

COMPLETE SONGS

COMPACT DISC 51

1 Pesn Zemfori

Stariy muzh, grozniy muzh, rezh menya,
Stariy muzh, grozniy muzh, zhgi menya:
Ya tverda, ne boyus ni ognya, ni mecha.
Rezh menya, zhgi menya!

Nenavizhu tebya, prezirayu tebya;
Ya drugovo lyublyu, umirayu lyubya.

On svezheye vesni,
zharche letnevo dnya;
Kak on molod i smel!
Kak on lyubit menya!

2 Mezza notte

Poco è l'ora ormai lontana,
Palpitando il cor l'aspetta,
Già rimbomba la campana...
E tu dormi, o mia diletta?
Ti fuggi forse del cor:
Mezza notte è il nostro amor,
Notte è il nostro amor.

Pari a nota di liuto
Nel silenzio di quest'ora
Odo il timido saluto
Di colei che m'innamora
E ripeto a quel tenor:
Mezza notte è il nostro amor,
Notte è il nostro amor.

Amor misero e verace
Delle tenebre si giova,
Tace il mondo ed ei non tace,
Ma il suo gemito rinnova
Fin che spuntò il primo albor:
Mezza notte è il nostro amor,
Notte è il nostro amor.

3 Zabìt tak skoro

Zabìt tak skoro, bozhe moy,
Vse schast'ye zhizni prozhito!
Vse nashi vstrechi, razgovori
Zabìt tak skoro, zabìt tak skoro!

Zemphira's Song

Old husband, harsh husband, stab me,
old husband, harsh husband, burn me;
I am strong and fear neither fire, nor blade.
Stab me, burn me!

I hate you, I despise you;
I love another, and I die still loving.

He is fresher than spring,
warmer than a summer's day;
he is so young and brave!
How he loves me!

Midnight

The hour is not yet come,
my heart beats in expectation,
the bell has already rung...
Are you sleeping, my darling?
Can you escape my heart:
Midnight is our love,
night is our love.

A lute seems to sound
in the silence of this hour
or it is a timid greeting
from her who fascinates me,
and someone repeats:
Midnight is our love,
night is our love.

Unhappy and all-consuming love
rejoices in twilight,
the world is silent but the heart is not,
its cries renew all the time
until the first dawn:
Midnight is our love,
night is our love.

To forget so soon

To forget so soon, oh God,
all the happiness of life!
All our meetings and conversations,
to forget so soon, forget so soon!

Zabìt volnen'ya pervikh dney,
Svidan'ya chas v teni vetvey!
Ochey nemie razgovori
Zabìt tak skoro, zabìt tak skoro!

Zabìt, kak polnaya luna
Na nas glyadela iz okna,
Kak kolikhalas tikho shtora...
Zabìt tak skoro, zabìt tak skoro,
Tak skoro!

Zabìt lyubov, zabìt mechtì,
Zabìt te klyatvì, pomnish tì,
Pomnish tì, pomnish tì,
V nochnuyu pasmurnuyu poru,
V nochnuyu pasmurnuyu poru?

Zabìt tak skoro, tak skoro!
Bozhe moy!

4 Kolìbelnaya pesnya

Spi, ditya moyo, spi, usni!
Sladkiy son k sebe mani.
V nyanki ya tebe vzyala
Veter, solntse i orla.

Uletel orel domoy;
Solntse skrilos pod vodoy;
Veter posle trekh nochey
Mchitsya k materi svoey.

Sprashivala vetra mat:
"Gde izvolil propadat?
Ali zvezdì voeval?
Ali volni vse gonyal?"

"Ne gonyal ya voli morskikh,
Zvezd ne trogal zolotikh;
Ya ditya oberegal,
Kolìbelochku kachal!"

Spi, ditya moyo, spi, usni!
Sladkiy son k sebe mani.
V nyanki ya tebe vzyala
Veter, solntse i orla.

5 Pogodi

Pogodi! Dlya chevo toropitsya!
Ved i tak zhizn nesetsya streloy!

To forget the excitement of the first days,
rendez-vous in the boughs' shade!
Silent conversations with our eyes.
To forget so soon? Forget so soon!

To forget how the full moon
beamed upon us from the window,
how the blinds fluttered softly...
To forget so soon, forget so soon,
so soon!

To forget love, forget dreams,
forget promises, do you remember,
do you remember, do you remember,
in the cloudy night,
in the cloudy night?

To forget so soon, so soon!
Oh God!

Lullaby

Sleep, my babe, go to sleep!
Bid sweet slumber come to you.
To be your nurses I asked
the wind, the sun and the eagle.

The eagle has flown home;
the sun has hidden beneath the water;
after three nights, the wind
flies off to its mother.

The wind's mother asks:
'Where did you vanish to?
Were you waging war with stars
or chasing waves?'

'I was neither chasing the ocean waves
nor disturbing the golden stars;
I was protecting a child,
and rocking a cradle!'

Sleep, my babe, go to sleep!
Bid sweet slumber come to you.
To be your nurses I have asked
the wind, the sun and the eagle.

Wait!

Wait a moment! What is the hurry?
You know life flies like an arrow from a bow.

Pogodi! Pogodi! Ti uspeesh prostitsya,
Kak luchami vostok zagoritsya,
No dozhdemnya I mi nochi takoy?

Posmotri, posmotri, kak chudesno
Ubran zvezdami kupol nebesnii!
Kak mechtatelno smotrit luna!
Kak temno v etoy seni drevesnoy,
I kakaya vezde tishina!

Tolko slishno, kak sheptut berezi,
Da stuchit serdtse v pilkoy grudi...
Vozdukh ves polon zapakhom rozi...
Miliy drug! Eto zhizn, a ne grezi!
Zhizn letit... Pogodi!
Zhizn letit! Pogodi!...

6 Unosi moe serdtse...

Unosi moe serdtse v zvenyashchuyu dal,
Gde, kak mesyats za roshchey, pechal;
V etikh zvukakh na zharkie slezi tvoi
Krotko svetit ulibka lyubvi.

O ditya! Kak legko sred nezrimikh zibey
Doveriyatsya mne pesne tvoey!
Vishe, vishe plivu serebristim putem,
Budto shatkaya ten za krilom.

Vdaleke zamiraet tvoy golos, gorya,
Slovno za morem noch'yu zarya.
I otkuda-to vdruk, ya ponyat ne mogu,
Gryanet zvonkiy priliv zhemchugu.

Unosi zh moe serdtse v zvenyashchuyu dal,
Gde krotka, kak ulibka, pechal,
I vse vishe pomchus serebristim putem
Ya, kak shatkaya ten za krilom.

7 Kak nad goryacheyu zoloy...

Kak nad goryacheyu zoloy
Dimitsya svitok i sgoraet,
I ogn, sokpitiy i glukhoi,
Slova i stroki pozhirayet, –

Tak grustno tlitsya zhizn moyu
I s kazhdim dnem ukhodit dimom;
Tak postepenno gasnu ya
V odnoobraz'ye nesterpimom...

Wait a moment! You have time to say goodbye,
how the east burns with the sun's rays,
and how long might we wait for such a night?

Look, look how magnificent
is the wonderful dome of the sky, adorned with
stars!
How dreamily the moon looks down!
What darkness there is in this hall of trees,
what silence everywhere!

All we hear is the birches whispering,
and the heart pounding in the ardent breast...
The air heavy with the smell of roses...
Sweet friend! This is life, not a dream!
Life is flying... Wait a moment!
Life is flying! Wait a moment!...

Carry my heart away...

Carry my heart away into the echoing distance,
where sorrow is like the moon seen through a
grove;
in the echoes, upon your hot tears
a smile of love gently shines.

Oh, child! How easy it is among the unseen ripples
to trust in your song!
Higher and higher I float upon a silvery path,
as if each flickering shadow were a wing.

In the distance your voice dies away,
shining like sunset across the sea.
And suddenly, I cannot understand whence,
there bursts forth a ringing surge of pearl.

Carry my heart away into the echoing distance,
where sorrow is gentle as a smile,
and I shall soar ever higher upon the silvery path,
flickering shadows serving me as wings.

As when upon hot ashes...

As when upon hot ashes
a scroll smoulders and is consumed,
and when the fire, latent and dull,
devours words and lines, –

So my life smoulders on in sorrow
and day by day passes like smoke;
Thus little by little I am sinking
into intolerable monotony...

O nebo, esli bi khot raz
Sey plamen razvilsya po vole,
I, ne tomyas, ne muchas dole,
Ya prosiyal bi i pogas!

8 Ne otkhodi ot menya

Ne otkhodi ot menya,
Drug moy, ostansya so mnoy!
Ne otkhodi ot menya:
Mne tak otradno s toboy.

Blizhe drug k drugu, chem mi, –
Blizhe nelzya nam i bit;
Chushche, zhiveye, sil'yney
Mi ne umeyem lyubit.

Esli zhe ti – predno mnoy,
Grustno golovku sklonya, –
Mne tak otradno s toboy:
Ne otkhodi ot menya!

Mne tak otradno s toboy...
Ne otkhodi ot menya!
Mne tak otradno s toboy,
Mne tak otradno s toboy!

9 On tak menya lyubil

Net, ne lyubila ya! No strannaya zabota
Tsnila grud moyu, kogda on prikhodil;
To vsya krasnela ya, boyalasya chevo-to, –
On tak menya lyubil, on tak menya lyubil!

Chtob nrayitsya emu togda, tsveti i te naryadi
Ya beregla, chto on po serdtzu nakhodil;
S nim govorila ya, ego lovila vzglyadi, –
On tak menya lyubil, on tak menya lyubil!

No raz on mne skazal: "V tu roshchu, v chas
zakata
Pridesh li?" "Da, pridu" No ne khvatilo sil.

Ya v roshchu ne poshla, on zhdal menya
naprasno!
Togda uekhal on, serdyas na neudachu;
Neschastniy, kak menya proklyat on dolzhen
bit!
Ya ne uvizhus s nim, mne tyazhelo, ya plachu...

Oh Heaven, if only one day
this flame could burn freely,
and without languishing, without torment
I could blaze and die forever!

Do not leave me

Do not leave me,
my friend, stay with me!
Do not leave me:
To be with you is such delight.

Closer to each other than we are, –
closer we could not be;
more purely, more keenly, more strongly
we could not love.

Even if you are before me,
your head bowed in sadness,
to be with you is such delight:
Do not leave me!

To be with you is such delight...
Do not leave me!
To be with you is such delight,
to be with you is such delight.

He loved me so

No, I did not love him! But a strange unease
stirred my breast when he arrived;
One moment I blushed, the next feared the least
thing, –
he loved me so, he loved me so!

To please him, I wore flowers and clothes
that were to his taste;
I talked to him, I tried to catch his eye, –
He loved me so, he loved me so!

But one day he said to me: "Will you come to the
grove
at sunset?" "Yes, I'll come!" But it was beyond my
powers.

I did not go to the grove, he waited for me in vain!
Then he went away, angry at his failure;
wretched man, he must have cursed me so much!
I shall never meet him, I am miserable, I weep...

On tak menya lyubil! on tak menya lyubil!
On tak menya lyubil! on tak menya lyubil!

10 Kabī znala ya

Kabī znala ya, kabī vedala,
Ne smotrela bī iz okoshechka
Ya na molodtsa razīdalogo,
Kak on ekhal po nashey ulitse,
Nabekren zalomibshi murmolku,
Kak likhogo konya bulanavo,
Zvonkonogogo, dolgogrivovo,
Suprotiv okon na dibi vzdimal!

Kabī znala ya, kabī vedala,
Dlya nego bī ya ne ryadilasya,
S zolotoy kaymoy lentu aluyu
V kosu dlinnuyu ne vpletala bī,
Za okolitsu ne speshila bī,
V rose nozhenki ne mochila bī,
Na proselok tot ne glyadela bī
Ne proedet li tem proselkom on,
Na ruzhe derzha pestra sokola?
Kabī znala ya, kabī vedala!

Kabī znala ya, kabī vedala,
Ne sidela bī pozdnim vecherom,
Prigoryunivshis, na zavaline,
Na zavaline, bliz kolodezya,
Podzhidayuchi, da gadayuchi,
Ne pridet li on, nenaglyadnīy moy,
Ne pridet li on, nenaglyadnīy moy?
Akh, ne pridet li on, nenaglyadnīy moy,
Napoit konya studenoy vodoy!
Kabī znala ya, kabī vedala!
Kabī znala ya, kabī vedala!

11 Gornimi tikho letela dusha nebesami

Gornimi tikho letela dusha nebesami,
Grustnie dolu ona opuskala resnitsi;
Slezi, v prostranstvo ot nikh upadaya zvezdami,
Svetloy i dlinnoy vilisya za ney verenitse.

Vstrechnie tikho ee voprosnali svetila:
“Chto ti grustna? I o chem eti slezi vo vzore?”
Im otvechala ona: “Ya zemli ne zabila,
Mnogo ostabila tam ya stradan’ya i gorya.

Mnogo, mnogo stradan’ya, akh, mnogo
Ostavila ya tam stradan’ya i gorya.

He loved me so! He loved me so!
He loved me so! He loved me so!

If I had known

If I had known, if I had known,
I should not have looked through the window
at the handsome fellow,
as he rode along our street
his cocked hat aslant,
as his dashing dun horse
with ringing feet and long mane
reared up before my window!

If I had known, if I had known,
I should not have dressed up for him,
plaited into my long hair
a gold-bordered scarlet ribbon,
I should not have hurried to the edge of the village,
got my feet wet with dew,
I should not have gazed at the country road
in case he passed along that country road
with a falcon on his arm!
If I had known, if I had known!

If I had known, if I had known,
I should not have sat late in the evening,
becoming sad, on the bank,
on the bank, beside the well,
waiting, imagining my fate –
Is he not coming, my beloved,
is he not coming, my beloved?
Oh, is he not coming, my beloved,
To make his horse drink the cool water?
If I had known, if I had known!
If I had known! If I had known!

A soul floated gently up to Heaven

A soul floated gently up to Heaven,
its eyes were cast down with sadness;
tears fell from them into space like falling stars,
a long, bright trail of them streaming behind.

Welcoming beings quietly asked it:
“Why are you sad? Why are you shedding those
tears?”

It answered: ‘I have not forgotten the Earth,
much suffering and grief have I left there.

Much, much suffering, oh, much
suffering and grief have I left there.

Zdes ya lish likam blazhenstva i radosti
vnemlyu,
Pravednikh dushi ne znayut ni skori, ni zlobi, –
O, otpusti menya snova, sozdatel, na zemlyu,
Bilo b o kom pozhalet i uteshit kovo bi”

12 Na zemlyu sumrak pal

Na zemlyu sumrak pal; ne shelokhnut kusti;
Svernulis lilii poblekshie listi
I tikho ozero pochilo.
Pod obayaniem volshebnoy krasoti,
Stoyu, zadumavshis. ‘Chto grusten ninche ti,
I vse krugom tebya unilo?’”

Poutru prikhozhu: ozhivlena rosoy,
Prosnulas liliya, blistaya krasotoy.
I, milaya, v blistayushchey odezhde
S ulibkoyu privet na nebo shlet ona,
I pleshchet v ozere veselaya volna...

A ya? Ya? Mne grustno, kak i prezhde!

13 Den li tsarit

Den li tsarit, tishina li nochnaya,
V snakh li bessvyaznikh, v zhiteyskoy borbe, –
Vsyudu so mnoy, moyu zhizn napolnyaya,
Duma vse ta zhe, odna, rokovaya
Vsy o tebe, vsyo o tebe,
Vsy o tebe, vsyo, vsyo, vsyo o tebe!

S neyu ne strashen mne prizrak bilogo,
Serditse vospryanulo, snova lyubya...
Vera, mechti, vdokhnovennoe slovo,
Vsy o, chto v dushe dorogogo, svyatogo, –
Vsy o tebya, vsyo, vsyo o tebya,
Vsy o tebya!

Budut li dni moi yasni, unili,
Skoro li sginu ya, zhizn zagubya!
Znayu odno, chto do samoy mogili
Pomisli, chuvstva, i pesni, i sili –
Vsy o dlya tebya, vsyo dlya tebya.

14 Ya li v pole da ne travushka bila

Ya li v pole da ne travushka bila,
Ya li v pole ne zelenaya roslo!
Vzyali menya, travushku, skosili,
Na solnishke v pole issushili.

Here I see only joyful and blissful faces,
righteous souls know neither sorrow nor malice.
Oh, Creator, let me return to Earth,
there are those there who may need pity and
consolation.’

Darkness has fallen over the Earth

Darkness has fallen over the Earth; bushes do not
stir;
the lily’s faded leaves have curled
and the lake quietly gone to rest,
Dazed by the enchanting beauty,
I stand, pensive. ‘Why are you so sad today,
and everything around you so cheerless?’

I come again in the morning: bright with dew
the lily is alive again, radiant with beauty.
And, lovely in its brilliant raiment,
it greets the sky with a smile,
And merry waves splash in the lake...

And I? I am sad, just as before!

Whether in the realm of day

Whether in the realm of day or in the dark of night,
in disjointed dreams or in everyday strife,
everywhere with me, filling my life,
is the same, single, fateful thought,
always of you, always of you,
always, always, always, always of you!

With it I do not dread the spectre of the past,
my heart is cheered once more by love...
Faith, hopes, an inspired word,
all that is precious and sacred in my soul, –
all is from you, all, all from you,
all from you!

Whether my days be bright or dismal,
If I go quickly – a wasted life!
I know one thing, that until the grave itself
thoughts, feelings, and songs and powers –
always will be for you, always will be for you!

Was I not a blade of grass

Was I not a blade of grass in the field,
did I not grow green in the field?
They took me, a blade of grass, struck me down,
and let me wither in the field under the sun.

Okh, ti, gore moyo, goryushko!
Okh, ti, gore moyo, goryushko!
Znat, znat, takaya moya dolyushka!...

Ya li v pole ne kalinushka bila,
Ya li v pole da ne krasnaya rosła!
Vzyali kalinushku slomali,
Da v zhutiki povyazali!

Ya l u batyushki ne dochenka bila,
U rodimoy ne tsvetochek ya rosła!
Nevoley menya, bednuyu, vzyali,
Da s nemilim, sedim povenchali.

15 Nochi bezumnie

Nochi bezumnie, nochi bessonnie,
Rechi nesvyaznie, vzori ustalie...
Nochi poslednim ognem ozarennie,
Oseni mertvoy tsveti zapozdalie!

Pust dazhe vremya rukoy besposhchadnuyu
Mne ukazalo, chto bilo v vas lozhnovo,
Vse zhe lechu ya k vam pamyat'yu zhadnoyu,
V proshlom otveta ishchu nebozmozhnovo.

