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Northern Flowers


Glazunov

Complete Songs
and Romances

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МУЗЫКАЛЬНЫЙ АРХИВ ПЕТЕРБУРГА

Alexander Constantinovich Glazunov (1865-1936)

Complete Songs and Romances

1888-1890

- [1] **From Hafiz** "Don't be lured by warlike glory"
(text: Alexander Pushkin) 1:23
- [2] **The Belle** (Pushkin) 3:06
Two Songs to Words by Pushkin, Op. 27
- [3] **Oriental Romanza** 2:12
- [4] **Song** "Why do I not hear the roar of joy?" 2:32

1898

Six Songs, Op. 59

- [5] **The Muse** (Pushkin) 3:38
- [6] **"We used to live at the foot of a hill"**
(Petrarca, trans. Apollon Korinfsky) 2:41
- [7] **"When your eyes"** (Petrarca, trans. Korinfsky) 3:14
- [8] **"If you want to love"** (Korinfsky) 2:40
- [9] **Delia** (Pushkin) 1:28
- [10] **"The sky's all silver"** (Apollon Maykov) 2:26

Six Songs, Op. 60

- [11] **The Grace Cup** (Pushkin) 2:18
- [12] **Desire** (Pushkin) 2:13
- [13] **The Nereid** (Pushkin) 2:05
- [14] **Dream** (Pushkin) 3:18
- [15] **"My life is still before me"** (Maykov) 1:19
- [16] **Near The Land Where Golden Venice Reigns**
(Pushkin) 3:06

1900

- [17] **Hey You, My Free Song!** (Seversky) 2:11

1905

- [18] **Masha Is Told Not To Cross The River** (trad.) 2:00

1916

- [19] **Sonnet LXVI** "For restful death I cry"
(Shakespeare, trans. A. Kremlev) 1:45
- [20] **Nina's Song**, Op. 102 (Lermontov) 2:10

Years of Youth 1881-1882

- [21] **Stifling!** (Heine trans. Nikolai Nekrasov) 1:22
- [22] **Spanish Romanza** (Pushkin) 2:09
- [23] **"Whenever I hear your voice"** (Lermontov) 1:35
- [24] **"My songs are venomous"** (Heine trans.
Dobrolyubov) 1:24

1881-1885

Five Songs, Op. 4

- [25] **"To your snow-white bosom"**
(Heine trans. Dobrolyubov) 2:40
- [26] **The Nightingale** (Koltsov) 1:52
- [27] **"When I look into your eyes"**
(Heine trans. Mikhailov) 1:45
- [28] **Arab Melody** (traditional text) 2:25
- [29] **Spanish Song** (traditional text) 3:23

Victoria Evtodieva, soprano ([11]-[18], [20], [23])

Lyudmila Shkirtil, mezzo-soprano ([1], [3], [4], [17], [25]-[29])

Mikhail Lukonin, baritone ([2], [5]-[10], [19], [21]-[22], [24])

Yuri Serov, piano

Providence proved to be extremely benevolent to **Alexander Constantinovich Glazunov**. He was born in 1865 into the happy family of a well-known Petersburg book publisher, in a large and cozy house, with his parents love and care around him. He was endowed with a remarkable musical talent, and a phenomenal memory and ear; abilities glorified in lots of tales and jokes retold by several generations of Petersburg musicians. Thanks to his mother, his gift was noticed very early. The renowned Mily Balakirev and Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov became his teachers. At the very outset of his creative career, he was greatly encouraged and funded by Mitrofan Belyaev, a timber businessman, passionate music lover, and one of the most important Russian patrons of art.

His First Symphony, written by Glazunov at the age of 16 (after 18 months of studies with Rimsky-Korsakov), was performed on March 17, 1882 during a concert of the Free School of Music under Balakirev's baton. It impressed the audience with its clarity, well-finished form, and easy utterance. In his review of the premiere, Cesar Cui commented that the young author "is a composer fully equipped with talent and knowledge". The composer himself shyly came out to bow in his nave tunic of a secondary school pupil. The same year, Rimsky-Korsakov conducted the symphony at the Industry & Arts Exhibition in Moscow. Through efforts of M. Belyaev and Franz Liszt, the opus was performed in Weimar in 1884, which started to promote Glazunov's recognition abroad

Inborn modesty, reserve, unaffected manners, unusual diligence and responsible attitude to professional composer's work, honesty, and willingness to help - these personality traits of Glazunov made his name a kind of moral purity standard in the musical world of

Petersburg and Russia. The years of his directorship at the Conservatoire of Petersburg (Leningrad) (1905 - 1928), which happened to be years of very dramatic historical cataclysms, are still remembered as one of the most bright and efficient in its history.

In the office of director, Glazunov did not compose much, doing all he could for proper functioning of the Conservatoire. Not only did he know every student by name, but also all of their examination programs, constantly attending the classes and exams. After 1917, he had to deal with matters of heating, food allowances for students and professors, and to 'extort' funds for maintenance of the institution from the government.

The peak of Glazunov's composing was reached in the late 19th and early 20th century. It was then that he created his ballets of astounding beauty - Raymonda (1897), Les ruses d'amour (1898), and The Seasons (1899)), his Fifth (1895), Sixth (1896), Seventh (1902), and Eighth (1906) Symphonies, the famous violin concerto (1904), both piano sonatas, and his best string quartets. In these years, the most fruitful for him, he composes much, but he also constantly conducts, reads lectures at the Conservatoire, and is engaged in public activity.

Glazunov died in 1936 in Paris, where he stayed from 1928 'on leave' of his office as Director of Leningrad Conservatory by permission of the Soviet Government (being in fact an emigré). He died after a long and painful illness, having left a colossal heritage of compositions comprising eight symphonies, an immense number of orchestral overtures and fantasias, ballets, works for choir and for choir and orchestra, instrumental concertos, seven string quartets, and numerous ensembles and piano pieces.

He always went his own way in music. Being Rimsky-Korsakov's close friend and follower, Glazunov had as well a sincere liking for his "Moscow opposition", i.e. Tchaikovsky and Taneyev. His creative work lacks search for new ways in music so typical for the early 20th century, and might seem to be stuck in time. He always remained loyal to the ideals of his musical youth - romantic excitement, exultant air, liveliness.

