

**VOLUME
TWO**

SHOSTAKOVICH

**COMPLETE
SONGS**
The Last Years

1965-1974



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Dmitri Dmitrievich Shostakovich (1906–1975)

Vocal Cycles of the Last Years (1965–1974)

- [1] A Foreword to My Complete Works and a Brief Contemplation with Respect to this Foreword Op. 123 (1966) (2:52) FIRST APPEARANCE ON CD**

Five Romances on Words from *Krokodil* Magazine, Op. 121 (1965)

- [2] Autographic Testimony (3:36)**
[3] A Difficult to Fulfill Desire (1:16)
[4] Discretion (1:29)
[5] Irinka and the Shepherd (1:23)
[6] Exaggerated Delight (1:45)

Fyodor Kuznetsov, bass

Seven Poems by A. Blok. A Vocal and Instrumental Suite for Soprano, Violin, Cello, and Piano, Op. 127 (1967)

- [7] Ophelia's Song (3:13)**
[8] Gamauyn the Soothsaying Bird (Picture by V. Vasnetsov) (3:47)
[9] We Were Together (2:59)
[10] The City Sleeps (3:14)
[11] The Tempest (2:19)
[12] Secret Signs (5:01)
[13] Music (4:59)

Victoria Evtodieva, soprano

Lidia Kovalenko, violin • Irina Molokina, cello

Six Poems by Marina Tsvetayeva, a suite for contralto and piano, Op. 143 (1973)

- [14] My Verses (2:59)**
[15] Whence All This Tenderness? (3:24)
[16] Dialogue between Hamlet and His Conscience (2:55)
[17] The Poet and The Czar (1:39)
[18] No, The Drum Did Beat (2:56)
[19] To Anna Akhmatova (5:33)

Lyubov Sokolova, mezzo soprano

Four Poems of Captain Lebyadkin, Op. 146 (1974) FIRST APPEARANCE ON CD

- 20** Captain Lebyadkin's Love (4:16)
- 21** The Cockroach (3:48)
- 22** A Costume Ball for the Benefit of Governesses (2:08)
- 23** A Luminous Personality (2:03)

Fyodor Kuznetsov, bass

Yuri Serov, piano

Total time: 69:40

Introduction

The last vocal opuses of Dmitri Shostakovich are among the most surprising and mysterious pages of his heritage. They contain elements that are remarkably sincere and personal, be it irony in the "Foreword to My Complete Works," caricature in the romances on words from *Krokodil* magazine and in the *Poems of Captain Lebyadkin*, or meditations on life and death, love and the purpose of art, that prevail in the *Seven Poems by Blok* and the Tsvetayeva songs.

In the 'Sixties, Shostakovich became an internationally recognized master, and each of his new large works was awaited by musicians and listeners with eagerness and impatience. His financial straits and his private problems were a thing of the past. On the contrary, he enjoyed a type of prosperity that could only be provided by a

Socialist system — for the "elect." Condemnations with respect to ideology, slander campaigns in the press as in the 'Thirties and 'Forties, and the "correcting and guiding hand of the Party" no longer oppressed Shostakovich. At last, the composer had a chance to speak out, to laugh things off, and to draw up summations. Thus it was that, in the final years of his life, Dmitri Shostakovich turned to vocal music, which by nature integrates the poetical, literary word and musical utterance.

A Foreword to My Complete Works and a Brief Contemplation with Respect to This Foreword was composed by Shostakovich specially for a gala concert of his works marking his 60th birthday. Slightly tampering with Pushkin's epigram *The Story of a Versemonger* to put it in the first person, the composer proceeds to enumerate the many

titles generously awarded to him by the Soviet authorities in the last years of his life. A surprising, almost painful irony resounds in each word, in each phrase of music, strikingly different from the frequent and familiar satire and humor found in other Shostakovich works. Eight years later, the composer will say, echoing Michelangelo, "...I see no threat from luxury's encumbrance, / I've long had nothing here for me to do; / I fear rich apparels like a Moor fears Medusa..." This small "Contemplation" probably is just an attempt to "slough off the rich apparel," to quit the "encumbrance" of the official recognition, which was a burden to Shostakovich no less than the official persecution of the Thirties and the Forties.

Five Romances on Words from Krokodil Magazine, written in 1965, are another example of caricature in the composer's music. Here, Shostakovich, who produced so many such compositions in his youth, in the "bubbling Twenties," once again laughs to his heart's content at stupidity and vulgarity, as if shaking off a stupor that had lasted for decades.

The comic magazine *Krokodil*, throughout the decades of its publishing, was quite the official mouthpiece of the Soviet propaganda machine. Whenever certain "trifling

drawbacks" on the way to the bright Communist future required critical appraisal, *Krokodil*, with its weapons of satire and humor, stepped in to render just this type of ruthless criticism. Many things were permitted to be published in the magazine. To an extent, it was the only voice that dared speak openly about rudeness, drunkenness, and other 'minor sins' of the Socialist society. *Krokodil* was quite popular with the broad public: it was read by users of public transport, its anecdotes were retold to fellow workers, and scraps of its pages could always be found in beer bars and on local trains.

For his songs Shostakovich selected droll letters mailed by readers and published in the magazine. The composer even marked the score of the opus with the date and number of the issue, "No. 24 of August 30, 1965". Not even the most skillful or precise translation can convey the turns of speech and thought of the "common working-man"; even in their original Russian, the texts of the letters sound unbelievably idiotic. Moreover, the very situations related by the readers are understandable only to those who happened to be living in the same epoch as the composer. Musically, however, Shostakovich is so brilliant in implementing his plan ("...desire to try my abilities, and maybe to do something new..."), his images

are so salient, and the vocal and piano writing is so astoundingly vivid, (e.g. using extremes of range and dynamics, and thus allowing performers to demonstrate themselves fully) that the opus goes far beyond the scope of a purely musical adaptation of comic absurdities, permitting the music to become a full-fledged character in this truly "theatrical" performance.

