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THE METROPOLITAN OPERA PRESENTS

Anna Netrebko in Recital

Anna Netrebko *Soprano*

Malcolm Martineau *Piano*

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 2016, AT 4:00 PM

Anna Netrebko, Soprano

NEW YORK RECITAL DEBUT

Malcolm Martineau, Piano

Metropolitan Opera House

Sunday, February 28, 2016, at 4:00 PM

Sergei Rachmaninoff Before my window, Op. 26, No. 10
(1873–1943) The Dream, Op. 8, No. 5
They answered, Op. 21, No. 4
Lilacs, Op. 21, No. 5
Sing not to me, beautiful maiden, Op. 4, No. 4

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov What it is, in the still of night, Op. 40, No. 3
(1844–1908) Forgive me! Remember not the downcast days, Op. 27, No. 4
It was not the wind, blowing from the heights, Op. 43, No. 2
The lark's song rings more clearly, Op. 43, No. 1
On Georgia's hills, Op. 3, No. 4
To the realm of roses and wine, Op. 8, No. 5
Zuleika's Song, Op. 26, No. 4
Captivated by the rose, the nightingale, Op. 2, No. 2
The clouds begin to scatter, Op. 42, No. 3
Ivan Sergeich, do you want to go, from *The Tsar's Bride*
Summer Night's Dream, Op. 56, No. 2

INTERMISSION

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky Say, when under shady boughs, Op. 57, No. 1
(1840–1893) So soon forgotten
Reckless nights, Op. 60, No. 6
Why?, Op. 6, No. 5
Serenade, Op. 63, No. 6
Was I not a little blade of grass?, Op. 47, No. 7
Amidst gloomy days, Op. 73, No. 5
Amidst the day, Op. 47, No. 6

Yamaha is the official piano of the Metropolitan Opera.

Before the recital begins, please switch off cell phones and other electronic devices.

This performance is being broadcast live on Metropolitan Opera Radio on SiriusXM channel 74.

Anna Netrebko thanks Pamella Roland for the design of her teal gown for this afternoon's recital.

Notes on the Program

by Jay Goodwin

THE RUSSIAN ROMANCE

Though not nearly as well known in the West as the German lied and French *mélodie*, Russia's own tradition of art song—known as the *romance*—is similarly rich and equally significant to its nation's repertoire as those more familiar genres. Having emerged around the turn of the 19th century, the romance became perhaps the most popular musical form in Russia for more than 100 years—sung both by amateurs in their living rooms and in performance by the country's brightest vocal stars—and influenced the styles of every major composer of the time. None of Russia's great Romantics failed to produce a significant catalogue of these emotive, sentimental songs, which melded rustic elements of gypsy and folk music with more formal influences from the western European music that was steadily taking firmer hold of the Russian musical consciousness. By the late 19th and early 20th centuries, the romance had, despite the obvious linguistic differences, come to share stylistic similarities with its German and French counterparts and rival them in sophistication, and even drew upon some of the same sources of text—as evidenced by several songs on this afternoon's program. Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Rachmaninoff are three of the greatest exponents of this evolved later style of romance, and each produced dozens of affecting, technically exquisite—yet still thoroughly Russian—examples of the genre.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

“Before my window,” Op. 26, No. 10; “The Dream,” Op. 8, No. 5; “They answered,” Op. 21, No. 4; “Lilacs,” Op. 21, No. 5; “Sing not to me, beautiful maiden,” Op. 4, No. 4

Rachmaninoff was born some 30 years after Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov and, unlike the other two composers represented on this program, lived well into the 20th century. In late 1917, however, Rachmaninoff fled his beloved Russia in the midst of the bloody Bolshevik Revolution, leaving behind not only significant wealth but also the majority of his artistic inspiration. He wrote only a handful of works in the final quarter century of his life, none of them songs, so his output of romances remains roughly contemporaneous with many of Tchaikovsky's and Rimsky-Korsakov's despite his belonging to the subsequent generation.

The five selections on this program all date from the last decade of the 19th century and first decade of the 20th, the period during which Rachmaninoff was most active as a song composer. “Sing not to me, beautiful maiden” and “The Dream” represent Op. 4 and Op. 8, respectively, his first two significant song collections, and set texts by two of the greatest writers of Russia and Germany. The former, a haunted, folksong-inflected cry of lament for lost love, sets verse by Pushkin, while the latter trades desperation for wistful melancholy in its setting of a poem (in Russian translation) by the great German Romantic Heinrich Heine, source of inspiration for countless lieder. With hazy piano accompaniment and meandering, aimless melody, Rachmaninoff vividly depicts the persona's anguish at having been separated from her homeland and loved ones by death and by distance—a subject that would soon have painful resonance for the composer.

The other three selections are taken from the larger, later collections Op. 21 and Op. 26, written soon after the turn of the century. “They answered” gives a Russian accent to text adapted from a poem by Victor Hugo in which swashbuckling Spanish men ask burning questions about life—accompanied by rousing whirls of accompaniment—and receive whispered, pianissimo answers from real or imagined female companions (the crucial gender distinction is unfortunately lost in English translation).

Both “Lilacs” and “Before my window” use flowers as symbols of love and happiness. In “Lilacs,” the titular blooms symbolize the beauty of nature and the joy that can be found in the little things, despite one’s other troubles or lack of fulfillment in life. Both that simple, momentary joy and the undercurrent of discontent against which it struggles are captured in Rachmaninoff’s soft, gently strolling melodies, darkened at times by chromaticism and shadowy shifts of harmony. Almost operatic by contrast, with its soaring, dramatic vocal line and surging piano chords, “Before my window” takes an altogether more rapturous tack in paying tribute to the magic of nature and its ability to reflect our emotions back at us.

NIKOLAI RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

“What it is, in the still of night,” Op. 40, No. 3; “Forgive me! Remember not the downcast days,” Op. 27, No. 4; “It was not the wind, blowing from the heights, Op. 43, No. 2; “The lark’s song rings more clearly,” Op. 43, No. 1; “On Georgia’s hills,” Op. 3, No. 4; “To the realm of roses and wine,” Op. 8, No. 5; “Zuleika’s song,” Op. 26, No. 4; “Captivated by the rose, the nightingale,” Op. 2, No. 2; “The clouds begin to scatter,” Op. 42, No. 3; “Ivan Sergeich, do you want to go,” from *The Tsar’s Bride*; “Summer Night’s Dream,” Op. 56, No. 2

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov—who never heard an orchestra until age 12, originally pursued a career in the navy, and was largely self-educated as a musician and composer—wrote 15 operas and many dazzling symphonic works. One of history’s most innate orchestrators, he taught virtually every significant Russian composer of the first half of the 20th century. Though he is known in the West almost exclusively for those large-scale orchestral compositions, he wrote songs throughout his career—at first only occasionally, but then at a sustained, healthy pace in the 1890s, when his idiom became more lyrical and emotionally frank as he emerged from a years-long struggle with creative block and stylistic uncertainty.

