



St. Alban's Church
Baldwin's Gardens, Holborn
London EC1

Thursday July 7th at 7.30pm

Jesus autem transiens/The Apostles' Creed
canon for 13 male voices

Robert Wylkynson

Hora Est
antiphon and responsory for 16 voices

Felix Mendelssohn

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Concerto for Choir

Alfred Schnittke

1. *O pavyelityel sushcheva vsyevo*
2. *Sabranye pyesyen sikh (Andante)*
3. *Vsyem tyem, kto vniknyet v sushchnast skornnikh slov*
4. *Sey trud, shto nachinal ya supavanyem*

London Concord Singers
conducted by **Malcolm Cottle**

Jesus autem transiens/The Apostles' Creed Robert Wylkynson (c.1450-1515(?))

Wylkynson was Master of the Choristers at Eton College from 1500 to 1515. All his existing music, four complete pieces and a number of fragments, is contained in the Eton Choir Book, a manuscript compiled at the College between 1490 and 1504, some of it apparently written in his own hand. This remarkable setting of the Apostles' Creed, which is preceded and followed by the plainsong line 'Jesus autem transiens', is in the form of a 13-part canon. Each line of the creed is headed by the name of one of the twelve apostles (with Mathias replacing Judas Iscariot), the constantly-present plainsong representing Christ going through their midst. Numeric symbolism is also apparent in the range of the melodic line, which covers an octave and a sixth, or 13 notes.

Hora Est Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-47)

Although Mendelssohn presented this magnificent 4-choir piece to his sister Fanny on her 23rd birthday, it was actually written for Carl Friedrich Zelter's Berlin 'Sing-Akademie'. It was written in 1828, when the composer was 19 years old. It is interesting to note that, at the first performance, the choir comprised 121 sopranos, 72 altos, 75 tenors and 86 basses; little wonder that the audience found it so overwhelming.

Mendelssohn had sung in the Sing-Akademie since 1819, and had been greatly influenced by the type of works performed by them. There was already in Berlin a tradition of composing 16-part choruses inspired by 18th-century Italian models, which themselves dated back to the Venetian polychoral style of the Gabriellis. Mendelssohn received much guidance in composition from Zelter, who encouraged him to look to the past for his inspiration.

Concerto for Choir Alfred Garrievich Schnittke (born 1934)

To understand Schnittke's compositions fully, one needs to appreciate the conditions prevailing in Soviet Russia from the 1930s. The artistic doctrine of 'Socialist Realism' decreed that music should be cheerfully optimistic in tone whilst being derived from the romantic Russianness of the late 19th century. During this time, composers were completely isolated from developments in the West. The composer Edison Denisov has said that "it was a dark time for all the arts, and for music in particular; just for mentioning the names of Debussy, Ravel or Stravinsky they would throw people out of the Conservatoire".

When the cultural thaw of the 1950s began and composers first came into contact with new Western music, they hardly knew what to make of it. Many Soviet compositions of the period were full of half-absorbed ideas from contemporary Western music. Schnittke was no exception, but he also delved into the past, using the styles of Baroque and Romantic composers (indeed often quoting directly from them) as well as, in the Concerto for Choir, Russian Orthodox chant. There is however nothing plagiaristic about his music; it is uniquely his own.

The Concerto was written in 1984-85 to texts from *The Book of Sorrowful Songs* by the 10th-century Armenian poet, Grigory of Narek, in a modern Russian translation. The basic forms of the Concerto's material are of the utmost simplicity, the melodies moving up and down scales or circling obsessively around a fixed pitch. Such passages alternate with great choral outbursts whose intensity and abrupt harmonic shifts recall the church music of Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov. The choral writing is for much of the time in 16 parts, although in the closing pages it splits into 26 parts. The influence of Schnittke's favourite *Concerto Grosso* style may be seen in the frequent contrasts between smaller groups and the full chorus.

