



ONDINE

in
this
moonlit
night

Lieder by
Tchaikovsky
Mussorgsky
& Taneyev

Dmitri
Hvorostovsky

Ivari Ilja, *piano*

Music played a major role in the development of a national identity in Russia during the late 19th century. For many years music teachers, conductors and soloists were “imported” into the country, particularly from Italy and Germany but also from Ireland, as in the case of John Field, the “inventor” of the nocturne for piano. Conservatories, which made it possible for musicians to receive formal professional training, were established many years later in Russia than in other countries. The situation changed with the conservatories founded in St. Petersburg and Moscow by Anton and Nikolai Rubinstein in 1862 and 1866. Gradually, talented young Russians were professionally trained and could assume important roles in musical life. After a long period of domination by foreign musicians, a “typically Russian musical culture” finally appeared on the horizon.

It was customary to divide the masters of Russian music into two competing groups during the late 19th century: on the one hand, the academically trained, cosmopolitan “westerners”, with Tchaikovsky and Sergei Taneyev at their head, and on the other, the five patriotic-minded, self-taught “Narodniks” (populists), the composers of “The Five”, who were known as “The Mighty Handful” in Russia: Mily Balakirev, Alexander Borodin, César Cui, Modest Mussorgsky and Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov. Despite the differences between these two “camps”, they had one important thing in common: their love of the Russian folk song united the advocates of the two positions. For both groups, the Russian song had great significance for the national musical idiom over and above its purely musical beauty.

Tchaikovsky, Balakirev and Rimsky-Korsakov published collections of folk songs, and most composers of that time used Russian folk songs in their works, for example, Tchaikovsky in his opera *Eugene Onegin* and his Fourth Symphony and Balakirev in his *Overture on Three Russian Themes*. Tchaikovsky tended to smooth out the irregularities in the songs and adapt them to the style customary in western music, whereas Balakirev loved the austere, unpolished character of the folk melodies.

They all composed songs for voice and piano that more or less closely followed the tradition of the Russian folk song, however, and derived a new genre from it – the Russian romance. **Pyotr I. Tchaikovsky**, who is most popular as a symphonist today, composed no less than thirteen song collections totalling over one

hundred songs. Legend has it that his very first composition, *Our Mama in St. Petersburg*, was a song, and in 1893, the year of his death, Tchaikovsky composed an important song collection, his opus 73.

These are songs to German texts by Daniel Rathaus – atmospheric nature poems for which the composer wrote songs full of musical nostalgia. It is not surprising that poetic motifs like night, darkness and sunset dominate, and one might well consider whether the composer's approaching death is foreshadowed in the songs, as was the case with Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony in B minor, op. 74, from the same year. Only the last song, *Again, as Before, Alone*, is singled out here (original key: A minor). The descending melody in the vocal part (*con dolore*, with sorrow) and the descending semitone motif in the piano, which resembles the sighing motif in Baroque music, are typical of the spirit of farewell.

Of all the late 19th-century Russian composers, **Modest Mussorgsky**, who was one year older than Tchaikovsky, was certainly the most progressive and daring. Since he had had no academic training as a composer and worked as a civil servant, he was regarded as a "brilliant dilettante". His *Songs and Dances of Death* to poems by his young friend and relative, Arseny Arkadyevich Golenischchev-Kutuzov, were composed between 1875 and 1877. Mussorgsky's most successful opera, *Boris Godunov*, had been completed and given its premiere, and he was in a veritable frenzy of creativity.

The *Songs and Dances of Death* were actually written for voice and piano but are often performed in the orchestrations by Dmitri Shostakovich or Kalevi Aho. The situation is similar with Mussorgsky's best-known work, *Pictures at an Exhibition*. It has become popular in Maurice Ravel's arrangement for orchestra but was originally composed for piano solo.

The *Songs and Dances of Death* deviate considerably from the typical simple strophic folk tune and are also strikingly different from Mussorgsky's other songs, which often have a satirical undertone. They are dramatic, realistic scenes from real life, revolving around dying and death. The first song is about a dying child who is taken by death – the music vividly depicts the gradual process of dying and the mother's desperate struggle for her child. The musical atmosphere of this song is reminiscent of Franz Schubert's celebrated "Erlkönig" (The Elf King). In "Serenade" death appears as a bridegroom to a dying young woman during a feverish dream

in which Eros and Thanatatos are inextricably intertwined. Behind the title “Trepak” (a Russian dance) is the figure of a drunken peasant who is overtaken by death in a snowstorm. In the fourth song death appears in the flesh amid the musically depicted tumult of war and pronounces the battle over: “Victory is declared!”

Sergei Taneyev was sixteen years younger than Pyotr Tchaikovsky and was said to be his favorite student at the Moscow Conservatory. He composed many works himself, including ten symphonies, nine string quartets and a great deal of vocal music, as well as the opera *The Oresteia*. Taneyev is noted less for his works than his students, however, who included Alexander Scriabin, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Nikolai Medtner, Serge Koussevitzky and the Italian Ottorino Respighi. Unlike most of his Russian contemporaries, Taneyev was a master of counterpoint, which he regarded as an essential basis for composition. He studied the old masters exhaustively and, at least in his youth, expressed disdain for composers like the original but poorly trained amateur composers of “The Five”.

Taneyev was a close friend of the socially engaged writer Leo Tolstoy and in 1905 sided with the insurgents protesting against the established order. He consequently left the Moscow Conservatory in 1906 for the People's Conservatory, where he taught for the most part free of charge. His social commitment is reflected in his songs, particularly the Tolstoy settings. At the same time, however, he wrote such surprising works as *Stalactites* and the almost popular *Anxiously beats the heart* from the Ten Romances, op. 17, composed in 1905. This is emotionally exciting music in which restless agitation full of intensity is heard in the accompaniment and voice.