This newfound emotional extroversion is on display in the first four Rimsky-Korsakov songs on this program, three of which date from 1897, a particularly abundant song year for the composer in which he wrote more than 25 of his 70-some romances. “What it is, in the still of night” and “It was not the wind, blowing from the heights” rhapsodize over newfound love, the former in the softly lilting voice of a poet who jealously wants to keep the identity of the beloved secret even from her own verse, and the latter in the form of an impassioned paean to the power of newborn infatuation to turn one’s very soul on

its head. The brief and charming third selection from 1897, “The lark’s song rings more clearly,” trades symbolism and innuendo for straightforward pastoral imagery, evoking the brilliant glow of happiness on a bright spring day with a short, surging, tightly linked phrase structure that gives the song the impression of being delivered in a single breath. In the mournful, weary “Forgive me! Remember not the downcast days,” however, the bloom is sadly off the rose as the persona implores the beloved to treasure the memories of their happy days and forget the bitter end of their love.

The following four songs provide a demonstration of Rimsky-Korsakov’s contributions to the so-called Oriental style—taking inspiration from and offering stylized or stereotypical depictions of Middle Eastern, African, or East Asian cultures—that swept through the Russian and European artistic communities at various points during the 19th century. “On Georgia’s hills,” an early song from before Rimsky-Korsakov had dedicated himself to music full-time, sets a simple poem of devotion written by Pushkin for his distant new fiancée while traveling in the Caucasus, the pain of separation and the swift-flowing waters of the Aragvi River each poignantly evoked. More obviously exotic—and overtly erotic—is “To the realm of roses and wine,” in which Rimsky-Korsakov’s throbbing melodic patterns, shivering runs for the piano, and held-breath silences between phrases leave little to the imagination.

The other two songs of the Oriental group are based around imagery that references the Persian story of the nightingale and the rose, an archetypal tale in which a nightingale with the most beautiful voice becomes infatuated with the most perfect white rose, who ignores his nightly serenades since Allah has forbidden their love. Plaintive, poetic, and deeply affecting, “Zuleika’s Song” and “Captivated by the rose, the nightingale,”—the most Oriental-sounding of the set with its pervasive chromaticism and long, sensual concluding vocalise—are each infused with sufficiently captivating melody to be worthy of the legendary songbird.

The three final Rimsky-Korsakov selections all date from shortly before the turn of the 20th century and contain some of the composer’s most sumptuous, generous vocal music. The first, “The clouds begin to scatter,” builds slowly, quietly setting the tranquil, starlit scene before piercing it with the persona’s steadily more impassioned reminiscences of happier times. The program’s only operatic selection follows, with “Ivan Sergeich, do you want to go” from *The Tsar’s Bride*, a mad-scene aria for the title character, who, the victim of poison, sings to her dead fiancé of nature’s beauty and of what she still believes to be their impending wedding. Relatively traditional and of great lyrical beauty, the aria shows the impact of Rimsky-Korsakov’s newfound dedication to romance on his operatic style. Finally, “Summer’s Night’s Dream” manages to outdo the preceding aria in operatic drama, uncannily conjuring the balmy summer’s-night fantasy world that plays host to the persona’s breathless, provocative dream.

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

“Say, when under shady boughs,” Op. 57, No. 1; “So soon forgotten”; “Reckless nights,” Op. 60, No. 6; “Why?,” Op. 6, No. 5; “Serenade,” Op. 63, No. 6; “Was I not a little blade of grass?,” Op. 47, No. 7; “Amidst gloomy days,” Op. 73, No. 5; “Amidst the day,” Op. 47, No. 6

More lyrical, expansive, and elaborate than Rimsky-Korsakov’s songs, Tchaikovsky’s romances carry themselves with a more formal air, seeming to explore the language of the poetry and the feelings behind it—more akin to German lieder—where Rimsky’s focused on creating an evocative atmosphere in which the text’s dramatic potential could be realized. Reinforcing this impression is Tchaikovsky’s frequent repetition of words, lines, and stanzas for reinforcement or varied emphasis, where Rimsky moved determinedly forward. Tchaikovsky even allows time and space for solo piano commentary and elaboration on the musical themes.

