

# **GYPSY SONGS OF OLD RUSSIA**

**(Sung in Russian)**

**BY**

**EMMA HUOK**

**Contralto**

**WITH**

**GYPSY ORCHESTRA**



**P - 63**

**(27387-27389)**



## THE ARTIST

**E**MMA HUOK, born in Russia, has fallen heir to that richness of musical vitality characteristic of the Russian peoples. Her voice attracted such great attention that, when a mere child, she was accepted by the Musical Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre. The war then gave her impetus to sing to larger audiences, to use her voice as a way of helping her country, as did Elsie Janis with the YMCA group. And from this experience with the soldiers from the various sections of Russia, Emma Hurok realized the profound greatness of the native melodies of her people—the folk songs of the Ukraine, the Caucasus, the Cossacks of the Don. Being a true artist, she determined to learn this music first hand and with this intention toured her native land for its tremendous fund of melody and song. Now it can readily be said that plus her natural gift—a voice of exceptional range and dramatic ability—this invaluable repertoire of folk songs she now possesses makes Emma Hurok's performance an inimitable experience.



## THE SONGS

### FADING LILACS

Remember the park and the bench near the lilacs?  
Vanishing avenues and shadows of dusk,  
Our innocent trysts, and our talks of the future . . .  
Things that the nightingale trilled about love . . .

Years have gone by, and they tore us asunder,  
But thoughts of the past still torture my soul . . .  
Nothing is left of the fragrance of lilacs,  
Gone is my joy, and I live in the past . . .  
Gone is my joy, and the lilacs are dead.

### BUBLITCHKI ( Muffins )

The night is coming . . . the lamp-post swaying  
And dripping light into the dark.  
I am unwashed and dressed in tatters,  
I am all broken . . . I hardly walk.

REFRAIN :

Oh, buy my bagles, my redhot bagles,  
Give me your pennies, and make it quick.  
And on this stormy night have pity  
On a poor pedler, alone and sick.

My father is an alcoholic,  
He'll die of it, and still he drinks.  
My sister is a common harlot . . .  
Just look at me . . . a goner, too. (Refrain.)

My Senia always keeps on saying:  
"Just wait a spell—I'll marry you."  
And I am waiting, and selling bagles . . .  
Through tortuous alleys I drag my feet. (Refrain.)

### ONCE WE WERE YOUNG

Both you and I were very young  
And we were very happy  
We breathed the spring in which we lived  
And loved it very dearly.

The horny half-moon shed on us  
Its rays of trembling silver  
Afraid to break the sacred hush  
I did not even whisper.

And blue and silent were your eyes  
With lowered, trembling eyelids,  
It's true that silence often is  
More eloquent than words.

### AT THE LITTLE GATE

When the evening grows deeper and bluer  
And the stars are flashed on in the sky,  
When the pearls of the dew settle coolly  
On the white-frosted bird-cherry trees . . .



You will silently open the wicket,  
Like a shadow you'll step in the park,  
Don't forget to put on your mantilla  
And to cover your head with lace.

Where the branches are forming a thicket  
I will wait for you near the fence,  
And the moment you open the wicket  
I will lift the lace from your lips.

You will silently open the wicket  
Like a shadow you'll step in the park . . .  
Don't forget to put on your mantilla  
And to cover your head with lace.

### **SLEEPING IVY**

The weeping willows are sleeping  
And bending low o'er the stream.  
Hasting, the waters are running  
And whispering into the night

And thoughts, evoked by their murmur,  
Arise from a distant past . . .  
My heart—so sick and so lonely—  
Would rather beat in the past

Where are you, darling beloved?  
Do you remember me yet?  
Or are crying like me,  
Sobbing alone in the dark?

### **FORGOTTEN CARESSES**

Forgotten are the tender kisses . . .  
Our love is dead, our passion gone . . .  
There is no joy in our meetings,  
They fail to fire our blood.

The heart is heavy and it suffers,  
Our happy days will not return  
Our charming dreams are gone forever  
And useless are both faith and love.

So does the cruel wind of Autumn  
Tear off the raiments from the trees  
And chases 'round the dreary garden  
The droves of withered, lipping leaves.

They will be scattered by the tempest  
That rages o'er the frozen earth.  
They will be torn from one another  
And covered with a snowy shroud.

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