83329

Album of Songs

of Russian Composers

ARENSKY,
BALAKIREW, BORODIN,
CUI, DARGOMIJSKY, GLINKA,
MOUSSORGSKY, RIMSKY-KORSAKOW

FOR SOPRANO

with English words by

CONSTANCE BACHE

Nº 27203. Pr.

LONDON, SCHOTT & Cº.
157 & 159 Regent Street.

Printed in Germany.

ALBUM

OF

RUSSIAN SONGS

THE WORDS BY

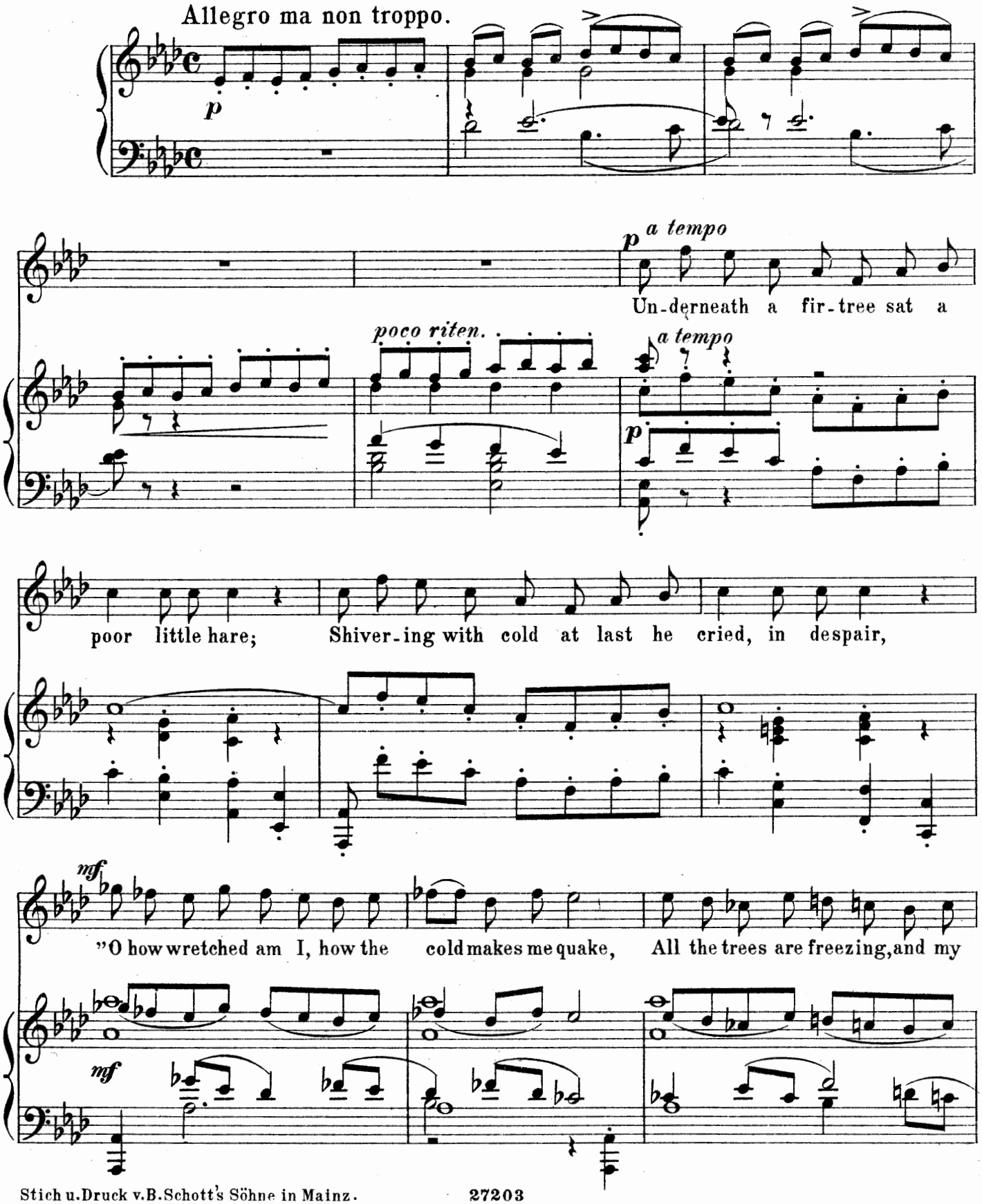
CONSTANCE BACHE.

			PAGE.
No. 1.	THE LITTLE HARE	*C. Cui*	1
2.	THE SWALLOW	*C. Cui*	4
3.	MAY	*C. Cui*	6
4.	TWILIGHT	*C. Cui*	8
5.	THE ORPHAN'S SONG	*M. J. Glinka*	10
6.	WHEN BIRDIE'S MOTHER	*M. J. Glinka*	13
7.	MAIDEN DEAREST	*A. Dargomuijsky*	17
8.	HEBREW MELODY	*M Balakirew*	20
9.	CRADLE SONG	*M. Balakirew*	24
10.	WHY?	*M. Balakirew*	26
11.	THE ORPHAN	*M. Moussorgsky*	28
12.	NIGHT	*M. Moussorgsky*	31
13.	BOLERO	*C. Cui*	35
14.	AIR OF THE SNOW MAIDEN	*M. Rimsky-Korsakow*	42
15.	SUMMER NIGHT	*A. Arensky*	45
16.	WITHIN MY HEART	*A. Arensky*	48
17.	DAYLIGHT HAS FLED	*A. Arensky*	51
18.	A FALSE NOTE, ROMANCE	*A. Borodine*	54

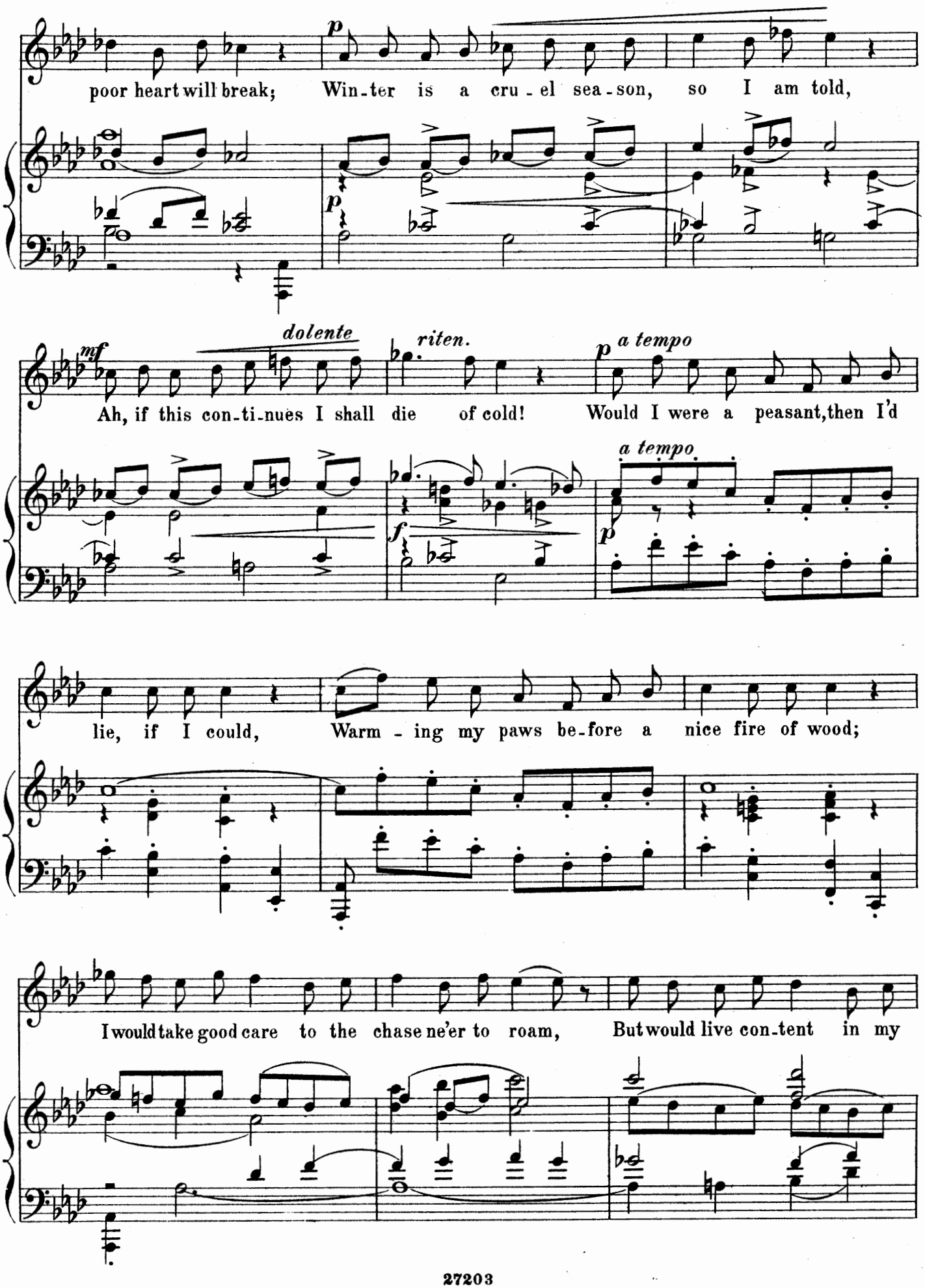
The Little Hare.

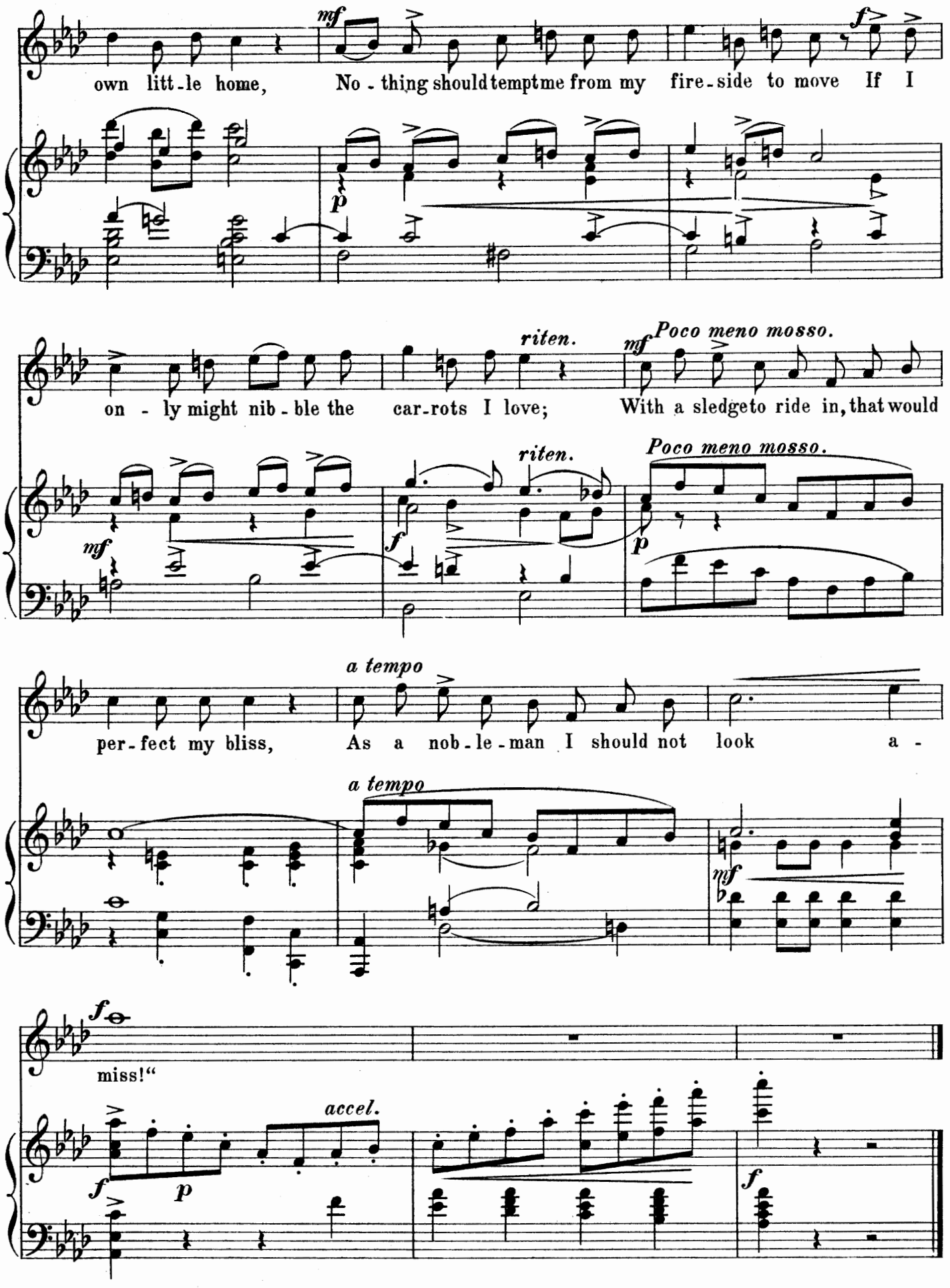
Words by Constance Bache.

CÉSAR CUI.



Stich u. Druck v. B. Schott's Söhne in Mainz. 27203

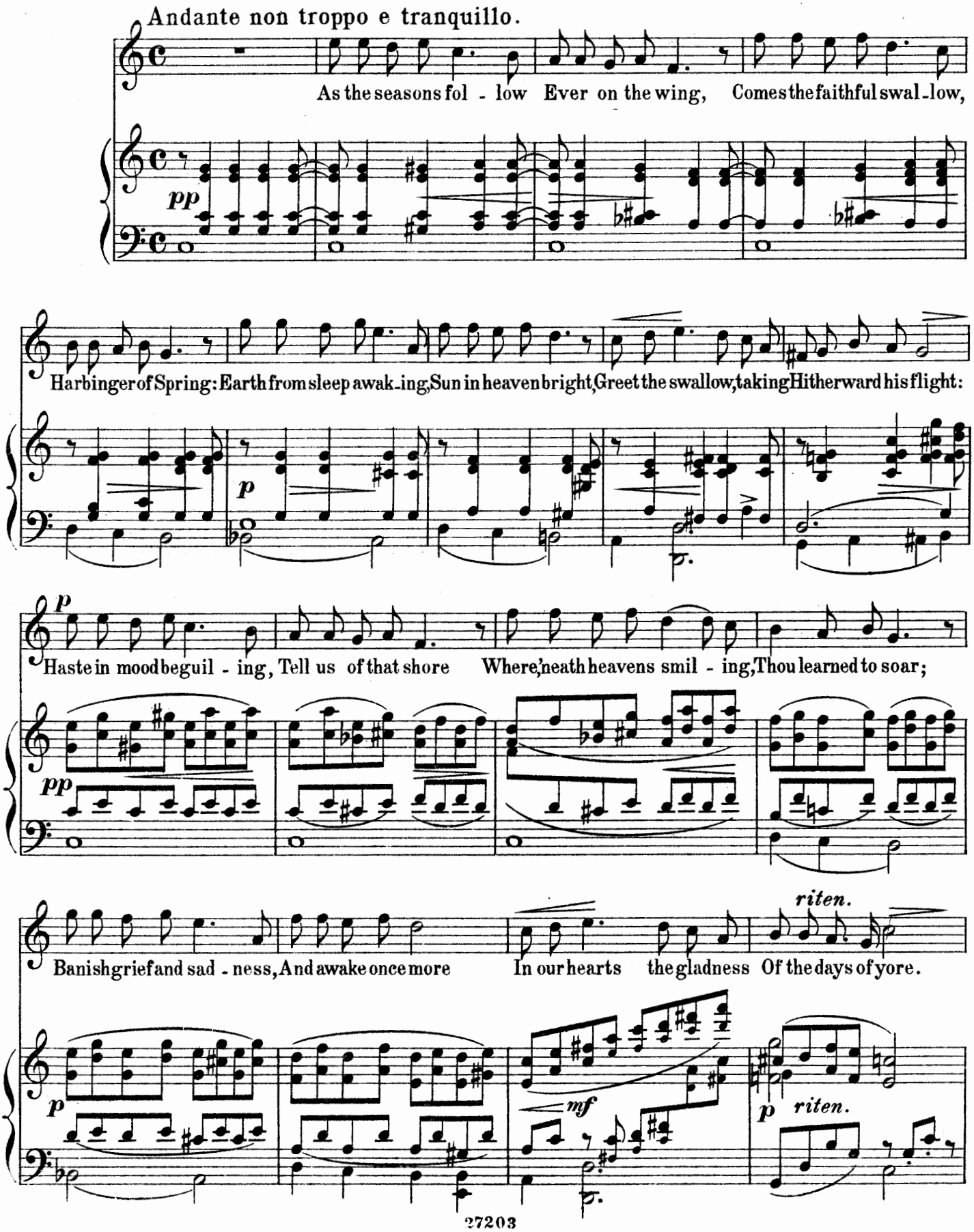

poor heart will break; Win-ter is a cru-el sea-son, so I am told,
dolente
riten.
a tempo
Ah, if this con-ti-nues I shall die of cold! Would I were a peasant, then I'd
a tempo
lie, if I could, Warm-ing my paws be-fore a nice fire of wood;
I would take good care to the chase ne'er to roam, But would live con-tent in my

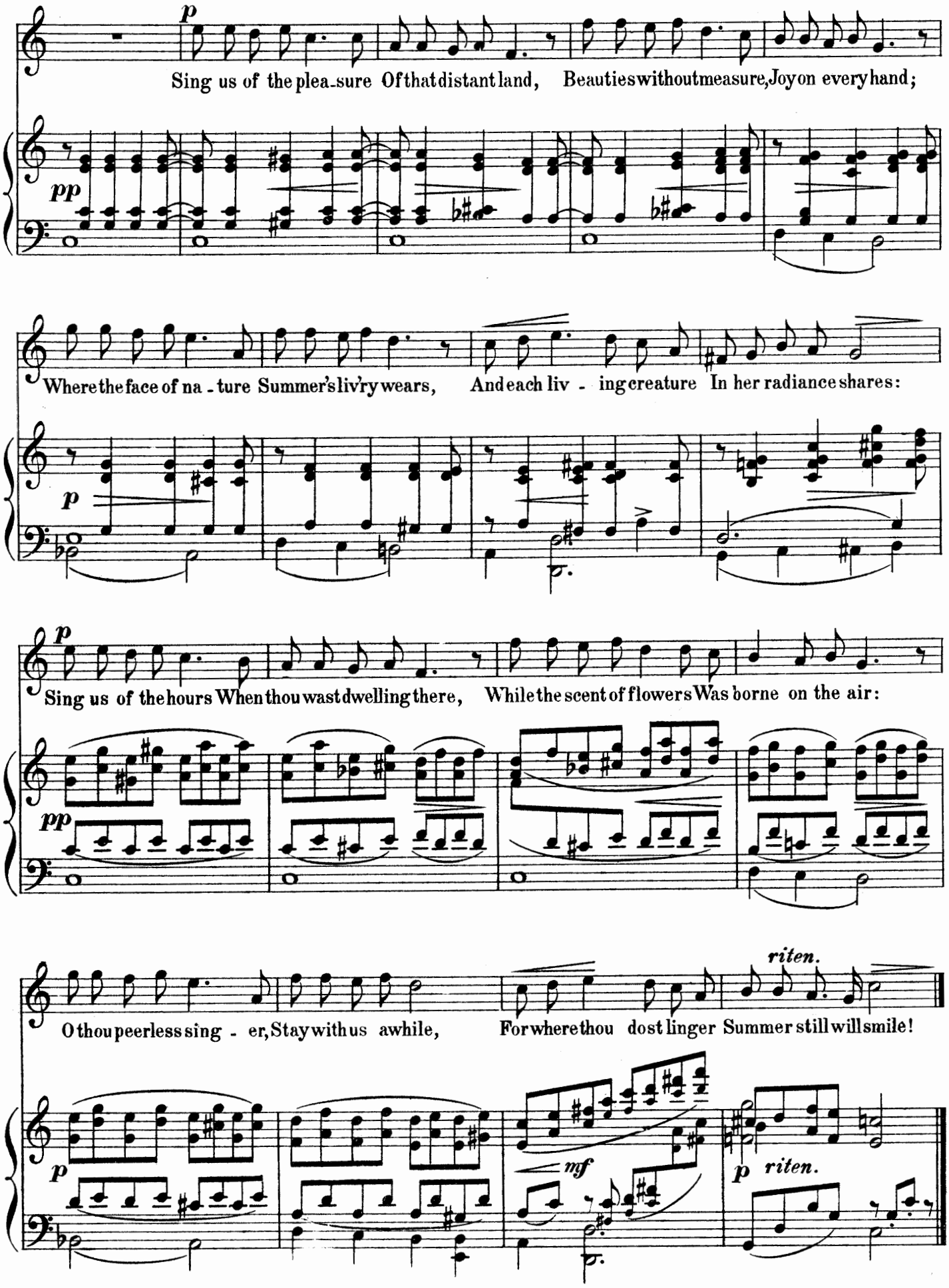

mf
own litt-le home, No-thing should tempt me from my fire-side to move If I
p
riten.
mf
Poco meno mosso.
on-ly might nib-ble the car-rots I love; With a sledge to ride in, that would
mf
riten.
f
Poco meno mosso.
p
a tempo
per-fect my bliss, As a nob-le-man I should not look a-
a tempo
mf
f
miss!"
accel.
f
p
f

The Swallow.

Words by Constance Bache. CÉSAR CUI.

Andante non troppo e tranquillo.

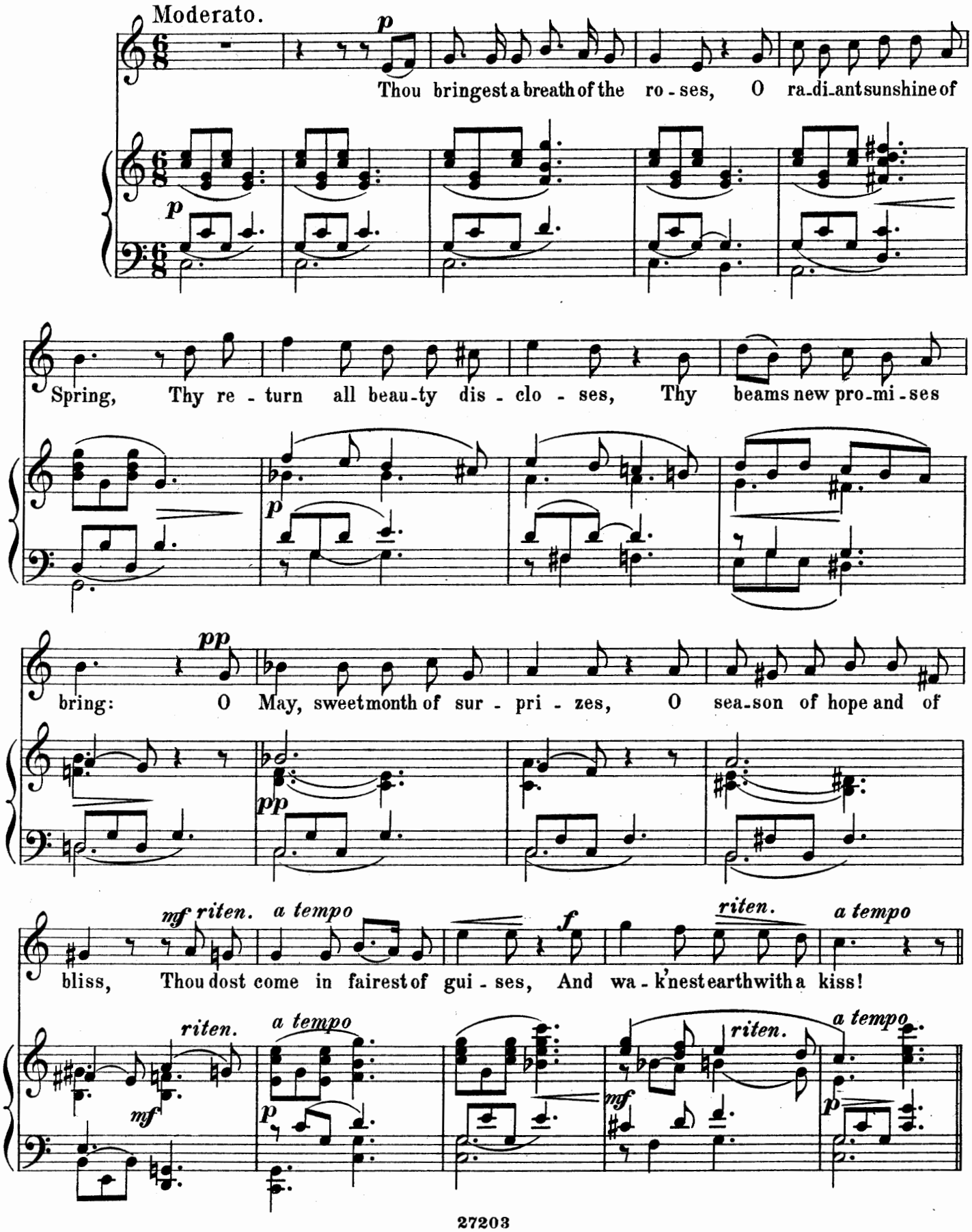


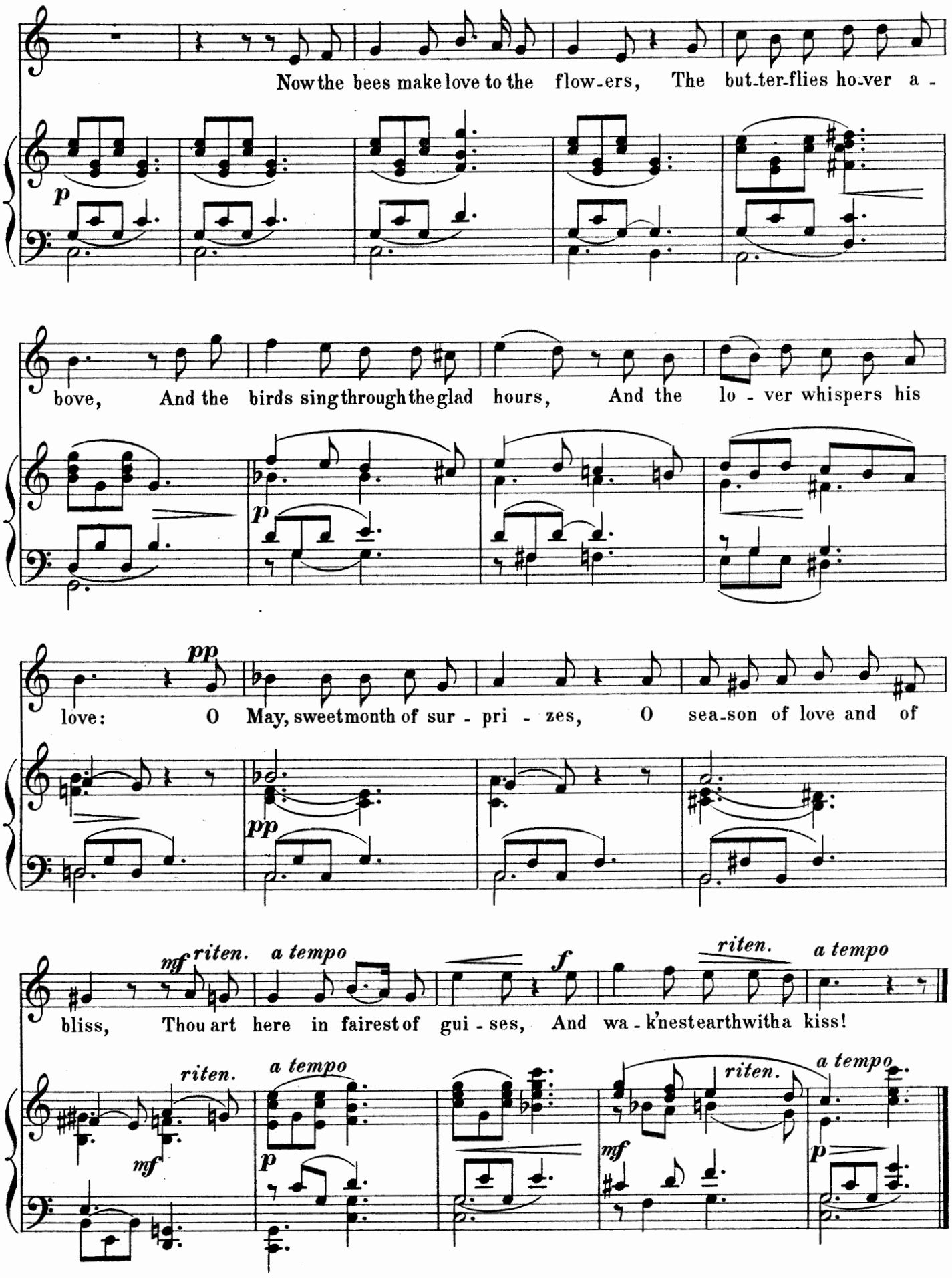

p
Sing us of the plea-sure Of that distant land, Beauties without measure, Joy on every hand;
pp
Where the face of na-ture Summer's liv'ry wears, And each liv-ing creature In her radiance shares:
p
p
Sing us of the hours When thou wast dwelling there, While the scent of flowers Was borne on the air:
pp
riten.
O thou peerless sing-er, Stay with us awhile, For where thou dost linger Summer still will smile!
p
mf
p riten.

