

Artists of the Mariinsky Academy

Sunday, December 4, 2005, 3 pm

Hertz Hall

Irina Mataeva, *soprano*

Dmitry Voropaev, *tenor*

Larissa Gergieva, *piano*

PROGRAM

Irina Mataeva & Dmitry Voropaev
Aleksandr Sergeyevich Dargomizhsky Ty i Vy

Dmitry Voropaev
César Antonovich Cui Smerkalos'; zharkij den' blednel neulovimo,
Op. 10, No. 3
Tsarsko-Selskaya Statuya, Op. 57, No. 17
K portretu Zhukovskogo, Op. 27, No. 6
Zdes' siren' tak bystro uvjadajet, Op. 54, No. 5

Irina Mataeva
Sergey Ivanovich Taneyev V dymke nevidimke vypyl mesjac veshnij,
Op. 17, No. 8
Kogda, kruzhas', osennije listy, Op. 17, No. 6
Fontany, Op. 26, No. 7

Dmitry Voropaev
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky Snova, kak prezhde, odin, Op. 73, No. 6
Ja tebe nichevo ne skazhu, Op. 60, No. 2

Irina Mataeva
Tchaikovsky Kanarejka, Op. 25, No. 4
Zabyt' tak skoro
Skazhi, o chjom v teni vetvej, Op. 57, No. 1

Irina Mataeva & Dmitry Voropaev
Aleksandr Yegorovich Varlamov Gornyje vershiny

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Irina Mataeva & Dmitry Voropaev

Pyotr Petrovich Bulakhov *Barkarola*

Irina Mataeva

Sergei Vasilyevich Rachmaninov *Molitva, Op. 8, No. 6*

Siren', Op. 21, No. 5

Noch'ju v sadu u menja, Op. 38, No. 1

Dmitry Voropaev

Rachmaninov *Ostrovok, Op. 14, No. 2*

Pokinem, milaja, Op. 26, No. 5

Irina Mataeva

Aleksandr Tikhonovich Gretchaninov *Ostroju sekiroj ranena beraza, Op. 1, No. 2*

Podsnezhnik, Op. 47, No. 9

Reinhold Gliere *Padajut, padajut kapli pechal'nyje, Op. 27, No. 6*

Vostochnaya pesna, Op. 28, No. 2

Tolko lish greza

Dmitry Voropaev

Gretchaninov *Sentyabr*

Ona byla tvoya

Gliere *Sljozy ljudskije, o sljozy ljudskije, Op. 6, No. 2*

V poryvie niezhnosti serdiechnoy, Op. 6, No. 3

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

National Artist of Russia and artistic director of both the Mariinsky Academy of Young Singers in St. Petersburg and the Summer Academy at the Mikkel International Music Festival, **Larissa Gergieva** was born in Beltsy, Moldova. At age seven, she began to study music, along with her brother Valery Gergiev, now chief conductor and Artistic Director of the Mariinsky Theatre, and she gave her first recital as an accompanist at age 15.

Soon after her appointment as teacher of piano at the Academy of Musical Arts in Vladikavkaz, she was appointed *répétiteur* at the Vladikavkaz Opera. In 1987, she was appointed *répétiteur* at the Tchaikovsky Opera in Perm, where she also prepared singers for competition. She now holds master classes in Perm with singers from around the world.

In 1998, Ms. Gergieva was appointed Artistic Director of the newly formed Mariinsky Academy, established to nurture young Russian talent. Since 1992, she has served as General Director of the biennial Rimsky-Korsakov International Competition for Singers, held in St. Petersburg.

She has been awarded prizes for best accompanist in more than 30 competitions, including the Tchaikovsky, Chaliapin, and Obratzova, and she won first prize for her piano playing in the Chaliapin, Gotz, Perm and Rimsky-Korsakov competitions.

Ms. Gergieva has worked in all the major opera houses in Russia and has accompanied singers in recitals around the world, including Olga Borodina, Nikolai Otkhorkov, Galina Gorchakova, Elena Obratzova, Mikhail Kit, Vassily Gerello, Larissa Diadkova, Valentina Tsedipova and her husband Grair Hanedanian, principal tenor at the Perm Opera.

She recently coached the cast of *Eugene Onegin* for the Welsh National Opera and is currently coaching the cast of *The Love of Three Oranges* for the Aix-en-Provence Festival. She has visited the San Francisco Opera for *Ruslan and Ljudmila*, *The Fiery Angel* and *War and Peace*.

