



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Leslie Ann Bradley, soprano

DMA Recital 1

Steven Philcox, piano

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Doctor of Musical Arts in Voice Pedagogy.
Leslie Ann Bradley is a student of Professor Lorna MacDonald.

Tuesday, September 23, 2025 at 7:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Les nuits d'été (1841)

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)
poetry by Théophile Gautier

Villanelle
Le spectre de la rose
Sur les lagunes
Absence
Au cimetière
L'Île inconnue

Three Songs (2018)**

Matthew Emery (b.1991)

For broken and tired am I (Archibald Chapman)
Sweet, bide with me (Eugene Field)
Requiescat (Oscar Wilde)

INTERMISSION

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit indigenous.utoronto.ca to learn more.

Six romances, opus 38 (1916)

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

At night in my garden (Alexander Blok)
To her (Andrei Biély)
Daisies (Igor-Severianin)
The Pied Piper (Valery Bruisov)
Dream (Feodor Sologlub)
A-oo (Konstantin Balmont)

**Fulfills the Canadian Repertoire Requirement

BIOGRAPHIES

Canadian soprano Leslie Ann Bradley “brings the stage to life whenever she sets foot into the spotlight” (Opera Canada). Recent engagements for Ms. Bradley include Mendelssohn’s *Elijah* with Symphony Nova Scotia, Brahms’ *Requiem* with the Calgary Philharmonic, Mendelssohn’s Psalm 42 at Carnegie Hall with MidAmerica Productions, and Handel’s *Messiah* with the Florida Orchestra. She has also premiered various art songs through the program “Sing Out Strong: Remembered Voices,” an online concert produced by Boston’s White Snake Projects.

Recent performances include Berg’s *Seven Early Songs* and Mahler’s *Symphony No. 4* with the Victoria Symphony. She has been a soloist with L’Orchestre symphonique de Montréal singing Villa-Lobos’ *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5*, Brahms’ *Requiem*, and Verdi’s *Requiem* during the Virée Classique Festival, under Kent Nagano. Further engagements include Mendelssohn’s *Elijah* with the Calgary Philharmonic and the title role of Kálmán’s *Countess Maritza* for Pacific Opera Victoria.

Other highlights include a concert of Schubert and Mozart as a guest soloist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra conducted by Christoph Atlstaedt, *Carmina Burana* with Carlos Miguel Prieto for the Louisiana Philharmonic, and Beethoven’s *Symphony No.9* with Symphony Nova Scotia. Bradley has also performed with l’Opéra de Montréal, Opéra de Québec, Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional de México, Vancouver Symphony, Rochester Philharmonic, Berkshire Choral Festival, Sacramento Opera and Philharmonic, and repeatedly with the Vancouver Opera and Pacific Opera Victoria. Operatic repertoire has ranged from the title role in Lehar’s *The Merry Widow*, to Desdemona in Verdi’s *Otello*, to Mozart heroines La Contessa (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) and Donna Elvira (*Don Giovanni*).

Pianist, Steven Philcox, is Associate Professor at the University of Toronto where he leads the Collaborative Piano Program. One of Canada's finest collaborators, he is a frequent partner of Canada's vocal elite and continues to perform in leading concert halls across North America. From 1999-2010, Mr. Philcox was répétiteur, assistant conductor, and orchestral continuo player with the Canadian Opera Company where he had the privilege of working on more than 35 productions. Increasingly recognized for his teaching, Mr. Philcox has given masterclasses throughout Canada and is regularly

