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DRINKER

English Texts for the Songs of
Modeste Moussorgsky

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ENGLISH TEXTS

for the

SONGS

of

MODESTE MOUSSORGSKY

(1835-1881)

by

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1875
Institution of American College
1875 Program

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FOREWORD

The sixty-five solo songs, for which these English versions have been made, are here in the chronological sequence in which they are listed in the *Life of Moussorgsky* by A. N. Rimsky-Korsakoff (son of the composer) published in the State Musical Edition in Moscow and Leningrad in 1832.

Where the songs have as titles other than the first line of the poem, I have made what I consider appropriate titles. The Roman and Arabic figures following the title and the name of the poet refer to the part and page in the nine parts of Volume V of the works of Moussorgsky edited by Paul Lamm and published in 1931 by the State Library at Moscow and by the Universal Edition in Leipsic. Of these nine parts, Nos. 1 and 2 are entitled *JUGENDLIEDER*; Nos. 3, 4 and 8, *LIEDER UND GESÄNGE*; No. 5, *DER SCHAUKASTEN* (Peep Show); No. 6, *CHILDREN'S SONGS*; No. 7, *OHNE SONNE*; and No. 9, *SONGS AND DANCES OF DEATH*. Where two pages are referred to, there are two published versions of the song.


Of the poems set in the 65 songs, sixteen (Nos. 19, 20, 21, 27, 28, 29, 30, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 39, 40, 44 and 51) were by Moussorgsky himself, probably also No. 1. Twelve (Nos. 41, 42, 43, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 49a, 50, 57 and 58) by Golenishtchev-Kutuzov; five (Nos. 3, 5, 10, 26 and 28a) by Koltsov; five (Nos. 52-56) by A. K. Tolstoi; three (Nos. 2, 16 and 18) by Heine; three (Nos. 23, 25 and 32) by Mey; three (Nos. 4, 15 and 38) by Pleshtcheyev; two (Nos. 7 and 60) by Goethe; two (Nos. 11 and 24) by Pushkin; two (Nos. 12 and 31) by Nekrassov; two (Nos. 17 and 22) by Shevchenko; and one each by Ammosov (No. 6), Byron (No. 8), Kurotchkin (No. 9), Flaubert (No. 12a), Lermontov (No. 13a), Ostrovsky (No. 14), Rückert (No. 59), Iv. G. M. (No. 13b), Grekov (End, no No.) and one (No. 13) anonymous.

In using these English texts in the songs, where Russian or German phrases are repeated in the music, the appropriate English phrase will bear repetition, except in cases where other phrases are indicated in the translation. A parenthesis around a word or phrase indicates its repetition.

As in the case of my other English versions of vocal works, the English is not always a literal rendering of the original, which is often impossible without using phrasing which jars the music, or words unduly difficult to sing. My aim has been to reproduce the spirit, rather than the literal equivalent of the original.

H. S. DRINKER

Merion, Penna., Dec. 1, 1950.



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1. TELL ME WHY

Text probably by Moussorgsky

(1858)

I & II, p. 31

Tell me why, o maiden, you sit so sad,
why so sorrowful, why you sigh and sigh,
why you gaze and gaze at the little path,
why so still and sad as the hours go by?

Has your dearly beloved one gone away,
or his love grown cooler that burned so hot?
or perhaps he tires of your tenderness?
or alas, alas, he has just forgot?

Nay, my dearest has not forgotten me,
it is not indeed this that pains my heart;
I must say farewell and must see him go,
on a long, long journey and we must part.

(end)

I must make him ready to go away
for a long, long time, and we two must part.

2. MY HEART'S DESIRE

Heine

(1858)

III, p. 1

O how can you be so happy,
little swallow in the sky?
Would I had two wings like yours are,
if I knew to whom to fly.

But I have no nest to shelter
me and my dear little wife;
one the gracious Lord has given
me, to love me all my life,
me, to love for all my life.

Far away fate has removed you,
but nothing can part us two,
your well-being is my object,
always I will think of you.

O how happy would my life be,
were I but a bird to fly,
away where you now are living,
away, far away to find you;
my dearest, how happy I!

With you gone my life was over,
I can think but of the past,
hurry, Time, and hasten, hasten,
'till I have you here at last,
at my heart again at last.

3. THE GAY HOUR

(Drinking Song)

Koltsov

(1859)

I & II, p. 7 and 12

Fill up the goblet, pass me the cup,
heed not the future; drink the wine up!
Sing a loud song, let dull care be gone!
happy, my friend, from now until dawn.

Let us be joyful while we are young
eating and drinking; songs must be sung;

for what may happen, don't give a pawn,
happy, my friend, from now until dawn.

Wanton and merry, let the time pass;
pour me some more now, fill up my glass.
Give a big gulp, so it all will be gone,
happy, my friend, from now until dawn.

4. BURIAL AT NIGHT

Pleshtcheyev

(1859)

I & II, p. 16

Drearily rustles the forest,
the leaves in the forest at night;
see where they lower the coffin,
lit by the moon's pallid light.

Quiet and tearless 'tis covered,
all disappear in the gloom;
only the leaves keep on rustling
bending down over the tomb.

5. ROMANCE

Koltsov

(1860)

I & II, p. 22

I am rich in possessions and sit at my ease,
I have palaces, meadows, and gardens and
trees,
quite as many, indeed, as I please.

I have diamonds and furs, and have pearls
by the score,
garments, carpets, and rugs, and a hun-
dred things more;
gold and plate for my table, a goodly dis-
play;
words for good conversation and wine to be
gay,
to be care-free and gay,

but believe me, I know
why I look for an herb that will cure,
and I well know what is the grief
I can scarcely endure.

6. LONGING

Ammosov

(1860)

I & II, p. 36

What know ye all of tears?
You call them merely raving.
I scorn your doubts and sneers,
as you my hopeless craving.
So let me dream alone,
nor poison with your potion
of words and scornful tone
the warmth of my devotion.

I love her more than all,
as radiant light of morning sun,
as hope, life, and as peace,
the peace of my enchantment.

I long to leave the stir,
the haunts of greed and violence,
my thought of naught but her,
away far in the silence.

7. THE BEGGAR

Goethe

(1863)

I & II, p. 55

As from door to door I wander,
shy and silent, I will stand;
asking bread to bear me yonder,
given me by gentle hand.

Everyone will greet me gladly
as he sees me passing by;
then a tear will come, so sadly,
but I cannot, but I cannot tell you why.

8. KING SAUL

After Byron

(1863)

I & II, p. 58

1st version

Leaders all!
If it be by the will of the Lord
that I die now in battle
unhonored, by Is-ra-el's host;
do not falter!
Go forth to fight for the Lord!

Let the enemy know, know the might of
our sword,
of our heavy, pow-er-ful sword.

Ye who carry behind me my shield & my
spear,
should my army be seized
by a dark sudden fear,
that it waver and flee

when the foe rages near,
let that desolate moment,
that ill-fated day,
be the last that shall see me,
alive in the fray;
take your sword then to slay me
to strike and to slay.

O my son, Prince of Israel!
to battle we two now must go
for the hour is at hand
when we fight with the foe.

On to glory and fame,
never falter or yield,
we must conquer or die,
on a blood-spattered field;
we must conquer or die on the field.

8. KING SAUL

After Byron

(1863)

I & II, p. 66

2d Version

Leaders all!
If it be by the will of the Lord
that I die now in battle
unhonored, by Is-ra-el's host,
do not falter;
go forth to fight for the Lord!
Let the enemy know,

know the might of our sword,
of our heavy, powerful sword.
Ye who carry behind me
my shield and my spear;
should my army be seized
by a dark sudden fear,
that it waver in pa-nic
when the foe rages near,
in that desolate moment,
that ill-fated day,
take your sword then and slay me,
to fall in the fray.

O, my son, Prince of Israel,
the battle nears like a wild roaring flood,
the feast is prepared,
a feast of blood.
The emblem of vict'-ry
waves in glory on high
and the foemen are coming
with their fierce battle-cry.
O my son, O my son, 'tis the hour
to conquer or die!

