Rachmaninoff & Tchaikovsky

Romances Piotr Beczala

Helmut Deutsch

ROMANCES

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

12 Romances, Op. 21, ISR 53

1	No. 4, They Answered	1. 49
2	No. 5, Lilacs	2. 00
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6 Romances, Op. 4, ISR 50

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5	No. 2, Morning	2. 07
6	No. 3, In the Silence of the Secret Night	2. 52
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Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

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Sergei Rachmaninoff

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Total playing time: 81. 01

Piotr Beczala, tenor
Helmut Deutsch, piano

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When I first began to study singing at the Katowice Academy of Music, Poland was still under the sphere of influence of the Soviet Union, and we had very limited access to music scores. Russian music however was readily available and very popular in Poland. It was easy and natural therefore that I quickly turned to the romantic songs of Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff.

When I started my adventure with this music, I was very fortunate because all the pianists training to become soloists at the Academy also had to train as accompanists for singers. They were always available to study and practise with me especially because Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff are at the pinnacle of music written for pianists. They loved to perform it.

Many years later when I got to work with celebrated pianist Helmut Deutsch on primarily German Lieder, we discovered that we both have a passion for these Russian songs too.

They are not only wonderful to sing but the piano parts are also amazing to perform. This music requires the highest level of communication and concentration between the singer and pianist. Our only frustration, once we began to work on this album, was that we had to leave out so many fascinating and interesting songs and focus on a relatively small group that could shine a light on this material.

Piotr Beczala
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The idea of this interpretation is that we want to truly show how the composers wrote these songs and so we have discarded some of the traditional embellishments that have grown up around them over the years. We both wanted to present how we interpret this music — how we sing and play Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff. What is extremely important to show is that each song tells a separate story — even when they are written as a group together — with a beginning, a progression, and a conclusion. Our challenge is to tease out the subtleties of each exquisite piece.

We both strongly feel that the work of these two great composers belongs to world culture — they are landmarks in the history of music that belong to all of us and go far beyond national boundaries. In a similar way that Shakespeare and Beethoven belong to the world too.

Piotr Beczala

New light on the romance, once the most popular genre of Russian music

Histories of Russian music often focus on opera and orchestral music, those grand, public forms that convey something of the country's dramatic history. Yet the most widely appreciated musical genre in nineteenth- and early twentieth-century Russia was the art song — or *romance* as it is known in Russian. Almost every composer of note wrote romances, which were performed by both professional singers in the concert hall, and talented amateurs at home. Publishers could barely keep up with demand and knew that they could make a handsome profit by commissioning new vocal works for an ever-growing audience.

In his early career, Pyotr Tchaikovsky (1840-1893) was keen to prove himself as a composer of serious symphonic works and grand historical operas. His friend, the critic Hermann Laroche, recalled his vow "never to write any small pieces for piano, or romances. He spoke of the latter with the greatest dislike." From 1869 onwards, however, Tchaikovsky set aside such scruple and turned increasingly to vocal music, exploring almost the entire range of song forms that were characteristic of the nineteenth century, from lyric monologues, salon romances, dramatic ballads, and miniature operatic arias, to folksongs, gypsy romances, drinking songs, and children's songs. He certainly wrote for financial gain — a perennial spendthrift, he was always short of cash and often indebted to friends. Yet song also allowed him to express his acute literary sensibility (he set words by more than thirty poets and even wrote three songs to his own words), and to celebrate the many friendships that sustained him, both as an individual, and as a creative artist.

In the spring of 1886, Grand Duke Konstantin Konstantinovich — an influential member of the Romanov dynasty — intimated that the Empress Maria Fyodorovna would be delighted to receive a song dedicated to her.

Helmut Deutsch
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Ever keen to satisfy his imperial patrons, Tchaikovsky replied with a bouquet of a dozen romances, written with great haste in under two weeks that August. The speed of their composition belies the quality of their invention, and in the last of them – "The Gentle Stars Shone For Us", to words by Alexey Pleshcheyev – Tchaikovsky gives voice to a touching sense of tender melancholy. Grand Duke Konstantin was, though, more than an intermediary between Tchaikovsky and the imperial family. He was an accomplished pianist too, as well as a published poet who hid his identity under the none-too-subtle cryptonym of "K.R." Romanov and Tchaikovsky were introduced in 1880, and despite the composer's bashfulness in high society, he found the Grand Duke to be a sympathetic and sensitive character, whose "eyes sparked with kindness, affection, and intelligence." The two struck up a warm friendship and corresponded extensively about literature and music. In September 1886, Romanov sent Tchaikovsky a signed copy of his new volume of poems, and in November 1887, Tchaikovsky set six of them to music, dedicating them to the author.

Three of the poems that Tchaikovsky chose were taken from Romanov's short cycle, "For a Groom and Bride," and the lyrics of the *Six Romances*, Op. 63, bespeak a heterosexual relationship. This is certainly the case in "The Fires in the Room Were Already Out," in which a male speaker addresses a female beloved. The poem concludes with the image of a nightingale, whose song articulates music's ability to convey emotional truths that are beyond verbal expression. Yet might it not also be that Romanov's poem also rests on the unspeakable truth of homosexuality? That Tchaikovsky was gay was an open secret in artistic circles in Russia at the time, and Romanov — a loyal husband and doting father — was tormented by his physical relations with other men. His poem — and Tchaikovsky's setting — give no sense of that anguish, evoking instead the delicate chasteness of young love. In "Serenade," the poet gazes on an innocent child, praying that her sleep might be free of life's inevitable

sorrows. Tchaikovsky responds with lilting, Italianate music, reminding us of the pleasure he took in escaping Russia for sojourns in Rome, Florence, and Venice (appropriately enough, Romanov wrote the words whilst in Palermo).

When composing the "Serenade", Tchaikovsky had in mind the voice of one of Russia's leading tenors, Nikolay Figner, who would later star as Hermann in the premiere of *Queen of Spades* in 1890. The *Six Romances*, Op. 73, composed in April and May 1893, are also dedicated to Figner. They take words by an unknown poet, Daniil Rathaus, who was then a young law student in Kyiv and had sent Tchaikovsky some of his verses the previous summer. Tchaikovsky was immediately drawn to these dilettantish effusions, and he seems to have been rather captivated by the poet himself, writing: "You're talented, you're very handsome; judging by the elegant suits you wear, you have means, and people surely like you – in a word you have everything needed to be happy." When Tchaikovsky's romances were published in July 1893, Rathaus's verses became enormously popular both with general readers, and with song composers, although highbrow critics dismissed them as trite and sentimental.