invited to mentor young artists at many of Canada's prestigious summer programs: Opera on the Avalon, Toronto Sumer Music, and Vancouver International Song Institute (VISI). He has also held teaching positions at the Banff Center's Twentieth Century Opera and Song Festival, the Chautauqua Summer Institute, the Center for Operatic Studies in Italy (COSI), and the Highlands Opera Studio in Haliburton, Ontario. Mr. Philcox' most recent endeavor is the Canadian Art Song Project (CASP) which he co-directs with tenor, Lawrence Wiliford. CASP's mission is to foster the development of new song through an annual commission and its performance as well as providing opportunities for Canadian artists to program and advocate the wealth of riches in the existing song literature. A graduate of the University of British Columbia, Mr. Philcox pursued his love of vocal literature for two summers at the Music Academy of the West, Santa Barbara, California. Subsequently, he went on to receive his Master of Music Degree in Vocal Accompanying from the Manhattan School of Music. Collaborative artist engagements include: Carnegie Hall (Wiell Hall) Alice Tully Hall, National Arts Center, and leading concert halls across Canada and North America. Eleven seasons as répétiteur, vocal coach, assistant conductor, and orchestral continuo with the Canadian Opera Company: 1999-2010 Co-artistic director of Canadian Art Song Project founded in 2011.

PROGRAM NOTES

Les nuits d'été, Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Hector Berlioz earned his place among the archetypal Romantic composers of his era in 1830, when his *Symphonie fantastique* won the Prix de Rome. Filled with the typical Romantic elements of the time, including heightened colour and contrast by using larger orchestral forces with distinctive orchestrations, the *Symphonie fantastique's* thematic material was filled with intense longing, obsessive love, and a healthy dose of the macabre. Berlioz distributed a program to the audience that provided a literary description of the story. Instead of using classical sonata form for its structure, Berlioz used an *idée fixe*, a musical representation of the theme (in this case "the Beloved") which transforms musically as the story is told. Program Music, as this came to be called due to its fusion of music and literature, was a new departure for symphonic repertoire. Berlioz was a master of this medium.

Berlioz struggled to make a living solely as a composer and so he supplemented his income by becoming a music critic and a conductor. He struggled in his personal life as well. In 1833, he married Irish actress Harriet Smithson, who had been the inspiration for his "Beloved theme" in *Symphonie fantastique*. Berlioz poured his intensely obsessive infatuation with the actress into the work.¹ By 1840, marriage had run its course, and a disillusioned Harriett turned to alcoholism while Berlioz turned to a soprano named Marie Recio.²

¹ Berlioz, Hector. *The Memoires of Hector Berlioz* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1969), 216.

² Holoman, D. Kern, *Berlioz* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1989), 344.

In the summer of 1841, Berlioz published *Les nuits d'été*, six songs for voice and piano. The composer makes almost no mention of these songs in his memoirs or in his correspondence, which is surprising considering he wrote so much about music. This has led to speculation that the songs were written as a way of processing the loss of his marriage. Other scholars say that they were written for his new love, Marie Recio, although not a single song is dedicated to her.³ Perhaps he simply wrote the songs out of admiration for the poetry of his friend Théophile Gautier, a fellow critic. Gautier penned a collection of poems called, *La comédie de la mort* (The comedy of death) and Berlioz chose six of these poems to set to music. The first song, ***Villanelle***, depicts the giddy freshness of two lovers walking through the woods, where everything they see personifies their romantic feelings towards each other. The simple strophic structure of the poem, and the buoyant repetition of the first chords, belies the loss to come in the cycle. The second song is the hauntingly beautiful, ***Le spectre de la rose***, which tells the story of the ghost of a flower who is proud to die on the gown of a young, beautiful woman as she attends her first ball. ***Sur les lagunes***, the only setting in a minor key, sees the poet voyaging out to sea, heartbroken over the death of his lover. The poet's longing and grief goes unresolved, ending on a dominant chord. ***L'absence*** is a pleading prayer for the lover's return. This song was the first in the cycle that Berlioz would orchestrate from the original version for voice and piano. ***Au cimetière: claire de lune*** has a plaintive quality brought about by alternating major and minor chords over which the poet asks the listener "if they know the tomb" where his lover lies? The pulsating chords give way to a swell in the music as the vision of a phantom dressed in white appears, but then fades away to the sparse, hollow realization that the poet will never again return to the lover's tomb. ***L'isle inconnu*** is the last of the cycle and is more hopeful in nature, similar to *Villanelle*. The sailor asks his lover repeatedly where they should sail away to, and she replies that they must sail to a place where love is faithful and lasts forever. Perhaps Berlioz is hinting that this desired place can never be reached because it does not exist? After all, longing for the unattainable is a true Romantic notion.

