

# OPRICHNIK

## COMPACT DISC 1

### 1 Introduction

#### Act 1

*A garden at sunset. On the left, the terem; on the right, a fence. In the distance, the Kremlin. Enter Prince Zemchuznyj and Molchan Mit'kov; servants bring them jugs of cider.*

ZEMCHUZNYI

- 2 Come in, do us the honour.  
A guest is always welcome in our home.

MOLCHAN

Thank you, prince.  
May the spring be favourable to you  
and may God protect your household.

*(They sit down)*

ZEMCHUZNYI *(holding a jug)*

May this cider refresh you,  
with its intoxicating golden froth!

MOLCHAN

May you and your dear ones  
be as cheerful as this bubbly cider.  
*(He drinks)*  
But it's no use delaying  
what I wish to tell you.

*(They both drink)*

I thank you for the cider and for the honour,  
but you possess something sweeter yet,  
you hold a more precious treasure in your home,  
and I would be happy to have it.

ZEMCHUZNYI

Are you speaking of Natal'ja?

MOLCHAN

Yes, but why have you fallen silent now?  
Would you wrong an old man,  
chide me for my white hair?

ZEMCHUZNYI

What are you saying, my friend!  
Even our old age  
is best not spent in loneliness.  
This father's heart is grateful for your proposal,  
allow me to thank you for the honour.  
You are not young but you are a brave man,  
indeed no one is better for dignity, intellect.  
I thank you!

MOLCHAN

My future father-in-law is making fun of me!

ZEMCHUZNYI

On the contrary, I am glad.

MOLCHAN

And I am grateful for the honour,  
I swear to love her as much as my own soul,  
as much as one loves happiness, one's own  
blood,  
dignity! Yes, trust a word that is unbreakable,  
I love her madly.

ZEMCHUZNYI

Have my daughter.

MOLCHAN

And may you have from God  
health, prosperity and a long life!

ZEMCHUZNYI

There is, however, one problem:  
this daughter of mine comes with no dowry.

MOLCHAN

My father-in law nearly frightened me!  
There is nothing I need beside her,  
I would only be sorry if she did not like me.

ZEMCHUZNYI

Oh, do not worry, she'll be happy.  
Don't treat her badly, take good care of her...  
And now raise your cup and drink.

MOLCHAN

A master of the house knows the rite's  
formality: before him, not even the pope drinks!

ZEMCHUZNYI

May God keep you,  
and may the Czar be generous with you.

MOLCHAN

I must rush home, I'm almost mad with joy!

ZEMCHUZNYI

Dear son-in-law, forgive me!

*(They leave)*

CHORUS OF GIRLS *(offstage)*

- 3 A duckling was swimming in the sea,  
a grey duckling was splashing about in the sea.

*(Enter Natal'ja, Zachar'evna and some girls)*

The duckling got wet and startled,  
the duckling startled and wept:  
how shall I flyaway from the blue sea,  
how shall I part from the golden sand?  
A duckling was swimming in the sea,  
a grey duckling was splashing about in the sea.

NATAL'JA

- 4 How wearisome it is to spend  
the whole day in the narrow, suffocating terem.  
Aren't you, old woman, attracted by the garden,  
the summer breeze, the silken meadows?

ZACHAR'EVNA

Garden or terem, for me it's the same.  
Sit down and sing, come on, sing.

CHORUS OF GIRLS

The duckling got wet and startled,  
the duckling startled and wept..

NATAL'JA

You always sing that sad song,  
my friends, but I would like another melody,  
even more melancholy and plaintive.  
Sing me the song  
that was so dear to our Mašen'ka.

ZACHAR'EVNA

Which Mašen'ka?

NATAL'JA

The poor neighbour girl  
who was given in marriage to an old man  
and languished and withered till she died.

CHORUS OF GIRLS

What a strange wish.

ZACHAR'EVNA

A song  
is no prediction, and you, girls,  
are no witches, don't cross her!

NATAL'JA

Better yet, be quiet and I will sing.  
I'll sing about the anguish that oppresses me,  
the bitter enslavement that is enforced on me.  
Listen without making fun of me.

- 5 A nightingale chirps on leafy fronds,  
a girl weeps heartfelt tears  
in the endless boredom of the terem:  
"Soothe, little nightingale, my pain,  
fly to my pleasant room  
and I will give you a golden cage,  
filled with fresh kernels  
from the first wheat of spring,  
and honey syrup".  
"I like no other drink  
than the plain water of a puddle  
and I don't eat wheat kernels  
but tiny insects of the woods.  
I do not care for your glittering golden cage,  
All I care for is freedom".

ZACHAR'EVNA

- 6 See here  
if one should get sad over such a song!

CHORUS OF GIRLS

Cheer up,  
forget your troubles.

ZACHAR'EVNA

Wouldn't a fairy-tale make you feel better?

CHORUS OF GIRLS

Yes, tell us the one of Nikita,  
all the way to the end.

NATAL'JA

No, not that one,  
I've had enough of dragons!

ZACHAR'EVNA

Which one, then?

NATAL'JA

Tell us a love story!

CHORUS OF GIRLS

A fairy-tale, but of love.

ZACHAR'EVNA

Since you're so audacious,  
let's go and hide among the bushes.

CHORUS OF GIRLS

Ha, ha, ha,  
to hear a nice fairy-tale  
we shall go hide among the bushes,  
where no one can find us.  
*(With dancing movements)*  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ZACHAR'EVNA

Hush, girls, this won't do;  
shameless girls, a mere trifle  
is enough to amuse you,  
a love story is enough to cheer you up,  
nothing can make you happier.

NATAL'JA

Since no one gives us the joys of love,  
love gives us pleasure only in a fairy-tale.

ZACHAR'EVNA

Ah! You ought to be ashamed!  
A love story is enough to cheer you up,  
nothing can make you happier.

CHORUS OF GIRLS

You are a funny old woman indeed!  
What is love for us if not a fairy-tale?  
Since no one gives us the joys of love,  
love gives us pleasure only in a fairy-tale.

NATAL'JA

Since no one gives us the joys of love,  
love gives us pleasure only in a fairy-tale.

*(Natal'ja, Zachar'evna and the girls disappear  
among the bushes)*

CHORUS OF GIRLS *(offstage)*

You are a funny old woman indeed!  
Love gives us pleasure only in a fairy-tale.  
*(The voices fade away)*  
Since no one gives us the joys of love,  
love gives us pleasure only in a fairy-tale.