His compositions seemed obsolete to young contemporaries like Prokofiev and Shostakovich. His composing style looked eclectic, as Glazunov absorbed nearly all of the best things in Russian music of those days that surrounded him. He borrowed commitment to Russian folklore from Balakirev, and he had a lot in common with Rimsky-Korsakov, affinity to colorful and virtuoso orchestration in the first place. The epic beginning of many works of Glazunov reminds the best pages of Borodin's works. He shared Tchaikovsky's lyrical attitude, and of course, Taneyev's commitment to detailed polyphonic development.

Glazunov always tried to achieve a synthesis of what he valued in Russian music. He succeeded in elaborating his own creative style, probably not without certain traits of academism, but possessing a high inner integrity. His compositions are nearly always sanguine and optimistic in their musical images, bright in color, clear in form, and diverse in harmony. They are always works of a true master, a composer for whom Beauty was the main criterion of creative achievement.

Vocal music was not a favorite genre of Alexander Glazunov. Just over thirty songs, including those of his youth period, but most of all his dislike of opera, indicate that the composer had no interest in writing for voice. The core and bulk of his heritage is

instrumental music. Glazunov's immense intellect was inclined to exploration of 'pure' genres such as symphony, quartet, instrumental concertos, and ballet music.

And so, with this release, the romances and songs of Alexander Glazunov become available for the first time. We selected 29 of 31 finished compositions. The remaining two pieces date from his young age (to Lermontov's poems "As Soon As The Night With Its Veil and "No, It's Not You I Love So Ardently), and were omitted for one clear reason: they look much less *uninfluenced* than other songs of the early period of composing. The vocal heritage of Glazunov is still an underexplored stratum of Russian music, and it is to be hoped that this compact disk will find its insightful and attentive listener.

From Hafiz and The Belle, both to words by Pushkin, open the program. These are already quite mature pieces of music. By that time, Glazunov was already author of two symphonies and several orchestral opuses, quartets, and instrumental music. While the first of the two songs is wholly integral and very laconic in its form and tools selected (curious are its resilient 'empty' intervals hinting at the Oriental color of the poem), *The Belle* openly displays the intention to sophisticate the composing language. Unexpected modulations, and abundant minor 'details in the piano accompaniment indicate laborious search in the art of songwriting. Interestingly, the same Pushkin's poem attracted the attention of Rimsky-Korsakov seven years after.

The two songs to words by A. S. Pushkin (op. 27) are among the best pages of Glazunov's vocal music **Why Do I Not Hear The Roar Of Joy?** strikes you with sophisticated contrivances in harmony. The composer

chose to stylize the piano part to resemble ancient harp. The archaic scales used also add to the 'Bacchic' color. As to **Oriental Romanza** ("My Blood Is Burning With Desire..."), it is really a soft sensation in Russian music. Glinka's famous masterpiece to the same verses - resiliently rhythmic, excited, and dashing - was totally revised musically. The young composer plunged the small Pushkin poem into an atmosphere of Oriental comfort and love bliss, emphasized its erotic shades, and probably came nearer to the truth in his musical concept of the poem.

The **Twelve Songs, Op. 59 & 60**, written in 1898 are undoubtedly the most interesting in Glazunov's vocal heritage. The point here is not that it is virtually the only case when the mature composer addressed the lyrical vocal genre (a few later songs, scattered in time and stylistics, should hardly be considered); what is important is the especially high quality of the pieces, and a special historical context that called these opuses into being.

Rimsky-Korsakov, whose artistic and personal (the latter was even greater) impression on Glazunov is hard to overestimate, wrote over 50 songs in the summer of 1897. He created them after many years of crisis in this genre. There were times when he composed several songs a day, comprehending a new style of vocal composing based on melodized recitative narration, and thus preparing for creation of *Czar's Bride*. The poetical substrate of those songs was mainly poems by Pushkin, Ap. Maikov, and Alexey Tolstoy. Without any doubt, the creative quest of his senior friend urged Glazunov to resume working on vocal miniatures, also because Rimsky-Korsakov had frequently reproached Glazunov for lack of liking for vocal music, and strongly advised him to start writing

songs.

Glazunov did not 'argue' with Rimsky-Korsakov, using the same literary texts (although a few similar intonations (sometimes almost 'quotations') indicate an extremely powerful influence of Rimsky-Korsakov's vocal style on Glazunov in the late 1890's). Still, borrowing much from him, Glazunov as always advances his own way. What is really the most important in these opuses is a new great lyrical warmth and special cordiality. Some of the songs (**When Your Eyes, Delia, Desire**) suggest that we take a new look not only at Glazunov's vocal heritage, but also at his style of composing in general. Deep tenderness implied passion, elegiac attitude, and soft rhythms of the tunes reveal the author of *Raymonda*, and show us some of the inner world of the ever-reserved Alexander Con-stantinovich.

Addressing home genres typical for Glazunov's stylistics can also be seen in Opuses 59 and 60. The composer uses the forms of waltz (*Delia*), mazurka (**The Grace Cup**), elegy (*Desire*), and barcarole (**Near the Land Where Golden Venice Reigns**). As in his other compositions, Glazunov is masterful experimenting with ancient scales, for which purpose, most suitable were the poems by Korinfsky (from Petrarca: **We Used To Live at the Foot of a Hill** and **If You Want to Love**). All the twelve songs of 1898 are strongly distinctive, unlike each other, carefully polished, full of vocal splendor, and represent excellent recital material, which is still so scarcely used in performing practice.

Dominating in the duo **Hey You, My Free Song!** are the tones of a Russian drawling folk song, but an undeniable influence of the amazing Six Duos, op. 46 of Peter Tchaikovsky is also felt.

The arrangement of the Russian traditional song

Masha Is Told Not to Cross the River indicates the composer's deep knowledge of Russian background voice polyphony. It is one of the best samples of this style in Russian vocal music.

The two 1916 compositions are Glazunov's last efforts in vocal music. The gloomy colors of Shakespeare's **Sonnet LVI** are implemented in a lapidary and somewhat ascetic musical form. The piece definitely contains a special inner strain. **Nina's Song** from the music to Lermontov's *The Masquerade* is styled as a fierce home romance, and remains one of the most popular and performable vocal pieces by the composer up to this day.

