



MUSORGSKY

Songs and Romances

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58'16

Katherine Broderick *soprano*

Sergey Rybin *piano*

Katherine Broderick studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, where she won the Gold Medal, and at the National Opera Studio. She was the winner of the 2007 Kathleen Ferrier Award. In recital she collaborates with pianists including Malcolm Martineau, Graham Johnson, Julius Drake, Simon Lepper, Eugene Asti, Sergey Rybin, Joseph Middleton and James Baillieu at venues including Wigmore Hall and St. John's Smith Square as well as for BBC Radio 3 and the Oxford Lieder Festival, and she appears frequently with The Myrthen Ensemble. Opera roles include Brunnhilde (*Siegfried*), Ortlinde, Helmwige and Woglinde (*Die Walküre*), Donna Anna, Tatyana, Giorgetta (*Il Tabarro*), Gräfin (*Capriccio*), Marschallin, Countess (*Marriage of Figaro*), Lady Billows, Miss Jessel, Mrs Coyle, Alceste and Ariadne, with companies including English National Opera, Welsh National Opera, Opera North, Opéra National de Lorraine, Leipzig Opera and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. She sings in concert with LSO, Philharmonia, Hallé, BBC Orchestras, Ulster and Bournemouth Symphony Orchestras and abroad with the Salzburg Mozarteum, Singapore and Queensland Symphony Orchestras and Hong Kong Philharmonic, in repertoire including Mahler Symphonies 2, 4 and 8, Mendelssohn *Elijah* and *Lobgesang*, Britten *Spring Symphony* and *War Requiem*, Berlioz *Les Nuits d'Été*, Strauss *Vier letzte Lieder* and *Verdi Requiem*.

Sergey Rybin was born in the city of Tomsk in Siberia, Russia. He began playing the piano aged seven, studying at the specialised music school for gifted children, attached to the Conservatory of Novosibirsk. Subsequently, he studied at the Moscow State University of Culture and Arts where, having gained a Ph.D., he became Professor of Piano and taught for four years. Since completing his studies at the Royal Academy of Music in London under the tutelage of Malcolm Martineau, Sergey has worked extensively for City of Birmingham Opera, English Touring Opera, Garsington Opera, Opera Holland Park and Grange Park Opera. As a recitalist he performed at the Leeds Lieder Festival, Hampstead and Highgate Festival, Beaminster Festival and in other prominent venues in the UK alongside Joan Rodgers, Justina Gringyte, Katherine Broderick, Nelly Miricioiu, Sergey Leiferkus and others. In 2015 Sergey was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music, London and joined the coaching staff of the Jette Parker Young Artists Programme at the Royal Opera House. Future engagements include *Eugene Onegin* for Grange Park Opera and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and *Pelléas et Mélisande* for English Touring Opera.

MUSORGSKY Songs and Romances

Musorgsky's music, I with all my heart send to the devil; it is the most vulgar and despicable parody of music.

Amongst the vast chorus of negative judgements upon Musorgsky's creations by his colleagues this one stands out because of its celebrated source: Tchaikovsky, in his reaction to the first performances of *Boris Godunov*. This "musical mud and ugliness à la Musorgsky" (from the same distinguished source) would come to be recognized as one of the most influential works in Russian music. Nevertheless, many of Musorgsky's contemporaries could hardly tolerate the chaotic, dionisiac nature of his works. The dishevelment and bumpiness of his music, by general consensus, were signs of "poor technique"; a disregard to the rules of classical harmony, tonal plan and musical form and offensive to good taste. Shortly after Musorgsky's death, Rimsky-Korsakov, as a tribute to his close friend and one-time flatmate, studied Musorgsky's rather disorderly and fragmented manuscripts (containing multiple versions of the same work, sketches and unfinished compositions), tying up the loose ends and at times drastically re-working Musorgsky's creations, in order to publish everything possible and give all his music a chance to be performed. Driven by this desire for Musorgsky's works to be heard (this was the true motivation for his re-working of *Boris Godunov* and orchestrating *Khovanschina*), but fully aware of the effect of his transformative editorial work, Rimsky-Korsakov sighted the possibility of one day returning it to a close-to-the-manuscript "archeologically punctual" (in his own words) state. A gigantic amount of reconstructive work was eventually performed by Pavel Lamm in 1928–39 that brought us closer towards understanding Musorgsky's original intentions and these publications have become the standard performing editions of his music.

Musorgsky's 42 year life span is strikingly short even by 19th century standards. His composing years cover an even shorter period, around 23, if we count from early 1858, when his first compositions appear, to March 16, 1881, when he died suffering from alcoholism and *delirium tremens*. Nevertheless, the significance and influence of his works are inversely proportionate to the shortness of his creative flourishing. In his relatively brief artistic outburst, Musorgsky in many ways peered into the future,

developing a language more appropriate for 20th century ears and made the first steps upon paths which have become major avenues of the musical landscape of modern times. His discoveries in the spheres of harmony and orchestration are widely acknowledged to have foreshadowed French impressionism (Debussy and Ravel in particular), Russian folk-based, theatrical and humorous elements nourished and inspired the national composers' school for the forthcoming century (namely Stravinsky, Rachmaninov, Prokofiev and Shostakovich), and in the opinion of some researchers, the deeply psychological exploration of character, as in *Boris Godunov*, echoed later in such seemingly remote works as Berg's *Wozzeck* and operas by Janáček. As Stravinsky eloquently put it:

The circle of ideas, in which Musorgsky's powers were developing and growing, was truly alien to the opinions and habits of the official musical sphere of that time. Even Rimsky-Korsakov, thought to be closest of the Mighty Five to Musorgsky, little understood and esteemed the merits of the musical revelations of his comrade, thinking them 'tongue-tied' – a result of an inadequate musical education and imperfect composer's technique, from his academic point of view.

