



LIPARIT AVETISYAN

CONSTANTINE ORBELIAN

KAUNAS CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

BELOVED ARIAS

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Written in only six weeks, the comic opera *L'elisir d'amore* has remained one of Gaetano Donizetti's most popular operas ever since its 1832 premiere in Milan. It tells of the young peasant Nemorino and his love for Adina, a beautiful and wealthy landowner. After overhearing Adina reading to her workers about the magic love potion of the ancient Tristan and Isolde legend, he naively concludes that such a potion is his only solution. The charlatan Dulcamara then appears and sells Nemorino a flask of cheap wine, claiming that his "potion" will win Adina's love. In Act II, he observes Adina in tears after he has surreptitiously given her the alleged potion. Believing that he has finally conquered Adina's heart, he gives voice to his rising passion in the lovely and beautifully crafted aria "Una furtiva lagrima:" a staple of any bel canto tenor's repertoire.

Donizetti's tragic opera *Lucia di Lammermoor* was first performed in Naples in 1835. It recounts the tale of Lucia, sister to the Lord of Lammermoor and her star-crossed love for Edgardo, the last surviving member of the Ravenwood family: the Lammermoors' enemies for generations. In the opera's third and final act, Edgardo sings "Tombe degli avi miei," the recitative preceding the actual aria, "Fra poco a me ricovero." He is in utter despair at the

thought of Lucia's marriage to his arch-rival Arturo and his planned suicide amid the tombs of his ancestors. Unaware that Lucia has in fact gone mad and died, he implores her *in absentia* not to visit his tomb with her new husband. He then learns of Lucia's death, but is consoled by his resolve to join her in heaven. After her funeral procession passes, Edgardo stabs himself and dies.

Giuseppe Verdi's *La traviata* was first staged in 1853 in Venice. Early in Act I, the young Alfredo Germont meets the famous courtesan Violetta for the first time at a lavish party at her Paris salon, where she is suddenly taken ill and retires to an adjacent room. There, Alfredo passionately declares his love for her. As Act II opens, Violetta has rejected her lavish Parisian lifestyle to live with Alfredo for three months in her country home. Alfredo appears and gives voice to his joy in the aria "Lunge da lei – De' miei bollenti spiriti" before learning that Violetta has sold off all her valuable belongings to support them. Alfredo then rushes back to Paris to raise money. Meanwhile, Alfredo's father Germont has convinced Violetta to reluctantly renounce her love for Alfredo for the good of his family.

Verdi's tragic opera *Rigoletto* received its triumphant premiere in 1851 in Venice. At a

court ball in the first Act, the womanizing Duke of Mantua sings of his dissolute life of pleasure with many women, and declares his plan to seduce Gilda, the hunchbacked court jester Rigoletto's daughter, whom he has seen at church. After one of the guests falsely tells the courtiers that Rigoletto has a lover (in fact Gilda), whom he keeps secluded at his house. The courtiers then resolve to abduct her in revenge for Rigoletto's many insults. After the duke, disguised as a poor student, has had his way with her, Gilda falls hopelessly in love with him. A band of angry courtiers gathers at Rigoletto's house, and with the help of a blindfolded Rigoletto, manages to abduct her. As Act II opens, the duke – obviously distraught over Gilda's disappearance – gives voice to his anger and frustration with "Ella mi fu rapita – Parmi veder le lagrime."

The canzone "La donna è mobile" is one of the foremost showpieces in any tenor's repertoire. First heard early in Act III of *Rigoletto*, the licentious duke sings of the fickle nature of women. Rigoletto and Gilda arrive outside the dwelling of the assassin Sparafucile, whom the vengeful Rigoletto has hired to murder the duke. Gilda overhears the duke flirting with the assassin's sister Maddalena and realizes that he is unfaithful to her. Maddalena, smitten by

the duke, begs her brother to spare him, and he agrees instead to kill the first person who enters the house. Rigoletto departs, saying he will return with the assassin's fee. Gilda, ever in thrall to the unfaithful duke, decides to sacrifice herself for him and enters the house, where Sparafucile mortally wounds her. Upon returning with the money, Rigoletto is given a sack containing what he believes is the duke's corpse. Then he hears the duke reprising the aria. He opens the sack and is horrified to find his doomed daughter, who dies in his arms.