Sigfried Schibli

Translation: Phyllis Anderson

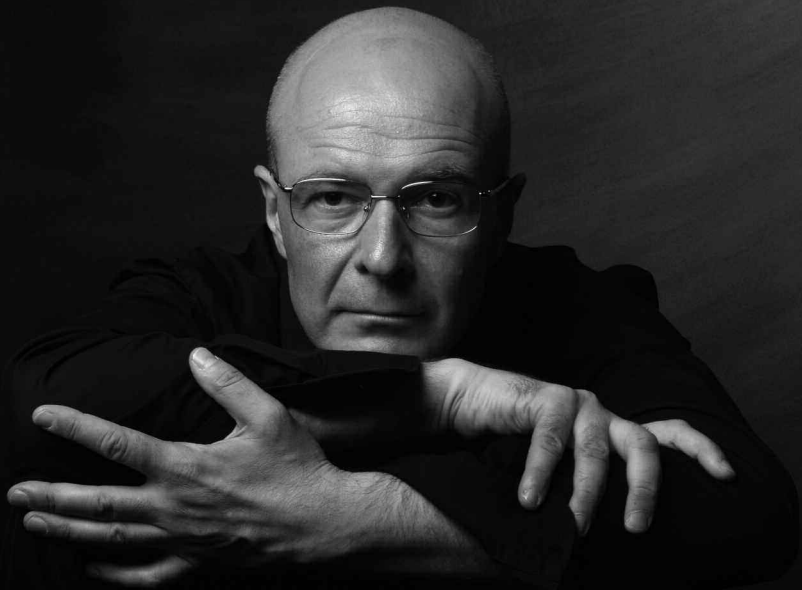
One of the world's leading baritones of today, **Dmitri Hvorostovsky** was born and studied in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. From the start, audiences were bowled over by his cultivated voice, innate sense of musical line, and natural legato. In 1989, he won the prestigious BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition. Since his Western operatic debut at the Nice Opera in Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame*, he has been invited for regular engagements at the major opera houses and festivals internationally. Dmitri has also performed as a celebrated recitalist in every corner of the globe, and appeared in concert with the world's top orchestras and conductors, including James Levine, Bernard Haitink, Claudio Abbado, Lorin Maazel, Zubin Mehta, Yuri Temirkanov, and Valery Gergiev.

Dmitri has retained a strong musical and personal contact with Russia and tours its cities on an annual basis. He became the first opera singer to give a solo concert with orchestra and chorus on Red Square in Moscow; this performance was televised in over 25 countries. Together with Renée Fleming, Jonas Kaufmann, Sumi Jo, Sondra Radvanovsky and others he has appeared in a 'Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Friends' series of concerts in Moscow.

Dmitri has recorded a number of recitals and complete operas on CD and DVD to much critical acclaim. He has also starred in *Don Giovanni Unmasked*, an award-winning film (2001) based on the Mozart opera.

www.hvorostovsky.com

Estonian pianist **Ivari Ilja** has performed on many important concert stages throughout the world, as duo partner of such renowned singers as Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Irina Arkhipova, Maria Guleghina, and Elena Zaremba. Since 2003, he has repeatedly toured with Dmitri Hvorostovsky to the USA, Europe, Hong Kong, and Japan. Born in Tallinn, Ivari Ilja studied at the Estonian State Conservatoire as well as the Moscow Tchaikovsky Conservatoire.



Ivari Ilja

Die Musik spielte im Russland des späten 19. Jahrhunderts eine bedeutende Rolle für die Herausbildung einer nationalen Identität. Während vieler Jahrzehnte waren die Musiklehrer, Dirigenten und Solisten ins Land „importiert“ worden, vor allem aus Italien und Deutschland, aber auch aus Irland wie zum Beispiel John Field, der „Erfinder“ des Nocturnes für Klavier. Konservatorien, die eine formelle Berufsausbildung für Musiker ermöglichten, entstanden in Russland im Vergleich zu anderen Ländern erst mit Jahrzehnte langer Verspätung. Mit den von Anton und Nikolai Rubinstein 1862 und 1866 gegründeten Konservatorien in St. Petersburg und Moskau änderte sich die Situation. Allmählich wurden talentierte junge Russen professionell ausgebildet und konnten im Musikleben wichtige Funktionen übernehmen. Nach langer musikalischer Fremdherrschaft zeichnete sich endlich eine „typisch russische Musikkultur“ am Horizont ab. Man hat sich daran gewöhnt, die Meister der russischen Musik im späten 19. Jahrhundert in zwei rivalisierende Gruppen einzuteilen: Hier die akademisch ausgebildeten, kosmopolitischen „Westler“ mit Pyotr Tschaikowsky und Sergej Tanejew an der Spitze, da die fünf patriotisch gesinnten, autodidaktisch geschulten „Narodniki“ (Volksfreunde), die Komponisten des „Mächtigen Häufleins“: Mili Balakirew, Alexander Borodin, César Cui, Modest Mussorgsky und Nikolai Rimski-Korsakow. Bei allen Unterschieden zwischen diesen beiden „Lagern“ gab es aber eine starke Gemeinsamkeit: Die Liebe zum russischen Volkslied verband die Vertreter der entgegengesetzten Positionen. Für beide Gruppierungen hatte das russische Lied über seine rein musikalische Schönheit hinaus grosse Bedeutung für die nationale russische Musiksprache. Sowohl Tschaikowsky als auch Mili Balakirew und Rimsky-Korsakow gaben Volkslied-Sammlungen heraus, und die meisten Komponisten jener Zeit verarbeiteten in ihren Werken russische Volkslieder. Tschaikowsky zum Beispiel in seiner Oper *Eugen Onegin* oder in seiner vierten Sinfonie, Balakirew in seiner *Ouvertüre über drei russische Volkslieder*. Wobei Tschaikowsky dazu neigte, die Unregelmässigkeiten der Volkslieder zu glätten und die Musik dem in der westlichen Musik üblichen Stil anzupassen, während Balakirew von der Gruppe der „Fünf“ gerade das Herbe, Unangepasste der Volksmelodien liebte.

Aber sie alle komponierten Lieder für Singstimme und Klavier, die mehr oder weniger eng an die Tradition des russischen Volkslieds anknüpfen, und leiteten daraus ein neues Genre, die russische Romanze, ab. So schrieb

Pjotr I. Tschaikowsky, der heute vor allem als Sinfoniker populär ist, nicht weniger als dreizehn Sammlungen von Liedern. Insgesamt sind es über hundert Lieder. Schon seine erste Komposition überhaupt, *Unsere Mama in St. Petersburg*, soll einer Legende zufolge ein Lied gewesen sein, und noch im Todesjahr 1893 schrieb Tschaikowsky mit dem Opus 73 eine bedeutende Liedersammlung.