In May of 1966 Shostakovich fell seriously ill and had to stay in bed for several months. He read much and discovered for himself new poetical worlds, among them Alexander Blok (1880-1921), a leading figure of Russian Symbolism (a "Man of an Epoch," as Anna Akhmatova aptly characterized him). On the 3rd of April, 1967 the composer finished his *Seven Poems by Alexander Blok*, a vocal and instrumental suite for voice and piano trio.

Blok's poems are by their nature very musical. A great contemporary of his, Valery Bryusov once said that they plead for music, and writer Korney Chukovsky even called them 'romances'. Elsewhere, Chukovsky calculated that young Blok dedicated six hundred eighty seven poems to his love. "This seems unique in Russian and in all other literature. What a singly purposeful soul!" Without hesitation, Shostakovich selected for his cycle several of Blok's early poems, drawn from his

poetry of the years 1898-1902, (but with no hint of "single purpose"!). As in many other instances in the composer's vocal music, the principle of selection displays stunning contrasts.

Evidently, the multilayered poetry of Blok could not be handled by voice and piano alone, but still it did not require a large orchestra; therefore the composer opted for a piano trio where each instrument is allotted its individual meaning and musical content. The cello in *Ophelia's Song* is sensual and full of humanism, the piano in the second piece of the suite is austere and powerful, while the violin in *We Were Together* is tender and ethereal. After the stupor of *The City Is Asleep* (any native of St. Petersburg will be moved at hearing or, rather, seeing what is depicted), *The Tempest* bursts in, bringing along the dramatic climax of the entire opus. *Secret Signs* do not offer any hint or promise of relaxation (How could the twenty-year-old poet prophesy his future so piercingly: "My forecast end is near, Ahead are the war and the fire"? But the words proved to be extremely resonant with the state of the exhausted, tired, and seriously ill sixty-year-old composer). It is only in the last poem, when all the instruments sound together with the voice for the first time, that some illusory reconciliation comes about, and MUSIC makes its appearance:

At night, when my disquietude falls asleep
and the city disappears in the mist —
oh, how much music God has,
what sounds exist in the world!

Seven Poems of Alexander Blok is the first vocal composition in which Shostakovich so directly addresses the subject of creativity and eternity, addressing ideas that later found their sequel in the great romances on words by Marina Tsvetayeva and, of course, in the grandiose suite on poems by Michelangelo. The Blok cycle thus serves to open the complicated world of the later vocal-lyrical pieces of Shostakovich, a world in which many generations of listeners and performers will look for answers to the most perplexing questions of existence.

Six Poems By Marina Tsvetayeva, composed in the Estonian town Pärnu from August 1 to 7, 1973, were written for a low female voice, as Tsvetayeva's own voice was; it seemed to be veiled in "the bitterness of home-grown tobacco," which she "smoked, and smoked, and it was like weeping."

Like other later vocal cycles of the composer, this opus is absolutely clear in its form. The introduction, *My Verses*, with its famous Tsvetayevian prophesy, "*My verses, like vintage wines, will have their time.*" The composition opens with a twelve-tone

theme in the piano and the voice, but it is not developed in a dodecaphonic technique. As he was always, throughout his creative lifetime, Shostakovich is concerned not with seeking new sounds or musical content, but primarily with looking for meaning, in all its earthly manifestations. This example is particularly interesting in that the composer was able at the same time to write in Schoenberg's style, and to create music of enormous spiritual impact.

Next follow musings on the subject of love: the youthfully tremulous and tender *Whence All This Tenderness* and the gloomy, dark and hopeless *Dialogue Between Hamlet and His Conscience*. The climax of the cycle, in the two pieces that follow, is the eternal, never-resolved contradiction between the ruler and the poet, the society and the creator, the rationale of the State and the freedom of self-expression. Now he can say this openly, for nonconformity is no longer punished by firing-squad, but the freedom granted by the rulers is nevertheless vastly insufficient for genuine creative art, for a Pushkin, a Tsvetayeva, or a Shostakovich.

At last comes the finale, *To Anna Akhmatova*, a powerful hymn to all that is truly noble in Art, embodying the artist's cognizance of belonging to a great culture, to the sacred circle of those who are the "immortal" and the "crowned" (a year later in the *Suite*

on Words by Michelangelo Buonarroti the same piercing thoughts on immortality would appear, but expressed in quite a different way, as if humming a nursery song):

*We are crowned in that we step over the same land,
And the same sky is above us!
And those who are wounded by your deathly fate
Will be immortal descending to the bed of death.*

Dostoyevsky's novel *The Possessed* was first published in its entirety in the Soviet Union only in 1957, as a result of the political "thaw" that came about after Stalin's death. *The Possessed*, which Dostoyevsky wrote with "hands trembling with rage" (Saltykov-Shchedrin), was condemned by Soviet literary critics "a hatred-laden lampoon against the Russian liberation movement of the 1860s, against the ideas of Revolution and Socialism."

Shostakovich read the novel in 1974, and it surely must have had a tremendous impression on him. Too many things in *The Possessed* echoed his own private trials and tribulations. Shostakovich was intrigued by one of the most disgusting characters of the book, Captain Ignat Lebyadkin, or, more exactly, by his poetic opuses which were "immensely respected and valued" by the Captain himself. This is Dostoyevsky's description of Lebyadkin: "...with a purple, somewhat swollen and sagging face, with

cheeks quaking at each movement of the face, with small, bloodshot, and sometimes quite sly eyes; he had a moustache and whiskers." [The modern-day non-Russian reader may miss this allusion to the image of Josef Stalin.]

Four Poems of Captain Lebyadkin, written in 1974, were to become the last vocal cycle of the composer. After *Six Poems by Marina Tsvetayeva* and the *Suite on Words by Michelangelo Buonarroti* which spoke of beauty, spirit, and the joy of creativity, the composer now chose not poetry but its parody. The poems of Lebyadkin are soaking with stupidity, vulgarity, rudeness, hatred, and self-conceit. The desire to express his inner pain, typical for the composer in the last years of his creative work, the powerful anti-Socialist drive of *The Possessed*, and new creative abilities inherent in the very stylistic features of Dostoyevsky's poems — all this urged Shostakovich to compose a quite special opus, where literature, ideology, satire, parody, theatre, and music fused into an absolutely new genre of vocal art.

