

## HOW FAIR THIS SPOT

Monday 16 October 2023 | 3pm  
The Shulman Auditorium, The Queen's College

Oksana Lepska is generously supported  
by **Bernard Silverman & Rowena Fowler**

**Oksana Lepska** soprano  
**Rustam Khanmurzin** piano  
**Philip Ross Bullock** speaker

## PROGRAMME

### Sergei Rachmaninov (1873 – 1943)

Pokinem, milaya, 'Beloved, let us fly',  
Op. 26 no.5

Zdes' khorosho, 'How fair this spot',  
Op. 21 no.7

Jeshchjo v poljakh belejet sneg,  
'Spring waters' Op. 14 no.11

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`Eti letnije nochi, 'These summer nights',  
Op. 14 no.5

Sumerki, 'Twilight', Op. 21 no.3

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Arseny Golenischev-Kutuzov  
(1848 - 1913)

Glafira Adol'fovna Galina  
(1873 - 1942)

Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev  
(1803 - 1873)

Daniil Maximovich Rathaus  
(1868 - 1937)

Ivan Ivanovich Tkhorzhevsky  
(1878 - 1951)

Siren', 'Lilacs', Op. 21 no.5

Ekaterina Andreyena Beketova  
(1855 - 1892)

U mojego okna, 'Before my window'  
Op. 26 no.10

Glafira Adol'fovna Galina  
(1873 - 1942)

Margaritki, 'Daisies' Op. 38 no.3

Igor Vasil'yevich Severyanin (1887  
- 1941)

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Uzh ty, niva moja, nivushka,  
'The harvest of sorrow' Op. 4 no.5

Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy  
(1817 - 1875)

Kol'co, 'The ring', Op. 26 no.14

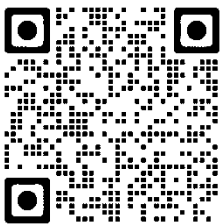
Aleksey Vasil'yevich Kol'tsov  
(1808 - 1842)

My otдохnyom, 'We shall rest'  
Op. 26 no.3

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov  
(1860 - 1904)

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## ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



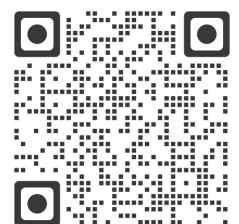
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## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

### POKINEM, MILAYA,

Rachmaninov / Golenischev-Kutuzov

Pokinem, milaja,  
shumjashchij krug stolicy.  
Pora v rodimyj kraj,  
pora v lesuju glush'!  
Ty slyshish'? nas zovjot  
na volju iz temnicy  
Vesny pobednoj shum i pen'e ptic...  
K chemu-zh,

Nam usmirjat' dushi volshebnye poryvy?  
Il' razljubila ty zheltejushchija nivu,  
I roshchi svezhije, i khmurye lesa,

Gde, pomnish', my vdvojem  
zadumchivo bluzhdali  
V vechernij chas, kogda temnejut nebesa,  
I molcha brodit vzor v tumane  
spjashchej dali?

### ZDES' KHOROSHO

Rachmaninov / Galina

Zdes' khorosho... Vzgljani, vdali  
Ognjom gorit reka;  
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,  
Belejut oblaka.

Zdes' net ljudej... Zdes' tishina...  
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.  
Cvety, da staraja sosna,  
Da ty, mechta moja!

### BELOVED, LET US FLY

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

My darling girl,  
let us flee the noisy city's realm,  
Returning to our beloved countryside,  
to the forest's hush!  
Do you hear? We are called  
to flee captivity for freedom  
By the sound of spring triumphant and the singing  
of the birds... So why, then,

Should we stifle the magical outpourings of the soul?  
Or do you disdain the fields of ripening wheat,  
The freshness of the groves and the darkling woods,

Where the two of us - do you recall? - wandered,  
deep in thought,  
One evening when the skies grew dark,  
Gazing silently on the distant,  
sleepy mist.

### HOW FAIR THIS SPOT

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

How fair this spot... Just look, there in the distance  
The river is ablaze;  
The meadows are like a radiant carpet,  
And the clouds are white.

There is nobody here... here silence reigns...  
Here I am alone with God.  
And the flowers, and the old pine tree,  
And you, my dream!...

## **JESHCHJO V POLJAKH BELEJET SNEG**

Rachmaninov / Tyutchev

Jeshchjo v poljakh belejet sneg,  
A vody uzh vesnoj shumjat -  
Begut i budjat sonnyj breg,  
Begut, i bleshchut, i glasjat...

Oni glasjat vo vse koncy:  
"Vesna idjot, vesna idjot!  
My molodoj vesny goncy,  
Ona nas vyslala vperjod.

Vesna idjot, vesna idjot,  
I tikhikh, teplykh majskikh dnei  
Rumjanyj, svetlyj khovorod  
Tolpitsja veselo za nej!..."

