

Mussorgsky Edition: Liner Notes & Sung Texts

Liner Notes

CD1

When Modest Mussorgsky died in 1881, at the young age of 42, he had only published a small part of his music, while numerous compositions remained uncompleted. His friend Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakov was responsible for the posthumous publication of many of these works, though in some cases he undertook considerable alterations to Mussorgsky's work. This is the case with the fantasia "A Night on the Bare Mountain", a work with an unusual history. Mussorgsky had mentioned this composition in a letter as early as 1860 and it remained his only largescale work for orchestra. However he did not complete it until 1867, albeit in a matter of days, and composed the fantasia according to his own words straight onto the page, without any sketches. Rimsky-Korsakov published a modified version of the work in 1886 and it is in this form, as on this recording, that it is usually performed today.

The programme which Mussorgsky attached to his composition is strongly reminiscent of the programmatic notes for the last movement of Hector Berlioz's "Sinfonie fantastique": spirits are abroad wreaking havoc and Satan appears at the witches' sabbath. It is easy to understand why Mussorgsky was frequently viewed as a brilliant amateur and musical revolutionary when viewing his work in connection with "Night on the Bare Mountain". Not only Mily Balakirev, to whom the work was originally to be dedicated, found many passages incomprehensible; Rimsky-Korsakov felt it necessary to implement many changes in his version of the work. Mussorgsky himself was well aware of the uniqueness and explosive force of his fantasia, as is clear from a letter he wrote: "They would drive me from the conservatoire for it... I hardly think I would re-work it. If it is to survive, it should stand as it is, with its faults."

"Pictures at an Exhibition", originally composed in 1874 for piano, is Mussorgsky's most popular work. It was written in memory of his friend, the painter Victor Hartmann, who died in 1873. Mussorgsky portrayed some of Hartmann's pictures in music when they were displayed at an exhibition in Saint Petersburg. The cycle of ten individual paintings is linked by the famous "promenade", symbolizing the viewer of the pictures wandering through the exhibition. "My own image appears in the interludes", wrote Mussorgsky in a letter. He wrote the "Pictures at an Exhibition" in a very short time, with the memory of his friend's paintings fresh in his mind: "Notes and thoughts just float through the air; I devour them with eager hunger and barely have enough time to scribble them all down on paper ..." The composition is dedicated to the music critic Vladimir Stasov, who had initiated the exhibition. Mussorgsky's imaginative and revolutionary style is clearly discernible in the "Pictures at an Exhibition" and the work was particularly well-received by the Impressionists. In particular, the "Catacombs" (No.8) seem to preempt their new approach to music. However, the work also includes very "Russian" pieces, reflecting Mussorgsky's interest in a national music style - the promenade alone is reminiscent of Russian folk songs. The virtuoso piano version is so rich in tone painting and antitheses that it is crying out to be orchestrated. It is therefore not surprising that a number of instrumentations of "Pictures at an Exhibition" have been written, of which the 1922 version by Maurice Ravel is the most important. His adaptation is rightly seen as a brilliant transformation of the original.

Klemens Hippel

Translation: Janet & Michael Berridge

CD2

Pictures at an Exhibition

Mussorgsky is universally and rightly regarded as one of the greatest and most important composers of the nineteenth century. This reputation came into being only in the early twentieth century, mainly thanks to the impresario Sergei Diaghilev who tried to get the western public interested into Russian music. With this purpose in mind he presented to the Parisian audience spectacular performances of the (in his view) most overwhelming ballets, opera and concert pieces from his native country. Among the highlights of the first seasons of Diaghilev's so-called Ballets Russes around 1910 belonged operas by Rimsky-Korsakov and Mussorgsky (including Boris Godunov) and the first ballets of one of Mussorgsky's greatest admirers, Igor Stravinsky. In Boris Godunov people welcomed the non-western and non-classical approach to melody, form and harmony and as a result Mussorgsky's sense of freedom and anarchy became an inspiring source for several modernist composers, including Claude Debussy.

Mussorgsky's reputation in the west was sealed when in 1922 Maurice Ravel, at the request of the Russian-American conductor Sergei Koussevitzky, made an orchestration of Mussorgsky's piano composition Pictures from an exhibition. Before 1922 the piece was hardly known and played; since 1922 almost everyone plays it.

All the books on Mussorgsky mention his other compositions for piano, but these works are rarely discussed and performed. With the knowledge of Mussorgsky's western reputation this neglect is understandable. (Whether this is justified, is to the listener to decide.) The western reputation is based on the works Mussorgsky wrote after 1865. Before 1865, when he still had to find his own voice, he wrote several piano pieces which pleased the Russian aristocracy, the class from which Mussorgsky came. Children's game (1857), Nanny and me (1865) and Impromptu passionné (1859) are salon-like, charming, very melodic pieces, quite playable for the good amateur, with almost no hint of the Russian music which would dominate all his later, much more well-known pieces. If Mussorgsky had a model, it was the charming and innocent looking songs and piano pieces written in Russia before 1850. Basically within the same style, but much more influenced by his later

approach to Russian music are *A tear* and *In the village*, both from 1880. The melodic style is much more Russian and the tragic mood is much less harmless, but the general character could still be from Glinka. That the original titles of the pieces were in French, was no accident. French was the second language of the Russian aristocracy and elegance, charm and subtlety were cherished as great virtues.

The sixties are a crucial decade both for Mussorgsky and for Russian musical life. Many people started to ask ‘what is Russian in Russian music?’ Some people believed Russian music should open itself to the German and romantic tradition. Others, among them Mussorgsky, believed Russian art music should look for inspiration in folk and church music. This influence should not be restricted to melody and harmony, but also include rhythm, phrasing and declamation. The big result of this so-called Russian Realism was his opera *Boris Godunov*. A few years after the opera the same principles resulted into his most important piano piece: *Pictures from an exhibition* (1874). On the one hand this is conventional nineteenth-century programme music. The movements of *Pictures* accompany a trip through an exhibition with pictures, made by Mussorgsky’s friend the architect Victor Hartmann who had died recently. The opening section is the *Promenade* between several pictures and returns several times in the composition. All the movements, each in their own way, explore Mussorgsky’s independence from the German and French romantic models he came to reject in the sixties: the irregular rhythms (in *Promenade*), the collage-like form (for instance in the second movement), the melodic inflections from Russian folk and church music (in *Catacombs*), the depiction of Jews (in *Goldenberg and Schmuyle*), the spiky, light-hearted accents (in *The Hut on Hen’s Legs*), the exuberant dance (*Limoges*) and the triumphant mood (in the closing scene on the Knight’s Gate in the Ancient Capital Kiev) in which Russian bells play a crucial part.

Although the movements are impressive in themselves, the order of the sections betrays an iron sense of architecture. The overall structure, highly original and without historic precedent, is on the one hand far away from rigid German classical models, on the other hand a model of cohesion. The movements are clearly inspired by Hartmann’s drawings: listening to the sections while at the same time looking at Hartmann’s drawings shows that Mussorgsky had a romantic and picturesque sense of expression in details. Nevertheless the pieces are very enjoyable to a listener who doesn’t know Hartmann’s drawings. And as any good piece of programme music, the composition is a work of art in his own right.

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CD3-5

Boris Godunov

After Mussorgsky’s death in 1881, his fellow-composer Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov completed and orchestrated his opera *Khovanshchina*. Several years later, Rimsky-Korsakov turned his attention to *Boris Godunov*, which was not incomplete but which Rimsky thought needed tidying up, ‘correcting’ and reorchestrating. His second version, the one that made the opera popular, was first performed in Paris in 1908.

Prologue

Scene One

Moscow, 1598. In the courtyard of the Novodievichy Monastery, a crowd of peasants is ordered to kneel by a police officer. The tsar has died; his widow has refused to reign in his place, and her brother, Boris Godunov, has retreated into the monastery.

Shchelkalov, Secretary of the Council of Boyars, tells the crowd that Boris refuses to accept the crown. A band of blind pilgrims approaches; they exhort the peasants to acclaim Boris as tsar.

Scene Two

Boris has accepted the throne. As a great procession moves towards the Cathedral of the Assumption for his coronation, the crowd praises him. Boris appears: he fears for the future, but rises to the splendour of the occasion. The crowd repeats its praise.

Act One

Scene One

Some five years later, in a cell in the Chudov Monastery, the old monk Pimen is writing the last chapter of his history of Russia. His young cell-mate, Grigory, wakes suddenly from a recurring dream in which he falls headlong from a tower overlooking the whole of Moscow. Pimen, too, is sometimes disturbed by dreams. He reminisces about the recent past. Prince Dimitri, who should now be tsar, was murdered as a boy on Boris’s instructions: had he lived, he would now be the same age as Grigory. Alone, Grigory cries out that Boris will not escape judgment.

Scene Two

In her inn on the Lithuanian border, the hostess sings a song about a drake. Two vagabond monks, Missail and Varlaam, arrive with Grigory, who has escaped from the monastery. Varlaam embarks on a boisterous song about Ivan the Terrible’s victory over the Tartars at Kazan. As the vagabonds drift into sleep, Grigory discovers from the hostess that the border guards are looking for a fugitive from Moscow. She tells him how to reach the border without encountering them. Police officers enter, with a warrant for the arrest of one Grigory Otrepiev. Grigory reads it out for them, substituting details of Varlaam’s appearance for his own. The outraged Varlaam, by now fully sober, slowly picks out the words of the warrant. As the true description emerges, Grigory makes his escape.

Act Two

In a room in the imperial palace in the Kremlin, Xenia, Boris's daughter, laments the death of her fiancé. Her brother, Feodor, tries to distract her. The nurse tells her that she will soon find another lover and attempts to cheer her up with a song about a gnat, a flea and a dragonfly. But the ending was sad, so Feodor leads off with a cheerful clapping song.

Boris enters suddenly. He comforts Xenia and sends her out to find her friends. He asks Feodor what he is doing, and is impressed by the boy's knowledge of the extent of the Muscovite dominions. He muses to himself on the contrast between the success of his reign and his personal unhappiness. He attributes news of treachery and famine to God's punishment for the murder of Dimitri.

While Feodor investigates a disturbance in another room, a boyar reports that Prince Shuisky has arrived; he warns Boris of Shuisky's deviousness. Feodor, returning, amuses his father with his account of how the family parrot had bitten all the nurses. As Boris warns Feodor about Shuisky, the man himself appears. He suppresses his anger at Boris's insults, and tells the tsar that a pretender has arisen in Lithuania, claiming to be Dimitri. Shocked, Boris orders Feodor to leave. He demands a truthful account of Dimitri's death.

Shuisky gives a graphic description of the scene at Uglich: this is too much for Boris, who dismisses him. As he gasps for breath, he mistakes the moving figures of a clock for a vision of Dimitri. He begs God for forgiveness.

Act Three

Scene One

In her room in Sandomierz Castle, in Poland, the princess Marina is being entertained. She dismisses her attendants and sings of her boredom and of her quest for power. She will marry Dimitri – the pretender, Grigori – and, with him, ascend the throne of Russia. Rangoni, her Jesuit confessor, enters. It is her task to convert the Russians to the Roman Catholic faith, at whatever cost. She curses him for his cynicism, but yields to his demand for her complete submission.

Scene Two

'Dimitri' sings rapturously of his love for Marina as he waits for her in the garden. (A scene with the wily Rangoni is omitted on this recording.) Dimitri conceals himself as Marina and her guests emerge from the castle to the strains of a polonaise. The guests look forward to conquering Moscow, and join Marina in a toast before reentering the castle. (A scene for Dimitri alone is also omitted.)

Marina dismisses Dimitri's ardent protestations. She asks him when he is going to be tsar in Moscow. On his knees, Dimitri reproaches her. When she insults him and tells him to leave, he vows to humiliate her when he is tsar. Marina immediately capitulates and affirms her love for him. Rangoni observes them, unseen.

Act Four

Scene One

In a clearing in the forest near Kromy, a crowd of vagabonds have captured a boyar, Krushchov, whom they are tormenting. They force a whip into his hand and praise him ironically. The *yurodivy*, the Holy Fool or Simpleton, enters with a group of urchins. He sings a sad, mad song. The urchins tap his tin hat and steal the kopek that he shows them. Missail and Varlaam are heard approaching, attributing various disasters to Boris's sinful reign. The vagabonds, including the new arrivals, praise the new tsar Dimitri and curse Boris the murderer.

Two Jesuits approach, praying in Latin for Dimitri. The vagabonds decide to hang them and they are dragged away. Dimitri enters on horseback and is welcomed by the crowd. He proclaims himself tsarevich and invites the boyar Krushchov to join him in the march on Moscow. All except the Simpleton follow him: even the Jesuits are reprieved. The Simpleton sings a lament for Russia and her starving people.

Scene Two

An emergency session of the Council of Boyars is taking place in a hall in the Kremlin. The boyars order the arrest and execution of the pretender. Shuisky enters: he describes how he had seen the tsar trying to drive away the ghost of Dimitri. Boris staggers in, distraught, but recovers. Shuisky tells him that a pilgrim begs to be admitted. The pilgrim is Pimen, who tells of a visit from a shepherd. Blind from childhood, the shepherd had dreamt of Dimitri, who told him to visit his tomb in Uglich. He did so, and his sight was restored. Boris collapses. He calls for Feodor and, dismissing the boyars, bids farewell to his son. As a bell tolls and a choir chants in the distance, Boris points to Feodor as the new tsar and dies as he begs God to forgive him.

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CD6-8

Khovanshchina

In 1872, while dealing with the adjustments to *Boris Godunov* that the theatre authorities had demanded – such as the introduction to the so-called 'Polish scenes' – Modest Mussorgsky was already occupied with the subject of *Khovanshchina*. Mussorgsky worked on *Khovanshchina* until his death in 1881, at first absolutely feverishly, then at ever greater intervals. Worries of existence, depression and extreme alcoholism made his creative powers increasingly run dry. The vocal score of *Khovanshchina* that was left is, however, complete as far as the close of the second act and the finale of the fifth; the composer had not started on the orchestration. Mussorgsky's friend Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov produced an orchestral version of the work – with large cuts – in 1883, and three years later, on 21 February 1886, this was performed for the first time in St Petersburg. Maurice Ravel and Igor Stravinsky re-orchestrated the work on a commission from Sergei Diaghilev in

the years 1912–13; in this Igor Stravinsky completed the composition of the Act 5 finale. In 1931 the musical scholar Pavel Lamm published Mussorgsky's vocal score; between 1939 and 1959 Dmitri Shostakovich produced, on this basis, a further version in which he was guided in his instrumentation by the score of the original version of *Boris Godunov*. If in the latter work Mussorgsky had, in this melodic structure, partly based himself on classical models, in *Khovanshchina* he looked musically to the future, in that he made the vocal melody grow entirely from natural speech patterns.

Synopsis

Act One

Streltsi, members of a special troop founded in his time by Ivan 'the Terrible', now opposed to those in power, are becoming angry about the condition of Russia. The boyar Shaklovity dictates to a scribe a letter to the Tsar of All the Russians in which he accuses Prince Khovansky of planning a *coup d'état*. The illiterate people get the scribe to read them a proclamation from the Tsar in which future banishments and death sentences are announced. When Prince Khovansky appears with his followers, Shaklovity and the scribe flee. The prince incites the people against the Tsar. Khovansky's son Andrey importunes Emma, a young German girl. But Marfa, Andrey's former beloved, protects her. Prince Khovansky makes demands on Emma for himself, and a quarrel ensues between father and son. Dosifey ends it and asks Marfa to take the girl with her.

Act Two

In his palace Prince Golitsin is reading a love-letter from the Tsarevna to him. He has Marfa in so as to learn the future from her. When the girl predicts to him the loss of his fortune, and banishment, he wants to have her drowned. Prince Khovansky appears and accuses Golitsin of betrayal: old Dosifey attempts once again to settle the quarrel. Marfa arrives and tells of Golitsin's attempt to have her murdered. Shaklovity enters with the news that Prince Khovansky is to be indicted for high treason.

Act Three

A procession of Old Believers moves through the Moscow suburb of Samoskarvechye, where the streltsi live. Marfa sits in front of Khovansky's house and sings a song about love; the zealot Susanna takes her to task for it. Dosifey pacifies the two girls. When Susanna has gone, Marfa confesses to the old man her 'impious' love, as she calls it, for Andrey Khovansky; Dosifey comforts her. The boyar Shaklovity sees Russia sliding into catastrophe; drunken streltsi call for the destruction of Moscow. The scribe reports persecution of the streltsi by the Tsar's cavalry. Prince Khovansky must help and avenge the Tsar's soldiers' misdeeds. The prince orders the people, on the contrary, to keep calm, and withdraws into his house.

Act 4

Tableau One

In Prince Khovansky's house, country girls are singing at their handiwork. Khovansky, warned by a confidant of Prince Golitsin of an assassination attempt, throws all caution to the wind. He has Persian dancers entertain him at his meal. Shaklovity brings in a summons for Khovansky to appear before the Grand Council. In defiance of all warnings, the prince decides to obey the summons. But scarcely has he emerged from his house than he is murdered by myrmidons.

Tableau Two

Meanwhile Golitsin and other nobles are being deported. The people of Moscow comment on the procession of those exiled, who are escorted by armed men. Marfa tells Dosifey that the Imperial Guard has abandoned the Old Believers. Andrey Khovansky appears, looking for Emma. He accuses Marfa of hiding the girl from him and threatens to denounce her as a witch. When, however, the bells of the cathedral announce an act of punishment by the Tsar, he tearfully begs Marfa for protection. Both run away. The wives of the streltsi urge the Tsar to punish the streltsi, who sorrowfully submit. But the ruler's bodyguard enters and announces an amnesty.

Act Five

In a wood near Moscow the Old Believers have found refuge. Their cause seems lost: Dosifey appeals to them to die for their faith. All, Andrey and Marfa too, mount a gigantic funeral pyre and die. The soldiers of the Tsar's bodyguards arrive too late with their amnesty.

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Translation: Lionel Salter

CD9-10

The Sorochintsy Fair

Opera in three acts (four scenes)

"The Sorochintsy Fair" - one of the very few Russian comic operas - was planned for the first time in summer 1874. The composer began to compile a libretto after the likenamed story by N.V. Gogol. But already in April 20, 1875 he wrote to L.I. Karmalina: "I refuse the Small Russian opera: the reason of refuse is impossibility for a Great Russian to pretend to be a Small Russian and, consequently, the impossibility to master Small Russian recitative, i.e. all nuances and peculiarities of the musical outline of Small Russian speaking." From 1876 on the composer again returns to the idea of "The Sorochintsy Fair". The work was done on two operas simultaneously, and Mussorgsky gave his principal consideration to "Khovanshchina". In

August - October 1879 , during a concert tour with singer D.M. Leonova through Ukraine and Russia, Mussorgsky included in the programs fragments from "The Sorochintsy Fair". As he wrote, "Ukrainians of both sexes had recognized the character of "Sorochintsy"'s music as quite national one, and I myself made sure of that, testing myself in Ukrainian Lands" (letter to V.V. Stassov, 10.09.1879). Group of composer's admirers, being inspired his new operatic intention, made him a private order for the urgent completion of "The Sorochintsy Fair", pledging themselves to pay it off during a year at 80 rubles monthly. The same admirers arranged the publication of the opera fragments at N.M.Bernard's publishing house as far as they could be composed. Bernard undertook to issue them in the form of a piano transcription, without words and vocal parts, and Mussorgsky, for the sake of economy of time, wrote music down at once just in such, not in true operatic variant. In 1881 "Russian Music Herald" twice announced the completion and preparing production of "The Sorochintsy Fair". But in reality Mussorgsky hadn't time to complete it, even in the rough. More than that, according to N. Rimsky-Korsakov's opinion, the opera was composed without genuine libretto and detailed scenario. After Mussorgsky's death Anatoliy Liadov intended to complete the opera; for him A.N. Golenishchev-Kutuzov, Mussorgsky's friend and repeated co-author, had written up lacking parts of the text in the 1st and 2nd acts. Soon Liadov lost interest in this work restricting himself to edition and orchestration of the five fragments (issued in 1904), including the Introduction that is heard in his version. It is typically Liadov's filigree but as the absolutely newly composed arrangement of the Mussorgsky's themes. Other three numbers were orchestrated by Viacheslav Karatygin and the rest by Yuriy Sakhnovskiy; in such fragmentary form (with prosaic inclusions) the work was staged in 1913 in the Moscow Free Theatre. In 1915/16 the opera was completed and fully orchestrated by Caesar Cui for the production of the Music Drama Theatre in Petrograd (the premiere took place on October 13th, 1917). The free version of opera was edited also by Nikolai Tcherepnin (Paris, 1923). When preparing the 3rd volume of the Collected works by Mussorgsky (Moscow, 1933) musical textual critic Pavel Lamm and composer Vissarion Shebalin created a version close to the author's idea and at the same time suitable for scenic embodiment. Till to-day this version is the model one; it is the basis of Yekaterinburg performance.

Careful investigation of all autographs led P.A. Lamm to the conclusion: "opera was wrote by the composer though not in succession but according to a firmly determined plan". This permitted the placing and interpreting correctly of nameless unconnected numbers. Nevertheless, lack of several essential fragments put up before the editors complicated problems for the dramatist and composer. For example, in connection with appearance of "Lad's Dreaming Vision" (rearranged by the author "Night on the Bald Mountain" - firstly an orchestral work and afterwards a sabbath scene from the unrealized collective opera "Mlada") in the beginning of Act 3, they had to move the Lad's Meditation (Dumka) to the end of Act 1. Completely anew or on the basis of Mussorgsky's fragmentary sketches and folklore records V. Shebalin composed scene of Khivria and Cherevik in Act 1 ("Well, wife, I find a fiancée for the daughter") and transition to "Lad's Meditation" as well as the scene of the Lad and Gypsy after "Lad's Meditation" except final orchestral "little hopak"; in the 2nd act he was the author of Godfather's Tale (text and music excluding the first phrase) and the conclusion of the act. In Act 3 Shebalin composed the whole beginning of the 1st scene until the "Lad's Dreaming Vision" and all the scenes of the 2nd scene between "Parasia's Meditation" and concluding Hopak, that contain a dramatic denouement of the plot and are often based on themes that were sounded in the earlier opera. Creating original music Shebalin was able to be imbued with the figurative style of Mussorgsky's musical speaking that stylistic "seams" in the opera are absolutely absent. "Sorochintsy Fair" was recorded by Moscow Radio in 1947 as a literary-musical composition (in Yu. Sakhnovskiy's version).

In 1983 the complete recording of V. Shebalin's version was issued for the first time on gramophone LP records in the performance of Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko theatre company under the baton of Vladimir Yessipov. This recording is the first digital one issued on CD.

Synopsis

ACT 1

Fair in the borough Sorochintsy near Poltava. Hawker's trays, sheds, carts, lots of various goods; common animation and fuss. Hot sunny summer day. Tradesmen and tradeswomen vying with each other offer their goods: wheels, pots, melons, caps, ribbons, pails and so on. Jews also call to their trays (Jewish tune in the orchestra), Gypsies abuse them, proposing to give their goods for nothing. This moment Cossacks and lads appear who take away goods from them both. The fair did not mark this small incident: bargain is continued, each praise his goods - nails, rims, banduras (Ukrainian string plucked instrument). Parasia is in raptures from many-coloured ribbons, from rich beads: "Make me a present, father!" - "Well, I'll sell wheat and a mare," - not quite definite Solopiy Cherevik answers, the protagonist of our story. Their conversation is sunk in general hubbub of the fair. Girls flirt with lads. Suddenly noise abrupted with Gypsy's appearance. He greets all good people, but it will not be a bargain on this damned place; there in old shed an evil spirit settles - a devil nicknamed "The Red Sheepskin". He leads away mares and oxes, put the evil eye, and who is that who will meet him - he himself at once will become a demon. Not having turn his attendance to the gloomy prophecy in the depth of a stage, by carts loaded with wheat, a lad Gritsko makes Parasia a declaration of love. At that very moment when he intended to kiss her, indignant Cherevik appears. But Gritsko is found to be a son of his old friend, Cossack Golopopenko; he immediately makes a proposal of marriage, and Cherevik has no objection to give his daughter to such good-looking and richly dressed lad. They strike a bargain and, in honour of reached agreement, make for an inn to drink. The fair continues to make a noise, the trade proceeds. But sun sets, it becomes dark and the square little by little becomes deserted. Only Cherevik and Godfather, having come at last out from an inn, crawl in a darkness with unsteady gait, striking various objects and singing songs. Godfather goes home, but Cherevik will have it painfully out with his wife about immoderate drinking and not approved by her match making. It turns out that Gritsko is that very lad who along the road to Sorochintsy ventured to mock at Khivria and even threw a mud at her, hitting straight a face! Indignant Khivria takes the offensive and beats

Cherevik, who has been "under her thumb". "Here's your marriage!" he reflects over. "I will have to get a refusal to a good man for no reason at all". Gritsko imperceptibly watches this scene and, after Cherevik had retired to Godfather's house, in solitude gives vent to his love, depression and disappointment. "What is your grief about, Gritsko?" - the Gypsy interrupts his thoughts. Learning the reason the Gypsy makes an unexpected proposition: "Will you sell your oxes for twenty, if we'll compel Cherevik to give us Paraska?" - "I'll sell for fifteen, if you will not lie!" - delighted Gritsko promises. Newly allies shake hands on it and start dancing.

ACT 2

Godfather's hut where Cherevik stayed who had arrived with his family to the fair. Khivria being busy with cooking, cracks during the work unflattering remarks about her sleeping husband. No comparison with her "darling" - a secret sweetheart, younger priest Afanassiy Ivanovich. Just him she is awaiting to-day with a visit, for him she is cooking, and it is necessary for her to send the husband about his business for the whole night away from the house. Awaked Cherevik calmly reacts to all his wife's accusations and even mock her a little, comparing now with a mare, now with a rabbit. He got accustomed to regard a family life philosophically; with a "philosophical" maxim he finishes his stay at home, going at the wife's urgent request with Godfather to watch carts with wheat: "O Lord, on what account such a misfortune for us, sinners? As it is so many trash in the world, and You had produced in addition wives!" Having remain alone Khivria prepares herself for desirable guest's arrival: lays the table, smartens herself up.

The voice of Cherevik is heard behind the window and excites new attack of Khivria's indignation against husband. Son of a priest is not here still. Khivria feels depressed probably dear friend will not come. But the depression has passed - Khivria decided buck herself up with merry song about handsome Cossack Brudeus. Before she had time to finish it a scream outside the window is heard: somebody steals up to the house, and Khivria, having snatch a scoop full of water, "runs to the window with intention to make a trouble". But... quickly hides the scoop behind her back: "Ah, it's you, Afanassiy Ivanovich!" In spite of warning the son of priest falls into the nettle and only after that at last appears in the hut. A parody "love scene" follows: the son of priest admires charms of "the most superb, incredible" Khavronya Nikiforovna by turns with talks about quantity of offerings to the priest from parishioners with treat various dishes, which Afanassiy Ivanovich swallows up in great doses and with incredible speed. At last it reaches love game, but before the son of priest had time to come up to his chosen one there was a strong knock at the gates. Unexpected Godfather and Cherevik had arrived with a large crowd of guests. The son of priest, bewailing, dashes around the hut and at last climbs up the polaty, while frightened Khivria runs to open the gates. Guests are frightened too owing to tales about the Red Sheepskin - everywhere they seems to see snouts, devil's hoofs and grunting. Nevertheless Godfather makes a note of Khivria's fear, but Cherevik is deeply convinced that the devil himself is afraid of his wife. Meanwhile the son of priest cannot lie on the polaty absolutely motionlessly, and each sound made by him stirs guests a fit of fear. For courage they decided to drink; especially Godfather takes heart, who is ready to cock a snook at the devil himself. Cherevik with guests starts a merry song, interrupted by tinware to fall from under the son of priest.

Saving the situation Khivria accuses guests that, owing to the noise they had make, tinware falls down from its place by itself. Nevertheless all tremble with fear; Cherevik, not making bold to come to the window, asks Khivria to close it. Finding himself in a reserved space he feels more confidently: "Now", he declares, "welcome, mistress Red Sheepskin!" All are revolted his irresponsible words and demand: "Keep away from it!" Cherevik pronounces necessary invocation and, changing his tone to an ordinary one, asks the Godfather to tell, what is, strictly speaking, that story about Red Sheepskin. Godfather begins his tale. Once for some fault one devil was driven out the hell. Let the devil with grief to drink hard and had swapped all his property for drink. The devil had to pawn his red sheepskin to an old tavern keeper in Sorochintsy. "Look out, old man", he speaks, "I'll come to you for sheepskin exactly in a year: take care of it!" But for the tavern keeper it appeared boringly to wait for a term, and he sell it to a travelling landowner triple the price. One day towards evening some man comes for sheepskin, but old man pretends he had never seen it; the man went away empty-handed. Only towards the night, when the old man slipped on a bed-sheet, suddenly he heard a rustle... Lo and behold: there are snouts in all windows...

Again some noise is heard from the son of priest, and again there is general fright. Khivria shames men - "it is a bench to squeak under somebody and all had thrown as half-witted!" Godfather continues the tale: devils climbed through the windows and began to lash the tavern keeper with wattled triplets. Old man falled at their feet and owned up. "Since then every year devil with a snout-like face searches damned sheepskin all over a fair. But the evil one possessed now the assessor to..." At that moment glasses broke in the window, and a dreadful snout stared at the room. General alarm is caused; one from the guests strikes his head against the polaty, the son of a priest with a crash falls down the floor. Cherevik, having snatch a pot instead of a cap, runs to an exit, after him Godfather and some of the guests follow. In the inner porch there are crush and cries. The others dash around the hut. "Devil! oh! oh! Devil! Help!"

ACT 3

Scene 1

Street in Sorochintsy. It's evening. Cherevik with a pot on his head runs, being dead tired. Godfather follows him pursued by lads with the Gypsy at the head. Lads snatch and tie up both "for they had stolen newly arrived fellow Cherevik's mare." Any excuses don't help; especially it hurts Cherevik, who supposedly robbed himself. Gritsko appears as an "unexpected" saviour; he gives to Cherevik and Godfather a freedom in exchange to Parasia. Cherevik with joy gives again his final consent to wedding – tomorrow without fail - and goes home. The Gypsy gets from Gritsko promised oxes everything has turned out all right, as he planned. Gritsko remains alone and falls asleep with thought of Parasia, but in his sleep he sees

witches' sabbath headed by Chernobog ["Black God" from Russian] (in Yekaterinburg production Chernobog appears before the lad in the shape of mysterious Gypsy, and both parts one and the same actor plays). Only towards a dawn, having heard from a far a singing of saint hermits, evil spirits with moans disappear, hiding in their hide chinks. With first rays of sun Gritsko wakes up.

Scene 2

Street before Godfather's hut. It's morning. Parasia goes out to a porch and longs for her beloved Gritsko, for a frustrated wedding. But youth has its effect: Parasia starts dancing, appeared Cherevik joins her. "Good", the Godfather remarks, "father with his daughter undertake here a wedding themselves! Well, Paraska, welcome your bridegroom." She turns - there is Gritsko! Lovers are again together, girls and lads congratulate them. Cherevik seeks to finish the whole ceremony before Khivria's appearance, who had run away to buy shawls and various fabrics. Far from it. "I'll rather burst than allow this!" - Khivria came running in, out of breath. But hefty fellows, according to signal given by the Gypsy, grab Khivria and carry her away. Grown bolder Cherevik blesses newly-weds, and all those present with Gypsy at the head dance hopak. Little by little whole group moves away, the street stays empty. A hot summer day.

CD11

*The artist must "not get to know the people,
but be admitted to their brotherhood"*
Mussorgsky

If ever a composer had peculiar talents which destined him to be a great musical dramatist it was Modest Mussorgsky. Although Mussorgsky was to fulfil this destiny, the medium in which he did so was - like so much else about him - unconventional. Mussorgsky should by rights have been one of the major figures of nineteenth-century opera, with his strong sense of dialogue and drama and a musical aesthetic based almost entirely on the desire to represent accurately human speech and character. The reality, however, is that despite a continuous stream of ideas for operas, some merely sketched, others tantalisingly near to completion, Mussorgsky's inability to see large projects through to their conclusion meant that he finished only one stage work. Yet the character flaw in Mussorgsky which proved the opera-lover's loss is the song-lover's gain. Working on the smaller canvasses which the medium of song offered, Mussorgsky produced copious finished works of music drama.

To describe solo songs as music drama might seem perverse, but Mussorgsky's songs were composed in a highly idiomatic style, in which the conventions of 'pure' music were always subject to his overriding concern for human and dramatic realism. In an autobiographical sketch written shortly before his death, Mussorgsky gave the following summation of his musical aesthetic:

Mussorgsky cannot be classed with any existing group of musicians, either by the character of his compositions or by his musical views. The formula of his artistic 'profession de foi' may be explained by his view of the function of art: art is a means of communicating with people, not an aim in itself. This guiding principle has defined the whole of his creative activity. Proceeding from the conviction that human speech is strictly controlled by musical laws, he considers the function of art to be the reproduction in musical sounds, not merely of feelings, but first and foremost of human at speech.

In part, Mussorgsky's greatness as a song writer lies not only in the precision of his characterisations, but in their universality. Aristocrats, peasants, nurses and soldiers were all subject to Mussorgsky's musical and dramatic perception. The seeds of these wide-ranging empathies can be seen in Mussorgsky's early history. Although Mussorgsky was born into a wealthy landowning family, he claimed also to have peasant blood. By his own account, it was as a young child under the influence of his nurse that he became familiar with Russian folk-tales, and with the spirit of the Russian people. In 1852, at the age of 13, he entered an army cadet-school in St. Petersburg, where he stayed for four years before entering the army proper. Mussorgsky's brief military career ended a year later when he suffered something of a nervous breakdown. Henceforth Mussorgsky was never entirely free from problems of mental balance, and at various stages in later life was beset by dipsomania. Throughout these problems, however, Mussorgsky managed to continue working, both musically and professionally; in 1863 financial concerns had forced Mussorgsky into the civil service, which he left only in the last year of his life.

Musically, Mussorgsky's background was equally unconventional. He began to improvise at the piano at an early age, before he had received any formal tuition. Piano lessons followed, and Mussorgsky became something of a child prodigy. Mussorgsky's musical education also included singing, but significantly he was taught nothing formally of harmony or composition until he induced his near contemporary, Balakirev, to give him lessons in form. Other acquaintances included the composers Dargomizhsky and Cesar Cui, but far more significant in the formation of Mussorgsky's musical personality were figures from the other arts. Mussorgsky's artistic creed was shaped by writers such as Chernishevsky, and confirmed in him by the encouragement of his friend, the art critic Vladimir Stasov.

Together, these disparate influences created an altogether exceptional talent. Although Mussorgsky never eschewed lyricism and elegance, he had a profound disdain for formal beauty as a means to an end. Music is not only the most abstract of the arts (and therefore most in need of imposed formal structures) but also traditionally the most conservative: whilst Mussorgsky's artistic friends had few qualms about his approach, fellow musicians were seldom quite so liberally accommodating in their appreciation.

In many ways the **Songs and Dances of Death**, which date from 1875-77, epitomise Mussorgsky as a composer. On the debit side it should be pointed out that the work is in a sense incomplete, since Mussorgsky originally projected a further four songs. The list of credits for these songs, though, is much longer. Each song contains a dialogue between Death and another character – a dying infant's mother, a young girl, an old peasant, and a field of fallen soldiers - and it is the contrasting personae in each of these dialogues which dictate the balance of lyricism and dramatic declamation in the songs. Mussorgsky's search for dramatic realism also dictates the form of each of the songs: the dramatic hiatus at the end of the *Lullaby*, and the two almost unrelated halves of the *Serenade*, which end in different keys, are examples of this. It is *Trepak*, however, which is the most originally formed of the songs: the melody of the introduction is transformed into the melody of the dance, whilst the closing melody is derived from both of these themes.

In complete contrast, the protagonist of **The Nursery** is not sombre Death but a small child. Composed between 1868 and 1872 to Mussorgsky's own texts, these seven short songs show the composer at his most perceptive. Mussorgsky's dramatic skill lies in his insight into the psyche of a human type so obviously different to himself: his musical skill lies in his realisation of this insight through thoroughly novel rhythmic and harmonic means.

Dating from the same period (in which he also wrote his operatic masterpiece *Boris Godunov*) comes **The Puppet-Show**, an elaborate satire on Mussorgsky's artistic enemies. In the introduction Mussorgsky invites the audience to walk up and watch the show: what follows is a series of lampoons on the foibles of the theorist Zarembo, the fanatical admirer of Italian music F.M. Tolstoy, the composers Famintsin and Serov, and lastly the patron Grand Duchess Helena Pavlovna. If the references of *The Puppet-Show* make it almost exclusively a period piece, it nevertheless offers an insight into the barbed humour of Mussorgsky.

In the same mould as the *Songs and Dances of Death*, with which it shares obvious characteristics, is **Forgotten**, the inspiration for which was a controversial painting by Vershchagin of a forgotten Russian soldier in the Turkestan campaign. **The Seminarist**, **Savishna** and **The He-Goat** are all songs from Mussorgsky's early maturity, and together mark the beginning of the composer's vein of unconventional musical realism and ironic comedy. The same vein was running twenty years later when Mussorgsky wrote the famous **Song of Mephistopheles** inspired by Goethe's *Faust*, the *Song of Mephistopheles* was dedicated to the singer Darya Leonova. Mussorgsky toured with Leonova as her accompanist in the last years of his life, and it was to her that the composer turned in February 1881 when he realised that his own death was imminent.

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CD12

One of Mussorgsky's many literary friends was the poet Arseny Golenishchev-Kutuzov. Mussorgsky drew on Golenishchev-Kutuzov's poetry for the song cycle **Sunless**, composed during 1874, a bleak period in the composer's life which followed the hostile critical reception given to *Boris Godunov*. This was also the period during which Mussorgsky worked as a clerk in the Russian Forestry department, a job which he found stultifyingly boring. Not surprisingly, a spirit of pessimism pervades all six songs in the *Sunless* cycle, and Mussorgsky's penchant for drama is almost entirely absent. By way of compensation the cycle is both lyrical and highly charged, with the frequent changes of mood in the texts reflected by Mussorgsky's harmonic shifts. The opening of *Within four walls*, for instance, contains a number of harmonic twists, whilst *Thine eyes in the crowd* concludes with a chord remote to the rest of the piece. Mussorgsky's finest melodies.

From the same period of Mussorgsky's life come two other songs, **Cruel death** and **The misunderstood one**. *Cruel death*, an epitaph to one of the few women to whom the composer became romantically attached, Nadezhda Opochinina. Along with *Sunless*, *Cruel death* is a relatively rare expression of Mussorgsky's own feelings. The texts of both *Cruel death* and *The misunderstood one* were written by Mussorgsky himself. *The misunderstood one* is dedicated to another woman friend, Marya Kostyurina.

Another of Mussorgsky's literary friends (indeed, a distant relative) was the great Russian novelist and lyric poet, Tolstoy. In 1877 Mussorgsky set five of Tolstoy's poems to music. Around this time Mussorgsky was experimenting with 'the incorporation of recitative in melody... this type I should like to call intelligently justified melody'. The results of this experimentation are to be heard fleetingly in **Misfortune**, **The spirit of heaven**, **Pride, Is spinning man's work?** and **Trouble**. *Is spinning man's work?* seems to present an autobiographical comment on the drudgery of Mussorgsky's work as an office clerk. In between composing these Tolstoy songs, and working in much the same style, Mussorgsky also set a sensuous text by Golenishchev-Kutuzov, **A Vision**.

Two years later Mussorgsky revised an earlier song of his, **On the Dnieper**. Originally composed in 1868 *On the Dnieper* is a strange mixture of lyrical music and a xenophobic text by the Ukrainian poet Shevchenko. The main body of the song is a passionate allegro. Also from 1868 comes **Yeryomushka's cradle song**, dedicated to Alexander Dargomizhsky, a Russian composer who was one of the few musicians encourage the innovative side of Mussorgsky's musical character.

The mid-1860s were the most productive years of Mussorgsky's career as a song writer: from this period come **The Feast**, the music of which Mussorgsky was later to echo in *Pictures at an Exhibition*; **The Classicist**, a satire of Famintsin, a conservative musical critic in St. Petersburg; and finally, **From my tears**, an almost Schumannesque setting of the German poet Heine.

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CD13

One of the earliest of Mussorgsky's surviving compositions, dating from the time of his study with Balakirev, is the setting of Grekov's poem, **Where are you, little star?** Although the score of this song lacks the regular shifts of time-signature we associate with Mussorgsky's mature style, the recitative-like values of the vocal part hint at his future rhythmic freedom. Harmonically, too, the song is interesting; whilst it lacks the daring of Mussorgsky's later music, it nonetheless carries certain modal fingerprints which can be traced to Russian folk music. Presentiments of a different kind exist in **Hour of jollity** from the following year, 1858. In this drinking song the presentiments are more personal than stylistic, pointing towards Mussorgsky's later weakness for drink. Both *Where are you, little star?*, and *Hour of jollity* survive in two versions. In each case, although the shape of the song remains roughly the same, the differences in detail are significant, indicating the whimsical nature of Mussorgsky's invention.