In retrospect we can, perhaps, see the reason why Musorgsky's music could meet such fierce opposition from Tchaikovsky and many other of his contemporaries. Musorgsky's creativity originates from a profoundly different aesthetical standpoint. Rather than idealizing reality by bringing it to order and symmetry, to make it pleasing and somewhat manicured for the public's delectation – to capture the chaos of life in its raw, unprocessed and primordial form and present it for reflection. Seeking beauty "in the prose of life" (his own words) proved a hard concept to stomach. By making a conscious departure from the mainstream compositional school and bravely discarding the templates of conventional musical forms (there isn't a single Sonata form amongst his works, save two early studies which have not survived) Musorgsky inevitably attracted controversy, criticism and accusations of dilettantism from his colleagues. A fascination with the folk traditions of Russian

culture provided a major source of inspiration for Musorgsky - observing games and rituals, collecting authentic tunes, eavesdropping (by his own admission) on village folk and absorbing “unrefined” and un-sifted ways of peasant speech (uneducated and “incorrect”, but full of flavour and directness of meaning). The ‘musicalisation’ of prose, in both a literary and figurative sense – closing the gap between the word and the tune with a particular sensitivity towards the music of ordinary human speech – was at the centre of Musorgsky’s curiosity.

Musorgsky displays a noticeable inclination towards vocal genres – opera and song. Out of Musorgsky’s six operas (*Salambo*, *The Marriage*, *Mlada*, *Boris Godunov*, *The Fair in Sorochinsk* and *Khovanschina*) only *Boris Godunov* and *Khovanschina* are in a state close to completion. That said, *Khovanschina* remained un-orchestrated and short of its concluding chorus, and *Boris Godunov* exists in two authentic editions. To further complicate matters, the second edition has six different versions varied in the way scenes follow each other and in the amount of cut and omitted material. The total number of vocal miniatures created by Musorgsky is almost twice of those which are published, if we include the second and sometimes third versions of the same composition – all signs of the improvisational and fluid nature of his creative process and his enduring exploratory zeal. Musorgsky was writing songs pretty consistently throughout his composing life. *Where are you, Little Star?* (dated in autograph 18 April, 1858) is one of the first compositions created by Musorgsky after he met Balakirev – his tutor, supporter and, at times, harshest critic for many years to come. In his first song Musorgsky turns to an ancient tradition of *bylina* – a syncretic form of early Russian poetic art unregistered in writing and performed by a wandering story teller accompanying himself on a lyre. A very simple single voice introduction (indicated in the score as a “pipe”) ingeniously hints that all is not well in this story by juxtaposing the same motif, first in harmonic and then in natural minor. The strumming of the lyre is heard in the piano part.

The fantasia *Night* stands out amongst Musorgsky’s earlier works (the score looks like something Liszt could have written). With its complex and multi-layered piano

part, contrasting harmonic light and shade, rich nuances, expansive freely unfolding musical form and recitative-like flexible vocal part of liberally interpreted text, *Night* bursts the banks of a traditional understanding of a 'romance' in every way. Rimsky-Korsakov noted that:

The romance *Night* represented the 'idealistic' side of his [Musorgsky's] talent, which he subsequently trampled into the mud, but to the wealth of which he resourced on occasion.

Might Rimsky-Korsakov have used the term 'impressionistic' if it existed at the time? Listening to this music it is difficult to get away from the fact that it sounds like Russian-flavoured early Debussy. As early as 1864 Musorgsky is reaching out for a new sound world, which we'll come to recognize as impressionism in music. *Darling Savishna* on its first hearing was proclaimed by Musorgsky's comrades as a work of high art and even hailed as "Shakespeare in music". By his own account, Musorgsky started developing the idea in 1865, when, while visiting his brother in the countryside, he witnessed from the window a scene – a simpleton was confessing his feelings to a young woman begging her to respond, while being ashamed of his own appearance and position. The limping meter of the piece (5/4) suggests the simpleton's continued stumbling and bowing, while a tongue-twister of a text portrays relentless begging-muttering. With *Darling Savishna* Musorgsky transitions from 'Romance' towards a 'Scene' – a pictorial, situational approach gradually becomes one of the dominating traits of his compositions.

In the genre of the song cycle, uncommon in Russian music, Musorgsky is a champion. *Nursery*, *Sunless* and *Songs and Dances of Death*, in their originality, gravitas and monumental 'Mahleresque' scale, transcend the framework of salon compositions. A collection of lyric monologues, forming the cycle *Sunless*, contains some of the most visionary and inspired music created in Russia in the 19th century. It is a world shrouded in a state of permanent twilight, not unlike the period during May/June in St. Petersburg, when the phenomenon of so called 'white nights' occurs. This time of dusky obscurity heightens sensibilities and reveals a wider pallet of colours, textures

and temperatures than one might expect. What is lacking in ambient light is offset by the inner glow and luminosity of this music. Here the 'idealistic' side of Musorgsky's talent fully comes to fruition: atmospheric and nebulous sonorities; flexible figurations and flickering tremolos; successions of unresolved dissonances; chords with 'wrong' notes in them; a certain parallelism in multi-tonal chords and transformation of harmony into timbre – these seeds sown by Musorgsky would eventually blossom in French music more than anywhere else. While working on his opera *The Nightingale*, Stravinsky in 1908 records a stark realisation in his diary:

Why should I be following Debussy so closely, when the real originator of this operatic style was Musorgsky?

Without diminishing Debussy's own gift and a myriad of other potential influences upon him, it is possible, however, to perceive a profound relation between Musorgsky's innovations in the sphere of sonority and expansion of harmonic landscape (usage of non-third based chords, juxtaposition of unresolved dissonant harmonies, for example) and the main features of Debussy's sound world. There is little doubt of Debussy's profound knowledge and admiration of Musorgsky's works. The Paris Conservatoire acquired a copy of *Boris Godunov* in 1874, and according to some sources Saint-Saëns also brought a score from his tour of Russia 1876. One way or another, the opera became well known amongst Parisian musicians. Perhaps the young Debussy also had a chance to get acquainted with Musorgsky's music during his time in Russia in 1881 and 1882, while tutoring the children of Nadezhda von Meck (the same lady, who through her patronage to Tchaikovsky invaluabley contributed to the history of Russian music). As part of Dyagilev's *Saisons Russes*, *Boris Godunov* was performed in Paris on May 19, 1908, with an all-Russian cast led by the great bass Shalyapin. This event made Musorgsky's work truly famous. Jean-Aubry, music critic and Debussy's close friend, relayed a remark made by him: "Ah! You're going to hear Boris. You'll see it contains the whole of *Pelléas*". Whether Debussy meant it ironically or not on this occasion, he held Musorgsky in the highest regard, and he wrote this about *Nursery* in *La revue blanche* in April, 1901:

Nobody has spoken to that which is best in us with such tenderness and depth; he is quite unique, and will be renowned for an art that suffers from no stultifying rules or artificialities.

