Russian Settings of
ROBERT BURNS

Gyorgy Sviridov
Songs to Verses by Robert Burns

Edison Denisov
Two Songs to Verses by Robert Burns

Dmitry Shostakovich
Six Romances for Bass: excerpts

Yuri Levitin
Song-Cycle to Verses by Robert Burns

Tikhon Khrennikov
Five Songs to Verses by Robert Burns: excerpts

Vassily Savenko, bass-baritone
Alexander Blok, piano

INCLUDES FIRST RECORDINGS
As the result of Britain’s declaration of war on revolutionary France in February 1793, the dire consequences for the British radical community bit ever more rapidly and deeply. Debt and anxiety-ridden, an increasingly isolated Robert Burns, as a key voice of that community, felt that his true fame would be posthumous. Yet even the prescient Burns could not have known the varied nature and extent of his global reputation: at the last count he had been translated into 38 languages.

By far the strangest, most complex and indeed disturbing metamorphosis Burns’s reputation has undergone is the manner in which he was adopted in a subsequent revolution by Soviet Russia. Samuel Marshak (1887–1964) began translating him in 1924 and by the 1950s, at the height of his and, indeed, Marshak’s fame, 600,000 copies of the poet had been sold in the Soviet Union. He became the adopted national poet of that state. It might also be observed that he was filling an abhorrent vacuum given that so many great modern Russian poets had been silenced, often murderously so, requiring the importation of ideologically deformed substitutes. If Burns in life was the victim of an unachieved revolution, in death he became the subject of a revolution which had either totally perverted its principles or – fulfilling Dostoevsky’s prophesy about the political consequences of exclusively combining science and atheism – had attained a psychotic condition which was from the outset implicit in these very principles.

The near-compulsive Russian demand for Burns, originating as a relatively minor theme in the Tsarist nineteenth-century with no extensive translation of his work, had to do, then, with appropriating a people’s poet writing in a popular mode. This problem was peculiarly acute in the nineteenth century since for the metropolitan literary elite rural, peasant Russia was another country where things were done differently. The very obscurity of the situation of the serfs induced in the literary elite both apprehension and guilt. As Zinovy Zinik has written,
The sense of guilt which members of the Russian intelligentsia always felt towards the lower classes, caused by the gulf in social status between the chosen few and the vulgar herd, created an atmosphere in which the search for a people’s poet became almost a holy quest.

This happened throughout the centuries, from Radischev to Solzhenitsyn. The vacancy was filled from time to time by one native writer or another; but there always remained a craving for something permanent, immune to the changes wrought by spiritual and ideological disputes at home. Such unassailable things are usually imported into Russia from abroad – and Burns was one such, brought in to satisfy the lovers of the masses.¹

To complement this insight, one should note that Andrei Sinyavsky, cogently as always, has remarked that nineteenth-century forms of Russian travel-orientated writing, Ivan Turgenev’s The Hunting Sketches as principal example, was designed as a means of literary exploration of this terra incognita.² It is, therefore, entirely unaccidental that it is exactly the same curiosity that led Turgenev and Nikolai Nekrasov to communicate about their different plans concerning self-proposed work on Burns – although their aims came to nothing, a particularly sad loss with Nekrasov, since that biting satirist of Russia’s unenlightened values would have surely have something truly meaningful to say about Burns. As a later Scottish poetic dissident, Hugh MacDiarmid, was to write of Nekrasov:

Only a spirit such as yours will serve:
Thousand of verses in one continuous jet of gall,
Acrid dissolution of hypocrisy and spiritual oppression
And all the treacheries that hold mankind in thrall.³

As Zinik has pointed out, treatment of Burns fell to second-rate, populist writers with predictably reductive results:

Burns’s reputation in Russia actually preceded his poetry. Although some interest in his work can be found in Pushkin’s papers as well as in Turgenev’s, his most enthusiastic translators before the Bolshevik revolution were second-rate writers from the populist camp, propagandists for the enlightenment of the so-called masses. The first translations were published during the early nineteenth century, not long after Burns’s death; but even in the later, professional renderings, it is extremely hard to find support for the legend of the poet’s life which accompanied his poetry in Russia. The myth was that of a jolly lad of robust temperament, with a corpulent physique and ruddy cheeks, a pub-crawler holding a tankard of ale in one hand and a quill in the other, hymning the simple virtues of working folk, attacking hypocrisy and privilege of the ruling class. In short, Burns came on to the Russian scene as a Robin Hood among poets, a defender of the oppressed.4

The Soviet Burns is, ironically, in many ways an extreme extension of the popular icon that Zinik defines as existing in the Tsarist state. If Burns was a relatively peripheral figure in the Tsarist nineteenth century, he subsequently achieved quite extraordinary cultural dominance in the Soviet Union. As Zinik further comments:

The two-hundredth anniversary of his birth in 1959, was celebrated with the pomp and circumstance usually reserved for the founders of Marxism and Leninism. The calendar distributed among the Soviet population, containing all the important Soviet festivals and important dates of political history, had a page – January 25 – allocated exclusively to Burns. The Post Office issued a stamp with Burns’s portrait. One of Moscow’s leading secondary schools set up a ‘Friends of Pushkin and Burns Club’. In the 1950s, Burns’s popular fame had almost overshadowed that of Pushkin, with Byron and even Shakespeare moving back into the wings. He became a Soviet invention – part of a fictitious Western culture whose progressive representatives were supposed to herald the first proletarian state. ‘Your bare-footed muse/ To which we all got used/ Will walk on and on/ Across the Soviet Union’, wrote Marshak in his rhymed couplets, besotted with his own Soviet version of the Scottish Bard.5

5 Ibid., p. 13.
Such Stalinist secular sainthood was based on a total inversion of Burns the creative poet. As a poet, Burns combined a perfectly pitched lyrical purity with a satirical genius which was irreverently mocking, often bawdy, and consistently designed to undermine the hypocritical hierarchies of clerical and political power. Not at all a provincial ploughboy, his satire occasionally reached as far east as Russia. This is his view of Catherine the Great’s annexation of Poland:

Auld Kate laid her claws on poor Stanislaus,
    And Poland has bent like a bow;
May the deil in her ass ram a huge prick o’ brass!
    And damn her to hell with a mowe!6

Even without the deluge of Polish blood on his hands through his complicity with Hitler, Stalin would have been outraged by such a profane poetic voice. His artistic tastes were prim and puritanical in the extreme. His obsessive anti-bourgeois aesthetic of social realism, abetted by Gorky, declared that virtue was to be found in a sanitised, politically compliant, petrified kitsch folk-art. As Zinik again comments, this made largely impossible proper translation of the virile Scottish vernacular into Russian:

The ideal of the people’s poet corresponded even less to reality because of the very vague awareness among Russians of the cultural differences between the Scottish and English peoples. If there was any understanding of the role of Scottish dialect in Burns’s poetry, there was no trace of it in the translations. The beginning of ‘To a Haggis’, for example – ‘Fair fa’ your honest, sonsie face,/ Great Chieftain o’ the Pudding-race’ – in Marshak’s rendering comes out, when retranslated, as ‘I praise you as a Commander/ Of all hot puddings in the world’. The edge of Burns’s wit, his strong rhythms and rhymes, gave way in Russian to artificial poetical embellishment and enforced gaiety. Any trace of Burn’s reckless personality – the darker side of his muse – has gone, too.7

6 This poem, Why Shouldna Poor Folk Mowe, can be found in The Canongate Burns, ed. Andrew Noble and Patrick Scott Hogg, Canongate, Edinburgh, 2001, pp. 956–58. To ‘mowe’ is to copulate.
Is Zinik’s example of Marshak at his caricatural worst fair to his general achievement? In Nadezhda Mandelstam’s account of him in *Hope Abandoned*, that acute, acerbic demonology of Soviet literary corruption, she notes that everything Marshak touched, his own poetry, his children’s stories, his translations and editorial work, became anodyne. This was the price of his success, even survival, in Stalin’s Russia. She describes him thus:

Marshak was very much a man of his times in his determination to sweeten the pill of writing under orders, to create an illusion of literary life when it had been destroyed, and to smooth over all the rough edges. 8

Did Shostakovich use his translations because they were all that was available to him or did they have a genuine resonance for him? A strong hint of the latter is to be found in Isaak Glikman’s account of being a guest with Marshak at Shostakovich’s intimate 44th-birthday party on 25 September 1950, when, with the composer as accompanist, a first private performance was given of his song-cycle *From Jewish Folk Poetry*, particularly dangerous given Stalin’s growing anti-Semitic frenzy. Glikman reports that ‘Marshak said to me with tears in his eyes that the cycle was on a Shakespearean level and that he felt had been in the wrong in his criticism of the translations, since the music had inspired and raised the texts of the songs to great heights’. 9 Perhaps Marshak thought the same of what Shostakovich had done to his Burns translations.

Zinik’s observation that ‘some of his [Burns’] poems set to music by Shostakovich became an indelible part of the classic Soviet vocalist’s repertoire’ 10 might be held to imply that, in making Burns conform to Stalinist aesthetics, Shostakovich was, to a degree, implicated. Such an analysis, ideologically sceptical rather than based on creative textual or musical evidence, would certainly argue that is was political pressure from above that turned Shostakovich’s attention to Burns, Raleigh and Shakespeare in 1942. One consequence of Hitler’s 1941 invasion was to make the strangest of bedfellows of Soviet Russia and the Anglo-Americans. Extensive assertions of mutually abusive loathing had to be overnight replaced by forms of cultural bonding. Ironically Shostakovich himself, the legendary Leningrad fireman of the *Time* profile, was Stalin’s trump

---

card in the Russian campaign. Shostakovich loathed being so used. He equally loathed allied cinematic efforts, such as Mission to Moscow, aimed in the opposite direction. Unfortunately, there is no record of his response to the universal popularity of George Formby films in the Russian wartime cinema.

