



London Philharmonic Orchestra

SHOSTAKOVICH
SYMPHONY NO. 6
SYMPHONY NO. 14

VLADIMIR JUROWSKI *conductor*
TATIANA MONOGAROVA *soprano*
SERGEI LEIFERKUS *baritone*
LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

SHOSTAKOVICH SYMPHONY NO. 6 | SYMPHONY NO. 14

Shostakovich's cycle of 15 symphonies includes some works that conform in outline to expectations of symphonic form, but others that make their point by confounding those expectations. The Sixth Symphony, composed in 1939 as a sequel to the conventionally shaped and career-saving Fifth, has regularly attracted criticism for its apparently unbalanced and unsymphonic structure. The Fourteenth, written 30 years later at a time of greater artistic freedom in the Soviet Union, is even less traditional in conception, a song-cycle for two voices and chamber orchestra on poems by several authors unified by the theme of death.

The Sixth Symphony is in three movements, beginning with the longest, a slow movement. This begins at high voltage with an even slower introduction, anticipating the two main thematic elements of the first subject proper – which begins at the point where the home key of B minor is established, over rocking triplets. These two ideas generate a whole complex of melodies, and build up to the movement's first climax. The second-subject group, beginning with a funeral march melody on the cor anglais, is similarly a complex of related ideas, reaching its own forceful culmination. Such an expansive opening seems to require a matching continuation: but the central development section consists simply of a linking bridge passage, in which the flute muses quietly on the funeral

march over string trills; and the recapitulation is severely truncated, little more than a coda eventually fading into silence.

The pattern of disappointed expectations is repeated when this serious opening movement is followed by two slighter and more light-hearted movements. The first of these is a scherzo, initially light-textured but becoming more strident, followed by a strongly accented trio section and a shortened and varied reprise of the scherzo, incorporating elements of the trio, but at a restrained dynamic level. The finale is a lightweight and balletic rondo, with a contrasting central episode in quick waltz time, initially heavy and ponderous but later with shrill and insistent repeated figures in the high treble. The coda is based on a transformed version of the heavy waltz, which brings the Symphony to a B major close in the manner of a riotous circus galop.

The incongruity of this conclusion has greatly exercised writers on Shostakovich, especially his Soviet contemporaries. But it can be explained by the context of the times and Shostakovich's tendency to covert subversion. The Symphony was written in the aftermath of the Stalinist Terror, and at the time of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, by which Fascist Germany was bewilderingly transformed overnight

from hated enemy to trusted ally. Soviet composers were officially exhorted at the time to lift the nation's flagging morale by concentrating on light music. So the closing two movements of the Sixth Symphony, and especially its finale, may be Shostakovich's ironic response to official demands for lightness, cheerfulness and optimism.

Shostakovich's Fourteenth Symphony, written in 1969, takes the form of a song-cycle for soprano and bass soloists, accompanied by an orchestra of 19 strings, celesta and percussion. The text is Shostakovich's own selection of poems written originally in Spanish, French and German, all in Russian translation, and one Russian poem. The composer later authorised a German singing translation, and a version in which the poems are sung in their original languages; but the Russian version is generally preferred (as here). The vocal lines are in general austere declamatory; the instrumental writing is correspondingly spare and influenced by Western European modernism, with several melodies containing all twelve notes of the octave, used not constructively according to serial technique, but to express emotions such as indifference or grief.

Although the Symphony represented a new departure for Shostakovich, it has several precedents in the music of composers he admired. The *Serenade* and *Nocturne*

of Benjamin Britten may have given him the idea of an orchestral song-cycle with words by several poets, as well as its foundation on a string orchestra. The scoring may have been suggested by Bartók's *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta*, or perhaps by Rodion Shchedrin's 1967 *Carmen Suite*, a ballet score which reworks music from Bizet's opera for strings and percussion (and which Shostakovich had defended against official censure). Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, which the composer sub-titled 'a symphony', provides a model for the use of two alternating soloists – though, unlike Mahler, Shostakovich does occasionally bring his singers together in dialogue or duet.

