

Naxos 8.570409

Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893): Complete Songs • Volume 4

- [01] **Kak naladili durak**, Op. 25, No. 6
Lev Aleksandrovich Mey (1822-1862)

Kak naladili: 'Durak, bros' hodit' v tsaryov kabak!
Tak i ladyat vsyo odno—'Pey ti vodu, ne vino;
Von hosh' rechke poklonis', hosh' u bistroy
pouchis.'
Uzh ya k rechen'ke poydu, s rechkoy rechi povedu:
'Govoryat mne: ti umna, poklonyus' tebe do dna,
Nauchi ti, kak mne bit', p'yanstvom lyuda ne
sramit'?
Kak v tebya, moyu reku utopit' zmeyu-tosku?
A nachish'—vek togda ispolat' tebe, voda,
Chto otbila duraka ot tsaryova kabaka!

- They said: You fool, do not go**, Op. 25, No. 6
Lev Aleksandrovich Mey (1822-1862)

They keep saying: 'Fool, stop going to the tsar's
drinking house!'
They keep saying the same thing: 'Drink water, not
wine;
If you want, go and bow to the river, and learn from
it.'
I will go to the river, I will say:
'They tell me you are wise, I bow deeply to you.
Will you teach me how to stop embarrassing myself
with drink?
Maybe in you I can drown my sorrows?
If you teach me, river, then forever you shall know,
That you taught a fool how to stop going to the
tsar's drinking house!'

- [02] **Ne dolgo nam gulyat'** (1875)
Nikolai Porfiryevich Grekov (1810-1866)

Ne dolgo nam gulyat' ruka s rukoyu
V sadu gustom, po lipovim alleyam,
Pri bleske zvezd, vecherneyu poroy,
I zhizn', I zhizn' raznezhennoy dushoy
Blagodarit' za vsyo, chto mi imeem.

Ne dolgo nam pod obayan'em snov,
Kak molodost', igrivikh i letuchikh,
Sledya lunu v izgibakh oblakov,
Mechtat' o tom, chemu net slov,
No chto zhivyot v dushakh, u nas kipuchikh.

O, miliy drug! Tsvesti ne dolgo nam
Blazhenstvom chuvstv! Za to mi dolgo budem
Za nikh sud'be stradan'em dan' nesti
I slova, slova strashnogo: prosti!
Mi nikogda s toboy, ne pozabudem.

- No time to take a walk** (1875)
Nikolai Porfiryevich Grekov (1810-1866)

We don't have long to walk hand in hand
In overgrown garden, along linden alleys,
Under the sparkling stars at night,
And, with all our hearts, thank life
For all it has given us.

We don't have long to live under the spell of dreams,
Which are playful and flighty like youth
And, tracing the moon in the clouds,
Dream about something we cannot express in words,
But that lives in our burning souls.

O, dear friend! We don't have long to flourish
In blissful feelings! But our Fate will ask for
A lengthy payment. We will suffer,
And we will never forget those terrible words:
'Forgive me!'

- [03] **Vcherashnyaya noch'**, Op. 60, No. 1
Aleksey Stepanovich Khomyakov (1804-1860)

Vcherashnyaya noch' bila tak svetla,
Vcherashnyaya noch' vse zvyozdi zazhgla,
Chto, glyadya na kholmī i dremlyushchiy les,
Na vodi, blestyashchie blyskom nebes,
Ya dumal: o, zhit' v etom mire chudes
Prekrasno!

Prekrasni i volni, i dal' stepey,
Prekrasna v odezhde zelyonikh vetvey
Dubrava;
Prekrasna lyubov' s vechno svezhim venkom,
I družbī zvezda s neizmennim luchom,
I pesni vostorg s ozaryonnim chelom,
I slava!

Vzglyanul ya na nebo, tam tverd' yasna:
Visoko, visoko voskhodit ona
Nad bezdnoy;
Tam zvyozdi zhivie katyatsya v ogne...
I detskoe chuvstvo prosnulos' vo mne,
I dumal ya: luchshe nam v toy vishine
Nadzvezdnoy!