May.

Words by Constance Bache.

CÉSAR CUI.

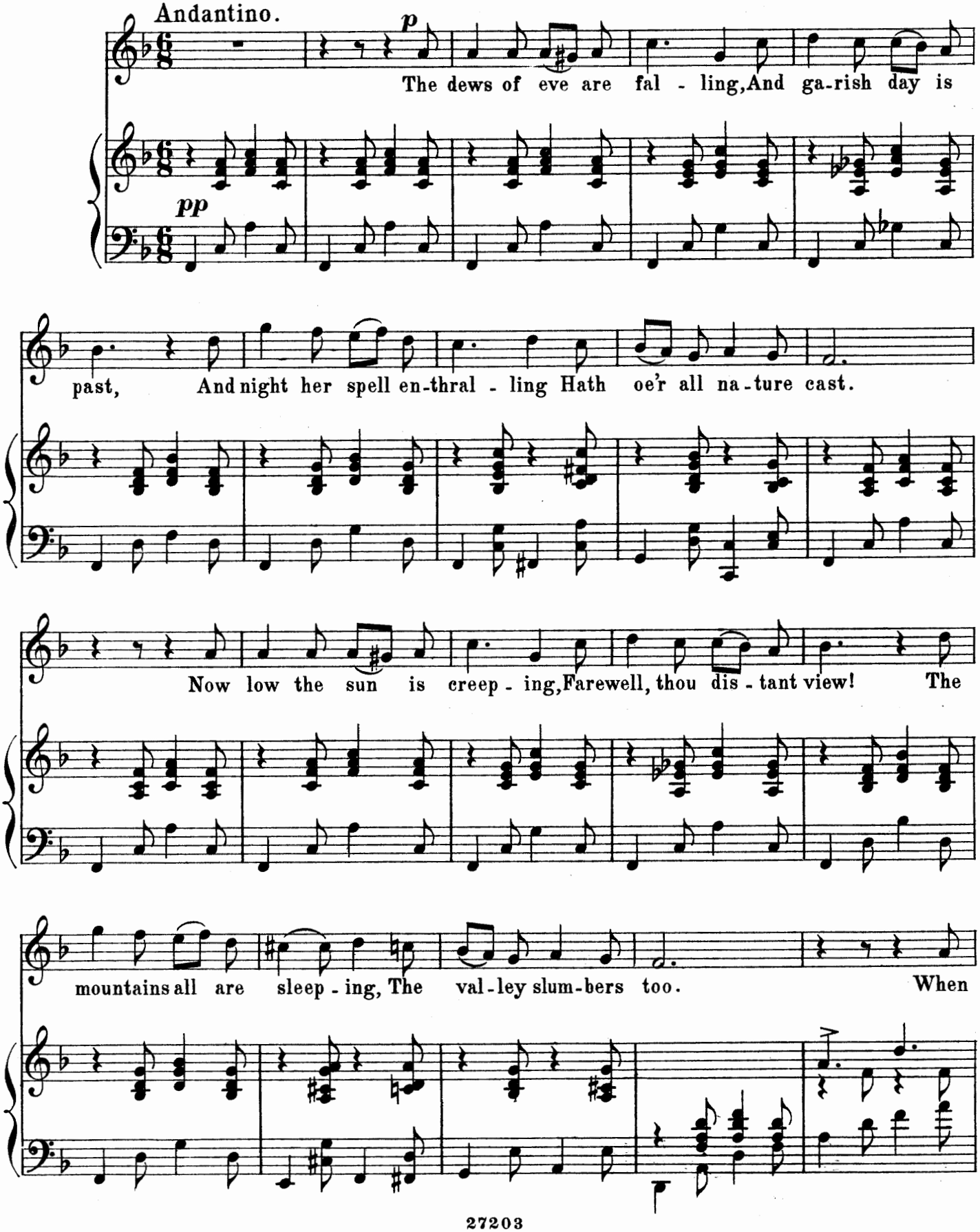


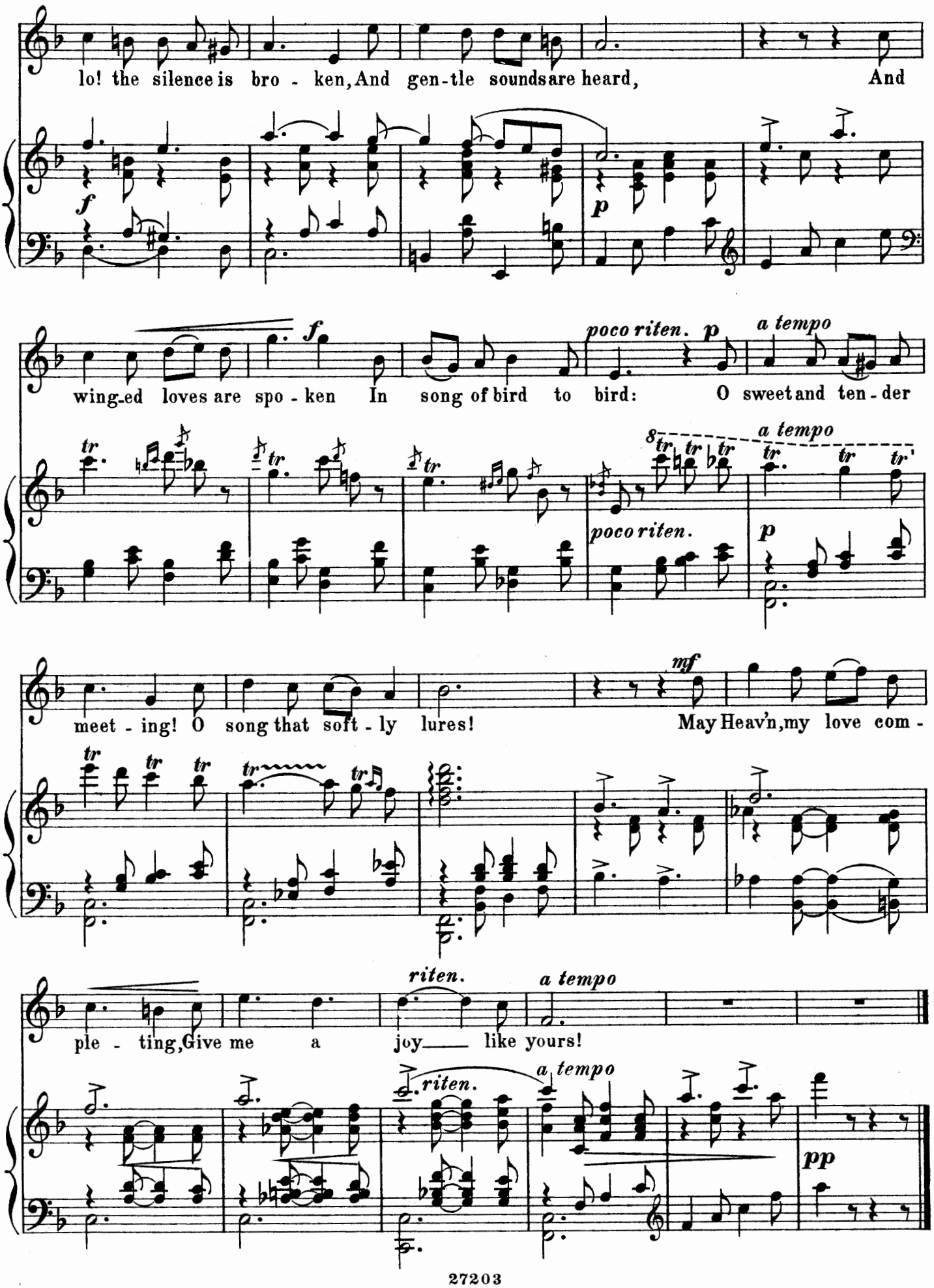

Now the bees make love to the flow-ers, The but-ter-flies ho-ver a-
p
bove, And the birds sing through the glad hours, And the lo-ver whispers his
p
pp
love: O May, sweet month of sur-pri-zes, O sea-son of love and of
pp
mf riten. a tempo
bliss, Thou art here in fairest of gui-ses, And wa-k'nest earth with a kiss!
f
riten. a tempo
riten. a tempo
mf
p
riten. a tempo
mf
p

Twilight.

Words by Constance Bache.

CÉSAR CUI.



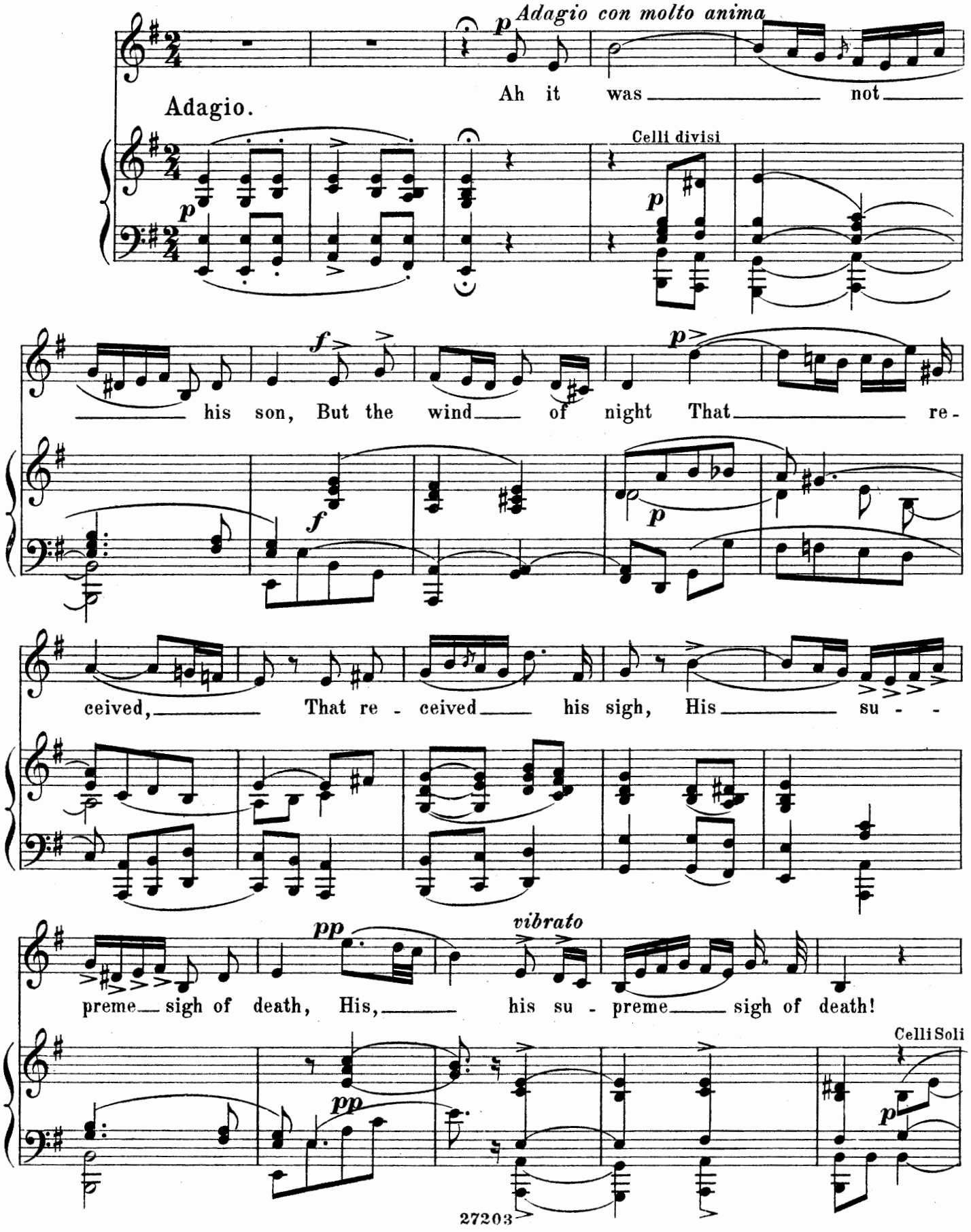

lo! the silence is bro - ken, And gen-tle sounds are heard, And
f
p
wing-ed loves are spo - ken In song of bird to bird: O sweet and ten - der
f
poco riten.
p
a tempo
poco riten.
p
a tempo
meet - ing! O song that soft - ly lures! May Heav'n, my love com -
mf
ple - ting, Give me a joy like yours!
riten.
a tempo
riten.
a tempo
pp

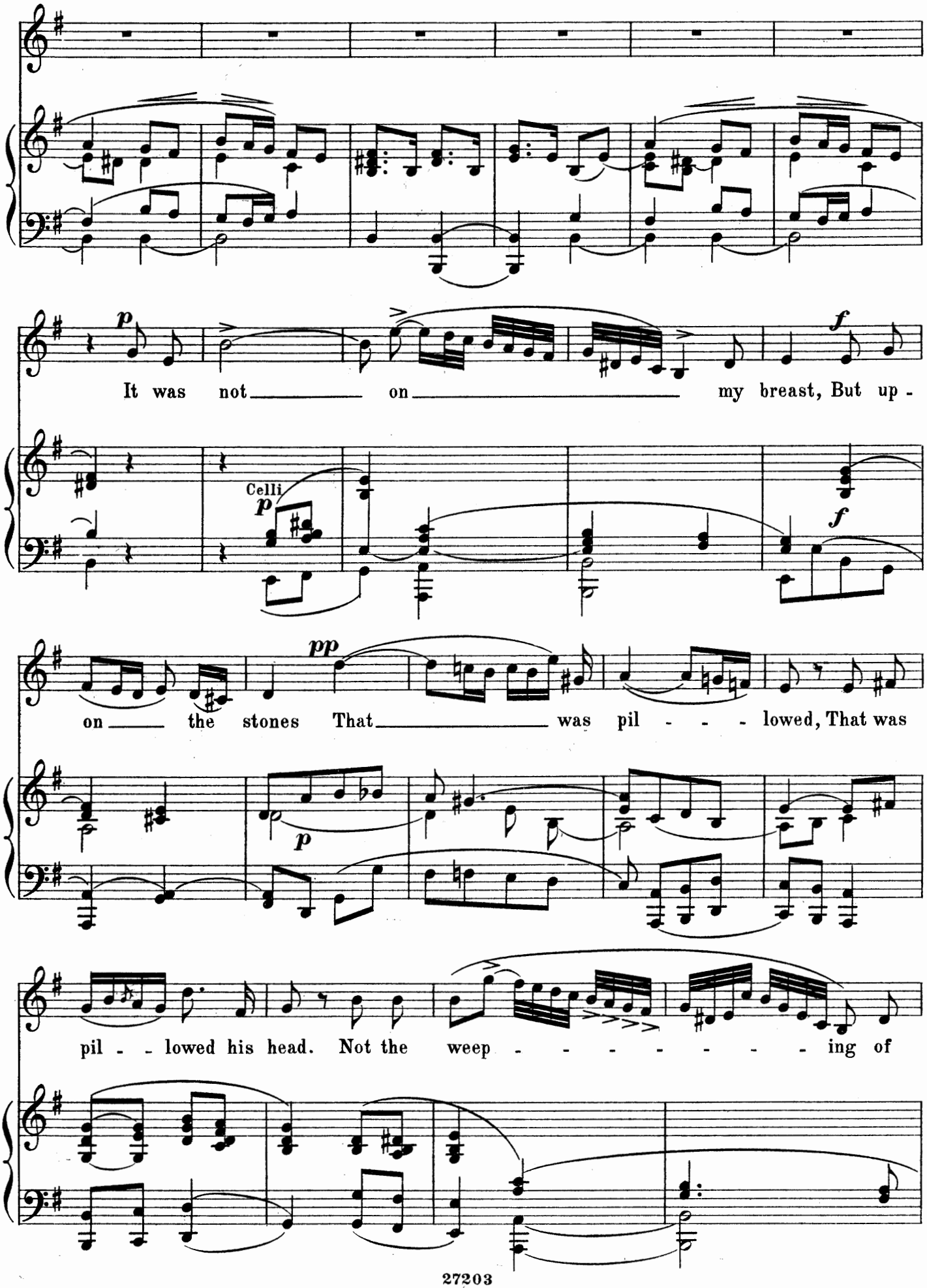
The Orphan's Song

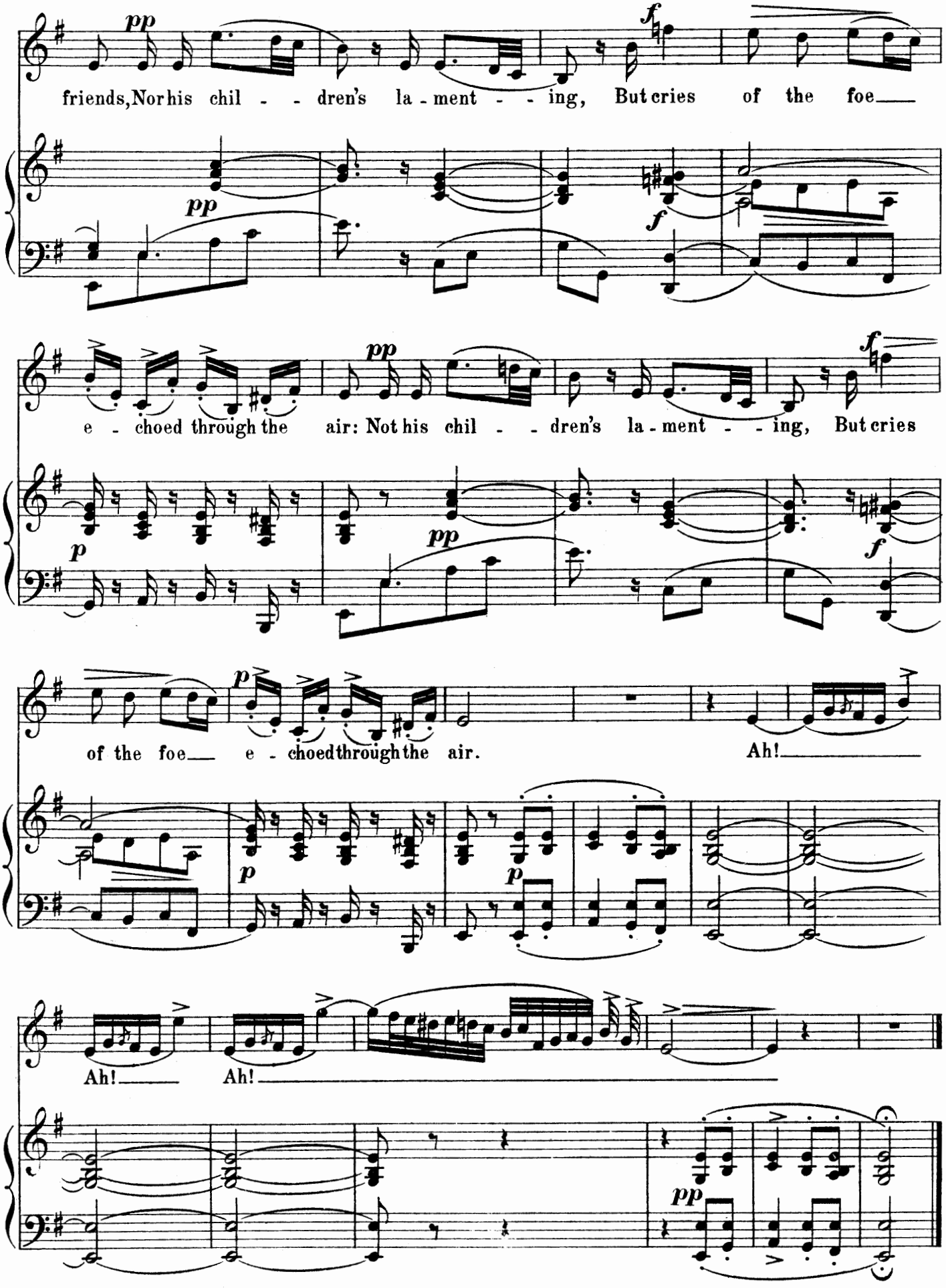
(The Life for the Tsar).

Words by Constance Bache.

M.J.GLINKA.



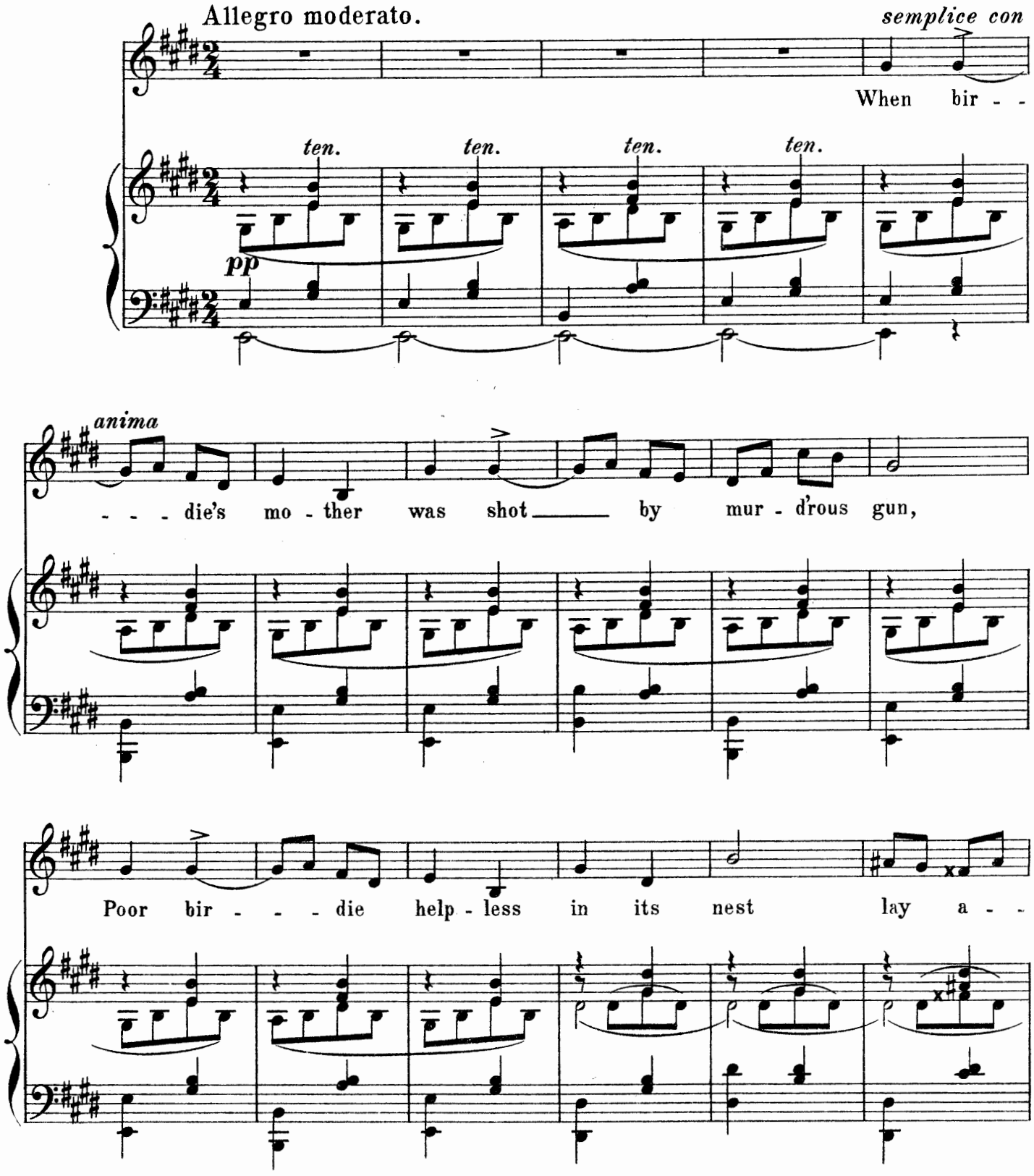

p
It was not on my breast, But up -
Celli
p
f
f
pp
on the stones That was pil - - - lowed, That was
p
pil - - lowed his head. Not the weep - - - - - - - - ing of

