

**Modest Petrovich MUSSORGSKY (1839–1881)**

**[1] Pesnya Mefistofelya v pogrebke Auerbakha**  
*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)*  
(*perevod Alexander Strugovshchikov (1808–1878)*)

Zhil-bil korol', kogda-to pri nyom blokha zhila.  
Blokha, blokha.  
Miley rodnogo brata ona emu bila.  
Kha-kha-kha-kha-kha blokha.  
Kha-kha-kha-kha-kha blokha.  
Kha-kha-kha-kha-kha blokha.

Zovyot korol' portnogo:  
    'Polushay ti, churban,  
Dlya druga dorogogo sshey barkhatniy kaftan.'  
Blokhe, da da khe-khe-khe-khe blokhe.  
Khe-khe-khe-khe-khe kaftan,  
Kha-kha-kha-kha-kha,  
Kha-kha-kha blokhe kaftan.

Chtob zharko i parko blokha moya zhila,  
I polnaya svoboda yey pri dvore dana.  
Pri dvore khe-khe-khe-khe-khe  
    blokhe kha-kha-kha,  
Kha-kha-kha-kha-kha-kha blokhe.

Korol' yey san ministra  
    i s nim zvezdu dayot,  
I s neyu i drugiye poshli vse blokhi v khod a-kha.  
I samoy Koroleve i freylinam yeya  
Ot blokh ne stalo mochi,  
ne stalo i zhit'ya kha-kha.

I tronut'-to boyatsya ne to chtobi ikh bit',  
A mi, kto stal kusat'sya, totchas davay dushit'.  
Kha-kha-kha-kha-kha kha-kha-kha,  
Kha-kha-kha-kha-kha kha-kha-kha-kha,  
A a-kha-kha kha-kha.

**[2] Svetskaya skazochka: kozyol**  
*M. Musorgskiy*

Shla devitsa progulyat'sya,  
    na luzhok pokrasovat'sya,  
Vdrug navstrechu yey kozyol!  
Stariy, gryazniy, borodatiy,  
Strashniy, zloy i ves' mokhnatiy, sushchiy chort!

I devitsa ispugalas',  
Ot kozla begom pomchalas' pryamo v kust,  
I pritailas',  
Yele d'ishit, chut' zhiva.  
Shla devitsa pod venets,  
Znat' prishla pora yey zamuzh, nu i vishla!

Muzh i stariy i gorbatiy,  
Lisiy, zloy i borodatiy, sushchiy chort.

Chto-zh, devitsa ispugalas'?  
Gm! Kak zhe!  
Ona k muzhu prilaskalas',  
Uveryala, chto verna, gm!  
    Chto v muzha vlyublena,  
Chto primernaya zhena.

**Modest Petrovich MUSSORGSKY (1839–1881)**

**Mephistopheles's Song in Auerbach's Cellar**  
*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)*  
(*translated by Alexander Strugovshchikov (1808–1878)*)

There lived a King, and the Flea lived with him.  
The Flea, the flea.  
She was dearer to him than his own brother.  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha the flea.  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha the flea.  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha the flea.

The King calls the dressmaker:  
    'Listen you, dumb person,  
For my dear friend make a velour kaftan'.  
For the flea, he-he-he-he-he, the flea.  
He-he-he-he-he kaftan,  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,  
Ha-ha-ha, a kaftan for the flea.

I want my flea to be warm and cosy,  
And I want it to be completely free in my court.  
In my court he-he-he-he-he  
    the flea ha-ha-ha,  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha flea.

The King awarded the flea the rank of a minister  
    and gave it a medal,  
And with it other fleas arrived a-ha.  
And the Queen herself  
    and her ladies-in-waiting  
Were disturbed by the fleas ha-ha.

The were afraid to touch them, let alone kill them,  
And we suffocated those who started biting.  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha ha-ha-ha,  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha ha-ha-ha-ha,  
A a-ha-ha ha-ha.

**A Society Tale: The Goat**  
*Modest Mussorgsky*

A young maiden went for a walk  
    to a meadow,  
Suddenly she saw a goat!  
Old, dirty, with a beard,  
Scary, evil and all hairy, just like the devil!

And the maiden became afraid,  
Darted from the goat into the bushes,  
And sat there quietly,  
Hardly breathing, hardly alive.  
The maiden had to be married off,  
The time had come for her!

Her husband is old and he has a hump,  
He is bald, evil and has a beard, just like the devil.

Was the maiden afraid?  
Hm... Not at all!  
She cuddles up to her husband,  
Convincing him that she will be loyal,  
    that she loves him,  
That she is an exemplary wife.