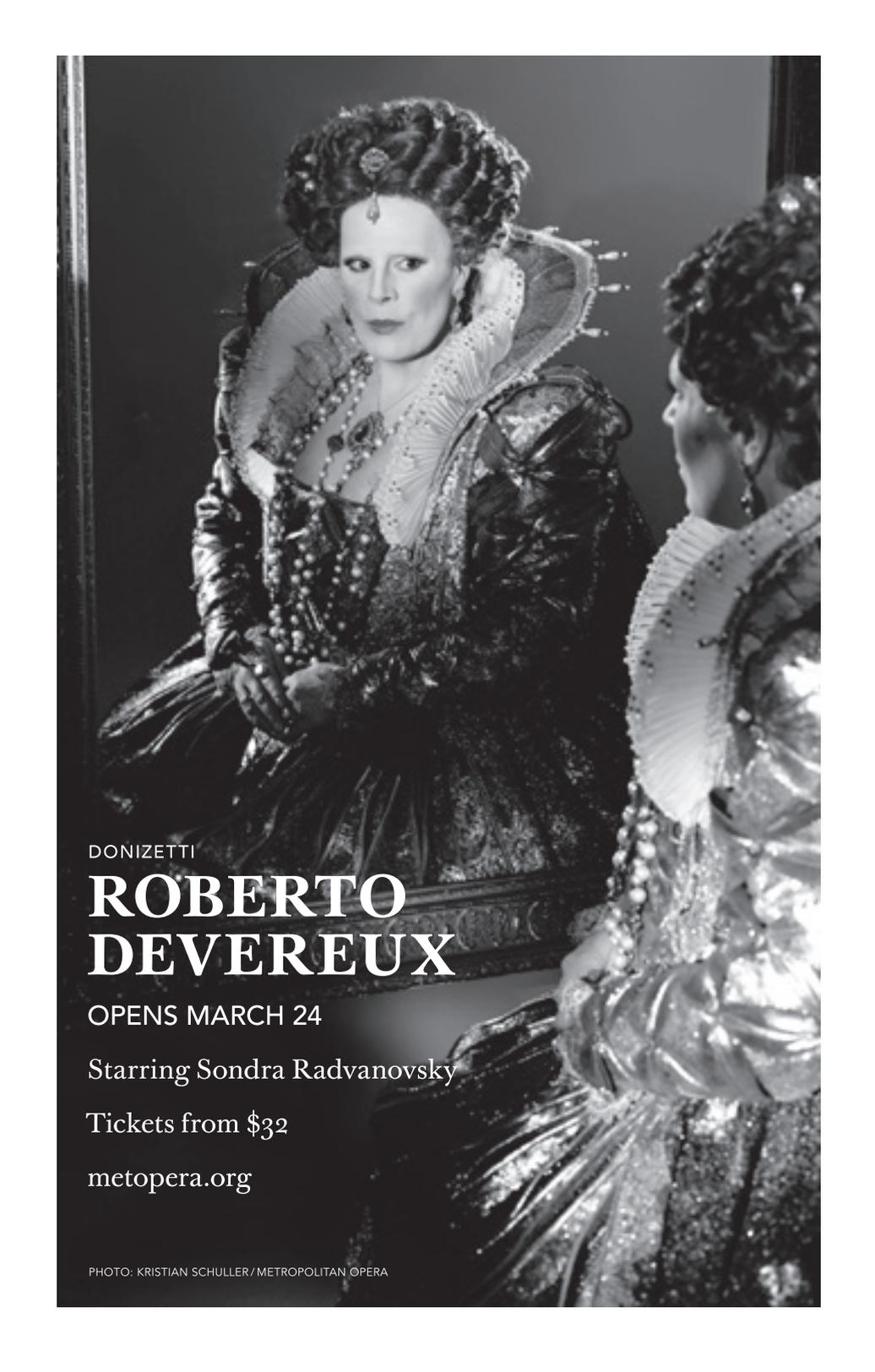
Like the other two composers on the program, Tchaikovsky found inspiration in poetry both foreign and domestic, and so included among the seven songs on text by Russian poets is one that sets a translation of a brief lament by Heine, “Why?,” in which the persona pines for a lost love and wonders why all the sweet things around her have turned sour in the beloved’s absence. For most of the song, the piano mournfully reveals the futility of the singer’s increasing agitation with softly falling patterns, regretful but unmoved; only at the height of the persona’s desperation is the accompaniment roused to more energetic action. The moment passes, and the piano returns to its gently cascading patterns for a somber postlude that amounts to nearly a third of the song.

Tchaikovsky and Russian poet and author Aleksey Apukhtin were exact contemporaries—both were born in 1840 and died in 1893—and lifelong friends, having met as children at St. Petersburg’s Imperial School of Jurisprudence, when Apukhtin’s talent was obvious but Tchaikovsky’s was yet to be revealed. The two men remained artistic confidantes for more than four decades despite a series of fallings-out and rapprochements, and over the years, Tchaikovsky wrote six romances on texts by his friend. We hear half of them on this program. In both “So soon forgotten” and “Reckless nights,” the theme is abandonment and heartbreak, each song mixing the text’s accusations with music of plaintive regret that suggests the narrator’s heart has not let go of its love despite the beloved’s faithlessness. “Amidst the day”—a surprisingly adventurous work in the context of the romance genre, with its treacherous, soaring vocal lines and virtuosic, almost Lisztian piano passages—is the emotional opposite of the other two Apukhtin songs, a rapturous declaration of eternal love and dedication made in the heat of passion.

Another romance of remarkable ambition, and the lengthiest song on the program, is “Was I not a little blade of grass?,” which sets a simple poem that equates a young woman given away to a cruel older husband with a blade of grass mown down in a field and a cranberry bush ripped up to be made into wreaths. Tchaikovsky gives the text a strophic setting to mirror the repeated structure and wording of the three stanzas, but increases the harmonic tension and complexity of the vocal part as the true subject of the text

becomes clear—culminating in a final display of coloratura that comes as a shock after so much dusky, lyrical singing.

The remaining three romances are a return to more straightforward poetic-love-themed songs. In “Say, when under shady boughs,” the nightingale makes another appearance, its song standing in for love’s universal ability to overcome life’s miseries. “Serenade,” a poem by Grand Duke Konstantin Romanov (his identity hidden by the pseudonym K.R.), receives a relatively simple yet elegant strophic setting, and, finally, in “Amidst gloomy days,” Tchaikovsky lends the sentimental, yearning text an invigorating jolt of vitality.



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About the Artists



DARIO ACOSTA

Anna Netrebko routinely headlines major productions at leading opera houses around the globe and was the first classical musician to be chosen as one of the Time 100, *Time* magazine's annual list of the world's most influential people.

Since her triumphant Salzburg Festival debut in 2002 as Donna Anna in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Netrebko has gone on to appear with nearly all the world's great opera companies, including the Metropolitan Opera, San Francisco Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Milan's Teatro alla Scala, Vienna State Opera, Opéra National de Paris, Zurich Opera, Berlin Staatsoper, Munich's Bavarian State Opera, and London's Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. She also frequently returns to the Mariinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg to collaborate with her longtime mentor, conductor Valery Gergiev. Netrebko's signature roles past and present include Puccini's Mimì (*La Bohème*) and the title role of *Manon Lescaut*; Verdi's Violetta (*La Traviata*), Lady Macbeth (*Macbeth*), and the title role of *Giovanna d'Arco*; Bellini's Giulietta (*I Capuleti e i Montecchi*), Elvira (*I Puritani*), and Amina (*La Sonnambula*); Mozart's Susanna (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) and Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*); Donizetti's Norina (*Don Pasquale*), Adina (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), Lucia (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), and the title role of *Anna Bolena*; the title role in Massenet's *Manon*; Juliette in Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*; and Tchaikovsky's Tatiana (*Eugene Onegin*) and the title role of *Iolanta*.

Netrebko also appears extensively in concerts throughout the world, both in famous music venues and in arenas in front of tens of thousands of people. Her outdoor concerts—from Berlin's Waldbühne to Moscow's Red Square—are often internationally televised events. She is a fixture at the Salzburg Festival, has headlined the Last Night of the Proms in London, and has appeared in the Metropolitan Opera's *Live in HD* series each year since its launch during the 2006–07 season.

