

Dimitry Shostakovich

Choral Works

SUNG TEXTS

TEN CHORUSES ON TEXTS BY REVOLUTIONARY OP.88

for four-voice a capella chorus

1. Come, Comrades, Forge Ahead!

Come, comrades, forge ahead,
An ardent flame burns in our hearts,
And our cause will not die,
Storms won't break our flag!
Victory is no longer far off,
The idea has sprung among the workers
And among the young, ripe troops
In the dead silence of the deadly night.
It'll ripen and then, like from a dream, get rid of its irons,
Under the red flag of work,
And old Russia will awaken to a new life.

2. One Among So Many Others

Free, he wouldn't have lived long in slavery.
He was so confident and so young,
And had such strength and vigor,
And yet the unforgiving and deadly cold,
Took him without pity, greedily.

Here silent darkness frighten him,
Taciturn shadows frighten him,
And night reigns undivided over his soul,
And his soul can't be freed from the night
Full of wild visions.

And days constantly emerge from the darkness,
Slipping without disturbing the silence, and then...
He saw behind the prison door
The cold nights of polar winter
And the long years of exile.

And he died one night, he died one night.
From that morning on, there is someone else in that cell.
Sure, there are still only few victims;

Time will come, on judgement day,
When the rustling, vengeful pyre's flame
Will rise even higher than before.

Free, he didn't have to live in slavery.
He was so confident and so young,
And had such strength and vigor
And yet the unforgiving and deadly cold,
Took him without pity, greedily.

3. In the Streets!

In the streets, in the streets!
To our mighty call
May the troops of fighting comrades answer immediately;
May our call of alarm, like clapping thunder,
Awaken our sleeping brothers in this valley of suffering,
For the true battle.
In the streets comrades!
Like a wave,
We'll spill into the square
Like an impetuous and indignant crowd.
In a burst of protest, we'll unite our hearts
In endless hate and vengeance!

In the streets, in the streets!
We'll let loose with a vengeful cry,
To the great terror of our enemies,
And seek vindication for the blood of our fighting comrades
Martyred by scoundrels,
Our hate for tyranny and for the people's executioner will
erupt!

In the streets, comrades!
May those with honour intact
Arise for the sacred rights of the people!
The people's muscled arm will raise
High above the crowds
The red flag of freedom!

In the streets, in the streets!
May our enemies let loose their sinister forces on us,
Whips and bayonets
Won't stifle the protests
Of an entire people against their czar,
The tyrant with our true blood
Can't make us put out the fire.

In the streets, in the streets!

4. Meeting During a Transfer

Silently we looked each other in the eyes
 Through the filthy grating of the wagon;
 On her eyelids glistened a tear,
 I silently kept from weeping.
 In my passionate suffering, I wanted to scream:
 Be strong, be strong, my dear!
 To me these chains are soft, this infamy pleasant,
 If it's for the good of my homeland.
 The stupid enemy can blatantly ridicule our sacred love,
 The time for vengeance will come and they will pay
 For all of this with their black blood.
 Courage, my dearest, be strong and patient...

5. To Those Executed

In this sad and stifling cell,
 Two fighters live their last days...
 Prisoner, my brother,
 Giving in to the bitter loss,
 Bends his knees in silent sadness,
 And in the twilight before him
 Appear the black shadows
 Of two prematurely fallen fighters.
 Bend your knees in honour of the departed fighters.

6. The 9th of January

Come out, come out!
 On this day of sorrow, the long shadow of night
 Spreads over the earth.
 The servile faith in our little father the czar has collapsed
 And a new dawn rises over the homeland.
 With prayers on our lips and faith in our hearts,
 With portraits of the czar and the icon in front,
 It wasn't in combat with the enemy
 Nor with mean thoughts that the martyred people
 Went to appeal to the czar.
 O you, our little father the czar!

Look around: we're lifeless
 And without force because of your servants,
 Because of the merchants and the kulaks,
 Because of the squires and the industrials.
 Your people's hearts are all burned by the storm,
 Their eyes are red with bitter tears,
 We're dying of hunger in our chains...
 Nowhere to go...
 You are our only mediator, defend us!
 O you, our little father the czar!

Look around: we're lifeless,
 And without force because of your servants.
 The moujik's sort is very bitter, and meagre...
 The czar's hand is bountiful.
 Our little father the czar!

Look around: we're lifeless,
 And without force because of your servants.
 The czar listened to his people without speaking,
 And moved his hand...
 All around, the earth was shaken by a terrible sound
 And the palace square was covered in corpses:
 The people fell, riddled with bullets and lead.
 O, the good, pleasure of the czar hurts!

