

**Sergey Vasil'yevich Rachmaninov (1873-1943)**

**[1] Vocaliz (Vocalise), Op. 34, No. 14**

**Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky (1840-93)**

**[2] The Queen of Spades: Otkuda eti slyozī (Why do you flow, my tears?)**

*Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky and Modest Tchaikovsky (1850-1916)*

Otkuda eti slyozī, zachem one?  
Moi devich'i gryozī, vī izmenili mne.  
Moi devich'i gryozī, vī izmenili mne.  
Vot kak vī opravdalis' nayavu:  
Ya zhizn' svoyu vruchila nīne knyazyu,  
Izbranniku po serdsu, suchshestvu  
Umom, krasoyu, znatnost'yu, bogatstvom,  
Dostoynomu podrugī ne takoy kak ya,  
Kto znaten, kto krasiv, kto staten kak on.  
I kto... I chto zhe...  
Ya toskoy i strakhom vsya polna...  
Drozhu i plachu...

Otkuda eti slyozī, zachem one?  
Moi devich'i gryozī, vī izmenili mne.  
Moi devich'i gryozī, vī izmenili mne.  
Vī izmenili mne.

I tyazhelo, i strashno,  
No k chemy obmanīvat' sebya?  
A zdes' odno vokrug vsyo tikho spit.  
O, slushay, noch',  
Tebe odnoy mogu poverit' taynu dushi moyey,  
Ona mrachna kak tī,  
Ona kak vzor ochey pechal'nīy,  
Pokoy i schast'ye u menya otnyavshey.  
Tsaritsa noch', kak tī krasavitsa, kak angel padshiy,  
Prekrasen on, v yego glazakh ogon' palyashchiy strasti,  
Kak chudnīy son menya manit,  
I vsya moya dusha vo vlasti yego  
O noch', o noch'!

**Nikolay Andreyevich Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)**

**[3] The Tsar's Bride: V Novgorode (In Novgorod)**

*Il'ya Tyumenev (1855-1927)*

V Novgorode mī ryadom s Vaney zhili,  
U nikh bīl sad, takoy bol'shoj tenistīy.  
Kak teper' glyazhu na zelenīy sad,  
Gde s milīm družhkom mī rezvilisya,  
Gde iz tsevtikov lazorevikh  
Ya yemu plela venki,  
I zhilosya nam v zelyonom sadu,  
I dīshalos' v nyom privol'no tak.

Tselīy bozhiy den' mī s nim begali,  
Veselilisya, zabavlyalisya.  
Ah ah ah ah...  
A rodnīye vse, na nas glyadyuchi,  
Ul'bayuchis', uteshayuchis',  
Govorili nam—po vsemu vidat',  
Chto vas parochka,  
Chto zlatī ventsī dlya vas skovani.

Skol'ko yasnīkh dney proveli mī v nyom,  
Kazhdīy kustik nam golovoy kival,  
Dereva-to vse s tikhoy laskoyu  
Divovalisya na nas.  
I zhilosya nam v zelyonom sadu,  
I dīshalos' v nyom nam privol'no,  
Privol'no tak.

Why do you flow, my tears?  
My maiden dreams, you betrayed me.  
My maiden dreams, you betrayed me.  
This is how you came true:  
I gave my life to a Prince,  
Dear to my heart, a man  
Who, with his mind, beauty, nobility, and wealth  
Deserves a wife better than I am.  
A wife like him: noble and beautiful.  
And who... And what...  
I am full of woe and terror...  
I tremble and cry...

Why do you flow, my tears?  
My maiden dreams, you betrayed me.  
My maiden dreams, you betrayed me.

It is difficult and frightening,  
But why deceive myself?  
Here everything is asleep.  
Oh, hear me out, night,  
To you alone I can tell the secret of my soul,  
It is dark like you,  
It is like the look of his sad eyes,  
The eyes that took away my peace.  
Oh Queen night, like your magnificence,  
Like a fallen angel,  
He is beautiful, in his eyes burns the fire of passion,  
It beckons me like a wondrous dream,  
And my whole soul is in his command.  
Oh night, oh night!

