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MASTERS OF RUSSIAN SONG

Collected and Edited by
KURT SCHINDLER

◆

The English versions by George Harris, Jr.,
Deems Taylor, Sigmund Spaeth and Kurt Schindler

◆

Vol. I. Twenty-five songs by Moussórgsky
Vol. II. Twenty-five songs by Balákireff, Tchaïkovsky, Rimsky-Kórsakoff, Borodíne, Gretchanínoff and Rachmáninoff.

◆

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PREFACE

This volume of twenty-five songs by Moussórgsky is offered to the public of America and all other English-speaking countries with the earnest hope that it may definitely and lastingly contribute to the appreciation and understanding of this greatest of innovators and prophets in modern music. While the success of his historical opera "Boris Godounoff" has firmly established his name with American opera-goers, and while the serene and lofty strains of his other operatic work, "Khovánshtchina," have found many admirers among those privileged to attend its few performances in Russian at Drury Lane, yet for several reasons Moussórgsky's operas do not permit a complete evaluation of his genius; first of all, because in dealing with subjects that picture to a large extent the life of the Russian people in its manifold aspects, Moussórgsky's fanatical love of veracity, coupled with a purposeful idealism that verged upon self-abnegation, induced him to let the people speak in their own medium, the Russian folk-song, which he knew how to incorporate in his work as no other before or after him (and we must admit that no "composed" substitute would have been as good). Another reason why a critique based solely upon these operas must lack in accuracy, is, that both works have been largely made over by Rimsky-Kórsakoff, not only in orchestration but also in the building of Ensemble-scenes and Finales. That this was done with the fine theatrical sense of a great practitioner as well as with the delicate tact of a friend, no one can deny, nor that Rimsky's brilliant orchestration and climaxes certainly hastened the recognition of these operas; yet for those who know the sum of Rimsky's own operatic work, there is little doubt as to where, in "Boris" and "Khovánshtchina," the original stops and the *retouche* begins. A certain rectangular, pompous, over-regular style, an unnecessary polyphony, and a taint of conventionality, from which Rimsky was not altogether free, creep in from time to time; and for the most part one can easily distinguish the true from the "edited" Moussórgsky. This task will be especially facilitated by a perusal of his songs, because there one never finds a trace of conventionality, never a line too much, rather a desire to say the most possible with the simplest means—almost sketch-like at times—finally, a meticulous attention to correct declamation down to the reproduction of the minutest inflections of the spoken word.

A contemporary of Wagner, Moussórgsky has solved in his own way—without much theorizing—the problem of musical declamation, being led merely by his desire to be ab-

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solutely true to life. The guiding advice of his elder friend, Balákireff (who foresaw this development), a rare gift for acoustical observation, scrupulous studies, and an unerring steadfastness of purpose, thus led Moussórgsky to find his own mode of expression, which is unlike any other's. It is not a style, not a pattern, but is new and reborn with every new problem which he attacks. It is so free, so intangible, so without compromise and convention, that one stands before his creations amazed, as before Nature herself.

The key to Moussórgsky's work is the spiritual personality of the man himself; that is why he cannot be imitated. If certain pages in Debussy's scores have similar melodic contours or harmonies, they are so much amalgamated with this Frenchman's peculiar style, that the idea of imitation is out of the question. The point is that Debussy is essentially a man of style, of patterns, of an individual, hyper-civilized musical vision (I say this in no derogatory sense). This is in direct opposition to the genius of Moussórgsky, who is rugged, frank, untrammeled, and who strikes at the very roots of things, laying open their inmost soul and letting it speak for itself, free of all personal admixture; an "impressionist" of the soul, in fact, if one dare thus freely apply the name of the painter-school of Manet and Monet to a musician, inasmuch as the revolutionizing process, the gradual evolving of a new ideal of expression, is much the same in both cases.

The only one of the younger Russian school who is called a disciple of Moussórgsky, by reason of the freedom and audacity of his conceptions, Igor Stravínsky, is, however, far from the roots and mainsprings of Moussórgsky's art. His extraordinary technique leads him to an external, kaleidoscopic portrayal of life, quite unlike the direct simplicity, the power of divination of the master.

To study Moussórgsky's work is a profound experience in a musician's life, one likely to revolutionize not only accepted musical standards, but also to enlarge his vision of the spiritual and psychic powers of music. It is futile to argue, as many of Moussórgsky's contemporaries did, that he lacked technique, that his artistic equipment was amateurish, that his originality was freakishness. We who are able to envisage the entire field of his life's work, and to gauge the tremendous seriousness and achievement of it, can appreciate the sum of its energy, the unerring logic of it all, the long path of self-development that he travelled.—Moussórgsky was young enough, when he took up music as a career, to assimilate all the classical technique of music, if he had so desired. But his conviction was bent upon finding his own way, free from all convention, to express all the emotions of the human heart as faithfully to nature as possible. And so he began his way, at first stumbling and staggering, often rugged and uncouth in his work, but finally arriving at heights of overpowering directness and lucidity. Thus his life's achievement stands before us completed in a Rembrandtian chiaroscuro, with the high lights always placed

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where they lay bare the essential life of the soul. This is why his songs are such revelations of psychology, and why the character of Boris Godounoff or of Dosifiéï and Marfa in "Khovánshtchina" affect audiences with the direct power of Shakespearian drama.

Moussórgsky's songs constitute the bulk and mainstay of his artistic bequest. Besides these, and the two completed operas, he wrote only two operatic fragments ("The Fair of Sorótchinsk" and "The Wedding"); a small number of less significant piano-pieces, an orchestral fantasy, and a few choral works (among them the superb biblical cantata "Joshua"). But among the songs there is a wide variety, and here we find the Moussórgsky who uncovers the soul of his art in all its purity. Here he is usually free from the influence of the Russian folk-song, which otherwise so engrossingly preoccupied him as to become almost a part of his own self. The collections comprising the four "Songs and Dances of Death" and the six songs of the cycle "Without Sunlight" show us the quintessence of Moussórgsky. They were written during the darkest period of his life, after his opera "Boris" had, despite its success, been banished from the stage because of political intrigue, and while he was living in poverty and seclusion with his poet-friend, Count Golénishtcheff-Kutóozoff. Here we find a descriptive power uncanny in its visual correctness; melodic lines of undreamt-of boldness; harmonies that none other heard or felt before him; and a masterful handling of technical resources and of declamation.

Probably no layman can imagine the difficulty of translating these strange and powerful musical incarnations into poetic or even adequate English. This, then, being the first time that these song-cycles are given in English versions, no effort was spared by my collaborators and myself to render them as perfectly as possible; many a poem in this volume has been translated four or five times, before one compound version was deemed acceptable.

I was singularly fortunate in having as my collaborators such men of both musical and literary ability as Messrs. George Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor; while for the correctness of the translation my wife (herself a Russian) and myself stand sponsors. Thus I can vouch for the conscientiousness with which the attempt has been made to render every shade of the literary meaning into English idiom, as well as for the scrupulous care taken to have everything singable and correctly accented. Being myself a hearty believer in the use of the English language for song-recitals—since non-understanding or half-understanding on the part of the audience kills the very sense of such entertainments—I find it especially needed in the case of Moussórgsky's songs, where word and music form the most intimate union, and where the one conveys nothing without the other. Apart from this, the use of French, German, or even Italian translations seems quite inappropriate before an English-speaking audience, as I said, six years ago, in the preface to "A Century of Russian Song." This

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earlier collection, which has so effectively instilled a love for Russian Song in America, already contained eleven songs by Moussórgsky, which of course have not been included in the present volume. Interested musicians may want to consult these, especially as they will find among them one additional song from each of the afore-mentioned song-cycles, which could not well be included here.

All periods of Moussórgsky's productivity from 1857 to about 1880, are represented in this new collection. The years of the forming of his personality (1865-67), when he lived in the country near Pskoff, and observed and analyzed the melodies and unconscious musical expressions of the peasants all around him, are especially featured; the "Orphan Girl," the "Love-Song of the Idiot," the "Magpie," and the biblical "Song of Solomon" (noted down from the lips of Jewish peasants), are among the first-fruits of this period of observation, during which he was bent upon deeper psychology and expression; written during this same period, songs like "The Bank of the Don" and the "Country Feast" attest to his happy gift of description.

The humorous side of Moussórgsky, which is such an essential and unique feature of his work, is represented by the excruciatingly funny adventures of the young Latin scholar (the Seminarian), by the Doll's Cradle-Song, and finally by the dances of Parásha and Khivria (from the Little-Russian opera-fragment "The Fair of Sorótchinsk"). Little-Russian melodies, so different in kind from the Northern Russian music, attracted Moussórgsky's attention frequently, and his "Dnyéper-Song" is the very embodiment of the proud, fiery music of the Cossacks. The "Revery of the Young Peasant," and the song "Little Star so bright," in their close affinity to the pure Russian folk-song, show how deeply the composer had entered into and comprehended the soul of the Russian peasant. Finally, two battle-songs stand out from all the rest as towering creations of vital import to our war-ridden age. "After the Battle," the ballad of the lonely soldier who dies far from wife and child, is impressive beyond description. With a simple but inexorable rhythm, with harsh and pitilessly logical harmonies, the grim picture is evoked. Moussórgsky was inspired to write it after seeing Verestchágin's painting of the same subject at a picture exhibit. Tsar Alexander II, who visited the same gallery a few days later, was so violently affected by the picture's strong realism, that the painter, out of deference to the Tsar, destroyed his own work. The tone-picture, however, that it inspired in Moussórgsky lives on with us, as one of the most powerful delineations in modern music. And what shall we call the song of "Death the Commander," if not the very incarnation in music of the horror of War?

The last number of this volume—not strictly a song, but a dramatic excerpt of melodies from the opera "Khovánshtchina"—was included to illustrate the ultimate period of the

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composer's creativeness, and the strains of sublime mysticism which his genius could then evoke. Marfa, a young fanatic belonging to the sect of "Old-Believers," finds herself cut off by the enemy's troops in a dense forest, with her co-sectarians, who choose to die on a funeral pyre rather than surrender. In the supreme moment Prince Khovansky, son of a dethroned Boïar, but dearly beloved by Marfa, joins her in the forest; and she, inspired with the spirit of self-immolation, bids him die with her, and consecrates him with the "Hallelujah of Love," while slowly circling about him with a lighted candle in each upraised hand. This scene belongs to the most sublime that can be seen on the stage, and the music reveals the mystic and divine powers of the soul. Americans have the right to know of it, even though the Metropolitan opera-stage still continues to bar the opera itself. That is why it was chosen to end this book.