Giacomo Puccini's *La bohème* premiered in Turin in 1896 and has since become one of opera's most beloved works in its ultimately tragic portrayal of the lives of young and impoverished bohemians living in Paris. "Che gelida manina" is heard in the opera's first act, after Rodolfo meets Mimi and perceives that her hands are cold to the touch as they search for the missing key to her room. Attempting to warm them with his own hands, Rodolfo introduces himself, explaining "Who am I? A Poet." He goes on to declare his dreams and aspirations before asking Mimi to tell him about herself. This deservedly famous piece is a high point of musical romanticism, with richly scored lyrical outpourings tempered by tender moments of confession.

Charles Gounod's *Faust*, his operatic treatment of the centuries-old European Faust legend, was first staged in Paris in 1859. The legend reached its high point in the German poetic genius J. W. Goethe's immortal treatment of it in his pair of Faust novels. Of course, Gounod's opera lacked Goethe's depth and detail, but it adhered closely to the story's essential elements: mainly Doctor Faust's worldly affair with the beautiful and innocent maiden Marguerite. After she demurely turns him away in Act II, Faust (and the devil Méphistophélès) enter the garden adjoining Marguerite's house. Entranced by the thought of her previous presence, Faust – after singing the brief three-line introduction “Quel trouble inconnu me pénètre” – gives voice to one of opera's loveliest and most famous arias, the cavatina “Salut ! demeure chaste et pure”: the romantic distillation of his love for her.

Jules Massenet's *Manon* is a comic opera that was first performed in Paris in 1884. In Act I, the Chevalier Des Grieux falls in love with pleasure-loving Manon as her family is about to send her off to a convent. But the couple decides to take her coach and elope to his apartment. But inevitably, Manon is torn between him and another suitor, and Des Grieux bitterly realizes that she is no longer faithful to him. Having

entered a nearby seminary, he is now an Abbé, or Abbot. Despite his father's insistence that he should resume his former life for the sake of his family, he refuses and seeks refuge in a chapel. There, after confirming that he is alone, he sings the melting aria “Ah ! Fuyez, douce image” as he relives his happy memories with Manon, ending the aria with a fervent prayer. Manon then appears, begging for his forgiveness, which he at first angrily refuses. But then, as they reminisce together about the joys of their affair, their passion is rekindled, amid mutual declarations of undying love.

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* was closely based on Alexander Pushkin's same-name novel in verse and retained quite a bit of Pushkin's original poetry in the final libretto. That unusual practice and other factors caused the composer to question whether the work would win public acceptance. He therefore relegated the first production to the students of the Moscow Conservatory, whose 1879 staging preceded the work's more formal premiere at Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre two years later. Early in Act I we are introduced to the fun-loving Olga and her more introverted sister Tatyana, preceding the arrival of Olga's fiancé Lensky and his friend Eugene Onegin, whom he introduces

to the sisters' family. Tatyana immediately falls in love with Onegin, to whom she pours out her feelings in a letter, which he quickly rejects. In Act II, at a ball in honor of Tatyana's name-day, Onegin dances and flirts with Olga, purposefully infuriating her fiancé Lensky, who renounces his friendship with Onegin and challenges him to a senseless duel. Lensky, in his aria "Kuda, Kuda, vi udalilis" sings of his life and love for Olga as the two men meet for their duel. Both men regret their hasty decision to resort to a duel, but they can't bring themselves to cancel it, and Lensky is shot to death.

Tchaikovsky's single-act *lolanta*, the final opera he composed, received its premiere in 1892 in St. Petersburg. The story revolves around Princess lolanta, who has been blind from birth, but she, at her father King René's insistence, remains unaware of her condition and even the fact that she is a Princess. She lives in an enclosed garden served by her pair of servants. She has a vague notion that something important is missing in her life. The Moorish physician Ibn-Hakia arrives claiming that lolanta can be cured, but only if she can first be made aware of her blindness. But the king rejects the treatment for fear that it might fail after she learns of her disability. Duke Robert, who is

betrothed to lolanta, arrives at the court with his friend Count Vaudémont. But Robert loves another and wants to avoid marriage to lolanta. Vaudémont finds his way to lolanta's garden refuge, where he finds her and falls in love with her. After singing his aria "Net! Chary lask krazy," the king pardons him after she regains her sight, and all rejoice as she experiences her magical new world.

