



Grant Park Music Festival

Seventy-fifth Season

Grant Park Orchestra and Chorus

Carlos Kalmar, *Principal Conductor*

Christopher Bell, *Chorus Director*

Second Program: Bernstein on the Waterfront

Friday, June 12, 2009 at 5:30 p.m.

Jay Pritzker Pavilion

GRANT PARK ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

Carlos Kalmar, *Conductor*

Christopher Bell, *Chorus Director*

John Horton Murray, *Tenor*

Denis Sedov, *Bass*

Chicago Children's Chorus, Josephine Lee, *Artistic Director*

KERNIS *Too Hot Toccata*

BERNSTEIN *Symphonic Suite from On the Waterfront*

SHOSTAKOVICH *The Song of the Forests* for Tenor, Bass,
Children's Chorus, Mixed Choir and Orchestra, Op. 81
When the War Was Over (Bass, Men's Chorus)
The Call Rings Throughout the Land (Mixed Chorus)
Memory of the Past (Bass, Mixed Chorus) —
The Pioneers Plant the Forest (Children's Chorus) —
The Young Communists Forge Onwards (Mixed Chorus)
A Walk Into the Future (Tenor, Mixed Chorus)
Glory (Bass, Tenor, Mixed Chorus, Children's Chorus)

JOHN HORTON MURRAY
DENIS SEDOV

Kogda Okonchilas Voina (“When the War Ended”)

Kogda okonchilas voina,
 vzdokhnula radostno strana.
 Nastali solnechniye dni.
 Moi drug, tovarishch,
 posle boya domoi vernulis my s tobouy,
 na kartu Rodini vzglyani:
 tam ot Volgi i do Buga
 i ot sevyera do yuga,
 gdye proshli
 pobyedniye polki,
 vstali krasniye flazhki.
 Rodniye stepi i polya,
 mnogostradalnaya zemlya ...
 My zdyes voyevali,
 svobodu svoyu otstoyali,
 nas k podvigam novim
 zovut eti yasniye dali,
 i, vnov oshchutiv,
 kak nashi polya shiroki,
 my krasniye s karti
 snimayem flazhki.
 Snimayem krasniye flazhki,
 voinoyu oplanyonniye,
 i stavim noviye flazhki,
 kak tsvyet lesov, zelyoniye.
 Ot reki i do reki,
 ot Volgi i do Buga,
 proidyot lesnaya polosa
 ot sevyera do yuga.

When the war ended
 the land breathed joyfully,
 sunny days began.
 My friend, comrade,
 we returned home after the battle,
 consulting the map of our homeland:
 there, from the Volga to the Bug,
 and from north to south,
 wherever our victorious regiments
 had passed,
 were placed red flags.
 Our native steppes and fields,
 our long-suffering land.
 Here we fought
 and defended our freedom,
 these clear horizons summon us
 to new feats of valor,
 and our senses, like our broad fields,
 coming alive again,
 we remove the red flags
 from our map,
 we remove the red flags,
 scorched by war,
 and in their place we put new flags,
 green, the color of the forests.
 From river to river,
 from the Volga to the Bug,
 The forests spread
 from north to south.

Odyenem Rodinu v Lesa (“We Will Clothe Our Homeland with Forests”)

Zvuchit priziv na vsyu stranu,
 raznosit vyeter golosa
 obyavim zasukhye voinu,
 odyenem rodinu
 v lesa!
 Kovaren byl iyulski znoi,
 polyam grozili nyebesa.
 Shtob novi mir
 dyshal vesnoi,
 odyenem rodinu
 v lesa!
 Svetla, kak pervaya lyubov,
 beryozok yunaya krasa.
 Poseyem rozh
 pod syen dubov,
 odyenem rodinu
 v lesa!
 My zashchitim svoi polya,
 yavlyaya miru chudesa.
 Shtob krugli god