Vkradchivim shepotom vi zagrushaete
Zvuki dnevnie, nesnosnie, shumnie,
V tukhuyu noch vi moy son otgonyaete
Nochi bessonnie, nochi bezumnie!

16 Pesn tsiganki

Moy koster v tumane svetit,
Iskri gasnut na letu...
Noch'yu nas nikto ne vstretit,
Mi prostimsya na mostu.

Noch proydet, i spozaranok
V step daleko, miliy moy,
Ya uydu s tolpoi tsiganok
Za kibitkoy kochevoy.

Na proshchan'ye shal s kaymoyu
Ti na mne uzlom styani!
Kak kontsi ee, s tobouy
Mi skhodilis v eti dni.

Kto-to mne sudbu predskazhet?
Kto-to zavtra, sokol moy,
Na grudi moy razvyazhet
Uzel, styanuti ty tobouy!

Oh, you, my grief, sweet sorrow!
Oh, you, my grief, sweet sorrow!
To know, to know, such is my sweet fate!...

Was I not a guelder-rose in the field,
did I not grow fair in the field?
They took and crushed the guelder-rose,
and tied me into plaits!

Was I not my father's dear daughter,
did I not grow as my mother's little flower?
They took me, a poor, unwilling girl,
and married me to a nasty grey-haired man.

Wild nights

Wild nights, sleepless nights,
Incoherent speeches, weary eyes...
Nights, lit by the fire,
the belated flowers of a dead autumn!

Even though time's merciless hand
has shown me what was false in you,
none the less I fly to you in avid memory,
and seek impossible answers in the past.

You drown out with an ingratiating whisper
the unbearable, tumultuous daily sounds.
In the still night you drive away my sleep,
sleepless nights, wild nights!

Gypsy's song

My camp-fire gleams in the mist,
sparks die in the air...
In the night nobody sees us,
we say goodnight on the bridge.

The night is passing, and very soon,
for distant steppes, my dearest,
I am leaving with other gypsy women
following a nomad tent.

When we part, knot my bordered shawl
around me!
Like its ends, so with you,
we have become close these last days.

Who can foretell my fate?
Someone may untie tomorrow,
my dear, the knot upon my breast,
tied there by you, my falcon!

Vspominay, koli drugaya,
Druga milovo lyubya,
Budet pesni pet, igraja
Na kolenyakh u tebya.

Moy koster v tumane svetit,
Iskri gasnut na letu...
Noch'yu nas nikto ne vstretit,
Mi prostimsya na mostu.

17 Nam zvezdi krotkie siyali...

Nam zvezdi krotkie siyali,
Chut veyal tikhiy veterok;
Krugom tsveti blagoukhali,
I volni laskovo zhurchali
U nashikh nog.

Mi bili yuni, mi lyubili,
I s veroy vdal smotreli mi;
V nas grezi radizhnie zhili,
I nam ne strashni v' yugi bili
Sedoy zimi.

Gde zh eti nochi s ikh siyan'yem,
S blagoukhayushchey krasoy,
I voli tainstvennim zhurchan'yem,
Nadezhd, vostorzhennikh mechtaniy
Gde svetliy roy, gde svetliy roy?

Pomerkli zvezdi, i unilo
Ponikli bleklie tsveti...
Kogda zh, o serdtse, vsyo, chto bilo,
Chto nam vesna s tobou darila,
Zabudesh ti, zabudesh ti?

COMPACT DISC 52

Shestnadsat pesen dlya detey Op.54

- 1 Babushka i vnuchek
Pod oknom chulok starushka
Vyazhet v komnate uyutnoy
I v ochki svoi bolshiye
Smotrit v ugol pominutno.

A v uglu kudpyaviy malchik
Molcha k stenke prislonsilsya.

Remember if ever another
in love with my darling
should play and sing songs
upon your knees.

My camp-fire gleams in the mist,
sparks die in the air...
In the night nobody sees us,
We say goodbye on the bridge.

Gentle stars shone for us

Gentle stars shone for us,
though a soft breeze blew;
flowers smelled sweetly all around,
and waves murmured softly
at our feet.

We were young, we were in love,
and we looked confidently to the future;
Happy dreams dwelt within us,
and we did not fear the blizzards
of grey winter.

Where are those nights of radiance,
with their fragrant charms,
and the mysterious murmuring of waves?
Of hopes, of rapturous dreams,
where is the bright swarm, where is the bright
swarm?

The stars have grown dim, and mournfully
the faded flowers have wilted...
When then, oh heart, will you forget
all that used to be, what spring gave to us,
when will you forget?

Translations: Wil Gowans

Sixteen Songs for Children Op.54

Grandmother and Grandson

Under the window an old woman
Is knitting a stocking in the cosy room
And through her big spectacles
Looks every now and then into the corner.

And in the corner a curly-headed lad
Leans silently against the wall.

Na litse evo zabota,
Vzglyad na chto-to ustremilsya.

“Chto sidish vse doma, vnuchek?
Shyol bi v sad, kopal bi gryadki,
Ili kliknul bi sestryonku,
Pograd bi s ney v loshadki.”

Podoshyol k starushke vnuchek
I golovkoyu kurchavoy
K ney pripal.
On molchit, glaza bolshiye
Na neyo glyadyat lukavo...

“Znat, gostintsy zakhotelos? –
Govorit emu starushka. –
Vinnikh yagod, vinogradu,
Il tebe nuzhna igrushka?”

“Net, gostintsev mne ne nado!
U menyа igrushkek mnogo.
Sumku ti kupi, da v shkolu
Pokazhi-ka mne dorogu.”

2 Ptichka

Ptichka bozhiya prosnulasya s zareyu,
A uzh pakharya zastala za sokhoyu.
Poletit ona k lazurnim nebesam
I, chto vidit v syolakh, vse rasskazhet tam.

Skazhet ptichka Bogu, chto bednyak stradaet,
Chto krovavim potom nivu oroshaet.
Ne mila, kak ptichke, pakharyu vesna:
Ne nesyt s soboyu radostey ona...

Vstretil bi on solntse pesenkoy veseloy,
Da molchat zastavit gnet nuzhdı tyazhelyi.
Na serdtse zabotı, kak svinets lezhat,
Ponevole pesnya ne poydyot na lad.

Skazhet ptichka Bogu, chtob evo ruka
Podderzhala v gorkoy dole bednyaka.
Chtob emu nesti svoy krest dostalo silı,
Chtob bez ropota dobryol on do mogilı,
Chtob bez ropota dobryol on do mogilı...

Concern upon his face,
His eyes gazing at something.

‘Why do you always sit indoors, grandson?
You should go out into the garden, dig the beds,
Or call your little sister,
And play at horses with her.’

The grandson goes towards the old woman
And lays his little curly head
Against her.
He says nothing, but his big eyes
Look at her archly...

‘I suppose you’d like a sweetie?’
Says the old woman to him.
‘Some figs, or grapes,
Or do you want a toy?’

‘No, I don’t need sweeties!
I have lots of toys.
Just buy a satchel
And show me the way to school.’

The Little Bird

God’s little bird awakens with the dawn,
But already the ploughman is at his plough.
She flies forth towards the azure heavens
And up there recounts what she has seen in the
villages.

The little bird tells God that the poor peasant
suffers,
That he’s washing the cornfield with blood.
For the ploughman spring is not sweet, as it is for
the bird:
It does not bring joy...

He would greet the sun with merry song,
But is reduced to silence by need’s heavy yoke.
Care lies on his heart like lead,
Like it or not, his song grows no more tuneful.

The little bird tells God its tale, so that His hand
May support the peasant in his cruel lot
So that his strength may suffice to bear his cross,
So that without complaint he may come to his
grave,
So that without complaint he may come to his
grave.

3 Vesna

Travka zeleneyet,
Solnishko blestit,
Lasktochka s venoyu
V seni k nam letit.

S neyu solntse yarche
I vesna miley...
Proshchebech s dorogi
Nam privet skorey,
Proshchebech s dorogi
Nam privet skorey.

Dam tebe ya zyoren,
A ti pesnyu spoy,
Chto iz stran dalyokikh
Prinesla s soboy...
Dam tebe ya zeren,
A ti pesnyu spoy,
Travka zeleneyet,
Solnishko blestit,
Lastochka s vesnoyu
V seni k nam letit.

S neyu solntse yarche
I vesna miley...
Proshchebech s dorogi
Nam privet skorey,
Proshchebech s dorogi
Nam privet skorey.

4 Moy sadik

Kak moy sadik svezh i zelen!
Raspustilas v nyom siren;
Ot cheryomukhi dushistoy
I ot lip kudryavikh ten...

Pravda, net v nem blednikh liliy,
Gordelivikh georgin,
I lish pyostrie golovki
Vozvishaet mak odin.

Da podsolnechnik u vkhoda,
Slovno verniy chasovoy,
Storozhit sebe dorozhku,
Vsyu porosshuyu travoy...

No lyublyu ya sadik skromniy:
On dushi moyey miley
Gorodskikh sadov unilikh,
S set’yu pravilnikh alley.

Spring

The grass grows green,
The sun is shining,
In spring the swallow
Journeys towards us.

With her come a brighter sun
And a sweeter spring...
Twittering on her way,
She hastens to greet us.
Twittering on her way,
She hastens to greet us.

I’ll give you grain,
But sing the song
You’ve brought with you
From distant lands.
I’ll give you grain,
But sing the song.
The grass grows green,
The sun is shining,
In spring the swallow
Journeys towards us.

With her comes a brighter sun
And a sweeter spring...
Twittering on her way,
She hastens to greet us.
Twittering on her way,
She hastens to greet us.

My Little Garden

How fresh and green my garden is!
There the lilac blossoms,
From the bird-cherry trees comes fragrance,
And from the limes curly shade...

There are no pale lilies
Or haughty dahlias,
And only one poppy
Raises its motley heads.

But the sunflower by the gate,
Like a faithful sentinel,
Keeps watch over the path,
All overgrown with grass...

But I love this modest garden:
It is dearer to my soul
Than cheerless town gardens,
Criss-crossed by regular paths.

I ves den, v trave visokoy
Lyozha, slushat bi ya rad,
Kak zabotlivyiye pchyoli
Vkrug cheryomukhi zhuzhzhat.

5 Legenda

Bił u Khrista mladentsa sad,
I mnogo roz vzrastil on v nyom.
On trizhdi v den ikh polival,
Chtob splest venok sebe potom.

Kogda zhe rozi rastsveli,
Detey evreyskikh sozval on;
Oni sorvali po tsvetku
I sad bił ves opustoshyon.

“Kak ti spletesh teper venok?
V tvojom sadu net bolshe roz!”
“Vi pozabili, chto shipi
Ostalis mne”, skazal Khristos.

I iz shipov oni spleli
Venok kolyuchiy dlya nevo,
I kapli krovi, vmesto roz,
Chelo ukrasili evo.

6 Na beregu

Domik nad rekoyu,
V oknakh ogonyok,
Svetloy polosoyu
Na vodu on lyog.
V dome ne dozhdutsya
S lovli ribaka:
Obeshchal vernutsya
Cherez dva denka.
No proshol i tretiy,
A evo vsyo net.
Zhdut naprasno deti,
Zhdyot i stariy ded.
Vsekh neterpelivey
Zhdyot evo zheny,
Nochi molchalivey
I kak kholst bledna...

Vot za uzhni seli,
Ey ne do edi:
“Kak bi v samom dele
Ne bilo bedi”.
Vdol reki nesetsya
Lodochka; na ney
Pesnya razdayotsya

I'd be happy to lie all day
In the tall grass, and listen
To the diligent bees
Buzzing around the bird-cherry trees.

A Legend

The infant Christ had a garden
Where He grew lots of roses.
He watered them thrice daily,
To weave garlands for himself later.

When the roses were blooming,
He invited the Hebrew children;
They levelled all the flowers to the ground
And the whole garden was devastated.

‘How can you weave garlands now?
There are no roses left in your garden!’
‘You’ve forgotten that I still have
The thorns,’ said Christ.

And from the thorns they wove
For Him a spiny wreath,
And drops of blood, instead of roses,
Adorned His brow.

On the River-Bank

There's a little house
above the river.
Through its windows
There shone on the water
Bright bands of light.
In the house they waited impatiently
For the fisherman to return with his catch:
He had promised to be back in two days,
But the third had passed
And he still was not back.
The children waited in vain,
And the old grandfather.
Most impatiently of all,
Waited the wife,
More silent than night,
And as pale as linen...

They sat at supper,
She could not eat:
‘But he really can’t
Have come to any harm.’
Along the river drifted
A little boat; from it
A song was heard,

Vsyo slishney, slishney.
Zvuki toy znakovoy
Pesni uslikhav,
Deti von iz doma
Brosilis stremglav.
Veselo vskochila
Iz-za pryalki mat,
U i deda cili
Vdrug nashlos bezhat.

Pesnyu zaglushaet
Zvonkiy krik rebyat,
Tshchetno unimaet
Stariy ded vnuchat.
Vot i vorotilsya
Tot chas pro ulov.

Dolgo razdavalysya
Smekh ikh nad rekoy,
Imi lyubovalsya
Mesyats zolotoy.
Laskovo mertsali
Zvyozdi s vishini;
Detyam obeshchali
Radostniye sni.

7 Zimniy vecher

Khorosho vam, detki
Zimnim vecherkom:
V komnate uyutnoy
Seli vi ryadkom.

Plamya ot kamina,
Osveshchaet vas...
Slushaete zhadno
Mami vi rasskaz.

Radost, lyubopitstvo
Na litse u vsekh,
Chasto nprerivaet
Mamu zvonkiy smekh.

Vot rasskaz okonchen,
Vse pustilis v zal...
“Poigray nam, mama”,
Kto-to propishchal.

“Khot uz devyat bilo,
Orkazat vam zhal...”
I poslushno sela
Mama za royal.

More and more clearly.
Hearing those familiar sounds
Of singing,
The children rushed headlong
Out of the house.
From behind the spinning-wheel, mother
Leapt gaily,
And suddenly grandfather found
The strength to run.

The song was drowned
By children's ringing shouts,
Old grandfather tried in vain
To calm his grandchildren.
He had returned
safe and sound!

For a long time their laughter
Was heard above the river.
A golden moon
Looked down on them.
Twinkling gently
From on high, the stars
Promised the children
Happy dreams.

A Winter's Evening

It is pleasant for you, children,
Of a winter's evening:
In a cosy room
You sit side by side,

The flame from the chimney-corner
Illuminates you...
You listen avidly
To mamma's stories.

Joy and curiosity
On all your faces,
Your ringing laughter
Often interrupts mamma.

Then, the story ended,
You all rush into the parlour...
‘Play for us, mamma,’
Somebody squeals.

‘Though it's already struck nine,
It would be a shame to refuse.’
And, dutifully, mamma
Sits down at the piano

I poshlo vesel'ye!
Nachalas voznya,
Plyaska, pesni, khokhot,
Vizg i begotnya.

Pust gudit serdito
V'yuga pod oknom.
Khorosho vam, detki,
V gnyozdishke svoynom!

No ne vsem takoe
Schast'ye Bog dayot.
Est na svete mnogo
Bednikh i sirot.

U odnikh mogila
Rano mat vzyla;
U drugikh net v zimu
Tyoplovo ugla.

Esli privedyotsya
Vstretit vam takikh,
Vi, kak brat'yev, detki,
Prigolubte ikh.

8 Kukushka

"Ti priletel iz goroda, kakiye
Skazhi, tam slukhi nosyatsya o nas?"
(Skvortsa kukushka sprashivala raz).
"Chto zhiteli tolkuyut gorodskkiye,
Khot, naprimer, o pesnyakh solov'ya?
Interesuyus etim ochen ya."

"Ves gorod on privodit v voskhishchen'ye,
Kogda v sadu evo razdastsya trel."
"A zhavoronok?" "I zhavoronka pen'ye
Plenyaet ochen mnogikh." "Neuzhel?

Nu, a kakov ikh otziv o drozde?"
"Da khvalyat i evo, khot ne vezde."
"Eshcho khochu sprositi ya, mozhet statsya,
I obo mne ti slishal koye-chto?"
"Vot pro tebya, sestritsa, tak priznatsya,
Ne govorit reshitelno nikto!"

"A! Esli tak", – kukushka vozopila, –
"To o sebe, chtob lyudyam otomstit,
Sama ves vek, pokuda khvatit sili,
Ne perestanu ya tverdit:
Ku – ku, ku – ku, ku – ku, ku – ku, ku – ku,
ku – ku,

And the merriment begins!
The bustle starts –
Dancing, singing, laughing,
Squealing and running about.

Let the blizzard at the window
Angrily shriek.
You are fine, children,
In your cosy home!

But God does not grant
uch good fortune to everyone.
There are many in the world
Poor and orphaned.

The grave claims early
Some people's mothers;
Others, in winter, do not have
A warm corner.

Should you, perchance,
Meet with such as these,
You, like brothers, children,
Take tender care of them.

The Cuckoo

'You have flown in from the town.
What stories do they tell of us there?'
(The cuckoo once asked a starling).
'What do the city-dwellers say,
For instance, of the nightingale's songs?
I'm very interested in such things.'

'The whole town goes into raptures
When his warbling is heard in the garden.'
'And the lark?' 'And the lark's song
Many find enchanting.' 'Really?

Now what is their opinion of the thrush?'
'They praise him too, though not everywhere.'
'Yet I wish to ask, could it be
That you have heard anything about me?'
'About you, little sister, in tribute to you,
Nobody at all says anything!'

'Ah! If that is what they think of me,' cried the
cuckoo,
'To take vengeance on the people
All my days, while I have strength,
I will not cease repeating over and over again:
Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
cuck-oo,

ku – ku, ku – ku, ku – ku, ku – ku, ku – ku,
ku – ku,
ku – ku, ku – ku, ku – ku, ku – ku, ku – ku,
ku – ku!"

9 Vesna

Uzh taet sneg, begut ruch'i,
V okno poveyalo vesnoyu...
Zasvishchut skoro solov'i,
I les odenetsya listvoyu!

Chista nebesnaya lazur.
Teply i yarche solntse stalo;
Pora meteley zlikh i bur
Opyat nadolgo minovala.

I serdtse silno tak v grudi
Stuchit, kak budto zhdyot chevo-to;
Kak budto schast'ye vpered, i
I usnesla zima zaboti!

Vse litsa veselo glyadyat.
"Vesna!" – chitaesh v kazhdom vzore.
I tot, kak prazdniku, ey rad,
Ch'ya zhizn – lish tyazhkiy trud i gore.

