Schnittke
Psalms of Repentance
Cappella Amsterdam
Daniel Reuss

Alfred Schnittke (1934-1998)

Psalms of Repentance (Stikhi Pokayanniye, 1988)

manuscript edition curated by Alexander Ivashkin

1	I. Adam sat weeping at the gates of paradise	2. 23
2	II. O wilderness, gather me	3. 46
3	III. That is why I live in poverty	2. 40
4	IV. My soul, my soul	1. 59
5	V. O Man, doomed and wretched	2. 38
6	VI. When they beheld the ship that suddenly came	1. 47
7	VII. Oh my soul, why are you not afraid	4. 57
8	VIII. If you wish to overcome	1. 41
9	IX. I have reflected on my life as a monk	6. 13
10	X. Christian people, gather together!	3. 14
11	XI. I entered this life of tears a naked infant	2. 55
12	XII. (wordless)	6. 18
	Total playing time:	40. 39

Cappella Amsterdam
Daniel Reuss, conductor

Cappella Amsterdam

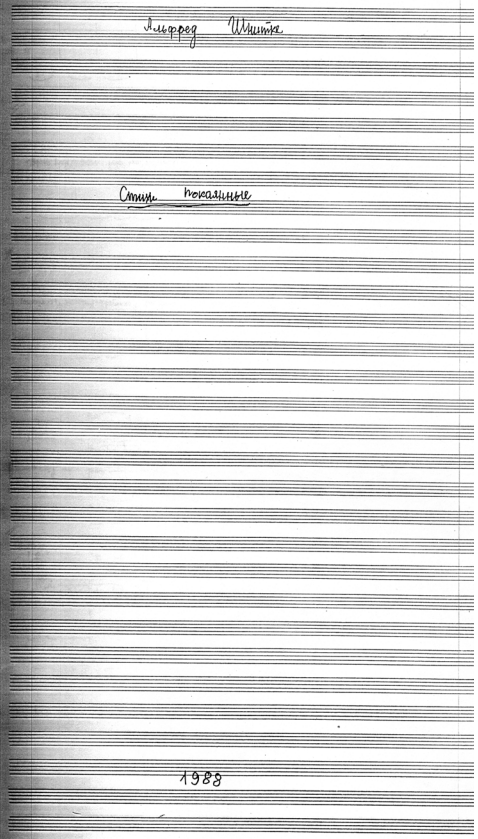
Sopranos
Sanda Audere
Elisabeth Blom
Bobbie Blommesteijn
Martha Bosch
Ana-Marija Brkic
Marijke van der Harst
Maria Köpcke
Lette Vos

Altos
Sabine van der Heijden
Dorien Lievers
Laura Lopes
Jenni Reineke
Inga Schneider
Ludmila Schwartzwalder
Suzanne Verburg
Eline Welle

Tenors
Stefan Berghammer
Harry van Berne
Ross Buddie
Jon Etxabe Arzuaga
Jelle Leistra
Martin Logar *
Diederik Rooker
Endrik Üksvärav

Basses
Matija Bizjan
Erks Jan Dekker
Joris Derder
Jan Douwes
Zigmārs Grasis
Angus van Grevenbroek
Harry van der Kamp
Kees Jan de Koning
Johan Vermeer

* tenor solo



Front page of Schnittke's manuscript

Alfred Schnittke's Psalms of Repentance (Stikhi Pokayanniye)

Lodewijk van der Ree

In the year 988, Volodymyr the Great ordered his people to be baptised into the Orthodox Christian faith. Almost a millennium later, during Soviet times, it was not at all clear if celebrations for the 1000th anniversary of this so called Christianisation of Rus' (meaning Russia, Belarus and Ukraine combined) would be allowed by the authorities. Religion was oppressed by the Soviets, but despite that a large part of the population was still religious. In 1984, Mikhail Gorbachev was appointed as head of the Soviet Union. With his policies of *Glasnost* (openness) and *Perestroika* (restructuring) Gorbachev started a series of political and cultural changes leading to, among other things, a loosening up of the Soviet anti-religious legislation. In Gorbachev's first year in power, the Danilov Monastery in Moscow was re-opened, and returned to the Moscow Patriarchate. It was widely seen as a sign of a change in the officials' attitude to religion, and from then on preparations for the celebrations of the 1000th anniversary started. Four years later it was celebrated on a grand scale, with full co-operation from the Soviet authorities.