In Novgorod Vania and I lived close by.  
There was a large shady garden;  
I can still see that garden,  
Where with my dear friend we spent much time,  
Where I made wreaths for him  
From red flowers.  
We lived joyously in that garden,  
And we were free.

We spent whole days running around the garden  
In joyful playfulness.  
Ah ah ah ah ...  
And all our relatives, seeing us together,  
Smiled and rejoiced,  
They told us—it is obvious  
That you are a couple, and  
That golden wreaths are made for you.

Many joyful days we spent together,  
Every shrub greeted us,  
Every tree with quiet kindness  
Watched us in amazement.  
We lived joyously in that garden,  
And we were free,  
So free.

**[4] The Tsar's Bride: Ivan Sergeich (Ivan Sergeevich)**  
*Il'ya 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.

**Sergey Vasil'yevich Rachmaninov (1873-1943)**

**[5] Ne poy krasavitsa (Do not sing to me, my beauty)**  
*Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin (1799-1837)*

Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne  
Ti pesen Gruzii pechal'noy...  
Napominayut mne one  
Druguyu zhizn', i bereg dal'niy.  
Uvi, napominayut mne  
Tvoi zhestokiye napevi  
I step', i noch', i pri lune  
Cherti dalyokoy, bednoy dev'i!  
Ya prizrak miliy, rokovoy,  
Tebya uvidev, zabivayu...  
No ti poyosh', i predo mnoy  
Yego ya vnov' voobrazhayu.  
Ne poy krasavitsa pri mne  
Ti pesen Gruzii pechal'noy.  
Napominayut mne one  
Druguyu zhizn' i bereg dal'niy.

**[6] Francesca da Rimini: O, ne riday, moy Paolo, ne nado (Oh, do not weep, my Paolo)**

*Modest Tchaikovsky (1850-1916)*

O, nye riday, moy Paolo, nye nado...  
Pust' ne dano nam znat' lobzaniy,  
Puskay mi zdes' razlucheni...  
Nedolog srok zemnikh skitaniy,  
Mel'knot, kak mig, zemniye sni!  
Ne plach', tsenoy zemnikh mucheniy  
Nas zhdyot s toboy blazhenstvo tam,  
Gde net teney, gde net lisheniy,  
Gde u lyubvi netlenniye khram!  
Tam, v visote, za gran'yu mira,  
V tvoikh ob'yatiyakh parya,  
V lazuri svetlovo efira  
Ya budu v vechnosti tvoya!

Ivan Sergeich, do you want us to go into the garden?  
What a day, the air smells of greenery.  
Would you like to chase me?  
I will run along this path.  
Well...one, two, three.  
Aha, you did not catch me!  
I am all out of breath.  
Oh, 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 in bloom.  
Would you like to sit under it?  
Oh, this dream...this dream...  
Look, over there, up above  
The sky is stretching like luxurious tent.  
How wonderful God made it,  
It looks like deep-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.

Do not sing to me, my beauty,  
Songs of melancholy Georgia...  
They remind me  
Of another life and distant shores.  
Alas, your cruel songs  
Bring back to my mind  
The steppe, the night, and a moonlit face  
Of a poor, distant maiden!  
I forget this dear and ominous apparition  
When I see you... But when you sing,  
I see it before me again.  
Do not sing to me, my beauty,  
Songs of melancholy Georgia...  
They remind me  
Of another life and distant shores.

Oh, do not sob, my Paolo, do not...  
Let it be that we are not fated to know kisses,  
Let it be that here we are parted...  
The time of our earthly wanderings is short,  
Our earthly dreams will flash by in an instant!  
Do not weep, for the price of earthly suffering  
Bliss awaits both of us there, in that place  
Where there are no shadows or deprivation,  
A place that is an imperishable temple of love.  
There, on high, beyond the boundaries of this world,  
Soaring in your embraces  
In the azure of the radiant ether  
I shall be forever yours!

**Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky (1840-93)**

**[7] The Queen of Spades: Uzh polnoch' blizitsya... Akh, istomilas' ya  
(Midnight is near...I am tired)**

*Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky and Modest Tchaikovsky (1850-1916)*

Uzh polnoch' blizitsya,  
A Germana vsyo net, vsyo net.  
Ya znayu, on pridyot, rasseyet podozren'ya.  
On zhertva sluchaya, i prestuplen'ya  
Ne mozhet, ne mozhet sovershit'.  
Ah, istomilas', isstradalas' ya...

Ah, istomilas' ya gorem.  
Noch'yu i dnyom tol'ko o nyom  
Dumoy sebya isterzala ya  
Gde zhe ti radost' byvalaya?  
Ah, istomilas', ustala ya.  
Zhin' mne lish' radost' sulila,  
Tucha nashla, grom prinesla.  
Vsyo chto ya v mire lyubila  
Schast'ye nadezhdi razbila.  
Ah, istomilas', ustala ya  
Noch'yu i dnyom, tolko o nyom  
Dumoy sebya isterzala ya,  
Gde zhe ti radost' bivalaya?  
Tucha prishla i grozu prinesla.  
Schast'ye nadezhdi razbila.  
Ya istomilas', ya isstradalas'.  
Toska grizyot menya i glozhet.

The midnight is near,  
But German is not here.  
I know he will come, and reassure me.  
He is a victim of chance, and he is not capable  
Of crime, not capable.  
I am tired, I am woeful...

I am tormented by woe.  
Day and night  
I torture myself thinking about him.  
Where is my happiness?  
I am woeful, I am tired.  
Life promised me only joy,  
But a dark cloud came and brought storms.  
It took away all my hopes  
And all that was dear to me.  
I am woeful, I am tired.  
Day and night  
I torture myself thinking about him.  
Where is my happiness?  
A dark cloud came and brought storms.  
It took away all my hopes  
I am tired, I am woeful.  
Sorrow is eating me alive.

**[8] Kabī znala ya (Had I known)**

*Alexey Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817-1875)*

Kabī znala ya, kabī vedala,  
Ne smotrela bī iz okoshechka  
Ya na molodtsa razudalogo,  
Kak on yekhal po nashey ulitse,  
Nabekren' zalomivshi murmolku,  
Kak likhogo konya bulanogo,  
Zvonkonogogo, dolgogrivogo,  
Suprotiv okon na dībī vzdīmal!

Kabī znala ya, kabī vedala,  
Dlya nego bī ya ne ryadilas',  
S zolotoy kaymoy lentu aluyu  
V kosu dlinnuyu ne vpletala bī,  
Rano do svetu ne vstavala bī,  
Za okolitsu ne speshila bī,  
V rose nozhen'ki ne mochila bī,  
Na prosyolok tot ne glyadela bī,  
Ne proyedet li tem prosyolkom on,  
Na ruke derzha pyostrasokola.  
Kaby znala ja, kaby vedala!  
Kabī znala ya, kabī vedala,  
Ne sidela bī pozdnim vecherom,  
Prigoryunivshis' na zavaline  
Na zavaline, bliz kolodezya,  
Podzhidayuchi, da gadayuchi...  
Ne pridyot li on—nenaglyadnyy moy?  
Napoit' konya studenoy vodoy?  
Kabī znala ya, kaby vedala!

If I had known, if I had realised,  
I would not have looked out the window  
At the handsome fellow,  
As he rode along our street  
With his hat aslant,  
On his dashing dun horse,  
Who, with melodious step of its feet and long mane,  
Reared up before my window!

If I had known, if I had realised,  
I would not have dressed up for him,  
Plaiting into my long hair  
A scarlet gold-bordered ribbon,  
I would not have risen well before sunrise,  
I would not have hurried to the edge of the village,  
Drenching my feet in the morning dew,  
I would not have gazed at the country road  
In case he passed along With a falcon on his arm!  
If I had known, if I had realised!  
If I had known, if I had realised,  
I should not have sat late in the evening  
Outside my house feeling sad,  
Outside my house, near the well,  
Waiting and wondering:  
Would he come, my beloved,  
To give his horse some cool water?  
If I had known, if I had realised,  
If I had known, if I had realised!

