

Михаил Алексеевич Кузмин (1872-1936)

Mikhail Alexeevich Kuzmin (1872-1936)

Александрийские песни. Вторая тетрадь (1905)

1. Когда мне говорят: «Александрия»	2:07
2. Когда утром выхожу из дома	1:28
3. Ты – как у гадателя отрок	1:22
4. Когда я тебя в первый раз встретил	1:30
5. Нас было четыре сестры	3:58
6. Их было четверо	3:36

Александрийские песни. Первая тетрадь (1905)

7. Вечерний сумрак	2:00
8. Сладко умереть	2:43
9. Что ж делать	3:16
10. Я спрашивал	1:56
11. Если б я был	3:35
12. Солнце, солнце	2:32

Духовные стихи (1901-1903)

13. Хождение Богородицы по мукам	10:17
14. О старце и льве	5:39
15. О разбойнике	4:43
16. Пустыня (раскольничий)	4:14
17. Страшный суд	4:40

Общее время: 59:56

Мила Шкиртиль, меццо-сопрано
Юрий Серов, фортепиано

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Звукорежиссер: Алексей Барашкин

Текст: Павел Дмитриев

Английский текст: Сергей Суслов

Дизайн: Анастасия Евменова и Олег Фахрутдинов

Обложка: Ю.Анненков. Михаил Кузмин. 1919

Alexandrian Songs. Part II (1905)

1. When They Say To Me, "Alexandria"	2:07
2. When I Leave Home	1:28
3. You're Like A Fortune Teller's Boy	1:22
4. When I First Met You	1:30
5. We Were Four Sisters	3:58
6. They Were Four	3:36

Alexandrian Songs. Part I (1905)

7. Evening Dusk	2:00
8. 'Tis Sweet to Die	2:43
9. So What	3:16
10. I Asked	1:56
11. If I Were	3:35
12. Sun, Sun	2:32

Sacred Verses (1901-1903)

13. Descent Of The Virgin Into Hell	10:17
14. The Elder And The Lion	5:39
15. The Robber	4:43
16. The Hermitage (dissenter's)	4:14
17. The Doomsday	4:40

Total Time: 59:56

Mila Shkirttil, mezzo-soprano
Yuri Serov, piano

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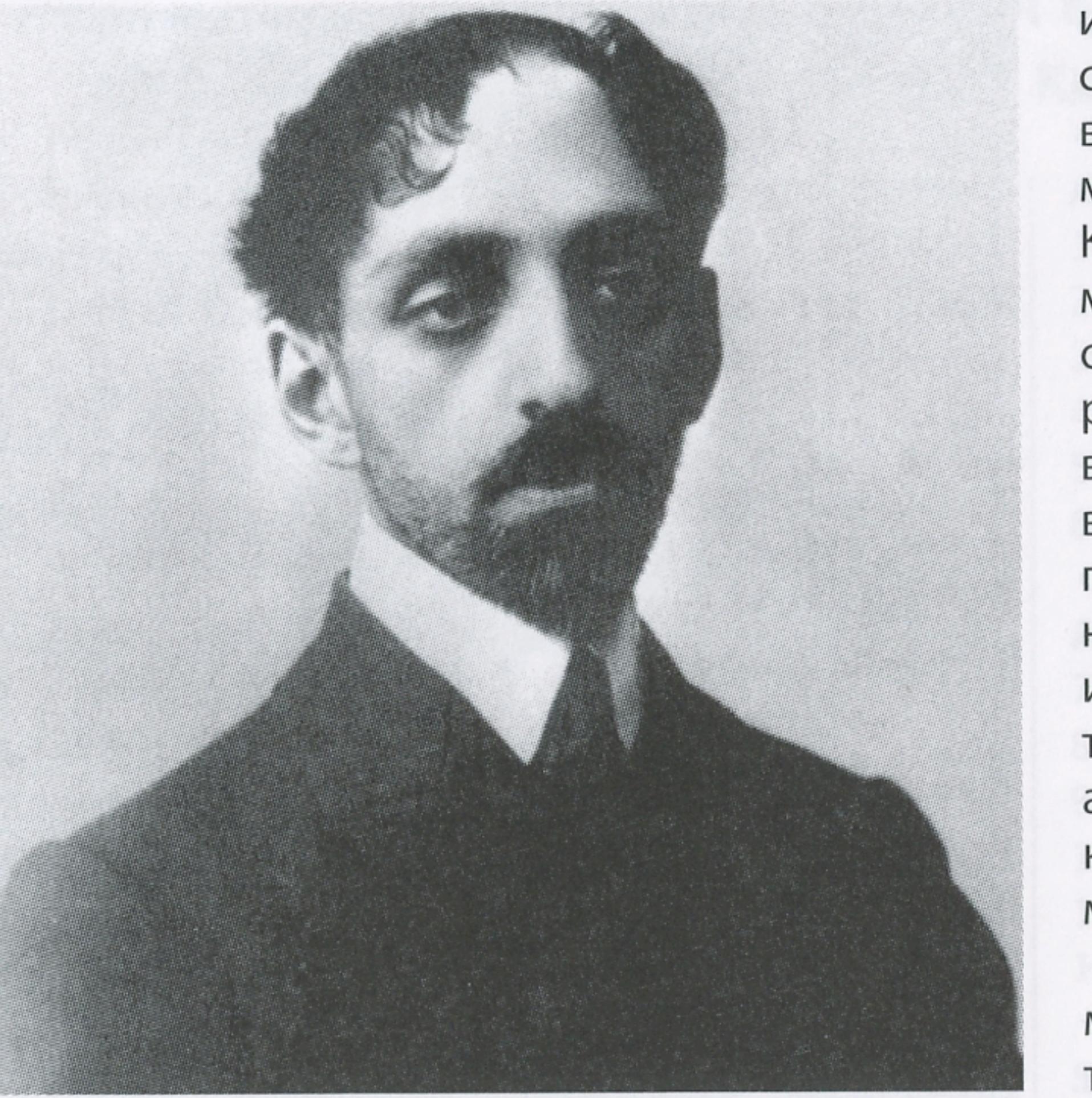
В истории русской культуры имя **Михаила Алексеевича Кузмина** (1872–1936) останется, прежде всего, как имя крупнейшего поэта XX века, в своем поэтическом творчестве во многом определившего пути русского модернизма. И, несмотря на то, что на долгие годы Кузмина постигло забвение, коснувшееся столь многих выдающихся мастеров в советскую эпоху, его поэтический авторитет был высок и в те годы, когда его поэзия была малодоступна для читателей. Теперь становится очевидным, что для русской культуры очень важными были и другие стороны его таланта: его проза, переводы, а также музыкальные сочинения.

Михаил Кузмин родился в Ярославле, но вскоре семья переехала в Саратов. Детство будущего писателя прошло в живописном волжском kraе. Русский семейный быт с его патриархальностью, смена времен года, с их неповторимым очарованием, в сочетании с первыми яркими впечатлениями от прочитанных книг (в том числе и на иностранных языках) и услышанных музыкальных произведений, можно сказать, легли в основу мировосприятия Кузмина. Более того, детские воспоминания на всю жизнь оставались для Кузмина той питательной средой, которая (наравне с его литературными и музыкальными впечатлениями) формировала его собственное творчество. В 12-летнем возрасте Кузмин вместе с родителями оказался в Петербурге, и с этих пор его жизнь была связана с российской столицей.

Еще в гимназические годы Кузмин ощутил себя музыкантом и почувствовал тягу к сочинительству. За полтора десятилетия, с 1890 года – первого известного нам музыкального произведения – до 1906 года, когда Кузмин



окончательно вступил на литературное поприще, он испробовал свои силы в различных музыкальных жанрах, написав несколько опер, ораторий, создав хоровые, симфонические, камерные инструментальные и вокальные произведения. Музыкальное, и вообще – творческое дарование Кузмина «подпитывалось» с самого начала общением с друзьями, его музыкальные начинания были поддержаны другом его гимназических лет и постоянным корреспон-



дентом Юшем Чичериным (будущим советским Наркоминдел Георгием Васильевичем Чичериным). Чичерин разглядел в своем сверстнике талант и всемерно содействовал его развитию, помогая Кузмину советами и поддерживая его материально, регулярно обсуждал с ним новинки музыкальной литературы, давал оценку (иногда в высшей степени комплиментарную) его музыкальным произведениям.

Возможно, не без влияния Чичерина, Кузмин поступил в 1891 году в Петербургскую консерваторию. Там он занимался теоретическими дисциплинами у А. К. Лядова и Н. А. Римского-Корсакова, однако через два года оставил занятия по болезни и вследствии брал только частные уроки композиции. Происходивший

из аристократической семьи Чичерин вводит своего товарища в избранный круг и, что важнее, пытается продвигать его в музыкальном мире. В 1898 году он посыпает произведения Кузмина на суд известному петербургскому музыкальному критику А. П. Коптяеву. В своем отзыве Коптяев отмечает присутствие «своеобразной гармонии и выразительной мелодии», вместе с тем он указывает на недостаточное владение техническими навыками и, главное, подчеркивает превосходство Кузмина – сочинителя вокальных миниатюр над Кузминым-инструменталистом. Позже Б. В. Асафьев в статье «Музыка в творчестве М. А. Кузмина» (1920) афористично определит особенности музыкального дарования Кузмина: «Вкусы строгого мастера, а выполнение по капризам дилетанта».

И в музыке, и в литературе Кузмин – мастер миниатюры, причем, именно вокальной миниатюры. Камерная вокальная музыка, благодаря своей интимности, обладает особыми выразительными средствами, и это ее качество как нельзя лучше соответствовало таланту Кузмина. За пятнадцать лет его «долитературного» периода им было написано около четырехсот произведений этого жанра. Среди них – романсы на стихи русских поэтов, начиная от Батюшкова, Пушкина, Лермонтова, А. К. Толстого, Ап. Майкова, Фета, А. Кольцова, И. Сурикова, и заканчивая уже современниками: Надсоном, К. Фофановым, Мережковским и Бальмонтом, а также многочисленные композиции на оригинальные тексты зарубежных поэтов – от Петрарки и Шекспира до Гете, Гюго, Мюссе и Верлена. Очевидно влияние на Кузмина таких композиторов, как Шуберт, Массне, Дебюсси, Мусоргский, Римский-Корсаков и Чайковский.

Именно для вокальных миниатюр Кузмин стал сочинять и собственные тексты и, совсем не будучи преувеличением сказать, что музыка помогла ему развить его литературный дар.