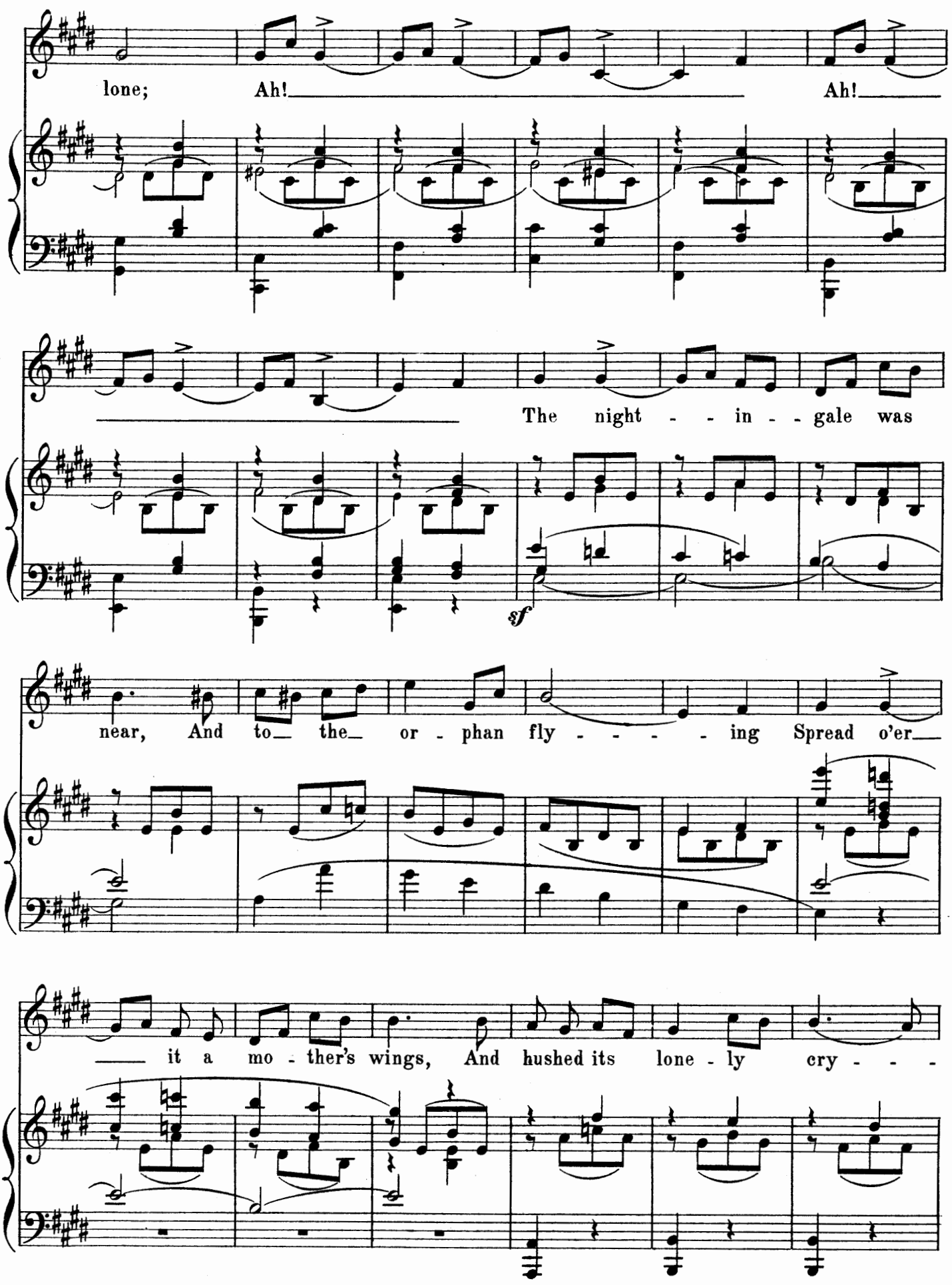

pp
f
friends, Nor his chil - - dren's la - ment - - ing, But cries of the foe
pp
f
e - choed through the air: Not his chil - - dren's la - ment - - ing, But cries
p
pp
f
of the foe e - choed through the air. Ah!
p
p
Ah! Ah!
pp

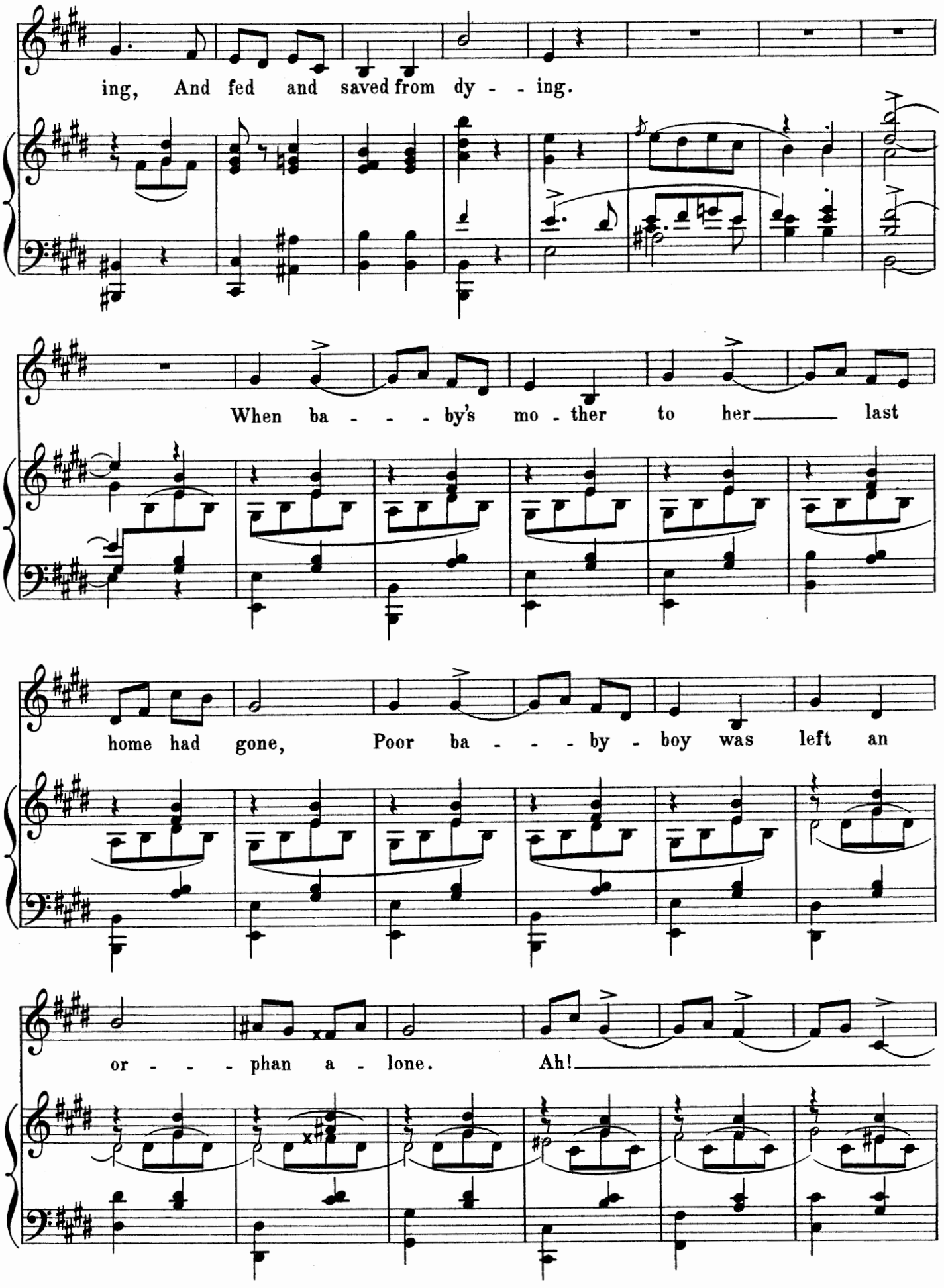
When Birdie's Mother.

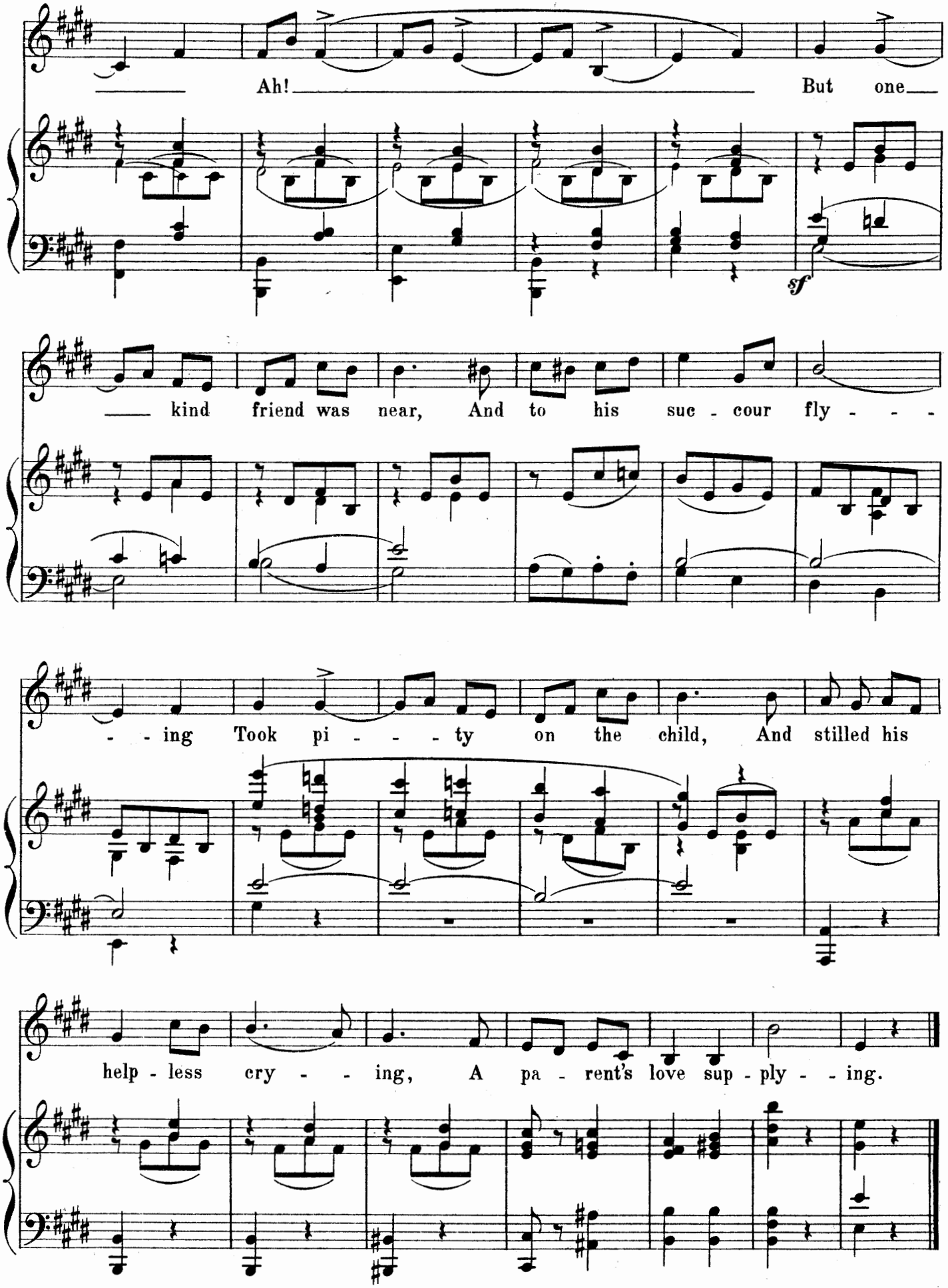
(The Life for the Tsar).

Words by Constance Bache. M. J. GLINKA.




lone; Ah! Ah!
The night - - in - - gale was
sf
near, And to the or - phan fly - - - - ing Spread o'er
it a mo - ther's wings, And hushed its lone - ly cry - - -


ing, And fed and saved from dy - - ing.
When ba - - - by's mo - ther to her last
home had gone, Poor ba - - - by - boy was left an
or - - - phan a - lone. Ah!

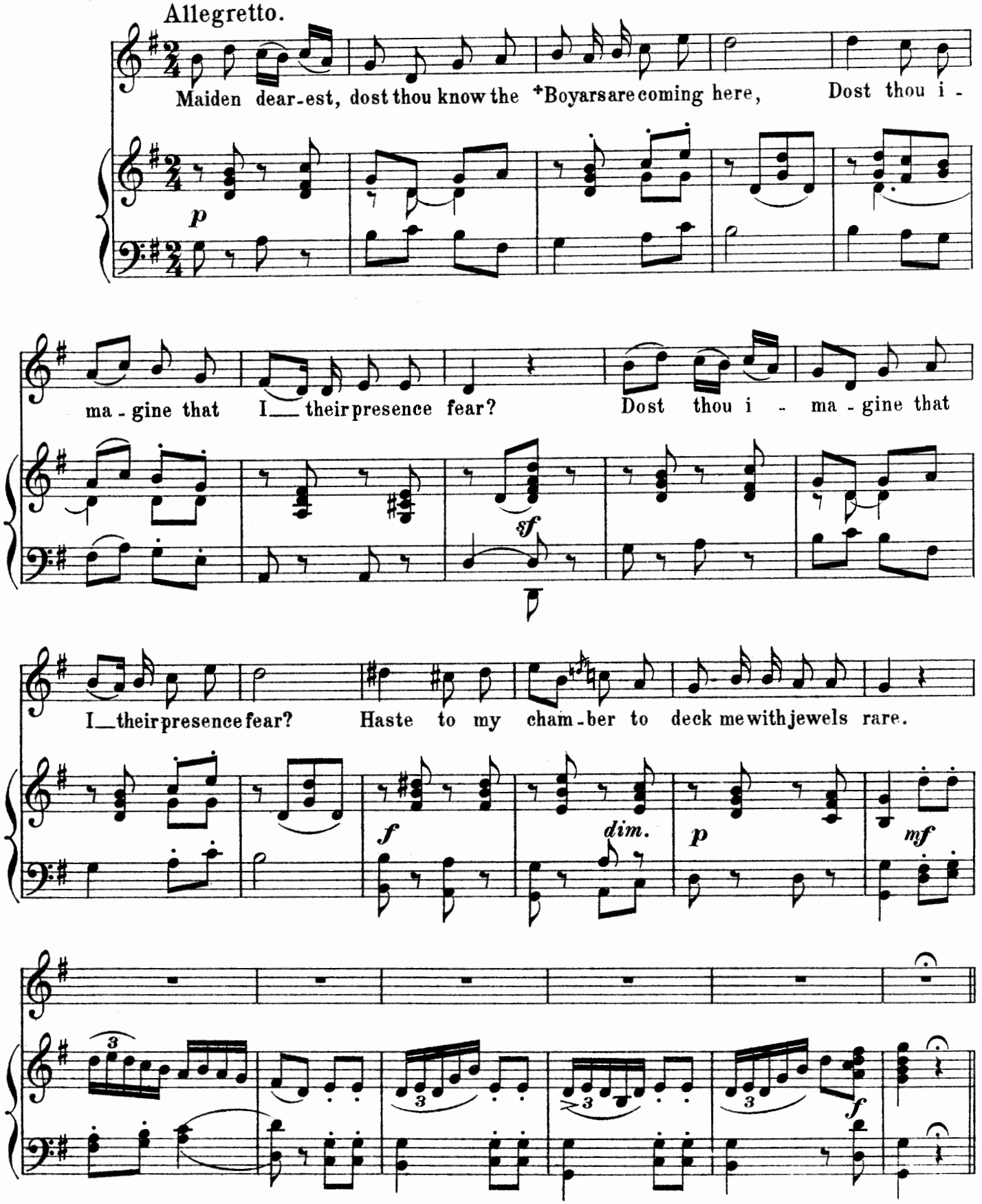

Ah!
But one
sf
kind friend was near, And to his suc - cour fly - - -
- - ing Took pi - - - ty on the child, And stilled his
help - less cry - - ing, A pa - rent's love sup - ply - - ing.

Maiden Dearest.

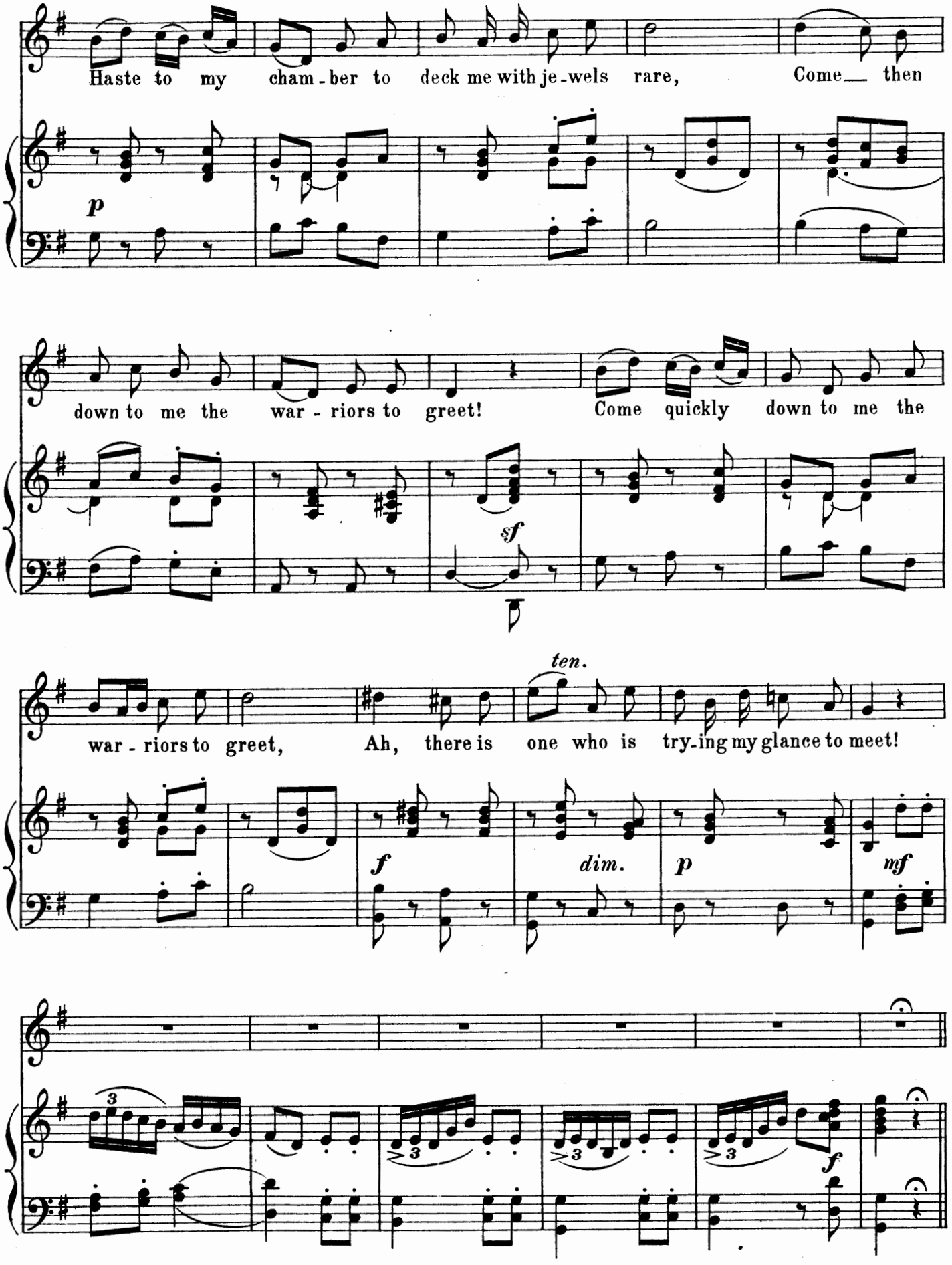
Words by Constance Bache.

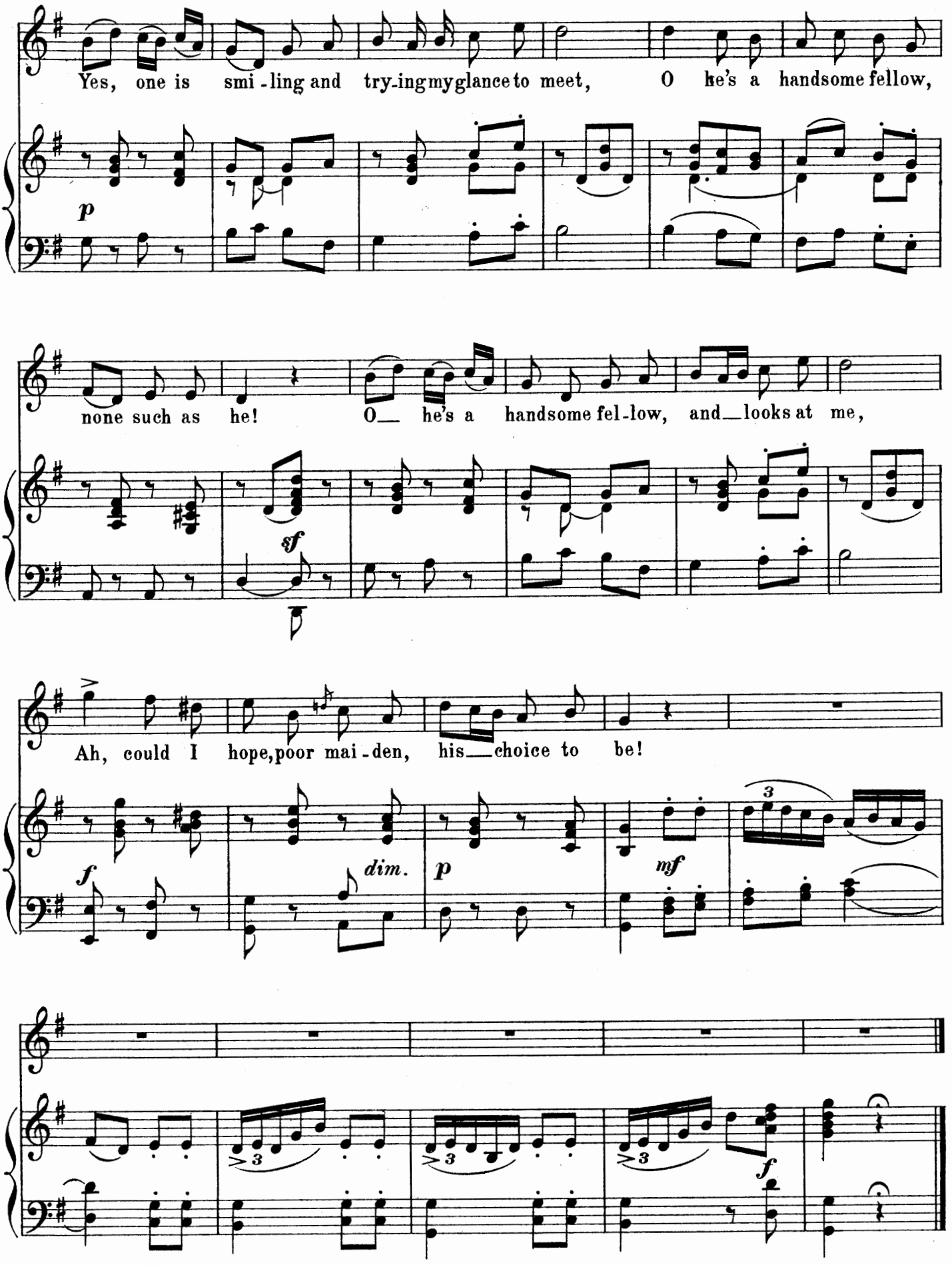
A. DARGOMUIJSKY.

Allegretto.



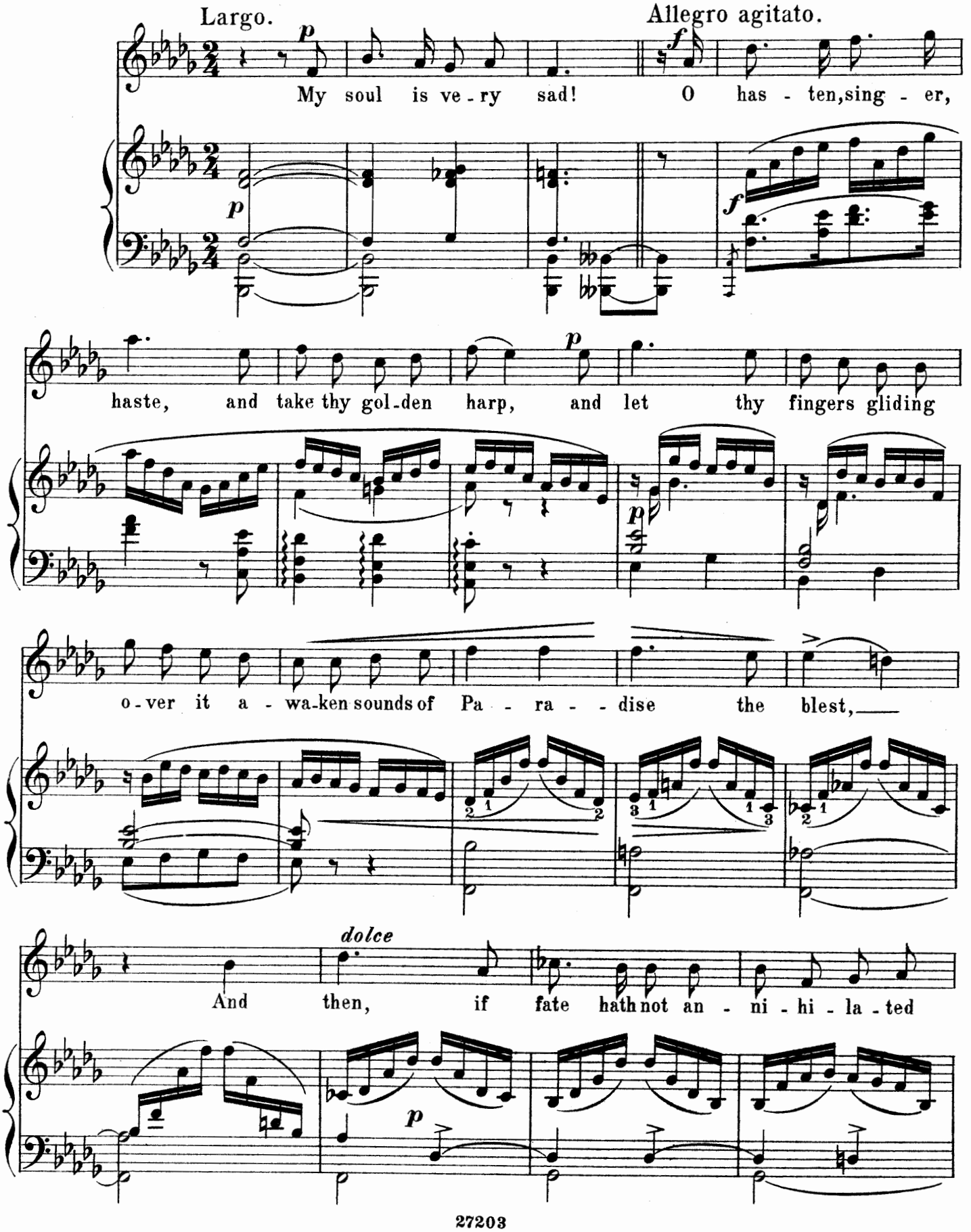
+Boyars = Russian nobles.