The call rings out through all the land,
 the voices are carried by the winds:
 we will declare war on drought,
 we will clothe our homeland
 with forests.
 The intense heat of July was ominous,
 the heavens threatened the fields.
 So that a new world
 might breathe in spring,
 we will clothe our homeland
 with forests.
 Pure and radiant, like first love,
 is the youthful beauty of the birches.
 We will sow rye
 in the shade of the oaks.
 We will clothe our homeland
 with forests!
 We will protect our fields,
 and show the world great wonders.
 So that the earth should bloom

tsvela zemlya,
 odyenem rodinu
 v lesa!
 Po vsyem stepyam,
 vdol russkikh ryek
 proidyot lesnaya polosa.
 Priblizim kommunizma vyek,
 odyenem rodinu
 v lesa!

the whole year round,
 we will clothe our homeland
 with forests.
 Over the whole steppe,
 along the banks of the Russian rivers,
 the forest spreads.
 We are nearing the age of Communism,
 we will clothe our homeland
 with forests.

Vospominaniye o Proshlom (“Memories of the Past”)

My nye zabyli
 gorkoi doli
 lyubimyykh myest zemli svoeyi:
 stoit odna beryozka v polye,
 i nyet zashchity u polyei!
 Iz pustyni pyeschanoi
 vyetyer lyetit okayanny,
 iz-za Volgi lyetit sukhovyei.
 Molodiye vzoidut zelenya —
 on sozhyot ikh bystryeye ognya ...
 Podnimayetsya
 slavnaya rozh —
 koloski on podryezhet, kak nosh ...
 God urozhaya
 i god nyedoroda,
 kak vas uznat naperyod?
 Posle molyebna
 i krestново khoda
 dozhd na Russi nye idyot.
 Yesli uzh vydalsya god nyevyesyoli,
 dozhd probezhit storonoi.
 Zasukha, sgorbivshis, brodit po syolam
 s nishchenskoï rvanoï sumoi.
 Stonut polya
 na zharye bezotradnoi,
 znoinomu vetru
 otkryty puti.
 Dai nam khot kapelku tyeni prokhladnoi,
 nas, chelovyyek, zashchitil!
 Kak ty stradala kogdato,
 milaya nasha zemlya!
 Khlyeba prosili rebyata,
 vlagi prosili polya ...
 Dyeti moi rodniye, dyeti moi,
 nye plachtye:
 vyrastitye bolshimi,
 zemlyu pereinachtye!

We have not forgotten
 the cruel fate
 of our beloved land:
 the birch tree stands alone in the field,
 and the fields have no protection!
 The cursed wind blows
 from the sandy wasteland,
 the dry wind blows from the Volga.
 The young green shoots are sprouting,
 they are consumed quicker than fire ...
 The glorious ears of rye push up
 through the earth,
 they are cut down as by a knife ...
 A good harvest one year,
 a poor one the next,
 how can you know in advance?
 Despite prayers
 and religious processions,
 no rain falls on Russia.
 In one bad year,
 the rain passes by and misses the land.
 Drought stalks the villages
 like a stooped, wretched beggar.
 The fields languish
 in the relentless heat,
 the tracks are open
 to the burning wind:
 oh, for a small spot of cool shade,
 oh, man, protect us!
 How you once suffered,
 our dear land!
 The children begged for bread,
 the fields begged for rain.
 My children, my own children,
 do not weep:
 you will grow up,
 you will alter the land!

Pionery Sazhayut Lesa ("The Pioneers Plant the Forests")

Topoli, topoli,
skoryei iditye vo polye!
Pionyer vsyem primyer
tam uzhe s rassvyeta!
Yaseni, yaseni,
rodnuyu step ukrasili,
i beryoz nash kolkhoz
posadil nyemalo.
Zholudi, zholudi,
kak zoloto tyazholiye,
dubdubok, nash druzhok,
vyrastai skoreye!
Yabloni, yabloni,
vyrastaitye khrabrymi!
Vas ni lyod nye vozmyot,
ni moroz treskuchi!
S klyonami, klyonami,
stoinymi, zelyonymi,
nam rasti i tsvesti,
zemlyu ukrashaya,
nam rasti i tsvesti,
slavya urozhai!