Главная среда для исполнения вокальных миниатюр Кузмина – это салон, музыкальный кружок, домашний концерт, где часто он пел свои романсы сам, аккомпанируя себе на рояле. Но своими камерными вокальными сочинениями Кузмин был представлен и в концертах, называвшихся «Вечерами современной музыки» – передового музыкального предприятия, близкого «Миру искусства» и организованного для популяризации современной русской и европейской музыки, проводившегося в Петербурге на протяжении одиннадцати сезонов (1901–1912). В одной из автобиографий Кузмин пишет: «Через семейство Верховских и Чичериных я сблизился с «Вечерами современной музыки» и с людьми, стоящими близко к ним, т. е., с В. Ф. Нувелем, А. П. Нуруком, К. А. Сомовым и С. П. Дягilevым». Здесь же впервые состоялось в апреле 1906 года публичное исполнение нескольких «александрийских песен» Кузмина. Давая отзыв на этот вечер, выдающийся музыкальный критик В. Г. Карагыгин замечает (на страницах журнала «Весы»): «Современные произведения Кузмина «несоизмеримы» ни с какими другими вещами каких угодно авторов. В одном я уверен, однако: что находящие в его музыке проблески гениальности <...> впадают в меньшее преувеличение, чем отрицающие всякую возможность уразумения основных «принципов» его техники». Парадоксальным образом это суждение Карагыгина падает на начинавшуюся новую эпоху в творчестве Кузмина, эпоху литературы.

М. КУЗМИНЬ

АЛЕКСАНДРИЙСКИЯ ПЕСНИ



Первоначально Кузмин не придавал большого значения своим текстам, которые стал писать исключительно в расчете на музыкальное сопровождение, пока его друзья не обратили внимания на их самодовлеющую ценность. 1906 год можно считать переломным в жизни музыканта и писателя, когда не только он сам ощутил новое качество своего поэтического творчества, но и был признан как литератор интеллигентской элитой обеих столиц, прежде всего такими авторитетами, как Валерий Брюсов и Вячеслав Иванов.

К настоящему времени уже никого не надо убеждать в значении Кузмина для русской литературы XX века, его же музыкальное творчество, не только вокальное, но и музыкально-театральное (до нас дошло немало музыки, написанной им к постановкам пьес русских и зарубежных классических авторов) почти совсем забыто. Настоящей записью двух вокальных циклов Кузмина мы хотели бы привлечь внимание к его музыке.

Духовные стихи. Нотный сборник «Духовные стихи» (тетрадью и отдельными выпусками) вышел в 1912 году в издательстве Ю. Г. Циммермана.

Появление сборника совпало с выходом в московском издательстве «Скорпион» второй книги стихов Кузмина «Осенние озера», где также напечатан (с некоторыми разнотениями) текст «Духовных стихов». В обоих случаях цикл посвящен молодому драгунскому офицеру и поэту В. Г. Князеву. Впоследствии с фигурой Князева связана драматическая история, когда запутавшись в своих чувствах к Кузмину, с одной стороны, и к О. А. Глебовой-Судейкиной, с другой, он кончает в 1913 году жизнь самоубийством. Этому эпизоду посвящено несколько строк в «Поэме без героя» Анны Ахматовой, давшей произошедшему трагическому событию свое истолкование. Понятно, что посвящение в нотах вызвано обстоятельствами жизни Кузмина тех лет и ко времени непосредственного создания «Духовных стихов» отношения не имеет. Обложку к нотному сборнику выполнил художник В. П. Белкин, явившийся в это время, как и Князев, интимным другом Кузмина.

В отличие от других сборников Кузмина, «Духовные стихи» первоначально не задумывались

их автором как отдельный цикл и писались в разное время в период 1901–1903 годов, будучи только стилистически заданы самим жанром «духовного стиха». (В эти годы Кузмин занимался изучением древнерусской музыки и специально интересовался бытом старообрядцев). Все нотные автографы и списки пьес датированы. Даты завершения песен проставлены после нотного текста (вместе с именем святого, которому этот день посвящен в святацах) и написаны на церковно-славянском языке. «Хождение Богородицы по мукам» – 12 апреля 1901 (Св. Василия Париjsкого); «О старце и льве» – 21 января 1902 (Св. Максима); «О разбойнике» – 16 декабря 1902 (Пророка Аггея); «Пустыня» – 14 марта 1903 (Св. Венедикта); «Страшный суд» – 10 апреля 1903 (Св. Терентия). В нескольких случаях в рукописи сделана помета на церковно-славянском: «Писахъ Михаила Кузминъ Ярославецъ».

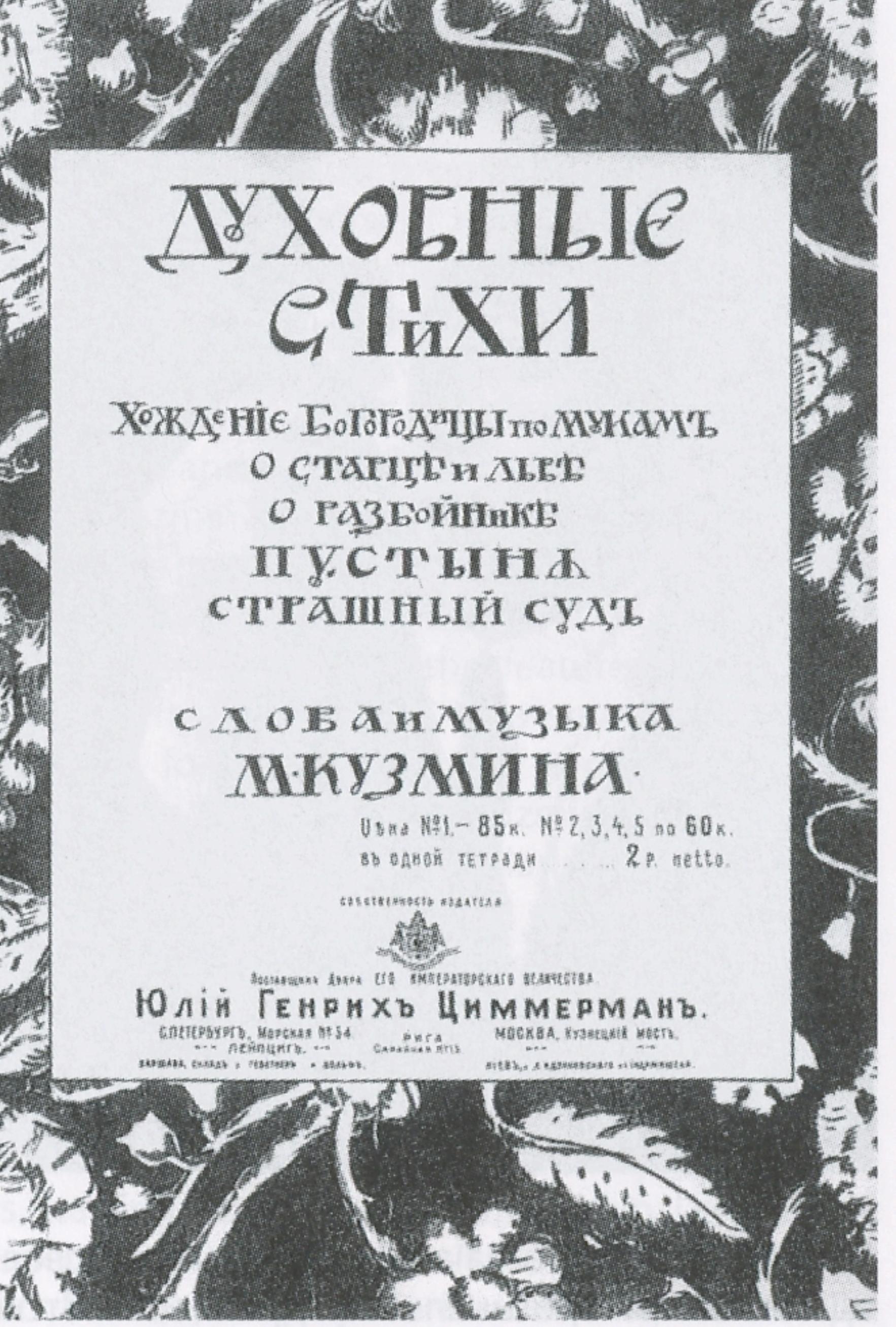
Александрийские песни. Как можно судить по авторскому списку музыкальных произведений, первая редакция вокального цикла была закончена осенью 1905 года и включала в себя 28 пьес, причем не только вокальных, но также и танцевальные. Однако, несмотря на попытки Кузмина издать «Александрийские песни» в 1910-е годы, единственное издание нотного сборника появилось только в 1921 году в московском Государственном музыкальном издательстве. Очевидно этой публикации (12 произведений в двух тетрадях) содействовал композитор А. С. Лурье, сам писавший музыку на тексты Кузмина, а в 1918–1921 гг. занимавший в Наркомпросе высокий административный пост. Ни автографов «Александрийских песен», ни даже копий до нас не дошло, потому мы не можем судить о том, насколько опубликованный

музыкальный текст отличался от первоначального, но, зная особенности композиторского метода Кузмина, можно предполагать, что различия и не могли носить принципиального характера.