Yuri Serov

**Predisloviye k polnomu sobraniyu moih sochineniy
i kratkoye razmishleniye po povodu etovo predisloviya**
 Marayu ya yedinim duhom list;
 Vnimayu ya privichnim uhom svist;
 Potom fsemu terzayu svetu sluh;
 Potom pechatayus' — i v Letu buh!
 Takoye predisloviye mozhno bilo b napisat'
 ne tol'ko k polnomu sobraniyu moih sochineniy,
 no i k polnomu sobraniyu sochineniy mnogih, ochen', ochen'
 mnogih kompozitorov,
 kak sovetskih, tak i zarubezhnih.
 A vot i podpis': Dmitriy Shostakovich.
 Narodniy artist ES ES ES ER.
 Ochen' mnogo i drugih pochotnih zvanij.
 Perviy sekretar' Soyuz kompozitorov ER ES EF ES ER.
 Prosto sekretar' Soyuz kompozitorov ES ES ES ER.
 A takzhe ochen' mnogo drugih ves'ma otvetstvennih nagruzok
 i dolzhnostey.

Piat' Romansov na slova iz zhurnala «Krokodil»

1. Sobstvennoruchnoye pokazaniye

V Hovorostianke fhozhu v avtobus.
 Shofior obilechivayet passazhirov.
 Obraschayus' k nemu s voprosom:
 pochemu v Hohlah on ne sdela ostankovki?
 Stoit, molchit.
 Povtoriyu vopros: pochemu v Hohlah ne sdela ostankovki?
 On shto-to promiamlil pro asfal't... Da kabi... da yezheli...
 Ne dolgo dumaya, delayu naklon tulovischa vperiod,
 sosredotachivayu fsiu svoyu silionku v pravom kulake
 i po metodu boksa vlepiayu v levoye zhevalo etogo hama.
 I yedinstvenno, shto ya skazal yemu v etot moment:
 na zh tebe asfal't, hamskaya tvoya rozha.
 Vot kakiye meropriyatiya prihoditsa primeniat' k izzhitiyu

**A Foreword to My Complete Works
and a Brief Contemplation with Respect to this Foreword**
 I scribble on paper in a spurt;
 Then I hear catcalls, and my ear's not hurt;
 Then I torment the ears of all the world;
 Then have it printed, and forever unrecalled.
 This is a Foreword that might be written
 not only for my *Complete Works*,
 but also to the complete works of many, many other
 composers,
 both Soviet and foreign.
 And here is the signature: Dmitri Shostakovich
 People's Artist of the U S S R.
 Followed by many other titles of honour:
 First Secretary, Union of Composers of the R S F S R
 (Simply the) Secretary, Union of Composers of the U S S R
 As well as very many other quite important responsibilities
 and positions.

**Five Romances on Words from *Krokodil* Magazine,
No. 24 of August 30, 1965**

1. Autographic Testimony

At Khvorostianka I get on the bus.
 The driver tickets the passengers.
 I put the question to him,
 why didn't he stop at Khokhly?
 He stands there, silent.
 I repeat the question, *Why didn't you stop at Khokhly?*
 He mumbles something about the asphalt. Well, if... well, but...
 Without a second thought, I perform a body tilt forward,
 I concentrate all my feeble power in my right fist,
 and, using a boxing method, I plant one on the left chap of
 that rude boor.
 And all I said to him at that moment was,
Here's your asphalt, you rude mug.

hamstva.

Ne podumayte, shto ya bil pyan. Mne shest'desiat sem' let,
i v to utro ya yescho ne zavtrakal.

—Pensioner Isayev N.M.

2. Trudno ispolnimoye zhelaniye

Ya holost, i mne trebuyetsa mnogo deneg.

Zheni takoy ne mogu nayti, shtobi ne nuzhdalsia den'gami,
a poetomu userdno proshu: vishlite pobistrey,
a yesli yest' v Moskve takaya,
shtobi kormila, poila, i deneg s menia ne sprashivala,
to soobschite mne eyo adres. Pozhaluysta.

3. Blagorazumiye

Hotia huligan Fedulov izbil menia,
ya v organ'i nashey zamechatel'noy militsiyi ne obratilsia.
Reshil ogranichitsa poluchennimi poboyami.

4. Irinka i pastuh

Ona gliadit pod kruchu vniz,
na uliogshihsia u vodi korov,
na zabavno korotkuyu, kogda smotrish sverhu, figurku pastuha.
Otsiuda on pohozh na mal'chishku.
I Irinke vdrug ochen' hochetsa potiskat' yego v rukah,
dolgo podkidivat' v chistoye, goluboye nebo.
Pastuhu Irinka ne vidna.
Korenastiy, shirokoplechiy, on sidit k ney spinoy i lupit
yaytso.
A Irinka uzhasno hochet yego potiskat'.

5. Chrezmerniy vostorg

Perviy hleb!

Komu, skazhite, iz vas ne prihodilos' syest' lomot' hleba

Such are the procedures one sometimes has to apply to
eradicate rudeness.

Please don't think for a moment that I was drunk. I am sixty-
seven years old,

and that morning I hadn't even had breakfast yet.

—Issayev N. M., retired.

2. A Difficult to Fulfill Desire

I am a single man, and I need a lot of money.

I cannot find a wife so as not to suffer from lack of money,
therefore I expressly: send me one as soon as possible,
and if there is such one in Moscow
who would provide me with food and drink and not demand
money for that,
advise me her address. P l e a s e.

3. Discretion

Although the ruffian Fedulov did beat me,
I did not report this to our remarkable police force.
I decided to restrict myself to the thrashing already received.