The first movement, a hymn in praise of God, is built around two motifs: a rising scale first heard in the introduction, and a falling three-note figure which is repeated like an endless incantation in passages of hypnotic power, gradually becoming overlaid by ecstatic vocalisation. The second, in which the poet addresses all those he hopes to inspire, is accompanied throughout by a chanted *Alleluia*, eventually fading into silence. The third movement, a petition for divine grace, encompasses a great range of emotions and musical material. Beginning with *parlando* mutterings in the basses, it moves through passages of great lyric tenderness (note especially the setting of the words "I yesli Ti spasyosh, O Bozhe..." for male voices with three solo sopranos) to pages of anguished, dissonant cries, struggling at last to a fierce affirmation of God's mercy. The short finale acts as a summary of what has gone before, recapitulating the tonal progress from B minor to D major, and achieves a hard-won acceptance and resignation.

WYLYNSON: The Apostles' Creed

Jesus autem transiens.

Credo in Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, creatorem caeli et terrae.
Et in Jesum Christum, filium eius unicum, Dominum nostrum:
Qui conceptus est de Spiritu Sancto, natus ex Maria Virgine,
Passus sub Pontio Pilato, crucifixus, mortuus et sepultus:
Descendit ad inferna; tertia die resurrexit a mortuis;
Ascendit ad caelos; sedet ad dexteram Dei Patris omnipotentis:
Inde venturus est iudicare vivos et mortuos.
Credo in Spiritum Sanctum,
Sanctam Ecclesiam Catholicam, sanctorum communionem,
Remissionem peccatorum,
Carnis resurrectionem,
Et vitam aeternam, Amen.

Jesus then going among them.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth:
And in Jesus Christ His only son our Lord,
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary,
Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried,
He descended into hell: The third day he rose again from the dead,
He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty:
From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Ghost,
The holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints;
The Forgiveness of Sins;
The Resurrection of the Body;
And the life everlasting, Amen.

MENDELSSOHN: Hora Est

Hora est, jam nos de somno surgere,
et apertis oculis cordis surgere ad Christum.
quia lux vera est fulgens in coelo.
Ecce apparebit Dominus super nubem candidam.
Et cum eo sanctorum millia.

The hour is come when we shall rise from sleep
and lift ourselves with open eyes and hearts to Christ,
for He is the true light that shines on high.
Behold, the Lord will appear over a white cloud,
and with him myriads of saints.

SCHNITTKE: Concerto for Choir

I

О повелитель сущего всего,
бесценными дарами нас дарящий,
Господь, творящий все из ничего,
неведомый, всезнающий, страшный,
и милосердный, и неумалимый,
неизреченный и непостижимый,
невидимый, извечный, неабъятный
и ужасающий и благодатный.

Непроницаем Ты, неосязаем,
и без начален Ты, и нескончаем,
Тыто единственное, что безмерно,
что в мире подлинно и достоверно,
Тыто что нам дает благословенье,
Ты полдень без заката, свет без тени,
единственный для нас родник покоя,
что просветляет бытие мирское.

И безграничный Ты, и вездесущий,
Ты и сладчайший мёд и хлеб насущный.
Неистощимый клад, пречистый дождь,
вовек неиссякающая мощь.
Ты и хранитель наши наставитель
недуги наши знающий целитель,
опора всех и всевидящее зренье,
десница благодатного даренья
величием осиянный, всем угодный,
наш пастырь неустанный, царь беззлобный,
все виляющий и блящий,
судья, па справедливости судящий.

взгляд негнетущий голос утешенья
Ты бесть, несущая успокоенье.
Твой строгий перст, всевидящее око,
остерегают смертных от парака.
Судья того, что право и неправо
не вызывающая зависть слава.
Ты светоч наш, величие без края,
незримая дорога, но прямая.

O pavyelityel sushcheva vsyevo,
byestsennimi darami nas daryashchiy,
Gospod, tvaryashchiy vsyo iz nichevo,
nevyedamiy, vsyeznyayushchiy, strashashchiy,
i milasyerdniy, i neumalimiy,
neizryechenniy i nepostizhimiy,
nevidimiy, izvyechniy, neabyatniy,
i uzasayushchiy i blagodatniy.

