

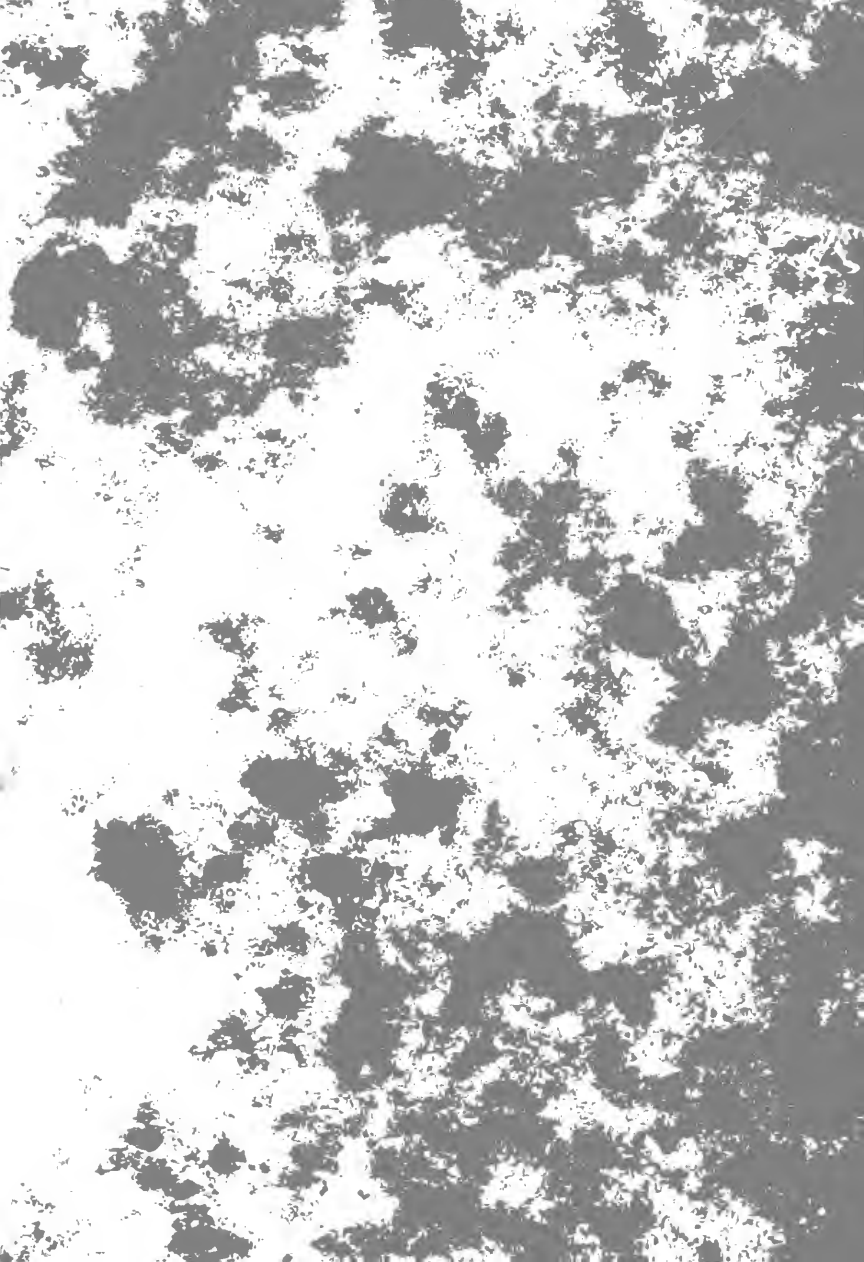
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BOOK OF SONGS IN RE MEMORIE OF
FEODOR CHALIAPIN.

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BOOK OF SONGS

IN REPERTOIRE OF



Feodor Chaliapin

The World's Greatest Singer

Under exclusive direction of
S. ■UROK, Inc., Aeolian Hall, New York
BALDWIN PIANO USED

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IN "BORIS GODOUNOV"

FEODOR CHALIAPIN



FEODOR IVANOVITCH CHALIAPIN, the greatest of living lyric and dramatic artists, was born on February the 1st, 1873, in the old Tartar town of Kazan. He comes of humble parentage, and so far as he knows none of his ancestors were distinguished. Of schooling he had but little, and it can be said that his art is self-taught. His parents tried to apprentice him to a shoemaker whose shop was on the same street as that of the baker's shop in which Maxim Gorky worked (See Gorky's "Twenty-six and Six"). Chaliapin now counts Maxim Gorky as one of his dearest friends. But in those days they were not acquainted with each other.

Chaliapin's first musical training was in the choir of the Archbishop. His monthly pay of three or four rubles went to augment the family budget. In his odd moments he also worked as a porter on the railway and as a stevedore on the Volga steamboats. At seventeen he joined a Little Russian Company, and traveled throughout the Caspian and Caucasus regions as a singer and dancer. In Tiflis, in 1892, he received his first serious lessons in singing, and there made his debut in the opera, "A Life for the Tsar."

In 1894 he sang for the first time in St. Petersburg (now Petrograd) in the Summer Theatre of the Aquarium, and at the Panaevsky Theatre. He also accepted a contract for the Mariensky Theatre, but as he was given scant opportunity to appear he readily joined Mr. Mamontoff's private opera company at Moscow. To Mamontoff Chaliapin attributes his success. He quickly became the idol of the Moscovites, and people journeyed from afar to hear him.

In 1899 the Imperial Opera of Moscow engaged him at a salary of 60,000 rubles a year. It was at Moscow that Chaliapin revealed Moussorgsky to the Russians and later to the world. The Opera Boris Godounov received world-wide fame largely through Chaliapin's extraordinary impersonation of its leading character, Tsar Boris.

In 1902 he was called to the Scala, Milan, by Gatti Gasazza, as the protagonist of Mephistopheles. His success was instantaneous and enormous. He has since sung in Paris, Monte Carlo, Buenos Aires and in New York. In 1913 and 1914, under the management of Sir Thomas Beecham, he assisted in the most brilliant and memorable opera season that London has ever known. Who will ever forget that wonderful Russian season in 1914?

Europe saw no more of Chaliapin until October, 1921, when at last the Soviet Government granted him leave to go abroad for a series of concerts to raise funds for famine-stricken Russia. His re-appearance at the Royal Albert Hall, before a tremendous audience, was a memorable occasion. His entry on the platform was the signal for an outburst of applause which lasted fully ten minutes.

For several years before this the concert manager, S. Hurok, had been endeavoring to bring the famous Chaliapin to America, and now it had been made possible. Three triumphal concert tours in North America have resulted, and he is now in his fourth season under the Hurok management, which also sponsors the tours of Schumann-Heink, Anna Pavlowa, Alma Gluck, Efrem Zimbalist, Ina Bourskaya, Elvira Hidalgo, Sascha Culbertson, Rudolph Polk, Artur Schnabel, Leff Pouishnoff, Abraham Sopkin and others.

At the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on December 9th, 1921, Chaliapin made his first American re-appearance as Tsar Boris in "Boris Godounov." It was a sensational and epoch-making appearance. All the critics exhausted their superlatives in lauding his performance: "Chaliapin is a superlative artist, who is not only a great singer, but also a great actor, marvelously united in one man."

Chaliapin urges his audience to glance over the words of the songs as he announces them if they wish fully to enjoy his singing. In his opinion no one should listen to a song sung in a foreign language unless he knows the motive that inspired the composer.



(Dramatic Ballad)

*Words by Maikov.**English version by Juliet M. Soskice.*

In Provence there lived a minstrel, held in honour even by the king himself.

(Be silent, ye lute-strings accursed!)

This king, more exalted than other monarchs, claimed descent from God Eternal.

(Be silent, ye lute-strings accursed!)

He had a beautiful daughter named Berthe.

The minstrel gazed only at Berthe when he sang . . .

(Be silent, ye lute-strings accursed!)

And while he gazed she trembled . . . glowed as with hidden fire . . . turned white as marble . . .

(Be silent, ye lute-strings accursed!)

The Emperor himself became betrothed to her.

The minstrel grew mournful, more and more gloomy and wrathful.

(Be silent, ye lute-strings accursed!)

A great ball was held at the palace . . . a sign was made to the minstrel

That he should linger in the dark grove near the gateway . . .

(Be silent, ye lute-strings accursed!)

What befell there . . . whose hand was it he bathed in tears . . . whose kisses were upon his lips?

(Be silent, ye lute-strings accursed!)

Why rode the bridegroom so fast away . . . Whose the new cross in the royal mausoleum . . . what tortures doth the king devise . . . of what speaks he so long with the hangman?

(Be silent, ye lute-strings accursed!)

The minstrel has perished, poor flower of Spring . . .

Even the lute the king has crushed and burnt . . .

(Be silent, ye lute-strings accursed!)

He has crushed the lute, but in his thoughts, in his dreams, its voice will haunt him for-ever . . .

(Be silent, ye lute-strings accursed!)

He hears the invisible strings . . . fearful words resound again in his ears . . .

(Be silent, ye lute-strings accursed!)

He eats not, he drinks not, at night cannot sleep,

Is silent. Yet sometimes he shrieks, shrieks wildly to God like a madman . . .

(Be silent, ye lute-strings accursed!)

"I did not tell thee . . ."

(Lyric Romance)

Words by Sologub.

English version by Juliet M. Soskice.

I did not tell thee that I loved thee . . .
 But in the skies the sun beamed so caressingly,
 While on the leaves his golden beams lay quivering,
 Thou must have known, thou must have known
 I loved thee . . .

I did not tell thee of my love for thee.
 I did not tell thee of my love for thee,
 But in the Heavens the stars shone out so radiantly,
 Their tuneful choirs poured forth such wondrous melodies
 That I . . . that I . . . I did not tell thee of my love.

"The Last Voyage."

(The Death Song of a Mariner)

Words by F. Fergeland.

Music by Alnaes

Published by Wilhelm Hansen, Copenhagen.

Set forth upon thy last voyage, sailor (Sing a song, ah, sing!)
 Guide they course by the stars in Heaven (Sing a song, ah, sing!)
 The bitter hour of parting hath sounded (Sing a song, ah, sing!)
 Fix thine eyes upon the compas (Sing a song, ah, sing!)

There, in the Heavens are many islands (Sing a song, ah, sing!)
 Their shores are made of brightest gold (Sing a song, ah, sing!)
 Their stars shine pure as crystal (Sing a song, ah, sing!)
 Never yet have they been thy guides (Sing a song, ah, sing!)

Further yet sail, brave sailor (Sing a song, ah, sing!)
 Thy haven now is seen afar (Sing a song, ah, sing!)
 The pirate-devil dwells therein. (Sing a song, ah, sing!)
 Fear him not. Sail freely on they way (Sing a song, ah, sing!)

Wife and comrades shalt thou meet there (Sing a song, ah, sing!)
 Thy little children shalt clasp again in thine arms (Sing a song, ah, sing!)
 sing!

In those realms 'tis the trysting-hour (Sing a song, ah, sing!)
 A joyous, blissful hour for us (Sing a song, ah, sing!)

No. 4. "Under the Gravestone."**No. 4.**

("In questa Tomba")

*Words by M. Slonoff.**Music by Beethoven.*

Within the tomb forgotten,
 Laid to rest would I be;
 While yet I lived, oh! false one,
 Shouldst thou have thought on me! aye, thought on me!
 Leave me at peace, in the darkness,
 Nor let one pois'nous tear
 Of thine, of thine bedew these ashes now,
 Nor desecrate my bier!
 Forgotten, within the tomb, forgotten,
 Laid to rest would I be;
 While yet I live, oh! false one,
 Shouldst thou have thought on me,
 Aye, thought on me! forget me! thou false one!

No. 5.**No. 5.****"Outside the Chancellor's Gate . . ."**

(Comique)

Words by Count A. Tolstoy. English version by Juliet M. Soskice.

Outside the chancellor's gate a large crowd has gathered.

The simpletons say their stomachs are empty . . .

"Fools!" says the clerk. "You ought to be plump enough,

We, last night at the council, could hardly get through the sturgeon they gave us."

A peasant is leading wagons of hemp across the bridge to the market.

