

# WIGMORE HALL

Friday 7 June 2024  
7.00pm

Natalia Kutateladze mezzo-soprano  
Rodion Pogossov baritone  
Iain Burnside piano

Anton Arensky (1861-1906)

Memories

*Now the last day of many days • We wandered to the  
Pine Forest • We paused amid the pines • How calm it  
was! • We paused beside the pools*

Nikolay Myaskovsky (1881-1950)

Monotony

Circles

Nothing

An inscription on an envelope

The passion of despondency

Arthur Vincent Lourié (1891-1966)

From Greek Songs

*Lament for Adonis • Erotic fragment • Garden of the  
nymphs • From the Wedding Songs • Prayers to  
Aphrodite*

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

The soldier's wife

It's time

*Interval*

Sergey Rachmaninov

Brooding

It cannot be

You are so loved by all

Yuliya Veysberg (1880-1942)

Alone I set out on the road

Sergey Rachmaninov

Before the icon

Nikolay Roslavets (1881-1944)

Morana

Quiet twilight

Sergey Rachmaninov

So long our love has known so little joy

Nikolay Roslavets

Swans

Sergey Rachmaninov

You knew him

The ring

Samuil Feinberg (1890-1962)

Loch Lomond

Fishermen's nocturne

CLASSIC *fm* Wigmore Hall £5 tickets for Under 35s supported by Media Partner Classic FM

*Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management. In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions. Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141. Wigmore Hall is equipped with a 'Loop' to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.*



*Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.*

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838  
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • Wigmore-hall.org.uk • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG  
Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn  
Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan

 Department  
for Culture  
Media & Sport

 ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND

Supported using public funding by  
**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**

 Registered with  
**FUNDRAISING  
REGULATOR**

Together with Taneyev, **Arensky** was one of Rachmaninov's teachers at the Moscow Conservatory. Taneyev bequeathed Rachmaninov a deep feeling for musical architecture, whereas Arensky refined his melodic facility, harmonic flair and sense of grace. Such features abound in Arensky's own songs. *Memories* dates from 1904, just two years before Arensky's early death at the age of only 44, the result of excessive alcohol and gambling. The tragic circumstances of its composer's life find little echo in *Memories*, which has a winsome charm that would not have been out of place in the world of the turn-of-the-century salon. Described as a vocal suite, it is based on a sequence of five poems by Shelley in rather impressionistic versions by his preeminent Russian translator, Balmont. English music – unlike English poetry – was little known in Russia at the time, yet Arensky's cycle has a contemplative sensibility that might strike some as akin to English song of the Edwardian era.

Shelley's poetry is a sylvan evocation of a timeless English pastoral, transported by Arensky to the cosmopolitan world of *fin-de-siècle* Moscow.

**Myaskovsky's** settings of Gippius take us to the gloomier world of early 20th Century St Petersburg. When Gippius made her debut in print in 1903, hostile critics disparaged her as a 'narcissistic decadent' and dismissed her poems as 'buffoonery bordering on indecent mockery'. By the conventions of classical Russian verse, her poetry can certainly sound strange, but its stark imagery and terse psychological directness sounded a powerful new note at the time and still sounds very modern today. Myaskovsky is most familiar today as the author of 27 symphonies (all but three written during the Soviet era), but his obsession with Gippius shows a very different aspect of his character. He made around two dozen settings of her poetry in total, exploring an uncanny, haunting musical style that seems to emerge from the miasmatic canals and dejected courtyards of the imperial capital.

Petersburg has, of course, been long celebrated for its light, elegance and beauty. Around the turn of the century, the city witnessed a lively neo-classical revival, at the heart of which was the poet and philologist Vyacheslav Ivanov. A prodigious linguist, Ivanov was a gifted translator, publishing his versions of the surviving fragments of Sappho and Alcaeus in 1914. Ancient Greek poetry had originally been sung to the accompaniment of a lyre, so it was perhaps obvious that composers should soon turn to Ivanov's translations. One such figure was **Lourié**, whose life reads like an adventure novel. A Jewish convert to Catholicism, he cut a dandyish figure in early twentieth-century Petersburg and briefly served as head of the music department of the Bolshevik Commissariat of the Enlightenment after the Revolution. He emigrated to Paris in the 1920s, where he consorted with Stravinsky, before fleeing again to America in 1940. He died, unknown, in Princeton in 1966. As befits Lourié's Frenchified name, his Sappho

songs are refined, pointillist miniatures that recall Debussy and even Satie.

