



onyx

TCHAIKOVSKY
ROMANCES

CHRISTIANNE STOTIJN
JULIUS DRAKE



PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893)

ROMANCES

1	Sret' shumnav a bala At the Ball op.38 no.3	2.33
2	Net, tol'ka tot, kto znal None but the lonely heart op.6 no.6	3.30
3	Kak nad garjacheju zaloz Over burning ashes op.25 no.2	1.47
4	Moj genij, moj angel, moj druk! My genius, my angel, my friend!	1.55
5	Kolybel'naja pesnja Lullaby op.16 no.1	3.18
6	Primiren'je Reconciliation op.25 no.1	5.17
7	Zakatilas' sontse The sun has set op.73 no.4	1.41
8	Strashnaja minuta The Fearful Moment op.28 no.6	3.35
9	Nam zvezdy krotkije sijali Mild stars looked down op.60 no.12	3.26
10	Kaby znala ja Had I only known op.47 no.1	4.00
11	Uzh gasli f komnatakh agni The lights were being dimmed op.63 no.5	2.46
12	Ni slova, o druk moj Not a word, my friend op.6 no.2	3.06
13	Atchevo? Why? op.6 no.5	2.56
14	Ja li f pole da ne travushka byla The Bride's Lament op.47 no.7	5.47
15	Pesn' Cyganki The Gypsy Song op.60 no.7	2.39
16	Ne ver', moj druk Do not believe, my friend op.6 no.1	3.57
17	To byla ranneju vesnoj It was in early spring op.38 no.2	2.38
18	Kukushka Cuckoo op.54 no.8	2.31
19	Den' li tsarit Can it be day? op.47 no.6	3.19
20	Snova, kak prezhd e, adin Again, as before, alone op.73 no.6	2.15

TOTAL TIME

63.16

Christianne Stotijn *mezzo-soprano*

Julius Drake *piano*

Tchaikovsky: Songs

Outside Russia, it sometimes comes as a surprise to learn that, in addition to the symphonies, concertos, ballets and operas for which he is famous, Tchaikovsky wrote over 100 songs for solo voice and piano, most of them to lyrics by Russian poets who were his contemporaries. These songs, called 'Romances', are well known in Russia and sixteen of them are songs for children, with the delightful '**Cuckoo**' (1883) [18] represented here. Nicolas Slonimsky, the eminent chronicler of music and musicians, called Tchaikovsky's Romances 'the most poignant creations of his genius'.

The short lyric song form appealed to Tchaikovsky for its possibilities of giving musical expression to a mood, a feeling, a moment, including moments of psychological complexity. He lived, after all, in the age of Russian realism, when not only the novelists, but the poets, too, represented human relationships and the life around them in ways that strove to be 'true' to that life as they knew it and felt it. He himself wrote the words for '**The Fearful Moment**' (1875) [8] – the moment of suspense after making a declaration of love. This realistic glimpse into two hearts was one of Tchaikovsky's most popular songs during his lifetime.

'**My genius, my angel, my friend!**' (1857) [4] is the earliest composition by Tchaikovsky performed today. It already shows some qualities of his mature art: a lovely melody and laconic means that achieve a musical end completely convincing in its sincerity. Emotion in a Tchaikovsky song is usually very apparent: here it is tender adoration, elaborated in the lovely melisma at the end. The singer addresses a kind of guardian angel you can talk to, whose invisible presence brings inspiration and essential companionship to heart, mind, and soul: there is an implied conversation going on. This is a theme that occupied Tchaikovsky throughout his life.

Words addressed to 'my friend' (or 'my love', as the Russian word *druk* may often be translated) form a common thread in lyrics by Alexey Tolstoy, a cousin of the novelist. Tchaikovsky liked Tolstoy's verse for its 'musicality'. In the first of them, '**Do not believe, my friend**' (1869) [16], the poet urges his beloved to consider the tides: 'there is your answer to why I am sometimes cool and distant, yet bound to surrender to you again with all my former passion'. In the middle of the song, loud piano chords express unmistakably the crash of waves that have reached the shore. Tchaikovsky repeats the opening stanza, making a three-part song that turns Tolstoy's rather cold logic into a love song of tender pleading.

Tchaikovsky liked a three-part structure and used it often, never to finer effect than in Tyutchev's confessional lyric '**Over burning ashes**' (1875) [3], where the beginning and end are declamatory Allegro con spirito, but the middle, marked *ad libitum*, with free expression, floats up to be sung with slow, lyrical melancholy.

'**It was in early spring**' [17] and '**At the Ball**' [1] (both 1878), masterpieces by Tolstoy, convey the 'poignancy' of Tchaikovsky's songs. Both recall the awakening of love. The first, Allegro moderato, with vivid Russian images of the coming of spring, culminates *ad libitum* with double forte on the words 'Oh happiness! Oh tears!' The rising intonation that drives the song indicates strong affirmation. 'At the ball', Moderato, is about falling in love with a stranger and recalling it later. Tchaikovsky made it into a waltz-reverie in slowed-down 3/8 time.

'**Had I only known**' (1880) [10] is an imitation folk song, close to folk tradition, but brilliantly original in Tolstoy's hands with its fresh images of horse and rider, speckled falcon, scarlet ribbon, and feet wet in the dew. It is a song of experience, sung by a young woman who gave her heart to a man who rode away and has not come back. The singer expresses a range of feelings from love and passion to anger and heartbreak, culminating in a wail of pain. The piano supports this in a dramatic way, and frames the whole song in a light-stepping Allegro theme that suggests the dashing rider. In '**The Bride's Lament**' [14] by the peasant poet Surikov (1880), the young woman laments being married off to an old 'graybeard'. The grass cut for straw and the bush cut for thatch are metaphors for this fate. The three parts each end in a 'falling leaf', a long, fluttering melisma with falling tones.

Loss is a common theme in Russian songs. It is treated as elegy in '**Not a word, my friend**' (1869) [12]; the repeated image of willows bending low expresses an all-forgiving tenderness. '**Reconciliation**' (1875) [6] is a song where the words say one thing (find peace in acceptance) but the music says the opposite — in every phrase of the song's conclusion there is resistance and regret. '**Why?**' (1869) [13] is a song singers have always found attractive. The tension in Heine's ironic lyric is evident from the first nervously percussive notes of the piano, at odds with the calm melancholy of the vocal line. Yet the vocal part has a concentrated, incessant quality too, with its repeated notes, each with a different time value. The song ends in a powerful outburst and a few soft arpeggios on the piano: nothing remains but a fugitive echo of lost happiness.

