Mussorgsky Edition: Liner Notes & Sung Texts

Liner Notes

CD1
When Modest Mussorgsky died in 1881, at the young age of 42, he had only published a small part of his music, while numerous compositions remained uncompleted. His friend Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakov was responsible for the posthumous publication of many of these works, though in some cases he undertook considerable alterations to Mussorgsky’s work. This is the case with the fantasia "A Night on the Bare Mountain", a work with an unusual history. Mussorgsky had mentioned this composition in a letter as early as 1860 and it remained his only largescale work for orchestra. However he did not complete it until 1867, albeit in a matter of days, and composed the fantasia according to his own words straight onto the page, without any sketches. Rimsky-Korsakov published a modified version of the work in 1886 and it is in this form, as on this recording, that it is usually performed today.

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

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

Klemens Hippel
Translation: Janet & Michael Berridge

CD2
Pictures at an Exhibition

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

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

All the books on Mussorgsky mention his other compositions besides, but these works are rarely discussed and performed. With the knowledge of Mussorgsky’s western reputation this neglect is understandable. (Whether this is justified, is to the listener to decide.) The western reputation is based on the works Mussorgsky wrote after 1865. Before 1865, when he still had to find his own voice, he wrote several piano pieces which pleased the Russian aristocracy, the class from which Mussorgsky came. Children’s game (1857), Nanny and me (1865) and Impromptu passioné (1859) are salon-like, charming, very melodic pieces, quite playable for the good amateur, with almost no hint of the Russian music which would dominate all his later, much more well-known pieces. If Mussorgsky had a model, it was the charming and innocent looking songs and piano pieces written in Russia before 1850. Basically within the same style, but much more influenced by his later
approach to Russian music are A tear and In the village, both from 1880. The melodic style is much more Russian and the tragic mood is much less harmless, but the general character could still be from Glinka. That the original titles of the pieces were in French, was no accident. French was the second language of the Russian aristocracy and elegance, and charm and subtlety were cherished as great virtues.

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

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

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CD3-5
Boris Godunov

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

Prologue
Scene One
Moscow, 1598. In the courtyard of the Novodievichy Monastery, a crowd of peasants is ordered to kneel by a police officer. The tsar has died; his widow has refused to reign in his place, and her brother, Boris Godunov, has retreated into the monastery. Shchelkalov, Secretary of the Council of Boyars, tells the crowd that Boris refuses to accept the crown. A band of blind pilgrims approaches; they exhort the peasants to acclaim Boris as tsar.

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

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

Scene Two
In her inn on the Lithuanian border, the hostess sings a song about a drake. Two vagabond monks, Missail and Varlaam, arrive with Grigory, who has escaped from the monastery. Varlaam embarks on a boisterous song about Ivan the Terrible’s victory over the Tartars at Kazan. As the vagabonds drift into sleep, Grigory discovers from the hostess that the border guards are looking for a fugitive from Moscow. She tells him how to reach the border without encountering them. Police officers enter, with a warrant for the arrest of one Grigory Otrepiev. Grigory reads it out for them, substituting details of Varlaam’s appearance for his own. The outraged Varlaam, by now fully sober, slowly picks out the words of the warrant. As the true description emerges, Grigory makes his escape.
Act Two
In a room in the imperial palace in the Kremlin, Xenia, Boris’s daughter, laments the death of her fiancé. Her brother, Feodor, tries to distract her. The nurse tells her that she will soon find another lover and attempts to cheer her up with a song about a gnat, a flea and a dragonfly. But the ending was sad, so Feodor leads off with a cheerful clapping song.
Boris enters suddenly. He comforts Xenia and sends her out to find her friends. He asks Feodor what he is doing, and is impressed by the boy’s knowledge of the extent of the Muscovite dominions. He muses to himself on the contrast between the success of his reign and his personal unhappiness. He attributes news of treachery and famine to God’s punishment for the murder of Dimitri.
While Feodor investigates a disturbance in another room, a boyar reports that Prince Shuisky has arrived; he warns Boris of Shuisky’s deviousness. Feodor, returning, amuses his father with his account of how the family parrot had bitten all the nurses. As Boris warns Feodor about Shuisky, the man himself appears. He suppresses his anger at Boris’s insults, and tells the tsar that a pretender has arisen in Lithuania, claiming to be Dimitri. Shocked, Boris orders Feodor to leave. He demands a truthful account of Dimitri’s death.
Shuisky gives a graphic Description of the scene at Uglich: this is too much for Boris, who dismisses him. As he gasps for breath, he mistakes the moving figures of a clock for a vision of Dimitri. He begs God for forgiveness.

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

Scene Two
‘Dimitri’ sings rapturously of his love for Marina as he waits for her in the garden. (A scene with the wily Rangoni is omitted on this recording.) Dimitri conceals himself as Marina and her guests emerge from the castle to the strains of a polonaise. The guests look forward to conquering Moscow, and join Marina in a toast before reentering the castle. (A scene for Dimitri alone is also omitted.)
Marina dismisses Dimitri’s ardent protestations. She asks him when he is going to be tsar in Moscow. On his knees, Dimitri reproaches her. When she insults him and tells him to leave, he vows to humiliate her when he is tsar. Marina immediately capitulates and affirms her love for him. Rangoni observes them, unseen.

Act Four
Scene One
In a clearing in the forest near Kromy, a crowd of vagabonds have captured a boyar, Krushchov, whom they are tormenting. They force a whip into his hand and praise him ironically. The yurodivy, the Holy Fool or Simpleton, enters with a group of urchins. He sings a sad, mad song. The urchins tap his tin hat and steal the kopek that he shows them. Missail and Varlaam are heard approaching, attributing various disasters to Boris’s sinful reign. The vagabonds, including the new arrivals, praise the new tsar Dimitri and curse Boris the murderer.
Two Jesuits approach, praying in Latin for Dimitri. The vagabonds decide to hang them and they are dragged away. Dimitri enters on horseback and is welcomed by the crowd. He proclaims himself tsarevich and invites the boyar Krushchov to join him in the march on Moscow. All except the Simpleton follow him: even the Jesuits are reprieved. The Simpleton sings a lament for Russia and her starved people.
Scene Two
An emergency session of the Council of Boyars is taking place in a hall in the Kremlin. The boyars order the arrest and execution of the pretender. Shuisky enters: he describes how he had seen the tsar trying to drive away the ghost of Dimitri. Boris staggered in, distraught, but recovers. Shuisky tells him that a pilgrim begs to be admitted. The pilgrim is Pimen, who tells of a visit from a shepherd. Blind from childhood, the shepherd had dreamed of Dimitri, who told him to visit his tomb in Uglich. He did so, and his sight was restored. Boris collapses. He calls for Feodor and, dismissing the boys, bids farewell to his son. As a bell tolls and a choir chants in the distance, Boris points to Feodor as the new tsar and dies as he begs God to forgive him.
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CD6-8
Khovanshchina
In 1872, while dealing with the adjustments to Boris Godunov that the theatre authorities had demanded – such as the introduction to the so-called ‘Polish scenes’ – Modest Mussorgsky was already occupied with the subject of Khovanshchina. Mussorgsky worked on Khovanshchina until his death in 1881, at first absolutely feverishly, then at ever greater intervals. Worries of existence, depression and extreme alcoholism made his creative powers increasingly run dry. The vocal score of Khovanshchina that was left is, however, complete as far as the close of the second act and the finale of the fifth; the composer had not started on the orchestration. Mussorgsky’s friend Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov produced an orchestral version of the work – with large cuts – in 1883, and three years later, on 21 February 1886, this was performed for the first time in St Petersburg. Maurice Ravel and Igor Stravinsky re-orchestrated the work on a commission from Sergei Diaghilev in
the years 1912–13; in this Igor Stravinsky completed the composition of the Act 5 finale. In 1931 the musical scholar Pavel Lamm published Mussorgsky's vocal score; between 1939 and 1959 Dmitri Shostakovich produced, on this basis, a further version in which he was guided in his instrumentation by the score of the original version of Boris Godunov. If in the latter work Mussorgsky had, in this melodic structure, partly based himself on classical models, in Khovanshchina he looked musically to the future, in that he made the vocal melody grow entirely from natural speech patterns.

Synopsis

Act One

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

Act Two

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

Act Three

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

Act 4

Tableau One

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

Tableau Two

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

Act Five

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

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Translation: Lionel Salter

CD9-10

The Sorochintsy Fair

Opera in three acts (four scenes)

"The Sorochintsy Fair" - one of the very few Russian comic operas - was planned for the first time in summer 1874. The composer began to compile a libretto after the likenamed story by N.V. Gogol. But already in April 20, 1875 he wrote to L.I. Karmalina: "I refuse the Small Russian opera: the reason of refuse is impossibility for a Great Russian to pretend to be a Small Russian and, consequently, the impossibility to master Small Russian recitative, i.e. all nuances and peculiarities of the musical outline of Small Russian speaking." From 1876 on the composer again returns to the idea of "The Sorochintsy Fair". The work was done on two operas simultaneously, and Mussorgsky gave his principal consideration to "Khovanshchina". In
August - October 1879, during a concert tour with singer D.M. Leonova through Ukraine and Russia, Mussorgsky included in the programs fragments from "The Sorochintsy Fair". As he wrote, "Ukrainians of both sexes had recognized the character of "Sorochintsy"'s music as quite national one, and I myself made sure of that, testing myself in Ukrainian Lands" (letter to V.V. Stassov, 10.09.1879). Group of composer's admirers, being inspired his new operatic intention, made him a private order for the urgent completion of "The Sorochintsy Fair", pledging themselves to pay it off during a year at 80 rubles monthly. The same admirers arranged the publication of the opera fragments at N.M. Bernard's publishing house as far as they could be composed. Bernard undertook to issue them in the form of a piano transcription, without words and vocal parts, and Mussorgsky, for the sake of economy of time, wrote music down at once just in such, not in true operatic variant. In 1881 "Russian Music Herald" twice announced the completion and preparing production of "The Sorochintsy Fair". But in reality Mussorgsky hadn't time to complete it, even in the rough. More than that, according to N. Rimsky-Korsakov's opinion, the opera was composed without genuine libretto and detailed scenario. After Mussorgsky's death Anatoliy Liadov intended to complete the opera; for him A.N. Golenishchev-Kutuzov, Mussorgsky's friend and repeated co-author, had written up lacking parts of the text in the 1st and 2nd acts. Soon Liadov lost interest in this work restricting himself to edition and orchestration of the five fragments (issued in 1904), including the Introduction that is heard in his version. It is typically Liadov's filigree but as the absolutely newly composed arrangement of the Mussorgsky's themes. Other three numbers were orchestrated by Viacheslav Karatygin and the rest by Yuriy Sakhnovskiy; in such fragmentary form (with prosaic inclusions) the work was staged in 1913 in the Moscow Free Theatre. In 1915/16 the opera was completed and fully orchestrated by Caesar Cui for the production of the Music Drama Theatre in Petrograd (the premiere took place on October 13th, 1917). The free version of opera was edited also by Nikolai Tcherepnin (Paris, 1923). When preparing the 3rd volume of the Collected works by Mussorgsky (Mосcow, 1933) musical textural critic Pavel Lamm and composer Vissarion Shebalin created a version close to the author's idea and at the same time suitable for scenic embodiment. Till to-day this version is the model one; it is the basis of Yekaterinburg performance. Careful investigation of all autographs led P.A. Lamm to the conclusion: "opera was wrote by the composer though not in succession but according to a firmly determined plan". This permitted the placing and interpreting correctly of nameless unconnected numbers. Nevertheless, lack of several essential fragments put up before the editors complicated problems for the dramatist and composer. For example, in connection with appearance of "Lad's Dreaming Vision" (rearranged by the author "Night on the Bald Mountain" - firstly an orchestral work and afterwards a sabbath scene from the unrealized collective opera "Mlada") in the beginning of Act 3, they had to move the Lad's Meditation (Dumka) to the end of Act 1. Completely anew or on the basis of Mussorgsky's fragmentary sketches and folklore records V. Shebalin composed scene of Khivria and Cherevik in Act 1 ("Well, wife, I find a fiance for the daughter") and transition to "Lad's Meditation" as well as the scene of the Lad and Gypsy after "Lad's Meditation" except final orchestral "little hopak"; in the 2nd act he was the author of Godfather's Tale (text and music excluding the first phrase) and the conclusion of the act. In Act 3 Shebalin composed the whole beginning of the 1st scene until the "Lad's Dreaming Vision" and all the scenes of the 2nd scene between "Parasia's Meditation" and concluding Hopak, that contain a dramatic denouement of the plot and are often based on themes that were sounded in the earlier opera. Creating original music Shebalin was able to imbue with the figurative style of Mussorgsky's musical speaking that stylistic "seams" in the opera are absolutely absent. "Sorochintsy Fair" was recorded by Moscow Radio in 1947 as a literary-musical composition (in Yu. Sakhnovskiy's version). In 1983 the complete recording of V. Shebalin's version was issued for the first time on gramophone LP records in the performance of Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko theatre company under the baton of Vladimir Yessipov. This recording is the first digital one issued on CD.

Synopsis

ACT 1

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

ACT 2

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

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

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

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

ACT 3

Scene 1

Street in Sorochintsy. It's evening. Cherevik with a pot on his head runs, being dead tired. Godfather follows him pursued by lads with the Gypsy at the head. Lads snatch and tie up both "for they had stolen newly arrived fellow Cherevik's mare." Any excuses don't help; especially it hurts Cherevik, who supposedly robbed himself. Gritsko appears as an "unexpected" saviour; he gives to Cherevik and Godfather a freedom in exchange to Parasia. Cherevik with joy gives again his final consent to wedding - tomorrow without fail - and goes home. The Gypsy gets from Gritsko promised oxes everything has turned out all right, as he planned. Gritsko remains alone and falls asleep with thought of Parasia, but in his sleep he sees
witches' sabbath headed by Chernobog ["Black God" from Russian] (in Yekaterinburg production Chernobog appears before the lad in the shape of mysterious Gypsy, and both parts one and the same actor plays). Only towards a dawn, having heard from a far a singing of saint hermits, evil spirits with moans disappear, hiding in their hide chinks. With first rays of sun Gritsko wakes up.

**Scene 2**

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

**CD11**

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

Mussorgsky

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

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

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

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

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

Together, these disparate influences created an altogether exceptional talent. Although Mussorgsky never eschewed lyricism and elegance, he had a profound disdain for formal beauty as a means to an end. Music is not only the most abstract of the arts (and therefore most in need of imposed formal structures) but also traditionally the most conservative: whilst Mussorgsky's artistic friends had few qualms about his approach, fellow musicians were seldom quite so liberally accommodating in their appreciation.
In many ways the Songs and Dances of Death, which date from 1875-77, epitomise Mussorgsky as a composer. On the debit side it should be pointed out that the work is in a sense incomplete, since Mussorgsky originally projected a further four songs. The list of credits for these songs, though, is much longer. Each song contains a dialogue between Death and another character — a dying infant's mother, a young girl, an old peasant, and a field of fallen soldiers - and it is the contrasting personae in each of these dialogues which dictate the balance of lyricism and dramatic declamation in the songs. Mussorgsky's search for dramatic realism also dictates the form of each of the songs: the dramatic hiatus at the end of the Lullaby, and the two almost unrelated halves of the Serenade, which end in different keys, are examples of this. It is Trepak, however, which is the most originally formed of the songs: the melody of the introduction is transformed into the melody of the dance, whilst the closing melody is derived from both of these themes.

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

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

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

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CD12

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

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

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

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

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

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CD13
One of the earliest of Mussorgsky’s surviving compositions, dating from the time of his study with Balakirev, is the setting of Grekov’s poem, Where are you, little star? Although the score of this song lacks the regular shifts of time-signature we associate with Mussorgsky’s mature style, the recitative-like values of the vocal part hint at his future rhythmic freedom. Harmonically, too, the song is interesting; whilst it lacks the daring of Mussorgsky’s later music, it nonetheless carries certain modal fingerprints which can be traced to Russian folk music. Presentiments of a different kind exist in Hour of jollity from the following year, 1858. In this drinking song the presentiments are more personal than stylistic, pointing towards Mussorgsky’s later weakness for drink. Both Where are you, little star?, and Hour of jollity survive in two versions. In each case, although the shape of the song remains roughly the same, the differences in detail are significant, indicating the whimsical nature of Mussorgsky’s invention.

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

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

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

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

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Translation: Joan Pemberton Smith

CD14
Few composers have left behind such a confused legacy as Mussorgsky. Often the fault with this lies not with the composer but with his subsequent editors, such as Rimsky- Korsakov, who sought to ‘improve’ the weaknesses they perceived in Mussorgsky’s unconventional music. Occasionally, however, the confusion can perhaps be traced back to Mussorgsky himself. Where art thou, little star?, for instance, exists in two versions. According to the dates on the autograph manuscripts, the version recorded here is an earlier version of the song. However, Richard Taruskin has put forward a convincing argument that Mussorgsky deliberately predated a second version to make it appear earlier than his original effort. That being the case, the version presented here is not one of Mussorgsky’s earliest songs, but a revision dating from as late as 1870. Similarly, Night exists in two versions, of which that presented here and dated 1864 is apparently the later. In this later version, Pushkin’s text is freely rewritten by Mussorgsky - treatment the composer also gave to the text of The garden by the Don and The Magpie. This characteristic prompted the pertinent comment from one biographer that Rimsky-Korsakov never maltreated Mussorgsky worse than Mussorgsky maltreated his poets.

Textual confusion of another sort reigns in Hopak. The text of the song seems to suggest that this is a song sung by a peasant woman, yet the composer’s direction on the score, ‘The old man sings and dances’, shows that this is in fact the song of a man impersonating a woman. Such layers of characterisation typify Mussorgsky’s approach to human representation in song. Sometimes these sophistications appear to have defeated the composer himself. The nettle mountain is an unfinished satire, in which Mussorgsky’s text went on to paint himself as the rooster upbraided for crowing too loudly by a crab (the conservative critic Herman Laroche). You drunken sot! is also satirical, being based on the adventures of Mussorgsky’s friend Nikolaev: if such a satirist strikes us as being an ‘in’ joke we should note that Mussorgsky himself never intended the song for publication. Humour of a different kind plays a part in Gathering mushrooms, whose subject is a peasant woman. Mussorgsky’s eye for the humour and pathos of the lower strands of Russian society can also be seen in The mischiefous child and The Orphan, respectively. Like The Ragamuffin, A children’s song, Evening song and Hebrew song achieve their poignancy partly through unconventional harmonic effects. Finally, in this sequence of Mussorgsky’s songs, come two settings of German texts, Meines Herzens Sehnsucht and Ich wollt‘ meine Schmerzen ersetzen. The existence of such songs perhaps underlines the influence of German culture in nineteenth century Russia on even the most ardent individualist.
The same penchant for musical characterisation which Mussorgsky demonstrated in his songs also runs through his piano works, most famously in the *Pictures from an Exhibition*. Although Mussorgsky was himself a fine pianist, his surviving works for the instrument are relatively scarce. In part this is because the salon environment, which was the driving force behind much nineteenth century piano music, was anathema to Mussorgsky both socially and musically. It is no surprise that the contemporary demand for salon music went largely unheeded by Mussorgsky - *Meditation* and *A Tear* being rare examples of this idiom.

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

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

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SUNG TEXTS

CD3-5
Boris Godunov

PROLOGUE

1. Introduction

Scene One

POLICE OFFICER
2. Nu, shtozh vy?
Shtozh vy ídolami stáli
zhivo, na kolyéni!
Nu zhe!
Da nu!
Eko chórtovo otródye!

PEOPLE
Na kovó ty nas pokidáesh, otyéts nash!
Akh, na kovó-to ty ostavlyáesh, rodímy,
my, da, vsye tvoi sìrótý
bezzashchítnyye?
Akh, da, my tebyá‐to prósim,
mólím so slezámi, so goryúchimi:
Smíluysa! Smíluysa!
Smíluysa!
Boyárín bátyushka! Otyéts nash!
Ty kormílyets!
Boyárín! Smíluysa!

VOICES AMONG THE PEOPLE
Mityúkh, a Mityúkh, chevó oryóm?

MITIUKH
Voná! pochóm ya znáyu?

VOICES AMONG THE PEOPLE
Tsaryá na Rusí
khotím postáвит!

FIRST PEASANT WOMAN
Oy, likhonko! sovsyém okhripla.
golúbka, sosyédushka,
ye pripasla‐l’ voditsy?

SECOND PEASANT WOMAN
Vish, boyárnya kakáya!

WOMEN
Orála púshche vseykh,
samá b i pripasála.

SECOND PEASANT
Nu vy, baby, nye gutórit’!

WOMEN
A ty shto
za ukážchik!
Vish, pristav navyazálsa!

MITIUKH
Oy, vy, vyéd’my, nye búshuyte!

WOMEN
Akh, postryél ty okayánnny!
Vót‐to nyékhrist otyuskálysya!
Éko dyávol privyazálsa!
Oy, udydýmte lúchshe,
prodobrú, da pozódrovú,
ot bedy’ da ot napastí!

POLICE OFFICER
Shtozh vy? shtozh smólkli?
Al’ glótok zhálido?
Vot ya vas!
Al’ davno po spinam
plyótka nye gulyála!
Prouchú vas...ya zhivo!

WOMEN
Nye sercháy, Mikitich,
nye sercháy, rodímy!

PEASANTS
Tól’ko pootdókhnyem,
zaoryóm my snóva.
I vzdkhnuť’ nye dast, proklyáty.

POLICE OFFICER
Nu‐ka
tól’ko glótok nye zhalyét’!

PEASANTS
Ládno!

POLICE OFFICER
Nu?

PEOPLE
Na kovó ty nas pokidáesh, otyéts nash!
Akh, na kovó‐to ty ostavlyáesh, rodímy!
My tebyá, sìrótý, prosím,
mólím so slezámi
so goryúchimi:
Smíluysa! Smíluysa!
Boyárín bátyushka!
Otyéts nash! Otyéts nash!
Kormílyets! Kormílyets! A‐a‐a!

POLICE OFFICER
Nishkní!
Vstaváyte!
Dyak dúmny govorít:

SHCHELKALOV
3. Pravošlavnıyе! nye umolín boyárín!
Na skórbny
zov Boyárskoy Dúmy i Patriárkha,
i slyšat’ nye khotyél o tróny te tsárskom.
Pechál’ na Rusí...pechal’ bezyskhódnaya,
pravošlavnıyе!
Stónyet zemlyá v zlom besprávyi.
Scene Two

5. Introduction

PRINCE SHUISKY

6. Да здравствует царь Борис Фёдорович!

PEOPLE

Zhivi i zdravstvuy,
tsar nash bátyushka!

SHUISKY

Sláve!

PEOPLE

Uzh kak na nyébye sóns tu krášnomu,
Sláva, Sláva!
Uzh i sláva na Rusí
tsaryu Borísu,
Sláva, Sláva!
Zhivi i zdravstvuy!
Zhivi i zdravstvuy!
Tsar nash bátyushka!
Tsar nash bátyushka!
Zhivi i zdravstvuy!
Zhivi i zdravstvuy!

BOYARS

Da zdravstvuet tsar Boris Feódorovich!

PEOPLE

Sláva, Sláva!
Uzh kak na nyébye sóns tu krášnomu,
Sláva, Sláva!
Uzh i kak na Rusí
tsaryu Borísu, Sláva!
Sláva tsaryu, Sláva!
Sláva, Sláva, Sláva!

BORIS

7. Skorbit dusha!

Kakóy-to strakh nevól'ny
zlovýshchim predchúvstviem
skovál mnye syérdtse.
O, právednik, o moy otyéts derzhávn!
Vozri s nebyé
na slyózy vyérnykh
i nisposhi ty mnye svayshchénny
na vlast blagoslovyenye:
Da bádu blag i práveden kak ty,
da v slávye právlyu moy naród.
Tepér poklónimsa
pochiyushchim vlastitelyam Rusíi,
a tam szvyat' naród na pir,
vsykh, ot boyár do nišchevo sleptsá:
vsyem vól'nyh vkhod,
vsyé gösti dorogiye.

PEOPLE

8. Sláva, Sláva, Sláva!
Zhivi i zdravstvuy,
tsar nash bátyushka!
Sláva, Sláva!
Tsar ty, tsar ty nash!

BOYARS

Da zdravstvuet tsar Boris Feódorovich!
PEOPLE
Da zdravstvuet!
Uzh kak na nyëbye sónts Krásnomu.
Sláva! Sláva!
Uzh kak na Rusí
tsaryû Borísu
Sláva! Sláva i mnógaya lyëta!
Sláva, Sláva, etc.

ACT ONE
Scene One

PIMEN
9. Yeshchó onodno poslyédnanye skazánye
i lyétopis okóñchena moyá.
Okóñchen trud,
zavéshchany ot Bóga
mnye gryéshnomu.
Nedárom mnóghik lyet
svidyetelem, Gospód’ menyá postával.
Kogda-níbûd’
mónák trudolyubivy
naydýot moy trud usyérndy,
bezmyâny;
zasvyétit on, kak ya, svoyû lampádu
i, pyl vekóv ot khárty
otryakhnúv,
pravdîvyye skazânya perepishe:
da vyédayat potómki pravoslávnykh
zemlî rodñy minûshhuyu sud’bú.
Na starøsti ya sy’ znova zhivû;
minûshhøye prokhódit prëdo mnûy,
volûnûasa kak mörûe okiáñ...
Davnûl’ onó neslûs soby’ ty pólñol!
Tepér onó spokóyno i bezmólñol...
Odnáko blizok dyen...Lampáda
dogoráyet...
Yeshchó onodno poslyédneye skazânye...

MONKS
10. Bózhe krépky, právy,
vñemlî rabám tvoim,
molyâshchim tyá!
Duhk ižhemûrjâya lukávy
otzhëni ot chad tvoîkh
véryashchik til!

GRIGORY
Vsyo tot zhe son!
V trëtiy raz vsyo tot zhe son!
Neotvyâzny, proklyâty son...
A starík sídit,
da pischet, i dremótoy
znat’, vo vsyu noch
on nye smykâl ochéy.
Kak ya lyublûy yevó smirënnyy vid,
kogda, dushóy v minûshhem pozruzhónny,
spokóyny, velîchávy, on lyétopis svoyû...

PIMEN
Prosnúlsa, brat?

GRIGORY
Blagosloví menyá, chestnóy otyéts.

MONKS
Bózhe, Bózhe moy
vskuju ostával mya!

PIMEN
Blagosloví tebyâ gospód’,
i dnyes, i prísno, i vo vyékí.

GRIGORY
11. Ty vsyo pisál
i snom nye pozabyûsa:
a moy pokóy besóvskoye mechtânye
trevôzhilo, i vrâg menyá mutîl.
Mnye snîlos: lyênsîtâa krûtáya velâ
menyá na báshnu; s vyso’ty
mnye vîdelas Moskvá,
shto muravýyénik;
arád vrîzû
na plôshchadi kipyêl
i na menyá ukázyval so smyêkhom...
 i stydno mnye, i strûshno stanovlîs...
i, pâdaya stremglay, ya probuzhûdâla.

PIMEN
Mladáa krov igráet;
smirâyé sebyâ molítvoy i postóm,
i sny tvoj vidëniy lyôkhkikh
bûtut pólñy.
Dony’ne, ýêslí ya
nevolûnôyu dremótoy obezûlen,
nye sotvoryû molîtvy dôlgoy k nóchí,
moy stárî son nye tikh
i nye bezgrëshén;
mnye chûdyatsa to büynye pîry,
to skhvátki boevyë;
bezûmnyye potûékhi ýûnykh lyet!

GRIGORY
Kak vyêselo provóyl svoıû ty mládost’!
Ty voevûal pod báshñami Kazáñi,
ty ra’t Litvy’ pri Shûyshkom otrazhál,
ty vidël dvor i rôskosh loánnàa!
À ya ot otrocheskich lyet
po kûlıyahm skítáûys, byêdýno inok!
Zâchêm i mnye nye tyêsîth’sa v boûyák,
nye pirovat’ za tsárskyoyu trapézoy?