- Last night**, Op. 60, No. 1
Aleksey Stepanovich Khomyakov (1804-1860)

Last night was so light,
Last night was so full of stars
That, looking at the hills and the sleeping forest,
At the water, glistening with the light of the sky,
I thought: o, to live in this magical world
Is wonderful!

The waves and the far steppes are beautiful,
And the woods clothed in green are beautiful;
Love is beautiful, with its perpetually fresh wreath,
And the star of friendship, with its permanent ray of
light,
And the happiness of a song that lights up a face,
And glory—they are all beautiful!

I looked up at the sky:
It is very high, it dwells
Above a precipice;
There, the stars are alive with light...
A childlike feeling awoke in me,
And I thought: it would be better to live in that starry
sky!

[04] **Ya tebe nichego ne skazhu**, Op. 60, No. 2
Afanasy Afanas'yevich Fet (1820-1892)

Ya tebe nichego ne skazhu,
Ya tebya ne vstrevozhu nichut'
I o tom, chto ya molcha tverzhu,
Ne reshus' ni za chto nameknut'.

Tseliy den' spyat nochnie tsveti,
No lish' solntse za roshchu zaidet,
Raskrivayutsya tikho listi,
I ya sl'ishu, kak serdtse tsvetyot.

I v bol'nuyu, ustaluyu grud'
Veet vlagoy nochnoy... Ya drozhu...
Ya tebya ne vstrevozhu nichut',
Ya tebe nichego ne skazhu!

[05] **Prosti**, Op. 60, No. 8
Nikolai Alekseyevich 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 svershali put'—
Blagoslavi i ne zabud'!

[06] **Za oknom v teni mel'kaet**, Op. 60, No. 10
Yakov Petrovich Polonsky (1819-1898)

Za oknom v teni mel'kaet
Rusaya golovka.
Ti ne spish', moyo muchen'e!
Ti ne spish', plutovka!

Vikhodi zh ko mne na vstrechu!
S zhazhdoy potseluya,
K serdtzu serdtse molodoe
Plammenno prizhmu ya.

Ti ne boysya, esli zvyozdi
Slishkom yarko svetyat:
Ya plashchom tebya odenu
Tak, chto ne zametyat.

Esli storozh nas okliknet—
Nazovis' soldatom;
Esli sprosyat, s kem bila ti?
Otvechay, chto s bratom.

Pod nadzorom bogomolki
Ved' tyur'ma naskuchit,
A nevolya ponevole
Khitrosti nauchit.

I don't tell you anything, Op. 60, No. 2
Afanasy Afanas'yevich Fet (1820-1892)

I will say nothing,
I will not trouble you in any way,
And I will never tell you
What I am telling myself all the time.

The night's flowers sleep all day,
But, as soon as the sun sets beyond the wood,
The leaves quietly open,
And I hear the beating of my heart.

And my ill, tired soul
Feels the night's moisture... I shiver...
I will not trouble you in any way,
I will say nothing!

Excuse me, Op. 60, No. 8
Nikolai Alekseyevich Nekrasov (1821-1877)

Forgive! Forget the fall of days,
Torment, sadness, anger,
Forget the storms, forget the tears,
Forget the jealous threats!

But the days when the light of love
Shone above us,
And when we were happy —
Bless them and do not forget!

In the shadow outside the window,
Op. 60, No. 10
Yakov Petrovich Polonsky (1819-1898)

In the shady window I see
You moving around.
You are not sleeping, my tormentor!
You are not sleeping, little mischief!

Come and greet me!
With the thirst of a kiss,
Our young hearts will embrace
In a passionate fire.

Do not be afraid if the stars
Are too bright:
I will cover you with my coat
So that no one will see you.

If the watchman calls us—
Tell him that you are soldier;
If someone asks who you went out with,
Answer: with your brother.

Under the eye of a nun
You will feel trapped,
And the lack of freedom
Will teach you to improvise.

[07] **Noch'**, Op. 60, No. 9
Yakov Petrovich Polonsky

Otchego ya lyublyu tebya, svetlaya noch'?
Tak lyublyu, chto, stradaya, lyubuyus' toboy!
I za chto ya lyublyu tebya, tikhaya noch'?
Ti ne mne, ti drugim posilaesh' pokoy!

