

## Modest Mussorgsky Songs

### Sung texts

#### CD1

##### Pesni i Plaski Smerti

*Texts: Golenishev-Kutusov*

##### 1. Kolibel'neya

Stonet rebyonok, svecha, nagoraya,  
Tusklo mertsayet krugom.  
Tseluyu noch, kolybel'ku kachaya,  
Mat' ne zabylasa snom.  
Ranyim-ranyokhonko v dver ostorozhno  
Smert' serdobol'naya stuk!  
Vzdrognula mat', oglyanulas trevozhno...  
"Polno pugat'sa, moy drug!  
Blednoe utro uzh smotrit v okoshko,  
Placha, toskuya, lyublya,  
Ty utomilas, vzdremni-ka nemnozhko,  
Ya posizhu za tebya.  
Ugomonit' ty ditya ne sumela;  
Slashche tebya ya spoyu."  
"Tishe! Rebyonok moy mechetsa, byotsa,  
Dushu terzayet moyu!"  
"Nu, da so mnoyu on skoro uymyotsa,  
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."  
"Shchochki bledneyut, slabeyet dykhan'ye...  
Da zamolchi zhe, molyu!"  
"Dobroye znamen'e: stikhnet stradan'e.  
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."  
"Proch ty, proklyataya! Laskoy svoeyeyu  
Sgubish ty radost' moyu."  
"Net, mirny son ya mladentsu naveyu:  
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."  
"Szhals'a, pozhdi dopevat', khot' mnogoven'ye  
Strashnuyu pesnyu tvoyu!"  
"Vidish, usnul on pod tikhoie pen'ye.  
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."

##### 2. Serenade

Nega vol'shebnaya, noch golubaya,  
Trepetny sumrak vesny...  
Vnemlet, poniknuv golovkoy, bol'naya  
Shopot nochnoy tishiny.  
Son ne smykayet blestyashchie ochi,  
Zhizn k naslazhdenyu zovyot!  
A pod okoshkom v molchaniy polnochi  
Smert' serenadu poyot:  
"V mrake nevoli, surovoy i tesnoy,  
Molodost' vyanet tvoya,  
Rytsar nevedomy, siloy chudesnoy  
Osvobozhu ya tebya.  
Vstan, posmotri na sebya: krasotoyu  
Lik tvoy prozrachny blestit,  
Shchoki rumyany, volnistoy kosoyu  
Stan tvoy kak tuchey obvit.  
Pristal'nykh glaz goluboye siyan'e  
Yarche nebes i ognya...  
Znoyem poludennym veyet dykhan'e...  
Ty obol'stila menya.  
Slukh tvoy plenilsa moyey serenadoy,  
Rytsarya shopot tvoy zval.

#### ENGLISH TRANSLATION

##### Songs and Dances of Death

*Texts: Golenishev-Kutusov*

##### 1. Lullaby

A child moans, a candle burns low,  
And casts a dim flicker around.  
All through the night, her cradle rocking,  
The mother has not slumbered.  
Early in the morning, at the door so gently  
Death, the compassionate, knocks!  
The mother gives a start, and looks round in fear...  
"Be not afraid, my dear!  
The pale light of morn now peeps through the window,  
weeping, in longing, in love,  
Thou hast worn thyself out, now rest thee awhile,  
and I will sit here by his side.  
Thou hast not been able to soothe the poor child,  
Sweeter than thou shall I sing."  
"Softly! My child is tossing and restless,  
It grieves my heart thus to see him!"  
"Come now, he soon will listen to me.  
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."  
"His dear cheeks are pale, his breath is failing...  
Be silent now, do, I beseech thee!"  
"That's a good sign: soon his suffering will end.  
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."  
"Get thee away, O accursed one! Thy caresses  
The joy of my heart will destroy."  
"Nay, the sleep of peace will I breathe on the infant:  
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."  
Have mercy! O tarry, if just for a moment,  
Ere ending that dread song of thine!"  
"See now, he sleeps to the singing so gentle.  
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."

*Composed 14 April 1875 in St. Petersburg, dedicated to  
Anna J. V. Petrou*

##### 2. Serenade

The magical languor, the blue of the night,  
The trembling twilight of spring...  
She listens, the invalid, hanging her head,  
To the whisper of night's silent words.  
Her eyes, wide and burning, are not dosed in slumber,  
Life to its joys calls her still!  
Yet under her window in the silence of midnight  
Death sings his soft serenade:  
"In the dark gloom of prison, severe and confining,  
Thy youth will fade quite away,  
But I, thy unknown knight, with my wondrous power,  
Will set thee free.  
Rise, look on thyself: with what beauty  
Thy face in radiance doth shine,  
Thy cheeks so rosy, thy rippling tresses  
Veiling thy form like a cloud.  
The blue radiance of thine eyes so intense  
Is brighter than the skies or fire...  
With midday's heat thy breath bloweth o'er me...  
Thou hast bewitched me, my love.  
Thine ear is captivated by my soft serenade,  
Thy whispered words summoned thy knight.

Rytsar prishol za posledney nagradoy:  
Chas upoyen'ya nastal.  
Nezhen tvoy stan, upoitelen trepet,  
O, zadushu ya tebya  
V krepkikh ob'yat'yakh; lyubovny moy lepet  
Slushay... molchi...Ty moya!

Thy knight has come for his final reward:  
The hour of rapture is near.  
Fair is thy form, thy tremor enthralling,  
O, I will clasp thee, my own,  
In strongest embraces; to my lays of love  
Harken... be still... Thou art mine!"

*Composed 11 May 1875 in St. Petersburg, dedicated to  
Ludmilla I. Shestakova-Glinka*

### 3. Trepak

Les da polyany, bezlyud'e krugom...  
Vyuga i plachet i stonet...  
Chuyetsa, budto vo mrake nochnom  
Zlaya kovo-to khoronit.  
Glyad', tak i yest'! v temnote muzhika  
Smert' obnimayet, laskayet;  
S pyanenkim plyashet vdvoyom trepaka,  
Na ukho pesn napevayet:  
"Okh, muzhichok, starichok ubogy,  
Pyan napilsa, poplyolsa dorogoy;  
A metel-to, ved'ma, podnyalas, vzygrala,  
S polya v les dremuchy nevnachay zagnala,  
Gorem, toskey, da nuzhdoy tomimy,  
Lyag, prikorni da usni, rodimy,  
Ya tebya, golubchik moy, snezhkom sogreyu,  
Vdrug tebya velikuyu igru zateyu.  
Vzbey-ka postel' ty, metel' lebyodka!  
Hey, nachinay, zapevay, pogodka,  
Skazku da takuyu, shtob vsyu noch tyanulas,  
Shtob pyanchuge krepko pod neyo zasnulas.  
Oy vy, lesa, nebesa da tuchi,  
Tem, veterok da snezhok letuchy,  
Sveytes pelenoyu snezhnoy pukhovoyu,  
Yeyu kak mladentsa starichka prikroyu.  
Spi, moy druzhok, muzhichok schastlivy,  
Leto prishlo, rastsvelo!  
Nad nivoy solnyshko smeyotsa da serpy gulyayut,  
Pesenka neslyotsa, golubki letayut!... "

### 3. Trepak (Russian Dance)

In the forest and glades not a soul is in sight...  
The blizzard doth wail and howl...  
It feels as if in the gloom of the night  
The cruel snow is burying some poor man.  
Look - so it is! In the darkness a peasant  
By Death is embraced and caressed;  
With a drunkard Death dances a trepak together,  
And sings in his ear a sweet song:  
"Hey, poor peasant, thou wretched old man,  
Thou hast drunk thyself silly and wandered astray;  
But the blizzard, like a witch, rose and played with thee,  
From the glades to the forest dense chanced to drive thee,  
Through sorrow and grief and want grown weary,  
Lie down, rest and sleep, my friend,  
And I shall warm thee, my dear, with a cover of snow,  
Around thee a fine game will I start.  
Shake up the bed, thou swan-like snow!  
Hey there, begin, start up a song, wild weather,  
A song to last the whole night through,  
That this drunkard may sink into sleep to its strains.  
O you forests, heavens and clouds,  
Darkness, breeze and sweeping snow,  
Wrap him in a shroud of softest snow,  
And in it like a babe the old man I'll shelter.  
Sleep, my friend, my peasant so happy,  
Summer has come, and all is in bloom!  
O'er the cornfields the sun doth smile and the sickles are swinging,  
The song rises up, and the doves are flying!... "

*Composed 17 February 1875 in St. Petersburg,  
dedicated to Ossip A. Petrov, a famous bass*

### 4. Polkovodets

Grokhochet bitva, bleshchut broni,  
Orud'ya mednyye revut,  
Begut polki, nesutsa koni,  
I reki krasnyye tekut,  
Pylayet polden, lyudi bytusa!  
Sklonilos sontse, boy sil'ney!  
Zakat bledneyet, no derutsa  
Vragi vsyo yarostney i zley!  
I pala noch na pole brani,  
Druzhiny v mrake razoshlis...  
Vsyo stikhlo, i v nochnom tumane  
Stenan'ya k nebu podnyalis.  
Togda, ozarena lunoyu,  
Na boevom svoym kone,  
Kostey sverkaya beliznoy,  
Yavilos smert'. I v tishine,  
Vnimaya vopli i molitvy,  
Dovol'stva gordovo polna,  
Kak polkovodets, mesto bitvy  
Krugom ob'yekhala ona.  
Na kholm podnyavshis, oglyanulas,  
Ostanovilos, ulybnulas...  
I nad ravninoy boyevoy  
Pronyossya golos rokovoy:  
"Konchena bitva! Ya vsekh pobedila!

### 4. The Field-Marshal

The battle thunders, the armour flashes,  
The cannons of bronze do roar,  
The regiments charge, the horses rush by,  
And red rivers of blood do flow.  
Noon burns fierce, the people fight on!  
When the sun has sunk low, the battle rages fiercer!  
Sunset pales, yet the enemies fight on  
More furiously still and savagely!  
And night doth fall on the field of battle.  
In the gloom the legions disperse...  
All is quiet, and in the darkness of night  
Groans rise up to the sky,  
Then, illumined by the light of the moon,  
On his battle horse astride,  
His white bones gleaming in the pale light,  
Comes the figure of Death. And in the quiet,  
He hears the groans and prayers,  
And filled with pride and satisfaction,  
Like a warrior chief, he circles around  
The place of battle.  
Up to a hill he climbs, and looks about,  
Stops, and gives a smile...  
And o'er the battle plain  
The voice of doom is heard:  
"The fight is ended! I have conquered all!

Vse predo mnoy vy smirilis, boytsy!  
Zhizn vas possorila, ya pomirila!  
Druzhno vstavayte na smotr, mertvetsy!  
Marshem torzhestvennym mimo proydite,  
Voysko moyo ya khochu soschitat'.  
V zemlyu potom svoi kosti slozhite,  
Sladko ot zhizni v zemle otdykhat'!  
Gody nezrimo proyduť za godami,  
V lyudyakh ischeznet i pamyat' O vas.  
Ya ne zabudu! I gromko nad vami  
Pir budu pravit' v polunochny chas!  
Plyaskoy tyazholoyu zemlyu syruyu  
Ya pritopchu, shtoby sen grobovuyu  
Kosti pokinut' vovek ne smogli,  
Shtob nikogda vam ne vstat' iz zemli!"

Before me you have yielded, warriors all!  
Life set you at odds, but I joined you in peace!  
Rise up together for the roll-call of Death!  
March in a solemn file all of you before me,  
My troops I do wish to record.  
Then later your bones in the earth you may lay,  
Sweetly to rest from life's toils in the earth!  
Year after year will pass by unheeded,  
And amongst men no memory of you shall remain.  
But I'll not forget! And over your bones here  
I'll have a loud feast at midnight's hour!  
In the dance's heavy tread upon the damp earth  
I'll stamp, so the shades of the grave  
Your bones will never, no never escape,  
And you'll never rise out of the earth again!"

*Composed 5 June 1877 in Tsarskoye-Syelo, dedicated to Prince Arsenyi Golenistchev-Kutosov. For this song Mussorgsky made use of the theme of the Polish revolutionary march "Z dymen pozarow" The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

## Detskaya

### 5. S nyaney

Rasskazhi mne, nyanyushka,  
Rasskazhi mne, milaya,  
Pro tovo pro buku strashnovo:  
Kak tot buka po lesam brodil,  
Kak tot buka vies detey nosil  
I kak gryz on belye kostochki,  
I ka deti te krichali, plakali!  
Nyanyushka!  
Ved' zato ikh, detey-to, buka syel,  
Shto obideli nyanyu staruyu,  
Papu 5 mamoy ne poslushali,  
Ved' zato on syel ikh, nyanyushka?

Ili vot shto:

Rasskazhi mne luchshe pro tsarya s tsaritsey,  
Shto za morem zhili v teremu bogatom.  
Yeshcho tsar vsyo na nogu khromal,  
Kak spotknyotsa tak grib vyrastit.  
U tsaritsy ta vsyo nasmark byl,  
Kak chikhnyot styokla v drebezgi!  
Znayesh, nyanyushka:  
Ty pro buku to uzh ne rasskazyvay!  
Bog s nim, s bukoy!  
Rasskazhi mne, nyanya, tu, smeshnuyu-to!

### 6. V uglu

Akh ty, prokaznik!  
Klubok razmotal, prutki rasteryal,  
Akhti! vse petli spustil!  
Chulok ves zabryzgal chernilami!  
V ugot! V ugot!  
Poshol v ugot!  
Prokaznik!

Ya nichevo ne sdelal, nyanyushka,  
Ya chulochek ne trogal, nyanyushka!  
Klubochechek razmotal kotyonochechek,

## The Nursery

*Vocal Suite of 5 songs on texts by Mussorgsky. First edition 1872, illustrated by Repin. The Besse edition of 1908 contains two additional new songs.*

### 5. With Nurse

Tell me, Nanny,  
Tell me, dear Nanny,  
The story of the dreadful bogey-man,  
And how he used to roam through the forests,  
And how he carried off children into the wood,  
And devoured their white bones,  
And how the children cried out and wept!  
Nanny dear!  
Was that why the bogey-man ate up the children,  
Because they had upset their old Nanny,  
And disobeyed their father and mother?  
Was that why he ate them up, Nanny dear?

No, wait:

Tell me instead about the Tsar and the Tsaritsa,  
Who lived by the sea in a rich palace.  
The Tsar was always limping,  
And where he stumbled, a mushroom grew up.  
The Tsaritsa always had a cold,  
And when she sneezed, it made the windows crack!  
Listen, Nanny dear,  
Don't tell me about the boogey-man again!  
Let's leave him alone!  
Tell me the other story, the funny one!

*Composed 26 April 1868 in St. Petersburg, dedicated to A.S. Dargomizhky. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

### 6. In the Corner

Oh, you naughty boy!  
You've tangled my wool, and messed up my needles.  
Really! You've made me drop all my stitches!  
This sock is all splattered with ink!  
Go into the corner! Into the corner!  
Off with you into the corner!  
You naughty boy!

I didn't do anything, Nanny dear,  
I never touched your sock, Nanny dear!  
The kitten tangled up your wool,

I prutochki razbrosal kotyonochek,  
A Mishen'ka byl payn'ka,  
Mishen'ka byl umnitsa. ,  
A nyanya zlaya, staraya, u nyani nosik zapachkanny.  
Misha chisten'ky, prichosanny,  
A u nyani chepchik na boku.  
Nyanya Mishen'ku obidela, naprasno v ugol postavila  
Misha bol'she ne budet lyubit' svoyu nyanyushku, vot shto!