Ms. Gergieva has made 19 recordings, among them an EMI recital with Daniil Shtoda and recordings with Borodina and Gorchakova for Philips.

Soprano **Irina Mataeva** was born in Tjumen, Russia. She studied under Professor Novichenko at the St. Petersburg State Conservatory, where she graduated in 1999.

Since 1998, she has been a soloist of the Mariinsky Academy, touring extensively with them to Finland, China, the United States, Germany, Italy and the United Kingdom. She has been invited to take part in many master classes, including those of Elena Obratzova, Renata Scotto and Larissa Gergieva.

Ms. Mataeva has a wide and varied repertoire and has sung many roles, including those of Tatiana (*Eugene Onegin*), Lisa (*La Sonnambula*), Susanna (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Natasha (*War and Peace*), Sofia (*Semyon Kotko*), Luisa (*Betrothal in a Monastery*) and Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*). Her recent engagements include Chloë in *Pique Dame* at the Los Angeles Opera, Micaëla in *Carmen* at the Washington Opera, a recital with the Mariinsky Academy at the Wigmore Hall in London, a recital with Larissa Gergieva at St. John's Smith Square as part of the Rosenblatt series, Tatiana in *Eugene Onegin* at the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris and the Opéra de Marseille, and Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* at the Washington Opera. Her future engagements include *Sampiero Corso* at the Opéra de Marseille.

The Sponsors Circle (CIAM) of the Théâtre du Châtelet recently awarded her the prize of most popular artist of the year for her portrayal of Tatiana in January 2003.

Tenor **Dmitri Voropaev** was born in Baku, Azerbaijan, in 1980. In 1987, he entered the Glinka Choral College, and after graduating with a Certificate of Excellence in 1998 he entered the St. Petersburg Conservatory, where he joined the Conducting and Choral Singing departments. He joined the Mariinsky Young Singers Academy in 2000, and has taken part in concerts given by the Academy in Russia and abroad, including in Finland and Estonia. A finalist in Plácido Domingo's Operalia competition, he has also sung Chevalier Belfiore in *Il Viaggio Reims* with Tugan Sokhiev at the Mariinsky Theatre, *Don Giovanni* with Maestro Valery Gergiev in Japan and *Boris Godunov* in Washington, D.C.

In 2001, Mr. Voropaev was invited to sing symphony concerts with the Estonian State Philharmonic Orchestra. He made his debut on the Mariinsky stage under Maestro Gergiev as Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni* in 2002, and has also toured with Maestro Gergiev. His future plans include his debut at La Monnaie, Brussels, in *Boris Godunov*.

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San Francisco Chronicle

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

ALEKSANDR SERGEYEVICH
DARGOMIZHISKY
(1813–1869)

Ty i Vy

Pustoje vy serdechnym ty
Ona, obmolvjas', zamenila,
I vse schastlivyje mechtj
V dushe vljubljonnoj vozbudila.

Pred nej zadumchivo stoju,
Svesti ochej s nejo net sily;

I govorju jej: kak vy mily!
I myslju: kak tebja ljublj!

CÉSAR ANTONOVICH CUI
(1835–1918)

Smerkalos'; zharkij den' blednel neulovimo,
Op. 10, No. 3 (c.1873)

[Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy]
Smerkalos'; zharkij den' blednel neulovimo.
Nad ozerom tuman tjanulsja polosoj,
I krotkij obraz tvoj, znakomyj i ljubimyj,
V vechernij tikhij chas nosilsja predo mnoj.

Ulybka ta zh byla, kotoruju ljublju ja,
I mjagkaja kosa, kak prezhdje, raspelas',
I ochi grustnyje, poprezhnemu toskuja,
Gljadeli na menja v vechernij tikhij chas.

Tsarsko-Selskaya Statuya, Op. 57, No. 17
(1899)

[Aleksandr Sergejevich Pushkin]

Urnu s vodoj uroniv,
ob ut'jos jejo deva razbila.
Deva pechal'na sidit,
prazdnyj derzha cherepok,
Chudo! Ne syaknet voda,
Izlivajas' iz urny razbitoj;
Deva, nad vечноj strujoj,
večno pechal'na sidit.

“Tu” and “Vous”

The polite “vous” by the warm “tu”
she substituted by a slip of the tongue,
stirring up all sorts of happy dreams
in my soul, so much in love.