9. SEPARATION

Kurotchkin

(1863)

I & II, p. 47

If we might meet again!
So proudly we two parted!
And not a word, and not a tear,
I shed to show,
my futile, hopeless woe!

O would that I could meet you
without a sigh, or pain!
I bowed in silence
uncomplaining,
broken-hearted.

I knew not,
since you made my life so hard to bear,
if you did really care.

O would that I could meet you,
could see you once again!

10. STORM AND CLOUDS

Koltsov

(1864)

I & II, 40

Raging storm-winds,
raging storm-winds blow;
rushing storm-clouds,
rushing, storm-clouds, black as night,
clouds and tempest, rushing black as night,
rushing black as night.

Far behind them,
none can see how the sun is bright,
where the sun is shining bright;
none can see it,
see its glorious light,
none can see its glorious light.

There behind the cloud,
far beyond its shroud,
naught appears but fog and mist
as black as night.

Raging storm-winds,
raging storm-winds blow;
rushing storm-clouds,
rushing, storm-clouds, black as night.
Clouds and tempest, rushing black as night,
rushing black as night.

11. NIGHT

Pushkin

(1864)

I & II, p. 72

1st Version

My singing is for you,
love sings to you, and longing.
The song I sing breaks upon the starry
stillness,
thru the silence.
A lonely candle burns
in tears by my weary bed.

My words of love are flowing like a crystal
brook;
They ever flow to you, a stream of love,
a spring of love to you,
to you and full of you!

Out from the dark,
your radiant eyes look kindly down at me.
Deep they seem to sink in me,
and seem to whisper words of love:
"My dear, my dearest one,
I love you so,
am yours for aye!"

11. NIGHT

After Pushkin

(free version by Moussorgsky)

(1864)

2d Version

I & II, p. 79

Your tender image, laden so with sweet en-
chantment,
draws me near to you
to break my sleep at the silent hour of mid-
night,
and fills my heart with rapture.
I hear you whispering,
Your words of love are like a crystal brook
sweetly rustling,
flowing over me in the night
and silence,
to tell of love, and joy of loving,
to tell of all the wond'rous magic pow-er
of your presence.

Out from the dark, the dark of night,
your radiant eyes look kindly down at me;
Ah they seem to sink in me,
and seem to whisper words of love:
"My dear, my dearest one,
I love you so!
am yours for aye!"

12. CALLISTRATUS

Nekrassov

(1864)

I & II p. 84 and 94

Over me my mother used to sing,
sing this cradle song,
sing this cradle song for me,
this cradle song:
"Cal-li-stratus you will be happy,
all your life as happy as a song."
Thanks to God it now has come to pass!
as was prophesied by her for me.
(2d version: as my mother prophesied
for me)

God brought about what she fore-told,
all that mother prophesied for me,
(prophesied for me not repeated in 2d
version)

None is happier, none more handsome
(Ah) none is richer, none is better dressed
Cal-li-stra-tus.

hap-piest of them all! (this line not in 2d
version)

I can wash myself with water from the
spring,
with my hand I brush and comb my hair,
I await the harvest.

I will reap from a field that never has been
sown,

for my harvest I will sow a field that has
ne-ver yet been ploughed or sown,
never sown upon.

And my wife is busy as she can be, washing
clothes,

that the children all have clothes to wear.

She is even better dressed than I;
she has shoes of cord that peasant's wear.

Yes, Callistratus, what she said came true;
"None will be happier all his life than you."

12a. SONG OF THE BALEARIAN

at the Feast in the Gardens of Hamilcar.

From the Opera "The Lybian"

(Salamambo)

Flaubert

(1864)

I & II p. 122

Rocked in the bliss of loving arms,
kisses of fire, white hot and burning,
I think no more of war's alarms,
only of her and love and yearning.

With her sweet whisper in my ear,
what care I then for sword or spear?
If she will but caress me, fondly caress me,
naught is lacking, naught else to bless me.

Can I forget my lovely maiden,
her glowing eyes, her whispered word,
whispered so softly, scarcely heard,
her rosy lips with honey laden?
when words of love from her I hear,
who could remember sword or spear?
If she will but caress me
then naught is lacking, naught to bless me.

I fall asleep with her soft arms about me,
and dream of her
all thru the night without a care,
my lovely maid, so wond'rous fair!

13. TUSCAN SONG

Duet, Mezzo-Soprano & Baritone

(1864)

I & II 130

Holy Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary,
well you know of my faith and my
devotion,
My best beloved is weak and sick and weary.
(him
O send to (her a magic healing potion!

O Mary, O Blessed and Holy One.
I swear to bring the ring my mother
brought me,
(the
(my little heart of coral that she bought
me,
mezzo

soprano) and offer it to make my Johnnie
stronger,
that he be well again and sick no longer,
and sick no longer.

When my Johnnie is out of bed and hearty,
every Saturday I will light a candle;
when he is out of bed and well and hearty,
I will light you a candle.
every Saturday will light you a candle.
O Mary, O Mary.

baritone) and offer it to you to make
Johanna stronger,
that Johanna be well and sick no longer
she be sick no longer.

When Johanna is well
when Johanna is well and hearty.

I will light you a candle on Saturday,
light you a candle, a candle,
when again she is out of her bed,
well and strong again and hearty,
every Saturday,

I will light you a candle,
will light you a candle,
will light you a candle,
will light you a candle,
Holy Mary, Thou Holy One,
O Mary, Thou Holy One!

13a. PRAYER

Lermontov

(Dedicated by Moussorgsky to his Mother)

I & II p. 27

(1865)

Here O Thou Holy One
I stand in prayer to Thee,
Mother of God our Lord,
where bright Thy candles shine.

Not for an empty soul
is my prayer offered Thee,
but for a lonely one,
with no abiding-place.

I would entrust to Thee
this heart of innocence;
guard it and keep it warm,
here where the world is cold.

Give it contentment sweet.
So it deserves to be.
Give it companionship,
faith, hope and charity,
youth with the joy of life,
peace when old age is near,
faith in the will of the Lord,
never a sigh or tear.

Hear, O Thou Holy One
my prayer to Thee,
O hear Thou my prayer!

13b. THE REJECTED ONE

Iw. G. M.

(1865)

I & II 104

Do not look at her just to despise her!
Do not drive her away from your gate.
Better search in her soul with compassion,
with warm sympathy pity her fate.

Think how many the storms and how cruel,
thru what torrents of shame and disgrace,
youth has struggled, vainly and hopelessly
futile,
and has died, leaving never a trace.

Tho her soul may be hardened and callous,
even now it could love, long and yearn;
in her blood tho corrupted with poison,
love, believe me, could steadily burn.

But alas, she has no one to love her,
naught but curses contempt and disgrace;
only lust, and the life of a harlot,
grimly opens to her its embrace.

14. PEASANT'S CRADLE SONG

Ostrowsky

(In memory of his mother)

(1865)

I & II 109

1st Version

Bye-lo, bye-lo sleep my little one;
sleep now, sleep now, my daughter's little
son.

Bye-lo, bye-lo, in my young days,
all was well with us here,
now, ever near, life is all care and fear;
blow after blow, every sort of woe;
prison, whipping and blows, ever on it goes.
Bye-lo, bye-lo, sleep my little one;
sleep now, sleep now, my daughter's little
son.

We must live and work,
strange and weary work,
everlasting and hard, changeless day by day,
never-ending work, hard and weary work,
cursed suffering.

Sleep sound, sleep sound, lie there fast
asleep,
'til these days, alas, evil days shall pass;
'til the Czar our Lord, 'til the Lord our God,
shall pity us—sleep now, sleep now, sleep
now.

Your white body in your cradle lies,
thru the sky, your soul up to Heaven flies.

The Lord himself watches near at hand.

By your side, watching Holy Angels stand,
Holy Angels stand.

14a. PEASANT'S CRADLE SONG

Ostrowsky

2nd Version

(1865)

I & II p. 116

Bye-lo, bye-lo sleep my little one;
sleep now, sleep now, my daughter's little
son.