Zinik, also, seems not have considered that, as was so often the case, Shostakovich not so much diverted state pressure as subverted it in his compositions. Thus, for example, the Seventh Symphony, the Leningrad, was anti-totalitarian not simply in an anti-Nazi sense; that an equal devil was reigning at home is implicit in the music. Nor does Zinik seem to understand that Shostakovich, often as parodist, is not only phenomenally allusive musicologically but also in his equally profound literary tastes. His choice of Burns poems places the Scotsman in an elite pantheon of European and Russian poets to whom Shostakovich had creative recourse. His placing him with Raleigh and Shakespeare in 1942 may have significance for the joint war-effort but it has much more significance in the fact that it not only puts Burns on a par with Shakespeare but that Sonnet 66, in particular, knowingly translated by Pasternak, as reveals Soviet Russia as a world where every human virtue has been consumed by its evil opposite:

And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall’d simplicity
And captive good attending captain ill;
Tired with all these, from these I would be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

The choice from these British poets represents a dark world where life is led on the brink of imminent extinction. Burns’ upbeat Comin thro’ the Rye (Shostakovich’s ‘Jennie’) is the exception to this but McPherson’s Farewell speaks of total defiant laughter in the face of death and O, Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast of extreme sexual compassion in the coldest climate imaginable. Although both poems have obvious and brilliant relevance to the terrible particulars of the ferociously resistant but lethal conditions of besieged Leningrad, where people fell down with starvation and became ungathered corpses icily welded to the pavements, the Burns poems
also had a personal and creative resonance that revealingly recurred in Shostakovich’s music. While he believed in the spirituality of music, Shostakovich, unlike Mandelstam, had no belief in resurrection. Moreover, his adult, creative life was led in Stalin’s random slaughterhouse so that his survival almost certainly depended on exploitation by the state of his international fame. Many Soviet creative dissidents died for far less resistance. Thus the defiance of death in ‘McPherson before his Execution’ haunted him. Hence this report of an early conversation on the fear of death with his good friend, the satirist Zoshchenko:

Zoshchenko tried a materialistic approach to the issue [of death]. He thought that if he wrote about death ironically, he would stop fearing it. For a while I was in complete agreement with Zoshchenko, I even wrote a composition on the theme – ‘MacPherson Before Execution’, based on a poem by Robert Burns. But later I decided that Zoshchenko apparently had been unable to rid himself of the fear of death. He only wanted to convince himself and others that he had succeeded. In general, my feelings on the subject changed with the years.\(^\text{11}\)

One manifestation of the evolution on his feelings and the continued resonance of these two Burns poems to these feelings reappear in the early 1960s in his correspondence with his close Jewish friend Isaak Glikman to whom, as a further sign of its importance to him, he had dedicated ‘McPherson before his Execution’. The subject of his correspondence at that period was the Thirteenth Symphony whose concern was the Holocaust as specifically manifested in the massacre evoked in Yevtushenko’s recent poem, ‘Babi Yar’, which evoked memories of an earlier poet. As he wrote to Glikman:

I agree with you: Burns of course is a genius, while Yevtushenko is talented. But Yevtushenko is still very young, and … well, when we meet I’ll tell you what I think about Yevtushenko. At all events, I think his life is more complicated than Burns’s was. What I like about his art is its life and its undoubted humanity.\(^\text{12}\)

Presumably, these are qualities that appealed to him in Burns, too, which is why, two decades

\(^{11}\) Testimony, Hamish Hamilton, London, 1979, p. 9

\(^{12}\) Glikman, op. cit., p. 103.
after he had first composed from Burns’ two lyrics, they complexly recurred in the Holocaust-inspired Thirteenth Symphony. How deeply ‘O, Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast’ and ‘McPherson before his Execution’ had entered Shostakovich’s creative soul can be seen in Timothy Jackson’s subtle, erudite reading of the way they are intertwined into the musical texture of the Thirteenth Symphony. Particularly poignant is the manner in which ‘O wert thou in the cauld blast’, initially dedicated to his wife Nina, becomes the motif for Ann Frank. This final inspirational testimony to the trans-national, resonant power of Burns’ poetry forges an unbreakable connection between Burns and Shostakovich.

Andrew Noble, co-editor of The Canongate Burns, was Senior Lecturer in the Department of English Studies, University of Strathclyde. He has written mainly on Scottish subjects and is now carrying out further research on Burns and radicalism in the late eighteenth century.

BURNS AND RUSSIAN COMPOSERS

by Stuart Campbell

The poems of Burns seem not to have made much impact on Russian composers before Soviet times. It took their extensive translation, on which Samuel Marshak embarked in the 1920s, and the forming of wartime alliances for this situation to begin to be corrected.

Some composers with ears finely attuned to the ‘social command’ responded quickly to the potential in Burns’ poetry: Shostakovich in 1942, Levitin starting in 1943 and finishing in 1953, and Khrennikov in 1944. Denisov was much younger and his Burns settings come right at the beginning of his career (1951); the older Sviridov wrote his Burns settings when his idiom was substantially formed (1955).

Translating poetry is always problematic. In this case the usual difficulties were

supplemented by Burns’ use of a language with idioms and vocabulary at variance with the standard English on which foreign learners were reared. Cultural differences also existed. There were, moreover, restrictions on what could be published in the USSR. Some of the political content of Burns’ poems was rewritten by Marshak in ‘democratic’ style. For example, allusions to any royal house, let alone hints of Jacobitism, were excised from ‘Highland Laddie’; these alterations may be compared with the conversion of Glinka’s dynastic Christian epic of 1836 *A Life for the Tsar* into the godless nationalism of *Ivan Susanin*, intended for the centenary of that cornerstone of Russian opera.

Adding music to a translation amounts to making a second translation, with the composer seeking a musical equivalent (according to his own lights) for a poet’s version in a different language of the original poet’s work. In all the examples recorded here, the composers have come to their own understanding of Marshak’s Burns in the light of their Russian cultural background. In a few cases there are hints of a Scottish world as they imagined it, but in no case are there traces of pastiche; in many instances the composers’ Russian musical background is overwhelmingly clear.

**Georgy Sviridov: Songs to Verses by Robert Burns**

Sviridov (1915–98) is more familiar and highly esteemed in Russia than abroad. He was a member of Shostakovich’s composition class until 1941. With an acknowledged penchant for composing vocal music, he wrote many songs, several cantatas and oratorios without neglecting instrumental genres; composers whose music relies on less widely familiar languages often have a hard time in the international arena. He is best known in Russia for works on Russian subjects (such as *Kursk Songs*, *Wooden Russia*, *Russia Cast Adrift*, etc.), for which he chose poems by compatriots. The peasant poet Sergei Esenin (1895–1925) was a particular favourite, and Burns may be seen to an extent as a Scottish counterpart. This set was begun when the composer improvised ‘Honest Poverty’ on 7 January 1955, and completed as a cycle within a month. His very free treatment of poetic structure is notable in several songs. Distinctive features of some of them are the increasing activity of the accompaniment as the song proceeds (in, for example, ‘Honest Poverty’[9]), and the complementary relationship between the voice
and piano parts: the latter does not offer conventional support to the former but instead follows its own course, commenting more profoundly on the bare words uttered by the singer (as in ‘Findlay’ [6], for example).

In ‘The burgeoning dale was lately green’[1] Sviridov extends Marshak’s second stanza by repeating sections of it and introducing material from elsewhere (between ‘Zazvenit’ and ‘zatsvetyot’); moreover, he repeats this expanded stanza after the third stanza. This item seems initially to be a lyrical art-song concerned with the passing of summer, but it gradually becomes besides a metaphor for the autumn of life, with the musical tone darkening progressively. A new, declamatory manner is introduced at ‘But whither went this time of bliss, this summer paradise?’, perhaps suggesting by its solemnity that the song is more than a mere landscape painting. The drone on an octave or a fifth may suggest bagpipes, evoking a bard singing to his own accompaniment and hinting at an epic quality.

In the second song of the cycle, ‘The Return of the Soldier’ [2], Sviridov has omitted six of Marshak’s stanzas, thereby removing some sentimental details, some stage directions, and the ultimate idea that ‘glory is the sodger’s prize’. The song concentrates on the tale of the soldier, whose fate had been unknown, going home to his beloved. The regularity of the march, with related fanfare-like figures, provides the main musical image of the song. At length a second image arises, contrasting in key and texture, and altogether more lyrical, as the returning soldier encounters his beloved native heath and his thoughts turn to Nancy (here ‘Anna’). The soldier’s name (‘Willie’) uttered by his beloved as she recognises him after a long separation is boldly treated, and prompts a lengthy piano interlude. The happy outcome is appropriately concise.

In ‘John Anderson’ [3], the opening piano motive, with a tune held together by a C major triad followed by an E minor one, recurs. A mood of resignation at advancing age prevails. The song is basically in C major, but with progressively more colourful additions. Burnsians may be surprised that this song should be given to a male voice.

In ‘Robin’ [4] Sviridov omits the second and eighth of Marshak’s stanzas, cutting out Burns’ refrain (‘Rantin’ rovin’ Robin’) completely; the fifth stanza serves as the final one. He has also amalgamated Marshak’s six stanzas into three longer ones, separating them with piano
interludes. This is a minor-key song which takes mischievous Shostakovich-like harmonic directions – corresponding to the lively, adventurous character of the new-born boy.

By not setting the sixth stanza of Marshak’s ‘Highland Laddie’ [5], Sviridov leaves out the honour in soldiering and pride in one’s country; he also cuts out the ‘Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie’ in his final stanza, presumably aiming for a more urgent climax. The monumental, Musorgskian chords of the opening gesture evoke unshakable mountains and the uncompromising people who live there (cf. the final three lines of the poem ‘Easier ’twould be to stop the sun/Than ever to shake thy resolve,/Splendid Highland laddie’). This figure is used as the piano introduction and for the final line of text (‘Easier [...] the sun’). The main narrative, concerned with the ‘Bonnie Highland laddie’, is linked to faster-moving music, with bagpipe-like fifth in the bass, and alternating A flat major and minor triads; excursions from that tonal centre increase in frequency and extravagance.

