

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Please note that late entry or reentry of the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

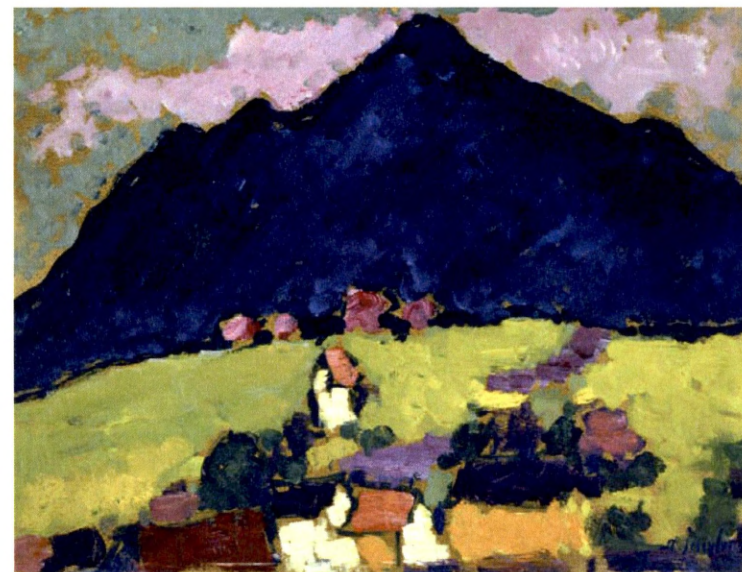
For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open for light refreshments until 6:00 pm on Sundays.

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

www.nga.gov

Concerts are made possible in part through the generosity of donors to the National Gallery of Art through The Circle. Reserved seating is available in recognition of their support. Please contact the development office at (202) 842-6450 or circle@nga.gov for more information.

COVER: Alexej von Jawlensky, *Murnau*, 1910,
National Gallery of Art, Washington, Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Colin



The Seventy-second Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
2,984th Concert

Irina Mozyleva, soprano
Magdalena Wór, mezzo-soprano
Vera Danchenko-Stern and Genadi Zagor, pianists

March 16, 2014
Sunday, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

Program

(Performed without intermission)

Anton Arensky (1861–1906)

From *Three Duets*, op. 29

Moments of Happiness

The Violettes

Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840–1894)

From *Six Duets*, op. 46

Tears

Passion Has Fled

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873–1943)

Suite for Piano Four Hands, op. 11

Barcarolle

Scherzo

Waltz

Romance

Glory

Valery Gavrilin (1939–1999)

Five Songs from *The Evening*

My Darling Diary

Margaret

Waltz

Bye-bye

My Darling Diary

Gavrilin

Sketches for Piano Four Hands

Riding the Troika

Imitation of Antiquity

The Little Clock

Waltz

Tarantella

March

The Musicians

IRINA MOZYLEVA

A graduate of Juilliard and the Curtis Institute of Music and a scholarship recipient at the Tanglewood Music Festival, soprano Irina Mozyleva performs frequently in New York City, where she has appeared at Alice Tully Hall, Merkin Concert Hall, the New York Public Library, Trinity Church, the United Nations, and Weill Recital Hall. Known for her interpretations of music by Shostakovich and other Russian composers, she has sung with ensembles from the Boston Philharmonic and New York Philharmonic orchestras as well as the Philadelphia Piano Trio. Her operatic engagements include Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* for the San Francisco Opera and Anna in the world premiere of the Philadelphia Opera Company's production of Christopher Drobny's *Kissing and Horrid Strife*.

MAGDALENA WÓR

First-place winner of the Heinz Rehfuss Vocal Competition, Metropolitan Opera Competition national finalist, and winner of the Mozart Society of Atlanta Competition, Polish-born mezzo-soprano Magdalena Wór has lived in the United States since 1991. Her training includes participation in the Chautauqua Music Institution's Marlena Malas Voice Program, Saint Louis Opera Theater's Gerdine Young Artist Program, San Francisco Opera's Merola Summer Opera Program, and Washington National Opera's Domingo-Cafritz Young Artist Program. Among the roles she has sung are Giovanna in *Rigoletto*, Grimgerge in *Die Walküre*, the herdsman in *Jenůfa*, the third maidservant in *Elektra*, the witch in *Hansel and Gretel*, and Zita in *Gianni Schicchi*. In recent seasons, she has appeared as Enrichetta in *I Puritani* with Washington Concert Opera and as the mezzo-soprano soloist for Mozart's *Solemn Vespers of the Confessor* with the Cathedral Choral Society.

