



**GRANT PARK  
MUSIC FESTIVAL  
IN MILLENNIUM PARK**

Grant Park Orchestra and Chorus  
Carlos Kalmar, *Principal Conductor*  
Christopher Bell, *Chorus Director*

**Slatkin Conducts Shostakovich**

Friday, July 25, 2014 at 6:30 p.m.

Saturday, July 26, 2014 at 7:30 p.m.

Jay Pritzker Pavilion

GRANT PARK ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

Leonard Slatkin, *Guest Conductor*

Christopher Bell, *Chorus Director*

Michel Camilo, *Piano*

Alfred Walker, *Bass-Baritone*

CHABRIER      *España*

CAMILO      Piano Concerto No. 2, "Tenerife"

Maestoso — Allegro Deciso — Moderato —  
Vivace — Maestoso — Vivo

Largo

Allegro Alla Danza

MICHAEL CAMILO

INTERMISSION

SHOSTAKOVICH      *The Execution of Stepan Razin*

ALFRED WALKER

BORODIN      "Polovtsian Dances" from *Prince Igor*

This concert is sponsored by  
Richard Tribble



**CHRISTOPHER BELL's** biography can be found on page 18.



**LEONARD SLATKIN**, former Principal Conductor of the Grant Park Music Festival, is currently Music Director of both the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and Orchestre National de Lyon, France. He has served as Music Director of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra and National Symphony Orchestra in Washington, D.C., Conductor of the BBC Symphony Orchestra in London, Principal Guest Conductor with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Philharmonia Orchestra of London and Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Born in Los Angeles to a distinguished musical

family, Leonard Slatkin is the son of conductor-violinist Felix Slatkin and cellist Eleanor Aller, founding members of the famed Hollywood String Quartet. He began his musical studies on violin and studied conducting with his father, followed by Walter Susskind at Aspen and Jean Morel at Juilliard. Mr. Slatkin has received the National Medal of Arts, American Symphony Orchestra League's Gold Baton Award, earned France's Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Austria's Declaration of Honor in Silver. Founder and director of the National Conducting Institute and the St. Louis Symphony Youth Orchestra, Leonard Slatkin continues his conducting and teaching activities at the Indiana University School of Music, Manhattan School of Music and Juilliard School.



**MICHEL CAMILO**, born in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, studied for thirteen years at the National Conservatory and at the age of sixteen became a member of the National Symphony Orchestra. In 1979 he moved to New York, where he continued his studies at Mannes and Juilliard, and since his Carnegie Hall debut has become a prominent musical figure performing regularly around the world. Among the many highlights of Mr. Camilo's career are a two-year residency as Jazz Creative Director Chair of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, participation in the 55th Anniversary

Celebration of the Newport Jazz Festival and five-year tenure as Musical Director of the Heineken Jazz Festival (Dominican Republic). Mr. Camilo is also widely recognized as a composer, and tonight performs his own Piano Concerto No. 2. Michel Camilo's honors include UTESA, the Crystal Apple from the Mayor of the City of New York and the Dominican government's highest civilian honors, including the Silver Great Cross of the Order of Duarte and Knight of the Heraldic Order of Christopher Columbus.



Bass-baritone **ALFRED WALKER** has appeared in starring roles with many of the leading European and American opera companies, including Porgy in *Porgy and Bess* with the Los Angeles Opera and the title role in *Don Quichotte* with Tulsa Opera. Equally versatile as a concert artist, Mr. Walker has been heard with the Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival, Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and Los Angeles Philharmonic; he has also collaborated in a concert performance of Strauss' *Salome* at the Tanglewood Festival with Seiji Ozawa and presented recitals at the Manchester Music Festival. A

graduate of Dillard University, Loyola University and the Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artist Program, New Orleans native Alfred Walker is the recipient of awards from the George London Foundation, Palm Beach Opera Competition, and a Sullivan Foundation Career Grant.



