

THE  
GOLDEN  
TREASURY  
OF  
MUSIC



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# THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF MUSIC

## A CENTURY OF RUSSIAN SONG

From GLINKA to RACHMANINOFF

### FIFTY SONGS

Collected and Edited by  
**KURT SCHINDLER**

With a Prefatory Note by the Editor

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English Translations by  
Henry G. Chapman and Others



#### VOLUME XVI

MICHAIL IVANOVITCH GLINKA (1804—1857)  
ALEXANDER SERGIEVITCH DARGOMIJSKY (1813—1869)  
ANTON RUBINSTEIN (1829—1894)  
ALEXANDER PORPHYRJEVITCH BORODINE (1834—1887)  
CESAR ANTONOVITCH CUI (1835—)  
MODEST PETROVITCH MOUSSORGSKY (1835—1881)  
MILY ALEXEJEVITCH BALAKIREW (1837—1910)  
PETER ILJITCH TSCHAIKOWSKY (1840—1893)  
NICOLAS ANDREJEWITCH RIMSKY-KORSAKOW (1844—1908)  
ANTON STEPANOVITCH ARENSKY (1861—1906)  
ALEXANDER GLAZUNOFF (1865—)  
SERGEI VASSILIEVITCH RACHMANINOFF (1873—)



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A C E N T U R Y  
O F R U S S I A N S O N G



## A Century of Russian Song

THIS collection of fifty Russian songs, ranging from old-master Glinka well nigh a century ago to present-day composers like Glazunoff and Rachmaninoff, is the first comprehensive anthology of its kind outside Russia, and means the opening of an almost entirely new repertoire for the English and American concert-hall and drawing-room. The collector of these songs hopes that those who read these direct and sincere utterances of a great nation may derive from them a pleasure equalling the delight which he himself has experienced during the years spent in collecting and selecting them. He also ventures to hope that others will follow his initiative, inasmuch as these songs are indeed a key to the understanding of Russia's great symphonic music, so familiar to our concert audiences, and to everything that is national and based on folk-lore.

About my leading principle in the selection of the songs, I want to state, that I have not tried to find the most beautiful ones—a very vague definition, regarding which every man would decide differently—nor the ones that I personally like best (in fact, the limitation of space excluded some of the well-known and still beautiful Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky favorites, that are already available in separate editions);—but I chose those songs that seemed to bring the most characteristic message to the world, that are the most direct expression of the Russian national character.

Until about ten years ago Russian music had been identified chiefly with Tschaikowsky's music. Besides Glinka's operas, which were intermittently taken up in non-Russian opera houses, and Rubinstein's music, which arose and to a great extent vanished with the brilliant meteoric career of this virtuoso-genius, no Russian music came into prominence on the international market before Tschaikowsky; yet it was not the national element in him, not his operas and ballets, and early symphonies deeply rooted in racial feeling, that appealed to foreign nations, but it was the later Tschaikowsky, the polished, cosmopolitan, aristocratic musician, that captivated everywhere. Strongly perfumed, highly reasoned music, which dazzled and agitated the senses, appealed to the emotions, and seemed a particularly characteristic expression of our modern nervous times (before R. Strauss offset it, of course).

Symphonic conductors who were in touch and sympathy with Russian music persevered

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here and there in introducing works by Balakirew, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glazunoff; some concert singers included in their repertoire romances by Cui, Borodine, Arensky;— yet it remained for the discriminating musicians and the sympathetic understanding of the public of Paris, in the past five years, to discover that Russia's greatest musician, the greatest musical individuality this Slavic nation has possessed, Modest Petrovitch Moussorgsky, had lived and died in misery some twenty-five years ago, unknown to the outer world, yet leaving a marvellous bequest to his nation and to the world,— compositions so strikingly new and original, that they seem to rank ahead of the most modern living composers, and which it would take generations thoroughly to absorb and appreciate. Claude Debussy and Alfred Bruneau have testified to his glory, Raoul Pugno has enlisted his noble enthusiasm in his cause, and a Russian admirer of his, Mme. Olénine d'Alheim, has given years of self-sacrificing effort to propagating Moussorgsky's music by lecture-recitals in France and Belgium and by books and pamphlets; with the result that nowadays scarcely a song-recital in Paris or London is given without some of Moussorgsky's music, and that New York is fast following on the trail. The lavish production of his opera "Boris Godounow" in Paris in 1908 by Serge de Diaghileff and Gabriel Astruc, with Th. Chaliapine in the title-rôle, has meant a complete victory for his genius, and most of the European opera houses have included this work of almost Shakespearian breadth and tragedy in their repertoires.

When Sergei Rachmaninoff toured America in 1909–10 as a pianist, this occasion was seized by a few singers to introduce his songs. He, of all living Russian composers, seemed the one most truly gifted in the domain of song. The spirit of the Russian landscape, its delicate fragrance, its vast and melancholy immensity, speak from the pages we have collected.

Glinka, the founder of Russian art-music, who with single-handed effort wakened the dormant elements of Russian folk-lore, elevating them to an artistic standard, and who at once established the national Russian school with all its characteristics of rhythm, harmony, and instrumentation, is represented by celebrated arias from his two best-known operas, music that is closely related to the contemporaneous German music of Weber and Marschner, but which nevertheless speaks its own idiom distinctly and forcibly.

Glinka's and Dargomijsky's ballads represent the period of romanticism in Russian music; they are elegiac, despairing, sentimental; they were written to move hearers to tears, and they did so unfailingly. Wonderful is the atmosphere of the Russian salons of 1840–50, that these

ballads exhale: young men with romantic, lofty ideas; hypersensitive, *schwärmerische* ladies; desperate passions and infinite longing. All the *milieu* of Eugene Onegin, of which Pushkin and Tschaikowsky sang.—It is strange to see how the styles of Beethoven and Schubert become amalgamated with Russian melodic strains, and with what appealing results, as in Dargomijsky's Elegy (on a Moonlight-Sonata accompaniment), or in his "Prisoner in Siberia," who apostrophizes the "heavenly clouds" that are banished and homeless like himself.

Among the many songs of Rubinstein that would have been worthy to enter this collection, we felt it most important to call the attention of singers and public again to his "Persian Songs," those strange exotic blossoms, full of the sensuous charm and vivid imagination of the Arabian Nights, that he, being of oriental descent, was able to give posterity. These songs are so graceful and dainty, and so beautifully written for the voice, that the world is bound to take them up again.

Borodine, though born earlier than Tschaikowsky, Cui, and Balakirew, represents more fully the ultra-modern type of musical Russia. He was never a professional musician, and his music always breathes the spirit of aristocratic leisure, refined surroundings, and cultivated city life. Songs like the iridescent "Sea Queen," the strange-scented "Flowers of Love," the mysterious "Sleeping Princess," the short and poignant "Dissonance," show a marvellous sense for coloristic effects, which he produced by an harmonic scheme very similar to what is now called "Debussyism," but a method that he invented and practised long before Debussy.

In his "Song of the Dark Forest" Borodine has gone back to melodic and rhythmic traditions of early mediaeval Russian music (as preserved in some of Russia's old weird folk-songs), the effect of a bard reciting a ballad being brought out with stirring and overpowering force.

Many songs of Cui and Balakirew might have been included, but their message did not seem so important or characteristic, nothing that the other composers had not better expressed or more strongly; so the former is represented only by the deliciously humorous "Poet and Critic" disguised as Cuckoo and Nightingale, the latter by his song "Oh, come to me," most popular in Russia, but little known elsewhere, a melody of such sweet charm, that no one having heard it can escape its haunting loveliness.

More than one-half of this book is devoted to the music of Moussorgsky, Tschaikowsky, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, fitly termed Russia's three greatest song-writers.

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Of the younger generation that followed them, none has yet reached the heights attained by them. Arensky, well known by his piano-compositions, never rises beyond a certain salon-atmosphere in his songs. Glazunoff has given his best in symphonic compositions of rather characteristic tendencies. Their two songs here included, "Little Fish's Song" and "Nereid," are respectively characteristic in their limpid charm and graceful melodious contours.

Among Tschaikowsky's well-known songs, it was a question of selecting some hidden beauties that seem worthy of becoming universal property. How charming is the sketch called "Evening," that evokes the picture of Little-Russian hillsides so irresistibly, such a sweet, fragrant country picture, that is in music what Gogol's landscape-descriptions in his novels are to poetry. His weird oriental "Canary-Song" evokes the exotic splendors, the palms and mosques of the far-off east; and the simple folk-tune like "Legend," so poignant and appealing, more simple than Massenet's complicated "Legend of the Sage-brush;" and that setting of Tolstoy, "At the Ball," which has moved and will continue to move audiences to tears.

Rimsky-Korsakoff, the prolific opera-composer and gentle-hearted old wizard, who lived long enough to see his fame spread over the entire world, and who was feasted like a king of music when he came to Paris a year before his death (1908), was more fortunate than his comrade and bosom-friend Moussorgsky. These two composers made common cause in seeking and systematically gathering the treasures of Russian folk-song. But while Rimsky-Korsakoff shaped his music after the pattern of folk-song in a somewhat philistine, school-masterly way, Moussorgsky, who went into the subject heart and soul, was so imbued and identified with the national expression, that his songs seem almost the emanations of the entire race standing behind him.

Of Rimsky we give three early songs (1866-67), the "Southern Night," the weird "Hebrew Love-Song," and the melancholy "Georgian Hills," which are much in the same class as Borodine's songs; and three airs from his highly colored fairy opera "Snegourotchka" (Little Snowflake), full of innocent charm and dainty rhythms.

I should have liked to give all Moussorgsky's work, but in the choice of eleven songs I hope to have shown him in his most characteristic aspect. Two cradle-songs of his are like two gems in this selection. Not being content with a rocking, lilting accompaniment and a sweet, floating melody, he draws the interior of a peasant's hut, the mother with infinite tenderness bending over her child, dreaming of its future; he makes us hear the

mother's sigh, the infant's breathing, the ticking of the large clock; we feel the loneliness of it all. Marvellous pictures these two, of which the "Peasant Cradle-Song" must have been particularly dear to the composer, since he inscribed it to the memory of his mother. Here he finds for the angelic vision at the end harmonies of purple and gold, and draws melodies of mediæval Byzantine outlines.

Martha's song, from his last opera, "Khovanstchina," is an original folk-song, which he frames from verse to verse in a new and richer accompaniment. The "Divination by Water" from the same work is an extremely powerful composition, the opening "Invocation of the Spirits" being of almost ghastly and hypnotic effect. And now the vast loneliness, the desperate banishment of Siberia looms up from the throbbing of the downcast and muttered final phrases.

There is much sadness, much melancholy in Moussorgsky's music, as there is in all Russian poets and book-writers—Turgenieff, Dostojewsky, Tolstoy; just as any great art, being sincere, must mirror the true state of a nation. But in all art, I know of little that can be compared to Moussorgsky's "By the Water," from his song-cycle "Where no Sun Shines," in its mysterious fatality, its "Hamletian" meditation over the deepest riddle of life. It is not surprising that this composer, who in his music was wont to knock at the very gates of death, should have adopted the inspiration of his poet-friend Count Golenitchev-Koutouzow to write a cycle of Death-dances according to the conception of Holbein. Of these four song-paintings we present "Death and the Peasant" (Trepak), written on the weird rhythms of the Russian peasant-dance. Strange is the Epilogue to this song, which makes us realize the majestic indifference of nature to the misery of the individual. The poor peasant lies frozen under the snow, but the sun shines again, spring comes into the land, changing the rigid ice-fields to laughing rivulets and pools, and the merry lark soars to heavenly heights, singing its pæan of happiness.

A different peasant-dance is the "Hopak," which irresistibly draws us into its whirl, and makes us acquainted with a savage Russian sister of Carmen. "The Siege of Kazan," a ballad inserted in the opera "Boris Godounow," gives us a wild picture of mediæval Cossack-life, surely inspired by Gogol's master-novel, "Taras Bulba." The "Oriental Chant," which figures in his short Joshua-Cantata as a middle movement for solo contralto, is a strain that he caught from the lips of the Jewish peasant-people, most characteristic in its wailing and plaintive melody.

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Not the least important among the wide and diverse fields of Moussorgsky's compositions are his nursery-songs, of which we quote that dainty little sketch called "Child's Song," comparing a child to a blossom, and "The Beetle," telling of a child who, playing in the garden, comes face to face with the problem of a beetle's death.

A fitting *envoi* to this collection is Rachmaninoff's setting of Tolstoy's "Billowy Harvest-field." May the golden grains of these Russian sheaves fall into fertile soil, and be reaped in a manifold harvest.

In order to facilitate the recital of these songs in English-speaking countries, especial care has been bestowed by Mr. Henry G. Chapman and others on the translations, which not only cover the poetical idea of the originals, but also closely follow the trend of the music. Fifty new songs, of undoubted value, should afford ample opportunity to promote the introduction of standard music in the English language. There is every reason that English-speaking countries should take up these songs in their own language instead of in exotic translations.

KURT SCHINDLER

*May 30, 1911*

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A CENTURY  
OF RUSSIAN SONG



# "Ah, kindly star"

„Du trauter Stern“

Song from the opera "Russlan and Ludmilla"

(Pushkin)

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Michail Ivanovitch Glinka  
(1804-1857)

**Voice** Allegretto agitato

Ah, kind - ly star, hide not thy face Be-hind the  
Du trau - ter Stern in dunk-ler Nacht, ver - hül - le

*dolce, con anima*

shades of night from me! Oh Rat - mir, still thy mis - tress waits, And  
nicht dein strah-lend Bild! O Rat - mir, dei - ne Freun - din wacht, ihr -

all her heart is filled with thee! Oh Rat - mir, still thy  
Sin - nen nur von dir er - füllt, o Rat - mir, dei - ne

mis - tress waits, And all her heart is filled with  
 Freun - din wacht, ihr Sin - nen nur von dir er -  
  
*con passione*  
 thee! For thee I long! come back to me! On thee my thoughts  
 füllt! Ich har - re dein! o kehr zu - rück! ich den - ke dein  
  
*pp*  
  
 — for ev - er dwell, My hope is all in thee! For thee I  
 zu al - len Stun - den, bei dir ist all mein Glück. Ich har - re  
  
 long! come back to me! On thee my thoughts for ev - er  
 dein! o kehr zu - rück! ich den - ke dein zu je - der

dwell, for ev - - er dwell! For thee I  
 Stund', zu je - der Stund! Ich har - re

long! come back to me! On thee my  
 dein! o kehr zu - rück! ich den - - ke

thoughts for ev - er dwell. For thee I long, from hour to  
 dein zu je - der Stund', ich har - re dein zu je - der

hour, On thee my thoughts for ev - er dwell! When in  
 Stund', ich har - re dein zu je - der Stun - de,

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thou art near me, I am well, when in  
dei - - ner Näh' ge - sun - de ich,

*ppp*

dim.

thou art near me, I am well; Oh Rat - mir,  
dei - - ner Näh' ge - sun - de ich. O Rat - mir,

*pp*

still thy mis - tress waits, And all - her heart is filled - with  
dei - ne Freun - din wacht, ihr Sin - nen nur von dir - er -

*marcato un poco*

thee! Oh Rat - mir, still thy mis - tress waits, And all - her  
füllt, o Rat - mir, dei - ne Freun - din wacht, ihr Sin - nen

*f*

heart is filled with thee! For thee I long! come back to me!  
 nur von dir er - füllt! Ich har - re dein! o kehr zu - rück!

