

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 27 October 2024
3.00pm

Erika Baikoff soprano
James Baillieu piano

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Med en vandlilie Op. 25 No. 4 (1876)
Die Prinsessin (1871)
Solveigs Sang from *Peer Gynt* Op. 23 (1874-5)

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Gypsy Songs Op. 55 (1880)
My song resounds, a psalm of love • Hey! How my triangle rings out • All around the woods are so still and silent • Songs my mother taught me • Take your bow and strike up! • In his loose-fitting and airy linen clothes • Give a hawk a fine cage

Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

Nocturne (1911)
Nachtgebet (1910)
Pierrot Dandy (1909)

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

The Poet's Echo Op. 76 (1965)
Echo • My heart... • The angel • The nightingale and the rose • Epigram • Lines written during a sleepless night

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

To forget so soon (1870)
If only I had known Op. 47 No. 1 (1880)
Cradle song Op. 16 No. 1 (1872)
Why? Op. 6 No. 5 (1869)

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Known above all for his perennially popular piano concerto, **Grieg** was also a devoted song composer, producing more than 180 *romanser* during his lifetime. Many of these were inspired by his wife Nina, whom Grieg recalled as 'a girl with a wonderful voice and an equally wonderful gift of interpretation'. They also shed light on his love of literature. As a young man, Grieg had studied at the Leipzig Conservatory, and there are plenty of settings of German poetry among his songs. He was also drawn to Danish poets, but above all, it was to the modern literature of his native Norway that he turned. 'Mit einer Wasserlilie' is one of six settings of Ibsen composed in 1876, just one year after the incidental music for *Peer Gynt*, featuring the soulful song of its heroine, Solveig. 'Die Prinzessin' takes words by another great Norwegian writer, Björnson, who would receive the 1903 Nobel Prize for Literature in recognition of 'his noble, magnificent and versatile poetry, which has always been distinguished by both the freshness of its inspiration and the rare purity of its spirit'.

The music of Grieg's songs is full of that same freshness and purity of spirit, paying homage both to German Lieder (Mendelssohn, Schubert and Schumann above all), and to the folk music of his homeland. A similar mood pervades **Dvořák's** *Gypsy Songs* Op. 55, written in 1880 for Gustav Walter, one of the leading tenors at Vienna's opera house. Dvořák had already established a name for himself in the Bohemian capital, Prague, but was understandably keen to break into musical circles in Vienna, the heart of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Awarded the Austrian State Prize for Composition in 1874, he soon began to write colourful folkloric works – such as his *Moravian Duets* and *Slavonic Dances* – that were designed to appeal to Austrian audiences. The seven *Gypsy Songs* attest to the popularity of Roma culture throughout Central Europe at the time, however clichéd and stereotypical they might now seem from an ethnographic point of view. The words are taken from a volume of poems by Adolf Heyduk, translated into German by the author himself so that they exactly matched the rhythms of the original Czech. Their music suggests the dashing playing of a Romani fiddler, as well as the jangling of a cimbalom.

Marx – a native of the southern Austrian city of Graz – made his name in early 20th-century Vienna as a song composer (he wrote around 120 between 1908 and 1912 alone). Rather like Wolf (who also hailed from Styria), he embodied the spirit of late Romanticism, even as avant-garde currents were beginning to swirl around the Austrian capital. 'Pierrot Dandy' sets words from the very same collection that inspired Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, yet it has little of Schoenberg's provocative radicalism. 'Nocturne' and 'Nachtgebet' are ravishing night scenes that transform *fin-de-siècle* poems by Hartleben and Hess into swirling art deco arabesques of febrile emotion.