Three Songs by Matthew Emery (b.1991)

Canadian composer Matthew Emery is a graduate of the University of Toronto who has received over thirty awards for his compositions, including a Juno nominated recording. Emery has over 40 commissions and his works have been performed by the Toronto Symphony, Elmer Iseler Singers, and the Art of Time Ensemble, as well as many distinguished soloists and students. Emery is well-loved by both solo and choral singers. *Three Songs*, published in 2018, include ***For broken and tired am I, Sweet, bide with me***, and ***Requiescat***. The intimate nature of the poetry written by Archibald Lampman (1861-1899), Eugene Field (1850-1895) and Oscar Wilde (1856-1900) respectively, explores the themes of love, loss, and grief. There is a special, spacious quality to the settings of these poems. In a recent interview about the cycle, Emery expressed the following when asked about what he loved most about these

³ Steen, Michael. *The Lives and Times of the Great Composers* (London: Icon Books), 327.

songs. “I try to strip away the unneeded, only express what is needed, with little fluff. I want my music to be immediate, clear and direct.”

Six romances for voice and piano, opus 38. Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Written in 1916, Sergei Rachmaninoff's *Six romances for voice and piano, opus 38*, are the last in his collection of over 80 solo vocal works. These songs are also some of the last compositions he would write in his beloved homeland, Russia. The following year, 1917, the political upheaval of the Russian Revolution would force Rachmaninoff and his family to flee.

The poetry of the six songs in opus 38 is by Symbolist poets of his time, a departure from the Romantic poetry that Rachmaninoff typically set. Interestingly, Rachmaninoff was introduced to the poems through his friend Marietta Shaginian, a Soviet writer and activist who introduced herself to the composer by way of being a mysterious pen-pal who called herself “Re.” The letter exchanges delighted Rachmaninoff and the two became friends. When Rachmaninoff found himself in a sanatorium in 1916 receiving treatment for chronic depression, his good friend “Re” arrived with a folder of poetry by writers she had vetted for him in order to bolster his spirits and to inspire him back to work. Her plan succeeded, and he premièred the songs in Moscow later that year with soprano Nina Koshetz, to whom he dedicated the songs, much to the chagrin of Marietta Shaginian.

The cycle begins with *In my garden at night*, a translation by Alexander Blok of Avitik Ishaakian's original poem in Armenian. Rachmaninoff does not write a time signature in this piece. The opening, quasi recitativo, is flexible yet matter of fact in describing the melancholic willow tree. Gradually, the music swells to a climax with the willow crying bitter tears. *To her*, sets a poem by Andrei Biély, which uses couplets that alternate between three to five syllables. Rachmaninoff, in turn, begins the piece with a five note chromatic phrase in the piano that repeats and swells to the climax of the song. The third song, *Daisies*, uses the poetry of a Russian who used the pseudonym Igor-Severianin. His poetry became hugely popular, especially among the younger generation. *Daisies* is a declaration of love and admiration for women. Rachmaninoff elevates the intoxicated quality of the poem by weaving the piano melody in a duet with the voice. *The Pied Piper* is a cheeky setting of poetry by Valery Bruisov. The well-known story of the Pied Piper, created by the Brothers Grimm, is amplified by a repeating commentary of “tra-la-la”, which is in turn seductive, taunting and charming. *Sleep* uses the poem by Feodor Sologub, the son of emancipated serfs, who grew up to become one of the most revered Symbolist poets of his time. Rachmaninoff's commentary on the poem is at the end of the piece in a soaring piano postlude, where time feels suspended and dreamlike. The final song, *A -oo*, sets poetry by Konstantine Balmont and is sometimes translated as “The Quest,” but more often goes by its recurring phrase of “a-oo”, a call to one's lover.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Les nuits d'été

(Théophile Gautier)

Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux, nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles,
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle,
C'est le mois des amants béni,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit des vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! viens donc sur le banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En panier, enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises des bois!

Le spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal,
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et parmi la fête étoilée
Tu me promenas tout le soir.