The poplars, the poplars,
hurry into the field!
The pioneer, an example to us all,
has been there since dawn!
Ash trees, ash trees
have adorned our native steppe,
and our collective farm
has planted many birch trees.
Acorns, acorns,
heavy as gold,
little oak tree, our little friend,
grow quickly!
Apple trees, apple trees,
grow bravely!
Neither ice nor hard frost
shall harm you!
With the maples, the maples,
slender and green,
grow and blossom for us,
and adorn the land,
grow and blossom for us
and celebrate the harvest!

Komsomoitsy Vykhodyat Vperyod ("The Young Communists Go Forth")

Vstavaitye na podvig,
narody velikoi sovyetskoi strany!
Milostyei zhdai u prirody
lyudi tepyer nye dolzhny.
Schastye vozmyom my svoimi rukami
zemlyu rodnuyu
ukrasim sadami.
My prostiye sovyetskiye lyudi,
kommunizm nasha slava i chest.
Kol narod govorit:
"Eto budet!"
my otvetim yemu: "Eto yest!"
Vyshe znamyal
Vyshe znamyal
Komsomolskiye
vyshli polki,
shtob derevyev
zelyonoye plamyu podnyalos
vozlye Volgiryeki.
Budet nashei pshenitsye ograda
komsomolskykh lesov polosa
ot Kamyshina do Volgograda,
i na yug
do Cherkesska lesa.
Vyshe znamyal
Vyshe znamyal
Komsomolskiye

Arise, people of the great Soviet land,
and do great deeds!
We must not now wait
for nature's bounties.
Let us grasp good fortune in our hands,
let us adorn our native land
with gardens.
We are simple Soviet people,
Communism is our glory and honor.
As soon as the people say,
"This will be,"
we reply, "It already is!"
Raise the banner higher,
raise the banner higher!
The regiments of Young Communists
have gone forth
so that the trees should rise up
in a blaze of green
along the River Volga.
The Young Communists' forests
will fence round our wheat
from Kamyshin to Volgograd,
and southwards
to the forests of Cherkessk.
Raise the banner higher,
raise the banner higher!
The regiments of Young Communists

vyshli polki,
 shtob derevyev
 zelyonoye plama rastsvyelo
 vozlye Volgiryeki.
 Slovo armiyu mirnuyu nashu,
 kol deryevya
 vsye vystroit v ryad,
 to oni shar zemnoi opoyashut,
 svetloi vlagoi yevo orosyat.
 Vyshe znamyal
 Vyshe znamyal!
 Komsomolskiye
 vyshli polki,
 shtob derevyev
 zelyonoye plama podnyalos
 vozlye Volgiryeki.
 Ekh, nye trogaitye sad etot divny,
 vy pred nim,
 kak pigmyei, maly.
 Krepche vashikh stvolov orudinykh
 nashikh yunykh beryozok stvoloy.
 Gorodsoldat, nash geroi lyubimy,
 gordost i slava zemli rodimoj,
 nyetomimy, nyepobyedimy,
 stroisya i slavsya
 nash gorod geroi!
 Vyshe znamyal
 Vyshe znamyal!
 Slovo orden,
 listok u drevka!
 Razlivaisya
 i raduisya s nami,
 nyecobyatnaya Volgareka.

have gone forth,
 so that the trees should flourish
 in a blaze of green
 along the River Volga.
 Just like our peaceful army,
 when the trees are lined up,
 as if on parade,
 they will encircle the earth,
 and irrigate it with pure moisture.
 Raise the banner higher,
 raise the banner higher!
 The regiments of Young Communists
 have gone forth
 so that the trees should rise up
 in a blaze of green
 along the River Volga.
 Ah, do not disturb this glorious garden.
 Compared to it you are small,
 like a pigmy.
 Stronger than the barrels of your guns
 are the trunks of our young birches.
 Soldier-city, our beloved hero,
 pride and glory of our native land,
 tireless, invincible,
 grow and be famous,
 our hero-city!
 Raise the banner higher,
 raise the banner higher!
 Like a military decoration,
 a leaf raised on a staff!
 Overflow your banks
 and rejoice with us,
 boundless River Volga.

