

Complete Songs and Romances

Compact Disc 7

1 Razlyubeela krasna-dveitsa

Razlyubeela krasna devitsa
moyee koodree, glaza yasniye.
Razlyubeela nenagliadnaya
moyee pesnee, rechee krasniye.

Zatoomanilees fseh radostee,
bootto tsvetikee zavianoolee;
laskee n zhniye nebesniye
slovno k mnem v vodu kahnoolee.

Shto zh mneh delat' ot kroocheenushkee?
Polechoo ya v vys' nebesnuyoo,
zapoyoo tam o svoeyey lyubvee
pesnyu zvonkuyoo, chudesnuyoo, zapoyoo.

2 Slooshai eh, podroozhen'kee, pessenkoo moyoo

Slooshaiteh, podroozhen'kee, pessenkoo moyoo,
Etoo pesn' slozheela ya pro soodboo svoyoo.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Groosno siroteenooshke odinokoy zheet;
tyazhko, tyazhko nah sertse groost' ot fsekh tayeet;
tyazhko, tyazhko groost' ot fsekh tayeet.

3 Krassavitsa-rybachka

Krassavitsa rybachka! Prav' k beregoo lad'yoo
ee vyt', ee syat' so mnoyu, dai rookoo mne svoyoo.
Golofkoo mneh na sertse bes strakha polozhee.
Morskeem volnahm bespechno v veryayesha zhe
tyh.
Ah sertse toh zhe moreh: toh booree v nyom, toh
teesh,
ee mnogo perlof choodnykh sokryto v gloobineh.

4 Shto tyh rahno, zoren'ka

Shto tyh rahno, zoren'ka, poblednela?
Shto tyh, devooshka, pokhoodela?
Zakateelos solnyshko
za zelyonoo doobravoo;
razlyubeel krassavitsoo
tot kto byl po nravoo,
akh! Tot kto byl po nravoo.
Ne alet' byh zorenke
rahno na voskhodeh,
ne sheptatsya b devooshke
s meelym f khorovodeh.

The Pretty Girl No Longer Loves Me (A. Vinogradov)

The beauty loves my curls and my bright eyes no more.
She loves my songs and tales no more...

All the joys have withered like flowers; the tender ca-
resses have gone like stones thrown into water.

What shall I do? I will fly up in the sky, and sing there a
wonderful, silver-toned song of my love.

Listen To My Song, Little Friend (E. von Kruse)

Listen to my song, girlfriends.
It's a song about my fate.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
It is so sad to be a lonely orphan,
it is so hard to keep my grief to myself.

The Lovely Fisherwoman (H. Heine)

O lovely fisherwoman! Steer to the shore, come out and
give me your hand. Put your head onto my breast.
Do not fear, as you do not fear sea waves. The heart is
like the sea: it can be rough or calm, and it hides many
precious pearls in its depth.

Why So Early, O Sunset? (S. Solovyov)

Why so early, o sunset, have you faded? Why, o girl,
have you become so thin? The sun has set behind the
green grove; the loved one has left the girl. The sunset
should have never burnt away so early; the girl should
have never whispered to the loved one in the round
dance.

5 Spyaschaya knyazhna

Speet. Speet v lessoo glookhom,
speet knyazhna volshebnyom snom,
speet pot krovom tyomnoy nochee,
son skoval yey krepko ooche .
Speet, speet.

Vor ee les glookhoy ochnoosya,
zdeekim smekhom vdook prosnoosya
ved'm y leshikh shoomny roy
ee promchalsya nat knyazhnoy.

Leesh knyazhna vlesoo glookhom
Speet fsyo tem zhe myortvym snom.
Speet, speet.

Swookh proshol, Shto v les dremoochy
bogaty preedyot mogoochy,
chary seeloy sokrusheet,
son volshebny pobedeet
ee knyazhnoo osvobodeet, osvobodeet.

No prokhdyat dnee za dnyamee,
gody eedoot za godamee...
Nee dooshee zhivoy kroogom,
fsyo obyato myortvym snom.

Tak knyazhna v lessoo glookhom
teekho speet gloobokeem snom;
son skoval yey krepko ochee,
speet onah ee dnee ee nochee.
Speet, speet.

Ee neektokh ne znayet, skorol
chas oodareet probbuzhden'ya.

6 Otravoy polny moyee pesnee

Otravoy polny moyee pesnee,
ee mozhet lee eenache byt?
Tyh, meelaya, gheebel 'nym yadom
soomela mne zhizn otraveet.

Otravoy polny moyee pesnee,
ee mozhet lee eenache byt?
Nemalo zmey f sertse noshoo ya,
ee dolzhen tebya vnyom nosseet.

Sleeping Princess (A. Borodin)

A princess is asleep in a wild magic forest. Suddenly the
forest wakes up, and a crowd of goblins and witches
flies over the princess with roar and laughter. But the
princess is still fast asleep. There has been a rumour that
a mighty warrior will arrive and break the spell of the
magic sleep, and set the princess free. Day after day,
year after year passes, but the sleep never ends, and not
a living soul comes around. The princess's eyes are spell-
bound, and nobody knows when she will awake.

My Songs Are Poisoned (H. Heine)

My songs are full of poison, and could it be otherwise?
You have been able, my darling, to poison my life. I bear
many vipers in my heart, and I have to bear you too.

7 **Morskaya Tsarevna**

Pridee ko mneh nochnoy poroy,
o pootnik molodoy!
Zdes pod vodoy
ee prokhlada ee pokoy.

Tyh zdes odokhnyosh,
tyh slatko zasnyosh,
kachayas na zybkiikh vodakh,
gde neghee polnah,
leesh dremler volnah
f poostynnykh beregakh.

Po zybee morskoy
samah za toboy
tsarevna morskaya plyvyot!
Onah maneet, onah poyot,
k sebeh tebya zovyot...

8 **Falsheevaya nota**

Onah fsyo v lyubvee ooveryala.
Ne vereel, ne vereel ya yey:
falsheevaya nota zvoochala
ee v rechee, ee f sertse oo ney.
Ee etoh onah ponimala...

9 **Pesnya tyomnovo lessa**

Tyomny les shoomeel,
tyomny les goodel,
pesnyu pel;
pesnyu staruyoo,
byl byvaluyoo
skazyval:
Kak zhivala tam
volya-volyushka, vol'naya;
kak sbiralas tam
seela-seelooshka seel'naya.

Kak tah volyushka razgullyalasya,
kak tah seelushka raskhodeelasya,
na raspravoo shlah volyushka,
gorodah bralah seelushka
ee nad nedroogom poteshalasya,
krov'yu nedrooga oopeevalasya dossyta.

Volya volnaya, seela seel'naya.

The Sea Princess (A. Borodin)

Come to me by night, O Young traveller!
It is so cool and calm here, in deep waters.

You will find rest and sweet dreams in here,
rocking in the water, where waves themselves
are sleeping by the deserted beach.

It is Czarina of the sea who is following you,
swimming in the rocking waters. She is luring you,
and singing to you, and calling you...

The False Note (A. Borodin)

She was telling me she loved me.
I did not believe her:
there was a false note
both in her words and her heart
And she realized that too...

Song of the Dark Forest (A. Borodin)

The dark forest was humming, and rustling,
and singing a song. It was telling an old tale,
an ancient story; the story of a free will,
and a mighty force.

Once upon a time this free will had its feast,
and this mighty force showed itself: it took cities
and won over enemies, shedding their blood.
Yes, there was freedom once, and there was force.

10 **Iz slyoz moyeekh**

Iz slyoz moyeekh vyroslo mnogo dooshistykh ee
nezhnykh tsvetof.
Ee vzkokhee moyee pereleelis f poloonochny khor
solovyof.
Ee yeslee menya tyh polyubeesh, malyutka – tsve-
tochkee tvoyee!
Ee zvoochnyuyu pesn pod okoshkom tebeh zapoyut
solovyee.

11 **Moreh**

Moreh boorno shomeet,
volny sediyo kateet.
Poh moryu yedet plovets molodoy ee otvazhny,
vezzyot on s soboyu tovar dorogoy, neprodazhny.
Ah veter ee volny navstrechoo begoot,
ee penoy kholodnoy plovtsa obdayot.
S dobychey bogatoy on yedet domoy:
s kammiamee tsvetnymee, s parchoy dorogoyu,
s zhemchoogom kroopnym, s kaznoy, soloty,
s zhenoy molodoyu.
Zavednaya vypala molotsu dolya:
dobycha bogataya, vol'naya volya
ee nezniye laskee zhenyh molodoy...

Moreh boorno shoomeet,
volny sediye kateet.
Boretsya s morem plovets oodaloy, ne robeyet;
kazalos, on spravitsya s boornoy volnoy, odoleyet.
No veter ee volny navstrechoo begoot
ee lotkoo od berega dal'she nessoot.

On seely oodvoyeel, na vyosla nalyok,
no s morem oopriamym n slahdeet ne mok.
Lotka fsyo dalshe ee dal'she plyvyot,
lotkoo volnoy v moreh nessyot.
Tam, gde nedavno lotka plylah,
leesh veter goolyal da sedaya volnah.

12 **Spes'**

Khodeet Spes' naduvayuchis,
z bokoo nah bok perevalivayas.
Rostom-to Spes' arsheen s chetvert 'yoo,
shapka-to na nyom vo tseloo sazhen'.

Poozo-to oo Spessee v zhemchooghe,
zadeeto oo Spessee razzolocheno.

Ah ee poshol by Spes' k otsoo, k materee,
da vorota ne krasheny!
Ah ee pomoleelsyab Spes' vo tserkvee bozhey,
da pol ne metyon!

[Idyot] Khodeet Spes', veedeet: nah nebeh radoogoo,
povernool Spes' vo drooguyu storonoo:
"Ne prigozhe deh rneh nadgibatissa!"

From My Tears (H. Heine)

From my tears many fragrant flowers were born.

My sighs turned into a midnight chorus of nightingales.

If you love me, baby, you will have these flowers!

And these nightingales will sing your lovely song.

The Sea (A. Borodin)

The sea is rough, the waves are rolling. A young and
brave seafarer is sailing in a boat; he is carrying a pre-
cious cargo which is not for sale. It is pearls and gold
and diamonds – and his young wife. He is so lucky: he is
rich, free, and loved. He struggles with the rough seas,
he doubles his efforts, but cannot overcome the sea. The
boat is carried away and away from the shore – and
finally disappears in the rolling waves.

Pride (A. Tolstoy)

Pride walks around blowing and swelling. He is two feet
tall, but his hat is six feet wide! He walks blowing and
swelling... His coat is covered with pearls and gold. He
would visit his parents, but their gate needs painting. He
would go to church, but its floor needs weeping. Seeing
a rainbow, he walks back saying, "I was not born to
bow to anything!" Pride walks around – blowing and
swelling.

13 Dlya beregof otcheezny dalnoy

Dlya beregof otcheezny dalnoy
tyh pokeedala krai choozhoy.
F chas nezabvenny, f chas pechalny
ya dolgo plakal nad toboy.

Moyee khladeyuš hiye rookee
tebya staralees ooderzhaht;
tomlenya strashnovo razlookee
moy ston moleel ne pryevaht.

Noh tyh ot gorkovo lobzanya
svoeye oostah otorvalah;
is kraya mr chnovo izgnanya
tyh f krai eenoy menya zvalah.

Tyh govoreela: ‘V chas svidanya,
pod mebom vechno golubym,
ftenee oleef, Iyubvee lobzanya
myh vnof’, moy drook, soyedineem.’

Noh tahm, oovyh, gde neba svohdy
siyayut v bleske golubom,
gde pot skalahmee dremlyut vohdy,
oosnoola tyh posledneem snom.

Tvoya krassah, tvoeye stradanya
iščezlee vooorne grobovoy,
iščez ee potselooy svidanya...
Noh zhdooy yevo: on za toboy!

14 Oo lyudey-to y domoo

Oo lyudey-to y domoo cheestotah, lepotah,
aa oo naš-to y domoo tesnotah, dookhotah,
Oo lyudey-to dlya ščhey soloninkoyu chahn,
a oo naš-to vo shchakh tarakhah, tarakhah!

Oo lyudey kumovyah rebyateeshk daryat,
ah oo naš kumovyah naš zhe khlep priyedyat!
Oo lyudey na oomeh pogutoreet s koomoy,
ah oo naš na oomeh, ne poyteelee s sumoy? Ekh!