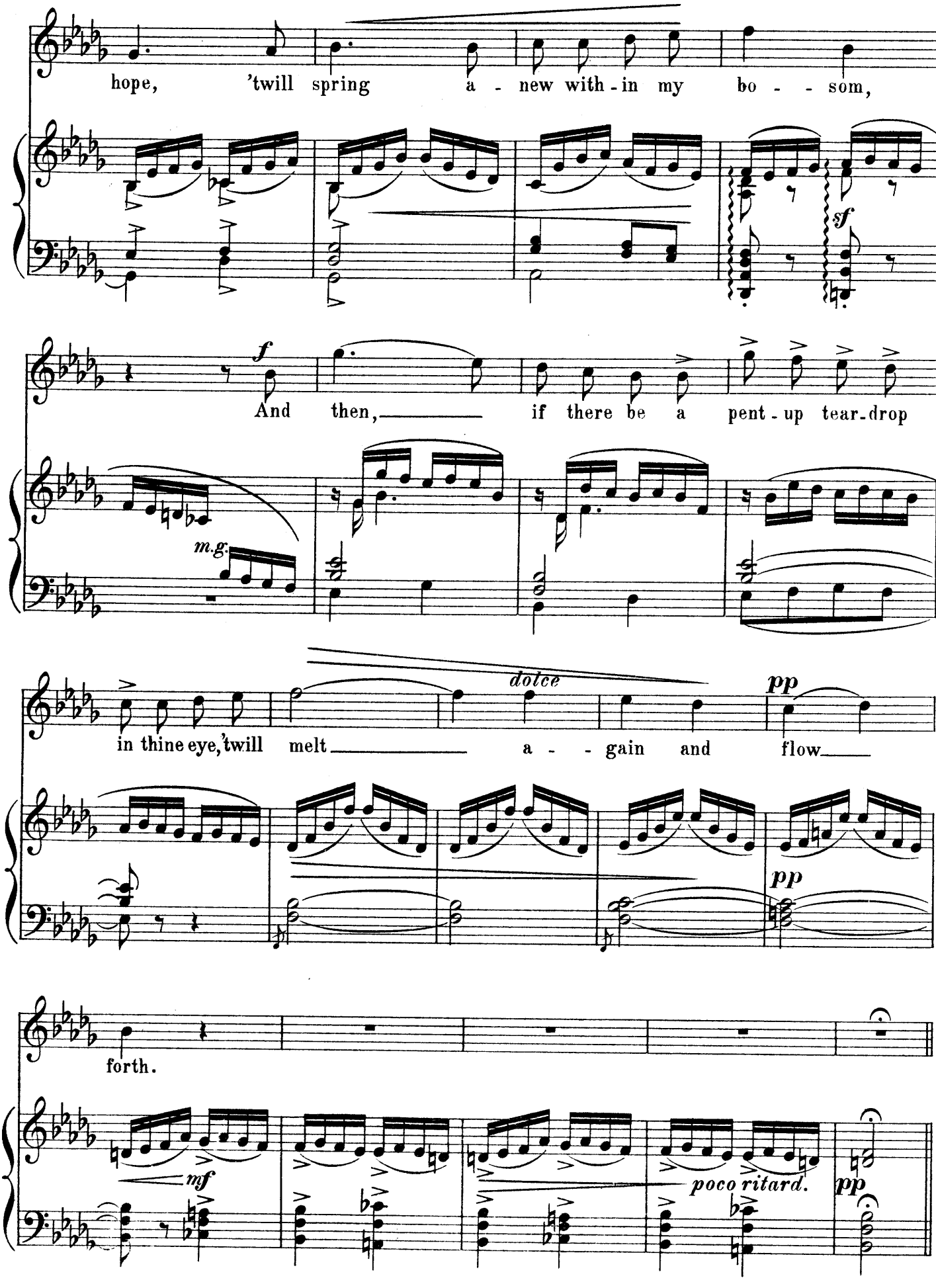

Haste to my cham-ber to deck me with je-wels rare, Come then
p
down to me the war-riors to greet! Come quickly down to me the
sf
ten.
war-riors to greet, Ah, there is one who is try-ing my glance to meet!
f
dim.
p
mf
3
3
3
3
f

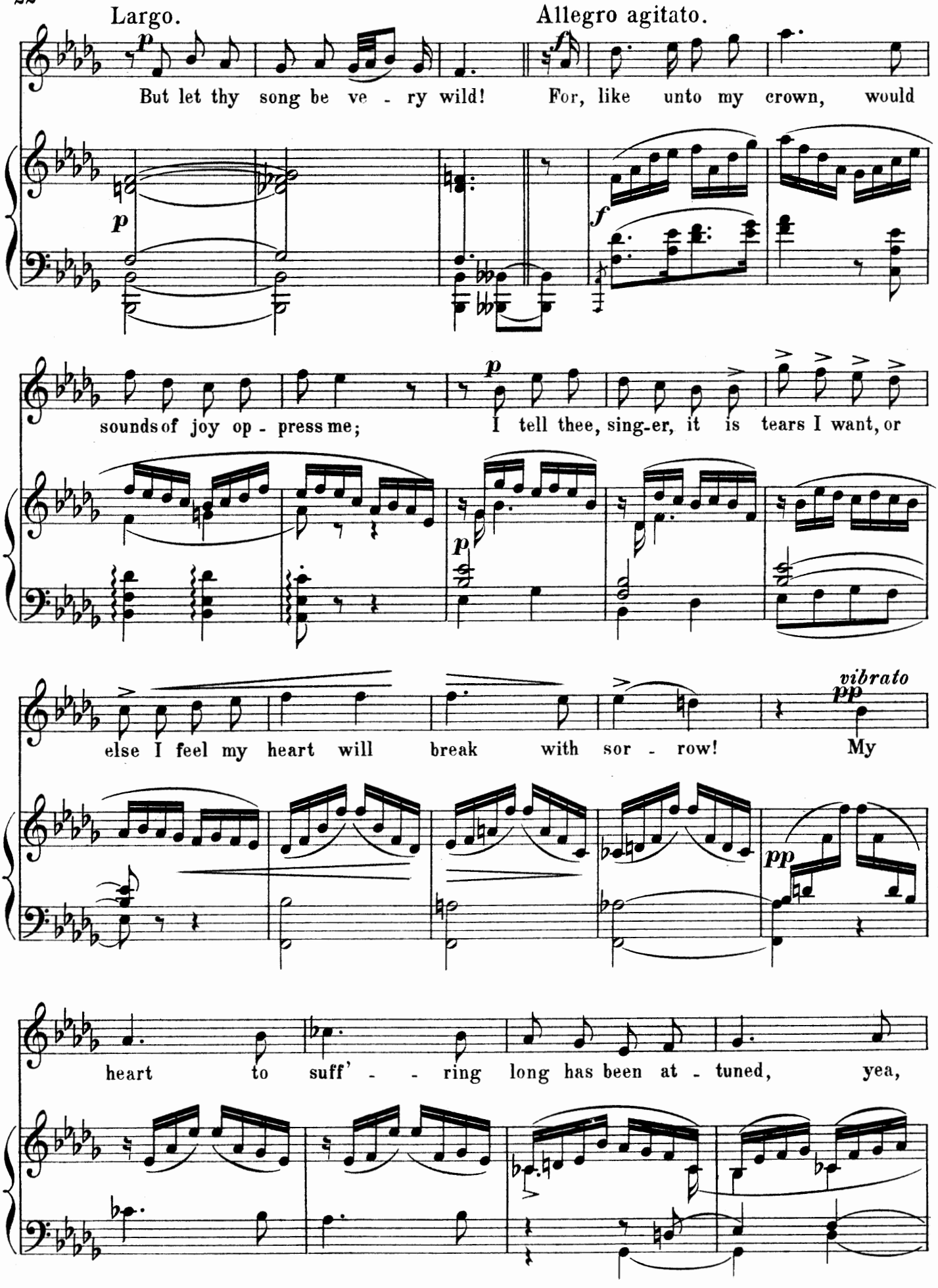

Yes, one is smi - ling and try-ing my glance to meet, O he's a handsome fellow,
p
none such as he! O_ he's a handsome fel-low, and_looks at me,
sf
Ah, could I hope, poor mai - den, his_choice to be!
f
dim.
p
mf
3
3
3
3
f

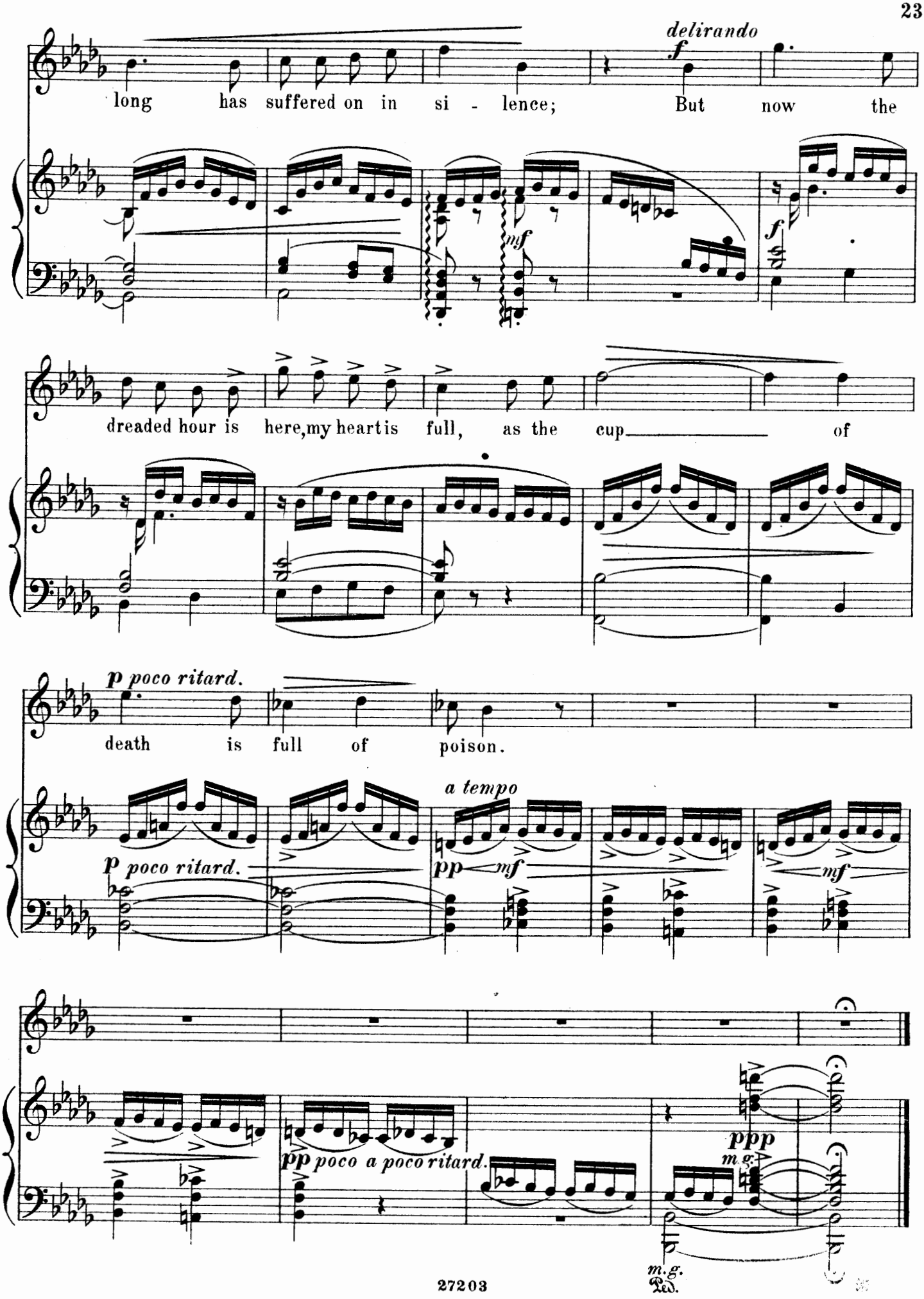
Hebrew Melody.

Words by Constance Bache. M. BALAKIREV.




hope, 'twill spring a - new with - in my bo - - som,
f
sf
And then, if there be a pent - up tear - drop
m.g.
in thine eye, 'twill melt a - - gain and flow
dolce
pp
pp
forth.
mf
poco ritard.
pp

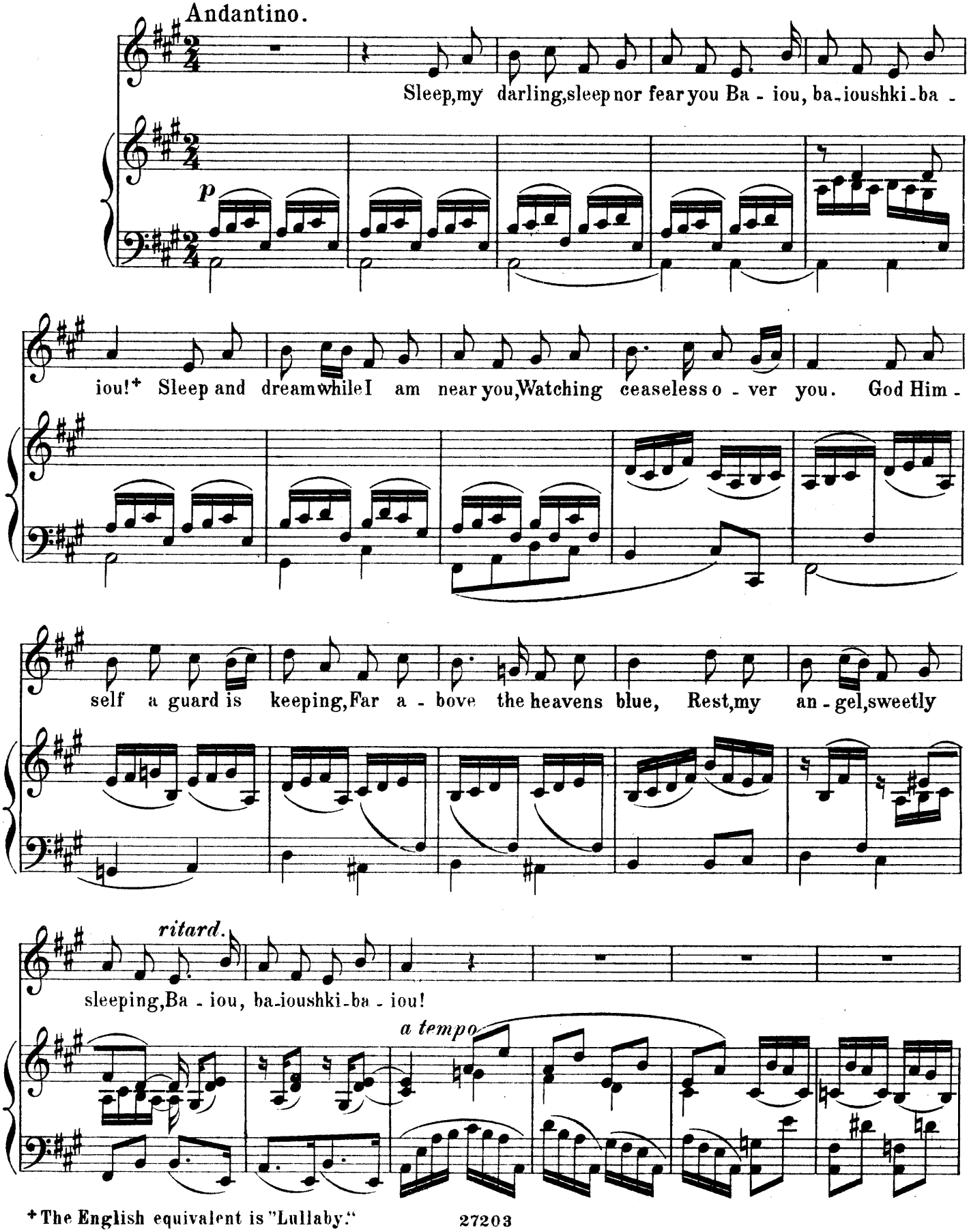

Largo.
Allegro agitato.
But let thy song be ve - ry wild! For, like unto my crown, would
sounds of joy op - press me; I tell thee, sing-er, it is tears I want, or
else I feel my heart will break with sor - row! My
vibrato
heart to suff' - - ring long has been at - tuned, yea,


delirando
f
long has suffered on in si - lence; But now the
mf
f
dreaded hour is here, my heart is full, as the cup of
p poco ritard.
death is full of poison.
a tempo
p poco ritard.
pp
mf
mf
pp poco a poco ritard.
ppp
m.g.
m.g.
Ped.

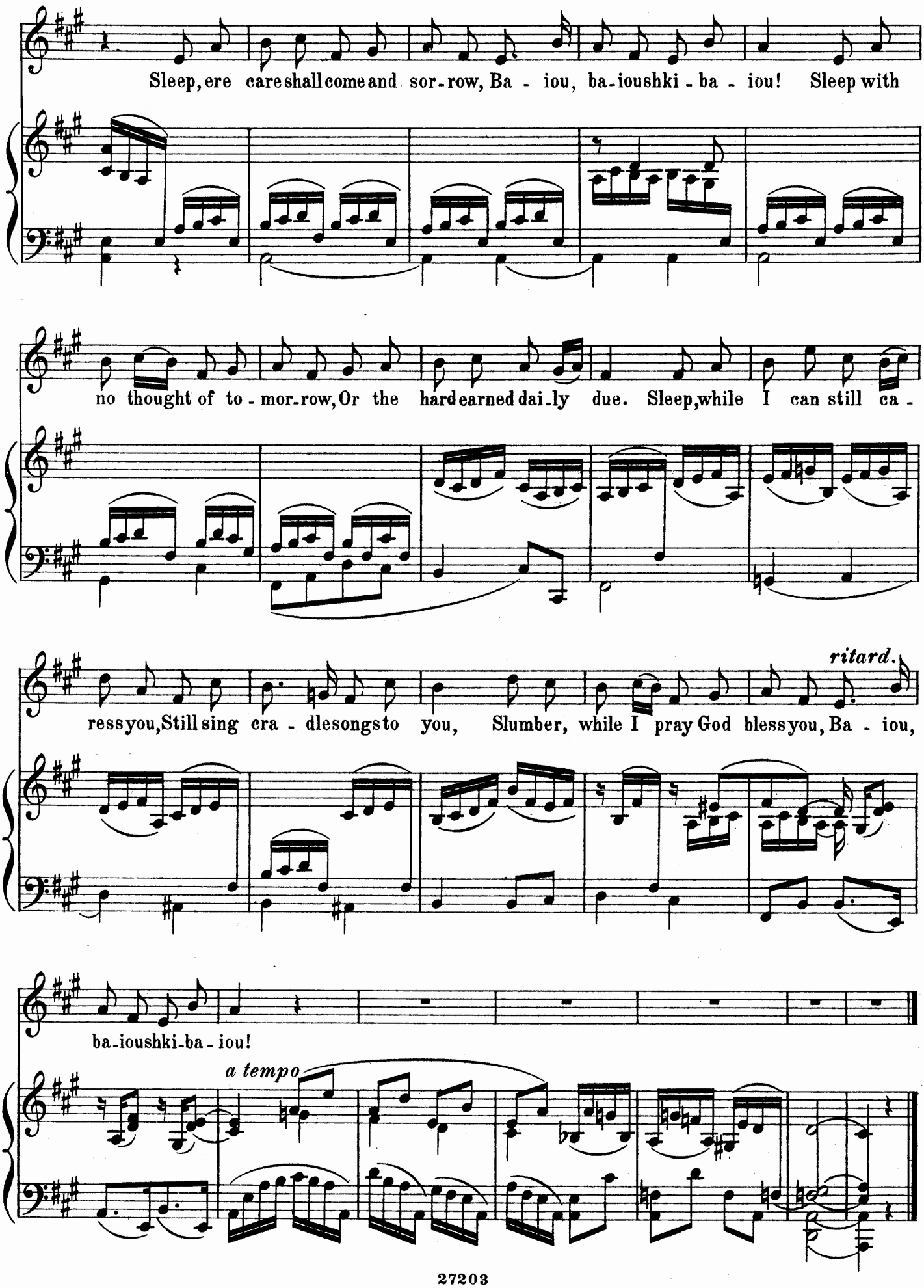
Cradle-Song.

Words by Constance Bache.

M. BALAKIREV.

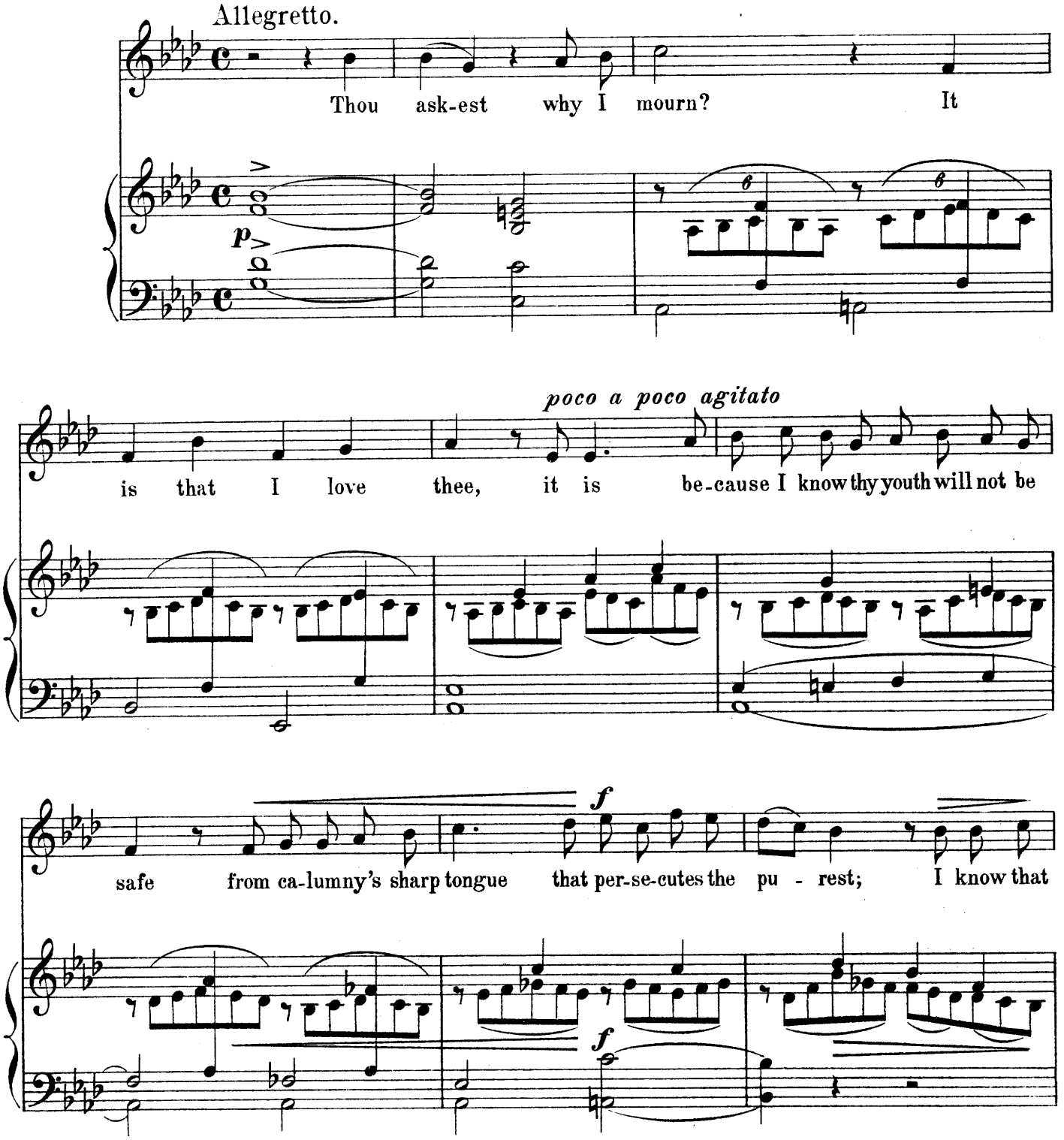


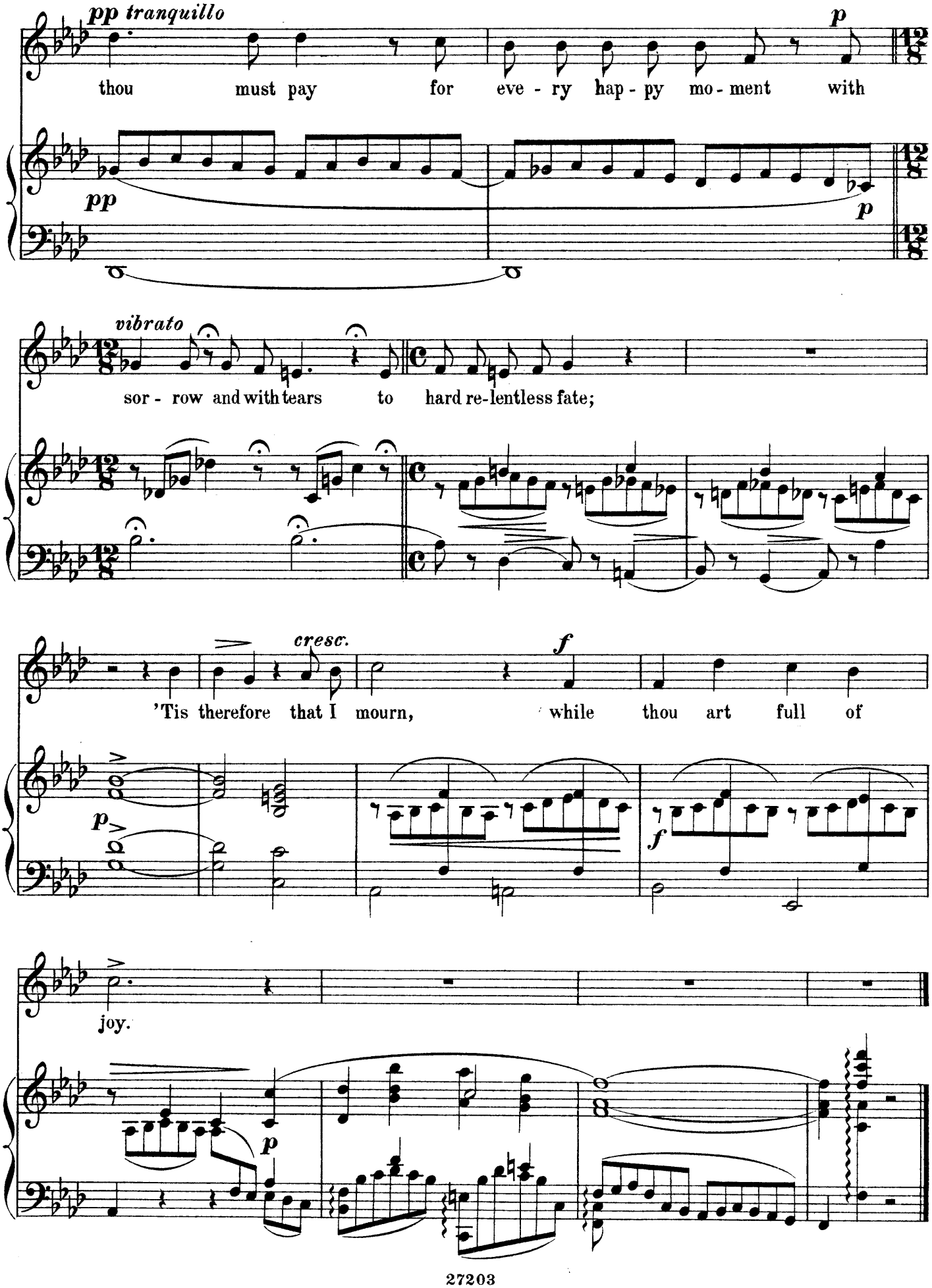
*The English equivalent is "Lullaby."


Sleep, ere care shall come and sor-row, Ba - iou, ba-ioushki - ba - iou! Sleep with
no thought of to - mor-row, Or the hard earned dai-ly due. Sleep, while I can still ca -
ritard.
ress you, Still sing cra - dle songs to you, Slumber, while I pray God bless you, Ba - iou,
ba-ioushki-ba - iou!
a tempo

Why?

Words by Constance Bache. M. BALAKIREV.