Sayat-Nova was an eighteenth-century Armenian poet, musician, composer and priest whose poetry and music did much to define Armenian culture of his time. He was initially active at the royal Armenian court but was banished when he fell in love with the king's sister. He spent most of the rest of his life as an itinerant troubadour and monk. While he served intermittently at various monasteries and other refuges, his music – often setting texts in several languages – largely avoided religious themes and was instead suffused with heartfelt romanticism. *Quamancha* is one of his best-known songs. Written in an Armenian folk-idiom, the music offers distinctly middle eastern flavors, convincingly delivered by our album's Armenian tenor.

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1. UNA FURTIVA LAGRIMA

Una furtiva lagrima
negli occhi suoi spuntò:
Quelle festose giovani
invidiar sembrò.
Che più cercando io vo?
M'ama, Sì, m'ama,
lo vedo, lo vedo.

Un solo istante i palpiti
del suo bel cor sentir!
I miei sospir, confondere
per poco a' suoi sospir!
I palpiti, i palpiti sentir,
confondere i miei co' suoi sospir.

Cielo, si può morir;
di più non chiedo, non chiedo.
Ah, cielo! Si può! Si può morir!
Di più non chiedo, non chiedo.
(Si può morir! Si può morir d'amor.)

*A furtive tear
welled up in her eye:
and she seemed envious
of those cheery girls.
What more proof do I need?
She loves me, yes, she loves me,
I see it, I see it.*

*Oh to feel her dear heartbeat
for just one moment!
To join my sighs
for a while with her sighs!
To feel her heartbeat,
to join my sighs with hers.*

*Heaven, I could die;
there is nothing, nothing else I want.
Ah, heaven! I could die! I could die!
There is nothing, nothing else I want.
(I could die! I could die of love.)*

Translation © Robert Sargant

2. TOMBE DEGLI AVI MIEI – FRA POCO A ME RICOVERO

Tombe degli avi miei, l'ultimo avanzo
d'una stirpe infelice
deh raccogliete voi. Cessò dell'ira
il breve foco ... sul nemico acciaro
abbandonar mi vo'. Per me la vita
è orrendo peso! L'universo intero
è un deserto per me senza Lucia!
Di faci tuttavia
splende il castello ... Ah, scarsa
fu la notte al tripudio! Ingrata donna!
Mentr'io mi struggo in disperato pianto,
tu ridi, esulti accanto
al felice consorte!
Tu delle gioie in seno, io della morte!

Fra poco a me ricovero
darà negletto avello.
Una pietosa lagrima
non scenderà su quello! ...
Ah! Fin degli estinti, ahi misero,
manca il conforto a me.
Tu pur, tu pur dimentica
quel marmo dispregiato!
Mai non passarvi, o barbara,
del tuo consorte a lato.
Ah! rispetta almen le ceneri
di chi moria per te, rispetta,
mai non passarvi,
tu lo dimentica,
rispetta almeno chi muore per te.

*Tombs of my forefathers, the last vestiges
of an unhappy race,
receive me now. The brief fire
of my anger has ceased ... upon my enemy's sword
I shall throw myself. Life for me
is a terrible burden! The whole world
is a desert for me without Lucia!
And yet the castle
is bright with torches ... Ah, scanty
was the night with rejoicing! Ungrateful woman!
While I languish with desperate tears,
you laugh and rejoice
at your fortunate husband's side!
You with joy in your heart, I close to death!*

*Soon a lonely tomb
will grant me refuge.
No pitying tear
shall there be shed! ...
Ah! The comfort of the dead
shall be denied my wretched soul.
You too, you must forget
this hated tombstone!
Never visit it, O cruel one,
with your husband at your side.
Ah! honor at least the ashes
of the one who dies for you, honor
but never visit,
forget him,
and honor at least the one who dies for you.*

3. LUNGE DA LEI – DE' MIEI BOLLENTI SPIRITI

Lunge da lei per me non v'ha diletto!
Volaron già tre lune
dacché la mia Violetta
agi per me lasciò, dovizie, onori,
e le pompose feste,
ove, agli omaggi avvezza,
vedea schiavo ciascun di sua bellezza
ed or contenta in questi ameni luoghi
tutto scorda per me. Qui presso a lei
io rinascere mi sento,
e dal soffio d'amor rigenerato
scordo ne' gaudii suoi tutto il passato.

De' miei bollenti spiriti
il giovanile ardore
ella temprò col placido
sorriso dell'amore!
Dal dì che disse: vivere
io voglio a te fedel,
dell'universo immemore
io vivo quasi in ciel.