Last season, Netrebko made her American role debut as Verdi's Lady Macbeth at the Met. To launch her 2015–16 season, she returned for another company role debut as Leonora in *Il Trovatore* to kick off the Met's *Live in HD* season of transmissions to movie theaters worldwide. Leonora was also the vehicle for her return to the Opéra National de Paris. It was again in Verdi that she made her staged title-role debut in La Scala's new production of *Giovanna d'Arco*, and a second role debut follows at Dresden's Semperoper, where she gives her first performances as Elsa in Wagner's *Lohengrin*.

Netrebko's solo recital recordings for Deutsche Grammophon have all been bestsellers, as have her full-length recordings of *La Traviata*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *La Bohème*, *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*, and *Giovanna d'Arco*.

She sang the Olympic Hymn live at the internationally televised opening ceremony of the 2014 Olympic Winter Games in Sochi. Her honors and awards include two Grammy nominations; *Musical America's* 2008 Musician of the Year award; Germany's Bambi Award; the UK's Classic BRIT Awards for Singer of the Year and Female Artist of the Year; and

ten German ECHO Klassik awards. In 2005, she was awarded the Russian State Prize (the country's highest award in the fields of arts and literature), and in 2008, she was given the title of People's Artist of Russia. A passionate advocate for children's causes, she supports a number of charitable organizations, including SOS-Kinderdorf International and the Russian Children's Welfare Society. Next season at the Met, Netrebko sings the title role of *Manon Lescaut* and Tatiana in *Eugene Onegin*.



Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh and studied music at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and the Royal College of Music.

Recognized as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world's greatest singers, including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Barbara Bonney, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchsclager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Dame Ann Murray, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Sarah Walker, and Bryn Terfel.

He has presented his own series at Wigmore Hall and the Edinburgh Festival. He has appeared throughout Europe, including at the Barbican, La Scala, Paris's Théâtre du Châtelet, Barcelona's Gran Teatre del Liceu, Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus, Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, and Vienna's Konzerthaus and Musikverein; across North America, including at New York's Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall; in Australia, including at the Sydney Opera House; and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade Schwarzenberg, Munich, and Salzburg festivals.

Martineau's recording projects have included the complete Beethoven folk songs and Schubert, Schumann, and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel; Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside; recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu, Barbara Bonney, Magdalena Kožená, Della Jones, Susan Bullock, Solveig Kringelborn, Anne Schwanewilms, Dorothea Röschmann, and Christiane Karg; the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten folk songs; the complete Poulenc songs and Britten song cycles; Schubert with Florian Boesch; and the complete Mendelssohn songs.

He was given an honorary doctorate by the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland in 2004 and appointed International Fellow of Accompaniment in 2009, and he was the Artistic Director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder+ Festival. He was made an Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire as part of the 2016 New Year's Honors.

Texts and Translations

All English translations © Eduard Friesen unless otherwise indicated.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF (1873–1943)

U mojega okna, Op. 26, No. 10

Text: Glafira Adol'fovna Galina
(1873–1942)

U mojega okna cheremukha cvetet,
Cvetet zadumchivo pod rizoj serebristoj...
I vetkoj svezhej i dushistoj
Sklonilas' i zovjot ...
Jejo trepeshchushchikh
vozdushnykh lepestkov
Ja radostno lovlju veseloje dykhan'e,
Ikh sladkij aromat tumanit mne soznan'e,
I pesni o ljubvi oni pojut bez slov ...

Son, Op. 8, No. 5

Text: Heinrich Heine (1797–1856),
translated to Russian by
Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev

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

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

Oni otvechali, Op. 21, No. 4

Text: Victor Hugo (1802–1885),
translated to Russian by
Lev Aleksandrovich Mey

Sprosil oni: "Kak v letuchikh chelnakh
Nam beloju chajkoj skol'zit' na volnakh,
Chtob nas storozha nedognali?"
"Grebite!" oni otvechali.

Sprosil oni: "Kak zabyt', navsegda,
Chto v mire judol'nom jest' bednost', beda,
Chto jest' v njom groza i pechali?"
"Zasnite!" oni otvechali.

Sprosil oni: "Kak krasavic privlech'
Bez chary: chtob sami na strastnuju rech'
Oni nam v ob'jatija pali?"
"Ljubite!" oni otvechali.

Before my window

Translation © Anne Evans

Before my window a cherry tree flowers,
blossoming dreamily in white bridal robes,
its fragrant silvery branches gently sway,
and rustling call to me ...
I draw down the quivering blossoms
and lost in rapture breathe in
their sweet fragrance, until their
heady sweetness makes my senses reel,
as they sing a wordless song of love.

The Dream

Translation © Ruslan Sviridov

And I had a homeland;
A beautiful one!
There a spruce swayed above me ...
But that was a dream!

My family of friends was alive.
From all sides
There were words of love ...
But that was a dream!

They answered

Translation © Yuri Mitelman

They asked: "How can we glide in flying boats,
Like white seagulls over the waves,
So that the guards won't reach us?"
"Keep on rowing!" they answered.

They asked: "How can one forget forever,
That this merciless world is full of poverty, troubles,
Full of menaces and sorrows?"
"Fall asleep!" they answered.

They asked: "How can we attract beautiful women
Without love potions, so that they fall into our arms
Having heard our words of passion?"
"Be in love!" they answered.

Siren', Op. 21, No. 5

Text: Ekaterina Andreyena Beketova
(1855–1892)

Po utru, na zare,
Po rosistoj trave,
Ja pojdu svezhim utrom dyshat';
I v dushistuju ten',
Gde tesnitsja siren',
Ja pojdu svoje schast'e iskat' ...

V zhizni schast'e odno
Mne najti suzhdeno,
I to schist'e v sireni zhivjot;
Na zeljonykh vetvjakh,
Na dushistykh kistjakh
Mojo bednoje schast'e cvetjot ...

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne, Op. 4, No. 4

Text: Alexander Pushkin (1799–1837)

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noj;
Napominajut mne oni
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

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

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

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noj;
Napominajut mne oni
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

Lilacs

Translation © Anton Bespalov and Rianne Stam

In the morning, at daybreak,
over the dewy grass,
I will go to breathe the crisp dawn;
and in the fragrant shade,
where the lilacs crowd,
I will go to seek my happiness ...