VERA DANCHENKO-STERN

A graduate of Moscow's prestigious Gnessin Institute of Music, pianist Vera Danchenko-Stern has built a solid reputation as a solo performer, chamber musician, and collaborative pianist. Emigrating from her native Russia to Canada in 1979, she joined the faculty of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto. Since coming to the United States in 1990, she has been teaching the "Singing in Russian" class at the Peabody Institute of the Johns Hopkins University and the Catholic University of America. In addition to regular on-stage collaboration with her brother, violinist Victor Danchenko, Danchenko-Stern works with violinists Martin Beaver and Ilya Kaler, violist Ryvka Golani, sopranos Carmen Balthrop and Jennifer Casey-Cabot, mezzo-sopranos Audrey Babcock and Susana Poretsky, baritone Sergei Leiferkus, and bass Nikita Storojev.

Founder in 2005 of the Russian Chamber Art Society, which presents Russian vocal music rarely heard in America, Danchenko-Stern frequently serves as a jury member in international competitions. She conducts master classes at Michigan State and Princeton universities as well as the music conservatories of Moscow and Saint Petersburg and the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto.

GENADI ZAGOR

A native of Krasnodar, Russia, Genadi Zagor graduated from the Rimsky-Korsakov College of Music in Saint Petersburg and continued his studies at the Moscow State Conservatory. In 1991 he immigrated to Israel, where he became an assistant to pianist Alexander Tamir at Jerusalem's Rubin Academy of Music. In 2000, having moved to the United States, he studied piano at Indiana University and Michigan State University. A first-prize winner at the San Antonio International Piano Competition and the Di Angelo Young Artists Competition in Erie, Pennsylvania, he has performed in live National Public Radio broadcasts at the Irving Gilmore International Keyboard Festival and the Toradze Piano Studio Rachmaninoff Marathon. In 2011 he appeared at Strathmore Hall with the Post-Classical Ensemble in its Stravinsky Festival.

Program Notes

Although interest in Russian opera has increased over the past decade in the United States, Russian art songs, sometimes called romances, are virtually absent from concert halls on this side of the Atlantic. This repertoire is unique and prolific, joining music by the most famous Russian composers from the nineteenth century to the present with lyrics by the most beloved Russian poets. This highly expressive, lyrical, and passionate music offers a great variety of emotions, making it deeply appealing to a wide variety of audiences.

Russian composer, pianist, and conductor Anton Arensky was born in Novgorod to a family of amateur musicians that encouraged his precocious talent—by age nine, he had already composed a number of songs and piano pieces. In 1879 his family moved to Saint Petersburg, where he entered its famous conservatory of music, studying under Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844–1908). After graduating in 1882, Arensky was hired by the Moscow Conservatory, becoming the youngest member of its faculty. Among his students were Rachmaninoff, Scriabin, and Gretchaninov. From 1888 to 1895, Arensky conducted Moscow's Russian Choral Society, and from 1895 to 1901 the musicians of the Imperial Chapel in Saint Petersburg, after which he devoted the last years of his life to touring as a concert pianist and conductor. His prolific output includes art songs, ballet, and operas, as well as choral, orchestral, piano, and chamber music. His career cut short by tuberculosis and death at age forty-eight, Arensky was pretty much forgotten until the 1980s, when interest in his music revived and his works came into standard repertory.

Educated to be a civil servant, Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky pursued a musical career against the wishes of his family, graduating in 1866 from the Saint Petersburg Conservatory of Music and taking a position as harmony teacher at the Moscow Conservatory. Much better known for his symphonies, operas, and ballets than for his chamber music, Tchaikovsky nevertheless produced memorable pieces for solo voice. As he turned to works of Aleksandr Pushkin (1899–1937) for the stories for his operas *Eugene Onegin* and *Pique Dame*, he also selected the great Russian poet's verses for many of his songs.