Alfred Schnittke was asked to contribute to the celebrations by writing an organ part to accompany the Orthodox church service. He declined, but after a friend gave him a book containing a collection of anonymous Russian texts from the second half of the 16th century, he instead decided to set a cycle of texts from this book for the occasion; *Stikhi Pokayanniye* (Verses of Repentance, more often translated as Penitential Psalms or Psalms of Repentance). He finished the piece on the 17th of April 1988. It was performed for the first time on the 26th of December of the same year in Moscow by the USSR State Chamber Choir, conducted by Valery Polyansky.

Stikhi Pokayanniye is one of the most impressive large-scale works for a cappella choir written in the twentieth century, setting intensely emotional texts to equally expressive music. It consists of twelve movements; the first eleven use all the texts of the Verses of Repentance in its entirety, while the last movement is a wordless vocalise. Despite being a commission for a specific occasion, it became one of Alfred Schnittke's most personal pieces.

Setting the texts to music, Schnittke uses similar devises in every movement. In general, words are set syllabically, in constantly changing meters closely following the rhythm of the text. Words or phrases expressing sin, penitence, torment, grief or other negative emotions and concepts are usually set in a dissonant harmonic language. However, when the text takes a more hopeful turn, Schnittke matches this with music that is the complete opposite of this dark

chromatic world. Very often, verses end with a plea to God to forgive, protect or help, and Schnittke uses this as an opportunity to return to a more tonal style reminiscent of nineteenth century Russian choral music, often in broadly spaced resonant harmonies. Radiant examples are found in the final phrases of movements two, five and nine, with an especially striking contrast between dark and light at the end of the fourth movement. Here at first the text is "*Remember the eternal torment which awaits the sinner*", immediately followed by "*But rejoice, my soul, and cry out for evermore: Merciful God, save me!*". The shock of moving from a cluster containing all notes except C and stretching up to a high B flat for the top soprano, to a shining F Major triad must be one of the most climactic moments in choral literature.

