



onyx

elena  
kelessidi  
2 RUSSIAN  
ROMANCES  
malcolm martineau

tchaikovsky - glinka  
cui - rimsky-korsakov  
bargmulyzhsky - rachmaninov



Malcolm Martineau

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**Elena Kelessidi *soprano***  
**Malcolm Martineau *piano***

Total timing:

59.01

## A Russian Romance

Outside Russia, it sometimes comes as a surprise to learn that, in addition to the symphonies, the nineteenth-century song repertory covers an enormous range of musical and poetic styles, but one feature that immediately distinguishes the different traditions is the colour of words. Russian, with its rich clusters of consonants and dark, liquid vowels, has a unique fascination, and is also among the most rewarding and expressive languages for a singer. The almost universal practice among Russian composers of setting one note per syllable results in a particularly close union of words and music, with vocal lines intimately shaped by poetic stresses and phrasing.

Language alone makes the Russian art song – usually borrowing the French title ‘romance’ – quite distinct from the German *Lied* or the French *mélodie*. Although the early nineteenth century saw a wonderful flowering of poetry, painting and architecture in Russia, a truly national voice in music only began to emerge in the 1830s and 40s, largely in the operas of Mikhail Glinka. Although immersed since childhood in the sounds of Russian folk music, Glinka was first attracted by the French and Italian styles that prevailed in the cosmopolitan salons of St Petersburg. His early songs have a distinction and charm that mark out a great melodist and a great lover of the human voice. Three of the songs heard here are among his earliest compositions, dating from the late 1820s. *To a Lyre* was in fact originally a setting of Italian words. *Fire in my Veins* comes from 1838, when Glinka was exploring ways of composing in an essentially Russian idiom. This too was composed to a different poem, but Glinka later found to his delight that Pushkin’s lyric fitted his music exactly.

Alexander Pushkin’s verses were as influential in music as they were in poetry: for one thing, they encouraged anyone who set his words to be clear, concise and direct. Dargomyzhsky’s *Young Boy and Girl* is a model of brevity and tender wit, not a word or a note out of place. *I still love him* makes its effect through repetition of the opening phrase, suggesting an increasingly desperate style of declamation.

Rimsky-Korsakov is far better known for his operas and orchestral music than for his songs, of which he wrote around eighty, most of them quite late in his career, in the 1890s. *The Nightingale and the Rose*, however, is one of his earliest, dating from 1866, when he was still a cadet in the Imperial Russian navy. The bare fifths in the accompaniment and augmented intervals in the voice part are key elements in the vocabulary of the orientalism that attracted so many Russians at a time when

their empire was expanding south and east into the heart of Asia. It was a tradition that continued into the mid-twentieth century. Vladimir Vlasov, born in Moscow, spent the years 1936–42 in Soviet Kirghizstan, where he founded and directed the National Theatre there. *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai* was a product of Pushkin's travels in Southern Russia and the Crimea in the early 1820s, and was inspired by the ruined Tartar palace near Sebastopol. Vlasov composed his setting in 1937, the centenary of the poet's death.

César Cui, the son of a French officer who had been wounded in the 1812 invasion and remained in Russia, was more influential as a writer and critic than as a composer, and none of his large-scale works has survived in the repertory. An aesthete, a francophile and an accomplished miniaturist, his finest music is to be found among his many piano pieces and songs. *I touched a flower*, composed around 1890, shows a fastidious ear for the shades and stresses of the verse – a field in which he reproached Tchaikovsky for carelessness. Tchaikovsky was quick to defend himself. “The essential in vocal music,” he insisted, “is truthful reproduction of emotion and state of mind.” In both opera and song, purely musical values were supremely important. “I should not hesitate for an instant to sacrifice the literal to the artistic truth. These truths differ fundamentally, and I could not forget the second in pursuit of the first...” and again, comparing ‘real’ truth with ‘artistic’ truth, “The two are completely different... For people to confuse them when contrasting speech and song is simply dishonest.”

Many of Tchaikovsky's hundred-odd songs are elegant salon romances which would appeal to amateur performers. He rarely set first-rate poetry (there are very few Pushkin settings, for example), probably feeling that conventional verses left him more freedom for musical interpretation. He would often achieve heights of expression and challenges to his interpreters that make his songs an important and very personal part of his output. There are rare insights into various aspects of love (usually the unhappy ones), as well as folk-song stylisations, dramatic scenes, and often combinations of these, such as *Had I only known* and *The Bride's Lament*.

