

## **Borodin Folksongs for Voice Cello and Piano**

### **Beautiful fisher maiden (Heine) 1854**

Beautiful fisher maiden  
guide your boat to the bank  
get out and sit with me and Debussy give me your hand  
Lean you head on my heart without fear  
you trust the waves without fear. But your heart is a sea as well  
and there is storm and stillness and a treasure trove of pearls  
lies hidden in the depth of the sea.

### **Fair maiden fell out of love (unknown)**

Fair maiden fell out of love with me  
She stopped loving my curly hair and my bright eyes  
Beloved stopped loving my songs and beautiful speech.  
Clouded all the joys  
wilted are like flowers, gentle caresses  
all sank into the water like a stone.

What do I do with all the anguish  
I fly high in the sky  
There'll be singing about my love  
a resounding and wonderful song.

### **Listen to the song my friends (unknown)**

Listen to the song my friends  
This song I composed about my  
Orphan life is sad and lonely  
difficult to conceal and hide the sadness from everybody.

## **Dmitri N. Smirnov**

### **MANDELSTAM'S SKETCHES Op 169 (2012)**

**for voice piano**

*Transl. D Smirnov*

#### **1. I am not a child anymore...**

I'm not a child anymore! The grave,  
Don't you dare to straighten the hunchback, hush up!  
I speak for everyone with such a force  
To make the sky from the palate,  
To make lips cracked as pink clay!

## **2.Say no more!**

Say no more about anything, ever, to anyone,  
There in the conflagration the time is singing.  
Don't speak, I don't believe in anything,  
I am a pedestrian just like you,  
But I returned to my own shame  
by your twisted threatening mouth.

## **3. Yenisei**

Take me into the night, where the Yenisei flows,  
Into the hut of the six-fingered falsehood,  
Because I am not a wolf by my blood  
And I am to lie in a pine coffin.

Take me into the night, where the Yenisei flows,  
Where tears lay on the eyelashes like ice,  
Because I am not a wolf by my blood  
And humanity will not die on me.

Take me into the night, where the Yenisei flows,  
Where the pine gets to the star,  
Because I am not a wolf by my blood  
And my mouth is twisted by falsehood.

17-18 March 1931

**Elena Firsova 3 Poems by Osip Mandelstam Op.23 (1980) for Soprano and Piano**

*Translation by Richard Shaw (not singable) Printed with kind permission of the translator*

## **1.Why is my soul so full of song**

Why is my soul so full of song,  
And why are there so few names dear to me,  
And instant rhythm – is it just an accident,  
The unexpected wind of Aquila?

It will stir up a cloud of dust,  
Will rustle in the papery foliage  
And never return, or else  
Return completely changed. [...]

I wandered in a toy land forest  
And discovered an azure grotto...  
Is it possible I am real?  
And indeed is death coming

## **2.Tenderer than tender**

Tenderer than tender  
Is your face,  
Whiter than white  
Is your hand,  
From the whole world  
You are distant,  
And everything in you  
Is from the inevitable.

From the inevitable  
Is your sorrow,  
And the fingers of your hand  
Which stay warm,  
And the quiet sound  
Of your cheerful  
Speeches,  
And the distant look  
Of your eyes. *1908 (transl. 2011)*

## **Rachmaninov songs**

### **A dream Op 38.5 (Heine)**

And I had a fatherland  
It was beautiful  
The was a fir tree waving above me  
But it was a dream!  
That time all my family of my friends were alive.  
I could hear from all the sides the words of love,  
but it was just a dream!

### **Lilacs op.21.5 by E.Beketov**

Through faintly breathing leaves  
The black wind rustles,  
And a quivering swallow  
Draws a circle in the darkened sky.

There is a quiet argument  
In my tender dying heart  
Between the approaching twilight  
And the fading ray of light.

And over the evening forest  
A bronze moon has risen;

Why is there so little music  
And such silence?

**How wonderful it is here... Op. 21 No. 7 (1902)**

by Glafira Adol'fovna Galina (1873 - 1942)

How beautiful it is here...

Look - far away,

The river is a blaze of fire;

The meadows lie like carpets of colour

The clouds are white.

Here there is no one...

Here it is silent...

Here is only God and I,

The flowers, the old pine tree,

And you, my dream!

**Rachmaninov Spring Waters Op. 14 No. 11 (1896)**

by Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev (1803 - 1873)

The fields are covered still with snow,

But Spring has swollen all the streams.

They run and sparkle as they go,

And wake the shores from drowsy dreams.

They call out loudly on their way:

“Spring’s coming on! Spring’s coming on!

We bring the message here today,

That’s why we meet you on the run!

Spring’s coming on! Spring’s coming on!

And soon the lovely days of May

Will follow happily along

And dance a merry roundelay!