

# WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 9 September 2023  
7.30pm

Asmik Grigorian soprano  
Lukas Geniušas piano

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893) Amid the din of the ball Op. 38 No. 3 (1878)  
Again, as before, alone Op. 73 No. 6 (1893)  
None but the lonely heart Op. 6 No. 6 (1869)  
A tear trembles Op. 6 No. 4 (1869)  
Romance in F minor Op. 5 (1868)  
Scherzo humoristique Op. 19 No. 2 (1873)  
I bless you, forests Op. 47 No. 5 (1880)  
Do not ask Op. 57 No. 3 (1884)

### *Interval*

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943) In the silence of the secret night Op. 4 No. 3 (?1892)  
Sing not to me, beautiful maiden Op. 4 No. 4 (?1892-3)  
Child, thou art as beautiful as a flower Op. 8 No. 2 (1893)  
The Dream Op. 8 No. 5 (1893)  
Spring waters Op. 14 No. 11 (1896)  
Oh, do not grieve Op. 14 No. 8 (1896)  
I wait for thee Op. 14 No. 1 (1894)  
Prelude in G sharp minor Op. 32 No. 12 (1910)  
Prelude in D flat Op. 32 No. 13 (1910)  
Twilight Op. 21 No. 3 (1902)  
How fair this spot Op. 21 No. 7 (1902)  
Let us rest Op. 26 No. 3 (1906)  
Dissonance Op. 34 No. 13 (1912)

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



Our Audience Fund provides essential unrestricted support for our artistic and learning programmes, connecting thousands of people with music locally, nationally, and internationally. We rely on the generosity of our audience to raise £150,000 each year to support this work. Your gifts are, and continue to be, indispensable. To donate, please visit <https://wigmore-hall.org.uk/support-us/wigmore-hall-audience-fund>

*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](http://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



**Tchaikovsky's** distinguished career as a song composer might have surprised those who knew him as a student at the St Petersburg Conservatory in the early 1860s. One friend recalled his determination 'never to write any small pieces for piano, or songs. He spoke of the latter with the greatest dislike.' Yet Tchaikovsky went on to compose a hundred or so songs – or *romances*, as they are called in Russian – that were enthusiastically taken up by both salon amateurs and Imperial Russia's professional opera singers.

Tchaikovsky had excellent taste in literature and sought out poems that could convey the intimate emotions that he believed were essential to great music. This can be seen in one of his earliest romances, a setting of one of Mignon's songs from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* in a translation by Lev Mey, indelibly known as 'None but the lonely heart' in English (1869). He would turn to *Wilhelm Meister* again in 'Do not ask' (1884), this time in a translation by Alexander Strugovshchikov. It is tempting to see this song's evocation of silence as a reflection of Tchaikovsky's emotional predicament. Whilst claims that he committed suicide in 1893 to avoid a public scandal can be readily discounted, he was nonetheless worried that rumours about his homosexuality might damage his reputation as Russia's most celebrated living composer.

Tchaikovsky's very final song – 'Again, as before, alone' – is a bleak testament to a life of unhappy solitude. Yet as he cautioned the young poet, Daniil Rathaus, in the summer of 1893: 'I hate it when people try to peer into my soul. In my music I claim extreme sincerity; I am on the whole inclined to sad songs, yet at the same time, I can generally consider myself a happy person!' 'Amid the din of the ball' (1878) – to words by Alexei Tolstoy, a distant cousin of the great novelist – show Tchaikovsky in more winsome mood, and in both 'A tear trembles' (1869) and 'I bless you, forests' (1880), the vagaries of human love are set in a more philosophical, even pantheistic context.

Like his songs, Tchaikovsky's piano miniatures were designed to appeal to Russia's growing caste of domestic music lovers, as well as providing the composer and his publisher with a ready source of much needed income. The *Romance in F minor* dates from 1868 and is dedicated to the Belgian diva, Désirée Artôt, to whom Tchaikovsky was briefly engaged (she married a Spanish baritone shortly afterwards). The *Scherzo humoristique* is rather more ambitious – it is dedicated, in fact, to Vera Timanova, a former child prodigy who went on to study with Liszt.

