



ONDINE

TCHAIKOVSKY

All-Night Vigil
Sacred Choral Works

Latvian Radio Choir
Sigvards Kļava

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893)

All-Night Vigil, Op. 52 (1881)

An Essay in Harmonizing liturgical chants

Vsenoshchnoye bdeniye

Opit garmonizatsiy bogosluzebnih pesnopeniy

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|-----|--|-------------|
| 1. | Bless the Lord, O My Soul <i>Blagoslovi, dushe moye, Ghospoda</i> | 6:48 |
| 2. | Kathisma: Blessed is the Man <i>Kafizma: Blazhen muzh</i> | 3:20 |
| 3. | Lord, I Call <i>Ghospodi, vozzvah</i> | 0:58 |
| 4. | Gladsome Light <i>Svete tihiy</i> | 2:25 |
| 5. | Rejoice, O Virgin <i>Bogoroditse Devo</i> | 0:44 |
| 6. | The Lord is God <i>Bog Ghospod</i> | 1:02 |
| 7. | Praise the Name of the Lord <i>Hvalite imia Ghospodne</i> | 4:00 |
| 8. | Blessed Art Thou, O Lord <i>Blagosloven yesi, Ghospodi</i> | 4:29 |
| 9. | From My Youth <i>Ot yunosti moyeya</i> | 1:42 |
| 10. | Having Beheld the Resurrection of Christ
<i>Voskreseniye Hristovo videvshe</i> | 2:14 |
| 11. | Common Katavasia: I Shall Open My Lips
<i>Katavasiya raidovaya: Otverzu usta moye</i> | 5:17 |

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|-----|--|------|
| 12. | Theotokion: Thou Art Most Blessed
<i>Bogorodichen: Preblagoslovenna yesi</i> | 1:21 |
| 13. | The Great Doxology <i>Velikoye slavosloviye</i> | 6:40 |
| 14. | To Thee, the Victorious Leader <i>Vzbrannoy voyevode</i> | 0:55 |
| 15. | Hymn in Honour of Saints Cyril and Methodius (1885)
<i>Gimn v chest Sv. Kirilla i Mefodiya</i> | 2:44 |
| 16. | A Legend, Op. 54 No. 5 (1883) <i>Legenda</i> | 3:12 |
| 17. | Jurists' Song (1885) <i>Pravovedcheskaya pesn</i> | 2:02 |
| 18. | The Angel Cried Out (1887) <i>Angel vopiyashe</i> | 2:57 |

Latvian Radio Choir
SIGVARDŠ KLAVA, conductor

The Latvian Radio Choir, led by Sigvards Klāva, presents a second album of sacred works by Peter Tchaikovsky for choir. As with the first, its centrepiece is an extensive multi-movement composition – in this case, the *All-Night Vigil*. It is accompanied by a series of smaller works, miniatures in the literal sense yet very different, providing significant contrast and perhaps even commentary, extension and addition to the monumental main body of the *Vigil*. They can be practically attributed to the genre of para-liturgical art, the spiritual content of which is not always perceived by the general public. It should be noted, however, that this wider audience is usually well-versed in the treasure trove of art, including music, which can be enjoyed simply as a natural part of the human spirit. As for the *All-Night Vigil*, it should be noted that while communities both at home and abroad may not be fully aware of the development of Russian sacred music over the centuries, the charge, power and beauty of this music touches every sensitive heart.

The *All-Night Vigil* (Всенощное бдение) Op. 52 for mixed choir, also known as the *Vesper Service*, was written between May 1881 and March 1882. It was first performed by the Chudovsky Chorus conducted by Pyotr Sakharov in Moscow at the concert hall of the All-Russian Industrial and Art Exhibition on 27 June 1882.

Tchaikovsky described the work as ‘An essay in harmonisation of liturgical chants’. This may need to be emphasised, particularly since the composer carefully studied the tradition of musical practice in the Russian Orthodox Church, which could vary considerably from one region to another. He specifically points to at least three major sources that he freely draws on: Znamenny Chant, Kievan Chant and Greek Chant. Early modes are also often mentioned. Interestingly, Tchaikovsky himself chose to include in the text particular verses from a number of Psalms and listed them. Thus, the composition is a complete musical part of this traditional liturgy, but also allows for some deviations and variations at certain points.

In a letter to his friend Nadezhda von Meck (23 Nov/5 Dec 1877), he wrote:

My attitude towards the church is quite different from yours. For me it has retained much of its poetic appeal. I frequently attend service; the liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom is, in my opinion, one of the greatest of artistic creations. If one follows the service closely, considering the meaning of each of its rituals, then one cannot help but be moved by the spirit embodied by our Orthodox Church worship. I am also very fond of the All-Night Vigil. Setting out on a Saturday to some ancient little church, standing in the shadows filled with the smoke of incense, meditating deep into myself and searching for the answers to the eternal questions: what, when, where, why, and awaken from thoughtfulness when the choir sings "Since my youth many passions have made war against me", and to be give myself up to the enchanting poetry of this psalm, to revel in tranquil bliss when the Royal Doors will open and be heard: "Praise the Lord from heaven!" — oh, I am so awfully fond of all this, it is one of my greatest delights! And so on the one hand I still have strong bonds which tie me to the church, on the other I, like you, have long since lost faith in the dogmas. The dogma of retribution in particular seems to me terribly unfair and unreasonable. I, like you, have come to believe that if there is a future life, it is only in the sense that matter is preserved, and that in a pantheistic view of the eternity of nature I am merely one microscopic phenomenon. In short, I cannot comprehend individual immortality. [1]

This is a very important statement of principle, all the more so because it is in a private letter. The composer often expressed his views more directly and openly in private correspondence than in public speech or in the press, where a degree of self-censorship or diplomacy inevitably prevailed. Moreover, it touches upon the relationship with the sacred sphere, with the substance of the spirituality as a whole, and with the concept of human and superhuman duality developed over the centuries.