### 7. Zhuk

Nyanya, nyanyushka! shto sluchilos, nyanya dushen'ka!  
Ya igral tam na pesochke, za besedkoy, gde beryozki,  
Stroil domik iz luchinochek klenovykh,  
Tekh, shto mne mama, sama mama nashchepala.  
Domik uzh sovsem postroil,  
Domik s kryshoy, nastoyashchy domik, Vdrug!  
Na samoy kryshke zhuk sidit,  
Ogromny, chorny, tolsty takoy, usami shevelit strashno tak,  
I pryamo na menya vsyo smotrit!  
Ispugalsa ya! A zhuk gudit, zlitsa,  
Kryl'ya rastopyril, skhvatit' menya khochet!...  
I naletel, v visochek menya udaril!  
Ya pritailsa, nyanyushka, prisel, boyus poshevel'nut'sa!  
Tol'ko glazok odin chut'-chut' otkryl,  
I shto-zhe, poslushay, nyanyushka:  
Zhuk lezhit, slozhivshi lapki, kverkhu nosikom, na spinke,  
I uzh ne zlitsa, i usami ne shevelit,  
I ne gudit uzh, tol'ko krylyshki drozhat.  
Shto-zh, on umer, il' pritivorilsa?  
Shto-zh eto, shto-zh, skazhi mne, nyanya, s zhukom-to stalos?  
Menya udaril, a sam svalilsa!  
Shto-zh eto s nim stalos, s zhukom-to!

### 8. S kukloy

Tyapa, bay, bay, Tyapa, spi, usni,  
Ugomon tebya vozmi! Tyapa! spat' nado!  
Tyapa, spi, usni, Tyapa buka syest, sery volk vozmyot,  
V tyomny les snesyot.  
Tyapa, spi, usni!  
Shto vo sne uvidish, mne pro to rasskazhesh:  
Pro ostrov chudny, gde ni zhnut ni seyut,  
Gde tsvetut i zreyut grushi naliveyye,  
Den i noch poyut ptichki zolotyey!  
Bay, bay, bayu bay, bay, bay, Tyapa!

### 9. Na son gryadushchiy

Gospodi pomiluy papu i mamu i spasi ikh, Gospodi!  
Gospodi pomiluy brattsya Vasen'ku i brattsya Mishen'ku!  
Gospodi pomiluy babushku staren'kuyu,  
Poshli ty yey dobroye zdorovitse,  
Babushke dobren'koy, babushke staren'koy, Gospodi!  
I spasi, Bozhe nash, tyotyuu Katyu, tyotyuu Natashu,  
tyotyuu Mashu, tyotyuu Parashu,  
Tyotyey Lyubu, Varyu, i Sashu, i Olyu, i Tanyu, i Nadyu,

It was the kitten who messed up your needles;  
Misha was a good boy,  
Misha was a clever boy.  
But Nanny is wicked and old, Nanny has a dirty nose.  
Misha is nice and clean, and his hair is properly brushed,  
But Nanny's cap is all crooked.  
Nanny has upset Misha, and put him in the corner  
for no reason at all:  
Misha won't love his Nanny any more, so there!

*Composed 30 September 1870 in St. Petersburg,  
dedicated to V.A. Hartmann*

### 7. The Beetle

Nanny, Nanny dear! Listen what's happened, Nanny darling!  
I was playing there on the sand, behind the  
summer-house, by the birch-trees,  
Building a little house out of maple twigs,  
Those which Mama had cut for me.  
I'd already finished building the little house,  
A little house with a roof, a proper little house, when suddenly... !  
There, right on the roof, a beetle was sitting,  
A huge, black one, with his whiskers bristling so fearfully,  
And staring straight at me!  
I was terrified! Then he started buzzing and getting angry,  
He opened his wings wide, and wanted to grab hold of me... !  
Then he flew at me and hit me on the forehead!  
I hid myself, Nanny dear, and crouched down; I was afraid to  
move!  
I just peeped out of one eye,  
And listen, Nanny, what do you think,  
The beetle lay there on his back, with his feet folded and his nose  
in the air,  
And he wasn't angry any more, and his whiskers weren't bristling.  
Do you think he was dead, or just pretending?  
What do you think, Nanny, what was up with the beetle?  
He hit me, and then fell down!  
What was he up to, that beetle?

*Composed 18 October 1870 in St. Petersburg, dedicated  
to V. V. Stassov*

### 8. With the Doll

Dolly, bye, bye, Dolly, sleep, go to sleep,  
Lie down quietly! Dolly! It's time to go to sleep!  
Dolly, sleep, go to sleep, or the boogey-man will eat  
you up, the big bad wolf will get you,  
And take you away into the dark forest.  
Dolly, sleep, go to sleep!  
Tell me about your dreams:  
About the wonderful island where they don't reap or sow,  
And where luscious pear-trees blossom and ripen,  
And where all day and night golden birds sing!  
Bye, bye, lullaby, bye, bye, Dolly!

*Composed 18 December 1870 in St. Petersburg,  
dedicated to Tania and Giorgio Mussorgsky, the children  
of the composer's brother.*

### 9. Going to Sleep

"God bless Mummy and Daddy, and keep them safe, O Lord!  
God bless my brothers Vasenka and Mishenka!  
God bless my old granny,  
Give her good health,  
She's such a good granny, a dear old granny, Lord!  
And protect, O God, my aunties Katya, Natasha,  
Masha, Parasha,  
And my aunties Lyuba, Varya, Sasha, Olya, Tanya and Nadya,

Dyadey Petyu i Kolyu, dyadey Volodyu i Grishu, i Sashu, i vsekh ikh,  
Gospodi, spasi i pomiluy, i Filyu, i Vanyu, i Mityu, i Petyu, i Dashu,  
Pashu, Sonyu, Dunyushku...  
Nyanya! a nyanya! Kak dal'she, nyanya?  
Vish ty, prokaznitsa kakaya!  
Uzh skol'ko raz uchila: Gospodi pomiluy i menya greshnuyu!  
Gospodi pomiluy i menya greshnuyu!  
Tak, nyanyushka?

#### 10. Poyekhal na palochke

"Hey! Hop, hop! Hop!  
Hop, hop! Hey, podi! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!  
Hey! podi! Hop, hop, hop! Hop, hop!... etc.  
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!  
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, hey!  
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, podi!  
Tpru!... Stoy! Vasya, a Vasya!  
Slushay, prikhodi igrat' sevodnya! Tol'ko ne pozdno!  
Nu ty, hop! Hop! Proshchay, Vasya! Ya v Yukki poyekhal...  
Tol'ko k vecheru nepremenno budu,  
My ved rano, ochen rano spat' lozhimsa...  
Prikhodi, smotri!  
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, hey!  
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, podi!  
Hop! Hey, podi! Hey, hey podi! Hey, hey!  
Razdavlyu!  
Oy, bol'no! Oy, nogu! Oy, bol'no! Oy, nogu!...  
"Serzhenika, moy mal'chik, shto za gore? Nu, polno plakat!  
Proidyot, moy drug! Postoy-ka, vstan na nozhki pryamo:  
Vot-tak, ditya! Posmotri, kakaya prelest'! Vidish?  
V kustakh nalevo! Akh, shto za ptichka divnaya!  
Shto za pyoryshki!  
Vidish?... Nu shto? Proshlo?"  
"Proshlo! Ya v Yukki syezdil, mama!  
Teper domoy toropit'sa nado...  
Hop! hop! Gosti budut... Hop! Toropit'sa nado!..."

#### 11. Kot Matros

Ay, ay, ay, ay, mama, milaya mama!  
Pobezhala ya za zontikom, mama, ochen ved zharko,  
Sharila v komode i v stole iskala: net, kak nalrochno!  
Ya v toropyakh k oknu podbezhal, mozhet byt'  
zontik tarn pozabyala...  
Vdrug vizhu, na okne-to, kot nash Matros,  
zabravshis na kletku, skrebyot!  
Snigir drozhit, zabilsa v ugol, pishchit.  
Zlo menya vzyalo!  
"E, brat, do ptichek ty lakom!  
Net, postoy, popalsa. Vish-ty, kot!"  
Kak ni v chom ne byvalo stoyu ya, smotryu v storonku,  
Tol'ko glazom odnim podmechayu: stranno shto-to!  
Kot spokojno v glaza mne smotrit,  
A sam uzh lapu v kletku zanosit:  
Tol'ko shto dumal skhvatit' snigirya, a ya yevo  
khlop! Mama, kakaya tvoyordaya kletka! pal'tsam tak  
bol'no, mama!  
Mama, vot v samykh konchikakh, vot tut,  
Tak noyet, noyet tak...  
Net! kakov kot-to, mama, a?

And my uncles Petya and Kolya, my uncles Volodya and Grisha and  
Sasha, and all of them, O Lord, protect and bless them all, and  
Philya and Vanya and Mitya and Petya and Dasha, And Pasha,  
Sonya, Dunyusha...

Nanny, O Nanny! How does it go next?"  
"Really, what a scatterbrain!  
How many times have I told you: 'God bless me and forgive my  
sins!'"  
"God bless me and forgive my sins!  
Is that right, Nanny dear?"

*Composed 18 December 1870 in St. Petersburg,  
dedicated to Sasha Cui (Cesar Cui's son)*

#### 10. On the Hobbyhorse

"Gee up! Trot, trot! Trot!  
Trot, trot! Gee up, faster! Gee up!  
Gee up, faster! Trot, trot, trot! Trot, trot!  
Gee up, gee up, gee up, gee up, gee up,  
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, gee up!  
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, faster!  
Whoa!... Stop! Vasya, hi Vasya!  
Listen, come and play today! Don't be late!  
Get on now! Trot! Trot! Goodbye, Vasya! I'm off to Yukki...  
But I'll definitely be back by evening,  
You know we go to bed very early...  
Just come and see!  
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, gee up!  
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, faster!  
Trot! Gee up, faster! Gee up, gee up, faster! Gee  
up, gee up! I'll make you go faster!  
Oh, it hurts! Oh, my leg! Oh, it hurts! Oh, my leg!...  
"My darling boy, what's the matter? Stop crying!  
It'll soon get better, my love! Come, stand up properly:  
there, my child! Look, isn't that lovely! Can you see?  
In the bushes on the left! Oh, what a wonderful little  
bird! Look at his feathers!  
Can you see it? ... So, is it better now?"  
"Yes, it is! I've been to Yukki, mama!  
Now I must hurry back home...  
Trot! Trot! We have guests coming... Trot! We  
must hurry..."

*Composed 14 September 1872 in St. Petersburg. The  
manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

#### 11. The Cat Sailor

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, Mama, darling Mama!  
I just ran to get my sunshade, mama, it's so hot,  
I hunted through the cupboard, and I looked in the table drawer:  
no luck!  
Hurriedly I ran to the window, maybe I'd left the sunshade there...  
Then suddenly I saw, on the window-sill, our cat 'Sailor',  
He'd crept up to the cage, and was scratching at it!  
The little finch was trembling, and hid in the corner, chirping.  
I got so angry!  
"So, Puss, you like eating birdies, don't you?  
Stop it! I've got you. Just you look out, Pussy!"  
I stood quite calmly and peeped,  
I kept one eye on him: what a strange thing!  
The cat looked me coolly straight in the eye,  
And was just about to grab the bird, when I slapped him!  
Mama, what a hard cage it was! It hurt my fingers so, mama!  
Mama! Here, right at the tips,  
It's such an awful pain, an awful pain ""  
Oh, what a nasty cat, mama, isn't he?"

*Composed 15 August 1872 in St. Petersburg. First  
published 1873, Bessel. The manuscript was until 1917  
in the collection of the Russian Musical Gazette.*

## 12. Rayok

Ey, pochtenny gospoda, zakhvatite-ko glaza,  
Podkhodite, poglyadite, povidites, polyubuytes  
Ne velikikh na gospod, muzykal'nykh voyevod!  
Vse zdes!  
Razlivalas rechen'ka na tri rukava:  
Odin rukav leskom proshol,  
A drugoy rukav po pesochku povernulo,  
A tretiy rukav-to pod mel'nitsu,  
Pod iz vyaza koleso, pod samy zhemov,  
Oy, vertitsa koleso, oy, meli zhemov,  
Vsyu pravdu meli pro etikh molodtsov,  
Muzykal'nykh udal'tsov!  
Pokazyvayut!  
Vot, sorvavshis s oblakov,  
Tumanov vechnykh zhitel',  
Smertnym otkryvat' idyot  
Smysl tainstvenny veshchey obyknovennykh,  
S pomoshchu Bozhiyey!  
Uchit, shto minomy ton grekh praroditel'sky,  
I shto mazhomy ton grekha iskupeniye.  
Tak-to, vitaya v oblakakh s ptitsami nebesnymi,  
Rastochayet smertnym on glagoly neponyatnyye,  
S pomoshchu Boziyey!  
Za nim bezhit v pripryzhku Fif vечно yuny,  
Fif neugomonnny, Fif primiritel', Fif vsestoronniy,  
Vsyu zhizn on vertelsa, nu i zavertelsa;  
Nichemu ne vnemlet, i vnimat' ne v silakh,  
Vnemlet tol'ko Patti,  
Patti obozhayet, Patti vospevayet.  
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa-Patti,  
Chudnaya Patti, divnaya Patti!  
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa-Patti,  
Chudnaya Patti, divnaya Patti,  
No zachem parik-rik belokury?  
Patti parik-rik-rik belokury? parik!...  
Parik-rik!  
Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa-Patti,  
Chudnaya Patti, divnaya Patti,  
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa-Patti,  
Chudnaya Patti, divnaya Patti,  
Chudnaya, milaya, slavnaya, divnaya,  
Pa-Pa..., Pa-Pa..., Pa-Pa..., Pa-Pa...,  
Ti-ti, ti-ti, ti-ti, ti-ti,  
Pa-Pa Patti, Pa-Pa ti-ti,  
O - O -  
Pa-Pa-Pa-Patti,  
O diva Patti!  
Vot pletyotsa shag za shagom  
Tyazhko ranen mladenets,  
Bledny, mrachny, istomlyonny,  
Smyt' pyatno s sebya molyashchiy,  
Neprilichnoye pyatno.  
A bylo vremya, on byl nevinen  
I poslushan'yem starshikh plenyal,  
Lepetom milym, detski stydlivym  
Mnogikh, mnogikh serdtsa obol'shchal.  
No proshlo to vremya.  
Pochuya vdrug sebya polnym voli velikoy,  
Vraga uzrel, s nim v boy vstupil  
I pogib.  
Udar moral'ny ponyos bednyazhka,  
Voli velikoy udar!  
Vot on, Titan!  
Titan, Titan!  
Vot on mchitsa, nesyotsa, myatyolsa,  
Rvyot i mechet, zlitsa, grozit,  
Sheklaty, strashny!  
Na tevtonskom bukefale,  
Zamoryonnom tsukunftistom;  
S pachkoyu gromov pod myshkoy,

## 12. The Gallery

Come, honourable gentlemen, look this way,  
Walk up, come and see, wonder and admire  
These great gentlemen, our lords of music!  
They're all here!  
Once a river overflowed into three streams:  
One stream ran through the forest,  
Another got lost in a bed of sand,  
And the third passed by the mill,  
By the mill-wheel made of elm, right by the millstone.  
Oh, turn, you wheel, oh, grind, you stone,  
Grind out the whole truth about these fine fellows,  
These brave musicians.  
The show is beginning!  
See, breaking away from the clouds,  
A dweller in the enteral realms  
Comes to show to mortals  
The secret mystery of simple things.  
He comes with God's help!  
He tells us that the minor key is a sin of our forefathers,  
And that the major key is the atonement for our sins.  
And so, hovering in the clouds with the birds of the sky,  
He pours on mortals words too deep for understanding,  
And God helps him!  
After him, running and skipping, comes Fif, ever young,  
Fif the undaunted, Fif the peace-maker, Fif the clever one,  
All his life he's been in the midst of things, now he's  
losing his head:  
He doesn't heed anyone, he can't hear anything,  
He heeds only Patti,  
He adores Patti, he sings only of Patti  
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa Patti,  
Wonderful Patti, divine Patti,  
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa Patti,  
Wonderful Patti, divine Patti!  
But why that blonde wig?  
Patti's blonde wig? A wig!...  
A wig!  
Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa Patti,  
Wonderful Patti, divine Patti,  
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa Patti,  
Wonderful Patti, divine Patti,  
Wonderful, darling, divine, exquisite,  
Ha-ha... Ha-ha... Ha-ha... Ha-ha,  
Ti-ti, ti-ti, ti-ti, ti-ti,  
Pa-Pa Patti, Pa-Pa ti-ti!  
O - O -  
Pa-Pa-Pa Patti,  
O divine Patti!  
Here comes a youth staggering, step by step,  
His wounds gaping;  
He is pale, gloomy and weary,  
He pleads for the stain to be washed away,  
The shameful stain.  
There was a time when he was blameless  
And charmed everyone by obeying his elders,  
And with his delightful chatter, so shy and child-like,  
Captivated many, many hearts.  
But that time has passed.  
Suddenly sensing within himself a mighty power  
He caught sight of the enemy, engaged him in battle,  
And was slain.  
The poor fellow suffered a moral blow,  
A blow of mighty force!  
Here he is, Titan!  
Titan, Titan!  
See how he races and tears along in a fury,  
How he roars and rages, storms and threatens,  
How terrible and fearsome he is!  
On his teutonic Bucephalus,  
His hardworked steed of the future,



