

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a purple and gold patterned dress, is leaning over a black grand piano. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. A man in a black tuxedo with a white bow tie is sitting at the piano, looking towards the camera. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

The  
**Secret**  
Garden

Romances by  
Alexander Dargomyzhsky

Anastasia Prokofieva    Sergey Rybin



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# The Secret Garden

ALEXANDER DARGOMYZHSKY (1813–1869)

- |    |   |      |
|----|---|------|
| 1  | <b>Au bal</b> ( <i>Florville Bauduin de Wiers</i> )   | 3'37 |
| 2  | <b>Upon the expanse of heavens</b> ( <i>Nikolai Shcherbina</i> )                                  | 2'38 |
| 3  | <b>Sierra Nevada is shrouded in mists...</b><br><b>Second version</b> ( <i>Valerian Shirkov</i> ) | 2'52 |
| 4  | <b>I am in love, beautiful maiden</b> ( <i>Nikolai Yazykov</i> )                                  | 1'30 |
| 5  | <b>La sincère</b> ( <i>Marceline Desbordes-Valmore</i> )  | 3'45 |
| 6  | <b>Sixteen years</b> ( <i>Anton Delvig</i> )  | 2'21 |
| 7  | <b>Thou and You</b> ( <i>Alexander Pushkin</i> )  | 1'35 |
| 8  | <b>How often I listen...</b> ( <i>Yulia Zhadvovskaiya</i> )                                       | 1'55 |
| 9  | <b>Jamais</b> ( <i>Émile Barateau</i> )   | 2'06 |
| 10 | <b>Night Zephyr, First version</b> ( <i>Alexander Pushkin</i> )                                   | 3'25 |
| 11 | <b>Vanne, o rosa fortunata</b> ( <i>Pietro Metastasio</i> )                                       | 3'30 |
| 12 | <b>Foolish one, I still love him!</b> ( <i>Yulia Zhadvovskaiya</i> )                              | 2'32 |
| 13 | <b>The secret garden</b> ( <i>Alexander Pushkin</i> )   | 2'33 |

14	<b>The fire of desire burns in my blood</b> ( <i>Alexander Pushkin</i> )	1'45
15	<b>Ô, ma charmante</b> ( <i>Victor Hugo</i> )	2'58
16	<b>I won't tell anyone</b> ( <i>Aleksey Koltsov</i> )	1'40
17	<b>I am saddened</b> ( <i>Mikhail Lermontov</i> )	1'47
18	<b>Dieu qui sourit</b> ( <i>Victor Hugo</i> )	1'53
19	<b>Don't call her heavenly, Second version</b> ( <i>Nikolai Pavlov</i> )	4'44
20	<b>Spanish romance</b> ( <i>Anonymous</i> )	1'55
21	<b>The youth and the maiden</b> ( <i>Alexander Pushkin</i> )	1'11
22	<b>You'll soon forget me</b> ( <i>Yulia Zhadovskaiya</i> )	1'42
23	<b>Don't ask</b> ( <i>Alexander Pushkin</i> )	2'30
24	<b>Enchant me, enchant!</b> ( <i>Yulia Zhadovskaiya</i> )	1'37
25	<b>We parted proudly</b> ( <i>Vasily Kurochkin</i> )	1'44
26	<b>I loved you</b> ( <i>Alexander Pushkin</i> )	2'14

**62'02**

ANASTASIA PROKOFIEVA *soprano*

SERGEY RYBIN *piano*



## **Alexander Dargomyzhsky and his Romances**

Alexander Sergeyevich Dargomyzhsky, despite perhaps not having the same superstar status as that of Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov, is without doubt one of the most important musical personalities in Russian music of the 19th century. Works of Dargomyzhsky's immediate predecessor, Michael Glinka, were once likened by Tchaikovsky to an acorn, from which like a mighty oak stems the whole of the Russian composer's school. To continue this horticultural simile, we might liken Dargomyzhsky's works to the oak's trunk, supporting and giving life to a rich canopy of his successors. Reflecting upon Dargomyzhsky's legacy in Russian music, we realise that in his compositions we see the first shoots of musical Realism which will flourish in the works of Balakirev, Cui, Musorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Stravinsky, Shostakovich and others. Dargomyzhsky, together with Glinka, confronted the problem of the very existence of a Russian composer's school, a unique and distinct entity based upon the fundamental qualities of the national archetype of Russian people. We see Dargomyzhsky at the fork in the road, where he having assimilated western (particularly French) ways of composing, turns towards a unique national path in music.

The surname Dargomyzhsky is an invented one. According to several slightly different genealogical versions, the composer's father was an illegitimate son of a nobleman, who most likely had the surname Ladyzhensky. The boy had been renounced by his father and therefore deprived of his noble title and surname. In 1800 the composer's father Sergey, aged 11, was enrolled in a prestigious boarding school attached to Moscow University with a new surname invented for the purpose. It derives from the name of a village, Dargomyzhka, in the Tula region of Russia, where Sergey Dargomyzhsky is believed to have been born. His noble title (and by extension his son's) however, was restored in 1828 on the basis of a special dispensation.

There were 6 children in the Dargomyzhsky family – 3 girls and 3 boys – all of whom were born in the regions of Tula or Smolensk before the whole family moved to St Petersburg. Due to an illness in his early years, Alexander did not begin speaking till the age of 5 and his

voice remained high pitched and husky for the rest of his life. Traditional at the time, home schooling gave the young Dargomyzhsky an excellent command of European languages (particularly French), as well as a good knowledge of the arts – poetry, music and theatre. Home music making featured prominently in their education, involving both children and parents playing the piano, harp, violin and performing mostly European music of the time. In 1818 the Dargomyzhskys moved to St Petersburg. Aged 6, Alexander started learning to play the piano in a serious way. “During my eleventh and twelfth years of age I already composed, self-taught, various piano pieces and even romances”, – writes Dargomyzhsky in his autobiography. In 1828 Franz Schoberlechner, a famous Austrian pianist and composer, a student of Hummel, arrives to St Petersburg and quickly establishes himself as a first rate performer and professor. It is to him Dargomyzhsky attributes the final finishing touches of his excellent musical education: “By the 1830s I was already well known in St Petersburg as a strong pianist. Schoberlechner called me his best student”. Dargomyzhsky’s proficiency at the piano was also noted by Michail Glinka, who soon became his mentor and friend for 22 long years. In his notes Glinka wrote about the occasion when he met Dargomyzhsky in 1835: “A small man in a blue jacket and red waist coat, who spoke in a squeaky soprano. When he sat at the piano, it turned out that he was an energetic piano player and a very talented composer”. Through his personal example and joint music making (for example, studying and playing 4 hands Beethoven’s symphonies and overtures by Mendelssohn) Glinka inspired in Dargomyzhsky a change in attitude towards composing music as a profession, rather than an amateur pursuit belonging to a salon. His acquaintance with Glinka eventually prompted Dargomyzhsky to make a choice – to continue as a well known and respected pianist or concentrate wholly on composing. “My musical affairs took an absolutely decisive form: I entirely abandoned performing and am trying my hand all the time at various forms of composition” - he writes in 1836.