*(Basmanov, Andrej and a group of Oprichniks  
enter from the right, forcing the fence open.  
Basmanov and Andrej move to the front of the  
stage)*

BASMANOV

7 Don't worry, dear Andrej,  
step forward, there isn't a living soul in the  
garden.  
Hurry, to work, my friends,  
place yourselves all along the wall.

ANDREJ

Quickly now, you go hide  
quietly among those bushes.  
And should I whistle, waste no time  
to come and get me out of trouble.

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS

Just give a whistle  
and we'll understand;  
we are ready to spring into action  
and we'll rush  
as one man to your side.

ANDREJ

Thank you, this is what you call a fine service,  
I'll be indebted to you for as long as I live.

BASMANOV

We do what we can  
to help a fine, courageous lad.

ANDREJ

I am sure, my friends, that soon  
yes, soon my dream will come true  
and we shall live together as one.

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS -

We shall never be separated!  
We share one life, one death,  
and we have only one desire:  
that our joyous spirit may never die out.  
Merry-making is our specialty,  
and every day that dawns is a great feast.

ANDREJ

Thank you, this is what you call a fine service,  
I'll be indebted to you for as long as I live.

BASMANOV

We give you all the help we can.

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS

May we live a hundred years together!

ANDREJ

I am sure, my friends, that soon  
yes, we shall live together as one.  
Thank you, this is what you call a fine service.

BASMANOV

We did as much as was in our power  
and are quite happy to help a friend!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS

May we live a hundred years together!  
We did as much as was in our power,  
to help this fine, courageous lad.  
*(The Oprichniks leave)*

BASMANOV

8 Tell me, have you taken a decision?

ANDREJ

I have,  
*(he stretches out his hand to Basmanov)*  
and here is my hand.

BASMANOV

You will be one of us!  
And tomorrow, to the Czar's!  
We are life itself and death doesn't worry us.  
Every day that dawns is a great feast and,  
when night falls, there is a beautiful girl ready.  
We are life itself and death doesn't worry us.  
There is a braid, a couple of dark eyes  
which, like falling stars, arouse in you at night  
the ardour of desire; eyes which,  
as clear as the morning sky,  
make your heart skip a beat,  
like the caress of a rippling wave,  
like the gentle tickle of a water nymph.  
We are life itself and death doesn't worry us.  
Every day that dawns is a great feast  
and, when night falls, there is a beautiful girl  
ready.  
We are life itself and death doesn't worry us.

ANDREJ

9 No, my friend,  
though I respect your beauties and your feasts,  
Only one pleasure is dear to me,  
to wipe out the bloody offence I suffered:  
Natal'ja has pledged everlasting faith to me  
and all I seek supreme justice, for Zemchuznyj,  
that robber of other people's property,  
took everything away from us and,  
having driven us out of our home,  
he forced us to beg for bread and shelter.

BASMANOV

Dear Andrej, accept a gift,  
take all I have, soon you'll be able  
to give it back to me: a penniless Oprichnik,  
as everybody knows, is not to be seen.

ANDREJ

I accept it,  
and take my leave of you like a brother.

BASMANOV

Wait, listen, do not linger  
to speak to your Natal'ja now,  
In due time you will have plenty of time  
to spend with the beautiful princess.  
Now run to your mother  
and ask for her blessing,  
and then haste toward freedom.

ANDREJ

You are right. There is no time to waste.  
Farewell Natasha, I leave you, but not for long.  
I will have you by force, if not in any other way.  
Oh Natasha, joy and light of my life,  
you will be mine for eternity!  
Let's go!

*(Basmanov and Andrej leave. It is getting dark  
and by the end of the act night will have fallen.  
Natal'ja emerges from the bushes, from where  
she has overheard the two men's voices)*

NATAL'JA

10 I thought I heard some voices  
and the sound of footsteps,  
and my mind went immediately to my Andrej...  
but no, nobody is here...  
I am alone with my grief, with the cruel anguish  
which, like a snake, injects its poison  
right into my heart. Oh, if only I could cast  
even a fleeting glance on my beloved!  
Oh my dear, my adored, come back to me!  
And you, stormy winds, carry to my dear love  
the news of the sorrow that afflicts and tortures  
me  
of the sighs of passion that make me languish  
and consume me night and day!

*(Natal'ja sits down, overcome by grief, and  
remains deeply absorbed in thought until the  
end of the act. The stage remains empty for  
some time. Then, little by little, Zachar'evna  
and the girls reappear)*

ZACHAR'EVNA

11 Here you are then!  
We've been looking for you everywhere.  
Here you are!

*(Natal'ja remains silent)*

Why so silent, Why this gloomy look,  
more suitable for a funeral?  
Quick, girls, a song,  
and accompany it with a dance,  
one of your beautiful dances!  
Let a dance and a song brighten up faces.

CHORUS OF GIRLS

You are right  
too much time has passed  
since we last sang ..

*(they hold hands and form a circle.  
Zachar'evna stands in the middle.)*

A green meadow shimmers in front of my house:  
how green it is, good people!  
And I have a young boy-friend:  
what a boy-friend, people, if you only knew...  
I run on the meadow and dance round and round,  
yes I dance round and round on the meadow,  
he plays his *gusli* and I sing,  
yes, good people, I sing.  
What is a *gusli* compared to a song?  
Yes, people, what ever is a *gusli*?  
What is a father-in-law compared to your father,  
Yes, people, I say compared to your own father,  
and a mother-in-law compared to your mother?  
Of your mother, think about it, good people!

## Act 2

### First tableau

*A hut. Morozova alone.*

### 12 Introduction

MOROZOVA

- 13 Much as one tries, life never changes:  
life is hard, if only I could avoid dishonour!  
I buried my needs deep in my heart,  
but I cannot do without my eyes.  
I would stand it all, but I suffer for Andrej,  
for that hot-blooded lad.  
Oh bitterness, oh lonely grief!  
I bow my head obediently  
to God's will  
I shall withstand my suffering without a moan,  
I shall silence a heart that is too proud.  
Haughtiness, that is my dreadful sin,  
that is the sore that scourges my soul,  
that is why God from the highest  
sends this punishment down to me.  
How was I not to be proud?  
He was the best of all men, the most loyal,  
the noblest, the most handsome,  
he was a champion of bravery!  
Now, scorning his dear ashes,  
forgetful of his munificence,  
mean and merciless, that despicable  
prince Zemchuznyj torments me:  
me, who was once the wife of a Morozov!  
O Satan, are you tempting me again?  
No, I must resign myself, lest the Almighty  
punishes me through my son.  
I bow my head obediently  
to God's will.  
I shall withstand my suffering without a moan,  
I shall silence a heart that is too proud.  
Only one thing I beseech of you today,  
O God, save my son.  
May your blessed right hand  
keep evil and misfortune away from him.