Izgotovlennykh v pechatiye.  
Kreslo geniyu skorey!  
Negde geniyu prisesi'.  
Na obed yevo zovite!  
Geniy ochen lyubit spich!  
Vsekh direktorov doloy!  
On odin iz vsekh zamenit!  
Vot, vskipel!...  
I poshol, i poshol, i poshol, poshol, poshol,  
Pryamo k nim, pryamo k nim,  
K voyevodam udalym,  
Sey titan, sey titan,  
S titanicheskoy gordyney,  
O skandal, O skandal,  
K nim v kompaniyu popal!  
I totchas-zhe oserchal,  
S yarosi'yu na nikh napal  
I zhestoko otrepal.  
Uzh on ikh trepal, trepal, trepal, trepal, trepal,  
Trepal, trepal, trepal, trepal...  
No gryanul grom!... I t'ma nastala,  
Gustaya mgla zatrepetala,  
I pali nits v svyashchennom strakhe  
Tumanov zhitel', Fif mladenets  
I gordy sey titan!  
I v venke iz roz i liliy,  
I kameliy belosnezhnykh  
Predstala muza!  
I polilisa aromaty,  
Voyevody prismireli  
I zapeli gimn molebny:  
"O preslavnaya Evterpa,  
O velikaya boginya,  
Nisposhli nam vdokhnoven'e,  
Ozhivi ty nemoshch nashu.  
I zlatym dozhdyom s Olimpa  
Orosi ty nivы nashi,  
Svetlorusaya boginya,  
Nebozhitel'nitsa muza,  
My tebya vovek proslavim,  
Vospoyom na zvonikikh tsitrakh!"

### 13. Zabitiy

On smert' nashol v krayu chuzhom, v krayu  
chuzhom, v boyu s vragom,  
No vrag druzyami pobezhdyon, druzya likuyut, tol'ko on  
Na pole bitvy pozabyt, odin lezhit.  
I mezhdue tem kak zhadny vran pyot krov yevo iz svezhikh ran  
I tochtit nezakryty glaz, grozivshiy smert'yu v smerti chas,  
I nasladivshis, pyan i syt, doloy letit...  
Dalyoko tam, v krayu rodnom,  
Mat' kormit syna pod oknom:  
Agu... agu! ne plach, synok, vemyotsa tyatya!  
pirozhek  
Togda na radostyakh druzhku ya ispeku...  
A tot zabyt, odin lezhit.

With armfuls of thunderbolts  
Prepared for printing.  
Quick, a seat for the genius!  
The genius has nowhere to sit.  
Call him to dinner!  
The genius loves a speech!  
Banish all directors!  
He'll take everyone's place!  
See how he rages!...  
On he comes, on he comes,  
Straight at them, straight at them,  
At the bold lords,  
This Titan, this Titan,  
With his titanic arrogance.  
Oh, what a scandal, what a scandal,  
To mix in such a company!  
And immediately he blazed with anger,  
And fell on them in fury,  
And mercilessly overrode them.  
And he pushed and pulled  
And thumped and bumped them...  
But the thunder rolled!... And darkness descended,  
And a thick mist began to gather,  
And headlong they fell in holy terror,  
That cloud-dweller, young Fif  
And that proud Titan!  
And in a crown of roses and lilies  
And snow-white camelias  
The Muse approached!  
And perfumes filled the air,  
And the heroes grew calm  
And sang the hymn of prayer:  
"O most glorious Euterpe,  
O mighty goddess,  
Grant us inspiration,  
Quicken our feeble strength.  
And with a golden shower from Olympus  
Water our cornfields;  
Goddess of the golden tresses,  
Heaven-born muse,  
We praise thee eternally,  
And raise songs to thee on the sounding zithers!"

*Musical satire for bass or baritone, with piano accompaniment. Composed 15 June 1870 in St. Petersburg to Mussorgsky's own text, dedicated to V. Stassov. First edition by Bessel. The original manuscript in the National Library, St. Petersburg.*

### 13. Forgotten (Ballad)

He met his death in a foreign land, in a foreign land, in battle with  
the foe,  
But the foe was conquered by his troops, and the troops rejoice.  
Only he  
abandoned on the battlefield, lies alone.  
and a greedy crow drinks the blood from his fresh wounds  
And pecks at the staring eye, the eye which  
threatened death when all were dying,  
And now, replete and satisfied, he flies off to distant lands...  
Far away in his homeland  
A mother feeds her child by the window:  
"There, there! Don't cry, my son, your daddy's coming! And a pie  
I'll bake for him in celebration... "  
But he, forsaken, lies alone.

*Ballad for voice and orchestra with piano accompaniment. Composed autumn 1874 on a text by Count Golenistchev-Kutusov, dedicated to Vassili V. Verestchagin. First published by Gutheil, 1887.*

#### 14. Seminarist

Panis, piscis, crinis, finis, ignis, lapis, pulvis, cinis...  
 Akh ty gore, moyo gore!  
 Orbis, amnis et canalis, orbis, amnis et canalis...  
 Vot tak zadal pop mne tasku,  
 Za zagrivok da po sheye on blagoslovil  
 I desnitseyu svyatoyu pamyati lishil.  
 Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vestis, vermis, mensis...  
 U popa Semyona dochka znataya takaya,  
 Schochki, shto tvoy makov tsvet, glazki s povolokoy,  
 Grud' lebyzhaya da pokataya pod rubashechkoy vskolykhnulasa.  
 Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vestis, vermis, mensis...  
 Akh ty Stesha, moya Stesha, tak tebya rastseloval by,  
 Krepko, krepko k serdtsu prizhal-by!  
 Postis, follis, cucumis, atque pollis... Atque pollis...  
 ...cucumis, cucumis...  
 A namednis za molebnom presvyatoy i  
 prepodobnoy i preslavnoy Mitrodore  
 Ya chital prokimen, glas shesty,  
 A na Steshu levym glazom vsyo posmatrival,  
 A na levy kliros vsyo zaglyadival, da podmargival.  
 Chortov bat'ka vsyo provedal,  
 Menya v knizhitsu pometil,  
 I blagoslovil vlyadyko po sheyam menya trikraty,  
 I dolbil izo vseyy mochi mne v bashku latyn ukazkoy:  
 Orbis, amnis et canalis, et canalis, sanguis, unguis et annalis, et  
 annalis...  
 Tak ot besa iskushen'ye dovelos prinyat' mne v khrame Bozhem.  
 Amnis et annalis, sanguis, unguis et canalis, et canalis, et canalis.

#### 15. Svetik Savishna

Svet moy, Savishna, sokol yasnen'ky,  
 Polyubi menya ne razumnova,  
 Prigolub menya goremychnova!  
 Oy-li, sokol moy, sokol yasnen'ky,  
 Svetik Savishna, svet Ivanovna,  
 Ne pobrezgay ty gol'yu goluyu,  
 Bestalannoyu moyey doleyu!  
 Urodilsa vish na smekh lyudyam ya,  
 Pro zabavu da na potekhi im!  
 Klichut: Savishna, skorbnyim razumom  
 Velichayut, slysh, Vaney Bozhiim,  
 Svetik Savishna, svet Ivanovna,  
 I dayut pin'kov Vane Bozhemu,  
 Kormyat chestvuyut podzaty!'nikom.  
 A pod prazdnichkek kak razryadyatsa,  
 Uberutsa vish v lenty alye,  
 Dadut khlebushka Vane skorbnomu,  
 Ne zabyt'shtoby Vanyu Bozhevo.  
 Svetik Savishna, yasny sokol moy,  
 Polyubi-zh menya neprigozheva,  
 Prigolub menya odinokova!  
 Kak lyublyu tebya, mochi net skazat' ,  
 Svetik Savishna, ver men, ver ne ver,  
 Svet Ivanovna!

#### 14. The Seminarist

Panis, piscis, crinis, finis, ignis, lapis, pulvis, cinis...  
 Oh, you're the cause of all my trouble!  
 Orbis, amnis et canalis, orbis, amnis et canalis...  
 That's how the priest gave me a dressing-down,  
 And blessed me by the scruff of the neck  
 And with his holy right hand deprived me of my reason.  
 Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vestis, vermis, mensis...  
 Father Semyon has such a splendid daughter,  
 With ruddy cheeks and languishing eyes,  
 Her breast like a swan's, stirring and swelling beneath her bodice.  
 Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vestis, vermis, mensis...  
 O Styosha, my Styosha, would I could kiss you,  
 And press you firmly to my heart!  
 Postis, follis, cucumis, atque pollis... Atque pollis...  
 cucumis, cucumis...  
 The other day at the service for the most holy and  
 venerable and renowned Mitrodora  
 I was reading part of the Scriptures,  
 But I was peeping at Styosha all the time,  
 And glancing at the left choir-stall, and giving her a wink.  
 But that devil of a Father saw everything,  
 And wrote it down in his little book,  
 And his worship gave me a threefold blessing on the ears,  
 And with all his force beat me on the head with his Latin grammar:  
 Orbis, amnis et canalis, et canalis, sanguis, unguis et annalis, et  
 annalis...  
 Thus I was tempted by the devil but succeeded in being accepted  
 into the holy temple.  
 Amnis et annalis, sanguis, unguis et canalis, et canalis, et canalis.

*For bass or baritone, with piano accompaniment.  
 Composed 27 September 1867 to Mussorgsky's own  
 text and dedicated to Ludmilla I. Shestakova.  
 Manuscript in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

#### 15. Darling Savishna

Radiant Savishna, my bright falcon,  
 Love me, witless as I am;  
 Come, caress this luckless fellow!  
 Oh, my falcon, my bright falcon,  
 Darling Savishna, radiant Ivanovna,  
 Do not spurn this poor destitute fellow,  
 Though ill-fortune be his lot!  
 From birth I've caused folk much merriment,  
 They get fun and amusement out of me!  
 They say, Savishna, I'm feeble-minded,  
 call me -listen - 'Holy Vanya',  
 Darling Savishna, radiant Ivanovna,  
 They kick holy Vanya,  
 They give me food and then honour me with a clout on the head.  
 But festivals when they dress in their finery,  
 And deck themselves in scarlet ribbons,  
 They give poor Vanya only a crust of bread,  
 So as not to forget holy Vanya.  
 Darling Savishna, my bright falcon,  
 Love me, for all my ugliness;  
 Come, caress this lonely fellow!  
 I love you more than I can say,  
 Darling Savishna, believe me or not, Radiant Savishna!

*For voice and piano. Composed 2 September at Minkino  
 St. Petersburg) Text by Mussorgsky. Dedicated to Cesar Cui. First  
 published 1867 by Jurgenson. The manuscript was presented to  
 Cesar Cui, who gave it to the Cavalry School in St. Petersburg.*



**16. Kozyol: svetskaya skazochka**

Shla devitsa progulyatsya, na luzhok pokrasovatsya,  
Vdrug navstrechu yey kozyol!  
Stary, gryazny, borodaty,  
Strashny, zloy i ves mokhnaty, sushchy chort!

I devitsa ispugalas,  
Ot kozla begom pomchalas pryamo v kust,  
I pritailas,  
Yele dyshet, chut' zhiva.

Shla devitsa pod venets,  
Znat' prishla pora yey zamuzh, nu i vyshla!  
Muzh i stary i gorbaty,  
Lysy, zloy i borodaty, sushchy chort.

Shto-zh, devitsa ispugalas?  
Gm! Kakzhe!  
Ona k muzhu prilaskalas,  
Uveryala, shto vema, gm! shto v muzha vlyublena,  
Shto primernaya zhena.

**17. Pesnya Mefistofelya O blokhe**

Zhil byl korol' kogda-to,  
Pri nyom blokha zhila,  
Blokha... blokha!  
Miley rodnovo brata ona yemu byla;  
Blokha... ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! blokha? ha, ha, ha,  
ha, ha! Blokha!  
Zovyot korol' portnovo: "Poslushay ty, churban!  
Diya druga dorogovo  
Shey barkhatny kaftan!"  
Blokhe kaftan? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokhe? Ha, ha,  
ha, ha, ha!  
Kaftan? Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
Blokhe kaftan?  
Vot v zoloto i barkhat  
Blokha naryazhena,  
I polnaya svoboda yey pri dvore dana, Ha, ha!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokhe! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha,  
ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokhe!  
Korol'yey san ministra  
I s nim zvezdu dayot,  
Za neyu i drugie poshli vsye blokhi v khod. Ha, ha!  
I samoy koroleve,  
I freylinam yeyo,  
Ot blokh ne stalo mochi,  
Ne stalo i zhit'ya, Ha, ha!  
I tronut'-to boyatsya,  
Ne to shtoby ikh bit'.  
A my, kto stal kusat'sa,  
Totchas davay dushit'!  
Ha, ha ... etc.

**16. A Society Tale: The goat**

A maiden went walking through the meadow, to  
show off her beauty,  
When suddenly she met a goat!  
An old, grimy, bearded goat,  
Fearful, threatening, shaggy, a real devil!

The maiden was frightened,  
And ran away from the goat straight into a bush,  
And hid herself,  
Hardly daring to breathe, and scarce alive.

The maiden went to church,  
For it was time to wed, so she got married!  
Her husband was old and hunchbacked,  
Bald, evil-looking and bearded, a real devil.

So was the maiden frightened?  
Certainly not! She caressed her husband,  
And assured him she'd be faithful, hm! and that she loved him,  
And that she'd be a model wife.

*"A little anecdote of polite society" for voice and piano.  
Composed 23 December 1867 in St. Petersburg, to an  
adapted text. Dedicated to A.P. Borodin. First published  
1868 by Jurgenson. The manuscript is in the State  
Library, St. Petersburg.*

**17. Mephistopheles' Song in Auerbach's Cellar**

There was once a king  
Who kept a flea,  
A flea... a flea!  
It was dearer to him than his own son;  
A flea... ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A flea? Ha, ha, ha, ha, A flea!  
The king summoned his tailor: "Listen, you blockhead!  
For this dear friend of mine  
Sew a velvet doublet!"  
A doublet for a flea? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! For a flea?  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
A doublet? Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
A doublet for a flea?  
And so in gold and velvet  
The flea was arrayed,  
And he enjoyed complete freedom at court. Ha, ha!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! For a flea! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha,  
ha, ha, ha, ha! For a flea!  
The king made him a minister,  
And awarded him a star as well,  
And all his relations got the same. Ha, ha!  
But the queen  
And all the ladies  
Couldn't stand the fleas,  
Who made their lives impossible. Ha, ha!  
They were afraid to touch them,  
Let alone kill them.  
But if one starts to bite us,  
We'll soon take a swipe at him!  
Ha, ha,... etc.

