Alexander Borodin

Prince Igor

Opera in four acts and a prologue
Libretto by the composer after
The Lay of the Host of Igor

SUNG TEXTS - ENGLISH

CD 1

1. OVERTURE

2. PROLOGUE

A square in the town of Putivl. The Prince’s army is ready to start a campaign. People. Prince Igor and the other Princes ceremonially walk out of the cathedral.

PEOPLE
Glory to the radiant sun,
Glory in excelsis!
Glory to Prince Igor,
Glory to you, Russia!
To the valiant Prince Trubchevsky,
To the courageous Knight
Vsevolod Svyatoslavich,
Glory, glory to the Prince!
To young Vladimir of Putivl,
To young Svyatoslavich, Prince of Rylsk,
Glory, glory to the Prince!
Glory to Russia!
Glory echoes over the Polovtsian steppes
From the mighty Don to the coast.
Their glory is sung in unknown lands.
Glory to our splendid princes!
Glory to their valiant troops!
Their glory is sung all along the Danube,
Charming maidens sing it,
Their voices flow from the coast to Kiev!
Glory to our glorious princes!
Glory to their valiant troops!
Glory to all Russian Princes!
Glory to their valiant armies!
Glory! Glory!

PRINCE IGOR
Let’s march against the Polovtsian Khans!

PEOPLE
With enemy blood wash away
The wrong done to Russia!
Hey!

BOYARS
Crush the enemies as you did at Oltava!
Crush them as you did at Varla!
Drive them out
As you drove them out of Merl!
May the enemy army of the Polovtsian Khans be crushed!

PRINCE IGOR
We go to battle for our faith,
for Russia, for the people!

PEOPLE
May God help you! May God help you!
May God help you!
He will make you victorious
for Russia,
To the downfall of all enemies!

PRINCE IGOR
For Russia’s glory,
I would break my lance
In the distant Polovtsian steppes!

PEOPLE
May God grant you victory!
May God make you victorious
Over the Khans!

PRINCE IGOR
May we fall with honour
Or crush the enemy
Before returning home in glory!

PEOPLE
Prince, you will return
Crowned yet with another glory!
Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory!

PRINCE IGOR
Princes! It is time to go!

(The sky darkens in a solar eclipse.
All gaze at the sky in terror.)

VLADIMIR GALITSKY
What does that mean?
Look, the sunlight fades!

PEOPLE
Oh, Prince, this is a divine omen!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
And, like the moon,
The sun is crescent shaped!

PEOPLE
Oh, Prince, this is a bad sign!
(Complete darkness.)
The stars are shining in broad daylight!
The earth is enveloped in a terrible darkness!
Night has fallen!
Oh, Prince, abandon your plan!
Do not go!
(Daylight gradually breaks in again.)

PRINCE IGOR
This is a divine omen from our Lord,
Whether for good or evil, we will see.
None may evade his destiny.
What have we to fear?
For a just cause we will fight:
For our faith, for our country, for Russia!
How can we turn back without fighting
Thus clearing the way for the enemy?

BOYARS
It may be so, oh Prince,
But perhaps we shouldn’t go!
(On the stage it is daylight again.)

PRINCE IGOR
Brothers, to our horses!
May our noble stallions
guide us towards the blue sea!
PEOPLE
Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory!
(Prince Igor and the other princes and boyars stand by the ranks of troops and soldiers. Two soldiers, Skuh, and Yeroshka, sneak out of rank, stepping aside.)

SKULA
(to Yeroshka)
Let them go,
But we, brother, will stay right here!

YEROSHKA
I fear they might kill us,
You know...

SKULA
Let us go and look for work
Of our liking!

YEROSHKA
To Vladimir Yaroslavich, Prince Galitsky!

SKULA
Right!
There we will have food
And drink in plenty,
And we will save our skins!
(Throwing away their uniforms, they sneak away.)

PRINCE IGOR
Let the princesses and boyars' wives come
To be kissed farewell!
(Yaroslavna approaches Igor, accompanied by princesses and boyars' wives.)

YAROSLAVNA
(Throwing herself into Igor's arms.)
Oh, my betrothed, my beloved,
Please stay here with me!
This is not the right time, my prince,
Believe me, do not go.
Do not leave, I beg you!
That omen can only bring misfortune,
It threatens you and me.

PRINCE IGOR
Oh, my beloved wife, dry your tears,
Do not weep in vain;
We cannot go back,
Believe me!

YAROSLAVNA
I trust my heart, my beloved:
Such anguish I have never known before:
I am frightened, frozen with fear,
I already know what you want to say,
And understand it fully.

PRINCE IGOR
Enough, my beloved, what is the matter!
Many times we have bid farewell to each other,
Yet you have never known fear.
Duty calls me, honour demands
We march against Russia's enemy!

YAROSLAVNA
My reason tells me you are right;
Yet I am unable to silence
The dark premonitions
That envelop my heart.
Yes, I am helpless!

PRINCE IGOR
We can't stay, believe me,
Indeed, we can't turn back:
Duty and honour demand we go ahead!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
The prince speaks the truth!
Yes, We cannot turn back:
Yes, duty and honour demand we go ahead!

VLADIMIR GALITSKY
The prince is right!
You cannot turn back:
Yes, duty and honour demand we go ahead!

PRINCE IGOR
Farewell, farewell, my beloved!

YAROSLAVNA
Farewell!

PRINCE IGOR
May God be with you!
Pray for us, my gentle dove!

PRINCE IGOR
(to Galitsky)
I place her in her brother's care.
Protect your sister's peace of mind
And relieve her sorrow at this separation
With your wise advice.
I beg you as a brother!

VLADIMIR GALITSKY
You can count on me.
One good turn deserves another:
I owe you a lot.
When my father
And my own brothers banished me,
You took pity on my fate
And, as a brother, you gave me shelter,
And reconciled me with my father,
Who forgave me.
Thanks to you,
I was honourably welcomed back.

PRINCE IGOR
Enough, enough!
I am happy I could help you.
(Yaroslavna, the princesses and boyars' wives exit. An elder walks out of the cathedral. Igor approaches him.)
It is time to go.
Bless us, reverend Father,
Bless our campaign against the enemy,
(The elder blesses the army.)
Bless the prince and the army!
(The elder blesses Prince Igor.)

PEOPLE
God will help you in the battle
Against the enemy;
May the Lord protect you
In the battle against the foe!
May God be with you!
May God help you in the battle,
May he give you victory,
Victory over the terrible enemy!

BOYARS
(to the people)
Sing the praise of the princes and of the army!

PEOPLE
(Headed by Igor and the other princes, the troops start off.)
Glory to the stars!
Glory in excelsis!
Glory to our princes!
Glory to Russia!
Glory to all our princes,
First to the greater,
Then to the lesser,
Glory to all our princes,
Glory to them all,
Glory to Russia!
Glory to the valiant Vsevolod,
To Svyatoslavich!
To the young falcon Prince Vladimir.
To their valiant army, Glory!
Hail, Princes, hail.
Glory to your valiant army!
Glory to the princes, glory,
Glory to their valiant army!
Glory!

ACT ONE
SCENE ONE

PEOPLE
Glory, glory to Vladimir! Hey! Glory to Vladimir, glory! Hey!

SKULA
(to Yeroshka)
Play! The river didn’t swell, The water didn’t rise, The river didn’t flood Nor overflow its banks.

PEOPLE
The prince’s daredevils went for a walk, And seized a maiden for their good prince. Hey-ho, they rejoiced! Hey-ho, they started playing! They danced till morning praising their prince with songs: Long live Prince Vladimir, Prince Vladimir Galitsky! Hey!

YEROSHKA
The lovely maiden begged for mercy, Bowing to the prince. (imitating her)
“My prince, oh, merciful prince, Please let me go home!”

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
“Oh, I want to go back to my father, Oh, I want to go back to my mother, Oh, let me go home, Don’t dishonour me!”

PEOPLE
Hey-ho, they rejoiced! Hey-ho, they started playing! They danced till morning Praising their prince with songs. Long live prince Vladimir, Prince Vladimir Galitsky! Hey! (Vladimir Galitsky enters from his chambers.)

THE PRINCE’S COURTiers
Have you enjoyed yourself, Prince?

VLADIMIR GALITSKY
I make no secret of it; Boredom I hate. And not a single day Would I live as Prince Igor. I love to soothe my heart With princely entertainment, I love a merry life Oh, if I only were The Prince of Putivl, What a glorious life I’d lead! Oh! If I were to become The ruling Prince of Putivl I would never grieve, I would know how to live! All day long I would govern And solve any problem While feasting and drinking. To all, I would dispense justice, While pouring Them a drink! Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, carouse! At night, I would call Upon the fairest maidens, They would play and sing Praises to me, their prince. The prettiest blondes Would stay with me. All night I would love them, Hey! If only I had this chance, I would freely drink, play and dance. You would never see me bored, I would know exactly What to do first: Organize the principality And monopolize the state’s treasury. I would live as I please, What else is power for? Hey! If I were to become the Prince All would get what they are due Me as well as you. And they would never forget us! Hey, hey, hey, carouse!

THE PRINCE’S COURTiers
Long live Prince Galitsky! What about the Princess?

VLADIMIR GALITSKY
My sister? Meek and humble nun! She should be in a monastery To beg forgiveness for my sins And pray for the salvation of my soul!

(Walking toward the palace.)
Let us go to the palace To taste the prince’s meat. Reward the people for their good services With a cask of wine! (He goes toward his chambers.)

THE PRINCE’S COURTiers
Long live Prince Gillizsky! (A group of maidens enters and surrounds Vladimir.)

MAIDENS
Oh, what misfortune, Prince, Your servants, wicked fellows, Abducted a maiden, A very lovely maiden, Oh, have mercy, have mercy And let her go!

VLADIMIR GALITSKY
You women, why howl? Your sister has her own room In the royal chambers, She will not be hurt, What else does she want? There is no reason why you should grieve: As a royal spouse will she live. She will know no work, nor worries, Just have the best to eat and drink! Be off now! And remember: I will not let the maiden go!

MAIDENS
What misfortune, dear Prince! Do not dishonour her, Let her go Back to her father Back to her mother! Oh, have mercy, have mercy And let her go!

VLADIMIR GALITSKY
Why are you still here? I will not let the maiden go! Now, make haste And get back home, Or it will be worse for the girl As well as for you. There is nothing to weep about And nothing to plead for. Out! (The maidens run away. Vladimir exits.)

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
Back to their fathers, Back to their mothers...
YEROSHKA
Empty handed they came and left...

SKULA
As they plodded along,
So they trotted off.
(All laugh.)
Wait, young fellows, listen:
What if the Princess hears everything
And orders us into prison?
Then what?

PEOPLE
Who cares about the Princess?
Whom will she order to arrest us?
There are plenty of us,
While she has no men:
They are all off on the campaign.
What do we have to fear?
Come on, now!

SKULA
Besides, the princess is stingy,
She haggles over the price of wine,
Who will oblige her?

YEROSHKA
Obviously, nobody.

SKULA
Unlike Prince Vladimir
Who is a real father to us,
He cares for his people.
Just look: he has presented us
with a cask
(The Prince's servants bring the cask. The
gather around the barrel; the
gudok-players play)
(Robustly, full of comical self-importance.)
At the palace of Prince Vladimir,
Prince Vladimir Yaroslavich,
All his people have gathered.
Fine princely courtiers they were indeed,
All drunkards.

PEOPLE
The princely courtiers were drunkards.

YEROSHKA
The prince's courtiers were moaning
Oh, dear me, we drank too much:
We drank to everything:
To your good health, dear Prince,
Our benefactor, our father and Prince.

SKULA
The drunkards are moaning
and groaning:
Oh, dear me, we drank too much,
We drank too much to you, our benefactor,
To our dear Prince and father.

PEOPLE
Our dear father,
Take pity on us, dear father!

SKULA
Take pity!

YEROSHKA
Strong beer for us...

SKULA
Brew!

YEROSHKA
Give us a fill of sweet meat...

SKULA
And plenty!

YEROSHKA
Bring us vodka...

SKULA
The best!

YEROSHKA
Bring us a cask of strong beer...

SKULA
Bring it here, now!

YEROSHKA
And we will stay, our Prince,...

SKULA
Our Prince...

YEROSHKA
Our father...

SKULA
Our father...

YEROSHKA
Your reliable servants...

SKULA
We are your...

YEROSHKA
We are your faithful servants!

SKULA
We are yours!

PEOPLE
For you, dear Prince,
We will die!

SKULA
And this is what our dear father,
Vladimir Yaroslavich, said:
Hey, you drunkards, faithful servants,
How could I not pity you:
Your life is miserable
And you work hard...

PEOPLE
For our life is miserable.

SKULA
Mine, too.

YEROSHKA
On weekdays and on holidays...

SKULA
Work!

YEROSHKA
From morning to midnight...

SKULA
Work!

YEROSHKA
From noon to dusk...

SKULA
Work!

YEROSHKA
From sunset to sunrise...

SKULA
Work!

YEROSHKA
Work isn't easy...

SKULA
So is mine.

YEROSHKA
Troubles are many...

SKULA
So are mine.

YEROSHKA
The work is hard...

SKULA
So is mine.

YEROSHKA
Duties are many...
SKULA
So are mine.

PEOPLE
Sing songs, carouse and revel!
Hey!
To the good health of our Prince!
Hey, let us be merry!
Yes, this is the one who should rule
Putivl as a prince!

ANOTHER GROUP
Why not crown him right now?
There are no soldiers
And Igor is far away:
Why miss this chance,
What have we to fear? What?

PEOPLE
We are all for the Prince:
And we are not few;
What have we to fear?

SKULA
All troops have gone,
The Prince and his army are campaigning,
There's no help.

YEROSHKA
All troops have gone,
And there's no help.

PEOPLE
It's true!

SKULA
There was a revolt in Posemye, did you hear?

YEROSHKA
The army was crushed there long ago
And all the princes were slain.

PEOPLE
It's true!
All troops have gone,
There's no help.
So, let's do it!
So hurry, let's go to the square
And get a crowd together!
We will oust Igor and enthrone Vladimir!
What have we to fear?
Onwards'. Let's go to the square
And get a crowd together!
We will oust Igor and enthrone Vladimir!
What have we to fear?
The prince's daredevils went on a spree
And they crowned the Prince of Russia.
Hey-ho, they rejoiced!
Hey-ho, they started singing!
And they praised their Prince with songs
till morning!
So, come on fellows, let's gather together
in the square, quickly!
Praise the Prince with songs,
Praise him, hey!
The prince's daredevils went on a spree
And they crowned the Prince of Russia.
And they praised him with songs:
Prince Galitsky! Hey!
Glory, glory to Vladimir! Hey!
(All exit except Skula and Yeroshka, both drunk.)

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
"Oh, I want to my father,
Oh, I want to my mother...
Oh, let me go home,
Don't dishonour me!"

SCENE TWO
4. A room in Yaroslava's palace.
Yaroslava is alone.

YAROSLAVNA
A long time has passed
Since Igor, my beloved,
And our son Vladimir
And our brother Vsevolod
Led their armies against the Polovtians.
I am really lost.
It seems I should have by now
Received a message from the prince.
If only someone
Brought some news of Igor.
Oh, my heart foresees misfortune:
It aches and beats and trembles fearfully
And sorrow oppresses me.
Oh, where have the happy times gone
When my beloved was with me?
Those lovely days are now gone;
Alone I grieve from morn to dusk,
Alone I weep throughout the night
And long for my beloved with all my heart,
And eagerly await a message from him!
Yet he doesn't come, nor sends a message,
I am so lonely.

Terrorizing nightmares torment my sleep,
I often dream my beloved is beside me
And we are together once more.
He beckons me to follow him,
Yet he fades away further and further
And I am alone once more.
Terror and sorrow torture my soul...
Then I wake up in tears
Which I cannot contain...
There was a time... I knew no sorrow
When my beloved was with me.
But those happy days are now no more
Sadness has enveloped my heart,
Sorrow my soul.
I weep all day, I weep all night...
I have one thought only,
One worry burdens my heart:
Oh, he doesn't come nor sends a message,
Yet, such a long, long time has passed...
Will my beloved come back soon?
Will I be alive to greet him?
Where, where is he,
My prince, my beloved?
(She covers her face with her hands, engrossed in her thoughts. The nanny enters.)

5. NANNY
A group of maidens has come to see you, Princess.
They plead for justice.
May I let them in?
May they come in?

YAROSLAVNA
Why, let them come in!
(They leave and returns
with the maidens. The maidens enter, bowing to Yaroslava.)
MAIDENS
We have come, oh Princess,
We have come, dear Princess,
To beg and plead;
Do not abandon us!
We beg for justice;
Do not let us be insulted,
Defend us!
Act on our behalf!
Last night an intruder broke in,
Seized a maid
And dragged her away by force
To his palace.
We went there and pleaded with
him;
Do not dishonour the poor
maiden,
Let her go!
He did not,
He swore, sneered, threatened,
Cursing and beating us,
And threw us out.
So we beseech and beg you
To do justice:
Do not forsake us,
Defend us!
Do not let us be insulted -
Order that they let our maiden go!
Act on our behalf!
Make him let her go
And not dishonour her!
Make him give the maiden back!
Order him to let the maiden go!

YAROSLAVNA
Who is your offender?
Who seized the maiden?
Tell me, who!
(The maidens quietly talk to each other.)

MAIDENS
(first group)
Come on! Tell her!

MAIDENS
(second group)
Come on! Reply!

MAIDENS
(third group)
Why are you silent?

MAIDENS
(second group)
Come on!

YAROSLAVNA
Tell me who is he?

MAIDENS
(first group)
We dare not...

MAIDENS
(second group)
We are afraid...

