

Sunday, March 10, 2024, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Ema Nikolovska, *mezzo-soprano* Howard Watkins, *piano*

PROGRAM

Franz SCHUBERT (1797–1828)	Im Frühling, D. 882 Dass sie hier gewesen, D. 775 Herbst, D. 945 Der Unglückliche, D. 713
Richard STRAUSS (1864–1949)	Nichts, Op. 10, No. 2 Gefunden, Op. 56, No. 1 Das Rosenband, Op. 36, No. 1
Margaret BONDS (1913–1972)	<i>Songs of the Seasons</i> Poème d'automne Winter Moon Young Love in Spring Summer Storm

INTERMISSION

Claude DEBUSSY (1862–1918)	Ariettes oubliées, L. 60 C'est l'extase langoureuse Il pleure dans mon coeur L'ombre des arbres Chevaux de bois Green (Aquarelle I) Spleen (Aquarelle II)
Nikolai MEDTNER (1880–1951)	Twilight, Op. 24, No. 4 Sleeplessness, Op. 37, No. 1
Nicolas SLONIMSKY (1894–1995)	<i>Advertising Songs</i> Utica Sheets and Pillowcases Pillsbury Bran Muffins Vauv Nose Powder Children Cry for Castoria Make This a Day of Pepsodent

Cal Performances is committed to fostering a welcoming, inclusive, and safe environment for all—one that honors our venues as places of respite, openness, and respect.
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Born in North Macedonia, mezzo-soprano Ema Nikolovska grew up in Toronto, where she studied violin at the Glenn Gould School, before studying voice with Helga Tucker. She received her master's degree in voice at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama in London, where she also completed the opera course. Nikolovska was a BBC New Generation Artist from 2019–2022 and a prize winner of the International Vocal Competition in 's-Hertogenbosch, the Ferrier Loveday Song Prize (Kathleen Ferrier Awards), the Young Classical Artists Trust (YCAT) International Auditions, and the Borletti-Buitoni Trust award.

This season, she makes her debut with the Canadian Opera Company in Janáček's *The Cunning Little Vixen* and sings the Woman in Sir George Benjamin's *Picture a Day Like This* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden's Linbury Theatre. Concert highlights include Stravinsky's *Les Noces* with Orchestre symphonique de Montréal and Kent Nagano, Vivier's *Wo du Bist du Licht* with the Orchestre philharmonique de Radio France and Barbara Hannigan, and Scriabin's First Symphony with the

Danish National Symphony Orchestra and Fabio Luisi.

A celebrated recitalist, Nikolovska embarks this season on a recital tour of North America with performances on the stages of the continent's most eminent performing arts institutions with pianists Charles Richard-Hamelin and Howard Watkins. Elsewhere, her dynamic international recital schedule brings her to the Pierre Boulez Saal, Konzerthaus Berlin, Elbphilharmonie Hamburg, and London's Wigmore Hall, among others collaborating with Malcolm Martineau, Wolfram Rieger, Sir András Schiff, Graham Johnson, and Joseph Middleton.

Highlights of the recent past include Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier* and Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie* conducted by Sir Simon Rattle at the Staatsoper unter den Linden; Schumann's *Das Paradies und die Peri* and Mozart's *Requiem* with the Staatskapelle Berlin and Marc Minkowski; Stravinsky's *Pulcinella* with Musikkollegium Winterthur and Barbara Hannigan; and Ravel's *Chansons Madecasses* with the Mahler Chamber Orchestra and Sir George Benjamin.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

American pianist **Howard Watkins** is a frequent associate of some of the world's leading musicians on the concert stage and as an assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera. His appearances throughout the Americas, Europe, Asia, Russia, and Israel have included collaborations with Joyce DiDonato, Diana Damrau, Thomas Hampson, Kathleen Battle, Grace Bumbry, Mariusz Kwiecien, Anna Netrebko, and Matthew Polenzani at such venues as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Kennedy Center, the United States Supreme Court, Alice Tully Hall, Carnegie Hall, the Elbphilharmonie, and the Bolshoi Theater. His current and former faculty affiliations include the Juilliard School, the Bard College Conservatory of Music, the Merola Opera Program, the Santa Fe Opera Apprentice Program, the