*Composed on a journey in 1879 to Strougovtshikov's  
translation of Goethe's Faust. Dedicated to the singer D.  
M. Leonova*

**CD2**

**1. Nadgrabnoye pis'mo**

Zlaya smert', kak korshun khishchny, vpilas yam v serdtse i ubila;  
Palach ot bytiya vekov proklyaty, ona pokhitila i vas!  
O, yesli-by mogli postignut' vashu dushu vse te,  
Komu, ya znayu, lik moy vopl' bezumy!  
O, yesli-b yam vnimali... V besede, v zharkom spore,  
Mechtoy, byt' mozhet smeloy, ya nachertal-by lyudyam  
Vash obraz svetly, lyubovyu pravdy ozaryonny,  
Vash um pytlivy, spokojno na lyudey vziravshy.  
Vy vo-vremya porvali "s bleskom sveta" svyaz privychni,  
Rasstalis s nim bez gneva  
I dumoy neustannoy poznali zhizn inuyu.  
Zhizn mysli dlya truda svyatovo  
Kogda konchinoy materi lyubimoy, vsyakoyu zHITEYSKOYU  
nevzgodoy  
Otbroshenny ot ochaga rodnovo, razbity, zloy, izmuchenyy,  
Ya robko, trevozhno, kak puganny rebyonok, v vashu  
svyatuyu dushu postuchalsa...  
Iskal spasen'ya...

**2. Neponyatnaya**

Tikha i molchaliva.  
Molchaniye pugayet vas,  
Kromeshniki tolpy vseadnoy!  
Skromna, nasmeshliva, pozhaluy?  
Pozhaluy, da nu shto-zhe?

Ne slishkom uzh gorda-li, polno?  
I vy, lukavtsy zhalkiye,  
Vy smeyete podnyatsa  
I brosit' obvinen ye!

Molchite! Ya skazal:  
Molchite, kak ona molchit,  
I slushayte stuk molota  
Po vashey sovesti okameneloy!

**3. Ne Bozhiim gromom gore udarilo**

Ne Bozhiim gromom gore udarilo,  
Ne tyazhelyo skaloy navalilosa,  
Sobiralos ono malymi tuchkami,  
Zatyanuli tuchki nebo yasnoye,  
Poseyalo gore melkim dozhdichkom,  
Melkim dozhdichkom osenniim.

A i seyet ono davnym-davno,  
I sechyot ono bez umolku,  
Bez umolku, bez ustali,  
Bez kontsa sechyot, bez otdykha.  
Uzhe polno gore dub lomat' po prutikam,  
Shchipati po listikam!

**1. Cruel death: Epitaph**

Cruel death, like some predatory vulture, stabbed your  
heart with his claws, and killed you;  
Accursed executioner from time immemorial, he carried  
even you away!  
Oh, if all those for whom my very appearance betokens  
one long cry of despair  
Could but comprehend the depths of your soul!  
If they had only listened to you... in conversation or in  
the heat of a quarrel,  
Then I would draw, for all men to see, though it were  
perhaps but an audacious dream,  
Your bright image, lit by the love of truth,  
And your searching mind, gazing serenely upon mortals.  
In time you broke that habit of 'vain worldly thoughts',  
And abandoned it calmly,  
And your unwearying mind sought a different life,  
A life of contemplating holy labours.  
When my dear mother died, all life's cruel blows fell upon me:  
I was turned out of my home, cast away, vengeful and tormented;  
then, trembling and fearful as a frightened child, I  
turned to your sacred spirit, And sought salvation...

*'Epitaph' for voice and piano. Composed in 1875 in St.  
Petersburg to a text by Mussorgsky 'For the death of N. P.  
O...ci...noi: (Opochinina), First edition 1912, Bessel.  
Manuscript in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

**2. The Misunderstood One**

She is quiet and breathes no word,  
Yet her silence alarms you,  
Worthless dregs of the ravenous crowd!  
She is modest and mocking, maybe?  
Maybe she is, but what of it?

You don't mean she is too proud, then?  
And you, you pitiful hypocrites,  
You dare to rise up  
And cast accusations on her!

Be silent! I said:  
Be silent, as she is silent,  
And listen to those hammer blows  
Falling on your hearts of stone!

*For voice and piano. Composed 21 December 1875 in St.  
Petersburg to a text by Mussorgsky, and dedicated to Maria Ism.  
Kostyurina. First edition, Bessel, 1911. Manuscript was until 1917 in  
the possession of A. A. Makarov.*

**3. Not like Thunder, trouble struck**

Misfortune struck, not with a single thunder-clap,  
Nor like the falling of a heavy rock;  
It came as light clouds  
That cover the clear sky;  
Misfortune was scattered everywhere like gentle rain,  
Like the gentle rain of autumn.

Misfortune has long been scattered wide,  
And it beats unceasingly,  
Unceasingly, tirelessly,  
Endlessly it beats, without respite.  
Enough of chopping the oak tree to pieces,  
And plucking off the leaves!

A i byvalo zhe drugim schast' itse:  
Naletalo gore vikhrem bureyu,  
Vorochalo gore duby s kornem von.

Others had a better fate:  
Misfortune overtook them with the fury of a storm,  
And tore up the oaks by the roots.

*For voice and piano. Composed 5 March 1877 in St. Petersburg to a text by Count A. Tolstoy, and dedicated to F. Andalion. Manuscript in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

**4. Gomimi tikho letela dusha nebesami**

Gornimi tikho lete1a dusha nebesami,  
Grustnyye dolu ona opuskala resnitsy,  
Slyozy v prostranstvo ot nikh udalaya zvyezdami,  
Svetloy i dlinnoy vilisya za ney verenitsey.

**4. Softly The Spirit flew up to Heaven**

The Spirit roamed quietly through the lofty heavens,  
And downwards bent her sorrow-laden eyes  
Tears fell from them into space like stars,  
And twisted and turned after her in a long bright trail.

Vstrechnyye tikho yeyo voproskali svetila:  
"Shto tak grustna i o chom eti slyozy vo vzore?"  
Im otrechala ona: "ya zemli ne zabyla.  
Mnogo ostavila tarn ya stradan' ya i gorya.

Heavenly bodies in her path questioned her gently:  
'Why so sad, and wherefore these tears in your eyes?'  
She answered them: "I cannot forget the earth,  
For I left there much suffering and sorrow.

Zdes ya lish likam blazhenstva i radosti vnemlyu,  
Pravednykh dushi ne znayut ni skorbi, ni zloby.  
O, otpusti menya snova, sozdate!' , na zemlyu,  
Bylo-b o kom pozhalet' i uteshit' kovo-by!"

Now I can hear only cries of joy and bliss;  
The souls of the righteous know neither sorrow nor evil.  
Oh, let me return again, my Maker, to the earth,  
Let me bring consolation and comfort to those in need!"

*For voice and piano. Composed 9 March 1877 in St. Petersburg, to a text by Count A. Tolstoy. The manuscript is in the State Library of St. Petersburg.*

**5. Spes**

Khodit spes naduvayuchis,  
S boku na bok perevalivayas.  
Rostom spes arshin s chetvert'yu,  
Shapka-to na nyom vo tselu sazhen.  
A i zashol by spes k otsu k materi,  
Da vorota ne krasheny!  
A i pomolilsa b spes vo tserkvi Bozhiyey,  
Da pol ne metyon!  
Idyot spes, vidit na nebe radugu;  
Povernul spes vo druguyu storonu:  
Ne prigozhe-de mne nagibatisa!

**5. Pride**

Pride goes along all puffed-up,  
Swaggering from side to side.  
Pride is but three feet tall,  
Yet his hat's seven feet.  
Pride would gladly visit his father and mother,  
But their gate isn't painted!  
He'd like to go to church to say a prayer,  
But the floor hasn't been swept!  
Pride was Walking along when he saw a rainbow;  
He turned and ran in the opposite direction:  
"It's not right I should bow down before that!"

*For voice and piano. Composed 16 May 1877 in St. Petersburg to a text by Count A. Tolstoy. Dedicated to A. E. Palchikov. First edition, Bessel, 1882. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

**6. Oy, chest'li to molodtsu lyon pryasti?**

Oy, chest'li to molodtsu lyon pryasti?  
A i khvala-li boyarinu kichku nosit',  
Voyevode povodu khodit'?  
Guslyaru-pevunu vo prikaze sidet',  
Vo prikaze sidet', potolok koptit'?

**6. Is spinning man's work?**

Is spinning man's work?  
Should a boyar wear a woman's headdress,  
And should a monarch have to fetch water?  
Should a minstrel be told to sit and wait,  
To sit and wait, and idle his life away?

Oy, konya-b yemu, gusli zvonkiye,  
Oy, v luga-b yemu, vo zelyony bor,  
Cherez rechenku da v tyomny sad,  
Gde solovushko na cheryomushke  
Tselu nochenku na prolyot poyot!

Rather give him a horse and strings to play,  
Let him make for the meadows and the green wood,  
And cross the river to the shady garden,  
Where the nightingale in the cherry-tree  
Sings as she flies the whole night long!

*Romance for voice and piano. Composed 20 March 1877 in St. Petersburg, to a text of Count A. Tolstoy. First edition, Bessel, 1882. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

**7. Ya videl noch**

Ya videl noch; ona peredo mnoy,  
Vsya v chornom shla, zhivaya, molodaya  
Volshebniitsa, s poniksey golovoy,  
Zarnitsami, kak vzglyadami sverkaya.

Prozrachen byl yeyo vozdushny stan;  
No chuyal ya dykhan'ya znoyny trepet.  
I v tishine, kak laskovy obman,  
Nezrimykh ust prizvny nyossya lepet:

Kazalos mne, shto chudnaya zovoyot  
Menya s soboy k lyubvi i naslazhden'yu.  
I ya vsyo shol, vsyo shol za ney vperyod,  
Ob'yaty ves ognymoy yeyo i ten'yu.

**8. Rassevayetsa, rasstupayetsa**

Rassevayetsa, rasstupayetsa  
Grust' pod dumami, pod moguchimi,  
Vdushu tyomnuyu probivayetsa  
Slovno solnyshko mezhdru tuchami.

Oy-li, molodets, ne rasstupitsa,  
Ne rasseyetsa noch osennyaya;  
Skoro svedayesh, chem iskupitsa  
Nepokazanny mig veselija.

Prikachnulasa, privailasa  
K serdtsu syznova grust' obychnaya.  
I golovushka vnov sklonilasa,  
Bestalannaya, goremychnaya

**9. Na Dnepre**

Stoy, Dnepr!  
Slushay, Dnepr!  
Dnepr ty may shiroky, goy ty, Dnepr gluboky!

Mnogo ty krovi kazachey  
V dal'neye more dal'ney dorogoy nosil,  
Tol'ko-tol'ko ty morya ne spoil, ty ne spoil!  
Sevodnya umyosha, sevodnya dozhdyosha, shiroky moy  
Dnepr!  
Sevodnya at Boga Ukrainy zhdyot prazdnik,  
I prazdnik tot strashny, i mnogo-mnogo prol'yot ana krovi,  
Kazak ozhivyot:  
I vstanut Getmany v odezhdakh parchovykh

I budet kak prezhde  
Ukrayna zhiva;

I vdal' po stepi, nad kurganami brat'yev,  
Na strakh vragam zablestit bulava;  
I snova kazak spoyot ne potayno,  
Privol'no i likho spoyot pro Ukrainu:  
Svobodna do morya, net lyakhov s zhidami.  
Dnepr unyos ikh kosti, kosti vrazhi, krovyu shlyakhetskoy,  
Krovyu zhidovskoy dal'neye more on spoil.

**7. The Vision**

I saw the night; she passed before me,  
All clothed in black, a spirited, young  
Enchantress with bent head,  
Her eyes flashing like lightning.

Her ethereal form seemed transparent;  
But I felt the trembling ardour of her breath,  
And in the stillness, like a tender illusion, the murmur  
from unseen lips lured me on:

It seemed the fair one was calling me  
To the delights of love.  
And still I followed, followed her,  
Enveloped in her fire and in her shadow

*For voice and piano. Composed 7 April 1877 in St. Petersburg to a text by Prince A. Golenistchev-Kutusov and dedicated to E. A. Goulevitch. First edition, Bessel, 1882. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

**8. It scatters and breaks**

It fades and disperses,  
This sorrow, under the mighty power of reason,  
And into my dark soul light breaks through,  
As the sun through the clouds.

Ah, my friend, this autumn night  
Will neither fade nor disperse;  
All too soon you will know the price you must pay  
For this unaccountable moment of joy.

It has returned to my heart again,  
All the old sorrow, swirling around me,  
And once again my head is bowed  
As adversity and misfortune pursue me.

*Romance for voice and piano. Composed 21 March 1877 in St. Petersburg to a text by Count A. Tolstoy, dedicated to Olga Golenistchev-Kutusov. First edition, Bessel, 1882. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

**9. On the Dnieper**

Stay, O Dnieper!  
Hear me, O Dnieper!  
You wide Dnieper, hail, deep river!

Much Cossack blood  
Have you borne on the long journey to the distant sea,  
Yet you have not satisfied the thirsty ocean!  
Today your waters will abate, your waiting will end, O wide  
Dnieper!  
Today God has ordered a feast for Ukraine,  
It will be a feast full of horror, and the blood will flow in torrents,  
And the Cossacks will come to life again:  
And Hetmans will rise in garments of brocade,

And Ukraine will live  
As before;

And far over the steppes, on the graves of our brothers,  
The mace will flash and strike fear in the enemy;  
And again the Cossacks will chant songs out aloud,  
They will sing freely and proudly of Ukraine:  
A free land as far as the sea, where there are no Poles or Jews.  
The Dnieper has borne their bones away, the enemy's bones,  
And slaked the distant sea's thirst with the blood of noblemen and  
Jews.

Stoy, Dnepr! Slushay, Dnepr!  
Skoro ty dozhdyoshsa, skoro ty umyoshsa!  
Stoy, Dnepr!  
Stoy, gluboky Dnepr!

Stay, O Dnieper! Hear me, Dnieper!  
Soon your waiting will end, soon your waters will abate,  
Stay, O Dnieper!  
Stay, deep river!

*For voice and piano . Composed 23 December 1879 to a text by Chevchenko, drawn from the poem Gaidamaki. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

**10. Kolybel'naya yryomushki**

Bayu, bay, bay,  
Bayu, bay, bay.  
Nizhe tonenkoy bylinochki  
Nado golovu kloniti,  
Shtoby bednoy sirotinushke  
Bespechal'no vek prozhit'.  
Bayu, bay, bay,  
Bayu, bay, bay.

Sila lomit i solomushku,  
Poklonis ponizhe yey,  
Shtoby starshiye Yeryomushku  
V lyudi vyveli skorey.  
Bayu, bay, bay,  
Bayu, bay, bay.

V lyudi vydyesh, vsyo s vel'mozhami  
Stanesh druzhestvo vodit',  
S molodymi da s prigozhimi  
Budesh s barami shalit'.  
I vesyolaya, i privol'naya  
Zhizn pokatitsa shutya.  
Bayu, bay, bay,  
Bayu, bay, bay.

**11. Pirushka**

Vorota tesovy rastvorilis,  
Na konyakh na sanyakh gosti v'yekhali,  
Im khozyain s zhenoy nizko klanyalis,  
So dvora poveli v svetlu gorenku,  
Pered Spasom svyatym gosti molyatsa,  
Za dubovy stoly za nabranyye,  
Na dubovy skami seli zvanyye.  
Bakhromoy kiseyoy prinaryazhena,  
Molodaya zhen chernobrovaya,  
Obkhodila vokrug s potseluyami,  
Rasnosila gostyam chashu gorkova,  
Sam khozyain za ney bragoy khmel'noyu  
Iz kovshey vyreznykh rodnnykh potchuyet,  
A khozyayskaya doch myodom sychenym  
Obnosila vokrug s laskoy devichey.  
Gosti pyut i yedyat, zabavlyayutsa  
Ot vecherney zari do polnochi.

**12. Klassik**

Ya prost, ya yasen, ya skromen, vezhliv, ya prekrasen..  
Ya plaven, vazhen, ya v mem strasten,  
Ya chisty klassik, ya stydliv,  
Ya chisty klassik, ya uctiv.

**10. Yeryomushka'a Lullaby**

Lulla, lullaby,  
Lulla, lullaby,  
Lower than the slenderest stem  
Must you bend your head,  
So the poor orphan child  
May have a life free from care.  
Lulla, lullaby,  
Lulla, lullaby.