Musorgsky created *Sunless* at the height of his powers and it is framed by some of his best works. He started composing music to a selection of unpublished poems by Golenishchev-Kutuzov soon after the premiere of *Boris Godunov* on January 27, 1874. The four initial songs were written in quick succession, but then, from the beginning of June, Musorgsky plunged into composing the *Pictures from an Exhibition*, which was finished on June 22. The last two songs followed in August of the same year. Within about a week after *Above the river*, on the 2nd of September, Musorgsky penned the introduction to *Khovanschina – The Dawn on Moscow-river*. It has been frequently noted that amongst many revelatory passages of this cycle we already can hear the opening bars of Debussy's *Nuages* (towards the middle of *Over is the idle clamorous day*) and the flickering of the opening of Ravel's *Ondine* from *Gaspard de la nuit* (the beginning of *Elegy*). Throughout the cycle, in a series of changeable contrasting episodes, Musorgsky juxtaposed a sophisticated, expansive mosaic of timbres and harmonies with an acute sense of loneliness and personal emotional discourse.

Songs and Dances of Death, perhaps the most well known of Musorgsky's chamber vocal compositions, was conceived as a much larger cycle of works, of which, to our misfortune, only about a half were completed. Golenishchev-Kutuzov's notebook mentions 12 separate scenarios: a rich man, a working man, a noble lady, a dignitary, a Tsar, a young girl, a peasant, a monk, a child, a merchant, a priest and a poet. *Trepak* (a peasant) came first and was finished on February 17, 1875. It was followed by *Lullaby* (a child) on April 14 and *Serenade* (a young girl) on May 11. The fourth piece in the cycle followed almost two years later, as Musorgsky was preparing the three existing songs for publication under the title *Her* (the noun 'death' in Russian language is feminine). It is clear from Musorgsky's letters and remarks that he meant the pieces to follow each other in the order we are used to nowadays (Rimsky-Korsakov on first publication in 1882 placed the songs in order of their creation). Musorgsky's preferred sequence creates an impressive dramaturgical crescendo

throughout the cycle: from the intimate scene of *Lullaby* lit by one candle and a few rays of early dawn, gradually enlarging towards the epic panorama of *The Field Marshal*. Despite the heavy and gruesome nature of the subject the *Songs and Dances of Death* is a multi-faceted creation and it is far from being all doom and gloom. Death appears in these songs as an assured artist – dignified, well spoken and accomplished – performing her dark deed with flair and gusto. Added to *Death's* flamboyance is her acute sardonic sense of humour, at times abrasive and verging on grotesque. The authority and omnipotence of Death is never in question here, however, does her arrival always bring bad news? It is possible that from a certain point of view Death might appear as a benevolent force, which comes to fulfil the ultimate wish and, perhaps, grant happiness: freedom from fever and suffering for a sick child; an eternal lover for a young girl; a vision of a plentiful crops, prosperity and never ending summer for a peasant; freedom from struggle of war for those fallen in battle. The complexity and symphonic scale of this music prompted Shostakovich to orchestrate *Songs and Dances of Death* in 1962 for the soprano Galina Vishnevskaya. No stranger to editing Musorgsky's works, Shostakovich humorously pointed out that he wanted to outdo Rimsky-Korsakov by orchestrating one more significant piece than him.

During his short life Musorgsky created a world of unique and visionary works which rightly earned him a place amongst the highest ranked Russian national treasures. But what is perhaps even more fascinating and tantalizing about his life in music is how much remained unfulfilled and only hinted upon. His prophetic ideas, which reached so far beyond his time, reverberated throughout 20th century European art. In the words of Georgy Sviridov:

[He] did not belong to the number of professional composers who, with equal success, worked in all genres of musical creativity. He did not write sonatas, symphonies and quartets, wrote only a few instrumental compositions. Music for him was not a profession, but a life's calling. Through music he narrated to us his own view about the destiny of our people, his own view upon human nature and the meaning of human existence.

1 **NOCH**

Aleksandr Pushkin (1799-1837)

Moï golos dl'a teb'a
I laskovyï i tomnyï
Trevozhit, trevozhit pozdneïe
Molchanïe nochi t'oimnoï.
Bliz lozha moïego
Pechal'naïa svecha gorit;
Moi slova, slivaias' i zhurcha,
Tekut, tekut ruchii l'ubvi,
Polny toboï,
Tekut ruchii l'ubvi,
Polny, polny toboï.
Vo t'me nochnoï, vo t'me nochnoï,
Tvoi glaza blistaïut predo mnoï,
Mne, mne ulybaiuts'a,
I zvuki, zvuki slyshu ia:
"Moï drug, moï nezhnyï drug ...
L'ubl'u teb'a ... tvoïa, tvoïa."

2 **PO GRIBY**

Lev Mei (1822-1862)

Ryzhichkov, volv'anochek,
Belyikh bel'anochek
Naberu skor'oshen'ko
ïa, mlada-mlad'oshen'ka,
Chto dl'a sv'okra-bat'ushki,
Dl'a svekrovi l' matushki.
Perestali b skr'azhnichat'
Seli by pobrazhnichat'.

A tebe, nemilomu,
Staromu da khilomu,
Sunu ïa v okoshechko
Tseloïe lukoshechko,
Mukhomora starogo,
Starogo podzharogo ...
Staryï est – ne spravits'a:
Mukhomorom davits'a.