No rezbikh detok zvonkiy smekh
I bezzabotnikh ptichek pen'ye
Mne govoryat – kto bolshe vsekh
Prirodi lyubit obnovlen'ye!

10 Kolibelnaya pesn v buryu

"Akh! Uymis ti, burya!
Ne shumite, eli!
Moy malyutka dremlet
Sladko v kolibeli.

Ti, groza Gospodnya,
Ne budi rebyonka!
Pronesites, tuchi
Chorniye, storonkoy!

Byor eshcho ne malo
Vpered, bit mozhet,
I ne raz zabota
Son evo vstrevozhit.

Spi, ditya, spokojno...
Vot groza stikhaet;
Materi molitva
Son tvoy okhranyaet.

Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
cuck-oo,
Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
cuck-oo!

Spring

Already the snow is melting, the brooks flowing,
At the window a breath of spring air...
The nightingale will soon be singing,
And the wood clothing itself in foliage!

The blue of the sky is clear.
The sun has become warmer and brighter;
The season of nasty blizzards and storms
Once more is over for a long time.

And the heart beats strongly in the breast
As if awaiting someone's arrival,
As if happiness were ahead of us,
And winter's cares behind!

There's happiness on every face.
'Spring!' may be read in everyone's eyes.
And he whose life is but hard toil and grief
Becomes glad, as if on holiday.

But gambolling children's noisy laughter
And the song of carefree birds
Tell me who, more than anyone,
Delights in nature's renewal!

Lullaby in a Storm

'Ah! be still, you storm!
Make no noise, fir-trees!
My babe is slumbering
Sweetly in his cradle

You, Mistress Storm,
Don't wake the child!
Rush on, dark clouds,
Away from us!

Rage not yet awhile –
A little later perhaps –
And not once will care
Disturb his sleep.

Sleep peacefully on, my child...
See! The storm abates;
A mother's prayer
Protects your dreams.

Zavtra, kak prosnyoshsya
I otkroesh glazki,
Snova vstretish solntse,
I lyubov, i laski!”

11 Tsvetok

Veselo tsvetiku v pole pestreyut;
Ikh po nocham osvezhaet rosa,
Dnyom ikh luchì blagodatniye greyut,
Laskovo smotryat na nix nebesa.

S babochkoy pyostroy, s glyashchey pcheloyu,
S vetrom im lyubo vesti razgovor.
Veselo tsvetikam v pole vesnoyu,
Mil im rodimovo polya prostor!

Vot oni vidyat v okne, za reshyotkoy,
Tikho kachaetsya bledniy tsvetok...
Solntsa ne znaya, pechalniy i krotkiy,
Viros on v mrachnikh stenakh odinok.

Tsvetikam zhal evo bedново stalo,
Khorom oni k sebe brata zovut:
“Solntse tebya nikogda ne laskalo,
Bros eti steni, zachakhnesh ti tut!”

“Net”, otvechal on, “Khot veselo v pole,
I naryazhaet vas yarko vesna,
No ne zaviduyu vashy ya dole,
I ne pokinu sirovo okna.

Pishno tsvetite! Svoey krasotoyu
Raduyte, brat’ya, schastlivikh lyudey.
Ya budu tsvest dlya tovo, kto sudboyu
Solntsa lishyon i poley.

Ya budu tsvest dlya tovo, kto stradaet,
Uznika ya uteshayu odin.
Pust on, vzglyanuv na menyа, vspominaet
Zelen rodimikh dolin!”

12 Zima

Ded, podnyavshis spozaranku,
K vnuchkam v komnatu speshit.
“Dobroy vestochkoy uteshit
Vas prishol ya”, – govorit.
“Vsyo zimi vi zhdali, detki,
Nadoyela vam davno

Tomorrow, as you awake
And open your little eyes,
Once more you’ll meet with the sun,
And love, and caresses!”

The Flower

Gaily the little flowers bloom in the field,
By night refreshed by the dew,
By day warmed by the sun’s abundant rays.
Heaven looks tenderly upon them.

With colourful butterfly, with buzzing bee,
With the wind, they enjoy pleasant converse.
The flowers revel in the springtime field,
The spaciousness of their native field is dear to them.

Now through the window, behind the grill,
A faded flower gently sways...
Unacquainted with the sun, grieving and meek,
It has grown up in the gloom of lonely walls.

The flowers feel pity for it,
In chorus, they call their brother to them:
“The sun has never caressed you,
Abandon those walls, where you’ll wither away!”

‘No,’ he answers, ‘Though you grow gaily in the field,
And Spring dresses you brightly,
I do not envy you your lot,
And will not leave the damp window.

Bloom on magnificently! With your beauty
Gladden, brothers, the fortunate folk.
I shall blossom for those who by fate
Are deprived of sun and field.

I shall bloom for those who suffer;
Alone, I shall console the prisoner.
May he who looks on me remember
The verdure of his native valleys!”

Winter

Grandad, rising very early,
Hurries to his grandchildren’s room.
‘I have come to cheer you
With some good news,’ he says.
‘All winter you have waited, children,
For a long time; gloomy autumn

Osen khmuraya s dozhdyami;
Posmotrite-ka v okno!

Za noch vipal sneg glubokiy,
I moroz, kak v dekabre.
Uzh vpryagli v salazki Zhuchku
Rebyatishki na dvore.”
I tormoshit ded raskrivshikh
Glazki sonniye vnuchat;
No na starovo plutishki
Nedovyorchivo glyadyat.

Podnyal shtoru ded, – i tochno!
Sneg nod solnechnim luchom
Brilliantami sverkaet,
Otlivaet serebrom.
“Slava Bogu! Slava Bogu!”,
Detki veselo krichat,
I v ume ikh voznikaet
Uzh kartin znakomikh ryad:

Na salazkakh s gor katan’ye,
I katan’ye na konkakh...
I rozhdestvenskaya yolka,
Sverkhu donizu ogn'yakh!

13 Vesennyyaya pesnya

V stariy sad vikhozhu ya. Rosinki,
Kak almazi, na list'yakh blestyat.
I tsveti mne golovkoy kivayut,
Razlivaya krugom aromat.

Vsyo vlechyot, veselit moyi vzori:
Zolotaya pchela na tsvetke,
Raznotsvetniye babochki kril’ya
I sineyushchiy les vdaleke.

Kak yarka eta zelen derev’yev,
Kupol neba kak chist i glubok!
I brozhu ya, vostorgom obyatiy,
I sleza zastilaet zrachok!

Kak lyubov’yu i radost’yu dishet
Vsya priroda pod veshnim luchom!
I dusha blagodarnaya chuyet
Zdes prisutstviye boga vo vsyom!

14 Osen

Skuchnaya kartina!
Tuchi bez kontsa,

Plagued you with its rains;
Just look out of the window!

Overnight deep snow has fallen,
With frost as in December.
Already the children have harnessed Juchka
to the sleigh in the yard.’
And grandad pesters the grandchildren
Who have opened sleepy eyes.
But the little rogues look at the old man
With distrust.

Grandad raises the blind, and, indeed!
Beneath the sun’s beams
Snow sparkles like diamonds
Shot with silver.
‘Thank God! Thank God!’
The children gaily cry,
And in their mind arises
A series of familiar scenes:

Tobogganning on the hills,
And skating on the ice...
And the Christmas fir
Ablaze from top to bottom!

Spring Song

I go out into the old garden.
Dewdrops sparkle like diamonds on the leaves.
And flowers nod their heads at me,
Spreading fragrance all around.

Everything attracts and cheers my eyes:
Golden bees on a flower,
Colourful butterflies’ wings
And the distant forest tinged with blue.

How bright the greenery of the trees,
How clear and deep heaven’s dome!
And I wander, filled with delight,
A tear clouding my eye.

How lovingly and joyfully
All nature breathes beneath the vernal rays,
And a grateful soul feels here
The presence of God in everything!

Autumn

A sad picture!
Endless clouds

Dozhdik tak i l'yotsya,
Luzhi u kriltsa...
Chakhlaya ryabina
Moknet pod oknom;
Smotrit derevushka
Serenkim pyatnom.

Chto ti rano v gosti,
Osen, k nam prishla?
Eshcho prosit serdtse
Sveta i tepla!
Vse tebe ne radi!
Tvoy unil'iy vid
Gore da nevgodi
Bednomu sulit.

A teper navodit
Zholtikh list'yev shum
Na dushu bolnuyu
Roy zloveshchikh dum!
Rano, rano, osen,
V gosti k nam prishla...
Mnogim ne dozhdatsya
Sveta i tepla!

15 Lastochka

Idyot devochka-sirotko,
Tyazhelo vzdikhayet,
A nad neyu goremichnoy
Lastochka letayet.

I letayet, i shchebechet,
Nad golovkoy v'yotsya,
V'yotsya, kroshka, i krilami
V kosu chut ne b'yotsya.

“Chto ti v'yosh'sya nado mnoyu,
Nad sirotkoy, ptashka?
Akh, ostav menya, i tak mne
Zhit na svete tyazhko!”

“Ne ostavlyu, ne ostavlyu!
Budu ya kruzhitsya,
Shchebetat tebe pro brata,
Chto v tyurme tomitsya.

On prosil menya: Sletayka,
Ptashka, v kray rodimi'y,
Poklonis moyey sestritse,
Goryacho lyubimoy.

And teeming rain,
With puddles on the porch...
Sickly rowans,
Soaked, beneath the window;
The village seems
a grey spot.

Why did you come to us
So early, Autumn?
The heart still begs
For light and warmth!
There is no gladness in you!
Your cheerless aspect
Promises grief and misfortune
To a poor man.

Now the noise
of yellowed leaves
Brings to the sick soul
A swarm of ominous thoughts!
Early, early, Autumn,
You have come to visit us...
Many will be deprived
Of light and warmth!

The Swallow

Here comes a little orphan girl,
Sighing heavily
Whilst above this hapless one
There flies a swallow.

And it flies and sings
And twists and turns over her head;
The whirling little creature, with its wings,
Almost strikes her hair.

“Why do you whirl above me
Around an orphan, little bird?
Ah, leave me alone, to live
My life in this painful world!”

‘I will not leave, I will not leave!
I will wheel around,
Singing to you of my brother
Who languishes in prison.

He asked me: little flier,
Little bird,
greet my beloved sister
Warmly in our homeland.

Vsyo l menya ona, golubka,
Dobrom vspominayet,
vsyo l ona eshcho o brate
Slyozï prolivayet?”

16 Detskaya pesenka

Moy Lizochek tak uzh mal, tak uzh mal,
Chto iz kril'yev komarishki
Sdelal dve sebe manishki
I v krakhmal, i v krakhmal!

Moy Lizochek tak uzh mal, tak uzh mal,
Chto iz gretskovo orekha
Sdelal stul, chtob slushat ekho,
I krichal, i krichal!

Moy Lizochek tak uzh mal, tak uzh mal,
Chto iz skorlupï yaichnoy
Faeton sebe otlichniy
Zakazal, zakazal!

Moy Lizochek tak uzh mal, tak uzh mal,
chto iz skorlupï rachonka
sshil chetire bashmachonka
I na bal, i na bal!

Moy Lizochek tak uzh mal, tak uzh mal,
chto iz listika sireni
sdelal zontik on dlya teni
i gulyal, i gulyal!

Moy Lizochek tak uzh mal, tak uzh mal,
Chto, naduvshi oduvanchik,
Zakazal sebe divanchik,
Tut i spal, tut i spal!

Moy Lizochek tak uzh mal, tak uzh mal,
Chto natkat sebe kholstinï
Pauku iz pautini
Zakazal, zakazal!

Shest romansov Op. 73

17 Mï sideli s toboy

Mï sideli s toboy u zasnuvshey reki.
S tikhoy pesney propili domoy ribaki.
Solntsa luch zolotoy za rekoy dogoral...
I tebe ya togda nichevo ne skazal.

Is she, the little dove,
Always ready to remember me?
Does she still shed tears
For her brother?”

A Little Children's Song

My Lizo is so small, so very, very small,
That from a gnat's wee wing
He made himself a false shirt front,
And starched it, he starched it!

My Lizo is so small, so very, very small,
That from a walnut shell
He made a chair, to hear the echo,
And shouted, he shouted!

My Lizo is so small, so very, very small,
That, from the shell of an egg,
A perfect phaeton for himself
He ordered, he ordered!

My Lizo is so small, so very, very small,
That from a little crayfish shell
He sewed two pairs of dancing shoes –
Come dancing, come dancing!

My Lizo is so small, so very, very small,
That from a little lilac leaf
He made himself a parasol,
And went strolling, strolling!

My Lizo is so small, so very, very small,
That, blowing on a dandelion,
He stuffed himself a little bed,
And slept there, he slept there!

My Lizo is so small, so very, very small,
That, to weave some linen for him,
From its own cobweb, a spider
He ordered, he ordered!

Six Romances Op.73

We Sat Together

We sat together by a sleepy stream.
With a soft song, fishermen sailed past, heading
homeward.
The sun's light burned out across the water...
And I spoke not a word to you.

<p>Zagremelo v dal... Nadvigalas groza... Po resnitsam tvoyim pokatilas sleza... I s bezumnim ridan'yem k tebe ya pripa... I tebe nichevo, nichevo ne skazal.</p>	<p>Distant thunder rolled... the storm drew nearer... On your lashes a tear began to pearl... And with mad sobs I pressed myself to you... But nothing, nothing did I say to you.</p>	<p>V obayan nochi sladostrastnoy laski Tikho chto-to shepchet zadremavshiy les...</p>	<p>In the enchantment of night's voluptuous caress The drowsy woods softly whisper something...</p>
<p>I teper, v eti dni, ya, kak prezhde, odin, uzh ne zhdu nichego ot gryadushchikh godin... V serdtse zhiznenniy zvuk uzh davno otzvuchal... Akh zachem, ya tebe nichevo, nichevo ne skazal!</p>	<p>And now, these days, as alone as before, I expect nothing of the years to come... In my heart, long since, that vital voice has ceased... Oh, why, oh, why did I say nothing, nothing to you?</p>	<p>I v dushe trevozhnoy umolkayut muki I dishat vsey grud'yu v etu noch legko... Nochi divnoy teni, nochi divnoy zvuki Nas s tobey unosyat, drug moy, daleko.</p>	<p>And in a troubled soul, the pangs abate, And all breathe easily on this night, The shades of glorious night, the sounds of glorious night Take you and me, my dear, far, far away.</p>
<p>18 Noch Merknet slabiy svet svechi... Bredit mrak uniliy... I toska szhimayet grud, S neponyatnoy siloy...</p>	<p>Night The candle's faint light grows dimmer... A cheerless gloom hovers... And melancholy weighs upon the breast With a strange force.</p>	<p>Vsya obyata negoy etoy nochi strastnoy, Ti ko mne sklonilas na plecho glavoy... Ya bezumno schastliv, o, moy drug prekrasniy, Beskonechno schastliv v etu noch s tobey!</p>	<p>All bound in bliss this passionate night, You have rested your head on my shoulder... I'm madly happy, oh, my beautiful love, Infinitely happy with you this night!...</p>
<p>Na pechalniye glaza Tikho son niskhodit... I s proshedshim v etot mig Rech dusha zavodit.</p>	<p>On sorrowing eyes Sleep descends softly... And this instant establishes A soul's communion with the past</p>	<p>21 Sred mrachnikh dnei Sred mrachnikh dnei, pod gnyotom bed, Iz mgli tumanno proshlikh let, Kak otblesk radostnikh luchey, Mne svetit vzor tvoyikh ochey.</p>	<p>On Gloomy Days On gloomy days, beneath misfortune's burden, Out of the hazy mist of years past, Like a reflection of joyful rays, The look in your eyes shines upon me.</p>
<p>I stomilasya ona gorest'yu glubokoy. Poyavis zhe, khot vo sne, O, moy drug dalyokiy!</p>	<p>She is exhausted By profound misfortune... Come forth, then, be it but in dreams, Oh, my distant dear one!</p>	<p>Pod obayan'yem svetlikh snov Mne mnitsya, – ya s tobey vnov. Pri svete dnya, v nochnoy tishi Delyu vostorgami dushi.</p>	<p>Under the spell of luminous dreams It seems to me I am with you once more. In the bright day, in the silent night, I share the delights of the heart.</p>
<p>19 V etu lunnuyu noch V etu lunnuyu noch, v etu divnuyu noch, V etot mig blagodatniy svidan'ya, O, moy drug, ya ne v silakh lyubvi prevozmoch, Uderzhat ya ne v silakh priznan'ya!</p>	<p>This Moonlit Night On this moonlit night, this moonlit night, In this rich moment of our meeting, Oh, my dear, I am unable to vanquish love, I am unable to hold back my avowal!</p>	<p>Ya vnov s tobey! – moy pechal Umchalas v pasmurnuyu dal... I strastno vnov khochu ya zhit – Tobey dishat, tebya lyubit!</p>	<p>I am with you once more! My sadness Whirls away into the cloudy distance... And again, passionately, I want to live – To breathe for you, to love you!</p>
<p>V serebre chut kolishetsya ozera glad... Naklonyas, zasheptalisya ivi... No bessilni slova! Kak tebe peredat I stomlyonnovo serdtsa poriv?</p>	<p>In the silvering, the glassy surface of the lake rocks a little... I stoop, in whispers we begin to talk... But how weak are words! How to impart to you The transports of a weary heart?</p>	<p>22 Snova, kak prezhde Snova, kak prezhde, odin, Snova obyat ya toskoy... Smotritsya topol v okno, Ves ozaryonniy lunoy...</p>	<p>Once More, As Before Once more, as before, alone, Once more I am filled with anguish... A poplar is reflected in the window, All illuminated by the moon...</p>
<p>Noch ne zhdyot, noch letit... Zakatilas luna... Zaalelo v tayinstvennoy dali... Dorogaya, prosti! Snova zhizni volna Nam nesyt den toske i pechali!</p>	<p>Night is not patient, the night flies... the moon is setting... A glow in the mysterious distance... Dearest, forgive me! Once more life's current Brings to us a day of gloom and sadness!</p>	<p>Smotritsya topol v okno... Shepchut o chyom to listi... V zvyozdakh goryat nebesa... Gde teper, milaya, ti?</p>	<p>The poplar is reflected in the window... Leaves are whispering of something... The sky sparkles with stars... Where are you now, my sweet?</p>
<p>20 Zakatilos solntse Zakatilos' solntse, zaigrali kraski Lyogkoy pozolotoy v sineve nebes...</p>	<p>The Sun Has Set The sun has set, its colours fading To a light gilding in the sky's blue...</p>	<p>Vsyo, chto tvoritsya so mnoy, Ya peredat ne berus... Drug! pomolis za menya, Ya za tebya uzh molyus.</p>	<p>Everything that happens to me, I do not mind telling... Friend! Pray for me, I am praying for you... <i>Translations: Wil Gowan</i></p>

COMPACT DISC 53

1 I bolno, i sladko Op.6 No.3 (1869) *Words by Evdokiya Rostopchina Dedicated to Alexandra Kochetova*

I bolno, i sladko,
Kogda pri nachale lyubvi
To serdtse zabyotsya ukradkoy,
To v zhilakh techet likhoradka,
I bolno, i sladko;
To zhar zaplyayet v krovi...
I bolno, i sladko!