1859 was the year of Mussorgsky's nationalist awakening, yet strong traces of European influence remain in his music from this time. **Sadly rustled the leaves**, for instance, is distinctly Germanic in style. By 1863, the time of **I have many palaces and gardens**, however, Mussorgsky's highly idiomatic style is evident; for the ending of this magnificent song Mussorgsky shifts key unexpectedly, as well as adopting a slower tempo.

Prayer is a reflective setting of a text by the great Russian lyric poet Michael Lermontov. **Tell me why, dearest maiden** (the text of which has been wrongly attributed to Pushkin) is another early song, and was amongst Mussorgsky's first published works.

Overburdened by the problems of the family estate, and by his new Civil Service position, 1864 was one of Mussorgsky's least productive years. It yielded only three songs and no other music. Yet these three songs are some of the first to carry the stamp of artistic maturity. The first of these, **The wild winds blow**, is a romantic tone-picture of a wood, the stormy scene thrown into relief by contrasted sections. The other two songs of 1864 are **Night**, which exists in two widely differing versions composed at the same time, and **Kalistratushka** (Nekrasov), which Mussorgsky described as 'a study in folk style'. Mussorgsky also described *Kalistratushka* as his 'first attempt at the comic', although the song's humour is more ironic than extrovert. The overall character of *Kalistratushka* is essentially lyrical, continuing in the same vein as two of Mussorgsky's 1863 efforts, **But if I could meet you again**, and the **Old man's song**. The other notable song dating from 1863 is **King Saul**, an extrovert character piece.

In 1863 Mussorgsky began work on the libretto of an opera, *Salammbô*, based on Flaubert's novel. Although the work was never to be completed, for the next three years *Salammbô* accounted for most of Mussorgsky's creative energies. This explains not only Mussorgsky's meagre output for 1864 but also for the following year: **The outcast: an essay in recitative** and **Lullaby** (from the play *Voyevoda* by the contemporary Russian dramatist Ostrovsky) are the only songs to survive from 1865. One of the few fragments to have come out of *Salammbô* is the pseudo-oriental **Balearic Song** intended for the opera's first act. Although in isolation the *Balearic Song* reminds us of Mussorgsky's depressing inability to complete large canvasses, it also reminds us of his skill in vividly painting miniatures.

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Translation: Joan Pemberton Smith

CD14

Few composers have left behind such a confused legacy as Mussorgsky. Often the fault with this lies not with the composer but with his subsequent editors, such as Rimsky-Korsakov, who sought to 'improve' the weaknesses they perceived in Mussorgsky's unconventional music. Occasionally, however, the confusion can perhaps be traced back to Mussorgsky himself. **Where art thou, little star?**, for instance, exists in two versions. According to the dates on the autograph manuscripts, the version recorded here is an earlier version of the song. However, Richard Taruskin has put forward a convincing argument that Mussorgsky deliberately predated a second version to make it appear earlier than his original effort. That being the case, the version presented here is not one of Mussorgsky's earliest songs, but a revision dating from as late as 1870. Similarly, **Night** exists in two versions, of which that presented here and dated 1864 is apparently the later. In this later version, Pushkin's text is freely rewritten by Mussorgsky - treatment the composer also gave to the text of **The garden by the Don** and **The Magpie**. This characteristic prompted the pertinent comment from one biographer that Rimsky-Korsakov never maltreated Mussorgsky worse than Mussorgsky maltreated his poets.

Textual confusion of another sort reigns in **Hopak**. The text of the song seems to suggest that this is a song sung by a peasant woman, yet the composer's direction on the score, 'The old man sings and dances', shows that this is in fact the song of a man impersonating a woman. Such layers of characterisation typify Mussorgsky's approach to human representation in song. Sometimes these sophistications appear to have defeated the composer himself. **The nettle mountain** is an unfinished satire, in which Mussorgsky's text went on to paint himself as the rooster upbraided for crowing too loudly by a crab (the conservative critic Herman Laroche). **You drunken sot!** is also satirical, being based on the adventures of Mussorgsky's friend Nikolsky: if such a satire strikes us as being an 'in' joke we should note that Mussorgsky himself never intended the song for publication. Humour of a different kind plays a part in **Gathering mushrooms**, whose subject is a peasant woman. Mussorgsky's eye for the humour and pathos of the lower strands of Russian society can also be seen in **The mischievous child** and **The Orphan**, respectively. Like *The Ragamuffin*, **A children's song**, **Evening song** and **Hebrew song** achieve their poignancy partly through unconventional harmonic effects. Finally, in this sequence of Mussorgsky's songs, come two settings of German texts, **Meines Herzens Sehnsucht** and **Ich wollt' meine Schmerzen ergossen**. The existence of such songs perhaps underlines the influence of German culture in nineteenth century Russia on even the most ardent individualist.

The same penchant for musical characterisation which Mussorgsky demonstrated in his songs also runs through his piano works, most famously in the *Pictures from an Exhibition*. Although Mussorgsky was himself a fine pianist, his surviving works for the instrument are relatively scarce. In part this is because the salon environment, which was the driving force behind much nineteenth century piano music, was anathema to Mussorgsky both socially and musically. It is no surprise that the contemporary demand for salon music went largely unheeded by Mussorgsky - **Meditation** and **A Tear** being rare examples of this idiom.

Outside his immediate circle of artistic friends Mussorgsky played little as a pianist until the summer of 1879, when he was asked to accompany the famous singer Madame Daria Leonova on a concert tour of southern Russia. From this trip survived a small number of musical impressions, including *On the southern shores of the Crimea*, **Near the southern shores of the Crimea** and **In the Village**. The quasi-oriental styles and folk idioms of these pieces may well stem from material which Mussorgsky noted down on tour.

The **Intermezzo symphonique** was also inspired by a specific scene. In this case the genesis of the work was the sight of a group of peasant women crossing a snow-field (with some difficulty). This incident, which Mussorgsky observed in 1861, he described as 'beautiful and picturesque and serious and amusing'. **Hopak of the young Ukrainians** is a fragment from the opera *Sorochinsky Fair*, Mussorgsky's last stage work which exists only in piano reduction. Finally, the **Passionate Impromptu** is based on the encounter between Belton and Lyuba, the protagonists in Herzen's novel *Who is to blame?*

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SUNG TEXTS

CD3-5

Boris Godunov

PROLOGUE

1. Introduction

Scene One

POLICE OFFICER

2. Nu, shtozh vy?

Shtozh vy ídolami stáli
zhivo, na kolyéni!

Nu zhe!

Da nu!

Eko chórtovo otródye!

PEOPLE

Na kovó ty nas pokidáesh, otyéts nash!

Akh, na kovó-to ty ostavyáesh,
rodímý,

my, da, vsye tvoí siróty
bezzashchítnyye?

Akh, da, my tebyá-to prósim,
mólim so slezámi, so goryúchimi:

Smíluysa! Smíluysa!

Smíluysa!

Boyárin bátyushka! Otyéts nash!

Ty kormilyets!

Boyárin! Smíluysa!

VOICES AMONG THE PEOPLE

Mityúkh, a Mityúkh, chevó oryóm?

MITIUKH

Voná! pochóm ya znáyu?

VOICES AMONG THE PEOPLE

Tsaryá na Rusí

khotím postávit!

FIRST PEASANT WOMAN

Oy, likhonko! sovsyém okhripla.

golúbka, sosyédushka,

nye pripasla-l' voditsy?

SECOND PEASANT WOMAN

Vish, boyárynya kakáya!

WOMEN

Orála púshche vsyekh,

samá b i pripasála.

SECOND PEASANT

Nu vy, baby, nye gutórit'!

WOMEN

A ty shto

za ukázchik!

Vish, pristav navyazálsa!

MITIUKH

Oy, vy, vyéd'my, nye búshuyte!

WOMEN

Akh, postryél ty okayánnny!

Vót-to nyékhrist otyskálsa!

Éko dyávol privyazálsa!

Oy, uydýomte lúchshe,

prodobrá, da pozdoróvu,

ot bedý' da ot napasti!

POLICE OFFICER

Shtozh vy? shtozh smólkli?

Al' glótok zhálko?

Vot ya vas!

Al' davno po spinam

plyótká nye gulyála!

Prouchú vas...ya zhivo!

WOMEN

Nye sercháý, Mikítich,

nye sercháý, rodímý!

PEASANTS

Tól'ko pootdókhnyem,

zaoryóm my snóva.

I vzdokhnút' nye dast, proklyáty.

POLICE OFFICER

Nu-ka

tól'ko glótok nye zhalyét'!

PEASANTS

Ládno!

POLICE OFFICER

Nu?

PEOPLE

Na kovó ty nas pokidáesh, otyéts nash!

Akh, na kovó-to ty ostavyáesh, rodímý!

My tebyá, siróty, prosím,

mólim so slezámi

so goryúchimi:

Smíluysa! Smíluysa!

Boyárin bátyushka!

Otyéts nash! Otyéts nash!

Kormílyets! Kormílyets! A-a-a!

POLICE OFFICER

Nishkní! Vstaváyte!

Dyak dúmny govorít:

SHCHELKALOV

3. Pravoslávnyye! nye umolin boyárin!

Na skórbny

zov Boyárs koy Dúmy i Patriárkha,

i slyshat' nye khotyé! o trónye tsárskom.

Pechál' na Rusi...pechal' bezyskhódnaya,

pravoslávnyye!

Stónyet zemlyá v zlom besprávyi.

Ko góspodu sil pripadíte,
da nisposhlyót on skórbnoy
Rusí uteshénnye...
I ozarit nebyésnym svyétom
Borísa ustály dukh!

PILGRIMS

4. Sláva tebyé, tvortsú vsevy'shnemu, na zemlé!
Sláva sílam tvoím nebyésnym!
I vsyem ugódnikam,
Sláva na Rusí!

PEOPLE

Bózkyi lyúdi!

PILGRIMS

Ángel gospóden miru rek:
Podnimáytes túchi gróznnye.
Vy nesites po podnebyésyu,
zastiláyte zémlyu rússku
Sokrushíte zmiya lyúta
so dvanadesyátyu kry'lami khóboty,
tavo zmiya, smútu rússkuyu,
da beznacháliye.
Vozvestíte pravoslávnyim
da vo spasyénnye:
Oblekáytes v rízy svyétlyye,
podnimáyte ikóny vladychitsy.
I so Donskóy,
i so Valdímírskey,
gryadíte tsaryú vo sretenye!
Vospóyte slávu bózhyu,
slávu sil svyátykh nebyésnykh!
Sláva tebyé, tvortsú, na zemlí!
sláva otsú nebyésnomu!

Scene Two

5. Introduction

PRINCE SHUISKY

6. Da zdárvstvuet tsar Boris Feódorovich!

PEOPLE

Zhiví i zdárvstvuy,
tsar nash bátyushka!

SHUISKY

Slávte!

PEOPLE

Uzh kak na nyébye sóntsu krásnomu
Sláva, Sláva!
Uzh i sláva na Rusí
tsaryú Borísu
Sláva, Sláva!
Zhiví i zdárvstvuy!
Zhiví i zdárvstvuy!
Tsar nash bátyushka!
Tsar nash bátyushka!
Zhiví i zdárvstvuy!
Tsar nash bátyushka!
Zhiví i zdárvstvuy!

Ráduysya lyud!

Ráduysya, veselísya lyud!

Pravoslávny lyud!

Pravoslávny lyud!

Velicháy tsaryá Borísa i slava!

BOYARS

Da zdárvstvuet tsar Boris Feódorovich!

PEOPLE

Da zdárvstvuet!

BOYARS

Da zdárvstvuet tsar Boris Feódorovich!

PEOPLE

Sláva, Sláva!
Uzh kak na nyébye sóntsu krásnomu,
Sláva!
Sláva, Sláva!
Tsar ty bátyushka nash!

BOYARS

Da zdárvstvuet tsar Boris Feódorovich!

PEOPLE

Da zdárvstvuet!
Uzh kak na nyébye sóntsu krásnomu,
Sláva, Sláva!
Uzh i kak na Rusí
tsaryú Borísu, Sláva!
Sláva tsaryú, Sláva!
Sláva, Sláva, Sláva, Sláva!

BORIS

7. Skorbít dusha!

Kakóy-to strakh nevól'ny
zlovyéshchim predchúvstviem
skováł mnye syérdtse.
O, právednik, o moy otyéts derzhávny!
Vozrí s nebyés
na slyózy vyérnykh slug
i nisposhlí ty mnye svayshchénnoye
na vlast blagoslovyenye:
Da búdu blag i práveden kak ty,
da v slávye právlyu moy naród.
Tepér poklónimsa
pochíyushchim vlastítelyam Rusí,
a tam szyvát' naród na píř,
vsyekh, ot boyár do níchchevo sleptsá:
vsyem vól'ny vkhod,
vsye gósti dorogíye.

PEOPLE

8. Sláva, Sláva, Sláva!
Zhiví i zdárvstvuy,
tsar nash bátyushka!
Sláva, Sláva!
Tsar ty, tsar ty nash!

BOYARS

Da zdárvstvuet tsar Boris Feódrovich!

PEOPLE

Da zdárvstuet!
Uzh kak na nyébye sóntsu Krásnomu.
Sláva! Sláva!
Uzh kak na Rusí
tsaryú Borísu
Sláva! Sláva i mnógaya lyéta!
Sláva, Sláva, etc.

ACT ONE

Scene One

PIMEN

9. Yeshchó odnó poslyédneye skazánye
i lyétópis okónchena moyá.
Okónchen trud,
zavéshchany ot Bóga
mnye gryéshnomu.
Nedárom mnógikh lyet
svidyételem, Gospód' menyá postávil.
Kogda-nibúd'
monákh trudolyubívý
naydyót moy trud usyérdny,
bezymyány;
zasvyétit on, kak ya, svoýú lampádu
i, pyl vekóv ot khárty
otryakhnúv,
pravdívyye skazánya perepíshet:
da vyédayut potómki pravoslávnykh
zemlí rodnóy minúvshuyu sud'bú.
Na stárosti ya sy'znova zhivú;
minúvsheye prokhódit prédo mnóyu,
volnúyasa kak mórye okián...
Davnól' onó neslós sobý'ty póлно!
Tepér onó spokóyno i bezmólvno!...
Odnáko blizok dyen...Lampáda
dogoráyet...
Yeshchó odnó poslyédneye skazánye...

MONKS

10. Bózhe krépký, právy,
vnemlí rabám tvoím,
molyáshchim tya!
Dukh Izhemúdriya lukávý
otzhení ot chad tvoíkh
véryaschchik ti!

GRIGORY

Vsyo tot zhe son!
V trétiy raz vsyo tot zhe son!
Neotvyázny, proklyáty son...
A starík sidít,
da píshet, i dremótoy
znat', vo vsyu noch
on nye smykál ochéy.
Kak ya lyublyú yevó smirénny vid,
kogdá, dushóy v minúvshem pogruzhónny,
spokóyny, velichávy, on lyétópis svoýú...

PIMEN

Prosnúl'sa, brat?

GRIGORY

Blagosloví menyá, chestnýy otyéts.

MONKS

Bózhe, Bózhe moy
vskuyu ostávil mya!

PIMEN

Blagosloví tebyá gospód',
i dnyes, i prísno, i vo vyéki.

GRIGORY

11. Ty vsyo písál
i snom nye pozabylsa:
a moy pokóy besóvskoye mechtánye
trevózhilo, i vrag menyá mutíl.
Mnye snílos: lyésnitsa krutáya velá
menyá na báshnyu; s vysoty'
mnye vídelas Moskvá,
shto muravyéynik;
naród vnizú
na plóshchadi kipyél
i na menyá ukázyval so smyékhom...
i stydno mnye, i stráshno stanovílos...
i, pádaya stremgláv, ya probuzhdálsa.

PIMEN

Mladáya krov igráet;
smiryáy sebyá molitvoy i postóm,
i sny tvoí vidéníy lyókhkikh
búduť pólny.
Dony'ne, yésli ya
nevólnoyu dremótoy obezsílen,
nye sotvoryú molítvy dólgoy k nóchi,
moy stáry son nye tikh
i nye bezgréshen;
mnye chúdýatsa to búynye piry,
to skhvátki boevyye;
bezúmnyye potyékhí yúnnykh lyet!

GRIGORY

Kak vyéselo provyól svoýú ty mládost'!
Ty voevál pod báshnyami Kazáni,
ty rat' Litvy' pri Shúyskom otrazhál,
ty vídel dvor i róskosh loánna!
A ya ot ótrocheskikh lyet
po kyéliyam skitáyus, byédny ínok!
Zachém i mnye nye tyéshit'sa v boyákh,
nye pirovat' za tsárskoyu trapézoy?

PIMEN

Nye syétuy, brat,
shto ráno gréshny svyet
pokínul. Ver ty mnye:
nas ízdali plenyáet róskosh
i zhénskaya lukávaya lyubóv.
Pomy'sli, syn, ty o tsaryákh velíkikh,
kto vyshe ikh? i shto-zhe:
o kak chásto, chásto oni smenyáli
svoý pósokh tsársky, i porfíru,
i svoý venyets roskoshny,
na ínokov klobúk smirénny,
i v kyélii svyatóy

dushóyu otdykháli...
 Zdyes, v étoy sámoy kyélye
 (v nyey zhil togdá Kirill
 mnogostradál'ny
 muzh právyedny),
 zdyes vídel ya tsaryá.
 Zadúmchiv,
 tikh sidyél mezh námi Grózny;
 i tikho rech iz ust yevó lilásya,
 a v ochákh yevó suróvykh
 raskáyanya slezá drozhála...
 i plákal on...
 A syn yevó Fyódor? On tsárskiye chertógi
 preobratíl v monáshestvuyu kyél'yu;
 Bog vozlyubíl smiryéniye tsaryá,
 i Rus pri nyom,
 vo sláve bezmyatézhnoy
 utéshilas.
 A v chas yevó konchiny,
 svershílosa neslykhannoye chúdo:
 paláty ispólnilis blagoukhánym...
 I lik yevó kak sóntse prosiyál!...
 Uzh nye vidát' takóvo nam tsaryá!
 Prognévali my Bóga:
 sogreshíli: vladý' koyu sebyé
 tsareubíytsy nárekli!

GRIGORY
12. Davnó, chestnóy, otyéts,
 khotyélos mnye tebyá sprosit'
 kakikh byl lyet traevich ubiyenny?

PIMEN
 On byl by tvoy rovyésnik
 i tsárstvoval!
 No Bog sudíl inóye.
 Borísa prestuplyénym
 vopiyúshchim zaklyuchú ya lyétopis svoýú.
 Brat Grigóry!
 Ty grámotoy svoý rázum prosvetíl,
 tebyé moy trud peredayú...
 Opisíyay, nye múdrstvuya lukávo,
 vsyo, chemú svidyétel' v zhízni búdyesh:
 voynú il' mir, uprávu gosudárey,
 proróchestva i známenya nebyésny...
 A mnye porá, porá uzh otdokhnút'...
13. Zvonyát k zaútrenye...
 Blagosloví, gospód, svoikh rabóv!
 Podáy kostý'l', Grigóry!

MONKS
 Pomíluy nas, bózhe,
 pomíluy nas, vsyeblágy!
 Ótche nash, vsederzhitel',
 bózhe vyéchny, právy,
 pomíluy nas!

GRIGORY
 Borís, Borís, vsyo pryed tobóy
 trepyéshchet,
 niktó nye smyéyet i napómnit'
 o zhrébiy neschástnovno mladéntsá.
 A mézhdu tyem otshél'nik v tyómnoy

kyélye
 zdyes na tebyá donós uzhasny píshet:
 i nye uydyósh ty
 ot sudá lyudskóvo,
 kak nye uydyósh
 ot bózhevo sudá.

Scene Two

HOSTESS
14. Poymála ya síza seleznyá,
 okh, ty, moy syélezen,
 moy kasátik, syélezen.
 Posazhú tebyá, síza seleznyá,
 okh, na chístenkíy prudók,
 pod rakítovy kustók.
 Ty porkhní, porkhní,
 sízy syélezen,
 oy, vzvyéysa, podnimís,
 k byednenkoy ko mnye spustís.
 Polyublyú tebyá, prigolúblyu ya,
 mávo mílova družhká,
 kásatika seleznyá!
 Ty prisyád' ko mnye, da poblízhe,
 oboymí menyá, družhók,
 potslúy menyá razók.
 Évona!...Prokhózhíy lyud...
 Gósti dorogíe!
 Aú! Smótkli!...
 Znat' mímo promakhnúli...
 Rastslúy menyá, da po zhárche,
 okh, ty moy syélezen
 moy kasútik syékezen!
 Ty potyésh menyá,
 potyésh menyá vdovú,
 vdóvushku vól'nyu...

MISSAIL and VARLAAM
 Lyud khristíansky,
 lyud chestnóy, gospódníy,
 na stroyénny khrámov
 pozhértvuy khot' kopéyechku,
 lyépta vzdátsa tebyé storítsey.

HOSTESS
 Akh, ty, góspodi,
 stártsy chestnyye!
 Dúra ya, dúra okól'naya,
 stáraya grekhovódnitsa!
 Tak i yest!...
 Oní...chestnyye stártsy...

VARLAAM
15. Zhenó, mir dómu tvoemú!

HOSTESS
 Chem-to mnye vas podchivát',
 stártsy chestnyye!

MISSAIL
 Chem bog postál, khozyáyushka.

VARLAAM
Nyet li viná?

HOSTESS
Kak nye byt', otsy moí!
Seychás vynesú.

VARLAAM
Shtozh ty prizadúmalsa, továrishch?
Vot i granítsa litóvskaya,
do kotóroy tebyé tak khotyélos dobrát'sa.

GRIGORY
Poká nye búdu v Litvyé,
nye mogú byt' spokoén.

VARLAAM
Da, shto tebyé Litvá tak slyubílas!
Vot my, otyéts Misaíl, da az mnogogréshny,
kak uteklí iz monastyryá,
tak i v us sebyé nye dúem!
Litvá li, Rus li, shto gudók, shto gúsli,
vsyo nam ravnó, bylo b vinó.
Da vot i onó!

HOSTESS
Vot vam, otsy' moí, pyéyte na zdoróvye.

VARLAAM *and* MISSAIL
Spasíbo, khozyáyushka,
bog tebyá blagoslaví!

VARLAAM
16. Kak vo górode by'lo vo Kazáne,
grózny Tsar pirovál, da veselílsa.
On tatárey bil neshchádno,
shtob im by'lo nepovádno
vdol' po Rusí gulyát'.
On podkhódom podkhodíl,
da, pod Kazán gorodók,
on podkópy podkopál, da, pod Kazánku rekú.
Kak tatáre-to po górodu pokházhivayut,
na tsaryá Ivána-to poglyádyvayut,
zli tatárove.
Grózny tsar-ot zakruchínílsa,
on povyésil golóvushku na právoe plechó.
Uzh kak stal tsar pushkaryéy szyvát'.
pushkaryéy vsye zazhigál'shchikov.
Zazhigál'shchikov!
Zadymílasa svyéчка vósku yárova,
podkhodíl molodóy
pushkár-ot k bóchechke.
A i s pórokhom-to
bóchka zakrúzhílasya,
oy, po podkópam pokatílasya,
da i khlópnula.
Zavopíli, zagaldeli zli tatárove,
blágim mátom zaliválísa.
Polegló tatárovey t'ma t'múshchaya,
polegló ikh sórok ty'syachey, da i tri tysyachi.
Tak-to vo górode by'lo, vo Kázani.
E!

Shtozh ty nye podtyágivaesh,
da i nye potyágivaesh?

GRIGORY
Nye khochú.

MISSAIL
Vól'nomu vólya.

VARLAAM
A pyánomu, ray,
otyéts Misaíl!
Vy' pyem chárochku za shinkárochku!
Odnáko, brat,
kogdá ya pyu,
tak trézvykh nye lyublyú;
íno dyélo pyánstvo,
íno dyélo chvánstvo;
khóchesh zhit' kak my,
mílosti prósim!
Nyet! tak ubiráysa, proválivay!

GRIGORY
Pyey, da pro sebyá razumyéy,
otyéts Varlaám!

VARLAAM
Pro sebyá!
Da shto mnye pro sebyá razumyé't'?
Ekh!
17. Kak yédet yon, yédet yon, yon...
Da pogonyáet yon.

GRIGORY
Khozyáyka! Kudá vedyót éta doróga?

HOSTESS
A v Litvú, kormílets.

VARLAAM
Sháпка na yom torchít kak rozhón!
Vyes, akh, vyes to gryazyón!

GRIGORY
A dalyéche do Litvy?

HOSTESS
Nyet, rodímý, nye dalyéche,
k vyécheru mózhnob pospyét',
kaby' nye zastávy.

GRIGORY
Kak? Zastávy?

HOSTESS
Kto-to bezhál iz Moskvý,
a vyéleno vsyekh zadyérzhivat',
da osmátrivat'.

GRIGORY
E! Vot tebyé, bábuska, i Yúryev dyen!

VARLAAM

Svalílsa yon
lezhít yon, yon,
da vstat' nye mózhet yon.

GRIGORY

A kovó im núzhno?

HOSTESS

Uzh nye znáyu.
Vor lí, razbóynik kakóy,
tól'ko prokhódu nyet
ot pristavónv proklyátykh!

GRIGORY

Tak...

HOSTESS

A chevó poymáyt?
Nichevó, ni byésa lysavo!
Búdto tól'ko i putí, shto stolbováya!
Vot, khot' otsúda:
svorotí nalyévo, da po tropínke,
i idí do Chekánskoj chasóvni,
shto na ruchyú;
a ottúda na Khlópino,
a tam na Záytsevo;
a tut uzh vsyákiy mal'chíshka
do Litvy' tebyá provódit...
Ot étikh pristavónv tól'ko i tólku,
shto tyesnyát prokhózhikh,
da obizháyt nas byédnykh...

VARLAAM

Priyékhal yon,
da v dvyer tuk! tuk!
Da shto yest' móchenki
tuk! tuk! tuk!

HOSTESS

Shto tam yéshcho?
Vot oní proklyátye!
Opyát' dozórom idút!

VARLAAM

Kak, yédet yon,
yédet yon, yon,
da pogonyáet...

GUARD

18. Vy shto za lyúdi?

MISSAIL and VARLAAM

Stártsty smiryénnyye, ínoki chestny'ye,
khódim po selyéniam,
sobiráem milostynku.

GUARD

A ty kto takóy?

MISSAIL and VARLAAM

Nash továrishch.

GRIGORY

Miryánin iz prigoroda...
Provodíl stártsev do rubyezhá,
idú vo svoýási.

GUARD

Páren-to, kázhetsa, gol:
plokhá pozhiva...
Vo rázve stártsty...Hm!
Ny, otsy' mói,
kakovó promyshlyáete?

VARLAAM

Okh! plókho, sy'ne, plókho!
Khristiáne skúpy stáli,
dyéngu lyúbyat,
dyéngu pryáchut,
málo Bógu dayút.
Priíde grekh véliy
na yazystsy zemlí.
Khódish, khódish, mólish, mólish,
yéle, yéle tri polúshki vy'molish.
Shto dyélat'? S górya
i ostal'nóe propyósh.
Okh, prishlí náshi poslyédniye vryemená!

HOSTESS

Góspodi pomíluy i spasí nas!

VARLAAM

Shto ty na menyá tak prístal'no smótrish?

GUARD

A vot shto:
Alyókha! pri tebyé ukás?
Daváy sudá!
Vídish: iz Moskvý' bezhál
nyékiy eretik,
Gríshka Otryepev.
Znáesh li ty éto?

VARLAAM

Nye znáyu.

GUARD

Nu, i tsar velyél yevó,
eretiká,
izlovít i povyésit'.
Slykhál li ty éto?

VARLAAM

Nye slykhál.

GUARD

Chitát' umyéesh?

VARLAAM

Nyet, sy'ne,
nye umudríl gospód'.

GUARD

Tak, vot tebyé ukáz!

VARLAAM

Na shto on mnye?

GUARD

Etot eretik, razbóynik,
vor, Gríshka-ty!

VARLAAM

Voná!
shto ty,
gospód's tobóy!

HOSTESS

Góspodi!
i stártsa-to v pokóye nye ostávyat!

GUARD

Ey! Kto zdyes grámotny?

GRIGORY

19. Ya grámotny.

GUARD

Éva!
Nu, chitáy...Vslukh chitáy!

GRIGORY

"Chúdova monastyryá nedostóyny
chernyéts Grigóriy, iz ródu Otryépyevykh,
nauchón diávolom, vzdúmal smushchát'
svyatúyu brátiyu vsyákimi soblázny i
bezzakóniyami. A bezhál on, Gríshka, k
granítse Litóvskoy, i tsar prikazál izlovít'
yevó..."

GUARD

I povyésit'.

GRIGORY

Zdyes nye skázano povyésit'.

GUARD

Vryosh! nye vsyáko slóvo v stróku píshetsa.
Chitáy: "Izlovít' i povyésit'".

GRIGORY

"I povyésit'. A lyet yemú...Gríshke...
ót rodu pyatdesyát...borodá sedáya,
bryúkho tólstoe, nos krásny..."

GUARD

Derzhí yevó! Derzhí, rebyáta!

VARLAAM

Shto vy!
Postryély okayánnyye!
Chevó pristáli?
Nu, kakóy ya Gríshka!
Nyet, brat, mólod
shútki shutít'!
Khót' po skladám umyéyu,
khot' plókho razbiráyu,
a razberú! razberú!

Kol dyélo-to do pyétli dokhódit.

"A lyet...lyet...a lyet yemú...

Dvádtsat!"

Gdyezhtut pyatdesyát? Vídish!

"A róstu on sryédnevo

vólosy...ry'zhiye,

na nosú...na nosú borodávka,

na lbu...drugáya,

odná ruká...ruká koróche...

koróche drugóy."

Da, éto uzh nye...

VARLAAM, MISSAIL and GUARD

Derzhí, derzhí yevó, derzhí yevó!

ACT TWO

XENIA

1. Gdye ty, zheníkh moy;

gdye ty, moy zhelánnny!

Vo syróy mogílke,

na chuzhóy storónke;

lezhish odinóko,

pod kámnem tyazhólým...

Nye vídish ty skórbi,

nye slyshish ty plácha,

plácha golúbki,

kak ty, odinókoy.

NURSE

Aú! póлно, tsaryévna,

golúbushka!

Pólno plákat', da ubivát'sa.

XENIA

Akh, grústno, mámushka, tak grústno!

NURSE

I, shto ty, dityatko!

Dyévichi slyózy, shto rosá:

vzoydyót sólnyshko,

rosú vy'sushit.

Nye klínom svyet soshólsa.

Naydyóm my zhenikhá,

i prigózhevo, i privyétlivovo...

Zabúdesht pro Ivána Korolyévicha...

XENIA

Akh, nyet, nyet, mámushka!

Ya i myortvomú

búdu yemú verná.

NURSE

Vot kak!

mél'kom vídela,

uzh issókhnu...a

Skúshno by'lo dyévitse

odnóy,

polyubílsa molodyéts

likhóy.

Kak nye stálo mólodtsa tovó,

razlyubíla dyévitsa yevó.

Ekh, golúbka, to-to tvoyó góre!

Lúchshe prislúshaykas,
shto ya tebyé skazhú:
2. Kak komár drová rubíl,
komár vódu nosíl,
klópik tyésto mesíl,
komarú obyéd nosíl.
Naletyéla strekozá,
na popóvy na lugá,
i daváy krutít', mutít',
syéno v ryéku vorotít'.
Oserchál komár
za popón továr:
pobezhál byégom za syénom,
stal gonyát'
strekóz polyénom.
Na komaryú na bedú,
to polyéno sorvalós,
po strekózam nye popálo,
ryóbra komarú slomálo.
Na podmógushku yemú,
ránym ráno, po utrú,
klop lopátu privolók,
komarú pod sámy bok.
Da nye vzdúzhil, iznemóg,
komará podnyát' nye smog.
Zhivotóchek nadorvál...
Bógu dúshenku otdál...

FYODOR
3. Ekh, máma, mámushka,
vot kak skázochka!
Velá za zdrávye, svelá za upokóy!

NURSE
Nishto, tsaryévich!
Al' polúchshe znáesh?
Pokhvástaykas!
My slúshat' terpelívy,
my vyed u bátyushki Tsaryá Ivána
terpyényu obuchális.
Nu'kas!

FYODOR
Oy, máma! smotrí,
nye vy'terpish!
Samá podtyánesh.
Skázochka pro to i pro syo:
Kak kúrochka by'chka rodilá.
Porosýonochek yaíchko snyos.
Skázka poyótsa, dúrnyam nye dayótsa.
Túru, túru, petushók,
ty dalyóko l' otoshól?
Za móre, za móre,
k Kievu górodu.
Tam dub stoít razvyésisty,
na dubú sych sidít uvyésisty.

FYODOR and NURSE
Sych glázom morgnyót,
sych pyésny poyót:
dzin, dzin, Pérezdin.
Postrigúli, pomigúli,
tyen, tyen, potetyén,

za kolódu da na pyen!
Shágom, mágom, chetvertágom.

FYODOR
Kak odnázhky popát'ya
zarodíli vorobyá:
sovsyém vorobyéy,
sovsyém molodóy:
dlinonósenky,
vostronósenky.
Poletyél vorobyéy,
pryámo vo gósti k sychú.

FYODOR and NURSE
Stal sheptát'
na ushkó usátomu.

NURSE
Párni dyakóvy gorókh molitíli,
tsepy polomáli, v ovin pobrosáli,
ovin zagoryélsa, pólymen py'shet,
dyáku v oknó stálo vídno yevó.

FYODOR and NURSE
Dyak ispugálsa, zalyéz pod kadúshku,
zalyéz pod kadúshku,
shchemíl sebyé úshko...

FYODOR
Písar, s péchi,
oborvál pléchi
dyákova zhená kalachéy napeklá.
Nabezháli pristavá,
vsye poyéli kalachí...

FYODOR and NURSE
Sam d'yak luka syel koróvu, da byká,
semsót porosyát,
odní nózhki visyát.
Khlyost!

NURSE
Akh ty!

BORIS
4. Chevó? Al lyúty zvyer
nasyédku vspolokhnúl?

NURSE
Tsar, gosudár, pomíluy!
Pod stárost'-to puglíva
ból'no stála.

BORIS
Shto, Kséníya?
shto byédnaya golúbka!
V nevyéstakh
uzh pechál'naya vdovítsa!
Vsyo pláchesh ty o myórtvom zhenikhé.

XENIA

O gosudár!
nye ogorcháysa ty slezóy devíchey!
Devíche góre tak lekhkó, nichtózhno
pyéred tvoyéyu skórbyu.

BORIS

Dityá moyó! moyá golúbka!
Besyéday tyóployu, s podrúgami v svetlítse,
rassyéy svoy um
ot dum tyazhólykh.
Idí, dityá!
5. A ty, moy syn,
chem zányat?
Éto shto?

FYODOR

Chertyózh zemlí Moskvóvokoy,
náshe tsárstvo, iz kráya v kray.
Vot vídish: vot Moskvá,
vot Nóvgorod,
a vot Kazán, Astrakhán.
Vot móre, Káspiý móre;
vot Pérmškiye dremúchiye lesá.
A vot Sibír.

BORIS

Kak khoroshó, moy syn!
Kak s oblakóv, yedínym vzórom,
ty mózhesh obozréť vsyo tsárstvo:
granítsy, réki, grády.
Uchís, Feódor!
Kogdá-nibud', i skóro
mózhnet byť,
tebyé vsyo éto tsárstvo dostánetsa.
Uchís, dityá!
6. Dostíg ya vy'shey vlásti.
Shestóy uzhd god ya tsárstvuyu spokóyno.
No schástiya nyet moyéy
izmúchennoy dushé!
Naprásno mnye kudyésniki sudýát
dni dólgie, dni vlásti bezmyatyézhnoy.
Ni zhizn, ni vlast',
ni slávy obol'shchénya,
ni klíki tolpy' menyá
nye veselyát!
V semýé svoyéy
ya mníl naytí otrádu,
gotóvil dócheri
vesyóly bráchny pir,
moyéy tsaryévne,
golúbke chistoy.
Kak búrya,
smyert' unósit zhenikhá...
Tyazhká desnítsa
gróznovo Sudíí,
uzhásen prígovor
dushé prestúpnoy...
Okrést lish t'ma
i mrak neproglyádny!
Khotýá mel'knúl
by luch otrády!
I skórbyu sérdtse póлно,

toskúyet, tomítsa
dukh ustály.
Kakóy-to tryépet táyny,
vsyo zhdyosh chevó-to...
Molítvoy tyóploy
k ugódnikam bózhym,
ya mníl zaglushít
dushí stradánya...
v velíchy i blyéske
vlásti bezgraníchnoy,
Rusí vladý'ka u nikh,
ya slyoz prosíl mnye v uteshénýe.
A tam donós:
boyár kramóly,
kózni Litvy',
i tay'nye podkópy,
glad, i mor,
i trus, i razzorénýe...
Slóvno díky zvyer ry'shchet
lyud zachumlyónny:
golódnaya, byédnaya
stónet Rus...
I v lyútom góre,
nispóslannom bógom,
za ty'azhky moy gryekh v ispytánýe,
vinóy vsyekh zol
menyá narekáyut,
klyanút na ploshchadyákh
ímya Borísa!
I dázhe son bezhít,
i v súmrake nóchi
dityá okrovavlyónnoe vstayót...
Óchi pyláyut,
stísnuv ruchónki,
mólit poshchády...
I nye by'lo poshchády!
Stráshnaya rána ziyáet!
Slyshitsa krik yevó predsmyértny...
O, góspodi, bózhe moy!

NURSES

Ay, kysh!
Ay, kysh, kysh!
Akhti!
Kysh, kysh!
Ay!
Kysh! Kysh! Kysh!
Oy, líkhon'ka.
Kysh! Kysh!

BORIS

7. Shto takóe?
Uznáy, shto tam sluchílos!
Ek, vóyut-to!
Ty zachém?

NURSES

Kysh! Kysh!

BORIS

Shtozh molchísh?

BOYAR
Velíky gosudár!
Tebyé knyaz Vasíly Shúysky chelóm byot.

BORIS
Shúysky? Zoví!
Skazhí, shto rády videt' knyázya
i zhdyom yevó besyédy.

BOYAR
Vechór, Púshkina kholóp
prishól's donósom na Shúyskovo
Mstislávskovo i próchikh i na khozyayna:
nóchyu táynaya besyéda shla u nikh,
gonyéts iz Krákovo
priyékhal i privyóz...

BORIS
Gontsá skhvatít'!
Akhá, Shúysky knyaz!
Ny, shto?

FYODOR
Nye prigózhe by'lob, ótche gosudár,
um tvoj derzhávny utruzhdát'
rasskázom vzdórnyem.

BORIS
Nyet, nyet, dityá!
Vsyó, sly'shish,
vsyó, kak bylo.

FYODOR
8. Pópinka nash sidyél
s mamkámí v svetlíte,
byez umolkú boltál,
vyéssel byl i láskov,
k mámushkam podkhodíl,
prosíl chesát' golóvku,
k kázhdoy on podkhodíl, cheryód im
soblyudáya.
Mámka Nastásya chesát' nye zakhotéla,
pópinka, oserdyás,
názval mámku dúroy.
Mámka, s obídy shtol',
khvat' yevó po shéyke,
pópka kak zakrichít,
dy'bom vstáli pyérya.
Nu, yevó ublazhát',
ugoshchát' yevó slastyámi,
vsyem príchedom molít',
laskát' yevó, pokóit'.
Da nyet, nye tut to by'lo!
Khmúry takóy sídt',
nos utknúvshi v pyérya,
na slásti nye glyadít,
shto-to vyso bormóchet...
Vdrug k mámke podskochíl,
chesát' shto nye khotyéla,
dávay yeyó dolbít',
ta i grókhnulasa ób pol.
Tut mámki, so strastyéy, slóvno vzbelenílis,
stáli makhát', krichát',

pópinku zagnát' khotyéli.
Da nye vprosák,
pópka kázhduyu otmyétíl.
Vot, ótche gosudár,
oní, glyadísh, i vzvy'li,
dúmu tsáarskuyu tvojú dúmat' pomesháli.
Vot, kazhís, i vsyó, vsyó, kak by'lo.

BORIS
Moy syn, dityá moyó rodnóye!
S kakím isskústvóm, kak býko
ty vyol svoý rasskáz pravdívy;
kak prósto,
bezkhítrostno, lóvko
sumyéł opisát'
slúchay potyéshny.
Vot sládky plod uchénaya,
ístiny svyéto, m,
úma okrylýenye.
O, yésli by tebyá ya mog
tsaryóm uvídet',
Rúsi pravitelem derzhávnyem,
o, s kakim vostórgom
presryév soblázny vlásti
na to blazhénstvo ya promenyál by
pósokh tsáarsky.

SHUISKY
9. V elíky gosudár, chelóm byu.

BORIS
A, preslávny vitiyá,
dostóiny konovód tolpy' bezmózgloy;
prestúpnaya glavá boyár kramól'nykh,
tsáarskovo prestóla supostát.
Nágly lzhets, trízhdy klyátvu prestupívshy,
khítry litsemyér, l'styets lukávy,
prosvírnyá pod shápkoyu boyáarskoy,
obmánshchik, plut!

SHUISKY
Tsar...yest...vyésti,
i vyésti vázhnye dlya tsárstva tvoeyevó.

BORIS
Nye tyel', shto Púshkinu,
ili tebyé tam, shtol',
privyóz gonyéts potáyny ot sopriyátelyey,
boyár opál'nykh?