Es sind Lieder auf deutsche Texte von Daniel Rathaus – stimmungsvolle Naturlyrik, auf die der Komponist Lieder voller musikalischer Nostalgie komponierte. Kein Zufall, dass dichterische Motive wie Nacht, Dunkelheit, Sonnenuntergang dominieren, und man könnte sich sehr wohl überlegen, ob darin nicht – ähnlich wie in Tschaikowskys sechster *Sinfonie in h-Moll* op. 74 aus demselben Jahr – eine Todesnähe des Komponisten zu erkennen ist. Herausgegriffen sei nur das letzte Lied *Wieder – wie früher...* (Originaltonart: a-Moll). Typisch für den Gestus des Abschieds sind hier die absteigende Tonfolge in der Singstimme („con dolore“, schmerzvoll) und das absteigende Halbtonmotiv im Klavier, das einem Seufzermotiv in der barocken Musik ähnelt.

Unter allen russischen Komponisten des späten 19. Jahrhunderts war **Modest Mussorgsky** – ein Jahr älter als Tschaikowsky – sicherlich der fortschrittlichste und kühnste. Da er keine akademische Ausbildung als Komponist hatte und als Beamter arbeitete, galt er als „genialer Dilettant“. Seine *Lieder und Tänze des Todes* auf Gedichte seines jungen Freundes und Verwandten Arseny Arkadjewitsch Golenischtschew-Kutuzov entstanden zwischen 1875 und 1877. Seine erfolgreichste Oper *Boris Godunow* war fertig komponiert und uraufgeführt worden, und Mussorgsky befand sich in einem wahren Schaffensrausch.

Die *Lieder und Tänze des Todes* sind eigentlich für Singstimme und Klavier geschrieben, werden aber oft in der Orchesterfassung von Dimitri Schostakowitsch oder Kalevi Aho aufgeführt. Ganz ähnlich verhält es sich mit dem berühmtesten Werk von Mussorgsky, den *Bildern einer Ausstellung*. Diese sind in der Orchesterversion von Maurice Ravel populär geworden, waren aber im Original für Klavier solo geschrieben. Die *Lieder und Tänze des Todes* entfernen sich weit vom Typus des schlichten strophischen Volkslieds und unterscheiden sich auch stark von den sonstigen Liedern Mussorgskys, die oft einen satirischen Unterton haben. Es sind dramatische, realistische Bilder aus dem wirklichen Leben, die um das Sterben und den Tod

kreisen. Einmal ist es ein Kind, das im Sterben liegt und vom Tod heimgeholt wird – die Musik malt eindringlich den schleichenden Prozess des Sterbens und den verzweiferten Kampf der Mutter um ihr Kind. Die musikalische Atmosphäre dieses Liedes erinnert an Franz Schuberts berühmten *Erkönig*. In der *Serenade* erscheint der Tod einer jungen kranken Frau im Fiebertraum als Bräutigam. Eros und Thanatatos sind hier unlösbar verflochten. Hinter dem Titel *Trepak* (ein russischer Tanz) verbirgt sich das Bild eines betrunkenen Bauern, der im Schneesturm vom Tod heimgeholt wird. Im vierten Lied erscheint der Tod inmitten des musikalisch ausgemalten Kriegsgetümmels leibhaftig und erklärt den Kampf für beendet: „Der Sieg ist entschieden!“

Sergej Tanejew war sechzehn Jahre jünger als Pjotr Tschaikowsky und galt als dessen Lieblingsschüler am Moskauer Konservatorium. Er selbst hat viel komponiert – unter anderem zehn Sinfonien, neun Streichquartette und sehr viel Vokalmusik sowie die Oper *Oresteja*. Aber berühmt geworden ist Tanejew weniger wegen seiner Werke als durch seine Schüler. Zu ihnen zählten Alexander Skrjabin, Sergej Rachmaninow, Nikolai Medtner, Sergej Kussewitzki sowie der Italiener Ottorino Respighi. Im Unterschied zu den meisten seiner russischen Zeitgenossen hatte Tanejew eine sehr hohe Meinung vom Kontrapunkt, den er für eine wichtige Grundlage des Komponierens hielt. Er studierte gründlich die alten Meister und verachtete zumindest in seinen jungen Jahren Komponisten wie die originellen, aber im Komponieren kaum geschulten Freizeit-Komponisten vom „Mächtigen Häuflein“.

Tanejew war eng mit dem sozial engagierten Schriftsteller Leo Tolstoi befreundet und schlug sich 1905 auf die Seite der Aufständischen, die gegen die etablierte Ordnung protestierten. Folgerichtig wechselte er 1906 vom Moskauer Konservatorium zum Volkskonservatorium, wo er meist kostenlos unterrichtete. In seinen Liedern schlägt sich sein soziales Engagement nieder, nicht zuletzt in seinen Tolstoi-Vertonungen. Daneben aber schrieb er so überraschende Lieder wie *Stalakiten* und das 1905 komponierte, fast populär gewordene *Das ruhelose Herz schlägt* aus den *Zehn Romanzen* op. 17. Es ist emotional packende Musik, in welcher man in Begleitung und Singstimme eine ruhelose Bewegung voller Intensität hört.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky, einer der weltweit führenden Baritone unserer Zeit, wurde in Krasnojarsk (Sibirien) geboren und ausgebildet. Vom Beginn an war das Publikum beeindruckt von seiner kultivierten Stimme, dem angeborenen Sinn für melodische Stimmführung und dem natürlichen Legato. 1989 gewann er den angesehenen BBC Cardiff Singer of the World -Wettbewerb. Seit seinem westlichen Operndebüt in Tschaikowskis *Pique Dame* in Nizza wird er weltweit von den besten Opernhäusern und -festivals eingeladen. Daneben tritt er überall auf dem Globus als gefeierter Rezital-Solist auf und singt in Konzerten mit Spitzenorchestern und -dirigenten einschließlich James Levine, Bernard Haitink, Claudio Abbado, Lorin Maazel, Zubin Mehta, Yuri Temirkanov und Valery Gergiev.

Dmitri hat eine enge musikalische und persönliche Bindung an Russland bewahrt mit einer jährlichen Tournee durch russische Städte. Als erster Opersänger gab er ein Solokonzert mit Chor und Orchester auf dem Roten Platz in Moskau mit Fernsehübertragung in 25 Länder. Zusammen mit Renée Fleming, Jonas Kaufmann, Sumi Jo, Sondra Radvanovsky und anderen ist er unter dem Titel 'Dmitri Hvorostovsky und Freunde' in einer Konzertfolge in Moskau aufgetreten.