Loss can be recalled brightly, too, as in **‘Mild stars looked down’** (1886) [9], with its markings ‘cantabile’, ‘dolce’, all punctuated by throbbing little triplets. **‘The lights were being dimmed’** (1887) [11], with its theme ‘we were once young and in love,’ uses sentiments found everywhere in popular urban and gypsy romance, but here they are phrased with tender delicacy by Tchaikovsky’s friend Grand Duke Constantine Romanov, a poet and serious amateur musician. The music articulates the lyric perfectly.

Tchaikovsky’s natural gift for melody served him well in writing songs. It is often impossible to read the words without hearing his melody. He shapes a musical phrase out of the first line or two lines of the text, using it for variation and elaboration or counter-melody. The famous **‘None but the lonely heart’** [2] (1869) gets its staying power from a beautiful melody with a recurring, endless quality. The lovely **‘Lullaby’** (1872) [5] to words from Greek folk poetry, is shaped A–B–A–B–A’, rising to a high A flat in the penultimate line. Here melody, counter-melody, and rocking piano line can stand alone, as in Rachmaninoff’s transcription for solo piano. The interplay of voice and piano is more complex in **‘Can it be day?’** (1880) [19], where the piano begins deceptively in an easy-going Andantino, then picks up the tempo to Allegro agitato; the song ends in an ecstatic coda that elaborates the marvelous final phrase of the voice part. **‘The Gypsy Song’** (1886) [15] is cunningly shaped by alternating tempos, from Allegro moderato to poco meno mosso, A–B–A–B, with the piano establishing a dancing rhythm; then the fifth stanza slows to Andante to convey gypsy singing style, with *parlando* intonation, followed by moody changes and a steep fall from the highest note in the song to the long low note held for two bars at the end.

The op.73 cycle (1893) is a perfectly realized work of art about love and solitude, expressed in the free and laconic musical language of a master. In no.4, **‘The sun has set’** [7], with a bolero beat in the piano, a night together is beginning, promising happiness, expressed unmistakably with rising intonation. No. 6, **‘Again, as before, alone’** [20], closes the cycle in a final moment of solitude. The prayer at the end for a ‘distant friend’ affirms the past, despite the loneliness and difficulty of the moment, in a spiritual bond which, if it does not defeat solitude, holds it at bay.

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Tschaikowsky: Lieder

Außerhalb Russlands überrascht es, dass Tschaikowsky abgesehen von den Symphonien, Konzerten, Balletten und Opern, für die er berühmt ist, auch über hundert Lieder für Solostimme und Klavier schrieb, von denen die meisten Texte von russischen Dichtern vertonen, die seine Zeitgenossen waren. Diese Lieder, oder „Romanzen“, sind in Russland wohl bekannt und sechzehn von ihnen sind Kinderlieder, von denen das entzückende „**Der Kuckuck**“ (1883) hier vertreten ist. Der eminente Chronist von Musik und Musikern Nicolas Slonimsky bezeichnete Tschaikowskys Romanzen als „die ergreifendsten Schöpfungen seines Genies“.

Die kurze, lyrische Liedform sprach Tschaikowsky wegen der Gelegenheiten an, die sie bot, eine Stimmung, ein Gefühl oder einen Augenblick, einschließlich Momenten von psychologischer Komplexität musikalisch auszudrücken. Er lebte schließlich im Zeitalter des russischen Realismus, als nicht nur die Romanschriftsteller sondern auch die Dichter menschliche Beziehungen und das Leben, das sie umgab, so schilderten, dass es „wahrheitsgetreu“ dem Leben entsprach, wie sie es kannten und empfanden. Er selbst schrieb den Text zu „**Eine Minute der Angst**“ (1875) – der Moment der Spannung nach einer Liebeserklärung. Dieser realistische Einblick in zwei Herzen war zu seinen Lebzeiten eines der beliebtesten Lieder Tschaikowskys.

„**Mein Schutzgeist, mein Engel, mein Freund**“ (1857) ist die früheste heute aufgeführte Komposition Tschaikowskys. Das Lied weist bereits einige Qualitäten seiner reifen Kunst auf: eine hübsche Melodie und prägnante Mittel, die ein musikalisches Resultat erzielen, das in seiner Seriosität völlig überzeugt. Die Emotion in einem Tschaikowsky-Lied ist meist ganz eindeutig: Hier ist es zärtliche Bewunderung, die in dem lieblichen Melisma am Ende kunstvoll ausgearbeitet wird. Der Sänger wendet sich an eine Art ansprechbaren Schutzengel, dessen Anwesenheit Inspiration und unentbehrliche Begleitung für Herz, Sinn und Seele bringt: hier findet ein implizites Gespräch statt. Es ist ein Thema, das Tschaikowsky sein Leben lang beschäftigte.

Worte an „meine Freundin“ (oder „meine Geliebte“, wie das russische Wort *druk* auch oft übersetzt wird) bilden einen gemeinsamen Faden in den Gedichten von Alexei Tolstoi, einem Vetter des Romanschriftstellers. Tschaikowskys liebte Tolstois Verse wegen ihrer „Musikalität“. Im ersten, „**Glaub's nicht, meine Freundin**“ (1869), drängt der Dichter seine Geliebte, die Gezeiten zu beachten, da dort ihre Antwort läge, warum er manchmal kühl und abweisend sei, und dennoch gezwungen, sich ihr immer wieder mit seiner früheren Leidenschaft zu unterwerfen. In der Mitte des Liedes drücken laute Klavierakkorde unmissverständlich das Brechen der Wogen am Strand aus. Tschaikowsky wiederholt die erste Strophe und schafft ein dreiteiliges Lied, das Tolstois eher kalte Logik in ein Liebeslied voll zärtlichen Bittens verwandelt.

Tschaikowsky gefiel die dreiteilige Struktur, und er verwendete sie oft und nie mit schönerer Wirkung als in Tjutschewys geständnisreichem Gedicht „**Wie über Aschenglut**“ (1875); Anfang und Ende sind ein deklamatorisches Allegro con spirito, aus dem *ad libitum* – mit freiem Ausdruck – der mit langsamer lyrischer Melancholie zu singende Mittelteil aufsteigt.