But the immediate impetus for the Symphony came from Mussorgsky's *Songs and Dances of Death*, which Shostakovich had orchestrated in 1962. Indeed, Shostakovich said in an interview that, because the Mussorgsky cycle was so brief, he had conceived his Symphony as a 'continuation' of it. As this suggests, the subject of the Symphony – and it was one that preoccupied Shostakovich during his long, painful final illness – is death. To this he coupled, quoting the Soviet 'social realist' writer Nikolas Ostrovsky, the idea of life as 'man's dearest possession', to be lived to the full 'so as to feel no torturing regrets for wasted years'.

The core of the work is a series of settings of poems by Guillaume Apollinaire: a translation of Clemens Brentano's ballad about the *femme fatale* Lorelei (set with the two voices sharing narration and enacting dialogue); a suicide's song from beyond the grave (with a mourning solo cello); a pair of poems sharing the title 'Les attentives' or 'The watchful ones', the first with a military background, the second a vignette of society (set as a dialogue); a poem sung in prison, a location associated in the Soviet Union with untimely death; and a paraphrase of the recklessly defiant letter sent by a group of Ukrainian Cossacks in response to an ultimatum from the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, an episode of 17th-century Russian history immortalised in a painting by Ilya Repin – no 'torturing regrets' here!

The Apollinaire sequence is prefaced by settings of two poems by Lorca: a dark elegy (introduced by a violin line paraphrasing the *Dies irae* funeral chant) and 'Malagueña', a dance of death (recalling the 'Trepak' in Mussorgsky's cycle). Symmetrically, the Symphony ends with settings of two poems by Rilke: a deathbed scene (in which the *Dies irae* motif recurs) and a short 'Epilogue' (sung by both voices). Before the Rilke poems comes the only Russian poem in the work (set without recourse to twelve-note melodies). This is an assertion of the immortality an artist

may achieve through his work, addressed by Pushkin's contemporary and friend Wilhelm Küchelbecker to his fellow-poet Anton Delvig. Shostakovich's 'Delvig' was Benjamin Britten, who was the contemporary he most admired, and to whom the Fourteenth Symphony is dedicated.

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SHOSTAKOVICH SYMPHONY NO. 14

04 1 De Profundis

Federico García Lorca (1898–1936)

Sto goryacho vlyublyonnykh
Snom vekovym usnuli
Gluboko pod sukhoy zemlyoyu.
Krasnym peskom pokryty
Dorogi Andaluzii.
Vetvi oliv zelyonykh
Kordovu zaslonili.
Zdes im kresty postavyat
Shtob ikh ne zabyli lyudi.
Sto goryacho vlyubyonnykh
Snom vekovym usnuli.

A hundred fervent lovers
fell into eternal sleep
deep beneath the dry soil.
Red sands cover
the roads of Andalusia.
The green boughs of olive trees
spread over Cordova.
Here crosses will be erected
so that the people will not forget them.
A hundred fervent lovers
fell into eternal sleep.

05 2 Malagueña

Federico García Lorca

Smert voshla i ushla iz taverny.
Chyornyye koni i tyomnyye dushi
V ushchelyakh gitary brodat.
Zapakhli solu i zharkoy krovyu
Stosvetya zybi nervnoy.
A smert vsyo vykhodit i vikhodit
I vsyo ne uidyot iz taverny.

Death stalks in and out of the tavern.
Black horses and dark souls
wander in the chasm of the guitar.
The smell of salt and hot blood
permeates the florets of the nervous sea.
Death keeps stalking in and out
and will not leave the tavern.

K belokuroy koldunye iz prireinskovo kraya
Shli muzhchiny tolпой, ot lyubvi umiraya.
I velel yeyo vyzvat yepiskop na sud,
Vyso v dushe yei proshchaya za yeyo krasotu.
'O, skazhi, Loreleya, chyi glaza tak prekrasny,
Kto tebya nauchil etim charam opasnym?'
'Zhizn mne v tyagost, yepiskop, i proklyat moy vzor.
Kto vzglyanul na menya, svoy prochol prigovor.
O, yepiskop, v glazakh moikh plamya pozhara,
Tak predaite ognyu eti strashnyye chary!'
'Loreleya, pozhar tvoy vsesilen: ved ya
Sam toboy okoldovan i tebe ne sudya.'
'Zamolchite, yepiskop! Pomolites i verte:
Eto volya Gospodnya – predat menya smerti.
Moy lyubimyi uyekhal, on v dalyokoy strane,
Vsyo teper mne ne milo, vsyo teper ne po mne.
Sertse tak isstradalos, shto dolzhna umeret ya.
Dashe vid moy vnushayet mne mysli o smerti.
Moy lyubimyi uyekhal, i s etovo dnya
Set mene belyi ne mil, noch v dushe u menya.'
I tryokh rytsarei kliknul yepiskop: 'Skoreye
Uvedite v glukhoy monastyr Loreleyu.
Proch, bezumnaya Lor, volookaya Lor!
Ty monakhiney staneshi, i pomerknut tvoy vzor!'
Troye rytsarei s devoy idut po doroge.