ALL THE MAIDENS
But what is there to conceal?
Let us tell everything.
Have mercy on us,
Do not rage, nor take offense.
It is him, our prince,
Our Vladimir Yaroslavich, Prince
Galitsky!
In the past, and for far too long,
He has offended all Putivl,
Vladimir Yaroslavich, our prince.
It was him, none but him!
Since Prince Igor went on the
campaign,
Things have grown worse,
Worse then ever
Neither in the towns nor in the
villages
Is there a decent life for anyone.
Prince Vladimir Yaroslavich,
Prince Galitsky,
Always carouses.
He and his courtiers carouse
Day and night!
All of them drunk and brazen,
They deride, abuse, insult all
round,
Committing crimes worse than
the enemies,
Worse than the Polovtsians!
None may lead a decent life
because of them,
Yet none can stop them either.
They fear nobody in Putivl;
Prince Igor Svyatoslavich
Is not among us.
You at least should stop him,
We implore you!
(Vladimir Galitsky enters, and the
maids cry out in
fear.)

6. MAIDENS
Oh! Heaven! The prince!
Lord, have mercy on us!

VLADIMIR GALITSKY
(to Yaroslavna)
Drive them away!
(The maidens run away. Nanny
goes away after a
sign. Of Yaroslavna.)

YAROSLAVNA
Vladimir!
Last night you and your rough
company
Broke into a house
And seized a maiden by force...
Disgracing her, you led her away
To keep her in the palace against
her will.
Is this true? Tell me: who is she?
Who is this maiden?

VLADIMIR GALITSKY
Whoever she may be...
What has that got to do with you?
I'll keep whom I seized,
I seized whom I wanted to.
I do not know whom I seized,
Nor do I want to know.
There are many maidens in the
world
And I cannot know them all!
Come on, happy or unhappy as
you might be,
Dear or not dear as I may be to
you,
You should welcome me
As an honoured guest,
Then seat me in the place of
honour
And curtsey as you offer me a
drink!
Or perhaps I interrupted your
council
With those rogues,
Have I interrupted the Princess?

YAROSLAVNA
What?
When and where will all your
insults end,
When and where
Will all your insolence end?
But wait.
Igor will come home
And I will tell him everything;
He will learn everything.
Then you will
Answer for all your deeds,
For everything.

VLADIMIR GALITSKY
What do I care for your Igor?
Whether he will come back or not,
I do not care.
Should it make any difference to
me?
Here I am the Prince,
Here I am the ruler,
One word to my people
And I will sit on the Prince’s
throne.
The people will elect me:
All in Putivl are on my side.  
Then my turn will come  
To demand an answer from you.  
Remember this and take no  
offence!  

YAROSLAVNA  
You dare threaten me?  

VLADIMIR GALITSKY  
Enough, stop,  
I was merely joking.  
I wanted to see you angry  
Oh, if you only knew  
How becoming anger is to you:  
Your eyebrows knit into a frown,  
Your eyes sparkle in fury  
And your face flushes  
As blood rises to your head!  
You are so beautiful, you are so young...  
Your husband left a long time ago...  
It must be for you boring to be  
alone.  
Have you really been as strict  
With others.  
As you are with me?  
Is there really nobody  
Whom you secretly love?  
Will you be really be true to Igor?  
(derisively and merry)  
I do not believe it.  
It cannot be.  

YAROSLAVNA  
Have you forgotten that I am the  
Princess,  
That the Prince bestowed  
His power upon me?  
I will order you sent away  
Under guard  
Back to our father in Galich!  
May he deal with you!  
Free the girl immediately!  
Leave, leave this room!  

VLADIMIR GALITSKY  
Aha! I see!  
So that's it! All right!  
I will free the girl  
And seize another. Fine!  
(He exits.)  

YAROSLAVNA  
I am trembling,  
I can barely control myself.  
Oh, if only the Prince would return  
As soon as possible,  
My soul would know repose  
again...  
I am tired...  
This struggle is too much for me...  

CD 2  
1. (The Council of Boyars enters,  
bowing to Yaroslavna.)  
Welcome, boyars,  
I am glad to see you.  
You, my faithful counsellors,  
Supporters of the princely rule,  
Reliable friends in joy and sorrow.  
I am glad to see you!  
Tell me, though,  
What is the meaning of your visit  
So sudden and unexpected?  
It frightens me...  
It makes me think of misfortune  
Tell me, I want to know.  

BOYARS  
Be brave, Princess.  
We bring you bad news, Princess!  
We have come to tell you  
Bad news, Princess.  
Be brave!  

YAROSLAVNA  
What happened? Speak up!  

BOYARS  
Russia has been invaded  
By enemy forces  
Coming closer and closer.  

YAROSLAVNA  
Oh, God!  

BOYARS  
They are approaching;  
And the frightful troops  
That are drawing near to Putivl  
Are led by the Polovtsian Khan  
Gzak,  
The terrible Khan!  

YAROSLAVNA  
Is there more sorrow to come?  
But where is our army?  
Where is our Prince?  
Can our army have been  
defeated?  
Can the Prince be dead?  

BOYARS  
Storm upon storm,  
Misfortune upon misfortune  
The Lord has sent us!  
None will escape,  
God's judgment, none,  
None, believe us, none!  

YAROSLAVNA  
Tell me!  

BOYARS  
In an unequal battle  
Against the countless enemy  
The entire army fell.  

YAROSLAVNA  
Oh!  

BOYARS  
All regiments defeated.  
The Prince himself was wounded,  
And with his brother  
And his son was taken prisoner.  

YAROSLAVNA  
My beloved wounded and  
captured?!  

BOYARS  
All were captured!  

YAROSLAVNA  
No, No!...  
I don't believe it!  
No! No!  
(Yaroslavna faints, then revives.)  
So, it is true that the Prince was  
captured,  
That he was wounded?  
That the enemy draws near!  
Boyars, tell me, what should we  
do  
And how should we act?  
No Prince, no army, no help...  
Who will defend the city?  
Who? Who?  

BOYARS  
It will not be the first time,  
Princess,  
That by the city walls,  
In front of the gates, we will face  
the enemy.  
The city is safe... do not worry.  
The walls are solid, the moats deep,  
And our forts invincible.  
The city is safe... do not worry.  
God will help... We will overcome,  
We'll defend Putivl.  
The city is safe not only because of  
its walls;  
Neither are the forts our only  
fortress,  
Nor the trenches or the moat...  
Our fortress is our faith in the  
Lord,  
Our loyalty to the Prince and to  
you, Princess,  
And our love for our homeland.
YAROSLAVNA
Thank you, boyars,
I appreciate your sincere words.
I trust you, boyars.
In these words I hear the truth.
I had lost courage
From grief and sorrow,
But your words of truth
Have restored my strength anew
And they have lit up
A ray of hope again in my soul.
(She curtseys to the boyars. Bells ring the alarm.
The boyars listen.)

BOYARS
Bells! The alarm! Yes, the alarm!
The alarm, boyars!
The sounding of the alarm has a sinister ring:
It portends evil, Princess!

YAROSLAVNA
Yes? Oh, Lord!
The enemy has invaded!
(A glow of fire lights up the window.)
The enemy has invaded our city!
Oh, God!
What will happen to us?
Holy Virgin, help us!
This is God's punishment, God's fury,
God's fury! Oh, Lord!
This is God's fury, this is God's punishment!
God's fury has punished us!
One cannot evade God's judgment!

BOYARS
The enemy is advancing, the terrible enemy!
(Behind the scenes crying women.)
Fire!... The fortress is in flames!
Women are wailing. People are fleeing.
The fort is on fire.
Polovtsians are plundering the field,
Looting, setting fire to the fortress.
Look!
Boyars, faster, faster to the walls,
Faster to the city walls!
Some should remain
To guard the princess.
(Same boyars run away, others buckle on their swords to join the defence.)
This is God's punishment. God's fury!

God has punished us!
One cannot evade God's judgment!

2. ACT TWO
The Polovtsian camp. It is evening.

POLOVTSIAN MAIDEN
Without water, under the midday sun,
A little flower withers, it withers, poor thing.
It's head sinks to the ground
And it's leaves sadly droop.

ALL
The sun will set, night will fall,
The heat will pass; the dew will form
Soaking the ground with moisture
Watering the little flower.
Under the cold dew
The little flower will live anew.
Our heart in misery is like
A flower without water.

POLOVTSIAN MAIDEN
It withers, droops and pines away
Awaiting a tender caress.

ALL
The sun will set, night will fall,
The lover will come to the tryst
Bringing warmth and joy
To the pining heart.
The heart will live anew
As a flower under the dew.

3. (Dance of the Polovtsian maidens.)

4. KONCHAKOVNA
Daylight fades.
Let us end
Our songs and dancing.
The night spreads its cloak of darkness.
Night, fall faster,
Envelop me in darkness,
In fog and mist hide me, Clothe me!
The time of our tryst has come.

MAIDENS
Soon night will fall
Not far off
Is the hour of love
The sweet hour of love!

KONCHAKOVNA
Will my beloved come to me?
Does he not feel
That I have long
Waited for him here?
Where are you, my beloved?
Answer me! Where are you?
My beloved, answer me!
I am waiting for you, oh, my love!
Oh, my beloved, the time has come,
The time of our joy has come...
She's come for us.
The time of our tryst has come.
Night, fall faster,
Envelop me in darkness,
Hide me in fog and mist,
Clothe me!
The time of our tryst, the sweet time,
The time is near!

MAIDENS
Soon night will fall
Not far off
Is the hour of love
The sweet hour of love!
The time is near!
(Russian prisoners enter, returning from work guard.)

5. KONCHAKOVNA
Maidens, friends,
Quench the prisoners' thirst
With a cool drink
And comfort the wretched ones
With tender words!
(The Polovtsian maidens greet the prisoners offer them food.)

PRISONERS
May God give you health,
Pretty maidens,
For your kindness, for your greeting,
For the bread you bring us,
For the cool Kumis you give us
To drink on sultry days.
We have never been abused
By you in captivity.
We feel your kindness, we feel your mercy.
May God give you health,
Pretty maidens,
For your kindness, for your greeting!
May the Lord give a long life
To the red flower,
The pretty daughter of the Khan.
(The prisoners bow to the maidens and to Konchakovna and leave the stage.)
(Konchakovna and the maidens exit. Polovtsian guards, inspecting the camp, enter. Towards the end, night falls and the scene is entirely deserted, except for Ovlur who, alone, is on guard in the distance.)

GUARDS
The sun goes to rest beyond the mountains,
And takes away the daylight.
The sky sends the moon for the night,
Which moves across it, protecting it,
Lightening the earth and protecting us.
The sun goes to rest beyond the mountains,
And takes away the daylight.
(They exit.)
It is time for the night’s rest.
(Vladimir Igorevich appears.)

6. VLADIMIR IGOREVICH
Slowly did the day grow dim,
The sun set beyond the woods,
It’s light faded away.
Night fell on the earth,
Nocturnal shadows spread
A black cloak on the steppes.
The warm southern night
Calls for dreams of love,
Spreading warmth in my blood
And draws me to the tryst.
Are you waiting for me, my beloved?
Are you waiting?
My heart tells me
That you are waiting for me.
Oh, where are you, where?
Answer the call of love!
Oh, will I see you soon, very soon?
Come!
Faster, faster answer the call of love.
Remember: I suffer, my breast is aflame.
I am waiting, I am waiting for you,
Waiting for your love!
I love you more than my life!
Why are you late, my beloved?
Get up, come to me!
Do not fear, everyone is asleep,
Sleeping soundly,
Sleeping peacefully, quietly...
Oh, where are you, where?
Answer the call of love!
Oh, will I, will I live
To feel your tender caress?
Come, faster answer the call of love!

Come under the cloak of the dark night,
When the woods and the waters sleep,
When just the stars, the eyes of the sky,
Watch us two alone.
All about sleep peacefully, quietly,
They sleep soundly... Come!

7. KONCHAKOVNA
Is that you, my Vladimir?
Is that you, oh my dearest,
Is that you, my beloved,
Is that you, my love?
Oh, how I have longed for you!

VLADIMIR IGOREVICH
Do you love me?
KONCHAKOVNA
Do I love you?
VLADIMIR IGOREVICH
Do you love me?
KONCHAKOVNA
Do I love you?
VLADIMIR IGOREVICH
Do you love me?
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VLADIMIR IGOREVICH
Do you love me?
KONCHAKOVNA
Do I love you?
8. PRINCE IGOR
(Steps to the front.)
No sleep, no rest for my tormented soul!
The night brings me no comfort or oblivion.
I relive the past
Alone, in the quiet of the night,
And the threat of the divine omen
And the celebrations for our military achievements,
My victory over the enemy,
And the pitiful end to military glory,
The defeat and the wounds
And my capture,
And the death of all my soldiers
Killed in honest battle for their homeland.
All has been lost; my honour and my glory.
I have disgraced my native land!
Captivity, infamous captivity...
Such is my destiny from now on,
And the thought that I alone am to blame!
Oh, give me, give me freedom...
I will succeed in atoning for my disgrace;
I will save my honour and my glory,
I will save Russia from the enemy!
You alone, my dear love,
You alone will not blame me.
With your tender heart
You will understand everything,
You will forgive me for everything!
From your high tower
You have worn your eyes out watching,
You await your beloved day and night,
And you shed bitter tears.
How could I spend day after day
In fruitless captivity
Aware that the enemy is preying on Russia?
The enemy is like a terrible beast.
Russia moans in the grip of its mighty claws
And lays the blame on this on me!
Oh, give, give me freedom,
I will succeed in atoning for my disgrace;
I will save Russia from the enemy!
No sleep, no rest for my tormented soul!
The night brings me no hope of escape.
I relive yet again the past,
Alone, in the quiet of the night...
And there is no way out for me!
Oh, I am so miserable, so miserable!
It is so hard to see my impotence!
(Ovlur cautiously approaches I g o r .
The sun beholds to rise.
Towards the end of the scene it is bright as daylight.)

9. OVLUR
Allow me, prince, to say a word:
I have been waiting long to tell you...

PRINCE IGOR
What do you want?

OVLUR
Prince, look: the east glows
And the light of dawn
Has chased away the darkness of the night.
It will dawn for you and for Russia...
And there is a way: I know a way...

PRINCE IGOR
You?

OVLUR
I will supply you with swift horses.
Escape from your captivity in secret!

PRINCE IGOR
What?
Me, the Prince,
Escape from captivity in secret?
Me, me? Think, what are you saying?

PRINCE IGOR
Enough!
(To himself)
Ovlur, perhaps, is right.
I must save my land.
But there is no other way...
Perhaps this is the glow of dawn,
For me and for Russia,
And the light of the joyous sun
Will shine once more!
(He approaches Ovlur once more.)
To escape...
Is it possible?
I am a hostage of the Khan,
After all. Leave me alone!

OVLUR
You have not sworn
An oath of allegiance to the Khan,
Have you, Prince?
Nor have you kissed the crucifix, Prince?

PRINCE IGOR
You are right, Ovlur.
Thank you for your service!
I must think it over.
(Ovlur exits. Khan Konchak walks out from behind the tents.)

10. KONCHAK
Are you in good health, Prince?
Why are you in low spirits, my guest?
What is on your mind?
Have the nets been torn?
Or aren’t the hawks fierce
Enough to catch a bird in flight?
Take mine!
The net is whole,
And the hawks trustworthy.
But the falcon will not live in captivity.
KONCHAK
Have you always regarded
yourself as a captive?
For you haven’t been living as a
slave, But as a guest of mine.
You were wounded in the battle of
Kayala
And captured along with your
army.
You were given to me as a
hostage,
But you are my guest instead.
You are respected as a Khan;
All I have is at your service;
Your son is with you,
And so is your army.
You live as a Khan here;
You live as I do.
Admit it, do captives live like this?
Like this? Oh, no, no, my friend.
No, Prince you are not my captive.
You are my dear guest!
Listen, my friend, believe me.
I admire you, Prince,
For your bravery and fearlessness
in battle.
I respect you, Prince,
You have always been dear to me;
be assured of that.
No, I am not your enemy here,
I am your host:
You are my dear guest.
So tell me
What you dislike,
Tell me.
If you want to, take any horse of
mine,
Take my cherished sword,
The sword of my forefathers!
I have shed much enemy blood
With this sword.
Many a time in bloody battles
My sword has evoked mortal
terror.
Yes, Prince, all here,
All here are subordinate to the
Khan:
I have long been a terror to all.
I am daring, I am brave,
I know no fear.
All fear me,
All here tremble
But you were not afraid of me;
You did not beg for mercy, Prince.
Oh, not your enemy,
I would like to be
Your faithful ally,
Your trustworthy friend,
Your brother.
Believe me!
Do you want a captive
From the distant sea,
A slave woman
From beyond the Caspian Sea?
If you want one,
Just say the word.
I will give you one!
I own countless beauties:
Their hair falls on their shoulders
like snakes,
Their misty black eyes,
Looking tenderly and passionately
From under their dark brows.
Why are you silent?
If you want to,
Choose anyone of them!
11. Hey! Bring along the slaves!
To entertain us with songs and
dances
And dispel our gloomy thoughts!

PRINCE IGOR
(He shakes konchak’s hand.)
Thank you, Khan, for your kind
words!
I bear you no grudge,
And I would gladly pay you back in
kind.
But life in captivity is no life.
You yourself have once felt
What captivity is like.

KONCHAK
Captive! Captivity! Well, do you
want me
To let you go back to your
homeland?
Just give me your word that you
will not raise
Your sword against me
And will not stand in my way.

PRINCE IGOR
No, it does not befit a prince to
lie!
I will tell you frankly, concealing
nothing:
I will not give such a promise.
Just give me freedom,
And I will call up my regiments
again,
And I will again attack you;
I will stand in your way
And I will try again
To win the River Don.