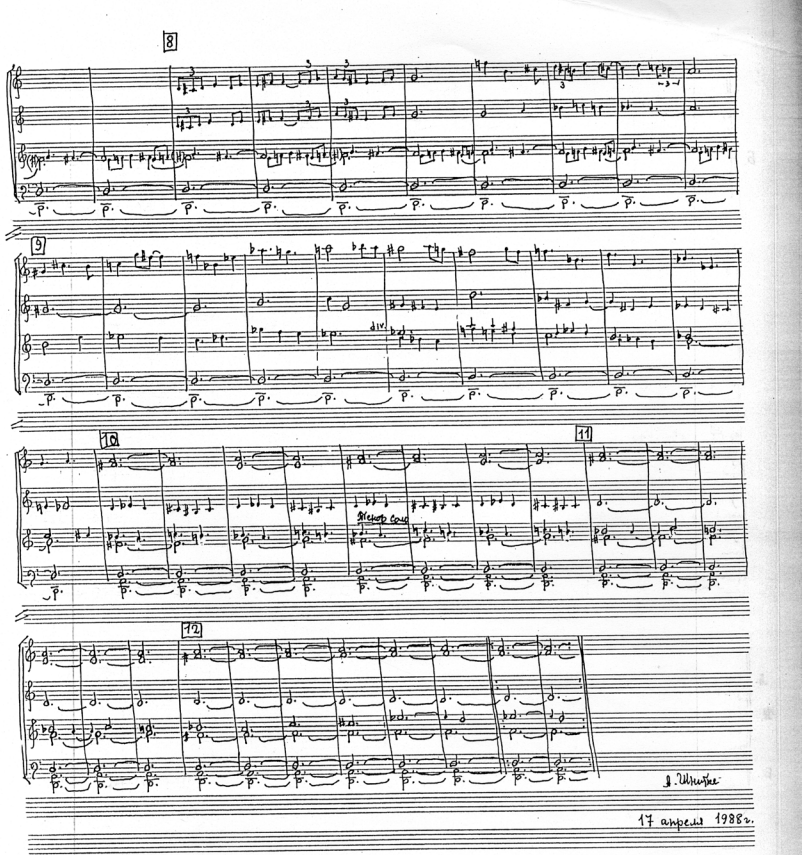
A solo tenor appears for some significant sections, and it seems that Schnittke assigned a specific role to him. All the poems that the soloist sings (movements two, nine and eleven) are written in the first person, an individual is speaking. And they continue in the first person even when the entire choir is singing. This can be seen as a musical amplification of the words of the narrator, the character that the solo tenor embodies is still implicitly present. In the entire cycle of *Stikhi Pokayanniye* these are not at all the only moments of first person narrative, but they do form a specific group within the cycle. In movement two the narrator is leaving behind "man and life's temptations" by choosing a life of seclusion. Movement nine tells of a monk's desire to be freed from his life in the monastery, which has become spiritually empty because of the corruption of the institution and the deplorable behaviour of fellow clergymen. Movement eleven deals with letting go of complaints and worries, and with accepting the unavoidable fate of leading a life of

sorrow followed only by death. All these verses talk about trying to reach a morally higher state, and they are all from the perspective of a person who can already be considered virtuous.

As much as these eleven Verses of Repentance are heart-wrenchingly expressive texts, set to music that both deepens and clarifies their meaning, the most symbolically rich movement is the wordless twelfth part that Schnittke added at the end. With this last movement Schnittke ends the cycle in a way that is closer to his own ideas about good and evil, about sin and redemption.

Schnittke would regularly confess to an Orthodox priest, father Nikolai Vedernikov, who visited him in his apartment in Moscow. From Vedernikov, he adopted the concept that when humans die, there is a certain eternal, moral reckoning connected with their lives that does not die. The good they have done continues to exist in the lives of others, and in the same way evil and sin survive as well. This evil can be transformed by future generations, even into something good, and this brings hope of possible salvation. Vedernikov gave Schnittke a new perspective on a character he had carried with him his whole life and which had influenced him more than any other literary work: Faust. For Schnittke, Faust now no longer was the utter sinner that was cursed forever. Redemption was possible, even after death, even for a character like Faust. This idea resonates also in the last movement of *Stikhi Pokayanniye*, where Schnittke offers relief and closure at the end of an otherwise very grim cycle.

The whole last movement revolves around the note D, which for Schnittke was a symbol of Deus (God). He used the note D and the tonality of D Major more often as such in his compositions, for example at the end of his *Fourth Symphony*. Schnittke also makes a reference to Johann



Final page of Schnittke's manuscript

Sebastian Bach, by using the musical monogram B-A-C-H (the notes B flat, A, C and B natural, spelled using the German note names). For Schnittke, the B-A-C-H monogram embodies the sacred symbols of the cross and the circle, and serves as a symbol to lead the sinner to God. He uses it in this way in his *Faust Cantata*, and seems to use it in the same way in *Stikhi Pokayanniye*. The monogram is first sung by all the tenors together, and then repeatedly by the solo tenor. The last time he sings it he moves further up, instead of down to the B natural. Schnittke leads the virtuous character of the solo tenor upwards to God by means of the B-A-C-H monogram and makes, through the tonal centre of D, the concept of spiritual unity with God explicit.