In ‘Findlay’ (‘Wha Is That At My Bower-Door?’) [6] Sviridov retains all six of Marshak’s stanzas, repeating only the opening word of lines two and four of the fifth stanza (‘I’ll stay’ and ‘I will’). This song is a terse dialogue between a determined young man of few words and a girl initially intent on keeping him away. The lad sings in a low register (where a narrator also repeats ‘quoth Findlay’) and the girl in a much higher range, singing nervously in the first two stanzas. The piano introduces a tone of hushed night-time conspiracy and provides a repeated-note figure representing knocking at a door. The words, many of them monosyllabic, are set without the slightest melodic blossoming. The speech-imitation in the vocal line is supported by illustration of the emotional subtext of the words in the piano part, rising to affection in the final stanza.

In ‘There’s Darkness Over All the Land’ [7] Sviridov has preserved most of Marshak’s original, though inserting as a new fourth stanza the second stanza (from ‘Nikto ne p’yan’ – ‘nobody’s drunk, not really’ as far as ‘another drink’) from another drinking song by Burns (‘Willie brew’d a peck o’ maut’); he has also replaced Marshak’s ‘prepare our bill, hostess’ with a stock phrase of the genre (‘Naley, naley, khozayka’ – ‘Fill them up, hostess’). These changes denote a positive approach to serious drinking over a worthwhile period. Sviridov also leaves out Marshak’s lines: ‘my glass is a sacred spring which cures wounds to the heart’. But this is no standard
drinking song. The Musorgskian darkness and turbulence of the music underscore the protest at social inequality mentioned in the text. On the other hand, the intensifying wrong accents, both verbal and musical (both associated with the interpolated ‘fill them up, hostess’), and the clumsy staggering-about imply that the imbibing has had its usual effect.

In the penultimate song (setting Marshak’s translation of ‘A Red, Red Rose’) Sviridov makes substantial changes to the simple structure of his literary starting-point: he reprises the second stanza after the third and fourth, omits Marshak’s repetition of ‘roza’ in the first line (the translator echoing the Scottish poet’s ‘red, red’), inverts two words, rhetorically adds ‘moy drug’ (‘my friend’) and picks out the poet’s twice-used ‘fare thee weel’ for multiple repetition as ‘proshchai’ (‘farewell’). He has also changed the translator’s title ‘Love’ to ‘Farewell’. The vocal part presents a strophic song of three stanzas, with an accompaniment which becomes fuller and more elaborate in texture and harmony (and in extra strands of melody) with each stanza. This is an unclouded lyrical love song. There is often at least a hint of Shostakovich in his pupil’s music, but here it is the idiom of the Prokofiev of War and Peace that occasionally comes to mind.

Finally, in ‘A Man’s A Man For A’ That’ Sviridov reverses the order of the second and third stanzas, and repeats portions of Marshak’s text abundantly. The song is strophic until the end of the third stanza, and then more free, forming a climax to this song and an ending to the set. There is something akin to a hornpipe at ‘The show of wealth is naught but the coin’s stamp’, and a long piano episode after the third stanza. The song builds up impressively from the voice and piano in bare octaves to a more elaborate idiom with doubled thirds. It ends with propagandistic emphasis on ‘that Man to Man [...] shall brothers be’, perhaps prompted by Burns’ repeated ‘For a’ that and a’ that’.

**Edison Denisov: Two Songs to Verses by Robert Burns**

Denisov (1929–96) belongs to a younger generation than the other composers included here. He reached maturity after the Second World War, found opportunities to get to know what had been happening in the musical world outside the USSR, and used a less traditional musical language. It was Shostakovich who encouraged the young man to make his career in music
rather than the other field in which he excelled – mathematics. In 1951, the year Denisov joined Vissarion Shebalin’s composition class at the Moscow Conservatoire (on the advice of his mentor), he wrote a set of five Burns settings, of which these two – which show unusual inventiveness – were the only ones he wished to be published, in 1980, by which time he had become one of the most fearless representatives of the Soviet musical avant-garde. ‘There was a Bonny Lass’, whose Russian title is ‘A Little Ballad’ [10], is a busy song, rich in musical ideas and resourceful in its exploitation of the piano. The open octave at some phrase-ends hints at Denisov’s earlier engagement with Russian folksong. The first two lines of the second stanza show an active response to the meaning of the text, with the fast repeated notes pointing to the roll of a military drum. ‘Comin thro’ the Rye’ [11] is a witty song – strophic as far as the vocal line is concerned, though the accompaniment changes.

**Shostakovich: Three Songs from Six Romances for Bass, Op. 62**

Dmitry Shostakovich (1906–75) composed this collection of songs in evacuation in Kuybyshhev, in 1942; the other poets are Walter Raleigh and Shakespeare. The composer later made two arrangements: for bass and large orchestra, Op. 62a, in 1943, and for bass and chamber orchestra, Op. 140, in 1971. Each song carries a dedication to one of the composer’s closest associates, including Levon Atovmyan, Ivan Sollertinsky and Vissarion Shebalin.

‘O, Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast’, Op. 62, No. 2 [12], is dedicated to the composer’s wife Nina. Its tone comes from the ‘gloomy vale’ mentioned in the third stanza – though perhaps the music is more suggestive of boundless steppes; one might with imagination hear the march of convicts in the constant tread of the harmony; the chamber-orchestral version gives the repeated bass As to the timpanist. The dark sonority is reinforced by the pianist, whose right hand never once moves out of the bass clef in an accompaniment abounding in low fifths and

---

1 Shostakovich’s Op. 62 has appeared under a number of titles. Derek Hulme’s *Dmitri Shostakovich: A Catalogue, Bibliography and Discography* (3rd edn., Scarecrow Press, Lanham (Md.), 2002, p. 221), explains:

fourths. Nor does the music travel far from D minor, with its most frequent move from that chord to C major, suggestive of the double tonic cliché of ‘Scottish’ harmony. Stanzas 1, 2 and 4 are almost identical; stanza 3 takes a different harmonic direction.

The dedicatee of ‘McPherson before his Execution’ (or ‘McPherson’s Farewell’), Op. 62, No. 3, is Isaak Glikman, the composer’s correspondent in *Story of a Friendship*. This song illustrates Shostakovich’s macabre humour in the contrast between the grisly situation and the nearly constant, regular pulse of a moderate duple-time dance. The sonority is also typically hollow, with a wide gap in the texture between bass and treble; in the Op. 140 version Shostakovich assigns the tune to a piccolo, while the bass is taken by the bassoon. The song is in a modified E minor, with at least the outer sections strongly rooted there. It shows a kind of ternary form where the opening eight-bar melody (in piano, then in vocal line) returns at the end. This melody may correspond with Burns’ account that McPherson ‘play’d a spring’. The voice has a contrasting idea at ‘Privet vam’, ‘Razbeyte stal’ and ‘I pered smert’iu’. This song is alluded to in the second movement of Shostakovich’s Symphony No. 13, *Babiy Yar*, Op. 113, of 1962.

‘Comin thro’ the Rye’, Op. 62, No. 4, carries a dedication to Georgy Sviridov and uses a kind of Lydian mode, returning by diverse routes to the central pitch F with its tonic chord. Using a melody with a hint of folklore, it expresses a rather matter-of-fact view of chance sexual encounters. The opening piano ritornello rounds off the song. As in the first Shostakovich song, the first, second and last stanzas share their music, while the third has something different though similar; thus the three final-line references to ‘coming through the rye’ are set to the same melody.

**Yury Levitin: Song-Cycle to Verses by Robert Burns, Op. 51**

Yury Levitin (1912–93) was a postgraduate student in Shostakovich’s composition class in Leningrad until 1942. He composed prolifically in all genres, including film scores and oratorios and no fewer than fourteen string quartets. His songs show him to have been an accomplished user of an established idiom. In ‘A Red, Red Rose’ Levitin has repeated the final two lines by way of rounding off the song. This is a flowing lyrical love-song, the piano everywhere offering conventional support to the vocal line. The melody flows again in the song ‘John Anderson,
my Jo’ , another love-song, now with a minor-key ending. More exploratory harmony lends ‘Shelagh O’Neil’ increased tension. It is set as four stanzas, with almost identical music. The pattern set at the opening is adhered to throughout, except for the repetition of the final line. The piano is very supportive of the vocal melody. Levitin’s ‘Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore’ is a ternary song, with the opening stanza reprised with an accompaniment in more varied colours. The contrasting middle section is musically radical by Levitin’s standards. ‘Of A’ the Airts’ is a mild-mannered love-song.

Tikhon Khrennikov: Three Songs from Five Songs to Verses by Robert Burns (1944)
Tikhon Khrennikov (1913–2007) is better known outside Russia for his role in the administration of composers’ affairs than for any of his compositions. He studied composition in Moscow with Mikhail Gnessin and later Shebalin at the Conservatoire, graduating in 1936. In 1948 he became an official of the Union of Composers of the USSR, retaining the post until the Soviet Union ceased to exist in 1991. His compositions are numerous, conventionally effective, and belong to most genres, with concentrations on music for the theatre and cinema and solo concertos.

Of all these songs, this setting of ‘Auld Lang Syne’ will cause the most astonishment to those for whom the text holds associations, for it is a full-blown Russian ‘romance’ (art-song) with an uncharacteristic text; does Rachmaninov’s shadow hover over it? The composer has forged each verse with its refrain into a continuous musical stanza (leaving out Marshak’s penultimate verse and refrain) and repeated the music for each of the following musical stanzas, thus forming a three-stanza strophic song. The piano is in a subordinate accompanimental role, with the entire melodic interest in the vocal line; the repeating figure in the pianist’s right hand, though, is telling.

In ‘Highland Laddie’ the composer has again run two of Marshak’s stanzas (now six-line) together to form a larger unit, the music for which with variations serves for all three stanzas. The piano offers a brief prelude, and then goes on to provide harmonic and rhythmic support to the singer in an unambitious way that the composer might initially have improvised at the keyboard.