Probyot chas svidanya,
Potupya predatelyn vzor,
V volnenye, v tomlenye neznanya,
Boyishsya, zhelayesh priznanya,
I v muku svidanye!
Nachnyosh i prervyosh razgovor!

I v muku svidanye!
Ne vymolvish slova.
Nemeyesh, robeyesh, drozhish;
Dusha, proklinaya okovy,
Vsya v rechi izlitsya gotova.
Net sily, net slova,
I tolko glyadish i molchish!

I sladko, i bolno.
I trepet bezumny zatikh;
I serdцу legko i razdolno.
Slova polilis by tak volno,
No slushat uzh nekomu ikh.
I sladko, i bolno.

2 Moy geniy, moy angel, moy drug No.1 (c.1850–1859) *Words by Afanasy Fet* Ne zdes li ty lyogkoyu tenyu, Moy geniy, moy angel, moy drug, Beseduyesh tikho so mnoyu I tikho letayesh vokrug?

I robkim darish vdokhnovenyem,
I sladkiy krachuyesh nedug,
I tikhim darish snovidenem,
Moy geniy, moy angel, moy drug.
Moy geniy! Moy angel! Moy drug!

Both painfully and sweetly Op.6 No.3

Both painfully and sweetly
At the start of love
The heart now beats stealthily,
Now fever flows in the veins,
Both painfully and sweetly
Now blood is on fire.
Both painfully and sweetly!

When the time of our meeting comes,
With downcast eyes,
Agitated and pining,
Afraid but ready to declare my love,
I start and stammer.
And the meeting becomes a torment!

I start and stammer!
I cannot say a word.
I tremble, I become timid and dumb;
My soul, cursing its chains,
Would find expression.
I have no strength, no words,
And only look at you and keep silence!

Both painfully and sweetly.
The mad fever is over;
My heart is light and free.
It would be so easy to find words
But there is now nobody to listen,
Both painfully and sweetly.

My genius, my angel, my friend...

Is it you,
My genius, my angel, my friend,
Who as an elusive ghost talks with me so gently
And flies around softly?

You favour me with timid inspiration,
You heal a sweet sickness,
You give me soft dreams,
My genius, my angel, my friend.
My genius! My angel! My friend!

3 Lish ty odin Op.57 No.6 (1884) *Words by Alexey Pleshcheyev (after A. Kristen) Dedicated to Alexandra Krutikova*

Lish ty odin v moyi stradanya veril,
Odin vosstal na lzhiy sud lyudskoy
I podderzhal moy dukh iznemogavshiy
V te dni, kak svet vo mne borolsya s tmoy.

Lish ty odin prostyor mne smelo ruku,
Kogda k tebe, otchayanya polna,
Prishla ya s serdtsem, krovyu istekavshim,
Bezhalostnoy tolpoys oskorblena.

Lish ty odin mne vzhizni ni mgnoveniya
Ne otravlyal... Odin menya shchadil,
Odin bereg ot bur s uchastyem nezhnym,
I nikogda menya ty ne lyubil!
Net, nikogda, nikogda menya ty ne lyubil.

4 Ne sprashivay Op.57 No.3 (1884) *Words by Alexander Strugovshchikov (after Goethe) Dedicated to Emiliya Pavlova*

Ne sprashivay, ne vyzyvay priznanya!
Molchaniya lezhit na mne pechat;
Vse vyskazat – odno moyo zhelanye,
No vtainye ya obrechana stradat!

Tam vechny lyod vershiny pokryvayet,
Zdes na polya legla nochnaya ten:
S vesnoyu vnov istochnik zaigrayet,
O zareyu vnov proglyanet bozhny den,

I vsem, i vsem dano v chas skorbi uteshenye,
Ukazan drug, chtob serdtse oblegchit:
Mne s klyatvoy na ustakh dano odno terpenye,
I tolko bog, ikh mozhet razreshit!

5 Smert Op.57 No.5 (1884) *Words by Dmitry Merezhkovsky Dedicated to Dmitry Usatov*

Yesli rozy tikho osypayutsya,
Yesli zvyozdy merknut v nebesakh,
Ob utesy volny razbivayutsya,
Gasnet luch zari na oblakakh,

Eto smert, no bez borby muchitelnoy;
Eta smert, plenyaya krasoty,

Only you alone Op. 57 No. 6

Only you alone believed my suffering,
You alone struggled with the false gossip
And supported my exhausted soul
When the good fought in me with the evil.

You alone offered me a helping hand
When the ruthless insulted me,
When I came to you in sadness
With bleeding heart.

You alone never poisoned my life.
You alone showed mercy to me,
You alone protected me with tender sympathy,
But you never loved me!
You never, never loved me.

Do not ask Op.57 No.3

Do not ask me, do not provoke the admission
I am forced to be silent:
My only wish is to speak out
But I am doomed to suffer secretly.

Mountain tops are covered with eternal ice,
Fields are in darkness every night:
Yet streams come to life every spring,
Day returns with every dawn.

Everyone is consoled in grief,
Everyone has a friend to relieve his mind:
I have sworn to suffer,
God only can release me!

Death Op.57 No.5

If roses shed their petals,
If stars grow dark in the sky,
If waves break against rocks
If the rays of dawn are clouded over,

It is death but without agonising struggle,
This death captivates with its beauty,

Obeshchayet otdykh upoyitelny, Luchshiy dar prirody vseblagoy.	It promises delightful rest Which is the best gift of nature.	Otchego, o, skazhi mne skorey, ty, pokinuv, zabyla menya?	Why, oh, tell me quickly, Did you leave me and forget me?
U neyo, nastavnicy Bozhestvennoy, Nauchites, lyudi, umirat, Chtob s ulybkoy krotkoy i torzhestvennoy Svoy konets bezropotno vstrechat.	You people, let nature, This divine mentor, teach you how to die To meet your end with a gentle and solemn smile And without complaint.	8 Pervoye svidaniye Op.63 No.4 (1887) <i>Words by Grand Duke Konstantin Romanov</i>	The first meeting Op.63 No.4
6 Net, tolko tot, kto znal Op.6 No.6 <i>Dedicated to Alina Khvostova</i> <i>Words by Lev Mey (after Goethe)</i>	No, only he who has known Op.6 No.6	Vot minovala razluka unylaya, Probil svidaniya chas, Svetloye, polnoye schastiye, milaya, Vnov nastupilo dlya nas.	Cheerless parting is over, The time of meeting has come. Happiness, full of light, Starts for us again, my dear.
Net, tolko tot, kto znal Svidanya, zhazhdu, Poymyot, kak ya stradal I kak ya strazhdu.	No, only he who has known the longing For meeting Can see how I suffered And how I suffer.	Dolgo tomilosya, polno stradaniya, Serdtshe tvoyo, no pover: Dni odinchestva, dni ispytaniya My naverstayem teper.	Your heart suffered for a long time But trust me: We shall make up now For the days of solitude, days of trial.
Glyazhu ya vdal... net sil, Tuskneyet oko... Akh, kto menya lyubil I znal – daleko!	I look into the distance; it is beyond my powers, My eyes grow dim. Ah, the one who loved me Is so far away!	Nezhnye rechi, lyubvi vyrazheniya Vnov potekut bez kontsa, I vo yedinoye snova biyeniye Nashi solyutsya serdtsa!	Tender conversations and expressions of love, Will now be endless, Our hearts will blend again Into one heart-beat!
Akh, tolko tot, kto znal Svidanya zhazhdu, Poymyot, kak ya stradal I kak ya strazhdu.	My breast is burning. Ah, only he who has known longing Can see how I suffered And how I suffer.	Pust sochetayet sozvuchye yedinoye Nashi dve dushi, i vnov, Slovno vesennyaya pesn solovynaya, Nasha vospryanet lyubov!	Let the same accord Join our souls, And our love will rise again Like a nightingale's song in spring!
Vsya grud gorit – Kto znal Svidanya zhazhdu, Poymyot, kak ya stradal I kak ya strazhdu	My Heart speaks – only he Who has known longing Can see how I suffered, And how I suffer	9 Nislova, o drug moy Op.6 No.2 <i>Words by Alexander Pleshcheyev</i> <i>(after Moritz Hartmann)</i> <i>Dedicated to Nikolay Kashkin</i>	Not a word, O my friend Op.6 No.2
7 Otchego? Op.6 No.5 <i>Dedicated to Ivan Klimenko</i> <i>Words by Lev Mey (after Heine)</i>	Why? Op.6 No.5	Ni slova, o drug moy, ni vzdokha. My budem s toboy molchalivy. Ved molcha nad kamnem, nad kamnem mogilnym Sklonyayutsya grustnye ivy.	Not a word, O my friend, no sigh. We shall be silent. As silent as sorrowful weeping willows Bowing to the grave.
Otchego poblednela vesnoy pyshnotsvetnaya roza sama? Otchego pod zelyonoy travoy golubaya fialka nema? Otchego tak pechalno zvuchit pesnya ptichki, nesyas v nebesa? Otchego nad lugami visit pogrebalnym pokrovom rosa? Otchego v nebe solntse s utra kholodno i temno, kak zimoy? Otchego i zemlya vsya syra i ugrayumey mogily samoy? Otchego ya i sam vse grustney i boleznennyy den oto dnya?	Why has the fine rose Turned pale in spring? Why has the blue violet Become silent in green grass? Why does the song of a bird Sound so sadly in the sky? Why are the meadows wrapped in fog As in a shroud? Why is the morning sun Cold and sombre as in winter? Why is the ground damp And more dismal than the grave? Why am I myself become Sadder and more sickly with every passing day?	I tolko sklonivshis, chitayut, Kak ya, v tvoyom serdtshe ustalom, Chto byli dni yasnogo schastyia, Chto etogo schastyia ne stalo!	They only read bowed down As I read in your tortured heart That there were days of clear happiness And that happiness disappeared.
		Ni slova, o drug moy, ni vzdokha. My budem s toboy molchalivy. Ved molcha nad kamnem, nad kamnem mogilnym Sklonyayutsya grustnye ivy.	Not a word, O my friend, no sigh. We shall be silent. As silent as sorrowful weeping willows Bowing to the grave.

10 Pimpinella Op.38 No.6 (1878)

Song From Florence

Non contrastar cogli'uomini,
Fallo per carità.
Non sono tutti gli uomini
della mia qualità!
Io ti voglio bene assai, Pimpinella,
quanto per te penai solo il cuor lo sa!

Ti pregai di di festa, Pimpinella,
non ti vestir confusa,
non ti mostrar chiasosa, Pimpinella,
se vuoi portarmi amor!
Io ti voglio bene assai, Pimpinella,
quanto per te penai solo il cuor lo sa!

Dalla tua stessa bocca, Pimpinella,
attendo la risposta,
non fa soffrir, o bella Pimpinella,
e non mi dir di no!
Io ti voglio bene assai, Pimpinella,
quanto per te penai solo il cuor lo sa!

Ora che siamo soli, Pimpinella,
vorrei svelare il mio cuore,
languisco per amore, Pimpinella,
olo il mio cuore lo sa!
Io ti voglio bene assai, Pimpinella,
quanto per te penai solo il cuor lo sa!

11 Usni, pechalny drug Op.47 No.4 (1880)

Words by Alexey Tolstoy

Dedicated to Alexandra Panayeva

Usni, pechalny drug, uzhe s gryadushchey tmoj
Vecherniy aly svet slivayetsya vse bole;
Bleyashchiye stada vernulisya domoy,
I uleglasya pyl na opustelom pole.

Da snidet angel sna, prekrasen i krylat,
I da pereneset tebya on v zhizn inuyu!
Izdavna byl on mne v pechali drug i brat,
Usni, moyo ditya, k nemu ya ne revnuyu.

Na rany serdtsa on zabveniye prolyet,
Pytlivuyu tosku ot razuma otymet,
I s goresnoy dushi na ney lezhashchiy gnet
Do novogo utra nezrimo pripodymet.

Pimpinella Op.38 No.6

Do not wrongly compare me
with other men, I beg you.
Not all men
are of my quality!
I love you very much, Pimpinella,
My suffering for you the heart alone knows!

I begged you on the holiday, Pimpinella,
not to dress immodestly,
not to appear gaudy, Pimpinella,
if you want to bring me love!
I love you very much, Pimpinella,
My suffering for you the heart alone knows!

From your own mouth, Pimpinella,
I await the reply.
Do not make me suffer, Pimpinella,
and do not say no!
I love you very much, Pimpinella,
My suffering for you the heart alone knows!

Now that we are alone, Pimpinella,
I would open my heart to you,
I languish for love of you, Pimpinella,
my heart alone knows!
I love you very much, Pimpinella,
My suffering for you the heart alone knows!

Sleep, poor friend Op. 47 No.4

Sleep, poor friend, the scarlet evening glow
Blends with the darkness,
The herds have returned home,
Dust has settled on the deserted fields.

Let the wonderful angel of sleep fly down
And carry you to the other world!
He was my friend and brother for a long time.
Sleep, my baby, I am not jealous of his love.

He treats the wounds of the heart with oblivion,
He takes melancholy away from the mind,
He saves the sad soul
From oppression till morning

Tomimaya ves den dushevnoy borboy,
Ot vzorov i rechey vrazhdebnykh ty ustala;
Usni, moyo ditya, mezh nimi i toboy
On blagostnoy rukoy opustit pokryvalo.
Usni, moyo ditya! Usni, moyo ditya, ditya, usni!

12 Rastvoril ya okno Op.63 No.2 (1887)

Words by K. R(omanov)

Rastvoril ya okno, –
stalo dushno nevnoch, –
Opustilsya pred nim na koleni,
I v litso mne pakhnula vesennaya noch
Blagovonnym dykhanyem sireni.

A vdali gde –
to chudno zapel solovey;
Ya vnimal yemu s grustyu glubokoy...
I s toskoy o rodine vspomnil svoey;
Ob otchizne ya vspomnil dalekoy, –

Gde rodnoy solovey pesn rodnuyu poyot
I, ne znaya zemnykh ogorcheniy,
Zalivayetsya tseluyu noch naprolyot
Nad dushistoyu vetkoy sireni...

13 Uzh gasli v komnatakh ogni Op.63 No.5 (1887)

Words by Grand Duke Konstantin Romanov

Uzh gasli v komnatakh ogni.
Blagoukhali rozy.
My seli na skamyu v teni
Razvesistoy beryozy.

My byli molody s toboy!
Tak schastlivy my byli
Nas okruzhavsheyu vesnoy,
Tak goryacho lyubili!

Dvurogiy mesyats navodil
Na nas svoyo siyanye;
Ya nichego ne govoril,
Boyas prervat molchanyey;

Bezmolveno sinikh glaz tvoyikh
Ty opuskala vzory:
Krasnorechivey slov inykh
Nemye razgovory.

Chego ne smel poverit ya,
Chto v serdtse ty taila,

You are tired of hostile looks and talk
After the whole day of struggle;
Sleep, my baby, he will hide you
Beneath a blessed coverlet.
Sleep, my baby! Sleep, my baby!

I opened the window Op.63 No.2 (1887)

I opened the window, –
it had become unbearably stuffy, –
And sank to my knees in front of it,
And upon my face the spring night wafted
The fragrant breath of lilac.

Somewhere in the distance –
a nightingale broke into song,
I listened with deep sadness...
And thought with yearning of my homeland,
I recalled my far-off native land, –

Where a nightingale of home sings a native song
And, unaware of earthly sorrow,
Sings merrily throughout the night
Above sweet-scented lilac boughs...

The fires in the room were already out Op.63 No.5

The fires in the room were already out.
Roses smelled sweet.
We sat down on a bench
In the shade of a branching birch-tree.

We were young!
We were so happy
In spring;
We loved so passionately!

The crescent moon
Shone for us:
I said nothing
Not to interrupt the silence;

Your blue eyes
Looked down:
Silent conversations
Said more than words.

What I did not dare to tell you,
What you hid in your heart,

Vse eto pesnya solovya
Za nas dogovorila.

14 Serenada Op.63 No.6 (1887)

Words by Grand Duke Konstantin Romanov

O ditya, pod okoshkom tvoyim
Ya tebe propoyu serenadu.
Ubayukana penyem moyim,
Ty naydyosh v snovideyakh otradu;
Pust tvoj son i pokoy
V chas bezmolvny, nochnoy
Nezhnykh zvukov lelyut lobzanya!

Mnogo gostey, mnogo nevzgod
Tebya v zhizni, ditya, ozhidayot;
Spi zhe sladko, poka net zabot,
Poka serdtse trevogi ne znayet,
Spi vo mrake nochnom
Bezmyatezhnym ty snom,
Spi, ne znaya zemnogo stradanya.

Pust tvoj angel-khranitel svyatoj,
Mily drug, nad tobou letayet
I, leleya leleya son devstvenny tvoj,
Tebe rayskuyu pesn napevayet;
Pust toy pesni svyatoj
Otgosok zhivoy
Tebe v dushu vselit upovanye.

Spi zhe, milaya, spi, pochivay
Pod akkordy moyey serenady!
Pust prisnitsya tebe svetly ray,
Preyspolnenny vechnoy otrady;
Pust tvoj son i pokoy
V chas bezmolvny, nochnoy
Nezhnykh zvukov lelyut lobzanya!

15 Zachem? Op.28 No.3 (1875)

*Words by Lev Mey
Dedicated to Maria Il'ina*

Zachem zhe ty prisnilasya,
Krasavica dalyokaya,
I vspykhнула, chto v polyme,
Podushka odinokaya?

Okh, sgin ty, sgin ty, polunochnica!
Glaza tvoyi lenivye
I pepel kos rassypchaty,

All that was told for us
By the nightingale's song.

Serenade Op.63 No.6

Oh, my baby! I shall sing a serenade
Under your window.
You will enjoy the dreams
Lulled by my singing;
Let the kiss of the gentle sound
Cherish your rest
In the silent night hours!

Many sorrows and misfortunes
Are in store for you;
So sleep calmly while you are carefree,
While your heart is free of troubles,
Sleep in peace
In the darkness of night,
Sleep free of worldly suffering.