*(Andrej enters)*

ANDREJ

- 14 No more worries, mother, let the wind  
disperse your troubles, and let them get lost  
in a thick forest where Zemchuznyj  
may look for them in vain...  
*(showing her the purse filled with money)*  
This is a sign from God.

MOROZOVA

Where does it come from?

ANDREJ

It is from Him, ask no more!

MOROZOVA

My son, I've never heard  
of money falling from heaven!

ANDREJ

But you have heard  
of young Basmanov, the Czar's seneschal.

MOROZOVA

He is his favourite,  
that I know, and is made of his same stuff,  
and drinks from the Czar's cup,  
but under his rich clothes  
he hides plenty of sins  
and those cannot be cancelled.  
And in that cup tears blend in with wine.  
Did you get it from one of them?  
That money is covered with blood,  
those coins have caused a lot of tears.

ANDREJ

Yes, I got it from him.

MOROZOVA

Give it back.

ANDREJ

Listen, beloved mother:  
it was my father, Basmanov swore it to me,  
who gave it to him when they were comrades-  
in-arms.  
I believe him.

MOROZOVA

Then I accept it.

- 15 But you, son, keep purer than the snow,  
brighter than the sun, clearer than the blue sky,  
steadier than a rock in the stormy sea,  
and thus console the ashes  
sealed in the damp tomb.  
I beseech you, son, keep purer than the snow,  
brighter than the sun, clearer than the blue sky,  
steadier than a rock in the stormy sea,  
and thus console the ashes  
sealed in the damp tomb.

ANDREJ

Brighten up, mother, I will  
redeem the honour of my father, rest assured,  
and I will wipe out the bloody offence:  
it is a thorny path but it will lead to the truth  
and I will walk it to the end, be sure of it.  
Do not worry, yes, be serene!

MOROZOVA

be clearer than the blue sky  
and steadier than a rock in the stormy sea,  
my son, and keep that way.  
Be as strong as a rock, my son,  
be like a rock, dear son,  
dear son, my adored son.

ANDREJ

- 16 Basmanov likes wine and pleasures,  
but that is no blemish for a brave man.  
He's become my brother in battle,  
his banner has always meant protection for us.

MOROZOVA

He was your brother in the horror of battle,  
but in your homeland you should not feel his  
brother.  
He would taint your soul  
and entice you into leading a life of blood and  
sin.  
He would ask you to join the Praetorians.

ANDREJ

Beloved mother, calm down,  
I cannot stand to see you weep, I will not go  
against your will...  
*(aside)*  
yet I'm deceiving her  
and can't avoid it, if I want to wipe out  
the offence that clutches at my heart.  
I will seek God's justice, mother.  
May truth triumph, or we shall flee the world,  
and go find refuge into a thick forest.

MOROZOVA

- 17 Dear son, do not abandon me,  
do not leave me to my bitter destiny,  
to days that will drag in sadness and loneliness,  
dreadfully grievous without you.  
There is always a just cause in God's  
punishment,  
let us accept shame and sorrows:  
He disposed that we should resign ourselves  
to human cruelty.

ANDREJ

My heart is torn,  
it fails, and my soul is filled  
with terror, and from the grave  
a shape and a voice call me to exact vengeance.  
My heart is torn,  
a deathlike voice urges me to vengeance.

MOROZOVA

There is always a just cause  
in God's punishment,  
let us accept shame and sorrows:  
He disposed that we should resign ourselves  
to human cruelty.

ANDREJ  
My father's ashes are much dearer to me  
than happiness, wealth and love.  
May the Almighty give me the strength  
to become the champion of His truth.

MOROZOVA  
There is always a just cause in punishment.

ANDREJ  
My father's peace is much dearer to me..

MOROZOVA  
We should resign ourselves.

ANDREJ  
... than happiness, wealth and love.  
May the Almighty give me the strength  
to become the champion of His truth.

MOROZOVA  
Bitterness oppresses me,  
I spend my nights and days  
weeping heartfelt tears.  
I'd rather die than be left alone,  
O my dear son, do not go away.  
There is always a just cause in God's  
punishment,  
let us accept shame and sorrow:  
He disposed that we should resign ourselves  
to human cruelty.

ANDREJ  
My father's ashes are much dearer to me  
than happiness, wealth and love.  
May the Almighty give me the strength  
to become the champion of His truth.  
Yes, may the Almighty give me such strength!  
18 I leave, mother, but I won't be away for long,  
I go where duty guides me.

MOROZOVA  
Go, son, go!  
Go then, and receive  
your mother's blessing, dear son, go.  
Keep away from evil and misfortune  
and do not stain your father's honour.

ANDREJ  
Do not worry, I will get to the truth,  
I will redeem my father's honour,  
which is dearer to me than any treasure.  
Farewell.  
I take my leave of you, my sweet mother.

MOROZOVA  
Remember my last warning:  
keep away from evil and misfortune.

ANDREJ  
Stop worrying, dear mother,  
I will restore your serenity.

MOROZOVA  
Farewell, son. The Lord be with you!

ANDREJ  
Farewell, dear mother, farewell, farewell.  
(*They leave. Curtain*)

## COMPACT DISC 2

### Second Tableau

*The Czar's quarters in the town of  
Aleksandrovskij. On one side, a laid table.*

#### 1 Introduction

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS (*offstage*)  
2 What refuge shall I find from my sins?  
I shudder with horror at the evil that is in the  
world!  
Heal the sores of my soul,  
spare it the dungeons of hell!  
The Day of Judgement fills me with terror.

*(The Oprichniks enter one by one with heads  
bowed and arms crossed over their chests, and  
go to stand around the laid table. Vjaz'minskij  
enters last. They all sit at table)*

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
3 Brothers,  
stop being engrossed in godly things!  
We are men, and our flesh is exhausted.  
Our sovereign has been kind enough  
to give us food in generous amounts.  
Glory, eternal glory to our great Czar!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Glory,  
eternal glory to our great Czar!  
He loves his devoted subjects,  
like a mother who worries for her sons,  
like the sun which spreads its light.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
Not far from here  
the Czar is praying in sorrow  
and suffering rends his heart.  
Let's not disturb his retreat, brothers,  
let's move to another room, come, let's go.

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS (*rising*)  
Let us haste to our innocent feast,  
Merrymaking is no sin...

*(Enter Basmanov)*

BASMANOV  
4 No, stay,  
I come from the Czar: a brave young man  
rode here from Moscow, his heart filled with  
hatred  
for Zemščina, and our sovereign gracefully  
accepts him among his Praetorians.

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
He does?  
And whence flew off this bold young falcon?  
Who is he?