As a virtuoso pianist who worked closely with many of imperial Russia's greatest singers, **Rachmaninov** explored a more ambitious and expressive range of moods and styles in his songs. It can be easy to think of him as aloof and removed from politics and society, yet as Lourié's fate suggests, art was seldom untouched by history. Two of the 6 *Romances* Op. 8 (1893) makes this point amply. 'Brooding' and 'The soldier's wife' set words by Ukraine's national poet, Shevchenko. Released from serfdom in 1838, he soon became a passionate advocate of his nation's cause. He was arrested in 1847 and subsequently exiled, and the final words of 'Brooding' – 'Bondage is fearful! Heavy it is to bear...' – voice the sentiments of all those who suffer the consequences of political repression. Rachmaninov set Shevchenko's poems in Russian versions by Pleshcheyev, who was himself arrested for sedition in 1849. In exile, he met and befriended his Ukrainian counterpart.

Elsewhere, Rachmaninov explored the emotions associated with lost or thwarted love, whether melodramatically or elegiacally, drawing on musical influences as diverse as grand opera, salon romances, the liturgical chants of the Orthodox church and traditional folksong. His literary tastes were every bit as catholic, ranging from the peasant poet Koltsov, the philosophical sophistication of Tyutchev, the Parnassians of the mid-century (Aleksey Tolstoy, Fet, and Maikov) to newer voices such as Golenishchev-Kutukov and Nadson. Although not all of these names found favour with cultural highbrows, Rachmaninov had an instinctive feeling for what would work well in song. The dramatic compression of 'It cannot be' conveys his shock at the sudden death of Vera Komissarzhevskaya – the first Nina in Chekhov's *Seagull* – in 1910.

**Veysberg** was born some 1,000 miles southeast of Moscow in Orenburg in 1880, later studying in Petersburg and Berlin, and eventually marrying Rimsky-Korsakov's son. Her death in the Siege of Leningrad in 1942 put an end to a flourishing career that began with her 3 *Romances* Op. 1 (1911), including a setting of Lermontov's ruminative 'Alone I set out on the road'.

**Roslavets** was born in 1880 in Surazh, then part of the Chernihiv region, and now located in Russia, close to the borders of Ukraine and Belarus. Initially self-taught and sustaining himself with various menial jobs, he eventually moved to Moscow, where he became a leading member of the city's avant-garde. His increasingly experimental harmonies drew comparisons with Schoenberg, and the three songs included here show an interest in the symbolist poetry of Balmont, Bryusov and Ivanov. Born in Odesa in 1890, **Feinberg** moved to Moscow aged four, establishing himself as the heir to the pianism of Medtner, Rachmaninov and Skryabin. His 5 *Songs* Op. 18 date from 1932 and offer a musical panorama of the British Isles.

© Philip Ross Bullock 2024

*Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.*

## Anton Arensky (1861-1906)

### Memories Op. 71 (1904)

*Konstantin Balmont, after Percy Bysshe Shelley*

#### Now the last day of many days

Iz divnykh dnei, lazurnykh, yasnykh,	Now the last day of many days,
Kak ty, moi milyi drug, prekrasnykh,	All beautiful and bright as thou,
Teper – uvy! – poslednii den	The loveliest and the last, is dead.
Skonchalsya medlenno, unylo;	Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
Zemlya svoi obraz izmenila,	Up, – to thy wanted work! come, trace
Na nebesakh – gustaya ten.	The epitaph of glory fled, –
Vosstan, moi dukh, stryakhni dremotu,	For now the Earth has changed its face,
Skorei ispolnit pospeshi	A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

Svoyu privychnuyu  
rabotu  
I stikh nadgrobnyi napishi –  
Navek umershim dnyam  
prekrasnym,  
Mechtam plenitelnyim i  
yasnym.

#### We wandered to the Pine Forest

Nad morem spal sosnovyi les,	We wandered to the Pine Forest
Chut slyshno vody peli;	That skirts the Ocean's foam,
Dremala burya sred nebes,	The lightest wind was in its nest,
Kak v tikhoi kolybeli.	The tempest in its home.
Igrali tuchi, i s volnoi	The whispering waves were half asleep,
Volna skvoz son sheptalas,	The clouds were gone to play,
I nad morskoyu glubinoi	And on the bosom of the deep
Lazur nebes smeyalas. Kak budto etot mirnyi chas	The smile of Heaven lay; It seemed as if the hour were one
Nisposlan byl bogami,	Sent from beyond the skies,
I vechnyi rai siyal dlya nas	Which scattered from above the sun
Nebesnymi luchami.	A light of Paradise.

#### We paused amid the pines

Drug s drugom sosny obnyalis,	We paused amid the pines that stood
Izmyatye vetrami; Ikh suchya zmeyami splelis,	The giants of the waste, Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
Skloniyasya nad nami. I k nam laskalos veterka	As serpents interlaced; And, soothed by every azure breath,
Chut slyshnoye dykhanye,	That under Heaven is blown,
Primchavshis k nam izdaleka,	To harmonies and hues beneath,
Kak chyo-to lepetanye. No spali sosny myortvym snom	As tender as its own, Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Bez gryoz i bez dvizhenya,	Like green waves on the sea,
Kak spyat vseгда na dne morskom	As still as in the silent deep
Povdovnye rastenya.	The ocean woods may be.

