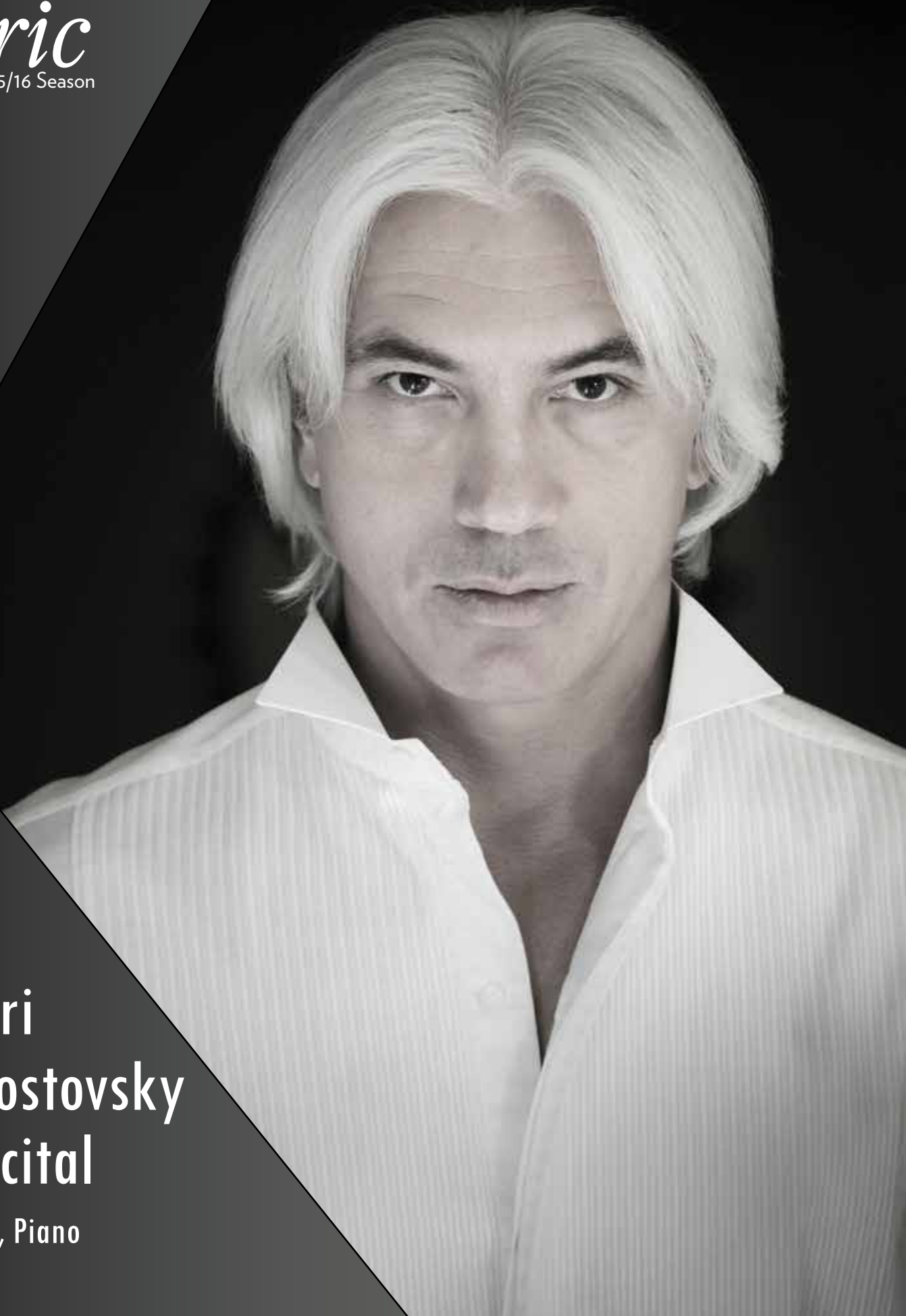


*Lyric*  
2015/16 Season



**Dmitri  
Hvorostovsky  
in Recital**

Ivari Ilja, Piano

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*Lyric*

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# Lyric

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PAVEL ANTONOV

*Dmitri Hvorostovsky*

**In Recital**

*Ivari Ilja, piano*

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*Lyric*

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DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY, *baritone*

IVARI ILJA, *piano*

Friday, February 26, 2016

7:30 p.m.

*Program*

I

Mikhail Glinka  
(1804-1857)  
“K Molli” (“To Molly”)  
“Kak sladko s toboju mne byt” (“How sweet it is to be with you”)  
“Ne govori, chto serdcu bol’no” (“Say not that it grieves the heart”)  
“Somnenije” (“Doubt”)  
“Bolero”

II

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov  
(1844-1908)  
“Na kholmakh Gruzii” (“On the hills of Georgia”), Op. 3, No. 4  
“O jesli b ty mogla” (“Oh, if thou couldst for one moment”), Op. 39, No. 1  
“Drobitsja, i pleshchet, i bryzzhet volna” (“The wave breaks into spray”), Op. 46, No. 1  
“Ne veter, veja s vysoty” (“Not the wind, blowing from the heights”), Op. 43, No. 2  
“Chto v imeni tebe moyom?” (“What is my name to thee?”), Op. 4, No. 1  
“Zvonche zhavoronka pen’ye” (“The lark sings louder”), Op. 43, No. 1

*Intermission*

III

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky  
(1840-1893)  
“Blagoslavljaju vas, lesa” (“I bless you, forests”), Op. 47, No. 5  
“Solovej” (“The nightingale”), Op. 60, No. 4  
“Sred’ shumnogo bala” (“Amid the din of the ball”), Op. 38, No. 3  
“Pervoye svidaniye” (“The first meeting”), Op. 63, No. 4

IV

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)  
“Allerseelen” (“All Souls’ Day”), Op. 10, No. 8  
“Befreit” (“Released”), Op. 39, No. 4  
“Zueignung” (“Dedication”), Op. 10, No. 1  
“Morgen” (“Morning”), Op. 27, No. 4  
“Cäcilie” (“Cecilia”), Op. 27, No. 2

Management for Mr. Hvorostovsky and Mr. Ilja:  
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Program content and order subject to change without previous notice.