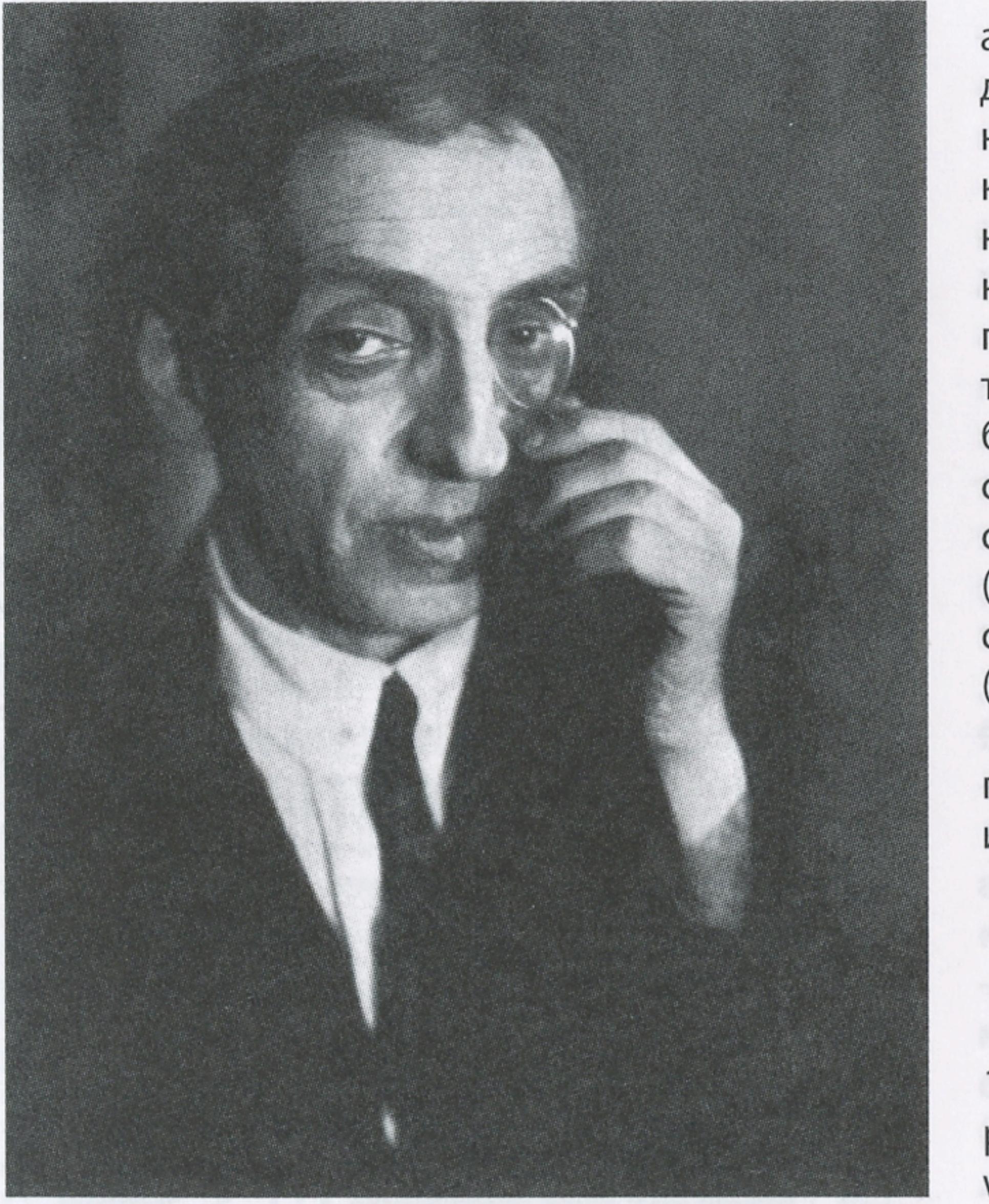
Любопытно отметить, что на знаменитой Башне Вяч. Иванова Кузмин появился в 1906 году в первый раз как музыкант-исполнитель своих «Александрийских песен». Сам он, спустя много лет, дает такой свой тогдашний портрет в дневнике 1934 года: «Небольшая выдающаяся борода, стриженые под скобку волосы, красные сапоги с серебряными подковами, парчовые рубашки, армяки из тонкого сукна в соединении с духами, румянами, подведенными глазами, обилие колец с камнями, мои "Александрийские песни", музыка и вкусы – должны были производить ошарашающее впечатление».

В 1906 году В. Я. Брюсов опубликовал в июльском выпуске журнала «Весы» 11 стихотворений из всего цикла. Большая часть «Александрийских песен» (32 стихотворения) были напечатаны при жизни Кузмина в составе его первого поэтического сборника «Сети» (1908) как заключительная четвертая часть всей книги. В 1919 и 1921 гг. Петроградское издательство «Прометей» выпустило книгу «Александрийские песни» отдельным изданием (по своему составу полностью совпадающую с одноименной заключительной частью «Сетей»). Еще несколько «александрийских песен» были опубликованы в 1970–1990-е годы.

Тексты «Александрийских песен» безусловно, сочинялись в расчете на музыку, как и подавляющее большинство ранних стихотворений. На сочинение «Александрийских песен» Кузмина оказали определенное влияние, с одной стороны, его поездка в Египет в 1895 году (между про-



ним, описывая в письме к Чичерину от 17 мая свои впечатления от посещения египетских городов, Кузмин замечает «я записал 9 египетских мотивов»), с другой – литературные впечатления, романы Г. Эберса, Г. Флобера и др. Из наиболее сильных литературных влияний современниками были отмечены «Песни Билитис» (1894) Пьера Луиса, воздействие которых сам Кузмин отвергал. Документально известно лишь то, что



Кузмин называл в качестве источников своего вдохновения оригинальные древнеегипетские тексты (в беседе с Н. В. Волькеном, сделавшей на основе общения с поэтом 4 декабря 1925 г. доклад в Литературной секции Государственной академии художественных наук в Москве).

На диске впервые представлена полная за-

пись двух музыкально-поэтических циклов М. Кузмина. Следует специально отметить, что нотный текст «Духовных стихов», является новой редакцией, учитывающей не только из-
дание цикла 1912 года, но и дошедшие до нас

автографы и рукописные копии, а в «Александрийских песнях» выправлены опечатки издания 1921 года. Нотный текст был приготовлен в конце 1990-х годов для сборника Кузмина, планировавшегося к выходу в издательстве «Музыка» (пользуемся случаем, чтобы выразить свою глубокую признательность редактору издательства М. С. Городецкой). В этот сборник нами были включены вокально-инструментальная сюита «Куранты любви» и все циклы Кузмина на собственные тексты, как опубликованные ранее («Духовные стихи», «С Волги», «Александрийские песни»), так и никогда не публиковавшиеся («Il canzoniere», «Харикл из Милета»).

Выпускаемый диск является, таким образом, первым в ряду музыкальных публикаций Михаила Кузмина – крупнейшего поэта XX века.

П. В. Дмитриев

The name of **Mikhail Alexeevich Kuzmin** (1872–1936) will remain in the history of Russian culture primarily as that of a great poet of the 20th century, who significantly determined the paths of Russian modernism in his poetical achievements. And although Kuzmin fell into oblivion for many years, similar to so many outstanding masters in the Soviet epoch, his poetic authority was high even in the years when his poetry was hardly accessible to readers. Now it is becoming obvious that other aspects of his talent, i.e. his prose, translations, and musical compositions were also very important for Russian culture.

Mikhail Kuzmin was born in Yaroslavl, but the family soon moved to Saratov. The future writer spent his childhood in the picturesque Volga land. The Russian family lifestyle with its patriarchal cha-

racter, the change of seasons, with their inimitable charm, combined with the first bright impressions of books read (in particular, those in foreign languages) and pieces of music heard may be said to have formed the basis of Kuzmin's mentality. Moreover, the childhood memories remained for Kuzmin, throughout his life, the nutrient medium, which (apart from his literary and musical impressions) formed his own creative work. At the age of 12, Kuzmin moved to St. Petersburg with his parents, and from that time, his life was related to the capital of Russia.

As early as in his school years, Kuzmin realized that he was a musician, and felt inclination to composing. In one and a half decades, from the year 1890 – the first musical composition known to us – till 1906 when Kuzmin finally adopted a literary career, he tried his abilities in various musical genres. He wrote several operas, oratorios, and other choral, symphonic, and chamber instrumental and vocal opuses. Kuzmin's musical and generally artistic gift was "charged" from the outset by communication with friends; his musical initiatives were supported by his schoolmate and constant correspondent Yusha Chicherin (future Soviet Foreign Minister Georgiy V. Chicherin.) Chicherin perceived a talent in the boy of his age, and did his best to promote its development, helping Kuzmin with advice and supporting him with money; he regularly discussed novelties of musical literature with him, and evaluated (sometimes in an extremely complimentary manner) his musical achievements. Probably not without Chicherin's influence, Kuzmin entered the St. Petersburg Conservatory in 1891. He studied theoretical disciplines there with A. K. Lyadov and N. A. Rimsky-Korsakov, however two years later he quit the studies due to his illness, and only had

private lessons in composition afterwards. Chicherin, born into an aristocratic family, introduced his friend to the select society, and what is the most important, he tried to promote him in the world of music. In 1898, he sent Kuzmin's works to well-known St. Petersburg's musical critic A. P. Koptyaev for review. In his opinion, Koptyaev notes "peculiar harmonies and expressive melodies"; on the other hand, he indicates the insufficient knowledge of techniques and, above all, emphasizes the superiority of Kuzmin the author of vocal miniatures over Kuzmin the instrumentalist. Later, B. V. Asafiev in his article "Music in the Works of M. A. Kuzmin" (1920) aphoristically described the features of Kuzmin's musical gift as "The taste of a strict master, with execution following whims of a dilettante." Both in music and in literature, Kuzmin is a master of miniature pieces, and particularly vocal miniature pieces. Chamber vocal music, due to its intimate nature, has special means of expression, and this quality excellently suited Kuzmin's talent. In the fifteen years of his "pre-literary" period, he wrote about four hundred pieces in this genre. Among them are romance songs to words by Russian poets, starting from Batyushkov, Pushkin, Lermontov, Alexei K. Tolstoy, Apollo Maikov, Fet, Alexei Koltsov, Ivan Surikov, and up to his contemporaries like Nadson, K. Fofanov, Merezhkovsky, and Balmont, and numerous compositions to original lyrics by foreign poets – from Petrarch and Shakespeare to Goethe, Hugo, Musset, and Verlaine. The influence on Kuzmin of such composers as Schubert, Massenet, Debussy, Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Tchaikovsky is evident. It was for miniature vocal pieces that Kuzmin began to write his own texts, and it will be no exaggeration to say that music helped him to develop his literary gift.

The principal environment for performance of Kuzmin's vocal miniatures is a salon, a musical circle, a home concert where he often sang his songs himself accompanying the singing on the piano. But Kuzmin was represented with his chamber vocal compositions also in concerts called "Evenings of Modern Music", an advanced musical project close to "The World of Art", launched to popularize contemporary Russian and European music held in St. Petersburg for eleven seasons (1901–1912). In one of his autobiographies, Kuzmin wrote, "Via the families of Verkhovsky and Chicherin I got acquainted to the "Evenings of Modern Music" and to people close to them, that is, with V. F. Nouvelle, A. P. Nouroc, K. A. Somov, and S. P. Dyagilev." It was there that the first public performance of several "Alexandrian Songs" of Kuzmin took place in April 1906.

In a review of that event, outstanding musical critic V. G. Karatygin commented (in the *Vessy* [The Balance] magazine), "Today's pieces by Kuzmin are "incommensurable" to any other pieces by any other author. One thing I am sure of, though: Those finding gleams of genius in his music <...> exaggerate less than those denying any possibility to perceive the main "principles" of his technique." Paradoxically, this opinion of Karatygin belongs to the starting new epoch in Kuzmin's creative work, the epoch of literature.