Conductor Daniel Reuss has decided to not use the rather unreliable published edition for this recording, but to work from the manuscript of Schnittke himself: *"There is a wonderful manuscript of Stikhi Pokayanniye in the hand of Alfred Schnittke. Between this manuscript and the edition published by Belaieff are considerable differences. There are hardly any dynamic markings in the manuscript, there are no time signatures indicated, no phrasing. And sometimes there are simply different notes written!*

For this recording we have based our interpretation on the manuscript. That is why we end the piece with a D Major chord. D as symbol of Deus, without the E-flat that is added in the printed edition. Metanoia, repentance, leads to redemption. We were inspired by the ladder of Johannes Climacos. When the thirty steps of the ladder have been climbed, 'heaven' can be entered."

Texts

1

Psalm 1

Plakasya Adamo pred' rayemo sedya:
'Rayu moi, rayu, prekrasniy moi rayu!
Mene bo radi, radyu, sotvoreno byste.
A Evvy radi, rayu, zaklyutcheno byste
Uvi mnye, greshnomu,
Uvi-i-i bezzakonenu!
Sogreshikho, Gospodi, sogreshikho,
I bezzakonenavakho.
Uzhe azo nye vizhu raiskiya pishtcha,
Uzhe azo nye slishu arkhangeleska glasa.
Sogreshikho, Gospodi, sogreshikho.
Bozhe milostivye, pomilui mya, padshago.'

Adam sat weeping at the gates of paradise:
'My paradise, my glorious paradise!
You were created for me.
Because of Eve you have been closed to me.
Woe is me, I am a sinner!
Woe, woe is me, I have transgressed!
I have sinned against my God
And I have broken the commandment.
Never again shall I see the fruits of paradise.
Never again shall I hear the voice of the archangel.
My God, I have sinned.
Merciful God, forgive me, I have fallen.'

2

Psalm 2

Priimi mya, pustyni,
Yako mati tchado svoye
Vo tikhoye i bezmlevnoye
Nedro svoye,
Ne brani, pustynya,
Stashilishtchi svoimi
Otobegoshago ot lukavniya

O wilderness, gather me
To your silent and gentle lap
Like a mother gathers her child.
Do not threaten me,
O wilderness,
With your monsters,
Me, who flees from

Daniel Reuss

Bludnitza mira sego.
O prekrasenaya pustyni,
Veselaya dubravitza!
Vozlyubikh bo tya patche
Tzareskykh tchertog
pozlashtchennykh polat.
I poiydu v luzekh
Po krasnomu tvoyemu vinogradu,
Razlitchnykh tzvetetz tvoikh,
Dykhayushtche ot vozdukha
Malym vetretzem,
Dvikzhushtche oo dreves
Vetviye svoye kudryavoye.
I budu yako khud zver'
Edin skytayasya,
I begaya tchelovek,
mnogomyatezhniya ceya zhizni.
I sedya platcha i rydaya
Vo glubokom i dikom
Nedre tvoyem.
O Vladyko Tzaryu!
Nasladil mya yesi
Zemenykho blago,
I ne lishi mene
Nebesnago tzarestviya tvoyego.

The deceitful seductress of this world.
O beautiful wilderness,
O friendly forest of oaks!
You are dearer to me
Than the tsar's chambers
Filled with gold.
I shall walk among the meadows
Of your garden of delights
With its many flowers,
Where the soft winds stir the air
Swaying the twisted branches
Of the trees.
I shall wander around alone
Like a wolf,
Roaming the world,
Shunning Man
And life's temptations.
Howling and crying
I shall hide
In your savage lap.
O Sovereign Lord!
You have gladdened me
With earthly riches.
Do not deny me
Your heavenly kingdom.

3

Psalm 3

Sego radi nishtch yesm',
Sela ne imeyu,
Dvora svoyego ne styazhayu,
Vinograda ne kopayu,
Po moryu plavaniya ne sotvoryayu.
Z gostmi kupli ne deyu,
Knyazyu ne sluzhu,
Bolyarom ne totchen,
V slugakho ne potrebyen,
V knizhnom poyutchenii zabytliv,
Tzerkvi Bozhiya ne derzhusya,
Otza svoyego dukhovenago zapoved'
prestupayu,
Tem Boga prognevayu.
Na vsyakaya dyela blagaya ne pamyatliv,
Bezzakoniya ispolnen,
Grekhi svershen,
Dai zhe mi, Gospodi, prezhe konetza
pokayatisya.