Nepranitsayem Ti, neasyazayem,
i byez nachalyen Ti, i neskanchayem,
Tito yedinstvyennaye, shto byezmyerna,
shto vmiryе podlinna i dastavyerna,
Tito, shto nam dayet blagaslavyenye,
Ti poldyen byez zakata, svyet byez tyeni,
yedinstvyenniy dlya nas radnik pakoya,
shto prasyvetlyayet bitiyo mirskoye.

I byezgranichniy Ti, i vyezdyesushchiy,
Ti i sladchayshiy myod i khyeb nasushchniy.
Neistashchimiy klad, pryechistiyy dozhd,
vavyek neissyakayushchaya moshch.
Ti i khranityel nashi nastavitel
nedugi nashi znayushchiy tselityel,
apora vsyekh i vsyevidyashcheye zryenye,
dyesnitsa blagodatnovo daryenya,
vyelichem osiyanniyy, vsyem ugodniy,
nash pastir neustanniyy, tsar byezzlobniy,
vsye vidyashchiy i bdyashchiy,
sudya, pa spravyedlivasti sudyashchiy.

vzglyad negnyetushchiy golas utyeshenya,
Ti vyest, nesushchaya uspakayenye.
Tvoy strogiy pyerst, vsyevidyashcheye oka,
astyeryegayut smyertnikh at paroka.
Sudya tavo, shto pravo i neprava,
nye vizivayushchaya zavist slava.
Ti svyetch nash, vyelichiye byez kraya,
nezrimaya daroga, no pryamaya.

O Sovereign of all life,
Bestowing priceless gifts upon us,
Lord, creating all from nothing,
mysterious, all-knowing, fearful,
and merciful, and inexorable,
ineffable and unfathomable,
invisible, eternal, infinite,
and terrible and beneficent.

You are inconceivable, intangible,
and You are without beginning or end,
You alone in the world are boundless,
true and real,
It is You who bless us,
You are noon without night, light without shadow,
The sole spring of peace
That lightens our worldly life.

And you are limitless and omnipresent,
You are our sweetest honey and daily bread.
Inexhaustible jewel, purest rain,
Forever plentiful might,
You are our guardian and our guide,
A healer knowing our ills,
Support to all, and all-seeing eye,
A hand of abundant giving,
Radiant with greatness, welcome to all,
Our tireless shepherd, benevolent king,
All-seeing, vigilant day and night,
A judge dispensing fair judgement,

A humane gaze, a voice of comfort,
You are a message bringing peace.
Your forbidding hand and all-seeing eye
Warn mortals against vice.
A judge of right and wrong,
A glory that inspires no envy.
You are our light, a greatness without limit,
A path, invisible but straight.

Твой след невидим, видима лишь минонь,
оно снебес на землю к нам спустилась.
Слова, что я изрек Тебе во славу,
бледнее слов, которые бы мог
услышать Ты, О Господи, по праву,
когдаб я не был речью столь убог.

Господь благословенный, восхваленный,
восславленный всем сущим во вселенной,
всё то, что нам достигнуть суждено,
Твоим внушеньем мудрым рождено.
О Господи, дорогу очищенья
ты мне в моих сомненьях указуй,
и приведи меня к вратам спасенья,
удовлетворись и возликуй. Аллилуйя.

Цель песнопенья Твоего раба,
не славословие и не восхваленье
мои слова ничтожные, мольба,
которой жажду обрести спасенье.

Tvov slyed nyevidim, vidima lish milast,
ana s nebyes na zemlyu k nam spustilas.
Slava, shto ya izryok Tebye vo slavu,
blyednyeye slov, katoriye bi mog,
uslishat Ti, O Gospodi, pa pravu,
kagdab ya nye bil ryechyu stol ubog.

Gospod blagaslavyenniy, vaskhvalyenniy,
vasslavyenniy vsyem sushchim va vsyelyennoy,
vsoyo to, shto nam dastignut suzhdyeno,
Tvaim vnushenyem mudrim razhdyeno.
O Gospodi, darogu achishchenya
Ti mnye v maikh samnyenyakh ukazuy,
i privyedyaya menya k vratam spasyeniya,
udavlyetvaris i vazlikuy. Alliluya.