**[9] Ya li v pole da ne travushka bila? (Was I not a blade of grass in the field?)**

*Ivan Zakharovich Surikov (1841-1880)*

Ya li v pole da ne travushka bila  
Ya li v pole ne zelyonaya rosla  
Vzyali menya travushku skosili,  
Na solnishke v pole issushili,  
Oh, ti, gore moyo goryushko  
Oh ti, gore moyo goryushko!

Was I not a blade of grass in the field,  
Did I not grow green in the field?  
They cut me, a blade of grass, down,  
And dried me in the field under the sun.  
Oh, you, my grief, my sorrow!  
Oh, you, my grief, my sorrow!

Znat', znat' takaya moya dolyushka...

This must be my fate...

Ya li v pole ne kalinushka bila?  
Ya li v pole da ne krasnaya rosła?  
Vzyali kalinushku slomali,  
Da v zhgutiki menya razvyazali!

Was I not a guelder-rose in the field?  
Did I not grow fair in the field?  
They took and crushed the guelder-rose,  
And tied me into plaits!

Oh, ti, gore moyo goryushko  
Oh ti, gore moyo goryushko!  
Znat', znat', takaya moya dolyushka...

Oh, you, my grief, my sorrow!  
Oh, you, my grief, my sorrow!  
This must be my fate...

Ya l' u batyushki ne dochen'ka bila?  
U rodimoy ne tsvetochek ya rosła?  
V nevolyu menya bednyuyu vzyali  
Da s nemilim sedim povenchali  
S nemilim da sedim povenchali.

Was I not my father's dear daughter,  
Did I not grow as my mother's little flower?  
They took away my freedom,  
And married me to a grey haired man,  
A grey haired man I did not love.

Oh ti, gore moyo goryushko  
Oh ti, gore moyo goryushko...  
Znat', znat' takaya moya dolyushka...

Oh, you, my grief, my sorrow!  
Oh, you, my grief, my sorrow!  
This must be my fate...

**[10] Eugene Onegin: Letter Scene: Puskay pogibnu ya (Even if it means I perish)**

Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky and Konstantin Shilovsky (1849-1893)

Ya k vam pishu—chego zhe bole?  
Chto ya mogu eshchyo skazat'?  
Teper', ya znayu, v vashey vole  
Menya prezren'eym nakazat'.  
No vi, k moyey neschastnoy dole  
Khot' kaplyu zhalosti khranya,  
Vi ne ostavite menya.  
Snachala ya molchat' khotela;  
Pover'te, moyego stida  
Vi ne uznali b nikogda,  
Kogda b nadezhdu ya imela  
Khot' redko, khot' v nedelyu raz  
V derevne nashey videt' vas,  
Chtob tol'ko slishat' vashi rechi,  
Vam slovo molvit', i potom  
Vsyo dumat', dumat' ob odnom  
I den' i noch' do novoy vstrechi.

I write to you—what more can I say?  
What more can I add?  
It is now in your power  
To punish me with your contempt.  
But if you have any sympathy  
For my unhappy fate,  
You will not abandon me.  
At first I wished to remain silent;  
Believe me, my shame  
Would have been unknown to you  
If I had any hope  
Of seeing you in our village  
Even once a week,  
Being able to hear you speak,  
Say a word to you,  
And dream day and night  
About our next meeting.

No govoryat, vi nelyudim;  
V glushi, v derevne vsyo vam skuchno,  
A mi...nichem mi ne blestim,  
Khot' vam i radi prostodushno.

But it is said that you are unsociable;  
In our provincial village you are bored,  
And we cannot be of interest to you,  
Even if we gladly welcome you.

Zachem vi posetili nas?  
V glushi zabıtogo selen'ya  
Ya nikogda ne znala b vas,  
Ne znala b gor'kogo muchen'ya.  
Dushi neopitnoy volnen'ya  
Smiriv so vremenem (kak znat'?),  
Po serdtsu ya nashla bi druga,  
Bila bi vernaya supruga  
I dobrodetel'naya mat'.