It is worth remembering at this point that alongside his musical activities Dargomyzhsky also had what we call nowadays a ‘day job’ (as did almost the entire first generation of Russian

composers of the 19th century, including Cui, Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin, Musorgsky and Tchaikovsky). From 1827 (when he was 14) until 1843 Dargomyzhsky worked his way up through various positions in the Ministries of the Imperial Court, mostly the Ministry of Finance and the Treasury – a conventional career path for a youth of noble descent at the time.

In 1834 St Petersburg was treated to a production of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, subsequently followed up with *Les Huguenots* a year later and *La Juive* by Halévy in 1837. Dargomyzhsky took enormous interest in Grand Romantic Opera and soon arrived to a conclusion of it being a supreme art form. Prompted by a huge interest in a recently published novel – *Notre Dame de Paris* by Victor Hugo – which was sweeping through the capital's intellectual circles, Dargomyzhsky decided to write an opera based on this story. *Esmeralda* was finished in 1841 and was submitted for production at the Emperor's theatres, but it took 6 years to be seen by the public on the stage of the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow due to a multitude of bureaucratic intrigues.

In order to enhance his musical erudition and in search of new inspiration and knowledge Dargomyzhsky planned a trip to Europe (very much following in Glinka's footsteps in that respect). Another motive for this trip abroad was to make *Esmeralda*, and by that time a considerable volume of other compositions, known to European audiences. Having departed on October 5 1844, Dargomyzhsky spent just over 6 months travelling to Berlin, Brussels, Paris and Vienna. From his autobiographical notes we know that Dargomyzhsky personally met Meyerbeer in Berlin, where the latter lived at the time and obtained an autograph for his travel album. Dargomyzhsky also mentions that amongst European composers he "most closely befriended François-Joseph Fétis in Brussels and Fromental Halévy in Paris".

Dargomyzhsky's time spent in Paris was saturated with new impressions, cultural exploration and new acquaintances. He frequented theatre and opera, as well as symphonic concerts at the Conservatoire (he heard symphonies of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, choruses from

Mozart's *Idomeneo* and Beethoven's *Die Ruinen von Athen*) which left him in a state of amazement at the high standard of orchestral playing. "This orchestral performance is perfect to such a degree, that I couldn't admire it any more, but could only laugh!.. It is magic beyond any description!" – he wrote to his father. Witnessing performances of works by Meyerbeer and Halévy, Dargomyzhsky, however, was quite critical of the art form he hitherto idealised: "French Grand Opera can be compared to the ruins of a splendid Greek temple. Looking at the fragments of this temple, an artist can imagine the grandeur and sophistication of the temple, although the temple itself no longer exists. So, having heard the singing of Falcon, Duprez and the full, harmonious orchestra of the Grand Opera, I can imagine what it was in its flourishing years!" Dargomyzhsky's criticism clearly relates not to the performance aspects of what he heard, but was directed at the foundations of the art form itself, its decorative nature and its loss of connection with the "vital style of our time". Around that time Dargomyzhsky finds himself in a dilemma between the French way of composition, in which he was so well-schooled, and a necessity to develop a more urgently contemporary voice in music, full of immediacy and directness, liberated from the well established constraints of genre. Having confronted Romanticism, Dargomyzhsky embarked upon a course that would eventually lead to a flourishing of Russian national Realism in music of the late 19th and 20th centuries. While information about Dargomyzhsky's stay in Paris is sketchy, in his travel album we find musical autographs from Auber, Donizetti and Hector Berlioz. On the same page as Berlioz's – an entry from Victor Hugo himself.

Dargomyzhsky returned to Russia in high spirits and success temporarily accompanied him in his musical endeavours. *Esmeralda* was reasonably well received in Moscow, but eventually was refused a production in St Petersburg. Around this time his health began to deteriorate in a significant way and, as he put it, "there aren't two weeks in a row when physical pain doesn't distract me from work". Over subsequent years, despite the respect and admiration of his pupils and colleagues, Dargomyzhsky always felt that true success eluded him and was deeply hurt by that: "I am not mistaken. My artistic position in St Petersburg is unenviable.

The majority of our music lovers and newspaper writers do not recognize any inspiration in me. Their routine taste is looking for ear flattering melodies, which I don't deliver. I do not intend to degrade music to entertainment". And then – the words which will become Dargomyzhsky's finest bequest to Russian music: "I want for the sound to directly express the word. I want the truth". Experimentation with declamatory, recitative-like writing most adequately conveying stark and realistic emotional content has gradually become one of the main features of his mature style, particularly in later operatic works – *Rusalka and The Stone Guest*. Realistic tendencies also penetrate further into chamber vocal works as well with the introduction of scene-like, humorous and satirical Romances.

Apart from composition, Dargomyzhsky taught extensively in his mature years. He also held the position of President of the St Petersburg branch of Russian Musical Society for several years, and played a significant part in laying foundations for musical education, as well as attracting musicians of the highest calibre (such as Clara Wieck, Hans von Bulow, Berlioz and Wagner) to perform in Russia. From the end of the 1850s Dargomyzhsky actively mentored the young, up-and-coming crop of future pillars of Russian music, namely the members of the Mighty Five – Balakirev, Borodin, Cui, Rimsky-Korsakov and Musorgsky. Cesar Cui later recalled that the music of the Mighty Five was of great and sincere interest to Dargomyzhsky. "We willingly showed to him our new compositions, and he willingly listened to them and took part in performing them. Each of 'the comrades' rarely appeared at a gathering empty-handed...: one brought a new scherzo, another – a new romance, third – a movement of a symphony or overture, another – an operatic ensemble. What an expanse of creative powers it was! What an opulent triumph of imagination, inspiration, poetry, musical enterprise! The whole crowd gathered around the piano, and here immediately took place critique, the weighing up of virtues and faults, attack and defence. Talent, animation, rigorous artistic endeavour, joyfulness bubbled like a brook". In May 1868 Musorgsky presented his manuscripts of *Lullaby for Yeryomushka* and *With nanny* (which eventually has formed a part of *The Nursery*) to an already severely ill Dargomyzhsky with a dedication which would

become the quintessence of the significance of his legacy in the history of Russian music – “To the great teacher of musical truth Alexander Sergeevich Dargomyzhsky”.