KONCHAK
I admire your sincerity:
You are brave and do not fear the
truth,
I am like that myself!
Oh, had we been allies,
You and I,
We would have captured all of
Russia!
Like two beasts we would have
roamed together,
Drinking our fill of enemy blood.
We would have crushed them
under our heel,
The merest trifle... impale them or
behead them!
How about that? Ha, ha, ha, ha!
But you are stubborn! Sit down!

12. (Male and female Polovtsian
slaves enter; some
carry tambourines and other
musical instruments.
Konchak’s retinue and attendants
follow.)

SLAVEWOMEN
Fly on the wings of the wind
To our native land, dear song of
ours.
There, where we have sung you at
liberty,
Where we felt so free in singing
you.
There under the hot sky
The air is full of bliss,
There to the sound of the sea
The mountains doze in the clouds.
There the sun shines so brightly,
Bathing the native mountains in
light.
Splendid roses blossom in the
valleys,
And nightingales sing in the green
forests,
And sweet grapes grow.
You are free there, song -
Fly home!
(Gradually more join the dancing.
The Polovtsians praise the Khan.)

POLOVTSIANS
Sing songs of praise to the Khan!
Sing!
Praise the power and valour of the
Khan!
Praise the glorious Khan!
He is glorious, our Khan!
In the brilliance of his glory,
The Khan is equal to the sun!
There is none equal to the Khan in
glory,
None!
The Khan female slaves praise the
Khan,
Their Khan!
KONCHAK
Do you see the captives
From the distant sea;
Do you see my beauties,
From beyond the Caspian Sea?
Oh, tell me, friend,
tell me just one word:
If you want to,
I will give you anyone of them.

POLOVTSIANS
Sing songs of praise to the Khan!
Sing!
(All dance)
Praised be his generosity, praised be his mercy!
Praise him!
To his enemies the Khan is merciless
He, our Khan!
Who may equal the Khan in glory, who?
In the brilliance of his glory, He is equal to the sun!
Our Khan, Khan Konchak, is equal
In glory to his forefathers!
The terrible Khan Konchak is equal
In glory to his forefathers!
Glorious is our Khan Konchak!
Glory, glory!

ALL THE SLAVES
Fly on the wings of the wind
To our native land, dear song of ours
There, where we have sung you at liberty,
Where we felt so free in singing you!
There under the hot sky
The air is full of bliss,
There to the sound of the sea
The mountains doze in the clouds.
There the sun shines so brightly,
Bathing the native mountains in light.
Splendid roses blossom in the valleys,
And nightingales sing in the green forests,
And sweet grapes grow.
You are free there, song—
Fly home!

POLOVTSIANS
Our Khan, Khan Konehak, is equal
In glory to his forefathers!
The grim Khan Konehak is equal
In glory to his forefathers!
Glory, glory to Khan Konchak!
Khan Konehak!
With your dancing entertain the Khan,
Dance to entertain the Khan,
slaves!
Your Khan!
Dance to entertain the Khan,
slaves!
Your Khan!
With your dancing entertain the Khan!
Entertain with dancing!
Our Khan Konchak!

CD 3
ACT THREE
1. The Polovtsian camp.
Polovtsians pour in from all sides, looking to the distance and waiting for the arrival of Khan Gzak. Gzak’s army enters the stage to the sounds of trumpets, horns and tambourines. The soldiers show their spoils and parade with their prisoners. The Polovtsians greet the passing soldiers, gesturing wildly. At the end of the recession, Gzak is on horseback, surrounded by soldiers. Konchak goes towards him and greets him.
Prince Igor, Vladimir Igoryevich and the Russian prisoners watch the procession.

POLOVTSIANS
The army returns home,
The army returns in victory,
Glory to our army!
Glory to the brave army!
Glory to the terrible Khans!
Gzak returns victorious;
The army leads prisoners.
Glory to the terrible Khans!
Terrible is Gzak, glorious is the Khan!
Glory to our army!
Glory to the brave army,
To our army!
To our brave army!
Terrible is Gzak,
Glorious is the Khan!
Glory to Khan Gzak!
Here are the horns trumpeting our victory,
Tambourines ringing resonantly.
Glory to the terrible Khans!
The death of the Polovtsians
Have burned down many villages
And have taken beautiful maidens prisoner.
Glory, glory!
The death of the Polovtsian Khans,
To the terrible Polovtsian Khans!

Glory, glory!
Glorious, glorious is the Khan!
Our merciless Gzak!
Praise Khan Gzak!
He prowls around in the steppes
like a tiger,
He is a whirlwind in the steppes,
He slew his enemies, killed their horses,
Burned down their dwellings.
The enemy armies are defeated,
Their corpses spread on the battle ground.
Praise the merciless Khans!
Let them be praised!

2. KONCHAK
Our swords gave us victory,
Victory over the enemies!
Luck is on our side everywhere we go...
We will soon capture all Russia.
After the battle of Kayala
Several victories have made our swords
We seized the city of Rimov
And burned Putivl to ashes.
The fame of the Polovtsian Khans
Has spread to distant lands
The whole world is in our power,
And we have no equals on earth.

POLOVTSIANS
Glory to Gzak and Konchak!

KONCHAK
We burned many
Villages and towns,
Just steppes are left
Where they once stood, barren steppes.
Many people perished.
Beasts roam the villages, howling.
Many widows and mothers weep and moan;
Their dead children lie quietly,
Peacefully on the steppes
While beasts and birds
Flock to their corpses.
Our swords gave us victory!
Victory over the enemies!
Good fortune is on our side everywhere—
We will soon capture all of Russia.
After the battle of Kayala
Several victories have made our swords
In battle we seized the city of Rimov
And burned Putivl to ashes.
The fame of the terrible Polovtsian Khans
Has spread to distant lands.
The whole world is in our power,
And we have no equals on earth.

POLOVTSIANS
Glory to Gzak and Konchak!

3. KONCHAK
Blow your horns!
Let us go and divide the prisoners,
And let us share the spoils!
Let us go! Hey!
Let us feast and sing
Until dusk
And praise the glory of the Khans,
With songs and dances.
Bring the prettiest slaves
To my tent.
In the morning let us hold a council
To determine how to strike the enemy again.
The captives must be guarded securely
Or else the guards will be sentenced to death!
Let us go!
(Konchak exits.)

KHANS
Let us follow him and hold a council
About what is to be done:
Should we stay on and wait,
Or advance further?
Let us decide:
Should you go
Or should he?
Let's go to him!
Let us decide what should be done.
Should we head
For Kiev
Or Chernigov,
Or for Posemye?
Let us follow him and hold a council
About what is to be done.
Konchak expects us, let us go to him
And ask for his advice:
Then we'll decide if we'll stay on
Or strike the enemy again.
(They exit, except for the Russians.)

VLADIMIR IGOR
Is it possible that the Khan seized our city,
Burned the forts and villages,
Took the children and women prisoner,
Enslaved the maidens,
Dishonoured them and loot ed our city?
The cruel, arrogant Khan slew all men
Mercilessly with his sword.

PRINCE IGOR
Is it possible that the Khan seized our city,
Burned the forts and villages,
Took the children and women prisoner,
Led the maidens off and dishonoured them.
The arrogant Khan mercilessly slew the men.

RUSSIAN PRISONERS
(first group)
Yes, Khan Gzak seized our city;
He slew our men and brothers;
He took all children and women
And captured and dishonoured

RUSSIAN PRISONERS
(second group)
The Khan slew the men with his sword:
They all fell in the unequal battle.
He plundered our city mercilessly,
The cruel, arrogant Khan.

PRINCE IGOR
Why wait any longer?

VLADIMIR IGOR
Run, run home,
Save our land
Or else our Russia will perish.
Remember, Gzak is our friend;
He will provide you with a horse,
Run, run home,
Save our land
Or else our Russia will perish.

PRINCE IGOR
Yes, I will not let Russia perish!
Oh, no, no!
I must escape to Russia
The enemy advances on us,
Threatening Russia with disaster.
Why wait any longer?
Yes, I will not let Russia perish!
Oh, no, no!

RUSSIAN PRISONERS
(first group)
Flee, Prince, flee for home,
Do not let Russia perish!
Ovlur is our friend:
He will provide you with a horse,
And he will escape with you to Russia.
Flee, Prince, flee for home,
Do not let Russia perish!

RUSSIAN PRISONERS
(second group)
Prince, flee for Russia;
Do not let her perish, Prince!
Ovlur will provide you with a horse, flee, flee!
Prince, flee for Russia;
Do not let her perish, Prince!
(A wagon train loaded with the military spoils appears. The Polovtsians rush to it en masse.)

POLOVTSIANS
They bring us the spoils,
Woe to you!
How much the Khan has plundered!
May the enemy die!
(They lead in some prisoners.)

RUSSIAN PRISONERS
Look, Prince, look quickly:
They bring with them the spoils!
Look, Prince: how the Khan
Has plundered Russia!

POLOVTSIANS
Here are the prisoners,
Woe to you!
The Khan has captured many!
May the enemy die!
Dead, to you, Princes of Russia!
Death to the enemy, no mercy!
No mercy for the Princes of Russia!
May the enemy die!

RUSSIAN PRISONERS
Look, Prince, look quickly:
They bring spoils with them!
Look, Prince, how many people
The Khan has captured back home!
The enemies threaten us,
We can expect no mercy on their part!
Flee, Prince, flee home,
Do not let Russia perish!
4. POLOVTSIANS
As the sun is Khan Konchak,
As the moon is Khan Gzak,
All Khans are equal to the stars.
Their glory shines brightly,
Like the brilliance of heavenly bodies,
Hey!
To our glorious Khans we
Will now drink kumis, hey!
The kumis will make us merry, hey!
The prisoners will not escape from us, hey!
Woe to you! Daring fugitive:
Our gilded arrows,
And our fast horses
Will always run him down on the steppes.
We will compose a song
To the glory of the Khans,
And we will praise their battles!
(Ovlur enters bearing the kumis skins.)
Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory!
As the sun is Khan Konchak,
As the moon is Khan Gzak,
All Khans are equal to the stars.
Glory to all our Khans!
Glory to the Khans, hey!
(The guards start to dance. A dancer falls, then a second and a third. Towards the end of the dance the stage darkens. The guards fall asleep. Ovlur, glancing around, surreptitiously goes to Igor's tent.)

5. OVLUR
Prince, hurry and make ready for the journey!
None will see us, the guards have fallen asleep.
I have the horses ready
And will wait by the river
For you and for your son.
When all is quiet I will whistle,
Then you and your son
Have to run toward the river,
Jump over the reeds like stotes,
Cross the river like swans,
Mount the fast horses like a whirlwind,
And together we will fly like falcons
Under the cloak of the nightly fog!

PRINCE IGOR
Go, prepare the horses.
We will wait.
(Ovlur exits. Very agitated,
Konchakovna rushes to
him and stops before the tent
Vladimir.)

6. KONCHAKOVNA
Vladimir! Is all this really true?
Stay here, I beseech you!
I have heard everything:
You intend to run away,
To run away with your father to Russia.
Tell me, is this really possible?
You will leave me?
Tell me, oh, my darling!
Oh no, I don't believe it,
I don't believe it, my darling.
It cannot be!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
Farewell, farewell, my beloved,
I will leave you.
My duty forces me to escape.

KONCHAKOVNA
Don't leave me,
Take me with you,
Take me with you, oh, my darling!
I will do anything for your sake:
I will give you everything:
I will give you my love,
I will give you my freedom.
I am ready to be your slave
For the joy of living with you!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
Oh, woe to me! I feel faint
And my heart beats so!
Must I really say
Farewell, my love?
Leave me alone, Princess,
Farewell forever!
(Igor comes out of this tent.)

PRINCE IGOR
Vladimir, my son!
What does this mean?
Why are you here, Princess?
Have you, Vladimir, turned
Polovtsian yourself?
In Polovtsian captivity?
And have you forgotten your homeland?

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
Farewell, Princess!

KONCHAKOVNA
Stay here, I beseech you!
Remember: I am a child of freedom,
The beauty of the native steppes,
I am the pride of the land.
I am the daughter of the leader of all Khans.
And yet I am at your feet!
Stay here with me!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
I have no power to resist:
My soul is full of love,
A fire burns in my breast
And my heart is pounding.

PRINCE IGOR
Let him go,
Let him go, Princess!
My son, run away with me!

KONCHAKOVNA
Take me with you, my darling!
(A whistle behind the scene.)

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
Oh, woe to me:
I have no power to resist!

PRINCE IGOR
Our duty forces us to escape:
We will save our homeland!

KONCHAKOVNA
I will be your faithful slave!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
My soul is full of love
And my breast is on fire!

PRINCE IGOR
Or else Russia will perish!
(Another whistle.)
Did you hear that?
This is our signal!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
What shall I do?

PRINCE IGOR
Ovlur is calling us –
It's time to leave!

KONCHAKOVNA
Stay!

PRINCE IGOR
Princess, let him go!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
Woe to me,
I have no power to resist!
KONCHAKOVNA
My darling, I beseech you!

PRINCE IGOR
Let us run,
Or else the camp will wake up:
Then everything will be over,
Death threatens us.
Arm yourself, my son, flee with me!
(Prince Igor tries to pull Vladimir away.)

KONCHAKOVNA
Stay here with me:
I will not let you go!
Am I not dear to you?
Or have you forgotten me?

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH
Father, wait!
Allow me to embrace her
For the last time!

PRINCE IGOR
My son, don’t;
It’s time to leave!

KONCHAKOVNA
Since that is the case,
Then I will wake up the camp!

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH
Oh, woe to me!

KONCHAKOVNA
I will get the entire camp
Up on its feet!

PRINCE IGOR
(He runs away hastily.)
Farewell!
(She strikes the gong several times.)
(Awakened by the signal, the Polovtsians stream in from all sides.)

7. KONCHAKOVNA
(To the Polovtsians.)
Prince Igor has escaped:
Ovlur has betrayed us;
He provided him with a horse
And ran away with him!

KONCHAK
Good for him!
I did not admire him so much in vain:
In Igor’s place I would have done
The same thing!
Oh, we should not have been enemies,
But faithful allies!
Look here:
The guards must be killed,
But don’t touch the Prince:
This is my order!

KHANS
Konchak, allow us to say something,
Listen to us, let us speak our.
After all we have always
In matters of war,
Sought your advice.
The falcon has flown to his nest,
So the young falcon will fly too.
But while he is still here we will
Shoot him with a golden arrow.
Konchak is wrong!
He should not be spared!
As the young falcon will fly away
After the falcon,
We should shoot him with a golden arrow.
Konchak is wrong!
He should not be spared!
Believe us and do that!
After all,
In matters of war,
We have always sought your advice;
So listen to us now:
Isn’t it better to kill the prisoners,
So that they will not escape.

KONCHAK
No!
If the falcon has flown off to his nest,
Then we will ensnare the young falcon
With a pretty maiden.
(He leads Konchakova to Vladimir.)
Here is a wife for you, Vladimir.
You are not my enemy,
But my welcome son-in-law!
Tomorrow pull down your tents,
We will march against Russia!

KONCHAK AND KHANS
March against Russia!
We will defeat the enemy!

POLOVTSIANS
March against Russia!
We will defeat the enemy!

ACT FOUR
The dry walls and a square in Putivl. The bells of the low belfry ring for evening service. At the rear of the stage one can see the walls of the castle and behind them, the Prince’s residence. Early morning Jaroslavna alone in front of the city walls.

8. YAROSLAVNA
Oh, I weep, I weep bitterly,
I shed tears
And send them in the early morning
To my beloved across the sea.
I will fly off to the river Danube
As a cuckoo flies.
I will dip my fur sleeve
In the river Kayala.
I will bathe the prince’s wounds
On his bleeding body.
Oh, wind, violent wind,  
Why did you blow in the field?  
You have swept the enemy's arrows  
Toward the Prince's army.  
Why did you not blow, wind,  
Up, toward the clouds  
And rock the ships in the blue sea?  
Oh, why, violent wind,  
Did you blow so long in the field?  
You scattered my happiness  
In the thin grass.  
Oh, I weep, I weep bitterly,  
I shed tears  
And send them in the early morning  
To my beloved across the sea.  
Oh, my Dnieper, my broad Dnieper!  
You earned your way  
Through the rocky mountains  
To the Polovtsian land.  
Glorious Dnieper,  
Our dear Dnieper,  
You carried  
The boats of Svyatoslav  
To Kobyak's camps.  
Bring me my beloved,  
So that I will not shed bitter tears  
And send them to you, beloved,  
across the sea  
In the early morning.  
Oh, sun, red sun,  
You brightly shine in the clear sky.  
You keep all warm, you caress all.  
You are dear to all, sun,  
Sun, red sun!  
But why did you burn the Prince's army  
With your torrid rays?  
Oh! Why did you, in thirst, humid the bows  
Of the archers in the arid field  
And seal their quivers with fatigue  
And sorrow? Why?  
(A group of peasants pass by singing. Yaroslavna sits, pensive.)

9. PEASANTS  
Oh, it was not the violent wind  
That blew sorrow to us:  
Khan Gzak defeated us,  
He swooped down like a black raven  
And brought us misfortune.  
Khan Gzak attacked us,  
Springing like a grey wolf  
And killing the flock.  
Khan Gzak devastated the villages.  
(Their song dies away in the distance.)

10. YAROSLAVNA  
(Looking at the devastated surroundings.)  
What devastation around me!  
Villages burnt down,  
Neglected fields,  
People fallen in battle!  
The enemy has destroyed everything!  
We shall not hear merry songs  
From the fields for a very long time!  
(She gazes in the distance.)  
Someone's moving in the distance...  
Two horsemen...  
One of them is in Polovtsian attire...  
Could the Polovtsians have invaded us?  
God forbid!  
What should we do!  
We could not defend Putivl.  
The other horseman is dressed in local style,  
And is not a simple soldier in appearance.  
His dress, horse and bearing,  
All suggest power and nobility.  
Perhaps a Russian Prince  
Comes to visit us;  
But who could he be?  
Who is he! From where?  
I do not know...  
And I cannot think of anybody!  
None comes to my mind...  
Oh!... It cannot be...  
This is a dream...  
Or an apparition...  
No! There are ille familiar features of Igor!  
(With emotion.)  
Igor's beloved features!  
This is the Prince! My Prince is back!  
(Prince Igor enters on a horse, accompanied by Ovlur. Igor jumps from the horse and runs toward Yaroslavna. Ovlur leads the horses aside.)