Let your guardian angel
Come on wings,
To protect your innocent sleep,
And to sing you a song of paradise;
Let an echo
Of this holy song
Fill your soul with hope.

Sleep, my dear, sleep
To the music of my serenade!
Dream about bright paradise
Full of eternal delights;
Let the kiss of the gentle sound
Cherish your rest
In the silent night hours!

Why did I dream of you? Op.28 No.3

Why did I dream of you,
Unattainable beauty,
Why did my lonely pillow
Grow hot?

Oh, bird of night, out of my sight!
Your languorous eyes,
And your ash-grey plaits,

I guby gordelivye
Vse nayavu mne snilosya,
I vse, chto gryzoa veshnyaya,
Umchalosya, i na serdtse
Legla potma kromeshnaya!

Zachem zhe ty prisnilasya,
Krasavica dalyokaya,
Kol stynet vmeste s gryozoyu
Polushka odinokaya?
Zachem zhe, zachem zhe ty prisnilasya!

16 Ya vam nenravlyus Op.63 No.3 (1887)

Words by Grand Duke Konstantin Romanov

Ya vam ne nraulyus...Vy lyubili
Lish druzhbu – ne lyubov moyu;
Moi nadezhdy vy sgubili,
I vse – taki ya vas lyublyu!

Kogda zhe posle kak-nibud,
Poymete vy moi muchenya
I nezametno v vashu grud
Proniknet kaplya sozhalenya,

To budet pozdno... Rastsvetayut
Lish raz vesenniye tsvety;
Uzh serdtsa vnov ne prilaskayut
Perestradaivshiye mechtly.

17 Ne ver, moy drug Op.6 No.1 (1869)

*Words by Alexey Tolstoy
Dedicated to Alexandra Menshikova*

Ne ver, moy drug, ne ver, kogda v poryve gorya
Ya govoryu, chto razlyubil tebya.
V otliva chas ne ver, ne ver izmene morya,
Ono k zemle vorotitsya, lyubya.
Uzh ya toskuyu, prezhney strasti polny,
voyu svobodu vnov tebe otdam.

I uzhe begut obratno s shumom volny
Izdaleka k lyubimym beregam.
Ne ver, moy drug, ne ver, ne ver,
Kogda v poryve gorya
Ya govoryu, chto razlyubil tebya.
V otliva chas ne ver, ne ver izmene morya,
Ono k zemle vorotitsya, lyubya.

And your haughty lips
Appeared to me as a day-dream.
But all disappeared as a spring reverie,
And my heart
Plunged into pitch darkness!

Why did I dream of you,
Unattainable beauty,
If my lonely pillow
Grows cool again with the dream?
Why, why did I dream of you?

I do not please you Op.63 No.3 (1887)

I do not please you... you enjoyed
My friendship, not my love:
You have ruined my hopes
But I still love you!

When some time later
You understand my torments
And some regret lightly enters
Your heart

It will be too late...
The flowers of spring bloom only once:
Dreams that have passed
Bring no comfort to the heart.

Do not believe me, my friend Op.6 No.1

Do not believe me, my friend,
Do not believe me when on an impulse of grief
I say that I ceased to love you;
Do not believe the sea's infidelity
When the tide is on the ebb.
The sea will return to the land still loving.

I am already sad and full of the old passion,
I want to give you my freedom back,
Do not believe me when on an impulse of grief
I say that I ceased to love you;
Do not believe the sea's infidelity
when the tide is on the ebb.
The sea will return to the land still loving.

18 Strashnaya Minuta Op.28, No.6 (1875)
Words by N. N (Pyotr Tchaikovsky)
Dedicated to Evlaliya Kadmina

Ty vnimayesh, vniz skloniv golovku,
 Ochi opustiv i tikho vzdychaya!
 Ty ne znayesh, kak mgnoveniya eti
 Strashny dlya menya i polny znacheniya,
 Kak menya smushchayet eto molchaniye.
 Ya prigovor tvoj zhdu, ya zhdu resheniya
 Il nozh ty mne v serdtse vonzish,
 Il ray mne otkroyesh.
 Akh, ne terzay menya, skazhi lish slovo!

Otchego zhe robkoye priznaniye
 V serdtse tak tebe zapalo gluboko?
 Ty vzdychayesh, ty drozhish i plachesh;
 Il slova lyubvi v ustakh tvoikh nemeyut,
 Ili ty menya zhaleyesh, ne lyubish?
 Ya prigovor tvoj zhdu, ya zhdu resheniya:
 Il nozh ty mne v serdtse vonzish,
 Il ray mne otkroyesh!
 Akh, vnemnli zhe molbe moyey,
 Otvechay, otvechay skorey!
 Ya prigovor tvoj zhdu, ya zhdu resheniya!

19 Usni Op.57 No.4 (1884)
Words by Dmitry Merezhkovsky
Dedicated to Vera Butakova

Usnut by mne navek v trave, kak v kolybeli,
 Kak ya rebyonkom spal v te solnechnye dni,
 Kogda v luchakh poludennykh zveneli
 Veselykh zhavoronkov treli
 I peli mne oni: "Usni, usni, usni!"

I krylya pestrykh mukh s prichudlivoy okraskoy
 Na venchikakh tsvetov drozhali, kak ogni,
 I shum derev kazalsya chudnoy skazkoy;
 Moy son leleya, s tikhoi laskoy
 Bayukali oni: "Usni, usni, usni!"

I ubegaya v dal, kak volny zolotye,
 Davali mne priyut v zadumchivoy teni,
 Pod kushchey verb, polya moi, polya rodnye;
 Skloniv kolosya naliivnye,
 Sheptali mne oni: "Usni, usni, usni!"

The fearful minute Op.28 No.6

You are listening with bowed head,
 Your eyes are cast down, you utter a gentle sigh!
 You do not know that this moment
 Is so fearful and so significant for me,
 You do not know how your silence troubles me
 I await your sentence, your decision
 Either you thrust a knife into my heart,
 Or you bring me into paradise.
 Ah, do not torture me, give me a word!

Why did my timid declaration
 Affect you so much?
 You sigh, you tremble and weep;
 Either the words of love freeze in your mouth,
 Or you only feel sorry for me, not love?
 I await your sentence, your decision
 Either you thrust a knife into my heart,
 Or you bring me into paradise.
 Ah, hear my entreaty,
 Answer me!
 I await your sentence, your decision!

Sleep Op.57 No. 4

I would like to sleep on the grass for ever
 As I slept in a cradle in my childhood
 When in the midday sun
 The lark's joyful song sounded
 And told me: 'sleep, sleep!'

Quaint multi-coloured fly's wings
 Trembled like tiny lights on the flowers,
 The rustle of the trees seemed to me a fairy tale,
 The trees nursed me tenderly
 And sang me a lullaby: 'sleep, sleep!'

My native fields
 Stretched afar like golden waves,
 Willows gave me shadow
 Ripe ears of corn
 Whispered to me: 'sleep, sleep!'

20 Ya snachala tebya Ne lyubila Op.63 No.1 (1887)
Words by Grand Duke Konstantin Romanov

Ya snachala tebya ne lyubila,
 Ty trevozhil menya i pugal:
 Menya novaya uchast strashila,
 I nevedomy zhrebii smushchal.

Tvoyego ya boyalas priznaniya...
 No nastal neminuyemy chas,
 I, ne pomnya sebya, bez soznaniya,
 Ya naveki tebe otdalas.

I rasseyalis vnov opaseniya,
 Prezhney robosti net i sleda:
 Pod luchami zari vo mgnoveniye
 Tak tumannaya tayot gryada.

Slovno solnce, lyubov prosiyala,
 I nemerknushchiy den zablistal.
 Zhiznyu novoyu serdtse vzygralo,
 I svyashchenny ogon zapylal.

22 Na nivы zhyoltye Op.57 No.2
Words by Alexey Tolstoy
Dedicated to Bogomir Korsov

Na nivы zhyoltye niskhodit tishina,
 V ostyvshem vozdukhе ot merknushchikh
 seleniy,
 Drozha, nesetsya zvon... Dusha moya polna
 Razlukoyu s toboy, i gorkikh sozhaleniy.

I kazhdy moy uprek ya vspominayu vnov,
 I kazhdoye tverzhu privetlivoye slovo,
 Chto mog by ya skazat tebe, moya lyubov,
 No chto na dne dush ya skhoronil surovo.
 Dusha moya polna razlukoyu s toboy!
 Dusha moya polna
 Razlukoyu s toboy i gorkikh sozhaleniy!

I did not love you at first Op.63, No.1 (1887)

At first I did not love you,
 You disturbed me, frightened me:
 A new fate scared me,
 And an unknown destiny confused me.

I feared your declaration...
 But the inevitable moment came,
 And, not understanding myself, all unaware,
 I went away from you forever.

And once again my fears dispersed,
 With not a trace of my former timidity:
 Like a misty bank melting in a twinkling
 Beneath the rays of dawn.

Like the sun, love shone forth,
 And the day unfading sparkled.
 My heart began to seethe with new life,
 And a sacred fire blazed forth.

On the golden cornfields Op.57 No.2

Silence comes to golden fields,
 A peal of bells comes from dark villages
 Through the cold air. My soul is full
 Of our parting and bitter regrets.

I remember my every reproach once more
 I repeat every friendly word
 Which I could say to you, my love,
 But which I buried deep in my soul
 My soul is full of our parting!
 My soul is full
 Of our parting and bitter regrets!

COMPACT DISC 54

1 Kak naladili durak Op.25 No.6

Lev Aleksandrovich Mey (1822–1862)

Kak naladili: “Durak, bros’ hodit’ v tsaryov kabak!”
Tak i ladyat vsyo odno – “Pey ti vodu, ne vino;
Von hosh’ rechke poklonis’, hosh’ u bistroy pouchis.”
Uzh ya k rechen’ke poydu, s rechkoy rechi povedu:

“Govoryat mne: ti umna, poklonyus’ tebe do dna,
Nauchi ti, kak mne bit’, p’yanstvom lyuda ne sramit’?
Kak v tebya, moyu reku utopit’ zmeyu-tosku?
A nauchish’ – vek togda ispolat’ tebe, voda,
Chto otbila duraka ot tsaryova kabaka!”

2 Ne dolgo nam gulyat’ (1875)

Nikolai Porfiryevich Grekov (1810–1866)

Ne dolgo nam gulyat’ ruks s rukoyu
V sadu gustom, po lipovim alleyam,
Pri bleske zvezd, vecherneyu poroy,
I zhizn’, I zhizn’ raznezhennoy dushoy
Blagodarit’ za vsyo, chto mi imeem.

Ne dolgo nam pod obayan’em snov,
Kak molodost’, igrivikh i letuchikh,
Sledya lunu v izgibakh oblakov,
Mechtat’ o tom, chemu net slov,
No chto zhivoyt v dushakh, u nas kipuchikh.

O, miliy drug! Tsvesti ne dolgo nam
Blazhenstvom chuvstv! Za to mi dolgo budem
Za nikh sud’be stradan’em dan’ nesti
I slova, slova strashnogo: prosti!
Mi nikogda s toboy, ne pozabudem.

3 Vcherashnyaya noch’ Op.60 No.1

Aleksey Stepanovich Khomyakov (1804–1860)

Vcherashnyaya noch’ bila tak svetla,
Vcherashnyaya noch’ vse zvyozdi zazhgla,

They said: You fool, do not go Op.25 No.6

They keep saying: ‘Fool, stop going to the tsar’s drinking house!’
They keep saying the same thing: ‘Drink water, not wine;
If you want, go and bow to the river, and learn from it.’
I will go to the river, I will say:

‘They tell me you are wise, I bow deeply to you.
Will you teach me how to stop embarrassing myself with drink?
Maybe in you I can drown my sorrows?
If you teach me, river, then forever you shall know,
That you taught a fool how to stop going to the tsar’s drinking house!’

No time to take a walk (1875)

We don’t have long to walk hand in hand
In overgrown garden, along linden alleys,
Under the sparkling stars at night,
And, with all our hearts, thank life
For all it has given us.

We don’t have long to live under the spell of dreams,
Which are playful and flighty like youth
And, tracing the moon in the clouds,
Dream about something we cannot express in words,
But that lives in our burning souls.

O, dear friend! We don’t have long to flourish
In blissful feelings! But our Fate will ask for
A lengthy payment. We will suffer,
And we will never forget those terrible words:
‘Forgive me!’

Last night Op.60 No.1

Last night was so light,
Last night was so full of stars

Chto, glyadya na kholmī i dremlyushchiy les,
Na vodi, blestiyashchie blyoskom nebes,
Ya dumal: o, zhit’ v etom mire chudes
Prekrasno!

Prekrasni i volni, i dal’ stepey,
Prekrasna v odezhde zelyonikh vetvey
Dubrava;
Prekrasna lyubov’ s vechno svezhim venkom,
I družbī zvezda s neizmennim luchom,
I pesni vostorg s ozaryonnim chelom,
I slava!

Vzglyanul ya na nebo, tam tverd’ yasna:
Visoko, visoko voskhodit ona
Nad bezdnoy;
Tam zvyozdi zhivie katyatsya v ogne...
I detskoe chuvstvo prosnulos’ vo mne,
I dumal ya: luchshe nam v toy vishine
Nadzvezdnoy!

4 Ya tebe nichego ne skazhu Op.60 No.2

Afanasy Afanas’yevich Fet (1820–1892)

Ya tebe nichego ne skazhu,
Ya tebya ne vstrevozhu nichut’
I o tom, chto ya molcha tverzhu,
Ne reshus’ ni za chto nameknut’.

Tseliy den’ spyat nochnie tsveti,
No lish’ solntse za roshchu zaidet,
Raskrivayutsya tikho listi,
I ya slishu, kak serdtse tsvetyot.

I v bol’nuyu, ustaluyu grud’
Veet vlagoy nochnoy... Ya drozhu...
Ya tebya ne vstrevozhu nichut’,
Ya tebe nichego ne skazhu!

5 Prosti Op.60 No.8

Nikolai Alekseyevich Nekrasov (1821–1877)

Prosti! Ne pomni dney paden’ya,
Toski, unin’ya, ozloblen’ya,
Ne pomni bur’, ne pomni slyoz,
Ne pomni revnosti ugroz!

No dni, kogda lyubvi svetilo
Nad nami laskovo vskhodilo,
I bodro mi svershali put’ –
Blagoslavi i ne zabud’!

That, looking at the hills and the sleeping forest,
At the water, glistening with the light of the sky,
I thought: o, to live in this magical world
Is wonderful!

The waves and the far steppes are beautiful,
And the woods clothed in green are beautiful;
Love is beautiful, with its perpetually fresh wreath,
And the star of friendship, with its permanent ray of light,
And the happiness of a song that lights up a face,
And glory – they are all beautiful!

I looked up at the sky:
It is very high, it dwells
Above a precipice;
There, the stars are alive with light...
A childlike feeling awoke in me,
And I thought: it would be better to live in that starry sky!

I don’t tell you anything Op.60 No.2

I will say nothing,
I will not trouble you in any way,
And I will never tell you
What I am telling myself all the time.

The night’s flowers sleep all day,
But, as soon as the sun sets beyond the wood,
The leaves quietly open,
And I hear the beating of my heart.

And my ill, tired soul
Feels the night’s moisture... I shiver...
I will not trouble you in any way,
I will say nothing!

Excuse me Op.60 No.8

Forgive! Forget the fall of days,
Torment, sadness, anger,
Forget the storms, forget the tears,
Forget the jealous threats!

But the days when the light of love
Shone above us,
And when we were happy –
Bless them and do not forget!

6 Za oknom v teni mel'kaet Op.60 No.10
Yakov Petrovich Polonsky (1819–1898)

Za oknom v teni mel'kaet
Rusaya golovka.
Ti ne spish', moyo muchen'e!
Ti ne spish', plutovka!

Vikhodi zh ko mne na vstrechu!
S zhazhdoy potseluya,
K serdtsu serdtse molodoe
Plamenno prizhmu ya.

Ti ne boysya, esli zvyozdi
Sliskom yarko svetyat:
Ya plashchom tebya odenu
Tak, chto ne zametyat.

Esli storozh nas okliknet –
Nazovis' soldatom;
Esli sprosyat, s kem bila ti?
Otvechay, chto s bratom.

Pod nadzorom bogomolki
Ved' tyur'ma naskuchit,
A nevolya ponevole
Khitrosti nauchit.

7 Noch' Op.60 No.9
Yakov Petrovich Polonsky

Otchego ya lyublyu tebya, svetlaya noch'?
Tak lyublyu, chto, stradaya, lyubuyus' toboy!
I za chto ya lyublyu tebya, tikhaya noch'?
Ti ne mne, ti drugim posilaesh' pokoy!

Chto mne zvyozdi, luna, nebosklon, oblaka,
Etot svet, chto, skol'z'ya na holodniy granit,
Prevrashchaet v almazi rosinki tsvetka,
I kak put' zolotoy cherez more bezhit!

Noch', za chto mne lyubit' tvoy serebryaniy
svet?
Usladit li on gorech' skri'vaemikh slyoz?
Dast li zhadnomu serdtsu zhelanniy otvet?
Pazreshit li somneniy tyazhyoliy vopros?

Sam ne znayu, za chto ya lyublyu tebya, noch',
Tak lyublyu, chto, stradaya, lyubuyus' toboy!

In the shadow outside the window Op.60 No.10

In the shady window I see
You moving around.
You are not sleeping, my tormentor!
You are not sleeping, little mischief!

Come and greet me!
With the thirst of a kiss,
Our young hearts will embrace
In a passionate fire.

Do not be afraid if the stars
Are too bright:
I will cover you with my coat
So that no one will see you.

If the watchman calls us –
Tell him that you are a soldier;
If someone asks who you went out with,
Answer: with your brother.

Under the eye of a nun
You will feel trapped,
And the lack of freedom
Will teach you to improvise.

Night Op.60 No.9

Why do I love you, bright night?
I adore you even when I suffer!
Why do I love you, quiet night?
You send respite to others, and not to me!

What are to me the stars, the moon, the sky, the
clouds,
And this light that, shining onto the cold granite,
Turns the dew drops into diamonds,
And runs across the sea in a golden path!

Night, why should I like your silver light?
Will it sweeten the sorrow of hidden tears?
Will it give desired answer to the eager heart?
Will it resolve the heavy question of doubt?

I do not know why I love you, o night,
I adore you even when I suffer!

Sam ne znayu, za chto ya lyublyu tebya,
noch'...
Ot togo, mozhet bit', chto dalyok moy pokoy.