*Stage Manager*  
John W. Coleman

PAVEL ANTONOV



**DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY**  
*Previously at Lyric Opera:*  
 Title role/*Eugene Onegin*  
 (2007-08); Renato/*Un ballo in maschera* (2002-03); Germont/*La traviata* (1998-99, 1993-94); Valentin/*Faust* (1995-96).

The internationally acclaimed Russian baritone was born and studied in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. In 1989, he won the prestigious BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition. From the start, audiences were bowled over by his cultivated voice, innate sense of musical line, and natural legato. After his Western operatic debut at the Opéra de Nice as Prince Yeletsky/Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*, his career exploded to take in regular engagements at the world's major opera houses and appearances at renowned international festivals. He made his American operatic debut at Lyric in 1993-94 in *La traviata*. Hvorostovsky rapidly became a favorite at major houses worldwide, including the Royal Opera House-Covent Garden, New York's Metropolitan Opera, the Opéra National de Paris, the Bavarian State Opera in Munich, the Salzburg Festival, La Scala in Milan, and the Vienna State Opera. Roles for which the baritone is most noted include Count di Luna/*Il trovatore*, Posa/*Don Carlo*, Rigoletto, Simon Boccanegra, Renato/*Un ballo in maschera*, Prince Yeletsky, and Eugene Onegin.

A celebrated recitalist in demand worldwide – from the Far East to the Middle East, from Australia to South America – Hvorostovsky has appeared at such venues as Wigmore Hall, London; Queen's Hall, Edinburgh; Carnegie Hall; La Scala; the Tchaikovsky Conservatoire in Moscow; the Gran Teatre del Liceu in Barcelona; Tokyo's Suntory Hall; and the Musikverein in Vienna. The singer performs in concert with top orchestras such as the New York Philharmonic and the Rotterdam Philharmonic. Among the renowned conductors with whom he has regularly collaborated are the late Claudio

Abbado, Valéry Gergiev, Bernard Haitink, James Levine, the late Lorin Maazel, Zubin Mehta, and Yuri Termikanov.

Hvorostovsky retains a strong musical and personal contact with Russia. He became the first opera singer to give a solo concert with orchestra and chorus on Red Square in Moscow; this concert was televised in more than 25 countries. The baritone has gone on to sing a number of prestigious concerts in Moscow as a part of his own special series, "Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Friends." He has invited such celebrated artists as sopranos Renée Fleming, Barbara Frittoli, Sumi Jo, and Sondra Radvanovsky, tenors Jonas Kaufmann and Marcello Giordani, and bass Ildar Abdrazakov. In 2005 and 2015 Hvorostovsky undertook historic tours throughout the cities of Russia at the invitation of President Putin, singing to crowds of hundreds of thousands of people to commemorate the soldiers of the Second World War. He has established an important collaboration with the Russian popular composer Igor Krutoi, with very successful concerts in Moscow, St Petersburg, Kiev, and New York.

The baritone's extensive discography spans recitals and complete operas. He has also starred in *Don Giovanni Unmasked*, an award-winning film (by Rhombus Media) based on the Mozart opera, tackling the roles of both Don Giovanni and Leporello. Recent CD recordings include "Wait for Me" (Russian war songs with orchestra, conducted by Constantine Orbelian) and *Simon Boccanegra* (with Barbara Frittoli, Ildar Abdrazakov, and Stefano Secco, also with Orbelian conducting), both of which have been met with much critical acclaim. For a complete discography, please visit his website, [hvorostovsky.com](http://hvorostovsky.com).

Hvorostovsky returned triumphantly to the Metropolitan Opera earlier this season in *Il trovatore*. Other highlights will include *Otello* at the Salzburg Easter Festival, both *Un ballo in maschera* and *Simon Boccanegra* at the Vienna State Opera, and concert and recital appearances in Budapest, Graz, Vienna, Linz, and Zagreb.



**IVARI ILJA**  
 Born in Tallinn, Estonia, the pianist studied at the Tallinn State Conservatory with Professor Laine Mets and at the Moscow Tchaikovsky Conservatoire with Professor Vera Gornostayeva and Professor Sergey Dorensky.

Ilja is an internationally recognized accompanist and ensemble musician. His collaborations with renowned singers Dmitri Hvorostovsky, the late Irina Arkhipova, Maria Guleghina, and Elena Zarembo have been particularly successful and acclaimed. Together they have performed many of the great concert stages of the world, including Carnegie Hall, Alice Tully Hall, and Avery Fisher Hall in New York, as well as the Kennedy Center in Washington, Davies Symphony Hall in San Francisco, Milan's La Scala, London's Queen Elizabeth Hall and Wigmore Hall, Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre, the great halls of the St. Petersburg Philharmonic and the Moscow Conservatory, the Hamburg State Opera, the Deutsche Oper Berlin, Suntory Hall in Tokyo, Vienna's Musikverein, and Salzburg's Mozarteum.

Ilja has also presented solo recitals in France, United Kingdom, Germany, Estonia, Russia, Sweden, and Finland. He has performed as a soloist with several symphony orchestras such as Estonian National Symphony Orchestra, the Moscow Symphony Orchestra, and the St. Petersburg Symphony Orchestra, among others.

The pianist's repertoire mostly consists of romantic music, primarily the works of Frédéric Chopin, Johannes Brahms, Robert Schumann, but also Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Sergei Prokofiev, Benjamin Britten and others.

Since 2003 Ilja has repeatedly toured with Dmitri Hvorostovsky in the U.S., Europe, Hong-Kong, Japan, and elsewhere.



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*Lyric*

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# PROGRAM NOTES

By Janet E. Bedell

## MIKHAIL GLINKA (1804–1857)

Mikhail Glinka is often called the father of Russian music, for his distinctive style established a new ideal for Russian composers and profoundly influenced the works of Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and even early Stravinsky. His two operas, *A Life for the Tsar* (1836) and *Ruslan and Lyudmila* (1842), infused stories from Russian history and legend with compelling melodies drawn from Slavic folk and liturgical sources.

