

1. Ein Liebeslied

Komm zu mir in der Nacht — wir schlafen engverschlungen.
Müde bin ich sehr, vom Wachen einsam.
Ein fremder Vogel hat in dunkler Frühe schon gesungen,
Als noch mein Traum mit sich und mir gesungen.

Es öffnen Blumen sich vor allen Quellen
Und färben sich mit deiner Augen Immortellen ...

Komm zu mir in der Nacht auf Siebensternenschuhen
Und Liebe eingehüllt spat in mein Zelt.
Es steigen Monde aus verstaubten Himmelstruhen.

Wir wollen wie zwei seltene Tiere liebesruhen
Im hohen Rohre hinter dieser Welt.

2. Weltende

Es ist ein Weinen in der Welt,
Als ob der liebe Gott gestorben wär,
Und der bleierne Schatten, der niederfällt,
Lastet grabesschwer.

Komm, wir wollen uns näher verbergen ...
Das Leben liegt in aller Herzen
Wie in Särgen.

Du! wir wollen uns tief küssen —
Es pocht eine Sehnsucht an die Welt,
An der wir sterben müssen.

3. Mich führte in die Wolke

Mich führte in die Wolke mein Geschick —
Wir teilten säumerisch ein erdentschwertes Glück.

Ich dachte viel an Julihimmel —
Du sahst das Blau in meinem Blick.

Und schwebten mit den Vögeln auf
Ein Silberrausch ...
Bevor die Welt brach das Genick.

Und auch wir beide blieben nicht verschont
-Und traumen trübe unterm bleichen Rosenstrauch im Mond
Die Lande unter uns: verblichnes Mosaik.

1. A Love Song

Come to me in the night - we sleep in close embrace
I am very tired and lonely, from waiting
A strange bird has sung in the dark of the early morning
When my dream was still struggling in itself and with me.

Flowers open themselves to the dew
And take their colour from your ever-lasting-immortal eyes.

Come to my tent late at night in seven-star shoes
And wrapped in love.
Moons rise from dusty enclosed heavens.

We shall make love like rare animals
In the hollow reed behind the world.

2. End of World

There is a weeping in the world,
As if the beloved God were dead,
And the leaden shadow, which falls down
Is pressing heavily like a grave.

Come, we may hide closer...
Life lies in all men's hearts
Like in coffins.

You! We shall kiss deeply -
There is a yearning in the world,
By which we must die.

3. Clouds: My Destiny

My destiny guides me to the clouds -
We dreamily share an unearthly happiness

I thought often of skies in July -
You saw the blue in my eyes.

And we were flying up with the birds
A silvery swish...
Before the world broke its neck.

And we both were not spared -
And we dream sad under the rose bush in the moonlight.
The landscape under us: a vanished mosaic.

MUSSORGSKY: THE NURSERY (1868-72) A SONG CYCLE — TEXTS BY MUSSORGSKY

1. S njanej

Rasskazhi mne, njanjushka,
Rasskazhi mne, milaja,
Pro togo pro buku strashnogo:
Kak tot buka po lesam brodil,
Kak tot buka v les detej nosil
I kak gryz on ikh belyje kostochki,
I kak deti te krichali, plakali!
Njanjushka!
Ved' zato ikh, detej-to, buka s"el,
Chto obideli njanju staruju,
Papu s mamoj ne poslushali.
Ved' zato on s"el ikh, njanjushka?

Ili vot chto:
Rasskazhi mne luchshe pro carja s caricej,
Chto za morem zhili v teremu bogatom.
Jeshchjo car' vsjo na nogu khromal,
Kak spotknjotsja, tak grib vyrastet,
U caricy to vsjo nasmork byl,
Kak chikhnjot, stekla v drebezgi!
Znajesh', njanjushka:
Ty pro buku to uz ne rasskazyvaj!
Bog s nim, s bukoj!
Rasskazhi mne, njanja, ty, smeshnuju-to!

1. With Nanny

Come and tell me, Nanny dear,
That old tale you know so well,
About the wolf, that dreadful, wicked wolf.
How he used to roam around the house,
How he carried children to the wood
And devoured them not leaving a single bone
And the children used to weep and cry for help...
Nanny dear!
Was the reason he ate them every bit,
Because they would not do what their nannies told them,
Disobeying both their parents, too,
So he ate those children, Nanny dear?

Wait a moment!
I would rather hear about the King and Queen,
Who lived beside the sea in a lovely palace.
He was lame and hobbled as he walked,
Wherever he stumbled, up sprang a mushroom!
The Queen had such a nasty cold,
That when she sneezed all the window panes cracked!
Yes, oh Nanny dear,
I don't want to hear about the wolf again,
Let us leave him!
Let me hear the other, yes! that funny tale!