Yale School of Music as a Visiting Presidential Fellow, the Tanglewood Music Center, the Aspen Music Festival, the Mannes School of Music, the North Carolina School of the Arts, the International Vocal Arts Institute (Israel, Japan, and China), IIVA in Italy, the Brancileoni Music Festival in Italy, the Tokyo International Vocal Arts Academy (TIVAA), and VOICEExperience in Orlando, Tampa, and Savannah. A native of Dayton, Ohio, Watkins completed the Doctor of Musical Arts degree in Accompanying and Chamber Music at the University of Michigan. Honored as the 2004 recipient of the Paul C. Boylan award from the University of Michigan for his outstanding contributions to the field of music, he is also the 2019 recipient of the Lift Every Voice Legacy Award from the National Opera Association.

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Im Frühling D. 882

[Ernst Schulze (1789–1817)]

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang
Der Himmel ist so klar
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
Einst, ach so glücklich war

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
So traulich und so nah
Und tief im dunklen Felsenquell
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell
Und sie im Himmel sah

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schön
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich
Am liebsten pflückt ich von dem Zweig

Von welchem sie gepflückt!

Denn alles ist wie damals noch
Die Blumen, das Gefild
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im
Quell
Das blaue Himmelsbild

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn
Es wechseln Lust und Streit
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück
Die Lieb und ach, das Leid

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur
Dort an dem Wiesenhang
Dann blieb ich auf den Zweigen hier
Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr
Den ganzen Sommer lang

In Spring

[trans. © Richard Wigmore]

I sit silently on the hillside.
The sky is so clear,
the breezes play in the green valley
where once, in the first rays of spring,
I was, oh, so happy.

Where I walked by her side,
so tender, so close,
and saw deep in the dark rocky stream
the fair sky, blue and bright,
and her reflected in that sky.

See how the colorful spring
already peeps from bud and blossom.
Not all the blossoms are the same to me:
I like most of all to pluck them from the
branch
from which she has plucked.

For all is still as it was then,
the flowers, the fields;
the sun shines no less brightly,
and no less cheerfully,

the sky's blue image bathes in the stream.

Only will and delusion change,
and joy alternates with strife;
the happiness of love flies past,
and only love remains;
love and, alas, sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a bird,
there on the sloping meadow!
Then I would stay on these branches here,
and sing a sweet song about her
all summer long.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Dass sie hier gewesen, D. 775
[Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)]

Dass der Ostwind Düfte

Hauchet in die Lüfte,

Dadurch tut er kund,

Dass du hier gewesen.

Dass hier Tränen rinnen,

Dadurch wirst du innen,

Wär's dir sonst nicht kund,

Dass ich hier gewesen.

Schönheit oder Liebe,

Ob versteckt sie bliebe?

Düfte tun es und Tränen kund,

Dass sie hier gewesen.

Herbst, D. 945

[Ludwig Rellstab (1799–1860)]

Es rauschen die Winde

So herbstlich und kalt;

Verödet die Fluren,

Entblättert der Wald.

Ihr blumigen Auen!

Du sonniges Grün!

So welken die Blüten

Des Lebens dahin.

Es ziehen die Wolken

So finster und grau;

Verschwunden die Sterne

Am himmlischen Blau!

Ach, wie die Gestirne

Am Himmel entflihn'�,

So sinket die Hoffnung

Des Lebens dahin!

Ihr Tage des Lenzes
Mit Rosen geschmückt,
Wo ich die Geliebte
An's Herze gedrückt!
Kalt über den Hügel
Rauscht, Winde, dahin!
So sterben die Rosen
Der Liebe dahin!

That she has been here
[trans. © Richard Wigmore]

The east wind

breathes fragrance into the air,

and so doing it makes known

that you have been here!

Since tears flow here

you will know,

though you are otherwise unaware,

that I have been here!