A dull-witted fellow: he does not take much account of his actions.

"Fool!" says the clerk. "What a heavy load! You don't consider your bridge, it seems. You ought to be careful of it. Why don't you swim across as the ducks do?"

A sick man comes to the clerk. "Oi, oi, oi, Mr. Clerk," says he, "I have such pains inside me. They're worse in the morning. I can't lie down, can't sit, can't eat that much!"

"Fool!" says the clerk. "You ought never to eat on an empty stomach!"

A petitioner comes to the clerk. "You, Mr. Clerk," says he, "are the father of the poor. Will you help me? Look at my purse, full of copper. 'Tis a small matter to me to pour ten roubles into your cap."

"Pour away!" says the clerk, stretching forth his bonnet.

Words by X. Schmidt.

Music by Brahms.

Published by Alfred Legnick & Co., London.

Roses plucked by night from dark'ning hedgerows

Breathed upon me sweeter than e'er by daytime;

Though the showering dew, from the branches shaken,

Rain'd on my forehead.

Kissed softly culled from thy lips' red garland

Breathed a deeper spell through the night's enchantment;

Though thine eyes, o'erwhelmed by the rising passion,

Wept like the roses.

(English version by Paul England.)

(Comique)

From "Notes for a Historical Memoir" of Grandpapa Prutkoff.

A Musical Jest in Antique Style.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Music by M. Bagrinovsky.

Monsieur le Vicomte de Brassard, with the warmest of welcomes
received

In the house of a wealthy old veteran,

Who had lost his left leg in a battle,

Zealously dangled after the veteran's young wife,

Little by little, soldier-fashion, paying his court to her.

Once having prepared in his mind two speeches for her,

One of which was "Come to the entresol" . . . to be said softly;

And the other: "I am going to my country-house" . . . loudly.

Confused by the amorous flame which suddenly spread through
his members,

In the presence of a large company there he said them in inverse
order,

Namely, softly and bending to her ear: "I am going to my
country-house";

And thereafter loudly, and kissing her hand: "Come to the
entresol!"

For which he was escorted out of that house by the scruff of the
neck

And never returned thereto any more.

A Toast

(A Toast to the Sun and to Love)

*Words by A. Poushkin.**Music by A. Glazounov.**Translated by H. M. Buck.*

Why are the merry voices dumb?
 Ring out in bacchanalian song
 A health to all the tender maids
 And the young wives we have loved.

Fill your glasses up higher,
 On their ringing floor, in the thick wine
 Throw your betrothal rings.
 Let us bring all our glasses together at once;
 A health to the Muse, and long life to Reason.

Shine out thou sacred sun, as this lamp grows pale
 At the bright dawn of day,
 So lying sophism must flicker and fade
 In the sunlight of immortal wisdom.
 Hail to the Sun, and may the darkness for ever fade.

"Oriental Romance."

*Words by A. Poushkin.**Music by A. Glazounov.**Translated by H. M. Buck.*

In my blood burns the fire of desire;
 My soul with thee is all envenom'd.
 Embrace me, thy caresses
 Are sweeter to me than myrrh and than wine.

Bow down to me thy tender head.
 And in tranquillity I'll rest
 Until the joyous day expires
 And the shades of the night draw on.

"Mr. Chaliapin uses and endorses the Baldwin exclusively."

(Dramatic Legend)

*English words from the Russian of Joukovsky.**By Rosa Newmarch.**Music by M. Glinka.*

When midnight is striking, then lo!
 From out of his grave steps the drummer,
 And hastily goes to and fro, as wildly he beats the reveille.
 Now under the dark sod the drum
 Rolls loud in the ears of the sleepers:
 The infantry start up to come,
 Up rises the old grenadier.
 They rise from beneath Russian snows,
 'Neath Italy's valleys so fertile,
 'Neath African deserts aglow,
 And sun-smitten and wastes of Syria,
 When midnight, when midnight is here!
 When midnight, when midnight is here!
 When midnight is striking, then lo!
 From out of his grave steps the bugler,
 And wildly he rides to and fro, and loudly he sounds the reveille.
 And deep in the gloom of the grave
 The cavalry rouse to the trumpet.
 Uprise the hussars young and brave:
 Upsprings the moustached cuirassier.
 From north and from south they've combined,
 From east and from west they are sweeping
 On horses more swift than the wind;
 And a squadron comes upon squadron.
 When midnight, when midnight is here!
 When midnight, when midnight is here!
 When midnight is striking, then lo!
 From out of his grave comes the Leader,
 And on his old charger rides slow,
 Deck'd out in his cocked hat and sabre;
 And wearing his coat of grey-blue,
 His field-marshal follow behind him,
 As he rides to the midnight review,
 While all the troops send up a cheer!
 Twelve strikes as he takes up his stand
 Where ghostly battallions are gather'd,
 And weird sound the strains of the band
 As rank after rank marches past him,
 When midnight, when midnight is here!

When midnight, when midnight is here!
 When midnight is striking, then lo!
 He beckons his marshals around him,
 And into their ears whispers low
 The rallying point and the watchword;
 And unto the troops they unfold
 The secret reveal'd by the Leader,
 And France is the word they are told,
 The rallying place—Saint Helena!
 When midnight, when midnight is here!
 Steps forth from his grave the great Leader.
 And thus to his men doth appear
 The ghost of the Caesar departed,
 When midnight, when midnight is here!
 When midnight, when midnight is here!

(By kind permission of Messrs. G. Ricordi & Co.)

This poem is based on a legend that the ghost of Napoleon arises at midnight on the battlefield of Waterloo and reviews his comrades in arms, who rise up in their legions and march past.

No. 11.

“Doubt.”

No. 11.

(Romance)

Words by N. Kukulnik.

Music by M. Glinka.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Have done, ye emotions and passions,
 Sleep thou, my hopeless heart.
 I weep, I suffer, my heart is weary of separation.
 I suffer and weep, but cannot weep my grief away.
 Hope in vain promises me happiness.
 I do not believe her lying assurances.
 Love is borne away by separation.
 In dreams that will never leave me
 I see my happy rival,
 And secretly and threateningly hot jealousy burns,
 And in secret rage the hand seeks for a weapon.
 In vain treason tells me of faithlessness:
 I do not believe its crafty promises.
 I am happy, thou art mine again.
 The sad hours go by;
 We embrace one another once more,
 And the heart renascent beats in passionate heat,
 And our lips meet in warm passionate kisses.

"An Old Song."

(Dramatic)

(Heine) translated by N. A. Sokoloff.

Music by Ed. Grieg.

Published by V. Bessel & Co.

It was a king of old time,
 His heart was heavy, grey his head.
 Ah, poor old king of old time!
 He took a young wife, 'tis said.

It was a handsome page, too;
 Blond were his locks, heart light, I ween.
 Her silken train he carried.
 That aged monarch's queen.

Know you the ancient ballad?
 'Tis sweet of sound, yet full of woe.
 How both were doomed to perish;
 They loved one another so.

"Verses in an Album."

(Lyric)

(Ibsen) translated by M. Slonoff.

Music by Ed. Grieg.

Published by C. F. Peters.

I call'd thee once "joy's harbinger";
 Thy light my life pervaded.
 While thinking thou couldst never err,
 Joy's harbinger did woe confer;
 Thy radiance, ah, was sinister,
 And into gloom has faded.

(Lyric)

*(Ibsen) translated by M. Slonoff.**Music by Ed. Grieg.**Published by C. F. Peters.*

My swan, my pale one,
 Of silence unbroken;
 Of thy voice ne'er a token or sound did assail one.
 Shyly hiding from elves that thou darest,
 List'ning, gliding, thou timidly fleddest.
 Aloft thou sprangest as death was o'ertaking
 Thy life silence breaking, at last—thou sangest!
 That song so cherished
 For ever is gone, then?
 The singer has perished.
 Wert only a swan, then? a swan, then?

(Lyric)

*(Ibsen) translated by M. Slonoff.**Music by Ed. Grieg.**Published by C. F. Peters.*

The yellow leaves are trembling
 And pattering down from on high.
 Alas, what is fair and lovely
 Doth ever fade and die.

How sadly amid the treetops
 The flickering sunbeams stray!
 They might be the parting kisses
 Of summer who flee away.

I feel as though from my heart depths
 The sorrowful tears would show'r.
 The scene brings back to remembrance
 Too well our parting hour.

I was compelled to leave thee,
 I knew thou would'st die of grief;
 I was the vanishing summer, thou, thou,
 Thou wert the perishing leaf.
 Thou wert the perishing leaf.

"The Miller."

(Comique)

Words by A. Poushkin.

Music by A. Dargomizhsky.

English version by Marie Rosing.

One night the old miller came home drunk.

"Wife! What are those boots?"

"You old drunkard, where do you see the boots? The devil must possess you. Those are water cans."

"Water cans, really! Forty years I have lived, but up to now I have never seen, either in dreams or in life, water cans with spurs on them!"

"The Government Clerk."

(Comique)

Words by P. Weinberg.

Music by A. Dargomizhsky.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

He was a government clerk,
She was a general's daughter;
He modestly told of his love,
But she sent him packing, the general's daughter.

Away went the government clerk,
And spent the whole night in carousal,
And tipsily said to himself in dreams,
"Well, she's only a general's daughter."

In explanation, of course a general's daughter is far higher in the social scale than a government clerk, but nevertheless generals' daughters in Russia under the old regime were as numerous as blackberries on a bush, and in the tipsy fog brought on by his carousal the clerk consoles himself with the reflection: "Well, she's only a general's daughter."

"Mr. Chaliapin uses and endorses the Baldwin exclusively."

(Dramatic Lyric)

*Words by V. Kurochkin.**Music by A. Dargomizhsky.**Translated by H. M. Buck.*

We parted haughtily; no word nor tear related
 My grief to you, nor that I loved you so.
 Parted for ever . . . but could I now but meet you,
 Ah, could I now but meet you.

Without complaint I yielded, since 'twas fated
 That we should part; nor did I ever know
 Whether you loved me. But could I now but meet you,
 For all the ill you did me,
 Could I but meet you! . . .
 Ah, but once meet again!

(Comique Satrique)

*Words by V. Kurochkin.**Music by A. Dargomizhsky.**Translated by H. M. Buck.*

I am greatly attached to my wife;
 I've got on in the world, and with reason.
 I've won the Count's friendship for life
 By a little complaisance in season.

Guiding the business of the State,
 He calls on us as though related.
 Why, what an honour, joy how great!
 I'm but a worm to one so rated,
 Compared with him, with one so great,
 The Count, a Minister of State.

Should the wife but chance to be ill,
 His grief to see is quite heart-rending,
 With me at cards he'll play his fill,
 Then spend the night the sick attending.
 All glittering with stars he came,
 It chanced, just to congratulate
 Upon my birthday—what delight
 To know a personage so great,
 His Excellence—for such a mite!
 How kind he is when so inclined;
 Why really, I've a rumour heard . . .
 "His Excellency oft you'll find . . ."

And the wife's name, but mum's the word.
 I say that when there's such a third,
 A good man's duty's to be blind
 When such an honour has occurred;
 For I'm a worm compared with him,
 Compared with him, with one so great,
 A man who's Minister of State!

For a proper appreciation of this song it is well to bear in mind that his Excellency is head of the Department in which the "Worm" is a faithful official. By dint of a lifetime of patient service he may rise to the "Fifth Grade," the highest to which a subordinate can aspire.

No. 20. "The Old Corporal." No. 20.
 (Dramatic)

Words by V. Kurochkin.

Music by A. Dargomizhsky.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Keep in step, boys. Don't let your muskets down.
 I've got my pipe with me; see me off on my last leave.
 I was like a father to you, boys, with my head all hoary.
 Such is the life of a soldier. Keep in step, boys, one, two;
 Straighten yourselves, keep in line. One, two, one, two.
 I insulted an officer, too young to insult an old soldier;
 So for example to others I needs must be shot.
 I had drunk, and my blood boiled up when I heard his insolent
 language.

The Emperor's shade rose before me. Keep in step, lads, one, two.
 Straighten yourselves, keep in line, one, two, one, two.
 You from my village return as soon as you can to our folk,
 Our meadows are greener, one breathes freer there.
 Bow your head in our village shrines. God, my old mother's
 alive . . .