The music is generally diatonic, and an equirhythmic and homogenous texture dominates. In addition, the *melos* is most often based on simple, narrow or winding formulas, and the

upper voice – the basic melody – is often clearer, simpler, more primordial than the middle voices, which sometimes provide a sort of counterpoint, especially in rhythmic activity. The independent bass lines – sometimes with considerable expansion – with their deep, timbre-rich sound stand out even if they entirely match the chords in traditional verticals (there are some rare polyphonic departures, as in *Gladsome Light*). The melodic profile of the upper voices often falls back on pure recitation (with the composer offering several variants for the rhythm), a style of chant associated with the individual, deep personal murmur of prayer. All the music is directed to deep contemplation, to the individual necessity for worship, though its forms have changed heavily over the centuries.

The *Hymn in Honour of Saints Cyril and Methodius* (Гимн в честь святых Кирилла и Мефодия), for unaccompanied mixed voices, was written by Tchaikovsky in March 1885, as part of commemorations of the 1000th anniversary of the death of Saint Methodius. It is a short, solemn and somehow archaic piece, although predominantly cast in light colours. The text was translated by the composer from Czech verses; according to Tchaikovsky's note in the score, the main theme of the chorus is based on an old Slavic melody. The first performance was given by a student choir at the Moscow Conservatory on 6/18 April 1885.

Legend (Легенда) Op. 54/5 comes from the collection *Sixteen Songs for Children* (Шестнадцать песен для детей), Op. 54 for voice and piano, which was written at Kamenka in October and November 1883 except for No. 16 dating from around December 1880. The text for this sweet yet profound work (first published 1877) is by Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev (1825–1893) and is actually a translation of the poem *Roses and thorns* (1857) by American critic and poet Richard Henry Stoddard (1825–1903). Tchaikovsky orchestrated the song for baritone and orchestra, and his version for mixed choir a cappella was first performed on 19/31 March 1889 at a secular choral concert by the Saint Petersburg Imperial Opera, conducted by Fyodor Becker. There are also later arrangements for piano, organ and so on. Conceived as a simple children's song, it is similar in effect to a parable in the Bible or other spiritual literature. Told in simple words, it illustrates human nature in its irreverence, with a twist at the end.

Roses and thorns by Richard Henry Stoddard (1825–1903):

The young child Jesus had a garden,
Full of roses, rare and red:
And thrice a day he watered them,
To make a garland for his head.

When they were full-blown in the garden,
He called the Jewish children there,
And each did pluck himself a rose,
Until they stripped the garden bare.

“And now how will you make your garland?
For not a rose your path adorns.”
“But you forget,” he answered them,
“That you have left me still the thorns.”

They took the thorns, and made a garland,
And placed it on his shining head;
And where the roses should have shone
Were little drops of blood instead!

The *Jurists' Song* (Правоведческая песнь) is a choral work written by Tchaikovsky at Maydanovo in September 1885, in connection with the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Imperial School of Jurisprudence in St Petersburg, where the composer had been a student in the 1850s. The initiator of the commission was Alexander Oldenburgsky, the son of the founder of the school, but instead of the originally intended cantata, the composer wrote a simple song. On 27 September/9 October, Tchaikovsky wrote to Nadezhda von Meck: “For the school’s jubilee I have written not a cantata, but a simple chorus to be sung at the dinner by the alumni. I also

took it upon myself to write the text of this chorus.” [2] Here, the composer allegorically and implicitly refers to the man who laid the foundation stone of our (*sic!*) School, emphasising justice as the mainstay of jurisprudence. The chorus was performed for the first time at the jurists’ jubilee dinner in the Hall of the Nobles’ Club in St Petersburg on 5/17 December 1885. Tchaikovsky was not present. Because no copies of the 1885 version are known to survive, the edition of the score in volume 63 of the *Complete Collected Works* (1990), edited by Lyudmila Korabelnikova and Marina Rakhmanova, is a reconstruction of the chorus by Vitaly Mishchenko and Svetlana Kotomina, based on Tchaikovsky’s sketches.

The chorus *The Angel Cried Out* (АНГЕЛ ВОПИЯШЕ) was composed at Maydanovo for the Russian Choral Society on 18 February/2 March 1887. The text comes from a traditional Russian Orthodox Easter hymn, based on the Gospel according to St John. The chorus was first performed at Russian Choral Society concert in Moscow on 8/20 March 1887, conducted by Fyodor Ivanov. The choral score and parts were published by Jurgenson in October 1906. In 1990, it was included in volume 63 of Tchaikovsky’s *Complete Collected Works*. The music moves at a moderate pace but is light and cheerful, sometimes with joyful exclamations, though without any exaltation. It recedes quietly but solemnly into the distance.