Bye-lo, bye-lo, in my young days,
all was well with us here,
now, ever near, life is all care and fear,
blow after blow, every sort of woe
prison, whipping and blows, ever on it goes.
Bye-lo, bye-lo, sleep my little one;
sleep now, sleep now, my daughter's little
son.

We must live by our work,
strange and weary work,
everlasting and hard, changeless day by day,
never-ending work, hard and weary work,
cursed suffering.

In your cradle your white body lies
your soul thru the sky up to Heaven flies.
The Lord himself watches near at hand,
by your cradle bright Holy Angels stand,
the bright Angels stand.

15. ROMANCE

(The Little One)

Pleshtcheyev

(1866)

I & II p. 50

(Why) O why do you often-times watch
me,
with your cru-el and stern little eyes,
when your coldness and look of unkindness
(overwhelm me with sorrow and sighs)?

Without smiling you pass like a shadow,
and in dignified silence before me,
while I hide the despair that I suffer,
hide the woe and despair that I suffer,
and the jealousy that you ignore,
my jealousy as you ignore me.

By your love you have brought me the
spring-time
into many a sorrowful day.
Let me feel as of old your caresses,
send my cares and my sorrow away!

O tell me why you watch me so sternly
tell me why do you watch me
with your stern little eyes?

16. YEARNING

Heine

(1866)

III p. 5 and 9

I wish all my sorrows together
could join in one eloquent word;
I'd get the gay breezes to take it
and fly with it fast as a bird.

They'd take it to you, my beloved,
this word overflowing with woe,
and so you could always hear it,
each moment wherever you go.

And when for the night in your slumber
you scarcely have closed your eyes,
my word will be ever with you,
and in your dreams, deepest dreams will
rise.

17. HOPAK

Schevchenko

(1866)

III p. 13 and 23

VIII p. 54

Hey! Gopf, gopf, gopf, Hopak!
I have married my cossack!
feeble, clumsy, old, red-headed;
what a fellow to have wedded!
yet it was my lot, a-lack! Hey!

So my life is full of sorrow,
go, old fellow, fetch or borrow,
get you water while I drink,
drink until my cheeks are pink
at the inn; where glasses clink.

One glass for another cries;
at the next, the falcon flies!
at the third I start to dance;
at the fourth I fairly prance!

When the Old Boy comes to get me,
he can go to Hell, you bet me!

Yes, I am the girl you wed,
go then, Satan, get me bread, listen!

Cut the wheat and thresh the rye,
I will help you by and by, listen!

Watch the children, clothe and feed them
you must keep them if you breed them,
listen!

Go you old redheaded beauty,
get you home and do your duty! listen!

Go back home, old fellow go,
rock the cradles to and fro, listen!
rock the babies' cradles, to and fro, listen!

When I was a chaste young maiden
I was timid, coy and shy;
hung my apron at the window,
nodded as the boys went by;
in my chamber meekly sitting,
worked, embroider'd, did my knitting.

Hey you Ivans, lads entrancing,
come put on your coats for dancing.
And when we are tired of swinging,
we'll sit down and all start singing.
Hey! Gopf Ho-pak!

I have married my cossack,
feeble, clumsy, old, red-headed,
what a fellow I have wedded.
'Tis the bitter truth, alack! Hey!

18. LOVE SONG

Heine

(1866)

III p. 29

Where-ev-er my tears are falling
the fairest of flowers a-rise
and nightingales are calling
in answer to my sighs.

and if you will only but love me
the fairest of all I will bring,
and under your window at twilight
their song the nightingales will sing.

19. SAVISHNA

Love Song of the Idiot

Text by Moussorgsky

(1866)

III p. 33

Darling Savishna, falcon beautiful.
Oh be good to me, witless tho I be,
pet and fondle me, luck is ill with me.
Oi-lee, falcon mine, falcon beautiful,
Darling Savishna, dear Ivanovna,
Do not sneer at me, do not scoff at me
tho they shy at me, and no hope I see.
I was born to be sport of every one,
all the boys mock me, all the girls snicker.
They call Savishna, call me "Silly-wit,"
cry as I go by: "See the child of God."
Darling Savishna, dear Ivanovna,
save the child of God from their buffeting,
buffets on the head, slapping on the face.
But on holidays, when they all dress up,
green and red ribbons, pink and blue ker-
chief,
then they give to me, half-wit tho I be,
just a bit of bread, to the child of God.
Darling Savishna, falcon beautiful,
love me, O love me, homely tho I be,
pet and fondle me, lonely, lonely one!
How I love you so, I can never tell.
Darling Savishna, ah believe me now,
dear Ivanovna!

20. THE DRUNKARD

(From the Adventures of Pachomytch)

Text by Moussorgsky

(1866)

I & II p. 37

O you drunken cackling guinea!
Where have you been, Son of Sorrow,
staying out until tomorrow?

Feasting with your dear relations?
Thinking how to try my patience?

Have you said perhaps a pray-er?
No, I think you've been much gay-er.

Tell me, drunken sot, how much you drank
of what;

O how beaten up your face is!
Black & blue in lots of places,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha Pfui, you
loafer!

O why do you stand there glaring
like a mile-post dumbly staring?

Come here nearer! Have you not got feet to
walk with?
Can't you answer? Has the liquor stopped
your mumbling?
Don't be fearful! Your old wife will help
your stumbling.
Speak up boldly now. I'll untie your tongue,
believe me!

(Angrily)

When I start to swing the poker, you'll be
very lively!
When across the pate I get you, words
enough will come, I bet you!

Tell me all the truth about it; truly, so I
cannot doubt it.

Tell me all, you shameless guinea,
filthy, faithless, drunken ninny!

(Tearful)

Have I not implored you, begged you and
prayed?
Have I not reproached you, when you have
strayed?

O have pity on your little children!
Do not torture longer me your poor old
wife!

By the Holy Image you have made your
vows,
sworn on all three sides;
sworn, you shameless one, as you swore be-
fore;
"I will drink no more."

O my poor head is all full of trouble!
O my life is nothing but trouble.
O my children, pity them, can't you?
Who will rock them, who will love them,
they so helpless! Ah me!

O you cackling croaker!
How I want to swing the poker!
whip you and beat you!

Can't you hear me? Speak up bolder!
You will feel a whole lot older,
when I hit your back and shoulder;
right and left and O I'll pull your hair out!
every greasy bit of it will tear out!

Then you might at last be decent,
you old bum! Stop sleeping in the dirt,
you loafer!

Come back home and be quiet on your
mattress,
mind your wife and watch your little chil-
dren,
faithful, honest, sober.

O you drunken, cackling guinea,
you're not sober yet, you ninny!
every day you bring me double
shame and scandal, toil and trouble.
Get you gone to Hell, and stay there!

21. THE DIVINITY STUDENT

Text by Moussorgsky

(1866)

III p. 47 and 59

Panis, piscis, crinis, finis,
ignis, lapis, pulvis, cinis,
Oh what trouble, O what sorrow!
Orbis amnis, et canalis.
See this task that priest just gave me!
How his left hand blessed me with a knock
upon my neck!
with his Holy Right has made my memory
a wreck!
Fascis, axis, finis, ensis, festis, vectis, vermis,
mensis.
Holy Father Simeon has such a glorious
daughter;
cheeks like poppies, ah, so red!
eyes that speak of myst'ry,
and her white bosom, I can see moving,
I can see rising, I can see falling!
Fascis, axis, finis, ensis, festis, vestis, vermis,
mensis;
Oh my Stephanie, my darling,
Oh how I would love to kiss you
kiss you, kiss you, kiss you, and to kiss you,
kiss you!

Postis, follis, cucumis, atque pollis, atque
pollis.

cucumis, cucumis!

Just the other day at vespers
in the service to the high revered and
glorious Mitrodora
while I read the psalm verse, Echo six,
all the time I looked at her, my heart on
fire,

with my left eye watched her in the left
hand choir,

watched her in the choir!

What luck! That old devil saw me!

Marked me; in his book he marked me.

Three times he has blessed me with a buffet
on my neck and shoulders,
and has made me stuff my head with all
this stupid Latin.

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

Satan sent me this temptation
even in God's holy habitation.