„**Es war zur ersten Frühlingszeit**“ und „**Inmitten des Balles**“ (beide 1878), Meisterstücke von Tolstoi, vermitteln das „Schmerzergreifende“ von Tschaikowskys Liedern. Beide erinnern sich an das Erwachen der Liebe. Das erste, Allegro moderato, mit lebhaften russischen Bildern vom Kommen des Frühlings, kulminiert *ad libitum* mit Doppelforte auf die Worte „O Glück! O Tränen!“. Die steigende Intonation, die das Lied treibt, deutet eine starke Bekräftigung an. In „Inmitten des Balles“, Moderato, geht es darum, sich in einen Fremden zu verlieben und sich später daran zu erinnern. Tschaikowsky machte daraus eine Walzer-Träumerei in langsamem 3/8-Takt.

„**Hätt' ich nur gewusst**“, eine Volksliedimitation, steht der Volkstradition nahe, ist in Tolstois Händen jedoch mit seinen frischen Bildern von Pferd und Reiter, geflecktem Falken, scharlachroten Band und nassen Füßen im Tau brillant originell. Es ist ein Lied von Erfahrung, gesungen von einer jungen Frau, die ihr Herz einem Mann schenkte, der davon ritt und nie zurückkehrte. Die Sängerin drückt verschiedene Gefühle von Liebe und Leidenschaft bis zu Zorn und Herzeleid aus, die in schmerzlichem Jammer kulminieren. Das Klavier unterstützt dies dramatisch und umrahmt das ganze Lied in einem leichtfüßigen Allegro, das den fischen Reiter andeutet. In „**Klagelied der Braut**“ von dem Bauerndichter Surikow (1880) klagt die junge Frau darüber, dass sie an einen alten „Graubart“ verheiratet wird. Gras und Busch, die für Stroh geschnitten werden, sind Metaphern für sein Schicksal. Die drei Teile schließen jeweils mit einem „fallenden Blatt“, einem lang flatternden Melisma mit absteigenden Tönen.

Verlust ist ein russischen Liedern gemeinsames Thema. In „**Kein Wort, mein Freund**“ (1869) drückt das wiederholte Bild der Weiden, die sich beugen, eine alles vergebende Zärtlichkeit aus. „**Versöhnung**“ (1875) ist ein Lied, in dem die Worte Eines sagen (finde Frieden im Sich-Abfinden), aber die Musik das Gegenteil ausdrückt – im Fazit des Liedes finden sich in jeder Phrase Widerstand und Reue. „**Warum?**“ (1869) ist ein Lied, das Sänger von jeher attraktiv fanden. Die Spannung in Heines ironischem Gedicht wird gleich in den ersten nervösen Schlägen des Klaviers deutlich, die mit der ruhigen Melancholie der Gesangslinie im Widerspruch stehen. Aber die Gesangsstimme mit ihren in verschiedenen Notenwerten wiederholten Tönen besitzt auch eine konzentrierte, unablässige Qualität. Das Lied schließt mit einem gewaltigen Ausbruch und leisen Arpeggien im Klavier: Nichts bleibt zurück als ein flüchtiges Echo verlorenen Glücks.

Die Erinnerung an Verlust kann auch hell sein, wie in „**Milde Sterne blickten herab**“ (1886) mit seinen durch pochende Triöfchen getrennten Anweisungen für „cantabile“ und „dolce“. „**Die Lichter wurden gelöscht**“ (1887) mit seinem Thema von „wir waren einst jung und verliebt“ verwendet Empfindungen, die sich überall in populären urbanen und Zigeunerromanzen finden, aber hier werden sie von Tschaikowskys Freund Großfürst Konstantin Romanow, einem Dichter und seriösen Laienmusiker mit zarter Delikatesse phrasiert. Die Musik artikuliert das Gedicht perfekt.

Tschaikowskys natürliche melodische Begabung kam ihm in der Komposition von Liedern zu Diensten. Es ist oft unmöglich, die Worte zu lesen, ohne seine Melodie zu hören. Er gestaltet eine musikalische Phrase aus den ersten ein oder zwei Zeilen des Textes und verwendet sie für Variation und Auszierung oder als Gegenmelodie. Das berühmte „**Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt**“ (1869) erhält seine andauernde Kraft aus seiner wunderschönen Melodie mit einer wiederkehrenden, endlosen Qualität. Das anmutige „**Wiegenlied**“ (1872) auf Worte aus der griechischen Volksdichtung hat die Form A–B–A–B–A' und steigt in der vorletzten Zeile bis zum hohen As. Hier können Melodie, Gegenmelodie und wiegende Klavierlinien für sich stehen wie in Rachmaninoffs Transkription für Klavier solo. In „**Herrscht Tag?**“ ist das Wechselspiel von Gesang und Klavier komplexer; das Klavier beginnt mit einem trügerisch leichtmütigen Andantino, zieht aber dann das Tempo zum Allegro agitato an, und das Lied schließt mit einer ekstatischen Coda, die die herrliche Schlussphrase der Gesangsstimme ausweitet. „**Zigeunerlied**“ (1886) erhält seine A–B–A–B-Form geschickt durch von Allegro moderato nach poco meno mosso alternierende Tempi; das Klavier etabliert einen Tanzrhythmus, aber die fünfte Strophe verlangsamt sich zum Andante um mit Parlando-Intonation zigeunerischen Gesangsstil zu vermitteln, dem launische Wechsel und ein steiler Fall von der höchsten Note des Lieds zur zwei Takte lang gehaltenen tiefen Note am Ende folgen.

Der Zyklus op. 73 (1893) ist ein perfekt verwirklichtes Kunstwerk über Liebe und Einsamkeit, das in der freien, prägnanten Musiksprache eines Meisters ausgedrückt wird. In Nr. 4 „**Die Sonne ist gesunken**“ mit einem Bolero-Rhythmus im Klavier beginnt eine gemeinsame, Glück verheißende Nacht, was unverkennbar mit ansteigender Intonation ausgedrückt wird. Nr. 6 „**Wieder, wie zuvor, allein**“ schließt den Zyklus mit einem letzten Augenblick der Einsamkeit. Das Gebet für einen „fernen Freund“ am Ende bestätigt trotz der gegenwärtigen Einsamkeit und Probleme die Vergangenheit in einer geistigen Verbundenheit, die die Einsamkeit fern hält, auch wenn sie sie nicht bezwingen kann.

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Übersetzung: Renate Wendel

Christianne Stotijn gained her solo diploma for violin in 2000 at the Amsterdam Conservatoire. She pursued her vocal studies in Metz, London and Amsterdam where, under the supervision of Udo Reinemann, she graduated in 2003 with the highest distinction. Since then, her vocal coaches have included Noelle Barker, Udo Reinemann and Jard van Nes. She is currently being coached by Dame Janet Baker.