I cannot close this introductory note without once more expressing my thanks and indebtedness to Messrs. George Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor for the unfaltering patience and painstaking labor by which they have made it possible for me to present this volume and its companion (twenty-five songs by Balákireff, Tchaïkovsky, Borodíne, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Gretchanínoff and Rachmáninoff). It was their conviction as well as mine that we were trustees of an important bequest to the American public, and it was in this spirit of earnest devotion that all obstacles were approached.

Stony Brook, L. I., KURT SCHINDLER.
August 26, 1917.

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Short Explanatory Notes

No. 4. The Country Feast. The frequent changes of rhythm need not disturb any singers. The song drawls on slowly and easily, with no change of the basic quarter-note. The interpretation has to consist mainly in bringing out the broad humor of the words, observing all the marks for expression and dynamics. In winter-time the Russian peasants wear clumsy furs and boots, and there is much pomp and ceremony in their festivities. Hence the heavy rhythm, which is in reality the rare $\frac{11}{4}$, known only in Russian folk-song (compare the Finale of "Snyegóurotchka," with its pompous Hymn to the Sun).

No. 5. Love-Song of the Idiot. One day in the country Moussórgsky witnessed a strange scene, which passed directly beneath his window. The village simpleton ("Yuródivui," as he is called in Russia), a poor half-witted wretch, was confronting one of the village belles, pouring out in breathless, pleading accents his long-repressed love for her. There was a touching, imploring chant, a real melody, in his voice, and the fascinated listener jotted down, unheeded, the intonations of the poor boy. From this sketch grew the song, which can be correctly interpreted only when the same tone of pleading, relentless, hopeless despair is employed by the singer. In spite of all their mockery, the Russian peasants have a superstitious reverence for their "Yuródivui," to whom they impute the power of second sight.

No. 6. The Orphan Girl. This tune was likewise culled from the lips of peasants. Although I never doubted the fact (not chronicled elsewhere by Moussórgsky's biographers), I was able recently to establish it, when perusing a Russian museum-publication on the songs of the "Kalíki perekhózhie," the wandering beggar-groups of Russia. There I found the music of a typical beggar-verse ("Stikh níshtchikh") with the same rhythm and melodic outline as this Orphan Song. It begins, "May the Lord be kind to you, you and all your ancestors!"

No. 7. The Seminarian. Latin students the world over have to "cram their heads" with the famous list of exceptional masculine nouns "Panis, piscis, crinis, finis"; and it may be taken for granted that a goodly proportion of the public understands the dread that these words evoke in young scholars. One feature of the humor of this song may escape the attention of those who have never attended services of the Russian Orthodox Church. The middle section, describing the

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holy mass, down to the point where the Seminarian intones a psalm "in the sixth liturgic mode," is actually written in the modal sequences of the so-called sixth tone of the Russian Liturgy. For those unfamiliar with the institutions of the Russian Church, be it explained that "Father Simeon" is a lay priest, a "Pope," and consequently is allowed to marry, and to have a beautiful daughter.

No. 13. Death's Lullaby. As in Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," it is necessary that the interpreter should use different intonations for the pleading of the mother and for the cold, inexorable answers of Death. Especially important is this change of voice for the icy "No!" which cuts off the heart-cry of the mother (last page but one).

No. 15. Death the Commander. In the last nine bars Death dances a Trepák, the accentuated Russian peasant-dance.

No. 17. Silently Floated a Spirit. An early counterpart to Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," one of the few pure lyrics in Moussórgsky's work.

No. 18. The Doll's Cradle Song. Moussórgsky took delight in reproducing all the dainty, minute inflections of the child's voice. In singing it, one should try to imitate the melodious drawl of the youngster, almost relapsing into speech at the end.

No. 19. Night. An early work, and one of the few erotic lyrics from Moussórgsky's pen. It has a particularly fine sweep and much subtle detail; the spirit of Púshkin and Turgénieff breathes in it. The name of the author of the poem is not given.

No. 22. Retrospect. Mark the extraordinary movement of triplets in the visionary middle part! This device was adopted by Debussy in "Pelléas."

No. 23. Resignation. Mark the keen incisiveness of the harmonies and the power of saying much with small means, as if sketching!

No. 24. Elegy. This song is very difficult to interpret. It needs supreme poise and a great gift for contrast on the part of both singer and pianist. Keep the first page and a half very quiet, the next-following one and a half page fleeting, shadowy, restless; then, after a short episode of sweet reminiscence, a rising whirlwind of shadows sweeps on, finally sinking down into itself like a fire-brand that is extinguished. "The great sad bell of Death" rings, as from an unseen monastery, and all ends in a dim haze of twilight.

No. 25. Consecration. The first page and a half, and the entire end of this number, are taken from the last (4th) act of the opera. The middle section (which in the last act returns only as a short reminiscence) is given in its full form as found in the 3d act.

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After the Battle

A BALLAD

(Balláda)

English version* by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Alla marcia. Sostenuto, ma non troppo

Voice

He met his death in for - eign land, In

Piano

sf *p pesante*

bit - ter fight - ing, hand to hand; His friends have won the vic - to - ry, And

cresc.

they are shout-ing. On-ly he, For - got-ten un - der - neath the skies, A - lone he lies. And

dim. *sf*

*Original poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutoozoff (after the destroyed picture by Vassili V. Vereshtchágin).

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down there sweeps a greed-y crow To drink his blood that still doth flow, He

picks his eyes that still do glow'r With death-ly glance in death's own hour; He

drinks his fill, he leaves his prey And flies a-way. A-

far at home a-cross the wild

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One lone-ly moth-er rocks her child: "Be still, be still!

cresc. p

ah! shed no tear, For soon your fa - ther will be

dim. dim.

here, And then we shall have pies and cake, That I shall

rall. ppp

bake."— Be - neath dark skies A - lone he lies.

Ped. *

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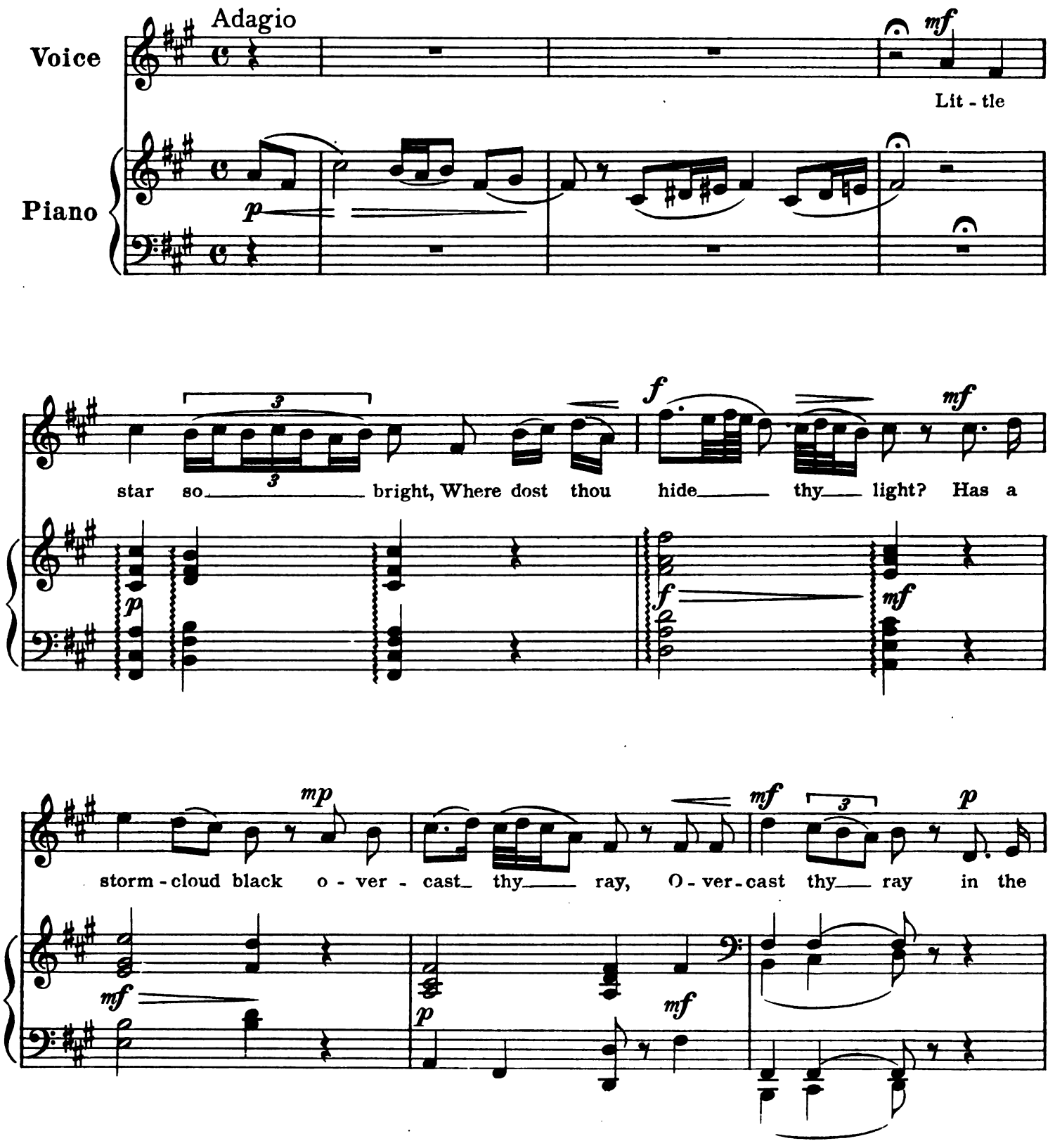
Little Star So Bright

(Gdye tui zvyózdotchka?)

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1857)
Posthumous work, revised by
V. G. Karatuigin



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black of night?

Where art thou, maid-en fair, With thy locks of gold-en hair? Hast for -

sak - en thy love, hast thou left him in de-spair, Him, so true and so brave, true be -

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yond com - pare? Now the

star is hid by the black cloud deep; In her lone-ly grave lies the maid, a - -

sleep.

