

Naxos 8.570438
Tchaikovsky: Complete Songs • Volume 5

[1] I will never name her (N.P. Grekov), Op. 28, No. 1

No, I will never name
The one I love.
For the whole Universe
I will not name her.

Let us sing! My voice
Will tell you
That her hair is golden,
Like ripe wheat fields,

That I will never do anything
Against her wishes,
And, if she asks,
Will give her my life and soul.

I hide from her
The torments of fiery love:
They are terrible,
And I feel like I am dying.

But who she is...who she is...

No, I love her with such strength,
That even if I die, if I die, I will not utter
The name of the one I love, will not utter
The name of the one who is so dear to me.

Six French Songs, Op. 65, (translated by A. Gorchakova)

[2] 1. Serenade (E. Turqu  ty)

Young maiden's son, like a bird or a fresh,
pure wind,
where are you flying?
You hurry without realising,
that every leaf here is trembling with passion!

Do you want to fly to a valley,
swing in the dark willows,
where a nightingale sweetly sleeps
between branches?
Do you want to descend to a rose,
or play with a moth,
on a May Day, in the sunshine?

No, fly in the dawn
to the one I passionately love,
and take to her bed

Net, nikogda ne nazovu (sl. N. P. Grekova), Op. 28, No. 1

Net, nikogda vam ne uznat',
Kogo lyublyu ya.
Za vsyu vseennuyu eyo
Ne nazovu ya.

Davayte pet'! I budet vam
Vtorit' moy golos,
Chto belokuraya ona,
Kak zrelyy kolos;

Chto voli ni za chto eyo
Ya ne narushu,
I, kol' zakhochet, otdam
Vsyu zhizn' i dushu.

Ya muki plammenoy lyubvi
Ot ney skr  vayu:
Oni nesnosni, i ot nikh
Ya umirayu.

No kto ona...no kto ona...

Net, ya lyublyu eyo, lyublyu s takoyu siloy,
Chto pust' umru, chto pust' umru, no ne
skazhu
Ya imya miloy, pust' umru, pust' umru, no ne
skazhu
Ya imya miloy.

Six French Songs, Op. 65 (Perevod A. Gorchakovoy)

1. Serenada (E. Turqu  ty)

T   kuda letish', kak ptitsa,
yuniy s  n mladoy devits  ,
svezhiy, chistiy veterok?
V dal' speshish', togo ne znaya,
chto, ot strasti zamiraya,
kazhdiy zdes' drozhit listok!

Il' v dolinu khochesh' mchatsya,
v tyomnikh ivakh pokachatsya,
gde spit sladko solovey?
Spit mezh vetvey?
Khochesh' k roze ti spustitsya,
s motil'kom li porezvitsya,
v mayskiy den', pod bleskom luchey?

Net, leti zaryoyu yasnoy
k toy, kogo lyublyu ya strastno,
k lozhu eyo ponesi:

the scent of roses
and my gentle, pure kiss,
pure as a breath of spring.

Scent of roses
and my gentle, pure kiss,
pure as a breath of spring.

[3] 2. Disillusionment (P.Collin)

The sun was still shining brightly,
and I wanted to see the forest
where the time of love and delight
came in spring.

I thought: 'In the quiet forest
I will find her again,
and she will give me her hand
and will follow me, full of hope.'
I am searching in vain...Alas!
I call out! There is only echo!

O, how dull is the sunlight!
How sad and quiet the forest!
O, my love, how terrible it is
to lose you so soon!

[4] 3. Serenade (P.Collin)

In the bright light of dawn,
the reflection of your magical eyes is sparkly
and clear!
It seems that the sweet songs of birds
echo your sweet words!

In a lily I see your undisturbed peace,
and love your purity!
In roses I love your freshness:
their scent, like your breath, is sweetly
gentle.

In a wave at the hour of full tide,
I love your passion,
And in gusts of wind and in roar of the storm
I love the expression of your sorrow.

I love to see your passion:
it burns me like a ray of sun.
The moonlight shining through clouds
is the expression of your beauty.

I love the awakening of pure dreams
and hopes in youthful, bright spring,
I love your sadness, and our passionate
meetings
in quiet darkness of night,
in quiet darkness of night!

zapakh roz i trav dushistikh,
potseluy moy nezhnıy, chistyı,
kak dunoven'e vesni;

zapakh roz i trav dushistikh,
potseluy moy nezhnıy, chistyı,
kak dunoven'e vesni.