In its structure, ‘O, Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast’ is closer to Burns than to Marshak, being in two long stanzas rather than four shorter ones. This pattern enables Khrennikov to use
substantially the same music for the second half as for the first, with a bravura coda (repeating the last line of text) involving both the singer and the pianist.

Stuart Campbell’s publications and teaching have concentrated on aspects of music in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, with an emphasis on Russian topics. He teaches in the Department of Adult and Continuing Education of the University of Glasgow and is an Honorary Research Fellow in the Department of Music and the Institute of Central and East European Studies at the University.

The bass-baritone Vassily Savenko was born near Odessa, Ukraine. He studied at the Moscow Conservatory with Alexei Bolshakov, and later with Mikhail Kiselev. He won both the Musorgsky and Lysenko Competitions and has sung principal roles for major opera-houses in his native Ukraine and in Russia, including the Bolshoi Opera, Moscow, and the Kirov Opera, St Petersburg, where he sang Iago (Otello) under Gergiev.

In the early 1990s he moved to Britain where he has built up a considerable reputation as a recitalist, appearing regularly in London, at the Wigmore Hall and the South Bank, as well as the Cheltenham and Three Choirs Festivals. He has received particular praise for his recitals of Russian art-song; special projects have included a series of song-recitals called Russian Images, another series, Pushkin in Music, celebrating the bicentenary of Russia’s greatest poet, with the pianist Boris Berezovsky, and recitals of Russian settings of Robert Burns for festivals in Scotland – which one critic described as ‘Burns to set the heather afire [...]. For Scots steeped in the domestic tradition of Burns airs, often treated fairly doucely with conventional harmonies, it was an exhilarating experience’.

His UK operatic debut was in a Rachmaninov double-bill for Chelsea Opera, where he interpreted the dual roles of the Baron (The Miserly Knight) and Lanciotto Malatesta (Francesca da Rimini) to considerable acclaim. He made his WNO debut as Ferrando (Il Trovatore) and appeared as Baldassare (Cilèa’s L’Arlesiana) for Opera Holland Park and Prince Nikita Kurlyatev (Tchaikovsky’s The Enchantress) for Grange Park Opera. Concert performances of opera have included Ebbn Hakkia (Tchaikovsky’s Iolanta) with the Royal Scottish National Orchestra; Ivan Susanin (A Life for the Tsar) for Chelsea Opera, and Lanciotto Malatesta (Francesca da Rimini) for Netherlands Radio Symphony Orchestra. He sang Tomsky/ Plutus (Queen of Spades) for Opera
Ireland, and in Europe has sung in Tchaikovsky operas for the Teatro Nacional de Sao Carlos, Lisbon, and the Teatro Lirico di Cagliari (*Oprichniki* under Gennady Rozhdestvensky).

His recital programmes, on the concert platform and on CD, reflect his eclectic tastes and include romances by Arensky, Taneyev, Medtner, Lyatoshinsky, Glière, Mosolov, Denisov, Sviridov, Khrennikov and Levitin as well as works from the standard repertoire. His collaboration with pianist Boris Berezovsky has focused on the songs of Nikolai Medtner: they have given recitals in the UK, Belgium, at the Second International Medtner Festival in Russia and recently in Japan. Their CD of Medtner songs and piano music was recently released on the Mirare label.

Vassily Savenko’s website can be visited at www.vassilysavenko.co.uk.

Born in Moscow in 1957, Alexander Blok graduated from the Gnessin Academy of Music, Moscow, in piano (under Vladimir Tropp) and composition (under Georgy Litinsky). As a principal soloist with the Moscow Concert Philharmonic, he performs as concert pianist and chamber-music leader and has toured Germany, Italy, Finland, Norway and the United States, as well as the countries of the former Soviet Union. A Moscow resident, he joined the USSR Composers’ Union in 1985; his significant output includes compositions for string orchestra, solo piano, vocal, chamber and ballet music. He is related to the influential Russian poet-playwright Alexander Alexandrovich Blok (1880–1921), described by the Russian literary critic Viktor Zhirmunsky as ‘the last romantic poet’.

Alexander Blok made his British concert debut in 1999 at the Cheltenham International Festival of Music. For more than fifteen years he has partnered Vassily Savenko, who with the pianist Richard Shaw premiered his song-cycle *Dreams* at the Wigmore Hall in London in 1994. The work was enthusiastically received, one critic describing it as a ‘a surrealist fairy tale in a modern urban setting’. Their recitals and recordings exploring some of the rarer Russian vocal masterpieces have won critical acclaim: noteworthy programmes include ‘Pushkin in Music’, ‘Musorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov’, ‘English Poets/Russian Romances’ and ‘Russian Settings of Robert Burns’.

Recorded in the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatoire on 6, 8, 10 and 15 September 2002, except for tracks 1, 13, 17 and 20, which were recorded on 15 September 2005.

Producer-Engineer: Vadim Ivanov
Editor: Farida Uzbekova Artistic Consultant: Mikhail Kiselev
Booklet text: Andrew Noble (Burns), Stewart Campbell (music)
Re-translations of Samuel Marshak’s translations of Burns: Anthony Phillips
Design and lay-out: Paul Brooks, Design & Print, Oxford
Executive producers: Martin Anderson and M. H. Rolle

TOCC 0039

© 2008, Toccata Classics, London

Toccata Classics CDs can be ordered from our distributors around the world, a list of whom can be found at www.toccataclassics.com. If we have no representation in your country, please contact: Toccata Classics, 16 Dalkeith Court, Vincent Street, London SW1P 4HH, UK
Tel: +44/0 207 821 5020 Fax: +44/0 207 834 5020 E-mail: info@toccataclassics.com

‘Shostakovich Reconsidered is a collection of articles, essays and interviews […] compiled, written and edited by Allan B. Ho and Dmitry Feofanov. The main thrust of the book is to prove that Shostakovich did write Testimony in collaboration with Solomon Volkov. There are those who believe the memoir to be a fake, and that the composer was a Soviet stooge. It is clear from his chamber music alone that he was nothing of the sort. There is an impassioned Overture from Vladimir Ashkenazy, condemning the doubters who cannot hear anguish when it is hitting them.’

The Daily Telegraph

ISBN 0 907689 56 6; £45.00 (hd); ISBN 0 907689 57 4; £24.50 (pbk)
Available from bookshops or direct from Toccata Press at www.toccatapress.com or 16 Dalkeith Court, Vincent Street, London SW1P 4HH, UK.
ГЕОРГИЙ СВИРИДОВ
Песни на стихи Роберта Бернса

1 No. 1: Давно ли цвёл зелёный дол
Давно ли цвёл зелёный дол,
Лес шелестел листвой,
И каждый лист был свеж и чист
От влаги дождевой.
Где этот летний рай? Где этот рай?
Лесная глушь мертва...
Но снова май придёт в наш край, придёт в наш край,
Но снова май придёт в наш край, придёт в наш край -
И зашумит листва. И зазвенит, и запоёт,
И снова вереск зацветёт, и снова вереск зацветёт.

Но ни весной, ни в летний зной
С себя я не стряхну
Тяжёлый след прошедших лет,
Печаль и седину.

Где летний рай? Где этот рай?
Лесная глушь мертва...
Но снова май придёт в наш край, придёт в наш край,
Но снова май придёт в наш край, придёт в наш край -
И зашумит листва. И зазвенит, и запоёт,
И снова вереск зацветёт, и снова вереск зацветёт.

Под старость краток день,
А ночь без сна длинна.
И дважды в год к нам не придёт
Счастливая весна!

2 No. 2: Возвращение солдата
Умолк тяжёлый гром войны,
И мир сияет снова.
Отцов ребята лишены,
1 **No. 1: The Winter of Life**
The burgeoning dale was lately green,
The woods were all in leaf,
And every leaf was fresh and clean
All moistened by the rain.
But whither went this time of bliss,
this summer paradise?
The forest depths are still and dead . . .
But May will come once more to us,
To the land we call our own.
Again the rustling of the leaves,
The buds will flower, the birds will sing,
And heather come in bloom once more,
And heather bloom once more.

But neither spring nor summer’s heat
Can take away from me
The heavy burden of the years,
My sorrow and grey hairs.
The heritance of age is days too short,
And sleepless nights too long,
And mirthful spring does not return,
and comes but once a year.

1 **No. 2: The Return of the Soldier**
The blast of war has fall’n still,
The world’s at peace again.
The children now were fatherless,

2 **The Winter of Life**
But lately seen in gladsome green
The woods rejoiced the day;
Thro’ gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay.
But now our joys are fled
On winter’s blast awa’!
Yet maiden May, in rich array
Again shall bring them a’

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe,
Shall melt the snaws of Age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield
Sinks in Time’s wintry rage.
Oh! Age has weary days
And nights o’ sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o’ youthfu’ prime,
Why comes thou not again?

2 **The Sodger’s Return**
When wild war’s deadly blast was blawn
And gentle peace returning,
Wi’ mony a sweet babe fatherless

1 head                              2 thaw
3 old age                           4 without
5 bush                              6 refuge

7 The last two verses of Burns’s lyric, celebrating the valour and honour of the soldier – ‘but glory is the sodger’s prize/ the sodger’s wealth is honour’ – have been omitted in Sviridov’s setting.
И горько плачут вдовы.
Я шел домой в свой край родной,
Шатёр покинув братский.
И в старом ренце за спиной
Был весь мой скарб солдатский.

Шагал я с лёгким багажом,
Счастливый и свободный.
Не отягчил я грабежом
Своей сумы походной.
Шагал я бодро в ранний час,
Задумавшись о милой,
О той улыбке синих глаз,
Что мне во тьме светила.

Вот наша тихая река
И мельница в тумане.
Здесь, за кустами ивняка,
Любовь открыл я Анне.
Вот я взошёл на склон холма,
мне с юных лет знакомый,
Вот предомной она сама
Стоит у двери дома.