Beauty or love:

can they remain concealed?

Fragrant scents and tears proclaim

that she has been here!

Autumn

[trans. © Richard Wigmore]

The wind blows

with an autumnal chill;

the meadows are bare,

the woods leafless.

Flowering meadows;

sunlit green!

Thus do life's blossoms

Wilt.

The clouds drift by,

so somber and grey;

the stars have vanished

in the blue heavens.

Ah, as the stars disappear

in the sky,

so does life's hope

fade away.

You days of spring,

adorned with roses,

when I pressed

my beloved to my heart.

Winds, blow cold

over the hillside!

So do the roses

of love die.

Der Unglückliche D. 713

[Caroline Pichler (17691843)]

Die Nacht bricht an, mit leisen Lüften sinket
Sie auf die müden Sterblichen herab;
Der sanfte Schlaf, des Todes Bruder, winket,
Und legt sie freundlich in ihr täglich Grab.

Jetzt wachet auf der lichtberaubten Erde
Vielleicht nur noch die Arglist
und der Schmerz,
Und jetzt, da ich durch nichts gestört werde,
Lass deine Wunden bluten, armes Herz.

Versetze dich in deines Kummers Tiefen,
Und wenn vielleicht in der zerrissnen Brust
Halb verjährte Leiden schliefen,
So wecke sie mit grausam süsser Lust.

Berechne die verlorenen Seligkeiten,
Zähl' alle, alle Blumen in dem Paradies,
Woraus in deiner Jugend goldnen Zeiten
Die harte Hand des Schicksals dich verstieß.

Du hast geliebt, du hast das Glück
empfunden,
Dem jede Seligkeit der Erde weicht.
Du hast ein Herz, das dich verstand,
gefunden,
Der kühnsten Hoffnung schönes
Ziel erreicht.

Da stürzte dich ein grausam Machtwort
nieder,
Aus deinen Himmeln nieder, und dein
stilles Glück,
Dein allzuschönes Traumbild kehrte wieder
Zur besser'n Welt, aus der es kam, zurück.

Zerrissen sind nun alle süßen Bände,
Mir schlägt kein Herz mehr auf der weiten
Welt.

The Unhappy One

[trans. © Richard Wigmore]

Night falls, descending with light breezes
upon weary mortals;
gentle sleep, death's brother, beckons,
and lays them fondly in their daily graves.

Now only malice and pain
perchance watch over the earth,
robbed of light;
and now, since nothing may disturb me,
let your wounds bleed, poor heart.

Plunge to the depths of your grief,
and if perchance half-forgotten sorrows
have slept in your anguished heart,
awaken them with cruelly sweet delight.

Consider your lost happiness,
count all the flowers in paradise,
from which, in the golden days of your youth,
the harsh hand of fate banished you.

You have loved, you have experienced a
happiness
which eclipses all earthly bliss.
You have found a heart that understands
you,
your wildest hopes have attained their
fair goal.

Then the cruel decree of authority dashed
you down
from your heaven, and your tranquil hap-
piness,
your all-too-lovely dream vision, returned
to the better world from which it came.

Now all the sweet bonds are torn asunder;
no heart now beats for me in the whole
world.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Nichts, Op. 10, No. 2

[Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg
(1812–1864)]

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich!
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,

Ach, und was weiß ich davon.

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Licht's
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle?—nichts.

Gefunden, Op. 56, No. 1

[Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)]

Ich ging im Walde
So für mich hin,
Und nichts zu suchen,
Das war mein Sinn.

Im Schatten sah ich
Ein Blümchen stehn,
Wie Sterne leuchtend,
Wie Äuglein schön.

Ich wollt es brechen,
Da sagt' es fein:
Soll ich zum Welken
Gebrochen sein?

Ich grub's mit allen
Den Würzlein aus,
Zum Garten trug ich's
Am hübschen Haus.

Und pflanzt es wieder
Am stillen Ort;
Nun zweigt es immer
Und blüht so fort.