Between 1960 and 1971, **Britten** paid five visits to the Soviet Union, and the friendships he forged there – above all with Shostakovich – had a profound impact on his creativity. He and his partner, the tenor Peter Pears, spent the summer of 1965 in Armenia, where the soprano Galina Vishnevskaya and her cellist husband, Mstislav Rostropovich, had arranged for them to stay at the mountain retreat of the Composers' Union. Britten had brought with him a bilingual anthology of Pushkin's poetry, from which he took the six poems that make up *The Poet's Echo* Op. 76. This short but intensely felt cycle dwells on the solitary calling of the artist, the transience of love, and the conflict between good and evil. Britten is rightly celebrated for his sensitive handling of English words, and that sympathy extended to other languages too. He worked closely with his Russian hosts to capture every contour and nuance of Pushkin's famously fastidious poetic diction.

Although Vishnevskaya and Rostropovich gave the cycle's official première in Moscow on 2 December 1965, it was Pears who gave a memorable private performance at Pushkin's estate at Mikhailovskoye. As he wrote in his diary: 'The last song of the set is the marvellous poem of insomnia, the ticking clock, persistent night-noises and the poet's cry for a meaning in them. Ben has started this with repeated staccato notes high-low high-low on the piano. Hardly had the little old piano begun its dry tick tock tick tock, than clear and silvery outside the window, a yard from our heads, came ding, ding, ding, not loud but clear, Pushkin's clock joining in his song. It seemed to strike far more than midnight, to go on all through the song, and afterwards we sat spellbound'.

Vishnevskaya was a noted exponent of the romances of **Tchaikovsky**, discreet echoes of which reverberate through Britten's Russian songs a century later. Tchaikovsky's distinguished career as a song composer would have come as something of a surprise to those who knew him as a young student at the St Petersburg Conservatory, when, according to one memoirist, he resolved 'never to write any small pieces for piano, or songs. He spoke of the latter with the greatest dislike'. Fortunately for posterity, he changed his mind. 'Why?' (1869) sets words by Heine, who was almost as important to Russian composers as their compatriots. Written one year later, 'To forget so soon' takes words by Aleksey Apukhtin, Tchaikovsky's school friend and exact contemporary (and, according to society gossip, his one-time lover). If these songs express the cosmopolitan side of Tchaikovsky's nature, 'Cradle Song' (1872) and 'If only I had known' (1880) conjure up the sound world of traditional peasant culture, which he encountered first-hand during long summers spent on estates in Russia and Ukraine.

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Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Med en vandlilie

Op. 25 No. 4 (1876)

Henrik Ibsen

Se, Marie, hvad jeg
bringer:
Blomsten med de
hvide vinger.
På de stille strømme
båren,
Svam den drømmetung i
våren.

Vil du den til hjemmet vie,
Fæst den på ditt bryst,
Marie;
Bag dens blade da
sig dølge
Vil en dyb og stille bølge.

Vogt dig, barn, for
tjernets strømme,
Farligt, farligt der at
drømme!
Nøkken lader
som han
sover;
Liljer leger ovenover.

Barn, din barm er
tjernets strømme.
Farligt, farligt der at
drømme!
Liljer leger ovenover,
Nøkken lader
som han
sover.

Die Prinsessin (1871)

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

Prinsessen sad højt i sit
Jomfrubur,
Smågutten gik nede og
blæste på Lur.
'Hvi blæser du altid, ti stille,
du Små,
Det hæfter min Tanke,
som vide
vil gå,
Nu Sol går ned.'

Prinsessen sad højt i sit
Jomfrubur,
Smågutten lod
være at blæse
på Lur.

With a waterlily

Look, Marie, at what I
bring;
at the flower with its white
wings.
Floating in the gentle
current
dreamily it swam in
springtime.

Will you take it home
and pin it to your breast,
Marie?
Behind its petals then
would hide
a deep and calm wave.

Child, be wary of the
current in the pond,
it's dangerous to dream
there!
The watersprite only
pretends he is
sleeping;
lilies play above.

Child, your breast is the
current of the pond,
it's dangerous to dream
there!
Lilies play above;
the watersprite only
pretends he is
sleeping.

The Princess

The princess looked
down from her tower.
Below her a young boy
blew on his horn.
'Oh, why all this playing?
Be quiet, young boy.
Don't trouble my
thoughts – they want to
soar
as the sun goes down.'