Author of just under a hundred of Romances, 4 complete operas (2 more survive in sketches), Dargomyzhsky composed almost exclusively for the voice. His Romances cover a wide range of genres – from a Romance belonging to a European-style salon, through to a Russian folk song, a larger scale ballade, and, particularly in later life, realistic and satirical scenes. There is an unmistakable direction in Dargomyzhsky’s creative evolution: from Classical, through Romantic and towards Realistic writing in later years. While being mindful of that, in this collection of Romances we chose to concentrate our attention upon the earlier aspects of his output. Romance was undoubtedly the most popular and wide spread genre in Russian music of the first half of the 19th century and in his earlier creations Dargomyzhsky clearly followed the tradition of a salon aesthetic. Despite limited traction on the operatic front, Dargomyzhsky was a very well known and popular author of Romances. “My Romances are sung to such an extent, that they began to bore me!” – he remarked. These compositions, which were originally intended for the salon, however, with their refined form and perfect craftsmanship, transcend the decorative and sentimental context of a soirée. A contemporary described one of many occasions when the author himself accompanied his Romances at such a soirée: “A plain, diminutive maestro slightly resembled a kitten, and a sleepy one in addition; but when the inspirational Maria Mikhailovna would sit him in front of the piano ... and begin to sing, – then his eyes would light up; his entire small, skinny figure rises up – a sleepy kitten awakens like an eagle”.

Quite a few of his early romances have been written to original French or Italian texts, which is a fascinating fact in itself. *Au bal*, *La sincère*, *Dieu qui sourit* present fine examples of light salon entertainment written in best traditions of the genre. An arioso *Vanne, o rosa fortunata*, a setting of Matastasio’s original Italian text, would rival Bellini’s version of the same poem in its purity, balance and plasticity of the vocal line within the frame of bel canto tradition.

A number of Dargomyzhsky's Romances are settings of poetry by Julia Zhadovskaya, a prominent poet and writer of the mid-19th century. A traumatic break up of an engagement to her tutor, imposed by her father, affected her entire life as well as her literary output. *How often I listen; Foolish one, I still love him! and You'll soon forget me* draw us into a world of lost love and heartbreak, shedding a stark light upon the emotional turmoil caused by certain social clichés and restrictions of the time. In these settings Dargomyzhsky displays a ubiquitous ability to strike a remarkable balance between captivating melodic and harmonic gestures, and framing the text in such a way that both enhance each other in perfect accord. In a way, here Dargomyzhsky is a harbinger of Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov, while in his later works, where musical matter is ruptured to accommodate the word (for example in *Stone Guest*, an opera which mostly consists of recitative and declamation) predict Musorgsky and Stravinsky.

Pushkin's poetry carries a great significance throughout Dargomyzhsky's works. Apart from numerous romances, 3 out of his 4 completed operas are set to Pushkin's texts. *The fire of desire burns in my blood* and *The secret garden* were freely translated by Pushkin from *The Song of Songs*, a series of romantic verses from the Old Testament. While *The fire of desire burns in my blood* is relatively clear in its meaning, *The secret garden* presents a bit of a puzzle upon the first reading. The meaning of this poem becomes clear if we recognize that it is a dialogue between the two lovers which is obscured by the absence of relevant punctuation in the original text. We must also note the ambiguity of the term "sister" in *The Song of Songs* – the true meaning of this term is "bride". Pushkin masterfully disguised the overtly sexual subject of this poem from an uninitiated mind as well as censure. Dargomyzhsky's openwork texture of this Romance is evocative of oriental hanging gardens and sophisticated harmonic modulations suggest exotic fragrances wafting though the air. Another Pushkin setting, *Night Zephyr* – one of the most well known Romances of Dargomyzhsky, is a rondo of perfectly symmetrical proportions with two episodes framed by three iterations of the refrain. While the refrains describe dramatic beauty of the night in the vicinity of Spain's second longest

river, Guadalquivir, in the first episode we hear the strumming of a guitar, serenading a young lady, and in the second episode's gallant minuet we can make out a portrait of the serenader himself.

The Spanish theme persists in *Sierra Nevada is shrouded in mists... and Spanish Romance*, perhaps instigated by interest towards the story of *Stone Guest* (Pushkin's version of Don Giovanni). *Spanish Romance*, subsequently included in *Stone Guest*, uses a well known authentic Spanish folk theme also used by Liszt and, later, Ravel, in their respective *Spanish Rhapsodies*, and made famous in Russia by Glinka's orchestral work *Jota Aragonesa*.

*The youth and the maiden* is an exquisite example of a vocal miniature, where rather like in an antique cameo the finest features and variations of texture are achieved by remarkably minimal means – a rare skill revealing the hand of a true master. The gentle and graceful waltz of *Sixteen years* (a setting of Delvig's translation of M.Claudius's poem entitled *Phidile*) reveals a bitter-sweet drama of youth, naivety and endearing inexperience of first love.

Dargomyzhsky's vocal miniatures belong to the finest pages in Russian music of the 19th century. No doubt music lovers will continue to admire and enjoy these Romances – works of indelible charm, refinement and elegant proportions, delicate transparent textures, glowing with graceful style and emotional warmth.

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**Au bal**

*Florville Bauduin de Wiers (fl.1831-1854)*

Oh! Parle encore à ce bal qui m'enivre,  
Dis-moi des mots mystérieux et doux,  
Lorsqu'en valsant a ton bras je viens vivre  
Et que les fleurs s'éparpillent sur nous!

Quand nous volons dans la mêlée ardente,  
J'aime ta voix! de ton front la pâleur,  
Et ton sourire et ta main frémissante  
Et ton regard, qui plonge dans mon coeur!

A nous la vie et ses heures de fête!  
A nous l'extase et les réveils joyeux!  
Et ces banquets, où la raison s'arrête!  
A nous du ciel l'instant délicieux!

A nous aussi le nuage qui gronde  
Et de la mer les magiques reflux,  
A nous ses flots, qu'ils versent le monde  
Au jour maudit où tu n'aimeras plus!

Oh! Parle encore à ce bal qui m'enivre,  
Dis-moi des mots mystérieux et doux,  
Lorsqu'en valsant a ton bras je viens vivre  
Et que les fleurs s'éparpillent sur nous!