Oh mio rimorso! Oh infamia!
Io vissi in tale errore!
Ma il turpe sogno a frangere
il ver mi balenò.
Per poco in seno acquetati,
o grido dell'onore;
m'avrai sicuro vindice;
quest'onta laverò.

*Away from her, my life has no joy!
It has been three months now
since, for my sake, my Violetta
left her comforts, riches, privileges
and splendid parties,
at which she won the admiration
of all who were slaves to her beauty,
and now, content in this pleasant place,
she has given it all up for me. Here, at her side,
I feel reborn,
and, revived by the breath of love,
I can forget the past in her blissful company.*

*The youthful passion
of my ardent soul
she tempered with her gentle
smile of love!
From the day when she said: 'I want
to live faithfully at your side',
I have been heedless to the world,
living as if in heaven.*

*Oh the remorse and shame I feel!
I was living in such delusion!
But the flash of truth
has destroyed that abject dream.
O cry of honor,
be still in my heart for a little while;
in me you will find your sure avenger;
this shame I shall wash away.*

4. ELLA MI FU RAPITA – PARMI VEDER LE LAGRIME

Ella mi fu rapita!
E quando, o ciel? ... ne' brevi
istanti, prima che il mio presagio interno
sull'orma corsa ancora mi spingesse!
Schiuso era l'uscio! e la magion deserta!
E dove ora sarà quell'angiol caro?
Coei che prima poté in questo core
destar la fiamma di costanti affetti?
Coei sì pura, al cui modesto sguardo
quasi spinto a virtù talor mi credo!
Ella mi fu rapita!
E chi l'ardiva? ... ma ne avrò vendetta.
Lo chiede il pianto della mia diletta.

Parmi veder le lagrime
scorrenti da quel ciglio,
quando fra il dubbio e l'ansia
del subito periglio,
dell'amor nostro memore
il suo Gualtier chiamò.
Ned ci potea soccorrerti,
cara fanciulla amata;
ei che vorria coll'anima
farti quaggiù beata;
ei che le sfere agli angeli
per te non invidiò.

*She was taken from me!
And when, O heaven? ... in those few
moments, before an inner presentiment
urged me to go back!
The door was open and the house deserted!
And where will that dear angel be now?
The girl who first kindled in my heart
the flame of constant love?
A girl so pure, whose modest gaze
almost encouraged me to virtue!
She was taken from me! And who
dared to do this? ... I shall take revenge.
The tears of my beloved cry out for it.*

*I seem to see the tears
streaming from her eyes
when, in confusion and fear
at the sudden danger,
she remembered our love
and called out for her Gualtier.
He could not rescue you,
sweet beloved girl,
he who with all his heart
wished your happiness on earth;
he who, because of you,
did not envy the angels their heaven.*

Translation © Robert Sargant

5. LA DONNA È MOBILE

La donna è mobile
qual piuma al vento,
muta d'accento
e di pensiero.
Sempre un amabile
leggiadro viso,
in pianto o in riso
è menzognero.

È sempre misero
chi a lei s'affida,
chi le confida
mal cauto il core!
Pur mai non sentesi
felice appieno
chi su quel seno
non liba amore!

*Women are as flighty
as a feather on the breeze,
changeable in their words
as in their thoughts.
Always showing a sweet
and pretty face,
but in laughter as in tears
they are liars.*

*If you trust them
you'll always be miserable,
and if you confide in them
you are set for heartbreak!
And yet you'll never feel
entirely happy
unless you drink the kisses
from their lips!*

Translation © Robert Sargant

6. CHE GELIDA MANINA

Che gelida manina!
Se la lasci riscaldar.
Cercar che giova?
Al buio non si trova.
Ma per fortuna è una notte di luna,
e qui la luna l'abbiamo vicina.
Aspetti, signorina,
le dirò con due parole
chi son, che faccio e come vivo. Vuole?
Chi son? Sono un poeta.
Che cosa faccio? Scrivo.
E come vivo? Vivo.
In povertà mia lieta
scialo da gran signore
rime ed inni d'amore.
Per sogni, per chimere
e per castelli in aria
l'anima ho milionaria.
Talor dal mio forziere
ruban tutti i gioielli
due ladri: gli occhi belli.
V'entrar con voi pur ora
ed i miei sogni usati
e i bei sogni miei
tosto son dileguati.
Ma il furto non m'accora,
poiché vi ha preso stanza
la dolce speranza!
Or che mi conoscete,
parlate voi. Chi siete?
Via piaccia dir?