Widely recognized as one of the last great representatives of the romantic era and one of the finest pianists of his day, Sergei Rachmaninoff composed important piano works that have become part of the classical canon. These include his first two piano concertos, the *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*, and the well-known *Prelude in C-sharp Minor*, which he was obliged to play as an encore-in-demand at almost every concert he played after he introduced it in 1892. Featuring a personal pianistic style modeled after the virtuoso technique and crystal-clear clarity of Anton Rubinstein (1829–1894), his recitals often included selections from his sonatas, *Twenty-four Preludes*, and *Etudes-Tableaux*. In 1940 he moved to Beverly Hills, but enjoyed only a brief period of happiness in California. He fell ill in 1942 and died the following year, just two weeks after having become an American citizen.

Well-known in the theaters and concert halls of Russia and often heard in Russian films and radio and television programs, the music of Valery Gavrilin is not yet famous outside his own country. Mixing classical and modern idioms, Gavrilin channels the music of his predecessors in a clear and serious manner, with an occasional touch of humor. *The Evening* is one of several song cycles he wrote for soprano or mezzo-soprano, using his own poetry and that of Anna Akhmatova (1889–1966), Ivan Bunin (1870–1953), Heinrich Heine (1797–1856), and Nina Shulgina (active 1960–1990).

Program notes by Vera Danchenko-Stern

Texts and Translations
An Evening of Russian Song
National Gallery of Art
March 16, 2014

МИНУТЫ СЧАСТЬЯ (1)

Слова Александра Апухтина

Не там отрадно счастье веет,
Где шум и царство суеты:
Там сердце скоро холодеет
И блекнут яркие мечты.

Но вечер тихий, образ нежный
И речи робкие в тиши
О всём, что будит ум мятежный
И струны спящие души,
О, вот они, минуты счастья,
Когда, как зорька в небесах,
Блеснет внезапно луч участия
В чужих внимательных очах,

Когда любви горячей слово
Растет на сердце как напев,
И с уст слететь готово,
И замирает, не слетев...

ФИАЛКА (2)

Слова Генриха Гейне

Ночная фиалка блестящего солнца
боится, боится палящих лучей,
стыдливо свою опустивши головку,
она ожидает светило ночей.

Но вечером, только что месяц
засветит, она, встрепенувшись,
поднявши головку, глядит,
как он тихо плывет из-за туч...

И вдруг, распутившись, сверкает и
дышит,
и льёт аромат, и вздыхает, дрожит...
Задумчиво смотрит на небо ночное,
и взор её светлый любовью горит.

MOMENTS OF HAPPINESS (1)

Happiness is not over there,
In the noisy kingdom of futility.
In this kingdom, only the heart calls.
Our dreams failed.

In the quiet evening, tenderness and timid
conversation,
Everything that can awaken the soul's
stirrings-
These moments of happiness shine,
As when the sun rises in the sky.
Unexpected, the light of happiness again
shines

In different but attentive eyes,
Words of love begotten in the heart,
Unlike songs on the mouth, are never
spoken.

VIOLET (2)

The night violet hides from the shining
sun.
In the burning light, the violet shyly bows
her head,
Waiting for the night's sun.
But in the evening, as soon as the moon
starts to shine,
The violet raises her head and watches
how the moonlight
Streams down from the shadows.
Suddenly she opens her petals, and
scented drops of dew
Sparkle like stars in the moonlight.
She breathes and hesitates, and looks up
thoughtfully to the night sky
That reflects back her love.

СЛЕЗЫ (3)

Слова Федора Тютчева

Слезы людские, о слезы людские,
Льетесь вы ранней и поздней порой...
Льетесь безвестные, льетесь незримые,
Неистошимые, неисчислимые, —
Льетесь, как льются струи дождевые
В осень глухую порою ночной.

МИНУЛА СТРАСТЬ (4)

Слова Алексея Толстого

Минула страсть, и пыл ее тревожный
Уже не мучит сердца моего,
Но разлюбить тебя мне невозможно,
Все, что не ты, - так суетно и ложно,
Все, что не ты, - бесцветно и мертво.

Без повода и права негодуя,
Уж не кипит бунтующая кровь,
Но с пошлой жизнью слиться не могу я,
Моя любовь, о друг, и не ревную,
Осталась та же прежняя любовь.

Минула страсть, и пыл ее тревожный
Уже не мучит сердца моего,
Но разлюбить тебя мне невозможно,
Все, что не ты, - так суетно и ложно,
Все, что не ты, - бесцветно и мертво.