4. Irinka and the Shepherd

She is looking down the steep hillside
at the cows lying near the waterside,
at the amusingly short, when seen from above, figure of the shepherd.
From her vantage point he looks like a little boy.
And Irinka suddenly feels a strong desire to squeeze him in her hands,
and to toss him up into the clear azure sky over and over.
The shepherd cannot see Irinka.
Stocky and broad-shouldered, he is sitting with his back to
her, peeling an egg.
And Irinka feels a terrible desire to squeeze him.

5. Exaggerated Delight

The first bread!

Tell me, who of you has never enjoyed eating a slice of bread

novovo urozhaya.
Kak on chudesno pahneta solntsem, molodoy solomoy,
a glavnoye, kombayniorskimi rukami, propitannimi
kerosinom.

Sem' stikhotvoreniy Aleksandra Bloka

1. Pesnia Ofelii

Razluchayas' s devoym miloy,
drug, ti klials'a mne liubit'!..
Uyezzhaya v kray postily,
klyatvu dannuyu hranit'!..
Tam, za Daniyey schastlivoy,
bereg tvoi vo mgle...
Val serditiy, govorliviyy
moyet sliozi na skale...
Miliy voyn ne verniotsa,
ves' odefiy v srebro...
V grobe tashko vskolihniotsa
bant i chornoye pero...

2. Gamayun, ptitsa veschaya

Na gladiakh beskonechnykh vod,
zakatom v purpur oblechennykh,
ona veschayet i poyot,
ne v silah kril podniat' smyatiennykh...

Veschayet igo zlykh tatar,
veschayet kazney riad krovavikh,
i trus, i golod, i pozhar,
zlodeyev silu, gibel' pravikh...

Predvechnim uzhasom obyat,
prekrasniy lik gorit lyubovyu,
no veschey pravdoyu zvuchat
usta, zapekhshiesia kroviu!..

of a new harvest?

How nicely it smells. It's a smell of the sun, of fresh straw,
and most importantly, of the combine driver's hands soaked
in kerosene.

Seven Poems by Alexander Blok

1. Ophelia's Song

Parting with your beloved maiden,
you swore that you would love, my friend!..
That you would keep your oath,
leaving for that dreary land!..
There, far from happy Denmark,
your shores are veiled with fog...
Big, angry, and grumbling waves
wash tears off the cliff...
The sweet warrior will not be back
all clad in silver...
The ribbon and the black plume
will mournfully stir in the coffin...

2. Gamayun the Soothsaying Bird (A picture by V. Vasnetsov)

On the smooth endless waters
which the sunset has clad in purple,
she prophesies and she sings,
unable to spread her confused wings...

She prophesies the oppression by wicked Tartars,
a line of bloody executions,
earthquakes, and famine, and fires,
the might of villains and the demise of the righteous...

Obsessed by eternal horror,
the beautiful visage beams with love,
but the blood-covered lips
pronounce prophetic truths!..

3. Mī bili vmeste...

Mī bili vmeste, pomniu ya...
Noch volnovalas', skripka pela...
Tī v eti dni bila moya,
ŭ s kazhdīm chasom horosheia...

Skvoz' tihoye zhurchanye struy,
skvoz' taynu zhenstvennoy ulibki
k ustam prosilsia potseluy,
prosilis' v serdtse zvuki skripki...

4. Gorod spit

Gorod spit, okutan mgloyu,
chut' mertsayut fonari...
Tam dalioko, za Nevoyu,
vizhu otbleski zari.

V etom dal'nem otrazhen'yi,
v etih otbleskah ognia
pritalos' probuzhden'ye
dney tosklivih dlia menia...

5. Buria

O, kak bezumno za oknom
reviot, bushuyet buria zlaya,
nesutsa tuchi, l'yut dozhdiom,
i veter voyet, zamiraya!

Uzhasna noch! V takuyu noch
mne zhal' liudey, lishonnih krova
i sozhalen'ye gonit proch —
v obyat'ya holoda sirogo!..

Borotsa s mrakom i dozhdiom,
stradal'tsev uchast' razdeliaya...
O, kak bezumno za oknom
bushuyet veter, iznāvaya!

3. We Were Together

We were together, I remember that...
The night was disturbed, the violin sang...
You were mine in those days,
and grew more lovely by the hour...

Through the quiet murmur of the streams,
through the mystery of a womanly smile,
the lips were longing for a kiss,
the strains of the violin were longing towards the heart...

4. The City Sleeps

The city sleeps, veiled in haze,
the streetlamps flicker faintly...
Far away, beyond the Neva,
I see the glow of dawn.

In this far-off reflection,
in these glimmers of flame
hides the awakening
of sad days awaiting me...

5. Tempest

Oh, how madly the evil tempest
rages and roars outside my window!
The clouds rush by, pouring down rain,
and the wind howls, then fades!

Horrific night! In such a night
I pity those deprived of shelter,
and the pity drives me outside—
into the embrace of the damp chill!

There, to brave the darkness and the rain,
sharing the lot of the sufferers...
Oh, how madly the wind rages
outside my window in torment!

6. Tayniye znaki

Razgorayutsa tayniye znaki
na gluhoy, neprobudnoy stene.
Zolotiye i krasniye maki
nado mnoy tiagoteyut vo sne.

Ukrivayus' v nochniye pescheri
i ne pomniu surovih chudes.
Na zare — golubiye himeri
smotriat v zerkale yarkih nebes.

Ubegayu v proshedshiye migi,
zakrivayu ot straha glaza,
na listah holodeyushey knigi —
zolotaya devichya kosa.

Nado mnoy nebosvod uzhe nizok,
chorniy son tiagoteyet v grudi.
Moy konets prednachertanniy blizok,
i voyna, i pozhar — vpered.

7. Muzika

V nochi, kogda usniot trevoga,
i gorod skroyets'a vo mgle—
o, skol'ko muziki u Boga,
kakiye zvuki na zemle!

Shto buria zhizni, yesli rozi
tvoyi tsvetut mne i goriat!
Shto chelovecheskiye sliozi,
kogda rumianitsa zakat!

