



**Pauline VIARDOT**

**SONGS**

RUSSIAN SONGS

TWELVE MAZURKAS (AFTER CHOPIN)

**Ina Kancheva, soprano**  
**Ludmil Angelov, piano**

INCLUDES FIRST RECORDINGS

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# PAULINE VIARDOT Songs

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## *Twelve Poems of Pushkin, Fet and Turgenev* (1864)\*

1 No. 1 'The Flower' (Pushkin) 2:34

## *Ten Poems of Pushkin, Lermontov, Koltsov, Tutchev and Fet* (1865)\*

2 No. 3 'I Loved Him' (Koltsov) 1:51

## *Five Poems of Lermontov and Turgenev* (1868)\*

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## *Twelve Poems of Pushkin, Fet and Turgenev* (1864)\*

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## *Twelve Poems of Pushkin, Fet and Turgenev* (1864)\*

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**Twelve Poems of Pushkin, Fet and Turgenev (1864)\***

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[26] No. 11 'La Danse' (Mazurka No. 30 in G major, Op. 50, No. 1) 3:10

[27] No. 12 'La Beauté' (Mazurka No. 42 in G major, Op. 67, No. 1) 2:07

**TT 69:05**

Ina Kancheva, soprano

Kamelia Kader, mezzo-soprano [21] [27]

Christo Tanev, cello [11]

Ludmil Angelov, piano

\*FIRST RECORDINGS

# PAULINE VIARDOT, MAGNETIC PERSONALITY – AND COMPOSER

by Anastasia Belina-Johnson

Pauline Viardot, *née* Michelle Ferdinande Pauline García on 18 July 1821 in Paris, was a singer, composer and esteemed pedagogue whose artistic legacy still awaits a thorough evaluation. A contemporary of, among others, Brahms, Debussy, Liszt, Glinka, Gounod, Mendelssohn, Anton Rubinstein and even Stravinsky, she had a glittering international career. She counted among her friends Berlioz, Chopin, Clara Schumann, George Sand, Turgenev, Wagner and many other contemporary artists, writers and musicians. She inspired works of art and poems, and had musical compositions dedicated to her, such as Schumann's *Liederkreis*, Op. 24. She spoke several languages fluently, kept up with all the major literary works published in Europe in her time, found the energy and space in her hectic life to compose, and created a busy teaching practice upon her retirement from the stage. She was also a skilful visual artist. Everyone who knew her attests to the magnetic power of her personality – despite her strange, even ugly, face. This is how Saint-Saëns described her:

Mme Viardot was not beautiful: she was worse. The portrait painted of her by Ary Scheffer<sup>1</sup> is the only one that captures the look of this unique woman and gives an idea of her strange, powerful fascination. What made her particularly captivating, even more than her singing talent, was her character – certainly one of the most astonishing I have come across.<sup>2</sup>

Pauline's father, Manuel del Popolo Vicente García (1775–1832), was a legendary tenor and baritone of the nineteenth century, who with his good looks and extraordinary talent took European operahouses by storm. By the age of seventeen he was famous in Spain, and Goya painted a portrait of him in his early twenties. Rossini wrote the role of Almaviva in *The Barber of Seville* for him, claiming to have finally 'met his singer'.<sup>3</sup> Manuel was also a prolific composer of operas, some of which enjoyed considerable success during his lifetime. He was a bigamist, marrying Pauline's mother, María Joaquina Sitches, a 22-year-old soprano, whom he met in an opera company in Madrid, while already

<sup>1</sup> Scheffer (1795–1858) was a Dutch painter who studied mainly in France. The portrait in question is featured on the cover of this CD.

<sup>2</sup> Roger Nichols, *Camille Saint-Saëns on Music and Musicians*, Oxford University Press, Oxford, 2008, p. 168.

<sup>3</sup> April FitzLyons, *The Price of Genius: A Life of Pauline Viardot*, John Calder, London, 1964, p. 17.

married to Manuela de Morales, another singer in the company, with whom he had a daughter, Josepha. Manuel went as far as performing with both of them in the same production, causing indignation among the cast and some members of the public. But for a man who allegedly also had a murder to his name, and an unruly temperament, he seems to have found it easy to avoid the disciplinary attempts of the theatre management: people were both in awe of his artistic abilities and afraid of his temper.

Thus Pauline Viardot's childhood was spent in a family of opera-singers who travelled through the Americas and Europe, and who laid the foundations for her brilliant musical career. She never had to learn about music: it was the air the family breathed, as Camille Saint-Saëns remembered her saying.<sup>4</sup> By the age of four she was already fluent in Spanish, Italian, French and English, and later learned Russian and German, also studying Latin and Greek. When later she came to sing in those languages, her performances were always enthusiastically praised.

Pauline had a sister and brother, both talented singers with successful careers. Her long-lived brother, Manuel García (1805–1906), preferred teaching to singing and ended up as professor of voice at the Royal Academy of Music in London, where Jenny Lind was among his students. He gained fame for a treatise on the human voice and for the invention of the laryngoscope, a medical device for the examination of the vocal cords. Pauline's sister Maria was the legendary mezzo-soprano La Malibran, who died tragically in 1836 at the height of her fame, aged only 28, the result of internal injuries sustained in a riding accident (being at that time also pregnant) in the environs of Manchester.

Manuel taught all his children to sing, but after his death Pauline's education was continued by her mother when it became apparent that her talent was even more extensive than that of her sister. On top of her other abilities, Pauline was also a brilliant pianist, who accompanied at her father's singing lessons from the age of eight. From 1829 she studied composition with Antoine Reicha, a Czech who taught Berlioz and Liszt and had known Beethoven, Haydn and Salieri. She studied piano with Charles Meysenberg and later Marcos Vega. Viardot's mother was a friend of Liszt's mother, and arranged for Liszt to give Pauline piano lessons, although it is not clear how long this arrangement lasted. By some accounts, Liszt also contributed to Pauline's development as composer by correcting her transcriptions of Beethoven string quartets for four hands.<sup>5</sup> Pauline always held Liszt in high esteem as a composer, and he thought her to be the most important female composer to have lived during his own lifetime.

Viardot's triumphant debut as a singer took place on 13 December 1837 in Brussels, in front of the king and queen of Belgium and members of the aristocracy. A year later she made her Parisian debut,

<sup>4</sup> Nichols, *op. cit.*, p. 168.

<sup>5</sup> Alexandr Rozanov, *Polina Viardo-Garcia*, Muzyka, Leningrad, 1982, p. 12.

which Heine, who was present, described in a review:

She is not merely a nightingale who delights in trilling and sobbing her songs of spring. Nor is she a rose, being ugly, but in a way that is noble – one might say beautiful – and which transported the lion-painter Lacroix into ecstasies. She reminds us more of the terrible magnificence of a jungle rather than the civilised beauty and tame grace of the European world in which we live. In moment of her passionate performance – particularly when she opens that great mouth with its dazzlingly white teeth and smiles in such a cruelly sweet and gracefully snarling way, one would not be surprised if all of a sudden a giraffe, leopard or even a herd of elephant calves crossed the scene.<sup>6</sup>

Saint-Saëns described her singing thus:

Her voice was enormously powerful, had a prodigious range and was equal to every technical difficulty but, marvellous as it was, it did not please everybody. It was not a velvet or crystalline voice, but rather rough, compared by someone to the taste of a bitter orange, and made for tragedy or myth, superhuman rather than human; light music, Spanish songs and the Chopin mazurkas she transcribed for the voice, were transfigured by it and became the triflings of a giant; to the accents of tragedy, to the severities of oratorio, she gave an incomparable grandeur.<sup>7</sup>

Alfred de Musset wrote an extraordinary review in the influential *La Revue des Deux Mondes* on 1 January 1839, where he extolled her: ‘She possesses that great secret of artists: before she expresses anything, she feels it. She does not listen to her voice, but to her heart!’<sup>8</sup> Later that year she performed in London, to considerable acclaim, also giving a private concert for Queen Victoria.

Pauline Viardot was ahead of her time as a performer who let no detail escape her thorough preparation. She took care to research the historical accuracy of the costumes for the operas in which she sang and designed them herself, something that her sister had also done. Her performances took the whole of Europe by storm, and she was engaged to perform with the Imperial Theatres in St Petersburg, where she spent many successful and inspiring months of her career, beginning in the 1843–44 season; her debut there was in the role of Rosina in Rossini’s *Barber of Seville* on 3 November 1843. She instantly conquered the Russian public by inserting a popular Russian air into the singing lesson in the Second Act, causing a sensation; the Tsar himself applauded ‘like a madman.’<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 46.

<sup>7</sup> Nichols, *op. cit.*, p. 167.

<sup>8</sup> Rozanov, *op. cit.*, p. 47.

<sup>9</sup> FitzLyon, *op. cit.*, p. 156.

There she also met Ivan Turgenev (1818–83), who was destined to spend the next 40 years of his life hopelessly in love with her, following her everywhere he could. When they met, Pauline was already married to Louis Viardot (1800–83), an established author and the director of the Théâtre Italien who had left his post to become Pauline's manager. He was twenty years her senior, and for their entire marriage, which lasted 43 years, he was her staunch supporter. Much has been speculated about Viardot's relationship with Turgenev, who became an ever-present figure in her life. He was close to both Pauline and Louis, living with them for decades. It is indisputable that Pauline and Ivan were in love. Pauline's unhappy and difficult daughter Louise claimed in her memoirs<sup>10</sup> that their relationship remained unconsummated, but that assessment seems unlikely and was perhaps conditioned by her own dislike of her mother's companion; Louise, moreover, was brought up by her maternal grandmother.<sup>11</sup> Turgenev's famous play *A Month in a Country* is very obviously based on his cohabitational domestic situation. Moreover, the Viardots brought up as their own Turgenev's illegitimate daughter Paulinette, born to one of Turgenev's servants in Russia in 1842, in addition to their own three daughters and one son.