8 Solovey Op. 60 No.4
Aleksandr Sergeyevich Pushkin (1799–1837)
after Vuk Stefanovic Karadzic (1787–1864)

Solovey moy, soloveyko! Ptitsa malaya, lesnaya!
U tebya l', u maloy ptitsi nezamennie tri pesni,
U menya li, u molodtsa, tri velikie zaboti!
Kak uzh pervaya zabota, rano molodtsa zhenili;
A vtoraya to zabota, voron kon' moy
pritomilsya;
Kak uzh tret'ya to zabota, – Krasnu devitsu
So mnoyu razluchili zlie lyudi.
Vikopayte mne mogilu vo pole, pole shirokom,
V golovakh mne posadite ali tsvetiki-tsvetochki,
A v nogakh mne provedite chistu vodu
klyuchevuyu.
Proidut mimo krasni devki, tak spletut sebe
tsvetochki:
Proidut mimo stari lyudi, tak vodi sebe
zacherpnut.

9 Prostie slova Op.60 No.5
Piotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky

Ti zvezda na polnochnom nebe; ti vesenniy
tsvetok poley
Ti rubin il' almaz blestyashchiy, ti luch' solntsa
vo t'me svetyashchiy,
Charovnitza i tsaritsa krasoti!
Tak po strunam bryatsaya lirnim, t'mi pevtsov o
tebe poyut.
Slavi nektar toboy izvedan, mne zh dar pesen ot
Boga ne dan,
Ya prostie skazhu slova.
Ti moy drug, ti moya opora, ti mne zhizn', ti
mne vsyo i vsyo...
Ti mne vozdukh i khleb nasushchniy, ti dvoynik
moy edinosushchniy,
Ti otrada i uslada dney moikh!
Pust' po strunam bryatsaya lirnim, t'mi pevtsov
o tebe poyut...
Slavi nektar toboy izvedan, mne zh dar pesen ot
Boda ne dan,
Kak sumel, kak sumel, tak i skazal!

I do not know why I love you, o night...
Maybe because there is no peace for me.

Nightingale Op.60 No.4

Nightingale my, nightingale! Little woodland bird!
You, little bird have three songs, and
I have three great sorrows!
The first is that I was married too early;
The second is that my black stallion got tired;
And the third is that I was separated from my love
By evil people.
Prepare a grave for me in a wide field,
At the head plant red flowers,
At the base run a stream of pure water.
When pretty girls will pass, let them weave wreaths
from the flowers,
When old people will pass, let them have a
refreshing drink.

Simple Words Op.60 No.5

You are the midnight star; you are the spring field
flower,
You are the sparkling ruby or a diamond, you are
the ray of sunlight in the darkness,
Enchantress and the queen of beauty!
Thus, strumming on silver lyres' strings, crowds of
singers extol you.
You tasted the nectar of fame, but I have no gift for
a song,
And just say it in simple words.
You are my friend, my strength, you are my life, my
everything...
You are my air and bread, my double,
You are the joy and sweetness of my days!
Let the crowds of singers extol you strumming on
silver lyres' strings...
You tasted the nectar of fame, but I have no gift for
a song.
I said this as I could, said this as I could!

10 Khotel bī v edinoe slovo (1875)

*Lev Aleksandrovich Mey
after Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)*

Khotel bī v edinoe slovo
Ya slit' moyu grust' i pechal'
I brosit' to slovo na veter,
Chto b veter unyos ego vdal'.

I pust' bī to slovo pechal'
Po vetru k tebe doneslos',
I pust' vseгда i povsyudu
Ono tebe v serdtse lilos'!

I esli b ustaliе ochi
Somknulis' pod gryzoy nochnoy,
O pust' bī to slovo pechali
Zvuchalo vo sne nad toboy!

Khotel bī v edinoe slovo...

11 Kanareyka Op.25 No.4

Lev Aleksandrovich Mey

Govorit sultansha kanareyke:
“Ptichka! Luchshe v tereme visokom shchebetat'
i pesni pet' Zuleyke,
Chem porkhat' na zapade dalyokom?
Svoy zhe, svoiy zhe mne pro zamore, pevichka,
Svoy zhe, svoiy zhe mne pro zapad, neposedka!
Est' li tam takoe nebo, ptichka,
Est' li tam takoy garem i kletka?
U kogo tam stol'ko roz bivalo?
U kogo iz shakhov est' Zuleyka
I podnyat' li tak ey pokrivalo?”

Ey v otvet shchebechet kanareyka:
“Ne prosi s menya zamorskikh pesen,
Ne budi toski moyey bez nuzhdi:
Tvoy garem po nashim pesnyam tesen,
I slova iz odaliskam chuzhdi...
Ti v lenivoy droyme rastsvetala,
Kak i vsya krugom tebya priroda,
I ne znaesh' dazhe, ne slikhala,
Chto u pesni est' sestra svoboda.”

For one simple word (1875)

In one simple word I would like to combine
My sorrow and sadness,
And let that word
Be taken away by the wind.

And let the wind
Bring it to you,
And let it always
Dwell in your heart!

And if your tired eyes
Close with a night's dream,
That sorrowful word
Would sound above you in your sleep!

In one simple word...

Canary Op.25 No.4

A Sultana said to a canary:
‘Little bird! Is it better to sing your songs to
Zuleika in the lovely palace,
Than fly in the far West?
Sing to me about what lies beyond the sea,
Sing to me about the West!
Is there the same sky?
Are there the same harem and cage?
Who has many roses there?
Which shah has Zuleika,
And can she lift her veil just like me?’

The canary replied:
‘Do not ask of me to sing,
Do not wake my sorrow without a need:
Your harem is too small for my songs,
And the songs' words are foreign to your
odalisques...
You blossomed in languorous daze,
Just as the nature all around you,
And you do not know, you have not heard,
That freedom is a sister to a song.’

12 Glazki vesni golubie (1875)

*Mikhail Larionovich Mikhailov (1829–1865)
after Heinrich Heine*

Glazki vesni golubie
Krotko glyadyat iz trav'.
Lyubi vi miloy, fialki,
S polem rasstanetes' vi.

Rvu ya tsveti i mechtayu...
V roshche poyut solov'i...
Bozhe moy, kto rasskazal im i dum'i i groyzi
moi?
I dum'i i groyzi moi

Gromko oni raspevayut
Vsyo, chto na serdtse tayu...
Tselaya roshcha uznala nezhnuyu taynu moyu.
Tselaya roshcha uznala nezhnuyu taynu moyu,
nezhnuyu tainu moyu.

13 Tak chto zhe Op.16 No.5

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Tvoy obraz svetliy, angel'sky i denno i noshchno
so mnoy;
I slyozhi, i groyzi, i zhutkie strashnie sni,
Ti vsyo napolnyaesh' soboy!
Ti vsyo napolnyaesh' soboy!
Tak chto zhe? Chto zhe? Chto zhe?
Khot' much', da lyubi!

Ya taini strasti pagubnoy gluboko horonyu, a ti
korish', stidom yazvish'!
Ti tol'ko terzaesh' menya
Bezzhalostnoy, gruboy nasmeshkoy,
Bezzhalostnoy, gruboy nasmeshkoy!
Tak chto zhe? Chto zhe? Chto zhe?
Terzay, da lyubi!

Tebe do groba veren ya,
No ti kazhdiy den', kazhdiy chas izmenoyu yad
v serdtse l'yosh',
Ti zhizn' otravlyash' moyu!
Net, ya ne snesu etoy muki!
Net zhalosti v serdtse tvoyom!
Tak chto zhe? Chto zhe? Chto zhe?
Ubey! No lyubi!

The eyes of spring are blue (1875)

The blue eyes of spring
Meekly look from the grass.
My love likes you, violets,
You will have to part with the field.

I pick the flowers and dream...
In the forest nightingales sing...
My God, who told them about my thoughts and
dreams?
My thoughts and dreams?

They sing loudly
About everything that is hidden in my heart...
The whole forest now knows my secret.
The whole forest now knows my secret, my gentle
secret.

So what can I say? Op.16 No.5

Your angelic image is with me day and night;
My tears, dreams, and nightmares
Are full of you!
Are full of you!
So what? What? What?
Torment me, but love me!

I keep the secret of deadly passion deep inside; and
you reproach me and embarrass me!
You torment me
With heartless, brutal mockery!
With heartless, brutal mockery!
So what? What? What?
Torment me, but love me!

I will be faithful to you till death,
But every day, every hour you sting my heart with
your unfaithfulness,
And poison my life!
No, I will not survive this torment!
You have no pity in your heart!
So what? What? What?
Kill! But love me!

14 O, esli b znali vi Op.60 No.3
Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev (1825–1893)

O, esli b znali vi, kak mnogo sloz nezrimikh
 Tot l'oyt, kto odinok, bez druga i sem'i,
 Vi, mozhet bit', poroy, proshli bi mimo
 Zhilishcha, gde vlachatsya dni moi

O, elsi b znali vi, chto v serdtse, polnom tainoy
 Pechali, chistiyy vzor sposoben zarodit',
 V moyo okno, poroy, kak bi sluchayno
 Vi, proodya, vzglyanuli mozhet bit'.

O, elsi b znali vi, kak serdsu schast'ya mnogo
 Darit drugogo serdtsa blizost', otdokhnut'
 U moego vi seli bi poroga,
 Kak dobraya sestra, kogda-nibud'.

O, esli b znali vi, chto ya lyublyu vas, znali.
 Kak gluboko lyublyu, kakim svyatim ognym
 Vi s davnikh por mne dushu sogrevali,
 Vi, mozhet bit', mozhet bit', ko mne voshli bi v
 dom!

15 O, spoy zhe tu pesnyu, rodnaya Op.16 No.4
Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev
after Felicia Hemans (1793–1835)

O, spoy zhe tu pesnyu, rodnaya,
 Chto pela ti v prezhnie dni,
 V te dni, kak rebyonkom bila ya.
 Ti pesenku vdruk zapevala,
 I ya na kolenyakh tvoikh
 Pod zvuki toy pesni dremala.

Ti pela, tomima toskoyu;
 Iz temnikh, zadumchivikh glaz
 Katilas' sleza za slezoyu...
 Prot'yazhno i grustno ti pela...
 Lyubila napev ya prostoy,
 Khot' slov ya ponyat' ne umela...

O, spoy zhe tu pesnyu, rodnaya,
 Kak pela eyo v starinu;
 Davno eyo smysl ponyla ya!
 I pust' pod znakomie zvuki,
 Ubitaya gorem, zasnu
 Ya snom, chto vrachuet vse muki.

Oh, if only you knew Op.60 No.3

Oh, if you knew how many unseen tears
 Were shed by this lonely person, without a friend or
 family,
 Maybe you would pass by
 This abode, where my days are lingering.

Oh, if you knew what your glance is capable of
 arousing
 In my heart, full of secret sorrow,
 At my window sometimes, as if by chance
 You maybe would look, while walking past.

Oh, if you knew how much happiness
 Gives the closeness of one heart to another,
 You would stop to rest on my doorstep
 Sometimes, as a kind sister.

Oh, if you knew that I love you, if you knew
 How deeply I love, with what sacred fire
 You had warmed my soul for a long time,
 Maybe, you would enter my home!

Oh, sing that song Op.16 No.4

O, sing that song, my dear,
 The one you used to sing
 When I was a child.
 Suddenly, you would start singing,
 And I would sit on your lap
 And doze off to the sound of your voice.

You sung when you were sad;
 From your dark, thoughtful eyes
 A tear rolled after tear...
 Slowly and sadly you sung...
 I loved the simple tune,
 Although I did not understand the words...

O, sing that song, my dear,
 As you sang it in the past;
 Long time ago I understood the meaning!
 To the familiar sounds,
 Overcome by grief,
 I want to be overcome with the sleep that heals all
 sorrows.

16 Primiren'e Op.25 No.1
Nikolay Fyodorovich Shcherbina (1821–1869)

O, zasni, moyo serdtse gluboko! Ne budi: ne
 probudish', chto bilo,
 Ne zovi, chto umchalos' daleko, ne lyubi, chto ti
 prezhde lyubilo...
 Pust' nadezhday i lzhivoy mechttoy ne smutitsya
 tvoy son i pokoy.

Dlya tebya ne vozvratno biloe, na gryadushchee
 net upovan'ya...
 Ti ne znalo v blazhenstve pokoya, uspokoyasya
 zh na lozhe stradan'ya
 I staraysya ne pomnit' zimoy, kak srivalo ti rozi
 vesnoy!

O, zasni, moyo serdtse gluboko!...

17 Blagoslavlyayu vas lesa Op.47 No.5
Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817–1875)

Blagoslavlyayu vas, lesa,
 Dolini, nivi, gori, vodi
 Blagoslavlyayu ya svobodu
 I golubie nebesa!

I posokh moy blagoslovlyayu,
 I etu bednuyu sumu,
 I step' or krayu i do krayu,
 I solntsa svet, i nochi t'mu,
 I odinokuyu tropinku,
 Po koey, nishchiy, ya idu,
 I v pole kazhduyu bilinku,
 I v nebe kazhduyu zvezdu!

O, esli b mog vsyu zhizh' smeshat' ya,
 Vsyu dushu vmeste s vami slit',
 O, esli b mog v moi ob'yat'ya
 Ya vas, vragi, druz'ya i brat'ya,
 I vsyu prirodu, i vsyu prirodu
 V moi ob'yat'ya zaklyuchit'!

18 Vecher Op.27 No.4
Lev Aleksandrovich Mey after
Taras Hryhorovyc Shevchenko (1814–1861)

Vishnyoviy sadik vozle khati,
 Zhuki nad vishnyami gudyat,
 Plug s nivi pakhari tashchat,

Reconciliation Op.25 No.1

O, sleep, my heart, with the deep sleep! Do not
 wake: you cannot wake up the past,
 Do not try to return what had gone, do not love
 what you used to love...
 Do not let hope and false dreams to disturb your
 peaceful sleep.

The past will not return, and there is no hope for
 the future...
 You never knew peaceful bliss, but you will rest on
 the bed of sorrow.
 Try not to think in the winter how you picked roses
 in the spring!

O, sleep, my heart, with the deep sleep!...

I bless you, woods Op.47 No.5

I bless you, woods,
 Valleys, fields, mountains, and waters.
 I bless the freedom
 And blue skies!

And I bless my wanderer's staff,
 And this threadbare rucksack,
 And the vast steppe,
 And the light of the sun, and the darkness of the
 night,
 And a solitary path,
 Along which I, poor, travel,
 And in the field I bless every blade of grass,
 And every star in the sky!

O, if I could embrace all of life,
 And merge my soul with yours,
 O, if I could embrace
 You, my foes, friends, and brothers,
 And the whole of nature
 Enclose with my embrace!

Evening Op.27 No.4

There is a cherry orchard near a dwelling,
 Where the beetles buzz around the trees,
 The ploughmen bring ploughs from the field,

<p>I, raspevayuchi, devshati Domoy na vecheryu speshat.</p> <p>Sem'ya ikh zhdyot, i vsyo gotovo. Zvezda vechernyaya vstayot, I dochka uzhin podayot. A mat' skazala bi ey slovo, Da soloveyko ne dayot.</p> <p>Mat' ulozhila voze khati Malyutok – detochek svoikh; Sama zasnula voze nikh... Zatikhlo vsyo... odni devchatī, Da soloveyko ne zatikh.</p>	<p>And the girls sing While hurrying home.</p> <p>The family awaits them, all is ready. The night star is rising, And the daughter serves supper. The mother would say something to her, But the nightingale would not stop singing.</p> <p>The mother puts her children To sleep; And lies down next to them... All is quiet... only the girls, And the nightingale, are awake.</p>	<p>20 Sred' shumnogo bala Op.38 No.3 <i>Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy</i></p> <p>Sred' shumnogo bala, sluchayno, V trevoge mirskoy sueti, Tebya ya uvidel, no tayna Tvoi pokrivala cherti.</p> <p>Lish' ochi pechal'no glyadeli, A golos tak divno zvuchal, Kak zvon otdalyonnoy svireli, Kak morya igrayushchiy val.</p> <p>Mne stan tvoy ponravilsya tonkiy I ves' tvoy zadumchiviy vid, A smekh tvoy, i grustniy, i zvonkiy, S tekh por v moyom serdtse zvuchit.</p> <p>V chasi odinokie nochi Lyublyu ya, ustaliy, prilech': Ya vizhu pechal'nie ochi, Ya slishu vesyoluyu rech',</p> <p>I grustno ya, grustno tak zasipayu, I v gryozakh nevedomikh splyu... Lyublyu li tebya, ya ne znayu – No kazhetsya mne, chto lyublyu!</p>	<p>Amid the din of the ball Op.38 No.3</p> <p>At a noisy ball, by chance, Among the mundane bustle I saw you, but Your face was covered.</p> <p>And only the eyes looked sadly, And your voice was divine, As a sound of a distant pipe, As playful waves of the sea.</p> <p>I liked your thin stature And your pensive look, And I can still hear Your laughter, both sad and loud.</p> <p>During the lonely night hours When I lie down to rest, I see the sad eyes, I hear the merry voice,</p> <p>And sadly, sadly I fall asleep, And dream... I do not know if I love you – But I think that I do!</p>
<p>19 To bilo ranneyu vesnoy Op.38 No.2 <i>Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy</i></p> <p>To bilo ranneyu vesnoy, Trava edva vskhodila, Ruch'i tekli, ne paril znoy, I zelen' roshch skvozila.</p> <p>Truba pastush'ya poutru Eshche ne pela zvonko, I v zavitkakh eshche v boru Bil paporotnik tonkiy.</p> <p>To bilo ranneyu vesnoy, V teni beryoz to bilo, Kogda s ulibkoy predto mnoy Ti ochi opustila...</p> <p>To na lyubov' moyu v otvet Ti opustila vezhdi. O, zhizn'! O, les! O, solntsa svet! O, yunost'! O, nadezhdi!</p> <p>I plakal ya pered tobey, Na lik tvoy glyadya miliy – To bilo ranneyu vesnoy, V teni beryoz to bilo!</p> <p>To bilo utro nashikh let! O, schast'e! O, slyozhi! O, les! O, zhizn'! O, solntsa svet! O, svezhiy dukh beryozhi!</p>	<p>It was in early spring Op.38 No.2</p> <p>It was in early spring, The grass was barely growing, The brooks began to run, the heat was not yet heavy, And the woods were newly green.</p> <p>A shepherd's horn in mornings Did not yet brightly sound, And ferns in the woods Were still in youthful curls.</p> <p>It was in early spring, In the shade of birch trees, When with a smile before me You lowered your eyes...</p> <p>That was your response To my love. O, life! O, forest! O, sunlight! O, youth! O, hopes!</p> <p>I cried before you, Looking at your dear face – It was in early spring, In the shade of birch trees!</p> <p>It was the morning of our years! O, happiness! O, tears! O, forest! O, life! O, sunlight! O, fresh scent of birch trees!</p>	<p>21 Podvig Op.60 No.11 <i>Aleksey Stepanovich Khomyakov (1804–1860)</i></p> <p>Podvig est' i v srazhen'i, Podvig est' i v bor'be, Visshiy podvig i terpen'i, Lyubvi i mol'be. Esli serdtse zaniło Pered zloboy lyudskoy, Il' nasil'e skhvatilo Tebya tsep'yu stal'noy, Esli skorbi zemnie Zhalom v dushu vpilis', S veroy bodroy i smeloy Ti za podvig boris'. Est' u podviga kril'ya, I vzletish' ti na nikh, Bez truda, bez usil'ya, Vishe mrakov zemnykh, Vishe krishi temnitsi, Vishe zlobi slepoy, Vishe vopley i krikov</p>	<p>The exploit Op.60 No.11</p> <p>There are heroic deeds in battles, And in resistance, But the greatest bravery is in patience, Love, and prayer. If the heart is affected By people's envy, Or if the oppression gripped You with its iron chain, If this world's sorrows Sting your soul, Fight With strong belief and bravery. On the wings of heroism You will fly, Without difficulties, Above all the grim earthly things, Higher than the roof of a prison, Higher than blind envy, Higher than cries</p>

Gordoy cherni lyudskoy!
Podvig est' i v srazhen'ï,
Podvig est' i v bor'be,
Visshiy podvig v terpen'ï,
Lyubvi i mol'be.