Tchaikovsky's pieces for solo piano music constitute one of the least familiar aspects of his creativity. The same cannot be said of **Rachmaninov**, who fashioned a career as a great composer-pianist in the tradition of Chopin, Liszt and Anton Rubinstein. The 24 preludes – one in each major and minor key – that he composed between 1892 and 1910 clearly emulate the example of

Chopin and signal the young Russian's desire to embody the grand Romantic tradition. Luckily for us, recordings attest to his remarkable ability to make the piano 'sing'. In fact, Rachmaninov understood the human voice as intimately as he did his own instrument. He was surrounded by singers throughout his life – and after the dramatic failure of his first symphony in 1897, he found a creative outlet as a conductor, first at the Moscow Private Opera and then at the city's Bolshoi Theatre.

In his earliest *romances*, Rachmaninov developed and refined the tradition that he had inherited from Tchaikovsky, often favouring the same poets and sometimes even the very same texts associated with the older composer. 'In the silence of the secret night' (1893) takes a feverishly erotic poem by Afanasy Fet, and Alexander Pushkin's 'Sing not to me, beautiful maiden' (1893) evokes Russia's longstanding fascination with East Asia. Like so many Russian composers, Rachmaninov was equally drawn to German Romanticism, as exemplified by two delicate translations of Heine that he included in his *6 Romances* Op. 8 (1893). Many of the dedications of these early songs were to significant women in his life – 'Sing not to me, beautiful maiden' and 'The Dream' were inspired by his first cousin, Natalya Skalon, whom he would eventually marry in 1902.

Rachmaninov also proved himself to be remarkably sensitive to female creativity and he was one of the first composers to turn to a growing body of Russian women's writing. 'I wait for thee' (1896) sets words by Mariya Davidova, and in 'How fair this spot' (1902), he takes a delicate landscape by Galina (pseudonym of Glafira Mamoshina). Galina's poetry was despised by members of Russia's highbrow literary elite, yet like Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninov knew exactly what kind of poetry would lend itself to the art of song. His astute feeling for words also characterises 'Let us rest' (1906), a stoically moving setting of Sonya's final monologue from Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*.

As a virtuoso pianist, Rachmaninov often provided his songs with lyrically expressive piano parts, as in 'Spring waters' (1896), to words by Fyodor Tyutchev. But he soon learned to temper this approach to song with something more tersely dramatic. It is already there in 'Oh, do not grieve' (1896), to words by Alexey Apukhtin (Tchaikovsky's exact contemporary and, according to some, his lover), and Rachmaninov's subsequent encounter with Fyodor Chaliapin – and through him, the operas of Musorgsky – gave rise to a more attentive, declamatory approach to text setting, beautifully captured in 'Twilight' (1902). 'Dissonance' (1912) is a miniature operatic *scena*. Taking words by the Viennese poet Ada Christen, in a free Russian version by Yakov Polonsky, it is dedicated to the great Wagnerian soprano, Félia Litvinne.

© Philip Ross Bullock 2023

*Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.*

## Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

### Amid the din of the ball Op. 38 No. 3 (1878)

*Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy*

Sred shumnogo bala,  
sluchaino,  
V trevoge mirskoi suety,  
Tebya ya uvidel, no  
taina  
Tvoi pokryvala cherty.

Amid the din of the ball,  
by chance  
in all of vain society's alarms,  
I caught sight of you, but  
a mystery  
hid your features from me.

Lish ochi pechalno  
glyadeli,  
A golos tak divno  
zvuchal,  
Kak zvon otdalyonnoi  
svireli,  
Kak morya igrayushchii  
val.

Your eyes were gazing  
sadly,  
but your voice had a  
wonderful sound,  
like notes played on a  
distant flute,  
like waves swelling  
playfully in the sea.

Mne stan tvoy ponravilsya  
tonkii,  
I ves tvoi zadumchiviy vid,  
A smekh tvoi, i grustnyi i  
zvonkii,  
S tekh por v moyom serdtse  
zvuchit.

I liked your slim  
figure  
and your pensive look;  
your laughter, sad and  
musical,  
rings in my heart ever  
since.

V chasy odinokiye nochi,  
Lyublyu ya, ustalyi prilech.  
Ya vizhu pechalnye ochi,  
Ya slyshu vesyoluyu rech.

At night in solitary hours,  
tired, I like to lie back.  
I see your sad eyes,  
I hear your gay speech.

I grustno ya, grustno tak  
zasypayu,  
I v gryozakh nevedomykh  
splyu;  
Lyublyu li tebya? Ya ne  
znayu  
No kazhetsya mne, chto  
lyublyu ...