## **ESPAÑA, RHAPSODY FOR ORCHESTRA (1883) Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)**

*Chabrier's España is scored for piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, four bassoons, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion, two harps and strings. The performance time is 8 minutes. The Grant Park Orchestra first performed España on July 3, 1935, with Eric De Lamarter conducting.*

"Every night finds us at the *bailos flamencos* [sic], surrounded by *toreros* in black felt hats, jackets nipped in at the waist and tight trousers. And all around, the gypsy women singing their *malagueñas* or dancing the *tango*, and the *manzanilla* circulating from hand to hand. Flashing eyes, flowers in their lovely hair, shawls knotted at the waist, feet tapping out an endless variety of rhythms, arms and hands quivering, undulating bodies in ceaseless motion, dazzling smiles — and all the while cries of "Olé! Olé!" Thus ran an excited report from Emmanuel Chabrier to some Parisian friends concerning his trip to Spain in 1882. The French composer and his wife had arrived in that country in July, and they were then making an extensive six-month tour through the Peninsula. Chabrier transcribed Spain's indigenous music at every stop, carefully noting down *jotas*, *tangos*, *habaneras*, *sevillanas* and *malagueña*, and worked their spirit, style and motives into his *España* as soon as he arrived home in December. He noted that the chief characteristic of *España* is the way it juxtaposes the fierce strains of the *jota* with the sensuous, dreamy undulations of the *malagueña*, both sections based on songs he collected in Spain. To these motives he added a melody of his own invention, first intoned by the trombones in the work's middle section.



## **PIANO CONCERTO NO. 2, "TENERIFE" (2008) Michel Camilo (born in 1954)**

*Camilo's Piano Concerto No. 2 is scored for piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion, piano and strings. This is the work's first performance by the Grant Park Orchestra.*

Michel Camilo wrote, "The Piano Concerto No. 2 is dedicated to Tenerife (Canary Islands), a special place where I have had so many unforgettable moments on each of my visits. My intention was to compose about its great majesty, reflect on the warmth of its people, and portray the vibrant light so full of contrasting texture and color I have always perceived here.

The first movement was inspired by a visit to *El Teide*, a volcano in Tenerife. This movement is divided into two sections, both introduced by a *Maestoso* arising from a low *sotto voce* melody in the cellos and contrabasses, ascending through an orchestral canon before reaching the angular rhythms of the *Allegro Deciso* section. The second section of the opening movement starts from the deep intensity of the initial *Maestoso*, but this time the vision of the volcano is thoroughly explored by the piano contributing arpeggios and virtuosic octave passages. The final *Vivo* arrives with its playful character and gradually grows in strength towards the *accelerando* climax. The movement ends with a quiet epilogue of three suspended reminiscences.

"The *Largo* contrasts a translucent *sostenuto cantabile* with nuances and harmonic references to jazz, as well as the solitude of a piano and cello duet with the intense passion unleashed by an orchestral *tutti*.

"The third movement (*Allegro Alla Danza*), influenced by both Spanish and



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African cultures, spotlights a percussion ensemble of three tenor drums, cymbals and bass drum to reflect its festive spirit right from the start, demanding at times fast, light and precise articulation, as well as power and skill in navigating its polyrhythmic riches. With a contemporary point of view, this freely rondo-based movement also reprises the second theme of the opening movement, and introduces an exotic and sensual melody from the piano echoed by oboe and bassoon accompanied by a suggestive ostinato [repeating] rhythm on the strings and timpani that brings us to a rousing crescendo finale."



**THE EXECUTION OF STEPAN RAZIN, POEM  
FOR BASS, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA,  
OP. 119 (1964)**

**Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975)**

*Shostakovich's The Execution of Stepan Razin is scored for three flutes, three oboes, four clarinets, three bassoons, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion, two harps, piano, celesta and strings. The performance time is 25 minutes. The Grant Park Orchestra and*

*Chorus first performed this work on August 25, 1979. Leonard Slatkin conducted and Arnold Voketaitis was the soloist.*

Nikita Khrushchev rose to power in the years after Stalin, proclaiming a "thaw" in the Russian artistic climate and seeking warmer relations with the West. The times allowed for artistic creations that diverged from the Party line and that even offered some criticism of the entrenched political forces. One such specimen was Yevgeny Yevtushenko's poem *Babi Yar*, which assailed the Soviet government for anti-Semitism and repression of minorities. Shostakovich was drawn to the poem, and set it and four others by Yevtushenko for bass soloist, chorus and orchestra as his Symphony No. 13 in 1962. (*Babi Yar* is the name of a deep ravine near Kiev, where the Germans rounded up all the city's Jews in September 1941 and systematically machine-gunned them. Thousands more — Jews, Ukrainians, Russians — died at *Babi Yar* during the two years of the German occupation.)