Kak-byh tak nam zazheet, shtoby svet oodiveet:
shtoby denghee y moshneh, shtoby rosh na
goomneh,
shtop shleya y boobentsakh, raspisnaya dooga,
shtop sooknoh na plechakh, ne poskon’deryugah;
shtop ne khoozhe droogheekh nam pochot ot
lyudey,
pop y gostyakh oo bol’shikh, oo detey gramotey;
shtoby detkee v domoo, slovno pchyoly y medoo,
a khoziayka v domoo, kak maleenka f sadoo!

For The Shores Of Thy Fair Native Land (A. Pushkin)

For the shores of thy far native land
You were leaving this strange land;
In that unforgettable and mournful hour,
I long wept before you.

My cold hands
were trying to hold you,
dreading the anguished parting
my cries begging you not to go.

But you, having split
from the bitter kiss,
from this land of murky exile
bid me to your country.

You told me, ‘upon our rendezvous
beneath the ever-blue sky,
in the shade of olives,
we will reunite in a kiss of love.’

In that land of
Shining blue heavens,
and sea waters dozing beside cliffs,
alas, soon after you died there.

Your beauty and your sufferings both
disappeared in the grave urn –
and your promised kiss, too...
But I am still waiting for it: you promised it to me!

Those Folk (A. Nekrasov)

Other people’s homes are clean and neat, while our
home is close and stifling. Other people have meat in
their soup, while our soup is full of cockroaches!

Other people’s kinsmen bring gifts to children; our kins-
men just eat our bread. Other people think of chattering
with ladies; we think of begging in the streets. Woe!

We should live so as to surprise the world, to have
money, to have stores full of grain, to wear decent coats,
and to be respected by other people. Our children
should be like bees in honey, and the housewife, like
raspberry in the garden!

15 Choodny saht

Choodny saht, tyomny park,
po eteechesky zamok, dostoiny koroley,
Volshebny rai zemnoy;
gde alleyee smeneef tropeenkee,
v aromatniye chašchee vedoot,
k trosnikam polnym gnyost.

Oh kak ščastlivy yyh s vashey vlasteetel’ nitsey,
zhenščinoy dobroy dooshee,
kotoroy slavno gherp eezobrazhon
na strogorn frontone dvortsa.

16 Arabskaya melodiya

Ne beghee ot menya, o yavis khot y gryozakh snah,
Dai ooznat zhiznee sladost, sladost strastee k tebeh,
Oz zhalsYa tyh, z zhalsYa nado mnoy,
tyh yeedeesh ya gheebnu ot tebya,
gheebnu ya v moreh strastee, zhgoochey strastee k
tebeh,
Ya oomroo ot tebya, mneh spassenya nyet neegdet!
Noh ee smert, smert slatkah mneh, smert ot strastee
k tebeh.

The Magic Garden (G. Collin)

A Wonderful garden, a shady park, a poetic castle wor-
thy of kings, a magic earthly paradise; here alleys and
paths lead you to fragrant groves.

Oh, how happy you are with your dame, a kind-hearted
lady whose emblem is seen on the front of the palace.

Arabian Melody (A. Borodin)

Do not run away from me: o come to me if but in a
dream! Let me feel the sweetness of life, the sweetness of
passion to you. O have pity on me: you see I am
perishing in the sea of passion, a burning desire for you.
I will die from you, but even death is sweet if I am to die
from my passion for you.

PRINCE IGOR

2 Prolog

Ploščad' v Putivle. Družina i rat', gotovaja k vystupljeniju v pohod. Narod. Knjaz' Igor' s knjaz'jami i bojarami toržestvenno vychodit iz sobora.

NAROD

Solncu ktasnomu slava! Slava!
Slava na nebe u naš!
Knjazju Igorju slava, slava,
Slava u naš na Rusi!
Turuli jaromu, knjazju Trub evskomu,
Bujturu Vsevolodu Svjatoslavi u
slava, slava, knjazju slava, slava!
Mlad Volodimiru da na Putivle,
Mlad Svjatoslavu da knjazju na Ryl'ske,
Slava, slava knjazju!
Slava na Rusi!
S Dona velikogo do Lukomor'ja
Slava zvenit postepjam' poloveckim.
V zemljach neznaemych slavu pojut vam.
Slava! Slava! Slavnym knjaz'jam našim!
Slava! Slava! Chrabrym družinam ich!
I na Dunaj reke slavu pojut vam,
Slavu pojut vam da krasnye devicy;
L'etsja ich golos ot morja do Kieva.
Slava! Slava! Slavnym knjaz'jam našim.
Slava! Slava! Chrabrym družinam ich slava!
Vsem knjaz'jam našim slava, slava! Slava!
Rati chrabroj ich slava, slava, slava!
Slava! Slava!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Idem na bran's vragom Rusi!

NAROD

Podaj yam bog pobedu nad vragami!
Goj!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Idem na chanov poloveckich.

NAROD

Rusi obidy krov'ju vraž'ej smojte.
Goj!

Prologue

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

PEOPLE

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

PRINCE IGOR

Let's march into battle.
Against the enemies of Russia!

PEOPLE

May God grant you victory over the enemies!
Hey!

PRINCE IGOR

Let's march against the Polovtsian Khans!

PEOPLE

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

BOJARE

Razbej vragov, kak bil ich pri Oltave!
Razbej ich tak, kak bil ty ich za Varloj!
Goni vragov
Kak gnal ty ich za Merlom!
Pust' poloveckich chanov budut smjaty
Vraž'i polki!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Idem my s nadeždoj na boga,
Za veru, za Rus', za narod.

NAROD

Bog pomožet vam! Bog pomožet!
Da pomožet bog gospod'!
Pust' bog vedet tebja na bran' za Rus',
Na gore vragam!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Kop'e prelomit' mne b chotelos'
Vo slavu Rusi
V dalekikh stepjach poloveckich.

NAROD

Bog pobedu dast vam!
Vam pobedu na chanov dast bog!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

S čest'ju tarn past' il' vragov pobedit',
I s čest'ju vernuťsja.

NAROD

Verneš'sja, knjaz', so slavoj!
Slava! Slava! Slava! Slava!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Knjaz'ja, pora nam vystupat'.
(Tenmeet. Na alos' solne noe zatmenie. Vse v izumlenii g'jadjana nebo.)

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ

Čto èto značit?
Gljadite: merknet solnca svet!

NAROD

Och, to znamen'e božie, knjaz'!

VLADIMIR IGOREVICH

I, slovno mesjac na nebe,
solnce stoit serpom!

BOYARS

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

PEOPLE

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

PEOPLE

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

PEOPLE

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

PRINCE IGOR

Princes! It is time to go!
(The sky darkens in a solar eclipse. All gaze at the sky in terror.)

VLADIMIR GALITSKY

What does that mean?
Look, the sunlight fades!

PEOPLE

Oh, Prince, this is a divine omen!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH

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

NAROD

Och, ne k dobru to znamen'e, knjaz'!
(Na š ene sousem temno.)
 Sred' bela dnja zažglisja zvezdy!
 Okutal zemlju užasnyj mrak!
 Naštala noč'!
 Och, ne chodit' by v pochod tebe, knjaz'!
 Och, ne chodit'!
(Malo-pomalu svetleet.)

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Nam bož'e znamen'e ot boga,
 K dobru il' net, uznaem my;
 Sud'by svoej nikto ne obojdet,
 Čego bojat'sja nam?
 Idem za pravoe my delo,
 Za very, rodinu, za Rus',
 Uželi nam bez boja vorotit'sja
 I put' otkryt' vragu.

BOJARE

Tak to tak, knjaz',
 A vce by lučše ne chodit'.
(Na š ene sousem svetlo.)

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Brat'ja, sjadem na borzych konej
 I pozrim sincgo morja!

NAROD

Slava! Slava! Slava! Slava!
(Knjaz' Igor' v soprovoždenii knjazej i bojar idet vdoI' rjadov družinnikov i ratnikov. Dvoe iz ratnikov – Skula i Eroška – nezametno vychodjat iz stroja i otchodjat v storonu.)

SKULA *(Eroške)*

Puskaj sebe idut,
 A my, brat, ne pojdem.

EROŠKA

Bojazllo ub'jut,
 Gljadi...

SKULA

Pojdem, poiščem služby po sebe!

EROŠKA

K Volodimiru Jaroslaviču, knjazju Galickomu!

PEOPLE

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

BOYARS

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

PRINCE IGOR

Brothers, to our horses!
 May our noble stallions
 guide us towards the blue sea!

PEOPLE

Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory!
(Prince Igor and the other princes and boyars stand by the ranks of troops and soldiers. Two soldiers, Skub, and Yeroshka, sneak out of rank, stepping aside.)

SKULA *(to Yeroshka)*

Let them go,
 But we, brother, will stay right here!

YEROSHKA

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

SKULA

Let us go and look for work
 Of our liking!

YEROSHKA

To Vladimir Yaroslavich, Prince Galitsky!

SKULA

Verno!
 Tam i sytno,
 I p'jano,
 I cely bydem.
(Brosiv dospechi, kradu is', ubegajut.)

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Pust' pridut knjagini i bojaryni,
 Proščal'noe ot lad my primem celovan'e.
(Knjagini i bojaryni vchodjat. Vpered i jaroslavna.)

JAROSLAVNA *(Brosaetsja k Igorju.)*

Ach, lada, moja lada!
 Ostan'sja zdes',
 Nejd i, nejd i v pochod.
 Ne vremja, knjaz', pover' ty mne;
 Vernis' domoj, molju tebj a.
 To znamen'e bedoj grozit,
 Bedoj ono grozit tebe i nam.

KNJAZ' IGOR'

O, lada, polno, polno plakat',
 Polno slezy lit' naprasno;
 Nam nel'zja domoj vernut'sja,
 Ver' ty mne.

JAROSLAVNA

Ja serdcu verju, milyj moj;
 Takoj toski ne znala ja,
 I strach menja skoval.
 Vse znaju ja, to skažeš' ty,
 Vse znaju ja sama...

KNJAZ' IGOR'

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

JAROSLAVNA

Umom ja vce ponjat' mogu;
 Ja ponjala,
 No s serdcem veščim sovladat'
 Ne v silah ja, o net!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Nel'zja nejti, pover' ty mne da!
 Nel'zja nejti, nam dolg i čest' veljat.

SKULA

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

JAROSLAVNA *(Throwing herself into Igor's arms.)*

Oh, my betrothed, my beloved,
 Please stay here with me!
 This is not the right time, my prince,
 Believe me, do not go.
 Do not leave, I beg you!
 That omen can only bring misfortune,
 It threatens you and me.

PRINCE IGOR

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

JAROSLAVNA

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

JAROSLAVNA

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Knjaz' prav!
Nel'zja, nel'zja nejti,
Dolg i čest' veljat da!

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ

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

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Proščaj, proščaj, moj drug!

JAROSLAVNA

Proščaj!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Chrani tebja gospod'!
Molis' za naš, golubka!

KNJAZ' IGOR' (*Galickomu*)

Tebe, kak bratu, ee ja poručaju;
Oberegaj pokoj sestry tvoej,
I oblegčaj ty ej tosku razluki
Besedoj laskovoj svoej.
Tebja prošu otom, kak brata.

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ

Izvol', usluga za uslugu;
Tebe objazan ja nemalo.
Kogda otec menja izgnal,
izgnali brat'ja mne rodnye,
Ty vo mne učast'e prinjal,
Dal kak bratu mne prijut;
Dela moi s otcom uladil,
Moj otec menja prostil,
I s čest'ju ja domoj vernulsja,
Blagodarja tebe.

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Nu polno, polno;

Ja rad, čto mog tebe pomoč'.

(*Jaroslavna, knjagini i bojaryni uchodjat. Iz sobora vychodit starec. Knjaz' Igor' podchodit k nemu.*)

Pora idti nam v put'!

Blagoslovi, čestnoj otec,

Na bran' s vragom ty naš blagoslovi.

(*Starec blagoslovljaet knjazja Igorja.*)

Blagoslovi knjazej i rat'!

(*Starec blagoslovljaet rat'.*)

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH

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

VLADIMIR GALITSKY

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

PRINCE IGOR

Farewell, farewell, my beloved!

