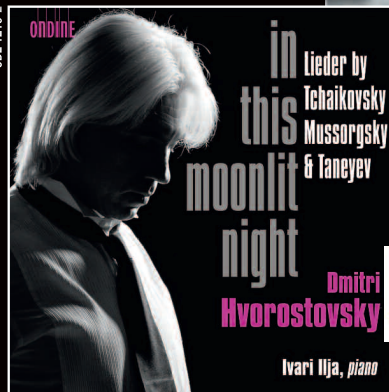


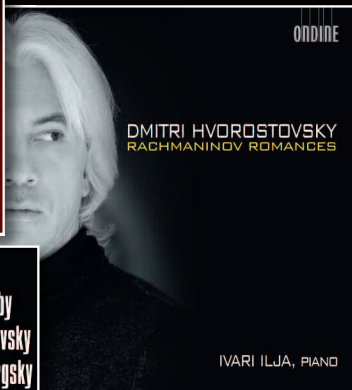
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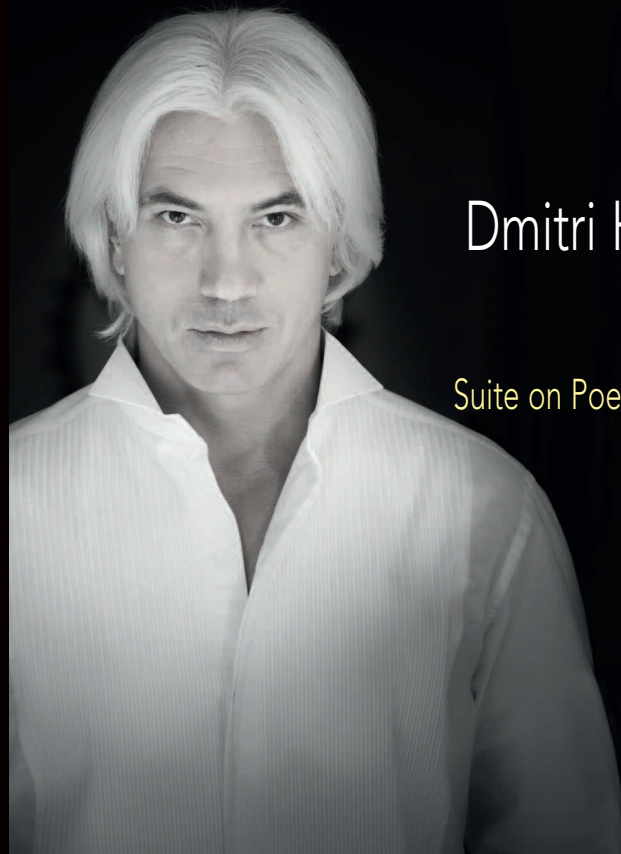
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ONDINE



Dmitri Hvorostovsky

Shostakovich

Suite on Poems by Michelangelo

Liszt

Petrarch Sonnets

Ivari Ilja, piano

Dmitri Hvorostovsky

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH (1906–1975)

SUITE ON POEMS BY MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI (1974), OP. 145A (39:40)

1	I <i>Istina</i> (Truth)	5:18
2	II <i>Utro</i> (Morning)	3:00
3	III <i>L'ubov'</i> (Love)	4:41
4	IV <i>Razluka</i> (Separation)	1:55
5	V <i>Gnev</i> (Wrath)	1:48
6	VI <i>Dante</i>	3:33
7	VII <i>Izgnanniku</i> (To the Exile)	4:24
8	VIII <i>Tvorchestvo</i> (Creativity)	2:34
9	IX <i>Noch</i> (Night)	3:34
10	X <i>Smert'</i> (Death)	5:19
11	XI <i>Bessmertie</i> (Immortality)	3:34

FRANZ LISZT (1811–1886)

TRE SONETTI DEL PETRARCA (1842–46), S. 270A (1ST VERSION) (19:04)

12	<i>Pace non trovo</i> (Sonetto 104)	6:45
13	<i>Benedetto sia il giorno</i> (Sonetto 47)	6:36
14	<i>I' vidi in terra angelici costumi</i> (Sonetto 123)	5:43

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY, baritone
IVARI ILJA, piano

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Dmitri Shostakovich

Suite on Poems by Michelangelo Buonarroti

Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475–1564), a celebrated Florentine Renaissance artist, was not only a creator of masterpieces in painting and sculpture. He was also a poet who left more than 300 surviving sonnets, madrigals and epitaphs. In these writings, he discussed his own art and life, love, mortality, honour and belonging.