Jānis Torgāns

[1] <http://en.tchaikovsky-research.net/> Nr. 659

[2] *Idem* Nr. 2778

“A great musical power.”
– Washington Post

“This chorus’s expertise in music pushes voices to extremes, from ethereal high tones to uncannily sustained bass drones.”
– The New York Times

“One of the world’s greatest choirs.”
– The Advertiser

The **Latvian Radio Choir** is a unique, award-winning ensemble of professional singers that offers its audiences an extraordinary variety of repertoire ranging from early music to the most sophisticated scores of contemporary compositions.

The choir has recorded the Grammy Award-winning album *Adam’s Lament* (ECM) composed by Arvo Pärt and conducted by Tõnu Kaljuste. It is a repeat winner of the Great Music Award of Latvia (the highest national award for professional achievement in music) and has received the Latvian Cabinet of Ministers Award. The choir’s recording of Sergei Rachmaninov’s *All-Night Vigil* was praised by Gramophone as the best recording of February 2013 and ranked among the 25 best albums of the year by the American radio station NPR.

The Latvian Radio Choir has performed at many of the world’s most renowned concert halls: Concertgebouw and Muziekgebouw (the Netherlands), Elbphilharmonie (Germany), Théâtre des Champs-Élysées and Cité de la Musique-Philharmonie de Paris (France), Lincoln Center, Kennedy Center, Duke University Chapel and the Walt Disney Concert Hall (USA), Konzerthaus Berlin (Germany), the Library of Congress (USA), Queen Elizabeth Hall (UK) and the Dresden Frauenkirche (Germany).

It is also a regular performer at leading musical events, such as BBC Proms (UK), the Salzburg (Austria) and Lucerne (Switzerland) festivals, the Festival of Radio France Occitanie Montpellier (France), the Baltic Sea Festival (Sweden), Printemps des arts de Monte-Carlo (Monaco), Klangspuren Festival (Austria), the White Light Festival (USA), Klangvokal Dortmund (Germany), Musikfest Erzgebirge (Germany), OzAsia Festival (Australia) and Soundstreams (Canada).

Often serving as a creative lab, the choir encourages composers to write new music that challenges the capabilities of the human voice. During the past 20 years, the ensemble has evolved into an unprecedented form of a choir where every singer has an individual mission and provides their unique contribution to the group's unique, defining blend of timbral qualities.

The choir regularly releases new recordings with Ondine, Hyperion Records, Deutsche Grammophon, ECM, BIS and Naïve, collaborating with outstanding guest conductors like Heinz Holliger, Riccardo Muti, Riccardo Chailly, Gustavo Dudamel, Lars Ulrik Mortensen, Esa-Pekka Salonen and Peter Phillips. It has also partnered with the Lucerne Festival Orchestra, Ensemble Intercontemporain, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Camerata Salzburg and Concerto Copenhagen.

The Latvian Radio Choir was founded in 1940 by the legendary Latvian conductor Teodors Kalniņš, who led the ensemble until his passing in 1962. Following the artistic direction by Edgars Račevskis (1963–86) and Juris Kļaviņš (1987–92), the choir has had two conductors ever since 1992 – artistic director and principal conductor Sigvards Kļava and conductor Kaspars Putniņš.

www.radiokoris.lv



Sigvards Kļava is one of the most outstanding Latvian conductors, also a professor of conducting and producer, music director of the Latvian Radio Choir since 1992. As a result of Sigvards Kļava's steady efforts, the Latvian Radio Choir has become an internationally recognized, vocally distinctive collective, where each singer possesses a creative individuality. Under Sigvards' guidance, the choir has recorded a number of choral works by little known or completely forgotten composers of the past, as well as formed a friendly collaboration with a number of notable Latvian composers. Sigvards Kļava is a professor at the Jāzeps Vītols Latvian Academy of Music. Kļava is a multiple winner of the Latvian Grand Music Award. He has performed at the Concertgebouw and Muziekgebouw of Amsterdam, Berliner Konzerthaus and Philharmonie, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in Paris, Berwaldhallen in Stockholm, Dresdner Frauenkirche as well as in the New York Lincoln Centre.

Composer's Preface for the All-Night Vigil

This present work of mine represents an attempt at harmonizing the major portion of the unchanging and some of the changeable liturgical hymns used at the Great Vespers and Matins.

Some of these authentic church melodies (taken from the chant books published by the Holy Synod) I have left intact; in others I allowed myself to make certain insignificant deviations; in the third category, finally, I departed altogether from following the chant exactly, electing instead to be guided by my own musical instinct. In harmonizing the church melodies, I stayed within the narrow boundaries of the so-called 'strict style,' i.e. avoiding chromaticism unconditionally and permitting myself to use dissonances in a very limited number of instances.