The princess looked
down from her tower.
Below her the young boy
stopped playing his
horn.

'Hvi tier du stille, blæs mere,
du Små,
Det løfter min Tanke,
som vide
vil gå,
Nu når Sol går ned.'

Prinsessen sad højt i sit
Jomfrubur,
Smågutten tog atter og
blæste på Lur.
Da græd hun i Aften og
sukkede ud:
'O sig mig, hvad er det mig
fejler, min Gud!
Nu gik Solen ned.

Solveigs sang from Peer Gynt Op. 23

(1874-5)

Henrik Ibsen

Kanske vil der gå både Vinter
og Vår,
Og neste Sommer
med, og det
hele År,
Men engang vil du
komme, det ved
jeg vist,
Og jeg skal nok vente,
for det lovte
jeg sidst.

Gud styrke dig, hvor
du i Verden
går,
Gud glæde dig, hvis du for
hans Fodskam
mel står.
Her skal jeg vente til du
kommer igjen;
Og venter du hist oppe,
vi træffes der, min
Ven!

'Why are you so silent?
Play on, young boy.
Give wings to my
thoughts – they want to
soar
as the sun goes down.'

The princess looked
down from her tower.
Below her the boy began
to play again.
She wept in the twilight
and sighed bitterly:
'Tell me, O God, what I'm
longing for?'
And the sun went down.

Solveig's Song

The winter may pass and
the spring disappear,
the summer too will
vanish and then the
year.
But this I know for certain:
thou'lt come back
again;
and e'en as I promised,
thou'lt find me waiting
then.

God help thee, when
wand'ring thy way all
alone,
God grant thee his
strength as thou
kneel'st at his throne.
If thou now art waiting in
heav'n for me,
O there we'll meet again
love, and never parted
be!

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

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Gypsy Songs Op. 55 (1880)

Adolf Heyduk

My song resounds, a psalm of love

Má píseň zas mi
láskou zní,
Když starý den umírá;
A chudý mech kdy na
šat svůj
Si tajně perle
sbírá.

My song resounds, a
psalm of love
when day begins to fade,
and when the moss and
withered grass
secretly drink in pearls of
dew.

Má píseň v kraj tak
toužně, zní
Když světem noha
bloudí;
Jen rodné pustý
dálinou
Zpěv volně z řader proudí.

My song resounds full of
wanderlust
in the green of lofty
forests,
only on the puszta's wide
plains
can I sing out happily.

Má píseň hlučně
láskou zní,
Když bouře běží
plání;
Když těším se, že
bídy prost
Dlí bratr v umírání.

My song is also full of
love,
as storms rage across the
heath;
when the breast of my
friend heaves,
as he breathes his last!

Hey! How my triangle rings out

Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj
přerozkošně zvoní,
Jak cigána píseň, když
se k smrti
kloní!
Když se k smrti kloní,
trojhran mu
vyzvání.
Konec písní, tanci, lásce,
bédování.

Hey! How my triangle
rings out in splendour!
How easy to approach
death with such a
sound!
One can approach death
to the sound of the
triangle!
No more singing, loving
and dancing!

All around the woods are so still and silent

A les je tichý
kolem kol,
Jen srdce mír
ten ruší,
A černý kouř, jenž
spěchá v dol,

All around the woods are
so still and silent,
my heart beats so
fearfully;
the black smoke sinks
ever deeper

Mé slze v lících, mé slze
suší.

and dries the tears on my
cheek.

Však nemusí jich usušit,
Necht' v jiné tváře
bije.

Ah, my tears do not dry,
you must seek out other
cheeks!

Kdo v smutku
může zazpívat,
Ten nezhybnul, ten žije, ten
žije!

He who can praise his
pain in song,
will not curse
death.

Songs my mother taught me

Když mne stará matka
zpívat, zpívat
učívala,
Podivno, že často,
často slzívala.
A teď také pláčem snědé
líce mučím,
Když cigánské děti hrát a
zpívat, hrát a zpívat učím!