Shostakovich's *Suite on Poems by Michelangelo Buonarroti* Op. 145a (1974) was initially written for bass and piano (Op. 145) and subsequently orchestrated. Like most of Shostakovich's compositions written in the last years of his life (he died in 1975), they are unmistakably imprinted with thoughts of death – in late 1973 he was diagnosed with cancer in addition to the serious heart condition which he had suffered since 1966. One only has to think of his Symphony No. 15 (1971), String Quartets Nos. 14 (1973) and 15 (1974) and his very last work, the Sonata for Viola and Piano (1975), to be reminded of the darkness, angst and feelings of resignation permeating these compositions. Another feature shared by these works, including this *Suite*, is the sparseness and economy of instrumental writing and orchestration, which is partly attributed to the composer's increasing difficulty with writing – he had an advanced case of arthritis.

Shostakovich chose eight sonnets and three poems by Michelangelo, translated into Russian by Abram Efros, and arranged them into a suite of eleven songs. Michelangelo never gave titles to his poems, so it was up to Shostakovich to title those he had chosen for his suite.

The fact that 1975 marked the 500th anniversary of Michelangelo's birth is not a coincidence – Shostakovich mentioned this as an inspiration to write the *Suite*, particularly because he was already aware of another work setting Michelangelo's verse to music – Britten's *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo* Op. 22 (1940) – which he heard performed by Britten and Peter Pears in Moscow in 1966. To Britten Shostakovich also dedicated another work which has parallels with this suite – Symphony No. 14 Op. 135, which also features eleven sections, set to selected poems by four poets, scored for bass, soprano, strings and percussion. The symphony is a pessimistic work contemplating death.

The *Suite on Poems by Michelangelo Buonarroti* pays homage to Shostakovich's musical roots – the vocal writing resembles that of Modest Mussorgsky, whose ground-breaking *Boris Godunov* and song cycles

Songs and Dances of Death and *The Nursery* demonstrate his striving for declamatory 'truth' in setting words to music. Shostakovich brings out the expressive possibilities setting Russian text to music.

Shostakovich himself regarded this *Suite* as his last symphony. As many writers and scholars have noted, it is organised into sections where poems are grouped by their subject matter and mood. As is often the case with Shostakovich, commentators and listeners tend to search his music for hidden meanings and clues to his own thoughts and comments on his life. While one must be careful about finding answers that confirm one's preconceptions, there are some parallels that may be drawn, albeit with the benefit of hindsight and irrespective of whether Shostakovich himself intended them or not. The opening song, *Truth*, is believed to show Michelangelo's anger towards a thankless patron, and some might see a parallel with Shostakovich's life under the Soviet dictator Josef Stalin. Michelangelo's poem about Dante, *To the Exile*, might have had a deeper meaning for Shostakovich, whose close friend Rostropovich was expelled from the Soviet Union. But there is also value in treating the *Suite* simply as an homage to the great Renaissance artist and his legacy to the world. Here, the parallel is clear: Shostakovich is leaving his own legacy to us, his listeners.

The introductory *Truth* (Istina) is a declamation of a clearly frustrated artist who is not satisfied with leading an average life. The sparse piano accompaniment allows the voice to deliver Michelangelo's powerful verse in a manner that harks back to the monologue of Mussorgsky's murderous tsar Boris – with emphatic 'truth' in the union of music and word.

