

**[1] De profundis**

*Federico García Lorca (1898-1936) / I. Tynyanova*

Sto goryacho vlyublyonnikh  
Snom vekovim usnuli  
Gluboko pod sukhoy zemlyoyu.  
Krasnim peskom pokriti  
Dorogi Andalusii.  
Vetvi oliv zelyonikh  
Kordovu zaslonili.  
Zdes' im kresty postavlyat,  
Chtob ikh ne zabili lyudi.  
Sto goryacho vlyublyonnikh  
Snom vekovim usnuli.

**[2] Malagueña / Malagen'ya**

*Federico García Lorca / Anatoli Geleskul*

Smert' voshla i ushla iz taverni.  
Smert' voshla i ushla iz taverni.  
Chyorniy koni i tyomniye dushi  
V ushchel'yakh gitar, brodyat.  
Zapakhli sol'yu i zharkoy krov'yu  
Sotsvet'ya zibi nervnoy.  
A smert' vsyo ukhodit  
I vsyo ne uydyot iz taverni.

**[3] La Loreley / Loreleya**

*Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918) / Mikhail Kudinov*

K belokuroy koldun'ye iz prireynskogo kraya  
Shli muzhchini tolpy, ot lyubvi umiraya.

I velel yeyo vizvat' yepiskop na sud,  
Vsyo v dushe yey proshchaya za yeyo krasotu.

'O skazhi, Loreleya, ch'i glaza tak prekrasni,  
Kto tebya nauchil etim charam opasnim?'

'Zhizn' mne v tyagost', yepiskop, i proklyat moy vzor.  
Kto vzglyanul na menya, svoyo prochyol prigovor.

O yepiskop, v glazakh moikh plamya pozhara,  
Tak predayte zh ognyu eti strashniye chari!'

'Loreleya, pozhar tvoy vsesilen: ved' ya  
Sam tobey okoldovan i tebe ne sud'ya.'

'Zamolchite, yepiskop! Pomolites' i ver'te:  
Eto volya Gospodnya predat' menya smerti.

Moy lyubimiy uyekhal, on v dalyokoy strane.  
Vsyo teper' mne ne milo, vsyo teper' ne po mne.

Serd'tse tak isstradalos', chtto dolzhna umeret' ya.  
Dazhe vid moy vnushayet mne misli o smerti.

Moy lyubimiy uyekhal, i s etogo dnya  
Svet mne beliy ne mil, noch' v dushe u menya.'

I tryokh ritsarey kliknul yepiskop: 'Skoreye  
Uvedite v glukhoy monastir' Loreleyu.

Proch', bezumnaya Lor, volookaya Lor!  
Ti monakhiney stanesh', i potyomknet tvoy vzor.'

Troye ritsarey s devoy idut po doroge.  
Govorit ona strazhnikam khmurim i strogim:

'Na skale toy visokoy dayte mne postoyat',  
Chtob uvidet' moy zamok mogla ya opyat',

**De profundis**

Those one hundred lovers  
are sleeping for ever  
beneath the dry earth.  
Andalusia has  
long red roads.  
Cordoba, green olive trees  
where a hundred crosses  
can be raised  
in their memory.  
Those one hundred lovers  
are sleeping for ever.

**Malagueña**

Death walks in and out of the tavern.  
Death walks in and out of the tavern.  
Black horses and sinister people  
wander the deep paths of the guitar.  
And there's a smell of salt and women's blood  
on the febrile spikenards along the coast.  
Death walks in and out,  
out of and into the tavern walks death.

**Lorelei**

There was in Bacharach a sorceress fair,  
who let every man around die of love.

The bishop had her summoned to his tribunal  
but absolved her in advance on account of her beauty.

O fair Lorelei, with your eyes full of gemstones,  
from which magician did you get your sorcery?

I'm weary of living and my eyes are damned;  
all men have perished, my lord, on meeting my gaze.

My eyes are flames and not gemstones,  
throw, oh throw this sorcery into the flames.

I am ablaze in those flames, o fair Lorelei;  
let another condemn you, for I am bewitched by you.

You laugh, my lord, when you should be praying to the Virgin for me,  
so let me die, and may God protect you.

My lover has left for a far-off land,  
so let me die, since there is nothing I love.

My heart aches so that I must die,  
were I to look into my own eyes I should have to die.

My heart has ached so since he left,  
my heart began to ache so the day he went away.

The bishop summoned three knights armed with lances:  
Take this poor demented woman off to the convent.