I stand before her deep in thought,
without the strength to pull my gaze away from
her;

And I say to her: “vous” are so nice!
And I think: How I love “tu”!

It was getting dark

It was getting dark, the day's heat
Was slowly subsiding,
Leaving a streak of fog over the lake.
Your timid face, so dear and loved,
I saw in my mind's eye that quiet evening.

Your smile was just the same, as I loved it,
And your hair was hanging loose,
Your sorrowful eyes, still full of anguish,
Looked at me, that quiet evening,
That quiet evening.

The Statue at Tsarskoye Selo

Dropping the urn of water,
the maiden breaks it against a rock.
The maiden sits sorrowfully,
holding the useless handle.
A miracle! The water does not stop running
as it pours from the broken urn:
The maiden sits eternally sorrowful
over the eternal stream.

**K portretu Zhukovskogo, Op. 27, No. 6
(1884)**

[Aleksandr Sergeevich Pushkin]

Jego stikhov plenitel'naja sladost'
Projdjot vekov zavistlivuju dal',
I, vnemlja jim, vzdokhnem o slave mladost',
Utshitsja bezmolvnaja pechal',
I rezvaja zadumajetsja radost'.

**Zdes' siren' tak bystro uvjadajet, Op. 54, No. 5
(c.1890)**

[Aleksandr Sergeevich Pushkin]

Zdes' siren' tak bystro uvjadajet,
I nedolgo slysho pen'je ptic;
O vechno svetlykh dnjakh ja mechtaju—
Uvy, ikh net.

Zdes' usta, vstrechajas' v poceluje,
Ne ostavljajut i sleda;
O vechnykh lobzan'jakh mechtaju—
Uvy, ikh net!

Vsjo oplakivajut neuteshno
poterju družby il' ljubvi!
O nejizmennykh chuvstvakh ja mechtaju...
Uvy, ikh net!

**SERGEY IVANOVICH TANEYEV
(1856–1915)**

**V dymke nevidimke vyplyl mesjac veshnij,
Op. 17, No. 8 (1883)**

[Afanasy Afanasjevich Fet]

V dymke nevidimke
vyplyl mesjats veshnij,
Tsvet sadovyy dyshet
Jablonej, chereshej...
Tak i l'njot, tseluja
tajno i neskromno
I tebe ne bol'no?
I tebe ne bol'no?
I tebe ne tomno?
Istomilas v pesnjakh
solovej bez rozy,
Plachet staryj kamen',
v prud ronjaja sljozy.
Uronila kosy golova nevol'no.

Zukovsky's Portrait

Its verses captivating sweet
Will pass centuries an envious distance,
And, hearing it, youth will sigh about glory,
The silent grief will be consoled
And quick the pleasure will reflect.

Here the lilacs wither so quickly

Here the lilacs wither so quickly
and I no longer hear the song of the birds;
I dream of sun-filled days and endless kisses,
but alas they are gone.

The lips I kiss
leave me cold
and I am inconsolable in my pain—
alas they are gone too!

Friendship and love
are no more,
my dreams of true feelings are all gone.
Alas, all gone!

Through the ethereal haze

Through the ethereal haze
The vernal moon has appeared
The flowers in the garden are breathing
Apple and cherry blossoms...
So he clings to you, kissing you
Secretly and immodestly
And it does not hurt you?
And it does not hurt you?
And you feel no languor?
The nightingale has no roses
And it is weary of singing,
Tears are falling in the pond.
The braids have fallen
Unwillingly from the head

please turn page quietly

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

I tebe ne tomno,
I tebe ne bol'no, i tebe ne bol'no?

Kogda, kruzhas', osennije listy,
Op. 17, No. 6 (1905)

[Ellis (pseudonym of Lev Lvovich Kobylinsky),
after L. Stecchetti]

Kogda, kruzhas', osennije listy,
Uspjat nashe bednoje kladbishche,
Tam v storone, gde skryli vsjo cvety,
Najdi moju posledneje zhilishche!

Togda ukraś chelo venkom zhivyykh cvetov,
Iz serdca mojego vozroshevikh, jim sogretykh.
To zvuki pesen, mnoju nedopetykh,
Ljubvi mojej ne vyskazannykh slov.

Fontany, Op. 26, No. 7 (1908)
[Ellis (pseudonym of Lev Lvovich Kobylinsky),
after G. Rodenbach]

Kak les vozdushnykh pal'm, prozrachnoju stenoj
V teplice vysitsja fontanov celyj stroj,
I kazhdyy rvjotsja v vys', v prostor letet' zhelaja,
Lazuri poceluj vozdushnyj posylaja!