She was much admired as a composer by such contemporaries as Chopin, Saint-Saëns, George Sand, Clara and Robert Schumann and Liszt, who remarked that her songs were 'delicate, gracious and elegant'.<sup>12</sup> In 1838 Schumann asked Pauline and Clara to contribute one of their compositions for *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, of which he was then editor; Pauline sent *Die Kapelle von Uhland*. Her knowledge of composition also had an important, though indirect, influence: her help and advice were sought and appreciated even by such composers as Berlioz, Gounod and Meyerbeer.

One story among many testifies to her talent as a composer. One day her husband was visited by a friend who admired Mozart above all composers, and Pauline announced that she wanted to sing for them a magnificent aria by Mozart that she had recently discovered. She sang a long aria, with recitatives, arioso and a final allegro, which the two men praised highly without knowing that she had written it herself specifically for the occasion. Saint-Saëns remembered that he, too, had heard the aria, and attested to the fact that 'even the sharpest critic might have been taken in by it'.<sup>13</sup> He continued:

<sup>10</sup> Louise Héritte-Viardot, *Memories and Adventures*, transl. E. S. Buchheim, Hazell, Watson and Viney, London, 1913, p. 81.

<sup>11</sup> Louise (1841–1918) was herself a contralto and a composer, teaching singing in St Petersburg, Frankfurt, Berlin and Heidelberg after illness ended her performing career; her compositions included a comic opera, *Lindoro*, given at Weimar in 1879, and three piano quartets, which have been recorded. Her brother, Paul (1857–1941), was a violinist, conductor and composer. In 1877 Viardot's third daughter, Marianne (1851–1919) was engaged to Gabriel Fauré before eventually marrying the pianist and composer Victor Alphonse Duvernoy.

<sup>12</sup> Rozanov, *op. cit.*, p. 116.

<sup>13</sup> Nichols, *op. cit.*, p. 168.

But we shouldn't imagine from this that her compositions were pastiches; on the contrary, they had a highly original flavour. Why is it that those that were published are so little known? One is led to believe that this admirable artist had a horror of publicity. For over half her life she taught pupils, and the world was unaware of it.

Viardot's public success meant that much of her life was spent travelling and performing, with only some short breaks, during which she did her best to rest and catch up with friends. It is a testament to her zeal and passion for music that she managed to compose prolifically, writing especially songs from a young age and despite the busy schedule of her maturity. Her worklist contains over one hundred songs, set to French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian texts, pieces for piano and violin and six operettas and light stage-works, three of them to libretti by Turgenev: *Trop de femmes* (1867), *Logre* (1868) and *Le dernier sorcier* (1869).<sup>14</sup> All these operettas were performed in Viardot's home theatre, for which an unusual admission price was charged: a potato, and so the theatre became known among her friends as the Théâtre des pommes de terre. The French texts show Turgenev's mastery of the stage and knowledge of musical dramaturgy.<sup>15</sup> She also adapted and transcribed folksongs, popular arias and works by other composers, such as Schubert, Brahms and Chopin.

The earliest known published collection of Viardot's songs is the *Album de Mme Viardot-Garcia: Huit morceaux de chant avec accompagnement de piano*. Published in 1843 by Eugène Troupenas & Cie, it was illustrated with lithographs by Ary Scheffer, Viardot's close friend and confidant. This collection also included her setting of La Fontaine's *Le Chêne et le Roseau*, which had already been performed at a concert of Chopin's on 21 February 1842, with Chopin himself accompanying on the piano. Saint-Saëns was particularly impressed by her songs:

I do not know how she learnt the secrets of composition; apart from handling the orchestra, she knew them all and the numerous *lieder* she wrote on French, German and Spanish texts testify to an impeccable technique. In contrast to most composers for whom nothing is more urgent than publicity for their products, she concealed hers as though they were a fault; it was extremely hard to persuade her to have them performed; the least of them, though, would have done her honour. She announced as

<sup>14</sup> Opera and operetta libretti take a special place in Turgenev's output, but he did not hold them in high regard and when he was preparing all his literary works for publication, he did not include them, believing that the text was secondary to the composer's work and that works written in French would not be of interest to his Russian readers. Only in 1994 were they studied in his native country by the musicologist Abram Gozenpud: *I. S. Turgenev: Issledovanie, Kompozitor*, St Petersburg.

<sup>15</sup> Rozanov, *op. cit.*, p. 152.



a popular Spanish song one with a savage tone and relentless rhythms, which Rubinstein was infatuated with; it took me several years to get her to admit she was the composer.<sup>16</sup>

When she left the stage in 1863, she had more time to compose. It was then that her vocal cycles on the words by Russian poets appeared (1864, 1865, 1869), and songs set to German and French texts. She continued to compose into her old age: the French publisher G. Miran brought out her last piece, *Alza Pepita! Danse populaire espagnole pour piano*, in 1906.

Pauline Viardot died in 1910, having outlived both her husband and Turgenev, who both died in 1883, and whom she nursed during their last years with true devotion.

### Viardot's Songs

Viardot's vocal compositions show her familiarity with, and sensitive treatment, of her chosen texts. It is clear that she carefully considered the poems before setting them to music: the melodies and accompaniments are constructed in ways that emphasise key words or phrases, and each song reflects the poetic atmosphere and mood of the text. The songs are perfectly suited to the voice, because they were written either for herself or for her students. That also makes many of them demanding in terms of stamina and vocal facility. They are characterised by varied dynamics and extensive ranges, and they feature expressive melodic lines, extensive use of chromaticism and wide intervallic leaps. She often incorporates tempo changes to heighten the drama of a phrase or phrases, especially during key cadential points. Viardot was particular about performances of her works, too, leaving detailed markings for expression, dynamics and articulation.<sup>17</sup>

This disc contains fifteen songs set to Russian texts, published in a number of collections of Viardot songs between 1864 and 1887. Her Russian settings show a sensitivity to meaning and drama, and share some stylistic similarities with the romances and songs of Dargomyzhsky, Musorgsky, Varlamov and Tchaikovsky, whose works she held in high regard and often performed. These settings also demonstrate her thorough knowledge of Russian language and its idiomatic inflections.

Five of the songs in this recording come from the collection *Twelve Poems of Pushkin, Fet and Turgenev* (1864), which was published with Turgenev's assistance. The songs were selected, edited, and arranged in sequence by Anton Rubinstein.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>17</sup> For more information about Viardot's compositional style cf. Amy Jo Hansaker's *Pauline Viardot's Russian compositions*: <http://digitalscholarship.unlv.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1665&context=thesesdissertations> (accessed on 7 November 2015).

<sup>18</sup> Patrick Waddington, *The Musical Works of Pauline Viardot-Garcia (1821–1910): A Chronological Catalogue*, 2nd online edition 2013: [http://dspace.ucalgary.ca/bitstream/1880/49849/1/Viardot\\_catalogue\\_2013.pdf](http://dspace.ucalgary.ca/bitstream/1880/49849/1/Viardot_catalogue_2013.pdf) (accessed on 20 October 2015).

'The Flower' [1] is a charming setting of a poem by Pushkin. It begins with a short piano introduction consisting of staccato chords, swiftly followed by a dreamy musing about a dried flower pressed between the leaves of a book. To whom does it belong, and where are the two people who once were in love? The agitated, pulsating piano accompaniment supports the dramatic vocal line here, before the protagonist begins to wonder if the feelings of the two unknown people have dried up and died just as this flower. 'Invocation' [12] is another Pushkin setting, which sometimes appears under other titles: 'The Spell', 'Incantation' and 'Oh, if it's true that in the night'. It is a powerful, passionate song, with a short piano introduction, which features a melody that returns in the interlude and postlude but does not relate to the main melody in the voice. Pulsating figures, chords, tremoli, arpeggiations and dotted rhythms create a tumultuous, agitated atmosphere, which reflects the meaning of the text. The piano accompaniment here is virtuosic, with extreme dynamics that range from *p* to *ff*. This song shows how Viardot's talents as a dramatic actress and singer influenced her compositions – 'Invocation' is theatrically and dramatically conceived.

The final Pushkin setting from this set, 'Upon the Hills of Georgia' [14], is written in the style of a *romans*—a popular Russian musical and poetic form, which originated in the later eighteenth century, developing in the nineteenth into a sophisticated, through-composed composition with bold harmonic progressions with dynamic accompaniment. Russian composers set many poems in this genre, in this way also helping to promote the poetry to a wider audience. The *romans* addressed the themes of melancholy, nature and unrequited love, among others. Viardot had a passion for Russian music and literature, and so it is not surprising that 'Upon the Hills of Georgia' exhibits many of the qualities of the *romans*, among them a rich harmonic language, dramatic changes of dynamics and tempi, and allusion to the Romantic themes of nature and unrequited love. A sense of melancholy pervades the melody and accompaniment, which provides the rhythmic and harmonic basis and support for to the dramatic melodic line, the lyricism of which is often punctuated by accents.