*What a frozen little hand!
Let me warm it.
No point in looking for the key.
We won't find it in the dark.
But luckily there's a moon tonight,
and the moon is right here with us.
Wait, miss, please
and let me tell you briefly
who I am, what I do and how I live. May I?
Who am I? I'm a poet.
What do I do? I write.
And how do I live? I live.
In contented poverty
I lavish rhymes and songs of love
like a lord.
For dreams, illusions
and for castles in the air
I have the soul of a millionaire.
At times, two thieves,
a pair of pretty eyes,
steal all the jewels from my strong-box.
They entered with you just now
and my familiar dreams,
my beautiful dreams,
faded away at once.
But the theft does not distress me,
as sweet hope has moved in
in their place!
Now that you know me,
it's your turn to speak. Who are you?
Will you tell me?*

7. QUEL TROUBLE INCONNU ME PÉNÈTRE – SALUT ! DEMEURE CHASTE ET PURE

Quel trouble inconnu me pénètre ?
Je sens l'amour s'emparer de mon être.
Ô Marguerite ! À tes pieds me voici !

Salut ! Demeure chaste et pure, où se devine
La présence d'une âme innocente et divine !
Que de richesse en cette pauvreté !
En ce réduit, que de félicité !
Ô nature, c'est là que tu la fis si belle !
C'est là que cet enfant a dormi sous ton aile,
A grandi sous tes yeux !
Là que, de ton haleine enveloppant son âme,
Tu fis avec amour épanouir la femme
En cet ange des cieux !
C'est là ! Oui ! C'est là !

*What unfamiliar agitation fills my heart?
I feel my whole being infused with love.
O Marguerite! At your feet I fall!*

*Greetings! Chaste and pure abode, in which one senses
the presence of an innocent and holy soul!
What riches in this poverty!
In this room, what happiness!
O Nature, here is where you created her so beautiful!
Here is where this child slumbered beneath your wing,
grew up beneath your gaze!
Here is where, her soul enfolded by your breath,
you lovingly made her blossom into woman,
into this angel from heaven above!
It is here! Yes! It is here!*

Translation © Robert Sargant

8. JE SUIS SEUL – AH ! FUYEZ, DOUCE IMAGE

Je suis seul ! Seul enfin !
C'est le moment suprême !
Il n'est plus rien que j'aime
Que le repos sacré que m'apporte la foi !
Oui, j'ai voulu mettre Dieu même
Entre le monde et moi !

Ah ! Fuyez, douce image, à mon âme trop chère
Respectez un repos cruellement gagné
Et songez, si j'ai bu dans une coupe amère,
Que mon cœur l'emplirait de ce qu'il a saigné !
Ah ! Fuyez ! Fuyez ! Loin de moi !
Ah ! Fuyez !
Que m'importe la vie et ce semblant de gloire ?
Je ne veux que chasser du fond de ma mémoire
Un nom maudit ! Ce nom ... qui m'obsède et pourquoi ?
Mon Dieu ! De votre flamme
Purifiez mon âme
Et dissipez à sa lueur
L'ombre qui passe encor dans le fond de mon cœur !
Ah ! Fuyez, douce image, à mon âme trop chère !
Ah ! Fuyez ! Fuyez ! Loin de moi !
Ah ! Fuyez ! Loin de moi ! Loin de moi !

*I am alone! Alone at last!
This is the supreme moment!
The only thing remaining that I desire
is the sacred peace that my faith bestows!
Yes, I wished to place God Himself
between the world and me!*

*Ah! Vanish, sweet image so dear to my heart,
respect this peace of mine so cruelly won
and consider, if I have drunk from a bitter cup,
that my heart could fill it with the blood that I have
shed! Ah! Vanish! Vanish! Be gone from me!
Ah! Vanish!
What is life to me now and this semblance of glory?
My only desire is to banish from my memory
a cursed name! This name ... it obsesses me, but why?
Almighty God! May your fire
purify my soul
and through its light expunge
the shadow that still haunts the recesses of my heart!
Ah! Vanish, sweet image so dear to my heart!
Ah! Vanish! Vanish! Be gone from me!
Ah! Vanish! Be gone from me! Be gone from me!*

Translation © Robert Sargant

9. KUDA, KUDA, VI UDALILIS

Where, where, where have you vanished,
golden days of my springtime?
What has the coming day in store for me?
My gaze seeks it in vain:
all is shrouded in deep gloom!
No matter; fate's decree is just!
If I fall, pierced by an arrow, or it flies past,
all is well; for sleeping and waking,
the appointed hour will come!
Blessed is a day of cares,
blessed is the fall of darkness!