JAROSLAVNA

Farewell!

PRINCE IGOR

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

PRINCE IGOR (*to Galitsky*)

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

VLADIMIR GALITSKY

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

PRINCE IGOR

Enough, enough!

I am happy I could help you.

(*Jaroslavna, the princesses and boyars' wives exit. An elder walks out of the cathedral. Igor approaches him.*)

It is time to go.

Bless us, reverend Father,

Bless our campaign against the enemy.

(*Thw elder blesses the army.*)

Bless the princes and the army!

(*The elder blesses Prince Igor.*)

NAROD

Bog v boju s vragom pomožet,
V boju s vragom
Gospod' pomožet nam!
Daj vam bog!
V boju s vragom Pomožet bog.
Dast vam pobeđu, pobeđu dast nam!
Dast vam pobeđu nad groznym vragom!

BOJARE (*k narodu*)

Slav'te knjazej i družinu!

NAROD

(*Družina vo glave s Igorem i drugimi knjaz'jami vystupaet v pochod.*)

Častym zvezdo kam
Slava, slava,
Slava na nebe vysokom,
Knjaz'jam našim
Slava, slava,
Slava u naš na Rusi!
Napervo bol'shim,
A po nim men'shim,
Vsem knjaz'jam u naš,
Vsem im slava, slava, slava,
Vsem im slava, slava,
Vsem na Rusi!
Bujtur Vsevolodu, svet Svjatoslaviču,
Mlad sokoliku knjazju Vladimiru,
Chrabroj rati ich, slava!
Zdravi, knjazi, zdravi,
Chrabroj rati ich, slava!
Slava knjazem slava,
Slava hrabroj rati ich,
Slava!

PEOPLE

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

BOYARS (*to the people*)

Sing the praise of the princes and of the army!

PEOPLE

(*Headed by Igor and the other princes, the troops start off.*)

Glory to the stars!
Glory in excelsis!
Glory to our princes!
Glory to Russia!
Glory to all our princes,
First to the greater,
Then to the lesser,
Glory to all our princes,
Glory to them all,
Glory to Russia!
Glory to the valiant Vsevolod,
To Svjatoslavich!
To the young falcon Prince Vladimir.
To their valiant army, Glory!
Hail, Princes, hail.
Glory to your valiant army!
Glory to the princes, glory,
Glory to their valiant army!
Glory!

Dejstvie prvej

Kartina prvaja

Knjažoj dvor Vladimira Galickogo. Razguljavsajasja eljad' slavít knjazja.

NAROD

3 Slava, slava Volodimiru.
Goj!
Slava, slava Volodimiru.
Goj!

SKULA (*Eroške*)

Igraj!
To ne rečka vskolychalas',
Vskolychalas', razlivalas',
Zalivala, zatopljala,
Razmyvala berega.

NAROD

Knjaž'i molodci guljali,
Knjazju devku vorovali.
Goj! Goj! Zaguljali!
Goj! Goj! Zaigrali!
Knjazja v pesnjach veli ali do utra,
Mnogaja leta knjazju Volodimiru,
Knjazju Volodimiru Galickomu. Goj!

EROŠKA

Krasna devica vzmolilas',
V nogi knjazju poklonilas'.
(*Podražaja ženskomu goIosu*)
«Knjaz' ty moj, otpusti domoj!»

EROŠKA I SKULA

«Oj, choču k batjuške,
Oj, choču k matuške!
Och, otpusti, knjaz',
Och, ne gubi!»

NAROD

Goj! Goj! Zaigrali!
Goj! Goj! Zaigrali!
Knjazja v pesnjach
Veli ali do utra.
Mnogaja leta knjazju Volodimiru,
Knjazju Volodimiru Galickomu! Goj!
(*Vladimir Cralickij vychodit na kryl'co terem'.*)

MUŽČINY KNJAZJA

Natešilsja li, knjaz'?

Act 1

Scene 1

Vladimir Galitsky's court. His subjects sing songs of praise.

PEOPLE

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

SKULA (*to Yeroshka*)

Play!
The river didn't swell,
The water didn't rise,
The river didn't flood
Nor overflow its banks.

PEOPLE

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

YEROSHKA

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

YEROSHKA AND SKULA

"Oh, I want to go back to my father,
Oh, I want to go back to my mother,
Oh, let me go home,
Don't dishonour me!"

PEOPLE

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

THE PRINCE'S COURTIER

Have you enjoyed yourself, Prince?

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ

Grešno tait',
Ja skuki ne ljublju a tak,
Kak Igor' knjaž',
I dnja by ja ne prožil.
Žabavoj knjažeskoj ljublju potesit' serdce,
Ljublju ja veselo požít'.
Èch, tol'ko b sest'
Mne knjazem na Putivle:
Ja zažil by na slavu! Èch!
Tol'ko b mne doždat'sja česti,
Na Putivle knjazem sestí,
Ja b ne stal tužít',
Ja by znal kak žít'.
Dnem za branimi stolami,
Za veselymi pirami,
Ja b sudil, radil,
Vse dela veršil.
Vsem činil by ja raspravu,
Kak prišlos' by mne po nravu,
Vsem by sud činil,
Vsech vinom poil.
Pej, pej, pej, pej, guljaj!
K noči v terem by sgonjali
Krasnych devok vsech ko mne,
Devki pesni b mne igrali,
Knjazja slavili bone;
A kto rumjanej da belee,
U sebja by ostavljal;
Kto iz devic rone milee,
S temi b noči ja guljal. Oj!
Kaby mne da etu dolju,
Ponatešilsja b ja vvolju
Ja b ne stal ževat' ,
Znal s čego načat' ;
Ja b im knjažestvo upravil,
Ja b kazny im poubavil,
Požil by ja vlast',
Ved' na to i vlast'!
Èch! Liš' tol'ko b mne poknjažít',
Ja sumel by vsech uvazít',
I sebja i vas,
Ne zabyli b naš!
Goj, goj, goj, goj, goj! Guljaj!

MUŽČINY KNJAZJA

Knjazju Galickomu slava!
A knjaginja?

VLADIMIR GALITSKY

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

THE PRINCE'S COURTIER

Long live Prince Galitsky!
What about the Princess?

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Sestra-to?
Šchimnica, smirennica?
V monaštyr' ee!
Grechi moi zamalivat',
Da o spasenii duši moej radet'!
(Napravljaetsja k teremu.)
Pojdem-ka lučše v terem
Knjažich medov otvedat',
A narodu, za poslugu,
Vina vykatit'.
(On chožet uchodit' v terem.)

MUŽČINY KNJAZJA
Knjazju Galickomu slava!
*(Vo dvor vbegaet tolpa devušek. Galickij
ostanavlivaetsja.)*

DEVUŠKI
Oj, lichon'ko! Oj, gorjuško!
Tvoj li knjažoj narod,
Ljudi nedobrye
Vykrali devon'ku,
Vykrali krasnuju,
Oj! Smilujšja, oj! Smilujšja,
Vydaj ee!

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Ėj vy, baby čego tam vzvyli?
Devka u knjazja v svetelke sidit.
Ved' ej ne chudo, čego ej nado,
Ne ego bol'no o devke tužit';
V ženkach u knjazja ona budet žit'.
Ėj ni raboty, ej ni zaboty,
Sladko est' i sladko pit'.
Nu, stupajte, tak i znajte:
Ja vam devki ne otdam!

DEVUŠKI
Oj, lichon'ko, oj, batjuški!
Ty ne gubi ee,
Ty ne otpusti ee;
Vydaj batjuške,
Vydaj matuške.
Oj, smilujšja, oj! Smilujšja.
Vydaj ee!

VLADIMIR GALITSKY
My sister?
Meek and humble nun!
She should be in a monastery
To beg forgiveness for my sins
And pray for the salvation of my soul!
(Walking toward the palace.)
Let us go to the palace
To taste the prince's meat.
Reward the people for their good services
With a cask of wine!
(He goes toward his chambers.)

THE PRINCE'S COURTIER
Long live Prince Gillitsky!
*(A group of maidens enters and surrounds
Vladimir.)*

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

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

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

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

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

EROŠKA
S čem prišli, s tem i ušli.

SKULA
Kak pribreli, tak i pobreli.

(Vse smejušja)
Stoj, rebjata, sluchaj!
A nu, knjaginja vse uznaet,
Naš velit zabrat'?
Pravo!

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

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

EROŠKA
Bestimo, ne budet.

SKULA
Ne to, čto u knjazja Volodimira!
On-to, otec naš narod žaleet,
Gljadi: bočku vykatil.

*(Slugi vytayvajut bo ku. Narod sobiraetsja okolo
bo ki, gudo niki igrajut.)*
(Grubo, s komi eskoj važnost'ju.)
Čto u knjazja da Volodimira,
Volodimira svet Jaroslaviča
Sobitalsja knjažoj narod,
Da čto knjažoj narod vse gor'kij p'janica.

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

YEROSHK AND SKULA
Back to their fathers,
Back to their mothers...

YEROSHK
Empty handed they came and left...

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

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

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

YEROSHK
Obviously, nobody.

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

NAROD Gor'kij p'janica, vse knjažnoj narod.	PEOPLE The princely courtiers were drunkards.	EROŠKA Tebe, otec batjuška...	YEROSHKA Our father...
EROŠKA Stonom stonet knjažoj narod: Da propilisja my, okajannye, Za tvoe li zdorov'e knjaž'e, Vse my propili, knjaz', ty kormilec naš, Otec batjuška, knjaz'.	YEROSHKA The prince's courtiers were moaning Oh, dear me, we drank too much: We drank to everything: To your good health, dear Prince, Our benefactor, our father and Prince.	SKULA Naš otec...	SKULA Our father...
SKULA Stonom stonut p'janicy, Voem vojut gor'kie: Propilis' my, okajannye, Propilis', ty poilec naš Batjuška, knjaz'.	SKULA The drunkards are moaning and groaning: Oh, dear me, we drank too much, We drank too much to you, our benefactor, To our dear Prince and father.	EROŠKA My slugi nadežnye...	YEROSHKA Your reliable servants...
NAROD Otec batjuška naš, Požalej ty naš, batjuška.	PEOPLE Our dear father, Take pity on us, dear father!	SKULA My tebe...	SKULA We are your...
SKULA Požalej.	SKULA Take pity!	EROŠKA Raby tvoi vernye my!	YEROSHKA We are your faithful servants!
EROŠKA Ty bragi nam gor'kie.	PEOPLE Our dear father, Take pity on us, dear father!	SKULA My tebe!	SKULA We are yours!
SKULA Navari!	SKULA Take pity!	NAROD Za tebja složim golovy bujnye, knjaz'.	PEOPLE For you, dear Prince, We will die!
EROŠKA Ty medu nam sladkogo.	SKULA Take pity!	SKULA Kak vozgovorit otec naš batjuška, Volodimir svet Jaroslavi : Goj, vy p'janicy slugi vernye A i kak že ne žalet' rone vas, A i žit'e-to vam gor'koe, I posluga nemalaja vam...	SKULA And this is what our dear father, Vladimir Yaroslavich, said: Hey, you drunkards, faithful servants, How could I not pity you: Your life is miserable And you work hard...
SKULA Našyti!	YEROSHKA Strong beer for us...	NAROD I žit'e-to vam gor'koe.	PEOPLE For our life is miserable.
EROŠKA Ty nam zelena vina.	SKULA Brew!	SKULA U menja.	SKULA Mine, too.
SKULA Nakuri!	YEROSHKA Give us a fill of sweet meat...	EROŠKA Čto v budni, čto v prazdnički...	YEROSHKA On weekdays and on holidays...
EROŠKA Ty nam bočku chmel'nogo.	SKULA And plenty!	SKULA Rabotaj...	SKULA Work!
SKULA Vykataj!	YEROSHKA Bring us vodka...	EROŠKA S utra do polunoči...	YEROSHKA From morning to midnight...
EROŠKA A my tebe, knjaže naš...	SKULA The best!	SKULA Rabotaj...	SKULA Work!
SKULA Knjaže naš...	YEROSHKA Bring us a cask of strong beer...	EROŠKA S poludnja i do no i...	YEROSHKA From noon to dusk...
	SKULA Bring it here, now!	SKULA Rabotaj...	SKULA Work!
	YEROSHKA And we will stay, our Prince,...	SKULA Rabotaj...	SKULA Work!
	SKULA Our Prince...		