To the blonde sorceress from the Rhine country
came lovesick men in droves.
And the Bishop summoned her,
forgiving her everything in the face of her beauty:
'O say, Lorelei, whose eyes are so beautiful,
who taught you this wicked sorcery?'
'Life is burdensome to me, Bishop, and my eye is accursed.
Whoever looks at me is condemned.
O, Bishop, my eyes are full of flame,
let then my sorcery be set afire.'
'Lorelei, your fire is so powerful, even I myself am bewitched
and cannot be your judge.'
'Be silent, Bishop! Pray and know:
God wills my execution.
My beloved has gone, he is in a distant country.
Nothing pleases me, nothing is worthwhile.
My heart is so sick, I must die.
Even my own appearance makes me think of death.
My beloved has gone, and from that day on
nothing pleases me, darkness fills my heart.'
The Bishop orders three knights: 'Quickly
take Lorelei to a distant convent.
Begone, mad Lor, doe-eyed Lor!
You will become a nun and your eyes will be dimmed!'
The three knights lead the maiden down the road.

Govorit ona strazhnikam khmuryim i storgim:
 'Na skale toy vysokoy daite mne postoyat,
 Shtob uvidet moy zamok mogla ya opyat,
 Shtob svoyo otrazhenye ya uvidela snova
 Pered tem kak voiti v monastyr vash suroyvi.'
 Veter volosy sputal, i gorit eyo vzglyad,
 Tshchetno strazha krichit yei: 'Loreleya, nazad!'.
 'Na izluchinu Reina ladya vyplyvayet,
 V nei sidit moy lyubimyi, on menya prizyvayet.
 Tak legko na dushe, tak prozrachna volna ...'
 I s vysolkoy skaly v Rein upala ona,
 Uvidav otrazhonnyye v gladi potoka
 Svoy reinskiye ochni, svoi sohnechnyi lokon.

She pleads with her grave and stern escorts:
 'Let me stand upon that rock
 to look upon my castle once more.
 Let me see my reflection in the Rhine
 before I enter the forbidding convent.'
 Her tresses are blown, her eyes are afire,
 in vain the escorts call: 'Lorelei, get back!'.
 'Around the bend of the Rhine comes a boat,
 therein sits my beloved, he calls me.
 My heart is so light, the wave is so clear ...'
 Off the rock and into the Rhine falls Lorelei,
 seeing in the smooth flow of the river
 the reflection of her eyes and her sunlit curls.

07 4 The Suicide *Guillaume Apollinaire*

Tri lilii, tri lilii, lilii tri na mogile moyei bez kresta.
 Tri lilii, chyu pozolotu kholodnyye vetry sduvayut,
 I chornoye nebo, prolivshis dozhdyom, ikh poroy omyvayet,
 I slovno u skipetrov groznykh, torzhestvenna ikh krasota.
 Rastoyot iz rany odna, i kak tolko zakat zaplyayet,
 Okrovavlennoy kazhetsya skorbnaya liliya ta.
 Tri lilii, tri lilii, lilii tri na mogile moyei bez kresta.
 Tri lilii, chyu pozolotu kholodnyye vetry sduvayut.
 Drugaya iz sertsya rastyot moyevo, shto tak silno stradayet
 Na lozhe chervivom; a tretya kornyami mne rot razryvayet.