Amnis et annalis, sanguis, unguis, et canalis,
et canalis, et canalis.

22. TO THE DNEIPEP

After Shevchenko

(1866)

VIII p. 29

Wait you, Dnie-per
Hear you Dnie-per
mighty river, wide and deep,
swiftly racing, onward sweep.

What cossack blood have you carried
down in your stream to redden the far
distant sea?

Yet you cannot fill it,
cannot fill the sea, not fill the sea.
Today tho, your water will swell with the
slaughter, my wide rushing stream.
Today in the Ukraine a feast is preparing,
a horrible revel,
when men will battle and blood will be
flowing;
the cossacks will rise, with them all the
people,
to fight for their country.
The Ukraine again will arise from the
dead;
afar in the steppes on the mounds of our
brothers
will fight with the foe 'til the last one has
fled.

And once more you'll hear the song of the
cossacks,
the great song of freedom,
the song of the Ukraine; for it will be
free to the shores of the Black Sea.

Gone the hated landlords, gone forever!
their (dead) bones you carried
their (black) blood you bore a-way
to the distant, far-off sea!

Wait, my Dnie-per, hear, my Dnie-per!
Comes the hour awaited,
then will you be sated.

Wait my Dnieper, wait O wait you now.
Wait O Dnieper, wait O wait you now.

23. JEWISH SONG

L. Mey

(1867)

IV p. 2

As the rose, so am I,
lily of the valley;
bosom white as a dove,
firm and soft and white;
'mid my friends like a lily that
hides in the thorns,
yes, am fairer than they,
my beloved one!

As the myrtle in bloom,
scenting sweet the air;
like a live oak among barren trees,
so my love, standing straight, tall & strong,
high above all his friends.
Where art thou, my own glo-rious one?

24. MAGPIE

Pushkin

(1867)

IV p. 6

Magpie, black and white winged chatt'rer
jumps around before my gate
tells me that some guests are coming
seems as if he could not wait.

In my ears I hear a ringing,
where the bell is, do not know;
ruddy rays of sun-beams shimmer
on the silver dust of snow.

Hear the sleigh-bells gaily ring!
hear the people shout & sing!
While the drums are rolling,
U-lu-shen-kee, lu-lee.

Hear them, all the people,
see the gypsy, look and see!
See she jumps and waves her kerchief,
leaps about, the gypsy queen,
as she sings in gypsy fashion,
beats her little tambourine.
Look, I am a bird for singing;
tell your fortune, what 'tis bringing.

Magpie, black and white-winged chatt'rer,
jumps around before my gate;
tells me that some guests are coming,
seems as if he could not wait.

In my ears I hear a ringing,
where the bell is do not know;
Ruddy rays of sun-beams shimmer
on the silver dust of snow.

See the gypsy leaping, prancing,
singing with her gypsy-dancing.
"Look, I am a bird for singing
tell your fortune, what 'tis bringing."

25. AFTER MUSHROOMS

Mey

(1867)

IV p. 12

I will gather tall white ones,
purple, red and small light ones,
in the field and wood growing
all the bad from good knowing,
for my stingy step-father,
for my stingy step-mother.
They'll be kind at least with me,
all sit down and feast with me;
and for you my dour old fool,
I will bring a sour toad-stool;
through the window, I'll shove it,
you will, tho its vile, love it,
sit and eat it greedily,
it will choke you speedily.
long before the dawn, damn you,
you'll be dead and gone, damn you
As for you, my young fellow,
I will make your tongue mellow;
find an herb that's good for you,
find it in the wood for you;
It will make you yearn for me;
it will make you burn for me;
so you'll come and willingly,
wed the widow, ah wed me.

26. THE FEAST

Koltsov

(1867)

IV p. 20

Solid oaken portals, open leisurely;
in come sleighs and sledges, horsemen,
villagers.
Host and hostess meet them, bowing
cordially,
lead them from the court-yard to the dining-
hall.
At the holy ikons all make reverence;
then the guests invited each in turn (is)
seated
at the oaken tables laden plenteously.
Finely dressed in muslin, with embroidery,
comes the dark-eyed hostess, smiling com-
pliments,
talks with friends and neighbors, greets the
visitors
kisses those she favors, filling wine-glasses.
Following behind her comes the host him-
self,
serving rum and vodka with a wooden spoon,
while the gentle daughter, young and inno-
cent,
gives, with sweet caresses, sips of hydromel.
Eating, drinking, laughing, cheer and merrim-
ent,
'til at stroke of midnight all go home again.

27. SONG OF THE RAGAMUFFIN

Text by Moussorgsky

(1867)

IV p. 24

O grandmother, O dearest one,
O my pretty one, turn around!
O you sickle-nosed, silver headed one,
you with goggle-eyes, kiss me now.
You are bent in two like the horses' yoke,
skinny boney legs, like your crutches are.
You go lurching round like my little duck,
stumbling all the time, bumping everyone.
O you old granny, skinny old granny!
camel-back! O grandmother,
O dearest one, so beautiful, don't be cross!
In the wood the beasts run away from you.
When you climb the hills, all the valleys
shake.
When you light the stove all the hut is
burned.
When you bite your bread, all your teeth
break off;
all the mushrooms hide in the ground from
you,
all the berries hide in the grass from you;
after you have gone all the maidens come,
fill their baskets full to the brim with them,
laugh and giggle behind your back be-
cause
you, old witch, have found not a thimble-full.
O grandmother! O dearest one, beat me
not!
O you sickle-nose, O you beautiful,
you with goggle-eyes, beat me not!
Just get mad at me, throw your crutch at
me,
tho you break your arm, witch-woman!

But I pray of you hear my story thru,
 hear my little tale to the end;
 How your nose and your chin kiss all the
 time
 like two turtle doves, O beat me not!
 On the back of your head are three white
 hairs,
 half another one,
 O grandmother, O you dearest one.
 O you beautiful, do not beat me so! O!

28. THE GOAT
Text by Moussorgsky
 (1867)
 IV p. 30

Thru the fields of flow'rs entrancing
 strolls a maiden, coyly glancing;
 sudden comes a foul old goat;
 mean and wicked, fearsome, scary,
 dirty, bearded, old and hairy.
 Black as Hell!

So the maiden wildly rushes
 off to hide among the bushes,
 pale as death;
 and there she crouches,
 half alive, with bated breath.

* * *

To her wedding celebration
 comes the maid, as fits her station,
 O! Damnation!
 Bald and wicked, mean, contrary,
 hump-backed, bearded, old and hairy,
 Black as Hell!

Now, do you think she was frightened?
 well, hardly!
 sweet and coy, with color heightened,
 tells him how she hates all strife,
 (Hm!) is true to him for life,
 yes, will be the perfect wife.

28a. RETROSPECT
Koltsov
 (1867)
 IV p. 42

In my garden by the Don,
 where the waters glisten,
 when the sun at evening shone,
 I would watch and listen.

Just as it was going down,
 one day Mary came there;
 never could that garden path
 look to me the same there.

Ah she sighed and looked at me,
 kissed the flow'r I brought her;
 from her pitcher heedlessly
 spilled out all the water.

29. THE CLASSIC
Text by Moussorgsky
 (1867)
 IV p. 34

In me you see simple beauty,
 clear in every measure;
 unruffled flowing, passion at leisure;
 the purely classic;
 rather shy, gracious, polite, genteel am I.

These clever tricks are my abomination,
 I swear to fight all this innovation.
 Their noise and hub-hub,
 dreadful wild disorder,
 are most disturbing, really frightful.
 Alas, I see the end of art.

But here in me you see embodied
 the noblest form of classic beauty.
 I am its champion.
 Pure am I; my type of art will never die.

30. THE ORPHAN
Text by Moussorgsky
 (1868)
 IV p. 48

Kind sir, good gentleman,
 dear kind good gentleman,
 pity the orphan-boy
 poor friendless, sad homeless orphan boy,
 merciful sir!

Freezing and starving are water and food
 for me,
 storm-wind and tempest by night warm and
 cover me,

People all scold me and threaten to beat me
 when I am hungry, and cry and moan in
 my misery.

