

Russian Songs

**Margarita Gritskova,
Mezzo-soprano**

**Maria Prinz,
Piano**



Russian Songs

Pyotr Il'yich TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893)		
1	Khotel bī v edinoye slovo ('I wish I could take all my sadness') (1875) (text: Heinrich Heine, 1797–1856, translation: Lev Alexandrovich Mey, 1822–1862)	1:46
2	6 Romances, Op. 38 – No. 2. To bīlo ranneyu vesnoy ('Those were the first few days of spring') (1878) (text: Aleksey Tolstoy, 1817–1875, after Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749–1832)	2:45
3	7 Romances, Op. 47 – No. 7. Ya li v pole da ne travushka bīla? ('And was I not once a little blade of grass') (1880) (text: Ivan Surikov, 1841–1880 after Taras Shevchenko, 1814–1861)	5:18
4	6 Romances, Op. 16 – No. 1. Kolibel'naya pesnya ('Lullaby') (1872) (text: Apollon Nikolayevich Maykov, 1821–1897)	4:27
5	6 Romances, Op. 38 – No. 3. Sred' shumnovo bala ('By chance at a ball I did see you') (1878) (text: Aleksey Tolstoy)	1:49
6	7 Romances, Op. 47 – No. 1. Kabī znala ya ('If I'd only guessed') (1880) (text: Aleksey Tolstoy)	4:36
7	6 Romances, Op. 6 – No. 6. Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal ('No, only he who knew') (1869) (text: Lev Alexandrovich Mey after Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)	2:37
8	6 Romances, Op. 6 – No. 2. Ni slova, o drug moy ('Not one word, not one sigh, oh my friend...') (1869) (text: Moritz Hartmann, 1821–1872, translation: Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev, 1825–1893)	2:41
9	Moy geniy, moy angel, moy drug ('My Genius, my Angel, my Friend') (1857/58) (text: Afanasy Fet, 1820–1892)	2:01
Nikolay Andreyevich RIMSKY-KORSAKOV (1844–1908)		
10	Vesnoy, Op. 43 ('In Spring') – No. 2. Ne veter, vey a s visotī ('Twas not the wind that lightly brushed') (1897) (text: Aleksey Tolstoy)	1:49
11	4 Songs, Op. 42 – No. 3. Redeyet oblakov letuchaya gryada ('The flying wisps of clouds are thinning, scattering far') (1897) (text: Alexander Pushkin, 1799–1837)	3:21
12	4 Songs, Op. 39 – No. 2. Zapad gasnet v dali bledno-rozovoy ('In the west the pale rose sunset's darkening') (1897) (text: Aleksey Tolstoy)	2:40
13	4 Songs, Op. 2 – No. 2. Plenivshis' rozoy, solovey (Vostochniy romans) ('A rose has charmed a nightingale (An Eastern Romance)') (1866) (text: Aleksey Vasil'yevich Koltsov, 1809–1842)	3:10
14	4 Songs, Op. 3 – No. 4. Na kholmakh Gruzii ('Upon the Georgian hills there lies the haze of night') (1866) (text: Alexander Pushkin)	2:02
Sergey RACHMANINOV (1873–1943)		
15	12 Songs, Op. 14 – No. 1. Ya zhdū tebya ('I wait for you') (1894–96) (text: Mariya Davidova, 1863–?)	1:37
16	6 Songs, Op. 8 – No. 4. Polyubila ya na pechal' svoyu ('Oh, I fell in love, to my own despair') (1893) (text: Taras Shevchenko (1814–1861), translation: Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev, 1825–1893)	2:16
17	6 Songs, Op. 4 – No. 4. Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne ('Oh beauty, do not sing to me') (1893) (text: Alexander Pushkin)	4:41
18	12 Songs, Op. 21 – No. 7. Zdes' khorosho ('How good 'tis here!') (1900) (text: Galina Galina, 1873–1942)	1:44
19	14 Songs, Op. 34 – No. 14. Vocalise (1912)	5:20
20	12 Songs, Op. 14 – No. 11. Vesenniye vodi ('The Waters of Spring') (1894–96) (text: Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev, 1803–1873)	2:09

Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893)
Born in Kamsko-Votkinsk in 1840, the second son of a mining engineer, Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky had his early education, in music as in everything else, at home, under the care of his mother and a beloved governess. From the age of ten he was a pupil at the Imperial School of Jurisprudence in St Petersburg, completing his studies there in 1859, and going on to take employment in the Ministry of Justice. During these years he developed his abilities as a musician and it must have seemed probable that, like his near contemporaries Modest Mussorgsky, César Cui, Nikolay Andreyevich Rimsky-Korsakov and Alexander Borodin, he would keep music as a secondary occupation, while following his official career.

For Tchaikovsky matters turned out differently. The foundation of the new St Petersburg Conservatory under Anton Rubinstein enabled him to study there as a full-time student from 1863. In 1865 he moved to Moscow as a member of the staff of a new conservatory, established there by Anton Rubinstein's brother, Nikolay. For over ten years he taught in Moscow, before financial assistance from a rich widow, Nadezhda von Meck, enabled him to leave the conservatory, and devote himself entirely to composition. The same period in his life brought an unfortunate marriage to a self-proclaimed admirer of his work, a woman who showed early signs of mental instability and could only add further to Tchaikovsky's own problems of character and inclination. His homosexuality was a torment to him, while his morbid sensitivity and diffidence, coupled with physical revulsion for the woman he had married, led to a severe nervous breakdown.

Separation from his wife, which was immediate, still left practical and personal problems to be solved. Tchaikovsky's relationship with Nadezhda von Meck, however, provided not only the money that at first was necessary for his career, but also the understanding and support of a woman who never even met him face to face, and made no physical demands upon him. This curiously remote liaison and patronage only came to an end in 1890, when, on the false plea of bankruptcy, she discontinued an allowance that was no longer of importance, and a correspondence on which he had come to depend.