*dolce pp*

On thee my thoughts for ev - er dwell, My hope is all in  
 ich den - ke dein zu al - len Stun - den, bei dir ist all mein

thee. For thee I long! come back to me! On thee my  
 Glück. Ich har - re dein! o kehr zu - rück! ich den - ke

thoughts for ev - er dwell, for ev - - er dwell! 'Twas  
 dein zu je - der Stund', zu je - - der Stund'. In

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in thine arms I found pro - tec - tion, When I for - sook my  
dei - nen Ar - men fand ich Frie - den, als ich ver - liess das

fa - ther's home. Ah, what to me is life with - out thee? Be -  
Va - ter - haus; das Le - ben, ach! was ist's hie - nie - den, ge -

lov - ed Rat - mir, wilt not come? Come back to me! Come back to  
lieb - ter Rat - mir, oh - ne dich! O kehr zu - rück! o kehr zu -

*con forza*

me!  
rück!

Ah, what is life to me with - - -  
das Le - ben, ach! was ist's hie - - -

out \_\_\_\_\_ thee? Be - lov - ed Rat - - - mir, wilt not  
 nie - - - den, ge - lieb - ter Rat - - - mir, oh - ne

come? Come back \_\_\_\_\_ to  
 dich! O kehr \_\_\_\_\_ zu - - -

me! Come back to me!  
 rück! o kehr zu - - rück!

dim.

*mf*

*ppp*

“How sweet it is when I’m with you!”

„Wie süß ist's, kann bei Dir ich sein“

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

## Michael Ivanovitch Glinka (1804-1857)

Allegro moderato

*dolciss.*

## Voice

Andante moderate

How sweet it is  
Wie süß ist's, kann

when I'm with you And si - lent - ly lose ev-'ry feel - - ing Deep,  
bei Dir ich sein und still die Ge - dan - ken ver-sen - - ken in's

deep in your eyes \_\_\_\_\_ so blue! The joy of the  
Blau' Dei-ner Au - - gen recht tief. Die Lei - den der

heart, and its pain, Will oft in the eyes find ex-pression When  
See - le, die Gluth, sie drü - cken sich aus in dem Au - ge, wie's

words might be spok - en in vain; My heart al - ways  
Wort es doch nim - mer - mehr thut. Mein Herz es er -

*a piacere*  
trem-bles in si - - lenceWhen I am with you!  
be - bet im Stil - - len, so - bald ich Dich seh!  
*colla voce* *a tempo* *pp*

*p*

*dolciss.*

How dear is the sight of your face, I  
 Dein An - blick, wie lieb ist er mir, ich

*p*

watch for your smile with e - mo - - - tion, You  
 se - he Dein Lä - cheln mit Won - - - ne und

seem to em - bod - - - y all grace; No  
 An - - muth ver - kör - - - pert in Dir. Nicht

aid or as - - sis - tance I'd lend To love and its  
 möch - te ich lei - sten Ge - währ dem Dran - ge der

trou - ble - some pas - sion,  
glü - hen - den See - le,

Dis - - - cre - - tion I'll  
Ver - - - nunft ich ihm

take for a friend, But love runs a - - way with dis -  
setz - te zur Wehr.... Doch folgt nicht das Herz dem Ver -

*a piacere*

cre - - tion When I am with you.  
stan - - de, so - bald ich Dich seh!

*colla voce*

*a tempo*

*pp*

*p*

*dolciss.*

And so like a won - der - ful star You  
 Als wun - der - bar leuch - ten - der Stern er -

*p*

shine and my life you en - light - - - en, And  
 schienst Du, mein Le - ben er - hel - - - lend und

ra - - - di - ance shed from a - far; So  
 leuch - - test mir fort aus der Fern'. So

send an en - - cour - ag - ing beam To one un - - ac - -  
 schein' denn und wei - se die Bahn dem, der nicht ver - -

cus - tom'd to for - tune, Who'd looked up - - on  
 wöhnt war vom Glü - cke, dem Hoff - nung ge - -

hope as a dream; And al - ways my heart will  
 schie - nen nur Wahn und Won - ne er - fül - let die

*a piacere*  
 bright - en While I am with you.  
 See - - le, so - bald ich Dich seh!  
*colla voce*      *a tempo*      *pp*

# A Life for the Czar

(1836)

## Aria of Soussanine

"The truth is suspected"

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Michael Ivanovitch Glinka  
(1804-1857)

Adagio non tanto ( $\text{♩} = 60$ )

Recitativo. Maestoso

Voice

The truth is sus - pect-ed! Light of  
Sie ah - nen die Wahr-heit! Mor-gen-

Piano

day, Break soon a-cross the sky! And swift - ly bring me word, that safe at  
roth! Steig' bald am Him-mel auf, die Bot-schaft brin - gend mir: Ge-ret - tet

last is the Czar!  
sei un - ser Zar!

*a tempo*

*p cantabile spianato ed espressivo*

When the day shall -  
Brichst du - an, o -

*assai*

break a - gain, 'Twill be - the last - time - I Shall -  
Mor - gen - roth, dann seh' - zum letz - ten - Mal ich -

see the sun on high;  
dei - nen hol - den Strahl,  
For death a - waits me then!  
dann war - tet mein der Tod!

O - God, when a - go - ny,  
O - Gott! in - all der Qual  
When tort - ure threat - ens me, Have  
die mir die Mar - ter droht, er -

mer - cy on my pain! What an - - - - - guish  
 barm' dich mei - ner Noth! O wel - - - - - cher

deep - and - dumb O'er my poor heart doth come, When  
 tie - fe Schmerz durch-bohrt mein ar - - mes Herz,  
 ge -

I re - call my home! Ah, what a fate that  
 denk' ich hei - - math - wärts! o wel - che schwe - re -

*p* dim.

I Here all a - - lone must die!  
 Pein, zu ster - - ben so al - - lein!  
 ten. ten. ten. ten. ten. ten. ten. ten.

*p* dim. *pp*

ten. ten. ten. ten. ten. ten. ten. ten.

*mf*

When the day shall break a - gain, 'Twill be \_\_\_\_\_ the last time  
Brichst du an, o — Mor - - gen-roth, dann seh' \_\_\_\_\_ zum letz - ten

*p*

I Shall see the sun on high, For  
Mal ich - dei - - nen hol - - den Strahl, dann

death a - waits me\_\_\_\_ then! Oh, aw - - ful fate! Oh, mis - er -  
war - - tet mein der\_\_\_\_ Tod! O har - - tes Loos! O bitt' - res

*f*

*b*

y! My need is great, Be near, O God, to com - fort me! Thro' pain that  
Leid! Mein Weh ist gross! Halt, Herr, mir dei - nen Trost be - reit, und stär - ke

now must come ere long, Keep Thou me strong! Oh pit - y, com-fort me,  
mich in all der Noth, die bald mir droht! Ja, stär - ke, stär-ke mich

and \_\_\_\_\_ make \_\_\_\_\_ me - strong! Forsake me not, O God!  
in \_\_\_\_\_ mei - - - ner Noth! Ver-lass mich nicht, o Gott!

# Heavenly Clouds

(M. Lermontoff)

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman  
and Vera Johnston

A. Dargomijsky

**Andante**

**Voice**

**Piano**

Cloud - lets, ye

heav'n - ly clouds, Rest - less-ly wan-d'rинг free!

dolce > con forza

High in yon a - zure sky On pearly wings ye fly;

*dolce*

On - - ward ye has - - - ten, For ban - ished you are, like

*p**f*

me; Driv'n from your dear northern home, To the south \_\_\_\_\_

*ad lib.**ten.*

come!

Tell me, who ban - - - ished

you?

Or fate: \_\_\_\_\_ is it fate ye fear?

*dolce*

False friendship's treach - er - y? Hate's o - pen

*risoluto*

*p*

*dolce*

en - - mi - ty? Or in some crim - - - i - nal

*f*

deed have ye had a share, Or are ye vic-tims of poi - son - ous

*dolce e ad lib.*

cal - um - ny?

*ten.*

*p*

Allegro

Nay, on - ly tired of wide bleak, bar - ren plains are ye, Ye \_\_\_\_\_

*p* ritenuto

know not pas - - sion! Sor - - rows \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* *a tempo*

*ad lib.* *a tempo* dolce

are \_\_\_\_\_ to you \_\_\_\_\_ un - known; Cold, ev - er cold are ye,

*ff colla voce* *mf* *p*

con forza dolce

Free ev - er - last-ing - ly; No land is home to you, No \_\_\_\_\_

*più f* *p*

*con forza*

land — can ban - - ish you, — No land is home to you,

*f* *ff*

No — land can ban - - ish you, no land — can ban - ish —

*p* *f*

*ten.*

you, no — land can ban - - ish you, no land —

*f* *ff p*

— can ban - ish you! — ah!

*ff*

# "Ye dear, fleeting hours"

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

German words by Bruno

, "Ihr flüchtigen Stunden"

Elegie

Alexander Sergievitch Dargomijsky

Adagio

**Voice**

Ye  
Ihr

**Piano**

dear, fleet - ing hours full of joy, yet how  
flüch - ti - gen Stun - den voll himm - li - schen

brief! I think of you now in in  
Glücks, wie denk' ich an euch in in

sor - - - row and grief.  
Weh - - - muth und Lust.

How glad were mine  
Wie schaut' ich einst

eyes with the plea - - - sure of  
fröh - - lich, so trun - - - ke - - nen

see - - ing, how glad mine eyes with the  
Bli - - ckes, wie schaut' ich fröh - - lich, so

plea - - sure of see - - ing, How  
trun - - ke - - nen Bli - - ckes, wie

\*  
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high beat my heart — for joy in my breast! for joy in my breast! Now  
 hob sich vor Won - ne und Freu - de die Brust, vor Won - ne die Brust! Nun

*f*

speech-less and still in-to dark - ness I stare, — No star lights my way, My  
 star - re ich stumm in's Dun - kel hin-ab, — kein Stern-lein er-hellt, er -

heart lies in sor-row! No star lights my way, No star sends a ray To  
 hel - let, er-hel-let, kein Stern - lein er-hellt, kein Stern-lein er - hellt, er -

light - en my way,  
hellt mei - nen Pfad,

My heart lies in sor - row, No star lights my  
nur Thrä - nen al - lein sind's,nur Thrä - - nen al -

*cresc.*

way, My heart lies in sor - - - - - row, my heart lies in  
lein, und mein Herz ist so trau - - - - rig, so trau - - - - rig, so

*f* ————— *mf* —————

sor - - - - - row!  
trau - - - - rig matt!

*p* ————— *pp* —————

# Only Love!

Nur lieben!

Song

Alexander Sergievitch Dargomisjky

**Allegretto**

**Voice**

Oh, I love thee so, mad-ly,  
Wie ich lie-be dich, glü-hend

**Piano**

wild-ly, dear, And to thee a - lone is my heart's de-sire, That is  
heiss und wild, all' mein Seh-nen ist stets nur dir ge-weiht, und doch

rall.  
ne'er ap-peased, so I greatly fear, That for ver-y pain I may  
wird es nim-mer in mir ge-stillt, und ich muss ver-geh'n, ach in

p rall.

well ex-pire!  
Schmerz und Leid.

*a tempo*

All my  
Sieh' mich

peace is gone, since my sad mis-chance; Tho' thou be not near, still I  
gram-er - füllt, oh - ne Ruh' und Glück, im - mer den-kend dein, ob auch

*f*

*p*

think of thee; Just a lit - tle word, just a sin - gle glance From thy  
fer - ne dir. Drum nur ei - nen Gruss, ach, nur ei - nen Blick aus dem

*cresc.*

ten - der eyes\_ sweet-ly send to me; Just a sin - gle glance, just a  
sanf-ten Aug'\_ sen - de freundlich mir, ach nur ei - nen Blick, ach, nur

*rall.*

*p*

*rall.*

*risoluto*

sin - gle glance!  
ei - nen Blick!

Tho' this  
Die - se

*a tempo*

love of mine\_ so dis - as - trous be,  
That its cru - el pain soon my  
Lieb' zu dir,— ach, so schmerzen-reich,  
weiht er - bar - men-los bald dem

death must prove, Yet, O dear-est child, Saint in pu - ri - ty, Yet I  
To - de mich. Und doch, sü - sses Kind, hold und en - gel-gleich, kann nicht

hate thee not, I can on - ly love,  
has - sen, nein, kann nur lie - ben dich,  
I can on - ly love!  
kann nur lie - ben dich!

# “Be not so coy, my pretty maid”

„Thū' nicht so spröde, schönes Kind“

(Mirza-Schaffy)

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

German words by F. Bodenstedt

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, № 11

Con moto

**Voice**

Be not so\_ coy, my  
Thū' nicht so\_ sprö - de,

**Piano**

pret - ty\_ maid,      When in\_ the\_ dusk      I      pass\_ thy  
schö - nes\_ Kind,      wenn ich\_ noch spät      vor - ü - ber

door,\_\_\_ And hav - ing a soft white hand way - laid,\_\_\_ A  
geh'\_\_\_ und fas - se dein wei - ches Händ - chen lind,\_\_\_ und

sin - - - gle, fur - - - tive kiss im - plore, \_\_\_\_\_  
 heim - - lich ei - - - nen Kuss er - - - fleh', \_\_\_\_\_

one sin - - - gle, fur - - - tive  
 und heim - - lich ei - - - nen

kiss im - plore.  
 Kuss er - - - fleh'.