But when I flee to the wilderness, far from
 them,
 all I can think of is something to nourish
 me.

Soon all the strength that I have will be
 gone from me.

Kind sir, good gentleman, dear kind, good
 gentleman.

Hungry and cold am I, save me or else I
 die!
 merciful gentleman,
 pity me, pity me, pity the pi-ti-ful orphan
 boy!

31. YERYOMA'S CRADLE SONG
Nekrassov
 (1868)

IV p. 52 and 56

(Buy-u, buy, buy)
 Lower than the roots of grass even,
 you must bend your little head,
 that the friendless little orphan boy
 have a home and daily bread. (Buy-u-
 buy, buy.)

Do not struggle with the pow'rs that be,
 it is vain, far better bend.

Only they can help Yeryomushka,
 gain the vict'ry in the end (Buy-u, buy,
 buy).

When you come to be a man at last
 you'll be friends with all the great,
 with the young and handsome gentlemen
 you will joke and celebrate;
 gaily will your life roll along for you
 at a happy merry gait. (Buy-u-buy, buy,)

32. LITTLE CHILDREN'S SONG

Mey

(1868)

IV p. 60 and 62

In my garden, little garden,
grew a little rose-bush;
Sun came and warmed its flowers,
rain in sprinkling showers.

In her little turret
lives our dear Naninka.
Mother pets and holds her,
Father never scolds her.

CHILDREN'S SONGS

Texts by Moussorgsky

33. WITH THE NURSE

(For the other six Children's Songs, see

Nos. 35, 36, 37, 37a, 39, 40)

(1868)

VI p. 26

Come and tell me, Nannie dear,
all about the Boogie-man, once again,
the ogre Boogie-man!
How he sneaks around the woods at night;
how he catches little children there;
how he chews their little bones and swallows
them!
and the children cry and shriek in agony.
Nannie dear! Is the reason the ogre eats
them up
that they did not mind what their
mother said, or their father, and they
did not do what their Nannie told them?

Nannie dear?

But I'd rather you would tell me
all about the king and queen
in the lovely palace far across the ocean;
how the king was lame and every time
that he tumbled down up a mushroom grew,
and the queen forever had a cold.
When she sneezed all the windows rattled.
Listen Nanna, dear, do not tell me
of the horrid Boogie-man!
I don't like him.
Better tell the other.
Come, the funny one.

34. THE PEEP SHOW

(Introduction)

Text by Moussorgsky

(1870)

V p. 9 and 35

(I and II refer to the 1st and 2nd Versions
of the Music)

Hey, respected, honored guest!
Use your eyes and look your best!
Come and see our great musicians,
famous men in high positions.
All the leaders will appear,
everything we have is here. Come then!
There were triple branches in which the
river flowed.

One branch flowed thru great forest trees,
while another turned into sandy soil and
vanished;
the third one went on to the mill and under
the wheel to turn it round and round and
round.*

Turn around and grind it out, turn around,
mill wheel

I. grind the truth out, about the virtuosi,
II. grind out the truth about the virtuosi
that now are being shown. Here, let us
be-gin!

* tied quarter and eighth.

No. 1

(In the manner of Handel (per-
haps after Judas Maccabeus))

(1870)

V p. 12 and 38

See, he tears himself away, away from clouds
of Heaven,
coming from eternal fog, hidden my-ste-ries
of every day revealing, "All with the help
of God."

teaching that the minor key is the* fruit of
Adam's fall
teach-ing** that the major key was made to
atone for it.

High in the Heaven with the birds,
flying far above with them,
soaring up among the clouds,
he scatters words of my-ste-ry
"All with the help of God".

* Two quarter notes.

** Two pairs of slurred 16th notes.

No. 2

Rostilav

V p. 14 and 40

Behind him there comes hopping,
Fiff, young forever,
Fiff, the tireless runner,
Fiff many-sided Fiff* who* sets the
paces

I. All his life revolving

II. His whole life revolving

he has lost his bearings;
can no longer listen does not hear or want
to anything but Patti, Patti whom he
worships, singing thus to Patti:

O Patti, Patti, a Pa-Pa-Patti, wonderful
Patti,

Heavenly Patti!

O Ti-ti Patti.

But why this blond wig? Why does she
wear it? Patti,

This wig, this wig, why does she wear it?

Alas! O Patti!

Patti, Patti, O Pa-Patti.

O Pa-Pa-ti-ti!

Wonderful, loveliest, heavenly, peerless one
(end)

O peerless Pa-at-ti.

* Two quarter notes.

No. 3
Famitsin *
V p. 21 and 47

And there drags himself behind him,
step by step a wounded infant,
pale and gloomy sick and ailing,
begs to have removed a blemish,
a disgrace-ful ugly spot!

And yet there was a ** time when he was
innocent,**

pleasing his elders, quick to obey.
By his dear bab-bling, so shy and child-like,
I he won many and many a heart
II many, many a heart he has won.
But that time is over; for suddenly he
thought he possessed mighty will-power.
He saw the foe, began a fight, and was
downed.

Ah what a blow the poor fellow suffered,
grievously maiming his will!

* Critic, composer and Professor of
Music at St. Petersburg Conservatory.

** Dotted quarter and an eighth note.

No. 4
THE TITAN
Serov
(1870)

(the critic who likes Wagner)
V 24 and 50

See here, the Ti-tan
The mighty Ti*-tan* !
swift approaches and raves as he passes,
angry raving threatens us all,
so hoary, dreadful!
How the Teuton horse that bears him
tires of futuristic babble;
underneath his arm he carries
thunders from the printing presses.

Quickly, bring a rocking chair;
genius has no-where to sit,
Ask him will he stay to dinner,
genius loves to hear a speech.
His directors all are fired.
He will be his own director.

Now he's angry,**
See him there see him there how
he fights with every one,
(starts a fight) starts a fight with all his
friends,

What a god, what a god!
he is proud as any Titan!
what a shame! what a shame!
as a friend he came to dine,
ate their food and drank their wine,
when they asked him round to sup,
he got mad and beat them up,
beat and beat and beat and beat them
beat and beat and beat and beat.
II (and beat and beat and beat.)

* Two eighth notes.

** Quarter and eighth notes.

The thunder roared, the darkness gathered!
the veil of night descended trembling
and down there fell in holy terror,
the Prince of Cloudland, Fiff, the infant
and down the Titan fell, (too).*

In a crown of snow white roses
and of lilies and camellias
appeared Euterpe.
And with the scent of incense drifting
all the chieftains sat in silence,
and began a Hymn of Homage.

* In the first version the line ends with
"too," in the second version omit this word.

No. 5
HYMN TO THE MUSE
V p. 32 and 58

O Euterpe, glorious goddess,
Muse and goddess thou of music,
give to us thine inspiration,
fortify our sterile senses;
moisten thou our fields with showers
fruitful showers from Olympus,
Goddess with the golden tresses,
fairest muse of all the muses,
we will every glorify you,
praise you with our harps and voices.

CHILDREN'S SONGS (No. 2)
No. 35. IN THE CORNER
(For No. 1 of the Children's Songs see
No. 33)
(1870)
VI p. 30

My, but you're naughty!
you unrolled the yarn!
the needles are lost! Naughty!
all the loops are undone!
and ink is all over the stockings.
Go now! Stand there!
in the corner! Bad Michael!

But I did really not do anything!
I did not touch the stockings or the yarn,
the kitten did it all, the kitty cat,
lost the needles, spilled ink and everything.
Your little boy has not been a naughty boy,
no, not at all.
But Nanna is a mean old thing;
and Nanna has a nasty dirty nose.
Michael's hair is brushed and clean and
neat;
Nanna's bonnet isn't neat at all!
Nanna was not fair to punish him,
and make him stand in the corner here.
So now Michael does not love his
Nannie nurse any more. So there!