In life, only one happiness
it was fated for me to discover,
and that happiness lives in the lilacs;
in the green boughs,
in the fragrant bunches,
my poor happiness blossoms ...

Sing not to me, beautiful maiden

Translation © Anton Bespalov
and Rianne Stam

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant shore.

Alas, they remind me,
your cruel melodies,
of the steppe, the night and moonlit
features of a poor, distant maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition
I forget when you appear;
but you sing, and before me
I picture that image anew.

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant shore.

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(Please wait until the end of the song to turn the page.)

NIKOLAI RIMSKY-KORSAKOV (1844–1908)

O čyom, v tiši nočey, Op. 40, No. 3

Text: Apollon Nikolayevich Maykov
(1821–1897)

O čyom, v tiši nočey, tainstvenno mečtayu,

o čyom, pri svete dnya vsečasno pomišlyayu,

to budet taynoy vsem, i daže ti, moy stikh,
ti, drug moy vetreniy, uslada dney moikh,
tebe ne peredam duši moyey mečtan'ya,
a to rasskažeš' ti, čey glas v nočnom
molčan'í

mne slišitsya, čey lik ya vsyudu nakhožu,
č'í oči svetyat mne, č'yo imya ya tveržu.

**Prosti! Ne pomni dney paden'ya, Op. 27,
No. 4**

Text: Nikolai Alexeyevich Nekrasov
(1821–1877)

Prosti! Ne pomni dney paden'ya,
toski, unin'ya, ozloblen'ya,
ne pomni bur', ne pomni slyoz,
ne pomni revnosti ugroz!
No dni, kogda lyubvi svetilo
nad nami laskovo vskhodilo
i bodro mi sveršali put',
blagoslovi i ne zabud'!

Ne veter, vey a s visoti, Op. 43, No. 2

Text: Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy
(1817–1875)

Ne veter, vey a s visoti,
listov kosnulsya, noč'yu lunnoy;
moyey duši kosnulas' ti:
ona trevožna kak listi,
ona, kak gusli, mnogostrunna.
Žiteyskiy vikhr' yeyo terzal,

i sokrušitel'nim nabegom,
svistya i voya, struni rval
i zanosil kholodnim snegom.
Tvoya že reč' laskayet slukh,
tvoyo legko prikosnoven'ye,
kak ot cvetov letyaščiy pukh,
kak mayskoy noči dunoven'ye.

What it is, in the still of night

What it is, in the still of night, for which I am
secretly longing,
what it is, in the light of day, that occupies my
thoughts,
no one shall know, not even you, my verse,
my ethereal friend, the delight of my days,
I will not tell you the longing of my soul.
Lest you go out and tattle whose voice it is in
the still of night
that I hear, whose face I find where'er I look,
whose eyes shine for me, whose name I speak.

**Forgive me! Remember not the downcast
days**

Forgive me! Remember not the downcast days,
the days of melancholy, dejection, anger,
remember not the storms, nor the tears,
remember not the threats of jealousy!
But those days when the sun of love
rose tenderly above us
and we eagerly traveled on our way:
bless them and do not forget!

**It was not the wind, blowing from the
heights**

It was not the wind, blowing from the heights,
touching the leaves of a moonlit night;
it was you who touched my soul,
my soul, uneasy, like a leaf,
my soul of many strings, like a gusli.
My soul was tortured by the whirlwind of the
worldly day,
which, with a devastating force,
screaming and howling, tore its strings
and buried it in cold snow.
But your speech caresses my ear,
your touch is as light
as the thistledown that drifts on the air,
as the breeze of a May night.

Zvonče žavoronka pen'ye, Op. 43, No. 1

Text: Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy

Zvonče žavoronka pen'ye,
yarče vešniye cveti,
serdce polno vdokhnoven'ya,
nebo polno krasoti.

Razorvav toski okovi,
cepi pošliye razbiv,
nabegayet žizni novoy
toržestvuyuščiy priliv.

I zvučit svežo i yuno
novikh sil mogučiy stroy,
kak natyanutiye struni
meždu nebom i zemlyoy.

Na kholmakh Gruzii, Op. 3, No. 4

Text: Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin

Na kholmakh Gruzii ležit nočnaya mgla;
šumit Aragva predno mnoyu.
Mne grustno i legko; pečal' moya svetla;

pečal' moya polna toboyu,
toboy, toboy odnoy... Unin'ya moyego
ničto ne mučit, ne trevožit,
i serdce vnov' gorit i lyubit ottogo,
čto ne lyubit' ono ne možet.

V carstvo rozi i vina, Op. 8, No. 5

Text: Afanasy Afanas'yevich Fet
(1820–1892)

V carstvo rozi i vina—pridi!
V etu rošču, v carstvo sna—pridi!
Pridi, ya ždu! Pridi, pridi!
Utiši ti pesn' toski moyey:
kannem eta pesn' ležit v grudi.
Day ispit' mne zdes', vo t'me vetvey,

kubok sčast'ya do dna—pridi!
No doždis', čto b večer stal temney!
No tikhon'ko i odna—pridi!
Pridi, ya ždu! Pridi, pridi!

The lark's song rings more clearly

The lark's song rings more clearly,
the spring flowers bloom more brightly,
the heart is full of inspiration
and the heavens are full of beauty.

The fetters of melancholy are torn,
the grim shackles are shattered,
the tide of new life
rushes in, triumphant.

Fresh and young, the sound of
the mighty array of new strength,
like cords strung tautly
between heaven and earth.

On Georgia's hills

On Georgia's hills the night lies gloomy,
the stream of the Aragvi rushes before me.
The wistfulness that fills me is light, and my
sorrow is sweet,
for it is filled with you,
you, you alone. My sadness is untouched
by trouble or alarm
and my heart burns and loves again
because it cannot stop loving.

To the realm of roses and wine

To the realm of roses and wine—come!
To this grove, the realm of dreams—come!
Come, I am waiting, come, come!
Soothe the song of my melancholy,
this song is a stone upon my breast.
Let me drink my fill, in the shadow of the
boughs,
let me empty the cup of happiness—come!
But wait until night falls.
Come in stillness and alone—come!
Come, I am waiting, come, come!

(Please wait until the end of the song to turn the page.)

Pesnya Zyuleyki, Op. 26, No. 4

Text: Ivan Ivanovich Kozlov (1779–1840)

Lyubovnik rozi—solovey
prislal tebe cvetok svoy miliy,
on budet pesneyu svoeyu
vsyu noč' plenyat' tvoy dukh uniliy.