Initially, Kuzmin did not give much importance to his texts, which he started to write solely with an eye to musical accompaniment, until his friends noticed their self-sufficing value. The year 1906 may be considered the turning point in the life of the musician and writer, when he not only realized the new quality of his poetic creativity himself, but also was recognized as man of letters by the intellectual elite of both capitals, and first

of all by such authorities as Valery Bryusov and Vyacheslav Ivanov.

As of this writing, no one needs to be convinced of Kuzmin's importance for the Russian literature of the 20th century – while his musical heritage, not only vocal but also theatrical (much music written by him for productions of pieces by Russian and international classical authors has survived to our days) is almost completely forgotten. We would like to use this recording of two vocal cycles of Kuzmin to draw attention to his musical heritage.

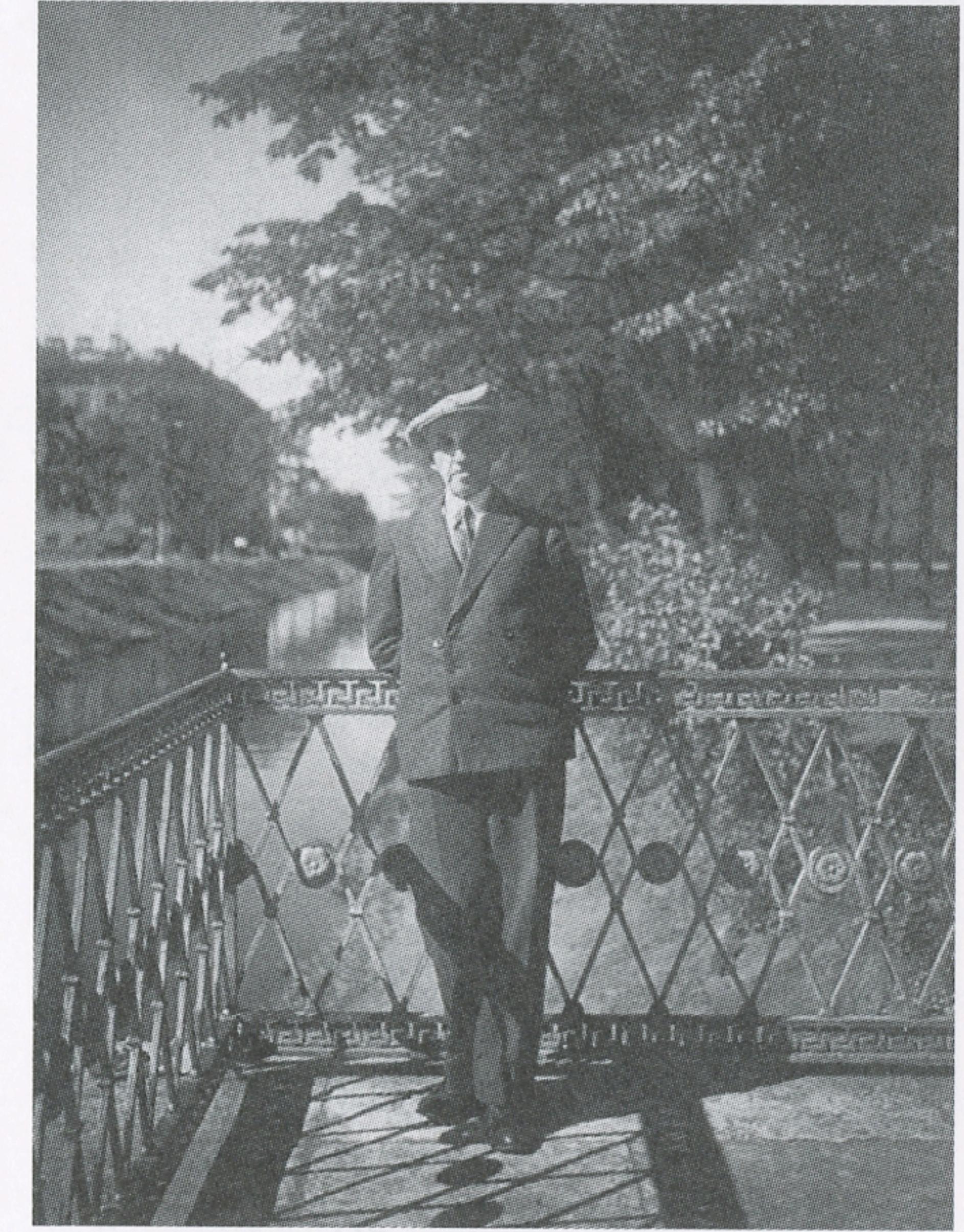
Sacred Verses. The sheet music collection Sacred Verses (as a booklet and as individual issues) was published in 1912 by the publishing house of J. H. Zimmermann.

The release of the collection coincided with the publication, by Moscow's publishing house Scorpio, of Kuzmin's second book of poetry "The Autumn Lakes", where the text of Sacred Verses was also printed (with certain variant readings.) In both cases, the cycle is dedicated to young Dragoon officer and poet V. G. Knyazev. Later, the person of Knyazev was involved in the dramatic story, when he, confused by his feelings towards Kuzmin, on one hand, and towards O. A. Glebova-Sudeikina, on the other hand, committed suicide in 1913.

Several lines in "The Poem Without a Hero" by Anna Akhmatova are dedicated to this episode; she gave her own interpretation to the tragic event. It is understandable that the dedication in the sheet music was caused by the circumstances of Kuzmin's life of that exactly period, and bears no relation to the proper time of composition of Sacred Verses. The cover of the sheet music collection was made by artist V. P. Belkin who, just as Knyazev, was Kuzmin's intimate friend.

Unlike other collections by Kuzmin, Sacred Verses were not initially conceived by the author as a separate cycle; they were written at different times within 1901–1903, being only stylistically preset by the "sacred verse" genre itself. (In those years, Kuzmin studied the Old Russian music and took special interest in the lifestyle of the Old Believers/Dissenters.) All the sheet music autographs and copies of the pieces are dated. The completion dates of the songs are put in after the sheet music (together with the name of the saint to whom the day is dedicated in the Orthodox church calendar) and written in Church Slavonic. Descent of the Virgin into Hell was finished on April 12 1901 (St. Basil of Parium); The Elder and the Lion, on January 21, 1902 (St. Maximus); The Robber, December 16, 1902 (Prophet Haggai); The Hermitage, March 14, 1903 (St. Benedict); The Doomsday, April 10, 1903 (St. Terence.) In some cases, the manuscript is marked as follows: "Mikhail Kuzmin of Yaroslavl wrote this."

Alexandrian Songs. As may be judged by the author's list of musical works, the first version of this vocal cycle was finished in the autumn of 1905, and comprised 28 pieces, not only vocal, but also dancing ones. However, despite Kuzmin's attempts to publish Alexandrian Songs in the 1910s, the only publication of the sheet music collection took place only in 1921, by Moscow's State Music Publishing House. Evidently, that publication (12 opuses in two booklets) was promoted by composer A. S. Lurie who himself wrote music to words by Kuzmin, and who held a high administrative position in the National Commissariat of Education in 1918–1921. Neither the autographs of Alexandrian Songs, nor even their copies have survived, therefore we cannot judge how the published musical



text differed from the initial one, but knowing the features of Kuzmin's method of composing, it may be suggested that differences were not necessarily of any crucial nature.

It is curious to note that Kuzmin appeared in the famous Tower of Vyacheslav Ivanov for the first time in 1906 as musician, performer of his Alexandrian Songs. He himself, many years after, gave the following portrait of his person in those days in a diary of 1934: "A small protruding beard, hair cut even all around the head, red boots with silver

heel-plates, brocade shirts, peasant overcoats of fine cloth combined with perfume, rouge, mascara-penciled eyes, abundant rings with precious stones, my Alexandrian Songs, music, and tastes – must have produced a stupefying impression."

In 1906, Valery Bryusov published 11 poems of the whole cycle in the July issue of the Vessya magazine. Most of the Alexandrian Songs (32 poems) were printed in Kuzmin's lifetime in the contents of his first collection of poetry titled "The Nets" (1908) as the fourth and final part of the entire book. In 1919 and 1921, Prometheus Publishers in Petrograd issued a book titled Alexandrian Songs as a separate publication (its contents being completely the same as the final part of "The Nets" of the same name.) A few more "Alexandrian songs" were published in the 1970s – 1990s.

The texts of Alexandrian Songs were undoubtedly composed with an eye to music, just as the great majority of the early verses. The composition of Alexandrian Songs by Kuzmin was affected, to a certain extent, by his trip to Egypt in 1895 (by the way, describing his impressions of visiting Egyptian towns in the letter to Chicherin dated May 17, Kuzmin noted, "I wrote down 9 Egyptian tunes"), on one hand, and on the other hand, by literary impressions, novels by Georg Ebers, Flaubert etc. Of the strongest literary influences, the contemporaries noted The Songs of Bilitis (1894) of Pierre Louÿs, although Kuzmin himself denied any influence of that book. What is known from documents is that Kuzmin named original ancient Egyptian texts as the sources of his inspiration (in a talk with N. V. Wolkenau who made a presentation at the Literary Section of the State Academy of Artistic Sciences in Moscow on December 4, 1925 on the basis of her communication with the poet.)

This CD presents, for the first time, a full recording of two cycles of music and poetry by Mikhail Kuzmin. It should be specially noted that the sheet music of Sacred Verses is a new edition considering not only the cycle's publication of 1912 but also the surviving autographs and handwritten copies, and the misprints of the 1921 edition are corrected in Alexandrian Songs. The sheet music was prepared in the late 1990s for the Kuzmin collection that was intended for publication by the Muzyka Publishing House (we use this opportunity to extend his profound gratitude to M. S. Gorodetskaya, editor of the publishing house.) We included on this selection the vocal instrumental suite The Chimes of Love and all Kuzmin's cycles to his own lyrics, both published before (Sacred Songs, From the Volga, Alexandrian Songs), and never published (Il canzoniere, Charicles of Miletus.)

This CD is therefore the first musical publication of Mikhail Kuzmin, a great poet of the 20th century.

Pavel Dmitriev

Мила Шкиртиль, меццо-сопрано

Окончила Музыкальное училище им. Н.А. Римского-Корсакова по специальностям хоровое дирижирование и сольное пение, и вокальный факультет Санкт-Петербургской государственной консерватории им. Н. А. Римского-Корсакова в 2000 году (класс проф. Е. К. Перласовой).