P. Tchaikovsky
Moscow, 25 November 1882

SUNG TEXTS

All-Night Vigil, Op. 52

1

Blagoslovi, dushe moya, Ghospoda

Blagoslovi, dushe moya, Ghospoda,
blagosloven yesi, Ghospodi.
Blagoslovi, dushe moya, Ghospoda.
Ghospodi Bozhe moy, vozvelichilsia yesi zelo.
Blagosloven yesi, Ghospodi.
Vo ispovedaniye i v velepotu oblekhsia yesi.
Blagosloven yesi, Ghospodi.
Na gorah stanut vodi.
Divna dela Tvoya, Ghospodi.
Posrede gor proydut vodi.
Divna dela Tvoya, Ghospodi.
Fsia premudrostiyu sotvoril yesi.
Slava Ti, Ghospodi, sotvorivshemu fsia.
Slava Ottsu, i Sinu, i Sviatomu Duhu.
Slava Ti, Ghospodi, sotvorivshemu fsia.
I nine i prisno i vo veki vekov. Amin.
Slava Ti, Ghospodi, sotvorivshemu fsia.

Bless the Lord, O My Soul

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
blessed art Thou, O lord.
Bless the Lord, O my soul.
O Lord my God, Thou art very great.
Blessed art Thou, O Lord.
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
Blessed art Thou, O Lord.
The waters stand upon the mountains.
Marvelous are Thy works, O Lord.
The waters flow between the hills.
Marvelous are Thy works, O Lord.
In wisdom hast Thou made all things.
Glory to Thee, O Lord, who hast created all!
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the
Holy Spirit.
Glory to Thee, O Lord, who hast created all!
Both now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.
Glory to Thee O Lord, who hast created all!
(English text: Psalm 104:1, 2, 6, 10, 24)

2

Kafizma: Blazhen muzh

Blazhen muzh, izhe ne ide na sovet nechestivih.
Alliluya.

I put nechestivih pogibnet. Alliluya.

Rabotayte Ghospodevi so strahom,
i raduytesia Yemu s trepetom. Alliluya.

Blazheni fsi nadeyushchiisia nan. Alliluya.

Voskresni, Ghospodi, spasi mia, Bozhe moy.
Alliluya.

I na liudeh Tvoih blagosloveniye Tvoye. Alliluya.

Slava Ottsu, i Sinu, i Sviatomu Duhu. Alliluya.

I nŕne i prisno i vo veki vekov. Amin. Alliluya.

Kathisma: Blessed is the Man

Blessed is the man, who walks not in the counsel of
the wicked.

Alleluia.

And the way of the wicked will perish. Alleluia.

Serve the Lord with fear
and rejoice in Him with trembling. Alleluia.

Blessed are all who take refuge in Him. Alleluia.

Arise, O Lord! Save me, O my God! Alleluia.

And Thy blessing be upon Thy people. Alleluia.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the
Holy Spirit.

Both now and ever unto ages of ages. Amen.

Alleluia.

(English text: Psalm 1:1, 6; 2:11, 12; 3:7, 8)

3

Ghospodi, vozzvah

Ghospodi, vozzvah k Tebe, uslishi mia,
uslishi mia, Ghospodi;

Ghospodi, vozzvah k Tebe, uslishi mia;

vonmi glasu moleniya moyego,

vnegda vozzvati mi k Tebe.

Uslishi mia, Ghospodi.

Da ispravitsia molitva moya,

yako kadilo pred Toboyu;

vozdeyaniye ruku moyeyu,

zhertva vecherniaya.

Uslishi mia, Ghospodi.

Lord, I Call

Lord, I call upon Thee, hear me:

Hear me, O Lord.

Lord, I call upon Thee, hear me:

attend to the voice of my supplication,

when I call upon Thee.

Hear me, O Lord.

Let my prayer arise

before Thee as incense,

and let the lifting up of my hands

be an evening sacrifice.

Hear me, O Lord.

(English text: Psalm 141:1, 2)



4

Svete tihiy

Svete tihiy sviatīya slavī Bessmertnago,
Ottsa Nebesnago, Sviatago, Blazhennago,
Iisuse Hriste.
Prishedshe na zapad solntsa,
videvshe svet vecherniy,
poyem Ottsa, Sīna i Sviatago Duha, Boga.
Dostoin yesi vo fsia vremena
pet bīti glasī prepodobnīmi,
Sīne Bozhīy, zhivot dayay,
temzhe mir Tia slavit.

5

Bogoroditse Devo

Bogoroditse Devo, raduysia,
Blagodatnaya Mariye, Ghospod s Toboyu.
Blagoslovenna Tī v zhenah,
i blagosloven Plod chreva Tvoyego,
yako Spasa rodila yesi dush nashih.

6

Bog Ghospod

Bog Ghospod i yavisia nam,
blagosloven griadiy vo imia Ghospodne.

Razrushil yesi krestom Tvoim smert,
otverzl yesi razboyniku ray,
mironositsam plach prelozhil yesi,
i apostolom propovedati povelel yesi,
yako voskresl yesi Hriste Bozhe,
daruyay mirovi veliyu milost.

Gladsome Light

Gladsome Light of the holy glory of the Immortal One,
the Heavenly Father, holy and blessed,
O Jesus Christ!
Now that we have come to the setting of the sun,
and behold the light of evening,
we praise the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit – God.
Thou art worthy at every moment
to be praised in hymns by reverent voices.
O Son of God, Thou art the Giver of Life;
therefore, all the world glorifies Thee.