PIMEN
Nye sjêtûy, brat,
shto ráno gréshnuy svyet
pokînûl. Ver ty mnye:
nas èzdali plényât rôskosh
i zhenskaya lukávaya lyubóv.
Pomy’ëlì, syn, ty o tsaryâkh velikikh,
ktø vyše iko i shto-zhe:
o kak chásto, chásto oni smenîyâ
svy pósoxk tsársky, i porfíru,
i svoı venyets roskosny,
nå onokov klobûk smirënnny,
i v kyêlii svyatôy
dushóyu otdykhlái...
Zdyes, v ýtoy sámoj kyélye
(v ney zhil togdá Kirill
mnogostradáll’ny
muzh práveydeny),
zdyes videl ya tsaryá.
Zadúmchiv,
tikh sidýel mez námi Grózny;
i tikh rech iz ust yévó lìlásy,
av o chákh yévó suróvykh
raskánya slezá drozhála...
i plákald on...
A syn yévó Fyódor? On tsarškiye chertógo
preobratil v monáshestvyu kyély’yu;
Bog vozlyubil smirýénye tsaryá,
i Rus pri nyom,
vo sláve bezmýatézhno
utéshilas.
A v chas yévó konchiny,
svershilosa neslykhannoye chudo:
paláty ispólný blagoukhánym...
I lík yévó kak sóntse prosiyáv!...
Uzh nye vidáť takóvo nom tsaryá!
Prognévali my Bóga:
sogreshlii: vlad’y koyu sebyé
tsareubítsy nárek!li

GRIGORY
12. Davnó, chestnóy, otyéts,
khotyélos mnëy tebyá sprosít’
kalikh byl yet traevich ubiyenny?

PIMEN
On byl by tvoy rovyésnik
i tsárstvoval!
No Bog sudil inóye.
Borisá prestuplyénem
vopiyúshchim zaklyuchá yá lyétopis svoluy.
Brat Grigóry!
Ty grámotoy svoy rázum prosvesit,
tebýy moy trud peredaý...
Opísivay, nye mûdrstvuya lukávo,
vso, chemú svidýèet’ v zhízni bûdyesh:
voynú il’ mir, uprávu gosudárey,
proróchestva i známenya nebyénny...
A mnëe porá, porá uzh odotkhnút’...
13. Zvonýat k zautreny...
Blagosloví, gospód, svoikh rabóv!
Podáy kósty’1, Grigóry!

MONKS
Pomiluy nas, bózhe,
pomiluy nas, vseyblágy!
Ótche nash, vosedérhitel’,
bózhe vyéchny, právy,
pomiluy nas!

GRIGORY
Boris, Boris, vso pryd tobóy
trepyéshchet,
nítko nye smýéyet i napomnít’
o zhréby neschásthnoy mládentsa.
A mézhdu tym otshél’ník v tyómony

kyélye
Zdyes na tebyá donós uzháshy písher:
i nye udyóysh ty
ot sudá lyudsóko,
kak nye udyóysh
ot bózhevo sudá.

Scene Two

HOSTESS
14. Poymála ya siza seleznyá,
okh, ty, moy syélezen,
moy kasátkí, syélezen.
Posazhú tebyá, siza seleznyá,
okh, na chistenkiy prudók,
or rakítovy kustók.
Ty pórhni, pórhni,
siý syélezen,
oy, vzvééyä, podnimís,
k bydýenksy ko mnye spustis.
Polyublyó tebyá, prigolublyu ya,
mávo milova družhik,
kásatka seleznyá!
Ty prisóyád’ ko mnye, da poblíže,
obuyómeny, družhók,
potsly menyá razók.
Évona!...Prokhózhiy lyud...
Gósti dorógle!
Aú! Smóklik!
Zná’ mímo promakhnúli...
Rastlyúr menyá, da po zhárche,
okh, ty moy syélezen
moy kasútik syékezen!
Ty potyésh menyá,
potyésh menyá vdovu,
vdoóushku vó!’nuuy...

MISSAIL and VARLAAM
Lyud khrístiansky,
lyud chestnóy, gospódny,
na stroyénye khrámov
poshértvuy khot’ kopéyechku,
lyépta vozdástsa tebyá stóritse.

HOSTESS
Akh, ty, gospódí,
stártys chestnyye!
Dúra ya, dúra okól’naya,
stáraya grekhovódnitsa!
Tak i yes!
Oní...chestnyye stártys...

VARLAAM
15. Zhenó, mir dómú tvoemú!

HOSTESS
Chem-to mnye vas podchivá’,
stártys chestnyye!

MISSAIL
Chem bog postál, khozyáyushka.
94670 Mussorgsky Edition

VARLAAM
Nyet li viná?

HOSTESS
Kak nye byt’, otsy moi!
Seychás vynesú.

VARLAAM
Shtozh ty prizadúmalsa, továrishch?
Vot i granitsa litóvskaya,
do kotóroy tebyé tak khotyéllos dobráť’sa.

GRIGORY
Poká nye búdu v Litvé,
nye mögu byt’ spokoén.

VARLAAM
Da, shto tebyé Litvá tak slyubílas!
Vot i, otsyéts Misaíl,
daj i az mnogogréshny,
kak utéklí iz monastyryá,
tak i v us sebyé nye düm!
Litvá li, Rus li, shto gúsli,
vsyo nam ravnó, bylo b vinó.
Da vot i onó!

HOSTESS
Vot vam, otsy´ moi, pyéyte na zdoróvye.

VARLAAM and MISSAIL
Spasíbo, khozyáyushka,
boh tebyá blagoslaví!

VARLAAM
16. Kak vo górode by’lo vo Kazáne,
grózny Tsar pirovál, da vesélíisá.
On tatárey bil neshchádno,
shtob im by’lo nepovádno
vdol’ po Rusí gulyát’.
On podkhódom podkhodil,
da, pod Kazán gorodók,
on podkópy podkopáli,
da, pod Kazánu rekú.
Kak tatáre-to po górodu pokházhivayut,
na tsaryá Iávána-to poglyádyvayut,
zli tatárove.
Grózny tsar-ot zakrušchínsla,
on povyésil golóvushku na právoe plechó.
Uzh kak stal tsar pushkaryé szyvát’.
pushkaryé vsye zazhígášchchikov.
Zazhígášchchikov!
Zadymilasa svyéchka vóska yaráva,
podkhodil molodóy
pushkár—ot k bóchechke.
A i s pórokhom-to
bóchka zakruzhilasya,
oy, po podkópam pokatilasya,
da i khloponula.
Zavopíli, zagaldeli zli tatárove,
blágim mátom zaliválysa.
Polegló tatárovey t’ma t’múshchaya,
polegló ikh sórok t’y syachey, da i tri tysyachi.
Tak-to vo górode by’lo, vo Kázani.
E!

Shtozh ty nye podtyágívaesh,
da i nye potyágívaesh?

GRIGORY
Nye khochú.

MISSAIL
Vól’nomu vôlya.

VARLAAM
A pyánomu, ray, otyéts Misail!
Vy’ pyem chárochku za shinkáróchku!
Odnáko, brat,
kogdá ya pyu,
tak trézyvkh nye lyublyú;
ino dyélo pyánstvo,
ino dyélo chvánstvo;
khochesh zhit’ kak my, milosti prósím!
Nyet! tak ubíráysa, proválivay!

GRIGORY
Pyey, da pro sebyá razumény,
otyéts Varlaám!

VARLAAM
Pro sebyá!
Da shto mnye pro sebyá razumýét’?
Ekh!
17. Kak yédet yon, yédet yon, yon...
Da pogonyáet yon.

GRIGORY
Khozyáyka! Kudá vedyót éta doróga?

HOSTESS
A v Litvú, kormílets.

VARLAAM
Shápka na yom torchít kak rozhón!
Vyes, akh, vyes to gryazýón!

GRIGORY
A dalyéche do Litvy?

HOSTESS
Nyet, rodímy, nye dalyéche,
k vyécheru mózhnob pospyét’,
kaby’ nye zastávy.

GRIGORY
Kak? Zastávy?

HOSTESS
Kto-to bezhál iz Moskvy,
a vyéleno vsyekh zadyérzhivát’,
da osmátrivat’.

GRIGORY
E! Vot tebyé, babushka, i Yúryev dyn!

GRAHLYÁG KAPITÁL
15
VARLAAM
Svalitsa yon
lezhit yon, yon,
da vstat’ nye mözhet yon.

GRIGORY
A kovó im núzhno?

HOSTESS
Uzh nye znáyu.
Vor li, razbóynik kakóy,
tól’ko prokhódu nyet
ot pristavóv prokhózykh!

GRIGORY
Tak...

HOSTESS
A chevó poymáyut?
Nichévó, ni byésa lysavo!
Búdto tól’ko i puti, shto stolbováya!
Vot, khot’ otsúda:
svorotí nalévó, da po tropíne,
i idí do Chekánskoy chasóvní,
shto na ruchyú;
a ottúda na Khópíno,
a tam na Záytevo;
a tut uzh vsyákíy mal’chíshka
do Litvy’ tebyá provódit...

VARLAAM
Priýékhal yon,
da v dyer tuk! tuk!
Da shto yest’ möchenki
tuk! tuk!

HOSTESS
Shto tam yéshcho?
Vot oni prokhózytye!
Opyát’ dozórom idút!

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

GUARD
18. Vy shto za lyúdí?

MISSAIL and VARLAAM
Stártsy smiryénnýye, inoki chestny´ye,
khódim po selyéniyam,
sobirásem milostynku.

GUARD
A ty kto takóy?

MISSAIL and VARLAAM
Nash továrisch.
VARLAAM
Na shto on mnye?

GUARD
Etot eterek, razbóyník, vor, Gríshka-ty!

VARLAAM
Voná!
shto ty, gospód’s toboý!

HOSTESS
Gospodil!
i stártsa-to v pokóye nye ostávyat!

GUARD
Eý! Kto zdyes grámotny?

GRIGORY
19. Ya grámotny.

GUARD
Éva!
Nu, chitáy...Vslukh chitáy!

GRIGORY
"Chúdova monastyryá nedostóyny chernyéts Grigóry, iz ródu Otryépyevykh, nauchón diávolom, vzdúmal smushchat’ svyatúyu brátiyu vsyáki mi soblázny i bezzakóniyami. A bezhál on, Gríshka, k granitse Litóvskoy, i tsar prikazál izlovít’ yevó..."

GUARD
I povyésit’.

GRIGORY
Zdyes nye skázano povyésit’.

GUARD
Vryosh! nye vsyáko slóvo v stróku pishetsa. Chitáy: “Izlovít’ i povyésit’”.

GRIGORY
“I povyésit’. A lyet yemú...Gríshe... ót rodu pyatdesýat...borodá sedáya, bryúkho tólstoe, nos krásny...”

GUARD
Derzhí yevó! Derzhí, rebyáta!

VARLAAM
Shto vy!
Postrýlyé okayánnyye!
Chevó pristálii?
Nu, kakóy ya Gríshka!
Nyet, brat, mólood shútki shutit’!
Khot’ po skladám umyéyu, khot’ plókho razbiráyu, a razberú! razberú!

Kol dyélo-to do pyétili dokhódit.
“A lyet...lyet...a lyet yemú... Dvádtsat!”
Gdyezh tut pyatdesýat? Vidish!
“A róstu on sryédnevo vólosy...ry’ zhiye, na nosú...na nosú borodávka, na Ibu...drugáya, odná rúk...rúk koróče... koróče drugóy.”
Da, éto uzh nye...

VARLAAM, MISSAIL and GUARD
Derzhí, derzhí yevó, derzhí yevó!

ACT TWO

XENIA
1. Gdye ty, zheníkh moy; gdye ty, moy zhelánny!
Vo syróy mogílke, na chuzhóy storónke; lezhish odinóko, pod kánmem tyazhólym...
Nye vidish ty skórbí, nye slyshish ty plácha, plácha golúbki, kak ty, odinóko.

NURSE
Aúl pólno, tsaryévna, golúbushka! Pólno plákat’, da ubivát’sa.

XENIA
Akh, grústno, mámushka, tak grústno!

NURSE
I, shto ty, dítyatko!
Dyévichí slyózy, shto rosá: vzoydyót sólyshko, rosú vy’ sushit.
Nye klinom svyet soshólsa.
Nadyóym my zheníkhá, i prigózhevo, i privyétilivovo...
Zábúdesh pro Ivána Korólyévicha...

XENIA
Akh, nyet, nyet, mámushka!
Ya i myortvomu bódu yemú verná.

NURSE
Vot kak!
méľ’kom videla, uzh issókhnula...
Skúshno by’Io dyévitse odnóy, polyúbilsa molodyéts likhóy.
Kak nye stálo mólodtsa tovó, razlyubíla dyévitsa yevó.
Ekh, golúbka, to-to tvoyó göre!
Lúchshe prislúšhaykas, shto ya tebyé skazhú:


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

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


FYODOR Kak odnázhky popáť’ya zarodili vorobyá: sovsyém vorobyéy, sovsyém molodóy: dlinonösenky, vostronösenky. Poletyél vorobyéy, pryámo vo góstri k sychú.

FYODOR and NURSE Stal sheptát’ na ushko usátomu.

NURSE Párni dyakóvy gorókh molitíli, tsépy polomáli, v ovín pobrosáli, ovín zagoryélsa, pólymen py´qhet, dyáku v oknó stálo vidno yévó.

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

FYODOR Písar, s péchi, oborvál pléchi dyáková zhená kalachéy nepáklá. Nabezháli prístává, vsye poyéli kalachi...

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

NURSE Akh ty!

BORIS 4. Chevó? A khóty zvyer nasýédku vspolokhnuł?

NURSE Tsar, gosudár, pomílyu! Pod stárosh’t-îo puglíva ból’no stála.

BORIS Shto, Kséniya? shto byédnaya golúbka! V nevyéstakh uzh pecháľ’naya vdovítsa! Vsys pláčesh ty o myórtvom zhenikhé.
XENIA
O gosudár!
nye ogorkachaya ty slezóy devichey!
Devichey gore tak lekhokh, nichtozhno
pyered tvoyeyskorybyu.

BORIS
Ditya moyoly moyoy golubka!
Bessyedo tyoployu, s podrugami v svetlitse,
rassvyey svoy um
ot dum tyazholykh.
Idi, ditya!
5. A ty, moy syn,
chem zanyat?
Eto shto?

FYODOR
Chertyozh zemli Moskovokoy,
nashe tsarstvo, iz kraya v kray.
Vot vidish: vot Moskvá,
vot Novgorod,
a vot Kazan, Astrakhán.
Vot morye, Kaspiy mor;
vot Përnyskiye dremuchye lesa.
A vot Sibir.

BORIS
Kak khoroshoy, moy syn!
Kak s oblikov, yednym vzorom,
ty mozhesh obozrety wysy tsarstvo:
grantisy, riki, grady.
Uchis, Feodor!
Kogda-nibud', i skoro
mozhesh byt',
tebye wysy eto tsarstvo dostanetsa.
Uchis, ditya!
6. Dostig ya vy'shey vlasti.
Shestoy uzh god ya tsarstvuu spokyno.
No schast'ya net moyoy
izmuchennoy dushye!
Naprasonnye myye kudyesniki sudyayt
dni dolgye, dni vlasti bezmyatyeychnoy.
Ni zhizh, ni vlast',
ni slavy obol'shchena,
ni kiki tolpy 'menya
nye veselyat!' 
V semyey svoyey
ya mnil nayti otrudyu,
gotovil dochery
vesolye brachnye pir,
moyey tsaryevne,
golubke chistoy.
Kak byuya,
smyert' unosit zhenikhay...
Tyazhka desnitsa
groznovo Sudi,
uzhasen prigovor
dushe prestupnoy...
Okryst lish t'ma
i marak neproglyadny!
Khotyay mel'knul
by luch otrady!
I skorybyu serdtse polno,
BOYAR
Veliky gosudár!
Tebé knyaz Vasilý Shúysky chelóm byot.

BORIS
Shúysky? Zovíl
Skazhí, shto rády vidéť’ knyázya
i zhdym yevó besyédy.

BOYAR
Vechór, Púshkín kholóp
prishól’s donósom na Shúyskovo
Mstislávskovo i próchikh i na khoyzayna:
nóchy tányaya besyédá shíla u nikh,
gonyéts iz Krákovo
priýékhal i prvívóz...

BORIS
Gontsá skhvitat’!
Akhá, Shúysky knyaz!
Ny, shto?
FYODOR
Nye prigózhe by’lob,
ótche gosudár,
um tvoy derzhávny utruzhdát’
rasskázom vzdórnym.

BORIS
Nyet, nyet, dityá!
Vsyo, sly’shish, vsyo, kak bylo.
FYODOR
8. Pópinka nash sidýél
s mamkámi v svetlité,
byez umolkú boltál,
vysél by i láskov,
k mámushkam podkhódil,
prosíl chesát’ golóvkú,
k kážhdoj on podkhódil,
cheryód im soblyudáya.
Mámka Nastásya chesát’ nye zakhotéla,
pópinka, oserydás,
nážval mámku dúroy.
Mámka, s obídy shtol’,
khvat’ yevó po shéyke,
pópka k zakríchít,
dy bom vstáli pyérya.
Nu, yevó ublazhát’,
ugoschhát’ yevó slastýámi,
vsem prichetom molít’,
laskát’ yevó, pokóit’.
Da nyet, nye tut by’lo!
Khmúry takóy sídí,
os utknúvshi v pyérya,
na slásti nye gyladít,
shto-to vysó bormóchet...
Vdrug k mámke podskochil,
chesát’ shto nye hokyéla,
dávay yeyó dolbít’,
ta i grókhnuлasá ôb pol.
Tut mámkí, so strastýéy, slóvno vzbenénilis,
stálí makhát’, krichát’,
pópinku zgnát’ khotyéli.
Da nye vprosák,
pópka kázhduyu otmyétil.
Vot, ótche gosudár,
oní, glyadish, i vzv’li,
dúmu tsárskuyu tvoyú dúmat’ pomešháli.

BORIS
Moy syn, dityá moyó rodnoye!
S kakím isskústvom, kak bóyko
ty vyol svoy rasskáz pravdívy;
kak prósto,
bezkhítrostno, lóvko
sumyél opisát’
slúchháy potyéshny.
Vot sládky plod uchénya,
istiny svyétem,
úma okrylénye.
O, yésli by tebyá ya mog
tsaryém uvidet’,
Rúsí pravítelem derzhávnym,
o, s kakim vostórgom
prespév soblázy vlásti
na to blázhénstvo ya promenyál by
pósokh tsársky.
SHUISKY
9. V eliky gosudár, chelóm byu.

BORIS
A, preslávny vitiyá,
dostóiny konovol tolp’ bezmózgloy;
prestúpnaya glavá boyár kramól’nykh,
tsárskovo prestóla supostát.
Nágly lzhets, trízhdy klyátvu prestupívshy,
khítry litsemýr, l’styets lukávy,
prosvírnya pod shápkoyu boyárskoy,
ombánshchik, plut!

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

BORIS
Nye tyef’, shto Púshkinu,
ilí tebyé tam, shtol’,
privívó gonyéts potáyny ot sopriyátyelye,
boyár opál’nykh?

SHUISKY
Da, gosudár!
V Litvéyя vavlísa Samozvánets,
koról’, pany’
i pápa za nyevó!

BORIS
Chim zhe imenem na nas
on opolchítsa vzdmal?
Chyo ímya, negodyáy, ukrál...
Chyo ímya?
SHUISKY
Konyéshno, tsar, sil’ná tvoyá derzháva.
Ty milostyu, radényem i shchedrétoy
usynovil serdtsá svoikh rabób,
dushóyu prédannykh prestólou tvoyemú.
Khotyá i ból’no mnye, veliky gosudár,
khotyá i króvuy moyó sérıısect obol’yótsa,
on ot tebyá tait’ nye sméyéyu,
shto, yélsi, dýézersi ispólnyenny brodyága,
s Litvy’ granítsu našhu perevydyóct,
k nyemú tolpu, byt’ mözhet privlechóct
Dimitriýa voskrésnuvshe imyá!

BORIS
Dimitriýa...
Tsaryévich udalitsa!

FYODOR
O gosudár, dozvol’ mnye
pri tebyé ostát’sa,
uznát bedú,
grozyáshchuyu prestólou tvoyemú.

BORIS
Nelzyá...nelzyá, dityá! Tsaryévich!
Tsaryévich, povinúysa!
Vzyat’ myéry, syey zhe chas,
shtob ot Litvy’ Rus
ogradiłas zastávami,
shtob ni odná dushá
nye pereshlá za étu gran...
Stupáy!...
Nyet!...Postóy...postóy, Shúysky!
10. Slikhál li ty, kogdá-níbud’,
shtob dyéti myórtvye iz gróba vykhodilí...
Dopráshivat’ tsaryéy...tsaryéy zakónnykh,
izbrannykh vsenaródnó,
uyvénychannykh velikim patriárkhom...
Kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha.
Shto?...Smesnó?
Shtožh nye smeyóshsa? A?

SHUISKY
Pomíluy, veliky gosudár!

BORIS
Slúshay, knyaz!
Kogdá velikoe svershilos zlodevyanye...
Kogdá bezvryémenno malýtka pogib,
malyútka tot...pogíbshy...
byl’...Dimitriý?

SHUISKY
On!

BORIS
Vasily Ivanych!
Krestóm tebýa i bógom zaklináyu,
po sóvesti, vsyu právdu mnye skazhí,
ty znáesh, ya milostiv...
na yéslí ty khitrísh,
kyánus tebyé!
Pridúmayu ya zlyuyu

kazn, takúyu kazn,
shto Tsar Iván ot úzhasa vo gróbe
sodrognýótsa!...
Otvýéta zhu!

SHUISKY
Nye kazn strashná,
strashná tvoyá nemílost’!
11. V Ugliche, v sobory
pred vsyém naródom,
pyat’ slíshkom dnyey ya trup
mladyéntsas posyeshcháct.
Vokrúg nyevó trínádtsat’ tyel lezhálo,
obezobrazhenných, k krovi,
lonkhmotyak gryázných,
i po nim uzh tlyénie
zamyétno produpálo;
o dyétsky lik tsaryévých
byl svýtél, chist i yásen;
glubókaya, strátshnaya zíyála rána;
a na ustákh yevó naporónnych
ulýbka chuímdnia igraia;
kažálosya i svesyey on kolybyél’ke
spokóyno spí, słożivshi rúchki
i v právoy kryépko szych igróshku
dyétskuyu...

BORIS
Dovól’no!
12. Uf! tyazheló!
Day dukh perevedú...
Ya chustvoval vsya krov’ mnye kínulas v lítsó,
i tyázhko opuskáls.
O, sóvest’ lýútaya,
kak strátshno ty karaesh!
Yázheli tebyé pytanyé yedínoye...
Yedínoye slucháno zavelósa,
dushá sgorit,
ná’yótsa sérıısect yadóm,
tak tyázhko, tyázhko stánets,
shto mólotom stuchí
v ushákh uproko i proklyátyem...
i dúshit shto-to...dúshit...
I golová kruzhitalsi vidítsa...
v glazákh...
dityá okrovavlyónnoe!...
Von...von tam, shto ýóto...
tam v uglú...
kolyshetsa, rastyó!
blíztá...
drozhít i stónet...
Chur, chur...
Nye ya..., nye ya tvoy likhodyéy...
Chur, chur, dityá!
Nye ya..., nye ya...
Vólya naróda!...
Chur, dityá!...
Góspodí! ty nye khóches
smýerti gryéshnika,
pomíluy dúshu prestúpnovo
tsaryá Borísa!
ACT THREE

Scene One

CHORUS OF MAIDENS

13. Na Víslye lazúrnoy, pod ívoy tenístoy,
yest chûdûny tsvetóček, on snéga beléye,
v zerkál’nye vódy lenívo gyadítsa,
lyubúyas svoyéy roskóshnoy krásóyu.
Nad chûdûnym tsvetóčkom, blystáya na
sôntse,
roy bábochek rézvykh igráyet,
kruhítsa;
plényônnyy chudénsnoy krásóyu tsvetóčka,
prelyéstníkh listóčkhouv nye sméyet
kosnútsa.
I chûdûny tsvetóček, kíváya golovóy,
v zerkál’nye vódy lenívo gyadítsa.

MARINA

Almážny moy venyéts!

CHORI

A v zámkýe vesyólo smokásávitsa pánná,
tsvetóčka rechnóvo
beléye, miléye,
tsvetóčka rechnóvo, beléye, nezhnéye,
na slávu i rásost’ svyeyév Sandomíra
roshkóshno tsvetyó.
Nemálo mólodtsve,
blestyáshchikh i záñtnykh,
v nevól’nom snom smushchény
pred nyéyu preklonyális,
ulybku krasótki blázhénstvom schítáya,
u nog charódéýki
vyes mír zabyváya.
A pánnna krasótka lukávo smeyálas
nad réchyu lyubóvnóy,
nad strástyu íkhy py’ëkoy
tomlyénym i múkam serdyéts
íkhy smushchónnykh
nye vnémlya.

MARINA

Dovól’no!

14. Krasótka pánná blagódárna
za láskovoye slóvo
i srahnénye
s tym tsvetóčkom chûdûnym
shto beléye snyéga.
No pánná Mníshek nedovól’na
ni réchyu váshey l’tívoy
ni bessmy’ slennym námýsóm
ona kakikh-to mólodtsev blystýashchikh,
shto tsélyou tolpyóy u nog yeyó lezháli,
v blázhénstvye utopyáya.
Nyé, nye étikh pyésen
nûzhno pánný Mníshek;
nye pokhval svoyéy krasé
ot vás zhádál ya.
A tyeikh pyésenok chudyénsnykh,
shto mnye nyánya napevála,
o velichy, o pobýédakh
i o slávyé vóyev pol’skikh,
o vsemóschchynkh pol’skikh dyévakh,
o pobîtykh inózémstakh.
Vot shto núzhno pánnye Mníshek,
éti pyésny yey otráda.
Stupáyte.
Ty, Rúzya, mnye nye nuzhná sevódná;
otdokhí.

15. Skûchno Marínaye, akh, kak skûchno-to!
Kak tomítel’no i vyálo
dni za dnyámi dlyátsa.
Pústo, glúpo tak, besploðdno;
tsély sonm knyazyéy i grafof,
i panóv veľ’mózhnych
nye razgonít skûki ádskoy.
No lish tam, v tumánnóy dúli,
zórka yásnaya blesnúla;
sto Moskóvsky prokóhdéms
pánnye Mníshek prigýanúlsa.
Moy Dýmitry, mstíteľ grózny,
bespóshchádny,
bózhy sud, i bózhy
kára za tsaryévyich
malyútku, zhértvu vlásti nensytno,
zhértvu álchnosti Borísa,
zhértvu złożyć Godunóva.
Razhbužhú zhe ya magnátov sóńnykh,
blyéskom zlata ya shlyákhtu.
A tebyá, moy samovzánets,
moy lyubóvník tómny,
opóyu tebyá slezámi
strásti zhgúchey,
zadushú tebyá v obyátkakh,
zatséluyu
míly moy tsaryévyich,
moy Dýmitry,
moy zhenikh nazvány
nyézhnym lyépetom lyubóvnym
sluh tovy ocharáryu.
moy tseyrévich, moy Dýmitry,
moy lyubóvník tómny!
Pánnye Mníshek slíshkóm skûchny
stráści tómnóy izánya,
pýykh yínosheyé molyénya,
réchí pósthylye magnatóv.
Pánnye Mníshek slávy khóchet,
pánnye Mníshek vlásti zbažhdet!
Na prestól tsaryé moskóvskikh
ya tsaritéy syádu,
, i, v porfrýye zálotkánnóy,
sóntsem záblístáyu.
I srazhu krásóyu chudyénsnoy
ya moskáley tópunýnykh,
i stádo boyár kichlívyých
bit’ chelóm sebyé zástavluyu.
I proslávyat v skázkakh,
bylyakh nebylítsakh
górduyu svóyû tsarístu
tópuúmnyye moskáli!
Kha, kha, etc.