CHILDREN'S SONGS (No. 3)
No. 36. THE BEETLE
(1870)
VI p. 33

Nannie! Nannie dear! See what happened!
Oh, my Nannie dear!
I was playing in my sandbox by the arbor
in the beeches building houses,

building them from chips of maple
 that my mother cut me,
 she her very self had cut me.
 When my house was really finished
 with the roof on, with the roof on really,
 then right on the gable,
 a beetle sat, a big fat one!
 O so black, O so fierce!
 He wiggled his whiskers up and down,
 and looked at me and scared me, O so!
 O he scared me so!
 He buzzed so loud, angry
 in a rage he spread out his wings and
 * tried to grab me!
 and up he flew and hit me upon my fore-
 head!
 I kept my eyes shut, Nannie dear,
 and sat, and hardly dared to whisper.
 Then with one eye I peeped out just to look,
 and really and truly, Nannie dear!
 There the beetle lay all upside down with
 both his little feet up,
 no longer angry;
 not a wiggle in his whiskers;
 his wings were shaking, but he did not make
 a sound.
 Is he dead yet? Is he just pretending?
 What will he do now?
 O tell me Nannie!
 What will he do now?
 He tried to hit me,
 and down he tumbled.
 What will he do now? The beetle?

* Dotted quarter and quarter note.

CHILDREN'S SONGS (No. 4)
 No. 37 WITH THE DOLL
 (1870)
 VI p. 38

Dolly * lullaby, Dolly lulla-by.
 Go to sleep and close your eyes.
 Dolly! sleep, Dolly.
 Dolly, go to sleep, if you are not good,
 soon the wolf will come, take you to the
 wood.
 Dolly go to sleep, when you wake you'll tell
 me
 all that you were dreaming:
 the magic island, where the sun is beaming
 where is neither sowing,
 reaping, toil or mowing,
 and the juicy pears,
 ripen golden gleaming.
 Dolly, lullaby ** by-o-by, Dolly

* Two eighths plus two slurred 16ths.

** Two sixteenths, plus an eighth.

CHILDREN'S SONGS (No. 5)
 37a. PRAYER AT BEDTIME
 VI p. 40

God, protect and bless them,
 Father and mother.
 God protect and bless them all.
 Guard them Lord and bless them:
 Brother Vassinka, brother Mishenka
 God protect and bless her,
 grandmother, well-belov-ed.

Long may she live, keep her well and care
 for her,
 good little grandmother, old little grand-
 mother,
 bless them all!
 Bless my aunts, all of them,
 Aunty Kitty, Aunty Natalie, Aunty Mary,
 Aunty Parasha, Aunty Luba,
 Barbara, Sasha, and Olga and Tanya and
 Nadia;
 Uncles Peter and Nicky, uncles Vladimir
 and Grisha and Sasha. O bless them!

God protect my aunts and my uncles and
 Philip and Johnny and Mitya and Peter
 and Dasha, Pasha, Sophie, Duniushka,
 Nannie, O Nannie, what is the ending?
 "You naughty girl to have forgotten!
 How often have I told you:
 and to me a sinner, be, O Lord, merciful!"
 and to me a sinner, be, O Lord, merciful.
 So Nannie dear?

38. EVENING SONG

Pleshtcheyov
 IV p. 62

Balm of the evening,
 cooling and still,
 spreads over meadow,
 valley and hill.

Breeze of the evening
 soothingly blows,
 plays with the flowers
 kisses the rose.

Soft little wavelets
 lap in the cove;
 robins and thrushes
 sing in the grove.

CHILDREN'S SONGS (No. 6)
 No. 39. HOBBY-HORSE RIDER
 (1871)
 VI p. 44

Hey, Hopp, hopp, hopp! Hopp, hopp
 Gee, go on, Hey! hey! Gee go on!
 Hopp, hopp, hopp, hopp, hopp! Hopp, hopp,
 hopp!
 hopp, hopp, hey, hey, hey, hey, ta, ta
 etc.
 Hey, ta, ta, etc. Get up! Whoa, stop!
 Basil, O Basil!
 Listen! Come and play with me this
 evening.
 Do not be too late! Get up there! hopp!
 Good-bye, Basil, I am off to Jukki,
 I'll be back tonight, long before your bed-
 time.
 Very early, I'll come back again to Basil,
 sharp at six o'clock. Ta, ta, etc.
 Hey! get up, hopp, Hey, get up,
 hey, hey, get up, hey, hey,
 Oh look out! Ouch!
 Oh how my foot hurts me.

Darling boy, and does it really hurt so?
 Now stop your crying, 'twill soon be well.
 Stand up and see if still it hurts you.
 All well again?
 Can you see the pretty birdie?
 See there behind the bushes?
 Ah what a pretty bird it is.
 O how beautiful!
 See it? And now, all well? all well!

I have gone off to Jukki.
 And now for home.
 I am in a hurry Hopp, hopp.
 Guests are coming hopp, in an awful hurry.

CHILDREN'S SONGS (No. 7)

40. TOM CAT
 (1872)

VI p. 50

Ai, ai, ai, ai, Mother, ai, dearest Mother!
 I ran in the house to get my umbrella,
 My what a hot day!
 looked for it in all the draw'rs behind the
 table;
 No it was not there,
 ran in a hurry over by the window.
 Was it there that we left the umbrella?
 And Mother, there I saw him!
 right by the cage, and sneaking along
 to catch our bird, the little dear
 was in the corner, and squeaked.
 O was I angry! So, friend, you're
 after the birdie! Bah! wait now!
 I've caught you, yes caught you.
 I pretended I never had seen him,
 but I was watching,
 with the corner of my eye as I stood there,
 stood and watched him
 slyly then the cat reached out with his
 paw and slipped it into the bird-cage.
 Just as he thought he would grab for the
 bird I hit him one whack!
 Mother the cage was O so hard and hurt
 me!
 See how I hurt my finger, Mother!
 right here it really hurts me, Mother.
 Hurts me awfully!
 What do you think now, Mother,
 What?

41. SUNLESS

No. 2

(For Sunless No. 1 see No. 48)

Golenishtchev-Kutusov

Postscript

(1874)

VII p. 4

Unseen in the crowd you went by me
 your look told me nothing at all
 I felt first exalted, then humble,
 so high and, alas, then so small.

It all happened just in a moment,
 but told me the whole sorry plot;
 how blissful it was while it lasted;
 how bitter when soon you forgot.

42. SUNLESS

No. 3

Golenishtchev-Kutusov

(Night in May 1874)

VII p. 6

The daily noises all have ceased,
 and men and beasts are resting, sleeping;
 naught stirring. Round the town the hushing
 shadows every-where are creeping.

But sleep deserts my open eyes,
 and my imagination churning,
 reviews the pages of the past,
 with all its empty hope and yearning.

The poisoned air of fiery spring
 directs my wayward cogitations;
 mistakes I made go marching by,
 my dreams, my futile aspirations.

Ah these, alas, are only ghosts;
 which pass in stupid ranks before me;
 their hopes and fears are past and gone
 their din and chatter merely bore me.

But one sweet shadow yet remains
 that hovers still forever near me,
 my faithful friend of long ago
 who comes again with love to cheer me.

And boldly I rejoice to own
 that she is all my thought and craving,
 and shed the tear I've long been saving
 to shed for her and her alone.

43. SUNLESS

No. 4

Golenishtchev-Kutusov

Boredom

(1874)

VII p. 10

How dull! Why you are made for bore-
 dom;
 without excitement no relief,
 as no return without a parting;
 as greatest joy is after grief.

How dull! How dull are words of mock
 devotion,
 from empty heart and double tongue,
 and answe'red with a love-sick ballad,
 in faultless fashion played and sung.

How dull! Your life from birth to burial
 is filed away upon the shelf;
 you'll weaken, die and be forgotten
 and what of that? (Forget yourself.)!

No. 44

CRUEL DEATH

Epitaph to

Nadezhda Opochinina
 who died June 29, 1874.

Text by Moussorgsky

July, 1874

Cruel Death, a savage falcon,
 his fangs pierced thru your heart to kill you;
 the cursed garroter thru all the ages,
 you, too, he came and snatched away!

O, if they all could look within your soul
 and know you,
 all then would know how wild my cry
 of desperation!
 O, if they could but hear you,—
 the fancy and the daring,
 with which your thoughts were teem-
 ing,—
 they then perhaps could picture
 your glowing image,
 by burning love of truth illumined,
 your searching judgment,
 unruffled looking people over!