The czar's soul delights in all of this
 As do his men in arms.
 Come out, come out!
 The people have fallen, riddled with bullets and lead.
 But where the people's blood spilled in torrents,
 From each small drop of blood and lead
 The earth, our nourishing mother, gives birth to a fighter!
 Come out, come out!

7. The Last Salvos

The last salvos are quiet,
 The thunder of arms is quiet.
 The glowing red puddles hardly smoke,
 Exhausted fighters sleep all around it,
 They rest with the sleep of the hereafter.
 The wind blows over the carcasses of broken barricades.
 Above the bodies deprived of their last rights
 Echo hymns of afflicted greetings.

Sleep, sleep, brothers fallen in honour,
 Judgement day is near.
 Sleep, you who knew no indecision,
 We have all night for us.
 All that was destroyed during the day,
 We will rebuild in obscurity.
 The wounded eagle's thirst for combat wasn't satisfied.

Sleep, sleep, brothers fallen in honour,
 Tonight we'll surround the city with barricades again.
 In the morning, as renewed troops, we'll return to battle.
 Sleep, brothers and comrades!
 Judgement day is near
 On the spot of this incredible conflagration we'll mention you.

Sleep, sleep, the last salvos are quiet,
 The thunder of arms is quiet.
 The glowing red puddles hardly smoke,
 Exhausted fighters sleep all around it.
 They rest with the sleep of the hereafter.

8. They've won...

They've won... Sacred liberty is soaked in blood.
 They've won... Again there has been shameful and servile years.
 They've won... Gunfire and the terror of whips echo around the
 entire country.
 They've won... Gangs eager to pillage silently grow.
 They've won... Like beehives, Siberia and blockhouses swarm
 with fighters.
 They've won... The czar's golden rooms rise like a citadel.
 They've won... From all sides come moans of hunger.
 They've won... For hungry mouths they have not bread, but
 bullets.
 They've won... But the noise of their victories is as pitiful as a
 den of vice.
 They've won... But for them, after years of twilight comes the
 fateful atonement.

9. Song of May

May first is the celebration of spring,
 The strong undertow of the proletarian wave.
 Celebrate May first!
 The hymn inspired by strong fighters,
 The audacious call to fragile hearts.
 Celebrate May first!
 You who are ready to bare your chests
 In the ruthless fight for freedom,
 Celebrate May first!
 As if by the hand of workers,
 Machines, furnaces, looms will be silent...
 Celebrate May first!
 Dark forces all around shudder
 Before the spurned enemy...
 Celebrate May first!
 May first is the celebration of spring,
 The strong undertow of the proletarian wave.
 It's the courageous challenge of the battalion of workers
 To a violent world of chains and bayonets...
 Celebrate May first!

10. Song

It's not for the afflicted, exhausted and cold fighters,
Tired from heavy losses,
That with an audacious and young heart
We now wish to begin our song.
May the dead bring love to the dead
And cry next to old tombs!
We are alive: our vermillion blood,
Seethes from the fire of our endless strength.
Without tears, we know how to preserve
The sacred memory of our fallen in combat.
We burn with desire to put all our force,
All our soul in this same altar!
Who let the hammer and chisel fall?
We aspire to work in exchange.
We'll build a grand palace for the people
With stones from dismantled walls.
Whose anxious eyes have been lowered towards earth?
We look straight ahead with a critical eye.
Stubbornly, we force ourselves to look,
In dawn's fog, at the sunrise far away.
Fly, o our song, fly.
Climb to the heavens,
Towards the far and unseen limit.
Fly, fly, fly.
Spring is coming. Long live youth,
Bubbling source of grand aspirations and grand causes!
Arise, o our song, climb to the heavens,
Like the falcon freed from his restraints.
Long live the spirit of universal miracles,
Free and creative work!
Fly, o our song, again and again!
Echo above the earth like a trumpet!
Long live the all-powerful mother of life,
The world's sovereign fight!
All across our homeland
We greet each and every one...
We are swallows heralding spring,
Fresh and green which follows us.
Yes, the silent earth was paralyzed by cold
As was the loud current
And leaves were dead, and snow
Had covered the fields with its silver shroud.
But already thunder has clapped
From unknown mountain peaks,
And the force of inert cups has shuddered,
The heavy yoke staggers.
In the morning a warmer wind blows
And covered in obscurity, with each step,
The invisible trickles of revived springs
Secretly bore into the snow.
Shadows will disappear, long live the light!
We are the messengers of a new time!
A young spring follows us in the shadow of endless flags!

TEN RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS

for soloists, mixed chorus and piano

11. A Clap of Thunder Over Moscow

A clap of thunder suddenly echoed over Moscow,
The Don noisily got out of his bed.
Ah! The Don's brave Cossacks!
The Don's Cossacks, daring Cossacks!