On lyubit pet' v tiši nočey,
i dišit pesn' yego toskoyu;
no, obnadyoženni mečtoyu,
spoyot on pesnyu veseley.

I s dumoy taynoyu svoeyu
tebya kosnyotsya pen'ya sladost',
i napoyot na serdce radost'
lyubovnik rozi—solovey.

Plenivšis' rozoy, solovey, Op. 2, No. 2

Text: Aleksey Vasil'yevich Kol'tsov
(1808–1842)

Plenivšis' rozoy, solovey
i den' i noč' poyot nad ney;
no roza molča pesnyam vnemlet ...
Na lire tak pevec inoy
poyot dlya devi molodoy;
a deva milaya ne znayet,
komu poyot i otčego
pečal'ni pesni tak yego?

**Redeyet oblakov letučaya gryada,
Op. 42, No. 3**

Text: Alexander Sergeyeovich Pushkin

Redeyet oblakov letučaya gryada.
Zvezda pečal'naya, večernyaya zvezda!
Tvoy luč oserebril uvyyadšije ravnini

i dremlyuščiy zaliv, i čyornikh skal veršini.
Lyublyu tvoy slabiy svet v nebesnoy višine;
on dumi razbudil, usnuvšiye vo mne:
ya pomnyu tvoy voskhod, znakomoye
svetilo,
nad mirnoyu stranoy, gde vsyo dlya serdca
milo,
gde stroyno topoli v dolinakh vozneslis',

gde dremlet nežniy mirt i tyomniy kiparis,
i sladostno šumyat poludenniye volni.

Zuleika's Song

The rose's lover, the nightingale,
has sent you his sweet flower;
his song will captivate
your wistful spirit all night.

He loves to sing in still of night
and his song breathes melancholy;
but should hope come,
he will sing a song more gay.

And, with his secret thoughts,
the sweetness of the song will touch you
and your heart will fill with joy
from the rose's lover, the nightingale.

Captivated by the rose, the nightingale

Captivated by the rose, the nightingale
sings over it day and night;
but the rose hears him in silence ...
Thus the musician with his lyre
sings for the maiden,
while the sweet maiden wonders:
for whom is he singing and why
are his songs so sad?

The clouds begin to scatter

The clouds begin to scatter;
the evening star appears, O star of sorrow!
Your beams have turned the autumn plains to
silver,
the sleeping bay, the peaks of the black cliffs.
I love your feeble gleam in the heights of heaven;
it wakes thoughts that have been asleep within:
familiar orb, I recall your rising

above a peaceful land where all is sweetness for
the heart,
where the slender poplars stand erect in the
valleys,
where the tender myrtle and dark cypress dream
and the southern waves break languorously.

**Ivan Sergeich, khochesh,
Marfa's aria from *The Tsar's Bride***

Text: Il'ya Fyodorovich Tyumenev
(1855-1927)

Ivan Sergeich, khochesh' v sad poydyom?

Kakoy denyok, tak zelen'yu i pakhnet.
Ne khochesh' li teper' menya dognat'?
Ya pobegu von pryamo po dorozhke.
Nu ... raz, dva, tri.
Aga, nu ne dognal!
A ved' sovsem zadokhlas' s neprivichki.
Ah posmotri: kakoy zhe kolokol'chik
Ya sorvala lazorev'iy!
A pravda li, chto on zvenit v Ivanovskuyu
noch'?
Pro etu noch' Petrovna mne govorila
chudesa.
Vot eta yablon'ka vseгда v tsvetu.
Prisest' ne khochesh' li pod neyu?
Oh, etot son, oh, etot son ...
Vzglyani, von tam nad golovoy
Prostyorlos' nebo kak shatyor.
Kak divno Bog sotkal yego,
Sotkal yego, chto rovno barkhat siniy.
V krayakh chuzhikh, chuzhikh zemlyakh,
Takoye l' nebo kak u nas?
Glyadi: von tam, von tam chto zlat venets,
Yest' oblachko visoko.
Ventsi takiezh, miliy moy,
Na nas nadenut zavtra.

Ivan Sergeich, do you want to go

Ivan Sergeich, do you want to go into the
garden?

What a day, the air smells of greenery.
Would you like to play chase?
I will run along this path.
Well ... one, two, three.
Aha, you didn't catch me!
I am all out of breath.
Ah, look: what a bell-flower
I picked, how red it is!
Is it true that it chimes during Ivanov's night?

Petrovna told me magical things about it.

This apple tree is always blooming.
Would you like to sit beneath it?
Oh, this dream ... this dream ...
Look, over there, up above
The sky is stretching like a luxurious tent.
How wonderful God made it,
It looks like rich blue velvet.
Is the sky the same
In foreign lands?
Look, over there, like a golden wreath,
A little cloud floats.
They will put on our heads tomorrow
The same golden wreaths.

(Please wait until the end of the song to turn the page.)

Son v letnyuyu noč', Op. 56, No. 2

Text: Apollon Nikolayevich Maykov

Dolgo noč'yu včera ya zasnut' ne mogla,
ya vstavala, okno otvoryala ...
Noč' nemaya menya i tomila, i žgla,
aromatom cvetov op'yanyala.

Tol'ko vdruk zašumeli kusti pod oknom,
raspakhnulas', šumya, zaneska—
i vletel ko mne yunoša, svetel licom,
točno ves' bil iz lunnogo bleska.

Rastvorilisya dveri svetlici moyey,
kolonnadi za nimi otkrilis';
v piramidakh iz roz verenici ogney
v albastrovikh vazakh svetilis'...

Čudniy gost' podkholil vsyo k posteli
moyey;
govoril mne on s krotkoy ulibkoy:
"Otčego predo mnoyu v poduški skorey
ti nirnula ispugannoy ribkoy!"

"Oglyanisya—ya bog, bog videniy i gryoz,

tayniy drug ya zastenčivoy devi...
I blaženstvo nebes ya vperviyе prinyos

dlya tebya, dlya moyey korolevi ..."

Govoril—i lico on moyo otrival
ot poduški tikhon'ko rukami,
i ščeki moyey kray goryačo celoval,
i iskal moikh ust on ustami ...

Pod dikhan'yem yego obessilela ya ...
Na grudi razomknulisya ruki ...
I zvučalo v ušakh: "Ti moya! Ti moya!"
Točno arfi dalyokiye zvuki ...