The vocal compositions of Alexander Glazunov as a young man are very curious for several reasons. He paid much more attention to songs in the initial years of his composing than in later periods; the earlier pieces allow to trace in detail the development (rapid development!) of the composer's abilities; the texts of the poems tell us much about the outlook of young Glazunov, and his progress as personality. The composer always kept plenty of books at home, and his passion for reading was a lifelong one. This is the source of his many selections from Heine's translations, and of profound affinity to Pushkin and Lermontov as literary 'idols' of Russia's educated society. Taken on the whole, the initial vocal experiments of Glazunov are very interesting, melodic, and written simply and cordially, after the fashion of the 19th century Russian home romances. The somewhat pathetic, dramatic, and brisk **Stifling!**; the exquisite **Spanish Romanza** (again arguing over one and the same text by Pushkin, but this time, with Dargoyzhsky's masterpiece); Lermontov's **Whenever ! Hear Your Voice**, a 'lovely' one with a broad vocal

part amplitude; and **My Songs Are Venomous** being nearly an imitation of Borodin. (For his own song to the same text named "My Songs Are Full Of Poison", Borodin had translated Heine's poem himself.

The **Five Songs. Op. 4** are selected from the young man's compositions of 1881-1885. They differ much in the expressive power of images and in stylistics. The choice of the poetical base is representative: Koltsov's poem alone, a subtle and airy one, may be referred to as high poetry. The rest are translations. Two of these are from Heine (the Russian translation by Dobrolyubov is very much 'Russified'), and two are traditional (Arab and Spanish) texts. Still, the composer was successful in many pages of these early songs. **Spanish Song** and **Arab Melody** deserve a closest attention of performers. In full compliance with the abundant Russian tradition of 'Orientalism', they have catching tunes provided with all appropriate 'ethnic' intonations, characteristic resilient rhythms, and passionate narrative 'exclamations"; in all fairness, they should prove successful when played onstage. **To Your Snow-White Bosom** and **When I Look Into Your Eyes** lack such striking individuality, but are interesting because of their fruitful research in harmony and format. **The Nightingale** is somewhat detached in this cycle: young Alexander surely knew Rimsky-Korsakov's borrowing of that same poem of Koltsov, and largely he simply copied his teacher. The two pieces are too consonant in their atmosphere, and in their distribution of the literary material within the music's time frame.

— **Yuri Serov**, translated by **Sergey Suslov**

Soprano **Victoria Evtodieva** is a graduate of the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory. She is a prize winner of many international competitions

including the Enschede Chamber music Competition, the Hannover Shostakovich competition and the Tchaikovsky International competition in Moscow.

Victoria's repertoire covers almost five centuries of European and Russian music, she has recorded four monographic disks with the songs of Prokofiev, Shostakovich and Rachmaninoff, as well as Russian 18th century music.

As a regular guest of the St. Petersburg Philharmonic, Victoria Evtodieva has performed a wide range of cantatas, oratorios, opera and symphonic compositions. As well as she performs much abroad in Austria, Belgium, Germany, Denmark, Spain, Brazil, Slovenia and many others.

Among her ensemble partners are Gidon Kremer, Boris Pergamenschikov, Valery Afanassiev and Oleg Maizenberg.

Besides her concert career, Victoria Evtodieva teaches chamber singing at the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory.

Mezzo-soprano **Lyudmila Shkirtil** graduated from the Rimsky-Korsakov Music College in Choir Conducting and Solo Singing, and in 2000, from the Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatoire of St. Petersburg in Vocals (with Honored Artist of Russia E. K. Perlasova).

Since 1997, Ms. Shkirtil was engaged in performances of the Opera and Ballet Theater of St. Petersburg Conservatoire singing Nurse and Larina in Tchaikovsky's Eugene Onegin, Siebel and Martha in Gounod's Faust, Lyubasha in Rimsky-Korsakov's Czar's Bride, and Countess and Pauline in The Queen of Spades.

Lyudmila Shkirtil concertizes much, performing cantatas and oratorios with orchestras of several cities of Russia. She has appeared with chamber programs at the best

venues of St. Petersburg, and abroad (in France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Spain, the United States). In the autumn of 2001, she was invited for the production of Verdi's Don Carlos in Klagenfurt, Austria, where she successfully performed the part of Eboli.

Lyudmila Shkirtil has recorded several CDs for Delos (USA) and Northern Flowers.

Baritone **Mikhail Lukonin** graduated from the Music School in Nizhny Novgorod (f. Gorky) as trombone player, and after that, this time as a singer, from the M. I. Glinka Conservatory in Nizhny Novgorod. While still a student of the Conservatory. Mikhail Lukonin was invited as a soloist to the Nizhny Novgorod Opera Theatre, where he performed, in several years. many primary parts LA lyrical baritone: Onegin (Eugene Onegin), Robert (Iolanta), Prince Yeletsky (Queen of Spades), Schelkalov (Boris Godunov), Figaro (II barbiere di Siviglia), Germont (La Traviata), Rodrigo di Posa (Don Carlo), Silvio (I pagliacci) etc.

Since 1992 Mr. Lukonin has been a soloist of the theatre Sankt-Peterburg Opera, where he has played and sung several noticeable roles in comical operas of Donizetti, and performed a number of parts in operas of today's repertoire. Since 2000 he has been a soloist of the St. Petersburg Musical Comedy Theatre.

As a soloist, and as a member of the ensemble Neva, the singer often performs in solo concerts in cities of Russia and in other European countries (Poland, Finland, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy). He has recorded several compact discs and large programs for radio.

Pianist **Yuri Serov** graduated from the St.-Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory in 1991 and completed his postgraduate studies in 1993 (with R. Lebedev,

piano, T. Fidler, chamber ensemble. H. Serova, piano accompaniment).

As a soloist, ensembler, member of a piano duo, conductor and piano accompanist, Yuri Serov has toured many cities of Russia, Latvia, Finland, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Belgium, Holland, France, Austria, Portugal, Spain, Ireland, Switzerland, Brazil and the USA.