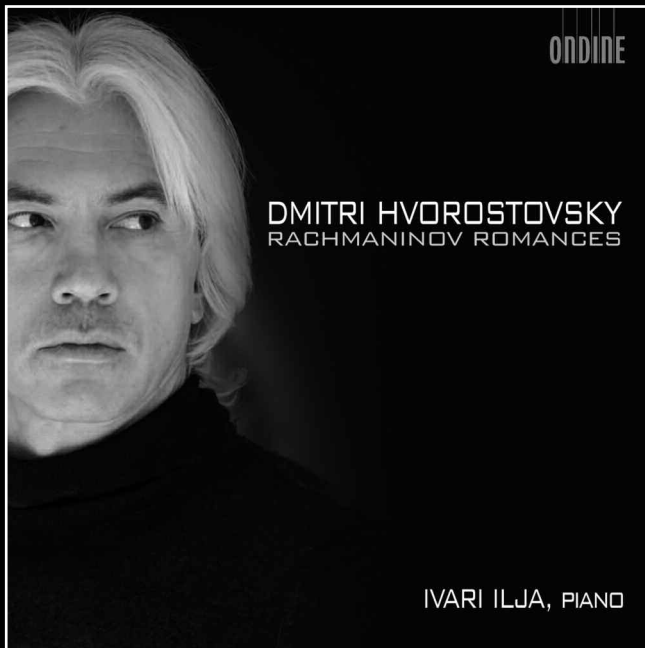
Dmitri hat eine Anzahl von Lied- und Operneinspielungen auf CD und DVD herausgebracht, die von der Kritik gefeiert wurden. Daneben sang und spielte er in dem preisgekrönten Film *Don Giovanni Unmasked* (2001), der auf Mozarts Oper basiert.

www.hvorostovsky.com

Der estnische Pianist **Ivari Ilja** tritt weltweit in vielen bedeutenden Konzerthäusern auf, als Partner so bekannter Sänger wie Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Irina Arkhipova, Maria Guleghina und Elena Zaremba. Seit 2003 ist er regelmäßig mit Dmitri Hvorostovsky auf Tournee durch die Vereinigten Staaten, Europa, Hong Kong und Japan. Ivari Ilja wurde in Tallinn geboren und studierte am dortigen Staatlichen Konservatorium sowie am Tschaikowsky-Konservatorium in Moskau.



Also available



ONDINE

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY
RACHMANINOV ROMANCES

IVARI ILJA, PIANO

Pyotr I. Tchaikovsky **Shest' romansov, Op. 73**

1 My sideli s toboj

Text: Daniil Maximovich Rathaus

My sideli s toboj u zasnuvshej reki.
S tikhoj pesnej proplyli domoj rybaki.
Solnca luch zolotoj za rekoj dogoral...
I tebe ja togda nichego ne skazal.

Zagremelo v dali... Nadvigalas' groza...
Po resnicam tvojim pokatilas' sleza...
I s bezumnym rydan'jem k tebe ja pripal...
I tebe nichego, nichego ne skazal.

14

I teper', v `eti dni, ja, kak prezhdde, odin,
uzh ne zhdu nichego ot gradushchikh godin...
V serdce zhiznennyj zvuk uzhdavno otzvuchal...
akh, zachem ja tebe nichego ne skazal!

2 Noch'

Text: Daniil Maximovich Rathaus

Merknet slabyj svet svechi...
Brodit mrak unylyj...
I toska szhimajet grud'
S neponjatnoj siloj...

Na pechal'nyje glaza
Tikho son niskhodit...
I s proshedshim v `etom stig
Rech' dusha zavodit.

Pyotr I. Tchaikovsky **Six Songs, Op. 73**

1 You and I were sitting together

Translation: unknown

You and I were sitting together by a sleeping river.
The fishermen passed by, singing a quiet song.
A golden sunbeam was dying over the river...
And that time I didn't tell you anything.

We heard the crash of thunder far away.
A storm was coming.
Tears flowed down your cheek.
I embraced you with passionate weeping
And I said nothing.

And these days I'm alone, as I have always been;
I do not expect anything from the years to come.
Such sounds faded from my heart long ago...
Ah, why did I say nothing?

2 Night

Translation: unknown

The candle is flickering,
The gloomy darkness fermenting...
And my heart is being squeezed
so mysteriously by sorrow ...

Upon my sad eyes
dreams quietly descend.
And in this moment my soul
is starting to talk to the days begone.

Istomilasja ona
Gorest'ju globokoj.
Pojavis' zhe, khot' vo sne,
O, moj drug dalekij!

3 V`etu lunnuju noč'

Text: Daniil Maximovich Rathaus

V`etu lunnuju noč', v`etu divnuju noč',
v`etot mig blagodatnyj svidan'ja,
o, moj drug, ja ne v silakh ljubvi prevozmoch',
uderzhat' ja ne v silakh priznan'ja!

V serebre chut' kolyshetsja ozero glad'...
Naklonjas', zasheptalisja ivy...
No bessil'ny slova! Kak tebe peredat'
istomlennogo serdca poryvy?

Noch' ne zhdjot, noč' letit... Zakatilas' luna...
zaalelo v tajinstvennoj dali..
Dorogaja, prosti! Snova zhizni volna
nam nesjot den' toski i pechali!

4 Zakatilos' solnce

Text: Daniil Maximovich Rathaus

Zakatilos' solnce, zaigrali kraski
legkoj pozolotoj v sineve nebes...
V obajan'je noči sladostrastnoj laski
tikho chto-to shepchet zadremavshij les...

I v dushe trevozhnoj umolkajut muki
i dyshat' vsej grud'ju v`etu noč' legko...

My soul
is worn out by sorrow...
Oh, come to me in my dream at least,
my friend who is so far away!

3 In this moonlit night

Translation: John Bergeron

In this moonlit night, this glorious night,
In this moment of graceful rendezvous,
O, my friend, I do not have the power to overcome love,
Nor can I keep from declaring it to you!

Gentle waves rock the smooth surface under the silvery light...
Bowing so as to whisper to the willow...
What words fail to express! How can I convey to you
The weariness of a broken heart?

The night does not wait, it flies... The moon has waned...
The first signs of red in the enigmatic distance...
Farewell, my dearest! Once again, the tide of life
Pulls us back to a day of melancholy and sorrow!

4 The sun has set

Translation: John Bergeron

The sun has set, with sparkling colours
A light golden hue in the blue of the heavens...
In the embrace of the night with its voluptuous caress
The slumbering forest quietly whispers...