I, who such  
 Der dir - so -

court - ly hom - age pay, — Whose love in - per - fect  
 schö - ne Hul - di - - gung ge - bracht in - rei - nem

hon - - or stands, — Should not for par - - don -  
 Lie - - bes - schmuck, — der braucht wohl nicht Ent -

need to pray — Just for a kiss - or touch of  
 schul - - di - - gung — für ei - en Kuss - und Hän - de -

hands, — druck, —

just for a kiss — or touch — of — hands.  
 für ei - nen Kuss — und Hän - - de - druck.

*p*

Now ev - 'ry — kiss I take from  
 Es wird ein\_ je - - der Kuss von—

thee — In sing - - ing — songs my lips — shall use,  
 dir — ein klin - - gend Lied in mei - nem Mund,

And when I press thy hands 'twill be \_\_\_\_\_ But for an -  
 und je - der Hän - de - druck giebt mir \_\_\_\_\_ zu ei - nem

oth - er kiss ex - cuse,  
 neu - - en Kus - - se Grund,

but for an - oth - er kiss ex -  
 zu ei - nem neu - en Kus - - se -

cuse.  
 Grund.

“When I see those little feet of thine”

„Seh' ich deine kleinen Füßchen an“

German words by F. Bodenstedt

(Mirza-Schaffy)

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, № 3

**Voice**      Con moto

When I see those lit - tle feet of thine,  
Seh' ich dei - ne klei - nen Füß - chen an,

**Piano**

I can scarce be - lieve, my pret - ty maid - en, — That so much of beau - ty  
so be - greif' ich nicht, mein sü - sses Mäd - chen, — wie sie so viel Schön - heit

they - can car - ry, — So much, so much beau - ty.  
tra - gen kön - nen, — so viel, so viel Schön - heit;

When I see those slen - der hands of thine, I can scarce be - lieve, my  
 Seh' ich dei - ne klei - nen Händ - chen an, so be - greif' ich nicht, du

*mf*

pret - ty maid - en, — That such cru - el blows they can de - liv - er,  
 sü - sses Mäd - chen, — wie sie sol - che Wun - den schla - gen kön - nen,

*p*

Cru - el blows can de - liv - er. When I see those ros - y  
 sol - che, sol - che Wun - den; Seh' ich dei - ne ros' - gen

*mf*

lips of thine, I can scarce be - lieve, my pret - ty maid - en, —  
 Lip - pen an, so be - greif' ich nicht, du sü - sses Mäd - chen, —

How one lit - tle kiss they can re - fuse me, How re-fuse one kiss.  
wie sie ei - nen Kuss ver - sa - gen kön - nen, ei - nen Kuss, ei - nen Kuss.

When I see those know - ing eyes of thine, I can scarce be - lieve, my  
Seh' ich dei - ne klu - gen Au - gen an, so be - greif' ich nicht, du

pret - ty maid - en, How for still more love they should be ask - ing  
sü - sses Mäd - chen, wie sie nach mehr Lie - be fra - gen kön - nen,

Than I give thee: Ah, be kind to me!  
als ich füh - le. Sieh' mich gnä - dig an!

rit.



*p*

*ad lib.* *rit.*

thee in mor - tal bo - som; Hear the song of love I give to  
herz dir schla - gen kön - nen; Hör' dies won - ne - volle Lied - chen

*f rit. colla voce*

*a tempo*

thee!  
an!

*a tempo*

Sweet - er than my lips, my pret - ty maid-en, No oth - er  
Schö - ner als mein Mund, du sü - sses Mäd - chen, wird kein Mund

*p*

lips - of - their - love will tell - thee.  
dir - Lie - be - kla - gen kön - - - nen.

"Not with angels"

"Nicht mit Engeln"

German words by F. Bodenstedt  
English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

(Mirza - Schaffy)

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, N° 1

Allegretto

Piano

A musical score for piano in common time, key signature of two flats. The piano part consists of two staves: treble and bass. The treble staff has a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass staff has a dynamic marking of *p* at the beginning of the first measure. The music features eighth-note chords in the treble staff and sixteenth-note patterns in the bass staff.

Andante

Not with an - gels \_\_\_\_ in heav-en's vault so blue, \_\_\_\_ Not with ros - es  
Nicht mit En - geln \_\_\_\_ im blau-en Him - mels - zelt, \_\_\_\_ nicht mit Ro - sen

A musical score for piano in common time, key signature of two flats. The piano part consists of two staves: treble and bass. The treble staff has a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass staff has a dynamic marking of *p* at the beginning of the first measure. The music features eighth-note chords in both staves.

in flow - 'ry meads that grew,  
im duf - ti - gen Blu - men - feld,

Not \_\_\_\_ with th'e - ter -  
selbst \_\_\_\_ mit der e -

A musical score for piano in common time, key signature of two flats. The piano part consists of two staves: treble and bass. The treble staff has a dynamic marking of *p* at the end of the first measure. The bass staff has a dynamic marking of *p* at the beginning of the second measure. The music features eighth-note chords in both staves.

- nal sun - light there, Not with the - ter - - nal sun - light  
 - wi - gen Son - ne Licht, selbst mit der e - - - wi - gen Son - ne

there,  
 Licht Will I my Zu - lei - -  
 ver - gleich' ich Zu - lei - -

- - - - ka, my lass, com -  
 - - - - kha, mein Mäd - - - - chen,

pare.  
 nicht.

## Allegretto

Musical score for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves: treble and bass. The vocal part is in soprano clef. The key signature is three flats. The tempo is Allegretto.

Continuation of the musical score. The piano part shows a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal part continues with eighth-note patterns. A 'rit.' (ritardando) instruction is present in the vocal line.

## Andante

Continuation of the musical score. The piano part features sustained chords. The vocal part begins with a melodic line. The lyrics are in English and German, with a circled measure indicating a repeat. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking 'p'.

For an an - gel's heart is love-less and for - lorn, On the rose grows  
 Denn der En - gel Bu - - sen ist lie - be - leer, un - ter Ro - - sen -

Continuation of the musical score. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained chords. The vocal part continues with the melody. The lyrics are in English and German. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking 'p'.

— man - y a dan - grous thorn, And the sun at night  
 — dro-hen die Dor - nen her, und die Son - ne -

for - gets to shine,— and the sun at night,— at night for-gets to  
 ver-hüllt des Nachts ihr Licht,— und die Son - ne ver-hüllt des Nachts ihr

shine,  
 Licht; They none com - pare  
 sie al - le glei - -

with Zu - lei - - - - - ka  
 - chen Zu - lei - - - - - kha

mine.  
 nicht.

*p*

## Allegretto

Piano accompaniment in B-flat major, common time. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: first measure (rest) forte; second measure piano.

Piano accompaniment in B-flat major, common time. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: first measure (rest) forte; second measure piano; third measure piano; fourth measure ritardando.

## Andante

Naught the eye can see in the world a-round,  
To lik-en to my  
Nichts fin-den, so weit das Welt-all reicht,  
die Bli - - cke,

Piano accompaniment in B-flat major, common time. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: piano.

Zu - lei - ka can e'er be found;  
Sweet, thorn - less,  
was mei-ner Zu - lei - kha gleicht,  
schön, \_\_dorn - los,

Piano accompaniment in B-flat major, common time. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: piano.



rare,  
schein, There's naught but her - self  
kann sie mit sich selbst

doth with her com -  
nur ver - gli - chen

pare.  
sein.

"My heart all beauty takes from thee"

German words by F. Bodenstedt

English version by

Henry G. Chapman

„Mein Herz schmückt sich mit dir“

(Mirza-Schaffy)

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, № 2

Piano

Con moto

My  
Mein

heart all beau - ty takes from thee, As heav - en from the sun its light, My  
Herz schmückt sich mit dir, wie sich der Him - mel mit der Son - ne schmückt, mein

p

heart all beau - ty takes from thee, As heav - en from the sun its  
Herz schmückt sich mit dir, wie sich der Him - mel mit der Son - ne

light; Thou art its glo - ry, and 'twould be Lost, but for  
schmückt; du giebst ihm Glanz, und oh - ne dich bleibt es in

thee, in end - less night; Thou art its glo - ry and 'twould be Lost, but for  
dunk - le Nacht ent - rückt, du giebst ihm Glanz, und oh - ne dich bleibt es in

thee, in end - less night. Ah!  
dunk - le Nacht ent - rückt. Ah!

Ah!  
Ah!

*dim.*



And  
Gleich

e - ven so the world con-ceals Her face when dark-ness falls a - while, And  
wie die Welt all ih - re Pracht ver - hüllt, wenn Dun - kel sie um-fliesst, gleich

*p*

e - ven so the world con-ceals Her face when dark - ness falls a -  
wie die Welt all ih - re Pracht ver - hüllt, wenn Dun - kel sie um -

while, And on - ly all her grace re - veals, When once a -  
 fliesst, und nur, wenn ihr die Son - - ne lacht, zeigt, was sie

gain her sun will smile, And on - ly all her grace re - veals, When once a -  
 Schö - nes in sich schliesst, und nur, wenn ihr die Son - - ne lacht, zeigt, was sie

gain her sun will smile. Ah!  
 Schö - nes in sich schliesst. Ah!

Ah!  
 Ah!

*dim.*

"I feel thy breath blow round me"

„Ich fühle deinen Odem“

German words by F. Bodenstedt

English version by

Henry G. Chapman

(Mirza-Schaffy)

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, N° 6

Moderato

Voice



I feel thy breath blow round me  
Ich füh-le dei - nen O - dem

Piano



Wher-ev-er I may be,  
mich ü-ber-all um - weh'n,

Wher-e'er my eyes may wan-dер  
wo-hin die Au - gen schweifen,

Thy face I seem to see.  
wähn' ich dein Bild zu seh'n.

And in the sea of my spir-it  
Im Mee-re mei-ner Ge - dan-ken

The thought of thee ne'er dies,  
kannst du nur un - ter - gehn,  
But like the sun at  
um wie die Son - ne morn-ing  
Mor-gens

In beau-ty to a - rise.  
schön wie-der auf - zu - stehn.  
Ah!  
Ah!

Ah!  
Ah!

Ah!  
Ah!

Ah!  
Ah!

Ah!  
Ah!

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“Bend, lovely bud”  
 „Neig’, schöne Knospe“  
 (Mirza-Schaffy)

English version by  
 Henry G. Chapman

German words by F. Bodenstedt

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, № 8

**Piano**

Allegro

## Moderato assai

Moderato assai

Bend,  
Neig', love - - - ly bud, thy head  
schö - - - ne Knos - - pe, dich

*p*

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff is soprano (G clef) and the bottom staff is bass (F clef). The piano part is on the left. The lyrics are: "to me, zu mir, And und what was". The vocal parts have melodic lines with some slurs and grace notes. The piano part has chords and bass notes. Measure 3 is indicated above the piano staff.

I ask thee, grant unto me, thou

ich bit - te, das

Musical score for 'Mir mir doch einen Pflecken' by Schubert, showing three staves of music and lyrics. The top staff is soprano, the middle staff is alto, and the bottom staff is bass. The lyrics are: 'mir, For I would\_ love thee and\_ hold thee, ich will dich\_ pfle - gen und\_ hal - ten,'. The music includes various dynamics and articulations.

for \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ would love \_\_\_\_\_ thee and  
ich \_\_\_\_\_ will \_\_\_\_\_ dich pfle - - - gen und

*mf*

hold \_\_\_\_\_ thee.  
hal - - - - - ten.

*p*

*a tempo*

Thou in my arms shalt warm \_\_\_\_\_  
Du sollst bei mir er war - -

*p*

*a tempo*

thee,  
men, And here,  
und sollst

where naught shall harm  
in mei - nen Ar -

thee, Shalt like a flow'r un - fold thee, shalt  
men zur Blu - me dich ent - fal - ten, zur

like Blu - a flow - er un -  
- me dich ent -

fold rit. thee.  
fal - ten.

# Song of the Dark Forest

Chanson de la Forêt Sombre

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

French version by  
M.D. Calvocoressi

A. Borodine

Molto moderato

**Piano**

pesante

Thro' the for - est's moan, thro' the for - est's sigh,  
La fo - rêt fré - mit, la fo - rêt qui\_\_ bruit

runs a song. 'Tis an an - cient tale, sung of days gone by,  
chante un chant. Un chant d'au - tre fois, un très vieux ré - cit;

Tell - ing us how men once lived in free - dom, free - men in  
et nous dit com - ment on vi - vait li - bres, li - bres tous,

lib - er - ty. Here then grew up— a peo - ple, great were they,  
li - bre-ment. Là se grou - pait un peu - ple, peu - ple - fort,

strong were they.  
peu - ple grand.

Here, too, lib - er - ty pros-pered  
Et la li - ber - té al - lait

stead - i - ly, And this might - y folk grew more pow - er - ful; Now in  
 s'ac - croissant, Et le peu - ple fort de - ve - nait plus grand, Et ven -

*ff*

ven - geance they fell on the cit - y folk, and they  
 geurs puis - sants, ils ont pris la ci - té, ils — y

*ff*

slaugh - tered them, and their en - e - mies did they laugh to — scorn, and they  
 sont en - trés et les en - ne - mis, ils les ont rail - lés, ils se

*mf*  
*cresc.*

steep'd them-selves in the blood that ran: curs - ed flood!  
 sont gri - sés de leur sang mau - dit, à grands flots!

*f r all.*

Free-dom, lib - er - ty! Peo - ple  
 Li - bres, li - bre - ment, peu - ple,

*f r all.*

great and free!  
 peu - ple grand!

*pp*

# Flowers of Love

## Fleurs d'Amour

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

French words by  
Paul Collin

A. Borodine

Allegretto

**Voice**

**Piano**

pp

Where tears of my pas-sion have fall-en, Full  
Mes lar-mes d'a-mour ont fait naî-tre des

man-y a flow-er has sprung,  
fleurs au par-fum tendre et doux,

And man-y a sigh I have ut-tered The night-in-  
Mes tris-tes sou-pirs ont mê-lé leur mur-mu-reaux

Più animato e cresc.

gale has sung.  
chants des oiseaux.

