M. P. MOUSSORGSKY
Songs and Lyric Scenes with Pianoforte accompaniment.

New revised edition by

N. A. RIMSKY-KORSAKOV
English Versions by ROSA NEWMARCH

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Words by Count A. GOLENISTCHEV-KOUTOZOV

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To Ossip Afanasievich Petrov.

Trepak.
Words by Count A. Golenischev-Kutuzov.

Song and Dances of Death, No. 1.

English version by Rosa Newmarch.

M. Mussorgsky.

Lento assai. Tranquillo.

Voice.

Still is the forest, no soul is in sight;

Winds are lamenting and howling, far away, yonder where dark

falls the night, something uncanny is prowling... See!

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poco a poco più mosso

over there! Where the shades gather black, Death has way.

poco a poco più mosso

laid some poor peasant; Now he invites him to dance the Tre.

poco rall.

pale; Sings him a song fair and pleasant.

poco rall.

Allegretto moderato e pesante.

Ho, my poor work, so bent and gray; Drunk with vodka, and wandering a stray.
By the snow-fiend blind-ed, Led by fit-ful shad.ows, Thro the path-less for.est,

O'er the track-less mea-dows. What is thy por- tion but work and sor-row?

Rest here, poor peas.ant, un-til to mor-row. See, a cov. er. let so white and

warm I've found thee; Rest and watch the danc.ing snow. flakes whirl a-round thee.
Ancora più sostenuto.

Soft as the swan's down, the bed where thou liest!

Hey!

Sing good night, thou fierce
gale, as thou fliest!

Meno mosso, allargando.

Sing wild wind his hush song, Through the long, dark

night. Let the weary worker Sleep till

morning light.
a tempo

For ests and fields, and the cloud rack sweep ing, Darkness and

a tempo

storm and the pale drifts heap ing, Snow flakes light ly hov ring,

pp

Weave a spot less cov ring, Fit for stain less

child hood, Round this poor clod sleep ing...
Andante tranquillo.

Rest, rest, poor friend, slumber happy

pp

più mosso rall. a tempo

fel low, Dream that the

a tempo

più mosso rall.

summer is bright

a tempo

And dream that harvest fields are yellow

a tempo