BASMANOV (*to Vjaz'minskij*)  
Prince, our great sovereign  
wishes you to receive his oath,  
and to look on him with favour.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
What is his name?

BASMANOV  
Andrej Morozov.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
Morozov!  
Fedija, are you making fun of me?  
The son of an implacable enemy,  
proud Andrej, who hates my family  
and me, who swore to take revenge  
on me for bloody wrongs,  
one of us! Listen, run to the Czar,  
Fedija, and tell him that this Morozov  
is my mortal foe, and his mercifulness  
should not wound a faithful servant,  
Or perhaps not...

BASMANOV  
Forgive affronts.  
The father lies in his grave, and the son  
is not to blame. You were the father's enemy.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
You're right. This is how it was.  
It was the Czar's order.

BASMANOV (*leaving*)  
I'll fetch Morozov  
(*aside*)  
and I must watch out  
for any intrigues from those who hate him!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Bring the young man without delay  
and let him swear right away.

*(Basmanov leaves)*

VJAZ'MINSKIJ (*to himself*)  
Perhaps destiny is looking bright,  
maybe all this will bring the son  
of my old enemy to ruin.

*(Enter Morozov and Basmanov)*

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
He's a bold young man,  
the new Oprichnik: he has a worthy  
appearance,  
and a determined look!

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
5 Have you made this choice freely,  
lad, or out of necessity?

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
What will he say?

ANDREJ  
6 Before you, like before God,  
I will not stain my soul with the disgrace  
of a lie: it is necessity that drives me,  
and I am overcome, possessed by it.  
No exorcism can free me,  
not even the power of the sign of the cross.  
But tell the Czar that such a demon assures  
that his new guard will be a faithful servant  
better than his mastiffs and his death threats  
ever could.  
At his feet, I am ready to sacrifice  
my life and my mother's happiness.  
Prince, tell the Czar that the reward he gives  
to his praetorians urges me to faithfulness  
more than his mastiffs and his death threats.  
I lay at his feet as a sacrifice  
both my life and my happiness.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
7 Are you ready, then,  
to take the sacred oath?

ANDREJ  
I am ready, tell me what to do.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
Wait, Morozov, do you know  
what a broken oath would mean for you?

ANDREJ  
I know it well, my mind is made up.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
Let the brotherhood's blades  
encircle the novice's head as he takes the oath.

*(All the Oprichniks surround Morozov and hold their swords above him)*

In the name God,  
the Almighty,  
swear, Andrej Morozov, swear!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
In the name God,  
the Almighty,  
swear, Andrej Morozov, swear!

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
Not only here with words and deeds,  
but even when acting on behalf of someone else  
you shall disregard bread and salt and stock  
and property and sex and old age,  
and you shall never serve, never be a friend,  
till death, to those of the zemstvo.  
Swear it.

8 ANDREJ *(to himself)*  
O Natal'ja, O mother!

*(He walks to the front of the stage. The Oprichniks lower their blades and scatter into groups)*

Must I deny them,  
when I went this far only for them?

VJAZ'MINSKIJ *(to himself)*  
He wavers!

BASMANOV  
Swear, or it will be your ruin!

*(The Oprichniks surround Andrej again)*

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
In the name God,  
the Almighty,  
swear, Andrej Morozov, swear!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
In the name God,  
the Almighty,  
swear, Andrej Morozov, swear!

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
At any time  
you shall report to our bravos  
of criminal intrigues, evil plots,  
and you shall watch, moreover, lest  
cunning dangers are concealed under the vaults  
of sepulchres and quiet monasteries,  
in the passionate kiss of a loved woman,  
in the sweet warnings of a mother.

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
In the passionate kiss  
of a loved woman,  
in the sweet warnings of a mother.

ANDREJ  
O Lord, You have abandoned me!  
*(He weeps)*

VJAZ'MINSKIJ *(to himself)*  
His weeping fills my heart with joy!  
You shall be in my power, caught in my trap!  
If this is enough to make you shed a flood of  
tears,  
Morozov, what will happen later?

BASMANOV *(to Andrej)*  
Come to your senses, listen to your father's  
voice:  
from his grave he urges you to avenge him.

9 VJAZ'MINSKIJ & CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
In the name of the almighty God,  
swear, Andrej Morozov, swear!

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
Swear, Morozov!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Yes, Morozov, swear!

ANDREJ  
I swear to exact revenge on the enemy.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
You must deny your father.

ANDREJ  
Pray, leave the dead to their eternal peace.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
Yes, but your mother still lives,  
and you must deny your mother.

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
You must deny your mother.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
What are you waiting for? Swear!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Swear, Morozov, swear!

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
Swear, I demand it, Morozov.

BASMANOV *(from behind Vjaz'minskij's back)*  
I swear, I swear!

ANDREJ  
No, no, that was not my voice,  
It was Satan who spoke on my behalf,  
Should I forget my mother's sufferings,  
the serene peacefulness of bygone days?  
No, my lips will not utter such a profanity  
such a cruel request is doesn't even befit  
the brute world of wild beasts,

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Either you are our friend  
or our enemy!

ANDREJ  
I will die without a moan, without a lament,  
tear me to pieces and let it be finished,  
I will stand anything for love of her!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
You are not allowed  
to go back into the world,  
Either with the barons, or here with us,  
You must forget your father, brother, mother  
and all that is dear to you in this life.

ANDREJ  
Should I forget my mother's sufferings,  
the serene peacefulness of bygone days?  
No, my lips will not utter such a profanity  
such a cruel request is doesn't even befit  
the brute world of wild beasts,

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Either you are our friend  
or our enemy!

ANDREJ  
I will die without a moan, without a lament,  
tear me to pieces and let it be finished,  
I will stand anything for love of her!

BASMANOV *(aside to Andrej)*  
And the vengeance your father expects from  
you?  
Be strong, brother in faith!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
You are not allowed  
to go back into the world,  
Either with the barons, or here with us,  
With us or with them, you have no other  
choice.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ & CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Swear or get ready to die, Swear, swear!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Swear or get ready to die,  
Swear, swear!

ANDREJ  
What am I to do?  
Rightful God, counsel me,

VJAZ'MINSKIJ  
Swear, come on, swear, swear!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Swear, come on, swear!

ANDREJ  
To hell with it! I swear!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Honour and glory  
to our brave lad!