Protekali časi ... ya otkrila glaza ...
Moy pokoy už bil oblit zaryoyu ...
Ya odna ... vsya drožu ... raspustilas' kosa ...
Ya ne znayu, čto bilo so mnoyu ...

Summer Night's Dream

Last night I could not fall asleep,
I rose, I opened the window ...
The silent night oppressed and burned me
and made me drunk with the perfume of flowers.

Suddenly the boughs under the window rustled,
the curtains swished and opened—
a youth flew in, with radiant face
he seemed to be all of moonshine.

The doors of my chamber opened wide,
behind them the columns beckoned;
among the roses piled high a chain of flames
reflected in the alabaster vases ...

The wondrous guest would not leave my bedside
but said to me with a gentle smile:
"Why do you flee and dive under your pillow
like a frightened little fish?"

"Look at me! I am a god, the god of visions
and dreams,
I am the secret friend of modest maidens ...
I have brought you heavenly bliss, for the
first time,
for you, for my queen ..."

As he spoke, his hands pulled my face away
from the pillow, quietly,
and he kissed my cheeks ardently
and his mouth sought mine ...

Under his breathing I lost my strength ...
My hands unclasped on my breast ...
And the words "You are mine! You are mine!"
sounded in my ears like the distant notes of a
harp ...

Hours went by ... I opened my eyes ...
My bed was flooded by the dawn's light ...
I was alone ... trembling ... my hair disheveled ...
I do not know what came over me ...

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893)

Skaži, o čyom v teni vetvey, Op. 57, No. 1

Text: Vladimir Alexandrovich
Sollogub (1813–1882)

Skaži, o čyom v teni vetvey,
kogda priroda otdikhayet,
poyot vesenniy solovey
i čto on pesney virazyayet?
Čto tayno vsem volnuyet krov'p
Skaži, skaži, skaži, kakoye slovo
znakomo vsem i večno novo?
Lyubov', lyubov', lyubov'!

Skaži, o čyom nayedine,
v razdum'ye devuška gadayet,
čto tainim trepetom vo sne
yey strakh i radost' obeščayet?
Nedug tot strannyi nazovi,
v kotorom svetlaya otrada,
čego yey ždat', čego yey nado?
Lyubvi, lyubvi!

Skaži! Kogda ot žiznennoy toski
ti utomlyonniy iznivayeš'
i zloy pečali vopreki
khot' prizrak sčast'ya prizivayeš',
čto uslaždayet grud' tvoyu?
Ne te li zvuki nezemniye,
kogda uslišal ti vperviye
slova, slova lyubvi!

Say, when under shady boughs

Say, when under shady boughs,
while nature rests, in spring,
the nightingale sings,
what is its song saying?
What makes the blood secretly restless?
Say! Say! Say, what word
is known to all but ever new?
Love, love, love!

Say, what thoughts torment
the young girl, alone,
what secret trembling fills her dreams
with foreboding and anticipation?
What is that strange affliction
which brings bright pleasure?
What does she await, what does she need?
Love, love!

Say! When life's turmoil leaves you
exhausted and downcast,
and against grim sorrow
you conjure up the phantom of happiness,
what brings delight to your breast?
Is it not those unearthly sounds,
as when you heard for the first time
the words of love, love?

(Please wait until the end of the song to turn the page.)

Zabit' tak skoro

Text: Aleksey Nikolayevich Apukhtin
(1840–1893)

Zabit' tak skoro, bože moy,
vsyo sčast'e žizni prožitoy!
Vse naši vstreči, razgovori—
zabit' tak skoro!

Zabit' volnen'ya pervikh dney,
svidan'ya čas v teni vetvey!
Očey nemiye razgovori—
zabit' tak skoro!

Zabit', kak polnaya luna
na nas glyadela iz okna,
kak kolikhalas' tikhho štora—
zabit' tak skoro!

Zabit' lyubov', zabit' mečti,
zabit' te klyatvi, pomniš' ti?
V nočnuyu pasmurnuyu poru—
zabit' tak skoro!
Bože moy!

Noči bezumniye, Op. 60, No. 6

Text: Aleksey Nikolayevich Apukhtin

Noči bezumniye, noči bessonniye,
reči nesvyazniye, vzori ustaliye ...
Noči, poslednim ognjom ozaryonniye,
oseni myortvoy cveti zapozdaliye!

Pust' daže vremya rukoy bespoščadnoyu
mne ukazalo, čto bilo v vas ložnogo,
vsyo že leču ya k vam pamyat'yu žadnoyu,
v prošlom otveta išču nevozmožnogo ...

Vkradčivim šyopotom vi zaglušayete
zvuki dnevnije, nesnosniye, šumniye...
V tikhuyu noč' vi moy son otgonyayete,
noči bessonniye, noči bezumniye!

So soon forgotten

So soon forgotten, my God,
all the happiness of the life we lived!
All our meetings, conversations—
so soon forgotten!

Forgotten, the excitement of the early days,
the appointed hour under the boughs!
The silent conversation of our eyes—
so soon forgotten!

Forgotten, how the full moon
looked in on us through the window,
how the curtain swayed quietly—
so soon forgotten!

Forgotten love, forgotten dreams,
forgotten the promises—do you remember?
You made them that stormy night—
so soon forgotten!
O my God!

Reckless nights

Reckless nights, sleepless nights,
delirious talk, tired glances ...
Nights lit by the dying fire,
the late blooms of dying fall.

What if the hand of time mercilessly
showed me all that was false in you?
Still my avid memory flies to you,
seeking in the past an impossible answer ...

Your enticing whisper drowns out
the unbearable noise of the day ...
In the still of night you drive sleep from my side,
reckless nights, sleepless nights.

Otchevo?, Op. 6, No. 5

Text: Heinrich Heine

Otčego poblednela vesnoy
pišnocvetnaya roza sama?
Otčego pod zelyonoy travoy
golubaya fialka nema?

Otčego tak pečal'no zvučit
pesnya ptički, nesyas' v nebesa?
Otčego nad lugami visit
pogrebal'nim pokrovom rosa?

Otčego v nebe solnce s utra
kholodno i temno, kak zimoy?
Otčego i zemlya vsya sira
i ugrayumey mogli samoy?

Otčego ya i sam vsyo grustney
i boleznenney den' oto dnya?
Otčego, o skaži mne skorey,
Ti—pokinuv—zabila menya?

Why?

Why, in the springtime,
has the opulent rose gone pale?
Why, under the green grass,
lies the blue violet in silence?