SHUISKY
Da, gosudár!
V Litvyé yavílsa Samozvánets,
koról', pany'
i pápa za nyevó!

BORIS
Chim zhe imenem na nas
on opolchítsa vzdúmal?
Chyo ímya, negodyáy, ukrál...
Chyo ímya?

SHUIISKY

Konyéshno, tsar, sil'ná tvoyá derzháva.
Ty mílostyu, radyénym i shchedrótoy
usynovíl serdtsá svoikh rabóv,
dushóyu prédannykh prestólu tvoyemú.
Khotyá i ból'no mnye, velíky gosudár,
khotyá i króvyu moyó sérdtse obol'yótsa,
no ot tebyá taít' nye smyéyu,
shto, yésli, dyérazosti ispólnyenny brodyága,
s Litvy' granítsu náshu pereydyót,
k nyemú tolpú, byt' mózhet privlechót
Dimítriya voskrésnuvshee ímya!

BORIS

Dimítriya...
Tsaryévich udalís!

FYODOR

O gosudár, dozvól' mnye
pri tebyé ostát'sa,
uznát bedú,
grozyáshchuyu prestólu tvoyemú.

BORIS

Nelzyá...nelzyá, dityá! Tsaryévich!
Tsaryévich, povinúysa!
Vzyat' myéry, syey zhe chas,
shtob ot Litvy' Rus
ogradílas zastávami,
shtob ni odná dushá
nye pereshlá za étu gran...
Stupáy!...
Nyet!...Postóy...postóy, Shúysky!
10. Slikhál li ty, kogdá-nibud',
shtob dyéti myórtvye iz gróba vykhodíli...
Dopráshivat' tsaryéy...tsaryéy zakónnykh,
ízbrannykh vsenaróдно,
uvyénchannykh velikim patriárkhom...
Kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha.
Shto?...Smeshnó?
Shtozh nye smeyóshsa? A?

SHUIISKY

Pomílu, velíky gosudár!

BORIS

Slúshay, knyaz!
Kogdá velikoe svershílos zlodeyánye...
Kogdá bezvryémno malyútka pogíb,
malyútka tot...pogíbshy...
by!...Dimítiry?

SHUIISKY

On!

BORIS

Vasíly Iváných!
Krestóm tebyá i bógom zaklináyu,
po sóvesti, vsyu právdú mnye skazhí,
ty znáesh, ya mílostiv...
no yésli ty khitrísh,
klyanús tebyé!
Pridúmayu ya zlúyu

kazn, takúyu kazn,
shto Tsar Iván ot úzhasa vo gróbe
sodrognýótsa!...
Otvyéta zhdu!

SHUIISKY

Nye kazn strashná,
strashná tvoyá nemílost'!
11. V Ugliche, v soboryé
pred vsým naródom,
pyat' slíshkom dneye ya trup
mladyénts posyeshchál..
Vokrúg nyevó trinádsat' tyel lezhálo,
obezobrázhennykh, v kroví,
v lokhmótyakh gryáznykh,
i po nim uzh tlyénie
zamyétno prostupálo;
no dyétsky lik tsaryévicha
byl svyétel, chist i yásen;
glubókaya, stráshnaya ziyála rána;
a na ustákh yevó neporóchnykh
ulybka chúdnaya igrála;
kazálosya v svoyéy on kolybyél'ke
spokóyno spit, slozhívshi rúchki
i v právoy kryépkó szhav igrúshku
dyétskuyu...

BORIS

Dovól'no!...
12. Uf! tyazheló!
Day dukh perevedú...
Ya chústvoval vsya krov' mnye kínulas v
litsó,
i tyázhko opuskálas.
O, sóvest' lyútaya,
kak stráshno ty karaesh!...
Yézheli v tebyé pyatnó yedínoe...
Yedínoe slucháyno zavelósyá,
dushá sgorít,
nal'yótsa sérdtse yadóm,
tak tyázhko, tyázhko stánet,
shto mólotom stuchít
v ushák upryokom i proklyátyem...
i dúshit shto-to...dúshit...
I golová kruzhítsai vidítsa...
v glazákh...
dityá okrovavlyónnoe!...
Von...von tam, shto éto...
tam v uglú...
kolyshetsa, rastyót...
blízitsa...
drozhít i stónet...
Chur, chur...
Nye ya,...nye ya tvoy likhodyéy...
Chur, chur, dityá!...
Nye ya...nye ya...
Vólya naróda!...
Chur, dityá!...
Góspodi! ty nye khóchesh
smyérti gryéshnika,
pomílu dúshu prestúpno
tsaryá Borísa!

ACT THREE

Scene One

CHORUS OF MAIDENS

13. Na Víslye lazúrnoy,
pod ívoy tenístoy,
yest chúdny tsvetóchek, on snéga beléye,
v zerkál'nyye vódy lenívo glyadítsa,
lyubúyas svoýéy roskóshnoy krasóyu.
Nad chúdnym tsvetóchkom, blistáya na
sóntse,
roy bábochek rézykh igraet,
kruzhítsa;
plenyónny chudésnoy krasóyu tsvetóchka,
prelyéstnikh listóchkov nye sméyet
kosnútsa.
I chúdny tsvetóchek, kiváya golovóy,
v zerkál'nyye vódy lenívo glyadítsa.

MARINA

Almázný moy venyéts!

CHOIR

A v zámkye vesyólom krasávit'sa páнна,
tsvetóchka rechnóvo
beléye, miléye,
tsvetóchka rechnóvo, beléye, nezhnéye,
na slávu i rádosť vsyevó Sandomíra
roshkóshno tsvetyót.
Nemálo mólotdsev,
blestyáshchikh i znátnykh,
v nevól'nom smushchényi
pred nyéyu preklonyális,
ulybku krasótki blazhénstvom schitáya,
u nog charodyéyí
vyes mir zabyváya.
A páнна krasótká lukávo smeyálas
nad réchyu lyubóvnoy,
nad strástyú ikh py'lkoy
tomlyénnyam i múkam serdyéts
ikh smushchónnykh
nye vnémlya.

MARINA

Dovól'no!

14. Krasótká páнна blagodárna
za láskovoye slóvo
i sravnyénnye
s tyem tsvetóchkom chúdnym
shto beléye snyéga.
No páнна Mníshek nedovól'na
ni réchyu váshey l'stívoy
ni bessmy'slennym namyókom
na kakíkh-to mólotdsev blistyáshchikh,
shto tséloyu tolpóyu u nog yeyó lezháli,
v blazhénstvye utopáya.
Nyet, nye étikh pyésen
núzhno pánnnye Mníshek;
nye pokhvál svoýéy krasýé
ot vas zhdalá ya.
A tyekh pyésenok chudyésnykh,
shto mnye nyánaya napevála,

o velíchíy, o pobyédakh
i o slávyé vóyev pol'skikh,
o vsemóshchnykh pol'skikh dyévakh,
o pobitykh inozémtsakh.
Vot shto núzhno pánnnye Mníshek,
éti pyésni yey otráda.
Stupáyte.
Ty, Rúzya, mnye nye nuzhná sevódnaya;
otdokhní.

15. Skúchno Marínye, akh, kak skúchno-to!

Kak tomítel'no i vyálo
dni za dnyámi dlyátsa.
Pústo, glúpo tak, besplóдно;
tsély sonm knyazyéy i gráfov,
i panóv vel'mózhnykh
nye razgónit skúki ádskey.
No lish tam, v tumánnoy dáli,
zórka yásnaya blesnúla;
to Moskovsky prokhodímets
pánnnye Mníshek priglyanúlsa.
Moy Dimítry, mstítel' grózny,
besposhchádny,
bózhny sud, i bózhya
kára za tsaryévicha
malyútku, zhértvu vlásti nenasytnoy,
zhértvu álchnosti Borísa,
zhértvu zloby Godunóva.
Razhbuzhú zhe ya magnátov sónnnykh,
blyéskom zláta ya shlyákhtu.
A tebyá, moy samozvánets,
moy lyubóvnik tómný,
opóyu tebyá slezámi
strásti zhgúchey,
zadushú tebyá v obyátyakh,
zatselúyu
mily moy tsaryévich, moy Dimítry,
moy zheníkh nazvány
nyézhnym lyépetom lyubóvnym
slukh tvoj ocharúyu.
moy tsaryévich, moy Dimítry, moy
lyubóvnik tomny!
Pánnnye Mníshek slíshkom skúchny
strásti tómnoy izlyánaya,
pyl'kikh yúnoshey molyénaya,
réchi póshlyye magnátov.
Páнна Mníshek slávy khóchet,
páнна Mníshek vlásti zházhdet!
Na prestól tsaryéy moskovskikh
ya tsarítsey syádu,
i, v porfírye zlatotkánnoy,
sóntsem zablistáyu.
I srazhu krasóyu chudyésnoy
ya moskaley tupoumnykh,
i stádo boyár kichlívykh
bit' chelóm sebyé zastávlyu.
I proslávyat v skázkakh,
bylyakh nebylítsakh
górduyu svoýú tsarítsu
tupoúmnyye moskáli!
Kha, kha, etc.

16. A! Akh, éto ty, moy otyéts!

RANGONI

Dozvólit li nichtózhnomu rabú gospódnyu
krasóyu nezemnóy siyayuschchaya páнна
prosít' vnimániya.

MARINA

Otyéts moy, vy nye prosít' dolzhny':
Marína Mníshék dócheryu
poslúshnoyu bylá i búdyet
svyatóy apostól'skoy nerazdyél'noy tsérkvi.

RANGONI

Tsérkov bózhya
ostávlyena, zaby'ta
líki svyétlye
svyaty'kh poblyókli,
vyéry zhivóy istóchnik
chísty gásnyet,
ogn kadíl'nits blagovónnykh myérknet,
ziáyut rány svyaty'kh strastotyéptsev,
skorb i stóny
v obítelyakh górníkh,
lyútsa slýózy
pástyryey smiryénnykh.

MARINA

Otyéts moy! vy...vy smushcháete menyá.
Bólyu zhgúcheyu rech vásha skórbnaya
v slábom moyóm syédtse otdayótsa.

RANGONI

Doch moyá Marina!
Provozvestí yerétikam-moskályam
vyéru právyu
obratí ikh na put' spasyénnya,
sokrushí dukh raskóla grekhóvny,
i proslávyat Marínu svyatúyu
pred prestólom tvortsá luchezárnym
ángely gospóдни!

MARINA

I proslavyát Marínu svyatúyu
pred prestólom tvortsá luchezárnym
ángely gospóдни!
U! grekh kakóy!
Otyéts moy, sobláznom stráshnym
vy iskusíli dushú gréshnyu
neópytnoy i vyétrennoy Maríny.
Nyet, nye mnye, privykshey k blyésku,
v vikhre svyéta
i piróv vesyólykh,
nyet, nye mnye na dólyu pálo
tsérkov bózhíyu proslávit'.
Ya bessíl'na.

RANGONI

17. Krasóyu svoyéyu plení samozvántsá!
Réchyu lyubóvnoyu, pylkoyu, nyézhnoyu,
strást zaroní v yevó syédtse.
Plámennym vzórom, ulybkoy
charúyushchey.
Rázum yevó pokorí.
Strakh suyevyérny, nelyépy prezrí

ugryzyénia sóvyesti zhálkoy,
bros predrasúdok, pustóy i nichtozhny,
skrómnosti lózhnoy i vzdórnoy devichey
poróyu genévom pritvornym
kapriznoyu príkhot'yu zhenskoy.
Poróyu tónkoyu lyéstyu iwkuwnim, il'
lóvkim obmánón
iskusí yevó, obol'stí yevó.
I kogdá istomlyónny, u nog tvoíkh
dívnykh,
v vostórgye bezmólvnom,
zhdat' búdyet velyénny,
klyátvu potrebuy svyatóy propagándy!

MARINA

Tovó li mnye núzhno!

RANGONI

Kak? i ty derznóvenno
protívitsa tsérkvi!
Yésli za blágo príznano búdyet,
dolzhná ty pozhértvovat' budesh,
bez strákha, bez sozhalyénnya, chéstyu
svoyéyu!

MARINA

Shto? dyérszky lzhets!
Klyanú tvoí réchi lukávyye,
syédtse tvoyó razvrashchónnoye,
klyanú tebyá vshey síloy prezréniya.
Proch s glaz moikh!

RANGONI

Marína!
Plámenem ádskim glazá tvoí zablestáli,
ustá iskazílis, shchóki poblyókli;
ot dunovyénnya nechístovo ischézla krasá
tyoyá.

MARINA

Bózhe, zashchítí menyá!
Bózhe, nauchí menyá!
Bózhe moy put ukazhí
by'dnoy Maríne!

RANGONI

Dúkhi t'my tobóy ovladyéli,
górdynyey besóvskoy tvoy um omráchili,
v gróznom velíchíy, na krylyakh ádskikh,
sam sataná parít nad tobóyu!
Smirís pred bózhíym poslóm!
Predáysya mnye vshey dushóyu,
svóim vsyem pómyslom, zhelányem i
mechtóyu;
moyéyu bud' rabóy!

Scene Two

DIMITRY

18. V pólnoch...v sadú...
u fontána,
o gólos dívny!
Kakóy otrádoz ty mnye napólnil syédtse!

Pridyósh li ty, zhelánnaya,
pridyósh li, golúbka moyá lyokhlo-kry'laya?
A l' pozabyla ly búynovo sókola,
shto po tebyé grustít, nadryváestsya?
Privyéto m láskovym, réchyu nyézhnoyu
ty oblegchí múku syérdtsa bezyskhódnuyu.
Marína! Marína!
Otklíknis, o, otklíknis!
Pridí, pridí, ya zhdu tebyá!
Ya zhdu tebyá!
Na zov otklíknis, otzovís!
Nyet, nyet otvyéta.

RANGONI
Tsaryévich!

DIMITRY
Opyát' za mnoy!
Kak tyen, preslyédúesh menyá.

RANGONI
Svetlyéyshy, doblestny tsaryévich!
Ya póslan k vam górdoyu krasávitsey
Marínoy.

DIMITRY
Marínoy?

RANGONI
Poslúshnoy, nyézhnoy dócheryu,
mnye nyébom vruchónnoy.
Oná umolyála skazát' vam,
shto mnógo nasmyéshk zlóbnnykh
prishlós perenyést' yey,
shto vas oná lyúbit, shto búdyet k vam...

DIMITRY
O, yéslí ty nye lzhoz, yéslí nye sam Satana
shépchet tye réchi chudyésnyye...
Voznesú yeyó, golúbku,
pred vsyéyu rússkoy zemlyóy,
vozvedú yeyó s sobóyu
na tsársky prestól,
osleplyú yeyó krasóyu pravoslavny lyud!
Zloy dyémon!
Ty, kak tat' nochnóy,
zakrálsa mnye v dúshu,
ty vy' rval iz grudí moyéy priznanye...
Ty o lyubví Maríny lgal?

RANGONI
Lgal? ya lgal?
I pyéred tobóy, tsaryévich?
Da po tebyé odnóm oná i dyen, i noch
tomítsa i stradáet,
o, sud'bé tvoyéy zavídnoy
v nochnóy tishí mechtáet:
O, yéslí ty lyubil yeyó,
yéslíby znal yeyó terzánya
górdykh panón nasmyéshki,
závist' íhk zhon litsemyérnykh,
póshlye splyétni, brédni pusty'ye

o táynykh svidányakh,
o postelúyakh,
roy oskorblyéníy nevynosímykh...
O, ty nye otvyérg by togdá
mol'by moyéy skrómnoy, moikh uveryéníy,
lózhyu nye názval by
múku byédnoy Maríny.

DIMITRY
Dovól'no! Slíshkom mnógo upryókov,
slíshkom dólgo skryvál ya ot lyudyéy
svoýo schástye!
Ya za Marínu grúdyu stánu,
ya doproshú panón nadmyénnykh,
kovárstvo zhon íkh bessty'dnykh razrúshu.
Ya osmyeyú íkh zhálkuyu zlóbu,
pred tséloy tolpóyu bezdúshnykh panyónok
otkróyus v lyubvi bezgraníchnoy Marínye,
ya bróshus k nogám yeyó, umolyáya
nye otvergát' py'lkoy strásti moyéy,
byt' mnye zhenóyu, tsarítseyu, drugom.

RANGONI
Vspomoshchestvúy, svyatóy Ignátíy!

DIMITRY
Ty, otryókhshysya ot míra,
proklyátuyu predávshy vsye rádstí zhízni,
máster velíky v lyubóvnom ískússtve,
zaklináyu tebyá, vsyey síloy klyátvy tvoyéy,
vsyey síloy zházhdy blazhénstva
nebyésnovo!
Vedí menyá k nyey, O day uvidet' yeyó,
day skazát' o lyubví moyéy,
o stradányakh moíkh,
i nyet toy tseny,
shto smutíla b menyá!
RANGONI
Smirénny, gréshny bogomólyets
o blízhníkh svoíkh,
o stráshnom dne poslyédnevo sudá,
o gróznoy kárye gospódney,
gryadúschchey v tot dyen,
vsechásno pomyslyayushchy,
trup, davno otzhívsky, khládný kámen,
mózhét li zhelát' sokróvishch zhízni!
No yéslí Dímítry
vnushénym bózhym,
nye otvyérgnyet zhelániy smirénnykh
nye pokidát' yevó kak sy'na,
sledít' za kázhdy m shágom yevó i my'slyu,
beréch i okhranyát' yevó...

DIMITRY
Da, ya nye rasstánus s tobóy,
tol'ko day mnye uvidet' Marínu moyú,
obnyát' yeyó.

RANGONI
Tsaryévich, skróysya!

DIMITRY
Shto s tobóy?

RANGONI

Tebyá zastányet zdes tol pá
pirúyushchikh magnátov.
Uydí, tsaryévich, umolyáyu, uydí!

DIMITRY

Pust' idút,
ya vstréchu ikh s pochótom,
po sánu, dóblesti i chésti.

RANGONI

Opómnis, tsaryévich,
ty pogubísh sebyá
ty vy'dash Marínu, uydí skoréye!

19. Polonaise

MARINA

Váshey strásti ya nye vyéryu, pánye,
váshey klyátvy, uverénnya, vsyo naprásno!
I nye móshete vy, pánye...
réchyu váshu obmanút'

GUESTS

I Moskovskoye tsárstvo
my polónim zhivo!
I moskályey plyénnykh
privedyóm k vam, pánni!
A vóyska Borísa razobyóm navyérno, my v'
prakh.

WOMEN

Nu, tak shto zhe, dólgo myédliits vam!
Na Moskvú skoréy idíte vi
vi Borísa v plyen beríte,
shto zhe dólgo myédliits' vam!

MEN

Na Moskvú speshít' dolzhny' my,
vzyat', vzyat', v plen Borísa vzyat'.
Dlya Réchi Pospolíttoy
nádo razorít' gnezdó moskályey!

WOMEN

Marína nye sumyeyet.
Krasíva, no sukhá, nadmyénna, zla Marína.

MARINA

Viná, viná, panóvyey!

GUESTS

Pyom bokál
vo zdrávyey Mníshkov!
Pyom, pany, Maríny zdrávyey!
Pannu chéstvuyem vengérskim!
Sláva tsárskomu ventsú Maríny!
Vivat, vivat, vivat!

DIMITRY

Iezuít lukávy krépko zhal menyá
v kogtyákh svoíkh proklyátikh.
Ya tólko mélkom, ízdali, uspél
vzglyanút' na divnuyu Marínu,

ukrádkoy vstrétiť blyesk charúyushchikh
ochéy yeyó chudyésnykh,
a syérdtse bílos síl'no,
tak síl'no bílos,
shto nye raz tolkálo s bóya vzyat' svobódu,
pobít'sa s pokrovítelyem nezvánnym,
otsóm moím duhkóvnyim!
Pod boltovnyú nesnósnyuyu yevó rechéy,
do náglosti lukávykh,
ya vídel pód ruku s pánom khvastlívym,
nadmyénnyuyu krasávitsu Marínu:
plenítel'noy ulý'bkoyu siyáya,
preléstnitsa sheptála o láskeye nyézhnoy,
o strásti tikhoy, o schasti byt' suprugoy...
suprugoy bezdúshnovo kutíly!
Kogdá sud'bá sulít yey
lyubví blazhénstva i slávu,
venyéts zlatóyi tsárskeyu porfíru!
Nyet, k chórtu vsyo!
Skoréye v bránnyeye dospýékhi!
Shelóm i myech bulátny,
i na konyéy! Vperyód!
Na symértny boy!
Mchátsa v glavyé družínny khoróbroy,
vstrétiť litsóm k litsú
vrázhyi polkí, s bóya, so slávoy,
vzyat' naslyédny prestól!

MARINA

20. Dimítry! Tsaryévich Dimítry!

DIMITRY

Oná! Marína!
Zdes, moyá golúbka, krasávitsa moyá.
O, kak tomítel'no, vyálo,
dlílis minúty ozhidánnya
skol'ko muchíte'nykh somnyénnyy,
syérdtse terzáya,
svyétlye dúmy moí omracháli,
lyubóv moyú i shástye
proklinát' zastavlyáli.

MARINA

Znáyu, vsyo znáyu!
Nochéy nye spish, mechtáesh ty,
i dyen i noch mechtáesh o svoýey Maríneye.
Nyet, nye dlya rechéy lyubví
nye dlya besyéd pustý'kh i vzdórnykh
ya prishlá k tebyé. Ti nayedínnye s sobóyu
mózhesh mlyet' i táyat' ot lyubví ko mnye.

DIMITRY

Marína?

MARINA

Nyet, menyá nye udivyát, ty dólzhen znat'
ni zhértvy, ni dázhe smyert' tvoyá
iz-za lyubví ko mnye.
Kogdá zh tsaryóm ty budyésh v Moskvýey?

DIMITRY

Tsaryóm? Marína, ty pugáesh syérdtse!
Uzhéli vlast', siyániye prestóla,

kholópov pódlykh roy,
ikh gnúsnyye donósy
v tebyé moglí by zaglushít'
svyatúyu zházhdú lyubví vzaímnoy,
otrádu láski serdyéchnoy, obyátiy zhárkikh
i strastnykh vostórgov charúyushchuyu
sílu!

MARINA
Konyéshno!
My i
v khlzhinye ubógoy
búdyem schástlivy s tobóy;
shto nam sláva, shto nam tsárstvo?
My lyubóvyu búdyem zhit' odnóy!
Yésli vy, tsaryévich, odnóy lyubví khotíte,
v Moskvíi u vas naydyótsa nemálo
zhénschchin,
krasívykh, rumyánykh, brov sobolínaya.

DIMITRY
21. Tebyá, tebyá odnú, Marína
ya obozháyu,
vsyey síloy strásti,
vsyey zházhdoy nyégi i blazhénstva.
Zhál'sa nad skórbyu
byédnoy dushí moyéy
nye otvergáy menyá!

MARINA
Tak nye Marínu,
vy tól'ko zhénshchinu vo mnye lyubíli?
Lish prestól tsaréy moskvóvskikh,
lish zlatóy venyéts derzhávny
iskusít' menya moglí by.

DIMITRY
Ty ránish syérdtse mnye,
zhestókaya Marína,
ot slov tvoíkh mogíl'ny
khlad na dúshu vyéyet.
Vídish, ya u nog tvoíkh,
u nog tvoíkh molyú tebyá:
nye otvergáy lyubví moyéye bezúmnoy!

MARINA
Vstan', lyubóvnik nyézhny.
Nye tomí sebyá mol'boy naprásnoy.
Vstan', stradályets nyézhny, kak mnye
zhal'tebyá
Mnye zhal', moy míly.
Iznemóg, istomílsa
ot lyubví k svoyéy Maríneye,
dyen i noch o nyey mechtáesh.
brósit dúmat' o prestólye,
o borbyé s tsaryóm Borísom
proch, brodyága dérzhky!

DIMITRY
Marína, shto s tobóy?

MARINA
Proch, prispýéshnik pánsky!

DIMITRY
Shto s tobóy!

MARINA
Kholóp!

DIMITRY
Stoy, Marína!
Mnye chúdilos, ty brósila
ukorom tyágostnym moyéy minúvshey
zhízni.
Lzhosh, górdaya polyáchka!
Tsaryévich ya!
So vsyekh kontsów Rusi
vozhdí steklísa,
zaútra v boy letím
v glavýe družín khoróbrykh,
slávnyy vítyazem pryámo
v kreml' Moskvóvsky,
na ótchiy prestól,
zavyéshchanny sud'bóy.
No kogdá tsaryóm ya syádu
v velíchyi nepristúpnom,
O s kakím vostórgom ya nasmyéyus nad
tobóy,
O kak okhótno ya posmotryú na tebyá,
kak ty, potyéyannym tsárstvom terzáyas,
rabóyu poslúshnoyu, búdyesh poltztí
k podnózhyu prestóla moyevó
vsyem togdá smeyátsa ya velyú
nad dúroyu-shlyakhtyánkoy!

MARINA
Smeyátsa!
22. O tsaryévich, umolyáyu,
ne klyaní menyá za réchi zly'ye,
nye ukórom, nye nasmyéshkoy,
no chístoy lyubóvyu, zvúchat oní
zházhdoy slávy tvoyéy,
zházhdoy velíchya,
zvuchát v tishí nochnóy
moy míly, moy kokháy,
nye izménit tvoyá Marína!
Zabúd, zabúd' o nyey,
zabúd' o lyubví svoyéy,
skoréye na otchiy prestól!

DIMITRY
Marína!
Adskyyu múku dushí moyéy
nye rastravláy lyubóvyu pritvórnoy!

MARINA
Lyublyú tebyá, moy kokháy,
moy povelítel'!

DIMITRY
O, povtorí, povtorí, Marína!
O, nye day ostyt' naslazhdyényu,
day dushé otrádu, moyá charovnítsa,
zhízn' moyá!

MARINA
Tsar moy!

DIMITRY
Vstan' tsarítsa moya, nenaglyádnaya!
Obnimí ti zhelánnovo!
Vstan, obnimí!

MARINA
O, kak syérdtse moyó ozhivil ty,
povelítel' moy!

VOICES OF FEASTING GUESTS
Vivat! Vivat! Vivat! Vivat!

ACT FOUR

Scene One

VAGABONDS
1. Valí syudá!
Na pyen sadí, na pyen, rebyáta!
Vot tak! A shtob nye ból'no vyl,
shtob górlishko boyáarskovo nye pórtíl...
Zakonopát'. Vázhno!
Shtozh, brátsy?
Al' tak, bez pochótu
boyárina ostávim?
Tak, bez pochótu! Tak nye ládno!
Vsyozh on Borísov voyevóda.
Borís-ot vorovskí prestólom tsárskim
právil,
a on u vóra vorová! Shtozh?
Za to yemú pochót,
kak vóru dóbromu?
Ey! Ry'ndy! Fómka! Yepikhán!
Za boyárina! Vázhno!
Shtóyto za nyévidal'!
Al' nikolí boyárin
nash zasnóbushki nye vyédal?
Kudy' tye k chórtu!
Boyárin bez zaznoby,
shto piróg bez nachínki,
odin sukhár!
Afímya! golúbka!
Tebyé uzh, báyt, vtoraya sótnya
podstupíla.
Tak onó nye bóyazno.
Valí, krasávitsa, k boyárinu.
Valí! Kah, kah, etc.
Ládno. Daváyte velichát'!
Daváyte velichát'!
Ey, báby, zavodí!
Ey, vy báby, zavodí!
2. Nye sókol letít po podnébyesyu,
nye bórzy kon mchítsa pó polyu.
Sídnem sidít boyárinushka
dúmu dúmaet.
Sláva boyárinu!
Sláva Borísovu!
Sláva boyárinu!
Sláva Borísovu! Sláva!
Stoy, báby!

Dubínki u boyárina nye vídno.
Chevó dubínki? Súnte plyótku.
Vot tak. Dál'she valyáy.
Sídnem sidít, dúmu dúmaet,
kak by Borísu v ugódushku,
kak by vóru na pomókh
zabít, zaporót' lyud chestnóy.
Sláva boyárinu, sláva Borísovu!
Sláva boyárinu,
sláva Borísovu! Sláva!
Chéstyu, póchestyu ty nas povázhival,
v búryu, nyépogod', da v bezdorózhnye,
na rebyátkakh náshykh pokátyval,
tónkoy plyótkoy postyógival.
Sláva boyárinu, sláva Borísovu!
Sláva boyárinu, sláva Borísovu!
Okh, uzh i sláva zh tebyé, boyárin!
Okh, uzh i sláva zh tebyé, boyárinu!
Sláva vyéchnaya!

GROUP OF BOYS
3. Trrr, trrr, trrr, trrr!
Zhelyézny kolpák, zhelyézny kolpák!
Trrr, trrr, trrr, trrr!
Zhelyézny kolpák, zhelyézny kolpák!
Ulyu, lyu, lyu, lyu, lyu, lyu,
lyu, lyu, lyu, lyu, lyu! Trrr!

SIMPLETON
Myésyats yédet,
kotyónok pláchet,
Yuródivy, vstaváy,
Bógu pomolísya, Khristú poklonísya.
Khristós bog nash búdyet vyódro,
budyet myésyats,
budyet vyódro...myésyats...

BOYS
Zdrástvuy, zdrástvuy, yuródivy Iváných!
Vstan, nas pochéstvuy,
v póyas poklonísya nam
kolpachók to skin!
Kolpachók tyazhól!
Dzin, dzin, dzin,
dzin, dzin, dzin,
ek zvonít!

SIMPLETON
A u menyá kopyeyechka yest'.

BOYS
Shútish!
Nye nadúyesh nas, nyebos!

SIMPLETON
Vish!
BOYS
Fit'!

SIMPLETON
A-a! A! Obídeli yuródivovo!
A-a! Ótnyali kopyeyechku! A-a!

VARLAAM *and* MISSAIL

4. Sóntse, luná pomyérknuli,
zvyóždy s nebyés pokatílisa,
vselyénnaya voskolebálasya,
ot tyázhkovo grekhá Borísova
bródit zveryó nevidannoye,
brodíť zveryó nesly'khannoye,
pozhiráet telá chelovyécheskiye
vo slávu grekhá Borísova.
Múchat, pytáyut bózhly lyud,
a múchat slúgi Borísovy,
naushchényem síly ádovoy,
vo slávu prestóla satanínskovo.

VAGABONDS

Shto b to by'lo?
Ot Moskvý' idút svyaty'ye stártsy,
Ktoy-to, brátsy?
pyésnyu vedút o kóznyakh Borísa,
o pytkakh sviryépykh,
o múkakh zhestókikh,
shto tyérpit lyud nepovínny.

VARLAAM *and* MISSAIL

Stónet, myatyótsa svyatáya Rus,
a stónet pod rukóy bogootstúpnika,
pod próklyatoy rukóy tsareubíytsy,
v proslavlyénny grekhá nezamolímovo!

VAGABONDS

Gaydá! Raskhodílas, razgulyálas síla
udal' molodyétskaya.
Rashkhodílas, razgulyálas síla
udal' molodyétskaya.
Py'shet pólymem
krov kazátskaya.
Podnimálasa so dna,
síla pododónnaya
podnimálasa so dna síla pododónnaya.
poddónnaya, neu go mónnaya, goi!
Oy, to síla,
sílushka,
oy, ty síla bedóvaya!
Oy, ty síla, sílushka,
oy, ty síla gróznaya!
Ty nye vyday mólotdsev,
molodtsev událykh!
Oy, ty day im ponatyéshitsa,
oy ty day im ponasy'titsa,
ponasy'titsa, ponatyéshitsa,
ponatyéshitsa, sílushka, day!

VARLAAM *and* MISSAIL

Vosprimíte, lyúdiy, tsaryá zakónnovo!
Vosprimíte bógom spasyónnovo,
ot ubíytsy bógom ukry'tovo.
Vosprimíte, lyúdiye,
tsaryá Dimítriya Ivánovicha!

VAGABONDS

Raskhodílo, razgulyálos údal
molodyétskaya,

razgulyálas, podnimálas síla pododónnaya,
síla gróznaya, bedóvaya!

VARLAAM

Ry'shchut, bródyat slúgi Borísa,
pytáyut lyud nepovínny...

MISSAIL

Ry'shchut, bródyat slúgi Borísa,
pytáyut lyud nepovínny...

VARLAAM *and* MISSAIL

Py'tkoy pytáyut,
dushát v zastyénkye,
lyud nepovínny, lyud pravoslávny.

VAGABONDS

Smyert'! Smyert' Borísu!
Tsareubíytse smyert'!

LAVITSKY *and* CHERNIKOVSKY

5. Domine, Domine, salvum fac
regem, regem, regem
Demetrium Moscoviae,
salvum fac, salvum fac
regem Demetrium omnis Russia
salvum fac, salvum fac
regem Demetrium.

VAGABONDS

Kovó yeshchó nelyókhkaya nesyót?
Slóvno vólki vóyut!
Shto za dyávoly?

LAVITSKY *and* CHERNIKOVSKY

Domine, Domine, salvum fac,
regem Demetrium salvum fac.

VARLAAM

Voronyó pogánoye!
Podí-ka, tózhe vozglasháyut tsaryévicha!
Nye popústim, otyéts Misail?

VARLAAM *and* MISSAIL

Nye popústim!

LAVITSKY *and* CHERNIKOVSKY

Domine, Domine, salvum fac
regem Demetrium
regem Demetrium Moscoviae!

VARLAAM *and* MISSAIL

Dushí vorón proklyátykh!

VAGABONDS

Gaydá! Dushí!
Daví!
A, krovosósy,
kolduny' pogányye!

VARLAAM

Da voznesútsa na drévo blagolyépnno.

VARLAAM *and* MISSAIL

Da vosproslávyat vselyénnyu
glásom vélim.

VAGABONDS

Gaydá!

LAVITSKY *and* CHERNIKOVSKY

Sanctissima Virgo, juva, juva servos tuos!
Sanctissima Virgo, juva, juva servos tuos!
Sanctissima Virgo, juva, juva servos tuos!

VARLAAM

Krépche vyazhí!

Da presechótsa mániye diányey,
da otrínyetsa pómoshch desnítsy!

VAGABONDS

Gayda!

Na osinu!

LAVITSKY *and* CHERNIKOVSKY

Sanctissima Virgo, juva, juva servos tuos!

VARLAAM *and* MISSAIL

6. Sláva tebyé, tsaryévichu,
bógom spasyénnomu,
Sláva tebyé, tsaryévichu.

VAGABONDS

Sláva tsaryévichu, bógom spasyénnomu
bógom ukry'tomu!
Sláva tebyé, bógom spasyénnomu!
Zhiví i zdárvstvuy, Dimítriy Ivánovich!
Sláva! Sláva! Sláva!

DIMITRY

My, Dimítriy Ivánovich,
bózhym isvolýéniyem tsaryévich vseyá
Rusí,
knyaz ot kolyéna prédkov náshikh,
vas, gonimyykh Godunóvym
zovyóm k sebyé
i obeshcháem mílost' i zashchítu.

KHRUSHCHOV

Góspodi! syn Ioánnov, sláva tebyé!

DIMITRY

Vstan, boyárin!
Za námi vslyed idíte v boy!
Na ródinu svyatúyu!
V Moskvú, v zlatovyérkhy Kreml'!

VAGABONDS

Sláva tebyé, tsar batyúshka!

LAVITSKY *and* CHERNIKOVSKY

Deo gloria, gloria Deo,
Deo gloria, gloria!

VAGABONDS

Sláva tebyé, Dimítriy Ivánovich! Sláva!

THE SIMPLETON

7. Lyéytes, lyéytes slyózy górkiye,
plach, plach, dushá pravoslávnaya,
skóro vrag pridýot,
i nastányet t'ma
témen tyómnaya, neproglyádnaya.
Góre, góre Rusí,
plach, plach rússky lyud.
Golódny lyud!

Scene Two

FIRST GROUP OF BOYARS

8. Shtozh? poydóm na golosá, boyáre.

SECOND GROUP

Vam pyérvym nachinát, boyáre.

FIRST GROUP

Da náshe mnyéniye davno gotóvo.
Pishí, Andréy Mikháylych.

THIRD GROUP

Zlodyéya, ktob ni byl on,
skaznít'.

SECOND GROUP

Stoy, boyáre!
Vy prézdhe izloví,
a tam skazní, pozháluy.

THIRD GROUP

Ládnó...

FOURTH GROUP

Nu, nye sovsyém-to ládnó.

FIRST GROUP

Da nu, boyáre, nye sbiváete.

THIRD GROUP

Zlodyéya, ktob ni byl on,
imát'
i pytát' na dy'bye krépkó.

FIRST GROUP

A tam skaznít'
i trup yevó povýésit'.
Pust' klyuyút vrány golódnyye!

FOURTH GROUP

Trup yevó predát' sozhzhényu
na lóbnom myéstye vsenaródnó,
i trizhdy proklyást' tot prakh pogány.

SECOND GROUP

I rasséyat' prakh proklyáty
za zastávami po vyétru.

ALL

Shtob i slyed prosty'I navyéki
pobrodyagi samozvantsa.

SECOND *and* FOURTH GROUPS

I kázhdovo, kto s nim
yedinomýslit,
skaznít'.

ALL

I trup k pozónomu stolbú pribít',
o chom ukázy razoslát' povsemyéstno.
Po syólam, gorodám i po posádam,
po vsyey Rusí
chítát' v sobórakh i tserkvákh,
na ploshchadyákh i skhódakh.
I góspoda molít' koleno preklonyenno,
da szhálit'sa nad Rúsyu, mnogostradál'noy.

FIRST *and* FOURTH GROUPS

9. Zhal, Shúyskovo nyet knyázya.

SECOND *and* THIRD GROUPS

Khot' i kramól'nik,
a bez nyevó, kazhis,
ne ládno vy'shlo mnyénnye.

SHUISKY

Prostíte mnye, boyáre.

FIRST *and* FOURTH GROUP

Ek, lyógok na pomínye...

SHUISKY

Pozapozdál malyénko,
nye vo vrém'ya pozhálovat' izvólil.
Namyédni, ukhodyá ot gosudárya,
skorbyá vsyem syérdtsem,
radyéya o dushé tsaryovoy,
ya v shchólochku
slucháyno zaglyanúl.
O, shto uvídyel ya, boyáre!
Blyédny, kholódnym pótom obliváyas,
drozhá vsyem tyélom,
nyesvyázno bormochá
kakiye-to slová chudnyye,
gnyévno ochámi sverkáya,
kakóy-to múkoy táynoy terzáyas,
stradálets gosudár tomiílsa
Vdrug posinyél,
glazá ustávil v úgol,
i stráshno stenyá
i churáyas...

BOYARS

Lzhosh! Lzhosh, knyaz!

SHUISKY

K tsaryévichu, pogíbsheму vzyvaya...

BOYARS

Shto?

SHUISKY

Prízrak yevó
bessíl'no otgonyáya...
"Chur...chur" sheptál.

BORIS

Chur, chur!

SHUISKY

Chur, dityá!

SHCHELKALOV

Tíshe! tsar...tsar...

BORIS

Chur, chur!

BOYARS

Góspodi!

BORIS

Chur, dityá!

BOYARS

O, góspodi!
S námi kréstnaya síla!

BORIS

Chur, chur!

Kto govorít: ubíytsa? Ubíytsy nyet!
Zhiv, zhiv malyútka!

A Shúyskovo za lzhivuyu prisyágu
chetvertovát'!

SHUISKY

Blagodát' gospódnaya nad tobóy!

BORIS

A?

Ya sózval vas, boyáre,
na váshu múdrost' polagáyus;
v godínu byed i tyázhhikh ispytániy,
vy mnye pomóshniki, boyáre.

SHUISKY

Velíky gosudár!
Dozvól' mnye, nerazúmnomu,
smirénnomu rabú,
slóvo mólvit'. Zdes, u Krásnovo kryl'tsá,
stárets smirénny zhdyot soizvolyénnya
predstat' pred óchi tvoí svyétlyye.
Muzh právdyy i sovyéta,
muzh zhízni bezupréchnoy,
velíkuyu on taynyu povyédat' khóchet.

BORIS

Byt' tak. Zoví yevó!

Besyéda stártsa, byt' mózhet, uspokóit
trevógu táynuyu,
izmúchennoy dushí!

PIMEN

10. Smiryénny ínok

v delákh mirskíkh nye múdry sudiya,
derzáet dnes podát' svoy gólos.

BORIS

Rasskázvay, starík, vsyo, shto znáesh,
bez utáyki.

PIMEN

Odnázhdý, v vechérniy chas,
prishól ko mnye pastúkh,
uzhé mastíty stárets
i táynu mnye chudyésnuyu povyédal:
“Yeshchó rebyónkom”
skazál on, “ya oslyép
i s toy porý nye znal
ni dnya ni nóchi
do stárosti.

Naprásno ya lechílsa
i zélyem i táynym nasheptányem,
naprásno ya iz kládezey svyatý’kh
kropíl vodóy tselyébnoy óchi...
Naprásno!

I tak ya k t’me
svoyéy privý’k,
shto dázhe sny moí mnye
vídyennykh veshchéy
uzh nye yavlyáls, a snílís tól’ko zvúki.
Raz v glubókom snye,
vdrug sly’shu

dyétsky gólos zovyót menyá,
tak vnyátno zovyót:
‘Vstan, dyédushka, vstan,
idí ty v Úglich grad,
zaydí v sobór Preobrazhénya,
tam pomolís ty nad moyéy mogílkoy.