Tchaikovsky's sudden death in St Petersburg in 1893 gave rise to contemporary speculation, and has since

sparked further posthumous rumours. It has been suggested that he committed suicide as the result of pressure from a court of honour of former students of the Imperial School of Jurisprudence, when an allegedly erotic liaison with a young nobleman seemed likely to cause an open scandal even in court circles. Officially, his death was attributed to cholera, contracted after drinking undistilled water. Whether the victim of cholera, of his own carelessness, reckless despair or of death deliberately courted, Tchaikovsky was widely mourned.

During the course of his life Tchaikovsky wrote 100 or so songs, the first before his entry to the St Petersburg Conservatory and the last in 1893, the year of his death.

Khotel bī v edinoye slovo ('I wish I could take all my sadness') is one of two songs provided for Nikolay Bernard's *Nouvelliste*, where it was issued as a supplement to the September 1875 issue. The text, by Lev Alexandrovich Mey, is a translation of Heinrich Heine's *Ich wollt', meine Schmerzen ergössen / Sich all' in ein einziges Wort* ('I would pour out my sorrows all in a single word, and let the wind carry them away').

The *6 Romances, Op. 38* were written after the disaster of Tchaikovsky's marriage, his escape abroad and return in 1878 to stay at Nadezhda von Meck's estate in the Ukraine, in its owner's absence. The second of the set, *To bīlo ranneyu vesnoy* ('Those were the first few days of spring') uses a poem by Aleksey Tolstoy, a text among those suggested by Madame von Meck. This Russian poem is based on Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's *Mailed* and describes the early spring, with the poet's beloved standing in front of them, smiling, an answer to the poet's love, now recalled in joy and sorrow.

Tchaikovsky wrote the seven songs of *Op. 47* in the summer of 1880 at his sister's house at Kamenka and at Brailov. He dedicated them to the soprano Alexandra Panayeva, on whom his brother Anatoly had unsuccessfully set his heart. *Ya li v pole da ne travushka bīla?* ('And was I not once a little blade of grass'), the seventh song, takes a version of Taras Shevchenko's Ukrainian song and treats it in a very Russian manner. The words, by Ivan Surikov, express the sad despair of a young girl, married off by her parents to an old man for whom she has no love.

The *6 Romances, Op. 16* of 1872 start with a setting of words by Apollon Nikolayevich Maykov from his cycle of

New Greek Songs. This lullaby, *Kolibel'naya pesnya*, was arranged for piano in 1873. It is dedicated to Nadezhda Rimsky-Korsakov.

In the third song of *Op. 38, Sred' shumnovo bala* ('By chance at a ball I did see you'), a poem by Aleksey Tolstoy, the poet catches sight of his future love interest at a ball, admiring her voice, her figure, her look and her laughter, and recalling these alone at night, imagining that now he is in love. The *Op. 38 Romances* were dedicated to Tchaikovsky's brother Anatoly, who had been of considerable support during the difficulties of the past year.

The first song of *Op. 47, Kabi znala ya* ('If I'd only guessed'), is a setting of a poem by Aleksey Tolstoy, and tells of the girl whose lover rides by on the hunt and how she might have awaited him in the evening, by the well.

The six songs that make up the *6 Romances, Op. 6* were written between 27 November and 29 December 1869. The group ends with a setting of Mey's version of Goethe's *Mignon* song, *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt* ('Only he who knows longing'), from *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, in the Russian translation *Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal*, familiar in English as *None but the Lonely Heart* and the best known of all Tchaikovsky's songs outside Russia.

The second song of *Op. 6, Ni slova, o drug moy* ('Not one word, not one sigh, oh my friend...'), sets a translation by Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev of a poem by the radical Austrian writer Moritz Hartmann. It is dedicated to Tchaikovsky's first Moscow friend, Nikolay Kashkin, who also taught at the conservatory there, and with its short phrases, conveys an even greater feeling of drama.

The earliest of Tchaikovsky's songs to be heard here is *Moy geniy, moy angel, moy drug* ('My Genius, my Angel, my Friend'). A setting of a poem *To Ophelia* by the lyric poet Afanasy Fet, it was composed in 1857 or 1858. The song is of interest as evidence of the composer's early abilities, before his formal study at the conservatory.

Nikolay Andreyevich Rimsky-Korsakov (1844–1908) Nikolay Andreyevich Rimsky-Korsakov originally intended to embark upon a naval career, following the example of his elder brother. He showed some musical ability even as a very small child, but at the age of 14 entered the Naval Cadet College in St Petersburg in pursuit of a more immediately attractive ambition. The city, in any case,

offered musical opportunities. He continued piano lessons, but, more important than this, he was able to enjoy the opera and attend his first concerts.

It was in 1861, the year before he completed his course at the naval college, that Rimsky-Korsakov met Mily Balakirev, a musician who was to become an important influence on him, as he was on the young army officers Modest Mussorgsky and César Cui, who already formed part of his circle, later joined by Alexander Borodin. The meeting had a far-reaching effect on Rimsky-Korsakov's career, although in 1862 he set sail as a midshipman on a cruise that was to keep him away from Russia for the next two and a half years.

On his return in 1865 Rimsky-Korsakov fell again under the influence of Balakirev. On shore there was more time for music, and the motivation he needed for a serious application to music that resulted in compositions in which he showed his early ability as an orchestrator and his deftness in the use of Russian themes – a gift that Balakirev did much to encourage as part of his campaign to create a truly Russian form of music. Nevertheless, as Rimsky-Korsakov himself soon realised, Balakirev lacked the necessary technique of a composer, justifying Anton Rubinstein's taunts of amateurism. In spite of his own perceived deficiencies in this respect, in 1871 Rimsky-Korsakov took a position as professor of instrumentation and composition at the St Petersburg Conservatory, and the following year resigned his commission in the navy to become a civilian Inspector of Naval Bands, a position created for him through personal and family influence.