Tsel pesnapyeniya tvayevo raba,
nye slavaslovye i nye vaskhvalyeniye
mai slava nichtazhniye, malba,
katoray zhazhdu abryesti spasyeniye.

Your footprint is invisible, we see only Your favour,
It comes down to us on earth from heaven.
The words I pronounce glorifying You
Are poorer than those You should have heard,
O God, by right,
Had I not been so poor of speech.

Lord, blessed, praised,
Glorified by universal life,
All we are destined to achieve
Is born from Your wise inspiration.
O Lord, show the way of purity
To me in my doubt
And, leading me to the gates of salvation,
Be content and rejoice. Alleluya.

Your slave's song of praise
Aims not to glorify or exalt;
My poor words are a prayer
Through which I hope for salvation.

II

Аллилуйя.

Собрание песен сих, где каждый стих
наполнен скорбью черною до края,
сложил я, ведатель страстей людских,
поскольку сам в себе их порицаю.
Писал я, чтоб слова дойти могли
до христиан во всех краях земли,
писал для тех, кто в жизн едва вступает,
как и для тех, кто пожил и созрел,
для тех, кто путь земной свой завершает
и преступает роковой предел.

Аллилуйя.

Для праведных писал я и для грешных,
для утешающих, и безутешных,
и для судящих, и для осужденных,
для кающихся и грехом плененных,
для добродетелей и злодеев,
для девственников и прелюбодеев,
для всех, для родовитых и безбожных
рабов забытых и князей вельможных.

Аллилуйя.

Писал я равно для мужей и жен,
тех, кто унижен, тех, кто вознесен,
для повелителей и для угнетенных,
для оскорбителей и для оскорбленных,
для тех, кто утешал и был утешен.
Писал равно для конных и для пешных,
писал равно для малых и великих,
для горожан и горцев полудиких,
и для того, кто высший властелин,
которому судья лишь Бог один:
для суетных людей и для благих,
для иноков, отшельников святых.
И строки, полные моим страданьем,
пусть станут для когото назиданьем.
Пусть кающийся в черном преврешении
найдет в моих писаньях утешенье.
Пусть обратит мой труд, мое усердие
себе во благо человек любой.
И стих мой, став молитвой и мальбой,
да вымолит Господне милосердие.
Аллилуйя.

Alliluya.

Sabranye pyesyen sikh, gdye kazhdiy stikh
napolnyen skorbyu chornayu da kraya,
slazhil ya, vyedatyol strastyey lyudskikh,
paskolku sam v syebye ikh paritsayu.
Pisal ya, shtob slava dayti magli
da khristian va vsyekh krayakh zemli,
pisal dlya tyekh, kto v zhizn yedva vstupayet,
kak i dlya tyekh, kto pozhil i sazryel,
dlya tyekh, kto put zemnoy svooy zavyershayet
i pryestupayet rakavoy pryedyel.

Alliluya.

Dlya pravvednykh pisal ya i dlya gryeshnykh,
dlya utyeshayushchikh, i byezutyeshnykh,
i dlya sudyashchikh, i dlya asuzhdyonnykh,
dlya kayushchikhsa i gryekhom plyenyonnykh,
dlya dabradyatelayey i zlyadyeyev,
dlya dyevstvyennikav i pryelyubadyeyev,
dlya vsyekh, dlya radavitikh i byezbozhnykh,
rabov zabitikh i knyazyey vyelmozhnykh.

Alliluya.

Pisal ya ravna dlya muzhey i zhon,
tyekh, kto unizhen, tyekh, kto vaznyesyon,
dlya pavelityeley i dlya ugnetyonnykh,
dlya askarbityelyey i dlya askarbyonnykh,
dlya tyekh, kto utyeshal i bil utyeshen.
Pisal ravno dlya konnykh i dlya pyeshnykh,
pisal ravno dlya malikh i vyelikikh,
dlya garazhan i gortsev poludikikh,
i dlya tavo, kto visshiy vlastyelin.
katoramu sudya lish, Bog adin;
dlya suyetnykh lyudyey i dlya blagikh,
dlya inakov, atshelnikav svyatikh.
I stroki, polniye maim stradanyem,
pust stanut dlya kavota nazidanyem.
Pust kayushchiysa v chornam pryevryesheni
naydyot v maikh pisanyakh utyesheniye.
Pust abratit moy trud, mayo usyerdye
syebye va blaga chelavyek lyuboy.
I stikh moy, stav malitvay i malboy,
da vimalit Gospodnye milasyerdye.
Alliluya.

