

WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 17 April 2024
7.30pm

Maria Motolygina soprano
Alexey Neklyudov tenor

Dmitry Cheblykov bass-baritone
Iain Burnside piano

Sergey Taneyev (1856-1915)

The origin of the harp Op. 26 No. 1 (1908)
Sleeping forests Op. 26 No. 5 (1908)
Mask Op. 34 No. 3 (1911-2)
Night in Crimea Op. 34 No. 6 (1911-2)
Night in the mountains of Scotland Op. 33 No. 1 (1911)
Notturmo Op. 17 No. 7 (1878, rev. 1905)
And the enemies shuddered Op. 26 No. 8 (1908)

Anatoly Alexandrov (1888-1982)

From the *Alexandrian Songs of Mikhail Kuzmin* (1915-29)
The sun, divine Ra-Helios • You are like a fortune teller •
When I leave the house in the morning •
Ah, I am leaving Alexandria • Like a mother's song

Samuil Feinberg (1890-1962)

The Upas tree Op. 16 No. 1 (1923)

Interval

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Oh no, I beg you, do not leave! Op. 4 No. 1 (1890-3)

The isle Op. 14 No. 2 (1896)

Georgy Catoire (1861-1926)

Mermaid's song Op. 11 No. 1 (pub. c.1901)

Sergey Rachmaninov

Daisies Op. 38 No. 3 (1916)

Nikolay Tcherepnin (1873-1945)

Twilight Op. 16 No. 4 (pub. 1903)

Sergey Rachmaninov

All was taken from me Op. 26 No. 2 (1906)

Many are the sounds Op. 26 No. 1 (1906)

How painful for me Op. 21 No. 12 (1902)

Sergey Rachmaninov

The muse Op. 34 No. 1 (1912)

To the children Op. 26 No. 7 (1906)

Georgy Catoire

You are the rustling of a tender leaf Op. 32 No. 2 (pub. 1924)

Sergey Rachmaninov

Twilight Op. 21 No. 3 (1902)

All things pass Op. 26 No. 15 (1906)

Spring waters Op. 14 No. 11 (1896)

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It is June 1880, and Moscow society has gathered to witness the unveiling of a statue to Pushkin. It is a celebration of his status as Russia's national poet, but the speech that Dostoyevsky gives identifies another facet of his art. 'The greatest European poets could never so powerfully embody the genius of a foreign, even a neighbouring, people, its spirit in all its hidden depth, and all its yearning after its appointed end, as Pushkin could,' he proclaims. 'On the contrary, when they turned to foreign nations, European poets most often made them one with their own people, and understood them after their own fashion. Even Shakespeare's Italians are almost always Englishmen. Pushkin alone of all world poets possessed the capacity of fully identifying himself with an alien nationality.'

Dostoyevsky's nationalism often hardened into intolerant chauvinism, but his emphasis on Pushkin's cosmopolitanism speaks to a more liberal strain in Russian culture. Russia's dialogue with western Europe reached its height around the turn of the 20th Century, an era that came to be known as the 'Silver Age'. Take the 10 songs that **Taneyev** composed in 1908, for which he raided an anthology of translations published by 'Ellis' (pseudonym of Lev Kobylinsky) in 1904. In addition to the settings of Baudelaire, Heredia and Moore heard this evening, Taneyev's selection included poems by Dante, Maeterlinck, Orias, Nietzsche, Rodenbach, and Sully-Prudhomme. The 16 settings of the poetry of Polonsky that he wrote in 1911-2 included evocations of the brooding Scottish Highlands, as well as the sensuous delights of the Crimean peninsula. The Russian Empire was itself a multi-ethnic, multilingual and multicultural entity, of course. 'Notturmo' is based on a poem by Nikolay Shcherbina, born near the southern city of Taganrog in 1821 to a Ukrainian father and Greek mother. Shcherbina later lived in Kharkiv and Odesa, and his *Greek Verses* of 1850 brought him to the attention of readers in St Petersburg and Moscow.

Greek culture has often stood for polymorphous erotic delight and an intense life lived in the sun and by the sea, features that define the sequence of *Alexandrian Songs* that Mikhail Kuzmin wrote between 1905 and 1908. In deceptively sophisticated blank verse that recalls both the surviving fragments of Sappho and the French decadent parodies of Pierre Louÿs (the basis of Debussy's *Chansons de Bilitis*), Kuzmin hymned an idealised version of the Hellenic city of Alexandria on Egypt's Mediterranean coast. Kuzmin lived and worked in St Petersburg, itself a city of neoclassical elegance, and even set some of his own poems to music. It fell, though, to the Moscow-based **Alexandrov** to come up with a musical language that sought to convey every nuance of his words. Full of echoes of Debussy and Ravel, his ravishing settings reveal how responsive Russian composers could be to the latest European influences. Alexandrov was also a very fine pianist (he composed 14 solo sonatas, for

instance), and his songs are characterised by an evocative and instinctive understanding of the relationship between voice and instrument.

Like Taneyev (and later Alexandrov), **Catoire** taught at the Moscow Conservatory, instilling in his students a fastidious mastery of form and structure to match their counterparts in western Europe. The echoes of impressionism in his songs can be traced to his French ancestry, although he was also a keen Wagnerite and studied for a while in Berlin. For **Tcherepnin**, France became his adopted home after he left the Soviet Union in 1921. Before that, he was most closely associated with the cosmopolitan culture of St Petersburg, where he consorted with many of the figures who would go on to establish the *Ballets Russes*. In 'Twilight', Tcherepnin turns to the intensely philosophical poetry of Tyutchev. A career diplomat with pronounced Slavophile views, Tyutchev spent more than two decades in Western Europe, serving first in Munich and then in Turin. Unsurprisingly, his poetry is suffused with the atmosphere of German Romanticism. Catoire and Tcherepnin hailed from the imperial capitals; **Feinberg**, by contrast, came from the empire's borderlands. Born in Odesa in 1890, he moved to Moscow aged four, establishing himself as the heir to the pianism of Medtner, Rachmaninov and Skryabin. His setting of Pushkin's *The Upas tree* dates from 1923, and its dramatic story of the tropical *Antiaris toxicaria* has a universal resonance.