The light of dawn will soon shine
and the bright day begin to sparkle,
but I, perhaps, shall descend into
the secret darkness of the tomb!
And the memory of the young poet
be swallowed by sluggish Lethe.
The world will forget me; but you! you! ... Olga ...

Tell me, will you come, lovely girl,
and shed a tear over my untimely tomb
and think: 'He loved me.
To me alone he devoted
the tragic dawn of a stormy life'?
Ah, Olga, I loved you!
To you alone I devoted
the tragic dawn of a stormy life.
Ah, Olga, I loved you!

My close and beloved friend,
come, come! longed-for friend,
come, I am your husband,
come, I am your husband, come, come!
I am waiting for you, my longed-for friend,
come, come, I am your husband!

Where, where, where have you vanished,
golden days, golden days of my springtime?

Translation © Robert Sargant

10. NET! CHARY LASK KRASY

No! The charms of a fiery beauty's caresses
do nothing for me,
the languid look that excites the senses
does not arouse sweet passion in me ...
No! Plunged in midnight somnolence,
love within me dreaming sleeps ...
It dreams of a pure angel,
a heavenly, gentle, miraculous vision ...
The countenance of a virgin goddess
of wondrous beauty,
her gaze full of mercy
and cherubic goodness ...
A visitor from a heavenly realm,
brighter than the springtime snows,
purer than the lily of the valley,
lovelier than the lily of the fields,
and this is what I wait and yearn for!
O come, bright angel,
source of love,
warm and revive the secret strands
of my heart!
From behind the gloomy clouds

may your radiant beams illuminate
the darkness of a fervent soul,
O hasten, O hasten!
O come, radiant vision,
I am waiting for you! Ah!
My heart is weary,
I am waiting for you, hasten!
O come, o come!
I am waiting for you, bright angel, come, come!

Translation © Robert Sargant

11. QAMANCHA

Praised among every song, you are the best, Qamancha.
The miser will never grasp you, you are beyond their reach, Qamancha.
Strive for even better days to reach them, Qamancha.
Who can take you away from me, you're the minstrel's mate, Qamancha.
You bring laughter to gloomy hearts and cure fevers of the sick.
When your sweet voice sounds, the grapes in the garden blossom with it.
Do this request to the people, so that they say: "Long live your performer!"
As long as Sayat-Nova lives, you'll see many things, Qamancha.

Translation © Gerald Papasian



LIPARIT AVETISYAN

TENOR

Armenian tenor Liparit Avetisyan has been hailed as one of the most exciting lyric tenors of his generation. He has appeared in theaters such as the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Wiener Staatsoper, Berlin State Opera, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Zürich Opera, Opera Australia, Bayerische Staatsoper, Semperoper Dresden, Frankfurt Opera, Hamburg State Opera, Norwegian Opera in Oslo, Opéra du Rhin in Strasbourg, Seattle Opera, Teatro Colón and Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow. His roles have included Alfredo in *La traviata*, Rodolfo in *La bohème*, Duke of Mantua in *Rigoletto*, Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Nemorino in *L'elisir d'amore*, Des Grieux in *Manon*, Don José in *Carmen*, the title role in *Faust*, Roméo in *Roméo et Juliette*, Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*, Count Almaviva in *The Barber of Seville*, Vaudémont in *Iolanta* and Lensky in *Eugene Onegin*. Avetisyan's opera highlights include Alfredo and Duke of Mantua at the Royal Opera House (London), Vaudémont in *Iolanta* with the Berlin Philharmonic, and returns to Covent Garden as Nemorino in *L'elisir d'amore* and Dresden as Alfredo in *La traviata* and Roméo in *Roméo et Juliette*.