16. A! Akh, éto ty,
moy otyéts!
MARINA
Otyéts moy, vy nye prosit’ dolzhny’: Mariná Mníshek dòcheryu poslúshnou bylá i búdyet svyatot’skoy nerazdyéľ’noy tsérkvi.

MARINA
Otyéts moy, vy... vy smushchte menyá. Bólyu zhgúcheyu rech vásha skórbnaya v slábo moyóm syérdtse otdayótsa.

MARINA
Shto? dyérzky lzhets! Klyanú tvoí réchi lukávyye, syérdtse tvoyó vsyey síloy prezréniya. Proch s glaz moikh!

MARINA
Bózhe, zashchití menyá! Bózhe, nauchí menyá! Bózhe moy put ukazhí by’dnoy Marine!

RANGONI
Dúkhi t’my tobóy ovладýéľ, górdynyey besóvskoy tvoy um omráchili, v gróznom velíchyi, na krylyakh ádskih, sam sataná parít nad tobóyu! Smirís pred bózhyim poslóm! Predáysya mnye vsyey dushóyu, svóim vsyem pómyslom, zhelányem i mechtóyu; moyéyu buď’ rabóy!

Scene Two

DIMITRY
18. V pólnoch...v sadú... u fontána, o gólos dívny! Kakóy otrádoy ty mnye napólnil syérdtse!
Приди́й, ли ты, зhelá́nnaya,
prídyósh li, golù́bka moyá lyókhlo-kry’laya?
A f’ pozabalá ly byúñovo sókóla,
shto po tebyé grustit, nadryváésta?
Privyétoù láskovym, réchyu nyézhnoyuyu
ty oblegchí múku syérdtsa bezsyzkhódnuyu.
Marína! Marína!
Otklíknis, o, otklíknis!
Pridi, pridi, ya zhdu tebyá!
Ya zhdu tebyá!
Na zov otklíknis, otozvis!
Nyet, nyet otyéta.

RANGONI
Tsaryévich!

DIMITY
Opyá’t’ za mnyó!
Kak tyen, preslyédues menyá.

RANGONI
Svetlyéshy, doblestny tsaryévich!
Ya póslan k vam górdoyu krasávitsey
Marinyo.

DIMITY
Marínyo?

RANGONI
Posłúshnoy, nyézhnoy dócheryu,
mnye nyébom vručhóynnóy.
Oná umólyála skázát’ vam,
shto mnógo nasmyéshhek zólbnykh
prishlósh perenyéyst’ yey,
shto vs oná lyúbit, shto býudyet k vam...

DIMITY
O, ýéshli ty nye izhózh,
yéshli nye sam Satana
shépchet tye réchi chudyésnynye...
Voznesús yeyó, golù́bku,
pred vsyéyu rússkoy zemlídy,
vozvedú yeyó s sobóúy
na tsársky prestól,
osiéplyú yeyó krasóyu pravoслavnóy lyud!
Zloy dyéémon!
Ty, kak tá’ nochnóy,
zká́rása mnye v dùshu,
ty vy’rval iz grúdi moyéy priznanye...
Ty o lyubvi Maríny lígal?

RANGONI
Lígal? ya lígal?
I pyéred tobóy, tsaryévich?
Da po tebyé odnóm oná i dyen, i noch
tomítsa i strádáé,
ou, sud’bé tvoyéy zavydnoy
v nochnóy tšísh méchtaéet:
O, ýéshlib ty lyubil yeyó,
yéshliby znal yeyó terzánya
górdykh panóv nasmyéshkí,
závišt’ íík zhon íitsemyérynykh,
póshlyye splyétní, brédni pusty’ye

o táýnykh svidányakh,
o postelúúyakh,
roy oskórlblyéniv nevynosímykh...
O, ty nye otyvéy by togdá
mol’by moyéy skrómnoy, moikh uverényí,
lózhuyu nye názval by
múku byéédnoy Maríny.

DIMITY
Dovol’no! Slíshkom mnógo upryókov,
slíshkom dólgo skryvály ot luydýéy
svoyo schástye!
Ya za Marínu grúdyu stánu,
yu dopróshú panóv nadmyénykh,
kovárstvo zhon íik bessty’dnykh razrúshu.
Ya osmyeuyí íkh zhálkuyu zólbu,
pred tsélyo tolpyóy bezdúshnykh panyónok
otkróýus v lyubvi bezgránicnh Raynye,
yu bróshus k nogáym yeyó, umulóyá
nye otvérará’ py’lykoz strástí moyéy,
byt’ mnye zhónduy, tsaritésey, drugom.

RANGONI
Vspomoshchestvúy, svyatóy Ignátiy!

DIMITY
Ty, otrýókhshysa ot míra,
proklyátyu predávysh vyse rádosti zhíñzi,
máster velíky v lyubvnomy iskússtve,
zaklíáyu tebyá, vsyey silóy klátvty tvoyéy,
vsyey silóy zázhýdy blazhénsťa
nebyésnóvo!
Vedí menyá k nyeyy, O day uvidet’ yeyó,
day skázát’ o lyubvi moyéy,
o strádánykh moikh,
i nyet toy tseny,
shto smútìla b menyá!

RANGONI
Smírénny, gréshnyn bogomólyets
o blízhnikh svoiikh,
o stráshnom drye poslyédnevo sudá,
o gróznó kárve gospódnéy,
vyadúschchey v tot dyen,
vsechéshno pomyshlyayushchy,
trup, davno otzhínsy, khláddy kámen,
móžhet li zhelá’t’ sokróvishch zhíñzi!
No ýéshli Dimity
vnushépnyem bózhym,
ye otyvérgnet zhelený smírénnykh
nye pokidá’t’ yeyó kak sy’ na,
sledí’t’ za kázhdyh shágom yeyó i my’ sluy,
beréch i okhranyá’t’ yeyó...

DIMITY
Da, ya nye rasstánus s tobóy,
tol’ko day nye uvidet’ Marínu moyú,
obnyá’t’ yeyó.

RANGONI
Tsaryévich, skródyssy!

DIMITY
Shto s tobóy?
Vivat,
MEN
Tebyá rangoí pirúyushchikh.
Uydí, tsaryévich, umolyáyu, uydí!

DIMITRY
Pust’ idít, ya vstrečhu ikh s pochótom,
po sánu, dóblesi i chéstí.

RANGO NI
Opómnis, tsaryévich,
y ty pogubísh sebyá
ty vy’dash Marínu, uydí skoréye!

19. Polonaise

MARINA
Váshey strásti ya nye vyéryu, pánuye,
váshey klyátyvy, uverénya, vsyo naprásnó!
I nye môshete vy, pánuye...
rechyu váshu obmanót’

GUESTS
I Moskovskoye tsárstvo
my polónim zhivvo!
I moskáley pleyénnykh
privedýóm k vam, pánny!
A vóyska Borísa razobýóm
navéry núnykh, my v’ prakh.

WOMEN
Nu, tak shto zhe, dólgo myédlits’ vam!
Na Moskvá skoréy idíté vi
vi Borísa v plyen beríte,
shto zhe dólgo myédlits’ vam!

MEN
Na Moskvú speshit’ dolzñny’ my,
vzyat’, vzyat’, v plen Borísa vzyat’.
Dlya Réchí Pospolítoy
nádo rozorít’ gnezdó moskáley!

WOMEN
Marína nye sumyeyet.
Krasíva, no sukñá, nadmyénná, zla Marína.

MARINA
Viná, viná, panóvy!

GUESTS
Pyom bokál
vo zdrávy Mníshkov!
Pyom, pany, Maríny zdrávy!
Pannu chéstúvym vengérskim!
Sláva tsárskomu vents’ Maríny!
Vivat, vivat, vivat!

DIMITRY
lezuít luávuy krépko zhal menyá
v kogtyákh svókh proklyátikh.
Ya tóliko mélkom, izdali, uspél
vzglyanút’ na divnyuyu Marínu,

ukrádkoy vstrétil’ blyesk charúyushchikh
oché yeyó chudýénsykh,
as vérítsé bión sín’no,
tak síl’no bílos,
shto nye raz tolkáló s bóya vzyat’ svobódóu,
pošít’ sa s pokrovítel’ym nezvánnym,
otsóm moim dukhóvným!
Pod bolotnymu nesnósnuyu yevó rechý,
do náglosti lukávykh,
ya védél pód ruku s pánom khvastlivym,
nadmýénnuyu krasívitsu Marínu;
plénit’’nouly b’kouy siyáya,
préléstnitsa sheptála o láskye nyézhnoy,
o strásti tikhoy, o schásti byt’ suprúgoy...
suprúgoy bezdúshnovu kýtly!
Kogdá sud’bá súlt yey
lyubví blazhénstva i slávu,
venyéts zlatóyi tsárskuyu porfiru!
Nyet, k chórtu vsyo!
Skoréye v bránnyye dospyékh!
Shélom i myech bulátny,
i na konýé! Vperyód!
Na symértny boý!
Mchátsa v glávy družhíny khoróbroy,
vstrétil litóms k litu
vrázhvy polki, s bóya, so slávo,
vzyat’ naslyédny prestól!

MARINA
20. Dímitry! Tsaryévich Dímitry!

DIMITRY
Oná! Marína!
Zdes, moyá golúbka, krasívitsa moyá.
O, kak tomítel’no, vyálo,
dlílis minúty ozhídánya
skol’ko muchítel’nykh somnyéniy,
syerdtsé terzáya,
svétye syédm moim omracháli,
lyubóv moyi i shástye
proklínát’ zastavílyá.

MARINA
Znáyu, vsyo znáyu!
Nóchény nye spish, mechtáesh ty,
i dyen i noch mechtáesh o svóyey Marínye.
Nyet, nye dlya rechý lyubvi,
ye dlya besyéd pusty’kh i vzdórnýkh
ya prishlá k tebyé. Ti nayedinye s sobóyu
mózhesh mlyet’ i táyat’ ot lyubvi ko mnye.

DIMITRY
Marína?

MARINA
Nyet, menyá nye udivyáty, ty dólžhen znát’
ni zhértvy, ni dâžhe smyert’ tvoýá
iz-za lyubvi ko mnye.
Kogdá zh tsaryóm ty budýéshe v Moskvé?

DIMITRY
Tsaryóm? Marína, ty pugáésh syérdtsel’
Uzhélí vlast’, siyániye prestóla,

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kholópov pódlykh roy, 
ikh gnúnsnye donósy 
v tebyé mögli by zaglushit’
svyatuyu zházhdu lyubvi vzaimnyoy, 
otrádu láski serdyéchnoy, obyaty zhárkikh 
i strasnykh vostórgov charúyushchuyu 
sílu!

MARINA
Konyéshno!
My i 
v khlzhinne ubógoy 
búdym schástlivy s tobóy; 
shto nam sláva, shto nam tsárstvo?
My lyubóvyu búdym zhit’ odnóy!
Yéšli vy, tsaryévich, odnóy lyubvi khotíte, 
v Moskóvii u vas nadyótsa nemálo 
zhénschchin, 
krasívykh, rumyánykh, brov sobolínaya.

DIMITYR 21. Tebyá, tebyá odnú, MARINA 
ya obozhyáu, vseyy silóy strásti, 
vyzej zházhdoy nyégi i blazhénstva.
Zhálsa nad skórbyu 
byédnovy dushi moyéy 
nye otevrgáy menyá!

MARINA
Tak nye Marínu, 
yy tól’ko zhénschhini vo mnye lyubili?
Lish prestól tsaryémoskóvsikh, 
lish zlatóy venéits derzhávy
iskusí’ menyá mögli by.

DIMITYR
Ty ránish syérdtse mnye, 
zhestókaya Marína, 
ót slov tvoikh mögli’ny 
khlád na dúshu vyéyet.
Vídish, ya u nog tvoikh, 
uy nog tvoikh molyú tebyá: 
nye otevrgáy lyubvi moyéy bezúmnoy!

MARINA
Vstan’, lyubóvnik nyézhny, 
Nye tomi sebyá mol’boy naprásnoy.
Vstan’, stradaljéts nyézhny, kak mnye 
zhál’tebýá
Mnye zhála’, moy míly. 
Iznemóg, istomílsa 
ót lyubvi k svoyéy Marínye, 
dyen i noch o nyey mechtáesh. 
brósit dúmat’ o prestólýe, 
o borbéy s tsaryóm Bórísom 
proch, brodyýaga děrzky!

DIMITYR
Marína, shto s tobóy?

MARINA
Proch, prispyéshnik pánsky!

DIMITYR
Shto s tobóy!

MARINA
Kholóp!

DIMITYR
Stoy, Marína!
Mnye chúdilos, ty bróscila 
ukorom tyágostnym moyéy minúvshey 
zhizñí.
Lzhosh, górdaya polyáchka!
Tsaryévich ya!
So vseyk kontsoví Rusi 
vozhdí steklísya, 
aútra v boy letím 
v glavéy drúzhin khoróbykh, 
slávnym vityazem prýámo 
v kremlí Moskóvsky, 
a otchi prestól, 
zavyéshchaný sud’bóy.
No kogdá tsaryómy ya syádu 
v velíchiy nepristúpnom, 
O s kakím vostórgom ya nasmyéyus nad 
tobóy, 
O kak okhótno ya posmotryú na tebyá, 
kak ty, potyéryannym tsástévom terzáyas, 
rabóyu poslúshnóyu, budyesh poltztí 
k podnózhyu prestóló moyévó 
nye otevrgáy menyáta ya velýu 
nad dúroyu-shlyakhtýánkoy!

MARINA
Smeyáta!

22. O tsaryévich, umolyáyu, 
ze klyani menyáza réchi zly’ye, 
nye ukórom, nye nasmyéshkoy, 
nosistoy lyubóvyu, zvuchat oní 
zházhdoy slávy tvoyéy, 
zházhdoy velíchaya, 
zvuchát v tishí nochndy 
moy míly, moy kokhány, 
nye izménit tvoyá Marína!
Zabúd, zabúd’ o nyey, 
zabúd’ o lyubví svoyéy, 
skoréye na otchi prestól!

MARINA
Adskyyu múku dushí moyéy 
nye rastravláy lyubóvyu prítvórnoy!

DIMITYR
Marína!

O, povtorí, povtorí, Marína!
O, nye day ostý’ naslazhdyényu, 
day dushé otrádu, moyá charóvnítsa, 
zhízn’ moyá!
MARINA
Tsar moy!

DIMITRY
Vstan’ tsaritsa moy, nenaglyádnaya!
Obnimi ti zhelánovo!
Vstan, obnimi!

MARINA
O, kak syérdtse moyo ozhivil ty,
povelitel’ moy!

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

ACT FOUR

Scene One

VAGABONDS
1. Valí syudá!
Na pyen sadí, na pyen, rebýata!
Vot tak! A shtob nye ból’no vy, shtob górlishko boyárskovo nye pórtill...
Zakonopáť. Vázhno!
Shtozh, brátsy?
Al’ tak, bez pochótu boyárina ostávim?
Tak, bez pochótu! Tak nye ládno!
Vsyozh on Borísov voyevóda.
Boris-ot vorovskí prestólem tsárskim právıl, a on u vóra voroával! Shtozh?
Za to yemú pochót, kak vóru dóbomu?
Eyl! Ry’ndy’! Fómka! Yepikhán!
Za boyárina! Vázhno!
Shtóyto za nyévidal’!
Al’ nikoli boyárín
nash zasnóbushki nye vyédal?
Kudy’ tye k chórta?
Boyárín bez zaznoby, shto píróg bez nachinkí, odin sukhár!
Afímya! golúbka!
Tebyé uzh, báyut, vtoraya sótnya podstupila.
Tak onó nye bóyazno.
Valí, krasávitsa, k boyárinu.
Valí! Kah, kah, etc.
Ládno. Daváyte velichát’!
Daváyte velichát’!
Ey, báy, zavodi!
Ey, vy báy, zavodi!
2. Nye sókol letít po podnébyesyu, nye börzy kon mchítsa pó polyu.
Sidnem sidít boyárínushka dümú dûmaet.
Sláva boyárínu!
Sláva Borísovú!
Sláva boyárínu!
Sláva Borísovú Sláva!
Stoy, báýy!

Dubíny u boyárina nye vídno.
Chevó dubíny? Súnte plyótku.
Vot tak. Dál’she valýáy.
Sidnem sidít, dümú dúmaet, kak by Borísu v ugódushku, kak by vóru na pomóch
zabit, zaporót’ lyud chestnóy.
Sláva boyárínu, sláva Borísovú!
Sláva boyárínu, sláva Borísovú!
Sláva Borísovú! Sláva!
Chéstyu, póchestyu ty nas povázhival, v býru, nyépogód’, da v bezdorózhie,
na rebyátkakh náshykh pokátyval, tónkov plyótkoy postyógilval.
Sláva boyárínu, sláva Borísovú!
Sláva boyárínu, sláva Borísovú!
Odh, uzh i sláva zh tebyé, boyárín!
Odh, uzh i sláva zh tebyé, boyárín!
Sláva vyéchny!

GROUP OF BOYS

3. Trrr, trrr, trrr, trrr!
Zhelyézny kolpák, zhelyézny kolpák!
Trr, trrr, trrr, trrr!
Zhelyézny kolpák, zhelyézny kolpák!
Ulyu, lyu, lyu, lyu, lyu, lyu, lyu, lyu, Trrr!

SIMPLETON
Myéysats yédet, kotýonok pláchet,
Yuródivy, vstaváy,
Bógy pomolíysa, Khristú pokloníysa.
Khristós bog nash búdyet vyódro,
budyet myéysats,
budyet vyódro...myéysats...

BOYS
Zdrávstvuy, zdrávstvuy, yuródivy Iványch!
Vstan, nas pochéstvuy,
v póyas pokloníysa nam
kolpáchox to skin!
Kolpáchox tazyhó!
Dzin, dzin, dzin,
dzin, dzin, dzin,
ek zvonít!

SIMPLETON
A u menyá kopyeyechka yest’.

BOYS
Shútish!
Nye nadúyesh nas, nyebos!

SIMPLETON
Vish!

BOYS
Fit’!

SIMPLETON
A-al! A-al! Obídeli yuródivovo!
A-al! Ótnyali kopyéyechku! A-al!
VARLAAM and MISSAIL
4. Sóntse, luná pomyérnui, zvólyzy s nebyéys pokatilisya, vselénnaya voskoleblálsya, ot tyázhkovo grekhá Borísova brodít zverýy nevidiannoye, brodít zverýy nesly’khannoye, pozhiráet telá chelovyécheskiye vo slávu grekhá Borísova. Múchát, pytáyut bózhy lyud, a múchát slúgi Borísovy, naushchényem síly ádovoy, vo slávu prestóla satanínskovo.

VAGABONDS
Shto b to by’lo?
Ot Moskvy’ idú svyaty’ ye stártsy, Ktoy—tis, brátsy?
pyéznyu vedút o kóznyakh Borísa, o pytkakh sviryépykh, o múkakh zhestókikh, shto tyérypit lyud nepovinny.

VARLAAM and MISSAIL
Stónet, mityótsa svyatáya Rus, a stónet pod rukóy bogootstúpnika, pod práklyatyot rukóy tsareubíytsy, v proslyévnéy grekhá nezamolímovo!

VAGABONDS
Gaydá! Raskhodílas, razgulyályas síla udal’ molodyétskaya. Raskhodílas, razgulyályas síla udal’ molodyétskaya. Py’chet pólymem krov kazátskaya. Podnimálasa so dna, síla pododónnaya podnimálasa so dna síla pododónnaya. Podnimálasa so dna síla pododónnaya. poddimála, neu go mónnaya, goi!
Oy, to síla, silushka, oy, ty síla bedóvaya!
Oy, ty síla, silushka, oy, ty síla gróznaya!
Ty nye vyday mólotsev, molotsev událykh!
Oy, ty day im ponatyéshitsa, oy ty day im ponasy’titsa, ponasy’titsa, ponatyéshitsa, silushka, day!

VARLAAM and MISSAIL
Vosprimíte, lyúdí, tsaryá zakónnovo! Vosprimíte bójom spasyónnovo, ot ubýtsy bójom ukry’ tovo. Vosprimíte, lyúdíye, tsaryá Dimitriya Ivánovich!

VAGABONDS
Raskhodílo, razgulyályos údal molodyétskaya,
VARLAAM and MISSAIL
Da vosproslávayat vselyénnuyu
glásom vélím.

VAGABONDS
Gaydá!

LAVITSKY and CHERNIKOVSKY
Sanctissima Virgo, juva, juva servos tuos!
Sanctissima Virgo, juva, juva servos tuos!
Sanctissima Virgo, juva, juva servos tuos!

VARLAAM
Krépche vyazhi!
Da presechótsa mániye diányey,
da otrínyetsa pómosch desnítsy!

VAGABONDS
Gaydá!
Na osinu!

LAVITSKY and CHERNIKOVSKY
Sanctissima Virgo, juva, juva servos tuos!

VARLAAM and MISSAIL
6. Sláva tebyé, tsaryévichu,
bógom spasyénnomu,
Sláva tebyé, tsaryévichu.

VAGABONDS
Sláva tsaryévichu, bógom spasyénnomu
bógom ukry’tomu!
Sláva tebyé, bógom spasyénnomu!
Zhív i zdrávstvuy, Dimitriy Ivánovich!
Sláva! Sláva! Sláva!

DIMITRY
My, Dimitriy Ivánovich,
боzhyim isvolényiem tsaryévich vseyá
Rusí,
knyaz ot kolyéna předkov náshikh,
vas, gomýmykh Godunóvym
zovýom k sebyé
i obeshcháem milost’ i zashchitу.

KHRUSHCHOV
Gósposhil syn Ioánnov, sláva tebyé!

DIMITRY
Vstan, boyárin!
Za námi vslyed idite v boy!
Na ródinu svyatatóyu!
V Moskvu, v zlatovyérkhy Kreml’!

VAGABONDS
Sláva tebyé, tsar batyúshka!

LAVITSKY and CHERNIKOVSKY
Deo glória, glória Deo,
Deo glória, glória!

VAGABONDS
Sláva tebyé, Dimitriy Ivánovich! Sláva!

THE SIMPLETON
7. Lyéytes, lyéytes slyózy górklye,
plach, plach, dushá pravoslávnaya,
skóro vrag pridyót,
i nastányet t’ma
témen tyómnya, neproglyádnaya.
Góre, góre Rusí,
plach, plach rúsksy lyud.
Gołódny lyud!

Scene Two

FIRST GROUP OF BOYARS

SECOND GROUP
Vam pyérym nachinát, boyáre.

FIRST GROUP
Da náše mnyéniye davnó gotóvo.
Pishí, Andréy Mikhailýych.

THIRD GROUP
Zlodyéya, ktob ni byl on,
skaznít’.

SECOND GROUP
Stoy, boyáre!
Vy přézdhe izloví,
-a tam skazní, pozháluy.

THIRD GROUP
Ládno...

FOURTH GROUP
Nu, nye sovyéem-to ládno.

FIRST GROUP
Da nu, boyáre, nye sbíváete.

THIRD GROUP
Zlodyéya, ktob ni byl on,
imáť
i pytát’ na dy’bye krépko.

FIRST GROUP
A tam skaznít’
i trup yevó povyésit’.
Pust’ klyuyút vrány gołódnyye!

FOURTH GROUP
Trup yevó predát’ sozhzhényu
na lóbnom myéstye vsenaródnó,
i trízhdy proklyášt’ tot prakh pogány.

SECOND GROUP
I rasséyat’ prakh proklyáty
za zastávami po vyétru.

ALL
Shtob i slyed prosty’l navyéki
pobrodyagi samozvantsa.
SECOND and FOURTH GROUPS
I kázdovo, kto s nim
yedinomy’ slit,
skaznit’.

ALL
I trup k pozónomu stolbú pribit’,
o chom ukázy razosíat’ povsemýstno.
Po syólam, gorodám i po posádam,
po vsey Rusí
chitát’ v sobórákh i tserkvák, 
na ploshchadýakh i skhédakh.
I gospoda molít’ koleno preklonyenno,
da szhalítsa nad Rúsyu, mnogostradál’noy.

FIRST and FOURTH GROUPS

SECOND and THIRD GROUPS
Khot’ i kramól’nik,
a bez nyevó, kazhis, 
ne ládno vy’shlo mnyénye.

SHUISKY
Prostíte mnye, boyáre.

FIRST and FOURTH GROUP
Ek, lyógok na pomínye...

SHUISKY
Pozapozdál malyénko, 
ye vo vrémya pozhálovat’ izvóllí.
Namýéndi, uhkodyá ot gosudárya, 
skorbý vysem syérdtssem, 
radyéya o dushé tsaryovoy, 
ya v shchólochku
slucháňno zaglyanúl.
O, shto uvidýel ya, boyáre!
Blyédny, kholódnym pótom oblíváyas, 
drozhá vsyem tyéľom, 
nyesvýazno bormochá 
kakíye-to slová chudnyye, 
gnyévo ochámi sverkáya, 
kakóy-to mékyo taynoy terzáyas, 
strádálets gosudár tomílsá
Vdrug posinyél, 
glázá ustávil v úgol, 
i stráshno stényá 
i churáyas...

BOYARS
Lzhoshi! Lzhosh, knyaz!

SHUISKY
K tsaryévichu, pogibshemu vzyvaya...

BOYARS
Shto?

SHUISKY
Prízrak yevó 
bessil’no otgonyáya...
“Chur...chur” sheptál.

BORIS
Chur, chur!

SHUISKY
Chur, dityá!

SHCHELKAŁOV
Tíshel tsar...tsar...

BORIS
Chur, chur!

BOYARS
Gospodí!

BORIS
Chur, dityá!

BOYARS
O, gospodí!

SHUISKY
Blagodát’ gospódnaya nad tobóy!

BORIS
A?

SHUISKY
Veliký gosudár!

BORIS
Ya sózval vas, boyáre, 
a váshu múdrost’ polagáyus; 
v godínu byed i tyázhkikh ispytániy, 
vy mnye pomóshniki, boyáre.

SHUISKY
Smiryénny ínok 
v delákh mirskih nye múdry sudítá, 
derzáet dnes podát’ svoy gólos.
BORIS
Rasskazyvay, starik, vsyo, shto znashe, bez utaky.

PIMEN
Odazhdyi, v vecherniy chas, prishhol ko mnye pastukh, uzhe mastity starets i taynu mnye chudyesnuyu povvedal: "Yeshchey rebonykom" skazal on, "ya osleyep i s toy porye nye znal ni dnya ni nochii do starosti.

Naprasyo ya lechela i zelyem ya tymnyam nasheptanyem, naprasyo ya iz kladezey svyatyy kh kropil vodoy tselyebnoy ochi...

Naprasyo!
I tak ya k tme svoyey privyk, shto dazhe sny moy mnye vidyennykh vesheche.

Nye shto svoey own, i vzyal prosnulsya velikiy vidyennyy.

BORIS uzhet Okh, Tsaryevicha Svyeta!

Naprasyo Nye
ta yep i shto svoyey own.

I Nechta tak I skazal:
Raz "Vdrug i dyetki Proshchay, ni idyot Sychas i Naprasyo Nye Tebya priobryol.

Ty

BORIS
11. Oy; dushno! dushno!
Svyetu!
Tsaryevicha skorrey!
Ohk, tyazheko mnye!

Nye sprashevay, kakim putymo ya tsarsstvo priobryol.

Tebye nye nuzhno znat.

Ty tsarsstvovat po pravyu bydyes, kak moy nasleydenik, kak syn moy pervorodny.