And, melancholy, I fall  
asleep  
and dream mysterious  
dreams...  
I don't know if this means  
I love you,  
but it seems to me I'm in  
love!

### Again, as before, alone Op. 73 No. 6 (1893)

*Daniil Maksimovich Rathaus*

Snova, kak prezhde, odin,  
Snova obyat ya toskoi.  
Smotritsya topol v  
okno,  
Ves ozaryonnyi lunoi.

Again, as before, I'm alone,  
again I'm filled with longing.  
A poplar stands by the  
window,  
flooded with moonlight.

Smotritsya topol v  
okno,  
Shepchut o chyom-to  
listy.  
V zvyozdakh goryat  
nebesa ...  
Gde teper, milaya,  
ty?

A poplar stands by the  
window,  
the leaves are whispering  
about something.  
The sky is aflame with  
stars ...  
Where now, darling, are  
you?

Vsyo, chto tvoritsya so mnoi,  
Ya peredat ne berus...  
Drug! pomolis za menya,  
Ya za tebya uzh molyus.

I couldn't begin to tell you  
all that's happening to me ...  
Friend! Say a prayer for me,  
I am praying for you.

### None but the lonely heart Op. 6 No. 6 (1869)

*Lev Aleksandrovich Mey, after Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Net, tolko tot, kto znal  
Svidanya zhazhdu,  
Poimyyot, kak ya stradal  
I kak ya strazhdu.

No, only one who's known  
longing to be together,  
can know what I've suffered  
and how I'm suffering.

Glyazhu ya vdal... net sil,  
Tuskneyet oko...  
Akh, kto menya lyubil  
I znal – dalyoko!

I gaze at the distance... faint,  
my eye grows dim...  
ah, how far away's the one  
who loved me, knew me!

Akh, tolko tot, kto znal  
Svidanya zhazhdu,  
Poimyyot, kak ya stradal  
I kak ya strazhdu.

Ah, only one who's known  
longing to be together,  
can know what I've suffered  
and how I'm suffering.

Vsya grud gorit... Kto  
znal  
Svidanya zhazhdu,  
Poimyyot, kak ya stradal  
I kak ya strazhdu.

My heart's on fire...  
whoever's known  
longing to be together,  
knows what I've suffered  
and how I'm suffering.

### A tear trembles Op. 6 No. 4 (1869)

*Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy*

Sleza drozhit v tvoyom  
revnivom vzore –  
O, ne grusti, ty vsyo mne  
doroga!  
No ya lyubit mogu lish na  
prostore –  
Moyu lyubov, shirokuyu kak  
more,  
Vmestit ne mogut, net!  
vmestit ne mogut  
Zhizni berega.

A tear trembles in your  
jealous gaze -  
oh, don't be sad, you're  
dear to me as ever!  
But I can only love in  
boundless freedom -  
my love is wide as the  
sea,  
life's shores cannot,  
no!  
Cannot contain it all.

O, ne grusti, moi drug,  
zemnoye minet gore,  
Pozhdi yeshchyo – nevolya  
nedolga –  
V odnu lyubov, my vse  
solyomsya vskore,  
V odnu lyubov, shirokuyu  
kak more,  
Chto ne vmestyat, net! chto  
ne vmestyat  
Zemnye berega.

Oh, don't be sad, my love,  
earthly grief will pass,  
wait a little longer - this  
bondage is brief -  
soon we all will merge  
into love alone,  
into a love as wide as the  
sea,  
that earthly shores never,  
no!  
Never could contain.

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

## Romance in F minor Op. 5 (1868)

## Scherzo humoristique Op. 19 No. 2 (1873)

### I bless you, forests Op. 47 No. 5 (1880)

*Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy*

Blagoslovlyayu vas, lesa, Doliny, nivы, gory, vody, Blagoslovlyayu ya svobodu I golubye nebesa! I posokh moi blagoslovlyayu, I etu bednyuyu sumu, I step ot krayu i do krayu, I solntsa svet, i nochi tmu, I odinokuyu tropinku, Po koyei, nishchii, ya idu, I v pole kazhduyu bylinku, I v nebe kazhduyu zvezdu! O, esli b mog vsyu zhizn smeshat ya, Vsyu dushu vmeste s vami slit, O, esli b mog v moi obyatya Ya vas, vragi, druzya i bratya, I vsyu prirodu, i vsyu prirodu V moi obyatya zaklyuchit!	I bless you, forests, valleys, fields of grain, mountains, waters, I bless freedom and blue skies! And my pilgrim's staff I bless, and this poor knapsack and the steppe from edge to edge the sun's light, and night's darkness, and the solitary path, along which I, a poor man, walk, and every blade of grass in the field, and every star in the sky! Oh, if only I could merge all of life, with my soul and all of you, oh, if I could gather in my embrace you, foes, friends, and brothers, and all of nature, and all of nature, and hold you all in my embrace!
---	--