Three lilies, three lilies, three lilies, on my unmarked grave.
 Three lilies, the icy winds blow off their guilt,
 and the black sky spills rain over them at times,
 their beauty is as sombre as regal sceptres.
 One grows from my wound, and at sunset
 this mournful lily seems bloodstained.
 Three lilies, three lilies, three lilies, on my unmarked grave.
 Three lilies, the icy winds blow off their guilt.
 The other grows from my heart which suffers so
 upon a verminous bed; the third one's roots lacerate my mouth.

Oni na mogile moyei odinoko rastut, i pusta
Vokrug nikh zemlya, i, kak zhizn, moya, roklyata ikh krasota.

Tri lilii, tri lilii, lilii tri na mogile moyei bez kresta.

Lonely they grow on my grave, and barren
around them lies the earth, and like my life their beauty is
accursed.

Three lilies, three lilies, three lilies on my unmarked grave.

08 5 On Watch

Guillaume Apollinaire

V transheye on umryot do nastuplenya nochi,
Moy malenkii soldat, chey utomlyonnyi vzglyad
Iz-za ukritiya sledil vse dni podrayad
Za Slavoy, shoto vzletet uzhe ne khochet.
Sevodnya on umryot do nastuplenya nochi,
Moy mlenkii soldat, lybovnik moy i brat.
I vot poetomu khochu ya stat krasivoy.
Pust yarkim fakelom grud u menya gorit,
Pust opalit moy vzglyad zasnezhennyye nivы,
Pust poyasom mogil moy budet stan obvit.
V krovosmeshenii i v smerti stat krasivoy
Khochu ya dlya tovo, kto dolzhen byt ubit.
Zakat korovoyu revyot, pylayut rozy,
I siney ptitseyu moy zacharovannyy vzglyad.
To probil chas lyubvi i chas likhoradki groznoy,
To probil Smerti chas, i nyet puti nazad.
Sevodnya on umryot, kak umirayut rozy
Moy malenkii soldat, lyubovnik moy i brat.

In the trenches he will die before nightfall,
my little soldier, whose weary eye
from out the shelter kept watch day after day
for Glory, which had lost desire to soar.
This day he will die before nightfall,
my little soldier, my lover and my brother.
And this is why I want to become beautiful.
Let my breast burn as a bright torch,
let my glance scorch the snow-covered fields,
let my waist be encircled by a belt of graves.
In incest and in death I want to become beautiful for the
one who is to be killed.
The sunset bellows like a cow, the roses are ablaze,
my gaze is enchanted by the bluebird.
The terrible hour of Love struck, the hour of terrible fever,
the hour of Death struck, and there is no way back.
Today he will die, as roses die,
my little soldier, my lover and my brother.

09 6 Madam, look! *Guillaume Apollinaire*

‘Madam, posmotrite!
Poteryali vy shto-to.’
‘Akh, pustyaki! Eto serdtse moyo.
Skoreye evo podberite.
Zakhochu – otdam. Zakhochu –
Zaberu evo snova, poverte.
I ya khokhochu, khokhochu
Nad lyubovyu, shto skoshene smertyu.’

‘Madam, look!
You have lost something.’
‘Ah, just a trifle! It is only my heart.
Pick it up quickly.
I may return it. I may
take it back again, believe me.
And I laugh, laugh
at the love which is cut off by death.’

10 7 In Prison *Guillaume Apollinaire*

Meny razdeli dogola,
Kogda vveli v turmu;
Sudboy srazhon iz-za ugla,
Nizvergnut ya vo tmu.
Proschchai, veryolyi, khorovod,
Proshchai, devichii smekh.
Zdes nado mnoy mogilnyi svod,
Zdes umer ya dlya vsekh.
Nyet, ya ne tot,
Sovsem ne tot, shto prezhdde:
Teper ya arestant, I vot konets nadezhde.
V kakoy-to yame, kak medved,
Khozhu vperyod-nazad.
A nebo ... luchshe ne smotret –

They stripped me bare
when they brought me to prison.
Struck by Fate from around the corner
I am thrust down into darkness.
Farewell, gay circle,
farewell, young girl’s laughter.
The tomb’s dome is above me here,
here I am dead to everyone.
No, I am not the same,
not at all the same as before:
I am a prisoner now. Hope ended here.
Like a bear in a pit
I pace back and forth.
And the sky ... it’s better not to look,