Avetisyan made his debut at the Easter Festival Baden-Baden as Vaudémont, Teatro Colón as Faust (role debut), the Opéra national de

Paris and Norwegian Opera as Duke, Opéra du Capitole and Wiener Staatsoper as Rodolfo, and LA Opera and Dutch National Opera as Alfredo. Avetisyan recorded the role of Cassio in Verdi's *Otello* for Sony (2020) with Jonas Kaufmann in the title role, Sir Antonio Pappano and the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia. The album was the Opus Klassik 2021 Award Winner. He has also been active on the concert stage in recent years, appearing at the XXI Stars of the White Nights festival in Saint Petersburg, Easter Festival in Moscow, Beethoven Festival in Poland, MustonenFest in Estonia, Musikfest Bremen in Germany, and Midem Festival and Berlioz Festival in France. He performed in benefit concerts dedicated to the 100th anniversary of the Armenian genocide with Evgeny Kissin at Carnegie Hall and the Music Center at Strathmore in Washington.

Avetisyan has collaborated with great conductors including Sir Antonio Pappano, Daniel Oren, Kirill Petrenko, Fabio Luisi, Antonello Manacorda, and Bertrand de Billy; and opera stars such as Ermonela Jaho, Pretty Yende, Asmik Grigorian, Kristina Mkhitryan, Federica Lombardi, Sonya Yoncheva, Nadine Sierra, Lisette Oropesa, Ailyn Pérez, Plácido Domingo, Carlos Álvarez, Sir Bryn Terfel, Ambrogio Maestri, Jonas Kaufmann, and many others.

Since 2013 Avetisyan has been a leading artist of the Armenian National Opera and Ballet Theatre where he has sung Alfredo, Don José, Rodolfo, Pinkerton and the Young Gypsy in Rachmaninov's *Aleko*. He debuted as the Duke in *Rigoletto*, sang Rodolfo in *La bohème*, Count Almaviva in *The Barber of Seville* as well as the tenor part in Verdi's and Mozart's Requiems and Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* with the Armenian National Philharmonic Orchestra and its Artistic Director and Principal Conductor Eduard Topchjan.

Graduate of the Tchaikovsky Moscow State Conservatory and the Yereva Komitas State Conservatory, Avetisyan is a Prizewinner at the Maria Bieșu International Singing Competition (Second Prize) and the III Muslim Magomaev International Competition. In 2017, he was awarded the Golden Mask as the Best Opera Actor for the role of Des Grieux in *Manon*, as well as the Onegin National Opera Award (Saint Petersburg, 2016), the Artavazd National Theater Award as the Best Actor of the Year (Yerevan, 2016), and Swallow Music Awards as Best Opera Singer (Yerevan, 2017). Avetisyan is a Honored Artist of the Republic of Armenia.

CONSTANTINE ORBELIAN

CONDUCTOR

Four-time Grammy nominated conductor Constantine Orbelian has been called “the singer’s dream collaborator” by *Opera News*, which hailed him for conducting vocal repertoire “with the sensitivity of a lieder pianist.” In 2021, Orbelian was appointed Music Director and Principal Conductor of the New York City Opera. He has been the Principal Conductor and Music Director of the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra (Lithuania) since 2013.

Orbelian has toured and recorded with some of the world’s greatest singers, such as American stars Renée Fleming, Sondra Radvanovsky, Lawrence Brownlee, and Stephen Costello, and with the great Dmitri Hvorostovsky and other renowned Russian singers in European, North American, Russian and Asian music centers.

Born in San Francisco to Russian and Armenian emigré parents, Orbelian made his performing debut as a piano prodigy with the San Francisco Symphony at the age of 11. After graduating from The Juilliard School in New York, he embarked on a career as a piano virtuoso that included appearances with major symphony orchestras throughout the U.S., U.K., Europe and Russia. Recent collaborations have been with Daniil Trifonov in Mexico City, Isabel Leonard at the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires, Elīna Garanča

at the Teatro Bellas Artes in Madrid, and Kristina Reiko Cooper performing the European and American premiere (at Carnegie Hall) of Lera Auerbach’s Symphony No. 6 “Vessels of Light” dedicated to Chiune Sugihara, a Japanese diplomat who saved 6,000 Jewish lives in Kaunas, Lithuania, in 1940. Orbelian’s Grammy nominated albums with Lawrence Brownlee (Rossini arias), Dmitri Hvorostovsky (Verdi’s *Rigoletto* and Georgy Sviridov’s *Cast off Russia*), and Stephen Costello (*A te, o cara*) were received with critical acclaim.