**[3] Ozornik**

*M. Musorgskiy*

Okh, baushka, okh, rodnaya,  
raskrasavushka, obernis'!  
Vostronosaya, serebyannaya,  
pucheglazaya, potseluy!  
Stan li tvoy dugoy, podpyortoy klyukoy,  
Nozhki kostochki, slovno trostochki,  
Khodush' selezneem, spot'ikaesh'sya,  
na chestnoy narod nat'ikaesh'sya,  
Oy, podzharaya, baba staraya,  
oy, s gorbom!  
Oy baushka, oy rodnaya, raskrasavushka,  
ne serchay!  
Po lesam bredyosh', zveri mechutsya,  
Po goram polzyosh', dol tryasyotsya ves',  
Stanesh' pech' topit',  
an izba gorit,  
Stanesh' khleb kusat', an zub lomitsya,  
Po gribi' l' poydyosh',  
sginut pod zemlyu;  
Al' po yagodi', v travku spryachutsya.  
Za toboy zhe vsled moya rodnaya  
Vse poln'ím poln'í, vse lukoshechki,  
Volokut, nesut krasn'í devushki,  
Da khikhikayut na tebya kargu szadi  
glyadyuchi, na porozhnyuyu.  
Oy, baushka, oy, rodnaya, ne bey!  
Vostronosaya, raskrasavushka,  
pucheglazaya, oy ne bey!  
Pazzudis' plecho, pazmakhnis' klyuka,  
paskhodis' karga staraya.  
Oy, doslushay ka moyu skazochku,  
Tí povíslushay, do kontsa...  
S podborodochkom nos tseluyetsya  
slovno golubi...  
Oy, oy ne bey!  
Na zatílochke tri volosika s polovinochkoy...  
Oy, oy, baushka, oy, oy rodnaya, oy krasavushka,  
Oy, oy, oy ne bey, oy!

**[4] Seminarist**

*M. Musorgskiy*

Panis, piscis, crinis, finis,  
ignis, lapis, pulvis, cinis...  
Akh, tí gore moyo gore!  
Orbis amnis et canalis...  
Vot tak zadal pop mne tasku:  
Za zagrivok, da po sheye on blagoslovil,  
I desnitseyu svyatoyu  
pamyati lishil.  
Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vectis,  
vermis, mensis...  
U popa Semyona dochka znatnaya takaya:  
Shchechki chto tvoy makov tsvet,  
Glazki s povolokoy,  
Grud' lebyazhaya da pokataya,  
Pod rubashechkoy vskolíkhnulasya...  
Fastis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vestis,  
vermis, mensis...  
Akh tí, Steha, moya Stesha!

**Mischief**

*Modest Mussorgsky*

Oh, grandma, oh, dear,  
beautiful, turn around!  
Sharp-nosed, silver-like,  
lobster-eyed, kiss me!  
Your body is bow-like, supported by a cane,  
Your legs are just bones, like reeds,  
You walk like a duck, trip up,  
walk into honest people,  
Hey, skinny, old woman, hey, you,  
the one with a hump!  
Hey grandma, hey dear, beautiful,  
do not be mad!  
As you walk in forests, animals run away,  
As you crawl in the mountains, dales shake,  
As you fire up your stove,  
you burn your house down,  
As you bite into bread, your teeth break,  
As you go to pick mushrooms,  
they hide under the soil;  
And the berries hide into the grass.  
And after you, my dear,  
Beautiful maidens bring full baskets,  
Hardly able to carry them,  
And they laugh at you, the old hag,  
and your empty basket, from behind.  
Hey, grandma, hey, dear, hey, do not beat me!  
Sharp-nosed, silver-like,  
lobster-eyed, hey, do not beat me!  
Unfold the shoulder, raise the cane,  
get into it, you old hag.  
Hey, listen to my tale,  
Listen to it to the end...  
Your chin kisses your nose,  
like two lovebirds...  
Hey, hey, do not beat me!  
On your head there are three-and-a-half hairs...  
Hey, hey, grandma, hey, hey, dear, hey, beautiful,  
Hey, hey, hey, do not beat me, hey!

**The Seminarist**

*Modest Mussorgsky*

Panis, piscis, crinis, finis,  
ignis, lapis, pulvis, cinis...  
Ah, woe is me!  
Orbis amnis et canalis...  
The priest gave me a hiding:  
He blessed me with beatings,  
And made me lose my memory  
with the blow of his hand.  
Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vectis,  
vermis, mensis...  
The priest Semyon has an amazing daughter:  
Her cheeks are rosy,  
Her eyes are sensual,  
Her breast like that of a swan,  
It trembles under her shirt...  
Fastis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vestis,  
vermis, mensis...  
Ah, Stesha, my Stesha,

Tak tebya rastseloval bī,  
Krepko nakrepko k serdtsu prizhal bī!

Pastis, follies, cucumis, atque, pollis,  
cucumis, cucumis...

A, namednis', za molebnom presvyatoy  
i prepodobnoy Mitrodore  
Ya chital prokimen, glas shestiy.  
A na Steshu levīm glazom vsyo posmatrival,  
A na leviy kliros vsyo zaglyadival  
Da podmargival...