Ya nebu zdes ne rad.
V kakoy-to yame, kak medved, Khozhu vperyod-nazad.
Za shto ty pechal mnye etu prinyos?
Skazhi, Vesemogushchii Bozhe.
O szhalsya, szhalsya ! V glazakh moikh netu slyoz,
Na masku litso pokhozhe.
Ty vidish, skolko neschastnykh serdets
Pod svodom turemnym byotsya!
Sorvi zhe s menya ternovyi venets,
Ne to on mnye mozg vopyotsya.
Den konchilsya. Lampa nad golovyu
Gorit, okruzhonnaya tmoy.
Vsyo tikho. Nas v kamere
Tolko dvoye: ya i rassudok moy.

it brings me no joy.
Like a bear in a pit
I pace back and forth.
Why have you brought me this sadness?
Tell me, Almighty.
Have pity! Have pity! My eyes have no tears,
my face is like a mask.
You see how many sick hearts
beat in this vaulted prison.
Take the crown of thorns from my head
lest it pierce my brain.
The day is ended. The lamp above my head
burns surrounded by darkness.
All is quiet. There are only two of us
in the cell: I and my mind.

11 8 The Zaporozhian Cossacks' Reply to the Sultan of Constantinople

Guillaume Apollinaire

Ty prestupney Varavvy
v sto raz.
S Velsevulom zhivya po sosedstvu,
V samykh merzkikh grekhakh ty pogryas,
Nechistotami vskormlennyi s detstva.
Znay: svoy shabash ty spravish bez nas.
Rak protukhshii, Salonik otbrosty,
Skvernyi son, shoto nelzya rasskazat,
Okriveveshiy, gniloy i beznosyi.

Thou art a hundred times more
wicked than Barabbas.
Living next to Beelzebub,
thou art steeped in the most sinful mire,
fed on filth since childhood.
Know: thy sabbath thou wilt celebrate without us.
Rotten cancer, Salonica's refuse,
horrid nightmare that cannot be told,
cock-eyed, rotten and noseless,

Ty rodilsya, kogda tvoya mat
Izivalas v korchakh ponosa.
Zloy palach Podolya, vzglyani:
Ves ty v ranakh, yazvakh i strupyakh.
Zad kobyly, tylo svinyi,
Pust tebe vse snadoby skupyet
Shtob lechil ty bol'yachki svoi.

thou wert born when thy mother
writhed in spasms of filth.
Mad butcher of Padolie, look:
thou art covered with wounds, cankers and scabs.
Rump of a horse, snout of a pig,
let all the medicinals be brought
for thee to cure thy ills.

12

9 O Delvig, Delvig!

Wilhelm Küchelbecker (1797–1846)

O Delvig, Delvig! Shto nagrada
U del vysokikh i stikhov?
Talantu shto i gde otrada
Sredi zlodeyev i gluptsov?
V ruke surovoy Yuvenala
Zlodeyam groznyi bich svistit
I krasku gonit s ikh lanit.
I vlast tiranov zadrozhalo.
O Delvig, Delvig, shto gonenya?
Bessmertije ravno udel
I smelykh vdokhnovennykh del
I sladostnovo pesnopenya!
Tak ne umryot i nash sozuz
Svobodnyi, radostnyi i gordyi!
I v schastye i v neschastye tvyordyi,
Soyuz lyubimstev vechnykh muz!

O Delvig, Delvig! What reward
for lofty deeds and poetry?
For talent what comfort
among villains and fools?
In the stern hand of Juvenal
for the knaves a menacing whip whistles
and drains the colour from their faces.
And the powerful tyrants tremble.
O Delvig, Delvig! What persecution?
Immortality is equally the lot
of bold, inspired deeds
and sweet songs!
Thus will not die our bond,
free, joyful and proud!
In happiness and in sorrow it stands firm,
the union of those who love the eternal Muses.