So what of **Rachmaninov** himself? Brought up on gentry estates in the ancient northern province of Novgorod, he seems archetypically 'Russian' in every respect. Later, he would write for the Orthodox liturgy, and much of his music is suffused with the pealing of church bells. There is certainly plenty of stereotypically 'Slavic' melancholy to be heard in his songs, from the anguish of 'Oh no, I beg you, do not leave!' (Merezhkovsky) and 'How painful for me' (Galina), to the stoicism of 'Many are the sounds' (AK Tolstoy). There are settings of Tyutchev, both philosophical ('All that was taken from me') and ecstatic ('Spring waters'), as well as a song to words by another Slavophile poet, Khomyakov ('To the children'). Yet there are translations too, including Balmont's version of Shelley's *The Isle* and Tkhorzhevsky's version of Jean-Marie Guyau's *Twilight*. In 'All things pass', Rachmaninov turned to Daniil Rathaus, the Kyiv law student who had earlier caught the attention of Tchaikovsky and whose poetry – whilst dismissed by literary highbrows – was decidedly popular with turn-of-the-century song composers. Like Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninov was a patriot, yet he never succumbed to narrow nationalism. The sentiments expressed in Pushkin's *The muse* are, as Dostoyevsky suggested, universal. When he left Russia in 1917, Rachmaninov finally became a citizen of the world.

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Sergey Taneyev (1856-1915)

The origin of the harp Op. 26 No. 1 (1908)

Ellis, after Thomas Moore

Odnó ya chudesnoye
znayu
predanye:
U morya kudryavaya nimfa
zhila,
Tomilas bednyazhka
toskoi
ozhidanya
I gorkiye
slyozy o
milom lila...

Tis believed that this
Harp, which I wake now
for thee
was a Siren of old, who
sung under the sea;
and who often, at eve,
through the bright
waters roved,
to meet, on the green
shore, a youth whom
she loved.

No tshchetno slezami ona
oroshala
Volnistye pryadi
roskoshnykh
kudrei
I tscchetno rydayushchei
pesnei svoiei
Plovtsov zadremavshikh
ot sna
probuzhdala...

But she loved him in vain,
for he left her to weep,
and in tears, all the night,
her gold tresses to
steep,
till heaven 'with pity on
true-love so warm,
and changed to this soft
Harp the sea-maiden's
form.

No szhalilis bogi, u
chudo
svershilos:
Vdrug arfa yavilas
iz tela
yeya,
Volos yeyo pyshnykh volna
prevratilas
V volshebnye
struny, pechalno
zvenya...

Still her bosom rose fair –
still her cheeks smiled
the same –
while her sea-beauties
gracefully form'd the
light
and her hair, as, let loose,
o'er her white arm it fell,
was changed to bright
chords uttering
melody's spell.

Pust vremya neslyotsya,
no s toi
zhe toskoyu
Rokochet, i stonet, i dyshit
struna,
Kogda ya do
arfy dotronus
rukoyu,
Vsyó ta zhe pechal i
lyubov v
nei slyshna!..

Hence it came, that this
soft Harp so long hath
been known
to mingle love's language
with sorrow's sad tone;
till thou didst divide them,
and teach the fond lay
to speak love when I'm
near thee, and grief
when away.

Sleeping forests Op. 26 No. 5 (1908)

Ellis, after Charles Baudelaire

Lesá dremuchiye, v mrachny,
kak sobory,
Pechalen, kak organ, vash
neprestannyi shum...

Sleeping forests, you are
as gloomy as
cathedrals,
your ceaseless noise is as
sad as an organ...

V serdtsakh otverzhenykh v
minuty
gorkikh dum
Predsmertnyi slyshen
ston na
groznye ukory...

In the souls of the
damned, in moments of
bitter reflection,
a death rattle sounds in
answer to your harsh
reproaches...

Ty, strasnyi Okean,
tvoikh valov
skakanye,
Tvoi besposhchadnyi ryov v
polnochnoi tishine
I khokhot yarostnyi, i
gorkoye rydanye
Moi smekh i skorbnyi
vopl
napominayet mne.

And you, oh fearful Ocean
– your pounding waves,
your merciless roar in the
still midnight,
your ferocious laughter
and bitter weeping
remind me of my own
mirth and mournful
wail.

Lyublyu tebya, o noch,
tebe
moi mechty,
No trepet yasnykh zvyozd
mne v dushu lyot volnenye,

I love you, oh Night, my
dreams are for you
alone,
but the trembling of the
bright stars fills my soul
with worry,
yet I seek only darkness,
only the chill of
oblivion...

No mrak lish kholst pustoi,
i, polnyi
umilenya,
Ya viznu vnov na nyom
zabytye videnya
I milykh prizrakov rodimye
cherty.

But the gloom is but an
empty canvas; full of
tenderness,
I once again see
forgotten visions
and the familiar features
of tender ghosts.