And couldst thou, couldst  
Si tu veux m'ai -

— thou but love me,  
- mer à ton tour,

For thee, dear, the flow - ers would  
mi - gnon - ne, les fleurs sont pour

spring,  
toi,

And un - der thy win - dow for ev - er To  
et sous ta fe - nê - tre les doux ros - si -

thee would the night - in - gale sing!  
gnols chan - te - ront nuit et jour!

# The Sea - Queen

## La Reine de la Mer

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman  
French words by  
C. Grandmougin

A. Borodine

Moderato

Piano

*p sempre legato*

*p*

Ah come, wear-y one, make ac- /  
Ac-cours, voy-a-geur, ac- /  
haste, it is eve; Thy heart is throb-bing for /  
cours, c'est la nuit; ton cœur est tout pal-pi- /  
*cresc.*

me; Here 'neath the wave waits my  
tant; sous l'eau qui fuit mon roy -

*mf dim.*

king - - dom for thee!  
au - - me t'at - - tend!

Come  
Viens

hith - er and rest, For cool is my breast, And  
te re - po - ser sous mon frais bai - ser, glis -

wan - der at will thro' the deep; When  
 sant sur les flots sans ef - fort; Ber -

thee I have kiss'd, Thou'l call me blest; I  
 cé dans mes bras tu bé ni ras, je

love thee! All's a - sleep!  
 t'ai - me! Viens, tout dort.

*ppp*

Più animato e cresc.

is the great Queen, Whose vi - sion is keen, That  
 la gran - de mer la reine à l'œil clair t'ap -

rall.

calls thee a - cross the great sea; Ah,  
 pelle en na - geant dou - ce - ment, ah!

*mf* — *p* rall.

Tempo I

come, oh my friend! Ah, hear and at-tend! 'Tis heav'n that I of - fer  
 viens, doux a - mi, en - tends mon ap-pel! je veux te don-ner le

thee!  
 ciel!

*dim. e rall.*

*ppp*

*Dedicated to Modest P. Moussorgsky*

# A Dissonance

## Romance

English version by  
Kurt Schindler

A. Borodine

Andantino

Voice      *Thy lips say, "I love thee, be -*

Piano      *p*

*lieve me,"*      *And yet, in the sound of thy*

*mf*

voice                    A false note rings, that doth grieve me,                    It

*mf*

*f*                    *ff*.                    *rall.*

is in thy smile, in thine eyes!                    Thou know'st, thou canst not de -

*f*                    *ff* — *p*                    *rall.*

ceive me!

The vocal line continues with eighth notes and rests. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and bass notes.

# The Sleeping Princess

## Ballade

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

A. Borodine

**Voice** Andantino

**Piano**

**A. Borodine**

Hush! hush! With love - ly eyes Closed in sleep, the

Prin - cess lies, By a fair - y charm en - chant - ed,

Doom'd to dream in for - est haunt-ed: Hush! Hush!

*dim.*

Più mosso

Sud - den on the

*mf* *dim.* *rall. pp* *cresc.*

si - lence break - ing, Laugh- ing, shout - ing, mer - ry - mak - ing,

*rall.*

Thro' the gloom the wood-nymphs sweep, Yet they do not break her sleep.

*f* *dim.* *rall. p*

*pp*      *rall.*

Tempo I

Pale and wan, as dead she were, Sleeps the Prin-cess ev - er there.

Hush!      Hush!

*mf*

*ff*

Più animato

*p*

*cresc. poco a poco*

Some do say that on a day A charm - ing Prince, true -

*p marcato*

*cresc. poco a poco*

heart - ed, brave and gay, To her his way will make,

*f*

And the sleep - ing beau - ty wake With a kiss, and

rall.

thus the fa - tal spell — will

rall.

Più lento  
break! But the

dim.

days go by, a - las! Like a dream they seem to

pass, Yet no Prince has ev - er come To in -

vade the for - est's gloom.

Tempo I

Fast a - sleep the Prin - cess lies, Wrapp'd in mys - ter -

y her eyes, By a fair - y charm en - chant - ed, Doom'd to dream in  
 for - est haunt - ed! Hush! Hush!

Bale-ful charm and slum-ber fell: Will she wake? Ah, none can  
 tell!

# “Slowly the daylight departs”

## «Lentement baissa le jour»

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Recitative and Cavatina from the opera  
“Prince Igor”

Alex. Borodine  
1834-1887

Andante ( $\text{d} = 66$ )

Voice      Vladimir

Slow - ly the day - light de - parts,  
Len - te - ment bais - sa le jour

Piano

*p dolce*   *sempre legato e poco a poco cresc.*

Red glows the sun thro' the for - est;      Gone are the last rays of  
Sur la fo - rêt té - né - breu - se;      L'om - bre va, mys - té - ri -

sun - set,      Dark - ness on earth is de - scend - ing;      night - la - den  
eu - se,      É - veil - ler l'é - cho d'a - mour.      É - cho d'i -

shad - ows shroud hill and val - ley In veils of dark-ness.  
 vres - se, Chant de ten - dres - se, Qui nous ca - res - se!

rall. 3      *f* a tempo  
 Oh balm - y night of the South! What dream of love dost thou  
 Tiè - de nuit d'a - mour, Ah! Mal - gré l'ar - deur de ta

rall. 3      *mf* a tempo  
*ppp* cresc. poco a poco  
 waft us? Thou a - wak'st de - sire in our hearts, to love thou call - est!  
 flam-me, Tu m'es doux, ô rêve et la foi rem-plit mon â - me!

*mf* animato ed appassionato  
 Wait'st thou for me, O dear-est heart's de-sire?  
 Chè - re bien - ai - mée, une é - toi - le luit!

fp      *mf*

*a tempo*

Wait'st thou?  
An - ge!

Well my heart feels and tells  
tu m'at - tends et mon cœur  
me le dit!

Say,  
Ah!

semper cantabile dolce ed espressivo

where art thou?  
Must I call on thee.  
in  
viens, ah!  
viens!  
Viens, ré - ponds  
au  
tendre\_ ap -

2d. (wherever harmonies permit)

vain? Ah,  
how im - pa - tient - ly do I  
wait, love, for -  
pel! O  
chère a - man-te, le doute, hé -  
las! est cru -

thee! Come to me! O quick - ly come! My  
 el! Viens, ré - ponds à mon ap - pel! Dou-

*cresc.* *rall. e dim.* *a tempo* *cresc.*  
 heart, sweet maid, calls to thee! Know'st thou how - the  
 ter d'un cœur est cru - el! Viens! Ton - a -

*rall. e dim.* *a tempo* *cresc.* *p*  
 pain of love glows in my heart? Warm in  
 mour est ma vi - e. A toi tou -

*cresc. poco a poco* *mf*  
 me jours, glows tendre for thee my heart, sweet love!  
 jours, glows tendre for thee my heart, sweet love!

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Glad - ly— would I give my life for thee!  
Viens, ah— viens, é - toi - - le de mon ciel!

Why then tar - riest thou, Love?  
 Ô ma bien - ai - mé - e,  
 Haste thee, haste  
 Lais - se - toi

me: Come with - out fear, the world is still now,  
 chir. Que crain-dre dans l'ombre em - bau - mé - e?

and sunk-en deep in sleep rests in the  
 Tout dort en paix, tout dort,  
 sous un ciel

arms of night.  
de sa - - - phir!

*cresc.* *p* *cresc.*

Where art thou, say? Must I  
Ah! viens, ah! viens! Réponds en -  
*dim.*

call on thee in vain? When with smiles wilt thou clasp me -  
fin à mon ap - pel! Ah! pour moi, oui, pour moi le -  
*dim.*

soft - - - ly, whis - p'ring of love! Come, ah, come  
dou - te se - rait trop cru - el! Ah! ré - ponds!  
*cresc.*

*mf*

to me! A toi My heart, ce cœur sweet maid, calls to brû - lan d'a . . .

thee! mour! O come, the night La nuit d'é - té, thy flight sous ses shall cov - longs voi - . . .

er, When all save dreams at rest shall be. les, Pour nous an - non - ce son re - tour.

When hearts with love are brim - ming o - ver, Il n'est i - ei que les é - moi - les,

And heav'n a - lone      is there      to see.      The world is  
 Ces yeux du ciel      tout pleins      d'a - mour.      Vois des beaux

still,      and in      night's arms      all  
 soirs      le doux      sa - phir,      Tout

*pp*

things      sleep!      Oh  
 va      dor - - mir.      Oh

*cresc.*      *pp*      *cresc.*

come!      viens!

*pp*      *dim.*

# Poet and Critic

## Nachtigall und Kukuk

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman  
German words by  
L. Esbeer

## César Antonovitch Cui. Op. 57, N° 22

L. Esbeer Andantino (♩.♩ = 72)

Piano

When woods \_\_\_\_\_ are dark and late the hour, \_\_\_\_\_  
Es singt \_\_\_\_\_ der Sän - ger dunk - ler Näch - te

A min - - - strel lauds \_\_\_\_\_ the Spring - tide's pow - er;  
im Wald \_\_\_\_\_ das Lob \_\_\_\_\_ der Früh - lings-mäch - te.

He trills, \_\_\_\_\_ he war - bles, \_\_\_\_\_ won - drous bird.  
Er rollt, \_\_\_\_\_ er tril - lert, \_\_\_\_\_ pfeift und schlägt.

The cuc - koo then comes forth to bel - low,  
Doch ist der Ku - kuk auch zur Stel - le,

The sil - ly, chat - ty, nois - y fel - low, And shouts his "Cuc -  
der schwatz-haft al - ber - ne Ge - sel - le, und schreit sein Ku -

- koo," un - de - terred. And scur - vi - ly does Ech - o serve us,  
- ku un - ent - wegt. Das E - cho weiss den Ruf zu nüt - zen

For she re - peats him o'er and o'er,  
und wie - der - holt ihm im - mer - zu  
E - ter - nal - ly!  
zum Ü - ber-druss!

The Lord pre-serve us From such a  
Mag Gott uns schüt - zen vor solch' e -

mel - - an - chol - y bore!  
le - - - gi - schem Ku - - ku.

# Peasant Cradle-Song

Berceuse du Paysan

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman  
French version by  
Hettange

From the drama "Voyevoda," by Ostrowski

Modest Moussorgsky

Adagio

Voice

Piano

Modest Moussorgsky

By - bye, by - bye, sleep, my pret-ty boy,  
Do - do, do - do, mon bel et beaugas,

Sleep, little one sleep, thou hum-ble toil-er's babe.  
Dors, en-fant, dors, en - fant du la-bou - reur.

By - bye, by - bye,  
Do - do, do - do.

dim.

In the bright-er days \_\_\_\_\_ of yore our lot was not so  
 Dans l'ancien temps, \_\_\_\_\_ on a - vait moins de \_\_\_\_\_

hard But now \_\_\_\_\_ a - las, the happy times are o'er Dis - tress\_ and  
 mal! Main - te - nant, tout le long des longs jours, le noir\_ sou -

grief \_\_\_\_\_ And des - pair \_\_\_\_\_ have we, And there's no \_\_\_\_\_ re -  
 ci, \_\_\_\_\_ les en - nuis \_\_\_\_\_ cru - els, la mi - sè - re nous

lief from our mi - se - ry.  
 tra - vail-ent sans ré - pit.

dim.

By, — by - bye,  
Do - do, do - do,  
Sleep, my pret - ty boy,  
mon bel et beau gas.

*cresc.*

Sleep, ba - by, sleep, thou child of low - ly birth.  
Dors, en - fant, dors, en - fant du la - bou - reur.  
By thy  
Tu vain-

*mf*

hands\_ a - lone Thou shall earn thy bread, All thy days on the fields that are  
eras le mal-heur en tri - mant des bras, tous les longs.jours, sur des -

not thine\_ own, While with fie - ry rays The hot sun shall blaze,  
terres pas à\_ toi, quand le chaud so - leil dar-de - ra ses feux,-

*p*

the hot sun shall blaze.  
dar - de - ra ses feux.

*dim.*

*dolce*

*pp*

Now, while sleep — doth thine eye - lids en - fold,  
Le som - meil — a fer - mé tes bons yeux.

Thy soul — far a - way from the earth may  
Ta douce âme a — pris sa vo - lée au

fly, And yet the Lord watch-es ev - er nigh,  
 loin. No - tre Sei - gneur veille au-près de toi: An-gels o - ver  
*ben suonato* *un poco rit.* *a tempo*

thee spread their wings of gold,  
 vert de son ai - le d'or,  
 spread their wings of gold.  
 de son ai - le d'or.

*armonioso*      *dim.*      *pp*

A musical score for piano, page 107. It features three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, has a key signature of one flat, and includes a tempo marking 'P' at the end. The middle staff uses a treble clef, has a key signature of one flat, and includes dynamic markings 'dim.' and 'ppp' along with a tempo marking 'P'. The bottom staff uses a bass clef, has a key signature of one flat, and includes a tempo marking 'P'. The music consists of measures of chords and rests.

# The Beetle

## Le Hanneton

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

M. Moussorgsky  
From the cycle, "Nursery Songs"

Allegro non troppo

**Voice**

**Piano**

Na - na, lis - ten to

what has hap - pend! Listen, Na - na dear!

In the sand there I was play - ing; in the gar - den, by the birch-tree,

Build - ing hous - - es with my pret - ty

*p*

*f*

*mf*

blocks of ma - ple, those Moth - er made me,

dar - ling Moth - er, and so nice - ly. And my lit - tle

*pp*

house was fin - ished with the roof on, just like an - y

real one. Ah!

*cresc.*

*f*

*sfp*

*sf*

*v*

*p*

A bee - - tle

light - ed on the roof, So

big and black and mon - - - strous thick,

And reached out his feel - ers,

hor - ri - bly, and stared at me with  
*oresc.*

glar - - ing eye - - balls!

Oh, how scared I was! The bee - tle

buzzed fierce - ly, And he spread his  
*p* *cresc.*  
*tr* *tr* *tr*

wings out, and then he tried to grab me—

Then up he flew, and struck me up - on my fore - head!

I held my breath then, Na - na, kept still, a -

fraid to move a fin - ger! But out of just one eye I peep'd at

him. And Na - na, O Na - na, think of it!