Rachmaninov's songs are as central to his artistic life as Tchaikovsky's, perhaps even more so, since circumstances frustrated many of his operatic ambitions, and song provided him with an essential medium for the blending of words and music. A major difference between the two composers' songs is the type of performer they were intended for. A few of Rachmaninov's earlier songs are within the reach of talented amateurs, but generally he demands the highest degree of technique and

interpretation from both performers. His piano parts can often be formidably difficult: he later arranged both *Lilacs* and *Daisies* for solo piano and played them in his own recitals.

*Oh, do not sing to me* is another of Pushkin's Southern lyrics. It was set by several Russian composers, including Glinka and Rimsky-Korsakov. Rachmaninov composed his setting in 1893, shortly after his one-act opera *Aleko* had been performed at the Bolshoy Theatre and brought him to wide public attention. *In my garden at night* and *Daisies* come from his last group of songs, first performed in 1916 in Moscow by the composer and his favourite soprano Nina Koshets. Both songs express an absorption in nature, with rich accompaniments supporting an almost expressionist vocal line, mysterious shadows creating moods of strangeness and uncertainty. Within a year Russia would be convulsed by revolution, and there would be no further place for a language of such sensitivity.

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**Elena Kelessidi** was born in Chimkent, Kazakhstan, of Greek parentage. She completed her musical studies at Alma Ata where she made her professional debut as Leila in *Les Pêcheurs de perles*. In 1992 she moved to Athens and made her debut with the National Opera of Greece as Konstanze (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*) in 1993, followed by Pamina (*Die Zauberflöte*) and Gilda (*Rigoletto*). In 1995 she played Donna Anna in a new production of *Don Giovanni* at the Megaron Hall, directed by Ruggero Raimondi.

Elena sprang to international attention in 1996 when she made her acclaimed debut at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, as Violetta in *La Traviata*. Since then she has made the role her own with performances at the Bavarian State Opera, Hamburg State Opera, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Opéra de Monte-Carlo, Zürich Opera and Festspielhaus Baden-Baden, the latter conducted by Plácido Domingo. Also in 1998, she made her Vienna debut as Desdemona in a new production of Rossini's *Otello* at the Theater an der Wien, conducted by Yehudi Menuhin.

Her many subsequent Royal Opera House roles have included Cleopatra in *Giulio Cesare*, the Queen of Shechem in *The Golden Cockerel*, Giulietta in *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*, Amina in *La Sonnambula*, Liù in *Turandot*, Antonia in *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, Mimi in *La Bohème* and Marguerite in *Faust*.

Her other roles include *Gilda* in *Rigoletto* (Toulouse), *Susanna* in *Le nozze di Figaro* (Dallas Opera) while her portrayal of Mimi has been acclaimed in London, at the Paris Opera, Vienna State Opera, with the Canadian Opera Company and in her debut with both the Metropolitan Opera New York and the Staatsoper Berlin.

One of the highlights of Elena's career was her role debut as Liù in a new production of *Turandot* in Amsterdam, with a new finale composed by Luciano Berio and conducted by Riccardo Chailly. She has since sung the role worldwide in venues ranging from Baltimore, Covent Garden and Japan.

**Malcolm Martineau** was born in Edinburgh, read Music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge and studied at the Royal College of Music. He has presented his own series at St John's, Smith Square (the complete songs of Debussy and Poulenc), the Wigmore Hall (a Britten series broadcast by the BBC) and at the Edinburgh Festival (the complete Lieder of Hugo Wolf).

Recognised as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world's greatest singers, including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Barbara Bonney, Ian Bostridge, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Magdalena Kožená, Solveig Kringelborn, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Lisa Milne, Ann Murray, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roocroft, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade and Bryn Terfel. He accompanied at masterclasses at the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh for Dame Joan Sutherland, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Suzanne Danco and Ileana Cotrubas. His many recordings include Schubert, Schumann and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel, Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside, recitals with Angela Gheorghiu, Barbara Bonney, Magdalena Kožená and Susan Graham, the complete Beethoven Folk Songs and the complete Britten Folk Songs.



## PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893)

### 1 Kolybel'naja pesnja

Spi, ditja mojo, spi, usnil spi, usnil!  
Sladkij son k sebe mani:  
V njan'ki ja tebe vzjala  
Veter, solnce i orla.

Uletel orjol domoj:  
Solnce skrylos' pod vodoj:  
Veter, posle trekh nochej,  
Mchitsja k materi svojej.

Sprashivala vetra mat':  
"Gde izvolil propadat?  
Ali zvezdy vojeval?  
Ali volny vsjo gonjal?"