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The Magpie and the Little Gypsy Dancer

A HUMORESQUE

(Soróka)

English version by
Kurt Schindler

After the poem by Pushkin

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1867)

Allegretto non troppo

Voice

Piano

p staccato

Thro' my gar-den wick-et hop-ping,

mf *sf* *p* *pp* *p* *sf* *p*

Who comes chatt'ring bright and gay? 'Tis the mag-pie, she's a pro-phet, She an-nounc-es

p

sf *p* *sf* *p* *sf* *sf*

guests to-day. In the morn-ing air a-tink-ling Sound a my-riad crys-tal bells;

p

sf *p* *pp*

2 Ped.

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mf

Pur - ple slants the sun - light, sil - ver Lies on snow - clad

p

Allegro

hills and dells. Chimes are float - ing thro' the air: Lo, I see a

p *pp* *p*

mf

mar-ket - square, Lads and maid - ens, young and old, Come to see the vil - lage fair.

mf *f* *mf* *sf*

p

In their midst a Gyp - sy danc - es, Cast - ing round co - quet - tish glanc - es,

p

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Beats her tam-bou-rine so spright-ly, Waves her ker-chief to the throng,

Skip-ping, trip-ping, smil-ing bright-ly; Then in-tones her lit-tle song:

"Hark, good peo-ple, to my songs, and lis-ten well, By my

cards your for-tunes let me tell!"

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Tempo I°

p staccato

And the mag-pie still is hop-ping, Chat - t'ring, bab-bling, bright and gay;—

pp

mf

She's an - oth - er lit - tle Gyp - sy, She's a pro - phet in her way.—

sf *p* *sf* *p* *sf* *sf* *sf*

p

In the morn - ing air a - tink - ling Sound a my - riad

pp

2 Ped.

mf

crys - tal bells, And the sun - light— sheds its

p

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sil - ver O - ver snow - clad hills and dells

Allegro

While the lit - tle Gyp - sy danc - es, Cast - ing round co - quet - tish glanc - es:

"Hark, good peo - ple, to my songs, and lis - ten well,

By my cards your for - tunes let me tell!"

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The Country Feast

(Peeroōshka)

Poem by Koltzóff
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1867)

Tranquillo

Voice

Piano

They had o-pened wide the might-y doors of oak;

Some on horse and some in sleds the guests ar-rived. In sa-lute the host and

host-ess bowed to them; From the court they led them to the light-ed hall,

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Where they knelt be - fore the sa - cred im - a - ges,

pp

mf

Then as - sem - bled round the ta - bles rich - ly decked,—

mf *sf* *sf*

f

And up - on the oak - en bench - es sat them down.

mf *p* *sf* *p*

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In a hand-some dress of mus-lin trimm'd with fringe, The young wife, en-dear-ing

cresc. p p mf

mf cresc.

with her soft black eyes, Moved a - mong the guests with

mf cresc.

cresc.

kiss - es for them all, Of - f'ring them the bowl of hos - pi - tal - i - ty;

p cresc. mf f nf

p mf f

While the host him - self dipp'd out the foam - ing beer

p mf sf

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With a spoon em-boss'd with le-gends of his house, And the mas-ter's daugh-ter,

pass-ing mead to them, Went a-mong the guests with her sweet, child-like smile.

Thus the guests did eat and drink and laugh and talk From the close of day un-

til the mid-night hour.

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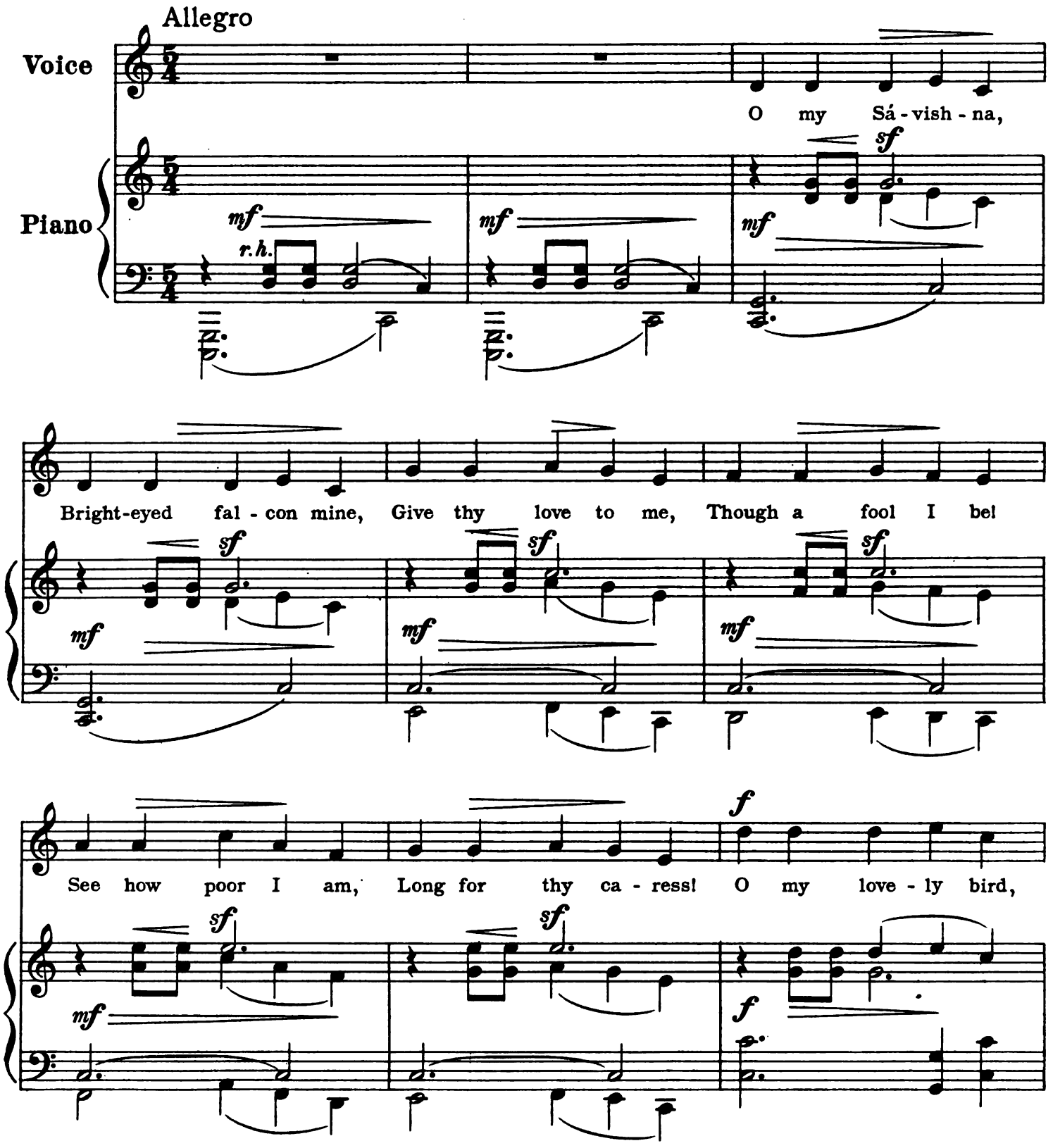
To César Cui

Love-Song of the Idiot

(Svyétik Sávishna [Yuródivui])

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1865)



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Bright - eyed fal - con mine, Love - ly Sá - vish - na, My I - vá - nov - na!

Scorn me not for my Na - ked mis - er - y, Scorn me not for my

Fate un - for - tu - nate! See, the peo - ple laugh At my ug - ly shape,

See how curst I am By their mock - er - y! And the pass - ers - by

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Call me weak of mind, And they bow and laugh At God's ho - ly fool;

Love - ly Sá - vish - na, My I - vá - nov - na! With their feet they kick Me, the ho - ly fool,

With their fists they rain Blows up - on my head. But on hol - i - days, When the peo - ple feast,

And a - dorn them-selves With red rib - bons gay, Then they kind - ly throw Bits of bread to me,

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They do not for-get God's own ho-ly fool. Love-ly Sá-vish-na, Bright-eyed fal-con mine!

Love me, e-ven though I'm not beau-ti-ful, Love me, com-fort me In my lone-li-ness!

How I long for thee I could nev-er tell! Love-ly Sá-vish-na, Trust, or trust me not,

My I - vá - nov - na!

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The Orphan-Girl

(Sirótka)

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1868)

Andante (alla breve)

Voice

Piano

Oh, Mis-ter, please be good! Dear Mis-ter, please be kind!

Please let me tell to you, I am an or - phan, a home - less child!

Hear what I say! Hun-ger and cold have been sup-per and bed for me,

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Night was my shel - ter and snow was my cov - er - let; All the peo-ple

scold - ed me and sent me a - way in tears,— Scorn was the one re - ply—

That I re - ceiv'd in my mis - er - y. Oft in the for - est I

hide my-self, sad and lone - ly, Then hun-ger calls me and makes me re -

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turn a - gain. My strength is gone, I must eat, I must drink once more!

Oh, Mis - ter, please help me! Dear Mis - ter, have pit - y! Let me not

die of hun - ger! Let me not freeze to death! Dear Mis-ter, please help me!

Please let me tell to you, I am an or - phan, a home-less child!

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The Seminarian

(Seminarist)

A HUMORESQUE

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1866)

Allegro moderato

Voice

Piano

p *f*

Pa-nis, pis-cis, cri-nis, fi-nis; ig-nis, la-pis, pul-vis, ci-nis... Oh, these

p *f*

mf *p*

Lat - in words! they drive me mad! *Or-bis, am-nis et ca-na-lis, or-bis, am-nis et ca-na-lis.*

dim. *p*

f *mf*

Such grim bless - ing from the priest I've had! How he cuff'd and

f *mf* *f* *sf*

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kick'd me, gave me— man-ya-bruise and scrape, With his ho - ly—

hand he near-ly— knock'd me out- of shape!

Fas-cis, a - xis, fu - nis, en - sis; fus-tis, ves-tis, ver-mis, men-sis.

Fa - ther Sim - eon has a daugh-ter, such a sweet, de - mure one!

