorrow]  
Cokrylis' te chasy [Those hours have vanished]  
Tshchetno ya skryvayu [Vainly I hide...]

*Dmitri Pavlyuk, Clarinet, and John Teske, Doublebass*

#### II

Odinchestvo [Loneliness]  
Angel [The Angel]

Aleksandr E. Varlamov  
(1801-1848)

#### III

Zhavoronok [The Lark]  
Severnaya Zvezda [The Northern Star]  
Somnienic [Doubt]  
Nochnoi Smotr [The Night Review]

Mikhail I. Glinka  
(1804-1857)

— *Intermisson (10 Minutes)* —

#### IV

1. Nochnoi Zefir [The Night Zephyr]
2. Ne Skazhu Nikomu [I Will Not Tell Anyone]
3. Chervyak [The Worm]
4. Titulyarnyi Sovetnik [The Titular Councilor]

(3:35) Aleksandr S. Dargomyzhsky  
(1:13) (1813-1869)  
(2:14)  
(1:07)

#### V

5. Pustynya [The Desert]
6. Dogoraet Rumyanyi Zakat [Burns Out the Ruddy Sunset]
7. Istuplenie [Frenzy]
8. Pridi Ko Mne [Come to me]

(2:48) Mily A. Balakirev  
(2:07) (1837-1910)  
(1:13)  
(2:33)

#### VI

Bez Solntsa (1874)  
[Sunless]

(14:05)

Modest P. Musorgsky  
(1836-1881)

9. V Chetyrekh Stenakh [Within Four Walls]
10. Menya ty v tolpe ne uznala [You did not recognize me in the crowd]
11. Okonchen prazdniy, shumnyi den' [Finished is the wasted, noisy day]
12. Skuchai [Be Bored]
13. Elegiya [Elegy]
14. Nad Rekoj [At the River]

(1:31)  
(0:45)  
(2:49)  
(1:40)  
(3:19)  
(4:01)

15. Thank you and Encore - *Grenin's Aria from Eugene Onegin* - Pyotr I. Chaikovsky (6:18)

*It is respectfully requested that audience members show any appreciation after completed groups*

**Total: 37:13**



GRIGORII NIKOLAEVICH

TEPLOV

PRIVY COUNCILLOR AND SENATOR

Gregorii Nikolaievich Teplov (1711-79) and *Mezhdú Delom Bezdél'e* (c. 1758)

Records of Grigori N. Teplov's earliest life are spotty at best, and though the date of his birth is clear, November 20, 1711 (Julian calendar), in Pskov, his blood lineage is unrecorded. In other words, there was a question of paternity and rumor had it, that Grigori was the illegitimate son of the bishop of Novgorod, Feofan Prokopovich, an appointee of Peter the Great. Whether or not the bishop was Teplov's real father, Prokopovich completely provided for the young Gregorii, as if he were a son. Gregorii Teplov's early education was taken at a school in the Aleksandr Nevsky monastery in St Petersburg – a school founded by Bishop Prokopovich. This education was unusually broad and rigorous for its time. These students from grade-school through university age were immersed in literature, language, history, religion, philosophy, science, and the arts, including both vocal and instrumental music. In 1736, Teplov attended the Academy of Sciences in St, Petersburg. After four years he was made an instructor, and as part of his duties, he traveled Europe extensively, studying many of its educational systems. During this travel and study in the 1740s, Teplov began to develop philosophical ideas which attempted to unify art and science, and show the necessity of "heart" or inspiration in intellectual pursuit, and the importance of intellectual thought and analysis to artistic creativity. One application of these ideas was the composition of a group of 17 songs with accompanying tones in three voices. During the 1750s, Teplov gained high social status and enjoyed a life of creativity and travel, but in 1761, Peter III took over the throne and all those favored by Czarina Anne were, now, out of favor. Teplov then helped Catherine II (the Great) to gain the throne in 1762, possibly by being integrally involved in the murder of Peter III. With his revived social position came appointments to the Academy of the Arts, and also as the Czarina's Privy Councilor and a Senator. He would die a famous and wealthy man in St. Petersburg in 1779.

In the 1740s and 50s, Russian secular art music was generally still wholly taken from Europe, especially Italy and France. Text, if in Russian, tended to be translations of well known European poets, and the music generally was directly imitative of Italian, German or French style. Gregorii Teplov's song collection advanced beyond this in two important ways. First, he set contemporary Russian lyrical poets, specifically A. P. Sumarokov and I. P. Elagin, and second, though the music was clearly in the European style, Teplov consciously brought in elements of Russian folk and liturgical music. From composing in three parts (an common configuration for both Russian folk and church music) to using certain modal progressions to showing a penchant for minor keys to using certain melodic gestures highly idiomatic to the Russian traditions (including ending many phrases with a rising perfect fifth), Teplov produced what is considered the earliest effort at a uniquely Russian secular art music. Sadly, *Mezhdú delom bezdel'e* would remain obscure and nearly unique, as the "dilettante composers" would flourish over the next century, until Russia's musical identity would be solidly established by the great Mikhail Glinka.