"Ne gonjal ja voln morskikh,  
Zvezd ne trogal zolotykh;  
Ja ditja oberegal,  
Kolybelochku kachal!"

Spi, ditja mojo, spi, usnil spi, usnil!  
Sladkij son k sebe mani:  
V njan'ki ja tebe vzjala  
Veter, solnce i orla.

*Apollon Nikolayevich Maykov (1821–1897)*

### Lullaby

Sleep, my baby, hushaby! sleep, hushaby!  
Welcome sweet sleep:  
Nannies three watch over you —  
Wind, sun, and eagle.

The eagle flew home;  
The sun hid over the water;  
The wind, after three nights,  
Comes racing to his mother.

His mother asked the wind:  
"Where have you been hiding all this time?  
Were you playing battle with the stars?  
Or just pushing waves around?"

"I wasn't pushing any sea waves around,  
I didn't touch the golden stars;  
I was keeping a baby safe from harm,  
I was rocking a little cradle!"

Sleep, my baby, hushaby! sleep, hushaby!  
Welcome sweet sleep:  
Nannies three watch over you —  
Wind, sun, and eagle.

## 2 Kaby znala ja

Kaby znala ja, kaby vedala,  
Ne smogrela by iz okoshechka  
Ja na molodca razudalogo  
Kak on jekhal po nashey elice,  
Nabekren' zalomivshi murmolku,  
Kak likhogo konja bulanogo,  
Zvonko nogogo, dolgo grivogo,  
Suprotiv okon na dyby uzdyamall

Kaby znala ja, kaby vedala,  
Dlja nego by ja ne rjadilasj,  
S zolotoj kajmoj lentu aluju  
V kosu dlinnuju ne v pletala by,  
Rano do svetu ne vstavala by,  
Zo okolicu ne speshila by,  
V rose nozhen'ki ne mochila by,  
Na prosjolok tot ne gljadela by  
Be projedet li tem prosjolkom on,  
Na ruke derzha pjostra sokola.

Kaby znala ja, kaby vedala!

Kaby znala ja, kaby vedala,  
Ne sidela by pozdnim vecherom,  
Prigorju nivshis' na zavaline  
Na zavaline, bliz kolodezja,  
Podzhidajuchi, da gadajuchi...  
Ne pridjot li on- nenagljadnyi mo?  
Napojit' konja studenoj vodoj?

Kaby znala ja, kaby vedala!

*Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817–1875)*

## Had I only known

If I'd known, if I'd realized,  
I'd not have looked out the window  
At the dashing young man,  
Riding down our street,  
His fur cap at a jaunty angle,  
On his swift dun horse,  
Hoofs ringing loud, long-maned,  
Rearing up outside my windows!

If I'd known, if I'd realized,  
I wouldn't have dressed up for him,  
Wouldn't have plaited in my long braid  
A scarlet ribbon with a gold border,  
Wouldn't have risen early before light,  
Wouldn't have hurried to the edge of town,  
Got my feet wet in the dew,  
Watching the road,  
Will he come this way,  
A speckled falcon riding on his arm?

If I'd known, if I'd realized!

If I'd known, if I'd realized,  
I'd not be sitting up late in the evening,  
Grieving on the knoll by the house,  
On the knoll, near the well,  
Watching and waiting and wondering,  
Will he come, my handsome one,  
To water his horse at the cold well!

If I'd known, if I'd realized!

### 3 Zabyt' tak skoro

Zabyt' tak skoro, bozhe moj,  
Vsjo schast'je zhizni prozhitoj!  
Vse nashi vstrechi, razgovory,  
Zabyt' tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro!

Zabyt' volnen'ja pervykh dnei,  
Svidan'ja chas v teni vetvej!  
Ochej nemye razgovory,  
Zabyt' tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro!

Zabyt', kak polnaja luna  
Na nas gliadela iz okna,  
Kak kolykhalas' tikho shtora...  
Zabyt' tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro, tak skoro!

Zabyt' ljubov', zabyt' mechty,  
Zabyt' te kijatvy pomnish' ty, pomnish' ty?  
V nochnuju pasmurnuju poru, v nochnuju pasmurnuju poru,  
Zabyt' tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro!  
Bozhe moj!  
*Aleksei Nikolayevich Apukhtin (1840–1893)*

### 4 Sret' shumnavu bala

Sret' shumnavu bala, sluchajna,  
F trevoge mirskoj sujety,  
Tebja ja uvidel, no tajna  
Tvaji pakryvala cherty.

Lish ochi pechal'na gliadeli,  
A golas tak divna zvuchal,  
Kak zvon addaljonnoj svireli,  
Kak morja igrajuushchij val.