Rejoice, O Virgin

Rejoice, O Virgin Theotokos,
Mary full of grace, the Lord is with Thee.
Blessed art Thou among women,
and blessed is the Fruit of Thy womb,
for Thou hast borne the Saviour of our souls.

The Lord is God

The Lord is God and has appeared to us;
blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.

By Thy cross Thou didst destroy death,
and to the thief Thou didst open Paradise;
for myrrhbearers Thou didst change weeping into joy,
and Thou didst command Thy disciples, O Christ God,
to proclaim that Thou art risen,
granting the world great mercy!

7

Hvalite imia Ghospodne

Hvalite imia Ghospodne,
hvalite, rabi Ghospoda. Alliluiia.
Blagosloven Ghospod ot Siona,
zhiviy vo Iyerusalime. Alliluiia.
Ispovedaytesia Ghospodevi, yako blag,
yako v vek milost Yego. Alliluiia.
Ispovedaytesia Bogu nebesnomu,
yako v vek milost Yego. Alliluiia.

8

Blagosloven yesi, Ghospodi

Blagosloven yesi, Ghospodi, nauchi mia
opravdaniyem Tvoim.

Angelskiy sobor udivisia,
zria Tebe v mertvih vmenivshasia,
smertnuyu zhe, Spase, krepost razorivsha,
i s Soboyu Adama vozdvigsha, i ot ada fsia
svobozhdsha.

Blagosloven yesi, Ghospodi, nauchi mia
opravdaniyem Tvoim.

“Pochto mira s milostivnimi slezami,
o uchenitsi, rastvoriyete?”
Blistayayasia vo grobe Angel, mironositsam
veshchashe:
“Vidite vi grob, i urazumeyte: Spas bo voskrese ot
groba.”

Blagosloven yesi, Ghospodi, nauchi mia
opravdaniyem Tvoim.

Praise the Name of the Lord

Praise the name of the Lord. Alleluia.
Praise the Lord, O you His servants. Alleluia.
Blessed be the Lord from Zion,
He who dwells in Jerusalem. Alleluia.
O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good,
for His mercy endures forever. Alleluia.
O give thanks unto the God of Heaven,
for His mercy endures forever. Alleluia.

Blessed Art Thou, O Lord

Blessed art Thou, O Lord, teach me Thy statutes.

The angelic host was filled with awe,
when it saw Thee among the dead.
By destroying the power of death, O Savior,
Thou didst raise Adam, and save all men from
hell!

Blessed art Thou, O Lord, teach me Thy statutes.

In the tomb the radiant angel cried to the
myrrhbearers:
“Why do you women mingle with your tears?
Look at the tomb and understand!
The Savior is risen from the dead!”

Blessed art Thou, O Lord, teach me Thy statutes.

Zelo rano mironositsi techahu
ko grobu Tvoyemu ridayushchiya,
no predsta k nim Angel, i reche:
“Ridaniya vremena presta, ne plachite,
voskreseniye zhe apostolom rtsite.”

Blagosloven yesi, Ghospodi, nauchi mia
opravdaniyem Tvoim.

Mironositsi zheni s miri prishedshiya
ko grobu Tvoyemu, Spase, ridahu.
Angel zhe k nim reche, glagolia:
“Chto s mertvimi zhivago pomishliayete?
Yako Bog bo voskrese ot groba!”

Slava Ottsu, i Sinu, i Sviatomu Duhu.

Poklonimsia Ottsu, i Yego Sinovi, i Sviatomu
Duhu,
Sviatoy Troitse vo yedinom sushchestve
s Serafimiy zovushche:
“Sviat, Sviat, Sviat, yesi Ghospodi!”

I nini, i prisno, i vo veky vekov. Amin.

Zhiznodavtsa rozhdshi,
greha, Devo, Adama izbavila yesi.
Radost zhe Yeve v pechali mesto podala yesi;
padshiya zhe ot zhizni, k sey napravi,
iz Tebe voplotiviyasia Bog i chelovek.

Alliluiya, alliluiya, alliluiya, slava Tebe, Bozhe!

Very early in the morning
the myrrhbearers ran with sorrow to Thy tomb,
but an Angel came to them and said:
“The time for sorrow has come to an end!
Do not weep, but announce the resurrection to the
apostles!”

Blessed art Thou, O Lord, teach me Thy statutes.

The myrrhbearers were sorrowful
as they neared Thy tomb,
but the Angel said to them:
“Why do you number the living among the dead?
Since He is God, He is risen from the tomb!”

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy
Spirit.

We worship the Father, and His Son, and the Holy
Spirit:
the Holy Trinity, one in essence!
We cry with the Seraphim:
“Holy, Holy, Holy art Thou, O Lord!”

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Since Thou didst give birth to the Giver of Life, O
Virgin,
Thou didst deliver Adam from his sin!
Thou gavest joy to Eve instead of sadness!
The God-man who was born of Thee
has restored to life those who had fallen from it!

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia! Glory to Thee, O God!

9

Ot yunosti moyeya

Ot yunosti moyeya mnozi boriut mia strasti:
no Sam mia zastupi i spasi, Spase moy.

Nenavidiashchii Siona, posramitesia ot Ghospoda:
yako trava bo ognem, budete izsohshe.

Slava Ottsu, i Sīnu, i Sviatomu Duhu,
i nīne, i prisno, i vo veki vekov. Amin.