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p

She has cheeks as red as pop-pies, lan - guid eyes that lure one;

p

cresc.

mf

p

Crim-son is the smock that hides her waist so slen-der, Snow-y white her bos - om,

mf

p

swel-ling smooth and ten-der. *Fas-cis, a-xis, fu-nis, en-sis; fus-tis, ves-tis, ver-mis, men-sis...*

f

f

ff

Ah, my Stio-sha, lit - tle dar - ling! How I'd dear-ly love to hold you, To

ff

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dim.

kiss you mad-ly, in my lov-ing arms to en - fold you!

dim. mf dim. p

p pp p

Pos-tis, fol-lis, cu-cu-mis, at-que pol-lis, at-que pol-lis... cu-cu-mis,

pp

cu-cu-mis. Late-ly at the cel - e - - bra - - tion of a

cresc.

spe-cial mass in hon-or of the Ho-ly Mi-thro - do - -

cresc.

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ra, I in-toned a psalm in the sixth li - tur - gic

mode. All the while my— left-eye wan-der'd, could not keep— from-

stray - ing, Steal-ing glanc-es at— my Stio-sha, who— stood close at hand, de-

vout - ly— pray - ing.

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Dear me! Fa - ther Sim - eon saw it all, Af - ter mass

call'd me out in - to the hall; Then up - on my pate his Rev-'rence served a three-fold

ben - e - dic - tion! Then with might and main he made me cram my head with

Lat - in gram-mar: *Or-bis, am-nis et ca-na-lis, et ca-na-lis, san-guis, ung-uis et an-na-lis,*

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cresc.

et an-na-lis.

sf sf

mf

dim.

p

dim.

p

Thus by Sa - tan_ I___ was tempt-ed Right with - in___ the_ ho - ly

tem - ple of our Lord!

mf cresc.

Am-nis et an-na-lis,

r. h.

f

cresc. ff

san-guis, un-guis et ca-na-lis, et ca-na-lis, et ca-na-lis.

mf

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The Song of Khívria

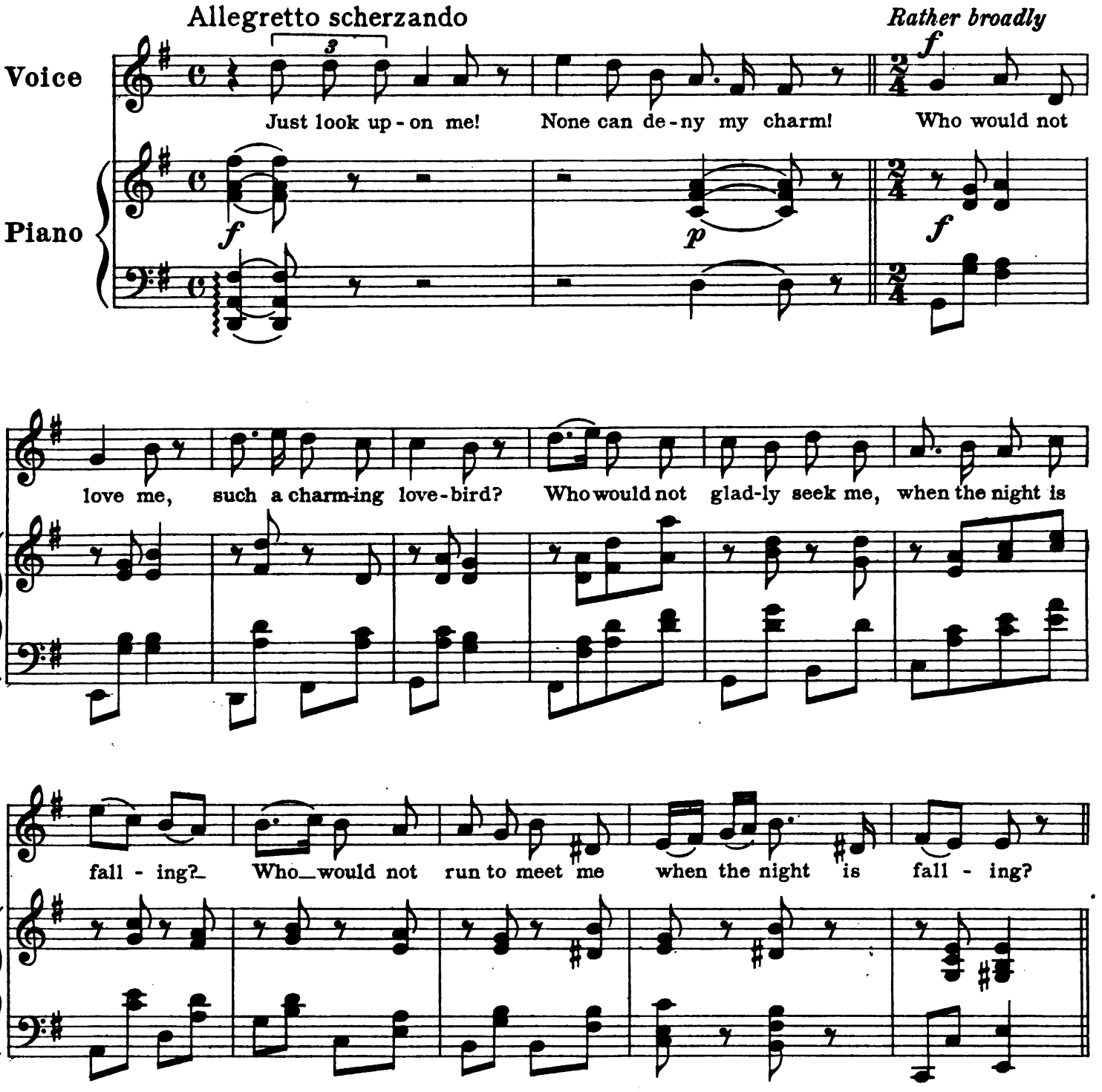
The Buxom Matron

COMIC DANCE-SONG

(Little-Russian)

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Music* by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)
Edited by A. Lyádoff



*From the opera "The Fair of Sorótchinsk" (1877), the text adapted from the like-named tale by Gógol in his novels "Evenings at Dikánka." Khívria, the stepmother of Parásha (the heroine of Gógol's story), is a buxom matron, still far from averse to an occasional flirtation. She sings this song during the absence of her husband, the peasant Tcherevík, while she is awaiting the arrival of her lover Afanásius Ivánovitch, the pope's son, for whom she has prepared a delicious repast.

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Andantino

rall.

When the night is fall - ing?

A tempo. Andantino cantabile

Why does my be-lov-ed not ap -

pp

pear? All the dump-lings ru-ined! All the love-ly pan-cakes grow-ing cold!

pooo rall.

Andante

Ah me! Oft I wan-der'd through the fields, through the wood, through the wood,

p

Through the val-leys, o - ver moun-tains off to the fair, off to the fair!

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Easter-buns I used to sell there, three a-piece, two for five. All the Cos-sacks used to buy them

p

Lento

just from me, on-ly me. Where's my la-zy lover? Still I'm wait-ing.

Moderato

più calmando e dim.

f

The dev-il take the ras-cal! Nev-er mind, I'll stop my fret-ting,

mf *p*

'Tis no time for griev-ing, Ra-ther let me sing! Ah!

f

pp *mf*

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Allegretto scherzando

Since the time when first I met my Bru-de-us, Bru-de-us, I have ru-ined

man-ya hand-some pair of shoes, pair of shoes. Ho, wretch-ed Bru-de-us!

f

Woe, ras-cal Bru-de-us! I am filled with in-dig-na-tion, That he had my

f

ad-mi-ra-tion; I de-clare, with deep de-jec-tion, I have wast-ed my af-fec-tion!

poco rall.

pp

poco rall.

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Bru - de - us is such a dan - dy,

a tempo

Look at him! look at him! And his shin - y boots are al - ways

Neat and trim, neat and trim. Ho, fop - pish Bru - de - us!

Woe, pre - cious Bru - de - us! How I blush to

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think I kissed him, That I nev-er could re-sist him! I am filled with

8

pooo rall.

in-dig-na-tion At our for-mer os-cu-la-tion! *a tempo*

pooo rall.

f

a tempo

Bru-de-us is called to bat-tle, But he says he will not fight,

For he can't en-dure the rat-tle And he can-not stand the sight.

8

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Ho, tim - id Bru - de - us! Woe, cow - ard Bru - de - us!

Would I had from thee de - part - ed, Such a lov - er chick - en - heart - ed!

pocco rall.

I am filled with in - dig - na - tion At such hor - rid tre - pi - da - tion!

pocco rall.

Meno mosso

I am told, when eve - ning falls, On some oth - er girl he calls,

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pooo a pooo

Hold-ing hands and - mak-ing eyes, Boast-ing, strut-ting, tell-ing lies. Ho, fick-le

Tempo di allegretto

Bru-de-us! Woe, faith-less Bru-de-us! Where are words of in-dig-na-tion

f *f*

For such sheer a - bom-i - na-tion! I am through with you, my friend! Pa-tience now is

Meno mosso

at an end! Ah! No more love for me! Ha ha!

f *f*

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Revery of the Young Peasant

(Dōōmka Párobka)

English version by
Sigmund Spaeth and Deems Taylor

Music* by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)

Larghetto, quasi largo

Voice

Piano

p

My heart,— why weep-est thou?

Why art— thou— pin - ing? What can I do to com-fort thy sor - row,

*From the opera "The Fair of Sorótchinsk," the text adapted from the like-named tale by Gógol (in his novels "Evenings at Dikánka"). The opera was edited, after Moussorgsky's death, by A. K. Lyádoff.—Gógol's Little-Russian story of the Sorótchinsk Fair describes the wooing of the beautiful peasant-girl Parásha by a young peasant-lad. Khivria, the girl's stepmother, plots against the suitor, and in this song he voices the apparent hopelessness of his love.- The melody of this song was also used by Moussorgsky (to describe the breaking of dawn) as the closing theme of his orchestral Fantasy "A Night on the Bald Mountain".