Tell not a word to her. Keep in step, lads, one, two.
 Who is that weeping so loudly? Aha, I know her again.
 Of the Russian campaign she reminds me—I warmed her whole
 family then.

The toilsome snowy roads carried off her son, and the widow
 Will make me my peace with God. Keep in step, lads, one, two.
 Straighten yourselves, keep in line. One, two, one, two.
 It can't be my pipe's gone out . . . No, still there's one puff.
 It touched me to the quick, lads . . . Away, don't bandage my eyes.
 Make sure of your aim. Don't stoop. Hark to the words of
 command.

God speed you home again safe. In step, lads, one, two, one, two.

"Leave Me."

(Lyric)

From Byron.

Music by Davidoff.

"Yermak Timofeievitch."

(A Folk Legend)

Words by V. Goncharoff.

Music by M. Ippolitoff-Ivanoff.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Beyond Ural's crest, over Irtish river,
Far away in Altai,
There stands a hill, and there beneath the cedar's shade
Lies a forgotten grave.
The thieving raven ne'er flies there, no wild beast e'er comes
To that spot, where a wonder lies hid.

The mound is enchanted, and a cedar grows great
In sumptuous beauty above it.
They say that beneath it a warrior huge,
All in armour and chain-mail clad,
Lies uneasy, for o'er him no prayer was e'er said,
And no service was sung o'er his head.

Three hundred years ago, they say,
As some folk in the Irtish were fishing,
Instead of a fish from the water that day
They drew out on the steep bank a dead body.
The legend goes that sometimes one may hear
A murmur of words, on stooping very near
To the grave:
"I was a Don Cossack, they called me 'Yermak';
Pray, pray for my rest!"

"Mr. Chaliapin uses and endorses the Baldwin exclusively."

"Fair Maid, Accept these Roses."

(An Album Leaf)

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Music by F. Kennemann.

Fair maid, accept this bright bouquet
Of roses, which dared to vie with you
In fresh and queenly beauty.
The pretty criminals at your feet I lay,
First having bound them.

No. 24.

No. 24.

"Why does the Wind Whirl in the Ravine?"

(Lyric)

Words by A. Poushkin.

Music by F. Kennemann.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Why does the wind whirl round in the ravine,
Arouse the steppe and drive about the dust,
Whilst the ship in a moveless calm
So eagerly awaits its breath?

Why from the crags and past the towers
Does the eagle fly fierce and frightful
To the ancient pine? Ask it of him.
Why does young Desdemona love her blackamoor,
As the moon loves the gloom of night?
Because wind and eagle and the heart of a maiden obey no law.

Poet, thou may'st be proud, for such art thou;
For thee, too, there is no law.

"Mr. Chaliapin uses and endorses the Baldwin exclusively."

“When the King went forth to War.”

(Herolque)

Words, M. Konopnitskaya. Music, Th. Koeneman, Op. 7, No. 6.

English by Rosa Newmarch, by courtesy of J. & W. Chester, Ltd.

When the king went forth to war,
 To a foreign land afar,
 How the clarion trumpets bravely sang,
 While helmets flashed and weapons rang.
 When the serf went forth to war,
 To a foreign land afar,
 His unreaped corn with rustling breath
 Seemed whispering to him of Death.

Now the battle rages near,
 Death is stalking everywhere.
 'Mid the fire and smoke are groaning men
 Beaten to earth never to rise again.

The battle won; the trumpets sound;
 Lies the serf with mortal wound,
 But the king returns in pomp and pride,
 With his banners waving far and wide.
 Shout the folk with joyous lay,
 As the victor wends his way,
 And the bells crash out from every tower
 Their welcome in this glorious hour.

But the serf lies cold in Death;
 Moans the wind with sobbing breath.
 O'er his lonely grave the sweet blue-bell
 Bows its head and rings his funeral knell.

“Mr. Chaliapin uses and endorses the Baldwin exclusively.”

(Dramatic)

*Words by M. Konopnitskaya.**Music by F. Kennemann.**Published by J. & W. Chester, Ltd., London.*

From the hovel door
 Three roads stretch before,
 And all three lead on to toil and sorrows.
 By the right-hand way
 Poor men plough all day
 For the sowing of a stranger's furrows.

To the tavern hearth
 Leads the left-hand path,
 Where the peasant drinks and treats his neighbors;
 But the third runs straight
 To the churchyard gate—
 There the weary rest from all their labours.

Shines the first road white,
 As with dew-fall bright,
 These are teardrops,
 Sweat of serfs who languish
 From the second track
 See a son looks back;
 Mocks his father's shame,
 His mother's anguish.

Hush'd the third, and still,
 Deathly winds blow chill,
 Where the crickets chirp among the grasses.
 O'er a humble grave
 Silver birch trees wave,
 As the night wind moaning thro' them passes.

From the hovel door
 Three roads stretch before,
 And, alas, the people know no others.

Who shall lead the way
 To the light of day,
 Show the path of freedom to our brothers?
 Who shall show the way, the way of freedom to our brothers?
 Who shall show the way of freedom to our brothers?

(English version by Rosa Newmarch.)

(Lyric)

*Words by S. Ivanoff-Raikoff.**Music by F. Kennemann.**Translated by H. M. Buck.*

King Aladdin calls,
 With threatening clang of his sword of steel,
 His executioners to his golden halls;
 But from craggy height
 And valleys flower-bedight
 None came to his sight.

Since that time for the free
 There is joy and repose.
 And the land like a garden blooms.
 There no heavy chains,
 Nor prison, nor scourge is found,
 For none will be executioner.

(Lyric)

*Words by D. Rathaus.**Music by A. Koreshchenko.**English version by Juliet M. Soskice.*

The autumn wind beats drearily against the panes,
 The dim moon looks down from above,
 The flowers in the drooping garden
 Are pale and faded . . .

We are alone, but my soul is too prostrate for words.
 Thou, too, art silent.
 There is no spark in our cheerless breasts . . .
 The flowers are pale and faded . . .

(Lyric)

*English version by Juliet M. Soskice.**Music by A. Koreshchenko.*

Life is a clouded, fretful day;
 Death—a cool, quiet shadow of the night.
 It darkens. Sleep descends upon mine eyes . . .
 Oh, I am tired . . . the day hath wearied me.

Above me, now, the willow droops its head,
 And in its branches a young nightingale
 Sings, joyful and triumphant, of his love . . .
 The song comes faintly to me through my dream.

Words by Fofanov.

Music by V. Korganov.

English version by Juliet M. Soskice.

'Tis a quiet moonlit night. The air is motionless;
Upon the silver snow lie sharp, black shadows.
My heart would fain dream, but my soul is heavy.
I cannot dream . . . my breath is cold as frost;
Spring in my heart has withered; 'tis voiceless there as in a desert.

Past happiness like the pale moonlight
Shines faintly through the glitter of the frosty mist,
Through the cold gleam of the stars.
Why hast thou left me, love? Where art thou, Spring?
Answer me.

Words by Maikov.

Music by I. Lishin.

English version by Juliet M. Soskice.

He stooped and raised her from the mire;
He stole, became a thief, to gratify her slightest whim.
While she—she plunged into a whirl of pleasure;
At him, poor fool, she laughed . . .

And life was one unending feast. Time passed;
One morning they came for him . . .
They took him to prison.
She stood in the window—and laughed.

From the prison he besought her:
“Without thee my soul is dark;
With thee is bliss, intoxicating rapture;
With thee I shall forget my pain . . .
Oh, come to me, oh, come!”
She shook her head—and laughed.

They hanged him at six in the morning;
At seven, flung his coffin into the common ditch.
Night came. She danced,
Drank wine . . . and laughed . . . and laughed.

"Oh, could I but express in Song."

(Lyric)

Words by G. Lishin.

Music by L. Malashkin.

English version by Juliet M. Soskice.

Oh, if I could express in song
The cruel depth of my suffering!
The pain in thy sad heart would cease,
The murmurings of doubt be stilled.

And I, once I had sung my song,
Could rest, beloved, and be at peace . . .
And I, once I had sung my song,
Could rest, beloved, and be at peace . . .
And yet didst thou but hear the strain
Thy heart, thy heart would break . . .

"Don Juan."

ARIA—"PRETTY LADY."

Published by Norellol Co.

Music by Mozart.

Pretty lady, here's a list I would show you
Of the fair ones my master has courted;
Here you'll find them all duly assorted
 In my writing, will't please you to look;
 In my writing, will't please you to look.

Here is Italy, six hundred and forty;
France is down for five hundred and twenty;
Only two hundred the Rhineland supplied him;
But mark the climax: Spain has already one thousand and three,
 thousand and three, thousand and three!
Here are countesses in plenty;
Waiting maids, nineteen or twenty;
Rustic beauties, marchionesses;
Ev'ry grade his pow'r confesses.
Here are courtly dames and maidens,
 Young and handsome, old and plain:
 Young and handsome, old and plain.

Here is Italy, six hundred and forty;
France is down for five hundred and twenty;
Only two hundred the Rhineland supplied him;
But, but Spain is the climax!
Here are already one thousand and three, thousand and three,
thousand and three.

Here are countesses in plenty;
Waiting maids, nineteen or twenty;
Rustic beauties, marchionesses;
Ev'ry grade his pow'r confesses.
Here are courtly dames and maidens.

Young and handsome, old and plain;
Young and handsome, old and plain;
Young and handsome, old and plain.

Is a maiden fair and slender,
He will praise her for modest sweetness;
Then the dark ones are so tender!
Lint-white tresses show discreetness.
When 'tis cold he likes her portly;
In the summer, slim and courtly.
Tall and haughty, ne'er she alarms him;
Tall and haughty, ne'er she alarms him.
If she's tiny, if she's tiny, if she's tiny, very tiny, very tiny, tiny,
tiny,
If she's tiny, very tiny, tiny, tiny, no less she charms him, no less
she charms him, no less she charms him.

Ripe duennas he engages,
That their names may grace these pages;
But what most he's bent on winning
Is of youth the sweet beginning:
Poor or wealthy, wan or healthy,
Stately dame or modest beauty,
Stately dame or youthful modest beauty,
He to win them makes his duty,
And you know it, not in vain;
And you know it, not in vain.
He to win them makes his duty,
And you know it, not in vain.
Yes, you know it,
Yes, you know it, not in vain, not in vain, not in vain;
Well you know it, not in vain.

"Mephisto's Song of the Flea."

(Satyric)

(Goethe) translated by Strugovschikoff. Music by M. Moussorgsky.

Published by V. Bessel & Co.

Once, long ago, a king lived who kept such a fine fat flea.

(A flea! A flea!)

And cherished him as dearly as tho' a son were he.

A flea! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

A flea! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A flea!

He sent for his own tailor, who came to Court in haste.

Now cut my flea a doublet, and clothe him in good taste.

A doublet for a flea! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

A flea! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

A flea! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A flea of taste!

Our flea is dress'd in velvet, and silk and golden due,

And full liberty to him is given at the Court!

Ha, ha!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A flea!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A flea!

A minister the king made him, a diamond star he wore,

And all his poor relations got orders galore!

Ha, ha!

The couriers, male and female, they were no longer gay.

The queen and all her ladies were pestered night and day.

Ha, ha!

To scratch they were forbidden; they had to bear the prick;

But we, when we are bitten, know how to scratch and kick.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

"Mr. Chaliapin uses and endorses the Baldwin exclusively."

"The Seminarist."

(Comique)

*A translation from A. D. Arcour. Music by M. Moussorgsky.
English version by Juliet M. Soskice.*

Panis, piscis, crinis, finis, ignis, lapis, pulvis, cinis . . .
Aie! Woe is me! Woe is me!
Orbis, amnis et canalis, orbis amnis et canalis.

In troth the pope hath given me a whacking!
Gave me his blessing on my skull and jaw,
Punched the breath out of me with his most sacred fist.
Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vectis, vermis, mensis.

Pope Simon hath a taking daughter,
With cheeks like a poppy flower and sleepy eyes,
A breast sloped like a swan's that moves beneath her bodice.
Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vestis, vermis, mensis . . .