Я сказал ей: ты светлей,
Чем этот день погожий,
И тот счастливей всех людей,
Кто всех тебе дороже!
Хоть у меня карман пустой
И сумка пустовата,
Но не возьмёшь ли на постой
Усталого солдата?

На миг её прекрасный взгляд
Был грустью отуманен.
- Мой милый тоже был солдат.
Что с ним? Убит иль ранен?
And widows keened in sorrow.
Home came I to my native heath,
Forsaking comrades’ barracks,
My knapsack free of worldly wealth
Save soldier’s goods and chattels.

My load was light,
My step carefree,
My pack unstained
With plunder.
In early morn I stepped out bold,
My thoughts full of my dear one,
Whose lovely smile and eyes so blue
Had lightened all my darkness.

Here is our quiet river, with its mill
All wrapped in mist,
And here, behind the willows,
Told I my love to Annie.
Now I went up the hillside, that
I knew so well from childhood,
And there before my eyes she stood,
Beside her cottage door.

I said to her: ‘Thou art more fair,
More blessed than this day,
And he who’s dear to thee
Must be the happiest man alive!
All empty pockets as I have,
And nothing in my pack,
Wouldst thou still take a tired old soldier
In to rest a while?’

A moment’s time her glorious gaze
Was clouded o’er with pain:
‘My dear one was a soldier too.
Where is he now? Hurt? Slain?’

And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field
Where lang I’d been a lodger
My humble knapsack a’ my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain’d wi’ plunder
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks of Coil
I thought upon my Nancy,
And ay I mind’t the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach’d the bonny glen
Where early life I’d sported;
I pass’d the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother’s dwelling!
And turn’d me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling!

Wi’ altered voice quoth I, ‘Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn’s blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That’s dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I’ve far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I’ve served my king and country lang
Take pity on a sodger!’

Sae wistfully she gazed at me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo’ she, ‘A sodger ance I lo’ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Take pity on a sodger!’
И вдруг, узнав мои черты
Под слоем серой пыли,
Она спросила: Это ты?
Потом сказала: - Вилли!

Да, это я, моя любовь,
А ты моя награда
За честно пролитую кровь,
И лучшей мне не надо!

Джон Андерсон
Джон Андерсон, мой друг, Джон,
Подумайка, давноль
Густой, крутой твой локон был
Чёрен, точно смоль.
Теперь ты стал не тот,
Ты снегом убelen.
Так будь же счастлив, старый друг,
Мой верный друг, мой Джон!

Джон Андерсон, мой друг, Джон,
Мы шли с тобою в гору,
И столько светлых дней, Джон,
Мы видели в ту пору.
Теперь мы под гору бредём,
Не разнимая рук.
И в землю ляжем мы вдвоём,
Джон Андерсон, мой друг!
И в землю ляжем мы вдвоём,
Джон Андерсон, мой друг!
And then through greyish film of dust,
She recognised my features,
And asking ‘is it truly you?’
She cried aloud, ‘My Willie!
‘Yes, it is I, my dearest love,
And thou my recompense
For blood spilled honourably on the field;
No need have I for better.’

3 No. 3: John Anderson
John Anderson, my dear, John,
Think now, how long ago
Your locks grew thick and glossy black,
As black as pitch can be.
But now the years have altered you,
Your locks are white as snow,
But be you happy, dear old friend,
My true beloved, John.

John Anderson, my dear, John,
We climbed the hill together,
And many happy days, John,
We had then, you and I.
But now we totter down the hill,
As hand in hand we go,
We’ll lie together in the earth,
John Anderson, my dear!

Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge – the dear cockade –
Ye’re welcome for the sake o’it!’

She gaz’d – she reddened like a rose –
Syne\textsuperscript{10} pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
‘Art thou my ain dear Willie?’
‘By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love’s regarded,
I am the man! and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!’\textsuperscript{11}

3 John Anderson, my Jo
John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent.\textsuperscript{12}
But now your brow is beld,\textsuperscript{13} John,
Your locks are like the sna\textsuperscript{14},
But blessings on your frosty pow
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty\textsuperscript{14} day, John,
We’ve had wi’ ane anither:
Now we maun\textsuperscript{15} totter down, John,
And hand in hand we’ll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

\textsuperscript{10} Then
\textsuperscript{11} The subsequent stanzas of Burns’ text were omitted from Marshak’s translation and thus also from Sviridov’s setting.
\textsuperscript{12} smooth
\textsuperscript{13} bald
\textsuperscript{14} happy
\textsuperscript{15} must
№ 4: Робин
В деревне парень был рождён,-
Но день, когда родился он
В календари не занесен.
Кому был нужен Робин?
Зато отметил календарь,
Что был такой-то государь,
И в щели дома дул январь,
Когда родился Робин.
Разжав младенческий кулак,
Гадалка говорила так:
Мальчишка будет не дурак,
Пускай зовётся Робин.
Он будет весел и остёр,
И наших дочек и сестёр
Полюбит с самых ранних пор
Неугомонный Робин.
Девчёнкам,- Бог его прости!-
Уснуть не даст он взаперти,
Но знать не будет двадцати
Других пороков Робин.
Не мало ждёт его обид,
Но сердцем всё он победит.
Мальчишка будет знаменит,
Семью прославит Робин.
No. 4: Robin

There was a lad born in the village –
But on which day is not recorded
In any calendar. What use is Robin
To anyone?

And yet the calendar does reveal
Which king was on the throne,
And January winds blew through the house
When Robin was born.

Unclenching the babe’s tiny fist,
The gipsy read his palm:
‘This little boy will be no fool,
And we should call him Robin.

He’ll make us laugh with his sharp wit,
And the moment he is able
He’ll love our wives and daughters
And never tire, our Robin.

‘He’ll never – God forgive him! –
let the girls alone
To sleep tucked safely in their beds at home,
But there are twenty worse faults than that,
Which Robin will never know.

Many a hard knock will he take,
But his great heart will overcome all.
This little boy will be a famous man
And bring honour to his family.’

Rantin’, Rovin’ Robin

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o’ whatna style,
I doubt it’s hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi’ Robin.

CHORUS
Robin was a rovin’ boy,
Rantin’, rovin’, rantin’, rovin’;
Robin was a rovin’ boy,
Rantin’ rovin’ Robin!

Our monarch’s hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,16
’Twas then a blast of Januar win’
Blew hansel17 in on Robin.

The gossip keekit18 in his loof19
Quo’ scho, ‘Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly20 boy will be nae coof:21
I think we’ll ca’ him Robin!

He’ll hae misfortunes great and sma’
But aye a heart aboon22 them a’;
He’ll be a credit to us a’
We’ll a’ be proud o’ Robin.

But sure as three times three
mak nine,
I see, by ilka23 score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin’24
So leeze me on thee,25 Robin.

Guid faith,’ quo’ scho, ‘I doubt ye gar26
The bonny lasses lie aspar,27
But twenty fau’ts ye may hae waur,28
So blessin’s on thee, Robin!

---

16 Burns was born on 25 January 1759. King George died in 1760.
17 gift to bring good luck
18 looked
19 palm
20 fine, big, strong
21 fool
22 above
23 every
24 our kind, i.e., women
25 blessings on thee
№ 5: Горский парень
Лучший парень наших лет,
Славный парень, статный парень,
На плече он носит плед,
Славный горский парень.

Носит шапку пирожком,
Славный парень, статный парень,
Он с изменой не знаком,
Славный горский парень.

Слышишь звонкий звук трубы,
Девушка долины,
Зов трубы и гром пальбы
девушка долины?

Слава в бой меня зовёт,
Дочь полей, дитя долины,
За свободу и народ,
Девушка долины!

Легче солнце двинуть вспять
Чем тебя поколебать,
Славный горский парень.
ГЕОРГИЙ СВИРИДОВ

Песни на стихи Роберта Бернса

No. 1: Давно ли цвёл зелёный дол

Давно ли цвёл зелёный дол,
Лес шелестел листвой,
И каждый лист был свеж и чист
От влаги дождевой.
Где этот летний рай? Где этот рай?
Лесная глушь мертва...
Но снова май придёт в наш край, придёт в наш край,
Но снова май придёт в наш край,
И зашумит листва. И зазвенит, и запоёт,
И снова вереск зацветёт, и снова вереск зацветёт.

No. 2: Возвращение солдата

Умолк тяжёлый гром войны,
И мир сияет снова.
Отцов ребята лишены,

No. 5: Highland Laddie

The bonniest lad I ever saw,
A splendid boy, a comely youth,
Around his shoulders wore a plaid,
That splendid Highland laddie.

He wore a bonnet on his head,
That splendid boy, that comely youth,
His heart did treachery never know,
That glorious Highland laddie.

‘Dost thou hear the trumpets sound,
Lowland lassie, Lowland lassie?
The cornet’s call and cannon fire,
Lowland lassie, Lowland lassie?

For I am called to battle brave,
Girl of the fields, Lowland child,
For freedom and my country,
Lowland lassie, Lowland lassie!’

‘Easier ‘twould be to stop the sun
Than ever to shake thy resolve,
Splendid Highland laddie.’

She

The bonniest lad that e’er I saw,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid and was fu’ braw,
Bonny Highland laddie.

On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
His heart did treachery never know,
Bonny Highland laddie.

He

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie;
The cornet’s call and cannon fire,
And a’ the hills wi echoes roar,
Bonny Lowland lassie.

Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my King to fight,
Bonny Lowland lassie!

She

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonny Highland laddie.

Go! For yourself procure renown,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful King his crown,
Bonny Highland laddie.