13 10 The Death of a Poet *Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)*

Poet byl myortv. Litso evo, khranya
Vsyo tu zhe blednost, shto-to otvergalo.
Ono kogda-to vsyo o mire snalo,
No eto znanye ugasalo
I vozvrashchalos v ravnodushye dnya.
Gde im ponyat, kak dolog etot put?
O! mir i on – vsyo bylo tak yedino:
Ozyora i ushchelya, i ravnina
Evo litsa i sostavlyali sut.
Litso evo i bylo tem prostorom,
Shto tyanetsya k nemu i tschchetno Inyot,
A eta maska robkaya umryot,
Otkryto predostavlennaya vzoram,
Na tlenye obrechonnyi, nezhnii plod.

The poet lay still. His face, propped
on the heaped pillows, was pale and negative,
now that the world and this knowledge of it,
wrenched from his senses,
had fallen back to the indifferent year.
Those who had seen him thus in life
could not know how much at one with it he was;
for all this – these depths, these meadows
and these waters – was his face.
O his face was this whole expanse
that now still yearns and vies for him;
and his mask, now timidly passing away,
is tender and open like the inside of a fruit
decaying in the air.

14 11 Epilogue *Rainer Maria Rilke*

Vsevlastna smert.
Ona na strazhe
I v schastya chas.
V mire vysshey zhizni ona v
nas strazhdet,
Zhivyyot i zhashdet I plachet v nas.

Death is all-powerful.
She is on watch
in the hour of happiness.
In the moment of supreme life she
watches for us,
waits and thirsts and weeps for us.

VLADIMIR JUROWSKI *conductor*

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One of today's most sought-after conductors, acclaimed worldwide for his incisive musicianship and adventurous artistic commitment, Vladimir Jurowski was born in Moscow in 1972 and studied at the Music Academies of Dresden and Berlin. In 1995 he made his international debut at the

Wexford Festival conducting Rimsky-Korsakov's *May Night*, and the same year saw his debut at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, with *Nabucco*.

Vladimir Jurowski was appointed Principal Guest Conductor of the London Philharmonic Orchestra in 2003, becoming the Orchestra's Principal Conductor in September 2007. He also holds the titles of Principal Artist of the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment and Artistic Director of the Russian State Academic Symphony Orchestra. He has previously held the positions of First Kapellmeister of the Komische Oper Berlin (1997–2001), Principal Guest Conductor of the Teatro Comunale di Bologna (2000–03), Principal Guest Conductor of the Russian National Orchestra (2005–09), and Music Director of Glyndebourne Festival Opera (2001–13).

Vladimir Jurowski is a regular guest with many leading orchestras in both Europe and North America, including the Berlin, Vienna and St Petersburg Philharmonic orchestras; the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra; The Philadelphia Orchestra; the Boston, San Francisco, Chicago and Bavarian Radio symphony orchestras; and the Tonhalle-Orchester Zürich, Leipzig Gewandhausorchester, Mahler Chamber Orchestra, Staatskapelle Dresden and Chamber Orchestra of Europe.

His opera engagements have included *Rigoletto*, *Jenůfa*, *The Queen of Spades*, *Hansel and Gretel* and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* at the Metropolitan Opera, New York; *Parsifal* and *Wozzeck* at Welsh National Opera; *War and Peace* at the Opéra national de Paris; *Eugene Onegin* at the Teatro alla Scala, Milan; *Ruslan and Ludmila* at the Bolshoi Theatre; *Iolanta* and *Der Teufel von Loudon* at the Dresden Semperoper; and numerous operas at Glyndebourne including *Otello*, *Macbeth*, *Falstaff*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, *Don Giovanni*, *The Cunning Little Vixen*, Peter Eötvös's *Love and Other Demons*, and *Ariadne auf Naxos*.

TATIANA MONOGAROVA *soprano*

Tatiana Monogarova was born in Moscow. She studied at the Russian Academy of Arts, and was part of the Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko Music Theatre ensemble. In 2002 she made her debut at Glyndebourne Festival Opera, where she sang Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni* and returned as Desdemona in *Otello*.

Career highlights include the title role in *Iolanta* at the Teatr Wielki in Warsaw and Lisa in *The Queen of Spades* at Opernhaus Zürich, as well as appearances at the Bavarian State Opera, Hamburg State Opera, Semperoper Dresden, Vienna State Opera, Théâtre de la Monnaie, Teatro Real Madrid, Welsh National Opera and Houston Grand Opera. In 2008 she embarked on a European tour as Tatiana in *Eugene Onegin* in a production by Dmitri Tcherniakov.