*(Andrej goes off absorbed in his gloomy thoughts, Basmanov consoles him)*

10 VJAZ'MINSKIJ & CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
As glorious as the sun in a clear day  
is our father, our sovereign Czar,  
who rules over the great land of Russia,  
May he live a long, successful life,  
terrify those who are against him,  
and extend his kingdom over the entire earth,  
A single word from him and  
we shall efface from the earth  
the insolent swarm of those who bear him ill-  
will.  
Our powerful and glorious Czar, our father,  
rules over Russia and his enemies tremble,

*(Vjaz'minskij approaches Andrej and heartens him)*

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
For his opponents he is like divine wrath  
for us like dew on a flower,  
may he watch over his faithful subjects,

*(Andrej and Basmanov come forward)*

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS

As glorious as the sun in a clear day  
is our father, our sovereign Czar,  
who rules over the great land of Russia,  
May he live a long, successful life,  
and terrify those who are against him:  
may he rule over Russia and make enemies  
tremble,

For his opponents he is like divine wrath  
for us like dew on a flower,  
he watches over his faithful subjects!

Act 3

*A square in Moscow. Right and left are houses  
and gardens; in the background, a church.  
Groups of people which, as the curtain is raised,  
are strolling on the stage, slowly come together  
to form a single crowd.*

11 Introduction

CHORUS OF PEOPLE

12 Dark times are looming on us,  
the Czar, who was our father, has left us,  
and we shall be torn to pieces  
by a pack of ravenous wolves.  
*(They walk to the proscenium)*  
We were dying at the stake and were being put  
in fetters, when a divine whirlwind  
shook and lifted the Czar and his people,  
and dispersed the Tartarian horde.  
His loving care  
healed our wounds.  
His royal benevolence wiped  
the copious tears from our eyes.  
But the generous shepherd has decided  
to abandon his grieving flock  
and the bitter life of his people  
has had to undergo difficult trials.  
Dark times are looming upon us,  
the Czar, who was our father, has left us,  
and we shall be torn to pieces  
by a pack of ravenous wolves.  
So be it! The weak cannot contend  
with the power of the Terrible.  
Lord, have pity on us.  
Show us Your mercy.  
*(The crowd slowly disperse. Some people go off  
toward the back of the stage, some disappear  
behind the scenes, some remain talking in the  
background)*

MOROZOVA

13 Oh, how lonely I already feel!  
How distressing this miserable life is!  
A foreboding of imminent,  
sudden misfortune oppresses me.  
Oh, dear son, my little Andrej,  
I am ready to suffer in your place,  
let the Lord punish only me,  
I cannot understand why you too,  
delicate flower  
in the golden prime of life,  
should feel God's powerful hand.  
Oh, what torment, what anguish!  
I shall go and get absorbed in prayer,  
and may God listen to a mother's plea.

*(A group of boys runs in  
and stops near Morozova)*

CHORUS OF BOYS

14 Filthy bitch,  
dirty broom in the hands of those damned  
Praetorians!

*(Five basses come onto the stage and make  
threatening gestures to the boys)*

PEOPLE *(the five basses)*

Go away, you little demons!  
*(The boys scatter)*

CHORUS OF BOYS *(offstage)*

Filthy bitch, dirty broom  
in the hands of those damned Praetorians!

*(Morozova stops dumbfounded)*

MOROZOVA

Thank you, good people,  
but why those insults, which I cannot explain?

*(She continues towards the church. Natal'ja  
rushes in and throws herself into Morozova's  
arms)*

NATAL'JA

15 I run to you, dear mother,  
looking for protection and shelter.  
The stifling captivity of my father's house  
deprives me of all strength: my father  
wants me to marry a white-haired old man!  
You know well whom I sigh and long for,  
whom I desire, locked in such a prison.  
I would prefer a damp tomb  
to that bitter confinement.

MOROZOVA

O Natal'ja, I've loved you like a daughter,  
you know it well, like a child of my own.  
And now would you foolishly bring to ruin  
a life that is still in its prime?  
Would you go against your father,  
your powerful, rich and determined father?  
He will say that you have dishonoured him,  
your inflexible, strong father.  
Yes, he will say that you have dishonoured him.  
Do not undo, I beseech you, do not undo  
your young life, go home,  
run home, I beseech you, run back home!

NATAL'JA

No, I prefer a damp tomb  
to that bitter confinement.

MOROZOVA

Go home, I beseech you, run back home!  
Forget me and your Andrej.  
I am ready to die with you  
without a moan for my sad destiny,  
but he is determined, he doesn't lack means,  
he has plenty of servants  
ready to dash off in pursuit on nimble steeds.  
Go back home, before it is too late.

NATAL'JA

No, I won't go back to my father's home,  
I won't throw myself down at his feet.  
Let them come, I'll run to my Andrej  
or I'll die, I have no other choice.  
What is the world, what is life for me  
without him? A lifeless tomb.  
I am his spouse, his slave,  
he alone is my strength, my joy.

MOROZOVA

Go home, I beseech you, run back home!  
Forget me and your Andrej.  
I am ready to die with you  
without a moan for my sad destiny,  
but he is determined, he doesn't lack means,  
he has plenty of servants  
ready to dash off in pursuit on nimble steeds.  
Forget me, forget your Andrej.  
Go back home, forget your Andrej.  
Run, run to your father's home  
and forget me, forget Andrej!

NATAL'JA

He is all my joy, my life.  
I am his slave, and what is the world  
for me without him, what is life?  
I am his spouse, his slave,  
he alone is my strength, my joy.  
He is life itself, he is my joy.  
Only in him is my joy, my life,  
in him is joy for me, in him is life!  
I cannot forget my Andrej!

COMPACT DISC 3

1 Let's run away, come, let's flee somewhere.  
My father is coming, come on, let's flee!

MOROZOVA

Even I don't know what we are to do...  
Let us enter the Lord's temple,  
in there no one will dare touch you,  
in the holy house of the Lord.

*(They go towards the church. Enter Zemchuznyj  
with some servants)*

ZEMCHUZYNYI  
Where are you?

NATAL'JA  
Father!

ZEMCHUZYNYI  
Hurry, over there!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE  
What is happening?

ZEMCHUZYNYI  
Hold her, you people!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE  
Prince Zemchuznyj ...  
*(The people surround them)*

ZEMCHUZYNYI  
My respects, dear daughter:  
where have you been for such a long time,  
and with whom?

*(Morozova faces Zemchuznyj as they take  
Natal'ja's defence)*

NATAL'JA  
Father!  
*(she falls to her knees and bursts into tears)*

2 I am before you and before the Lord.  
You can punish me with death,  
but first hear what I have to say.  
You have only me... It is unthinkable  
for a father to give his only daughter  
to a pack of hungry wolves.  
Listen. Though I would never  
go against your paternal will, the good Lord  
knows that Morozov is my love,  
my heart's only love.  
His father was your friend, and since childhood  
we were promised to each other,  
and now that I thought my life and his  
bound in destiny, suddenly  
you want to take him away from me!  
Do you really mean this?  
*(She rises)*  
But I belong to him. The Lord has united us.  
And if you want to cut off this bond  
that ties our hearts, then I'll deny my father,  
my own father. Only in the Lord is my refuge  
and I won't surrender alive!