Kogda zhe teni vkrug vechernije padut,
V gazonakh jim gotov i otdykh i prijut,
Oni prervut poljot, spokojno zasypaja,
Tak merknet lampy svet, pechal'no ugasaja.

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY
(1840–1893)

Snova, kak prezhde, odin, Op. 73, No. 6
(1893)

[Daniil Rathaus]

Snova, kak prezhde, odin,
Snova ob'jat ja toskoj
Smotritsja topol' v okno,
Ves' ozarjonnij lunoj
Smotritsja topol' v okno
Shepchut o chem to listy
V zvezdakh gorjat nebesa
Gde teper', milaja, ty?
Vsjo, chto tvoritsja so mnoj,
Ja peredat' ne berus'.

And you feel no languor?
And you feel no languor, and it does not hurt
you?

When autumn leaves swirl around

When autumn leaves swirl around,
Covering our poor graveyard,
My last home will be in the shadows.

Garlands of fresh flowers will adorn my brow,
And you'll hear the sound of unsung songs
With unspoken words of love.

Fountains

Fountains cascade like fronds of airy palms.
The water, shining like clear glass,
forces its way to the top, then bursts
into the air in sky-blue kisses.

But as evening shadows draw in
and the grass offers rest and shelter,
the fountains rise up calmly and
like a fading lamplight, die down in grief.

I am alone again, as before

I am alone again, as before,
And again unbearable anguish oppresses my
heart.
The poplar is looking at my window
Illuminated by the moon
The poplar is looking at my window,
The leaves are whispering about something,
The sky is full of shining stars,
Darling, where are you now?
I am not able to tell everything,

Drug! pomolis' za menja,
Ja za tebjja uzh moljus'!

**Ja tebe nichevo ne skazhu, Op. 60, No. 2
(1886)**

[Afanasy Afanasyevich Fet]

Ja tebe nichevo ne skazhu
tebjja ne vstrevozhu nichut',
i o tom, chto ja molcha tverzhu,
ne reshus' ni za chto nameknut'.

Celyj den' spjat nochnyje cvety,
no, lish' solnce za tuchi zajdjot,
raskryvajutsja tikho listy,
i ja slyshu, kak serdce cvetjot...

I v bol'nuju, ustaluju grud'
vejet vlagoj nochnoj... Ja drozhu...

Ja tebjja ne vstrevozhu nichut',
ja tebe nichevo ne skazhu!

Kanarejka, Op. 25, No. 4 (1875)

[Lev Aleksandrovich Mey]

Govorit sultansha kanarejke:
"Ptichka! Luchshe v tereme vysokom
Shebetat' I pesni pet' Zjulejke,
Chem porkhat' na Zapade dalekom?"

"Spoj zhe, spoj zhe mne pro zamore, pevichka,

Spoj zhe, spoj zhe mne pro Zapad, neposedka!
Jest' li tam takoje nebo, ptichka,
Jest' li tam takoj garem I kletka?
U kogo tam stol'ko roz bylo?
U kogo iz shakhov jest' Zjulejka—
I podnjat' li tak jej pokryvalo?"

Jej v otvet shchebechet kanarejka:
"Ne prosi s menja zamorskikh pesen,
ne budi toski mojej bez nuzhdy:
Tvoj garem no nashim pesnjam tesen,
I slova ikh odaliskam chuzhdy...
Ty v lenivoy drjome rascvetala,
Kak I vsja krugom tebjja priroda,
I ne znajesh'—dazhe ne slykhala,
Chto u pesni jest' sestra—svoboda."

That's going on with me.
My friend, please pray to God for me,
Since I am already praying for you.

I will say nothing to you

I will say nothing to you
and will not disturb you at all
And what I kept repeating to myself
I will not dare hint at.

All day long the nightly flowers sleep
Yet the sun has but to disappear behind a cloud,
and they softly enfold their petals
And I listen, how the heart flushes...

And the painful, weary chest
Is refreshed by the nocturnal moisture...

I tremble...

I will not disturb you at all,
I will say nothing to you!

The Canary

A sultana says to a canary:
"Little bird! Is it better to chirrup
and sing songs to Zuleika in a high tower
than to fly about in the West far away?"

"Sing to me about the lands beyond the sea, little
singer...