Znay, dyédushka:
Dimítriy ya, tsaryévich,
gospod’ privál menyá
v lik ángelov svoikh
i ya teypér Rusí
velíky chudotvórets’.
Prosnúlsa ya...podúmal...
vzyl s sobóyu vnúka
i v dal’niy put’ poplyól’sa.
I tól’ko shto sklonílsa nad mogílkoy,
tak khoroshó vdrug stálo i slyózy polilís,
obíl’no, tíkho polilís
i ya uvídyel
i bózhý svyet, i vnúka, i mogílku.”

BORIS

11. Oy; dúshno! dúshno!
Svyétu!
Tsaryévicha skoréy!
Okh, tyázhko mnye!
Skhímu!
Ostávte nas! uydíte vsye!
Proshcháy, moy syn, umiráyu.
Seychás ty tsárstvovat’ nachnyósh.
Nye spráshivay, kakím putyóm ya tsárstvo
priobryól.
Tebyé nye núzhno znat’.
Ty tsárstvovat’ po právu búdyesh,
kak moy naslyédnik, kak syn moy
pervoródný.
Syn moy! Dityá moyó rodnóye!

Nye vveryáysa navyétam boyár
kramól’nykh,
zórko sledí za ikh snoshényami
táynymi s Litvóyu,
izmyénu karáy bez poshchády,
bez mílosti karay.
Strógo vníkáy v sud naródný, sud
nelitsemyérny,
stoy na strázhe bortsóm
za vyéru právuuyu,
svyáto chtí svyatý’kh ugódnikov bózhnykh.
Sestrú svoýú, tsaryévnu, sberegí, moy syn,
ty yey odín khranítel’ ostayóshsa,
náshay Ksénii, golúbke chístoy.
Góspodi! Góspodi! Vozzrí, molyú,
na slyózy gréshnovóy ottsá!
Nye za sebyá molyú,
nye za sebyá, moy bózhe!
S górney nepristúpnoy vysoty’ prolyéy
ty blagodátný svyet na chad moikh
nevínnykh...Krótkikh i chístykh...
Síly nebyésnyye!
Strázhi tróna predvyéchnovo!
Krylámi svyétlymi vy okhraníte
moyó dityá rodnóye ot byed i zol,
ot iskushéníy.
12. Zvon! Pogrebál’ny zvon!

CHORUS OF MONKS

Pláchte, pláchte, lyúdiye,
nyest’ bo zhízni v nyom
i nyemy ustá yevó
i nye dast otvyéta.
Pláchte! Allilúya!

BORIS

Nadgróbny vopl’!
Skhíma,
svyatáya skhíma,
v monákhi tsar idyót.

FYODOR

Gosudár, uspokóysya!
Gospód’ pomózhet.

BORIS

Nyet, nyet, syn moy, chas moy probíl...

CHORUS OF MONKS

Vízhu mladýentsa umiráyushcha,
i rydáyu, pláchu;
myatyotsa, trepyeshchet on,
i k pómoshchi vzyváet,
i nyet yemu spasyénnya.

BORIS

Bózhe! Bózhe! Tyázkho mnye!
Uzhel’ grekhá ne zamolít’?
O, zlaya smyert’! Kak múchish
ty zhestóko!
Povremeníte...ya tsar yeshchó!
Ya tsar yeshchó!
Bózhe! Smyert’!

Prostí menyá!
Vot! Vot tsar vash...
tsar...
Prostíte...prostíte...

BOYARS
Uspnye!

END

CD6-8

Khovanshchina

ACT ONE

1. Introduction

Scene One

KUZKA

2. Podoydu, podoydu...
Pod Ivangorod...
Vysibu, vysibu,
Kamennyj... steny...
Vyvedu, vyvedu...
Krasnu devicu...

VTOROYE STRELEC
Vona, drychnet.

PERVYJ STRELEC
Ech, nishto, brat Antipyc!
Vcera nemalo potrudilis'.

VTOROYE STRELEC
Cto govorit'.

PERVYJ STRELEC
Kak d'jaku-to, dumnomu,
Larivonu Ivanovu,
Grud' razdvoili kameniem vostrym.

VTOROYE STRELEC
A nemca, Gadena,
U Spasa na Boru imali,
A i svolokli do mesta
I tu po clenam razobrali.

PERVYJ STRELEC
Vot tak rjakajut!

KUZ'KA
Och, ne kolys',
Ne kolys' menja... veter,
Och, ne podkos'.
Ne podkos' moi... nozen'ki...

VTOROYE STRELEC
Vo imja boz'e ochranjajut nemolcno
Zizn' i zdravie
Carej mladych.

PERVYJ STRELEC
Ot nedrugov lichich,
Bojar spesivych,
Lichoimatelej,
Kazny grabitelej.

VTOROYE STRELEC
Verchr; podnjalsja.

KUZ'KA
Gde grabiteli?
Votja im!

PERVYJ I VTOROYE STRELEC
Aj da Kuz'ka, straznik znatnyj,
Aj da parja, pravo, ljubo!

KUZ'KA
Da cto vy, d'javoly!

PERVYJ STRELEC
Och ty, strelec,
Chudoj konec.

VTOROYE STRELEC
Boevoda vzgromozdilsja na uroda.
Cha, cha, cha...

KUZ'KA
Och ty, strelec,
Chudoj konec...
Cha, cha, cha...

PERVYJ STRELEC
Cha, cha, cha...

KUZ'KA
Un koj cert
Vas po nocam zdes' nosit.

PERVYJ I VTOROYE STRELEC
Kakoe po nocam!
Uz i utreni otbyli
Gljadikos':
Sam strocilo pret.

Scene Two

PERVYJ STRELEC
3. Gusja tocit.

KUZ'KA
Cernilisce-to, gospodi!

VTOROYE STRELEC
Vot zaskrypit-to.

PERVYJ I VTOROYE STRELEC
Vasemu prikrasnomu stepenstvu ...

KUZ'KA
Skorej na ètot stolbik ugodit..
Cha, cha, cha...

PERVYJ I VTOROYE STRELEC
Cha, cha, cha...

POD'JACIJ
Sodoma i Gomorra!
Vot vremecko! Tjazkoe!
A vse z pribytok sprnvm...Da!

SAKLOVITYJ
Ej! Ej ty, Strocilo.
So mnoju bog
Milosti tebe prislal.

POD'JACIJ
Blagodarim. dobryj celovek.
A jaz gresnyj.
Nedostojnyj rab bozij.
Ne spodobilsja zreti...

SAKLOVITYJ
Ladno..., ne v tom delo.
Smekni-ko:
Zakazec vaznyj est'
Tebe...

POD'JACIJ
Cto z!
Cto z, nastrocim.
Migom nastrocim.
Po urjadu, po ukladu
Mastrocim donosec lich.

SAKLOVITYJ
Esli ty mozes' pytku sterpet',
Esli dyba i zastenok
Ne strasat tebja,
Esli ty smozes' ot sem'i otreč'sja,
Zabyt' vse, cto dorogo tebe...
Stroci!

POD'JACIJ
Gospodi!

SAKLOVITYJ
No ezeli kogda -nibud' pri vstrece
So mnoj ty vydas' menja,
Oboroni tebja gospod'
Togda; pomni!

POD'JACIJ
Znaes!
Prochodi-ko ty mimo, dobryj celovek.
Bol'no mnogo posulil ty.
Drug moj ljubeznyj.

SAKLOVITYJ
Stroci, zivo!

POD'JACIJ
vis' ty.
Da duj tebja goroj!
Otcaktivaj!

SAKLOVITYJ
Stroci!

POD'JACIJ
A! Nu, skazyvaj.
U nas, brat,
Kornar nosa ne podtocit ...Skazyvaj!

SAKLOVITYJ
"Carjarn - gosudarjarn
I velikim knjaz'jam,
Vsea Velikija, i Malyja,
I Belyja Rossii samoderzcam"...
Nastrocil?

POD'JACIJ
Uz ty ne sumlevajsja,
Znaj skazyvaj.

SAKLOVITYJ
"Izvescajut moskovskie strelec ljudi
Na Chovanskich:
Bojarina knjaz' Ivana
Da na syna ego Andreja"

POD'JACIJ
Ne solono chlebal.
S ziru besitsja!

SAKLOVITYJ
Procti-ko!

POD'JACIJ
"Carjam - gosudarjam
I velikim knjaz'jam
Vsea Velikija, i Malyja,
I Belyja Rossii samoderzcam,
Izvescajut moskovskie strelec ljudi
Na Chovanskich: bojarina knjaz' Ivana
Da na syna ego Andreja,
Zamutit' grozjat na gosudarstve"

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Zila kuma, byla kuma,
Kuma, kuma kuma uvidala,
Kuma, kuma kuma ne priznala.
Sidit kuma,
Gljadit kuma,
Kume kum, kume den'gu sulit.
Kume kum, kume rubl' darit,
Êèòà den'gu zà pazuchu...

SAKLOVITYJ
Verno. Dal'se stroci.
"Zvali na pomoc' svoju bratiju,
Kak by carstvo im dostupiti.
A dlja togo iznevest' v gorod
Narod smuscat',
Ctob mnogo bol'sich bojar pobil,
A tam mutit'
Po vsej Rusi velikoj,
Po derevnjam. po selam

I po sadam.
Delom zlým na voevod,
Na vlasti podnjat' s tjaĝla
Cestnoe d1rest'janstvo;
A stanet smuta
Na Rusi,
v tot raz izbrat'
Vlastej nadeznych,
Ctob starje knigi ljubili;
A na carstve Moskovskom
Sest' Chovanskomu Andreju..."

POD'JACIJ
Àĝ! Prjamaja pogibel'...

STREL'CY
Goj, licho!

POD'JACIJ
Ne budet poscady.
Knjaz' vse uznaet.
Knjaz' ne prostit mne...Gospodi!

STREL'CY
Goj vy, ljudi!

POD'JACIJ
Pytkoj zestokoj, plet'ju
V zastenke zamucit do smerti...

STREL'CY
Goj vy, ljudi ratnye,
Vy, strel'cy udalye.
Goj!

SAKLOVITYJ
Strel'cy...
Slysis'? Strel'cy!

POD'JACIJ
Oj, matuski, lichon'ko!

STREL'CY
Guljajte, vy guljajte veselo.
Netu vam preponuski,
A i nyet zapretu.
Goj, guljajte,
Guljajte veselo.
Dusite goj, i lich gubite
Smutu vraz'ju.

SAKLOVITYJ
Uchodjat...
Slys ty, strocilo!
Da slusaj ze.

POD'JACIJ
Molci uz... molci!
Slava tebe gospodi!
Promcalo prokljatyh.
Uz kak ja ne ljublju ich.
I skazat' nemožno.
Ne ljudi: zveri.

Suscie zveri!
Cto ni stupjat - krov',
Cto ne chvarjat -
Golovu naproc';
A v domech
Skorb' i stony...
I vse eto, vis'.
Dlja porjadka nado...

SAKLOVITYJ
Slys' ty:
Zivo, v stroku vedi!
"A my zivem nyne v pochoronkach;
A kogda
Gospod' utisit
I vse sochranitsja"

POD'JACIJ
"V pochoronkch...
... ob"javimsja"
Gotovo.

SAKLOVITYJ
"Vrucit' carevne"

POD'JACIJ
"Vrucit' carevne"

SAKLOVITYJ
Oboroni tebjja gospod'.
Smotri z, pomni!

POD'JACIJ
Da cto ty strascaes'.
Ej-bogu, dosadno.
Ne vest' kakaja ptica,
Tuda z kicit'sja chocet;
Pona mosna. tak i pugat, ljubo.

SAKLOVITYJ
Qj li!
Oj. ne choti uznat'.
S kem imees' delo;
Oj, ne nudi skazat',
Kto za celovek ja.
Prokljatj ot veka,
D'javola chodataj;
Iz nonesdnich
Buduscij
Proscaj!

POD'JACIJ
Skatert'ju doroga.
Proscaj.
Vot cudak-to, pravo;
Nevdomek emu pod'jacaja slava;
I silen, kazis',
I znaten, i bogat,
I nos svoj vot ved' kak vorotit;
Da vse z, kak posmotris',
Chot' silen i znaten,
A nasego ledascego
Telka glupee.

A jaz, cerv' prezrennyj,
Pochitrej malen'ko:
Pod ruku pokojnicka
Anan'eva podkinul:
"Mertvii bo srama ne imut"
Che, che!
A nu, kosel'...
Stupaj-ko na raspravu.

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Zila kuma,
Syla kuma, A syla kuma
Nedotrogoj,
Cto syla l' kuma ubogoj.
Vot kum proznal, Vot kum by podstupit',
Cem kume by dosadit'.
I kum posel.
I kum nasel...
Cto b eto na Moskve
Takoe prikljucilos'?
Vot'to, bratcy, stotje;
Krepko stolbucek slozili!
Ekoj grib povytjanulo
Za noc'!
Stojte, bratcy, stojte;
Uz vot-to divo, pravo:
Stolbusek-o s nadpisom,
Pravo slovo, s nadpisom!
Bratcy, stojte, nadpis!
Tut-ko nadpis est',
Na stolbe-to, bratcy, nadpis!
Aj, proznat' by ljubo ...
Cto tut pisano.
Kto b kazal nam: cto tut?
Kto, robjatuski.
Kto gramotnyj?
Kusi-ko lokot', parni!
My ne gramotnyj,
Kto b cital nam,
Cto tut pisano?
Da netu gramotnych.
Netu gramotnich.
Netu.
Kak ze tak?
Vovse netu.
Vot-to derevenscina:
Dura duroj!
Pod'jacij-to na cto?
Stojte, certi!
On ot vlastej postavljen.
on ot vlastej, robjata.
Cto z, cto ot vlastej.
Nu, da kak-to bojazno.
Cto za bojazno?
A my s pocetom da
I s pocest'ju,
Vo vsem kak po ustavu nado.
A un-ko s pocest'ju
Da cinno podchodi, robjata!
Ne byt' by bede
Kakoj al' chudu!
Ne byt' by chudu!
Dobryj celovek,

"Cto tut pisano?
Kazi nam, milyj...

POD'JACIJ
As'?

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Cto tut-ko pisano?

POD'JACIJ
Izbu stroil s kraju,
Nicego ne znaju.

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Da ty, drug, ne storoz'sja.
Ved' my narod
Kak est' ubogoj.

POD'JACIJ
As'?
Ko li gol kak sokol,
Tak pod'jacego ne dlja cego.

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Robjata, vzjatku,
Vzjatku, nudit.
Un, da s nas-to vzjatki gladki,
Ne nazivetsja.
D'javol.
Vse z, robjata, znat' by nado,
Cto tam na stolbe za nadpis!
Vot cto, bratcy: vzymem!
Vzymem!
Kogo?
Pod'jacego da s budkoj vzymem,
K stolbu ego:
Citaj nam nadpis!
Na tjagostjach na nasich
Da k stolbu!
Vzymem, bratcy,
S budkoj
Da k stolbu potjanem!
Oj ljuboto!
Pod'jacego da s budkoj vzymem!
A koli tak:
Zatjanem pro pod'jacego.
Oj li, bratcy!
Oj!
Zil da byl pod'jacij
Sem'desjat godov.
Nazil on, pod'jacij,
Sotni dve grechov.

POD'JACIJ
Ahti! Ahti! Pravoslavnye!
Dusat, rezut, ahti!
Pomogite!

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Stavil on izbusku s kraju ot sela.
Mnogo v toj izbuske schoronil on zla.
Snjali tu izbusku,
Snjali, ponesli,

Klanjalis' pod'jacemu
V pojas do zemli:
Uz ty potes' nas,
Uz ty nas pozaluj:
Ty ukazi nam, izvol',
Cego ne znaem.
Otkazal pod'jacij.
Vzjatki zachotelos'.
Tut robjata prinjalisja
Za izbusku, oj,
Pocali taskat'
Tesovuju-to kysu.

POD'JACIJ
Stojte. stojte, okajannye!
Cto vy eto.
Suscic razbojniki.
Cto vy tut zatejali?
Proctu vam ...
Proctu ... slysite?

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Bros', robjata!
Cto z ty ortacilsja.
Ljubeznyj.
S cego tesnit'-to
Nas zadumal.
K tebe s pocetom.
Aty rovno cto prikaznyj,
Ne po razumu.
Kak by, mol,
Den'gu sorvat'-to s bratii.

POD'JACIJ
Vot cto?
Vam by tol'ko podati ne platit'.
Ljubo vam, gul'IVEN'kim.
Bez zaboty zit'.

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI.
Un, ladno!
Citaj-ko nadpis.

POD'JACIJ
Gospodi!
Ot strel'cov lichich oboroni!

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Cto z ty? Cto z ty?
Cto z ne ctes'?

POD'JACIJ
Cto mne delat'?

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Citaj nam nadpis.

POD'JACIJ
Mudrenno, nesto, pisano.
Gospodi!
Prisla ...prisla moja
Smertuska!

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Ej, brat,
S nami ne suti!
Na provolockach
Nas-to ne poddenes'.
To ze ved' prikinulsja.
Nyet salis', brat,
Nyet, teper' popalsja.
Citaj nam nadpis.

POD'JACIJ
Pravoslavnye,
Strasny kazni streleckie,
Neutomima jarost' ich ljutaja...

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Nam-to cto? Citaj!

POD'JACIJ
Tak ptopadaj moja golovuska!
"Izvoleniem boz'im za nas,
Velikich gosudarej,
Nadvomyja pechoty
Polkov moskovskich,
I puskari, i zatinsciki
Or velikich k nim nalog i obid
I ot nepravdy pobili:

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Strel'cy, dolzno byt'.
Strel'cy ved', znacit.

POD'JACIJ
Knjazja Telepnju
Knutom da v ssylku;
Knjazja Romodanovskogo ubili:
Turkam Cigirin sdal;
Toz ubili dumnogo
D'jaka Larionova,
Syna Vasil'ja:

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Vot-no zveri!

POD'JACIJ
Vedal gadiny otravnye
Na gosudarskoe zdorov'e...

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Nu eto podelom.

POD'JACIJ
Esce bojar pobili...

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Kakich bojar?

POD'JACIJ
Brjancevyh...

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Esce kogo?

POD'JACIJ
Vseh Solncevych...

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Za cto, pro cto?
V cem provinilis'?

POD'JACIJ
Cinili deneznuju i chlebnuju...
Peredacu vse v perevod...
Zabyv strach bozij...

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Vot ono cto.

POD'JACIJ
A tem... kto slovom zlym
Recennyh ljudej,
Nadvornuju pechotu
Polkov moskovskich, obzovet...

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Slys' ty! Slusaj, bratcy!

POD'JACIJ
I tem... nas...
Milostivij ukaz ...
Cinit, bez vsjakija poscady."

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Breses'! Breses'!
Bres' ty eto!

POD'JACIJ
Kak pered bogom, bratcy!

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Gospodi!
Na stalo vremecko.
Och ty, rodnaja matuska Rus'.
Nyet tebe pokoja, nyet puti.
Grud'ju krepko stala ty za nas.
Da tebja z, rodimuju. gnetut.
Cto gnetet tebja
Ne vorog zloj, zloj, cuzoj.
Neprosennyj, a gnetut tebja,
Rodimuju, vse tvoich z robjata udalye;
V neurjadice
Da v pravezach ty zila,
Zila, stonala,
Kto z teper' tebja,
Rodimuju, kto uresit,
Uspokoit?

Scene Three

MAL'CISKI
Aj da! Veselo!

ZENSCINY
Aj, znamo, baby!
Zatjanem pesnju!

MAL'CISKI
Ljubo!

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Cto b eto bylo?
Ctoj-to, bratcy?

POD'JACIJ
Sam ljutyj zver' na vas idet,
Vsja celovek pust' proc' deret!

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Da nu te k d'javolu!

ZENSCINY
Belomu lebedju
Put' prostoren...

STREL'CY
4. Bol'soj idet!

MAL'CISKI
Ej, proc' s dorogi!

ZENSCINY
Znatnogo bojarina,
Slav'te, slav'te!

STREL'CY
Bol'soj idet!

MAL'CISKI
Slava Bat'ke!

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Tolpa valit, oj, baby vse!
Al' prazdnik, cto l', kako?

MAL'CISKI
Dorogu vsem,
Bol'soj idet;
S dorogi proc',
Sam Bat'ka posel!

ZENSCINY
Slava lebedju, slava!
Slava belomu!

MAL'CISKI
Slava, slava Bat'ke,
Slava! Slava Bat'ke!

STREL'CY
Bol'soj idet!
Bol'soj. bol'soj!

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Vot tak, bratcy.
Ljubo, ljubo!
Ctoj-to za prazdnik na Moskve?
Cto ni den',
To pir goroj!
To pir goraju!

ZENSCINY I MAL'CISKI
Prostor emu.

STREL'CY
Storonis'. narod!

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Strel'cy-to... rovno palaci!

ZENSCINY I MAL'CISKI
Prostor emu i slava!

STREL'CY
Sam Bol'soj idet!
Ljudi pravoslavnye,
Ljudi rossijskie,
Sam Bol'soj derzit rec:
Vnemlite blagocinno,
Bol'soj idet!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Deti, deti moi!
Moskva i Rus. (spasi bog!)
V pogrome velikom...
Ot tatej bojar kramol'nych,
ot zloj lichoj nepravdy.
Tak li, deti?

NAROD
Tak tak. Bol'soj!
Pravda, pravda!
Tjazko nam!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Togo radi pod"jali
My trud velikij,
Vo zdrav'e carej blagich
Kramolu izveli
Spasi bog!
Pravda l'my?

NAROD
Prav, prav!
Bol'somu slava!
Slava Bat'ke. slava!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Strel'cy!
Zarjazeny l' muskety?
Spasi bog!

STREL'CY
Vse gotovo. Bat'ka!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Teper'
V obchod po Moskve rodimoj,
Vo slavú gosudarej!
Slav'te nas!

NAROD
Slava lebedju. slava belomu,
Slava bojarinu samomu bol'somu.

Lebedju chod legok,
Daj tebe boze zdrav'e i slavu!

STREL'CY
Bol'soj posel.
Slava Bat'ke!

NAROD
Slava Bat'ke, slava!

STREL'CY
Sam Bol'soj posel!

NAROD
Slava! Slava Bol'somu!

STREL'CY
Bol'soj idet!
Sam Bat'ka posel!

NAROD
Slava! Slava!

Scene Four

EMMA
Pustite, pustite!
5. Ostav'te. pustite menja!
Vy strasny!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Nyet, nyet,
Golubke ne ujtí
Ot sokola chiscogo!

EMMA
Szal'tes'. szal'tes'!
Umoljaju, szal'tes'!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Aj, Spesiva stala golubka da
V kogtjach u sokola.

EMMA
Slusajte!
Ja znaju vas:
Vy knjaz' Chovanskij.
Vy ubili otca moego;
Vy zenid1a izgnali;
Vy ne szalilis' daze
Nad bednoj mater'ju moej.
Nu cto z vy?
Nu kaznite menja,
Ja ved' v vasich rukach.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Kak chboroso ty, ptaska,
Vo gneve:
Slovno za maly ich
Prencov vstrepenulasja.
Ach, poljubi menja, krasavica;
Ach, ne tupi ty oci jasnye o syru zemlju...

EMMA
Pustite menja!
Esli nado,
Skorej ubejte menja...
Ubejte!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Otdajsja mne!

EMMA
Boze moj!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Ne pytaj menja!

EMMA
Cto on govorit?

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Poimu tebj v caricy, Emma...

EMMA
Cto éto, boze moj!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
I carskim
Vencom ukrasu!
Snimi ty grust'-krucinu
S serdca sokola, golubka;
Ach, ne pugajsja,
Ty ved' ljuba moja!

EMMA
Boze, ty krepost'
I zascita!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Otdajsja z mne!

MARFA
Otdajsja emu.

EMMA
Knjaz'!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Ljubi menja!

MARFA
Ljubi ego!

EMMA
Knjaz', ostav'te menja!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Emma!

EMMA
Pustite, pustite.
Ja skazala: ubejte menja...
Ubejte!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Nu tak siloj sgibnet
Golubku sokol jarostnyj.

EMMA
Spasite, spasite,
O, pomogite!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Nyet spasen'ja golubke,
Cto v koftjach sokolinyich!

EMMA
Pomogite! Spasite!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Nyet, nyet spasen'ja!
Nyet nikogo!

MARFA
Ja zdes'.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Marfa?

MARFA
Tak, tak, knjaze!
Ostalsja ty veren mne!
Vidno, skoro, moj ljubyj.
Opostyla ja.
Kljalsja, bozilsja ty,
Moj knjaze,
Cto neizmenis' mne;
Tol'ko ne v poru
Byla ta kljatva,
Ljubyj moj.
Teper' druguju imes':

EMMA
Ja ne vinovna!
Poscadite menja!

MARFA
Bud' s neju scastliy ty.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Sam bes tolknul sjuda
Ved'mu ljutuju!

MARFA
Spokojsja, ty so mnoj.
Ditja moe...

EMMA
Vy dobraja.
Vy zascitite menja.
On strasen,
Ja bojus' ego.
On bez zalostno ptesleduet menja.

MARFA
Ja znaju vse; na grech moj,
Vse ja videla.

Zorkim strazem o tebe
Ja stanu;
Prituplju ja
Kogti zlova sokola.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Slovo zmej sipit!
Ujmu ja tebjja, dosadnuju;
Budet tebe, babe,
Tesit'sja.

MARFA
Ty neporocna, cista,
Ne vinna ty.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
S cego ty, pravo,
Tut, krasavica?
Al' k babe babu
Tjanet ne v poru?

MARFA
Ne pora li
Pamju-to pokajat'sja:
Ved' ne vek ze lgat'
Na serdce devic'e;
Al' v bojarskoj spesi
Bol'se razuma,
Cem v stradan'jach
Devicy pokinutoj!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Umolzni, ved'ma!

MARFA
Al' zabyl ty prisjagu,
Knjaz':
"Ne vjazat'sja
S veroj ljuterskoj,
Prezirat' pre'scenie antichristogo,
Pod strachom muki vecnyja"

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Gospodi!
Doneset, podi, ljutaja.
Na porugan'e,
Na sud otcov svetet.

EMMA
On smuschen, on boitsja?
A so mnoju strasen byl.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Nyet, nepoddamsja ja;
Nyet, pokoncu razom s neju.
Slychala l' ty, krasavica,
Pro nekogo molodcika:
Kak s svoej vozljub1ennoj,
Cto opostylato, on, lich molodec,
Razvedalsja bez okolicnostej,
A i vychvatil on vostryj noz...

EMMA
Ach!

MARFA
Slychala, knjaze,
I navyvorot.
Tol'ko ne tot konec
Tebe ja ugotovila,
I ne ot moej ruki svedes'
Ty scety s zizniju.
Cuet boljascee serdce
Sud'by glagol;
Viditsja v gornich
Obitel' divno presvetlaja!

EMMA
On uzasen. on zlodej!
Gospod'. spasi ee,
Scitom svjatym ty ochrani!
Ona menja spasla:
Bessil'naja e spasti.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
D'javol sam nagnal
Zljuju ved'mu pytat' menja!
Slovno curovana.
I vostryj noz nejmet ee;
Besstrasna, ozloblena;
I nyet otnyne zapreta ej!

Scene Five

MARFA
6. I V nej,
v luce cudesnom...

NAROD
Slava lebedju!

STREL'CY
Bat'ka idet!

MARFA
Mcatsja usopsich dusi!

NAROD
Bol'somu slava!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Otec idet.

EMMA
Cto tam?

MARFA
Bol'soj idet.

NAROD
Slava lebedju. slava belomu.
Slava bojarinu samomu bol'somu!

EMMA
Boze. ty krepost' moja!

STREL'CY
Bat'ka idet.

NAROD
Lebedju chod sirok daj boze!

STREL'CY
Spasi boze nasego Bat'ku!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Cto takoe?
Knjaz' Andrej?
Zdravstvuj, Marfa!
I ne odin, s krasotkoj,
I belolicej,
I nam prigljadnoj...
Strel'cy:
Za karaul ee!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Proc'!
Nyet, ne otdam ee na pytku.
Vam, zlodejam, na potechi;
Nyet, nyet, ne vam.
Cholop'jam, sporit' s volej
Moej ne ukrotimoj!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Cto z eto, spasi bog!
Kak tak?
Ej vy, strel'cy. vzjat' ee!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Proc', skazal ja!

STREL'CY
Ne mozno, Bat'ka!
Knjaz' Andrej mesaet.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Knjaz'-batjuska!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Budto i vpravdu
My bole ne glavenstvuem;
Budto b veleli nam,
Cto bole ne vlastny
Nad synom!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Knjaz'-batjuska!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Cto?
Kto mozet velet' nam?
Kto smee protivit'sja nam?
Vo imja velikich gosudarej,
Preslavyh i vsemoscnyh...

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Batjuska!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Dnes' vam, strel'cy,
Povelevaem neotlozno:
Ljuterku, cto tam,
Otnjat' i k nam.
Sjuda dostavit'!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Tak mertvoju imajte!

Scene Six

DOSIFEJ
7. Stoj!
Besnovatyte!
Pocto besnuetes'?

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Al' my ne vlastny?

EMMA
O, kto b ni byli by...
Spasite, spasite,
Ne dajte gibnut' mne! Stal'tes'!

DOSIFEJ
Marfa,
Svedi-ko ljuterku domoj;
Da na puti zascitoj vernoj
Bud' ej, cado moe.

MARFA
Otce, blagoslovi.

DOSIFEJ
Mir ty!
A vy, besnovatyte!
Esce sprosu:
Pocto besnuetes'?
Prispelo vremja mraka
I gibeli dusevnoj:
Vozmoze Gordad!
I ot stremnin gor'kich.
I ot jazvin svoich
Izydosa otstuplenie
Ot istinnoj verkvi ruskij.
Brat'ja, drugi.
Vremja za veru
Stat' pravoslavnuju!
Na prju grjadem.
Na prju velikuju.
I noet grud' ...
I serdce zjabnet...
Otstoim li veru svjatuju?
Pomogite, pravoslavnye!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Strel'cy!
Zivo! V Kreml'!
Vzjat' vse karauly
I zorkim byt';
Vse vchody i vychody

Sterec' neotstupno.
Gospod' chranit Moskvu!

STREL'CY
Kost'mi i za veru ljazem.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Truby pochod.
Knjaz' Andrej,
V polkovnikach idti!

DOSIFEJ
Gospodi!
Ne dazd' odoleti sile vraz'ej;
Otce!
Zastupi ot lichich
Tvoe otkrovenie
Na blago cadam tvoim!
Brat'ja, tjazko mne!
Vozmozem li spasti?
Pojte, brat'ja,
Pesn' otrečenija ot mira sego!
Grjadem na prju.

CERNYE RJASONOSCY
Boze, otzeni slovesa
Lukavstvija.
Boze vsesil'nyj,
Otzeni slovesa
Lukavstvija ot nas.
Sily soblaznye antichrista
Ty pobori!
Antichrista.

DOSIFEJ
Otce!
Serdce otkryto tebe.

CERNYE RJASONOSCY
Boze nas!
Blagij! Podkrepi!

ACT TWO

Scene One

VASILIJ GOLICYN
1. "Svet moj, bratec Vasen'ka,
Zdravstvuj, batjuska moj!
A mne veritsja, radost' moja,
Svet ocej moich,
Ctoby svidet'sja.
Velik by den' tor byl,
Kogda tebjja, sveta moego,
V ob"jatijach uvidela!
Brela pesa...
Iz Vozdvizenska ...
Tol'ko otpiski ot bojar
I ot tebjja ...
Ne pomju
Kak vzosla:
Cla, iduci"

Carevna, v zabotjach tjagostnyh
O blage gosudarej mladych,
Strasti kipucej predana,
Mecte o minuvsem naslazden'i
Vsečasno otdaetsja...
Verit' li kljatve zensciny
Vlastoljubivoj i sil'noj?
Vecnoe sommen'e, vo vsem, vseгда!
Nyet, ne poddamsja ja
Obmanu mecty pustoj,
Odurjajuscich minutnyh
Naslazdenij.
Vam, konečno,
Verju ja ochotno,
No s vami ostoroznost' nadobna,
Ne to kak raz v nemilost' ...
A tam...
Golovu naproc'!
Ostorozno, getman-knjaz'.
Ba!
Pis'mo ot matuski-knjagini!
Skacut posly
S kaznoju knjazeneckoj
Dlja slavy potomka velikich,
Slavnyh predkov.
Dlja del bol'sich
Bol'sie den'gi nadobny.
"Ty, svet moj, sam vedaes',
Kakov ty mne nadoben,
Doroze dusi
Moej gresnoj.
Derzysja cistoty
Dusevnoj i telesnoj;
Sam znaes', kak... to...
Bogu ljubo"...
Cto eto?
Predznamenovan'e. cto l'?
Cem grozit resenie sud'by moej?
Cernie dumy dusy pytajut;
Bessil'ny my
Postignut' tajnu;
Nicto zna vlast',
Nictozen razum...
"Derzysja cistoty
Dusevnoj i telesnoj ...
To bogu ljubo"...
Kto tam?

VARSONOF'EV
Svetlejsij knjaz'.

GOLICYN
Nu!

VARSONOF'EV
Ljuterskij svjascennik
Cto-to krepko
Pristal ko mne:
Videt' vas chocet.

GOLICYN
Tak pust' vojdjet!

PASTOR

Ja znaju svjascennyj vas obyčaj.
Knjaz',
Nikogda ne otvergat'
Prosenij synov Evropy,
Ljubimoj vami!
Prostitute,
Ja osmelilsja trevozit' vas,
V vysokich dumach vasich!

GOLICYN

Prosu vas mne povedat', pastor,
Cem tak smuscený vy;
Ne stesnjajtes',
Prosu vas, skazite mne,
Cto trevozit' vas?

PASTOR

Zloba i nenavist',
Prezren'e i mscen'ja zazda,
Celyj mir prokljatych
Protivorecij terzajut serdce moe.

GOLICYN

Cto s vami?

PASTOR

Knjaz' Chovanskij, junior...

GOLICYN

Un!

PASTOR

Segodnja na ploscadi...

GOLICYN

Nu ze!

PASTOR

Obidel devusku...

GOLICYN

Vot kak!

PASTOR

Nescastnuju sirotku...

GOLICYN

Emmu?

PASTOR

Da, knjaz'!

GOLICYN

Tak vot v cem delo!
Vidite, gerr pastor,
O, prosu vas, uspokojtes';
Ne mogy vchodit' ja
V delo castnoe Chovanskich.

PASTOR

Boze moj!

GOLICYN

No esli budet vam
Ugodno prosit',
v predelach darovannoj mne vlasti.
Ob ulucsen'jach
I o l'gotach.
Vozmozných dlja vas,
Dlja pastvy vasesj...

PASTOR

Udobnyj slucaj!

GOLICYN

Ja s ucast'em primu
Prosen'e vase,
Vedomo uz vam
Moe raspolozen'e.
Govorite, gerr pastor.

PASTOR

Ja smuscen...
Ja opasajus'...

GOLICYN

Govorite!

PASTOR

Emmu otverg;
Byt' mozet.
Pastor ne otvergnut budet.

GOLICYN

Cto z vy?

PASTOR

Dlja sobljuden'ja
v serdcach
Ljubimoj pasty moej
Osnovy very zivoj,
Ja umoljal by, knjaz';
Dovol'te cerkov'
Vozvesti u nas.
V Nemeckoj slobode.
Esce odnu, tol'ko odnu,
Ved' k nam vy tak raspolozeny.

GOLICYN

Ja predlozil by vam.
Pastor,
Poskromnee mecat'.

PASTOR

Knjaz', umoljaju:
Vyslusajte...

GOLICYN

Rechnulis' cto li vy,
Il' smelosti nabralis';
Rossiju chotite
Kirkami zastroit'!
Da, kstati:
Segodnja ja Zdu
K sebe na sovescan'e

Chovanskogo, senior, i,
Cto vazno, Dosifeja;
Vstreca s nimi
Udobna li vam budet,
Skazite?

PASTOR
Knjaz', ja ponjal...
Prostitute.

GOLICYN
Da? Proscajte. gerr pastor,
Dosvidan'ja, ne pravda l'?
Dosvidan'ja.

GOLICYN
Nachal, projdoha...
V ovec'ej skure Volk!
Opjat'!

VARSONOF'EV
Svetlejsij knjaz'!

GOLICYN
Nu kto tam esce, a?

VARSONOF'EV
Koldovka, ta,
Cto namedni izvolili
Vy svat', prisla.

GOLICYN
Svoja li golova
Na plecach u tebjja,
Al' cuzaja?

VARSONOF'EV
Prostitute. Knjaz',
Obmolvilsja.
Ta zenscina, cto casto
K vam prichodit
Za sovetom...

GOLICYN
Un, to-to ze. Pozvat'!

Scene Two

MARFA
2. K vam, knjaze.
Ravno by v zasadu popadaes':
Klevrety tak i ryscut.

GOLICYN
Vremja potajnyh navetov;
Vremja izmen i koristi;
Grjaduscee sokryto
Pokrovom tumannym;
Trepesc'es' za kazdyj mig
Naprasnoj zizni.

MARFA
Ne pogadat' li
O sud'be tvoej, knjaze?
Sprosit' velenij tajnyh sil,
Vladyk zemli, knjaze?

GOLICYN
Na cem?

MARFA
Veli prinest' vodicy.

GOLICYN
Vody...ispit'.
Postav'!

MARFA
Sily potajnye,
Sily velikie,
Dusi, otbyvsie
V mir nevedomyj,
K vam vzyvaju!
Dusi utopsie,
Dusi pogibsie,
Tajny poznavsie
Mira podvodnogo,
Zdes' li vy?
Strachom tomimomu,
Knjazju-bojarinu
Tajnu sud'by ego,
v mrake sokrytuju,
Orkroete l'?
Ticho i cisto
v podnebes'i.
Svetom volsebnym
Vse ozareno.
Sily potajnye
Zov moj uslysali.
Knjaze, sud'by tvoej tajna
Orkryvaetsja.
S kovarnoj usmeskoju
Liki zlobnye
Vkrug tebjja, knjaze.
Plotno somknulisja;
Liki, tebe znakomye.
Put' ukazujut kuda-to dalece...
Vizu, svetlo,
Pravda skazalas'!

GOLICYN
Cto skazalos'?

MARFA
Knjaze!
Tebe ugrozaet opala i zatocen'e
v dal'nem kraju!
Otnimetsja vlast'.
I bogatstvo,
I znatnost' navek ot tebjja.
Ni slava v minuvsem,
Ni doblest', ni znan'e.
Nicto ne spaset tebjja:
Sud'ba tak resila!

Uznaes' velikuju stradu-pecal'
I lisen'ja, knjaze moj;
v toj strade,
Gorjucich slezach
Poznaes'
Vsju pravdu zemli...

GOLICYN
Sgin'!
Skorej utopit' na bolote...
Ctoby spletni ne vyslo!

Scene Three

GOLICYN
3. Vot v cem resen'e
Sud'by moej;
Vot otcego
Tak serdce szimalos':
Grozit mne pozornaja opala.
A tam pridet besslav'e I pogibel'.
Tak nedavno,
S veroj krepkoj v scast'e,
Ja dumal obnovit'
Svjatoj otcizny delo:
Pokoncil s bojarskimi
Mestami...
Snosenija s Evropoju
Uprovil, nadeznyj mir
Rodnoj strane gotovil...
Na menja smotreli evropejcy.
Kogda v glave polkov,
Ispytannyh v bojach,
Nadmennost' sbil ja
Zajadlomu sljachetstvu;
Il' pod Andrusovym vyrval
Iz pasti krulej zadnyh
Rodnye zemli,
I zemite, krov'ju
Predkov obagrennye,
Prines ja v dar
Moej svjatoj otcizne ...
Vse prachom poslo,
Vse zabyto!
O, svjataja Rus',
Neskoro rzavcinu tatarskuju
Ty smoes'!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
A my bez dokladu,
Knjaz', vot kak!

GOLICYN
Prosu prisest'.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Prisest' (spasi bog!)
Vot zadaca!
My teper' mestov lisilis'.
Ty ze sam nas uladil,
Knjaz', s cholo'p'em porovnjaj.
Gde z prisest' prikazes'?

GOLICYN
Cto ty, knjaz'!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Tut, ali in gde,
Podale, na poroge,
S celjad'ju tvoeju,
So smerdami?

GOLICYN
Ne cudno l' eto?
Ty, doblest'ju
I siloju bogatyj,
Ty, vlastelin
Strel'cov nesokrusimych,
Sokrusilsja o bojarskie
Pricudy.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Slys', ne truni,
Golicyn.
Ty, kicas' uspechami svoimi,
Nas, i nasu cest',
I sanovitost' predal
D'jakam na posmejan'e.

GOLICYN
D'jakam?

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Nu, ladno z, knjaz',
Natesilsja ty vdovol'.

GOLICYN
Nad kem by eto?

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
U tatarvy ved'
Toze vse ravny:
Cut' cto ne tak,
Sejcas basku doloj.
Uz ne s tatar li
Ty primer beres'?

GOLICYN
Cto? Cto s toboj,
S uma sosel...
Opomnis', Chovanskij!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Aga, zabralo!