Four Selections from *Mezhdú Delóm Bezdél'e ili Sobranie Raznykh Pesen* (c. 1758)

1. Kogda nachnyosh', dragaya, verit'... [When will you begin, dear, to believe...]

When will you begin, dear, to believe,  
That I unflatteringly love you?  
Who could be so very hypocritical?  
You see how much torment I endure;  
That I have lost my peace forever:  
Your glance, in vain, often, with my own,  
Meets, by chance.  
I let out a heavy sigh,  
And, timidly, I look upon you  
Seeking comforts with my eyes.

Do not imagine that I have changed,  
And might have become a captive of another's eyes;  
Any soul, my light! who is captivated by you,  
That prison becomes his last,  
Where, by your intellect and beauty,  
his ardent soul is held,  
There, he has no desire for freedom!  
That flame will not extinguish ever,  
And it, at any hour, is set afire by  
She who created it.

2. Skol'ko grusti i muchen'ya.... [How much sorrow and torment....]

How much sorrow and torment does a fruitless passion promise us?  
How much disaster and misfortune does this love have in store for us?  
Since Fate is not in agreement with the tender will of hearts;  
For that which, my light! you are passionate, of that, alas! is the end?  
What is the benefit in that, dear, although we have the same love?  
Even though by a single feeling, our hot blood was made drunk?  
In vain, our thoughts are similar, Fate opposes Love:  
Do not regard me as your own, and so, break off the shackles!

*Give back your own freedom, let it be that only I alone am sad;  
Even though I will remain in an evil sorrow, yet I will not make you indignant.  
Pulling away from your gracious eyes, I will not live in this place.  
Ah! Do not waste your time in useless sighs and tears.*

Completely forget me, dear! Completely forget me, my light!  
Thus determined by Fate, in our love there is no happiness.  
Fate's charter commands me to sob for you;  
And it condemns you to wait for other amusements –  
Waste nothing upon me, while destroying the ardor in your blood,  
Except tenderness and a heart, constant in love:  
With this you may not be satisfied, yet there are no other merits:  
Of a better portion you are deserving – wait for it, my light.

3. Sokrylis' te chasy,... [Those hours have vanished,...]

Those hours have vanished, as if you searched for me,  
And all of my pleasure was seized by you:  
I see, now, that you were false to me,  
Against me completely, you always were.  
My moans and bitter sorrows,  
Imagine for yourself,  
And forget those moments,  
Of how I was kind to you.

But there is no benefit in the penalties, that I have lost freedom,  
And lacked saving a single joyous passion.  
For what is it to expose the weaknesses of all arguments,  
Since you no more love me at all.  
You simply forgot that love, and my thoughts were sent into captivity,  
of how you loved me, and the time of those amusements.

4. Tshchetno ya skryvayu... [Vainly I hide...]

Vainly I hide a heart of bitter sorrow,  
Vainly I try to seem calm;  
But I cannot for a minute be calm;  
I cannot, as much as I will try:  
My heart, with a heavy moan, my eyes, with a stream of tears,  
extract these secret torments;  
You have made my efforts useless,  
You – oh! predator of my freedom!

So from torment to torment I throw myself,  
And want to be both open and ashamed;  
And I just do not know of what I desire,  
I only know that I am shattered:  
I know, that the ever-present captivating thought of you  
Drive into me your sweet look.  
I know, that by all the scorching passions  
For me to forget you is impossible.

### Aleksandr Egorovich Varlamov(1801-1848)

Varlamov is representative of what the early 20<sup>th</sup> century, Russian, music historian, Nicolai Findeisen, called the "Golden Age of the Dilettante Romance." Technically, a "dilettante composer" was a member of the aristocracy who, through personal wealth and social status, did not work, and so spent his or her leisure time "dabbling" in music composition, often vocal. Varlamov, though from a wealthy background that afforded him his excellent education, was fully a professional musician. Born in Moscow on November 27, 1801 (Julian calendar), of Moldavian decent, Aleksandr Varlamov showed his gifts in music very early. By age ten he had taught himself to play piano, violin, cello and guitar. In 1811 he was sent to St Petersburg, where he was enrolled as a chorister in the court chapel. At this time the director of the choir was Bortnyansky, who, impressed by Varlamov's musical ability, took him as a pupil. In 1819 Varlamov went to The Hague as director of the choir in the Russian ambassadorial chapel. He returned to Russia in 1823 and took an appointment as singing teacher in the St Petersburg Theatre School, where he remained until 1826. In 1832, Varlamov took the post of Kapellmeister of the Imperial Theatres in Moscow. It was during this period that Varlamov flourished as a composer, producing a vast number of songs. Some of his songs are written in a folk idiom, but many more were conceived in the romantic, sentimental vein popular in his day. Varlamov composed 138 solo songs with texts from numerous Russian poets, including Lermontov, Koltsov, and Tsiganov. Varlamov also produced a three-part educational book, *Polnaya shkola peniya* [Complete School of Singing] in 1840. Varlamov left his theatrical post in December 1843, and spent the final years of his life giving private singing lessons, intermittently performing in concerts and writing songs.