26 make
27 with their legs open
28 worse
No. 6: Финдлей
Кто там стучится в поздний час?
Конечно я - Финдлей!
Ступай домой. Все спят у нас!
Не все! - сказал Финдлей.
Как ты приди ко мне посмел?
Посмел! - сказал Финдлей.
Небось, наделаешь ты дел.
Могу! - сказал Финдлей.
Тебе калитку отвори...
Ану! - сказал Финдлей,
Ты спать не дашь мне до зари!
- Не дам! - сказал Финдлей.
Попробуй в дом тебя впустить..
- Впусти!- сказал Финдлей.
Всю ночь ты можешь прогостить...
Всю ночь!- сказал Финдлей, всю ночь!
С тобою ночь одну побудь...
Побудь!- сказал Финдлей, побудь!
Ко мне опять найдешь ты путь...
Найду! - сказал Финдлей, найду!
О том, что буду я с тобой...
Со мной! сказал Финдлей.
Молчи до крышки гробовой!
Идёт! - сказал Финдлей.

No. 7: Всю землю тьмой заволокло
Всю землю тьмой заволокло.
Но и без солнца нам светло.
Пивная кружка нам - луна,
А солнце - чарочка вина.
No. 6: Findlay

‘Who’s knocking there at this late hour?’
‘Who could it be but – Findlay!’
‘Then go back home. We’re all asleep!’
‘Not everyone!’ – quoth Findlay.

‘How dared you come like this to me?’
‘I dared, indeed’, quoth Findlay
‘I doubt you’ll work some mischief here,’
‘Indeed I’ll try’, quoth Findlay.

‘If I should open wide the gate ...’
‘Oh, open wide!’ quoth Findlay,
‘I’ll get no sleep at all till morn,’
‘Indeed you won’t!’ said Findlay.

‘Should I allow you in just now ...’
‘Allow me in!’ said Findlay,
‘You’d like as not stay all night through . . .’
‘All night, that’s right!’ quoth Findlay.

‘But if you stay one night with me ...’
‘I’ll stay, all right!’ said Findlay,
‘You’ll find your way again, no doubt.’
‘No doubt I will,’ quoth Findlay.

‘But if I’m truly here with you ...’
‘With me! With me!’ said Findlay,
‘You’ll keep the secret to the grave!’
‘Agreed! Agreed!’ quoth Findlay.

No. 7: There’s Darkness Over All The Land

There’s darkness over all the land,
But we’ll be bright without the sun.
A flagon of ale is moon for us,
And a goblet of wine the sun.

Wha Is That At My Bower-Door?

‘Wha is that at my bower-door?’
‘Oh, wha is it but Findlay!’
‘Then gae yere gate,29, ye’se nae be here.’
‘Indeed, maun I!’ quo Findlay.

‘What mak ye, sae like a thief?’
‘Oh, come and see,’ quo Findlay;
‘Before the morn ye’ll work mischief?’ –
‘Indeed will I,’ quo Findlay.

‘Gif30 I rise and let you in’ –
‘Let me in,’ quo Findlay,
‘Ye’ll keep me waukin31 wi your din’ –
‘Indeed will I,’ quo Findlay.

‘In my bower if you should stay’ –
‘Let me stay,’ quo Findlay,
‘I fear ye’ll bide till break o’ day?’ –
‘Indeed will I,’ quo Findlay.

‘Here this night, if ye remain’ –
‘I’ll remain,’ quo Findlay,
‘I dread ye’ll learn the gate again’ –
‘Indeed will I,’ quo’ Findlay.

‘What may pass within this bower’ –
‘Let it pass,’ quo Findlay,
‘Ye maun conceal till your last hour’ –
‘Indeed will I,’ quo Findlay.

Guidwife, Count The Lawin32

Gane is the day, and mirk’s the night,
But we’ll ne’er stray for fau’t of light,
For ale and brandy’s stars and moon
And blude-red wine’s the rising sun.

29 way
30 if
31 awake
32 tavern reckoning, bill for drink consumed
Налей, налей, хозяйка!
Налей, налей, хозяйка!
Стаканы сосчитай-ка и дай ещё вина,
Ещё вина!
Никто не пьян, никто не пьян,
А так, под мухою, чуть-чуть,

Пусть день встаёт, петух поёт,
А мы не прочь ещё хлебнуть.
Стаканы сосчитай-ка и дай ещё вина, ещё вина,
Ещё вина!

Богатым - праздник целый год,
В труде, в нужде живёт народ,
Но здесь равны и знать и голь:
Кто пьян, - тот сам себе король!

Налей, налей, хозяйка!
Налей, налей, хозяйка!
Стаканы сосчитай-ка и дай ещё вина,
Ещё вина!
Никто не пьян, никто не пьян,
А так, под мухою, чуть - чуть,

Пусть день встаёт, петух поёт,
А мы не прочь ещё хлебнуть.
Стаканы сосчитай-ка и дай ещё вина, ещё вина,
Ещё вина!

Никто не пьян, никто не пьян,
Ещё вина, ещё, ещё, ещё, ещё, ещё,
Ещё вина!

8 No. 8: Прощай!
Любовь, как роза красная, цветёт в моём саду;
Любовь моя, как песенка с которой в путь иду.
Сильнее красоты твоей любовь моя одна, мой друг,
Она с тобой, пока моря не высохнут до дна, мой друг.
Прощай! Прощай! Прощай!
So pour away, pour away, mine hostess!
Pour away, pour away, mine hostess!
Reckon up the glasses, and pour us out more wine!
No one is drunk, no one is drunk -
Perhaps a wee bit tiddly!

Let the day dawn and the cock crow,
We’ll not say no to another drink.
Reckon up the glasses, and pour us out more wine!
More wine!

The rich man feasts the whole year through,
The people live in toil and need,
But here are nob and beggar one,
For any man that’s drunk’s a king!

So pour away, pour away, mine hostess!
Pour away, pour away, mine hostess!
Reckon up the glasses, and pour us out more wine!
No one is drunk, no one is drunk -
Perhaps a wee bit tiddly!

Let the day dawn and the cock crow,
We’ll not say no to another drink.
Reckon up the glasses, and pour us out more wine!
More wine!

No one is drunk, no one is drunk,
More wine, more, more, more, more, more, more,
More wine!

**Chorus**
Then guidwife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin,
The guidwife,
count the lawin
And bring a coggie\(^{33}\) mair.

There’s wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fecht\(^{34}\) and fen’,\(^{35}\)
But here we’re a’ in ae accord
For ilka man that’s drunk’s a lord.

My coggie is a haly\(^{36}\) pool
That heals the wounds o’ care and dool,\(^{37}\)
And Pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink but deep ye’ll find him out!

---

33 wooden drinking vessel  34 struggle
35 support oneself  36 holy
37 grief

---

**No. 8: Farewell**
Love, like a red rose, blooms in my garden;
My love is like the song that cheers me on my way.
Greater than your beauty is my love for you, dear,
And will be with you always,
Till the seas run dry, my dear.
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

**A Red, Red Rose**
Oh, my luve’s like a red, red rose,
That’s newly sprung in June;
Oh, my luve’s like the melodie
That’s sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
Не высохнут моря, мой друг, не рушится гранит,
Не остановится песок, а он, как жизнь бежит...
Сильнее красоты твоей любовь моя одна, мой друг,
Она с тобой, пока моря не высохнут до дна, мой друг.
Прощай! Прощай! Прощай!

Будь счастлива, любовь моя, прощай и не грусти!
Вернусь к тебе хоть целый свет пришлось бы мне пройти!
Сильнее красоты твоей любовь моя одна, мой друг,
Она с тобой, пока моря не высохнут до дна, мой друг.
Прощай! Прощай! Прощай!
Прощай! Прощай!

9 No. 9: Честная бедность
Кто честной глубины своей стыдится и всё прочее,
Тот самый жалкий из людей, трусливый раб,
Трусливый раб и прочее.
При всём при том, при всём при том, пускай бедны мы с вами,
Богатство - штамп на золотом, богатство - штамп на золотом,
А золотой, а золотой - мы сами!

Вот этот шут- природный лорд, ему должны мы кланяться,
Но пусть очёпорен и горд, но пусть очёпорен и горд,
Бревно бревном, бревно бревном останется !
При всём при том, при всём при том, хоть весь он в Позументах, –
Бревно останется бревном и в орденах и в лентах.

Король лакея своего назначит генералом,
Но он не может никого, но он не может никого, нет, никого
Назначить честным малым.
При всём при том, при всём при том, судите не по платью.
Кто честным кормится трудом, кто честным кормится трудом, –
Таких зову я знатью!
Until the seas run dry, my dear, and the rocks crumble to dust,
Until the sands stop running, that run through all of life . . .
Greater than your beauty is my love for you, dear,
And will be with you always, till the seas run dry, my dear.
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

Fare thee well, my love, farewell and do not grieve!
For I will come again to you, though I must cross the world!
Greater than thy beauty is my love for thee, dear,
And will be with you always, till the seas run dry, my dear.
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!
Farewell! Farewell!

No. 9: Honest Poverty

He that’s ashamed of honest poverty, and so forth,
Is the most miserable of men, a coward slave,
A coward slave, and so forth.
When all's said and done, let us be poor together.
The show of wealth
Is naught but the coin’s stamp, but the gold,
The real gold, is we men!

See this buffoon, born a lord, we’re forced to bow the
knee to him,
With all his supercilious airs and graces,
He’s still a fool of fools!
When all’s said and done,
For all his gilded braids,
Dressed up in medals and ribbons, he’s still the fool of fools.

The king can make a general of his lackey,
But no one can he can make
Into an honest man.
For all that, and all that, judge no one by his dress.
The man who gains his bread by honest toil,
He’s the one I call a prince!

A Man’s a Man For A’ That

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hings his head, an’ a’ that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a’ that!
For a’ that, and a’ that,
Our toils obscure, and a’ that;
The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a’ that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man’s a man for a’ that!
For a’ that, and a’ that,
Their tinsel show, and a’ that;
The honest man, though e’er sae poor
Is king o’ men for a’ that.
Ye see yon birkie, ca’d a lord
Wha struts, and stares, and a’ that?
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He’s but a coof for a’ that:

38 Sviridov’s setting changes the order of Burns’ stanzas.
39 gold
40 coarse, undyed wool
41 smart, conceited young man, a popinjay
Мы хлеб едим и воду пьём,
И всё такое прочее,
А между тем дурак и плут,
Одеты в шёлк и вина пьют
И всё такое прочее.