When my old mother
taught me songs to
sing,
tears would well strangely
in her eyes.
Now my brown cheeks
are wet with tears,
when I teach the children
how to sing and play!

Take your bow and strike up!

Struna naladěna,
hochu, toč se
v kole,
Dnes, snad dnes převysoko,
zejtra, zejtra,
zejtra zase
dole!
Pozejtří u Nilu za
posvátným
stolem;
Struna již, struna naladěna,
hochu, toč, hochu, toč se
kolem!

Take your bow and strike
up! Come and join the
round dance, lad!
Be happy today! But what
of the morrow? Sad
tomorrow – it was ever
thus!
Next day on the banks of
the Nile, at the table of
our fathers,
take your bow and strike
up, hasten to the dance
and mingle!

In his loose-fitting and airy linen clothes

Široké rukávy a
široké gatě
Volnější cigánu nežli
dolman
v zlatě.
Dolman a to zlato; bujná
prsá svírá
Pod ním volná
píseň násilně
umírá.

In his loose-fitting and
airy linen clothes
the gypsy feels freer than
when dressed in silk
and gold!
Yes! The golden dolman
constricts his breast,
smothers the happily
wandering strains of his
free song.

A kdo raduješ se, tvá,
kdy píseň
v kvěťě
Přej si, aby zašlo
zlato v celém
světě!

He who feels true joy
when these songs
resound,
wishes that all gold
should vanish from the
face of the earth.

Give a hawk a fine cage

A tak i cigánu příroda
cos dala:
Dejte klec jestřábu
ze zlata
ryzého;
K volnosti ho věčným
poutem, k volnosti ho
upoutala.
Komoní bujnému, jenž se
pustou žene,
Nezmění on za
ni hnízda
trněného.
Zřídka kdy připnete uzdy
a třemene.

If, O gypsy, nature has
given you something,
As long as the falcon can
fly above the Tatra
mountains,
she has given
me freedom all my
life.
If the wild foal can race
across the heath,
he will never exchange
his rocky nest for a
cage.
he'll find no pleasure in
bridle and reins.

Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

Nocturne (1911) *Otto Erich Hartleben*

Süß duftende
Linden-blüthe
In quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem
Gemüthe
Ist mir in Sinnen erwacht.

Nocturne

Sweet fragrance of lime-
blossom
in a flowing night of June.
Rapture from
my soul
has woken up as lust.

Als klänge vor meinen Ohren
Leise das Lied vom
Glück,
Als töne, die lange verloren,
Die Jugend leise
zurück.

As though the song of joy
softly sounded to my
ears,
as though long lost youth
softly made itself heard
again.

Süß duftende
Linden-blüthe
In quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem
Gemüthe
Ist mir zu Schmerzen
erwacht.

Sweet fragrance of lime-
blossom
in a flowing night of June.
Rapture from my
soul
has woken up as
pain.

Nachtgebet (1910) *Ernst Heinz Hess*

O sähst du mich
jetzt beten
Zu deinen heilig tiefen
Augen,
Die fragend zu mir
flehten
Wie nach Liebe;
Du schlössest deine
tiefen Augen,
Dass ich nicht drein vergehe,
Wie in Liebe.
O sähst du wie ich
bete
Zu deiner kinderfrohen
Seele,
Es schwiege deine
Kinderseele,
Dass sie nicht untergehe
In meiner Liebe.

Night prayer

Ah, if you could now see
me pray
to your sacredly deep
eyes,
that beseeched me
enquiringly
as though for love –
you would close your
deep eyes
lest I perish there
as though in love –
Ah, if you could see how I
pray
to your happy, child-like
soul,
your child's soul would
fall silent,
lest it drown
in my love.

Pierrot Dandy (1909) *Albert Giraud, trans. Paul Mongré*

Im phantast'schen
Mondenstrahle
Blitzen Fläschchen und
Krystalle.
Vor dem Waschtisch
schmückt der fahle
Pierrot Dandy sich
zum Balle.

