

Balakirev

COMPLETE
ROMANCES

1855

1909



Mily Balakirev COMPLETE ROMANCES

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soprano

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piano

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bass

Disc One (Romances, 1855–1865)

- 1 Thou Art Full Of Fascinating Tenderness (Golovinsky)¹ (1:34)
- 2 The Link (Tumansky)³ (2:32)
- 3 Spanish Song (Mikhailov)¹ (1:36)
- 4 Brigand's Song (Koltsov)³ (1:54)
- 5 Barcarole (Arseniev, after Heine)¹ (2:05)
- 6 Embrace and Kiss (Koltsov)³ (2:22)
- 7 Knight (Wilde)² (2:01)
- 8 Come To Me (Koltsov)⁴ (2:29)
- 9 Lullaby (Arseniev)¹ (2:55)
- 10 Selim's Song (Lermontov)⁴ (2:22)
- 11 My Soul Is Yearning (Koltsov)² (1:09)
- 12 Should I, A Brave Lad (Koltsov)³ (2:16)
- 13 When, Careless (Wilde)¹ (2:29)
- 14 Up In The Sky (Yatsevich)¹ (2:58)
- 15 O Night, Now Show Me In (Maykov)⁴ (1:15)
- 16 Delirium (Koltsov)⁴ (1:25)
- 17 Hebrew Melody (Lermontov)³ (2:13)
- 18 Song Of The Goldfish (Lermontov)¹ (3:16)
- 19 Why? (Lermontov)³ (1:32)
- 20 Old Man's Song (Koltsov)⁴ (1:50)
- 21 Georgian Song (Pushkin)¹ (5:22)
- 22 Whene'er I Hear Thy Voice (Lermontov)³ (1:07)
- 23 Dream (Mikhailov, after Heine)¹ (2:44)

Disc Two (Romances, 1895–1896, 1903–1904, 1909 posth.)

- 1 Over The Lake (Golenishev-Kutuzov)² (2:33)
- 2 Desert (Zhemchuzhnikov)⁴ (2:57)
- 3 I Loved Him (Koltsov)² (2:32)
- 4 They All Tell Me (Mey)⁴ (1:17)
- 5 The Pine (Lermontov)² (1:50)
- 6 The Sea Foams Not (Tolstoy)² (2:23)
- 7 Nocturne (Khomyakov)³ (4:30)
- 8 Among The Flowers (Aksakov)¹ (1:39)
- 9 The Rosy Sunset's Burning Down (Kulchinsky)⁴ (2:34)
- 10 When Yellow Fields Wave (Lermontov)² (3:14)
- 11 Prelude Song (Mey)² (1:34)
- 12 Dream (Lermontov)³ (3:28)
- 13 I Have Come To Greet You (Fet)¹ (2:11)
- 14 Look, My Friend (Krasov)³ (2:22)
- 15 Whisper, Shy Breathing (Fet)² (1:57)
- 16 Song (M. Lermontov)² (2:48)
- 17 From Behind Your Mysterious, Cold Mask (Lermontov)³ (1:43)
- 18 Sleep! (Khomyakov)² (4:31)
- 19 The Sunset (Khomyakov)⁴ (2:07)
- 20 The Cliff (Lermontov)² (2:07)

TOTAL PLAYING TIME – DISC ONE: 51:27 • DISC TWO: 52:05



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Mily Alexeyevich Balakirev (1836–1910) ~ Complete Romances

Disc ONE (Romances, 1855–1865)

1. **Thou Art Full Of Fascinating Tenderness**
(A. Golovinsky) 1855 ¹ (1:34)
2. **The Link** (V. Tumansky) 1855 ³ (2:32)
3. **Spanish Song** (M. Mikhailov) 1855 ¹ (1:36)
4. **Brigand's Song** (A. Koltsov) 1857 ³ (1:54)
5. **Barcarole** (A. Arseniev, after Heine) 1857 ¹ (2:05)
6. **Embrace and Kiss** (A. Koltsov) 1857 ³ (2:22)
7. **Knight** (K. Wilde) 1858 ² (2:01)
8. **Come To Me** (A. Koltsov) 1858 ⁴ (2:29)
9. **Lullaby** (A. Arseniev) 1858 ¹ (2:55)
10. **Selim's Song** (M. Lermontov) 1858 ⁴ (2:22)
11. **My Soul Is Yearning** (A. Koltsov) 1858 ² (1:09)
12. **Should I, A Brave Lad** (A. Koltsov) 1858 ³ (2:16)
13. **When, Careless** (K. Wilde) 1858 ¹ (2:29)
14. **Up In The Sky** (M. Yatsevich) 1858 ¹ (2:58)
15. **O Night, Now Show Me In** (A. Maykov) 1858 ⁴ (1:15)
16. **Delirium** (A. Koltsov) 1859 ⁴ (1:25)
17. **Hebrew Melody** (M. Lermontov) 1859 ³ (2:13)
18. **Song Of The Goldfish** (M. Lermontov) 1860 ¹ (3:16)
19. **Why?** (M. Lermontov) 1860 ³ (1:32)
20. **Old Man's Song** (A. Koltsov) 1863 ⁴ (1:50)
21. **Georgian Song** (A. Pushkin) 1863 ¹ (5:22)
22. **Whene'er I Hear Thy Voice** (M. Lermontov) 1863 ⁴ (1:07)
23. **Dream** (M. Mikhailov, after Heine) 1865 ¹ (2:44)

Disc Two (Romances, 1895–1896, 1903–1904, 1909 *posth.*)

1. **Over The Lake** (A. Golenischev-Kutuzov) 1895 ² (2:33)
2. **Desert** (A. Zhemchuzhnikov) 1895 ⁴ (2:57)
3. **I Loved Him** (A. Koltsov) ² (2:32)
4. **They All Tell Me** (L. Mey) 1895 ⁴ (1:17)
5. **The Pine** (M. Lermontov) 1895 ² (1:50)
6. **The Sea Foams Not** (A. K. Tolstoy) 1895 ² (2:23)
7. **Nocturne** (A. Khomyakov) 1895 ³ (4:30)
8. **Among The Flowers** (I. Aksakov) 1895 ¹ (1:39)
9. **The Rosy Sunset's Burning Down**
(V. Kulchinsky) 1896 ⁴ (2:34)
10. **When Yellow Fields Wave** (M. Lermontov) 1895 ² (3:14)
11. **Prelude Song** (L. Mey) 1903 ² (1:34)
12. **Dream** (M. Lermontov) 1903 ³ (3:28)
13. **I Have Come To Greet You** (A. Fet) 1904 ¹ (2:11)
14. **Look, My Friend** (V. Krasov) 1904 ³ (2:22)
15. **Whisper, Shy Breathing** (A. Fet) 1904 ² (1:57)
16. **Song** (M. Lermontov) 1904 ² (2:48)
17. **From Behind Your Mysterious, Cold Mask**
(M. Lermontov) 1904 ³ (1:43)
18. **Sleep!** (A. Khomyakov) 1909 ² (4:31)
19. **The Sunset** (A. Khomyakov) 1909 ⁴ (2:07)
20. **The Cliff** (M. Lermontov) 1909 ² (2:07)

Margarita Alaverdian, soprano¹ • Lyubov Sokolova, mezzo-soprano²
Alexander Gergalov, baritone³ • Georgy Seleznev, bass⁴
Yuri Serov, piano

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: DISC ONE: 51:27 • DISC TWO: 52:05

ARTISTS FEATURED ON THIS RECORDING



clockwise:

Margarita Alaverdian, soprano

Alexander Gergalov, baritone

Lyubov Sokolova, mezzo soprano

Georgy Seleznev, bass

Yuri Serov, piano



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NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

The career of **Mily Alexeyevich Balakirev** as composer was surprisingly tragic: he left the scene of Russian music too early; his talent, which exploded suddenly and lit the way for many others, faded away before reaching its prime.

Balakirev appeared in St. Petersburg in 1855 as an eighteen-year-old pianist who had learned the practical skills of piano and conducting performance in the home of A. D. Ulybyshev, the author of the first Russian book on Mozart. "A young man with wonderful, agile, fiery eyes, with a nice-looking beard, who spoke decisively, forcibly and straightforwardly; any moment ready for a brilliant impromptu on the piano, remembering every bar of music known to him, instantly memorizing pieces played to him, he must have been fascinating as no one else... His influence on those surrounding him was infinite and had something magnetic or spiritualistic about it" (Rimsky-Korsakov, *The Annals of my Musical Life*).

The bright talent of Balakirev, his effervescent social and intellectual activity championing the benefit of musical education for the broader public gained him an immense authority among young musicians. It was due to him that Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, and, to a great extent, Mussorgsky succeeded as Russian composers.