2. Razocharovanie (P.Collin)

Yarko solntse eshchyo blistalo,
uvidat' khotel ya lesa,
gde s vesnoyu vmeste lyubvi
i blazhenstva pora nastala.

Podumal ya: 'v lesnoy tishi
eyo naydu opyat', kak prezhde,
i ruki podav mne svoi,
poydyot za mnoy polna nadezhdi.'
Ya naprasno ishchu... Uvi!
Vzıvayu! Lish' ekho mne otvechaet!

O, kak skuden solntsa svet.
Kak pechalen les i bezglasen!
O, lyubov' moya, kak uzhasno
tak skoro utratit' tebya!

3. Serenada (P.Collin)

V yarkom svete zari, blistayushchem i
yasnom,
otblesk vizhu divnykh ochey!
Mnitsya, budto zvuchit v pen'i ptits
sladkoglasnykh
lish' ekho tvoikh detskikh rechey!

V lilii nakhozhu tvoy pokoy bezmyatezhnyı,
tvoyu chistotu v ney lyublyu!
Zapakh roz, kak tvoyo dikhan'e, sladko
nezhen,
v rozakh ya lyublyu svezhest' tvoyu.

I lyublyu ya v volne v chas burnıy eyo priliva
goryachnost' i vspishki tovoi,
Lyublyu tovoi ya vopli i gorya porıvi
v sviste vetra, v shume grozi.

Strasti pilkoy tvoey ya lyublyu proyavlen'e,
zhzhyot ona, tochno solntsa luch;
Luna v svoey krasote stıdlivoy - tvoyo
voploshchen'e
kogda blestit nam iz-za tuch.

V yunoy, svetloy vesne ya lyublyu
vozrozhden'e
gryoz chistykh i nadezhd;
lyublyu ya tvoyu pechal' i strast' uedinen'ya
v tikhom mrake teney nochnykh,
v tikhom mrake teney nochnykh!

[5] 4. Let the winter... (P.Collin)

Let the winter dim the bright light of the sun
and cover the sky with a chain of dark
clouds...

I know where to look for the light,
sun, and beauty that is more spectacular
than that of the sky.

O, my darling,
only in your eyes!

Let the winter cover with snow all flowers
and scatter their petals with its cold hand...
I know where to look for beautiful blossoms
and for a rose in fresh splendour,
Even in cold wintry days.

O, my darling,
only in your soul!

The light in your eyes
cannot be ever dulled,
That flower, kept safe in the soul,
will never wilt
at the end of the spring.

O, my darling,
this is the splendour of beauty!

[6] 5. Tears (A.M. Blanchecotte)

If you grant me peace for all sorrows,
and wash away the sadness of bygone days,
if you take away the pain of my wounds,
then flow, tears, I implore you!

But if you carry death with you,
if you are meant to rekindle the fire in my
heart,
Then leave me. Why do you torment me and
tear my soul apart?

O, tears, leave me!

Yes, leave me. You intensified my sorrow:
you awoke the sadness of the past!

O, have pity,
and send death to my poor soul!
Tears, freeze again, freeze again!
Yes, yes, freeze again!

[7] 6. Enchantress (P.Collin)

You are the proof
of the power of magic:
you give happiness, delight,
and sorrow,

But to those you enchant,
the chain of slavery is light.
You are the proof
of the power of magic!

4. Puskay zima (P.Collin)

Puskay zima pogasit solntsta svetliy luch
i pokroet efir tsep'yu sumrachnikh tuch...
Znayu ya, gde iskat' blesk sveta,
solntsa i luchey i rassveta
prekrasney zari v nebesakh.

O, dorogaya,
v tvoikh lish' glazakh!

Puskai zima pokroet snegom vse tsveti
i surovoy rukoy rasseet lepestki...
Znayu ya, gde iskat' tsvet prekrasniy,
nesmotrya na holod dney nenastrnikh,
Rozu v svezhey, pishnoy krase.

O, dorogaya,
v tvoey lish' dushe!

Etot luch, chto v glazakh tvoikh vsegda blestit,
kotorogo nichto ne mozhet pogasit',
tot tsvetok, chto dusha sokhranyaet,
chto nikogda ne uvyadaet,
perezliv vesennie dni.

O, dorogaya,
to blesk krasī!

5. Slyozī (A.M. Blanchecotte)

Esli pokoy dadite za vse trevolnen'ya
i smoete teper' dney minuvshikh tosku,
esli ranam moim nesyote oblegchen'e,
leytes', slyozī, ya vas molyu!