Pierrot Dandy

In the fantastical
moonlight
bottles and crystals
sparkle.
Before the washstand,
the pale
Pierrot Dandy prepares
for the ball.

Wasserstrahl in seiner
Schale
Klirrt gleich singendem
Metalle.
Im phantast'schen
Mondenstrahle
Blitzen Fläschchen und
Krystalle.

The water jet in his
basin
clinks like singing
metal.
In the fantastical
moonlight
bottles and crystals
sparkle.

Pierrot, statt dass auf die
schmale
Bleiche Lippe er das dralle
Rot des frischen Lebens
male,
Schminkt sich, dass er Ihr
gefalle,
Mit phantast'schem
Mondenstrahle.

Pierrot, instead of
painting
the plump red of fresh life
on his narrow, pale
lips,
adorns himself, to please
you,
with fantastical
moonlight.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

The Poet's Echo Op. 76

(1965)

Alexander Pushkin

Echo

Revetli zver' v lesu glukhom, Trubit lirog, gremit li grom, Poyot li deva za kholmom - Na vsyakiy zvuk, na vsyakiy zvuk Svoy otklik v vozdukhe pustom Rodish' ti vdrug, rodish' ti vdrug.	A roaring beast in woodland deep, a sounding horn, a roll of thunder, a maiden singing beyond the hill – to each sound, through the empty air, you send your reply without delay.
Ti vnemlesh' grokhotu gromov, I glasu buri i valov, I kriku sel'skikh pastukhov - I shlyosh' otvet, i shlyosh' otvet, i shlyosh' otvet, Tebe zh net otziva, - tebe zh net otziva - Takov I ti, poet! poet!	You hearken to the peal of thunder, to the voice of the storm and of the waves, to the cries of country shepherds – to each you send your answer; but no response comes back to you... Such, oh poet, are you!

My heart...

Ya dumal, serdtse pozabilo Sposobnost' lyogkuyu stradat' Ya govoril: tomu, chto bilo, Uzh ne bivat' ! Uzh ne bivat' !	I thought my heart had long forgotten the ease with which it suffered pain, I once would say: 'what's passed is passed, never to come again! Never to come again!
Proshli vostorgi, i pechali, i pechali, I lyogkoverniye mechtī ... No vot, no vot opyat' zatrepetali Pred moshchnoy vlast' yu krasoti.	Delight and sorrow have had their day, along with dreams so easily believed...' Yet once again they begin to tremble when faced with beauty's mighty power.

The angel

V dveryakh edema angel nezhniy Glavoy poniksheyu siyal,	At Eden's gates, a tender angel stood brightly shining, head bowed low,
--	--

A demon mrachniy I myateshniy Nad adskoy bezdnoyu letal.	whilst a gloomy and rebellious demon flew over the abyss of hell.
---	--

Dukh otritsan' ya, dukh sommen' ya, Na dukha chistogo vziral I zhar nevol' niy umilen' ya Vperviye smutno poznaval.	This spirit of negation, spirit of doubt beheld that spirit of purity and truth, and for the first time, he knew the vague sensation of tenderness's unwilling warmth.
---	--

'Prosti, - on rek - tebya ya videl, I ti nedarom mne siyal: Ne vsyo ya v nebe nenavidel, Ne vsyo ya v mire preziral'.	'Forgive me,' he uttered, 'At last I have seen you, and your radiance has not been for naught: I have not hated everything in heaven, I have not despised everything in the world.'
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The nightingale and the rose

V besmolvii sadov, vesnoy, vo mgle nochey, Poyot, poyot dan rozoyu vostochniy solovey. No roza milaya ne chuvstvuyet, ne vnemlet, roza milaya. I pod vlyublyonniy gimn kolebletsya i dremler, roza milaya.	In silent gardens, in the darkness of the night in spring, above the rose an Eastern nightingale begins to sing. But the lovely rose hears nothing, pays no heed, and to this amorous hymn, she sways in slumber deep.
Ne tak li ti poyosh' dlya khladnoy krasoti? Opomnish' o poet, k chemu stremnish' sya ti? Ona ne slushayet, ne chuvstvuyet poeta; Glyadish' ona tsvetet; vzivayesh' net otveta.	Is that not how you too address beauty's frostiness? Recall thyself, O poet, to what dost thou aspire? Beauty listens not, does not hear the poet; just look and she will blossom, but beg her – and no answer comes.