Balakirev proved to be able to gather around him the composers of the 'Russian Five,' becoming their teacher, first audience, and first critic. He set up the Free Music School, which became the center of mass education in music, and he arranged permanent concerts at the school where he strived to give preference to works by young Russian composers and to Liszt, Schumann and Berlioz.

In the second half of the 1860s Balakirev arranged for the performance of Glinka's opera *Ruslan and Lyudmila* in Prague; also in Prague, he conducted Glinka's other opera, *A Life for the Tsar*. From 1867 to 1869 he was principal conductor of the concerts of the Russian Society for Music, in which he also promoted works of Glinka and the "New Russian School" composers.

However, as early as those years, seemingly filled with energy and tireless activity, circumstances that caused a severe crisis began to show. From correspondence with his father and sisters, the horrible want constantly suffered by the young composer becomes evident. More and more often he was the loser in his struggle for his lofty ideals in music against the high society he loathed; against the Court, nobility, and Rubinstein and the Conservatory headed by him. Nor was it easy for Balakirev's imperious nature and vulnerable

ego to accept the fact that the chicks for whom he once had been everything, to whom he had generously handed out his knowledge, ideas and plots, were already 'out of their eggshells' (as Borodin put it); that Mussorgsky, Borodin, Cui, and Rimsky-Korsakov were already established as creative personalities and were succeeding on their own. Besides, the aftermath of the disease which he suffered as early as 1858, that deeply affected his nerves, was telling on him. All of the above were the reasons for the deep identity crisis of Mily Alexeyevich, which determined his withdrawal from musical life in the early 1870s. This action is still veiled in mystery and reserve.

Having resigned the directorship of the Free Music School, dropped piano recitals and conductorships, broken with his Russian Five friends, and suspended composing, Balakirev finally resumed his activity in music in the early 1880s, but this activity lacked its former scope and sense of purpose. V. V. Stasov, meeting him once on the street, noticed, "Balakirev has changed, yes, changed; his look, too, is not what it used to be." Rimsky-Korsakov, in his *Annals* recalls another strange aspect of the life of Mily Alexeyevich, his strong religious devotion, which had developed in him to an astonished extent: "...Visiting him, I saw many new, previously unheard-of things in the setting. Each room had icons in the corner, Orthodox wick lamps smoldering before them... I often heard from him that he had just returned from vespers at a noctur-

nal service. And when we happened to walk past a church, he quickly made a sign of the cross, lifting his hat; hearing a thunderclap, he also crossed himself quickly so that others would not see it... Love and mercy to animals were so developed in him that when some disgusting insect, such as a bedbug, was found in the room, he would carefully catch it and throw it out the window saying, 'Go, honey, God bless you!' ... Generally, a mixture of Christian meekness and slander(?), love of animals and misanthropy, artistic aspirations and banality befitting a spinster from a pilgrim asylum struck everybody who saw him in those days."

Although Balakirev never recovered from the ruinous blows of his cruel fate, prematurely quitting his musical activity, and stopping too early in his development as a musician, he left a noticeable trace in Russian music. His passionate social educative activity seriously changed the musical scene of St. Petersburg in the second half of the 19th century, and his composer's talent happened to be a most important link in the history of Russian music. The contribution of the composer of *Islamey*, *Tamara*, and *1000 Years* is too significant to relegate the name of Balakirev just to the 'fatherhood' of the Russian Five or to the arrangement of concerts for the poor. His chamber vocal works are an additional proof of this.

Balakirev composed vocal music throughout his life, albeit with long interruptions. It was probably in this genre that he accomplished the most as a composer; it

was in the lyrical vocal works that he succeeded not only in continuing the lines of Glinka and Dargomyzhsky, not only in opening the way for Borodin, Musorgsky, and Rimsky-Korsakov, but first and foremost in expressing himself, creating numerous samples of deep, passionate, subtle, and perfect music.

Balakirev began to compose romances even before he arrived in St. Petersburg: in 1855 he wrote *Thou Art Full Of Fascinating Tenderness*, *The Link*, and *Spanish Song*. All three pieces, though not much different from the customary *salon* patterns of those days (it is to be remembered that, by 1855, Glinka and Dargomyzhsky — ‘fathers’ of the classical Russian romance — had completed most of their small-sized vocal pieces), still are full of charm, sincerity and undoubted talent.

In the ten years that followed, the composer created his next twenty pieces in the genre, and conceived, although failing to complete, a large cycle of songs to words by A. Koltsov. Among his works of 1857-1865 are repetitions of existing standards (brave lad songs, urban romances), but the knowledge of works of Glinka and Dargomyzhsky that he gained upon his arrival in St. Petersburg, and his own powerful potential, could not but have their impact. This is why the emergence of such excellent works as *Come To Me* with its forceful and passionate motion, *Georgian Song* as a fascinating sample of the traditional Russian ‘Oriental’ theme, the subtle *Song Of The Goldfish*, the hot and dashing *Hebrew Melody*, the lyrical revelations of

Whene’er I Hear Thy Voice, *Dream*, *Why?* or *Selim’s Song*, do not seem a surprise.

As to the lyrics, the prevailing poets are A. Koltsov and M. Lermontov. However, while poems of the former were most probably a tribute to the epoch, since many songs were written to Koltsov’s words in those days, the use of Lermontov’s poetry speaks for the outstanding taste of Balakirev, for his affinity for romantically lofty and perfect literature. This great Russian poet, who perished so early, after having become known due to his poem on Pushkin’s death, eventually had a fate similar to that of his genius predecessor. He seems always to have been somehow overshadowed by Pushkin. Balakirev, who composed only one romance to words by Pushkin (*Georgian Song*) and ten songs to Lermontov’s lyrics, evidently preferred his lyrical world to all others.

Despite the fact that Balakirev didn’t write the next large group of ten romances until thirty years later (the cycle of 1895-1896), he continued to compose vocal music during that long interruption. His approach to composing required thorough detailed work on his music, often returning to the same pieces over decades, improving and finishing them, until his ideas attained their completed form. Not everything dated 1895-1896 was composed in those years, but the organic and complete nature of the romances of that period is evident; just as evident is the change in the composer’s attitude towards the poetic base of his vocal compositions.

Not only did the pieces themselves become larger (many of the earlier period romances were rather small sketches), but their themes were more significant, their composition more complex. The skill had been perfected, refinement and amazing plasticity appeared, but the passionate dash and romantic emotion no longer prevailed (except perhaps for *I Loved Him*, but in that piece the temperament is dictated by the Koltsovian element). Meditation now predominates, along with delight at the greatness of nature and at the divine origin of all that exists. Among the poets selected, Tolstoy appears the favorite of many Russian composers after Pushkin, and Khomyakov, the most intimate poet for Balakirev in the last decades of his creative work. *Nocturne*, to the words by Khomyakov, shows a complete fusion of poetic thought and its embodiment in music. The powerful culmination is precisely shaped, and the pathos of the lyric is supported by measured and ample piano accompaniment.

The romances of 1903-1904 are a medley of images and differ even in the level of talent. Along with appreciable masterpieces (refined and subtle *From Behind Your Mysterious, Cold Mask*; mysterious and volatile *Whisper*; *Shy Breathing* which is all undertones and glimpses; or *Song*, deep and sincere and amazingly Russian) there are pieces not as well crafted in all ways.

Important for those years is the composer's recourse to the poetry of Afanasy Fet. As a young man, Balakirev several times displayed his negative attitude towards Fet's works, calling him in one letter "a quasi-poet." More surprising, then, is that Balakirev wrote two marvelous romances to Fet's poems. Fet's poetry belongs to the best in Russian lyrical verse of the 19th century, although his shadowy and ever-changing images tend to dictate technique and form to the composer.

The two romances of the last years are traditional in their language and moderate in size. The composer conceived a new series of vocal pieces, and *The Sunset* to words by his beloved Khomyakov was to be the first song in the cycle. As for *The Cliff*, it was not even completed by Balakirev, and the touching sighs against the words "...and weeping quietly..." were added by Lyapunov.

All in all, the little-known masterpieces in this collection of the complete Romances of Mily Alexeyevich Balakirev offer a beauty and sincerity that will surely bring much pleasure to present and future generations of music lovers.

Yuri Serov

Translation: Sergey Suslov

VOCAL TEXTS

Disc One

1. Ty plenitel'noj n'egi

Ty plenitel'noj n'egi polna,
Ty statna, ty roskoshna, prekrasna,
I lukavost' ochej, I plechei belizna,
I tvoj vzgl'ad upoitel'no nezhnij.

I dv izhenij krasa, I sladost' rechej,
K tebe vs'o privlekaet.

Ty plenitel'noj negi polna,
Ne smotret' na teb'a nevozmozhno,
I vs'o slushat' hotelos' by rechi tvoi –
Kto tvoj golos odnazhdy uslyshit.