GOLICYN
Ty posmel Golicynu
Podstavit' plemja prokljatoe ...
A vprocem, knjaz',
Vy znaete: goljac ja,
Ne v meru vspyl'civ...
Ved' tak resili
V bojarskoj vasej dume.

IVAN CHOIVANSKI
Gospod' s toboj.
Ja ne resal;
Bez menja resili.
No mesto moe,
Bojarskoe, ja najdu
I sobljudu naperekor tebe.

GOLICYN
Prostitute necajannyj poryv moj.
Knjaz' Chovanskij:
Ja vas, dokole vam
Ugodno budet.

IVAN CHOIVANSKI
A pozvol'-ko
Usomnit'sja, knjaz'.

GOLICYN
Prosil by dovolen'ja
Dokoncit' rec' moju.

IVAN CHOIVANSKI
Un, soizvoljaem,
Kuda ni slo!

GOLICYN
Byt' mozet, ja bojar
Obidel meroj krutoju,
No neizbeznoj!
Tol'ko stranno mne,
Cto ja, pri étom,
O vas sovsem zabyt,
Knjaz' Chovanskij,
Chotja i znal ja,
Cto vam zaviden bil
Bojarin tot, cto, pomnite,
Pri care Aleksie,
Za mesto obidelsja
Gorazdo i, za trapeznoj,
Zatiska1sja pod stol,
Gorjucimi slezami
Oblivajas' i chnyca,
Toc'-v-toc' nakazannyj
Rebenok.

IVAN CHOIVANSKI
Nu cto ty breses' tam!

GOLICYN
Tuda, pod stol,
Tisajsij car' velel
Bojarinu sovat' i med,
I jastva...
I ty, kojaz' Chovanskij,
Ty, vladyka vsemoschnyj,
Pred kem vsja Moskva
Lezala vo prache,
Krov'ju oblivajas'
Ty nigde mesta
Ne nachodis!

IVAN CHOIVANSKI
Dovol'no, knjaz'.
Ja vyslusal tebe spokojno.
Ja ne prepjatstvoval
Tebe v zloreč'i;
Vyslusaj i ty menja.
I ty mne ne prepjatstvuj.
Znaes li ty,
C'ja krov' vo mne?
Gedemina krov' vo mne,
Vot cto knjaz';
I potomu kiclivosti tvoej
Ne poterplju ja.
Cem kicis'sja?
Nyet, izvol', skazi mne:
Cem kicis'sja ty?
Nebos' ne slavnym
Ratnym li pochodom,
Kogda polkov t'my tem',
Bez bojar,
Ty golodom smoril.

GOLICYN
Cto?
Ne tebe sudit'
Moi postupki!

IVAN CHOIVANSKI
Vot te raz,
Kak by ne tak!

GOLICYN
Nyet,
Nye tvoego uma éto delo,
Slysis, ty!

Scene Four

IVAN CHOIVANSKI
Cto takoe?

DOSIFEJ
4. Knas'ja, smiri gordynju zluju.
Ne v razdore
Vasem Rusi spasen'e.
Pravo,
Ljubo na vas gljadet', knjaz'ja!
Sobralis' dlja sovetu:
Tak by o Rusi radet' chotelos'!
A cut' prislis' - nu,
Ravno petuchi: cap, cap!

GOLICYN
Dosifej! Prosu
V predelach derzat'sja.
Ty zabyt,
Cto u knjazej obyčaj svoj,
Ne tvoej, ljubeznoj.

DOSIFEJ

Ja ne sabyl,
Ja napomnit' tol'ko mog
By moe byloe... zabytoe,
Navek pochoronnenoe.

GOLICYN

Cto zabyt ty?
Cto pochoronil?

DOSIFEJ

Mnoju samim otverzennuju
Moju, knjazuju volju, knjaz'.

GOLICYN

Knjaz' Myseckij?

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ

Myseckij?...

GOLICYN

Pravda ...
chodili sluchi... ja...
Mne ne verilos',
Ctoby teper' rossijskie knjaz'ja
Ot predkov curalisja
I v rjasy oblekalis'.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ

Pravil'no!
Esli ty rodilsja knjazem,
Knjazem dolzen i ostat'sja:
Rjasa monacha dlja nas,
Knjazej, ne po merke sita.

DOSIFEJ

Da bros'te, knjaz'ja,
Mectanija pustye.
Nu ich!
My zdes' sobralis'
Dlja sovetu: nacnem,
Ne terpit vremja.

GOLICYN

Prosu sadit'sja.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ

Esli uz sam Myseckij.
Otknjazivsij, saditsja,
Tak mne, Chovanskomu,
I bog velel sidet'.
Seli!

DOSIFEJ

Myseckij otseľ dalece.
Spokojny bud'te.
Ja ne Myseckij.
Ja bozij rab,
Dosifej, smirennij.

GOLICYN

I slava bogu!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ

Vestimo, slava bogu!

DOSIFEJ

Knjaz'ja!
Poslal li gospod' vsemoguscij
Sovet i mudrost' vam.

GOLICYN

Prezde vsego chotel by ja
Prjamo k celi besedv
Nasej pristupit'.

DOSIFEJ

Poznali l' vy, knjaz'ja,
Gde svjatoj Rusi pogibel'
I v cem Rusi spasen'e?
Cto z primolkli?

GOLICYN

Da nado silv znat'.
Gde éti sily?

DOSIFEJ

Nasi?
V serdce boz'em
I vere svjatoj.

GOLICYN

Da éтого konecno.
Nyet, inye sily!

DOSIFEJ

Kakie tut inye sily,
Kogda krest'janstvo
Domy pobrosali
I vrozn' bredut.

GOLICYN

Un, znacit
Koncena beseda.

DOSIFEJ

A ty cto mnis', Chovanskij knja'?

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ

Ja?
Tol'ko ostav'te mne
Strel'cov moich, i,
Vidit bog,
Ja Moskvu sbereg
I so vseju Rus'ju splavljus'.

GOLICYN

Tak.
A pravlenie kakoe?

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ

Kak kakoe?
Moe, nadejus'.

GOLICYN

A ty cto mnis' ob étom?

DOSIFEJ
O pravlen'i?
Po starine mirskoj,
Po starym knigam.
A das'se sam
Narod podskazet.

GOLICYN
Un, k starine
Nesliskom prilezu,
Priznat'sja.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Vis'. prytok! As'?

DOSIFEJ
Nedarom ze v nemecine
Ty skolu-to otvedal.
Nu cto' z.
Vedi na nas Teuta
S opolceniem besovskim;
Izvol', razvodi u nas
Prochlady i tancy,
D'javolu v ugodu.

GOLICYN
Dosifej!
Izmenoj ne kori menja;
Ja ot sebja ne otrekalsja.
Kak ty.
K otcizne ljubov' moja,
Byt' mozet, vyse tvoich
Potacek starine mirskoj.

DOSIFEJ
Vo mne i v gneve moem
Narodnyj gnev i vopl'
Ty dolzen slysat',
Knjaz'!
Narod bezit v lesa
I debri ot vasich
Novsestv lukavych.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Pravda!
Vot ja: ja ved' toze ponjal sut';
Knjazju-to kiclivomu
Vse govoril, tak ze,
vse govoril:
Knjaz', Ne rus' ty stariny.
A on, gljadis',
Mesta bojaram sokratil.

DOSIFEJ
Smotrel by lucse
za strel'cami, knjaz'.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
A cto strel'cy?

DOSIFEJ
Mamone sluzat.
Belijala ctut;

Pokinuli i zen,
I domy,
Revut i ryscut
Aki zveri.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Vona!
Ja l' vinovat,
Cto zelena vina upilis'.
Ne bud' vina,
Sluzili by izrjadno.

DOSIFEJ
A ty cego smotrel?
Éch, Tararuj ty,
Tararuj!

GOLICYN
Cto? Cto éto?
V moem domu prosu
Obycaj sobljudat'!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Ne obzyvat' menja napraslinoj!

GOLICYN
Gostej moich prosil by
Uvazat', poctennyj!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Ili, byt' mozet,
Ja teper' osmejan za to,
Cto pomoc' vam cinil vojskom,
I sovetom, i kaznoj
Svoej nemaloj!

IVÁN KHOVANSKY
Pobedichom,
Pobedichom,
Posramichom,
Prerekochom,
Prerekochom
Necestivych!

DOSIFEJ
Prebud'te ne my
I vnemlite doblim tem,
V put' gospoda grjaduscim!

GOLICYN
Cto takoe?

DOSIFEJ
Vy, bojare,
Tol'ko na slovach gorazdy...

DOSIFEJ
A vot kto delaet.
Gljan'te, gljan'te;
Se grjadut!

IVÁN KHOVANSKY

Posramichom,
Posramichom,
Prerekochom,
Prerekochom
I preprechom
Eres' necestija
I zla stremniny
Vrazie.
Prerekochom
Nikon'jancev
I preprechom!

IVAN CHOIVANSKI

Molodcy, rebjata, lich!

GOLICYN

Kto molodcy?

DOSIFEJ

Pterekochom!
I preprechom
Nikoniancev lzeucenie,
Nasadichom vertograd gospoden',
Sobljudochom veru pravuju,
Vo slavu zizditelja vselennyje.

IVÁN KHOVANSKY

Prerekochom!
Preprechom
Necestivych nikoniancev.

GOLICYN

Raskol!

IVAN CHOIVANSKI

Ljubo!
Nami da starinoj
Paki Rus' vozveselitsja!

Scene Five

MARFA

5. Knjaze, knjaze!
Ne veli kaznit',
Veli milovat'!

GOLICYN

Oboroten'. Oboroten'!

IVAN CHOIVANSKI

Gospod' s toboj!
Cto ty, knjaz'?'
Eto Marfa.

DOSIFEJ

Cto s toboju.
Ditja vozljublennoe?

MARFA

Otce! Ty zdes'?'
Sla ja ot knjazja
Po zor'ke vecernej;

Tol'ko. po zadvorkam,

Sast'! -Klevret.
Ja domeknulas':
Sledit za mnoj, vidno.
Bylo za Belgorod,
Blizko «Bolota».
Tut pri «Bolote"
Dusit' menja pocal,
Bajal: ty nakazal, knjaze.
Ja ne poverila,
Ja zabranilas';
A on, zlodej,
Zlobu vymestit' dumal.
Dolgo borolis',
Gibel' grozila mne...
Tut, uz, ne pomnju kak,
Slucaj priselsja,
Tol'ko, cto sily, ja vyrvalas' ...
Slava ty, boze!
Petrovcy podospeli...
A na zadvorkach court i derzut.

GOLICYN, IVAN CHOIVANSKI, DOSIFEJ

Petrovcy!

MARFA

Da. Potesnye progulkoj,
Cto li, sli.

VARSONOF'EV

Saklovityj!

SAKLOVITYJ

Knjaz'ja!
Catevna velela vest' vam dat':
V Izmajlovskom sele donos pribit:
Chovanskie na
Carstvo pokusilis'.

IVAN CHOIVANSKI

Chovanskie!

DOSIFEJ

Mectan'ja bros'!
A cto skazal car' Petr?

SAKLOVITYJ

Obozval "chovanscinoj"
I velel syskat'.

Scene Six

ACT THREE

Scene One

CERNORJASY

7. Posramichom,
Posramichom,
Prerekochom,
Prerekochom
I preprechom
Eres' necestija i zla stremniny

Vrazie!
Prerekochom
Nikon'jancev
I preprechom!
Pobedichom,
Posramichom,
Posramichom,
Pobedichom eres'!
Eres' necestija,
Zla stremniny
Vrazie
I preprechom!
Pobedichom!
Necestija...
Prezrecbom
I preprechom!

Scene Two

MARFA
8. Ischodila mladesen'ka
Vse luga i bolota,
A i vse sennye pokosy.
Istoptala, mladesen'ka,
Iskolola ja nozen'ki,
Vse za milym ryskajuci,
Da i lich ego ne imajuci.
Uz kak podkralas',
Mladesen'ka,
Ko tomu li ja k teremu,
Uz ja stuk pod okonce, uz ja brjak
Vo zvenjasce kolecko:
Vspomni, pripomni,
Miloj moj,
Och, ne sabud',
Kak bozilsja,
Mnogo z ja nocek
Promajalas',
Vse tvoej li bozboj
Uslazdajucis'.
Slovno sveci bozie,
My s toboju zateplimsja
Okrest brat'ja vo plameni,
I v dymu,
Ogne dusi nosjatsja.
Razljubil ty mladesen'ku,
Zagubil ty na voljuske,
Tak pocues' v nevole
Zloj opostyluju,
Zluju raskol'nicu!

Scene Three

SUSANNA
9. Grech!
Tjaskij, neiskupimyj grech.
Ad! Ad vizu paljascij,
Besov likovan'e,
Adskie zerla pylajut,
Kipit smola krasnoplammennaja.

MARFA
Mati, pomiluj,
Strach tvoj povedaj mne;
Tjazka nam zizn'
Otnyne stala v sej
Judoli placa i skorbej...
Kazis',
Po-kniznomu chvatila!

SUSANNA
A, vot cto!
Ty - lukavaja,
Ty - obidlivaja,
A pro sebja poes' ty
Pesni grechovnye.

MARFA
Ty podslusala pesn' moju,
Ty tak tat' podkralas'
Ko mne,
Vorovskim obycaem
Ty iz serdca
Ischitila skorb' moju!
Mati bolezna: ja
Ja ne taila ot ljudej
Ljubov' moju,
I ot tebja ne utaju
Ja pravdu.

SUSANNA
Gospodi!

MARFA
Straino bylo,
Kak septel on mne,
A usta ego
Gorjacie zgli polymem.

SUSANNA
Cur... cur menja!
Kosnym glagolom,
Rec'ju besovskoju
Ty iskusaes' menja?

MARFA
Nyet, mati, nyet,
Tol'ko vyslusaj.
Esli b ty kogda ponjat'
Mogla zaznoby
Serdca istradavsego;
Esli b ty mogla
Zelanno byt',
Ljubvi k milomu
Otdat'sja dusoju!
Mnogo, mnogo by
Grechov prostilosja
Mati bolezna, ja
Mnogim by sama prostila ty,
Ljubvi krucinu
Serdcem ponimajuci.

SUSANNA

Cto so mnoju?
Gospodi, cto so mnoju!
Al' ja slaba na razum stala!
Al' chitryj bes mne
Sepcet zloe!

MARFA

Vspomni, pripomni,
Miloj moj,
Och, ne zabud',
Kak bozilsja;
Mnogo z ja
Nocek promajalas',
Vse tvoej li bozboj
Uslazdajucis'.

SUSANNA

Boze, boze moj!
Besa otzeni
Ot menja jarostnogo.
Skovala serdce mne
Zazda mesti neugomonnojaja!
Ty...
Ty iskusila menja.
Ty obol'stila menja.
Ty vselila v menja
Adskoj zloby duch.
Na sud, na bratnij sud.
Na groznyj cerkvi sud!
Pro cary zlye tvoi
Ja na sude povem!
Ja na vozdvignu tebe
Koster pylajuscij!

DOSIFEJ

Pocto mjatesisja?

MARFA

Otce blagij!
Mati Susanna gnevom
Vospylala na rec' na moju,
Bez lesti i obmana...

DOSIFEJ

S cego by eto, mati?
A pomnis' ty,
Al' uz zabyla,
Cto Marfa ot bed
Tebja velikich spasla:
V zastenke dyboj
Pytali b tebjja,
Za zlobu tvoju,
Za jarost' tvoju,
Za blaz' tvoju.

SUSANNA

A cto mne v tom!
Ne proscaju ja!
Ona obol'stila menja;
Ona vselila v menja
Adskoj zloby duch.
Na sud ee,

Na bratnij sud,
Na groznyj cerkvi
Sud!

DOSIFEJ

Stoj!
Stoj, jarostnaja!
Ty pokusilas',
V zlobe gordelivoj,
Na serdce boljascee
Sestry tvoej tomjascejsja.

SUSANNA

Nyet!
Ne poddamsja ja!

DOSIFEJ

Ty?
Ty, Susanna?
Beliala
I besov ugodnica,
Jarost'ju tvoeju ad sozdalsja!
A za toboju besov
Legiony mcatsja,
Nesutsja,
Skacut i pljasut!
Dscer' Beliala, izydi!
Iscad'e adovo, izydi!
Nu ee!
Utekla, kazis'.
Vot-to zljucaja!

Scene Four

DOSIFEJ

10. Ach ty, moja kasatka,
Poterpi malen'ko,
I posluzis' krepko
Vsej drevlej i svjatoj Rusi,
Ee ze iscem.

MARFA

Och, noet,
Noet serdce, otce,
Vidno, cuet gore ljutoe!
Prezrena, zabyta, brosenaja!

DOSIFEJ

Knjaz' Andreem-to?

MARFA

Da.

DOSIFEJ

Cinitsja?

MARFA

Zarezat' dumal.

DOSIFEJ

A ty cto s nim?

MARFA
Slovno sveci bozie,
My s nim skoro zateplimsja.
Okrest brat'ja vo plamen'i,
A v dymu i v ognе
My s nim nosimsja!

DOSIFEJ
Goret'!
Strasnoe delo!
Ne vremja, ne vremja,
Golubka.

MARFA
Ach, otce!
Strasnaja pytkа ljubov'moja,
Den' i noc'
Duse pokoja nyet.
Mnitsja, gospoda
Zavet ne bregu i grechovna,
Prestupna ljubov'moja.
Esli prestupna, otce,
Ljubov' moja,
Kazni skorej, kazni menja;
Ach, ne scadi:
Pust' umret plot'moja,
Da smert'ju ploti
Duch moj spasetsja.

DOSIFEJ
Marfa,
Ditja moe ty boleznoe!
Menja prosti!
Iz gresnych pervyj az esm'!
V gospodnej vole
Nevolja nasa.
Idem otsele!
Terpi, golubuska;
Ljubi, kak ty ljubila;
I vsja projdennaja ...
Prejdet.

Scene Five

SAKLOVITYJ
11. Spit streleckoe gnezdo.
Spi, russkij ljude:
Vorog ne dremlet.
Ach ty, v sud'bine
Zloscastnaja, rodnaja Rus'.
Kto z, kto tebjа, pecal'nuju,
Ot bedy lichoj spaset?
Al' nedrug zloj nalozit
Ruku na sud'bu tvoju?
Al' nemcin zloradnyj
ot sud'by tvoej
Pozivy zdet?
Ach, rodnaja!
A ni, ni, oj, nyet,
Ty im, lichim.
Ne poklon' sja,
Vorogam tvoim!
Vspomni, pomjani ty

Detej tvoich,
K tebe ved'
Laskovyh i boleznyh!
Stonala ty pod
Jaremom tatarskim, sla.
Brelа za umom bojarskim;
Ty dan'ju tataram
Vrazdu knjazej spokoila;
Ty mestom bojarskim
Bojar sluzit' ponudila!
Propala dan' tatarskaja,
Prestala vlast' bojarskaja,-
A ty, pecal'nica,
Strazdei' i terpis!
Gospodi!
Ty, s vysot bespredel'nyh
Nas gresnyj mir ob'emljuscij,
Ty, vedyj vsja tajnaja serdec,
Boljascich, izmucennyh,
Nisposli ty razuma
Svet blagodatnyj na Rus'!
Daruj ej izbrannika,
Toj by spas,
Voznes zloscastnuju Rus',
Stradalicu!
Ej, gospodi,
Vzemljaj grech mira,
Uslysi mja:
Ne daj Rusi pogibnut'
Ot lichich naemnikov!

Scene Six

STREL'CY
12. Podnimasja, molodcy!

STREL'CY
Al' na pod'em vy tjazely,
Podnimasja, molodcy!

SAKLOVITYJ
Prosnulos' stado!
Pastva smirennaja
Chovanskich velemudrych!

STREL'CY
Sobirajtesja, strel'cy!

STREL'CY
Ali golovuska bolit,
Ali serdce scemit.

SAKLOVITYJ
Ne dolog srok:
Pesnja skoro spoetsja!

STREL'CY
Opochmelit'sja
To-to by povadno!

STREL'CY
Al' za etim stalo delo!

STREL'CY

Vali valom!

STREL'CY

Ach, ne bylo, ach,
Ne bylo pecali.
Tol'ko zla,
Prezla nastojka
Chmel'naja.

STREL'CY

Ach!
Ne vine-to byt' vinoj,
A vina v vine ne zapoj.
Oj, oj...
Ochti z li,
Oj-Oj! Oj!

STREL'CY

Svalilsja,
Ach, povalilsja strelec;
Ne budi ego
Krescenyj ljud,
Daj otcbodnut' strel'cu.

STREL'CY

Goj, goj, pribodris',
Goj, goj, podnimis'
S tvoego-to loza, ochti z, neprigoza,
Ty, strelec.
A i rus', porus',
A i bej, razbej volej,
Vlast'ju bogatyrskoj,
Vsjakoj vred da zlospletnju,
Vorovstvo,
Cto ot vorogov tvoich
Ponaplyli-to!

STREL'CY

Goj!
Podnimalsja aj,
Vozbuzdalsja strelec.
Slovno vstat' priveleos'
Na grech solevoj
Nozen'ki, aj'!

STREL'CY

Kak pojsel strelec,
Kak pojsel rodimyj,
A po vsej Moskve
To pogromom stalo!
Oj, ach, strelec,
Ach, melodec,
Ne bojsja,
Ty ne trevoz'sja;
Stoj na straze
Rusi celoj;
Goj, strelec,
Goj, molodec!
Oj, oj!

STRELECKIE ZENY

Ach, okajannye propojcy,
Ach, kolobrodniki otpetye!
Nyet kazni vam,
Nyet uderzu!
Zen i sem'i zabyli.
Detok malych pokinuli
Na razoren'e, na pogibel'!
Ach, okajannye propojcy,
Ì, kolobrodniki otpetye,
Nyet kazni vam,
Nyet uderzu,
Nyet vam gorja,
Okajannye propojcy,
Propojcy!

STREL'CY

Bydto by baby osercali,
Sily nabralis', nam mesajut.

STREL'CY

Bydto by baby osercali,
Siloj chotjat mesat' nam.

STREL'CY

Bran' podnjali,
Opolcajutsja!
Baby, slysis, dovol'no!

STREL'CY

Oj, da achti z,
Streleckie-to baby,
Vot-to opolcilis'
Voevat' s muz'jami!

STRELECKIE ZENY

Gde muz'ja-to,
Gde takie?
Byli, byli,
Da splyli!

STREL'CY

Och, trudnen'ko
Babam-to
Spravljat'sja,
Cto s muzskoju siloj,
A i muz nej volej.

STRELECKIE ZENY

Gde z by tut muzskaja sila,
Ne v propojstve li ta volja!

STREL'CY

Aj,au!
Nam ne bylo ved' gorja,
Baby naleteli,
Gorja zachoteli.

STRELECKIE ZENY

Gor'koe gore
Terpim my i tak uz!

STREL'CY
Kuz'ka!

KUZ'KA
Az'?

STREL'CY
Kuz'ka!

KUZ'KA
Nu!

STREL'CY
Ty povol'nam,
Pomosc' daj, družisce!

STREL'CY
Slys'!
Utes' nemilostivych bab-to!

KUZ'KA
Cto vy, drugi!

STREL'CY
Nukos'!

KUZ'KA
Och, mne nevmogotu,
Och, vot, vot sovsem pripesil;
Strogi da gnevny, oj,
Streleckie-to baby;
Gnevny vovse, ne dozvoljat,
Ne dozvoljat, vospretjat;
Cto vospretjat-to baby,
Aveljat sovsem molcat'.
Vy, baby, gospozi,
Pozvol'te, prikazi. Au?

STRELECKIE ZENY
Au! Au!...

STREL'CY
Licho, Kuz'ka!

KUZ'KA
Zavodilas' v zakoulkach,
Gde-to v temnyh pereulkach,
Zavodilas' baba zlaja,
Odinokaja, bol'saja.
Stala dumat' da gadat':
Kak by ljudjam pomesat',
Kak by milym naplesti,
Bab s muz'jami razvesti.

STREL'CY
Kak ze babu tu nazvat'?

STREL'CY
Baba ta sama nazvalas',
Spletnej zloju otklikalas',
Mnogo bed ona tvorit,
Na nedobroe manit.

STREL'CY
Oj. dolžno by,
Prokljata zla-prezlaja
Baba ta,
Cto sarna pootklikalas',
Spletnej zloju ponazvalas'.

STRELECKIE ZENY
Spletnja i v sem'ju prokralas',
Migom po sem'e promcalas',
Spletnja sem'i razorila,
A i detok-to sgubila.

STRELECKIE ZENY
Bojtes'. bojtes',
Molodcy
Spletni baby, zloj-prezloj,
Cto grozit-to lich bedoj,
Cto kaznit ves' rod ljudskoj.

STREL'CY
Spletnja
Po zastenkam slj alas',
Spletnja s palacom jaksalas',
Vseh donoscikov smanila,
Zlatom, serebrom darila.

STREL'CY
Ne gnusalas'i pod'jacich,
Tech, cto per'jami skrypjat.

STREL'CY
Da, gljadi podi,
Puskajut zizn'
Ljudskuju naprokat.

KUZ'KA
Spletnja stol'ko nacudila,
Cto i um ljudskoj smutila,
Ljudi sepcutsja i lgut,
Pravdy vovse
Ne berut;
Tol'ko Spletne poklonis',
Ot uma ty otkazis';
Spletnja vse vverch
Dnom postavit
I proslavlennyh
Besslavit.

STRELECKIE ZENY
Aj, au, au, au, aj!...
Baba zlaja Spletnja ta.
Cem ee nam izvesti?

STREL'CY
Kak by Spletnju tu sprovadit',
Bol'se b baby ne kazalos',
Ot nee ljudej otvadit',
Spletnja z imi by gnusalas'.
Vy resajte, molodcy,
Posovetujte, strel'cy:
Cem ee nam izvesti?

KUZ'KA
Spletnic, spletnikov...

VMESTE
Na sud!

Scene Seven

POD'JACIJ
13. Beda, beda...
Ach, zlejsaja!
Nyet siluski...
Och smert'juska!

STREL'CY
Cto ty, duren', Breses'!

STREL'CY
Al'ty bresis'? D'javol!

STREL'CY
Vidno, lovko trepanuli!

STREL'CY
Vot tak strusil!

STRELECKIE ZENY
Vis', drozit-to,
Ele dyset!
Slovno v lichomanke!

STREL'CY
Podelom tebe, prokljatyj!

POD'JACIJ
Oj, lichon'ko!
Nyet, ne bili menja,
Nyet, ne trepali menja,
I ni ust moich,
Ni slucha ne oskvernjali!

STREL'CY
Kakaja z nelegkaja
Sila sal'naja k nam,
Slys', tebja nevpopad
Podtolknula?

POD'JACIJ
Strach poputal,
Smert' zapugala!

STREL'CY
Vot cto.

STREL'CY
Chiter ved' toze!

STREL'CY
Zabyt al' ne znal
Obynaj nas streleckij,
Vsjakij, nezvanyj k nam,
Vorogom zovetsja...

STREL'CY
I ziv otsele ne ujet!

POD'JACIJ
Otcy i brat'ja!
Mne teper' vse ravno,
Vidno.
Uz smert' prisla,
Tol'ko ne skroju
Ot vas ja pravdy.
Rejtary blizko!
K vam mcatsja,
Vse rusat!

STREL'CY
Rejtary?

POD'JACIJ
Slusajte!
V Kitaj-gorode
Byl ja na rabote
Po dolgu sluzby
I cestnoj kljatve;
Strocil gramotu,
Dusu polagaja
Za ves' mir bozij
I za pravoslavnyh.
Cu! Slys:
Mernyj dal'nij topot
I konej rzan'e,
Ljazg oruz'ja,
Latnyj stuk i dikij krik...

STREL'CY
Vidno, tebja iskali!
Vidno, tebja lovit' choteli!
Stracha na nich nagna!, podi!
Slys', napugal ty ich!
S boja vzjat' tebja,
S boja vzjat' choteli.
Cudno, pravo!

POD'JACIJ
Blizko uz bylo Belgoroda,
U samoj Slobody streleckoj,
Naleteti zlye vorogi
Na zen i detej vasich,
I okruzili.

STREL'CY
Vres'! Vres' zlodej!
Ne pravda!

STRELECKIE ZENY
Gospodi, boze nas!

POD'JACIJ
Vdrug na podmogu rejtaram,
Otkuda vzjalsja,
Petrovcy podospeli,
I svalka vcalas':
Gore!
Strel'cy iznemogli!

STRELECKIE ZENY I STREL'CY
Gore nam! Gore nam!
Gore! Gore!

POD'JACIJ
Teper' nautek
Po dobru da po zdorovu,
Fit'!

Scene Eight

KUZ'KA
14. Strel'cy!
Sprosim batju:
Pravda l' to al' nyet,
Cto nam cert pod'jacij
Ponagorodil o rejtarach
Da o petrovcach.
Tak li?

STRELECKIE ZENY
Sprosim!

STREL'CY
Sprosim!
Batja, Batja!
Vyjdi k nam!

STRELECKIE ZENY, STREL'CY
Batja, Batja,
Vyjdi k nam!

STRELECKIE ZENY
Detki prosjat.

STREL'CY
Tebja zovut.

STRELECKIE ZENY, STREL'CY
Batja, Batja,
Vyjdi k nam!

STREL'CY
Batja, Batja,
Vyjdi k nam!

STRELECKIE ZENY
Batja, Batja, Batja,
Vyjdi k nam!
Detki prosjat...

STRELECKIE ZENY I STREL'CY
Tebja zovut.
Batja, Batja,
Vyjdi k nam!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Zdorovo, detki,
Na dobryj cas zdorovo!

STRELECKIE ZENY I STREL'CY
Na radost' i slavu zivi
I sdravstvuj, Batja!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Zacem menja vy zvali?
Al' beda kakaja
S vami prikljucilas'?

STRELECKIE ZENY I STREL'CY
Rejtary da petrovcy
Gubjat nas!

STREL'CY
Vedi nas v boj!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
V boj?
Pomnite, detki, kak my,
Po sciolku v krovi,
Moskvu ot vorogov lichich
Oboronjali i sobljuli;
Nynce ne to:
Strasen car' Petr!
Idite v domy vasi,
Spokojno zdite
Sud'by resen'e!
Proscajte, proscajte!

STRELECKIE ZENY I TREL'CY
Gospodi,
Ne daj vragam v obidu
I ochrani nas
I domy nasi
Miloserdiem tvoim!

ACT FOUR

Tableau One

Scene 1

KREST'JANKI
1. Vozle recki
Na luzocke noceval ja,
Molodec, uslychal ja
Golos devicij,
So krovatuski vstavaj,
Umyvat'sja belo stal,
Vstal, umylsja,
Sobral'sja,
Ko devuske podnjalsja.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
S cego zagolosili,
Spasi bog,
Slovno mertveca v zilisce
Becnoe provodjat.
I tak uz na Rusi veliko
Ne veselo, ne radostno zivetsja;
A tut babij voj slysat':
Zabavno.
I vopl', i skrezet:
Cudesno, spasi bog.
Veseluju, da pobojcee,

Pesnju mne.
Vy slysite?

KREST'JANKI
Kak povolis', bojarin knjaze.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Cego povolit'?

KREST'JANKI
Kak izvolis', bojarin knjaze.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Cego vam tam izvolit'?

KREST'JANKI
Gajducka? Gajducka?

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Cto vy sepcetes'!
Pojte!

KREST'JANKI
Pozdno vecerom sidela,
Vse lucinuska gorela.
Gajduk, gajducok,
Vse lucinuska gorela.
Vse lucinuska gorela
I ogarocki prizgla.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Bojcej! Vot tak!

KREST'JANKI
Gajduk, gajducok,
I ogarocki prizgla.
Gajduk, gajducok!
Vse ogarocki prizgla ja,
Druzka milogo zdala.
Gajduk, gajducok,
Druzka milogo zdala.

Scene Two

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
2. Ty zacem?
Osmelijsja vojti?

KLEVRET
Knjaz' Golicyn velel
Tebe skazat':
Poberegis', knjaze!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Poberegis'?

KLEVRET
Tebe grozit beda neminucaja.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Beda?
Da ne s uma l' ty spjatil?
V moem domu

I v yotcine moej ...
Mne grozit beda...
Neminucaja?
Vot zabavno,
Vot-to smesno!
Pugat' izvoljat knjazja!
Litva prosnulas'!
Vstavaj, Chovanskij!
Prosnis' i ty!
Ej, konjucham ego!
Puskaj pocestvu izrjadno!
Medu mne!
A vy, tam,
Na zenskoj polovine,
Persidok mne pozvat'!

Scene three

3. Orchestra

Scene Four

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
4. Ty zacem?

SAKLOVITYJ
K tebe, knjaz'.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Znaju, cto ko mne.
Zacem?

SAKLOVITYJ
I bez obycaja...

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
I ty posemlj

SAKLOVITYJ
Knjaz'!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Nu!

SAKLOVITYJ
Carevna.
V skorbi velikoj za Rus'
I za narod moskovskij.
Zovet k sebe,
I nyne ze sovet velikij.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Vot kak!
Da nam-to cto?
Puskaj sebe zovet.

SAKLOVITYJ
Knjaz'!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
My, kazis',
Nemalo delom,
I sovetom, i vsjaceski

Carevne ugozdali;
Teper', nebos',
Drugie ej sovetniki poslužat!

SAKLOVITYJ
Tebja pervym izvolila nazvat',
Knjaz'.
Mol: bez tvoich uslug
Sovet ne mozet obojtit'sja.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Vot eto tak.
Teper' my k nej
Ochočno budem
I vnov' Rusi velikoj
Uslugu nasim razumom
Okazem, spasi bog.
Ej!
Lucsie odezdy mne,
Knjazoj moj posoch!
A vy velicajte!

KREST'JANKI
Plyvet,
Plyvet lebeduska,
Ladu, ladu.
Plyvet navstrecu lebedju,
Ladu, ladu.
Sustrel, sustrel lebedusku,
Ladu, ladu.
Sustrel tot lebed' belyj,
Ladu, ladu.
Posel chodit' s lebeduskoj,
Ladu, ladu.
S podružen'koj pomolvilsja.
Ladu, ladu.
I peli slavu lebedju,
Ladu, ladu.
I peli slavu belomu,
Ladu, la...

SAKLOVITYJ
Belomu lebedju slava.
Ladu, ladu.

Tableau Two

Scene Five

PRISLYJ LJUD
5. Gijan'-ko! Vezut,
Vezut, kak est'!
Vezut, vezut vzapravdu!

PRISLYJ LJUD
Prosti tebe gospod'!
Pomogi tebe gospod'
V tvoej nevole!
Pomogi tebe v nevole!

Scene Six

DOSIFEJ
6. Sversilosja resenie sud'by,
Neumolimoj i groznoj,
Kak sam strasnyj sudija!
Knjaz' Golicyn,
Vlastelin vsevlastnyj,
Knjaz' Golicyn,
Gordost' Rusi celoj,
Opal'no vyslan vdal';
A zdes' ot poezda
Pecal'nogo ego odni
Lis' kolei ostalis'.
A vidno, mudrym byl
Nacal'nik Streleckogo prikaza!
Iz-za kiclivosti svoej
Sebja i bliznich pogubil.
I knjazicu, podi, ne sdobrovat':
Carem, vis',
Ego na Moskve prednaznacali...

MARFA
Otce!

DOSIFEJ
A? Cto z?
Proznala ty, golubka,
Cem resil Sovet velikij
Protiv nas v poprek
Drevlej Rusi,
Ee ze iscem?

MARFA
Ne skroju, otce,
Gore grozit nam!
Veleno rejtarom okruzit'
Nas v svjatom skitu
I bez poscady,
Bez sozalen'ja gubit' nas.

DOSIFEJ
Vot cto.

MARFA
Da!

DOSIFEJ
Tak voc cto?
Teper' prispelo vremja
V ogne i plameni prijat'
Venec slavy vecnyja!
Marfa!
Voz'mi Andreja knjazja,
Ne to oslabnet
I ne podvignetsja.

MARFA
Voz' mu.

DOSIFEJ
Terpi, golubuska,
Ljubi, kak ty ljubila,

I slavy vencom
Pokroetsja imjatvoe.
Prosti!

MARFA
Teper' prispelo vremja
Priyat' ot gospoda
V ognе i plameni
Venec slavy vecnyja!

Scene Seven

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
7. A, ty zdes', zlodejka!
Zdes', zmeja!
Gde moja Emma,
Kuda ee ty skryla?
Otdaj mne Emmu,
Otdaj moju golubku!
Gde ona?
Otdaj ee, otdaj!

MARFA
Emmu rejтары uvezli dalece;
Gospod' pomozet -
Skoro ona zenicha svoego,
Cto iz Moskvy ty izgnal,
Na rodine obnimet.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Zenicha!
Lzes', lzes', zmeja!
Ne po verju!
Ja soberu moich strel'cov,
Ja sozovu narod moskovskij -
Tebja, izmenicu,
Skaznjat!

MARFA
Skaznjat?
Vidno, ty ne cujal, knjaze,
Cto sud'ba tvoja tebe skazet,
Cto velit ona
I cto tebe ukazet,
Bez korysti, bezo lzi,
Bez lesti, knjaze,
I obmana...

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Emmu, Emmu otdaj ty mne!

MARFA
Gordyj batja tvoj ubit,
Kaznen izmenoj,
I gresnyj trup ego
Lezit nepogrebennyj;
Tol'ko veter vol'nyj
Po-nad nim guljaet,
Tol'ko zver' dosuzij
Okrest bati chodit,
Da tol'ko tebjа vdol'
Po vsej Moskve iscut.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Ja ne verju tebe,
Ja ptoklinaju tebjа!
Ty siloj duchov t'my
I carami uzasnymi tvoimi
Menja privorozila.
Serdce moe i zizn'
Mne razbila!
Koldovkoj obzovu tebjа,
A strel' ty cernokniznicej
Dobavjat;
Na kostre sgoris'
Ty vsenarodno.

MARFA
Zovi strel'cov!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Pozvat'?

MARFA
Zovi!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Cto eto?

MARFA
Trubi esce!

Scene Eight

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
8. Gospodi, boze moj!
Vse pogiblo.
Marfa, spasi menja!

MARFA
Cto z ne zoves' strel'cov?

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Spasi menja!

MARFA
Nu ladno, knjaze,
Ja tebjа ukroju
V meste nadeznom.
Idem so mnoj.

MARFA
Spokoen bud'.
Smelej idi!

STREL'CICHI
Ne daj poscady,
Kazni okajannvch
Bogootstupnikov,
Zlych vorogov!

STREL'CY
Gospodi boze,
Poscadi nas,
Gospodi boze,
Ne vzysci po grecham nasim!

STREL'CICHI
Ne daj poscady,
Kazni okajannyh,
Car'-batjuska!

STREL'CY
Otce vsemoguscij.
Pomiluj dusi gresnye nasi!

STREL'CICHI
Kazni ich,
Okajannyh,
Car'-batjuska,
Bez poscady!

STREL'CY
Smiluj'sja, smiluj'sja,
Car'-batjuska,
Car'-batjuska!

MOLODOJ STRESNEV
Strel'cy!
Cari i gosudari
Ivan i Petr vam milost' sljut:
Idite v domy vasi
I gospoda molite
Za ich gosudarskoe zdorov'e.
Igrajte, truby!
Car' Petr pes'ju
Sestvie v moskovskij Kreml'
Cinit' izvolit.

ACT FIVE

Scene One

DOSIFEJ
9. Zdes', na etom meste svjate,
Zalog spasen'ja miru vozvescu.
Skol'ko skorbi, skol'ko terzanij
Duch somnen'ja v menja vseljal;
Strach za bratiju;
Za ucast' gresnyh
Dus denno i noscno
Menja smuscal,
I ne drognulo serdce moe,
Da sversitsja
Volja nebesnogo otca!
Vremja prispelo,
I skorb' moja vas,
Milych,
Vencom slavy osenila;
Zizni zemnoj i prechodjascej
Utechi prezreli vy,
Slavy bessmertnoj,
Vecnoj radi.
Muzajtes', brat'ja!
V molitve teploj
Najdete sily predstat'
Pred gospoda sil.
Boze pravij,
Utverdi zavet nas!
Da ne v sud il' osuzden'e,

No v put'
Svjatogo obnovlen'ja
Ispolnim ego.
Otce blagij!

Scene Two

DOSIFEJ
10. Bratija!
Vnemlite glasu otkrovenija
Vo imja presvjatoe tvorca
I gospoda sil!

CERNORIZCY
Vladyko, otce,
Sveta chranitel',
Gospodu otkryty
Vovek nasi serdca.

DOSIFEJ
Amin'.
Sestry!
Chranite li zavet velikij
Vo imja presvjatoe tvorca
I gospoda sil?

CERNORIZKI
Ne imamy stracha,
Otce, zavet nas
Pred gospodom svjat
I ne prelozen.

DOSIFEJ
Amin'.
Oblekajtesja v rizy svetlye,
Vozzigajte sveci bozie
I grjadite k stojaniju
I da preterpim
Vo slavu gospoda!

CERNORIZCY
11. Brag celovekov,
Knjaz' mira sego vossta!

CERNORIZKI
Strasny kovy antichrista!

CERNORIZCY
Bespredel'na zloba ego!

CERNORIZKI
Smert' idet. Spasajtesja!

CERNORIZCY
Blizko brag.
Muzajtesja!