Alliluya.

This book of songs, whose every verse
Overflows with black sorrow,
I composed, knowing all human passions,
For I hate these passions in myself.
I wrote, so that my words might reach
Christians in every corner of the world,
I wrote for those new-born
As well as for those who have lived and aged,
For those who end their earthly journey
And step across the fateful boundary.

Alliluya.

For the righteous I wrote, and for the wicked,
For those who comfort, and those who mourn,
For those who judge, and those who are judged,
For the remorseful, and those bound in sin,
For those who do good, and those who do evil,
For virgins and adulterers,
For all; for nobles and atheists,
Oppressed slaves and great princes.

Alliluya.

I wrote for husbands and wives,
For those brought low, those raised high,
For rulers and for the persecuted,
For abusers and for the abused,
For the comforters and the comforted.
I wrote both for those who ride and those who walk,
Both for the lowly and for the great,
For city-dwellers and wild men of the mountains,
And for him who rules supreme,
And whose judge is God alone;
For the vain and for the pious,
For monks and for holy hermits.
May these verses, full of suffering,
Become a guidance to someone.
May he who repents a black transgression
Find comfort in my writings
May my work, my zeal
Someone turn to his good.
May my verse, turning to prayer and supplication
Elicit God's mercy.
Alliluya.

Всем тем, кто проникнет в сущность скорбных слов,

всем кто постигнет суть сего творенья,
дай, Боже, искупления грехов,
освободи от тягостных оков сомненья,
азначит преступленья.

Желанное даруй им отпущенье,
пусть слезы их обильные текут,
и голосом моим они моленье
Тебе угодное да вознесут.

К Тебе да вознесется их мольба,
и за меня, за Твоего раба.

Пусть, Боже, на рабов Твоих покорных,
на всех раскаявшихся, кто прочтет
сучастьем книгу этих песен скорбных,
Твой свет и благодать да снизойдет!

И если примешь тех, кто вслед замной,
придет к Тебе с моей мольбой усердной.
Врата своей обители святой.

открой и мне, О Боже милосердный.
И если слезная моя мольба
прольется, словно дождь, грехи смывая,
то и меня, ничтожного раба,
омоет пусть его вода живая!

И если Ты спасешь, О Боже, всех
согласных с мыслью мною изреченной,
Ты и меня, простив мой тяжкий грех,
спаси, О Господи благословенный.

И если песнь моя в душе иной
родит Тебе угодные понятия,
и Ты меня, отец небесный мой,
не обдели своею благодатью.

И если Те, кто мой постигнет стих,
возденут в высь дрожащие десницы,
пусть боль стenanний горестных моих
с молитвой чистой их соединится.

И если сказанные в книге сей
Тебе мои угодны будут речи,
то в много щедрой милости своей
будь милосерден и к моим предтечам.
И если поколеблется, скобя,
в священной вере некто духом нищий,
пусть он, воспрянув, в книге сей отыщет
опору, уповая на Тебя.

Коль маловеер однажды устрашится,
что храм его надежд не устоит,
пусть этот шаткий храм Твоя десница
строками книги скорбной укрепит.
Когда недугом мучимый жестоко
почти утратит к тою с жизнью связь,
пусть обретет он силу в этих строках
и возродится вновь, Тебе молясь.

И если смертный страх или сомненье
в друг овладеют кемто из людей,
пусть в книге он найдёт успокоенье,
найдёт покой по благости Твоей.

И если груз грехов неискупленных
потянет в пропасть грешника, пусть он
в сей сутью слов, тобою мне внушенных,
спасен навеки будет и прощен.

И если где-то грешник есть, который,
не минет сатанинской западни,
дозволь, чтоб труд мой был ему опорой
и сам безумца светом осени.