2. Zveno

Bylyh strast'ej, bylyh zhelanij
Peresmotrel ja starinu;
Vs'u tsep' moih vospominanij
Ja podobral zveno k zvenu.

Kakuju jarkoju pechatju
Sverkajet kazhdoje zveno!
No chuvstva tihoj blagodatju
Men'a proniklo lish odno.

Ah, to zveno pory prekrasnoj,
Pory nadezhd I chistoty,
Pory zadumchivosti jasnoj
I tselomudrennoj mechy!

I ja iz tsepi raznotsvetnoj
Istorgnul miloe zveno,
Chtob v grustnyj chas, kak luch zavetnyj,
Ono svetilo mne odno.

3. Ispanskaja pesn'a

Spish li ty, moja devitsa?
Otvor'aj skoree dveri!
Chas nastal davno zhelannyj,
Mozhno nam bezhat' teper'.

Jesli nozhku ne obula
Ty v atlasnyj bashmachok,
To ne nuzhno, ved' doroga
Nam id'ot cherez potok.

Disc One

1. Thou Art Full Of Fascinating Tenderness...

Thou art full of fascinating tenderness,
Thou art stately, gorgeous, lovely,
Thy eyes are sly, thy shoulders are white,
And thy glance is deliciously tender.

Beauty of movements, sweetness of speech,
Everything in you is attractive.

Thou art full of fascinating tenderness,
One cannot but stare at you,
And he who hears your voice but once
Will always desire to listen to you.

2. The Link

I have reviewed the relics
Of passions and desires of old,
I have recollected, link to link,
The entire chain of my memories.

Each link shines
With an imprint so bright!
But only one of them
Pierces me with a quiet bliss of emotion.

Ah, that's the link of fine days,
The days of hope and purity,
The days of bright thoughtfulness
And chaste daydreams!

And I extracted from the multicolored chain
That lovely link,
So it alone would shine to me
As a sacred beam, in my sad hours.

3. Spanish Song

Are you asleep, my maid?
Quick, open the door!
The long-desired hour has come,
We can flee now.

If your little foot
Has no satin shoe on,
Never mind, for our way
Will be across the stream.

Chrez strui Gvadalkvivira
My pojd'om, drug milyj moj,
Chas nastal davno zhelannyj,
Ty moja teper', ja tvoj.

4. Pesn'a razbojnika

Ne strashna mne, dobru molodtsu,
Volga matushka shirokaja,
Lesa t'omnye, dremuchie,
Vjugi zimnie, kreschenskeie.

Uzh kak bylo: po t'omnym lesam
Piroval ja zimy kruglye;
Po chuzhim krajam, na svoj talan
Pogul'al ja, poohotils'a.

A po Volge, moej matushke,
Po rodimoj, po kormilitse,
Vmeste s bratjami za dobychju
Na kraj sveta letal sokolom.

5. Barkarola

Prelestnaja rybachka, prichal' na bereg moj,
Pris'ad' pod ten' gustuju, pogovori so mnoj.

Skloni ko mne golovku, ne bojs'a zhe men'a,
Ved' mor'u bez bojazni ver'aesh ty seb'a.

A serdtse tozhe more, te zh buri v n'om kip'at,
Te zh goresti tajatsa, I strasti te zh kip'at.

6. Obojmi, potsaluj...

Obojmi, potsaluj, prigolub', prilaskaj,
Jescho raz, poskorej, potsaluj gor'achej.
Chto pechal'no gl'adish? Chto na serdtse taish?
Ne toskuj, ne goruj, iz ochej sl'oz ne lej,
Mne ne nadobno ih, mne ne nuzhno toski.

Muchit dushu moju tvoj pechalnyj ubor,
Dl'a chego ty v nego nar'adila seb'a?
Razr'adis', uberis' v svoj nar'ad goluboj,
I na plechi nakin' shal' s kajmoj raspisnoj.

Ka mne milo teper' t'ubovats'a tobj!
Kak vesna, horosha ty, nevesta moja!
Obojmi-zh, potsaluj, prigolub', prilaskaj
Jescho raz, poskorej, potsaluj gor'achej!

Yea, the stream of Guadalquivir,
We shall cross it, my dear friend,
The long-desired hour has come,
Now you're mine, now I'm yours.

4. Brigand's Song

I'm a brave lad, and not afraid
Of the Mother Volga so wide,
Of the woods so dark and outlandish,
Of blizzards in the dead of winter.

Those were the days: I used to feast
In the dark woods throughout the winter,
I have had a good time, hunting
In strange lands, believing in my good luck.

And down the Volga, my mother,
My darling one, my breadwinner,
I used to fly as a falcon, with my brothers,
To the world's end for booty.

5. Barcarola

Lovely fisherwoman, moor at my shore,
Sit down in the thick shade, talk with me.

Bend your little head down to me, do not fear,
Do you not fearlessly entrust yourself to the sea?

Why, my heart is just another sea, with storms raging in it,
With its hidden threats, and seething passions.

6. Embrace and Kiss...

Embrace and kiss me, caress and fondle me,
Again quick, give me a hot kiss.
Why this sad look? What's on your mind?
Do not sigh, do not mourn, do not shed tears,
I need them not, I want no sorrow.

Your mournful apparel is a pain to my soul,
Why did you put it on?
Change it, put on your azure dress,
And slip on your shawl with flamboyant edging.

Now I am so happy admiring you!
You're as lovely as spring-tide, my bride!
So embrace and kiss me, caress and fondle me,
Again quick, give me a hot kiss!

7. Rytsar'

V laty zakovan, v shleme zlatom,
K miloj neveste rytsar' speshit,
Polnuju grusti vest' on nes'ot:
Znam'a sv'atoe v bitvu zov'ot.

Slyshit podruqa groznuju vest'
I so slezami tak govorit:
O! Kak uzhasna, o kak uzhasna
Razluka mne s nim.

Vrem'a prohodit.
Tselyh p'at' let kanulo v vechnost'.

Chestju pokrytyj on vozratils'a,
Serdtssem stremits'a k miloj svoej,
K nej bez ogl'aski rytsar' bezhit, bozhe!
Nad miloj kamen' lezhit.

Pered mogiloj rytsar' stoit
I so slezami tak govorit:
O! Kak uzhasna, o, kak uzhasna
Razluka mne s nej.

8. Pridi ko mne...

Pridi ko mne, kogda zefir
Kolyshet roschami lenivo,
Kogda i lug, i step', – ves' mir
Odenets'a v pokrov sonlivyj.

Pridi ko mne, kogda luna
Iz oblak v oblaka nyr'aet,
Il s neba chistogo ona
Tak pyshno vody ozlaschaet.

Pridi ko mne, kogda l'ubov'
Vostorgi pylkie rozhdает,
Kogda moja mladaja krov'
Kipit, volnuets'a, igraet.

Pridi ko mne, vdvojom s toboj
Hochu ja zhiznju naclazhdatsa,
Hochu k tvoej grudi mladog
So vesju strastiju prizhatsa.

9. Kolybel'naja pesn'a

Spi, mal'utka moj prekrasnij, baju, bajushki-baju,
Spi, pokojs'a, za toboju ja bez ustali svotr'u.
Sam gospod' s vysot nebesnyh v kolybel' gl'adit tvoju,
Spi moj angel, spi, prelestnyj, baju, bajuski-baju.

7. Knight

Incased in armor, in a gold helmet,
A knight is hurrying to his dear bride,
He is delivering her a sorrowful message:
The holy banner calls him to the war.

His beloved hears the frightening news,
And says, with tears in her eyes,
'Oh! How awful, oh, how awful
Is parting with him to me'

Time went by.
Five years vanished into eternity.

He came back covered with glory,
Longing to see his beloved.
The knight is hurrying to her in all haste.
Lord! He sees the tombstone on her grave.

The knight is standing at the grave,
And says, with tears in his eyes,
'Oh! How awful, oh, how awful
Is parting with her to me'.

8. Come To Me...

Come to me when the breeze
Lazily sways the groves,
When this meadow, and this steppe, and all this world
Are veiled with a sleepy mantle.

Come to me when the moon
Dives from clouds to clouds,
Or when, from a clear sky,
It gilds the stream so gorgeously.

Come to me when love
Gives rise to ardent delights,
When my young blood
Boils, and stirs, and plays.

Come to me: I wish, alone with you,
To enjoy life,
I want to press your bosom to mine
With all passion.

9. Lullaby

Sleep, my lovely baby, bye bye, bye bye,
Sleep safely, I am tirelessly watching you.
Our Lord himself is looking down from the heavens at
your cradle.
Sleep my angel, sleep my darling, bye bye, bye bye.

Spi, poka zabort ne znaesh, baju, bajushki-baju,
Spi, poka ne dobyvaesh hleb nasuschnyj na semju!
Spi, poka teb'a laskaju, usypl'aju I pojy,
Kolybel' tvoju kachaju, baju, bajushki-baju.