22 Pesn' Min'onï Op.25 No.3

*Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev (1803–1873) after
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)*

Ti znaesh' kray, gde mirt i lavr rastyot,
Glubok i chist lazurniy neba svod,
Tsvetyot limon i apel'sin zlatoy,
Kak zhar, gorit pod zelen'yu gustoy?
Ti zhaesh' kray? Ti znaesh' kray?
tuda, tuda, tuda s toboy
Khotela b ya ukrïtsya, miliy moy!

Ti znaesh' vis' s stezyoy po krutiznam,
Loshak bredyot v tumane po skalam,
V ushchel'yakh gor otrod'e zmey zhiyyot,
Gremït obval i vodopad revyot?
Ti znaesh' put'? Ti znaesh' put'?
Tuda, tuda i nam s toboy prolozhen sled.
Udydom, vlastitel' moy!
Ti znaesh' put'? Tuda, i nam sled prolozhyon:
Udydom, vlastitel' moy!

Ti znaesh' dom na mramornïkh stolbakh,
Siyaet zal i kupol ves' v luchakh,
Glyadyat kumiri molcha i grustya:
"Chto, chto s toboy, bednoe ditya?"
Ti znaesh' dom?... Ti znaesh' dom?
Tuda s toboy udydom, roditel' moy!

Ti znaesh' kray, gde mirt i lavr rastyot,...

COMPACT DISC 55

1 Net, nikogda ne nazovu Op.28 No.1

(N. P. Grekova)

Net, nikogda vam ne uznat',
Kogo lyublyu ya.
Za vsyu vseleennyuyu eyo
Ne nazovu ya.

Davayte pet'! I budet vam
Vtorit' moy golos,

Of proud people!
There are heroic deeds in battles,
And in resistance,
But the greatest bravery is in patience,
Love, and prayer.

Mignon's Song Op.25 No.3

Do you know a land where grow bay and mirth,
Where the sky is deep azure and pure,
Where blossoms of lemon and golden orange trees,
Like fire, burn under the dark green leaves?
Do you know of such land?
There, there I want to hide
With you, my love!

Do you know a mountain where, along
Narrow dangerous paths a donkey plods along,
In crevices of its rocks the vipers live,
And noise of waterfall and avalanches heard?
Do you know such path?
There, there we will go,
My master!

Do you know a home with marble columns,
With a dome and roof that shine in sunlight,
Where the idols look sadly in silence:
'What is the matter, poor child?'
Do you know such home?
There we will go, my love!

Do you know a land where grow bay and mirth,...

I will never name her

No, I will never name
The one I love.
For the whole Universe
I will not name her.

Let us sing! My voice
Will tell you

Chto belokuraya ona,
Kak zreliy kolos;

Chto voli ni za chto eyo
Ya ne narushu,
I, kol' zakhochet, otdam
Vsyu zhizn' i dushu.

Ya muki plamennoy lyubvi
Ot ney skrivayu:
Oni nesnosni, i ot nikh
Ya umirayu.

No kto ona... no kto ona...

Net, ya lyublyu eyo, lyublyu s takoyu siloy,
Chto pust' umru, chto pust' umru, no ne skazhu
Ya imya miloy, pust' umru, pust' umru, no ne
skazhu
Ya imya miloy.

Six French Songs Op.65

(A. Gorchakova)

2 1. Serenada (E. Turquéty)

Ti kuda letish', kak ptnitsa,
yunyï sin mladoy devitsi,
svezhiy, chistiyy veterok?
V dal' speshish', togo ne znaya,
chto, ot strasti zamiraya,
kazhdiy zdes' drozhit listok!

Il' v dolinu khochesh' mchatsya,
v tyomnikh ivakh pokachatsya,
gde spit sladko solovey?
Spit mezh vetvey?
Khochesh' k roze ti spustitsya,
s motil'kom li porezvitsya,
v mayskiy den', pod bleskom luchey?

Net, leti zaryoyu yasnoy
k toy, kogo lyublyu ya strastno,
k lozhu eyo ponesi:

zapakh roz i trav dushistikh,
potseluy moy nezniy, chistiyy,
kak dunoven'e vesni;

zapakh roz i trav dushistikh,
potseluy moy nezniy, chistiyy,
kak dunoven'e vesni.

That her hair is golden,
Like ripe wheat fields,

That I will never do anything
Against her wishes,
And, if she asks,
Will give her my life and soul.

I hide from her
The torments of fiery love:
They are terrible,
And I feel like I am dying.

But who she is... who she is...

No, I love her with such strength,
That even if I die, if I die, I will not utter
The name of the one I love, will not utter
The name of the one who is so dear to me.

Six French Songs Op.65

1. Serenade

Young maiden's son, like a bird or a fresh, pure
wind,
where are you flying?
You hurry without realising,
that every leaf here is trembling with passion!

Do you want to fly to a valley,
swing in the dark willows,
where a nightingale sweetly sleeps between
branches?
Do you want to descend to a rose,
or play with a moth,
on a May Day, in the sunshine?

No, fly in the dawn
to the one I passionately love,
and take to her bed

the scent of roses
and my gentle, pure kiss,
pure as a breath of spring.

Scent of roses
and my gentle, pure kiss,
pure as a breath of spring.

3 2. Razocharovanie (P. Collin)

Yarko solntse eshchyo blistalo,
uvidat' khotel ya lesa,
gde s vesnoyu vmeste lyubvi
i blazhenstva pora nastala.

Podumal ya: 'v lesnoy tishi
eyo naydu opyat', kak prezhde,
i ruki podav mne svoi,
poydyot za mnoy polna nadezhdi.'
Ya naprasno ishchu... Uvi!
Vzivayu! Lish' ekho mne otvechaet!

O, kak skuden solntsa svet.
Kak pechalen les i bezglasen!
O, lyubov' moya, kak uzhasno
tak skoro utratit' tebya!

4 3. Serenada (P. Collin)

V yarkom svete zari, blistayushchem i yasnom,
otblesk vizhu divnykh ochey!
Mnitsya, budto zvuchit v pen'i ptits
sladkoglasnykh
lish' ekho tvoikh detskikh rechey!

V lilii nakhozhu tvoy pokoy bezmyatezhnyy,
tvoyu chistotu v ney lyublyu!
Zapakh roz, kak tvoyo dikhan'e, sladko nezhen,
v rozakh ya lyublyu svezhest' tvoyu.

I lyublyu ya v volne v chas burnyy eyo priliva
goryachnost' i vspishki tvoiy,
Lyublyu tvoiy vopli i gorya poriv
v sviste vetra, v shume grozi.

Strasti pilkoy tvoey ya lyublyu proyavlen'e,
zhzhyot ona, tochno solntsa luch;
Luna v svoey krasote stidlivoy – tvoyo
voploshchen'e
kogda blestit nam iz-za tuch.

V yunoy, svetloy vesne ya lyublyu vozrozhden'e
gryoz chistik i nadezhdy;
lyublyu ya tvoyu pechal' i strast' uedinen'ya
v tikhom mrake teney nochnikh,
v tikhom mrake teney nochnikh!

2. Disillusionment

The sun was still shining brightly,
and I wanted to see the forest
where the time of love and delight
came in spring.

I thought: 'In the quiet forest
I will find her again,
and she will give me her hand
and will follow me, full of hope.'
I am searching in vain...Alas!
I call out! There is only echo!

O, how dull is the sunlight!
How sad and quiet the forest!
O, my love, how terrible it is
to lose you so soon!

3. Serenade

In the bright light of dawn,
the reflection of your magical eyes is sparkly and
clear!
It seems that the sweet songs of birds
echo your sweet words!

In a lily I see your undisturbed peace,
and love your purity!
In roses I love your freshness:
their scent, like your breath, is sweetly gentle.

In a wave at the hour of full tide,
I love your passion,
And in gusts of wind and in roar of the storm
I love the expression of your sorrow.

I love to see your passion:
it burns me like a ray of sun.
The moonlight shining through clouds
is the expression of your beauty.

I love the awakening of pure dreams
and hopes in youthful, bright spring,
I love your sadness, and our passionate meetings
in quiet darkness of night,
in quiet darkness of night!

5 4. Puskay zima (P. Collin)

Puskay zima pogasit solntsta svetliy luch
i pokroet efir tsep'yu sumrachnykh tuch...
Znayu ya, gde iskat' blesk sveta,
solntsa i luchey i rassveta
prekrasney zari v nebesakh.
O, dorogaya,
v tvoikh lish' glazakh!

Puskai zima pokroet snegom vse tsveti
i surovoy rukoy rasseet lepestki...
Znayu ya, gde iskat' tsvet prekrasniy,
nesmotrya na holod dney nenastnykh,
Rozu v svezhey, pishnoy krase.
O, dorogaya,
v tvoey lish' dushe!

Etot luch, chto v glazakh tvoikh vseгда blestit,
kotorogo ничто не может погасит',
tot tsvetok, chto dusha sokhranyaet,
chto nikogda не увядает,
perezviv vesennie dni.
O, dorogaya,
to blesk krasit!

6 5. Slyozī (A.M. Blanchecotte)

Esli pokoy dadite za vse trevolnen'ya
i smoete teper' dney minuvshikh tosku,
esli ranam moim nesyote oblegchen'e,
leytes', slyozī, ya vas molyu!

No, esli i teper' vi smert' s soboy nesyote,
esli vi razzhigat' plamy serdtsa dolzhni,
ne much'te zhe menya, zachem vsyu grud' mne
rvete:
O, slyozī, skroytes' vi!

Da, skroytes' vi: moya toska eshche uzhasney:
probudili vi vnov' gore proshlykh godov!
O, szhal'tes', o, szhal'tes' eshchyo i
dayte smert' moyey dushe neschastnoy!
Slyozī, zastin'te vnov', zastin'te vnov'!
Da, da, zastin'te vnov'!

7 6. Charovnitsa (P. Collin)

Ti soboyu voploshchaesh'
silu char i volshebstva:
radost', schast'e i toska
ot tebya pridut, ti znaesh',

no vsem tem, kogo plenyashes',
rabstva tsep' ne tyazhela.

4. Let the winter...

Let the winter dim the bright light of the sun
and cover the sky with a chain of dark clouds...
I know where to look for the light,
sun, and beauty that is more spectacular
than that of the sky.
O, my darling,
only in your eyes!

Let the winter cover with snow all flowers
and scatter their petals with its cold hand...
I know where to look for beautiful blossoms
and for a rose in fresh splendour,
Even in cold wintry days.
O, my darling,
only in your soul!

The light in your eyes
cannot be ever dulled,
That flower, kept safe in the soul,
will never wilt
at the end of the spring.
O, my darling,
this is the splendour of beauty!

5. Tears

If you grant me peace for all sorrows,
and wash away the sadness of bygone days,
if you take away the pain of my wounds,
then flow, tears, I implore you!

But if you carry death with you,
if you are meant to rekindle the fire in my heart,
Then leave me. Why do you torment me and tear
my soul apart?
O, tears, leave me!

Yes, leave me. You intensified my sorrow:
you awoke the sadness of the past!
O, have pity,
and send death to my poor soul!
Tears, freeze again, freeze again!
Yes, yes, freeze again!

6. Enchantress

You are the proof
of the power of magic:
you give happiness, delight,
and sorrow,

But to those you enchant,
the chain of slavery is light.

<p>Ti soboyu voploshchaesh' silu char i volshebstva!</p> <p>Da, pobeda ne trudna: vzglyadom, chto ti nam brosaesh', ti, kak set'yu, obnimaesh' i lovish' u vsekh serdtsa... Ti soboyu voploshchaesh' silu char i volshebstva.</p>	<p>You are the proof of the power of magic!</p> <p>Yes, victory is easy: with your look you embrace and entrap hearts... You are the proof of the power of magic.</p>	<p>Stonut devī, plachut zhyonī, I toskuyut, i krushatsya... Vsyo, vsyo o tom, chto ne dohodyat Vesti v adskie predeli – zhyonī plachut, stonut: Est' li nebo goluboe? Est' li svet eshchyo tam beliy? Est' li v svete tserkvi Bozh'i I ikonī zolotie, I, kak prezhdē, za stankami Tkut li devī molodie? Tkut li devī molodie?</p>	<p>Maidens moan, wives cry and yearn For everything that cannot reach them there. The wives cry and moan: Is there still a blue sky? Is there still a bright light? Are there still God's temples and golden icons, And are young maidens still weaving with their looms? Do the young maidens still weave?</p>
<p>8 O, esli b ti mogla Op.38 No.4 (A.K. Tolstoy)</p> <p>O, esli b ti mogla, khot' na edinīy mig, Zabit' svoyu pechal', zabyt' svoi nevgodi, O, esli bi khot' raz ya tvoy uvidel lik, Kakim ya znal ego v schastliveyshie godi!</p> <p>Kogda v glazakh tvoikh zasvetitsya sleza, O, esli b eta grust' mogla proyti porivom, Kak v tyopluyu vesnu prolyotnaya groza. Kak ten' oblakov, begushchaya po nivam!</p> <p>O, esli b ti mogla, khot' na edinīy mig, Zabit' svoyu pechal', zabit' svoi nevgodi, O, esli bi khot' raz ya tvoy uvidel lik, Kakim ya znal ego v schastliveyshie godi!</p>	<p>O, if you could Op. 38 No.4</p> <p>O, if you could at least for a fleeting moment Forget your sorrow, forget your unhappiness, O, if only once more I could see your face As I knew it in those happy years!</p> <p>Tears glisten in your eyes. O, if this sadness could end, As a storm that quickly passes in spring, As shadows of clouds that run across fields!</p> <p>O, if you could at least for a fleeting moment, Forget your sorrow, forget your unhappiness, O, if only once more I could see your face As I knew it in those happy years!</p>	<p>V tyomnom ade, pod zemlyoy, Teni greshnie tomyatsya; Stonut devī, plachut zhyonī, I toskuyut, i krushatsya...</p> <p>11 Moya balovnitza Op.27 No.6 (L. A. Mey)</p> <p>Moya balovnitza, otдавshis' vesel'yu, Zal'yotsya, kak ptichka, serebryannoy trel'yu, Kak ptichka, nachnyot shchebetat', lepetat', Tak milo nachnyot shchebetat', lepetat', Chto dazhe dikhan'em boyus' ya narushit' Garmoniyu sladkuyu devstvennikh slov, I tseliye dni, i vsyu zhizn' ya gotov Krasavitsu slushat', i slushat', i slushat', i slushat', slushat'!</p>	<p>In the darkness of hell, in the depth of the earth, The sinful shadows are suffering, Maidens moan, wives cry and yearn...</p> <p>My mischief Op.27 No.6</p> <p>My mischief abandoned herself to fun, And her silver laugh is like a little bird's trill. When she, like a bird, starts to chirp So sweetly and endearingly, I do not even breathe, Afraid to destroy the harmony of virginal words, And I am prepared to listen to my beauty For the whole day, even for the whole life!</p>
<p>9 Ni otziva, ni slova, ni priveta Op.28 No.5 (A.N. Apukhtin)</p> <p>Ni otziva, ni slova, ni priveta, Pustineyu mezh nami mir lezhit, I misl' moya s voprosom bez otveta Ispuganno nad serdtsem tyagotit!</p> <p>Uzhel' sredi chasov toski i gneva Proshedshee ischeznet bez sleda, Kak lyogkiy zvuk zabitogo napeva, Kak v mrak nochnoy upavshaya zvezda?</p> <p>Kak lyogkiy zvuk zabitogo napeva, Kak v mrak nochnoy upavshaya zvezda?</p>	<p>No reply, no word, no greeting Op.28 No.5</p> <p>No reply, no word, no greeting. The world stretches between us like a desert, And a question without an answer Lies heavily on my heart!</p> <p>Is it really true, that after long hours of sorrow and anger The past will disappear without a trace, As a brief note of a forgotten melody, As a falling star in a dark night?</p> <p>As a brief note of a forgotten melody, As a falling star in a dark night?</p>	<p>Kogda zh zhivost' rechi ey glazki zazhzyot I shchyoki silnee rummyanit' nachnyot, Kogda pri ulibke, skvoz' aliye gubi, Kak perli v korallakh, blesnut eyo zubi, O, v eti minuti ya smelo opyat' Glyazhu ey v ochi I zhdou potseluya, I bolee slushat' eyo ne khochu ya, A vsyo tselovat', tselovat', tselovat'!</p> <p>Moyu balovnitzu vsyu zhizn' ya gotov tselovat', tselovat', tselovat'.</p>	<p>When her eyes light up from her lively words, Her cheeks blush. When she smiles, her teeth glisten Through her red lips like pearls between corals. Oh, in those moments I bravely again Look into her eyes and wait for a kiss, And don't want to listen to her any more, But only to kiss, kiss, kiss!</p> <p>I am ready to kiss her all my life, To kiss, kiss, kiss.</p>
<p>10 Novogrecheskaya pesnya Op.16 No.6 (A. N. Maykov)</p> <p>V tyomnom ade, pod zemlyoy, Teni greshnie tomyatsya;</p>	<p>New Greek Song Op.16 No.6</p> <p>In the darkness of hell, in the depth of the earth, The sinful shadows are suffering,</p>	<p>12 Lyubov' metvetsa Op.38 No.6 (M.Y. Lermontov)</p> <p>Puskay holodnoyu zemlyoyu Zasipan ya, O, drug! Vsegda, vsegda, vezde s toboyu Dusha moya, Dusha moya vsegda, vezde s tobom!</p>	<p>Love of a Dead Man Op.38 No.5</p> <p>Even though I am lying Under the cold earth, Oh, my friend! My soul is always With you, Always with you!</p>

Lyubvi bezumnogo tomlen'ya,
Zhilets mogil,
V strane pokoya i zabven'ya
Ya ne zabil.
Bez strakha v chas posledney muki
Pokinuv svet,
Otradi zhdal ya ot razluki –
Razluki net!