#### How calm it was!

Kak tikho vsyo! Ni vzdokh, ni zvuk	How calm it was! – the silence there
Pokoya ne smushchayet.	By such a chain was bound.
Bezzvuchnyi mir, i tish krukom,	The inviolable quietness;
I nashikh dush mechtanya,	The breath of peace we drew,
I les, obyaty sladkim snom.	The calm that round us grew.
Slilis v odin volshebnyi krug –	A magic circle traced, –
Vershiny gor tumannykh,	A spirit interfused around,
Tsvety, polya i ty, moi drug, S poryvom dum zhelannykh.	A thrilling, silent life, – To momentary peace it bound
I svetu ustupila mgla Pred schastiyem soznanya,	Our mortal nature's strife; And still I felt the centre of
Shto v etom mire ty byla, O, neznoye sozdanye!	The magic circle there Was one fair form, so filled with love!

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

## We paused beside the pools

I dolgo my, sklonivshi v  
zor,  
Pod sosnami stoyali,  
Glyadeli v glub lesnykh  
ozyor,  
Tam nebesa siyali,  
Polny luchistovo  
ognya,  
Kak budto chy-i-to  
ochi,  
Yasnei bezoblachnovo  
dnya  
I glubzhe chyornoj nochi.  
I les vidnelya v bezdne  
vod:  
Spletayasya vetvyami.  
I byli nam vnizu  
vidny  
Tainstvennyye kraski, –  
lkh sozdala lyubov  
volny,  
Edem bezgreshnoi laski;  
To bylo – tikhikh,  
svetlykh strui  
Nemoye  
obayanye,  
To byl prirody  
potselui,  
Vsekh sil yeyo  
sliyanye.  
No veter naletel v  
tishi,  
Izchezli  
otrazhenya,  
Kak luchshii raiskii  
son dushi  
Pred prizrakom somnena.  
Khot Shelli skorbnaya  
dusha  
Lish mig odin  
bespechna.  
No bud ty vechno  
khorosha,  
Kak les prekrasen vechno!

We paused beside the  
pools that lie  
Under the forest bough, –  
Each seemed as 'twere a  
little sky  
Gulfed in a world below;  
A firmament of purple  
light  
Which in the dark earth  
lay,  
More boundless than the  
depth of night,  
And purer than the day –  
In which the lovely forests  
grew,  
As in the upper air.  
Sweet views which in our  
world above  
Can never well be seen,  
Were imaged by the  
water's love  
Of that fair forest green.  
Like one beloved the  
scene had lent  
To the dark water's  
breast,  
Its every leaf and  
lineament  
With more than truth  
expressed;  
Until an envious wind  
crept by,  
Like an unwelcome  
thought,  
Which from the mind's  
too faithful eye  
Blots one dear image out.  
Less oft is peace in  
Shelley's mind,  
Than calm in waters,  
seen.  
Though thou art ever fair  
and kind,  
The forests ever green!

**Nikolay Myaskovsky** (1881-1950)

From *Unseen Op. 5* (1905-8)

*Zinaida Gippius*

## Monotony

V vechernii chas uyedinenya,    At the evening hour of  
isolation,

Unyniya i  
utomlenya,  
Odin, na shatkikh  
stupenyakh,  
Ishchu naprasno uteshenya,  
Moyei trevogi  
utolenya  
V nedvizhnykh, stynushchikh  
vodakh.  
Luchei poslednikh  
otrazhenya,  
Kak nebyvalye  
videnya,  
Lezhat na sonnykh oblakakh.  
Ot tishiny otsepenenya  
Dusha moya polna  
smyatena ...  
O, yesli by  
khot ten  
dvizhenya,  
Khot zvuk v tyazhyolykh  
kamyshakh!  
No znayu,  
miru net  
proshchenya,  
Pechali serdtsa net  
zabvenya,  
I met molchanyu  
razreshenya,  
I vsyo navek  
bez  
izmenenya  
I na zemle, i v  
nebesakh.

of despond and of  
exhaustion,  
alone, sitting on the  
shaky steps,  
in vain I seek consolation  
and the quenching of my  
disquiet  
in the chill of still waters.  
The reflections of the  
sun's last rays,  
like unprecedented  
visions,  
are cast on sleepy clouds.  
The torpor of silence  
fills my soul with  
dread...  
Oh, if only there were  
some shadow of  
movement,  
some sound in the dense  
reeds!  
But I know there can be  
no forgiveness in the  
world,  
no forgetting of the  
heart's sadness,  
no resolution to the  
silence,  
and everything will  
always remain as it is  
now,  
here on the earth, and up  
in heaven.