The following group of three love songs, *Morning*, *Love*, and *Separation*, recounts the first thrill of being in love, the wonder and mystery of seeing a lover through one's own eyes, and the pain of separation. The delightful melodiousness of *Morning* describes the delights of new love but is underscored with dark chords in the piano; a subtle reminder of the simple fact that the beginning of love also contains its own end? The playful introduction to *Love* is deceptive in its lightness, and very soon the searching and questioning of the lover are presented in the intensely dramatic vocal line. The final song in this group, *Separation*, is an unabashed declaration of love: the simplicity and clarity of the vocal line and the piano part only emphasise the complexity of human emotion.

Anger appears as an angular, thundering contrast to the lyricism of the previous three songs: it is the artist's protest against corruption and abuse of power. *Dante* and *To the Exile* follow with exploration of the relationship between an artist (in Michelangelo's case, Dante) and the powers that be.

Creativity and *Night* meditate on the joy and limitations of artistic inspiration. *Night* is the only song in the

cycle containing a number of quotes and reminiscences from Shostakovich's other works that take on new meanings or colours. Here we find the soundscape of the *Nocturno* from Shostakovich's last String Quartet Op. 144, a sarabande-like motif from Symphony No. 14, *Death of the Poet*, and a quote from the coda of the finale of his Fourth Symphony. Levon Akopian described this motif as a 'mysterious call' and a variant of the 'motif of unattainable striving', and the sarabande-like motif as the 'motif of eternal sleep' and 'motif of the statue' in his *Dmitry Shostakovich: Attempt in Phenomenology of his Art* (St. Petersburg 2004; p. 400). This concentration of funereal, mournful quotations is symbolic: it is clear that Shostakovich sees 'night' here as a concept of fatal finality.

Death recapitulates the musical material of the opening song, uniting all the themes of the poems in a contemplation of life's end.

For the last setting, *Immortality*, Shostakovich chose two epitaphs written on the death of the nephew of his agent Luigi del Riccio. It opens with a playful melody Shostakovich composed when he was a nine-year-old boy. Perhaps he was here looking fondly back to his childhood; perhaps he was saying that his promise did blossom into a fully developed talent; perhaps this was simply a dying artist's wish to recount his own creative life. What is clear, however, is that Shostakovich shares Michelangelo's sentiment: death cannot destroy the legacy left by the artist to this world.

Franz Liszt

Tre sonetti del Petrarca

Pace non trovo (No. 104 appears as No. 134 in *Il Canzoniere*)

Benedetto sia il giorno (No. 47 appears as no. 61 in *Il Canzoniere*)

I' vidi in terra angelici costume (Listed as No. 123, it appears as No. 156 in Petrarca's *Il Canzoniere*)

Known best for his technically brilliant and difficult piano works, transcriptions and symphonic poems, Franz Liszt (1811–1886) is not generally remembered as a composer of songs. What is more, his composition output was not seriously studied until relatively recently – as has happened with other virtuosi-composers (Anton Rubinstein, Liszt's protégé, immediately comes to mind). Yet Liszt's solo songs show an intuitive understanding of writing in this idiom, where the piano part is anything but a mere accompaniment: it is a rich tapestry of sound imagery upon which the voice weaves its intricate patterns. In 1838–1839, Liszt spent time with Marie d'Agoult in Italy, where they read Dante and Petrarch together. The *Tre sonetti del Petrarca*, inspired by this sojourn, were first written for tenor and later revised for mezzo-soprano or baritone, and subsequently transcribed for solo piano and incorporated into the second part of *Années de Pèlerinage*.

Liszt wrote several dozens of sketches for the melodies, which shows his commitment to finding the best possible artistic solutions for this set of songs. In a letter to Marie d'Agoult dated 18 October 1846, when he was working on publishing these pieces, he wrote about both the originals and the transcriptions: "I think they have come out exceptionally well, and are more perfect in form than anything I have published until now." These songs immortalise the love of the Italian Renaissance poet Francesco Petrarca (1304–1374), or Petrarch, for a woman who is likely to have been Laura de Noves (1310–1348) and who hugely influenced and inspired his writings. As the legend goes, Petrarch fell instantly in love with Laura when he saw her on Good Friday, 6 April 1327, at the church of Sainte-Claire d'Avignon. She, however, being already married, rejected him. The 317 sonnets inspired by Laura show Petrarch's romantic and idealised unrequited love – he went on extolling his affections and blessing the day they met for forty

years (1327 to 1368). He published the sonnets as part of *Il Canzoniere* (originally titled *Fragments composed in vernacular*), a collection that also included poems, madrigals and ballads.