The songs offered here represent the sentimental style, which became very popular in Russia in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, and continues to be somewhat popular today, and is now generally discussed under the moniker "Staryi Romansy" [Old Romances]. For *Odinochestvo* [Loneliness]; the poet was Aleksandr Varlamov, himself, writing in an extremely sentimental vein, while Lermontov's *Angel* [The Angel] was quite a famous poem which has been set by several Russian composers over the generations.

### **Odinochestvo** [Loneliness]

No one comes to my home nor drops by to visit, my empty house is hidden from view,  
and for me an arranged meeting hour will never come!  
Wherever would I go, and my heart knows that my path will not find a goal.  
No one remembers me, no one awaits me.

How often, in cruel sorrow, does the thought come to me, that somewhere,  
in a foreign land, a country far away, there is rest for a tired heart!  
But a private voice repeats: to where does your path lead you?  
Here no one knows you, and there no one awaits you.

And being tormented by the thirst for love, I know not happiness in full;  
Only a mother's loving heart was true to me until the grave.  
One thing consoles the sufferer, that the hour of meeting with her will arrive;  
For here no one knows me, but there a true friend awaits me.

### **Angel** [The Angel]

In the midnight sky an angel flew and a quiet song he sang;  
and the moon, and the stars, and the crowded clouds harkened to that holy song.  
He sang of the bliss of the sinless souls under the canopies of heavenly gardens;  
Of God the great he sang, and genuine was his praise.

He, in his embrace, a young soul carried, for the world's sorrow and tears;  
and the sound of his song within the young soul remained, without a word, but alive!  
And for a long time on earth [the soul] suffered, filled by a wonderful wish;  
And heaven's sounds could not be replaced by the soul's boring songs of earth.



### Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka (1804-1857)

Mikhail I. Glinka is almost universally considered the "Father of Russian Art Music." Though Teplov might be allowed the "Grandfathership," in reality he had no lasting influence (if any at all) upon Russian music composition. Whereas Glinka was not only revered by music historians, but by most all of the great successor composers of Russia. From Anton Rubintstein and Pyotr Chaikovsky to Miliy Balakirev and his "Mighty Kuchka" of Cesar Cui, Aleksandr Borodin, Modest Musorgsky, and Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov, all of them viewed Glinka as the composer who produced a truly Russian art music with Russian themes, emotions, characters, poets and librettists, and clear influences from Russian folk and liturgical music. Glinka also showed greater reverence for the Russian language in the setting of his vocal music, whether it be opera or song, though he often would alter the prosody for the sake of a fine melodic line.

Born into a gentry family in Novospasskoye, Smolensk district in 1804, Glinka's earliest musical experiences were servants singing folksong and the church. He played piano, violin and piccolo early on and participated in "domestic" ensembles. His uncle managed a serf orchestra with which Mikhail often worked, learning about orchestration. From 1818-22, he attended the Noble Boarding School studying piano and elemental music. In 1823, he traveled to the Caucasus area for a "cure" and heard a great deal of "exotic" folk music. From 1828-33, Glinka traveled in Italy where he met Donizetti, Bellini, and Mendelssohn. In 1833, he began compositional study with Dehn in the German manner, but during this time, he began to search for a "Russian manner." The next year Glinka was given an idea, from the poet Zhukovsky, for an opera based on the legend of Ivan Susanin that would become *A Life for the Tsar*. He embarked on the composition feeling that the subject matter was a perfect fit with his own search for the "Russian manner." "*A Life*" premiered in 1836, and next would be "*Ruslan and Liudmila*" on a text by the great Russian poet, Aleksandr Pushkin. After "*Ruslan*" premiered in 1842, Glinka embarked on nearly a decade of European travel (proclaiming that he was done with "Russian" music). During his travels he met with Liszt, Auber, Hugo, Berlioz, and Meyerbeer. In 1850s, Glinka also met a young Russian critic, named Vladimir Stasov and a young pianist, named Mily Balakirev. These two would be the genesis of the Russian realist movement within the next decade. Glinka traveled to France, Spain, and around Russia, and wrote several pieces influenced by the countries' music. Late in life, Glinka studied Bach, Handel, Palestrina and Lassus with the idea of developing Russian church music.

The selections of Glinka song for this performance display the varied styles with which he composed. These songs include a romance with strong folk influences, a strong imitation of a "story" folk song, a sentimental romance of a European style (similar to Varlamov), and a "character" piece that is one of the earliest experiments in setting the Russian language in a more "speech-like" manner. The poets, in order of performance, are Kukol'nik, Rostopchinaya, Kukol'nik, again, and Zhukovsky.