YAROSLAVNA  
It is him - my bright falcon!  
My beloved!  
My beloved, my darling!  
PRINCE IGOR  
Hail, joy, beloved!  
Hail, my dearest, my beloved!  
You are again with me!

YAROSLAVNA  
Oh, my beloved, my dearest one!

PRINCE IGOR  
My joy!

YAROSLAVNA  
This still seems a dream to me,  
Has he truly returned to me?  
I do not believe my eyes,  
I do not believe deceptive dreams.  
Oh, how many times  
I have seen you so in my dreams!  
Is this not a dream? Convince me!  
Tell me quickly, tell me!

PRINCE IGOR  
Oh, no, this is no dream! I am back.  
Your hand lies in mine.  
I see the expression of your eyes,  
I hear the sound of your voice!

YAROSLAVNA  
My beloved is back home,  
My beloved is back with me!  
Happiness and peace will return to me  
With your rerum!

PRINCE IGOR  
I am back home again,  
Your beloved is back with you!  
And he is again with you,  
With you, with you, my dearest!

YAROSLAVNA  
I can see my beloved one again.  
I can see my dear one again.  
Everything has come back to me again:  
Happiness, joy and peace!  
My beloved, my darling, my dearest,  
My beloved, my dear, given to me by heaven,  
You, long awaited by my heart,  
I am again, again with you!  
My beloved, my dearest loved one, my precious one!

PRINCE IGOR  
My beloved, joy, my dear loved one,  
I am again, again with you!  
My dear one, you are with me  
My beloved joy!

YAROSLAVNA  
How did you escape?
PRINCE IGOR
I fled in secret.
When I learnt the enemy was here,
I fled to save this land
And to summon all Russia.
I have come to gather the regiments,
I have come to raise the princes
And to stand in the enemy's way one more.

YAROSLAVNA
So you fled in secret?
You escaped from captivity,
You fled from the Khan?
But were you not wounded?
Wounded dangerously?
But now you are here with me,
You are here with me.
I can see my dear one again,
I can see my beloved again.
All has come back to me again.
Happiness, joy and peace!
My beloved, my darling, my dearest,
My beloved, my dear,
Granted to me by heaven,
Long-awaited by my heart,
I am with you again!

PRINCE IGOR
My beloved, my joy, my dearly loved one,
I am again, again with you!
The time of sinister dreams has passed,
The time of painful thoughts has passed!
All is forgotten: the time of sorrow,
The anguish of the past days are forgotten.
Joy has returned to us!
After the terrible black clouds,
The sun shines again
And brightens the world.

YAROSLAVNA
All is forgotten: the time of sorrow,
The anguish of the past days are forgotten,
And joy has returned to us!
After the terrible black clouds,
The sun shines again and brightens the world.
Our enemy will fall,
The Khan will fall!

PRINCE IGOR
I will summon everyone
From all parts of the land.
I will strike at the Khan again.

PRINCE IGOR AND YAROSLAVNA
And the Khan, the horror of all Russia, will fall.
I will crush the enemy!
(Prince Igor and Yaroslava slow retire. While the gudok-players sing, they stand in front of the gates and talk to each other, then disappear behind the gates. Ovlur remains by the gates with the horses.)
(Jeroshka and Skula, slightly drunk, appear on the square, playing the gudok and singing.)

11. YEROSHKA AND SKULA
You, play, play,
Yes, play, play,
Praise the Prince!
Prince Igor, Prince of Siversky,
Who gazes at the distant steppes
In captivity,
He fall to the Khan
And buried his honour.
He lost his army
And was taken prisoner
Because against reason,
He led his regiments
And went into battle
At the wrong time.
He murdered his people
In the broad steppes
And left his forces
In tile quicksands.
He dammed up ponds
And paved bridges
With Russian gold
And pure silver.
He drowned his people
And lost his glory
In the river Kayala.
And for this,
Across all Russia
And throughout the wide world,
They reproach
Igor Svyatoslavich,
Prince of Seversky,
They curse him in Posemye,
In Posuliye
And in the capital Kiev,
On the river Danube
And in Pomorie
On the crescent coast!
Play, play the gudok,
Play, play, play!

SKULA
Prince Igor,
Prince of Seversky...
(He stands still in astonishment and he breaks off his song abruptly upon seeing Prince Igor and Yaroslava in the distance.)
Look! Look! Hey, look!

YEROSHKA
The Prince! The Prince!

SKULA
So what...

YEROSHKA
Oh dear, oh my dear!
It will go hard for us!
What shall we do?
What should be done?
Oh, oh...
We are lost!
They will kill us,
They will kill us for sure!

SKULA
They won't go as far as killing us...
No, brother:
With our cunning and much wine
We will never die in Russia.
Come, one, let's think it over,
Let's rack our brains...
(Skula and Yeroshka sit down together and think.)
Well?

YEROSHKA
Well?

SKULA
Well?

YEROSHKA
(Hesitant)
Well! Shall we run away?

SKULA
Out of the frying pan and into the fire?
There's nowhere to run to, nowhere!

YEROSHKA
Into the woods?
SKULA
After the Prince's bread to gnaw a crust?
After the Prince's meat to sip water?
No, brother, that's all finished, it's done with!
(With emphasis.)
Here, brother, you need to think of...
Something... more clever...

YEROSHKA
Like what?

SKULA
Wait a moment... Wait...
Give me time...
I have it!...
See that? See that?
(Points to the belfry.)

YEROSHKA
(wondering)
The belfry?

SKULA
(Gives a signal to ring the bells.)
Have you got it?

YEROSHKA
Ring the bell? Why ring it?

SKULA
To stay alive,
To stay in one piece,
To be sated,
To have our bread,
And, with the help of our brains,
We'll have wine too.
Ring the bell!
Call the people!
(Skula and Yeroshka ring the bell.)

YEROSHKA
You people, come here!
Come here! Come! Quickly!
You people! Come here!
Come here quickly!
Come over here, you people!
Quick, come here!

SKULA
Hey, hey, Christians!
Good news, good news we will tell you.
(People flock from all sides.)

PEOPLE
What is that ringing? My dear!
Are the Polovtsians coming, or what?
What is it? What?

What's there? What?
A fire? What is it? What?
Or Polovtsians?
What? Speak!

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
A joy for us, a joy, brothers!

PEOPLE
Those drunken gudok-players
Seem to have caused an uproar!
It seems so! Oh, those drunkards,
They just confuse the people.
Look, they're causing an uproar,
Confusing the people!
So! Oh, you drunkards,
Inveterate drunkards!
Look, they're causing an uproar,
Confusing the people!
Look, they're causing an uproar,
Confusing the people,

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
Hey, hey! What are you doing?
Wait! Enough, enough!
Wait! Wait!

PEOPLE
Off with you! Chase them away,
Throw them out!
Chase them away from here!

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
Good news, joy for us, Christians!

PEOPLE
Why are you so happy?
Has someone treated you to a drink?

SKULA
Treated us? Have you?
No, friends! Upon hearing the news,
You will be drunk with joy as well!
The Prince has arrived!

PEOPLE
The rebel Galitsky?
To hell with him!

YEROSHKA
Not the rebel Galitsky:
Our Prince! Our dear Seversky!

SKULA
Igor Svyatoslavich!

PEOPLE
Oh, how they lie from so much drinking!

SKULA
You do not believe us?
Look, look over there:
Can you see? By the fortress,
Along the path,
He himself walks with the Princess,
And there is his horse, and his helmet,
And the Polovtsian who came with him.
There they are!

YEROSHKA
Can you see?

PEOPLE
The Prince! The Prince! Our Prince!
Hey, ring the bells!

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
(ringing the bells)
Hey, Christians...

PEOPLE
Come quickly, run, run,
Ask the Polovtsian:
Is it true that Prince Igor is back?
(The crowd grows larger and larger. Some approach Ovlur and bombard him with questions.)
Has he really returned?
He really has!

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
(ringing the bells)
We bring you good news!

PEOPLE
Our dear father has indeed returned!
What joy! What happiness!
(The elders and boyars enter.)
The Prince has returned all of a sudden,
Much to our joy, to our salvation.

ELDERS AND BOYARS
Who first brought the good news?
Who?

YEROSHKA AND SKUJA
We, we were the first!

ELDERS AND BOYARS
The gudok-players?

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
The gudok-players, fathers,
The gudok-players!
ELDERS AND BOYARS
The servants of the rebel Galitsky!

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
No, no, fathers:
We are not Galitsky's servants,
We are one of you!

ELDERS AND BOYARS
Did you not support the rebel Galitsky?

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
No, not us, fathers...
Others did: we are Igor's,
We are one of you!

ELDERS AND BOYARS
Well, God bless you!
For joy we will forget the past.
May you go in peace!
(They heap gifts on Yeroshka and Skula. Yeroshka and Skula play.)

12. YEROSHKA
Hey, let's celebrate! Celebrate!
Play the gudok!
Glory to Prince Seversky!

SKULA
A toast to the health of our Prince!
Of the Prince, our dear Prince!
Hey, play, play the gudok,
Play to the glory of the Prince,
The Prince Seversky.

ELDERS AND BOYARS
God heard our prayers
And showed us his mercy.
He sent us joy:
The Prince has returned to us!

PEOPLE
The Prince has returned to us from captivity,
Our Prince, Igor Svyatoslavich,
Our Prince, our dear father,
The Prince, our dear father!

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
People, follow us,
Follow us up there, to the fortress,
Let's all go together,
Let's go to meet the Prince,
All together to greet the Prince!

PEOPLE
Let's go, let's go to meet him!
Let's all meet the Prince,
Let's all meet our dear father
Let's all meet our dear host,
We shall greet him!

YEROSHKA AND SKULA
Let's go, let's go, let's go!
(The elders and boyars hold the people back.)

ELDERS AND BOYARS
Stop!
We will go to the Prince in the fortress,
We will bow to him.
Wait here: Prince Igor will come out
To the people.
(The elders and boyars withdraw to the castle.)

PEOPLE
The elders, brothers, are right:
We should not yet go to the Prince.
(People gradually assemble.
Women in festive costumes enter; many bring bread and salt from home.)

WOMEN AND MAIDENS
As on a bright holiday, we must
Dress beautifully,
We must wear our red ribbons,
Beads and earrings.
As on a bright holiday
All in Putivl must rejoice
And praise the Prince with songs.
The Prince is praised in song.

ALL
Bread and salt bring us now,
Let's have meat, beer and wine!
(The gudok players play.)

YEROSHKA
Hey, be merry! Hey, be merry!
Hey, play the gudok!

SKULA
A toast to the health of the Prince,
Of the Prince, our dear father!
Hey, play, play the gudok!
Play to the glory of the Prince!

PEOPLE
Let's all greet the Prince,
Who has returned to us from captivity,
Our dear Prince,
The Prince, our dear father.
Let's all greet the Prince,
Greet our dear father.
Greet our dear host,
Greet him with respect.
A good time has come:
It seems the Prince
Has not come back in vain;

It seems the time of misfortune is past!
(Prince Igor and Princess Yaroslavna, followed by the elders and boyars, come out of the castle into the square. Prince Igor bows to the people; The people greet him.)

PEOPLE
May you prosper, dear father, our Prince,
Our welcome Prince!
**SUNG TEXTS - RUSSIAN**

**1. UVERTJURA**

**2. PROLOG**

Ploščad′ v Putivle. Družina i rat′, gotovaja k vystupleniju v pochód. Narod. Knjaz′ Igor′ s knjaz′jami i bojarmi tożestvenno vychodit iz sobora.

NAROD

Solncu ktasnomu slava! Slava!

Slava na nebe u naś!

Knjazu Igorju slava, slava,

Slava u naś na Rusi!

Turuli jaromu, knjazu

Trubčevskomu,

Bujturu Vsevolodu Svjatoslaviču

slava, knjazu slava, slava,

Mlad Volodimiru da na Putivle,

Mlad Svjatoslavu da knjazu na Ryške,

Slava, slava knjazu!

Slava na Rusi!

S Dona velikogo do Lukomor′ja

Slava zvenit postepjam′

polevosem.

V zemlijach neznajemych slavu

pouj vam.

Slava! Slava! Slavnym knjaz′jam naśim!

Slava! Slava! Chrabrym družinam ich!

I na Dunaj reke slavu pouj vam,

Slavu pouj vam da krasnye devicy;

L′etsja ich goslos ot morja do Kievaa.

Slava! Slava! Slavnym knjaz′jam naśim.

Slava! Slava! Chrabrym družinam ich slava!

Vsem knjaz′jam naśim slava, slava! Slava!

Rati chrabroj ich slava, slava, slava!

Slava! Slava!

KNJAZ′ IGOR′

Idem na bran′s vragom Rusi!

NAROD

Podaj yam bog pobedu nad vragnami! Goj!

KNJAZ′ IGOR′

Idem na chanov poloveckich.

NAROD

Rusi obidy krov′ju vraž′ej smoje. Goj!

BOJARE

Razbej vragov, kak bil ich pri

Oltave!

Razbej ich tak, kak bil ty ich za

Varloj!

Goni vragov

Kak gnal ty ich za Merlom!

Pust′ poloveckich chanov budut

smjaty

Vraž′ i polki!

KNJAZ′ IGOR′

Idem my s nadeźdoj na boga,

Za veru, za Rus′, za narod.

NAROD

Bog pomožet vam! Bog pomožet!

Da pomožet bog gospod′!

Pust′ bog vedet tebja na bran za

Rus′, Na gore vragam!

KNJAZ′ IGOR′

Kop′e prelomit′ mne b choteloš

Vo slavu Rusi

V dalekich stepjach poloveckich.

NAROD

Bog pobedu dost vam!

Vam pobedu na chanov dost bog!

KNJAZ′ IGOR′

S čest′ju tarn past′ i′ vragov

pobedit′, I s čest′ju vernut′sja.

NAROD

Verneš′sja, knjaz′, so slavoj!

Slava! Slava! Slava! Slava!

KNJAZ′ IGOR′

Knjaz′ja, pora nam vystupat′.

(Temneet. Načolos′ solnečnoe

zatmenie. Vse v

izumleniī g′jadjana nebo.)

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ

čto čto značit′?

Gladite: mer Kent solnca svet!

NAROD

Och, to znamen′e božie, knjaz′!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

I, slovno mesjac na nebe,

solnce stoit serpom!

NAROD

Och, ne k dobru to znamen′e,

knjaz′!

(No šcene sovsem temno.)

Sred′ bela dnia zažglijas zvezdy!

Okutal zemlju užasnyj mrak!

Naštala noč′!

Och, ne chodit′ by v pochód tebe,

knjaz′!

Och, ne chodit′!

(Malo-pomalu svetleet.)

KNJAZ′ IGOR′

Nam bož′e znamen′e ot boga,

K dobru il′ net, uznaem my;

Suť′by svojej nikto ne obojdet,

čebo bojaš′ja nam?

Idem za pravo my delo,

Za very, rodinu, za Rus′,

Uželi nam bez boja vorotit′sja

i put′ otkryť′ vragu.

BOJARE

Tak to tak, knjaz′,

A vce by lučše ne chodit′.

(No šcene sovsem svetl.)

KNJAZ′ IGOR′

Braťa, sjadem na borzych konej

I pozirm sincgo morja!

NAROD

Slava! Slava! Slava! Slava!

(Knjaz′ Igor′ v sprovoždenii

knjaz′je i bojar idet

vdol′ rjadov družinnikov i ratnikov.

Dvoe iz

ratnikov - Skula i Eroška -

nezametno vychodiat iz

stroja i otchoudiat v storonu.)

SKULA

(Eroške)

Puskaj sebe idut,

A my, brat, ne pojdem.

EROSKA

Bojazllo ub′jut,

Gljadi...

SKULA

Pojdem, poisčem služby po sebe!

EROSKA

K Volodimiru Jaroslaviču, knjazu

Galickomu!
SKULA
Verno!
Tam i sytno,
I p'jano, i cely bydem.
(Brosiv dospechi, kradučis', ubegajt.)

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Pust' pridut knjagini in bojarni,
Proščal'noe ot laj my primem celovan'ë.
(Knjagini i bojarnyi vchodjat.
Vperedı joroslavna.)

JAROSLAVNA
(Brosaetja k Igorju.)
Ach, ladca, moja lada!
Ostan'sja zdes',
Nejdi, nejdi v pochod.
Vse nemię, knjaz', pover' ty mne;
Vernis' domoj, molju tebja.
To znamen'ë bedoj grozit,
Bedoj ono grozit tebe i nam.

KNJAZ' IGOR'
O, lada, polno, polno plakat',
Polno sley zit' naprasno;
Nam nel'zja domoj vernut'sja,
Ver' ty mne.

JAROSLAVNA
Ja serdca verju, miliy moj;
Takov tosiki ne znala ja,
I strach menja skoval,
Vse znaju ja, čto skažëš ty,
Vse znaju ja sama...

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Ach, polno, lada, čto s toboju?
Ty ne raz so mnoj proščalas';
Stracha prežde ty ne znala nikogda.
Nam dolg velit, nam čest' velit
Idti na bran's vragom Rusi!

JAROSLAVNA
Umom ja vce ponjať mogu;
Ja ponjala,
No s serdcem veščim sovladať
Ne v silach ja, o net!