Rimsky-Korsakov's subsequent career was a distinguished one. Understanding the need for a sure command of compositional techniques, harmony, counterpoint and orchestration, he set to work to make good these defects in his own musical formation with remarkable success. This led him, as the only real professional of the nationalist group dominated by Balakirev, to undertake the completion and, often, the orchestration of works left unfinished by other composers of the new Russian school. As early as 1869, Alexander Dargomyzhsky had left him the task of completing the opera *The Stone Guest*. 20 years later he was to perform similar tasks for the music of Mussorgsky and for Borodin, both of whom had left much undone at the time of their deaths. Relations with Balakirev

were not always easy, and Rimsky-Korsakov, who had become increasingly intolerant of the former's obligatory and dogmatic interference in the work of others, was to become associated with Mitrofan Belyayev and his schemes for the publication of new Russian music, a connection that Balakirev could only see as disloyalty. There were other influences on his composition, particularly with his first hearing of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* in 1889 and consequent renewed attention to opera, after a brief period of depression and silence, the result of illness and death in his family.

Rimsky-Korsakov was involved in the disturbances of 1905, when he sided with the conservatory students, joining with some colleagues in a public demand for political reform, an action that brought his dismissal from the institution, to which he was able to return when his pupil and friend Alexander Glazunov became director the following year. He died in 1908.

Like Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov too wrote a number of songs – 50 or more art songs and arrangements of 100 folk songs. In his autobiography, he claimed that his first song was a setting of a poem by Heinrich Heine in December 1865. Whatever the accuracy of this, it was included among the four songs that form *Op. 2*. The second of the set, *Plenivshis' rozoy, solovey (Vostochniy romans)* ('A rose has charmed a nightingale (An Eastern Romance)'), after the poem by Aleksey Vasil'yevich Koltsov, was written in February 1866, inspired by hearing the soprano Natalya Ermolenko-Yuzhina at the house of Mikhail Glinka's sister, to which he had been taken by Balakirev. May of the same year brought the four songs of *Op. 3*, the fourth of which is a setting of Pushkin, *Na kholmakh Gruzii* ('Upon the Georgian hills there lies the haze of night').

Rimsky-Korsakov records the composition of some 40 songs in 1897, a flourish of productivity that he compares with the sparser period 30 years earlier. The four songs of *Op. 39*, settings of words by Aleksey Tolstoy, include *Zapad gasnet v dal' bledno-rozovoy* ('In the west the pale rose sunset's darkening'). *Op. 42* includes *Redeyet oblakov letuchaya gryada* ('The flying wisps of clouds are thinning, scattering far'), with words by Pushkin, and *Op. 43*, from the same year, includes *Ne veter, vey a visoti* ('Twas not the wind that lightly brushed'), with words by Aleksey Tolstoy.

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873–1943)

Russian composer and pianist Sergey Vasilyevich Rachmaninov was born in 1873, the son of aristocratic parents. His father's improvidence, however, led to a change in the fortunes of the family when increasing debts necessitated the sale of one estate after another, followed by removal to an apartment in St Petersburg. It was there that Rachmaninov, at the age of nine, entered the conservatory on a scholarship. The subsequent separation of his parents and his own failure in general subject examinations brought about his move to Moscow, where he was accepted as a pupil of Nikolay Zverev, a pupil of John Field's pupil Alexandre Dubuque, and of Adolf von Henselt. Rachmaninov lodged in Zverev's house, where the necessary discipline was instilled, providing him with the basis of a subsequently formidable technique. In 1888 he entered the conservatory as a pupil of his cousin Alexander Ziloti, a former pupil of Zverev and later of Franz Liszt. Rachmaninov's other teachers at the conservatory were Sergey Taneyev, a former pupil of Nikolay Rubinstein, and Tchaikovsky, with whom he studied counterpoint, and Rimsky-Korsakov's former pupil Anton Arensky, Rachmaninov's teacher for fugue, harmony and free composition. In Moscow, as time went on, he won considerable success, both as a performer and as a composer, after graduating in the piano class of the conservatory in 1891 and in composition the following year.

The Russian Revolution of 1917 brought many changes. While some musicians remained in Russia, others chose temporary or permanent exile abroad. Rachmaninov took the latter course and thereafter found himself obliged to rely on his remarkable gifts as a pianist for the support of himself and his family, at the same time continuing his work as a conductor. Composition inevitably had to take second place and it was principally as a pianist, one of the greatest of his time, that he became known to audiences. Concert tours in America proved lucrative, and he established a publishing enterprise in Paris, where he lived for some time, before having a house built for himself and his family at Hertenstein, near Lucerne in Switzerland. In 1939 he left Europe, finally settling at Beverly Hills, California, where he died in 1943.

Rachmaninov wrote some 80 songs between 1890 and 1917. The circumstances of his life and his later career as

a performer put an end to all this. His first songs date from the final years as a student, his last songs from 1916. The texts he chose to set were predominately Russian.

Rachmaninov's *Op. 14*, with 12 songs written between 1894 and 1896, opens with *Ya zhdu tebya* ('I wait for you'), a setting of words by Mariya Davidova dedicated to Rachmaninov's cousin Lyudmila Skalon. *No. 11*, of the songs, *Vesenniye vodi* ('The Waters of Spring'), sets words by Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev and remains among the best known of Rachmaninov's songs, welcoming the spring.

Op. 8, published in 1893, includes six more songs, settings of Russian translations by the dissident Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev of Heine and Goethe, with, as here, *Polyubila ya na pechal' svoyu* ('Oh, I fell in love, to my own despair'), a Russian translation of a poem by the Ukrainian poet Taras Shevchenko, the source of texts for a

number of Tchaikovsky's songs.

Op. 4, published in 1893, includes six songs, the fourth of which, *Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne* ('Oh beauty, do not sing to me') is a setting of a poem by Pushkin.

Op. 21, a set of twelve songs, mainly dating from 1900, includes *No. 7. Zdes' khorosho* ('How good 'tis here!'), a poem by Countess Einerling under the pseudonym Galina Galina.

The wordless *Op. 34, No. 14. Vocalise* is widely known in various forms. It was written in April 1912, and revised in October 1815. It was dedicated to the soprano Antonina Nezhdanova, to whose objections Rachmaninov is said to have told her that her expressive voice had no need of a text.