In 1964, Shostakovich again took up a text by Yevtushenko through which he displayed what Malcolm MacDonald, in his study of the composer, called his "vituperative disgust" with Soviet officialdom. The verses were drawn from a historical episode about the 17th-century rebel leader Stepan Razin that Yevtushenko had worked into a long poem titled *The Bratsk Hydroelectric Power Station* after a dam then being built in Siberia; the station was the largest project of its kind in the world upon its completion in 1967. Stepan Razin — "Stenka" in the fond diminutive of the Russians who viewed him as a hero (though Shostakovich retained Stepan in his title out of respect) — was born around 1630 into the fiercely independent Cossack people of the Don River area in southern Russia. ("Cossack" comes from the Turkic "ka zak," meaning an "adventurer" or "free man.") When the Russians began to infringe upon the political autonomy they had guaranteed to the Cossacks by treaty in the 1650s in exchange for protecting their southern border from Persian aggression, Razin and others rebelled. Between 1667 and 1670, Razin led a raw and undisciplined force of Cossacks and landless peasants against Czar Alexis' outposts along the Volga, and got as far as Simbirk (today Ulyanovsk) in central Russia before he was defeated and taken captive on April 24, 1671. By December, the Czarist army had quashed the rebellion. Razin was taken to Moscow, where he was executed in Red Square by torture and quartering. Though Razin was relegated to minor status in the official Russian and Soviet histories because of the looting and wanton



destruction carried out under his leadership, he was immortalized as a folk hero in song and story, a figure of protest and independence who was seen as an early progenitor of the rebellion against royal rule that reshaped the country in 1917.

*The Execution of Stepan Razin* is one of Shostakovich's most powerful utterances, harsh, angry, unflinching about presenting the tensions between the Russian people and their rulers, as Mussorgsky had been in *Boris Godunov*. This "poem" for bass, chorus and orchestra is played out continuously across several scenes: the description of the boisterous crowd in Red Square; the arrival of Razin (with the bass soloist acting as both narrator and the condemned man); the execution (by beheading, in Yevtushenko's version); the order by the czar's soldiers for the people to dance in celebration; and the chilling closing scene, in which Razin's severed head mocks the emperor.

#### SOLOIST AND MALE CHORUS

Kak vo stol'noi Moskvye byelokamyennoi  
bor po ulitsye byezhit s bulkoi makovoi.  
Nye strashit yevo syevodnya samosud.  
Nye do bulok ...

Sten'ku Razina vezut!  
Tsar'butylochku mai'vazii vydaivayet,  
pyered zerkalom sveiskim pryshch  
vydavlivayet,

primeryayet noviy persten'-izumrud  
i na ploshchad'...

Sten'ku Razina vezut!  
Kak za bochkoi bokastoi bochonochek,  
za boyarynei katit bochonochek,

Ledenets zubyonki vyecelo gryzut.  
Nynche prazdnik!

Sten'ku Razina vezut!  
Pryot kupyets, treshcha s gorokha.  
peas.

Mchatsa vskach'dva skomorokha.  
Semenit yaryzhka-plut...

Sten'ku Razina vezut!  
V stup'yakh vsye, yedva zhivyye,  
startsy s veriyem na vyeye,  
shto-to sham kaya, polzut ...

In fair white-stoned Moscow a thief  
runs down the street with a poppyseed roll.  
Mob rule does not frighten him today.  
Rolls don't matter ...