Nothing

[trans. © Richard Stokes]

You say I should name
My queen in the realm of song!
Fools that you are, I know
Her least of all of you.

Ask me the coleur of her eyes,
Ask me about the sound of her voice,
Ask me about her walk, her dancing, her
bearing,
Ah! what do I know of all that.

Is not the sun the source
Of all life, of all light,
And what do we know about it,
I and you and everyone?—nothing.

Found

[trans. © Richard Stokes]

I was walking
In the wood alone,
And intended
To look for nothing.

In the shade I saw
A little flower growing
Gleaming like stars,
Lovely as eyes.

I was going to pick it,
When gently it said:
Must I be picked
To wilt and die?

I dug it out
With all its roots.
Took it to the garden
Of my pretty home.

And planted it again
In a quiet corner;
Where still it grows
And continues to bloom.

Das Rosenband, Op. 36, No. 1
[Friedrich Klopstock (1724 –1803)]
Im Frühlingsschatten fand ich sie;
Da band ich Sie mit Rosenbändern:
Sie fühlt' es nicht und schlummerte.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:
Ich fühlt' es wohl, und wußt' es nicht.

Doch lispele ich ihr sprachlos zu,
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern:
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick' an meinem Leben,
Und um uns ward Elysium.

The rose garland
[trans. © Richard Stokes]
I found her in the spring shade,
And bound her fast with a rose garland:
Oblivious, she slumbered on.

I gazed on her; with that gaze
My life became entwined with hers:
This I sensed, yet did not know.

I murmured wordlessly to her
And rustled the garland of roses:
Then she woke from slumber.

She gazed on me; with that gaze
Her life became entwined with mine,
And Paradise bloomed about us.

Margaret Bonds (1913-1972)
[Langston Hughes (1901–1967)]

Poème d'Automne
The autumn leaves
Are too heavy with color.
The slender trees
On the Vulcan Road
Are dressed in scarlet and gold
Like young courtesans
Waiting for their lovers.
But soon
The winter winds
Will strip their bodies bare
And then
The sharp, sleet-stung
Caresses of the cold
Will be their only
Love.

Winter Moon
How thin and sharp is the moon tonight!
How thin and sharp and ghostly white
Is the slim curved crook of the moon tonight!

Young Love in Spring

When the March winds roar like a lion
and the last little snowflakes drift down
from a half-dreary, half-happy April sky
and then lovely May rolls around
and I walk with you down a country lane,
we know that spring has come again.

When the rising sun laughs at the dawn
and the scent of the soil's warm and sweet
and the little green sprouts peep out

of the earth
and grow upward the sunshine to greet
and we find a violet beside the way,
we know that spring has come to stay,
spring has come our way.

When I look at you in the haze
of the twilight's last lingering glow
in the half-dusky, half-starry evening sky,
where sweet scented winds gently blow
and our dreams, like birds,
heading homeward soar,
we know that spring has come once more.

Summer Storm

Thunder
July thunder
and the wonder
of lightning in the sky
and a sudden gale
that shakes the blossoms down
in performed splendor
to the grassy ground.

Thunder
July thunder
and the wonder
in my heart
that I have found you
wonderful you
beneath the blossoms gay
in the perfumed splendor
of a July day

with the wonder
of summer lightning
in the sky
and a sudden gale that shakes
the blossoms down
like confetti in your hair,
like confetti on the ground
perfumed confetti drifting down
on the sweet and wonderful summer earth
the sweet summer earth.

There
pillowed on the grass
in the orchard's shade
I kissed you and kissed you
and kissed you
till a sudden gale shook
the blossoms down,
confetti in your hair,
confetti on the ground
and then the rain
the soft sweet rain
came down.

We run down the road in the dust of July
we are happy for the rain,
clean and cool from on high,
in the dust, hand in hand,
in the dust of July,
hand in hand, you and I,
in July.

Thunder
thunder in my heart
the wonder of love
thunder
wonder in our eyes
the wonder of being in love
we two
the wonder of being in love
with you.