That view may be true from a purely literary perspective, but Tchaikovsky's music elevates Rathaus's poems to the status of a masterpiece, especially when all six songs are performed together. Indeed, as arranged by Tchaikovsky, the songs are effectively a cycle, with a carefully constructed emotional narrative that unfolds inexorably from the opening number to the last. Tchaikovsky underlines this coherence by means of a series of repeated musical motifs that recur across each of the songs, and a series of subtle harmonic relationships binds them together yet more tightly. The *Six Romances* are the last works that Tchaikovsky composed before his sudden death in October 1893, and it can be tempting to read their theme of tragic and thwarted love as a reflection of the composer's personal life. Yet as he insisted to Rathaus: "I hate it when

people try to peer into my soul. In my music I claim extreme sincerity; I am on the whole inclined to sad songs, yet at the same time, like you, at least in recent years, I want for nothing and can generally consider myself a happy person!"

"To Forget So Soon" takes us back to Tchaikovsky's more turbulent early years. Published in 1870, it sets words by Alexey Apukhtin, a close friend of the composer and — according to society gossip — possibly also his lover. It is a miniature scena, with echoes of the operatic stage and more than a hint of melodrama.

The impact of Tchaikovsky's songs on his contemporaries was enormous, and few composers could escape his influence. His more obvious heir was Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943), who not only set many of the same poets to music — A. K. Tolstoy, Pleshcheyev, Apukhtin, Mey, and Rathaus — but sometimes even the very same texts. But Rachmaninoff was no mere imitator of the elder master. As a virtuoso concert pianist, he invested his accompaniments with greater drama and imaginative flair, and alongside Tchaikovsky's abundant lyricism, he assimilated the careful attention to the rhythms of human speech that Modest Mussorgsky had pioneered in his songs.

Like Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff would often turn to song when he was in need of money, and the *Twelve Romances*, Op. 21, are a case in point. Written in just two weeks in April 1902, they allowed the composer to take his young wife, Natalya Satina, on a long honeymoon to Western Europe that summer. "They Answered" (words by Alfred de Musset, translated by Mey) finds Rachmaninoff in playful mood, belying Stravinsky's description of him as "a six-and-a-half-foot-tall scowl." In "Lilacs" and "How Fair This Spot," we hear the composer's profound attachment to the Russian countryside. Rather more interestingly, these songs also reveal his fondness for poetry by some of the female poets who began to publish around the turn of the century. "Lilacs" sets words by Ekaterina Beketova, whose father was the

rector of St Petersburg University, and whose nephew was the symbolist poet, Alexander Blok. "How Fair This Spot" sets words by Glafira Mamoshina, who published under the pseudonym Galina. Although maligned by Rachmaninoff's high-minded literary contemporaries, Galina's poems proved ideal fodder for his subtle evocation of landscape.

The *Twelve Romances*, Op. 14, date from the autumn of 1896 and were written to help repay an unexpected debt. There is more, though, to these songs than financial expediency. In 1890, he made the acquaintance of a distant relative, Elizaveta Skalon, and her three daughters, Natalya, Lyudmila, and Vera. An intense affection blossomed between Rachmaninoff and Vera, although her parents put a stop to the courtship on account of the composer's seeming lack of prospects. He remained closed to the Skalon sisters, and many of the Op. 14 songs convey both the delights and torments of young love. "I Wait for Thee" takes words by the little known Maria Davydova and daringly evokes passionate feelings from a woman's perspective. "Believe Me Not, Oh Friend" is based on a poem by A. K. Tolstoy that Tchaikovsky had first set in 1869. Rachmaninoff's setting – particularly its extended piano coda – responds directly to Tolstoy's comparison between the fickleness of human affections and the ebb and flow of the sea. "Spring Waters" (to words by Fyodor Tyutchev) sees nature not as a canvas for human emotion, but as a powerful force in its own right, and Rachmaninoff's setting brilliantly depicts the coming of spring after a long, cold Russian winter.

Another of Rachmaninoff's youthful emotional attachments was to a married woman, Anna Lodyzhenskaya, who was partly of gypsy origin. The first of the *Six Romances*, Op. 4 (1893), is dedicated to her (as is Rachmaninoff's First Symphony) and evokes not just his feelings for his unobtainable beloved, but also his fondness for the gypsy songs that he savoured in some of Moscow's more popular musical venues.

"Morning" is altogether rosier and shows, once again, how closely love and landscape were linked in Rachmaninoff's imagination; it is dedicated to Yury Sakhnovsky, who had introduced him to Lodyzhenskaya. "In the Silence of the Secret Night" takes a vividly erotic poem by Afanasy Fet, in which memories of the beloved are conveyed through acutely sensed physical details. Its dedication to Vera Skalon gives a clue to the intensity of the young composer's feelings for her. Tortured recollections of love are central to what must be Rachmaninoff's most famous song (if we discount the wordless "Vocalise"), "Do Not Sing, My Beauty," in which Alexander Pushkin's words are enveloped in an abundance of orientalist exoticism. Its dedication to Natalya Satina foreshadows their marriage a decade later. In "Oh Thou, My Field," Rachmaninoff sets words by A. K. Tolstoy and evokes the soulful singing of a Russian peasant woman, and "How Long, My Friend" (words by Arseny Golenishchev-Kutuzov) brings the set to a resounding conclusion with a dramatic monologue in which a long separated pair of lovers are finally reunited.

The emotional palette of the *Six Romances*, Op. 4, is intense and feverish. Yet Rachmaninoff was also capable of great delicacy and restraint, and nowhere is this better displayed than in "The Dream," to words by Heine, translated by Pleshcheyev. The *Six Romances*, Op. 8 (of which "The Dream" is the fifth) contain three other settings of Heine, as well as a translation of a poem by Goethe, and two Russian versions of the Ukrainian national poet, Taras Shevchenko. The romance may have been central to Russian musical life in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, yet it made room for a good deal of non-Russian poetry. It remains one of the loveliest ways in which we might move beyond Winston Churchill's infamous description of Russia as "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma," and intuit something of the riches of its poetic tradition and its equally abundant musical imagination.