On his back there lay the bee - tle, ver - y still, with legs all droop-ing,

no long - er an - - gry. And he did not

move his feel - ers, and was not buzz - - ing,

just his wings were wav - ing gen - tly. Was he

*cresc.*

dead, then? Or just pre - tend - - - ing?

*f*

Tell me, how was that? Do tell me, Na - na,

*f*

a - bout this bee - - tle! \_\_\_\_ The bee - tle

struck me, but he fell o - - ver!

*dim.* *ritard.*

Tell me why he lay there, poor bee - tle!

*ritard.*

*p* *pp*

# Child's Song

## Chanson d'Enfant

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

(L. Mey)

French words by Hettange

Modest Moussorgsky

**Voice**

**Piano**

Andantino tranquillo

In the vale, oh!      in the val - ley,  
Dans le val, ah!      dans le val - lon,

Grows a lit - tle      ber - ry,  
a pou - sé - la      mü - re.

Ri - pen'd by the  
Le so - leil la

sun - ny hours,      Glad-den'd by the  
fait - ro - se,      L'eau du ciel l'ar - ro - se.

cresc.

riten.

In  
Dans      the      lit - tle cha - let  
              le      clair sa - lon —

*a tempo*

*p*

Lives a maid-en mer - ry,  
un en - fant mur - mu - re,

Whom her fa - ther spoil - eth,  
Son pa - pa l'a - pai - se,

*cresc.*

*pp*

*riten.*

For whom moth-er toil - - eth.  
Sa ma - man la bai - - se.

*riten.*

*a tempo*

# By the Water

(Count A.Golenistchew-Koutouzow)

English version by  
Kurt Schindler

Modest Moussorgsky

From the Cycle: "Where No Sun Shines"

*Andante molto*

*cantabile con meditazione*  
*pp*

**Voice**

Piano

Pale is the

moon, and the stars from the

limpid skies Mir - - ror their

rays in the floods of the sleep - ing lake;

*poco rall.*

*cresc.*

*dim.*

*a tempo*

Si - - - lent I gaze on the

*a tempo*

*pp*

tide, while a - lone a - wake,

And in my soul strange fore -

*pp*

bod - - ings of fate a - rise.

Soft - - ly the rip - - - ples are -

*cresc.*

flash - - ing in sil - v'ry light,

*dim.*

On balm - y breez - - es there

*cresc.*

trem - - bles a ma - - - gic spell;

*con dolore*

Dreams of sweet pas - - sion the

ze - - phrys now seem to tell.

And a voice from the in - - fi - nite

calls with my - ste - - rious might:

*poco a poco cresc. e accel.*



Spell - bound I lis - ten, en -

*poco a poco cresc. e accel.*

thrall'd by an un - known fear, -

If it should bid me stay,

*ppp*

Then could I ne'er de-part; Bade it me

hence, I should fly with a wound - ed heart;  
*poco rall.*                                    *a tempo*  
 Called it to me, I should plunge in the  
*poco rall.*                                    *a tempo*                            *mf*  
 wa - ters here!  
*pp*

*perdendosi*

# Divination by Water\*

## La Divination par l'eau

From the opera "Khovanstchina"

English version by  
Kurt Schindler

French version by  
Hettange

Modest Moussorgsky

Andante ( $\text{♩} = 60$ )

**Voice**

**Piano**

Spi - rits of neth - er worlds, Hid - den be - low the floods!  
O vous, es - prits des eaux! O vous, es - prits sub-tils!

Bound by a ma-gic spell Deep in the dark and void! Hear! I call ye!  
Mâ - nes per-dus au loin dans le noir né - ant, je vous man - de!

\*(Martha, a young woman of the sect of the "Old Believers" gifted with second-sight, reads, in a silver basin filled with water, the fortune of Prince Golitsyne.)

Poor, per-ished hu - man souls! Vic-tims of des - ti - ny! Ye that to mor - tal men  
 Pau - vres hu-mains noy- és! Tris - tes es-prits dé-chus! Vous qui pou-vez tra-hir

Fate's se-crets can be-tray, Hark to me!  
 tous les se-crets du sort, ê-tes-vous là?

Tell me what life will bring  
 De ce sei-gneur trou-blé,

Un - to the proad Bo - iár, Who in the grasp of fear Dread-eth his fu -ture lot. What  
 de ce bo - iár fiè - vreux que l'a - ve - nir é - meut, et que la crainte é - treint, quel

fate is his?  
est le sort?

Lim-pid the wa - ter and crystal clear,  
L'eau est lim-pi - de comme un cris-tal:

Yet'neath the sur - face I  
El - le bra-sil - le de

see mys - te - rious flames.  
feux é - tin - ce - lants.

Prince! See the wa - ter-spir - its  
Prin - ce! l'es - prit des eaux -

haste to my sum - mon - ing!  
 a en - ten - du ma voix!

Prince! thou art now to learn  
 Prin - ce! tu va sa - voir

**p** (sinister)

All the se - crets of thy fate.  
 les mys-tè - res du des - tin.

A - round thee I see  
 Je vois, près de toi,

treach' - rous  
 des a -

friends, who mock thee now; yea, I see!  
 mis aux yeux moqueurs, je les vois...

They draw near - er and near - er thee.  
 Ils ap - prochent plus près de toi.

*accelerando* (urging)

Prince! they have barr'd  
Prince! ils te bar - - rent le che - min,

*accelerando*

They sum - mon thee to a long, wear - y jour - ney:  
ils te font voir u - ne rou - te loin - tai - ne.

Now I see! I see! I see clear - ly!  
Ah! je vois! je vois! tout s'é - clai - re!

Look ye!  
Prin - ce!

*trill accel.*



Tempo I *tranquillo**p*

In shame and dis - grace— I be -  
 La noi - re dis - grâ - ce, la

*p tranquillo*

hold — thee In ex - ile a - lone in a dis - tant —  
 hon - te, l'e - xil so - li - taire en ter - - re loin -

coun - try,  
 tai - - ne,

De - spised and for - got, — where all  
 l'ou - bli, le mé - pris, — la dou -

vain Were thy sor - row:- This thy fate ev - er -  
leur vai - ne, c'est là ton lot dé - sor -

more! Nay! Naught can a - vert this from  
mais! Non! rien 'ne pour-ra te sau -

thee, Nei - ther chance nor thy will; Thou wilt strive, but in  
ver, ni ha - sard, ni vou - loir: tes ef - forts se - ront

vain, Thy fate is de - creed. O  
vains. Le sort l'a vou - lu. Tu

Prince, thou shalt hun - ger and thirst, Cru - el want shall be  
 dois, ô sei - gneur, su - bir le mal-heur, le be -

thine, Thou shalt lan - guish and suf - fer. Through  
 soin et l'a - tro - ce mi - sè - re... Tes

tears, through burn - ing tears, Thou'l look on the  
 yeux, sous les lar - mes brû - lan - tes, vont en - tre -

world, Know - ing its sor - row!  
 voir ce qu'est le mon - de.

# Death and the Peasant

La Mort et le Paysan

Trepak

(Count Golenistchew-Koutousow)

English version by

Kurt Schindler and H.G. Chapman

French words by Hettange

Modest Moussorgsky

From the Cycle: "Songs and Dances of Death"

Lento assai, tranquillo

**Voice**

Snow - fields in si - lence.— So cold is the night.  
Bois, champs et plai-ne s'al - lon - gent dé - serts.

**Piano**

And the i - cy north-wind is wail - ing, Bro - ken - ly sob - bing,  
La ra - fa - le pleu - re, s'é - ner - ve. On di - rait là - bas,

as though a ghast - ly dirge — O - ver the  
lå - bas, dans la nuit, — plain - tes au -

graves it was chant-ing.—  
près d'u-ne tom-be...      Lo!  
                                    oui!  
                                    O be - hold!  
                                    C'est ce - la!

*p poco a poco più mosso*

Through the night a strange pair ap - proach - es,  
Dans la nuit, un pauvre hom - me...

Death holds an old peas-ant fast in his clutch - es.  
La mort l'é - treint, le ca - res - - - se.

See, now they dance the tre - pak, do the pair,  
 El - le l'en - traîne a - vec el - le si loin!

poco rall.

Songs at his ear Death is sing - - - ing:  
 En lui chan - tant u - ne ron - - - de:

poco rall.

Allegretto moderato e pesante

"Hey, poor old man with a head so light! Too much you drank on the  
 O pau-vre vieux, pau-vre vieux sans tête! Ah! il a bu, il a

*p*

*f* (à 3 battute)

road to - night! And the lash - ing snow-flakes set your head a -  
 bu en rou - te! Mais le vent, la nei - ge tour - nent, vi - rent,

*mf*

reel - ing, That you went a - stray with - out sense or feel - ing!  
 vol - tent, ils le chas - sent, ti - rent loin de sa de - meu - re!

(à 5 battute)  
*mf poco meno mosso*

Were you so bro - ken by want and sor - row? Lie down and  
 Ah! pau - vre vieux, il souf - frait, si fai - ble! Viens, cou - che -

*p poco meno mosso*

sleep, then, un - til to - mor - row! Oh, poor fel - low, let my thick white  
 toi, en - dors - toi, bon - hom - me! Viens à moi! Pour te chauf - fer, voi -

*p*  
*pp*  
*Rédo.*      *Rédo.*

blan - ket warm you, Let the snow-flakes danc-ing round us cheer and charm you.  
 ci la nei - ge, pour cou - vrir ton corps, voi - ci la nei - ge blan - che.

\*

Ancora più sostenuto *f*

Heap him a  
Fais - lui son

(à 5 battute)

*f*

bed in your play, wild  
lit, ô ma bri - - - se

breez - - es! Hey!  
fol - - le! Et

for a dance,  
dan - - se - - lui,  
chan - - te - -  
  
song, wild ô  
lui, ô  
breez - - - es!  
bri - - - se,  
  
Sing your songs, ye night - winds,  
Un jo - li re - frain \_\_\_\_  
Storm-ing from the  
qui l'en - dor - me

Meno allargando, mosso

*mf*

Sing your songs, ye night - winds,  
Un jo - li re - frain \_\_\_\_  
(à 3 battute)  
*p*

Storm-ing from the  
qui l'en - dor - me

West! \_\_\_\_\_ Till the drunk - en peas - ant  
 bien! \_\_\_\_\_ un jo - li re - - frain \_\_\_\_\_

is at last at rest! \_\_\_\_\_  
 qui l'en - dor - - me bien! \_\_\_\_\_

*p* (à 4 battute)

Hear me, ye snow - fields and  
 O bel - le nuit! bel - le

wind - - y reach - es! Hear me, ye cloud - - banks and  
 nuit sans lu - - ne! Oh! jet - te - lui, jet - te -

(à 3 battute).

i - cy lui en stretch - es! hô - te Turn sur your - selves - selves to bras, l'é -

swan's - down, pau - le, Make sur a les snow - white reins, les cov - er, jam - bes,

And the gray - beard's nei - ge cra - dle blan - che, I will u - ne

draw it o - - ver!  
man - - te lour - - de!

riten.

## Andante tranquillo

*pp*

Sleep, friend, in — peace, close your eyes for  
Dors, mon a - mi, dors en paix, sans

*pp*

*a tempo*

ev - er!  
crain - te!

Spring comes, but  
Voi - ci ve -

*più mosso*

*rall.*

*mf*

*pp a tempo*

you'll see it nev - er!  
nir les beaux jours!

*più mosso*

*rall.*

*a tempo*

Soon the sun up - on the fields will smile;  
Sur les grands sei - gles et les blés

*pp a tempo*

And the peas - ants come to till the soil,  
clair so - - leil! Tout flam - - be!

To the cloud - less skies mer - ry larks a - rise!  
Et les chants s'é - pan - dent, re-di - sant la joi - - e!

*mf* *ritard.*

*p*

*m.s.* *pp a tempo*

*p ritard.*

*p*

*a tempo*

*pp*

*2ed.* \*

# Martha's Song

## Chant de Marthe

From the opera "Khovanstchina"

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman  
French version by  
Hettange

Andante con moto e lamentoso ( $\text{♩} = 96$ )

Modest Moussorgsky

**Voice**

**Piano**

And by day and by night I fare  
Et de jour et de nuit je vais

O - ver moun - tain and mead - ow, o - ver moun - tain and  
par les champs et les prés \_\_\_\_ verts, par les champs et les

*poco riten.*

mead - ow, Thro' the woods and o - ver the burn - ing sands.  
prés - verts, par les bois et par les ter - rains brû - lés.

*a tempo*

On the bram-bles I've torn my hands, Worn my feet so they  
Aux buis - sons j'ai grif - fé mes mains, j'ai sur le sol u -

scarce will move. Ev - er I seek\_ the one I love, Yet I  
sé - mes pieds. Tou - jours cher - chant mon bien - ai - mé, je n'ai

*poco riten.*

find \_ not him that is dear \_ to me.  
pas \_ re - trou - vé ses traits \_ ché - ris;

*poco riten.*

*a tempo*

*a tempo*

fur - tive-ly! First I rapped at his win - dow, Then I  
ti - ve-ment, je heur - tai sa fe - nê - tre, je son -

*sf*

poco riten.

struck on the sil - ver bell a blow;  
nai du mar - teau d'ar gent tin - tant.

*sf* *sf* *p poco riten.*

*a tempo*

Dost not re-mem-ber, my dear one?  
Sou-viens-toi, sou-viens-toi, ché - ri!  
Ah, call to mind all you  
Oh, sou-viens-toi de tes

prom - ised me!  
ser - ments!  
Often a - lone in the night  
Seu - le, j'ai son - gé des lon - gues nuits à tes

*poco riten.*

words of love and thy burn - ing vows.  
mots d'a - mour, tes ser - brû - lants.

*poco riten.*

Poco meno mosso

*mistico*

Like two ta - - - pers of the Lord,  
 Tels les cier - - - ges du Sei - gneur

*pp*

Thou and I shall be flames of light! E - ven chil - dren of  
 nous al - lons tous deux clair - flam - ber! Fil - les du Christdans

*poco riten.*

Christ in ra-diance, Our souls in their fire shall be lift-ed on high!  
 la lu - miè - re, et dans le feu nos â - mes s'é - lè - ve - ront!