Мила Шкиртиль дебютировала на сцене Большого зала Санкт-Петербургской филармонии в 1994 году («Gloria» А. Вивальди), на оперной сцене – в 1997 году («Евгений Онегин», няня, Театр оперы и балета СПб консерватории), за рубежом – в 2001 году («Дон Карлос», Эболи, Stadttheater Klagenfurt, Австрия).

Репертуар певицы широк и разнообразен – кантатно-ораториальные сочинения, опера, камерная музыка, произведения современных композиторов. Особое место в нем занимают вокальные циклы – «Песни и пляски смерти» М.Мусоргского, «Испанские песни» Д.Шостаковича, «Отчалившая Русь» Г.Свиридова, «Русская тетрадь» В.Гаврилина, «Девушка с гор» Э.Грига, «Семь испанских песен» Де Фальи и другие. Русскому романсу посвящена ее серия концертов «Романс о романсе», в рамках которой публике уже представлено шестнадцать программ.

Мила Шкиртиль много гастролирует в городах России и других странах – Франция, Бельгия, Ирландия, Португалия, Норвегия, Литва, Эстония, Голландия, Испания, Япония, Италия, Бразилия. Записала несколько компакт-дисков для Delos, США («Собрание романсов и песен М.И. Глинки» и «Собрание вокальных сочинений Д.Д. Шостаковича») и Northern Flowers, Россия («Собрание песен и романсов А.К. Глазунова», «Скорбящие радости Богородицы» Д.В. Смирнова, вокальные циклы Г. Свиридова и Б. Чайковского, Романсы русских композиторов XIX века, вокальные сочинения В. Гаврилина, собрание песен А. Рубинштейна).

Mila Shkirttil, mezzo-soprano

She graduated from the Rimsky-Korsakov Music College in Choir Conducting and Solo Singing, and from the Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatoire of St. Petersburg in Solo Singing (2000, with Prof. E. Perlasova). She made her debut in Vivaldi's "Gloria" in 1994 at the St. Petersburg Philharmonic Hall. Since 1997, Ms. Shkirttil was engaged in performances of the Opera and Ballet Theater of St. Petersburg Con-



servatoire and she made her Opera debut abroad in 2001 in "Don Carlos" production (Eboli) of the Stadttheater Klagenfurt, Austria.

Mila Shkirttil concertizes much, performing opera parts, cantatas and oratorios with orchestras of several cities of Russia and Europe. She has appeared with chamber programs at the best venues of St. Petersburg and abroad (in France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Norway, Ireland, Portugal, Eastland, Italy, Brazil, the United States and Japan).

Mila Shkirttil has recorded several CDs for Delos (USA, Complete Vocal Compositions

by D. Shostakovich and Complete Songs and Romances by M. Glinka) and Northern Flowers (Russia, Complete Songs and Romances by A. Glazunov, Our Lady's Rejoicing in Sorrow by D. Smirnov, vocal cycles by G. Sviridov and B. Tchaikovsky, Songs by Russian composers of the first half of the 19th century, Vocal works by V. Gavrilin and collected songs by A. Rubinstein).

Юрий Серов, фортепиано

Окончил Петербургскую консерваторию им. Н.А. Римского-Корсакова в 1993 г., стажировался в Зальцбурге и Веймаре у Хартмута Хеля. В качестве солиста, дирижера, участника фортепианного дуэта, ансамбlista и аккомпаниатора гастролировал более чем в 25 странах мира, записал более 55 компакт-дисков для различных фирм России, Бельгии, Японии и США.

Юрий Серов – автор многочисленных статей и эссе о музыке, преподает в Петербургской консерватории, является артистическим директором Международного фестиваля камерной музыки «Северные цветы» в Санкт-Петербурге, основателем и редактором серии компакт-дисков «Петербургский музыкальный архив».

Yuri Serov, piano

Graduated from the St.-Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory in 1993, he has studied with Hartmut Hoell in Salzburg and Weimar. As a soloist, ensemblist, member of a piano duo, conductor and piano accompanist, Yuri Serov has toured many cities of more than 25 countries he



has recorded over 55 CDs for a number of labels of Russia, Belgium, Japan and the USA.

Yuri Serov is the author of many articles and essays on music. At present, he teaches chamber music at the St. Petersburg Conservatory. He is Artistic Director of the Northern Flowers international chamber music festival, founder and editor of the CD series St. Petersburg Musical Archive.

ALEXANDRIAN SONGS

1. When They Say To Me, "Alexandria"

When they say to me, "Alexandria,"
I see the white walls of a house,
a small garden with a bed of gillyflowers,
and the pale sun of an autumn evening,
and I hear the sounds of far-off flutes.

When they say to me, "Alexandria,"
I see the stars above the calming-down city,
drunken sailors in dark quarters,
and a dancer girl dancing the "wasp",
and I hear the sound of tambourine and shouts of
a brawl.

When they say to me, "Alexandria,"
I see a pale crimson sunset over the green sea,
moppy twinkling eyes,
and light grey eyes below thick eyebrows,
which I see even when
they do not say "Alexandria" to me!

2. When I Leave Home

When I leave home in the morning,
I look and the sun and think,
"How it reminds you,
when you bathe in the river
or look at distant gardens!"
And when I look at the same sun
at noon, when it's so hot,
I think about you, my joy,
"How it reminds you,
when you drive along a crowded street!"
And when I look at gentle sunsets
you come to my mind again,
when you fall asleep pale from caresses,
and close your darkened eyelids.

ALEKSANDRIJSKIE PESNI

1. Kogda mne govorят: «Aleksandrija»

Kogda mne govorят: «Aleksandrija»,
ja vizhu belye steny doma,
nebol'shoj sad s grjadkoj levkoev,
blednoe solnce osennego vechera
i slyshu zvuki dalekikh flejt.

Kogda mne govorят: «Aleksandrija»,
ja vizhu zvezdy nad stihajuschim gorodom,
p'janyh matrosov v temnyh kvartalah,
tancovschicu, pljashuschuju «osu»,
i slyshu zvuk tamburina i kriki ssory.

Kogda mne govorят: «Aleksandrija»,
ja vizhu bledno-bagrovyy zakat nad zelenym
morem,
mohnatye migajuwie zvezdy
i svetlye serye glaza pod gustymi browjami,
kotorye ja vizhu i togda,
kogda ne govorят mne: «Aleksandrija!»

2. Kogda utrom vyhozhu iz doma

Kogda utrom vyhozhu iz doma,
ja dumaju, gljadja na solnce:
«Kak ono na tebja pohozhe,
kogda ty kupaesh'sja v rechke
ili smotrish' na dal'nie ogorody!»
I kogda smotrju ja v polden' zharkij
na to zhe zhguchee solnce,
ja dumaju pro tebja, moja radost':
«Kak ono na tebja pohozhe,
kogda ty edesh' po ulice ljudnoj!»
I pri vzgljade na nezhnye zakaty
ty zhe mne na pamjat' prihodish',
kogda, poblednev ot lask, ty zasypaesh'
i zakryvaesh' potemnevshie veki.

3. You're Like A Fortune Teller's Boy

You're like a fortune teller's boy:
you read everything in my heart,
you guess my every thought,
you know all I think,
but your knowledge is not great here,
and not many words are required here,
neither a mirror nor a roasting pan
are needed here:
one thing is sounded in different voices
in my heart, my thoughts and my musing:
"I love you, I love you forever!"

4. When I First Met You

When I first met you,
my poor memory cannot recollect:
if it was in the morning or daytime,
in the evening or late at night.
I only remember pale cheeks,
grey eyes under dark eyebrows,
and blue collar round you swarthy neck,
and it seems to me I saw that in my childhood,
though I'm much older than you.

5. We Were Four Sisters

We were four sisters, four sisters we were,
we all loved but we had different "because":
one loved because father
and mother ordered her so,
another loved because
her lover was rich,
still another loved because
he was a famous artist,
and I loved because I fell in love.

We were four sisters, four sisters we were,
we all desired but we had different desires:

3. Ty – kak u gadatelja otrok

Ty – kak u gadatelja otrok:
vse v moem serdce chitaesh',
vse moi otgadyvaesh' myсли,
vse moi dumy znaesh',
no znan'e twoe tut ne veliko
i ne mnogo slov tut i nuzhno,
tut ne nuzhno ni zerkala,
ni zharovni:
v moem serdce, mysljah i dumah
vse odno zvuchit raznymi golosami:
«Ljublju tebja, ljublju tebja naveki!»

4. Kogda ja tebja v pervyj raz vstretil

Kogda ja tebja v pervyj raz vstretil,
ne pomnit bednaja pamjat':
utrom li to bylo, dnem li,
vecherom ili pozdneju noch'ju.
Tol'ko pomnju blednovatye weki,
serye glaza pod temnymi brovjami
i sinij vorot u smugloj shei,
i kazhetsja mne, chto ja videl jeto v rannem detstve,
hotja i starshe tebja ja mnogim.

5. Nas bylo chetyre sestry

Nas bylo chetyre sestry, chetyre sestry nas bylo,
vse my chetyre ljubili, no vse imeli raznye «potomu chto»:
odna ljubila, potomu chto
tak otec s mater'ju ej veleli,
drugaja ljubila, potomu
chtob bogat byl ee ljubovnik,
tret'ja ljubila, potomu
chtob on byl znamenityj hudozhnik,
a ja ljubila, potomu chto poljubila.

Nas bylo chetyre sestry, chetyre sestry nas bylo,
vse my chetyre zhelali, no u vseh byli raznye zhelan'ja:

one desired to raise children and cook porridge,
another desired to wear new dresses every day,
still another desired to be talked about everywhere,
and I desired to love and be loved.

We were four sisters, four sisters we were,
we all ceased to love,
but we all had different reasons:
one ceased to love because her husband died,
another ceased to love because her friend went broke,
still another ceased to love because the artist left her,
and I ceased to love because I ceased to love.

We were four sisters, four sisters we were,
but maybe were five, not four?

6. They Were Four

They were four this month,
but only one was the one I loved.

The first one went all broke for me,
sending me new gifts every day,
and when he sold his last mill to buy me bracelets
that jingled when I was dancing –
he stabbed himself to death!
but he was not the one I loved.

The second one wrote thirty elegies in my honor,
known as far as in Rome, wherein it was said
that my cheeks are like sunrises,
and my plaits are like night's curtain,
but he was not the one I loved.