Syn moy! Ditya moyo rodnoy!

Nye vveryaysa navyetam boyar kramol'nykh, zorke sledi za ikh snoshenyami taynymi s Ltvoyu, izmyenu karay bez poshchady, bez milosti karay.

Strogo vnikay v sud narodny, sud nelisemyerny, styo na strazhe bortsom za vyero prawyuy, svayato chti svatykh ugondoivk bobylikh.

Sestrushoy svovy, tsaryevnuy, sbergi, moy syn, ty yey odin khranitel' ostayosha, nashy Ksenii, golubke chistyoy.

Gospodi! Gospodi! Vozrzi, molui, na slyozy greshnovo ottsal.

Nye za sebya molyu, nye za sebya, moy boste!

S gorney nepristupnyy vysooty prolyey ty blagodatnyy svey na chad moikh nevinnyykh...Krotkih i chistyykh...

Sily nebylyenye!

Strazhi trona predvyehchnovoo!

Krylaemy svetyemy vy okhranite moyo ditya rodnoye ot byed i zol, ot iskusheniy.

12. Zvon! Pogrebali'ny zvon!

CHORUS OF MONKS
Plachte, plachte, lyudiye, neyest' bo zhizni v nyom i nyemy ustas yevy i nye dast otyeeta.

Plachte! Alliluya!

BORIS
Nadgroby vopl'!
Skhima, svyataya skhima, v monakh tsar idyot.

FYODOR
Gosudar, uspokoyssya!
Gospod' pomozhet.

BORIS
Nyet, nyet, syn moy, chas moy profil...

CHORUS OF MONKS
Vizhu mlodyentsa umirayushcha, i rydayu, plachu; myatyotsa, trepyeshchet on, i k pomoeshchi vyzyvayet, i nyet yemu spasyenya.

BORIS
Boste! Boste! Tyazhko mnye!

Uzhel' grekh na zamolit'?

O, zlaya smyert'! Kak muchish ty zhestoko!
Povremenite...ya tsar yeshchhoy!

Ya tsar yeshchhoy!

Boste! Smyert'!
CD 6-8
Khovanshchina

ACT ONE

1. Introduction
Scene One

KUZKA

2. Podoydu, podoydu...
Pod Ivangorod...
Vyisbu, vyisbu,
Kamennyj... steny...
Vyvedu, vyvedu...
Krasnu devicu...

VTOROYE STRELEC
Vona, drychnet.

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

VTOROYE STRELEC
Cto govori't'.

PERVYJ STRELEC
Kak d'jaku-to, dunnomu,
Larivon Ivanovu,
Grud' razdvoili kameniem vostrym.

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

PERVYJ STRELEC
Vot tak rjakajut!

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

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

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

VTOROYE STRELEC
Verchr; podnjalsja.

KUZ'KA
Gde grabiteli?
Votja im!

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

KUZ'KA
Da cto vy, d'javoly!

PERVYJ STRELEC
Och ty, strelec,
Chudoj konec.

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

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

PERVYJ STRELEC
Cha, cha, cha...

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

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

Scene Two

PERVYJ STRELEC

KUZ'KA
Cernilisce-to, gospodi!

VTOROYE STRELEC
Vot zaskrypit-to.

PERVYJ I VTOROYE STRELEC
Vasemu prikrasnomu stepenstvu ...

KUZ'KA
Skorej na etot stolbik ugodit..
Cha, cha, cha...
PERVYJ I VTOROYE STRELEC
Châ, cha, cha...

SODOMA I GOMORRA!
Vot vremecko! Tjazkoe!
A vce z pribytok sprvim... Da!

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

POD'JACU
Bлагодарим. dobroj celovek.
A jaz gresnij. 
Nedostojnyj rab bozij.
Ne spodobilsja zreti...

SAKLOVITYJ
"Carjarn - gosudarjarjarn
I velikim kniaz'jam,
Vsea Velikija, i Mahiya,
I Beljja Rossii samoderzcam"...
Nastrocil?

POD'JACU
No jesti ne sumlevajsja,
Znaj skazyvaj.

SAKLOVITYJ
"Izvescajut moskovskie strelec ljudi
Na Chovanskih:
Bojarina kniaz' Ivan
Da na syna ego Andreja"

POD'JACU
Da vse gostja
Da nas gostja
Da nas gostja
Sobitor Krivaja
Na Nkoschtsch
Da na syna ego Andreja
Zamutit' grozjat na gostardstve"

SAKLOVITYJ
Procti-ko!

POD'JACU
"Carjam - gosudarjam
I velikim kniaz'jam
Vsea Velikija, i Mahiya,
I Beljja Rossii samoderzcam,
Izvescajut moskovskie strelec ljudi
Na Chovanskih: bojarina kniaz' Ivan
Da na syna ego Andreja,
Zamutit' grozjat na gostardstve"

SAKLOVITYJ
Zila kuma, byla kuma,
Kuma, kuma kuma uvidala,
Kuma, kuma kuma ne priznala.
Sdít kuma,
Gjajdit kuma,
Kume kum, kume den'gu sulit.
Kume kum, kume rubi' darit,
Eëbë den'gu za pazuchu...

SAKLOVITYJ
Verno. Dal'se strocii.
"Zvali na pomoc' svoju bratiju,
Kak by carstvo im dostupiti.
A dlja togo izneverst' v gorod
Narod smuscat',
Ctob mnogo bol'sich bojar pobol,
A tam mutit'"
I po sadam.
Delom zlým na voevod,
Na vlasti podnjať's tajgra
Cestnoe d1rest'janstvo;
A stanej smuta
Na Rusi,
v tot raz izbrat'
Vlastej nadeznych,
Ctob starye knigi ljubili;
A na carstve Moskovskom
Sest' Chovanskomu Andreju...

POD'JACIJ
Áj! Prjamaja pogibel'...

STREL'CY
Goj, licho!

POD'JACIJ
Ne budet poscady.
Knjaž' vse uznat.
Knjaž' ne prostit mane...Gospodi!

STREL'CY
Goj vy, ljudi!

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

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

SAKLovingj
Strel'cy...
Slysis'? Strel'cy!

POD'JACIJ
Oj, matuski, lichon'ko!

STREL'CY
Guljajte, vy guljajte veselo.
Netu vam preponusi,
A niyet zapretu.
Goj, guljajte,
Guljajte veselo.
Dusite goj, i lich gubits
Smutu vraz'ju.

SAKLovingj
Uchodjat...
Slys ty, strociho!
Da slusaj je.

POD'JACIJ
Molci uz... molci!
Slava tebe gospodi!
Promcalo prokljatych.
Uz kak ja ne ljublu ich.
I skazat' nemozno.
Ne ljudi: zveri.

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

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

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

SAKLovingj
"Vrucit' carevne"

POD'JACIJ
"Vrucit' carevne"

SAKLovingj
Oboroni tebja gospod'.
Smotri z, pomni!

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

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

POD'JACIJ
Skatert'ju doroga.
Proscaj.
Vot cudak-to, pravo;
Nevdomek emu pod'jacaja slava;
I silen, kazis',
I znaten, i bogat,
I nos svoj vot ved' kak vorotit;
Da vse z, kak posmorilis',
Chot' silen i znaten.
A nasego ledasego
Telka glupeee.
A jaz, cerv' prezrennyj,
Pochtirej malen'ko:
Pod ruku pokojnica
Anan'eva podkinul:
"Mertvi bo srama ne imut"
Che, che!
A nu, kosel'...
Stupaj-ko na raspravu.

MOSKOVSKIE PRIISLYE LJUDI
Zila kuma,
Slyla kuma, A slyla kuma
Nedotrogoj,
Cto slyla i' kuma ubogoj.
Vot kum proznal, Vot kum by podstupit',
Cem kume by dosadit'.
I kum posel.
I kum nasel...
Cto b eto na Moske
Takoe prikljucilos'?
Vot'to, bratcy, stotje;
Kreplko stolbucek slozili!
Ekol grib povytjano
Za noc!
Stojte, bratcy, stojte;
Uz vot-to divo, pravo:
Stolbusek-s o nadpisom,
Pravo slovo, s nadpisom!
Bratcy, stojte, nadpis!
Tut-k o nadpis est',
Na stolbe-to, bratcy, nadpis!
Aj, proznat' by ljubo ...
Cto tut pisano.

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

POD'JACU
As'?

MOSKOVSKIE PRIISLYE LJUDI
Cto tut-ko pisano?

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

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

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

MOSKOVSKIE PRIISLYE LJUDI
Robjata, vzjatku,
Vzjatku, nudit.
Un, da s nas-to vzjatki gladki,
Ne nazivetsja.
'Djavol.
Vse z, robjata, znat' by nado,
Cto tam na stolbe za nadpis!
Vot cto, bratcy: vzymem!
Vzymem!
Kogo?

POD'JACU
Da ty, drug, ne storoz'ja.
Ved' my narod
Kak est' ubogoj.

MOSKOVSKIE PRIISLYE LJUDI
Robjata, vzjatku,
Vzjatku, nudit.
Un, da s nas-to vzjatki gladki,
Ne nazivetsja.
'Djavol.
Vse z, robjata, znat' by nado,
Cto tam na stolbe za nadpis!
Vot cto, bratcy: vzymem!
Vzymem!
Kogo?

POD'JACU
Da ty, drug, ne storoz'ja.
Ved' my narod
Kak est' ubogoj.

MOSKOVSKIE PRIISLYE LJUDI
Robjata, vzjatku,
Vzjatku, nudit.
Un, da s nas-to vzjatki gladki,
Ne nazivetsja.
'Djavol.
Vse z, robjata, znat' by nado,
Cto tam na stolbe za nadpis!
Vot cto, bratcy: vzymem!
Vzymem!
Kogo?
Klanjalis' pod'jacemu
V pojas do zemli:
Uz ty poteš' nas,
Uz ty nas pozaluj;
Ty ukazi nam, izvol',
Cego ne znaem.
Otkazal pod'jacij.
Vzjatki zachotel'z.
Tut robjata prinjalija
Za izbusku, oj,
Pocali taskat'
Tesovuju-to kysu.

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

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

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

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

POD'JACU
Gospodil!
Ot strel'cov lichich oboron!

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

POD'JACU
Cto mne delat'?

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Citaj nam nadpis.

POD'JACU
Mudrenno, nesto, pisano.
Gospodil!
Priska ...priska moja
Smertuska!

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

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

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Nam-to cto? Citaj!

POD'JACU
Tak totokenad moja golovuska!
"Izvoleniem boz'im za nas,
Velikih gosudarej,
Nadvomyja pechoty
Polkov moskovskih,
I puskari, i zatinscki
Or velikih k nim nalog i obid
I ot nepravdy pobili:

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

POD'JACU
Kniazja Telepnju
Knutom da v sylku;
Kniazja Romodanovskogo ubili:
Turkam Cigirin sdal;
Toz ubili dumnogo
D'jaka Larionova,
Syna Vasil'ja:

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Vot-no zveri!

POD'JACU
Vedal gadiny otravnye
Na gosudarskoe zdrov'e...

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Nu eto podelom.

POD'JACU
Esce bojar pobili...

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Kakich bojar?

POD'JACU
Brjancevych...

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Esce kogo?
POD'JACIJ
Vsech Solncevych...

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

POD'JACIJ
Cini li deneznu i chlebnu...
Peredacu vse v perevod...
Zabyv strach bozij...

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Vot ono cto.

POD'JACIJ
A tem... kto slovom zlym
Recennych ludej,
Nadvornju pechotu
Polkov moskovskich, obzovet...

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Slys' ty! Slasaj, bratcy!

POD'JACIJ
I tem... nas...
Milostiviy ukaz...
Cinit, bez vsjakiha poscady."

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

POD'JACIJ
Kak pered bogom, bratcy!

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

Scene Three

MAL'CISKI
Aj da! Veselo!

ZENSCINY
Aj, znamo, baby!
Zatjanem pesnu!

MAL'CISKI
Ljubo!

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

POD'JACIJ
Sam ljutij zver' na vas idet,
Vsjak celovek pust' proc' deret!

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Da nu te k d'javolu!

ZENSCINY
Belomu lebedju
Put' prostoren...

STREL'CY
4. Bol'soj idet!

MAL'CISKI
Ej, proc' s dorogi!

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

STREL'CY
Bol'soj idet!

MAL'CISKI
Slava Bat'ke!

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

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

ZENSCINY
Slava lebedju, slava!
Slava belomu!

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

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

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Vot tak, bratcy.
Ljubo, ljubo!
Ctoj-to za prazdnik na Moskve?
Cto ni den',
To pir goroi!
To pir goroiu!
ZENSCINY I MAL'CIISKI
Prostor emu.

STREL'CY
Storonis' narod!

MOSKOVSKIE PRISLYE LJUDI
Strel'cy-to rovno palaci!

ZENSCINY I MAL'CIISKI
Prostor emu i slava!

STREL'CY
Sam Bol'soj idet!

STREL'CY
Boi'soj posel.

NAROD
Slava Bat'ke!

NAROD
Slava! Slava Bol'somu!

STREL'CY
Boi'soj idet!

NAROD
Slava! Slava!

NAROD
Slava!

Scene Four

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

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

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

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Aj, Spesiva stala golubka da
V kogtjah v sokola.

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

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Kak cboroso ty, ptaska,
Vo gneve:
Slovnjo za maly ich
Prencov vstrepenulasja.
Ach, poljubi menja, krasavica;
Ach, ne tupi ty oci jasnye o syru zemlju...
EMMA
Pustite menja!
Esli nado,
Skorej ubejte menja...
Ubejte!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Otdajsa mne!

EMMA
Boze moj!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Ne pytaj menja!

EMMA
Cto on govori?

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Poimu tebja v caricy, Emma...

EMMA
Cto éto, boze moj!

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

EMMA
Boze, ty krepost'
I zascita!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Otdajsa z mne!

MARFA
Otdajsa emu.

EMMA
Knjaz'!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Ljubi menja!

MARFA
Ljubi ego!

EMMA
Knjaz', ostav'te menja!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Emma!

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

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Nu tak siloj sgibnet
Golubku sokol jarostnyj.

EMMA
Spasite, spasite,
O, pomogite!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Nyet spasen'ja golubke,
Cto v kogtjach sokolinykh!

EMMA
Pomogite! Spasite!

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

MARFA
Ja zdes'.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Marfa?

MARFA
Tak, tak, kniže!
Ostalsja ty veren mne!
Vidno, skoro, moj ljubij.
Opostyla ja.
Kljalsja, bozilsja ty,
Moj kniže,
Cto neizmenis' mne;
To'ko ne v poru
Byla ta kljatva,
Ljubij mnoj.
Teper' druguju imes':

EMMA
Ja ne vinovna!
Poscadite menja!

MARFA
Bud' s neju scastliy ty.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Sam bes tolnknl sjuda
Ved'mu ljutuju!

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

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

MARFA
Ja znaju vse; na grech mnoj,
Vse ja videla.
Zorkim strazem o tebe
Ja stanu;
Prituplju ja
Kogti zlova sokola.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Slovo zmej sipit!
Ujmu ja tebja, dosadnju;
Budet tebe, rake,
Tesit'sja.

MARFA
Ty neporocna, cista,
Ne vinna ty.

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

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

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Umolkni, ved'ma!

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

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

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

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Nyet, nepoddamsja ja;
Nyet, pokoncu razom s neju.
Slychala I ty, krasavica,
Pro nekogo melodika:
Kak s svoej vozljub1ennoj,
Cto opostylato, on, lich molodec,
Razvedalsja bez okolicnosti,
A i vychvatił on vostryj noz...

EMMA
Ach!

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

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

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
D'javol sam nagnal
Zluju ved'nu pyt'tan' menja!
Slovno curovana.
I vostryj noz nejmet ee;
Besstrasna, ozloblena;
I nyet otnyne zapeta ej!

Scene Five

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

NAROD
Slava lebedju!

STREL'CY
Bat'ka idet!

MARFA
Mcatsja usopsich dusi!

NAROD
Bo'l'somu slava!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Otec idet.

EMMA
Cto tam?

MARFA
Bo'l'soj idet.

NAROD
Slava lebedju. slava belomu.
Slava bojarinu samomu bo'l'somu!

EMMA
Boze. ty krepot' moja!
STREL'CY
Bat'ka idet.

NAROD
Lebedju chod sirok daj boze!

STREL'CY
Spasi boze nasego Bat'ku!

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

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

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

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Proc', skazal ja!

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

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Kniaz'-batjuska!

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

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Kniaz'-batjuska!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Cto?
Kto mozet velet' nam?
Kto smeet protivit'sja nam?
Vo imja velikich gosudarej,
Preslavnych i vsemosnych...

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Batjuska!

Scene Six

DOSIFEJ
7. Stoj!
Besnovatye!
Pocito besnuetes'?

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Al' my ne vlastny?

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

DOSIFEJ
Marfa,
Swed-ko ljuterku domoj;
Da na puti zasitcoj vernej
Bud' ej, cado moe.

MARFA
Otce, blagoslovi.

DOSIFEJ
Mir ty!
A vy, besnovatye!
Esce sprosu:
Pocito besnuetes'?
Prispeko vremja mraka
I gibeli dusevnoj:
Vozmoze Gordad!
I ot stremin gor'kich.
I ot jazvin svoich
Izysosa ostuplenie
 Ot istinnoj verkvi russkoj.
Brat'ja, drugi.
Vremja za veru
Stat' pravoslavnuju!
Na prju grijadem.
Na prju velikiju.
I noet grud'...
I serdce zjabnet...
Otstoim li veru svijatu?
Pomogite, pravoslavnye!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Strel'cy!
Zivo! V Kremli!
Vzjat' vse karaul
I zorkim byt';
Vse vchody i vychody
Stere' neotstupno.
Gospod' chranit Moskvu!

STREL'CY
Kost'mi i za veru ljazem.

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

DOSIFEJ
Gospod!
Ne dazd' odoleti sile vraz'ej;
Otce!
Zastupi ot lichich
Tvoe otkrovenie
Na blago cadam tvoi!
Brat'ja, tjažko mnе!
Vozmozem li spasti?
Pojte, brat'ja,
Pjesni otrecenija o mira sego!
Grijadem na prju.

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

DOSIFEJ
Otce!
Serdce otkryto tebe.

CERNYE RAZJASONOSCY
Boze nas!
Blagij! Podkrepi!

ACT TWO
Scene One

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

Carevna, v zabotjach tjagostnych
O blage gosudarej mladых,
Strasti kipucej predana,
Mecte o minuvsem naslad'eni
Vsecasno otdaetsja...
Verit' li kijatve zensciny
Vlastoljubivoj i sil'noj?
Vecnoe sommen'e, vo vsem, vsegda!
Nyet, ne poddamsja ja
Obmanu mecty pustoj,
Odurjajuscich minutnych
Nasladzenij.
Vam, konecno,
Verju ja ochotno,
No s vami otoroznost' nadobna,
Ne to kak raz v nemilost' ...
A tam...
Golovu naproc'!
Otorozno, getman-knjaž'.
Ba!
Pis'mo oto matuski-knaginia!
Skacut posly
S kaznoju knajeneckoj
Dlja slyav potomka velikich,
Slavnich predkov.
Dlja del bol'sich
Bo'le den'gi nadobny.
"Ty, svet moj, sam vedaes',
Kakov ty mne nadoben,
Doroze dusi
Moej gresnoj.
Derzisja cistoty
Dusevnoj i telesnoj;
Sam znaes', kak... to...
Bogu ljubo"...
Cto eto?
Predznamenovan'e. cto l'?
Cem grozit resenie sud'by moej?
Cernie dumy dusy pytajut;
Bessil'ny my
Postignut' tajnu;
Nictozna vlast',
Nictozen razum...
"Derzisja cistoty
Dusevnoj i telesnoj ...:
To bogu ljubo"...
Kto tam?

VARSONOF'EV
Svetlejsij knjaž'.

GOLICYN
Nu!

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

GOLICYN
Tak pust' vojdet!
PASTOR
Ja znaju svjascennyj vas obycaj.
Knjaz',
Nikogda ne otvergat'
Prosenij synov Evropy,
Ljubimoj vami!
Prostitute,
Ja osmelilja trevozit' vas,
V vysokih dumach vasic!

GOLICYN
Prosu vas mne povedat', pastor,
Cem tak smuscheny vy;
Ne stesnjates',
Prosu vas, skazite mne,
Cto trevozit' vas?

PASTOR
Zloba i nenavist',
Prezen'ja meschen'ja zazda,
Celyj mir prokljatych
Protivorecij terzajut serdce moe.

GOLICYN
Cto s vami?

PASTOR
Knjaz' Chovanskij, junior...

GOLICYN
Un!

PASTOR
Segodnja na ploscadi...

GOLICYN
Nu ze!

PASTOR
Obidel devusku...

GOLICYN
Vot kak!

PASTOR
Nescastnju sirotku...

GOLICYN
Emmu?

PASTOR
Da, knjaz'!

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

PASTOR
Boze moj!

GOLICYN
No esli budet vam
Ugodno prosit',
v predelach darovannoj mne vlasti.
Ob uluksen'jach
I o 'gotach.
Vozmoznjxh dlja vas,
Dlja pastvy vasej...

PASTOR
Udobnyj slucaj!

GOLICYN
Ja s ucast'jem primu
Prosen'ye vase,
Vedomo uz vam
Moe raspolozen'e.
Gоворите, gerr pastor.

PASTOR
Ja smuschen...
Ja opasajus'...

GOLICYN
Cto z vy?

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

GOLICYN
Ja predlozil by vam.
Pastor,
Poskromnee mectat'.

PASTOR
Knjaz', umoljaju:
Vyslasajte...

GOLICYN
Rechnulis' cto li vy,
Il' smelosti nabralis';
Rossiju chottite
Kirkami zastroit'!
Da, kstati: 
Segodnja ja Zdu
K sebe na sovescane

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

PASTOR
Knjaz’, ja ponjal...
Prostite.

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

GOLICYN
Nachal, projdocha...
V oveč’ej skure Volk!
Opjat’!

VARSONOF’EV
Svetelejsij knjaz’!

GOLICYN
Nu kto tam esce, a?

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

GOLICYN
Svoja li golova
Na plechach u tebja,
Ali’ cuzaja?

VARSONOF’EV
Prostite. Knjaz’,
Obmolvilisja.
Ta zenscina, cto casto
K vam prichodit
Za sovetom...

GOLICYN
Un, to-to ze. Pozvat’!

Scene Two

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

GOLICYN
Vremja potajnych navetov;
Vremja izmen i korysti;
Grijadusce sokryto
Pokrovom tumnanny;
Trepesces’ za kazdyj mig
Naprasonoj zizni.
Uznaiš velikuju stradu-pecal'
I lisen'ja, knjaze moj;
V toj strade,
Gorjuchih slezach
Poznaes'
Vsju pravdu zemli...

GOLICYN
Sgń'!
Skorej utopit' na bolote...
Ctoby spletli ne vyslo!

Scene Three

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

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

GOLICYN
Prosu prisest'.

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

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

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

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

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

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Un, soizvoljaem,
Kuda ni slo!

GOLICYN
Byt' mozet, ja bojar
Obidel meroj krutoju,
No neizbeznoj
Tol'ko stranno mne,
Cto ja, pri etom,
O vas sovsem zabyl,
Knjaz' Chovanskij,
Chotja i zna1, ja,
Cto vam zaviden bil
Bojarin tot, cto, pomnityte,
Pri care Aleksie,
Za mesto obidel'sja
Gorazo i, za trapezoi,
Zatiska1sja pod stol,
Gorjucimi slezami
Oblivajas' i chnyca,
Toc'-toc' nakazannyj
Rebenok.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Nu cto ty breses' tam!

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

Scene Four

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ

Dovol'no, knjaz'.
Ja vyslusival tebja spokojno.
Ja ne prepjaststvoval
Tebe v zlorec';
Vyslusaj i ty menja.
I ty mne ne prepjaststvy.
Znaes li ty,
C'ja krov' vo mne?
Gedemina krov' vo mne,
Vot cto knjaz';
I potomu kiclivosti tvoej
Ne poterplju ja.
Cem kicis'sja?
Nyet, izvol', skazi mne:
Cem kicis'sja ty?
Nebos' ne slavnym
Ratnym li pochodom,
Kogda polkov t'm tem',
Bez bojar,
Ty golodom smoril.

I ty, koja' Chovanskij,
Ty, vladyka vsemoscnyj,
Pred kem vsja Moskva
Lezala vo prache,
Krov'ju oblivajas'
Ty nigde mesta
Ne nachodis!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ

Dovol'no, knjaz'.
Ja vyslusival tebja spokojno.
Ja ne prepjaststvoval
Tebe v zlorec';
Vyslusaj i ty menja.
I ty mne ne prepjaststvy.
Znaes li ty,
C'ja krov' vo mne?
Gedemina krov' vo mne,
Vot cto knjaz';
I potomu kiclivosti tvoej
Ne poterplju ja.
Cem kicis'sja?
Nyet, izvol', skazi mne:
Cem kicis'sja ty?
Nebos' ne slavnym
Ratnym li pochodom,
Kogda polkov t'm tem',
Bez bojar,
Ty golodom smoril.

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

GOLICYN
Dosifej! Prosu
V predelah derzat'sja.
Ty zabyl,
Cto u knjazej obyczaj svoj,
Ne tvoj, ljubeznyj.
IVAN CHOVAŃSKIJ
Vestimo, slava bogu!

DOSIFEJ
Knjaź'ja!
Poslał li gospod' vsemoguscij
Sovet i mudrost' vam.

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

DOSIFEJ
Poznali l' vy, knjaź'ja,
Gde svjatoj Rusi pogibel'
I v cem Rusi spasan'ë?
Cto z primolkli?

GOLICYN
Da nado silv znat'.
Gde eti sily?

DOSIFEJ
Nasi?
V serdce boz'em
I vere svjatoj.

GOLICYN
Da etogo konecno.
Nyet, inye sily!

DOSIFEJ
Kakie tut inye sily,
Kogda krest'janstvo
Domys pobrosali
I vzrozn' bredut.

GOLICYN
Un, znacit
Koncena beseda.

DOSIFEJ
A ty cto mnis', Chovanskij knja'?

IVAN CHOVAŃSKIJ
Ja?
Toł'ko ostav'ë mne
Strel'cov moich, i,
Vidit bog,
Ja Moskvu sbereg
I so vseju Rus'sju splavljus'.

GOLICYN
Tak.
A pravlenie kakoe?

IVAN CHOVAŃSKIJ
Kak kakoe?
Moe, nadejus'.

GOLICYN
A ty cto mnis' ob étom?
DOSIFEJ
O pravlen’i?
Po starine mirskoj,
Po starym knigam.
A das’se sam
Narod podskazet.

GOLICYN
Un, k starine
Nesliskom prilezu,
Priznat’ija.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Vis’. pryto! As’?

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

GOLICYN
Dosifej!
Izmenoj ne kori menja;
Ja ot sebia ne otrekal’sja.
Kak ty.
K otcizne ljubov’ moja,
Byt’ mozet, vyse tvoich
Potacek starine mirskoj.

DOSIFEJ
Vo mne i v gnev’ moem
Narodnyj gnev i vopli
Ty dolzen slysat’,
Knjaž’!
Narod bezit v lesa
I debri ot vasich
Novestv lukavych.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Pravda!
Vot ja: ja ved’ toze ponjal sut’;
Knjazju-to klicivomu
Vse govoril, tak ze,
vse govoril:
Knjaž’, Ne rus’ ty stariny.
A on, gijads’,
Mesta bojaram sokrati.

DOSIFEJ
Smotreby luce
za strel’camy, knjaž’.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
A cto strel’cy?

DOSIFEJ
Mamone sluzat.
Belijala ctut;

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

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

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

GOLICYN
Cto? Cto éto?
V moem domu prosu
Obycaj sobljudit’!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Ne obzvapat’ menja napraslinoj!