Chto mne zvyozdi, luna, nebosklon, oblaka,
Etot svet, chto, skol'zya na holodniy granit,
Prevrashchaet v almazi rosinki tsvetka,
I kak put' zolotoy cherez more bezhit!

Noch', za chto mne lyubit' tvoy serebryanniye svet?
Usladit li on gorech' skrivaemikh slyoz?
Dast li zhadnomu serdsu zhelanniye otvet?
Pazreshit li somneniy tyazhyoliy vopros?

Sam ne znayu, za chto ya lyublyu tebya, noch',
Tak lyublyu, chto, stradaya, lyubuyus' toboy!
Sam ne znayu, za chto ya lyublyu tebya, noch'...
Ot togo, mozhet bit', chto dalyok moy pokoy.

[08] **Solovey**, Op. 60, No. 4
Aleksandr Sergeevich Pushkin (1799-1837)
iz Vuk Stefanović Karadžić (1787-1864)

Solovey moy, soloveyko! Ptitsa malaya, lesnaya!
U tebya l', u maloy ptitsi nezamennie tri pesni,
U menya li, u molodtsa, tri velikie zaboti!
Kak uzh pervaya zabota, rano molodtsa zhenili;
A vtoraya to zabota, voron kon' moy pritomilsya;
Kak uzh tret'ya to zabota, - Krasnu devitsu
So mnoyu razluchili zlie lyudi.
Vikopayte mne mogilu vo pole, pole shirokom,
V golovakh mne posadite ali tsvetiki-tsvetochki,
A v nogakh mne provedite chistu vodu klyuchevuyu.
Proidut mimo krasni devki, tak spletut sebe
tsvetochki:
Proidut mimo stari lyudi, tak vodi sebe zacherpnut.

[09] **Prostie slova**, Op. 60, No. 5
Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky

Ti zvezda na polnochnom nebe; ti vesenniye tsvetok
poley
Ti rubin il'almaz blestyashchiy, ti luch' solntsa vo
t'me svetyashchiy,
Charovnitsa i tsaritsa krasoti!
Tak po strunam bryatsaya lirnim, t'mi pevtsov o
tebe poyut.
Slavi nektar tobey izvedan, mne zh dar pesen ot
Boga ne dan,
Ya prostie skazhu slova.
Ti moy drug, ti moya opora, ti mne zhizn', ti mne
vsyo i vsyo...
Ti mne vozdukh i khleb nasushchniy, ti dvoinik moy
edinosushchniy,
Ti otrada i uslada dney moikh!
Pust' po strunam bryatsaya lirnim, t'mi pevtsov o
tebe poyut...
Slavi nektar tobey izvedan, mne zh dar pesen ot
Boda ne dan,
Kak sumel, kak sumel, tak i skazal!

Night, Op. 60, No. 9
Yakov Petrovich Polonsky

Why do I love you, bright night?
I adore you even when I suffer!
Why do I love you, quiet night?
You send respite to others, and not to me!

What are to me the stars, the moon, the sky, the
clouds,
And this light that, shining onto the cold granite,
Turns the dew drops into diamonds,
And runs across the sea in a golden path!

Night, why should I like your silver light?
Will it sweeten the sorrow of hidden tears?
Will it give desired answer to the eager heart?
Will it resolve the heavy question of doubt?

I do not know why I love you, o night,
I adore you even when I suffer!
I do not know why I love you, o night...
Maybe because there is no peace for me.

Nightingale, Op. 60, No. 4
Aleksandr Sergeevich Pushkin (1799-1837)
based on a text in Serbian by
Vuk Stefanović Karadžić (1787-1864)

Nightingale my, nightingale! Little woodland bird!
You, little bird have three songs, and
I have three great sorrows!
The first is that I was married too early;
The second is that my black stallion got tired;
And the third is that I was separated from my love
By evil people.
Prepare a grave for me in a wide field,
At the head plant red flowers,
At the base run a stream of pure water.
When pretty girls will pass, let them weave wreaths
from the flowers,
When old people will pass, let them have a
refreshing drink.