Vsyem tyem, kto vniknyet v sushchnast skorbnikh slov,

vsyem kto pastignyet sut syevo tvaryenya,
day, Bozhe, iskuplyeniya gryekhov,
asvabadi at tyagastnikh akov samnyenya,
aznachit pryestuplyeniya.

Zhelannaye daruy im atpushchenye,
pust slozyi ikh abilniye tyekut,
i golasam maim ani malyenye
Tebye ugodnaye da vaznyesut.

K Tebye da vaznyesyotsa ikh malba,
i za menya, za Tvayevo raba.

Pust, Bozhe, na rabov Tvaikh pakornikh,
na vsyekh raskayavshikh, kto prachtyot
suchastyem knigu etikh pyesyen skorbnikh,
Tvoy svyet i blagadat da snizaydyot!

I yesli primyesh tyekh, kto vslyed zamnoy,
pridyot k Tebye s moyey malboy usyerdnay.

Vrata svayey abityeli svyatoy
atkroy i mnye, O Bozhe milasyerdniy.

I yesli slyoznaya maya malba,
pralyotsa, slovna dozhd, gryekhi smivaya,
to i menya, nichtozhnava raba,
amoyet pust yevo vada zhivaya!

I yesli Ti spasyosh, O Bozhe, vsyekh
saglasnikh s mislyu mnoyu izryechonnay,
Ti i menya, prastiv moy tyazhkiy gryekh,
spasi, O Gospodu blagaslavyenniy.

I yesli pyesn maya v dushe inoy
radit Tebye ugodniye panyatyta,
i Ti menya, atyets nebyesni moy,
nye abdyeli svayeyu blagadatyu.

I yesli tye, kto moy pastignyet stikh,
vazdyenut v vis drazhashchiye dyesnitsi,
pust bol styenanniy goryestnikh maikh
s malitvay chistay ikh sayedinitsa.

I yesli skazanniye v knigye sey
Tebye mai ugodni budut ryechi,
to v mnaga shchedray milasti svayey
bud milasyerdyen i k maim pryedyecham.

I yesli pakalyeblyetsa, skarbya,
v svyashchennay vyerye nyekta dukham nishchiy,
pust on, vaspryanuv, v knigye sey atishchet
aporu, upavaya na Tebya.

Kol malavyer adnazhdi ustrashitsa,
shto khram yevo nadyezhd nye ustait,
pust etat shatkiy khram tvaya dyesnitsa
strakami knigi skorbnay ukryepit.
Kagda nedugam muchimiy zhestoka
pachti utratit k tota s zhiznyu svyaz,
pust abryetyot on silu v etikh strokakh
i vazraditsa vnov, Tebye malyas.

I yesli smyertniy strakh ili samnyenye
v drug avladyenyut kyemta iz lyudyey,
pust v knigye on naydyot uspakayenye,
naydyot pakoy po blagasti Tvayey.

I yesli gruz gryekhov neiskuplyonnikh
patyanyet v propast gryeshnika, pust on
v sey sutyu slov, taboyu mnye vnushonnikh,
spasyon navyeki budyet i prashchon.

I yesli gdyeta gryeshnikh yest, katoriy,
nye minyet sataninskay zapadni,
dazvol, shtob trud moy bil yemu aporay
i sam byezumtsa svyeta m asyeni.

To all who grasp the meaning of these words,

All who understand the essence of this work,
grant, O God, deliverance from sin,
Free them from the baneful fetters
Of doubt, which is the same as crime.

Give them the absolution they long for,
Let their abundant tears flow,
May their supplication, raised in my voice,
Please You.

May they also raise a prayer to You
For me, for Your slave.

O God, upon Your obedient slaves,
Upon all who repent, all who read
With understanding this book of lamentations,
May Your light and blessing descend!

If You receive all who after me
Approach You with my fervent prayer,
Open the gates of Your holy dwelling
Also to me, O merciful God.

And if my tearful prayer
Comes down like rain to wash out sins,
May I too, Your lowly slave,
Be washed in this water of life!

O God, if You save all those
Who agree with the thoughts I express,
Forgive my grave sins,
And save me too, O blessed Lord.