**Zhavoronok [The Lark]**

Between heaven and earth a song resounds,  
In an unending stream, louder, louder, it pours out,  
Invisible is the singer of the field, where it sings so loudly,  
to its own mate, the ringing lark.

The wind carries the little singer, and to whom? – no one knows,  
To the one of whom she dreams, about whom she forgets.  
Pour out, my little singer, a song of sweet hope,  
Someone will remember me, and sigh furtively.

**Severnaya Zvezda [The Northern Star]**

A marvelous tower there stands with many balconies in it,  
But brightest out of all the balconies, there is only one.  
In it a bride lives, of all the sweet beauties,  
of all the shining stars, she is the Northern Star.

She was a little pensive, she grieved a little over her own engagement ring.  
She shed a tremendous tear, remembering about him, the one far away.

He left, the groom, in a unknown direction,  
And he will not return from there for some time still.  
He will return from there when it is spring,  
With the brilliant sun will rise the sun of joy!

**Somnenie [Doubt]**

Quiet down, passion's nervousness; go to sleep hopeless heart;  
I weep, I suffer, my soul is tired by separation;  
I suffer, I weep, sorrow is not quelled by tears.  
Vainly hope foretells happiness for me;  
I do not believe, I do not believe the insidious promises.  
Separation carries away love.

How sleep is relentless and threatening; I dream about a fortunate rival;  
And secretly, and maliciously, seething jealousy blazes,  
And secretly, and maliciously, my hand searches for a weapon.  
Vainly jealousy foretells betrayal for me;  
I do not believe, I do not believe the insidious slander.  
I am happy, once again you are mine.

The sad time will pass, we once again embrace each other;  
And passionately, and intensely the resurrected heart begins to beat,  
And passionately, and intensely by our lips are salted our mouths!

**Nochnoi Smotr [The Night Review]**

At twelve o'clock at night up from a coffin stands a drummer,  
And walks he back and forth, and he nimbly beats an alarm.  
And in the dark coffins, the drum wakes the powerful infantry:  
Up rise the fine young hunter lads, up rise the ancient grenadiers,  
They rise up from under the Russian snows, from out of the lush Italian fields,  
They rise up from out of the African steppes, and from out of the hot sands of Palestine.  
At twelve o'clock at night.

At twelve o'clock at night from out of a grave walks a bugler;  
And he bounds back and forth, and loudly blows an alarm.  
And in the dark coffins, the trumpet wakes the mighty cavalry:  
The gray Hussars rise up, rise up the great-moustached Huns,  
And down from the North they fly, out from the East and the West they race  
On light, ghostly horses come the squadrons, one after another.  
At twelve o'clock at night.

At twelve o'clock at night from a coffin rises a Field Commander;  
Over his uniform is a frock coat; he wears a small cap and a sword;  
Upon an old battle horse he slowly rides to the front;  
And the marshals ride behind him, and behind them ride the aides;  
And the army salutes. He [the commander] stands before it [the army];  
And accompanied by music, they pass by him, regiment after regiment.  
At twelve o'clock at night.

At twelve o'clock at night he gathers all of the marshals,  
And right near the ear, he whispers his password and slogan;  
And all the armies answer back that password and that slogan:  
And "France" is their password, their slogan is "Saint Helena."

At twelve o'clock at night, ascending from out of a dark coffin,  
the Old Soldier himself, the deceased Caesar presents himself!  
At twelve o'clock at night.