ZEMCHUZYNYI  
Stop, you viper!

MOROZOVA  
Prince Zemchuznyj'  
You would taint your soul with a grave sin;  
and you already wanted to break a sacred  
agreement  
entered into with a friend, an evil fault,  
an offence to the dignity of the Lord God.  
But there is still time, you can still, before  
heaven,  
redeem yourself from your wicked deed  
from the mortal sin that looms on you,  
and the Almighty will forgive you.  
Give your daughter to Andrej: the Lord is  
her refuge, and you shall attract  
God's wrath over yourself.

ZEMCHUZYNYI  
God has chosen for my daughter  
the man I want to give her... old woman, be  
quiet.  
As for you, go home or I shall have you in  
fetters!

3 Go, princess.

NATAL'JA  
You'll have to get me by force!

ZEMCHUZYNYI  
Seize her!  
*(The servants approach Natal'ja)*

NATAL'JA  
Ah!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS *(offstage)*  
Ohilà, ohilà, ohilà.

CHORUS OF PEOPLE  
May God protect us!  
Quickly, let's all flee...  
Alas, it's too late... here they are!

*(A large group of Praetorians, among which are  
Basmanov and Andrej, rush in)*

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Ohilà, ohilà!

ZEMCHUZYNYI  
Cursed corps!

ANDREJ  
You here, Natasha!  
*(Hugging Natal'ja)*

NATAL'JA  
And you, where do you come from?  
*(Andrej sees his mother)*

ANDREJ  
Lord Almighty, my mother!

*(Morozova stares at him)*

MOROZOVA  
Wait a moment, Andrej, my beloved!  
Who are these people? I don't know what to  
think.  
You with them ... my mind wavers!  
Praetorians! Why are you here?  
Tell me, hurry, for I am seized by horror.

ANDREJ  
You must not worry. Whatever I may now be,  
I love you, mother, as much as I always did.  
I am your devout son as I always was.  
Indeed! As devout a son as I always was.

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Remember your oath,  
you severed your ties with your mother,  
your own flesh and blood,  
and even if you do not fear the Lord  
judgment looms on you here on this earth!

BASMANOV  
Hurry, Morozov, jump on your horse  
and go, for you're forgetting your oath.

ANDREJ  
Wait! Mother, here is the truth.  
I wanted to wipe out the unworthy offence.  
From his grave I heard my father's voice,  
it sounded clearer than a trumpet:  
it spurred me incessantly to exact revenge.

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS  
Remember your oath,  
you severed your ties with your mother,  
your own flesh and blood,  
and even if you do not fear the Lord  
judgement looms on you here on this earth!

ANDREJ  
I'm a Praetorian  
and we can now enjoy new comforts,  
Natal'ja is mine, and Prince Zemchuznyj,  
our mortal enemy, is scorned and vanquished.  
Do not leave, mother!

MOROZOVA  
Off with you, away from me!  
You are no son of mine, an enemy to your  
land...  
What you heard was not your father's deathlike  
voice  
but the voice of Satan, the evil one,  
the diabolical mendacious tempter.  
Joining that gang of criminals  
you stain yourself with blood. You know it well,  
you swore to have no pity, not even of your  
own mother!  
Finish me off then, for the shame  
that you cause me is already killing me.  
I deny you, off with you, Praetorian,  
you have no blessings from your mother.  
I curse you, indeed, I curse you!  
*(She falls senseless to the ground)*

NATAL'JA  
Oh, do not utter such terrible words,  
foreboding the ruin of us all.

*(Morozova is taken away)*

ANDREJ  
Alas, I cannot fully grasp  
the meaning of her terrible words.  
Filled with ominous dread,  
I shake in hope that this nightmare will vanish.

NATAL'JA & BASMANOV  
5 Alas, I cannot fully grasp  
the meaning of her terrible words.  
I have a terrible foreboding,  
I shake in hope that this nightmare will vanish.

ZEMCHUZYNYI  
No, I cannot fully perceive yet  
the fearful horror that spreads through my  
heart.  
Filled with ominous dread,  
I shake in hope that this nightmare will vanish.  
But no, this is no dream, no vision:  
I'm losing possessions, daughter, rank and  
home.  
Seeking, fool that I am, happiness,  
I inject myself instead with mortal poison.  
I have a terrible foreboding  
I shake in hope that this nightmare will vanish.

NATAL'JA & ANDREJ

No, this is no dream,  
it is the curse of a mother  
on her own son.  
It is no dream! What escape is there for me?  
What shall I do, what way out can there be?  
Anguish stops my heart's throbbing.  
Bad omens spread through my soul,  
I shake in hope that this nightmare will vanish.  
But it is no dream!

BASMANOV

No, this is a curse,  
it is a mother's curse...  
I can imagine his suffering!  
Bad omens spread through my soul,  
I shake in hope that this nightmare will vanish.

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS

Remember your oath,  
you severed your ties with your mother,  
your own flesh and blood,  
and even if you do not fear the Lord  
judgement looms on you here on this earth!  
Beware, judgement looms on you.  
Neither in the afterworld nor on this earth  
will you find peace again.

CHORUS OF PEOPLE

Neither in the afterworld  
nor on this earth  
will he find peace again.  
He will never regain his peace.  
Neither in the afterworld nor on this earth  
will you find peace again.

BASMANOV

I can imagine the terrible suffering  
of that wretched lad.

ZEMCHUZNYI

Oh, my God!

NATAL'JA & ANDREJ

No this is no dream,  
it is a mother's curse  
on her own son.  
He has been cursed!

ANDREJ

No, this is no dream,  
it is a mother's curse  
on her own son.  
I've been cursed!

ZEMCHUZNYI

I sought the welfare of my family  
and I have lost it, together with rank and  
honour.

I have lost rank and honour for ever!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS

Neither in the afterworld  
nor on this earth  
will you find peace again.  
Resign to your curse!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE

Neither in the afterworld  
nor on this earth  
will you find peace again.  
You have been cursed.

BASMANOV

6 Take heart, brother in faith,  
and hope: our great Czar is merciful.  
On horseback, quick, and let's be off!  
We shall lead to the august sovereign's presence  
both mother and woman,  
so that, moved to pity,  
he may release you from the oath  
and dispel the nightmare.