Quand nous volons dans la mêlée ardente,  
J'aime ta voix! De ton front la pâleur,  
Et ton sourire et ta main frémissante  
Et ton regard, qui plonge dans mon coeur!

**At the ball**

*Oh! Talk to me again at this ball which intoxicates me,  
Tell me mysterious and sweet words,  
While, waltzing in your arms, I come to life  
And the flowers scatter all over us!*

*While we fly in this ardent liaison,  
I love your voice! the paleness of your face,  
Your smile and your trembling hand,  
And your glance, which plunges into my heart!*

*For us is the life and its hours of celebration!  
For us is the ecstasy and happy awakenings!  
And these feasts, where the reason ceases!  
For us are heavenly moments of delight!*

*For us also the roaring cloud  
And magical ebbs of the sea,  
For us its tide, which turns the world upside down  
On the damned day, when you love no more!*

*Oh! Talk to me again at this ball which intoxicates me,  
Tell me mysterious and sweet words,  
While, waltzing in your arms, I come to life  
And the flowers scatter all over us!*

*While we fly in this ardent liaison,  
I love your voice! the paleness of your face,  
Your smile and your trembling hand,  
And your glance, which plunges into my heart!*

2 **Na razdolje nebes**

*Nikolai Shcherbina (1821-1869)*

Na razdolje nebes svetit iarko luna,  
I listy serebr'ats'a oliv;  
Dikoï voli polna,  
Zakhodila volna,  
Zhemchugom ubiraïa zaliv.

Eta divnaïa noch i temna i svetla,  
I ogon' razlivaïet v krovi;  
Ïa mastiku zazhgla,  
Ïa tsvetov narvala,  
Pospeshaï na svidanie l'ubvi!

Eta noch proletit, i zamolknat volna  
Pri sïanie besstrastnogo dn'a,  
I, zaboty polna,  
Budu ïa kolodna,  
Ty togda ne uznaiesh men'a!

Eta divnaïa noch i temna i svetla,  
I ogon' razlivaïet v krovi;  
Ïa mastiku zazhgla,  
Ïa tsvetov narvala,  
Pospeshaï na svidanie l'ubvi!

3 **Odelas' tumanami Sierra Nevada**

*Valerian Shirkov (1805-1856)*

Odelas' tumanami Sierra Nevada,  
Volnami igraïet khrustal'nyi Khenil',  
I k beregu veïet s potoka prokhlada,  
I v vosdukhe blesh'et srebristaïa pyl'!

Prozrachnyie bezdny efira  
Lunoï i zvezdami gor'at!  
Otkroi mne ventanu, Elvira,  
Minuty blazhenstva let'at!

**Upon the expanse of heavens**

*Upon the expanse of heavens the moon is shining bright,  
Leaves of olive trees are silvery;  
Full of wild freedom  
The wave rushes in  
Adorning the bay with pearls.*

*This wondrous night both dark and clear  
Spreads fire in my blood;  
I've lit up the incense,  
I've gathered flowers,  
Hurry up to a love assignment!*

*This night will fly away, and the wave will quieten  
In the shining of the dispassionate day,  
And, preoccupied with chores,  
I will be distant,  
You won't recognise me then!*

*This wondrous night both dark and clear  
Spreads fire in my blood;  
I've lit up the incense,  
I've gathered flowers,  
Hurry up to a love assignment!*

**Sierra Nevada is shrouded in mists...**

*Sierra Nevada is shrouded in mists,  
Crystal Genil is glistening with waves,  
Cool is breezing from the stream toward the bank,  
And silver dust is shining in the air!*

*Lucid depths of the ether  
Glow with the moon and stars!  
Open the window for me, Elvira,  
Minutes of delight fly away!*

Usnul li idal'go dokuchnyi?  
Spisti mne s uzlami snurok!  
So mnoiu kinzhal nerazluchnyi  
I smertnogo zeliãa sok!

Ne bois'a, tsvet milyï Grenady!  
Ventanu za mnoiu zakroï;  
Puskai nam poiôt serenadu  
I plachet kortekho mladoï!

Odelas' tumanami Sierra Nevada,  
Volnami igraïet khrustal'nyi Khenil',  
I s berega veïet s potoka prokhlada,  
I v vosdukhe blesh'et s rebristaia pyl'!

4 **V'ubl'on ia, deva-krasota**

*Nikolai Yazykov (1803-1846)*

V'ubl'on ia, deva-krasota,  
V tvoï razgovor, zhivoï i strastnyi,  
V tvoï golas, angel'sky prekrasnyi,  
V tvoï rum'anyie usta!  
Dai mne toboï nal'ubovat's'a,  
Naslushat's'a tvoikh rechëi,  
Upit's'a pesneiu tvoieï,  
Tvoim dykhaniem nadyshat's'a!

5 **La sincère**

*Marceline Desbordes-Valmore (1786-1859)*

Veux-tu l'acheter?  
Mon cœur est à vendre.  
Veux-tu l'acheter;  
Sans nous disputer?  
Dieu l'a fait d'aimant;  
Tu le feras tendre;  
Dieu l'a fait d'aimant  
Pour un seul amant!

*Has bothersome hidalgo fallen asleep?  
Drop me a silken ladder!  
My trusty dagger is with me  
And also a vial of deadly potion!*

*Fear not, lovely flower of Grenada!  
Close the window behind me;  
Let the young courtier  
Sing us serenade and weep!*

*Sierra Nevada is shrouded in mist,  
Crystal Genil is glistening with waves,  
Cool is breezing from the stream toward the bank,  
And silver dust is shining in the air!*

**I'm in love, beautiful maiden**

*I'm in love, beautiful maiden,  
With your talk, lively and impassioned,  
With your voice, angelically fair,  
With your scarlet lips!  
Let me admire you to my heart's content,  
Endlessly listen to your talking,  
Revel in your song,  
Drink in your breath!*

**A confession**

*Do you want to buy it?  
My heart is for sale.  
Do you want to buy it,  
Without any arguing?  
God made it full of affection;  
You'll make it tender;  
God made it full of affection  
For one lover only!*

Moi, j'en fais le prix;  
Veux-tu le connaître?  
Moi, j'en fais le prix;  
N'en sois pas surpris.

As-tu tout le tien?  
Donne! et sois mon maître.  
As-tu tout le tien,  
Pour payer le mien?

S'il n'est plus à toi,  
Je n'ai qu'une envie;  
S'il n'est plus à toi,  
Tout est dit pour moi.

Le mien glissera,  
Fermé dans la vie;  
Le mien glissera,  
Et Dieu seul l'aura!