Why did you visit us?  
In our forgotten province  
I would never have known you,  
And would never have known bitter suffering.  
In time, who knows? I would have calmed  
The feverish dreams of my inexperienced soul,  
I would have found a friend dear to my heart,  
Become a loyal wife,  
And virtuous mother.

Drugoy!.. Net, nikomu na svete  
Ne otđala bi serdtsa ya!  
To v vishnem suzhdeno sovete...  
To volya neba: ya tvoya;  
Vsya zhizn' moya bila zalogom  
Svidan'ya vernogo s tobom;  
Ya znayu, ti mne poslan bogom,  
Do groba ti khranitel' moy...  
Ti v snoviden'yakh mne yavlyalsya,  
Nezrimiy, ti mne bil uzh mil,  
Tvoy chudniy vzglyad menya tomil,  
V dushe tvoy golos razdavalsya  
Davno... net, eto bil ne son!  
Ti chut' voshyol, ya vmig uznala,  
Vsya obomlela, zapilala

Another!.. No, I would not give my heart  
To anyone else in this world!  
It is decided in the highest court...  
It is the wish of heaven: I am yours;  
My whole life has been a pledge  
To our meeting;  
I know, you were sent to me by God,  
Until my death you will be my protector...  
You came to me in my dreams,  
Unseen, you were already my beloved,  
Your wondrous look tormented me,  
I heard your voice in my soul  
Long ago... No, it was not a dream!  
You only entered, and I immediately knew you,  
My soul and heart flared up

I v mīsl'yakh molvila: vot on!  
Ne pravda l'?' ya tebya slīkhala:  
Tī govoril so mnoy v tishi,  
Kogda ya bednīm pomogala  
Ili molitvoy uslazhdala  
Tosku volnuyemoy dushi?  
I v eto samoye mgnoven'ye  
Ne tī li, miloye viden'ye,  
V prozrachnoy temnote mel'knul,  
Priniknul tikho k izgolov'yu?  
Ne tī l', s otradoy i lyubov'yu,  
Slova nadezhdī mne shepnul?

Kto tī, moy angel li khranitel',  
Ili kovarniy iskusitel':  
Moi somnen'ya razreshi.  
Bīt' mozhet, eto vsyo pustoye,  
Obman neopitnoy dushi!  
I suzhdeno sovsem inoye...  
No tak i bīt'! sud'bu moyu  
Otnīne ya tebe vruchayu,  
Pered tobouy slyozī l'yu,  
Tvoyey zashchitī umolyayu...  
Vooברי: ya zdes' odna,  
Nikto menya ne ponimaet,  
Rassudok moy iznemogayet,  
I molcha gibnut' ya dolzhna.  
Ya zhdu tebya: yedinīm vzorom  
Nadezhdī serdtsa ozhivi,  
I l' son tyazhyolīy perervi,  
Uvī, zasluzhennīm ukorom!

Konchayu! Strashno perechest'...  
Stīdom i strakhom zamirayu...  
No mne porukoy vasha chest',  
I smelo yey sebya vveryayu...

And I thought: he is the one!  
Is it not true? I often heard you:  
Did you not speak with me in the silence,  
When I was helping the poor  
Or sought to ease my soul's pain  
With prayer?  
And in that very moment  
Was it not you, a dear vision,  
Whom I saw in transparent night,  
Quietly nestled by my bed's head?  
Did you not, with joy and love,  
Whispered the words of hope to me?

Whoever you are, my guardian angel  
Or devious temptation,  
Resolve my doubts.  
Perhaps all this is fruitless  
Illusions of my inexperienced soul!  
And my fate must be different...  
So be it! My fate  
I now entrust to you,  
I shed my tears before you,  
I am asking for your protection...  
Imagine: I am here alone,  
No one understands me,  
My reason tortures me,  
And I must perish in silence.  
I wait for you: with one look  
You will revive my hope,  
Or break this heavy dream  
With, alas, well deserved reproach!

I finish! I am afraid to read this through...  
I tremble in shame and terror...  
But I trust in your honour,  
And bravely entrust myself to you.

*English translations by Anastasia Belina-Johnson*