Primi, Vladichitsa vselennoy,
skvoz' krof', skvoz' muki, skvoz' groba—
posledney strasti kubok penniy
ot nedostoy'nogo raba!

6. Secret Signs

Secret signs light up
upon a solid, relentless wall.
Golden and red poppies
brood over me in my sleep.

I hide away in caves of the night
and do not remember the stern magic.
At the dawn, azure chimeras
look out from the mirrors of the bright sky.

I run away to moments in the past,
and close my eyes in fear,
and a maids' golden tresses lie
upon the pages of the book that grows ever colder.

The heaven has already lowered above me,
a black dream broods in my breast.
My forecast end is near,
ahead are the war and the fire.

7. Music

At night, when my disquietude falls asleep
and the city disappears in the mist -
oh, how much music God has,
what sounds exist in the world!

What is the tempest of life to me, when your roses
flourish and blaze for me!
What are human tears,
when the sunset blushes crimson!

Accept, O Empress of the Universe —
through blood, through torments, and through graves —
the foaming cup of final passion
from your unworthy slave!

Shest' stihotvoreniy Marinī Tsvetayevoy

Moyi stih

Moyim stiham, napisannim tak rano,
Shto i ne znala ya, shto ya — poet,
Sorvavshimsia, kak brizgi iz fontana,
Kak iskrī iz raket,

Vorvavshimsia, kak malen'kiye cherti,
F sviatilische, gde son i fimiā,
Moyim stiham o yunosti i smerti,
— Nechitannim stiham! —

Razbrosannim v pili po magazinam
(Gde ih nikto ne bral i ne beriot!),
Moim stiham, kak dragotsennim vinam,
Nastanet svoy cheriod!

Otkuda takaya nezhnost'?

Otkuda takaya nezhnost'?
Ne perviye — eti kudri
Razglazhivayu, i gubī
Znavala — temney tvoih.

Fshodili i gasli zviozdī
(Otkuda takaya nezhnost'?),
Fs'hodili i gasli ochi
U samih moih ochey.

Yescho ne takiye pesni
Ya slushala nochyu tiomnoy
(Otkuda takaya nezhnost'?)-
Na samoy grudi pevtsa.

Otkuda takaya nezhnost'?
I shto s neyu delat', otrok
Lukaviy, pevets zahozhiy,
S resnitsami — net dlinney?

Six Poems by Marina Tsvetayeva

My Verses

My verses written so early
That I did not yet know I was a poet;
Snapped off like splashes from a fountain,
Like sparks from rockets,

Which rushed in like tiny devils
Into the sacred place where slumber and incense prevail,
My verses of youth and death
— Never-read verses! —

Scattered in the dust of bookshops
(Where no one has ever bought them!),
My verses, like vintage wines,
Will have their time!

Whence All This Tenderness?

Whence all this tenderness?
These curls are not the first
I ever stroked, and I've known
Lips darker than yours.

Stars rose and faded
(Whence all this tenderness?),
Eyes rose and faded
So close to my own eyes.

I used to hear sweeter songs
In the dark of the night
(Whence all this tenderness?) -
Upon the very breast of the singer.

Whence all this tenderness?
And what shall I do with it,
O sly youth, o visiting singer,
With eyelashes longest ever seen?

Dialog Gamleta s sovest'yu

Na dne ona, gde il
I vodorosli...
Spat' v nih ushla, — No sna i tam net!
— No ya yeyo liubil,
Kak sorok fysiach
Bratyev, liubit' ne mogut!
— Gamlet! Na dne ona,
Gde il: il!..
I posledniy
Venchik vsplil
Na prirechnih briovnah
— No ya yeyo liubil,
Kak sorok fysiach...
— Men'she fsio zh,
Chem odin liubovnik.
Na dne ona, gde il.
— No ya yeyo — liubil...

4. Poet i tsar'

Potustoronnim
Zalom tsar...
Kto nepreklonniy
Mramorniý sey?

Stol' velichaviy
V zolote barm.
Pushkinskoy slavi
Zhalkiy zhandarm.

Avtora hayal,
Rukopis' strig.
Pol'skovo kraya -
Zverskiy miasnik

Zorche vgliadisial

Dialogue between Hamlet and His Conscience

"She's on the river-bed, where mud
And weeds are... She went to sleep
In them, but even there she can't find sleep!"
"But I did love her;
Forty thousand brothers
Could not love so!"
"Hamlet! She's on the river-bed,
where there is mud; Mud
And the last little garland
Has floated up
at the logs by the riverside..."
"But I did love her
As forty thousand..."
"Still less than one lover.
She's on the river-bed,
where there is mud."
"But I... Did I love her??"

4. The Poet and the Czar

Along the otherworldly
Hall of the Czars...
Who's this adamant,
This marble one?

So majestic
In the gold of regalia.
Wretched watchman
Of Pushkin's glory.

Rebuking the author
And snipping his manuscript,
The beastly butcher
of Polish land.

Look at him sharper!

Ne zabivay:
Pevtsoubiytsa
Tsar' Nikolay
Perviy.

Net, bil baraban...

Net, bil baraban pered smutnim polkom,
Kogda mi vozhdia horonili:
To zubi tsariovi nad miorivim pevtom
Pochotnuyu drob' vivodili.

Takoy uzh pochot, shto blizhayshim druzyam
Net mesta. V izglav'ye, v iznozhye,
I sprava, i sleva — ruchischi po shvam —
Zhandarmskiye grudi i rozhi.

Ne divno li — i na tishayshem iz lozh
Prebit' podnadzornim mal'chishkoy?
Na shto-to, na shto-to, na shto-to pohozh
Pochot sey, pochotno — da slishkom!

Gliadi mol, strana, kak, molve vopreki,
Monarh o poete pechotsa!
Pochotno - pochotno - pochotno - arhi -
Pochotno, pochotno - do chortu!

Kogo zh eto tak — tochno vorii vora
Pristreliannogo — vinosili?
Izmennika? Net. S prohodnogo dvora —
Umneyshego muzha Rossii.