### So soon forgotten

To forget so soon, dear God,  
all the happiness of our past life!  
All our encounters, the conversations!  
To forget so soon, forget so soon!

To forget the excitement of the first days,  
of our rendezvous under shady branches!  
The wordless exchange of our glances.  
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!

To forget how the full moon  
gazed at us through the window,  
the quiet rustling of the curtain,  
To forget so soon, forget so soon, so soon!

To forget love, forget the dreams,  
forget your vows – remember – do you remember?  
In the darkest hours of night, in the darkest hours of night!  
To forget so soon, forget so soon!  
Dear God!

### At the Ball

Amid the din of the ball, by chance,  
In all of vain society's alarms,  
I caught sight of you, but a mystery  
Hid your features from me.

Your eyes were gazing sadly,  
But your voice had a wonderful sound,  
Like notes played on a distant flute,  
Like waves swelling playfully in the sea.

Mne stan tvoj panravilsa tonkij  
I ves' tvoj zadumchivij vit,  
A smekh tvoj, i grusnyj i zvonkij,  
S tekh por v majom serttse zvuchit.

F chasy adinokije nochi  
Ljublju ja, ustalyj, prilech,  
Ja vizhu pechal'nye ochi,  
Ja slyshu vesjoliju rech.

I grusna ja, grusna tak zasypaju  
I v grjozakh nevedamykh splju...  
Ljublju li tebjja, ja ne znaju,  
No kazhetsa mne, shto ljublju!  
*Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817–1875)*

#### 5 **Ja li f pole da ne travushka byla**

Ja li f pole da ne travushka byla,  
Ja li f pole ne zeljonaja rasla,  
Vzjali menja, travushku, skasili,  
Na solnnyshke f pole issushili.

Okh, ty, gore majo gorjushka!  
Znat', znat' takaja maja doljushka!

Ja li f pole ne kalinushka byla,  
Ja li f pole da ne krasnaja rasla;  
Vzjali kalinushku, slamali,  
Da v zhgutiki menja pasvjazali!

Okh, ty, gore majo gorjushka!  
Znat', znat' takaja maja doljushka!

I liked your slim figure  
And your pensive look;  
Your laughter, sad and musical,  
Rings in my heart ever since.

At night in solitary hours,  
Tired, I like to lie back,  
I see your sad eyes,  
I hear your gay speech.

And, melancholy, I fall asleep  
And dream mysterious dreams...  
I don't know if this means I love you,  
But it seems to me I'm in love!

#### **The Bride's Lament**

Wasn't I a blade of grass in the field,  
Wasn't I growing green in the field?  
I was taken, blade of grass, and cut down,  
Left in the field to dry in the sun.

Oh, you, woe, heavy woe of mine!  
So that's what fate had in store for me!

Wasn't I a bush of guelder rose,  
With berries red, growing in the field?  
The bush was taken, cut down,  
And tied up into a bundle of twigs!

Oh, you, woe, heavy woe of mine!  
So that's what fate had in store for me!

Ja l' u batjushki ne dochen'ka byla,  
U radimaj ne tsvetochek ja rasla;  
Nevolej menja, bednuju, vzjali,  
Da s nemilym, s sedym pavenchali,  
S nemilym, da s sedym pavenchalil!

Okh, ty, gore majo gorjushkal  
Znat', znat' takaja maja doljushkal  
*Ivan Zakharovich Surikov (1841–1880)*

### MIKHAIL GLINKA (1804–1857)

#### 6 V krovì gorit ogon' zhelan'ja

V krovì gorit ogon' zhelan'ja,  
Dusha toboj ujavzlèna;  
Lobzaj menja, tvoji ljubzan'ja  
Mne slashche mirra i vina.

Sklonis' ko mne glavoju neznoju  
I da pochiju bezmjàtezhnyj,  
Poka dokhnjot vesjolj den'  
I dvignetsja nochnaja ten'.  
*Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin (1799–1837)*

#### 7 K citre

'Ekho mojikh rydanij,  
citra, zachem zvuchish' ty vnov'  
Akh, vyrazit' serdca stradanij  
ne v silakh sama ljubov'!

Struny naprasno zazvuchali,  
net, ne peredat' strunam zvenjashchim  
moj vzdokh i ston pechali,  
zvukam ikh drozhashchim.

Wasn't I my father's little daughter,  
Wasn't I my mother's little flower?  
By force they took me, poor girl,  
And married me to a graybeard I don't love,  
To a graybeard I don't love they married me!