Christianne Stotijn has won several prizes including the 2005/06 ECHO Rising Stars Award, the 2005 Borletti Buitoni Award and the 2008 Dutch Music Prize, and is also a BBC New Generation Artist.

She has worked with celebrated conductors such as Bernard Haitink, René Jacobs, Gustavo Dudamel, Sir Andrew Davis, Ivan Fischer, Jaap van Zweden, Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, Philippe Herreweghe, Hartmut Haenchen, Frans Brüggen, Marc Minkowski and Mark Wigglesworth, and with leading orchestras such as the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Budapest Festival Orchestra, Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, Die Akademie für alte Musik, Orchestre des Champs-Élysées, Orchestre National de France, Concerto Köln, Orchestra della Teatro alla Scala, and the Residentie Orchestra. In addition, she has had guest performances at several festivals such as the Delft Chamber Music Festival, Gergiev Festival, La Roque d'Anthéron, Festival d'Art Lyrique d'Aix-en-Provence and the BBC Proms.

Christianne Stotijn is an impassioned performer of songs with her regular duo partners Joseph Breinl and Julius Drake. With them she has appeared in the world's premier concert halls such as the Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Wigmore Hall, Vienna Musikverein, Carnegie Hall, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Théâtre du Châtelet, Salzburg Mozarteum and the Palais des Beaux-Arts, Brussels. Her first two recital discs for ONYX of lieder by Schubert, Berg, Wolf and Mahler garnered both awards and high praise across the globe.

In opera, Christianne Stotijn has appeared at the Aix-en-Provence Festival, La Monnaie, Netherlands Opera and Paris Opera and will make her debut at Covent Garden in Tamerlano.

The pianist **Julius Drake** lives in London and specialises in the field of chamber music, working with many of the world's leading vocal and instrumental artists, both in recital and on disc. He appears at all the major music centres: in recent seasons concerts have regularly taken him to the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Salzburg, Schubertiade and Tanglewood Festivals; to Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center, New York; the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; the Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris; the Musikverein and the Konzerthaus, Vienna; and the Wigmore Hall and BBC Proms, London.

Director of the Perth International Chamber Music Festival in Australia from 2000–2003, Julius Drake was also musical director in Deborah Warner's staging of Janáček's *Diary of One who Vanished*, touring to Munich, London, Dublin, Amsterdam and New York.

Recordings include award-winning recitals with Ian Bostridge (EMI), Hugues Cuénod (Chandos), Nicholas Daniel (Virgin), Derek Lee Ragin (Etcetera), Sophie Daneman (EMI), Paul Agnew (Hyperion), Katarina Karneus (Hyperion), Annette Bartholdy (Naxos), Christianne Stotijn (Onyx), Gerald Finley (Hyperion), Joyce DiDonato (Eloquientia), Christian Poltéra (Bis) and Alice Coote (EMI).

Highlights in the coming seasons include a programme of Schubert at Carnegie Hall, New York and the Barbican Centre, London with Thomas Quasthoff, Dorothea Röschmann and Ian Bostridge; recitals in Luxembourg and Paris with Simon Keenlyside; a 'Wigmore Live' recording with Christopher Maltman and a Grieg disc with Katarina Karneus for Hyperion; a tour of Japan with Ian Bostridge; and recitals in Amsterdam, Barcelona, Chicago, Frankfurt, London, Madrid, and Vienna with Alice Coote, Diana Damrau, Gerald Finley and Christianne Stotijn.

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893)

1 Sret' shumnavo bala

Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817–1875)

Sret' shumnavo bala, sluchajna,
F trevoge mirskoj sujeti,
Tebja ja uvidel, no tajna
Tvaji pakryvala cherty.

Lish ochi pechal' na gljadeli,
A golas tak divna zvuchal,
Kak zvon addalijonnaj svireli,
Kak morja igraju chij val.

Mne stan tvoj panravilsa tonkij
I ves' tvoj zadumchivij vit,
A smekh tvoj, i grusnyj i zvonkij,
S tekh por v majom sertshe zvuchit.

F chasy adinokije nochi
Ljublju ja, ustalyj, prilech,
Ja vizhu pechal' nyje ochi,
Ja slyshu vesjoluju rech.

I grusna ja, grusna tak zasypaju
I v grjozakh nevedamykh splju...
Ljublju li tebjja, ja ne znaju,
No kazhetsa mne, shto ljublju!

2 Net, tol'ka tot, kto znal

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe 1742–1819)
(Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt)

Net, tol'ka tot, kto znal
Svidan'ja zhazhdu,

At the Ball

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

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

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

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

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

None but the lonely heart

No, only one who's known
Longing to be together

Pajmjot, kak ja stradal
I kak ja strazhdu.

Gljazhu ja vdal'... net sil,
Tusknejet oka...
Akh, kto menja ljubil
I znal — daljoka!

Akh, tol'ka tot, kto znal
Svidan'ja zhazhdu,
Pajmjot, kak ja stradal
I kak ja strazhdu.

Fsja grud' garit... Kto znal
Svidan'ja zhazhdu,
Pajmjot, kak ja stradal
I kak ja strazhdu.

3 **Kak nad garjacheju zalozj**

Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev (1803–1873)

Kak nad garjacheju zalozj
Dymitsa svitak i zgarajet,
I ogn' sakryty i glukhoj
Slava i stroki pazhyrajt:

Tak grusna tlitsa zhyzn' maja
I s kazhdym dnjom ukhodit dymam;
Tak pastepenna gasnu ja
V adnaabraz'ji nesterpimam...

O, neba, jesli by khat' ras
Sej plamen' razvilsa pa vole,
I, ne tamjas', ne muchas' dole,
Ja prasijal by i pagasl!

Can know what I've suffered
And how I'm suffering.

I gaze at the distance... faint,
My eye grows dim...
Ah, how far away's the one
Who loved me, knew me!

Ah, only one who's known
Longing to be together
Can know what I've suffered
And how I'm suffering.

My heart's on fire... Whoever's known
Longing to be together,
Knows what I've suffered
And how I'm suffering.

Over burning ashes

As over darkly glowing embers
A scroll will smoke and be consumed,
And fire, invisible and mute,
Will swallow up the words and lines:

So my life sadly smolders too,
And day by day it drifts away in smoke;
So gradually I'm burning down
In unendurable monotony...

O, heaven, if only once this fire
Might burst into an open flame,
And, without further grief or torment,
I would flare up brightly and burn out!