That is why I live in poverty.
I own no land.
I have no place of my own,
No vineyard in which I labour.
I seek no gain on the seas.
I have no trade with merchants.
I serve no prince.
I am of no use to boyars.
As a servant I am useless
I am ill-suited to book-learning
I am not at one with God's Church.
I scorn the dictates of my spiritual father.
Thus I bring the wrath of God upon myself.
Good deeds are not my aim.
I am filled with disgrace
And laden with sin.
Before the end, grant me, o Lord, the chance
to repent.

4

Psalm 4

Dushe moya, dushe moya,
Potchto vo gresekh prebyvayershi,
Tchiyu tvorishi volyu.

My soul, my soul,
Why are you in a state of sin?
What Will is it that you obey?

I bez uma myateshisya?
Vostani, ostanisya sego,
I platchisya del svoikh gortze,
Prezhe dazhe smr'tniy tchas
Ne voskhytit' tobye:
Togda slezy ne uspeyute.
Pomysli, dushe moya,
Gorkiy tchaso strasheniy i grozniy
I muku vetchnuyu,
Ozhidayushtchu greshnikov mutchiti.
No vospryani, dushe,
Vopiyushtche neprestaneno:
Milostivye, pomilui mya!

Why are you so insanely restless?
Rise up! Abandon everything
And weep bitterly over your deeds
Up to the moment
Of your death:
For then it will be too late to shed tears.
My soul, remember
The bitter hours
Of fear and horror.
Remember the eternal torment which awaits
the sinner.
But rejoice, my soul,
And cry out for evermore:
Merciful God, save me!

5

Psalm 5

Okayanne ubogiy tchelovetche!
Vek tvoi kontchayetesya,
I konyetz priblizhayetesya,
A Sud strasheniy gotovitsya.
Gore tebye, ubogaya dushe!
Solnetze ti yest' na zapadi,
A dene pri vetcheri
I sekira pri koreni.
Dushe, dushe,

O Man, doomed and wretched!
Your life-span is dwindling,
Your end is near,
A fearful Judgment will be upon you.
Woe upon you, wretched soul!
Your sun is setting,
Daylight is fading,
A sharp axe will cut at the root.
Soul, oh soul,

Potchto tleyushtchumi petcheshisya?
Dushe, vostrepeshtchi
Kako ti yavitisya sozdatelyu svoyemu,
I kako ti piti smertrenuyu tchashu,
I kako ti tr'peti smradniya efiopy
I vetcheniya muky,
Oto neya zhe, Khriste,
Molitvami rozheshaya tya
Izbavi dushe nasha.

Why do you bemoan your mortality?
Oh Soul, tremble
Before you appear in front of your Creator,
Before you drink the cup of death,
Before you suffer the foul-smelling Devil
And undergo everlasting torment.
Christ, free our souls
From that torment,
And hear the prayers of our souls.

6

Psalm 6

Zrya korablye naprasno pristavayema,
Vozopista prekrasenaya dva brata Boriso i Glebo:
'Bratye Svyatopoltche, ne pogubi nayu,
Yeshtche bo yesmi velmi mlady!
Ne podrezhi lozy neplodniya,
Ne sozhni klasa nedozrelago,
Ne prolyei krovi nepovinniya,
Ne sotvori platcha materi nayu!
Polozheni yesmya v Vyshchegorodye russkiya zemla,
Bozhe nashe, slava tebye.'

When they beheld the ship that suddenly came,
The two handsome brothers Boris and Gleb cried out:
'Oh brother Svyatopolk, do not destroy us,
We are both still very young!
Do not cut off the saplings which have not yet borne fruit.
Do not cut the unripe corn.
Do not shed innocent blood.
Do not cause our mother sorrow.
They buried us in Vyshgorod,
In Russian soil,
Our God be thanked.'