NIGHT

*My voice for you,
Both tender and languorous,
Disturbs, disturbs the late silence
Of the dark night.
By my bed
A melancholy candle is burning;
My words, merging and murmuring,
Flow, flow brooks of love,
Full of you,
Flow brooks of love
Full, full of you.
In the nightly darkness, in the nightly darkness
Your eyes shimmer before me,
Smiling at me,
And I hear:
"My friend, my tender friend ...
I love you ... I am yours, yours."*

GATHERING MUSHROOMS

*Saffron milk caps, chanterelles,
White oyster mushrooms
Quickly, I the young one,
Will gather.
Those are for the father-in-law
And mother-in-law.
So they stop grouching
And sit down to have a feast.

And for you, the vile one,
Old and feeble,
I'll shove through the window
A whole basket
Of fly agaric,
Mature and lean ...
The old one can't cope –
Eating and choking.*

A tebe, trekl' atomu,
Belu-kudrevatomu,
Vysmotr'u ia travushku,
Travushku-muravushku,
Na postel'u brannuïu,
Svakhoi-nochkoï stlanuïu,
S pologom-dubrovushkoï,
Da so mnoï li, vdovushkoï.

3 **ZHELANIÏE**

Mikhail Mikhailov (1829-1865) after Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Khotel by v iedinoïe slovo
Ïa slit' moïu grust' i pechal',
I brosit' to slovo na veter,
Chtob veter un'os iëgo vdal' ...

I pust' by to slovo pechali
Po vetru k tebe doneslos',
I pust' by vseгда i povs'udu
Ono tebe v serdtse lilos'.

I iëсли ustalyïe ochi
Somknulis' pod gr'ozoï nochnoï,
O, pust' by to slovo pechali
Zvuchalo vo sne ...
Vo sne nad toboï.

*And for you, thrice damned,
The handsome blond-curled one,
I'll find a herb,
A magical one,
To put on a wedding bed-
Made up by the night-matchmaker,
With oak wood for a canopy -
Together with me, the little widow.*

DESIRE

*I'd like to merge into a single word
All my melancholy and sorrow,
And throw that word to the wind,
So the wind carries it far away ...*

*And let that word of sorrow
Travel with the wind to you,
So always and everywhere
It would flow into your heart.*

*And if your tired eyes
Would close with a nocturnal dream,
Oh, let that word of sorrow
Ring in your dream ...
In your dream above you.*

SVETIK SAVISHNA

Modest Petrovich Musorgsky (1839-1881)

Svet moi, Savishna,
 Sokol iasnen'kii,
 Pol'ubi men'a nerazumnova,
 Prigolib' men'a goremchnova!
 Oi-li, sokol moi,
 Sokol iasnen'kii,
 Svetik Savishna,
 Svet Ivanovna,
 Ne pobrezgai ty goliiu goloiu;
 Bestalannoiu moiei doleiu!
 Urodils'a, vish,
 Na smekh l'ud'am ia,
 Pro zabavu da na potekhi im!
 Klichut, Savishna,
 Skorbnyim razumom,
 Velichaïut, slysh,
 Vaneï Bozhiim,
 Svetik Savishna,
 Svet Ivanovna,
 I daïut pinkov Vane Bozhiemu,
 Korm'at, chestvuiut podzaty!'nikom.
 A pod prazdnichesk
 Kak razr'ad'ats'a,
 Uberuts'a, vish, v lenty alyie,
 Dadut khlebushka
 Vane skorbnomu,
 Ne zabyt' chtoby Van'u Bozhiego.
 Svetik Savishna,
 Iasnii sokol moi,
 Pol'ubi-zh men'a neprigozheva,
 Prigolub' men'a odinokova.
 Kak l'ubl'u teb'a,
 Mochi net skazat',
 Svetik Savishna,
 Ver' mne, ver' ne ver',
 Svet Ivanovna!

DARLING SAVISHNA

*Darling, Savishna,
 Bright dove of mine,
 Fall in love with me, the stupid one,
 Caress me, the unfortunate one!
 Oh, dove of mine,
 Pure dove,
 Darling Savishna,
 Sweet Ivanovna,
 Don't be squeamish with me, a beggar,
 With my poor fortune!
 I've been born
 For people to laugh at,
 For their fun and amusement!
 They call me, Savishna,
 A woeful halfwit,
 And greet me
 As God's own Vanya,
 Darling Savishna,
 Sweet Ivanovna,
 And they treat God's Vanya with kicks,
 Honour me with cuffs on the nape,
 But on high days
 As they wear their Sunday best,
 And dress up with scarlet ribbons,
 They'd give some bread
 To halfwit Vanya,
 So God's Vanya is not forsaken.
 Darling Savishna,
 Bright dove of mine,
 Fall in love with me, the ugly one,
 Caress me, the lonely one.
 How I love you,
 I can't put into words,
 Darling Savishna,
 Trust me, if you will,
 Sweet Ivanovna!*

5 **ÏEVREÏSKAĪA PESN'A***Lev Mei*

“Īa - tsvetok polevoĭ,
Īa – lileĭa dolin”.

“Golubitsa moĭa belolonnaĭa,
Mezhdu ĭunykh podrug,
Slovno v termii krin,
Golubitsa moĭa belolonnaĭa”.

“Slovno mirta v tsvetu blagovonnaĭa,
Mezh besplodnykh derevĭev lesnykh,
Milyĭ moĭ – mezh družei molodykh,
Mezh družei molodykh.
Gde ty, milyĭ moĭ,
Krasavets moĭ?”

HEBREW SONG

*“I am a flower of the fields,
I am a lily of the valleys”.*

*“A dove of mine, white-breasted one,
Amongst young girlfriends,
Like a lily amongst the thorns,
A dove of mine, white-breasted one”.*

*“Like a mirth, blossoming and fragrant,
Amongst fruitless forest trees,
My dear one – amongst his young friends,
Amongst his young friends.
Where are you, my dear,
My handsome one?”*

6 **OTCHEGO, SKAZHI, DUSHA DEVITSA TELL ME WHY, BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN***Anonymous*

Otchego, skazhi, dusha devitsa,
Ty sidish teper' prigor'unilas'
I bezmolvnaĭa na dorozhen'ku
Ty, vzdokhnuv, gl'adish,
Ne nasmotrishs'a?
Il' s toboĭ, pri tebe,
Netu milogo,
Il' ostyla v n'om krov' gor'achaĭa,
Ili ty ĭemu uzĭh naskuchila,
Il' zabyl teb'a
Tvoĭ serdechnyĭ drug?