The tumultuous and dramatic 'Midnight Phantoms' [4], set to a poem by Fet, is built on fast alternations of mainly seconds and thirds in the piano, underpinned by measured single-line steps in the bass, and with the impassioned voice soaring over the top. Another Fet setting, 'Stars' [11], is a romantic, expressive song written for voice, piano and cello. The cello-and-piano introduction is touching in its simplicity: the cello melody is a rising sequence, repeated three times. The two instruments and the voice form a partnership, with each given beautiful melodic lines. Viardot employs simple word-painting here: when the text refers to the twinkling light of the stars, the piano lines are given tremolo patterns, and the vocal line tends to rise when references to the stars are made.

Another five songs on this disc are from the *Ten Poems of Pushkin, Lermontov, Koltsov, Tutchev and Fet* (1865). The Koltsov settings are 'I Loved Him' [2] and 'Why, tell me' [9]. The first is a short, highly expressive song about excitement and delight of love; the simple but effective accompaniment consists of agitated triplets that provide support to punctuated and impatient vocal lines. The second is melancholy, reminiscent of Russian folksong, with a varied accompaniment and dynamic ranges, and expressive flourishes in the vocal line. "For Distant Shores of Homeland" [7] is a Pushkin setting which begins with punctuated, anxious exclamations in the piano. This passionate and expressive song touchingly and vividly paints the emotional world of someone whose lover has departed from this earthly world. The only thing that is left to the living lover is to wait until they share a greeting kiss in another life. The song is cast in three clear sections: the outer ones share the same anxious, unhappy character, emphasised by short staccato chords in the piano and a pleading, tormented vocal line; the middle section, although still agitated in the vocal line, is more lyrical in the piano, where *legato* arpeggios depict the lover's caresses. 'Quietly fades the evening light' [8], setting a Fet poem, is a lullaby, with a rocking, undulating movement, a slow and lyrical vocal line, even dynamics, and beautiful in its simplicity. The charming, fleeting 'The Willow' is a Tutchev setting [10] only 36 bars long. The piano accompaniment and the voice are in high register and tessitura, with transparent, clear harmonies that sparkle when the text refers to the glistening brook under the tree.

Four more songs are taken from *Five Poems of Lermontov and Turgenev* (1868). The two Turgenev settings are 'At Dawn' [3] and 'The Solution' [6], and 'Separation' [13] sets a text written jointly by Turgenev and Viardot. 'At Dawn' is a darkly dramatic song, with expressive piano accompaniment; 'The Solution' is underpinned by a pulsating and syncopated piano accompaniment, which represents a lover's excited realisation that her love is reciprocated. The melancholy 'Separation', with a simple accompaniment in triple metre is about unwelcome parting – something Turgenev had to endure often because of the demands of Viardot's busy career. The lover accepts the fact that he is not loved any more, but he does so without laying any blame. It is difficult not to draw a biographical parallel in these expressive and passionate songs with the love affair of Viardot and Turgenev.

The slow, dreamy, lyrical setting of Lermonov's 'The Crag' [5] features sparse piano chords, and expansive vocal lines. The grandeur of a cliff is portrayed by 'empty' intervals such as pure fifths and fourths, and larger sixths. The lightness of the cloud, which is floating next to the cliff, is depicted in fleeting, light trembling figures in the higher registers of the piano.

The final Russian setting in this collection is from *Poems by Geibel, Goethe, Koltsov, Lermontov, Mörike, Polyá, Pushkin, Turgenev, Tiurket, Tiutchev and Fet* (1880–82).<sup>19</sup> 'Old Man, Cruel Husband' [15] is

<sup>19</sup> A. F. Iogansen (Johansen), St Petersburg, 1880–82. Under this title Iogansen reassembled all the songs by Pauline Viardot issued by

from the popular Pushkin poem *Gypsies*, a part known as ‘Zemfira’s Song’; it became very popular, with composers from Verstovsky to Tchaikovsky setting it to music.<sup>20</sup> Viardot’s picturesque setting depicts defiance of a young woman, who has grown to hate her old and evil husband, not least because she is now in love with a much younger man. Again, an obvious parallel with Viardot’s own life comes to mind: her husband was twenty years her senior, while Turgenev was only three years older than herself. When the text refers to her lover’s caresses, the accompaniment changes to lyrical arpeggiated figures in the piano. The song finishes with a decisive affirmation: she is not afraid of her husband!

Pauline Viardot was one of the closest friends of George Sand, whom she met in 1839, when Sand was romantically involved with Chopin. Viardot and Chopin shared the warmth of feeling that was based on affinity of temperament and mutual respect. Chopin much admired Viardot’s musical talents, and enjoyed playing duets and reading through vocal scores with her. He liked having Pauline around: in her presence music-making and lively discussion were never far away, and that had a restorative effect on him. Pauline introduced him to the intricacies of Spanish music, and he, in turn, offered advice on her piano-playing and her vocal compositions, which included her arrangements of some of his Mazurkas.<sup>21</sup> Saint-Saëns believed that because Viardot was so close to Chopin, she was the best interpreter of his music:

As a close friend of Chopin, she had very precise memories of his playing and used to give invaluable advice as to how his music should be interpreted. From her I learnt that the playing of this great pianist (or rather this great composer) was much simpler than is generally imagined, and as far removed from vulgar mannerism as from cold correctness. From her I learnt the secrets of the true *tempo rubato* without which Chopin’s music is disfigured, and which is nothing like the dislocations through which it is all too often caricatured.<sup>22</sup>

Viardot arranged twelve of Chopin’s mazurkas, in two sets of six, commissioning texts – fairly banal ones, it has to be admitted – from the poet Louis Pomey (1835–1901), a friend of Turgenev’s.<sup>23</sup> Although she performed these works during Chopin’s life, even with Chopin as accompanist in London (on two

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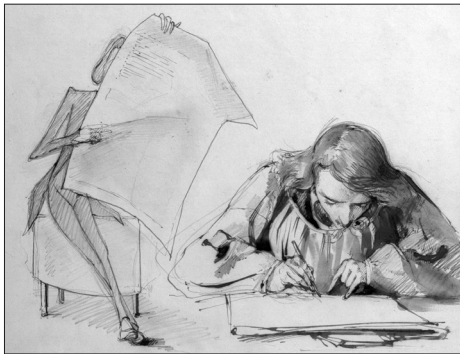
him previously together with new items below, some of which she had very probably written earlier but set aside. All 54 songs were then republished in 1887.

<sup>20</sup> There are also a number of operas inspired by Pushkin’s *Gypsies*, the most notable being Rachmaninov’s one-act *Aleko* (1892).

<sup>21</sup> For more on friendship between Viardot, Chopin and Sand, cf. Pierre H. Azoury, *Chopin through his Contemporaries: Friends, Lovers, and Rivals*, Greenwood Press, Westport (Conn.), 1999, p. 163.

<sup>22</sup> Nichols, *op. cit.*, p. 170.

<sup>23</sup> Pomey also took the title role in the first performance of Viardot’s operetta *Le dernier sorcier* in 1867.



*Pauline Viardot the artist: a caricature of Chopin from c. 1839 (pencil drawing washed with ink) and (right) sketches of Chopin reading a newspaper and (possibly by another artist) George Sand's son Maurice Dudevant drawing, 1841 (pencil drawing and brown ink, washed), from the collection of the Fryderyk Chopin Museum, Fryderyk Chopin Institute, Warsaw*

occasions: on 14 May and 12 July 1849), she published them only after his death. This disc features both sets, *Six mazourkes de Frédéric Chopin: Première série* (1864) and *Six mazourkes de Frédéric Chopin: Deuxième série* (1865).

These charming, sensitive and highly virtuosic arrangements of some of Chopin's best-known mazurkas show Viardot's creative re-interpretations of these pieces. All twelve songs place huge demands on the performer's stamina and vocal control and require considerable vocal facility. The dedicatees of the first series (there are no dedications in the second) testify to the kind of circles in which Viardot moved: they are, in order, Nadine Scobelef, that is, Princess Nadejda Dmitrievna Beloselskaia-Belozerskaia (née Skobeleva, sister of General Mikhail Skobelev and wife of Constantin Esperovich Beloselsky-Belozersky); the pianist Eugénie Richard; Berthe de Besplas, who, already the daughter of a marquis, became the baroness Madame de Fougères; the Belgian soprano Désirée Artôt (a student of Viardot's); Fanny Bouchet, an amateur singer, but good enough to have been the dedicatee of songs by Bizet, Gounod and Saint-Saëns, among others; and Mme la Vicomtesse de Grandval (née Marie Félicie Clémence de Reiset), herself an esteemed composer and singer.

*Dr Anastasia Belina-Johnson is Deputy Head of Undergraduate Programmes at the Royal College of Music, London. She is the author of Die tägliche Mühe ein Mensch zu sein (Wolke, 2013) and A Musician Divided: André Tchaikowsky in his own Words (Toccata Press, 2013), and co-editor of Wagner in Russia, Poland and the Czech Lands: Musical, Literary, and Cultural Perspectives (Ashgate, 2013) and The Business of Opera (Ashgate, 2015). She is currently working on a book on adaptations of Silver Age German operettas for the Polish stage in 1906–39.*

**Ina Kancheva** was born in Sofia. She has been dedicated to the arts since the age of six, when she began to study ballet and tour around the world as a soloist with the children's choir of The Bulgarian National Radio and TV. She graduated from the Academy of Drama and Fine Arts in Sofia and began to study operatic singing from the age of nineteen at the State Music Academy there, winning scholarships to the European Opera Centre in Manchester, Fondazione Arena di Verona, Accademia Chigiana in Siena and Centre de Perfeccionamente Plácido Domingo, Valencia. She studied with Annette Goeres, Anna Luisa Chova and Alessandro Vitiello and has taken part in master-classes with Renato Bruson, Montserrat Caballé, Irina Gavrilovici, Raina Kabaivanska, Leo Nucci and Anna Tomova-Sintow. She is a laureate of many prestigious awards in national and international fora, among them Young Music Talents, Pancho Vladigerov, Musician of the Year 2002 Bulgaria, Montserrat Caballé, Manuel Ausensi, Spiros Argiris, Debut, Viotti, As.Li.Co and the Passau International Competition.