EROŠKA S večeren do utreni...	YEROSHK From sunset to sunrise...	EROŠKA Vsja rat' ušla. Podmogi net...	YEROSHK All troops have gone, And there's no help.
SKULA Rabotaj...	SKULA Work!	NAROD I to!	PEOPLE It's true!
EROŠKA Rabota ne legkaja...	YEROSHK Work isn't easy...	SKULA V Posem'i, slyš', mjatež.	SKULA There was a revolt in Posemye, did you hear?
SKULA U menja,	SKULA So is mine.	EROŠKA Družiny tam pobity vse davno, Da i knjaz'ja ubity vse.	YEROSHK The army was crushed there long ago And all the princes were slain.
EROŠKA Zabota velikaja...	YEROSHK Troubles are many...	NAROD Idet! Vsja rat' ušla, Podmogi net. I vprjam'! Idem! I tak, skorej na ploš ad' vysypajte, My Igorja smestim, Vladimira posadim! Čego bojat'sja nam? I tak, vpered, na ploščad' vystupajte, Narod na veče, bratcy, sozyvajte, My Igorja smestim, Vladimira posadim; Čego bojat'sja nam? Knjaz'i molodcy guljali, Knjazja na Rusi sažali. Goj, goj! Zaguljali. Goj, goj! Zaigrali, Knjazja v pesnjach veličali do utra! I tak, rebjata, veče sozyvajte, Skoree vse na ploščad' vysypajte, Knjazja v pesnjach veličajte, Veličajte. Goj! Knjaz'i molodcy guljali, Knjazja na Rusi sažali, Veličali v pesnjach Knjazja Galickogo! Goj! Slava! Slava Volodimiru. Goj!	PEOPLE It's true! All troops have gone, There's no help. So, let's do it! So hurry, let's go to the square And get a crowd together! We will oust Igor and enthrone Vladimir! What have we to fear? Onwards'. Let's go to the square And get a crowd together! We will oust Igor and enthrone Vladimir! What have we to fear? The prince's daredevils went on a spree And they crowned the Prince of Russia. Hey-ho, they rejoiced! Hey-ho, they started singing! And they praised their Prince with songs till morning! So, come on fellows, let's gather together in the square, quickly! Praise the Prince with songs, Praise him, hey! The prince's daredevils went on a spree And they crowned the Prince of Russia. And they praised him with songs: Prince Galitsky! Hey! Glory, glory to Vladimir! Hey! <i>(All exit except Skula and Yerosbka, both drunk.)</i>
SKULA U menja...	SKULA So are mine.		
EROŠKA Čto služba tjaželaja...	YEROSHK The work is hard...		
SKULA U menja...	SKULA So is mine.		
EROŠKA Posluga ne malaja...	YEROSHK Duties are many...		
SKULA U menja:	SKULA So are mine.		
NAROD Pesni poj, guljaj, da bražničaj. Goj! Za zdarov'e knjaz'e. Goj, znaj guljaj! Da, vot komu by knjažit' na Putivle!	PEOPLE Sing songs, carouse and revel! Hey! To the good health of our Prince! Hey, let us be merry! Yes, this is the one who should rule Putivl as a prince!		
DRUGAJA GRUPPA A čtož, i vprjam' v knjaz'ja ego posadim! Družiny net, a Igor' -to daleče, Čego zevat', čego nam opasat'sja, Čego?	ANOTHER GROUP Why not crown him right now? There are no soldiers And Igor is far away: Why miss this chance, What have we to fear? What?		
NAROD Za knjazja vsem stojat', Ved' našich-to ne malo: Čego bojat'sja nam?	PEOPLE We are all for the Prince: And we are not few; What have we to fear?		
SKULA Vsja rat' ušla, Knjaz'ja-to vse v pochode, Podmogi net...	SKULA All troupes have gone, The Prince and his army are campaigning, There's no help.	EROŠKA I SKULA «Oj, choču k batjuške, Oj, choču k matuške, Oj, otpusti, Oj, ne gubi!»	YEROSHK AND SKULA "Oh, I want to my father, Oh, I want to my mother... Oh, let me go home, Don't dishonour me!"

Kartina vtorejaja

Gornica v tereme Jaroslavny. Jaroslavna odna.

JAROSLAVNA

- 4 Ne malo vremeni prošlo s tech por,
Kak Igor' , lada moj,
S synom Vladimirom
I s bratom našim Vsevolodom
Na Polovcev povel svoi družiny.
Ne znaju čto i dumat' mne;
Kažis' davno pora by
at Knjazja byt' gončam ko mne.
I chor' by kto nibud' ottuda
Slu ajno ob Igore mne vest' prines.
Och, mne serdce vest' nedobruju neset;
Ščemit, bolit i noet retivoie,
Toska menja gryzet
Už vidno ne k dobru!
Ach, gde tv, gde tv, prežnjaja pora,
Kogda moj lada byl so mnoju,
Prošla pora tech krasnych dnei!
Odna, v toske, vse dui s utra,
Odna v slezach ne splju ja noči
I strastno ždu ja druga moego,
I žadno ždu vestej ja ot nego;
Ne edet on, vestej ne šlet
I ždu ja dolgo, dolgo.
I sny žloveščeie pokoj mutjat mne noč'ju.
Mne často snitsja lada moj,
Kak budto on opjat' so mnoj,
Manit rukoj, zovet s soboj,
A sam vse dal'se, dal'se ot menja idet
I ja odna opjat'.
Mne stanet strašno i tosklivo...
Prosnusja ja, rekoju slezy tak i l'jutsja,
I ne mogu ja ich unjat'.
Byla pora, ne znala gorja ja,
Moj lada bil togda so mnoju;
Prošla pora tech krasnych dnei,
Na serdce – mrak, v duše – toska,
Ja pla u dni, ja pla u no i.
Odna liš' duma u menja,
Odna zabota na duše:
Ne edet on, goncov ne šlet,
A vremeni prošlo už mnogo, mnogo...
Skorol' ko mne vorotitsja moj milyj,
Doždus' li ja ego?
Gde on, gde on,
Knjaz' moj, lada?
(Zakryvaet lico rukami i zadumyvaetsja. Njanja vchodit.)

Scene 2

A room in Jaroslavna's palace. Jaroslavna is alone.

JAROSLAVNA

A long time has passed
Since Igor, my beloved,
And our son Vladimir
And our brother Vsevolod
Led their armies against the Polovtsians.
I am really lost.
It seems I should have by now
Received a message from the prince.
If only someone
Brought some news of Igor.
Oh, my heart foresees misfortune:
It aches and beats and trembles fearfully
And sorrow oppresses me.
Oh, where have the happy times gone
When my beloved was with me?
Those lovely days are now gone;
Alone I grieve from morn to dusk,
Alone I weep throughout the night
And long for my beloved with all my heart,
And eagerly await a message from him!
Yet he doesn't come, nor sends a message,
I am so lonely.
Terrifying nightmares torment my sleep,
I often dream my beloved is beside me
And we are together once more.
He beckons me to follow him,
Yet he fades away further and further
And I am alone once more.
Terror and sorrow torture my soul...
Then I wake up in tears
Which I cannot contain...
There was a time... I knew no sorrow
When my beloved was with me.
But those happy days are now no more
Sadness has enveloped my heart,
Sorrow my soul.
I weep all day, I weep all night...
I have one thought only,
One worry burdens my heart:
Oh, he doesn't come nor sends a message,
Yet, such a long, long time has passed...
Will my beloved come back soon?
Will I be alive to greet him?
Where, where is he,
My prince, my beloved?
(She covers her face with her hands, engrossed in her thoughts. The nanny enters.)

NJANJA

- 5 Tam devuški prišli k tebe, knjaginja,
Prosit' tvoej upravi;
Povoliš' li vpustit'?
Povoliš' li vojti im?

JAROSLAVNA

Nu čtož? Vpusti ich, pust' vojdt!
*(Njanja uchodit i vozvraš aetsja s devuškami.
Devuški klanjajutsja Jaroslavne.)*

DEVUŠKI

My k tebe, kjaginja,
My k tebe, rodnaja,
Prosim, molim,
Ne ostav' naš;
My upravy prosim,
Ty ne daj v obidu
Zaščite naš,
Zastupisja!
No ne noč'ju vdruk grijanul naš obidčik,
Devku vzjal,
Da siloju zabral ee
V terem k sebe.
My k nemu chodili, my ego molili;
Ne pozor' ty bednoj devki,
Vydaj devku.
On ne vydal,
Narugalsja, našmejalsja, prigrozil,
Da s bran'ju, s pobjojami
Vygнал on naš.
Vor i prosim,
Molim my tvoej upravy,
Ne ostav' ty,
Zaščiti naš!
Ty ne daj v obidu,
Ty veli nam vydat' našu devku,
Zastupis'!
Pust' vernet on,
Ne pozorit,
Pust' on vydat' devku nam,
Veli emu, veli otdat' devku-to nam!

JAROSLAVNA

A kto že vaš obidčik?
Kto devicu uvez?
Skažite, kto?
(Devuški ticho peregovarivajutsja meždu soboj.)

DEVUŠKI (Pervaja gruppa)

Nu čto že, govori!

DEVUŠKI (Vtoraja gruppa)

Nu čto že, otvečaj!

NANNY

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

JAROSLAVNA

Why, let them come in!
*(The nanny leaves and returns with the maidens.
The maidens enter, bowing to Jaroslavna.)*

MAIDENS

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

JAROSLAVNA

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

MAIDENS (first group)

Come on! Tell her!

MAIDENS (second group)

Come on! Reply!

DEVUŠKI (*Tret'ja grupa*)
ego že ty mol iš'?

DEVUŠKI (*Vtoraja grupa*)
Nu že!

JAROSLAVNA
Kto že? Skažite kto?

DEVUŠKI (*Pervaja grupa*)
Ne smeem.

DEVUŠKI (*Vtoraja grupa*)
Nam bojazno.

VMESTE
Da čto tait',
Rasskažem vse,
Nado ž skazat'.
Ty pomiluj naš, ne vo gnev tebe,
Ne v obidu bud', eto on že,
Vse naš blagoj-to knjaz' Volodimir-to
Jaroslavič, naš knjaz' ot Galickij.
I do prež sego, i davno už tak
Obižal on vseh na Putivle-to
Volodimir ot Jaroslavič-to,
Knjaz' ot naš.
On, vse on!
A kak Igor' knjaz' vo pohod ušel,
Ešče chuže nam, gorše prežnego:
Ni po gorodu, ni po selam,
Už nikomu teper' i žit'ja-to net,
Vse guljaet knjaz' Volodimir ot
Jaroslavič-to, knjaz' ot Galickij,
So družinoju vse guljaet on
Den' i noč'!
Da vse p'janye, da ozornye,
Našmechajutsja, narugajutsja,
Zabižajut vseh, da besčinstvujut
Chuže vorogov, chuže Polovcev.
I žit'ja ot nich nikomu zdes' net,
I unjat' teper' ich zdes' ne komu,
Stracha net na nich na Putivle-to
Knjazja Igorja Svjatoslavi a
S nami net.
Ujmi, čot' ty ujmi ego,
Molim tebjja, tebjja!

(*Galickij vchodit. Devuški v ispuge vskrikivajut.*)

6 DEVUŠKI
Aj! Knjaz'! Batjuški!
Grech kakoj!
Gospodi pomiluj!

MAIDENS (*third group*)
Why are you silent?

MAIDENS (*second group*)
Come on!

JAROSLAVNA
Tell me who is he?

MAIDENS (*first group*)
We dare not...

MAIDENS (*second group*)
We are afraid...

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

(*Vladimir Galitsky enters, and the maidens cry out in fear.*)

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

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ (*jaroslavne*)
Goni ich vseh otsjuda von!
(*Devušiki ubegajut. Njanja uchodit po znaku
jaroslavny.*)

JAROSLAVNA
Vladimir!
Ty s bujnoju vatagoj noč'ju
B dom vorvalsja,
Tam devušku ty siloj zabral
I opozoriv, uvez ee k sebe
I deržiš' v teremu našil'no.
Pravda li? Skaži mne kto ona?
Kto éta devuška?