Chertov bat'ka vsyo provedal,  
Menya v knizhitsu pometil,  
I blagoslovil vladiko  
Po sheyam menya tri kratī  
I dolbal izo vseychi mochi mne v bashki latīn'  
ukazkoy,

Orbis, amnis, et canalis, et canalis,  
Sanguis, unguis, et analis, et analis...  
Tak ot besa iskushen'ye dovelos'  
prinyat' mne  
V khrame bozh'yem...

Amnis et analis, sanguis, unguis, et analis,  
et analis, et analis.....

#### PESNI I PIYASKI SMERTI

*Arseny Golenishchev-Kutusov (1848–1913)*

##### [5] Kolībel'naya

Stonet rebyonok. Svecha, nagoraya,  
Tuskli'm mertsala ognym;  
Tseluyu noch', kolībel' okhranyaya,  
Mat' ne zabilasya snom.  
Ranīm-ranyokhon'ko v dver' ostorozhno  
Smert' serdobol'naya—stuk!  
Vzdrognula mat', oglyanulas' trevozhno...  
'Polno pugat'sya, moy drug!  
Blednoye utro uzh smotrit v okoshko.  
Placha, toskuya, lyubya,  
Ti utomilas'... Vzdrēmni-ka nemnozhko—  
Ya posizhu za tebya.  
Ugomonit' tī ditya ne sumela,  
Slashche tebya ya spoyu.'

*Mat'*  
Tishe! Rebyonok moy mechetsya, plachet!  
Dushu terzaya moyu!

*Smert'*  
Nu, da so mnoyu on skoro uymyotsya...  
Bayushki-bayu-bayu...

*Mat'*  
Shchyoki bledneyut, slabeyet dikhan'ye...  
Da zamolchi zhe, molyu!

*Smert'*  
Dobroye znamen'ye—stikhnet stradan'ye.  
Bayushki-bayu-bayu.

*Mat'*  
Proch' tī, proklyataya! Laskoy svoeyeyu  
Sgubish' tī radost' moyu!

How I would kiss you,  
And embrace you strongly!

Pastis, follies, cucumis, atque, pollis,  
cucumis, cucumis...

Ah, the other day, during the service for holy  
and famous Mitrodora  
I read prokimen, the sixth line.  
And with my left eye I kept looking at Stesha,  
And looked at the left kliros  
And winked...

The devil priest found out,  
Noted it in his little book,  
And blessed me, my master,  
Three times,  
And with all his power beat Latin lessons  
into my head with a stick.

Orbis, amnis, et canalis, et canalis,  
Sanguis, unguis, et analis, et analis...  
Thus, I happened to experience  
temptation from the devil  
In God's temple...

Amnis et analis, sanguis, unguis, et analis,  
et analis, et analis.....

#### SONGS AND DANCES OF DEATH

*Arseny Golenishchev-Kutusov (1848–1913)*

##### Lullaby

The child is moaning. A candle  
Is burning dimly;  
For the entire night, guarding the cot,  
The mother did not sleep.  
Early in the morning kind Death  
Gently knocked on the door.  
The mother shuddered, and looked around...  
'Do not be afraid, my friend!  
Pale morning is already looking into the window.  
Crying, loving, sorrowful,  
You are tired... Sleep a little—  
I will look after him for you.  
You could not make your child peaceful,  
I will sing sweeter than you.'

*Mother*  
Quiet! My child is restless, crying!  
My soul is tormented!

*Death*  
I will soon make him at peace  
Hush baby, hush.

*Mother*  
His cheeks are growing paler, his breath weakens...  
I implore you, stop!

*Death*  
This is a good sign—the suffering is ending.  
Hush baby, hush.

*Mother*  
Go away, accursed! With your kindness  
You will kill my happiness!

*Smert'*

Net, mirmiy son ya mladentsu naveyu.  
Bayushki-bayu-bayu.

*Mat'*

Szhal'sya! Pozhdi dopevat' khot' mgnoven'ye  
Strashnyu pesnyu tvoyu!

*Smert'*

Vidish'—usnul on pod tikhoye pen'ye,  
Bayushki-bayu-bayu.

**[6] Serenada**

Nega volshebnaya, noch' golubaya,  
Trepetniy sumrak vesni;  
Vnemlet, poniknuv golovkoy, bol'naya  
Shyopot nochnoy tishini.

Son ne smikayet blestyashchiye ochi,  
Zhizn' k naslazhden'yu zovyot,  
A pod okoshkom v molchanii nochi  
Smert' serenadu poyot:

'V mrake nevoli surovoy i tesnoy  
Molodost' vyanet tvoya.  
Ritsar' nevedomiy, siloy chudesnoy  
Osvobozhu ya tebya.