And in the anxious soul, all anguish ceases
And can take, in this night, a deep breath with ease...

Nochi divnoj teni, nochi divnoj zvuki
nas s toboj unosjat, drug moj, daleko.

Vsja ob`jata negoj `etoj nochi strastnoj,
ty ko mne sklonilas' na plecho glavoj...
Ja bezumno schastliv, o, moj drug prekrasnyj,
beskonečno schastliv v `etu noch' s toboj!

5 Sred' mrachnykh dnei

Text: Daniil Maximovich Rathaush

Sred' mrachnykh dnei, pod gnetom bed,
iz mgly tumannoï proshlykh let,
kak otljesk radostrykh luchej,
mne svetit vzor tvoïkh ochej.

16 Pod obajan`jem svetlykh snov
mne mnitsja, ja s toboju vnov'.
Pri svete dnja, v nochnoj tishi
deljus' vostorgami dushi.

Ja vnov' s toboj! - moja pechal'
umchalas' v pasmurnuju dal'...
I strastno vnov' khoču ja zhit' -
toboj dyshat', tebjja ljubit'!

6 Snova, kak prezhdë

Text: Daniil Maximovich Rathaush

Snova, kak prezhdë, odin,
Snova ob`jat ja toskoj
Smotritsja topol' v okno,
Ves' ozarjonnij lunoj

This marvellous night of shadows, wonderful night of sounds
Carries us off, my friend, to a far away place.

All the blissful embraces of this passionate night,
Now you rest your head on my shoulder...
I am madly happy, oh, my beautiful friend,
Unendlessly happy in this night with you!

5 In the midst of gloomy days

Translation: John Bergeron

In the midst of gloomy days, under the weight of misfortune,
From the hazy fog of years past,
Like a joyous reflection of rays of hope,
I see the glance of your shining eyes.

In the embrace of radiant sleep
I imagine myself once again with you.
In the light of day, in the silence of night
Sharing with you the joys of the soul.

I am with you again! – My sorrow
Hurdes into the sullen distance...
And again my desire to live glows with a passion –
To breathe as one with you, to love you!

6 Again, as before

Translation: Leonid Gulchin

I am alone again, as before,
And again unbearable anguish oppresses my heart.
The poplar is looking at my window
Illumined by the Moon

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

Modest P. Mussorgsky: Pesni i pljaski smerti

Text: Arseny Arkad'yevich Golenishchev-Kutuzov

7 Kolybel'naja

Stonet rebjonok... Svecha, nagoraja,
 Tusklo mercajet krugom.
 Celuju noch' kolybel'ku kachaja,
 Mat' ne zabylasja snom.
 Ranyim-ranjokhon'ko v dver' ostorozhno
 Smert' serdobol'naja stuk!
 Vzdrognula mat', ogljanulas' trevozhno...
 „Polno pugat'sja, moj drug!
 Blednoje utro uzh smotrit v okoshko...
 Placha, toskuja, ljublja,
 Ty utomilas', vzdremni-ka nemnozhko,
 Ja posizhu za tebjja.
 Ugomonit' ty ditiya ne sumela.
 Slashche tebjja ja spoju.” -
 „Tishe! rebjonok moj mechetsja, b'jotsja,
 Dushu terzaja moju!”
 „Nu, da so mnoju on skoro ujimjotsja.

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

Modest P. Mussorgsky Songs and Dances of Death

Translation: Sergey Rybin

7 Lullaby

A child is groaning... A candle, burning out,
 Dimly flickers onto surroundings.
 The whole night, rocking the cradle,
 A mother has not dozed away with sleep.
 Early-early in the morning, carefully, on the door
 Compassionate Death — Knock!
 The mother shuddered, looked back with worry...
 “Don't get frightened, my dear!
 Pale morning already looks in the window...
 With crying, anguishing and loving
 You have tired yourself, have a little nap,
 I'll sit instead of you.
 You've failed to pacify the child.
 I'll sing sweeter than you” —
 “Quiet! My child rushes and struggles,
 Tormenting my soul!”
 “Well, with me he'll soon be appeased.

Bajushki, baju, baju." -
 „Shchjochki blednejut, slabejet dykhan'je...
 Da zamolchi-zhe, molju!" -
 „Dobroje znamen'je, stikhnet stradan'je,
 Bajushki, baju, baju."
 „Proch' ty, prokljajata!
 Laskoj svojeju sgubish' ty radost' moju!"
 „Net, mirnyj son ja mladencu naveju.
 Bajushki, baju, baju." -
 „Szhalsja, pozhdi dopevat' khot' mgnoven'je,
 Strashnuju pesnju tvoju!"
 „Vidish', usnul on pod tikhoje pen'je.
 Bajushki, baju, baju."

8 Serenada

18

Nega volshebnaja, noch' golubaja,
 Trepetnyj sumrak vesny.
 Vnemlet, poniknuv golovkoj, bol'naja
 Shopot nochnoj tishiny.
 Son ne smykajet blestjashchije ochi,
 Zhizn' k naslzhden'ju zavjot,
 A pod okoshkom v molchan'ji polnochi
 Smert' serenadu pojot:
 „V mrake nevoli surovoy i tesnoj
 Molodost' vjanet tvoja;
 Rycar' nevedomyj, siloj chudesnoj
 Osvobozhu ja tebjja.
 Vstan', posmotri na sebja: krasotoju
 Lik tvoj prozrachnyj blestit,
 Shchjoki rumjany, volnistoj kosoju
 Stan tvoj, kak tuchej obvit.
 Pristal'nykh glaz goluboje sijan'je,
 Jarche nebes i ognja;
 Znojem poludennym vejat dykhan'je...

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby." —
 "The cheeks are fading, the breath in weakening...
 Be quiet, I beg you!" —
 "That's a good sign, the suffering will quieten,
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby." —
 "Be gone, you damned thing!
 With your tenderness you'll kill my joy!" —
 "No, a peaceful sleep I'll conjure up for the baby.
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby." —
 "Have pity, wait at least for a moment
 with finishing your awful song!" —
 "Look, he fell asleep with my quiet singing.
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby."