АЛЬБОМЧИК (5)

Слова Альбины Шульгиной

Вечер, вечер, вечерок, голубые свечки.
Из альбомчика листок ветхий, да
вечный.
Ах, да, навсегда милый, милый, милый!
Ах, да, шли года, выцвели чернила!
Выцвели чернила...
Ах... Ах... Ах... Как жили, любили,
траля, ля, ляляля,
Цветы как дарили, траля, ляляляля...
Что? Да... навсегда милый, милый,
милый.
Что? Да... шли года, выцвели чернила!
Выцвели чернила...
Выцвели чернила...
Бим-бом-бом,
Откроем мы альбом.

TEARS (3)

Tears, human tears flow morning and
night.
Unknown, uncountable, and unseen
You flow like rain in the deep autumn
light.

PASSION HAD FLED (4)

Passion had fled...
Although its sensitive heat
Is not yet distant from my heart.
For me it is impossible not to love you.
Everything that is not you is boring and
false
Everything that is not you is colorless and
dead.
Without any pretext I say that
Already my rebellious blood has ceased to
boil.

With a trivial life
I cannot live, oh friend...
Just the same. I am jealous, my love.
For me it is impossible not to love you.
Everything that is not you is boring and
false

MY DARLING DIARY (5)

Lyrics by Albina Shulgina

A night, welcome night, blue candles
alight
A leaf from my diary, eternal if slight;
Forever I think you're my charmer, my
charmer.
Years faded the ink ...

How we'd love, how we'd live - and the
flowers we'd give;
What? Forever I think you're my charmer,
charmer.
Years faded the ink ...

Bom, bom, bum, bee -
Opening the diary.

МАРГАРИТА (6)
Слова Валерия Гаврилина

Однажды Маргарита сидела у окошка,
пряла пряжу.
Сидела Маргарита и песню напевала,
так нежно, так звонко,
И чудесно так свою песенку пела
Маргарита...
Тир-тирли, тир-тирли, люр..
Пела...Пела...

"Прялочка прядет, ниточка бежит,
прялочка поет, колесо кружится.
Мур-мур-мур - кот, зум-зум-зум - жук,
Кто-то у ворот нынче постучится?
Что ж он не идет?
Что ж не прибежит?
Что ж не прилетит?
Стану я красивой.
Приходи скорей, прибегай скорей,
прилетай скорей - стану я счастливой.

У-ти-тю-ти-тют, мур-мур-мур-му-лей,
Если любят - ждут, не грустят напрасно.
Мур-мур-мур-му-лей, зум-зум-зум-зу-лей,
У-ти-тю-ти-тют, - будет все прекрасно.
Он придет ко мне, прибежит ко мне,
прилетит ко мне.
Колесо кружится, ниточка бежит,
прялочка прядет, ниточка поет..."
Кто-то в дверь стучится...

MARGARET (6)
Lyrics by Valeri Gavrilin

Once Margaret sat by the window spinning
her yarn,
Spinning and singing and having so much
fun!
She was spinning and singing in a clear
dulcet tone,
'Twas a marvelous song, so she went on
and on.
Teer-teerly, teer-teerly, turely -.

"My distaff is spinning, my thread just a
thrill,
And the spindle goes singing while turning
the wheel.
As my tomcat is purring, a beetle's
buzzing in flight...
I wonder who is coming to my gate
tonight?
So why isn't he coming?
Why isn't he running?
Why isn't he flying to my gate to-night??
Pray come sooner, fly faster - make me
feel well,
For tonight, of all nights, I'm going to look
swell.

U-tee-tiu-tee-tiut, purr, purr, purr, lei...
Lovers anguish for a reason - so lovers
can wait.
My tomcat is purring - yes, it's going to
feel great
When my lover comes running, comes
flying apace...
The wheel's turning, thread's running,
distaff's singing songs of yore...
Ah, I hear someone knock on my door.

ВАЛЬС (7)

Слова Валерия Гаврилина

Ни да, ни нет, ни нет, ни да не
говорите, не говорите, тра-ля-ля.
За ваш привет дарю букет. Тра-ля...
И раз, и два, зачем считать?
Я не собьюсь, я не собьюсь...
Тра-ля-ля-ля...

И ни в кого, помимо вас, ни раз, ни два,
ни десять раз
Я не влюблюсь, я не влюблюсь.
Тра-ля-ля-ля...
Я не влюблюсь! Тра-ля...