The third one, ah! The third one was so handsome
that his own sister strangled herself with her plait
out of fear to fall in love with him;
he stood at my door day and night

odna zhelala vospityvat' detej i varit' kashu,
drugaja zhelala nadevat' kazhdyj den' novye plat'ja,
tret'ja zhelala, chtob vse o nej govorili,
a ja zhelala ljubit' i byt' ljubimoj.

Nas bylo chetyre sestry, chetyre sestry nas bylo,
vse my chetyre razljubili,
no vse imeli raznye prichiny:
odna razljubila, potomu chto muzh ejo umer,
drugaja razljubila, potomu chto drug ejo razorilsja,
tret'ja razljubila, potomu chto hudozhnik ejo brosil,
a ja razljubila, potomu chto razljubila.

Nas bylo chetyre sestry, chetyre sestry nas bylo,
a mozhet byt', nas bylo ne chetyre, a pjat'?

6. Ih bylo chetvero

Ih bylo chetvero v jetot mesjac,
no lish' odin byl tot, kogo ja ljubila.

Pervyj Sovsem dlja menja razorilsja,
posylal kazhdyj den' novye podarki
i prodavshi poslednjuju mel'nicu,
chtob kupit' mne zapjast'ja,
kotorye zvjakali, kogda ja pljasala, – zakololsja!
no on ne byl tot, kogo ja ljubila.

Vtoroj napisal v moju chest' tridcat' jelegij,
izvestnyh dazhe do Rima, gde govorilos',
chtob moi weki – kak utrennie zori,
a kosy – kak polog noch'i,
no on ne byl tot, kogo ja ljubila.

Tretij, ah! tretij byl tak prekrasen,
chtob rodnaja sestra ego udavilas' kosou
iz straha v nego vljubit'sja;
on stojal den' i noch' u moego poroga,

begging me to say "Come in," but I was silent,
for he was not the one I loved.

Now you were not rich, you spoke not
of daybreaks and nights, you were not handsome,
and when I threw a carnation
flower at the Adonis feast,
you looked at me indifferently with your light eyes,
but you were the one I loved!

7. Evening Dusk

Evening dusk over the warm sea,
lighthouse lights in the darkened sky,
fragrance of verbena at the end of a feast,
fresh morning after long vigils,
strolls in the alleys of a spring garden,
shouts and laughter of bathing women,
holy peacocks near Juno's temple,
sellers of violets, pomegranates, and lemons,
pigeons are cooing, the sun is shining,
when will I see you, my native city!

8. 'Tis Sweet to Die

'Tis sweet to die
in the battlefield,
in the whine of arrows and lances,
when the trumpet sounds
and the sun is shining,
at noon,
dying for the glory of motherland,
and hearing around you,
"Farewell hero!"
'Tis sweet to die
a venerable old man,
in the same home,
on the same bed
where grandfathers were born and died,

umoljaja, chtob ja skazala: «Pridi», – no ja molchala,
potomu chto on ne byl tot, kogo ja ljubila.

Ty zhe ne byl bogat,
ne govoril pro zori i nochi, ne byl krasiv,
i kogda na prazdnie Adonisa
ja brosila v tebja gvozdikoj,
posmotrel ravnodushno svoimi svetlymi glazami,
no ty byl tot, kogo ja ljubila!

7. Vechernij sumrak

Vechernij sumrak nad teplym morem,
ogni majakov na potemnevshem nebe,
zapah verbeny pri konce pira,
svezhee utro posle dolgih bdenij,
progulki v allejah vesennego sada,
kriki i smeh kupajuschihsja zhenschin,
svjaschennye pavliny u hrama Junony,
prodavzy fialok, granat i limonov,
vorkujut golubi, svetit solnce,
kogda zh uvizhu tebja, rodimyj gorod!

8. Sladko umeret'

Sladko umeret'
na pole bitvy
pri sviste strel i kopij,
kogda zvuchit truba
i solnce svetit,
v polden'
umiraja dlja slavy otchizny
i slysha vokrug:
«Proschaj, geroj!»
Sladko umeret'
mastitym starcem
v tom zhe dome,
na toj zhe krovati,
gde rodilis' i umerli dedy,

surrounded by children
now full grown-up,
and hearing around you,
"Farewell father!"
But 'tis much sweeter,
and wiser,
having spent all the fortune,
having sold the last mill
for a woman
to be forgotten the next day,
having returned
after a merry stroll
to the already-sold home,
to have supper,
and having read Apuleius's story
for the one hundred and first time,
in a warm fragrant bath,
hearing no farewells,
to lance your veins;
the narrow window near the ceiling
letting in gillyflowers' fragrance,
and the light of the dawn;
and hearing far-off flutes.

9. So What

So what,
if the purple of the evening clouds
in the greenish sky,
when the moon can already be seen on the left,
and the giant moppy star
a harbinger of the morning,
is getting pale so fast,
is melting
right before my eye?
If the way down the wide road
between the trees and past the mills
that were mine once,

okruzhennym det'mi,
stavshimi uzhe muzhami,
i slysha vokrug:
«Proschaj, otec!»
No esche slasche,
esche mudree,
istrativshi vse imen'e,
prodavshi poslednjuju mel'nicu
dlja toj,
kotoruju zavtra zabyly by,
vernuyshis'
posle veseloy progulki
v uzhe prodannyj dom,
pouzhitin'
i, prochitav rasskaz Apuleja
v sto pervyj raz,
v teploj dushistoj vanne,
ne slysha nikakih proschanii,
otkryt' sebe zhily;
i chtob v uzkoe okno u potolka
pahlo levkojami,
svetila zarja
i vdaleke byli slyshny flejty.

9. Chto zh delat'

Chto zh delat',
chtob bagranec vechernih oblakov
na zelenovatom nebe,
kogda sleva uzh viden mesjac
i kosmato-ogromnaja zvezda,
predvestnica utra,
bystro bledneet,
taet
sovsem na glazah?
Chto put' po shirokoj doroge
mezdu derev'ev mimo mel'nic,
byvshih kogda-to moimi,

but changed for bracelets for you,
where we are riding with you,
will end there behind the corner
in the home, albeit friendly,
right now?
If my verses,
dear to me
as well as to Callimachus
and to any other great man,
in which I put love and all tenderness
and light thoughts from gods,
pleasure of my mornings,
when the sky is clear
and the jasmine smell is in the windows –
will be forgotten tomorrow,
just like everything?
If I stop seeing
your face,
hearing your voice?
If the wine is drunken,
the fragrance fades,
and the dearest cloths
will molder
in a few ages?
Will I love less
these lovely fragile things
for their perishability?

10. I Asked

I asked the wise men of the Universe,
“Why does the sun give warmth?
why does the wind blow?
why are humans born?”

The wise men of the Universe answered,
“The sun gives warmth
for bread-corn to ripen for food,

no promenjannyh na zapjast’ja tebe,
gde my edem s tobой,
konchaetsja tam za poverotom,
hotja b i privetlivym
domom,
sovsem sejchas?
Chto moi stihi,
dorogie mne,
tak zhe, kak Kallimahu
i vsjakomu drugomu velikomu,
kuda ja vlagaju ljubov’ i vsju nezhnost’,
i legkie ot bogov mysli,
otrada utr moih,
kogda nebo jasno
i v okna pahnet zhasminom,
zavtra zabudutsja, kak i vse?
Chto perestanu ja videt’
tvoe lico,
slyshat’ tvoj golos?
cto vyp’etsja vino,
uletuchatsja aromaty
i sami dorogie tkani
istlejut
cherez stolet’ja?
Razve men’she ja stanu ljubit’
jeti milye hrupkie vewi
za ih tlennost’?

10. Ja sprashival

Ja sprashival mudrecov vselennoj:
«Zachem solnce greet?
zachem veter duet?
zachem ljudi rodjatsja?»

Otvechali mudrecy vselennoj:
– Solnce greet zatem,
chtob sozreval hleb dlja pischi

and for people to die from pest.
The wind blows
to bring ships to a distant harbor
and to bury caravans with sand.
Humans are born
to lose their beloved lives
and to give birth to others for death.”

“Now why did gods create everything this way?”
“For the same reason why
they created you with the desire
to ask useless questions.”

11. If I Were

If I were an ancient war-lord,
I would conquer Ethiopia and the Persians,
I would depose the Pharaoh,
I would build me a pyramid
taller than that of Cheops,
and would become
more glorious than anyone in Egypt!

If I were a smart thief,
I would rob Menkaure’s sarcophagus,
I would sell the stones to Alexandrian Jews,
I would buy me land and mills,
and would become
richer than anyone in Egypt.

If I were a second Antinous
drowned in the sacred Nile,
I would drive everyone crazy with my beauty,
temples would be erected to me in my lifetime,
and I would become
stronger than anyone in Egypt.

i chtoby ljudi ot zarazy merli.
Veter duet zatem,
chtob privodit’ korabli k pristani dal’nej
i chtob peskom zasypat’ karavany.
Ljudi rodjatsja zatem,
chtob rasstat’sja s miloju zhizn’ju
i chtob ot nih rodilis’ drugie dlja smerti.

«Pochemu zh bogi tak vse sozdali?»
– Potomu zhe,
pochemu v tebja vlozhili zhelan’e
zadavat’ prazdnye voprosy.

11. Esli b ja byl

Esli b ja byl drevnim polkovodcem,
pokoril by ja Efiopiju i persov,
svergnul by ja faraona,
postroil by sebe piramidu
vyshe Heopsa,
i stal by
slavnee vseh zhivuschih v Egipete!

Esli b ja byl lovkim vorom,
obokral by ja grobnicu Menkaura,
prodal by kamni aleksandrijskim evrejam,
nakupil by zemel’ i mel’nic,
i stal by
bogache vseh zhivuwihs v Egipete.

Esli b ja byl vtorym Antinoem,
utopivshimsja v svjaschennom Nile, –
ja by vseh svodil s uma krasotoju,
pri zhizni mne byli b vozdvignuty hramy,
i stal by
sil’nee vseh zhivuwihs v Egipete.

If I were a great wizard,
I would spend all my money,
I would discard every position and business,
I would guard other people's vegetable gardens –
and would become
freer than anyone in Egypt.

If I were your last slave,
I would sit in a dungeon,
I would see, once in a year or two,
the golden ornament of your sandals,
when you pass by the prisons occasionally,
and would become
happier than anyone in Egypt.