10. Pesn'a Selima

Mes'ats plyv'ot i tih i spokoen; a junosha voin na bitvu
id'ot.
Ruzhjo zar'azhaet dzhigit, i deva jemu govorit:
'Moj milyj, smeleje ver'ajs'a ty roju,
Molis'a vostoku,
Bud' veren proroku,
L'ubvi bud' vernej!
L'ubvi izmenivshij
Izmenoj krovavoj,
Vraga ne srazivshi,
Pogibnet bez slavy;
Dozhdi jego ran ne obmojut,
I zveri kostej ne zarojut!'
Mes'ats plyv'ot i tih I spokoen; a junosha voin na bitvu
id'ot.

11. Tak I rv'otsa dusha...

Tak i rv'otsa dusha
Iz grudi molodog,
Hochet voli ona,
Prosit zhisni drugoj!

To li delo – vdvojom
Nad rekoju sidet',
Na zel'onuju step',
Na tsvetochki gl'adet!

To li delo – vdvojom
Zimm'u noch korotat',
Druga zharkoj rukoj
Ko grudi prizhimat'.

Po utru, na zare
Obnimat' -provozhat',
Vecherkom, u vorot
Jego vnov' podzhidat'.

12. Mne li molodtsu

Mne li molodtsu, razudalomu,
Zimu-zimskuju zhit' za pechkoju?
Mne l' pol'a pahat'
Mne l' travu kosit?
Zatopl'at' ovin? Molotit' ov'os?
Mne li molodtsu?

Sleep until you have to care, bye bye, bye bye,
Sleep until you have to earn your family's daily bread!
Sleep while I caress you, lull and sing to you,
While I rock your cradle, bye bye, bye bye.

10. Selim's Song

The moon is floating quiet and calm,
a young warrior is leaving for a battle.
The brave one is loading his flint-lock, and the maid is
telling him,
'My beloved, be fearless, believe in your fate,
Pray to the East,
Be faithful to the prophet,
Be faithful to your love!
He who betrays love
Through bloody treachery,
Ne'er slays his foe,
Dies without glory!
Rains will not wash his wounds,
Nor beasts will bury his bones!'
The moon is floating quiet and calm,
a young warrior is leaving for battle.

11. My Soul Is Yearning...

My soul is yearning
To get out of my breast,
It wants to be free,
It asks for a new life!

It would be so good for us two
To sit together by the river,
Looking at the green steppe,
At the flowers!

It would be so good for us two
To spend winter nights together,
Hugging each other
In ardent arms.

In the morning, at the dawn,
I would see my friend off;
In the evening, I would be waiting
For my friend at the gate.

12. Should I, A Brave Lad...

Should I, a brave gallant lad,
Spend winters at the fireplace?
Should I plow fields?
Should I mow grass?
Should I heat up the barn?
Should I, a brave lad, do all this?

Jesli b molodtsu noch da dobryj kon',
Da bulatnyj nosh, da t'omny lesa!

Snar'azhu kon'a, natochu bulat,
Zat'anu chekmen', polechu v lesa;
Stanu v teh lesah vol'noj volej zhit',
Udalaj bashkoj v okolojte slyt'.

13. Kogda bezzabotno

Kogda bezzabotno, dit'a, ty revzish's'a,
Smejas' bezotch'otno, po zale kruzhish's'a,
Nevolno ulybka ko mne nizletajet,
Mne kazhets'a, rybka na solntse igraet.

Kogda zhe holodnostju gordogo sveta,
I devushkoj modnoj, moj drug, ty odeta,
Ot chopornoj vstrechi mne grustno i bolno,
I sv'azannoju rchi begu ja nevol'no.

14. Vzoshol na nebo...

Vzoshol na nebo mes'ats jasnyj,
Tumany v pole uleglis',
Ja zhdu teb'a, moj drug prekrasnyj,
Na zov moj nezhnij otzovis'.

Sojdi s'uda na bereg t'omnyj,
Nas skroet sumrak goluboj,
I ne primetit vzor neskrornyj
Moej besedy zdes' s toboj.

O! ty uznaesh, kak l'ubl'u ja,
Dl'a chuvstv serdechnyh net rechej,
Ih skazhet sladost' potselujaja,
Objatij zhar, ogon' ochej.

Vzoshol na nebo mes'ats jasnyj,
Tumany v pole uleglis',
Ja zhdu teb'a, moj drug prekrasnyj,
Na zov moj nezhnij otzovis'.

15. Vvedi men'a o noch, tajkom...

Vvedi men'a o noch, tajkom
Teper' tihon'ko v etot dom
K ocharovatel'noj sosedke.
Vvedi nevidimo, ona,
O znaju ja, teper' odna.

Tam viden svet; pered oknom
Opuschen zana ves kisejnyj,
I profil' dvizhetsa na n'om,

Kak budto v pole zolotom;
K ruke sklonilas'a lilejnoj
Ona zadumchivym chelom...
O noch! vojd'om tuda, vojd'om!

I wish I had my nights, and a fiery horse,
And my damask, steel dagger, and dark woods!

I shall saddle my horse, I shall sharpen my dagger,
I shall tighten my Cossack coat, and flee to the woods;
I shall live there free as a bird,
And be known as the desperado of the neighborhood.

13. When, Careless...

When, careless, you frolic, o child,
When you laugh for no reason and whirl round the hall,
An instinctive smile descends on me,
As if I see a little fish playing in the sunbeams.

Now when you are clad in the coolness of the proud
high life
And in the appearance of a fashionable girl, my friend,
I feel sorrow and pain from your prim greeting,
And I cannot but avoid the restrained conversation.

14. Up In The Sky...

Up in the sky is the bright moon,
The fogs have retired to rest in the fields.
I am waiting for you, my beautiful friend,
Respond to my tender call.

Come down here, to this dark shore,
We will be hidden in the blue dusk,
And no indiscreet glance will mark
My private talk with you here.

Oh, you will learn how I love you,
There are no words for the heart's feelings.
They will show in the sweetness of a kiss,
In the heat of embrace, in the fire of the eyes.

Up in the sky is the bright moon,
The fogs have retired to rest in the fields.
I am waiting for you, my beautiful friend,
Respond to my tender call.

15. O, Night, Now Show Me In...

O night, now show me in, quietly,
To this house of my charming neighbor.
Show me in invisibly;
I know that she is presently alone.

Light can be seen there; the muslin curtain
Is dropped before the window,
And a profile is moving against it,

As if in a golden field;
She bends her thoughtful brow
Down to her lily hand...
O night! Let's walk, let's walk in there!

16. Isstuplenie

Duhi neba, dajte mne
Krylja sokola skorej!
Ja v polnochnoj tishine
Polechu v objatja k nej!

Sladostrastnymi rukami
Krugom shei obovjus',
Ejo ch'ornymi glazami
Zalubujus', zag'azhus'!

Bezzabotno k grudi polnoj,
Kak pchela k tsvetku, pril'nu,
Sladostrastjem upojonnyj
Besprobudno ja zasnu.

17. Jevrejskaja melodija

Dusha moja mrachna.
Skorej, pevets, skorej!
Vot arfa zolotaja:
Puskaj persty tvoji, promchavshis'a po nej,
Probud'at v strunah zvuki raja.

I jesli ne navek nadezhdy rok un'os,
Oni v grudi moej prosnuts'a,
I esli est' v ochah zastyvshih kapl'a sl'oz –
Oni rastajut i proljuts'a.

Pust' budet pesn' tvoja dika.
Kak moj venets,
Mne t'azhely veselja zvuki!
Ja govor'u tebe: ja sl'oz hochu, pevets,
Il' razorv'ots'a grud' ot muki.

Stradanjami upitana ona,
Tomilas' dolgo I bezmolvno;
I groznyj chas nastal – teper' ona polna,
Kak kubok smerti jada polnyj.

18. Pesn'a zolotoj rybki

Dit'a mojo,
Ostan's'a zdes' so mnoj:
V vode privol'noe zhitjo –
I holod i pokoj.

Ja sozovu moih sest'or:
My pl'askoj krugovoj
Razveselim tumannyj vzor
I duh ustalyj tvoj.

Usni! postel' tvoja m'agka,
Prozrachen tvoj pokrov.
Projdu goda, projdu veka
Pod govor chudnyh snov.

16. Delirium

Ye spirits of heaven, give me
Falcon's wings, quick!
In the quiet of night
I will fly into her arms!

I shall fling my desirous arms
Round her neck,
Gazing, lost in admiration,
At her black eyes!

Carefree, I shall nestle to her full bosom
Like a bee to a flower,
And, satiated with passion,
I shall fall dead asleep.

17. Hebrew Melody

My soul is dark.
Haste, singer, haste!
Here's a gold harp:
Let your fingers, running across it,
Extort sounds of Eden from the strings.

