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

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 monastï' vash surovï'y.'

Veter lokon sputal, i gorit yevo vzglyad,
Tschetno strazha krichit: 'Loreleya, nazad! Nazad!'

'Na izluchinu Reyna lad'ya vipi'vlyat,
V ney sidit moy lyubimiy, on menya prizivlyat.

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

Uvidav otrazil'no'vgladi potoka
Svoi reynskie ochi, svoj solnechny lokon.

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

Tri lili, tri lili... Lili tri na mogile moye bez kresta,
Tri lili, ch'yu pozolotu kholodniye vetri sduvayut,

I chyornoye nebo, prolivshis' dozhdyom, ikh poroy omivyayet,
I slovno u skipetrov groznikh, tozhhestvennaya ikh krasota.

Rastyot iz rani odna, i kak tol'ko zakat zapilyayet,
Okravavelnyy kazhetsya skorbnaya liliya.

Tri lili, tri lili... Lili tri na mogile moye bez kresta,
Tri lili, ch'yu pozolotu kholodniye vetri sduvayut,

Drugaya iz serdsa rastyot moyego, chto tak sil'no stradayet,
Oni na mogile moye odinoko rastut, i pusta

Tri lili, ch'yu pozolotu kholodniye vetri sduvayut,
Okravavelnyy kazhetsya skorbnaya liliya.

Oni na mogile moye odinoko rastut, i pusta
Vokrug nikh zemlya, i kak zhizn' moya, proklyata ikh krasota.

On Watch
Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov

I vot poetomu khochu ya stat' krasivoy.
Pust' yarkim fakelom grud'u menya gorit,
Pust' opalit moy vzglyad zasnezhenniye nivo,
Pust' poyasom mogil moy budet stan obvit.

Iz-za ukritiya sledit vse dni podryad
Za Slavoy, chto v'stay v vina.

V krovosmashenii i v smerti, i v smerti,
Pust' poyasom mogil moy budet stan obvit.

It's here, and I laugh and laugh
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,
alone, all alone, and, I believe, as damned as I am.
Three tall lilies, three tall lilies on my grave with no cross.

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, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Madam, posmotritle!
Guillaume Apollinaire / Mikhail Kudinov

Madam, posmotritle!
Poteryali vi chto-to...
- Akh! Pustyak! Eto serdtsye moyo,
Skoreye yego podbente.
Zakhocho—otlam. Zakhocho—
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.
Nad lyubov'yu, chto skoshena smert'yu.

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

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

Proshchay, vesyol'yi khorovod,
Proshchay, devichyi smekh.
Zdes' nado mnogo mogil'n'yi svod,
Zdes' umer ya diya vsekh.

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

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

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

[8] Réponse des Cosaques Zaporogues au Sultan de Constantinople / Otvet 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 vskormlennyi s detstva,
Znay: svoy shabash tï spravish' bez nas.

Rak protukhshiy, Salonik otbrosi,
Skverniiy son, chto ne'zya raskazat',
Okrivevshiy, gniloi i beznosiy,
Ti rodilsya, kogda tvoya mat'
Izvivalas' v korchakh ponosa.

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

[9] O Del'vig, Del'vig!
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?

O Del'vig, Del'vig! About the love affairs cut down by the scythe of death.
Dmitry Shostakovich, Symphony No. 14, Op. 135
www.naxos.com/catalogue/item.asp?item_code=8.573132

[22x753]www.naxos.com/catalogue/item.asp?item_code=8.573132
[526x24]Page 4 of 4
[22x725]V ruke surovoy Yuvenala
Zlodeyam groznïy bich svistit
I krasku gonit s ikh lanit,
I vlast' tiranov zadrozhala.

O Del'vig, Del'vig! Chto gonen'ya?
Bessmertiye ravno udel
I sladostnogo pesnopen'ya.
Tak ne umryot i nash soyuz,
Svobodnïy, radostnïy i gordïy!
I v schast'i i v neschast'i tvyordïy,
Soyuz lyubimtsev vechnïkh muz!

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

Poet bil myortv. Litso yego, khran'ya
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 ravina
yego litsa i sostavlyali sut'.

Litso yego i bilo tem prostorom,
chto tyanetsya k nemu i tschchetno l'nyot,
a eta maska robkaya umryot,
na tlen'ye obrechyonnïy nezhnïy plod.

Rainer Maria Rilke / T. Silman

Vsevlastna smert'.
Ona na strazhe
I v schast'ya chas.
V mig vïsshey 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 –
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)