Keith Anderson

Margarita Gritskova

Margarita Gritskova was born in 1987 in St Petersburg. She is a prizewinner of the Luciano Pavarotti Competition in Modena, and the Concurso Internacional de Canto 'Villa de Colmenar Viejo' in 2010. She has performed in *Carmen* under the direction of Mariss Jansons in St Petersburg, and appeared at the Festival de Ópera de Tenerife, the Salzburg Festival, the Rossini Opera Festival, Pesaro, and the Schleswig-Holstein Musik Festival. She has also performed with the Deutsche Oper am Rhein, the Staatsoper Hamburg and the Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich. Gritskova has been a member of the Wiener Staatsoper since 2012, performing roles such as Sesto in *La clemenza di Tito*, Dorabella in *Così fan tutte*, Cherubino in *Le nozze di Figaro* and Rosina in Rossini's *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, and appeared as Carmen alongside Piotr Beczala in the role of José in January 2018. Career highlights include concerts with José Carreras in Vienna, Moscow, St Petersburg and at Carnegie Hall, New York in September 2017. www.margarita-gritskova.com

Maria Prinz

Maria Prinz has performed with leading orchestras throughout Europe, including several performances with the Wiener Philharmoniker, and collaborated with renowned conductors Sir Neville Marriner, Riccardo Muti and Seiji Ozawa. As a recitalist, she has appeared throughout the United States, Europe and Japan, and her chamber music collaborations include numerous performances with members of the Wiener Philharmoniker. She has performed at the Salzburg Festival, the Pacific Music Festival, Sapporo, and at the Musikverein and Konzerthaus, Vienna, Weill Hall, California and Carnegie Hall, New York, the Queen Elizabeth Hall and the Barbican Centre, London and the Tokyo Bunka Kaikan. Prinz has recorded the piano concertos of Haydn and Mozart, Brahms' *Clarinet Sonatas* with Alfred Prinz, *The 20th-Century Concerto Grosso* with the Academy of St Martin in the Fields under Sir Neville Marriner, Mozart's *Violin Sonatas*, Beethoven's *Variations* with flautist Patrick Gallois and Puccini's *Complete Songs for Soprano and Piano* with Krassimira Stoyanova. In addition to her performing career, she has taught at the University of Music and Performing Arts, Vienna since 1987. www.mariaprinz.com

П. И. ЧАЙКОВСКИЙ

1 ХОТЕЛ БЫ В ЕДИНОЕ СЛОВО (Khotel bi v edinoye slovo)

Хотел бы в единое слово
Я слить мою грусть и печаль
И бросить то слово на ветер,
Чтоб ветер унес его вдаль.

И пусть бы то слово печали
По ветру к тебе донеслось,
И пусть бы всегда и повсюду
Оно тебе в сердце лилось!

И если б усталые очи
Сомкнулись под грезой ночной,
О, пусть бы то слово печали
Звучало во сне над тобой!

Хотел бы в единое слово
Я слить мою грусть и печаль
И бросить то слово на ветер,
Чтоб ветер унес его вдаль.

Лев Мей / Г.Гейне

2 ТО БЫЛО РАННЕЮ ВЕСНОЙ (To bilo ranneyu vesnoy)

То было раннею весной, трава едва всходила,
Ручьи текли, не парил зной, и зелень рощ сквозила;

Труба пастушья поутру ещё не пела звонко,
И в завитках ещё в бору был папоротник тонкий.

То было раннею весной, в тени берёз то было,
Когда с улыбкой предо мной ты очи опустила.

То на любовь мою в ответ ты опустила вежды.
— О жизнь! О лес! О солнца свет! О юность!
О надежды!

И плакал я перед тобой, на лик твой глядя милый,
— То было раннею весной, в тени берёз то было!

Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893)

I WISH I COULD TAKE ALL MY SADNESS

I wish I could take all my sadness
And lock it away in one word,
And cast off that word to the four winds
To be borne to the edge of the world!

And still let that word melancholy
Be borne by the winds where you are,
And wherever, whenever they find you,
Let that word pour in your heart!

And if you should close your eyes weary
In search of the comfort of sleep,
Yet still let that word melancholy
Even in dreams by you keep!

I wish I could take all my sadness
And lock it away in one word,
And cast off that word to the four winds
To be borne to the edge of the world!

Lev Mey / H. Heine

THOSE WERE THE FIRST FEW DAYS OF SPRING

Those were the first few days of spring: the grass was thirsty,
Above the cool still brook the groves with green were
bursting,

To song the shepherd's lusty pipe each morn was not yet
turning

And still in tendrils delicate the slender fern was curling.

Those were the first few days of spring beneath the shady
birch tree
When with a smile you stood before me, eyes averted.

In answer to my love, your eyes looked downward shyly:
O life! O woods! O youth! O hope! O bright light of spring
sunshine!

And then I wept as I perceived your sweetly charming face
Those were the first few days of spring, beneath the
birches' shade.

То было в утро наших лет – о счастье! О слёзы!
О лес! О жизни! О солнца свет! О свежий дух
берёзы!...

Алексей Толстой

③ Я ЛИ В ПОЛЕ ДА НЕ ТРАВУШКА БЫЛА (Ya li v pole da ne travushka bila?)

Я ли в поле да не травушка была,
Я ли в поле не зеленая росла;
Взяли меня, травушку, скосили,
На солнышке в поле иссушили.

Ох ты, горе мое, горюшко!
Знать, такая моя долюшка!

Я ли в поле не калинушка была,
Я ли в поле да не красная росла;
Взяли калинушку, сломали
Да в жгутики меня посвязали.

Ох ты, горе мое, горюшко!
Знать, такая моя долюшка!

Я ль у батюшки не доченька была,
У родимой не цветочек я росла;
Неволей меня, бедную, взяли
И с немилым, седым, повенчали.

Ох ты, горе мое, горюшко!
Знать, такая моя долюшка.

Иван Суриков

④ КОЛЫБЕЛЬНАЯ ПЕСНЯ (Kolibel'naya pesnya)

Спи, дитя мое, усни!
В няньки сон к себе мани:
В няньки я тебе взяла
Ветер, солнце и орла.