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Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

1

Oni otvechali
(Lyrics by Victor Hugo / Lev Aleksandrovich Mey)

Sprosili oni: «Kak v letuchikh chelnakh
Nam beloju chajkoj skol'zit' na volnakh,
Shtob nas storozha ne dognali?»
«Grebite!» – oni otvechali.

Sprosili oni: «Kak zabyt' navsegda,
Shto v mire judol'nom jest' bednost', beda,
Shto jest' v nyom groza i pechali?»
«Zasnite!» – oni otvechali.

Sprosili oni: «Kak krasavits privlech'
Bez chary, shtob sami na strastnuju rech'
Oni nam v objatija pali?»
«Lyubite!» – oni otvechali.

They answered

They asked: "How, in swift boats,
Are we to glide on the waves like white seagulls,
So that the guards wouldn't get us?"
"Row!" – they answered.

They asked: "How to forget forever,
That there is poverty, misfortune in the tormented world,
That there is terror and sorrows in it?"
"Fall asleep!" – they answered.

They asked: "How to entice beautiful women
Without charms, so that from our passionate speech
They would fall into our embrace on their own?"
"Love!" – they answered.

2

Siren'
(Lyrics by Ekaterina Andreyena Beketova)

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

V zhizni schast'je odno
Mne najti suzhdeno,
I to schast'je v sireni zhivyot;
Na zelyonykh vetvyakh,
Na dushistykh kistyakh
Mojo bednoje schast'je tsvetyot.

Lilacs

In the morning, at dawn,
Through the dewy grass
I will go to breathe in the crisp morning;
And into the fragrant shadow,
Where the lilacs clusters,
I will go to look for my happiness...

In life, only one happiness
Am I destined to find,
And that happiness lives in the lilacs;
On the green branches,
On the fragrant wisps
My poor happiness blossoms.

3

Zdes' horosho.
(Lyrics by Glafira Adol'fovna Galina)

Zdes' horosho...
Vzglyani, vdali
Ognyom gorit reka;
Tsvetnym kovrom luga legli,
Belejut oblaka.

How fair this spot.

How fair this spot...
Look, in the distance
The river is on fire;
The meadows lie like a colorful carpet,
The white of the clouds.

Zdes' net lyudej...
Zdes' tishina...
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.
Tsvety, da staraja sosna,
Da ty, mechta moja!

Out here there are no people...
Out here there is silence...
Out here it's just God and I.
Flowers, and an old pine tree,
And you, my dream!

4

O, net, molyu, ne uhodi!
(Lyrics by Dmitry Sergeyevich Merezhkovsky)

O, net, molyu, ne uhodi!
Vsya bol' nishto pered razlukoj.
Ja slishkom schastliv etoj mukoj,
Sil'nej prizhmi menya k grudi,
Skazhi: "lyublyu".

Prishol ja vnov',
Bol'noj, izmuchennyj i blednyj.
Smotri, kakoj ja slabyj, bednyj,
Kak mne nuzhna tvoja lyubov'...

Muchenij novykh vperedi
Ja zhdu, kak lask, kak potseluja,
I ob odnom molyu, toskuja:
O, bud' so mnoj, ne uhodi!
O, bud' so mnoj, ne uhodi!

Oh, no, I beg you, forsake me not!

Oh, no, I beg you, forsake me not!
All of the pain is nothing compared to
being away from you.
I am too happy with this torment,
Hold me tighter to your chest,
Say: "I love you".

I came back again
Sick, tormented and pale.
Look how weak I am, how poor,
How much I need your love...

New torments to come
I await like caresses, like a kiss,
And I beg you only for this, in distress:
Oh, be with me, do not leave!
Oh, be with me, do not leave!

Sergei Rachmaninoff

5

Utro (Lyrics by Mikhail Yanov)

«Lyublyu tebya!» –
Shepnula dnyu zarya
I, nebo ohvativ, zardelas' ot priznan'ja,
I solntsa luch, prirodu ozarya,
S ulybkoj posylal jej zhguchije lobzan'ja.

A den', kak by jeshchyo ne doveryaja
Osushchestvleniju svoikh zavetnykh gryoz,
Spuskalsya na zemlyu, s ulybkoj utiraja
Blestevshije vokrug ryady almaznykh slyoz...

Morning

"I love you!" –
Whispered the dawn to the day
And, embracing the sky, blushed from the confession,
And a ray of sun, illuminating the nature,
With a smile was sending her passionate kisses.

While the day, as if not trusting fully
That his most cherished dreams have come true,
Descended on earth, with a smile drying up
The shimmering rows of diamond tears all around...

6

V molchan'ji nochi tajnoj...
(Lyrics by Afanasy Afanasyevich Fet)

O, dolgo budu ja v molchan'ji nochi tajnoj
Kovarnyj lepet tvoj, ulybku, vzor, vzor sluchajnyj,
Perstam poslushnuju volos, volos tvoikh gustuju pryad'
Iz myslej izgonyat', i snova prizyvat';

In the silence of the secret night...

Oh, for a while in the silence of the arcane night
Your cunning murmur, smile, glance, occasional glance,
A thick strand of your hair, submissive to my fingers
I will keep banishing these things from my thoughts and summoning again;

Sheptat' i popravlyat' bylyje vyrazhen'ja
Rechej moikh s toboj, ispolnennykh smushchen'ja,
I v op'janenii, naperekor umu,
Zavetnym imenem budit' nochnuju t'mu,
Zavetnym imenem budit' nochnuju t'mu.

O, dolgo budu ja v molchan'ji nochi tajnoj
Zavetnym imenem budit' nochnuju t'mu.

I will whisper and go back on my past expressions
From our conversations, filled with abashment,
And intoxicated, against all reason,
I will rouse the nightly gloom with your cherished name,
I will rouse the nightly gloom with your cherished name.

Oh, for a while in the silence of the arcane night
I will rouse the nightly gloom with your cherished name.