Simple Words, Op. 60, No. 5
Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky

You are the midnight star; you are the spring field
flower,
You are the sparkling ruby or a diamond, you are
the ray of sunlight in the darkness,
Enchantress and the queen of beauty!
Thus, strumming on silver lyres' strings, crowds of
singers extol you.
You tasted the nectar of fame, but I have no gift for
a song,
And just say it in simple words.
You are my friend, my strength, you are my life, my
everything...
You are my air and bread, my double,

You are the joy and sweetness of my days!
Let the crowds of singers extol you strumming on
silver lyres' strings...
You tasted the nectar of fame, but I have no gift for
a song.
I said this as I could, said this as I could!

- [10] **Khotel bī v edinoe slovo** (1875)
Lev Aleksandrovich Mey
iz Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Khotel bī v edinoe slovo
 Ya slit' moyu grust' i pechal'
 I brosit' to slovo na veter,
 Chto b veter unyos ego vdal'.

I pust' bī to slovo pechali
 Po vetru k tebe doneslos',
 I pust' vseгда i povsyudu
 Ono tebe v serdtse lilos'!

I esli b ustalie ochi
 Somknulis' pod gryozoy nochnoy,
 O pust' bī to slovo pechali
 Zvuchalo vo sne nad toboy!

Khotel bī v edinoe slovo ...

- [11] **Kanareyka**, Op. 25, No. 4
Lev Aleksandrovich Mey

Govorit sultansha kanareyke:
 'Ptichka! Luchshe v tereme visokom shchebetat' i
 pesni pet' Zuleyke,
 Chem porkhat' na zapade dalyokom?
 Spoy zhe, spoy zhe mne pro zamore, pevichka,
 Spoy zhe, spoy zhe mne pro zapad, neposedka!
 Est' li tam takoe nebo, ptichka,
 Est' li tam takoy garem i kletka?
 U kogo tam stol'ko roz bivalo?
 U kogo iz shakhov est' Zuleyka
 I podnyat' li tak ey pokrivalo?'

Ey v otvet shchebechet kanareyke:
 'Ne prosi s menya zamorskikh pesen,
 Ne budi toski moyey bez nuzhdi:
 Tvoy garem po nashim pesnyam tesen,
 I slova iz odaliskam chuzhdi...
 Ti v lenivoy droyme rastsvetala,
 Kak i vsya krugom tebya priroda,
 I ne znaesh' dazhe, ne slikhala,
 Chto u pesni est' sestra svoboda'.

- [12] **Glazki vesni golubie** (1875)
Mikhail Larionovich Mikhailov (1829-1865)
iz Heinrich Heine

Glazki vesni golubie
 Krotko glyadyat iz travī.
 Lyubi vi miloy, fialki,
 S polem rasstanetes' vi.

Rvu ya tsveti i mechtayu...
 V roshche poyut solov'i...
 Bozhe moy, kto rasskazal im i dumī i groyzi moi?
 I dumī i groyzi moi?

Gromko oni raspevayut
 Vsyo, chto na serdtse tayu...
 Tselaya roshcha uznala nezhnuyu taynu moyu.
 Tselaya roshcha uznala nezhnuyu taynu moyu,
 nezhnuyu tainu moyu.

- For one simple word** (1875)
Lev Aleksandrovich Mey,
based on a German text by
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

In one simple word I would like to combine
 My sorrow and sadness,
 And let that word
 Be taken away by the wind.

And let the wind
 Bring it to you,
 And let it always
 Dwell in your heart!

And if your tired eyes
 Close with a night's dream,
 That sorrowful word
 Would sound above you in your sleep!

In one simple word ...

- Canary**, Op. 25, No. 4
Lev Aleksandrovich Mey

A Sultana said to a canary:
 'Little bird! Is it better to sing your songs to Zuleika
 in the lovely palace,
 Then fly in the far West?
 Sing to me about what lies beyond the sea,
 Sing to me about the West!
 Is there the same sky?
 Are there the same harem and cage?
 Who has many roses there?
 Which shah has Zuleika,
 And can she lift her veil just like me?'

The canary replied:
 'Do not ask of me to sing,
 Do not wake my sorrow without a need:
 Your harem is too small for my songs,
 And the songs' words are foreign to your
 odaliskes...
 You blossomed in languorous daze,
 Just as the nature all around you,
 And you do not know, you have not heard,
 That freedom is a sister to a song.'