Vstan', posmotri na sebya: krasotoyu  
Lik tvoy prozrachniy blestit,  
Shchyoki rumyanī, volnistoy kosoyu  
Stan tvoy, kak tuchey, obvit.

Pristal'nikh glaz goluboye siyan'ye  
Yarche nebes i ognya,  
Znoyem poludenni'm veyet d'khan'ye,—  
Ti obol'stila menya!

Slukh tvoy plenilsya moyey serenadoy,  
Ritsarya shyopot tvoy zval...  
Ritsar' prishyol za bestsennoy nagradoy;  
Chas opoyen'ya nastal!

Nezhen tvoy stan, upoitelen trepet.  
O, zadushu ya tebya v krepkikh ob'yat'yakh;  
Lyubovniy moy lepet slushay...  
Molchi... Ti moya!

**[7] Trepak**

Les da polyanī. Bezlyud'ye krugom.  
V'yuga i plachet, i stonet,  
Chuditsya, budto vo mrake nochnom  
Zlaya kogo-to khoronit.  
Glyad'—tak i yest'! V temnote muzhika  
Smert' obnimayet, laskayet,  
S p'yanen'kim plyashet vdvoyom trepaka,  
Na ukho pesn' napevayet.  
Okh, muzhichok,  
Starichok  
Ubogoy,  
P'yan napilsya,  
Poplyolsya  
Dorogoy,  
A metel'-to, ved'ma, podnyalas',  
Vzigrala!  
S polya—v les dremuchiy nevnachay  
Zagnala!  
Gorem, toskoy  
Da nuzhdoy  
Tomimiy,

*Death*

No, I will bring to your baby a sweet sleep.  
Hush baby, hush.

*Mother*

Take pity! At least delay your terrible song  
For a moment!

*Death*

You see—he has fallen asleep to my quiet song,  
Hush baby, hush.

**Serenade**

Magic bliss, blue night,  
Trembling twilight of spring;  
With her lowered head, the ill maiden  
Is listening to the whisper of the night's stillness.

Sleep does not close her burning eyes,  
Life is calling out to her,  
But under her window, in the stillness of the night  
Death is serenading:

'Your youth is wilting  
In the darkness of suffocating captivity.  
Like an anonymous knight,  
I will free you with my miraculous power.

Get up, have a look at yourself:  
Your transparent face glistens with beauty,  
Your cheeks are rosy, and your wavy plaits  
Embrace your body.

The steady gaze of your blue eyes  
Is brighter than heavens and fire,  
Your breath is as hot as the midday sun—  
You put a spell on me!

My serenade charmed your ears,  
Your whisper called the Knight...  
The Knight came to claim his priceless reward;  
The hour of bliss has arrived!

The tremor of your body is sweet.  
Oh, I will suffocate you in my strong embrace;  
Listen to my loving words...  
Be quiet! You are mine!

**Trepak**

Forest and meadows. Not a soul is around.  
The snow-storm is crying and moaning,  
As if in the night's darkness  
It is mourning someone.  
Look—it is true! In the dark  
Death is embracing a man,  
He is drunk, and Death dances a trepak with him,  
Singing a song in his ear.  
Oh, little man,  
Old man,  
Pitiful,  
You got drunk,  
Walked  
Along the road,  
But the snow-storm, the witch,  
Played up!  
From the field—into the deep forest  
It lured you!  
You are full of sorrow, suffering,  
You are tired of  
Poverty,

Lyag, otdokhni  
Da usni,  
Rodimiy!  
Ya tebya, golubchik moy, snezhkom  
Sogreyu;  
Vkrug tebya velikuyu igru  
Zateyu.

Vzbey-ka postel',  
Ti, metel',  
Lebyodka!  
Nu, nachinay,  
Zapevay,  
Pogodka,  
Skazku—da takuyu, chtob vsyu noch'  
Tyanulas',  
Chtob p'yanchuge krepko pod neyo  
Usnulos'!

Oy vi lesa,  
Nebesa  
Da tuchi!  
Tem', veterok  
Da snezhok  
Letuchiy!  
Sveytes' pelenoyu,  
Snezhnoy, pukhovoyu,  
Yeyu, kak mladentsa,  
Starichka prikroyu.  
Spi, moy druzhok,  
Muzhichok  
Schastliviy!  
Leto prishlo,  
Rastsvelo!  
Nad nivoy  
Soln'ishko smeyotsya, da serpi  
Gulyayut,  
Pesenka nesyoysya,  
Golubki letayut...