She has performed as a soloist in many festivals in Bulgaria and abroad, among them the Castell de Perelada Festival in Spain, the Amadeus Festival, Ambronay Baroque Festival and Festival de Flanners in France, the Landmark Summer Festival in the USA, the Beyttedin Festival in Lebanon, Rossini Opera Festival in Italy, Ostrava International Festival, and Prague Spring in the Czech Republic, Misteria Paschalia in Poland and the Baroque festival Luxuria Europae in Bulgaria. She has sung in a number of German opera houses as well as in The Royal Danish Opera, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in London, La Scala in Milan, the Palau de les Arts in Valencia, the Teatro Filarmonico in Verona and many others. From 2006 until 2011 she was a soloist in the ensemble of the Stuttgart Opera, where her roles included Violetta in *La traviata*, Comtesse Adele in *Le Comte Ory*, Lucio Cinna in *Lucio Silla* and Micaela in *Carmen*. Elsewhere she has sung Doralice, Eliseta, Fiordiligi, Giulia, Giulietta, Juliette, Liu, Mimi, Pamina, Susanna and other major roles.

Ina has worked with such conductors as Jiří Bělohlávek, Gianluigi Gelmetti, Adrian Leaper, Sir Neville Marriner, Enrique Mazzola, David Parry, Vasily Petrenko, Emil Tabakov, Alessandro Vitiello and Alberto Zedda as well as with leading Baroque specialists such as Ottavio Dantone, Martin Gester, René Jacobs and Conrad Junghänel.

Born in Sofia, the mezzo-soprano **Kamelia Kader** studied at the New Bulgarian University. She completed her musical studies in Italy, at the Accademia d'Arte Lirica di Osimo, under the supervision of Raina Kabaivanska, William Matteuzzi and Sergio Segalini. She participated in master-classes held by Renato Bruson, Montserrat Caballé, Gustav Kuhn and Magda Oliviero. Among the international singing competitions in chamber and contemporary classical music where she has won prizes are three Italian ones – the Concorso Lirico Internazionale-Trofeo La Fenice in Pietrasanta, the Concorso Lirico Internazionale 'Città di Alcamo' and the Concorso Lirico Internazionale Franco Alfano in Sanremo – and the Grigor Parlichev Prize in Sofia, Bulgaria.

Her vocal agility allows her to perform a variety of roles comfortably, from Baroque cantatas via to Mozart and Rossini to contemporary operas and songs. Among her best-received performances have been Begbick in Weill's *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*, Mamma Lucia in Mascagni's *Cavalleria rusticana*, Madama Rosa in Donizetti's *Il campanello*, Suor Zelatrice in Puccini's *Suor Angelica* and Tisbe in Rossini's *Cenerentola*.

She has recently recorded a number of CDs, among them *L'Infinito* (with the pianist Emma Abbate, another Toccata Classics artist), an anthology of songs by twentieth-century Italian composers: Alfano, Casella, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Malipiero, Pizzetti and Respighi (Urania Records).

**Christo Tanev** is a graduate of the National School of Music and the National Music Academy in Sofia. Among his teachers there were Dimitar Kozhev, Svetoslav Manolov and Konstantin Popov. In 1992 he received a master's degree from The Juilliard School in New York, where he studied cello with Zara Nelsova and chamber music with Samuel Rhodes from the Juilliard String Quartet, as well as with Jonathan Feldman, Lillian Fuchs, Felix Galimir and Seymour Lipkin. Christo has been a guest soloist of the most of the major orchestras and leading festivals in Bulgaria. He has recorded for the National Television, National Radio and other Bulgarian recording companies. Since 1994 he has been the principal cellist of the National Radio Symphony



Orchestra in Sofia and is also the cellist of the Dimov Quartet. He teaches at the National Music Academy and New Bulgarian University in Sofia.

Born in Varna, Bulgaria, **Ludmil Angelov** graduated from the Pancho Vladigerov State Music Academy in Sofia. His teachers were Viktoria Spassova, Konstantin Stankovich (the former piano-class assistant of Pancho Vladigerov) and Ludmila Stoyanova. The international competitions at which he has won prizes and diplomas include the Senigallia (Italy, 1976), Fryderyk Chopin (Poland, 1985), Palm Beach (USA, 1990), Piano Masters (Monte Carlo, 1994) and World Piano Masters Tour (France, 1997).

His debut recital in New York was at Lincoln Centre in 1990, and he has also played at many other major concert halls, among them Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, the Palace of Music in Athens Auditori in Barcelona, the Philharmonie in Berlin, the Alte Oper in Frankfurt, Brucknerhaus in Linz, KKL in Lucerne, Auditorio Nacional in Madrid, the concert halls of the Milan and Moscow Conservatoires, the Opera of Monte-Carlo, the Herkulesaal in Munich, the Salles Pleyel and Gaveau in Paris, KBS Hall in Seoul, Musikverein in Vienna and the Palau de la Música in Valencia.

The music of Chopin has been a constant of his performing career. In the 1987–88 season he performed the complete solo-piano works by Chopin in a cycle of twelve recitals, a unique event for which he received the prize of ‘Young Musician of the Year in Bulgaria’. He has also participated in some of the most significant Chopin festivals in Belgium, France, Italy, Poland, Serbia, Slovenia, South Korea and the USA. In 1999 he presented the complete Chopin in Madrid and other Spanish cities; ten years later, in the 2009–10 season, he again performed the complete Chopin in Spain and Bulgaria. His recording of Chopin’s complete rondos and variations was awarded a Grand Prix du Disque Chopin by the National Chopin Institute in Warsaw. Since 2006 Ludmil Angelov has performed several world premieres of works by Nikolai Kapustin and is now considered one of the leading interpreters of Kapustin’s music.

The CD labels for which Ludmil Angelov has recorded include Danacord, Gega New, Hyperion, Non Profit Music, Pentatone and RCA. His recording of the five piano concertos by Pancho Vladigerov is in preparation from Toccata Classics on a series of three CDs.

Ludmil Angelov gives master-classes at the New Bulgarian University in Sofia, where he is a honorary professor. In November 2011 he was awarded the Gloria Artis medal by the Polish Ministry of Culture for his contribution to the international promotion of Polish music. Since 1992 he has lived in Toledo, where he is the Founding Artistic Director of the Toledo International Music Festival. He is also the founder of the Piano Extravaganza Festival in Sofia.





*Twelve Poems of Pushkin, Fet and Turgenev* (1864)

1 No. 1, 'Цветок'

*Александр Сергеевич Пушкин*

Цветок засохший, безуханный,  
 Забытый в книге вижу я;  
 И вот уже мечтою странной  
 Душа наполнилась моя:  
 Где цвел? Когда? Какой весною?  
 И долго ль цвел? И сорван кем,  
 Чужой, знакомой ли рукою?  
 И положен сюда зачем?  
 На память нежного ль свиданья,  
 Или разлуки роковой,  
 Иль одинокого гулянья  
 В тиши полей, в тени лесной?  
 И жив ли тот, и та жива ли?  
 И нынче где их уголок?  
 Или уже они увяли,  
 Как сей неведомый цветок?

*Ten Poems of Pushkin, Lermontov, Koltsov,  
 Tutchev and Fet* (1865)

2 No. 3, 'Я любила его'

*Алексей Васильевич Кольцов*

Я любила его  
 Жарче дня и огня,  
 Как другим не любить  
 Никогда, никогда!

Только с ним лишь одним  
 Я на свете жила;  
 Ему душу мою,  
 Ему жизнь отдала!

1 No. 1, 'The Flower'

*Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin (1799–1837)*

The dried flower, now bereft of scent,  
 I found forgotten in a book;  
 And straight away my heart  
 Was flooded with strange musings.  
 Where had it bloomed,  
 When? Which springtime gave it birth?  
 Did it bloom long? By whose hand  
 Was it gathered? Why placed just here?  
 Remembrance of a tender meeting,  
 Or of a fateful parting,  
 A solitary ramble  
 Through silent fields or bosky woods?  
 And lives he yet? And what of her, his love?  
 Where is today their placid home?  
 Or has their love already faded  
 Like this now-unremembered flower?

2 No. 3, 'I Loved Him'

*Alexei Vasilievich Koltsov (1809–42)*

I loved him  
 With fire hotter than the noonday sun;  
 I loved him as I could no other,  
 Never, never!

Only with him  
 Did I live in this world;  
 I gave him my soul,  
 I gave him my life!

Что за ночь, за луна,  
Когда друга я жду!  
Вся, бледна, холодна,  
Замираю, дрожу!

Вот идет он, поет:  
“Где ты, зорька моя?”  
Вот он руку берет,  
Вот целует меня!