*(He gives instructions for Morozova to be taken  
away)*

To the Czar's! Let's gallop off to our sovereign!

NATAL'JA, BASMANOV, ANDREJ,  
ZEMCHUZNYI & CHORUS

To the Czar's! He is God's chosen one,  
he is our sovereign and the supreme judge!

BASMANOV & CHORUS

Fall to your knees  
and shed endearing tears,  
so that he may release from his binding vow  
the son of an anguished widow,  
and return him to her, and, moved in his heart,  
give you happiness. The Czar  
is the chosen one, God's chosen one.  
He is our sovereign and the supreme judge!

NATAL'JA & ANDREJ

May he release him from his oath!  
The Czar is the chosen one, God's chosen one.  
He is our sovereign and the supreme judge!

ZEMCHUZNYI

May he not release him from his oath!  
May he return a daughter to her father,  
and give him joy and peace,  
like a restored ray of sunlight.  
To the Czar's, to God's chosen one,  
our sovereign and the supreme judge!

NATAL'JA, BASMANOV, ANDREJ &

ZEMCHUZNYI

To the Czar's!

*(Natal'ja falls into Andrej's arms and he leads  
her to the back of the stage. Basmanov follows  
them and Zemchuznyj leaves in a great hurry)*

CHORUS

Quickly, let us hurry to the Czar's.  
On horseback, quick, and let us gallop off,  
let us hurry to our powerful sovereign.  
You must not fear his judgement,  
he will show us his mercy.

Act Four

WEDDING CHORUS

7 Honour and glory to the fine, courageous lad,  
to the famous boyard, honour and glory,  
honour and glory to his beautiful spouse,  
honour and glory to the fine, courageous lad,  
to his Natal'ja, the light of his eyes,  
honour and glory to the fine, courageous lad,  
to the famous boyard, honour and glory,  
to his beauty, as white as a swan,  
as delicate as a spring flower.  
Oh, may they never age,  
their precious clothes never fray,  
their nimble steeds never tire out,  
their barrels never be empty,  
may they have basketfuls of precious stones,  
heaps of silver,  
and may they give birth to a son.  
Oh, may they never age,  
their precious clothes never fray,  
their nimble steeds never tire out,  
A hundred years of love and care for each  
other!

Honour and glory to the fine, courageous lad,  
to the famous boyard, honour and glory,  
honour and glory to his beautiful spouse,  
as beautiful as a white swan,  
to his Natal'ja, the light of his eyes,  
A hundred years of love and care for each  
other!

Honour and glory, glory, glory, honour!

8 Dances of Oprichniks and Women

*(In the beginning the women are alone, then  
they are joined by the Oprichniks and they all  
dance; Andrej Morozov rises, cup in hand)*

ANDREJ

9 Friends, this day is both joyful and sad,  
our merciful sovereign today gives back to me  
joy and honour, as well as peace.  
My fierce enemy is scorned and humiliated  
and the white swan has been rescued and saved  
from his evil clutches.  
He listened to my mother's earnest prayers  
and released me from my oath: I am no longer  
a Praetorian, I am a baron again.  
And yet it pains me to part from you,  
my dear friends, not to spend any more  
light-hearted days together with you  
in the loyal service of our sovereign.



CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS

Courageous lad,  
we feel the same as you,  
this separation pains us too,  
we are sorry that you will not spend any more  
light-hearted days in the service of our  
sovereign.

ANDREJ

Even though far away,  
I remain his devout servant,  
and as God protects him from heaven,  
here on earth I will throw myself  
into water and fire for him.

BASMANOV (*to Andrej, who sits beside him*)

Till this banquet is over, Andrej,  
you are still a Praetorian,  
you are one of us till the stroke of midnight.  
(*He leaves*)

ANDREJ

Not only here, but always and everywhere,  
I shall remain a devout servant of the Czar.  
Say a word and I am a Praetorian again.  
Dear friends, let us raise our overflowing cups  
and drink to the Czar's health!

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS

Long live our merciful Czar!  
Honour and glory to this fine, courageous lad,  
to his Natal'ja, the light of his eyes!  
A hundred years of love and care for each  
other!  
Honour and glory, glory, glory and honour!

(*Andrej and Natal'ja leave the table and walk to  
the proscenium.*)

NATAL'JA

10 Oh, if only this banquet would end!  
Oh, if the darkness of the night would fall!  
It is not joy I feel, but great fear:  
my heart has a foreboding.

ANDREJ

Be patient until the end of the banquet,  
wait until night falls and the hour strikes  
and then, as free as the birds in the sky,  
we shall fly to our home.

NATAL'JA

Oh, if only this banquet would end!

ANDREJ

Wait until night falls and the hour strikes...

NATAL'JA

My heart tells me  
that I won't be happy, and this banquet  
sounds like a gloomy mourning,  
like a funeral lament.

ANDREJ

Come now, chase  
such dark thoughts away,  
and smile to me.  
Hug me more tightly!

NATAL'JA

This banquet sounds  
like a funeral lament.  
11 You are my light, my life,  
my joy and peace,  
without you the world is a dark grave,  
a wild and impracticable forest,  
from which there is no escape.  
With you I can face anything,  
destiny has made us one.  
Who will divide us?  
It has been decided that in life  
and in death we should be one,  
in good times and in bad ones.  
We shall share life, the last hour!  
But the heart tells me that...

ANDREJ

Brighten up...

NATAL'JA

No, my heart will not allow it.

ANDREJ

Chase your dark thoughts away.

NATAL'JA

No, I am not destined to be happy.

ANDREJ

Regain your peace, my dear,  
let not the tears, my beauty, sting your eyes,  
let not your swanlike bosom be oppressed.  
Chase away your dark thoughts.  
Let not your swanlike bosom be oppressed.  
My beauty, we'll share everything.  
Life, the last hour,  
good times and bad ones;  
we'll share everything, both life  
and death, the hour of our death!

NATAL'JA

Destiny has made us one.  
Who will divide us?  
It has been decided that in life  
and in death we should be one,  
in good times and in bad ones.  
We'll share everything, the last hour!  
The last hour, the hour of our death!

(*People approach with cups*)

WEDDING CHORUS

12 Oh, may they never age,  
their precious clothes never fray,  
their nimble steeds never tire out,  
their barrels never be empty,  
may they have basketfuls of precious stones,  
heaps of silver,  
and may they give birth to a son.  
A hundred years of love and care for each  
other!

(*Basmanov enters in a state of great agitation  
and takes Andrej aside*)

ANDREJ

Why so pale?!

BASMANOV

Every moment is precious...  
A terrible danger threatens us,  
And you yourself provoked it.