Anne Ahmatovoy

O muza placha, prekrasneyshaya iz muz!
O ti, shal'noye ischadiye nochi bey!
Ti chornuyu nasilaesh metel' na Rus',
I vopli tvoi vonzayutsa v nas, kak streli.

Never forget:
The Singerkiller
Czar Nicholas
The First.

No, the Drum Did Beat...

No, the drum did beat before the troubled troops
When we were burying a leader:
It was the Czar's teeth clattering honorary ruffles
Over the dead singer.

It's such an honor, that even the closest friends
Are left out. At his head, and feet,
On the right and on the left, with arms at their sides,
Only the gendarmes' mugs and chests can be seen.

Isn't it a wonder, even on the quietest of beds
To remain a kid under guard?
This honor looks like something, like something, like something
It looks like too much of an honor indeed!

Behold, O my country, and see how, contrary to opinion,
The Monarch cares about a poet!
So homage-filled, homage-filled, homage-filled,
Damned too much homage!

Who was this, dragged out like a thief,
who'd been shot by fellow thieves?
A traitor? No. From the backdoor —
The wisest man in Russia.

To Anna Akhmatova

O Muse of Weeping, the most beautiful of the Muses!
O reckless issue of a white night!
You send black blizzards to Russia,
And your screams pierce us like arrows.

I mī sharahaemsia, i gluhoye: oh! -
Stofisiachnoye tebe prisiagaet.
Anna Akhmatova! — eto imia ogromnīy vzdoh,
I v glub' on padayet, kotoraya bezīmianna.

Mī koronovanī tem, shto odnu s toboy
Mī zemliu topchem, shto nebo nad nami tozhe!
I tot, kto ranen smertel'noy tvoyey sud'boy,
Uzhe bessmertnīm na smertnoye skhodit lozhe.

F pevuchem grade moyom kupola goriat,
I Spasa svetlovo slavit slepets brodiachiy...
I ya dariu tebe svoj kolokol'nīy grad,
Akhmatova! — i serdtse svoyo v pridachu.

Chetīre stihotvoreniya kapitana Lebiadkina

1. Liubov' kapitana Lebiadkina

Liubvi pīlayuscheye granata
Lopnula v grudi Ignata.
I vnov' zaplakal gor'koy mukoy
Po Sevastopoliu bezrukiy.

Hot' v Sevastopole ne bīl,
I dazhe ne bezrukiy,
No kakovī zhe rifmī!

I porhayet zvezda na kone
V horovode drugih amazonok;
Ulibayetsa s loshadi mne
Aristokraticheskiy rebionok.

Sovershenstvu devitsi Tushinoy.

Milostivaya gosudarīn'ya
Yelizaveta Nikolayevna!

And we start, and a hollow "Oh!"
Uttered by hundreds of thousands gives you an oath.
Anna Akhmatova! — the name is a giant sigh,
And it falls into a depth that has no name.

We are crowned in that we tread the same land,
And the same sky is above us!
And those who are wounded by your deathly fate
Will be immortal descending to the bed of death.

Domes are gleaming in my singing town,
And a blind wanderer glorifies Holy Saviour...
And I grant unto you my pealing town,
Akhmatova — complete with my heart.

Four Poems of Captain Lebyadkin

1. Captain Lebyadkin's Love

A red-hot glowing love *grenade*
Burst in Ignat's *breast*.
And once again, poor armless *beast*,
He wept recalling Sevastopol's *cannonade*.

Well I've never been to Sevastopol,
and I ain't even armless,
but just look at these *rhymes*!

And the star is flittering on horseback
surrounded by other Amazons.
And she's smiling to me from horseback,
that aristocratic female child.

To the Perfection of Mademoiselle Tushina.

For the attention of: My Honorable Lady
Elizabeth Nikolaevna

O, kak mila ona, Yelizaveta Tushina,
kogda s rodstvennikom
na damskom sedle letayet,
a lokon yeyo s vetrami igrayet,
ili kogda s mater'yu f tserkvi padayet nits,
i zritsa rumianets blagogoveynih lits!
Togda brachnih i zakonnih naslazhdeniy zhelayu
i fsled yey, vmeste s materyu, slezu posilayu.

V sluchaye, yesli b ona slomala nogu.

Krasa krasot slomala chlen i interesney vdvoye stala,
I vdvoye sdelalsia vliublion vliublionniy uzh nemalo.

— Sostavil neuchoniy za sporom.

2. Tarakan

Zhil na svete tarakan,
Tarakan ot detstva,
I potom popal v stakan,
Polniy muhoyedstva.

Gospodi, shto takoye?
To yes', kogda letom v stakan nalezut muhi,
to proiskhodit muhoyedstvo,
fsiakiy durak poymiot,
ne perebivayte, vi uvidite!
Pozhaluysta, snachala!

Zhil na svete tarakan,
Tarakan ot detstva,
I potom popal v stakan,
Polniy muhoyedstva.

Mesto zaniel tarakan,
Muhi vozroptali,
Polon ochen' nash stakan,

O how sweet is she, Elizabeth Tushina,
when, in the company of her relative,
she rides side-saddle to and fro
and her curls play with the wind!
Or when she, with her mother, falls prostrate in the church,
and rosiness appears on their religious faces!
At such moments, I desire marital and legal delights
and I send after her, and her mother, my tears.

Supposing She Breaks Her Leg

The Beauty of Beauties broke her Member, and became twice
as beautiful,
And a man already deep in love became twice as loving.
— *Composed by an untaught man in the midst of an argument.*

2. The Cockroach

Once upon a time there was a Cockroach,
A Cockroach from his childhood;
One day he found himself in a Glass
Filled to the brim with fly-eating.

(Oh my, what do you mean?)
That is, when on a summer day flies crawl into a glass,
fly-eating business begins -
any fool can understand that.
Don't interrupt me, and you'll see yourself!
Here we go again, from the top:

Once upon a time there was a Cockroach,
A Cockroach from his childhood;
One day he found himself in a Glass
Filled to the brim with fly-eating.