Go now, deluded Lore, go, Lore with your trembling gaze,  
you will be a nun, dressed all in black and white.

Then all four set off along the highway.  
Lorelei begged them, her eyes shining like stars,

Good knights, allow me to climb up to that cliff so high,  
to look one last time upon my fine castle,

Chtob svoyo otrazhen'ye ya uvidela snova,  
Pered tem, kak voyti v monastir' vash suroviy.'

Veter lokoni sputal, i gorit yeyo vzglyad,  
Tshchetno strazha krichit: 'Loreleya, nazad! Nazad!'

'Na izluchinu Reyna lad'ya v'iplivayet,  
V ney sidit moy lyubimiy, on menya prizivayet.

Tak legko na dushe, tak prozrachna volna...'  
I s visokoy skal' v Reyn upala ona,

Uvidav otrazhyonniye v gladi potoka  
Svoi reynskiye ochi, svoiy solnechniy lokon.

**[4] Le suicidé / Samoubi'ytsa**  
*Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov*

Tri lilii, tri lilii... Lilii tri na mogile moyey bez kresta,  
Tri lilii, ch'yu pozolotu kholodniye vetri sdvuyat,

I chornoye nebo, prolivshis' dozhdyom, ikh poroy omivayet,  
I slovno u skipetrov groznikh, torzhestvenna ikh krasota.

Rastyot iz rani odna, i kak tol'ko zakat zapilayet,  
Okravavlennoy kazhetsya skorbnaya liliya ta.

Tri lilii, tri lilii... Lilii tri na mogile moyey bez kresta,  
Tri lilii, ch'yu pozolotu kholodniye vetri sdvuyat.

Drugaya iz serdsa rastyot moyego, chto tak sil'no stradayet,  
Na lozhe chervivom. A tret'ya kornyami mne rot razrivayet.

Oni na mogile moyey odinoko rastut, i pusta  
Vokrug nikh zemlya, i kak zhizn' moya, proklyata ikh krasota.  
Tri lilii, tri lilii... Lilii tri na mogile moyey bez kresta.

**[5] Les attentives I / Nacheku**  
*Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov*

V transheye on umryot do nastuplen'ya nochi,  
Moy malen'kiy soldat, chey utomlyonniy vzglyad  
Iz-za ukr'itiya sledil vse dni podryad  
Za Slavoy, chto vzletet' uzhe ne khochet.  
V transheye on umryot do nastuplen'ya nochi,  
Moy malen'kiy soldat, lyubovnik moy i brat.

I vot poetomu khochu ya stat' krasivoy.  
Pust' yarkim fakelom grud' u menya gorit,  
Pust' opalit moy vzglyad zasnezhenniye niv'i,  
Pust' poyasom mogil moy budet stan obvit.  
V krovosmeshenii i v smerti stat' krasivoy  
Khochu ya dlya togo, kto dolzhen bit' ubit.

Zakat korovoyu revyot, pilayut roz'i,  
I siney ptitseyu moy zacharovan vzglyad.  
To probil chas lyubvi, i chas likhoradki groznoy.  
To probil smerti chas, i net puti nazad.  
Segodnya on umryot, kak umirayut roz'i,  
Moy malen'kiy soldat, lyubovnik moy i brat.

**[6] Les attentives II / Madam, posmotrite!**  
*Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov*

Madam, posmotrite!  
Poteryali vi chto-to...  
- Akh! Pustyaki! Eto serdtse moyo,  
Skoreye yego podberite.  
Zakhochu—otdam. Zakhochu—  
Zaberu yego snova, pover'te.  
I ya khokhochu, khokhochu, khokhochu, khokhochu,  
Kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha.  
I ya khokhochu, khokhochu

To see one last time my reflection in the river,  
then I shall go to the convent of maidens and widows.

There on high the wind twisted her tumbling locks.  
The knights cried out, Lorelei, Lorelei.

There far below a little boat is floating along the Rhine:  
my lover is at the helm, he has seen me, he's calling me.

My heart is filled with tenderness, 'tis my lover who comes.  
Then she leant over the edge and fell down into the Rhine.

For the fair Lorelei had seen in its waters  
her Rhine-coloured eyes, her tresses golden as the sun.

**The Suicide**

Three tall lilies, three tall lilies on my grave with no cross.  
Three tall lilies dusted with gold that the wind scatters in fright,

watered only when a dark sky showers them,  
majestic and handsome like royal sceptres.

One is growing from my wound, and when daylight catches it,  
bloodied, it reaches upwards: this is the lily of fear.