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
A kto by ni byla
Tebe kakoe delo?
Deržu kogo zabral,
Zabral kogo hotel,
Kogo zabral ne znaju,
I znat' ja ne choču;
Na svete devok mnogo,
Nel'zja že vseh mne znat'!
Nu čto že rada, al' ne rada,
Ljub, al' ne ljub, prinimaj,
Čest'ju gostja ty vstrečaj,
V ktasnyj ugol ty sažaj,
Čaru s poklonom ty mne podnosi!
Al' i vptjam' ja pomešal
Sovet deržat', sovet deržat'
So smerdami podlymi?
Knjagine pomeša!?

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

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

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

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

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

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Da čto mne Igor' tvoj?
Vernetsja ili net,
A mne kakoe delo,
Ne vse li fine ravno?
Ja sam sebe zdes' knjaz',
Ja sam sebe vladyka,
Ja sam sebe na Putivle gospodin.
Mne stoit tol'ko kliknut' kli ',
Ja sam u vas zdes' knjazem sjadu,
Ja na ve e vybran budu,
Vse v Putivle za menja.
Togda naštanet naš čerud
Vas trebovat' k otvetu.
Ty èto pomni i ne serdi menja!

JAROSLAVNA
Ty smeeš' mne grozit'?

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Nu, polno perestan',
Ja tol'ko pošutil,
Chotelos' videt' mne tebjja,
Kogda ty serdiš'sja.
O, esli by ty znala,
Kak gnev tebe k licu:
Brovi sdvinulis',
Glaza bleštjat,
Zardelis' ščeki
I brosilas' vsja krov' tebe v lico!
Ty choroša, ty moloda,
Tvoj muž davno uechal,
Odnnoj tebe zdes' sku no.
Uželi-že s tech por
So vsemi, kak so mnoj,
Stroga ty i surova?
Uželi nikogo
Ty v tajne ne laskaeš'?
Uželi Igorju verna ty?
(*Našmešljivo i veselo.*)
Ne verju ja tomu.
Ne možet byt'!

JAROSLAVNA
Da ty zabyl, čto ja – knjaginja,
Čto knjazem vlast'
Mne zdes' dana?
Da ja tebjja velju otpravit',
Pod vernojju ochranoj,
K otcu, v Galič, na poruki!
Pust' vedaetsja on s tobj.
Sej za že devušku osvobodit!
Ujdi... Ujdi... Ujdi otsjuda!

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

JAROSLAVNA
You dare threaten me?

VLADIMIR GALITSKY
Enough, stop,
I was merely joking.
I wanted to see you angry.
Oh, if you only knew
How becoming anger is to you:
Your eyebrows knit into a frown,
Your eyes sparkle in fury
And your face flushes
As blood rises to your head!
You are so beautiful, you are so young...
Your husband left a long time ago...
It must be for you boring to be alone.
Have you really been as strict
With others
As you are with me?
Is there really nobody
Whom you secretly love?
Will you be really be true to Igor?

(*derisively and merry*)
I do not believe it.
It cannot be.

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

VLADIMIR GALICKIJ
Ogo! Vot kak!
Nu čto ž? Izvol'!
Ja devku osvobožu.
I zaberu sebe druguju. Èch!
(*Uchodit.*)

JAROSLAVNA
Ja vsja drožu,
Edva soboj vladeju!...
Ach, esli b knjaz'
Skoree vorotilsja,
Dušoj by ja snova otdochnula.
Ustala ja,
bor'ba mne ne po silam.

Compact Disc 9

(*Dumnye bojare vchodjat i klanjajutsja Jaroslavne.*)

JAROSLAVNA
1 Dobro požalovat', bojare;
Ja rada videt' vas,
Vy – dumcy vernye moi,
Upravly knjažeskoj o pora,
I v radosti i v gore nadežnye druž'ja.
Ja rada videt' vas!
Skažite mne odnako,
to zna it vaš prichod
Ne ajannyj, ne ždannij?
Menja trevožit on,
Nedobroe ja čuju.
Skažite mne, ja znat' Choču.

BOJARS
Mužajsja, knjaginja,
Nedobrye vesti tebe my nesem,
Knjaginja.
Prišli my k tebe
Povedat', knjaginja,
Nedobruju vest'. Mužajsja!

JAROSLAVNA
Čto slu ilos'? Govorite!

BOJARS
Na Rus' perešli
Knam vraž'i polki
I blizko ot naš idut.

JAROSLAVNA
O, bože!

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

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

Compact Disc 9

(*The Council of Boyars enters, bowing to Jaroslavna.*)

JAROSLAVNA
Welcome, boyars,
I am glad to see you.
You, my faithful counsellors,
Supporters of the princely rule,
Reliable friends in joy and sorrow.
I am glad to see you!
Tell me, though,
What is the meaning of your visit
So sudden and unexpected?
It frightens me...
It makes me think of misfortune
Tell me, I want to know.

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

JAROSLAVNA
What happened? Speak up!

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

JAROSLAVNA
Oh, God!

BOJARE K narn idut; I groznye sily K nam na Putivl' Yedet poloveckij chan Gzak, Groznyj chan!	BOYARS They are approaching; And the frightful troops That are drawing near to Putivl Are led by the Polovtsian Khan Gzak, The terrible Khan!	JAROSLAVNA Net! Net! Ne verju! Net! Net! <i>(Jaroslavna nadaet bez uvstv. Prichodit k sebja.)</i> Tak to pravda, čto knjaz' v plenu, Čto on ranen? Čto vrag idet s'juda na naš? Bojare, skažite, čto delat' I kak byt' nam? Ni Knjazja, ni rati, ni pomoščii? Kto ž gorod otstoit? Kto? Kto?...	YAROSLAVNA No, No!... I don't believe it! No! No! <i>(Jaroslavna faints, then revives.)</i> So, it is true that the Prince was captured, That he was wounded? That the enemy draws near! Bojars, tell me, what should we do And how should we act? No Prince, no army, no help... Who will defend the city? Who? Who?
JAROSLAVNA Uželi malo bylo gorja nam! A gde ž naša rat'? A gde ž naš knjaz'? Skažite, bojare, gde knjaz'? Uželi pobita naša rat'? Uželi knjaz' pogib?	YAROSLAVNA Is there more sorrow to come? But where is our army? Where is our Prince? Can our army have been defeated? Can the Prince be dead?	BOJARE Nam, knjaginja, ne vpervye Pod stenami gorodskimi U vorot vstrečat' vragov. Gorod krepok, bud' spokojno, Steny krepki, rvy gluboki, I nadežen naš ostrog. Gorod krepok, bud' spokojna, Bog pomožet, odoleem, Otstoim Putivl'. Ne stenami krepok gorod, Ne v ostroge krepost' naša, Ne v okopach, ne vo rvach; Naša krepost' – vera boga, Vernost' knjazju i tebe, knjaginja, I k rodine ljubov'.	BOYARS It will not be the first time, Princess, That by the city walls, In front of the gates, we will face the enemy. The city is safe... do not worry. The walls are solid, the moats deep, And our forts invincible. The city is safe... do not worry. God will help... We will overcome, We'll defend Putivl. The city is safe not only because of its walls; Neither are the forts our only fortress, Nor the trenches or the moat.. Our fortress is our faith in the Lord, Our loyalty to the Prince and to you, Princess, And our love for our homeland.
BOJARE Grozu za grozoi, Bedu za bedoi Gospod' posylaet nam! Ot bož'ja suda Nikto ne ujdut, Nikto, pover'. Nikto!	BOYARS Storm upon storm, Misfortune upon misfortune The Lord has sent us! None will escape, God's judgment, none, None, believe us, none!	JAROSLAVNA Skažite mne!	YAROSLAVNA Tell me!
JAROSLAVNA Skažite mne!	YAROSLAVNA Tell me!	BOJARE V neravnom boju S nesmetnym vragom , Kost'mi polegla vsja rat...!	BOYARS In an unequal battle Against the countless enemy The entire army fell.
BOJARE V neravnom boju S nesmetnym vragom , Kost'mi polegla vsja rat...!	BOYARS In an unequal battle Against the countless enemy The entire army fell.	JAROSLAVNA Ach!	YAROSLAVNA Oh!
JAROSLAVNA Ach!	YAROSLAVNA Oh!	BOJARE Vse polki; I ranen sam knjaz', I s bratom svoim I s synom v plen on vzjat...!	BOYARS All regiments defeated. The Prince himself was wounded, And with his brother And his son was taken prisoner.
BOJARE Vse polki; I ranen sam knjaz', I s bratom svoim I s synom v plen on vzjat...!	BOYARS All regiments defeated. The Prince himself was wounded, And with his brother And his son was taken prisoner.	JAROSLAVNA Uželi lada ranen i v plenu?!	YAROSLAVNA My beloved wounded and captured?!
JAROSLAVNA Uželi lada ranen i v plenu?!	YAROSLAVNA My beloved wounded and captured?!	BOJARE Vse v plenu.	BOYARS All were captured!
BOJARE Vse v plenu.	BOYARS All were captured!	JAROSLAVNA Spasibo vam, bojare, Mne vaši reči ljuby; Ja verju vam, bojare, V tom slove pravdu slyšu, Ot gorja, bezdol'ja, Ja pala duchom, No vaše slovo pravdu Mne sily vdohnulo vnov' I luč nadeždy snova Zažglo v duše moej. <i>(Klanjaetsja bojarim. Nabatnyj kolokol za sženoj. Bojare prislušivajutsja.)</i>	YAROSLAVNA Thank you, boyars, I appreciate your sincere words. I trust you, boyars. In these words I hear the truth. I had lost courage From grief and sorrow, But your words of truth Have restored my strength anew And they have lit up A ray of hope again in my soul. <i>(She curtsays to the boyars. Bells ring the alarm. The boyars listen.)</i>
JAROSLAVNA Spasibo vam, bojare, Mne vaši reči ljuby; Ja verju vam, bojare, V tom slove pravdu slyšu, Ot gorja, bezdol'ja, Ja pala duchom, No vaše slovo pravdu Mne sily vdohnulo vnov' I luč nadeždy snova Zažglo v duše moej. <i>(Klanjaetsja bojarim. Nabatnyj kolokol za sženoj. Bojare prislušivajutsja.)</i>	YAROSLAVNA Thank you, boyars, I appreciate your sincere words. I trust you, boyars. In these words I hear the truth. I had lost courage From grief and sorrow, But your words of truth Have restored my strength anew And they have lit up A ray of hope again in my soul. <i>(She curtsays to the boyars. Bells ring the alarm. The boyars listen.)</i>	BOJARE Zvon! Nabat! I vprjam', nabat! Nabat! Bojare! Nabatnyj zvon, zloveščij žvon! Bedoi grozit, knjaginja, on!	BOYARS Bells! The alarm! Yes, the alarm! The alarm, boyars! The sounding of the alarm has a sinister ring: It portends evil, Princess!
BOJARE Zvon! Nabat! I vprjam', nabat! Nabat! Bojare! Nabatnyj zvon, zloveščij žvon! Bedoi grozit, knjaginja, on!	BOYARS Bells! The alarm! Yes, the alarm! The alarm, boyars! The sounding of the alarm has a sinister ring: It portends evil, Princess!		

JAROSLAVNA

Uželi? O gospodi!
 To vrag nagrijanul k nam sjuda
(V okna vidneetsja zarevo poiara.)
 Nagrijanul vrag! O, bože!
 Čto budet s nami!
 Bladyti a svjataja pomogi!
 To bož'ja kara, božij gnev,
 To božij gnev! o, gospodi!
 To božij gnev, to bož'ja kara!
 Božij gnev karaet naš!
 Ot bož'ja suda ne ujdeš' nikuda!

BOJARE

To vrag idet; to groznyj vrag.
(Ženščiny golosjat za š enoj.)
 Požar! To prigorod pylaet!
 Baby vojut, narod bežit;
 Ostrog gorit!
 V pole ryštut polovcy!
 Grabjat, žgut posad! Gljadite!
 Bojare, skorej, skorej na steny,
 Skorej na steny gorodskie!
 A čast' ostat'sja zdes' dolžna,
 Knjaginju ochranjat'.
 To bož'ja kara, božij gnev.
*(Neskol'ko bojar uchodjat, ostal'nye opojasyva-
 jutsja mečami i prigotovljajutsja k oborone.)*
 To bog karaet naš.
 To božij gnev karaet naš!
 Ot bož'ja suda ne ujdeš' nikuda!