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poor_heart of mine?

p

Is it that like me thou griev-est that fate no long-er_

smil-eth, And the road to hap-pi-ness is_ barr'd? Be

p

si - lent now, my heart! weep-ing heart_ of mine!_

rall.

rall.

p

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Cantabile

Sor - row, for - sake thou me! De-spair, I bid thee go! All that I

pp

long for, all my heart's de - sire, is the love of the fair Pa - rá - sha!

p *cresc.*

Ah, Pa - rá - sha, my Pa - rá - sha! Thou my lit - tle dove, thou

p *cresc.*

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f

fair-est lit-tle queen of mine! None but thy wick-ed fos - ter-moth-er tries to

mf

harm us. Still all my long - ing, all my heart's de - sire, is the love of the

p

fair Pa - rá - sha! Heart, — why weep - est thou?

p

pp

Why art — thou pin-ing? What can I do to com-fort thy sor-row? Heart, O my heart!

allargando

allargando

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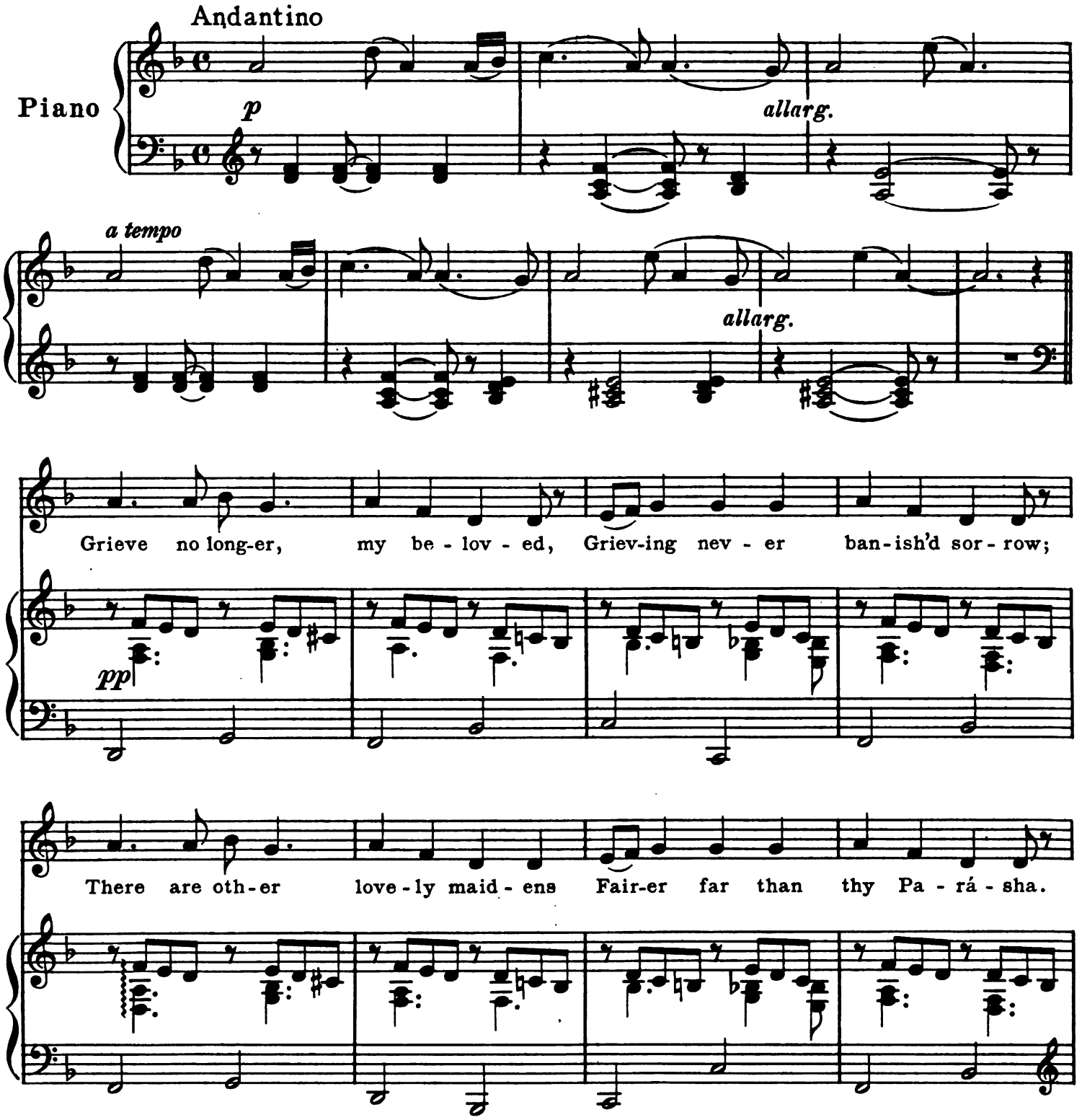
Parásha's Revery and Dance

(Dŏŏmka Parássi)

Little-Russian

English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music* by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)



* From the opera "The Fair of Sorótchinsk," the text adapted from the like-named tale by Gógol (in his novels "Evenings at Dikánka"). The opera was edited, after Moussorgsky's death, by A. K. Lyádoff- In this song Parásha, the heroine of this Little-Russian tale, contemplates the many obstacles placed between her and her lover by the intrigues of her stepmother, Khívria. Her natural gayety finally asserts itself and finds expression in a merry dance-tune, which calls up memories of the lively times on market-days.

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Ah, how I love to hear thee say: Pa-rá - sha, my lit-tle dove,

espressivo

fair-est lit - tle queen of mine." Ah how I dear - ly love to see thy ten-der glance,

When be-neath thy ra - ven brows thine eyes gleam so fal - con - like!

mf

f

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Nay, sor-row I must ban-ish; For de-spair I've no rea-son:

pp

I'm not old and hid-e-ous, Nay, for-sooth, I'm youth-ful and pret-ty,

Allegretto grazioso

pp

Have not lost all my charm yet! Let's dance! Hi! my young and black-eyed lov-er,

sfz

8

pp

Stand-ing up so straight and tall, Come and tread a dain-ty mea-sure With thy sweet-heart

8

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slim and small! Pit, pat, go the lit-tle slip-pers Of the maid-en slim and small; Click, clack,

un poco cresc.

go the heav-y top-boots Of the lov-er straight and tall. Don't be gloom-y, don't be sad,

p

p

Come a-gain to - night, my lad! To_ be coy would be a sin,_ Just be bold and

step right in. Pit, pat, go the lit-tle slip-pers, Don't be gloom-y, don't be sad!

cresc. poco a poco

cresc. poco a poco

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Click, clack, go the heav- y top-boots: Come a-gain to - night, my lad!

f

f

Hop! hop! Ho - pak-dance!

mf

f

f *mf sempre cresc.*

Hop! hop! Gay - ly prance! Pit, pat, go the lit - tle slip-pers, Let us dance the

8

mf

mf sempre cresc.

f

Ho - pak gay! Pit, pat, go the lit - tle slip - pers, This is mer - ry

8

f

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Più mosso

mf

mar-ket-day! Hop! hop! Ho-pak-dance! Hi! ho! mar-ket-day!

8

mp

f

sempre cresc.

Pit, pat, lit-tle slip-pers! Hop! hop! Ho-pak gay! Pit-ter-pat!

8

mf

f

go the lit-tle slip-pers! Greet-ings to my lov-er gay! Hop! hop! Let's be mer-ry!

8

cresc.

sfz

Let us dance till break of day! Hi!

8 8

ff

sfz

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The Banks of the Don

(Po nad Dónom sad tzvyetyót)

Poem by Koltzóff
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1867)

Andantino

Voice

Piano

p *sf* *pp* *poco* *sf*

p

By the Don a flow'r - y lane— Pass - es thro'— my

pp *p*

gar - den green; Oft - en, from my— lat - tice win - dow,

p pooo cresc.

* The Don is one of the largest rivers of Southern Russia; it empties at Rostóv into the Sea of Azóv.

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Scherzando

Have mine eyes be-held the scene. There at_ eve fair_

pp *sf* *p*

Ma - sha pass'd me, From_ the well re - turn - ing,

Smil - ing up with bash - ful glanc - es,

pp *l.h.* *sf*

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Cheeks with blush - es burn - - ing.

l. h.

pp *sf*

p

Shy - ly she'd re - turn my greet - ing

pp

pp *poco rit.*

In the sun - set's glow - ing.

poco rit.

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p a tempo, tranquillo

Once she ab - sent - ly tipp'd her wa - ter - jar,

a tempo, tranquillo

Spilt it— o - ver - flow - ing.— By the Don a—

p

pp

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4

l. h.

sf

p *sf*

flow'r - y lane— Pass - es— thro' my gar - den....

pp

pp *poco* *sf*

ppp

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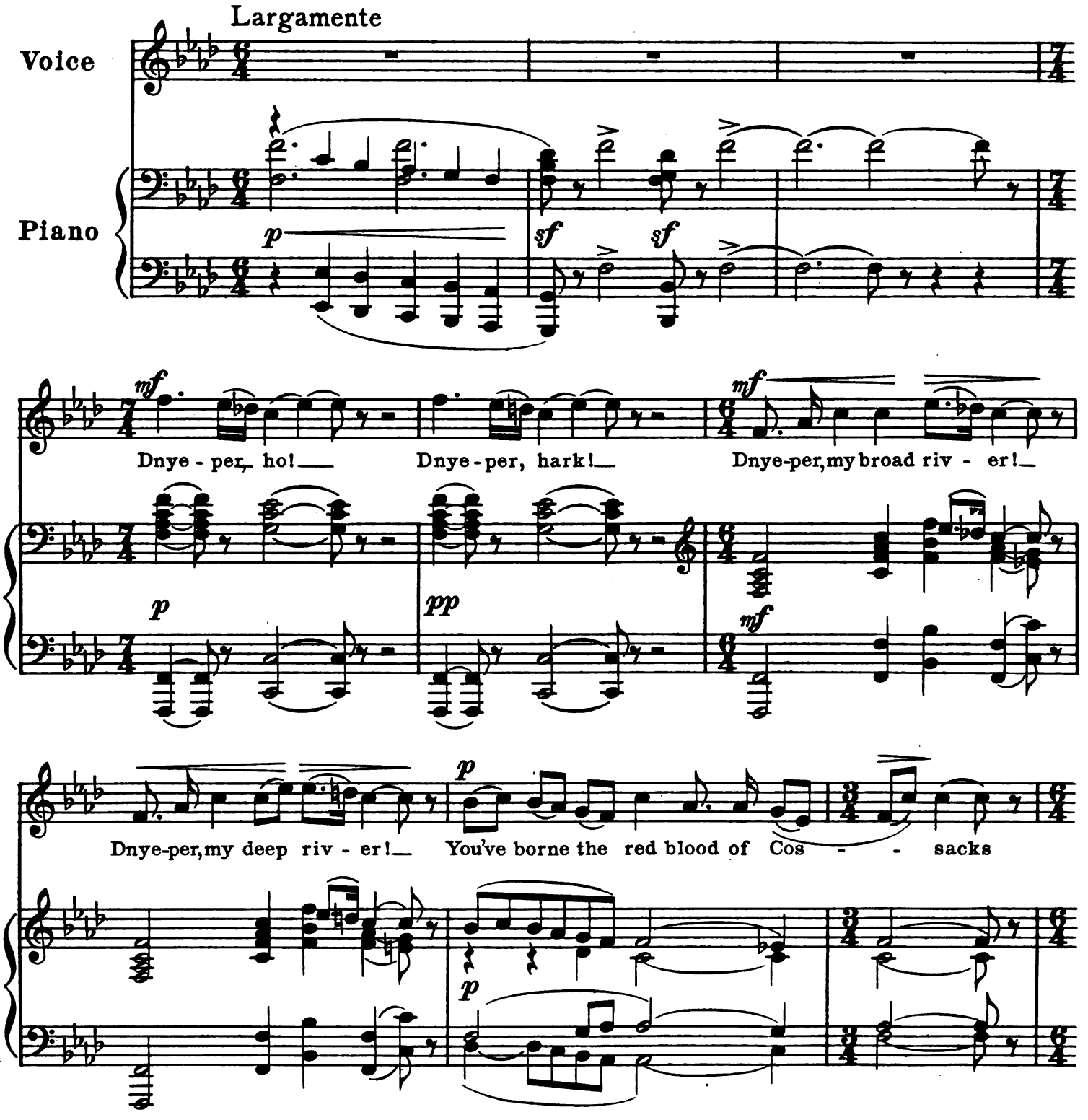
On the River Dnyéper