- The eyes of spring are blue** (1875)
Mikhail Larionovich Mikhailov (1829-1865)
based on a German text by Heinrich Heine

The blue eyes of spring
 Meekly look from the grass.
 My love likes you, violets,
 You will have to part with the field.

I pick the flowers and dream...
 In the forest nightingales sing...
 My God, who told them about my thoughts and
 dreams?
 My thoughts and dreams?

They sing loudly
 About everything that is hidden in my heart...
 The whole forest now knows my secret.
 The whole forest now knows my secret, my gentle
 secret.

[13] **Tak chto zhe**, Op. 16, No. 5
Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky

Tvoy obraz svetlyy, angel'sky i denno i noshchno so mnoy;
I slyozí, i groyzí, i zhutkie strashnie sní,
Tí vsyo napolnyaesh' soboy!
Tí vsyo napolnyaesh' soboy!
Tak chto zhe? Chto zhe? Chto zhe?
Khot' much', da lyubi!

Ya tainí strasti pagubnoy gluboko horonyu, a tí
korish', s'tídom yazvish'!
Tí tol'ko terzaesh' menyá
Bezzhalostnoy, gruboy nasmeshkoy,
Bezzhalostnoy, gruboy nasmeshkoy!
Tak chto zhe? Chto zhe? Chto zhe?
Terzay, da lyubi!

Tebe do groba veren ya,
No tí kazhdiy den', kazhdiy chas izmenoyu yad v
serdtse l'yosh',
Tí zhizn' otravlyaesh' moyu!
Net, ya ne snesu etoy muki!
Net zhalosti v serdtse tvoyom!
Tak chto zhe? Chto zhe? Chto zhe?
Ubey! No lyubi!

[14] **O, esli b znali ví**, Op. 60, No. 3
Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev (1825-1893)

O, esli b znali ví, kak mnogo sloyz nezrimíkh
Tot l'oyt, kto odinok, bez druga i sem'i,
Ví, mozhet bíť, poroy, proshli bí mimo
Zhilishcha, gde vlachatsya dni moi

O, elsi b znali ví, chto v serdtse, polnom tainoy
Pechali, chistiy vzor sposoben zarodít',
V moyo okno, poroy, kak bí sluchayno
Ví, proodya, vzglyanuli mozhet bíť.

O, elsi b znali ví, kak serdsu schast'ya mnogo
Darit drugogo serdtsa blizost', otdokhnut'
U moego ví seli bí poroga,
Kak dobraya sestra, kogda-nibud'.

O, esli b znali ví, chto ya lyublyu vas, znali.
Kak gluboko lyublyu, kakim svyatím ognjom
Ví s davnikh por mne dushu sogrevali,
Ví, mozhet bíť, mozhet bíť, ko mne voshli bí v dom!

[15] **O, spoy zhe tu pesnyu, rodnaya**, Op. 16, No. 4
*Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev
iz Felicia Hemans (1793-1835)*

O, spoy zhe tu pesnyu, rodnaya,
Chto pela tí v prezhníe dni,
V te dni, kak rebyonkom bíla ya.
Tí pesenku vdruk zapevala,
I ya na kolenyakh tvoikh
Pod zvuki toy pesni dremala.

So what can I say?, Op. 16, No. 5
Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky

Your angelic image is with me day and night;
My tears, dreams, and nightmares
Are full of you!
Are full of you!
So what? What? What?
Torment me, but love me!

I keep the secret of deadly passion deep inside; and
you reproach me and embarrass me!
You torment me
With heartless, brutal mockery!
With heartless, brutal mockery!
So what? What? What?
Torment me, but love me!

I will be faithful to you till death,
But every day, every hour you sting my heart with
your unfaithfulness,
And poison my life!
No, I will not survive this torment!
You have no pity in your heart!
So what? What? What?
Kill! But love me!

Oh, if only you knew, Op. 60, No. 3
Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev (1825-1893)

Oh, if you knew how many unseen tears
Were shed by this lonely person, without a friend or
family,
Maybe you would pass by
This abode, where my days are lingering.

Oh, if you knew what your glance is capable of
arousing
In my heart, full of secret sorrow,
At my window sometimes, as if by chance
You maybe would look, while walking past.