### Do not ask Op. 57 No. 3 (1884)

*Aleksandr Strugovshchikov, after Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Ne sprashivai, ne vyzyvai priznanya! Molchanya lezhit na mne pechat; Vsyu vyskazat – odno moyo zhelanye, No vtaine ya obrechena stradat!	Ask no question, nor bid me bare my soul! My vow of silence is unbreakable: my one desire is to tell everything, but my fate is to suffer in secret!
Tam vechnyi lyod vershiny pokryvayet, Zdes na polya legla nochnaya ten, S vesnoyu vnov istochnik zaigrayet,	Eternal ice covers the heights above, here below, night's shadow lies on the fields: with spring the pure stream will flow again,

S zaryoyu vnov proglyanet Bozhii den.	with dawn God's daylight will shine forth.
--	---

I vsem, i vsem dano v chas skorbi uteshenye, Ukazan drug, shtob serdtse oblegchit: Mne s klyatvoi na ustakh dano odno terpenye, I tolko Bog, i tolko Bog, ikh mozhet razreshit!	All, all are given comfort in the hour of painful grief, a friend to ease the troubled heart: to me patience alone is ordained, with a vow on my lips, And only God, and only God can unseal them!
---	--

---

## Interval

---

## Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

### In the silence of the secret night Op. 4 No. 3

(?1892)

*Afanasy Afanasyevich Fet*

O, dolga budu ya, v molchani nochi tainoi, Kovarnyi lepet tvoei, ulybku, vzor, vzor sluchainyi, Perstam poslushnuyu volos, volos tvoikh gustuyu pryad Iz myslei izgonyat i snova prizyvay; Sheptat i popravlyat bylye vyrazheniya Rechei moikh s toboi, ispolnennykh smushcheniya, I v opyaneni, naperekor umu, Zavetnym imenem budit nochnuyu tmu. O, dolgo budu ya, v molchani nochi tainoi, Zavetnym imenem budit nochnuyu tmu.	O, long will I, in the silence of the mysterious night, your sly chatter, smile, glance, casual glance, hair pliant to my fingers, your thick shock of hair, banish from my thoughts and summon back again, whisper and improve past words I spoke to you, so full of shy confusion, and in rapture against all reason, awake night's darkness with your cherished name. O, long will I, in the silence of the mysterious night, awake night's darkness with your cherished name.
---	--

## Sing not to me, beautiful maiden Op. 4 No. 4

(?1892-3)

*Aleksandr Sergeevich Pushkin*

Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne	Sing not to me, beautiful maiden,
Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi: Napominayut mne one	your songs of sad Georgia: they remind me
Druguyu zhizn i bereg dalnoi.	of another life and distant shore.

Uvy, napominayut mne	Alas, they bring back memories,
Tvoi zhestokiye napevy I step, i noch, i pri lune	your cruel melodies, of the steppe at night, and, in the moonlight,
Cherty dalyokoi, bednoi devy!...	the features of a poor maiden far away!...

Ya prizrak milyi, rokovoi, Tebya uvidev, zabyvayu; No ty poyosh i predomnoi Ego ya vnov voobrazhayu.	Seeing you, I forget that dear, fateful vision; but when you sing, again I imagine it before me.
---	---

Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne	Sing not to me, beautiful maiden,
Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi: Napominayut mne one	your songs of sad Georgia: they remind me
Druguyu zhizn i bereg dalnoi.	of another life and distant shore.

## Child, thou art as beautiful as a flower Op. 8 No. 2 (1893)

*Aleksey Pleshcheyev, after Heinrich Heine*

Ditya! kak tsvetok, ty prekrasna,	Child! you are as fair as a flower,
Svetla, i chista, i mila, Smotryu na tebya, i lyubuyus,	bright, and pure, and dear, I look at you and admire you,
I snova dusha ozhyla ...	and again my soul is alive ...

Okhotno b tebe na golovku Ya ruki svoi vozlozhil,	Gladly would I lay my hands on your small head,
Prosy shtoby Bog tebya vechno	asking that God keep you
Prekrasnoi i chistoi khranil.	fair and pure forever.