And, if my hopes are not gone forever,
They will awake in my soul.
And, if there is a drop of tears in my still eyes,
They will melt and be shed

Let your song be wild,
Like my wreath,
Sounds of joy are grievous to me!
I tell you, singer, I want tears,
Or the pain will burst my breast.

It has been nourished with sufferings,
It has languished silently for so long;
The dreadful hour has come – now it is full,
Like a death cup full of poison.

18. Song Of The Goldfish

My child,
Stay here with me:
Living in water is easy,
It is both cool and quiet.

I shall call my sisters:
With our round dance
We shall cheer up your misty look
And your tired mind.

Sleep! Your bed is soft,
Your veil is translucent.
Years and centuries will pass
To the murmurs of miraculous dreams.

O milij moj! ne utaju,
Chto ja teb'a l'ubl'u,
L'ubl'u, kak volnuju struju,
L'ubl'u, kak zhizn' moju...

19. Otchego

Mne grustno, potomu chto ja teb'a l'ubl'u,
I znaju: molodost' tsvetuschuju tvoju
No poschadit moly kovarnoe gonjenje.
Za kazhdij svetlyj den' il' sladkoe mgnovenje
Slezami i toskoj zaplatish ty sud'be.
Mne grustno... potomu, chto veselo tebe.

20. Pesn'a starika

Osedlaju kon'a, kon'a bystrogo,
Ja pomchus', polechu legche sokola,
Chrez pol'a, za mor'a v dal'n'u storonu:
Dogon'u, vorochu moju molodost'!
Priberus' i javl'us' prezhnim molodtsem,
Prigl'anus' ja op'at' krasnym devitsam!

No, uvy, net dorog k nevozvratnomu!
Nikogda ne vzojd'ot solntse s zapada!

21. Gruzinskaja pesn'a

Ne poj, krasavitsa pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noj:
Napominajut mne one
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'noj.

Uvy! napominajut mne
Tvoi zhestokie napevy,
I step', i noch, i pri lune
Cherty dal'okoj, bednoj devy!...

Ja prizrak milij, rokovoij,
Teb'a uvidev, zabyvaju,
No ty pojosh – i predo mnoj
Jego ja vnov' voobrazhaju.

Ne poj, krasavitsa, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noj:
Napominajut mne one
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'noj.

22. Slyshu li golos tvoij...

Slyshu li golos tvoij
Zvonkij i laskovij,
Serditse, kak ptichka
V kletke zaprygaet.

Vstrechu l' glaza tvoje
Lazurju glubokie,
Dusha navstrechu k nim
Iz grudi prosits'a.

My darling! I shall not conceal
That I do love you,
As I love the free stream,
As I love my life...

19. Why?

I feel sad, because I love you
And know that your blossoming youth
Will not be spared by insidious persecution of rumor.
For each bright day or sweet instant
You have to pay your destiny with your tears and yearning
I feel sad... because you feel so glad.

20. Old Man's Song

I shall saddle my horse, my speedy horse,
I shall dash, I shall fly faster than a falcon,
Over the fields, across the seas, to a far-away land:
I shall run down, I shall bring back my young days!
I shall dress out and appear as brave I once used to be,
And shall be liked again by lovely girls!

But alas, there is no way to the irretrievable!
The sun will never rise in the west!

21. Georgian Song

O belle, do not sing me
Songs of sad Georgia:
They remind me
Of another life and a far-off shore.

Alas! Thy fierce tunes
Remind me of the steppe,
And that night, and the moonlit visage
Of a far-away unhappy girl!...

I forget the lovely and fatal ghost
When I see you,
But you start to sing, and I
Imagine it is here again.

O belle, do not sing to me
Songs of sad Georgia:
They remind me
Of another life and a far-off shore.

22. Whene'er I Hear Thy Voice...

Whene'er I hear thy voice
So tenderly ringing,
My heart jumps
Like a bird in a cage.

Whene'er I catch thy eyes
So deep and azure,
My soul strives out
To meet them.

I kak-to veselo
I hochets'a plakat',
I tak na sheju by
Tebe ja kinuls'a.

23. Son

Snilas' mne devushka, kudri kak sholk, krotkie sinie
ochi,
S neju pod lipoj prosizhival ja sinie letnie nochi,

Slovo l'ubvi preyvava poroju sladkajaja rech' potselujaja,

I zv'ozdy vnimali sred' t'omnyh nebes, slovno revnivo
toskuja.

Ja probudils'a, so mnoj nikogo...
Strashno mne v sumrake nochi...
Holodno, nemo gl'ad'at na men'a
Tusklye zv'ozdnye ochi.

Disc Two

1. Nad ozerom

Mes'ats zadumchivij, zv'ozdy dal'okie
S t'omnogo neba vodami l'ubujuts'a;
Molcha smotr'u ja na vody glubokie –
Tajny volshebnye serdtsem v nih chujuts'a.

Pleschut, tajats'a laskatel'no-nezhnye
Mnogo v ih ropote sily charujuschej.
Slyshats'a dumy i strasti bezbrezhnye,
Golos nevedomyj, dushu volnujuschij.

Nezhit, pugaet, navodit somnenie:
Slushat' velit li on? s mesta b ne sdvinuls'a!
Gonit li proch? Ubezhal by v sm'atenii!
V glub' li zov'ot? – bez ogl'adki by kinuls'a!

2. Pustyn'a

Uzhe davno idu ja utoml'onnyj,
I na nebe uzh solntse vysoko;
A negde otdohnut' v stepi sozhhonnoj,
I vs'o jescho do tseli daleko.

Objataja bezmolviem i lenju
Krugom pustyn'a skuchnaja lezhit...
Hot' veter by pahnul! Letucej tenju
I oblako na mig ne osvezhit.

Vper'od, vper'od! Za stepju bezotradnoj
Zel'onij sad, ja znaju, zhd'ot men'a;
Tam ja v teni dushistoj I prohladnoj
Najdu prijut ot plamennogo dn'a.

And I feel a kind of joy
And I feel like weeping,
And I would be happy
To fling my arms round thy neck.

23. Dream

In my dream I saw a girl with hair of silk, with meek
blue eyes,
And blue summer nights I spent with her under the
lime-tree.

A word of love was sometimes interrupted with the sweet
speech of a kiss,
And the stars were listening from the dark heavens, as if
in jealousy.

I woke up with no one beside me.
I felt fear in the dark of the night...
And with a cold and dumb stare
The stars' eyes were looking down at me.

Disc Two

1. Over The Lake

The thoughtful moon, and the far-off stars,
Are admiring the stream from the dark sky,
Silent, I look at the deep waters:
My heart feels magical mysteries in them.

They splash, they lurk, so tender and gentle,
There is great charming power in their murmur.
Thoughts and limitless emotions are heard,
And some strange voice that moves my soul.

It caresses, it frightens, it makes me doubt:
Tells it to listen? I would, without a stir!
Sends it me off? I would flee in confusion!
Lures it to the depths? I would dive without thinking twice!

2. Desert

I have been walking long, I am tired,
And the sun is high up in the sky,
And there is no place for rest in the burnt desert,
And my destination is still so far away.

Penetrated with silence and laziness,
The dull desert is all around...
If but a slightest breeze! No clouds to offer
A fleeting shade for a refreshing instant.

Forward, forward! I know that beyond this barren steppe
A green orchard is waiting for me;
There, in the fragrant and cool shadow,
I shall find a resort after the red-hot day.

Tam zhizniju ja naslazhdats'a budu,
Beseduja s prirodou zhivoj;
I otdohnu, I navsegda zabudu
Tosku puti, lezhashego za mnoj...

3. Ja l'ubila jego...

Ja lubila jego zharche dn'a i ogn'a,
Kak drugim ne l'ubit' nikogda, nikogda!

Tol'ko s nim odnim ja na svete zhila;
Jemu dushu moju, emu zhizn' otdala!

Chto za noch, za luna, kogda druga ja zhdul!
Vs'a bledna, holodna, zamiraju, drozhu!

Vot id'ot on, pojot: "Gde ty, zor'ka moja?"
Vot on ruku ber'ot, vot tsaluet men'a.

"Milyj drug, pogasi potsalui tvoi!
I bez nih, pri tebe, ogn' pylaet v krovj;

I bez nih, pri tebe, zzhot rum'anets litso,
I volnuets'a grud', I blistajut glaza,
I blistajut glaza, slovno v nebe zvezda!"