## Circles

Ya pomnyu: my vdvoyom  
sideli na  
skameike.  
Pred nami byl pokinutyi  
istochnik i  
tikhaya zelen.  
Ya govoril o Boge, o  
sozertsanii i  
zhizni...  
I, shtob ponyatnei bylo  
moyemu  
rebyonku  
Ya lyogkiye krugi chertil na  
peske.  
I god minul. I nezhnaya, kak  
mat,  
Pechal menya na tu  
skameiku privela.  
Vot pokinutyi istochnik, ta  
zhe tikhaya  
zelen,  
Te zhe mysli o Boge, o zhizni.

I remember: the two of us  
were sitting on a bench.  
Before us was an  
abandoned spring and  
quiet vegetation.  
I spoke of God, of  
contemplation and of  
life...  
And so that my child  
might better  
understand,  
I traced delicate circles in  
the sand.  
A year went by. And  
tender as a mother,  
grief drew me back to  
that same bench.  
That same abandoned  
spring, that same quiet  
vegetation,  
those same thoughts of  
God, of life.

Tolko net bezvinno umershikh, nevoskresshikh slov, I net dozhdyom smytykh, zemlyoi skrytykh, Moikh yasnykh, lyogkikh krugov.	Absent, though, are those innocent words, dead and unresurrected,  absent too are the bright, delicate circles that once I traced, now washed away by rain, covered by the earth.
---	---

### From *On the Threshold Op. 4* (1904-8)

Zinaida Gippius

### Nothing

Vremya srezayet tsvety i travy U samovo kornya blestyashchei kosoi: Lyutik vlyublyonnosti, astru slavy... No korni vse tsely – tam, pod zemlyoi. Zhizn i moi razum, ognenno- yasnyi! Vy dvoye – ko mne besposhchadnei vsevo: S kornem vy rvyote to, shto prekrasko, V dushe posle vas – nichevo, nichevo!	Time culls flowers and grass at their very root with its gleaming scythe: the buttercup of love, the aster of glory... Yet their roots are still intact – there, beneath the earth. Life and my reason, as bright as fire! The two of you are cruellest of all to me: you tear up beauty from its roots, after you there is nothing left in my soul – nothing!
--	---

### An inscription on an envelope

Sevodnya zarya vstayot iz-iz tuch. Pologom tuch ot menya ona spryatana. Ne svet i ne mgla... I tyomen surguch, Kotorym 'Lyubov' moya zapechatana. I khochetsya mne pechati slomat... No volya moya smireniyem svyazana. Pust vechno zakrytoi lezhit tetrad, Pust budet Lyubov moya – nedoskazana.	Today dawn breaks from behind the clouds. She is hidden from me by a canopy of clouds. Neither light, nor gloom... And dark is the wax, with which my 'Love' is sealed. And so I long to break the seal... But my will is bound with humility. May the book remain there, forever closed, may my Love forever go untold.
--	---

### The passion of despondency

Minuty unyniya... Minuty zabveniya... I mnitsya – v pustyne ya... Sgibayu koleni ya, Molyus – no ne molitsya Dusha nesogretaya, Stuchu – ne otvoritsya, Zovu – bez otveta ya Dusha slovno tinoyu Okutana vyazkoyu, I strakh, so zmeinoyu Kolyucheyu laskoyu, Mne v serdtse vpitayetsya, I proklyat otnyne ya... No net derznoveniya. Koltso zamykayetsya... O, strany zabveniya!	Moments of despondency... Moments of oblivion... And it seems as though I am in a wilderness... I bend my knees, I pray – but my frozen soul cannot pray, I knock – no one comes to open, I call out – no answer comes... It is as if my soul is swathed in sticky slime, and fear, with a snakelike, barbed embrace, penetrates my heart, and henceforth I am accursed... But there is no audacity left. The circle closes in on itself... Oh, lands of oblivion!
--	--

### Arthur Vincent Lourié (1891-1966)

#### From *Greek Songs* (1914)

Vyacheslav Ivanov, after Sappho

### Lament for Adonis

Shto, Kiprida, tvorit Nam povelish? Niknet Adonis, Nezhnyi Adonis!	What, oh Cytherea, would you have us do? Adonis is fallen, oh tender Adonis!
'Beite v persi, vzrydav, Devy, po nyom! Rvite khitony! Umer Adonis!..'	'Oh beat your breasts, and weep for him, ye maidens! Tear your chitons! For Adonis is dead!..'
Plashchanitsej Inyanoi Ty povila Telo, boginya!.. O, moi Adonis!	In a linen shroud you have swathed his body, oh goddess!.. Oh, my Adonis!

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

## Erotic fragment

Ya negu lyublyu. Yunost lyublyu, Radost lyublyu I solntse.	I love pleasure, I love youth, I love joy and the sun.
Zhrebii moi - byt V solnechnyi svet I v krasotu vlyublyonnoi.	My lot is to be in love with sunlight and with beauty.