Strong winds can break the slightest stalk,  
So bend your head lower,  
Then his elders can help Yeryomushka  
To get on in life the better.  
Lulla, lullaby,  
Lulla, lullaby.

You will enjoy success, and strike up friendships  
With the great and mighty,  
And you will plan many an escapade  
With fine young men about town.  
Thus happy and carefree  
You will enjoy life to the full.  
Lulla, lullaby,  
Lulla, lullaby.

*For voice and piano. Composed 16 March 1868 in St. Petersburg to a text by Nekrassov, and dedicated to A. S. Dargomizhky. First edition, Bessel, 1871.*

**11. The Feast**

The wooden gates are open wide,  
And the guests enter on horse or sledge;  
Their host and his wife greet them kindly,  
And lead them from the entrance to the brightly-lit chamber,  
Where the guests pray before the holy Saviour  
Then they are invited to the laden oak tables  
To sit on oak benches.  
Arrayed in an embroidered muslin gown,  
The young black-browed wife  
Mingles with her friends and embraces them  
And gives a cup to each guest for the toasts,  
While the host comes after her with the foaming beer  
And serves his family guests from carved goblets.  
And the daughter of the house comes round  
With sweet honey, in her gentle modest way.  
The guests drink and eat and make merry  
From dusk until midnight.

*Tale for voice and piano. Composed at the end of September 1867 in Minkino, to a text by Koltzov and dedicated to Ludmilla I. Chestakova. First edition 1868, Jurgenson.*

**12. The Classicist**

My style is simple, clear, modest, polite and elegant,  
Smooth, lofty, and moderately passionate;  
I am a pure classicist, and retiring,  
I am a pure classicist, and courteous.

Ya zleyshy vrag noveyshikh ukhishchreniy,  
Zaklyaty vrag vsekh novovvedeniy;  
Ikh shum i gam, ikh strashny besporyadok  
Menya trevozhit i pugayet, v nikh grob iskusstva vizhu ya.  
No ya, ya prost, no ya, ya yasen, ya skromen, vezhliv, ya prekrasen.  
Ya chisty klassik, ya stydliv,  
Ya chisty klassik, ya uchtiv.

I am violently against all new trends,  
A sworn enemy of all innovations;  
The din and hubbub, the fearful commotion,  
Alarm and terrify me, I see in them the death of art.  
But my style is simple, clear, modest, polite and elegant,  
I am a pure classicist, and retiring,  
I am a pure classicist, and courteous.

*Musical satire on various articles by M. Famintsin on music. Composed 30 December 1867 in St. Petersburg to a text by Mussorgsky, and dedicated to N. P. Opochinin. First edition by the composer set by Bernard, 1870.*

**13. Iz slyoz moikh**

Iz slyoz moikh vyroslo  
Mnogo dushistikh i yarkikh tsvetov,  
A vzdokhi moi perelilis  
V polunoshchny khor solovyov.

I yesli menya ty polyubish,  
Malyutka, tsvetochki tvoji;  
I zvuchnuyu pesn pod okoshom,  
Tebe, moy drug, spoyut solovi.

**13. From my tears**

From my tears spring  
Bright, fragrant flowers,  
And my sighs have become  
A nightingales' chorus.

And if you love me, my darling,  
The flowers shall be yours,  
And beneath your window, dear one,  
The nightingales shall sing.

*Composed 1866 to M. Mikhailov's translation of the poem by Heinrich Heine*

**Bez solntasa**

**14. V chetyryokh stenakh**

Komnatka tesnaya, tikhaya, milaya,  
Ten neproglyadnaya, ten bezotvetnaya,  
Duma glubokaya, pesnya unylaya,  
V byushchemsya serdtse nadezhda zavetnaya,

Bystry polyot za mgnoven'yem mgnoveniya,  
Vzor nepodvizhny na schast'ye dalyokoye,  
Mnogo somneniya, mnogo terpeniya,  
Vot ona, noch moyaya, noch odinokaya.

**15. Menya ty v tolpe ne uznala**

Menya ty v tolpe ne uznala,  
Tvoy vzglyad ne skazal nichevo.  
No chudno i strashno mne stalo,  
Kogda ulovil ya yevo.

To bylo odno lish mgnoven'ye,  
No, ver mne, ya v nyom perenyos  
Vsey proshloy lyubvi naslazhden'ye,  
Vsyu gorech zabven'ya i slyoz!

**16. Okonchen prazdny, shumny den**

Okonchen prazdny, shumny den;  
Lyudskaya zhizn, umolknuv, dremlet.  
Vsyo tikh. Mayskoy nochi ten  
Stolitsu spyashchuyu ob'yemlet.

No Son ot glaz moikh bezhit,  
I pri luchakh inoy dennitsy  
Vobrazheniye vertit  
Godov utrachennykh stranitsy.

Kak budto vnov, vdykhaya yad  
Vesennikh, strastnykh snovideniy,

**Sunless**

*Song cycle for voice with piano accompaniment. Composed in 1874 in St. Petersburg, to a text of Prince Arsenyi Golenistchev-Kufusov. First edition, 1874, Bessel.*

**14. Within Four Walls**

My little room is tiny, peaceful, welcoming,  
The shadows are impenetrable and unanswering,  
My thoughts are deep and my song is melancholy,  
Yet in my beating heart hope lies hidden.

The moments fly swiftly by, one by one,  
While my eyes are fixed on distant happiness;  
Full of doubts, I wait patiently,  
Thus it is, this night, my night of loneliness.

**15. You did not know me in the crowd**

You did not see me in the crowd,  
Your glance held no message.  
But I Was filled with wonder and fear,  
When I perceived it.

It was just one fleeting moment,  
But I swear that in it I suffered anew  
The delights of all our former love,  
And all the grief of oblivion and tears.

**16. The useless, noisy day is ended**

An end to the futile, hectic day;  
And human life, now silent, slumbers.  
All is quiet. The May night's shadow  
Shrouds the sleeping city.

But sleep is banished from my eyes,  
And by the light of another dawn  
My imagination turns back the pages  
Of years gone for ever.

And again I breathe in the poison  
Of those passionate dreams of youth,



V dushe ya voskreshayu ryad  
Nadezhd, poryvov, zabluzhdeniy...

Uvy, to prizraki odni!  
Mne skuchno s myortvoy ikh tolpoyu,  
I shum ikh staroy boltovni  
Uzhe ne vlasten nado mnoyu.

Lish ten odna iz vsekh teney  
Yavilas mne, dysha lyubovyu,  
I, Verny drug minuvshikh dney,  
Sklonilas tikho k izgolovyu.

I smelo otdal yey odnoy  
Vsyu dushu ya v sleze bezmolnoy,  
Nikem nezrimoy, schast'ya polnoy...  
V sleze, davno khranimoy mnoy!...

#### 17. Skuchay

Skuchay. Ty sozdana dlya skuki,  
Bez zhguchikh chuvstv otrady net,  
Kak net vozrata bez razluki  
Kak bez boren'ya net pobed.

Skuchay. Skuchay, slovam lyubvi vnimaya  
V tishi serdechnoy pustoty,  
Privetom lzhevym otvetchaya  
Na pravdu devstvennoy mechty.

Skuchay. S rozhden'ya do mogily  
Zarane put' nachertan tvoy,  
Po kaple ty istratish sily,  
Potom umryosh - i Bog s toboy!  
I Bog s toboy!

#### 18. Elegiya

V tumane dremlet noch. Bezmolvnaya zvezda  
Skvoz dymku oblakov mertsayet odinoko.  
Zvenyat bubentsami unylo i dalyoko  
Koney pasushchikhsya stada.

Kak nochi oblaka, izmenchivyye dumy  
Nesutsa nado mnoy, tevozhnny i ugryumy;  
V nikh otbleski nadezhd, kogda-to dorogikh,  
Davno poteryannykh, davno uz ne zhivykh,  
V nikh sozhaleniya... i slyozy.

Nesutsa dumy te bez tseli i kontsa.  
To, prevratyas v cherty lyubimovo litsa,  
Zovut, rozhdaya vnov v dushe bylyye gryozy;  
To, slivshis v chorny mrak, polny nemoy ugrozy,

Gryadushchevo borboyy pugayut robky um,  
I slyshitsa vdali nestroynoy zhizni shum,  
Tolpy bezdushnoy smekh, vrazhdy kovarny ropot,  
Zhiteyskoy melochi nezaglushimy shopot,

Unyly Smerti zvon!... Predvestnitsa zvezda,  
Kak budto polnaya styda,  
Slayvayet svetly lik v tumane bezotradnom,  
Kak budushchnost' moya, nemom i neproglyadnom.

And in my soul spring to life again  
All those hopes, urges and delusions...

Alas, they are but ghosts!  
Enough of these dead visions,  
The noise their chatter used to make  
No longer has any power over me.

Of all those shades there is but one  
Which came to me and breathed of love  
A faithful friend of days gone by,  
Who quietly leaned over my pillow.

To her alone I bravely surrendered  
My soul in silent tears,  
Tears unseen, filled with happiness,  
Tears long ago treasured in my heart.

#### 17. Be bored

Ennui. This yearning is your destiny,  
Without ardour and passion there is no joy,  
Just as there is no return without a parting,  
And without a battle no victory.

Ennui. You will languish when hearing love's message  
In the silence of an empty heart,  
Answering with false words of greeting  
The true words of a maiden's dream.

Ennui. From cradle to the grave  
Your path in life is preordained;  
Drop by drop your strength will vanish.  
Then you will die - and God be with you!  
God be with you!

#### 18. Elegy

In the darkness night slumbers. A silent star  
Twinkles alone through the cloudy mist.  
And mournfully in the distance ring out  
The bells on the grazing horses.

Like clouds in the night my turbulent thoughts  
Swirl above my head, troubled and gloomy;  
And in them are reflected those once fond hopes of mine,  
Long since lost, long since dead;  
In them are regrets... and tears.

These thoughts swirl around aimlessly, endlessly;  
Sometimes taking on the features of a beloved face,  
They call out, re-creating in my soul dreams of long ago;  
And sometimes, merging into darkness, with silent threats

Of future strife, they frighten my poor brain,  
And far away I hear the sound of life's discordant bustle,  
The laughter of the callous crowd, the insidious, hostile murmurs,  
The unmuffled sounds of life's petty trifles.

That mournful death-knell! A prophetic star  
As though possessed with shame,  
Hides its bright face in the cheerless gloom,  
As do my hopes, in the mute, impenetrable shadow

**19. Nad rekoy**

Mesyats zadumchivy, zvyozdy dalyokiye  
S sinevo neba vodami lyubuyutsa.  
Molcha smotryu ya na vody glubokiye:  
Tayny volshebnyye serdtsem v nikh chuyutsa.  
Pleshchut, tayatsa, laskatel'no nezniyye;  
Mnogo v ikh ropote sily charuyushchey:  
Slyshatsa dumy i strasti bezbrezhnyye.  
Golos nevedomy, dushu volnuyushchy,  
Nezhit, pugayet, navodit somneniye...  
Slushat' velit-li on? S mesta-b ne sdvinulsa;  
Gonit-li proch? Ubezhal-by v smyatenii.  
V glub-li zovyyot? Bez oglyadki-b ya kinulsa!...

**CD3**

**1. Gde ty, zvyozdochka?**

Gde ty, zvyozdochka, akh, gde ty, yasnaya?  
Il' zatmilasa tuchey chornoyu,  
tuchey chornoyu, tuchey groznoyu?

Gde ty, devitsa, gde ty, krasnaya?  
Il' pokinula druga milovo,  
druga milovo nenaglyadnovo?

Tucha chornaya skryla zvyozdochku,  
zemlya khladnaya vzyala devitsa.

*Grekov*

**2. Vesoly chas**

Dayte bokaly, dayte vina!  
Radost' mgnoven'ya vypem do dna!  
Gromkiye pesni gryan'te, druzya!  
Pust' nas vesolykh vidit zarya!

Nyne piruyem yunost' na chas,  
nyanche vesel'ye radost' u nas,  
zavtra shto budet, znayu, druzya,  
pust' nas vesolykh vidit zarya!

Dayte bokaly, dayte vina!  
Radost' mgnoven'ya vypem do dna!  
Gromkiye pesni gryan'te, druzya!  
Pust' nas vesolykh vidit zarya!

Shumno, razgul'no poyte, druzya,  
leyte v bokaly bol'she vina!  
Nu-te vse razom vypem do dna!  
Pust' nas vesolykh vidit zarya!

Dayte-zh bokaly, dayte vina!  
Radost' mgnoven'ya vypem do dna!  
Gromkiye pesni gryan'te, druzya!  
Pust' nas vesolykh vidit zarya!

*Kol'tsov*

**3. List'ya shumeli unylo**

List'ya shumeli unylo  
v dubrave nochnoyu poroy;  
grob opustili v mogilu,  
grob, ozaryonny lunoy.

**19. On the River**

The pensive moon and the distant stars  
Gaze down from the blue sky in wonder at the waters.  
And I look silently at the deep waters:  
I can feel in my heart their magical secrets.  
They splash, then fall back, in their tender caressing;  
I feel in their murmur a force drawing my soul,  
And I can hear unending musings and passions.  
A mysterious voice, disturbing my soul,  
Soothes, then scares, filling me with doubts...  
Does it bid me listen? Then I would not stir from here;  
Does it bid me be gone? Then I would flee in confusion.  
Does it call me to its depths? Then I would plunge in  
without a backward glance!...

**1. Where are you, little star?**

Where are you, little star, oh, where are you, bright one?  
Have you hidden behind a dark cloud,  
behind a dark, menacing cloud?

Where are you, maiden, where are you, lovely one?  
Have you forsaken your dear lover  
your dear, handsome lover?

A dark cloud has obscured the star,  
and the cold earth has taken the lovely maiden away.

*Ballad for voice and piano. Composed in 1857 at St. Petersburg to a text by Grekov, written in the spirit of popular songs. Dedicated to the singer J.-L. Gruenberg. First edition 1911, Bessel. The manuscript is in Paris (Library of the Conservatoire).*

**2. The Joyous Hour**

Hand round the glasses, pour out the wine!  
Let's drain our glasses to this joyous moment!  
Strike up the songs loudly, my friends!  
Let's make merry until dawn!

Let's celebrate youth for a while with our feasting,  
for now we feel merry and joyful;  
I know what tomorrow will bring, my friends,  
but let's make merry until dawn!

Hand round the glasses, pour out the wine!  
Let's drain our glasses to this joyous moment!  
Strike up the songs loudly, my friends!  
Let's make merry until dawn!

Sing out with loud and cheerful voices, friends,  
pour more wine into the glasses!  
Let's all drain our glasses at one go!  
Let's make merry until dawn!

Hand round the glasses, pour out the wine!  
Let's drain our glasses to this joyous moment!  
Strike up the songs loudly, my friends!  
Let's make merry until dawn!

*A toast to a text by Kol'tsov, dedicated to Sakharin. Composed in 1858 at St. Petersburg. First edition... ? The manuscript is in Paris (Library of the Conservatoire).*

**3. The leaves rustled sadly**

Sadly rustled the leaves  
in the groves at night-time;  
the coffin was lowered into the grave,  
the coffin, lit by the moon.

Tikho, bez placha zaryli  
i udalilis vse proch,  
tol'ko skloniyas nad mogiloy,  
list'ya shumeli vsyu noch.

*Pleshcheyev*

**4. Mnogo yest' u menya teremov i sadov**

Mnogo yest' u menya teremov i sadov  
i razgol'nykh poley i dremuchikh lesov,  
dremuchikh, dremuchikh lesov.

Mnogo yest' u menya zhemchugov i mekhov,  
raznotsvetnykh odezhd,  
dragotsennykh kovrov.

Mnogo yest' u menya dlya pirov serebra,  
dlya besed krasnykh slov, dlya vesel'ya vina,  
dlya vesel'ya vina, dlya vesel'ya vina!

No ya znayu, na shto tray volshebnykh,  
volshebnykh ishchu, no ya znayu, znayu, o chom  
sam s soboyu grushchu.