12. Sun, Sun

Sun, sun,
divine Ra-Helios,
the hearts of kings and heroes
rejoice in you,
sacred horses neigh to you,
hymns are sung to you in Heliopolis;
when you shine,
lizards crawl out onto stones,
and boys go laughing
to bathe in the Nile.
Sun, sun,
I'm a pale scribe,
a library anchorite,
but I love you, sun, no less
than a sun-tanned seaman
smelling of fish and salt water,
and no less
than his accustomed heart
rejoices
at your kingly rise
from the ocean –

Esli b ja byl mudrecom velikim,
prozhil by ja vse svoi den'gi,
otkazalsja by ot mest i zanjatij,
storozhil by chuzhie ogorody –
i stal by
svobodnej vseh zhivuschi v Egipte.

Esli b ja byl twoim rabom poslednim,
sidel by ja v podzemel'i
i videl by raz v god ili dva goda
zolotoj uzor tvoih sandalij,
kogda ty sluchajno mimo temnic prohodish',
i stal by
schastlivej vseh zhivuwi v Egipte.

12. Solnce, solnce

Solnce, solnce,
bozhestvennyj Ra-Gelios,
toboju veseljatsja
serdca carej i geroev,
tebe rzhut svjaschennye koni,
tebe pojut gimny v Geliopole;
kogda ty svetish',
jaschericy vypolzajut na kamni
i mal'chiki idut so smehom
kupat'sja k Nilu.
Solnce, solnce,
ja – blednyj pisec,
bibliotchnyj zatvornik,
no ja ljublju tebia, solnce, ne men'she,
chem zagorelyj morjak,
pahnuwij ryboj i solenoj vodoju,
i ne men'she,
chem ego privychnoe serdce
likuet
pri carstvennom twoem voshode
iz okeana,

mine is trembling,
when your dusty but fiery beam
slides
through the narrow window near the ceiling
onto a written page
and my slender yellowish hand
tracing in vermillion
the first letter of the hymn to you,
O Ra-Helios, Sun!

SACRED VERSES

13. Descent Of The Virgin Into Hell

The All-Pure Lady walked
Up a high mountain;
The All-Pure One saw
Michael the Archangel,
The All-Pure Lady told
Michael the Archangel,
"O holy, most holy
Michael the Archangel,
Take me to see
The whole torture of humans,
How those sinners suffer
Who knew no God,
Who forgot Christ,
Who did wrong."
So Michael the Archangel
Led the All-Pure One
To see all the punishments
And all the tortures:
Into the blazing inferno,
Into the pitch darkness,
Into incessant fire,
Into a river of flames.
There are tortures in the north,
And in the south,
In the sunrise east

moe trepeschet,
kogda tvoy pyl'nyj, no plamennyj luch
skol'znet
skvoz' uzkoe okno u potolka
na ispisannyj list
i moju tonkuju zheltovatuju ruku,
vyvodjaschuju kinovar'ju
pernuju bukvu gimna tebe,
o Ra-Gelios, solnce!

DUHOVNYE STIHI

13. Hozhdenie Bogorodicy po mukam

Vshodila Prechistaja
Na goru vysokuju,
Uvidela Chistaja
Mihajla-Arhangela,
Skazala Prechistaja
Mihajlu-Arhangelu:
«Ty svetlyj, presvetlyj
Mihail-Arhangel,
Svedi menja videt'
Vsju muku ljudskuju,
Kak muchatsja greshniki,
Boga ne znavshie,
Hrista pozabyvshie,
Zlo tvorivshie».
I povel prechistuju
Mihail-Arhangel
Po vsem po mukam
Po muchenskim:
V geennu ognennuju,
V t'mu kromeshnuju,
V ogn'neusypajuschij,
V reku plamennuju.
Chto na severe muki
I na juge,
Na vostoche solnca

And in the west.
The All-Pure Lady saw
How those sinners suffered
Who knew no God,
Who forgot Christ,
Who did wrong:
Princes, priests, and laity.
They did not go to church,
Did not read vigils,
Heard of no holy books,
Missed matins by sleeping,
Missed vespers by drinking,
Fornicated with godmothers;
They drove away beggars,
And did not receive pilgrims,
They were drunkards and gamblers,
Buffoons, lazy priests,
Ruthless and merciless,
All those who did
Evil and mean things.
Now as Our Lady saw
The whole torture of humans,
She burst out crying and sobbing,
And told the sinners,
"You poor, poor sinners,
You poor hapless ones!
You had better never been born.
O holy, most holy
Michael the Archangel,
Plunge me now
Into the blazing inferno:
I want to be tortured
With sinful children of God."
Michael the Archangel
Told Our Lady:
"Our Lady the Blessed Virgin,
My All-Pure Lady!"

I na zapade.
Videla Chistaja,
Kak muchatsja greshniki,
Boga ne znavshie,
Hrista pozabyvshie,
Zlo tvorivshie:
Knjaz'ja, popy i mirskaja chad',
Chto v cerkov'ne hazhivali,
Kanunov ne chityvali,
Svjatyh knig ne slyhivali,
Zautreni prosypali,
Vecherni propivali,
S kumami bludili,
Nischih progonjali,
Strannyh ne primiali,
P'janicy, zernschiki,
Skomorohi, popy lenivye,
Nemilostivye, nezhalostlivye,
Vse lihie skarednye
Dela tvorivshie.
Kak uvidela Chistaja
Vse muki ljudskie,
Vosplakala, vozrydala,
Greshnikam govorila:
«Vy bednye, bednye greshniki,
Bednye vy, neschastnye,
Luchshe by vam ne roditisja.
Ty svetlyj, presvetlyj
Mihail-Arhangel,
Vverzi menja
V geennu ognennuju:
Hochu ja muchit'sja
S greshnymi chadami Bozh'imi».
Skazal Prechistoj
Mihail-Arhangel:
«Vladychica Bogorodica,
Gospozha moja Prechistaja!

It suits Thee to repose in Eden,
And it is for sinners to be boiled in hell.
Thou shouldst better beg of Thy Son,
Only Begotten Jesus Christ,
To have mercy on the sinners." "
The Lord did not listen to Our Lady,
He had no mercy on the sinners.
And Our Lady entreated again,
"Where are you, prophets and apostles,
Where art thou, Moses the God-seer,
Daniel with three youths,
John the Divine beloved by Christ,
Where art thou, St. Nicholas
Parascheva the Friday, Christian Beauty –
Come begging to the Lord,
Beg of Him to have mercy on the sinners!" "
The Lord did not listen to Our Lady,
He had no mercy on the sinners.
And Our Lady cried out for the third time,
"Where are you, hosts of heaven:
Angels and archangels,
Cherubs and seraphs,
Where art thou, Michael the Archangel,
Archistratig of heavenly hosts?
Come begging to the Lord,
Beg of Him to have mercy on the sinners!" "
And begging came all the holy angels,
Prophets and apostles,
John the Divine beloved by Christ,
Parascheva the Friday, Christian Beauty –
And the high skies moaned
From their weeping and sobbing.
And the Merciful Lord did hear them,
And had mercy on the sinners:
He granted them peace and mirth
From the Maundy Thursday
Till the holy Pentecost.

Tvoe delo – v raju pokoit'sja,
A greshnikam – v adu kipet'.
A poprosi luchshe Syna Tvoego,
Isusa Hrista Edinorodnogo,
Da pomiluet On greshnikov».
Ne poslusal Gospod' Bogorodicy,
Ne pomiloval On greshnikov.
I opjat' vzmolilas' Prechistaja:
«Gde vy, proroki, apostoly,
Gde ty, Moisej Bogovidec,
Daniil s tremja otroki,
Ivan Bogoslovec, Hristov vozljublennik,
Gde ty, Nikola ugodnik,
Pjatnica, krasota hristianskaja, –
Pripadite vy ko Gospodu,
Da pomiluet On greshnikov!»
Ne poslusal Gospod' Bogorodicy,
Ne pomiloval On greshnikov,
I vtretie vskrichala Prechistaja:
«Gde ty, sila nebesnaja:
Angely i arhangely,
Heruvimy i serafimy,
Gde ty, Mihail-Arhangel,
Arhistratig voj nebesnyh?
Pripadite vy ko Gospodu,
Da pomiluet On greshnikov!»
I pripali vse svyatye angeli,
Proroki, apostoly,
Ivan Bogoslovec, Hristov vozljublennik,
Pjatnica, krasota hristianskaja, –
I zastonala vysota podnebesnaja
Ot ih placha-rydanija.
I uslyshal ih Gospod' Milostivyj,
I szhalilisja On nad greshnikami:
Dal im pokoj i veselie
Ot Velikogo Chetverga
Do svyatya Pjatidesjatnicy.

14. The Elder And The Lion

The sun has set behind the forest,
The mist has fallen on the meadows,
An elder is walking down the road,
An elder, yea, a holy monk.
Now a beast named lion
Is coming to meet him,
A wild and fierce lion,
A roaring beast.
"O thou fierce, thou roaring lion,
Devour me, devour me:
I was born full of sins,
And I expect no pardon.
My sins are as many
As much pitch a pine-tree has,
And I feel so heavy
Bearing all my sins.
It's thirty years that I lament my sins
And I have cleared many of them,
But one sin remains uncleared,
And it torments me day and night.
When a young man, I was a carter,
And I ran over a child.
And since then, the killed boy
Has always been standing before me.
He smiles quietly,
And says nodding his head,
"What for didst thou ruin my soul?"
Neither fast, nor prayer, nor vigil
Cannot drown that voice,
Only one way out I see –
To give my own life for the ruined one.
O thou fierce, thou roaring lion,
Do devour me, a sinful old man!"
And the elder prostrated in the lion's way,
For the fierce beast to devour him,

14. O starce i l've

Solnce za lesom uzh skrylosja,
Na luga uzh pal tuman,
Po doroge idet starec,
Starec, inok prechestnoj;
Navstrechu starcu
Idet lev zver',
Lev dikij, ljutyj
Zver' rykajuschij.
«O ljute l've, zverju rykajuschij,
Pozhri, pozhri menja:
Vo grehah ja ves' rodilsja,
I proschen'ja net uzh mne.
I grehov na mne,
Chto na sosne smoly,
I ot teh grehov
Uzh stalo tjazhko mne.
Tridcat' let o grehah ja plachusja
I ochistil mnogo ih,
No odin greh neochischennyj
Den'i noch' menja tomit.
Byl ja v molodosti vozchikom,
I ditja ja zadavil.
I s teh por otrok zagublennyj
Vse stoit peredo mnoj.
On stoit s ulybkoj tihouj,
Govorit, golovoj kivajuchi:
«Ty za chto sgubil moju dushu?»
Ni postam, ni molitvam, ni bdenijam
Ne zaglushit' togo golosa,
I odno lish' mne spasenie:
Svoju zhizn' otdat' za sgublennuju.
O ljute l've, zverju rykajuwij,
Ty pozhri menja, starca greshnogo!»
I leg starec l'vu na doroge,
Chtoby pozhral ego ljutyj zver',

But the fierce beast, the roaring lion
Looked at the monk meekly,
Shook his maned head,
And leaped over the elder and into the dark forest.
And the elder rose up bright and joyful:
Sure, the Lord forgave him,
And the child, the little boy,
Forgave him too.