8 Serenade

Magical languor, blue night,
 Trembling darkness of spring.
 The sick girl takes in, with her head dropped,
 The whisper of the night's silence.
 Sleep does not close her shining eyes,
 Life beckons towards pleasures,
 Meanwhile under the window in the midnight silence
 Death sings a serenade:
 "In the gloom of captivity, severe and stifling,
 Your youth is fading away;
 A mysterious knight, with magic powers
 I'll free you up.
 Stand up, look at yourself: with beauty
 Your translucent face is shining,
 Your cheeks are rosy, with a wavy plait
 Your figure is entwined, like with a cloud.
 The blue radiance of your piercing eyes
 Is brighter than skies and fire.
 Your breath flutters with the midday heat ...

Ty obol'stila menja.
 Slukh tvoj plenilsja mojej serenadoj,
 Rycarja shopot tvoj zval,
 Rycar' prishjol za poslednej nagradoj:
 Chas upojen'ja nastal.
 Nezhen tvoj stan, upojitelen trepet...
 O, zadushu ja tebjja
 V krepkikh ob'jat'jakh: ljubovnyj moj lepet
 Slushaj!... molchi!... Ty mojaj!"

9 Trepak

Les da poljany, bezljud'je krugom.
 V'juga i plachet i stonet,
 Chujetsja, budto vo mrake nochnom,
 Zlaja, kogo-to khoronit;
 Gljad', tak i jest'! V temnote muzhika
 Smert' obnimajet, laskajet,
 S p'janen'kim pljashet dvovojom trepaka,
 Na ukho pesn' navepajet:
 Oj, muzhichok, starichok ubogoj,
 P'jan napilsja, popljolsja dorogoj,
 A mjaatel'-to, ved'ma, podnjalas', vzygrala.
 S polja v les dremuchij nevznachaj zagnala.
 Gorem, toskoj da nuzhdaj tomimyj,
 Ljag, prikorni, da usni, rodimyj!
 Ja tebjja, golubchik moj, snezhkom sogreju,
 Vkrug tebjja velikuju igru zateju.
 Vzbej-ka postel', ty mjaatel'-lebjodka!
 Gej, nachinaj, zapevaj pogodka!
 Skazku, da takuju, chtob vsju noch' tjanulas',
 Chtob p'janchuge krepko pod nejo zasnulos'!
 Oj, vy lesa, nebesa, da tuchi,
 Tem', veterok, da snezhok letuchij!
 Svejt'es' pelenoju, snezhnoj, pukhovoju;

You have seduced me.
 Your hearing is captured with my serenade,
 Your voice called for a knight,
 The knight has come for the ultimate reward;
 The hour of ecstasy has arrived.
 Your body is tender, your trembling is ravishing...
 Oh, I'll suffocate you
 in my strong embraces: listen to my seductive
 chatter! ... be silent!... You are mine!"

9 Trepak (Russian Dance)

Forest and glades, no one is around.
 A snow-storm is crying and groaning,
 It feels as in the gloom of the night
 The Evil One is burying someone;
 Hush, it is so! In the darkness
 Death is hugging and caressing an old man,
 With the drunkard She is dancing a trepak,
 While singing a song into his ear:
 "Oh, my little wretched man,
 Got drunk, stumbled along the road,
 But the witch-blizzard has risen furiously,
 And driven you from the glade into the dense forest.
 Tortured with anguish and need,
 Lie down, curl up and fall asleep, my dear!
 I'll warm you up with snow, my darling,
 And stir up a great game around you.
 Shake up the bed, you blizzard-swan!
 Hey, get going, start chanting, you weather
 A fairy tale, that could last all night,
 So that the drunkard could fall asleep soundly!
 Hey you, forests, skies and clouds,
 Gloom, wind and fleeting snow,
 Wreath into a shroud, snowy and fluffy;

Jeju, kak mladenca, starichka priroju...
Spi, moj družhok, muzhichok schastlivy,
Leto prishlo, rascvelo!
Nad nivoj solnyshko smejetsja da serpy glajjut,
Pesenka nesjotsja, golubki letajut...

10 Polkovodec

Grokhochet bitva, bleshut broni,
Orud'ja zhadnyje revut,
Begut polki, nesutsja koni
I reki krasnyje tekut.
Pylajet polden', ljudi b'jutsja;
Sklonilos' solnce, boj sil'nej;
Zakat blednejet, no derutsja
Vragi vse jarostnej i zlej.
I pala noč' na pole brani.
20 Družiny v mrake razoshlis'...
Vsjo stiklo, i v nochnom tumane
Stenan'ja k nebu podnjalis'.
Togda, ozarena lunoj,
Na bojevom svojom kone,
Kostej sverkaja beliznoju,
Javilas' smert'; i v tishine,
Vnimaja vopli i molitvy,
Dovol'stva gordogo polna,
Kak polkovodec mesto bitvy
Krugom ob'jekhala ona.
Na kholm podnjavshis', ogljanulas',
Ostanovilas', ulybnulas'...
I nad ravninoj bojevoj
Razdalsja golos rokovoj:
„Konchena bitva! ja vsekh pobedila!
Vse predo mnoj vy smirilis', bojcy!
Zhizn' vas possorila, ja pomirila!

With it I'll cover our old man, like a baby...
Sleep, my little friend, happy wretch,
The summer has come and blossomed!
Above the fields the sun is laughing and sickles roam,
The song hovers around; the doves are flying about..."

10 Field marshal

The battle is thundering, the armour is shining,
Copper cannons are roaring,
The troops are running, the horses are rushing
And red rivers are flowing.
The midday is blazing — people are fighting,
The sun is declining — the fight is stronger,
The sunset is fading away — but the enemies
Are still battling more fierce and hateful.
And night has fallen on the battlefield.
The armies have parted in the darkness...
Everything has fallen quiet, and in the night's mist
The groans have risen to the heavens.
Then, illuminated by moonlight,
On her battle horse,
Shining with the whiteness of her bones,
Appeared Death; and in the silence,
Taking in moans and prayers,
Full of proud satisfaction,
Like a field marshal she circled around
The place of battle,
And having ridden to the top on the hill,
looked around, stopped, smiled....
And above the battlefield
Roared her fateful voice:
"The battle is finished! I won over everyone!
You all submitted before me, soldiers!
Life has made you quarrel, I have reconciled you!

Druzhno vstavajte na smotr, mertvecy!
 Marshem torzhestvennym mimo projdite,
 Vojsko mojo ja khochu soschitat';
 V zemlju potom svoji kosti slozhite,
 Sladko ot zhizni v zemle otdykhay!'!
 Gody nezrimo projdut za godami,
 V ljudjakh ischeznet i pamjat' o vas.
 Ja ne zabudu i gromko nad vami
 Pir budu pravit' v polunochnyj chas!
 Pljaskoj tjazhjoliju zemlju syruju
 Ja pritopchu, chtoby sen' grobovuju
 Kostj pokinut' vovek ne mogli,
 Chtob nikogda vam ne vstat' iz zemli!"