Budushchaya Progulka ("A Walk in the Future")

A ...
 Solovi poyut schastliviye,
 oglashaya tishinu,
 nad polyami nad nivami
 slavyat yunost i vesnu.
 V stepi lesok zelyony vyros,
 lyubov moya, lyubov moya!
 A ranshe nam nye prikhodilos
 zdyes slishat
 penyey solovya.
 Nashi lyudi bespokoiniye
 prevratili zemlyu v sad,
 v tri ryada deryevya stroiniye,
 vzyavshis za ruki, stoyat.
 I nad shirokimi polyami —
 maya mechta, tvoya mechta —
 listva zelyonaya nad nami,
 strany sovyetskoi krasota.

Ah ...
 The silence is filled with the joyous
 song of the nightingales,
 above the cornfields
 they celebrate youth and the spring.
 On the steppe has sprung up
 a little green wood, my love, my love!
 But here in the past,
 we could not hear
 the song of the nightingale.
 Our tireless people
 have turned the earth into a garden:
 in rows of three, our slender trees
 join hands and stand straight.
 And above the broad fields —
 my dream and yours —
 the green leaves above us,
 the beauty of our Soviet land.

Shir stepyei
preobrazhonnaya —
eto vsyo tvoi trudy.
Pust idut gulyat vlyublyonniye
v nashi noviye sady.

The transformed wide expanse
of the steppes —
all this is the result of your work.
Go out and walk lovingly
in our new gardens.

Slava (“Glory”)

Na polyakh kolkhozov
vstali pa kvadratam
stroiniye beryozy,
rodiny soldaty,
nashi klyony i beryozy.
Polya shirokiye, lesa zelyoniye,
lesniye polosy — zashchita rodiny.
Yasen, buk i grab
da iva — ivushka.
Mily krai russki,
stanesh yeshcho krashe,
krai nash russki, krai nash slavny!
Nye strashitsya polye
grozovovo nyebo.
Budet khleba v volyu,
budut gory khleba.
Sily nyet na svetye,
shtoby nas slomila.
Ostupayet vetyer pered nashei siloi.
Polya shirokiye, lesa zelyoniye,
lesniye polosy, nash russki krai!
Slava komandiram
bitvy za prirodu,
slava brigadiru, slave polyevodu!
Slava agronomu,
slava sadovodu!
Parti nashei slava!
I vsemu narodu slava!
Slava!
Voskhodit zarya kommunizma!
Pravda s nami i schastiye u nas.
Yesli b nashu svyatuyu otchiznu
mog Lenin uvidet seichas!
Vedyot nashei Parti geni
nyepreklonnykh i vernykh synov.
My za solntsye,
za schastiye, za mir!
My s prirodoi
vstupayem v srazheniya
vo imya qryadushchikh sedov.
Deryevya vstayut velichavo
vozlye russkikh torzhestvennykh ryek.
Leninskoi parti slava!
Slava narodu navek!
Parti mudroi slava!
Slava!

Planted in squares
on the fields of the collective farm
grew the slender birches,
soldiers of our homeland,
our maples and birches.
The broad fields and green forests,
the protective forests of our native land.
The ash tree and beech,
hornbeam and willow.
Our dear Russian land,
you will become still more beautiful.
Our Russian land, our glorious land!
The field is not afraid
of the threatening storm in the sky.
We will have bread in plenty,
there will be mountains of bread.
There is no force on earth
that can break us.
The wind abates before our strength.
The broad fields and green forests,
the tracts of forests, our Russian land!
Glory to the commanders
of the battle for nature!
Glory to the field cultivation teams!
Glory to the agriculturalist,
glory to the gardener!
Glory to our party!
Glory to all the people!
Glory!
The day of Communism is dawning!
Truth is with us, and good fortune.
If only Lenin could see
our holy motherland now!
Our party is led by the genius
of loyal and indomitable sons.
We are for the sun,
for happiness and peace!
Together with nature,
we will march into battle
in the name of our gardens of the future.
The trees rise up majestically
beside the solemn Russian rivers.
Glory to Lenin's Party!
Glory to the people forever!
Glory to our wise Party!
Glory!