Yuri Serov has recorded over 50 CDs for a number of labels of Russia, Belgium, Japan and the USA as well as several large programs for TV and Radio in Russia, Norway, Denmark, Brazil and Belgium. Yuri Serov is the author of many articles and essays on music.

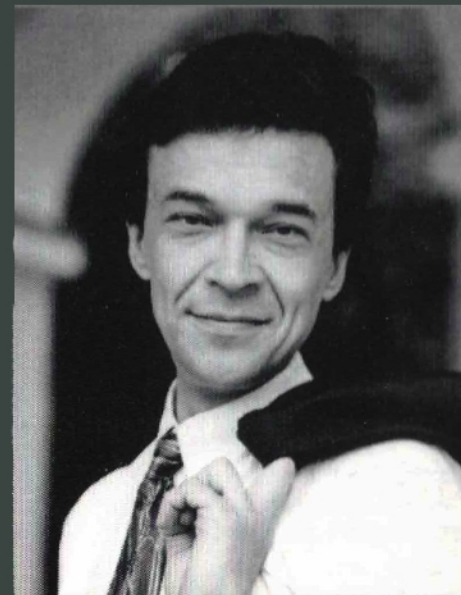
At present, he teaches chamber music at the St. Petersburg Conservatory. He is Artistic Director of the Northern Flowers international chamber music festival, founder and editor of the CD series St. Petersburg Musical Archive.

The **A. K. GLASUNOV CHARITY FOUNDATION FOR CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT** was established according to the last will of the composer's daughter Elena Alexandrowna Glasunowa (t1999) and her husband Herbert Guenther (11978) as recorded in their joint testament. The Foundation was registered in June 2001 and is controlled by the Government of Upper Bavaria (Germany). The Foundation's principal goals are to save and maintain for the future generations of the memory of the composer's creations and life (research papers, symposiums, conferences, concerts, and CD recording and publishing): to sponsor culture and art activities, and to provide assistance to students and retired professors of music educational institutions. The Foundation provides support to three monasteries, St. Alexander Nevsky in St. Petersburg, Gethsemane in

Jerusalem, and St. Pantheleimon in Khust, Ukraine. In addition, the Foundation saves, processes, and introduces to the public the literary heritage of Herbert Guenther, a writer, essayist, poet, and biographer ("Hier schreibt Berlin" (1929), "Kunstlerische Doppelbegabung" (1938), "Glockliche Reise" (1939), "J. Ringelnatz" (1964), etc.)



Clockwise:
Victoria Evtodieva
Lyudmila Shkirtil
Mikhail Lukonin
Yuri Serov



1 **From Hafiz** (Words by A. Pushkin)

Don't be lured by warlike glory,
O young and handsome lad!
Don't rush into a bloody battle
With a horde of Karabakh!
I know, Death will not have you;
Azrail will mark your beauty
Amidst battle swords -
And you will be spared!
But I fear, in all these battles
You will lose forever
Your timid modesty of movements,
Your charm of languor and shyness!

2 **The Belle** (Words by A. Pushkin)

She is all harmony, all wonder,
She's all above the world and passion;
She is reposed diffidently
In her magnificent beauty:
She glances around her
Seeing no rivals and no friends;
And the pale circle of our belles
All fades away in her beams.

Wherever you might be hurrying,
Even to a date with your love,
Whatever intimate desire
You might be cherishing in your heart,
Still, meeting her, you'll get confused
You'll stop against your will
Revering and worshipping
This sacred ideal of Beauty.

1 **Iz Gafiza**

Ne plenyaisya brannoy slavoy,
O, krasavets molodoy!
Ne brosaysya v boy krovavyy
S karabakhskoyu tolпой!
Znayu: smert tebya ne vstretit;
Azrail, sredi mechey,
Krasotu tvoyu zametit -
I poshchada budet yey!
No boyus, sredi srazheniy
Ty utratish navsegda
Skromnost robkuyu dvizheniy,
Prelest negi i styda!

2 **Krasavitsa**

Vsyo v ney garmoniya, vsyo divo,
Vsyo vyshe mira i strastey;
Ona pokoitsya stydlivo
V krase torzhestvennoy svozey;
Ona krugom sebya vziraet:
Yeyo net sopernits, net podrug;
Krasavits nashikh blednyy krug
V yeyo siyanye ischezayet.

Kuda by ty ne pospeshchal,
Khot na lyubovnoye svidanye,
Kakoye b v serdtse ne pital
Ty sokrovennoye mechtanye, -
No, vstretivshis s ney, smushchyonnyy, ty
Vdrug ostanovishsya nevolno,
Blagogoveya bogomolno
Pered svyatynyei krasoty.

3 **Oriental Romanza** (Alexander Pushkin)

My blood is burning with desire,
My soul is stung by you,
Do kiss me, for your kisses
Are sweeter to me than myrrh or wine.

Lean your gentle head to me,
And let me slumber peacefully,
Until the merry day breathes
And the nightshade retires.

4 **Song** (Pushkin)

Why do I not hear the roar of joy?
Ring out, bacchanal refrains!
Long live all those tender maids
And young wives who ever loved us!
Fill your glass to the brim!
Throw memory rings
Into thick wine,
Down to the resonant bottom!
Let's raise our glasses, let's clink them at once!
Cheers to the Muses, cheers to Reason!
Shine on, you Holy Sun!
Just like this lamp fades away
Before a bright sunrise,
Any false wisdom will flicker and smolder
Before the eternal sun of Wit.
Cheers to the Sun, and let Darkness perish!

3 **Vostochnyy romans**

V krovi gorit ogon zhelanya,
Dusha toboy uyazvlena,
Lobzay menya - tvoi lobzanya
Mne slashche mirra i vina.

Sklonis ko mne glavoyu nezhnoy,
I da pochiyu bezmyatezhnoy,
Poka dokhnyot vesyolyy den
I dvignetsya nochnaya ten.

4 **Pesnya**

Chto smolknul veselija glas?
Razdaytes, vakhalny pripyovy!
Da zdravstvuyut nezhnye devy
I yunye zhyony, lyubivshie nas!
Polneye stakan nalivayte!
Na zvonkoye dno
V gustoye vino
Zavetnye koltsa brosayte!
Podymem stakany, sodvinem ikh razom!
Da zdravstvuyut muzy, da zdravstvet razum!
Ty, solntse svyatoye, gori!
Kak eta lampada bledneet
Pered yasnym voskhodom zari,
Tak lozhnaya mudrost mertsayet i tleyet
Pered solntsem bessmertnym uma.
Da zdravstvet solntse, da skroyetsya tma!