“Милый друг, погаси  
Поцелуй твои!  
И без них при тебе  
Огонь пылает в крови;

И без них при тебе  
Жжет румянец лицо,  
И волнуется грудь  
И блистают глаза  
Словно в небе звезда!

*Five Poems of Lermontov and Turgenev (1868)*

3 No. 1, ‘На заре’  
*Иван Сергеевич Тургенев*

Сон не коснулся глаз моих,  
А первый блеск лучей дневных  
В окошко проникает...

В борьбе ночных тяжелых дум  
Тревожно мечется мой ум  
И сердце изнывает.

И сердце изнывает...

В борьбе ночных тяжелых дум  
Все сердце изнывает.

What means the night, the moon,  
When I am waiting for my love!  
Cold, drained of all feeling,  
I shiver in the freezing air.

But now he comes, singing:  
‘Where art thou, my dawn, my light?’  
And then he takes my hand  
And covers me with kisses.

‘My darling, you should quench  
The ardour of your kisses!  
I don’t need them,  
When you are near, to fire my blood!

When you are near, without their aid  
My cheeks flush deepest red,  
My breast stirs of its own accord  
And my eyes light up  
Like the stars in the sky!’

3 No. 1, ‘At Dawn’  
*Ivan Sergeyevich Turgenev (1818–83)*

Sleep has not touched my eyes  
When the first gleam of daylight  
Steals through the window-pane ...

Fighting with dismal night-time thoughts  
My troubled mind tosses and turns,  
My heart is tormented.

My heart is tormented . . .

Peace be with you,  
My heart, full of anguish!

Мир с тобою,  
Сердце, полное тоскою!  
Мир с тобою,  
Сердце, полное тоскою!

Слышишь... Слышишь, слышишь зов?  
То зов небесный...

Колокольный звон воскресный,  
Колокольный, колокольный,  
Колокольный звон воскресный!

*Twelve Poems of Pushkin, Fet and Turgenev (1864)*

4 No. 4. 'Полуночные образы'  
*Афанасий Афанасьевич Фет*

Полуночные образы реют,  
Блещут искрами ярко впотьмах,  
Но глаза различить не умеют,  
Много ль их на тревожных крылах.

Полуночные образы стонут,  
Как больной в утомительном сне,  
И всплывают, и стонут, и тонут —  
Но о чем это стонут оне?

Полуночные образы воют,  
Как духов испугавшийся пес;  
То нахлынут, то бездну откроют,  
Как волна обнажает утес.

*Five Poems of Lermontov and Turgenev (1868)*

5 No. 2. 'Утёс'  
*Михаил Юрьевич Лермонтов*

Ночевала тучка золотая  
На груди утёса-великана;

Peace be with you,  
My heart, full of anguish!  
Peace be with you,  
My heart, full of anguish!

Do you hear ... do you hear the call?  
The call from heaven above ...

The bells ring out the Resurrection,  
The bells, the bells,  
The bells ringing the Resurrection!

4 No. 4. 'Midnight Phantoms'  
*Afanasy Afanasievich Fet (1820–92)*

Midnight phantoms hover  
Glittering bright with sparks in the darkness.  
But my eyes cannot make out  
How many of them, on their ominous wings.

Midnight phantoms groan  
Like a sick man in exhausted sleep,  
They rise to the surface, and groan and sink again –  
But what are they groaning about?

Midnight phantoms howl,  
Like a dog frightened by ghosts;  
Now surging in, now parting over the abyss,  
As a wave uncovers a cliff.

5 No. 2. 'The Crag'  
*Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov (1814–41)*

A golden cloud spent the night  
Resting on the breast of the giant crag;

Утром в путь она умчалась рано,  
По лазури весело играя;

Но остался влажный след в морщине  
Старого утёса. Одиноко  
Он стоит, задумался глубоко,  
И тихонько плачет он в пустыне.

[6] No. 3, 'Разгадка'  
*Иван Сергеевич Тургенев*

Как приливала к сердцу  
Вся кровь в груди моей,  
Когда в меня вперялись  
Лучи твоих очей!

Мне долго непонятен  
Был их язык немой...  
Искал его значенья  
Я с страхом и тоской...

Вдруг все сомненья пали  
И страх навек затих...  
Мой ангел, все я понял  
В один блаженный миг,

В блаженный миг,  
В один блаженный миг!

*Ten Poems of Pushkin, Lermontov, Koltsov,  
Tutchev and Fet (1865)*

[7] No. 5, 'Для берегов'  
*Александр Сергеевич Пушкин*

Для берегов отчизны дальней  
Ты покидала край чужой;  
В час незабвенный, в час печальный

Come the morning, it darted away,  
Airily playing in the breeze.

But it left behind a patch of moisture  
In a crevice of the ancient rock.  
Alone it stands, the mighty crag, as deep in thought,  
It quietly drops a tear into the wilderness.

[6] No. 3, 'The Solution'  
*Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev*

How all the blood in my breast  
Flooded into my heart,  
When the gaze from your eyes  
Fastened itself upon me!

For long I could not understand  
Its silent language ...  
I sought its meaning  
With fear and anguish ...

Suddenly all doubts vanished  
And my fear forever stilled ...  
My angel, I understood all  
In one moment of bliss,

In a moment of bliss,  
One blissful moment!

[7] No. 5, 'For Distant Shores of Homeland'  
*Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin*

For distant shores of homeland  
You left this alien land;  
In that never-forgotten hour, that time of grief

Я долго плакал пред тобой.  
Мои хладеющие руки  
Тебя старались удержать;  
Томленье страшное разлуки  
Мой стон молил не прерывать.  
Но ты от горького лобзанья  
Свои уста оторвала;  
Из края мрачного изгнания  
Ты в край иной меня звала.  
Ты говорила: „В день свиданья  
Под небом вечно голубым,  
В тени олив, любви лобзанья  
Мы вновь, мой друг, соединим“.  
Но там, увы, где неба своды  
сияют в блеске голубом,  
где под скалами дремлют воды,  
заснула ты последним сном.

Твои краса, твои страданья  
исчезли в урне гробовой,  
исчез и поцелуй свиданья...  
Но жду его: он за тобой!

[8] No. 4, 'Тихо вечер догорает'  
*Афанасий Афанасьевич Фет*

Тихо вечер догорает,  
Горы золотя,  
Знойный воздух холодает, –  
Спи, моё дитя.

Соловьи давно запели,  
Сумрак возвестя,  
Струны робко зазвенели, –  
Спи моё дитя.

I wept long before you.  
With hands turned to ice  
I tried to keep you with me;  
My cries begged you to postpone  
The dreadful anguish of parting.  
But from my bitter kisses  
You wrenched away your lips;  
And from this gloomy exile  
You bade me to another land.  
You said: 'That day we meet again  
Under skies forever blue,  
Shaded by olive trees, our love  
With kisses we'll renew.'  
But there, alas, where heaven's arch  
Shines down its brilliant blue,  
Where waters murmur below the cliffs  
You sleep eternal rest.

Your beauty and your suffering  
Have vanished in the grave,  
With them the long-awaited greeting kiss ...  
Yet still I wait, I hold you to your promise!

[8] No. 4, 'Quietly fades the evening light'  
*Afanasy Afanasievich Fet*

Quietly fades the evening light,  
The mountains' golden glow,  
The sultry air begins to cool, –  
Sleep you now, my child.

The nightingales' song has long been heard,  
Signalling the dusk,  
And softly comes the sound of strings,  
Sleep you now, my child.

Смотрят ангельские очи,  
Трепетно светя,  
Так легко дыханье ночи, -  
Спи, моё дитя.

[9] No. 1, 'Отчего, скажи'  
*Алексей Васильевич Кольцов*

Отчего, скажи,  
Мой любимый серп,  
Почернел ты весь,  
Что коса моя?

Иль обрызган ты  
В скуке-горести  
По милом дружке  
Слезой девичьей?

В широких степях  
Дона тихого  
Зелена трава  
Давно скошена;

На селе косцы  
Давно женятся  
Только нет его,  
Ясна сокола.

Иль он бросил дом,  
Разлюбил меня  
И не придет уж  
К своей девице?

Ах, не птица там  
Летит по небу:  
То печальный слух  
Об нём носится...

Angels' eyes look gently down,  
Shining anxiously,  
Lightly breathing through the night,  
Sleep you now, my child.

[9] No. 1, 'Tell Me Why'  
*Alexei Vasilievich Koltsov*

Tell me,  
My beloved sickle,  
Why you are now as black  
As my hair?

Is it because you've been sprinkled  
With the tears of a maiden  
Grieving for the loss  
Of her dearest one?

In the wide steppes  
Of the quiet-flowing Don  
The green grass  
Has long ago been mown;

The scythers in the village  
Were married long ago;  
Only he is absent,  
My clear-eyed falcon.

Did he leave his home  
No longer loving me,  
Never to return,  
To his sweetheart?

Oh, that is not a bird flying  
Up there in the sky,  
But sad rumours of him  
Hanging in the air ...

Не к добру ж тоска  
Давит белу грудь,  
Нет, не к радости  
Плакать хочется.

[10] No. 9, 'Ива'  
*Фёдор Иванович Тютчев*

Что ты клонишь над водами,  
Ива, макушку свою  
И дрожащими листьями,  
Словно жадными устами,  
Ловишь беглую струю?  
Хоть томится, хоть трепещет  
Каждый лист твой над струей,  
Но струя бежит и плещет,  
И на солнце нежась блещет,  
И смеется над тобой.

