



Sunday, December 15, 2024, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Asmik Grigorian, *soprano*
Lukas Geniušas, *piano*

PROGRAM

Pyotr Ilyich TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893) Sred shumnogo bala
(Amid the din of the ball), Op. 38, No. 3
Snova, kak prezhdde, odin
(Again, as before, I'm alone), Op. 73, No. 6
Net, tolko tot, kto znal
(Only one who's known longing), Op. 6, No. 6
Sleza drozhit (A tear trembles), Op. 6, No. 4
Humoresque, Op. 10, No. 2
Scherzo humoristique, Op. 19, No. 2
Blagoslovlyayu vas, lesa
(I bless you, forests), Op. 47, No. 5
Ne sprashivai (Do not ask), Op. 57, No. 3

INTERMISSION

Sergei RACHMANINOFF (1873–1943) V molchani nochi tainoi
(In the silence of the secret night), Op. 4, No. 3
Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne
(Sing not to me, beautiful maiden) Op. 4, No. 4
Ditya! kak tsvetok, ty prekrasna
(Child, thou art as beautiful as a flower),
Op. 8, No. 2
Son (The Dream), Op. 8, No. 5
Vesenniye vody (Spring waters), Op. 14, No. 11
O, ne grusti (Oh, do not grieve), Op. 14, No. 8
Ya zhdu tebya (I'm waiting for you), Op. 14, No. 1
Prelude in G-sharp minor Op. 32, No. 12
Prelude in D flat, Op. 32, No. 13
Sumerki (Twilight), Op. 21, No. 3
Zdes khorosho (How fair this spot),
Op. 21, No. 7
My otdokhnyom (We shall rest), Op. 26, No. 3
Dissonans (Dissonance), Op. 34, No. 13

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“One of the fiercest dramatic talents in the field” (*The New York Times*), Lithuanian soprano **Asmik Grigorian**’s “versatility is astounding” (*The Times*) with a “wild voice [that is] rich and dark” (*Le Monde*). Regularly engaged at the world’s leading opera houses, she has recently performed at the Wiener Staatsoper, the Metropolitan Opera, the Salzburger Festspiele, and Teatro alla Scala. Grigorian was a founding member of Vilnius City Opera; has twice been awarded the Golden Stage Cross (the highest award for singers in Lithuania); and was named Best Female Lead in 2019 at the Austrian Music Theater Awards, Female Opera Singer of the Year in 2022 by the Opera XXI Association, and Female Singer of the Year at the Opus Klassik Awards in 2023. In 2024, she received the prestigious Österreichischer Musiktheaterpreis in the Special Jury Prize category, an award celebrating exceptional contributions to Austria’s opera and theater scene, and was named *Opernwelt*’s Opera Singer of the Year.

Her 2024–25 season began with a performance at the Masters of Classic festival in Bucharest, Romania, alongside baritone Andrey Zhilikhovsky, followed by her role debut as Elisabetta in *Don Carlo* at the Wiener Staatsoper. Grigorian returns to one of her signature title roles, Rusalka, three times this season. The first marks her debut at the Teatro San Carlo in a new production by Dmitri Tcherniakov later this month, then at the Gran Teatre del Liceu in the summer, as well as the Bayerische Staatsoper, where she also performs Senta in *Der Fliegende Holländer* in March 2025. This season also includes her debut as the title-role in Bellini’s *Norma* in a new production at the Theater an der Wien. Grigorian makes her house debut at Opéra national de Paris, where she reprises all three soprano roles in Puccini’s *Il Trittico*. Next summer, she reprises the role of Salome in a concert performance with the London

Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Antonio Pappano. Concert performances include recitals with Lukas Geniušas at Les Arts Valencia, the Musikverein in Vienna, the Luxembourg Philharmonie, Teatro San Carlo, and Carnegie Hall. She performs in concert at the Teatro Real Madrid under the direction of Henrik Nánási as well as Richard Strauss’ *Four Last Songs* both with the Vienna Philharmonic at the Musikverein and with the Cleveland Orchestra at Carnegie Hall, conducted by Franz Welser-Möst.

Praised for his ‘brilliance and maturity’ (*The Guardian*), Russian-Lithuanian pianist **Lukas Geniušas** has firmly established himself as one of the most exciting and distinctive artists of his generation.

Geniušas is heard in recital at the most prestigious venues all over the world, including Wigmore Hall (London), the Elbphilharmonie Hamburg, the Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Salle Gaveau in Paris, the Frick Collection New York, Sala Verdi in Milan, and the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory.