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Nel'zja nejti, pover' ty mne dal
Nel'zja nejti, nam dolg i čest' veljat.

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
Knjaz' prav!
Nel'zja, nel'zja nejti,
Dolg i čest' veljat dal

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Knjaz' prav! Nel'za nejti, nel'zja,
da!
Vam dolg i čest' veljat.

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Proščaj, proščaj, moj drug!

JAROSLAVNA
Proščaj!

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Chranì tebja gospod'!
Molis' za naš, golubka!

KNJAZ' IGOR'
(Galickomu)
Tebe, kak bratu, ee ja poručaju;
Oberetaj pokoj sestry tvoej,
I oblečat' ty ej tosku razluki
Besedoj laskovoj svojej.
Tebja prošo uotom, kak brata.

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Izvòl', usluga za uslugo;
Tebe objazan ja nemalo.
Kogda otec mejna iznal,
ignalı brat'ja mne rodnaye,
Ty vo mne učast'e prinjal,
Dal kak bratu mne prijut;
Dela moi s otcem uladil,
Moj otec mejna prostil,
I s čest'ju ja domoj vernul'sja,
Blagodarja tebe.

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Nu polno, polno;
Ja rad, čto mog tebe pomoč'.
(Jaroslavna, knjagin'i i bojarnyi
uchodjat. Iz sobora
vychodit starec. Knjaz' Igor'
podchodit k nemu.)
Pora idti nam v put'
Blagoslovi, čestnoj otec,
Na bran's vragom ty naš
blagoslovi.
(Starec blagoslovijat knjazja
Igora.)
Blagoslovi knjazje i rat'
(Starec blagoslovijat rat'.)

NAROD
Bog do po vragom pomozhet,
Na bran's vragom Pomozhet bog.
Daj vam bog!
Daj vam mnoj vragom Pomozhet bog.
Dost vam pobedu, pobedu dost nam!
Dost vam pobedu nad groznym vragom!

BOJARE
(k narodu)
Slav' te knjazej i družinu!

NAROD
(Družina vo glave s Igorom i
drugimi knjaz'jami
vystupaet v pochod.)
Častym zvezdóčkam
Slava, slava,
Slava na nebe voskom,
Knjaz'jam našim
Slava, slava,
Slava u naš Rusi!
Napervo bol'sim,
A po nim men'šim,
Vsem knjaz'jam u naš,
Vsem im slava, slava, slava,
Vsem im slava, slava,
Vsem na Rusi!
Bujtur Vsevolodu, svet
Svyatoslavici,
Mlad sokoliku knjazu Vladimiru,
Chrabroj rati ich, slava,
Zdrai, knjazi, zdravi,
Chrabroj rati ich, slava,
Slava knajzem slava,
Slava chrabroj rati ich,
Slava!

DEJSTVIE PEROVNE
KARTINA PERVAJA
3. Knjažoj dvor Vladimira
Galickogo. Razguljavsajašja
čeljad' slavit knjazja.

NAROD
Slava, slava Volodimiru.
Goj!
Slava, slava Volodimiru.
Goj!

SKULA
(Eroške)
Igraj!
To ne rečka vskolychala',
Vscolychala', razlilas',
Zalivala, zatapljala,
Razmyvala berega.

NAROD
Knjažëi molodci guljali,
Knjažju devku vorovali.
Goj! Goj! Zaguljali!
Goj! Goj! Zajgrali!
Knjažja v pesnjah veličali do utra,
Mnogaja leta knjazu Volodimiru,
Knjazu Volodimiru Galickomu.
Goj!

94608 Borodin: Prince Igor
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EROŠKA
Krasna devica vzmošilis',
V nogi knjazju poklonilis',
(Podražaja ženskomu golosu)
«Knjaž' ty moj, otpusti domoj!»

EROŠKA I SKULA
«Oj, choču k batjuške,
Oj, choču k matuško!
Och, otpusti, knjaz',
Och, ne gubi!»

NAROD
Goj! Goj! Zaigral!
Goj! Goj! Zaigral!
Knjazja v pesnjach
Veličali do utra.
Mnogaja leta knjazju Volodimiru,
Knjazju Volodimiru Galickomu!
Goj!
(Vladimir Cralickij vychodit na kryl'to terem."

MUŽIČNIY KNJAŽA
Natešilsja li, knjaz'?

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Grešno tait',
Ja suke ne ljudiju a tak,
Kak Igor' knjaž',
I dnya by ja ne prožil.
Žabavoj knjažeskoj ljubljub potesit'serde,
Ljubljub ja veselo požit'.
ECH, tol'ko b sest'
Mne knjazem na Putivle:
Ja zažil by na slavu! ECH!
Tol'ko b mne doždat'sja česti,
Na Putivle knjazem sest',
Ja b ne stal tužit',
Ja by znal kak žit'.

DNEM za branimi stolami,
Za veselymi pirami,
Ja b sudili, radili,
Vse dela vseršil.
Vsem činiš by ja raspravu,
Kak prišlos' by mne po naru,
Vsem by sud činili,
Vseh vinom poil.
PEJ, pej, pej, pej, pej, Guljaj!
K noći v terem by sgonjali
Krasnych devok vseh ko mne,
Devki pesni b mne igrali,
Knjažja slavili bone;
A kto rumjanej da bele,
U sebja by ostavljali;
Kto iz devic rone milee,
S temi b noći ja guljal. OJ!
Kaby mne da etu dolju,
Ponatešilsja b ja vsoju
Ja b ne stal ževat',
Znal s čega načat';
Ja b im knjažestvo upravil,

Ja b kazny im poubavil,
Požil by ja vslast',
Ved' na to i vlast'!
Eč! Liš' tol'ko b mne pojknažit',
Ja sumel by vseh uvažit',
I sebja i vas,
Ne zabyli b naš!
Goj, goj, goj, goj, goj! Guljaj!

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Sestra-to?
Ščirmnica, smirennsica?
V monaštyr' ee!
Grechi moj zamalivat',
Da o spaseni duši mojej radet'!
(Napravljajetsja k terem.)
Pojdem-ka lučše v terem
Knjažich medov otvedat',
A narodu, za poslugu,
Vina vykatit'.
(On chažet' uchodit' v terem.)

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Knjazju Galickomu slava!
A knjažinja?

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Ej, lichon'ko! Oj, gorjuško!
Tvoj li knjažoj narod,
Ljudi nedobrye
Vykrali devon'ku,
Vykrali krasnju,
Oj! Smilujsja, oj! Smilujsja,
Vyda ej!

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Ej vy, baby čego tam vzvili?
Devka u knjažja v svetelke sidit.
Ved' ej ne chudo, čego ej nado,
Nečego bol'no o devke tužit';
V ženkah u knjažja ona budet žit'.
Ej ni rabyto, ej ni zaboty,
Sladko est' i sladko pić'.
Nu, stupajte, tak i znajte:
Ja vam devki ne otdam!

DEVUŠKI
Oj, lichon'ko, Oj, batjuški!
Ty ne gubi ee,
Ty ne otpusti ee;
Vydaž batjuške,
Vydaž matuške.
Oj, smilujsja, oj! Smilujsja.
Vyda ej!

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Čego stoite?
Ne vydam devki.
Ej, rašchodites'
Skorej po domarn,
A to budet plocho
I devki i vam!
Nečego plakat' tut,
Nečego klanjat'sja. Von!
(Devuški ubegajut. Galickij uchodit.)

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Čego stoite?
Ne vydam devki.
Ej, rašchodites'
Skorej po domarn,
A to budet plocho
I devki i vam!
Nečego plakat' tut,
Nečego klanjat'sja. Von!
(Devuški ubegajut. Galickij uchodit.)

EROŠKA I SKULA
Vot te i k batjuške,
Vot te i k matuške.

EROŠKA
S čem prišli, s tem i ušli.

SKULA
Kak pribreli, tak i pobreli.
(Vse smejujajo)
Stoj, rebjata, slučaj!
A nu, knjažinj a vse uznax,
Naš velit zabrat'?
Pravo!

NAROD
Čto nam knjažinj a?
Kern zabirat' ej?
Ved' naš ne malo!
A u nee narodu net,
Narod v pochod ugnali,
Čego bojat'sja nam?
Nu-ko!

SKULA
I to... skupa knjažinj a,
Kovša vina ej žalko,
Ne budet slug u nej.

EROSKA
Bestimo, ne budet.

SKULA
Ne to, čto u knjažja Volodimira!
On-to, otec naš narod zaleet,
Ogljaji: bočku vykatil.
(Slugi vtyavajoju bočku.
Narod sobiraetsja okolo
bočki, guodočkii irigajut.)
(Grubo, s komičeskoi važnost'ju.)
Čto u knjažja da Volodimira,
Volodimira svet Jaroslaviča
Sobitalsja knjažo narod,
Da čto knjažo narod vse gor'k p'janica.

NAROD
Gor'k p'janica, vse knjažnoj narod.
EROSKA
Stonom stonet knjažoj narod:
Da propilisja my, okajannye,
Za svoe li zhorov’e knjaž’e,
Vse my propili, knjaž’, ty kormilec
naš,
Otec batjuška, knjaž’.

SKULA
Stonom stonut p’janicy,
Voem vojut gor’kie:
Propilis’ my, okajannye,
Propilis’, ty poilec naš
Batjuška, knjaž’.

NAROD
Otec batjuška naš,
Požalej ty naš, batjuška.

SKULA
Požalej.

EROSKA
Ty bragi nam gor’kie.
SKULA
Navari!

EROSKA
Ty medu nam sladkogo.
SKULA
Naştyi!

EROSKA
Ty nam zelena vina.
SKULA
Nakuri!

EROSKA
Ty nam bočku chmel’nogo.
SKULA
Vykataj!

EROSKA
A my tebe, knjaž’ naš...
SKULA
Knjaž’ naš...

EROSKA
Tebe, otec batjuška...
SKULA
Naš otec...

EROSKA
My slugi nadežnye...
SKULA
My tebe...

EROSKA
Raby tvoi vernye my!
SKULA
My tebe!

NAROD
Za tebya složim golovy bujnye,
knjaž’.

SKULA
Kak vozgovorit otec naš batjuška,
Volodimir svet Jaroslavič:
Goj, vy p’janicy slugi vernye
A i kak že ne žalet’ rone vas,
A i žit’e-to vam gor’koe,
I posluga nemalaja vam...

NAROD
I žit’e-to vam gor’koe.
SKULA
U menja.

EROSKA
Čto v budni, čto v prazdnički...
SKULA
Rabotaj...

EROSKA
S utra do polunoči...
SKULA
Rabotaj...

EROSKA
S poludnja i do noći...
SKULA
Rabotaj...

EROSKA
Čto služba tjaželaja...

SKULA
U menja...

EROSKA
Raby tvoi vernye my!
SKULA
U menja...

EROSKA
Posluga ne malaya...
SKULA
U menja:

NAROD
Pesni poj, guljaj, da bražničaj.
Goj!
Za zhorov’e knjaž’e.
Goj, znaj guljaj!
Da, vot komu by knjažit’ na
Putivle!

DRUGAJA GRUPPA
A čtož, i vprjam’ v knjaž’ja ego
posadim!
Družiny net, a Igor’-to daleče,
Čego zevat’, čego nam opasať’sja,
Čego?

NAROD
Za knjažja vsem stojat’,
Ved’ našich-to ne malo:
Čego bojat’šja nam?

SKULA
Vsja rat’ ušla,
Knjaž’ja-to vse v pochode,
Podmogi net...

EROSKA
Vsja rat’ ušla.
Podmogi net...

NAROD
I to!

SKULA
V Posem’i, slyš’, mjatež.

EROSKA
Družiny tam pobity vse davno,
Da i knjažja ubity vse.

NAROD
Idet’!
Vsja rat’ ušla,
Podmogi net.
I vprjam’! Idem!
I tak, skorej na ploščad’ vysypajte,
My Igorja smestim, Vladimira
posadim!
Čego bojat’šja nam?
I tak, vpered, na ploščad’
vystupajte,
Narod na veče, bratcy, sozyvajte,
My Igorja smestim, Vladimira
posadim;
Čego bojat’šja nam?
Knjaži molodcy guljali, Knjažja na Rusi sažali.
Goj, goj! Zaguljali.
Goj, goj! Zaigrali,
Knjažja v pesnjah veličali do utra!
I tak, rebjata, veče sozvajte,
Skoree vse na ploščad' vspyjate,
Knjažja v pesnjah veličajte,
Večičajte. Goj!
Knjaži molodcy guljali,
Knjažja na Rusi sažali,
Veličali v pesnjah Knjažja
Galickogo!
Goj!
Slava! Slava Volodimiru. Goj!
(Vse uchojat, krome
omelevisčih Škule I Eroški.)

EROSKA I SKULA
«Oj, choču k batjuške,
Oj, choču k matuške,
Oj, otpusti,
Oj, ne gubi!»

KARTINA VTORAJA
Jaroslavna odna.

JAROSLAVNA
Ne malo vremen prošlo s tech por,
Kak Igor' lada moj,
S synom Vladimirom
I s bratom našim Vsevolodom
Na Polovec povel svoi družiny.
Ne znaju čo i dumat' mne;
Kažiš' davena pora by
at Knjažja byt' gonic'om k me.
I chot' 'by kto nibud' ottuda
Slučajno ob igre mne vest' prines.
Och, mne serdce vest' nedobrju neset;
Ščemit, bolit i noet retivoe,
Toska menja gryzhet
Už vidno ne k dobru!
Ach, gde tv, gde tv, prežnjaja pora,
Kogda moj lada byl so mnoju,
Prošla pora tech krascnyh dnej!
Odna, v doske, vse dui s utra,
Odna v sletaev ne spjlu ja noči
I strastno žduja druga moego,
I žadno ždu vesteja ot nego;
Ne edet on, vesteje ne šlet
I ždu ja dolgo, dolgo.
I sny žovesče pokoj mutjat mne noč'ju.
Mne často snitsja lada moj,
Kak budto on opijat so mnoj,
Manit rukoj, zovet s soboj,
A sam vse dal'sše, dal'sše ot menja idet
I ja odna opijat'.

Mne stanet strašno i toskiivo...
Prosnusja ja, rekoju sleye tak i
l'jutsja,
I ne mogu ja ich unjat'.
Byla pora, ne znala gorja ja,
Moj lada bil togda so mnoju;
Proša pora tech krasnyh dnej,
Na serdce - mrač, v duše - toska,
Ja plaču daj, ja plaču noči.
Odna liš' dumu u menja,
Odna ztabota na duše:
Ne edet on, goncov ne šlet,
A vremeni prošlo už mnojo,
mnogo...
Skoroš' ko mne vorotitsja moj
milý,
Dožiš' li ja ego?
Gde on, gde on,
Knjaž' moj, lada?
(Zakryvet lico runami i
zadumyaetsja. Njaja
vchodić.)

5. NJANJA
Tam devusiški priliš k tebe,
knjajnija,
Prošiš' tvojej upravi;
Povoliš' li vupstit'?
Povoliš' li vobji im?

JAROSLAVNA
Nu čtož? Vpusti ich, pust' vojdut!
(Njania uchojat i vozvraščaetsja s
devuškami.
Devska klanjajtsja Jaroslavne.)

DEVUSKI
My k tebe, kjajnija,
My k tebe, rodnaja,
Prošim, molim,
Ne ostav' naš;
My upravi prosim,
Ty ne daj v obidu
Začite naš,
Zastupišja!
No ne noč'ju vdrug prjanuš naš
obidčik,
Devku vozil,
Da siloujo zabral ee
V terem k sebe.
My k nemu chodili, my ego molili;
Ne pozor' ty bednoj devki,
Vydaj devku.
On ne vydal,
Narugalsja, našmejalja, prigrozil,
Za s branj, s pobojami
Vygnal on naš.
Vot i prosim,
Molim my tvojej upravi,
Ne ostav' ty,
Začiti naš!
Ty ne daj v obidu,
Ty veli nam vydat' našu devku,
Zastupiš'!
Pust' vernet on,
Ne pozorit,
Pust' on vydast' devku nam,
Veli emu, veli otdat' devku-to
nam!

JAROSLAVNA
A kto že vaš obidičik?
Kto devicu uvez?
Skažite, kto?
(Devska tloch peregovarivažutsja
meždu soboju.)

DEVUSKI
(Pervaja gruppa)
Nu čo ž, govori!

DEVUSKI
(Vtoraja gruppa)
Nu čo ž, otvečaj!

DEVUSKI
(Tret'ja gruppa)
Čego že ty molčiš?'

DEVUSKI
(Vtoraja gruppa)
Nu že!

JAROSLAVNA
Kto že? Skažite kto?

DEVUSKI
(Pervaja gruppa)
Ne smeem.

DEVUSKI
(Vtoraja gruppa)
Nam bojažno.

VMESTE
Da čto tait',
Rasskažam vse,
Nado ž skaziš'.
Ty pomiluj naš, ne vo gnev tebe,
Ne v obidu bud', eto on že,
Vše naš blagoj-to knjaž' Volodimir-
to
Jaroslavči, naš knjaž' ot Galijkij.
I do prež sego, i davno už tak
Obižal on vseh na Putpvice-to
Volodimir ot Jaroslavči-to,
Knjaž' ot naš.
On, vse on!
A kak Igor' knjaž' vo pochod ušel,
Ešče chuže nam, gorče prežnego:
Ni po gorodu, ni po selam,
Už nikomu teper' i žit'ja-to net,
Vse guljaet knjaž' Volodimir ot
Jaroslavči-to, knjaž' ot Galijkij,
So družinoj vse guljaet on
Den' i noč'!