No, esli i teper' vī smert' s soboy nesyote,
esli vī razzhigat' plamya serdtsa dolzhnī,
ne much'te zhe menya, zachem vsyu grud'
mne rвете:

O, slyozī, skroytes' vī!

Da, skroytes' vī: moyā toska eshche
uzhasney:
probudili vī vnov' gore proshlikh godov!
O, szhal'tes', o, szhal'tes' eshchyo i
dayte smert' moyey dushe neschastnoy!
Slyozī, zastin'te vnov', zastin'te
vnov'! Da, da, zastin'te vnov'!

6. Charovnitsa (P.Collin)

Ti soboyu voploshchaesh'
silu char i volshebstva:
radost', schast'e i toska
ot tebya pridut, ti znaesh',

no vsem tem, kogo plenyashe',
rabstva tsep' ne tyazhela.
ti soboyu voploshchaesh'
silu char i volshebstva!

Yes, victory is easy:
with your look
you embrace
and entrap hearts...
You are the proof
of the power of magic.

Da, pobeda ne trudna:
vzglyadom, chto tï nam brosaesh',
tï, kak set'yu, obnimaesh'
i lovish' u vsekh serdtsa...
Tï soboyu voploshchaesh'
silu char i volshebstva.

[8] O, if you could (A.K. Tolstoy), Op. 38, No. 4

O, if you could at least for a fleeting moment
Forget your sorrow, forget your unhappiness,
O, if only once more I could see your face
As I knew it in those happy years!

Tears glisten in your eyes.
O, if this sadness could end,
As a storm that quickly passes in spring,
As shadows of clouds that run across fields!

O, if you could at least for a fleeting moment,
Forget your sorrow, forget your unhappiness,
O, if only once more I could see your face
As I knew it in those happy years!

O, esli b tï mogla (sl. A. K. Tolstogo), Op. 38, No. 4

O, esli b tï mogla, khot' na edinïy mig,
Zabît' svoyu pechal', zabyt' svoi nevzgodï,
O, esli bï khot' raz ya tvoy uvidel lik,
Kakim ya znal ego v schastliveyshie godï!

Kogda v glazakh tvoikh zasvetitsya sleza,
O, esli b eta grust' mogla proyti porïvom,
Kak v tyopluyu vesnu prolyotnaya groza.
Kak ten' oblakov, begushchaya po nivam!

O, esli b tï mogla, khot' na edinïy mig,
Zabît' svoyu pechal', zabît' svoi nevzgodï,
O, esli bï khot' raz ya tvoy uvidel lik,
Kakim ya znal ego v schastliveyshie godï!

[9] No reply, no word, no greeting, (A.N. Apukhtin), Op. 28. No. 5

No reply, no word, no greeting.
The world stretches between us like a desert,
And a question without an answer
Lies heavily on my heart!

Is it really true, that after long hours of sorrow
and anger
The past will disappear without a trace,
As a brief note of a forgotten melody,
As a falling star in a dark night?

As a brief note of a forgotten melody,
As a falling star in a dark night?

Ni otzïva, ni slova, ni priveta (sl. A. N. Apukhtina), Op. 28, No. 5

Ni otzïva, ni slova, ni priveta,
Pustineyu mezh nami mir lezhit,
I mïsl' moya s voprosom bez otveta
Ispuganno nad serdtsem tyagotit!

Uzhel' sredi chasov toski i gneva
Proshedshee ischeznet bez sleda,
Kak lyogkiy zvuk zabïtogo napeva,
Kak v mrak nochnoy upavshaya zvezda?

Kak lyogkiy zvuk zabïtogo napeva,
Kak v mrak nochnoy upavshaya zvezda?

[10] New Greek Song (A.N. Maykov), Op. 16, No. 6

In the darkness of hell, in the depth of the
earth,
The sinful shadows are suffering,
Maidens moan, wives cry and yearn
For everything that cannot reach them there.
The wives cry and moan:
Is there still a blue sky?
Is there still a bright light?
Are there still God's temples and golden
icons,
And are young maidens still weaving with
their looms?
Do the young maidens still weave?