The Cockroach he took up room,
The Flies they complained;
"Our Glass is too much full,"

K Yupiteru zakrichali.

No poka u nih shol krik,
Podoshol Nikifor,
Blagorodneyshiy starik...

Tut u menia ne dokoncheno, no fsio ravno, slovami...
Nikifor beriot stakan i, nesmotria na krik,
vīplioskivaet v lohan' fsiu komediyu, i muh, i tarakana,
shto davno nado bīlo sdelat'.
No zamet'te, sudarynia, tarakan ne ropschet.
Shto zhe kasaetsa do Nikifora, to on izobrazhaet prirodu.

3. Bal v pol'zu guvernantok

Zdravstvuy, zdravstvuy guvernantka!
Veselis' i torzhestvuy,
Retrogradka i zhorzhzandka,
Fsio ravno teper' likuy!

Uchish ti detey soplivih
Po-frantsuzki bukvariu
I podmigivat' gotova,
Stobi vzial, hot' ponmariu!

No v nash vek reform velikih
Ne vozmiot i ponomar':
Nado, barishnia, «tolikih»,
Ili snova za bukvar'.

No teper', kogda piruya,
Mi sobrali kapital,
I pridanoye, tantsuya,
Shliom tebe iz etih zal.

Retrogradka i zhorzhzandka,

They shouted up to Jupiter.

But, while they were screaming,
Nikifor came up,
A noblest old man he was...

Well the piece is a bit unfinished, but in plain words, it goes like this:
Nikifor snatches the glass and, ignoring the screams,
throws the whole story out into the garbage can, the Flies
complete with the Cockroach,
and that should have been done long before.
But mind you, lady, the Cockroach does not complain!
As to old Nikifor, he is an allegory of Nature.

3. A Costume Ball for the Benefit of Governesses

Hi, hello, governess!
Rejoice and celebrate!
Whether a straight girl, or a GeorgeSandette,
Never mind, cheer up now!

You teach snivel-nosed kids
Their French ABCs,
And you're ready to wink even at a sacristan,
Because you'd marry any male!

But in our times of Great Reform
even a sacristan won't marry you.
What you want is dough, cash, greenbacks,
Or... back to those ABCs.

But today, when we have raised
Some cash at this dinner party,
And are sending you a dowry
From this hall where we're having a ball —

Be you a straight girl, or a GeorgeSandette,

Vs'o ravno teper' likuy!
Tí s pridaniím, guvernantka,
Pliuy na fsio i torzhestvuy!

4. Svetlaya lichnost'

On ne znatnoy bíl porodi,
On vozros sredi naroda,
No, gonimiy mest'yu tsarskoy,
Zlobnoy zavist'yu boyarskoy,
On obriok sebia stradan'yu,
Kazniam, pítkam, istiazan'yu
I poshol veschat' narodu
Bratstvo, ravenstvo, svobodu. Eh!

I vosstan'ye nachinaya,
On bezhal v chuzhiye krai
Iz tsariova kazemata
Ot knuta, schiptsov i kata.
A narod, vosstat' gotoviy
Iz-pod uchasti surovoy,
Ot Smolenska do Tashkenta
S neterpen'yem zhdal studenta. Eh!

Zhdal yevo on pogolovno,
Shtob idti besprekoslovno,
Poreshit' vkonets boyarstvo,
poreshit' sovsem i tsarstvo,
Sdelat' obschimi imen'ya
I predat' naveki mschen'yu
Tserkvi, braki i semeystvo -
Mira starovo zlodeystvo! Eh!

Never mind, cheer up now!
You've got a dowry, governess,
So have not a care and celebrate!

4. A Luminous Personality

He was no gentleman by birth,
He grew up among the common people,
But, persecuted by Czarist vengeance,
And hateful envy of noble lords,
He doomed himself to suffering,
To punishment and torture and abuse
And he went out to the people to declare
Fraternity, Equality, and Freedom. Hey!

He then started a revolt
And escaping to foreign lands
From the Czar's prison,
From tongs and tortures, from gallows and the hangman;
While the people, ready to rise up
From under its deadly fate,
In Smolensk, and in Tashkent, and everywhere,
Eagerly awaited the student. Hey!

Yea, all waiting for him as one,
To follow him unswervingly,
To exterminate the upper classes outright,
To kill the Czars totally, too,
To make all property common,
And to take revenge forever
On *Church*, and *Marriage*, and *Family*,
All those crimes of the old regime! Hey!

Soprano **Victoria Evtodieva** graduated from the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory as a student of professor E. Perlassova, and finished her postgraduate studies (with prof. K. Izotova) in 1995. In recent years she has been the leading soprano of the Conservatory's Musical Theatre where she has sung the parts of Tatyana and Iolanta (*Eugene Onegin* and *Iolanta*), Marguerite (*Faust*), Cio-Cio-San (*Madam Butterfly*), Contessa (*Le nozze di Figaro*) and others. In 1993, at the invitation of Galina Vishnevskaya, she participated in a performance of Tchaikovsky's *Iolanta* in Salzburg.

In 1994 she won First Prize at the International Vocal Competition in Enschede, Holland; in 1997, she won First Prize at the Shostakovich International Competition in Hannover, Germany; and in June 1998, Third Prize at the Tchaikovsky International Competition in Moscow.

Ms. Evtodieva has toured many cities in Russia, the UK, Spain, Belgium, Brazil, Austria, Germany and Holland. She has recorded several CDs, including *Prokofiev: Songs and Romances — Complete* for Delos (DE 3275) and Handel's *Johannes Passion* for Colibri.

Since 1994, Victoria Evtodieva has taught voice at the St. Petersburg Conservatory.