Nevertheless, Glinka was as thoroughly cosmopolitan in his influences as any Russian composer. Often dissatisfied with the constraints and pettiness of St. Petersburg society, where he flourished as

**Glinka was himself a fine vocalist as well as pianist, and an exceptional interpreter of his own songs.**

a performer at upper-crust soirées, he roamed restlessly throughout Western Europe, using periods in Madrid, Paris, Berlin, and Warsaw to broaden his musical skills. His three-year period in Italy in the early 1830s deepened his knowledge of the voice; he was later to become a prominent voice teacher in Russia as well as the director of the Imperial Court

Chapel choir. Glinka was himself a fine vocalist as well as pianist, and an exceptional interpreter of his own songs.

The year 1840 was the most difficult of Glinka's life. A contentious separation from his adulterous wife sparked a major scandal in St. Petersburg. The composer withdrew from social life and drew close to poet-playwright Nestor Kukolnik, who was notorious for his overblown dramas but bolstered Glinka with his unwavering admiration for his music (Kukolnik was himself a trained musician). Together, the two created the first song cycle in Russian music, *A Farewell to St. Petersburg*, which reflected Glinka's desire to flee the St. Petersburg gossips.

Dmitri Hvorostovsky has chosen two songs from this 12-song cycle. The lyrical "**To Molly**" shows how Glinka had steeped himself in the Italian song tradition, for it resembles a flowing bel canto aria much more than a typically Russian song. Though he would not visit Spain until 1845, Glinka was already fascinated with Spanish folk music. The bold rhythms of that famed Spanish dance, strongly accented by the piano, give a captivating masculine swagger to the love song "**Bolero**."

Also from the troubled year of 1840 is "**How sweet it is to be with you**," set to verse by the little-known poet Pyotr Ryndin. The piano's dark, chromatically descending phrases lend a disturbing, almost tragic background to what otherwise would be a gentle declaration of love expressed in a graceful, cantabile vocal melody.

"**Doubt**" from 1838 is another setting of verse by Kukolnik; subtitled "an English romance," the poem is perhaps a translation from an unknown source in that language. At this time, Glinka was already suspecting his wife was unfaithful, and that probably intensified the mood of suffering that elevates this controlled yet deeply felt song well above the salon genre. Again, Glinka's love of bel canto influenced the beautifully shaped vocal lines as well as the poignant melody in the piano prelude and postlude.

Glinka's final years were dogged by increasing ill health. The remarkable "**Say not that it grieves the heart**" (1856) was the last song he wrote, coming just months before his death. Its bruised, cynical verse by the Petersburg poet Nikolai Pavlov is matched by stark, pared-down music introduced and concluded by bitter piano dissonances. Glinka's disenchantment with St. Petersburg society could not be more concisely and cogently expressed.

## NIKOLAI RIMSKY-KORSAKOV (1844–1908)

Rimsky-Korsakov is known in America today primarily for his color-saturated orchestral tone poems *Sheherazade*, *Russian Easter Festival Overture*, and *Capriccio espagnol*, as well as for his edited and re-orchestrated versions of Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* and Borodin's *Prince Igor*, now somewhat out of favor. In Russia, he is known more properly for his own operas, which reveal the scope of his talents and his imagination much more fully. And he was a prolific and highly gifted songwriter, though these works are virtually never heard outside his native land.

Like his predecessor Glinka and his contemporary Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov specialized in the romance, the most popular song style in that country in the 19th century. This genteel genre was designed primarily for singing in cultivated Russian households and had little to do with the rougher nationalistic works that Rimsky-Korsakov's colleagues in the "Mighty Handful" group – especially Mussorgsky – were creating.

Nevertheless, Rimsky-Korsakov adopted a quality dear to the nationalists in his songs: his clear and respectful setting of the poems he chose. Unlike Tchaikovsky, he tended to set the words in a through-composed manner, typically avoiding strophic musical repetition. And in contrast to Tchaikovsky's elaborate piano parts, he preferred understated accompaniments, placing the emphasis on the singer and his declamation of the words.

The earliest two songs on the program come from 1866, when Rimsky-Korsakov was only 22 and still a disciple of Mily Balakirev, the founder and conscience of the "Mighty Handful." At this time, he was pursuing a career as a naval officer and was basically an amateur musician composing songs and piano pieces for his social circle. Both songs set poems by the giant of Russian literature, Alexander Pushkin.

Despite Rimsky-Korsakov's youth, "**On the hills of Georgia**" is far superior to a conventional salon song; it sets Pushkin's beautiful words with great sensitivity and restraint. Pushkin created this poem in 1829 when he was in Georgia and separated from his young fiancée, to whom he'd recently become engaged. "**What is my name to thee?**" shows Rimsky-Korsakov's indebtedness to the stepwise motion of Russian folksong and Orthodox chant, especially in its simple tolling accompaniment. As he once said, "It is the folk that creates music. We musicians merely arrange it." Pushkin's verse, however, is far more sophisticated and nuanced than this straightforward folk treatment might suggest.

The other four songs we hear were written 30 years later in the late 1890s, when Rimsky-Korsakov had reached his full powers as a composer. These songs draw on the poetry of Alexei Tolstoy (a distant relative of the great novelist), whom Tchaikovsky called "an inexhaustible source of texts for musical settings"). The supple, ardently lyrical lines of "**Oh,**

**"It is the folk that creates music. We musicians merely arrange it."**  
— Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov

**if thou couldst for one moment**  
are now a perfect musical match for the sentiments of Tolstoy's verse,

which exemplifies the spirit of the Russian romance.

As a former naval officer, Rimsky-Korsakov knew the ocean's power well, and "**The wave breaks into spray**" is a miniature of his larger sea-obsessed works like *Sheherazade* and *Sadko*. Here, he shapes his surging piano figures to mimic the waves breaking on the shore.