## **SPRING WATERS**

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

The fields are still white with snow,  
But the streams already herald spring -  
They run and stir the sleepy banks,  
They run, and glitter, and proclaim...

They proclaim in every direction:  
'Spring is coming, spring is coming!  
We are the messengers of youthful spring,  
Who has sent us on ahead.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
And the quiet, warm days of May,  
Like some rosy, radiant round-dance,  
Rush gaily in its wake!..'

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## **ETI LETNIJE NOCHI**

Rachmaninov / Rathaus

Eti letnije nochi prekrasnye,  
Jarkim svetom lunny ozarjonnye,  
Porozhdajut trevogi nejasnye,  
Probuzhdajut poryvy vljubljonnye.

Zabyvajetsja skorb' neob"jatnaja,  
Chto darujetsja zhizn'ju unyloju,  
I blazhenstva kraja  
blagodatnye  
Raskryvajutsja tajnoju  
siluju...

I otkryli drug drugu, nevlastnye  
Nad soboju serdca my vljubljonnye,  
V eti letnije nochi prekrasnye,  
svetom jarkim lunny ozarjonnye.

## **THESE SUMMER NIGHTS**

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

These beautiful summer nights,  
Illumined by the moon's bright light,  
Give birth to uncertain feelings of alarm,  
Give rise to outpourings of love.

Forgotten is the boundless grief,  
That our unhappy life bestows on us,  
And the abundant pleasures of  
another realm  
Are revealed to us by some  
mysterious power...

And helplessly, to one another  
We open up our enamoured hearts,  
On these beautiful summer nights,  
Illumined by the moon's bright light.

## SUMERKI

Rachmaninov / Tkhorzhevsky

Ona zadumalas'.  
Odna, pered oknom  
Sklonjas', ona sidit,  
i v sumrake nochnom  
Mercajet dolgij vzor;  
a v sineve bezbrezhnoj  
Temnejushchikh nebes,  
ronjaja luch' svoj nezhnyj,  
Voskhodjat zvezdochki bezshumnoju tolpoj;  
I kazhetsja, chto tam kakoj-to svetlyj roj  
Tainstvenno parit i, slovno voskhishchennyj,  
Trepeshchet nad jejo golovkoju sklonennoj.

## SIREN'

Rachmaninov / Beketova

Poutru, na zare,  
Po rasistoj trave,  
Ya pajdu svezhym  
utrom dyshat';  
I v dushystuyu ten',  
Gde tesnitsya siren',  
Ya pojdu svojo shchast'ye iskat'...

V zhizni shchast'ye odno  
Mne najti suzhdeno,  
I to shchast'ye v sireni zhyvyot;  
Na zelyonykh vetvyakh,  
Na dushistykh kistyakh  
Moyo bednoe shchast'ye tsvetyot...

## U MOJEGO OKNA

Rachmaninov / Galina

U mojego okna cheremukha cvetet,  
Cvetet zadumchivo pod rizoj serebristoj...  
I vetkoj svezhej i dushistoj  
Sklonilas' i zovjot...

Jejo trepeshchushchikh vozdušnykh lepeštkov  
Ja radostno lovlju veseloje dykhan'e,  
Ikh sladkij aromat tumanit mne soznan'e,  
I pesni o ljubvi oni pojut bez slov...

## TWILIGHT

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

Alone and lost in thought she sits,  
her head bowed low  
Before the icon,  
and the evening twilight is illumined  
By her long and radiant gaze;  
and in the boundless blue  
Of the darkening sky, casting down  
their tender rays,  
A silent throng of little stars appears;  
'Tis though some radiant host  
Mysteriously hovers there, elated,  
Trembling above her dear head, bowed low.

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## LILACS

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

In the morning, at dawn,  
Through the dew-clad grass,  
I shall walk, breathing in  
the freshness of morning;  
And to the fragrant shade,  
Where lilacs cluster,  
I shall go in search of happiness...

In life there is but one happiness  
That I am fated to find,  
And that happiness dwells in the lilacs;  
On their green branches,  
In their fragrant clusters  
My poor happiness blooms...

## BEFORE MY WINDOW

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

The cherry tree flowers by my window,  
Pensively it flowers in its silver raiment...  
And its fresh and fragrant bough  
Inclines to me and beckons me...

Blissfully, I inhale in the joyful breath  
Of its quivering, airy blossoms,  
Their sweet aroma clouds my mind,  
And they sing wordless songs of love...

## MARGARITKI

Rachmaninov / Lotaryov

O, posmotri! kak mnogo margaritok  
I tam, i tut...  
Oni cvetut; ikh mnogo; ikh izbytok;  
Oni cvetut.

Ikh lepestki trjokhgrannye — kak kryl'ja,  
Kak belyj shjolk...  
V nikh — leta moshch'! V nikh — radost' izobil'ja!  
V nikh — svetlyj polk!