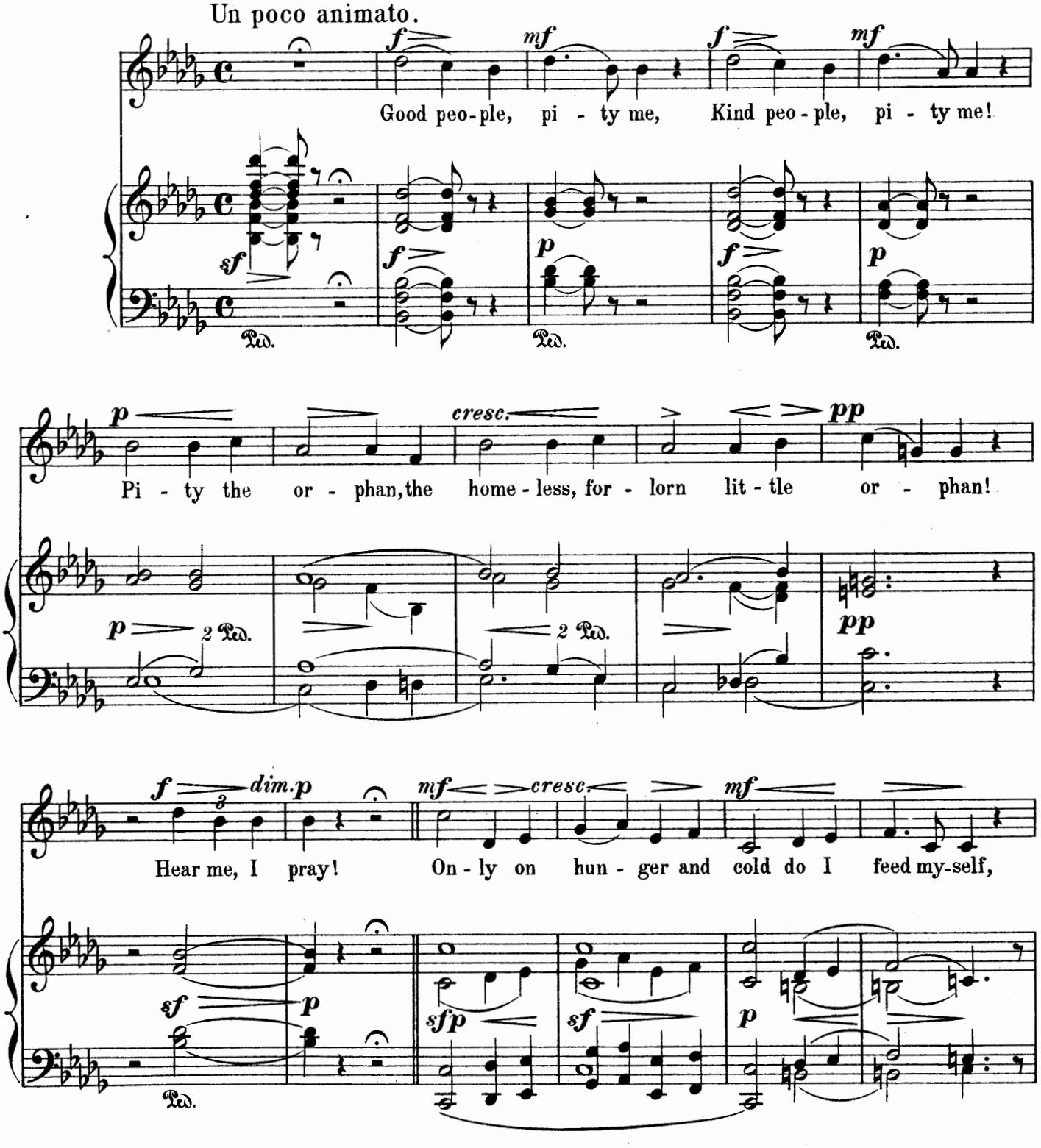


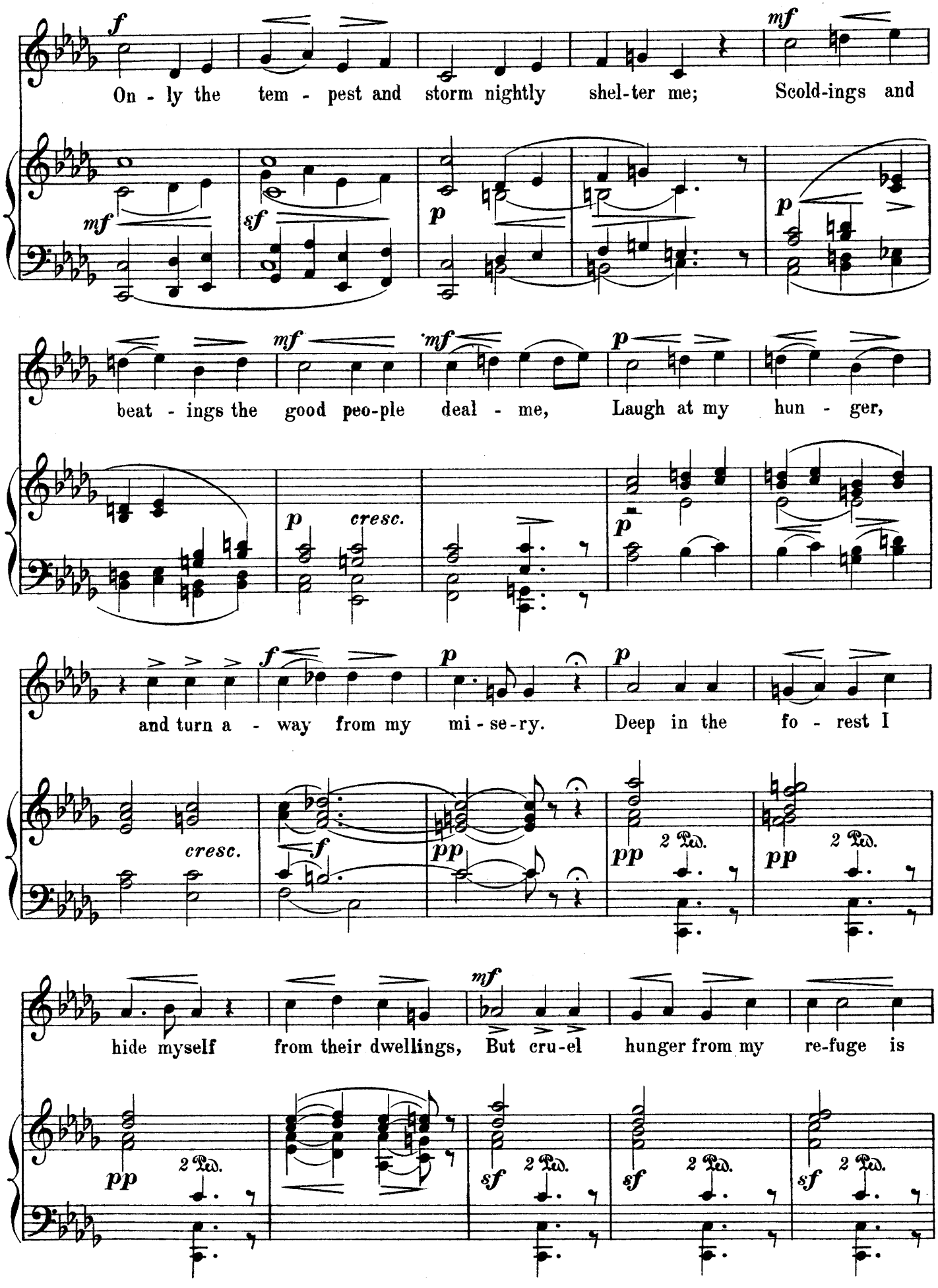

pp tranquillo
p
thou must pay for eve - ry hap - py mo - ment with
pp
p
vibrato
sor - row and with tears to hard re-lentless fate;
cresc.
f
'Tis therefore that I mourn, while thou art full of
p
f
joy.
p

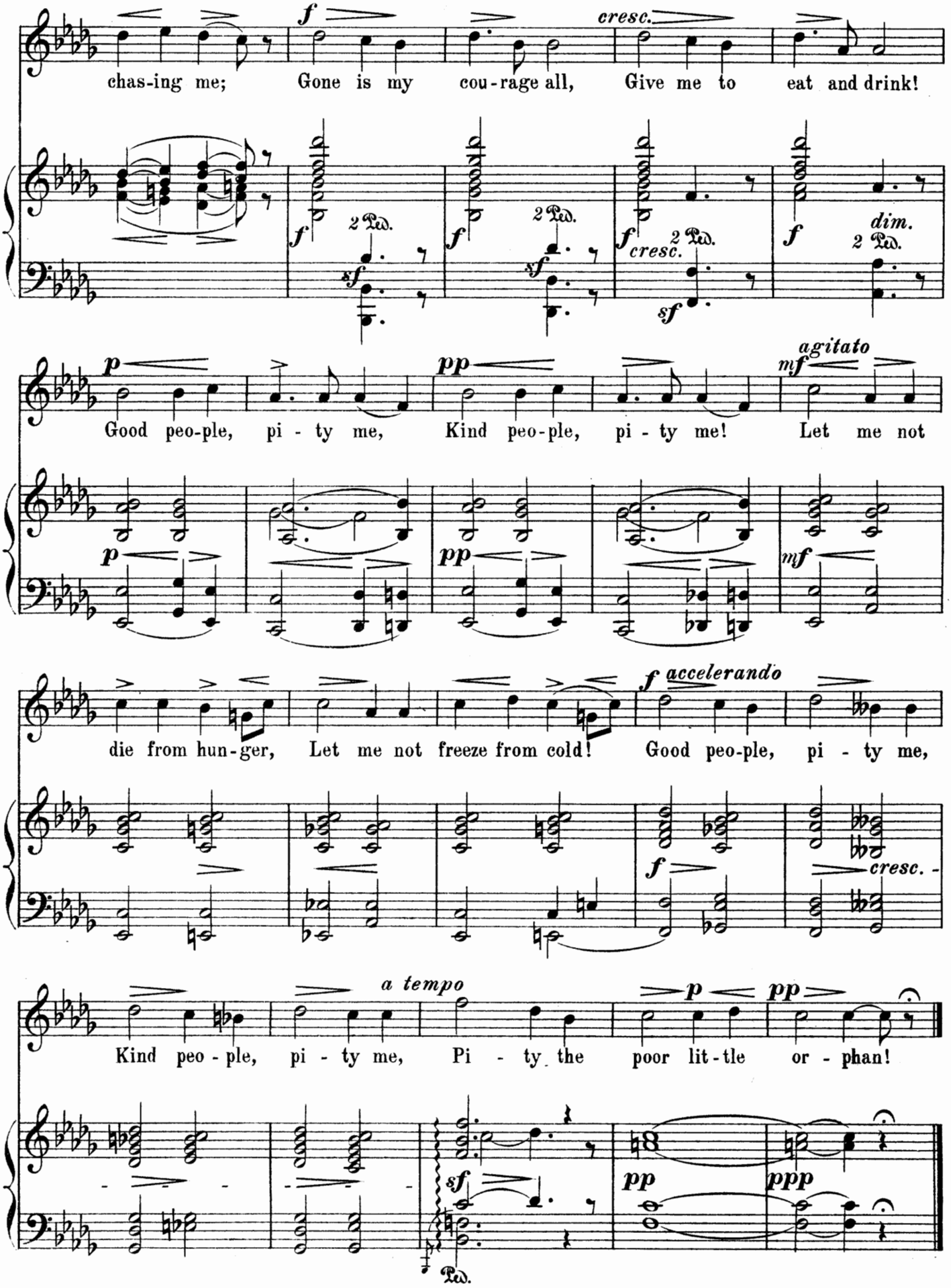
The Orphan.

Words by Constance Bache.

M. MOUSSORGSKY.




On - ly the tem - pest and storm nightly shel-ter me; Scold-ings and
beat - ings the good peo-ple deal - me, Laugh at my hun - ger,
and turn a - way from my mi - se-ry. Deep in the fo - rest I
hide myself from their dwellings, But cru-el hunger from my re-fuge is

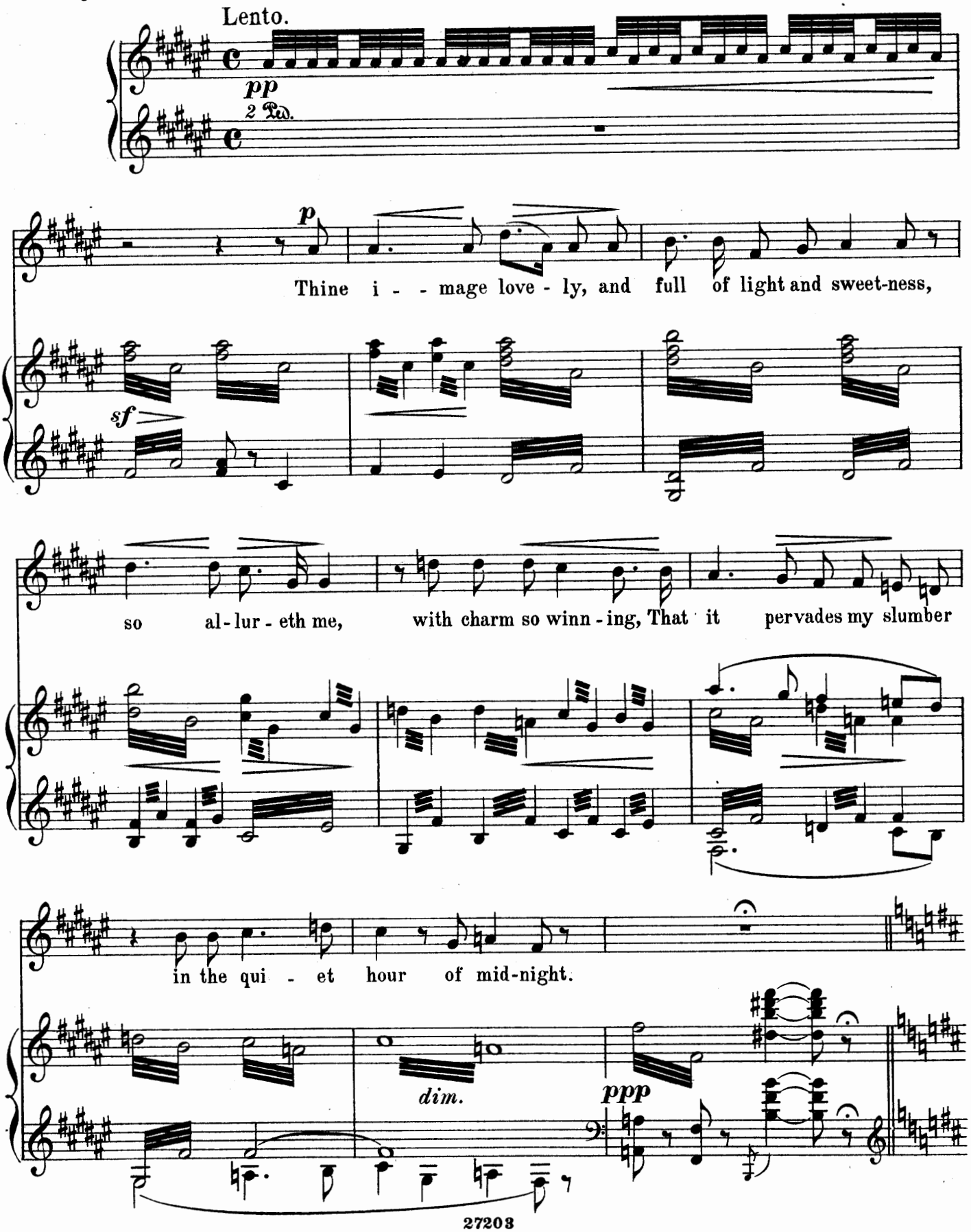

chas-ing me; Gone is my cou-rage all, Give me to eat and drink!
cresc.
f
2 Ped.
sf
Good peo-ple, pi - ty me, Kind peo-ple, pi - ty me! Let me not
agitato
mf
die from hun-ger, Let me not freeze from cold! Good peo-ple, pi - ty me,
accelerando
cresc. -
Kind peo - ple, pi - ty me, Pi - ty the poor lit-tle or - phan!
a tempo
dim.
pp
ppp

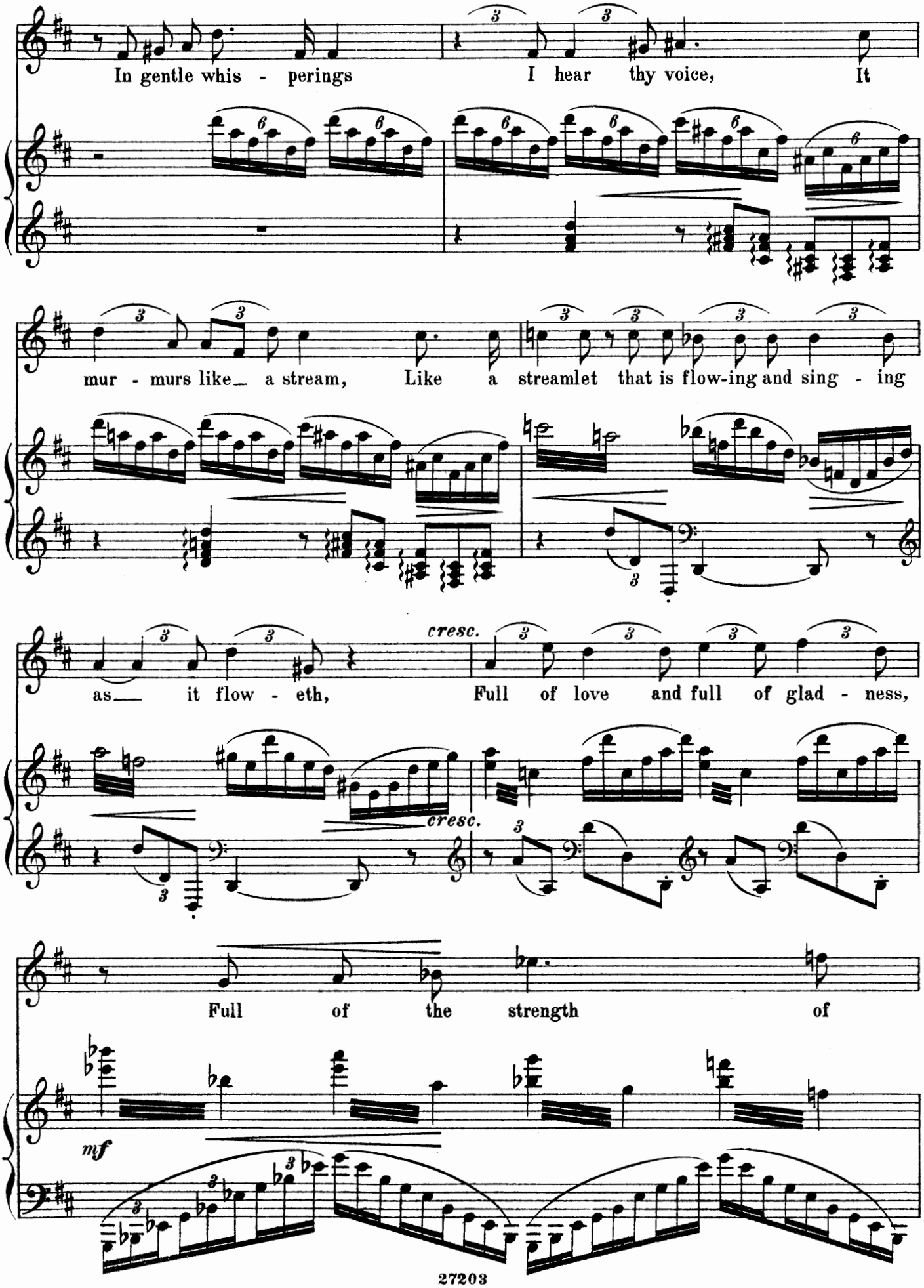
"Night."

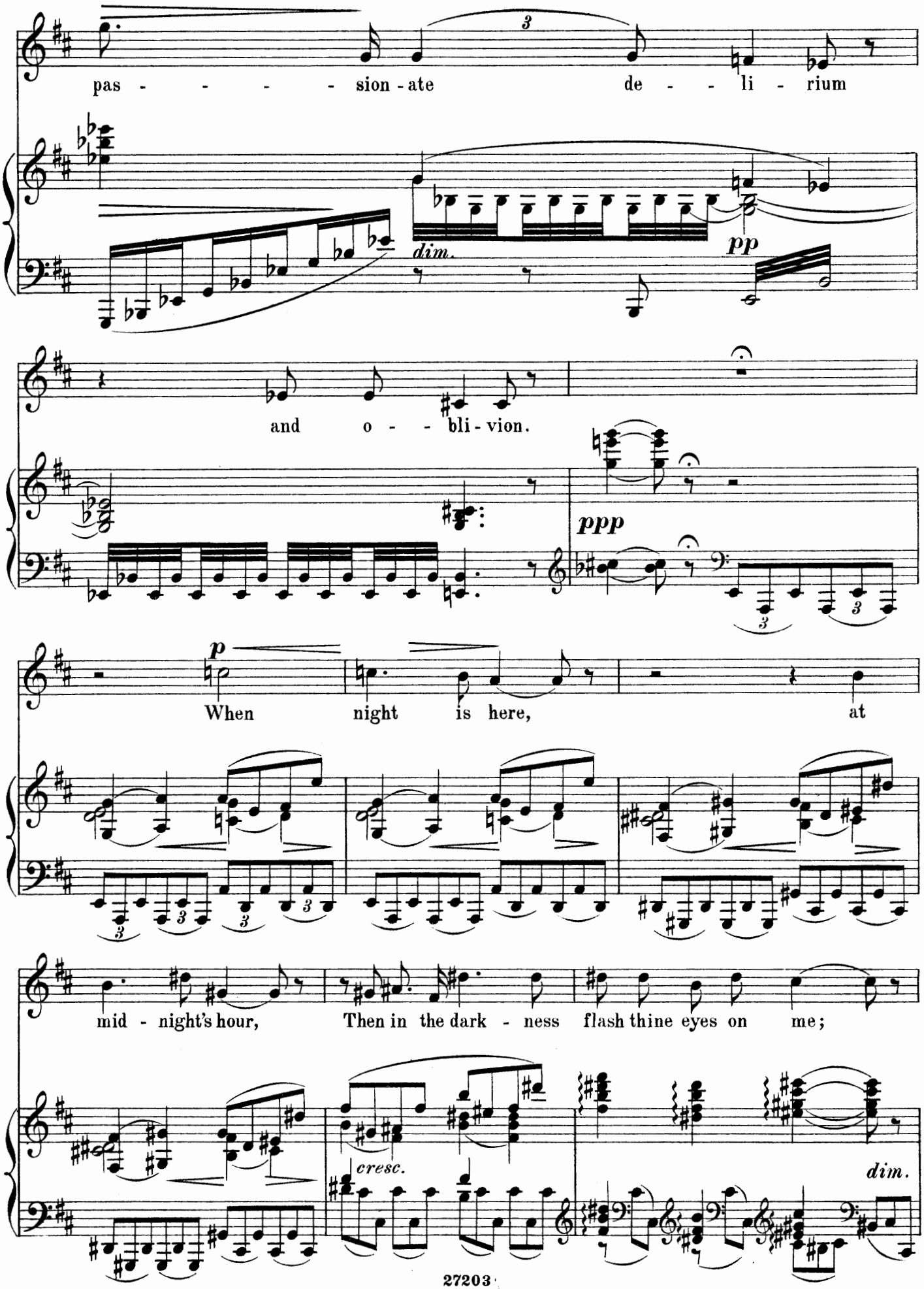
(A Phantasy.)

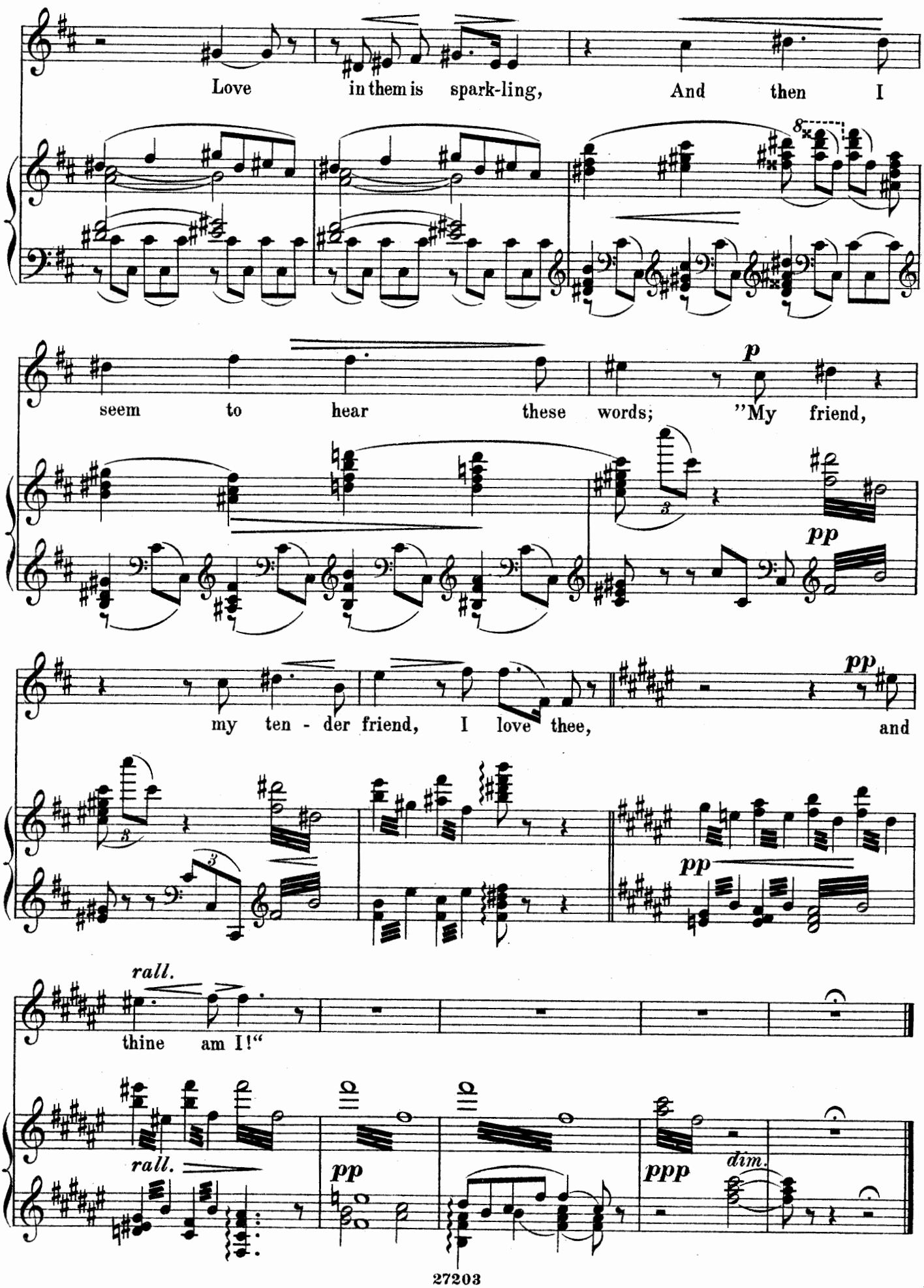
Words by Constance Bache.