#### [8] Polkovodets

Grokhochet bitva, bleshchut broni,  
Orud'ya zhadniye revut,  
Begut polki, nesutsya koni,  
I reki krasniye tekut.  
P'ilayet polden', lyudi b'yutsya!  
Sklonilos' solntse, boy sil'ney!  
Zakat bledneye, no derutsya  
Vragi vsyo yarostney i zley.  
I pala noch' na pole brani;  
Druzhini v mrake razoshlis';  
Vsyo stikhlo—i v nochnom tumane  
Stenan'ya k nebu podnyalis'.  
Togda, ozarena lunoyu,  
Na boyevom kone,  
Kostey sverkaya beliznoyu,  
Yavilas' smert'! I v tishine,  
Vnimaya vopli i molitvi,  
Dovol'stva gordogo polna,  
Kak polkovodets, mesto butvi  
Krugom ob'yehala ona;  
Na kholm podnyavshis', oglyanulas',  
Ostanovilas'... ulibnulas'...  
I nad ravninoy boyevoy  
Pronyossya golos rokovoy:

'Konchena bitva—ya vsekh pobedila!  
Vse predo mnoy vi sklonilis', boytsi.  
Zhizn' vas possorila—ya pomirila.  
Druzhno vstavayte na smotr, mertvetsi!

Lie down, rest,  
And sleep,  
My dear!  
I will, my dear,  
Warm you with snow;  
I will start a great game  
Around you.

Fluff up the feather mattress,  
You, the snow-storm,  
The swan!  
Well, begin,  
Sing,  
The Weather,  
A tale—but such a tale, so that it would last  
The whole night,  
So that the drunkard will fall asleep  
Tightly!

Oh, you, forests,  
Heavens  
And clouds!  
Darkness, wind,  
And flying  
Snow!  
Weave yourselves into a shroud,  
Snowy, feathery,  
And with it, like a child,  
Cover the old man.  
Sleep, my friend,  
Old man,  
Be happy!  
Summer has arrived,  
It has blossomed!  
Over the field  
The sun is smiling, and the scythes  
Are walking in the crops,  
The song is heard,  
The doves are flying...

#### The Field Marshal

The battle roars, the shields glisten,  
The hungry weapons cry,  
The regiments run, the horses gallop,  
And the red rivers are flowing.  
It is burning at midday, the people fight!  
The sun has set, the fight grows stronger!  
The twilight is waning, but the enemies  
Are fighting even more ferociously.  
And the night descends upon the battlefield;  
The armies disengage in the darkness;  
Everything grows quiet—and in the night's mist  
The moans rise up to the heavens.  
Then, lit up by the moon,  
Upon its battle stead,  
Glistening with the whiteness of its bones,  
Death appears! And in the quiet,  
Listening to the cries and pleas,  
Full of proud satisfaction,  
As a general, it circles  
The battlefield;  
It climbs a hill, and turns around,  
It stops... It smiles...  
And above the battle field  
The fateful voice is heard:

'The battle is over—I hold the victory!  
All of you now kneel before me.  
Life made you quarrel—I give you peace.  
Stand up for the parade, dead men!

Marshem torzhestvennim mimo proydite,—  
Voysko svoyo ya khochu soschitat'.  
V zemlyu potom svoi kosti slozhite,  
Sladko ot zhizni v zemle otdikhat'.  
Godi nezrimo proydut za godami,  
V lyudyakh ischeznet i pamyat' o vas—  
Ya ne zabudu, i vечно nad vami  
Pir budu pravit' v polunochniy chas!  
Plyaskoy tyazhyoloyu zemlyu siruyu  
Ya pritopchu, chtobi sen' grobovuyu  
Kostsi pokinut' vovek ne mogli,  
Chtob nikogda vam ne vstat' iz zemli.'

**Tsezar' KYUI (1835–1918)**

**[9] Tsarskoselskaya Statya**  
*Aleksandr Pushkin (1799–1837)*

Urnu s vodoy uroniv,  
ob utyos eyo deva razbila.  
Deva pechal'no sidit, prazdnyy derzha cherepok.  
Chudo! Ne syaknet voda,  
izlivayas' iz urni razbitoy;  
Deva, nad vechnoy struyoy,  
vechno pechal'na sidit.

**[10] Ti i vi**  
*Aleksandr Pushkin*

Pustoye vi serdechnim ti  
Ona, obmolvayas', zamenila  
I vse schastliviyu mecht  
V dushe vlyublyonnoy vozbudila.  
Pred ney zadumchivo stoyu,  
Svesti ochey s neyo net sili;  
I govoryu yey: kak vi mil!  
I mislyu: kak tebya lyublyu!