4. Kak naladili...

Kak naladili: "Durak,
Bros' hodit' v tsar' ov kabak!"
Tak i lad'at vs'o odno:
"Pej ty vodu, ne vino.
Vot hot' rechke poklonis',
Hot'u bystroj pouchis'."
Uzh ja k rechen'ke pojdu,
S rechkoj rechi povedu:
"Govor'at mne: ty umna;
Poklon'us' tebe do dna'
Nauchi ty, kak mne byt',
Pjanstvom l'uda ne sravit'?"
Kak v teb'a, moju reku,
Utopit' zmeju tosku?
A nauchish, vek togda
Ispolat' tebe, voda,
Chto otbila duraka
Ot tsar'ova kabaka!"

5. Sosna

Na severe dikom stoit odinoko
Na goloj vershine sosna
I dremlet kachajas', i snegom sypuchim
Odeta kak rizoj ona.

I snits'a ej vs'o, chto v pustyne dal'okoj –
V tom krae, gde solntsa voshod,

I shall enjoy life there,
Talking to live nature;
I shall have my rest, and forever forget
The desolation of the miles I have left behind...

3. I Loved Him

I loved him hotter than day or fire,
The way others will never, never do!

He was all the world to me;
I gave him my soul and my life!

Oh, moonlit nights when I waited for my friend!
I was pale and cold, petrified and trembling!

Here he comes singing, "Where are you, my little day-spring?"
Here he takes my hand, and kisses me.

"Dear friend, stop your kisses!
Even without them, my blood turns to flames when you're near,

"Even without them, I blush when you're near,
My bosom throbs, and my eyes shine,
Yea, my eyes shine like a star in the sky!"

4. They All Tell Me...

They all tell me, "You fool,
Don't go to Czar's pub!"
They tell me one thing,
"Drink water instead of wine,
Go and bow to the quick river,
Take its advice."
Well, I'll come to the shore
And speak to the river,
"They say you're clever,
So I ask you with all my respect,
What should I do
To avoid drunkenness and shame?"
How can I drown my gloom
In you, my river?
If you teach me, I'll be thankful
To you, o water, forever,
For splitting me, a fool,
From Czar's pub!"

5. The Pine

Standing alone in the wild north
Is a pine on a barren height.
He dozes in swaying, and is clad
In an apparel of loose heaping snow.

He dreams all the time of a far-off desert
In the land of sunrise,

Odna i grustna na ut'ose gor'uchem
Prekrasnaja pal'ma rast' ot.

6. Ne penits'a more...

Ne penits'a more, ne pleschet volna,
Derevja listami ne dvinut;
Na gladi prozrachnoj tsrit tishina,
Kak v zerkale mir oprokunut.

Sizhu ja na kamne – vis'at oblaka,
Nedvizhnye, v sinem prostore;
Dusha bezm'atezhna, dusha gluboka,
Srodni jej spokojnoe more!

7. Nokturn

Vcherashn'aja noch byla tak svetla,
Vcherashn'aja noch vse zv'ozdy zazhgla
Tak jasno,
Chto gl'ad'a na holmy i drem'l'uschij les,
Na vody blest'aschije bleskom nebes,
Ja dumal: o, zhit' v etom mire chudes
Prekrasno!

Prekrasny i volny i dal' stepej,
Prekrasna v odezhde zel'onih vetvej
Dubrava;
Prekrasna l'ubov' s vechno svezhim venkom,
I družby zvezda s neizmennym luchom,
I pesen vostorg s ozar'onnym chelom,
I slava!

Vzgl'anul ja na nebo, tam tverd' jasna;
Vysoko, vysoko voshodit ona
Nad bezdnoj;
Tam zv'ozdy zhivye kat'ats'a s ogne...
I detskoe chuvstvo prsnulos'vo mne;
I dumal ja: luchshe nam v toj vyshine
Nadzv'ozdnoj.

8. Sredi tsvetov...

Sredi tsvetov pory osennej,
Vidavshih vjugu i moroz,
Vdrug raspustils'a tsvet vesennij,
Odna iz rannih alyh roz;
Pahnulo vdrug dyhanjem maja,
Blesnulo solntsem veshnih dnei,
I mnilos', gostja dorogaja
Mne prinesla blagouhaja
Privet iz junosti mojej!...

9. Dogoraet rum'anij zakat...

Dogoraet rum'anij zakat,
Zolotistye merknut vershiny...
Tihij vecher dremotoj objat,

Where, all alone and sad,
A beautiful palm-tree stands on a sunburnt cliff.

6. The Sea Foams Not

The sea foams not, the waves splash not,
And trees move not a single leaf;
Silence reigns over the crystal expanse
Where the world is inverted as if in a mirror.

I am sitting on a rock. Clouds are hanging motionless
In the blue spread;
My soul is serene, my soul is deep,
The calm sea is akin to it!

7. Nocturne

Yesterday's night was so bright,
Yesterday's night lit all the stars
So clearly
That, looking at the hills and the dozing forest,
At the waters glinting with the sky's glitter,
I thought, "Living in this wonderworld
Is fine!"

Fine are the waves and the vastness of the steppe,
Fine, in its garment of green branches,
Is the grove;
Fine is love with its ever-fresh wreath,
And the star of friendship with its never-changing beam,
And the delight of songs with an illumined brow,
And Glory!

I looked at the sky, and saw the heavens were clear;
It rose high, high above
The abyss; live stars roll there in fire...
And a childish emotion arose in me,
And I thought, "We shall have it better at those heights
Above the stars".

8. Among The Flowers

Among the flowers of the autumn time
Having seen snowstorms and frost,
A spring flower suddenly blossomed,
An early scarlet rose;
May's breeze was suddenly felt,
Spring days' sun glanced,
And I imagined that the dear guest
Delivered to me, in its fragrance,
A greeting from the days of my youth!...

9. The Rosy Sunset's Burning Down

The rosy sunset's burning down,
The golden heights fade into darkness...
The quiet evening is dozing,

Onemeli lesa i doliny...

O, zabud', mojo serdtse, te dni,
Te m'atezhnye dni vdohnovenja,
Mojo bednoe serdtse, usni!
Ne vern'osh dorogie mgnovenja!

Iz-za tuch pokazalas' luna,
Ozariv svojim bleskom pol'any...
O! zACHEM zhe ne mozhet ona
Istselit' mne duhevnye rany?

10. Kogda volnuets'a zheltejuschaja niva...

Kogda volnuets'a zheltejuschaja niva,
I svezhij les shumit pri zvuke veterka,
I pr'achets'a v sadu malinovaja sliva
Pod tenju sladostnoj zel'onogo listka;
Kogda rosoj obryzgannyj dushistoj
Rum'anym vecherom il' utra v chas zlatoj
Iz-pod kusta mne landysh serebristyj
Privetlivo kivaet golovoj;
Kogda stud'onij kl'uch, igraja po ovragu
I, pogruzhaja mysl' v kakoj-to smutnyj son,
Lepechet mne tainstvennuju sagu
Pro mirnyj kraj, otkuda mchits'a on:
Togda smir'aets'a dushi moej tevoga,
Togda raskhod'ats'a morschini na chele,
I schastje ja mogu postignut' na zemle,
I v nebesah ja vizhu boga!

11. Zapevka

Oh, pora tebe na vol'u, pesn'a ruskaja,
Blagovestnaja, razdol'naja,
Pogorodnaja, posel'naja, popol'naja,
Nepogodoju, nevzgoduju povitaja,
Vo krovi, v slezah kreschonaja, omytaja!

Oh, pora tebe na vol'u, pesn'a ruskaja!
Ne sama soboju ty spelas'a-slozhilas'a:
S pustyrej teb'a namylo shegom-dozhdikom,
Naneslo teb'a s pozharisch dymom-kopotju,
Naneslo teb'a s sryh mogil metelitsej.

12. Son

V poldnevnyj zhar v doline Dagestana
S svintsom v grudi lezhal nedvizhim ja;
Glubokaja jescho dymilas' rana;
Po kaple krov' tochilas' moja.

Lezhal odin ja na peske doliny;
Ustupy skal tesnilis'a krugom,
I solntse zhglo ih zholtje vershiny
I zhglo men'a – no spal ja m'ortvym snom.

Woods and valleys are dumb silent...

O my heart, forget the days,
The rebellious days of inspiration,
Sleep, my poor heart,
The precious instance will not be back!

The moon appeared from behind the clouds,
Lighting the meadows with its shine...
O why can it not heal
The wounds of my soul?

10. When Yellow Fields Wave...

When yellow fields wave,
And the fresh wood rustles at the sound of a breeze,
And a crimson plum hides in the orchard
In the sweet shade of a green leaf;
When a dew-pearled silvery lily of the valley
Gladly nods at me from under a bush
In a rosy evening or in a golden morning;
When an ice-cold brook running along the gully
Immerses my mind into a kind of misty dream
By babbling me a mysterious tale
Of the peaceful land where it comes from, –
The discontent of my soul calms down,
The lines of my brow smooth away,
And I can perceive happiness on earth,
And I can see God in His Heaven!...