7

Ne poj, krasavitsa...
(Lyrics by Aleksandr Sergeyevich Pushkin)

Ne poj, krasavitsa, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noj:
Napominajut mne one
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'noj.

Uvy, napominajut mne
Tvoi zhestokije napevy
I step', i noch', i pri lune
Cherty dalyokoj bednoj devy!..

Do not sing, oh beauty...

Do not sing, oh beauty, when you're with me
The songs of melancholic Georgia:
They remind me
Of a different life and a distant shore.

Alas, your cruel verses
Remind me of
The steppe, and the night, and the moonlit
Image of a poor distant maiden!..

Ja prizrak milyj, rokovoj,
Tebya uvidev, zabyvaju;
No ty pojosh', i predo mnoj
Jego ja vnov' voobrazhaju.

Ne poj, krasavitsa, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noj:
Napominajut mne one
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'noj.

I forget that dear, fateful phantom,
Once I see you;
But then you sign, and before me
I imagine it once again.

Do not sing, oh beauty, when you're with me
The songs of melancholic Georgia:
They remind me
Of a different life and a distant shore.

8

Uzh ty, niva moja... (Lyrics by Count Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy)

Uzh ty, niva moja, nivushka,
Ne skosit' tebya s mahu jedinogo,
Ne svyazat' tebya vsyu vo jedinyj snop!
Uzh vy, dumy moi, dumushki,
Ne stryahnut' vas razom s plech doloj,
Odnoj rech'ju-to vas ne vyskazat'!
Po tebe l', niva, veter razgulival,

Gnul kolos'ja tvoi do zemli,
Zrely zyorna vse razmyotyval!
Shiroko vy, dumy, porassypalis',

Oh you, my field...

Oh field, my field, dear field,
Cannot mow you with a single swing,
Cannot bind you in a single sheaf!
Oh thoughts, my thoughts, dear thoughts,
Cannot shed you all at once off my shoulders,
Cannot express you in a single speech!
Was it you, field, that the wind wandered through,
Bending your ears of wheat to the ground,
Scattering all the ripe seeds!
Far and wide have you, my thoughts, scattered,

Kuda pala kakaja dumushka,
Tam vshodila lyuta pechal'-trava,
Vyrostalo gore goryucheje. A!

Where some dear thought fell,
There vicious sadness-grass would sprout,
Bitter sorrow would grow. Ah!

9

Davno l', moj drug...
(Lyrics by Arseny Golenishchev-Kutuzov)

Davno l', moj drug, tvoj vzor pechal'nyj
Ja v rasstavan'ja smutnyj mig lovil,
Shtob luch jego proshchal'nyj
Nadolgo v dushu mne pronik.

Davno l', bluzhdaja odinoko,
V tolpe tesnyashchej i chuzhoj
K tebe zhelannoj i dalyokoj
Ja mchalsya grustnoju mechtoj?

Zhelan'ja gasli... Serdtse nylo...
Stojalo vremya... Um molchal...
Davno l' zatish'je eto bylo?
No vikhr' svidan'ja nabezhal...

My vmeste vnov', i dni nesutsa,
Kak v more voln letuchikh stroj,

How long, my friend...

How long, my friend, since I caught your somber glanc
In the hazy moment of our goodbye,
So that its farewell ray
Would enter my soul to stay.

Has it been long since, wandering alone,
In an airless and esstranged crowd
I rushed to you, so longed for and distant
In a wistful dream?

My desires faded... My heart ached...
The time stood still... My mind was silent...
Has it been long since that quiet moment?
But the storm of seeing you came rushing in...

We are together again, and the days rush by,
Like an array of swift waves in the sea,

I mysl' kipit, i pesni l'jutsa
Iz serdtsa, polnogo toboj!

Iz serdtsa, polnogo toboj!

And my thoughts boil up, and songs are pouring out
From my heart, filled with you!

From my heart, filled with you!

10

Ja zhdu tebya...
(Lyrics by Maria Avgustovna Davidova)

Ja zhdu tebya! Zakat ugas,
I nochi tyomnyje pokrovy
Spustit'sa na zemlyu gotovy
I spryatat' nas.

Ja zhdu tebya! Dushistoj mgloj
Noch' napoila mir usnuvshij,
I razluchilsya den' minuvshij
Na vek s zemlyoj.

Ja zhdu tebya! Terzajas' i lyubya,
Schitaju kazhdyje mgnoven'ja,
Polon toski i neterpen'ja.
Ja zhdu tebya!

I wait for you...

I wait for you! The setting sun has faded away,
And the dark covers of the night
Are ready to set on earth
And to hide us.

I am waiting for you! With a fragrant mist
The night has bathed the world fast asleep,
And the past day has parted
With the earth forever.

I am waiting for you! In torment and in love,
I count every moment,
Full of sorrow and anticipation.
I am waiting for you!

11

Ne ver' mne, drug!..
(Lyrics by Count Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy)

Ne ver' mne, drug, kogda v izbytke gorya
Ja govoryu, shto razlyubil tebya.
V otliva chas ne ver' izmene morya:
Ono k zemle vorotitsya, lyubya.

Uzh ja toskuju, prezhnej strasti polnyj,
Moju svobodu vnov' tebe otdam.
I uzh begut s obratnym shumom volny
Izdaleka k lyubimym beregam!

Believe me not, friend!..

Believe me not, friend, when full of sorrow
I say, that I have stopped loving you.
When the tide is low don't believe the deceit of the sea:
It will come back to land, loving still.

By now I long for you, filled with the same passion,
I will give away my freedom to you once more.
And by now the waves are rushing back rumbling
From faraway to their beloved shores!

12

Vesennije vody
(Lyrics by Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev)

Jeshchyo v polyakh belejet sneg,
A vody uzh vesnoj shumyat,
Begut i budyat sonnyj breg,
Begut i bleshchut, i glasyat.

Spring waters

The fields are still white with snow,
While the waters roar of spring,
They run and awaken the sleepy shores,
They run and sparkle, and proclaim.

Oni glasyat vo vse kontsy:
«Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot!
My molodoj vesny gontsy,
Ona nas vyslala vperyod.

Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot!
I tihikh, tyoplykh majskikh dnej
Rumyanyj, svetlyj horovod
Tolpitsa veselo za nej.»