5 **The Muse** (Pushkin)

She loved me in my infant years
And handed me a seven-barrel fife;
She listened to me smiling, and little by little,
Touching the sonorous voids of hollow reed,
I learned to play with my feeble fingers
Both solemn hymns inspired by gods
And peaceful songs of Phrygian shepherds.
From morn till night, in the dumb shadow of oaks,
I eagerly listened to lessons of the mysterious maid;
Sometimes she pleased me with a valued prize;
She would cast her curls off her lovely brow
And take the reed-pipe from my hands to play herself;
The reed was animated by divine breath,
And filled my heart with holy fascination.

6 **We Used To Live at the Foot of a Hill**

(Petrarca trans. Korinfsky)

We used to live at a hillside,
At the blossoming slope of a mountain,
Where that earthly Madonna was born
Who captivated the favorite of gods.

Amidst the fragrant meadows
We did not know the yoke of law.
We had the tent of the sky above us,
And garlands of flowers around us.

But the poet captivated by Laura
Caught us in the green field
The hour when the dawn was blazing up.

His life is not sweeter than our fate,
He is in love, and forgets the whole world,
But love offers no peace, nor free will.

5 **Muza**

V mladenchestve moyom ona menya lyubila
I semistvolnuyu tsevnitzu mne vruchila;
Ona vnimala mne s ulybkoy, i slegka
Po zvonkim skvazhinam pustogo trostnika
Uzhe naigryval ya slabymi perstami
I gimny vazhnye, vnushyonnyye bogami,
I pesni mirnye frigiyskikh pastukhov.
S utra do vechera v nemoy teni dubov
Prilezhno ya vnimal urokam devy taynoy;
I, raduya menya nagradoyu sluchaynoy,
Otkynuv lokony ot milogo chela,
Sama iz ruk moikh svirel ona brala:
Trostnik byl ozhivlyon bozhestvennym dykhanyem
I serdtse napolnyal svyatym ocharovanyem.

6 **My zhili u podnozhiya kholmov**

Zhili my u podnozhiya kholmov
U tsvetushchego gornogo sklona,
Gde rodilas zemnaya madonna,
Chto plenila lyubimtsa bogov.

Posredi aromatnykh lugov
My ne znali nevoli zakona.
Byl nad nami shatyor nebosklona,
A vokrug nas - girlyandy tsvetov.

No, plenyonnyy Lauroy, poet
Nas poymal v zeleneyushchem pole.
V chas, kogda zagoralsya rassvet.

Zhizn ego ne miley nashey doli,
Lyubit on, pozabyv tselyy svet,
A v lyubvi ni pokoya, ni voli.

7 **When Your Eyes** (Petrarca trans. Korinfsky)

When your eyes meet mine,
It happens sometimes that the moist of biting tears
Is about to sparkle in them, and secret dreams' murmur
Suddenly freezes my heart along with them.

You smile with your heavenly eyes,
And I admire you forgetting peals of thunder;
And the aroma of love, sweeter than roses,
Breathes on my soul with golden daydreams.

But again I am full of cold anguish;
Your eyes, these fatal constellations, shine not for me.
The beamy daylight is dark for me,
My melancholy flies after you on wings.
Why did you take away my live daydreams?

8 **If You Want to Love** (Korinfsky)

If you want to love, learn how to suffer.
The world knows no love without suffering.
Eternity, mother of immortal sorrow,
Is responsible for the bliss of a happy minute.

If you crave for suffering, learn to be patient;
Man is patient by his nature,
But you have to forget aspirations for freedom
And never climb from the earth up into the sky.

If you love suffering, and endure with love,
Never imagine that you sacrifice yourself.
You walk a thorny path on your own accord,
You find delight in the pain of love.

7 **Kogda tvoi glaza**

Kogda tvoi glaza vstrechayutsya s moimi,
Sluchayetsya poroy, chto vraga zhguchikh slyoz
Gotova v nikh blesnut, i ropot taynykh gryoz
Mne serdtse ledenit nezjno vmeste s nimi.

Ty ulybayeshsya ochami nezemnymi,
Lyubuyus ya toboy, zabyv raskaty groz;
I aromat lyubvi, blagoukhanniy roz
Mne veyet na dushu mechtami zolotymi.

Kholodnoyu toskey opyat ya polon ves:
Ne svetyat dlya menya tvoi glaza - sozvezdiya rokove.
I tyomen dlya menya luchisty svet dnevnoy.
Toska moya letit na krylyakh za toboy.
Zachem ty unesla mechty moi zhivyye!

8 **Esli khochesh lyubit**

Esli khochesh lyubit, - priuchaysya stradat,
Net lyubvi bez stradanya na svete.
Za blazhenstvo minutnogo schastya v otvete
Vechnost - gorya bessmertnogo mat.

Esli zhazhdesh stradanya - terpenyu uchis;
Chelovek terpeliv po prirode,
Tolko nado zabyt o poryvakh k svobode
I s zemli ne stremitsya v nebesnuyu vys.

Esli lyubish stradanya i terpish lyubya,
Ne podumay, chto zhertvu prinosisish soboyu.
Dobroy voley idyosh ty ternistoy tropoyu,
Ty stradanyem lyubvi uslazhdayesh sebya.

9 **Delia** (Pushkin)

Is it you before me,
My Delia?
After we parted,
I cried for so long!
Is it you before me,
Or is it some fantasy
Cast in my sleep?

Did you know your friend?
He's not what he used to be.
Still, he hasn't forgotten
You, my maid,
Sad, he keeps on saying,
"Does my darling love me,
As she used to do?"

10 **The Sky's All Silver** (Maikov)

The sky's all silver!
The sea's all silver!
The air's full of warm damp.
The world is full of silence
As sometimes in your soul, o Nina,
When, after tears,
Your meek heart overcomes
The storm raised by passion,
And color's ready to appear
In your pale visage,
And a quiet light of hope and pardon
Twinkles in your eyes.