Country Song

When the new season comes,
When the cold has gone,
We two will go, my sweet,
To gather lily-of-the-valley in the woods;
Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew
We see quivering each morn.
We'll go and hear the blackbirds sing!

Spring has come, my sweet,
It is the season lovers bless,
And the birds, preening their wings,
Sing songs from the edge of their nests.
Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank,
To talk of our beautiful love,
And tell me in your gentle voice:
Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray from our path,
Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place,
And the deer reflected in the spring
Admiring his great, lowered antlers;
Then home we'll go, serene and at ease
And entwining our fingers basket-like,
We'll bring back home wild strawberries!

The spectre of the rose

Open your eyelids,
Brushed by a virginal dream!
I am the ghost of a rose
That yesterday you wore at the dance.
You plucked me still sprinkled
With silver tears of dew,
And amid the glittering party
You wore me all night long.

O toi, qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose
A ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni De Profundis.
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie;
Et, pour avoir un sort si beau,
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète, avec un baiser,
Écrivit: Ci-gît une rose
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.

Sur les lagunes

Ma belle amie est morte:
Je pleurerai toujours;
Sous la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer;
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

La blanche créature
Est couchée au cercueil;
Comme dans la nature
Tout me paraît en deuil!
La colombe oubliée,
Pleure et songe à l'absent,
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu'elle est dépareillée.
Que mon sort est amer;
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

Sur moi la nuit immense
S'étend comme un linceul;
Je chante ma romance

Oh you, who brought about my death,
You shall be powerless to banish me;
The rosy spectre which every night
Will come to dance at your bedside.
But have no fear, I demand
Neither Mass nor funeral service.
This faint perfume is my soul,
And I come from Paradise.

My fate was worthy of envy;
And for such a beautiful fate;
Many would have given their lives-
For my tomb is on your breast,
And on the alabaster where I lie,
A poet with a kiss
Has written: Here lies a rose
Which every King will envy.

Over the lagoons

My dearest love is dead:
I shall weep evermore;
To the tomb she takes with her
My soul and all my love.
She has returned to Heaven
Without waiting for me;
The angel who took her away
Did not wish to take me.
How bitter is my fate!
Ah! To set sail loveless across the sea!

The pure white being
Lies in her coffin.
How everything in nature,
Seems to mourn!
The abandoned dove
Weeps, dreaming of its absent mate.
My soul weeps and feels
Itself adrift.
How bitter is my fate!
Ah! to set sail loveless across the sea!

The immense night above me
is spread like a shroud;
I sing my song

Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! comme elle était belle,
Et comme je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle.
Que mon sort est amer;
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

Absence

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée,
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Entre nos coeurs quelle distance!
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!
O sort amer! ô dure absence!
O grands désirs inapaisés!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée!
Comme une fleur loin du soleil;
La fleur de ma vie est fermée,
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes.
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
A lasser le pied des chevaux!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée!
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Au cimetière

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if?
Sur l'if, une pâle colombe,
Triste et seule, au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant.

Un air maladivement tendre,
A la fois charmant et fatal,

Which heaven alone can hear.
Ah! how beautiful she was,
And how I loved her!
I will never love a woman
As much as I loved her.
How bitter is my fate!
Ah! to set sail loveless across the sea!

Absence

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed,
Far from your crimson smile!

Such a distance between our hearts!
Such a great gulf between our kisses!
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!
O great unrequited longing!

Return, return, my sweet love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!

So many intervening plains,
So many towns and hamlets,
So many valleys and mountains,
To weary the horses' hooves!

Return, return my sweet love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life has closed,
Far from your crimson smile!

At the cemetery

Do you know the white tomb
Where the shadow of a yew
Waves plaintively?
On that yew a pale dove,
Sad and solitary at sundown
Sing its songs.

A melody of morbid sweetness,
Delightful and deathly at once,

Qui vous fait mal,
Et qu'on voudrait toujours entendre,
Un air, comme en soupire aux cieus
L'ange amoureux.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre, à l'unisson
De la chanson,
Et, du malheur d'être oubliée
Se plaint dans un roucoulement
Bien doucement.