*Kol'tsov*

**5. Molitva**

Ya, Mater Bozhiya, nyne s molitvoyu  
pred Tvoim obrazom yarkim siyaniyem  
ne za svoyu molyu dushu pustynnyuyu,  
za dushu strannika v mire bezrodnovo,  
no ya vruchit' khochu dushu nevinnuyu  
tyoploy zastupnitse mira kholodnovo.  
Okruzhi schastiyem schast'ya dostoynyuyu,  
day yey soputnikov polnykh vnimaniya,  
molodost' svetluyu, starost' pokoynyuyu,  
serdtsu nezlobnomu mir upovaniya.

O, Mater Bozhiya, Tebya molyu!

*Lermontov*

**6. Otchego, skazhi**

Otchevo, skazhi, dusha-devitsa,  
ty sidish teper prigoryunilas  
i bezmolvnaya na dorozhenku  
ty, vzdokhnuv, glyadish ne nasmotrishsa?

Il's toboy pri tebe netu milovo,  
il' ostyla v nyom krov goryachaya,  
il' ty yemu uzh naskuchila,  
il' zabyl tebya tvoy serdechny drug?

Net, moy mily drug ne zabyl menya  
i ne to shchemit serdtse bednoye,  
a ya milovo v dal'nu storonu,  
v put'-dorozhenky provozhayu ya,

In silence, without tears, they buried it,  
and then everyone departed;  
only the leaves, bending over the grave,  
rustled through the night.

*Musical narration for baritone or bass with piano accompaniment.  
Composed in 1858 at St. Petersburg to a text of Pleshcheyev, and  
dedicated to M.O. Mileschin. First edition 1911, Bessel. The  
manuscript is in Paris.*

**4. I have many palaces and gardens**

I have many palaces and gardens  
and boundless fields and dense forests,  
dark, dense forests.

I have many pearls and furs,  
and colourful garments,  
and precious carpets.

I have much silver for my table,  
fine conversation for my guests, and wine for enjoyment,  
much wine for enjoyment!

But I know why I need the sorcerer's potions,  
the sorcerer's potions, but I know, I know why  
my heart is grieving.

*Ballad for voice with piano accompaniment. Composed in 1860 at  
St. Petersburg to words by Kol'tsov, and dedicated to T. Borispolz.  
First edition... ? The manuscript is in Paris.*

**5. Prayer**

O Mother of God, I offer a prayer  
before the brightness of your countenance,  
but I pray not for my desolate soul,  
the soul of a pilgrim alone in the world,  
but beg you to grant an innocent maid  
tender protection from this bleak world.  
Fill her with the happiness she deserves,  
grant her attentive companions,  
a radiant youth, calm old age,  
and to her innocent heart eternal hope.

O Mother of God, I beseech you!

*Ballad for voice with piano accompaniment. Composed 2 February  
1865 at St. Petersburg to a text by Lermontov, and dedicated to  
Julia Ivanovna Mussorgsky (the composer's mother). First edition:  
...? The manuscript is in Paris.*

**6. Tell me why**

Tell me why, dearest maiden,  
you sit here so sadly,  
and, silently sighing,  
ever look towards distant paths?

Can it be that you have no sweetheart,  
or maybe his passion has cooled,  
or he has grown tired of you,  
or that devoted lover of yours has left you?

No, my lover has not left me,  
it is not that which grieves my poor heart,  
but I must send my darling  
on a long journey to distant lands,

a ya milova v dal'nu storonu,  
v put'-dorozhenku snaryazhayu ya.

*Pleshcheyev*

**7. Chto yam slova lyubvi?**

Shto yam slova lyubvi? - Vy bredom nazovyote,  
Shto slyozy yam moi? - I slyoz vy ne poymyote.

Ostavte-zh mne mechty, ni slovom i ni vzglyadom  
serdechnoy teplyoty ne otravlyayte yadom!

Lyublyu yeyo odnu, kak zhizn moyu,  
kak svet lyublyu, lyublyu, kak tishinu  
moikh ocharovaniy,

ot zloy lyudskoy tolpy ya v dal' nemuyu rvusa  
i k ney na kryl'yakh dum dalyoko unoshusa.

*Ammosov*

**8. Duyut vetry, vetry buynnye**

Duyut vetry, vetry buynnye,  
khodyat tuchi, khodyat tuchi tyomnyye.  
Khodyat tuchi, khodyat tyomnyye,  
tuchi tyomnyye.

Ne vidat' v nikh, ne vidat' sveta belova,  
ne vidat' v nikh belova,  
ne vidat' v nikh solntsa krasnova.

Vo syroy vo mgle, za tumanami,  
tol'ko nochka, nochka lish cherneyetsa.  
Duyut vetry, duyut buynnye,  
khodyat tuchi, khodyat tyomnyye,  
khodyat tyomnyye.

*Kol'tsov*

**9. No yesli-by s tobou ya vstretit'sa mogla**

Rasstalis gordo my - ni slovom, ni slezoyu  
ya grusti priznaka tebe ne podala.  
My razoshlis navek!

No yesli-by s tobou ya vstretit'sa mogla!

Bez slyoz, bez zhalob ya sklonilas  
pred sud'boyu. Ne znayu,  
sdelav mne tak mnogo v zhizni zla,  
lyubilli ty menya?

No yesli-by s tobou ya vstretit'sa mogla!

*Kurochkin*

I must send my darling,  
and I must equip him for his journey.

*Romance for voice and piano. Composed in St. Petersburg, on a text by Pleshcheyev, dedicated to S.A. Burzev. First edition 1867, Jurgenson. The manuscript is in Paris.*

**7. What are words of love to you?**

What are words of love to you? - You call them but wanderings.  
What are my tears to you? - Even tears you do not understand.

Leave me my dreams, let neither words nor looks  
from the heart's passion destroy them with their poison!

I love her alone, as I love my life,  
as I love the light, I love her as the peace  
which comes from joy;

I rush from this wicked world to the fareway silence  
and let myself be carried to her on winged thoughts.

*Romance for voice and piano. Composed in St. Petersburg in 1860 to a text by Ammosov, and dedicated to Maria V. Scilavska. First published...?*

**8. The winds blow, the wild winds**

The wild winds blow,  
black clouds sweep across the sky,  
black clouds sweep across,  
black clouds.

No daylight is visible there,  
no daylight,  
no glowing sun is visible there.

In the damp gloom beyond the mists  
shows only the blackness of night.  
The wild winds blow,  
black clouds sweep across the sky, black clouds sweep across,  
black clouds.

*Song for baritone or bass with piano accompaniment. Composed 28 March 1864 in St. Petersburg to a text by Kol'tsov and dedicated to Viaslav A. Loginov. First edition 1911, Bessel. The manuscript is in Paris.*

**9. But if I could meet thee again** *Romance*

We parted, and I was too proud to use words or tears  
to give you any sign of my grief.  
We parted for ever!

But if! could only meet you again!

Without tears, without complaints I bowed  
before my fate. I do not know,  
with all the suffering you caused me,  
if you really loved me.

But if I could only meet you again!

*Romance for voice with piano accompaniment. Composed 15 August 1863 at Voloch to a text by Kurochkin, and dedicated to Nadejda P. Pochinin. The manuscript is in Paris. First edition...?*

**10. Malyutka**

Akh, zachem tvoi glazki poroyu  
na menya tak surovo glyadyat?  
I tomit moyu dushu toskoyu  
tvoy kholodny, nelaskovy vzglyad?

Bez ulybki i v gordom molchan'i  
ty prokhodish kak ten predo mnoyu,  
i v dushe zataivshi stradan'ye,  
ya revnivo slezhu za tobou.

Ty lyubovyu svoey ozaryala,  
kak vesnoy, moi grustnyye dni,  
prilaskay-zhe menya kak byvalo,  
laskoy proch moyu grust' otgoni.

Zachem zhe tvoi glazki poroyu  
na menya tak surovo glyadyat?

*Pleshcheyev*

**11. Pesn startsa**

Stanu skromno u poroga,  
tikho v dveri ya voydu,  
kto podast mne, radi Boga,  
snova daleyey poydu.

Schastliv, kto pered soboyu  
uzrit bednovo menya,  
on poplachet nado mnoyu,  
a o chom, ne znayu ya.

*Goethe*

**12. Tsar Saul**

O vozhdii! Yesli palo na dolyu moyu  
pred gospodnim narodom bespravno  
pogibnut' v boyu - ne smushchaytes!  
V bitvu idite smeley!

Pust' uznayut vrage silu nashikh mechey,  
silu nashikh tyazhkih mechey.  
Ty, nesushchy za mnoyu moy mech i moy shchit,  
yesli voysko moyo smutny strakh porazit,  
yesli drognet ono i ot vraga pobezhit,  
O, ne day perezhit' mne tot mig rokovoy,  
pust' umru ya, srazhonny tvoyeyu rukoy!

O moy syn! Moy naslednik,  
uzh k bitve zov po kholmam proletoy  
i pir nam sulit, krovavy pir.  
Ty vidish li, v slave nash venets zasyal  
i nad drognuvshim stanom mech vraga zasverkal.  
O moy syn, to dlya nas chas posledniy, strashny nastal!

*Byron*

**13. Noch**

Tvoy obraz laskovy tak poln ocharovan'ya,  
tak manit k sebe, tak obol'shchayet,  
trevozha son moy tikhy v chas polnochi  
bezmolvnoy...

**10. Dear one, why are thine eyes sometimes so cold?**

Oh, why are your eyes sometimes  
so cold when they look at me?  
And why is my soul tormented with longing  
at your chill, unfeeling glance?

Unsmiling and in sombre silence  
like a shadow you pass before me,  
and I hide the sorrow in my heart  
as I jealously follow after you.

Your love illumined  
my desolate days, like the light of spring;  
come, let us kiss as we used to kiss,  
and with your caresses drive this sorrow from me.

Why are your eyes sometimes  
so cold when they look at me?

*Pleshcheyev. Composed 7 January 1866.*

**11. Old Man's Song**

I will stand humbly by the doorway,  
quietly I'll enter the door,  
and if someone will give me alms in the name of God  
I'll go on my way.

Happy is the man who sees  
this poor fellow before him;  
he will weep for me,  
but I know not why.

*For bass or baritone, with piano accompaniment. Composed 13 August 1863 at Kanistev to a text by Goethe (Wilhelm Meister), and dedicated to A.P. Opochinin. First edition 1911, Bessel.*

**12. King Saul**

O warriors! If it should be my fate,  
before God's people, to fall ingloriously  
in battle - do not falter!  
Go bravely to the fight!

Let the enemy feel the strength of our swords,  
the strength of our mighty swords.  
And you, my follower, who bears my sword and shield,  
if you see my forces struck by dreadful fears,  
if they falter, and flee from the enemy,  
Oh, may I not survive that fatal moment,  
let me die of a blow from your hand!

O my son! My heir,  
already the call to battle has resounded through the hills,  
and we are promised a feast, a feast of blood.  
Do you see, our crown is lit with a blaze of glory,  
and our enemy's sword flashes over his trembling body.  
O my son, our last fearful hour is at hand!

*Composed in 1863 at Voloch to a text by Byron (from Hebrew Melodies) and dedicated to A.P. Opochinin. First edition 1871, Bessel, revised by Rimsky-Korsakov from Glazounov's orchestration. There are some differences between the Paris orchestral manuscript and the Russian version.*

**13. Night**

Your lovely countenance is so full of delights,  
so seductive, so captivating,  
it disturbs my peaceful sleep at midnight's silent  
hour...

I mnitsa, shepchesh ty. Tvoi slova,  
slivayas i zhurcha chistoy struykoy,  
nado mnoyu v nochnoy tishi igrayut,  
polny lyubvi, polny otrady, polny vseiy sili  
char volshebnoy negi i zabven'ya...

Vo t'me nochnoy, v polnochny chas,  
tvoi glaza blistayut predno mnoy.  
Mne, mne ulybayutsa, i zvuki slyshu ya:  
moy drug, moy nezhny drug! Lyublyu tebya,  
tvoya, tvoya!

*Pushkin*

**14. Kalistratushka**

Nado mnoy pevala matushka,  
kolybel' moyu kachayuchi:  
budesh schastliv, Kalistratushka,  
budesh zhit' ty pripevayuchi.  
I sbylos po vole Bozhiyey  
predskazan'ye moyey matushki.  
Net schastlivey, net prigozhey,  
net naryadney Kalistratushki,  
okh! Net naryadney Kalistratushki!  
Klyuchevoy voditsey umyvayusa,  
pyaternoy cheshu volosynki,  
urozhayu dozhdidayusa  
s nezapakhannoy polosynki,  
s nezaseyennoy.  
A zhena moya zanimayetsa  
na nagikh detishek stirkoyu,  
pushche muzha naryazhayetsa:  
nosit lapti s podkovyrkoyu.  
Da, budesh schastliv, Kalistratushka,  
okh, budesh zhit' ty pripevayuchi!

*Nekrassov*

**15. Otverzhennaya**

Ne smotri na neyo ty s prezren'yem,  
ot sebya yeyo proch ne goni,  
luchshe v dushu yeyo s sozhalen'yem  
i s uchastiyem tyoplym vzglyani!

Posmotri, skol'ko v ney perezhitto  
bur zhestokikh v ugodu sud'be,  
skol'ko, skol'ko sil molodykh v ney ubito  
bez sleda v bezyskhodnoy borbe.

A i v etoy dushe zacherstveloy  
i v otravlennoy etoy krovi,  
ver, lyubov by yeshcho zakipela;  
no ne videt' vzaimoy lyubvi.

Vsyudu slyshat' odni lish proklyat'ya,  
vsyudu vstretit' prezreniya vzglyad  
i ne past', kogda zlobno ob'yat'ya  
raskryvayet odin lish razvrat?

Ne smotri zh na neyo ty s prezren'yem,  
ot sebya yeyo proch ne goni,  
luchshe v dushu yeyo s sozhalen'yem  
i s uchastiyem tyoplym vzglyani!

*I. Holz-Miller*

And I seem to hear you whisper. Your words  
flowing and murmuring like a pure mountain stream,  
play around me in the silence of the night,  
full of love, full of delight, full of all the strength  
and magic of bewitching serenity and oblivion.

In the gloom of night, at midnight's hour,  
your eyes shine bright before me.  
They smile at me, at me, and I hear your voice;  
my friend, my dearest friend! I love you,  
I am yours, yours!

*Composed 10 April 1874 at St. Petersburg on a text by Pushkin.  
Dedicated to Nadiejda P. Opotchinina*

**14. Little Kalistrat**

My mother sang a song to me  
as she rocked my cradle:  
"you shall be happy, Calistratus,  
you shall have a successful life".  
And by God's decree it happened,  
just as my mother had foretold.  
There is no-one more happy, more handsome,  
more elegant than Calistratus,  
oh, no! No-one more elegant than Calistratus!  
I wash myself in the spring water,  
comb my locks with my fingers,  
and I await the harvest  
from fields I have not ploughed,  
nor sown.  
But my wife stands over the tub  
washing the children's clothes,  
she is better dressed than her husband,  
but her slippers have no soles.  
Yes, you shall be happy, Calistratus,  
you shall have a successful life!

*Study in popular style for voice with piano accompaniment,  
composed 22 May 1864 in St. Petersburg (Novaia Derevnia) to a  
text by Nekrassov, and dedicated to A.P. Opochinin. The  
manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg; a variant is in  
Paris. First edition 1883, Bessel*

**15. The Outcast**

Do not look at her with scorn,  
do not drive her away from you,  
but rather gaze into her heart with pity  
and tender sympathy.

See how many fierce storms  
she has suffered at fate's will,  
how much of her youthful strength has been destroyed  
without trace in the endless struggle.

But within this hardened soul  
and this bleeding heart,  
believe me, love could have been burning still,  
but it was unrequited.

All around were only words of hate,  
all around were looks of scorn;  
How hard to avoid being weak,  
when only depravity can open the door to love.

Do not look at her with scorn,  
do not drive her away from you,  
but rather gaze into her heart with pity  
and tender sympathy.