GOLICYN
Gostej moich prosil by
Uvazat’, poctennyj!

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

IVÁN KHOVANSKY
Pobedichom,
Pobedichom,
Posramichom,
Prerekochom,
Prerekochom
Necesitvich!

DOSIFEJ
Prebud’te ne my
I vnemlite doblij tem,
V put’ gospoda grijadusim!

GOLICYN
Cto takoe?

DOSIFEJ
Vy, bojare,
Tof’ko na slovach gorazdy...

DOSIFEJ
A vot kto delaat.
Gljan’te, gljan’te;
Se grjadut!
IVÁN KOHANSKY
Posramichom,
Posramichom,
Prerekochom,
Prerekochom
I preprechom
Eres’ necestija
I zla streminy
Vrazie.
Prerekochom
Nikon’jancev
I preprechom!

IVAN CHOANSKII
Molodcy, rebjeta, licho!

GOLICYN
Kto molodcy?

DOSIFEJ
Prerekochom!
I preprechom
Nikoniancev izuecienie,
Nasadichom vertograd gospoden’,
Sobljudochom veru pravuju,
Vo slavu zizditelja vselennye.

IVÁN KOHANSKY
Prerekochom!
Preprechom
Necestivych nikoniancev.

GOLICYN
Raskol!

IVAN CHOANSKII
Ljubo!
Nami da starinoj
Paki Rus’ vozveselitsja!

Scene Five

MARFA
5. Knjaze, knjaze!
Ne veli kaznit’,
Veli milovat’!

GOLICYN
Oboroten’. Oboroten’!

IVAN CHOANSKII
Gospod’ s toboj!
Cto ty, knjaz’?
Eto Marfa.

DOSIFEJ
Cto s toboju.
Ditja voziublennoe?

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

Toł’ko. po zadvorkam,
Sast’! -Klevret.
Ja domeknulas’;
Sledit za mnoj, vidno.
Bylo za Belgorod,
Blizko &laquo;Bolota&raquo;.
Tut pri &laquo;Bolote&raquo;
Dusit’ menja pocal,
Bajal: ty nakazal, knjaze.
Ja ne poverila,
Ja zabranilas’;
A on, zlojej,
Zlobu vymestit’ dumal.
Dolgo borolis’,
Gibel’ grozila mne...
Tut, uz, ne pomnju kak,
Sluch priselsja,
Toľ’ko, kto sly, ja vyrvalas’ ...
Slava ty, boze!
Petrovcy podospel...
A na zadvorkach court i derzut.

GOLICYN, IVAN CHOANSKII, DOSIFEJ
Petrovcy!

MARFA
Da. Potesnye progulkoj,
Cto li, sli.

VARSONOF’EV
Saklovityj!

SAKLOVITYJ
Knjaz’ja!
Catevna velela vest’ vam dat’:
V Izmajlovskom sele donos pribit:
Chovanske na
Carstvo pokusilis’.

IVAN CHOANSKII
Chovanske!

DOSIFEJ
Mectan’ja bros’!
A cto skazal car’ Petr?

SAKLOVITYJ
Obozval “chovanscinoj”
I velel syskat’.

Scene Six

ACT THREE

Scene One

CERNORJASCY
7. Posramichom,
Posramichom,
Prerekochom,
Prerekochom
I preprechom
Eres’ necestija i zla streminy
Vrazie!
Prerekochom
Nikon'jancev
I prereprehom!
Pobedichom,
Posramichom,
Posramichom,
Pobedichom eres'!
Eres' necestija,
Zla stremniny
Vrazie
I prereprehom!
Pobedichom!
Necestija...
Prezrecbom
I prereprehom!

Scene Two

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

Scene Three

SUSANNA
9. Grech!
Tjazki, neiskupimyj grech.
Ad! Ad vizu paljascij,
Besov likovan'e,
Adskie zera pylajut,
Kipit smola krasnoplamennaya.

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

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

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

SUSANNA
Gospodi!

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

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

MARFA
Nyet, mati, nyet,
Tof'ko vyslusaj.
Esli ty kogda ponjat' Mogn a zaznobu
Serda istradavsego;
Esli ty mogla
Zelannoj byt',
Ljubvi k milomu
Otdat'sja dusoj!

SUSANNA
Mnogo, mnogo by
Grechov prostilosja
Mat, bolezna,
Mnogim by sama prostila ty,
Ljubvi krucinu
Serdcem ponimajuci.
SUSANNA
Cto so mnoju?
Gospodi, cto so mnoju!
Al' ja slaba na razum stala!
Al' chitryj bes me ne
Sepcat zlo!

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

SUSANNA
Boze, boze moj!
Besa otzeni
Ot menja jarostnogo.
Skova
dserdce mne
Zazda mesti neugomonnaja!
Ty...
Ty iskusila menja.
Ty obol'stila menja.
Ty vsevila v menja
Adskoj zloby duch.
Na sud, na bratnij sud;
Na groznij cerkvi sud!
Pro cary zhe tvoi
Ja na sude povem!
Ja na vozdvignu tebe
Koster pylajuscij!

DOSIFEJ
Pocto mijatesija?

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

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

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

Na bratnij sud,
Na groznij cerkvi
Sud!

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

SUSANNA
Nyet!
Ne poddamsja ja!

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

Scene Four

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

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

DOSIFEJ
Knjaz' Andreem-to?

MARFA
Da.

DOSIFEJ
Cinitsja?

MARFA
Zarezat' dumal.

DOSIFEJ
A ty cto s nim?
MARFA
Slovno sveti bozie,
My s nim skoro zateplimsja.
Okrest braťa vo plameni,
A v dymu i v ogne
My s nim nosimsja!

DOSIFEJ
Goreť!
Strasnoe delo!
Ne vremja, ne vremja,
Golubka.

MARFA
Ach, otce!
Strasnaia pytna ljubov'moja,
Den' i noc'
Duse pokojna;
Zavet ne bregu i grechovna,
Prestupna ljubov'moja.

DOSIFEJ
Marfa,
Ditja moe ty bolesnoe!
Menja prositi!
Iz grechnyh pervyj az esmi!
V gospodnej vole
Novolja nasa.
Idem otsele!
Terpi, golubuska;
Ljubov' moja,
Kazni skorej, kaznimenja;
Ach, ne scaditi:
Pust' umret plot'moja,
Da smerti'ju ploti
Duch moj spasetsja.

Scene Five

SAKLOVITYJ
11. Spit streleckoe gnezdo.
Spi, russkij ljud:
Vorog ne dremit.
Ach ty, v sud'bine
Zloscastnaja, rodnaia Rus'.
Kto z, kto tebja, pecal'nuju,
Ruku na sud'bu tvoju?
Al' nedrug zloj nalozit
Poizvy zdet?
Ach, rodnaia!
A ni, ni, oj, nyet,
Poizvy zdet?
Ach, rodnaia!
Vorogam tvoim!
Vspomni, pomjani ty

Detej tvoich,
K tebe ved'
Laskovych i bolesnych!
Stonalia ty pod
Jaremom tatarki, sla.
Brela za umom bojarskim;
Ty dan'ju tatarsam
Vrazdu knjazev spokoila;
Ty mestom bojarskim
Bojar služit' ponudila!
Propala dan' tatarkaja,
Restala vlast' bojarska,-
A ty, pecal'nica,
Strazdei' i terpis!
Gospodi!
Ty, s vysot bespredel'nych
Nas grechyn mir ob'emljuscij,
Ty, veduj vsja tajnaja serdec,
Boljascich, izmucennych,
Nisposli ty razuma
Svet blagodatnij na Rus'

Scene Six

STREL'CY
12. Podnimaja, molodcy!

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

SAKLOVITYJ
Prosnulos' stado!
Pastva smirennaja
Chovanskich velemudryh!

STREL'CY
Sobirajtesja, strel'cy!

STREL'CY
Ali golovuska bolit,
Ali serdce scemit.

SAKLOVITYJ
Ne dolog srok:
Pesnja skoro spoetsja!

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

STREL'CY
Al' za etim stalo delo!
STREL'CY
Vali valom!

STREL'CY
Ach, ne bylo, ach,
Ne bylo pecali.
Toľ'ko zla,
Prezla nastojka
Chmel'naja.

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

STREL'CY
Svalilsja,
Ach, povalilsja strelec;
Ne budi ego
Krescenyj lud,
Daj otcobdnut' strel'cu.

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

STREL'CY
Goj!
Podnimalsja aj,
Vozbudalsja strelec.
Slovnno vstat' prvelos'
Na grech solevoj
Nozen'ki, aj'!

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

STRELECKIE ZENY
Ach, okajanny propojcy,
Ach, kolobrodniki otpetye!
Nyet kazni vam,
Nyet uderzu!
Zen i sem'i zabyli.
Detok malych pokinuli
Na razoren'e, na pogibel'
Ach, okajanny propojcy,
I, kolobrodniki otpetye,
Nyet kazni vam,
Nyet uderzu,
Nyet vam gorja,
Okajanny propojcy,
Propojcy!

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

STREL'CY
Bran' podnjali,
Opolcujutsja!
Baby, slysis, dopol'no!

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

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

STREL'CY
Och, trudnen'ko
Babam-to
Spravljat'sja,
Cto s muzskoj siloj,
A i muz ney volej.

STRELECKIE ZENY
Gde z by tut muzskaja sila,
Ne v propoystve li ta volja!

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

STRELECKIE ZENY
Gor'koe gore
Terpim my i tak uz!
STREL'CY
Kuz'ka!

KUZ'KA
Az'?

STREL'CY
Kuz'ka!

STREL'CY
Ty povol'nam,  
Pomos'c' daj, druzisce!

STREL'CY
Strels'yi!  
Utes' nemilostivych bab-to!

STREL'KY
Cto vy, drugi!

STREL'CY
Nukos'!

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

STRELECKIE ZENY
Auh! Auh!...

STREL'CY
Licho, Kuz'ka!

STRESLECKIE ZENY
Bojtes'. bojtes',  
Molodcy
Spletny, zlo-prezloj,  
Cto gvoir-to lih bojdoj,  
Cto kaznit ves' rod ljudskoj.

STREL'CY
Spletnja  
Po zastenkam sljals',  
Spletnja s palacom jaksalas',  
Vseh donosih to smanila,  
Zlatom, serebran darila.

STREL'CY
Ne gnsulas'i pod'jacih,  
Tech, cto per'jami skrypjat.

STREL'CY
Da, gljadi podi,  
Puskajut zizn'  
Ljudskoj naprakat.

KUZ'KA
Spletnja sto'ko nacudila,  
Cto i um ljudskoj smutila,  
Ljudi sepsectsja i ligut,  
Pravdy vovse  
Ne berut;  
To'ko Spletno poklonis',  
Ot uma ty otkazis';  
Spletnja vse vverch  
Dnom postavit  
I proslavlenih  
Besslavit.

KUZ'KA
Zavodilas' v zakoloch,  
Gde-to v temnych pereulkach,  
Zavodilas' baby zalaja,  
Odimokaja, bol'saja.  
Stala dumat' da gadiat':  
Kak by ljudjam pomesat',  
Kak by milym naplesli,  
Bab by mu'n'jami razvesti.

STREL'CY
Kak ze babu tu nazvat'?  

STREL'CY
Baba ta sama nazvalas',  
Spletny, zloju otklikalas',  
Mnogo bed ona tvorit,  
Na nedobroe manit.
KUZ'KA
Spletnic, spletnikov...

VMESTE
Na sud!

Scene Seven

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

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

STREL'CY
Al'ty bressis'! D'javol!

STREL'CY
Vidno, lovko trepanuli!

STREL'CY
Vot tak strusil!

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

STREL'CY
Podelom tebe, prokljatyj!

POD'JACU
Oj, lichon'ko!
Nyet, ne bili menja,
Nyet, ne trepali menja,
I ni ust moich,
Ni sluch ne oskvernjal!

STREL'CY
Kakaja z nelegkaja
Silapl'sanaja k nam,
Slis', tebja nevpopad
Podto'knula?

POD'JACU
Strach poputa!
Smert' zapugala!

STREL'CY
Vot cto.

STREL'CY
Chiter ved' toze!

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

STREL'CY
I ziv otsele ne ujdet!

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

STREL'CY
Rejtary?

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

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

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

STREL'CY
Vres'! Vres' zdodej!
Ne pravda!

STRELECKIE ZENY
Gospodi, boze nas!

POD'JACU
Vdrug na podmogu rejta,
Otkuda vzjalsja,
Petrovcy podospeli,
I svalka vcalas':
Gore!
Strel'cy iznemogli!
STRELECKIE ZENY I STREL'CY
Gore nam! Gore nam!
Gore! Gore!

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

Scene Eight

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

STRELECKIE ZENY
Sprosim!

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

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

STRELECKIE ZENY
Detki prosjat.

STREL'CY
Tebj a zovut.

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

STREL'CY
Batja, Batja,
Vyjdi k nam!

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

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

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Zdorovo, detki,
Na dobyj cas zdorovo!

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

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

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

STREL'CY
Vedi nas v boj!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
V boj?
Pomnите, detki, kak my,
Po scikolku v krov, Moskva ot vorogov lichich
Oboronjali i sobljuli;
Nynce ne to:
Strasen car' Petr!
Idite v domy vasi,
Spokojo zdite
Sud'by resen'e!

Proscajte, proscajte!

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

ACT FOUR

Tableau One

Scene 1

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

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
S cego zagolosili,
Spasi bog,
Slovno mverteca v zilisce
Becnoe provodjat.
I tak uz na Rusi velikoj
Ne veselo, ne radostno zivetsja;
A tut babij voj slysat':
Zabavno.
I vpol', i skrezet:
Cudesno, spasi bog.
Veselju, da pobojce,
Pesnju mne.
Vy slysite?

KREST'JANKI
Kak povolis', bojarin knjaze.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Cego povolit?

KREST'JANKI
Kak izvolis', bojarin knjaze.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Cego vam tam izvolit'?

KREST'JANKI
Gajducka? Gajducka?

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Cto vy sepcetes'!
Poje!

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

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Bojcej! Vot tak!

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

Scene Two

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
2. Ty zacem?
Osmelilsja vojti?

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

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Poberegis'?

KLEVRRET
Tebe grozit beda neminucaja.

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

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

Scene Three

3. Orchestra

Scene Four

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
4. Ty zacem?

SAKLOVITYJ
K tebe, knjaz'.

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Znaju, cto ko mne.
Zacem?

SAKLOVITYJ
I bez obycaja...

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
I ty posemlj

SAKLOVITYJ
Knjaz'!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
Nu!

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

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

SAKLOVITYJ
Knjaz'!

IVAN CHOVANSKIJ
My, kazis',
Nemalo delom,
I sovetom, i vsjaceski
Carevne ugozdali;
Teper', nebos',
Drugie ej sovteniki posluzat!

SAKLOVITYJ
Tejby pervym izvolila nazvat',
Knjaž'.
Mol: bez tvoich uslug
Sovet ne mozet obojit'sja.

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

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

SAKLOVITYJ
Belomu lebedju slava.
Ladu, ladu.

Tableau Two

Scene Five

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

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

Scene Six

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

MARFA
Otce!

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

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

DOSIFEJ
Vot cto.

MARFA
Da!

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

MARFA
Voz' mu.

DOSIFEJ
Terpi, golubuska,
Ljubi, kak ty ljubila,

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58
I slavy vencom
Pokroetsja imjatvoe.
Prostoi!

MARFA
Teper’ prispeilo vremja
Prijat’ ot gospoda
V ogne i plameni
Venec slavy vecnya!

Scene Seven

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

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

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

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

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Emmu, Emmu otdaj ty mne!

MARFA
Gordyj batja tvoj ubit,
Kaznen izmenoj,
I gresnyj trup ego
Lezit nepogrebennyj;
Tof’ko veter vol’nyj
Po-nad nim guljaet,
Tof’ko zver’ dosuzij
Okrest bati chodit,
Da tof’ko tebja vdo’!
Po vsej Moskve iscut.

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Ja ne verju tebe,
Ja ptoklinaju tebja!
Ty siloj duchov t’my
I carami uzasnymi tvoimi
Menja privorozila.
Serdc moe i izn’
Mne razbila!
Koldovkoj obzovu tebja,
A strel’ ty cernokniznizcej
Dobavjat;
Na kostre sgoris’
Ty vsenarodno.

MARFA
Zovi streľcov!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Cto eto?

MARFA
Trubi esce!

Scene Eight

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

MARFA
Cto z ne zoves’ strel’cov?

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
Spasi menja!

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

MARFA
Spokoen bud’.
Smerej id!

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

STREL’CY
Gospodi boze,
Poscadi nas,
Gospodi boze,
Ne vzysci po grecham nasim!
STREL'CICHI
Ne daj poscady,
Kazni okajannych,
Car'-batjuska!

STREL'CY
Otce vsemoguscij,
Pomiluj dushi gresnye nas!

STREL'CY
Smlujusja, smlujusja,
Car'-batjuska,
Car'-batjuska!

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

ACT FIVE

Scene Two

DOSIFEJ
10. Bratija!
Vnemlйте glasu oktrovenija
Vo imja presvjatoe tvorca
I gospoda sil!

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

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

ACT FIVE

Scene One

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

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

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

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

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

CERNORIZKI
Strasny kovy antichrista!

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

CERNORIZKI
Brag celovekov,
Knjaz' mira sego vossta!

CERNORIZKI
Bespredel'na zloba ego!

CERNORIZKI
Smert' idet. Spasajtesja!

CERNORIZKI
Bligko brag.
Muzajtesja!

CERNORIZKI I CERNORIZKI
Polem i ognom svascenym
My obelimsja
Vo slavu vecnuju gospoda!
Predvecnogo,
Bessmertnogo tvorca!
Scene Three

MARFA

12. Podvigis'.
Gospodi,
Ne utaju skorbi moej;
Do dnes' terzaet dusu moju
Izmena ego.
Boze, grech moj -
Serdce moe; uslyshi mja!
Zazdu spasti ja
Sovest' ego po kljatve ego,
I stracha ne poim uiskijenija.
Prosti mja silouo tvoye ljbvi,
Gospodi!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ

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

MARFA

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

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ

Marfa!

MARFA

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

Scene Four

RASKOL'NIKI

13. Gospodi slavy, grjadi vo slavy tvoju!

DOSIFEJ

Bratija, podvizhemsja,
Vo gospode pravdy i ljubvi
Da uzrim svet!

DOSIFEJ, RASKOL'NIKI

Da sginiut plotskie kozni
Ada ot lica
Svetla pravdy i ljubvi!

MARFA, RASKOL'NIKI

Gospod' moj,
Zascnitik i pokrovitel',
Paset mja.
DOSIFEI, RASKOL'NIKI
Gospoda pravdy ispovemny,
Nichto lisit nas.

MARFA
Vspomni, pompjani Svetlyj mig!

ANDREJ CHOVANSKIJ
O, Emma, Emmal

DOSIFEI I RASKOL'NIKI
Amin'.

PRISLYE LJUDI
Och ty,
Rodnaja matuska Rus',
Nyet tebe pokoja,
Nyet puti;
Grud'ju krepro
Stala ty za nas,
Da tebja z,
Rodimuju, gnetut.
V neurjadice
Da v pravezech ty zila,
Zila, stonal;
Kto z teper' tebja,
Rodimuju, kto utesit,
Uspokoi?

END

CD11
Pesni i Plaski Smerti
Texts: Golenischev-Kutusov
1. Kolîbel'neya
Stonet rebyonok, svecha, nagoraya,
Tusklo mertsayet krugom.
Tseluyu noch, kolîbel'ku kachaya,
Mat' ne zabylasa snom.
Ranym-ranyokhonko v dver ostorozhno
Smert' serdobol'naya stuk!
Vzdrognula mat', oglyanulas trevozhno...
"Polno pugat'sa, moy drug!
Blednoe utro uzh smotrej v okoshko,
Placha, toskuya, lyublya,
Ty utomilas, vzdemniki-ka nemnozhko,
Ya posizhi za tebya.
Ugomonit' ty ditya ne sumela;
Slachche tebya ya spoyu."
"Tishe! Rebyonok moy mechetsa, byotsa,
Dushu terzayet moyu!"
"Nu, da so mnou on skoro uymyotsa,
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."
"Shchochki bledneyut, slabeyet dykhan'ye..."
Da zamolchi zhe, molyu!"
"Dobroye znamen'e: stikhnet stradan'e.
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."
"Proch ty, proklyataya! Laskoy svoeyu
Sgubish ty radost' moyu."
"Net, mirny son ya mladentsu naveyu:
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."

"Szał'sa, pozhdı dopevat', khot' mnogoven'ye
Strashnuju pesnju tvoyu!"
"Vidish, usnul on pod tikhoe pen'ye.
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."

2. Serenade
Nega vol'shebnaya, noch golubaya,
Trepetnym sumrak vesny...
Vnemlet, poniknuv golovkoy, bol'naya
Shopot nochnoy tishiny.
Son ne smykayet blestystashchie ochi,
Zhizh k naslazdenyu zovot!
A pod okoshkom v molchany polnichi
Smert' serenadu poyat:
"V mrake nevoli, surovoi i tesnoy,
Molodost' vyanet tvoya,
Rytsar nevedomy, siloy chudesnoy
Osvobozhu ya tebya.
Vstan, posmotri na sebya: krasotoyu
Lik tvoy prozrachny blestit,
Shchiki rumyany, volnistoy kosoyu
Stan tvoy kak tuchey obvit.
Prital'nykh glaz goluboye siyan'e
Yarche nebes i ognya...
Znoyem poludennym veyet dykhan'e...
Ty obol'stila meny.
Slukh tvoy plenilsa moyey serenadoy,
Rystsarya shopot tvoy zval.
Rytsar prishol za posledney nagradoy:
Chas upoyen'ya nastal.
Nezhen tvoy stan, upoitelens trepet,
O, zadushu ya tebya
V kreppikh ob'yat'yakh; lyubovny moy lepet
Slushay... molchi... Ty moyl!

3. Trepak
Les da polany, bezlyud'e krugom...
Vyuga i plachet i stonet...
Chuyetsa, budto vo mrake nochnom
Zlaya kovo-to khoronit.
Glyad', tak i yest'! v temnote muzhika
Smert' obnimayet, laskayet;
S pyanenkim plashet vdyvom trepaka,
Na ukho pesn nepevayet:
"Okh, muzhichok, starichok ubogy,
Pyan napilsa, poplyolsa dorogoy;
A metel-to, ved'ma, podnyalas, vzgrala,
S polya v les dreemchi nevznachay zagnala,
Gorem, toskoy, da nuzhdoy tomimy,
Lyag, priorniki da usni, rodimy,
Ya tebya, golubich moy, snazzhkam sogreyu,
Vdrug tebya velykuyu igru zateyu.
Vzbey-kas postel' ty, metel' lebyodka!
Hey, nachinay, zapevay, pogodka,
Skazku da takuyu, shtob vsyu noch tyanulas,
Shtob pyanchuge krepro pod neyo zasnuas.
Oy vy, lesa, nebesa da tuchi,
Tem, veterok da neszhok letuchy,
Svyetes pelenoyu sneznoy pukhovoyu,
Yeyu kak mladentsa starichka prirogyu.
Spy, moy druzhok, muzhichok schastlivy,
4. Polkovodets
Grokhochet bitva, bleshchut broni,
Oru’dya mednyye revut,
Begut polki, nesutsa koni,
I reki krasnyye polov tak,
Plyayet polden, lyudi bytusa!
Sklonilos sonte, boy si’n’ey!
Zakat bledneyet, no derutsa
Vragi vsyo yarostnrey i zley!
I pala noch na pole brani,
Druzhnye v morke razoshli...
Vsyo stikhlo, i v nochnom tunmane
Stenan’ya k nebu podnyalis.
Togda, ozarena lunoyu,
Na boevoem svoym kone,
Kostey sverkyel beliznou,
Yavilos smert’. I v tishine,
Vnimaya vopli i molivty,
Dovol’stva gordovo polna,
Kak polkovodets, mesto bitvy
Krugom ob’yekhala ona.
Na khom podnyavshis, oglayanulas,
Ostanovilos, ulybnyulas...
I nad ravninoy boveyoy
Pronyossya golos rokovy:
"Konchena bitva! Ya vsekh pobedila!
Vse predo mny vy smirilis, boytsy!
Zhizn vas posorila, ya pomirila!
Druzhno vstavayte na smotr, mertvetsy!
Marshem torzhestvennym mimo pryvidyte,
Voysko moyo ya khochu soschitat’.
V zemlyu potom svoi kosti slozhite,
Sladko ot zhizni v zemle otdykhat’!
Gody nezrimo prydyut za godami,
V ludyakh ischezhet i pamyat’ O vas.
Ya ne zabudu! I gromko nad vami
Pir budu pravit’ v polunochny chas!
Plyaskoy tyazholoyu zemlyu syryyu
Ya pritopchu, sboby sen grobouvu
Kosti poknut’ vovek ne smogli,
Shtob nikogda vam ne vstat’ iz zemli!"

Detskaya
5. S nyaney
Rasskazhi mne, nyanushka,
Rasskazhi mne, milaya,
Pro tovo pro buku strashnovo:
Kak tot buka po lesam brodil,
Kak tot buka vies detey nosil
I kak gryz on belyye kostochki,
I ka deti te krichali, plakali!
Nyanushka!
Ved’ zato ikh, detey-to, buka syel,
Shto obideli nyanyu staruyu,
Papu 5 mamoy ne poslushali,
Ved’ zato on syel ikh, nyanushka?
lii vot shto:
Rasskazhi mne luchshe pro tsary s tsaritsey,
Shto za morem zhili v teremu bogatym.
Yeshcho tsar vsyo na nogu kromal,
Kak spotknyota tak grib vyraftit.
U tsaritsy ta vsyo nasmork byl,
Kak chikhnyot styokla v drebezgi!
Znayesh, nyanushka:
Ty pro buku to uzh ne rasskazyvay!
Bog s nim, s bukoy!
Rasskazhi mne, nyanya, tu, smeshnuyu-to!

6. V uglu
Akh ty, prokaznik!
Klubok razmotal, prutki rasteryal,
Akhit’! vse petli spustil!
Chulok ves zabryzag chernilami!
V ugol! V ugol!
Poshol v ugol!
Prokaznik!
Ya nizhevo ne sdela, nyanushka,
Ya chulochek ne trogal, nyanushka!
Klubochek razmotal kotyonochech,
I prutochki razbrosal kotyonochech,
A Misen’ka byl polkovnik,
Misen’ka byl umnitsa.,
A nyanya zlaya, staraya, u nyani nosik
zapakhkanny.
Misha chisten’ky, prichosannya,
A u nyani chepchik na boku.
Nyanya Misen’ku obidela, naprasno v ugol postavi,
Misha bol’she ne budet lyubit’ svoyu nyanushku,
vot shto!

7. Zhuk
Nyanya, nyanushka! shto sluchilos, nyanya
dushen’ka!
Ya igrat tam na pesochke, za besedkoy, gde
beroyzki,
Stroil domik iz luchinochech klenovych,
Tekh, shto mne mama, sama mama nashchepala.
Domik uzh sovsem postroil,
Domik s kryshoy, nasyashchy domik,
Vdrug!
Na samoy kryshke zhuk sidit,
Ogrorny, chorny, tolsty takoy, usami shevelit
strashno tak,
I pryamo na meny vosyo smotrit!
Ispugalsya ya! A zhuk gudit, zlita,
Kry’ya rastopiril, skvhatit’ meny khochet!...
I naletel, v visochech meny udarit!
Ya pritaisa, nyanushka, prisel, boyus
poshevel’nut’sa!
To!ko glazok odin chut’-chut’ otkryl,
I shto-zhe, poslushay, nyanushka:
Zhuk lezhit, slozhivshiy lapki, kverchku nosikum,
na spinke,
I uzh ne zlita, i usami ne shevelit,
I ne gudit uzh, tol’ko kryshyshki drozhat.
Shto-zh, on umer, il’ pritvorilsa?
Shto-zh eto, shto-zh, skazhi mne, nyanya, s zhukom-to stalos?
Menya udaril, a sam svalis!
Shto-zh eto s nim stalos, s zhukom-to!