Novogrecheskaya pesnya (sl. A. N. Maykova), Op. 16, No. 6

V tyomnom ade, pod zemlyoy,
Teni greshnie tomyatsya;
Stonut devï, plachut zhyonï,
I toskuyut, i krushatsya...
Vsyo, vsyo o tom, chto ne dohodyat
Vesti v adskie predeli—zhyonï plachut, stonut:
Est' li nebo goluboe?
Est' li svet eshchyo tam belïy?
Est' li v svete tserkvi Bozh'i
I ikonï zolotïe,
I, kak prezhdë, za stankami
Tkut li devï molodïe?
Tkut li devï molodïe?

In the darkness of hell, in the depth of the earth,
The sinful shadows are suffering,
Maidens moan, wives cry and yearn...

[11] My mischief (L. A. Mey), Op. 27, No. 6

My mischief abandoned
herself to fun,
And her silver laugh
is like a little bird's trill.
When she, like a bird, starts to chirp
So sweetly and endearingly,
I do not even breathe,
Afraid to destroy the harmony of virginal
words,
And I am prepared to listen to my beauty
For the whole day, even for the whole life!

When her eyes light up from her lively words,
Her cheeks blush.
When she smiles, her teeth glisten
Through her red lips like pearls between
corals.
Oh, in those moments I bravely again
Look into her eyes and wait for a kiss,
And don't want to listen to her any more,
But only to kiss, kiss, kiss!

I am ready to kiss her all my life,
To kiss, kiss, kiss.

**[12] Love of a Dead Man (M.Y. Lermontov),
Op. 38, No. 5**

Even though I am lying
Under the cold earth,
Oh, my friend! My soul is always
With you,
Always with you!

I dwell in my grave,
But I have not forgotten
Love's maddening longing
In the land of peace and renunciation.
In my last hour of suffering
I was not afraid to leave my life,
I expected relief from the parting,
But it never came!

What are to me the light of God
And heaven?
I took the earthly passions
Into my grave.
I have only one familiar
Dream;
I want you, I cry, I am jealous,
As before.

V tyomnom ade, pod zemlyoy,
Teni greshnie tomyatsya;
Stonut devī, plachut zhyonī,
I toskuyut, i krushatsya...

**Moya balovnitza (sl. L. A. Meya), Op. 27,
No. 6**

Moya balovnitza, otdavshis' vesel'yu,
Zal'yotsya, kak ptichka, serebryannoy trel'yu,
Kak ptichka, nachnyot shchebetat', lepetat',
Tak milo nachnyot shchebetat', lepetat',
Chto dazhe dikhan'em boyus' ya narushit'
Garmoniyu sladkuyu devstvennikh slov,
I tseliye dni, i vsyu zhizn' ya gotov
Krasavitsu slushat', i slushat',
i slushat', i slushat', slushat'!

Kogda zh zhivost' rechi ey glazki zazhzhoyot
I shchyoki silnee rumyanit' nachnyot,
Kogda pri ulibke, skvoz' aliye gubi,
Kak perlī v korallakh, blesnut eyo zubi,
O, v eti minuti ya smelo opyat'
Glyazhu ey v ochi I zhdu potseluya,
I bolee slushat' eyo ne khochu ya,
A vsyo tselovat', tselovat', tselovat'!

Moyu balovnitzu vsyu zhizn' ya gotov
tselovat', tselovat', tselovat'.

**Lyubov' metvetsa (sl. M. Y. Lermontova),
Op. 38, No. 5**

Puskay holodnoyu zemlyoyu
Zasipan ya,
O, drug! Vsegda, vsegda, vezde s toboyu
Dusha moya,
Dusha moya vsegda, vezde s toboy!

Lyubvi bezumnogo tomlen'ya,
Zhilets mogil,
V strane pokoya i zabven'ya
Ya ne zabil.
Bez strakha v chas posledney muki
Pokinuv svet,
Otradī zhdal ya ot razluki—
Razluki net!

Chto mne siyan'e bozhey vlasti
I ray svyatoy?
Ya perenyos zemniye strasti
Tuda s soboy.
Laskayu ya mechtu rodnuyu,
Vezde odnu;
Zhelayu, plachu i revnuyu,
Kak v starinu.

When another's breath touches
Your lips,
My soul trembles in
Silent suffering;
If you whisper in your sleep
Another's name—
Your words burn me
Like fire!

Even though I am lying
Under the cold earth,
Oh, my friend! My soul is always
With you,
Always with you!