He performs with international orchestras including the Philadelphia Orchestra, Toronto Symphony Orchestra, NHK Symphony Orchestra, Orchestre de Paris, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, the Royal Northern Sinfonietta, and the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, under the batons of conductors including Esa-Pekka Salonen, Tugan Sokhiev, Mikhail Pletnev, Maxim Emelyanov, Leonard Slatkin, and Kristiina Poska.

A dedicated chamber musician, along with Asmik Grigorian, Geniušas records and performs with violinist Aylen Pritchett and pianist Anna Geniushene in some of Europe’s most prestigious venues, including the Salzburg and Aix-en-Provence festivals, the Elbphilharmonie Hamburg, La Scala in Milan, and the Konzerthaus in Vienna



Olivia Kahler

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Geniušas recently gave the first public performances of Rachmaninoff's First Piano Sonata in its original version, which he also recorded at the composer's former Swiss residence. This CD received five-star reviews in *BBC Music* and *Gramophone* magazines and was awarded both the Diapason CD of the Month and Choc de Classica. In 2024–25, Geniušas will appear in the opening series at the Bechstein Hall in London; give a series of concerts in the US, including his debut at Carnegie Hall; and return to Asia for performances in Hiro-

shima, Tokyo, and Shanghai. He will also be in residence at the International Piano Festival Bartolomeo Cristofori in Padua.

Born in Moscow in 1990, Geniušas graduated from the Chopin Music College Moscow, in 2008. He is the laureate of several international competitions, notably the Silver Medalist at the 2015 Tchaikovsky Competition and the 2010 International Chopin Competition. Geniušas is a featured artist of the philanthropic project Looking at the Stars, which brings classical music to prisons, hospitals, and shelters.

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

TCHAIKOVSKY

Sred shumnogo bala, Op. 38, No. 3 (1878)
[Aleksy Konstantinovich Tolstoy]

Sred shumnogo bala, sluchaino
V trevoge mirskoi suety,
Tebya ya uvidel, no taina
Tvoi pokryvala cherty.

Lish ochi pechalno glyadeli
A golos tak divno zvuchal,
Kak zvon otdalyonnoi svireli,
Kak morya igrayushchii val.

Mne stan tvoy ponravilsya tonkii
I ves tvoi zadumchivyi vid;
A smekh tvoi, i grustnyi i zvonkii,
S tekh por v moyom serdtse zvuchit.

V chasy odinokiye nochi,
Lyublyu ya, ustalyi pilech.
Ya vizhu pechalnye ochi,
Ya slyshu vesyoluyu rech.

I grustno ya, grustno tak zasypayu,
I v gryozakh nevedomykh splyu;
Lyublyu li tebya? Ya ne znayu
No kazhetsya mne, chto lyublyu!

Snova, kak prezhd, edin, Op. 73,
No. 6 (1893)

[Daniil Maksimovich Rathaus]

Snova, kak prezhd, edin,
Snova obyaty toskoi.
Smotritsya topol v okno,
Ves ozaryonnyi lunoi.

Smotritsya topol v okno,
Shepchut o chyom-to listy.
V zvyozdakh goryat nebesa...
Gde tep, milaya, ty?

V syo, chto tvoritsya so mnoi,
Ya peredat ne berus...
Drug! pomolis za menya,
Ya za tebya uzh molyus.

Amid the din of the ball

Amid the din of the ball, by chance
in all of vain society's alarms,
I caught sight of you, but a mystery
hid your features from me.

Your eyes were gazing sadly
but your voice had a wonderful sound,
like notes played on a distant flute,
like waves swelling playfully in the sea.

I liked your slim figure
and your pensive look;
your laughter, sad and musical,
rings in my heart ever since.

At night in solitary hours,
tired, I like to lie back.
I see your sad eyes,
I hear your gay speech.

And, melancholy, I fall asleep
and dream mysterious dreams;
I don't know if this means I love you,
but it seems to me I'm in love!

Again, as before, I'm alone

Again, as before, I'm alone,
again I'm filled with longing.
A poplar stands by the window,
flooded with moonlight.

A poplar stands by the window,
the leaves are whispering about something.
The sky is aflame with stars...
Where now, darling, are you?