They proclaim to every corner:
"Spring's coming! Spring's coming!
We are the messengers of the young spring,
She has sent us ahead.

Spring's coming! Spring's coming!
And quiet, warm May days
In a florid, merry dance
Crowd happily beside her."

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

13

Den' li tsarit
(Lyrics by Aleksei Nikolayevich Apukhtin)

Den' li tsarit, tishina li nochnaja,
V snakh li bessvyaznykh, v zhitejskoj bor'be, –
Vsyudu so mnoj, moju zhizn' napolnyaja,
Duma vsyo ta zhe, odna rokovaja, –
Vsyo o tebe! Vsyo o tebe!
Vsyo, vsyo, vsyo, vsyo o tebe!

S neju ne strashen mne prizrak bylogo,
Serdtse vospryanulo snova lyubya...
Vera, mechty, vdokhnovennoje slovo,

Does the day reign

Does the day reign, or in the silence of the night,
In delirious dreams, or in everyday struggle,
Always with me, fulfilling my life,
Only one though, same vital thought, –
Fully of you! All about you!
All, all, all, all about you!

With it, I fear not the ghosts of the past,
My heart has risen again with love...
Faith, dreams, word of inspiration,

Pyotr Ilych Tchaikovsky

Vsyo, shto v dushe dorogogo, svyatogo, –
Vsyo ot tebya, vsyo, vsyo ot tebya,
Vsyo ot tebya!

Budut li dni moi jasny, unyly,
Skoro li sginu ja, zhizn' zagubya!
Znaju odno, shto do samoj mogily
Pomysly, chuvstva, i pesni, i sily, –
Vsyo dlya tebya! Vsyo dlya tebya!

Pomysly, chuvstva, i pesni, i sily, –
Vsyo, vsyo, vsyo, vsyo dlya tebya!

All that is cherished, sacred in my soul, –
All from you, all, all from you,
All from you!

Be my days be bright, dreary,
May I perish, life wasted away!
On thing I know is that until my very grave
My thoughts, feelings, and songs, and strength, –
All for you! All for you!

My thoughts, feelings, and songs, and strength, –
All, all, all, all for you!

14

Nam zvyozdy krotkije sijali
(Lyrics by Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev)

Nam zvyozdy krotkije sijali,
Chut' vejal tihij veterok,
Krugom tsvety blagouhali,
I volny laskovo zhurchali
U nashikh nog.

My byli juny, my lyubili,
I s veroj v dal' smotreli my;
V nas gryozy raduzhnyje zhili,

The gentle stars shone for us

Gentle stars shone for us
A faint breeze was blowing lightly,
There were fragrant flowers all around,
And waves murmured gently
By our feet.

We were young, we were in love,
And looking with hope into the distance;
We were full of vivid dreams,

I nam ne strashny v'jugi byli
Sedoj zimy.

Gde zh eti nochi s ikh sijan'jem,
S blagouhajushchej krasoj
I voln tainstvennym zhurchan'jem,
Nadezhd, vostorzhennykh mechtanij
Gde svetlyj roj?
Gde svetlyj roj?

And we were not scared of the blizzards
Of the grey-headed winter.

Where are those nights with their light,
With their fragrant beauty
And mysterious murmur of the waves,
The hopes, the delightful dreams
Where is their bright swarm?
Where is their bright swarm?

15

Uzh gasli v komnatakh ogni...
(Lyrics by Konstantin Konstantinovich Romanov)

Uzh gasli v komnatakh ogni...
Blagoukhali rozy...
My seli na skam'ju v teni
Razvesistoj beryozy.

My byli molody s toboj!
Tak schastlivy my byli
Nas okruzhavsheju vesnoj,
Tak goryacho lyubili!

The fires in the rooms were already out...

The lights in the rooms were already going out...
The roses were so fragrant...
We sat down on a bench in the shade
Of a big birch tree.

We were young, you and I!
So happy we were
In the spring that surrounded us,
We loved so passionately!

Dvurogij mesyats navodil
Na nas svojo sijan'je;
Ja nichego ne govoril,
Bojas' prervat' molchan'je...

Bezmolvno sinikh glaz tvoikh
Ty opuskala vzory -
Krasnorechivej slov inykh
Nemyje razgovory.

Chego ne smel poverit' ja,
Shto v serdtse ty taila, -
Vsyo eto pesnya solov'ja
Za nas dogovorila.

The two-horned crescent was casting
Its light upon us;
I didn't say anything,
Afraid to interrupt the silence...

Silently you lowered
The gaze of your blue eyes:–
More outspoken than certain words
Are these wordless conversations.

What I did not dare believe,
What you kept secret in your heart,
All that a nightingale's song
Has finished telling for us.

16

Serenada: O ditya, pod okoshkom tvoim
(Lyrics by Konstantin Konstantinovich Romanov)

O ditya, pod okoshkom tvoim
Ja tebe propoju serenadu...
Ubajukana pen'jem moim,
Ty najdyosh' v snoviden'jakh otradu;
Pust' tvoj son i pokoj
V chas bezmolvnyj, nochnoj
Nezhnykh zvukov lelejut lobzan'ja!

Serenade: Oh child! Beneath your window

Oh child, beneath your window
I will sing you a serenade...
Lulled to sleep by my signing,
You will find comfort in dreams;
May your sleep and peace
In the silent hour of the night
Be embraced by these tender sounds!

Mnogo gorestej, mnogo nevzgod
Tebya v zhizni, ditya, ozhidajet;
Spi zhe sladko, poka net zabot,
Poka serdtse trevogi ne znajet,
Spi vo mrake nochnom
Bezmyatezhnym ty snom,
Spi, ne znaja zemnogo stradan'ja.

Pust' tvoj angel-hranitel' svyatoj,
Milyj drug, nad toboju letajet
I, leleja son devstvennyj tvoj,
Tebe rajskuju pesn' napevajet.
Pust' toj pesni svyatoj
Otgolosok zhivoj
Tebe v dushu vselit upovan'je.

Spi zhe, milaja, spi, pochivaj
Pod akkordy mojej serenady!
Pust' prisnitsa tebe svetlyj raj,
Preispolnennyj vechnoj otrady;
Pust' tvoj son i pokoj
V chas bezmolvnyj, nochnoj
Nezhnykh zvukov lelejut lobzan'ya!