[13] You were in my dream (K. P. (Konstantin Romanov)) without opus number

You were in my dream—with tender yearning
You leaned your blonde head onto my
shoulder.
And the tears silently rolled from my eyes
And flowed on your silk curls.
What was your sorrow and why I cried,
I do not know. And it is not possible to
understand this dream.
With your love, my darling,
You gave me the perfection of happiness.
Could we have been overcome
By our overflowing bliss?

Kosnyotsya l' chuzhdoe d'khan'e
Tvoikh lanit,
Moya dusha v nemom stradan'i
Vsya zadrozhit,
Sluchitsya l', shepchesh', zasipaya,
Ti o drugom –
Tvoi slova tekut, pilaya,
Po mne ognym!

Puskay holodnoyu zemlyoyu
Zasipan ya,
O, drug! Vsegda, vsegda, vezde s tobou
Dusha moya,
Dusha moya vsegda, vezde s tobou!

Tebya ya videla vo sne (K.R. (Konstantin Romanov, no opus))

Tebya ya videla vo sne, kak budto s neznoyu
toskoyu
Sklonilsya na plecho ko mne ti belokuroy
golovoyu.
I slyoz' iz moikh ochey tikhon'ko na tebya
katilis'
I, kapaya, oni struilis' po kol'tsam shyolkovikh
kudrey.
O chyom bila tvoya pechal', o chyom moi
lilisya slyoz',
Ne ponimayu. I edva l' ponyat' vozmozno eti
gryoz'.
Svoey lyubov'yu, mily moy,
Ti schast'ya dal mne sovershenstvo:
Ne ot izb'tka li blazhenstva
Vo sne grustili mi s tobou?

[14] Oh no! Do not love me for my beauty... (K. P. (Konstantin Romanov)) without opus number

Oh no! Do not love me for my beauty
And do not love me for my riches:
Love the day for its beauty,
And silver and gold for their wealth.
Do not love me for my youth.
Love the spring—it is always the same.
Love me for my love,
Love me because I will love you forever.

O net! Za krasotu ti ne lyubi menya
I ne lyubi menya za to, chto ya zhivu bogato:
Za krasotu siyan'e dnya,
A za bogatstvo srebro i zlato.
I ne lyubi menya za molodost' moyu.
Lyubi vesnu, ona vsyo ta zhe beskonecho.
Menya lyubi za to, chto ya lyublyu
I chto lyubit' tebya ya budu vечно.

[15] Hamlet, Op. 67a (excerpts)

1. Ophelia's First Scene from *Hamlet*, Op. 67a

Where is the one who loved me so much?
How will I recognise him?
His face will be covered with a hat of a
pilgrim.
Take it off! Throw it away!

Hamlet, Op. 67a

1. Pervaya stsena Ofelii iz *Hamlet*, Op. 67a

Gde tot, kem ti tak lyubima, kak bi mne ego
uznat'?

Ego litso pokrivat' budet shlyapa pilgrima.
Snimi eyo! Sbro's' eyo skorey!
Vezde tsveti v grobe lezhali, kak gorniy sneg
bil savan bel,

The flowers lay in the coffin,
and his shroud was white as mountain snow.
Everyone sobbed, and the body was laid in
earth,
where it grew cold.
St. Valentine's arrived again,
and I came to see my friend.
He opened the door, and kissed me.
'You promised to marry me one day.'
'It is your own fault that your friend
did not keep his promise!'

**[16] 2. Ophelia's Second Scene from *Hamlet*,
Op. 67a**

He lay with his face exposed.
We cried, and lowered him into the grave.
No! No! Do not tell me! I am not asking.
I know very well that I am not loved.
Robin is my dear friend, he is my only
delight!
This is not the right time for colourful flowers;
Give me only the white ones: I am still the
bride!
But I cannot decide:
Am I to wed or am I to die?
He will not come back,
He is buried for ever
And my tears will not bring his cold corpse
back to life!

**[17] 3. Grave-digger's song from *Hamlet*,
Op. 67a**

I was a nice chap, chasing girls as much as I
could,
And my days and nights were jolly.
My days and nights were jolly.
But the witch of an old age came and cooled
the blood,
Chased away laughter and mischief, and
took away love,
Took away love.
So what is left? A burial light, a box built with
six boards,
A shroud, a cross, and a lamenting choir; this
is the end of the song,
The end of the song.

**[18] Hear at least once... (A.A. Fet), Op. 16,
No. 3**

Hear at least once my sad confession,
At least once listen to my soul's pleading
moan!
I stand before you, beautiful creature,
With the wings given to me by unknown
powers.