Car, pour nos amours,  
La vie est rapide;  
Car, pour nos amours,  
Elle a peu de jours.

L'âme doit courir  
Comme une eau limpide;  
L'âme doit courir,  
Aimer! et mourir.

*I will appoint the price;  
Do you want to know it?  
I will appoint the price;  
Don't be surprised.*

*Does your heart still belong to you?  
Give it to me! And be my master.  
Does your heart still belong to you,  
To pay with it for mine?*

*If your heart's no longer yours,  
I have only one desire;  
If your heart's no longer yours,  
I am done for.*

*My heart will glide  
Closed to life;  
My heart will glide  
And God alone will have it!*

*Because for our love,  
Life passes by rapidly,  
Because for our love,  
It has only a few days.*

*The soul must run  
Like limpid water.  
The soul must run,  
Love! And die.*

## 6 **Shestnadzat' let**

*Anton Delvig (1798-1831)*

Mne minulo shestnadzat' let,  
No serdtse bylo v vole;  
Ïa dumala: ves' belyï svet, ves' belyï svet –  
Nash bor, potok i pole.  
K nam ïunoshka prishol v selo:  
Kto on? Otkol'? Ne znaïu –

## **Sixteen years**

*I had turned sixteen,  
But my heart was carefree;  
I thought: the entire world –  
Is our forest, stream and field.  
A youth has come to our village:  
Who is he? Where from? I don't know –*

No vs' o menya k nemu vleklo, k nemu vleklo,  
Vs' o mne tverdilo: znaïu!  
Kuda poiïu – i on za mnoï.  
Na dolguïu l' razluku?  
Ne znaïu! Tol'ko on s tosکوï, akh, on s tosکوï  
Bezmolvno zhal mne ruku.  
“Chto khochesh ty? – sprosilâ ïa, –  
Skazhi, pastukh unyli?”  
I s zharom on skasal: “L'ubl'u, l'ubl'u teb'a!”  
I tikho nazval miloi.  
I mne b togda “l'ubl'u” skazat!  
No slov naiti ne znala,  
Na zeml'u potupila, potupila vzgl'ad,  
Krasnela, trepetala!  
Ni slova ne skazala ïa;  
Za chto zh ïemu sedrit's'a?  
Za chto pokinul on, pokinul on men'a?  
I skoro l' vozvratits'a?

7

## Ty i Vy

*Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837)*

Pustoïe Vy serdechnym Ty  
Ona, obmolv'as', zameniâ  
I vse schastlivyïe mechty  
V dushe vl'ubl'onnoï vobudila.

Pred nei zadumchivo stoïu,  
Svesti ocheï s neïo net sily;  
Ïa govor'u ïei: kak vy mily!  
A mys'l'u: kak teb'a l'ubl'u!

*But everything attracted me to him,  
Everything was telling me: I know him!  
Anywhere I would go he'd follow me.  
Is it before a long parting, I don't know –  
But without saying a word, anxiously,  
He squeezed my hand tightly.  
“What wants thou? – I asked, –  
Tell me, melancholy shepherd”.  
He said with passion: “I love you, love you!”  
And quietly called me sweetheart.  
I wish I'd also said then “I love you”!  
But I couldn't find the words,  
I lowered my glance to the ground,  
Blushing and trembling!  
I didn't say a word;  
What could have made him angry?  
Why did he abandon me?  
And how soon will he return?”*

## Thou and You

*A formal You with a heartfelt Thou  
She substituted, with a slip of the tongue  
And all the happy dreams  
Have awakened within my enamoured soul.*

*I stand before her deep in thought,  
Unable to take my gaze away from her;  
I say to her: You are so charming!  
But think: how I love Thee!*

8 **Kak chasto slushaiü...**

*Yulia Zhadovskaiya (1824-1883)*

Kak chasto slushaiü nichtozhnyi razgovor  
S uchastiëm pritivornym ia i lozhnym!  
Vnimanie polnoie izobrazhaïet vzor,  
No mysli daleko i na serdtse trevozhno!..  
Kak chasto ia smeïus', togda kak iz ocheï  
Gotovy sl'ozy zharkie katit's'a!..  
Akh!.. kak by ia togda bezhala ot l'udeï,  
Kak sladko bylo b mne, odnoi, grustit', molit's'a!

**How often I listen...**

*How often I listen to an unworthy conversation  
With attention – feigned and false!  
My glance portrays full attention,  
But my thoughts are far away and my heart is troubled!..  
How often I laugh, when from my eyes  
Bitter tears are ready to flow!..  
Ah!.. How I wish to escape from people then,  
How sweet it is to be melancholy and pray alone!*

9 **Jamais**

*Émile Barateau (1792-1870)*

Je peux, en sa présence,  
Hélas! Sans espérance,  
Rêver de ma souffrance;  
Mais, l'avouer, jamais!  
Je peux, quand tout me blesse,  
Pleurer de la tristesse  
Qui, chaque jour, m'opprime;  
Mais la guérir, jamais!  
Je peux, moi qui l'adore,  
L'aimer longtemps encore  
D'un amour qu'il ignore;  
Mais, le nommer, jamais!  
Je peux, l'âme flétrie,  
Dans une autre patrie,  
Aller finir ma vie,  
Mais, l'oublier, jamais!

**Never**

*I can, in his presence –  
Alas – without hope,  
Dream of my suffering,  
But to reveal it, never!  
I can, when everything gives me pain,  
Cry out of sadness,  
Which oppresses me every day,  
But to heal from it, never!  
I can, the one whom I adore,  
Keep loving for a long time,  
With love, which he ignores,  
But to name it, never!  
I can with my withered soul  
To the distant land  
Depart to finish my life,  
But to forget him, never!*

10 **Nochnoi zefir**

*Alexander Pushkin*

Nochnoi zefir  
struit efir,  
Bezhit, shumit,  
Gvadalkvimir.

Vot vzoshla luna zlataia,  
Tishe... Chu... Gitary zvon...  
Vot ispanka molodaia  
Operlas' a na balkon.

Nochnoi zefir  
Struit efir,  
Bezhit, shumit,  
Gvadalkvimir.

Sbros' mantiliu, angel milyi,  
I iavis' kak iarkii den'!  
Skoz' chugunnyie perily  
Nozhku divnuii proden'!

Nochnoi zefir  
Struit efir,  
Bezhit, shumit,  
Gvadalkvimir.

11 **Vanne, o rosa fortunata**

*Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)*

Vanne, o rosa fortunata,  
A posar di Nice in petto  
Ed ognun sarà costretto  
La tua sorte invidiar.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io  
Transformarmi un sol momento;  
Non avria più bel contento  
Questo core a sospirar.