Nature imagery unites two songs from the prolific year 1897, "**Not the wind, blowing from the heights**" and "**The lark sings louder**." The first is tender in its gratitude; the second bursts with the energy of spring's arrival – a theme that runs strongly throughout Russian art.

## PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893)

As a born melodist, Tchaikovsky created instrumental themes that seemed designed for singing. Yet he is far better known for his operas than for the approximately 100 songs he wrote throughout his career. As biographer David Brown has pointed out, it is not only the language barrier that has stood in the way, but also the fact that Tchaikovsky wrote in the style of the Russian romance, which Brown describes as “a sentimental and soft-centered species [that] closely parallels the Victorian drawing-room ballad.” Song romances were adored by 19th-century Russians for their love-obsessed lyrics and intense emotions, but they have generally not stood the test of time as well as classical lieder.

Tchaikovsky was less concerned with the artistic quality of the verse he chose to set than whether it evoked a strong personal response in him. Therefore, though he would set poems by great writers such as Pushkin and Alexei Tolstoy, he also selected lesser verse by amateurs like Grand Duke Konstantin Romanov. As Christian Wildhagen writes, a striking feature of his songs “is the way in which the composer identifies wholeheartedly with the message of the poems, with the result that many of his songs are personal confessions.”

Setting verse from Alexei Tolstoy’s *John of Damascus*, “**I bless you, forests**” is one of the great Russian songs for baritone or bass, and also among the composer’s own personal favorites. It was composed in 1880 at Brailovo, the country estate of Tchaikovsky’s devoted patroness Nadezhda von Meck, which became one of his most reliable creative havens. With its fervent climactic embrace of nature and all humankind, this noble song may reflect how much he loved this idyllic place.

Also set to verse by Tolstoy, “**Amid the din of the ball**” comes from 1878, the year Tchaikovsky completed *Eugene Onegin*. As we hear so often in his ballets, the composer was a master of waltz music, and this haunting *valse triste* describes the memory of a beautiful woman glimpsed at a ball, whose image now revolves ceaselessly in the singer’s mind.

During the 1880s, Tchaikovsky met and became a close friend of the young Grand Duke Konstantin Romanov, nephew of the tsar of Russia. A deeply cultured man, Romanov was a skilled musician himself

**Tchaikovsky was less concerned with the artistic quality of the verse he chose to set than whether it evoked a strong personal response in him.**

A poignant, downward-drooping phrase winds its way through both the voice and piano parts, expressing the dejection of the broken-hearted young lover in this wistful song with a strong folkloric flavor that suits the naïve words.

In his Op. 63 songs of 1887, Tchaikovsky turned to the Grand Duke’s own poetry. In the breathless pace of “**The first meeting**,” he captures the overwhelming joy of two lovers reunited after an absence filled with suffering.

## RICHARD STRAUSS (1864–1949)

Before turning his passion for the human voice to opera, Richard Strauss was a prolific songwriter, composing his first song at age six. He recalled that it was a Christmas carol, “for which I ‘painted’ the notes myself, but my mother wrote the words below the notes since I could not then myself write small enough.” In all, he created more than 200 lieder, and at his death at age 85, a half-finished song lay on his writing desk.

Strauss spent little time analyzing the words he set; instead, he sought to convey the overall emotional mood of each poem. And he was a superb melodist, knowing exactly how to create melodic arches that would exalt a singer’s voice. In a sense, he wrote songs because of his incessant need to compose. As he described it, “Musical ideas have prepared themselves in me... and when, as it were, the barrel is full, a song appears in the twinkling of an eye as soon as I come across a poem more or less corresponding to the subject of the imaginary song.”

Having already written more than 40 songs as a child and adolescent, Strauss waited until 1885 when he was 21 to create his first for publication: the nine songs of his Op. 10. The poet was Hermann von Gilm, an Austrian civil servant who wrote verse of a sensitively lyrical and often melancholy nature.

Strauss cannily chose the beautiful “**Zueignung**” (“Dedication”) to lead off his official lieder debut – a song that, because of its elegant lyricism and noble ascending melodic line, underpinned by a piano part that builds gradually to a passionate outpouring, was to become one of his most popular.

The Op. 10 set closes with another of Strauss’s best-loved songs, “**Allerseelen**,” or “All Souls’ Day” – the holiday on November 2 in the Catholic calendar that honors those who have died. Although obviously indebted to Brahms, this song paints a scene of mature love gazing nostalgically backward that is astonishing for so young a composer.

“**Befreit**” (“Released”) from 1898 is a much more mature song – one of Strauss’s greatest and most moving. The poet is Richard Dehmel, famous as the author of the text of Schoenberg’s *Verklärte Nacht*. Here, a magnificent piano part joins an exalted yet subtly inflected vocal line to portray a deeply devoted couple soon to be parted by death. The contradictory exclamation “O Glück!” (“Oh happiness!”), returning as a refrain at the close of each stanza, expresses the singer’s conviction that their love will triumph over death, but its last reiteration significantly includes the aching half-step rise that has haunted the song and reveals the underlying pain.

Scottish-born radical socialist John Henry Mackay, who spent most of his life in Germany, was the author of the extraordinary “**Morgen**” (“Tomorrow”). Since this poem seems to begin mid-thought and then drift away without a true conclusion, Strauss artfully mirrors these qualities in his music. The piano – not the voice – is given the radiant melody, and the singer, as though too entranced by it to sing, only joins later. Both singer and piano close on unresolved chords.

Finally, we hear “**Cäcilie**,” composed by an eager Strauss on the eve of his wedding. With its voluptuous arpeggios and surging vocal climax, it is surely one of the most passionate love songs ever created.

**Having already written more than 40 songs as a child and adolescent, Strauss waited until he was 21 to create his first for publication.**

## Texts and Translations

MIKHAIL GLINKA

K Molli

Text: Nestor Kukolnik

Ne trebuy pesen ot pevtsa,  
Kogda zHITEYSKIYE volnen'ya  
Zamknuli veshchiye usta  
Dlya radosti i vdokhnoven'ya,

I yesli chuvstva mirnyy son  
Narushish' strastiye velikoy,—  
Ne pen'ye, net! Razdastya ston,  
Il' zhenskiy plach, il' khokhot dikiy.