Sing, then, to me about the West, restless one!
Are the skies there like they are here, little bird?
Is there a harem like this, and a cage?
Do they have so many roses there?
Which of the shahs has Zuleika,
and is she high up and imprisoned like this?"

The canary chirrups to her in reply:
"Don't ask me for songs about such lands
and don't rouse needless longing in me.
Your harem confines our songs
And the words are foreign to your female slaves.
You live a lazy, drowsy life and can thrive
Like all of nature around you,
But you don't know, haven't even heard,
That the song I sing calls for—*freedom!*"

please turn page quietly

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Zabyt' tak skoro (1873)

[**Aleksei Nikolayevich Apukhtin**]

Zabyt' tak skoro, bozhe moj
Vsjo schast'je zhizni prozhitoj!
Vse nashi vstrechi, razgovory—
Zabyt'tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro!

Zabyt' volnen'ja pervykh dnei,
Svidan'ja chas v teni vetvej!

Ochej nemyje razgovory—
Zabyt' tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro!

Zabyt', kak polnaja luna
Na nas gljadela iz okna,
Kak kolykhalas' tikho shtora...
Zabyt' tak tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro, tak skoro!

Zabyt' ljubov', zabyt' mechty,
Zabyt' te kljatvy pomnish' ty, pomnish' ty,
V nochnuju pasmurnuju poru?
Zabyt' tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro! Bozhe moj!

Skazhi, o chjom v teni vetvej, Op. 57, No. 1 (1885)

[**Graf Vladimir Aleksandrovich Sollogub**]

Skazhi, o chjom v teni vetvej,
kogda priroda otdykhajet,
pojot vesennij solovej,
i chto on pesnej vyrazhajet?

Chto tajno vsem volnujet krov'?
Skazhi, skazhi, skazhi, kakoje slovo
znakomo vsem i vechno novo?
Ljubov', ljubov', ljubov'!

Skazhi, o chjom najedine,
v razdum'je devushka gadajet,
chto tajnym trepetom vo sne
jej strakh i radost' obeshchajet?

Nedug tot strannyj nazovi,
v kotorom svetlaja otrada,
chego jej zhdat', chego jej nado?
Ljubvi, ljubvi!

To forget so soon

To forget so soon, my God,
All the happiness of life gone by!
All our meetings and our conversations—
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!

To forget the agitation of the first days,
The hour of meeting beneath the shade of the
branches!
The mute conversations of eyes—
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!

To forget how the full moon
Gazed down on us through the window,
How the curtain fluttered silently...
To forget so soon, to forget so soon, so soon!

To forget the love, to forget the dreams,
To forget those promises, do you remember,
Made on cloudy, starless nights?
To forget so soon, to forget so soon! Oh God!

Tell me what it is in the shade of branches

Tell me what it is in the shade of branches,
When nature is at rest,
The nightingale sings in spring,
What does he say with his song?

What it is that secretly stirs the blood?
Say, say which is the word
Known to all, yet eternally new?
Love, love, love!

Say, what it is, when alone,
Deep in thought, a maid dreams of,
What it is that secretly in slumber
Promises to her both fear and joy?

Name that strange illness,
In which there is bright joy,
What is she to wait for, what does she need?
Love! Love!

Skazhi! Kogda ot zhiznennoj toski
ty utomlennyj iznyvajesh'
i zloj pechali vopreki
khot' prizrak schast'ja prizyvajesh'!

Chto uslazhdajet grud' tvoju?
Ne te li zvuki nezemnyje,
kogda uslyshal ty vpervyje
slova, slova ljubvi!

ALEKSANDR YEGOROVICH VARLAMOV
(1801–1848)

Gornyje vershiny
[Mikhail Yuryevich Lermontov, after Goethe]

Gornyje vershiny
Spjat vo t'me nochnoj.
Tikhije doliny
Polny svezhej mgloj.
Ne pylit doroga,
Ne drozhat listy.
Podozhdi nemnogo,
Otdokhnjosh' i ty.

PYOTR PETROVICH BULAKHOV
(1822–1885)

Barkarola
Poimi, O, Drug, Moi Stradan'ja!
Poimi, O chem. Toskuju,
O chem. Zabetnyje Mechtan'ja
Poimi, Kak ja ljublju tjebja.