*"Study in recitative" for voice and piano, composed 22 June 1865 in  
St. Petersburg to a text by I. Holz-Miller. The manuscript is in Paris.*



**16. Kolybel'naya pesnya**

Bayu, bayu, mil vnuchonochek,  
ty spi, usni, usni, krest'yansky syn.  
Bayu, bayu, doprezh dedy ne zavali bedy,  
beda prishla, da bedu privela s napastyami,  
da s propastyami, s pravezhami,  
beda vsyo s poboyami!  
Bayu, bayu, mil vnuchonochek, ty spi, usni,  
usni, krest'yansky syn.  
Izzhivom bedu za rabotushkoy,  
za nemiloy, chuzhoy, nepokladnoy, vekovechnoy,  
zloyu, stradnoy, zloyu, stradnoy.

Belym tel'tsem lezhish v lyulechke,  
tvoya dushenka v nebesakh letit,  
tvoy tikhy son sam Gospod' khranit.  
Po bokam stoyat svetly angely,  
stoyat angely!

*Ostrovsky*

**17. Pesn baleartsa**

V ob'yat'yakh devy molodoy, lobzan'yem zhguchim raspalyonny,  
dykhan'ya zharkovo struyoy v roskoshnoy nege upoyonny,  
pod shopot sladostnykh rechey ya zabyvayu zvuk mechey.  
V ob'yat'yakh devy nezhnoy ya zasypayu bezmyatezhno.

Zabudu-l' obraz devy miloy, zabudu-l' blesk yeyo ochey,  
i shopot sladostnykh rechey sred' zvukov pirshostva igrivnykh?  
Pod shopot sladostnykh rechey ya zabyvayu zvuk mechey.  
V ob'yat'yakh devy nezhnoy ya zasypayu bezmyatezhno,  
i v sladkom sne, lyubov'yu upoyonny, poyu lyubov,  
i devy chudnuyu krasu i devu chudnuyu moyu!

*Mussorgsky*

**CD4**

**1. Gde ty, zvyozdochka?**

Gde ty, zvyozdochka? Gde ty, krasnaya?  
Il' zatmilasa tuchey chornoyu,  
tuchey mrachnoy?

Gde ty, devitsa, gde ty, krasnaya?  
Il' pokinula druga milovo,  
nenaglyadnovo?

I ya s goresti, so lyutoy toski,  
poydu vo pole, pole chistoye;  
ne uvizhu li yasnoy zvyozdochki,  
ne povstrechu li krasnoy devitsy.

Tucha chornaya skryla zvyozdochku,  
zemlya khladnaya nyala devitsy.

*Grekov*

**16. Cradle Song**

Hush, hush-a-bye, my little grandchild,  
sleep in slumber deep, little peasant.  
Hush, hush-a-bye; our forefathers were not loaded  
with such misfortunes as are piled upon us now,  
a load of grief and torments,  
and blows and beatings!  
Hush, hush-a-bye, my little grandchild, sleep soundly,  
sleep, little peasant.  
We shall overcome our misfortunes, we shall work through them,  
we shall conquer these evil, unacceptable, fierce, endless,  
cruel sufferings, these cruel sufferings.

Your small white body lies there in the cradle,  
your soul flies up in the heavens,  
your sleep is guarded by God himself,  
and by your side stand bright angels,  
bright angels!

*For voice and piano. Text drawn from Ostrovskys play, The  
Voyevode "Sleep, son of peasants...". Composed 5 September 1865  
in St. Petersburg and dedicated to the memory of Julia Ivanovna  
Mussorgsky, the composers mother. First edition 1871, Bessel.  
There are two original manuscripts of this song: the first in the  
State Library, St. Petersburg, the second in Paris with the marking:  
"tableau dramatique".*

**17. Balearic song**

When in the arms of my mistress, inflamed by her burning kisses,  
when intoxicated by her ardent breath, I lie sunk in delicious  
languor, when I hear her whisper sweet words, then I forget the  
clang of the swords, and in my loved one's embraces I fall into a  
peaceful sleep.

Shall I forget my dear one's face, shall I forget the light in her eyes,  
and the whisper of sweet words amongst the merry sounds of the  
banquet? When I hear her whisper sweet words I forget the clang  
of the swords, and in my loved one's embraces I fall into a peaceful  
sleep, and in that sweet sleep, intoxicated with love, I sing of love,  
and of my mistress' wondrous beauty, of this wonderful girl of  
mine!

*From the opera "Salammbô" (Liviez) in four acts and seven scenes  
to a text by Mussorgsky after Flaubert's novel. Of the first act, only  
the "Balearic song at the feast in the gardens of Hamilcar" was set  
to music. The manuscript of this song is in Paris, with the  
autograph date August 1864, Novaia Derevnia, St.Petersburg.*

**1. Where are thou, little star?**

Where are you, little star? Where are you, beauteous one?  
Have you hidden behind a black cloud,  
behind a dark menacing cloud?

Where are you, maiden, where are you, lovely one?  
Have you forsaken your dear lover,  
your handsome lover?

And I in sorrow, in cruel anguish,  
will go to the field, the open field;  
but I shall not see the bright star,  
nor shall I meet the lovely maiden.

A dark cloud has obscured the star,  
and the cold earth has claimed the maiden.

*Ballad for voice and piano. Composed in 1857 at St. Petersburg to a  
text by Grekov, written in the spirit of popular songs. Dedicated to  
the singer J.-L. Gruenberg. First edition 1911, Bessel. The  
manuscript is in Paris (Library of the Conservatoire).*

## 2. Noch

Moy golos dlya tebya i laskovy i tomny  
trevozhit pozdneye molchan'ye nochi tyomnoy.  
Bliz lozha moyevo pechal'naya svecha gorit.  
Moi slova slivayas i zhurcha,  
tekut, ruchi lyubvi, polny, polny toboy!  
Vo t'me nochnoy, tvoi glaza blistayut predo mnoy,  
mne ulybayutsa i zvuki slyshu ya!  
Moy drug, moy nezhnny drug, lyublyu tebya!  
Tvoya...tvoya!

*Pushkin*

## 3. Gopak

Hoy! Hoy, hoy, hopaka!  
Polyubila kazaka,  
tol'ko stary da nedyuzhy,  
tol'ko ryzhy, neuklyuzhy,  
vot i dolya vsya poka! Hoy!  
Dolya sledom za toskoyu,  
a ty stary za vodoyu,  
a sama to ya v shinok,  
da khvachu sebe kryuchok,  
a potom vsyo chok da chok,  
vsyo chok da chok.  
Charka pervaya kolom, a vtoraya sokolom,  
baba v plyas poshla v konets,  
a za neyu molodets,  
stary, ryzhy, babu klíchet,  
tol'ko baba kukish tychet.  
Kol' zhenilsa, satana,  
dobyvay-zhe mne pshena, vot kak!  
Nado detok pozhalet',  
nakormit' i priodet'.  
Vot shto!

Dobyvay, smotri, byt' khudu,  
a ne to sama dobudu!  
Slysh ty!  
Dobyvay zhe, stary, ryzhy,  
dobyvay skorey, besstyzy!  
Shto, vzyal!  
Tol'ko, stary, ne greshi,  
kolybel'ki, kolyshi  
vot tak!  
Kolybel'ki stary, kolyshi,  
vot tak!  
Kak byla ya molodoyu  
da ugodnitseyu,  
ya povasila perednik  
nad okonnitseyu,  
i v okoshechko kivayu,  
v pyal'tsakh sholkom vyshivayu.  
Hoy, semyony vy, lvany,  
nadevayte-ka kaftany,  
da so mnoy gulyat' poydyomte!  
Da prisyardem, zapoyomte!

Hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy  
hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hopaka!  
Polyubila kazaka,  
tol'ko stary da nedyuzhy,  
tol'ko ryzhy, neuklyuzhy,  
vot i pravda vsya poka. Hoy!

*Mey (iz Schevschenko)*

## 2. Night

My voice is for you both tender and languid,  
it disturbs the late silence of night's darkness.  
Near my couch a sorrowful candle burns.  
My words ripple and murmur,  
they flow like streams of love, full of you!  
In the gloom of night your eyes shine bright before me,  
they smile at me, and I hear sounds!  
My friend, my dearest friend, I love you...  
I am yours, yours!

*Fantasy for voice and piano. Composed 10 April 1864 in St. Petersburg to a text by Pushkin. Dedicated to Nadiejda P. Opochinina. First published 1871.*

## 3. Hopak

Hey! Hey, hey, hopak!  
I fell in love with a Cossack,  
but he was old and awkward,  
red-haired and clumsy,  
but that's fate! Hey!  
My fate is a sad one,  
but while you, old boy, go to fetch water,  
I'm off to the tavern.  
I'll grab myself a goblet,  
then I'll be clinking glasses;  
the first cup'll stick in my throat,  
but the second will go down better.  
The woman has gone off to the dance,  
and there's a young man after her;  
the red-haired husband calls to the woman,  
but she sticks her fingers up at him.  
If you get married, hell,  
you've got to provide the bread, that's it!  
You have to show some sympathy for the children,  
feed and clothe them.  
That's what!

Get on then, look here, it'll be the worse for you,  
otherwise I'll do the providing!  
Just you listen!  
You provide for us, old redhead,  
get a move on, shameless creature!  
What gave you that idea?  
But you, old boy,  
give up your sinful ways,  
and rock the cradle, like that!  
Rock the cradle, old boy,  
like this!  
When I was a young girl  
and anxious to please,  
I used to hang up my apron  
over the window;  
then I'd beckon out of the window  
as I worked at my silk on the frame.  
And I'd call: "Hey, Simon, Ivan,  
put on your kaftans,  
and come walk with me!  
We'll sit awhile in the tavern and sing!"

Hey, hey, hop, hop,  
hop, hop, hopak!  
I fell in love with a Cossack,  
but he was old and awkward,  
red-haired and clumsy,  
and that's the whole truth. Hey!

*Song for voice and piano. Composed 31 August 1866 in Pavlovsk to an Ukrainian text from Schevschenko's Gaidamaki, translated by Mey. Dedicated to Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov. First published 1867 by Jurgenson.*

**4. Krapivnaya gora**

Mezhd u ne b o m i zemlyoyu,  
v meste vovse neizvestnom,  
yest' krapivnaya gora.  
I na toy gore krapivnoy  
nichevo, oprich krapivy,  
ne rastyot i ne roslo.

Tol'ko poveyet prokhladay  
vecherney dremoyu otradnoy,  
pakhnyot veterok prelestny,  
s gori Krapivnoy dushit krapivoy,  
odnoy krapivoy; za ney na toy gore Krapivnoy  
nachinayut otkryvatsa  
tayni mrachnyye prirody.

*Mussorgsky*

**5. Akh ty, p'yanaya teterya!**

Akh ty, pyanaya teterya!  
Gde ty do svetu shatalsya,  
s kem, besstydnik, ty taskala!  
Al' s rodyimi pirovali,  
zhon da detok vspominali?  
Al' za rodnikh, shto v mogile,  
boga gospoda molili?

Rasskazhi zh, gde byl,  
pokhvastay, gde, shto pil.  
Eko rylo, vsyo v gryazi-to,  
vsyo, serdechnoye, izbito.  
Ha, ha, ha...  
T'fu, ty, pakost'!  
Nu, shto vypuchil glazishi,  
shto stoish, kak stolb poverstny!  
Al' stupit' boishsa, nozhki oslabeli?  
Al' khmel'noye yazychok tebe otshiblo?  
Ty ne boysa!  
Zhonka staraya podmozhet,  
govori smeley!  
Zhonka yazychok razvyazhet!  
Kak nachnu vozit' ukhvatom,  
nozhki stanu t tvoyordo;  
kak khvachu tebya po lyasam,  
yazychokot razvernuyotsa:  
pravdumatku vsyu pokazhet,  
pro besstydnika rasskazhet,  
pro besstydnika, pro muzha,  
pro starovo potaskukhu!

Ne molila l' ya tebya, Pakhomych,  
ne korila l' ya tebya, rodimyy?  
Pozhaley ty svoikh detok malykh,  
ne tomi ne much ty zhorlku staruyu.  
Poklyalsa, besstydnik, obrazom svyatym,  
na tri storony poklon polozhil,  
'shto ne budesh pit',  
stanesh trezvo zhit'.

Okh, golovushka bednaya, okhti!  
Okh ty, dolya gorkaya, okhti!  
Okh vy, detki malye, kto vas prigolubit,  
bespomoshchnykh prilaskayet? Okhti!  
Po bokam-to starym ya ukhvattsem pokhodila b  
vdol' da po spinke plet'yu, plyorochkoy pyoshpas by.  
Sprava, sleva steganula,  
za zagrivok by nagnula.  
Po shchekam by otkhlestiala vazhno!  
Za volosya b ottaskala likho!  
Ne shataysya po nocham ty, stary,

**4. The nettle mountain**

Between the heavens and the earth,  
in a place not known to any mortal,  
there is a nettle mountain.  
And on that nettle mountain  
nothing but nettles  
grows nor has ever grown.

But when a cool and soothing  
evening languor has wafted over all,  
there blows a delightful breeze,  
and from the nettle mountain comes a scent of nettles,  
just of nettles; behind, on that nettle mountain  
nature begins to open up  
her sombre secrets.

*Incomplete; begun in 1874. Words by Mussorgsky.*

**5. You drunken sot!**

Oh, you drunken sot!  
Where in the world have you been roaming,  
who have you been hanging out with, shameless creature?  
Have you been living it up among your relations,  
chattering about your wives and children?  
Or have you been asking God's blessing  
on the ones already in their graves?

Tell us where you've been, go on,  
boast about your drinking bouts.  
What a snout, all covered in mud,  
and all matters of the heart ruined.  
Ha, ha, ha...  
Be off, you disgusting creature!  
Well, what are you staring like that for,  
why do you stand there like a milestone?  
Are you afraid to move, have your legs gone weak?  
Or has your intoxicated tongue failed you?  
Don't be afraid!  
Your old wife will help,  
just come out with it!  
Your wife will unlock your tongue!  
When I start beating you up with an oven fork  
your legs'll get so stiff;  
when I grab you by the jaws  
your tongue'll get unfurled;  
and reveal the whole truth;  
it'll tell of the shameless creature,  
of the shameless husband,  
of the old trollop!

Didn't I beg you, Pakhomych,  
didn't I reproach you, dear fellow?  
Have pity on your little children,  
don't torment and torture your old wife.  
Swear, in a holy manner, shameless creature,  
and give a triple bow,  
that you'll give up drinking,  
and start living a sober life.

Oh, my poor head, oh!  
Oh, my bitter fate, oh!  
Oh, my little children, who will caress you,  
who will kiss my little helpless ones? Oh!  
I'd have a go at those old limbs with an oven fork,  
all down his back with a whip and a lash.  
To right and to left I'd whip him  
I'd wring his neck.  
I'd give him a good whipping on the cheeks!  
I'd give his hair a good tug!  
Don't roam around at nights, you old fool,

ne valyaysa ty v gryazi, besstydnik!  
Na lezhanochke spi lezhi ty chinno,  
zhonku, detok, steregi po chesti,  
da po chesti trezvo!  
Akh ty, skaredna teterya,  
al' yeshcho ne otrezvil'sya?  
Grekh s toboy odin, da gore, da pozor,  
da posmeyan'ye!  
Sgin ty s glaz moikh, proklyaty!

*Mussorgsky*

### 6. Sirootka

Barin moy milenky,  
barin moy dobrenky!  
Szhal'sa nad bednen'kim,  
gorkim, bezdomnym sirotochkoy!  
Barinushka!

Kholodom, golodom greyus, kormlyusa ya,  
burey da vyugoyu v noch prikryvayusa,  
branyu, poboyami, strakhom, ugrozoy  
dobryye lyudi za ston golodny moy potchuyut!

V chashu-l' dremuchuyu ot lyudey spryachus ya,  
golod dokuchlivy iz lesu vytoolknet.  
Net moyey silushki,  
pit', yest' zakhochetsa.

Barin moy milenky, barin moy dobrenky!  
S golodu smert' strashna, s kholodu stynet krov.  
Barin moy dobrenky,  
szhal'sa nad bednen'kim,  
szhal'sa nad gorkim sirotochkoy!