## The Dream Op. 8 No. 5 (1893)

*Aleksey Pleshcheyev, after Heinrich Heine*

I u menya byl krai rodnoi; Prekrasen on!	I too had a native land; so beautiful!
Tam yel kachalas nado mnoi...	A fir tree swayed above me there ...
No to byl son!	but it was a dream!

Semya druzei zhiva byla So vsek storon	My family were living friends and all around me
Zvuchali mne lyubvi slova ...	words of love were spoken ...
No to byl son!	but it was a dream!

## Spring waters Op. 14 No. 11 (1896)

*Fyodor Tyutchev*

Yeshchyo v polyakh beleyet sneg,	The fields are still white with snow,
A vody uzh vesnoi shumyat,	but already the waters are proclaiming spring,
Begut i budyat sonnyi breg,	running along and waking sleepy riverbanks,
Begut i bleshchut, i glasyat.	running and glittering and declaring.

Oni glasyat vo vse kontsy:	They declare in all directions:
'Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot!	'Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
My molodoi vesny gontsy,	We are the heralds of young spring,
Ona nas vyslala vperyod.	she sent us in advance.

Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot!	Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
I tikhikh, tyoplykh maiskikh dnei	And the still, warm days of May
Rumyanyi, svetyi khorovod	in a rosy, bright circle- dance,
Tolpitsya veselo za nei.	crowd together and gaily follow behind.

## Oh, do not grieve Op. 14 No. 8 (1896)

*Aleksey Apukhtin*

O, ne grusti po mne! Ya tam, gde net stradanya.	Oh, do not grieve for me! There is no suffering where I am.
Zabud bylykh skorbei muchitelnye sny...	Forget the painful dreams of past sorrows.
Pust budut obo mne tvoï vospominanya	May all your memories of me be
Svetlei, chem pervyi den vesny.	brighter than the first day of spring.
O, ne toskui po mne! Mezh nami net razluki:	Oh, do not pine for me! We are not separated from each other.
Ya tak zhe, kak i vstar, dushe tvoyei blizka,	I am as near to you in soul as in the past.
Menya po-prezhnemu tvoï volnuyut muki,	As before, your anguish troubles me,
Menya gnetyot tvoya toska.	and your longing brings me pain.
Zhivï! ty dolzhen zhit. I yesli siloi chuda	Live! You must live! And if by some miracle
Ty zdes naidyosh otradu i pokoi,	you should find happiness and peace here,
To znai, chto eto ya otkliknulas ottuda	know that it was I who answered from afar
Na zov dushi tvoyei bolnoi.	the call of your wounded soul.

## I wait for thee Op. 14 No. 1 (1894)

*Mariya Davidova*

Ya zhdu tebya! Zakat ugas,	I'm waiting for you! Dusk has fallen,
I nochi tyomnye pokrovy Spustitsya na zemlyu gotovy	and night's dark veils are ready to descend to earth
I spryatat nas!	and make us hidden.
Ya zhdu tebya! Dushistoi mgloi	I'm waiting for you! Night has suffused
Noch napoila mir usnuvshii	the sleeping world with fragrant shadows
I razluchilsya den minuvshii	and the passing day has said farewell
Na vek s zemlyoi!	forever to the earth!
Ya zhdu! Terzayas i lyubya,	I'm waiting! In torment and in love,
Schitayu kazhdye mgnovenya, Polna toski i neterpenya,	I count each moment, in longing and impatience.
Ya zhdu tebya!	I'm waiting for you!

## Prelude in G sharp minor Op. 32 No. 12 (1910)

## Prelude in D flat Op. 32 No. 13 (1910)

## Twilight Op. 21 No. 3 (1902)

*Jean-Marie Guyau, trans. Ivan Tkhorzhevsky*

Ona zadumalas. Odna 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 nebss ronyaya luch svoï 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.

## How fair this spot Op. 21 No. 7 (1902)

*Galina*

Zdes khorosho...Vzglyani: vdali	Here it's so fine...Look: in the distance
Ognyom gorit reka, Tsvetnym kovrom luga legli,	the river glitters like fire, the meadows are a carpet of colour,
Beleyut oblaka.	there are white clouds overhead.
Zdes net lyudei...Zdes tishina...	Here there are no people ...it's so quiet...
Zdes tolko Bog da ya. Tsvety, da staraya sosna,	here are only God and I. And the flowers, and the old pine tree,
Da ty, mechta moya...	and you, my dream...