Oh, you, woe, heavy woe of mine!  
So that's what fate had in store for me!

#### Fire in my Veins

My blood boils with desire,  
My soul was stung by you;  
Kiss me – your kisses  
Are sweeter to me than mirth and wine.

Put your lovely head on my shoulder,  
And I will dream peacefully,  
Until the happy new day will come,  
And the night's darkness will move away.

#### To a Lyre

The echo of my sobs  
Why, oh zither, do you repeat again?  
Ah, the heart's sorrows  
Even love itself cannot express!

The strings ring out in vain,  
They cannot reflect  
My sighs and sorrows  
With their ringing sounds.

V otvet na stony muki  
zvuchit struna, rydaja.  
O chjom te plachut zvuki, –  
ja ne o tom vzdychajul!

Ta, komu ot dal ja vse mechtan'ja,  
akh! mne jejo ne vidat' uzh vnov',  
i vyrazit' serdca stradan'ja  
ne v silakh sama ljubov'!

*Unknown author*

#### 8 **Ne iskushaj menja bez nuzhdy**

Ne iskushaj menja bez nuzhdy  
Vozvratom nezhnosti tvojej  
Razocharovannomu chuzhdy  
Vse obol'shchen'ja prezhnikh dnei  
Uzh ja ne verju uveren'jam  
Uzh ja ne veruju v ljubov'  
I ne mogu predat'sja vnov'  
Raz izmenivshim snoviden'jam

Nemoj toski mojej ne mnozh  
Ne zavodi o prezhnem slovo  
I drug zabotlivyj! Bol'nogo  
V jeho dremote ne trevozhi'  
Ja splju, mne sladko usyplen'je,  
Zabud' byvalyje mechty!  
V dushe mojej odno volnen'je  
A ne ljubov' probudish' ty.

*Yevgeny Abramovich Baratynsky (1800–1844)*

As an answer to my suffering  
The strings are crying.  
But the cause of their cries  
Is not the cause of my sorrow!

The one to whom I gave all my dreams –  
Ah, I will not see her again  
And the heart's sorrows  
Even love itself cannot express!

#### **Do not tempt me**

Do not tempt me needlessly:  
Affection lost cannot return.  
How foreign to the broken-hearted  
Are all the charms of bygone days!  
I can no longer trust your promise;  
I have no longer faith in love;  
And cannot suffer once again  
To be deceived by phantom visions.

Do not augment my anguish mute;  
Say not a word of former gladness.  
And, kindly friend, o do not trouble  
A convalescent's dreaming rest.  
I sleep: how sweet to me oblivion:  
Forgotten all my youthful dreams!  
Within my soul is nothing but turmoil,  
And love shall wake no more for thee.

9 **Skazhi, zachem**

Skazhi, zachem javilas' ty  
ocham mojim, mladaja Lila,  
i vnov' znakomyje mechty  
dusha zasnushej probudila,  
skazhi, zachem? Skazhi, zachem?

Nad strastiju mojej shutja,  
zachem s uma menja ty svodish',  
kogda zh ljubujus' na tebjia,  
ty vzor s kholodnost'ju otvodish',  
skazhi, zachem? Skazhi, zachem?

Skazhi, zachem? Net, pogodi!  
Khochu prodlit' ja zabluzhden'je;  
udar zhestokij otvrati:  
udvojish' ty mojo muchen'je,  
skazav, zachem, skazav, zachem.  
*S. Golitsyn, after Adam Mickiewicz (1798–1855)*

**NIKOLAI RIMSKY-KORSAKOV 1844–1908**

10 **Plenivshis' rozoj, solovej**

Plenivshis' rózoj,  
Solověj il den'  
I noč pojót nad nej.  
No rósa móлча pésňjam vnémét.  
Na lire tak pevéc inój  
Pojót dlja dévy molodój,  
A déva mlája ne znáet  
Komú pojót i otcegó  
Pečal'nye pésni talk egó.  
*Aleksey Vasil'yevich Kol'tsov (1808–1842)*

**Tell me why**

Tell me, why did you appear  
Before my eyes, young Lila,  
And awoke familiar dreams  
In my slumbering soul,  
Tell me, why? Tell me, why?

You are laughing at my passion,  
And you make me lose my mind  
When I look at you,  
And you avert your cold gaze.  
Tell me, why? Tell me, why?

I want to prolong my delusion;  
Avert the harsh blow:  
You will increase my suffering  
By asking me why, asking me why.