Three tall lilies, three tall lilies on my grave with no cross.  
Three tall lilies dusted with gold that the wind scatters in fright.

Another grows from my heart as it lies aching in the earth  
where the worms are eating it; the last is growing from my mouth.

On my grave set apart all three reach upwards,  
all alone, all alone, and, I believe, as damned as I am.  
Three tall lilies, three tall lilies on my grave with no cross.

**On Watch**

The one who has to die tonight in the trenches  
is a young soldier whose eye idly falls  
throughout the day on the trophies that were hung  
from the cement crenellations during the night.  
The one who has to die tonight in the trenches  
is a young soldier, my brother and my lover.

And since he has to die, I want to make myself beautiful.  
I want to light the torches with my bare breasts,  
I want to melt the frozen pool with my wide eyes,  
and as for my hips, I want them to be gravestones.  
For since he has to die, I want to make myself beautiful,  
in incest and death, two such handsome gestures.

The cows at sunset are lowing all their roses,  
the wing of the blue bird gently fans me.  
It's the hour of Love and its ardent neuroses,  
it's the hour of Death and the final promise.  
The one who has to die just as roses die  
is a young soldier, my brother and my lover.

**Madam, look!**

Madam, listen to me a moment:  
you've dropped something.  
It's my heart, nothing much.  
Pick it up again then.  
I gave it, I took it back again.  
It was down there in the trenches.  
It's here, and I laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh,  
Ha, ha.  
It's here, and I laugh and laugh

Nad lyubov'yu, chto skoshena smert'yu.

**[7] A la Santé / V tyur'me Sante**  
*Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov*

Menya razdeli dogola,  
Kogda vveli v tyur'mu;  
Sud'boy srazhyon iz-za ugla,  
Nizvergnut ya vo t'mu.

Proshchay, vesyol'iy khorovod,  
Proshchay, devichiy smekh.  
Zdes' nado mnoy mogil'niy svod,  
Zdes' umer ya dlya vsekh.

Net, ya ne tot,  
Sovsem ne tot, chto prezhde.  
Teper' ya arestant,  
I vot konets nadezhde.

V kakoy-to yame, kak medved',  
Khozhu vperyod, nazad,  
A nebo! Luchshe ne smotret'.  
Ya nebu zdes' ne rad.  
V kakoy-to yame, kak medved',  
Khozhu vperyod, nazad.

Za chto Ti pechal' mne etu prinyos?  
Skazhi, vsemogushchiy Bozhe.  
O szhal'sya, szhal'sya! V glazakh moikh netu slyoz,  
Na masku litso pokhozhe.

Ti vidish', skol'ko neschastnikh serdets  
Pod svodom tyuremnim b'yotsya!  
Sorvi zhe s menya ternoviy venets,  
Ne to on mne v mozg vop'yotsya.

Den' konchilsya. Lampa nad golovoyu  
Gorit, okruzhonnaya t'moy.  
Vsyo tikho. Nas v kamere tolko dvoye:  
Ya i rassudok moy.

**[8] Réponse des Cosaques Zaporogues au Sultan de Constantinople /  
Otvét zaporozhskikh kazakov konstantinopol'skomu sultanu**  
*Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov*

Ti prestupney Varravi v sto raz.  
S Vel'zevulom zhivya po sosedstvu,  
V samikh merzkikh grekhakh ti pogryaz.  
Nechistotami vskormlenniy s detstva,  
Znay: svoy shabash ti spravish' bez nas.

Rak protukhshiy, Salonik otbrosi,  
Skverniiy son, chto nel'zya rasskazat',  
Okrivevshiy, gniloy i beznosiy,  
Ti rodilsya, kogda tvoya mat'  
Izvivalas' v korchakh ponosa.

Zloy palach Podol'ya, vzglyani:  
Ves' ti v ranakh, yazvakh i strup'yakh.  
Zad kobili, rilo svin'i,  
Pust' tebe vse snadob'ya skupyat,  
Chtob lechil ti bolyachki svoi!

**[9] O Del'vig, Delvig!**  
*Wilhelm Kuchelbecker (1797-1846)*

O Del'vig, Del'vig! Chto nagrada  
I del visokikh i stikhov?  
Talantu chto i gde otrada  
Sredi zlodeyev i gluptsov?

about the love affairs cut down by the scythe of death.

**At the Santé Prison**

Before going into my cell  
I had to strip naked  
and that sinister voice howled,  
Guillaume, what's become of you?

Farewell, farewell, songs and dances,  
o my youth, o young girls.  
Lazarus going into his tomb  
instead of rising from it as he did.