They're bringing Stenka Razin!  
The czar swills malmsey from a flask,  
before the royal mirror squeezes a pimple,

and tries on a new pearl signet-ring  
and in the square ...

They're bringing Stenka Razin!  
Just as after the barrel rolls the keg,  
behind the great boyarynia tumbles  
the little boyar.

Teeth happily gnaw at candies.  
It's a holiday!

They're bringing Stenka Razin!  
The merchant plods along, bursting with

He hurries past two buffoons.  
A jester minces by ...

They're bringing Stenka Razin!  
With faltering steps, barely alive,  
old men with kerchiefs round their necks,  
mumbling something, crawl by ...

#### WOMEN'S CHORUS

I sramnyye dyevki tozhe,  
pod khmel'kom vskochiv s rogozhi,  
ogurtsom namazav rozhi,  
shparyat rys'yu — v lyazhkakh zud ...

And shameless wenches too,  
hurried from bed still tipsy,  
their ugly faces rubbed with cucumber,  
hurry by at a trot — with itchy thighs ...

#### FULL CHORUS

Sten'ku Razina vezut! ...  
I pod vizg stryelyetskikh z  
pod pleyevki so vcyekh storon

They're bringing Stenka Razin! ...  
To the screams of the archers' wives,  
spat upon from all sides,



na raskhristannoi tyelyegye  
plyl v rubakhye byeloi on.

in an open cart sailed by  
in a white shirt he himself.

## SOLOIST AND CHORUS

On molchal, nye uti ra lsa,  
vyes'oplyovanniy tolpoi,  
tol'ko gor'ko usmyekhalsa na soboi:  
Sten'ka, Sten'ka, ty, ka k vyetka,  
poteryavshaya listvu.  
Kak v Moskvu khotyel ty v'yekhat'!  
Vot i vyekhal ty v Moskvu ...  
Ladno, plyuitye, plyuitye —  
vso zhe radost'zadarma.  
Vy vsyegda plyuyotye, lyudi,  
v tekhn, kto khochet vam dobra.  
D'yak mnye bil s ottyazhkoi v zuby,  
prigovarival, ryetiv:  
"Suprotiv naroda vzdumal?  
Budyesh' znat', kak suprotiv!"  
Ya derzhalsa, glaz nye pryatal.  
Krov'yu kharkal ya otvyet:  
"Suprotivboyarstva — pravda.  
Suprotiv naroda — nyet."  
Ot sebya nye otryekayus'  
vybrav sam syebye udyel.  
Pyered vami, lyudi, kayus',  
no nye v tom, shto d'yak khotyel.  
Golova moya povinna.  
Vizhu, sam sebya kaznya:  
ya bylprotiv — polovinno,  
nado bylo do kontsa.  
Nyet, nye tyem ya, lyudi, gryeshen,  
shto boyar na bashnyakh vyeshal.  
Gryeshen ya v glazakh moikh  
tyem, shto malo vyeshal i kh.  
Gryeshen tyem, shto v mirye ziobstva  
byl ya dobriy ostolop.  
Gryeshen tyem, shto, vrag kholopstva,  
sam ya malost'byl kholop.  
Gryeshen tyem, shto drat'sa dumal  
za khoroshevo tsarya.  
Nyet tsarei khoroshikh, duryen' Sten'ka,  
gibnu ya zazrya!

He was silent, nor wiped away  
the spit that came from all the mob,  
only smiled bitterly to himself:  
Stenka, Stenka, you are like a branch  
that has lost its leaves.  
How you wanted to ride into Moscow!  
Now you have ridden into Moscow ...  
Very well, spit, spit —  
all my joy is gone to nothing.  
You always spit, good people,  
on those who wish you well.  
The clerk beat me on the mouth with rope,  
sentenced me, zealously:  
"You meant to be a rebel against the people?  
You'll soon learn what kind of rebel you are!"  
I held firm, nor turned away my eyes.  
Along with blood I spat out my reply:  
"A rebel against the boyars — true.  
A rebel against the people? — no."  
I will make no disavowal,  
I chose my own lot.  
Before you, my people, I repent,  
but not for what the clerk wanted.  
My head is guilty.  
I see I am self-executed:  
I was a rebel — half-way,  
and should have been to the end.  
No, I am not guilty, my people,  
of hanging boyars from the turrets.  
I am guilty in my own eyes  
of hanging too few of them.  
I am guilty, in a world of malice,  
of being a good-natured fool.  
I am guilty, as a foe of serfdom,  
of being in the least degree a serf.  
I am guilty of wanting to fight  
for a good czar.  
There are no good czars, fool Stenka,  
and I die in vain!