4 **Moj genij! Moj angel! Moj druk!**

Afanasy Afanas'yevich Fet (1820–1892)

Ne zdes' li ty ljokhkaju ten'ju,
Moj genij, moj angel, moj druk,
Besedujesh tikha sa mnoju
I tikha letajesh vakruk?
I ropkim darish vdakhnaven'jem,
I slatkij vrachujesh neduk,
I tikhim darish snaviden'jem,
Moj genij, moj angel, moj druk...
Moj genij! Moj angel! Moj druk!

5 **Kolybel'naja pesnja**

Apollon Nikolayevich Maykov (1821–1897)

Spi, ditja majo, spi, usni! spi, usni!
Slatkij son k sebe mani:
V njan'ki ja tebe vzjala
Veter, sontse i arla.

Uletel arjol damoj;
Sontse skrylas' nad vadoj;
Veter, posle trjokh nachej,
Mchitsa k materi svajej.

Sprashyvala vetra mat':
"Gde izvolil prapadat?"
Ali zvjozdy vajeval?
Ali volny fsjo ganjal?"

"Ne ganjal ja voln marskikh,
Zvjost ne trogal zalatykh;
Ja ditja aberegal,
Kalybelachku kachal!"

My genius, my angel, my friend!

You're here, are you, light spirit,
My genius, my angel, my friend,
Whispering to me in conversation
As you quietly circle in flight?
You favour me with shy inspiration,
Your powers heal my sweet affliction,
You grant a quiet dream to my imagination,
My genius, my angel, my friend...
My genius! My angel! My friend!

Lullaby

Sleep, my baby, hushaby! sleep, hushaby!
Welcome sweet sleep:
Nannies three watch over you —
Wind, sun, and eagle.

The eagle flew home;
The sun hid over the water;
The wind, after three nights,
Comes racing to his mother.

His mother asked the wind:
'Where have you been hiding all this time?
Were you playing battle with the stars?
Or just pushing waves around?'

'I wasn't pushing any sea waves around,
I didn't touch the golden stars;
I was keeping a baby safe from harm,
I was rocking a little cradle!'

Spi, ditja majo, spi, usni! spi, usni!
Slatkij son k sebye mani:
V njan'ki ja tebe vzjala
Veter, sontse i arla.

6 Primiren'je

Nikolay Fyodorovich Shcherbina (1821–1869)

O, zasni, majo serttse, gluboka!
Ne budi—ne prabudish, shto byla,
Ne zavi, shto umchalas' daljoka,
Ne ljubi, shto ty prezhdje ljubila
Pust' nadezhdaj i lzhivaj mechtøj
Ne smutitsa tvoj son i pakoj.

Dlja tebjja nevazvratna byloje,
Na grjadushcheje net upavan'ja...
Ty ne znala v blazhenstve pakojja,
Uspakojša sh na lozhe stradan'ja,
I starajsa ne pomniť zimoj,
Kak sryvala ty rozy vesnoj!

O, zasni, majo serttse, gluboka!
Ne budi—ne prabudish, shto byla,
Ne zavi, shto umchalas' daljoka,
Ne ljubi, shto ty prezhdje ljubila...
Pust' nadezhdaj i lzhivaj mechtøj
Ne smutitsa tvoj son i pakoj.
I starajsa ne pomniť zimoj,
Shto sryvala ty rozy vesnoj!

Sleep, my baby, hushaby! sleep, hushaby!
Welcome sweet sleep:
Nannies three watch over you —
Wind, sun, and eagle.

Reconciliation

O, fall asleep deeply, my heart!
Don't try to waken the past — you can't do it,
Don't try to call back what's fled far away,
Don't keep on loving what you once loved...
May hope and delusive dreams
Not trouble your sleep and peace.

You can't bring back what used to be,
The future is no bastion of hope...
You knew no peace in bliss,
Be at peace now on your couch of suffering,
And try not to remember in winter
How you gathered roses in the spring!

O, fall asleep deeply, my heart!
Don't try to waken the past — you can't do it,
Don't try to call back what's fled far away,
Don't keep on loving what you once loved...
May hope and delusive dreams
Not trouble your sleep and peace,
And try not to remember in winter,
That you gathered roses in the spring!

7 Zakatilas' sontse

Daniil Rathaus (1868–?)

Zakatilas' sontse, zaigrali kraski
Ljokhkaj pazalotaj f sinev nebes.
V abajan'ji nochi sladostrasnjaj laski
Tikha shto-ta shepchet zadremafshij les.

I v dushe trevozhnaj umalkajut muki,
I dyshat' fsej grud'ju v etu noch lekhko.
Nochi divnaj teni, nochi divnaj zvuki,
Nas s taboj unosjat, druk moj, daleko...

Fsja objata negaj etaj nochi strasnaj,
Ty ka mne sklanilas' na plecho glavoj...
Ja bezumna shchastlif, o moj druk prekrasnij,
Beskanechna shchastlif v etu noch s taboj!

8 Strashnaja minuta

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893)

Ty vnimajesh, vnis sklanif galofku,
ochi apustif i tikha vzdыхaj!
Ty ne znajesh, kak mgnaven'ja eti
strashny dlja menja i polny znachen'ja,
kak menja smushchajet eta malchan'je.
Ja prigovor tvoj zhdu, ja zhdu reshen'ja —
il' nosh ty mne f serttse vanzish,
il' raj mne atkrojesh.
Akh, ne terzaj menja, skazhy lish slova!

Atchevo zhe ropkaje priznan'je
f serttse tak tebe zapala gluboka?
Ty vzdыхajesh, ty drazhysh i plachesh —

The sun has set

The sun has set, a play of colors has begun,
Light streaks of gold in a dark blue sky.
In the magic of night's voluptuous caress
The sleeping forest whispers something softly.

And torments in an anxious soul subside,
And tonight one's whole being breathes easier.
Shadows of this wondrous night, sounds of this
wondrous night,
Carry the two of us, my friend, far away...

Wrapped in night's passionate languor,
You lean your head on my shoulder...
I'm insanely happy, o my friend so lovely,
Boundlessly happy on this night with you!

The Fearful Moment

You listen, your dear head inclined,
your eyes lowered, quietly sighing!
You don't know how these moments
frighten me, how full of meaning they are,
how this silence upsets me.
I await your verdict, your decision —
you'll either stab me in the heart
or show me heaven.
Oh, don't torture me, say just one word!