7

Psalm 7

Dushe moya, kako ne ustrashayeshisya,
Vidyashtche vo grobekh lezhashtchi,
Kosti obnazheny, smerdyashtchi?
Razumei i vizhd':
Gde knyaze, gde vladyka,
Gde bogat, gde nishtche?
Gde lepota obraza,
Gde veleretchiye premudrosti?
Gde gordyashtchiyesya o narodekho?
Gde zlatom i biserom krasyashtchasya?
Gde kitcheniya i lyubvi?
Gde mzdoimaniye?
I sud nelitzemereno, nepravdoyu ubystreno?
Gde gospodin ili rabo?
Ne vse li yest' yedinako:
Prakh i zemlya i kal smerdyashtchii?
O dushe moya potchto ne uzhasayeshisya serdtzem?
I kako ne ustrashayeshisya Strashnago sudishtcha
I muky vetcheniya?
O ubogaya dushe!
Pomyani, kako zemnago Tzarya, tlennago tcheloveka,

Oh my soul, why are you not afraid
At seeing the bodies in the coffins
And the bare, evil-smelling bones?
Behold and know:
Where is the prince, where the ruler?
Where are the rich, where the poor?
Where is the beauty of the face?
Where is the rhetoric of wisdom?
Where are the haughty?
Where are those who parade their gold and pearls?
Where are pride and love?
Where are the greedy?
Where is the true Judgement
that comes the faster the more lies are told?
Where is the ruler, where the slave?
Is it not all equal, dust and earth and foul-smelling filth?
Oh my soul, why do you not tremble with fear?
Why are you not afraid of the terrible
Judgement and of eternal torment?
Oh miserable soul!
Remember how attentively you observed
The sayings of the earthly ruler, who is but

Glagola trepetno poslushayeshi
I nebesnago sozdatelya svoyego
Zapovedi ne khranishi.
Zhiveshi po vsya, tchasi sogreshayushtchi
A knizhnoye pisaniye ni vo tchto zhe vmenyayeshi,
Yako glumleniyu predolagayeshi:
O dushe moya!
Vosplatchisya, vopiyushtche ko Khristu:
'Isuse, spasi mya,
Molitv radi vesekho svyatykho tvoiko
Izbavi mya vetchnago i gorkago mutcheniya.'

mortal,
Yet you were deaf to the commandments
Of your heavenly Creator.
You dwell in everlasting sin.
You refuse to take seriously the teaching of
The scriptures, you mock them.
Oh my soul!
Weep, cry out to Christ:
'Jesus, save me,
Deliver me, in response to the prayers of the saints,
From everlasting, bitter torment.'

8

Psalm 8

Ashtche khoshtcheshi pobediti
Bezvremyannuyu petchal',
Ne opetchalisya nikogda zhe
Za koyu-lyubo vremyannuyu vesh'.
Ashtche i byen' budeshi,
Ili obestchesten,
Ili otgnan,
Ne opetchalisya,
No patche raduisya.
Togda sya tokmo petchalisya,
Yegda sogreshishi,

If you wish to overcome
endless sorrow
Be not sorrowful
Over earthly misfortune.
If you are struck
Or dishonoured
Or exiled
Be not sorrowful
But rejoice.
Be sorrowful only
When you have sinned,

No i togda v meru,
Da ne vpadeshi vo otchayaniye
I ne pogibneshi.

But even then in moderation.
Do not despair
Then you will not destroy yourself.