No yesli, gordost' zataya,  
Pevtsa zhivym uchast'yem vstretish',  
I khot' pritvorno, khot' shutya,  
Nadezhday zhizn' yego osvetish',

Yarche molniy, zharche plameni,  
Burnym potokom pol'yutsya slova;  
Pesni zvonkiye, pesni gromkiye,  
Groma sil'ney, oglyasyat nebesa.

*To Molly*

Do not demand songs from the singer  
When troubles of life  
Have sealed his lips  
To joy and inspiration.

And if the feeling of eternal sleep  
You disturb with your mighty power,  
There will be no singing! A groan will sound,  
Women crying, and wild laughter.

But if you put pride aside,  
And greet the singer with lively inclusion,  
And even and pretense and jest,  
Enlighten his life with hope.

Brighter than lightening, hotter than flame,  
In a wild flood will words flow;  
Clear songs, loud songs,  
Louder than thunder the skies will resound.

---

Kak sladko s tobouy mne byt'

Text: Pyotr Ryndin

Kak sladko s tobouy mne byt'  
I molcha dushoy pogruzhat'sya  
V lazurnyye ochi tvoi.  
Vsyu pylkost', vse strasti dushi  
Tak sil'no oni vyrazhayut,  
Kak slovo ne vyrazit ikh.  
I serdtse trepeshchet nevol'no  
Pri vide tebya!

Lyublyu ya smotret' na tebya,  
Kak mnogo v ulybke otrady  
I negi v dvizhen'yakh tvoikh.  
Naprasno khochu zaglushit'  
Poryvy dushevnykh volneniy  
I serdtse rassudkom unyat'.  
Ne slushayet serdtse rassudka  
Pri vide tebya!

Nezhdannoyu chudnoy zvezdoy  
Yavilas' ty predi mnoyu  
I zhizn' ozarila moyu.  
Siyay zhe, ukazyvay put',  
Vedi k neprivychnomu schast'yu  
Togo, kto nadezhdy ne znal.  
I serdtse utonit v vostorge  
Pri vide tebya!

*How sweet it is to be with you*

How sweet it is to be with you  
And silently plunge my very soul  
Into the azure of your eyes.  
All the ardor and passion of your soul  
Are expressed more powerfully by them than  
Any word could express.  
My heart flutters helplessly  
At the very sight of you!

I love to gaze at you.  
There is so much joy in your smile,  
So much bliss in your gestures.  
In vain I try to suppress  
My bursts of emotional agitation,  
To calm my heart with reasoning.  
My heart loses all sense of reason  
At the very sight of you!

You appeared before me  
Like an unexpected miraculous star,  
Lighting up my entire life.  
Shine on, show me the way,  
Lead me, who was without hope,  
On to happiness.  
My heart drowns in rapture  
At the very sight of you!

---

Ne govori, chto serdtso bol'no

Text: Nikolai Pavlov

Ne govori, chto serdtso bol'no  
Ot ran chuzhikh;  
Chto slezy katyatsya nevol'no  
Iz glaz tvoikh!

*Say not that it grieves the heart*

Say not that your heart is pained  
By the wounds of others;  
That tears roll down involuntarily  
From your eyes.

Bud' molchaliva, kak mogily,  
Kto ni straday,  
I za nevinnykh Boga sily  
Ne prizyvay!

Tvoyey dushi svyatyey zvuki,  
Tvoy detskiy bred –  
Peretolkuyet vse ot skuki  
Bezbozhnyy svet.

---

### Somneniye

Text: Nestor Kukolnik

Uymites', volneniya strasti,  
Zasni, beznadezhnoye serdtse,  
Ya plachu, ya strazhdu,  
dusha istomilas' v razluke!  
Ya strazhdu, ya plachu,  
ne vyplakat' gorya v slezakh.  
Naprasno nadezhda mne schast'ye gadayet–  
Ne veryu, ne veryu obetam kovarnym,  
Razluka unosit lyubov'!

Kak son, neotstupnyy i groznyy,  
Mne snitsya sopernik schastlivyy,  
I tayno, i zlobno  
kipyashchaya revnost' pyayet!  
I tayno, i zlobno  
oruzhiye ishchet ruka.  
Naprasno izmenu mne revnost' gadayet–  
Ne veryu, ne veryu kovarnym navetam,  
Ya schastliv–ty snova moyal!

Minuyet pechal'noye vremya,  
My snova obnimem drug druga,  
I strastno, i zharko  
zab'yotsya voskressheye serdtse,  
I strastno, i zharko  
s ustami sol'yutsya usta.

---

### Bolero

Text: Nestor Kukolnik

O deva chudnaya moyal!  
Tvoyey lyubov'yu schastliv ya.  
Pripav chelom k moyey grudi,  
V nemom vostorge tayesh' ty.

Tak mnogo plameni v ochakh,  
Tak mnogo negi na ustakh!  
Trepeshchet grud', ty vsya drozhish',  
Bez slov ty klyatvy mne darish'!

Lobzan'ye dlitsya bez rechey.  
YA p'yu vostorg lyubvi tvoyey  
V nevozmutimoy tishine...  
No yesli ty izmenish' mne,

O, deva bednaya moyal!  
I dik i mrachen budu ya.  
I buryu smerti podymu  
Tebe i drugu tvoyemu!

Be as silent as graves,  
No matter who suffers;  
And for the innocent  
Do not summon God's power.

The sacred sounds of your soul,  
Your childish delirium –  
Out of boredom,  
Godless society will misinterpret everything.

---

### Doubt

Calm down, feelings of passion!  
Go to sleep, heart without hope!  
I weep, I suffer,  
My soul has grown weary from my isolation!  
I suffer, I weep,  
I can find no consolation in tears.  
My hope for happiness is futile.  
I do not believe in devious vows.  
Separation eliminates love.