*poco riten.*

## Tempo I

False one, thou hast my love be - trayed, Light - ly thou with my  
 Faux a - mi, tu m'as dés - ai - mé, tu t'es jou - é de

heart hast played. But the time is at hand to show the de -  
 mon a - mour, tu con - naî - tras bien - tôt, cru - el, la re -

*allargando*

ter - mined faith of a true Rus - sian maid.  
 bel - le fil - le, dont le cœur est mort.

*allargando*

## Cradle-Song of the Poor

La Berceuse du pauvre

(Nekrassow)

French Words by Hettange

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Modest Moussorgsky

**Voice**

**Piano**

Adagio

*p*

By - bye, by - bye!  
Do - do, do - do,

Low - er than the hum - ble way-side flow'r  
Bas, plus bas que l'humble fleur des champs,

Bowed my I - van's head must be,  
il de-vra courber le front,

If this child of low - ly folk and poor  
mon I - van, l'enfant des pau - vres gens,

*p*

*pp*

*dim.*

*3*

*6*

*4*

Is to live from in - sult free.  
s'il veut vi-vre sans af-front.

By-bye!by - bye! By-bye! by - bye!  
Do-do, do - do, do-do, do - do.

*dim.*

*3*

*6*

*4*

*p*

As the grain must bend be - fore the wind,  
Tel le blé qui ver - se sous le vent,

Bow, my son, bend with good grace;  
cour - be - toi tant que tu peux,

*p*

So some day the great will sure - ly find 'Mongst them-selves for you a place.  
et bien sûr, les ri - ches, mon I - van, te fe - ront place au-près d'eux.

dim.

3  
4

6  
4

By - bye, by - bye!  
Do - do, do - do,

By - bye, by - bye!  
do - do, do - do.

dim.

3  
4

cresc.

6  
4

No-b-le court-i-ers ev- er night and day  
 Les plus no - bles, et soir et ma-tin,  
 To my I - van will pay court,  
 te fe - front ci - vi - li - tés,

*cresc.*  
 La - dies drest in silk and sa - - tins gay,  
 Chez les bel - les da - mes en sa - tin

dim.

*p*

Will be his for love and sport;  
tu prendras des lib - er - tés;

And my lit - tle I - van's life will smoothly run,  
et joy-eu - se-ment, ah ah! comme au fil de l'eau

dim.

*p*

Like a thread from spindle spun.  
cou - le - ront les jours d'I - van.

*pp*

By - bye, by - bye!  
Do - do, do - do,

*ppp*

By - bye, by - bye!  
do - do, do - do.

*ppp*

# Hopak

French words by Hettange

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Modest Moussorgsky

Allegro  
*quasi pizzicato*

Piano

The vocal part (Bass staff) includes the following lyrics:

Hi! Ha! Ha!  
Hoï! hop! hop!

the Ho - pak! I'm the wife of a Ko - sak!  
au Ho - pak! Je suis fem - me d'un Ko - sak!

Laugh he won't, for he's too crust - y, Red his head, his  
 Il rit peu, — mais il se — ri - de, il est roux jus -  
*p sf sf sf sf sf cresc.*

bod - y rust - y: Ah, my fate, my luck-less fate! Yah!  
 qu'à la rouil - le... Ah! mon sort, mon tris-te sort! Hoï!

*sf f sf f f*

Eh, but I'll not A quoi bon ver -  
*mf p mf mf sf sf*

cry for ev - er, Go, my friend, lap up the riv - er!  
 ser des lar - mes? Va, mon vieux, à la fon - tai - ne!  
*p sf mf sf sf p sf sf*

*p*

When the tav - ern I shall pass, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Moi, je ga - gne la ta - ver - ne:

*p*

I'll step in and get a glass, \_\_\_\_\_  
 je pren - drai le ver - reen main...\_\_\_\_\_

*p*

Then, my friends, we'll drink, and clink, and  
 et, voi - sins, trin - quons, trin - quons, trin -

*f*

clink, and drink! They will pour a glass for me,  
 quons, trin - quons! Je boi - rai d'a - bord un coup,

La-ter one, and two, and three! When the girl gets up to go,  
 puis en-core un, deux et trois! Et la femme a - lors s'en va,  
*sforzando*      *mezzo-forte*      *pianissimo*      *mezzo-forte*

She will have a man in tow; To her jealous  
 un jeune hom - me sur - ses pas. Le ma - ri ja -

hus - band's call She will pay no heed at all.  
 loux l'ap - pel - le, mais il n'a qu'un pied de nez.

Hey, my man, if yours I be, See that you pro-vide for me: Yes, Sir!  
 Si je suis à toi, mon vieux, tu me dois pour-voir de tout: oui - da!

Get this al - so thro' your head, Chil-dren must be cloth'd and fed! Just so!  
 Il te faut soi-gner l'en-fant, le nour-rir et le vê-tir: oui, oui!

Now, un-less these things you do, I shall soon get rid of you: Tru - ly!  
 Ou si-non, é - coute un peu: je me pas - se - rai de toi: oui - da!

Yes, my friend, the ba - by's there, Wash his face and curl his hair! There, now!  
 Le pe - tit est là, mon vieux: la - ve - le, bi - chon - ne - le: oui, oui!

*dolce*

Just you mind now what I say! Do not try to  
 Mais vois - tu, prends garde à toi! Ne vas pas quit -

run a - way!  
ter l'en - fant:  
Hear me!  
Sans quoi!...  
Watch it, heed it,  
Veil - le, ber - ce,

rock it,  
veil - le,  
feed it:  
ber - ce - le:  
That's it!  
bien, bien!

## Meno mosso

In the days that now are gone,— Days when I was twen - ty - one,  
Au - tre - fois au bon vieux temps,— quand j'a - vais mes vingt aus,

*mf**3*

I would sew be - side my win-dow, And when all my work was done,  
je bro - dais à ma fe - nê - tre, puis l'ou - vrage a - che - vé,

With a cry— out up - on\_ the street I'd run,— Gai - ly call-ing,  
 je cou - rais sur la rou - te, je cri - ais à voix hau - te:

*Più mosso*

Hey there! Si - mon, Mi - chael, John!  
 Hoï! Si - mon, I - van, Mi - chel!

Get your fin - est waist - coats on!  
 ça, met - tez vos beaux ha - bits!

*poco a poco accel.*

Off we'd hur - ry, shout-ing, pranc-ing, To the mu - sic and the dancing:  
 Ça, plus vi - te! que l'on cau - se, que l'on dan-se, que l'on chan-te:

*mf colla voce*

Hi!  
 Hoï!

Hi!  
 Hoï!

Hi!  
 Hoï!

Hi!  
 Hoï!

*f*

*mf*

Tempo primo

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! the Ho - pak!  
 Hoï, hoï, hoï, hoï, hoï, Hoï! hop, hop, au Ho - pak!

I'm the wife of a Ko - sak! Laugh he won't, for  
 Je suis fem - me d'un Ko - sak! Il rit peu, mais

he's too\_crust - y, Red his head, his\_ bod - y rust - y:  
 il se\_\_ ri - de, il est roux jus - qu'à la rouil - le.

Ah! my fate, my luck-less fate! Yah!  
 Ah! mon sort! mon tris - te sort! Hoï!

# The Siege of Kazan

Ballad

From the opera "Boris Godounow"

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Modest Moussorgsky

Allegro ( $\text{♩} = 144$ )

Voice        

Piano          
  

*f*

When I stopped at Ka - zan, that fine old cit - - - y,

*f*

There the Ter - ri - ble

*f*



A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in bass clef, and the piano part is in treble clef. The score consists of five systems of music. The first system starts with a piano dynamic and includes lyrics: "Czar for pleasure tar - - ried,". The second system begins with a forte dynamic and continues the lyrics: "How the Ta - tars then he har - ried,". The third system begins with a piano dynamic and continues the lyrics: "How he scourged them with - out pit - y! Let no one". The fourth system begins with a forte dynamic and concludes the lyrics: "say — a word!". The fifth system ends with a piano dynamic.

**Czar for pleasure tar - - ried,**  
**How the Ta - tars then he har - ried,**  
**How he scourged them with - out pit - y!** **Let no one**  
**say — a word!**

On that

*dim.*

*f* *p*

night by stealth Czar I - van drew his men round Ka - zan; Ring the

*f* *p*

town and drive his mines be - low the riv - er, his plan! Proud-ly

*f* *p*

strut-ted thro' the cit - y Ta - tars bold from near and far,

*sf* *p*

"We will send to hell", said they, "this ter - ri - ble Czar!" Cru - el  
 Ta - tars were they!

Then Czar I - van lower'd his lord - ly head,  
 Gloom - y and dark his face be - came with rage as he said:

*p*

"Now, brave can - non - iers, be - - gin your game!

*p*

Read - y with your fus - es; strike your flame! Can - non -

iers, strike your flame!"

*f*

*dimin.*

Poco meno mosso ( $\text{♩} = 126$ )

*mf*

From the tin - der the wax - en ta - pers catch the

*p*

fire! To the kegs fly the gun - ners full of  
*tr* *tr*  
*sfp*

joy and ire, And the casks that held the  
*tr*  
*sfp*

powder whirled a - way with a dash! Oh! From the mines there came a  
*cresc.*

roar and a flash, And they bust with a  
*ff*  
*f*

crash!

*sf poco accel.*

Tempo I

Oh, the Ta - tars rent the air with aw - ful shriek and

cry, Cries of hor - ror, shrieks of —

men who die! And Czar I - van

piled them up      moun - tains high!      Man - y a  
*mf*  
*m.s.*

thou-sand leg and arm, hip and thigh!      Leg and arm, hip and  
*f*

thigh!      When I  
*f*

stopped at Ka - zan, that fine old cit - - - - y! Hey!  
*ff*

## Oriental Chant

(Lamentation)

From the cantata "Josua Navîne"

English version by  
Henry G. ChapmanModest Moussorgsky  
Arr. by Kurt Schindler

**Voice**

Largo ( $d = 50$ )      *p*

Hear ye A - mo - re - a's daugh - ters, hear their

la - men - ta - tion un - to Ca - naan, Un - der Ga - - - - - jem's

*a piacere*

aw - ful, dark and threat - - ning

*colla voce*

brow!

Hear ye A - - mo - - re a's

*f*

*p dolce*

*p*

daugh - - - - -  
hear\_ their  
la - men - ta - tion un - - to

*f dimin.*

Ca - - naan, un - - der Ga - - - - - jem's

*f dim.*

*a piacere*

*molto riten.*

aw - ful, dark

and threat'ning brow!

*tr*

*pp riten.*

*pp*

*mf il basso*

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The top two staves are for the voice, with the first staff in G major and the second in E major. The bottom three staves are for the piano. The vocal parts begin with eighth-note patterns, followed by a section where the piano provides harmonic support. The vocal line then continues with lyrics in both staves. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *f*, *mf*, *mf*, *ff*, *mf*, *dim.*, and *ff*. The lyrics are as follows:
   
 'Neath the walls of Ga-va - o - na, Falls the
   
 bro-ken crown of A - mo - re - a, Whence are flow - - - ing -
   
 Streams of bit - - - - - ter tears.

# “Oh come to me!”

(A. Koltsow)

English version by  
Alma Stretell

## «Viens près de moi»

French words by  
M. D. Calvocoressi

M. Balakirew

Andante

**Voice**

**Piano**

Oh come to me when breez-es  
Viens près de moi, lors - que la

stir The si-lent trees with lan-guid sigh - ing, When field and  
brisé in - cli-ne mol - le-ment les ar - bres, lors - que le

*mf*

*pp*

splen-dor.  
lan - tes!

*mf*

*p*

Oh come to  
Viens près de

me  
moi, when might - y Love A - wakes in us his fer - vent  
lors - que l'a - mour fait naître en nous la jeune i -

*f*

fire, And when my soul in rap - ture burns, And  
vres - se, lors - que mon âme est en - flam - mée, et

Poco più agitato

*p*

sports and storms in young de - sire! — que mon cœur fré - mit d'ex - ta - se!

Oh come to me, for one with  
Viens près de moi, ray - ons u -

*p*

thee nis! I fain would taste Je veux goû - ter

life's keen-est sa - vor, And, crush'd a - des joies sans bor - nes, je veux, blot -

gainst ti that fair young breast, con - tre ton sein,

Would hold thee close t'ai - mer, t'é - treindre

in love for a - vec dé -

*f*

*ff poco riten.*

ev - er! Ay, crush'd a - gainst that fair young breast, I'd hold thee  
li - ces! Je veux, blot - ti con - tre ton sein, t'ai-mer, t'é -

*ff poco riten.*

*a tempo*

close in love for ev - er!  
treindre a - vec dé - li - ces!

*a tempo*

*mf*

*p*

*poco a poco riten.*

*pp*

# Springtime

## Frühling

ish version by  
ary G. Chapman

P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 54, No 9  
From the cycle, "Songs for Young People"

**Voice**      Allegro animato

all the win - ter's storm and stress  
all' die schlimme Win - ter - zeit

For man - y a day will then be  
ist wie - der - um vor - bei für

o - ver.  
lan - ge,

Now hearts a - bout one ev - ry - where With sud - den  
und auch das Herz im Bu - sen drin be-ginnt so

ritenuto ad lib.

vim be - gin to quiv - er,  
un - ge-stüm zu schla-gen,

As if, for-sooth, all hu - man  
als wär' nun al - les Weh da -

cresc.

f riten. colla voce

care \_\_\_\_\_ With win - ter days were gone for ev - er!  
hin \_\_\_\_\_ für im - mer mit den Win - ter - ta - gen!

'Tis hope that  
Wie Al - les

*a tempo*

makes all hearts so - gay: "Tis Spring," on ev - 'ry face is  
sich der Hoff - nung freut: 'sist Früh - ling!" steht in je - dem

*p a tempo*

writ - ten, And e - ven those are glad to - day, Whom  
Bli - cke; ja, der selbst fühlt sich glück-lich heut', dem -

*mp*

fate with naught but grief has smit - ten. We all de - light in Spring, O  
Leid ver - liehn nur vom Ge - schi - cke. Doch wie den Lenz auch Je - der

*mf*

*mp*

*mf cresc.*

bliss! But birds' and chil - dren's mer - ry - voic - es Show plain e - nough  
preist, im Vo - gel-zwit-schern, Kin - der - la - chen zeigt deut - lich sich,

*f*

*p . . . mp cresc.*

just who it is, That Na - ture's wak-ing most re - joic - es, Show plain e - nough  
 wem doch zu-meist will - kom - men der Na - tur Er - wa - chen, zeigt deut - lich sich,

just who it is, That Na - ture's wak-ing most re - joic - es.  
 wem doch zu-meist will - kom - men der Na - tur Er - wa - chen.