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)
Ariettes Oubliées, L. 60
 [Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)]

[trans. © Richard Stokes]

C'est l'extase langoureuse
 C'est l'extase langoureuse,
 C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
 C'est tous les frissons des bois
 Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
 C'est, vers les ramures grises,
 Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
 Cela gazouille et susurre,
 Cela ressemble au cri doux
 Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
 Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
 Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
 En cette plainte dormante
 C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
 La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
 Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
 Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

Il pleure dans mon cœur
 Il pleure dans mon cœur
 Comme il pleut sur la ville;
 Quelle est cette langueur
 Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie
 Par terre et sur les toits!
 Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
 Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
 Dans ce cœur qui sécœure.
 Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
 Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
 De ne savoir pourquoi
 Sans amour et sans haine,
 Mon cœur a tant de peine.

It is languorous rapture
 It is languorous rapture,
 It is amorous fatigue,
 It is all the tremors of the forest
 In the breezes' embrace,
 It is, around the grey branches,
 The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
 The warbling and whispering,
 It is like the soft cry
 The ruffled grass gives out ...
 You might take it for the muffled sound
 Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
 In this subdued lament,
 It is ours, is it not?
 Mine, and yours too,
 Breathing out our humble hymn
 On this warm evening, soft and low?

Tears fall in my heart
 Tears fall in my heart
 As rain falls on the town;
 What is this torpor
 Pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
 On the ground and roofs!
 For a listless heart,
 Ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
 In this disheartened heart.
 What! Was there no treason? ...
 This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all
 Must be not to know why
 Without love and without hate
 My heart feels such pain.

L'ombre des arbres

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes
feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!

Chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

The shadow of trees

The shadow of trees in the misty stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above, in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.

How this faded landscape, O traveller,
Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly in the lofty leaves

Your drowned hopes were weeping!

Merry-go-round

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

Green (Aquarelle I)

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et
 des branches
 Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que
 pour vous.
 Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains
 blanches
 Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent
 soit doux.

 J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
 Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon
 front.
 Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,
 Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

 Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
 Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
 Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
 Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Spleen (Aquarelle II)

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
 Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges
 Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était [trop bleu, trop tendre,
 La mer trop [verte et l'air trop doux.]

Je crains toujours, — ce qu'est d'attendre
 Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
 Et du luisant buis je suis las,

Et de la campagne infinie
 Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas !

Green

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and
 fronds,
 And here too is my heart that beats just
 for you.
 Do not tear it with your two white hands

 And may the humble gift please your
 lovely eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
 Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.

Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
 Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
 Still ringing with your recent kisses;
 After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
 And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

Spleen

All the roses were red
 And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,
 All my despair revives.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
 The sea too green, the air too mild.

I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—
 One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,
 Of the gleaming box-tree too,

And the boundless countryside
 And everything, alas, but you!

Nikolai Medtner (1880–1951)
[Fyodor Tyutchev (1803–1873)]

Twilight, Op. 24, No. 4

Тени сизые смесились,

Цвет поблекнул, звук уснул—
Жизнь, движенье разрешились
В сумрак зыбкий, в дальний гул ...
Мотылька полет незримый
Слышен в воздухе ночном ...
Час тоски невыразимой! ...
Всё во мне, и я во всем! ...
Сумрак тихий, сумрак сонный,
Лейся в глубь моей души,
Тихий, томный, благовонный,
Все залей и утиши –
Чувства мглой самозабвенья
Переполни через край! ...
Дай вкусить уничтоженья,
С миром дремлющим смешай!

[trans. © 2018 DelphianRecords Ltd]

Twilight

The blue-grey shadows have blended
together,
Color has faded, sound has fallen asleep—
Life, movement, in the unsteady twilight,
Have dissolved into a distant rumble ...
A moth flies past, invisible
Heard in the night air ...
Hour of ineffable longing! ...
Everything in me, and I in everything! ...
Quiet twilight, sleepy twilight,
Pour into the depths of my soul,
Quiet, dark, fragrant,
All flood in and calm me –
Feelings of the haze of self-forgetting
Fill me to overflowing! ...
Let me taste of oblivion,
Blend me with the slumbering world!