**The Nightingale and the Rose**

Captivated by the rose,  
The nightingale day  
And night sings to her,  
But the rose silently listens to his songs,  
With his lyre another  
Poet sings for a young maiden,  
But the dear maid does not  
Know to whom he sings  
And why his songs are so sad.

11 **O chjom v tishi nochej**

O chjom v tishi nochej  
Tajinstevenno mechtaju,  
O chjom pri svete dnja  
Vsechasno pomyslajaju,  
To budet tajnoj vsem.

I dazhe ty, moj stikh,  
Ty, drug moj vetrenyj,  
Uslada dnei mojih,  
Tebe ne peredam  
Dushi mojej mechtan'ja.

A to rasskazhesh' ty  
Chej glas v nochnom molchan'je  
Mne slyshitsja...  
Chej lik ja v sjudu makhozu,  
Ch'ji ochi svetjat mne,  
Ch'jo imja ja tverzhu.  
*Apollon Nikolayevich Maikov (1821–1897)*

12 **Ne veter veja s vysoty**

Ne veter, veja s vysoty,  
Listov kosnulsja noch'ju lunnoj.  
Mojej dushi kosnulas' ty.  
Ona trevozna, kak listy,  
Ona, kak gusli, mnogostrunna.

Zhitejskij vikhr' jejo terzal  
I sokrushitel'nym nabegom,  
Svistja i voja, struny rval  
I zanosil kholodnym snegom.

**In the Quiet Night**

What I secretly dream of  
In the silence of the night,  
What in the light of day  
I hourly contemplate,  
Will be a mystery to everyone.

And even to you, my verse,  
You, my unstable friend,  
Delight of my days,  
Even to you I shall not pass  
On the meditation of my heart.

I do this because you might tell someone  
Whose voice it is that speaks to me  
In the night's silence...  
Whose face I find everywhere,  
Whose eyes shed light on me,  
Whose name I repeat over and over.

**The Wind**

It was not the wind, blowing from the heights,  
That touched the leaves on a moonlit night.  
You touched my soul.  
It is trembling like the leaves,  
It is multi-voiced like a psaltery.

My soul was tormented by the storms of everyday life  
That with a destructive rush,  
Roaring and blowing, tore the strings  
And buried everything under the cold snow.



Tvoja zhe rech' laskajet slukh,  
Tvojo legko prikosnoven'je,  
Kak ot cvetov letjashchij pukh,  
Kak majskoj nochi dunoven'je.  
*Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817-1875)*

### **ČESAR CUI (1835–1918)**

#### **13 Kosnulas' ja cvetka**

Kosnulas' ja cvetka gorjachimi ustami;  
I lepestki rassypalis', lezhat.  
Ja stebel' lish' derzhu,  
A zhizn' i aromat  
Vernjosh' li ty bessil'nymi slezami?  
Ty ne ljubil menjal  
Bezchalostno, surovo, razvejal tvoj obman  
Bezdechnyje mechty, kak lepestki cvetka.  
Ikh vozvratish' li ty?  
I serdcu mojemu vernjosh' li schast'je snova?  
*Vasily Vasil'yevich Nemirovich-Danchenko (1844–1927)*

### **ALEXANDER DARGOMYZHSKY (1813–1869)**

#### **14 Junoshu, gor'ko rydaja**

Junoshu, gor'ko rydaja,  
Revniavaja deva branila.  
K nej na plecho preklonjon,  
Junosha vdruk zadremal.

Deva totchas umolkla,  
Son jeho ljogkij leleja,  
I ulybalas' jemu,  
Tikhije sljozy lija.  
*Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin (1799-1837)*

Your voice caresses my ears,  
Your touch is gentle,  
Like the petals of flowers,  
Like the breeze of a May night.

#### **I touched a flower**

I touched a flower with passionate lips;  
and the fallen petals lie around.  
I keep only the stem;  
but the life and fragrance  
will you restore with feeble tears?  
You did not love me!  
Unpitifully, harshly, your deception shattered  
my heart's dreams, like the petals of the flower.  
Will you restore them?  
And will you return happiness to my heart again?

#### **Young Boy and Girl**

A jealous maiden, weeping bitterly,  
Chided a young man.  
Leaning on her shoulder,  
The youth suddenly fell asleep.

The maiden immediately fell silent,  
Nurturing his light sleeping.  
And smiled at him,  
Through her silent tears.

15 **Ja vsjo jeshchjo jego ljublju**

Ja vsjo jeshchjo jego, bezumnaja, ljubljul!  
Pri imeni jego dusha moja trepeshchet;  
toska po-prezhnemu szhimajet grud' moju,  
i vzor gorjacheju sljozoi nevol'no bleshchet:  
bezumnaja, ja vsjo jeshchjo jego ljubljul!