Chto mne siyan'e bozhey vlasti
I ray svyatoy?
Ya perenyos zemniye strasti
Tuda s soboy.
Laskayu ya mechtu rodnuyu,
Vezde odnu;
Zhelayu, plachu i revnuyu,
Kak v starinu.

Kosnyotsya l' chuzhdoe dikhan'e
Tvoikh lanit,
Moya dusha v nemom stradan'i
Vsya zadrozhit,
Sluchitsya l', shepchesh', zasipaya,
Ti o drugom –
Tvoi slova tekut, pilaya,
Po mne ognym!

Puskay holodnoyu zemlyoyu
Zasipan ya,
O, drug! Vsegda, vseгда, vezde s toboyu
Dusha moya,
Dusha moya vseгда, vezde s toboy!

13 Tebya ya videla vo sne (Konstantin Romanov)

Tebya ya videla vo sne, kak budto s neznoy
toskoyu
Sklonilsya na plecho ko mne ti belokuroy
golovoyu.
I slyozhi iz moikh ochey tikhon'ko na tebya
katilis'
I, kapaya, oni struilis' po kol'tsam shyolkovikh
kudrey.
O chyom bila tvoya pechal', o chyom moi lilisya
slyozhi,
Ne ponimayu. I edva l' ponyat' vozmozhno eti
gryozhi.
Svoey lyubov'yu, miliy moy,
Ti schast'ya dal mne sovershenstvo:
Ne ot izbitka li blazhenstva
Vo sne grustili mi s toboy?

I dwell in my grave,
But I have not forgotten
Love's maddening longing
In the land of peace and renunciation.
In my last hour of suffering
I was not afraid to leave my life,
I expected relief from the parting,
But it never came!

What are to me the light of God
And heaven?
I took the earthly passions
Into my grave.
I have only one familiar
Dream; I want you,
I cry, I am jealous,
As before.

When another's breath touches
Your lips,
My soul trembles in
Silent suffering;
If you whisper in your sleep
Another's name –
Your words burn me
Like fire!

Even though I am lying
Under the cold earth,
Oh, my friend! My soul is always
With you,
Always with you!

You were in my dream

You were in my dream – with tender yearning
You leaned your blonde head onto my shoulder.
And the tears silently rolled from my eyes
And flowed on your silk curls.
What was your sorrow and why I cried,
I do not know. And it is not possible to
understand this dream.
With your love, my darling,
You gave me the perfection of happiness.
Could we have been overcome
By our overflowing bliss?

14 O net! Za krasotu ti ne lyubi menya (Konstantin Romanov)

O net! Za krasotu ti ne lyubi menya
I ne lyubi menya za to, chto ya zhivu bogato:
Za krasotu siyan'e dnya,
A za bogatstvo srebro i zlato.
I ne lyubi menya za molodost' moyu.
Lyubi vesnu, ona vsyo ta zhe beskonecho.
Menya lyubi za to, chto ya lyublyu
I chto lyubit' tebya ya budu vechno.

Hamlet Op.67a (excerpts)

15 1. Pervaya stsena Ofelii

Gde tot, kem ti tak lyubima, kak bi mne ego
uznat?
Ego litso pokriva' budet shlyapa piligrima.
Snimi eyo! Sbro's eyo skorey!
Vezde tsveti v grobe lezhali, kak gorniy sneg bil
savan bel,
I vse krugom ridali, i trup zemle predali, i on
pod zemlyoy kochenel.
Opyat' nastupil svyatoy Valentin, i prishla ya k
drugu.
On dver' otvoril, odin na odin tseloval podrug.
Zhenitsya na mne ved' ti obeshchal, klyalsya v
tom kogda-to.
'Chto slova tebe tvoy drug ne sderzhal, ti zhe
vinovata!'

16 2. Vtoraya stsena Ofelii

S otrkhitim on lezhal litsom,
Mi slyozhi lili i v mogilu potom ego opustili.
Net! Net! Ne govori! Ya ne sprashivayu.
Menya ne lyubiyat, ya eto ochen horosho znayu.
Mne Robin miliy drug, v nyom radost' moya,
lish' v nyom odnom!
Zdes' pyostriye tsvetochki ne u mesta;
Lish' belikh dayte mne: ved' ya nevesta!
No ya sama teper' ne reshila:
Venchan'e zhdoyt menya ili mogila?
Ne pridoyt on, ne vernyotsya,
Na vek skhoronili ego
I ot placha moego kholodniy trup ne
prosnuyotsya!

17 3. Pesnya mogil'shchika

Chto ya bil za slaviy maliy, volochilsya vo vsyu
moch'
I kak veselo bivalo prokhodili den' i noch',
Prokhodili den' i noch'.

Oh no! Do not love me for my beauty

Oh no! Do not love me for my beauty
And do not love me for my riches:
Love the day for its beauty,
And silver and gold for their wealth.
Do not love me for my youth.
Love the spring – it is always the same.
Love me for my love,
Love me because I will love you forever.

Hamlet Op.67a (excerpts)

1. Ophelia's First Scene

Where is the one who loved me so much?
How will I recognise him?
His face will be covered with a hat of a pilgrim.
Take it off! Throw it away!
The flowers lay in the coffin,
and his shroud was white as mountain snow.
Everyone sobbed, and the body was laid in earth,
where it grew cold.
St. Valentine's arrived again,
and I came to see my friend.
He opened the door, and kissed me.
'You promised to marry me one day.'
'It is your own fault that your friend
did not keep his promise!'

2. Ophelia's Second Scene

He lay with his face exposed.
We cried, and lowered him into the grave.
No! No! Do not tell me! I am not asking.
I know very well that I am not loved.
Robin is my dear friend, he is my only delight!
This is not the right time for colourful flowers;
Give me only the white ones: I am still the bride!
But I cannot decide: Am I to wed or am I to die?
He will not come back,
He is buried for ever
And my tears will not bring his cold corpse back to
life!

3. Grave-digger's song

I was a nice chap, chasing girls as much as I could,
And my days and nights were jolly.
My days and nights were jolly.

<p>No prishla koldun'ya starost', zamorozila vsyu krov', Prognavshi smekh i shalost', kak rukoy snyala lyubov', Kak rukoy snyala lyubov'. Chto zhe? Fasel pogrebal'niy, iz shesti dosok larets, Savan, krest da khor pechal'niy, vot i pesenki konets, Vot i pesenki konets.</p>	<p>But the witch of an old age came and cooled the blood, Chased away laughter and mischief, and took away love, Took away love. So what is left? A burial light, a box built with six boards, A shroud, a cross, and a lamenting choir; this is the end of the song, The end of the song.</p>	<p>Svetloe viden'e Moy ideal, otradu i muchen'e, Moy ideal, otradu i muchen'e!</p>	<p>Heavenly image – My ideal, happiness, and suffering, My ideal, happiness, and suffering!</p>
<p>18 Poymi khot' raz Op.16 No.3 <i>(A.A. Fet)</i></p> <p>Poymi khot' raz tosklivoe priznan'e, Khot' raz uslish' dushi molyashchey ston! Ya pred toboy, prekrasnoe sozdan'e, Bezvestnikh sil dikhan'em okril'yon.</p> <p>Ya obraz tvoy lovyu pered razlukoy, Ya polon im, nemeyu i drozhu, I bez tebya, tomyas' predsmertnoy mukoy, Svoey toskoy kak chast'em dorozhu.</p> <p>Poyu eyo, vo prakh upast' gotoviy, Ti predo mnoy stoish' kak bozhestvo. I ya blazhen; ya v kazhdoy muke novoy Tvoey krasi predvizhu torzhestvo.</p>	<p>Hear at least once Op.16 No.3</p> <p>Hear at least once my sad confession, At least once listen to my soul's pleading moan! I stand before you, beautiful creature, With the wings given to me by unknown powers.</p> <p>I try to hold onto your image before our parting, I am filled with it, I shudder and freeze, And in your absence treasure My longing and suffering as a gift.</p> <p>Ready to fall into ashes, I see you standing before me as divine image. And I am blissful; in every new suffering I see the victory of your beauty.</p>	<p>20 Na son gryadushchiy Op.27 No.1 <i>(N.P. Ogaryov)</i></p> <p>Nochnaya t'ma bezmolvie prinosit I k otdikhu zovyot menya. Pora, pora! Pokoya telo prosit, Dusha ustala v vikhre dnya.</p> <p>Molyu tebya, pred snom gryadushchim, Bozhe: Day lyudyam mir; blagoslavi Mladentsa son, I nishchenskoe lozhe, I slyozhi tikhie lyubvi!</p> <p>Prosti grekhu, na zhguchee stradan'e Uspokoitel'no dokhni, I vse tvoi pechal'nie sozdan'ya Khot' snoviden'em obmani!</p> <p>I vse tvoi pechal'nie sozdan'ya Khot' snoviden'em obmani, Khot' snoviden'em obmani!</p>	<p>Before sleep Op.27 No.1</p> <p>Dark night brings stillness And calls me to sleep. It is time! My body wants rest, My soul is weathered by the storms of the day.</p> <p>I pray to you, my God: Give people peace, bless The sleep of the Little one, a pauper's bed, And quiet tears of love!</p> <p>Forgive the sins, breathe relief On burning suffering, And distract all your poor creatures With dreams.</p> <p>And distract all your poor creatures With dreams, With dreams!</p>
<p>19 Ya s neyu nikogda ne govoril Op.25 No.5 <i>(L.A. Mey)</i></p> <p>Ya s neyu nikogda ne govoril, No ya iskal povsyudu s neyu vstrechi, Bledneya i drozha za ney sledil. Eyo dvizhen'ya, vzglyad, ulibku, rechi Ya zhadno, ya vnimatel'no lovil, A posle, ya ubegal ot vsekhn daleche, Eyo v mechtakh sebe ya predstavlyal, Grustil, vzdikhal, tomilsya i revnoval. Grustil, vzdikhal, tomilsya i revnoval!</p> <p>Ne rasskazat', chto delalos' so mnoyu. Ne opisan' volshebnoy krasoti... Volshebnoy krasoti ne opisan'! S vesennim solntsem, s rozovoy zaryoyu, S slezoy nebes, upavshy na tsveti. S luchyom luny, s vecherneyu zvezdoyu V moikh mechtakh slilis' eyo cherti... V moikh mechtakh slilis' eyo cherti... Ya pomnyu tol'ko svetloe viden'e,</p>	<p>I never spoke to her Op.25 No.5</p> <p>I never spoke to her, But, pale and trembling, I followed her everywhere. Her movements, look, smile, and words, I hungrily, attentively caught, And then ran away from the world, And, imagining her in my dreams, Sighed, suffered, was sad and jealous. Sighed, suffered, was sad and jealous!</p> <p>I cannot describe what I felt, Cannot describe the magical beauty... Cannot describe the magical beauty! With the spring sun, with the rosy dawn, With heaven's tears, fallen onto the flowers, With the moonlight, with an evening star, In my dreams her image merged. In my dreams her image merged... I remember only the heavenly image,</p>	<p>21 Smorti: von oblako Op.27 No.2 <i>(N.P. Grekov)</i></p> <p>Smotri: von oblako neslyotsya serebristoe; Vezde vokrug nego siyaet nebo chistoe, Kak molodost' prekrasnaya tvoya. I utra blesk na nyom tak yarko otrazhaetsya; Kak budto ulibaetsya, Ono pokhozhe na tebya. Ono pokhozhe na tebya.</p> <p>Smotri: von tucha tam vikhodit odinokaya; Ona temna, kak noch', Kak grust' dushi glubokaya Ne prosvetlit eyo siyan'e dnya Bit' mozhet ot togo ona mrachna tak groznaya, Chto svetlim oblakom dana stezya ey roznaya, Ona pokhozha na menya, Ona pokhozha na menya.</p>	<p>Look: there is a silver cloud Op.27 No.2</p> <p>Look: there is a silver cloud, And all around it the sky Is brilliant and clear, just like your youth. The morning light is brightly reflected in it And, as if smiling, It looks like you. It looks like you.</p> <p>Look: there is a lonely dark cloud, It is as dark as night, As a deep sorrow of a soul. It won't be brightened by a day's shine... Maybe it is so dark Because its fate is different from that of the silver cloud? It reminds me of myself, It reminds me of myself.</p>
		<p>22 Ali mat' menya rozhala Op.27 No.5 <i>(L.A. Mey)</i></p> <p>Ali mat' menya rozhala Na gore bol'shoe?</p>	<p>Had my mother borne me Op.27 No.5</p> <p>Had my mother borne me For great sorrow?</p>

Ali ved'ma zachurala
Mne gnezdo rodnoe?

Naprolyot i dni i nochi
Plachu, kak rebyonok;
Svati priydot – net mne mochi
Vistoyat' smotryonok.

Okh, uekhal da i sginul
Miliy za družinoy;
Ne sberyog – odnu pokinul
Pannochku s kruchinoy.

U podruzhkek v tserkvi yasno
Svechka dogoraet;
U menyа odnoy, neschastnoy,
Srazu pogasaet.

V pole osen'; list valitsya;
Pyos nash zemlyu roet,
Sich na krishu nam saditsya;
'Chto zh ti, skoro?' – voet.

Skoro ya s toboyu, znachit,
Svizhusya, moy miliy!
Ali mat' menyа rozhala
Na gore bol'shoe?

Ali ved'ma zachurala
Mne gnezdo rodnoe?
Ali ved'ma zachurala
Mne gnezdo rodnoe?

23 Korol'ki Op.28 No.2
(L.A. Mey)

Kak poshyol ya s kazakami, Ganna govorila:
'Za tebya ya so slezami Boga umolila:
Ti vernyosh'sya s pervoy bitvi
Vesel i zdorov
Privezi zh mne za molitvi
Nitku korol'kov!'

Bog poslal nam atamana:
Srazu mi razbili
V pukh i prakh vsyo voysko khana,
Gorod polonili,
Sbili krepkie vorota
Pir, pir dlya kazakov!
U menyа odna zabota:
Nitka korol'kov!

Or a witch cast a spell
On my dear home?

All day and night
I cry, like a child.
Match makers come – I cannot stand
Them appraising me as a bride.

Oh, my love left me,
Went to a battle and lost his life
Didn't protect me – left me alone
With my sorrow.

My girlfriends' candles
Burn brightly in church;
Mine alone
Goes out immediately.

Autumn is in the field; the leaves fall;
Our dog is digging the earth, and
Barn owl sits on our roof.
'How long will you be?' – he cries.

It means that soon
I will see you, my love!
Had my mother borne me
For great sorrow?

Or a witch cast a spell
On my dear home?
Or a witch cast a spell
On my dear home?

A String of Corals Op.28 No.2

When I was leaving with the Cossacks,
Hanna told me: 'I prayed to God for you, crying.
You will come back from the first battle
Happy and unharmed.
For my prayers
Bring me a string of corals!'

God sent us khan's army,
And we easily destroyed it,
And immediately
Took over the city,
Took off the big gates,
And had a great feast with the Cossacks!
But I had one worry:
A string of corals!

Vdrug sama v glaza blesnula
Znat', znat' pomog vsevishniy
I sama mne v gorst' yurknula
Aloy, krupnoy vishney.

Ya dobichu krepko stisnul,
Da i bil takov:
Pryamo k Ganne step'yu svisnul
S nitkoy korol'kov.
I ne sprashival ya broda,
Gati il' mosta...
Zvon u nashego prikhoda;
Lyud valit s pogosta
I krichit mne vsya gromada
Sotney golosov:
'Ganna tam i ey ne nado
Nitki korol'kov!'

Serditse szhalos', zamiraya,
V grudi razdroblyonnoy,
I upal s konya, ridaya,
Ya pered ikonoy!

24 Serenada Don Zhuana Op.38 No.1
(A.K. Tolstoy)

Gasnut dal'ney Al'pukhari
Zolotistie kraya,
Na prizivniy zvon gitari
Viydi, milaya moya!
Vsekh, kto skazhet, chto drugaya
Zdes' ravnyaetsya s toboy,
Vsekh, lyuboviyu sgoraya,
Vsekh, vsekh, vsekh zovu na smertniy boy!

Ot lunnogo sveta
Zardel nebosklon,
O, viydi, Niseta, o, viydi Niseta,
Skorey na balkon!
Ot Sevil'i do Grenadi,
V tikhom sumrake nochey,
Razdayutsya serenadi,
Razdayotsya stuk mechey.
Mnogo krovi, mnogo pesney
Dlya prelesnikh l'yotsya dam,
Ya zhe toy, kto vsekh prelesney, vsyo, vsyo,
Pesn' i krov' moyu otdam!

Ot lunnogo sveta
Zardel nebosklon,
O, viydi, Niseta, o, viydi Niseta,
Skorey na balkon!

Suddenly, it glistered –
God must have helped me,
And by itself it landed
Into my hands.

I clasped the find
Tightly in my fist,
And rode across the steppe
To Hanna with the string of corals.
I did not look for shallow waters,
Or bridges across rivers...
The bells were ringing by our parish;
People were coming back from the grave yard,
And hundreds of voices called out to me:
'Hanna is there, and she no longer needs
A string of corals!'

My heart sank
In my broken chest,
And I fell off the horse, sobbing,
Before an icon!

Don Juan's Serenade Op.38 No.1

The darkness falls
On the golden land of Alpujarras.
My love, come out
To the call of my guitar.
All who claim that
Your beauty has a rival –
All those
I challenge to the fight.

The moonlight
Lights up the sky.
O, Nisetta, come out
Onto your balcony!
From Seville to Granada,
In the quiet darkness of the night,
There are sounds of serenades,
And clashes of swords;
Much blood and many songs
Flow in honour of beautiful ladies,
But to the one who is the most beautiful
I will give my blood and my song!

The moonlight
Lights up the sky,
O, Nisetta, come out
Onto your balcony!