On the concert stage she has sung with the London Philharmonic, Philadelphia, Bavarian Radio Symphony, Hong Kong Philharmonic and Atlanta Symphony orchestras, and appeared at the BBC Proms. She lives in Moscow and appears regularly as a guest artist at the Bolshoi Theatre.

SERGEI LEIFERKUS *baritone*

Sergei Leiferkus was born in St Petersburg and graduated from the local conservatoire. His debut with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Kurt Masur in 1980 launched his international career.

Leiferkus appears at opera houses worldwide including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; the Vienna State Opera; the Opéra Bastille, Paris; La Scala, Milan; the Metropolitan Opera, New York; Teatro Colón, Buenos Aires; and at the Edinburgh, Bregenz, Salzburg and Glyndebourne festivals.

In concert he has joined, among others, the London, Boston and Montreal symphony orchestras and the New York Philharmonic under conductors including Claudio Abbado, Bernard Haitink, Zubin Mehta, Riccardo Muti, Seiji Ozawa, Vladimir Jurowski and Sir Georg Solti. Leiferkus's repertoire includes almost 50 roles including Mazeppa, Alberich, Nabucco, Macbeth, Don Giovanni and Telramund.

Leiferkus's recordings of Mussorgsky songs have received a Grammy nomination, the Cannes Classical Award and the Diapason d'Or Prize.

Sergei Leiferkus also gives masterclasses and teaches in Berlin, Toronto, Moscow and Boston, and at the renowned Britten-Pears School, Aldeburgh.

LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

The London Philharmonic Orchestra is known as one of the world's great orchestras with a reputation secured by its performances in the concert hall and opera house, its many award-winning recordings, its trail-blazing international tours and its pioneering education work. Distinguished conductors who have held positions with the Orchestra since its foundation in 1932 by Sir Thomas Beecham include Sir Adrian Boult, Sir John Pritchard, Bernard Haitink, Sir Georg Solti, Klaus Tennstedt, Franz Welser-Möst and Kurt Masur. Vladimir Jurowski was appointed the Orchestra's Principal Guest Conductor in March 2003 and became Principal Conductor in September 2007. The London Philharmonic Orchestra has been Resident Symphony Orchestra at Southbank Centre's Royal Festival Hall since 1992 and there it presents its main series of concerts between September and May each year. In summer, the

Orchestra moves to Sussex where it has been Resident at Glyndebourne Festival Opera for 50 years. The Orchestra also performs at venues around the UK and has made numerous tours to America, Europe and Japan, and visited India, Hong Kong, China, South Korea, Australia, South Africa and Abu Dhabi.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra made its first recordings on 10 October 1932, just three days after its first public performance. It has recorded and broadcast regularly ever since, and in 2005 established its own record label. These recordings are taken mainly from live concerts given by conductors including LPO Principal Conductors from Beecham and Boult, through Haitink, Solti and Tennstedt, to Masur and Jurowski.

lpo.org.uk



DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH (1906–75)

29:41 Symphony No. 6, Op. 54

- 01 17:04 Largo
- 02 5:50 Allegro
- 03 6:47 Presto

47:34 Symphony No. 14, Op. 135

- 04 04:44 De Profundis
- 05 02:40 Malagueña –
- 06 07:35 Lorelei –
- 07 06:48 The Suicide
- 08 02:50 On Watch –
- 09 02:02 Madam, look! –
- 10 08:59 In Prison
- 11 01:57 The Zaporozhian Cossacks' Reply to the Sultan of Constantinople –
- 12 03:55 Oh Delvig, Delvig!
- 13 04:44 The Death of a Poet –
- 14 01:20 Epilogue

VLADIMIR JUROWSKI *conductor*

TATIANA MONOGAROVA *soprano*

SERGEI LEIFERKUS *baritone*

LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Pieter Schoeman *leader (Symphony No. 6)*

Boris Garlitsky *leader (Symphony No. 14)*

Recorded live at **SOUTHBANK CENTRE'S ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL** *(Symphony No. 6) and* **QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL**
(Symphony No. 14), London