Many woes, many hardships
Await you in life, child;
So sleep sweetly, while there are no worries,
While your heart does not yet know dismay,
Sleep in the darkness of the night
A blissful sleep,
Sleep, not knowing of earthly sufferings.

May your guardian angel saint,
Drift above you, dear friend
And, protecting your innocent sleep,
May he sing you a song of heaven.
May the divine's song
Lively echo
Imbue your soul with faith.

So sleep, darling, sleep, rest
To the chords of my serenade!
May your dream be of bright heaven,
Filled with eternal delight;
May your sleep and peace
In the silent hour of the night
Be embraced by these tender sounds!

17

Otchego?.. (Lyrics by Lev Aleksandrovich Mey)

Otchego poblednela vesnoj
Pyshnotsvetnaja roza sama?
Otchego pod zelyonoj travoj
Golubaja fialka nema?

Otchego tak pechal'no zvuchit
Pesnya ptichki, nesyas' v nebesa?
Otchego nad lugami visit
Pogrebal'nym pokrovom rosa?

Otchego v nebe solntse s utra
Holodno i temno, kak zimoj?
Otchego i zemlya vsya syra
I ugryumej mogily samoj?

Otchego ja i sam vsyo grustnej
I boleznennej den' oto dnya?
Otchego, o, skazhi mne skorej,
Ty, pokinuv, zabyla menya?

Why?..

Why has a flourishing rose
Grown pale in spring on its own?
Why under the green grass
A blue violet keeps silent?

Why does a little bird's song
Sound so sad, as it hurries off into the sky?
Why does the morning dew hang
Over the meadows as a burial shroud?

Why is the sun in the sky
Cold and dark in the morning, like in winter?
Why is the ground all damp
And grimmer than grave itself?

Why I myself am sadder and sadder
And sicker day after day?
Why, oh, tell me now,
Did you leave and forget me?

18

Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal
(Lyrics by Lev Aleksandrovich Mey)

Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal
Svidan'ja zhazhdu,
Pojmyot, kak ja stradal
I kak ja strazhdu.

Glyazhu ja vdal'... net sil,
Tusknejet oko...
Akh, kto menya lyubil
I znal, – dalyoko!

Akh, tol'ko tot, kto znal
Svidan'ja zhazhdu,
Pojmyot, kak ja stradal
I kak ja strazhdu.
Pojmyot, kak ja stradal
I kak ja strazhdu.

Vsya grud' gorit... Kto znal
Svidan'ja zhazhdu,
Pojmyot, kak ja stradal
I kak ja strazhdu.

None but the lonely heart

None but the lonely heart
That longing to see someone,
Will understand, how I have suffered
And how I am suffering.

I look into the distance... powerless,
My gaze fades...
Ah, the one who loved me
And knew me, – is far away!

Ah, only he who's known
That longing to see someone,
Will understand, how I have suffered
And how I am suffering.
Will understand, how I have suffered
And how I am suffering.

My whole chest is on fire... He who's known
That longing to see someone,
Will understand, how I have suffered
And how I am suffering.

19

Tak shto zhe?
(Lyrics by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky)

Tvoj obraz svetlyj, angel'skij
I denno i noshchno so mnoj;
I slyozy, i gryozy,
I zhutkije, strashnyje sny –
Ty vsyo napolnyajesh' soboj!
Ty vsyo napolnyajesh' soboj!
Tak shto zhe? Shto zhe? Shto zhe?
Hot' much', da lyubi!

Ja tajnu strasti pagubnoj
Gluboko horonyu;
A ty korish', stydom jazvish'!
Ty tol'ko terzajesh' menya
Bezzhalostnoj, gruboj nasmeshkoj,
Bezzhalostnoj, gruboj nasmeshkoj!
Tak shto zhe? Shto zhe? Shto zhe?
Terzaj, da lyubi!

Tebe do groba veren ja,
No ty kazhdyj den', kazhdyj chas

So what?..

Your bright, angelic image
Is with me day and night;
My tears, my dreams,
My terrifying, frightening nightmares –
You fill everything!
You fill everything!
So what? What? What?
Got ahead and torment me, as long as you love me!

The secret of this fatal passion
I bury deep within;
While you scold me, sting me with shame!
You only tease me
With merciless, harsh mockery!
With merciless, harsh mockery!
So what? What? What?
Go ahead and tease, as long as you love me!

I will stay faithful to you until my grave,
But every day, every hour

Izmenoju jad v serdtse l'josh',
Ty zhizn' otravlyajesh' moju!
Net, ja ne snesu etoj muki!
Net zhalosti v serdtse tvojom!
Tak shto zhe? Shto zhe? Shto zhe?
Ubej, no lyubi!
Ubej, no lyubi,
Ubej, ubej menya!
Ubej! No lyubi!

You pour venom in my heart with your betrayal,
You poison my life!
No, I will not bear this torture!
There is no mercy in your heart!
So what? What? What?
Kill me, but love me!
Kill me, but love me,
Kill, kill me!
Kill me! But love me!

20

Na son gryadushchij
(Lyrics by Nikolai Platonovich Ogaryov)

Nochnaja t'ma bezmolvije prinosit
I k otdyhu zovyot menya.
Pora, pora! pokoja telo prosit,
Dusha ustala v vihre dnya.

Molyu tebya, pred snom gryadushchim, bozhe:
Daj lyudyam mir; blagoslovi
Mladentsa son, i nishchenskoje lozhe,
I slyozy tikhije lyubvi!

At bedtime

The dark of the night brings in the silence
And invites me to rest.
It's time, it's time! my body is asking for some quiet,
My soul has tired from the whirl of the day.

I beg you, before sleep comes, God:
Give people peace; bless
The sleep of a newborn, and a poor man's bed,
And the quiet tears of love!

Prosti grehu, na zhgucheje stradan'je
Uspokoitel'no dohni,
I vse tvoi pechal'nyje sozdan'ja
Hot' snoviden'jem obmani!

I vse tvoi pechal'nyje sozdan'ja
Hot' snoviden'jem obmani,
Hot' snoviden'jem obmani!

Forgive the sin, and calm the burning suffering
With your soothing breath,
And to all of your doleful creations
Allow the deceit of dreaming at least!