9 **Deliya**

Ty I peredo mnoyu,
Deliya moya?
Razluchyon s toboyu -
Skolko plakal ya!
Ty I peredo mnoyu,
Ili son mechtoyu
Obolstil menya?

Ty uznala I druga?
On ne to, chto byl;
No tebya, podrugal!
Vsyo zh ne pozabyl -
I tverdit unylly:
"Ya lyubim li miloy,
Kak byvalo byl?"

10 **Vsyo serebryanoye nebo**

Vsyo serebryanoye nebo!
Vsyo serebryanoye more!
Tyoploy vlagoy vozdukh polon.
Tishina takaya v mire,
Kak v dushe tvoyey byvayet
Posle slyoz, kogda, o Nina,
Serditse krotkoye osilit
Strastyu podnyatuyu buryu,
I na blednye lanity
Uzh gotov vzoyti rumyanets.
I v ochakh mertsayet tikhiy
Svet nadezhdy i proshchenya.

☐ **The Grace Cup** (Pushkin)

The amber cup
Is filled and waiting;
The wine is gleaming
With fresh foam;

To my heart, it's dearer
Than the whole world;
But to whom shall I
Drink the wine?

Drink to glory,
Glory's friends!
One should not love
The warlike sport.

This kind of fun
Is not funny at all;
Cups of friendship
Avoid thunder.

Dwellers of heaven,
Priests of Phoebus,
Singers, drink
To Phoebus' health!

Frisky Camene's
Caresses bring trouble;
Hypocrene's flow
Is just water, my friends.

Drink to joys
Of youthful love;
Our young days
Will pass, my friends...

The amber cup
Is filled and waiting.
I the grateful one
Will drink to Wine!

☐ **Zastolnaya pesnya**

Kubok yantarnyy
Polon davno -
Penoy ugarnoy
Bleshchet vino;

Sveta dorozhe
Serdtsu ono;
No za kogo zhe
Vypyu vino?

Poyte za slavu.
Slavy družya!
Brannoy zabavy
Lyubit nelzya.

Eto veselie
Ne veselit
Druzhby pokhmel
Groma bezhit

Zhiteli neba,
Feba zhretsy,
Zdravie Feba
Peyte, pevtsy!

Rezvoy Kameny
Laski - beda;
Tok Ipokreny
Drugi, voda.

Peyte za radost
Yunoy lyubvi,
Skroyetsya mladost,
Deti moi...

Kubok yantarnyy
Polon davno.
Ya, blagodarnyy -
Pyu za vino!

12 **Desire** (Pushkin)

My days are dragging sluggishly,
And every instant multiplies all grieves
Of unhappy life in my heart,
And dark madness is worrying me.
But I keep silent, no one hears my murmurs;
I shed tears; tears are my consolation;
My soul captured by melancholy.
Finds some bitter delight in them.
You, hour of my life!
Fly away, you're of no value.
Get lost in darkness, you hollow ghost;
This love torture is dear to me,
And may I die, but may I die in love!

13 **The Nereid** (Pushkin)

Amidst green waves caressing Taurida,
I saw a Nereid at the break of dawn.
Hidden behind the trees, I could hardly breathe;
The demigoddess was raising her breast,
Young and swan-white, above the clear water,
Squeezing foam out of her hair in a jet.

14 **Dream** (Pushkin)

The other day, deluded by a lovely dream,
I saw myself a king wearing a shining crown;
I dreamed of being in love with you-
And my heart was throbbing with delight.
I was declaring my passion at your feet in ecstasy.
Ah, dreams! Why did not you make happiness last?
But now I'm not deprived of everything by gods;
I lost but my kingdom.

12 **Zhelanie**

Medlitelno vlekutsya dni moi,
i kazhdyy mig v unylom serdtse mnozhit
Vse goresti neschastlivoy lyubvi
i tyazhkoye bezumiye trevozhit.
No ya molchu; ne slyshen ropot moy;
Ya slyozy lyu; mne slyozy uteshenye;
Moya dusha, plenennaya toskoy,
V nikh gorkoye nakhodit naslazhdenye.
O zhizni chas!
Leti, ne zhal tebya,
Ischezni v tme, pustoye prividenye;
Mne dorogo lyubvi moyey muchenye -
Puskay umru, no pust umru lyubya!

13 **Nereida**

Sredi zelyonykh voln, lobzayushchikh Tavridu,
Na utrennei zare ya videl nereidu.
Sokrytyy mezh derev, edva ya smel dokhnut:
Nad yasnoy vlagoyu poluboginya grud
Mladuyu, beluyu kak lebed, vozdykala
I penu iz vlasov struyoyu vyzhimala.

14 **Snovidenie**

Nedavno, obolshchyon prelestnym snovidenyem,
V ventse siyayushchem, tsaryom ya zrel sebya;
Mechtalos, ya lyubil tebya -
I serdtse bilos naslazhdenyem.
Ya strast u nog tvoyikh v vostorgakh izyasnyal,
Mechty! akh! otchego vy schastya ne prodlili?
No bogi ne vsego teper menya lishili:
Ya tolko - tsarstvo poteryal.

15 My Life Is Still Before Me (Maikov)

My life is still before me
All in visions and sounds
Like a distant city in the morning
Full of clang, and full of glitter.
All the sufferings that are gone
I remember with delight;
They are like steps by which
I ascended to my bright destination.

16 Near The Land Where Golden Venice Reigns

(Pushkin)

Near the land where golden Venice reigns,
A night rower, alone, steers his gondola
Sliding along the seashore lit by Vesper,
And sings of Rinaldo, Godfred, and Erminia.
He loves his song, he sings for fun,
Without any far-fetched designs; he knows no glory,
Nor fear, nor hope, and, full of quiet Muse,
He knows how to beatify his course over the abyss of waves.
Like he, I sing for fun, without response,
Amid the sea of life where storms are so cruel
In chasing my lonely sail in the dark,
And meanwhile I think over my secret verse.

17 Hey You, My Free Song! (Seversky)

Hey you, my free song!
Like a bird high in the sky
You fly at ease, knowing no cares,
Across the fields and meadows and groves.
When you're round, any soul will live without grief,
Any ardent heart will beat happily.
It's the lovely girl that would live in misery,
While the brave lad would enjoy life.