Musically, the sonnets are basically arias, featuring a number of expressive devices that reflect Petrarch's textual imagery: repetitions of important words (even if not repeated in the original texts); placing key words on high notes (or non-harmonic tones) to heighten the drama, or underscoring them with sumptuous harmonies; word-painting effects, as in *Benedetto sia il giorno*, where Liszt writes a descending chromatic line on *lagrime* (tears) and accompanies each benediction with a shifting, restless accompaniment; sudden harmonic changes, such as one prior to the exclamation "Wit, pity, excellence, and grief, and love" in *I' vidi in terra angelici costume*, where Petrarch praises Laura's beauty in the same breath as that of the beauty of heavenly angels; radiant arpeggio chords under the line "And heaven itself such mute attention paid" in the same sonnet. *Pace non trovo* contains Petrarch's trademark contradictions – seeing without eyes, crying out without a voice, burning and freezing simultaneously – just as love itself is contradictory and paradoxical.

Liszt wrote four versions of these settings:

- ⁹ For tenor voice and piano, 1843–1846 (S.270a, published by Haslinger, Vienna, in 1846)
Pace non trovo; Benedetto sia il giorno; I' vidi in terra angelici costumi

For solo piano, 1843–1846 (S.158, published by Haslinger, Vienna, in 1846)

For solo piano, revised versions 1846 (Included as Nos. 4, 5 and 6 of *Années de pèlerinage* II, S.161/4–6, published by Schott, Mainz, in 1858)

For low voice and piano 1864–1882 (S.270b, published by Schott, Mainz, in 1883)
Benedetto sia il giorno; Pace non trovo; I' vidi in terra angelici costumi

Anastasia Belina-Johnson

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. Hvorostovsky 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.

Hvorostovsky 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.

Hvorostovsky has recorded a large 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 Arhipova, Maria Guleghina, and Elena Zarembo. Since 2003, he has repeatedly toured with Dmitri Hvorostovsky to the USA, Europe, Hong Kong, and Japan. Born in Tallinn, Ivari Ilja performed his studies at the Estonian State Conservatoire as well as the Moscow Tchaikovsky Conservatoire.

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH:

Suite on Poems

by Michelangelo Buonarroti (1974), Op. 145A

Text: Abram Efros (1888–1954)

based on original texts

by Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475–1564)

1. I Istina

Yest' istini v rechen'yakh starini,
I vot odna: kto mozhet, tot ne khochet;
Ti vnyal, Gospod', tomu, chto lozh' strekochet,
I boltuni toboy nagrazhdeni;

Ya zh – tvoj sluga: moi trudī dani
Tebe, kak solntsa luch, – khot' i porochit
Tvoy gnev vsyo to, chto pil moy sdelat' prochit,
I vse moi staran'ya ne nuzhni.

Ya dumal, chto voz'myot tvoyo velichiye
Menya k sebe ne ekhom dlya palat,
A lezviyem suda i girey gneva;

No yest' zemnim zaslugam bezrazlich'ye
Na nebesakh, i zhdat' ot nikh nagrad –
Chto ozhidat' plodov s sukhogo dreva.

2. II Utro

Net radostney vesyologo zanyat'ya:
Po zlatu kos tsvetam napereboy
Soprikasat'sya s miloy golovoy
I l'nut' lobzan'yem vsyudu bez izyat'ya!

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH

Suite on Poems

by Michelangelo Buonarroti (1974), Op. 145A

English translation: James M. Saslow

1. I Truth

My lord, if any ancient proverb is true,
it's surely this one, that one who can never wants to.
You have believed fantastic stories and talk
and rewarded one who is truth's enemy.

I am and long have been your faithful servant,
I gave myself to you like rays to the sun;
but you don't suffer or care about my time,
and the more I exert myself, the less you like me.