*Twelve Poems of Pushkin, Fet and Turgenev (1864)*

[11] No. 12, 'Звёзды'  
*Афанасий Афанасьевич Фет*

Я долго стоял неподвижно,  
В далёкие звёзды глядясь, –  
Меж теми звездами и мною  
Невольная связь родилась.

Я думал... не помню, что думал;  
Я слушал таинственный хор,  
И звёзды тихонько дрожали,  
И звёзды люблю я с тех пор...

The pain presses upon  
My snow-white breasts;  
There are tears I want to shed,  
But they are not for joy.

[10] No. 9, 'The Willow Tree'  
*Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev*

Willow tree, why do you bend your branches  
Down to the water  
And with leaves a-tremble  
Like thirsty mouths  
Try to catch the running stream?  
Useless for every leaf to strain  
And flutter above the stream,  
The waters rush and plash along their way,  
Gaily sparkling in the sunshine  
As they laugh at you

[11] No. 12, 'Stars'  
*Afanasy Afanasievich Fet*

For a long time I stood without moving  
Peering at the distant stars, –  
Between those stars and me  
Unbidden, there grew a bond.

I thought ... but what, I recall not;  
I heard a mysterious choir,  
The stars, they silently trembled,  
I've loved them from that moment on ...

[12] No. 6, 'Закливание'  
*Александр Сергеевич Пушкин*

О, если правда, что в ночи,  
Когда покоятся живые  
И с неба лунные лучи  
Скользят на камни гробовые,  
О, если правда, что тогда  
Пустеют тихие могилы,—  
Я тень зову, я жду Леилы:  
Ко мне, мой друг, сюда, сюда!  
Явись, возлюбленная тень,  
Как ты была перед разлукой,  
Бледна, холодна, как зимний день,  
Искажена последней мукой.  
Приди, как дальная звезда,  
Как легкий звук иль дуновенье,  
Иль как ужасное виденье,  
Мне всё равно: сюда, сюда!..  
Зову тебя не для того,  
Чтоб укорять людей, чья злоба  
Убила друга моего,  
Иль чтоб изведать тайны гроба,  
Не для того, что иногда  
Сомнемьем мучусь... но, тоскуя,  
Хочу сказать, что всё люблю я,  
Что всё я твой: сюда, сюда!

*Five Poems of Lermontov and Turgenev (1868)\**

[13] No. 4, 'Разлука'  
*Иван Сергеевич Тургенев/Полина Виардо-Гарсия*

О разлука, разлука!  
Как ты сердцу горька.  
Терзает его скука,  
Сжигает тоска!

[12] No. 6, 'Invocation'  
*Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin*

Oh, if it's true that in the night  
When living men are sleeping,  
And from the sky the pale moonlight  
Slides over the gravestones,  
Oh, if it's only true that at that time  
The silent graves open,  
I call the shade of Leila and wait for her:  
To me, my dear, come here to me!  
Appear, my dearest one, appear  
As I last saw you when we had to part,  
Pale and cold as a winter's day,  
Your features twisted by your last agony.  
Come to me, like a far-off star,  
As softest sound or merest breath of wind,  
Or like some dreadful apparition,  
It's all one to me, but come, come!..  
My summons is not to reproach those  
Whose malice killed my love,  
Nor to unlock the secrets of the grave,  
Nor even to assuage the doubts  
That torment me ... but in my grief  
I long to tell you that I love you still,  
That I am wholly yours: come to me, come!

[13] No. 4, 'Separation'  
*Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev/Pauline Viardot*

Oh, to be apart, to be apart!  
How the heart hurts from it,  
How tormenting the dull ache,  
How fierce the burning anguish!



Где бывала сила?  
Увы, где прежний я?  
Меня ты разлюбила...  
Но не кляню тебя!

*Twelve Poems of Pushkin, Fet and Turgenev (1864)*

[14] No. 2, 'На холмах Грузии'  
*Александр Сергеевич Пушкин*

На холмах Грузии лежит ночная мгла;  
Шумит Арагва предо мною.  
Мне грустно и легко; печаль моя светла;  
Печаль моя полна тобою,  
Тобой, одной тобой... Унынья моего  
Ничто не мучит, не тревожит,  
И сердце вновь горит и любит - оттого,  
Что не любить оно не может

*Poems by Geibel, Goethe, Koltsov, Lermontov, Mörike,  
Polya, Pushkin, Turgenev, Tiurket, Tiutchev and Fet  
(1880-82)*

[15] No. 53 'Стары муж, грозный муж'  
*Александр Сергеевич Пушкин*

Старый муж, грозный муж,  
Режь меня, жги меня:  
Я тверда, не боюсь  
Ни ножа, ни огня.

Ненавижу тебя,  
Презираю тебя;  
Я другого люблю,  
Умираю любя.

Он свежее весны,  
Жарче летнего дня;

Where is my former strength,  
Alas, my former self?  
You no longer love me ...  
But I'm not cursing you!

[14] No. 2, 'Upon the Hills of Georgia'  
*Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin*

Upon the hills of Georgia lies the night-time mist,  
Before me roars the torrent of Aragva.  
There is a lightness in my melancholy; my aching heart  
Is eased because it's filled with you,  
With you, only with you ...  
Nothing gnaws at my sadness, nothing disturbs it;  
My heart once more is fired with love,  
For without loving it knows not how to live.

[15] No. 53, 'Old Man, Harsh Husband'  
*Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin*

Old man, harsh husband,  
Cut me with knives, set fire to me,  
I am strong, I do not fear  
The blade nor the fire.

I loathe you,  
I despise you,  
I love another,  
I'm dying of love for him.

He is fresher than the spring,  
Hotter than a summer's day:

Как он молод и смел!  
Как он любит меня!

Как ласкала его  
Я в ночной тишине!  
Как смеялись тогда  
Мы твоей седине!

*Six mazourkes de Frédéric Chopin: Première série (1864)*

[16] No. 1, 'Seize ans'  
(Mazurka No. 31 in A flat major, Op. 50, No. 2)

Voici que j'ai seize ans.  
On dit que je suis belle;  
Adieu, adieu, jeux innocents,  
Le monde à lui m'appelle.  
Quelle ivresse dans tous mes sens!  
Toujour fête nouvelle!  
J'entends, la nuit dans mon sommeil,  
Chanter la valse que j'adore,  
Et le matin à mon réveil,  
La valse chante encore.  
Plus d'un amoureux  
M'a dit pour vous, pour vous je soupire;  
Mais l'œil langoureux et l'air piteux  
Me font rire. La la la.

Voici que j'ai seize ans.  
etc.

Mais peut-être quelque jour,  
Triste et pleurant sur moi-même,  
Faudra-t-il dire à mon tour  
Vous qui m'aimez, je vous aime!

How young and brave he is!  
How he loves me!

How I caressed him  
In the silence of the night!  
And how we laughed then  
At your stupid grey hairs!

*Translations by Anthony Phillips*

[16] No. 1, 'Sixteen Years Old'

Now I am sixteen years old.  
They say I am pretty;  
Farewell, farewell, innocent games,  
The world calls me to it.  
What rapture in all my senses!  
Always a new celebration!  
At night, in my sleep,  
I hear someone singing my favourite waltz,  
And in the morning when I awake,  
The waltz is still being sung.  
More than one lover has told me:  
For you, for you I sigh;  
But the languorous eye and piteous look  
Make me laugh. La la la.

Now I am sixteen years old.  
etc.

But perhaps some day,  
Sad and weeping about my own state,  
I will have to say in my turn  
You who love me, I love you!

Mais non ... c'en est fait, point d'amour!  
La danse est ce que j'aime!

Voici que j'ai seize ans  
etc.

[17] No. 2, 'Aime-moi'  
(Mazurka No. 23 in D major, Op. 33, No. 2)

Tu commandes qu'on t'oublie,  
J'ai grand peine à t'obéir ;  
Mais ainsi le veut ma mie,  
Son désir est mon désir.  
Vraiment, vraiment, mon désir,  
Lorsque joyeux je m'élançais  
Tu rougis et veux me fuir  
Mon amour est une offense,  
Pourquoi donc t'en souvenir?  
Mais quoi ! des pleurs, ma belle;  
Écoute, apaise-toi;  
Plus de folle querelle,  
Je t'adore, aime-moi,

Tu commandes qu'on t'oublie  
etc.

Mais quoi ! tu pleures ma belle  
Sois clément, apaise-toi,  
Plus d'inutile querelle,  
Je t'adore ; sois à moi.

[18] No. 3, 'Plainte d'amour'  
(Mazurka No. 1 in F sharp minor, Op. 6, No. 1)

Chère âme, sans toi j'expire,  
Pourquoi taire ma douleur?  
Mes lèvres veulent sourire

But no ... it's done, no question of love!  
It's dancing that I love!

Now I am sixteen years old.  
etc.

[17] No. 2, 'Love Me'

You order that you should be forgotten,  
It find it very difficult to obey you;  
But that is what my love wants,  
Her wish is my wish.  
Truly, truly, my wish,  
When I rush forward happily,  
You blush and want to run away from me  
My love gives you offence,  
Why then remember it?  
What's this? Some tears, my lovely;  
Listen, calm down;  
No more crazy quarrelling,  
I adore you, love me,

You order that you should be forgotten,  
etc.

What's this? You weep, my lovely  
Be kind, calm down,  
No more useless quarrelling,  
I adore you; be mine.