I try to hold onto your image before our

I vse krugom rīdali, i trup zemle predali, i on
pod zemlyoy kochenel.
Opyat' nastupil svyatoy Valentin, i prishla ya k
drugu.
On dver' otvoril, odin na odin tseloval
podrugū.
Zhenitsya na mne ved' tī obeshchal, klyalsya
v tom kogda-to.
'Ctho slova tebe tvoy drug ne sderzhal, tī zhe
vinovata!'

2. Vtoraya stsena Ofelii iz *Hamlet*, Op. 67a

S otkrītīm on lezhal litsom,
Mī slyozī lili i v mogilu potom ego opustili.
Net! Net! Ne govori! Ya ne sprashivayu.
Menya ne lyubyat, ya eto ochen horosho
znayu.
Mne Robin milīy drug, v nyom radost' moya,
lish' v nyom odnom!
Zdes' pyostrīye tsvetochki ne u mesta;
Lish' belīkh dayte mne: ved' ya nevesta!
No ya sama teper' ne reshila:
Venchan'e zhdyot menya ili mogila?
Ne pridyot on, ne vernyotsya,
Na vek skhoronili ego
I ot placha moego kholodnīy trup ne
prosnyotsya!

**3. Pesnya mogil'shchika iz *Hamlet*, Op.
67a**

Chto ya bīl za slavnīy malīy, volochilsya vo
vsyu moch'
I kak veselo bīvalo prokhodili den' i noch',
Prokhodili den' i noch'.
No prishla koldun'ya starost', zamorozila vsyu
krov',
Prognavshi smekh i shalost', kak rukoy snyala
lyubov',
Kak rukoy snyala lyubov'.
Chto zhe? Fakel pogrebal'nīy, iz shesti dosok
larets,
Savan, krest da khor pechal'nīy, vot i pesenki
konets,
Vot i pesenki konets.

**Poymi khot' raz (sl. A.A. Feta), Op. 16, No.
3**

Poymi khot' raz tosklivoe priznan'e,
Khot' raz uslish' dushi molyashchey ston!
Ya pred toboy, prekrasnoe sozdan'e,
Bezvestnikh sil dīkhan'em okrīlyon.

Ya obraz tvoy lovlyu pered razlukoy,

parting,
I am filled with it, I shudder and freeze,
And in your absence treasure
My longing and suffering as a gift.

Ready to fall into ashes,
I see you standing before me as divine
image.
And I am blissful; in every new suffering
I see the victory of your beauty.

[19] I never spoke to her... (L.A. Mey), Op. 25, No. 5

I never spoke to her,
But, pale and trembling,
I followed her everywhere.
Her movements, look, smile, and words,
I hungrily, attentively caught,
And then ran away from the world,
And, imagining her in my dreams,
Sighed, suffered, was sad and jealous.
Sighed, suffered, was sad and jealous!

I cannot describe what I felt,
Cannot describe the magical beauty...
Cannot describe the magical beauty!
With the spring sun, with the rosy dawn,
With heaven's tears, fallen onto the flowers,
With the moonlight, with an evening star,
In my dreams her image merged.
In my dreams her image merged...
I remember only the heavenly image,
Heavenly image—
My ideal, happiness, and suffering,
My ideal, happiness, and suffering!

[20] Before sleep (N.P. Ogaryov), Op. 27, No. 1

Dark night brings stillness
And calls me to sleep.
It is time! My body wants rest,
My soul is weathered by the storms of the
day.

I pray to you, my God:
Give people peace, bless
The sleep of the Little one, a pauper's bed,
And quiet tears of love!

Forgive the sins, breathe relief
On burning suffering,
And distract all your poor creatures
With dreams.

And distract all your poor creatures
With dreams,
With dreams!

Ya polon im, nemeyu i drozhu,
I bez tebya, tomyas' predsmertnoy mukoy,
Svoey toskoy kak chast'em dorozhu.

Poyu eyo, vo prakh upast' gotoviy,
Ti predo mnoy stoish' kak bozhestvo.
I ya blazhen; ya v kazhdoy muke novoy
Tvoey krasī predvizhu torzhestvo.

Ya s neyu nikogda ne govoril (sl. L. A. Meya), Op. 25, No. 5

Ya s neyu nikogda ne govoril,
No ya iskal povsyudu s neyu vstrechi,
Bledneya i drozha za ney sledil.
Eyo dvizhen'ya, vzglyad, ulibku, rechi
Ya zhadno, ya vnimatel'no lovil,
A posle, ya ubegal ot vseh daleche,
Eyo v mechtakh sebe ya predstavlyal,
Grustil, vzdikhal, tomilsya i revnoval.
Grustil, vzdikhal, tomilsya i revnoval!