Ja vsjo jeshchjo jego, bezumnaja, ljubljul!  
Otrada tikhaja mne v dushu pronikajet,  
i radost' jasnaja na serdce nizletajet,  
kogda ja za nego sozdatelja moljul  
bezumnaja, ja vsjo jeshchjo jego ljubljul!  
*Yulya Valeryanovna Zhadovskaya (1824–1883)*

**VLADIMIR VLASOV (1902–1986)**

16 **Bakhchisaraysky fontan**

Fontan ljubvi, fontan zhivoj!  
Prinjos ja v dar tebe dve rozy.  
Ljublju nemolchnyj govor tvoj  
I po'eticheskije sljozy.

Tvoja serebrjanaja pyl'  
Menja kropit rosoju khladnoj;  
Akh, lejsja, lejsja, kljuch otradnoj!  
Zhurchi, zhurchi svoju mne byl'...

Fontan ljubvi, fontan pechal'nyj!  
I ja tvoej mramor voproschal;  
Khvalu strane prochel ja dal'noj;  
No o Marii ty molchal...

**I still love him**

I still love him – madly!  
At the mention of his name my soul trembles;  
as before, anguish presses my breast,  
and his sultry look brings glistening tears to my eyes.  
I am mad to love him still!

I still love him – madly!  
A quiet delight fills my soul,  
and bright joy overwhelms my heart,  
when I pray to the Creator for him!  
I am mad to love him still!

**The Fountain of Bakhchisarai**

Fountain of love, fount of life,  
I brought to thee two roses, as a present.  
I like thy ceaseless murmur,  
And lyric tears, still and pleasant.

Thy silver dust, hanging in the air,  
Drops onto me like dew of morning.  
Oh, flow, flow, dear flowing  
Sing, sing to me thy saga fair.

Fountain of love, fount of sadness  
from thy stone lips long tales I heard  
of far-off parts, of woe and gladness  
But of Mary, never a word.

Fontan ljubvi, fontan zhivoi!  
Prinjos ja v dar tebe dve rozy.  
Ljublju nemolchnyj govor tvoij  
I po' eticheskije sljozy.

Tvoja serebrjanaja pyl'  
Menja kropit rosoju khladnoj:  
Akh, lejsja, lejsja, kljuch otradnyj!  
Zhurchi, zhurchi svoju mne byl'...  
*Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin (1799-1837)*

### **SERGEI RACHMANINOV (1873–1943)**

#### **17 Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne**

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne  
Ty pesen Gruziji pechal'noj...  
Napominajut mne  
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

Uvy, napominajut mne  
Tvoji zhestokije napevy,  
I step', i noch', i pri lune  
Cherty dalekoj, bednoj devy!

Ja prizrak milyj, rokovoj  
Tebja evidem, zabyvaju...  
No ty pojosh', i predomnoj  
Jego ja vnov' voobrazhaju.  
*Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin (1799-1837)*

Fountain of love, fount of life,  
I brought to thee two roses, as a present.  
I like thy ceaseless murmur,  
And lyric tears, still and pleasant.

Thy silver dust, hanging in the air,  
Drops onto me like dew of morning,  
Oh, flow, flow, dear flowing  
Sing, sing to me thy saga fair.

#### **Oh, do not sing to me**

Do not sing, my beauty, to me  
Your sad songs of Georgia...  
They remind me  
Of that other life and distant shores.

Alas, your cruel melodies  
They remind me,  
Of the steppe, the night, and the moonlight  
Shining on a poor, distant maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition  
I forget when you appear...  
But when you sing, before me  
I picture that image anew.

18 **Siren'**

Po utru, na zare, po rosistoj trave,  
 Ja pojdu svezhim utron dyshat'  
 I v dushistuju ten', gde tesnitsja siren',  
 Ja pojdu svoje schast'je iskat'...  
 V zhizni schast'je odno  
 Mne najti suzhdeno,  
 I to schast'je v sireni zhivjot  
 Na zeljonykh vetvjakh,  
 Na dushistykh kistjakh...  
 Mojo bednoje schast'je cvetjot.  
*Ekaterina Beketova (1855–1892)*

19 **Poljubila ja na pechal' svoju**

Poljubila ja na pechal' svoju  
 Sirotinushku bestalannago.  
 Uzh takaja mne dolja vypala.  
 Razluchili nas ljudi sil'nye...  
 Uvezli jeho, sfali v rekruty...  
 I soldatkoj ja, odinokoj ja.  
 Znat' v chuzhoj izbe i sostarejus'.  
 Uzh takaja mne dolja vypala.  
 A! A!  
*Aleksey Pleshcheyev (1825-1893), after Taras Shevchenko (1814-1861)*

20 **Noch'ju v sadu u menja**

Noch'ju v sadu u menja  
 Plachet plakuchaja iva,  
 I bezuteshna ona lvushka,  
 Grustnaja iva.