**Nikolay Andreyevich RIMSKY-KORSAKOV (1844–1908)**

**[11] Prorok**  
*Aleksandr Pushkin*

Dukhovnoy zhazhdoyu tomim,  
V pustine mrachnoy ya vlichilsya,  
I shestikriliy serafim  
Na pereput'ye mne yavilsya.  
Perstami legkimi kak son  
Moikh zenits kosnulsya on:  
Otverzlis' veshchiye zenitsi,  
Kak u ispugannoy orlitsi.  
Moikh ushey kosnulsya on,  
I ikh napolnil shum i zvon:  
I vnyal ya neba sodrogan'ye,  
I gorniy angelov polyot,  
I gad morskikh podvodnyy khod,  
I dal'ney lozi prozyban'ye.  
I on k ustam moim prinik,  
I virval greshniy moy yazik,  
I prazdnoslovnnyy i lukaviy,  
I zhalo mudriya zmei  
V usta zamershiye moi  
Vlozhl desnitseyu krovavoy.  
I on mne grud' rassyok mechom,  
I serdtse trepetnoye vinul,  
I ugl', pilayushchiy ognym,  
Vo grud' otverstuyu vozdvinal.  
Kak trup v pustine ya lezhal,  
I boga glas ko mne vozzval:  
'Vosstan', propok, i vizhd', i vnemli,

Solemnly march in front of me—  
I want to count my army.  
Then put your bones into the soil,  
It is sweet to rest in the earth from life.  
Years will follow unnoticed,  
People will forget you—  
But I will remember you always,  
And forever will govern you at the midnight hour!  
I will flatten the moist earth with my heavy dance  
So that the bones will forever  
Remain trapped under the earth,  
And you will never rise again.'

**César CUI (1835–1918)**

**The Statue at Tsarskoye Selo**  
*Alexander Pushkin (1799–1837)*

Having dropped the water urn,  
the maiden broke it on a rock.  
Sadly the maiden sits, holding the redundant shard.  
Oh Miracle! The water does not cease to run  
from the broken urn;  
The maiden sits by the eternal stream,  
eternally sad.

**Thou and You**  
*Alexander Pushkin*

An empty Thou with heartfelt you  
She mistakenly replaced  
And thus awoke all the happy dreams  
In my enamoured soul.  
I stand before her, lost in thought,  
I cannot take my eyes off her;  
And I am telling her: 'Thou art kind'  
While thinking: 'I love you!'

**Nikolay Andreyevich RIMSKY-KORSAKOV (1844–1908)**

**The Prophet**  
*Alexander Pushkin*

Tormented by the spirit's thirst,  
I dragged myself through gloomy desert,  
And a six-winged seraphim  
Appeared to me at the cross-roads.  
With his fingers, light as sleep,  
He touched my lids:  
My prophetic eyes opened,  
Like the eyes of an eagle at sunrise.  
It touched my ears,  
And they were filled with noise and din:  
And I felt the tremor of the heavens,  
And the flight of angels,  
And the crawling of underwater beasts,  
And the growth of a far-away vine.  
And he touched my mouth,  
And tore out my sinful tongue,  
And, cunningly,  
With his bloodied hand  
He put a serpent's sting  
Into my deadened mouth.  
And he cut open my chest with a sword,  
And took out my beating heart,  
And replaced it  
With a coal, burning like fire.  
I lay in the desert like a corpse,  
And I heard the call of God's voice:  
'Get up, prophet, and see, and hear,

Ispolnis' voleyu moyey  
I, obkhodya morya i zemli,  
Glagolom zhgi serdtsa lyudey.'

**[12] O chyom v tishi nochey**

*Apollon Nikolayevich Maykova (1821–1897)*

O chyom v tishi nochey tainstvenno mechtayu,  
O chyom pri svete dnya vsechasno pomishlyayu,  
To budet taynoy vsem, i dazhe ti, moy stikh,  
Ti, drug moy vetrenniy, uslada dney moikh,  
Tebe ne peredam dushi svozey mechtan'ya,  
A to rasskazhesh' ti, chey glas  
v nochnom molchan'i  
Mne slishitsya, chey lik ya vsyudu nakhozhu,  
Ch'i ochi svetyat mne, ch'yo imya ya tverzhu.

**[13] Na kholmakh Gruzii**

*Aleksandr Pushkin*

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

**[14] Nenastniy den' potukh**

*Aleksandr Pushkin*

Nenastniy den' potukh;  
nenastnoy nochi mgla  
Po nebu steletsya odezhdoyu svintsovoy;  
Kak privedeniye, za roshcheyu sosnovoy  
Luna tumannaya vzoshla...  
Vsyo mrachnuyu tosku na dushu mne navodit.  
Daleko, tam, luna v siyaniy voskhodit;  
Tam vozdukh napoyon vecherney teplotoy;  
Tam more dvizhetsya roskoshnoy pelenoy  
Pod golubimi nebesami...  
Vot vremya: po gore teper' idyot ona  
K bregam,  
potoplennim shumyashchimi volnami;  
Tam, pod zavetnimi skalami,  
Teper' ona sidit pechal'na i odna...  
Odna... niko pred ney ne plachet,  
ne toskuyet;  
Nikto eyo kolen v zabven'ye ne tseluyet;  
Odna... nich'im ustam ona ne predayot  
Nikto eyo lyubvi nebesnoy ne dostoin.  
Ne pravda l': ti odna... ti plachesh'...  
ya spokoyen;

No esli...