Gotov', zemlja, cvetam iz ros napitok,  
Daj sok steblyu...  
O, devushki! o, zvezdy margaritok!  
Ja vas ljublju...

## UZH TY, NIVA MOJA, NIVUSHKA

Rachmaninov / Tolstoy

Uzh ty, niva moya, nivushka,  
Ne skosit' tebya s maxu edinogo,  
Ne svyazat' tebya vsyu vo edinyj snop!  
Uzh vy, dumy moi, dumushki,  
Ne stryaxnut' vas razom s plech doloj,  
Odnog rech'yu-to vas ne vyskazat!  
Po tebe-l, niva, veter razgulival,  
Gnul kolos'ya tvoi  
do-zemli,  
Zrely zerna vse razmetyval!  
Shiroko vy, dumy,  
porassypalis',  
Kuda pala kakaya dumushka.  
Tam vsxodila lyuta pechal'-trava,  
Vyrastalo gore goryuchee.

## DAISIES

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

Just look! See how many daisies there are  
Here and there...  
They are in flower, so many of them, such  
abundance.  
They are in flower.

Their three-faceted petals are like wings,  
Like white silk.  
They are the summer's might, the joy of plenty,  
A radiant army!

Prepare, oh earth, a drink of dew drops,  
To refresh the flowers' stems...  
Oh maidens fair! Oh little daisy starlets!  
How I love you!

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## THE HARVEST OF SORROW

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

Oh you, my field, my beloved field,  
You cannot be mowed with a single stroke  
You cannot be bound in a single sheaf!  
Oh you, my thoughts, my beloved thoughts,  
You cannot be shaken off with a single shrug,  
You cannot be expressed in a single tale!  
Did not the wind batter you, oh field of mine?  
Did it not bend your ears of wheat right  
to the ground,  
Scattering the ripe grain hither and thither!  
Ah my thoughts, you have been scattered  
far and wide,  
And where a single little thought did fall,  
There a grass of cruel sadness did sprout,  
There burning bitterness did grow.

## **KOL'CO**

Rachmaninov / Kol'tsov

Ja zateplju svechu  
Voska jarogo,  
Raspajaju kol'co  
Druga milova.

Zagoris', razgoris',  
Rokovoj ogon',  
Raspajaj, rastopi  
Chisto zoloto.

Bez nego dlja menja  
Ty nenadobno;  
Bez nego na ruke —  
Kamen' na serdce.

Chto vzgljanu — to vzdokhnu,  
Zatoskujusja,  
I zal'jutsja glaza  
Gor'kim gorem sljoz.

Vozvratit'sja li on?  
Ili vestochkoj  
Ozhivit li menja,  
Bezuteshnuju?

Net nadezhdy v dushe...  
Ty rassyp'sja zhe  
Zolotoj sleznoj,  
Pamjat' miloga!

Nevredimo, cherno,  
Na ogne kol'co,  
I zvenit po stolu  
Pamjat' vechnuju.

## **MY OTDOKHNYOM**

Rachmaninov / Chekhov

My otдохnjom! My uslyshim angelov,  
my uvidim vsjo nebo v almazakh, my uvidim, kak  
vsjo zlo zemnoje, vse nashi stradanija potonut v  
miloserdii, kotoroje napolnit soboju ves' mir, i  
nasha zhizn' stanet tikhoju, nezumnoju, sladkoju,  
kak laska.

Ja veruju, veruju... My otдохnjom...  
My otдохnjom.

## **THE RING**

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

I shall light a candle  
Of purest wax,  
I shall melt the ring  
Of my beloved!

Flare up, burn bright,  
Oh fateful flame!  
Soften and melt,  
This gold so pure!

If I cannot have him,  
You are of no use to me;  
Without this ring on my hand,  
My heart is heavy.

If I look at the ring, I sigh  
And grieve,  
And my eyes are filled  
With the bitter grief of tears.

Will he ever come back?  
Will he send word  
To revive me  
And dispel my unhappiness?

My soul is bereft of hope...  
So let the memory of my beloved  
Dissolve,  
Like a tear of gold!

Blackened by the flame,  
The ring is indestructible,  
As it falls on the table,  
It heralds the life to come.

## **WE SHALL REST**

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

We shall rest! We shall hear the angels, we  
shall see the whole sky shining like diamonds,  
we shall see all the evil of this world, all our  
sufferings drowned in mercy, which will fill the  
whole earth, and our life will become as quiet,  
as tender, as sweet as a caress.

That is my belief, my belief... We shall rest...  
We shall rest.

# DEVILISHLY GOOD SONGS

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**Hans Eijsackers** *piano*

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When the composer Hugo Wolf discovered the poetry of Eduard Mörike, it sent him into a creative frenzy. Wolf was acutely aware of the masterpieces he was creating, writing that he was ‘working with a thousand horsepower, from early morning into the night without interruption.’ At every turn, he matched Mörike’s poetry, which ranges from the sacred to the profoundly profane.