Настанет день и час пробьёт,
Когда уму и чести
На всей земле придёт черёд стоять на первом месте.
При всём при том, могу вам предсказать я
Что будет день, когда кругом,
Всех людей станут братья!
Да, братья! Да, братья! Все люди станут братья!

ЭДИСОН ДЕНИСОВ
Две песни на стихи Роберта Бернса

No. 1: Маленькая баллада
Где-то девушка жила, что за девушка была!
И любила парня славного она.
Но расстаться им пришлось
И любить друг - друга врозь,
Потому что началась война.

За морями, за холмами,
Там, где пушки мечут пламя,
Сердце воина не дрогнуло в бою.
Это сердце трепетало,
Только ночью, в час привала,
Вспоминая милую свою.
We dine on bread, we sup on water, we dress in rags, And so forth, and so forth, And all the while the fool and the knave Are dressed in silk and drink their wine, And so forth, and so forth.

The day will dawn, the hour will strike, when wit and honour Take their turn to stand in prime position. When all is said and all is done, I say to you in truth, That day will come when everywhere All people shall be brothers, Yes – brothers, all be brothers!

EDISON DENISOV
Two Songs to Verses by Robert Burns

No. 1: A Little Ballad
Somewhere there lived a lassie And she loved a bonny laddie, But then came time to part, Their love driv’n far apart, It was war that made this happen.

Over the sea, beyond the hills, Where cannons roared in the heat of battle, His soldier’s heart never faltered, Only at night or in the hour of rest Did it tremble at the memory of his love.

For a’ that, and a’ that, His ribband, star and a’ that, The man o’ independent mind, He looks and laughs at a’ that.

A king can make a belted knight A marquis, duke and a’ that; But an honest man’s aboon his might, Guid faith he maunna fa’ that! For a’ that, and a’ that, Their dignities, and a’ that, The pith o’ sense, and pride o’ worth, Are higher ranks than a’ that.

Then let us pray that come it may - And come it will, for a’ that - That sense and worth, o’er a’ the earth May bear the gree, and a’ that; For a’ that, and a’ that, It’s comin’ yet for a’ that, That man to man, the warld o’er Shall brothers be for a’ that!

There Was a Bonny Lass
There was a bonny lass And a bonny, bonny lass, And she lo’ed her bonny laddie dear; Till war’s loud alarms Tore her laddie frae her arms, Wi’ mony a sigh and tear. Over sea, over shore Where the cannons loudly roar, He still was a stranger to fear; And nocht could him quail, Or his bosom assail, But the bonny lass he lo’ed sae dear.

Marshak evidently mistook the Scots word nocht, ‘nothing’, for nicht, ‘night’.

42 he must not do that 43 gain the prize
Но. 2: Дженни
Пробираясь до калитки ночью вдоль межи, Дженни вымокла до нитки вечером во ржи.
Очень холодно девчёнке, бьёт девчёнку дрожь,
Замочила все юбчёнки, идя через рожь.
Если кто-то звал кого-то сквозь густую рожь,
И кого-то обнял кто-то, что с него возьмёшь?
И какая нам забота, если у межи
Целовался с кем-то кто-то вечером во ржи.

ДМИТРИЙ ШОСТАКОВИЧ
Три песни из Шесть романсов на для баса, Op. 62

No. 2: В полях под снегом
В полях под снегом и дождём, мой милый друг,
Мой бедный друг, тебя укрыл бы я плащём
От зимних вьюг, от зимних вьюг.
А если мука суждена тебе судьбой, тебе судьбой,
Готов я скорбь твою до дна делить с тобой,
Делить с тобой.
Пускай сойду во мрачный дол, где ночь кругом,
Где тьма кругом, во тьме я солнце бы нашел
С тобой вдвоём, с тобой вдвоём.
**No. 2: Jenny**

As night falls, along the field’s edge through the rye
Comes Jenny to the gate, soaked to the skin, poor girl;
All a-shiver from the cold,
Her skirt wet through,
Coming through the rye.

If through the thickening rye someone were to call to
someone,
And if someone were to embrace somebody,
what is that to you?

What should it concern us, if along the hedgerow
Someone were to kiss somebody, one evening in the rye?

---

**Comin thro’ the Rye**

Comin thro’ the rye, poor body,
Comin thro’ the rye,
She draiglet a’ her petticoatie,
Comin thro’ the rye.

O Jenny’s a’ wat, poor body,
Jenny’s seldom dry;
She draiglet a’ her petticoatie,
Comin thro’ the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro’ the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body –
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro’ the glen;
Gin a body kiss a body –
Need the warld ken?

---

**DMITRY SHOSTAKOVICH**

Three songs from
*Six Romances for Bass, Op. 62*

**No. 2: In Snow-girt Fields**

In snow-girt fields and in the rain, dear friend,
My poor dear friend, my plaid would shelter you
From winter’s blizzards, from winter’s blizzards.
And should you be fated to endure misfortune,
I’ll drain with you the cup of sorrows to the dregs.
Or should I pass into the vale of tears
Where all is black as night, I’d find the sun there,
If only you were with me.

**O, Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast**

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt;
I’d shelter thee, I’d shelter thee:
Or did Misfortune’s bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a’, to share it a’.

---

45 spattered with dirt 46 wet
47 if
И если б дали мне в удел
Весь шар земной,
Весь шар земной,
С каким бы счастьем я владел
Тобой одной,
Тобой одной!

No. 3: Макферсон перед казнью
Так весело, отчаянно шёл к виселице он,
В последний час, в последний пляс пустился Макферсон.
Привет вам, тюрьмы короля, где жизнь влакут рабы,
Меня сегодня ждёт петля и гладкие столбы.
В полях войны, среди мечей встречал я смерть не раз,
Но не дрожал я перед ней, не дрогну и сейчас.

Разбейте сталь моих оков, верните мой доспех,
Пусть выйдут десять смельчаков, я одолею всех!
Я жизнь свою провёл в бою, умру не от меча.
Изменник предал жизнь мою верёвке палача.

И перед смертью об одном душа моя грустит,
Что за меня в краю родном никто не отомстит.
Прости, мой край, весь мир, прощай! Меня поймали в сеть.
Но жалок тот, кто смерти ждёт, не смея умереть.

Так весело, отчаянно шёл к виселице он.
В последний час, в последний пляс пустился Макферсон.
And should the whole world
be in my gift,
The earthly globe entire,
I’d gladly share it
all with you,
With you alone.

No. 3: McPherson before his Execution
So gaily and defiantly went to the gallows tree
McPherson, setting out to meet his final hour and dance:
‘Farewell king’s dungeon and the life of wretched
slaves imprisoned there,
For me there wait the noose and smoothly planed tree.
On battlefields I’ve plied my sword, I’ve faced death
many times,
I never trembled ’fore him then, no more so do I now.

‘Strike off from me my iron chains and give me back
my mail,
I’ll vanquish any ten best men that come to challenge me!
I’ve spent my life in fighting, and die not by the sword,
But by a traitor’s hand the hangman’s rope will end my life.

As death and I meet face to face I have but one regret:
That in my native land there’s none to avenge me.
Farewell, my land, farewell the world! I’m taken in the net.
But wretched he who, waiting death, lacks courage for
to die.’

So gaily and defiantly went to the gallows tree
McPherson, setting out to meet his final hour and dance.

Or were I in the wildest waste
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
Or were I monarch o’ the globe,
Wi’ thee to reign, wi’ thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

McPherson’s Farewell
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch’s destinie!
McPherson’s time will no be long
On yonder gallows tree!

CHORUS
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play’d a spring, and danc’d it round,
Below the gallows tree.

‘Oh! what is death but parting breath? –
On mony a bloody plain
I’ve dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

‘Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword!
And there’s no a man in all Scotland
But I’ll brave him at a word.

I’ve lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avengèd be.

48 direction from which the wind blows
49 This is Burns’s title but the original poem on which it is based, said to have been written by the freebooter
James MacPherson (1675–1700) himself the night before he was hanged, was called ‘MacPherson’s Lament’.
50 trouble
ЮРИЙ ЛЕВИТИН
Песенный цикл на стихи Роберта Бернса, Оп. 51

**No. 4: Дженни**
(The text is the same as for track [11])

**No. 1: Любовь** (The text is the same as for track [8])

**No. 2: Джон Андерсон** (The text is the same as for track [3])

**No. 3: Шела О’Нил**

Когда волочиться я начал за нею,
Немало я ласковых слов говорил,
Но более всех имели успех
Слова: ‘Мы поженимся, Шела О’Нил!’

Дождался я брака, но вскоре, однако,
Лишился покоя, остался без сил -
От ведьмы проклятой ушёл я в солдаты,
Оставив на родине Шелу О’Нил.

Решился я вскоре бежать через море,
С колонной прусаков в атаку ходил
Навстречу снарядам, ложившимся рядом
С шипеньем и свистом, как Шела О’Нил.

У Фридриха в войске я дрался геройски,
Штыка не боялся и с пулей дружил.
Нет в мире кинджала остree, чем жало
Безжалостной женщины - Шелы О’Нил!
YURI LEVITIN
Song-Cycle to Verses by Robert Burns, Op. 51

15 No. 1: Love (The text is the same as for track [8])

16 No. 2: John Anderson (The text is the same as for track [3])

17 No. 3: Shelagh O’Neil
When first I began to pay court to the lady
I used plenty of fine words advancing my suit,
But the ones she liked best were the ones that said plainly:
‘Oh, let us be married, Shelagh O’Neil!’

I longed for the wedding, but not long thereafter
My peace of mind vanished and I couldn’t sleep –
The damned witch so galled me I went for a soldier
And left far behind me Miss Sheglah O’Neil.

I soon was impelled to take ship o’er the briny
And joined in the ranks of a Prussian brigade,
Our attack ran straight into a volley of shellfire
That whistled and spat just like Shelagh O’Neil.