## CHORUS

Nad Moskvoi kolokola gudut.  
K myestu Lobnomu Sten'ku vedut.  
Pyered Sten'koi, na vyetru poloshcha,  
b'yotsa kozhanyiy pyerednik palacha,  
a v rukakh u palacha nad tolpoi  
goluboi topor, kak Volga, goluboi.

Through Moscow the bells drone.  
They're leading Stenka to Execution Place.  
Before Stenka, blowing in the wind,  
flaps the executioner's leather apron,  
and in his hands, above the crowd,  
is a blue ax, blue as the Volga.



I plyvut, syerebryas',  
po toporu strugi, strugi,  
budto chaiki poutru ...

All silvery come sailing,  
along the ax, boats, boats,  
like sea gulls at dawn ...

SOLOIST AND CHORUS

I skvoz' ryla, ryashki,  
khari tseloval'nikov,  
myenyal, slovno bliki sredi khmari,  
Sten'ka LITSA uvidal.  
Byli v LITSAKH dal'i vys',  
i v glazakh, ugrymo-vol'nykh,  
slovno v tainykh malykh Volgakh,  
strugi Stenkinyy nyeslis'.  
Stoit vsyo sterpyet' besslyozno,  
byt' na dybye, kolyesye,  
yesli rano ili pozdno prorastayut LITSA  
grozno u bezlikikh na litse ...  
I spokoino (nye zazrya on, vidno, zhil)  
Sten'ka golovu na plakhu polozhil,  
podborodok v krai izrublyenniy upyor  
i zatytkom prikazal: "Dava'i, topor."

And among those mugs, snouts,  
muzzles of people kissing,  
there appeared lights as among shadows —  
Stenka saw FACES.  
In the FACES were depth and height,  
and in their eyes, stern and free,  
as if on secret little Volgas,  
boats were sailing toward Stenka.  
It is worth bearing all without tears,  
torture on the rack, the wheel,  
if sooner or later FACES blossom  
from the terrible dullness of faces ...  
And quietly (not in vain, then, he lived)  
Stenka laid his head on the block,  
his chin resting on the jagged edge,  
and ordered, face down: "Give me the ax."

CHORUS

Pokatilas' golova, v krovi gorya,  
prokhripyela golova: "Nye zazrya ..."  
I uzhe po toporu nye strugi — struiki ...  
...  
Nye zazrya! Nye zazrya!  
Shto, narod, stoish', nye prazdnuya?  
Shapki v nyebo — i plyashi!  
No zastyla ploshchad' Krasnaya,  
chut' kolysha byerdyshe.  
Stukhli dazhe skomorokhi.  
Sryedi myortvoi tishiny pereskakivali blokhi  
s armyakov na shushuny.

Off rolled the head, aflame with blood,  
and the head muttered: "Not in vain ..."  
Along the ax there are no boats — only gore

Not in vain! Not in vain!  
Hey, good people, why do you not celebrate?  
Caps in the air — and dancing!  
But Red Square cringed,  
the poleaxes hardly moved.  
Even the buffoons were silent.  
In the death-like silence the fleas jumped over  
from the smocks of the poor to the furs  
of the rich.  
The square seemed to understand,  
the square removed its hats,  
and three times struck  
the little chimes, and the great bells.

Ploshchad' shto-to ponyala,  
ploshchad'shapki snyala, i udarili tri raza,  
klokocha, kolokola.

