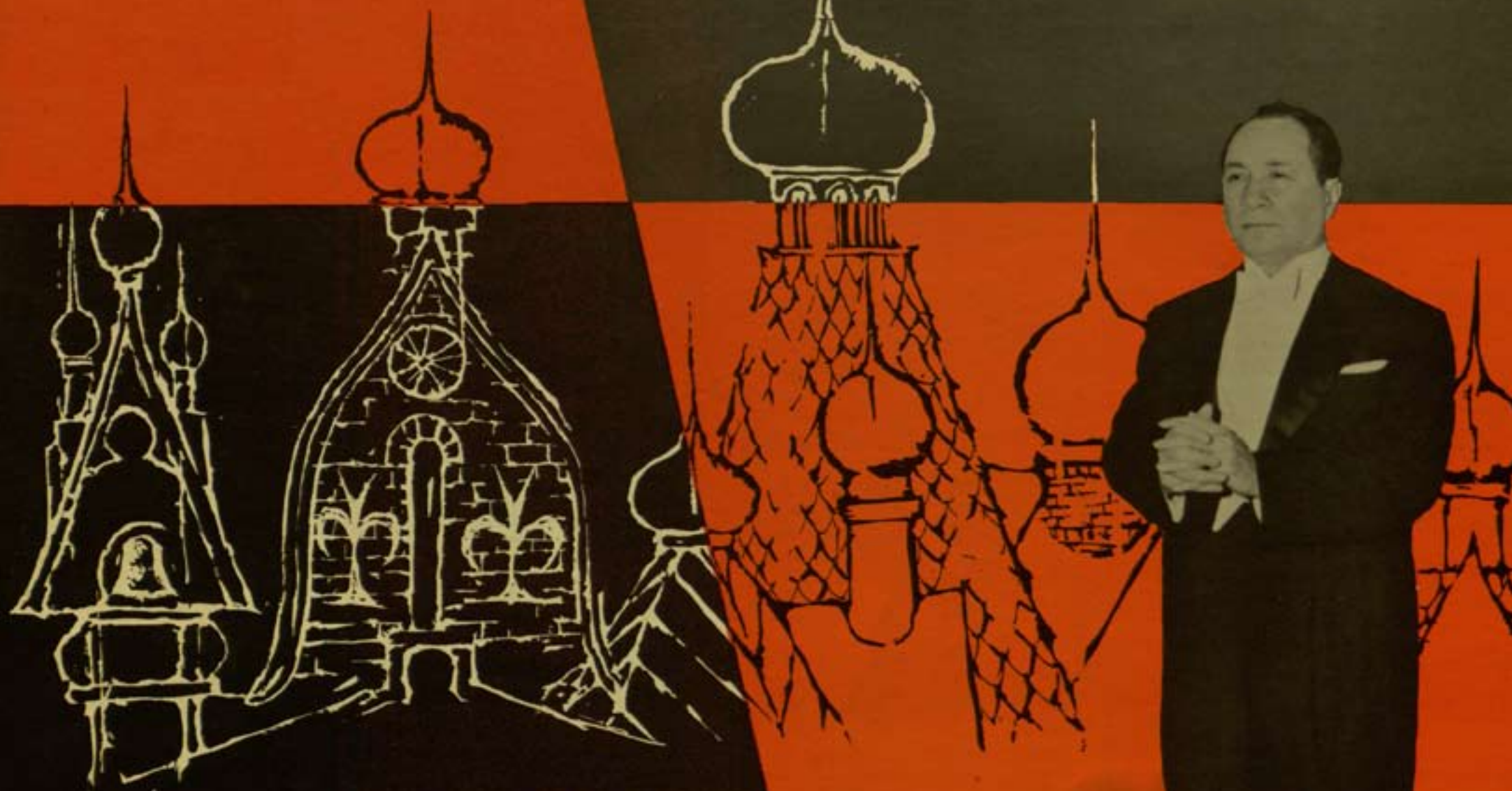


ARTISTIC ENTERPRISES PRESENTS

LP-B 109

# SIDOR

# BELARSKY



## CONCERT of RUSSIAN MUSIC

# SIDOR BELARSKY

## CONCERT of RUSSIAN MUSIC

### SIDE ONE

**UKHNIEM** *Shaliapin - Koeneman*  
(*The Volga Barge-men's Song*)

In staunch breast and shoulder horse-collars, the Volga barge-men trudge single file up the river bank battling the swift currents desperately tugging at the barges tow lines in toilsome rhythm with the mournful strains of the world-famed "Ey Oukniem" day on day, from dawn till dusk.