9

Psalm 9

Vospomyanukh zhitiye svoye kliroskoye
Az nepotrebniy,
Petchalnoye reku i skoropreselnoye,
Gladolya Uvi mnye!
Tchto sotvoryu,
Gde ubo zhivu,
I kako terplyu?
V monastyre ubo igumeni i ikonomi
I kelari i kaznatchei.
Vkupe zhe i podkelarniki i tchashniki,
I soborniya startzy gordliviya,
amolyubyem vsi oderzhimy,
I srebrolyubiyem ob'yashasya
I bratonenavideniyem sopletoshasya
I skupostiyu svyazashasya,
I lukavstvom pomratchishasya, okayannii,
Sami deyushtche tmami nepodobnaya,
Nam zhe o yedinom malom nekoyem malodushiyem
Zelo zazirayushtche.

I have reflected on my life as a monk
As being unworthy.
I am saying now something sad and insecure.
Woe is me!
What things do I undertake?
Where do I live?
What do I endure?
There are in the monastery abbots,
Men responsible for property,
Men responsible for land and money,
And many other subordinates
As well as older, garrulous monks.
They are all consumed by selfishness
And greed for money.
They hate their friends.
Their avarice unites them.
They are set in their malice, doomed.
They never do anything abhorrent themselves
But they reproach us
For minor errors.

Sami ubo bezvremenno vkyshakhu
Razlitchnaya brashna,
Nas zhe i khudymi brashny
Ne khotyatu pitati.
Vino zhe i vsyakoye pitye
Vsegda piyakhu,
Sego radi prezresha nas,
Svoyeya radi bezumniya skuposti,
No vyesma obladayushtche,
Nas zhe ni yedinago kratira
spodoblyayushtche
Ole bezumniya skuposti!
Ole nebratolyubiya!
Ne svedushtche ubo!
Yako yedina Bozhiya blagost' ravna vsyem,
I kakovo inotcheskoye obeshtchaniye.
No ubo ashtche i vedushtche,
No lukavnuyushtche vo vsyem,
I svoya tchrevanasyshtchayushtche
I odezhdy rasshiryayushtche.
Krasyashtchesya i gordyashtchesya.
Bogatstvom patsche mirskikh,
Strannykh zhe i nuzhnykh ne miluyushtche,
No i oskorblyayushtche.
No vladyko tzaryu nebesniy,

They have enjoyed choice foods
Even at inappropriate times,
But they begrudge us
Even a bad meal.
They have always drunk
Wine and other drinks.
They have despised us,
Mad with greed.
They have more than enough of everything.
No one offered us
But a single cupful.
Insane avarice!
Lack of love towards the brethren!
They have not considered that godly gifts
Are intended for everyone.
They have forgotten their monastic vows;
If they have not forgotten them,
They were dishonest in everything.
They have filled their stomachs.
They have piled up heaps of clothing
And shown them off before worldly men.
They have not given attention to vagrants or
Poor people but even insulted them.
Christ, our God, our Lord and heavenly master,
Grant us the patience

Khriste Bozhe nash.
Podazhd' nam terpeniye
Protivu ikh oskorbleniya
I izbavi ot nasiliya ikh.
I spasi ny, Gospodi,
Yako tchelovekolyubetz.

To endure their insults and blows.
Deliver us from their power.
Save us, Lord,
Friend of Man!

10

Psalm 10

Pridyete, khristonosenii lyudiye,
Vospoimo mutsheniko stradaniya.
Kako po Khriste postradavoshe
I mnogiya muky pretr'pevoshe.
O telesye svoyeme ne bregoshe
I yedinomyslenno upovaniye imushtche ko
Gospodu.
Predo Tzari i Knyazi netchestivymi,
Khrista ispovedavoshe
I dusha svoya polozhisha za veru pravuyu.
Tako i miy niyne druzi i bratiya spostrazhemo
Za veru pravoslavnuyu,
I za svyatiya obiteli,
I za blagovernago Tzarya nashego,
I za vse pravoslaviye.
Stanemo soprotiv gonyashtchikh nas,
Ne ustydimo svoyego litza.