[18] No. 3, 'Love's Complaint'

Dear soul, without you I die,  
Why suppress my sorrow?  
My lips want to smile

Mes yeux disent mon malheur.  
Hélas! loin de toi j'expire,

Pourquoi taire ma douleur?  
etc.

Que ma cruelle peine, De ton âme hautaine  
Désarme la rigueur.

Hélas ! loin de toi j'expire,  
etc.

Cette nuit dans un rêve, je croyais te voir;  
Ah, soudain la nuit s'achève,  
Et s'enfuit l'espoir.

Ah ! chère âme, sans toi j'expire,  
etc.

Je veux sourire  
Hélas ! la mort, la mort est dans mon cœur.

[19] No. 4, 'Coquette'  
(Mazurka No. 5 in B flat major, Op. 7, No. 1)

De n'aimer que toi, je donne ma foi,  
Tra la la O fille gentille, gentille  
Mais ma fidèle ardeur, Tra la la  
O fille gentille, ne peut toucher ton cœur. [Repeat]

Si dans tes regards j'ai su lire,  
Tu plains malgré toi mon martyre,  
Mais d'amour que je meure,  
C'est un deuil d'un jour ou d'une heure.  
Ah, Je ne veux que toi, tu cherches pourquoi,  
Tra la la fillette, coquette, coquette,  
Eh bien ! dis-moi comment, la la la  
Fillette, Coquette, Comment faire autrement.

My eyes express my misfortune.  
Alas! far from you I die,

Why suppress my sorrow?  
etc.

O, that my cruel suffering,  
Appeases the harshness of your proud soul.

Alas! far from you I die away,  
etc.

Last night in a dream, I thought I saw you;  
Ah, suddenly the night comes to an end,  
And hope flies off.

Ah! dear soul, without you I die.  
etc.

I want to smile  
Alas! death, death is in my heart.

[19] No. 4, 'Flirt'

I give my word that I love only you,  
Tra la la, Oh lovely, lovely girl  
But my faithful ardour, oh lovely girl,  
Cannot move your heart.

If I have been able to read in your eyes,  
That you pity my martyrdom in spite of yourself,  
But that I die from love,  
It is a grief of one day or one hour.  
Ah, I want only you, you ask why,  
Tra la la, you're such a flirt, girl,  
Well! tell me how, la la la  
You flirt, what else can one do?

Quand l'amour s'en vient nous surprendre,  
On veut d'abord lui résister,  
Mais sa voix devient si tendre,  
Qu'un jour il faut l'écouter  
Ah ! Donc, si tu m'en crois  
Accepte ma foi la la la  
O belle Cruelle, Cruelle,  
Et laisse-toi charmer, la la la  
O belle Cruelle  
Par qui saura t'aimer.

[20] No. 5, 'Loiselet'  
(Mazurka No. 47 in A minor, Op. 68, No. 2)

Le ciel est clair et l'air est doux,  
Tout rit, tout jase autour de nous ;  
Toi seul, toi seul, ô mon pauvre oiseau  
Toi seul languis triste et muet.

Le printemps qui tout ranime  
De nos monts verdit la cime;  
De la brise matinale  
Un parfum d'amour s'exhale.  
Aux champs, dans le secret des bois,  
Tout ce qui vit dit à la fois  
Le mot, le mot que la nuit dit au jour.  
Le mot charmant, le mot d'amour.  
Ah ! Assise loin de son troupeau,  
Et le suivant d'un œil rêveur,  
Chloé ne sait quel feu, quel feu nouveau  
Soudain s'allume dans son cœur.  
Mais toi l'on ne peut te charmer  
Tu fuis le doux plaisir d'aimer,  
Celui de qui tu plains les maux  
Gémit captif sous les barreaux.  
Adieu ! adieu ! l'amour et la gaité  
Pour qui n'a pas la liberté.

When love comes along to catch us unawares,  
At first you want to resist it,  
But its voice becomes so tender,  
That one day you have to listen.  
Ah! So, if you believe me  
Accept my word la la la.  
Oh, cruel beauty,  
And let yourself be charmed, la la la  
Oh, cruel beauty  
By him who will be able to love you.

[20] No. 5, 'The Little Bird'

The sky is clear and the air is mild,  
Everything is laughing and chattering all around us;  
Only you, only you, oh my poor little bird  
Only you are languishing, sad and mute.

The springtime that revives everything  
Turns the tops of our mountains green;  
The morning breeze  
Exhales a scent of love.  
In the fields, in the secrecy of the woods,  
All things that live say together  
The word, the word that the night says to the day.  
The charming word, the word of love.  
Ah! Sitting far from her flock,  
And watching it with dreaming eye,  
Chloe does not know which flame, which new flame  
Suddenly flares up in her heart.  
But you, you cannot be charmed,  
You flee from the sweet pleasure of loving,  
He whose pains you pity  
Moans, a prisoner behind bars.  
Farewell, farewell, love and jollity  
For him who has no freedom.

21 No. 6, 'Séparation'

(Mazurka No. 14 in G minor, Op. 24, No. 1)

1. Pars, et nous oublie ;  
Pars, ne suis point mes pas.
2. Reste, o mon amie,  
Ou je suivrai tes pas.

1. La fortune ennemie  
M'arrache de tes bras  
Las ! en vain m'implore.
2. Mon cœur, ma vie  
Sen vont quand tu t'en vas  
Mais en vain t'implore.

- 1 & 2. Celui qui t'adore  
Las ! m'implore  
          en vain  
Mais t'implore  
Celui que - j'adore  
Celui - t'adore.

1. J'avais su le charmer  
Ma vie était trop belle,  
Du sort la loi cruelle  
Me défend d'aimer.
2. Les Dieux qui pour charmer,  
T'ont fait naître si belle  
Ne veulent pas, cruelle,  
Que ton cœur sache aimer.

[Repeat]

1. Pars et nous oublie,  
Pars, ne suis point mes pas.  
Laisse ton amie s'arracher de tes bras

21 No. 6, 'Parting'

1. Leave, and forget us  
Leave, do not follow my steps.
2. Stay, oh my love,  
Or I shall follow your steps.

1. Hostile fortune  
Tears me from your arms  
Alas! Implores me in vain.
2. My heart, my life  
Leave me when you go away  
But implore you in vain.

- 1 & 2 He who adores you  
Alas! implores me  
          in vain  
But implores you  
He whom - I adore  
He - adores you.

1. I had been able to charm him  
My life was too good,  
The cruel law of fate  
Forbids me to love.
2. The gods, in order to enchant,  
Had you born so beautiful  
But do not want, cruel girl,  
That your heart should know love.

[Repeat]

1. Leave and forget us,  
Leave, and do not think of following my steps.  
Let your love tear herself from your arms

2. Reste, ou je suivrai tes pas  
Car mon cœur, ma vie  
S'en vont quand tu t'en vas.

[Repeat]

*Six mazourkes de Frédéric Chopin: Deuxième série* (1865)

**22** No. 7, 'La Fête'

(Mazurka No. 4 in E flat minor, Op. 6, No. 4)

Le village est tout en fête,  
A danser chacun s'apprête,  
Cette rose à mon corsage  
Va lui plaire, je le gage.  
Cette simple fleur nouvelle,  
À ses yeux va me rendre belle.  
Le village est tout en fête,  
Vite, il faut que je m'apprête.

La la la la. La mazourke au loin commence,  
La la la la. Et sans moi, voilà qu'il danse !  
Qu'il est beau, qu'il a de grâce !  
Nul au bal ne le surpasse.

Le village est tout en fête,  
À danser chacun s'apprête;  
Ces rubans, cette dentelle  
À ses yeux me rendront belle.

Vite, il faut que je m'apprête !  
Quel charme, quelle ivresse !  
Lorsqu'avec tendresse,  
Dans ses bras il me presse !  
Le plus doux rêve, tous deux unis,  
Au monde nous enlève.  
Quel charme, quelle ivresse !  
Lorsqu'avec tendresse,

2. Stay, or I shall follow your steps  
Because my heart, my life  
Leave me when you leave me.

**22** No. 7, 'The Festival'

The village is all festivity,  
Everyone is getting ready for the dance,  
He will like this rose  
On my blouse, I bet,  
This simple fresh flower  
Will make me pretty in his eyes.  
The village is all festivity,  
Quick, I must get ready.

La la la la. The mazurka starts in the distance,  
La la la la. And there, he is dancing without me!  
How good he looks, what grace he has!  
No one at the ball surpasses him.

The village is all festivity,  
Everyone gets ready for the dance;  
These ribbons, this lace  
Will make me pretty in his eyes.

Quick, I must get ready!  
What charm, what rapture!  
When with tenderness  
He folds me in his arms!  
The most beautiful dream, the two of us together,  
Takes us away from the world.  
What charm, what rapture!  
When with tenderness,

Dans ses bras il me presse,  
Je respire à peine  
Quand au logis, le soir, il me ramène.

La nuit trop tôt s'avance,  
Hélas! trop tôt s'avance,  
Et les airs de danse expirent en cadence.  
Le bien-aimé soupire,  
Lorsqu'au logis il vient me conduire !  
Ah !  
Mais Dieu sait à quoi je rêve !  
La mazourke, hélas, s'achève,  
Ah !  
Du bonheur l'instant s'avance,  
Ne songeons plus qu'à la danse,  
La la la ... !