(Na Dnyepryé)

From the Little-Russian poem*
"The Haïdamaks", by T. G. Shevtchénko
English version by Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky
Composed 1866, revised in 1880



* The Dnyéper is – after the Volga – the largest river of Russia. It rises near Smolénsk, flows through Kieff and Yekaterínoslav, and empties into the Black Sea. The Poles have been the traditional enemies of the Cossacks through many centuries.

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On your long, wind - ing course to_ the far dis. - tant sea._____

mf

On - ly_ was___the sea_ nev-er sat-is - fied, ne'er sat-is - fied. To -

p

f

mf

pp

Allegro risoluto

day you are wait-ing, to - day you are wait - ing,__ My Dnye-per so

pp

broad. To - day God pre - pares for U - kraï - na its feast - ing, Its

f

pp

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cresc.

feast - ing so fright - ful, For flow - ing, flow - ing is

cresc.

f

blood in great_ tor-rents, The Cos - sack re - vives; The

Het - man a - ris - es in gar - ments re - splen - dent, Once

more comes the day when U - kraï - na shall live. And

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far o'er the steppe on the graves* of our broth - ers The

foe - men shall fall 'neath the gleam of our blades. A -

new shall the Cos - sack sing his song free - ly, Un - fet - ter'd and

f

bold-ly in praise of U - kraï - na: "Our land shall be free to the sea of

ff

* Literally translated, the original poem refers to the "Kurgáni," the tumulus-shaped burial-mounds of the Cossacks.

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Pol - ish and Jew - ish blood! Down the riv - er float now

bones of our en - e-mies, Blood of Pol - ish vic-tims,

blood of Jew - ish vic - tims, Now flows down the

riv - er feed - - ing the sea!

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Largamente

f

p

Dnye - per, halt! Dnye - per, hark!

fp

pp

mf

Soon will be thy vic - to - ry, soon wilt thou be qui - et - ed!

p

p

Dnye - per, halt! O my riv - - - er

pp

deep!

pp

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Death's Lullaby

(Koluibélnaya)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1875)

Lento doloroso

Voice

Piano

pp

mf

Faint-ly the child sighs.

p

The

sf

p

pp

lamp dim-ly flick-ers, Sheds but a phan-tom of light;

poco rit.

poco rit.

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōōzoff (No. 2 of "Songs and Dances of Death").
No. 1 of this cycle, "Trepak", is to be found in "A Century of Russian Song", collected and edited by Kurt Schindler, published by G. Schirmer, New York, 1911.

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a tempo

Rock - ing the cra - dle, the pale, wear-y moth - er Waits thro' the

a tempo

poco rit.

long, sleep-less night.

Moderato tranquillo

pp

Ear - ly at break of day

poco rit.

dim.

pp

a mezza voce

comes, soft - ly knock - ing, Death, all - com - pas - sion - ate:

f agitato

dim.

"Hark!" Trem - bling, she starts, gaz - ing anx - ious - ly round her....

sf cresc.

poco dim.

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Lento funesto

"Fear not, O moth-er, the dark! See, now the pale morn looks in at thy win-dow;

Man - y the tears thou hast shed, Wear - y thy vi - gils. So

rest now, I pray thee, I will keep watch in thy stead.

Vain - ly thou seek - est the dear one to qui - et;

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cantab. rall.

Soft - er and sweet - er sing I!"–

rall.

Agitato patetico

pp

"Si - lence! In fe - ver my

pp

lit - tle one toss - es,

Torn— is my heart with his

Lento funesto

cry!" "Nay, but with me he will soon cease to

allargando

suf-fer. Lul-la-by, lul-la-by-bye."–

p

Agitato

"Wax - white his cheeks now, his breast faint - ly fal - ters –

pp

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Lento *tranquillo*

Be still, and stand not so nigh!"– "Good is the to - ken; his strug-gles are

p

allargando

Agitato

end-ing. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by - bye."– "Go, thou ac-curs - ed one! Foul thy ca -

allargando

sf *sf* *pp*

Lento *tranquillo*

con dolore *dim.*

ress - es! Touch not my child, lest he die!"– "No! 'Tis a comfort-ing dream I shall

p

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allargando

Agitato, con dolore

waft him; Lul - la - by, lul - la - by - bye."– "Cease now thy ter - ri - ble song!

allargando

cresc.

Lento *tranquillo*

grant me mer - cy! Canst thou my plead - ing de - ny?" "Look ye!

dim.

rall.

My singing has lull'd him to slum - ber. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by - bye."

p

pp

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Death's Serenade

(Serenáda)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1875)

Larghetto

Voice

Piano

Sweet - scent - ed breath of Night, soft and ca - ress - ing, Trem - bling blue twi - light of June....

cresc.

Bow - ing her head on her bo - som, the maid - en Heark - - ens to Night's gen-tle croon.

dim.

dim.

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutőzoff (No.3 of "Songs and Dances of Death").

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cresc.

Sleep will not come to her eyes, bright with fe - ver;

dim.

Life calls in vain to the

maid; Un - der her win - dow, in si - lence of

p

cresc.

dim. e rall.

mid - night, Death sings a grim ser-e - nade:

sf

rall.

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Andantino

"Lone - ly and fet - ter'd, in dark - ness of bond - age,

Youth now is fad - ing from thee; Roam - ing as er - rant

knight vest - ed with ma - gic pow'r, I come thy young soul to free.

Raise thee and look in thy glass: Ah, what

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cresc. *dim.* *cresc.*

beau - ty Lim - pid - ly glows in thy face! Ros - y thy cheeks are; thy

shim - mer-ing tress - es, Cloud - like,thy bod - y em-brace.

dim.

p pooo capriccioso

Clear___ is the gleam of thine eyes blue and lam - bent,

Bright_____ as the glow of_ the sky;_

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Sweet wafts thy fragrant breath, warm as the

mf *sf* *sf* *pp*

noon - tide, Ma - gic thy charm draws me nigh. Soon must thou

pooo accel. *a tempo, tranquillo*

a tempo

ppp pooo accel. *p* *sf*

yield to the spell of my sing - ing,

sf

Now thy true gal - lant is near; Heed - ing thy call he is

f *mf*

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com - ing to claim—— thee. Lo! the su - preme hour is here!

pp

pp

Dain - ty thy form,— so enchant-ing thy trembling!

2 Ped.

Oh! thou shalt swoon and de - cline Under my kisses!— Dost hear what I

cresc. *dim.*

pp

ppp *parlando*

whis - per? Lis - ten!.... Lie still!.... Thou art mine!"—

f

ppp

ff *sf*

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Death, the Commander

(Polkovódyetz)

English version* by
Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)

Vivo, alla guerra

Voice

Piano

With crash of

ff

bat - tle, ar - - - mor

mf

gleam - - ing, The can - - nons bel - low forth their

sf *sf*

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōōzoff (No. 4 of "Songs and Dances of Death")

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fire, And men take flight, their hors - - es

sf mf

steam - - ing And stum - bling thro' the blood - y

sf

mire. With glare of mid - day

sf

f

8

bat - - tle rag - - es; The

f

3 3 3

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sun is sink - - - - ing, still they fight;

The twi - - - - light dark - ens, but en -

ga - ges The foe to mer - - - - - - - ci - less new

spite.

But night has

rall. pesante

dim.

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risoluto

fall'n, and all is end - ed, The hosts a - sun-der have been driv'n. Then silence,-

pp *pp* *f*

mf

from the un - be - friend-ed Unheed-ed groanings rise to heav'n. Then

pp *creso.* *dim.*

Grave, marziale

by the moon il - lu - mi-nat - ed, His bones all glit-t'ring white and stark, As

p

cap - tain of the hosts in - stat - ed, There rides forth Death.-

f *f* *f* *fp*

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p

Lo! in the dark He heeds the sob - bing and the

pp

pray - - ing, Un-til his pride is sat - is - fied,

risoluto

Then, on the spot of cru - el slay - ing, He walks a - bout with sol-emn

pp

stride. Then on a hil-lock, light-ed dim - ly, He looks a-round him,

fp

p

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smil - ing grim - ly, Then o'er the bat-tle's si - lent ground He sends his

pp *poco cresc.*

voice with fate - ful sound: "Mine is the bat - tle! All wrongs are right - ed,

f *f*

Foe - man and friend shall to me bow the head! Those who were en - e - mies,

dolce *p*

I have u - nit - ed: Rise now, to pass the re - view of the dead!

cresc. poco *f*

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March by me sol - emnly, greet your command - er! I shall account for you

all, friends and foes; Cool is the ground, and the dark beckons yon - der,

Soft - ly from life you shall sink to re - pose. Years shall in - vi - si - bly

change in - to a - ges, Soon will be gone the re - mem - brance of you;

poco meno mosso

poco meno mosso

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a tempo, pomposo

I shall re-call you, when war no more rag - es, Bid you at mid - night to

a tempo

f

meno mosso

sol - emn re-view. Danc-ing with heav - y step, till I grow wear - y,

meno mosso

p marcato

poco rall.