**Mily Alexeyevich BALAKIREV (1837–1910)**

**[15] Barkarolla**

*Alexey Arsen'yev (1854–1896) (iz Geyne)*

Prelestnaya ribachka, prichal' na bereg moy.  
Prisyad' pod ten' gustuyu, pogovori so mnoy,  
Skloni ko mne golovku,  
ne boysya zhe menya,  
Ved' moryu bez boyazni vveryayesh' ti sebya.  
A serdtse tozhe more, te zh buri v nyom kipyat,  
Te zh goresti tayatsya

Listen to my will  
And, walking around the seas and lands,  
Burn human hearts with your word.'

**In the Quiet of the Night**

*Apollon Nikolayevich Maykova (1821–1897)*

What I dream of in the secrecy of nights,  
What I think of every hour of daylight,  
Will remain a secret to all, and even you, my verse,  
You, my unsteady friend, joy of my days,  
Will not know what my soul dreams about  
Because you will then tell about  
whose voice I hear in the dark of the night,  
Whose face I see everywhere,  
Whose eyes burn for me, whose name I repeat.

**Upon the Georgian hills**

*Alexander Pushkin*

Upon the Georgian hills night falls;  
The Aragva river roars before me.  
I am sad and my heart is light;  
my grief is transparent,  
My sorrow is full of you,  
You and you alone... My melancholy  
Remains undisturbed and untroubled,  
And my heart is ignited with love anew —  
For it cannot exist without loving.

**The rainy day has waned**

*Alexander Pushkin*

The rainy day has waned;  
the darkness of the rainy night  
Is covering the sky with its leaden robe;  
A ghostly moon has risen  
Above the pine grove...  
Everything plunges my soul into dark melancholy.  
While far away, the moon is rising brightly;  
The air there is full of evening warmth;  
The sea is moving there in its luxurious shroud  
Under the blue skies...  
And here is Time: it now moves above the mountain  
Towards the shores,  
submerged under the roaring waves;  
There, under the holy cliffs,  
She is sitting sorrowful and alone...  
Alone... No one is crying before her,  
no one is suffering;  
No one is kissing her knees in abandon;  
Alone... She is not kissing anyone's lips,  
And no one deserves her heavenly love.  
It is true: you are alone... you are crying...  
and I am in peace;

But if...

**Mily Alexeyevich BALAKIREV (1837–1910)**

**Barcarolle**

*Alexey Arsen'yev (1854–1896) (from Heine)*

Oh charming fisherwoman, come to my shore.  
Sit under the thick shade, talk with me,  
Put your little head on my shoulder,  
do not be afraid of me,  
You, who trusts the sea with your own life.  
Your heart is the same sea, the same storms brew in it,  
The same woes are hiding there,

i strasti te zh kipyat...

**[16] Slišu li golos tvoy**  
*Mikhail Lermontov (1814–1841)*

Slišu li golos tvoy  
Zvonkiy i laskoviy,  
Kak ptichka v kletke,  
Serdtshe zaprīgayet;

Vstrechu l' glaza tvoie  
Lazurno-glubokiye,  
Dusha im navstrechu  
Iz grudi prositsya,

I kak-to veselo,  
I khochetsya plakat',  
I tak na sheyu bī  
Tebe ya kinulsya.

**[17] Kak naladidi: dura**  
*Lev Alexandrovich Mey (1822–1862)*

Kak naladili: 'Durak,  
Bros' khodit' v tsaryov kabak!'  
Tak i ladyat vse odno:  
'Pey tī vody, ne vino—  
Von khosh' rechke poklonis',  
Khosh' u bīstroy pouchis.'

Uzh ya k rechen'ke poydu,  
S rechkoy rechi povedu:  
'Govoryat mne: tī umna,  
Poklonyus' tebe do dna,  
Nauchi tī, kak mne bīt',  
P'yanstvom lyuda ne sramit'?..

Kak v tebya, moyu reku,  
Utopit' zmeyu-tosku?..  
A nauchish'—vek togda  
Ispolat' tebe, voda,  
Chto otbila duraka  
Ot tsaryova kabaka!

**[18] Evreskaya melodiya**  
*Mikhail Lermontov (1814–1841)*

Dusha moya mrachna.  
Skorey, pevets, skorey!  
Vot arfa zolotaya:  
Puskay perstī tvoie, promchavshisya po ney,  
Probudyat v strunakh zvuki raya.  
I esli ne navek nadezhdi rok unyos,  
Oni v grudi moey prosnutsya,  
I esli est' v ochakh zastīvshikh kaplya slyoz—  
Oni rastayut i prol'yutsya.

Pust' budet pesn' tvoya dika.—Kak moy venets,  
Mne tyagostnī vesel'ya zvuki!  
Ya govoryu tebe: ya slyoz khochu, pevets,  
Il' razorvyotsya grud' ot muki.  
Stradan'yami bila upitana ona,  
Tomilas' dolgo i bezmolvno;  
I groznyy chas nastal—teper' ona polna,  
Kak kubok smerti, yada polniy.

and the same passions burn there too...