8. S kukloy
Tyapa, bay, bay, Tyapa, spi, usni,
Ugomon tebya vozmi! Tyapa! spat’ nado!
Tyapa, spi, usni, Tyapa buka syest, sery volk vozmyot,
V tyomny les snesyot.
Tyapa, spi, usni!
Shto vo sne uvidish, mne pro to rasskazhesh:
Pro ostrov chudny, gde ni zhnut ni seyut,
Gde tsvetut i zreyut usnyi, nalousnyi,
Den i nox poyut ptichki zolotye!
Bay, bay, bayu bay, bay, bay, Tyapa!

9. Na son gryadushchiy
Gospodi pomiluy papu i mamu i spasi ikh, Gospodi!
Gospodi pomiluy bratssa Vasen’ku i bratssa Mishen’ku!
Gospodi pomiluy babushku staren’kuyu,
Poshil ty yey dobroye zyrovitse,
Babushke dobroen’koy, babushke staren’koy,
Gospodi!
I spasi, Bozhe nash, tyotyu Katyu, tyotyu Natasha,
tyotyu Mashu, tyotyu Parashu,
Tyotyey Lyubu, Varyu, i Sashu, i Olyu, i Tanyu, i Nadyu,
Dyadey Petyu i Kolyu, dyadey Volodyu i Grishu, i Sashu, i sekh ikh,
Gospodi, spasi i pomiluy, i Filyu, i Vanyu, i Mityu, i Petyu,
I Dashu, Pashu, Sonyu, Dunyushku...
Nyanya! a nyanya! Kak dal’she, nyanya?
Vish ty, prokaznitsa kakaya?
Uzh skol’ko raz uchila: Gospodi pomiluy i menya greshnuyu!
Gospodi pomiluy i menya greshnuyu!
Tak, nyanyushka?

10. Poyekhal na palochke
"Hey! Hop, hop! Hop!
Hop, hop! Hey, podi! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hey! podi! Hop, hop, hop! Hop, hop!... etc.
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, podi!
Trpru!... Stoy! Vasya, a Vasya!
Slushay, prikhodi igrat’ sevodnya! Tol’ko ne pozdna!
Nu ty, hop! Hop! Proshchay, Vasya! Ya v Yukki poyekhali...
Tol’ko v vecheru nepremennu budu,
My ved rano, ochen rano spat’ lozhimsa...!
Prikhodi, smotri!
Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, podi!
Hop! Hey, podi! Hey, hey podi! Hey, hey!
Razdavlyu!
Oy, bol’no! Oy, nogu! Oy, bol’no! Oy, nogul...
"Serzhenika, moy mal’chik, shto za goret? Nu, polno plakat’!
Proidyot, moy drug! Postoy-ka, vstan na nozhki pryamo:
Vot-tak, ditya! Posmotri, kakaya prelest’! Vidish?
V kustakh nalevo! Akh, shto za ptichka divnya!
Shto za pyoryshki!
Vidish?... Nu shto? Proshlo?"
"Proshlo! Ya v Yukki syezdil, mama!
Teper domoy toropit’sa nado...
Hop! hop! Gosti budut... Hop! Toropit’sa nado!..."

11. Kot Matros
Ay, ay, ay, ay, mama, milaya mama!
Pobezhala ya za zontikom, mama, ochen ved zharko,
Sharila v komode i v stole iskala: net, kak nalrchno!
Ya v toropyakh k oknu podbezhala, mzhet byt' zontik tarn pozbyala...
Vdruz vizh, na okne-to, kot nash Matros, zabravshis na kletku, skreybyot!
Snigir drozhit, zabil’sa v ulog, pischchit.
Zlo menya vzvalo!
"E, brat, do ptichek ty lakom!
Net, postoy, popal’sa. Vish-ty, kot!"
Kak ni v chom ne byvalo stoyu ya, smotryu v storonku,
To’ko glazom odnim podmechayu: stranno shto-to!
Kot spokoyo v glaza mne smotrit,
A sam uzh lapu v kletku zanosit:
To’ko shto dumal shtvati’ snigirya, a ya yevo kholop!
Mama, kakaya tvorydaya kletka! pal’tsam tak bol’no!
Mama!
Mama, vot v samykh konchikakh, vot tut,
Tak noyet, noyet tak...
Net! kakov kot-to, mama, a?

12. Rayok
Ey, pochtenny gospoda, zakhatvite-koe glaza,
Podkhodite, poglyadite, povidites, polubuytes
Ne velikih na gospod, muzykal’nykh voyevod!
Vse zdes!
Razlivalas rechen’ka na tri rukava:
Odin rukav leskom proshol,
A drugoy rukav po pesochku povernulo,
A tretiy rukav-to pod mel’nitsu,
Pod iz vyaza koleso, pod samy zhemov,
Oy, vertitisa koleso, oj, mela zhevo,
Vyu pravdu mely pro etik molodtsov,
Muzykal’nykh udal’tsov!
Pokazyvayut!
Vot, sorvavshis s obloks,
Tumanov vechnykh zhitel’,
Smertenym otkryvat’ idiot
Smysl tainstvenny veschchey obkynovennykh,
S pomoshchyu Bozhiey!
Uchit, shto minomy ton grekh praroditel’sky,
I shto mazhomy ton grekha iskupeniy.
Tak-to, vitaya v oblakakh s ptitsami nebesnymi,
Rastochayet smertnym on glagoly neponyatnyye,
S pomoshchu Boziyey!
Za nim bezhit v pripryzhku Fif vechno yuny,
Fif neugomonnyy, Fif primiritel', Fif vsestororonyy,
Vsuy zhizn on vertelsa, nu i zavertelsa;
Nichemu ne vnemlet, i nivmat' ne v silakh,
Vnemlet tol'ko Patti,
Patti obozhayet, Patti vospevayet.
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa-Patti,
Chudnaya Patti, divnaya Patti!
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa-Patti,
Chudnaya Patti, divnaya Patti,
No zachen parik-rik belokury?
Patti parik-rik belokury? parik!...
Parik-rik!
Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa-Patti,
Chudnaya Patti, divnaya Patti,
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa-Patti,
Chudnaya Patti, divnaya Patti,
Chudnaya, milaya, slavnaya, divnaya,
Pa-Pa..., Pa-Pa..., Pa-Pa..., Pa-Pa...
Ti-ti, ti-ti, ti-ti, ti-ti,
Pa-Pa Patti, Pa-Pa ti-ti,
O - O -
Pa-Pa-Pa-Patti,
O diva Patti!
Vot pletyotsa shag za shagom
Tyazhko ranen mladenets,
Bledny, mrachny, istomlyonny,
Smyt' pyatno s sebya molvashchiy,
Neprilichnye pyatno.
A bylo vremya, on byl nevinen
I poslush' nemu starshikh plenyal,
Lepetom milym, detski stidlivym
Mnogikh, mnogikh serdtsa obol'shchal.
No proshlo to vremya,
Pochuya vdrug sebya polnym voli velikoy,
Vraga uzrel, s nim v boy vstupil
I pogib.
Udar moral'ny ponyos bednyazhka,
Voli velikoy udar!
Vot on, Titan!
Titon, Titan!
Vot on mchitsa, nesyotsa, myatyolsa,
Rvyot i mechet, zlitsa, grozit,
Sheklaty, strashny!
Na tevtosnym bukefale,
Zamoryonnym tsunkuftintosh;
S pachkoy gromov pod myshkoy,
Izgotovlennykh v pechatyiye.
Kreslo geniuyu skorey!
Negde geniuyu prisesi?!
Na obed yevo zovite!
Geniuy ochen lyubit spich!
Vsekh direktorov doloy!
On odin iz vsekh zamen!
Vot, vskipe!
I poshol, i poshol, i poshol, poshol, poshol,
Pryamo k nim, pryamo k nim,
K voyevodam udalym,
Sey titan, sey titan,
S titanicheskoy gordyne,
O skandal, O skandal,
K nim v kompaniyu попал!
I tochas-zhe oserchal,
S yaros'i'yu na nikh napal
I zhrestoko otrepal.
Uzh on ikh trepal, trepal, trepal, trepal, trepal,
Trepal, trepal, trepal, trepal...
No gryanul grom!... I t'ma nastala,
Gustaya mga zatrepetala,
I pali nits v svyashchennom strakhhe
Tumanov zhitel', Fif mladenets
I gordy sey titan!
I v venke iz roz i lilij,
I kemely belosneznykh
Predstala muza!
I polilis aromaty,
Voyevody prismireli
I zapeli gimn molebny:
"O preslavnaya Evterpa,
O velikaya boginya,
Nisposhi nam vdokkhoven'e,
Ozhibi ty nemoshch nachu.
I zlatym dozhdydom s Olimpa
Orosi ti nivy nashi,
Svetlorusaya boginya,
Nebozhitel'nitsa muza,
My tebya vovek vospilam,
Vospoyom na zvonikih tsitrakh!"

13. Zabit'by
On smert' nachol v krayu chuzhom, v krayu
chuzhom, v boyu s vragom,
No vrag druzyami pobezhdony,
druzya likuyut,
tol'ko on
Na pole bitvy pazabyt, odin lezhit.
I mezhu tem kak zdany vran pyot krov yevo iz
svezhikh ran
I tochit nezakrty genius, grozivshiy smert'yu v smerti
chas,
I nasladivshis, pyan i shtet, doloy letit....
Dalyoko tam, v krayu rodnom,
Mat' kormit syna pod oknom
Aguy... aguy! ne plach, synok, vemyotsa tyatyra
pirozhok
Togda na radostyakh druzhku ya ispeku...
A tot zabyt, odin lezhit.

14. Seminarist
Panis, piscis, crinis, finis, ignis, lapis, pulvis, cinis...
Akhy ty gore, moyo gore!
Orbis, amnis et canalis, orbis, amnis et canalis...
Vot tak zadal pop mne tasku,
Za zagrivok da po sheye on blagoslovil
I desnitseyu svatoyu pamyati lishil.
Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fistis, vestis, vermis, mensis...
U popa Sermonya dochka znataya takaya,
Schochki, shto tvoj makov tsvet, glazki s
povoloko,
Grud' lebyazhaya da pokataya pod rubashchekoy
vskolykhnulas.
Fascis, axis, funis, ensis, fistis, vestis, vermis,
15. Svetik Savishna
Svet moy, Savishna, sokol yasnen’ky,
Polyubly menya ne razumnova,
Prigolub menya goremychnova!
Oy-li, sokol moy, sokol yasnen’ky,
Svetik Savishna, svet Ivanovna,
Ne pobrezgay ty gol’yu golouy,
Bestalannouy moyey dolyeuy!
Urodilisa vish na smekh lyudiam ya,
Pro zabavu na d potekhi im!
Klichut: Savishna, skorbnym razumom
Velichayut, slysh, Vaney Bozhim,
Svetik Savishna, svet Ivanovna,
I dayut pin’kov Vane Bozhehu,
Kormyat chestvuyut podzatyl’nikom.
A pod prazdnichek kak razryadyat’sa,
Uberutsa vish v lenty alyye,
Dadut khlebushka Vane skorbnому,
Ne zabyt’shtoby Vanyu Bozego.
Svetik Savishna, yasny sokol moy,
Polyuby-zh menya neprizgozheva,
Prigolub menya odinokova!
Kak lyublyu tebya, mochi net skazat’,
Svetik Savishna, ver men, ver ne ver,
Svet Ivanovna!

16. Kozyol: svetskaya skazochka
Shia devitsa proglutaytsa, na luhoch pokrasovatsa,
Vdrug navstrevchuy yey kozyol!
Stary, gryazny, borodaty,
Strashny, zloy i ves moxhnaty, sushchy chort!
I devitsa ispugalas,
Ot kozla begom pomchals prymo v kust,
I pritails,
Yele dyshet, chut’ zhiva.
Shia devitsa pod venets,
Znat’ prishla pora yey zamuzh, nu i vyshla!

Muzh i stary i gorbaty,
Lysy, zloy i borodaty, sushchy chort.
Shto-zh, devitsa ispugalas?
Gm! Kakzhe!
Ona k muzhu prilaskalas,
Uveryala, shto v muzha vlyublena,
Shto primernaya zhena.

17. Pesnya Mefistofelya O blokhe
Zhul byl korol’ kogda-to,
Pri nyom blokha zhila,
Blokha... blokha!
Miley rodnovo brata ona yemu byla;
Blokha... ha, ha, ha, ha! blokha? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokha!
Zovyot korol’ portnoyo: ”Poslushay ty, churban!”
Dlya druga dorogovo
Shey barkhatnyy kaftan!”
Blokhe kaftan? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokhe? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Blokhe kaftan?
Vot v zoloto i barkhat
Blokha naryazhena,
I polnaya svoboda yey pri dvore dana, Ha, ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokhe! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokhe!
Korol’yey san ministra
I s nim vzezdu datoy,
Za neyu i drugie poshli vsye blokhi v khod. Ha, ha!
I samoy koroleve,
I freylinam yevo,
Ot blokh ne stalo mochi,
Ne stalo i zhit’ya, Ha, ha!
I tronut’-to boyatsa,
Ne to shtoby ikh bit’.
A my, kto stal kusat’sa,
Totchas davay dushit!’
Ha, ha ... etc.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION
Songs and Dances of Death
Texts: Golenschev-Kutusov
1. Lullaby
A child moans, a candle burns low,
And casts a dim flicker around.
All through the night, her cradle rocking,
The mother has not slumbered.
Early in the morning, at the door so gently
Death, the compassionate, knocks!
The mother gives a start, and looks round in fear...
"Be not afraid, my dear!
The pale light of morn now peeps through the window,
weeping, in longing, in love,
Thou hast worn thyself out, now rest thee awhile,
and I will sit here by his side.
Thou hast not been able to soothe the poor child,
Sweeter than thou shall I sing.”
"Softly! My child is tossing and restless,
It grieves my heart thus to see him!”
"Come now, he soon will listen to me."
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."
"His dear cheeks are pale, his breath is failing...
Be silent now, do, I beseech thee!"
"That's a good sign: soon his suffering will end.
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."
"Get thee away, O accursed one! Thy caresses
The joy of my heart will destroy."
"Nay, the sleep of peace will I breathe on the infant:
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."
Have mercy! O tarry, if just for a moment,
Ere ending that dread song of thine!"
"See now, he sleeps to the singing so gentle.
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."

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

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

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

3. Trepak (Russian Dance)
In the forest and glades not a soul is in sight...
The blizzard doth wail and howl...
It feels as if in the gloom of the night
The cruel snow is burying some poor man.
Look - so it is! In the darkness a peasant
By Death is embraced and caressed;
With a drunkard Death dances a trepak together,
And sings in his ear a sweet song:
"Hey, poor peasant, thou wretched old man,
Thou hast drunk thyself silly and wandered astray;
But the blizzard, like a witch, rose and played with thee,
From the glades to the forest dense chanced to drive thee,
Through sorrow and grief and want grown weary,
Lie down, rest and sleep, my friend,
And I shall warm thee, my dear, with a cover of snow,
Around thee a fine game will I start.
Shake up the bed, thou swan-like snow!
Hey there, begin, start up a song, wild weather,
A song to last the whole night through,
That this drunkard may sink into sleep to its strains.
O you forests, heavens and clouds,
Darkness, breeze and sweeping snow,
Wrap him in a shroud of softest snow,
And in it like a babe the old man I'll shelter.
Sleep, my friend, my peasant so happy,
Summer has come, and all is in bloom!
O'er the cornfields the sun doth smile and the sickles are swinging,
The song rises up, and the doves are flying!...
"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

10. The Hobby-Horse

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

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

11. The Cat ‘Sailor’

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

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

12. The Puppet-Show

Come, honourable gentlemen, look this way,
Walk up, come and see, wonder and admire
These great gentlemen, our lords of music!
They’re all here!
Once a river overflowed into three streams:
One stream ran through the forest,
Another got lost in a bed of sand,
And the third passed by the mill,
By the mill-wheel made of elm, right by the millstone.
Oh, turn, you wheel, oh, grind, you stone,
Grind out the whole truth about these fine fellows,
These brave musicians.
The show is beginning!
See, breaking away from the clouds,
A dweller in the eternal realms
Comes to show to mortals
The secret mystery of simple things.
He comes with God’s help!
He tells us that the minor key is a sin of our forefathers,
And that the major key is the atonement for our sins.
And so, hovering in the clouds with the birds of the sky,
He pours on mortals words too deep for understanding,
And God helps him!
After him, running and skipping, comes Fif, ever young,
Fif the undaunted, Fif the peace-maker, Fif the clever one,
All his life he’s been in the midst of things, now he’s losing his head:
He doesn’t heed anyone, he can’t hear anything,
He heeds only Patti,
He adores Patti, he sings only of PattL
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa Patti,
Wonderful Patti, divine Patti,
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa Patti,
Wonderful Patti, divine Patti!
But why that blonde wig?
Patti’s blonde wig? A wig!...
A wig!
Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa Patti,
Wonderful Patti, divine Patti,
O Patti, Patti, O Pa-Pa Patti,
Wonderful Patti, divine Patti,
Wonderful, darling, divine, exquisite,
Ha-ha... Ha-ha... Ha-ha...
Ti-ti, ti-ti, ti-ti,
P-Patti Patti, Pa-Pa ti-ti!
O - O -
Pa-Pa-Pa Patti,
O divine Patti!
Here comes a youth staggering, step by step,
His wounds gaping;
He is pale, gloomy and weary,
He pleads for the stain to be washed away,
The shameful stain.
There was a time when he was blameless
And charmed everyone by obeying his elders,
And with his delightful chatter, so shy and child-like,
Captive many, many hearts.
But that time has passed.
Suddenly sensing within himself a mighty power
He caught sight of the enemy, engaged him in battle,
And was slain.
The poor fellow suffered a moral blow,
A blow of mighty force!
Here he is, Titan!
Titan, Titan!
See how he races and tears along in a fury,
How he roars and rages, storms and threatens,
How terrible and fearsome he is!
On his teutonic Bucephalus,
His hardworken steed of the future,
With armfuls of thunderbolts
Prepared for printing.
Quick, a seat for the genius!
The genius has nowhere to sit.
Call him to dinner!
The genius loves a speech!
Banish all directors!
He’ll take everyone’s place!
See how he rages!
On he comes, on he comes,
Straight at them, straight at them,
At the bold lords,
This Titan, this Titan,
With his titanic arrogance.
Oh, what a scandal, what a scandal,
To mix in such a company!
And immediately he blazed with anger,
And fell on them in fury,
And mercilessly overrode them.
And he pushed and pulled
And thumped and bumped them...
But the thunder rolled!... And darkness descended,
And a thick mist began to gather,
And headlong they fell in holy terror,
That cloud-dweller, young Fif

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

16. The He-goat

A maiden went walking through the meadow, to
show off her beauty,
When suddenly she met a goat!
An old, grimy, bearded goat,
Fearful, threatening, shaggy, a real devil!
The maiden was frightened,
And ran away from the goat straight into a bush,
And hid herself,
Hardly daring to breathe, and scarce alive.
The maiden went to church,
For it was time to wed, so she got married!
Her husband was old and hunchbacked,
Bald, evil-looking and bearded, a real devil.

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

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

17. Mephistopheles' Song of the Flea

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

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

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

For bass or baritone, with piano accompaniment.
Composed 27 September 1867 to Mussorgsky's own
text and dedicated to Ludmilla l. Steshakova.
Manuscript in the State Library, St. Petersburg.
1. Надгробное письмо

Zlaya smert', kak korshun khishchny, vpilas yam v serdtse i ubila;
Palach ot bytiya vekov proklyaty, ona pokhitila i vas!
O, yesli-by mogli postignut' vashu dushu vse te,
Komu, ya znayu, lik moy vopl' bezumy!
O, yesli-by yam vnmali... V besede, v zharkom spore,
Mehctoyt, byt' mozhet smeloy, ya nachertal-by lyudyam
Vash obraz svetly, lyubovuyu pravdy ozaryonny,
Vash um pytlivy, spokonyo na lyudey zvirazhvy.
Vy vo-vremya porvali "s bleskom sveta" svyaz
privychki,
Rasstalis s nim bez gneva
I dumoy neustannoy poznaли zhizn inuyu.
Zhizn mysli diya truda svyatovo
Kogda konchnoy materi lyubimoy, vsyakoyu
zhit'yeskyou nezvgodod
Otrboshenny ot ochaga rodovo, razbity, zloy, izmuchenmy,
Ya robko, trevozhno, kak puganny rebyonok, v vashu
svatyuu dushu postuchal'sa...
I skal spasen'ya...

2. Непонятны

Tikh i molchaliva.
Molchaniye pugayet vas,
Kromeshniki tolyp vseyadnyoy!
Skromna, nasmeshliva, pozhaluy?
Pozhaluy, da nu shto-zhe?
Ne slishkom uzh gorda-li, polno?
I vy, lukavtsy zhalkiy,
Vy smeyete podnyata
I brosit' obvinen ve!
Molchite! Ya skazal:
Molchite, kak ona molchit,
I slushayte stuk molota
Po vashey sovesti okameneloy!

3. Не Божиих громом гош ударил

Ne Bozhiym gromom gore udarilo,
Ne tyazhelayo skaloy navilisovaya,
Sobiralos ono malymi tuchkami,
Zatyanuchi tuchki nebo yasnyoye,
Poseyalo gore melkim dozhidchikom,
Mekim dozhidchikom osennim.

A i seyet ono davnym-davno,
I sechyt ono bez umolku,
Bez umolku, bez ustali,
Bez kontsa sechyt, bez otdykh.
Uzhe polno gore dub lomat' po prutikam,
Shchipati po listikam!
A i byvalo zhe drugim schast' itse:
Naletalo gore vikhrem bureyu,
Vorochalo gore duby s kornem von.

4. Gomimi tikho letela dusha nebesami

Gornimi tikho letele dusha nebesami,
Grustnyye dolu ona opuskala resnitys,
Slyozy v prostranstvo ot nikh udalaya zvyezdami,
Svetloy i dlinnyy vilisy na ney verenitsye.
Vstrechnyye tikho yevo voprosil'sti svetlia:
"Shto tak grustna i o chom eti slyozy vo vzore?"
Im otrechala ona: "ya zemli ne zabyla.
Mnogo ostavila tarn ya stradan' ya i gorya.
Zdes ya lish likam blazhenstva i radosti vnemlyu,
Pravednykh dushe ne znayut ni skorbi, ni zloby.
O, otpusti menya snova, sozdatel', na zemlyu,
Bylo-b o kom pozhalet' i uteshit' kovo-by!"

5. Spes

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

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

Oy, chest'li to molodtsu lyon pryasti?
A i khvala-li boyarinu kichku nosit',
Voyevode povodu khodit'?
Guslyaru-pevunu vo prikaze sidet',
Vo prikaze sidet', potolok koptit'?
Oy, konya-b yemu, gusli zvonkiye,
Oy, v luga-b yemu, vo zelyony bor,
Cherez rechenku da v tymnyy sad,
Gde solovushko na cheryomushke
Tselu nochenku na prolyot poyot!

7. Ya videl noch

Ya videl noch; ona peredo mnoy,
Vsya v chornom shla, zhivaya, molodaya
Volshebnitsa, s poniksey golovoy,
Zarnitsami, kak vzglyadami sverkaya.
Prozrachen byl yevo vozdushnyy stan;
No chuyal ya dykh'ya znony trepet.
I v tishine, kak laskovy obman,
Nezrmykh ust prisvny nyossya lepet;

Kazalos mne, shto chudnaya zovnot
Menyu s sobkoy l yuvi i naslazhen'yu.
I ya vso shol, vso shol za ney vperyod,
Ob'yaty ves ognym yevo i ten'yu.
8. Rassevayetsa, rasstupayetsa
Rassevayetsa, rasstupayetsa
Grust’ pod dumami, pod moguchimi,
Vdushu tyomnuyu probivayetsa
Slovnno solnyshko mezhdu tuchami.

Oy-li, molodets, ne rasstupitsa,
Ne rasseyetsa noch osenyyaya;
Skoro svedayesh, chem iskupitsa
Nepokazannyi mig veselinya.
Prikachnulasa, privaililasa
K serdtsu syznova grust’ obuchnaya.
I golovushka vnov sklonilasa,
Bestalannaya, goremychnaya

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

V lyudi vyvydyes, vysyo s vel’mohzami
Stanesh druzechestvo vodit’,
S molodymi da s prigozhimi
Budesh s barami shalit’.
I vesyolaya, i privol’naya
Zhizn pokatitsa shutya.
Bayu, bay, bay,
Bayu, bay, bay.

9. Na Dnepre
Stoy, Dnepr!
Slushay, Dnepr!
Dnepr ty may shiroky, goy ty, Dnepr globoky!

Mnogo ty krovi kazachey
V dal’neye more dal’ney dorogoy nosil,
Tol’ko tol’ko ty morya ne spoi, ty ne spoi!
Sevodnya umyosha, sevodnya dozhdyoshcha, shiroky moy Dnepr
Sevodnya at Boga Ukrainy zhdyot prazdnik,
I prazdnik tot strashny, i mnogo-mnogo prolyot ana krovi,
Kazak ozhivyot:
I vstanut Getmany v odezhdakh parchovych

I budet kak prezhde
Ukrayna zhiva;

I vdal’ po stepi, nad kurganами brat’yev,
Na strakh vragam zablest bulava;
I snova kazak spoyot ne potayno,
Privol’no i likho proyot pro Ukrainy:
Swobodna do morya, net lyakhov s zhidami.
Dnepr unyos ikh kosti, kosti vrazhi, krovui shlyakhteskoy,
Krovui zhidovskoy dal’neye more on spoi.

Stoy, Dnepr! Slushay, Dnepr!
Skoro ty dozhdyoshka, skoro ty umyoshka!
Stoy, Dnepr!
Stoy, globoky Dnepr!

10. Kolybel’naya yryomushki
Bayu, bay, bay,
Bayu, bay, bay.
Nizhe tonenky bylinochki
Nado golovu klonit,
Shtoby bednoy sirotinushke
Bespechal’no vek prozhit’.
Bayu, bay, bay,
Bayu, bay, bay.

Sil’ lomit i solomushku,
Poklonis ponizhe yey,

11. Pirushka
Vorota tesovy rastvorilisa,
Na konyakh na sanyakh gosti v’yekhali,
Im khozyain s zheyno nizko klanyalys,
So dvora poveli v svetu gorenku,
Pered Spasom svyatym gosti molyatsa,
Za dubovy stroly za nabranyye,
Na dubovy skami sely zvanuye.
Bakhromoy kiseyov prinarahtshena,
Modolaya zhena chernobrovaya,
Obkhodila vokrug s potselyumari,
Rasnosila gostyam chashu gorkova,
Sam khozyain za ney bragoy khmel’noyu
Iz kovshey vyreznikh rodnykh potchuyet,
A khozyayskaya doch mydom sychenym
Obnosila vokrug s laskoy devichey.
Gosti puut i yedyat, zabavlyayutsa
Ot vecherney zari do polunochnyi

12. Klassik
Ya prost, ya yasen, ya skromen, vezhliv, ya prekrasen..
Ya plaven, vazhen, ya v mem strasten,
Ya chisty klassik, ya stydliv,
Ya chisty klassik, ya uchitiv.
Ya zlevesh vrag novyeshshikikh ukshishchreniy,
Zaklyatya vrag vsekh novvvedeniy;
Ikh shum i gam, ikh strashny besporyadok
Menya trevozhit i pugayet, v nikh grob iskusstva vizhu ya.
No ya, ya prost, no ya, ya yasen, ya skromen, vezhliv,
Ya prekrasen.
Ya chisty klassik, ya stydliv,
Ya chisty klassik, ya uchitiv.