I n t e r

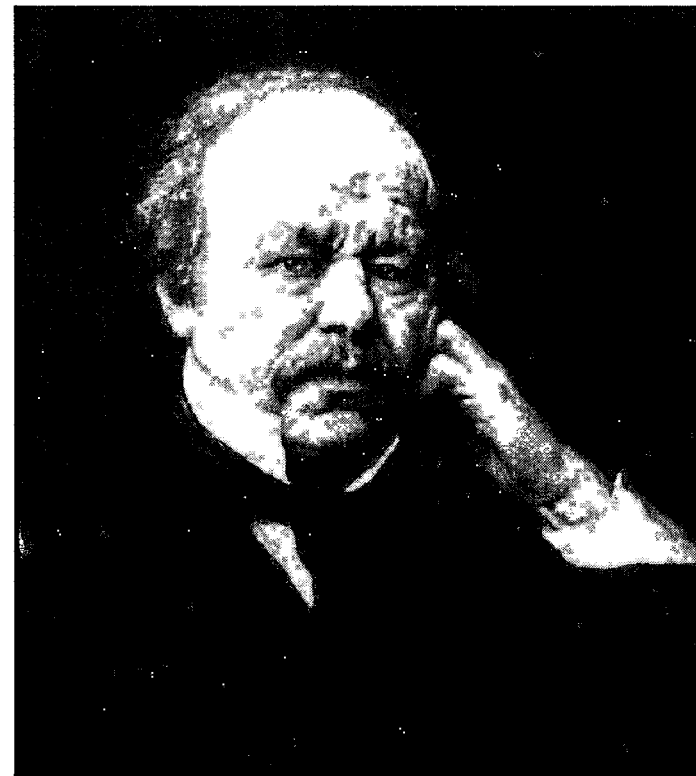
m i s s i o n

### Aleksandr Sergeevich Dargomyzhsky (1813-1869)

Aleksander Dargomyzhsky was an immediate contemporary of Mikhail Glinka, but did not enjoy the same popularity. Interestingly though, Dargomyzhsky's work toward a unique, "realistic" Russian idiom would far surpass Glinka's efforts, perhaps to the detriment of popularity. Dargomyzhsky took bold steps and great creative risks to set the Russian language not only rhythmically accurately, but, also, to compose melodic lines which more resembled the "melodies" of Russian speech. In his most experimental works, this created rather angular, declamatory vocal lines, that may have been considered difficult to sing, and perhaps, more difficult to which to listen. By today's standards, these works are not at all challenging, but in his time, they were ground breaking, and foundation building. Dargomyzhsky's experiments, especially his opera on Pushkin's Don Juan setting, *Kamennyi gost'* [The Stone Guest], would inspire the entire Russian "realist/modernist" movement of the latter half of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Amidst all of this boldness, though, Dargomyzhsky would also compose several sentimental romances and a quite popular "folk" opera of Pushkin's *Rusalka*.

Aleksandr Dargomyzhsky was born on his father's country property in Troitskoye (Tula district). In 1817 the family settled in St Petersburg. Dargomyzhsky's first piano teacher was his governess, but he soon took lessons from Adrian Danilevsky. Dargomyzhsky completed his practical studies with Franz Schöberlechner, a pupil of Hummel, and was much in demand as a pianist at society gatherings and charity concerts. Dargomyzhsky entered government service in autumn 1827. At this time, he regarded music as a leisure activity rather than a serious pursuit. He received no formal training in the theory of music. In 1833, he was introduced to Glinka, who lent him notebooks in which Glinka had worked exercises in thoroughbass and counterpoint. With Glinka, Dargomyzhsky played piano duets, organized concerts, and analyzed Beethoven's symphonies and Mendelssohn's overtures. He began to experiment in his songs with the imitation of folk music and the intonation of Russian speech and undertook a serious study of Russian folksong, the fruits of which were seen in the opera *Rusalka*. This was the great project of Dargomyzhsky's middle period and his most enduring work for the stage. Here the point for him was the highly charged, dramatic confrontations of the main characters. The most striking of these is the Miller's duet with the Prince in Act 3, which begins with a lengthy accompanied recitative set directly to Pushkin's original verses. In the late 1850s, Dargomyzhsky wrote a group of songs, including *Chervyak* [The Worm] and *Titulyarnyi sovetnik* [The Titular Councillor], which dealt with subjects drawn from everyday life. And in 1865, he embarked upon the culmination of his quest for truthful and accurate musical expression of emotions. He set Pushkin's *The Stone Guest* "just as it stands, without altering a single word" so that the underlying meaning, the "inner truth" of the text, should not be distorted. This "strange work", as Dargomyzhsky described it, attracted the attention of The Five. The composer was spurred on by the encouragement of these young composers, but, *The Stone Guest* was to be his swan song. Dargomyzhsky died in January 1869, leaving the opera in piano score and still incomplete. Cui wrote the Prelude and the end of the first scene, and Rimsky-Korsakov finished the orchestration by the end of 1870. Eventually, *The Stone Guest* was staged in February 1872. It met with a cool reception, and, unlike *Rusalka*, it has never been popular, even in Russia.

In Russia Dargomyzhsky's songs are acknowledged as an important contribution to the repertory. They range from expressive lyrical romances and 'composed folksongs' to vivid and powerful dramatic ballads and low-key but telling comic sketches. The selections in this recital present both Dargomyzhsky's lyrical romances and his more experimental works. The poets include Pushkin, Kol'tsov, Kurochkin, and Veinberg.



Aleksandr Sergeevich Dargomyzhsky (1813-1869)

Nochnoi Zefir [The Night Zephyr]

The night breeze mists the streams. Rushes, babbles, the Guadalquivir\*.

Look! The golden moon has risen. Quiet! Shh! The sound of a guitar.  
There! A young Spanish girl has leaned on the balcony!

The night breeze mists the streams. Rushes, babbles, the Guadalquivir.

Toss off your mantel, angel sweet, and reveal yourself, like a day in May!  
Through the iron rails, pass your wonderful leg!

The night breeze mists the streams. Rushes, babbles, the Guadalquivir.

\* *The Guadalquivir is the major river which passes through Seville.*

Ne Skazhu Nikomu [I Will Not Tell Anyone]

I will not tell anyone, why I, in spring,  
along the fields and meadows, do not pick the flowers;  
that spring is far away, those flowers have withered,  
out of which we had woven wreaths!  
And those days are no longer, that fly swiftly and straight,  
that had burned with our love, that were scorched by fire!  
I will not tell anyone, why upon me,  
heavily upon my breast, an evil melancholy has leaned...