Mask Op. 34 No. 3 (1911-2)

Yakov Polonsky

V pestrote, v mnogolyudstve
sobranya,
Prazdnym vzorom skolzya
bez vnimanya,
Zloyu skukoi tomimyi davno,
U kolonn vstretil
ya domino.

Across the gaudy
crowded gathering
I cast my idle, inattentive
gaze,
long tormented by
wicked tedium,
I met a costumed woman
by the colonnade.

Protyanuv svoyu ruku-
malyutku,
Ona szhala moyu ne na
shutku;
Na litse moyom
zhar zaigral,
Na ya miloi moyei
ne uznal.

Holding out her childlike
hand,
she pressed mine in
earnest;
passion played across my
face,
yet still I did not
recognise my beloved.

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Iz-pod rozovoi shyolkovoi maski,
Kak dve zvyozdochki, teplilis glazki –
I na mne ostanovlennyi zvor
Vyrazhal i Lyubov i ukor.

From underneath the pink silk of her mask,
her little eyes beamed like little stars –
and her gaze fell on me,
full of love – and of reproach.

Nakonets ona tikho skazala:
'Ya davno, ya vezde vas iskala' –
Izmenil rechi trepetnyi zvuk,
Ya znal trepet milykh mne ruk.

Quietly, she said at last:
'I have been looking for you everywhere' –
her quivering voice changed,
and I recognised the quivering hands I loved so much.

O, vo imya lyubvi prostodushnoi,
Ne snimai etoi maski bezdushnoi,
Ya boyus, drug moi milyi, lyubya,
V etot mig ya boyus za tebya.

Oh, in the name of ingenuous love,
do you not remove this soulless mask,
I love you, my dearest one, yet I am afraid,
at this moment, I fear for you.

V pestrote, v mnogolyudstve sobranya
Pust pridyot kleвета bez vnimanya,
I lyubvi otkrovennoi slova
Ne podslushayet zlaya molva!

Across the gaudy crowded gathering,
let calumny pass by unnoticed,
and may these honest words of love
not be overheard by vile gossip!

Night in Crimea Op. 34 No. 6 (1911-2)

Yakov Polonsky

Pomnish, lunnoye mertsanye,
Shorokh morya pod skaloi,
Sonnykh listyev kolykhanye,
I tsyntsyrny strekotanye
Za ogradoi sadovoi;

V polumgle nagornym sadom
Shli my, – lavr blagoukhal;
Grot chernel za vinogradom,
I bassein pod vodopadom
erepolnennyi zvuchal;

Do you recall the moonlight glimmer,
the rustling of the sea beneath the cliff,
the trembling of the sleepy leaves,
and the chirring of the cicadas
beyond the garden fence?

In the half-light, through the hilly groves
we walked – the air was heavy with the scent of laurel;
beyond the vineyard, the grotto beckoned darkly,
and beneath the waterfall,
an overflowing pool resounded;

Pomnish, svezheye dykhanye,
Zapakh rozy, govor strui –
Vsei prirody obayanye,
I nevolnoye sliyanie
Ust v neozhidannyi potselui.

Do you recall the freshness of the air,
the scent of roses, the babbling stream –
nature's every charm,
and the involuntary meeting
of lips in an unexpected kiss?

Eta muzyka prirody,
Eta muzyka dushi
Mne v inye, zlye gody,
Posle bur i nepogody,
Yasno slyshalas v teni.

This music of nature,
this music of the soul –
I heard it once, in other, vile days,
after storms and tempests,
I heard it clearly in the shadows.

Ya vnimal – i serdtse gremos
S yuga veyushchim teplom,
Legche verilos i pelos...
Ya vnimal – i mne khotelos
Etoi muzyki vo vsyom ...

I listened – and my heart was filled
with the warmth that wafted from the south,
it became easier to believe, easier to sing...
I listened – and I wished
that such music might be in everything...

Night in the mountains of Scotland Op. 33

No. 1 (1911)

Yakov Polonsky

Spish li ty, brat moi?
Uzh noch ostyla;
V kholodnyi, Serebryanyi blesk
Pogruzilis vershiny Gromadnykh
Sineyushchikh gor.
I tikho, i yasno, I slyshno,
kak s gulom Katitsya v bezdnu
Otorvannyi kamen.
I vidno, kak khodit
Pod oblakami Na otdalyonnom
Golom utyose Dikii
kozlyonok.
Spish li ty, brat moi?

Gushche i gushche Stanovitsya tsvet
polunochnogo neba,
Yarcho i yarcho

Are you asleep, my brother?
Night has cooled already;
a cold, silvery sheen
has enveloped the crests
of the vast, blue mountains.
And quietly, brightly,
audibly, comes the rumble
of a loose boulder as it tumbles into the abyss.
and there,
beneath the clouds,
on the far-off bare cliff face,
goes a little mountain goat.
Are you asleep, my brother?
Ever thicker, ever darker
turns the colour of the
midnight sky,
brighter and brighter

Goryat planety.	the planets burn.
Grozno	With menace,
Sverkayet vo mrake	Orion's sword
Mech Oriona.	glints in the darkness.
Vstan, brat!	Arise, my brother!
Iz zamka	From the castle
Nevidimoi lyutni	the ethereal song
Vozdushnoye	of an invisible lute was
penye	carried
Prinyos i unyos	hither and thither by the
svezhii veter.	fresh breeze.
Vstan, brat!	Arise, my brother!
Otvetnyi,	In reply,
Pronzitelno-rezkii	the piercing, penetrating
Zvuk mednogo roga	sound of a brass horn
Trizhdy v gorakh	came thrice from deep in
razdavalsya,	the mountains,
I trizhdy	and thrice
Orly prosypalis na	the eagles stirred in their
gnyozdakh.	nests.