**IT OCCURRED LONG AGO** *Pregel*

It occurred long ago. When it was I have no recollection. Fleeting years, like illusions, are gone thru eternity's all. From the indolent heart is erased any past inclination to love. It occurred long ago . . . maybe never at all.

**ON THE HILL** *Vorobyoff*

Seven maidens sing and frolic mid bushes on a hill. Seven handsome braves roam in the glade below. Lots of nut-trees in the woods for the lads to regale the girls. What merriment, what singing!

**THE ARBA DRIVER** *Prozorovsky*

In my arba (a type of covered wagon) sleeps my doe-eyed bride, the tenderly-reared flower of the Alazan valley. I am carrying her east to my home. The wagon creaks . . . the road is long . . .

**DARK NIGHT** *Bogoslovsky*

Dark night. Bullets whiz in the murky shine of stars. Beloved! I know you're watching at the child's cradle furtively drying your eyes. I fear not death, I'd love to kiss your lips. Black night and peril-filled steppes separate us, but my faith is firm. I'll come back unharmed.

**PERSIAN SONG** *Rubinstein*

The rising sun sets aglistening on the rolling waves of Kur below. Would that it last forever! I drink in vigor and joy from the beaker, the sparkle of eyes dazzles me. Would that it last forever! Hurry hither in the dark of the night if you wish me to pour all my love into your eyes. Would that it last forever!

**WHEN THE KING WENT FORTH TO WAR**  
*Koeneman*

When the king went forth to war, horns blared for victory. When the private Stakh went, the rye-field muttered grief. The whistle of bullets delighted the watching chiefs, the wounded graymen groaned. The battle over, bell-tolling and shouts of welcome greet the returning King. The wind alone howls over Stakh's corpse on the battlefield.

### SIDOR BELARSKY

SIDOR BELARSKY a graduate of the State Conservatory at Leningrad was formerly a leading basso of the Leningrad State Opera Company. Within an astonishingly short time he was hailed as one of the leading artists of the day.

In his song recitals from coast to coast and as soloist with such eminent conductors as Arturo Toscanini, Fritz Busch, Arthur Rodzinski and others, his success has been overwhelming. In Opera, Sidor Belarsky has been triumphantly received as leading basso of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, the San Francisco Opera Company, the American Opera Company of Los Angeles, the New York City Center Company, Teatro Municipal in Rio de Janeiro and the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. One of his most popular opera roles, that of the basso Rocco, can be heard on the RCA recording of Beethoven's "Fidelio", with Toscanini conducting.

### SIDE TWO

**ON THE RIVER'S BANK** *arr. Belarsky*  
(*Folk Song*)

I shall walk down to the swift river's bank and gaze at my native countryside. No more spacious and hospitable fields and meadows than these in all the world.

**CALM IS THE NIGHT** *Kashevaroff*

Calm is the night, the zephyr moves no grass-blades in the meadow and garden. The river is noiseless and sleeps on the muted banks, Silence. Infinite calm in the skies, over garden and river. The moon sails forth from behind the lacy lime trees. Still the night, . . . Silence.

**MY LIPS ARE SILENT** *Bleikman*

My lips are silent in burning anguish. Life's ways shall never dim the gleam of your eyes. And love I crave as vague as reveries of maidens heart, to love in you the crown of creation, of beauty the purest image . . .

**ALONE ON THE ROAD**  
*Shashina - Saslavsky*

Alone I walk, moonlit flinty path — a lifeless desert; in heaven the stars converse. Yet heavy hearted, no hopes ahead, no regretting the past, eternal sleep I crave, — though not the numbing sleep of the grave. Life's forces should in my breathing heart be trembling, a voice should hymn the tale of love, a green leafed oak bend over me and rustle.

**SWEETLY SANG THE NIGHTINGALE**  
*Gliere*

Once my blooming garden sang with the nightingale's songs, than which nothing was sweeter. The snows and winter came, the garden is leafless and dead-the nightingale fled. The songs to which I could listen unto eternity are heard no more.

**LULLABY** *(Lermentoff) Grechaninoff*

Sleep my pretty baby! Hushabye! The moon is gazing into your cradle. I'll tell you fairy stories, I'll sing a little nursery rhyme. Shut your eyes in slumber! Hushabye!

**MORNING LIGHT** *Shostakovich*

Morning greets us with its cool, the river with its breeze. Rejoice, curly-lock, at the merry song of the factory-whistle get up, curly-lock! The country is a-ringing with glory to greet the day. Youth, you will pass until the new youth comes forth to greet you.