# A CENTURY OF RUSSIAN SONG
from GLINKA to RACHMANINOFF

**MODEST MOUSSORGSKY**

CRADLE-SONG OF THE POOR  
(*La Berceuse du Pauvre*)

For a Medium Voice with Piano Accompaniment

60 cents

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>MODEST MOUSSORGSKY</th>
<th>SERGEI RACHMANINOFF</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CRADLE-SONG OF THE POOR (<em>La Berceuse du Pauvre</em>)</td>
<td>BEFORE MY WINDOW. High in G. Medium in F</td>
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<tr>
<td>Medium</td>
<td>.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>HOPAK. High or Medium</td>
<td>MORNING. Medium or Low</td>
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<tr>
<td>.75</td>
<td>.50</td>
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<td>ORIENTAL CHANT. Lamentation. (*From the cantata &quot;Juno Naevia&quot;)</td>
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<td>Medium</td>
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<tr>
<td>LILACS. High in A, Low in E</td>
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<td>.50</td>
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<tr>
<th>N. RIMSKY-KORSAKOV</th>
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<tr>
<td>SONG OF THE SHEPHERD LEHL (*From the opera &quot;Snieznoruzhka&quot;)</td>
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<tr>
<td>LITTLE SNOW-BLADE'S ARRIETTA. (*From the opera &quot;Snieznoruzhka&quot;)</td>
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New York G. Schirmer  
Boston-Boston Music Co.
Cradle-Song of the Poor
La Berceuse du pauvre
(Nekrassow)
Modest Moussorgsky

French Words by Hettange
English version by Henry G. Chapman

Voice
Adagio

Piano

By-bye, by-bye!
Do-do, do-do,

Low-er than the hum-bie way-side flow'ry
Bas, plus bas que l'humble fleur des champs,

Rowed my I-van's head must be,
If this child of low-ly folk and poor
il de-vra courber le front,
mon I-van, l'enfant des pau-vres gens,
Is to live from in-sult free.
By-bye! By-bye! By-bye! By-bye!

s'il veut vi-vre sans af-front.

As the grain must bend be-fore the wind,
Bow, my son, bend with good grace;
Tel le blé qui ver-se sous le vent,
cour-be-toi tant que tu peux.

So some day the great will sure-ly find
'Mongst them-selves for you a place.
et bien sûr, les ri-ches, mon-
ve van, te fe-ron-t place au-près d'eux.
By-bye, by-bye! By-bye, by-bye!

No-ble court-iers ev-er night and day
Les plus no-bles, et sei rit mar-tin,
To my I-van will pay court,
ter re-ent ei-vi-li-tés,

La-dies drest in silk and sa-tins gay,
Chez les bel-les da-mes en sa-tin

cresc.
Will be his for love and sport;
And my little Ivan's life will smoothly run,

And joy unseemly, ah, ah, comme au fil de l'eau

Like a thread from spindle spun.
By-bye, by-bye!

My soul is slow to tarry.
Do-do, do-do,

By-bye, by-bye!
By-bye!