If my song invokes in any soul
Thoughts pleasing to You,
My heavenly Father,

Do not keep me from Your blessing.

If those who understand my verse
Raise their trembling hands to you,
May the pain of my lamentations
Join with their pure prayer.

And if the thoughts expressed in this book
Are pleasing to You,

In Your bountiful grace
Be merciful to my ancestors.

If someone poor in spirit
Wavers in the holy faith in a moment of grief,
May he find support in this book
And, taking heart, put his trust in You.

If someone weak in faith begins to fear
The temple of his hope will not endure,
May Your hand strengthen that crumbling temple
With the lines of this sorrowful book.

When someone cruelly tormented by illness
Almost loses his bond with life,
May he find strength in these lines
And rise again, praying to You.

If deadly fear or doubt
Suddenly seize someone,
May he find solace in this book,
May he find peace in Your grace.

And if the burden of unredeemed sin
Pulls a sinner into the abyss, may he,
By the power of the words You inspired in me,
Be saved and pardoned for ever.

If somewhere there is a sinner
Who does not escape the satanic trap,
Let my work be his support,
And heal the madman with Your own light.

И если к тото в глибоьной гордыне
слова святых молит в забыть готов,
дозволь, чтоб я вернул его к святине
могуществом тобой внушенных слов.

И Тем, кто в сатанинском ослепленьи,
уверует в презренную тщету,
мне книгой скорбных этих песнопений
дозволь вернуть к причастью и кресту.
И ураган неверия, в зметенный,
как над ногой, над думами людей,
смири моею песней, вдохновленной
божественною милостью Твоей.

Сей труд, что начинал я супованьем
и сименем Твоим, Ты заверши,
штом песнопенье стало врачеваньем,
целящим раны тела и души.
И если труд, мой скромный завершится
с Твоим благословением святым,
пусть дух Господень, внем соединится
со скудным вдохновением моим.
Тобой дарованное озаренье
не погаси. Мой разум не покинь,
но вновь и вновь приеми восхваляенья
от твоего служителя, Аминь!

Grigory of Narek (951-1003), translated by Nauma Grebneva

I yesli k tota v glyiblynay gardinye
slava svyatikh malit v zabit gatov,
dazvol, shtob ya vyernul yevo k svyatinye
magushchestvam taboy vnushonnikh slov.

I tyem, kto v sataninskam aslyeplyeni
uvyeruyet v pryetryennuyu tshchetu,
mnye knigay skorbnykh etikh pesnapenyi
dazvol vyernut k prichastyu i kryestu.
I uragan nevyeriya, v zmyetyonniy,
kak nad vadoy, nad dumami lyudyey,
smiri mayeyu pesnyey, vdakhnavlyonnay
bazhestvyennayu milastyu Tvayey.

IV

Sey trud, shto nachinal ya supavanyem
i simenyem Tvaim, Ti zavyershchi,
shtob pesnapenyeye stala vrachevanyem,
tselyashchim rani tyela i dushi.
I yesli trud, moy skromniy zavyershitsa
s Tvaim blagaslavyenyem svyatim,
pust dukh Gospodyen, vnom sayedinitsa
sa skudnim vdakhnavyenyem maim.
Taboy darovannaye azaryenyey
nye pagasi. Moy razum nye pakin,
no vnov i vnov priyemli vaskhvalyenyaya,
at tvayevo sluzhityelya, Amin!

And if someone in fatal pride
Is ready to forget the words of holy prayer,
Let me bring him back to the sacred faith
By the power of the words You inspired.

And those who persist in satanic blindness
And in their contemptible vanity,
Let my book of sorrowful songs
Return them to the Eucharist and the Cross.
And the storm of unbelief, that rages,
As over the waters, over people's souls,
Let my song calm,
Inspired by Your divine mercy.

This work, which I began in hope,
And with your name, establish Thou it,
So that my singing may turn to healing
Curing the wounds of my body and soul.
And if my humble work is complete
With Your holy blessing,
May the divine spirit in it
Join with my meagre inspiration.
Do not extinguish the revelation
You have granted. Do not abandon my reason,
But again and again receive praise
From Your servant, Amen!