18 Zhizn yeshchyo peredo mnoyu

Zhizn yeshchyo peredo mnoyu
Vsya v videniyakh i zvukakh,
Tochno gorod dalniy utrom,
Polnyy zvona, polnyy bleska.
Vse minuvshiye stradanya
Vspominayu ya s vostorgom,
Kak stupeni, po kotorym
Voskhodil ya k svetloy tseli.

19 Bliz mest, gde tsarstvuet Venetsiya zlataya

Bliz mest, gde tsarstvuet Venetsiya zlataya,
Odin, nochnoy grebets, gondoloy upravlyaya,
Pri svete Vespera po vzmoryu plyvyot,
Rinalda, GOLFreda, Erminiyu poyot.
On lyubit pesn svoyu, poyot on dlya zabavy,
Bez dalnikh umyslov; ne vedayet ni slavy,
Ni strakha, ni nadezhd, i, tikhoy muzy poln,
Umeet uslazhdat svoy put nad bezdnoy voln.
Na more zhiznennom, gde buri tak zhestoko
Presleduyut vo mgle moy parus odinokiy,
Kak on, bez otzyva uteshno ya poyu
I taynye stikhi obdumyvay lyublyu.

20 Ekh ty, pesnya, pesnya volnaya!

Ekh ty, pesnya, pesnya volnaya!
Slovno ptashechka podnebesnaya
Po polyam, lugam, po dubravushkam
Ty letish sebe, bezzabotnaya.
I s toboy dusha bez toski zhivyot,
Serditse pylkoye byotsya radostno.
Krasna devitsa gore mykaet.
Dobryy molodets schastyem teshitsya.

18 **Masha Is Told Not to Cross the River** (trad.)

Masha is told not to cross the river,
Masha is told not to love that young lad.
And that lad, her dearly loved one,
He can't feel love at all.
Say, ain't love bitter in this world;
Mashenka's eyes are full of tears.

19 **Sonnet LXVI** (Shakespeare)

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unfaithfully forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

18 **Ne velyat Mashe za rechenku khodit**

Ne velyat Mashe za rechenku khodit,
Ne velyat Mashe molodchika lyubit.
Ya molodchik to, lyubitel dorogoy,
On ne chuvstvuyet lyubovi nikakoy.
Kakova lyubov na svete goryucha:
Stoit Mashenka zaplakany glaza.

19 **66-y sonet Shekspira**

Zovu ya smert, pokoy moikh skorbey;
Ya vizhu, chto bednyak naznachen
Ne k radosti, a k goryu vsekh lyudey,
Dolg vernosti chisteyshiy v nikh utrachen;
Chest lozhno nedostoynym vozdana,
Dostoinstvo unizhenno obidno,
I chistota dushi razvrashchena.
Khromaya vlast skovala dukh postydno,
Zastavila iskusstvo zamolchat;
Nevezhdya, kak uchonyy, pravil znanyem,
I glupostyu vse skromnost stali zvat;
Dobro v plenu u zla: takim soznanyem
Izmuchennyy, ostavil zemlyu ya,
Kogda b ne zdes byla lyubov moyaya!

20 **Nina's Song** (Lermontov)

When sorrow runs across your eyes
In unconscious tears,
I feel no pain in seeing and knowing
That you're unhappy with another man.

An unseen worm is gnawing
Your exposed life in secret.
So what? I'm glad that he cannot
Love you as I do.

But when by chance I see a gleam
Of happiness in your eyes' beams,
I feel bitter and secret pain,
I have a whole hell inside my breast.

21 **Stifling!** (Heine trans. Nekrasov)

Stifling! No happiness, no free will,
And the night is endlessly long!
Let a storm break out,
For the cup is brimming over!
Peal your thunder over the sea's abyss,
Yell in the fields, yell in the woods,
Spill away all that cup
Of universal sorrow!

20 **Romans Niny**

Kogda pechal slezoy nevolnoy
Promchitsya po glazam tvoim,
Mne videt i ponyat ne bolno,
Chto ty neschastliva s drugim.

Nezrimyy cherv nezrimo glozhet
Zhizn bezzashchitnuyu tvoyu, i chto zh?
Ya rad, chto on ne mozhet
Tebya lyubit, kak ya lyublyu.

No esli schastiye sluchayno
Blesnyot v luchakh tvoikh ochey,
Togda ya muchus gorko, tayno,
I tselyy ad v grudi moyey.

21 **Dushno! Bez schastya i voli**

Dushno! Bez schastya i voli
Noch beskonechno dlina.
Burya by glyanula, chto li?
Chasha s krayami polna!
Gryan nad puchinoyu morya,
V pole, v lesu zasvishchi,
Chashu vselenskogo gorya
Vsyu raspleshchi!...

22 **Spanish Romanza** (Pushkin)

The night zephyr
Sends waves of air.
Guadalquivir
Is humming, flowing.

The golden moon has risen,
Hush... hark... a guitar twangs...
Look, a young Spanish lady
Is leaning against her balcony.

The night zephyr
Sends waves of air.
Guadalquivir
Is humming, flowing.

Drop your mantilla, lovely angel,
And appear as a brant dav!
Slide your adorable little foot
Through the iron railing.

The night zephyr
Sends waves of air.
Guadalquivir
Is humming, flowing.

22 **Ispanskiy romans**

Nochnoy zefir
Struit efir.
Shumit, bezhit
Gvadalkvivor.

Vot vzoshla luna zlataya,
Tishe... chu... gitary zvon...
Vot ispanka molodaya
Operlasya na balkon.

Nochnoy zefir
Struit efir.
Shumit, bezhit
Gvadalkvivor.

Skin mantilyu, angel milyy,
I yavis, kak yarkiy den!
Skvoz chugunnye perily
Nozhku divnuyu prodyen.

Nochnoy zefir
Struit efir.
Shumit, bezhit
Gvadalkvivor.

23 Whenever I Hear Your Voice (Lermontov)

Whenever I hear your voice
So silvery and tender,
My heart would leap.
Like a bird in a cage;
Whenever I meet your eyes
So deep and azure,
My soul is reaching for them
Out of my breast.
And I am somewhat thrilled,
And I feel like crying,
And I feel like dashing
To you, to embrace you.