Sviatīm Duhom fsiaka dusha zhīvitsia,
i chistotoyu vozvīshayetsia,
svetleyetsia Troycheskim yedinstvom,
sviashchennotayne.

10

Voskreseniye Hristovo videvshe

Voskreseniye Hristovo videvshe,
poklonimsia Sviatomu Ghospodu Iisusu,
yedinomu bezgreshnomu.
Krestu Tvoyemu pokloniyemsia, Hriste,
i sviatoye voskreseniye Tvoye poyem i slavim:
Tī bo yesi Bog nash, razve Tebe inogo ne znayem,
imia Tvoye imenuyem.
Priidite fsi vernii,
poklonimsia sviatomu Hristovu voskreseniyu:
se bo priide krestom
radost fsemu miru,
fsegda blagosloviashche Ghospoda,
poyem voskreseniye Yego:

From My Youth

From my youth many passions have fought against me;
but do Thou protect me and save me, O my Saviour.

You who hate Zion shall be put shame by the Lord;
you shall be withered up like grass by the fire.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy
Spirit,
now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Every soul is enlivened by the Holy Spirit
and is exalted in purity,
illuminated by the Triune Godhead
in a sacred mystery.

Having Beheld the Resurrection of Christ

Having beheld the resurrection fo Christ,
let us worship the holy Lord Jesus,
the only Sinless One.
We venerate Thy Cross, O Christ,
and we hymn and glorify Thy holy resurrection,
for Thou art our God, and we know no other than Thee;
we call on Thy name.
Come, all you faithful,
let us venerate Christ's holy resurrection.
For, behold, through the cross
joy has come into all the world.
Ever blessing the Lord,
let us praise His resurrection,

raspiatiye bo preterpev,
smertiyu smert razrushī.

11

Katavasiya raidovaya: Otverzu usta moya

Otverzu usta moya, i napolniatsia Duha,
i slovo otrīgnu Tsariste Materi,
i yavliusia svetlo torzhestvuya,
i vospoyu, raduyasia, Toya chudesa.

Tvoya pesnoslovtsi, Bogoroditse,
zhīvīy i nezavistnīy istochniche,
lik sebe sovokuplshīya duhovno utverdi
v Bozhestvenney Tvoyey slave, ventsev slavī
spodobi.

Sediay v slave na prestole Bozhestva,
vo oblatse legtse, priide Iisus Prebozhestvennīy,
netlennoyu dlaniyu i spase zovushchiya:
slava, Hriste, sile Tvoyey.

Uzhasoshasia fsiacheskaya o Bozhestvenney slave
Tvoyey:
Tī bo, neiskusobrachnaya Devo,
imela yesi vo utrobe nad fsemi Boga
i rodila yesi bezletnago Sīna,
fsem vospevayushchim Tia mir podavayushchaya.

Bozhestvennoye siye i fsechestnoye
sovershayushche prazdnestvo,
bogomudrii, Bogomaterē, priidite, rukami
vospleshchim,
ot Neyā rozhdshegosa Boga slavim.

for by enduring the cross for us,
He has destroyed death by death.

Common Katavasia: I Shall Open My Lips

I shall open my lips, and they shall be filled with the
Spirit,
I shall utter a word to the Queen and Mother,
and I will be seen radiantly keeping festival,
and with rejoicing I will praise Her wonders.

O Theotokos,
Thou living and abundant fountain,
spiritually strengthen Thy singers, the choirs assembled
in Thy divine glory, and grant them crowns of glory.

He who sits in glory on the Trone of Divinity,
Jesus, truly divine, came on a light cloud,
and with an incorrupt hand saved those who cry aloud:
“Glory to Thy power, O Christ!”

All things were struck with awe at Thy divine glory,
for Thou, O Virgin, who knewest no wedlock,
didst bear in Thy womb the God who reigns over all,
and gavest birth to the Eternal Son,
granting peace to all who sing Thy praises.

Celebrating this divine and honorable feast
of the Mother of God,
let us, O divinely wise ones, clap our hands,
and let us glorify God who was born of Her.

Neposluzhīsha tvari bogomudrii pache Sozdavshago,
no ognennoye preshcheniye muzheski popravshe,
radovahusia poyushche:
“Prepetīy ottsev Ghospod i Bog,
blagosloven yesi.”

Otroki blagochestivīya f peshchi
Rozhdestvo Bogorodicho spaslo yest;
togda ubo obrazuyemoye, nīne zhe deystvuyemoe,
fselennuyu fsiu vozdvizayet peti Tebe:
”Ghospoda poyte dela
i prevoznosite Yego vo fsia veki.”

12

Bogorodichen: Preblagoslovenna yesi

I nīne, i prisno i vo veki vekov. Amin.

Preblagoslovenna yesi, Bogoroditse Devo.
Voploshchshīmbosia iz Tebe
ad plenisia, Adam vozzvasia,
kliatva potrebisia, Yeva svobodisia,
smert umertvisia, i mī ozhīhom.
Tem vospeyayushche vopiyem:
“Blagosloven Hristos Bog, blagovolivīy tako,
slava Tebe!”