Once, I hoped to rise up through your eminence,
and the just scales and the powerful sword
were what was needed, and not an echoing voice.

But heaven is the one that scorns all virtue
if it puts it in the world, and the wants us
to go and pluck fruit from a tree that's dry.

2. II Morning

How joyful is the garland on her golden locks,
so happy and well fashioned out of flowers
each one of which thrusts forward past the others
that it might be the first to kiss her head.

I skol'ko naslazhdeniya dlya plat'ya
Szhimat' yey stan i nispadat' volnoy,
I kak otradno setke zolotoy
Yeyo laniť zaklyuchat' v ob'yat'ya!

Yeshchyo nezhney naryadnoy lenti vyaz',
Blestya uzornoy vishivkoy svoeyu,
Smikayetsya vkrug persey molodikh.

A chistiŷ poyas, laskovo viyas',
Kak budto shepchet: 'ne rasstanus' s neyu...'
O, skol'ko dela zdes' dlya ruk moikh!

3. III Lyubov'

Skazhi, Lyubov', voistinu li vzoru
Zhelannaya predstala krasota,
Il' to moya tvoryashchaya mechta
Sluchayniŷ lik vzyala sebe v oporu?

Tebe l' ne znat'? – Ved' s nim po ugovoru
Ti sna menya lishila. Pust'! Usta
Leleyut kazhdŷy vzdokh, i zalita
Dusha ognym, ne znayushchim otporu.

Ti istinnuyu vidish krasotu,
No blesk yeyo gorit, vsyo razrastayas',
Kogda skvoz' vzor k dushe voskhodit on;

Tam obretayet bozh'yu chistotu,
Bessmertnomu tvortsu upodoblyayas',
Vot pochemy tvoj vzglyad zavorozhyon.

Throughout the day, that dress is gratified
which locks her breast and then seems to stream down;
and what they call a spun-gold thread
never ceases to touch her cheeks and neck.

But even more delighted seems that ribbon,
gilded at the tips, and made in such a way
that it presses and touches the breast it laces up.

And her simple belt that's tied up in a knot
seems to say to itself, "Here would I clasp forever!"
What, then, would my arms do?

3. III Love

Kindly tell me, Love, whether my eyes
really see the beauty that I long for,
or if it's just in me when, looking around,
I see that woman's face carved everywhere.

You must know, since you come along with her
to rob me of all peace, which makes me angry;
yet I wouldn't want to lose even the smallest sigh,
nor would I ask for a less burning fire.

"The beauty that you see does come from her,
but it grows when it rises to a better place,
if through the mortal eyes it reaches the heart.

There it is made divine and pure and beautiful,
since what's immortal wants things to be like itself:
it's this, not that, that first leaps to your eyes."

4. IV Razluka

Derznu l', sokrovishche moyo,
Sushchestvovat' bez vas, sebe na muku,
Raz glukhi vi k mol'bam smyagchit' razluku?
Unim serdtsem bol'she ne tayu,
Ni vozglasov, ni vzdokhov, ni ridaniy,
Chto vam yavit', madonna, gnyot stradaniy
I smert' uzh nedalyokuyu moyu:
No dabi rok potom moyo sluzhen'ye
Izgnat' iz vashey pamyati ne mog,
Ya ostavlyayu serdtse vam v zalog.

5. V Gnev

Zdes' delayut iz chash mechi i shlemi
I krov' Khristovu prodayut na ves;
Na shchit zdes' tyorn, na kop'yu krest izchez,-
Usta zh Khristovi terpelivo nemi.

Pust' On ne skhodit' v nashi Vifleyemi
Ili' snova briznet krov'yu do nebes,
Zatem, chto dushgubam Rim – chto les,
I miloserd'ye derzhim na zamke mi.

Mne ne grozyat roskoshstva obuži,
Ved' dlya menya davno uzh net zdes' del;
Ya Mantii strashus', kak Mavr – Meduži;

No esli Bednost' slavoy Bog odel,
Kakiye zh nam togda gotovit' uzi
Pod znamenem inim inoy udel?