How could my shy confession
sink so deeply in your heart?
You sigh, you tremble and weep —

il' slava ljubvi v ustakh tvajikh nemejut,
ili ty menja zhalejesh, ne ljubish?
Ja prigovor tvoj zhdu, ja zhdu reshen'ja —
il' nosh ty mne f sertsse vanzish,
il' raj mne atkrojesh!
Akh, vnemli zhe mal'be majej,
atvechaj, atvechaj skarej!
Ja prigovor tvoj zhdu, ja zhdu reshen'ja.

are you holding back words of love,
or do you pity me, not love me?
I await your verdict, your decision —
you'll either stab me in the heart
or show me heaven!
Oh then, hear my plea,
answer me, answer now!
I await your verdict, your decision.

9 Nam zvjozdy krotkije sijali

Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev (1825–1893)

Nam zvjozdy krotkije sijali,
Chut' vejal tikhij veterok,
Krugom tsvety blagaukhali,
I volny laskava zhurchali
U nashikh nok.

My byli juny, my ljubili,
I s veraj vdal' smatrel'i my;
V nas grjozy raduzhnyje zhyli,
I nam ne strashny v'jugi byli
Sedoj zimy.

Gde sh eti nochi s ykh sijan'jem,
Z blagaukhajushchej krasoj,
I voln tainstvennym zhurchan'jem,
Nadesht, vastorzhen'nykh mechtanij,
Gde svetlyj roj?

Pamerkli zvjozdy, i unyla
Ponikli bljoklyje tsvety...
Kagda sh o sertsse, fsjo, shto byla,
Shto nam vesna s taboj darila,
Zabudesh ty,

Mild stars looked down

Mild stars shone down on us,
A soft breeze barely stirred the air,
Flowers spread their fragrance all around,
And waves were gently lapping
At our feet.

We were young, we were in love,
With faith we looked to the future;
Joyful dreams were alive in us,
We weren't afraid of the blizzards
Of grey-haired winter.

Where, now, are those starlit nights,
Their beauty in all its fragrance,
The mysterious murmur of the waves,
Of all those hopes, those joyous dreams,
Where's the bright swarm?

The stars are dimmer now, and dejectedly
The faded flowers droop...
Can you forget, oh heart, all that used to be,
The gifts spring gave the two of us,
Can you forget?

10 **Kaby znala ja**

Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817–1875)

Kaby znala ja, kaby vedala,
Ne smatrela by iz akoshechka
Ja na molatts razudalava,
Kak on jekhal pa nashej ulitse,
Nabekren' zalomifshy murmalku,
Kak likhova kanja bulanava,
Zvankanogava, dalgagrivava
Suprativ akon na dyby vzdymal!

Kaby znala ja, kaby vedala,
Dlja nevo by ja ne rjadilasa,
Z zalatoj kajmoj lentu aluju
F kosu dlinnuju ne fpletala by,
Rana do svetu ne fstavala by,
Za akolitsu ne speshyla by,
V rose nozhen'ki ne machila by,
Na prasjolak tot ne gljadela by,
Ne prajedet li tem prasjolkam on,
Na ruke derzha pjostra sokala?
Kaby znala ja, kaby vedala!

Kaby znala ja, kaby vedala,
Ne sidela by poznim vecheram,
Prigarjunifshys' na zavaline,
Na zavaline, blis kalodezja,
Padzhydajuchi, da gadajuchi,
Ne pridjot li on nenagljadnyj moj,
Akh, akh!
Napait' kanja studennoj vadoj!

Kaby znala ja, kaby vedala!
Akh!

Had I only known

If I'd known, if I'd realized,
I'd not have looked out the window
At the dashing young man,
Riding down our street,
His fur cap at a jaunty angle,
On his swift dun horse,
Hoofs ringing loud, long-maned,
Rearing up outside my windows!

If I'd known, if I'd realized,
I wouldn't have dressed up for him,
Wouldn't have plaited in my long braid
A scarlet ribbon with a gold border,
Wouldn't have risen early before light,
Wouldn't have hurried to the edge of town,
Got my feet wet in the dew,
Watching the road,
Will he come this way,
A speckled falcon riding on his arm?
If I'd known, if I'd realized!

If I'd known, if I'd realized,
I'd not be sitting up late in the evening,
Grieving on the knoll by the house,
On the knoll, near the well,
Watching and waiting and wondering,
Will he come, my handsome one,
Oh, oh!
To water his horse at the cold well!

If I'd known, if I'd realized!
Oh!

11 **Uzh gasli f komnatakh agni**

*Konstantin Konstantinovich Romanov, Grand Duke
of Russia (1858–1915)*

Uzh gasli f komnatakh agni:
Blagaukhali rozy:
My seli na skam'ju f tenci
Razvesistaj berjozy.

My byli molody s taboj!
Tak shchastlivy my byli
Nas akruzhafsheju vesnoj,
Tak garjacho ljubili!

Dvurogij mesjats navadil
Na nas svajo sijan'je;
Ja nichevo ne gavaril,
Bajas' prervat' malchan'je;

Bezmolvna sinikh glas tvajikh
Ty apuskala vzory:
Krasnarechivej slof inykhn
Nemyje razgavory.

Chevo ne smel paverit' ja,
Shto f serttse ty tajila,
Fsjo eta pesnja salav'ja
Za nas dagavarila.

12 **Ni slova, o druk moj**

*Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev (1825–1893)
after Moritz Hartman*

Ni slova, o druk moj, ni vzdokha...
My budem s taboj malchalivy...

The lights were being dimmed

The lights were going out in the rooms...
The roses smelled so fragrant...
We sat down on a bench in the shade
Of a wide-branching birch.

You and I were young!
We were so happy
In the spring that surrounded us,
How ardently we loved!

The crescent moon sent down
Its light on us;
I didn't say anything,
Afraid to interrupt the silence;

Saying nothing you lowered
Your deep blue eyes:
More eloquent than any words
Are wordless conversations.

What I did not dare believe,
What you kept hidden in your heart,
All this the song of the nightingale
Finished saying for us.

Not a word, my friend

Not a word, my friend, not a sigh...
Let us be silent together...

Vet' molcha nat kamnem,
nat kamnem magil' nym
Sklanjajutsa grusnyje ivy...

I tol'ka, sklanifshis', chitajut,
Kak ja, f tvajom ssertse ustalam,
Shto byli dni jasnava shchast'ja,
Shto etava shchast'ja ne stala!

Ni slova, o druk moj, ni vzdokha...
My budem s taboj malchalivy...
Vet' molcha nat kamnem,
nat kamnem magil' nym
Sklanjajutsa grusnyje ivy...