# At the Ball

## Inmitten des Balles

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

(A. Tolstoi)

German words by  
Ferdinand Gumbert

**P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 38, № 3**

### Moderato

Moderato

**Voice**

**Piano**

A musical score page featuring two staves. The top staff is for voice and piano, with the vocal line starting with "I know not how love-ly" and the piano accompaniment below it. The bottom staff is for piano, with dynamic markings like 'p' and 'f' and a bass clef. The vocal line continues with "In - mit - ten des Bal - les," "your face is," "For that, when I," and "ohn' Ab - sicht," "um - ge - ben von". The piano part provides harmonic support with eighth-note chords.

met you by chance, Was hid in the cloud of your lac - es,  
lärmender Welt, sollt' ich dich er - bli - cken, ein Räth - sel,  
As you  
das

poco cresc.

sped thro' the whirl of the dance.  
plötz-lich ge - fes - selt mich hält.

Yet spite of your flut - ter  
Nur schien mir dein Au - ge

and fleet - ness,  
so trau - rig,

Your beau - ti - ful  
die Stim - me so

eyes I di - vined; One  
weh - mü - thig schwer, wie

son - or - ous note full  
Ton der Schal - mei - e,

of sweet - ness  
so fer - ne,

Your voice in my  
wie Plät-schern der

heart left be - hind.  
Wel - len im Meer.

Your fig - ure was grace - ful and charm - ing  
So schwär-me - risch war mir dein We - sen,

cresc.

And gra - cious your air, yet a - part,  
hold schwe-bend die schlan-ke Ge - stalt,  
Your laugh - ter so  
dein La - chen so

frank and dis - arm - ing It al - ways will ring in my heart.  
hell und so selt - sam ist nicht mehr im Her - zen ver - hallt!

At night, when I sit a - lone, wear - y, There will in the  
In nächt - li - chen Stun - den dann, ein - sam, leg' ich mich er -  
*espress.*

dark-ness ap - pear Two beau - ti - ful eyes that smile kind - ly, The  
mü - det zur Ruh', dann seh' ich und hö - re dich e - wig,  
und

## Poco meno mosso

sweet-est of      voic - es I hear.      And oft thro' my slum - bers  
 vor mir wie      da - mals steh'st du.      Und sink' ich vor Mat - tig-keit

your      im - age Like some fleet-ing vi - sion will move:  
 dann in Schlum-mer, wie quä - len die Traum-bil - der mich -

*più f*

Can this then be love, dear, I won - der?      Ah yes, I sup - pose it is  
 Ich weiss es nicht, was mir ge - sche - hen,      ich glau - be gar: ich lie - be

*p*      *riten.*

*mf*

*Tempo I*

love! ———  
 dich! ———

*p*

# A Legend

## Légende

(Plestchejew)

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman  
French words by  
Paul Collin

P. Tschaikowsky, Op. 54, N° 5  
From the cycle, "Songs for Young People"

Moderato

**Voice**

**Piano**

Child Je - sus in his gar - den  
L'en - fant Jé - sus dans son jar -

fair din Some sweet red ros - - es once had grown,  
A - vait plan - té de bel - les roses.

He tend - ed them with lov - ing care, Think - ing to  
 Il les soi - gnait a - vec a - mour, You - lant s'en

make him - self a crown. A - las, some chil - dren  
 faire u - ne cou - ron - ne. Mais des en - fants du

from the vil - age, Who one fine morn - ing came that  
 voi - si - na - ge É - tant ve - nus un beau ma -

way, Did Je - sus' ros - es put to pil - lage,  
 tin, Ont mis les ro - ses au pil - la - ge

And all the gar - den dis - ar - ray. "How now shall your poor  
 Et dé - vas - té tout le jar - din. «Pau - vre cou - ron - ne, com -

*f*

crown be made? They have not left a flow'r for you!"  
 ment la fai - re? Les beaux ro - siers n'ont plus de fleurs!»

*mf*

"The thorns are left," Child Je - sus said, "The thorns are left, and  
 «Mais les é - pi - nes sont res - té - es, ré - pond Jé - sus, ce -

*p*

they will do." So of the thorns a crown he  
 la suf - fit." Puis, en cou - ron - ne les tres -

*mp*

*p*

wove, And on his head he put the crown.  
 sant, Sur ses che - veux il la po - sa.

Lo, drops of blood, his brow a - bove, More red than  
 Gout - tes de sang, au lieu de ro - ses, Sou - dain bril -

ros - - es burned and shone.  
 lè - - rent sur son front!

## Duet

### From the opera "Pique-Dame"

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

(1890)

P. Tschaikowsky

Andantino mosso

Piano

Lisa

Polina

'Tis eve - ning,  
'Tis eve - ning,

5

pp

and the hues that made the clouds so bright Now  
and the hues that made the clouds so bright Now

swift - ly fade, for now the sun's last rays are dy - - - ing,  
 swift - ly fade, for now the sun's last rays are dy - - - ing,

One pale grey cloud - rift lies a -  
 One pale grey cloud - rift lies a -

cross the sun-set light, Like streaks of foam up - on some  
 cross the sun-set light, Like streaks of foam up - on some

dis - tant o - cean ly - - - ing.  
dis - tant o - cean ly - - - ing.

*p*

All morn - ing  
All morn - ing

has the air been warm with threat'ning storm, But now a cool - er  
has the air been warm with threat'ning storm, But now a cool - er

*p*

breeze is blow-ing from the moun - tain, And thro' the win-dow  
 breeze is blow-ing from the moun - tain, And thro' the win-dow

blows the per - fume of the rose, And soft is heard  
 blows the per - fume of the rose, And soft is heard

the gen-tle splash - ing of the foun - - - tain.  
 the gen-tle splash - ing of the foun - - - tain.

mf

p

How  
How  
5  
pp

peace - ful lies the vale since all the clouds are fled! No  
peace - ful lies the vale since all the clouds are fled! No

sound dis - turbs the si - lence of the wood or thick - et,  
sound dis - turbs the si - lence of the wood or thick - et,

No nest - - ling from its bed need  
 No nest - - ling from its bed need

raise its star-tled head, And in the grass a - lone is  
 raise its star-tled head, And in the grass a - lone is

heard the chirp of crick - - et.  
 heard the chirp of crick - - et.

# Evening

## Le Soir

English version by  
Kurt Schindler

French words by  
Paul Collin

P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 27, No. 4

Moderato assai

**Voice**

The light of day is slow - ly fad - ing,  
Du jour dé - cli - ne la lu - miè - re,

**Piano**

8

The peas - ant leaves the stub - born plough,  
Le la - bou - reur quit - te les champs

*poco più f*

And home-ward turns with wear - y brow. While in the lat - ten -  
Et chez lui re - vient à pas lents. En

low - ly cot-tage wait - ing, His wife pre - pares the sup - per now.  
dant, à la chau - miè - re, La fem - me ne perd pas son temps.

A - round the board deck'd out so  
Pour le sou - per de la fa -

neat - ly The house - hold ga - ther in the hall; P  
mil - le, Dé - jà, la table est tou - te prê - - te;

The come-ly daugh - ter waits on all,  
La jeu - ne fil - le va ser - vir.

And while the stars are peer-ing sweet-ly,  
Et la pre-mière é - toi - le bril - le;

The night-in - gale pours forth his call.  
Le ros - si - gnol chante a ra-vir!...

Then, o'er the mead-ows per-fume-la - den,  
Puis, dans la cam-pa - gne mu - et - te,

No sound is heard, how-e'er so slight,  
On n'en - tend plus le moin - dre bruit;

And all is si - lent, all is qui-et... Save the night-in -  
 Tout fait si - lence et tout s'en - - dort... Seuls le ros - si -

gale - he and the maid - en,  
 gnol et la fil - let - te

They still are sing-ing in the night!  
 Chan-tent en - co - re dans la nuit!

# The Canary

## Le Canari

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

(Mey)

French words by  
Paul Collin

P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 25, N° 4

Moderato

Piano

*mf* *espress.*

*dim.*

*p*

*semplice*

Thus Zu - lei - ka spoke to her ca - na - ry:  
Zu - lei - ka di - sait au ca - na - ri:

*riten.*

Pret - ty bird, your wings why do you flutter? Soft the air, and  
 "Bel oi - seau, n'a - gi - te pas tes ai - les; L'air est pur sur

*p a tempo*

peace lies all a - bout you, Where - fore then pre - fer the air - y spac - es?  
 ces cal - mes ri - va - ges; A quoi bon vou - loir fran - chir l'es - pa - ce?

Keep with - in your cage, and Res - te dans ta ca - ge

*grazioso*

I will care for you; Stay, and war - ble me the  
 par mes soins or - né - e Et ga - zouil - le - moi tes

songs you sang so sweet - ly. Where will skies be found that are more sun-ny?  
 chan-songs les plus dou - ces: Sous quels cieux est - il plus de lu - miè-re?

Gar - dens where are cool-er, — fresh-er shad-ows? Where wilt find more  
 Quels jar - dins ont de plus\_ frais om - bra - ges? Où trou-ver - des

sweet - ly scent - ed flow - - ers? Where wilt find a  
 fleurs plus em - bau - mé - - es? Où rê - ver maî -

mis - tress half so lov - - ing? Sing me now the  
 tres - se plus ai - man - - te? Chan - te - moi tes

*p*

songs you sang so sweet - ly."  
chan-sons les plus dou - ces.»

And the bird re - plied to his sul - ta - na:  
Et l'oi-seau ré - pond à la sul - ta - ne:

*mf*

"Ah! I pray you, do not mock my sad - ness,  
«Ah! n'in - sul - te pas à ma tris - tes - se,

*cresc.*

For I fly no more, no more I sing now; How, a-mong the har - em's  
Je ne vo - le plus ni plus ne chan - te; Ton ha-rem a des é -

mourn - ful ech - oes, How can I re - peat my  
chos - trop som - bres Pour re - di - re mes chan -

joy - ous\_ car-ois?  
 sons joy - eu - ses.      O - da-lisks  
 L'o - da-lisque      in  
 y      in - do-lence may dwell here,  
 vit dans l'in - do - len - ce,

Nor  
 Sans      re - gret      the      free-dom that they for - feit,  
 pleu-rer      sa      li - ber - té per - du - e,      But  
 Mais      a bird, more  
 l'oi-seau, plus

proud, less vain, less thought-less, Can - not sing      when he is\_made a slave!"  
 fier et moins fri - vo - le, Pour chan-ter      ne veut pas\_être es - cla - ve!»

# Little Snowflake's Arietta

From the fairy opera "Snegourotchka"

(A. Ostrovsky)

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakow

**Voice**

**Adagio** (♩ = 92)

Ah! how it hurts! and oh, how sad my

**Piano**

*pp*      *eresc.*

heart is, for heavy as a mountain lies upon it this

*mf dim.*

poor dear flow-er Leh! so light-ly threw a-way!

*p*

*dolce*

Now off to oth-er maidens has he run,  
Whose laughter and whose lips are warmer than

*pp*

*rit.*

*a tempo, espressivo*

mine! Ah, here am I in tears, and oh, so lone - ly! for Lehl he has

*a tempo*

*cresc.* *mf* *dim.*

*dolce*

scorned me and left me a - lone! Ah, dear-est Lehl, I let you go where love

*p*

is; yes, go to those who will know how to love you! But why must I be al-wayssad-

*pp* *p*

at heart and always cold and icy in my passion? O Father Win-ter, thou hast done me  
*rit.* *a tempo* *p*  
 wrong! Dear Mother Spring, be kind and send to me one ti - ny spark of  
*pp* *rit.* *a tempo* *pp*  
 burn - ing heat and flame at which to melt this fro - zen heart of  
*tr*  
 mine!  
*dim.* *tr*

22724 *pp*

# Hebrew Love-Song

## Chanson hébraïque

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

French words by  
J. Sergenois

(L. Mey)

N. Rimsky - Korsakow. Op. 7  
(1867)

**Adagio** ( $\text{♩} = 60$ )

**Piano**

**Voice**

I  
Je

**P a piacere**

sleep; my heart at break of day can nev - er sleep:  
dors; mon cœur, au point du jour, ja - mais ne sleep:  
dort...

At my thresh - old waits my love, and calls to me:  
A ma por - te mon ai - mé m'ap - pel le et dit:

*pp a tempo*

O - pen, my dear one, rise for him who lov - eth thee!  
Ou - vre, mi - gnon - ne, lè - ve - toi pour ton a - mi!

Morn - ing breaks; the moun - tain-peaks are all a - glow;  
L'aubé crois - san - te sur\_ les monts rou - git dé - jà;

From Aux the grass - es, from the moss - y trees,  
Aux brins d'her - be, sur\_ les trones mous-sus,

Drops of dew like pearls are hang - ing, And their tears  
Pend en per - les la ro - sé - e, Et ses pleurs

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

*a tempo*

*poco rit.* *p*

of fire,      gems      of the dawn,      Have be -  
 bril-lants,      joy      aux du jour,      Ont mouil -  
  
*poco string.*      *p*  
 dewed my ra - ven locks.      Shad-ows      of      night      now  
 lé mes noirs      che - veux.      L'om-bre      noc - tur      ne  
  
*poco string.*      *pp*      *cresc.*  
  
 has-ten      to      westward a-way;      O - pen      thy  
 rou-le      vers      le \_\_ couchant...      Ou - vre      ta  
  
*riten.*      *pp*  
  
 door and come,      O      fair - est love!  
 por - te, viens,      ô      ma \_\_ beau-té!  
*pp*      *ppp*

# On the Georgian Hills

Sur les Collines de Géorgie

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

French words by  
J. Sergenois

(A. S. Pushkin)

N. Rimsky-Korsakow. Op. 3  
(1866)

Moderato ( $\text{♩} = 80$ )

**Voice**

The mists are hang-ing low a - bove the Geor-gian  
La bru - me pla - ne sur les monts de l'É - ri -

**Piano**

*Rit.*      \*

hills,  
van;      The yel - low Ar is roar - - - ing in the  
L'A - ras mu - git sous ma fe -

dis - tance; My heart or light or sad . . . or  
nê - tre... Coeur tris - te, cœur lé - ger, cœur

dull'd, since hope is gone -  
 mor - ne et sans tour - ment,  
 Still finds in thee its whole ex -  
 Je vis en toi, c'est tout mon

is - tence, In thee, and thee a - lone.  
 ê - tre... Qui, toi... toi, rien que toi...