Net, moĭ milyĭ drug ne zabyl men'a
I ne to sh'emit serdtse bednoĭe.
A ĭa milova v dal'nu storonu,
V put'-dorozhen'ku provozhaĭu ĭa,
A ĭa milova v dal'nu storonu,
V put'-dorozhen'ku snar'azhaĭu ĭa.

*Tell me why, beautiful maiden,
You sit so sorrowfully
And look, sighing,
Silently at the road
Peering away in the distance?
Is he not near you,
Your dear one,
Or has his fervent blood cooled down?
Has he grown bored of you,
Or forgotten you
Your heart's friend?*

*No, my dear friend has not forgotten me,
It is not that which makes my poor heart ache -
But to far away lands,
On a long journey I'm sending off my dear one,
To far away lands,
On a long journey I'm sending him.*

7 **VIDENIĚ** **APPARITION***Arseny Golenishev-Kutuzov (1848-1913)*

Āa videl noch.
 Ona peredo mnoĭ,
 Vs'a v chornom shla,
 Zhivaĭa, molodaĭa,
 Volshebnitsa,
 S ponikshei' golovoĭ,
 Zarnitsami,
 Kak vzgl'adami sverkaĭa.
 Prozrachen byl ĭeĭo vzdushnyi' stan;
 No chuiāl ĭa dykhanĭa znoĭnyi' trepet.
 I v tishine, kak laskovyĭ obman,
 Nezrimykh ust prizyvnyĭ n'oss'a lepet.
 Kazalos' mne, chto chudnaĭa zov'ot
 Men'a s soboi' k l'ubvi i naslzhdenĭu.
 I ĭa vs'o shol, vs'o shol za neĭ vper'od,
 Obĭatyĭ ves' ogn'om ĭeĭo i tenĭu.

*I saw night.
 She before me
 Walked, all in black,
 Alive, young,
 A sorceress
 With bowed head
 With lightening
 Flashing like glances.
 Transparent was her light figure;
 But I felt her sultry, tremulous breath.
 And in the silence, like a tender illusion,
 Whispering from invisible lips was heard.
 It seemed that the beautiful one was calling me
 After her towards love and pleasure.
 And I walked and walked,
 Totally consumed by her fire and shadow.*

8 **GDE TY, ZV'OZDOCHKA** **WHERE ARE YOU, LITTLE STAR?***Nikolay Grekov (1810-1866)*

Gde ty, zv'ozdochka?
 Akh, gde ty, ĭasnaĭa?
 Il' zatmilas'a tucheĭ chornoĭu,
 Tucheĭ chornoĭu, tucheĭ groznoĭu?
 Gde ty, devitsa,
 Gde ty, krasnaĭa?
 Il' pokinula druga milogo?
 Druga milogo, nenagl'adnogo?
 Tucha chornaĭa skryla zv'ozdochku,
 Zeml'a khladnaĭa vz'ala devitsu.

*Where are you, little star?
 Where are you, bright one?
 Have you been eclipsed by a black cloud,
 By a black cloud, a fearsome one?
 Where are you, young maiden,
 Where are you, beautiful one?
 Have you left your dear friend,
 Your dear friend, your beloved one?
 A black cloud has covered the little star,
 Cold earth has taken the young maiden.*

BEZ SOLNTSA

Arseny Golenishev-Kutuzov

- 9 i **V CHETYR'OKH STENAKH**
Komnatka tesnaïa, tikhaïa, milaïa,
Ten' neprogl'adnaïa, ten' bezotvetnaïa;
Duma glubokaïa, pesn'a unylaïa;
V biush'ems'a serdtse nadezhda zavetnaïa;
Bystryï pol'ot za mgnovenïem mgnoveniïa;
Vzor nepodvizhnyi na sh'astie dal'okoïe;
Mnogo somneniïa, mnogo terpeniïa.
Vot ona, noch moïa, noch odinokaïa.

- 10 ii **MEN'A TY V TOLPE NE
UZNALA...**

Men'a ty v tolpe ne uznala,
Tvoi vzgl'ad ne skazal nichego.
No chudno i strashno mn'e stalo,
Kogda ulovil ia ïego:
To bylo ondo lish mngnovenië;
No ver' mne, ia v n'om peren'os
Vseï proshloi l'ubvi naslazhdeniïa,
Vs'u gorech zabvenïa i sl'oz!

SUNLESS

WITHIN FOUR WALLS

*A tiny room, quiet and pleasant,
An impenetrable darkness, irresponsible darkness;
A deep thought, a sorrowful song;
A treasured hope in the beating heart;
Speedy flight of moment after moment;
A petrified glance at a far-away happiness;
Plenty of doubt, plenty of endurance.
Here it is, my night, night of solitude.*

YOU HAVE NOT RECOGNIZED ME IN THE CROWD...

*You have not recognized me in the crowd,
Your glance did not say anything.
But I felt wonder and fright
When I caught it:
It was only a moment;
But believe me, within it I re-lived again
All the delights of past love,
All the bitterness of oblivion and tears!*

11 iii **OKONCHEN PRAZDNYĬ,
SHUMNYĬ DEN'**

Okonchen prazdnĭy, shumnyĭ den';
L'udskaĭa zhizn', umolknuv, dremlet.
Vs'o tikho. Maĭskoĭ nochi ten'
Stolitsu sp'ash'ŭiu obiĕmlet.
No son ot glaz moikh bezhit.
I pri luchakh inoĭ dennitsy
Voobrazheniĕ vertit
Godov utrachennykh stranitsy.
Kak budto vnov' vdykhaĭa ĭad
Vesennikh, strastnykh snovideniĭ,
V dushe ĭa voskreshaĭu r'ad
Nadezhd, poryvov, zabluzhdeniĭ ...
Uvy, to prizraki odni!
Mne skuchno s m'ortvoĭ ikh tolpoĭu,
I shum ikh staroĭ boltovni
Uzhe ne vlasten nado mnoĭu.
Lish ten', odna iz vsekh teneĭ,
ĭavilas' mne, dysha l'ubovĭu,
I, vernyĭ drug minuvshykh dneĭ,
Sklonilas' tikho k izgolovĭu.
I smelo otdal ĭeĭ odnoĭ
Vs'u dushu ĭa v sleze bezmolvnoĭ,
Nikem nezrimoĭ, sh'astiĭa polnoĭ ...
V sleze, davno khranimoĭ mnoĭ!