11. Prelude Song

Oh, it's high time to set you free, Russian song,
Euphonic, unbound,
Sounding in every town, village, and field,
Born amidst storms and hardships,
Christened and washed in blood and tears!

Oh, it's high time to set you free, Russian song,
You did not appear by yourself;
You were brought from waste lands by snow and wind,
You were brought from burnt dwellings by smoke and ashes,
You were brought from damp graves by blizzards.

12. Dream

In the noon heat, in a Dagestan valley,
I lay motionless with a charge of lead in my breast.
My deep wound was still smoking,
And my blood was dripping drop after drop.

I lay all alone on the valley's sand.
Cliffs were crowded around.
The sun was burning their yellow tops,
It was burning me too, but I was dead asleep.

I snils'a mne sijajuschij ogn'ami
Vechernij pir, v rodimoj storone.
Mezh junyh zhon, uvenchatyh tsvetami,
Shol razgovor ves'oljy obo mne.

No v razgovor ves'oljy ne vstupaja,
Sidela tam zadumchivo odna,
I v grustnyj son dusha jejo mladaja
Bog znaet chem. Byla pogruzhena.

I snilas' jej dolina Dagestana;
Znakomyj trup lezhal v doline toj;
V jejo grudi dym'as' chernela rana,
I krov' lilas' hladejuschej strujoj.

13. Ja prishol k tebe s privetom...

Ja prishol k tebe s privetom,
Rasskazat', chto solntse vstalo,
Chto ono gor'achim svetom
Po listam zatrepetaloj;

Rasskazat', chto les prosnuls'a,
Ves' prosnuls'a, vetkoj kazhdoj,
Kazhdoy ptitsej vstrepetnuls'a
I vesennej polon zhazhdnoj;

Rasskazat', chto s toj zhe strastju,
Kak vchera, prishol ja snova,
Chto dusha vs'o tak zhe schastju
I tebe sluzhit' gotova;

Rasskazat', chto otovs'udu
Na men'a veseljem veet,
Chto ne zhaju sam, chto budu
Pet', no tol'ko pesn'a zreet.

14. Vzgl'ani, moj drug...

Vzgl'ani, moj drug: po nebu golubomu,
Kak l'ogkij dym, nesuts'a oblaka;
Tak grust' projd'ot po serdsu molodomu,
Jego, kak son, kasajas'a slegka.

Moj milij drug, tvoji mladje gody
Prekrasnyj tsvet dushi tvoej spasut;
Ostav' zhe mne i grom i nepogody,
Oni tvojo blazhenstvo unesut.

Prosti, zabud', ne trebuj objasnenij:
Mojej sud'by tebe ne razdelit'!
Ty sozdana dl'a tihih naslazhdenij,
Dl'a sladkih sl'oz, dl'a schastija l'ubit'!

Vzgl'ani, moj drug: po nebu golubomu, ...

I dreamed of an illuminated feast
Late at night, in the place where I come from.
Young ladies crowned with flowers
Were chattering gaily about me.

But, unwilling to join the merry conversation,
One lady was sitting there alone and thoughtful.
Her young soul was deep in a sad dream
Inspired by God knows what.

She dreamed of a valley in Dagestan,
A corpse known to her lay in that valley,
A black smoking wound could be seen in its breast,
And blood was flowing in a cooling stream.

13. I Have Come To Greet You

I have come to greet you,
To tell you that the sun has risen,
That its hot rays
Are playing on leaves;

To tell you that the forest has awaked
All awaked, in its every twig,
Stirring in its every bird,
And full of springtime thirst;

To tell you that I have come again
As full of passion as yesterday,
That my soul is as willing to serve
Happiness and you as ever;

To tell you that from everywhere
I feel a breathing of joy;
That I do not know what to sing,
But the song is ripening.

14. Look, My Friend...

Look, my friend: across the sky of azure,
Clouds are floating like a light smoke.
Likewise, sorrow will float over a young heart
Touching it but lightly, as if in a dream.

My dear friend, your young age
Will save the fine blossom of your heart.
Leave thunders and storms to me,
Or they will take away your bliss.

Forgive, forget, demand no explanations:
You cannot share my fate!
You were born for quiet pleasures,
For sweet tears, for the happiness to love!

Look, my friend: across the sky of azure, ...

15. Shopot, robkoe dyhanje...

Shopot robkoe dyhanje...

Treli solovja,

Srebro i kolyhanje

Sonnogo ruchja.

Svet nochnoj, nochnye teni,

Teni bez kontsa,

R'ad volshebnyh izmenenij

Milogo litsa.

V dymnyh tuchkah purpur rozy,

Otblesk jantar'a,

I lobzanija I sl'ozy,

I zar'a, zar'a!...

16. Pesn'a

Zholyj list o stebel' bjots'a pered burej:

Serdse bednoe treschet pred neschastjem.

Chto za vazhnost', esli veter moj listok odinokij

Unes'ot daleko...

Pozhaleet li ob n'om vetka siraja?

Zachem grustit' molodtsu,

Jesli rok sudil jemy ugasnut' v kraju chozhom?

Pozhaleet li ob n'om krasna devitsa?

17. Iz pod tainstvennoj, holodnoj polumaski...

Iz pod tainstvennoj, holodnoj polumaski

Zuchal mne golos tvoj otradnyj, kak mechta,

Svetili mne tvoi plenitel'nye glazki,

I ulybalis'a lukavye usta.

Skvoz' dymku l'ogkaju zametil ja nevol'no

I devstvennyh lanit i shei beliznu.

Schastlivets! videl ja i lokon svoevol'nyj,

Rodnyh kudrej pokinuvshij volnu!...

I sozdal ja togda v mojom voobrazhenju

Po l'ogkim priznakam krasavitsu moju;

I s toj pory besplotnoe videnje

Noshu v dushe moej, laskaju i l'ubl'u.

18. Spi!

Dn'om, naigravshis', nateshivshis', k nochi zabyls'a ty snom;

Spi, ulybajas', mal'utka: vesennego utra luchom

Zhizn' molodaja, igraja, blesit v snovidenji tvojom.

Truzhenik, v gosti, v radosti, put' ty svershaesh zemnoj;

15. Whisper, Shy Breathing

Whisper, shy breathing,

Nightingale's trills,

Silver and quiver

Of a sleepy brook.

Night's light, and night's shadows,

Shadows without end.

A line of magic transformations

Of the lovely face.

The hazy clouds show purple of rose,

A gleam of amber,

Kisses and tears,

And the dawn, yea, the dawn!

16. Song

A yellow leaf is beating against the stem before the storm;

The poor heart is trembling before a grief.

Does it matter if my lone leaf

Will be carried far away by the wind?

Will it be pitied by the leafless branch?

Should a brave lad feel sad,

If his destiny is to expire in a strange land?

Will he be pitied by a lovely maid?

17. From Behind Your Mysterious, Cold Mask

From behind your mysterious, cold mask

Your voice sounded to me exciting as a dream,

Your charming eyes shone to me

And your sly lips smiled.

I could not but notice, through a light haze,

The white shade of your visage and neck.

A happy man! I could see a willful tress,

Parted from the wave of kin locks!...

Then I created, in my imagination,

My belle by these slight signs;

And since then, I have been carrying this ethereal vision

In my soul, caressing and loving it.

18. Sleep!

Having played enough during the day, you fall asleep by the night hour;

Sleep, little boy, and smile: like a spring morn's sunbeam,

Your young life playfully sparkles in your dream.

Utrom otmerennyj, k večeru konchen tvoj podvig dnevnog.

Chto-nibud' nachato, chto-nibud' sdelano – kuplen tvoj otdyh nochnoj.

S svetlym litsom zasypaech ty, starets, trudom utoml'on;

Vidno, kak v noch pogruzaets'a zhizni zemnoj ne-

bosklon:

Dn'a zamogil'nogo pervym sijanjem uzh tvoj ozar'aets'a

son.

19. Zar'a

V vozdušnyh vysotah mezh nochiju i dn'om

Teb'a postavil bog, kak vechnuju granitsu.

Teb'a obl'ok on purpurnym ogn'om,

Tebe on dal v soputnitsu dennitsu.

Kogda ty v nebe golubom

Sijaesh, tihogoraja,

Ja mysl'u, na teb'a vziraja:

Zar'a, tebe podobnyj my;

Smeshenje plameni i hlada,

Smeshenie nebes i ada,

Sijanie lucej i t'my.

20. Ut'os

Nochevala tuchka zolotaja

Na grudi ut'osa-velikana;

Utrom v put'ona umchalas' rano,

Po lazuri veselo igraja;

No ostals'a vlazhnyj sled v morschine

Starogo ut'osa. Odinoko

On stoit, zadumals'a gluboko,

I tihon'ko plachet on v pustyne.

Hard-working man, you plough your worldly way with its hardships and rewards;

Your day's work, measured out in the morn, is finished by the evening.