13 Atchevo?

Lev Aleksandrovich Mey (1822–1862) after Heinrich Heine

Atchevo pablednela vesnoj
Pyshnatsvetnaja roza sama?
Atchevo pad zeljonaj travoj
Galubaja fijalka nema?

Atchevo tak pechal'na zvuchit
Pesnja ptichki, nesjas' v nebesa?
Atchevo nad lugami visit
Pagrebal' nym pakrovam rasa?

Atchevo v nebe sontsa s utra
Khaladno i temno kak zimoj?
Atchevo i zemlja fsja syra
I ugrjumej magily samoj?

Atchevo ja i sam fsjo grusnej
I baleznennej den' ata dnja?
Atchevo, o skazhy mne skarkej,
Ty, pakinuf, zabyla menja?

As in silence over the stone,
over the stone of the grave,
The sad willows bend low...

And thus bent low, they read,
As I read in your tired heart,
That once there were days of bright happiness,
And that happiness has gone forever!

Not a word, my friend, not a sigh...
Let us be silent together...
As in silence over the stone,
over the stone of the grave,
The sad willows bend low...

Why?

Why has the radiant rose
Grown pale in the springtime?
Why does the blue violet lie
Mute under the green grass?

Why is the bird's song so sad
As it rises up to heaven?
Why does the dew on the meadows
Hang like a mourning veil?

Why is the sun in the sky this morning
Cold and dark as in winter?
Why is the earth all damp
And gloomier than the grave?

Why do I feel sadder and sadder
And sicker from day to day?
Why, oh tell me right now,
Did you leave me and forget me?

14 **Ja li f pole da ne travushka byla**

Ivan Zakharovich Surikov (1841–1880)

Ja li f pole da ne travushka byla,
Ja li f pole ne zeljonaja rasla,
Vzjali menja, travushku, skasili,
Na solnyshke f pole issushili.

Okh, ty, gore majo gorjushka!
Znat', znat' takaja maja doljushka!

Ja li f pole ne kalinushka byla,
Ja li f pole da ne krasnaja rasla;

Vzjali kalinushku, slamali,
Da v zhgutiki menja pasvjazali!

Okh, ty, gore majo gorjushka!
Znat', znat' takaja maja doljushka!

Ja l' u batjushki ne dochen'ka byla,
U radimaj ne tsvetochek ja rasla;
Nevolej menja, bednuju, vzjali,
Da s nemilym, s sedym pavenchali,
S nemilym, da s sedym pavenchali!

Okh, ty, gore majo gorjushka!
Znat', znat' takaja maja doljushka!

15 **Pesn' Cyganki**

Yakov Petrovich Polonsky (1819–1898)

Moj kastjor f tumanе svetit,
Iskry gasnut na letu...
Nochju nas nikto ne fstretit;
My prastimsa na mastu.

The Bride's Lament

Wasn't I a blade of grass in the field,
Wasn't I growing green in the field?
I was taken, blade of grass, and cut down,
Left in the field to dry in the sun.

Oh, you, woe, heavy woe of mine!
So that's what fate had in store for me!

Wasn't I a bush of guelder rose,
With berries red, growing in the field?

The bush was taken, cut down,
And tied up into a bundle of twigs!

Oh, you, woe, heavy woe of mine!
So that's what fate had in store for me!

Wasn't I my father's little daughter,
Wasn't I my mother's little flower?
By force they took me, poor girl,
And married me to a graybeard I don't love,
To a graybeard I don't love they married me!

Oh, you, woe, heavy woe of mine!
So that's what fate had in store for me!

The Gypsy Song

My campfire glows in the mist,
The sparks fly up and burn out...
No one will see us in the night;
We'll say farewell on the bridge.

Noch prajdjot — i spazaranak
F step' daljoka, milij moj,
Ja ujdu s talpoj tsyganak
Za kibitkaj kachevoj.

Na prashchan'je shal' s kajmoju
Ty na mne uzlom stjani!
Kak kantsy jejo, s taboju
My skhadilis' v eti dni.

Kto-ta mne sud'bu pretskazhet?
Kto-ta zafta, sokal moj,
Na grudi majej razvjazhet
Uzel, stjanutyj taboj?

(Andante)
Fspaminaj, kali drugaja
Druga milava ljubja,
Budet pesni pet', igraja
Na kalenjakh u tebjaj!

Moj kastjor f tumane svetit,
Iskry gasnut na letu...
Nochju nas nikto ne fstretit;
My prastimsa na mastu.

Night will end — and at first light
Far into the steppe, my love,
I will leave with the crowd of gypsy girls,
Following the wandering caravan.

At our farewell, wrap me with a gypsy shawl,
Tie its ends in a tight knot!
You and I have spent these days
Tied together tightly like that knot.

Can anyone predict my fate?
Tomorrow, my falcon, can anyone
Untie the knot that's on my breast,
This knot, tied tight by you?

(Andante)
Think of me, if another girl,
Taking you as her darling friend,
Sings her songs to you, playing
As you hold her on your lap!

My campfire glows in the mist,
The sparks fly up and burn out...
No one will see us in the night;
We'll say farewell on the bridge.

16 **Ne ver', moj druk**

Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817–1875)

Ne ver', moj druk, ne ver', kagda f paryve gorja,
Ja gavarju, shto razljubil tebjja, —
V atliva chas ne ver', ne ver' izmene morja,
Ano g zemle varotitsa, ljubja.

Do not believe, my friend

Don't believe, my love, don't believe, when, in a fit of
grief, I say I do not love you any more, —
Don't believe, don't believe the ebbing sea's
inconstancy, It will return to land, loving as before.

Ush ja taskuju, prezhej strasti polnyj,
Svaju svabodu vnoŭ tebe addam —
I uzhe begut abratna s shumam volny
Izdaleka k ljubimym beregam.

Ne ver', moj druk, ne ver',
kagda f paryve gorja,
Ja gavarju, shto razljubil tebjja, —
V atliiva chas ne ver', ne ver' izmene morja,
A no g zemle varotitsa, ljubja.

17 To byla ranneju vesnoj

Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817–1875)

To byla ranneju vesnoj,
Trava jedva fskhadila
Ruchji tekli, ne paril znoj,
I zelen' roshch skvazila;

Truba pastushja pautru
Jeshcho ne pela zvonka,
I v zavitkakh jeshcho v baru
Byl paparatnik tonkaj;

To byla ranneju vesnoj,
F teni berjos to byla,
Kagda s ulypkaj preda mnoj
Ty ochi apustila...