## Garden of the nymphs

Vkrug peshchery Nimf, zatayennoi, vraga Khladnykh strui shumit mezh vetvei zelyonykh, I s listvy, koleblemoi vod padenyem, Lyotsya dremota.	Around the secret cave of nymphs, cool streams rustle amidst the green branches, and from the foliage, stirred by the falling water, drowsiness pours forth.
---	---

## From the Wedding Songs

Stroite krovvelku vyshe – Svadbe slava! Stroite, plotniki, vyshe – Svadbe slava! Vkhodit zhenikh, rovno bog-voyevoda: Muzha roslovo rostom on vyshe.	Raise the roof higher – glory to the wedding! Raise it higher, ye carpenters – glory to the wedding! The bridegroom enters, like a heavenly commander: taller than a grown man.
---	--

## Prayers to Aphrodite

Beluyu kozu prinesu ya v zhertvu, I na tvoi altar vozliyat ya stanu... Ya tvoi dela velichala liroi; Slava del tvoikh mne khvalu styazhala... Dai, zlatovenechnaya Afrodita, Po serdtsu mne vynut zhelannyy zhrebii!	I shall sacrifice a white nanny goat and pour a libation on your altar... I have hymned your deeds with my lyre; the glory of your deeds has won me praise... Oh, gold-crowned Aphrodite, let me draw the lot for which my heart desires!
---	--

## Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

### The soldier's wife Op. 8 No. 4 (1893)

*Aleksey Pleshcheyev, after Taras Shevchenko*

Polyubila ya, Na pechal svoyu Sirotinushku Bestalannovo. Uzh takaya dolya Mne vypala! Razluchili nas Lyudi silnye; Uvezli yevo, Sdali v rekruty...	I fell in love to my sorrow with a poor orphan an unlucky lad. Such is the fate that has befallen me. Powerful folks separated us; they took him away, made him an army recruit
---	--

I soldatkoi ya, Odinokoi ya, Znat, v chuzhoi izbe I sostareyus... Uzh takaya dolya Mne vypala. A! A!	... and I'm a soldier's wife, all alone, in a stranger's hut I'll grow old, it seems, oh what a fate has befallen me. Ah! Ah!
--	--

## It's time Op. 14 No. 12 (1896)

*Semyon Nadson*

Pora! Yavis, prorok! Vsei siloyu pechali, Vsei siloyu lyubvi vzyvayu ya k tebe! Vzglyani, kak dryakhly my, vzglyani, kak my ustali, Kak my bezpomoshchny v muchitelnoi borbe! Teper, il nikogda! Soznanye umirayet, Styd gasnet, sovest spit. Ni probleska krugom, Oдно nishtozhestvo svoi golos vozvyshayet.	It's time! Prophet, appear! With all the power of grief, with all the power of love, I summon you! Look, how infirm we are, look, how tired we've become, how helpless we are in the agonising struggle! It's now, or never! Consciousness expires, shame dies out, conscience sleeps. There's not a ray of light anywhere, only petty nothingness raises its voice.
--	---

---

## Interval

---

## Sergey Rachmaninov

### Brooding Op. 8 No. 3 (1893)

*Aleksey Pleshcheyev, after Taras Shevchenko*

Prokhodyat dni... prokhodyat nochi;	Days pass... nights pass;
Proshlo i leto; shelestit	summer's gone; the yellowed leaf
List pozheltevshii; gasnut ochi;	rustles; my eyes grow dim;
Zasnuli dumy; serdtse spit.	my thoughts are idle; the heart sleeps.
Zasnulo vsyo... Ne znayu ya - Zhivyosh li ty, dusha moya?	All's asleep... I wonder, are you alive, my soul?
Besstrastno ya glyazhu na svet, I netu slyoz, i smekha net!	I survey the world without passion, without tears, without laughter!
I dolya gde moya? Sudboyu,	And where's my destiny? Fate,
Znat, ne dano mne nikakoi...	I guess, hasn't given me one...
No yesli ya blagoi ne stoyu,	But if I don't deserve a good one,
Zachem ne vypalo khot zloi?	why didn't a bad one befall me?
Ne dai, o Bozhe! kak vo sne	Don't let me, God, as in a dream,
Bluzhdat... ostynut serdtsem mne.	wander... grow cold in my heart.
Gniloi kolodoi na puti	Don't let me be a rotten log
Lezhat menya ne dopusti.	that lies across the path.

No dai mne zhit, tvorets, O, dai mne serdtsem, serdtsem zhit!	But let me live, Creator, let me live by my heart, by my heart!
Shtob ya khvalil tvoji mir chudesnyi,	So I can praise your wondrous world,
Shtob mog ya blizhnevo lyubit!	so I can love my neighbour!
Strashna nevolya, tyazhko v nei!	Bondage is fearful! Heavy it is to bear...

