



FOLK SONGS
OF RUSSIA
IN CHORAL SETTINGS
BY KURT SCHINDLER

No. 6665

THE PRISONER IN
THE CAUCASUS

Cossack Lament
(from the Little-Russian)



Transcribed for
Chorus of Men's Voices
a cappella



Price, 12 cents net

NEW YORK · G. SCHIRMER · BOSTON

THE PRISONER IN THE CAUCASUS.

A Cossack Lament

Oh, the bird in the forest lamenting
Through the grey and misty dawn!
Oh, the tears of young Cossacks made
captive,
Hé, hé! Far is the prison where fettered
they lie.
They are weeping in anguish and sorrow
And their sad, sad fortune bewailing.

Blow, ye winds of the sea,
On your wild pinions bear our call,
Summon our brothers afar!
Bid them set us free!
From the chains of our bondage take us
Off to the land of our birth,
Off to the land of our fathers,
Hé, hé! Off to our dear Cossack land!

Over the sea where the twilight is fall-
ing
Now gather the lads and the maidens
And anxiously call us!
O'er the sea soon there cometh the
might of the Cossack!
O'er the sea, lo! he cometh to rescue his
brother!
Hé! If they knew it, the Turks and
their Sultan,
Stronger by far would they forge the chains
of our bondage!
The Sultan, the heathen, the Sultan,
the tyrant,
Would forge us new fetters, new fetters
would forge us,
Yea! stronger would forge us the chains of
our bondage!

English version by Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler.

The song was noted down from the singing of some Little-Russians here in New York. Its rather modern structure suggests that its origin can hardly date back more than two centuries, and it probably commemorates one of the many fights between Turk and Cossack in the eighteenth century. The sudden and frequent changes in time and dynamic gradations give it a special character of wildness and ruggedness.

K. S.

The Prisoner in the Caucasus

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Cossack Lament

Chorus of Men's Voices

"Zakōvála tai sēeva zozōōlya"
Little-Russian Folksong
Setting by Kurt Schindler

Adagio

Tenor I

Tenor II

Baritone

Bass

Adagio

Accomp.
(only for
rehearsal)

Moderato

*beginning with a whisper
mysteriously*

pp

open

O the bird in the for-est la-ment - ing

In the

O the bird in the for-est la-ment - ing

p
In the

open

Moderato

Echo

hum *f* Open *f*
 Hé,
 grey and mist-y dawn! *pp* O the tears of young Cossacks made cap-tive! *f*
 Hé,
 O the tears of young Cossacks made cap-tive! *f*
 grey and mist-y dawn! *pp* Hé,
 Echo
r. h. *pp* *r. h.* *strong but mellow f*

a tempo, un poco allegro **Moderato come prima**

rit. *p*
 hé, O - hé! Far is the pris-on, where fet-tered they lie. —
rit. *mf* *p*
 hé, O - hé! Far is the pris-on, where fet-tered they lie. — They are
 Far is the pris-on, where fet-tered they lie. — They are
rit. *mf* *p*
 hé! — They

a tempo un poco allegro **Moderato come prima**

rit. *mf without dragging* *p*

Un poco meno mosso

Yea, their sad for-tune be-
and their sad,
weep-ing in an-guish and sor-row, Yea, their sad for-tune be-
weep-ing in an-guish and sor-row, and their sad, their
weep in sor-row, Yea, their sad for-tune be-

Echo Un poco meno mosso

Più lento

Blow, ye winds of the sea!— On your
wail-ing. Blow, ye winds of the sea!— On your
wail-ing. Blow, ye winds of the sea!— On your
wail-ing. Blow, ye winds of the sea!— On your

Più lento

Accelerando

wild pin-ions bear our call! Sum-mon our broth-ers a - far!_

wild pin-ions bear our call! Sum-mon our broth-ers a - far!_

wild pin-ions bear our call! Sum-mon our broth-ers a - far!_

wild pin-ions bear our call! Sum-mon our broth-ers a - far!_

Accelerando

Più lento

p legato

Bid them set us free, From the chains of our bond-age take us

Bid them set us free, From the chains of our bond-age take us

Bid them set us free, From the chains of our bond-age take us

Bid them set us free, From the chains of our bond-age take us

Più lento

Accelerando

f stacc.

Meno

p dolce

Off to the land of our birth! Off to the fields of our

Off to the land of our birth! Off to the fields of our

Off to the land of our birth! Off to the fields of our

Off to the land of our birth! Off to the fields of our

Accelerando

f stacc.

Meno

p dolce

fa - thers, Hé! Hé! Off to our dear Cos-sack land!

fa - thers, Hé! Hé! Off to our dear Cos-sack land!

fa - thers, Hé! Hé! Off to our dear Cos-sack land!

fa - thers, Hé! Hé! Off to our dear Cos-sack land!