Why does the lark's song
sound so sadly from the heights?
And why does the dew
cover the meadows like a funeral shroud?

Why does the sun in the sky
shine so cold, so bleak, as though it were winter?
Why is the whole earth so grey
and more grim than the grave?

And I, why do I become more sad,
more sickly, day to day?
And why, tell me quickly,
why did you leave and forget me?

(Please wait until the end of the song to turn the page.)

Serenada, Op. 63, No. 6

Text: Konstantin Konstantinovich
Romanov (1858–1915)

O, ditya, pod okoškóm tvoim
ya tebe propoyu serenadu ...
Ubayukana pen'yem moim,
ti naydyoś' v snoviden'yakh otradu;
pust' tvoj son i pokoy
v čas bezmolvniy nočnoy
nežnikh zvukov leleyut lobzan'ya!

Mnogo gostey, mnogo nevzgod
tebya v žizni, ditya, ožidayet;
spi že sladko, poka net zabot
poka serdce trevogi ne znayet.
Spi vo mrake nočnom
bezmyatežnim ti snom,
spi, ne znaya zemnogo stradan'ya!

Pust' tvoj angel-khranitel' svyatoy,
milyy drug, nad toboyu letayet
i, leleya son devstvenniy tvoj,
tebe rayskuyu pesn' napevayet.
Pust' toy pesni svyatoy
otgosok živoy
tebe v dušu vselit upovan'ye!

Spi že, milaya, spi, počivay
pod akkordí moyey serenadi!
Pust' prisnitsya tebe svetliy ray,
preispolnenniy večnoy otradi;
pust' tvoj son i pokoy
v čas bezmolvniy nočnoy
nežnikh zvukov leleyut lobzan'ya!

Serenade

Dear child, I will stand under your window
and sing you a serenade ...
Lulled by my song,
you will dream delightfully;
may your sleep and your rest,
in the quiet of the night,
be lulled by the tender kisses of my song.

Many sorrows, much adversity,
await you in the big wide world.
Sleep sweetly, while you have no worries
and your heart has not known sorrow.
Sleep, in the darkness of night,
a sleep of serenity,
sleep without a thought for earthly suffering!

May your holy guardian angel,
dear friend, fly above you
and, lulling your innocent sleep,
may he sing you a song of paradise.
From that holy song
may a living echo
fill you with hope!

Sleep, my dear one, sleep, rest
to the chords of my serenade!
Dream of bright paradise
overflowing with eternal delights!
May your sleep and your rest,
in the quiet of the night,
be lulled by the tender kisses of my song.

**Ya li v pole da ne travuška bila?,
Op. 47, No. 7**

Text: Ivan Zakharovich Surikov (1841–1880)

Ya li v pole da ne travuška bila,
ya li v pole ne zelyonaya rosla;
vzyali menya, travušku, skosili,
na solniške v pole issušili.
Okh ti, gore moyo, goryuško!
Znat', takaya moya dolyuška!

Ya li v pole ne kalinuška bila,
ya li v pole da ne krasnaya rosla;
vzyali kalinušku, slomali
da v žgutiki menya posvyazali!
Okh ti, gore moyo, goryuško!
Znat', takaya moya dolyuška!

Ya l' u batyuški ne dočen'ka bila,
u rodimoy ne cvetoček ya rosla;
nevoley menya, bednuyu, vzyali
da s nemilim, sedim, povenčali!
Okh ti, gore moyo, goryuško!
Znat', takaya moya dolyuška!

Sred' mračnih dney, Op. 73, No. 5

Text: Daniil Maximovich Rathaus
(1868–1937)

Sred' mračnih dney, pod gnyotom bed,
iz mgli tumannoy prošlih let,
kak otblesk radostnikh lučey,
mne svetit vtor tvoikh očey.
Pod obayan'yem svetlikh snov
mne snitsya: ya s toboyu vnov'.
Pri svete dnya, v nočnoy tiši
delyus' vostorgami duši ...
Ya vnov' s toboy! Moya pečal'
umčalas' v pasmurnuyu dal'...
I strastno vnov' khoču ya žit':
toboy dišat', tebya lyubit'!

Was I not a little blade of grass?

Was I not a little blade of grass?
Did I not grow green in the field?
They mowed me down, poor stem of grass,
they left me in the field to dry in the sun.
Ah, woe is me, woe!
Such is my fate!

Was I not a cranberry bush?
Did I not grow bright red in the field?
They took the cranberry, broke it,
they wove me into wreaths.
Ah, woe is me, woe!
Such is my fate!

Was I not my father's daughter?
Was I not a flower in my mother's eye?
Poor me, they took me
and betrothed me to a harsh old man!
Ah, woe is me, woe!
Such is my fate!

Amidst gloomy days

Amidst gloomy days, oppressed by misfortune,
out of the misty gloom of past years,
like the reflection of joyful beams,
I glimpse the light in your eyes.
Under the charm of bright words
I dream that I am with you again.
In daylight, in the still of night
we share the raptures of the soul ...
I am with you again! My sorrow
has fled into the hazy distance ...
I passionately want to live again,
to breathe through you and to love you!

(Please wait until the end of the song to turn the page.)

Den' li carit, Op. 47, No. 6

Text: Aleksey Nikolayevich Apukhtin

Den' li carit, tišina li nočnaya,
v snakh li bessvyaznikh, v žiteyskoy bor'be,
vsyudu so mnoy, moyu žizn' napolnyaya,
duma vsyo ta že, odna, rokovaya—
vsyo o tebe!

S neyu ne strašen mne prizrak bilogo,
serdce vospryanulo, snova lyubya ...
Vera, mečti, vdokhnovennoye slovo,
vsyo, čto v duše dorogogo, svyatogo—
vsyo ot tebya!

Budut li dni moi yasni, unili,
skoro li sginu ya, žizn' zagubya—
znayu odno: čto do samoy mogli
pomisli, čuvstva, i pesni, i sili—
vsyo dlya tebya!

Amidst the day

Amidst the day, or in the still of night,
in restless sleep, in daily struggles,
always with me, filling my life,
the same fateful thought—
always of you!

It banishes the phantoms of the past,
the heart lifts up, loving again ...
Trust, dreams, an inspired word,
everything that is dear and holy in the soul—
it is all from you!

Whether my days are bright or gloomy,
whether I perish soon, wasting my life—
I know one thing: to the very grave
my thoughts, feelings, songs and strength—
they are all for you!