YAROSLAVNA

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

BOYARS

The enemy is advancing, the terrible enemy!
(Behind the scenes crying women.)
 Fire!... The fortress is in flames!
 Women are wailing. People are fleeing.
 The fort is on fire.
 Polovtsians are plundering the field,
 Looting, setting fire to the fortress.
 Look!
 Boyars, faster, faster to the walls,
 Faster to the city walls!
 Some should remain
 To guard the princess.
*(Same boyars run away, others buckle on their
 swords to join the defence.)*
 This is God's punishment. God's fury!
 God has punished us!
 Onc cannot evade God's judgment!

Dejstvie vtoroe

Poloveckij stan. Večer.

POLOVČANKA

- 2 Na bezvod'i, dnem na solnce
 Vjanet cvetik, sochnet bednyj,
 On k zemle sklonil golovku,
 List'ja grustno opuskaja.

VMESTE

Sjadet solnce. noč' naštanet,
 Znoj projdet, rosa padet,
 Zemlju vlagoj napitaet,
 I cvetok vodoj pol'et,
 Pod studenoju rosoju
 Cvetik snova oživet.
 Slovno cvetik na bezvod'e,
 Serdce naše bezdol'e.

POLOVČANKA

Sochnet, vjanet, iznyvaet,
 Laski nežnoj ožidaja.

VMESTE

Sjadet solnee, no ' naštanet,
 Na svidan'e drug pridet,
 Serdču bednomu s soboju
 Svet i radost' prineset.
 Slovno cvetik pod rosoju,
 Serdce snava oživet.

3 Pljaska poloveckich devušek.**4 KONČAKOVNA**

Merknet svet dnevnoj;
 Pesni pet',
 Pljasat' kon im my!
 Temna noč' svoj pokrov rasstilaet.
 No ' spuskajtsja skorej,
 T'moj okutaj menja,
 Mgl'oj, tumanom ukroj, o den'!
 Čas svidan'ja naštaet dlja naš.

Act 2

The Polovtsian camp. It is evening.

POLOVTSIAN MAIDEN

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

ALL

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

POLOVTSIAN MAIDEN

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

ALL

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

Dance of the Polovtsian maidens.**KONCHAKOVNA**

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

DEVUŠKI

Skoro noč,
Nedalek čas ljubvi,
Sladkij čas.

KON AKOVNA

Pridet li milij moj,
Užel' ne čuet on,
Čto ja davno, davno
Ego zdes' ždu.
Gde že ty, milij moj?
Otzovis'! Gde ty?
Milij maj, otzovis'!
Ja ždu tebjja. O, milij moj!
O, milij,
čas naštal,
Naštal s ast'ja čas,
Svidan'ja čas naštal,
Naštal dlja naš!
Noč' spuskajsja skorej,
T'moj okutaj menja,
Mgloj, tumanom ukroj,
O den'!
Čas svidan'ja sladkij
Blizok čas.

DEVUŠKI

Skoro noč,
Nedalek čas ljubvi,
Sladkij čas.
Blizok čas.

*(Pokazyvajutsja ruskije plenniki,
iduščie s raboty pod stražej.)*

KONČAKOVNA

5 Podrugi devicy,
Napijete plennikov
Pit'em prokladnym,
I re 'ju laskovoj
Uteš'te bednjakov.
*(Poloveckie devuški privetstvujut plennikov i
ugoščajut ich.)*

MAIDENS

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

KONCHAKOVNA

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

MAIDENS

Soon night will fall
Not far off
Is the hour of love
The sweet hour of love!
The time is near!

*(Russian prisoners enter, returning from work
guard.)*

KONCHAKOVNA

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

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI

Daj gospod' zdorov'ja,
Krasnye devicy,
Vam, za lasku, za privet;
Chleb edu necete,
Kumysom prokladnym
Naš poite v znojnyj den'.
My ot vas obidy
V polonu ne znaem,
Vidim lasku, vidim milost'.
Daj gospod' zdorov'ja,
Krasnye devicy,
Vam za lasku, za privet.
Alomu cvetočku,
Chanskoj dočke krasnoj
Mnogi leta daj gospod'!
*(Plenniki klanjajutsja devuškam i Kon akovne i
prochodjat za š enu.)*
*(Na š ene pokazyvaetsja poloveckij dosor,
obchodjaš ij stan. Končakovna i devuški uchodjat. K
koncu chora š čena soveršenno pusteet. Noč'. Ovlur
odin stoit na straže v glubine š čeny.)*

POLOVECKIJ DOZOR

Solnce za goroj uchodit na pokoj,
Svet dnevnoj ono uvodit za soboj.
Nebo na noč' mesjac vysylaet
Po nebu chodit', nebo storožit',
Zemlju osvještat', naš oberegat' nam.
Solnce za goroj uchodit na pokoj,
Svet dnevnoj ono uvodit za soboj.
(Dozor uchodit za š čenu.)
I vsem pora na pokoj.
(Vladimir Igorevič vchodit.)

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

6 Medlenno den' ugalal,
Solnce za lesom sadilos',
Zori večernie merkli,
No ' nadvigalas' na zemlju,
Teni nočnye
Černym pokrovom step' zastilali.
Teplaja južnaja noč!
Grezy ljubvi navevaja,
Razlivaja netu v krovi,
Zovet k svidan'ju.
Ždeš' li ty menja, moja milaja?
Ždeš' li?
Čuju serdcem,
Čto ždeš' ty menja.
Ach! Gde ty, gde?
Otzovis' na zov ljubvi!
Ach, skorol', skoroli ja uvizu tebjja!
Ty pridi! Skorej, skorej, na zov ljubvi otzovis'!

PRISONERS

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

GUARDS

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

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH

Slowly did the day grow dim,
The sun set beyond the woods,
It's light faded away.
Night fell on the earth,
Nocturnal shadows spread
A black cloak on the steppes.
The warm southern night
Calls for dreams of love,
Spreading warmth in my blood
And draws me to the tryst.
Are you waiting for me, my beloved?
Are you waiting?
My heart tells me
That you are waiting for me.
Oh, where are you, where?
Answer the call of love!
Oh, will I see you soon, very soon? Come!
Faster, faster answer the call of love.

Vspomni: ja v toske, grud' gorit, Ja ždu, strastno ždu ja tebja, Ljubvi tvoej! Bol'she žizni ja ljublju tebja! Čtož ty medliš', drug moj? Vstan', pridi ko mne. Ne bojsja, vse davno zasnuli, Krugom vse krepko spit, Vse mirno, ticho spit. Ach! Gde ty, gde? Otzovis' na zov ljubvi! Ach! Doždus' li, doždus' ja Laski nežnoj tvoej! Ty pridi, skorej na zov ljubvi otzovis'! Pridi pod krovom temnoj noči, Kogda i les i vody spjat, Kogda liš' zvezdy, neba o i, Odni na naš s tobaj gljadjat. Krugom vse mirno, tieho spit, Krepko spit. Pridi!	Remember: I suffer, my breast is aflame. I am waiting, I am waiting for you, Waiting for your love! I love you more than my life! Why are you late, my beloved? Get up, come to me! Do not fear, everyone is asleep, Sleeping soundly, Sleeping peacefully, quietly... Oh, where are you, where? Answer the call of love! Oh, will I, will I live To feel your tender caress? Come, faster answer the call of love! Come under the cloak of the dark night, When the woods and the waters sleep, When just the stars, the eyes of the sky, Watch us two alone. All about sleep peacefully, quietly, They sleep soundly... Come!	VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ Skoro li ty budeš' moej?	VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH Will you be mine soon?
KONČAKOVNA 7 Ty li, Vladimir moj, Ty li, o milyj moj, Ty-I', nenagladnyj moj, Ty li, želannyj moj? O, kak ždala ja tebja!	KONCHAKOVNA Is that you, my Vladimir? Is that you, oh my dearest, Is that you, my beloved, Is that you, my love? Oh, how I have longed for you!	KONČAKOVNA Skoro li ja budu tvoej?	KONCHAKOVNA Will I be yours soon?
VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ Ljubiš' li?	VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH Do you love me?	VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ Skoro I? Skoro I? Da, skoro I' ja nazovu tebja moej, Ladoj moej, moej ženoj?	VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH Soon? Soon? Yes, will I soon call You my beloved, my wife?
KONČAKOVNA Ljublju li ja...	KONCHAKOVNA Do I love you?	KONČAKOVNA Tvoej ženoj, ladoj tvoej ženoj?	KONCHAKOVNA Your wife, beloved, your wife!
VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ Ljubiš' li ty?	VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH Do you love me?	VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ Da! Skoro I' nažovu ja tebja!	VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH Yes, will I soon call you my wife?
KONČAKOVNA Ljublju li tebja?	KONCHAKOVNA Do I love you?	KONČAKOVNA Milyj moj...	KONCHAKOVNA My love!
VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ Ljubiš' menja?	VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH Do you love me?	VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ O, povtari...	VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH Oh, do repeat...
KONČAKOVNA Ljublju li ja tebja? O, moe s ast'e! Da ljublju ja tebja Ljublju vsej strast'ju, Vsej siloj duši molodoy tebja, O milyj moj, Ljublju ja tebja, vsem serdcem. Mne bez tebja ves' svet postyl.	KONCHAKOVNA Do I love you? Oh, my joy! Yes, I love you, I love you with all my passion, With all the strength of my young soul; You, oh, my beloved, You I love with all my heart. Without you life Has no meaning to me.	KONČAKOVNA Radost' moja!	KONCHAKOVNA My joy!
		VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ Daj vnov' uslyšat' ich, O, moja lada!	VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH May I once more hear them, Oh, my beloved!
		KONČAKOVNA Da, ljublju ja tebja, Ljublju vsej strast'ju, Vsej siloj duši molodoy, Tebja, o milyj moj, Ljublju ja tebja vsej dušoj! Skorol' ty nazoveš' menja ženoj? Da, tvoej ženoj?	VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH ...the words of love.
		VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ Ljubi menja, lada, Drug moj, vsju, vsju strast'ju, O, ljubi menja, drug moj! O, ljubi vsej dušoj! Skorol' ja tebja nazovu Ženoj moej, ženoj? O, milaja, želannaja...	KONCHAKOVNA My happiness!
			VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH Oh, do repeat...
			KONCHAKOVNA My joy!
			VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH ...the words of love.
			KONCHAKOVNA My happiness!
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			VLADIM

KONČAKOVNA

Ja – tvoja!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Da, ty – moja!

KONČAKOVNA

Nu čtož otec tvoj?

Daet li on soglasie na svad'bu?

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Net, net! Poka my s nim v plenu,

O svad'be i dumat' ne velit on.

KONČAKOVNA

Vot kak! Net, moj otec dobre;

Menja seičas on vydast za tebja!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Ujdi otsjuda, sjuda idut.

KONČAKOVNA

Polno, nikto nejdet!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Net, ja slyšu šagi,

To moj otec!

KONČAKOVNA

Ne bojsja, ostan'sja drug!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Prosti!

KONČAKOVNA

Uželi ty ujdeš'?

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ

Prosti!

(Raščbodjatsja v raznye storony. Iz-za šatrov vychodit knjaz' Igor'.)

KONCHAKOVNA

I am yours!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH

Yes, you are mine!

KONCHAKOVNA

But your father?

Will he give his consent to a marriage?

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH

No, no! As long as we

Are in captivity,

He will not agree to marriage.

KONCHAKOVNA

Really, no, my father is better;

Even now he will give me to you!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH

Leave; someone is coming!

KONCHAKOVNA

Stop, no one is coming!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH

No, I can hear footsteps;

It is my father!

KONCHAKOVNA

Do not be afraid, stay, my dear!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH

Farewell!

KONCHAKOVNA

Will you really go?

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH

Forgive me!

(Konchakovna and Vladimir Igoryevich part. Igor walks out from behind the tents.)

KNJAZ' IGOR' *(Vychodit na avansčenu.)*

8 Ni sna ni otdycha izmu ennoj duše,
Mne noč' ne šlet otrady i zabven'ja.

Vse prošloe ja vnov' pereživaju,

Odin v tiši nočej:

I bož'ja znamen'ja ugrozu,

I brannoj slavy pir veselyj,

Moju pobeđu nad vragom,

I brannoj slavy gorestnyj konec,

Pogrom, i ranu,

I moj plen,

I gibel; vsech moich polkov,

Čestno, za rodinu golovi složivšich.