Accelerando

p stacc. *cresc.* *sempre cresc. ed accel.*

O-ver the sea, where the twi-light is fall-ing, Now ga-ther the lads and the

mf accel.

Now ga-ther the lads and the

p stacc. *cresc.* *sempre cresc. ed accel.*

O-ver the sea, where the twi-light is fall-ing, Now ga-ther the lads and the

p stacc. *cresc.* *sempre cresc. ed accel.*

O-ver the sea, where the twi-light is fall-ing, Ah! _____

Accelerando

p stacc. *cresc.* *sempre cresc. ed accel.*

ff *short* *f*

maid-ens and an-xious-ly call us, an - xious-ly call — us.

ff *short* *f*

maid-ens and an-xious-ly call us, an - xious-ly call — us.

ff *short* *f*

maid-ens and an-xious-ly call us, an - xious-ly call — us.

ff *short* *f*

_____ They call us, an - xious-ly call — us.

ff *sfz* *f* *loud*

short

Several solo voices
Molto meno

All Allegro

O'er the sea Soon there com-eth the might of the Cos-sack!

Soon there com-eth the might of the Cos-sack!

Soon there com-eth the might of the Cos-sack!

mf hum Sing

mf hum cresc. mf hum

Molto meno

All Allegro

Soli

mf

mf

Solo-Voices

Molto meno (come prima)

All Allegro

rit.

O'er the sea: Lo! he com-eth to res-cue his broth-er!

Lo! he com-eth to res-cue his broth-er!

Lo! he com-eth to res-cue his broth-er!

mf hum Sing mf rit. mf rit. Sing mf cresc. molto Ah!

Molto meno (come prima)

All Allegro

Soli

mf

mf cresc.

Allegro energico

Hé! if they knew it, the Turks and their Sul-tan,
 Hé! if they knew it, the Turks and their Sul-tan,
 Hé! if they knew it, the Turks and their Sul - tan,
 Hé! if they knew it, their Sul - tan,

Allegro energico

Meno mosso

Strong-er by far would they forge the chains of our bondage. The
 Strong-er by far would they forge the chains of our bondage. The
 Strong-er by far would they forge the chains of our bond-age. The
 Strong-er by far would they forge the chains, our bond-age.

Meno mosso

Allegro con fuoco

Sul-tan, the Sul-tan, would forge us new
 Sul-tan, the Sul-tan, would forge us new
 Sul-tan, the hea-then, the Sul-tan, the ty-rant, would forge us new fet-ters, new
ff
8^a bassa ad lib.
 The hea-then, the ty-rant, new fet-ters

Allegro con fuoco

ff

fet-ters, yea, stronger would forge us the chains of our bond - age!
 fet-ters, yea, stronger would forge us the chains of our bond - age!
 fet-ters would forge us, yea, stronger would forge us the chains of our bond - age!
 would forge us, yea, stronger would forge us the chains of our bond - age!

cresc. e rit. *con tutta forza*
cresc. e rit. *con tutta forza*
cresc. e rit. *con tutta forza*
cresc. e rit. *con tutta forza*

cresc. e rit. *fff* *con tutta forza*

Folk-Songs of Russia in Choral Settings

By KURT SCHINDLER

Mixed Voices

THREE HUMOROUS PART-SONGS: *Net*

- | | | |
|------|---------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| 6688 | The Three Cavaliers (Po. or harp ad lib.), with
Sopr. solo | 15 |
| 6669 | Little Duck in the Meadow (a cappella) | 8 |
| 6670 | The Goldfinch's Wedding (Po. ad lib.) | 15 |

THREE MELODIES FROM OPERAS BY RIMSKY- KORSAKOFF:

- | | | |
|------|--------------------------------------------------------|----|
| 6666 | Amongst the Berries (harp, clarinet and flute
acc.) | 12 |
| 6667 | Farewell, Carnival! (Po. ad lib.) | 20 |
| 6668 | The Spell of the Forest (Po. or harp ad lib.) | 10 |

TWO TRADITIONAL YIDDISH MELODIES (with English version):

- | | | |
|------|------------------------------------------------------|----|
| 6690 | Eili, Eili (a cappella), with Mezzo-Sopr. solo | 12 |
| 6689 | Avrahm, Avrahm! (a cappella) | 12 |
| 6694 | Dunya, a Danube Song (a cappella), with Alto
solo | 12 |
| 6691 | Vasilissa the Fair (a cappella), with Sopr. solo | 25 |

Women's Voices (4 parts)

- | | | |
|------|-------------------------------------------------|----|
| 6692 | Vasilissa the Fair (Po. acc.), with Sopr. solo | 25 |
| 6693 | The Three Cavaliers (Po. acc.), with Sopr. solo | 15 |

Men's Voices (4 parts)

- | | | |
|------|-------------------------------------------|----|
| 6665 | The Prisoner in the Caucasus (a cappella) | 12 |
|------|-------------------------------------------|----|

New York • G. SCHIRMER • Boston