**Lilacs**

At dawn, at daybreak, over the dewy grass,  
 I will go to breathe the crisp dawn  
 And in the fragrant shade of the lilac trees,  
 I will go to seek my happiness.  
 In life, only one happiness  
 Has been granted me by Fate  
 And that happiness lives in the lilacs  
 In the green branches,  
 In the fragrant bunches...  
 There my poor happiness blossoms.

**The Soldier's Wife**

To my sorrow I have grown to love  
 My wretched little orphan.  
 That is the fate which has befallen me.  
 Cruel hands have separated us...  
 They took him away to be a recruit...  
 A soldier's wife, a lonely soul.  
 It seems I shall grow old in a stranger's home.  
 That is the fate which has befallen me.  
 Ah! Ah!

**In my garden at night**

In my garden at night  
 A weeping willow weeps,  
 And she is inconsolable, the willow,  
 Oh willow, sorrowful willow.

Ranneje utro blesnet,  
Nezhnaja devushka Zor'ka  
Ivushke, plachushchej gor'ko,  
Sljozy kudrjami sotret.  
*Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Blok (1880–1921),  
after Avetik Isaakian (1875–1957)*

21 **Margaritki**

O, posmotri kak mnogo  
Margaritok i tam, i tut.  
Oni cvetut,  
Ikh mnogo,  
Ikh izbytok.  
Oni cvetut.  
Ikh lepestki trekhgrannyje,  
Kak kryl'ja,  
Kak berlyj shelk.  
V nikh leta moschch!  
V nikh radost' izobil'ja!  
V nikh sletlyj polk!  
Gotov', zemlja, cvetam iz ros napitok  
Daj sok steblju...  
O, devushki,  
O, zvezdy margaritok,  
Ja vas ljublu!  
*Igor Severyanin (1887–1941)*

22 **Ja zhdu tebj**

Ja zhdu tebj! Zakat ugas,  
I nochi tjomnyje pokrovy  
Spustit'sja na zemlju gotovy  
I sprjatat' nas.

The young morning will flash,  
A tender girl named Dawn  
Who will wipe away with her curls  
The bitter tears of the weeping willow.

**Daisies**

Oh, look! See how many daisies  
Are here and there.  
They blossom,  
They are many,  
They are plentiful.  
They blossom.  
Their triangular petals  
Are like wings,  
Like white silk.  
They display the summer's power!  
They display the joy of abundance!  
They display the bright regiment!  
Make a drink of dew, Earth, for the flowers  
Give sap to a stem...  
Oh, girls,  
Oh, dairy starlets,  
I love you!

**I wait for you!**

I wait for you! The sun has set  
night's dark covers  
are ready to descend  
and hide us.

Ja zhdu tebjal Dushistoj mgloj  
Noch' napojila mir usnuvsij,  
I razluchilsja den' minuvshij  
Na vek s zemlej.

Ja zhdu tebjal Terzajas' i ljubja,  
Schitaju kazhdya mgnoven'ja,  
Polna toski i neterpen'ja.  
Ja zhdu tebjal!  
*Mariya Davidova*

I wait for you! With a fragrant mist,  
night suffused the sleeping world  
and the past day has bid  
farewell to earth.

I wait for you! Tormented and in love,  
I am counting each moment.  
Full of anguish and impatience  
I wait for you!

Executive Producer for Onyx: Paul Moseley

Produced and engineered by: Simon Kiln

Recording Location: Champs Hill, Pulborough, England

Recording Date: 20 & 21 July, 5 & 6 October 2007

Cover Photograph: Sasha Gusov

Design: WLP Ltd

Transcriptions and translations, tracks 1, 2, 4, 5: © Richard D Sylvester

Translations of tracks 6, 7, 9, 12: with many thanks to Anastasia Belina

With many thanks to David and Mary Bowerman for their support

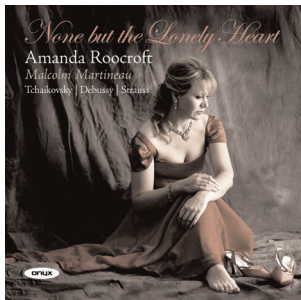
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