SOLOIST AND CHORUS

A ot krovi i chuba tyazhela,  
golova yeshcho vorochalas', zhila.  
S myesta Lobnovo podmoklovo tuda,  
gdye golyt'ba, bzglyady pis'mami  
podmyotnymi shvyryala golova ...  
Suyetyas', drozhashchii popik podlyetyet.  
Vyeki Stenkinyy zakryt' on khotyel  
No, napryzhivshis', po-zvyer'i strashny,

But heavy with blood and hair,  
the head still turned, lived.  
From blood-soaked Execution Place to where  
the poor lived, the head sent glances  
like anonymous letters ...  
The little priest came hurrying.  
He wanted to close Stenka's eyelids.  
But, with an effort, with supernatural force,



ottolknuli yevo ruku zrachki.  
Na tsarye ot etikh chortovykh glaz zybako

shapka Monomakha zatryasias,  
i zhestoko, nye skryvaya torzhestva,  
nad tsaryom zakhokhotala golova!

the pupils turned away his hands.  
On the czar's head, by those fiendish  
looks chilled,  
the Monarch's orb began to tremble,  
and brutally, not hiding its triumph,  
the head began laughing at the czar!



**"POLOVTSIAN DANCES" FROM PRINCE IGOR  
(1874-1875)  
Alexander Borodin (1833-1887)**

*Borodin's Polovtsian Dances is scored for piccolo, two flutes, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, timpani, percussion and strings. The performance time is 14 minutes. The Grant Park Orchestra and Chorus first performed the Dances on July 3, 1935, with Eric de Lamarter conducting.*

In Borodin's opera, Igor is captured while trying to rid Russia of the Polovtsi, an invading Tartar race from Central Asia. The leader of the Polovtsi, Khan Kontchak, treats Igor as a guest rather than a prisoner and entertains him lavishly. Khan offers him his freedom if he will promise to leave the Polovtsi in peace, but Igor refuses. Igor nevertheless effects his escape and returns triumphantly to his people. Borodin wrote that *Prince Igor* is "essentially a national opera, interesting only to us Russians, who love to steep our patriotism in the sources of our history, and to see the origins of our nationality again on the stage." To make his opera as authentic as possible, he studied the music, history and lore of Central Asia, where the opera is set, and sought out travelers with first-hand knowledge of the region. His colorful, "Oriental" writing for the Polovtsi was influenced not only by authentic Caucasian melodies, but also by music from the Middle East and North Africa.

The *Polovtsian Dances* are the centerpiece of the Khan's entertainment for Igor in Act II. A brief introduction opens the scene in the Polovtsian camp with an arch-shaped theme played quietly by flute and clarinet. The first dance, whose beguiling melody was transformed into the song *Stranger in Paradise* in the 1953 Broadway musical *Kismet*, accompanies the procession of captives. The women of the chorus sing its text, a tender song extolling the high mountains and blue skies of their Polovtsian homeland. Next comes the entry of the Polovtsian warriors to solid, rough music led by the Oriental wailings of the woodwinds and a sturdy version of the arched theme from the introduction. A timpani solo introduces a ferocious general dance in which the chorus, accompanied by full orchestra, sings the praises of the mighty Khan. The next dance, with its galloping rhythm, its persistent descending four-note motive and its continuing adulation of the Polovtsian ruler, accompanies the war games of the savage young men. The swaying melody of the first dance returns in a richer setting and is soon combined with the energetic theme of the savage warriors. The rough music and Oriental wailings that introduced the warriors return with a ferocious vehemence to bring the brilliant *Polovtsian Dances* to a rousing close.

WOMEN'S CHORUS AND DANCE

Uletay na kryliyakh vetra  
ty v kray rodnoy, rodnaya pesnya nasha,  
tuda, gde my tebya svobodno peli,  
gde bylo tak privolno nam s tobyou.

Fly on the wings of the wind  
to our native land, you folksongs;  
to the place where we sang in freedom,  
where we existed so simply.