15. The Robber

In the Thracian lands there once lived
A cruel and malicious robber
Who killed and stole
And did not remember God.
Now at last he grew disgusted
At blood and violence,
He remembered God at last,
And wept bitterly;
So he went to town
To render himself to judges;
He stayed overnight
In a poor hostel.
And he wept all night long,
Recollecting his life,
Wiping his burning tears
With a little towel.
Right at that time the hospitaller
Saw a strangest dream:
God's angels
Lift up all the souls
And carry them quickly
To the Throne of our Lord.
Now the angels bring
The robber's soul
So black and frightful
Cuddling up to the angels.
Now the Moors put

No ljutyj zver', lev rykajuwij,
Krotko posmotrel na inoka,
Pomotal golovoj kosmatoju —
I prgnul cherez starca v temnyj les.
I vstal starec svetel i radosten:
Znat', prostil ego Gospod',
I prostilo ditja,
Otrocha maloe.

15. O razbojnik

Zhil v Frakijskih stranah
Ijutij-zloj razbojnik,
Ubival on, grabil,
Pro Boga ne pomnil.
I stali merzet' uzh
Emu krov', nasil'e,
Tut o Boge vspomnil
I gor'ko zaplakal;
I poshel on v gorod
Sudijam predat'sja;
Nochevat' ostalsja
V gostinice bednoj.
I vsju noch' on plakal,
Zhizn' pripominaja,
Utiral ubruscem
Gorjuchie slezy.
V te pory gostinnik
Divnyj son uvidel:
Angeli Bozh'i
Podjemljut vsi dushi
I nesut ih borzo
K prestolu Gospodnju.
Prinesli tut angeli
Razbojnich'ju dushu:
Cherna i strashliva,
K angelam prizhalas':
I kladut tut muriny

All the sins, wrong,
Thefts, and murders
Into the left pan.
The angels, handsome youths,
Burst out weeping:
They had nothing to put
Into the right pan;
But then God's angels
Recalled something:
They fluttered their wings,
They flew down to the earth,
Fetched the towel
Soaked with tears,
And put it into the pan
Of God's mercy.
An amazing sight!
And hard to explain!
The scale pan
with the sins
Went up.
The hospitaller woke up
In great fear,
He rushed to the little room
Where the robber stayed.
The candle was burning out
Near the Savior's image,
And the robber himself was lying
He was lying breathless,
His sinful arms crossed,
With the towel soaked with tears
Upon his breast.

16. The Hermitage (Dissenter's)

I'm a young lad, a poor boy,
I do fear God,
Now I'll go to the hermitage
To say my prayers.

Na levuju chashku
Vse grehi, nepravdu,
Tat'by i ubijstva.
Rasplakalis' angeli,
Krasnye junoshi:
Nechego klast' im
V pravuju chashku;
Vspomnili tut chto-to
Angeli Gospodni:
Vstrepenuli kryl'jami,
Sleteli na zemlu,
Prinesli ubrusec,
Slezami smochennyj,
Polozhili v chashku
S Bozh'im miloserd'em.
Divno viden'ju!
Neudob' skazan'ju!
Chashka s grahami
Vverh podnjala.
Prosnulsja gostinnik
V strahe prevelikom,
Brosilsja v pokoe,
Gde pristal razbojnik.
Dogorala svechka
U Spasova lika,
Lezhit sam razbojnik,
Lezhit on, ne dyshit,
Slozheny nakrest
Greshnye ruki,
Na grudi ubrusec,
Slezami smochennyj.

16. Pustynja (Raskol'nichij)

Ja mladoj, ja bednyj junosh,
Ja Boga bojusja,
Ja pojdu da vo pustynju
Bogu pomoljusja.

To fatigue with fasting
My young body,
I'll blur with tears
My bright eyes.
I'll build me a close cell of logs
In that hermitage,
I'll live in the hermitage
With wild beasts.
I'll put a copper cross
On a green pine-tree,
I'll stick a yellow candle
To a thin twig –
And I'll conduct service,
With little birds saying amen,
And God's angel will hear
My secret prayer.
The police chief or sergeant
Won't seize me here;
Nor priests, nor deacons,
Won't drag me into their church.
No one's to be found in the hermitage,
And I won't regret it,
I won't meet anyone here,
And I won't sigh about it.
Small birds sing
Archangel chants,
And those heavenly songs
Soothe my young soul.
I won't remember sweet meals
Motley garments,
Nor will I desire heady spirits,
Or amiable friends.
Trees, sweet little trees,
You are my dear brothers,
And the white-legged birch –
She's my dear sister.
O beautiful hermitage,

Molodoe moe telo
Postom utruditi,
Moi glazyn'ki presvetly
Slezami zatmiti.
I srublu ja vo pustyne
Sebe tesnu kel'ju,
Stanu zhit' ja vo pustyne
S div'imi zverjami.
Ja postavlju mednyj krestik
Na zelenu sosnu,
Prileplju ja zheltu svechku
Ko tonkoj ko vetke, –
I nachnu ja sluzhbu pravit',
Ptichki zaaminjat,
I uslyshit angel Bozhij
Tajnuju molitvu.
Ni ispravnik, ni urjadnik
Menja zdes' ne shvatjat,
Ni popy, ni d'jakony
Da v cerkov' ne zataschat.
Nikogo v pustyne netu,
Da ne vozgorjuju,
Nikogo ja zdes' ne vstrechu,
Da ne vozdohnu ja.
Raspevajut maly ptashki
Arhangel'ski glasy,
Uteshajut mladu dushu
Te li pesni rajske.
Ne popomnju sladkih brashen,
Odezhdi mnogocvetnyh,
Ne vzyschu ja pitej p'janyh,
Druzej preljubeznyh.
Dereva, vy derevochki,
Moi bratcy mily,
A bereza belonozhka
Doroga sestrica.
O, prekrasnaja pustynja,

All-merciful mother,
Take thy child
Into thy sweet bosom!

17. The Doomsday

Try and think dear brothers,
How it will feel on the last day,
When the angel sounds his good trumpet,
And the gate of Eden opens –
The whole earth will quake,
The sun and moon will fade at once,
The stars will drop from heaven like leaves,
The sky itself will get warped,
And a river of flames will flow
All across the land, the black earth,
It will scorch every tree and grass leave –
And nothing will be left then.
Now righteous souls and sinful souls
Will hear that good golden trumpet
And will re-enter their bodies
To be resurrected for judgment in a new flesh:
The sinful and the righteous rise
From underground and from sea bottoms,
Fierce beasts and wild birds
Rendering poor sinners' bodies.
And Jesus Christ Himself will sit enthroned –
Judging the sinful and the righteous!
He's the judge, and the Righteous Judge too,
He won't regard their rank, our Father,
And the angels have right gauges,
And their balances are just.
All are equal to them, Czars and beggars,
Commoners and cathedral priests,
No silver or gold will help then,
Nor beauty, nor sweet lips,
Father, mother won't help, either,
Bosom friends won't help, either,

Mati vseblagaja,
Priimi svoe ty chado
V svoi sladki nedra!

17. Strashnyj sud

Vy podumajte, mila bratija,
Kakovo budet nam v poslednij den',
Kak vostrubit angel vo trubushku,
I otvorjatsja dveri rajske,
Vsja zemlja tut vspokolebletsja,
Solnce, mesjac tut pomerknut vdrug,
Zvezdy s neba spadut, kak listvie,
Samo nebushko tut skorezhitsja,
Proteket togda reka ognenna
Po vsej-to zemle po chernoej,
Popalit ona dreva, bylie, –
Nichego togda ne ostanetsja.
I uslyshat tu zlatu trubushku
Dushi pravedny, dushi greshnye,
I vojdut oni v telesa svoja
V novoj ploti na sud voskresnuti:
Iz syroj zemli, so dna morjushka
Vstajut greshnye, vstajut pravedny,
Zveri ljutye, pticy dikie
Otdajut tela bednyh greshnikov.
I vossjadet sam tut Isus Hristos
Sudit' pravednyh, sudit' greshnikov!
On – sud'ja-to ved' Sud'ja Pravednyj,
On na lica ne smotrit, Batjushka,
A u angelov merila pravil'ny,
I vesy u nih spravedlivye.
Tut uzh vse ravny: cari, niwie,
Prostecy i popy sobornye,
Ne pomozhet tut zlato-serebro,
Ni krasa, ni usta rumjanye,
Ne pomogut tut otec s mater'ju,
Ne pomogut druz'ja ljubeznye,

Our works only will absolve us
Or sentence us to eternal punishment.
The river of flames will then devour
Those sent to eternal torture,
And the saints' souls will shine,
And they will go to the brightest paradise.

Lish'dela nashi al' opravjat nas,
Al' osudjat na muku vechnuju.
Poglotit togda reka ognenna
V muku vechnuju otsylaemyh,
A svjatyh dashi zasvetjatsja,
I pojdu oni v presvetlyj raj.

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The mission of the Vyacheslav Ivanov Center in Rome is to promote the mutual understanding of West European and Russian cultures as advanced by Vyacheslav Ivanov. The Center has contributed most recently to such publications as Vyacheslav Ivanov's "Tower" and the Silver Age Culture, St. Petersburg, 2006; Vyacheslav Ivanov: Materials and Studies, Volume 1, St. Petersburg, 2010; and in Russo-Italian Archive Series, Vyacheslav Ivanov, Ave Roma: Roman Sonnets, St. Petersburg, 2011.

In collaboration with the Northern Flowers recording company, the Center launched a project of audio disks of M. Kuzmin's music and lyrics and song cycles of A. Grechaninov, V. Shebalin, N. Myaskovsky and R. Gliere set to texts of Vyacheslav Ivanov.

The Center's website www.v-ivanov.it has archived, with support from Russian World Foundation, manuscripts of Vyacheslav Ivanov, and his library, as well as the works of artists and scholars of his time. Research on Russian symbolism is also included in this site.