And to all of your doleful creations
Allow the deceit of dreaming at least,
Allow the deceit of dreaming at least!

21

Zachem? (Lyrics by Lev Aleksandrovich Mey)

Zachem zhe ty prisnilasya,
Krasavitsa dalyokaja,
I vspykhnula, shto v polyme,
Podushka odinokaja?

Okh, sgin' ty, sgin' ty, polunochnitsa!
Glaza tvoi lenivyje
I pepel kos rassypchatyj,
I guby gordelivyje, –

Vsyo najavu mne snilosya,
I vsyo, shto gryoza veshnyaja,
Umchalosya, – i na serdtse
Legla pot'ma kromeshnaja!

What for?

What did you come into my dreams for,
Distant beauty,
And why, as if catching fire,
Did my lonely pillow burst into flames?

Oh, begone you, begone you, night-wanderer!
Your lazy eyes
And the powdery ash of your braids,
And your prideful lips, –

Those were daydreams,
And all, like a spring fantasy,
Have whirled away, – and pitch-black darkness
Has filled my heart!

Zachem zhe ty prisnilasya,
Krasavitsa dalyokaja,
Kol' stynet vmeste s gryozoju
Podushka odinokaja?

Zachem zhe, zachem zhe ty prisnilasya!

What did you come into my dreams for,
Distant beauty,
Since with my dream
My lonely pillow is growing cold?

What for, what did you come into my dreams for!

22

To bylo ranneju vesnoj
(Lyrics by Count Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy)

To bylo ranneju vesnoj,
Trava jedva vshodila,
Ruch'ji tekli, ne paril znoj,
I zelen' roshch skvozila;

Truba pastush'ja poutru
Jeshchyo ne pela zvonko,
I v zavitkakh jeshchyo v boru,
Byl paporotnik tonkij;

To bylo ranneju vesnoj,
V teni beryoz to bylo,
Kogda s ulybkoj predo mnoj
Ty ochi opustila...

It was in the early spring

It happened in the early spring,
The grass was barely coming up,
The streams were flowing, it wasn't steaming hot,
And the green of the groves was see-through;

A shepherd's pipe in the morning
Was not yet singing brightly,
And still curled up in the forest,
Were thin ferns;

It happened in the early spring,
In the shade of the birch trees it happened,
When with a smile before me
You lowered your gaze...

To na lyubov' moju v otvet
Ty opustila vezhdy...
O zhizn'! O les! O solntsa svet!
O junost'! O nadezhdy!

I plakal ja pered toboj,
Na lik tvoj glyadya milyj.
To bylo ranneju vesnoj,
V teni beryoz to bylo!

To bylo v utro nashikh let!
O schast'je! O slyozy!
O les! O zhizn'! O solntsa svet!
O svezhij dukh beryozy!

It was in answer to my love
That you lowered your gaze...
Oh life! Oh forest! Oh sunlight!
Oh youth! Oh hopes!

And I was crying in front of you,
Looking at your tender face.
It happened in the early spring,
In the shade of the birch trees it happened!

It was the morning of our lives!
Oh happiness! Oh tears!
Oh forest! Oh life! Oh sunlight!
Oh fresh odor of birch trees!

23

Sred' shumnogo bala
(Lyrics by Count Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy)

Sred' shumnogo bala, sluchajno,
V trevoge mirskoj sujety,
Tebya ja uvidel, no tajna
Tvoi pokryvala cherty.

Lish' ochi pechal'no glyadeli,
A golos tak divno zvuchal,

Amid the roaring ball

Amid the roaring ball, by chance,
In the anxiety of the mundane,
I saw you, but an enigma
Was veiling your features.

Just your eyes were full of sorrow,
While your voice resounded wondrously,

Kak zvon otdalyonnoj svireli,
Kak morya igrajushchij val.

Mne stan tvoj ponravilsya tonkij
I ves' tvoj zadumchivyj vid,
A smekh tvoj, i grustnyj, i zvonkij,
S tekh por v mojom serdtse zvuchit.

V chasy odinokije nochi
Lyublyu ja, ustalyj, prilech';
Ja vizhu pechal'nyje ochi,
Ja slyshu vesyoluju rech',

I grustno ja, grustno tak zasypaju,
I v gryozakh nevedomykh splyu...
Lyublyu li tebya, ja ne znaju,
No kazhetsa mne, shto lyublyu!

Like the ringing of a faraway svirel,
Like the playful roar of the sea.

Your slender form appealed to me,
And the look of deep wonderment about you,
While your laughter, both sad and sonorous,
Since then it resounds in my heart.

In the lonely hours of the night
Tired, I like to lie down;
I see your sorrowful eyes,
I hear your merry voice,

And wistfully, so wistfully do I fall asleep,
And unfamiliar dreams I dream...
If I love you, I don't know,
But it seems to me that I do!

24

My sideli s toboj...
(Lyrics by Daniil Maximovich Rathaus)

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

We sat together...

We sat together by the sleeping river.
The fishermen passed by with a quiet song
on their way home.
The golden ray of sun was fading past the

river...
And I didn't say anything to you...

Zagremelo vdali... nadvigalas' groza...
Po resnitsam tvoim pokatilas' sleza...
I s bezumnym rydan'jem k tebe ja pripal...
I tebe nichego, nichego ne skazal.

It began to thunder in the distance... a storm was coming...
A tear was falling from your lashes...
And sobbing madly I seized you...
And I didn't say anything, nothing to you.

I teper', v eti dni, ja, kak prezhde, odin,
Uzh ne zhdu nichego ot gryadushchikh godin...
V serdtse zhiznennyj zvuk uzh davno otzvuchal...
Akh, zachem, akh, zachem ja tebe nichego,
nichego ne skazal!..

And now, these days, I am, as before, alone,
No longer expecting anything from years to come...
The sound of life in my heart has faded away...
Oh, why, oh, why did I not saying anything,
nothing to you!..

25

Noch' (Lyrics by Daniil Maximovich Rathaus)

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

Na pechal'nyje glaza
Tiho son nishodit...

Night

The weak light of the candle is growing dim...
The gloomy twilight wanders...
And sorrow clutches my chest
With an odd power...

On my longing eyes
Sleep descends quietly...