CERNORIZCY I CERNORIZKY
Plamenem i ognem svascenym
My obelimsja
Vo slavu vecnuju gospoda!
Predvecnogo,
Bessmertnogo tvorca!

CERNORIZCY
Slava tebe, boze
Slava tebe!

CERNORIZCY I CERNORIZKI
Ty dazd' sili gresnym rabam tvoim!
Otce blagij!

Scene Three

MARFA
12. Podviglis'.
Gospodi,
Ne utaju skorbi moej:
Do dnes' terzaet dusu moju
Izmenna ego.
Boze, grech moj -
Serdce moe; uslysi mja!
Zazdu spasti ja
Sovest' ego po kljatve ego,
I stracha ne poimu iskljucenija.
Prosti mja siloju tvoej ljubvi,
Gospodi!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Gde ty, moja voljuska?
Gde ty, moja neguska?
U otcal' u batjuski?
U rodimoj u matuski?
Kuda z, kuda ja volusku,
Kuda svoju nerusku,
Da kuda z devat' ee,
Da kuda z devat' budu ja?
Emma!

MARFA
Milyj moj!
Vspomni,
Pomjani svetlyj mig ljubvi,
Mnogo cudnych snov
S tech por vidala ja:
Snilos' mne, budto by,
Izmena ljubvi tvoej,
Cudilis', brodili dumy mracnye.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Marfa!

MARFA
Spokojsja, knjaze!
Ja ne ostavlju tebjja,
Vmeste s toboju sgorju, ljubja.
A slys', poslys':
Zarko bylo,
Kak v noci septal ty mne
Pro ljubov' svoju,
Pro scast'e moe;
Tucej cernoju
Pokrylas' ljubov' moja,
Cholodom, l'dom skovala
Kljatvu moju.
Smertnyj cas tvoj prisel,
Milyj moj,

Obojmu tebjja v ostatnij raz.
Alilujja, alilujja...

DOSIFEJ
Truba predvecnogo!
Prispelo vremja
V ogne i plameni prijat'
Venec slavy vecnyja!

MARFA
Slysal li ty,
Vdali za etim borom
Truby vescal
Blizost' voisk petrovskich?
My vydany,
Nas okruzili...
Negde ukryt'sja,
Nyet nam spasen'ja.
Sama sud'ba skovala
Krepko nas s toboju
I prorekla konec
Nam smertnyj,
Ni slezy, ni mol'by,
Ni ukory, ni stenan'ja -
Nicto ne spaset:
Sud'ba tak velala.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Marfa, molju tebjja,
Tjazko, tjazko mne.

MARFA
Idem ze, knjaze,
Brat'ja uz sobralas',
I ogon' svjascennyj zertvy
Zdet svoej.
Vspomni,
Pomjani svetlyj mig ljubvi,
Kak septal ty mne
Pro scastie moe.
V ogne i plameni
Zakalitsja ta kljatva tvoja.

Scene Four

RASKOL'NIKI
13. Gospodi slavy, grjadi vo slavu tvoju!

DOSIFEJ
Bratija, podvignemsja,
Vo gospode pravdy i ljubvi
Da uzrim svet!

DOSIFEJ, RASKOL'NIKI
Da sginut plotskie kozni
Ada ot lica
Svetla pravdy i ljubvi!

MARFA, RASKOL'NIKI
Gospod' moj,
Zascitnik i pokrovitel',
Paset mja.

DOSIFEJ, RASKOL'NIKI
Gospoda pravdy ispovemy,
Nictoze lisit nas.

MARFA
Vspomni, pomjani Svetlyj mig!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
O, Emma, Emma!

DOSIFEJ I RASKOL'NIKI
Amin'.

PRISLYE LJUDI
Och ty,
Rodnaja matuska Rus',
Nyet tebe pokoja,
Nyet puti;
Grud'ju krepko
Stala ty za nas,
Da tebjaz,
Rodimuju, gnetut.
V neurjadice
Da v pravezach ty zila,
Zila, stonala.
Kto z teper' tebjaz,
Rodimuju, kto utesit,
Uspokoit?

END

CD11

Pesni i Plaski Smerti

Texts: Golenischev-Kutusov

1. Kolibel'neya

Stonet rebyonok, svecha, nagoraya,
Tusklo mertsayet krugom.
Tseluyu noch, kolybel'ku kachaya,
Mat' ne zabylasa snom.
Ranyam-ranyokhonko v dver ostorozhno
Smert' serdobol'naya stuk!
Vzdrognula mat', oglyanulas trevozhno...
"Polno pugat'sa, moy drug!
Blednoe utro uz smotrit v okoshko,
Placha, toskuya, lyublya,
Ty utomilas, vzdremni-ka nemnozhko,
Ya posizhu za tebya.
Ugomonit' ty ditya ne sumela;
Slashche tebya ya spoyu."
"Tishe! Rebyonok moy mechetsa, byotsa,
Dushu terzayet moyu!"
"Nu, da so mnoyu on skoro uymyotsa,
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."
"Shchochki bledneyut, slabeyet dykhan'ye...
Da zamolchi zhe, molyu!"
"Dobroye znamen'e: stikhnet stradan'e.
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."
"Proch ty, proklyataya! Laskoy svokeyu
Sgubish ty radost' moyu."
"Net, mirny son ya mladentsu naveyu:
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."

"Szhals'a, pozhdi dopevat', khot' mnogoven'ye
Strashnuyu pesnyu tvoyu!"
"Vidish, usnul on pod tikhoe pen'ye.
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."

2. Serenade

Nega vol'shebnaya, noch golubaya,
Trepety sumrak vesny...
Vnemlet, poniknuv golovkoy, bol'naya
Shopot nochnoy tishiny.
Son ne smykayet blestyashchie ochi,
Zhizn k naslazhdenyu zovyet!
A pod okoshkom v molchaniy polnochi
Smert' serenadu poyot:
"V mrake nevoli, surovoy i tesnoy,
Molodost' vyanet tvoya,
Rytsar nevedomy, siloy chudesnoy
Osvobozhu ya tebya.
Vstan, posmotri na sebya: krasotoyu
Lik tvoy prozrachny blestit,
Shchoki rumyany, volnistoy kosoyu
Stan tvoy kak tuchey obvit.
Pristal'nykh glaz goluboye siyan'e
Yarche nebes i ognya...
Znoyem poludennym veyet dykhan'e...
Ty obol'stila menya.
Slukh tvoy plenilsa moyey serenadoy,
Rystsarya shopot tvoy zval.
Rytsar prishol za posledney nagradoy:
Chas upoyen'ya nastal.
Nezhen tvoy stan, upoitelen trepet,
O, zadushu ya tebya
V krepkikh ob'yat'yakh; lyubovny moy lepet
Slushay... molchi...Ty moya!

3. Trepak

Les da polyany, bezlyud'e krugom...
Vyuga i plachet i stonet...
Chuyetsa, budto vo mrake nochnom
Zlaya kovo-to khronit.
Glyad', tak i yest'! v temnote muzhika
Smert' obnimayet, laskayet;
S pyanenkim plyashet vdvoyom trepaka,
Na ukho pesn napevayet:
"Okh, muzhichok, starichok ubogy,
Pyan napilsa, poplyolsa dorogoy;
A metel-to, ved'ma, podnyalas, vzygrala,
S polya v les dremuchy nevnachay zagnala,
Gorem, toskoy, da nuzhdoy tomimy,
Lyag, prikorni da usni, rodimy,
Ya tebya, golubchik moy, snezhkom sogreyu,
Vdrug tebya velikuyu igru zateyu.
Vzbey-ka postel' ty, metel' lebyodka!
Hey, nachinay, zapevay, pogodka,
Skazku da takuyu, shtob vsyu noch tyanulas,
Shtob pyanchuge krepko pod neyo zasnulas.
Oy vy, lesa, nebesa da tuchi,
Tem, veterok da snezhok letuchy,
Sveytes pelenoyu snezhnoy pukhovoyu,
Yeyu kak mladentsa starichka prikroyu.
Spi, moy druzhok, muzhichok schastlivy,

Leto prishlo, rastsvelo!
Nad nivoy solnyshko smeyotsa da serpy gulyayut,
Pesenka nesyotsa, golubki letayut!... "

4. Polkovodets

Grokhochet bitva, bleshchut broni,
Orud'ya mednyye revut,
Begut polki, nesutsa koni,
I reki krasnyye tekut,
Pylayet polden, lyudi bytusa!
Sklonilos sontse, boy sil'ney!
Zakat bledneyet, no derutsa
Vragi vsyo yarostney i zley!
I pala noch na pole brani,
Druzhiny v mrake razoshlis...
Vsyo stikhlo, i v nochnom tumane
Stenan'ya k nebu podnyalis.
Togda, ozarena lunoyu,
Na boevom svoym kone,
Kostey sverkaya beliznoyu,
Yavilos smert'. I v tishine,
Vnimaya vopli i molitvy,
Dovol'stva gordovo polna,
Kak polkovodets, mesto bitvy
Krugom ob'yekhala ona.
Na kholm podnyavshis, oglyanulas,
Ostanovilos, ulybnulas...
I nad ravninoy boyevoy
Pronyossya golos rokovoy:
"Konchena bitva! Ya vsekh pobedila!
Vse predto mnoy vy smirilis, boytsy!
Zhizn vas possorila, ya pomirila!
Druzhno vstavayte na smotr, mertvetsy!
Marshem torzhestvennym mimo proydite,
Voysko moyo ya khochu soschitat'.
V zemlyu potom svoi kosti slozhite,
Sladko ot zhizni v zemle otdykhat'!
Gody nezrimo proydut za godami,
V lyudyakh ischeznet i pamyat' O vas.
Ya ne zabudu! I gromko nad vami
Pir budu pravit' v polnochnny chas!
Plyaskoy tyazholoyu zemlyu syruyu
Ya pritopchu, shtoby sen grobovuyu
Kosti pokinut' vovek ne smogli,
Shtob nikogda vam ne vstat' iz zemli!"

Detskaya

5. S nyaney

Rasskazhi mne, nyanyushka,
Rasskazhi mne, milaya,
Pro tovo pro buku strashnovo:
Kak tot buka po lesam brodil,
Kak tot buka vies detey nosil
I kak gryz on belye kostochki,
I ka deti te krichali, plakali!
Nyanyushka!
Ved' zato ikh, detey-to, buka syel,
Shto obideli nyanyu staruyu,
Papu 5 mamoy ne poslushali,
Ved' zato on syel ikh, nyanyushka?

Ili vot shto:

Rasskazhi mne luchshe pro tsarya s tsaritsey,
Shto za morem zhili v teremu bogatom.
Yeshcho tsar vsyo na nogu khromal,
Kak spotknyotsa tak grib vyrastit.
U tsaritsy ta vsyo nasmork byl,
Kak chikhnyot styokla v drebezgi!
Znayesh, nyanyushka:
Ty pro buku to uzh ne rasskazyvay!
Bog s nim, s bukoy!
Rasskazhi mne, nyanya, tu, smeshnuyu-to!

6. V uglu

Akh ty, prokaznik!
Klubok razmotal, prutki rasteryal,
Akhti! vse petli spustil!
Chulok ves zabryzgal chernilami!
V ugol! V ugol!
Poshol v ugol!
Prokaznik!

Ya nichevo ne sdela, nyanyushka,
Ya chulochek ne trogal, nyanyushka!
Klubochek razmotal kotyonochek,
I prutochki razbrosal kotyonochek,
A Mishen'ka byl payn'ka,
Mishen'ka byl umnitsa. ,
A nyanya zlaya, staraya, u nyani nosik
zapachkanny.
Misha chisten'ky, prichosanny,
A u nyani chepchik na boku.
Nyanya Mishen'ku obidela, naprasno v ugol postavila
Misha bol'she ne budet lyubit' svoyu nyanyushku,
vot shto!

7. Zhuk

Nyanya, nyanyushka! shto sluchilos, nyanya
dushen'ka!
Ya igral tam na pesochke, za besedkoy, gde
beryozi,
Stroil domik iz luchinochek klenovykh,
Tekh, shto mne mama, sama mama nashchepala.
Domik uzh sovsem postroil,
Domik s kryshoy, nastoyashchy domik,
Vdrug!
Na samoy kryshke zhuk sidit,
Ogromny, chorny, tolsty takoy, usami shevelit
strashno tak,
I pryamo na menya vsyo smotrit!
Ispugalsa ya! A zhuk gudit, zlitsa,
Kryl'ya rastopyril, skhvatit' menya khochet!...
I naletel, v visochek menya udaril!
Ya pritailsa, nyanyushka, prisel, boyus
poshevel'nut'sa!
Tol'ko glazok odin chut'-chut' otkryl,
I shto-zhe, poslushay, nyanyushka:
Zhuk lezhit, slozhivshi lapki, kverkhu nosikom, na
spinke,
I uzh ne zlitsa, i usami ne shevelit,
I ne gudit uzh, tol'ko krylyshki drozhat.
Shto-zh, on umer, il' pritorilsa?

Shto-zh eto, shto-zh, skazhi mne, nyanya, s
zhukom-to stalos?
Menya udaril, a sam svalilsa!
Shto-zh eto s nim stalos, s zhukom-to!

8. S kukloy

Tyapa, bay, bay, Tyapa, spi, usni,
Ugomon tebya vozmi! Tyapa! spat' nado!
Tyapa, spi, usni, Tyapa buka syest, sery volk
vozmyot,
V tyomny les snesyot.
Tyapa, spi, usni!
Shto vo sne uvidish, mne pro to rasskazhesh:
Pro ostrov chudny, gde ni zhnut ni seyut,
Gde tsvetut i zreyut grushi nalivnyye,
Den i noch poyut ptichki zolotyey!
Bay, bay, bayu bay, bay, bay, Tyapa!

9. Na son gryadushchiy

Gospodi pomiluy papu i mamu i spasi ikh, Gospodi!
Gospodi pomiluy brattsu Vasen'ku i brattsu
Mishen'ku!
Gospodi pomiluy babushku staren'kuyu,
Poshli ty yey dobroye zdorovitse,
Babushke dobren'koy, babushke staren'koy,
Gospodi!
I spasi, Bozhe nash, tyoty Katyu, tyoty Natashu,
tyoty Mashu, tyoty Parashu,
Tyotyey Lyubu, Varyu, i Sashu, i Olyu, i Tanyu, i
Nadyu,
Dyadey Petyu i Kolyu, dyadey Volodyu i Grishu, i
Sashu, i vsekh ikh,
Gospodi, spasi i pomiluy, i Filyu, i Vanyu, i Mityu, i
Petyu, i Dashu,
Pashu, Sonyu, Dunyushku...
Nyanya! a nyanya! Kak dal'she, nyanya?
Vish ty, prokaznitsa kakaya!
Uzh skol'ko raz uchila: Gospodi pomiluy i menya
greshnuyu!
Gospodi pomiluy i menya greshnuyu!
Tak, nyanyushka?

10. Poyekhal na palochke

"Hey! Hop, hop! Hop!
Hop, hop! Hey, podi! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hey! podi! Hop, hop, hop! Hop, hop!... etc.
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, hey!
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, podi!
Tpru!... Stoy! Vasya, a Vasya!
Slushay, prikhodi igrat' sevodnya! Tol'ko ne
pozдно!
Nu ty, hop! Hop! Proshchay, Vasya! Ya v Yukki
poyekhal...
Tol'ko k vecheru nepremenno budu,
My ved rano, ochen rano spat' lozhimsa...
Prikhodi, smotri!
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, hey!
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, podi!
Hop! Hey, podi! Hey, hey podi! Hey, hey!

Razdavlyu!
Oy, bol'no! Oy, nogu! Oy, bol'no! Oy, nogu!...
"Serzhenika, moy mal'chik, shto za gore? Nu, polno
plakat'!
Proidyot, moy drug! Postoy-ka, vstan na nozhki
pryamo:
Vot-tak, ditya! Posmotri, kakaya prelest'! Vidish?
V kustakh nalevo! Akh, shto za ptichka divnaya!
Shto za pyoryshki!
Vidish?... Nu shto? Proshlo?"
"Proshlo! Ya v Yukki syezdil, mama!
Teper domoy toropit'sa nado...
Hop! hop! Gosti budut... Hop! Toropit'sa nado!..."

11. Kot Matros

Ay, ay, ay, ay, mama, milaya mama!
Pobezhala ya za zontikom, mama, ochen ved
zharko,
Sharila v komode i v stole iskala: net, kak nalrochno!
Ya v toropyakh k oknu podbezhala, mozhет byt'
zontik tarn pozabyala...
Vdrug vizhu, na okne-to, kot nash Matros,
zabravshis na kletku, skrebyot!
Snigir drozhit, zabilsa v ugol, pishchit.
Zlo menya vzyalo!
"E, brat, do ptichek ty lakom!
Net, postoy, popalsa. Vish-ty, kot!"
Kak ni v chom ne byvalo stoyu ya, smotryu v
storonku,
Tol'ko glazom odnim podmechayu: stranno shto-to!
Kot spokojno v glaza mne smotrit,
A sam uzh lapu v kletku zanosit:
Tol'ko shto dumal skhvatit' snigirya, a ya yevo
khlop! Mama, kakaya tvyordaya kletka! pal'tsam tak
bol'no, mama!
Mama, vot v samykh konchikakh, vot tut,
Tak noyet, noyet tak...
Net! kakov kot-to, mama, a?

12. Rayok

Ey, pochtenny gospoda, zakhvatite-ko glaza,
Podkhodite, poglyadite, povidites, polyubuytes
Ne velikikh na gospod, muzykal'nykh voyevod!
Vse zdes!
Razlivalas rechen'ka na tri rukava:
Odin rukav leskom proshol,
A drugoy rukav po pesochku povernulo,
A tretiy rukav-to pod mel'nitsu,
Pod iz vyaza koleso, pod samy zhemov,
Oy, vertitsa koleso, oy, meli zhemov,
Vsyu pravdu meli pro etikh molodtsov,
Muzykal'nykh udal'tsov!
Pokazyvayut!
Vot, sorvavshis s oblakov,
Tumanov vechnykh zhitel',
Smertnym otkryvat' idyot
Smysl tainstvenny veshchey obyknovennykh,
S pomoshchu Bozhiyey!
Uchit, shto minomy ton grekh praroditel'sky,
I shto mazhomy ton grekha iskupeniye.
Tak-to, vitaya v oblakakh s ptitsami nebesnymi,

Rastochayet smertnym on glagoly neponyatnyye,
S pomoshchu Boziyey!
Za nim bezhit v pripryzhku Fif vechno yuny,
Fif neugomonny, Fif primiritel', Fif vsestoronniy,
Vsyu zhizn on vertelsa, nu i zavertelsa;
Nichemu ne vnemlet, i vnimat' ne v silakh,
Vnemlet tol'ko Patti,
Patti obozhayet, Patti vospevayet.
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa-Patti,
Chudnaya Patti, divnaya Patti!
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa-Patti,
Chudnaya Patti, divnaya Patti,
No zachem parik-rik belokury?
Patti parik-rik-rik belokury? parik!...
Parik-rik!
Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa-Patti,
Chudnaya Patti, divnaya Patti,
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa-Patti,
Chudnaya Patti, divnaya Patti,
Chudnaya, milaya, slavnaya, divnaya,
Pa-Pa..., Pa-Pa..., Pa-Pa..., Pa-Pa...,
Ti-ti, ti-ti, ti-ti, ti-ti,
Pa-Pa Patti, Pa-Pa ti-ti,
O - O -
Pa-Pa-Pa-Patti,
O diva Patti!
Vot pletyotsa shag za shagom
Tyazhko ranen mladenets,
Bledny, mrachny, istomlyonny,
Smyt' pyatno s sebya molyashchiy,
Neprilichnoye pyatno.
A bylo vremya, on byl nevinen
I poslushan'yem starshikh plenyal,
Lepetom milym, detski stydlivym
Mnogikh, mnogikh serdtsa obol'shchal.
No proshlo to vremya.
Pochuya vdrug sebya polnym volii velikoy,
Vraga uzrel, s nim v boy vstupil
I pogib.
Udar moral'ny ponyos bednyazhka,
Voli velikoy udar!
Vot on, Titan!
Titan, Titan!
Vot on mchitsa, nesyotsa, myatyolsa,
Rvyot i mechet, zlitsa, grozit,
Sheklaty, strashny!
Na tevtonskom bukefale,
Zamoryonnom tsukunftistom;
S pachkoyu gromov pod myshkoy,
Izgotovlennykh v pechatiye.
Kreslo geniyu skorey!
Negde geniyu prisesi'.
Na obed yevo zovite!
Geniy ochen lyubit spich!
Vsekh direktorov doloy!
On odin iz vsekh zamenit!
Vot, vskipel!...
I poshol, i poshol, i poshol, poshol, poshol,
Pryamo k nim, pryamo k nim,
K voyevodam udalym,
Sey titan, sey titan,
S titanicheskoy gordyney,
O skandal, O skandal,

K nim v kompaniyu popal!
I totchas-zhe oserchal,
S yarosi'yu na nikh napal
I zhestoko otrepal.
Uzh on ikh trepal, trepal, trepal, trepal, trepal,
Trepal, trepal, trepal, trepal...
No gryanul grom!... I t'ma nastala,
Gustaya mgla zatrepetala,
I pali nits v svyashchennom strakhe
Tumanov zhitel', Fif mladenets
I gordy sey titan!
I v venke iz roz i liliy,
I kameliy belosnezhnykh
Predstala muza!
I polilisa aromaty,
Voyevody prismireli
I zapeli gimn molebny:
"O preslavnaya Evterpa,
O velikaya boginya,
Nisposhli nam vdokhnoven'e,
Ozhivi ty nemoschch nashu.
I zlatym dozhdym s Olimpa
Orosi ty nivы nashi,
Svetlorusaya boginya,
Nebozhitel'nitsa muza,
My tebya vovek proslavim,
Vospoyom na zvonkikh tsitrakh!"

13. Zabitiy

On smert' nashol v krayu chuzhom, v krayu
chuzhom, v boyu s vragom,
No vrag druzyami pobezhdyon, druzya likuyut,
tol'ko on
Na pole bitvy pozabyt, odin lezhit.
I mezhdu tem kak zhadny vran pyot krov yevo iz
svezhikh ran
I tochit nezakryty glaz, grozivshiy smert'yu v smerti
chas,
I nasladivshis, pyan i syt, doloy letit...
Dalyoko tam, v krayu rodnom,
Mat' kormit syna pod oknom:
Agu... agu! ne plach, synok, vemyotsa tyatya!
pirozhek
Togda na radostyakh družku ya ispeku...
A tot zabyt, odin lezhit.

14. Seminarist

Panis, piscis, crinis, finis, ignis, lapis, pulvis, cinis...
Akh ty gore, moyo gore!
Orbis, amnis et canalis, orbis, amnis et canalis...
Vot tak zadal pop mne tasku,
Za zagrivok da po sheye on blagoslovil
I desnitseyu svyatoyu pamyati lishil.
Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vestis, vermis,
mensis...
U popa Semonya dochka znataya takaya,
Schochki, shto tvoy makov tsvet, glazki s
povolokoy,
Grud' lebyazhaya da pokataya pod rubashechkoy
vskolykhnulasa.
Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vestis, vermis,

mensis...

Akh ty Stesha, moya Stesha, tak tebya rastseloval
by,

Krepko, krepko k serdtsu prizhal-by!

Postis, follis, cucumis, atque pollis... Atque pollis
...cucumis, cucumis...

A namednis za molebnom presvyatoy i
prepodobnoy i preslavnoy Mitrodore

Ya chital prokimen, glas shesty,

A na Steshu levym glazom vsyo posmatrival,

A na levy kliros vsyo zaglyadival, da podmargival.

Chortov bat'ka vsyo provedal,

Menya v knizhitsu pometil,

I blagoslovil vладыko po sheyam menya trikraty,

I dolbil izo vseych mochi mne v bashku latyn ukazkoy:

Orbis, amnis et canalis, et canalis, sanguis, unguis et
annalis, et annalis...

Tak ot besa iskushen'ye dovelos prinyat' mne v
khrame Bozhem.

Amnis et annalis, sanguis, unguis et canalis, et
canalis, et canalis.

15. Svetik Savishna

Svet moy, Savishna, sokol yasnen'ky,

Polyubi menya ne razumnova,

Prigolub menya goremychnova!

Oy-li, sokol moy, sokol yasnen'ky,

Svetik Savishna, svet Ivanovna,

Ne pobrezgay ty gol'yu goluyu,

Bestalannoy moyey doleyu!

Urodilsa vish na smekh lyudyam ya,

Pro zabavu da na potekhi im!

Klichut: Savishna, skorbnym razumom

Velichayut, slysh, Vane Bozhiim,

Svetik Savishna, svet Ivanovna,

I dayut pin'kov Vane Bozhemu,

Kormyat chestvuyut podzaty!'nikom.

A pod prazdnichek kak razryadyatsa,

Uberutsa vish v lenty alyye,

Dadut khlebushka Vane skorbnomu,

Ne zabyt'shtoby Vanyu Bozhevo.

Svetik Savishna, yasny sokol moy,

Polyubi-zh menya neprigozheva,

Prigolub menya odinokova!

Kak lyublyu tebya, mochi net skazat' ,

Svetik Savishna, ver men, ver ne ver,

Svet Ivanovna!

16. Kozyol: svetskaya skazochka

Shla devitsa progulyatsa, na luzhok pokrasovatsa,

Vdrug navstrechu yey kozyol!

Sary, gryazny, borodaty,

Strashny, zloy i ves mokhnaty, sushchy chort!

I devitsa ispugalas,

Ot kozla begom pomchalas pryamo v kust,

I pritailas,

Yele dyshet, chut' zhiva.

Shla devitsa pod venets,

Znat' prishla pora yey zamuzh, nu i vyshla!

Muzh i stary i gorbaty,

Lysy, zloy i borodaty, sushchy chort.

Shto-zh, devitsa ispugalas?

Gm! Kakzhe!

Ona k muzhu prilaskalas,

Uveryala, shto vema, gm! shto v muzha vlyublena,

Shto primernaya zhena.

17. Pesnya Mefistofelya O blokhe

Zhil byl korol' kogda-to,

Pri nyom blokha zhila,

Blokha... blokha!

Miley rodnovo brata ona yemu byla;

Blokha... ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! blokha? ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha! Blokha!

Zovyot korol' portnovo: "Poslushay ty, churban!

Dlya druga dorogovo

Shey barkhatny kaftan!"

Blokhe kaftan? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokhe? Ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha!

Kaftan? Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Blokhe kaftan?

Vot v zoloto i barkhat

Blokha naryazhena,

I polnaya svoboda yey pri dvore dana, Ha, ha!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokhe! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokhe!

Korol'yey san ministra

I s nim zvezdu dayot,

Za neyu i drugie poshli vsye blokhi v khod. Ha, ha!

I samoy koroleve,

I freylinam yeyo,

Ot blokh ne stalo mochi,

Ne stalo i zhit'ya, Ha, ha!

I tronut'-to boyatsa,

Ne to shtoby ikh bit'.

A my, kto stal kusat'sa,

Totchas davay dushit'!

Ha, ha ... etc.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Songs and Dances of Death

Texts: Golenischev-Kutusov

1. Lullaby

A child moans, a candle burns low,

And casts a dim flicker around.

All through the night, her cradle rocking,

The mother has not slumbered.

Early in the morning, at the door so gently

Death, the compassionate, knocks!

The mother gives a start, and looks round in fear...

"Be not afraid, my dear!

The pale light of morn now peeps through the window,

weeping, in longing, in love,

Thou hast worn thyself out, now rest thee awhile,

and I will sit here by his side.

Thou hast not been able to soothe the poor child,

Sweeter than thou shall I sing."

"Softly! My child is tossing and restless,

It grieves my heart thus to see him!"

"Come now, he soon will listen to me.

Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."
 "His dear cheeks are pale, his breath is failing...
 Be silent now, do, I beseech thee!"
 "That's a good sign: soon his suffering will end.
 Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."
 "Get thee away, O accursed one! Thy caresses
 The joy of my heart will destroy."
 "Nay, the sleep of peace will I breathe on the infant:
 Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."
 Have mercy! O tarry, if just for a moment,
 Ere ending that dread song of thine!"
 "See now, he sleeps to the singing so gentle.
 Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."

*Composed 14 April 1875 in St. Petersburg, dedicated to
 Anna J. V. Petrou*

2. Serenade

The magical languor, the blue of the night,
 The trembling twilight of spring...
 She listens, the invalid, hanging her head,
 To the whisper of night's silent words.
 Her eyes, wide and burning, are not dosed in slumber,
 Life to its joys calls her still!
 Yet under her window in the silence of midnight
 Death sings his soft serenade:
 "In the dark gloom of prison, severe and confining,
 Thy youth will fade quite away,
 But I, thy unknown knight, with my wondrous power,
 Will set thee free.
 Rise, look on thyself: with what beauty
 Thy face in radiance doth shine,
 Thy cheeks so rosy, thy rippling tresses
 Veiling thy form like a cloud.
 The blue radiance of thine eyes so intense
 Is brighter than the skies or fire...
 With midday's heat thy breath bloweth o'er me...
 Thou hast bewitched me, my love.
 Thine ear is captivated by my soft serenade,
 Thy whispered words summoned thy knight.
 Thy knight has come for his final reward:
 The hour of rapture is near.
 Fair is thy form, thy tremor entralling,
 O, I will clasp thee, my own,
 In strongest embraces; to my lays of love
 Harken... be still... Thou art mine!"

*Composed 11 May 1875 in St. Petersburg, dedicated to
 Ludmilla I. Shestakova-Glinka*

3. Trepak (Russian Dance)

In the forest and glades not a soul is in sight...
 The blizzard doth wail and howl...
 It feels as if in the gloom of the night
 The cruel snow is burying some poor man.
 Look - so it is! In the darkness a peasant
 By Death is embraced and caressed;
 With a drunkard Death dances a trepak together,
 And sings in his ear a sweet song:
 "Hey, poor peasant, thou wretched old man,
 Thou hast drunk thyself silly and wandered astray;

But the blizzard, like a witch, rose and played with thee,
 From the glades to the forest dense chanced to drive
 thee,
 Through sorrow and grief and want grown weary,
 Lie down, rest and sleep, my friend,
 And I shall warm thee, my dear, with a cover of snow,
 Around thee a fine game will I start.
 Shake up the bed, thou swan-like snow!
 Hey there, begin, start up a song, wild weather,
 A song to last the whole night through,
 That this drunkard may sink into sleep to its strains.
 O you forests, heavens and clouds,
 Darkness, breeze and sweeping snow,
 Wrap him in a shroud of softest snow,
 And in it like a babe the old man I'll shelter.
 Sleep, my friend, my peasant so happy,
 Summer has come, and all is in bloom!
 O'er the cornfields the sun doth smile and the
 sickles are swinging,
 The song rises up, and the doves are flying!... "

*Composed 17 February 1875 in St. Petersburg,
 dedicated to Ossip A. Petrov, a famous bass*

4. The Field-Marshal

The battle thunders, the armour flashes,
 The cannons of bronze do roar,
 The regiments charge, the horses rush by,
 And red rivers of blood do flow.
 Noon burns fierce, the people fight on!
 When the sun has sunk low, the battle rages fiercer!
 Sunset pales, yet the enemies fight on
 More furiously still and savagely!
 And night doth fall on the field of battle.
 In the gloom the legions disperse...
 All is quiet, and in the darkness of night
 Groans rise up to the sky,
 Then, illumined by the light of the moon,
 On his battle horse astride,
 His white bones gleaming in the pale light,
 Comes the figure of Death. And in the quiet,
 He hears the groans and prayers,
 And filled with pride and satisfaction,
 Like a warrior chief, he circles around
 The place of battle.
 Up to a hill he climbs, and looks about,
 Stops, and gives a smile...
 And o'er the battle plain
 The voice of doom is heard:
 "The fight is ended! I have conquered all!
 Before me you have yielded, warriors all!
 Life set you at odds, but I joined you in peace!
 Rise up together for the roll-call of Death!
 March in a solemn file all of you before me,
 My troops I do wish to record.
 Then later your bones in the earth you may lay,
 Sweetly to rest from life's toils in the earth!
 Year after year will pass by unheeded,
 And amongst men no memory of you shall remain.
 But I'll not forget! And over your bones here
 I'll have a loud feast at midnight's hour!
 In the dance's heavy tread upon the damp earth

I'll stamp, so the shades of the grave
Your bones will never, no never escape,
And you'll never rise out of the earth again!"

Composed 5 June 1877 in Tsarskoye-Syelo, dedicated to Prince Arsenyi Golenistchev-Kutosov. For this song Mussorgsky made use of the theme of the Polish revolutionary march "Z dymen pozarow" The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

The Nursery

Vocal Suite of 5 songs on texts by Mussorgsky. First edition 1872, illustrated by Repin. The Besse edition of 1908 contains two additional new songs.

5. With Nanny

Tell me, Nanny,
Tell me, dear Nanny,
The story of the dreadful bogey-man,
And how he used to roam through the forests,
And how he carried off children into the wood,
And devoured their white bones,
And how the children cried out and wept!
Nanny dear!
Was that why the bogey-man ate up the children,
Because they had upset their old Nanny,
And disobeyed their father and mother?
Was that why he ate them up, Nanny dear?

No, wait:
Tell me instead about the Tsar and the Tsaritsa,
Who lived by the sea in a rich palace.
The Tsar was always limping,
And where he stumbled, a mushroom grew up.
The Tsaritsa always had a cold,
And when she sneezed, it made the windows crack!
Listen, Nanny dear,
Don't tell me about the boogey-man again!
Let's leave him alone!
Tell me the other story, the funny one!

Composed 26 April 1868 in St. Petersburg, dedicated to A.S. Dargomizhky. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

6. In the corner

Oh, you naughty boy!
You've tangled my wool, and messed up my needles.
Really! You've made me drop all my stitches!
This sock is all splattered with ink!
Go into the corner! Into the corner!
Off with you into the corner!
You naughty boy!

I didn't do anything, Nanny dear,
I never touched your sock, Nanny dear!
The kitten tangled up your wool,
It was the kitten who messed up your needles;
Misha was a good boy,
Misha was a clever boy.
But Nanny is wicked and old, Nanny has a dirty nose.

Misha is nice and clean, and his hair is properly brushed,
But Nanny's cap is all crooked.
Nanny has upset Misha, and put him in the corner
for no reason at all:
Misha won't love his Nanny any more, so there!

Composed 30 September 1870 in St. Petersburg, dedicated to V.A. Hartmann

7. The Beetle

Nanny, Nanny dear! Listen what's happened,
Nanny darling!
I was playing there on the sand, behind the
summer-house, by the birch-trees,
Building a little house out of maple twigs,
Those which Mama had cut for me.
I'd already finished building the little house,
A little house with a roof, a proper little house,
When suddenly... !
There, right on the roof, a beetle was sitting,
A huge, black one, with his whiskers bristling so
fearfully,
And staring straight at me!
I was terrified! Then he started buzzing and getting
angry,
He opened his wings wide, and wanted to grab hold
of me... !
Then he flew at me and hit me on the forehead!
I hid myself, Nanny dear, and crouched down; I was
afraid to move!
I just peeped out of one eye,
And listen, Nanny, what do you think,
The beetle lay there on his back, with his feet folded
and his nose in the air,
And he wasn't angry any more, and his whiskers
weren't bristling.
Do you think he was dead, or just pretending?
What do you think, Nanny, what was up with the
beetle?
He hit me, and then fell down!
What was he up to, that beetle?

Composed 18 October 1870 in St. Petersburg, dedicated to V. V. Stassov

8. With the Doll

Dolly, bye, bye, Dolly, sleep, go to sleep,
Lie down quietly! Dolly! It's time to go to sleep!
Dolly, sleep, go to sleep, or the boogey-man will eat
you up, the big bad wolf will get you,
And take you away into the dark forest.
Dolly, sleep, go to sleep!
Tell me about your dreams:
About the wonderful island where they don't reap
or sow,
And where luscious pear-trees blossom and ripen,
And where all day and night golden birds sing!
Bye, bye, lullaby, bye, bye, Dolly!

Composed 18 December 1870 in St. Petersburg, dedicated to Tania and Giorgio Mussorgsky, the children of the composer's brother.

9. At Bedtime

"God bless Mummy and Daddy, and keep them
safe, O Lord!
God bless my brothers Vasenka and Mishenka!
God bless my old granny,
Give her good health,
She's such a good granny, a dear old granny, Lord!
And protect, O God, my aunties Katya, Natasha,
Masha, Parasha,
And my aunties Lyuba, Varya, Sasha, Olya, Tanya
and Nadya,
And my uncles Petya and Kolya, my uncles Volodya
and Grisha and Sasha, and all of them,
O Lord, protect and bless them all, and Philya and
Vanya and Mitya and Petya and Dasha,
And Pasha, Sonya, Dunyusha...
Nanny, O Nanny! How does it go next?"
"Really, what a scatterbrain!
How many times have I told you: 'God bless me and
forgive my sins!'"
"God bless me and forgive my sins!
Is that right, Nanny dear?"

*Composed 18 December 1870 in St. Petersburg,
dedicated to Sasha Cui (Cesar Cui's son)*

10. The Hobby-Horse

"Gee up! Trot, trot! Trot!
Trot, trot! Gee up, faster! Gee up!
Gee up, faster! Trot, trot, trot! Trot, trot!
Gee up, gee up, gee up, gee up, gee up,
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, gee up!
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, faster!
Whoa!... Stop! Vasya, hi Vasya!
Listen, come and play today! Don't be late!
Get on now! Trot! Trot! Goodbye, Vasya! I'm off to
Yukki...
But I'll definitely be back by evening,
You know we go to bed very early...
Just come and see!
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, gee up!
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, faster!
Trot! Gee up, faster! Gee up, gee up, faster! Gee
up, gee up! I'll make you go faster!
Oh, it hurts! Oh, my leg! Oh, it hurts! Oh, my leg!...
"My darling boy, what's the matter? Stop crying!
It'll soon get better, my love! Come, stand up
properly:
there, my child! Look, isn't that lovely! Can you
see?
In the bushes on the left! Oh, what a wonderful little
bird! Look at his feathers!
Can you see it? ... So, is it better now?"
"Yes, it is! I've been to Yukki, mama!
Now I must hurry back home...
Trot! Trot! We have guests coming... Trot! We
must hurry..."

*Composed 14 September 1872 in St. Petersburg. The
manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

11. The Cat 'Sailor'

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, Mama, darling Mama!
I just ran to get my sunshade, mama, it's so hot,
I hunted through the cupboard, and I looked in the
table drawer: no luck!
Hurriedly I ran to the window, maybe I'd left the
sunshade there...
Then suddenly I saw, on the window-sill, our cat 'Sailor',
He'd crept up to the cage, and was scartching at it!
The little finch was trembling, and hid in the corner,
chirping.
I got so angry!
"So, Puss, you like eating birdies, don't you?
Stop it! I've got you. Just you look out, Pussy!"
I stood quite calmly and peeped,
I kept one eye on him: what a strange thing!
The cat looked me coolly straight in the eye,
And was just about to grab the bird, when I slapped
him!
Mama, what a hard cage it was! It hurt my fingers
so, mama!
Mama! Here, right at the tips,
It's such an awful pain, an awful pain ""
Oh, what a nasty cat, mama, isn't he?"

*Composed 15 August 1872 in St. Petersburg. First
published 1873, Bessel. The manuscript was until 1917
in the collection of the Russian Musical Gazette.*

12. The Puppet-Show

Come, honourable gentlemen, look this way,
Walk up, come and see, wonder and admire
These great gentlemen, our lords of music!
They're all here!
Once a river overflowed into three streams:
One stream ran through the forest,
Another got lost in a bed of sand,
And the third passed by the mill,
By the mill-wheel made of elm, right by the millstone.
Oh, turn, you wheel, oh, grind, you stone,
Grind out the whole truth about these fine fellows,
These brave musicians.
The show is beginning!
See, breaking away from the clouds,
A dweller in the etemal realms
Comes to show to mortals
The secret mystery of simple things.
He comes with God's help!
He tells us that the minor key is a sin of our forefathers,
And that the major key is the atonement for our sins.
And so, hovering in the clouds with the birds of the sky,
He pours on mortals words too deep for understanding,
And God helps him!
After him, running and skipping, comes Fif, ever young,
Fif the undaunted, Fif the peace-maker, Fif the clever one,
All his life he's been in the midst of things, now he's
losing his head:
He doesn't heed anyone, he can't hear anything,
He heeds only Patti,
He adores Patti, he sings only of PattiL
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa Patti,
Wonderful Patti, divine Patti,

O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa Patti,
Wonderful Patti, divine Patti!
But why that blonde wig?
Patti's blonde wig? A wig!...
A wig!
Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa Patti,
Wonderful Patti, divine Patti,
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa Patti,
Wonderful Patti, divine Patti,
Wonderful, darling, divine, exquisite,
Ha-ha... Ha-ha... Ha-ha... Ha-ha,
Ti-ti, ti-ti, ti-ti, ti-ti,
Pa-Pa Patti, Pa-Pa ti-ti!
O - O -
Pa-Pa-Pa Patti,
O divine Patti!
Here comes a youth staggering, step by step,
His wounds gaping;
He is pale, gloomy and weary,
He pleads for the stain to be washed away,
The shameful stain.
There was a time when he was blameless
And charmed everyone by obeying his elders,
And with his delightful chatter, so shy and child-like,
Captivated many, many hearts.
But that time has passed.
Suddenly sensing within himself a mighty power
He caught sight of the enemy, engaged him in battle,
And was slain.
The poor fellow suffered a moral blow,
A blow of mighty force!
Here he is, Titan!
Titan, Titan!
See how he races and tears along in a fury,
How he roars and rages, storms and threatens,
How terrible and fearsome he is!
On his teutonic Bucephalus,
His hardworked steed of the future,
With armfuls of thunderbolts
Prepared for printing.
Quick, a seat for the genius!
The genius has nowhere to sit.
Call him to dinner!
The genius loves a speech!
Banish all directors!
He'll take everyone's place!
See how he rages!...
On he comes, on he comes,
Straight at them, straight at them,
At the bold lords,
This Titan, this Titan,
With his titanic arrogance.
Oh, what a scandal, what a scandal,
To mix in such a company!
And immediately he blazed with anger,
And fell on them in fury,
And mercilessly overrode them.
And he pushed and pulled
And thumped and bumped them...
But the thunder rolled!... And darkness descended,
And a thick mist began to gather,
And headlong they fell in holy terror,
That cloud-dweller, young Fif

And that proud Titan!
And in a crown of roses and lilies
And snow-white camelias
The Muse approached!
And perfumes filled the air,
And the heroes grew calm
And sang the hymn of prayer:
"O most glorious Euterpe,
O mighty goddess,
Grant us inspiration,
Quicken our feeble strength.
And with a golden shower from Olympus
Water our cornfields;
Goddess of the golden tresses,
Heaven-born muse,
We praise thee eternally,
And raise songs to thee on the sounding zithers!"