4. IV Separation

How will I ever have the nerve
without you, my beloved, to stay alive,
if I dare not to ask your help when leaving you?
Those sobs and those tears and those sighs
that came to you with my unhappy heart,
my lady, testified distressingly
to my impending death and to my torments.
But if it is true that through my absence
my faithful servitude may be forgotten,
I leave with you my heart, which is not mine.

5. V Wrath

Here they make helmets and swords from chalices
and by the handful sell the blood of Christ;
his cross and thorns are made into lances and shields;
yet even so Christ's patience still rains down.

But let him come no more into these parts:
his blood would rise up as far as the stars,
since now in Rome his flesh is being sold,
and every road to virtue here is closed.

If ever I wished to shed my worldly treasures,
since no work is left me here, the man in the cope
can do as Medusa did in Mauretania.

But even if poverty's welcomed up in heaven,
how can we earn the great reward of our state
if another banner weakens that other life?

6. VI Dante

Spustivshis' s neba, v tlennoy ploti, on
Uvidel ad, obitel' iskuplen'ya,
I zhiv predstal dlya bozh'ya litseznen'ya,
I nam povedal vsyo, chem umudryon.

Luchistaya zvezda, ch'im ozaryon
Siyan'yem kray, mne danniy dlya rozhden'ya,
Yey ne ot mira zhdal' voznagrazhden'ya,
No ot tebya, kem mir bil sotvoryon.

Ya govoryu o Dante: ne nuzhni
Ozloblennoy tolpe yego sozdan'ya,
Ved' dlya neyo i visshiy geniy mal.
Bud' ya, kak on! O, bud' mne suzhdeni
Yego dela i skorb' yego izgnan'ya,
Ya b luchshey doli v mire ne zhelal!

7. VII Izgnanniku

Kak budto chtim, a vsyo zhe chest' mala.
Yego velich'ye vzor nash oslepilo.
Chto chern' korit' za nizkoye merilo,
Kogda pusta i nasha pokhvala!

On radi nas soshyol v obitel' zla;
Gospodne tsarstvo lik yemu yavilo;
No dver', chto dazhe nebo ne zakrilo,
Pred Dante otchizna zlobno zaperla.

Neblagodarnaya! Sebe na gore
Ti dlila muky sina svoyego;
Tak sovershenstvu nizost' mstit ot veka.

6. VI Dante

He came down from heaven, and once he had seen
the just hell and the merciful one, he went
back up, with his body alive, to contemplate God,
in order to give us the light of it all.

For such a shining star, who with his rays
undeservedly brightened the nest where I was born,
the whole wicked world would not be enough reward;
only you, who created him, could ever be that.

I speak of Dante, for his deeds were poorly
appreciated by that ungrateful people
who fail to welcome only righteous men.
If only I were he! To be born to such good fortune,
to have his harsh exile along with his virtue,
I would give up the happiest state in the world.

7. VII To the Exile

All that should be said of him cannot be said,
for his splendor flamed too brightly for our eyes;
it's easier to blame the people who hurt him
than for all our greatest to rise to his least virtue.

This man descended to the just deserts of error
for our benefit, and then ascended to God;
and the gates that heaven did not block for him
his homeland shut to his righteous desire.

I call her ungrateful, and nurse of her fortune
to her own detriment, which is a clear sign
that she lavishes the most woes on the most perfect.

Odin primer iz teh, ktorikh – morye!
Kak net podley izgnaniya yego,
Tak mir ne znal i vishe cheloveka.

8. VIII Tvorchestvo

Kogda skalu moy zhyostkiy molotok
V oblichiya lyudey preobrazhayet, –
Bez mastera, kotoriy napravlyayet
Yego udar, on delu b ne pomog,

No bozhiy molot iz sebya izvlyok
Razmakh, chto miru prelest' soobshchayet;
Vse moloti tot molot predveshchayet,
I v nyom odnom – im vsem zhivoy urok.