### It cannot be Op. 34 No. 7 (1912)

*Apollon Maykov*

Ne mozhet byt! ne mozhet byt!	It cannot be! It cannot be!
Ona zhiva!... seichas prosnyotsya...	She is alive!...in a moment she'll wake up...
Smotrite: khochet govorit, Otkroyet ochi, ulybnyotsya,	Look: she wants to speak, she'll open her eyes, she'll smile;
Menya uvidevshi, poimyyot,	when she sees me, she'll understand,

Shto neuteshnyi plach moi znachit, I vdruk s ulybkoyu shepnet: „Ved ya zhiva! O chyom on plachet!“ No net! lezhit... tikha, nema, Nedvizhna...	what my inconsolable lament means, and suddenly with a smile she'll whisper: 'But I'm alive! What's he weeping for!' But no! She lies there... quiet, silent, not moving...
--	---

### You are so loved by all Op. 14 No. 6 (1896)

*Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy*

Tebja tak ljubjat vse; odin tvoj tikhij vid Vsekh delajet dobrej i s zhizniju mirit, No ty grustna, v tebe jest' skrytoje muchen'e, V dushe tvojeje zvuchit kakoj-to prigovor;	You are so loved by all; just your quiet look makes everyone better and life worth living. But you are sad, you have a secret torment, within your soul a verdict of some kind has been read.
Zachem tvoj laskovyj vseгда tak robok vzor, I ochi grustnyja tak moljat o proshchen'i, Kak budto solnca svet, i veshnije cvety, I ten' v poldnevnyj znoj, i shopot po dubravam, I dazhe vozdukh tot, kotorym dyshish' ty, Vse kazhetsja tebe stjazhanijem nepravym?	Why is your tender gaze so diffident, and why do your sad eyes beg forgiveness, as if the sun's light and the spring flowers, the shade in the noontime heat, the whispering in the oaks, and even the air you breathe, always seem to you a blessing undeserved?

### Yuliya Veysberg (1880-1942)

#### Alone I set out on the road (pub. 1911)

*Mikhail Lermontov*

Vykhozhu odin ya na dorogu;	Alone I set out on the road;
Skvoz tuman kremnistyi put blestit.	the flinty path sparkles in the mist.
Noch tikha. Pustynya vnemlet bogu,	Night is quiet. The wilderness attends to God,
I zvezda s zvezdoju govorit.	and stars converse between themselves.

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

V nebesakh torzhestvenno i chudno!	How solemn and miraculous are the heavens!
Spit zemlya v siyanye golubom...	The earth sleeps in azure radiance...
Shto zhe mne tak bolno i tak trudno?	So why do I feel such pain and such heaviness?
Zhu I chego? Zhaley u li o chyom?	What it is that I await? What is it that I regret?
Uzh ne zhdu ot zhizni nichevo ya, I ne zhal mne proshlovo nichut.	There's nothing left in life for me to wait for, nor is there anything at all I might regret.
Ya ishchu svobody i pokoya!	'Tis freedom and peace I seek!
Ya b khotel zabytsya i zasnut!	Oh how I long to lose myself in sleep!
No ne tem kholodnym snom mogily...	But not the chilly sleep of the tomb...
Ya by zhelal naveki tak zasnut,	I should long to fall sleep for ever,
Shtob v grudi dremali zhizni sily,	my life reposing within my breast,
Shtob, dysha, vzdymalas tikho grud,	my breast rising and falling with each breath.

Shtob, vsyu noch, ves den moi son leleya,	By day and night, my dreams would be rocked
Pro lyubov mne sladkii golos pel,	by a sweet voice, singing songs of love,
Nado mnoi shtob, vechno zeleneya,	and above me, eternally green,
Tyomyi dub sklonilsya i shumel.	a dark oak tree would bend and rustle.

## Sergey Rachmaninov

### Before the icon Op. 21 No. 10 (1902)

*Arseny Golenishchev-Kutuzov*

Ona pred ikonoi stoyala svyatoyu;	She stood before the holy icon;
Skrestilisya ruki, usta shevelilis;	her hands were crossed, her lips
Iz glaz yeya slyozy odna za drugoyu	were moving; tears, one after the
Po blednym shchyokam zhemchugami katilis.	other, fell from her eyes, rolling down her pale cheeks like pearls.
Ona povtorjaya vsyo chyo-to nazvanye,	She kept repeating the name of someone,
I vzor ozaryalsya molitvennym svetom;	her face glowed with a prayerful light;
I bylo tak mnogo lyubvi i stradanya,	and there was so much love and suffering,

Tak malo nadezhdy v molenii etom!	so little hope in her prayers!
Ona preklonilas i dolgo lezhala, Prilnuv golovoyu k zemle bezotvetnoi, Kak budto v tom leni nemom ozhidala, Shto golos nad neyu razdastsya privetnyi.	She knelt down and lay there long, pressing her head to the silent ground, as if in mute weariness expecting a loving voice above her to call out.
No bylo vsyo tikho v molchanii nochi, Lampada mertsala vo mrake trevozhnom, I skorbno smotreli Spasitelja ochi Na ochi, prosyashchiye o nevozmozhnom.	But all was quiet in the night's silence, the icon-lamp flickered in the anxious darkness, and the Saviour's eyes gazed down with sorrow at her eyes that were beseeching the impossible.