Notturmo Op. 17 No. 7 (1878, rev. 1905)

Nikolay Shcherbina

Aromatnoi, vesenneyu nochyu	'Tis a fragrant night in spring,
Ya na nebo glyazhu nenaglyadno	ceaselessly, I gaze at the sky,
Kogda more, usnuvsheye nochyu	and the sea, asleep by night,
Tak prekrasno, tak mirno otradno.	is so beautiful, so enchantingly at peace.
Kogda slyshu, kak zlak prozyabayet	When I hear the crops repose,
I kak pyot on dykhanye nochi,	drinking in the breath of night,
Tebya serdtse moyo prizyvayet,	my heart calls out to you,
Tebya vidit vo vsyom moi ochi.	my eyes see you in everything.
Budto smotrish ty temi zvezdami,	When you watch – 'tis as if the stars are watching,
Budto dyshesh dykhanyem prirody,	when you breathe – 'tis as if nature itself is breathing,
Rastsvetayesh nochnymi tsvetami,	you blossom like the flowers at night,
Naselyayesh i vozdukh i vody.	the air and water are your realm.
Kogda slyshu vecherniye zvuki,	Whenever I hear sounds at eventide,
Te, shto lyotsya, shto v vozdukke tayut,	pouring forth and melting in the air,
I tainstvenno s schastiyem muki	mysteriously blending suffering with joy,
I s pokoyem trevogu meshayut,	blending worry with peace,

Togda kazhetsya, budto nezrimo	Then it seems that you, as if unseen,
Ty ko mne izdalyoka nesyoshsya,	are heading towards me from afar,
Budto, chuyu, promchalasya mimo,	I seem to sense you rushing past me,
Budto plamenem po serdtsu lyoshsya.	like a flame that fills my heart.
Shto rodnovo, skazhi mne, sokryto	Tell me, what is so dear and hidden
V etoi nochi i v zvukakh s toboi,	in this night and in these sounds with you,
I kakaya struna u nikh slita	and what is the string
S moim serdtsem, s moyei sudboi.	that resonates with my heart, with my fate?

And the enemies shuddered Op. 26 No. 8

(1908)

Ellis, after José-Maria de Heredia

I drognuli vragi ot druzhnogo napora,	And the enemy shuddered from the dense onslaught,
Sred okrovavlennykh, istoptannykh polei	and amidst the blood- soaked, trampled fields
Raznyossya groznyk klich likuyushchikh vozhdai,	rang out the terrible cry of ecstatic leaders,
I grudy myortvykh tel, i shum poslednii spora...	and piles of dead bodies and the final sound of dispute...
Schitaya vybyvshikh, kak myortvye listy,	Counting up the fallen, like dead leaves,
Soldaty gnevnyi vzor pechalno ustremlyayut	the soldiers sadly direct their angry gaze
Tuda, gde sonm strelkov Fraata ischezayet,	to where Phraates's host of archers disappears,
Goryachii pot kropit ikh smuglye cherty.	their swarthy features smeared with hot sweat.
Osypan strelami i ranami pokrytyi	Arrowed-pierced and badly wounded,
I zharkoi krovyu s nog do golovy zalityi,	drenched in hot blood from head to toe,
V purpurnoi mantii, siyayushchei brone,	clad in his porphyry cloak and glittering armour,
Pod rokot trub s chelom nadmennym vvezhayet	Mark-Anthony haughtily rides out to the blast of trumpets
Antonii na svoiom izmuchennom kone...	on his exhausted steed...
Bagrovym zarevom nebesnyi svod pylayet.	The firmament above burns in crimson glow.

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Anatoly Alexandrov (1888-1982)

From the *Alexandrian Songs of Mikhail*

Kuzmin (1915-29)

Mikhail Kuzmin

The sun, divine Ra-Helios

Solntse, solntse, Bozhestvennyi Ra-Gelios, Toboyu veselyatsya Serdtza tsarei i geroev, Tebe rzhut svyashchennye koni, Tebe poyut gimny v Geliopole; Kogda v svetish, Yashcheritsy vypolzayut na kamni I malchiki udut so smekhom Kupatsya k Nilu. Solntse, solntse Ya – blednyi pisets, Bibliotechnyi zatvornik, No ya lyublyu tebya, solntse, ne menshe, Chem zagorelyi moryak, Pakhnushchii ryboi i solyonoi vodoi, I ne menshe, Chem evo privichnoye serdtse Likuyet Pri tsarstvennom tvoyom voskhode Iz okeana, Moyo trepeshchet, Kogda tvoi pylnyi, no plamennyi luch Skolznyot Skvoz uzkoeye okno u potolka Na izpisannyy list I moyu tonkuyu zheltovatuyu ruku, Vyvodyashchuyu kinovaryu Pervuyu bukvu gimna tebe, O Ra-Gelios solntse!	Sun, oh sun, divine Ra-Helios, it is you who delights the hearts of kings and heroes, it is you to whom sacred steeds neigh, it is you to whom hymns are sung in Heliopolis; when you shine, lizards crawl out onto the stones and boys head, laughing, to bathe in the Nile. Sun, oh sun, I am but a pale scribe, an anchorite in a library, yet I love you, oh sun, no less than the tanned sailor who smells of fish and salt water, and just as his accustomed heart rejoices at your majestic ascent from the ocean, so too does my heart tremble when your moted, fiery ray steals through the narrow window by the ceiling onto the closely written sheet and my slender, yellowish hand which traces in cinnabar the first letter of a hymn to you, oh Ra-Helios, the sun!
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You are like a fortune teller