Sur les ailes de la musique
On sent lentement revenir
Un souvenir;
Une ombre, une forme angélique,
Passe dans un rayon tremblant,
En voile blanc.

Les belles-de-nuit, demi-closes,
Jettent leur parfum faible et doux
Autour de vous,
Et le fantôme aux molles poses
Murmure en vous tendant les bras:
Tu reviendras?

Oh! jamais plus, près de la tombe
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Ecouter la pâle colombe
Chanter sur la pointe de l'if,
Son chant plaintif!

L'île inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile enfle son aile,
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,

which wounds you
And which you'd like to hear forever,
A melody, such as in the heavens,
A lovesick angel sighs.

As if the awakened soul
Weeps beneath the earth together
With the song,
And at the sorrow of being forgotten
murmurs its complaint
Most meltingly.

On the wings of music
You sense the slow return
Of a memory;
A shadow, an angelic form,
Passes in a shimmering beam,
Veiled in white.

The night flowers, half closed,
Shed their fragrance sweet and faint
About you,
And the phantom with its languid
gestures murmurs, reaching out to you:
Will you return?

Ah! Nevermore shall I approach that
Tomb, as evening descends,
In its black cloak,
To listen to the pale dove
From the top of a yew
Sing its plaintive song!

The Unknown Isle

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where would you like to go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze is about to blow!

The oar is made of ivory,
The pennant of watered silk,
The rudder of finest gold;
My ballast is an orange,
My sail is an angel's wing,

Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile enfle son aile,
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique,
Dans la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige,
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours.
Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?
La brise va souffler!

My cabin-boy is a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze is about to blow!

Perhaps the Baltic?
To the Pacific Ocean?
To the Isle of Java?
Or else to Norway,
To pluck the snow flower,
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?

Take me, said the pretty maid,
To the shore of faithfulness
Where love endures forever.
That shore, my sweet,
Is scarce known
In the realm of love.

Where is it you would go?
The breeze is about to blow!

(French translations are by Graham Johnson and
Richard Stokes from *A French Song Companion*: Oxford
University Press, 2000)

For broken and tired am I

O endless sun-steeped plain,
With forests in dim blue shrouds,
And little wisps of rain,
Falling from far-off clouds:

I come from the choking air
Of passion, doubt, and strife,
With a spirit and mind laid bare
To your healing breadth of life:

O fruitful and sacred ground,
O sunlight and summer sky,
Absorb me and fold me round,

Sweet, bide with me

Sweet, bide with me and let my love
Be an enduring tether;
Oh, wanton not from spot to spot,
But let us dwell together.

So rest you, love, and be my love,
That my enraptured blooming
May fill your sight with tender light,
Your wings with sweet perfuming.

Or, if you will not bide with me
Upon this quiet heather,
Oh, give me wing, thou beauteous thing,
That we may soar.

Requiescat

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.
All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast.
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

Ночью в саду у меня

Ночью в саду у меня
Плачет плакучая ива,
И безутешна она Ивушка,
Грустная ива.

Раннее утро блеснет,
Нежная девушка Зорька
Ивушке, плачущей горько,
Слёзы кудрями сотрет.

К ней

Травы одеты перлами.
Где-то приветы
Грустные слышу,
Приветы милые . . .
Милая, где ты,
Милая!

Вечера светлые ясные,
Вечера светлые красные
Руки воздеты:
Жду тебя,
Милая, где ты,
Милая?

Руки воздеты:
Жду тебя,
В струях
Леты смытую
Бледными Леты
струями...
Милая, где ты,
Милая!

Маргаритки

О, посмотри, как много маргариток—
И там, и тут.
Они цветут, их много; их избыток;

Они цветут.

Их лепестки трёхгранные—
как крылья, Как белый шёлк.

At night in my garden

At night in my garden
Weeps a weeping willow,
And she is inconsolable,
Dear, sad willow.

Early morning shines,
At dawn a gentle maiden
Wipes away the willows bitter tears
With her curls.

To her

The grass is dressed with pearls.
From somewhere,
I hear mournful greetings,
Cherished greetings...
Darling, where are you?
Darling!