SERGEI VASILYEVICH RACHMANINOV
(1873–1943)

Molitva, Op. 8, No. 6 (1893)
[Aleksy Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev, after
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe]

O, Bozhe moj!
Vzgljani na greshnuju menja;
Ja muchus', ja bol'na dushoj,
Izryta skorb'ju grud' moja.
O, moj Tvorec, velik moj grekh,
Ja na zemle prestupnej vsekh.

Say! When weary from life's sorrow
Tired, you pine away!
What it is then that delights your heart?
Were they not those heavenly sounds
When you first heard the words,
The words of love!

When you first heard the words,
The words, the words of love!

Mountain peaks

Mountain peaks
Sleep in night darkness.
Silent valleys
Are full of a fresh haze.
Dustless road,
Do not shiver leaves.
Wait a little while,
You will have a rest also.

Barcarole
Understand, O my friend, my suffering!
Understand, O that I grieve,
O than treasured dreams
Understand how I love you.

Prayer

Oh, my God!
Look at sinful me;
I suffer, I am ill in my soul,
sorrow tortures my breast.
Oh, my Creator, great is my sin,
I am the worst criminal on earth.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Kipela v njom mladaja krov',
Byla chista jeho ljubov',
No on jejo v grudi svojeji
Tajil tak svjato ot ljudej.
Ja znala vsjo... O Bozhe moj!
Prosti mne greshnoj i bol'noj.

Jego ja muki ponjala;
Ulybknoj, vzorom lish' odnim
Ja b iscelit' jeho mogla,
No ja ne szhalilas' nad nim.
O moj tvorec, velik moj grekh,
Ja na zemle prestupnej vsekh.

Tomilsja dolgo, dolgo on,
Pechal'ju tjazhkoj udručjon;
I umer, bednyj nakonec,
O Bozhe moj, o moj Tvorec!
Tron'sja greshnoju mol'boj...
Vzgljani, kak ja bol'na dushoj.

Siren', Op. 21, No. 5 (1902)

[Ekaterina Beketova]

Po utru, na zare,
Po rosistoj trave,
Ja pojdu svezhim utrom dyshat';
I v dushistuju ten',
Gde tesnitsja siren',
Ja pojdu svoje schast'je iskat'...

V zhizni schast'je odno
Mne najti suzhdeno,
I to schast'je v sireni zhivjot;
Na zeljonykh vetvjakh,
Na dushistykh kistjakh
Mojo bednoje schast'je cvetjot...

Noč'ju v sadu u menja, Op. 38, No. 1 (1916)

[Aleksandr Blok, after Avetik Isaakian]

Plachet plakuchaja iva,
I bezuteshna ona Ivushka,
Grustnaja iva.

Ranneje utro blesnet,
Nezhnaja devushka Zor'ka
Ivushke, plachushchej gor'ko,
Sljozy kudrjami sotret.

Young blood boiled in him,
pure was his love,
but he kept it in himself
so holy, from people.
I knew it all... Oh, my God!
Forgive me, sinful and ill.

I understood his sufferings;
With only the sign of a smile
I could have cured him,
But I didn't pity him.

He suffered long, long,
With sadness and heavily depressed
And died, miserable at last,
Oh, my God, Oh, my Creator!
Be touched by my sinful prayer...
Look how I am ill in my soul.

Lilacs

In the morning, at daybreak,
over the dewy grass,
I will go to breathe the crisp dawn;
and in the fragrant shade,
where the lilac crowds,
I will go to seek my happiness...

In life, only one happiness
it was fated for me to discover,
and that happiness lives in the lilacs;
in the green boughs,
in the fragrant bunches,
my poor happiness blossoms...

In the night in my garden

A weeping willow weeps,
And she is inconsolable, the Willow,
The sorrowful willow.

The young morning will flash,
A tender girl named Dawn
Will wipe away with her curly hair
The tears of the bitterly weeping willow.

Ostrovok, Op. 14, No. 2 (1896)

[Konstantin Dmitrevich Balmont, after

Percy Bysshe Shelley]

Iz morja smotrit ostrovok,
Jego zelenyje uklony
Ukrasil trav gustykh venok,
Fialki, anemony.
Nad nim spletajutsja listy,
Vokrug nego chut' pleshchut volny.
Derev'ja grustny, kak mechty,
Kak statujy, bezmolvny.
Zdes' jele dyshit veterok,
Sjuda groza ne doletajet,
I bezmjatezhnyj ostrovok
Vsjo dremlet, zasypajet.