Tam, pod znoynym nebom,  
negoy vozdukh polon;  
tam, pod govor morya,  
dremlyut gori oblakakh.  
Tam tak yarko solntse svetit,  
Tam tak yarko ...  
rodnye gory svetom ozaryaya;  
... solntse  
v dolinakh pyshno rozy rastsvetayut,  
... tam roza  
i solovy poyut v lesakh zelyonykh  
... tsvetyot ... poyut v lesakh.  
I sladky vinograd rostyot.  
Tam tebe privolney, pesnya,  
ty tuda i uletay.

There, under the burning sky,  
the airs are full of languor;  
there, amid the sound of the sea,  
the mountains dream in the clouds.  
There the sun shines so brightly.  
There the sun ...  
bathing our native mountains in light;  
... the sun,  
roses blossom luxuriantly in the valleys,  
... there roses  
and nightingales sing in the green forests,  
... blossom ... sing in the forests.  
And the sweet vine grows tall.  
There you will be freer, oh song,  
therefore fly there!

CHORUS

Poyte pesni slavy khanu! Poy!  
Slavte silu, doblest khana! Slav!  
Slaven khan! Khan!  
Slaven on, khan nash!  
Bleskom slavy solntsu raven khan!  
Netu ravnykh slavyo khanu! Niet!

Sing songs in praise of the Khan! Sing!  
Praise the measure of our Khan's glory! Praise!  
Hail the Khan! The Khan!  
He is glorious, our Khan!  
The Khan's glory is like unto the sun's rays!  
Nothing equals the glory of our Khan! No!

WOMEN'S CHORUS

Chagi khana, chagi khana ...  
... slavyat ...khana ...  
... slavyat khana svoevo, slavyat khana.

The Khan's slave girls ...  
... sing the praises ... of the Khan ...  
... Praise our Khan, praise the Khan.

CHORUS

Poyte pesnu slavy khanu! Poy!  
Slavte shchedrost, slavte milost! Slav!  
Praise!  
Dlya vragov khan grozen on,  
khan nash!  
Kto zhe slavy raven khanu? Kto?  
Bleskom slavy solntsu raven on!

Sing songs in praise of the Khan! Sing!  
Praise his generosity! Praise his kindness!  
  
To his enemies the Khan is terrible.  
Terrible is our Khan!  
Who can equal the Khan in glory? Who?  
His glory is like unto the sun's rays!

MEN'S CHORUS AND DANCE

Slavoy dedam raven khan nash  
khan, khan Konchak!  
Slavoy dedam raven khan nash,  
khan, khan Konchak!  
Grozny khan, khan Konchak!

Our Khan is as glorious as his ancestors,  
our Khan, Khan Konchak!  
Our Khan is as glorious as his ancestors,  
our Khan, Khan Konchak!  
The terrible Khan, Khan Konchak!

MEN'S CHORUS AND DANCE

Slaven khan, khan Konchak!  
Slaven khan, khan Konchak!

Glorious Khan, Khan Konchak!  
Glorious Khan, Khan Konchak!

WOMEN'S CHORUS AND DANCE

Uletay na kryliyah vetra, etc.

Fly on the wings of the wind, etc.



Friday, July 25 and Saturday, July 26, 2014

CHORUS

Tam, pod znoynym nebom, etc.  
Tam tak yarko solntse svetit, etc.  
Tam tak yarko, etc.

There under the burning sky, etc.  
There the sun shines so brightly, etc.  
There the sun, etc.

MEN'S CHORUS AND DANCE

Slavoy dedam raven khan nash, etc.

Our Khan is as glorious as his ancestors, etc.

MEN'S CHORUS AND DANCE

Slaven khan, khan Konchak! etc.

Glorious Khan, Khan Konchak! etc.

CHORUS AND GENERAL DANCE

Plyaskoy vashey teshte khana, etc.  
Plyaskoy teshte khana chagi, etc.

Entertain the Khan with your dancing, etc.  
Slave girls, entertain the Khan with  
your dancing, etc.

Khana svoevo!  
Plyaskoy teshte khana chagi, etc.  
Nash khan Konchak! Khan Konchak!

Your Khan!  
Slave girls, entertain the Khan ...  
Entertain the Khan! Khan Konchak!



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