ANDREJ

Oh, do not keep me in suspense!

BASMANOV

Fool, you denied your oath  
without thinking at all.  
You accepted to join the Praetorians  
and received an immediate reward for it,  
in property and honour. All forgotten!  
Listen, now, to these fatal words,  
the last that you will be able to hear from me.  
You are still one of them, a Praetorian,  
bound by your solemn oath:  
submit, gratefully, to the king's will,  
I beseech you.

ANDREJ

I don't understand you!

BASMANOV

Alas, you will soon.  
I did what I could, now it is up to you to do the  
rest!

(*Enter Vjaz'minskij*)

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

13 My respects to the noble congregation.  
I bow before the newlyweds!

ANDREJ

An unexpected guest is always welcome.  
Or are you here on duty?

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

Yes, on duty.  
The beauty of your spouse has been extolled  
to the Czar and he would like to see her now.

ANDREJ

Not even in her dreams  
would she have hoped for such a fortune,  
it is something she will tell her children.  
But when?

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

With me, now.

ANDREJ

Let's go!

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

Yes, but do not hurry.  
He wishes to see only the princess.  
She must go alone.

ANDREJ

Without me, he wants only her?  
We do not live in Muslim lands.  
Alone? I will go with her,  
men must not separate those whom God united.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

He did not ask of you.

ANDREJ

I won't listen. Let's go!

BASMANOV

For the sake of the woman  
who gave birth to you,  
of your sweet wife,  
of happiness, of paradise,  
of your green years, I ask this of you.

CHORUS

You must obey the king's will!  
She must go, a law entails it.

NATAL'JA

Oh God, all is lost: both joy and honour.

BASMANOV

I beseech you, brother in faith,  
let her go where they will lead her.  
It is only a game, a jest,  
devised to put you to the test.

ANDREJ

No, I'd rather die than yield!  
God has united us for eternity.  
Death suffered with you is like a riot of lights,  
we shall face the fatal hour boldly.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

Threatening, stormy clouds  
fall from high, loom over you,  
offspring of a wretched stock,  
son of a despicable slave.

CHORUS

She must go, a law entails it!  
Submit, yes, submit,  
yield to the king's will!  
She must go, a law entails it!

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

14 Look, a frightening storm threatens,  
it is your death sentence.  
Such an offence can only be wiped out with  
blood,  
you cannot redeem yourself from such an  
affront.  
The king's will is like a storm on you.  
It decrees your death sentence.  
Such an offence can only be wiped out with  
blood,  
you cannot redeem yourself from such an  
affront.

NATAL'JA

No, I'd rather die than yield!  
God has united us for eternity.  
Death suffered with you is like a riot of lights,  
we shall face the fatal hour boldly.

BASMANOV

I beseech you, brother in faith,  
let her go where she must by law.  
It is only a game, a jest,  
devised to put you to the test.

ANDREJ

I know such games, such jests.  
It is my death sentence.  
Such a game is a bloody offence,  
an affront that I cannot wipe out.  
No! I'd rather die than submit!  
We shall face the fatal hour boldly!

CHORUS

Yield to the king's will!  
She must go, a law entails it!

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

The king's will is like a storm on you.

ANDREJ

Death suffered with you, is like a riot of lights.

BASMANOV

For the sake of the woman  
who gave birth to you...

CHORUS

She must go, a law entails it!

NATAL'JA

All, all is lost: both joy and honour.  
No he would not stand the shame.  
Oh, how ruthless, how horrible  
is this Praetorian law of yours!

BASMANOV

For the sake of the woman  
who gave birth to you,  
of your sweet wife,  
of happiness, of paradise,  
of your green years, I beseech you.

ANDREJ

I know such games, such jests.  
It is my death sentence.  
Such a game is a bloody offence,  
it is my death sentence.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

Over you,  
offspring of a wretched stock,  
son of a despicable slave...

NATAL'JA & ANDREJ

No,  
I'd rather die than submit!  
God has united us for eternity.  
Death together with you is like a riot of lights,  
we shall face the dreadful hour boldly.  
All is lost, the last hour looms over us!

BASMANOV

I beseech you, brother in faith,  
Let her go where she must by law.  
It is only a game, a jest,  
devised to put you to the test.  
Obey, I beseech you, bow your head!

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

Over you loom, fall from high  
threatening, stormy clouds.  
This storm is the king's will.  
Such an offence can only be wiped out with  
blood,  
you cannot redeem yourself from this affront.  
The time of revenge is near,  
you are undone!

CHORUS

The fearful Czar does not like to jest.  
His jokes echo with the moans of death,  
yes, of death.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

15 And so, my dove,  
do you know who is calling you?

ANDREJ

They shall have to separate us by the sword!

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

Boys, seize the lad!

NATAL'JA

Save me, Andrej!  
*(She falls senseless into the arms of some  
Praetorians)*

ANDREJ

Curse you, brutes,  
like wild beasts you like the taste of blood.  
And curse him too!  
*(Pointing to the doors of the royal apartments,  
which, just then, are opened)*

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

Take her to the Czar.

CHORUS

The Czar is calling, yes the Czar is calling.

*(Basmanov rushes through the doors that have  
been opened and returns after a while)*

BASMANOV

My pleas were unsuccessful.  
Your last hour has come Andrej, my friend.  
*(He embraces him)*

ANDREJ

Farewell, Natal'ja, farewell!

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

Seize him, quickly!

CHORUS

Go, your last hour has struck.

*(They lead Andrej away. Everyone leaves,  
except Vjaz'minskij)*

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

And now it is time to let an old woman  
enjoy the sight of a splendid feast,  
which will certainly fill her with joy.

*(He leaves by the right. The stage remains  
empty for some time. Then Vjaz'minskij returns  
with old Morozova)*

MOROZOVA

Where are you taking me?  
I do not care for the banquet of bloodthirsty  
people!

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

It is the Czar's order.

MOROZOVA

Your eyes shine with an evil light.  
Where is Andrej? Take me to him right away.

VJAZ'MINSKIJ *(going to a window)*

Look, old woman, admire the banquet  
in which your son has the place of honour!

MOROZOVA

The Czar, Praetorians, people...  
and a scaffold?

VJAZ'MINSKIJ

Can you see your son?  
The executioner is beside him.  
Look carefully, look!

*(Morozova gives a loud cry and falls dead to the  
ground)*

CHORUS OF OPRICHNIKS

Glory, glory  
to our majestic sovereign,  
bright sun in a clear day, to our Czar,  
to our Czar who is the father of us all,  
the ruler of the great land of Russia!

*(The curtain slowly falls)*