Плывет по морю лодка,
А в лодочке я и ты. Хорошая
погодка...Тра-ля...
За нашей лодкой – ну, посмотрите ж,
Тра-ля-ля, тра-ля-ля, -
Не очень ходко, совсем не ходко плывет
селедка.
Да, да, селедка. Тра-ля.

Ни да, ни нет, ни нет, ни да не
говорите, не говорите, тра-ля-ля.
За ваш привет дарю букет. Тра-ля...

И раз, и два, зачем считать?
Я не собьюсь, я не собьюсь...
Тра-ля-ля-ля...
И ни в кого, помимо вас, ни раз, ни два,
ни десять раз
Я не влюблюсь, я не влюблюсь.
Тра-ля-ля-ля...
Я не влюблюсь! Тра-ля...

Плывет по морю лодка,
А в лодочке я и ты. Хорошая
погодка...Тра-ля...
За нашей лодкой – ну, посмотрите ж,
Тра-ля-ля, тра-ля-ля, -

WALTZ (7)

Lyrics by Valeri Gavrilin

Do not say vainly 'yes' or 'no' – do not
say!
My gift to reward your sweet 'hallo' is this
lovely nosegay.
I've given it once, and then once more –
But why bother at all to keep the score?
Tra-la-la...

Still, I won't mess the count, overcome
with élan:
Trust me, other than you I will love no
one.
Tra-la-la...

Dare me once, dare me twice, dare me
ten times or more –
I will love no one – so why keep the
score? Tra-la-la-la - No one but you
A fast-going boat far out at sea – we're
sailing in the boat.
The day is fine, it's you and me, we're
happily afloat.
Herring is chasing us in a shoal - amazing,
can't you see?
Not going fast, far from going fast,
Some playful herring – gee!

Do not say vainly 'yes' or 'no' – do not
say!
My gift to reward your sweet 'hallo' is this
lovely nosegay.
I've given it once, and then once more –
But why bother at all to keep the score?
Tra-la-la-la
Still, I won't mess the count, overcome
with élan
Trust me, other than you I will love no
one.
Tra-la-la-la...

Dare me once, dare me twice, dare me
ten times or more –
Still I'll love no one – so why keep the
score?
Tra-la-la-la...

ДО СВИДАНИЯ (8)**Слова Валерия Гаврилина**

Ах да, да, да, до свиданья...
 Ах да, да, да, до свиданья...
 Ах раз и два, до свиданья, милый друг.

Ах да, да, да, до свиданья...
 Ах да, да, да, до свиданья...
 Ах раз и два, до свиданья, а...

Нежный друг, до свиданья... до
 свиданья...
 До свиданья.. до свиданья...
 Ах, тра-ля-ля, ах, мой милый Августин,
 Все прошло, прошло, прошло...
 До свиданья...до свиданья...

АЛЬБОМЧИК (9)**Слова Альбины Шульгиной**

Вечер, вечер, вечерок голубые свечи.
 Из альбомчика листок ветхий, да
 вечный.
 Ах, да, навсегда милый, милый, милый!
 Ах, да, шли года, выцвели чернила!
 Выцвели чернила...
 Ах... Ах... Ах... Как жили, любили,
 траля, ля, ляляля,
 Цветы как дарили, траля, ляляляля...
 Что? Да... навсегда милый, милый,
 милый.
 Что? Да... шли года, выцвели чернила!
 Выцвели чернила...
 Выцвели чернила...
 Бим-бом-бом,
 Закроем мы альбом.

BYE-BYE (8)

Lyrics by Valeri Gavrilin

Oh yes, yes, yes, farewell and good bye

My gentle friend, farewell and good bye
 Farewell and good bye

Ah, la-la-la, my dear Augustine
 All is gone, all is gone, past and gone
 So farewell and good bye.

MY DARLING DIARY (9)

Lyric by Albina Shulgina

A night, welcome night, blue candles
 alight
 A leaf from my diary, eternal if slight
 Forever, I think, you're my charmer,
 charmer.
 Years faded the ink...
 How we'd love, how we'd live
 How flowers we'd give
 What? Forever I think you're my charmer,
 charmer.
 What? Years faded the ink – didn't make it
 dumber
 Years faded the ink...
 Bom, bom, bum, bee –
 Now shutting the diary.

Translations by Anatoly Rosenzweig
 Russian diction coach - Vera Danchenko-Stern