Ne rasskazat', chto delalos' so mnoyu.
Ne opisat' volshebnoy krasoti...
Volshebnoy krasoti ne opisat'!
S vesennim solntsem, s rozovoy zaryoyu,
S slezoy nebes, upavshey na tsveti.
S luchyom luni, s vecherneyu zvezdoyu
V moikh mechtakh slilis' eyo cherti...
V moikh mechtakh slilis' eyo cherti...
Ya pomnyu tol'ko svetloe viden'e,
Svetloe viden'e
Moy ideal, otradu i muchen'e,
Moy ideal, otradu i muchen'e!

Na son gryadushchiy (sl. N. P. Ogaryova), Op. 27, No. 1

Nochnaya t'ma bezmolvie prinosit
I k otdikhu zovyot menya.
Pora, pora! Pokoya telo prosit,
Dusha ustala v vikhre dnya.

Molyu tebya, pred snom gryadushchim,
Bozhe:
Day lyudyam mir; blagoslavi Mladentsa son,
I nishchenskoe lozhe,
I slyozī tikhie lyubvi!

Prosti grekhu, na zhguchee stradan'e
Uspokoitel'no dokhni,
I vse tvoi pechal'nīe sozdan'ya
Khot' snoviden'em obmani!

I vse tvoi pechal'nīe sozdan'ya
Khot' snoviden'em obmani,
Khot' snoviden'em obmani!

[21] Look: there is a silver cloud... (N.P. Grekov), Op.27, No. 2

Look: there is a silver cloud,
And all around it the sky
Is brilliant and clear, just like your youth.
The morning light is brightly reflected in it
And, as if smiling,
 It looks like you.
 It looks like you.

Look: there is a lonely dark cloud,
It is as dark as night,
As a deep sorrow of a soul.
It won't be brightened by a day's shine...
Maybe it is so dark
Because its fate is different from that of the
silver cloud?
 It reminds me of myself,
 It reminds me of myself.

[22] Had my mother borne me... (L.A. Mey), Op. 27, No. 5

Had my mother borne me
For great sorrow?
Or a witch cast a spell
On my dear home?

All day and night
I cry, like a child.
Match makers come—I cannot stand
Them appraising me as a bride.

Oh, my love left me,
Went to a battle and lost his life.
Didn't protect me—left me alone
With my sorrow.

My girlfriends' candles
Burn brightly in church;
Mine alone
Goes out immediately.

Autumn is in the field; the leaves fall;
Our dog is digging the earth, and
Barn owl sits on our roof.
'How long will you be?'—he cries.

It means that soon
I will see you, my love!
Had my mother borne me
For great sorrow?

Or a witch cast a spell
On my dear home?
Or a witch cast a spell
On my dear home?

Smorti: von oblako... (sl. N. P. Grkova), Op.27, No. 2

Smotri: von oblako nesyotsya serebristoe;
Vezde vokrug nego siyaet nebo chistoe,
Kak molodost' prekrasnaya tvoya.
I utra blesk na nyom tak yarko otrazhaestya;
Kak budto ulibaetsya,
 Ono pokhozhe na tebya.
 Ono pokhozhe na tebya.

Smotri: von tucha tam vikhodit odinokaya;
Ona temna, kak noch',
Kak grust' dushi glubokaya
Ne prosvetlit eyo siyan'e dnya
Bit' mozhet ot togo ona mrachna tak
groznaya,
Chto svetlim oblakom dana stezya ey
roznaya,
 Ona pokhozha na menya,
 Ona pokhozha na menya.

3. Ali mat' menya rozhala (sl. L. A. Mey), Op. 27, No. 5

Ali mat' menya rozhala
Na gore bol'shoe?
Ali ved'ma zachurala
Mne gnezdo rodnoe?

Napolyot i dni i nochi
Plachu, kak rebyonok;
Svati priydot—net mne mochi
Vistoyat' smotryonok.

Okh, uekhal da i sginul
Miliy za družinoy;
Ne sberyog—odnu pokinul
Pannochku s kruchinoy.

U podruzhek v tserkvi yasno
Svechka dogoraet;
U menya odnoy, neschastnoy,
Srazu pogasaet.