### Let us rest Op. 26 No. 3 (1906)

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov

My otdokhnyom! My uslyshim angelov, My uvidim vsyo nebo v almazakh, My uvidim, kak vsyo zlo zemnoye, Vse nashi stradaniya potonut v miloserdii, Kotoroye napolnit soboyu ves mir, I nasha zhizn stanet tikhoyu, Nezhnoyu, sladkoyu, kak laska. Ya veruyu, veruyu... My otdokhnyom... My otdokhnyom.	We shall rest! We shall hear the angels, we shall see the heaven, all clad in diamonds, we shall see all earthly evil, all our sufferings drown in mercy, a mercy that will cover the whole earth, and our lives will become as peaceful, tender and sweet as a caress. I believe, I believe... We shall rest... we shall rest.
---	---

### Dissonance Op. 34 No. 13 (1912)

Yakov Polonsky

Pust po vole sudeb ya rasstalas s toboi, Pust drugoi obladayet moyei krasotoi! Iz obyatii ego, iz nochnoi dukhoti, Unoshus ya dalyoko na krylyakh mechty. Vizhu snova nash staryi, zapushchyonnyi sad: Otrazhyonnyi v prude potukhayet zakat, Pakhnet lipovym tsvetom v prokhlade allei; Za prudom, gde-to v roshche, urchit solovei... Ya steklyanuyu dver otvorila, drozhu, Ya iz mraka v tainstvennyi sumrak glyazhu... Chu! tam khrustnula vetka, ne ty li shagnul?! Vstrepenulasya ptichka, ne ty li spugnul?! Ya prislushivayus, ya muchitelno zhdu, Ya na shelest shagov tvoikh tikho idu – Kholodit moi chleny to strast to isrug – Eto ty menya za ruku vzyal, milyi drug!? Eto ty ostorozhno tak obnyal menya, Eto tvoi potselui – potselui bez ognya!	Never mind that fate has parted us, and another man possesses my beauty! From his embraces, in the stifling night, I am carried far away on wings of dream. I see again our garden, old and overgrown: the setting sun reflected in the pond; the air smells of blossoms in the cool linden alleys; past the pond, in the grove, a nightingale is warbling ... I open the glass door, trembling, in darkness I gaze into the mysterious shadows, Hark! a stick cracked, was that you taking a step?! A bird flew up - was it you who startled it? I listen intently in an agony of expectation, I tiptoe toward the rustle of your footsteps, my limbs shiver with passion and fright, is it you taking my hand, my darling!? Is this cautious embrace you, is this kiss yours - a kiss without fire!
---	--

S bolyu v trepetnom  
serdtse, s volnenyem v  
krovi,

Ty ne smeyesh otdatsya  
bezumstvam lyubvi,  
I, vnimaya recham  
blagorodnym tvoim,

Ya ne smeyu dat volyu  
vlechenyam svoim,  
I drozhu, i shepchu tebe:  
milyi ty moi!

Pust vladeyet on zhalkoi  
moyei krasotoi!

Iz obyatii ego, iz nochoi  
dukhoty,

Ya opyat uletayu na krylyakh  
mечty,

V etot sad, v etu tem, vot na  
etu skamyu,

Gde vpervye podslushal ty  
dushu moyu...

Ya dushoyu slivayus s  
tvoyeyu dushoi,

Pust vladeyet on zhalkoi  
moyei krasotoi!

With pain in your trembling  
heart, with excitement in  
your blood,

you don't dare to surrender  
to mad flights of love,  
and, listening to your  
noble words,

I dare not give vent to my  
own feelings,  
and I tremble, and whisper  
to you: darling of mine!

So what if he possesses  
my poor beauty!

From his embraces, in the  
stifling night,

I am carried away again  
on wings of dream,

to this garden, this  
darkness, this bench,

where you first listened  
secretly to my soul ...

And again I merge my  
soul with yours -

so what if he possesses  
my poor beauty!

*Translations of Tchaikovsky by Richard D Sylvester from Tchaikovsky's Complete Songs: A Companion with Texts and Translations published by Indiana University Press. Rachmaninov except 'Let us rest' by Richard D Sylvester from Rachmaninoff's Complete Songs: A Companion with Texts and Translations published by Indiana University Press. 'Let us rest' by Philip Ross Bullock.*