Poco meno mosso

In my de - spon - den - cy  
 En mon a - bat - te - ment

*f poco string.*

I feel no pain, nor would re - prove thee;  
Au - cune, au - cune an - gois - se ex - trê - me.

If e'er a -  
Si de nou -

*poco string:*  
*f*

*riten.* *p* Tempo I

gain my heart should wake to life in me, — 'Tis that to live it needs must  
veau mon cœur é - prou - ve quel-que é - moi, — C'est que pour vi - vre il faut qu'il

*riten.* *p*

love thee.  
ai - me.

*pp*

*morendo*

Song of the Shepherd Leh<sup>l</sup>From the fairy opera "Snégourotchka"  
(A. Ostrovsky)English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakow

Allegretto giocoso ( $\text{♩} = 108$ )  
Lehl playing the shawm

Piano

Lehl Più lento, maestoso

To the thun-der call'd the fly - ing cloud, Rum-ble, grum-ble, while I

poco riten.

Tempo I

scat - ter my rain, Spring-time show'r's shall re - fresh the plain, Happy

colla parte

pp

flow'r's once more to life... shall spring, All the girls will go a - ber - ry - ing, All the  
 lads will fol - low in their train: Lehl, my Lehl, my love, my love, my Lehl!(he plays)

*poco riten.*      *a tempo*  
*poco riten.*      *a tempo*      *p*

*Lehl*      *Più lento*  
*Thro' the*

woods, the girls a - mong the — trees Far and wide are pick-ing

*poco rit.*

straw - ber - ries, Dells and glades with songs and laugh - ter re -

*poco rit.*

Tempo I

sound. All at once one maid-en can't be found; All the

*pp*

oth - ers, weep-ing sad - ly, cry, "She's been eat - en by some

*p*

*poco riten.*

wolf— near— by!" O my Lehl,— my— love, my love, my

*poco riten.*

*a tempo*

Lehl! (he plays)

*p*

*Più lento**Lehl*

To the

*sfp*

maid - ens, still in an - guish and tears, Lo, a wild, a-ged stran-ger ap -

*Tempo I*

pears; Sil - ly maid - ens, have ye lost your wits? quoth he, Why stand

*poco rit.**p**colla parte**pp*

weep - ing here so fool - ish - ly? Weep-ing, call - ing her, will

do no good, Better look a bit a - bout the  
*trem.*

*riten. assai*                    *a tempo*

wood! Leh!, my Leh!, my love, my love, my Leh!

*riten. assai*                    *a tempo*                    *p*

(he plays)

*sforz.*

# A Southern Night

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

French words by  
J. Sergennois

Nuit méridionale  
(N. Stcherbine)

N. Rimsky-Korsakow, Op. 3  
(1866)

**Voice**

Allegro ( $\text{d.} = 72$ )

**Piano**

O'er yon mountain-ous height  
Dans les cieux val-lon-nés

Rides the Queen of the Night,  
Bril - le l'as-tre chan-geant;

And the  
L'o - li -

ol - ive in sil - ver is drest;  
vier s'en - lu - mi - ne d'ar - gent;

And the sea as it heaves To the  
Dans leur flux obs - ti - né, Cou-rent,



Ah, mi - ra - cu - lous nights! Ah, mys -  
Ces pro - di - ges des nuits, Ce mys -

te - ri - ous lights! All my blood, all my heart is a - fire; I have  
tè - re et ces feux, Tout en - flam-me mon sang et mon cœur; Les flam-

*f*

ga - gathered thee flow'r's For our flame - light - ed bow'r's; Tar - ry  
beaux sont bril - lants, J'ai cueil - li quel - ques fleurs, Hâ - te -

not, O my Love, my De - sire!  
toi vers mes bras a - mou - reux!

Soon the night will be o'er,  
Cet - te nuit va pas - ser,

*p*

And the waves call no more  
Et la vague se tait  
'Neath the pas - sion-less eye of the  
Sous les yeux im - pas - si - bles du

sun;  
jour,  
And I feel how a chill All my bo - som doth  
Et le froid vient d'en - trer En mon sein in - qui -

*mf*

fill: Wilt thou guess how I love thee a - lone?  
et... Sau - ras - tu de - vi - ner mon a - mour?

*mf*

*f* *dim.*

*pp*

*pp*

*s*

## Air

## "Sylvan Roundelay"

From the fairy opera "Snégourotchka"  
(A. Ostrovsky)English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Allegretto capriccioso

Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakow

Piano

## Little Snowflake

For to go and ga-ther berries in the woods,

*pp capriccioso*
*poco riten.**a tempo**a piacere allargando*

For to an-swer oth-er maids with joy-ful hal-lo,

Hal

- lo, hal - lo!

*a tempo*

poco riten.

For to dance the mer-ry round, and one of them,

With the cho-rus led by

*a tempo*

*a piacere allargando*

*a tempo*

shep-herd Lehl to fol-low:

Hi, La-do Lehl!

*p*

*pp*

Poco animato

*p*

'Tis this your daugh-ter would pre -

*mf dimin.*

*f*

fer, Or life is lit - tle worth to her.

*p*

*f*

Recit.

*mf*

Ah, let me go! When you re-turn with win-ter

*spp*

to re-side, With-in these gloom-y woods, at

Adagio (♩ = 50)

*pp*

e - ven - tide, I'll sing to you,

Sing you a song the while the storm-winds pipe and play,

Sing you a song the while the storm-winds pipe and play,

poco riten.

Poco più animato  
*a tempo*

Sing a— song— that's blythe—— and gay,—

*poco riten.*

*pp*

*string.*

Leh! shall teach me sing the song,

*a piacere*

To learn it will not take me long.

*p dim.*

Oh,—— my— fa - ther!

## Allegretto capriccioso

*p*

For to go and ga-ther ber-ries in the woods,  
For to an-swer oth-er

*p capriccioso*

*ritenuto assai*

*colla parte*

Tempo I

*a piacere scherzando*

maids with joy-ful hal-lo!

Hal - lo, hal -

*p*

*a tempo**p*

lo! —

For to dance the mer-ry round, and one of them,

*pp*

*sf*

*ritenuto assai*

Tempo I

With the cho-rus led by shep-herd Lehl to fol-low:

*ritenuto assai*

*p*

*a piacere allargando*

Hi, La - do - Lehl! *a tempo*

*colla parte*

*Poco animato*

*p*

'Tis this your daughter would prefer, Or life is lit - tle worth to...

*poco string.*

*Vivo*

her, or life is lit - tle -

*poco cresc.*

worth to her, oh fa - - - ther!

*f*

*sf*

# The Little Fish's Song

## Fischleins Lied

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

German words by L. Esbeer

A. Arensky. Op. 27, № 1

Allegretto

**Voice**

260. \*

Ah, stay \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_  
O, bleib' \_\_\_\_\_ bei \_\_\_\_\_

me, \_\_\_\_\_ My love - - - ly boy, ah,  
mir, mein hol - - - der Kna - - be \_\_\_\_\_

stay! \_\_\_\_\_ The wa - - - ter -  
du! \_\_\_\_\_ Es lebt sich

life              is fresh and free; —————— 'Tis  
 frei              im Was - ser hier; —————— so

cool              here,              stay              and play. ——————  
 kühl              ist's,              so              voll Ruh'. ——————

*mf*

I'll call my sis - ters here and we \_\_\_\_\_ Will  
Die Schwe - stern ru - fe ich her - bei, wir

*mf*

whirl and dance for thee,  
schwin - gen uns im Tanz,

*mf*

Till freed thy wear - - y spir - - it be, And  
bis dei - ne mü - - de See - - le frei, dein

*rit.* *a tempo*

bright once more thy glance.  
Au - - ge vol - - ler Glanz.

*rit.* *p* *å tempo* *3* *dim.*

*p*

O stay - - - with  
O blei - - - be

*cresc.*

me! - - - My love - - - ly  
hier, - - - du hol - - - der

*cresc.*

boy, ah, stay, mein!

Kna - - - be - - -

*pp*

Rest Ruh'

*pp*

here, so soft shall be thy bed,  
aus, dein Pfühl ist ja so weich,  
So die

light thy cov - er - let,  
De - cke licht und klar; In sweet - est  
In schnell flieht die

dreams wilt thou for - get How fast the  
Zeit in mei - nem Reich, duträumst, wirst's

time has sped.  
nicht ge - wahr.



these wide wa - - - - - ters that on  
mei - nes Le - - - - - bens Freud' und

*mf*

me Licht,

*dim.*

*ten.*

My mein light frei - - - es and life Wel - - - - - be - len -

*pp*

stow. meer. Oh Mein

love - - - - ly boy! \_\_\_\_\_ Oh  
 trau - - - - ter Schatz, \_\_\_\_\_ mein

*cresc.*  
 dear - - - - est lad! \_\_\_\_\_ Ah,  
 trau - - - - ter Schatz, \_\_\_\_\_ o

*cresc.*  
 stay, ah, stay with me!  
 blei - be hier bei mir!

*f*  
*p*  
*mf*  
*dimin.*

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# The Nereid

(A. Pushkin)

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Alex. Glazunoff. Op. 60, No. 3

Andante ( $\text{♩} = 72 - 80$ )

**System 1:**

Voice:  $\text{G} \ \#3$

Piano:  $\text{G} \ \#3$

**System 2:**

On lone - ly Tau - ris'

**System 3:**

shore at ros - y dawn a - stray - - - ing, In

o - cean's wa - ters green. I saw a Ne - reid  
 play - - ing. In shel-t'ring reeds un-seen

dolce  
 I let my vi - sion roam. From em - 'rald

depths i - ri - des - cent surg - ing Rose the

snow - white bo - som of the god - dess, swan - like e -  
 merg - - ing, As from her stream - ing hair  
 — she wrung the pearl - y foam.

# Before My Window

(G.Galina)

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op. 26, № 10

Lento ( $\text{♩} = 50$ ) *cantabile*

**Voice**

Be - fore my win - dow blows a scent - ed al - der -

Piano

tree,— Who wears with se - rious grace his fes-tal robe of flow - ers;

Some perfumed branch-es now he low-ers, He's greet - ing, call - ing

me. And as the scent from frail and trembling blos-soms

flies, I catch the in - cense sweet so glad - ly heav'n - ward

soar - ing, I feel a fra - grant breath my sens - es o - ver -

pow'r - ing, I hear a song of love, \_\_\_\_\_  
 8 dim.  
 mf

— that needs no words, a - rise. \_\_\_\_\_  
 dim. p cresc. mf cresc.

\*  
 Ad.

# Lilacs

(Kath. Begetoff)

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op.21, N° 5

**Voice** Allegretto

Morning skies are a-glow

**Piano**

*p*

*semper tranquillo*

While the li-lac-trees blow, And I breathe of the fresh morning

*un poco ten.*

*mf cantabile*

wind; By the shad-ow-y pool,

*p*

*mf*

Where it's dew - y and cool, I must see if my for - tune I'll

*p*

*mf*

*p*

*mf*

find.

*pp*

*f*

Ah, of luck there's scant dole, Yet it's ev - 'ry - ones'

*mf*

*rall.*  
*p*      *ten.*    *a tempo*      *pp*  
 goal, And my own lies out there in the dell,  
 Hid - den there all a -

*a tempo*  
*p colla parte*      *pp*  
*bass*      *bass*      *bass*      *bass*

*f*      *dim.*  
 round Cluster'd li - lacs are found, And my own lit-tle for - tune, as

*mf*  
*bass*      *bass*      *bass*      *bass*

*pp*  
 well.

*dim.*  
*m.d.*      *m.d.*      *pp*  
*bass*      *bass*      *bass*

# Morning

(M. L. Janoff)

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op. 4, No. 2

Moderato

**Voice**

"I love thee, dear!" said

Morn-ing to the Day, And with him in her arms grew

ros - y in con - fu - sion; The

sun lit up the world with am - 'rous ray,  
And

with her burn - ing kiss - es smiled and took pos - ses - sion.

The Day,

as tho' he still at heart mis - trust - ed The truth of

ritard.

aught the dream-y Morn might do or say, Dropped swift-ly

down to earth, and with a smile he dust-ed Au -

ro - ra's my-riad wealth of dia - mond tears a - way.

rit.

# “How sweet the place!”

(G. Galina)

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff

Moderato *p dolce ed espressivo*

**Voice**

Piano

pp

How sweet the place!  
Far dis -

- tant gleams The riv - er in the sun;  
The grass - y

mead - ows at my feet With flow'r's are o - ver -

run. No one is

*mf*

*mf la melodia ben marc.*

near but God and I, The dis - tant,

*2*

*2*

*2*

*un poco ten.*

peace - - - ful stream, This

*2*

*2*

*2*

lone - - - ly pine, the host of flow'rs,  
 And  
 thou, my love - ly dream!

ten.

*pp*

*mf*

*p*

*p*

"O thou billowy harvest-field!"

(A. Tolstoi)

English version by  
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op. 4, No. 5

Lento

**Voice**

O thou bil-low-y

har-vest-field of grain! Nev-er may'st thou be mown at a sin-gle swath,



*mf*

*un poco cresc.*



*p*

*un poco cresc.*



*mf*

ritard.

Who can grasp you or bind you up in words!

*f*

O - ver thee, O field, \_\_\_\_\_ hur - ried a

*pp* *mf*

*ppp* *ppp*

*ff*

driv - ing storm, Down it bent all thy har-vest of

*f*

*mf*

*p*

grain to earth,      All thy ri - pen'd seed it flung a-broad!

*f*

Ah, how wide - ly were ye scat - tered,

*cresc.*

O my dreams! Yet wher - e'er

*ff*

— one a - mong you has fall'n to earth,

*mf*

There have sprung from the soil weeds of mis-er-y, There has flour-ished the

bit-ter-est heart's dis-tress! Ah!

*Con moto*

Ah!

*mf*

*p*

*rit.*

*pp*