M. MOUSSORGSKY.




In gentle whis - perings I hear thy voice, It
mur - murs like a stream, Like a streamlet that is flow-ing and sing - ing
as it flow - eth, Full of love and full of glad - ness,
cresc.
cresc.
Full of the strength of
mf

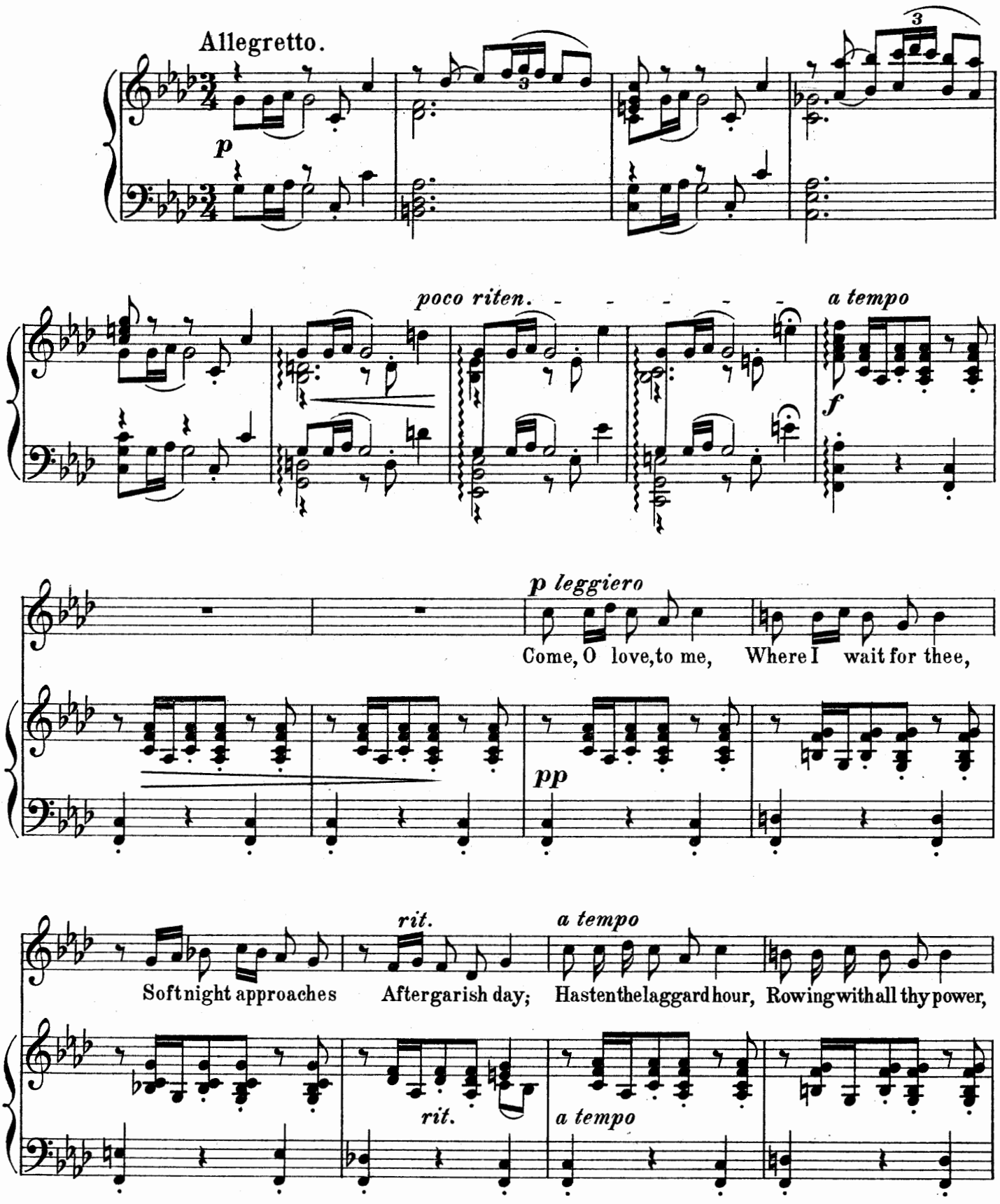

pas - - - - - sion - ate de - - li - rium
dim.
pp
and o - - bli - vion.
ppp
p
When night is here, at
mid - night's hour, Then in the dark - ness flash thine eyes on me;
cresc.
dim.

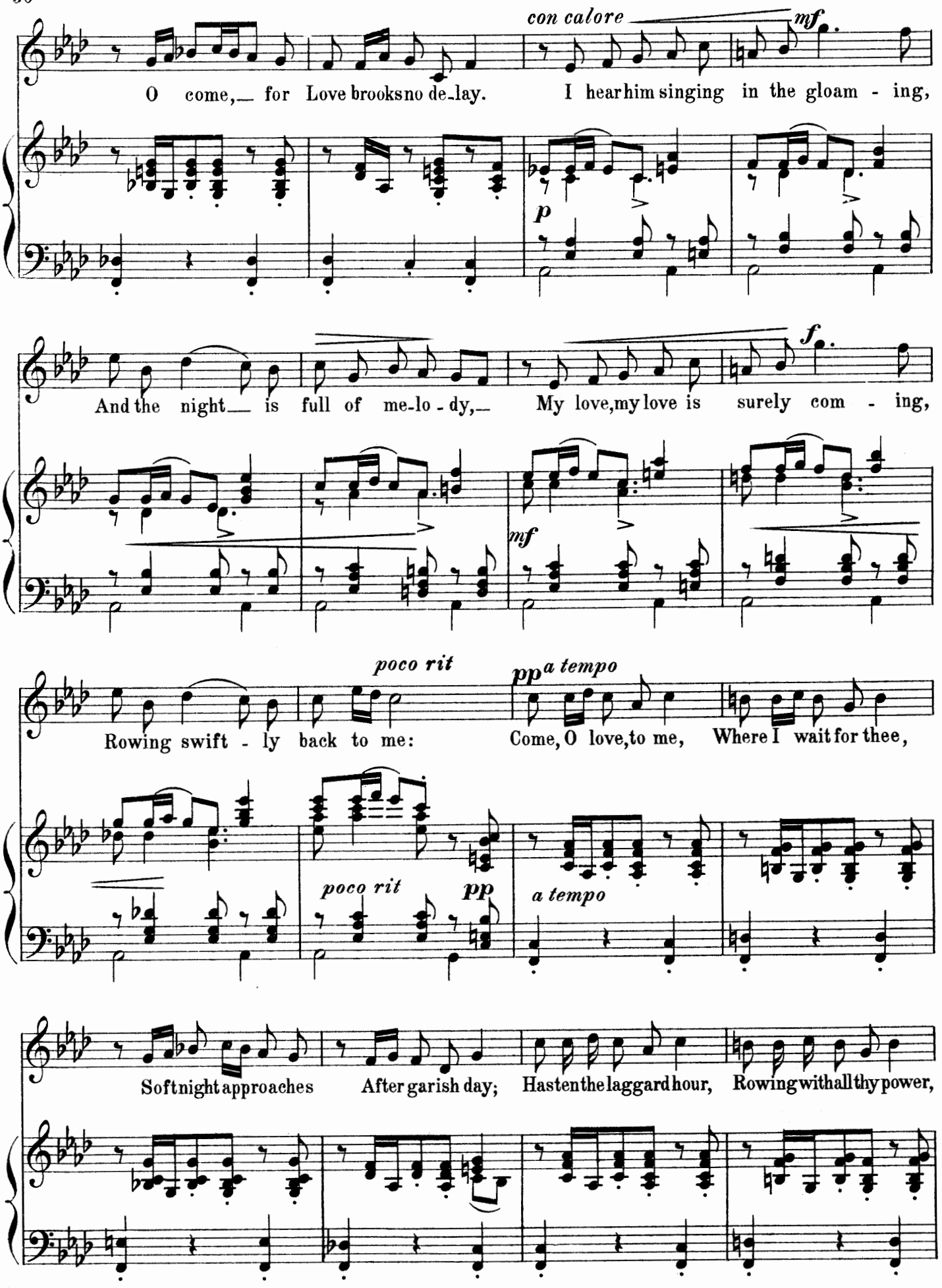

Love in them is spark-ling, And then I
seem to hear these words; "My friend,
p
pp
my ten - der friend, I love thee, and
pp
rall.
thine am I!"
rall.
pp
ppp
dim.

Bolero.

Words by Constance Bache.

CÉSAR CUI.




con calore
mf
O come, for Love brooks no de-lay.
I hear him singing in the gloam - ing,
p
And the night is full of me-lo - dy,
My love, my love is surely com - ing,
f
mf
poco rit
pp
a tempo
Rowing swift - ly back to me:
Come, O love, to me,
Where I wait for thee,
poco rit
pp
a tempo
Soft night approaches
After garish day;
Hasten the laggard hour,
Rowing with all thy power,

grazioso

p

O come,— for Love brooks no de-lay. And the

f *pp*

waves break softly plashing, And they whisper— in the si-lent night; On th'ho-ri-zon, brightly

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

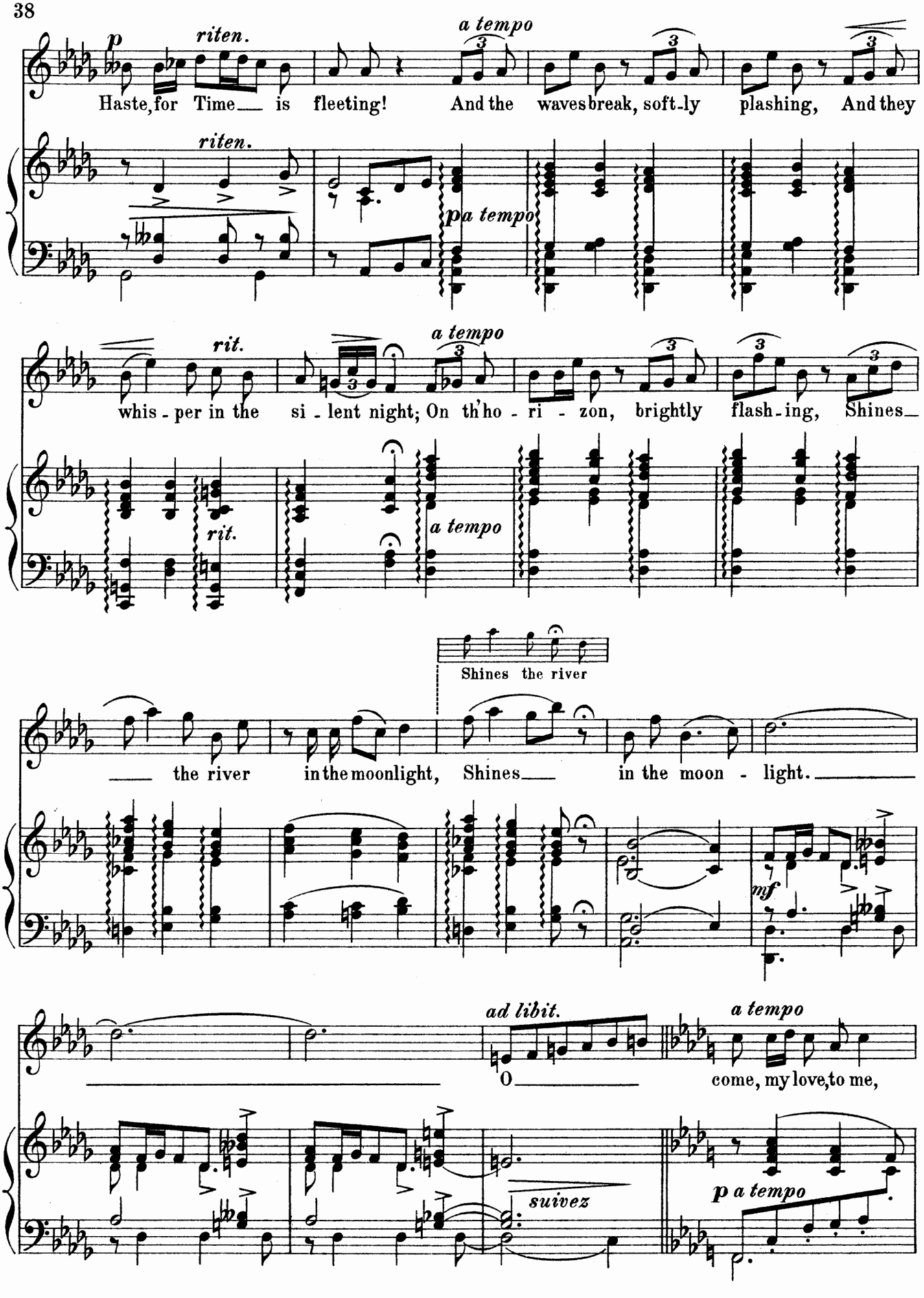
flash-ing, Shines— the river in the moonlight. Nearer, near-er floats the song,

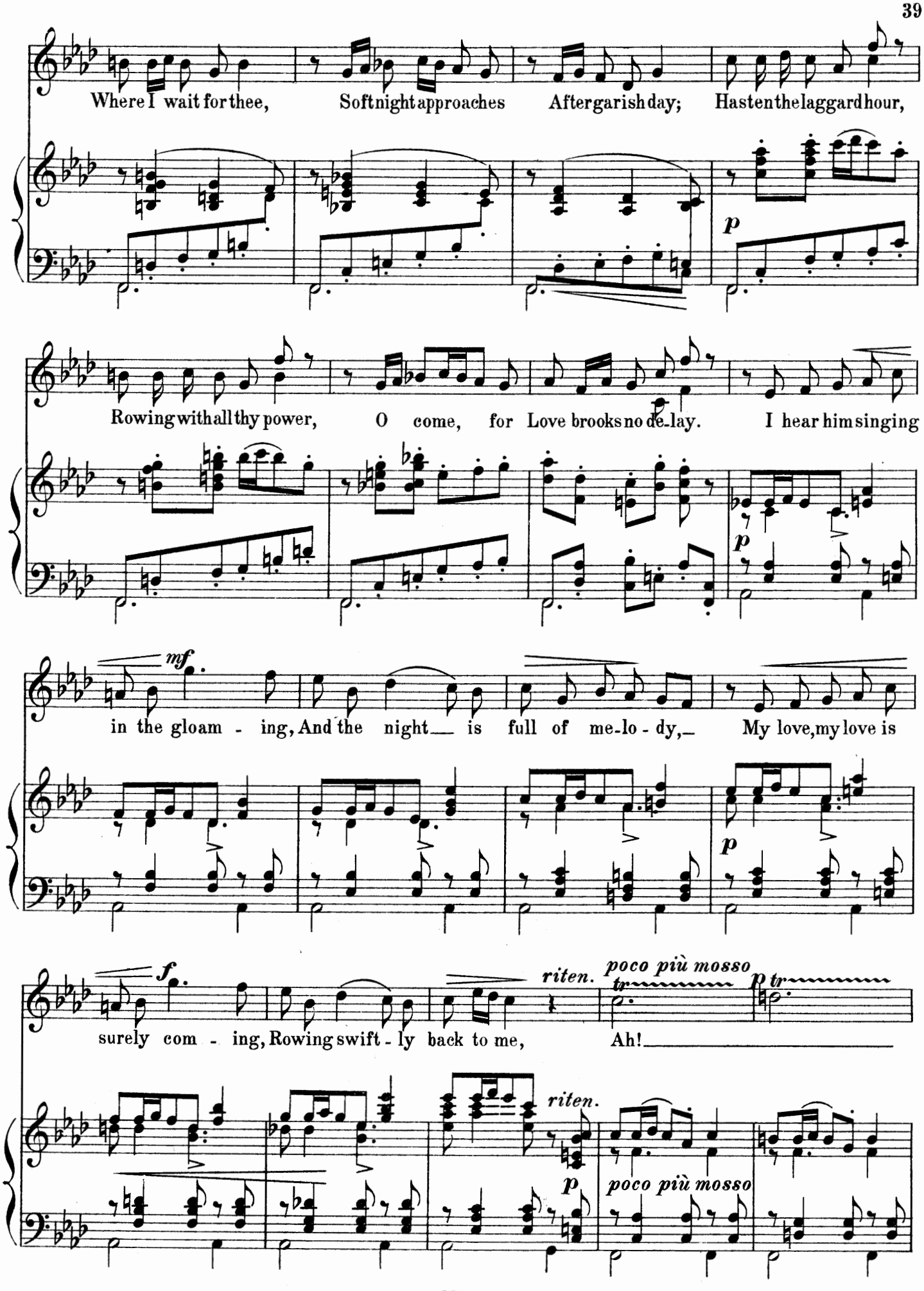
mf

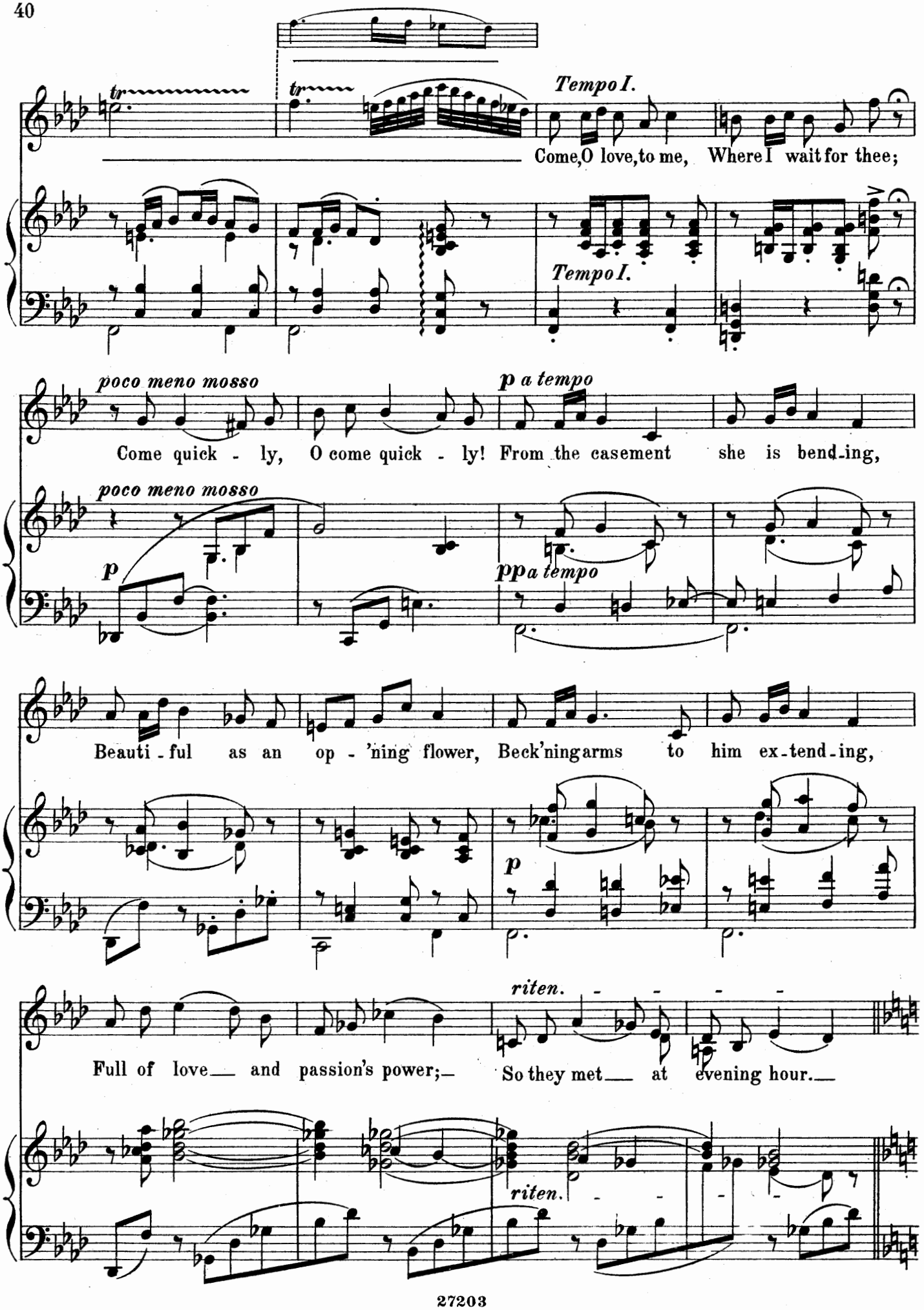
p

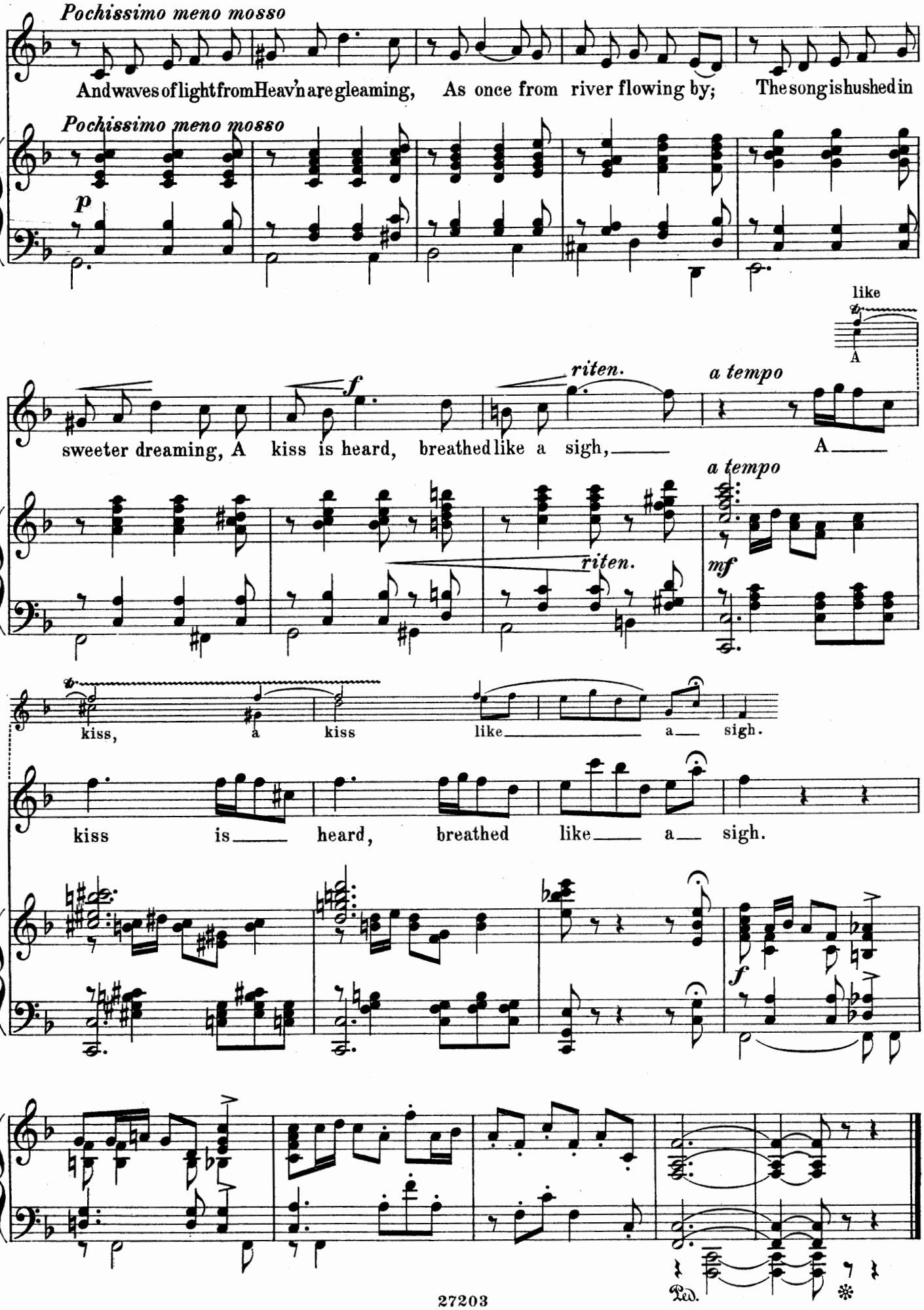
Fast my heart is beat-ing,... There he comes— for whom I long,

mf


p
riten.
a tempo
Haste, for Time is fleeting! And the waves break, soft-ly plashing, And they
riten.
p a tempo
rit.
a tempo
whis-per in the si-lent night; On th'ho-ri-zon, brightly flash-ing, Shines
rit.
a tempo
Shines the river
the river in the moonlight, Shines in the moon-light.
mf
ad libit.
O
a tempo
come, my love, to me,
suivez
p a tempo


Where I wait for thee, Soft night approaches After garish day; Hasten the laggard hour,
Rowing with all thy power, O come, for Love brooks no de-lay. I hear him singing
in the gloam - ing, And the night is full of me-lo - dy, My love, my love is
surely com - ing, Rowing swift - ly back to me, Ah!
riten.
poco più mosso
riten.
poco più mosso

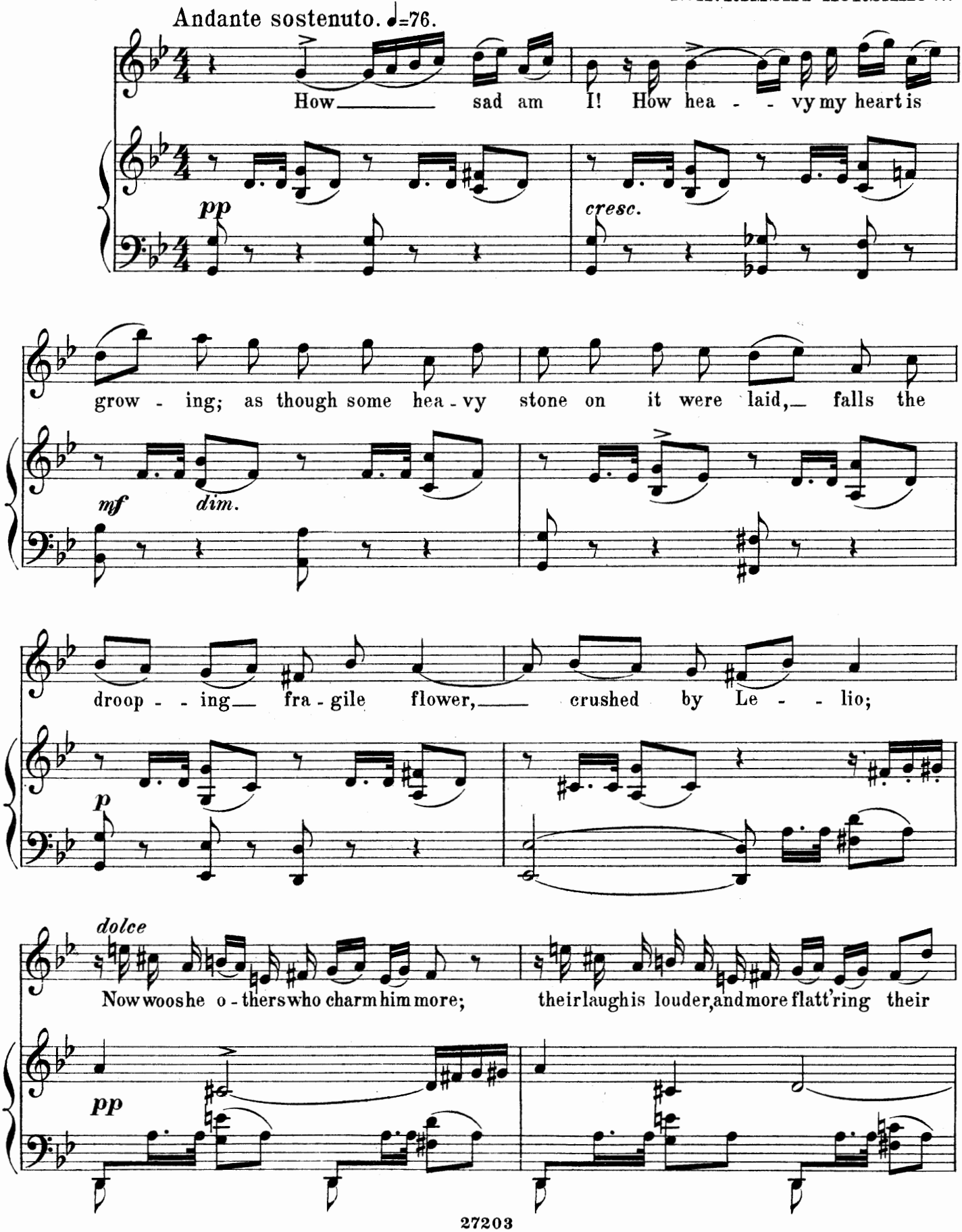

tr
tr
Tempo I.
Come, O love, to me, Where I wait for thee;
Tempo I.
poco meno mosso
p a tempo
Come quick - ly, O come quick - ly! From the casement she is bend-ing,
poco meno mosso
p
pp a tempo
Beauti - ful as an op - 'ning flower, Beck'ning arms to him ex-tend-ing,
p
riten.
Full of love and passion's power; So they met at evening hour.
riten.