All was embraced in a vengeful war,
A vengeful war against the enemy.
Ah! The Don's brave Cossacks!
The Don's Cossacks, daring Cossacks!

Believe and hope – old Russia – you are safe,
The force of Russian battalions is strong.
Ah! The Don's brave Cossacks!
The Don's Cossacks, daring Cossacks!

Our lasso is terrible, our sabre formidable,
Our sabre is formidable, our lance is precise.
Ah! The Don's brave Cossacks!
The Don's Cossacks, daring Cossacks!

The Don's peaceful children thundered,
They astonish the world and the enemy trembles.
Ah! The Don's brave Cossacks!
The Don's Cossacks, daring Cossacks!

Napoleon's glory has crumbled,
Napoleon – the enemy – fled.
Ah! The Don's brave Cossacks!
The Don's Cossacks, daring Cossacks!

Wherever you look lances sparkle,
Arrows buzz through the hail.
Ah! The Don's brave Cossacks!
The Don's Cossacks, daring Cossacks!

Bullets, like bees, fly in swarms,
They fly in swarms and sabres resound.
Ah! The Don's brave Cossacks!
The Don's Cossacks, daring Cossacks!

They couldn't resist the Russian strength,
Hoping, in their retreat, to find salvation.
Ah! The Don's brave Cossacks!
The Don's Cossacks, daring Cossacks!

They left cannons, rifles, shells,
Rifles and shells – retreat above all.
Ah! The Don's brave Cossacks!
The Don's Cossacks, daring Cossacks!

But they didn't succeed like they wanted to,
The crow thirsty for blood fell before the eagle.
Ah! The Don's brave Cossacks!
The Don's Cossacks, daring Cossacks!

Glory and bones, they left,
They left all on Russian soil.
Ah, the Don's brave Cossacks!
The Don's Cossacks, daring Cossacks!

12. Beyond the Mountains, Beyond the Valleys

Beyond the mountains, beyond the valleys,
Bonaparte had thought
He could equal the dancers.

There where the horse bores with his hooves,
With his claws, the crawfish crawls along,
Forward for dance!

And the talkative Sarmatians
Are ready to accompany him,
The dear little host!

Violins and basses roared,
The trumpet sounds echoed,
There will be feasting!

But he quickly bothered the Polish,
And exasperated the musicians.

"I'll go myself to Russia!
Where I'll dance the barinia,
With my hands on my hips,
I'll lead the dance."

His troubles in Borodino
Didn't stop him from hoping
To reach our little mother Moscow.

"There we'll enjoy ourselves to no end!
And for my delight
I'll send for the grand ladies!"

He arrived there,
But things weren't so good:
Nobody to dance with.

It's not just a matter of dancing
Boldly, in the German style,
An old German woman!

"this dance is more for me
And, for my legs, it's better.
Let's go, backwards, backwards!"

"Obviously, Frenchman, you are boastful!
Koutouzov tells him,
Well my brother, you lose nothing by waiting!

You became an expert in dragging your feet.
Let's go, we'll dance with you!
Get out then!

Bonaparte couldn't even dance,
Crying only "Pardon!"
All the while losing his garters.

He started jumping all around,
Flailing about like a little devil,
His legs staggering!

He abandoned his fancy manners:
Like a Gypsy without turning his head,
He crawled backwards!

He didn't have his music,
You would think there weren't any violins.
This will have cost him dearly!

He shouldn't have jumped in the water
Without first asking where the ford was,
The bragging hero!

13. Out of a Forest of Lances and Swords

Out of a forest of lances and swords,
Come forward a hundred intrepid Cossacks.
Let's say it again, for the second time:
A hundred intrepid Cossacks come forward,
And in front, a young captain.

He leads these hundred Cossacks behind him.
Let's say it again, for the second time:
He leads these hundred Cossacks behind him.
Skilled marksmen march at the rear.

Like a thorn, a bayonet is planted on each one,
Let's say it again, for the second time:
Like a thorn, a bayonet is planted on each one,
And behind them come the terrible canons.

The heroic duty of war weighs heavy on our shoulders.
Let's say it again, for the second time:
The heroic duty of war weighs heavy on our shoulders.
Come on brothers, let's sing a happier song.

We are soldiers, our Homeland's children.
Let's say it again, for the second time:
We are soldiers, our Homeland's children.
O you, steppes, large blue Don!

We'll daringly get across you one way or another,
Let's say it again, for the second time:
We'll daringly get across you one way or another,
It's not dawn's glow that shines,

It's the shining light of our glorious war.
Let's say it again, for the second time:
It's the shining light of our glorious war.
We are strong but we threaten no one,

We mount guard for our Homeland!
Let's say it again, for the second time:
We mount guard for our Homeland!