Something commenced, something done, to buy your night's rest.

Old man, you go to bed with a bright face, tired with your labors;

The worldly horizon of your life is sinking into the night;

Your sleep is lit with the first beams of the after-grave day.

19. The Sunset

In the heights of the air, betwixt night and day,

Thou art set by God as the eternal border.

He attired thee in purple fire,

He gave thee Sunrise for a companion.

When thou shinest in the sky of azure,

Quietly fading away,

I muse looking at thee,

That we are like thee, o Sunset;

A mix of flames and chill,

A mix of heaven and hell,

Of shining beams and darkness.

20. The Cliff

A golden cloud spent the night

Upon the breast of a giant cliff;

Early in the morn, she hastened away,

Playing merrily against the azure;

But a damp trace was left in a wrinkle

Of the old cliff. He stands on alone

In his wilderness, deep in his thoughts,

And weeping quietly.

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

Margarita Alaverdian, soprano, graduated from the Odessa Conservatory in 1986. The same year, she became a soloist of the Odessa Opera and Ballet Theatre, where she performed leading roles in operas by Tchaikovsky (*Iolanta* in *Iolanta* and *Agnessa* in *The Maid of Orleans*), Bizet (*Micaela* in *Carmen*), Verdi (*Violetta* in *La Traviata* and *Desdemona* in *Otello*), Gounod (*Margarita* in *Faust*), Puccini (*Mimi* in *La Boheme*), etc.

In 1988 Ms. Alaverdian won the 1st Prize in the Georg Ots National (USSR) Vocal Competition in Tallinn, and in the next year she was a prize winner of the Maria Callas International Competition in Athens.

Since 1994 Margarita Alaverdian has been a soloist at the Mariinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg where, among other roles, she has sung Contessa (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), *Violetta* (*La Traviata*), and *Leonora* (*Il Trovatore*).

Ms. Alaverdian also often performs outside of Russia with various orchestras and in chamber music concerts.

Lyubov Sokolova, mezzo-soprano, graduated from the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory in 1993 (Prof. N. Serval). The same year, she joined the Mariinsky Opera. With that theatre's company, she has performed at prestigious festivals in Munich, Edinburgh, and Savonlinna.

In recent years, Ms. Sokolova has performed several major roles in the contralto and mezzo-soprano repertoire: *Lyubasha* (*Tsar's Bride*, Rimsky-Korsakov), *Lyubava* (*Sadko*, Rimsky-Korsakov), *Olga* (*Eugene Onegin*, Tchaikovsky), *Laura* (*The Stone Guest*, Dargomyzhsky), *Mary* (*A Feast Amidst The Plague*, Cui), *Siebel* (*Faust*, Gounod), *Berta* (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Rossini), *Page* (*Salome*, R. Strauss), and many others.

Ms. Sokolova has toured, with the theatre's company and in recital programs, in Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Portugal, and Denmark. She participated in the recording of several compact discs for Philips, and, on Delos, is featured on the 3-disc complete recording of the songs and romances of Prokofiev (DE 3275) and volume two of the complete recordings of Shostakovich (DE 3307).

Alexander Gergalov, baritone, graduated from the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory in 1982. In 1985 he won the International Vocal Competition in Geneva, and in 1989, the Chaliapin National (USSR) Competition in Kazan. Since 1991, Alexander Gergalov has been a soloist of the Mariinsky Theatre.

Mr. Gergalov's repertoire includes many leading roles for lyrical baritone: *Onegin* (*Eugene Onegin*), *Robert* (*Iolanta*), *Prince Yeletsky* (*Queen of Spades*), *Schelkalov* (*Boris Godunov*), *Andrey Bolkonsky* (*War and Peace*), *Figaro* (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), *Germont* (*La Traviata*), *Rodrigo di Posa* (*Don Carlo*), *Don Carlo*

(*La forza del destino*), *Silvio* (*I pagliacci*), *Papageno* (*Die Zauberflöte*), *Don Giovanni* (*Don Giovanni*), etc.

Mr. Gergalov participated in the recording of the operas *Sadko* and *Kaschey the Immortal* by Rimsky-Korsakov and *Queen of Spades* by Tchaikovsky for Philips, and has toured with the Mariinsky Opera company in many European countries, in Japan and the USA.

Georgy Seleznev, bass, is one of the most outstanding and best-known bass singers of recent decades. He is a graduate of the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory (Prof. V. Lukanin), winner of the M. I. Glinka National (USSR) Vocal Competition, and international vocal competitions in Munich and Prague.

Beginning in 1977, Mr. Seleznev was a soloist with the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, and since 1994, of the Mariinsky [Kirov] Opera in St. Petersburg. During these years, he has performed most of the leading roles of the bass repertoire, including the title roles in operas by Rossini, Verdi, Wagner, Gounod, Tchaikovsky, Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and many others.

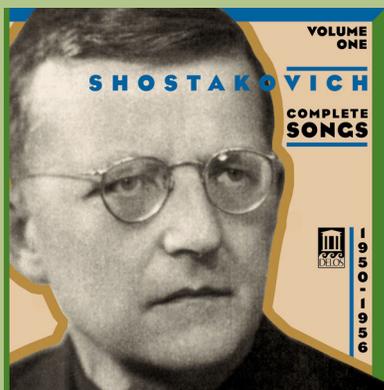
Mr. Seleznev has performed on the major operatic and concert stages of Europe, the USA, and Japan. For decades, he has been teaching solo singing at the conservatories of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and has recorded numerous chamber music programs for radio, TV and recording labels.

Yuri Serov, piano, graduated from the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory in 1991 and completed his postgraduate studies in 1993 (with R. Lebedev, piano; T. Fidler, chamber ensemble; and H. Serova, piano accompaniment). He has studied the German Lied with Hartmut Höll in Salzburg and Weimar.

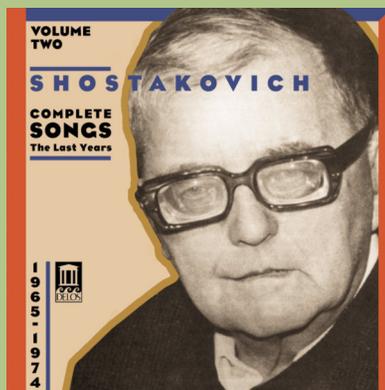
As a soloist, ensemble player, member of a piano duo conductor and piano accompanist, Mr. Serov has toured many cities in more than 20 countries.

Mr. Serov has recorded several large programs for TV and radio in Russia, Norway, Denmark, Brazil and Belgium. He has recorded over 50 CDs for a number of labels in Russia, Belgium, Japan and the USA. For Delos, he has recorded the complete songs and romances of Prokofiev (DE 3275), and Borodin (DE 3277); the complete songs of Shostakovich (DE 3304, 3307, 3309, 3311, 3317); and volume one of the complete songs and romances of Glinka (DE 3338). Yuri Serov is the author of several articles and essays on music. At present, he teaches chamber music at the St. Petersburg Conservatory. He is Artistic Director of the Northern Flowers international chamber music festival, and founder and editor of the CD series St. Petersburg Musical Archive.

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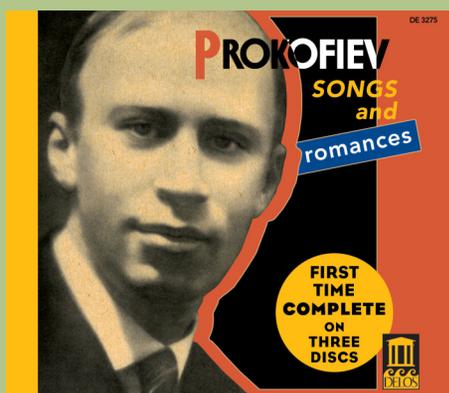
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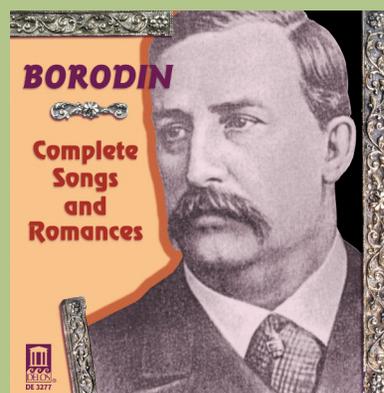
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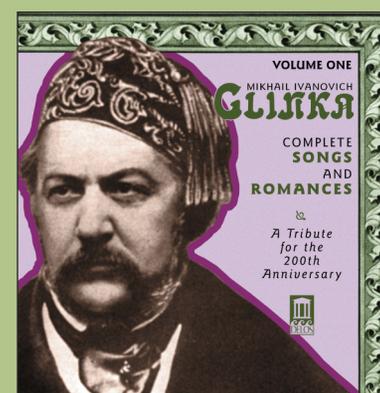
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