Musical satire for bass or baritone, with piano accompaniment. Composed 15 June 1870 in St. Petersburg to Mussorgsky's own text, dedicated to V. Stassov. First edition by Bessel. The original manuscript in the National Library, St. Petersburg.

13. Forgotten (Ballad)

He met his death in a foreign land, in a foreign
land, in battle with the foe,
But the foe was conquered by his troops, and the
troops rejoice. Only he
abandoned on the battlefield, lies alone.
and a greedy crow drinks the blood from his fresh wounds
And pecks at the staring eye, the eye which
threatened death when all were dying,
And now, replete and satisfied, he flies off to distant
lands...
Far away in his homeland
A mother feeds her child by the window:
"There, there! Don't cry, my son, your daddy's
coming! And a pie
I'll bake for him in celebration... "
But he, forsaken, lies alone.

Ballad for voice and orchestra with piano accompaniment. Composed autumn 1874 on a text by Count Golenistchev-Kutusov, dedicated to Vassili V. Verestchagin. First published by Gutheil, 1887.

14. The Seminarist

Panis, piscis, crinis, finis, ignis, lapis, pulvis, cinis...
Oh, you're the cause of all my trouble!
Orbis, amnis et canalis, orbis, amnis et canalis...
That's how the priest gave me a dressing-down,
And blessed me by the scruff of the neck
And with his holy right hand deprived me of my
reason.
Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vestis, vermis, mensis...
Father Semyon has such a splendid daughter,
With ruddy cheeks and languishing eyes,
Her breast like a swan's, stirring and swelling
beneath her bodice.
Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fustis, vestis, vermis, mensis...

O Styosha, my Styosha, would I could kiss you,
And press you firmly to my heart!
Postis, follis, cucumis, atque pollis... Atque pollis...
cucumis, cucumis...
The other day at the service for the most holy and
venerable and renowned Mitrodora
I was reading part of the Scriptures,
But I was peeping at Styosha all the time,
And glancing at the left choir-stall, and giving her a wink.
But that devil of a Father saw everything,
And wrote it down in his little book,
And his worship gave me a threefold blessing on
the ears,
And with all his force beat me on the head with his
Latin grammar:
Orbis, amnis et canalis, et canalis, sanguis, unguis et
annalis, et annalis...
Thus I was tempted by the devil but succeeded in
being accepted into the holy temple.
Amnis et annalis, sanguis, unguis et canalis, et
canalis, et canalis.

*For bass or baritone, with piano accompaniment.
Composed 27 September 1867 to Mussorgsky's own
text and dedicated to Ludmilla I. Shestakova.
Manuscript in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

15. Darling Savishna

Radiant Savishna, my bright falcon,
Love me, witless as I am;
Come, caress this luckless fellow!
Oh, my falcon, my bright falcon,
Darling Savishna, radiant Ivanovna,
Do not spurn this poor destitute fellow,
Though ill-fortune be his lot!
From birth I've caused folk much merriment,
They get fun and amusement out of me!
They say, Savishna, I'm feeble-minded,
call me -listen - 'Holy Vanya',
Darling Savishna, radiant Ivanovna,
They kick holy Vanya,
They give me food and then honour me with a clout
on the head.
But festivals when they dress in their finery,
And deck themselves in scarlet ribbons,
They give poor Vanya only a crust of bread,
So as not to forget holy Vanya.
Darling Savishna, my bright falcon,
Love me, for all my ugliness;
Come, caress this lonely fellow!
I love you more than I can say,
Darling Savishna, believe me or not, Radiant Savishna!

*For voice and piano. Composed 2 September at Minkino
St. Petersburg) Text by Mussorgsky. Dedicated to Cesar
Cui. First published 1867 by Jurgenson. The manuscript
was presented to Cesar Cui, who gave it to the Cavalry
School in St. Petersburg.*

16. The He-goat

A maiden went walking through the meadow, to
show off her beauty,
When suddenly she met a goat!
An old, grimy, bearded goat,
Fearful, threatening, shaggy, a real devil!

The maiden was frightened,
And ran away from the goat straight into a bush,
And hid herself,
Hardly daring to breathe, and scarce alive.

The maiden went to church,
For it was time to wed, so she got married!
Her husband was old and hunchbacked,
Bald, evil-looking and bearded, a real devil.

So was the maiden frightened?
Certainly not! She caressed her husband,
And assured him she'd be faithful, hm! and that she loved
him, And that she'd be a model wife.

*"A little anecdote of polite society" for voice and piano.
Composed 23 December 1867 in St. Petersburg, to an
adapted text. Dedicated to A.P. Borodin. First published
1868 by Jurgenson. The manuscript is in the State
Library, St. Petersburg.*

17. Mephistopheles' Song of the Flea

There was once a king
Who kept a flea,
A flea... a flea!
It was dearer to him than his own son;
A flea... ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A flea? Ha, ha, ha, ha, A flea!
The king summoned his tailor: "Listen, you blockhead!
For this dear friend of mine
Sew a velvet doublet!"
A doublet for a flea? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! For a flea?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
A doublet? Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
A doublet for a flea?
And so in gold and velvet
The flea was arrayed,
And he enjoyed complete freedom at court. Ha, ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! For a flea! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha! For a flea!
The king made him a minister,
And awarded him a star as well,
And all his relations got the same. Ha, ha!
But the queen
And all the ladies
Couldn't stand the fleas,
Who made their lives impossible. Ha, ha!
They were afraid to touch them,
Let alone kill them.
But if one starts to bite us,
We'll soon take a swipe at him!
Ha, ha,... etc.

*Composed on a journey in 1879 to Strougovtschikov's
translation of Goethe's Faust. Dedicated to the singer D.
M. Leonova*

CD12

1. Nadgrabnoye pis'mo

Zlaya smert', kak korshun khishchny, vpilas yam v
serdtse i ubila;
Palach ot bytiya vekov proklyaty, ona pokhitila i vas!
O, yesli-by mogli postignut' vashu dushu vse te,
Komu, ya znayu, lik moy vopl' bezumy!
O, yesli-b yam vnimali... V besede, v zharkom spore,
Mechtoy, byt' mozhet smeloy, ya nachertal-by lyudyam
Vash obraz svetly, lyubovyu pravdy ozaryonny,
Vash um pytlivy, spokojno na lyudey vziravshy.
Vy vo-vremya porvali "s bleskom sveta" svyaz
privychki,
Rasstalis s nim bez gneva
I dumoy neustannoy poznali zhizn inuyu.
Zhizn mysli dlya truda svyatovo
Kogda konchinoy materi lyubimoy, vsyakoyu
zhiteyskoyu nevzgodoy
Otbrosenny ot ochaga rodnoyo, razbity, zloy,
izmuchenny,
Ya robko, trevozhno, kak puganny rebyonok, v vashu
svyatuyu dushu postuchalsa...
Iskal spasen'ya...

2. Neponyatnaya

Tikha i molchaliva.
Molchaniye pugayet vas,
Kromeshniki tolpy vseядnoy!
Skromna, nasmeshliva, pozhaluy?
Pozhaluy, da nu shto-zhe?

Ne slishkom uzh gorda-li, polno?
I vy, lukavtsy zhalkiye,
Vy smeyete podnyatsa
I brosit' obvinen'ye!

Molchite! Ya skazal:
Molchite, kak ona molchit,
I slushayte stuk molota
Po vashey sovesti okameneloy!

3. Ne Bozhiim gromom gore udarilo

Ne Bozhiim gromom gore udarilo,
Ne tyazheley skaloy navalilosa,
Sobiralos ono malymi tuchkami,
Zatyanuli tuchki nebo yasnoye,
Poseyalo gore melkim dozhdichkom,
Melkim dozhdichkom osenniim.

A i seyet ono davnym-davno,
I sechyot ono bez umolku,
Bez umolku, bez ustali,
Bez kontsa sechyot, bez otdykha.
Uzhe polno gore dub lomat' po prutikam,
Shchipati po listikam!

A i byvalo zhe drugim schast' itse:
Naletalo gore vikhrem bureyu,
Vorochalo gore duby s kornem von.

4. Gomimi tikho letela dusha nebesami

Gornimi tikho lete1a dusha nebesami,
Grustnyye dolu ona opuskala resnitsy,
Slyozy v prostranstvo ot nikh udalaya zvyezdami,
Svetloy i dlinnoy vilisya za ney verenitsey.

Vstrechnyye tikho yeyo voprosnali svetila:
"Shto tak grustna i o chom eti slyozy vo vzore?"
Im otrechala ona: "ya zemli ne zabyla.
Mnogo ostavila tarn ya stradan' ya i gorya.

Zdes ya lish likam blazhenstva i radosti vnemlyu,
Pravednykh dushi ne znayut ni skorbi, ni zloby.
O, otpusti menya snova, sozdatel', na zemlyu,
Bylo-b o kom pozhalet' i uteshit' kovo-by!"

5. Spes

Khodit spes naduvayuchis,
S boku na bok perevalivayas.
Rostom spes arshin s chetvert'yu,
Shapka-to na nyom vo tselu sazhen.
A i zashol by spes k otsu k materi,
Da vorota ne krasheny!
A i pomolilsa b spes vo tserkvi Bozhiyey,
Da pol ne metyon!
Idyot spes,vidit na nebe radugu;
Povernul spes vo druguyu storonu:
Ne prigozhe-de mne nagibatisa!

6. Oy, chest'li to molodtsu lyon pryasti?

Oy, chest'li to molodtsu lyon pryasti?
A i khvala-li boyarinu kichku nosit',
Voyevode povodu khodit'?
Guslyaru-pevunu vo prikaze sidet',
Vo prikaze sidet', potolok koptit'?

Oy, konya-b yemu, gusli zvonkiye,
Oy, v luga-b yemu, vo zelyony bor,
Cherez rechenku da v tyomny sad,
Gde solovushko na cheryomushke
Tselu nochenku na prolyot poyot!

7. Ya videl noch

Ya videl noch; ona peredo mnoy,
Vsya v chornom shla, zhivaya, molodaya
Volshebnitsa, s poniksey golovoy,
Zarnitsami, kak vzglyadami sverkaya.

Prozrachen byl yeyo vozdushny stan;
No chuyal ya dykhan'ya znoyny trepet.
I v tishine, kak laskovy obman,
Nezrimykh ust prizvny nyossya lepet:

Kazalos mne, shto chudnaya zovyot
Menya s soboy k lyubvi i naslazhden'yu.
I ya vsyo shol, vsyo shol za ney vperyod,
Ob'yaty ves ognym yeyo i ten'yu.

8. Rassevayetsa, rasstupayetsa

Rassevayetsa, rasstupayetsa
Grust' pod dumami, pod moguchimi,
Vdushu tyomnuyu probivayetsa
Slovno solnyshko mezhdru tuchami.

Oy-li, molodets, ne rasstupitsa,
Ne rasseyetsa noch osennyya;
Skoro svedayesh, chem iskupitsa
Nepokazanny mig vesel'ya.

Prikachnulas, privalilas
K serdtsu syznova grust' obychnaya.
I golovushka vnov sklonilas,
Bestalannaya, goremychnaya

9. Na Dnepre

Stoy, Dnepr!
Slushay, Dnepr!
Dnepr ty may shiroky, goy ty, Dnepr gluboky!

Mnogo ty krovi kazachey
V dal'neye more dal'ney dorogoy nosil,
Tol'ko-tol'ko ty morya ne spoil, ty ne spoil!
Sevodnya umyosha, sevodnya dozhd'yosha, shiroky
moy Dnepr!
Sevodnya at Boga Ukrainy zhd'yot prazdnik,
I prazdnik tot strashny, i mnogo-mnogo prol'yot ana
krovi,
Kazak ozhivyot:
I vstanut Getmany v odezhdakh parchovykh

I budet kak prezhd
Ukrayna zhiva;

I vdal' po stepi, nad kurganami brat'yev,
Na strakh vragam zablestit bulava;
I snova kazak spoyot ne potayno,
Privol'no i likho spoyot pro Ukrainu:
Svobodna do morya, net lyakhov s zhidami.
Dnepr unyos ikh kosti, kosti vrazhi, krov'yu
shlyakhetskoy,
Krov'yu zhidovskoy dal'neye more on spoil.

Stoy, Dnepr! Slushay, Dnepr!
Skoro ty dozhd'yosha, skoro ty umyosha!
Stoy, Dnepr!
Stoy, gluboky Dnepr!

10. Kolybel'naya yryomushki

Bayu, bay, bay,
Bayu, bay, bay.
Nizhe tonenkoy bylinochki
Nado golovu klonit',
Shtoby bednoy sirotinushke
Bespechal'no vek prozhit'.
Bayu, bay, bay,
Bayu, bay, bay.

Sila lomit i solomushku,
Poklonis ponizhe yey,

Shtoby starshiye Yeryomushku
V lyudi vyveli skorey.
Bayu, bay, bay,
Bayu, bay, bay.

V lyudi vyydyesh, vsyo s vel'mozhami
Stanesh družestvo vodit',
S molodymi da s prigozhimi
Budesh s barami shalit'.
I vesolaya, i privol'naya
Zhizn pokatitsa shutya.
Bayu, bay, bay,
Bayu, bay, bay.

11. Pirushka

Vorota tesovy rastvorilis,
Na konyakh na sanyakh gosti v'yekhali,
Im khozyain s zhenoy nizko klanyalis,
So dvora povelil v svetlu gorenku,
Pered Spasom svyatykh gosti molyatsa,
Za dubovy stoly za nabranyye,
Na dubovy skami seli zvanyye.
Bakhromoy kisyoy prinaryazhena,
Molodaya zhena chernobrovaya,
Obkhodila vokrug s potseluyami,
Rasnosila gostyam chashu gorkova,
Sam khozyain za ney bragoy khmel'noy
Iz kovshy vyrezykh rodnykh potchuyet,
A khozyayskaya doch myodom sychenym
Obnosila vokrug s laskoy devichey.
Gosti pyut i yedyat, zabavlyayutsa
Ot vecherney zari do polunochi.

12. Klassik

Ya prost, ya yasen, ya skromen, vezhliv, ya prekrasen..
Ya plaven, vazhen, ya v mem strasten,
Ya chisty klassik, ya stydliv,
Ya chisty klassik, ya uchtiv.
Ya zleyshy vrag noveyshikh ukhishchreniy,
Zaklyaty vrag vsekh novovvedeniy;
Ikh shum i gam, ikh strashny besporyadok
Menya trevozhit i pugayet, v nikh grob iskustva vizhu
ya.
No ya, ya prost, no ya, ya yasen, ya skromen, vezhliv,
ya prekrasen.
Ya chisty klassik, ya stydliv,
Ya chisty klassik, ya uchtiv.

13. Iz slyoz moikh

Iz slyoz moikh vyroslo
Mnogo dushistikh i yarkikh tsvetov,
A vzdokhi moi perelilis
V polunoshchny khor solovyov.

I yesli menya ty polyubish,
Malyutka, tsvetochki tvoiy;
I zvuchnuyu pesn pod okoshom,
Tebe, moy drug, spoyut solovi.

Bez solntasa

14. V chetyryokh stenakh

Komnatka tesnaya, tikhaya, milaya,
Ten neproglyadnaya, ten bezotvetnaya,
Duma glubokaya, pesnya unylaya,
V byushchemsya serdtse nadezhda zavetnaya,

Bystry polyot za mgnoven'yem mgnoveniya,
Vzor nepodvizhny na schast'ye dalyokoye,
Mnogo somneniya, mnogo terpeniya,
Vot ona, noch moya, noch odinokaya.

15. Menya ty v tolpe ne uznala

Menya ty v tolpe ne uznala,
Tvoy vzglyad ne skazal nichevo.
No chudno i strashno mne stalo,
Kogda ulovil ya yevo.

To bylo odno lish mgnoven'ye,
No, ver mne, ya v nyom perenyos
Vsey proshloy lyubvi naslazhden'ye,
Vsyu gorech zabven'ya i slyoz!

16. Okonchen prazdny, shumny den

Okonchen prazdny, shumny den;
Lyudskaya zhizn, umolknuv, dremlit.
Vsyo tikho. Mayskoy nochi ten
Stolitsu spyashchuyu ob'yemlet.

No Son ot glaz moikh bezhit,
I pri luchakh inoy dennitsy
Voobrazheniye vertit
Godov utrachennykh stranitsy.

Kak budto vnov, vdykhaya yad
Vesennikh, strastnykh snovideniy,
V dushe ya voskreshayu ryad
Nadezhd, poryvov, zabluzhdeniy...

Uvy, to prizraki odni!
Mne skuchno s myortvoy ikh tolpoyu,
I shum ikh staroy boltoyni
Uzhe ne vlasten nado mnoyu.

Lish ten odna iz vsekh teney
Yavilas mne, dysha lyubovyu,
I, Verny drug minuvshikh dney,
Sklonilas tikho k izgolovyu.

I smelo otdal yey odnoy
Vsyu dushu ya v sleze bezmolvnoy,
Nikem nezrimoy, schast'ya polnoy...
V sleze, davno khranimoy mnoy!...

17. Skuchay

Skuchay. Ty sozdana dlya skuki,
Bez zhguchikh chuvstv otrady net,
Kak net vozrata bez razluki
Kak bez boren'ya net pobed.

Skuchay. Skuchay, slovam lyubvi vnimaya
V tishi serdechnoy pustoty,
Privetom lzhevym otvechaya
Na pravdu devstvennoy mechty.

Skuchay. S rozhden'ya do mogily
Zarane put' nachertan tvoj,
Po kaple ty istratish sily,
Potom umryosh - i Bog s toboy!
I Bog s toboy!

18. Elegiya

V tumane dremlit noch. Bezmolvnaya zvezda
Skvoz dymku oblakov mertsayet odinoko.
Zvenyat bubentsami unylo i dalyoko
Koney pasushchikhsya stada.

Kak nochi oblaka, izmenchivyye dумы
Nesutsa nado mnoy, tevozhny i ugrayumy;
V nikh otbleski nadezhd, kogda-to dorogikh,
Davno poteryannykh, davno uz ne zhivykh,
V nikh sozhaleniya... i slyozy.

Nesutsa dумы te bez tseli i kontsa.
To, prevratyas v cherty lyubimovo litsa,
Zovut, rozhdaya vnov v dushe bylyye gryozy;
To, slivshis v chorny mrak, polny nemoy ugrozy,
Gryadushchevo borboy pugayut robky um,
I slyshitsa vdali nestroynoy zhizni shum,
Tolpy bezdushnoy smekh, vrazhdy kovarny ropot,
Zhiteyskoy melochi nezaglushimy shopot,
Unyly Smerti zvon!... Predvestnitsa zvezda,
Kak budto polnaya styda,
Slayvayet svetly lik v tumane bezotradnom,
Kak budushchnost' moya, nemom i
neproglyadnom.

19. Nad rekoy

Mesyats zadumchivy, zvyozdy dalyokiye
S sinevo neba vodami lyubuyutsa.
Molcha smotryu ya na vody glubokiye:
Tayny volshebnyye serdtsem v nikh chuyutsa.
Pleshchut, tayatsa, laskatel'no nezhniyye;
Mnogo v ikh ropote sily charuyushchey:
Slyshatsa dумы i strasti bezbrezhnyye.
Golos nevedomy, dushu volnuyushchy,
Nezhit, pugayet, navodit somneniye...
Slushat' velit-li on? S mesta-b ne sdvinulsa;
Gonit-li proch? Ubezhal-by v smyatenii.
V glub-li zovyot? Bez oglyadki-b ya kinulsa!...

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

1. Cruel death: Epitaph

Cruel death, like some predatory vulture, stabbed your heart with his claws, and killed you;
Accursed executioner from time immemorial, he carried even you away!
Oh, if all those for whom my very appearance betokens one long cry of despair
Could but comprehend the depths of your soul!
If they had only listened to you... in conversation or in the heat of a quarrel,
Then I would draw, for all men to see, though it were perhaps but an audacious dream,
Your bright image, lit by the love of truth,
And your searching mind, gazing serenely upon mortals.
In time you broke that habit of 'vain worldly thoughts',
And abandoned it calmly,
And your unwearying mind sought a different life,
A life of contemplating holy labours.
When my dear mother died, all life's cruel blows fell upon me:
I was turned out of my home, cast away, vengeful and tormented;
then, trembling and fearful as a frightened child, I turned to your sacred spirit, And sought salvation...

'Epitaph' for voice and piano. Composed in 1875 in St. Petersburg to a text by Mussorgsky 'For the death of N. P. O...ci...noi: (Opochinina), First edition 1912, Bessel. Manuscript in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

2. The misunderstood one

She is quiet and breathes no word,
Yet her silence alarms you,
Worthless dregs of the ravenous crowd!
She is modest and mocking, maybe?
Maybe she is, but what of it?

You don't mean she is too proud, then?
And you, you pitiful hypocrites,
You dare to rise up
And cast accusations on her!

Be silent! I said:
Be silent, as she is silent,
And listen to those hammer blows
Falling on your hearts of stone!

For voice and piano. Composed 21 December 1875 in St. Petersburg to a text by Mussorgsky, and dedicated to Maria Ism. Kostyurina. First edition, Bessel, 1911. Manuscript was until 1917 in the possession of A. A. Makarov.

3. Misfortune

Misfortune struck, not with a single thunder-clap,
Nor like the falling of a heavy rock;
It came as light clouds
That cover the clear sky;
Misfortune was scattered everywhere like gentle rain,
Like the gentle rain of autumn.

Misfortune has long been scattered wide,
And it beats unceasingly,
Unceasingly, tirelessly,
Endlessly it beats, without respite.
Enough of chopping the oak tree to pieces,
And plucking off the leaves!

Others had a better fate:
Misfortune overtook them with the fury of a storm,
And tore up the oaks by the roots.

For voice and piano. Composed 5 March 1877 in St. Petersburg to a text by Count A. Tolstoy, and dedicated to F. Andalion. Manuscript in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

4. The Spirit of Heaven

The Spirit roamed quietly through the lofty heavens,
And downwards bent her sorrow-laden eyes
Tears fell from them into space like stars,
And twisted and turned after her in a long bright trail.

Heavenly bodies in her path questioned her gently:
'Why so sad, and wherefore these tears in your eyes?'
She answered them: "I cannot forget the earth,
For I left there much suffering and sorrow.

Now I can hear only cries of joy and bliss;
The souls of the righteous know neither sorrow nor evil.
Oh, let me return again, my Maker, to the earth,
Let me bring consolation and comfort to those in need!"

For voice and piano. Composed 9 March 1877 in St. Petersburg, to a text by Count A. Tolstoy. The manuscript is in the State Library of St. Petersburg.

5. Pride

Pride goes along all puffed-up,
Swaggering from side to side.
Pride is but three feet tall,
Yet his hat's seven feet.
Pride would gladly visit his father and mother,
But their gate isn't painted!
He'd like to go to church to say a prayer,
But the floor hasn't been swept!
Pride was Walking along when he saw a rainbow;
He turned and ran in the opposite direction:
"It's not right I should bow down before that!"

For voice and piano. Composed 16 May 1877 in St. Petersburg to a text by Count A. Tolstoy. Dedicated to A. E. Palchikov. First edition, Bessel, 1882. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

6. Is spinning man's work?

Is spinning man's work?
Should a boyar wear a woman's headdress,
And should a monarch have to fetch water?
Should a minstrel be told to sit and wait,
To sit and wait, and idle his life away?

Rather give him a horse and strings to play,
Let him make for the meadows and the green wood,
And cross the river to the shady garden,
Where the nightingale in the cherry-tree
Sings as she flies the whole night long!

Romance for voice and piano. Composed 20 March 1877 in St. Petersburg, to a text of Count A. Tolstoy. First edition, Bessel, 1882. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

7. Vision

I saw the night; she passed before me,
All clothed in black, a spirited, young
Enchantress with bent head,
Her eyes flashing like lightning.

Her ethereal form seemed transparent;
But I felt the trembling ardour of her breath,
And in the stillness, like a tender illusion, the murmur
from unseen lips lured me on:

It seemed the fair one was calling me
To the delights of love.

And still I followed, followed her,
Enveloped in her fire and in her shadow

For voice and piano. Composed 7 April 1877 in St. Petersburg to a text by Prince A. Golenistchev-Kutusov and dedicated to E. A. Goulevitch. First edition, Bessel, 1882. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

8. Trouble

It fades and disperses,
This sorrow, under the mighty power of reason,
And into my dark soul light breaks through,
As the sun through the clouds.

Ah, my friend, this autumn night
Will neither fade nor disperse;
All too soon you will know the price you must pay
For this unaccountable moment of joy.

It has returned to my heart again,
All the old sorrow, swirling around me,
And once again my head is bowed
As adversity and misfortune pursue me.

Romance for voice and piano. Composed 21 March 1877 in St. Petersburg to a text by Count A. Tolstoy, dedicated to Olga Golenistchev-Kutusov. First edition, Bessel, 1882. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

9. On the Dnieper

Stay, O Dnieper!
Hear me, O Dnieper!
You wide Dnieper, hail, deep river!

Much Cossack blood
Have you borne on the long journey to the distant sea,
Yet you have not satisfied the thirsty ocean!
Today your waters will abate, your waiting will end,
O wide Dnieper!
Today God has ordered a feast for Ukraine,
It will be a feast full of horror, and the blood will flow
in torrents,
And the Cossacks will come to life again:
And Hetmans will rise in garments of brocade,

And Ukraine will live
As before;

And far over the steppes, on the graves of our brothers,
The mace will flash and strike fear in the enemy;
And again the Cossacks will chant songs out aloud,
They will sing freely and proudly of Ukraine:
A free land as far as the sea, where there are no Poles or
Jews.
The Dnieper has borne their bones away, the enemy's
bones,
And slaked the distant sea's thirst with the blood of
noblemen and Jews.

Stay, O Dnieper! Hear me, Dnieper!
Soon your waiting will end, soon your waters will
abate,
Stay, O Dnieper!
Stay, deep river!

For voice and piano. Composed 23 December 1879 to a text by Chevchenko, drawn from the poem Gaidamaki. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

10. Yeryomushka's Cradle Song

Lulla, lullaby,
Lulla, lullaby,
Lower than the slenderest stem
Must you bend your head,
So the poor orphan child
May have a life free from care.
Lulla, lullaby,
Lulla, lullaby.
Strong winds can break the slightest stalk,
So bend your head lower,
Then his elders can help Yeryomushka
To get on in life the better.
Lulla, lullaby,
Lulla, lullaby.
You will enjoy success, and strike up friendships
With the great and mighty,
And you will plan many an escapade
With fine young men about town.
Thus happy and carefree
You will enjoy life to the full.
Lulla, lullaby,
Lulla, lullaby.

For voice and piano. Composed 16 March 1868 in St. Petersburg to a text by Nekrassov, and dedicated to A. S. Dargomizhky. First edition, Bessel, 1871.

11. The Feast

The wooden gates are open wide,
And the guests enter on horse or sledge;
Their host and his wife greet them kindly,
And lead them from the entrance to the brightly-lit
chamber,
Where the guests pray before the holy Saviour
Then they are invited to the laden oak tables
To sit on oak benches.
Arrayed in an embroidered muslin gown,
The young black-browed wife
Mingles with her friends and embraces them
And gives a cup to each guest for the toasts,
While the host comes after her with the foaming beer
And serves his family guests from carved goblets.
And the daughter of the house comes round
With sweet honey, in her gentle modest way.
The guests drink and eat and make merry
From dusk until midnight.

*Tale for voice and piano. Composed at the end of
September 1867 in Minkino, to a text by Koltzov and
dedicated to Ludmilla I. Chestakova. First edition 1868,
Jurgenson.*

12. The classicist

My style is simple, clear, modest, polite and elegant,
Smooth, lofty, and moderately passionate;
I am a pure classicist, and retiring,
I am a pure classicist, and courteous.
I am violently against all new trends,
A sworn enemy of all innovations;
The din and hubbub, the fearful commotion,
Alarm and terrify me, I see in them the death of art.
But my style is simple, clear, modest, polite and elegant,
I am a pure classicist, and retiring,
I am a pure classicist, and courteous.

*Musical satire on various articles by M. Famintsin on
music. Composed 30 December 1867 in St. Petersburg to a
text by Mussorgsky, and dedicated to N. P. Opochinin.
First edition by the composer set by Bernard, 1870.*

13. From my tears

From my tears spring
Bright, fragrant flowers,
And my sighs have become
A nightingales' chorus.

And if you love me, my darling,
The flowers shall be yours,
And beneath your window, dear one,
The nightingales shall sing.

*Composed 1866 to M. Mikhailov's translation of the
poem by Heinrich Heine*

Sunless

*Song cycle for voice with piano accompaniment.
Composed in 1874 in St. Petersburg, to a text of Prince
Arsenyi Golenistchev-Kufusov. First edition, 1874, Bessel.*

14. Within Four Walls

My little room is tiny, peaceful, welcoming,
The shadows are impenetrable and unanswering,
My thoughts are deep and my song is melancholy,
Yet in my beating heart hope lies hidden.

The moments fly swiftly by, one by one,
While my eyes are fixed on distant happiness;
Full of doubts, I wait patiently,
Thus it is, this night, my night of loneliness.

15. In the crowd

You did not see me in the crowd,
Your glance held no message.
But I Was filled with wonder and fear,
When I perceived it.

It was just one fleeting moment,
But I swear that in it I suffered anew
The delights of all our former love,
And all the grief of oblivion and tears.

16. An end to the futile, hectic day

An end to the futile, hectic day;
And human life, now silent, slumbers.
All is quiet. The May night's shadow
Shrouds the sleeping city.

But sleep is banished from my eyes,
And by the light of another dawn
My imagination turns back the pages
Of years gone for ever.

And again I breathe in the poison
Of those passionate dreams of youth,
And in my soul spring to life again
All those hopes, urges and delusions...

Alas, they are but ghosts!
Enough of these dead visions,
The noise their chatter used to make
No longer has any power over me.

Of all those shades there is but one
Which came to me and breathed of love
A faithful friend of days gone by,
Who quietly leaned over my pillow.

To her alone I bravely surrendered
My soul in silent tears,
Tears unseen, filled with happiness,
Tears long ago treasured in my heart.

17. Ennui

Ennui. This yearning is your destiny,
Without ardour and passion there is no joy,
Just as there is no return without a parting,
And without a battle no victory.

Ennui. You will languish when hearing love's message
In the silence of an empty heart,
Answering with false words of greeting
The true words of a maiden's dream.

Ennui. From cradle to the grave
Your path in life is preordained;
Drop by drop your strength will vanish.
Then you will die - and God be with you!
God be with you!

18. Elegy

In the darkness night slumbers. A silent star
Twinkles alone through the cloudy mist.
And mournfully in the distance ring out
The bells on the grazing horses.

Like clouds in the night my turbulent thoughts
Swirl above my head, troubled and gloomy;
And in them are reflected those once fond hopes of mine,
Long since lost, long since dead;
In them are regrets... and tears.

These thoughts swirl around aimlessly, endlessly;
Sometimes taking on the features of a beloved face,
They call out, re-creating in my soul dreams of long ago;
And sometimes, merging into darkness, with silent threats

Of future strife, they frighten my poor brain,
And far away I hear the sound of life's discordant bustle,
The laughter of the callous crowd, the insidious, hostile
murmurs,
The unmuffled sounds of life's petty trifles.

That mournful death-knell! A prophetic star
As though possessed with shame,
Hides its bright face in the cheerless gloom,
As do my hopes, in the mute, impenetrable shado

19. On the river

The pensive moon and the distant stars
Gaze down from the blue sky in wonder at the waters.
And I look silently at the deep waters:
I can feel in my heart their magical secrets.
They splash, then fall back, in their tender caressing;
I feel in their murmur a force drawing my soul,
And I can hear unending musings and passions.
A mysterious voice, disturbing my soul,
Soothes, then scares, filling me with doubts...
Does it bid me listen? Then I would not stir from here;
Does it bid me be gone? Then I would flee in confusion.
Does it call me to its depths? Then I would plunge in
without a backward glance!...

CD13

1. Gde ty, zvyozdochka?

Gde ty, zvyozdochka, akh, gde ty, yasnaya?
Il' zatmilasa tuchey chornoyu,
tuchey chornoyu, tuchey groznoyu?

Gde ty, devitsa, gde ty, krasnaya?
Il' pokinula druga milovo,
druga milovo nenaglyadnovo?

Tucha chornaya skryla zvyozdochku,
zemlya khladnaya vzyala devitsu.

Grekov

2. Vesyoly chas

Dayte bokaly, dayte vina!
Radost' mgnoven'ya vypem do dna!
Gromkiye pesni gryan'te, druzya!
Pust' nas vesyolykh vidit zarya!

Nyne piruyem yunost' na chas,
nynche vesel'ye radost' u nas,
zavtra shto budet, znayu, druzya,
pust' nas vesyolykh vidit zarya!

Dayte bokaly, dayte vina!
Radost' mgnoven'ya vypem do dna!
Gromkiye pesni gryan'te, druzya!
Pust' nas vesyolykh vidit zarya!

Shumno, razgul'no poyte, druzya,
leyte v bokaly bol'she vina!
Nu-te vse razom vypem do dna!
Pust' nas vesyolykh vidit zarya!

Dayte-zh bokaly, dayte vina!
Radost' mgnoven'ya vypem do dna!
Gromkiye pesni gryan'te, druzya!
Pust' nas vesyolykh vidit zarya!

Kol'tsov

3. List'ya shumeli unylo

List'ya shumeli unylo
v dubrave nochnoyu poroy;
grob opustili v mogilu,
grob, ozaryonny lunoy.

Tikho, bez placha zaryli
i udalilis vse proch,
tol'ko sklonyas nad mogiloy,
list'ya shumeli vsyu noch.

Pleshcheyev

4. Mnogo yest' u menya teremov i sadov

Mnogo yest' u menya teremov i sadov
i razgol'nykh poley i dremuchikh lesov,
dremuchikh, dremuchikh lesov.

Mnogo yest' u menya zhemchugov i mekhov,
raznotsvetnykh odezhd,
dragotsennykh kovrov.

Mnogo yest' u menya dlya pirov serebra,
dlya besed krasnykh slov, dlya vesel'ya vina,
dlya vesel'ya vina, dlya vesel'ya vina!

No ya znayu, na shto tray volshebnykh,
volshebnykh ishchu, no ya znayu, znayu, o chom
sam s soboyu grushchu.

Kol'tsov

5. Molitva

Ya, Mater Bozhiya, nyne s molitvoyu
pred Tvoim obrazom yarkim siyaniyem
ne za svoyu molyu dushu pustynnyu,
za dushu strannika v mire bezrodnovo,
no ya vruchit' khochu dushu nevinnuyu
tyoploy zastupnitse mira kholodnovo.
Okruzhi schastiyem schast'ya dostoynyuyu,
day yey soputnikov polnykh vnimaniya,
molodost' svetluyu, starost' pokoynyuyu,
serdtsu nezlobnomu mir upovaniya.

O, Mater Bozhiya, Tebya molyu!

Lermontov

6. Otchevo, skazhi, dusha-devitsa?

Otchevo, skazhi, dusha-devitsa,
ty sidish teper prigoryunilas
i bezmolvnaya na dorozhenku
ty, vzdokhnuv, glyadish ne nasmotrishsa?

Il's toboy pri tebe netu milovo,
il' ostyla v nyom krov goryachaya,
il' ty yemu uzh naskuchila,
il' zabyl tebya tvoy serdechny drug?

Net, moy mily drug ne zabyl menya
i ne to shchemit serdtse bednoye,
a ya milovo v dal'nu storonu,
v put'-dorozhenky provozhayu ya,
a ya milova v dal'nu storonu,
v put'-dorozhenku snaryazhayu ya.

Pleshcheyev

7. Shto yam slova lyubvi?

Shto yam slova lyubvi? - Vy bredom nazovyyote,
Shto slyozy yam moi? - I slyoz vy ne poymyote.

Ostavte-zh mne mechty, ni slovom i ni vzglyadom
serdechnoy teplyoty ne otravlyayte yadom!

Lyublyu yeyo odnu, kak zhizn moyu,
kak svet lyublyu, lyublyu, kak tishinu
moikh ocharovaniy,

ot zloy lyudskoy tolpy ya v dal' nemuyu rvusa
i k ney na kryl'yakh dum dalyoko unoshusa.

Ammosov

8. Duyut vetry, vetry buynnye

Duyut vetry, vetry buynnye,
khodyat tuchi, khodyat tuchi tyomnyye.
Khodyat tuchi, khodyat tyomnyye,
tuchi tyomnyye.

Ne vidat' v nikh, ne vidat' sveta belova,
ne vidat' v nikh belova,
ne vidat' v nikh solntsa krasnova.

Vo syroy vo mgle, za tumanami,
tol'ko nochka, nochka lish cherneyetsa.
Duyut vetry, duyut buynnye,
khodyat tuchi, khodyat tyomnyye,
khodyat tyomnyye.

Kol'tsov

9. No yesli-by s toboyu ya vstretit'sa mogla

Rasstalis gordo my - ni slovom, ni slezoyu
ya grusti priznaka tebe ne podala.
My razoshlis navek!

No yesli-by s toboyu ya vstretit'sa mogla!

Bez slyoz, bez zhalob ya sklonilas
pred sud'boyu. Ne znayu,
sdelav mne tak mnogo v zhizni zla,
lyubilli ty menya?

No yesli-by s toboyu ya vstretit'sa mogla!

Kurochkin

10. Malyutka

Akh, zachem tvoi glazki poroyu
na menya tak surovo glyadyat?
I tomit moyu dushu toskoyu
tvoy kholodny, nelaskovy vzglyad?

Bez ulybki i v gordom molchan'i
ty prokhodish kak ten predo mnoyu,
i v dushe zataivshi stradan'ye,
ya revnivo slezhu za toboy.

Ty lyubovyu svoey ozaryala,
kak vesnoy, moi grustnyye dni,
prilaskay-zhe menya kak byvalo,
laskoy proch moyu grust' otgoni.

Zachem zhe tvoi glazki poroyu
na menya tak surovo glyadyat?

Pleshcheyev

11. Pesn startsa

Stanu skromno u poroga,
tikho v dveri ya voydu,
kto podast mne, radi Boga,
snova daleye poydu.

Schastliv, kto pered soboyu
uzrit bednoy menya,
on poplachet nado mnoyu,
a o chom, ne znayu ya.

Goethe

12. Tsar Saul

O vozhd! Yesli palo na dolyu moyu
pred gospodnim narodom besslavno
pogibnut' v boyu - ne smushchaytes!
V bitvu idite smeley!

Pust' uznayut vragi silu nashikh mechey,
silu nashikh tyazhnikh mechey.
Ty, nesushchy za mnoyu moy mech i moy shchit,
yesli voysko moyo smutny strakh porazit,
yesli drognet ono i ot vraga pobezhit,
O, ne day perezhit' mne tot mig rokovoy,
pust' umru ya, srazhonny tvoyeyu rukoy!

O moy syn! Moy naslednik,
uzh k bitve zov po kholmam proletel
i pir nam sulit, krovavy pir.
Ty vidish li, v slave nash venets zasyal
i nad droгнуvshim stanom mech vraga zasverkal.
O moy syn, to dlya nas chas posledniy, strashny nastal!

Byron

13. Noch

Tvoy obraz laskovy tak poln ocharovan'ya,
tak manit k sebe, tak obol'shchayet,
trevozha son moy tikhy v chas polnochi
bezmolvnoy...

I mnitsa, shepchesh ty. Tvoi slova,
slivayas i zhurcha chistoy struykoy,
nado mnoyu v nochnoy tishi igrayut,
polny lyubvi, polny otrady, polny vseiy sili
char volshebnoy negi i zabven'ya...

Vo t'me nochnoy, v polnochny chas,
tvoi glaza blistayut predno mnoy.