13. Iz slyoz moikh
Iz slyoz moikh vyroslo
Mnogo dustishikh i yarkikh tsvetov,
A vzdokhi mai perelilis
V polunoshchny khor solovoyov.

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

14. V chetverykh stenakh
Komnatka tesnaya, tikhaya, milaya,
Ten neprogluyadnaya, ten bezotvetnaya,
Duma glubokaya, pesnya unylaya,
V byushchemsya sendse nadezhda zavetnaya,

Bystry polyot za mnogoven'yem mnogoveniaya,
Vzor nepodvizhny na schast'yel'dalykoye,
Mnogo somneniya, mnogo terpeniya,
Vot ona, noch moya, noch odinokaya.

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

To bylo odno lish mnogoven'ye,
No, ver mne, ya v nyom perenyos
Vsey proshlolyu lubyui naslazhden'ye,
Vsyu gorech zabven'ya i slyoz!

16. Okonchen prazdny, shumnuy den
Okonchen prazdny, shumnuy den;
Lyudskaya zhizh, umolknuy, dremlet.
Vsyo tikho. Mayskoy noch ten
Stolitsu spyashchuyu ob'yemlet.

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

Kak budto vnov, vdykhaya yad
Vesennikh, strastrykh snovideniy,
V dushye ya voskreshayu ryad
Nadezhd, poryov, zabluzhdeniy...

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

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

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

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

Skuchay. Skuchay, slovam lubyui vnimaya
V tishi serdechnoy pustoty,
Privetom Izlivym otvechaya
Na pravdu devstvennoy mechty.

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

18. Elegiya
V tumane dremlet noch. Bezmolvnya vzezda
Skvoz dymku oblakov mertsayet odinoko.
Zvenyat bubentsam uno y daloko
Koney pasushchikhsya stada.

Kak noch oblayka, izmenchivyye dumy
Nesutsa nado mnoy, tevozhny u gryozy;
V nikh otblesiki nadezhd, kogda-to dorolikh,
Davno poteryannykh, davno uzh ne zhivykh,
V nikh sozhaleniya... i slyoz.

Nesutsa dumy te bez tseli i kontsa.
To, prevratyas v cherty lubyimovo litsa,
Zovut, rozhdaya vnov v dushye bylyye gryozy;
To, slivshis v chorny mrak, polny nemoy ugrozy,
Gryadushchevo borboy pugayut robkoy um,
I slshhitsa vdlai nestroyony zhizni shum,
Tolpy bezdushnoy smekh, vrazhdy kovarny ropot,
Zhitseksoy melochi nezaglushimy shopot,
Unyly Smerti zvon!... Predvestnitsa zvezda,
Kak budto polnaya styda,
Slavyayet svetyl lik v tumane bezotradnom,
Kak budtushchnost' moya, nemom i
neprogljadnom.

19. Nad rekoy
Mesyats zadumchivy, zvyozdy dalykiiye
S sinevo neba vodom lyubuyutsa.
Molcha smotryu ya na vody glubokiiye:
Tayny volishbnyye serdsem v nikh chuyutsa.
Pleshchut, tayatsa, laskatel'no nezhniye;
Mnogo v ikh ropote sily charuyushchhey:
Slyshatsa dumy i strasti bezbrehzhyanye.
Golos nevedomy, dushu volnuyushchy,
Nezhit, pugayet, navodit somneniye...
Slushat' velit-li on? S mesta-b ne svinulsia;
Gonit-ii proch? Ubezhal-by v smyatenii.
V glub-ii zovoyt? Bez oglyadki-b ya kinulsia!...
ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

6. Is spinning man's work?
Is spinning man's work?
Should a boyar wear a woman's headdress,
And should a monarch have to fetch water?
Should a minstrel be told to sit and wait,
To sit and wait, and idle his life away?
Rather give him a horse and strings to play,  
Let him make for the meadows and the green wood,  
And cross the river to the shady garden,  
Where the nightingale in the cherry-tree  
Sings as she flies the whole night long!

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

7. Vision  
I saw the night; she passed before me,  
All clothed in black, a spirited, young  
Enchantress with bent head,  
Her eyes flashing like lightning.  
   
Her ethereal form seemed transparent;  
But I felt the trembling ardour other breath,  
And in the stillness, like a tender illusion, the murmur  
from unseen lips lured me on:  
   
It seemed the fair one was calling me  
To the delights of love.  
And still I followed, followed her,  
Enveloped in her fire and in her shadow

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

8. Trouble  
It fades and disperses,  
This sorrow, under the mighty power of reason,  
And into my dark soul light breaks through,  
As the sun through the clouds.  
   
Ah, my friend, this autumn night  
Will neither fade nor disperse;  
All too soon you will know the price you must pay  
For this unaccountable moment of joy.  
   
It has returned to my heart again,  
All the old sorrow, swirling around me,  
And once again my head is bowed  
As adversity and misfortune pursue me.

Romanza for voice and piano. Composed 21 March 1877 in  
St. Petersburg to a text by Count A. Tolstoy, dedicated to  
The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

9. On the Dnieper  
Stay, O Dnieper!  
Hear me, O Dnieper!  
You wide Dnieper, hail, deep river!

Much Cossack blood  
Have you borne on the long journey to the distant sea,  
Yet you have not satisfied the thirsty ocean!  
Today your waters will abate, your waiting will end,  
O wide Dnieper!  
Today God has ordered a feast for Ukraine,  
It will be a feast full of horror, and the blood will flow  
in torrents,  
And the Cossacks will come to life again:  
And Hetmans will rise in garments of brocade,  
And Ukraine will live  
As before;  
   
And far over the steppes, on the graves of our brothers,  
The mace will flash and strike fear in the enemy;  
And again the Cossacks will chant songs out aloud,  
They will sing freely and proudly of Ukraine:  
A free land as far as the sea, where there are no Poles or  
Jews.  
The Dnieper has borne their bones away, the enemy’s  
bones,  
And slaked the distant sea’s thirst with the blood of  
oblemen and Jews.  
Stay, O Dnieper! Hear me, Dnieper!  
Soon your waiting will end, soon your waters will  
abate,  
Stay, O Dnieper!  
Stay, deep river!

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

10. Yeryomushka'a Cradle Song  
Lulla, lullaby,  
Lulla, lullaby,  
Lower than the slenderest stem  
Must you bend your head,  
So the poor orphan child  
May have a life free from care.  
Lulla, lullaby,  
Lulla, lullaby.  
Strong winds can break the slightest stalk,  
So bend your head lower,  
Then his elders can help Yeryomushka  
To get on in life the better.  
Lulla, lullaby,  
Lulla, lullaby.  
You will enjoy success, and strike up friendships  
With the great and mighty,  
And you will plan many an escapade  
With fine young men about town.  
Thus happy and carefree  
You will enjoy life to the full.  
Lulla, lullaby,  
Lulla, lullaby.

For voice and piano. Composed 16 March 1868 in St.  
Petersburg to a text by Nekrassov, and dedicated to A. S.  
Dargomishsky. First edition, Bessel, 1871.
11. The Feast
The wooden gates are open wide,
And the guests enter on horse or sledge;
Their host and his wife greet them kindly,
And lead them from the entrance to the brightly-lit chamber,
Where the guests pray before the holy Saviour
Then they are invited to the laden oak tables
To sit on oak benches.
Arrayed in an embroidered muslin gown,
The young black-browed wife
Mingles with her friends and embraces them
And gives a cup to each guest for the toast,
While the host comes after her with the foaming beer
And serves his family guests from carved goblets.
And the daughter of the house comes round
With sweet honey, in her gentle modest way.
The guests drink and eat and make merry
From dusk until midnight.

_Tale for voice and piano. Composed at the end of September 1867 in Minsk, to a text by Koltsov and dedicated to Ludmilla I. Chestakova. First edition 1868, Jurgenson._

12. The classicist
My style is simple, clear, modest, polite and elegant,
Smooth, lofty, and moderately passionate;
I am a pure classicist, and retiring,
I am a pure classicist, and courteous.
I am violently against all new trends,
A sworn enemy of all innovations;
The din and hubbub, the fearful commotion,
Alarm and terrify me, I see in them the death of art.
But my style is simple, clear, modest, polite and elegant,
I am a pure classicist, and retiring,
I am a pure classicist, and courteous.

_Musical satire on various articles by M. Faminstsin on music. Composed 30 December 1867 in St. Petersburg to a text by Mussorgsky, and dedicated to N. P. Opochinin. First edition by the composer set by Bernard, 1870._

13. From my tears
From my tears spring
Bright, fragrant flowers,
And my sighs have become
A nightingales’ chorus.

And if you love me, my darling,
The flowers shall be yours,
And beneath your window, dear one,
The nightingales shall sing.

_Composed 1866 to M. Mikhailov's translation of the poem by Heinrich Heine_

14. Within Four Walls
My little room is tiny, peaceful, welcoming,
The shadows are impenetrable and unanswering,
My thoughts are deep and my song is melancholy,
Yet in my beating heart hope lies hidden.
The moments fly swiftly by, one by one,
While my eyes are fixed on distant happiness;
Full of doubts, I wait patiently,
Thus it is, this night, my night of loneliness.

15. In the crowd
You did not see me in the crowd,
Your glance held no message.
But I was filled with wonder and fear,
When I perceived it.

It was just one fleeting moment,
But I swear that in it I suffered anew
The delights of all our former love,
And all the grief of oblivion and tears.

16. An end to the futile, hectic day
An end to the futile, hectic day;
And human life, now silent, slumbers.
All is quiet. The May night’s shadow
Shrouds the sleeping city.

But sleep is banished from my eyes,
And by the light of another dawn
My imagination turns back the pages
Of years gone for ever.

And again I breathe in the poison
Of those passionate dreams of youth,
And in my soul spring to life again
All those hopes, urges and delusions...

Alas, they are but ghosts!
Enough of these dead visions,
The noise their chatter used to make
No longer has any power over me.

Of all those shades there is but one
Which came to me and breathed of love
A faithful friend of days gone by,
Who quietly leaned over my pillow.

To her alone I bravely surrendered
My soul in silent tears,
Tears unseen, filled with happiness,
Tears long ago treasured in my heart.
17. Ennui
Ennui. This yearning is your destiny,
Without ardour and passion there is no joy,
Just as there is no return without a parting,
And without a battle no victory.

Ennui. You will languish when hearing love’s message
In the silence of an empty heart,
Answering with false words of greeting
The true words of a maiden’s dream.

Ennui. From cradle to the grave
Your path in life is preordained;
Drop by drop your strength will vanish.
Then you will die - and God be with you!
God be with you!

18. Elegy
In the darkness night slumbers. A silent star
Twinkles alone through the cloudy mist.
And mournfully in the distance ring out
The bells on the grazing horses.

Like clouds in the night my turbulent thoughts
Swirl above my head, troubled and gloomy;
And in them are reflected those once fond hopes of mine,
Long since lost, long since dead;
In them are regrets... and tears.

These thoughts swirl around aimlessly, endlessly;
Sometimes taking on the features of a beloved face,
They call out, re-creating in my soul dreams of long ago;
And sometimes, merging into darkness, with silent threats

Of future strife, they frighten my poor brain,
And far away I hear the sound of life’s discordant bustle,
The laughter of the callous crowd, the insidious, hostile murmurs,
The unmuffled sounds of life’s petty trifles.

That mournful death-knell! A prophetic star
As though possessed with shame,
Hides its bright face in the cheerless gloom,
As do my hopes, in the mute, impenetrable shade

19. On the river
The pensive moon and the distant stars
Gaze down from the blue sky in wonder at the waters.
And I look silently at the deep waters:
I can feel in my heart their magical secrets.
They splash, then fall back, in their tender caressing;
I feel in their murmur a force drawing my soul,
And I can hear unending musings and passions.
A mysterious voice, disturbing my soul,
Soothes, then scares, filling me with doubts...

Does it bid me listen? Then I would not stir from here;
Does it bid me be gone? Then I would flee in confusion.
Does it call me to its depths? Then I would plunge in
without a backward glance!...

CD13
1. Gde ty, zvyozdochka?
Gde ty, zvyozdochka, akh, gde ty, yasnaya?
I’ll zatmilasa tuchey chornoyu,
tuchey chornoyu, tuchey groznoyu?

Gde ty, devtsa, gde ty, krasnaya?
I’ll pokinula druga milovo,
draga milovo nenaglyadnovo?

Tuchaya chornaya skryla zvyozdochku,
zemlya khladnaya vzalya devitsu.

Grekov

2. Vesyoly chas
Dayte bokaly, dayte vina!
Radost’ mgnoven’ya vytem do dna!
Gromkiye pesni gryan’t, druzya!
Pust’ nas vesyolykh vidit zarya!

Nyne piruyem yunost’ na chas,
ynche vesel’y ye radost’ u nas,
zavtra shto budet, znayu, druzya,
pust’ nas vesyolykh vidit zarya!

Dayte bokaly, dayte vina!
Radost’ mgnoven’ya vytem do dna!
Gromkiye pesni gryan’t, druzya!
Pust’ nas vesyolykh vidit zarya!

Shumno, razgul’no poyte, druzya,
leyte v bokaly bol’she vina!
Nu-te vse razom vytem do dna!
Pust’ nas vesyolykh vidit zarya!

Dayte-zh bokaly, dayte vina!
Radost’ mgnoven’ya vytem do dna!
Gromkiye pesni gryan’t, druzya!
Pust’ nas vesyolykh vidit zarya!

Kot’ssov

3. List’ya shumeli unylo
List’ya shumeli unylo
v dubrave nocheynoyu poroy;
grob opustili v mogilu,
grob, ozaryonny lunoy.

Tikho, bez placha zaryli
i udalilis vse proch,
tol’ko sklyonias nad mogiloy,
list’ya shumeli vsyu noch.

Pleshcheyev

94670 Mussorgsky Edition
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4. Mnogo yest' u menya teremov i sadov
Mnogo yest' u menya teremov i sadov
i razgol'nykh poley i dremuchikh lesov,
dremuchikh, dremuchikh lesov.

Mnogo yest' u menya zhemchugov i mekhov,
raznotsvetnykh odezhd,
dragotsennykh krov.

Mnogo yest' u menya pirov serebra,
dlya besed krassnykh slov, dlya vesel'ya vina,
dlya vesel'ya vina, dlya vesel'ya vina!

No ya znayu, na shto volshebnykh,
volshebnykh ischu, no ya znayu, znayu, o chom
sam s soboyu grushchu.

Kol'tsov

5. Molitva
Ya, Mater Bozhiya, nyne s molitvoyu
pred Tvoim obrazom yarkim sijaniyem
ne za svoyu molyu dushu pustynnuyu,
za dushu strannika v mirne bezbrodno,
no ya vruchit' khochu dushu nevinnuyu,
tyoploy zastupnitse mira kholodnovo.
Okruzh schastiyem schast'ya dostoynuyu,
day yey soputnikov polnykh vnimaniya,
molodost' svetlyyu, starost' pokoynyyu,
serdtsu nezlobnomu mir upovaniya.

O, Mater Bozhiya, Tebya molyu!
Lermontov

6. Otchevo, skazhi, dusha-devitsa?
Otchevo, skazhi, dusha-devitsa,
ty sidish teper prigoryunilas
i bezmolvnaya na dorozhenu
ty, vzdkhnuv, glyadish ne nasmotrishsa?

Il's tobyo pri tebe netu milovo,
il' ostyla v nyom krov goryachaya,
il' ty yemu uzh naskuchila,
il' zabyli tebya tvoy serdechny drug?

Net, moy mily drug ne zabyli menya
i ne to shchemit serdtsa bednoye,
a ya milovo v dal'nuyu storonu,
v put'-dorozhenki provozhahyu ya,
a ya milova v dal'nuyu storonu,
v put'-dorozhenku snaryazhahyu ya.
Pleshcheyev

7. Shto yam slova lyubvi?
Shto yam slova lyubvi? - Vy bredom nazovute,
Shto slyozy yam moi? - I slyoz vy ne poymute.

Ostavte-zh mne mechty, ni slovom i ni zglyadom
serdchnoy teploty ne otravylyaye yadom!

Lyublyu yeyo odnu, kak zhiizh moyu,
kak svet lyublyu, lyublyu, kak tishinu
moikh ocharovaniy,

ot zloy lyuds'koy tolpy ya v dal' nemuyu rusa
i k ney na kryl'jakum dum dal'yoko unoshusa.
Ammov

8. Duyut vetry, vetry buynyye
Duyut vetry, vetry buynyye,
khodyat tuchi, khodyat tuchi tyomnyy.
khodyat tuchi, khodyat tyomnyy,
tuchi tyomnyy.

Ne vidat' v nikh, ne vidat' sveta belova,
ne vidat' v nikh belova,
ne vidat' v nikh solntsa krasnaya.

Vo syroy vo mgle, za tumanami,
tol'ko nochka, nochka lish cherneyetsa.
Duyut vetry, duyut buynyye,
khodyat tuchi, khodyat tyomnyy,
khodyat tyomnyy.

Kol'tsov

9. No yesli-by s toboyu ya vstretit'sa mogla
Rasstalis gordo my - ni slovom, ni slezoyu
ya grusti priznaka tebe ne podala.
My razochnis navek!

No yesli-by s toboyu ya vstretit'sa mogla!

Bez slyoz, bez zhalob ya sklonilas
pred sud'boyu. Ne znayu,
selev mne tak mnogo v zhzini zla,
lyubili ty menya?

No yesli-by s toboyu ya vstretit'sa mogla!

Kurochkin

10. Maluytka
Akh, zhemch vtoi glazki poroyu
na menya tak surovo gyadyat?
I tomityu dushey skol'koyu
tvoy kholodny, nelaskovy vzyadad?

Bez ulybki i v gordom molchan'i
ty prokhodish kak ten predo mnoyo,
i v dushe zataivshi stradan'ye,
yu revnivo slezhu za toboy.

Pleshcheyev
Schastliv, kak Ty, I Ty
uzrit prilaskay slivayas yesli i on
laskoy proch moyu grust' otgoni.

Zachem zhe tvoi glazki poroyu
na meny a tak surovo glyadyat?

Pleshcheyev

11. Pesn startsa
Stanu skromno u poroga,
tikh v dveri ya voydu,
kt podast mne, radi Boga,
snowa daleye poydu.

Schastliv, kto pered soboyu
uzrit bednovo menyu,
on poplachet nado mnoyu,
a o chom, ne znayu ya.

Goethe

12. Tsar Saul
O vozhd! Yesli palo na dolyu moyu
pred gospodnim narodom besslavn
poigbmut' v boyu - ne smushchaytes!
V bitvu idite smeley!

Pust' uznayut pragi silu nashikh mechey,
silu nashikh tyazhikhkikh mechey,
Ty, nesushchy za mnoyu moy mech i moy shchit,
yesli voysoy moyo smutny strakh korazit,
yesli drognyet ono i ot vraga pobezhit,
O, ne day perezhit' mne tot mig rokowy,
pust' umru ya, srazhonny tvoyeyu rukoi!

O moy syn! Moy naslednik,
uzh k bitve zov po kholmam propletel
i pir nam sulit, krovavy pir.
Ty vidish li, v slave nash venets zasiyal
i nad drognuvshim stanom mech vraga zasverkal.
O moy syn, to diya nas chas posledniy, strashny nastal!

Byron

13. Noch
Tvoy obraz laskovy tak poln ocharovanyya,
tak manit s kebe, tak obolischchayet,
trevozha son moy tikhy v chas polnochi
bezmolvn... 

I mnitsa, shepcheshe ty. Tvoi slova,
slivayas i zhurcha chistoy strukoy,
nado mnoyu v nochnoy tishi igrayut,
polny lyubvi, polny otrady, polny vse sili
char volshebnoy negi i zabven'ya...

Vo t'rne nochnoy, v polnochny chas,
tvoi glaza blistayut predo mnoy.

Mne, mne ulybayutsa, i zvuki slyshu ya:
moy drug, moy nezhny drug! Lyublyu tebya,
tvoya, tvoya!

Pushkin

14. Kalistratushka
Nado mnoy pevala matushka,
kolybel' moyu kachayuchi:
budeshe schastliv, Kalistratushka,
budeshe zhit' ty pripevayuchi.
I sbilos po vole Bozhiyey
predskazan'ye moyey matushki.
Net schastlivey, net prigozhey,
et naryadney Kalistratushk,
okh! Net naryadney Kalistratushk!
Klyuchevoy voditsey umyvayusa,
pyaternoy cheshu volosynki,
urozhayu dozhdayusa
s nezakonno polosyntki,
na naslednik, ocharovan'ya,
pushche muzha naryazhayetsa:
nosit lapti s podkovrykyo.
Da, budeshe schastliv, Kalistratushka,
okh, budeshe zhit' ty pripevayuchi!

Nekrassov

15. Otenzhenyaya
Ne smotri na neyo ty s prezren'ym,
ot sebya yeyo proch ne goni,
luchshe v dashu yeyo s sozhalen'yem
i s uchastiym tyoplym vzglyani!

Posmotri, skol'ko v ney perezhito
bur zhestokikh v ugodu sud'be,
skol'ko, skol'ko sil molodykh v ney ubito
bez sela v bezyshchono borbe.

A i v etoy dashu zacherstveloy
i v otravlennyoy etoy krovi,
ver, lyubov yeyo yeshcho zakipela;
no ne videt' vzaimoy lyubvi.

Vsyudu slyshat' odni lish proklyat'ya,
vsyudu vstretil' prezreniya vzhlyad
i ne past', kogda zlobno ob'yat'ya
raskryvayet odin lish razvat?

Ne smotri zh na neyo ty s prezren'ym,
ot sebya yeyo proch ne goni,
luchshe v dashu yeyo s sozhalen'yem
i s uchastiym tyoplym vzglyani!

I. Holz-Miller
16. Kolybel’naya pesnya
Bayu, bayu, mil vnuchonochek, 
ty spi, usni, usni, krest’yan sky syn.
Bayu, bayu, doprezh dedy ne zavali bedy, 
beda prishla, da bedu privel s napastyami, 
da s propastymi, s pravezhami, 
beda vso s poboyami!
Bayu, bayu, mil vnuchonochek, ty spi, usni, usni, krest’yan sky syn.
Izhiivym bedu za rabotushkoy, 
za nemiloy, chuzhoy, nepokladnoy, vekovechnoyu, 
zloyu, stradnoyu, zloyu, stradnoyu.

Belym tel’tsem lezhish v lyulechke, 
tvoya dushenka v nebesakh letit, 
tvoj tikhy son sam Gospod’ khranit.
Po bokam stoyat svetly angely, 
stoyat angely!

Ostovsky

17. Pesn baleartsa
V ob’yat’yakh devy melodoy, lobzan’yem zhguhchim 
raspalyonny, 
dykhan’ya zharkovo struyovy v roskoschno nege upoyonny, 
pod shopot sladostnykh rechey ya zabyvayu zvuk mechevy. 
V ob’yat’yakh devy nezhnuy ya zasypayu bezmyatezhno.

Zabudu-i’ obraz devy miloy, zabudu-i’ blesk yevo ochey, 
i shopot sladostnykh rechey sre’d’ zvukov pirhostva 
igrivkyh?
Pod shopot sladostnykh rechey ya zabyvayu zvuk mechevy, 
V ob’yat’yakh devy nezhnuy ya zasypayu bezmyatezhno, 
i v sladkom sne, lyubov’yu upoyonny, poyu lyubov, 
i devy chudnuyu krass i devu chudnuyu moyu!

Mussorgsky

ENGLISH TRANSLATION
1. Where are you, little star?
Where are you, little star, oh, where are you, bright one?
Have you hidden behind a dark cloud, 
behind a dark, menacing cloud?

Where are you, maiden, where are you, lovely one?
Have you forsaken your dear lover 
your dear, handsome lover?

A dark cloud has obscured the star, 
and the cold earth has taken the lovely maiden away.

Ballad for voice and piano. Composed in 1857 at St.
Petersburg to a text by Grekov, written in the spirit of 
popular songs. Dedicated to the singer J.-L. Gruenberg. 
First edition 1911, Bessel. The manuscript is in Paris 
/Library of the Conservatoire.

2. The hour of jollity
Hand round the glasses, pour out the wine!
Let’s drain our glasses to this joyous moment!
Strike up the songs loudly, my friends!
Let’s make merry until dawn!

Let’s celebrate youth for a while with our feasting, 
for now we feel merry and joyful; 
I know what tomorrow will bring, my friends, 
but let’s make merry until dawn!

Hand round the glasses, pour out the wine! 
Let’s drain our glasses to this joyous moment!
Strike up the songs loudly, my friends!
Let’s make merry until dawn!

Sing out with loud and cheerful voices, friends, 
pour more wine into the glasses! 
Let’s all drain our glasses at one go! 
Let’s make merry until dawn!

Hand round the glasses, pour out the wine!
Let’s drain our glasses to this joyous moment!
Strike up the songs loudly, my friends!
Let’s make merry until dawn!

A toast to a text by Kol’tsov, dedicated to Sakharin. 
Composed in 1858 at St. Petersburg. First edition...? The 
manuscript is in Paris (Library of the Conservatoire).

3. Sadly rustled the leaves
Sadly rustled the leaves 
in the groves at night-time; 
the coffin was lowered into the grave, 
the coffin, lit by the moon.

In silence, without tears, they buried it, 
and then everyone departed; 
only the leaves, bending over the grave, 
rustled through the night.

Musical narration for baritone or bass with piano 
accompaniment. Composed in 1858 at St. Petersburg to a 
text of Pleshcheyev, and dedicated to M.O. Mileschin. First 
edition 1911, Bessel. The manuscript is in Paris.

4. I have many palaces and gardens
I have many palaces and gardens 
and boundless fields and dense forests, 
dark, dense forests.

I have many pearls and furs, 
and colourful garments, 
and precious carpets.

I have much silver for my table, 
fine conversation for my guests, and wine for enjoyment, 
much wine for enjoyment!
But I know why I need the sorcerer’s potions, the sorcerer’s potions, but I know, I know why my heart is grieving.

Ballad for voice with piano accompaniment. Composed in 1860 at St. Petersburg to words by Kol’tsov, and dedicated to T. Borispolz. First edition...? The manuscript is in Paris.

5. Prayer
O Mother of God, I offer a prayer before the brightness of your countenance, but I pray not for my desolate soul, the soul of a pilgrim alone in the world, but beg you to grant an innocent maid tender protection from this bleak world. Fill her with the happiness she deserves, grant her attentive companions, a radiant youth, calm old age, and to her innocent heart eternal hope.

O Mother of God, I beseech you!

Ballad for voice with piano accompaniment. Composed 2 February 1865 at St. Petersburg to a text by Lermentov, and dedicated to Julia Ivanovna Mussorgsky (the composer’s mother). First edition: ...? The manuscript is in Paris.

6. Tell me why
Tell me why, dearest maiden, you sit here so sadly, and, silently sighing, ever look towards distant paths?

Can it be that you have no sweetheart, or maybe his passion has cooled, or he has grown tired of you, or that devoted lover of yours has left you?

No, my lover has not left me, it is not that which grieves my poor heart, but I must send my darling on a long journey to distant lands, I must send my darling, and I must equip him for his journey.

Romance for voice and piano. Composed in St. Petersburg, on a text by Pleshcheyev, dedicated to S.A. Burzev. Frstedition 1867, Jurgenson. The manuscript is in Paris.

7. What are words of love to you?
What are words of love to you? - You call them but wanderings.
What are my tears to you? - Even tears you do not understand.

Leave me my dreams, let neither words nor looks from the heart’s passion destroy them with their poison!

I love her alone, as I love my life, as I love the light, I love her as the peace which comes from joy;

I rush from this wicked world to the fareway silence and let myself be carried to her on winged thoughts.

Romance for voice and piano. Composed in St. Petersburg in 1860 to a text by Ammosov, and dedicated to Maria V. Scilavska. First published...?