Ty – kak u gadatelya otrok:	You are like a fortune teller's boy:
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Vsyo v moyom serdtse chitayesh, Vse moi ugadyvayesh mysli, Vse moi dumy znayesh, No znanye tvoyo tut ne veliko I ne mnogo slov tut i nuzhno, Tut ne nado ni zerkala, ni zharovni: V moyom serdtse, myslyakh i dumakh Vsyo odno zvuchit raznymi golosami: 'Lyublyu tenya, lyublyu tebya naveki!'	you can read every secret of my heart, fathom my every thought, and know my deepest musings, Yet your knowledge is but slight and you have need of few words requiring neither mirror nor brazier: in my heart, my thoughts and my musings various voices repeat this one refrain: 'I love you, I love you for ever!'
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When I leave the house in the morning

Kogda utrom vykhozhu iz doma, Ya dumayu, glyadya na solntse: 'Kak ono na tebya pokhozhe, Kogda ty kupayesh v rechke Ili smotrish na dalniye ogorody!' I kogda smotryu ya v polden zharkii Na to zhe zhgucheye solntse, Ya dumayu pro tebya, moya radost: 'Kak ono na tebya pokhozhe, Kogda ty yedesh po ulitse lyudnoi!' I pri vzglyade na nezhye zakaty Ty zhe mne na pamyat prikhodish, Kogda, poblednev ot lask, ty zasypayesh I zakryvayesh potemnevshkiye veki.	When I leave the house in the morning, I look up at the sun and think: 'How much it resembles you, bathing in the stream, or gazing at kitchen gardens in the distance!' And when, in the midday heat, I look at that very same scorching sun, I think of you, my joy: 'How much it resembles you, when you ride down the crowded street!' And when I look upon tender sunsets, it is again to you that my memory turns, as you fall asleep, wan from our caresses, closing your dusky eyelids.
--	--

Ah, I am leaving Alexandria

Akh, pokidaya ya Aleksandriyu I dolgo videt yeyo ne budu! Uvizhu Kipr, dorogoi Bogine,	Ah, I am leaving Alexandria and will not see her again for a long time! I shall see Cyprus, so beloved of the Goddess,
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Uvizhu Tir, Yefes i Smirnu, Uvizhu Afiny – mechtu moyei yunosti, Korinf i dalyokuyu Vizantiyu I venets vsekh zhelanii, Tsel vsekh stremlenii – Uvizhu Rim velikii! – Vsyo ia uvizhu, no ne tebya!	I shall see Tyre, Ephesus and Smyrna, I shall see Athens – the dream of my youth, Corinth and far-off Byzantium and the crown of all desires, the object of every aspiration – I shall see Rome, the great city! I shall all this – but not you!
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Akh, pokidaya ya tebya, moya radost, I dolgo, dolgo tebya ne uvizhu! Raznuyu krasotu ya uvizhu, V raznye glaza nasmotryus, Raznye guby tselovat budu, Raznym kudryam dam svoi laski, I raznye imena ya sheptat budu V ozhidanyi svidanii v raznykh roshchakh. Vsyo ya uvizhu, no ne tebya!	Ah, I am leaving you, my joy, and shall not see you for a long, long time! I shall see another type of beauty, lose myself in other eyes, kiss other lips, caress other curls, and whisper other names in expectation of encounters in other groves. I shall see all this – but not you!
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Like a mother's song

Kak pesnya materi, Nad kolybelyu rebyonka, Ak gornoye ekho, Utrom na pastushii rozhok otozvasheyeya, Kak dalyokii priboi Rodnovo, davno ne vidennovo morya Zvuchit mne imya tvoyo Trizhdy blazhennoye: Aleksandriya!	Like a mother's song, sung over her child's crib, like a mountain echo, answering to the shepherd's pipe at dawn, like the distant swell of my native sea, so long unseen, so does your thrice blessed name sound to me: Alexandria!
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Kak preryvistyi shyopot Lyubovnykh pod dubami priznanii, Kak tainstvennyi shum Tenistyykh roshch svyashchennykh, Kak tamburin Kibely velikoi,	Like the halting whisper of confessions of love exchanged beneath the oak trees, like the mysterious noise of the shady, sacred groves, like great Cybele's tambourine,
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Podobnyi dalnemu gromu i golubei vorkovanyu, Zvuchit mne imya tvoyo Trizhdy mudroye: Aleksandriya!	akin to distant thunder and the cooing of doves, so does your thrice wise name sound to me: Alexandria!
Kak zvuk truby pred boyem, Klyokot orlov nad bezdnoi, Shum krylyev letyashchei Niki, Zvuchit mne imya tvoyo Trizhdy velikoye: Aleksandriya!	Like the sound of a trumpet before battle, the screech of eagles above the abyss, the noise of Nike's wings in flight, so does your thrice great name sound to me: Alexandria!