2. V uglu

Akh ty prokaznik!
Klubok razmotal, prutki rasterjal,
Akh ty! vse petli spustil!
Chulok ves' zabryzgal chernilami!
V ugol! V ugol!
Poshjol v ugol!
Prokaznik!

Ja nichego ne sdela, njanjushka,
Ja chulochek ne trogal, njanjushka!
Kluboček razmotal kotjonoček,
I prutočki razbrosal kotjonoček,
A Mishen'ka byl pajin'ka,
Mishen'ka byl umnica.
A njanja zlaja, staraja,
u njani nosik to zapachkannyj.
Misha chisten'kij, prichesannyj,
A u njani chepchik na boku.
Njanja Mishen'ku obidela,
naprasno v ugol postavila
Misha bol'she ne budet ljubit' svoju
njanjushku, vot chto!

2. In the corner

Really, how naughty!
My wool is upset, my needles astray,
Dear me! All my stitches are dropped!
My knitting with ink is bespattered!
Really! Shocking!
In that corner
How naughty!

I've never done a single thing at all, dear Nanny,
Never once did I touch your knitting!
The kitten played around and spoiled your wool,
And needles all came out because of that.
And Mishenka behaved himself,
Mishenka was as good as gold.
But Nursey is a bad old thing,
and her nose is very dirty;
Misha's hair is smooth and nicely brushed,
Nanny's cap is never straight.
For no earthly reason Nanny's cross,
And I am sent in the corner here.
Little Misha doesn't love you any more
Nanny, so there!

3. Zhuk

Njanja, njanjushka!
chto sluchilos', njanja dushen'ka!
Ja igral tam na pesočke,
za besedkoj, gde berjozki,
Strojil domik iz luchinoček klenovykh,
Tekh, chto mne mama, sama mama nashchepala.
Domik uzh sovsem postrojil,
Domik s kryshkoj, nastojashchij domik,
Vdrug!

No samoj kryshke zhuk sidit,
Ogromnyj, chjornyj, tolstuj takoj,
usami shevelit strashno tak,
I prjamo na menja vsjo smotrit!
Ispugalsja ja! A zhuk gudit, zlitsja,
Kryl'ja rastopyril,
skhvatit' menja khochet! . . .
I naletel, v visoček menja udaril!
Ja pritajilsja, njanjushka,
prisel, bojus' poshevel'nut'sja!
Tol'ko glazok odin chut'-chut' otkryl,
I chto-zhe, poslushaj, njanjushka:
Zhuk lezhit, slozhivshi lapki,
kverkhu nosikom, na spinke,
I uzh ne zlitsja, i usami ne shevelit,
I ne gudit uzh, tol'ko krylyshki drozhat.
Chto-zh, on umer, il' pritvorilsja?
Chto-zh `eto, chto-zhe,
skazhi mne, njanja, s zhukom-to stalos'?
Menja udaril, a sam svalilsja!
Chto-zh `eto s nim stalos', s zhukom-to!

3. The beetle

Nanny, dear Nanny!
think how awful, let me tell you!
On the grass I sat while playing,
By the arbor near the birches,
Busy building such a pretty house of maple,
With the pieces Mummy dear herself has cut me.
Finished was my little cottage,
With a roof on, like a proper cottage...
Then!

There came a beetle and sat on my roof,
Big black one, thick and fat, oh! so fat,
His beard started wagging up and down,
His wicked eyes fixed upon me!
I was terrified! and then he buzzed loudly,
Spread his wings wide open
and flew towards me quickly.
And with a bound he hit me upon my temple.
So I bent down, Nanny dear,
Sat still and hardly dared to breathe!
One little peep I gave out of my eyes...
And fancy, what do you think, Nanny?
On his back there lay the beetle,
Held both feet together folded,
No longer angry, and his beard had ceased to waggle,
No buzz left in him, just his wings could move a bit.
Was he dead then, or only foxing?
What was he up to?
Oh tell me, Nanny! What's your opinion?
A blow he gave me, perhaps his last one!
What was he up to, that beetle?

4. S kukloj

Tjapa, baj, baj, Tjapa, spi, usni,
Ugomon tebja voz'mi! Tjapa! Spat' nado!
Tjapa, spi, usni, Tjapu buka s"jest,
seryj volk voz'mjot,
V tjomnyj les snesjot.
Tjapa, spi, usni!
Chto vo sne uvidish', mne pro to rasskazhesh':
Pro ostrov chudnyj, gde ni zhnut ni sejut,
Gde cvetut i zrejut grushi nalivnyje,
Den' i noch' pojut ptichki zolotyje!
Baj, baj, baju baj, baj, baj, Tjapa!