Pogiblo vse, i est' moja i slava,

Pozorom stal ja zemli rodnoj: plen,

Postydnyj plen,

Vot udel otnyne moj,

Da mysl', čto vse vinjat menja!

O, dajte, dajte mne svobodu,

Ja moj pozor sumeju iskupit';

Spasu ja čest' moju i slavu,

Ja Rus' ot nedrugja spasu!

Ty odna golubka, lada,

Ty odna vinit' ne staneš',

Serdcem čutkim

Vse pojmeš' ty,

Vse ty mne prostiš'.

V teremu tvoem vysokom,

V dal' glaza ty progljadela,

Drugja ždeš' ty dni i noči,

Gor'ko slezy l'es'.

Uželi den' za dnem

Vlačit' v plenu bezplodno,

I znat', čto vrag terzaet Rus'?

Vrag, čto ljutyj bars.

Stonet Rus' v kogtjach mogučich,

I v tom vinit ona menja!

O, dajte, dajte mne svobodu,

Ja svoj pozor sumeju iskupit',

Ja Rus' ot nedrugja spasu!

Ni sna ni otdycha izmu ennoj duše,

Mne noč' ne šlet nadeždy na spasen'e;

Vse prošloe ja pereživaju,

Odin v tiši nočej,

I net iš hoda mne!

Och, tjažko, tjažko mne!

Tjažko soznan'e bezsil'ja moego!

(Ovlur kradučis', podchodit k knjazju Igorju. Na obe z анимаetsja zarja. K koncu ščeny sovsem svetleet.)

PRINCE IGOR *(Steps to the front.)*

No sleep, no rest for my tormented soul!

The night brings me no comfort or oblivion.

I relive the past

Alone, in the quiet of the night,

And the threat of the divine omen

And the celebrations for our military achievements,

My victory over the enemy,

And the pitiful end to military glory,

The defeat and the wounds

And my capture,

And the death of all my soldiers

Killed in honest battle for their homeland.

All has been lost; my honour and my glory.

I have disgraced my native land!

Captivity, infamous captivity...

Such is my destiny from now on,

And the thought that I alone am to blame!

Oh, give me, give me freedom...

I will succeed in atoning for my disgrace;

I will save my honour and my glory,

I will save Russia from the enemy!

You alone, my dear love,

You alone will not blame me.

With your tender heart

You will understand everything,

You will forgive me for everything!

From your high tower

You have worn your eyes out watching,

You await your beloved day and night,

And you shed bitter tears.

How could I spend day after day

In fruitless captivity

Aware that the enemy is preying on Russia?

The enemy is like a terrible beast.

Russia moans in the grip of its mighty claws

And lays the blame for this on me!

Oh, give, give me freedom,

I will succeed in atoning for my disgrace;

I will save Russia from the enemy!

No sleep, no rest for my tormented soul!

The night brings me no hope of escape.

I relive yet again the past,

Alone, in the quiet of the night...

And there is no way out for me!

Oh, I am so miserable, so miserable!

It is so hard to see my impotence!

(Ovlur cautiously approaches Igor. The sun behins to rise. Towards the end of the scene it is bright as day-light.)

<p>OVLUR 9 Pozvol' mne, knjaže, slovo molvit', Davno chotdos' mne skazat' tebe.</p>	<p>OVLUR Allow me, prince, to say a word: I have been waiting long to tell you...</p>	<p>OVLUR Ved' kljatvoj s chanom Ty ne svjazan, knjaz', Kresta na tom ne celoval ty, knjaz'.</p>	<p>OVLUR You have not sworn An oath of allegiance to the Khan, Have you, Prince? Nor have you kissed the crucifix, Prince?</p>
<p>KNJAZ' IGOR' Čto tebe?</p>	<p>PRINCE IGOR What do you want?</p>	<p>KNJAZ' IGOR' Ty prav, Ovlur, Spasibo za uslugu, Podumat' dolžen ja. <i>(Ovlur, pečal'nyj, otchodit ot Igorja. Iz-za šatrov vychodit chan Končak.)</i></p>	<p>PRINCE IGOR You are right, Ovlur. Thank you for your service! I must think it over. <i>(Ovlur exits. Khan Konchak walks out from behind the tents.)</i></p>
<p>OVLUR Knjaz' gljadi: vostok aleet, I svet zari razgonit noči mrak, I dlja tebja; i dlja Rusi zarja naštanet. A sredstvo est', ja sredstvo znaju.</p>	<p>OVLUR Prince, look: the east glows And the light of dawn Has chased away the darkness of the night. It will dawn for you and for Russia... And there is a way: I know a way...</p>	<p>KONČAK 10 Zdorov-li knjaz'? Čto priunyl ty, gost' moj? Čto ty tak prizadumalsja? Al' seti porvalis'? Al' jastreby ne zly, I s letu pticu ne vzbivajut? Voz'mi moich!</p>	<p>KONCHAK Are you in good health, Prince? Why are you in low spirits, my guest? What is on your mind? Have the nets been torn? Or aren't the hawks fierce Enough to catch a bird in flight? Take mine!</p>
<p>KNJAZ' IGOR' Ty?</p>	<p>PRINCE IGOR You?</p>	<p>KNJAZ' IGOR' I set' krepka, I jastreby nadežny, Da sokolu v nevole ne životsja.</p>	<p>PRINCE IGOR The net is whole, And the hawks trustworthy. But the falcon will not live in captivity.</p>
<p>OVLUR Konej lichich tebe dostanu ja, Begi iz plena ty potajno.</p>	<p>OVLUR I will supply you with swift horses. Escape from your captivity in secret!</p>	<p>KONČAK Vse plennikom sebja ty zdes' sčitaes'? No razve ty živeš', kak plennik, A ne gost' moj? Ty ranen v bitve pri Kajale, I vzjat s družinoj v plen; Mne otdan na poruki, A u menja ty – gost'. Tebe počet u naš, kak chanu, Vse moe k tvoim uslugam. Syn s toboj, Družina tože, Ty kak chan zdes' živeš'. Živeš' ty tak, kak ja.</p>	<p>KONCHAK Have you always regarded yourself as a captive? For you haven't been living as a captive, But as a guest of mine. You were wounded in the battle of Kayala And captured along with your army. You were given to me as a hostage, But you are my guest instead. You are respected as a Khan; All I have is at your service; Your son is with you, And so is your army. You live as a Khan here; You live as I do. Admit it, do captives live like this? Like this? Oh, no, no, my friend. No, Prince you are not my captive. You are my dear guest! Listen, my friend, believe me. I admire you, Prince, For your bravery and fearlessness in battle. I respect you, Prince, You have always been dear to me; be assured of that. No, I am not your enemy here, I am your host: You are my dear guest. So tell me What you dislike, Tell me.</p>
<p>KNJAZ' IGOR' Čto? Mne, knjazju, bežat' iz plena potajno? Mne, mne? Podumaj, čto ty govoriš'?</p>	<p>PRINCE IGOR What? Me, the Prince, Escape from captivity in secret? Me, me? Think, what are you saying?</p>	<p>KONČAK Soznajsja: razve plenniki tak živut! Tak-li? O net, net, drug, Net, knjaz', ty zdes' ne plennik moj, Ty ved' gost' u menja dorogoj! Znaj, drug, ver' mne, Ty, knjaz', mne poljubilsja, Za otvagu tvoju da za udal' v boju. Ja uvažaju tebja, knjaz', Ty ljub mne byl vseгда, znaj. Da, ja ne vrag tebe zdes', A chozjain ja tvoj, Ty mne – gost' dorogoj. Tak povedaj že mne, Čem že chudo tebe, Ty skaži mne.</p>	<p>KONCHAK Admit it, do captives live like this? Like this? Oh, no, no, my friend. No, Prince you are not my captive. You are my dear guest! Listen, my friend, believe me. I admire you, Prince, For your bravery and fearlessness in battle. I respect you, Prince, You have always been dear to me; be assured of that. No, I am not your enemy here, I am your host: You are my dear guest. So tell me What you dislike, Tell me.</p>
<p>OVLUR Knjaz' prosti na smelom slove, Podumaj ty o tom, čto ja skazal, Ne dlja sebja, A dlja Rusi bežat' ty dolžen. Ved' ty spasaeš' svoj kraj rodnoj, Veru, narod svoj, Podumaj, knjaz'!</p>	<p>OVLUR Prince, forgive me for the daring words, Think over what I told you! Not for your sake, But you must escape for Russia's. Thus you will save your native land, Your faith, your people – Think about it, Prince!</p>	<p>KONČAK Soznajsja: razve plenniki tak živut! Tak-li? O net, net, drug, Net, knjaz', ty zdes' ne plennik moj, Ty ved' gost' u menja dorogoj! Znaj, drug, ver' mne, Ty, knjaz', mne poljubilsja, Za otvagu tvoju da za udal' v boju. Ja uvažaju tebja, knjaz', Ty ljub mne byl vseгда, znaj. Da, ja ne vrag tebe zdes', A chozjain ja tvoj, Ty mne – gost' dorogoj. Tak povedaj že mne, Čem že chudo tebe, Ty skaži mne.</p>	<p>KONCHAK Admit it, do captives live like this? Like this? Oh, no, no, my friend. No, Prince you are not my captive. You are my dear guest! Listen, my friend, believe me. I admire you, Prince, For your bravery and fearlessness in battle. I respect you, Prince, You have always been dear to me; be assured of that. No, I am not your enemy here, I am your host: You are my dear guest. So tell me What you dislike, Tell me.</p>
<p>KNJAZ' IGOR' Dovol'no! <i>(V storonu)</i> Ovlur byt' možet prav. Spasti svoj kraj ja dolžen. A sredstvo net grugogo. Byt' možet, to zarja razsveta, I dlja menja, i dlja Rusi Proglijanet snova solnca Radostnogo svet. <i>(Obrščajas' k Ovluru.)</i> Bežat' nam; Da razve možno? Ved' ja u chana na porukach. Ostav' menja!</p>	<p>PRINCE IGOR Enough! <i>(To himself)</i> Ovlur, perhaps, is right. I must save my land. But there is no other way... Perhaps this is the glow of dawn, For me and for Russia, And the light of the joyous sun Will shine once more! <i>(He approaches Ovlur once more.)</i> To escape... Is it possible? I am a hostage of the Khan, After all. Leave me alone!</p>	<p>KONČAK Soznajsja: razve plenniki tak živut! Tak-li? O net, net, drug, Net, knjaz', ty zdes' ne plennik moj, Ty ved' gost' u menja dorogoj! Znaj, drug, ver' mne, Ty, knjaz', mne poljubilsja, Za otvagu tvoju da za udal' v boju. Ja uvažaju tebja, knjaz', Ty ljub mne byl vseгда, znaj. Da, ja ne vrag tebe zdes', A chozjain ja tvoj, Ty mne – gost' dorogoj. Tak povedaj že mne, Čem že chudo tebe, Ty skaži mne.</p>	<p>KONCHAK Admit it, do captives live like this? Like this? Oh, no, no, my friend. No, Prince you are not my captive. You are my dear guest! Listen, my friend, believe me. I admire you, Prince, For your bravery and fearlessness in battle. I respect you, Prince, You have always been dear to me; be assured of that. No, I am not your enemy here, I am your host: You are my dear guest. So tell me What you dislike, Tell me.</p>

Chočeš? Voz'mi konja ljubova,
 Voz'mi ljuboj šater,
 Voz'mi bulat zavetnyj,
 Meč dedov!
 Nemalo vraž'ej krobi
 Mečom ja tim prolil;
 Ne raz v bojach krovavych
 Užas smerti sejal moj bulat.
 Da, knjaz', vse zdes',
 Vse chanu zdes' podvlastno;
 Ja grozoju dlja vseh byl davno.
 Ja chrabr, ja smel,
 Stracha ja ne znaju,
 Vse bojatsja menja,
 Vse trepeščet krugom;
 No ty menja ne bojalsja,
 Poščady ne prosil, knjaz'.
 Ach, ne vragom by tvoim,
 A sojuznikom vernym,
 A drugom nadežnym,
 A bratom tvoim,
 Mne chotelosja byt',
 Ty pover' mne!
 Chočeš' ty plennicu
 S morja dal'nogo,
 Cagu, nevol'nicu,
 Iz-za Kaspija,
 Esli chočeš,
 Skaži tol'ko slovo mne,
 Ja tebe podarju.
 U menja est' krasavicy čudnye,
 Kosy, kak zmei, na ple i spuskajutsja,
 Oči černye, vlagoj podernuty,
 Nežno i strastno gljadjat
 Iz pod temnych brovej.
 Čtož molčiš' ty?
 Esli chočeš',
 Ljubuju iz nich vybiraj!