Улетел орел домой;
Солнце скрылось под водой;
Ветер после трех ночей
Мчится к матери своей.

Ветра спрашивает мать:
«Где изволил пропадать?

It was the morning of our years! Oh joy, such sweet tears
crying!
O woods! O life! O shady birches' scent! O spring sun shining!

Aleksey Tolstoy

AND WAS I NOT ONCE A LITTLE BLADE OF GRASS

And was I not once a little blade of grass,
Greening in a field as day by day did pass?
But they cut me down, a little grassy blade
In a sunny field they dried me and they flayed me.

Oh you, sadness mine, oh my misery!
You must be the doom allotted me!

And was I not once a blooming snowball tree?
Scarlet in a field was I not growing free?
But then they cut me down and chopped me,
Plaited me after they had lopped me!

Oh, you sadness mine, oh my misery,
You must be the doom allotted me!

And was I not once my father's little girl?
Did my darling mother not caress my curls?
Then just as cruelly they broke me
And to an unloved greybeard yoked me,

Oh you, sadness mine, oh my misery!
You must be the doom allotted me.

Ivan Surikov

LULLABY

Sleep, my dear child, go to sleep,
Nannies three your peace do keep:
Three nannies I've found, my son:
An eagle, the wind, and the sun.

Now the eagle has flown home
The sun's sunk 'neath the sea's foam.
And the wind after three nights
Fleet now to his mother flies.

She in greeting asks the wind:
'Say, my son, where have you been?

Али звезды воевал?
Али волны всё гонял?»

«Не гонял я волн морских,
Звезд не трогал золотых,
Я дитя оберегал,
Колыбелочку качал!»

Спи, дитя мое, усни!
В няньки сон к себе мани:
В няньки я тебе взяла
Ветер, солнце и орла.

Аполлон Майков

⑤ СРЕДЬ ШУМНОГО БАЛА (Sred' shumnovo bala)

Средь шумного бала, случайно,
В тревоге мирской суеты,
Тебя я увидел, но тайна
Твои покрывала черты.

Лишь очи печально глядели,
А голос так дивно звучал,
Как звон отдаленной свирели,
Как моря играющий вал.

Мне стан твой понравился тонкий
И весь твой задумчивый вид;
А смех твой, и грустный и звонкий,
С тех пор в моем сердце звучит.

В часы одинокие ночи
Люблю я, усталый прилечь
Я вижу печальные очи,
Я слышу веселую речь;

И грустно я так засыпаю,
И в грезах неведомых сплю...
Люблю ли тебя – я не знаю,
Но кажется мне, что люблю!

Алексей Толстой

⑥ КАБЫ ЗНАЛА Я (Kabi znala ya)

Кабы знала я, кабы ведала,
Не смотрела бы из окошечка
Я на молодца разудалого,

Fighting with the stars in space?
To waves white-capped giving chase?'

'I've not chased the ocean waves.
The stars gold I've left unscathed.
But I've watched over a child,
Rocked his cradle with breath mild.'

Sleep, my dear child, go to sleep,
Nannies three your peace do keep:
Three nannies I've found, my son:
An eagle, the wind, and the sun.

Apollon Maykov

BY CHANCE AT A BALL I DID SEE YOU

By chance at a ball I did see you
The noise and the vain fuss amidst
Yet mystery somehow did sheathe you,
And shrouded your features in mist.

Just your eyes at me mournfully looked
And your voice spoke so marvellously
Like sweet pipes by a murmuring brook,
Or the play of a wave in the sea.

Your figure, so subtle and dainty,
And sadness have left me becharmed.
Your laughter, so clear and so plaintive,
Is still singing out in my heart.

And now every night when I'm lonely,
And wearily lie down to rest
Your sad eyes before me are glowing:
I hear how you cheerfully jest.

In sadness to sleep now I'm drifting
Through reveries of unrevealed hue.
Do I love you or not? I'm not certain.
It seems to me, though, that I do.

Aleksei Tolstoy

IF I'D ONLY GUESSED

If I'd only guessed, if I'd only known.
I would not have stared out my windowpane
At that handsome man full of derring-do,

Как он ехал по нашей улице,
Набекрень заломивши мурмолку,
Как лихого коня буланого,
Звонконогого, долгогривого,
Супротив окон на дыбы вздымал!
Кабы знала я, кабы ведала,
Для него бы я не рядилася,
С золотой каймой ленту алую
В косу длинную не вплетала бы,
Рано до свету не вставала бы,
За околицу не спешила бы,
В росе ноженки не мочила бы,
На проселок тот не глядела бы,
Не проедет ли тем проселком он,
На руке держа пестра сокола!
Кабы знала я, кабы ведала,
Не сидела бы поздно вечером,
Пригорюнившись, на завалине,
На завалине, близ колодезя,
Поджидаячи да гадаючи,
Не придет ли он, ненаглядный мой,
Напоить коня студеной водой!
Кабы знала я, кабы ведала...

Алексей Толстой

7 НЕТ, ТОЛЬКО ТОТ, КТО ЗНАЛ (Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal)

Нет, только тот, кто знал
Свиданья жажду,
Поймёт, как я страдал
И как я стражду!

Гляжу я вдаль, нет сил!
Тускнеет око!
Ах, кто меня любил
И знал, далёко!..

Ах, только тот, кто знал
Свиданья жажду,
Поймёт, как я страдал
И как я стражду.
Поймёт, как я страдал
И как я стражду!

As he rode his horse down along our street
With his dashing cap rakishly aslant
On his dun-brown steed down our street he flew
With a hoofbeat-pound, with a wavy mane,
And he reared up just where our windows were!
If I'd only guessed, if I'd only known,
I would not have dressed up in finery,
And my scarlet ribbon golden-fringed
In my tresses long would ne'er braid for him,
Before dawn I'd ne'er have risen for him,
From my village I'd ne'er have raced for him,
In the dew ne'er have wet my feet for him,
At that village road ne'er have stared so much
Hoping by that road he'd come riding down
In his arm bearing a falcon bright.
If I'd only guessed, if I'd only known
I would never have sat up nights so late
All in sadness pent, by a little bench
By a little bench, by the wishing well
Ever-waiting and ever-wondering,
Will he never come, my beloved one,
To give water clean to his dashing steed!
If I'd only guessed, if I'd only known...