**Night Zephyr**

*Night Zephyr  
Streams through the ether,  
Courses, roars,  
Guadalquivir.*

*Now the golden moon has risen,  
Listen... Hark... The ringing of a guitar...  
See, a young Spanish lady  
Has leant upon a balcony.*

*Night Zephyr  
Streams through the ether,  
Courses, roars,  
Guadalquivir.*

*Shed your mantle, dear angel,  
And appear as a bright day!  
Through the cast-iron balustrade  
Thread your sublime little foot!*

*Night Zephyr  
Streams through the ether,  
Courses, roars,  
Guadalquivir.*

**Go, o fortunate rose**

*Go, o fortunate rose,  
To repose upon Nice's breast  
And everyone will feel compelled  
To envy your fate.*

*Oh, if only I also could  
Transform into you for one moment;  
There is no happier contentment  
For this heart to long for.*

Ma tu inchini dispettosa,  
Bella rosa impallidita,  
La tua fronte scolorita  
Dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

Bella rosa, è destinata  
Ad entrambi un'ugual sorte;  
Là trovar dobbiam la morte,  
Tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

12 **Īa vs'o ĭesh'o ĭego, bezumnaĭa, l'ubl'u!**

*Yulia Zhadovskaiya*

Īa vs'o ĭesh'o ĭego, bezumnaĭa, l'ubl'u!  
Pri imeni ĭego dusha moĭa trepesh'et;  
Toska po prezhnemu szhimaĭet grud' moĭu,  
I vzor gor'acheĭu slezoĭ nevoľno blesh'et:  
Bezumnaĭa, ĭa vs'o ĭesh'o ĭego l'ubl'u,  
Īa vs'o ĭesh'o ĭego l'ubl'u!

Īa vs'o ĭesh'o ĭego, bezumnaĭa, l'ubl'u!  
Otrada tikhaĭa mne v dushu pronikaĭet,  
I radost' ĭasnaĭa na serdtshe nizletaĭet,  
Kogda ĭa za nego sozdatel'a mol'u!  
Bezumnaĭa, ĭa vs'o ĭesh'o ĭego l'ubl'u,  
Īa vs'o ĭesh'o ĭego l'ubl'u!

13 **Vertograd**

*Alexander Pushkin*

Vertograd moĭei sestry,  
Vertograd uĭedinennyĭ!  
Chistyĭ kl'uch u nei s gory  
Ne bezhit zapechatlennyĭ!  
U men'a plody blest'at  
Nalivnyĭe, zolotyĭe!  
U men'a begut, shum'at  
Vody chistyĭe, zhivyĭe!

*But you wither with envy,  
Beautiful pale rose,  
Your brow is discoloured  
With indignation and sorrow.*

*Fair rose, the same fortune  
Is destined for both of us:  
To find death there,  
For you, from envy – for me, from love.*

**Foolish one, I still love him!**

*Foolish one, I still love him!  
When I hear his name, my soul begins to tremble;  
Sorrow still grips my breast,  
And my eye is shining with an involuntary tear:  
Foolish one, I still love him,  
I still love him!*

*Foolish one, I still love him!  
Quiet joy penetrates my soul,  
And pure delight descends upon my heart,  
When I pray for him to the Creator!  
Foolish one, I still love him,  
I still love him!*

**The secret garden**

*The secret garden of my bride  
Is a secluded place!  
From the hill there, the clear brook  
Does not run, sealed away!  
– My fruits are shining  
Juicy and golden!  
– My waters run and roar  
Pure and life-giving!*

Nard, alloi i kinnamon  
Blagovoniem bogaty!  
Lish poveiet akvilon,  
I posypl'ut aromaty!

14 **V krovì gorit ogon' zhelaniã**

*Alexander Pushkin*

V krovì gorit ogon' zhelaniã,  
Dusha toboi uiazvlena;  
Lobzai men'a: tvoì lobzaniã  
Mne slash'e mirra i vina!

Sklonis' ko mne glavoiu neznoi,  
I da pochiiu bezm'atezhnoi,  
Poka dokhn'ot ves'olyi den'  
I dvignets'a nochnaiã ten'!

V krovì gorit ogon' zhelaniã,  
Dusha toboi uiazvlena;  
Lobzai men'a: tvoì lobzaniã  
Mne slash'e mirra i vina!

15 **Ô ma charmante**

*Victor Hugo (1802-1885)*

L'aube naît, et ta porte est close!  
Ma belle, pourquoi sommeiller?  
À l'heure où s'éveille la rose  
Ne vas-tu pas te réveiller?

Ô ma charmante,  
Écoute ici  
L'amant qui chante  
Et pleure aussi!

Toute frappe à ta porte bénie.  
L'aurore dit: Je suis le jour!  
L'oiseau dit: Je suis l'harmonie!  
Et mon cœur dit: Je suis l'amour!

– *Nard, aloe and cinnamon*  
*Are rich in fragrance!*  
– *As soon as the north-east wind awakens*  
*The aromas of spices spread around!*

**The fire of desire burns in my blood**

*The fire of desire burns in my blood,  
My soul is wounded by you;  
Kiss me: your kisses  
Are sweeter that myrrh and wine to me!*

*Incline your head towards me  
So I can fall asleep carelessly,  
While the heat of the joyful day breezes by,  
And the shadow of night approaches!*

*The fire of desire burns in my blood,  
My soul is wounded by you;  
Kiss me: your kisses  
Are sweeter that myrrh and wine to me!*

**Oh, my charming one**

*The dawn is born, but your door is closed!  
My beauty, why are you asleep?  
At the hour when the rose awakens  
Are you not going to wake up?*

*Oh, my charming one,  
Listen here  
To a lover who is singing  
And also weeping!*

*Everything knocks at your blessed door.  
The dawn says: I am the day!  
The bird says: I am harmony!  
And my heart says: I am love!*

Ô ma charmante,  
Écoute ici  
L'amant qui chante  
Et pleure aussi !

Je t'adore, ange, et t'aime, femme.  
Dieu qui pour toi m'a complété  
A fait mon amour pour ton âme,  
Et mon regard pour ta beauté!

Ô ma charmante,  
Écoute ici  
L'amant qui chante  
Et pleure aussi!