Oh, if you knew how much happiness
Gives the closeness of one heart to another,
You would stop to rest on my doorstep
Sometimes, as a kind sister.

Oh, if you knew that I love you, if you knew
How deeply I love, with what sacred fire
You had warmed my soul for a long time,
Maybe, you would enter my home!

Oh, sing that song, Op. 16, No. 4
*Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev
based on an English text by
Felicia Hemans (1793-1835)*

O, sing that song, my dear,
The one you used to sing
When I was a child.
Suddenly, you would start singing,
And I would sit on your lap
And doze off to the sound of your voice.

Ti pela, tomima toskoyu;
Iz temnikh, zadumchivikh glaz
Katilas' sleza za slezoyu...
Protyazhno i grustno ti pela...
Lyubila napev ya prostoy,
Khot' slov ya ponyat' ne umela...

O, spoy zhe tu pesnyu, rodnaya,
Kak pela eyo v starinu;
Davno eyo smysl ponyla ya!
I pust' pod znakomie zvuki,
Ubitaya gorem, zasnu
Ya snom, chto vrachuet vse muki.

[16] **Primiren'e**, Op. 25, No. 1
Nikolay Fyodorovich Shcherbina (1821-1869)

O, zasni, moyo serdtse gluboko! Ne budi: ne
probudish', chto bilo,
Ne zovi, chto umchalos' daleko, ne lyubi, chto ti
prezhde lyubilo...
Pust' nadezhday i izhivoy mechtoy ne smutitsya
tvoy son i pokoy.

Diya tebya ne vozvratno bilo, na gryadushchee net
upovan'ya...
Ti ne znalo v blazhenstve pokoya, uspokoysya zh
na lozhe stradan'ya
I staraysya ne pomnit' zimoy, kak srivalo ti roz'i
vesnoy!

O, zasni, moyo serdtse gluboko! ...

[17] **Blagoslavlyayu vas lesa**, Op. 47, No. 5
Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817-1875)

Blagoslavlyayu vas, lesa,
Dolini, nivi, gori, vodi
Blagoslavlyayu ya svobodu
I golubie nebesa!

I posokh moy blagoslovlyayu,
I etu bednyuyu sumu,
I step' ot krayu i do krayu,
I solntsa svet, i nochi t'mu,
I odinokuyu tropinku,
Po koey, nishchiy, ya idu,
I v pole kazhduyu bilinku,
I v nebe kazhduyu zvezdu!

O, esli b mog vsyu zhizh' smeshat' ya,
Vsyu dushu vmeste s vami slit',
O, esli b mog v moi ob'yat'ya
Ya vas, vragi, druz'ya i brat'ya,
I vsyu prirodu, i vsyu prirodu
V moi ob'yat'ya zaklyuchit'!

You sung when you were sad;
From your dark, thoughtful eyes
A tear rolled after tear...
Slowly and sadly you sung...
I loved the simple tune,
Although I did not understand the words...

O, sing that song, my dear,
As you sang it in the past;
Long time ago I understood the meaning!
To the familiar sounds,
Overcome by grief,
I want to be overcome with the sleep that heals all
sorrows.

Reconciliation, Op. 25, No. 1
Nikolay Fyodorovich Shcherbina (1821-1869)

O, sleep, my heart, with the deep sleep! Do not
wake: you cannot wake up the past,
Do not try to return what had gone, do not love what
you used to love...
Do not let hope and false dreams to disturb your
peaceful sleep.

The past will not return, and there is no hope for the
future...
You never knew peaceful bliss, but you will rest on
the bed of sorrow.
Try not to think in the winter how you picked roses
in the spring!

O, sleep, my heart, with the deep sleep! ...

I bless you, woods, Op. 47, No. 5
Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817-1875)

I bless you, woods,
Valleys, fields, mountains, and waters.
I bless the freedom
And blue skies!

And I bless my wanderer's staff,
And this threadbare rucksack,
And the vast steppe,
And the light of the sun, and the darkness of the
night,
And a solitary path,
Along which I, poor, travel,
And in the field I bless every blade of grass,
And every star in the sky!

O, if I could embrace all of life,
And merge my soul with yours,
O, if I could embrace
You, my foes, friends, and brothers,
And the whole of nature
Enclose with my embrace!