Ah, Stesha, should I not like to kiss thee!
To press thee tightly, tightly to my heart!
Postis, follis, cucumis atque pollis atque pollis, cumis, cumis.

'Tother day in church 'twas the feast of the most holy, most
reverend, most illustrious St. Mitrodor. There was I, reading
the psalms, chapter six;

There was my left eye fixed on Stesha;
There it was, working round and winking down that left aisle
where Stesha was!

The devil of a pope he marked it and made a note in his book.
And blessed me, the holy father did, thrice on my jaw,
And drubbed the Latin into my pate with his most sacred
knuckles . . .

Orbis, amnis et canalis, et canalis, sanguis, unguis et analis et
analis.

Thus was I caught by the devil's snares in God's holy temple . . .
Amnis et analis sanguis, unguis, et canalis, et canalis, et canalis.

(A seminarist is a youth studying for the priesthood in a
clerical college. The Russian term for priest is "pope.")

Ballad.

(Dramatic)

*Words by Count A. Golenischeff-Kutusoff.**Translated by H. M. Buck.**Music by M. Moussorgsky.*

He met his end in a far-off land,
 In another land in fight with the foe;
 But his friends have conquer'd that enemy.
 His friends rejoice; but only he
 Alone and forgot on the field lies low.

And meantime the greedy raven
 Drinks his blood from his wounds all new,
 And pecks at his unclosed eyes,
 As threatening death to the dead anew,
 And feeds his fill till, drunken and sated,
 Away on dark wings he flies.

Far away there in his native land
 Mother and child at the window stand:
 "Don't cry, little son, for soon a cake,
 When father comes back, for thee I'll bake,
 'Twill please, I know, my dear one . . ."
 But he lies forgot and alone.

"The Leaves Murmured Sadly."

(Tragic Picture of the Midnight Burial of a Friend)

*Words edited by V. Karatygin.**Music by M. Moussorgsky.**Translated by H. M. Buck.*

The leaves murmured sadly
 In the grove where night had fallen;
 They lowered a coffin into a grave—
 A coffin that the moon shone on.
 A coffin that the moon shone on.

Quietly, without weeping, they buried it,
 And all, all went away;
 Only, leaning over the tomb,
 The leaves murmured the whole night through.

(Danse du Mort)

*Words by Count A. Golenischeff-Kutusoff.**Music by M. Moussorgsky. Published by V. Bessel & Co.*

Deep—in the forest
 Where breathes not a sound,
 Only sad winds, mournfully weeping,
 And it seems as if the darkness around
 Evil, its way swift pursuing;
 See—it is there!
 In the darkness
 Goes a peasant:
 Death draweth nigh; and, caressing.
 Dancing the Trepak entrancing together;
 Now in his ear softly chanting:
 "Hi! peasant man,
 Poor old man so weary!
 Thou hast drunk much,
 And thy step is dreary.
 Loud the tempest rages,
 And the blizzard blinding,
 Deeper in the forest.
 Ne'er thy pathway finding;
 Thou, sad, and suffering grief and care
 Lay down and sleep!
 Sweetly sleep, my dear.
 I to thee, beloved mine,
 Fair dreams discover;
 And with soft white snow
 Thy frozen limbs I cover.
 Hi! to my aid, snow and storm and thunder;
 Sing them, O wind, songs of night and wonder.
 Whisper a tale of glory
 And of joys unfailling;
 Tell without cease the story
 Till the night is paling.
 Hi! forest deep, hear the voice of my calling."
 Clouds rolling by in the darkness appalling;
 Snow and sleet together
 Wreathe a sheet of feather.
 Round him sad with weeping,
 As a child—he's sleeping.
 Sleep, friend, close thine eyes.

Lay thee sweetly dreaming;
Summer is here once again.
O'er fields the sun-rays
Warmly gleaming;
In the hay
Sweet voices; Hear their happy singing,
Echoing far away . . .

(English version by Marie Rosing.)

No. 39.

"Fate."

No. 39.

(Adapted to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.)

(Dramatic)

Words by A. Apukhtin.

Music by S. Rachmaninoff.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

With her campaigning crutch and gloomy eyes,
Fate, like a threatening watcher, follows us everywhere;
Her face for ever threatens harm, in threats grown grey .
Many has she overcome, but still she hammers on:
"End, end, end, enough, my friend; give up chasing after bliss.
End, end, end."

A poor fellow's quite accustomed to her, arm-in-arm they go
together.

Gath'ring the grain in from the fields, and starving for reward
together.

All day the cold rain soaks him through; at eve, the snowstorm
doth caress.

At night, with sorrow and with fear, fate threatens him with new
distress;

In sleep he hears her knock, knock, knock.

"See, friend, how others get on well.

Knock, knock, knock."

Others without trouble have riches, youth and renown;

Their merry songs are heard and wine makes them sport.

For long their noisy feasting's heard; but suddenly the guests
grow pale and silent.

With hand trembling with rage, fate knocks at their window:

"Knock, knock knock;

A new friend has come to see you; make place for him.

Knock, knock, knock."

But there is happiness on earth, once full of expectation.

With youthful joy upon his face, a lucky fellow came to a tryst.

Still he's alone. All is silent. Sunset expires behind the grove.

And the nightingale falls silent, his heart beats and knocks:

"Knock, knock, knock."

Dear friend, are you coming to our rendezvous?"

Knock, knock, knock.

But there she comes, and in a moment love, disquiet, expectation,
bliss—

All combine for them in one wild kiss.

Dumb night looks down on them, all heaven's alight with fires.
And someone quietly behind the bushes with tiresome iteration
hammers:

"Knock, knock, knock, an old friend has come to you; enough of
bliss.

Knock, knock, knock."

No. 40.

"'Tis Time."

No. 40.

(Prophetic)

Words by S. Nadson.

Music by S. Rachmaninoff.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

'Tis time. Prophet . . . appear.

With all the force of sorrow and of love

I call on thee to hear.

Behold how weak we are; behold how we are weary,

How helpless we in our tormenting struggle.

'Tis now, or nevermore.

Judgment expires, shame's dead, and conscience sleeps.

No gleam of light around,

And but one solitary feeble voice is heard.

No. 41.

"When Yesterday We Met."

No. 41.

(Dramatic Lyric)

Words by J. Polonsky.

Music by S. Rachmaninoff.

Published by J. & W. Chester, Ltd., London.

When yesterday we met, her words and glances falter'd;

In silence I, too, stood before her, speech evading . . .

O, heavens! How the passing years her looks had alter'd!

Her eyes had lost their fire; her beauty fast was fading . . .

A long while thus I stood, and watch'd her, dumbly, coldly . . .

She offer'd me her hand; her smile was sad and yearning.

I longed to break the spell of silence, speaking boldly.

'Twas heaven check'd my words!

Then, quickly from me turning,

She drew her hand away and made her last endeavour:

"Good-bye, good-bye," she whisper'd, "till our next meeting!"

Ah! how I long'd to say:

"This is our one, last greeting;

Farewell, poor erring soul

Tho' dear to me as ever."

No. 42. "There is many a sound." No. 42.

(Lyric)

Words by A. Tolstoy.

Music by S. Rachmaninoff.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

In the depths of the heart there is many a sound,
Thoughts indistinct, and many a song unsung;
But evermore their inward voice is drowned
In dull disquietude of ceaseless cares.

Too heavy is their burden's unsought load,
For long my heart has been at war with life;
But life roars on, as stormwinds tear the wood
The heart's voice whispers like a murmuring brook.

No. 43. "The Prophet." No. 43.

(Heroique)

Words by A. S. Poushkin.

Music by Rimsky-Korsakov.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

With spiritual thirst aflame, wand'ring in gloomy wastes I came
To where upon a cross-roads dim appeared a six-winged Seraphim.
His fingers light as in a dream upon my weary eyes he laid,
So that my heavy eyelids op'd, as though an eagle startled woke.

Mine ears he touched and they were filled with sounds of all the
earth unstill'd.

I heard the heavens above me shake; heard how their flight the
angels take,

And sea-beasts move in deeps profound, and growth of branches
green around.

He stoop'd toward my mouth and tore that sinful tongue thence,
which before,

Full of ill words, a cunning thing, was like unto the serpent's sting.
His hand's ensanguined finger-tips he laid upon my frozen lips,
Op'd with his sword my heaving breast, and took away my heart
distressed,

Placing a coal of fire within the cage that it was prison'd in.

Dead in the wilderness I lay until I heard th' Almighty say:
"Prophet, arise! My voice attend, for thou My messenger I send;
Voyaging over sea and land, burn with My Word the hearts of
men."

"Mr. Chaliapin uses and endorses the Baldwin exclusively."

“The Gloomy Day is Ended.”

(Dramatic Lyric)

Words by A. Poushkin.

Music by N. Rimsky-Korsakov.

English version by Juliet M. Soskice.

The gloomy day is ended; frowning night
Obscures the face of heaven with leaden pall;
Like a ghost the shrouded moon steals up behind the pinewoods . . .
And woe unending doth possess my soul.
There, far away the moon floats on in radiance,
The fragrant air is filled with cool night breezes;
There, like a gorgeous altar-cloth the sea is spread
Beneath the blue of heaven.
Now is the time: now from the hills she comes
Down to the shore beset with noisy waters;
Now on the sacred rocks she sits, alone and grieving;
And, no-one weeps, disconsolate, before her,
No-one doth kiss her lips into forgetfulness,
For none are of her heavenly love deserving,
Is it not true: thou art alone . . . dost weep?
Then I am satisfied;
But if . . .

“The Messenger.”

(Dramatic)

(Heine) translated by M. Michailov.

Music by N. Rimsky-Korsakov.

English version by Juliet M. Soskice.

Rise, my servant, saddle thy horse,
Hie thee through meadow and thicket full speed
To the Court of Duncan, the King.
Creep into the stable there, and wait,
And the first that comes, ask him
Which daughter doth the King bestow in marriage? •
If it be she of the black brows, then gallop back, post haste.
But if it be she with the yellow plaits . . .
No need to haste, my brother;
Get thee to the market, then.
Buy me a rope,
Come to me slowly, without a word:
I shall know . . .

No. 46. "Over the Hills of Georgia." No. 46.

(Lyric)

Words by A. Poushkin.

Music by N. Rimsky-Korsakov.

English version by Juliet M. Soskice.

Over the hills of Georgia the night mist lies,
The waters of Aragsa thunder at my feet;
I grieve—and yet my heart is light.
My grief is blissful,
'Tis full of thee . . . of thee, of thee alone . . .
Nought can alarm nor wound my melancholy,
My heart again is throbbing, beating high;
For, without love, it cannot beat or live.

No. 47. The Tree of Death. No. 47.

Words by A. Poushkin.

Music by N. Rimsky-Korsakov.

English version by Juliet M. Soskice.

In the bare, shrivelled desert
On red-hot earth, in blazing sunshine,
The Tree of Death stands fearful and alone,
A threatening sentinel.
On a day of wrath the thirsting steppes gave birth to it,
Filled its green leaves and roots with poison to the brim.
In morning heat the poison melts
And drips down through its branches,
Hardens at night into sap, dark and transparent.
No birds fly near to it; no beasts approach it.
Only the storm-wind rushes to the tree of death,
And hastens from it, breathing pestilence.
When clouds shower rain upon it
The pure drops filter slowly through its leaves
And falling upon the burning sand beneath,
Death-dealing poison.
A man, with glance compelling,
Commanded one to journey to the tree of death;
And he set forth, returning with the poison—
A branch of faded leaves.
The sweat from his pale forehead ran in icy streamlets;
He brought the poison, sickened, and lay prone
Beneath the arches of his hut of boughs,
And died, poor slave—died at the feet
Of his unheeding master.
But the Tsar loaded his willing arrows with the poison,
And with them sped death into the lands
Of foreign neighbours.

(Dramatic)

*Words by A. Poushkin.**Music by A. Rubinstein.**Published by A. Johansen.*

I sit within the cold, dark prison walls. My companion—an eagle.
 Flapping his wings and gazing sadly out he calls me and
 seems to say: "Let's fly away, let's fly away, there where
 the snow-capped mountains touch the sky; where only go
 the wind and I. It is time, my brothers, let us fly."