Pokinem, milaja, Op. 26, No. 5 (1906)

[Arseny Arkadyevich Golenishchev-Kutuzov]

Pokinem, milaja,
shumjashchij krug
stolicy. Pora v rodimyj kraj,
pora v lesnuju glush'!
Ty slyshish'?
nas zovjot na volju iz temnicy
Vesny pobednoj shum
i pen'je ptic...
K chemu-zh nam usmirjat'
dushi volshebnyje poryvy?
Il' razljubila ty zheltejushchija nivu,

I roshchi svezhija,
i khmuryje leca,
Gde, pomnish',
my vdvojem zadumchivo bluzhdali
V vechernij chas,
kogda temnejut nebesa,
I molcha brodit vzor
v tumane spjashchey dali?

The Isle

There was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic paven:
And its roof was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath enweaves,
Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraves—
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm.

Beloved, let us fly

Beloved, let us forsake
the noisy bustling capital.
And return to the remote forests
of our native land.
Do you hear
spring's triumphant sound
and the birdsongs
summoning us to freedom from the dungeon?
Why must we suppress
the magical impulses of the soul?
Or do you no longer love the yellowing
cornfields,
fresh groves,
and the gloomy forests?
Where, you remember,
we wandered together lost in thought,
And in the evening hours
when the heavens were darkening,
Your gaze roamed silently
in the mist of the sleeping distance.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

**ALEKSANDR TIKHONOVICH
GRETCHANINOV**
(1864–1956)

Ostroju sekiroj ranena beraza, Op. 1, No. 2
(c.1886)

[Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy]

Ostroju sekiroj
ranena beraza,
po kore srebristoj
pokatilis' sljozy.
Ty ne plach', ne plach',
beryoza bednaja, ne setuj,
rana ne smertel'na,
vylechish'sja k letu,
budesh' krasovat'sja,
list'jami ubrana.
Lish' bol'noje serdtse
ne zalechit rany.

Podsnezhnik, Op. 47, No. 9 (1909)

[Allegro]

V lesu, gde berjozki stolpilis' gur'boj,
Podsnezhnika gljanul glazok goluboj.
Sperva ponemnozhku
Zelenuju vystavil nozhku,
Potom portjanulsja iz vsekh svojikh malen'kikh sil
I tikho sprosil:
"Ja vizhu, pogoda tepla i jasna.
Skazhite, ved' pravda, chto 'eto vesna?"

REINHOLD GLIERE
(1875–1956)

Padajut, padajut kapli pechal'nyje, Op. 27,
No. 6

[Daniil Rathaus]

Padajut, padajut kapli pechal'nyje,
tjazhko po kryshe stuchat.
Veter napevy pojot pogrebal'nyje,
vetvi tak grustno shumjat.

Padajut, padajut grjozy smushchjonnyje
na dushu mertvym dozhdjom...
Sljozy kholodnyje, muki bessonnyje,
skol'ko vas v serdce mojom!

By a sharp hatchet

By a sharp hatchet
Was the birch wounded,
Along its silvery bark
Tears have appeared.
Do not cry, do not cry,
Poor birch, do not lament,
The wound is not lethal,
By summertime it will have healed,
You will be as beautiful as ever,
Adorned by your leaves.
Only to a suffering heart
Are wounds lethal.

Snowdrops

In the wood, where the birches are crowded,
The blue eye of a snowdrop began to look.
Firstly a green leg slowly appeared until
It stretched out with all its tiny strength
And softly asked:
"I see that the weather is warm and light,
Tell me, is it true that spring has come?"

The sorrowful drops fall and fall

The sorrowful drops fall and fall,
beating heavily on the roof.
The wind sings funereal tunes,
the branches rustle so forlornly.

Confused reveries fall and fall
onto the soul with the dead rain...
Cold tears, sleepless torments
how many there are of you in my heart!

Vostochnaya pesna, Op. 28, No. 2

[Nikolai Maksimovich Minsky]

Tvojei Kozhi zagar, kak pustyni pjesok
Kogda gasnjet zarja utomlennaja;
Tboj ochi gluboki, kak temnyi potok,
Kuda smotritsja zelen' opalennaja.

Tvoje tjelo dushisto, kak b poldjen' smola;
Tvoi guby, kak roza rackrytaja,
I ulybka na nikh, kak na roze pchjela,
Kak na roze pchjela jadovitaja.