[23] No. 8, 'Faible cœur'  
(Mazurka No. 7 in F minor, Op. 7, No. 3)

Prépare-toi, faible cœur,  
À l'angoisse, à la douleur,  
Puisque il te plaît de rêver  
Ce qui ne peut arriver, faible cœur !  
Prépare-toi, faible cœur !  
De mon mal dois-je parler ?  
Ou dois-je en faire un mystère ?  
Je crains de le révéler.  
Mais je meurs, je meurs de me taire !  
De mon mal dois-je parler ?  
Ah! Je meurs de me taire,  
Mais je tremble, mais je tremble d'en parler.  
Jamais cœur plein de tendresse  
N'éprouva tant de tristesse !  
Que l'espoir me berce une heure,  
Et pendant des mois je pleure,

He folds me in his arms,  
I can hardly breathe  
When at night he takes me home.

The night passes too soon,  
Alas, passes too soon,  
And the dancing tunes fade away in time.  
The beloved sighs  
When he escorts me home!  
Ah!  
But God knows what I dream about!  
The mazurka, alas, comes to an end,  
Ah!  
The moment of bliss approaches,  
Let us only think of the dance,  
La la la ...!

[23] No. 8, 'Weak Heart'

Ready yourself, weak heart,  
For agony and pain,  
Since you like to dream  
Of what cannot happen, weak heart!  
Ready yourself, weak heart!  
Do I have to talk about my pain?  
Or must I keep it a secret?  
I am frightened of revealing it,  
But I die, I die from keeping silent!  
Do I have to talk about my pain?  
Ah! I die from keeping silent,  
But I fear, I fear to speak about it.  
Never did a heart full of tenderness  
Feel so much sadness!  
Hope may lull me for one hour,  
And for months I weep,



Tout un siècle de tourments  
Suit les courts et doux moments !  
Ah! Prépare-toi, faible cœur,  
À l'angoisse et la douleur,  
Puisqu'il te plaît de rêver ce qui ne peut arriver.

Prends pitié, mon Dieu, j'expire,  
Vivre passe mon pouvoir.  
C'est souffrir trop long martyre,  
Que, de vivre sans espoir!  
Dieu, fais grâce car j'expire [etc.]  
Ah! Tais-toi, tais-toi, mon cœur,  
Ah! Souffre et meurs de douleur!

[24] No. 9, 'La jeune fille'  
(Mazurka No. 15 in C major, Op. 24, No. 2)

Quand on est jeune et gentille,  
Comment ne pas le savoir ?  
Tout d'abord, la jeune fille interroge son miroir  
Lui plaît-il de mieux s'instruire ?  
La plus simple n'a qu'à lire  
Dans un œil brillant d'espoir.  
Un jour vient où l'innocente  
Sur ce sujet est savante:  
Il suffit d'entendre ce que dit une voix tendre,  
Quand on est jeune [etc.].

Prends pitié, belle inhumaine, de ma peine !  
Ou termine mon martyre, ou j'expire !  
Mais de ce délire, le mieux est de rire  
Oui, de ce délire il faut rire.  
Beaux oiseaux, au riche plumage,  
On connaît votre ramage,  
Et certes le plus sage est de fuir tout servage.  
Quand on est jeune et gentille,  
Force est bien de la savoir,

A whole century of torture  
Follows the short, happy moments!  
Ah! Ready yourself, weak heart,  
For agony and pain,  
Since you like dreaming of what cannot happen.

Take pity on me, my God, I die,  
Living exceeds my strength.  
It is to suffer too long a martyrdom,  
To live without hope!  
God, give me grace because I die [etc.]  
Ah! Be silent, be silent, my heart,  
Ah! Suffer and die from pain!

[24] No. 9, 'The Girl'

When you are young and pretty,  
How can you not know it?  
First of all, the girl consults her mirror  
Does she want a clearer verdict?  
The simplest girl has only to read  
With an an eye that sparkles with hope.  
There will be a day when the innocent girl  
Is knowledgeable on this topic:  
It is enough to hear what a tender voice says,  
When you are young and pretty [etc.].

Take pity, inhuman beauty, on my misery!  
Either there is an end to my martyrdom or I die!  
But it's best to laugh at this madness.  
Yes, you have to laugh at this madness.  
Lovely birds, with rich plumage,  
We know your song,  
And of course the wisest thing is to fly from all servitude.  
When you are young and pretty,  
We really have to know,

Tout d'abord la jeune fille interroge son miroir.  
Lui plaît-il de mieux s'instruire?  
La plus simple n'a qu'à lire  
Dans un œil brillant d'espoir.

[25] No. 10, 'Berceuse'

(Mazurka No. 24 in C major, Op. 33, No. 3)

Enfant, cède au sommeil qui ferme ta paupière,  
Je suis auprès de toi, priant Dieu pour l'absent,  
Goûte d'un doux repos le charme bien faisant,  
Et près de ton berceau, ne cherche pas ton père.  
Depuis qu'il est parti défendre sa patrie  
Au seuil désert je viens l'attendre dès l'aurore.  
Et, debout sur le seuil, le soir me trouve encore !  
Hélas! l'espoir a fui mon âme endolorie!

[26] No. 11, 'La Danse'

(Mazurka No. 30 in G major, Op. 50, No. 1)

Tralala... Entendez-vous, c'est le signal,  
Le signal du bal,  
Et vers la danse la jeunesse s'élançait !  
Tous la main dans la main, garçons et filles  
Sans souci du lendemain, ah !  
Sous les charmilles, garçons et filles,  
Sans souci du lendemain, la main dans la main.  
Pour ne pas manquer la fête,  
Avant l'aube j'étais prête;  
J'en aurai mal à la tête, mais ça m'est égal.  
Cavaliers, genoux en terre,  
Sont là, guettant d'un œil joyeux,  
La danseuse qui, légère, voltige autour d'eux.  
Ils s'élancent, et jusqu'au matin  
On mazourke sans fin.  
Ah! pour ne pas manquer [etc.]

First of all, when the girl consults her mirror,  
Does she want a clearer verdict?  
The simplest girl has only to read  
In an eye sparkling with hope.

[25] No. 10, 'Berceuse'

Child, give in to the sleep that is closing your eye.  
I am beside you, praying to God for the person who is not here.  
Enjoy the happy wellbeing of peaceful rest,  
And don't look for your father near your cradle.  
Since he left to defend his country,  
At dawn, at the deserted threshold, I come to wait for him.  
And the evening finds me still standing there!  
Hope, alas, has fled my grieving soul!

[26] No. 11, 'The Dance'

Tralala... Do you hear? It is the signal,  
The signal of the ball,  
And the young folk rush off to the dance!  
Everyone hand in hand, boys and girls,  
Without a thought for tomorrow, ah!  
Under the bowers, boys and girls.  
Without a thought for tomorrow, hand in hand.  
So as not to miss the celebrations,  
I was ready before dawn;  
I shall have a headache, but I don't mind.  
Gentle knights, on their knees,  
Are there, watching with a happy look,  
The dancing girl, who flutters lightly around them.  
They embrace each other, and until morning  
They mazurka without stopping.  
Ah! Not to miss the celebrations [etc.]

Quelle ivresse pure ! Mais combien peu dure  
Une nuit de plaisir ! C'est vraiment un songe !  
Lorsqu'on veut qu'il se prolonge, on le sent, hélas, finir!  
Employons donc chaque heure, si rien ne demeure!  
Du temps qu'en vain on pleure, sachons gaiement jouir !  
Ah! la.

[27] No. 12, 'La Beauté'

(Mazurka No. 42 in G major, Op. 67, No. 1)

- 1 & 2 La beauté dans ce bas monde  
Règne sans seconde;  
Du couchant jusqu'à l'aurore  
L'univers l'adore.
- 2 Mais personne, ô bien suprême,  
Prends pitié de mon martyre,  
Non, personne, ô bien suprême,  
Plus que moi ne t'aime,  
Prends pitié mon martyre,  
Ou d'amour j'expire !
- 1 Plus que moi ne t'airne;  
Ou d'amour j'expire !  
Plus que moi ne t'aime,  
Ou d'amour j'expire !
- 1 & 2 Sais-tu pas combien tes charmes  
M'ont coûté larmes ?  
Et crains-tu de n'être belle,  
Si tu n'es cruelle ?
- 1 & 2 Oui, la beauté dans ce bas monde [etc.].  
  
Et par grâce, sois moins belle,  
Ou moins cruelle!

What pure rapture! But short  
A night of pleasure is! It really is a dream!  
When you want it to go on, you feel it, alas, coming  
to an end!  
So let us use every hour, if nothing will be left!  
Let's cheerfully enjoy the time that we regret in vain!  
Ah! la.

[27] No. 12, 'Beauty'

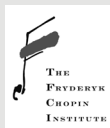
- 1 & 2 Beauty in this lowly world  
Reigns without a rival;  
From sunset until dawn  
The universe adores it.
- 2 But no one, o highest being,  
Takes pity on my martyrdom,  
No, no one, o highest,  
Loves you more than I do,  
Take pity on my martyrdom,  
Or I will die from love!
- 1 No one loves you more than I do;  
Or from love I expire!  
No one loves you more than I do;  
Or from love I expire!
- 1 & 2 Don't you know how many tears  
Your charms have cost me?  
And do you fear you will not be beautiful  
Unless you are cruel?
- 1 & 2 Yes, beauty in this world [etc.].  
  
I beg you, be less pretty,  
Or less cruel!



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