But in your own good time you broke the
 worldly ties that held you,
 without a thought of anger,
 and tranquil still and tireless,
 you found a new existence.

When, on the death of my beloved mother,
 followed by a host of sad misfortunes,
 when, banished from my home and all
 who loved me,
 embittered, lost and comfortless,
 I, timid, and trembling, as does a
 child affrighted,
 asked you to take my soul and keep and
 love it,
 for my salvation,—
 Nay, I cannot, can not go on!

(At this point the music was left unfinished,
 with the indication "a tempo primo", and the
 statement, "No, I am powerless to go on".
 The balance of the text and the last twelve
 measures of the music in the Bessel Edition
 were added by the Editor, W. G. Kara-
 guine.)

Balance of text:

As life with you was unachieved,
 life, waiting for your
 holy labor,
 so too my words may never
 reach their end,
 my song remain unfinished,
 unaccomplished.

45. SUNLESS

No. 5
 Elegy
Golenishtchev-Kutusov
 (1874)
 VII p. 12

The night sleeps wreathed in fog.
 A single star is out and shimmers,
 all alone and faintly thru the cloud-bank.
 The herd of horses grazes far across the
 valley,
 their tinkling bells are scarcely heard,
 and like the mists of night
 above the world suspended,
 there float above me clouds
 of dangers apprehended,
 reflecting doubt and dread,
 recalling hopes deferred,
 that once were dear, now dead,
 and in their graves interred.

There are regrets galore, with tears in them.
 But all these fleeting thoughts dissolve away
 in space.
 Now comes the vision of a well-be-lov-ed
 face,
 that rouses once again thru dreams of
 things forgotten.
 But now the scene turns black
 with threat of dire disaster
 my timid senses fear the struggle that is
 near;
 a-far the din and strife of our chaotic life
 the angry mur-muring crowd,
 cold laughter of the callous,
 the cockney pettiness,
 replete with hate and malice.
 The dismal knell of death.
 The faintly shining star,
 that sensing all this, shines afar,
 has hid its face for shame
 and vanished in the distance,
 in fog no light can pierce,
 all blank, like my existence.

46. SUNLESS

No. 6
 OVER THE RIVER
Golenishtchev-Kutusov
 (1874)
 VII p. 19

Moon and the far-distant stars look ad-
 miringly
 down on the waters
 from high in the firmament.
 Silent I too gaze,
 the sea is immensely deep;
 my heart can read all its secrets and
 mysteries.
 Waves there are rippling, caressing with
 tender love;
 hid in their murmur lurks vast pow'r of
 witchery;
 limitless passions and thoughts I can hear in
 them,
 voices unknown to me
 rise and excite my soul,
 soothe me but awe me,
 with doubt and anxiety.

Do they require me here?
 I will not move a step.
 Bid me to "fly"?
 I will rush off in wild dismay.
 Call me to come?
 I will plunge down without a thought.

47. THE FORGOTTEN ONE

Golenishtchev-Kutusov
 (1874)
 IV, p. 60

He met his death in foreign lands
 his life blood reddens alien sands.
 His friends and comrades foiled the foe,
 and on with glad rejoicings go;
 and there he lies alone to rot; by all
 forgot.

The raven comes to drink his blood,
 where he lies huddled in the mud.
 It plucks the staring eyes which late
 had challenged danger, death and fate;
 and having gorged enough today, it flies
 away.

Afar away across the wild,
 singing the mother rocks his child.
 "A-goo, a-goo, don't cry, don't cry,
 he'll soon come back now, by and by.
 And then with joy I'll bake his very
 special cake."

With empty eyes, alone he lies.

SUNLESS

No. 1

48. IN FOUR WALLS

Golenishtchev-Kutusov

(1874)

VII, p. 2

Dear little room of mine
 undisturbed, well-beloved,
 shadow inscrutable, shadow unanswering;
 deep thought and reverie.
 Singing a dirge to me,
 beating heart dreaming,
 of future felicity;
 moment by moment that pass by so casual-ly
 motionless gazing at far distant happi-
 ness;
 much doubt and patience too,
 pondering what to do.
 All a-lone, wondering;
 Night, for me this is you.

SONGS OF DEATH

No. 1

49. TREPAK

Golenishtchev-Kutusov

(1875)

IX, p. 20

Snow covers all things with mantle of
 white.
 Fiend-like, the blizzard is moaning.
 Is there not, think you, some poor soul
 tonight
 dying, in agony groaning?

See! It is so! Thru the darkness reels a
 drunkard.
 Death follows close alongside him;
 hopping and dancing along by his side,
 whispering softly to guide him.

"Poor little sad one, so meek, so humble,
 aimless and drunken thru life you stumble;
 now that witch, the blizzard, as her own
 has sought you,
 from the highway coyly has enticed and
 caught you.
 Poverty, sorrow have long oppressed you,
 so lie you down, darling mine, and rest you.
 I will weave for you of snow a soft, white
 cover,
 while around and over you the fairies hover".

"Puff up his bed full of downy feather,
 sing to him, forest and heath and heather;
 sing him tales of fairies, sing an endless
 number,
 that my little mujik may enjoy his slumber."

Hear, O ye heavens, and snow-clouds high
 there!

Hear, O ye snow-banks that drifted lie
 there!

Weave my little man a quilt of down to
 warm him;
 let him lie in comfort, lie where none can
 harm him.

Sleep well, little friend, in the forest shadow,
 summer is here once again.

The sun is shining on the meadow,
 all the flow'rs are blooming.

In the near-by thicket
 gaily sings a cricket.

SONGS OF DEATH

No. 2

49a. LULLABY

Golenishtchev-Kutusov

(1875)

IX, p. 6

Dim burns the candle; the child in the
 cradle
 moans in the flickering light.
 Weary the mother, from rocking and watch-
 ing,
 long, thru the comfortless night.

Just as the dawn appears, outside the cottage
 there! comes a rapping soft. Hear!
 "Who is that knocks?" and she shudders in
 terror.
 "Do not be frightened, my dear.

Pale dawn is breaking, and peeps thru the
 window;
 weeping and yearning and prayer
 leave you exhausted. Lie down for a little,
 I will watch over him there.

You do not know how to soothe him as I
 do;
 sweeter than you I shall sing."
 "Quiet! to see him so tortures me, haunts
 me,
 sweet little suffering thing."

"He will be still and at peace in a moment.
 Lullaby, lullaby, lo."
 "See, he grows paler and weaker his breath-
 ing,
 ah pray be si-lent, be still."

"Nay, it is well, for his suffering ceases,
 Lullaby, lullaby, lo."

"Out, you accursed one, you and your fond-
 ling,
 Oh, my beloved! Ah no!—Nay."

"I will put him to sleep in a moment,
Lullaby, lullaby, lo."
"Pity, your horrible song must be ended,
finish it quickly and go!"

"Look you, my singing has soothed him to
sleeping,
Lullaby, lullaby, lo."

SONGS OF DEATH

No. 3

50. SERENADE

Golenishtchev-Kutusov

(1875)

IX, p. 12

Magical tenderness, early spring blossoms,
lovely soft twilight of May!
Pallid she lies on her couch by the window,
waiting the end of the day.

Sleep will not come to her, rest not avail her,
life calls, but life's pleasures fade;
under her window stands Death in the
silence,
sings her a weird serenade.
"Here, where 'tis gloomy, your beauty is
waning;
sweet maiden, harken to me!
I, like a knight of old, I will deliver you,
from all your bonds set you free.

Take you your mirror, and look on your
features,
clear are your cheeks, clear and fair,
rosy and glowing; and twining about you,
soft as a cloud waves your hair.

Blue are your eyes; summer sky is no bluer,
more bright than fire or than light.
Fair one, I cannot wait, you with your
beauty,
charm, nay enchant me tonight!

You, too, are stirred and entranced with my
singing.
Whisper soft, calling your knight.
See, I have come, come to claim and possess
you;
now is the hour of delight.

Frail is your form, so bewitching, delicious,
like stars your eyes glow and shine.
Do not resist me, my arms are around you.
Listen, be still, you are mine!