To na ljubof' maju v atvet
Ty apustila vezhdy —
O zhyzn'! O les! O solntsa svet!
O junast'! O nadezhdy!

Full of passion, I long for you again,
Again I'm ready to surrender to you —
And rushing back the loud waves run
From far away to their beloved shore.

Don't believe, my love, don't believe,
when, in a fit of grief,
I say I do not love you any more, —
Don't believe, don't believe the ebbing sea's
inconstancy, It will return to land, loving as before.

It was in early spring

It was in early spring,
The grass was just appearing,
The streams were flowing, the air was warm,
In the groves there was a thin veil of green;

Too early to hear the shepherd's horn
Ring out in the morning,
And in the grove of conifers, still twisted tight,
Stood the first slender ferns;

It was in early spring,
It was in the shade of birches,
When, standing before me, smiling,
You lowered your eyes...

It was an answer to my love,
Your lowered glance —
O life! O woods! O sunlight!
O youth! O hopes!

I plakal ja peret taboj,
Na lik tvoj gljadja milyi, —
To byla ranneju vesnoj,
F teni berjos to byla!

To byla v utra nashikh let —
O shchast'je! O sljozy!
O les! O zhyzn'! O solntsa svet!
O svezhij dukh berjozy!

18 Kukushka

*Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev (1825–1893)
after Christian Fürchtegott Gellert*

“Ty priletel iz gorada, — kakije
Skazhy, tam slukhi nosjatsa a nas?”
(Skvartsa kukushka sprashyvala ras).
“Shto zhyteli talkujut garatskije,
Khot', naprimer, a pesnjakh salav'ja?
Interesuju' etim ochen' ja.”

— “Ves' gorat on privodit v vaskhishchen'je,
Kagda f sadu jevo razdastsa trel'.”
— “A zhavranak?” —
— “I zhavaranka pen'je
Plenjajet ochen' mnogikh.” —
“Neuzhel'?”
Nu, a kakof ikh odzyf a drazde?”
— “Da khvaljat i jevo, khot' ne vezde.”

“Jeshcho khachu sprasit' ja, — mozhet statsa,
I aba mne ty slyshal koje-shto?”
“Vot pra tebj, sestritsa, tak priznatsa,
Ne gavarit reshytel'na nikto!”
“A! Jesli tak, — kukushka vazapila, —

And I wept before you,
Gazing at your dear face, —
It was in early spring,
In the shade of birches!

It was in the morning of our days —
O happiness! O tears!
O woods! O life! O sunlight!
O fresh smell of the birch tree!

Cuckoo

‘You flew here from the town, — what,
Pray tell, are people saying of us there?’
(One day the cuckoo asked the starling).
‘What do the townsfolk have to say,
For instance, of the nightingale’s songs?
This interests me a lot.’

— ‘The whole town raves of nothing else,
When his trills are heard resounding in the orchard.’
— ‘And the lark?’ —
— ‘Many find the singing
Of the lark to be enchanting too.’ —
— ‘You don’t say!
Well, what is their opinion of the thrush?’
— ‘They praise him too, although not everywhere.’

‘I also want to ask, — did you perchance
Hear anyone say anything of me?’
‘About you, sister, I must confess,
No one has a single word to say!’
‘Ah! If that’s the case, — exclaimed the cuckoo, —

To a sebe, shtop ljudjam atamstit',
Sama ves' vek, pakuda khvatit sily,
Ne perestanu ja tverdit':
 lu-lu, lu-lu, lu-lu, fu-lu..!

19 **Den' li tsarit**

Aleksei Nikolayevich Apukhtin (1841–1893)

Den' li tsarit, tishina li nachnaja,
F snakh li bessvaznykh, v zhytejskaj bar'be,
Fsjudu sa mnoj, maju zhyzn' napalnjaja,
Duma fsjo ta zhe, adna, rakavaja, —
 Fsjo a tebe! fsjo a tebe!
 Fsjo, fsjo, fsjo, fsjo a tebe!

S neju ne strashen mne prizrak bylova,
Serttse vasprihanula, snova ljubja...
Vera, mechty, vdakhnavennaje slova,
Fsjo shto v dushe daragova, svjatova, —
 Fsjo at tebja! fsjo, fsjo at tebja,
 fsjo at tebja!

Budut li dni maji jasny, unyly,
Skora li zginu ja, zhyzn' zagubja, —
Znaju adno: shto da samaj magily
Pomysly, chustva, i pesni, i sily,
 Fsjo dlja tebja! fsjo dlja tebja,
Pomysly, chustva, i pesni, i sily,
 Fsjo, fsjo, fsjo, fsjo dlja tebja!

I'll take revenge on folk then,
While I have the strength, and all my life
Remind them who I am:
cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo...!

Can it be day?

Whether it's day, or stillness of night,
In dreams incoherent, or everyday struggle,
Wherever I am, to make my life whole,
Is one and the same thought, unchanging, predestined —
 Always of you! always of you!
 Always, always, always, always of you!

With it I don't fear ghosts from the past,
My heart can take wing, loving again...
Faith, dreams, an inspired word,
All in my soul that's dear, sacred —
 All of it comes from you! all, all of it
 from you, all from you!

Whether my days be bright or bleak,
If I burn out quickly, destroy my life, —
One thing I know: to the grave itself
All my hopes and feelings, all my songs and str
 All are for you! all for you,
Hopes, feelings, songs and strength,
 All, all, all — are for you!

20 **Snova, kak prezhde, adin**

Daniil Rathaus (1868-?)

Snova, kak prezhde, adin,
Snova objat ja taskoj.
Smotritsa topal' v akno,
Ves' azarjonnaj lunoj.

Smotritsa topal' v akno,
Shepchut a chom-ta listy.
V zvjozdakh garjat nebesa...
Gde, teper', milaja, ty?

Fsjo, shto tvaritsa sa mnoj,
Ja peredat' ne berus'...
Druk! pamalis' za menja,
Ja za tebja ush maljus'.

Again, as before, alone

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

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

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

Christianne Stotijn on ONYX



ONYX 4009
Schubert/Berg/Wolf Lieder
BBC Music Magazine *****

'Easily the most impressive art-song disc in years.'
(David Patrick Stearns, *Philadelphia Daily News*)



ONYX 4014
Mahler Lieder
BBC Music Magazine *****

'One of my discs of the year.'
(Michael Kennedy, *Sunday Telegraph*)

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