"Time! time!" the eagle calls, and I sit within the prison walls.

(English version by Marie Rosing.)

(Dramatic)

*Words by Turgeneff.**Music by A. Rubinstein.**English version by Juliet M. Soskice.*

Before the city chief he stands in silence.

His head is bowed; his face dark and forbidding.

From off his mighty shoulders they have stripped

The velvet kaftan.

From a deep wound the blood drips noiselessly.

On hands and feet the chains are riven firmly;

No more shall he rove nightly in the forest.

Black thoughts are his. His breathing short and heavy;

Badly with him it fares. Old times are gone.

"So, fellow, we have snared thee. Long thy day was;

For long, for long, the crafty wolf escaped us.

Why art thou silent? I have heard thee sing;

Thou art a master-singer in a gleeful hour.

To-day, mayhap, thou wouldst not sing in tune;

To-morrow we perchance shall hear thee sing."

He answers shortly: "Nay, thou shalt not hear me.

To-morrow I shall sing not; 'twere not meet.

To-morrow morn a frightful death awaits me;

'Tis thou shalt sing with joy to see me die.

We sang, though, when we came from out the forest,

Drove merchants with their wares into the hollow;

Thou shouldst have heard us. Bravely did we sing then;

Not long, though, did the merchants live to hear . . .

And I did sing, too, in thy house betimes;

I drank, and sang, and quaffed thy wine again

And sang again, and eat thy food, the while

Exchanging honied kisses with thy wife.

The words from "Persian Songs."

Music by A. Rubinstein.

English version by Juliet M. Soskice.

The turbulent waters of Kur are seething and foaming:
 A bright day is dawning!
 How blithe my heart, and how free my spirit,
 Could it remain thus forever;
 Oh! could it remain thus forever . . .

My goblet is full . . .
 I drink in with the wine courage and joy and strength.
 Ah, the wonderful light of your eyes blinds me!
 Oh, if it could be thus forever,
 Oh, could it be thus forever . . .

If you wish that my soul
 Should pour forth all my love to your eyes,
 Oh, come then, come
 In the darkness of night . . .
 Oh, could it be thus forever . . .
 And forever so remain . . .

(Dramatic)

Words by M. Lohvitzky.

Music by G. Sakhnovsky.

English version by Juliet M. Soskice.

The wind is moaning. Grim forebodings terrify . . .
 No joy is there in life . . .
 Yet, somewhere there is warmth, and the quiet murmur of the sea,
 And a bright, shining sun.

The storm mutters. The heart is overpowered
 By the accumulated weight of unshed tears . . .
 Yet, somewhere, myrtles, fresh green myrtles bloom,
 And clusters of white roses.

Life passes by in vain imaginings,
 Empty and trivial . . .
 Yet, somewhere, there is laughter, and a riot of joy,
 And beauty, and magnificence . . .

No. 52. **Death Stalks about Me.** No. 52.
(Tragic)

Words by M. Svobodin.

Music by Sakhnovsky.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Death walks about me and about;
Each day a victim he demands.
With ringing scythe the mower stands,
Called Death, but laughs at me.
Then suddenly his voice rings out:
"I have not come for thee,
But your turn, too, will come; make haste.
The days unnoticed pass.
Unhesitatingly, unresistingly,
Whirl like the free wind away.
Death will not delay nor forget.
When he comes 'twill be too late; hasten."
My heart shuddered and stood still.
Life, respond and give me power
Like the free wind to proudly soar,
Flying afar on the wings of song,
Letting my days like an arrow fly.
Respond. In the fight with stormy fate
Let me be like the careless tempest,
Like a whirlwind or a cloud,
Passing like the mighty thunder.
But a few days remain. Reply.
Life is silent, Death but laughs; make haste, make haste.

No. 53. **"What Honour is There."** No. 53.
(Lyric)

Words by Count A. Tolstoy.

Music by Sakhnovsky.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

What honour is there in spinning flax?
Should a noble youth . . .
A leader in war go for water?
Or obey the command of a minstrel?
Should he idly sit, at another's command? . . .
A horse he should have, and ringing music,
And his liberty in the green forest,
Over the brook and in the languid garden,
Where the nightingale on the wild cherry-tree
Sings the whole night through.

"My Heart's Delight is Dead."

(Dramatic)

Words by M. Svobodin.

Music by Sakhnovsky.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

My heart's delight is dead; it was not long she smiled.
Not long 'twas hers to live in joy, from warmth and light exiled.
Growing pale, she hardly drew her breath, and like the setting
sun expired.

Lacking the sun's caress, she died.

I laugh, though my life is empty.

The beauty of song has faded, the mournful refrains are ended;

But still I laugh.

'Tis the laugh of a hunchback jester

Who loves a queen.

"A Farewell."

(Chanson de Prison)

Words by Skitalets.

Music by M. Slonoff.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Now, friends, the hour has come when we must part.
Soon from our mother prison they will let you go,
And you may fly away on liberty's wings,
Whilst I behind a grating strong must stay.

'Tis pity, I'd have sent my greetings, but 'twere vain.

'Tis long since I had friends or any kin.

Though I have loved hotter than fire burns,

Already all have long forgotten me.

Take my greeting to the open spaces and the winds,

And all the Volga towns with golden domes;

My greeting to the Volga, Mother Volga,

And the inn-keeper in the tavern . . . Ah! . . .

"Night."

(Lyric)

*Words by J. Polonsky.**Music by P. Tchaikowsky.**Translated by H. M. Buck.*

Why do I love thee, night serene and fair?
 Love thee so much and, suffering, love thee still?
 Why do I love thee, calm and tranquil night?
 Others you bring repose, but not to me.

What are to me the stars, the moon, heaven's arch, and the clouds?
 This light, which, falling on the granite cold,
 To diamonds turns the dewdrops of the flowers,
 And on the sea's breast draws a path of gold.

Why should I love, O night, thy silv'ry fires?
 Will they sweeten bitterness of tears concealed?
 Or gives the eager heart the answer it desires?
 The answer to doubt's questionings reveal?

Myself I know not why I love thee, night;
 Love thee so much and, suffering, love thee still.
 Myself I know not why I love thee, night.
 Perhaps because my rest is still to come.

"Nightingale."

(Lyric)

*Words by A. Poushkin.**Music by P. Tchaikowsky.**Translated by H. M. Buck.*

Nightingale, my nightingale, little bird of the woodland,
 Three unchanging songs hast thou, little bird.

Three great cares have I

The first of my cares is they married me early;
 The second care is that my black horse is wearied;
 The third of my cares is that ill folk have parted
 My fair maid from me.

Dig me my grave in the wide, wide meadows.
 At my head plant flowers, bright flowerlets.
 Let the fresh spring water flow at my feet away.
 Then the fair maids will pass and will weave themselves garlands,
 And the old folk will come and will draw themselves water.

"Not a word, oh my friend!"

(Dramatic)

Words by A. Plescheieff.

Music by P. Tchaikowsky.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Not a word, oh my friend! not a sigh; you and I will be silent
 As the mournful willows are dumb that lean over a gravestone;
 And only in silence read as I do in thy heart o'er-weary:
 Days there were of happiness pure, and that those days are bygone,
 That happiness has ceased.

Not a word, oh my friend! not a sigh; you and I will be silent
 As over the stone at a gravehead, the stone by the grave,
 The mournful willows bend low, the mournful willows bend lowly.

"I Opened the Window."

(Lyric)

Words by K. R.

Music by P. Tchaikowsky.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

I opened the window—it had grown too close;
 And kneeling down before it,
 The spring night breathed upon my face
 With the sweet breath of lilac.

Somewhere far away the nightingale sang,
 I listened with sadness profound,
 Recalling with yearning my native land,
 And the far-off place of my birth.

Where the nightingale sings a familiar song,
 Unwitting of earthly griefs,
 And its melody trills the whole night long
 On the lilac's perfumed bough.

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"Disenchantment."

(Lyric)

*By P. Collin, Russian by A. Gorchakova.**Music by P. Tchaikowsky.**Translated by H. M. Buck.*

Brightly still the sun was shining,
 And I wished to see the woodlands.
 Where together with the springtime
 Love and happiness united.

I thought: "In the woodland silence
 I shall find her as I knew her;
 She will give her hand to me,
 And in hope will follow after."

I seek in vain, in vain I call;
 For only echo still replies.
 How thin the sunlight seems to fall;
 The woodland sad and voiceless lies.
 Oh my darling; how dreadful
 It is to have lost thee so soon.

"My Dwelling Place."

(Lyric)

*Translation into English of "Aufenthalt," by Schubert.**Words by Kellstab.*

Turbulent stream, desolate fell,
 Pitiless rock, with these I dwell;
 Turbulent stream, desolate fell,
 Pitiless rock, with these I dwell.

Wave follows wave in its surging race,
 So from mine eyes do the tears fall apace,
 So from mine eyelids, mine eyelids tears fall apace,
 So from mine eyes do the tears fall apace.

Ever the pine trees shiver and sway,
 So restless throbbeth mine heart as they;
 Ever the pine trees shiver and sway,
 So restless throbbeth this heart as they,
 So restless throbbeth this heart as they.

The barren mountain no change may know,
E'en thus unchanging rankles my woe,
E'en thus unchanging rankles, rankles my woe,
E'en thus unchanging rankles my woe.

Turbulent stream, desolate fell,
Pitiless rock, with these I dwell;
Turbulent stream, desolate fell,
With these I dwell!
Turbulent stream, desolate fell,
With these I dwell!

No. 62.

No. 62.

"The Double."

(Tragic)

(Heine) translated by M. Svobodin.

Music by F. Schubert

Calm is the night;
The streets are all silent;
This house she dwelt in,
 She I lov'd dear.
'Tis long ago since she hath left it;
So long, long ago,
 Yet the house is here!

Here, too, stands a man who skyward is gazing,
 His hands he's wringing in woe and despair;
Oh! horror! for when I mark his features,
 The moon revealeth mine own visage there!

Oh! hateful shadow! Oh! pallid companion!
 Why mockest thou my grief and woe?
The anguish all by love begotten.
 Oh! summer night so long ago!

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"The Miller and the Brook."

(Lyric)

*Published by P. Jurgenson.**Music by F. Schubert.*

When a faithful heart doth for love pine away,
 Then all the red lilies do fade, they say;
 The moon in the clouds doth conceal her face
 Lest mortals perceive of her mourning a trace.
 The angels in sorrow their bright eyes do close;
 They lull by their sobbing the soul to repose.

When love from the fetters of grief is free,
 A star bright and glorious in Heaven you see;
 A star bright and glorious in Heaven you see,
 Three roses, red roses, then Spring from the thorn;
 They never can wither, they blossom each morn;
 And the angels their pinions do clip, ere they go
 Each morning to visit this earth here below;
 Each morning to visit this earth here below.

Ah! streamlet, dearest streamlet, thou meanest so well!
 'Twist true love and the false love,
 Oh! say, can'st thou tell?
 For down 'neath thy waters is rest and peace.
 'Tis there, oh! dearest streamlet, I'll seek there release!
 'Tis there, oh! dearest streamlet, I'll seek there release!

"Death and the Maiden."

(Tragic)

*Claudius.**Music by F. Schubert.**Published by P. Jurgenson.*

Oh! leave me! Prithee, leave me! thou grisly man of bone!
 For life is sweet, is pleasant.
 Go! leave me now alone!
 Go! leave me now alone!

Give me thy hand, oh! maiden fair to see,
 For I'm a friend, hath ne'er distress'd thee.
 Take courage now, and very soon
 Within mine arms shalt softly rest thee!

"Serenade."

(Lyric)

*(Rellstab) translated by A. Apukhtin and M. Slonoff.**Published by M. Slonoff.**Music by F. Schubert.*

Purs et calmes te suppliant, dans la nuit mes chants.
 Sous les arbes, que se plient, chere, je t'attends.
 Vois la lune eclaire l'ombre d'un reflet si doux,
 Nul visage ardent ou sombre
 N'a les yeux sur nous!
 Sous les branches nous convie, seul, un rossignol;
 Sa reveuse melodie, prend vers toi son vol
 Il devine ma tristesse, a souffret d'amour
 Et pour moi te fait sans cesse
 La plus tendre cour.
 Que ton ame enfin s'emeuve chere, ecoute moi, ah je veux
 apres l'epreuve, etre heureux par toi, heureux par toi.