14. Dark Nights, Threatening Clouds

Dark nights, threatening clouds
Slip over the horizon:
Our brave little Cossacks
Come back from training.

Our brave little Cossacks
Come back from training.
They walk quickly
And speak among themselves.

They walk quickly
And speak among themselves.
The speak among themselves
And praise Souvorov.

They speak among themselves
And praise Souvorov.
Souvorov himself is with us,
With him we don't fear death.

Souvorov himself is with us,
With him we don't fear death.
He is a father to us warriors,
A conqueror for cities.

He is a father to us warriors,
A conqueror for cities.
For his homeland
He would spare his life.

He put his regiments in order
And is the one who orders: "Forward!"

15. The Cuckoo's Cry

Whereas the cuckoo sings, sings and sings,
 With my little mother near, I worry about our home,
 - Oh! dear little mother, the boyards are coming.
 - Ah! my good little boy, sit down and don't worry.
 - Oh! dear little mother, they're coming in the yard.
 - Ah! my good little boy, sit down and don't worry.
 -Oh! dear little mother, they've entered the isba.
 - Ah! my good little boy, get up and kiss me goodbye.

16. The Match

O match, my little match, you're made of birch!
 How is it, my little match, that your fire is not clear?

Your fire is not clear, you don't even catch fire!
 Could it be, my little match, that you were never in the over?

That's right, you were never in the oven.
 But yes I was, I was in the oven only last night.

Last night, my mean little mother-in-law
 Was serving.

She was serving
 And she threw water on me.

She threw water on me,
 Young ladies, my little friends, come to me.

Come to me then,
 Lie down to sleep.

Lie down to sleep,
 For you have no one to wait for.

17. The Pine Grove

Fir trees, my fir trees, my thick birches,
 Liouchenki liouli, my thick birches.
 Thick birches, deep well,
 Deep well, freezing water.
 Freezing water, stay, don't slip away
 Into the moss, the swamps, the paths,
 For, by the same path, I must go to my little father's house.
 I must go to my little father's house to celebrate,
 I must celebrate the wedding, to marry my brother,
 To remarry my sister and to get married myself.
 I stayed a week – I married my brother,
 Another week – my sister was remarried,
 The third week, I got married.

18. In My Father's Garden

In my father's green garden
 And in my mother's magnificent cherry orchard,
 How lovely the nightingale sings.
 He sings, sings, and whistles,
 His little prattle spreads and spreads,
 His voice can be heard through the dark forest,
 Through the dark forest, through the humid pinewoods,
 Through the humid pinewoods, towards the high tower,
 Towards the high tower, up to a beautiful young lady
 So that this beautiful young lady can hear
 The voice of her gentle friend,
 So she can wait for her gentle boyfriend;
 You're taking a walk, fine young man,
 But not alone – with the beautiful young lady
 You'll walk and find peace.

19. I Tell My Beloved

I was talking to my beloved, I was talking
 And crying with warm tears:
 - Don't get married, my gentle friend, friend of my heart,
 O you, my gentle friend, friend of my heart,
 You're getting married – I told him – and will find rest
 You'll choose – I told him – a young wife,
 A young wife – I told him – a beautiful young lady
 Who will be a cruel mother to your little children.

20. What Are These Songs

What are these songs
 That our old Russia is singing?
 You can do nothing, my brother, even if you wanted to,
 The French will never sing like this.

They are perfect, valiant,
 And everything except German,
 Our Russian songs,
 Are alive and well!

As soon as the people sing,
 And Russian songs flow,
 Wherever they can be heard,
 They go straight to the heart.

They are perfect, valiant,
 And everything except German,
 Our Russian songs,
 Are alive and well!

They sing of dark nights,
 Of white snows,
 Of the shopkeeper's daughter,
 Of sweet prairies.

They are perfect, valiant,
 And everything except German,
 Our Russian songs,
 Are alive and well!

They sing of blue seas,
 Of our mother's river,
 Of pain and sadness,
 Of heartbreak.

They are perfect, valiant,
 And everything except German,
 Our Russian songs,
 Are alive and well!

When they shout: "Wild berries,
 The silence of thick forests!"
 It's colossal Russia,
 The open spaces that we feel!

They are perfect, valiant,
 And everything except German,
 Our Russian songs,
 Are alive and well!

Singing Russia is strong,
 Vast and profound,
 Open, vibrant,
 Free and sonorous.

They are perfect, valiant,
 And everything except German,
 Our Russian songs,
 Are alive and well!

What are these songs
 That our old Russia is singing!
 You can do nothing, my brother, even if you wanted to,
 The French will never sing like this.