SERGEI I. TANEYEV

11 Ljudi spjat, Op. 17/10

Text: Afanasy Afanas'yevich Fet

Ljudi spjat; moj drug, pojddom v tenistvyj sad.
 Ljudi spjat, odni tish' zvjozdy k nam gljadjat,
 Da i te ne vidjat nas sredi vetvej,
 I ne slyshat, slyshit tol'ko solovej...

Da i tot ne slyshit: pesn' jeho gromka.
 Razve slyshat tol'ko serdce da ruka.
 Slyshit serdce, skol'ko radostej zemli,
 Skol'ko schastija sjuda my prinesli.

Da ruka, uslysha, serdcu govorit,
 Chto chuzhaja v nej pylajet i drozhit,

Stand up as one for the parade, corpses!
 Pass in front of me in a pompous march,
 I want to count my troops;
 Then deposit your bones into the earth,
 It is sweet to rest from life in the ground!
 Year after year will pass,
 And even the memory of you will disappear.
 I will not forget and loudly above you
 Will hold a feast at the midnight hour!
 With a heavy dance I'll trample
 The raw earth, so that the realm of the grave
 Your bones will never be able to leave,
 So that you'll never rise from the ground!"

SERGEI I. TANEYEV

11 All are asleep, Op. 17/10

Translation: John Bergeron

All are asleep; my friend, let us go to the shady garden.
 All are asleep, and only the stars glance down,
 But even they don't see us beneath the branches,
 And they can't hear us, only the nightingale can hear...

And even it does not hear us – its song is too loud.
 Perhaps only the heart and, yes, the hand can hear.
 The heart hears, how much earthly joy,
 How much happiness we have brought here.

And the hand, listening, tells the heart,
 That it feels its burning and trembling,

Chto i jej ot `etoj drozhi gorjacho,
Chto k plechu nevol'no klonitsja plecho...

12 Menu'et, Op. 26/9

Text: Lev L'vovich Kobylinsky after Ch. d'Orias

Sredi nasledij proshlykh let
S mel'knuvshim ikh ocharovan'jem
Ljublju starinnjy menu'et
S jego umil'nym zamiran'jem!

Da, v te veselye veka
Trudneje ne bylo nauki,
Chem nozhki vmakh, stuk kabluchka
V lad pod razmerennye zvuki!

22

Mne mil vesjolyj ritunel'
S jego blestjashchej pestrotoju,
Ljublju pevuchej skripki tre!',
Prizyv krilivogo gobja!

No chasto ikh napev zhivoj
Vdrug nota skorbnaja pronzala,
I chasto v shumnom vikhre bala
Mne otzvuk slyshalsja inoj,

Kak budto pronosilos' `ekho
Zloveschikh, besposhchadnykh slov,
I kholodelo vdrug sred' smekha
Chelo v venke zhivykh cvetov!

I vot, pokuda prisedala
Tolpa prababushek mojikh,
Pod strastnyj shopot madrigala,
Uvy, sud'ba reshalas' ikh!

And that it also grows warm from its trembling,
As one shoulder instinctively leans against the other...

12 Minuet, Op. 26/9

Translation: John Bergeron

From a bygone age
With its fleeting charm
I love the old-fashioned minuet
With its touching momentary pauses!

Yes, in that merry era
No science was more difficult,
Than waving one's legs and clicking one's heels
In measured harmony with the music!

How sweet I find the merry ritornello
With its brilliant colourful display,
I love the trill of the singing violins,
And the penetrating call of the oboe!

Yet, often its lively melody
Suddenly strikes a mournful note,
And often in the noisy whirlwind of the ball
I hear a different sound,

As if an echo flies past
Sinister, ominous words,
And suddenly, in the midst of laughter
A brow crowned with flowers grows cold!

While my great-grandmothers and all their kin,
Make a curtsy,
Passionate whispers exchange during the madrigal
And, alas, their fate is sealed!

Smotrite, plavno, gordelivo
Skol'zit markiza pred tolpoj
S ministrom pod ruku... O divo!
No robkij vzor blestit slezjoj...

Vokrug vostorg i obozhan'je,
Carice bala shljut privet,
A na chele Temiry sled
Bor'by i tajnogo stradan'ja.

I kazhdyy den' vorozheju
K sebe zavjot Temira v strakhe:
„Otkroj, otkroj sud'bu moju!”
„Sen'ora, vash konec na plakhe!”

13 Ne veter veja s vysoty, Op. 17/5

Text: Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy

Ne veter, veja s vysoty,
Listov kosnulsja noč'ju lunnoj.
Mojej dushi kosnulas' ty.
Ona trevozhna, kak listy,
Ona, kak gusli, mnogostrunna.

Zhitejskij vikhr' jejo terzal
I sokrushitel'nym nabegom,
Svistja i voja, struny rval
I zanosil kholodnym snegom.

Tvoja zhe rech' laskajet slukh,
Tvojo legko prikosnoven'je,
Kak ot cvetov letjashchij pukh,
Kak majskoj nochi dunoven'je.

Look, how flowing, how proud
The marquise glides in front of the crowd
With the minister arm in arm... How marvellous!
But tears glisten in her shy glance...

Delight and adoration abound,
The crowd welcomes the empress of the ball,
Yet there is a mark on the brow of Temira
Of battles and secret suffering.

And every day the fortune teller
Is summoned to Temira in terror:
“Reveal, reveal my fate!”
“My Dame, your end is on the executioner's block!”

13 Not the wind from on high, Op. 17/5

Translation: John Bergeron

Not the wind, blowing from on high,
Has brushed the leaves against me on this moonlit night,
You are the one who has touched my soul.
It trembles, like the leaves,
Like a many-stringed psaltery.

A whirlwind of mundane burdens,
Savages my soul with its destructive raids.
Whistling and howling, it rips at the strings
And blankets them in a cold snow.

But your voice is a soothing sound,
Your touch light and tender,
Like pollen blown from a flower,
Like a wafting breeze on a May night.

14 Zimnij put', Op. 32/4

Text: Yakov Petrovich Polonsky

Noch' kholodnaja mutno gljadit
Pod rogozhu kibitki mojej;
Pod poloz'jami pole skripit,
Pod dugoj kolokol'chik gremit,
A jamshchik pogonjajet konej...