**OVER IS THE IDLE AND
CLAMOROUS DAY**

*Over is the idle and clamorous day;
Human life has fallen silent and a-slumber.
Everything is quiet. The shadow of the May night
Embraces the sleeping capital.
But sleep escapes from my eyes.
And by the rays of the next dawn
My imagination is leafing through
The pages of the lost years.
As if again breathing in the poison
Of spring's amorous dreams,
I resurrect in my soul the stream
Of hopes, surges, illusions ...
Alas, those are only ghosts!
I am bored with this dead crowd,
And the noise of their old chatter
Already has no power over me.
Only one shadow, the only one of all,
Appeared to me, breathing with love, and,
Like a true friend of the past days,
Bent down by the bedstead.
And bravely I gave to her alone
All my soul in a silent tear,
Unseen by no one, full of happiness,
In a tear I saved for so long!*

12 iv **SKUCHAĬ**

Skuchaĭ. Ty sozdana dl'a skuki.
 Bez zhguchikh chuvstv otrady net,
 Kak net vozvrata bez razluki,
 Kak bez boren'ĭa net pobed.
 Skuchaĭ. Skuchaĭ slovam lubvi vnimaĭa,
 V tishi serdechnoiĭ pustoty,
 Privetom lzhiivym otvechaĭa
 Na pravdu devstvennoiĭ mechty.
 Skuchaĭ. S rozhdeniĭa do mogli
 Zarane put' nacherten tvoĭ:
 Po kapse ty istratish sily,
 Potom umr'oish, i Bog s toboĭ ...
 I Bog s toboĭ!

13 v **ELEGIĬA**

V tumane dremlet noch. Bezmolvnaĭa zvezda
 Skvoz' dymku oblakov mertsaiĕt odinoko.
 Zven'at bubentsami unylo i dal'oko
 Koneĭ pasush'ikhs'a stada.
 Kak nochi oblaka, izmenchivyiĕ dumy
 Nesuts'a nado mnoĭ, trevozhyi i ugr'umy;
 V nikh otbleski nadezhd, kogda-to dorogikh,
 Davno poter'annykh, davno uzh ne zhivykh.
 V nikh sozhaleniĭa... i sl'ozy.
 Nesuts'a dumy te bez tseli i kontsa;
 To, prevrat'as' v cherty l'ubimogo litsa,
 Zovut, rozhdaiĭa vnov' v dushe bylyĕ gr'ozy,
 To, slivshis' v chornyiĭ mrak, polny
 nemoĭ ugrozy,
 Gr'adush'ego bor'boĭ pugaiut robkii um,
 I slyshits'a vdiĕli nestroĭnoiĭ zhizni shum,
 Tolpy bezdushnoiĭ smekh, vrazhdy
 kovarnoĭ ropot,
 Zhiteĭskoĭ melochi nezaglushimyiĭ shopot,
 Unylyĭ smerti zvon!..

BE BORED

*Be bored. You were created for boredom.
 Without burning feelings there is no joy,
 As there is no reunion without separation,
 As without struggle there are no victories.
 Be bored. Be bored listening to words of love,
 Immersed in the stillness of your empty heart,
 Responding with a fake greeting
 To the truth of an innocent dream.
 Be bored. From birth to the grave
 Your path is written beforehand:
 Drop by drop you'll waste your powers,
 Then you'll die, and God be with you ...
 And God be with you!*

ELEGY

*In the mist the night is in slumber. Silent star
 Flickering, lonely, through the veil of clouds.
 Sorrowfully ringing their bells in the distance,
 Herds of grazing horses.
 As night clouds my changing thoughts
 Fly above me, disturbed and gloomy;
 There are gleams of hopes in them, which were once dear,
 Which are long lost, long dead.
 There are regrets in them... and tears.
 Thoughts rush along endlessly;
 At times, transformed into features of a loved face,
 They call for me, awakening in my soul former dreams again,
 At times, merged into black darkness, full of
 silent threat,
 Frighten my timid mind with the future's struggle,
 And I hear in the distance life's discordant noise,
 Laughter of the soulless crowd, the muttering of
 treacherous feuding,
 The irrepressible whisper of life's banality,
 And the grim ringing of death!..*

Predvestnitsa zvezda, kak budto polnaïa styda,
Skryvaïet svetlyï lik v tumane bezotradnom,
Kak budush'nost' moïa,
Nemom i neprogl'adnom.

14 vi **NAD REKOÏ**

Mes'ats zadumchivyï, zv'ozdy dal'okiïe
S sinego neba vodami l'ubuiuts'a.
Molcha smotr'u ïa na vody glubokiïe;
Tainy volshebnyïe serdtsem v nikh chuiuts'a.
Plesh'ut, taïats'a, laskatel'no-nezhnyïe;
Mnogo v ikh ropote sily charuiush'eï.
Slyshats'a dumy i strasti bezbrezhnyïe ...
Golos nevedomyï, dushu volnuïush'ïï,
Nezhit, pugaïet, navodit somneniïe.
Slushat' velit li on – s mesta b ne sdvinuls'a;
Gonit li proch – ubezhal by v sm'atenii;
V glub' li zov'ot – bez ogl'adki b ïa
kinuls'a.