Chervyak [The Worm]

I with all of my soul to my wife am bound; I have been successful in life ... and how!  
I am obliged to her for the friendship of the Count.

How easy could it be for the Count himself!

While, managing the affairs of the realm, he us drops by to visit, like relatives.  
Such happiness! Such an honor! After all I am a worm in comparison to him!  
In comparison to him, a personage such as that, his excellency himself!

If My wife, it happens, falls ill – Well he, the dear, is not himself.

With me *Preference*, he plays, but at night, he goes to visit the sick one!

He arrived once, in shining medals, just to wish me a blessed name day.

Such happiness! Such an honor! After all I am a worm in comparison to him!  
In comparison to him, a personage such as that, his excellency himself!

But how he is sweet, when he is in the spirit.

Well I had a bit too much wine one day;

Going around were rumors, that the Count and...my wife...

Count, I say, since I am gaining and working hard, I am obliged be blind!

Yes, I was blind and an honored at that! After all I am a worm in comparison to him!

In comparison to him, a personage such as that, his excellency himself!

Titulyarnyi Sovetnik [The Titular Councilor]

He was a Titular councilor\*, she – the General's daughter;

he modestly in love explained, she dismissed him away;

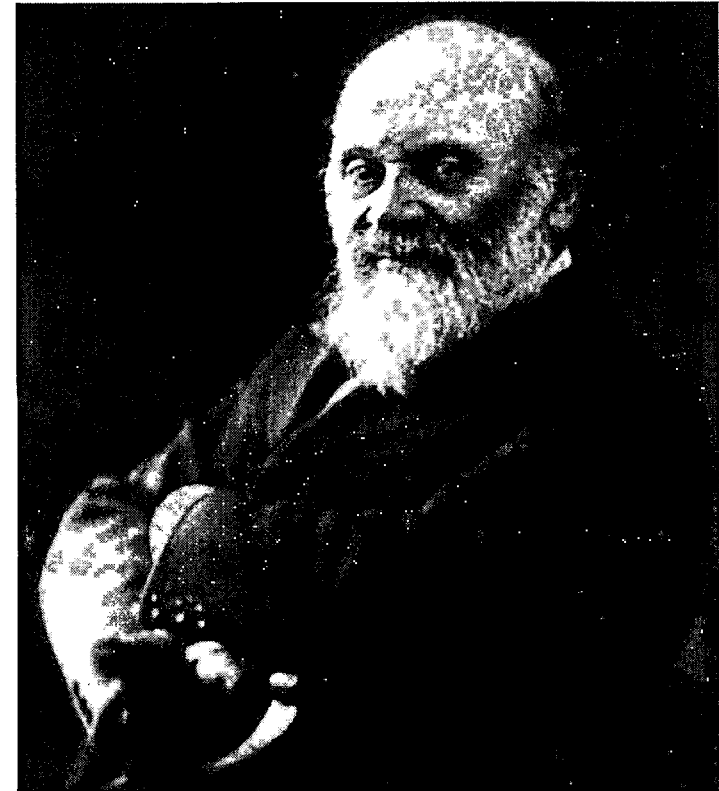
Set off the Titular councilor, he drank too much the whole night,  
and in the pickled fog pushed up before him the General's daughter.