- [18] **Vecher**, Op. 27, No. 4
Lev Aleksandrovich Mey
iz Taras Hryhorovyc Shevchenko (1814-1861)

Vishnyoviy sadik vozle khati,
Zhuki nad vishnyami gudyat,
Plug s niv'i pakhari tashchat,
I, raspevayuchi, devshati
Domoy na vecheryu speshat.

Sem'ya ikh zhdyot, i vsyo gotovo.
Zvezda vechernyaya vstayot,
I dochka uzhin podayot.
A mat' skazala bi ey slovo,
Da soloveyko ne dayot.

Mat' ulozhila vozle khati
Malyutok—detochek svoikh;
Sama zasnula vozle nikh...
Zatikhlo vsyo...odni devchati,
Da soloveyko ne zatikh.

- [19] **To bilo ranneyu vesnoy**, Op. 38, No. 2
Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy

To bilo ranneyu vesnoy,
Trava edva vskhodila,
Ruch'i tekli, ne paril znoy,
I zelen' roshch skvozila.

Truba pastush'ya poutru
Eshche ne pela zvonko,
I v zavitkakh eshche v boru
Bil paporotnik tonkiy.

To bilo ranneyu vesnoy,
V teni beryoz to bilo,
Kogda s ulibkoy predoy mnoy
Ti ochi opustila...

To na lyubov' moyu v otvet
Ti opustila vezhdi.
O, zhizn'! O, les! O, solntsa svet!
O, yunost'! O, nadezhdi!

I plakal ya pered toboy,
Na lik tvoy glyadya miliy –
To bilo ranneyu vesnoy,
V teni beryoz to bilo!

To bilo utro nashikh let!
O, schast'e! O, slyozii! O, les!
O, zhizn'! O, solntsa svet!
O, svezhiy dukh beryozii!

- Evening**, Op. 27, No. 4
Lev Aleksandrovich Mey
based on an Ukrainian text by
Taras Hryhorovyc Shevchenko (1814-1861)

There is a cherry orchard near a dwelling,
Where the beetles buzz around the trees,
The ploughmen bring ploughs from the field,
And the girls sing
While hurrying home.

The family awaits them, all is ready.
The night star is rising,
And the daughter serves supper.
The mother would say something to her,
But the nightingale would not stop singing.

The mother puts her children
To sleep;
And lies down next to them...
All is quiet...only the girls,
And the nightingale, are awake.

- It was in early spring**, Op. 38, No. 2
Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy

It was in early spring,
The grass was barely growing,
The brooks began to run, the heat was not yet
heavy,
And the woods were newly green.

A shepherd's horn in mornings
Did not yet brightly sound,
And ferns in the woods
Were still in youthful curls.

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

That was your response
To my love.
O, life! O, forest! O, sunlight!
O, youth! O, hopes!

I cried before you,
Looking at your dear face—
It was in early spring,
In the shade of birch trees!

It was the morning of our years!
O, happiness! O, tears! O, forest!
O, life! O, sunlight!
O, fresh scent of birch trees!

[20] **Sred' shumnogo bala**, Op. 38, No. 3
Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy

Sred' shumnogo bala, sluchayno,
V trevoge mirskoy sueti,
Tebya ya uvidel, no tayna
Tvoi pokrivala cherti.

Lish' ochi pechal'no glyadeli,
A golos tak divno zvuchal,
Kak zvon otdalyonnoy svireli,
Kak morya igrayushchiy val.

Mne stan tvoy ponravilsya tonkiy
I ves' tvoy zadumchiviy vid,
A smekh tvoy, i grustniy, i zvonkiy,
S tekh por v moyom serdtse zvuchit.

V chasi odinokie nochi
Lyublyu ya, ustalyy, prilech':
Ya vizhu pechal'nie ochi,
Ya slishu vesyoluyu rech',

I grustno ya, grustno tak zasipayu,
I v gryozakh nevedomikh splyu...
Lyublyu li tebya, ya ne znayu –
No kazhetsya mne, chto lyublyu!