Thro' the night, the balmy night, my song shall float to thee;
 In the silence, in the moonlight, come, belov'd, to me!
 Waving branches softly murmur
 'Neath the starlit sky, 'neath the starlit sky;
 Ne'er fear that aught can harm thee,
 Love alone is nigh, love alone is nigh!

Hark! the nightingales are calling, calling now to thee;
 Let their plaintive song enthralling
 Plead again for me.
 Lover's joy and lover's sadness,
 These they know full well;
 These they know full well.
 Let their silv'ry notes, beloved,
 All my passions tell; all my passions tell.
 Let the voice of Love implore thee,
 Ere the night be past.
 Come to me who must adore thee,
 Yield me joy at last, yield me joy at last!
 Ah! joy at last!

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"Impatience."

(Lyric)

(Miller) translated by V. Kostomarov.

Music by F. Schubert.

Published by P. Jurgenson.

I'd carve the words on ev'ry forest tree,
 On ev'ry stone should they engraven be;
 I'd write the words on ev'ry garden bed
 With seeds of cress that swiftly could be read;
 On ev'ry spotless page would I inscribe it.

Thine is my heart!

Thine is my heart!

And shall be thine, be thine for ever!

A starling taken from the nest I'd train
 Till he the words should utter clear and plain;
 Until he had the very voice of me
 To sing with passionate sincerity
 Beneath her casement in the golden morning.

Thine is my heart!

Thine is my heart!

And shall be thine, be thine for ever!

I'd give the message to the wanton breeze,
 That soft should breathe it to the garden-trees;
 The flow'rets all should know my secret, too;
 Imperial rose and dainty violets blue;
 Their perfume all my passion should discover.

Thine is my heart!

Thine is my heart!

And shall be thine, be thine for ever!

Methought that one could read it in mine eyes,
 This brining love that will not brook disguise;
 Upon my silent lips, 'tis written there,
 And ev'ry sigh my passion doth declare;
 Yet she, alas! she doth not heed the lover!

Thine is my heart!

Thine is my heart!

And shall be thine, be thine for ever!

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"The Two Grenadiers."

(Heroique)

(Heine) translated by A. Apukhtin and M. Slonoff.

Published by M. Slonoff.

Music by Schumann.

To France were returning two grenadiers,
 Set free from their dark Russian prison;
 But when they came to the German frontiers,
 New grief in their hearts had arisen.
 There, drooping, despairing, they mournfully heard
 How France in her ruin was lying;
 Her army subdued, overcome in its might,
 And the Emperor, captive, was sighing.
 Then, weeping together, the grenadiers,
 Their country's downfall mourning,
 One faltered thus: "I'm faint and worn!
 My wound like a fire is burning."
 The other spoke: "Thy grief is mine,
 For life I care no longer;
 But I've a wife and child at home,
 And they would die of hunger.
 "Yet what to me is wife or child?
 My heart owns a grief that is stronger;
 Let them beg their bread if they hungry be,
 My Emperor triumphs no longer!
 "Now grant a parting boon, dear friend,
 When I in death am sleeping;
 Oh, see that I'm borne to my native land;
 Let France have her soldier's keeping.
 "My ribbon red and honoured cross
 Close to my heart lay on me;
 Then place my musket by my side,
 And gird my sword upon me.
 "And thus I'll lie like a sentinel
 Who waits the sound of battle;
 Till chargers, neighing and tramping around,
 Respond to the guns' mighty rattle.
 "Oh! then rides my Emperor to conquest again,
 While cheers the heavens are rendering;
 Then, seizing my weapons, I'll leap from the grave,
 My Emperor, my Emperor, defending."

"In My Dreams I Bitterly Wept."

(Dramatic)

(Heine) translated by M. Michailoff.

Music by Schumann.

Published by P. Jurgenson.

In dreams I wept, beloved;
 Methought thou wert laid in the tomb,
 And still the tears, when I waken'd,
 Fell yet from mine eyes in gloom.

In dreams I wept, beloved;
 Methought thou hadst gone from me.
 When I awoke, yet I sorrow'd
 And wept, ah! bitterly!

In dreams I wept, beloved;
 I dreamt thou wert kind as of yore.
 When I awoke, yet the torrent
 Flow'd as it flow'd before.

"I am not angry."

(Dramatic Lyric)

(Heine) translated by F. Berg.

Music by Schumann.

I murmur not, tho' e'en this heart should break;
 Love, now for ever lost!
 I murmur not, I murmur not;
 Tho' thou dost blaze amid thy diamonds bright,
 No ray can pierce thy spirit's darkest night, thy spirit's night!

I murmur not, tho' e'en this heart should break;
 Thy form in dreams did hover:
 'Twas blackest night that all thy soul did cover;
 I saw the viper that devours thy heart,
 And then I knew how wretched, love, thou art!
 I murmur not! I murmur not!

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No. 70. At Night I always saw You. No. 70.
(Lyric)

(Heine) translated by F. Berg.

Music by Schumann.

At night-time, when dreaming, I behold
Thy face that, all smiling, there doth greet me;
Then, sobbing, at thy feet I fall,
For love again entreat thee.
Thy sorrowful eyes gaze into mine,
The long-lost days of our love recalling;
And from those radiant eyes I see
The pearly tear-drops falling.
Then dost thou whisper a tender word,
And giv'st a branch, a branch of the Cypress;
Lo! I awake and the branch is gone,
The word have I forgotten.

No. 71. Russian Convict Song. No. 71.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

(Folk-song arranged by Karatigin)

Farewell to thee, my joy, my life.
I hear you go away without me.
I know that I must part with thee,
And we shall never meet again.
The night is dark, but sleep comes not.
Well I know the reason why
Thou alone, little girl, it is
That hast power to trouble me.
Thou alone my peace hast ended.
Dark is the night, but sleep comes not.
Recall to mind the day in May
When we went to bathe together;
How we sat down upon the sand,
On the fine and yellow sand.
The night is dark, but sleep I cannot.
Oh, destiny, my destiny!
Bitter is my fate to me,
And my sorrow has increased
Like the wormwood, bitter herb.
The night is dark, but I cannot sleep.
Sorrow's wormwood is a herb
None can mow nor trample down,
I know that in imprisonment
I must lay down my head to sleep
Dark is the night, but I cannot sleep.

"Aleko."

By V. I. Nemirovich-Danchenko on a poem by Poushkin.

Music by Rachmaninoff.

(English version by Rosa Newmarch, published by Messrs. J. & W. Chester, Ltd., London.)

Synopsis.

This opera is based upon a poem by Poushkin, written in 1824. Aleko, the hero of "The Gypsies," belongs to the picturesque type of social outcast who figures again and again in the works of both Byron and Poushkin. Aleko, weary of the social world, joins a tribe of wandering gypsies and falls passionately in love with Zemfira, the daughter of the old Gypsy leader. For a time their illicit union is rapturously happy, but when the beautiful capricious girl is fascinated by a younger man, a member of her own tribe, Aleko is devoured by jealousy. Zemfira's mother had deserted her child years ago for the sake of a stranger whose tent had been pitched near their own for the space of a few days, and history repeated itself in the case of her daughter, who was on the point of fleeing with the young gypsy when Aleko discovered her perfidy and killed first her lover and then the false Zemfira herself. The opera ends with a dignified reproof from the old Gypsy to the guest who has brought discord and bloodshed into the free and simple life of the caravan. The gypsies do not punish the hero, but they will not suffer him to dwell in their midst, and the curtain falls upon the melancholy figure of Aleko left once more alone in the world.

Aleko:

"The moon is higher in the sky and looks smaller and paler.

"The camp's asleep. The moon above

"Is shining in her midnight splendour.

"Why does my sorrowing heart beat fast?

"Why weighs on me this secret anguish?

"I have no cares, and no regrets,

"I lead a simple wand'ring life;

"Scorning conventions and the world,

"I dwell among the gypsies free.

"I live, nor recognize the power

"Of blind and cruel destiny.

"But God! How passion still can play

"On my distracted soul at will!
 "Zemfira! How I loved her well!
 "How in the silence of the steppes
 "She yielded gently to my kiss;
 "What hours of rapture night beheld;
 "How often with a tender word,
 "Or with a passionate embrace,
 "She drove my gloomy brooding thoughts
 "Away from me, as dawn the dark.
 "I well recall the glowing words
 "She whispered in those blissful hours:
 'I love thee, for thou art my lord,
 'Aleko, I am thine for aye!'

"Then list'ning to her glowing speech,
 "Forgetful of all else, I bent
 "And clasped her in a wild embrace,
 "Lost in the depths of her dark eyes.
 "Then in the wondrous, perfumed dark,
 "Zemfira's lips met mine . . . And she,
 "Filled with a melting ecstasy,
 "Clung fast to me and gazed so long,
 "Into mine eyes . . . And now, and now . . .
 "Zemfira false! Zemfira cold!"

No. 73.

No. 73.

"Prince Igor."

Words and music by A. Borodin.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Act I

Recitative and Aria of Prince Galitzky.

I can't conceal, that boredom I despise,
 Not like Prince Igor would I one single day expend.
 I love to delight myself with princely pleasures,
 And spend the hours in gaudies!

Ah! if only I were once Prince in Poutivly
 I should live gloriously. Eh!
 If I the honour might await
 As Prince in Poutivly to reign,
 I should not regret.
 I'd know how to live.

By day at merry banquetings
And jolly junketings,
I would judge, command,
And do all my affairs.
I would justice do to all,
As my humor might befall,
Making each man drink,
Drink, drink, drink, drink and revel!

At night within the palace bowers,
I'd call the fair maids all to me.
The maidens with their merry songs
All would sing their Prince's praise,
And the fairest and the rosiest
I would keep for my delight,
And with those that were the sweetest
I at evening would carouse. Eh!

If indeed 'twere but my portion,
I'd enjoy myself at pleasure,
And should never yawn.
I'd know what to do;
I'd the pryncedom govern,
And the punishments diminish.
I should but live to enjoy the best,
Since that's what power's meant for.
Eh! could I but once be Prince,
I'd know how to deal with each man, with myself and you.
You I'd not forget. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! Carouse!

No. 74.

No. 74.

"Boris Godounov."

*(From the English version by Rosa Newmarch of the opera by M. Moussorgsky, revised and orchestrated by N. Rimsky-Korsakov.)
Published by W. Bessel & Co.*

Act 1—Scene 3. Varlaam's Song.

Varlaam (bottle in hand).

"Long ago at Kazan where I was fighting,
Tsar Ivan sat afeasting with his leaders.
There the Tatar horde he harried,
Spared not man, nor maid unmarried,

Then Russia knew fine times!
Near and nearer drew Ivan
About the walls of Kazan;
Close and closer pushed his mines
Beneath the gates of the town!
While the Tatars in the city
Watch'd our camp from afar,
How their eyes were ever fixed
Upon our ruthless Tsar,
Tatars sly and fierce!
Dark and brooding grew the Tsar Ivan,
On his right shoulder bent his head, and gave his men the word
Ere he made an end the cannoneers
Held their fuses ready in their hands,
Steady, cannoneers!
Now the tapers of purest wax are burning bright,
Near the barrels the cannoneers take up their stand.
Soon the powder barrels to the mines are rolling quick,
Ho! lay the lines and lay them sure and thick,
Set the train alight!
Loudly then the savage Tatar horde began to yell,
By my soul, their shouts did rend the air,
Scatter'd far and wide the hated foemen lay,
Forty thousand Tatars blown to hell
On that famous day.
Long ago at Kazan where I was fighting! Ho!

(To Gregory)

Thou didst not once join in my song,
Why this face so gloomy and long?"

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"Sadko."

(Scene IV, Song of the Viking Guest.)