## Nikolay Roslavets (1881-1944)

### Morana (1909-11)

*Konstantin Balmont*

Polya vecherniye. Pechalnye zakaty.	Evening fields. Sad sunsets.
Kholodnost blednaya osennikh oblakov.	The pallid chill of autumnal clouds.
V grustyashchei pamyati videnya tesno szhaty.	Visions closely pressed in melancholy memory.
Sozdanya dnei inykh i nevozratnykh snov.	Creations of bygone days and irrecoverable dreams.

Tikhonko setuya, pechalyas, i toskuya,	Quietly mourning, grieving, and lamenting,
Bezzvuchno shepchutsya poblyokshiye mechty.	pale dreams whisper silently.
I slovno chuditsya proshchalnost potseluya	A parting kiss seems to be vaguely present
V tumanno shestvii vechernei temnoty.	in the dim procession of the evening darkness.

### Quiet twilight (1913)

*Valery Bryusov*

Sumrak tikhii, sumrak tainyi,	Quiet twilight, secret twilight,
Drug, davno znakomyi mne,	a friend I've known for long,
Beznachalniy i beskrainyi,	no beginning, nor sense of ending,
Prizrak, zyblyushchii tumany,	a ghost who sets the mists aquiver



Vyshel v les i na polyany,	emerges in the woods and fields,
Shto-to shepchet tishine.	whispering into the silence.
Ne slova i molitvy staroi,	Are these the words of an old prayer,
Drevnei, kak sama semlya?	as ancient as the earth itself?
I opyat, pod vechnoi charoi,	And again, beneath the eternal chalice,
Stali prizrachnoi khimeroi	a ghostly chimera is become
Skudnyi log, oreshnik seryi,	of the meagre gully, the grey hazel,
Zashosseinye polya.	and the paths across the fields.

Drevnii, vechnyi son stoletii,	The ancient, eternal dream of centuries
V svete zvyozd, opyat voznik:	has once again arisen in the light of stars:
I vsya zhizn – lish vetvi eti,	and life is nothing but these branches,
Mir – klochok rosisty luga,	the world is a dewy corner of a meadow,
Gde usta nashli drug druga,	where lips have found each other,
Vechnost – etot tyomnyi mig!	and eternity is this dark moment!

## Sergey Rachmaninov

So long our love has known so little joy

Op. 14 No. 3 (1896)

Afanasy Fet

Davno v lyubvi otrady malo.	So long our love has known so little joy.
Bez otzyva vzdokhi, bez radosti slyozy;	Unanswered sighs, unhappy tears;
Shto bylo sladko, gorko stalo,	what was sweet has turned bitter,
Osypalis rozy, rasseyalis gryozy.	the roses have lost their petals, the dreams have scattered.
Ostav menya, smeshai s tolpoyu!	Let me go, lose me in the crowd!
No ty otvernulas, a setuyesh vidno,	but you turned away, yet still feel regret,
I vsyo yeshchyo bolna ty mnoyu.	still love me, still cling to this affliction.
O, kak zhe mne tyazhko, i kak mne obidno!	Oh, how hard this is for me, how it hurts me!

## Nikolay Roslavets

Swans (1910-1)

Vyacheslav Ivanov

Lebedi belye klichut i pleshchutsya...	White swans call out and plash...
Prud – kak moglia, a zapad – v pylaniyakh...	The pond is like a grave, the west is all ablaze...
Drozhyu predsmertnuyu listya trepushchutsya –	Leaves tremble with the quivering premonition of death –
Serditse v poslednikh sgorayet zhelaniyakh!	the heart burns up in its final desires!
Kraski vozdushnye, povecherelye	Aerial colours, colours of evening,
K solntsu v nevidannykh Inut okryleniyakh...	cling to the sun in unfamiliar outbursts...
Klichut nad sumrakom lebedi belye –	Above the twilight, the white swans cry out –
Serditse iskhodit v poslednikh tomленийakh!	the heart exhausts itself in its final turmoil!
Za mimolyotno-otsvetnymi blikami	Beyond the fleeting, flashing flares,
S zhaloboi reya pronzyonno-unyloyu,	I soar, my song shot through with grief,
V lad ya poyu s ikh vechernimi klikami –	I sing in harmony with their evening cries –
Lebed sedoi and osennei mogiloi...	a white swan above the autumnal tomb...