5. Na son grjadushchij

„Gospodi pomiluj papu i mamu
i spasi ikh, Gospodi!
Gospodi pomiluj bratca Vasen'ku
i bratca Mishen'ku!
Gospodi pomiluj babushku staren'kuju,
Poshli ty jej dobroje zdorov'jice,
Babushke dobren'koj,
babushke staren'koj, Gospodi!
I spasi, Bozhe nash, tjtju Katju,
tjtju Natashu, tjtju Mashu, tjtju Parashu,
Tjtotej Ljubu, Varju, i Sashu,
i Olju, i Tanju, i Nadju,
Djadej Petju i Kolju, djadej Volodju
i Grishu, i Sashu, i vsekh ikh,
Gospodi, spasi i pomiluj,
i Filju, i Vanju, i Mitju, i Petju,
i Dashu, Pashu, Sonju, Dunjushku. . .
Njanja! a, njanja! Kak dal'she, njanja?``
„Vish' ty, prokaznica kakaja!
Uzh skol'ko raz uchila:
Gospodi pomiluj i menja greshnuju!``
„Gospodi pomiluj i menja greshnuju!
Tak, njanjushka?``

6. Pojekhal na palochke

„Gej! Gop, gop! Gej, podi! Gej! Gej!
Ta, ..., ta, gej! Ta, ..., ta, podi!
Tpru! . . . stoj! Vasja, a Vasja!
Slushaj, prikhodi igrat' segodnja!
Tol'ko ne pozdno!
Nu ty, gop! Gop! Proshchaj, Vasja!
Ja v Jukki pojekhal...
Tol'ko k vecheru nepremenno budu,
My ved' rano, ochen' rano spat' lozhimsja...
Prikhodi, smotri!
Ta, ... ta, gej! Ta, ..., ta, podi!
Gop! Gej, podi! Gej, gej podi! Gej, gej! Razdavljaju!
Oj, bol'no! Oj, nogu! Oj, bol'no! Oj, nogu. . .``
„Milyj moj, moj mal'chik, chto za gore?
Nu, polno plakat'!
Projdjot, moj drug!
Postoj-ka, vstan' na nozhki prjamo:
Vot tak, ditja! Posmotri, kakaja prelest'!
Vidish'?
V kustakh nalevo! Akh, chto za ptichka divnaja!
Chto za pjoryshki!
Vidish'? ... Nu chto? Proshlo?``
„Proshlo! Ja v Jukki s"jezdil, mama!
Teper' domoj toropit'sja nado ...
Gop! Gop! Gosti budut... Gop!
Toropit'sja nado!...``

4. With Dolly

Hush-a-by, Dolly, go to sleep!
Close your little eyes! Dolly! sleep, will you!
Dolly, go to sleep, for if you're not good,
Great big wolf will come,
and steal you from home.
Dolly, go to sleep.
And you shall have sweet dreams,
Of fairies' gardens, lots of fruit-trees growing,
But when no one's looking
Fruit is turned to cakes and candy!
Come now, go to sleep, to sleep, Dolly!

5. Bedtime prayer

"Gentle God, watch over father and mother,
Bless, and keep them safe from harm!
Gentle God, watch over brother Vasenka
and brother Mishenka.
God, watch over Grandma who is so kind!
Give unto her years of health and happiness!
She is so very good,
she is so very old, God!
And bless, our Lord, aunt Katya,
Aunt Natasha, aunt Masha, aunt Parasha,
And my aunties Lyuba, Varya and Sasha,
and Olya, and Tanya, and Nadya,
Uncles Petya and Kolya, uncles Volodya
and Grisha, and Sasha, and the rest of them.
God, protect and defend them,
With Filya and Vanya and Mitya, and Petya
And Dasha, Pasha, Sonya, Dunyushka...
Nanny, do tell me what comes next?"
"Really, what a dreadful memory!
How often must I tell you:
God, watch over and protect little me."
"God, watch over and protect little me.
Now is it right, Nanny?"