\* *Titular councilor" was the lowest rank of civil servant in Tsarist Russia.*

### Mily Alekseyevich Balakirev (1837-1910)

Balakirev was the son of a minor government official. His musical education began with studying piano with his mother, and then proceeding to lessons in Moscow with Aleksandr Dubuque. At that time the leading musical figure and patron in Nizhnyi Novgorod was Aleksandr Ulybyshev, and he provided Balakirev with opportunities to play, read and listen to music, and to rehearse other musicians in orchestral and choral works. His first surviving compositions date from the age of 15. Balakirev's formal education began at the Gymnasium in Nizhnyi Novgorod and continued at the Aleksandrovsky Institute. In 1853 he became an unmatriculated student of mathematics at the University of Kazan'. Through Ulybyshev, Balakirev met Glinka in St Petersburg in the late autumn of 1855, and in 1856, he made the acquaintance of other important figures, including Cui, the Stasov brothers, Serov, Aleksey L'vov, Dargomyzhsky, and Prince Vladimir Odoyevsky. Balakirev's first published compositions appeared circa 1858/9. The deaths of Glinka and Ulybyshev deprived Balakirev of influential supporters, but in the meantime he was forming a circle of his own, which included Vladimir Stasov and the young composers much of whose early work he was to superintend. He met Musorgsky in 1858, Rimsky-Korsakov in 1861 and Borodin in 1862. The first half of the 1860s, saw a new political climate favorable to reform and innovation. Balakirev frequently made derogatory comments to make about German musical routine. Balakirev's piecemeal musical education made him an improbable candidate for the established institutions. So Balakirev involved himself with the opening the Free School of Music, providing musical education free of charge, with an emphasis on singing and in particular on choral singing to meet the demands of the Orthodox Church. Though the initial idea for the School was Balakirev's, an esteemed choirmaster, Gavriil Lomakin, was appointed director. While the director conducted the School's choral concerts, his assistant, Balakirev, directed the orchestral ones, and those programs favored music by Russian composers and, by Western composers of more experimental musical idioms, thereby forming a contrast with the more staid, 'classical' Russian Musical Society. On Lomakin's resignation Balakirev was appointed director in 1868 which he retained until 1874. In 1867 Balakirev conducted a concert, for which Stasov in his review coined the term *moguchaya kuchka* [mighty handful]. He was referring to the group of Russian composers, at that point known as the "Balakirev circle" made up of Balakirev, Musorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin and Cui. In 1867 Balakirev was also appointed conductor of the Russian Musical Society concerts in St Petersburg. This enabled him to present to the public even more of the music he admired. For these two seasons Balakirev was at the height of his career. He was recognized as Russia's leading conductor of the capital city's two principal series of orchestral concerts. His dismissal from the Russian Musical Society conductorship in 1869 was the result of Balakirev's determination to perform the modern and Russian music, rather than offer a range of repertory with broader appeal. The 1860s were a time of intense activity, as conductor, teacher and composer. Balakirev encouraged to completion the first symphonies of Rimsky-Korsakov and Borodin. He also conducted for the first time major works by Musorgsky. 1866 saw the publication of his *Sbornik russkikh narodnikh pesen* [Collection of Russian Folksongs]. In the early 1870s, Balakirev suffered a breakdown. He sought consolation in rigorous observance within the Orthodox Church and gradually withdrew from the world of music and his friends. He found clerical employment with a railway company, in 1872. Balakirev later made a progressive return to musical activity, but never with the intensity of former years.

Selected here are varied songs displaying the lyrical and the dramatic sides to Balakirev. As a devotee of both Glinka and Dargomyzhsky, and, yet, the inspirational tutor of the forward looking Mighty Handful, one finds strong elements of both approaches. Thus, Balakirev can arguably stand as a veritable "missing link" between tradition and modernism. The poets include Zhemchuzhnikov, Kul'chinsky, and Kol'tsov.



Mily Alekseyevich Balakirev (1837-1910)

**Pustynya** [The Desert]

Already for a long time, tired, I have walked, and in the sky the sun already is high,  
And there is nowhere to rest in the burnt steppe,  
And everything is the same into the distance.  
Silence and lethargy is enveloping, all about lies the tedious desert...  
If only a breeze would blow!  
Even by a flying shadow and a momentary cloud, one is not refreshed.

Ahead! Ahead! Beyond the bleak steppe – a green garden, I know awaits me!  
There I, in the fragrant and cool shade, will find shelter from the flaming day.  
There I will enjoy life, I will converse with lively nature,  
And rest, I will forever forget the melancholy of the path lying behind me.

**Dogoraet Rumyanyi Zakat** [Burns Out the Ruddy Sunset]

Burns out, the ruddy sunset, grow dim, the golden peaks...  
The quiet evening is enveloped by drowsiness, struck dumb are the forest and the valley...

Oh, forget, my heart, those days, those stormy days of inspiration,  
my poor heart, fall asleep! Don't return to the precious moments!

From out of a cloud appeared the moon, and lit up the fields with her brilliance...  
Oh! Why can she not heal the emotional wounds for me?

**Isstuplenie** [Frenzy]

Spirits of heaven, give to me the wings of a swift falcon!  
I, in the midnight quiet, I will fly into her embrace!  
With wildly passionate arms, around her neck, will I entwine myself,  
Into her black eyes I will gaze, I will deeply look!

Carefree to her full breast, like a bee to a flower, I will cling,  
In deep, rapturous passion, unwakeable, I will fall asleep.

**Pridi Ko Mne** [Come to me]

Come to me, when the breeze lazily sways the groves,  
When the meadow, the steppe, and the whole world will dress in a sleepy mantle.  
Come to me, when the moon ducks from cloud to cloud,  
And then, from the clear sky, it sumptuously gilds the waters.

Come to me, when love bring forth fervent ecstasies.  
When my young blood boils, stirs, plays.  
Come to me: for with you, doubly, I want to take pleasure in life,  
I want to press against your young breast with all my passion!