15

Chem vishe vmakh ruki nad nakoval'ney,
Tem tyazheley udar: tak zanesyon
I nado mnoy on k visyam podnebesnim;

Mne gluboyu kosnet' pervonachal'noy,
Poka kuznets gospoden' – tol'ko on! –
Ne posobit udarom polnovesnim.

9. IX Noch'

Giovanni Strozzi na Noch' Buonarrotto:
Vot eta Noch', chto tak spokojno spit
Pered toboyu, Angela sozdan'ye.
Ona iz kamnya, no v ney est' dikhan'ye:
Lish' razbudi, ona zagovorit.

Among a thousand proofs this one suffices:
no exile was ever as undeserved as his,
and no man equal or greater was ever born.

8. VIII Creativity

If my crude hammer shapes the hard stones
into one human appearance or another,
deriving its motion from the master who guides it,
watches and holds it, it moves at another's pace.

But that divine one, which lodges and dwells in heaven,
beautifies self and others by its own action;
and if no hammer can be made without a hammer,
by that living one every other one is made.

And since a blow becomes more powerful
the higher it's raised up over the forge,
that one's flown up to heaven above my own.

So now my own will fail to be completed
unless the divine smithy, to help make it,
gives it that aid which was unique on earth.

9. IX Night

Strozzi:
The Night that you see sleeping in such a
graceful attitude, was sculpted by an Angel
in this stone, and since she sleeps, she must have life;
wake her, if you don't believe it, and she'll speak to.

Otvet Buonarrotto:
Mne sladko spat', a pushche – kamnem bit',
Kogda krugom pozor i prestuplen'ye:
Ne chuvstvovat', ne videt' – oblegchen'ye,
Umolknj zh, drug, k chemu menya budit'?

10. X Smert'

Uzh chuya smert', khot' i ne znaya sroka,
Ya vishu: zhizn' vsyo ubistryayet shag,
No telu yeshchyo zhalko plotskikh blag,
Dushe zhe zmert' zhelanneye poroka.

Mir – v slepote: postidnogo uroka
Iz vlasti zla ne izvlekayet zrak,
Nadezhdi net, i vsyo ob'yemlet mrak,
I lozh' tsarit, i pravda pryachet oko.

Kogda zh Gospod', nastupit to, chego
Zhdut verniye tebe? Oslabevayet
V otsrochkakh vera, dushu davit gnyot;

Na chto svet spasen'ya tvoyego,
Raz smert' bistrey i navsegda yavlyayet
Nas v sramote, v kotoroy zastayot?

11. XI Bessmertie

Zdes' rok poslal bezvremenniy mne son,
No ya ne myortv, khot' i opushchen v zemlyu:
Ya zhiv v tebe, ch'im setovan'yam vnemlyu,
Za tem, chto v druge drug otobrazhyon.

Michelangelo:
Sleep is dear to me, and being of stone is dearer,
as long as injury and shame endure;
not to see or hear is a great boon to me;
therefore, do not wake me – pray, speak softly.

10. X Death

Certain of death, though not yet of its hour,
life is short and little of it is left for me;
it delights my senses, but is not fit home
for my soul, which is begging me to die.

The world is blind, and bad example goes on
overcoming and drowning even the best of habits.
The light is extinguished, and with it all valor;
error triumphs, and truth cannot sally forth.

Lord, when will come what is awaited by those
who believe in you? For every excess delay
shortens hope and puts the soul in mortal danger.

What good is your promise of great light to all,
if death attacks first, and fixes them forever
in the state he finds them in, with no escape?

11. XI Immortality

Here my fate wills that I should sleep too early,
but I'm not really dead; though I've changed homes,
I live on in you, who see and mourn me now,
since one lover is transformed into the other.

Ya slovno b myortv, no miru v uteshen'ye
Ya tisyachami dush zhivu v serdsakh
Vsekh lyubiyashchikh i znachit, ya ne prakh,
I smertnoye menya ne tronet tlen'ye.

FRANZ LISZT
Tre sonetti del Petrarca (1842–46), S. 270A

12. Pace non trovo (Sonetto 104)

Pace non trovo, et non ò da far guerra;
e temo, et spero; et ardo, et son un ghiaccio;
et volo sopra 'l cielo, et giaccio in terra;
et nulla stringo, et tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.