*A rising star, as if full of shyness,
Is hiding her bright face in a joyless mist,
Like my future,
Mute and impenetrable.*

ABOVE THE RIVER

*Pensive moon crescent, far-away stars
Admiring the waters from a blue sky.
I look in silence at the deep waters;
My heart senses magical secrets in them.
They splash mysteriously, tender-caressing waves;
There is much mystical power in their muttering.
I hear boundless thoughts and passions ...
Unknown voice, which stirs my soul,
Caresses, frightens, and evokes doubts.
When it commands me to listen – I can't move;
When it drives me away – I want to run in fear;
When it calls into the depths – I want to jump
without hesitation.*

PESNI I PLYASKI SMERTI

Arseny Golenishev-Kutuzov

15 i KOLYBEL'NAĬA

Stonet reb'onok ... Svecha, nagoraĭa,
Tusklo mertsaiet krugom.
Tseluĭu noch kolybel'ku kachaĭa,
Mat' ne zabylas'a snom.
Ranyġ-ran'okhon'ko v dver' ostorozhno
Smert' serdobol'naĭa stuk!
Vzdrognula mat', og'l'anusas' trevozhno ...
"Polno pugatsa, moĭ drug!
Blednoĭe utro uzh smotrit v okoshko ...
Placha, toskuĭa, l'ub'a,
Ty utomilas', vzdremni-ka nemnozhko,
Īa posizhu za teb'a.
Ugomonit' ty dit'a ne sumela.
Slash'e teb'a ĭa poĭu." –
"Tishe! Reb'onok moĭ mechetsa, b'ĭotsa,
Dushu terzaiet moĭu!" –
"Nu, da so mnoĭu on skoro uĭm'otsa.
Baĭushki, baĭu, baĭu." –
"Sh'ochki bledneiut, slabeĭet dykhan'ĭe ...
Da zamolchi-zhe, mol'u!" –
"Dobroĭe znamen'ĭe, stikhnet stradan'ĭe,
Baĭushki, baĭu, baĭu." –
"Proch' ty, prokl'ataĭa!
Laskoĭ svoĭeĭu sġubish ty radost' moĭu!" –
"Net, mirnyĭ son ĭa mladentsu naveĭu.
Baĭushki, baĭu, baĭu." –
"Szhals'a, pozhdi dopevat' khot' mġnoveni'e,
Strashnuĭu pesniu tvoĭu!" –
"Vidish', usnul on pod tikhoĭe pen'ĭe.
Baĭushki, baĭu, baĭu."

SONGS AND DANCES OF DEATH

LULLABY

*A child is groaning ... A candle, burning out,
Dimly flickers onto surroundings.
The whole night, rocking the cradle,
A mother has not dozed away with sleep.
Early-early in the morning, carefully, on the door
Compassionate Death – Knock!
The mother shuddered, looked back with worry ...
"Don't get frightened, my dear!
Pale morning already looks in the window ...
With crying, anguishing and loving
You have tired yourself, have a little nap,
I'll sit instead of you.
You've failed to pacify the child.
I'll sing sweeter than you" –
"Quiet! My child rushes and struggles,
Tormenting my soul!" –
"Well, with me he'll soon be appeased.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby." –
"The cheeks are fading, the breath in weakening ...
Be quiet, I beg you!" –
"That's a good sign, the suffering will quieten,
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby." –
"Be gone, you damned thing!
With your tenderness you'll kill my joy!" –
"No, a peaceful sleep I'll conjure up for the baby.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby." –
"Have pity, wait at least for a moment
With finishing your awful song!" –
"Look, he fell asleep with my quiet singing.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby."*

ii **SERENADA**

Nega volshebaña, noch golubaña,
 Trepetnyĭ sumrak vesny.
 Vnemlet, poniknuv golovkoï, bol'naïa
 Shopot nochnoi tishiny.
 Son ne smykaïet blest'ash'ïie ochi,
 Zhizn' k naslazhden'ïu zov'ot,
 A pod okoshkom v molchan'ïi polnochi
 Smert' serenadu poiot:
 "V mrake nevoli surovoi i tesnoi
 Molodost' v'anet tvoïa;
 Rytsar' nevedomyï, siloi chudesnoi
 Osvobozhu ïa tebiã.
 Vstan', posmotri na sebïa: krasotoïu
 Lik tvoï prozrachnyi blestit,
 Sh'oki rum'any, volnistoi kosoïu
 Stan tvoï, kak tucheï obvit.
 Pristal'nykh glaz goluboïe sïian'ïe,
 ïarche nebes i ogn'a;
 Znoïem poludennym veïet dykhan'ïe ...
 Ty obol'stila meniã.
 Slukh tvoï plenils'a moïei serenadoï,
 Rytsar'a shopot tvoï zval,
 Rytsar' prishol za poslednei nagradoï:
 Chas upoien'ïa nastal.
 Nezhen tvoï stan, upoitelen trepet ...
 O, zadushu ïa teb'a
 V krepkikh obiãt'ïakh: l'ubovnyĭ moï lepet
 Slushai! ... molchi! ... Ty moïa!"

SERENADE

*Magical languor, blue night,
 Trembling darkness of spring.
 The sick girl takes in, with her head dropped,
 The whisper of the night's silence.
 Sleep does not close her shining eyes,
 Life beckons towards pleasures,
 Meanwhile under the window in the midnight silence
 Death sings a serenade:
 "In the gloom of captivity, severe and stifling,
 Your youth is fading away:
 A mysterious knight, with magic powers
 I'll free you up.
 Stand up, look at yourself: with beauty
 Your translucent face is shining,
 Your cheeks are rosy, with a wavy plait
 Your figure is entwined, like with a cloud.
 The blue radiance of your piercing eyes
 Is brighter than skies and fire.
 Your breath flutters with the midday heat ...
 You have seduced me.
 Your hearing is captured with my serenade,
 Your voice called for a knight,
 The knight has come for the ultimate reward:
 The hour of ecstasy has arrived.
 Your body is tender, your trembling is ravishing ...
 Oh, I'll suffocate you
 In my strong embraces: listen to my seductive
 Chatter! ... be silent! ... You are mine!"*