Aleksey Tolstoy

NO, ONLY HE WHO KNEW

No, only he who knew
Of trysts the anguish,
Can grasp my anguish true,
Knows how I languish.

Grief now my vision blunts:
My eye sees dimly.
Oh, who did love me once,
From far off knew me!...

No, only he who knew
Of trysts the anguish,
Can grasp my anguish true,
Knows how I languish,
Knows how I languish true,
Knows how I languish.

Вся грудь горит! Кто знал
Свиданья жажду,
Поймет, как я страдал
И как я стражду!...

Лев Мей / Й.В. Гете

8 НИ СЛОВА, О ДРУГ МОЙ (Ni slova, o drug moy)

Ни слова, о друг мой, ни вздоха...
Мы будем с тобой молчаливы...
Ведь молча над камнем,
над камнем могильным
Склоняются грустные ивы...

И только, склонившись, читают,
Как я, в твоём взоре усталом,
Что были дни ясного счастья,
Что этого счастья – не стало!
Что этого счастья – не стало!

Ни слова, о друг мой, ни вздоха...
Мы будем с тобой молчаливы...
Ведь молча над камнем,
над камнем могильным
Склоняются грустные ивы...
Склоняются грустные ивы...

Алексей Плещеев

9 МОЙ ГЕНИЙ, МОЙ АНГЕЛ, МОЙ ДРУГ (Moy geniу, moy angel, moy drug)

Не здесь ли ты легкою тенью,
Мой гений, мой ангел, мой друг,
Беседуешь тихо со мною
И тихо летаешь вокруг?

И робким даришь вдохновеньем,
И сладкий врачуешь недуг,
И тихим даришь сновиденьем,
Мой гений, мой ангел, мой друг...

Афанасий Фет

My whole breast aches! Who knew
Of trysts the anguish
Can grasp my anguish true,
Knows how I languish!...

Lev Mey / J.W. von Goethe

NOT ONE WORD, NOT ONE SIGH, OH MY FRIEND

Not one word, not one sigh, oh my friend...
You and I both will stay silent...
For o'er the rock silent,
The gravestone e'er silent,
The willows bend mournfully pining.

And, as they droop over, they're reading,
They read in your glance so anguished,
That once you knew happiness fleeting,
And then all that happiness vanished!
And then all that happiness vanished!

Not one word, not one sigh, oh my friend...
You and I both will stay silent...
For o'er the rock's stillness,
The gravestone e'er silent,
The willows bend mournfully pining...
The willows bend mournfully pining...

Aleksey Pleshcheyev

MY GENIUS, MY ANGEL, MY FRIEND

Do you here invisibly fly round me
My genius, my angel, my friend
With inner speech comfort me quietly
And lightly from heaven descend?

You restore me with shy inspiration
And help me my ailments transcend
And bestow on me dreams' consolation
My genius, my angel, my friend...

Afanasy Fet

Н. А. РИМСКИЙ-КОРСАКОВ

10 НЕ ВЕТЕР, ВЕЯ С ВЫСОТЫ (Ne veter, vey a visoti)

Не ветер, вея с высоты,
Листов коснулся ночью лунной;
Моей души коснулась ты
Она тревожна, как листья,
Она, как гусли, многострунна.

Житейский вихрь ее терзал
И сокрушительным набегом,
Свиста и воя, струны рвал
И заносил холодным снегом.

Твоя же речь ласкает слух,
Твое легко прикосновенье,
Как от цветов летящий пух,
Как майской ночи дуновенье...

Алексей Толстой

11 РЕДЕЕТ ОБЛАКОВ ЛЕТУЧАЯ ГРЯДА (Redeyet oblakov letuchaya gryada)

Редеет облаков летучая гряда.
Звезда печальная, вечерняя звезда!
Твой луч осеребрил увядшие равнины,
И дремлющий залив, и черных скал вершины.
Люблю твой слабый свет в небесной вышине;
Он думы разбудил, уснувшие во мне:

Я помню твой восход, знакомое светило,
Над мирною страной, где все для сердца мило,
Где стройны тополя в долинах вознеслись,
Где дремлет нежный мирт и темный кипарис,
И сладостно шумят полуденные волны.
Там некогда в горах, сердечной думы полный,

Над морем я влачил задумчивую лень,
Когда на хижины сходила ночи тень –
И дева юная во мгле тебя искала
И именем своим подругам называла.

Александр Пушкин

Nikolay Andreyevich RIMSKY-KORSAKOV (1844–1908)

'TWAS NOT THE WIND THAT LIGHTLY BRUSHED

'Twas not the wind that lightly brushed
The moonlit groves from someplace higher
It was my soul that you did touch
And like the leaves, it shook, and blushed,
A many-stringed and quivering lyre.

Once life's cruel whirlwind at it tore,
In one cruel blow its sweetness seizing,
The strings broke with a howl and roar
The wood cracked with a snowfall freezing.

But your sweet words caress my ears,
And light and tender is your touching
Like downy flowers' pollen tears,
Like nights in May, so gently rustling.

Aleksey Tolstoy

THE FLYING WISPS OF CLOUDS ARE THINNING, SCATTERING FAR

The flying wisps of clouds are thinning, scattering far.
O star of melancholy, oh bright evening star!
Your ray silvers the plains, the vast steppe slowly fading,
The bay that dozes hushed, black cliff-peaks silver painting,
I love your feeble light in Heaven's height a-glimmering,
It wakens thoughts in me that long since had been
slumbering,

Your rising clings to me, familiar shining sphere,
Above that peaceful land, where all to my heart's dear,
Where graceful poplars spring up tall in valleys steep,
Where tender myrtles and dark cypresses do sleep,
And sweetly soft the surf of southern waves is sounding,
There in those mountains I, wrapped up in my heart's
pounding,
Did take my pensive ease and loomed above the sea,
Watched night's soft shade lull huts to sleep there wistfully,
And through the mists, o star, for you, searching the ether,
With her own name a girl named you to girlfriends eager.