94608 Borodin: Prince Igor 24
Da vse p'janye, da ozornye, 
Našmechajutsja, narugajutsja, 
Zabijažut vseh, da bečinstvujut 
Chuže vorogov, chuže Polovec. 
I žit'ja ot nich nikomu zdes' net, 
I unja' teper' ich zdes' ne komu, 
Stracha net na nich na Putivle-to 
Knjazja Igor'ja Svjatoslaviča 
S nami net. 
Ujmi, cot' ty ujmi ego, 
Molim tebja, tebja! 
(Galickij vchodit. Devuški v ispuge 
vsirkivajut.)

6. DEVUŠKI 
Aji! Knjaz'! Batjuški! 
Grezh kakov! 
Gospodi pomiluj!

VLADIMIR GALICKU 
(jaroslavne) 
Goni ich vseh otsjuda von! 
(Devuški ubegajut. Njana uchodit 
po znaku) 
jaroslavny.)

JAROSLAVNA 
Vladimir! 
Ty s bujnoju vatagoj noč'ju 
B dom vorvaljsja, 
Tam devušku ty siloj zabral 
I opozoriv, uvez ee k sebe 
I deržiš' v teremu našil'ino. 
Pravda li? Skazi mne kto ona? 
Kto eta devuška?

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ 
A kto by ni byla 
Tebe kakoe delo? 
Deržu kogo zbražal, 
Zbražal kogo chotel, 
Kogo zabral ne znaju, 
I znat' ja ne choču; 
Na svete devok mnogo, 
Než'ja že vseh mne znat'! 
Nu čto že rada, al' ne rada, 
Ljub, al' ne ljub, prinijaimaj, 
Čest'ju gostja ty vstrečaj, 
V krasnyj ugol ty sažaj, 
Čaru s pokolonom ty mne podnosii 
Al' i vptjam' ja pomešal 
Sovet deržat', sovet deržat' 
So smerdami podlymi? 
Knjagine pomešal'?

JAROSLAVNA 
Čto? 
Kogda ž i gde konec 
Tvoim osem oskorblen'jam, 
Kogda ž i gde konec 
Vsem derzostjam tvoim? 
Vot pogodi, 
Domoj vernetsja Igor', 
Ja vse emu Skauž, 
Pro vse uznaj on; 
Togda ty daš' 
Vo vsem emu otvet, 
Vo vsem. 

VLADIMIR GALICKU 
Da čto mne Igor' tvoj? 
Vernetsja ili net, 
A mne kakoe delo, 
Ne vse li fine ravnov? 
Ja sam sebe zdes' knjaz', 
Ja sam sebe vladtyka, 
Ja sam sebe na Putivle gospodin. 
Mne stoit to'ko kliknut' klič', 
Ja sam u vzas zdes' knjažem sjadu, 
Ja na veče vybran budu, 
Vse v Putivle za menja. 
Togda naštanet naš čered 
Vas trebovat' k otvetu. 
Ty eto pomni i ne serdi menja!

JAROSLAVNA 
Ty smeš' mne grožit'?

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ 
Nu, polno perestan', 
Ja to'ko pošutil, 
Chotelos' videt' mne tebja, 
Kogda ty serdiš'ja. 
O, esli ty ty znala, 
Kak gnev tebe k licu: 
Brovi sdvinulis', 
Glaza bljestat, 
Zardelis' ščeki 
I brosilas' vsja krov' tebe v lico! 
Ty choroša, ty moloda, 
Tvoj muž davno uchel, 
Odnjej tebe zdes' skučno. 
Užel'-že s tech por 
So vsemi, kak so mnaj, 
Stroga ty i surova? 
Užel' nikogo 
Ty v tajne ne laskaš'? 
Užel' Igor'ju verna ty? 
(Našmesliš' i veselo.) 
Ne verju ja tomu. 
Ne možet' byť'!

JAROSLAVNA 
Da ty zabyl', čto ja - knjažina, 
Čto knjažem vlast' 
Mne zdes' dana? 
Da ja tebja velju otpravit', 
Pod vernoju ochranoj, 
K otcu, v Galič, na poruki! 
Pust' vedaetsja on s toboj. 
Sečas' že devušku osvobodi! 
Ujdi... Ujdi... Ujdi otsjuda!

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ 
Ogo! Vot kak! 
Nu čto ŗ Izol'! 
Ja devku osvobožu. 
I zaberu sebe druguju. Ėch! 
(Uchodit.)

JAROSLAVNA 
Ja vsja drožu, 
Edva soboj vladeju!... 
Ach, esli b knjaž' 
Skoree vorotljisja, 
Dušoju by ja snova otdochunula. 
Ustala ja, 
bor'ba mne ne po silam.

CD 2 
1. (Dumnye bojare vchodiat i 
klanujata) 
Jaroslavne.) 
Dobro požalovat', bojare; 
Ja rada videt' vas, 
VY - dumcy vernye moi, 
Upravy knjažeskoj o pora, 
I v radosti i v gore nadežnye 
druz'ja. 
Ja rada videt' vas! 
Skažite mne odnako, 
Čto značit' i vaš prichod 
Nečajaný, ne ždaný? 
Menja trevožit on, 
Nedobroje ja čujo. 
Skažite mne, ja znat' Choču.

BOJARE 
Mužazja, knjagnja, 
Nedobrye vesti tebe my nesem, 
Knjagnja. 
Prišli my k tebe 
Povedat', knjagnja, 
Nedobrjuyu vest'. Mužazja!

JAROSLAVNA 
Čto slučiloš? Govorite!

BOJARE 
Na Rus' perešli 
Knam vraži polki 
I blizko ot naš idut.

JAROSLAVNA 
O, bože! 

BOJARE 
K narn idut; 
I groznye sily 
K nam na Putivl' 
Yedet poloveckij chan Gazk, 
Groznij chan!
JAROSLAVNA
Узели мало было горя нам!
A где з наща рат’? A где з наш
княз’?
Скашите, боjava, где княз’?
Uželi pobita naša rat’?
Uželi kняз’ pogib?

BOJARE
Grozo za grozoj, Bedu za bedoj Gospod’ posylaiat nam!
Ot bož’ja suda, Nikto jeujed, Nikto, pover’! Nikto!

JAROSLAVNA
Скаши мне!

BOJARE
V neravnому бою
S nesmetnym vragom, Кост’ми polegli vsja rat...

JAROSLAVNA
Ach!

BOJARE
Vse polki;
I ranen sam knjaz’, I s bratom svoim
I s synom v plen on vzjat...

JAROSLAVNA
Uželi lađa ranen i v plenu?!

BOJARE
Vse v plenu.

JAROSLAVNA
Net! Net! Ne verju!
Net! Net!
(Jaroslavna nadaet bez čuvstv. Prichodit k sebja.)
Tak esto pravda, što knjaz’ v plenu, Čto on ranen?
Čto vrag idet sjuda na naš?
Bojare, skakíte, što delat’
I kač byt’ nam?
Ni Knjazja, ni rati, ni pomošči?
Kto že gorod otstoit?
Kto? Kto?...

BOJARE
Nam, knjaginja, ne vverjve
Pod stenami gorodskími
U voreot vstrečat’ vragov.
Gorod krepok, bud’ spokojoj, Steny krepki, rwy gluboki,
I nadežen naš ogrost.
Gorod krepok, bud’ spokojnja, Bog pomožet, odoleem,

JAROSLAVNA
Spasibo vam, bojare, Mne vaši reči ljubjy;
Ja verju vam, bojare, V tom slove pravdu slyšu,
Ot gorja, bezdol’ja, Ja pala duchom,
No vaše slovo pravdu Mne sily vdochnulo vno’v
I luč nadeždy snova Zažglo v duše moej.
(Klanjaetsja bojarim. Nabatnyj kolokol za ščenoj. Bojare prislušivajutsja.)

BOJARE
Zvon! Nabat! I vprjam’, nabat!
Nabat! Bojare!
Nabatnyj zvon, zloveščij zvon!
Bedoj grozit, knjaginja, on!

JAROSLAVNA
Uželi? O gospodi!
To vrag nagrijanul k nam sjuda (V okna vidneetsja zarevo pojara.)
Nagrijanul vrag! O, boże!
Čto budet s nam!
Bladytica svjataja помоги!
To bož’ja kara, božij gnev,
To božij gnev o, gospodi!
To božij gnev, to bož’ja kara!
Božij gnev kareta naš!
Ot bož’ja suda ne uješ’ nikuda!

BOJARE
To vrag idet; to grozny vrag. (Ženiščny golosjat za ščenoj.)
Požar! To prigrodor pylaet!
Baby vojut, narod bežit;
Ostro gorit!
V pole rýšut polovcy!
Grabiat, žut posad! Glijadite!
Bojare, skorej, skorej na steny, Skorej na steny gorodskie!
A čast’ ostat’ja zdes’ dolžna, Knjaginju ochranjač.
To bož’ja kara, božij gnev.
(Neskako bojar uchodiat, osta’nve opejasyva-
jutsja mečami i prigotovljajutsja k oborone.)
To bog karaet naš.
To božij gnev karaet naš!
Ot bož’ja suda ne uješ’ nikuda!

2. DEJSTVIE VTOROE
Poloveckij stan. Večer.

JAROSLAVNA
Ne stenami krepok gorod,
Ne v ostrose krepost’ naša,
Ne v okopach, ne vo rvach;
Naša krepost’ – vera boga,
Vernost’ knjazju i tebe, knjaginja, I k rodine ljubov’.

POLOVČANKA
Na bezvod’, dnem na solnce
Vjaneet cvetik, sochnet bednjy,
On k zemle skonil golovku,
List’ja grustno opuskaja.

BOJARE
Spasibo vam, bojare,
Mne vaši reči ljubjy;
Ja verju vam, bojare,
V tom slove pravdu slyšu,
Ot gorja, bezdol’ja,
Ja pala duchom,
No vaše slovo pravdu
Mne sily vdochnulo vno’v
I luč nadeždy snova
Zažglo v duše moej.

(Pljaska poloveckich devušek.)

4. KONČAKOVNA
Merket svet dnevnoj;
Pesni pet’,
Pljasat’ končim my!
Temna noć svoj pokrov rasstilaet.
Noć spuskjaja skorej,
T’moj okutaj menja,
Mgloj, tumanom ukroj, o den’!
Čas svidan’ja našeta dja naš.

DEVIŠKI
Skoro noć,
Nedalek čas ljubvi,
Sladkij čas.

KONČAKOVNA
Pridet li milij moj,
Užel’ ne čuet on,
Čto ja davno, davno
Ego zdes’ ždu.
Gde že ty, milij moj?
Otzovis’! Gde ty?
Milyj maj, ožovis’!
Ja ždu tebiha. O, milij moj!
O, milij, čas naštal,
Naštal časť’ja čas,
Svidan’ja čas naštal,
Naštal dija naš!
Noć spuskjaja skorej,
T’moj okutaj menja,
Mgloj, tumanom ukroj,
6. VLADIMIR IGOREVIĆ
Medlennoe den' ugasal,
Solnce za lesom sadilos',
Zori večernie merkli,
Noč' nadvigalas' na zemlju,
Teni nočnye
Černym pokrovom step' zastilali.
Teplaja južnaja noč!
Grezy ljubvi navevaja,
Razlivaja netu v krovii,
Zovet k svidan'ju.
Ždeš' li ty menyja, moja milaja?
Ždeš' li?
Čuju serdcem,
Čto ždeš' ty menyja.
Ach! Gde ty, gde?
Otzovis' na zov ljubvi!
Ach, skorol', skorol', ja uvižu tebja!
Ty prid'! Skorej, skorej, na zov ljubvi otzovis'!
Vspomni: ja v toske, grud' gorit,
Ja ždu, strastno ždu ja tebja,
Ljubvi tvoej!
Boš'še žizni ja ljubljub tebja!
Črož ty medliš', drug moj?
Vstan', pridi ko mne.
Ne bojsja, vse davno zasnuli,
Krugom vse krecko spit,
Vse mirno, ticho spit.
Ach! Gde ty, gde?
Otzovis' na zov ljubvi!
Ach! Doždus' li, doždus' ja
Laksi nežnoj tvoej!
Ty prid', skorej na zov ljubvi otzovis'!
Pridi pod krovom temnoj noči,
Kogda i les i vody spiat,
Kogda liš' zvezdy, neba oči,
Odni na naš s toboj gljadjat.
Krugom vse mirno, ticho spit,
Kreplko spit. Pridi!

7. KONČAKOVNA
Ty li, Vladimir moj,
Ty li, o milij moj,
Ty li, nenaljednyj moj,
Ty li, želannyj moj?
O, kak ždala ja tebja!
VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
Ljubiš' li?

KONČAKOVNA
Ljublju li ja...
VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
Ljubiš' li ty?

KONČAKOVNA
Ljublju li tebja?
VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
Ljubiš' menja?

KONČAKOVNA
Ljublju li tebja?
VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
O, moe sčast'e!
Da ljublju ja tebja
VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
Vsej siloj dušu molodoj tebja,
O milij moj,
VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
Borodin: Prince Igor
27
ВОЛУР

Да ты - моja!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Да ты - моja!

ВОЛУР

Что?

Mне, knязю, bežat' iz plena potajno?

Мне, mne?

Podumaj, toty govoríš'?

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Спаси благословенно однаго!

Ja vtom винят од меня!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Da, toty сутяти?

О, дайте, дайте мне свободу,

Ja moj pozor sumeju iskupit';

IKONČAKOVNA

Nu что оtec tvoj?

V teremу втом вquisочках,

DAET

O svad'be i dumat' не velit on.

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Net, net! Poka сеj в plenu,

V dal' glaza ty progljadela,

KONČAKOVNA

Vot kak! Net, moj otiec dobree;

Drugа zheš' ty dni и noči,

Menja sejcas on vydast за тебя!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Ujdi otstuda, sjuda idut.

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Net, na slovo tvoj,

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Net, jа slyšu šagi,

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

I ja сlyшу šagi,

Menja sejcas on vydast за тебя!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Ujdi otstuda, sjuda idut.

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Prostil!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Uželi ty uješ'?

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Prostil!

(Rašchodjatsja v raznye storony.

Ovlur, odlično!

NPožol' mne, knjaz', slovo molvit',

8. KNJAZ' IGOR'

(Вychodit на avanščenu.)

Da mens', что все винят меня!

O, dajte, dajte мне svobodu,

Ja moj pozor sumeju iskupit';

Da, tsjepi - моja.

Da, toty сутяти?

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Spasu ja čest' моjui и slavu,

Jа Rus' ot nedruга spasu!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Net, net! Poka сеj в plenu,

Druzhа zheš' ty dni и noči,

Knjaž' IGOR'

Čto tebe?

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Spasu ja čest' моjui и slavu,

O svad'be i dumat' не velit on.

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Stones' večeri, ugrozu,

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Ja sovem znamen'ja ugrozu,

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Ja sovem znamen'ja ugrozu,

Moju pobedu nad врагом,

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Ja sovem znamen'ja ugrozu,

knjaž' 'Igor'

I brannoj slavnyj konec,

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

I brannoj slavnyj konec,

Pogrom, i ranu,

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

I moj plen,

I plen,

O svad'be i dumat' не velit on.

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Ja moj pozor sumeju iskupit';

Spasu ja čest' моjui и slavu,

Ja Rus' ot nedruга spasu!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Net, net! Poka сеj в plenu,

Druzhа zheš' ty dni и noči,

Knjaž' IGOR'

Ty?

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Spasu ja čest' моjui и slavu,

Ja Rus', ja Rus', ja Rus' ot nedruга spasu!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Net, net! Poka сеj в plenu,

Druzhа zheš' ty dni и noči,

Knjaž' IGOR'

Ty?

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Spasu ja čest' моjui и slavu,

Ja Rus', ja Rus', ja Rus' ot nedruга spasu!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Net, net! Poka сеj в plenu,

Druzhа zheš' ty dni и noči,

Knjaž' IGOR'

Ty?

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Spasu ja čest' моjui и slavu,

Ja Rus', ja Rus', ja Rus' ot nedruга spasu!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Net, net! Poka сеj в plenu,

Druzhа zheš' ty dni и noči,

Knjaž' IGOR'

Ty?
Ты ранен в битве при Каяле,
I взял с тобой в плен;
Мне отдан на поруки,
A u menja ty - gost'.
Tebe počet' u naš, kak chanu,
Vse moe k tvoim uslugam.

Сразу же,
Ty kak chan zdes' živeš.
Živeš ty tak, kak ja.
Soznaja: razve plenniki tak živut?
Tak-li? O net, net, drug,
Net, knjaz', ty zdes' ne plennik
moj,
Ty ved' gost' u menja dorogoj!
Znaj, drug, ver' me,
Ty, knjaz', me polubilsja,
Za otvagu tvoju da za udaš' v boju.
Ja uvažaju tebja, knjaz',
Ty ljub me byl vsegda, znaj.
Da, ja ne vrag tebe zdes',
A chozjain ja tvoj,
Ty me - gost' dorogoj.

tak povedaj že me,
Čem že chudo tebe,
Ty skasi me,
Čošče? Voz'mi konja ljubova,
Voz'mi ljuboj šater,
Voz'mi bulat zavetnyj,
Meč dedov!
Nemalo vraž'ej krobi
Mečom ja etim proli;
Ne raz v bojach krovavych
Užas smerti sejal moj bulat.
Da, knjaz', vse zdes',
Vse chanu zdes' podvlastno;
Ja grozouj dila vseh byl davno.
Ja chrabr, ja smel,
Stracha ja ne znaju,
Vse bojašja menja,
Vse trepeščet krugom;
No ty menja ne bojalsja,
Poščady ne prosil, knjaz'.
Ach, ne vragom by tvoim,
A sojuznikom vernym,
A drugom nadežnym,
A bratom tvoim,
Mne chotelojja byť',
Ty pover' me!
Čošče ty plennicu
S morja dal'nogo,
Cagu, nevol'nicu,
Iz-za Kaspija,
Eši čošče,
Skaži tol'ko slovo me,
Ja tebe podarju.