*Mussorgsky*

### 7. Strekotun'ya beloboka

Strekotun'ya beloboka pod kalitkoyu moyey  
skachet pyostraya soroka i prorochit mne gostey.  
Kolokol'chik nebyvaly u menya zvenit v ushakh,  
luch zari igrayet aly, serebritsa snezhny prakh.

Kolokol'chiki zvenyat, barabanchiki gremyat,  
a lyudi-to lyudi oy, lyushenki lyudi!  
A lyudi-to lyudi na tsyganochku glyadyat.  
A tsyganochka-to skachet, v barabanchiki byot,  
oy, shirinochkoy-to mashet, zalivayetsa, poyot:  
"Ya pevun'ya, ya pevit'sa,  
vorozhit' ya masteritsa!"

Strekotun'ya beloboka pod kalitkoyu moyey  
skachet pyostraya soroka i prorochit mne gostey.  
Kolokol'chik nebyvaly u menya zvenit v ushakh,  
luch zari igrayet aly, serebritsa snezhny prakh.

A tsyganochka vsyo plyashet, oy, shirinochkoy-to mashet:  
"Ya pevun'ya, ya pevit'sa,  
vorozhit' ya masteritsa!"

*Pushkin*

don't lie around in the mud, you shameless creature!  
Go and sleep on your stove-bench in a proper manner,  
and look after your wife and children honourably,  
yes, honourably and soberly!  
Oh, you miserable sot,  
haven't you sobered up yet?  
It's sinful, it's a shame and a scandal,  
it's a mockery!  
Get out of my sight, curse you!

*Composed 1866 to a text by Mussorgsky, dedicated to Vladimir V. Nikolsky. Unpublished; discovered in the St. Petersburg State Library in 1925 by Andrei Rimsky-Korsakov.*

### 6. The Orphan

My dear sir,  
my kind sir!  
Have pity on this poor creature,  
this wretched, homeless orphan!  
Good sir!

The cold warms me, hunger feeds me,  
storm and tempest give me shelter in the night,  
abuse, blows, fear and threats,  
this is how good folk answer my groans of hunger.

If I hide from the world in the dense glade,  
a tormenting hunger drives me from the wood.  
I have no strength left,  
and thirst and hunger torment me.

My dear sir, my kind sir!  
Starvation is fearful, and the blood freezes in the cold.  
My kind sir,  
have pity on this poor creature,  
have pity on this wretched orphan!

*Romance for voice and piano, composed in 1868 in St. Petersburg to a text by Mussorgsky, and dedicated to Ekaterina S. Borodin. First published by Bessel, 1871.*

### 7. The Magpie

That white-winged chatterbox by my gate,  
the vivid magpie, goes hopping along, telling of guests arriving.  
There's a strange sound of bells ringing in my ears,  
and the red glow of dawn flickers over the silversnowy landscape.

The bells ring out, the tambourines clash,  
and the people, oh, so many people!  
All the people gaze on the gipsy girl.  
And the gipsy girl twirls as, banging on her tambourine,  
and waving her scarf, she floods the air with song.  
"I'm the songstress, I'm the singer,  
at telling fortunes I'm a winner!"

That white-winged chatterbox by my gate,  
the vivid magpie, goes hopping along, telling of guests arriving.  
There's a strange sound of bells ringing in my ears,  
and the red glow of dawn flickers over the silversnowy landscape.

The gipsy girl dances on, oh, and she waves her scarf.  
"I'm the songstress, I'm the singer,  
at telling fortunes I'm a winner!"

*Joke for voice and piano. Composed 26 August 1867 in St. Petersburg to texts by Pushkin, dedicated to A.P. and N.P. Opochinina. First published 1872, Bessel. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

**8. Detskaya pesnya**

Vo sadu, akh, vo sadochke  
vyrosla malinka;  
solnyshko yeyo greyet,  
dozhdichek leleyet.

V svetlom teremochke  
vyrosla Naninka,  
tyatya yeyo lyubit,  
Mamenka golyubit.

*Mey*

**9. Ozornik**

Okh, baushka, okh, rodnaya, raskrasavushka, obernis!  
Vostronosaya, serebryonaya, pucheglazaya,  
potseluy!  
Stan li tvoy dugoy, podpyortoy klyukoy,  
nozhi kostochki slovno trostochki.  
Khodish seleznem, spotykayeshsa,  
na chestoy na lyud natykayeshsa.  
Oy, podzharaya, baba staraya,  
oy, s gorbom!  
Okh, baushka, okh, rodnaya, krasavushka, ne serchay!  
Po lesam bredyosh, zveri mechutsa,  
po goram polzyosh, dol tryasyotsa ves,  
stanesh pech topir', an izba gorit,  
stanesh khleb kusat', an zub lomitsa,  
po griby l' poydyosh, sginut pod zemlyu,  
al' po yagodu, v travku spryachetsa.  
Za tobroy-zhe vsled, moya rodnaya, vse polnym polny, vse  
lukoshechki  
volokut nesut krasny devushki,  
da khikhikayut na tebya kargu, szadi glyadyuchi na porozhnyuyu.  
Oy, baushka, oy rodnaya! Oy,  
ne bey!  
Vostronosaya, raskrasavushka, pucheglazaya, oy, ne bey!  
Razzudis plecho, razmakhnis klynka, raskhodis, karga staraya!  
Oy, doslushay-ka moyu skazochku, ty povyslushay do kontsa!  
S podborodochkom nos tseluyetsa, slovno golubi, oy, oy, ne bey!  
Na zatylochke tri volosika s polovinochkoy,  
oy, oy, baushka, oy, oy, rodnaya, oy krasavushka,  
oy, oy, oy, ne bey, oy!

*Mussorgsky*

**10. Vechernyaya pesenka**

Veche otradny  
lyog na kholmakh,  
veter prokhladny  
duyet v polyakh,  
duyet, laskayet  
travku, tsvety,  
tikho kachayet  
rozy, kusty.  
Roza mladaya  
lyot aromat,  
ptichki porkhaya  
v roshche poyut.

*? Pleshcheyev*

**8. Child's song**

In our garden, our tiny garden,  
a raspberry-bush has flowered;  
the sun warms it,  
and the rain nourishes it.

In our little house,  
the maiden Naninka has grown up,  
loved by her father,  
and cherished by her mother.

*For voice and piano. Composed 6 April 1868 in St. Petersburg to a text by Mey (after Russian songs). The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

**9. The Ragmuffin**

Hey, my dear, you with the pretty painted face, turn round!  
You with the pointed nose, hair silver-grey, puffy-eyed, give me a kiss!  
Hunch-backed, leaning on a stick,  
your legs just bones, like matchsticks,  
you walk like a duck waddling along,  
bumping into good honest folk.  
Hey, you skinny old woman,  
hey, you there with the hump!  
Hey, my dear, my pretty one, don't be cross!  
When you wander through the forests, the animals scamper away,  
when you climb the mountains, the valleys all shake,  
if you stoke the fire, then the hut burns down,  
if you take a bite of bread, you break a tooth,  
when you go out to pick mushrooms, they all vanish underground,  
and if it's berries, then they hide in the grass.  
And after you, my dear, with their baskets full to the brim  
come the pretty maidens following close behind,  
sniggering at you, old crone, with your empty basket.  
Oh, my dear, oh, don't beat me!  
You with the pointed nose and painted face, puffy-eyed, don't beat me!  
Hitch your shoulder, raise your stick and clear off, old crone!  
Oh, listen to my tale, hear me to the end!  
Chin and nose meet in a kiss, like love-birds,  
oh, oh, don't beat me!  
On your head there are just three hairs, and maybe a half,  
oh, oh, my dear, oh, my beauty,  
oh, oh, oh, don't beat me, oh!

*For voice and piano. Composed 19 December 1867 in St. Petersburg to words by the composer. Dedicated to V.V. Stassov. First published, Bessel. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

**10. Evening Song**

An enchanting evening  
lies over the hills,  
and a cool breeze  
blows in the fields;  
it blows and caresses  
the grass and the flowers,  
and gently sways  
the roses and the bushes.  
A young rose  
gives out its scent,  
and the birds as they fly about  
in the glade pour forth their song.

*Romance for voice and piano. Composed 15 March 1871 in St. Petersburg to a text by (?) Pleshcheyev, dedicated to Sofia V. Serbin. First published Bessel, 1912. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

**11. Po griby**

Ryzhichkov, volvyanochek, belykh, belyanochek  
naberu skoryoshenko ya mlada mladyoshenka,  
shto dlya svyokra batyushki, dlya svekrovi-' matushki,  
perestali-b skryazhnichat', seli-by pobrazhnichat'.

A tebe nemilomu, staromu da khilomu,  
sunu ya v okoshechko tseloye lukoshechko,  
mukhomora starovo, starovo podzharovo,  
stary yest, ne spravitsa, mukhomorom  
davitsa.

A tebe preklyatomu, belu kudrevatomu  
vysmotryu ya travushku, travushku muravushku  
na postelyu branuyu, svakhoy nochkoy stlanuyu'  
s pologom dubrovushkoy da so mnoy-li vdovushkoy.

*Mey*

**12. Strannik**

Teni gor vysokikh  
na vodu legli,  
potyanulis chayki  
belyye vdali.

Net so mnoyu blizkikh,  
serdtsu dorogikh,  
a teper tak krepko  
obnyal-by ya nikh.

*Pleshcheyev (iz Rückert)*

**13. Po nad Donom sad tsvetyot**

Po nad Donom sad tsvetyot,  
vo sadu dorozhka,  
na neyo ya b vsyo glyadel  
sidya u okoshechko.

Raz po ney pod vecherok  
Masha prokhodila;  
ne zabyt' mne nikogda,

kak ona vzdykhala,  
kak s ulybkoyu lyubvi  
robko otvechala,

iz kuvshina v zabyt'i  
vodu prolivala.  
Po nad Donom sad tsvetyot,  
vo sadu dorozhka...

*Kol'tsov*

**14. Yevreyskaya pesnya**

"Ya tsvetok polevoy, ya lileya dolin!"  
Golubitsa moya belolonnaya,  
mezhdru yunykh podrug, slovno v ternii krin.  
Golubitsa moya belolonnaya!  
Slovno mirta v tsvetu blagovornnaya  
mezhdru besplodnykh derezev lesnykh mily moy,  
  
mezhdru druzey molodykh, mezhdru druzey molodykh.  
Gde ty, mily moy, krasavets moy?

*Mey*

**11. Gathering Mushrooms**

Orange ones, brown ones, white ones, mushrooms of many sorts,  
I will gather quickly, for I am young and able,  
so that my husband's father and mother  
can stop being so miserly and prepare a feast.

But for that decrepit, detestable old husband of mine  
I'll shove a whole punnet through the window,  
but they'll all be stunted, shrivelled and poisonous;  
the old boy will eat them, they'll disagree with him, and he'll  
choke.

But for you, young man with the golden curls,  
I'll pluck grasses, a soft sheaf of grasses,  
to decorate a couch made ready for a wedding night,  
with the shady leaves for curtains, and maybe this widow.

*For voice and piano. Composed mid-August 1867 to a text by L.  
Mey, and dedicated to Vladimir V. Nikolsky.*

**12. The Wanderer**

The shadows of the high mountains  
have fallen on the water,  
and white seagulls are circling  
in the distance.

All the dear friends I cherished  
are no longer with me;  
yet I would press them to me  
in a close embrace.

*For voice and piano. Composed 1878 to a text by Pleshcheyev (from  
Rückert) First published Bessel, 1883.*

**13. The garden blooms by the Don**

By the Don a garden grows,  
and through the garden runs a path;  
there I love to gaze,  
seated by my window.

Once, towards evening,  
Masha trod along that path;  
I can never forget

how she sighed,  
or how with a smile of love  
she shyly answered me,

while her pitcher lay forgotten  
and the water trickled from it.  
By the Don a garden grows,  
and through the garden runs a path.

*Romance for voice and piano. Composed 23 December 1867 to a  
text by Kol'tsov, in St. Petersburg. First published 1883, Bessel. Until  
1917, the manuscript belonged to V. V. Jastrebev.*

**14. Hebrew Song**

"I am a flower of the field, a lily of the valleys!"  
My dove with snowy breast  
among her young companions, is like a rose among thorns,  
my dove with snowy breast!  
As the fragrant myrtle in bloom  
among the barren woodland trees is my love,  
among his young friends, among his young friends.  
Where are you, my love, my handsome darling?

*For voice and piano. Composed 12 June 1867 at Minkino, to a text  
by Mey (adapted from The Song of Solomon II, v 1-3) and dedicated  
to Mussorgsky's brother and his wife. First edition Jurgenson, 1868.  
The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*



**15. Zhelaniye serdtsa**

Lastochke lekho rezvitsa,  
 v siney vyshine skol'zit'...  
 Bud' i ya krylatoy ptitsey,  
 znal by ya, kuda speshit'.  
 Nam ne suzhdena s tobouy  
 radost' mirnovo gnezda,  
 vsyo zhe mne dano sud'boyu  
 vernym byt' tebe vseгда.

Ty v dali, ya eto znayu,  
 no vsyo zhe ty mne blizka.  
 V serdtse dumu ya pitayu,  
 o tebe moya toska.  
 Akh! Ya znal by schast'ye v zhizni,  
 bud' svobodnoy ptashkoy ya.  
 Pomchalsya by ya k otchizne,  
 gde ty zhdyosh, lyubov moya.

Lastochke lekho rezvitsa,  
 v siney vyshine skol'zit'...  
 Bud' i ya krylatoy ptitsey,  
 znal by, znal, kuda speshit'.  
 Ya nesu razluki bremya,  
 i otrady luch poras.  
 Toropis, o vremya, vremya,  
 i uskor zhelanny chas.

*Anon, tr Usov*

**16. Zhelaniye**

Khotel by v yedinoye slovo  
 ya slit' moyu grust' i pechal'  
 i brosit' to slovo na veter,  
 shtob veter unyos yevo vdal'.

I pust' by to slovo pechali  
 po vetru k tebe doneslos,  
 i pust' by vseгда i povsyudu  
 ono tebe v serdtse lilos!

I yesli b ustalyye ochi  
 somknulis pod gryozoy nochnoy,  
 O pust' by to slovo pechali  
 zvuchalo vo sne nad tobou!

*Mey (iz Heine)*

**15. Meines Herzens Sehnsucht (Longing)**

The swallow can dip  
 and glide in the blue heights...  
 If I were a winged bird  
 I would know whither to hasten.  
 Fate does not decree that you and I  
 should know the joy of an earthly nest,  
 but fate allows me  
 to be true to you always.

You are far away, that I know,  
 but still you are near to me.  
 In my heart I nurse this thought,  
 and my longing is for you.  
 Oh, I would know life's joy  
 were I a bird of liberty.  
 I would hasten to your homeland  
 where you wait, my love.

The swallow can dip  
 and glide in the blue heights...  
 If I were a winged bird  
 I would know, I'd know whither to hasten.  
 I bear the burden of parting,  
 and joy's light has died away.  
 Speed along, Time, O Time,  
 and hasten the hour I long for.

*Composed 1858 to Usov's translation from an anonymous German original*

**16. Ich wollt' meine Schmerzen ergössen**

I should like in a single word  
 to unite my grief and sorrow  
 and hurl that word to the wind,  
 that the wind may bear it away.

And may that word of sorrow  
 be borne by the wind to you,  
 and may it ever, wherever you are,  
 find its way into your heart!

And if your tired eyelids  
 should close in the dreams of night,  
 oh, may that word of sorrow  
 ring out loud in your sleep over you!

*Romance for voice and piano. Composed in St. Petersburg "in the night of 15-16 April 1866, at two o'clock" Mussorgsky's manuscript notes. The text is from Heine's Ich wollt' meine Schmerzen ergössen, translated by Mey. Dedicated to Nadejda P. Opochinina 'In memory of her verdict on me". The manuscript is in the State Library. St. Petersburg. First published 1911, Bessel.*