I'll stamp the earth, that hence - forth in this drear-y Grave-yard your bones shall for-

poco rall.

ff allargando

molto rit.

ev - er be bound, That you shall nev - er rise up from the ground!

f allargando

molto rit.

f

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The Song of Solomon

(Yevréiskaya Pyésnya)

Poem by L. Mey
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1867)
(after an original Jewish melody)

Andante appassionato

Voice

Piano

p *p* *pp*

As the wild rose am I, as the lil - y of the field;

mf

p

2 Ped.

f

She, my snow-y-breast-ed dove, lit - tle dove of mine, Shin-eth

p

sf *cresc.* *f* *p* *pp*

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fair midst her sis - ters as a - mong thorns the lil - y. Oh my

cresc.

Meno mosso

white-breast-ed dove, lit - tle dove of mine!

a tempo

As the fair myr - tle - tree,

l. h.

sweet with fra - grant spice,

'Mongst the bar - ren trees that

cresc.

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with-er in the for-est, Shin - eth my well-be-lov-ed 'midst the host of

less-er men, the youth of Is-ra-el. Where-fore hid-est thou, my

Meno mosso

cresc.

beau - ti-ful?

a tempo

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Silently Floated a Spirit

(Górnimee tikho letyéla dooshá nyebesámi)

Poem by Count Alexis K. Tolstóï
English version by Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)

Sostenuto, Lamentoso, Mistico

Voice

Piano

p

Si - lent - ly float - ed a

8 *tremolando*

ppp

spir - it a - cross the high heav - ens, Low - er - ing earth-ward her

8

eye-lids in sor-row - ful dreaming; From them there fell to the

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earth the pure tear-drops of sor - row, Like to a chain of bright

stars were they, end - less and gleam-ing. Meet - ing her, soft - ly the

ppp

oth - er stars ask'd of their sis - ter:

pp

"For what de - spair from thine eyes flow the

pp

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tear - drops so burn - ing?" Then did she

con espress.

an - swer and say: "Lo, my thought turn - eth earth - ward;

sf *p*

pooo rit.

Might I for - get what I've left there of suf-f'ring and yearn-ing!

pp

pooo rit.

p a tempo

Here is no light but the light of the joy of the right - eous,

a tempo

pp

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Here is no an - ger nor grief in the heav - en - ly cit - y.

8

f

Oh, send me down a - gain earth-ward, Cre - a - tor, I pray Thee,

sf *p*

poco rit.

That I may find there some soul that needs com-fort and pit - y!"

poco rit.

pp *ppp*

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The Doll's Cradle-Song

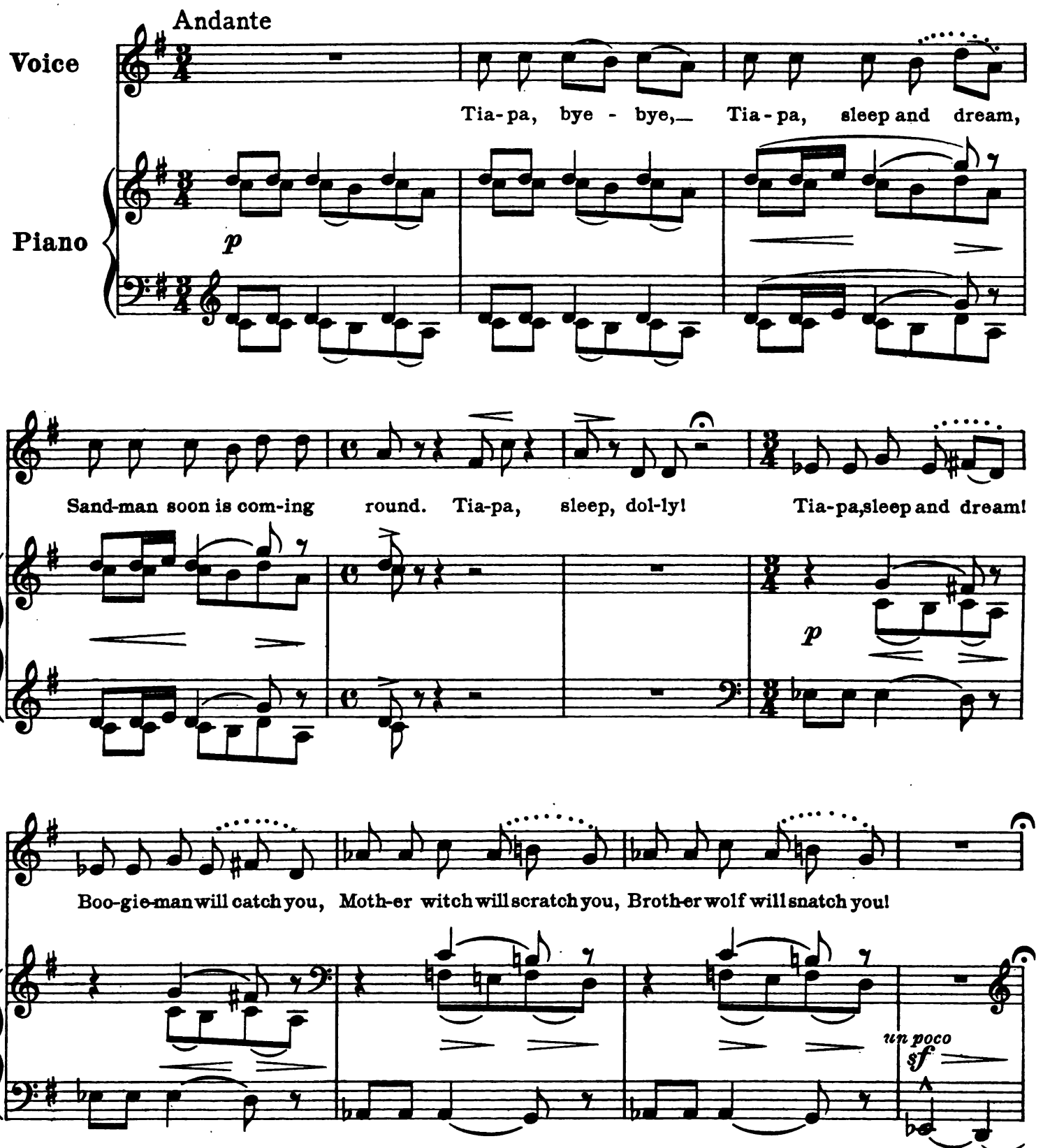
(S' Kŏŏkloi)

Dedicated to my children, Tániushka and Góga

No. 4 of the cycle
"The Child's Nursery"*

English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky



* Another song from this same cycle, "The Beetle" is to be found in "A Century of Russian song", collected and edited by Kurt Schindler, published by G. Schirmer, N. Y. 1911.

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Tia - pa, go to sleep!

p

2 Ped.

Then to - mor - row tell me What you have been dream - ing:

Of won - drous is - lands Free from work and wor - ry,

cresc.

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Where the trees are glow - ing Filled with pears of am - ber,

mf

Where in nests of sil - ver Gold - en birds are sing - ing.

dim. *p* *dim.*

5

Bye - bye, lul - la - by! Bye-bye, Tia-pa!

p *pp*

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Night

A PHANTASY

(Notch. Fantásia)

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1864)

Adagio

Voice

Piano

p

Thy

pp

sf

2 Ped.

gra - cious im-age spreads up-on me its en-chant-ment, A fleet - ing mys-ter-y,

a won-drous vi - sion That haunts my lone - ly slum-ber,

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When falls the hour of si - lence.

dim. *ppp*

I hear theewhis - per-ing; Thy mur - mur'd words that

flow up - on mineear, Likecrys - tal foun-tains, in the si - lence of night are

Digitized by Google

cresc.

float - ing o'er me, All full of hope, all full of com - fort,

cresc.

All full of strength, and

mf

ma - - gic - al ful - fil - ment

pp

Digitized by Google

and ob - liv - ion.

dim.

ppp

p

When night is dark,

when mid - night sounds,

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thine eyes are shin - ing close be - fore my gaze;

cresc.

dimin.

Ah! they seem to smile at me,

and, lo! I hear thee soft - ly

Digitized by Google

p

say: My love! my heart's own

pp

friend! I love thee so! My

pp

pp

rit.

heart is thine!

a tempo

rit. *pp* *ppp* *dim.*

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In My Attic

(V' tchetuiryókh styenákh)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Andante tranquillo

Voice

Piano

Lone is my lit - tle room, si - lent and dear to me,

pp

Deep shad - ows hov - er there, grey and im - mov - a - ble.—

cresc.

dim.

Scene of my rev - er - ies, home of my thren - o - dies,

cresc.

dim.

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutóozoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No. 1)

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High as - pi - ra - tions, and hopes of my in - most heart.

Mo-ments of rap-ture that flick - er and die a-gain; Brief, fleet - ing glanc - es of

l.h.

far - dis - tant hap - pi-ness; Doubt and un - cer - tain-ty, sor-row and suf - fer - ing:

Meno mosso e tranquillo

Such are my lone - ly nights there, in my lit - tle room.

pp

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After Years

(Menyá tui v'tolpyé nye ōōznála)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Andante con moto

Voice

Piano

p

sfpp

Last night, in the crowd, you ig - nored me; Your eyes gave no sign that they saw; But once more en - snared by your glanc - es, I trem-bled with ter - ror and awe. It

p

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*After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōōzoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No. 2)

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was but one flash of re-mem-brance, But in it came back thro' the years

cresc.

pp

cresc.

All mad - ness of pas - sion long van - ish'd, All

l.h.

sor - row of part - ing and tears!

dim.

dim.

p

pp

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Retrospect

(Okóntchen prázdnui, shōōmnui dyen)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Moderato assai

Voice

Piano

The vain and nois - y day is done; Un - eas - y toil now

f *p*

ends in dream - ing. Deep si - lence.— Shad - ows of the night Per - vade the

pp

cit - y wrapt in slum-ber. But sleep comes not to soothe mine eyes. Now breaks a

nf

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōōzoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No. 3)

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mys - tic dawn with - in me; Im - a - gi - na-tion glanc-es back To scan the book of years long

pp

van - ish'd. As if a - new my soul were filled With

pa - gan Spring's en - rap - tured vi - sions, Be - fore my spir - it

poco rit.

floats a train Of hopes, of yearn-ings, fleet - ing fol - lies.... A -

pp poco rit.