Alexander Pushkin

12 ЗАПАД ГАСНЕТ В ДАЛИ БЛЕДНО-РОЗОВОЙ (Zapad gasnet v dali bledno-rozovoy)

Запад гаснет в дали бледно-розовой,
Звезды небо усеяли чистое,
Соловей свищет в роще березовой,
И травой запахло душистою.

Знаю, что к тебе в думушку вкралось.
Знаю сердца немолчные жалобы,
Не хочу я, чтоб ты притворялася
И к улыбке себя принуждала бы!

Твое сердце болит безотрадное,
В нем не светит звезда ни единая
Плачь свободно, моя ненаглядная,
Пока песня звучит соловьиная,

Соловиная песня унылая,
Что как жалоба катится слезная,
Плачь, душа моя, плачь, моя милая,
Тебя небо лишь слушает звездное!

Алексей Толстой

13 ПЛЕНИВШИСЬ РОЗОЙ, СОЛОВЕЙ (ВОСТОЧНЫЙ РОМАНС) (Plenivshis' rozoy, solovey (Vostochniy romans))

Пленившись розой соловей
И день и ночь поет над ней
Но роза молча песням внемлет
На лире так певец иной
Поет для девы молодой
А дева милая не знает
Кому поет и отчего
Печальны песни так его.

Алексей Кольцов

14 НА ХОЛМАХ ГРУЗИИ (Na hholmakh Gruzii)

На холмах Грузии лежит ночная мгла;
Шумит Арагва предо мною.
Мне грустно и легко; печаль моя светла;
Печаль моя полна тобою,
Тобой, одной тобой ... Унынья моего
Ничто не мучит, не тревожит,

IN THE WEST THE PALE ROSE SUNSET'S DARKENING

In the west the pale rose sunset's darkening
In the clear sky the stars spread out sparkling,
In the birch grove the nightingale's warbling,
And the flowery scent of grass is heartening.

I know that you still think of me secretly,
And I know your heart's plaintively murmuring.
And I don't want you dissembling eagerly,
Never want you smiling forced, unwillingly.

Your heart inconsolably is languishing,
In its heaven not one star is twinkling.
Weep, my beauty, and freely be anguishing
While the nightingale songs pour forth rippling.

For the nightingale sings to us dearly,
Till upon your cheek drops a tear glistening,
Weep, my soul, weep, my darling, weep bitterly,
For the stars in the heavens are listening!

Aleksey Tolstoy

A ROSE HAS CHARMED A NIGHTINGALE (AN EASTERN ROMANCE)

A rose has charmed a nightingale
Which night and day with song regales
That rose, which hearkens quietly.
A different song is sung and played
By a young bard for a young maid,
But that sweet maid knows not the reason
Why he sings, for whom he longs,
And why so mournful are his songs.

Aleksey Koltsov

UPON THE GEORGIAN HILLS THERE LIES THE HAZE OF NIGHT

Upon the Georgian hills there lies the haze of night.
Aragva's river foams beside me.
I feel both sad and light; my melancholy's bright;
My melancholy's full entirely
Of you and just of you ... This gloominess of mine
Nothing's tormenting, nothing's moving.

И сердце вновь горит и любит – оттого,
Что не любить оно не может.

Александр Пушкин

C. В. РАХМАНИНОВ

15 Я ЖДУ ТЕБЯ! (Ya zhdu tebya)

Я жду тебя! Закат угас,
И ночи темные покровы
Спуститься на землю готовы
И спрятать нас.

Я жду тебя! Душистой мглой
Ночь напоила мир уснувший,
И разлучился день минувший
Навек с землей.

Я жду, терзаясь и любя,
Считаю каждые мгновенья!
Полна тоски и нетерпенья,
Я жду тебя!

Мария Давидова

16 ПОЛЮБИЛА Я НА ПЕЧАЛЬ СВОЮ (Polyubila ya na pechal' svoyu)

Полюбила я,
На печаль свою,
Сиротинушку
Бесталанного.
Уж такая мне
Доля выпала!
Разлучили нас
Люди сильные;
Увели его,
Сдали в рекруты...
И солдаткой я,
Одинокой я,
Знать, в чужой избе
И состареюсь...
Уж такая мне
Доля выпала.

Тарас Шевченко / Алексей Плещеев

My heart again burns up with loving, because – why?
It simply cannot not be loving.

Alexander Pushkin

Sergey Vasilyevich Rachmaninov (1873–1943)

I WAIT FOR YOU

I wait for you! The twilight fell
And now night's shades are softly falling,
With darkness comforting they're calling
To hide us well.

I wait for you! Sweet-scented night
Soothing the world that sleeps fast
From earth has parted now the day past
Now hid from sight.

I wait, and suffer in love's stew
And count each second and each moment
In grief and in impatient torment,
I wait for you!

Mariya Davidova

OH, I FELL IN LOVE, TO MY OWN DESPAIR

Oh, I fell in love
To my own despair
With an orphan lad
A sweet ill-starred boy.
Oh indeed that was
What was fated me!
We were ripped apart:
People powerful
Came recruiting him;
He was dragged away.
I'm a soldier's wife,
And I'm all alone
And I will get old
In a stranger's home.
Oh indeed that was
What was fated me.

Taras Shevchenko / Aleksey Pleshcheyev

17 НЕ ПОЙ, КРАСАВИЦА, ПРИ МНЕ (Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne)

Не пой, красавица, при мне
Ты песен Грузии печальной:
Напоминают мне оне
Другую жизнь и берег дальный.

Увы! напоминают мне
Твои жестокие напевы
И степь, и ночь – и при луне
Черты далекой, бедной девы!..

Я призрак милый, роковой,
Тебя увидев, забываю;
Но ты поешь – и предо мной
Его я вновь воображаю.

Не пой, красавица, при мне
Ты песен Грузии печальной:
Напоминают мне оне
Другую жизнь и берег дальный.