U menja est' krasavicy čudnje,
Kosy, kak zmei, na pleči
spuskajutsja,
Oči černye, vlagoj podernuty,
Nežno i strastno gljadjat
Iz pod temnych brovej.

Čtož moličč ty?
Eši čošče'?
Ljubju iz nich wybirač!
11. Gej! Plennic privesti sjuda!
Pust' oni pesnjami i pljaskoj
potešat naš
I dumy mračne rassejut.

KONČAK
Nevolja! Nevolja! Nu, čošče',
Otpušču tebja na rodinu domoj?
Daj tol'ko slovo me, čto na menja
Meča ty ne podniměš',
I mne dorogi ne zastupiš'.

KONČAK
Nevolja! Nevolja! Nu, čošče',
Otpušču tebja na rodinu domoj?
Daj tol'ko slovo me, čto na menja
Meča ty ne podniměš',
I mne dorogi ne zastupiš'.

KONČAK
Vidiš! li plennic
S morja dal'nego,
Vidiš! krasavicy
Iz-za Kaspija?
O skazi, drug,
Skaži tol'ko slovo me,
Čošče',
Ljubju iz nich ja tebe podarju.

KONČAK
Ljublju! Ty smel!
I pravdy ne boš'šja.
Ja sam takov!
Eč! Kogda b sojuznikami
My s toboju byli:
Zapolonili by vsju Rus'!
Kak dva barsa ryskali by vmesne,
Krov'ju vraž'ej vmesne upivalis'
I vse by v strache deržali pod
pajatoj:
Čuš' čto, tak na kol, i' ollovu
doloj.
Tak-li? Cha, cha, cha, cha!
Da nesgovorčiv ty! Sadis'!
12. (Vchodjut polevokie nevol'niki
I nevol'nic, nekotorye iz nich s
bubnami i drugimi muzikalnymi
instrumentami, za nimi svira i
prilīžnenye Končaka.)

NEVOL'NICY
Uletaj na kryljach vetra
Ty v kraj rodnoj, rodnaja pesnja
naša,
Tuda, gde my tebja svobodno peli,
Gde bylo tak privol'no nam s
toboju.
Tam, pod znojmym nebom,
Negoj vozduch polon,
Gde rad gorov morja,
Dremljuṯ gory v oblakach;
Tarn tak jarco solnce svetit,
Rodnye gory svetom zalivaja,
V dolinach pyšno rozy raščvetajut
I solov' pojet v lesach zelenych;
I sladkij vinograd roset.
Tarn tebe privol'nej pesnja,
Ty tuda i uletaj.
(Malo-pomalu oni načinajut
pjelas! Polavcy slavijat chana.)

POLOVCY
Pojte pesni slavy chanu! Poi!
Slav'te silu doblest' chanal! Slav'!
Slaven chan! Chan!
Slaven on, chan naš!
Bleskom slavy
Solncu ravn chan!
Netu ravných slojchu chanu!
Net!
Čagi chana slavijat chana,
Chana svoego.

POLOVCY
Pojte pesni slavy chanu! Poi!
(Obščaja pijaska.)
Slav' te ščedrost', slav' te milost'!
Slav'!
Dlja vragov chan grožen on,
Chan naš!
Kto že slojow ravchan on, on!
Bleskom slavy solncu ravn chan!
Slavoj dedam ravn chan naš,
Chan, chan, Končak!
Slavoj dedam ravn on!
Groznij chan, chan Končak.
Slavoj dedam ravn on,
Groznij chan, chan Končak!
Slaven chan, chan Končak!
Slava, slava...

NEVOL'NICY I NEVOL'NIKI
Uletaj na kryljach vetra
Ty v kraj rodnoj, rodnaja pesnja
naša,
Tuda, gde my tebja svobodno peli,
Gde bylo tak privol'no nam s
toboju,
V kraj tot, gde pod znojmym
nebom
Negoj vozduch polon.
Naši vojniki so se priblževali polovcem na strani Slaven. Slaveni se pripravljali na prihod kajne Pljaskoj vod. Član, član, Končak.
PLOVCY

Slavlj bi dedam raven chan naš, Chan, chan, Končak.
Slavlj bi dedam raven on, Grožnji chan, ehan Končak.
Slavlj bi chan, chan Končak.
Chan Končak!

Pljaskoj vašej teš'te chana. Pljaskoj teš'te chana, čagi, Chana svoego.
Pljaskoj teš'te chana, čagi, Chana svoego.
Pljaskoj vašej teš'te chana! Pljaskoj teš'te!
Naš chan Končak.

CD 3

1. DEJSTVIE TRE'TE

PLOVCY

Rat' idet domoj. Rat' idet s podoby, Slava našej rati! Slava rati chrabroj! Slava grožnem chanam! Gzak idet s podoby, Rat' polon vedet, Slava grožnem chanam! Grožen Gzak, slaven chan! Slava rati našej,
Naši rati chrabroj slava...
Slava rati našej!
Slava rati chrabroj, Naši našej!
Grožen Gzak, slaven chan!
Slava chanu Gzaku!
Vot pobedu nam roga trubjat, Bubny zvanko b'jut.
Slava grožnem chanam!
Vlmo mnogo se požgli,
V plen krasavic uveli.
Slava! Slava!
I uzejali polja vraž'imi kostjam.
Slava, slava, slava!
Slava chanam, chanam poloveckim!
Slava, slava! Poloveckim grožnem chanam!
Slava, slava! Slava, slava!
Slaven, slaven chan!
Grožen chan naš Gzak!
Slava chanu Gzaku!
V pustyme ryskal on kak bars, Kak vichr' stepnoj.
Rubil vragov, konem toptal,
Žilišča ich ognem palil;
Vragov razbitje polki
Kostjam polegli.
Slava grožnem chanam!

2. KONČAK

Naš meč nam dal pobedu,
Pobedu nad vragami!
Povsjudu sčaste's s nam!
My skoro Rus' zapolonim.
Posle bitvy pri Kajale
Rjad pobed naš meč proslavil,
S boju gorod Rimov vzjali
I Putivl' sožgli my.
Daleko nesetsja slava
Poloveckih grožnnych chanov.
Na svete nam podvlastno vse,
I na zemle net ravnyh nam.
POLOVCY

Slava Gzaku i Končaku!

KONČAK

Nemalo sel i gorodov
My sožgli,
Na meste ich liš' step' teper',
Step' odna.
Ljudje nemalo poleglo,
Liš' zveri po selam
Ryčut, vujot,
Nemalo vdom i materej
Plačut, stonut,
A deti ich ležat v stepjach
Pokojno, mirno,
I zveri i pticy
U trupov ich klišat.
Naš meč nam dal pobedu,
Pobedu nad vragami;
Povsjudu sčaste's s nam,
My skoro Rus' zapolonim.
Posle bitvy pri Kajale
Rjad pobed naš meč proslavil,
S boju gorod Rimov vzjali
I Putivl' sožgli my.
Daleko nesetsja slava
Poloveckih grožnnych chanov.
Na svete nam podvlastno vse,
I na zemle net ravnyh nam.

3. KONČAK

Igrajte, truby!
I tak, pojdem delit' polon,
Idem delit' dobyču!
Idem. Gaj!
Do noči pir goroj,
I pesni pet,
I v pesnjah chanov slavit',
I pljaskoj teš't naš!
A plennic, što pokraše,
Pust' privedut ko mne v šater.
Po utru z sovet deržat',
Kak na vragov nam vnov' udarit'.
Da plennych krepko storožit',
Ne-to kaznu storoževych!
Idem!
(Uchodit.)

CHANY

Idem za nam, savet deržat':
Čto delat' nam, i kak nam byt'?
Ostat'sja li zdes' vyžidat',
I' dal'še nam vpered idti?
Idti'-le tebe ili emu,
Kak byt', rešim! Idti'-le emu,
Il komu iz nas idti?
Pojdem!
Rešim kak byt',
Na Kiev nam,
Il' na Černigov,
I' na Poseme'l'-put' deržat'?
Idem za nam savet deržat',
Čto nam načat' i kak nam byt'?
Končak nas ždet, pojdem k nemu,
Ego sovet a sprosim my;
Togda rešim, oстат'sja'i nam,
Il' na vragov udarit' vnov'?
(Vse krome russkih uchodjav.)

VLADIMIR IGOREVICH

Užel' chan naš gorod vsjaj, Ostrog i sola tam pozeg,
Detej i žen v polon zabral,
V nevolju devic on uvel,
Pozoril ich i gribal gorod naš.
Žestokij, deržkij chan mužej on
Neščadno vseh mečem kaznil.
KNIAZ' IGOR'
Узел' чан наш грод взжал,
Острог и села там поеж,
Дете и жен в полон забрал;
А девичи унел и позорил их,
Мужей казнил нецедаи держи.

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI
(Pervaja gruppa)
Da, чан Гзак наш грод взжал,
Мужей и брат'ев он избил,
А зен и детей в полон всех забрал,
А девичи чан унел, позорил их.

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI
(Vtoraja gruppa)
Мужей чан мечом избил;
В бою неравном пали ве;
Нецедадои грабил грод наш
Зешок, держи.

KNIAZ' IGOR'
Чего же мне знать' ешке?

VLADIMIR IGOREVICH
Беги ты, беги домой,
Спасай наш края,
Не то погуби наша Руся!

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI
(Pervaja gruppa)
Волш смотрел на Русс.
Чан вложу мир,
Достанет он тебе коня.
Беги ты, беги домой,
Спасай наш края,
Не то погуби наша Руся!

KNIAZ' IGOR'
Da, не дам погубить' Руся я, 
О нет! Ноет!
Бежать' долож на нас Руся!
К нам враг хит,
Бедой он грозит Руся.
Чего же мне знать' ешке?
Да, не дам погубить' Руся я, 
О нет! Ноет!

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI
(Pervaja gruppa)
Беги, князь', беги домой,
Не дай погубить' Русь!
Овлар нам друг,
Достанет он тебе коня
Я сам с того бежит на Руся'.
Беги, князь', беги домой,
Не дай погубить' Русь!

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI
(Vtoraja gruppa)
Князь', беги ты в Рус',
Не дай, князь', погубнить' ей!
Достанет Овлар тебе коня, беги!
Князь', беги ты в Рус',
Не дай, князь', погубнить' ей!

(Pojavljenja oboz s voennoj
dobryej. Polovc
vbegajut tolpoj.)

POLOVCY
Dobyczu nam vezut
Na gore vam!
Nagrabils skolko chany!
Pust' gibnet vrag!
(Verdet neskol'kikh plennyx.)

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI
Gliadi, kijaz', gliadi skorej,
Dobyczu im vezut opjat'!
Gliadi, kijaz', kak mnogo channel
U nas nagribali na Rus!

POLOVCY
Polon vedut sjuda na gore vam!
Zabrane ne malo chan! Pust' gibnet vrag!
Pogibel' vam, Rusi kijaz'jam,
Smert' vragam, poschady net!
Poschady net kijaz'jam Rus!
Pust' gibnet vrag!

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI
Gliadi, kijaz', gliadi skorej,
Opjat' oni polon vedut.
Gliadi, kijaz', kak mnogo channel
V polon zabral u nas ljudej!
Vragi nam ugrozy sljut,
Poschady nam ot nich ne zdaj'!
Begi, kijaz', begi domoj,
Ne daj pogubit' Rusi ty!
(Polovcy uchodyat. Russki skryvajutsja v satri.
Na scene ostajeja otrjad
storoževych. Za scenoj truby.)

4. POLOVCY
Podoben solncu chan Končak.
Podoben mesyaju chan Gzak.
I zvezdam ravnch chany vse.
Slava ich svetit jarko.
Podobno blesk svetit nebesnych.
Gaj!
My za nashch slavnnych chanov.
Gaj!
Budem pit' kumys teper'. Gaj!
Nam kumys pridast vselej'ja! Gaj!
Plennik ne ujdet ot nas. Gaj!
Gore beglecu lichomu!
Strely zoločenye,
Koni naši bystrye
Vsegda ego dogonjav to stepi.
Vo slavu chanov my pesni složim
I budem slavit' bitvy ich!
(Ovlur prochodit po scene, nesja
meški s kumysom.)
Slava! Slava! Slava! Slava!
Podoben solncu chan Končak.

Podoben mesjaju chan Gzak.
I zvezdam ravnch chany vse.
Vsem našhim chanam slava.
Slava chanam. Gaj!
(Storoževye načinjavat pljasat'.
Odin iz pljašačičnych)

Padaet. Drugoj nadaet. Tretij
Padaet. K
koncu etogo nomera na scene
temneet. Storože-
vye zasypajat. Ovlur ostorozno
podkradyvaetsja k
šatru Igorja.)

5. OVLUR
Kijaz', skorej sbirajsja v put'.
Ne videt nas nikto, zasnuli storoža.
Konej ja prigovoril,
I u reki ja budu zdaj'
Tejba i knjažica.
Kogda zatichnet vse, ja svistnu.
Togda ty ' s knjažicem
Begi k reke,
Prokoži gornostajač črez trostnik,
Na vodu gogolem spustis'.
Všosto na borzogo konja kak vichr',
I vmonte poletim my sokolami
Pod mglami nočnymi.

KNIAZ' IGOR'
Idi, gotov' konej,
My budem zdaj'.
(Ovlur uchodi. Končakova
vbegaet v strašnom
volnenii i ostanavivaetsja u šatra
Vladimira.)

6. KONČAKOVNA
Vladimir! Užel' vsa eto pravda?
Ostan'sja zdes? O tom molju
tebja!
Ja vse, ja vse uznala.
Běžat' zadumal ty,
Běžat' S otcorm na Rus'.
Skaži, užel' vozmožno:
Menja pokineš ty?
Skaži, o milý moj!
O net! Ne verju,
Ne verju, milý moj,
Ne možet byť'.

VLADIMIR IGOREVICH
Proščaj, proščaj, ty lada!
S toboj rastanuvá ja,
Běžat' mne dolg velit.

KONČAKOVNA
Ne ostavljaj menja ty,
Voz' mi menja s soboj,
Voz' mi, o milý moj.
Na vse gotova ja,
Tebe ja vse otdam,
Otdam ljubov' moju,
VLADIMIR
Otdam net za sam kon
Raboj tvoej gotova byt'
Za ščast' šiš' s toboj!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
O gore mne! Mutitsja vzor
I b'etsja serdce tak!
Užeš skazat':
Prosti ljubov?
Ostav',
Knjažna prosti navek!
(Knjaž' Igor' vychodit iz šatra.)

KONČAKOVA
Voz'mi naž, tebja!
Bežin,
Ostan'sja to?
(Knjaž' Igor' staraja.)

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
Proščaj knjažna!

KONČAKOVA
Otec,
VLADIMIR
Net sily ustojat'!
V duše ljubov',
V grudi ogon',
I b'etsja serdce.

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
O gore mne!
Net sily ustojat'!

KONČAKOVA
Voz'mi menjata s soboj, moj milj!
(Za sceno svist.)

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
O gore mne!
Net sily ustojat'!

KNJAŽ' IGOR'
Bežat' nam dolg velit!
My rodinu svojo spasem...

KONČAKOVA
Raboj tvoj da vernoj budu!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
V duše ljubov',
V grudi ogon'!

KNJAŽ' IGOR'
Ne to pogibnet Rus'!
(Ešče raz svist.)
Ty slyšiš?'
To znak uslovnyj!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ:
Čto mne delat'?

KNJAŽ' IGOR'
Zovet Ovlur.
Pora bežat'.

KONČAKOVA
Ostan'aja!

KNJAŽ' IGOR'
Knjažna, ostav' ego!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ:
Gore mne!
Sily net ustojat'!

KONČAKOVA
Milyj moj! Ja molju tebja!

KNJAŽ' IGOR'
Bežin,
Ne to proshnetsja stan;
Togda vse končeno,
Nam smert' goroz!
Opomin's', sim, begi so mnoj!
(Knjaž' Igor' staraetsja usleč'
Vladimira.)

KONČAKOVA
Ostan'ja zdes' so mnoj,
Ja ne pušču tebja!
Ja l' ne mila tebe?
II' ty zabyl menjal!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
Otec, postoj,
Pozvol' ty mne
Ee obnjaš v poslednj raz.

KNJAŽ' IGOR'
Moj syn, ostav'!
Pora bežat'!

KONČAKOVA
A esli tak, to ja
Sejčas vseh razbužu!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
O gore mne! O gore mne!

KONČAKOVA
Ves' stan ja na nogi postavlju!

KNJAŽ' IGOR'
(Ubegaja.)
Proščaj!

(Končakovna udarjaet neskol'ko raz v bilo.)
(Do vseh storon sbeqaujtsja razbužennyje signalom polovcy.)

7. KONČAKOVA
(Polovcam.)
Knjaž' Igor' uskakal!
Emu Ovlur konej dostal.
Deržite knjažčal!

POLOVCY
Konej sedlaje,
Puskažte strelj,
V pogonju mčite's
Za beglecom!
Živo v stepi mčite's!
A knjažčal vjažite tut že k derevu,
Zastrelim my ego strelyami ostry'm!

KONČAKOVA
O net, ego ne tron're,
Ego ja ne otad,
Ego choču spasti!
Menja ubjetje prežde,
Menja, menjal!
V menja streljajte prežde!
Puskaž ja vmeste s nim umru,
No ne otad ego!
Vam ne otad!

POLOVCY
Smert' vsem russkim plennym!
Poščadje net!
Razliv reki už načalsja!
Voda na prblj peper'!
My ne dogonim beglača!
Zovite chanov vseh sjuđa!
U nich im sprosim čto nam delat'!
(Vchodjat Končak i chany.)
Vot on!

Končak idet!

KONČAK
Čto značit etot šum?
Doč moja, začem ty zdes'?