Mne, mne ulybayutsa, i zvuki slyshu ya:
moy drug, moy nezhny drug! Lyublyu tebya,
tvoya, tvoya!

Pushkin

14. Kalistratushka

Nado mnoy pevala matushka,
kolybel' moyu kachayuchi:
budesh schastliv, Kalistratushka,
budesh zhit' ty pripevayuchi.
I sbylos po vole Bozhiyey
predskazan'ye moyey matushki.
Net schastlivey, net prigozhey,
net naryadney Kalistratushki,
okh! Net naryadney Kalistratushki!
Klyuchevoy voditsey umyvayusa,
pyaternoy cheshu volosynki,
urozhayu dozhidayusa
s nezapakhannoy polosynki,
s nezaseyennoy.
A zhena moya zanimayetsa
na nagikh detishek stirkoyu,
pushche muzha naryazhayetsa:
nosit lapti s podkovyrkoyu.
Da, budesh schastliv, Kalistratushka,
okh, budesh zhit' ty pripevayuchi!

Nekrassov

15. Otverzennaya

Ne smotri na neyo ty s prezren'yem,
ot sebya yeyo proch ne goni,
luchshe v dushu yeyo s sozhalen'yem
i s uchastiyem tyoplym vzglyani!

Posmotri, skol'ko v ney perezhitoy
bur zhestokikh v ugodu sud'be,
skol'ko, skol'ko sil molodykh v ney ubito
bez sleda v bezyskhodnoy borbe.

A i v etoy dushe zacherstveloy
i v otravlennoy etoy krovi,
ver, lyubov by yeshcho zakipela;
no ne videt' vzaimoy lyubvi.

Vsyudu slyshat' odni lish proklyat'ya,
vsyudu vstretit' prezreniya vzglyad
i ne past', kogda zlobno ob'yat'ya
raskryvayet odin lish razvrat?

Ne smotri zh na neyo ty s prezren'yem,
ot sebya yeyo proch ne goni,
luchshe v dushu yeyo s sozhalen'yem
i s uchastiyem tyoplym vzglyani!

I. Holz-Miller

16. Kolybel'naya pesnya

Bayu, bayu, mil vnuchonochek,
ty spi, usni, usni, krest'yansky syn.
Bayu, bayu, doprezh dedy ne zavali bedy,
beda prishla, da bedu privela s napastyami,
da s propastyami, s pravezhami,
beda vsyo s poboyami!
Bayu, bayu, mil vnuchonochek, ty spi, usni,
usni, krest'yansky syn.
Izzhivom bedu za rabotushkoy,
za nemiloy, chuzhoy, nepokladnoyu, vekovechnoyu,
zloyu, stradnoyu, zloyu, stradnoyu.

Belym tel'tsem lezhish v lyulechke,
tvoya dushenka v nebesakh letit,
tvoy tikhy son sam Gospod' khranit.
Po bokam stoyat svetly angely,
stoyat angely!

Ostrovsky

17. Pesn baleartsa

V ob'yat'yakh devy molodoy, lobzan'yem zhguchim
raspalyonny,
dykhan'ya zharkovo struyoy v roskoshnoy nege upoyonny,
pod shopot sladostnykh rechey ya zabyvayu zvuk mechey.
V ob'yat'yakh devy nezhnoy ya zasypayu bezmyatezhno.

Zabudu-l' obraz devy miloy, zabudu-l' blesk yeyo ochey,
i shopot sladostnykh rechey sred' zvukov pirshostva
igrivnykh?
Pod shopot sladostnykh rechey ya zabyvayu zvuk mechey.
V ob'yat'yakh devy nezhnoy ya zasypayu bezmyatezhno,
i v sladkom sne, lyubov'yu upoyonny, poyu lyubov,
i devy chudnuyu krasu i devu chudnuyu moyu!

Mussorgsky

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

1. Where are you, little star?

Where are you, little star, oh, where are you, bright one?
Have you hidden behind a dark cloud,
behind a dark, menacing cloud?

Where are you, maiden, where are you, lovely one?
Have you forsaken your dear lover
your dear, handsome lover?

A dark cloud has obscured the star,
and the cold earth has taken the lovely maiden away.

Ballad for voice and piano. Composed in 1857 at St. Petersburg to a text by Grekov, written in the spirit of popular songs. Dedicated to the singer J.-L. Gruenberg. First edition 1911, Bessel. The manuscript is in Paris (Library of the Conservatoire).

2. The hour of jollity

Hand round the glasses, pour out the wine!
Let's drain our glasses to this joyous moment!
Strike up the songs loudly, my friends!
Let's make merry until dawn!

Let's celebrate youth for a while with our feasting,
for now we feel merry and joyful;
I know what tomorrow will bring, my friends,
but let's make merry until dawn!

Hand round the glasses, pour out the wine!
Let's drain our glasses to this joyous moment!
Strike up the songs loudly, my friends!
Let's make merry until dawn!

Sing out with loud and cheerful voices, friends,
pour more wine into the glasses!
Let's all drain our glasses at one go!
Let's make merry until dawn!

Hand round the glasses, pour out the wine!
Let's drain our glasses to this joyous moment!
Strike up the songs loudly, my friends!
Let's make merry until dawn!

A toast to a text by Kol'tsov, dedicated to Sakharin. Composed in 1858 at St. Petersburg. First edition... ? The manuscript is in Paris (Library of the Conservatoire).

3. Sadly rustled the leaves

Sadly rustled the leaves
in the groves at night-time;
the coffin was lowered into the grave,
the coffin, lit by the moon.

In silence, without tears, they buried it,
and then everyone departed;
only the leaves, bending over the grave,
rustled through the night.

Musical narration for baritone or bass with piano accompaniment. Composed in 1858 at St. Petersburg to a text of Pleshcheyev, and dedicated to M.O. Mileschin. First edition 1911, Bessel. The manuscript is in Paris.

4. I have many palaces and gardens

I have many palaces and gardens
and boundless fields and dense forests,
dark, dense forests.

I have many pearls and furs,
and colourful garments,
and precious carpets.

I have much silver for my table,
fine conversation for my guests, and wine for enjoyment,
much wine for enjoyment!

But I know why I need the sorcerer's potions,
the sorcerer's potions, but I know, I know why
my heart is grieving.

Ballad for voice with piano accompaniment. Composed in 1860 at St. Petersburg to words by Kol'tsov, and dedicated to T. Borispolz. First edition... ? The manuscript is in Paris.

5. Prayer

O Mother of God, I offer a prayer
before the brightness of your countenance,
but I pray not for my desolate soul,
the soul of a pilgrim alone in the world,
but beg you to grant an innocent maid
tender protection from this bleak world.
Fill her with the happiness she deserves,
grant her attentive companions,
a radiant youth, calm old age,
and to her innocent heart eternal hope.

O Mother of God, I beseech you!

Ballad for voice with piano accompaniment. Composed 2 February 1865 at St. Petersburg to a text by Lermontov, and dedicated to Julia Ivanovna Mussorgsky (the composer's mother). First edition: ...? The manuscript is in Paris.

6. Tell me why

Tell me why, dearest maiden,
you sit here so sadly,
and, silently sighing,
ever look towards distant paths?

Can it be that you have no sweetheart,
or maybe his passion has cooled,
or he has grown tired of you,
or that devoted lover of yours has left you?

No, my lover has not left me,
it is not that which grieves my poor heart,
but I must send my darling
on a long journey to distant lands,
I must send my darling,
and I must equip him for his journey.

Romance for voice and piano. Composed in St. Petersburg, on a text by Pleshcheyev, dedicated to S.A. Burzev. First edition 1867, Jurgenson. The manuscript is in Paris.

7. What are words of love to you?

What are words of love to you? - You call them but wanderings.
What are my tears to you? - Even tears you do not understand.

Leave me my dreams, let neither words nor looks
from the heart's passion destroy them with their poison!

I love her alone, as I love my life,
as I love the light, I love her as the peace
which comes from joy;

I rush from this wicked world to the farewell silence
and let myself be carried to her on winged thoughts.

Romance for voice and piano. Composed in St. Petersburg in 1860 to a text by Ammosov, and dedicated to Maria V. Scilavska. First published...?

8. The wild winds blow

The wild winds blow,
black clouds sweep across the sky,
black clouds sweep across,
black clouds.

No daylight is visible there,
no daylight,
no glowing sun is visible there.

In the damp gloom beyond the mists
shows only the blackness of night.
The wild winds blow,
black clouds sweep across the sky,
black clouds sweep across,
black clouds.

Song for baritone or bass with piano accompaniment. Composed 28 March 1864 in St. Petersburg to a text by Kol'tsov and dedicated to Viaslav A. Loginov. First edition 1911, Bessel. The manuscript is in Paris.

9. But if I could meet you again...

Romance

We parted, and I was too proud to use words or tears
to give you any sign of my grief.
We parted for ever!

But if I could only meet you again!

Without tears, without complaints I bowed
before my fate. I do not know,
with all the suffering you caused me,
if you really loved me.

But if I could only meet you again!

Romance for voice with piano accompaniment. Composed 15 August 1863 at Voloch to a text by Kurochkin, and dedicated to Nadiejda P. Opochinin. The manuscript is in Paris. First edition...?

10. Dear one, why are your eyes sometimes so cold?

Oh, why are your eyes sometimes
so cold when they look at me?
And why is my soul tormented with longing
at your chill, unfeeling glance?

Unsmiling and in sombre silence
like a shadow you pass before me,
and I hide the sorrow in my heart
as I jealously follow after you.

Your love illumined
my desolate days, like the light of spring;
come, let us kiss as we used to kiss,
and with your caresses drive this sorrow from me.

Why are your eyes sometimes
so cold when they look at me?

Pleshcheyev. Composed 7 January 1866.

11. Song of the old man

I will stand humbly by the doorway,
quietly I'll enter the door,
and if someone will give me alms in the name of God
I'll go on my way.

Happy is the man who sees
this poor fellow before him;
he will weep for me,
but I know not why.

*For bass or baritone, with piano accompaniment.
Composed 13 August 1863 at Kanistev to a text by Goethe
(Wilhelm Meister), and dedicated to A.P. Opochinin. First
edition 1911, Bessel.*

12. King Saul

O warriors! If it should be my fate,
before God's people, to fall ingloriously
in battle - do not falter!
Go bravely to the fight!

Let the enemy feel the strength of our swords,
the strength of our mighty swords.
And you, my follower, who bears my sword and shield,
if you see my forces struck by dreadful fears,
if they falter, and flee from the enemy,
Oh, may I not survive that fatal moment,
let me die of a blow from your hand!

O my son! My heir,
already the call to battle has resounded through the hills,
and we are promised a feast, a feast of blood.
Do you see, our crown is lit with a blaze of glory,
and our enemy's sword flashes over his trembling body.
O my son, our last fearful hour is at hand!

*Composed in 1863 at Voloch to a text by Byron (from
Hebrew Melodies) and dedicated to A.P. Opochinin. First
edition 1871, Bessel, revised by Rimsky-Korsakov from
Glazounov's orchestration. There are some differences
between the Paris orchestral manuscript and the Russian
version.*

13. Night

Your lovely countenance is so full of delights,
so seductive, so captivating,
it disturbs my peaceful sleep at midnight's silent
hour...

And I seem to hear you whisper. Your words
flowing and murmuring like a pure mountain stream,
play around me in the silence of the night,
full of love, full of delight, full of all the strength
and magic of bewitching serenity and oblivion.

In the gloom of night, at midnight's hour,
your eyes shine bright before me.
They smile at me, at me, and I hear your voice;
my friend, my dearest friend! I love you,
I am yours, yours!

*Composed 10 April 1874 at St. Petersburg on a text by
Pushkin. Dedicated to Nadiejda P. Opochinina*

14. Calistratus

My mother sang a song to me
as she rocked my cradle:
"you shall be happy, Calistratus,
you shall have a successful life".
And by God's decree it happened,
just as my mother had foretold.
There is no-one more happy, more handsome,
more elegant than Calistratus,
oh, no! No-one more elegant than Calistratus!
I wash myself in the spring water,
comb my locks with my fingers,
and I await the harvest
from fields I have not ploughed,
nor sown.
But my wife stands over the tub
washing the children's clothes,
she is better dressed than her husband,
but her slippers have no soles.
Yes, you shall be happy, Calistratus,
you shall have a successful life!

*Study in popular style for voice with piano
accompaniment, composed 22 May 1864 in St. Petersburg
(Novaia Derevnia) to a text by Nekrassov, and dedicated
to A.P. Opochinin. The manuscript is in the State Library,
St. Petersburg; a variant is in Paris. First edition 1883,
Bessel*

15. The outcast

Do not look at her with scorn,
do not drive her away from you,
but rather gaze into her heart with pity
and tender sympathy.

See how many fierce storms
she has suffered at fate's will,
how much other youthful strength has been destroyed
without trace in the endless struggle.

But within this hardened soul
and this bleeding heart,
believe me, love could have been burning still,
but it was unrequited.

All around were only words of hate,
all around were looks of scorn;
How hard to avoid being weak,
when only depravity can open the door to love.

Do not look at her with scorn,
do not drive her away from you,
but rather gaze into her heart with pity
and tender sympathy.

"Study in recitative" for voice and piano, composed 22 June 1865 in St. Petersburg to a text by I. Holz-Miller. The manuscript is in Paris.

16. Lullaby

Hush, hush-a-bye, my little grandchild,
sleep in slumber deep, little peasant.
Hush, hush-a-bye; our forefathers were not loaded
with such misfortunes as are piled upon us now,
a load of grief and torments,
and blows and beatings!
Hush, hush-a-bye, my little grandchild, sleep soundly,
sleep, little peasant.
We shall overcome our misfortunes, we shall work
through them,
we shall conquer these evil, unacceptable, fierce, endless,
cruel sufferings, these cruel sufferings.

Your small white body lies there in the cradle,
your soul flies up in the heavens,
your sleep is guarded by God himself,
and by your side stand bright angels,
bright angels!

For voice and piano. Text drawn from Ostrovskys play, The Voyevode "Sleep, son of peasants...". Composed 5 September 1865 in St. Petersburg and dedicated to the memory of Julia Ivanovna Mussorgsky, the composers mother. First edition 1871, Bessel. There are two original manuscripts of this song: the first in the State Library, St. Petersburg, the second in Paris with the marking: "tableau dramatique".

17. Balearic song

When in the arms of my mistress, inflamed by her burning
kisses,
when intoxicated by her ardent breath, I lie sunk in
delicious languor,
when I hear her whisper sweet words, then I forget the
clang of the swords,
and in my loved one's embraces I fall into a peaceful
sleep.

Shall I forget my dear one's face, shall I forget the light in
her eyes,

and the whisper of sweet words amongst the merry
sounds of the banquet?
When I hear her whisper sweet words I forget the clang of
the swords,
and in my loved one's embraces I fall into a peaceful
sleep,
and in that sweet sleep, intoxicated with love, I sing of
love,
and of my mistress' wondrous beauty, of this wonderful
girl of mine!

From the opera "Salammbô" (Liviez) in four acts and seven scenes to a text by Mussorgsky after Flaubert's novel. Of the first act, only the "Balearic song at the feast in the gardens of Hamilcar" was set to music. The manuscript of this song is in Paris, with the autograph date August 1864, Novaia Derevnia, St. Petersburg.

CD14

1. Gde ty, zvyozdochka?

Gde ty, zvyozdochka? Gde ty, krasnaya?
Il' zatmilasa tuchey chornoyu,
tuchey mrachnoyu?

Gde ty, devitsa, gde ty, krasnaya?
Il' pokinula druga milovo,
nenaglyadno?

I ya s goresti, so lyutoy toski,
poydu vo pole, pole chistoye;
ne uvizhu li yasnoy zvyozdochki,
ne povstrechu li krasnoy devitsy.

Tucha chornaya skryla zvyozdochku,
zemlya khladnaya nyala devitsu.

Grekov

2. Noch

Moy golos dlya tebya i laskovy i tomny
trevozhit pozdneye molchan'ye nochi tyomnoy.
Bliz lozha moyevo pechal'naya svecha gorit.
Moi slova slivayas i zhurcha,
tekut, ruchi lyubvi, polny, polny toboy!
Vo t'me nochnoy, tvoi glaza blistayut predo mnoy,
mne ulybayutsa i zvuki slyshu ya!
Moy drug, moy nezhny drug, lyublyu tebya!
Tvoya...tvoya!

Pushkin

3. Hopak

Hoy! Hoy, hoy, hopaka!
Polyubila kazaka,
tol'ko stary da nedyuzhy,
tol'ko ryzhy, neuklyuzhy,
vot i dolya vsya poka! Hoy!
Dolya sledom za toskoyu,
a ty stary za vodoyu,

a sama to ya v shinok,
da khvachu sebe kryuchok,
a potom vsyo chok da chok,
vsyo chok da chok.
Charka pervaya kolom, a vtoraya sokolom,
baba v plyas poshla v konets,
a za neyu molodets,
stary, ryzhy, babu klichet,
tol'ko baba kukish tychet.
Kol' zhenilsa, satana,
dobyvay-zhe mne pshena,
vot kak!
Nado detok pozhalet',
nakormit' i priodet'.
Vot shto!

Dobyvay, smotri, byt' khudu,
a ne to sama dobudu!
Slysh ty!
Dobyvay zhe, stary, ryzhy,
dobyvay skorey, besstyzhny!
Shto, vzyal!
Tol'ko, stary, ne greshi,
kolybel'ki, kolyshi
vot tak!
Kolybel'ki stary, kolyshi,
vot tak!
Kak byla ya molodoyu
da ugodnitseyu,
ya povesila perednik
nad okonnitseyu,

i v okoshechko kivayu,
v pyal'tsakh sholkom vyshivayu.
Hoy, semyony vy, lvany,
nadevayte-ka kaftany,
da so mnoy gulyat' poydyomte!
Da prisyadem, zapoyomte!

Hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy
hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hopaka!
Polyubila kazaka,
tol'ko stary da nedyzhyzhy,
tol'ko ryzhy, neuklyuzhyzhy,
vot i pravda vsya poka. Hoy!

Mey (iz Schevschenko)

4. Krapivnaya gora

Mezhdu nebom i zemlyoyu,
v meste vovse neizvestnom,
yest' krapivnaya gora.
I na toy gore krapivnoy
nichevo, oprich krapivy,
ne rastyot i ne roslo.

Tol'ko poveyet prokhladoy
vecherney dremoyu otradnoy,
pakhnyot veterok prelestny,
s gori Krapivnoy dushit krapivoy,
odnoy krapivoy; za ney na toy gore Krapivnoy

nachinayut otkryvatsa
tayni mrachnyye prirody.

Mussorgsky

5. Akh ty, pyanaya teterya!

Akh ty, pyanaya teterya!
Gde ty do svetu shatalsa,
s kem, besstydnik, ty taskala!
Al' s rodymi pirovali,
zhon da detok vspominali?
Al' za rodnikh, shto v mogile,
boga gospoda molili?

Rasskazhi zh, gde byl,
pokhvastay, gde, shto pil.
Eko rylo, vsyo v gryazi-to,
vsyo, serdechnoye, izbito.
Ha, ha, ha...
T'fu, ty, pakost'!
Nu, shto vypuchil glazishi,
shto stoish, kak stolb poverstny!
Al' stupit' boishsa, nozhki oslabeli?
Al' khmel'noye yazychok tebe otshiblo?
Ty ne boysa!
Zhonka staraya podmozhet,
govori smeley!
Zhonka yazychok razvyazhet!
Kak nachnu vozit' ukhvatom,
nozhki stanu t tvoyordo;
kak khvachu tebya po lyasam,
yazychokot razvernuyotsa:
pravdumatku vsyu pokazhet,
pro besstydnika rasskazhet,
pro besstydnika, pro muzha,
pro starovo potaskukhu!
Ne molila l' ya tebya, Pakhomych,
ne korila l' ya tebya, rodimy?
Pozhaley ty svoikh detok malykh,
ne tomi ne much ty zhorlku staruyu.
Poklyalsa, besstydnik, obrazom svyatym,
na tri storony poklon polozhil, 'shto ne budesh pit',
stanesh trezvo zhit'.

Okh, golovushka bednaya, okhti!
Okh ty, dolya gorkaya, okhti!
Okh vy, detki malye, kto vas prigolubit,
bespomoshchnykh prilaskayet? Okhti!
Po bokam-to starym ya ukhvattsem pokhodila b
vdol' da po spinke plet'yu, plyorochkoy pyoshpas by.
Sprava, sleva steganula,
za zagrivok by nagnula.
Po shchekam by otkhlestala vazhno!
Za volosya b ottaskala likho!
Ne shataysa po nocham ty, stary,
ne valyaysa ty v gryazi, besstydnik!
Na lezhanochke spi lezhi ty chinno,
zhonku, detok, steregi po chesti,
da po chesti trezvo!
Akh ty, skaredna teterya,
al' yeshcho ne otrezvil'sya?
Grekh s tobom odin, da gore, da pozor,

da posmeyan'ye!
Sgin ty s glaz moikh, proklyaty!

Mussorgsky

6. Sirotka

Barin moy milenky,
barin moy dobrenky!
Szhals' nad bednen'kim,
gorkim, bezdomnym sirotochkoy!
Barinushka!

Kholodom, golodom greyus, kormlyusa ya,
burey da vyugoyu v noch prikryvayusa,
branyu, poboyami, strakhom, ugrozoy
dobrye lyudi za ston golodny moy potchuyut!
V chashu-l' dremuchuyu ot lyudey sprychus ya,
golod dokuchlivy iz lesu vytochnet.
Net moyey silushki,
pit', yest' zakhochetsa.

Barin moy milenky, barin moy dobrenky!
S golodu smert' strashna, s kholodu stynet krov.
Barin moy dobrenky,
szhals' nad bednen'kim,
szhals' nad gorkim sirotochkoy!

Mussorgsky

7. Strekotun'ya beloboka

Strekotun'ya beloboka pod kalitkoyu moyey
skachet pyostraya soroka i proročit mne gostey.
Kolokol'chik nebyvaly u menya zvenit v ushakh,
luch zari igrayet aly, serebritsa snezhny prakh.
Kolokol'chiki zvenyat, barabanchiki gremyat,
a lyudi-to lyudi oy, lyushenki lyudi!
A lyudi-to lyudi na tsyganochku glyadyat.
A tsyganochka-to skachet, v barabanchiki byot,
oy, shirinokoy-to mashet, zalivayetsa, poyot:
"Ya pevun'ya, ya pevitisa,
vorozhit' ya masteritsa!"
Strekotun'ya beloboka pod kalitkoyu moyey
skachet pyostraya soroka i proročit mne gostey.
Kolokol'chik nebyvaly u menya zvenit v ushakh,
luch zari igrayet aly, serebritsa snezhny prakh.

A tsyganochka vsyo plyashet, oy, shirinokoy-to mashet:
"Ya pevun'ya, ya pevitisa,
vorozhit' ya masteritsa!"

Pushkin

8. Detskaya pesnya

Vo sadu, akh, vo sadochke
vyrosla malinka;
solnyshko yeyo greyet,
dozhdechek leleyet.

V svetlom teremochke
vyrosla Naninka,

tyatya yeyo lyubit,
Mamenka golyubit.

Mey

9. Ozornik

Okh, baushka, okh, rodnaya, raskrasavushka,
obernis!
Vostronosaya, serebryonaya, pucheglazaya, potseluy!
Stan li tvoy dugoy, podpyortoy klyukoy,
nozhki kostochki slovo trostochki.
Khodish selezmem, spotykayeshsa,
na chestoy na lyud natykayeshsa.
Oy, podzharaya, baba staraya,
oy, s gorbom!
Okh, baushka, okh, rodnaya, krasavushka, ne
serchay!
Po lesam bredyosh, zveri mechutsa,
po goram polzyosh, dol tryasyotsa ves,
stanesh pech topir', an izba gorit,
stanesh khleb kusat', an zub lomitsa,
po griby l' poydyosh, sginut pod zemlyu,
al' po yagodu, v travku sprychetsa.
Za toboy-zhe vsled, moya rodnaya, vse polnym
polny, vse lukoshechki
volokut nesut krasny devushki,
da khikhikayut na tebya kargu, szadi glyadyuchi na
porozhnyuyu.
Oy, baushka, oy rodnaya! Oy, ne bey!
Vostronosaya, raskrasavushka, pucheglazaya, oy, ne bey!
Razzudis plecho, razmakhnis klyinka, raskhodis,
karga staraya!
Oy, doslushay-ka moyu skazochku, ty povyslushay
do kontsa!
S podborodochkom nos tseluyetsa, slovo golubi,
oy, oy, ne bey!
Na zatylochke tri volosika s polovinochkoy,
oy, oy, baushka, oy, oy, rodnaya, oy krasavushka,
oy, oy, oy, ne bey, oy!

Mussorgsky

10. Vechernyaya pesenka

Vecher otradny
lyog na kholmakh,
veter prokhladny
duyet v polyakh,
duyet, laskayet
travku, tsvey,
tikho kachayet
rozy, kusty.
Roza mladaya
lyot aromat,
ptichki porkhaya
v roshche poyut.

? Pleshcheyev

11. Po griby

Ryzhichkov, volvyanochech, belykh, belyanochech
naberu skoryoshenko ya mlada mladyyoshenka,
shto dlya svyokra batyushki, dlya svekrovi-l' matushki,
perestali-b skryazhnichat', seli-by pobrazhnichat'.

A tebe nemilomu, staromu da khilomu,
sunu ya v okoshechko tseloye lukoshechko,
mukhomora starovo, starovo podzharovo,
stary yest, ne spravitsa, mukhomorom davitsa.

A tebe preklyatomu, belu kudrevatomu
vysmotryu ya travushku, travushku muravushku
na postelyu branuyu, svakhoy nochkoy stlanuyu'
s pologom dubrovushkoy da so mnoy-li vdovushkoy.

Mey

12. Strannik

Teni gor vysokikh
na vodu legli,
potyanulis chayki
belye vdali.

Net so mnoyu blizkikh,
serdtsu dorogikh,
a teper tak krepko
obnyal-by ya nikh.

Pleshcheyev (iz Rückert)

13. Po nad Donom sad tsvetyot

Po nad Donom sad tsvetyot,
vo sadu dorozhka,
na neyo ya b vsyo glyadel
sidya u okoshechko.

Raz po ney pod vecherok
Masha prokhodila;
ne zabyt' mne nikogda,

kak ona vzdыхala,
kak s ulybkoyu lyubvi
robko otvechala,

iz kuvshina v zabyt'i
vodu prolivala.
Po nad Donom sad tsvetyot,
vo sadu dorozhka...

Kol'tsov

14. Yevreyskaya pesnya

"Ya tsvetok polevoy, ya lileya dolin!"
Golubitsa moya belolonnaya,
mezhdru yunyk podrug, slovno v ternii krin.
Golubitsa moya belolonnaya!
Slovno mirta v tsvetu blagovornnaya
mezhdru besplodnykh derev lesnykh mily moy,

mezhdru druzy molodykh, mezhdru druzy molodykh.
Gde ty, mily moy, krasavets moy?

Mey

15. Meines Herzens Sehnsucht

(Zhelaniye serdtsa)

Lastochke lekho rezvitsa,
v siney vyshine skol'zit'...
Bud' i ya krylatoy ptitsey,
znal by ya, kuda speshit'.
Nam ne suzhdena s toboyu
radost' mirnovo gnezda,
vsyo zhe mne dano sud'boyu
vernym byt' tebe vseгда.

Ty v dali, ya eto znayu,
no vsyo zhe ty mne blizka.
V serdtse dumu ya pitayu,
o tebe moya toska.
Akh! Ya znal by schast'ye v zhizni,
bud' svobodnoy ptashkoy ya.
Pomchalsya by ya k otchizne,
gde ty zhdyosh, lyubov moya.

Lastochke lekho rezvitsa,
v siney vyshine skol'zit'...
Bud' i ya krylatoy ptitsey,
znal by, znal, kuda speshit'.
Ya nesu razluki bremya,
i otrady luch poras.
Toropis, o vremya, vremya,
i uskor zhelanny chas.

Anon, tr Usov

16. Khotel by v yedinoye slovo...

Khotel by v yedinoye slovo
ya slit' moyu grust' i pechal'
i brosit' to slovo na veter,
shtob veter unyos yevo vdal'.

I pust' by to slovo pechali
po vetru k tebe doneslos,
i pust' by vseгда i povsyudu
ono tebe v serdtse lilos!

I yesli b ustalyye ochi
somknulis pod gryozoy nochnoy,
O pust' by to slovo pechali
zvuchalo vo sne nad toboy!

Mey (iz Heine)

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

1. Where are you, little star?

Where are you, little star? Where are you, beautiful one?

Have you hidden behind a black cloud,
behind a dark menacing cloud?

Where are you, maiden, where are you, lovely one?

Have you forsaken your dear lover,
your handsome lover?

And I in sorrow, in cruel anguish,
will go to the field, the open field;
but I shall not see the bright star,
nor shall I meet the lovely maiden.

A dark cloud has obscured the star,
and the cold earth has claimed the maiden.

Ballad for voice and piano. Composed in 1857 at St. Petersburg to a text by Grekov, written in the spirit of popular songs. Dedicated to the singer J.-L. Gruenberg. First edition 1911, Bessel. The manuscript is in Paris (Library of the Conservatoire).

2. Night

My voice is for you both tender and languid,
it disturbs the late silence of night's darkness.
Near my couch a sorrowful candle burns.

My words ripple and murmur,
they flow like streams of love, full of you!
In the gloom of night your eyes shine bright before me,
they smile at me, and I hear sounds!
My friend, my dearest friend, I love you...
I am yours, yours!

Fantasy for voice and piano. Composed 10 April 1864 in St. Petersburg to a text by Pushkin. Dedicated to Nadiejda P. Opochinina. First published 1871.

3. Hopak

Hey! Hey, hey, hopak!
I fell in love with a Cossack,
but he was old and awkward,
red-haired and clumsy,
but that's fate! Hey!
My fate is a sad one,
but while you, old boy, go to fetch water,
I'm off to the tavern.
I'll grab myself a goblet,
then I'll be clinking glasses;
the first cup I'll stick in my throat,
but the second will go down better.
The woman has gone off to the dance,
and there's a young man after her;
the red-haired husband calls to the woman,
but she sticks her fingers up at him.
If you get married, hell,
you've got to provide the bread,
that's it!
You have to show some sympathy for the children,

feed and clothe them.

That's what!

Get on then, look here, it'll be the worse for you,
otherwise I'll do the providing!

Just you listen!

You provide for us, old redhead,
get a move on, shameless creature!

What gave you that idea?

But you, old boy, give up your sinful ways,
and rock the cradle,
like that!

Rock the cradle, old boy,
like this!

When I was a young girl
and anxious to please,
I used to hang up my apron
over the window;
then I'd beckon out of the window
as I worked at my silk on the frame.

And I'd call: "Hey, Simon, Ivan,
put on your kaftans,
and come walk with me!
We'll sit awhile in the tavern and sing!"

Hey, hey, hop, hop,
hop, hop, hopak!

I fell in love with a Cossack,
but he was old and awkward,
red-haired and clumsy,
and that's the whole truth. Hey!

Song for voice and piano. Composed 31 August 1866 in Pavlovsk to an Ukrainian text from Schevchenko's Gaidamaki, translated by Mey. Dedicated to Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov. First published 1867 by Jurgenson.

4. The nettle mountain

Between the heavens and the earth,
in a place not known to any mortal,
there is a nettle mountain.
And on that nettle mountain
nothing but nettles
grows nor has ever grown.

But when a cool and soothing
evening languor has wafted over all,
there blows a delightful breeze,
and from the nettle mountain comes a scent of nettles,
just of nettles; behind, on that nettle mountain
nature begins to open up
her sombre secrets.

Incomplete; begun in 1874. Words by Mussorgsky.

5. You drunken sot!

Oh, you drunken sot!

Where in the world have you been roaming,
who have you been hanging out with, shameless creature?

Have you been living it up among your relations,
chattering about your wives and children?

Or have you been asking God's blessing
on the ones already in their graves?

Tell us where you've been, go on, boast about your
drinking bouts.

What a snout, all covered in mud,
and all matters of the heart ruined.

Ha, ha, ha...

Be off, you disgusting creature!

Well, what are you staring like that for,
why do you stand there like a milestone?

Are you afraid to move, have your legs gone weak?

Or has your intoxicated tongue failed you?

Don't be afraid!

Your old wife will help,
just come out with it!

Your wife will unlock your tongue!

When I start beating you up with an oven fork
your legs'll get so stiff;

when I grab you by the jaws

your tongue'll get unfurled;

and reveal the whole truth;

it'll tell of the shameless creature,

of the shameless husband,

of the old trollop!

Didn't I beg you, Pakhomych,
didn't I reproach you, dear fellow?

Have pity on your little children,
don't torment and torture your old wife.

Swear, in a holy manner, shameless creature,
and give a triple bow,

that you'll give up drinking,

and start living a sober life.

Oh, my poor head, oh!

Oh, my bitter fate, oh!

Oh, my little children, who will caress you,
who will kiss my little helpless ones? Oh!

I'd have a go at those old limbs with an oven fork,
all down his back with a whip and a lash.

To right and to left I'd whip him

I'd wring his neck.

I'd give him a good whipping on the cheeks!

I'd give his hair a good tug!

Don't roam around at nights, you old fool,
don't lie around in the mud, you shameless creature!

Go and sleep on your stove-bench in a proper manner,
and look after your wife and children honourably,

yes, honourably and soberly!

Oh, you miserable sot,

haven't you sobered up yet?

It's sinful, it's a shame and a scandal,

it's a mockery!

Get out of my sight, curse you!

*Composed 1866 to a text by Mussorgsky, dedicated to
Vladimir V. Nikolsky. Unpublished; discovered in the St.
Petersburg State Library in 1925 by Andrei Rimsky-
Korsakov.*

6. The Orphan

My dear sir,

my kind sir!

Have pity on this poor creature,
this wretched, homeless orphan!

Good sir!

The cold warms me, hunger feeds me,
storm and tempest give me shelter in the night,
abuse, blows, fear and threats,
this is how good folk answer my groans of hunger.

If I hide from the world in the dense glade,
a tormenting hunger drives me from the wood.

I have no strength left,
and thirst and hunger torment me.

My dear sir, my kind sir!

Starvation is fearful, and the blood freezes in the cold.

My kind sir,

have pity on this poor creature,

have pity on this wretched orphan!

*Romance for voice and piano, composed in 1868 in St.
Petersburg to a text by Mussorgsky, and dedicated to
Ekaterina S. Borodin. First published by Bessel, 1871.*

7. The magpie

That white-winged chatterbox by my gate,
the vivid magpie, goes hopping along, telling of guests
arriving.

There's a strange sound of bells ringing in my ears,
and the red glow of dawn flickers over the silversnowy
landscape.

The bells ring out, the tambourines clash,
and the people, oh, so many people!
All the people gaze on the gypsy girl.
And the gypsy girl twirls as, banging on her tambourine,
and waving her scarf, she floods the air with song.
"I'm the songstress, I'm the singer,
at telling fortunes I'm a winner!"

That white-winged chatterbox by my gate,
the vivid magpie, goes hopping along, telling of guests
arriving.

There's a strange sound of bells ringing in my ears,
and the red glow of dawn flickers over the silversnowy
landscape.

The gypsy girl dances on, oh, and she waves her scarf.
"I'm the songstress, I'm the singer,
at telling fortunes I'm a winner!"

*Joke for voice and piano. Composed 26 August 1867 in St.
Petersburg to texts by Pushkin, dedicated to A.P and N.P.
Opochinina. First published 1872, Bessel. The manuscript is
in the State Library, St. Petersburg.*

8. A Children's song

In our garden, our tiny garden,
a raspberry-bush has flowered;
the sun warms it,
and the rain nourishes it.

In our little house,
the maiden Naninka has grown up,
loved by her father,
and cherished by her mother.

For voice and piano. Composed 6 April 1868 in St. Petersburg to a text by Mey (after Russian songs). The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

9. The mischievous child

Hey, my dear, you with the pretty painted face,
turn round!
You with the pointed nose, hair silver-grey, puffy-eyed,
give me a kiss!
Hunch-backed, leaning on a stick,
your legs just bones, like matchsticks,
you walk like a duck waddling along,
bumping into good honest folk.
Hey, you skinny old woman,
hey, you there with the hump!
Hey, my dear, my pretty one, don't be cross!
When you wander through the forests, the animals
scamper away,
when you climb the mountains, the valleys all shake,
if you stoke the fire, then the hut burns down,
if you take a bite of bread, you break a tooth,
when you go out to pick mushrooms, they all vanish
underground,
and if it's berries, then they hide in the grass.
And after you, my dear, with their baskets full to the brim
come the pretty maidens following close behind,
sniggering at you, old crone, with your empty basket.
Oh, my dear, oh, don't beat me!
You with the pointed nose and painted face, puffy-eyed,
don't beat me!
Hitch your shoulder, raise your stick and clear off, old
crone!
Oh, listen to my tale, hear me to the end!
Chin and nose meet in a kiss, like love-birds,
oh, oh, don't beat me!
On your head there are just three hairs,
and maybe a half,
oh, oh, my dear, oh, my beauty,
oh, oh, oh, don't beat me, oh!

For voice and piano. Composed 19 December 1867 in St. Petersburg to words by the composer. Dedicated to V.V. Stassov. First published, Bessel. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

10. Evening song

An enchanting evening
lies over the hills,
and a cool breeze
blows in the fields;

it blows and caresses
the grass and the flowers,
and gently sways
the roses and the bushes.
A young rose
gives out its scent,
and the birds as they fly about
in the glade pour forth their song.

Romance for voice and piano. Composed 15 March 1871 in St. Petersburg to a text by (?) Plescheyev, dedicated to Sofia V. Serbin. First published Bessel, 1912. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

11. Looking for mushrooms

Orange ones, brown ones, white ones, mushrooms of
many sorts,
I will gather quickly, for I am young and able,
so that my husband's father and mother
can stop being so miserly and prepare a feast.

But for that decrepit, detestable old husband of mine
I'll shove a whole punnet through the window,
but they'll all be stunted, shrivelled and poisonous;
the old boy will eat them, they'll disagree with him, and
he'll choke.

But for you, young man with the golden curls,
I'll pluck grasses, a soft sheaf of grasses,
to decorate a couch made ready for a wedding night,
with the shady leaves for curtains, and maybe this widow.

For voice and piano. Composed mid-August 1867 to a text by L. Mey, and dedicated to Vladimir V. Nikolsky.

12. The Wanderer

The shadows of the high mountains
have fallen on the water,
and white seagulls are circling
in the distance.

All the dear friends I cherished
are no longer with me;
yet I would press them to me
in a close embrace.

For voice and piano. Composed 1878 to a text by Plescheyev (from Ruckert) First published Bessel, 1883.

13. The garden by the Don

By the Don a garden grows,
and through the garden runs a path;
there I love to gaze,
seated by my window.

Once, towards evening,
Masha trod along that path;
I can never forget
how she sighed,
or how with a smile of love

she shyly answered me,
while her pitcher lay forgotten
and the water trickled from it.

By the Don a garden grows,
and through the garden runs a path.

Romance for voice and piano. Composed 23 December 1867 to a text by Kol'tsov, in St. Petersburg. First published 1883, Bessel. Until 1917, the manuscript belonged to V. V. Jastrebezhev.

14. Hebrew song

"I am a flower of the field, a lily of the valleys!"
My dove with snowy breast
among her young companions, is like a rose among
thorns,
my dove with snowy breast!
As the fragrant myrtle in bloom
among the barren woodland trees is my love,
among his young friends, among his young friends.
Where are you, my love, my handsome darling?

For voice and piano. Composed 12 June 1867 at Minkino, to a text by Mey (adapted from The Song of Solomon II, v 1-3) and dedicated to Mussorgsky's brother and his wife. First edition Jurgenson, 1868. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

15. Meines Herzens Sehnsucht

(Longing)

The swallow can dip
and glide in the blue heights...
If I were a winged bird
I would know whither to hasten.
Fate does not decree that you and I
should know the joy of an earthly nest,
but fate allows me
to be true to you always.

You are far away, that I know,
but still you are near to me.
In my heart I nurse this thought,
and my longing is for you.
Oh, I would know life's joy
were I a bird of liberty.
I would hasten to your homeland
where you wait, my love.

The swallow can dip
and glide in the blue heights...
If I were a winged bird
I would know, I'd know whither to hasten.
I bear the burden of parting,
and joy's light has died away.
Speed along, Time, O Time,
and hasten the hour I long for.

Composed 1858 to Usov's translation from an anonymous German original

16. Desire

I should like in a single word
to unite my grief and sorrow
and hurl that word to the wind,
that the wind may bear it away.

And may that word of sorrow
be borne by the wind to you,
and may it ever, wherever you are,
find its way into your heart!

And if your tired eyelids
should close in the dreams of night,
oh, may that word of sorrow
ring out loud in your sleep over you!

Romance for voice and piano. Composed in St. Petersburg "in the night of 15-16 April 1866, at two o'clock" Mussorgsky's manuscript notes. The text is from Heine's Ich wollt' meine Schmerzen ergössen, translated by Mey. Dedicated to Nadiejda P. Opochinina 'In memory of her verdict on me'. The manuscript is in the State Library. St. Petersburg. First published 1911, Bessel.