

M Manhattan
School of Music

CHAMBERFEST

Concert I

SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 2026 | 3:00 PM
SOLOMON MIKOWSKY RECITAL HALL

Sergei Rachmaninov *The Harvest of Sorrow*
Original text by Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy
English translation © Phillip Ross Bullock

Oh you, my field, my beloved field,
You cannot be mowed with a single stroke
You cannot be bound in a single sheaf!
Oh you, my thoughts, my beloved thoughts,
You cannot be shaken off with a single shrug,
You cannot be expressed in a single tale!
Did not the wind batter you, oh field of mine?
Did it not bend your ears of wheat right to the ground,
Scattering the ripe grain hither and thither!
Ah my thoughts, you have been scattered far and wide,
And where a single little thought did fall,
There a grass of cruel sadness did sprout,
There burning bitterness did grow.

Modest Mussorgsky *The Song of The Flea*
Original Text by Goethe, adapted by A. Strugusgchikov
English translation © Phillip Ross Bullock

Once upon a time there lived a king.
The king he kept a flea.
A flea! A flea!
This flea was dearer to him
Than his own brother.
A flea! Hee-hee, hee-hee. A flea?
Hee-hee, hee-hee. A flea!

The king did summon his tailor.
'Listen here, you blockhead,
Sew a velvet kaftan
For my dear friend!'
A kaftan for a flea? Hee-hee, hee-hee.
For a flea? Hee-hee, hee-hee. A kaftan?
Hee-hee, hee-hee. Hee-hee, hee-hee.
A kaftan for a flea?

'I want my flea to be cosy and warm,
And to enjoy total freedom at court.'
At court? Hee-hee. A flea? Hee-hee.
Hee-hee, hee-hee. A flea!

The king made it a minister and gave it a medal,
And all the other fleas joined in too.
And the queen and all her ladies-in-waiting
Were sore vexed by them and suffered grievously.

And they were afraid to touch them, let alone hit them,
But we will squash them as soon as they start to bite!
Hee-hee, hee-hee,
Hee-hee, hee-hee,
Hee-hee, hee-hee, hee-hee.