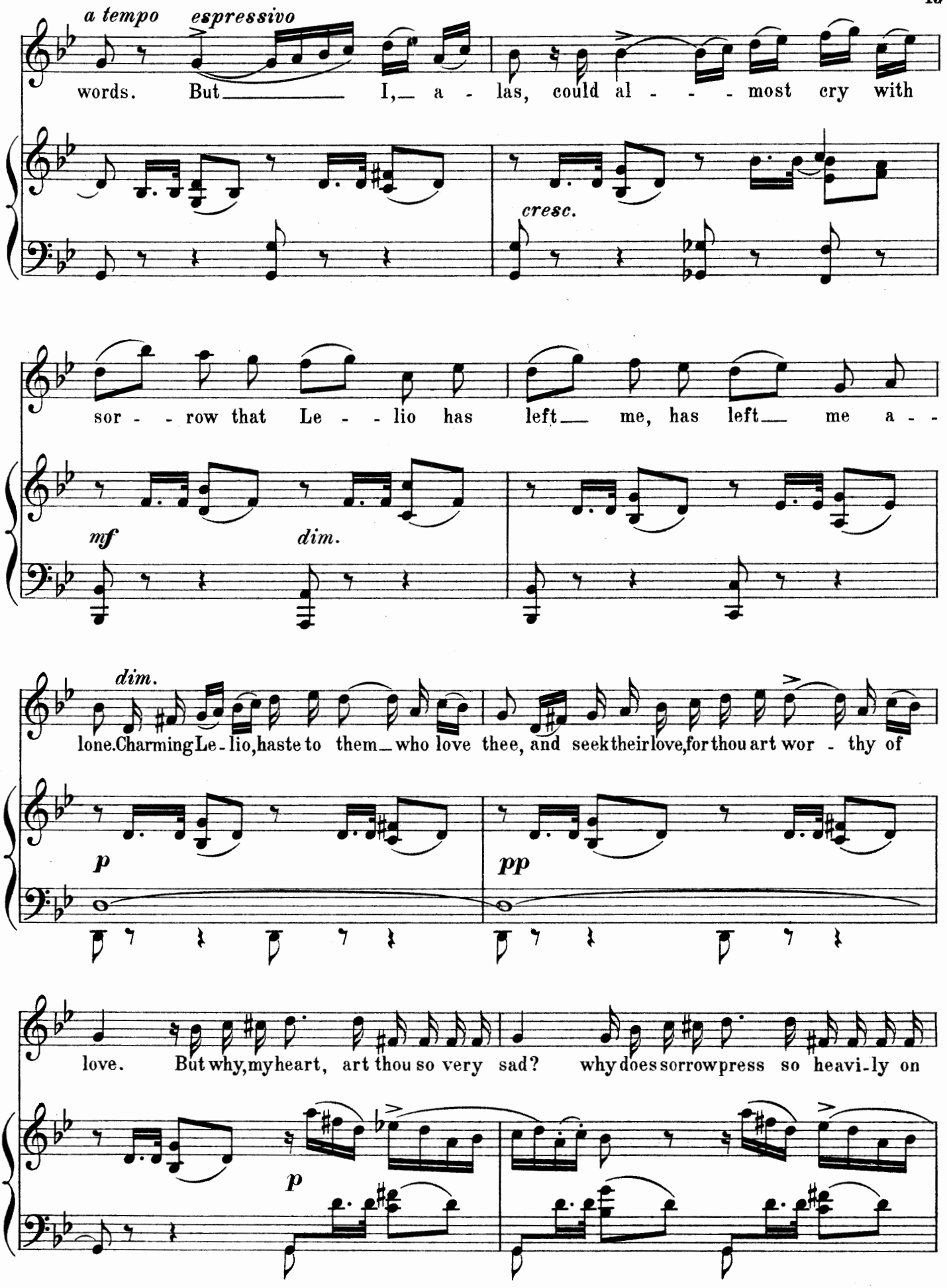

Pochissimo meno mosso
And waves of light from Heav'n are gleaming, As once from river flowing by; The song is hushed in
Pochissimo meno mosso
p
like
A
f
riten.
a tempo
sweeter dreaming, A kiss is heard, breathed like a sigh, A
a tempo
riten.
mf
kiss, a kiss like a sigh.
kiss is heard, breathed like a sigh.
f
Ped.

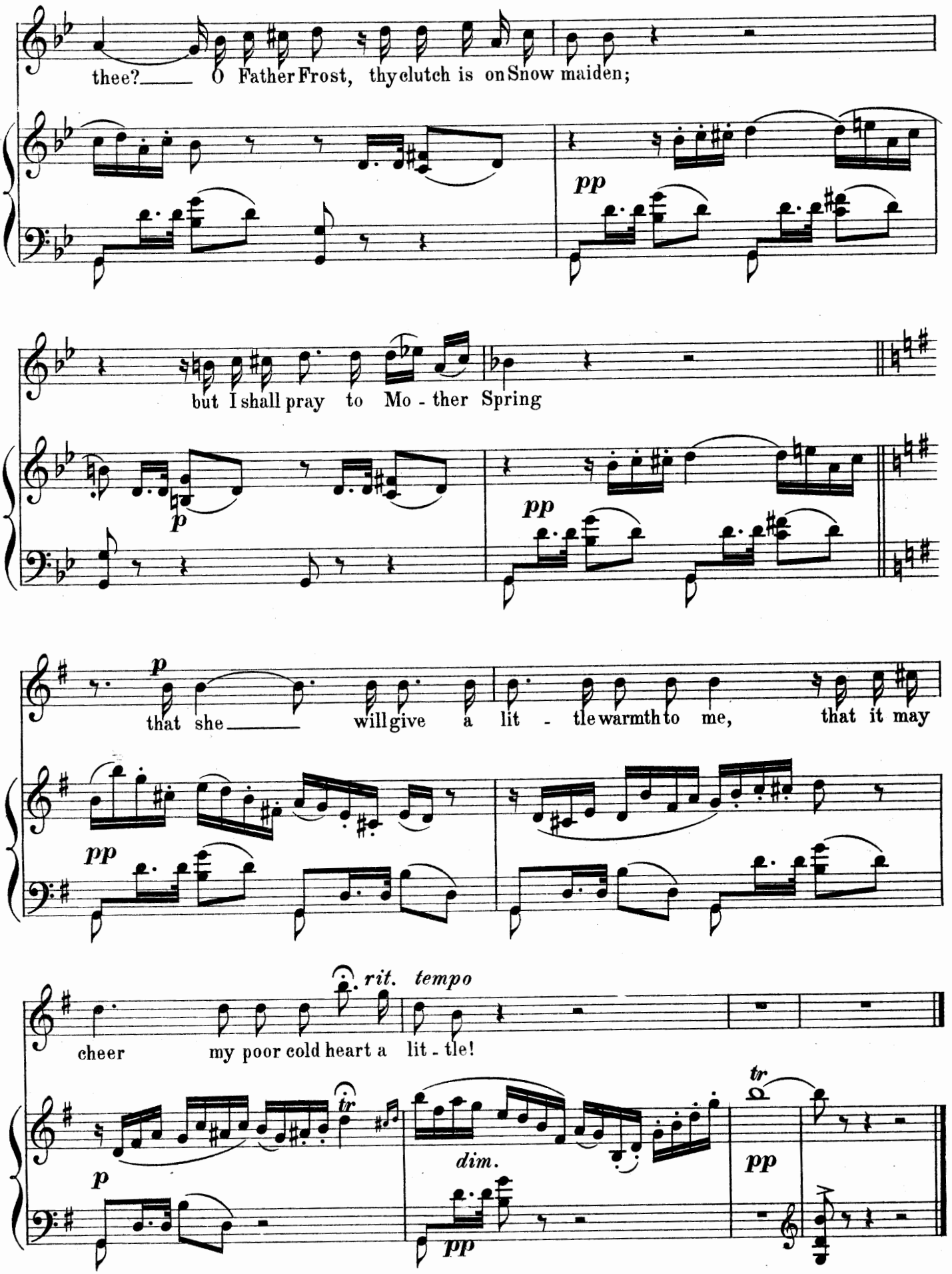
Air of the Snow Maiden.

Words by Constance Bache.

N. A. RIMSKY-KORSAKOW.



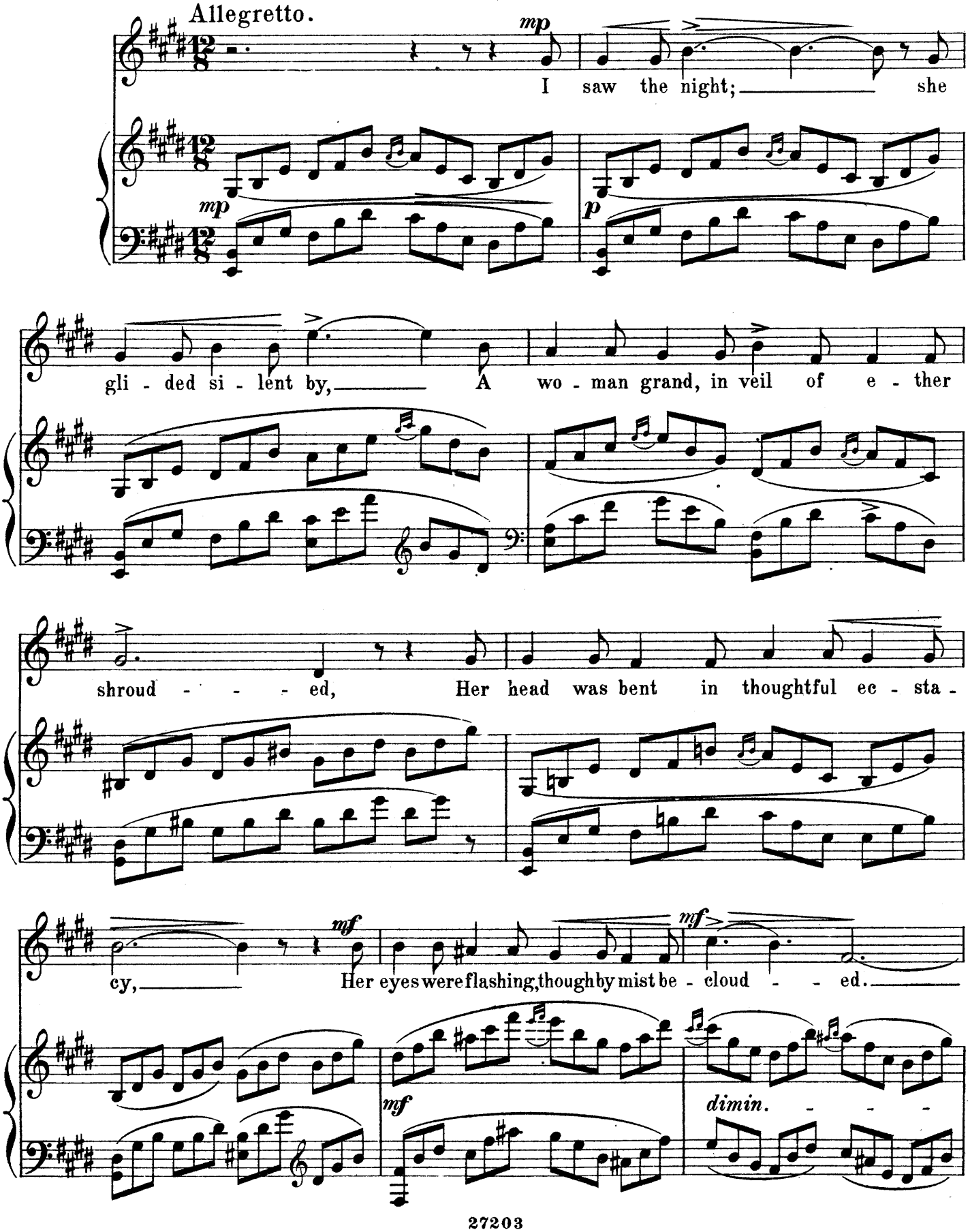

a tempo espressivo
words. But I, a - las, could al - - - most cry with
cresc.
sor - - row that Le - - lio has left me, has left me a - -
mf
dim.
dim.
lone. Charming Le - lio, haste to them who love thee, and seek their love, for thou art wor - thy of
p
pp
love. But why, my heart, art thou so very sad? why does sorrow press so heavi - ly on
p

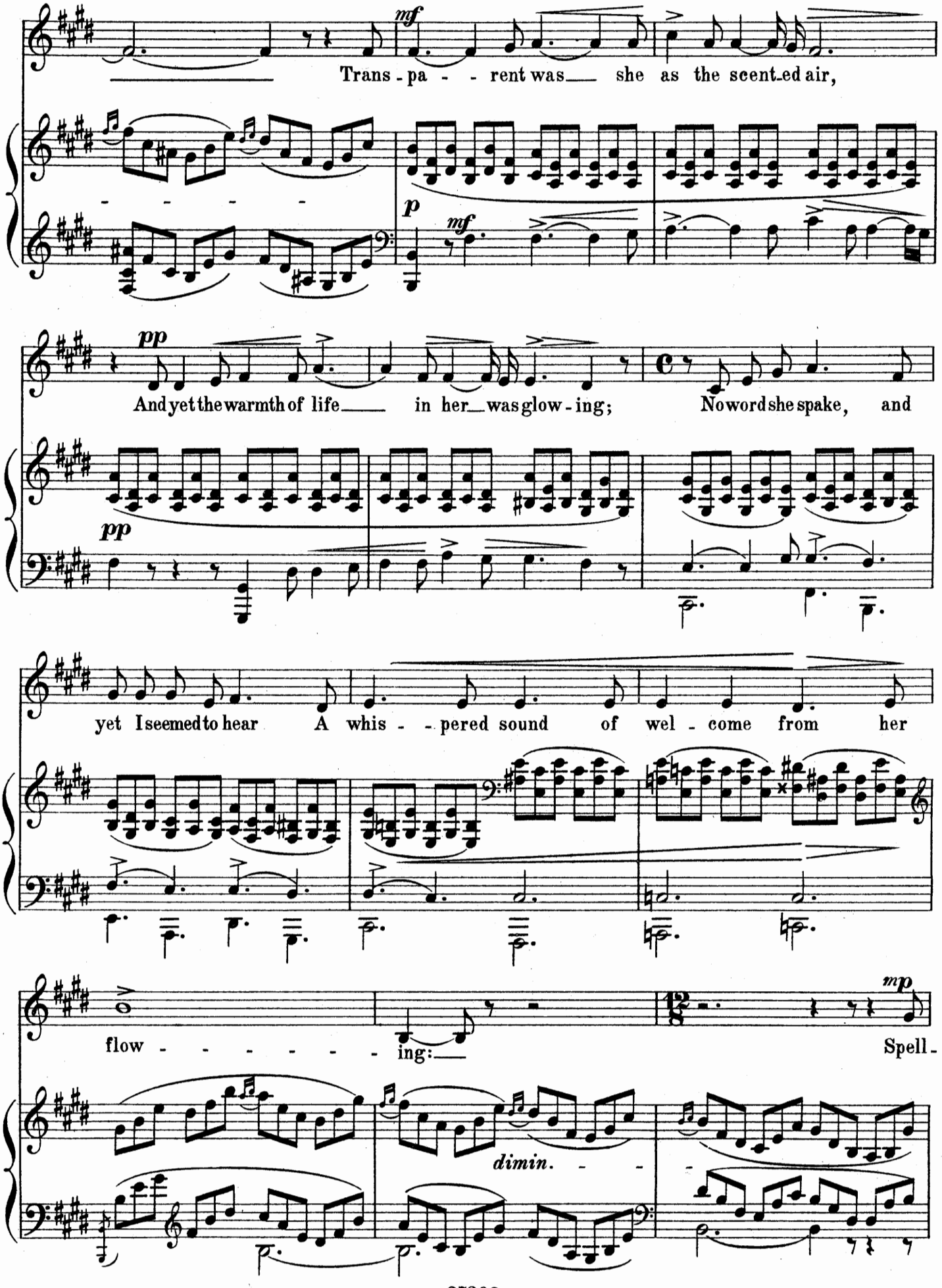

thee? O Father Frost, thy clutch is on Snow maiden;
pp
but I shall pray to Mo - ther Spring
p
pp
p
that she will give a lit - tle warmth to me, that it may
pp
rit. tempo
cheer my poor cold heart a lit - tle!
tr
p
dim.
pp
tr
pp

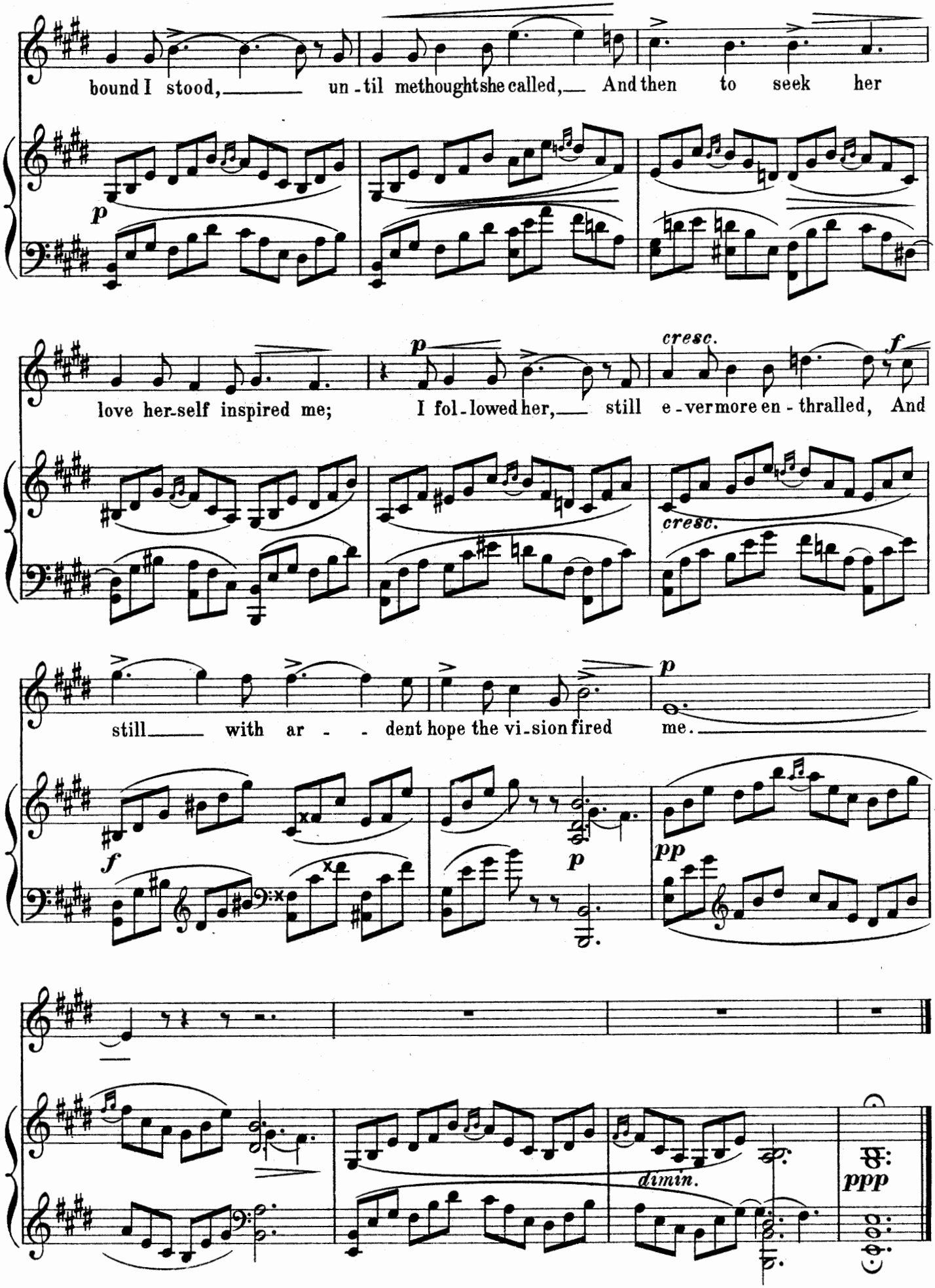
Summer Night.

Words by Constance Bache.

A. ARENSKY.



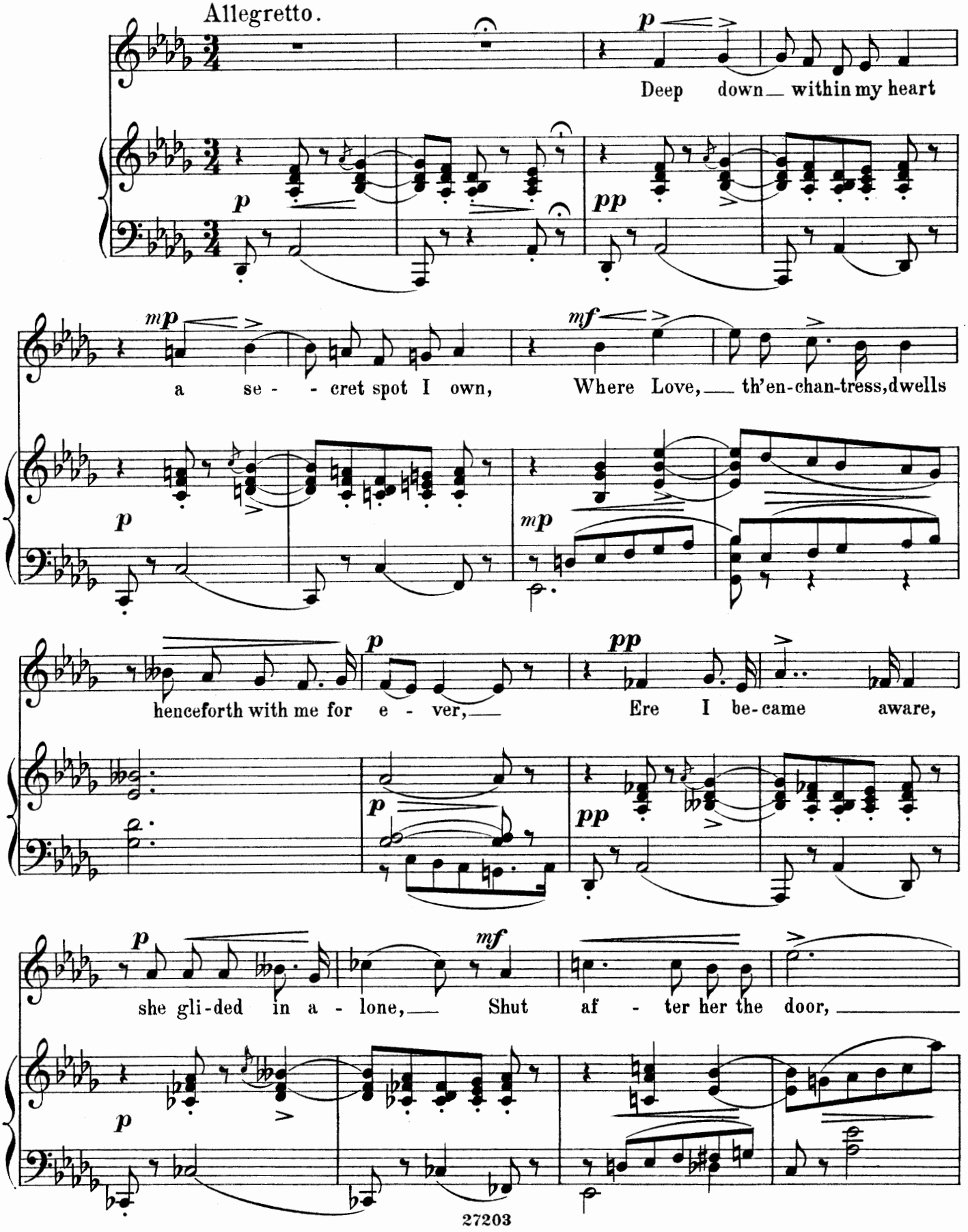

mf
Trans - pa - - rent was she as the scent-ed air,
p
mf
pp
And yet the warmth of life in her was glow - ing; No word she spake, and
pp
yet I seemed to hear A whis - - pered sound of wel - come from her
flow - - - - - - ing:
mp
Spell -
dimin. - -