I couldn't begin to tell you
all that's happening to me...
Friend! Say a prayer for me,
I'm praying for you.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Net, tolko tot, kto znal, Op. 6, No. 6 (1869)

[Lev Aleksandrovich Mey,

after Johann Wolfgang von Goethe]

Net, tolko tot, kto znal
 Svidanya zhazhdu,
 Poimyyot, kak ya stradal
 I kak ya strazhdu.

Glyazhu ya vdal... net sil,
 Tuskneyet oko...
 Akh, kto menya lyubil
 I znal—dalyoko!

Akh, tolko tot, kto znal
 Svidanya zhazhdu,
 Poimyyot, kak ya stradal
 I kak ya strazhdu.

Vsya grud gorit... Kto znal
 Svidanya zhazhdu,
 Poimyyot, kak ya stradal
 I kak ya strazhdu.

Sleza drozhit, Op. 6, No. 4 (1869)

[Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy]

Sleza drozhit v tvoyom revnivom vzore—
 O, ne grusti, ty vsyo mne doroga!
 No ya lyubit mogu lish na prostore—
 Moyu lyubov, shirokuyu kak more,
 Vmestit ne mogut, net! vmestit ne mogut
 Zhizni berega.

O, ne grusti, moi drug, zemnoye minet
 gore,
 Pozhdi yeshchyo—nevolya nedolga—
 V odnu lyubov, my vse solyomsya vskore,
 V odnu lyubov, shirokuyu kak more,
 Chto ne vmestyat, net! chto ne vmestyat
 Zemnye berega.

Only one who has known longing

No, only one who's known
 longing to be together,
 can know what I've suffered
 and how I'm suffering.

I gaze at the distance... faint,
 my eye grows dim...
 ah, how far away's the one
 who loved me, knew me!

Ah, only one who has known
 longing to be together,
 can know what I've suffered
 and how I'm suffering.

My heart's on fire... whoever's known
 longing to be together,
 knows what I've suffered
 and how I'm suffering.

A tear trembles

A tear trembles in your jealous gaze—
 oh, don't be sad, you're dear to me as ever!
 But I can only love in boundless freedom—
 my love is wide as the sea,
 life's shores cannot, no!
 Cannot contain it all.

Oh, don't be sad, my love, earthly grief
 will pass,
 wait a little longer—this bondage is brief—
 soon we all will merge into love alone,
 into a love as wide as the sea,
 that earthly shores, never, no!
 Never could contain.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

**Blagoslovlyayu vas, lesa, Op. 47, No. 5
(1880)****[Aleksy Konstantinovich Tolstoy]**

Blagoslovlyayu vas, lesa,
 Doliny, nivy, gory, vody,
 Blagoslovlyayu ya svobodu
 I golubye nebesa!
 I posokh moi blagoslovlyayu,
 I etu bednuyu sumu,
 I step ot krayu i do krayu,
 I solntsa svet, i nochi tmu,
 I odinokuyu tropinku,
 Po koyei, nishchii, ya idu,
 I v pole kazhduyu bylinku,
 I v nebe kazhduyu zvezdu!
 O, esli b mog vsyu zhizn smeshat ya,
 Vsyu dushu vmeste s vami slit,
 O, esli b mog v moi obyatya
 Ya vas, vragi, druzya i bratya,
 I vsyu prirodu, i vsyu prirodu
 V moi obyatya zaklyuchit!

I bless you, forests

I bless you, forests,
 valleys, fields of grain, mountains, waters,
 I bless freedom
 and blue skies!
 And my pilgrim's staff I bless,
 and this poor knapsack
 and the steppe from edge to edge
 the sun's light, and night's darkness,
 and the solitary path,
 along which I, a poor man, walk,
 and every blade of grass in the field,
 and every star in the sky!
 Oh, if only I could merge all of life,
 with my soul and all of you,
 oh, if I could gather in my embrace
 you, foes, friends, and brothers,
 and all of nature, and all of nature,
 and hold you all in my embrace!

Ne sprashivai, Op. 57, No. 3 (1884)**[Aleksandr Strugovshchikov,
after Johann Wolfgang von Goethe]**

Ne sprashivai, ne vyzyvai priznanya!
 Molchanya lezhit na mne pechat;
 Vsyo vyskazat—odno moyo zhelanye,
 No vtaine ya obrechena stradat!

Do not ask

Do not ask, nor bid me bare my soul!
 My vow of silence is unbreakable;
 my one desire is to tell everything,
 but my fate is to suffer in secret!