Tal m' à in pregion, che non m' apre né serra,
né per suo mi riten né scioglie il laccio;
et non m' ancide Amore, et non mi sfera,
né mi vuol vivo, né mi trae d' impaccio.

Veggio senza occhi, et non ò lingua et grido;
et bramo di perir, et chieggo aita;
et ò in odio me stesso, et amo altrui.

Pascomi di dolor, piangendo rido;
egualmente mi spiace morte et vita:
in questo stato son, donna, per voi.

Here I am, believed dead; but I lived for the comfort
of the world, with the souls of a thousand true lovers
in my breast; therefore, although diminished
by taking just one of them from me, I'm not dead.

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FRANZ LISZT
Three Sonnets of Petrarch (1842–46), S. 270A

12. Sonnet 104
Translation: Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503–1542)

I find no peace and all my war is done,
I fear and hope, I burn and freeze like ice;
I fly above the wind, yet cannot rise;
And nought I have, yet all the world I season,

That looseth, nor lacketh, holds me in prison,
And holds me not, yet can I escape no wise.
Nor lets me leave, nor die at my device,
And yet of death it giveth none occasion.

Without eye I see, and without tongue I plain;
I desire to perish, yet ask I health;
I love another, and yet I hate my self;

I feed in sorrow and laugh in all my pain,
Likewise pleaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of my grief.

13. Benedetto sia il giorno (Sonetto 47)

Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e l'ora, e 'l punto
E 'l bel paese e 'l loco, ov'io fui giunto
Da'duo begli occhi che legato m'anno;

E benedetto il primo dolce affanno
Ch'i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto,
E l'arco e la saette ond' i' fui punto,
E le piaghe, ch'infino al cor mi vanno.

Benedette le voci tante, ch'io
Chiamando il nome di Laura ho sparte,
E i sospiri e le lagrime e 'l desio.

E benedette sian tutte le carte
Ov'io fama le acquisto, e il pensier mio,
Ch'è sol di lei, sì ch'altra non v'ha parte.

14. I' vidi in terra angelici costumi (Sonetto 123)

I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,
E celesti bellezze al mondo sole;
Tal che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole:
Che quant'io miro, par sogni, ombre, e fumi.

E vidi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi,
Ch'han fatto mille volte invidia al sole;
Ed udi' sospirando dir parole
Che farian gir i monti, e stare i fiumi.

13. Sonnet 47
Translation: Francis Wrangham (1769–1842)

Blest be the day, and blest the month, the year,
The spring, the hour, the very moment blest,
The lovely scene, the spot, where first oppress'd
I sunk, of two bright eyes the prisoner:

And blest the first soft pang, to me most dear,
Which thrill'd my heart, when Love became its guest;
And blest the bow, the shafts which pierced my breast,
And even the wounds, which bosom'd thence I bear.

Blest too the strains which, pour'd through glade and grove,
Have made the woodlands echo with her name;
The sighs, the tears, the languishment, the love:

And blest those sonnets, sources of my fame;
And blest that thought – Oh! never to remove!
Which turns to her alone, from her alone which came.

14. Sonnet 123
Translation: Francis Wrangham (1769–1842)

On earth reveal'd the beauties of the skies,
Angelic features, it was mine to hail;
Features, which wake my mingled joy and wail,
While all besides like dreams or shadows flies.

And fill'd with tears I saw those two bright eyes,
Which oft have turn'd the sun with envy pale;
And from those lips I heard – oh! such a tale,
As might awake brute Nature's sympathies!

Amor! senno! valor, pietate, e doglia
Facean piangendo un più dolce concerto
D'ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si soglia.

Ed era 'l cielo all'armonia s'intento
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia.
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aer e 'l vento.

Wit, pity, excellence, and grief, and love
With blended plaint so sweet a concert made,
As ne'er was given to mortal ear to prove:

And heaven itself such mute attention paid,
That not a breath disturb'd the listening grove –
Even ether's wildest gales the tuneful charm obey'd.