I s proshedshim v etot mig
Rech' dusha zavodit.

Istomilasya ona
Gorest'ju glubokoj.
Pojavis' zhe, hot' vo sne,
O, moj drug dalyokij!

And at that moment
My soul reaches out to the past.

My soul has been tormented
By deep sadness.
Appear, at least in my dream,
Oh, my distant friend!

26

V etu lunnuju noch'
(Lyrics by Daniil Maximovich Rathaus)

V etu lunnuju noch', v etu divnuju noch',
V etot mig blagodatnyj svidan'ja,
O, moj drug, ja ne v silakh lyubov' prevozmoch',
Uderzhat' ja ne v silakh priznan'ja!

V serebre chut' kolyshetsa ozera glad'...
Naklonyas', zasheptalisya ivy...
No bessil'ny slova! Kak tebe peredat'
Istomlennogo serdtsa poryvy?

In this moonlit night

In this moonlit night, in this divine night,
In this blessed moment of tryst,
Oh, my friend, I am powerless to overcome the love,
Powerless to hold back my confession!

The smooth silver surface of the lake lightly trembles...
Leaning in the willows have begun to whisper...
But powerless are the words! How do I show you
The bursts of a tormented heart?

Noch' ne zhdyot, noch' letit... Zakatilas' luna...
Zaalelo v tainstvennoj dali...
Dorogaja, prosti! Snova zhizni volna
Nam nesyot den' toski i pechali!

The night doesn't wait, the night flies... The moon has set...
The light is turning scarlet in the mysterious distance...
My darling, forgive me! Once again the wave of life
Is bringing us a day of longing and sorrow!

27

Zakatilos' solntse...
(Lyrics by Daniil Maximovich Rathaus)

Zakatilos' solntse, zaigrali kraski
Leghkoj pozolotoj v sineve nebes...
V obajan'je nochi sladostrastnoj laski
Tiho shto-to shepchet zadremavshij les...

I v dushe trevozhnoj umolkajut muki
I dyshat' vsej grud'ju v etu noch' leghko...
Nochi divnoj teni, nochi divnoj zvuki
Nas s toboj unosyat, drug moj, daleko.

The sun has set...

The sun has set, the playful colors embellished
The blue of the skies with faint gold...
Charmed by the sensual caress of the night
Dozing off, the forest whispers something...

And the torments of my anxious soul have quieted down
And it is easy to breathe tonight, with a full chest
Shadows of this glorious night, sounds of this glorious night
Take us away, my friend, far away.

Vsya objata negoj etoj nochi strastnoj,
Ty ko mne sklonilas' na plecho glavoj...
Ja bezumno schastliv, o, moj drug prekrasnyj,
Beskonechno schastliv v etu noch' s toboj!

Embraced by the blissfulness of this passionate night,
You have put your head on my shoulder...
I am incredibly happy, oh, my wonderful friend,
Infinitely happy tonight with you!

28

Sred' mrachnykh dnej
(Lyrics by Daniil Maximovich Rathaus)

Sred' mrachnykh dnej, pod gnyotom bed,
Iz mgly tumannoj proshlykh let,
Kak otblesk radostnykh luchej,
Mne svetit vzor tvoikh ochej.

Pod obajan'jem svetlykh snov
Mne mnitsa, ja s toboju vnov'.
Pri svete dnya, v nochnoj tishi
Delyus' vostorgami dushi.

Ja vnov' s toboj! – moja pechal'
Umchalas' v pasmurnuju dal'...
I strastno vnov' hochu ja zhit' –
Toboj dyshat', tebya lyubit'!

Amid sombre days

Amid dreary days, tormented by woes,
Out of the fogged haze of years gone by,
Like a glint of joyous rays,
The gaze of your eyes shines on me.

Charmed by the bright dreams
I imagine that I am with you again.
In the daylight, in the silence of the night,
Sharing the glees of my soul.

I am with you again! – my sorrow
Has rushed off into the gloomy distance...
And once again I passionately want to live –
To breathe you in, to love you!

29

Snova, kak prezhde, odin
(Lyrics by Daniil Maximovich Rathaus)

Snova, kak prezhde, odin,
Snova objat ja toskoj...
Smotritsa topol' v okno,
Ves' ozaryonnyj lunoj.
Smotritsa topol' v okno...
Shepchut o chyom-to listy...
V zvyozdakh goryat nebesa...
Gde teper', milaya, ty?
Vsyo, shto tvoritsa so mnoj,
Ja peredat' ne berus'...
Drug! pomolis' za menya,
Ja za tebya uzh molyus'!..

Again, as before, alone

Again, as before, alone,
Again I am consumed by the sorrow...
A poplar looks through the window,
Illuminated by the moon.
The poplar looks through the window...
The leaves whisper about something...
The skies are on fire with the stars...
Where are you now, my darling?
Everything that is happening to me,
I do not dare explain...
Friend! pray for me,
I have been praying for you!..

30

Zabyt' tak skoro...
(Lyrics by Aleksey Nikolayevich Apukhtin)

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

To forget so soon...

To forget so soon, my God,
All the happiness of a life lived!
All our meetings, conversations,
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!

Zabyt' volnen'ja pervykh dnej,
Svidan'ja chas v teni vetvej!
Ochej nemyje razgovory,
Zabyt' tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro!

Zabyt', kak polnaja luna
Na nas glyadela iz okna,
Kak kolyhalas' tiho shtora...
Zabyt' tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro, tak skoro!

To forget the thrill of those first days,
The moments together in the shadow of the branches!
The silent conversations of our eyes,
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!

To forget how the full moon
Was watching us through the window,
How the curtain quietly wavered...
To forget so soon, to forget so soon, so soon!

Sergei Rachmaninoff

31

Son (Lyrics by Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev)

I u menya byl kraj rodnoj;
Prekrasen on!
Tam jel' kachalas' nado mnoj...
No to byl son!

Sem'ja druzej zhiva byla.
So vsekh storon
Zvuchali mne lyubvi slova...
No to byl son!

A dream

I too had a homeland;
It was beautiful!
There, a spruce was swaying above me...
But that was a dream!

The family of friends was still alive.
All around
The words of love resounded for me...
But that was a dream!

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Acknowledgements

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Sit back and enjoy