8. The wild winds blow
The wild winds blow, black clouds sweep across the sky, black clouds sweep across, black clouds.

No daylight is visible there, no daylight, no glowing sun is visible there.

In the damp gloom beyond the mists shows only the blackness of night. The wild winds blow, black clouds sweep across the sky, black clouds sweep across, black clouds.

Song for baritone or bass with piano accompaniment. Composed 28 March 1864 in St. Petersburg to a text by Kol’tsov and dedicated to Viaslav A. Loginov. First edition 1911, Bessel. The manuscript is in Paris.

9. But if I could meet you again...

Romance
We parted, and I was too proud to use words or tears to give you any sign of my grief. We parted for ever!

But if! could only meet you again!

Without tears, without complaints I bowed before my fate. I do not know, with all the suffering you caused me, if you really loved me.

But if I could only meet you again!

Romance for voice with piano accompaniment. Composed 15 August 1863 at Voloch to a text by Kurochkin, and dedicated to Nadiejda P. OPOCHININ. The manuscript is in Paris. First edition...?

10. Dear one, why are your eyes sometimes so cold?
Oh, why are your eyes sometimes so cold when they look at me? And why is my soul tormented with longing at your chill, unfeeling glance?
Unsmiling and in sombre silence
like a shadow you pass before me,
and I hide the sorrow in my heart
as I jealously follow after you.

Your love illumined
my desolate days, like the light of spring;
come, let us kiss as we used to kiss,
and with your caresses drive this sorrow from me.

Why are your eyes sometimes
so cold when they look at me?

Pleshcheyev. Composed 7 January 1866.

11. Song of the old man
I will stand humbly by the doorway,
quietly I’ll enter the door,
and if someone will give me alms in the name of God
I’ll go on my way.

Happy is the man who sees
this poor fellow before him;
he will weep for me,
but I know not why.

For bass or baritone, with piano accompaniment.
Composed 13 August 1863 at Kanistev to a text by Goethe
(Wilhelm Meister), and dedicated to A.P. Opochinin. First
edition 1911, Bessel.

12. King Saul
O warriors! If it should be my fate,
before God’s people, to fall ingloriously
in battle - do not falter!
Go bravely to the fight!

Let the enemy feel the strength of our swords,
the strength of our mighty swords.
And you, my follower, who bears my sword and shield,
if you see my forces struck by dreadful fears,
if they falter, and flee from the enemy,
Oh, may I not survive that fatal moment,
let me die of a blow from your hand!

O my son! My heir,
already the call to battle has resounded through the hills,
and we are promised a feast, a feast of blood.
Do you see, our crown is lit with a blaze of glory,
and our enemy’s sword flashes over his trembling body.
O my son, our last fearful hour is at hand!

Composed in 1863 at Volach to a text by Byron (from
Hebrew Melodies) and dedicated to A.P. Opochinin. First
edition 1871, Bessel, revised by Rimsky-Korsakov from
Glazounov’s orchestration. There are some differences
between the Paris orchestral manuscript and the Russian
version.

13. Night
Your lovely countenance is so full of delights,
so seductive, so captivating,
it disturbs my peaceful sleep at midnight’s silent
hour...

And I seem to hear you whisper. Your words
flowing and murmuring like a pure mountain stream,
play around me in the silence of the night,
full of love, full of delight, full of all the strength
and magic of bewitching serenity and oblivion.

In the gloom of night, at midnight’s hour,
your eyes shine bright before me.
They smile at me, and I hear your voice;
my friend, my dearest friend! I love you,
I am yours, yours!

Composed 10 April 1874 at St. Petersburg on a text by
Pushkin. Dedicated to Nadiejda P. Opotchinina

14. Calistratus
My mother sang a song to me
as she rocked my cradle:
“you shall be happy, Calistratus,
you shall have a successful life”.
And by God’s decree it happened,
just as my mother had foretold.
There is no-one more happy, more handsome,
more elegant than Calistratus,
oh, no! No-one more elegant than Calistratus!
I wash myself in the spring water,
comb my locks with my fingers,
and I await the harvest
from fields I have not ploughed,
nor sown.
But my wife stands over the tub
washing the children’s clothes,
she is better dressed than her husband,
but her slippers have no soles.
Yes, you shall be happy, Calistratus,
you shall have a successful life!

Study in popular style for voice with piano
accompaniment, composed 22 May 1864 in St. Petersburg
(Novaiia Derevnia) to a text by Nekrassov, and dedicated
to A.P. Opochinin. The manuscript is in the State Library,
St. Petersburg; a variant is in Paris. First edition 1883,
Bessel.

15. The outcast
Do not look at her with scorn,
do not drive her away from you,
but rather gaze into her heart with pity
and tender sympathy.

See how many fierce storms
she has suffered at fate’s will,
how much other youthful strength has been destroyed
without trace in the endless struggle.
But within this hardened soul
and this bleeding heart,
believe me, love could have been burning still,
but it was unrequited.

All around were only words of hate,
all around were looks of scorn;
How hard to avoid being weak,
when only depravity can open the door to love.

Do not look at her with scorn,
do not drive her away from you,
but rather gaze into her heart with pity
and tender sympathy.

“Study in recitative” for voice and piano, composed 22 June 1865 in St. Petersburg to a text by I. Holz-Miller. The manuscript is in Paris.

CD14

1. Gde ty, zvyozdochka?
Gde ty, zvyozdochka? Gde ty, krasnaya?
Il' zatmilasa tuchey chornoyu,
tuchey mrachnoy?

Gde ty, devitsa, gde ty, krasnaya?
Il' pokinula druga milovo,
nenaglyadnovo?

I ya s goresti, so lyutoy toski,
poydu vo pole, pole chistoye;
ne uvizhu li yasnoy zvyozdoci,
ne povstrechu li krasnoy devitsy.

Tucha chornaya skrylya zvyozdouchu,
zemlya khladnaya yalya devitsu.

Grekov

2. Noch
Moy golos dlya tebya i laskovy i tomny
trevozhit pozdnuye molchan'ye nochy tyomnnoy.
Bliz lozha moyevo pechat'nyaya svecha gorit.
Moi slova slivayas i zhurcha,
tekut, ruchi lyubvi, polny, polny toboy!
Vo t'me nochnoy, tvoi glaza blistayut predo mnoy,
Mne ulybayutsi izvuki slyshu ya!
Moy drug, moy nezhny drug, lyublyu tebya!
Tvoya...tvoya!

Pushkin

3. Hopak
Hoy! Hoy, hoy, hopaka!
Polyubila kazaka,
tol'ko stary da neduyuhi,
tol'ko ryzy, neuklyuzy,
vot i dolya vsya poka! Hoy!
Dolya sedom za toskoyu,
a ty stary za vodoyu,
and the whisper of sweet words amongst the merry sounds of the banquet?
When I hear her whisper sweet words I forget the clang of the swords,
and in my loved one's embraces I fall into a peaceful sleep,
and in that sweet sleep, intoxicated with love, I sing of love,
and of my mistress' wondrous beauty, of this wonderful girl of mine!

From the opera “Salammbô” (Liviez) in four acts and seven scenes to a text by Mussorgsky after Flaubert’s novel. Of the first act, only the “Balearic song at the feast in the gardens of Hamilcar” was set to music. The manuscript of this song is in Paris, with the autograph date August 1864, Novaia Derevnia, St.Petersburg.
a sama to ya v shinok, 
da khvachu sebe kryuchok, 
a potom vsyo chok da chok, 
vsyo chok da chok. 
Charka pervaya kolom, a vtoraya sokolom, 
baba v plas poshiva v konets, 
a za neyu moledets, 
story, rzyzy, babu klichet, 
tol'ko baba kukish tychet. 
Kol' zhenilsa, satana, 
dobyvay-zhe mne pshena, 
vot kak? 
Nado detok pozhalet', 
nakormit' i priodet'. 
Vot shto!

Dobyvay, smotri, byt' khudu, 
a ne to same dobudu. 
Slysh ty! 
Dobyvay zhe, story, rzyzy, 
dobyvay skorey, besstzyshy! 
Shto, vzvay. 
Tol'ko, story, ne greshi, 
kolybel'ki, kolyshi 
vot tak! 
Kolybel'ki story, kolyshi, 
vot tak! 
Kak byla ya molodoyu 
da ugodnitsyey, 
ya povesila perednik 
ad okonnitsyey, 
i v okoshechko kivayu, 
v pyal'tsakh sholkom vyshivayu. 
Hoy, semyony vy, Ivany, 
nadevayte-ka kaftany, 
da so mnoy gulyat' powdysyme! 
Da prisadam, zapoyomte!

Hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy 
hoy hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy, hoy 
Pulyubila kazaka, 
tol'ko story da nedyuzy, 
tol'ko rzyzy, neuklyuzhy, 
vot i pravda vsya poka. Hoy!

Mey (iz Scheschenko)

4. Krapivnaya gora 
Mezhdu nebom i zemlyoyu, 
v meste vovse neizvestnom, 
yest' krapivnaya gora. 
I na toj gore krapivnoy 
nichevo, oprich krapivy, 
ne rastoyt i ne roslo. 
Tol'ko povzet prokhliadoy 
vecherney dremoyu otradnoy, 
pakhnyot veterot prelestny, 
s gori Krapivnoy dusht krapivy, 
oday krapivou; za ney na toy gore Krapivnoy

nachinayut otkryvatsa 
tayni mrachnyye priodry.

Mussorgsky

5. Akh ty, pyanaya teterya! 
Akh ty, pyanaya teterya! 
Gde ty do svetu shatalsa, 
s kem, besstydnyk, ty taskala! 
Al' s rodymi pirovali, 
zhon da detok vsjaminili? 
Al' za rodnikh, shto v mogile, 
boga gospoda moliili? 
Rasskazhi zh, gde byl, 
pokhvastay, gde, shto pil. 
Eko rylo, vsyo v gryazi-to, 
vso, serdechnoye, izbito. 
Ha, ha, ha... 
'Fu, ty, pakost'! 
Nu, shto vypuchil glazishy, 
shto stoish, kak stolb povestryn! 
Al' stupid' boishsa, nozhki oslabeli? 
Al' khamel'nuyo yazycho tebe otshiblo? 
Ty ne boysa! 
Zhonka staraya podmozhet, 
govor smeyley! 
Zhonka yazycho razvyazhet! 
Kak nakhnu vozit' ukhvatom, 
nozhki stanu t tvyordo; 
kar khvachu tebya po lyasam, 
yazychozot razvremyotsa: 
pravdmatku vsyu pokazhet, 
pro besstydnika rasskazhet, 
pro besstydnika, pro muzha, 
pro starovo potaskukhu!

Ne molila l'ya tebya, Pakhomych, 
ne korila l'ya tebya, rodimy? 
Pozhaley ty svoikh detok malykh, 
ze tomi ne much ty zhoriku staruyu. 
Pokyalsya, besstydnik, obrazom svyatym, 
a tri storony poklon polozhil, 'shto ne budes pest', 
stanesh tresvo zhit'.

Okh, golovushka bednaya, okhti! 
Okh ty, dolya gorkaya, okhti! 
Okh vy, detki malye, kto vas prigolubit, 
bespomoshchnykh prilaskayet? Okhti!

Po bakom-to storym ya uhvatstsem pokhodila b 
vdol' da po spinke plet'yu, plochouchoy pyoshpas by. 
Sprava, sleva stegana, 
za zagrivok by nagnula! 
Po shchekam by okhleestalaz avshno! 
Za volosy a ottaskala likho! 
Ne shataysa po nocham ty, story, 
ne valyaysa ty v gryazi, besstydnyk!

Na lezhanoche spi lezhi ty chinn, 
zhonku, detok, steri gho chesti, 
da po chesti tresvo! 
Akh ty, skaredna teterya, 
al' yeshcho ne otrevilisa? 
Grekh s toboy odin, da gore, da pozor,
6. Сиротка
Barin moy milenky, 
barin moy dobrenky!
Szhal’sa nad bednen’kim, 
gorkim, bezdomnym sirotochko!
Barinushka!

Kholodom, golodom greyus, kormlyusa ya, 
burey da vyugoyu v noch prikryvayusa, 
tranyu, poboyami, strakhom, ugrozoy 
dobryye lyudzi za ston golodny moy potchuyut!
V chashu’l dremchuyu ot lyudey spryachus ya, 
golod dokuchlivy iz lesu vytolknet.
Net moyey silushki, 
it’, yest’ zakhochetsa.

Barin moy milenky, barin moy dobrenky!
S golodu smert’ strashna, s kholodu stynet krov.
Barin moy dobrenky, 
szhal’sa nad bednen’kim, 
szhal’sa nad gorkim sirotochko!

Mussorgsky

7. Strekotun’ya beloboka
Strektun’ya beloboka pod kalkitkooy moyey 
skachet poystroayara soroka i prorochit mne gostey.

Kolokol’chik nebyvaly u menya zvenit v ushakh, 
luch zari igryat aly, serebritsa snezhny prakh.

Kolokol’chik zvenyat, barabanchiki gremyat, 
a lyudi-to lyudi oy, lyushenki lyudi!

A lyudi-to lyudi na tsganochku gldyaty.
A tsganochka-to skachet, v barabanchiki byot, 
y, shirinokhochko-to mashet, zalivayetsa, poyot: 
"Ya pevun’ya, ya pevitsa, 
vorozhit’ ya masteritsa!”

Strekotun’ya beloboka pod kalkitkooy moyey 
skachet poystroayara soroka i prorochit mne gostey.

Kolokol’chik nebyvaly u menya zvenit v ushakh, 
luch zari igryat aly, serebritsa snezhny prakh.

A tsganochka vsyo plyashet, oy, shirinokhochko-to mashet: 
"Ya pevun’ya, ya pevitsa, 
vorozhit’ ya masteritsa!”

Pushkin

8. Detskaya pesnya
Vo sadu, akh, vo sadochke 
vyrosha malinka; 
solnyshko yeyo gryet, 
dozhdiech leleyet.

V svetlom teremochke 
vyrosha Naninka,

Mey

9. Ozornik
Oxh, baushka, och, rodnaya, raskrasavushka, 
obernis!

Vostronosaya, serebryonaya, pucheglazaya, potseluy!

Stan li ty voy dugoy, podpyortoy klyukoy, 
bozhki kostochki slovno trostochki.

Khodish seleznem, spotykayeshsa, 
na chestowy na lyud natykeyshsa.

Ox, podzharaya, baba staraya, 
y, s gorbom!

Oxh, baushka, och, rodnaya, krasavushka, ne 
serychay!

Po lesam bredyosh, zveri mechutsa, 
po goram polzyosh, dol tryasoytysa ves, 
stanesh pech topir’, an izba gorit, 
stanesh khleb kusat’, an zub lomitsa, 
pogriby! ‘poydosh, sgunit pod zemlyu, 
al! po yagodu, v travku spryacheta.

Za toboy-ze vsled, moya rodnaya, vse polnym 
polny, vse lukoshechki 
volokut nesut krasny devushki, 
da khikhikayut na tebya kargu, zdai gldadyuchi na 
porzonyuyu.

Ox, baushka, oy rodnaya! Ox, ne bey!

Vostronosaya, raskrasavushka, pucheglazaya, oy, ne bey!

Razzudis plecho, razmakhnis klynka, raskhodi, 
karga staraya!

Ox, doslushay-ka moyu skazochku, ty povyslushay 
do kontsa!

S podborodochkom nos tseluyetsa, slovno golebi, 
y, oy, ne bey!

Na zatylochke tri vosolica s polovinochko, 
oy, oy, baushka, oy, oy, rodnaya, oy krasavushka, 
oy, oy, oy, ne bey, oy!

Mussorgsky

10. Vechernyaya pesenka
Vecher otrady 
yog na kholmakh, 
veter prokhladny 
duyet v polyakh, 
duyet, laskayet 
travku, tsvety, 
tikho kachayet 
roz, kusty.

Roza mladaya 
yot aromat, 
ptiacki porkhaya 
v roshche poyut.

? Pleshcheyev
11. Po griby
Ryzhichkov, volvyanochek, belykh, belyanocek
naberu skryzhennya ya mlada mladyshe, shto dlya svyokra batyushki, dlya svekrovi-l’i matushki,
perestali-b skryzhnichat’, seli-by pobrazhnichat’.

Mey

13. Po nad Domon sad tsveyot
Po nad Domon sad tsveyot, vo sadu dorozhka,
na neyo ya b vsyo glyadel sidya u okoseshekko.

Kol’tsov

14. Yevreyskaya pesnya
"Ya tsvetok polevoy, ya lileya dolin!"
Golubitsa moya belolonnaya,
mezduenykh podrug, slovno v ternii krin.
Golubitsa moya belolonnaya!
Slovno mirta v tsvetu blagovornnaya
mezhr besplodnykh derevev lesnykh mily moy,
ENGLISH TRANSLATION

1. Where are you, little star?
Where are you, little star? Where are you, beauteous one?
Have you hidden behind a black cloud, behind a dark menacing cloud?

Where are you, maiden, where are you, lovely one?
Have you forsaken your dear lover, your handsome lover?

And I in sorrow, in cruel anguish, will go to the field, the open field; but I shall not see the bright star, nor shall I meet the lovely maiden.

A dark cloud has obscured the star, and the cold earth has claimed the maiden.


2. Night
My voice is for you both tender and languid, it disturbs the late silence of night’s darkness. Near my couch a sorrowful candle burns. My words ripple and murmur, they flow like streams of love, full of you! In the gloom of night your eyes shine bright before me, they smile at me, and I hear sounds! My friend, my dearest friend, I love you... I am yours, yours!

Fantasy for voice and piano. Composed 10 April 1864 in St. Petersburg to a text by Pushkin. Dedicated to Nadiejda P. Opochinina. First published 1871.

3. Hopak
Hey! Hey, hey, hopak!
I fell in love with a Cossack, but he was old and awkward, red-haired and clumsy, but that’s fate! Hey!

My fate is a sad one, but while you, old boy, go to fetch water, I’m off to the tavern. I’ll grab myself a goblet, then I’ll be clinking glasses; the first cup’ll stick in my throat, but the second will go down better. The woman has gone off to the dance, and there’s a young man after her; the red-haired husband calls to the woman, but she sticks her fingers up at him. If you get married, hell, you’ve got to provide the bread, that’s it! You have to show some sympathy for the children, feed and clothe them. That’s what!

Get on then, look here, it’ll be the worse for you, otherwise I’ll do the providing! Just you listen! You provide for us, old redhead, get a move on, shameless creature!

What gave you that idea? But you, old boy, give up your sinful ways, and rock the cradle, like that! Rock the cradle, old boy, like this!

When I was a young girl and anxious to please, I used to hang up my apron over the window; then I’d beckon out of the window as I worked at my silk on the frame. And I’d call: “Hey, Simon, Ivan, put on your kaftans, and come walk with me! We’ll sit awhile in the tavern and sing!”

Song for voice and piano. Composed 31 August 1866 in Pavlovsk to an Ukrainian text from Schevchenko’s Gaidamaki, translated by Mey. Dedicated to Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov. First published 1867 by Jurgenson.

4. The nettle mountain
Between the heavens and the earth, in a place not known to any mortal, there is a nettle mountain. And on that nettle mountain nothing but nettles grows nor has ever grown.

But when a cool and soothing evening languard has wafted over all, there blows a delightful breeze, and from the nettle mountain comes a scent of nettles, just of nettles; behind, on that nettle mountain nature begins to open up her sombre secrets.

Incomplete; begun in 1874. Words by Mussorgsky.

5. You drunken sot!
Oh, you drunken sot!
Where in the world have you been roaming, who have you been hanging out with, shameless creature?
Have you been living it up among your relations, chattering about your wives and children?
Or have you been asking God's blessing on the ones already in their graves?

Tell us where you've been, go on, boast about your drinking bouts.
What a snout, all covered in mud, and all matters of the heart ruined.
Ha, ha, ha...
Be off, you disgusting creature!
Well, what are you staring like that for, why do you stand there like a milestone?
Are you afraid to move, have your legs gone weak?
Or has your intoxicated tongue failed you?
Don't be afraid!
Your old wife will help, just come out with it!
Your wife will unlock your tongue!
When I start beating you up with an oven fork your legs'll get so stiff;
when I grab you by the jaws your tongue'll get unfurled;
and reveal the whole truth; it'll tell of the shameless creature, of the shameless husband, of the old trollo!

Didn't I beg you, Pakhomych, didn't I reproach you, dear fellow?
Have pity on your little children, don't torment and torture your old wife.
Swear, in a holy manner, shameless creature, and give a triple bow, that you'll give up drinking, and start living a sober life.

Oh, my poor head, oh!
Oh, my bitter fate, oh!
Oh, my little children, who will caress you, who will kiss my little helpless ones? Oh!
I'd have a go at those old limbs with an oven fork, all down his back with a whip and a lash.
To right and to left I'd whip him I'd wring his neck.
I'd give him a good whipping on the cheeks! I'd give his hair a good tug!
Don't roam around at nights, you old fool, don't lie around in the mud, you shameless creature!
Go and sleep on your stove-bench in a proper manner, and look after your wife and children honourably, yes, honourably and soberly!
Oh, you miserable sot, haven't you sobered up yet?
It's sinful, it's a shame and a scandal, it's a mockery!
Get out of my sight, curse you!

Composed 1866 to a text by Mussorgsky, dedicated to Vladimir V. Nikolsky. Unpublished; discovered in the St. Petersburg State Library in 1925 by Andrei Rimsky-Korsakov.

6. The Orphan
My dear sir, my kind sir!
Have pity on this poor creature, this wretched, homeless orphan!
Good sir!
The cold warms me, hunger feeds me, storm and tempest give me shelter in the night, abuse, blows, fear and threats, this is how good folk answer my groans of hunger.
If I hide from the world in the dense glade, a tormenting hunger drives me from the wood. I have no strength left, and thirst and hunger torment me.

My dear sir, my kind sir!
Starvation is fearful, and the blood freezes in the cold. My kind sir, have pity on this poor creature, have pity on this wretched orphan!
Romance for voice and piano, composed in 1868 in St. Petersburg to a text by Mussorgsky, and dedicated to Ekaterina S. Borodin. First published by Bessel, 1871.

7. The magpie
That white-winged chatterbox by my gate, the vivid magpie, goes hopping along, telling of guests arriving. There's a strange sound of bells ringing in my ears, and the red glow of dawn flickers over the silversnowy landscape.

The bells ring out, the tambourines clash, and the people, oh, so many people! All the people gaze on the gipsy girl. And the gipsy girl twirls as, banging on her tambourine, and waving her scarf, she floods the air with song. "I'm the songstress, I'm the singer, at telling fortunes I'm a winner!"

That white-winged chatterbox by my gate, the vivid magpie, goes hopping along, telling of guests arriving. There's a strange sound of bells ringing in my ears, and the red glow of dawn flickers over the silversnowy landscape.

The gipsy girl dances on, oh, and she waves her scarf. "I'm the songstress, I'm the singer, at telling fortunes I'm a winner!"

Joke for voice and piano. Composed 26 August 1867 in St. Petersburg to texts by Pushkin, dedicated to A.P. and N.P. Opochinina. First published 1872, Bessel. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.
8. A Children’s song
In our garden, our tiny garden,
a raspberry-bush has flowered;
the sun warms it,
and the rain nourishes it.
In our little house,
the maiden Naninka has grown up,
loved by her father,
and cherished by her mother.

For voice and piano. Composed 6 April 1868 in St. Petersburg to a text by Mey (after Russian songs). The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petetersburg.

9. The mischievous child
Hey, my dear, you with the pretty painted face,
turn round!
You with the pointed nose, hair silver-grey, puffy-eyed,
give me a kiss!
Hunch-backed, leaning on a stick,
your legs just bones, like matchsticks,
 you walk like a duck waddling along,
bumping into good honest folk.
Hey, you skinny old woman,
hey, you there with the hump!
Hey, my dear, my pretty one, don’t be cross!
When you wander through the forests, the animals
scamper away,
when you climb the mountains, the valleys all shake,
if you stoke the fire, then the hut burns down,
if you take a bite of bread, you break a tooth,
when you go out to pick mushrooms, they all vanish
underground,
and if it’s berries, then they hide in the grass.
And after you, my dear, with their baskets full to the brim
come the pretty maidens following close behind,
snagging at you, old crone, with your empty basket.
Oh, my dear, oh, don’t beat me!
You with the pointed nose and painted face, puffy-eyed,
don’t beat me!
Hitch your shoulder, raise your stick and clear off, old
 crone!
Oh, listen to my tale, hear me to the end!
Chin and nose meet in a kiss, like love-birds,
oh, oh, don’t beat me!
On your head there are just three hairs,
and maybe a half,
oh, oh, my dear, oh, my beauty,
oh, oh, don’t beat me, oh!

For voice and piano. Composed mid-August 1867 to a text by L. Mey, and dedicated to Vladimir V. Nikolsky.

10. Evening song
An enchanting evening
lies over the hills,
and a cool breeze
blows in the fields;
it blows and caresses
the grass and the flowers,
and gently sways
the roses and the bushes.
A young rose
gives out its scent,
and the birds as they fly about
in the glade pour forth their song.

For voice and piano. Composed 19 December 1867 in St. Petersburg to words by the composer. Dedicated to V.V. Stassov. First published, Bessel. The manuscript is in the State Library, St. Petersburg.

11. Looking for mushrooms
Orange ones, brown ones, white ones, mushrooms of
many sorts,
I will gather quickly, for I am young and able,
so that my husband’s father and mother
can stop being so miserly and prepare a feast.

But for that decrepit, detestable old husband of mine
I’ll shave a whole punnet through the window,
but they’ll all be stunted, shrivelled and poisonous;
the old boy will eat them, they’ll disagree with him, and
he’ll choke.

But for you, young man with the golden curls,
I’ll pluck grasses, a soft sheaf of grasses,
to decorate a couch made ready for a wedding night,
with the shady leaves for curtains, and maybe this widow.

For voice and piano. Composed 1878 to a text by Plescheyev (from Ruckert) First published Bessel, 1883.

12. The Wanderer
The shadows of the high mountains
have fallen on the water,
and white seagulls are circling
in the distance.

All the dear friends I cherished
are no longer with me;
yet I would press them to me
in a close embrace.

For voice and piano. Composed 1878 to a text by Plescheyev (from Ruckert) First published Bessel, 1883.

13. The garden by the Don
By the Don a garden grows,
and through the garden runs a path;
there I love to gaze,
seated by my window.

Once, towards evening,
Masha trod along that path;
I can never forget
how she sighed,
or how with a smile of love
14. Hebrew song
"I am a flower of the field, a lily of the valleys!"
My dove with snowy breast
among her young companions, is like a rose among thorns,
my dove with snowy breast!
As the fragrant myrtle in bloom
among the barren woodland trees is my love,
among his young friends, among his young friends.
Where are you, my love, my handsome darling?

For voice and piano. Composed 12 June 1867 at Minkino,
to a text by Mey (adapted from The Song of Solomon II, v 1-3) and dedicated to Mussorgsky's brother and his wife. First edition Jurgenson, 1868. The manuscript is in the State Libraty, St. Petersburg.

15. Meines Herzens Sehnsucht
(Longing)
The swallow can dip
and glide in the blue heights...
If I were a winged bird
I would know whither to hasten.
Fate does not decree that you and I
should know the joy of an earthly nest,
but fate allows me
to be true to you always.

You are far away, that I know,
but still you are near to me.
In my heart I nurse this thought,
and my longing is for you.
Oh, I would know life's joy
were I a bird of liberty.
I would hasten to your homeland
where you wait, my love.

The swallow can dip
and glide in the blue heights...
If I were a winged bird
I would know, I'd know whither to hasten.
I bear the burden of parting,
and joy's light has died away.
Speed along, Time, O Time,
and hasten the hour I long for.

Composed 1858 to Usov's translation from an anonymous
German original