*Translated by H. M. Buck.**Music by Rimsky-Korsakov.*

On threatening rocks the waves break with a roar,
 And in a sheet of foam go hurtling back;
 But firmly the grey cliffs
 The waves' impact withstand,
 Still frowning o'er the sea,
 We Vikings are framed like those stoney heights,
 With blood congeal'd to iron in the ocean wave,
 The sea-fog's mystery has imbued our minds.
 The ocean saw our birth,
 And on its breast we die.

Swords of steel and sharp arrows have the Vikings,
 To deal their foes a death unerring.
 Bold are the sons of the Northland,
 No lord have they but God alone—
 In the gloom of the northern seas.

"Ay Ukhnyem."

(The Volga Boatman's Song)

*Russian song adapted by F. Kennemann.**Translated by H. M. Buck.*

Yo, heave-oh! yo, heave-oh! And again and yet again.
 Yo, heave-oh! yo, heave-oh! And again and yet again.
 Heave the birchen weight aloft, heave aloft.
 Al, da da, al da; al da da, al da, up she comes!
 Yo, heave-oh! yo, heave-oh! And again and yet again.

Yo, heave-oh! yo, heave-oh! And again and yet again.
 As along the shore we run,
 Sing our chanty in the sun.
 Al da da, al da; al da da, al da,
 Sing our chanty in the sun.

Yo, heave-oh! yo, heave-oh! And again and yet again.
 Oh, thou Volga, mother-stream,
 Oh thou river broad and deep,
 Al da da, al da; al da da, al da,
 Thou river broad and deep,
 Yo, heave-oh! yo, heave-oh! And again and yet again. . . .

"Don't weep, my Child."*Opera (Demon) by A. Rubinstein.**Translated by H. M. Buck.**Published by V. Bessel & Co.**Act II.**DEMON (from behind the scenes):*

Mourn not, my child, nor weep so vainly,
Nor weep so vainly.
Thy tears bedew in vain the silent dead,
Nor can recall to life.
He's far away, he cannot know
Nor understand thy sorrow's plight.
Heaven on his gaze immortal doth bestow
The grace of its spiritual light,
And listening now to chants celestial,
To chants celestial,
What mean to him life's trifling cares,
Or grief and tears of a young maiden,
To him, the guest of heavenly spheres,
To him, the guest of heavenly spheres.

But I, the ether's son unfettered,
Will bear thee hence to starry realms,
Where thou shalt reign of Earth the Queen,
Eternal consort of my power.
Where thou shalt reign of Earth the Queen,
Eternal consort of my power.

"Mr. Chaliapin uses and endorses the Baldwin exclusively."

“Pimen’s Monologue.”

(First Act, Scene 2.)

(The old monk Pimen, once a warrior and the witness of stirring public events, is writing in the quietude of his cell the chronicles of his time. His history is almost concluded, but there is one more incident to be set down, the murder of the little Tsarevitch Dimitry by the present Tsar Boris, who thus usurped the throne of Russia. The story of the crime is known to but few, but the old monk’s chronicle will reveal it to future ages.)

The rest of the opera is concerned with the attempt of the young monk Gregory to pass himself off as the Tsarevitch Dimitry; and with the tragic remorse of Boris for his crime.)

Night. A cell in the Monastery of the Miracle. Pimen is seen writing by the light of a lamp. Gregory asleep.

“Still one more page, the last of all the legends;
My chronicle will then be quite complete.
The task that God assigned to me, poor sinner,
Is now accomplished.

’Twas not in vain God kept me here long years
To His faithful witness.
In future days, some grave industrious monk
Shall profit by my pious, nameless labours,
And, like myself, some night he’ll light his candle,
The dust of ages from this old parchment shake,
Ere he transcribe my faithful chronicle;
The grandsons of the orthodox believers
Shall read and learn our land’s historic past.
Tho’ old and worn, I seem to live again.
When all the vanished years before me pass,
The years that onward roll like ocean’s waves;
And some brought grief and stress and days eventful;
But now they pass serenely and in silence.
The dawn is near at hand, my rushlight now is falling . . .
Still one more tale, the last of all the legends . . .”

“Pimen’s Narrative.”

(Third Act, Scene 2.)

(Pimen procures an audience with Tsar Boris, and makes known to him that his crime has been revealed through a vision related to him by an old shepherd.

(Boris is overwhelmed by the accusation. Seized by a heart-stroke he falls unconscious into the arms of his attendant nobles. Feeling that death is at hand he calls for his young son.)

“One ev’ning, as daylight faded,
 Came to me a shepherd, an aged man, and hoary,
 Reveal’d to me a great and wondrous secret,
 ‘From days of childhood I was blind,’ said he,
 And from that time I knew not light from darkness;
 Both seemed alike. And all in vain I tried
 The juice of herbs, and many charms and philtres;
 And all in vain I bathed mine eyes in waters
 Brought from many holy fountains.
 ‘Twas useless! And so, in time, I grew resign’d,
 And, e’en in dreams, no more I look’d on forms and colours,
 All was dark; I lived but in realms of sound.
 Then, one day I heard a voice, a childish voice
 That call’d to me in accents distinct:
 “Rise, father, arise, and go to Ouglich town,
 And make thy way to the Cathedral,
 There pray upon my tomb, as I direct thee.
 Know, shepherd, I am Dimitri, your Tsarevich,
 And now the good and gracious God,
 Hath number’d me among his saints
 To work for Russia many wonders”
 At length I woke, reflected, took with me
 My grandchild and started my long journey.
 I scarce had said a pray’r upon his tomb,
 When all my soul was gladden’d,
 And healing tears began to flow, and sight
 Return’d to me. I saw the sunlight,
 The shining heav’ns, my grandson and the tomb.’ ”

*(Act III, Aria of Philip II, King of Spain.)**English version by H. Hersee.**Music by G. Verdi.*

No! she has never lov'd me,
 Clos'd for me is her heart;
 No love for me hath she!
 No love for me!
 Still can I see her gaze,
 With her eyes full of sadness,
 On my white hairs, that day
 When she from France came hither.

No! no love for me hath she,
 No love for me hath she!
 Where am I?
 Both these tapers nigh burnt out!
 The dawn lights up yon terrace white,
 'Tis break of day!
 The days pass by sadly and slowly,
 Sleep, balmy sleep, ne'er brings me its balm, pure and holy.
 Lone I shall sleep, in regal mantle drest,
 When o'er life's day, death's night is sternly closing;
 Lone I shall sleep in darkest vault reposing,
 Lone I shall sleep in darkest vault reposing,
 And 'neath th' Escurial unmourned shall rest.
 Ah! could my crown the pow'r confer on me,
 To read in ev'ry heart what God alone . . . alone can see!
 Ah! could my royal crown pow'r confer on me,
 To read in ev'ry heart what God alone can see!
 When sleeps the monarch, traitors ply their trade;
 His crown is wrested from him, by his queen he's betray'd.
 Lone I shall sleep, in regal mantle drest,
 When o'er life's day, death's night is sternly closing;
 Lone I shall sleep, in darkest vault reposing,
 Lone I shall sleep, in darkest vault reposing,
 And neath th' Escurial unmourned shall rest.
 Ah! could my royal crown pow'r confer on me,
 To read in ev'ry heart!
 She never lov'd me, no! no!
 Her heart's clos'd 'gainst me,
 She ne'er felt love for me!
 She ne'er felt love for me!

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Moscow Dancing Song.

(Popular Street Song.)

Translated by H. M. Buck.

1

Down the Petersky, all along the Twerskoi-Yamsky,
Down the Twerskoi-Yamsky with little bells a-ringing,
Rides my darling in his troika,
In his troika, in his great fur coat.

I was at a feast with him, and we sat and chatted,
Sitting like a silly girl and drinking sweeten'd vodka,
Drinking vodka, and everything that's drinkable.

I drank from a great big bottle,
The very last dram!

2

Ah! How?.....where?.....what?
Is that the forest creaking,
Or only a mosquito buzzing?
No, no, it's my sweetheart
Bringing a sturgeon*.....

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Daddy, my daddy dear,
Boil the sturgeon quick,
We'll have fish soup....and with parsley in it.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Klss me quickly, daddy dear,
Daddy dear, ha, ha, ha!
Daddy dear.....

*Favorite river fish of Russia.

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I.

Songs, my songs.....

You are born in a heart that's o'erfilled—

You are sent me from Heav'n so high.

I'll sing till the day that I die.

To all the world, birdlike, telling

Dreams that I would could come true.....

Dreams of mine.....

(Refrain.)

Fly, fly, my songs, like birds of the air,

Bearing your message everywhere.

Fly far away like the nightingale,

I too would fly.

II.

Songs there are that sadly sounding

Seem like sighs wrung from my heart.

Let them fly away like the birds,

Like nightingales that trill so sweet,

Pouring forth with torrent power,

Yet bringing ease in saddest hour!

Songs, my songs.

(Refrain.)

III.

Swift, aspiring, never tiring,

Wing your way unto my dearest,

There descending in her garden

On a bough of the laburnum,

Or a spray of lilac hover,

Tell your message from her lover,

Songs, my songs.

(Refrain.)

IV.

Since I must die, I pray you then,

My songs, that you'll not leave me when

The churchyard bell for me shall sound;

But, grieving, circle round and round

Over fields and over valleys,

To and fro in forest alleys.....

Songs, my songs.

(Refrain.)

Aria of Sussanin.

(From "A Life for the Tsar.")

By A. Glinka.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

The opera "A Life for the Tsar" is founded on a page of early Russian history. It deals with an incident of the Polish tyranny in Russia, and describes how Sussanin, a Russian peasant gave his life to lead astray a party of Poles who had come to take prisoner the first of the Romanoffs, whom the Russian people acknowledged as their true Tsar, being their own elected ruler under the name Michael.

They guess the truth! And oh, thou dawn!
Come the more speedily
To tell me that the Tsar is saved!

Thou art coming, long'd-for dawn!
Soon I shall see thee,
Thou my latest day!
Alas, my hour has come!

Lord, in my hour of need,
Do not abandon me!
Bitter is my destiny!
How bitter is the sorrow in my heart!
Grief devours my soul!
Ah! I despair, how dreadful it is
To die in fell torture!

Thou art coming, long'd-for dawn!
Soon I shall see thee,
Thou my latest day!
My hour has come
Oh, bitter hour!
Oh, dreadful hour!

Lord, sustain Thou me,
Support me in this bitter hour,
In my dreadful hour,
In my mortal hour,
Help me, sustain me, in my hour of death,
Sustain me!

SUSANIN:

But lately, in happiness unalloy'd
My children's pleasures I enjoyed,
Whilst ordering their wedding festival.

Now I am far from them all, in the impenetrable midst of
these marshes and forests, in darkness and stormy
night, abandoned to the tortures my foes can devise!

My little Antonidushka,
You presaged my doom,
And wept on my breast when we parted!
May your feet ever turn to your father's house.
Alas, none will find my bones,
For you, for all, I am lost for ever!
In this savage wilderness.....
None but the raven and the wolf will find my body.....
Sad and dreadful thought!

To thee, young knight, I confide my child
From the heart of the storm;
I send thee my last blessing,
Love and cherish my tender dove!

My Vanya, my foster son,
Hasten like a bird with my message!
Thy father is tortured, once more thou art an orphan,
Thy sister will care for and cherish thee!

Farewell, children, farewell,
Ah, thou stormy night,
Thou hast wearied me—
Ah, thou wild desert,
Thou hast swallow'd me up!

Ah, savage death,
Thou hast entered my heart!

The hostile band slumbers,
Sleep sound till the dawn,
I too am falling asleep,
Slumber will hearten me,
Much need have I of strength to bear the torture!

*[Susanin was killed by the Poles whom he had misled, but the
Tsar was saved by the messenger whom he sent to warn him.]*

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Words by I. Nikitin.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Music by V. Sokoloff.

The tempest rages far and wide
Over field and forest.
All the ways are white with snow,
Powdery and blinding,
Powdery and blinding.

Hidden in its silvery pall,
Lost are all the traces
Where the roadway used to run,
No man can discover it.

But a bold youth gives no heed
To wild Winter's rages,
He will surely find a way
Where his will engages.

Fearless though the tempest lower,
Recking nought of danger,
If a lady in her bower
Counts upon his coming.

