

Folk Singer's Song off-stage

from opera "Raphael" (op. 37, 1894)

Verses: A.Kryukov (1894)

Translator: L.C. (2018)

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See: http://samlib.ru/k/kotjara_l/raffaello.shtm

Composer: A.Arensky (1861-1906)

Allegretto grazioso (♩ = 80)

Tenor

p

1. My heart is trem - bling with pas - sion and
2. You are my life, my de - light, and my

Piano

pp

4

T.

pleas - ure, Songs flow so charm - ing - ly, songs of my love. Her eyes are
ar - dor, Viv - id blue sky in the flour - ish - ing spring. Your voice is

Pno.

7

T.

poco rit.

shin - ing when we are to - geth - er, They shine like star - light, like stars of
mur - mur - ing gift - ing me lan - guor Bal - lad that wav - ing wa - ters could

poco rit.

Pno.

10 *pp* *dolcissimo* **accel.** *ten.* **poco rit.**

T. love. Her chest is heav - ing as hot - ly em - brac - ed Like qui - et
sing. How could I say to these storm - y sea wa - ters Ten - der love

Pno.

13 *risoluto* *dolcissimo* **accel.** *ten.*

T. sea in its most sparkl - ing dreams. What is my love could be hard - ly ex -
words, and be - seech their re - ply? I'd want to fly like the fast - est of

Pno.

16 **rit.** **lento** **a tempo**

T. press - ed: Some sweet - est fright's what in it seems. Ah, _____
sea gulls Sob - bing with waves in the sky.

Pno.

19

T. Sweet is your

Pno. *mf*

22

T. love! My blood is boil - ing with fer - vent de - si - re: Pas - sion and

Pno. *f* *ff* *risoluto*

25

T. pleas - ure a - wait us to - night! si - re: Pas - sion and

Pno. *ff* *pp* *ff* *risoluto*

28

T. pleas - ure a - wait us to - night!

Pno.

Composer's note: This melody is taken from the collection of Italian folk songs "Eco di Napoli" ("Echo of Naples").

1. My heart is trembling with passion and pleasure,
Songs flow so charmingly, songs of my love.
Her eyes are shining when we are together,
They shine like starlight, like stars of love.
Her chest is heaving as hotly embraced
Like quiet sea in its most sparkling dreams.
What is my love could be hardly expressed:
Some sweetest fright's what it seems.

Ah, sweet is your love!
My blood is boiling with fervent desire:
Passion and pleasure await us tonight!

2. You are my life, my delight, and my ardor,
Vivid blue sky in the flourishing spring.
Your voice is murmuring gifting me languor
Ballad that waving waters could sing.
How could I say to these stormy sea waters
Tender love words, and beseech their reply?
I'd want to fly like the fastest of sea gulls
Sobbing with waves in the sky.

Ah, sweet is your love!
My blood is boiling with fervent desire:
Passion and pleasure await us tonight!