Les da pol'any, bezl'ud'ie krugom.
 Viuga i plachet i stonet,
 Chuïetsa, budto vo mrake nochnom,
 Zlaïa, kogo-to khoronit;
 Gl'ad', tak i iest'! V temnote muzhika
 Smert' obnimaiet, laskaïet,
 S pianen'kim pl'ashet vdvoïom trepaka,
 Na ukho pesn' napevaiet:
 "Oh, muzhichok, starichok ubogoï,
 Pian napils'a, popl'els'a dorogoï,
 A metel'-to, ved'ma, podn'alas', vzygrala.
 S pol'a v les dremuchiï nevznachaï zagnala.
 Gorem, toscoï da nuzhdoï tomimyï,
 L'ag, prikorni, da usni, rodimyï!
 Āa teb'a, golubchik moï, snezhkom sogreïu,
 Vkrug teb'a velikuïu igru zateïu.
 Vzbeï-ka postel', ty metel'-leb'odka!
 Geï, nachinaï, zapevai pogodka!
 Skazku, da takuïu, chtob vs'u noch t'anulas',
 Chtob pianchuge krepko pod neïo zasnulos!
 Oï, vy lesa, nebesa, da tuchi,
 Tem', veterok, da snezhok letuchïï!
 Sveïtes' pelenoïu, snezhnoï, pukhovoïu;
 Īeïu, kak mladentsa, starichka priroïu ...
 Spi, moï družhok, muzhichok schastlivyï,
 Leto prishlo, rastsvelo!
 Nad nivoi solnyshko smeïotsa da serpy gl'aiut,
 Pesenka nes'otsa, golubki letaiut ... "

TREPAK

*Forest and glades, no one is around.
 A snow-storm is crying and groaning,
 It feels as in the gloom of the night
 The Evil One is burying someone;
 Hush, it is so! In the darkness
 Death is hugging and caressing an old man,
 With the drunkard She is dancing a trepak,
 While singing a song into his ear:
 "Oh, my little wretched man,
 Got drunk, stumbled along the road,
 But the witch-blizzard has risen furiously,
 And driven you from the glade into the dense forest.
 Tortured with anguish and need,
 Lie down, curl up and fall asleep, my dear!
 I'll warm you up with snow, my darling,
 And stir up a great game around you.
 Shake up the bed, you blizzard-swan!
 Hey, get going, start chanting, you weather
 A fairytale, that could last all night,
 So that the drunkard could fall asleep soundly!
 Hey you, forests, skies and clouds,
 Gloom, wind and fleeting snow,
 Wreathe into a shroud, snowy and fluffy;
 With it I'll cover our old man, like a baby ...
 Sleep, my little friend, happy wretch,
 The summer has come and blossomed!
 Above the fields the sun is laughing and sickles roam,
 The song hovers around; the doves are flying about ... "*

Grokhochet bitva, blesh'ut bronj,
 Orud'ia mednyie revut,
 Begut polki, nesutsa koni
 I reki krasnyie tekut.
 Pylaïet polden', l'udi biutsa;
 Sklonilos' solntse, boï sil'neï;
 Zakat bledneïet, no derutsa
 Vragi vse ïarostneï i zleï.
 I pala noch na pole brani.
 Druzhiny v mrake razoshlis' ...
 Vs'o stikhlo, i v nochnom тумане
 Stenan'ia k nebu podn'alis'.
 Togda, ozarena lunoïu,
 Na boïevom svoïom kone,
 Kosteï sverkaïa beliznoïu,
 ïavilas' smert'; i v tishine,
 Vnimaïa vopli i molitvy,
 Dovol'stva gordogo polna,
 Kak polkovodets mesto bitvy
 Krugom obïekhala ona.
 Na kholm podn'avshis', ogl'anulas',
 Ostanovilas', ulybnulas' ...
 I nad ravninoï boïevoï
 Razdals'a golos rokovoï:
 "Konchena bitva! ïa vsekhn pobedila!
 Vse predо mnoï vy smirilis', boïtsy!
 Zhizn' vas possorila, ïa pomirila!

FIELD MARSHAL

*The battle is thundering, the armour is shining,
 Copper cannons are roaring,
 The troops are running, the horses are rushing
 And red rivers are flowing.
 The midday is blazing – people are fighting,
 The sun is declining – the fight is stronger,
 The sunset is fading away – but the enemies
 Are still battling more fierce and hateful.
 And night has fallen on the battlefield.
 The armies have parted in the darkness ...
 Everything has fallen quiet, and in the night's mist
 The groans have risen to the heavens.
 Then, illuminated by moonlight,
 On her battle horse,
 Shining with the whiteness of her bones,
 Appeared Death; and in the silence,
 Taking in moans and prayers,
 Full of proud satisfaction,
 Like a field marshal she circled around
 The place of battle,
 And having ridden to the top on the hill, looked around,
 Stopped, smiled ...
 And above the battlefield
 Roared her fateful voice:
 "The battle is finished! I won over everyone!
 You all submitted before me, soldiers!
 Life has made you quarrel, I have reconciled you!*

Druzhno vstavaíte na smotr, mertvetsy!
Marshem torzhestvennym mimo proídite,
Voísko moío ía khochu soschitat';
V zeml'u potom svoi kosti slozhíte,
Sladko ot zhizni v zemle otdykhat'!
Gody nezrimo proídot za godami,
V l'ud'akh ischeznet i pam'at' o vas.
Ía ne zabudu i gromko nad vami
Pir budu pravit' v polunochnyí chas!
Pl'askoí t'azholoíu zeml'u syruú
Ía pritopchu, chtoby sen' grobovuú
Kosti pokinut' vovek ne mogli,
Chtob nikogda vam ne vstat' iz zemli!"

*Stand up as one for the parade, corpses!
Pass in front of me in a pompous march,
I want to count my troops;
Then deposit your bones into the earth,
It is sweet to rest from life in the ground!
Year after year will pass,
And even the memory of you will disappear.
I will not forget and loudly above you
Will hold a feast at the midnight hour!
With a heavy dance I'll trample
The raw earth, so that the realm of the grave
Your bones will never be able to leave,
So that you'll never rise from the ground!"*

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