Tam vechnyi lyod vershiny pokryvayet,
 Zdes na polya legla nochnaya ten,
 S vesnoyu vnov istochnik zaigrayet,
 S zaryoyu vnov proglyanet Bozhii den.

Eternal ice covers the heights above,
 here below, night's shadow lies on the fields,
 with spring the pure stream will flow again,
 with dawn God's daylight will shine forth.

I vsem, i vsem dano v chas skorbi
 uteshenye,
 Ukazan drug, shtob serdtse oblegchit:
 Mne s klyatvoi na ustakh dano odno
 terpenye,
 I tolko Bog, i tolko Bog, ikh mozhet
 razreshit!

All, all are given comfort in the hour of
 painful grief,
 a friend to ease the troubled heart:
 to me patience alone is ordained,
 with a vow on my lips,
 And only God, and only God can unseal
 them!

INTERMISSION

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

RACHMANINOFF

V molchani nochi tainoi, Op. 4, No. 3
(1892?)

[Afanasy Afanasyevich Fet]

O, dolga budu ya, v molchani nochi tainoi,

Kovarnyi lepet tvoi, ulybku, vzor, vzor
sluchainyi,

Perstam poslushnuyu volos, volos tvoikh
gustuyu pryad

Iz myslei izgonyat i snova prizyvay;

Sheptat i popravlyat bylye vyrazheniya

Rechei moikh s toboi, ispolnennykh
smushchenya,

I v opyaneni, naperekor umu,

Zavetnym imenem budit nochnuyu tmu.

O, dolgo budu ya, v molchani nochi tainoi,

Zavetnym imenem budit nochnuyu tmu.

In the silence of the secret night

O, long will I, in the silence of the secret
night,

your sly chatter, smile, glance, casual glance,

hair pliant to my fingers, your thick shock
of hair,

banish from my thoughts and summon
back again,

whisper and improve past words

I spoke to you, so full of shy confusion,

and in rapture against all reason,
awake night's darkness with your
cherished name.

O, long will I, in the silence of the secret
night,

awake night's darkness with your
cherished name.

Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne Op. 4, No. 4
(1892–93?)

[Alexander Pushkin]

Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne

Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi;

Napominayut mne one

Druguyu zhizn i bereg dalnoi.

Uvy, napominayut mne

Tvoi zhestokiye napevy

I step, i noch, i pri lune

Cherty dalyokoi, bednoi devy!...

Ya prizak milyi, rokovoi,

Tebya uvidev, zabyvayu;

No ty poyosh i predto mnoi

Ego ya vnov voobrazhayu.

Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne

Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi;

Napominayut mne one

Druguyu zhizn i bereg dalnoi.

Sing not to me, beautiful maiden

Sing not to me, beautiful maiden,
your songs of sad Georgia;
they remind me
of another life and distant shore.

Alas, they bring back memories,
your cruel melodies,
of the steppe at night, and in the moonlight,
the features of a poor maiden far away!...

Seeing you, I forget
that dear, fateful vision;
but when you sing, again
I imagine it before me.

Sing not to me, beautiful maiden,
your songs of sad Georgia;
they remind me
of another life and distant shore.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Ditya! kak tsvetok, ty prekrasna, Op. 8,

No. 2 (1893)

[Aleksey Pleshcheyev, after Heinrich Heine]

Ditya! kak tsvetok, ty prekrasna,
Svetla, i chista, i mila,
Smotryu na tebya, i lyubuyus,
I snova dusha ozhyala...

Okhotno b tebe na golovku
Ya ruki svoi vozlozhil,
Prosy shtoby Bog tebya vечно
Prekrasnoi i chistoi khranil.

Son, Op. 8, No. 5 (1893)

Aleksey Pleshcheyev, after Heinrich Heine

I u menya byl krai rodnoi;
Prekrasen on!
Tam yel kachalas nado mnoi...
No to byl son!

Semya družei zhiva byla
So vsekh storon
Zvuchali mne lyubvi slova...
No to byl son!

Vesenniye vody, Op. 14, No. 11 (1896)

[Fyodor Tyutchev]

Yeshchyo v polyakh beleyet sneg,
A vody uz vesnoi shumyat,

Begut i budyat sonnyi breg,

Begut, i bleshchut, i glasyat...

Oni glasyat vo vse kontsy:
"Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot!"
My molodoi vesny gontsy,
Ona nas vyslala vperyod.

"Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot!"
I tikhikh, tyoplykh maiskikh dnei
Rumyanyi, svetyi khorovod
Tolpitsya veselo za nei

Child, thou art as beautiful as a flower

Child, thou art as beautiful as a flower,
bright, and pure, and dear,
I look at you and admire you,
and again my soul is alive...