16 **Ne skazhu nikomu**  
*Aleksey Koltsov (1809-1842)*

Ne skazhu nikomu,  
Otchego ia vesnoï  
Po pol'am i lugam  
Ne sbiraiu tsvetov;  
Ta vesna daleko,  
Te zav'ali tsvety,  
Iz kotorykh ia s nim  
Zavivala venki!  
I tekh net uzhe dneï,  
Chto leteli strelöï,  
Chto l'uboviü nas zhgli,  
Chto palili ogn'om!  
Ne skazhu nikomu,  
Otchego u men'a  
T'azhelo na grudi  
Zlaia grust' nalegla...

*Oh, my charming one,  
Listen here  
To a lover who is singing  
And also weeping!*

*I adore you, angel, and I love you, lady.  
God, who has created me for you,  
Made my love for your soul  
And my eyes for your beauty!*

*Oh, my charming one,  
Listen here  
To a lover who is singing  
And also weeping!*

**I won't tell anyone**

*I won't tell anyone,  
Why in spring  
In the fields and meadows  
I don't gather flowers;  
That spring is far away  
And those flowers have withered  
From which together with him  
I weaved wreaths!  
And those days have passed  
Which flew like arrows,  
And burned us with love,  
Scorched us with fire!  
I won't tell anyone  
Why so heavily  
Upon my chest  
Sinister sorrow has reposed...*

17 **Mne grustno**

*Mikhail Lermontov (1814-1841)*

Mne grustno, potomu chto ÿa teb'a l'ubľ'u,  
I znaiu: molodost' tsvetush'üiu tvoiu  
Ne posh'adit molvy kovarnoie gonen'ie!  
Za kazhdyi svetlyi den' il' sladkoie mgnovenie!  
Slezami i toskoï zaplatishty sud'be!  
Mne grustno, potomu chto veselo tebe!

18 **Dieu qui sourit**

*Victor Hugo (1802-1885)*

Dieu qui sourit et qui donne  
Et qui vient vers qui l'attend,  
Pourvu que vous soyez bonne,  
Sera content.

Le monde où tout étincelle,  
Mais où rien n'est enflammé,  
Pourvu que vous soyez belle,  
Sera charmé.

Mon cœur, dans l'ombre amoureuse  
Où l'enivre deux beaux yeux,  
Pourvu que tu sois heureuse,  
Sera joyeux.

19 **Ne nazyvaï iëto nebesnoï**

*Nikolai Pavlov (1803-1864)*

Ona bezgreshnykh snovidenii  
Tebe na lozhe ne poshl'ot,  
I dl'a nebes, kak dobryi geniü,  
Tvoieï dushi ne sberezhot;  
S nei mir drugoi, no mir prelestnoi,  
S nei gasnet vera v luchshii kraï...  
Ne nazyvaï iëto nebesnoï  
I u zemli ne otnimai!

**I am saddened**

*I am saddened, because I love you,  
And I know: your flowering youth  
Won't be spared by treacherous gossip!  
For every bright day and sweet moment  
You will repay fate with tears and anguish!  
I'm saddened, because you are cheerful!*

**God who smiles**

*God who smiles and who rewards  
And who comes to those who wait,  
As long as you remain good,  
Will remain content.*

*The world where everything sparkles,  
But nothing is inflamed,  
As long as you are beautiful,  
Will remain charming.*

*My heart, overshadowed by love,  
Where two beautiful eyes intoxicate it,  
As long as you are happy,  
Will remain joyous.*

**Don't call her heavenly**

*She will not evoke  
Innocent dreams when you are in bed,  
And for the heavens, like a good genie,  
Won't save your soul;  
With her the world seems changed, but so charming,  
With her fades all hope of paradise...  
Don't call her heavenly  
And don't steal her from earth!*

Net u neïo besplotnykh kryliï,  
Chtob ot delit's' a ot l' udeï;  
Ona sliian'ie roz i lilii,  
Tsvetush'ikh dl'a zemnykh ocheï;  
Ona manit vo kraï chudesnyi.  
No etot kraï – ne svetlyï rai...  
Ne nazyvai' ieïo nebesnoi  
I u zemli ne otnimai!

Vgl'adis' v pronzitel' nyie ochi –  
Ne nehom svet' ats' a oni:  
V nikh iest' nepravednyie nochï,  
V nikh iest' muchitel' nyie dni!  
Pred tronom krasoty telesnoi  
Sv'atyykh molitv ne zazhigai'...  
Ne nazyvai' ieïo nebesnoi  
I u zemli ne otnimai!

Ona ne angel-nebozhitel',  
No, o l'ubvi ieïo mol'a,  
Kak pomnit' gorniïu obitel',  
Kak znať, chto nebo, chto zeml'a?  
S nei mir drugoi, no mir prelestnoi,  
S nei gasnet vera v luchshii kraï...  
Ne nazyvai' ieïo nebesnoi  
I u zemli ne otnimai!

*She doesn't have ethereal wings,  
To escape from mankind;  
She is a blend of roses and lilies,  
Which flower for earthly eyes;  
She lures you to a marvellous land,  
But that land is not a bright paradise...  
Don't call her heavenly  
And don't steal her from earth!*

*Look into her piercing eyes –  
They are glowing, but not with heaven:  
They shine with depraved nights,  
They shine with tortured days!  
Before the throne of fleshly beauty  
Don't light up candles in holy prayer...  
Don't call her heavenly  
And don't steal her from earth!*

*She is not a heavenly angel,  
But begging her for love,  
Is it possible to remember the higher spheres,  
To know what is Heaven, what is earth?  
With her the world seems changed, but so charming,  
With her fades all hope for paradise...  
Don't call her heavenly  
And don't steal her from earth!*

## 20 Ispanskii romans

*Anonymous*

Odelas' tumanom Grenada,  
Vs'o dremlet vokrug,  
Vs'o manit k svidaniu.  
Otkroi zhe ventanu, Elvira,  
Ne medli, drug moi milyi,  
Chas l'ubvi uletaiet naprasno!

## Spanish romance

*Grenada is shrouded with mist,  
The surroundings are in slumber,  
Everything invites a love assignation.  
Open the window, Elvira,  
Don't delay, my dear friend,  
The hour of love is flying in vain!*

V nemom ozhidanii  
Toml' us'a Ia strastiu,  
Ne bois'a, drug moi milyi,  
Mrak nas sokroiet ot vzorov kovarnykh!

V vostorge bezmolvnom  
V obiatiakh strasti  
Zabudem my vrem'a,  
Zabudem zaboty mirskäie.

No chto zhe ty medlish, Elvira?  
I' strakh bezrassudnyi vladeiet toboiu?  
Pylkim lobzaniem, drug milyi,  
Naveki iego zaglushu ia!..