The divinely-wise ones did not serve created things more
than Him who created them, but bravely trampled
on the fiery threat, and rejoiced as they sang:
“Blessed art Thou, O most-hymned Lord
and God of our fathers!”

The Offspring of the Mother of God
saved the pious youths in the furnace;
He who was then prefigured now is acting,
and He raises up the entire universe to sing:
“Praise the Lord, O all you his works,
and exalt Him throughout all ages!”

Theotokion: Thou Art Most Blessed

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Thou art most blessed, O Theotokos Virgin!
Through the One who was born of Thee
Hades had been taken captive, Adam has been recalled,
the curse has been annulled, and Eve has been set free;
Death has been put to death, and we have come alive.
Therefore, we cry out in song:
“Blessed is Christ God, whose good will this was!
Glory to Thee!”

Velikoye slavosloviye

Slava v vishnih Bogu, i na zemli mir,
 v chelovetseh blagovoleniye.
 Hvalim Tia, blagoslovim Tia,
 klaniayem Ti sia, slavoslovim Tia,
 blagoradim Tia, velikiya radi slavī Tvoyeya.
 Ghospodi, Tsariu Nebesnīy, Bozhe Otche
 Fsederzhiteliu.
 Ghospodi, Sine Yedinorodnīy, Iisuse Hriste,
 i Sviatīy Dushe.
 Ghospodi Bozhe, Agnche Bozhīy, Sine Otech,
 vzemliay greh mira, pomiluy nas;
 vzemliay grehi mira,
 priimi molitvu nashu.
 Sediay odesnuyu Ottsa,
 pomiluy nas.
 Yako Tī yesi yedin sviat,
 Tī yesi yedin Ghospod, Iisus Hristos,
 v slavu Boga Ottsa. Amin.
 Na fsiak den blagoslovliu Tia
 I vos'hvaliu imia Tvoye vo vek i v vek veka.
 Spodobi, Ghospodi, v den sey bez greha sohranitisia
 nam.
 Blagosloven yesi, Ghospodi, Bozhe otets nashih,
 i hvalno i proslavleno imia Tvoye vo vek. Amin.
 Budi, Ghospodi, milost Tvoya na nas,
 yakozhe upovahom na Tia.
 Blagosloven yesi, Ghospodi, nauchi mia
 opravdaniyem Tvoim.

Ghospodi, pribezhishche bil yesi nam
 v rod i rod.
 Az reh: Ghospodi, pomiluy mia,

The Great Doxology

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
 Good will toward men.
 We praise Thee, we bless Thee,
 we worship Thee, we glorify Thee,
 we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory.
 O Lord, Heavenly King, God the Father almighty,
 O Lord, only begotten Son, Jesus Christ,
 and Holy Spirit!
 O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
 who takest away the sin of the world, have mercy on us!
 Thou who takest away the sin of the world,
 receive our prayers!
 Thou who sittest at the right hand of the Father,
 have mercy on us!
 For thou alone art holy,
 Thou alone art the Lord, Jesus Christ,
 to the glory of God the Father. Amen.
 Every day I will bless Thee
 and praise Thy name forever and ever.
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin!
 Blessed art Thou, O Lord, God of our fathers,
 and praise and glorified is Thy name forever. Amen.
 Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us,
 as we have set our hope on Thee.
 Blessed art Thou, O Lord, teach me Thy statutes!

Lord, Thou has been our refuge
 from generation to generation.
 I said: Lord, have mercy on me,

istseli dushu moyu, yako sogreshih Tebe.
Ghospodi, k Tebe pribegoh,
nauchi mia tvoriti voliu Tvoyu, yako Ti yesi Bog moy,
yako u Tebe istochnik zhivotu;
vo svete Tvoyem uzrim svet.
Probavi milost Tvoyu vedushchim Tia.

Sviatiy Bozhe, Sviatiy Krepkiy, Sviatiy Bessmertniy,
pomiluy nas.
Slava Ottsu i Sinu i Sviatomu Duhu,
i nune i prisno, i vo veky vekov. Amin.
Sviatiy Bessmertniy, pomiluy nas.
Sviatiy Bozhe, Sviatiy Krepkiy, Sviatiy Bessmertniy,
pomiluy nas.

14

Vzbrannoy voyevode

Vzbrannoy voyevode pobeditelnaya,
yako izbavlshesia ot zlih,
blagodarstvennaya vospisuyem Ti rabi Tvoi,
Bogoroditse:
na yako imushchaya derzhavu nepobedimuyu,
ot fsiakih nas bed svobodi,
da zovem Ti:
raduysia, Nevesto Nenevestnaya.

heal my soul, for I have sinned against Thee.
Lord, I flee to Thee,
teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God;
for with Thee is the fountain of life,
and in Thy light we shall see the light.
Continue Thy mercy on those who know Thee!

Holy God, Holy Might, Holy Immortal,
have mercy on us!
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the
Holy Spirit,
both now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.
Holy Immortal, have mercy on us!
Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal,
have mercy on us!

To Thee, the Victorious Leader

To Thee, the victorious Leader of triumphant hosts,
we Thy servants, delivered from evil,
offer hymns of thanksgiving,
O Theotokos!
Since Thou dost possess invincible might,
set us free from all calamities,
so that we may cry to Thee:
"Rejoice, O unwedded Bride!"