Gladly would I lay
my hands on your small head,
asking that God keep you
fair and pure forever.

The dream

I, too, had a native land;
so beautiful!
A fir tree swayed above me there...
but it was a dream!

My family were living friends
and all around me
words of love were spoken...
but it was a dream!

Spring waters

The fields are still white with snow,
but already the waters are proclaiming
spring,
running along and waking sleepy
riverbanks,
running and glittering and declaring.

They declare in all directions:
"Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"
We are the heralds of young spring,
she sent us in advance.

"Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"
And the still, warm days of May
in a rosy, bright circle-dance,
crowd together and gaily follow behind.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

O, ne grusti, Op. 14, No. 8 (1896)**[Aleksey Apukhtin]**

O, ne grusti po mne! Ya tam, gde net
stradanya.

Zabud bylykh skorbei muchitelnye sny...

Pust budut obo mne tvoï vospominanya

Svetlei, chem pervyi den vesny.

O, ne toskui po mne! Mezhe nami net
razluki:

Ya tak zhe, kak i vstar, dushe tvoeyi blizka,

Menya po-prezhnemu tvoï volnuyut muki,

Menya gnetyot tvoya toska.

Zhivi! ty dolzhen zhit. I yesli siloi chuda

Ty zdes naidyosh otradu i pokoi,

To znai, chto eto ya otkliknulas ottuda

Na zov dushi tvoeyi bolnoi.

Ya zhdu tebya, Op. 14, No. 1 (1894)**[Mariya Davidova]**

Ya zhdu tebya! Zakat ugas,

I nochi tyomnye pokrovy

Sputitsya na zemlyu gotovy

I spryatat nas!

Ya zhdu tebya! Dushistoi mgloi

Noch napoila mir usnuvshii

I razluchilsya den minuvshii

Na vek s zemlyoi!

Ya zhdu! Terzayas i lyubya,

Schitayu kazhdye mgnoveniya,

Polna toski i neterpeniya,

Ya zhdu tebya!

Oh, do not grieve

Oh, do not grieve for me! There is no
suffering where I am.

Forget the painful dreams of past sorrows.

May all your memories of me be

brighter than the first day of spring.

Oh, do not pine for me! We are not
separated from each other.

I am as near to you in soul as in the past.

As before, your anguish troubles me,

and your longing brings me pain.

Live! You must live! And if by some miracle
you should find happiness and peace here,
know that it was I who answered from afar
the call of your wounded soul.

I'm waiting for you

I'm waiting for you! Dusk has fallen,
and night's dark veils
are ready to descend to earth
and make us hidden.

I'm waiting for you! Night has suffused
the sleeping world with fragrant shadows
and the passing day has said farewell
forever to the earth!

I'm waiting! In torment and in love,
I count each moment,
in longing and impatience.
I wait for you!

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Sumerki, Op. 21, No. 3 (1902)

[Ivan Ivanovich Tkhorzhevsky, after
Jean-Marie Guyau]

Ona zadumalas. Odna, pered oknom,

Sklonyas, ona sidit, i v sumrake nochnom

Mertsayet dolgii vzor; i v sineve
bezbrezhnoi
Temneyushchikh nebes ronyaya luch
svoi nezhnii,
Voskhodyat zvyozdochki besshumnoyu
tolpoi;
I kazhetsya, shto tam kakoi-ta svetlyi roi
Tainstvenna parit, i, slovna
voskhishchyonnyi,
Trepeshchet nad yeyo golovkoyu
sklonyonnyi.

Twilight

She's lost in thought. Alone, before the
window,
she sits, her head inclined, and in the
evening dusk a long
gaze radiates from her eyes; and in the
boundless blue
of the darkening sky, sending down
tender rays of light,
little stars come out in a silent throng;

and it seems some kind of bright swarm
soars there mysteriously, and in
heightened excitement,
trembles high above her lowered head

Zdes khorosho, Op. 21, No. 7 (1902)

[Glaŭira Adol'fovna Galina]

Zdes khorosho... Vzglanyi: vdali
Ognyom gorit reka,
Tsvetnym kovrom luga legli,
Beleyut oblaka.

How fair this spot

How fair this spot... Look: in the distance
the river glitters like fire,
the meadows are a carpet of color,
there are white clouds overhead.