The evening lights are clear,
The evening lights are red,
My arms raised,
I await you;
Darling, where are you?
Darling?

My arms raised,
I await you;
In the streams,
The Lethe washes years away,
Pale Lethe,
In the streams...
Darling, where are you?
Darling!

Daisies

Oh, look, how many daisies —
and here, and there.
They are blooming – so many, so
Abundant.
They are blooming.

Their petals are triangular--
Like wings, like white silk.

В них лета мощ!
В них радость изобилья,
В них слетлый полк.
Готовь, земля, цветам из рос напиток,
Дай сок стеблю . . .

О, девушки!
о, звезды маргариток!
Я вас люблю!

Крысолов

Я на дудочке играю,—
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Я на дудочке играю,
Чьи-то души веселя.

Я иду вдоль тихой речки,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Дремлют тихие овечки,
Кротко зыблются поля.

Спите, овцы и барашки,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
За лугами красной кашки
Стройно встали тополя.

Малый домик там таится,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Милой девушке приснится,
Что ей душу отдал я.

И на нежный зов свирели,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Выйдет словно к светлой цели
Через сад через поля.

И в лесу под дубом темным,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Будет ждать в бреду истомном,
В час, когда уснет земля.

Встречу гостью дорогую,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,

They have summers power!
They have the joy of abundance,
They are a radiant army.
Earth, prepare the flowers a dew drink,
Give the stems juice....

Oh maidens!
Oh starry daisies,
I love you!

The Pied Piper

I play upon my bagpipe —
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I play upon my bagpipe,
Making people's souls merry.

I walk along a quiet stream,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
The sheep doze quietly,
The fields wave softly.

Sleep, sheep and lambs,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Beyond the meadows of red clover
Slender poplars rise.

A small house is hidden there,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
A sweet girl dreams
That I gave her my soul.

And at the gentle call of my flute,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
She'll come out as if to a radiant dream,
Through the garden, through the fields.

And in the forest under a dark oak,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
She will wait in dazed delirium,
During the hour when the Earth falls
asleep.

I'll meet my dear guest,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,

Вплоть до утра зацелую,
Сердце лаской утоля.

И, сменившись с ней колечком,

Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Отпущу ее к овечкам,
В сад, где стройны тополя.

Coh

В мире нет ничего
Дожделеннее сна,
Чары есть у него,
У него тишина,
У него на устах
Ни печаль и ни смех,
И в бездонных очах
Много тайных утех.

У него широки,
Широки два крыла,
И легки, так лёгки,
Как полночная мгла.

Не понять, как несёт,
И куда и на чем
Он крылом не взмахнет
И не двинет плечом.

Ay

Твой нежный смех
был сказкою изменчивою,
Он звал как в сон зовёт
свирельный звон.

И вот венком, стихом
тебя увенчиваю,
Уйдём, бежим вдвоем
на горный склон.

Но где же ты?
Лишь звон вершин позванивает.
Цветку цветок средь дня зажег свечу.
И чей-то смех все в глуть

I'll kiss her until morning—
My heart is caressed with kisses.

And when I've exchanged a ring with
her,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I'll let her go to the sheep,
To the garden, with the slender poplars.

Dream

There is nothing in the world
Better than sleep,
It is enchanting,
It is silent,
It has on its lips
Neither sadness nor laughter
And, in bottomless eyes,
Many secret pleasures.

It has two wide,
Wide wings,
And they are so light,
Like a midnight haze.

How it carries you is unknown,
And where and on what,
It won't flap its wing
And it won't move its shoulder.

A-oo

Your gentle laugh
Was like a volatile fairytale,
Calling like a flute
In a dream.

Now I crown you
With a wreath of poetry verse,
Let's go, let's run together
To the mountainside.

But where are you?
Only sound of the peaks is ringing.
A flower, for another flower, lit a candle
In midday. And someone's laughter

меня заманивает.

Пою, ищу,
Ау!
Ау!
кричу.

Deeply lures me.

I sing, I search,
“A-oo!”
“A-oo!”
I shout.

(The Rachmaninoff translations are by Richard D. Sylvester,
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