Александр Пушкин

There are countless romances and songs set to Pushkin poems, but this poem is actually a rare case of the reverse. It was written by special request as the lyrical accompaniment to a Georgian melody by Alexander Griboyedov, the poet, playwright, diplomat and composer, during a musical evening Pushkin spent with the composer Mikhail Glinka. In turn, this poem was set again to the hauntingly beautiful music by Rachmaninov that is featured here. – *Julian Henry Lowenfeld*

18 ЗДЕСЬ ХОРОШО (Zdes' khorosho)

Здесь хорошо ...
Взгляни, вдали огнем
Горит река;
Цветным ковром луга легли,
Белеют облака.

Здесь нет людей ...
Здесь тишина ...
Здесь только Бог да я.
Цветы, да старая сосна,
Да ты, мечта моя!

Галина Галина

19 ВОКАЛИЗ (Vocalise)

OH BEAUTY, DO NOT SING TO ME

Oh beauty, do not sing to me
More songs of melancholy Georgia.
For they bring up, evoke in me
Another life, a distant shoreline.

Alas! You call forth in your tune
In your cruel melody's refraining,
The steppe, the night, and 'neath the moon
The face of a poor, distant maiden.

That darling fateful spectre – when
I see you – I'm forgetting.
But then you sing and once again
Before my eyes it is engendered.

Oh beauty, do not sing to me
More songs of melancholy Georgia.
For they bring up, evoke, in me
Another life, a distant shoreline.

Alexander Pushkin

HOW GOOD 'TIS HERE!

How good 'tis here!
See, as if lit on fire
That distant stream!
With flowers the meadow's carpeted,
And clouds white gleam.

Here no one's round.
Here all is still.
Here's only God and me,
The flowers, and an ancient pine
And you, oh dream of mine!

Galina Galina

VOCALISE

20 ВЕСЕННИЕ ВОДЫ (Vesenniye vodi)

Еще в полях белеет снег,
А воды уж весной шумят,
Бегут и будят сонный берег,
Бегут и блещут и гласят.

Они гласят во все концы:
«Весна идет! Весна идет!
Мы молодой весны гонцы,
Она нас выслала вперед.

Весна идет! Весна идет!»
И тихих, теплых майских дней
Румяный, светлый хоровод
Толпится весело за ней.

Федор Тютчев

THE WATERS OF SPRING

The fields still glisten white with snow
Yet you can hear the floods of spring
The stream banks wake, the waters flow
And race and gleam and dance and sing.

In every nook those waters sing
'The spring arrives! The spring arrives!
We are the heralds of the spring
Her scouts as on she headlong drives.

The spring arrives! The spring arrives!
Warm, peaceful, lovely days of May
When colours flush and dancing thrives
In cheerful throng come forth to play.

Fyodor Tyutchev



Margarita Gritskova (left)
and Maria Prinz
Photo © Michael Poehn

CO-PRODUCTION
WITH
BR
KLASSIK

The songs on this album are not as well known as other works by these three composers, but this more intimate form of expression often goes straight to the heart and soul of their work. Tchaikovsky wrote songs throughout his life, and it is easy to find autobiographical parallels in his chosen themes of love and longing. Rimsky-Korsakov's songs are characterised by tender lyricism, while Rachmaninov's wordless *Vocalise* has become one of his most famous melodies.

RUSSIAN SONGS

CO-PRODUCTION
WITH

BR

KLASSIK

Pyotr Il'yich TCHAIKOVSKY
(1840–1893)

- | | |
|--|------|
| 1 I wish I could take all my sadness (1875) | 1:46 |
| 2 Those were the first few days of spring (1878) | 2:45 |
| 3 And was I not once a little blade of grass (1880) | 5:18 |
| 4 Lullaby (1872) | 4:27 |
| 5 By chance at a ball I did see you (1878) | 1:49 |
| 6 If I'd only guessed (1880) | 4:36 |
| 7 No, only he who knew (1869) | 2:37 |
| 8 Not one word, not one sigh, oh my friend (1869) | 2:41 |
| 9 My genius, my angel, my friend (1857/58) | 2:01 |

Margarita Gritskova,
Mezzo-soprano
Maria Prinz, Piano

Nikolay Andreyevich
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV (1844–1908)

- | | |
|--|------|
| 10 'Twas not the wind that lightly brushed (1897) | 1:49 |
| 11 The flying wisps of clouds are thinning, scattering far (1897) | 3:21 |
| 12 In the west the pale rose sunset's darkening (1897) | 2:40 |
| 13 A rose has charmed a nightingale (An Eastern Romance) (1866) | 3:10 |
| 14 Upon the Georgian hills there lies the haze of night (1866) | 2:02 |
- Sergey RACHMANINOV**
(1873–1943)
- | | |
|--|------|
| 15 I wait for you (1894–96) | 1:37 |
| 16 Oh, I fell in love, to my own despair (1893) | 2:16 |
| 17 Oh beauty, do not sing to me (1893) | 4:41 |
| 18 How good 'tis here (1900) | 1:44 |
| 19 Vocalise (1912) | 5:20 |
| 20 The Waters of Spring (1894–96) | 2:09 |

Sung in Russian. A detailed track list can be found inside the booklet.

Recorded: 12–15 February 2018 at Studio 2, Bayerischer Rundfunk, Munich, Germany • Recording producer: Torsten Schreier • Executive producers: Falk Häfner (BR-KLASSIK), Klaus Heymann (Naxos)
Recording engineer: Marcus Huber • Publishers: Ricordi **1**, Muzyka, Moscow **2–4** **6–18**, Fürstner **5**, Boosey & Hawkes **19–20** • Booklet notes: Keith Anderson • Photo of Margarita Gritskova by Marusya Mavrina



8.573908

DDD

Playing Time
58:49



© & © 2019 Naxos Rights (Europe) Ltd
Booklet notes in English • Includes Russian sung
texts with English translations
Буклет включает тексты песен на русском
языке с английскими переводами
www.naxos.com • Made in Germany