(For No. 4 of the Songs of Death
see No. 58)

51. THE ENIGMATIC ONE

(A Christmas Present for Someone)

Text by Moussorgsky

(1875)

VIII, p. 1

So still, so still and silent,
tho silence seems to frighten you,
revilers of the venomous rabble.

Resigned, perhaps a little mocking?
and if so then, what of it?

Or are you then too proud and haughty?

And you, you paltry hypocrites,
you dare to speak in censure,
dare cast an accusation!

Be silent! Not a word; I tell you!
as she too must be,
and hear the heavy hammer-blows

against your *con-science
as hard as granite!

* two slurred eighths

52. SORROW HAS COME

Text by A. K. Tolstoi

(1877)

VIII, p. 3

Now sorrow has come but not like a
thunder-clap.
It came down on me not like an avalanche;
but it gathered in clouds, little clouds
gathering,
that have overspread the whole of my
firmament.
Like rain in the autumn,
it enveloped me
very gradual, but endlessly.
It has dripped and has dripped for days and
days,
without stop or stay or pausing to rest,
endlessly,
untiringly, it has beaten down, relentlessly.
Enough! lest you break the oak to bits and
splinter it and pluck off the foilage?
Have you not granted to others happiness?
When you come in wild despair like a
hurricane,
whole oaks are plucked out entirely, roots
and all.

53. RETROSPECT

A. K. Tolstoi

(1877)

VIII, p. 6

Calmly the soul flew along
in the ether of Heaven,
looking down wistful to earth
in a sad contemplation.

Tears from its eyelashes fell
in the spaces behind it,
weaving a starry array
in a bright constellation.

Meeting it, planets inquired
as they sailed along by it:
"Why are you sad? And for what
are tears that we see here?"

Quietly answered the soul:
"I can *not* but remember
all of the suf-f'ring and sorrow
I left there behind me.

Here I see only the faces
of heavenly angels,
souls of the righteous who know not
of sorrow or anger.

Grant to me, O my Creator,
to go back to mortals,
where I may yet find a soul
who needs pity and comfort."

54. HAUGHTY

A. K. Tolstoi

(1877)

VIII, p. 10

Haughty goes all around puffed up,
peering insolently hither and yon.
He is just about four feet high,
but the hat he wears is six feet a-cross.

Haughty wants to see his parents, O very
much,
but the gates are in need of paint.
Haughty wants to say his prayers in the
house of God
but it is not swept.

The rainbow rises up arching over him.
Haughty turns, goes to his home by an-
other way.
"Stooping under it would be undignified."

55. EACH TO HIS OWN

A. K. Tolstoi

(1877)

VIII, p. 13

A youth gets no honor who sits spinning
nor does a noble have glory from
wearing a veil; nor a chief
who has others lead him,
nor a lut-in-ist who sits in the
counting house,
and does nothing but
look up at the ceiling.

Give the Chief a horse;
give the minstrel a lute;
He must go away far thru field or wood,
find a garden there, som-bre and still,
where the nightingale on the lilac-bush
sings from set of sun, 'til the morning
comes.

56. ANGUISH

A. K. Tolstoi

(1877)

VIII, p. 16

For a moment now,
my wild agony
like mist after dawn
died away in me;
soft, a soothing beam
like sun thru a cloud,
lit my brooding soul,
thru its dreary shroud.

O thou young fellow
it will never subside,
that night when the leaves were dropping
down!
Soon full well you will know the cost of it,
of that moment of secret ecstasy!

But again it comes,
anguish at my heart,
gnawing endlessly,
never leaving me;

and my stupid head
bends in agony,
with its weary woe,
bowed down hopelessly.

57. PHANTOM

Golenishtchev-Kutusov

(1877)

VIII, p. 18

I saw there Night
before my eyes she passed,
clad all in black she passed me;
young and vital, a sorceress
who strode along with bending head,
that shone like afterglow of lightning,
transparent was her light and airy form.

But I could feel her dry and vibrant
breathing,
and I could hear the whisper of her lips,
that lured and drew me to her like a
summons.
It seemed to me as if this glorious
creature really called to me, to come and
love her;
and I could not but follow her,
enveloped in her fire, surrounded by her
shadow.

58. THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF

(No. 4 of the Songs of Death; For Nos. 1,
2 and 3 see Nos. 49, 49a and 50)

Golenishtchev-Kutusov

(1875)

IX, p. 30

The battle thunders, armor flashing,
how loud the hungry cannon roar!
The armies march, the horses dashing,
and rivers run with bloody gore.

From dawn to evening on they battle;
as twilight gathers, still they fight;
the swords are clashing, sabres rattle,
as fierce they rage in waning light.

At last, when darkness has descended,
the weary warriors panting lie;
everywhere as the strife is ended,
heart-rending wailing fills the sky.

And there, astride her battle charger,
her ghastly figure clear revealed,
with whitened bones in moonlight gleaming,
comes Death herself, taking the field.

She listens, hears the prayers and wailing;
well satisfied, in haughty pride,
like a commander, in the battle,
she scans the field on ev'ry side.

She mounts a hillock, where she pauses,
and proudly smiling, looks around (her)
and thru the silence, all who listen
hear her fateful voice resound:

I am the victor, alone I have conquered.
Pay, now, the homage to me that is due.
Life made you quarrel thus, I have appeased
you.

Rise now in friendship, to pass in review.

March past, ye corpses, all march ye before
me;
come, let me count you, my army of dead.
Into the earth, then consign you your bodies;
soft you will rest with the earth for your
bed.

Years will succeed one another unnoticed,
men will forget you, the greatest, the least;
I will remember you; here on the battle-
field,
I will tonight hold a glorious feast.
Dancing feet over you stamping the raw
earth down!
there will your bones rest and
rot through the ages,
you are forgotten, your tears and your sighs,
and from your dark name-less graves
no more rise.

59. THE WANDERER
Rückert
Translated by Pleshtcheyev
(1878)
VIII, p. 22

Shadows from the mountains
reach across on the bay;
in the distance sea-gulls
soaring far away.

None is here beside me
who is near and dear,
tho I wish so deeply
such a one were here.

60. SONG OF THE FLEA
Goethe's Faust
(1879)
VIII, p. 24

Once lived a king majestic,
and with him lived (a flea)
To him the flea was dearer
than any son could be (a flea) Ha, ha.

He called his royal tailor
and said to him: "You clown,
now make my friend, of velvet,
coat, hat and satin gown."
A velvet coat, ha, ha, a flea, ha, ha, a hat,
a satin gown!

The flea is dressed in velvet
with frills of every sort,
is made a King's adviser,
and swaggers around at court (ha, ha; a
flea!)

He wears a royal ribbon
and flaunts a golden star,
and in his train, as henchmen,
come all fleas that there are. Ha, ha.

The queen and maids of honor
have not a minute's peace;
their joy in life is ruined,
their royal pleasures cease; ha, ha.

They dance as with St. Vitus,
but dare not fight them back;
while we, if any bite us,
just give a squeeze or whack.
Ha, ha, ha.

THE LITTLE STAR
Grekov
I & II, p. 1
(1st Version)

Little golden star,
O tell me where you are?
When the dark black cloud
passes over you,
when its gloomy shroud
hides you from my view.

O my maiden dear
would that you were near!
Wherefore do you stay
O so far away,
far O far away?
Come to me, I pray!

When there comes a cloud
little stars will fade;
in her burial shroud
lies my dearest maid!

(a) THE LITTLE STAR
Grekov
I & II, p. 4
(2d version)

Little golden star
tell me where you are,
when a dark black cloud
passes over you,
with its gloomy shroud?

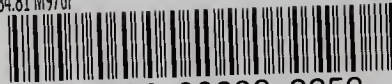
O my maiden dear
would that you were here!
Wherefore do you stay
O so far away?
ah, so far away!

In the fields I go,
wander in my woe;
hope to find relief
from my bitter grief;
hope to see my star,
if it may be there,
searching near and far
for my maiden fair.

But when comes a cloud
little stars must fade;
in her burial shroud
lies my dearest maid.

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