Gimn v chest Sv. Kirilla i Mefodiy (1885)

Obnimis so mnoy, slavianskiy brat,
pomianut s toboy ya vmeste rad
den, kogda pokinul mir zemnoy
prosvetitel nash Kirill sviatoy.
K bratu Mefodiyu u skalī Petrovoy
tak veshchal on, smert priyat gotoviy:
“Brat Mefodiy, sostradalnik moy,
tī posledniy chas moy uspokoy!

Vozvratis k slavianskim tī sinam,
vozvraŝti Hristovu nivu tam,
shtobī verī plod vozros, sozrel,
shtob slavianskiy rod svet pravdī zrel.
Ya zh v nebesah budu Ghospodu molitsa,
shtob im v vere dal On utverditsa.
I Ghospod blagoslovit nash trud,
fse slaviane ko Hristu pridut!”

Hymn in Honour of Saints Cyril and Methodius (1885)

Let us embrace, my brother Slav,
and joyfully recall that day
when our enlightener, the Holy Cyril,
departed this earthly world.
Thus he spoke to his brother Methodius at Peter’s Crag,
as he stood, prepared to accept a martyr’s death:
“O brother Methodius, my fellow sufferer,
Comfort me in my final hour!

Return to our Slavic children!
Sow Christ’s seed among them,
so that the fruit of faith might grow and prosper,
and that they might see the light of Truth!
Meanwhile, I shall be praying in heaven,
that the Lord might strengthen them in the faith.
And the Lord shall bless our labors:
All the Slavs shall come to Christ!”

(Text: Translated from the Czech to Russian by Pyotr
Tchaikovsky)

16

Legenda, Op. 54 No. 5 (1883)

Bil u Hrista mladentsa sad,
i mnogo roz vzrastil On v niom...
On trizhdī v den ih polival,
shtob splest venok sebe potom.
Kogda zhe rozī rastsveli,
detey yevreyskih sozval on;
oni sorvali po tsvetku,
i sad bil ves opustoshon.
“Kak Tī spletiosh sebe venok,
fTvoyom sadu net bolshe roz?”
“Vī pozabīli, shto shīpī ostalis mne,” skazal Hristos.
I iz shīpov oni spleli venok koliuchiy dlīa Nevo,
i kapli krovi vmesto roz chelo ukrasili, ukrasili Yevo.

17

Pravovedcheskaya pesn (1885)

Pravdī svetloy chistiyy plamen
do kontsa v dushe hranil
chelovek, shto perviy kamen
shkole nashey polozhil.

On o nas v zabotah nezhnih
ne shadil truda i sil.
On iz nas sinov nadezhnih
dlya otchizni vozrastil.

A Legend, Op. 54 No. 5 (1883)

When Christ was a child, He had a garden,
and many roses He grew therein...
Three times a day did He water them,
for He planned to weave Himself a wreath someday.
When the roses came into full bloom,
He summoned the neighbor Hebrew children;
they each plucked a flower, and the garden was bare.
“How will You weave yourself a weath?” they asked.
“Your garden has no more roses in it.”
“You have forgotten that the thorns are left for me,”
Christ said.
And from the thorns they pleated Him a prickly wreath;
and drops of blood, instead of roses, adorned His brow.”

(Text: Aleksey Pleshcheyev, 1825–1893. Based on a poem by Richard Henry Stoddard, 1825–1903)

Jurists' Song (1885)

The flame of truth's light
firmly preserved in the human
soul, laid first in stone
by our school.

With us it is gently cared
without sparing any labour or effort.
From his reliable sons it comes,
for the homeland's progress.

Pravoved! Kak on, visoko
znamya istini derzhi.
Predan bud Tsaryu gluboko,
Bud vragom ti vsyakoy lzhi...

I, stremyas ko blagu smelo,
pomni shkolnih dney zavet,
shto stoyat za pravdi delo
tverdo budet pravoved.

18

Angel vopiyashe (1887)

Angel vopiyashe blagodatney:
"Chistaya Devo, raduysia!
I paki reku raduysia!
Tvoy Sin voskreshe tridneven ot groba,
i mertviya vozdvignuviy,
liudiye, veselitesia!"

Svetisia, svetisia, noviy Iyerusalime!
Slava bo Ghospodnia na tebe vossiia
likuy nine i veselisia, Sione!
Ti zhe Chistaya, krasuysia, Bogoroditse,
o vostanii Rozhdestva Tvoyego.

Jurist! How high he is
in holding the banner of truth.
Be deeply loyal to the Tsar,
become the enemy of all lies...

We, boldly striving for the good,
remembering our school oath
of what standing for truth means,
we are firmly established as jurists.

(Text: Pyotr Tchaikovsky)

The Angel Cried Out (1887)

The Angel cried out to the Lady Full of Grace;
"Rejoice, O Pure Virgin!
And again, I say: Rejoice!
Your Son is risen from His three days in the tomb!
With Himself He has raised all the dead!
Rejoice, all ye people!"

Shine! Shine! O New Jerusalem!
The glory of the Lord has shone on you!
Exult now and be glad, O Zion!
Be radiant, O Pure Theotokos,
in the resurrection of Your Son!

(Text: Paschal Hymn to the Mother of God)



Pyotr Tchaikovsky in Switzerland

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