6. Riding the wooden horse

"Hi! Trot! Trot, trot! get along! Gee up! Gee up!
Gee up! Gee up! One we go! Still faster!
Enough! Who, whoa! Vasya, hi Vasya!
Listen, will you come and play this evening?
Come very early!
Gee up now! trot! Goodbye, Vasya!
I've to go a distance...
But I'll be home long before it's dark,
For you know I'm put to bed so dreadfully early...
Promise don't be late!
Gee up! Still faster!
Gee up! Hi, quickly, trot, trot!
Oh it hurts! Oh, my leg! Oh it hurts! Oh my leg!..."
"My darling, what's the matter?
You mustn't cry now,
It will soon be better, my love!
Come, stand up properly:
There, my child, Look isn't that lovely!
Can you see?
In the bushes on the left! Oh, what a wonderful little bird!
What wonderful plumage!
See it? Now come! All right?"
"All right! I have been to Yukki, mummy!
And now I must quickly travel home!
Trot, trot! Visitors are coming, trot!
We must hurry!..."

7. Kot Matros

Aj, aj, aj, aj, mama, milaja mama!
Pobezhala ja za zontikom,
mama, ochen' ved' zharko,
Sharila v komode i v stole iskala:
net, kak narochno!
Ja vtoropjakh k oknu podbezhala,
mozhet byt' zontik tam pozabyala. . .
Vdrug vizhu, na okne-to, kot nash Matros,
zabravshis' na kletku, skrebjot!
Snegir' drozhit, zabilsja v ugol, pishchit.
Zlo menja vzjalo!
„E, brat, do ptichek ty lakom!
Net, postoj, popalsja. Vish'-ty, kot!``
Kak ni v chjom ne byvalo stoju ja,
smotru v storonku,
Tol'ko glazom odnim podmechaju:
stranno chto-to!
Kot spokojno v glaza mne smotrit,
A sam uzh lapu v kletku zanosit:
Tol'ko chto dumal skhvatit' snegirja,
a ja jego khlop!
Mama, kakaja tvjordaja kletka!
Pal'cam tak bol'no, mama!
Mama! vot v samykh konchikakh, vot tut,
Tak nojet, nojet tak...
Net! kakov kot-to, mama, a?

7. Matros the cat

Mummy, Mummy, listen to my story!
I was just going to look for my sun-shade, Mummy,
the heat is awful!
I hunted every corner up and down the house
No, I can't find it!
Not on the table, nor up on the sideboard,
could I have left it there by the window?
Then suddenly I spied him, our little cat,
Go creeping so slowly to the cage.
The poor canary he sat there trembling and chirped.
Wasn't I angry!
"So, Puss, you'd kill little birdie, would you?
All right, I'll catch you, just you wait!"
And as though I saw nothing at all,
I stood quite still,
Gave a peep now and then on Master Pussy.
Just imagine!
Full of deceit he calmly stared in my face
And stretched his paw to the bird cage;
When he was ready to seize the canary
I gave him one, so!
Mummy, it was a hard cage!
Mummy, I have hurt my finger badly,
Right at the very end, oh mummy dear,
They burn and tingle so...
What a nasty cat, Mummy, eh?

Mussorgsky was one of the first composers to fashion music from speech patterns, and in the first of the songs of *The Nursery*, "The Nanny," that technique is in evidence. But what Mussorgsky was striving for in "The Nanny" goes beyond mere reproduction of speech sounds: he attempts to express musically the feelings and ideas of the child. The composer used his own texts in this cycle and the subject matter, of course, deals with the world of children, as the titles of the seven songs suggest. Yet, the music is not for children; it is formally, thematically, and harmonically as advanced as almost anything in its genre from that era. The first song in the cycle, "The Nanny," is the most iconoclastic. It was written just before Mussorgsky embarked on his operatic masterpiece *Boris Godunov*. It depicts an anxious, talkative child in music that pays little heed to thematic, harmonic, and rhythmic traditions. No. 4, "With the Doll," is an attractive lullaby, but with the child acting the role of the Nanny to the "Dolly." The fifth, "At Bedtime," is a prayer of sorts, with the child delightfully rattling off names of aunts and uncles for God to watch over. While humor is sprinkled throughout most of the songs, two in particular that divulge this trait are No. 2, "In the Corner," in which the child pleads innocent to accusations of mischief to his Nanny, then gradually turns bold with her diminishing anger, and No. 6, "Riding on a Hobby-Horse," in which the child animatedly pretends to be riding a toy horse. Nos. 3 ("The Beetle") and 7 ("Matros the Cat") divulge an agitation in the music to accompany the child's adventures with an insect and a pet cat, respectively. Though less known than Mussorgsky's operas and not often performed in the West due to the language barrier, this must be regarded as among the most important song cycles from the later nineteenth century.

~ All Music Guide