**When I hear your voice**  
*Mikhail Lermontov (1814–1841)*

When I hear your voice,  
Resonant and kind,  
My heart leaps  
Like a bird in a cage,

When I meet the gaze of your eyes,  
Deep blue,  
My soul yearns  
Toward them,

And I grow happy,  
And I want to cry,  
And I wish to throw myself  
On your breast.

**They keep calling me a fool**  
*Lev Alexandrovich 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 now  
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!

**Hebrew Melody**  
*Mikhail Lermontov (1814–1841)*

My soul is heavy.  
Hurry, singer, hurry!  
Here is the golden harp:  
Let your fingers run across it  
And awaken the sounds of heaven.  
And if the Fate did not carry away my hopes forever,  
They will awaken in my breast,  
And if there remains a teardrop in my frozen eyes –  
My tears will melt and flow.

Let your song be wild. – Like my crown,  
I find the sounds of gaiety oppressive!  
I am telling you: I want tears, singer,  
Or my soul will burst with sorrow.  
Torments nourished it,  
It was silently sad for so long;  
The terrible hour has arrived – and now it is full,  
Like a goblet of death, full of poison.



**Aleksandr Porfir'yevich BORODIN (1833–1887)**

**[19] Chudniy sad**

*G. Collin (perevod Borodina)*

Chudniy sad, tyomniy park,  
Poeticheskiy zamok, dostoyniy koroley,  
Volshebniy ray zemnoy;  
Gde allei smeniv tropinki,  
v aromatniye chashchi vedut,  
K trostnikam, polnim gnyozd.  
O, kak schastlivi vi s vashey vlastitel' nitsey,  
Zhenshchinoy dobroy dushi,  
kotoroy slavniiy gerb  
Izobrazhyon na strogom frontone dvortsa.

**[20] Fal'shivaya nota**

*Aleksandr Borodin*

Ona vsyo v lyubvi uveryala.  
Ne veril, ne veril ya ey:  
Fal'shivaya nota zvuchala  
I v rechi, i v serdtse u ney;  
I eto ona ponimala...

**[21] Iz slyoz moikh**

*L.A. Mey (iz Geyne)*

Iz slyoz moikh viroslo mnogo  
Dushistikh i nezhnikh tsvetov.  
I vzdokhi moi perelilis'  
V polunochniy khor solov'yov.

I esli menya ti polyubish',  
Malyutka, tsvetochki tvoi!  
I zvuchnuyu pesn' pod okoshkom  
Tebe zapoyut solov'i.

**[22] Pesnya tyomnogo lesa**

*Slova A. Borodina*

Tyomniy les shumel,  
Tyomniy les gudel,  
Pesnyu pel;  
Bil' bivaluyu  
Skazival:  
Kak zhivala tam volya—  
Volyushka vol'naya;  
Kak sbiralas' tam sila—  
Silushka sil'naya.  
Kak ta volyushka  
Razgulyalasya,  
Kak ta silushka  
Raskhodilasya,  
Na raspravu shla  
Volyushka,  
Goroda brala  
Silushka  
I nad nedrugom  
Poteshalasya,  
Krov'yu nedrug  
Upivalas' dosita.  
Volya vol'naya,  
Sila sil'naya.

**Alexander Porfir'yevich BORODIN (1833–1887)**

**The Miraculous Garden**

*G. Collin (translated by Borodin)*

The miraculous garden, a darkened park,  
A poetic castle, fit for kings,  
Magical heaven on earth;  
Where alleys, having replaced paths,  
lead to fragrant depths,  
To reeds, full of birds' nests.  
O, how happy you are with your mistress,  
A woman of kind heart,  
who is immortalised by a crest  
On the classical façade of the palace.

**False Note**

*Alexander Borodin*

She protested her love.  
I did not believe her:  
A false note sounded  
In her speech and heart;  
And she felt it...

**From my tears**

*Lev Mey (from Heine)*

From my tears grew many  
Fragrant and tender flowers.  
And my sighs became  
A midnight chorus of nightingales.

And if you will love me,  
My little one, these flowers are yours!  
And the nightingales will sing  
A sonorous song for you under your window.

**Song of the Dark Forest**

*Alexander Borodin*

The dark forest roared,  
The dark forest whistled,  
It sang a song;  
An old song,  
It told  
An old tale:  
There lived Freedom -  
Freedom the Free;  
There gathered Power -  
Power the Powerful.  
Freedom walked  
Freely,  
Power walked  
Everywhere,  
Freedom judged,  
Power  
Conquered cities,  
And made fun of  
Enemies,  
Drank the blood of foes  
Until full.  
Freedom the Free;  
Power the Powerful.