Sleeplessness, Op. 37, No. 1

Часов однообразный бой,
Томительная ночи повесть!
Язык для всех равно чужой
И внятный каждому, как совесть!

Кто без тоски внимал из нас,
Среди всемирного молчанья,
Глухие времени стенанья,
Пророчески-прощальный глас?

Нам мнится: мир. осиротелый
Неотразимый Рок настиг—
И мы, в борьбе, природой целой

Покинуты на нас самих.

И наша жизнь стоит перед нами,
Как призрак на краю земли,
И с нашим веком и друзьями
Бледнеет в сумрачной дали...

Sleeplessness

The monotonous striking of the clock –
The story of the weary night!
A language equally foreign to everyone
And distinct for everyone, like conscience!

Which of us has heard without melancholy,
Amid the world's silence,
Time's deaf groan,
Its voice foretelling our departure?

It seems to us the orphan world
Is overtaken by irresistible Destiny—
And we, in the struggle, have been
abandoned
To ourselves by the whole of Nature.

And our life stands before us,
Like a ghost at the end of the earth,
And along with our times and our friends
It fades into the gloomy distance ...

И новое, младое племя
Меж тем на солнце расцвело,
А нас, друзья, и наше время
Давно забвеньем занесло!

Лишь изредка, обряд печальный
Свершая в полуночный час,
Металла голос погребальный
Порой оплакивает нас!

And a new, young generation
Meanwhile, has blossomed in the sun,
And we, our friends, and our age
Are long forgotten in oblivion!

But occasionally, completing its sad ritual
At the hour of midnight,
The funerary voice of the metal
Sometimes mourns for us!

Nicolas Slonimsky (1894–1995)
Advertising Songs
Original Texts from Advertisements
(Authors Unknown)

Utica Sheets and Pillowcases
So soft, so smooth, so snowy white,
Utica sheets and pillowcases.
Spread them upon the bed, and see there
isn't even a wrinkle.
Launder them and you will feel
How soft is their fabric.
Enjoy this sturdy quality, smoothness,
reliability
And sleep and dream in comfort
and in peace.
So soft, so smooth so snowy white
These linens from Utica.

Pillsbury Bran Muffins
And then her doctor told her...
For sometime she had not been herself...
She was run down, languid, tired, each day
before her work began...
One day she called her doctor
He advised to eat bran muffins
Made according to Pillsbury's recipe,
Pillsbury's marvelous natural laxative...
He knew the underlying cause of her trouble.
It was a case of faulty elimination
Eat bran muffins! There is health and de-
light in every bite...
And this her doctor told her...

Vauv Nose Powder
No more shiny nose!
Something to keep your nose from
getting shiny!
Something to rid you of this oiliness of skin.
No more shiny nose!
VAUV is the name of our new magic powder.
Spelt V-A-U-V, pronounced VUV.
VAUV is on sale in ev'ry good drug store.
VAUV keeps the shine off, and the
powder on!

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Children Cry for Castoria

Children cry for Castoria!
Yes, they cry for Castoria....
Mother! Relieve your constipated child!
Hurry, mother....
Even a fretful, feverish, bilious child
Loves the pleasant taste of Castoria....
O gentle harmless laxative
Which never fails to sweeten the stomach
and open the bowels!

A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Ask your druggist for genuine Castoria which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on the bottle.

Make This a Day of Pepsodent

Make this a day you never will regret it
Here is your chance. So take it now!
A perfect toothpaste has been created.
The name of it is Pepsodent!
It brings to you new beauty, new emotion.
It means to you new safety, new delight,
Do not reflect, ask for a ten days' portion
Make this a day of Pepsodent!
Film on your teeth ferments and forms acid,
That vicious film that clings to teeth.
Use Pepsodent, the dentists all advise it.
And watch its wondrous natural effect.
See how your teeth become so white
and shiny.
See how your mouth enjoys a new delight.
Make this a day, you never will regret it!
Make this a day of Pepsodent!