POLOVCY
Knjaž' Igor' ubežal!
Ovlur nam izmenili,
Emu konej dostal
I vmeste s nim bežal!

KONČAK
Vot molodec!
Nedarom ja tak ego ljubil;
Na meste Igorja
Ja by tak že postupili!
Èch! Ne vragami nam byt' by s nim,
A sojuznikami vernymi.
Vot čto!

94608 Borodin: Prince Igor
Storoževých kazniť,
A knjažiča ne trogat'!
Takov moj prikaz!

CHANY
Končak, pozvol' nam reč' deržat',
Poslušaj nas, daj nam skazat'.
Ved' my vsegda
V delach vojny
Soveta prosim u tebja.
V gnedo kol' sokol uletel,
To i sokolik uletit.
A my ego, poka on zdes',
Strelou zastršim zolotoj.
Končak ne prav!
Ne'l'ja ščadit'
Ved' všled
Za sokolom sokolik uletit.
A my ego strelou zastršim zolotoj,
Ne prav Končak!
Ščadit' ne'l'ja!
Pover' ty nam i sel'jak tak,
Ved' my vsegda
V delach vojny
Soveta prosim u tebja,
Tak ty teper' poslušaj nas.
Ne lušće l' plennych nam kaznit',
Ne-to polon ot nas ujdet!

KONČAK
Net!
Esli sokol ko gnedu uletel,
To my sokolika opustoam
Krasnoj devicej.
(Podvodit k Vladimiru
Končakovn.)
Vot tebe žena, Vladimir!
Ne vrag ty moj,
A zat' želanný.
Nazvatra vse snimajte veži!
Idem na Rus'!

KONČAK I CHANY
V pochod na Rus'!
Pob' em vraža!

POLOVCY
Idem v pochod na Rus'!
Pob'em vraža,
Voz'mem polon, dobyču!
Idem!
Slaven chan Končak!
Slaven grozný Gzak!
Slava chanam vsem!

DEJSTVIE ČETVERTOE
Gorodskaja stena i ploščad' v
Putivle. Na nevysokej kolokol' ne
večernoj kolokol. B glubine scény
stena detinca, za kotoroj
vidnejutsja knjažeskie temera.
Ranee utro. Jaroslavlna odna na
gorodskoj stene.

8. JAROSLAVNA
Ach! Plaču ja, gor'ko plaču ja,
Slezy l'ju
Da k miloumu na more šiju,
Rano po utram.
Ja kukuškoj perelnetoj
Poleču u reke Dunaju,
Okunu u rekou Kajalu
Moj rukav bobrovýj,
Ja omuo knjazu ranu
Na ego kroavom tele.
Och! Ty, veter, veter bujniyj,
Čto ty v pole veci?',
Strely vrazž ty navejal
Na družnyj knjazja.
Čto ne vejal veter bujniyj
Vverch pod obłaka,
V more sinem korabli leleja
Ach, začem ty, veter bujniyj,
V pole dolgo vejal?
Pokovyl' trave rasveial
Ty moe vesel'e?
Ach! Plaču ja, gor'ko plaču ja,
Slezy l'ju,
Da k miloumu na more šiju
Rano po utram.
Goj, ty Dnper moj, Dnepr širokij
Čerez kamennyje gory
V Polevskoj kraj dorogo.
Ty probil,
Tam nasady Svjatoslava
Do Kobjakova polku.
Ty leeliaj, moj široki,
Slavnyj Dnepr, Dnepr,
Rodnoj naš Dnepr!
Voroti ko mne milova,
Čtob ne lit mne ro'kich slez,
Da k miloumu na more slet'
Rano po utram.
Och, ty solnce, solnce krasno,
V nebe jasnom jarko svetli',
Svetch ty grečč', vseč lelečč',
Vsem ty ljubo, solnce,
Solnce, krasno solnce!
Čto že ty družnyj knjazja
Znoem zgúčim obo zglo?
Ach! Čto v bezvdomom pole
zaždoj
Ty strelikam luki stjanulo,
I kolčany im istomoj
Gorem zapeklo? Začem?
(Tolpe poseljan provodit s
pesnej. Jaroslavlna sitit
zadumavši')

9. POSELJANE
Och, ne bujniy veter zavyval;
Gore naveval,
Chan Gzak nas povoeval.
Čto ne čeren voron naletal.
Bedy naklilak,
Chan Gzak na nas ponabegal,
Čto ne serj volk pozabegal,

Stado zarezal,
Chan Gzak sela porazorjal.
(Zamiraja vdatli.)

10. JAROSLAVNA
(Gijadit na razorennye
okrestnosti.)
Kak unylo vse krugom:
Sela vyžený,
Nivy zbrošený,
Žatva v pole vsja pogibla,
Vrag sbuli:
Veselých pesen v pole nam
Ne słyšat' bol'she dolgo.
(Vsmatrivaetsja v dal'.)
Kto-to edet v daleke,
Dva vsadnika.
Oden iz nich v odeže poloveckoj.
Už ne Polovecy li k nam
nagrjani?
Upasi gospodi,
Čto nam deiat' pogod;
Putivlja nam ne ostojat'!
Drugoj iz vsadnikov edet po
našemu
I s vidu ne prostoj on ratnik:
Ubior ego, kon' i osanka
Vse vlast' i znatnost' oblčaet.
To verno russkij knjaz'
K nam edet gostem;
No kto b eto mog byt'?
Kto takoj? Otkuđa?
Ne znaju...
I vzdumat' ne mogu!
Ne v domek mne...
Ach! Ne mojz byt'...
Ėto son...
I' navodžen'e...
Net... To Iгорja znakomye čerty!
(S usvjećenim)
Igorja čerty mne dorogie!
Čto knjaz'! Knjaz' moj vorotilsja!
(На scenu v'vždažet knjaz' Igor' v
soprovodjeni)
Ovlura. Knjaz' Igor' soskakivaet
s konja i brosaetsja
k Jaroslavln. Ovlurotchit s
konjami v
storonu.)

JAROSLAVNA
On, moj sokol jasnyj!
Lada moj želanný!
Lada milyj, dorogoj moj!

KNAJ' IGOR'
zdravstvui! Radost', lada!
zdravstvui! Svet moj, lada,
Vot opijat' ty so mnoj!

JAROSLAVNA
O, lada moj želanný!

94608 Borodin: Prince Igor
KNJAZ' IGOR'
Radost' ty moja!

JAROSLAVNA
Vse mnitja mne, čto eto son;
Užel' ko mne vernulja on?
Ne verju ja svoim glazam,
Ne verju ja tem živym snam!
Ach, skol'ko raz vidala ja
Tebja takim vo sne.
Užel' ne Son, uver' menja,
Skaži skorej, skaži ty mne!

KNJAZ' IGOR'
O net! Ne son: vernulja ja,
V moej ruke ruka tvoja,
Ja vižu vzor vtoich očej,
Ja slyšu zvuk tvoich rečej...

JAROSLAVNA
Vernulja lada moj domoj,
Ko mne vernulja lada moj,
Ko mne vernetja vse s toboju,
I spal' e i pokoj.

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Vernulja snova ja domoj,
K tebe vernulja lada tvoj,
I snova on s toboju,
S toboj, s toboj drug moj!

JAROSLAVNA
Snova vižu ja milova,
Snova Vižu dorogova,
Vse ko mne vernulja's snova:
Sčast'e, radost' i pokoj.
Lada milyj moj, želannyj,
Lada, drug moj,
Nebom dannyj,
Mnogo, dolgo serdcem ždannyj,
Ja opijač', opijač' s toboj!

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Lada radost', milij drug moj,
Ja opijač', opijač' s toboj!
Prošla pora zlovesčih snov,
Prošla pora tjaželyh dum.
Zabyto vse: pora toski,
Zabyto gore prošlyh dnej
I snova radost' svetit nam;
Nam proseg proznych, černych tuč
Progijanet snova solnca luč
I stanct jaso vnov'!

JAROSLAVNA
Zabyto vse: pora toski,
Zabyto gore prošlyh dnej
I snova radost' svetit nam;
Nam proseg proznych, černych tuč
Progijanet snova solnca luč
I stanct jaso i svetlo!
Naš vrag padet, chan padet!

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Ja kliknu klic iz kraja v kraj,
Na chana Vnov' udarju ja...

KNJAZ' IGOR' I JAROSLAVNA
I chan padet, groza Rusi,
Vraga ja slomlju!
(Knjaz' Igor i Jaroslavna medlenno udalajutsja.
Vo vremja pesni gudočnikov oni
stojat u vorot,
razgovirivaja meždu soboju,
potom skryvajutsja
v vorota,
Ovlur s konjami
ostajeja u vorot.)
(Na ploščad' vchodja Roraška i
Skula: oba neskol'ko
chmeľn'ye, Igranuj i pojat.)

11. EROŠKA I SKULA
Ty gudi, gudi, da,
Ty gudi igraj,
Knjazja veličaj;
Knjaz' li Igor'
Da knjaz' li Severski
V polonu sidit,
V dal'nju step' gljadit

K chanu ugodil,
Da slavu schorilin.
Rat' porasterjel,
Sam v polon popal;
Čto bez razuma,
Bezo vremen,
On polki vodil,
Vo pochod chodil,
Da vo stepjach širokih
Svoj narod gubil,
Da vo peskach sypučih
Silu uloži.
Russkim zolotom,
Čjistym serebrrom
On prudy prudil,
On mosty mostil,
Vo Kajal-reke
Svoj narod tobil,
Vo Kajal-reke slavu obronil.
Kak za to pro to,
Da po belomu svetu,
Čto na vsei Rusi,
Čto iz kraja v kraj,
Da kajut Igrorja Svjatoslaviča,
Knjazja Severskogo,
Kajut na Posem'e,
Na Posu'e
V stol'nom Kieve,
Da na Dunaj-reke,
Da na Pomor'e,
Lukomori.
Oj gudi, gudi, gudi,
Gudi, gudi, gudok!

SKULA
Knjaz' li Igor',
Da knjaz' li Severskij.
(Ostanavlivaljutsja v izumlenii i
vnezapno obryvajut
pesnju, uvidev vdelja knjazja Igrorja i
Jaroslavna.)
Gljadil! Gljadil! Gljadilo-ko!

EROŠKA
Knjaz'! Knjaz'!

SKULA
Ėko delo, podumaeš'...

EROŠKA
Oj, batjuški, oj rodyne,
Plocho budet nam,
Plocho budet na!
Čto delat', čto delat'?
Kak byt'? Och, och,
Propali naši golouški...
Kaznjat nas,
Bezpremenno kaznjat nas!

SKULA
Už tak i kaznjat,
Net, brat,
S umom da v vinom
Na Russi ne propadem.
Sem-ka, pomerekaem,
Umom raskinem...
(Skula i Eroška sadjatsja drug protiv druga i dumajut.)
Nu?

EROSHA
Nu?

SKULA
Al' speči da v boloto?
Nekuda! Nekuda!

EROSHA
(V lesa?)
Posle knjažego chleba koru gloadat'?
Posle knjažoj bragi vodu chlebati?
Net, brat, ēta byl' už byla,
Da i byl'em poroslja!
(S važnostju.)
Tut nado, brat, pridumat'...
Čto nibud'... poumnee...

EROSHA
Čto že?

SKULA
Postoj... pogodi...
Daj sroku...
Našel...
Vidiš? Vidiš'?
(Ukazyvaja na kolokol'nu

EROSHA
(V nedoumenii)
Kolokol'nju-to?

SKULA
(Pokazyvaja, čto nužno žvonit'.)
Ponjaal'! Ponjaal'!

EROSHA
(Zvonit', čto li? Začem zvonit'?}

SKULA
 živy budem,
Cely budem,
Syty budem,
S chlebom budem,
A s umom budem
I s vinom.
Zvoni!

Zvoni narod!
(Oba berutsja za verevki ot kolokov i zvonjat nabat.)

EROSHA
Narod! Sjuda!
Sjuda! Idi! Skorej!
Narod! Sjuda!
Vali sjuda skorej!
Vali sjuda, narod,
Skorej, vali sjuda!

SKULA
Ej! Ej! Pravoslavnye!
Radost', radost'
Povedaem vam!
(So vseh storon sbegajetsja narod.)

NAROD
Eki zvonj! Batjuški!
Polovcy čto li?
Čto tarm? Čto? Čto tam? Čto?
Požar čto li? Čto tarm? Čto?
Al' Polovcy?
Čto? Govori!

EROSHA I SKULA
Radost' nam, radost', bratie!

NAROD
Da ēto p'janye gudočniki čudjat.
I vpjam' ved'!
Ach, oni, p'janicy,
Tol'ko narod mutjat,
Viš' galdjat!
Nu tak! Ach, vy p'janicy,
Propoicy, ogašennye!
Viš' galdjat,
Narod mutjat!
Viš' galdjat,
Narod mutjat!
Propoicy!

EROSHA I SKULA
Ej! Ej! Ėto vprjam'!
Postoj,
Polno vam, polno vam!
Stoj! Stoj!

NAROD
Von ich otsjuda,
Goni ich, tašči ich,
Gonite otsjuda ich von!

EROSHA I SKULA
Radost' nam, radost',
pravoslavnye!

NAROD
Čemu obradovalis'?
Al' kto podnes?

SKULA
Podnes už ne ty li?
Net, brat! Na ētom raze
Na radostiach i sebja prop'eš:
Knjaž' priechal!

NAROD
Kramol'nik-to vaš Galickij?
Čto b emu pusto bylo!

EROSHA
Da ne kramol'nik Galickij!
Naš! Batjuška, Severskij!

SKULA
Igor' Svjatoslavči!

NAROD
Ėk bresut s perepoju-to!

SKULA
Ne veriš? Gljadi,
Gljadi von tam:
Vidiš li u detinca-to,
Po tropke-to s knjaginej-to
Sam prošel,
A vot i kon' ego, i šelom ego,
I polovčiñ, čto s nim priechal,
Von!

EROSHA
Vidiš'?

SKULA
Knjaž'! Knjaž'! Knjaž'!
Naš knjaž'!
Ėj vyr! Zvonite!

EROSHA I SKULA
(snova zvonjat)
Ėj! Pravoslavnye!

NAROD
Skoree idite, begite, begite!
Polovčanina sparsite,
To pravda l', čto vernulsja Igor' knjaž'?
(Tolpa pribyvaet. Nekotorye idut k Ovluru i pristajut s rasparsami.)
Vorotilsja v pravdu knjaž'?
Vorotilsja?

EROSHA I SKULA
(Zvonjat snova.)
Radost' povedaem vam!

NAROD
Vzapravdu vernulsja otec naš rodimyj!
Ėka radost! Ėko sčast'e!
(Vchodjat starcy i bojarë.)
Vdrug iz plena k nam na radost',
Na spasen' vorotilsja knjaž'!
ЕВРОСКА И СКУЛА
Народ, воли к нам,
Вали туда в детинец,
Valite vsej гуру'бою,
Valim вострецу князю,
Vsem неродом вострим князю!

ЕВРОСКА И СКУЛА
Idem, idem вострецат', ego
Vsem неродом вострим князя,
Vострим батюшку роднога,
Vострим гостя дорожгога,
Vострим м'го егого!

ЕВРОСКА И СКУЛА
Stariki, Stariki, Stariki,
Stariki и bojare proходят в детинец.

Народ
Stariki-to, braczy, delo говорят:
Так негоже будуть к князю нам idi.
(Tolpa narody malo-pomalu прибиваются. Vchodят зеници в народныд платях. Iz domov mnogie выносят хлеб да сол'.)

ЗЕНИЦЫ И ДЕВУШКИ
Sloveno в праздник святый надо
Приходят'ся нам крерно,
Прибрат'ся в лентах аях,
Da в монастырех, да в сержачах.
Sloveno в праздник святый надо
На Путы веem guliат',
Pesnej zvonkoj князя славят',
V pesnych kнязя величают'.

VMESTE
Выносить народу надо хлеб да сол',
Pрипасти нам меду, брага да вина.
(Gudočniki играют.)

ЕВРОСКА
Goi, gulijai! Goj, gulijai!
Еj, gudi, gudok!

СКУЛА
Gulij vo zdrav'e князя,
Князя батюшку родного!
Еj, gudi, gudi, gudok,
Gudi vo slavu kнязя,
Kнязя Severskого!

ЕВРОСКА И СКУЛА
Kto peryvй радост' nam povedal?
Kto?

ЕВРОСКА И СКУЛА
My, батюшка, my перья!

ЕВРОСКА И СКУЛА
Gudočniki?

ЕВРОСКА И СКУЛА
Gudočniki, otec,
Gudočniki, батюшка.

ЕВРОСКА И СКУЛА
Slugi kramol'nika Galickого?

ЕВРОСКА И СКУЛА
Net! Net, батюшка,
My не Gallickie, zdes',
Tutošnye, tutošnye.

ЕВРОСКА И СКУЛА
Nu, blago vam,
Na радостях яcя здебудем,
Idite s mиrom!
(Vručajut nagradu gudočnikam.
Skupaja i Evroška igrajut.)

12. ЕВРОСКА
Goi, gulijai! Goj, gulijai!
Еj, gudi, gudok,
Vo slavu kнязя Severskого!

СКУЛА
Gulij vo zdrav'e князя,
Kнязя батюшки родного!
Еj, gudi, gudi, gudok,
Gudi vo slavu kнязя,
Kнязя Severskого!

ЕВРОСКА И СКУЛА
Znat', гospod' 'moł'by uslyšal,
Milost' natn svoju javljaet,
Radost' nam on posylaet;
Kнязя vernulsja k nam domoj!

Народ
Kнязя' iz plena k nam vernulsja,
Kнязя' naš, Igor' Svjatoslavиč,
Kнязя' naš батюшка желанный,
Kнязя' otec родной.

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