Epigram

Polumilord, milord, milord, polukupets, kupets, kupets, Polumudrets, polunevezhda,	Half lord, half tradesman, half sage, half dunce,
---	--

Polupodlets, podlets, podlets, no yest' nadezhda, Chto budet polnim nakonets.	half scoundrel, but there's still hope he'll be a complete one by and by.
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Lines written during a sleepless night

Mne ne spitsya, net ognya; Vsyudu mrak i son dokuchniy. Khod chasov lish' odnozvuchniy Razdayotsya bliz menya, Parki bab'ye lepetan'ye, Spyashchey nochi trepetan'ye, Zhizni mish'ya begotnya ... Chto trevozhish' ti menya? Chto ti znachish', skuchniy shopot? Ukorizna, ili ropot Mnoy utrachennogo dnya? Ot menya chego ti khochesh' ? Ti zovyosh' ili prorochish' ? Ya ponyat' tebya khochu, Smisla ya v tebe ishchu ...	I cannot sleep, there is no light; all around is gloom and tedious slumber. Monotonously, a clock ticks somewhere nearby, fate, prattling like an old crone, night, quivering as it sleeps, life, scurrying like a mouse... Why do you bother me? What is the meaning of this dull whisper? Is it a reproach, or at least some grumble at the day I've wasted? What is that you want from me? Do you summon me? Or is this some prophecy? I wish I could understand you, I seek some meaning in you...
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Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

To forget so soon (1870)

Aleksey Nikolayevich Apukhtin

Zabyt tak skoro, Bozhe moi, Vsyo schastye zhizni prozhitoi! Vse nashi vstrechi, razgovory, Zabyt tak skoro, zabyt tak skoro! Zabyt volnnya pervykh dnei, Svidanya chas v teni vetvei! Ochei nemye razgovory, Zabyt tak skoro, zabyt tak skoro!	To forget so soon, good God, all the happiness we lived through! All the times we met, the conversations, to forget so soon, forget so soon! Forget the emotions of those first days, the hour of rendezvous under shady branches! Mute conversations of the eyes, to forget so soon, forget so soon!
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Zabyt kak polnaya luna Na nas glyadela iz okna, Kak kolykhalas tikho shtora, Zabyt tak skoro, zabyt tak skoro, tak skoro!	To forget the full moon gazing at us through the window, the quiet rustle of the blinds, to forget so soon, forget so soon, so soon!
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Zabyt lyubov, zabyt mechty, Zabyt te klyatvy, pomnish ty, pomnish ty, pomnish ty? V nochnuyu pasmurnuyu poru, v nochnuyu pasmurnuyu poru, Zabyt tak skoro, tak skoro! Bozhe moj!	Forget love, forget dreams, forget the vows, do you remember them, do you, do you? At night's bleakest hour, night's bleakest hour, To forget so soon, so soon! Good God!
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If only I had known Op. 47 No. 1 (1880)

Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy

Kaby znala ya, kaby vedala, Ne smoyrela by iz okoshechka Ya na molodtsa razudalogo, Kak on uekhal po nashei ulitse. Nabekren zalomivshi murmolku, Kak likhogo konya bulanogo, Zvonkonogogo, dolgogrivogo Suprotiv okon na dyby vzdymal!	If I'd known, if I'd realised, I'd not have looked out the window at the dashing young man, riding down our street, his fur cap at a jaunty angle, on his swift dun horse, hooves ringing loud, long-maned, rearing up outside my windows!
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Kaby znala ya, kaby vedala, Dlya nego by ya ne ryadilasya, S zolotoi kaimoi lentu aluyu V kosu dlinnuyu ne v pletala by, Rano do svetu ne vstavala by, Za okoliysu ne speshila by, V rose nozhenki ne mochila by, Na prosyolok tot ne glyadela by, Ne proyedet li tem prosyolkom on, Na ruke derzha pyostra sokola. Kaby znala ya, kaby vedala!	If I'd known, if I'd realised, I wouldn't have dressed up for him, wouldn't have plaited in my long braid a scarlet ribbon with a gold border, wouldn't have risen early before light, wouldn't have hurried to the edge of town, got my feet wet in the dew, watching the road, will he come this way, a speckled falcon riding on his arm? If I'd known, if I'd realised!
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Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Kaby znala ya, kaby vedala, Ne sidela by pozdnim vecherom, Prigoryu nivshis na zavaline, Na zavaline, bliz kolodezya, Podzhidayuchi, da gadayuchi, Ne pridyt li on, nenaglyadnyi moi, Napoit konya studenoj vodoi! Kaby znala ya, kaby vedala! Akh!	If I'd known, if I'd realised, I'd not be sitting up late in the evening, grieving on the knoll by the house, on the knoll, near the well, watching and waiting and wondering, will he come, my handsome one, to water his horse at the cold well? If I'd known, if I'd realised! Oh!
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Cradle song Op. 16 No. 1 (1872)

Apollon Maykov

Spi, ditya moyo, usni! Sladkii son k sebe mani: V nyanki ya tebe vzyala Veter, solntse i orla.	Sleep, my child, and fall asleep! Beckon slumber's sweetness deep: I have summoned three nannies for you - the wind, the sun and an eagle.
Uletel oryol domoi; Solntse skrylos pod vodoi: Veter, posle tryokh nochei, Mchitsya k materi svoyei.	The eagle has flown home, the sun has hidden above the water, the wind, after three nights, races to its mother.
Vetra sprashivayet mat: 'Gde izvolil propadat? Ali zvyozdy voyeval? Ali volny vsyo gonyal?'	The wind's mother asked him: 'Where have you been hiding all this time? Did you wage war with the stars? Did you drive the waves away?'
'Ne gonyal ya voln morskikh, Zvyozd ne trogal zolotykh; Ya ditya oberegal, Kolybelochku kachall'	'I didn't drive the waves of the sea away, I touched no golden stars; I was keeping a child safe and sound, rocking its little cradle!'
Spi, ditya moyo, spi, usni! spi, usni! Sladkii son k sebe mani: V nyanki ya tebe vzyala Veter, solntse i orla.	Sleep, my child, and fall asleep! Beckon slumber's sweetness deep: I have summoned three nannies for you - the wind, the sun and an eagle.

Why? Op. 6 No. 5 (1869)

Lev Aleksandrovich Mey, after Heinrich Heine

Otchego poblednela vesnoi Pyshnotsvetnaya roza sama? Otchego pod zelyonoi travoi Golubaya fialka nema?	Why has the radiant rose grown pale in the springtime? Why does the blue violet lie mute under the green grass?
Otchego tak pechalno zvuchit Pesnya ptichki, nesyas v nebesa? Otchego nad lugami visit Pogrebalnym pokrovom rosa?	Why is the bird's song so sad as it rises up to heaven? Why does the dew on the meadows hang like a mourning veil?
Otchego v nebe solntse s utra Kholodno i temno, kak zimoi? Otchego i zemlya vsya syra I ugryumey moglii samoy?	Why is the sun in the sky this morning cold and dark as in winter? Why is the earth all damp and gloomier than the grave?
Otchego ya i sam vsyo grustnei I boleznennei den oto dnaya? Otchego, o skazhi mne skorei, Ty, pokinuv, zabyla menya?	Why do I feel sadder and sadder and sicker from day to day? Why, oh tell me right now, did you leave me and forget me?

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