Like a relentless, menacing apparition,  
I dream of a rival luckier than I.  
And secretly, and maliciously,  
Seething jealousy flares up!  
And secretly, and maliciously,  
My hand reaches out for a weapon.  
Jealousy foretells a betrayal of me, but in vain.  
I do not believe the insidious slanders.  
I am happy, once again you are mine!

The time of sadness will pass.  
Once again we will embrace;  
And passionately and ardently  
My resurrected heart will beat anew,  
And passionately and ardently  
My lips will join yours in rapturous kisses.

---

### Bolero

Oh, my wondrous girl!  
I am happy in your love.  
When you press your head against my breast,  
You melt in mute rapture.

So much flame in your eyes!  
So much languor in your lips!  
Your breast heaves, you tremble...  
Without words you pledge yourself to me!

A kiss lingers ... without words.  
I drink the rapture of your love  
In imperturbable silence ...  
But what if you betray me?

O, my poor girl!  
Then I will be wild and gloomy,  
And I will stir up a storm of death  
For you and your new love!

Dymitsya krov' nesetsya krik,  
A ya k ustam tvoim prinik,  
YA rvu posledniy zvuk rechey.  
Posledniy vzor tvoikh ochey.

Lyubvi krylatyye mechty,  
Nadezhdy, schast'ye – vse prosti;  
YA videl vas v kovarnom sne...  
No net! Ty ne izmenish' mne!

Blood heats up, a shriek sounds forth!  
To your lips I bend,  
I tear the last sound of your words,  
I tear the last glance from your eyes.

O, winged reveries of love,  
Hopes, happiness – I bid you all farewell;  
It was but a deceitful dream...  
But no, you will not betray me!

---

## NIKOLAI RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

**Na kholmakh Gruzii, Op. 3, No. 4**  
Text: Alexander Pushkin

Na kholmakh Gruzii lezhit nochnaya mgla.  
Shumit Aragva predno mnoyu.  
Mne grustno i legko; pechal' moya svetla;  
Pechal' moya polna toboyu,  
Toboy, odnoy toboy...Unyn'ya moyego  
Nichto ne muchit, ne trevozhit,  
I serdtse vnov' gorit i lyubit–otogo,  
Chto ne lyubit' ono ne mozhet.

### *On the hills of Georgia*

The night mist lies on the hills of Georgia.  
Before me the river Aragva roars.  
I am sad and yet at the same time calm  
As in my despondency I feel no anxiety,  
For my dark sadness is made light by you,  
By you alone, I am full of you.  
The heart burns and beats again,  
Because it cannot not love you.

---

**O, jesli b ty mogla, Op. 39, No. 1**  
Text: Alexei Tolstoy

O, jesli b ty mogla khot' na yedinyy mig  
Zabyt' svoyu pechal', zabyt' svoi nevgody!  
O, yesli by khot' raz ya tvoyu uvidel lik,  
Kakim ya znal yego v schastliveyshiye gody!

Kogda v tvoikh glazakh zasvetitsya sleza,  
O, yesli b eta grust' mogla proyti poryvom,  
Kak v topluyu vesnu prolotnaya groza,  
Kak ten' ot oblakov, begushchaya po nivam!

### *Oh, if thou couldst for one moment*

Oh, if thou couldst for one moment  
Forget your sadness, forget your troubles!  
Oh, if only I could see your face just once  
As I knew it in happier days!

When in your eye a tear glistens,  
Oh, if only this sadness could pass by quickly,  
Like a fleeting storm in the warm spring,  
As the shadow of clouds, running over the cornfields!

---

**Drobitsja, i pleshchet, i bryzzhet volna, Op. 46, No. 1**  
Text: Alexei Tolstoy

Drobitsja, i pleshchet, i bryzzhet volna  
Mne v ochi solonoyu vlagoy;  
Nedvizhno na kamne sizhu ya – polna  
Dusha bezotchetnoy otvagoj.

Valy za valami, priboy i otboy,  
I pena ikh grebni pokryla;  
O more, kogo zhe mne vyzvat' na boy,  
Izvedat' voskresshiye sily?

Pochuyalo serdtse, chto zhizn' khorosha,  
Vy, volny, razmykali gore,  
Ot groma i pleska prosnulas' dusha,  
Srodni yey shumyashcheye more!

### *The wave breaks into spray*

The wave breaks into spray  
Into my eyes  
Unmoving, I sit on my rock,  
My heart brimming with unbounded courage.

Waves follow waves, ebbing and flowing,  
And white foam covers their crests.  
Oh sea, whom shall I summon into battle  
To experience these resurrected powers?

I sense in my heart that life is good.  
Waves, you have driven off my troubles.  
My soul is revived by the roar and the spray.  
The thundering sea is my kinsman!

---

**Ne veter, vey a vysoty, Op. 43, No. 2**  
Text: Alexei Tolstoy

Ne veter, vey a vysoty,  
Listov kosnulsya noch'yu lunnoy;  
Moyey dushi kosnulas' ty –  
Ona trevozhna, kak listy,  
Ona, kak gusli, mnogostrunna.

### *Not the wind, blowing from the heights*

Not the wind, blowing from the heights,  
That touched the leaves in this moonlit night.  
My soul alone was touched by you.  
It is trembling, like leaves,  
It is full of sounds, like the lyre.

Zhiteyskiy vikhr' yeyo terzal  
I sokrushitel'nym nabegom,  
Svistya i voya, struny rval  
I zanosil kholodnym snegom.

Tvoja zhe rech' laskayet slukh,  
Tvoyo legko prikosnoven'ye,  
Kak ot tsvetov letyashchiy pukh,  
Kak mayskoy nochi dunoven'ye...

The storm of life tormented it,  
And with relentless drive and power  
This howling storm just snapped the strings  
And covered them with icy snow.

But, oh, your words – they sound tender,  
The touch of you is lightly felt.  
It is like fluff which flies from flowers,  
It is like a breath of night in May.

---

**Chto v imeni tebe moyem?, Op. 4, No. 1**  
Text: Alexander Pushkin

Chto v imeni tebe moyem?  
Ono umret, kak shum pechal'nyy  
Volny, plesnuvshey v bereg dal'nyy,  
Kak zvuk nochnoy v lesu glukhom.