Tolko lish greza

Tolko lish greza moja bjespokoinaja
Stanjet smushchat moi pokoi
Snova ty, milaja, nezhnaja, stroinaja,
Snova ty, vsja predo mnoj.
Snova ja sljushu tvoi golos laskajushchii
Oblik tvoi nezhnui ljublju
Oblik, kak ljegkoje oblachko tajushchii
Zhisn ozarjavshii moju.
Dni pronjeslis nado mnoi verenishcheju
Mnogo uzg sginuju ljet,
Vsje zh za toboi oystroljetnoju ptishcheju
Mysl moja mchitsja vo sned.

GRETCHANINOV

Sentyabr

Solntsje svoi prazdnik konchajet,
Khuritsja ljes utomlennyi,
Plashch pozlashchennyi
Grustno ronjajet.

Pesnja poslednjaja spjeta,
Tajet poslednjaja laska...
Konchena skazka,
Umerlo leto!

Eastern Song

Your golden skin, as deserts sand
When the tired dawn dies away;
Your eyes are deep, as the dark stream,
Where the fiery green gazes.

Your body is fragrant, as the grass at midday;
Your lips, like an open rose,
And the smile on them, like the bee on the rose,
Like the poisonous bee on the rose.

Only a daydream

Only my restless daydream
Distracts my repose
Again you, sweet one, tender one, slender one
Again you, always before me.
Again I hear your caressing voice
I love your tender image
Your image like a light melting cloud
Which illuminates my life.
The days flash over me like a stream,
Many years have evaporated,
Still my thoughts hurtle in your wake
A fast-flying bird after you.

September

The sun is ending its celebration,
The exhausted forest frowns,
Sadly dropping its
Golden raincoat.

The last song is sung,
The last caress is melting,
The fairy tale is over,
Summer is dead!

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Ona byla tvoja

“Ona byla tvoja!”—sheptal chne vecher chaja;
Draznila dolga pesnja solov’ja.
Teper on zamolchal, I eta noch’ nechaja
Mne shpechat vnov’; “Ona byla tvoja!”
Kak list’ja topolei v sijan’je serebristom
Merdajet iroshloje, pogibsheje davno;
O nem chne govorjat I zvezdy v nebe chustom,
I zanakh rezedy, vorvavshiisja v okno.
I nekuda bezhat’, I muchit noch’ nemaja,
Risuja milye, znakochoye cherty.
O nezabennaja, O vечно dorogaja,
Otkliknis’ Otvovuc’, skazhu mne: Tde zhe ty?

GLIERE

Sljozy ljudskije, o sljozy ljudskije

[Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev]

Sljozy ljudskije, o sljozy ljudskije,
L’jotes’ vy rannej i pozdnej poroj,
L’jotes’ bezvestnyje, l’jotes’ nezrimyje,
Nejistoshchimyje, nejischislimyje,
L’jotes’, kak l’jutsja struji dozhdevyje
V osen’ glukhuju poroju nochnoj.

V poryvie niezhnosti serdiechnoy

[Ivan Ivanovich Kozlov]

V poryvie niezhnosti serdiechnoy
Ty “zhizn’u” druga nazvala.
Preevt bestseny,
Yesli b vечно
Zhivaia molodost’ tsvela.
K mogilie letit streloiu
I ty menia laskaya vnov’,
Zovi ne “zhizniu,” ah “dushoiu”
Bessmertnoy, kak moya “lyubov.”

She was yours

“She was yours!” a May evening whispered to me;
The nightingale’s song teased on for a long time.
Now he has become silent, and this wordless night
Whispers to me again, “She was yours!”
Like poplar leaves in a silver shining
Glimmer onto the past, long since dead;
The stars in the clear sky also tell me this,
Like the smell of the mignonette stealing into the
window.
And there is nowhere to run, and the wordless
night torments,
Drawing sweet, familiar lines.
Oh never-to-be-forgotten, oh eternally dear,
Answer me, speak to me, tell me where you are?

Human tears, oh human tears

Human tears, oh human tears
You spill early and late,
You spill ingloriously, you spill unseen,
Inexhaustible, innumerable,
You spill like streams of rain
In the deaf autumn, sometimes night-time
autumn.

In a burst of tenderness

In a burst of tenderness
You called your friend “a life.”
Hello, my beloved,
If only a lively youth
Could live forever.
To the grave she flies like an arrow
And you are caressing me again,
Please call me an immortal “soul,”
Like my love to you, instead of “life.”