Samuil Feinberg (1890-1962)

The Upas tree Op. 16 No. 1 (1923)

Alexander Pushkin

V pustyne chakhloi i skupoi, Na pochve, znoyem razkalyonnoi, Anchar, kak grozny chasovoi, Stoit – odin vo vse vselennoi.	In a desert, sickly, meagre, where the earth is baked to stone, there stands an upas tree, a stern sentry, alone in the universe.
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Priroda zhazhdushchikh stepei Yevo v den gneva porodila, I zelen myortvuyu vetvei I korni yadom napoila.	Nature's thirsty steppes bore it on a day of wrath, watering its dead green foliage and roots with poison.
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Yad kaplet skvoz yevo koru, K poludnyu rastopyas ot znoyu, I zastyvayet vvecheru Gustoi prozrachnyuyu smolyu.	Through its bark the poison oozes, molten in the midday heat, and as evening falls, it cools again, forming a thick, transparent seal.
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K nemu i ptitsa ne letit, I tigr neidet: lish vikhor chyorny Na drevo smerti nabezhit – I mchitsya proch, uzhe tletvorny.	No bird comes close, no tiger approaches: only a dark whirlwind descends upon the tree of death – then rushes off, leaving destruction in its wake.
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Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

I yesli tucha orosit, Bluzhdaya, list yevo dremuchii, S yevo vetvei, uzh yadovit, Stekayet dozhd v pesok goryuchii.	And should a cloud, passing by, happen to water its dozing leaves, then from its branches, poisoned rain will drip into the burning sands.
No cheloveka chelovek Poslal k ancharu vlastnym vzglyadom, I tot poshlushno v put potyok I k utru vozvratilsya s yadom.	But once a man dispatched another to the upas tree with a forceful look, so obediently he set off, returning the next morning with the poison.
Prinyos on smertnyuyu smolu Da vetv s uvyadshimi listami, I pot po blednomu chelu Struilsya khladnymi ruchyami;	Back he brought the fatal toxin, bearing it on a withered branch, and down his pale brow, ran cold rivulets of sweat;
Prinyos – i oslabel i lyog Pod svodom shalasha na lyki, I umer bednyi rab u nog Nepobedimovo vладыki.	He brought it back – then flagged and fell onto the bast bed inside his hut, and that poor slave died at the feet of his mighty master.
A tsar tem yadom napital Svoi poslushlivye strely I s nimi gibel razoslal K sosedyam v chuzhdye predely.	And in that poison, the king did steep his faithful arrows' tips, and on them, sent ruin to his neighbours in foreign realms.

Interval

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Oh no, I beg you, do not leave! Op. 4 No. 1 (1890-3)

Dmitry Merezhkovsky

O, net, molyu, ne ukhodi!	Oh no, I beg you, do not leave!
Vsya bol nichto pered razlukoi,	This pain is slight compared to separation,

Ya slishkom schastliv etoi mukoi, Silne prizhmi menya k grudi,	I'm too happy in this state of torment, press me hard against your breast,
Skazhi lyublyu. Prishyol ya vnov, Bolnoi, izmuchennyi i blednyi. Smotri, kakoi ya slabyi, bednyi, Kak mne nuzhna tvoya lyubov...	Say 'I love you'. I've come to you again, sick, tormented and pale. See how weak and pitiful I am, how much I need your love...
Muchenii novykh vpered Ya zhdu kak lasku, kak potseluya I ob odnom molyu, toskuya: O, bud so mnoi, ne ukhodi!	New torments lie ahead, I greet them like caresses, like kisses, and beg for one thing only in my agony, oh, stay with me, do not leave!

The isle Op. 14 No. 2 (1896)

Konstantin Balmont, after Percy Bysshe Shelley

Iz morya smotrit ostrovok, Evo zelyonye uklony Ukrasil trav gustykh venok, Fialki, anemony.	At sea there lies a little isle, its slopes of green a carpet thick with grasses dense and lush, violets and anemones.
Nad nim spletayutsya listy, Vokrug nevo chut pleshchut volny. Derevyta grustny, kak mechty, Kak statui, bezmolvny.	Leafy canopies spread above, waves lap lightly all around; tall stand the trees, sad as dreams, silent as statues.
Zdes yeleye dyshit veterok, Syuda groza ne doletayet, I bezmyatezhnyi ostrovok Vsyu dremlet, zasypayet.	A light breeze barely stirs the air, no storm can venture there, and in tranquillity the little isle dreams gently on, falling into sleep.

Georgy Catoire (1861-1926)

Mermaid's song Op. 11 No. 1 (pub. c.1901) *Mikhail Lermontov*

Dityo moye, ostansya zdes so mnoi,	Stay here with me, my child,
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V vode
privolnoye zhityo,
I kholod, i pokoi.

we live our life in freedom
here,
in waters cool and calm.

Ya sovovu moikh
sestyor:
My plyaskoi krugovoi
Razveselim tumannyi
zvor
I dukh ustalyi tvoi.

I shall summon my
sisters:
our round dance
will dispel your gloomy
gaze
and divert your tired soul.

Usni! Postel tvoya myagka,
Prozrachen tvoi pokrov;
Proidut goda,
proidut veka
Pod govor chudnykh snov.

Sleep! Your bed is soft,
your sheets are light;
the years, the ages will
pass by
in wondrous dreams.

O milyi moi!
Ne utayu,
Shto ya tebya lyublyu!
Lyublyu kak volnuyu struyu!
Lyublyu kak zhizn
moyu...

Oh my darling! I will not
deny
that I love you so!
I love you like the current
free,
I love you as my life itself...

Sergey Rachmaninov

Daisies Op. 38 No. 3 (1916)

Igor Severyanin

O, posmotri, kak mnogo
margaritok
I tam, i tut,
Oni tsvetut; ikh mnogo; ikh
izbytok.
Oni tsvetut.

O, look! how many are the
daisies
here, and over there...
they are in flower, so
many; an abundance;
and all in flower.

Ikh lepestki tryokhgrannye –
kak krylya,
Kak belyi shyolk...
V nikh – leta
moshch!
V nikh – radost izobilya!
V nikh sletlyi polk.

Their three-edged petals
are like wings,
like white silk.
They have the power of
summer,
the joy of abundance,
they're a shining army.