Zdes net lyudei... Zdes tishina...
Zdes tolko Bog da ya.
Tsvety, da staraya sosna,
Da ty, mehta moyaya...

Here there are no people... it's so quiet...
here are only God and I.
And the flowers, and the old pine tree,
and you, my dream...

My otdokhnyom, Op. 26, No. 3 (1906)

[Anton Pavlovich Chekhov]

My otdokhnyom! My uslyshim angelov,
My uvidim vsyo nebo v almazakh,

We shall rest, Op. 26, No. 3

We shall rest! We shall hear the angels,
we shall see the heaven, all clad in
diamonds,
we shall see all earthly evil,
all our sufferings drown in mercy,
a mercy that will cover the whole earth,
and our lives will become as peaceful,
tender, and sweet as a caress.
I believe... I believe....
We shall rest... we shall rest.

My uvidim, kak vsyo zlo zemnoye,
Vse nashi stradaniya potonut v miloserdii,
Kotoroye napolnit soboyu ves mir,
I nasha zhizn stanet tikhoyu,
Nezhnoyu, sladkoyu, kak laska.
Ya veruyu, veruyu...
My otdokhnyom... My otdokhnyom.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Dissonans, Op. 34, No. 13 (1912)

[Yakov Polonsky]

Pust po vole sudeb ya rasstalas s toboi,
 Pust drugoi obladayet moyei krasotoi!
 Iz obyati ego, iz nochnoi dukhoti,
 Unoshus ya dalyoko na krylyakh mechty.
 Vizhu snova nash staryi, zapushchyonnyi
 sad,
 Otrazhyonni v prude potukhayet zakat,
 Pakhnet lipovym tsvetom v prokhlade
 allei...
 Za prudom, gde-to v roshche, urchit
 solovei...
 Ya steklyanuyu dver otvorila, drozhu;
 Ya iz mraka v tainstvennyi sumrak
 glyazhu...
 Chu! tam khrustnula vetka, ne ty li
 shagnul?
 Vstrepenulasya ptichka, ne ty li spugnul?
 Ya prislushivayus, ya muchitelno zhdu,
 Ya na shelest shagov tvoikh tikho idu—
 Kholodit moi chleny to strast to ispug—
 Eto ty menya za ruku vzyal, milyi drug?
 Eto ty ostorozhno tak obnyal menya,
 Eto tvoi potselui—potselui bez ognia?
 S bolyu v trepetnom serdtse, s volneniyem
 v krovi,
 Ty ne smeyesh otdatsya bezumstvam lyubvi,
 I, vnimaya recham blagorodnym tvoim,
 Ya ne smeyu dat volyu vlechenyam svoim,
 I drozhu, i shepchu tebe: milyi ty moi!
 Pust vladeyet on zhalkoi moyei krasotoi!
 Iz obyati ego, iz nochoi dukhoty,
 Ya opyat uletayu na krylyakh mechty,
 V etot sad, v etu tem, vot na etu skamyu,
 Gde v pervye podslushal ty dushu moyu...
 Ya dushoyu slivayus s tvoyeyu dushoi,
 Pust vladeyet on zhalkoi moyei krasotoi!

Dissonance

Never mind that fate has parted us,
 and another man possesses my beauty!
 From his embraces, in the stifling night,
 I am carried far away on wings of a dream.
 I see again our garden, old and overgrown,
 the setting sun reflected in the pond;
 the air smells of blossoms in the cool
 linden alleys...
 past the pond, in the grove, a nightingale
 is warbling...
 I open the glass door, trembling;
 in darkness I gaze into the mysterious
 shadows...
 Hark! a stick cracked, was that you taking
 a step?
 A bird flew up—was it you who startled it?
 I listen intently in an agony of expectation,
 I tiptoe toward the rustle of your footsteps,
 my limbs shiver with passion and fright—
 is it you taking my hand, my darling?
 Is this cautious embrace you,
 Is this kiss yours—a kiss without fire?
 With pain in your trembling heart, with
 excitement in your blood,
 you don't dare to surrender to mad flights
 of love,
 and, listening to your noble words,
 I dare not give vent to my own feelings,
 and I tremble, and whisper to you:
 darling of mine!
 So what if he possesses my poor beauty!
 From his embraces, in the stifling night,
 I am carried away again on wings of a
 dream,
 to this garden, this darkness, this bench,
 where you first listened secretly to my
 soul...
 And again I merge my soul with yours—
 so what if he possesses my poor beauty!

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