## Sergey Rachmaninov

You knew him Op. 34 No. 9 (1912)

Fyodor Tyutchev

Ty znal yevo v krugu bolshyovo sveta –	You knew him in the beau monde,
To svoyenravno-vesel, to ugryum,	now blithe, now morose,
Rasseyan, dik il polon tainykh dum,	distracted, rude, or full of secret thoughts,
Takov poet i ty prezrel poeta!	such is the poet – and you disdained him!
Na mesyats glyan: ves den, kak oblak toshchii,	Regard the moon: by day, a scraggy cloud,
On v nebesakh yedva ne iznemog;	he's faint and barely visible overhead
Nastala noch, i svetozarnyi bog,	but when the night comes, he's a god of light,
Siyayet on, nad usyplennoi roshchei!	and shines so brightly above the sleeping grove!

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

## The ring Op. 26 No. 14 (1906)

Aleksey Koltsov

Ya zateplyu svechu  
Vosku yarovo,  
Raspayayu koltso  
Druga milovo...  
I will light a candle  
of pure white wax,  
I will melt the ring  
of my beloved friend.

Zagoris, razgoris,  
Rokovoi ogon!  
Raspayai, rastopi  
Chisto zoloto!  
Flare up, burn bright,  
fateful fire!  
Grow soft and melt  
pure yellow gold!

Bez nevo dlya menya  
Ty ne nadobno;  
Bez nevo na ruke  
Kamen na  
serdtse.  
If I don't have him  
I don't need you,  
if I don't have him,  
you're a stone on my  
heart.

Chto vzgljanu, to vzdochnu,  
Zatoskuyusya.  
I zalyutsya glaza  
Gorkim gorem slyoz.  
I stare, then sigh,  
I'm filled with despair.  
My eyes spill over  
in bitter tears of grief.

Vozvratitsya li on?  
Ili vestochkoi  
Ozhivit li menya,  
Bezuteshnuyu?  
Will he ever come back?  
Or send some word  
to revive me,  
inconsolable?

Net nadezhdy v dushe...  
Ty rassypsy zhe  
Zolotoi slezoi,  
Pamyat milovo!  
My soul has lost hope,  
so melt away too,  
like a golden tear,  
all memory of him!

Nevredimo, cherno  
Na ogne koltso,  
I zvenit po stolu  
Pamyat  
vechnuyu...  
The ring is indestructible,  
blackened in the fire,  
it jangles on the table,  
a memory that will not  
die...

## Samuil Feinberg (1890-1962)

### Loch Lomond Op. 18 No. 1 (1932)

*Traditional, trans. V Dikiy*

Po zeleni trav cherez  
chashchu dubrav,  
Potikhonku vyidya iz  
domu,  
Lish zvyozdy rozhdalis,  
my s miloi shli  
tuda,  
Gde lazuryu bleshchet nash  
Lokh-Lomond.  
By yon bonny banks and  
by yon bonny braes  
where the sun shines  
bright on Loch Lomond  
where me and my true  
love were ever wont to  
gae  
on the bonny bonny  
banks of Loch Lomond

Ya s gornoi vershiny,  
ty roza  
doliny,  
Semya ne otpustit v nagorye!  
O ye'll take the high road,  
and I'll take the low  
road  
and I'll be in Scotland  
afore ye  
for me and my true love  
will never meet again  
on the bonny bonny  
banks of Loch Lomond

### Fishermen's nocturne Op. 18 No. 5 (1932)

*Traditional, trans. Dmitry Usov*

Bratya! Poite pesnya  
nashu.  
Noch tak tikha.  
More gladko, slovne v  
chashe,  
Noch tak tikha.  
Gul ne slyshen  
okeana,  
Stikhla vlazhnaya  
moryana.  
Tayet pelena  
tumana.  
Noch tak tikha.  
Brothers! Let us sing our  
song.  
So quiet is the night.  
The sea is still, as if held  
in a cup,  
so quiet is the night.  
The ocean's roar cannot  
be heard,  
the watery elements have  
calmed.  
The skeins of fog  
disperse.  
So quiet is the night.

No sevodnya stikhli  
buri.  
Noch tak tikha.  
Mesyats derzhit put  
v lazuri.  
Noch tak tikha.  
Dremlet bereg snom obyatyi,  
Stavte parus svoi kosmatyi.  
Zavtra budet lov  
bogatyi.  
Noch tak tikha.  
Now the storms have  
calmed.  
So quiet is the night.  
The moon sheds its blue  
light on our way.  
So quiet is the night.  
The shore sleeps in  
slumber deep,  
hoist the ragged sail aloft.  
Tomorrow we will land a  
rich catch.  
So quiet is the night.

*Arensky original text by Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited by Philip Ross Bullock. All translations except Rachmaninov by Philip Ross Bullock. Rachmaninov by Richard D Sylvester from Rachmaninoff's Complete Songs: A Companion with Texts and Translations published by Indiana University Press.*