Gotov, zemlya, tsvetam iz ros
napitok,
Dai sok steblyu...
O, devushki, o, zvyozdi
margaritok,
Ya vas lyublyu!

Earth, fix the flowers a
drink of dew,
give the stems juice ...
O girls, oh starry daisies,
I love you!

Nikolay Tcherepnin (1873-1945)

Twilight Op. 16 No. 4 (pub. 1903)

Fyodor Tyutchev

Teni sizye
smesilis
Tsvet poblyoknul,
zvuk usnul –
Zhizn, dvizhenye razreshilis
V sumrak zybkiei,
v dalnyi gul.
Motylka polyot nezrimyi
Slyshen v vozdukh
nochnom...
Chas toski
nevyrazimoi!..
Vsyo vo mne, i ya
vo vsyom!..

The blueish shades
mingle,
colour fades, sound falls
silent –
life and motion melt away
into twilight, frail and
distant murmurs.
Invisible, a moth
passes through the night-
time air...
Oh hour of inexpressible
longing!..
Everything is in me and I
am in everything!..

Sumrak tikhii, sumrak sonnyi,
Leisya v glub
moyei dushi,
Tikhii, tyomnyi,
blagovonnyi,
Vyso zalei
i utishi.
Chuvstva mgloi
samozabvenya
Perepolni cherez krail!..
Dai vkusit unichtozhenya
S mirom dremlyushchim
smeshai!

Silent twilight, twilight
sleepy,
oh pour into the depths of
my soul,
silent, dark, and sweetly
fragrant,
course through me and
bring me peace.
Overwhelm my world of
feelings
with the gloom of
oblivion!..
Let me savour my
extinction,
dissolve me with the
world that sleeps!

Sergey Rachmaninov

All was taken from me Op. 26 No. 2 (1906)

Fyodor Tyutchev

Vsyo otnyal u menya
kaznyashchii
Bog:
Zdorovye, silu, voli, vozdukh,
son.
Odnue tebya pri mne ostavil
On,
Chtob ya Yemu
yeshchyo molitsya
mog.

Chastising God has taken
everything away from
me:
health, willpower, breath,
sleep.
You alone are all that He
has left me,
that I might still find
strength to pray to Him.

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Many are the sounds Op. 26 No. 1 (1906)

Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy

Yest mnogo zvukov v
serdtsa glubiny
Neyasnykh dum, nepetykh
pesnei mnogo;
No zaglushayet vechno ikh
vo mne
Zabot nemolchnykh
skuchnaya trevoga.

Many are the sounds
deep in the heart,
thoughts never formed,
songs unsung;
but they are muted and
lost within
by incessant cares and
tedious anxiety.

Tyazhel yeyo
neproshennyi
napor,
Izdavna serdtse s zhizniyu
borolos,
No zhizn shumit, kak vikhor
lomit bor,
Kak ropot strui,
tak shepchet
serdtsa
golos

This unwelcome pressure
weighs heavily,
my heart is in a struggle
with life,
but life roars like a gale
that breaks tall pines,
while, like streams that
murmur softly, the
heart's voice whispers
low.

How painful for me Op. 21 No. 12 (1902)

Glafira Galina

Kak mne bolno, kak
khochetsa zhit...
Kak svezha i dushysta
vesna!
Net! ne v silakh ya serdtse
ubit
V etu noch golubuyu bez
sna.

How painful for me, how I
yearn to live ...
how fresh and fragrant is
spring!
No! I can't silence my
heart
on this pale blue
sleepless night.

Khot by starost prishla
poskorei,
Khot by inei v kudryakh
zablestel,
Shtob ne pel dlya menya
solovei.
Shtoby les dlya menya ne
shumel.

If only age would come
quickly,
thread my curls with
silver frost,
make me deaf to the
nightingale singing,
to the sounds of the
forest murmuring.

Shtoby pesn ne rvalas iz
dushy
Skvoz sireni v shyrokuyu
dal,
Shtoby ne byla v
etoi tishy
Mne chevo-to muchitelno
zhal!

So no song would burst
from my soul
through lilacs to the wide
horizon,
so there would not be, in
the hushed stillness,
this excruciating feeling
of sorrow!

The muse Op. 34 No. 1 (1912)

Alexander Pushkin

V mladenchestve moyom
ona menya lyubila
I semistvolnuyu tsevnitsu
mne vruchila;
Ona vnimala mne s ulybkoi i
slekhka
Po zvonkim skvazhinam
pustova trostnika
Uzhe naigryval ya slabymi
perstami
I gimny vazhnye,
vnushyonnye bogami,
I pesni mirnye frigiiskikh
pastukhov.

She favoured me from my
early childhood,
handing me the seven-
reeded panpipes;
she listened with a smile,
as haltingly
along resonant openings
in the hollow reeds
I improvised with
unskilled fingers
solemn hymns, inspired
by the gods,
and peaceful songs of
Phrygian shepherds.

S utra di vechera v nemoi
teni dubov
Prilezhno ya vnimal urokam
devy
tainoi,
I, raduya menya nagradoyu
sluchainoi,
Otkinuv lokony ot milovo
chela,
Sama iz ruk moikh
svirel ona
brala.
Trostnik byl ozhyvlyon
bozhestvennym
dykhanyem
I serdtse napolnyal svyatym
ocharovanyem.

From dawn to dusk in the
silent shade of oaks
I heeded eagerly the
lessons of the
mysterious maiden,
and, gladdening me with
an occasional reward,
tossing her locks back
from her dear brow,
she would take the flute
from my hands into her
own.
Then the reeds would
come alive with her
divine breath
and fill my heart with
sacred enchantment.