Ono na pamyatnom listke  
Ostavit mertvyy sled, podobnyy  
Uzoru nadpisi nadgrobnoy  
Na neponyatnom yazyke.

Chto v nem? Zabytoye davno  
V volnen'yakh novykh i myatezhnykh,  
Tvoyey dushe ne dast ono  
Vospominaniy chistykh, nezhnykh.

No v den' pechali, v tishine,  
Proiznesi yego toskuya;  
Skazhi: yes' pamyat' obo mne,  
Yes' v mire serdtse, gde zhivu ya ...

*What is my name to thee?*

What is my name to thee?  
It will die, like the sad sound  
Of a wave, splashing against a distant shore;  
Like a night sound in the depths of the forest.

On a fading album page  
It leaves a lifeless trace like  
Formations of words on a tombstone  
In an incomprehensible language.

What is my name to thee? Long forgotten  
Amidst more recent and pressing concerns,  
It will not give your soul  
Fair and tender memories.

But in a time of sadness, in the quiet,  
Utter it, while lamenting.  
Say to yourself: "I am not forgotten.  
There is a heart in the world where I still live."

---

**Zvonche zhavoronka pen'ye, Op. 43, No. 1**  
Text: Alexei Tolstoy

Zvonche zhavoronka pen'ye,  
Yarche veshniye tsvety,  
Serditse polno vdokhnoven'ya,  
Nebo polno krasoty.

Razorvav toski okovy,  
Tsepi poshlye razbiv,  
Nabegayet zhizni novoy  
Torzhestvuyushchiy priliv,

I zvuchit svezho i yuno  
Novykh sil moguchiy stroy,  
Kak natyanutyte struny  
Mezhdu nebom i zemley.

*The lark sings louder*

The lark sings more loudly than ever,  
The spring flowers look brighter than before—  
My heart is overflowing with inspiration  
And the sky is filled with beauty.

Having broken the bonds of melancholy  
And loosed its crude chains,  
New life floods in triumphantly,  
Rising like the tide.

A potent harmony of new vigor rings out,  
Fresh and young,  
Like music of tensioned strings  
Between the sky and the earth.

---

**PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY**

**Blagaslavl'juyu vas, lesa, Op. 47, No. 5**  
Text: Alexei Tolstoy

Blagaslavl'juyu vas, lesa, daliny, nivы,  
Gory, vody,  
Blagaslavl'juyu ya svabodu i galubye nebesa!

I posah moi blagaslavl'juyu,  
I etu bednuyu sumu,  
I step' at krayu i da krayu,

*I bless you, forests*

I bless you, forests, valleys, fields,  
And mountains, and waters,  
I bless both freedom and the blue and endless skies.

I bless my staff,  
And the humility of my possessions.  
And the steppe from the beginning to the end,



I sontsa svet, i nochi t'mu,  
I adinokuyu trapinku, pa koyei, nishii, ya idu,  
I f pole kazhduyu bylinku,  
i v nebe kazhduyu zvezdu!

O, yeslip mok fsju zhizn' smeshat' ya,  
Fsju dushu vmeste s vami slit',  
O, yeslip mok v mai abyatya  
Ya vas, vragi, druzya, i bratya,  
I fsju prirodu v mai abyatya zakljuchit'!

---

**Solovej, Op. 60, No. 4**

Text: Alexander Pushkin

Solovey moy, soloveyko!  
Ptica malaya, lesnaya!  
U tebya l', u maloy pticy,  
Nezamennye tri pesni,  
U menya li, u molodca,  
Tri velikie zaboty!  
Kak už pervaya zabota –  
Rano molodca ženili;  
A vtoraya-to zabota –  
Voron kon' moj pritomilsya;  
Kak už tret'ya-to zabota–  
Krasnu-devicu so mnoyu  
Razlúčili zlye lyudi.  
Vy kopayte mne mogilu  
Vo pole, pole širokom,  
V golovach mne posadite  
Aly cvetiki-cvetočki,  
A v nogach mne provedite  
Čistu vodu klyučevuyu.  
Proyduť mimo krasny devki,  
Tak spleťut sebe venochki:  
Proyduť mimo stary lyudi,  
Tak vody sebe začerpnuť.

---

**Sred' shumnogo bala, Op. 38, No. 3**

Text: Alexei Tolstoy

Sred' shumnogo bala, sluchajno,  
V trevoqe mirskoj sujety,  
Tebja ja uvidel, no tajna  
Tvoji pokryvala cherty.

Lish' ochi pechal'no gljadeli,  
A golos tak divno zvuchal,  
Kak zvon otdaljonnoj svireli,  
Kak morja bushujushchij val.

Mne stan tvoj ponravilsja tonkij  
I ves' tvoj zadumchivyy vid,  
A smekh tvoj, i grustnyj, i zvonkij,  
S tekh por v mojom serdce zvuchit.

V chasy odinokije nochi  
Ljublju ja, ustalyy, prilech';  
Ja vizhu pechal'nyje ochi,  
Ja slyshu veseluju rech',

I grustno ja, grustno tak zasypaju,  
I v grjozakh nevedomykh splju...

The sunlight, and the darkness of the night,  
The lonely path I walk, a pauper that I am,  
And every blade of grass out in the field,  
And every star out there in the sky!

Oh! If only I could hold the world in my embrace,  
And join my soul with all the others,  
Oh! If only I could hold you all,  
The enemies, and friends, and brothers,  
And nature! All in my embrace!

---

***The nightingale***

Oh, my nightingale, my nightingale!  
Little bird of the forest!  
Do you not have  
Three unchanging songs, little bird?  
Do I, a poor young man,  
Not have three great cares?  
My first care is this:  
They made me marry too young.  
My second care:  
My black steed is worn out.  
And my third care:  
My maiden fair from me  
Has been taken by wicked people.  
Dig me a grave  
In the broad open field,  
At my head plant  
Flowers of scarlet.  
And at my feet provide  
Clean spring water.  
Whenever fair maids pass by,  
They will weave themselves little crowns of flowers;  
Whenever old people pass by,  
They will dip themselves up some water.