I fought like a hero in Frederick’s army,
Was friendly with bullets and braved bayonets.
No dagger’s sharp point could be worse than the sting
Of that pitiless woman, Shelagh O’Neil!

Now farewell light – thou sunshine bright
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name
The wretch that dares not die!

14 Comin thro’ the Rye (The text is the same as for track [11])

15 A Red, Red Rose (The text is the same as for track [8])

16 John Anderson, My Jo (The text is the same as for track [3])

17 Shelagh O’Neil
When first I began for to sigh and to woo her,
Of many fine things I did say a great deal,
But, above all the rest, that which pleased her the best
Was, Oh, will you marry me, Shelagh O’Neil?

My point I soon carried, for soon we were married,
Then the weight of my burden I soon ’gan to feel, -
For she scolded, she fisted, oh, then I enlisted,
Left Ireland, and whisky, and Shelagh O’Neil.

Then, tired and dull-hearted, oh, then I deserted,
And fled into regions far distant from home;
To Frederick’s army, where none could e’er harm me,
Save Shelagh herself, in the shape of a bomb.

I fought every battle, where cannons did rattle,
Felt sharp shot, alas! and the sharp-pointed steel;
But in all my wars round, thank my stars I ne’er found
Aught so sharp as the tongue of cursed Shelagh O’Neil.

51 This poem was wrongly attributed to Burns in 1834; in fact, it was written by James Boswell’s son Alexander (1775–1822), who was killed in a duel.
No. 4: Где-то в пещере
Где-то в пещере, в прибрежном краю
Горе своё от людей утаю.
Там я обдумаю злую судьбу мою,
Злую, угрюмую участь мою.

Лживая женщина, клятвам твоим
Время пришло разлететься, как дым.
Смейся с возлюбленным над загубленным,
Над обесславленным счастьем моим!

Где-то в пещере, в прибрежном краю
Горе своё от людей утаю.
Там я обдумаю злую судьбу мою,
Злую, угрюмую участь мою.

No. 5: Из всех ветров...
Из всех ветров, какие есть,
Мне западный милей.
Он о тебе приносит весть,
О девушке моей.
Люблю твои поля, ручьи,
Леса твоих долин.
Но мне милей лесов, полей
Ты, ласковая Джин.

Тебя напоминает мне
В лесу цветок любой.
И лес в вечерней тишине
Заворожён тобой.
Бубенчик ландыша в росе, -
Да и не он один, -
А все цветы и птицы все
Поют о милой Джин...
А все цветы и птицы все
Поют о милой Джин...
No. 4: In a Cave Somewhere
In a cave somewhere, on the sea shore,
There will I hide my woes from other men.
There will I brood on the bitterness of fate,
My bitter, grievous destiny.

Falsest of women, time has caused
Your vows to vanish like the smoke.
With your new lover mock the man you ruined,
Laugh as you trample on my happiness!

In a cave somewhere, on the sea shore,
There will I hide my woes from other men.
There will I brood on the bitterness of fate,
My bitter, grievous destiny.

No. 5: Of All the Winds
Of all the winds there are that blow,
I love the west wind best,
Because it brings me news of thee,
My dearest love, my girl.
I love thy fields, thy streams, the woods
That nestle in thy valleys.
But more than these 'tis thee I love,
My love, my gentle Jean.

There's not a flower in the woods
But calls thee to my mind,
And in the still of eventide,
The forest casts thy spell.
The dew-kissed harebell, lily too,
And many more besides,
For all the flowers and all the birds
Are singing of my Jean.

Had I a Cave
Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves’ dashing roar:
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne’er to wake more!

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o’er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

Of A’ the Airts
Of a’ the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo’e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night, my fancy’s flight
Is ever wi’ my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tuneful birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There’s not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw,\(^{52}\) or green,
There’s not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o’ my Jean.

\(^{52}\) ‘I was composing this song’, wrote Burns, ‘out of compliment to Mrs Burns, during our honeymoon.’
\(^{53}\) wood
ТИХОН ХРЕННИКОВ
Три песни из Пять песен на стихи Роберта Бернса

20 No. 1: Застольная
Забыть ли старую любовь и не грустить о ней?
Забыть ли старую любовь и дружбу прежних дней!
За дружбу старую - до дна!
За счастье прежних дней,
С тобой мы выпьем, старина
За счастье прежних дней.

Побольше кружки приготовь - и доверху налей.
Мы пьём за старую любовь, за дружбу прежних дней!
За дружбу старую - до дна!
За счастье юных дней,
По кружке старого вина,
За счастье юных дней.

И вот с тобой сошлись мы вновь, твоя рука в моей.
Я пью за старую любовь, за дружбу прежних дней!
За дружбу старую - до дна!
За счастье прежних дней,
С тобой мы выпьем, старина ... 
За счастье прежних дней!

22 No. 5: В полях под снегом и дождём
(The text is the same as for track 12)
TIKHON KHRENNIKOV
Three songs from
*Five Songs to Verses by Robert Burns, Op. 11*

**20 No. 1: A Toast**
Should we forget and not regret
old love when brought to mind?
Should we forget the friendships
made in times so long ago?
We’ll drink to bygone fellowship –
to the bottom of the glass!
And you and I, old friend, will drink
to happy days gone past.
We’ll drink to bygone fellowship –
to the bottom of the glass!
So you and I, old friend, will drink
to happy days gone past.
Prepare the flagons for the wine,
and fill them to the brim,
We’ll drink to friends of long ago
and all our former loves,
We’ll drink to bygone fellowship –
to the bottom of the glass!
To each of us a glass of wine for the friends
we made when young.
And now our paths have crossed again,
as your hand cleaves to mine,
I’ll drink to former love once more
and friends of days gone by.

**21 No. 2: The Bonniest Lad/Highland Laddie**
(The text is the same as for track [5])

**22 No. 5: In Snow-girt Fields/O, Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast** (The text is the same as for track [12])

**20 Auld Lang Syne**
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min’?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o’ lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
We’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet
For auld lang syne!
And surely ye’ll be your pint-stoup
And surely I’ll be mine;
And we’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu’d the gowans fine;
But we’ve wandered mony a weary fitt
Sin’ auld lang syne.
We twa hae paidl’t i’ the burn
FRAE morning sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar’d
Sin’ auld lang syne.
And here’s a hand, my trusty fierce,
And gies a hand o’ thine
And we’ll tak a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne!

54 since gone by 55 tankard
56 daisies 57 paddled in the stream
58 friend 59 draught

Re-translations from the Russian
© Anthony Phillips 2008
Russian Settings of ROBERT BURNS

Gyorgy Sviridov (1915–98) Songs to Verses by Robert Burns (1955) 32:11

1 No. 1: ‘Davno li tsvel zeleniy dol’ (‘The burgeoning dale was lately green’: ‘The Winter of Life’) 5:18
3 No. 3: ‘John Anderson’ (‘John Anderson, my Jo’) 4:20
4 No. 4: ‘Robin’ (‘Rantin’, Rovin’ Robin’) 1:44
5 No. 5: ‘Gorsky paren’ (‘Highland Laddie’) 2:39
6 No. 6: ‘Findlay’ (‘Wha Is That At My Bower-Door?’) 3:22
7 No. 7: ‘Vsiu zemliu tmoy zavoloklo’ (‘There Is Darkness Over All the Land’: ‘Guidwife, Count the Lawin’) 3:53
8 No. 8: ‘Proshchay’ (‘Farewell’: ‘A Red, Red Rose’) 3:47
9 No. 9: ‘Chestnaya bednost’ (‘Honest Poverty’: ‘A Man’s A Man For A’ That’) 3:55

Edison Denisov (1929–96) Two Songs to Verses by Robert Burns (1951) 3:14

10 No. 1: Malen’kaya ballada (‘A Little Ballad’: ‘There Was a Bonnie Lass’) 2:07
11 No. 2: ‘Jenny’ (‘Comin thro’ the Rye’) 1:07


12 No. 2: ‘V polyakh, pod snegom i dozhdyom’ (‘In Snow-girt Fields’: ‘O, Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast’) 3:13
13 No. 3: ‘McPherson pered kazn’yu’ (‘McPherson before his Execution’: ‘McPherson’s Farewell’) 2:07
14 No. 4: ‘Jenny’ (‘Comin thro’ the Rye’) 1:37


15 No. 1: ‘Lyubov’ (‘Love’: ‘A Red, Red Rose’) 2:02
16 No. 2: ‘John Anderson’ (‘John Anderson, my Jo’) 2:03
17 No. 3: ‘Shelagh O’Neil’ 1:54
18 No. 4: ‘Gde-to v peshchere’ (‘Somewhere in a cave’: ‘Had I a Cave’) 3:18
19 No. 5: ‘Iz vsekh vetrov’ (‘Of all winds’: ‘Of A’ the Airts’) 1:46

Tikhon Khrennikov (1913-2007) Three songs from Five Songs to Verses by Robert Burns (1944) 6:41

20 No. 1: ‘Zastol’naya’ (‘A Toast’: ‘Auld Lang Syne’) 2:45
21 No. 2: ‘Luchshy paren’ (‘The Bonniest Lad’: ‘Highland Laddie’) 2:00
22 No. 5: ‘V polyakh, pod snegom i dozhdyom’ (‘In Snow-girt Fields’: ‘O, Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast’) 1:56

TT 60:06
Robert Burns enjoyed a particular following in both Imperial and Soviet Russia as an idealised ‘people’s poet’. In the mid-twentieth century Samuel Marshak’s best-selling translations of Burns came to rival Pushkin in popularity and provided a fresh stimulus to Soviet composers – some of whom may have seen Burns’ radical views as a useful cloak for their own non-conformist views.

Russian Settings of **ROBERT BURNS**

5. Tikhon Khrennikov (1913–2007): three songs from *Five Songs to Verses by Robert Burns* (1944)* 6:41

Vassily Savenko, bass-baritone
Alexander Blok, piano

*FIRST RECORDINGS*