V pole osen'; list valitsya;
Pyos nash zemlyu roet,
Sich na krishu nam saditsya;
'Chto zh ti, skoro?'—voet.

Skoro ya s toboyu, znachit,
Svizhusya, moy miliy!
Ali mat' menya rozhala
Na gore bol'shoe?

Ali ved'ma zachurala
Mne gnezdo rodnoe?
Ali ved'ma zachurala
Mne gnezdo rodnoe?

[23] A string of Corals (L.A. Mey), Op. 28, No. 2

When I was leaving with the Cossacks,
Hanna told me:
'I prayed to God for you, crying.
You will come back from the first battle
Happy and unharmed.
For my prayers
Bring me a string of corals!'

God sent us khan's army,
And we easily destroyed it,
And immediately
Took over the city,
Took off the big gates,
And had a great feast with the Cossacks!
But I had one worry:
A string of corals!

Suddenly, it glistened—
God must have helped me,
And by itself it landed
Into my hands.

I clasped the find
Tightly in my fist,
And rode across the steppe
To Hanna with the string of corals.
I did not look for shallow waters,
Or bridges across rivers...
The bells were ringing by our parish;
People were coming back from the grave
yard,
And hundreds of voices called out to me:
'Hanna is there, and she no longer needs
A string of corals!'

My heart sank
In my broken chest,
And I fell off the horse, sobbing,
Before an icon!

[24] Don Juan's Serenade (A.K. Tolstoy), Op. 38, No. 1

The darkness falls
On the golden land of Alpujarras.
My love, come out
To the call of my guitar.
All who claim that
Your beauty has a rival—
All those
I challenge to the fight.

The moonlight
Lights up the sky.
O, Nisetta, come out
Onto your balcony!

Korol'ki (sl. L. A. Mey), Op. 28, No. 2

Kak poshyol ya s kazakami, Ganna govorila:
'Za tebya ya so slezami Boga umolila:
Ti vernyosh'sya s pervoy bitvi
Vesel i zdorov
Privezi zh mne za molitvi
Nitku korol'kov!'

Bog poslal nam atamana:
Srazu mī razbili
V pukh i prakh vsyo voysko khana,
Gorod polonili,
Sbili krepkie vorota
Pir, pir dlya kazakov!
U menya odna zabota:
Nitka korol'kov!

Vdrug sama v glaza blesnula
Znat', znat' pomog vsevishniy
I sama mne v gorst' yurknula
Aloy, krupnoy vishney.

Ya dobīchu krepko stisnul,
Da i bīl takov:
Pryamo k Ganne step'yu svisnul
S nitkoy korol'kov.
I ne sprashival ya broda,
Gati il' mosta...
Zvon u nashego prikhoda;
Lyud valit s pogosta
I krichit mne vsya gromada
Sotney golosov:
'Ganna tam i ey ne nado
Nitki korol'kov!'

Serditse szhalos', zamiraya,
V grudi razdroblyonnoy,
I upal s konya, rīdaya,
Ya pered ikonoy!

Serenada Don Zhuana (sl. A. K. Tolstogo), Op. 38, No. 1

Gasnut dal'ney Al'pukharī
Zolotistīe kraya,
Na prizīvnīy zvon gitarī
Vīydi, milaya moya!
Vsekh, kto skazhet, chto drugaya
Zdes' ravnyaetsya s toboy,
Vsekh, lyuboviyu sgoraya,
Vsekh, vsekh, vsekh zovu na smertnīy boy!

Ot lunnogo sveta
Zardel nebosklon,
O, vīydi, Niseta, o, vīydi Niseta,
Skorey na balkon!

From Seville to Granada,
In the quiet darkness of the night,
There are sounds of serenades,
And clashes of swords;
Much blood and many songs
Flow in honour of beautiful ladies,
But to the one who is the most beautiful,
I will give my blood and my song!

The moonlight
Lights up the sky,
O, Nisetta, come out
Onto your balcony!

Ot Sevil'i do Grenadī,
V tikhom sumrake nochey,
Razdayutsya serenadī,
Razdayotsya stuk mechey.
Mnogo krovī, mnogo pesney
Dlya prelesnīkh l'yotsya dam,
Ya zhe toy, kto vsekh prelesney, vsyo, vsyo,
Pesn' i krov' moyu otdam!

Ot lunnogo sveta
Zardel nebosklon,
O, vīydi, Niseta, o, vīydi Niseta,
Skorey na balkon!