Christian people, gather together!
Let us praise the sufferings of the martyrs
Who suffered like Christ
And endured many torments
disregarding their bodies,
Trusting only in God.
They confessed Christ
Before dishonourable, godless tsars and rulers
And bestowed their souls upon the true faith.
Now, friends and brethren,
We also suffer for the Orthodox faith
And for the holy monasteries,
And for our faithful tsar
And for the Orthodox people.
Let us resist those who oppress us
And retain our honour.
Let us not retreat,

Ne uklonimosya ubo, o voini,
Poiydem na suprotivniya i bezbozhniya agaryany,
Razoryayushtchikh pravoslavnuyu veru.
Se niyne vremya,
Somr'tiyu zhivoto kupimo,
Da ashtche pokhityat nas agaryany
I proliyut krov' nashu,
To mutchenitzy budemo Khristu, Bogu nashemu,
Da venetzy pobednymi uvyazemosya oto Khrista,
Boga i Spasa dushamo nashimo.

But confront the enemies and the unfaithful
Who wish to destroy our faith.
Now is the hour
To die in order to secure your eternal life.
And if the enemies capture us and then shed our blood,
Then we shall become martyrs of Christ our God,
And we shall wear the martyr's crown of
Victory which we have received from Christ
Our God and Saviour of our souls.

11

Psalm 11

Nago izydokho, na platch' sei,
Mladenetz siy,
Nago i otoidu paki.
Ubozhe, tchto truzhayusya
I smushtschayusya vsye nago,
Vedaya konyetz zhitiyu.
Divstvo, kako shestvuyem,
Vsi ravnym obrazom
Oto tmi na sveto,
Oto svyeta zhe vo tmu

I entered this life of tears a naked infant,
And naked shall I leave it.
Powerless – why complain?
Naked – why worry needlessly,
Knowing that our life does not last forever?
What a wonder!
We all pass in the same way
From darkness into light,
From light into darkness,
And, crying, from the mother's womb

Oto tcheva materenya
So platchem v miro.
Oto mira zhe petchalnago
Vo grobo.
Zatchalo i konyetz platch',
Kaya potreba posredniimo?
Sono i senye, metchaniye
Krasota zhiteiskaya.
Uvi, uvi krasnykho
Mnogosopletennago zhitiya!
Yako tzveto, yako prakho, yako stene prekhodyat.

Into the world
And from the sorrowful world
Into the grave.
Tears at the beginning
And tears at the end.
What fate governs our passing?
Dreams, shadows, temptation –
they are the beauty of everyday life.
Oh woe, oh woe!
The magic of the many-sided life!
It passes, like flowers, like dust, like shadows.

12

Psalm 12

(Bez slov)

(Wordless)

Acknowledgements

PRODUCTION TEAM

Executive producers **Daniel Reuss** (Cappella Amsterdam) **& Kate Rockett** (Pentatone)
Recording producer & Post-production **Florian B. Schmidt** (Pegasus Musikproduktion)
Recording engineer **Aki Matusch** (Pegasus Musikproduktion)

Liner notes **© Lodewijk van der Ree, 2022** | Cover design **Marjolein Coenrady after a concept by Renske Smorenburg** | Recording photography **Martha Bosch & Diederik Rooker**
Product management & Design **Kasper van Kooten**

This album was recorded at the Pieterskerk, Utrecht, The Netherlands, from 17 to 20 September 2022.

PEGASUS
MUSIKPRODUKTION

Manuscript images included with kind permission from the Estate of Alfred Schnittke and the Ivashkin-Schnittke Archive, currently at Goldsmiths University of London.

CAPPELLA AMSTERDAM TEAM

Business director **Mark Walraven** | Artistic leader **Daniel Reuss**
Production manager **Francesca Thompson**
Marketing and Communication **Yi Ying Lie & Renske Smorenburg**

PENTATONE TEAM

Vice President A&R **Renaud Loranger** | Managing Director **Sean Hickey**
Head of Catalogue, Product & Curation **Kasper van Kooten**
Head of Marketing, PR & Sales **Silvia Pietrosanti**

Sit back and enjoy