**Modest Petrovich Musorgsky (1836-1881)**

Historians, critics, mentors and even his closest colleagues and friends tended to convey images of Modest Musorgsky that suited their own needs (personal, artistic or political) more than they depicted his reality. The most prevalent representation is that of a drunken idiot-savant, unconsciously turning out masterpieces. Although he was not formally trained in German-European music theory and compositional technique, and, also, it seems, was plagued by psychological and emotional disturbances that drove him to heavy drinking which eventually killed him, Musorgsky was far from a technical idiot who's innovations and inspirations were just happenstance likened to the proverbial 1000 typing monkeys. From his very beginnings, Musorgsky was well familiar with the great European composers and carefully studied their compositions. He had a brilliant, quick and open mind that learned, understood, assimilated, utilized, modified and transformed every musical concept and technique given to him. He was most interested in pushing the boundaries of the music composition of his day and consciously broke rules of harmonic progression and voice leading, as well as disregarded established forms of and approaches to composition. The harmonic complexity of some of Musorgsky's music belies the image of a pianist who composes by fumbling through some chords until something "sounded good." As for compositional technique, Musorgsky studied compositions from Bach to Berlioz and even had a chance to hear a Wagner opera. He studied formal technique as well as folk song setting with Balakirev. He discussed conceptual directions of art and music with Stasov, he read Schopenhauer, and revered Dargomyzhsky's experiments of natural declamation in opera. Certainly Musorgsky made errors, but because of his radical compositional approach, each possible "error" must be carefully scrutinized so as not to accidentally "correct" Musorgsky's innovations.

Musorgsky was born March 21, 1839 (Julian calendar) in Karevo, (Pskov Oblast) to Pyotr Alekseevich and Yulia Ivanovna née Chirikova. The family was of land-owning gentry, though Modest's father, Pyotr, was born the illegitimate son of a gentry military officer and a serf. Pyotr's father, Aleksei, married the serf in order to legitimize Pyotr. Due to his grandmother's peasant status, Musorgsky intimately experienced both peasantry and aristocracy. Modest often talked of his affection for and bond with the "folk" of Russia. Musorgsky's earliest studies were with his mother who taught him piano, basic theory. He then attended the Peterschule in St. Petersburg, where he studied piano with Anton Herke. Since Musorgsky's mother was of the gentry, Modest could become a cadet. So between 1851 and 1856, he went to two cadet schools, and in 1856, Musorgsky was commissioned as an officer into the Preobrazhensky Regiment, a crack regiment founded by Pyotr Veliky (Peter the Great). Most of the officers were gentry, and the regiment enjoyed many privileges and social prominence. It was while a cadet, at a social gathering, that Musorgsky met Aleksandr Borodin, which then led to his meeting Balakirev and Stasov. For Musorgsky the philosophical and creative ideas of Stasov and the guided, but open approach to composition by Balakirev were extremely stimulating. For Stasov and Balakirev, Musorgsky provided the perfect raw talent to further their theories on composing the "new Russian music."

Of course, Musorgsky's greatest achievement during his "Kuchist" period was the monumental opera, *Boris Godunov*, but his revision of this great work opened his eyes to a truly new direction that synthesized stark realism with lyricism into a dramatic and deeply moving style, producing at once "truth" and "beauty." Though it caused stress in his relationship with the Mighty Handful, Musorgsky found a collaboration with the dilettante poet Count Arseny Golenishchev-Kutuzov as stimulating to his new direction. The two produced two song "cycles" – *Bez Solntsa* [Sunless] and *Pesni i Plyaski Smerti* [Songs and Dances of Death]. Each with both dramatic, declamatory pieces and haunting lyrical pieces. This recital presents *Bez Solntsa*, perhaps Musorgsky's most forward reaching work, that, at times, approaches a level of avant-garde that would not occur again for nearly two generations.



Musorgsky in 1874. Photograph presented to Rimsky-Korsakov.

**Bez Solntsa (1874) [Sunless]**

**V Chetyrekh Stenakh [Within Four Walls]**

A little cozy room, quiet and dear;  
An impenetrable shadow, an unfathomable shadow;  
A deep thought, a dreary song:  
In a beating heart, a life-long hope;  
A quick flight, moment upon moment;  
An unwavering gaze upon a distant happiness;  
So much doubt, so much patience;  
There she is, the night, mine, the lonely night.

**Menya ty v tolpe ne uznala [You did not recognize me in the crowd]**

You did not recognize me in the crowd;  
Your glance said nothing  
But it was strange and frightening to me  
When I caught it.

That was the one and only moment;  
But, believe me, I carried away in it  
All the past delights of love,  
All the bitterness of neglect and tears!

**Okonchen prazdnyi, shumnyi den' [Finished is the wasted, noisy day]**

Finished is the wasted, noisy day.  
Human life, having fallen silent, slumbers;  
All is quiet.  
A May night's shadow envelopes the sleeping city;  
But sleep flees from my eyes.  
And before the light of a new day,  
my imagination turns over the pages of years of mornings.  
As if breathing, once more, the poison of passionate,  
springtime, dreams;  
In my soul, I resurrect a series of hopes, impulses,  
mistakes...  
Alas, these are only ghosts,  
I am bored with this crowd of cadavers,  
And the noise of their ancient chatter already  
has no power over me.  
One shadow alone, out of all the shadows,  
appeared to me, breathing love;  
And the faithful friend of by-gone days, quietly  
leaned upon the head of my bed.  
And I boldly gave over, to her alone,  
All of my soul, in silent tears;  
Visible to no one, full of happiness,  
In tears long held by me!