[21] **Podvig**, Op. 60, No. 11
Aleksey Stepanovich Khomyakov (1804-1860)

Podvig est' i v srazhen'i,
Podvig est' i v bor'be,
Visshiy podvig v terpen'i,
Lyubvi i mol'be.
Esli serdtse zaniilo
Pered zloboy lyudskoy,
Il' nasil'e skhvatilo
Tebya tsep'yu stal'noy,
Esli skorbi zemnie
Zhalom v dushu vpilis',
S veroy bodroy i smeloy
Ti za podvig boris'.
Est' u podviga kril'ya,
I vzletish' ti na nikh,
Bez truda, bez usil'ya,
Vishe mrakov zemnykh,
Vishe krishi temnitsi,
Vishe zlobi slepoy,
Vishe vopley i krikov
Gordoy cherni lyudskoy!
Podvig est' i v srazhen'i,
Podvig est' i v bor'be,
Visshiy podvig v terpen'i,
Lyubvi i mol'be.

Amid the din of the ball, Op. 38, No. 3
Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy

At a noisy ball, by chance,
Among the mundane bustle
I saw you, but
Your face was covered.

And only the eyes looked sadly,
And your voice was divine,
As a sound of a distant pipe,
As playful waves of the sea.

I liked your thin stature
And your pensive look,
And I can still hear
Your laughter, both sad and loud.

During the lonely night hours
When I lie down to rest,
I see the sad eyes,
I hear the merry voice,

And sadly, sadly I fall asleep,
And dream...
I do not know if I love you –
But I think that I do!

The exploit, Op. 60, No. 11
Aleksey Stepanovich Khomyakov (1804-1860)

There are heroic deeds in battles,
And in resistance,
But the greatest bravery is in patience,
Love, and prayer.
If the heart is affected
By people's envy,
Or if the oppression gripped
You with its iron chain,
If this world's sorrows
Sting your soul,
Fight
With strong belief and bravery.
On the wings of heroism
You will fly,
Without difficulties,
Above all the grim earthly things,
Higher than the roof of a prison,
Higher than blind envy,
Higher than cries
Of proud people!
There are heroic deeds in battles,
And in resistance,
But the greatest bravery is in patience,
Love, and prayer.

[22] **Pesn' Min'onī**, Op. 25, No. 3
Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev (1803-1873)
iz Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Ti znaesh' kray, gde mirt i lavr rastyot,
Glubok i chist lazurniy neba svod,
Tsvetyot limon i apel'sin zlatoy,
Kak zhar, gorit pod zelen'yu gustoy?
Ti zhaesh' kray? Ti znaesh' kray?
Tuda, tuda, tuda s toboy
Khotela b ya ukritsya, miliy moy!

Ti znaesh' vis' s stezyoy po krutiznam,
Loshak bredyot v tumane po skalam,
V uschel'yakh gor otrod'e zmey zhivyot,
Gremit obval i vodopad revyot?
Ti znaesh' put'? Ti znaesh' put'?
Tuda, tuda i nam s toboy prolozhen sled.
Udyom, vlastitel' moy!
Ti znaesh' put'? Tuda, i nam sled prolozhyon:
Udyom, vlastitel' moy!

Ti znaesh' dom na mramorniikh stolbakh,
Siyaet zal i kupol ves' v luchakh,
Glyadyat kumiri molcha i grustya:
'Chto, chto s toboy, bednoe ditya?'
Ti znaesh' dom?.. Ti znaesh' dom?
Tuda s toboy udyom, roditel' moy!

Ti znaesh' kray, gde mirt i lavr rastyot,...

Mignon's Song, Op. 25, No. 3
Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev (1803-1873)
based on a German text by
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Do you know a land where grow bay and mirth,
Where the sky is deep azure and pure,
Where blossoms of lemon and golden orange trees,
Like fire, burn under the dark green leaves?
Do you know of such land?
There, there I want to hide
With you, my love!

Do you know a mountain where, along
Narrow dangerous paths a donkey plods along,
In crevices of its rocks the vipers live,
And noise of waterfall and avalanches heard?
Do you know such path?
There, there we will go,
My master!

Do you know a home with marble columns,
With a dome and roof that shine in sunlight,
Where the idols look sadly in silence:
'What is the matter, poor child?'
Do you know such home?
There we will go, my love!

Do you know a land where grow bay and mirth,...