russian fair

two guitars

monotonously rings the little bell

in praise of raspberries

song of stenka razin

snowstorm

dark eyes

don cossack

chorus

Jaroff conductor



● set m-619

RUSSIAN FAIR

A collection of Russian folk songs

DON COSSACK CHORUS SERGE JAROFF, Conductor COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS Set M-619

The Don Cossack Chorus grew from a lonely song by a campfire in the long-ago days after the first World War. Swept away from their homes by the fortunes of war and left hungry and homesick near Constantinople, the Russian soldiers finished their meal and stretched out on the ground around the fire to begin the familiar dream of home. Inevitably, since they were Cossacks, one of them lifted his voice and began to sing. Others took up the melancholy tune and, caught up by the release of their singing, swung on to a gayer song and from that to others dear to their hearts.

A member of the group of tall soldiers singing around that campfire was diminutive Serge J aroff, a lieutenant of a machine gun battery. A music student, he conceived the idea that others might find the same joy in the Russian songs that he and his comrades were then experiencing. With this in mind, he picked from the singers those with the most impressive voices and formed them into a skilled chorus. The choir thus formed has since toured the world many times, bringing to enthusiastic audiences everywhere its distinctive brand of sensitive musicianship and inescapably exciting Russian atmosphere.

RUSSIAN FAIR Folk songs arr. by C. Shvedoff

1.

"Come one, come all!
The merry-go-round is about to start!"
(Merry-go-round):

I, a fair young lass,
Was at a party last night,
At the house of my sweetheart,
My dear neighbor.
I didn't drink honey-juice,
I drank sweet brandy;
I didn't use a small

But a fairly large glass.

2

(The Blind Men):

In the famous city of Rome,

When Honorius was reigning, The Grand Duke Ephimius

Had no children.

Give something to a blind man

In the name of Christ!

(Honey Tea Vendor):

Hot "sbeeten"!

(Pie Vendor):

Get some hot "piroshki"!

With onion, pepper and hot liver!

(The Blind Men):

The Grand Duke Ephimius

Walks to Holy Church

And prays to God

With bitter tears.

Give something to a blind man

In the name of Christ!



Serge Jaroff

3.

(The Show-Booth Barker):

Come and see a regular war-

How the Russian soldiers battle the Slavs

Song

Sound, trumpets, to our glory!

We were fighting the Turks,

And our glory spread

Through Balkan mountains!

Cannons:

Py! Py!

4.

"Sharmanka" (Street Organ):

Waltz:

Parted from you, my dear,

I languish.

Do you love

Do you love me still

Or am I forgotten?

I will go to "sharmanka"

And get a ticket,

It will tell me

What to expect from life:

Fatal anguish,

Or happy in love,

Gloomy death

Or flame in my blood.

(Crowd):

Look, look! A bear!

A bear and his master!

5.

(The Man to His Animal):

Show us, Michael,

Show us, crook-knee,

How a young girl daubs

White and red on her face

To look beautiful!

(Crowd):

Ha, ha, ha!

(The Man to His Animal):

Show us, Michael,

Show us, crook-knee,

How a young girl walks to the river for water.

(Crowd):

Ha, ha, ha!

6.

(Peasant):

Let us sing "Barinya" (a "lady")!

Song):

A lady awoke at noon

And stretched on her bed.

Oh, my lady!

"How many things I have to do,"

She thought in a panic.

Oh, my lady!

"Wash myself

Set my hair!"

Oh, my lady!

"Put on my dress

To walk along the street!"

Oh, my lady!

7.

(Dancer):

Let us dance!

(Song):

It isn't a forest snapping

It isn't a mosquito buzzing

It's a man who hooks

A fish for his sweetheart!

Ah, my sweetheart!

Please, cook the fish

Make soup of it.

Kiss me, my dear!

* *

TWO GUITARS Arr. by C. Shvedoff

During the 18th and 19th Centuries Gypsy songs were most popular with all Russians.

Young men were fascinated by the pretty, slender Gypsy girls, their soft deep contralto voices, and the melancholy Gypsy melodies. Tolstoy and Pushkin were great admirers of Gypsy music. Gypsy songs were accompanied by guitars.

One of the most popular of the Gypsy romances is *Two Guitars*. This song tells the sad story of a young couple forced by fate to part. On a moonlit night the sound of two guitars brings back to the young man's memory the happy days gone by.

MONOTONOUSLY RINGS THE LITTLE BELL Arranged by S. Jaroff

The words and the melody of this song are by N. Makaroff (1810-1890), a guitar virtuoso, who gave many concerts in Russia and abroad. (Later on Makaroff became an author of foreign dictionaries.) In the second half of the 19th century Makaroff travelled extensively and visited distant parts of Russia. There were no railways and the travellers had to go on foot or by carriage. Sometimes the traveller had to drive day and night hundreds of miles through the immense picturesque landscapes of Russia. To cheer up his horses the "yamstshik" (coachman) fastened bells to their harness, and he sang a melancholy song to keep himself awake. While on such a lonely journey, Makaroff composed this melodious song, known and loved by almost every Russian.