To the children Op. 26 No. 7 (1906)

Aleksey Khomyakov

Byvalo, v glubokii
polunochnyi chas,
Malyutki, pridu lyubovatsya
na vas;
Byvalo, lyublyu vas
krestom
znamenat,
Molitsya, da budet na vas
blagodat,
Lyubov Vsederzhitelya Boga.

Time was when I loved at
a late midnight hour,
to see you asleep in your
room, little children,
my joy was to bless you
with the sign of the
cross,
and to pray that peace
and grace be upon you,
and the love of Almighty
God.

Sterech umilenno vash
detskii pokoi,
Podumat, o tom, kak vy
chisty dushoi,
Nadeyatsya dolgikh i
schastlivykh dnei

To keep watch over your
childish rest,
to think how pure you are
in soul,
to hope for long and
happy days

Dlya vas, bezzabotnykh i milykh detei, Kak sladko, kak radostno bylo!	for you, my carefree, beloved children. How sweet and how joyous it was!
Teper prikhozhu ya: vezde temnota, Net v komnate zhizni, krovatka pusta, V lampade pogas pred ikonoyu svet... Mne grustno, malyutok moikh uzhe net! I serdtse tak bolno sozhmyotsya!	Now when I come it's dark all around, there's no life in your room, the little bed is empty; the light in the icon lamp has gone out... I am sad, my little ones are no more! My heart is crushed so painfully!
O, deti! V glubokii polunochnyi chas, Molites o tom, kto molilsya o vas, O tom, kto lyubil vas krestom znamenat; Molites, da budet i s nim blagodat', Lyubov' Vsederzhitelya Boga.	Oh, children! At this late midnight hour, pray for him who prayed for you, whose joy was to bless you with the sign of the cross; pray that all blessings be upon him too, and the love of Almighty God.

Georgy Catoire

You are the rustling of a tender leaf Op. 32

No. 2 (pub. 1924)

Konstantin Balmont

Ty – shelest nezhnogo listka	You are the rustling of a tender leaf,
Ty – veter, shepchushchii ukradkoi,	you are the secret whispering of the wind,
Ty – svet, brasayemyi lampadkoi,	you are the light cast by a lamp,
Gde brezzhit sladkaya toska.	where sweet melancholy glimmers.
Mne chuditsya, shto ya kogda-to	It seems as though I have seen you
Tebya vidal, s toboyu byl,	once before, that I was with you,
Kogda ya serdtsem to lyubil,	when with my heart I loved
K chemu mne bolshe net vozvrata.	that to which I can no longer return.

Sergey Rachmaninov

Twilight Op. 21 No. 3 (1902)

Jean-Marie Guyau, trans. Ivan Tkhorzhevsky

Ona zadumalas. Odná pered oknom,	She's lost in thought. Alone, before the window,
Sklanyas, ona sidit i v sumrake nochnom	she sits, her head inclined, and in the evening twilight a long
Mertsayet dolgii vzor; i v sineve bezbrezhnoi	gaze radiates from her eyes; and in the boundless blue
Temneyushchikh nebs ronyaya luch svoi nezhnyi,	of the darkening sky, sending down tender rays of light,
Voskhodyat zvyozdochki besshumnoyu tolpoi;	little stars come out in a silent throng;
I kazhetsya, shto tam kakoi-ta svetlyi roi	and it seems some kind of bright swarm
Tainstvenna parit, i, slovna voskhishchyonnyi,	soars there mysteriously, and, in heightened excitement,
Trepeshchet nad yeyo golovkoyu sklonyonnyi.	trembles high above her lowered head.

All things pass Op. 26 No. 15 (1906)

Daniil Rathaus

Prokhodit vsyo, i net k nemu vozvrata.	All things depart, never to return.
Zhizn mchitsya vdal, mgnoveniya bystreí.	Life speeds away faster than an instant.
Gde zvuki slov, zvuchavshikh nam kogda-to?	Where are the sounds of words we once heard?
Gde svet zari nas ozaryavshikh dnei?	Where is the light of dawn that lit our days?
Rastsvyol tsvetok, a zavtra on uvyanet.	The flower blooms, tomorrow it will fade,
Gorit ogon, shtob vskore otgoret...	the flame burns bright but soon burns out...
Idyot volna, nad nei drugaya vstanet...	As one wave rises up another overtakes it...
Ya ne mogu vesyolykh pesen pet!	I can sing no happy songs!

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Spring waters Op. 14 No. 11 (1896)

Fyodor Tyutchev

Yeshchyo v polyakh beleyet sneg, A vody uzh vesnoi shumyat, Begut i budyat sonnyi breg, Begut i bleshchut, i glasyat.	The fields are still white with snow, but already the waters are proclaiming spring, running along and waking sleepy riverbanks, running and glittering and declaring.
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Oni glasyat vo vse kontsy: 'Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot! My molodoi vesny gontsy, Ona nas vyslala vperyod.	They declare in all directions: 'Spring is coming! Spring is coming! We are the heralds of young spring, she sent us in advance.
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Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot! I tikhikh, tyoplykh maiskikh dnei Rumyanyi, svetyi khorovod Tolpitsya veselo za nei.	Spring is coming! Spring is coming! And the still, warm days of May in a rosy, bright circle- dance, crowd together and gaily follow behind.
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All translations except where indicated by Philip Ross Bullock. 'The origin of the harp' by Thomas Moore. Rachmaninov by Richard D Sylvester from Rachmaninoff's Complete Songs: A Companion with Texts and Translations published by Indiana University Press.