Mezzo-soprano **Lyubov Sokolova** graduated from the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory in 1993 as a student of professor N. Serval). That same year, she joined the Mariinsky (Kirov) Opera. With that theatre's company she has performed at festivals in Munich, Edinburgh and Savonlinna. In recent years, Ms. Sokolova has performed several major roles of the contralto and mezzo-soprano repertoire: Lyubasha (*Czar's Bride*), Lyubava (*Sadko*), Olga (*Eugene Onegin*), Marfa (*Khovanschina*), Laura (*The Stone Guest* by Dargomyzhsky), Lel (*The Snow Maiden*), Mary (*A Feast Amidst The Plague* by Cui), and the parts of Siebel (*Faust*), Berta (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*), Page (*Salome*), Emilia (*Othello*), and many others.

Ms. Sokolova has toured with the theatre's company, and with recital programs, in Italy, France, England, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Portugal, USA, Israel, Chile, Argentina, Germany and Denmark. She has participated in the recording of several compact discs with Russian operas and Oratorios for Philips, and *Prokofiev: Songs and Romances — Complete* for Delos (DE 3275).

Bass **Fyodor Kuznetsov**, a native of Sverdlovsk, graduated from the Music Conservatory of Nizhny-Novgorod (formerly Gorky) and joined St. Petersburg's Mussorgsky Opera Theater in 1987. Roles he

has performed in that house include Boris/Pimen (*Boris Godunov*), Dosifei (*Khovanshchina*), King Rene (*Iolanta*), Gremin (*Eugene Onegin*), Philip/Grand Inquisitor (*Don Carlo*), Colline (*La bohème*), as well as the title roles of Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Tale of Tsar Saltan* and Petrov's *Peter the Great* (for his performance in the latter work, he won the 1994 St. Petersburg Laureate Prize). As a member of the Mussorgsky company he has been lauded in France, Italy, Japan, Greece, Germany and the United States.

A principal singer of the Mariinsky Theatre/Kirov Opera since 1996, he has performed the roles of Varlaam (*Boris Godunov*), Farlaf (*Ruslan and Lyudmila*), Ivan Grozny (*Pskovitianka*), the King (*Aida*), Il Grande Inquisitore (*Don Carlo*), Don Basilio (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*), Klingsor (*Parsifal*), Hunding (*Die Walküre*), and Mendoza (*Betrothal in a Monastery*). He debuted at the Salzburg Festival as Varlaam (*Boris Godunov*) in 1997, at the San Francisco Opera as Augustin (*Betrothal in a Monastery*) in 1998, and at the Santiago Municipal Theatre as Klingsor and Titurel (*Parsifal*) in 1999.

He has traveled with the Kirov to Germany, Italy, France, Holland, Spain, England, Argentina, Chile and the United States (*Metropolitan Opera*), among others. His concert repertoire includes Mozart's *Requiem*,

Bruckner's *Missa Solemnis*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and Mahler's *Eighth*, Beethoven's *Ninth* and Shostakovich's *Fourteenth* symphonies. Kuznetsov can be heard on recordings of *Betrothal in a Monastery* and *Boris Godunov* on the Philips label.

Pianist Yuri Serov graduated from the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory in 1991 and completed his postgraduate studies in 1993 with professors' R. Lebedev, piano; T. Fidler, chamber ensemble; and H. Serova, piano accompaniment. He has also studied with Hartmut Hoell in Salzburg and Weimar.

As a soloist, a member of a piano duo and an accompanist, Yuri Serov has toured many cities in Russia, Latvia, Finland, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Belgium, Holland, France, Austria, Switzerland, Brazil, and the United States. He has performed with the Philharmonic Orchestras of St. Petersburg, Saratov, Samara (Russia), Odense (Denmark) and several others. He has recorded several major programs for TV and radio in Russia, Norway and Belgium, featuring music by Hugo Wolf, Schubert, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich, and others. Serov has recorded over 20 CDs for a number of labels in Russia, Belgium, Japan and the US, including for Delos *Prokofiev: Songs and*

Romances — Complete (DE 3275); *Borodin: Complete Songs and Romances* (DE 3277); and *Shostakovich: Complete Songs – Volume One* (DE 3304). Volumes three through five of the complete songs of Shostakovich will be released soon. He is also the author of many articles and essays on music. At present, he teaches chamber music at the St. Petersburg Conservatory.

Violinist **Lidia Kovalenko** graduated from the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory (with professors' E. Komarova, A. Yuriev, and M. Gantvarg) in 1997 and finished her postgraduate studies in 1999. While still a student of the Conservatory, she won several International and All-Russian Competitions. At present she teaches violin at the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory and Special Music School.

Ms. Kovalenko frequently performs as a soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestras of St. Petersburg, Saratov, Samara, Volgograd, Krasnoyarsk, Petrozavodsk, the Flemish Symphony Orchestra (Belgium), and others.

As a soloist and chamber musician she has toured Russia, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, Finland, Austria, Norway, Brazil and Japan. While still quite young, Ms. Kovalenko's repertoire includes violin concertos by Bach, Vivaldi, Mozart, Brahms, Bruch, Sibelius,

Tchaikovsky, Glazunov, Prokofiev and Shostakovich, many sonatas and other chamber compositions.

Irina Molokina, cellist, graduated from the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory (under professor S. Roldugin) in 1986. In 1985, she won the special prize for performing music by Shostakovich at the All-Russian Competition. Since 1990 she has been first-chair cello of the St. Petersburg State Symphony Orchestra. She has toured in many European countries with the orchestra and has participated in numerous chamber music performances as a soloist. She has also appeared at the modern music festivals in Russia ("St. Petersburg Musical Spring," "Sound's Ways") and in Belgium ("Russian Month" in Gent).

Irina Molokina has recorded *Sonata for Cello and Piano* by Shostakovich for the Norwegian radio, as well as several programs for the Belgian Radio 3 and the TV and radio of St. Petersburg. For Delos, she appears on *Borodin: Complete Songs and Romances* (DE 3277).

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P.O. Box 343, Sonoma, California 95476-9998
(800) 364-0645 • (707) 996-3844
contactus@delosmusic.com • www.delosmusic.com
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