Just one note of the horse-bell rings softly
And the dust, as we gallop along,
Spreads across the wide plain, with the music
And sad echoes of my driver's song
Ah, how sad is the song he is singing—
And my sorrow-laden heart and weary,
Wakes again to a torment like fire.
I recall to my mind nights long-vanished
And the fields and forests that I loved.
And my eyes, long since to weeping strangers,
Blinded with hot tear-drops now are moved.
Just one note of the horse-bell rings softly;
White dust-clouds curl like smoke to the skies
As my driver's singing dies to silence,
And before me—empty—the road lies.

IN PRAISE OF RASPBERRIES—New Russian Song Arr. by C. Shvedoff

Early one morning
I went to the woods to pick raspberries.
I took a basket with me.
The girls had told me
Of enough raspberries in the woods—
Enough for my whole family.

At the forest's edge
I saw Vania,
Who waved his hand
Calling to me:
"Come here, Katiushka, dear!
Here you can really find
The most wonderful raspberries!"

For awhile we walked together
Among bushes covered with berries.
But when I got home
My basket was empty,
And my lips were purple-red—
I cannot tell why.
Later when all legalities were past,
I asked my husband Vania:
"What name shall we give the child, if it be a girl?"

He smiled at me and said:

"Eh-ma! Lina will be her name!"

("Eh-ma"—an exclamation.)

("Lina"—a nick-name for "Akulina" and a play on "Malina"—Russian for raspberries.)

* * *

SONG OF STENKA RAZIN Arr. by C. Shvedoff

The Don Cossack, Stenka Razin, a renowned robber, was extraordinarily popular with the people because he used to present to the poor the plundered goods he had taken from the rich merchant ships sailing on the Volga. In 1671 Razin was captured, together with his brother, taken to Moscow, and there put to the rack and quartered

From beyond the island sailing, Vessels, painted bright, and strong. On the fluvial vastness carry Stenka Razin's valiant throng.

On the first of them sits Stenka, In his arms he clasps his bride, He is wedding the fair princess, Rev'ling, feasting all night long.

Yet the gang behind is grumbling: "For a wench he forgot us!
A whole night he is now with her! 'Tis enough of all this fuss!"

Their jeering, their scoffing Strike the fiery ataman, His strong arm glides round the slim waist Of the fair, young Persian.

"Volga, Volga, our mother Volga, Russia's splendid stream! Here's a gift from a Don Cossack, From the chief of the brave team!

"There must be no discord Amongst people bold and free! Volga, Volga, our mother Take my bride! My gift she be!"

With a mighty stroke upheaving The young princess, fair and slim, Overboard into the billows Stenka thrusts his love and whim.

"Hallo, dev'ls, what's the matter?
One might think you're not my throng!
Filka, dance, and to her mem'ry
Let us roar a lusty song!"

* * *

SNOWSTORM By A. Varlamoff; Arr. by S. Jaroff

l.

Through the street the snowstorm rages As my beloved comes to me.

(Refrain):

Do not go, my darling, My eyes would feast upon you, O my joy!

2.

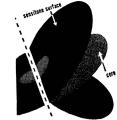
Let me gaze upon your beauty And your face so charming. (Refrain):

* * *

DARK EYES Arr. by C. Shvedoff

One of the most popular romances, *Dark Eyes* tells the sad story of the thwarted love of a man made unhappy by a pair of passionate black eyes he cannot forget. He tries to drown his grief in drink.

Oh, you jet black eyes, Oh, you fiery eyes! Eyes so passionate And so beautiful! How I love you! How I fear you! 'Twas a fatal hour When I first saw you! (Refrain): Had I not seen you I should not suffer now. I should have lived my life, Lived it merrily. You have wrecked my life, Oh, you jet black eyes! You have taken away All my happiness! (Refrain): By a custom old In Saint-Petersburg, By a custom old, Purely Russian, We must have champagne And some wine of brand, We must have a band, A fine gypsy band!



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quality surface are those which tend to make a record weak and brittle.

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MASTERWORKS

M 619-1

RUSSIAN FAIR Merry-Go-Round
Blind Man Sings An Old Ballad
Side-Show
(Arranged by C. Shvedoff)
DON COSSACK CHORUS
SERGE JAROFF, Conductor
7449-M
(XCO 33460)



M 619-2



RUSSIAN FAIR

Street Organ
Man With The Bear
Two Dancing Songs
Arranged by C. Shvedoff)
ON COSSACK CHORUS
SERGE JAROFF, Conductor
7449-M
(XCO 33461)



M619-3



(Arranged by C. Shvedoff)
DON COSSACK CHORUS
SERGE JAROFF, Conductor

7450-M (XCO 33126)



M 619-4





M619-5



IN PRAISE OF RASPBERRIES (Arranged by C. Shvedoff)
DON COSSACK CHORUS
SERGE JAROFF, Conductor
7451-M (XCO 33123)

MASTERWORKS

M 619-6



SONG OF STENKA RAZIN (Arranged by I. Dobrowen) DON COSSACK CHORUS SERGE JAROFF, Conductor

7451-M (XCO 33120)



M 619-7



SNOWSTORM
- Alexander Varlamov (Arranged by S. Jaroff) DON COSSACK CHORUS SERGE JAROFF, Conductor 7452-M (XCO 33463)



M619-8



DARK EYES (Arranged by C. Shvedoff)
DON COSSACK CHORUS
SERGE JAROFF, Conductor 7452-M (XCO 34426)