21 **Īunosha i deva**

*Alexander Pushkin*

Īunoshu, gor' ko rydaia,  
Ravnivaia deva branila.  
K nei na plecho preklon'on,  
Īunosha vdruk zadremal.  
Deva totchas umolkla,  
Son iego l'ogkii lelcia.  
I ulybalas' iemu,  
Tikhie sl'ozy lia.

22 **Ty skoro men'a pozabudesh**

*Yulia Zhadovskaiya*

Ty skoro men'a pozabudesh,  
No ia ne zabudu teb'a;  
Ty v zhizni razl'ubish, pol'ubish,  
A ia nikogo, nikogda!  
Ty novyie litsa uvidish,  
Ty novykh družei izber' osh,  
Ty novyie chuvstva uznaiesh,  
I, mozhet byt', sh'astie naid' osh!

*In silent expectation  
I'm languishing with passion,  
Fear not, my dear friend,  
The darkness will cover us from prying eyes!*

*In mute ecstasy,  
Embracing passionately  
We'll forget the time,  
Forget worldly troubles.*

*But why the delay, Elvira?  
Has irrational fear possessed you?  
With a passionate kiss, my dear friend,  
I'll forever silence it!..*

**The youth and the maiden**

*A maiden weeping bitterly,  
Jealously reproached a youth.  
Inclined upon her shoulder,  
The youth had suddenly dozed off.  
The maiden fell silent at once,  
Cherishing his light dream,  
And smiled at him,  
Quietly shedding tears.*

**You'll soon forget me**

*You'll soon forget me,  
But I will not forget you;  
In life you'll cease to love and fall in love again,  
But me – never!  
You'll see new faces,  
You'll choose new friends,  
You'll experience new feelings,  
And maybe – find happiness!*

Īa tikho I grustno svershaiu  
Bez radostei zhiznennyi put',  
A kak ia l'ubl'u I stradaiu,  
Uznaiet mogila odna!

23 **Ne sprashivai**

*Alexander Pushkin*

Ne sprashivai, zachem ulyloi dumoi  
Sredi zabav ia chasto omrachon,  
Zachem na vs'o podieml'u vzor ugr'umoi,  
Zachem me mil mne sladkoi zhizni son.  
Ne sprashivai!  
Ne sprashivai, zachem dushoi ostyloi  
Īa razl'ubil ves'oluiu l'ubov'  
I nikogo ne nazyvaiu miloi!  
Kto raz l'ubil, uzhe ne pof'ubit vnov';  
Kto sh'astie znal, uzhe ne uznaiet sh'astia!  
Na kratkii mig blazhenstvo nam dano!  
Ot iunosti, ot neg i sladostriastia  
Ostanets'a unyniie odno!

24 **Charui men'a, charui!**

*Iulia Zhadovskaiia*

S kakoiu taioiui otradoi  
Tebe vseгда vnimaiu ia!  
Blazhenstva luchshego ne nado,  
Kak tol'ko slushat' by teb'a!  
I skof'ko chuvstv sv'atylk, prekrasnykh  
Tvoi golos v serdtse razbudil!  
I skof'ko dum vysokikh, iasnykh  
Tvoi chudnyi vzor vo mne rodil!  
Kak druzhby chistyii potselui,  
Kak sladkii otgolosok raia,  
Zvuchit mne rech tvoia, rech sv'ataia.  
O! Govori, o! Govori iesh'o!  
Charui men'a, charui!

*With resignation and quietly  
I make my joyless life's journey,  
And only the grave will know  
How I love and suffer!*

**Don't ask**

*Don't ask, why with a gloomy thought  
I'm often overcome amidst the amusements,  
Why I look at everything with sombre eyes,  
Why sweet life is not dear to me.  
Don't ask!  
Don't ask, why with my cold soul  
I've fallen out of favour with frivolous love  
And no-one I call my dear!  
The one who loved once, won't love again;  
The one who knew happiness, will find it no more!  
Ecstasy is given to us but for a brief moment!  
After youth, caresses and lustfulness  
Only melancholy will endure!*

**Enchant me, enchant!**

*With what secret joy  
I always hear you!  
I don't need a sweeter rapture  
Than only to listen to you!  
How many feelings, glorious and sacred,  
Your voice has awoken in my heart!  
How many thoughts, sublime and clear,  
Your glance has evoked within me!  
Like a pure kiss of love,  
Like a sweet aftersound of paradise,  
Your saintly voice sounds to me.  
Oh! Speak, oh! Speak some more!  
Enchant me, enchant!*

25 **Rasstalis' gordo my**  
*Vasily Kurochkin (1831-1875)*

Rasstalis' gordo my;  
Ni slovom, ni slezoiu  
Āa grusti priznaka  
Tebe ne podala.  
My razoshlis' na vek...  
No ĩesli by s toboiu  
Āa vstretit's'a mogla!  
Akh! ĩesli b ĩa  
Khoť vstretit's'a mogla!

Bez sl'oz, bez zhalob ĩa  
Sklonilas' pred sud' boiu,  
Ne znaiu: sdelav mne  
Tak mnogo v zhizni zla,  
L'ubil li ty men'a?  
No ĩesli by s toboiu  
Āa vsretit's'a mogla!  
Akh! ĩesli b ĩa  
Khoť vstretit's'a mogla!

26 **Āa vas l'ubil**  
*Alexander Pushkin*

Āa vas l'ubil: l'ubov' ĩesh'o byt' mozhet,  
V dushe moieĭ ugasla ne sovsem,  
No pust' ona vas bol'she ne trevozhit;  
Āa ne khochu pechalit' vas nichen!  
Āa vas l'ubil bezmolvno, beznadezhno,  
To robostiū, to revnostiū tomim;  
Āa vas l'ubil tak iskrenno, tak nezžno,  
Kak daĭ vam Bog l'ubimoi byt' drugim.

**We parted proudly**

*We parted proudly;  
Through words or tears  
The signs of grief  
I revealed not to you.  
We parted forever...  
But if only I could  
Meet you by accident!  
Ah! If only  
I could meet you!*

*Without tears or complaints  
I bowed before my fate,  
I don't know:  
Having hurt me so much,  
Did you really love me?  
But if only I could  
Meet you by accident!  
Ah! If only  
I could meet you!*

**I loved you**

*I loved you: maybe that love  
Within my soul is not extinguished completely,  
But may it not disturb you any longer;  
I don't want to sadden you with anything!  
I loved you, silently and hopelessly,  
Tortured in turn by shyness and jealousy;  
I loved you so sincerely and tenderly,  
As God grant you may be loved by another.*

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