Darkest night has no alarms,
Nothing counts the journey,
When a maiden, dower'd with charms,
Waits the reckless lover.

Soft embraces, fond caresses,
Are the lover's guerdon,
When the stormy night's distresses
At rosy dawn are ended.

With fluttering eyelids looking down
Sweetly he is welcomed.
The lover's heart is turn'd to fire,
And frosty night, and tempest's ire,
Are straightaway forgotten!

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“A Firwood Stands in a Lonely Land.”

Words by Count A. K. Tolstoi.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Music by A. Rubinstein.

A firwood stands in a lonely land,
Through the wood a streamlet meanders and murmurs,
I love that brook, and I love that land,
And I love most of all to recall there the past.

“Come at eve’ and alone to the dreaming firs,
Sit down by my side upon these green banks,
Many a day have I run, and a tale I can tell
Of the things that have happened in bygone years.

“I have wander’d hither from lands afar,
And have seen strange sights as I rippled on.
When the sun goes down, and the moon shines out,
And the stars in my wavelets wink in and out,
Come hither secretly and list’
To what happens here in the evening mist.”

Thus whispered and babbled and murmured the stream,
Beguiling the woods with its silvery gleam.
I stood there alone with my forehead bowed,
And nought I heard but its chatter loud,
Whilst with sadness I thought of the years that are gone,
Threading my thoughts on its murmuring song!

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"I Grieve."

Words by M. Lermontoff.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Music by A. Dargomwizhsky.

I grieve, because I love you and I know
That crafty tongues, relentlessly pursuing,
Will have no pity on your youth in flower,
And every happy day and careless hour,
You must repay to fate with grief and sorrow.

I grieve, then, when I see your smiling gaily
And radiant youth the moment's pleasure wooing.

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"Vision Fair."

(Vision fugitive.)

From the opera "Herodiade", by J. Massenet.

'Tis a draught which perchance such a dream might give to me!
 I could see her again, feast my eyes at such sight,
 Divinely glad delight, long promised to my glances!
 Short lived hope doth pursue me,
 It troubles my heart and my thoughts lead astray.
 Ah! And yet I'd not have it fly away!

Vision fair, fleeting art thou while I follow ever,
 Angel who dost my life from all earthly bonds sever,
 Ah! 'tis thou whom I'd fain see,
 My love, my faith goes out to thee.

Vision fair, fleeting art thou, my life dost from earthly bonds
 sever!
 Thee I'd hold in my arms and thy heart I'd hear beat,
 Telling thy passion sweet!
 Then we'd die closely locked
 In loving fond embraces,
 In loving fond embraces.

For all these joys, for my love tender,
 Heeding nor thought nor regret, my soul I would thus surrender,
 For thee, my own love, my own hope!
 Vision fair, fleeting art thou, my life dost from earthly bonds
 sever!
 Ah, 'tis thou, my own love!
 Thou, my only love, my one hope.

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"Ombra mai fu."

(The Plane Tree)

From the opera "Xerxes", by G. F. Handel.

Leaves, the tenderest and fairest
Of my plane tree so treasured,
May fortune still smile unmeasured!
Thunder, lightning and tempest! Never dare to assail
That peace so gracious,
Profane not with thy fury, thou storm rapacious.

Oh, lovely tree! On earth I'll never find
Shadow more soft and kind, more dear to me!
Oh, lovely tree! On earth I'll never find
Shadow more soft and kind, more dear to me!
Shadow more soft and kind, Oh lovely tree!
On earth I'll never find
Shadow more soft and kind, more dear to me!
More dear to me!

"Salvator Rosa."

Aria from the Opera

By A. C. Gomez.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Must I sign this paper? Because Spain has delayed her rein-
forcements,
Must I submit, then, accept a truce
And yield me to rebellion? I, the Duke of Arcos?
Oh! Will the day come when I shall be able to wash away this
stain?
But what's to be done?
Ah! from my vision and my mind the horrid abyss of crime and
blood is never absent!
Is this the reward of all my torments! This the consolation of
my cares and troubles!
A dreadful destiny is mine, to abandon power and forsake my
native land,
And die abroad in exile and poverty, accursed by all!.....

I am deprived for ever of all the bright joys and tender endearments of a father and husband.

Outwardly powerful . . . but slavish passions command me, a crowned shade, a crowned shade drives me to crime.

A crowned shade drives me to crime.

Whenever compassion wakes in my heart,

And the sufferings of the people touch me,

I hear a voice, saying "Punish them, punish them!

"Let horror reign, let blood flow in torrents."

Outwardly powerful, a slave am I,

A crowned shade drives me to crime,

Drives. drives me to crime!

No. 92.

"We Sat Together."

No. 92.

Words by D. Rathhaus.

Music by P. Tchaikowsky.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

We sat together once by a sleepy stream,
The fishers sang softly on their homeward way,
The golden sun burned down to a last gleam,
And yet in that hour nothing had I to say!

It thundered far off and a storm drew near,
On your lashes there suddenly glittered a tear,
And senselessly weeping I fell on your breast,
Yet to you in that moment no word I addressed!

And now, as aforetime, I'm forever alone,
With naught to await from the years still to come.
The last stirring of youth is long dead in my heart . . .
Ah why, nothing saying, did I let you depart!

No. 93 "The Child tosses in its Cradle." No. 93.

Words and music by A. Kitova.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

The babe in its cradle tosses, and cries aloud in vain.
Its mother lies upon the ground, motionless and silent.
Alas, alas, my darling, your mother lives no longer!

Who will dress you now, my baby, who will comb your hair,
Who will make your bed for you when mother isn't there?
Alas, alas, my darling, your mother lives no longer!

Who'll amuse you now, my baby, who'll contrive your pleasure?
Who will see you off to school, loth to lose her treasure?
Alas, alas, my darling, your mother lives no longer!

Translated by H. M. Buck.

The sun rises and sets again,
It is always dark in my cell,
By day and night the wardens
Guard my window all too well.

Watch me, watch me, as you will,
I shall never run from you,
Though I long for freedom, still
Iron chains I can't break through.

Ah, you chains, my chains so strong,
You, my iron guardians,
I shall never break nor cut you . . .
My soul is weary of this world!

Words by Syrokomla.

Music by P. Tchaikowsky.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

When we Cossacks went to war, said to me my Hannah:
"I have prayed to God before, shedding tears for you.
"You'll return from the first battle well and happy with your
laurels,
"Bring me for my prayers, I beg you, just a string of corals."

God sent us a stout ataman; with a single blow we broke
All the forces of the Khan, took his city at a stroke.
Bursting thro' the mighty gateway, 'twas a Cossack festival.
In my mind there enter'd straightway, Hannah's string of coral.

All at once right there before me, surely God had aided,
On a maiden's neck I saw corals big as cherries.
Eagerly I grasped the booty, and forgetting all else,
To Hannah thro' the steppe I thundered with the string of corals.

Asking neither bridge nor ford, bullet-swift and straight I rode.
At the entrance to our village all the people came to meet me,
With a hundred voices crying, eager with the news to greet me:
"Hannah's in the churchyard lying, she no longer needs your
corals."

In my breast my heart stood still when the word was spoken,
Headlong from my horse I fell, to weep before the Ikon,
Wordless, for mercy made appeal, and hung before the picture
The string of corals I had won for my darling Hannah!

Translated by H. M. Buck.

To-day is the last day we spend together, friends,
To-morrow morning, at earliest dawning,
My life of liberty ends.

Brother and sisters will weep for me,
Mother and father too,
And she'll weep too, will my dear one,
Whom I was to marry soon.

At the porch there stands a carriage,
The horses stamp upon the ground,
The village headman's at the door:
"Get your son ready for the war!"

The peasant's son is long since ready,
His mother holds him to her breast,
Henceforth he goes to serve his country,
To a new life he is address'd.

No. 97. "Down the Volga River."

No. 97.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Down the Volga, Volga river,
On the river's broad expanses,
Wind and rain and stormy weather,
Wind and rain and storm together.

Nothing on the waves is moving,
One black speck shows a boat is roving.
Only one black spot is showing,
While above it sails are flowing.

Now the oarsmen's heads are seen,
Then their girdles brightly gleam.
There in velvet stands the captain,
Sumptuous in his black caftan.

All at once I hear him call:
"Pull along, good fellows all,
"Down the Volga, Volga river,
"All along the broad expanses."

"These four Walls."

Words by Count Golenischeff Kutusoff. Music by M. Moussorgsky.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Within the four walls of this narrow room
On all things rests a meditative gloom,
The silent shades rebuke me when I sing
Of that fond hope to which I ever cling.

The moments hurry swiftly each on each,
Thoughts of a happy future fill my mind,
With many doubts, much patience still I find,
Which night and solitude alone can teach.

"Blest be these Forests."

Words by Count A. Tolstoy.

Music by P. Tchaikowsky.

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Blest be these forests and valleys, these meadows, hills and
waters,
And blest my liberty and these skies of blue!
And this my beggar's staff and threadbare wallet,
And steppe from bound to furthest bound, and light of day and
dark of night,
And this my solitary path on which, a beggar still, I wander,
And every grassblade in the field, and star that's in the vault up
yonder!

Oh, might I but embrace all Nature, and mingle with its soul my
own,
Would I might clasp with one great gesture all men, my brothers,
friends, and foes,
And in these arms embrace in rapture the universal mighty
whole!

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RECITATIVE AND ARIA FROM

"The Marriage of Figaro."

*Translated by H. M. Buck.**By Mozart.*

FIGARO:

Everything's ready. And the hour of meeting approaches. There goes a footstep.

Is it hers? Nobody . . . Darkness and silence . . .

Now I experience all the sorrows and torments of a jealous husband.

Oh heaven! On my wedding-day I saw him reading a letter, and smiling, and I smiled too, never dreaming that the jest was my own misfortune.

Oh, Susanna, Susanna! You are making me grieve.
With such innocent looks, with your eyes so frank and clear,
How could you so deceive me!

Ah, what strange folly it is to believe in a woman!

Ye husbands, open your eyes (We sure can endure it no longer!)
By day and night these women deceive us, deceive us,
Yes, for ever deceive us!

Of care and of forethought we devote an infinity,
Never counting the cost, to each little divinity,
But they've a devil in them, but they've a devil in them,
Yes, they've a devil in them!

With charms and enchantments they bait us the hook,
Till one really is ready to die for a look.

They've smiles and caresses, and languishing glances;
Their delightfully innocent speech, too, entrances.

As pretty as roses, a thornbush encloses,
These lovebirds so charming own a cunning alarming.

They create such confusion with all their effusion,
For sure with the Devil they're all in collusion!

They'll deceive us for aye, for no mercy have they.

Nay, nay, nay, nay. Where's the man who'll gainsay it?
The less said on the subject the better.

Ye husbands, open your eyes, we sure can endure it no longer,
By day and night these women deceive us, deceive us,
And tangle us in their nets (I could use an expression much stronger!)

They wheedle and cajole us,
With smiles they can charm us,
The more surely to harm us.
These roses so pretty are so spitefully witty,
Like doves they are charming, but their cunning's alarming.
To keep up the illusion, they create such confusion,
'Tis certain the Devil himself's in collusion.
They'll deceive us for aye, for no mercy have they.
Nay, nay, nay, nay, where's the man who'll deny it?
The less said about them the better, the less said about them the
better.
Yes, the less said about them the better!

No. 101.

No. 101.

“The Singer.”

Translated by H. M. Buck.

Words by Poushkin.

Have you not heard in a grove at nightfall,
The singer of love, the singer of his sorrow!
Or when at dawn the fields lay lapp'd in slumber,
His reedpipe music sound, forlorn and simple,
Singing of love and singing of its sorrow?

Did you ne'er heed in darkling forest aisles,
The singer of love, singing of his sweet sorrow,
Saw you no trace of tears, nor hint of smiles,
In the quiet eyes of one whom you encountered,
Singing of love and singing of its sorrow?

Did you never sigh to hear that gentle voice,
The singer of love, singing of his own sorrow,
When in the woods you came upon a youth,
And met the gaze of his extinguished eyes,
Have you not sighed to think of that great sorrow?

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