Orbelian was awarded the Medal of Friendship by the President of Armenia, Serzh Sarkissian, in 2015.

KAUNAS CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Grammy nominated Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra was founded in 1988. It plays an integral part in the cultural life of Lithuania and the entire Baltic region. Outside its home country, the orchestra has performed in Estonia, Norway, Italy, Croatia, Germany, Finland, and Switzerland, among others.

The orchestra has played with renowned conductors, singers and soloists, including Mirga Gražinytė-Tyla, Giedrė Šlekytė, Adrijana Čepaitė, Juozas Domarkas, David Giménez, Rune Bergmann, Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Lawrence Brownlee, Stephen Costello, John Osborn, José Carreras, Asmik Grigorian, Elīna Garanča, Alexander Markov, Domenico Nordio, Philippe Graffin, Laurens Weinhold, Alexander Kniazev, David Geringas, Aydar Gaynullin, and Romain Leleu.

Alongside classical repertoire, the orchestra performs pop, rock and jazz music. It has had the privilege to play with famed artists such as Scorpions, Electric Light Orchestra, Smokie, Sarah Brightman, Bonnie Tyler, Gregory Porter, Chris Norman, Robert Wells, and Maggie Reilly.



THANK YOU

I want to dedicate this album to the memory of my professor Rafael Hakobyants. It was with him that I prepared all the arias recorded here. Unfortunately, my international career began after his passing, but I am comforted by the fact that he believed in my future and was always proud of all my achievements.

I perform the repertoire included here on various international stages, yet I hope that the public not able to have the opportunity to listen to me live will be glad to have this recording instead.

For the wonderful idea and the chance to record my first solo album, I would like to thank dear maestro Constantine Orbelian, Delos, Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra, and everyone who so painstakingly worked on the creation of this recording.

Liparit Avetisyan



Recorded at Kaunas State
Philharmonic, on 27-30 May 2023

Executive Producer

Constantine Orbelian

Recording Producers

Vilius Keras & Aleksandra Kerienė

Recording Assistant Engineer

Donatas Kielius

Recording Mastering

Vilius Keras

Label Manager

Timothée van der Stegen

Design

Pragma Création

Inside Images

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Cover Image

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*We would like to thank the
General Director of the Kaunas
City Symphony Orchestra,
Mr. Algimantas Treikuskas, for his
invaluable support and dedication
to this recording project!*

BELOVED ARIAS

Liparit Avetisyan

tenor

Constantine Orbelian

conductor

**Kaunas City Symphony
Orchestra**

GAETANO DONIZETTI (1797 – 1848)

- | | |
|--|------|
| 1. Una furtiva lagrima (from <i>L'elisir d'amore</i>) | 4:52 |
| 2. Tombe degli avi miei – Fra poco a me ricovero
(from <i>Lucia di Lammermoor</i>) | 7:14 |

GIUSEPPE VERDI (1813 – 1901)

- | | |
|--|------|
| 3. Lunge da lei – De' miei bollenti spiriti (from <i>La traviata</i>) | 5:49 |
| 4. Ella mi fu rapita – Parmi veder le lagrime (from <i>Rigoletto</i>) | 5:43 |
| 5. La donna è mobile (from <i>Rigoletto</i>) | 2:24 |

GIACOMO PUCCINI (1858 – 1924)

- | | |
|---|------|
| 6. Che gelida manina (from <i>La bohème</i>) | 5:14 |
|---|------|

CHARLES GOUNOD (1818 – 1893)

- | | |
|---|------|
| 7. Quel trouble inconnu me pénètre –
Salut ! demeure chaste et pure (from <i>Faust</i>) | 6:18 |
|---|------|

JULES MASSENET (1842 – 1912)

- | | |
|--|------|
| 8. Je suis seul – Ah ! Fuyez, douce image (from <i>Manon</i>) | 5:08 |
|--|------|

PYOTR TCHAIKOVSKY (1840 – 1893)

- | | |
|---|------|
| 9. Kuda, Kuda, vi udalilis (from <i>Eugene Onegin</i>) | 6:46 |
| 10. Net! Chary lask krasny (from <i>Iolanta</i>) | 4:10 |

SAYAT-NOVA (1712 – 1795)

- | | |
|--------------|------|
| 11. Qamancha | 2:21 |
|--------------|------|

Total Running Time	56:03
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