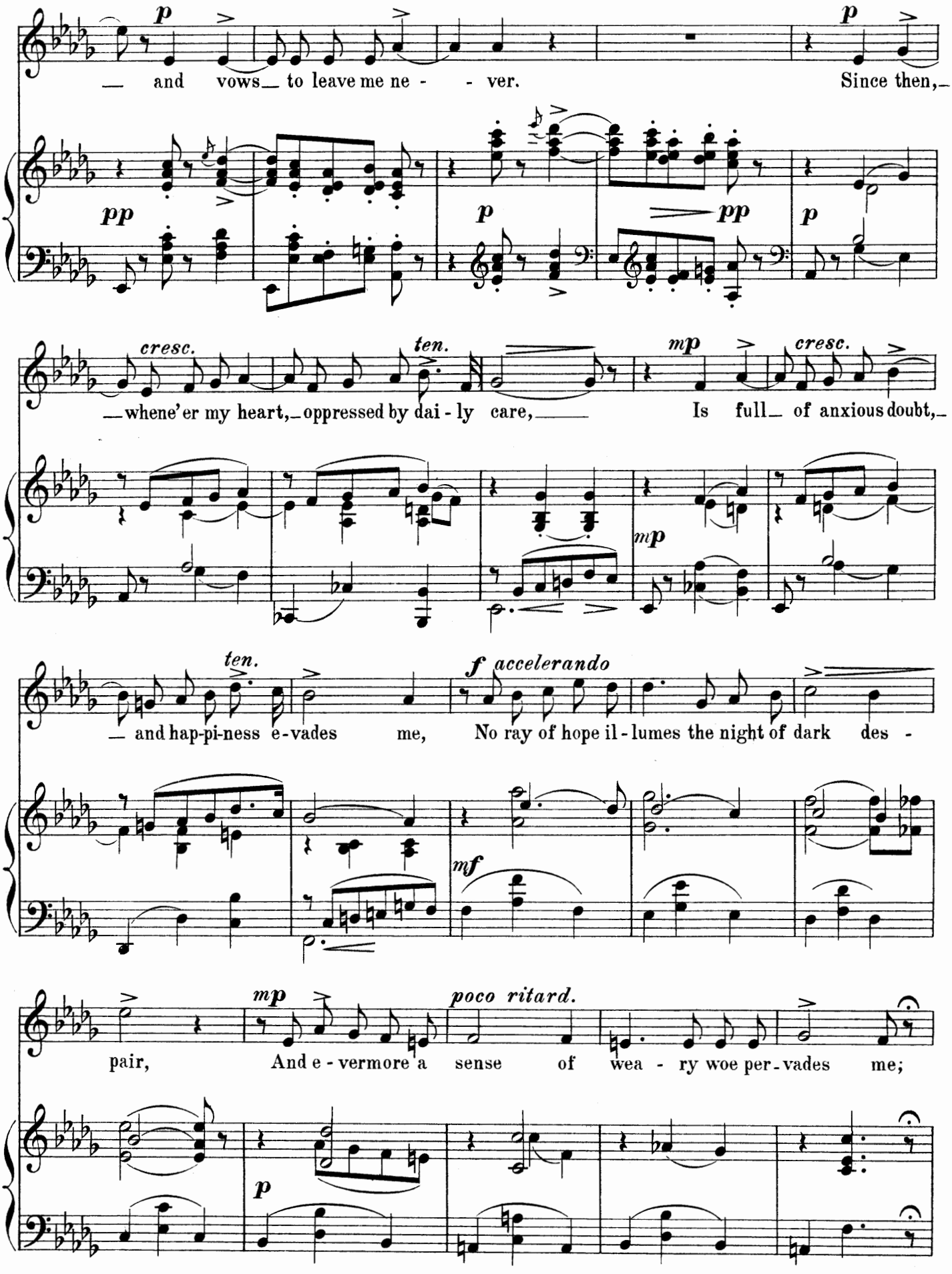

bound I stood, un - til methought she called, And then to seek her
p
love her-self inspired me; I fol - lowed her, still e - ver more en - thralled, And
p
cresc.
f
cresc.
still with ar - - dent hope the vi - sion fired me.
p
f
p
pp
dimin.
ppp

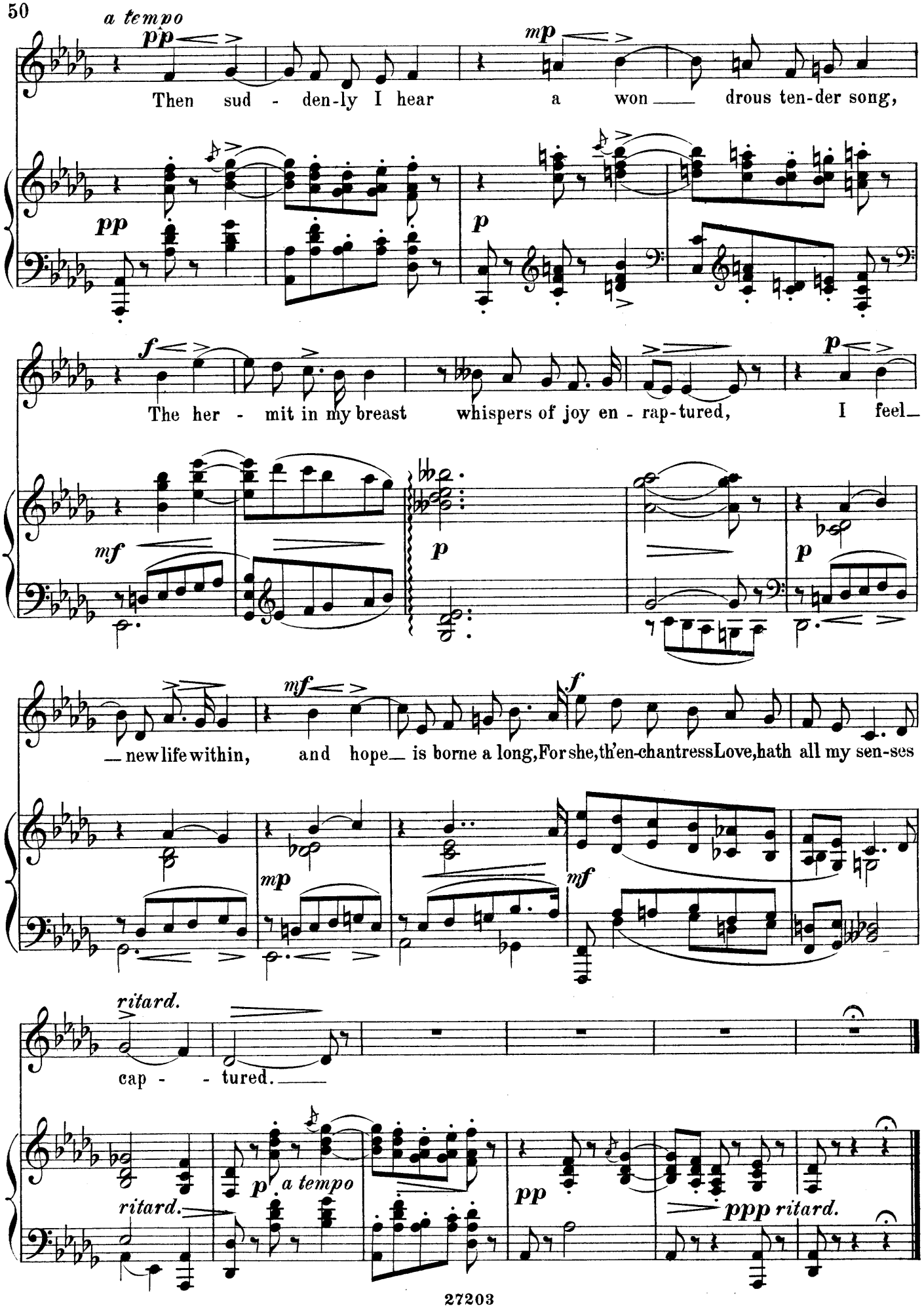
Within My Heart.

Words by Constance Bache.

A. ARENSKY.



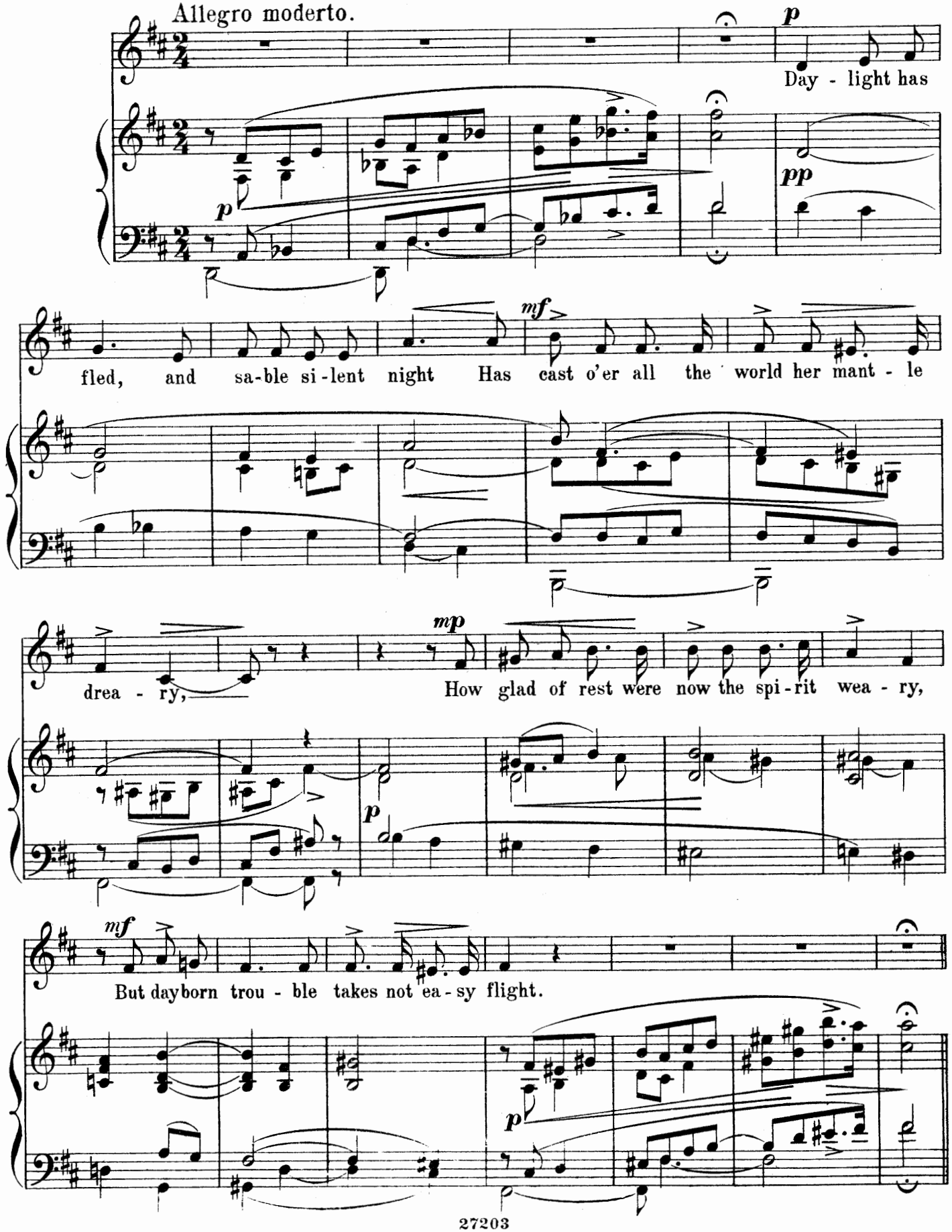

p
— and vows— to leave me ne - - ver.
p
Since then,—
pp
p
pp
p
cresc.
ten.
—whene'er my heart,—oppressed by dai - ly care,—
mp
cresc.
Is full— of anxious doubt,—
mp
ten.
— and hap-pi-ness e-vades me,
f accelerando
No ray of hope il - lumes the night of dark des -
mf
pair,
mp
And e - vermore a sense of wea - ry woe per-vades me;
poco ritard.
p

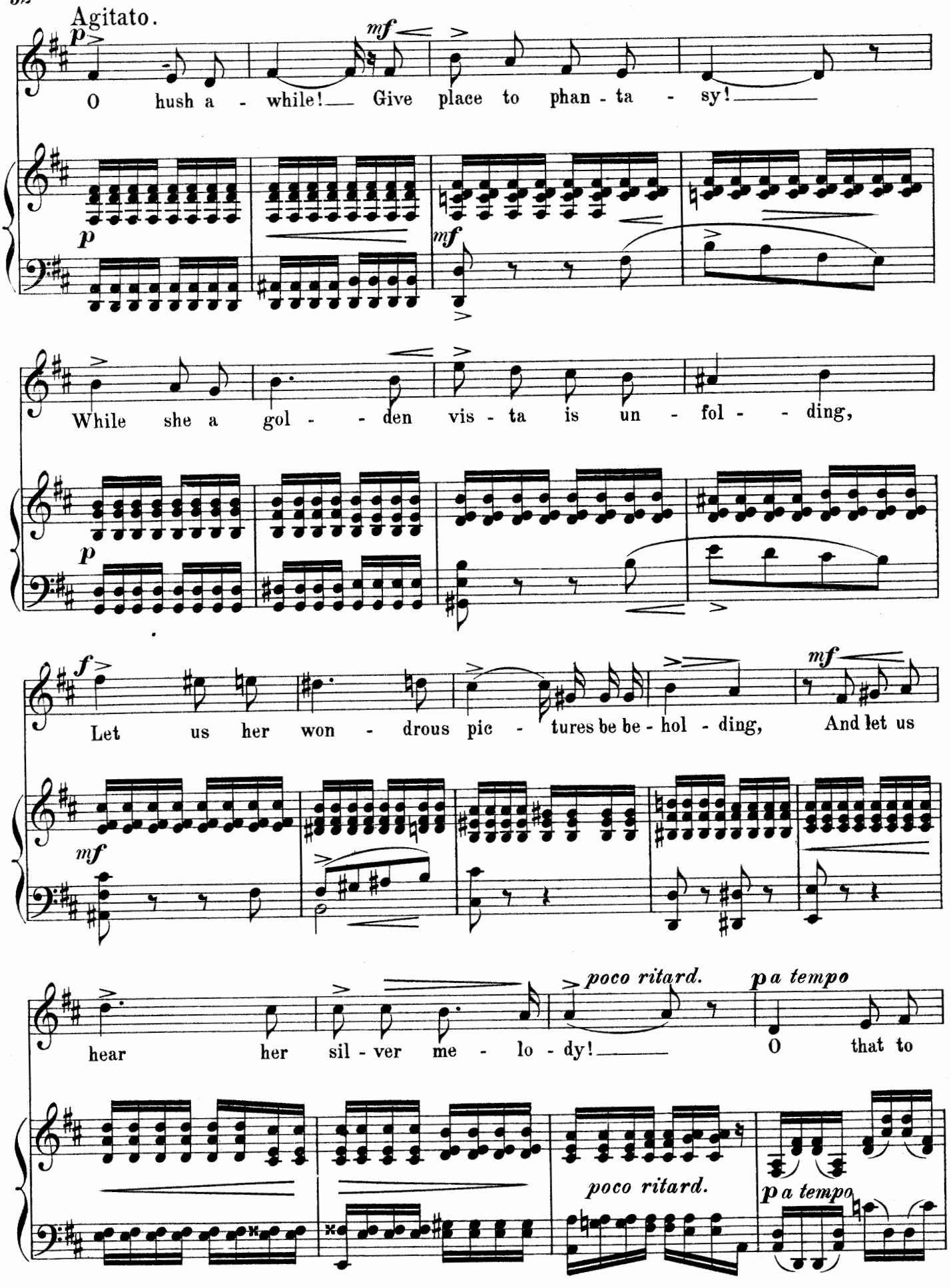

a tempo
pp
mp
Then sud - den-ly I hear a won — drous ten-der song,
pp
p
f
The her - mit in my breast whispers of joy en - rap-tured, I feel—
mf
p
p
— new life within, and hope— is borne a long, For she, th'en-chantress Love, hath all my sen-ses
mf
mp
mf
f
ritard.
cap - - tured.—
ritard.
p
a tempo
pp
ppp ritard.

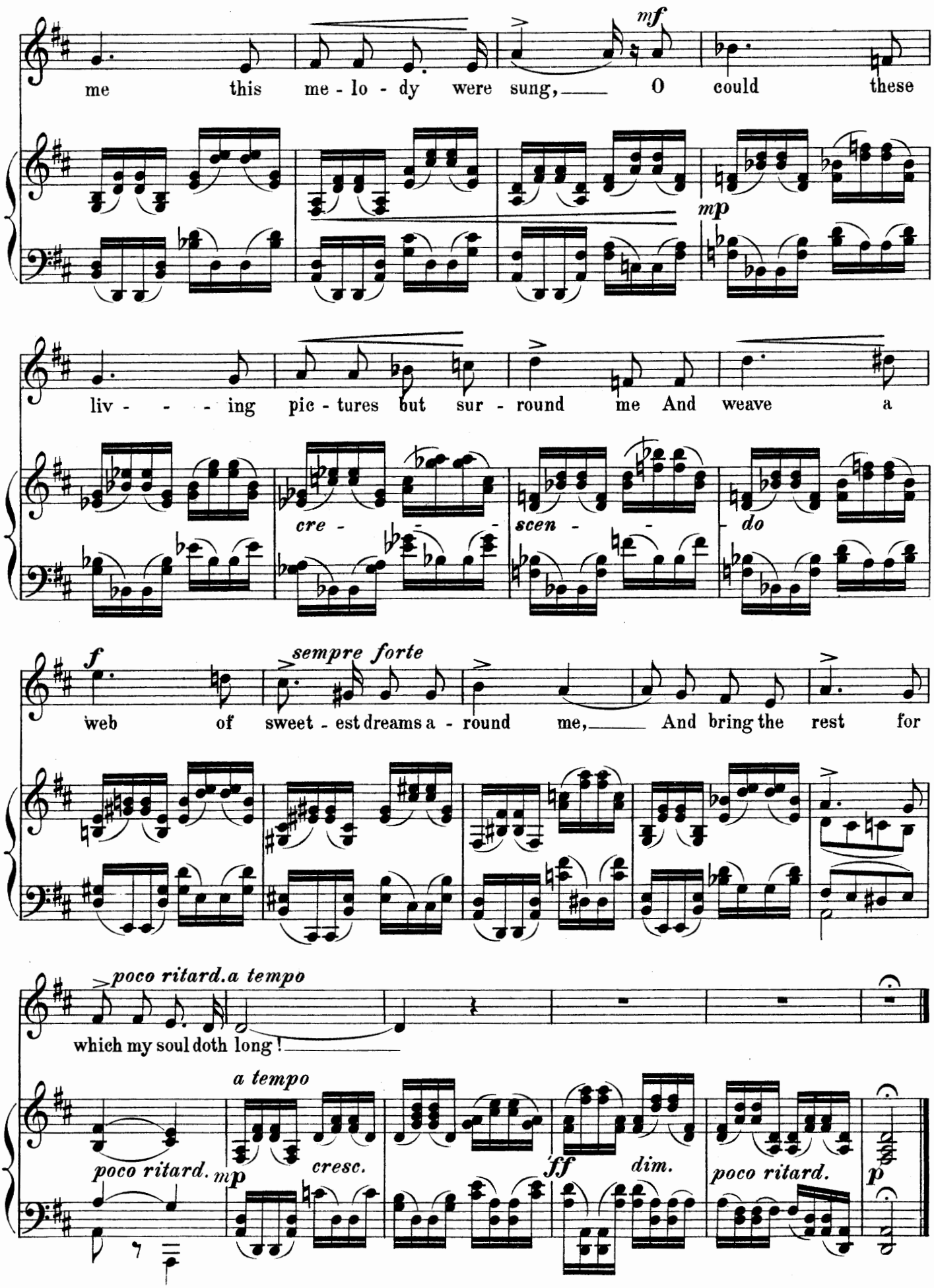
Daylight Has Fled.

Words by Constance Bache.

A. ARENSKY.




Agitato.
p
mf
O hush a - while! Give place to phan - ta - sy!
While she a gol - - den vis - ta is un - fol - - ding,
f
Let us her won - drous pic - tures be be - hol - ding, And let us
hear her sil - ver me - lo - dy!
poco ritard.
p a tempo
O that to

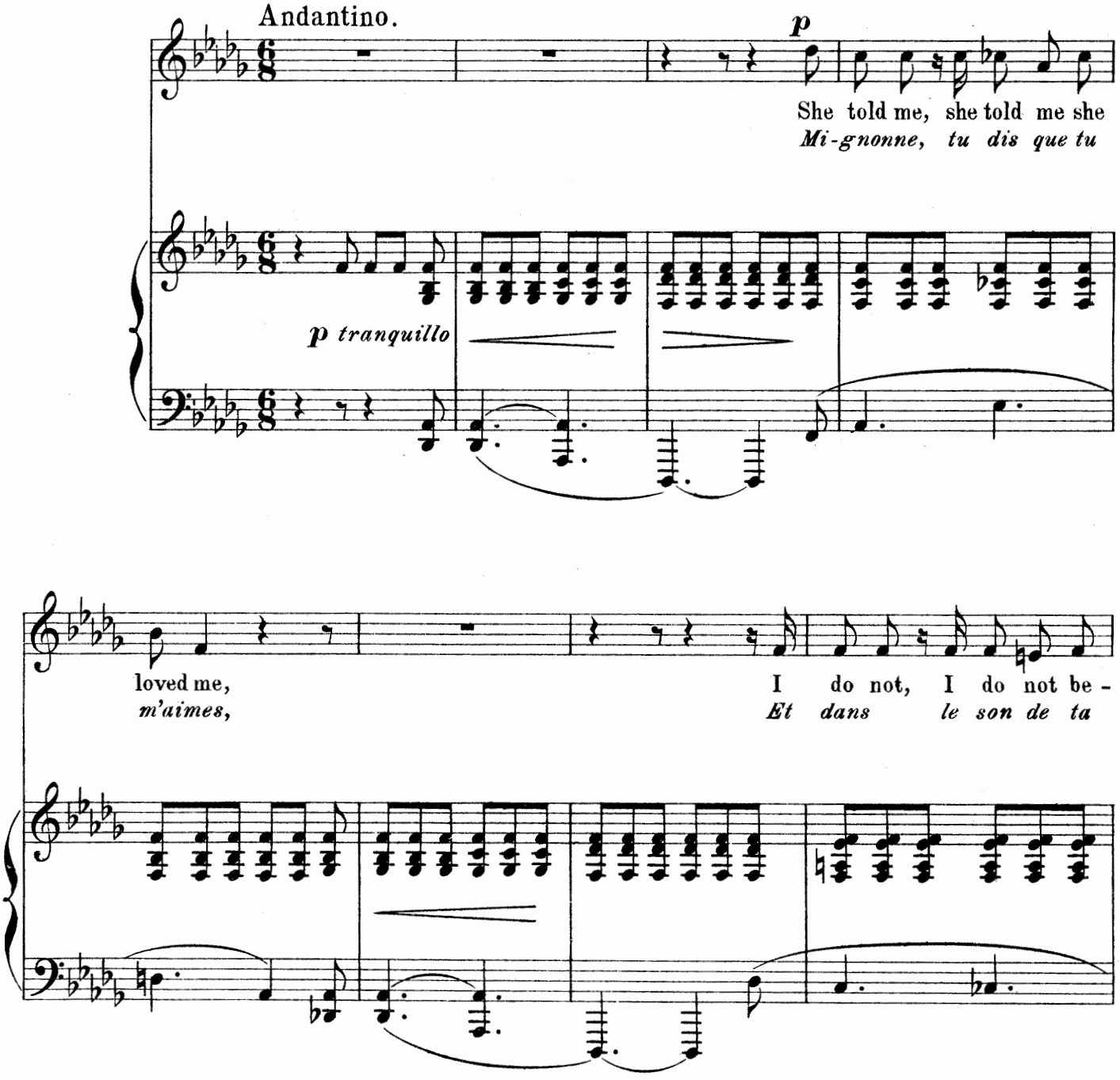

mf
me this me - lo - dy were sung, O could these
mp
liv - - - ing pic - tures but sur - round me And weave a
cre - - - scen - - - do
f
sempre forte
web of sweet - est dreams a - round me, And bring the rest for
poco ritard. a tempo
which my soul doth long!
a tempo
poco ritard.
mp
cresc.
ff
dim.
poco ritard.
p

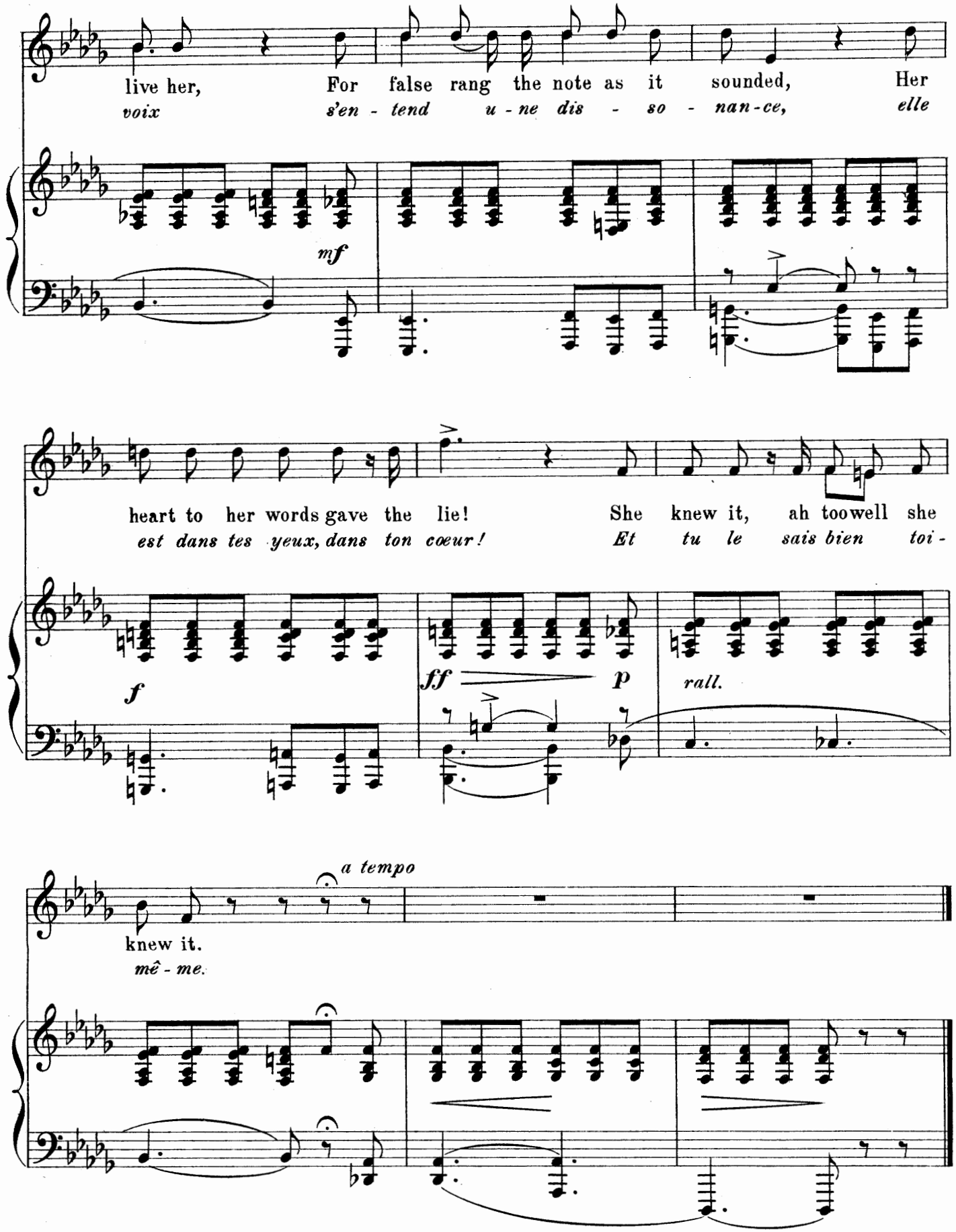
A False Note.

Romance.

English translation by Constance Bache.
Frenchwords by the Countess de Mercy-Argenteau.

A. BORODINE.




live her, For false rang the note as it sounded, Her
voix s'en - tend u - ne dis - so - nan - ce, elle
mf
heart to her words gave the lie! She knew it, ah too well she
est dans tes yeux, dans ton cœur! Et tu le sais bien toi -
f
ff
p
rall.
a tempo
knew it.
mê - me.

Danses Tangraises

pour

Piano seul

par

Fritz Kirchner.

Op. 284 Bis

Price 2/nett.

SCHOTT & Co.,
157 & 159 Regent Street
LONDON, W.