

A Monsieur P. TCHAIKOWSKY

I. BARCAROLE

At dusk half-heard the chill wave laps
Beneath the gondola's slow oar.

... once more a song! once more the twanged guitar!

... now sad, now gaily ringing,
The barcarolle comes winging:
"The boat slid by, the waters clove:
So time glides o'er the surge of love;
The waters will grow smooth again,
But what can rouse a passion slain!"

Lermontov.

SERGEI RACHMANINO
(1873-1943)

Piano I. *Allegretto* *pp*

Piano II. *Allegretto* *p*