No, here I no longer  
feel I'm myself.  
I'm number fifteen  
in block eleven.

Every morning I pace  
around a pit, like a bear.  
We go round and round and round again.  
The sky is blue like a chain.  
Every morning I pace  
around a pit, like a bear.

What will become of me, o God,  
you who know my pain,  
you who gave it to me?  
Take pity on my dry eyes, my pallor...

And on all those poor hearts beating in prison.  
Love, my companion,  
take pity above all on my feeble wits  
and this despair that's overpowering them.

The day is dying, see how a lamp  
is burning in the prison.  
We are alone in my cell,  
fair light, beloved reason.

**Reply of the Zaporogue Cossacks to the Sultan of Constantinople**

More criminal than Barabbas,  
horned like fallen angels,  
what Beelzebub are you there below,  
nourished on mud and filth?  
We shall not come to your sabbaths.

Putrid fish of Salonica,  
long chain of nightmarish slumber,  
eyes gouged out with the tip of a pike.  
Your mother passed wind half-heartedly  
and you were born from her colic.

Butcher of Podolia, lover  
of wounds, of ulcers, of scabs,  
pig's snout, mare's arse,  
hold on tight to all your money  
to pay for your medicines.

**O, Delvig, Delvig!**

O, Delvig, Delvig, what is the reward  
for poems and noble deeds?  
What comfort is there, and where, for talent that lives  
among villains and fools?

V ruke surovoy Yuvenala  
Zlodeyam groznıy bich svistit  
I krasku gonit s ikh lanit,  
I vlast' tiranov zadrozhalo.

O Del'vig, Del'vig! Chto gonen'ya?  
Bessmertıye ravno udel  
I smel'ikh vdokhnovenn'ikh del  
I sladostnogo pesnopen'ya.

Tak ne umryot i nash soyuz,  
Svobodniy, radostniy i gordiy!  
I v schast'ı i v neschast'ı tvordiy,  
Soyuz lyubimtsev vechn'ikh muz!

**[10] Der Tod des Dichters / Smert' poeta**  
*Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926) / T. Silman*

Poet bil myortv. Litso yego, khranya  
vsyo tu zhe blednost', chto-to otvergalo,  
ono kogda-to vsyo o mire znalo,  
no eto znan'ye ugasalo.  
i vozvrashchalos' v ravnodush'ye dnya.

Gde im ponyat', kak dolog etot put';  
o, mir i on—vsyo bilo tak yedino:  
ozyora i ushchel'ya, i ravnina  
yego litsa i sostavlyali sut'.

Litso yego i bilo tem prostorom,  
chto tyanetsya k nemu i tshchetno l'nyot,  
a eta maska robkaya umryot,  
otkrito predostavlenneya vzoram,  
na tlen'ye obrechyonniy nezhnıy plod.

**[11] Schlußstück / Zaklyucheniye**  
*Rainer Maria Rilke / T. Silman*

Vsevladna smert'.  
Ona na strazhe  
I v schast'ya chas.  
V mig visshey zhizhni ona v nas strazhdet,  
Zhdyot nas i zhazhdet  
I plachet v nas.

In Juvenal's harsh hand  
the sound of a whip threatens the villains,  
and drains blood away from their faces,  
and the tyrants' power diminishes.

O, Delvig, Delvig, what is persecution?  
Bold inspired deeds  
and sweet songs  
are destined for immortality!

And so our union will not die,  
liberated, joyous, and proud!  
Equally strong in happiness and sorrow,  
the union of those who are loved by the immortal muse!

**The death of the poet**

He was lying. His uptilted face  
had been pale and unconsenting among the steep pillows  
since the world and this knowing-about-it –  
ripped away from his senses –  
had reverted to the indifferent year.

Those who saw him living did not know  
how very much he was one with all of this;  
for this – these depths, these meadows  
and these waters – were his visage and vision.

Oh, his visage and vision was this whole wide-open space,  
which as yet still wants to go to him and woos him,  
and his mask, now dying in trepidation,  
is tender and open, like the inside  
of a fruit going bad through contact with the air.

**Conclusion**

Death is great.  
We are his  
when our mouths are filled with laughter.  
When we think we are in the midst of life,  
he dares to weep  
in our midst.

*Russian transliterations: Anastasia Belina-Johnson English translations of the original French, Spanish and Russian texts by Susannah Howe (tracks 1-8); Anastasia Belina-Johnson (track 9); Susan Baxter (tracks 10-11)*