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a tempo

las! what phan-tom-world is this? I wear - y 'mid the host that haunts me, And

a tempo

p

what their fu - tile voic - es tell Has lost the ma-gic that en-thrall'd me. Of

Andante cantabile

all the shad - ows on - ly one, By faith il - lum - in'd, stands be-fore me, And

l.h.

pp

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poco rit.

she_ who loved me long_ a - go Now soft - ly bends a - bove_ my pil - low. And

poco rit.

a tempo *p* *f* *dim.*

once_ a - gain_ my spir - it stirs, And once_ a - gain_ my soul sur - ren - ders.

a tempo *p* *f* *dim.*

pp *f* *rit.*

My tears are fall - ing, tears of rap - ture, Un - heed - ed tears of mys - tic joy._

pp *sf* *p* *rit.* *pp*

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Resignation

(Skootcháï)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Andantino comodo assai e poco lamentoso

Voice

Piano

Re-sign! Thou art but born to

p

wear - y. He knows not joy, whose heart is dead; Re - turn but

glad-dens af - ter part - ing; Who would pre-vail, must ban - ish dread.

sf cresc.

f

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutóozoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No.4)

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Meno mosso

Re-sign, re - sign! But faint - ly—

p

p

sound— with - in thee The call of love, the— voice of truth; With

ly - ing greet - ing dost thou an-swer The vir - gin dreams— of ea-ger youth.

poco rall.

mf

poco rall. pp

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a tempo *senza espressione*

Re - sign! With - in pre - des - tined cir - cles From

a tempo

mf *p*

birth to death, thou art not free, While drop by drop thy for - ces van - ish,

pp

Till thou shalt die.... God's peace to thee! God's peace to thee!

p *poco rall.* *a tempo*

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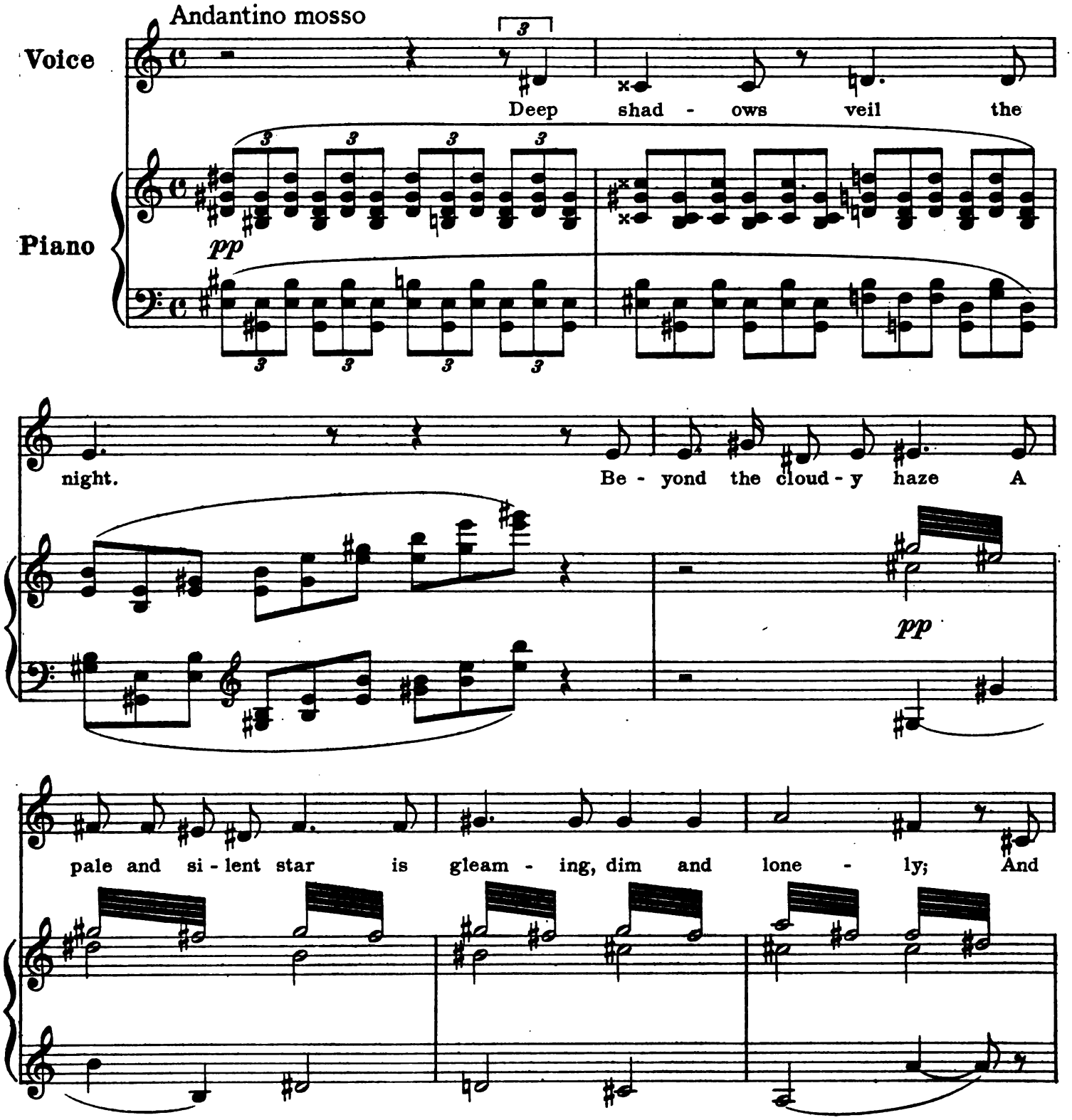
Elegy

(Elégia)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)



*After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutóozoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No. 5)

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faint and far I hear the mourn - ful tink-ling on - ly Of

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

bells, where dis - tant hors - es graze. Like

rall. *f*

dim. e rall.

Allegro agitato

storm - y clouds of night my in - most thoughts are surg - ing; In

mf

fleet - ing forms they drift, my trou - bled soul sub - mer - ging With

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vi - sions from the past, with

ghost - ly hopes and fears Once

real — to me, but long since van - ish'd with the years.

p

They speak of wear - i-ness and weep - ing.... Un-

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Andantino mosso

pocco meno mosso e cantabile

bid - den fan-cies rise with nev - er aim or end: Some - times their form re-calls a well-be-lov - ed friend, E - vok-ing from the past the thoughts that long lay sleep - ing;—A

p

poco meno mosso e cantabile

f

Allegro non troppo

mys - tic world of shades and fears up - on me creep - ing. My tim - id spir - it shrinks from thoughts of fu - ture strife. Me -

mf

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thinks I hear a - far the clash - ing

f

din of life; The heart - less world that

mocks, vile trea - sons that op - press me; The

irk - some pet - ti - ness of tri - fles that ob - sess me, The

rall.

f *p* *rall.*

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dim. e rit.

great sad bell of Death..... The

nf sfp sfp dim. e rit. pooo a pooo fp sfpp

(con 2 Pedali) *

Andantino mosso

morn-ing-star's white flame Grows faint-er, o-ver-come with shame. She hides her vir-gin face in

pp

joy-less mists of morn-ing, A sym-bol of my fate, a

dumb and sol-emn warn-ing.

The sixth and last song, belonging to this cycle, "Without Sunlight", is to be found in "A Century of Russian Song", collected and edited by Kurt Schindler, published by G. Schirmer, New York, 1911 (page 102-107)

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CONSECRATION

The Hallelujah of Love

(Allelúia Lubvēē)

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Music by Modest P. Moussorgsky
From the opera "Khovánshtchina"
Arranged for concert-performance by
Kurt Schindler

Molto moderato

Voice

Piano

f *p*

p *pp* *p espress.*

Fa-ther! love is my on-ly sin. Fain would I bring his_

pp sosten. *p*

soul sal-va-tion ere he dies. With him I do not fear to meet my des-ti-ny.

cresc. *p*

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For - give me, Lord! Bless me with Thy mer - cy_ and strengthen me!

f *l. h.* *l. h.* *dim.* *l. h.* *l. h.* *pp*

Ped. Ped.

mf *rall.*

Largo (♩= 48)

Now_ my heart re-calls the first bright hour of love; Won-drous vi-sions since

pp

then have I be-held. Dark thro' my dreams appear'd the fear lest he_prove un-true;

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Larghetto (♩= 52)

Black thoughts like an-gry clouds of mid-night hung o-ver me.

p

(appassionato)

Love has been tor-ment and sor-row to_ me, Day or night my_ an-guish'd

pp

simile

soul found no_ rest, For me-seem'd as if the will of_ God I transgress'd, That my

love was a sin a-gainst His ho-ly_ law. Fa-ther, if I_ have sinn'd,

p

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if wicked was my_ love, Spare not Thy child, spare not Thine erring child! Oh, take me hence, and

pp

may my bod - y_die, So that by death my soul may be re - deem-ed!

sfz p

ten.

ten.

Ah,_ those burn-ing nights when first_ he spoke to me, Soft - ly whisp'ring of his

dolce

pp

love and my hap - pi - ness! Now has our love been shrouded dark - ly in_ sombre clouds,

p

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Now has the i - cy hand of Fate_ gripp'd our hearts, Now, be-hold, the hour of_

r.h.

espress.

death is at_hand, My be - lov - ed, I bid thee now a_ last fare-well. Hal-le-

l.h.

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

dim.

pp

dolciss.

3

3

p

pp

smorzando

* For concert-performances the air can finish here.

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(The Funeral Pyre)

Tempo di Marcia funebre (♩ = 66)

Hark! Dost thou hear, a - far be - yond the for - est,

Clash and din of arms that pro - claim the hosts approach-ing? Lost! all is lost!

See, they sur-round us! No - where to hide us, no - where sal-va-tion!

'Twas Fate her-self that weld - ed close our lives to-geth - er; Now we must die, the

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voice of Doom has spo-ken! No tears a-vail, nor an-y sigh-ing or_ reproach-es; The

pp *cresc.*

rit. Largo *(come prima)*

hour now has struck, the hour of con-se-cra-tion_ Ah!_ my heart re-calls the

rit.

pp misterioso

dolce

first bright hour of love! Ah!_ those burning nights of love and hap-pi-ness!

pp

In fier-y fur-naces shall our love_ be tem-pered for aye!

ppp

mp sostenuto

smorzando

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