24 My Songs Are Venomous

(Heine trans. Dobrolyubov)
My songs are venomous
Why should not they contain poison?
It's you who spill venom
On my life's blossom, my friend!
My songs are venomous.
Why should not they contain poison?
Lots of vipers are in my heart.
And you too, my dear friend.

23 Slyshu li golos tvoy

Slyshu li golos tvoy
Zvonkiy i laskovyy,
Kak ptichka v kletke
Serditse zaprygayet;
Vstrechu I glaza tvoi
Lazurno-glubokie,
Dusha im na vstrechu
Iz grudi prositsya,
I kak-to veselo
I khochetsya plakat,
I kak na sheyu by
Tebe ya kinulsya.

24 Pesni moi yadovity

Pesni moi yadovity.
Kak zhe v nikh yadu ne byt?
Tsvet moyey zhizni otravoy
Ty oblila mne, moy drug!
Pesni moi yadovity.
Kak zhe v nikh yadu ne byt?
Mnozhestvo zmey v moyom serdtse
Da yeshchy ty, moy milyy drug.

25 To Your Snow-White Bosom (Heine trans. Dobrolyubov)

To your snow-white bosom
I was quietly leaning my head,
And by your heartbeats,
I guessed what was stirring your heart.

Hark! The Hussars are riding into town,
We can hear the sounds of their music.
And you will leave me tomorrow,
My lovely and beautiful friend.

You may be leaving me tomorrow,
Still, you are mine today!
Today, in the arms of my loved one,
I want to feel twice as happy.

26 The Nightingale (Koltsov)

A nightingale enchanted by a rose
Sings to her day and night,
But the rose listens to him in silence;
She rests in innocent sleep...
Likewise, a singer with his lyre
Sings for a young damsel;
He burns in a fiery passion,
And the lovely maid knows not
To whom he sings, and why;
Because his songs are so sad.

25 Ko grudi tvoey belosnezhnoy

Ko grudi tvoey belosnezhnoy
Ya golovu tikho sklonyal
I chto tebe serdtse volnuyet
V biyenii yego ugadal.

Chu! V gorod vstupayut gusary,
Nam slyshen ikh muzyki zvuk.
I zavtra menya ty pokinesh,
Moy milyy, prekrasnyy moy drug.

Pust zavtra menya ty pokinesh,
Zato ty segodnya moya!
Segodnya v obyatiyakh miloy
Vdvoynе khochu schastliv byt ya.

26 Solovey

Plenivshis rozoy solovey,
I den i noch poyot nad ney,
No roza molcha pesnyam vnemlet...
Nevinnyy son yeyo obemlet...
Ne lire tak pevets inoy
Poyot dlya devy molodoy;
On strastyu plammenoy sgorayet,
A deva milaya ne znayet,
Komu poyot on? Otchego?
Pechalny pesni tak yego.

27 **When I Look Into Your Eyes** (Heine trans. Mikhailov)

When I look into your eyes
The storm in my heart calms down:
And when I kiss your lips
I believe in another life with all my soul.

When I lean to your bosom,
I'm in heaven, not on earth!
Say, "I love you" and I will cry
so bitterly, I don't know why!

28 **Arab Melody** (trad.)

I cannot stand the tortures of love any more,
My heart is already captured.
He who can deliver it from captivity to me
Will deserve my eternal gratitude,
And will be my best friend in the world.
Oh, have mercy, have mercy on it,
On my poor heart,
O you, my hazel, you are so beautiful.
Oh, have mercy, have mercy on me,
Why, I'm your slave, your obedient slave.
You alone can soothe my suffering.

27 **Kogda glyazhu tebe v glaza**

Kogda glyazhu tebe v glaza,
Stikhayet na serdtse groza;
Kogda v usta tebya tseluyu,
Dushoyu veryu v zhizn inuyu.

Kogda sklonus na grud tvoyu, -
Ne na zemle ya, a v rayu!
Skazhi "lyublyu" - i sam ne znayu,
Otchego tak grustno zarydayu!

28 **Arabskaya melodiya**

Ya ne v silakh snosit dolshe muk lyubvi,
Uzh serdtse moyo zapoloneno.
Kto mozhet mne yego iz plena vozvratit,
Tot ot menya zasluhit blagodarnost vechnuyu,
Tot dlya menya luchshiy v svete drug.
O szhalys, szhalys nad nim,
Nad neschastnym serdtsem,
O ty, gazel moya, ty ved tak prekrasna.
O szhalys, szhalys nado mnoy,
Ved ya tvoy rab, tvoy rab pokornyy.
Ty odna mozhesh utolit moi stradanya.

29 **Spanish Song** (trad.)

O darling, drive my spleen away
From my heart with your song.
Sing me your songs, sing them more gentiy.
Enchant me with your singing darling,
O my life, sing them until
You lull me
Into a sweet doze.

Malaga! Wonderful land, adieu,
Farewell, my land
Where I used to live in peace and pleasure.
Farewell to you, my love,
I am parting with you too.
I'll ever be restless in this world,
And death only will bring me
My desired peace!
Let your song sound gentler,
Let the guitar strings twang louder
Than before! Know, my love,
That guitar sounds soothe every pain
And every suffering.

29 **Ispanskaya pesnya**

Sgoni ty, o, milaya, pesnyu svoeyu
Tosku s moyego izmuchennogo serdtsa.
Poy svoi pesni, poy ikh nezhney.
Charuy menya, milaya, pesnyu svoeyu,
Poy do tekhn por ikh, o, zhizn moya,
Poka ne ubayukayesh menya
Ty v sladkuyu dremotu.
Malaga! O chudnyy kray, prosti navsegda,
Prosti tot kray,
Gde zhil ya tak schastlivo i mirno.
O prosti zhe i ty, moya milaya,
I s toboy ya rastanus.
I ne budet mne bolshe pokoyu na svete,
Smert lish odna prinesyot
Mne zhelannyy pokoy!
Puskay razdayotsya nezhney tvoya pesnya,
Pust struny gitarnye zvonche oryatsayut,
Chem prezhdde! Znay, moya milaya,
Chto ot zvukov gitary vse boli,
Vse stradanya utikhayut.

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