---

***Amid the din of the ball***

Amid the din of the ball  
In the anxious bustle of life,  
I caught sight of you,  
Your face, an enigma.

Only your eyes gazed sadly.  
Your divine voice  
Sounded like pipes from afar,  
Like the dancing waves of the sea.

Your delicate form entranced me,  
And your pensiveness,  
Your sad yet merry laughter,  
Has permeated my heart since then.

And in the lonely hours of the night  
When I do lie down to rest;  
I see your pensive eyes,  
Hear your merry laugh,

And wistfully drifting,  
Into mysterious reveries...



Ljublju li tebja, ja ne znaju,  
No kazhetsja mne, chto ljublju!

I wonder if I love you,  
But it seems that I do!

---

**Pervoye svidaniye, Op. 63, No. 4**

Text: Grand Duke Konstantin Romanov

Vot minovala razluka unylaya,  
Probil svidaniya chas,  
Svetloye, polnoye schastiye, milaya,  
Vnov' nastupilo dlya nas.

Dolgo tomilosya, polno stradaniya,  
Serdce tvoyo, no pover':  
Dni odinochestva, dni ispytaniya  
My naverstayem teper'.

Nezhnye rechi, lyubvi vyrazheniya  
Vnov' potekut bez konca,  
I vo yedinoye snova biyeniye  
Nashi sol'yutsya serdtsa!

Pust' sochetayet sozvuch'e yedinoye  
Nashi dve dushi, i vnov',  
Slovno vesennyyaya pesn' solov'inaya,  
Nasha vospryanet lyubov'!

*The first meeting*

Gone is the gloomy separation.  
The hour of meeting has struck.  
The bright, full joy, my dear,  
Is ours once again.

Long has your heart, filled with suffering,  
Languished. But believe me:  
The days of loneliness and torment  
We will now make up for.

Tender speeches, expressions of love  
Endlessly will flow anew  
As our hearts will beat together  
As one again!

Let the resonance combine  
Our two souls and, again,  
Like the spring song of the nightingale,  
Our love shall rise up once more!

---

**RICHARD STRAUSS**

**Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8**

Text: Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,  
Die letzten roten Aestern trag herbei,  
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,  
Wie einst im Mai.  
Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke;  
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es Einerlei.  
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,  
Wie einst im Mai.  
Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,  
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,  
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,  
Wie einst im Mai.

*All Souls' Day*

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
Bring inside the last red asters,  
And let us again speak of love,  
As we once did in May.  
Give me your hand, so that I may hold it secretly;  
And when someone witnesses, to me it does not matter.  
Just give me one of your sweet glances,  
As you once did in May.  
Flowers bloom and smell today amongst the graves,  
One day a year indeed the dead are free,  
Come to my heart, so that I may hold you again,  
As I once did in May.

---

**Befreit, Op. 39, No. 4**

Text: Richard Dehmel

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, leise  
Wirst du lächeln; und wie zur Reise  
Geb ich dir Blick und Kuss zurück.  
Unsre lieben vier Wände! Du hast sie bereitet,  
Ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet –  
O Glück!

Dann wirst du heiss meine Hände fassen  
Und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,  
Lässt unsern Kindern mich zurück.  
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,  
Ich will es ihnen wiedergeben –  
O Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's Beide,  
Wir haben einander befreit vom Leide,

*Released*

You will not weep. Gently, gently  
You will smile; and as before a journey  
I shall return your gaze and kiss.  
You have cared for the room we love!  
I have widened these four walls for you into a world –  
Oh, happiness!

Then ardently you will seize my hands  
And you will leave me your soul,  
Leave me to care for our children.  
You gave your whole life to me,  
I shall give it back to them –  
Oh, happiness!

It will be very soon, we both know it,  
We have released each other from suffering,

So gab' ich dich der Welt zurück.  
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum erscheinen  
Und mich segnen und mit mir weinen –  
O Glück!

So I returned you to the world.  
Then you'll appear to me only in dreams,  
And you will bless me and weep with me –  
Oh, happiness!

---

**Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1**

Text: Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,  
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,  
Liebe macht die Herzen krank, habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,  
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,  
Und du segnetest den Trank, habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,  
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,  
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank, habe Dank!

***Dedication***

Yes, you understand, precious soul,  
Away from you I am tormented,  
Love makes the heart sick, have thanks.

Once I, the drinker of freedom,  
Held high the amethyst cup,  
And you blessed this drink, have thanks.

And you drove out the evil ones,  
'Til I, as never before,  
Holy, sank holy into your heart, have thanks!

---

**Morgen, Op. 27, No. 4**

Text: John Henry Mackay

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,  
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen  
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen...

***Tomorrow***

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,  
And on this path, I shall go,  
If we, the lucky, shall unite  
Upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the wide, blue-waved shore  
Shall we, quietly and slowly, descend,  
Silently, gazing into each other's eyes,  
On us will sink silent stillness of bliss...

---

**Cäcilie, Op. 27, No. 2**

Text: Heinrich Hart

Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen,  
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten,  
Aug in Auge,  
Und kosend und plaudernd,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten,  
Umschauert vom Sturm, da Niemand tröstet  
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit  
Weltschaffendem Atem,  
Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,  
Zu seligen Höhn,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du lebstest mit mir!

***Cecilia***

If you only knew,  
What it is to dream of blazing kisses,  
Of wandering, resting with one's beloved,  
Glancing at each other,  
And caressing and talking,  
If you knew,  
Your heart would agree!

If you only knew,  
What dread is on lonely nights,  
In the incredible storm, when no one can comfort  
With gentle voice the strife-weary soul,  
If you only knew,  
You would come to me.

If you only knew,  
What it is to live surrounded in God's  
Creative breath,  
To ascend upwards, borne on light,  
To blissful heavens,  
If you only knew,  
You would dwell with me!

(Strauss songs translated by Mandy Hildebrandt.)

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*Lyric*

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*Lyric*

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