Za gorami, lesami, v dymu oblakov
Svetit pasmurnyj prizrak luny;
Voj protjazhnyj golodnykh volkov
Razdajotsja v tumane dremuchikh lesov...
Mne mereshchatsja strannyje sny.

24 Mne vsjo chuditsja: budto skamejka stojit,
Na skamejke starushka sidit,
Do polunochi prjazhu prjadjot,
Mne ljubimyje skazki moji govorit,
Kolybel'nyje pesni pojot...

I ja vizhu vo sne, kak na volke verkhom
Jedu ja po tropinke lesnoj
Vojevat' s charodejem-carjom
V tu stranu, gde carevna sidit pod zamkom,
Iznyvaja za krepkoj stenoi.

Tam stekljannyj dvorec okruzhajut sady,
Tam zhar-pticy pojut po nocham
I kljujut zolotyje plody,
Tam zhurchit kljuch zivij i kljuch mjortvoj vody —
I ne verish' i verish' oчам.

14 Winter path, Op. 32/4

Translation: John Bergeron

The cold night looks dim
From under the felt covers of my nomad tent;
The grating sound beneath the runners on the field,
The bell clatters from under the harness,
And the coachman urges on the horses.

From beyond the mountains and forests, in the smoke of
the clouds
Shines the sullen phantom of the moon;
The droning howls of hungry wolves
Resounds in the fog of the thick woods...
As if appearing in a strange dream.

It seems to me as if I see a bench,
Upon which an old woman sits,
Spinning yarn until midnight,
Reciting my favourite fairy tales,
Singing lullabies...

And I see in a dream, how on the back of a wolf
I ride down the forest path
To fight the sorcerer king
In that land, where the princess sits imprisoned,
Pining away behind sturdy walls.

Where a glass palace is surrounded by gardens,
Where the fire-birds sing at night
And peck at golden fruit,
Where the waters of the spring of life and the spring of
death softly murmur —
And believe your eyes or not.

A kholodnaja noch' tak zhe mutno gljadit
Pod rogozhu kibitki mojej;
Pod poloz'jami pole skripit,
Pod dugoj kolokol'chik gremi,
A jamshchik pogonjajet konej.

15 Stalakity, Op. 26/6

*Text: Lev L'vovich Kobylinsky
after René-François Sully-Prudhomme*

Mne dorog grot, gde dymnym svetom
Moj fakel sumrak bagrijanit,
Gde `ekho grustnoje zvuchit
Na vzdokh nevol'nyj moj otvetom;

Mne dorog grot, gde stalakity,
Kak gor'kikh sljoz zamjorzshij rjad,
Na svodakh kamennykh visjat,
Gde kapli padajut na plity.

Pust' vechno v sumrake pechal'nom
Carit torzhestvennyj pokoj,
I stalakity predo mnoj
Visjat uborom pogrebal'nym...

Uvy! Ljubvi mojej davno
zamjorzli gorestnyje sljozy,
No vsjo zhe serdcu suzhdeno
Rydat' i v zimnije morozy.

And the cold night still looks dim
From under the felt covers of my nomad tent;
The grating sound beneath the runners on the field,
The bell clatters from under the harness,
And the coachman urges on the horses.

15 Stalactites, Op. 26/6

Translation: John Bergeron

I love the grotto, where the smoky light
Of my torch casts a crimson glow in the dusk,
Where the sad echo resonates
An answer to my involuntary sigh;

I love the grotto, where stalactites,
Like frozen rows of bitter tears,
Hang from the stone vault,
Where drops fall on the slabs.

For all eternity, in the sorrowful dusk
Let solemn silence reign,
And the stalactites before me
Hang in their funeral attire...

Alas! Long ago were the mournful tears
Of my love frozen stiff,
Yet my heart remains doomed
To sob in this earthly frost.

16 B'jotsja serdce bespokojnoje, Op. 17/9

Text: Nikolai Alekseyevich Nekrasov

B'jotsja serdce bespokojnoje,
Otumanilis' glaza.
Dunoven'je strasti znojnoje
Naletelo, kak groza.

Vspominaju ochi jasnyje
Dal'nej sputnicy mojej,
Povtorjaju stansy strastnyje,
Chto slozhil kogda-to jej.

Ja zovu jejo, zhelannuju,
Uletim s toboju vnov'
V tu stranu obetovannuju,
Gde venchala nas ljubov'.

Rozy tam cvetut dushisteje,
Tam lazurnej nebesa,
Solov'ji tam golosisteje,
Gustolistvennej lesa.

16 Anxiously beats the heart, Op. 17/9

Translation: John Bergeron

Anxiously beats the heart,
The eyes grow foggy.
A gust of burning passion
Flies up, like a thunderstorm.

Recalling the clear eyes
Of my distant companion,
I repeat the passionate stanzas,
That I once composed for her.

I call to her, my beloved,
Let us fly off together anew
To that promised land,
Where our love united us.

Where the sweet-scented roses are in bloom,
With a sky so azure blue,
Where the nightingales coo unrestrained,
In the dense foliage of the forest.

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893)

Six Songs, Op. 73

1	You and I were sitting together (My sideli s toboj)	2'42
2	Night (Noch')	4'09
3	In this moonlit night (V `etu lunnuju noch')	2'02
4	The sun has set (Zakatilos' solnce)	1'54
5	In the midst of gloomy days (Sred' mrachnykh dnei)	1'51
6	Again, as before (Snova, kak prezhdje)	2'54

MODEST PETROVICH MUSSORGSKY (1839–1881)

Songs and Dances of Death

7	Lullaby (Kolybel'naja)	5'27
8	Serenade (Serenada)	5'01
9	Trepak	5'20
10	Field marshal (Polkovodec)	6'14

SERGEI IVANOVICH TANAYEV (1856–1915)

11	All are asleep (Ljudi spat), Op. 17/10	3'38
12	Minuet (Menu`et), Op. 26/9	4'48
13	Not the wind from on high (Ne veter veja s vysoty), Op. 17/5	2'19
14	Winter path (Zimnij put'), Op. 32/4	3'05
15	Stalactites (Stalaktity), Op. 26/6	4'24
16	Anxiously beats the heart (B'jotsja serdce bespokojnoje), Op. 17/9	2'14

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY, baritone | IVARI ILJA, piano