11 Gej! Plennic priversti sjuda!
 Pust' oni pesnjami i pljaskoj potešat naš
 I dumy mračnye rassejut.

KNJAZ' IGOR' (*Žmet ruku Končaka.*)
 Spasibo, chan, na dobrom slove,
 Ja na tebja obidy zdes' ne znaju
 I rad by sam vam tem že otplatit'.
 A vse ž nevole ne žit'e,
 Ty plen kogda to sam izvedal.

If you want to, take any horse of mine,
 Take any tent,
 Take my cherished sword,
 The sword of my forefathers!
 I have shed much enemy blood
 With this sword.
 Many a time in bloody battles
 My sword has evoked mortal terror.
 Yes, Prince, all here,
 All here are subordinate to the Khan:
 I have long been a terror to all.
 I am daring, I am brave,
 I know no fear.
 All fear me,
 All here tremble
 But you were not afraid of me;
 You did not beg for mercy, Prince.
 Oh, not your enemy,
 I would like to be
 Your faithful ally,
 Your trustworthy friend,
 Your brother.
 Believe me!
 Do you want a captive
 From the distant sea,
 A slave woman
 From beyond the Caspian Sea?
 If you want one,
 Just say the word.
 I will give you one!
 I own countless beauties:
 Their hair falls on their shoulders like snakes,
 Their misty black eyes,
 Looking tenderly and passionately
 From under their dark brows.
 Why are you silent?
 If you want to,
 Choose anyone of them!

Hey! Bring along the slaves!
 To entertain us with songs and dances
 And dispel our gloomy thoughts!

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

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

KNJAZ' IGOR'
 Net, ne gože knjazju Igar'.
 Skažu tebe ja prjamo, bez utajki:
 Takogo slova ja ne dam!
 Liš' tol'ko daj ty mne svobodu,
 Polki ja snova soberu,
 I na tebja udarju vnov',
 Tebe dorogu zasruplju!
 Ispit' šelomom Dona
 Snova popytajus'!

KONČAK
 Ljublju! Ty smel!
 I pravdy ne boiš'sja.
 Ja sam takov!
 Eč! Kogda b sojuznikami
 My s toboju byli:
 Zapolonili by vsju Rus'!
 Kak dva barsa ryskali by vmeste,
 Krov'ju vraž'ej vmeste upivalis'
 I vse by v strache deržali pod pjatoj:
 Čut' čto, tak na kol, il' golovu doloj!
 Tak-li? Cha, cha, cha, cha!
 Da nesgovor iv ty! Sadis'!

12 (*Vchodjat poloveckie nevol'niki i nevol'nicy, nekotorye iz nich s bubnami i drugimi muzykal'nymi instrumentami, za nimi svira j približennye Končaka.*)

NEVOL'NICY
 Uletaj na kryl'jach vetra
 Ty v kraj rodnoj, rodnaja pesnja naša,
 Tuda, gde my tebja svobodno peli,
 Gde bylo tak privol'no nam s toboju.
 Tam, pod znojnym nebom,
 Negoj vozduch polon,
 Gde rad govor morja,
 Dremljut gory v oblakach;
 Tarn tak jarko solnce svetit,
 Rodnye gory svetom zalivaja,
 V dolinach pyšno rozy raš vetajut
 I solov'i pojut v lesach zelenych;
 I sladkij vinograd roset.
 Tarn tebe privol'nej pesnja,
 Ty tuda i uletaj.
 (*Malo-pomalu oni načinajut pljasat! Polovcy slavjat chana.*)

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

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

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

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

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

POLOVCY

Pojte pesni slavy chanu! Poj!
 Slav'te silu doblest' chana! Slav'!
 Slaven chan! Chan!
 Slaven on, chan naš!
 Bleskom slavy
 Solncu raven chan!
 Netu ravných slavoј chanu!
 Net!
 Čagi chana slavjat chana,
 Chana svoego.

KONČAK

Vidiš' li plennic ty
 S morja dal'nego,
 Vidiš' krasavic moich
 Iz-za Kaspija?
 O skaži, drug,
 Skaži tol'ko slovo mne,
 Chočeš',
 Ljubuju iz nich ja tebe podarju.

POLOVCY

Pojte pesni slavy chanu! Poj!
(Obščaja pljaska.)
 Slav'te ščedrost', slav'te milost'!
 Slav'!
 Dlja vragov chan grožen on,
 Chan naš!
 Kto že slavoј raven chanu, on!
 Bleskom slavy solncu raven chan!
 Slavoј dedam raven chan naš,
 Chan, chan, Končak!
 Slavoј dedam raven on!
 Groznyj chan, chan Končak.
 Slavoј dedam raven on,
 Groznyj chan, chan Končak!
 Slaven chan, chan Končak!
 Slava, slava...

NEVOL'NICY I NEVOL'NIKI

Uletaj na kryl'jaeh vetra
 Ty v kraj rodnoj, rodnaja pesnja naša,
 Tuda, gde my tebja svobodno peli,
 Gde bylo tak privol'no nam s toboju,
 V kraj tot, gde pod znojnym nebom
 Negoј vozduch polon.
 Gde pod govor morja
 Dremljut gory v oblakaeh.
 Tam tak jarko solnce svetit,
 Rodnye gory svetom ozarjaja,
 V dolinach pyšno rozy rasevetajut
 I solov'i pojut v lesach zelenyeh,
 I sladkij vinograd rastet.
 Tam tebe privol'nej, pesnja.
 Ty tuda i uletaj.

POLOVTSIANS

Sing songs of praise to the Khan! Sing!
 Praise the power and valour of the Khan!
 Praise the glorious Khan!
 He is glorious, our Khan!
 In the brilliance of his glory,
 The Khan is equal to the sun!
 There is none equal to the Khan in glory,
 None!
 The Khan female slaves praise the Khan,
 Their Khan!

KONCHAK

Do you see the captives
 From the distant sea;
 Do you see my beauties,
 From beyond the Caspian Sea?
 Oh, tell me, friend,
 Tell me just one word:
 If you want to,
 I will give you anyone of them.

POLOVTSIANS

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

ALL THE SLAVES

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

POLOVCY

Slavoј dedam raven chan naš,
 Chan, chan, Končak.
 Slavoј dedam raven on,
 Groznyj chan, chan Končak.
 Slaven chan, chan Končak.
 Chan Končak!
 Pljaskoј vašej teš'te chana.
 Pljaskoј teš'te chana, čagi,
 Chana svoego.
 Pljaskoј teš'te chana, agi,
 Chana svoego.
 Pljaskoј vašej teš'te chana!
 Pljaskoј teš'te!
 Naš chan Kon ak.

POLOVTSIANS

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

Compact Disc 10

Dejstvie tret'e

Kraj poloveckogo stana. So vsech storon Šehodjatsja polovcy i, gljadja v dal', ožidajut pribytija chana Gzaka. Vojsko Gzaka vchodit malo-pomalu na ščenu s trubami, rogami i bubnami. Voiny vedut za soboju russkij polon i nesut dobyču. Polovcy dikimi divženijami privetstvujut vchodjaščich voinov. Pod konec šestvija pojavljaetsja na kone chan Gzak s otrjadom približenmych voinov. Kon ak vychodit k nemu navstre u i privetstvuet ego. Knjaz' Igor', Vladimir Igorevi i russkie plenniki stojat v storone, nabljudajut za prochodjaščimi.

POLOVCY

- 1 Rat' idet domoj.
Rat' idet s pobyedy.
Slava našej rati!
Slava rati chrabroj!
Slava groznym chanam!
Gzak idet s pobyedy,
Rat' polon vedet,
Slava groznym chanam!
Grožen Gzak, slaven chan!
Slava rati našej,
Našej rati chrabroj slava...
Slava rati našej!
Slava rati chrabroj,
Rati našej!
Grožen Gzak, slaven chan!
Slava chanu Gzaku!
Vot pobyedu nam roga trubjat,
Bubny zvonko b'jut.
Slava groznym chanam!
Vidno mnogo sel požgli,
V plen krasavic uveli.
Slava! Slava!
I usejali polja vraž'imi kostjami.
Slava, slava, slava!
Slava chanam, chanam poloveckim!
Slava, slava! Poloveckim groznym chanam!
Slava, slava! Slava, slava!
Slaven, slaven chan!
Grožen chan naš Gzak!
Slava chanu Gzaku!
V pustyne ryskal on kak bars,
Kak vichr' stepnoj,
Rubil vragov, konem toptal,
Žilišža ich ognem palil;
Vragov razbitye polki
Kostjami polegli.
Slava groznym chanam!
Slava!

Compact Disc 10

Act 3

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

POLOVTSIANS

The army returns home,
The army returns in victory,
Glory to our army!
Glory to the brave army!
Glory to the terrible Khans!
Gzak returns victorious;
The army leads prisoners.
Glory to the terrible Khans!
Terrible is Gzak, glorious is the Khan!
Glory to our army!
Glory to the brave army,
To our army!
To our brave army!
Terrible is Gzak,
Glorious is the Khan!
Glory to Khan Gzak!
Here are the horns trumpeting our victory,
Tambourines ringing resonantly.
Glory to the terrible Khans!
They have burned down many villages
And have taken beautiful maidens prisoner.
Glory, glory!
They have strewn the field with enemy bones.
Glory, glory!
Glory to the Polovtsian Khans,
To the terrible Polovtsian Khans!
Glory, glory!
Glorious, glorious is the Khan!
Our merciless Gzak!
Praise Khan Gzak!
He prowls around in the steppes like a tiger,
He is a whirlwind in the steppes,
He slew his enemies, killed their horses,
Burned down their dwellings.
The enemy armies are defeated,
Their corpses spread on the battle ground.
Praise the merciless Khans!
Let them be praised!

KONČAK

- 2 Naš meč nam dal pobyedu,
Pobyedu nad vragami!
Povsjudu sčast'e s nami,
My skoro Rus' zapolonim.
Posle bitvy pri Kajale
Rjad pobed naš meč proslavil,
S boju gorod Rimov vzjali
I Putivl' sožgli my.
Daleko nesetsj a slava
Poloveckich grozných chanov.
Na svete nam podvlastno vse,
I na zemle net ravných nam.

POLOVCY

Slava Gzaku i Končaku!

KONČAK

Nemalo sel i gorodov
My sožgli,
Na meste ich liš' step' teper',
Step' odna.
Ljudej nemalo poleglo,
Liš' zveri po selam
Ryš ut, vojut.
Nemalo vdov i materej
Pla ut, stonut,
A deti ich ležat v stepjach
Pokojno, mirno,
I zveri i pticy
U trupov ich kišat.
Naš me nam dal pobyedu,
Pobyedu nad vragami;
Povsjudu s ast'e s nami,
My skoro Rus' zapolonim.
Posle bitvy pri Kajale
Rjad pobed naš me proslavil,
S boju gorod Rimov vzjali
I Putivl' sožgli my.
Daleko nesetsja slava
Poloveckich grozných chanov.
Na svete nam podvlastno vse,
I na zemle net ravných nam.

POLOVCY

Slava Gzaku i Končaku!

KONCHAK

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

POLOVTSIANS

Glory to Gzak and Konchak!

KONCHAK

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

POLOVTSIANS

Glory to Gzak and Konchak!

KONČAK

3 Igrajte, truby!
 I tak, pojdem delit' polon,
 Idem delit' doby u!
 Idem. Gaj!
 Do noči pir goroj,
 I pesni pet,
 I v pesnjach chanov slaviti',
 I pljaskoj tešit' naš!
 A plennic, čto pokraše,
 Pust' privedut ko mne v šater.
 Po utru ž sovet deržat' ,
 Kak na vragov nam vnov' udarit'.
 Da plennyh krepko storožit',
 Ne-to kaznju storoževych!
 Idem!
 (*Uchodit.*)

CHANY

Idem za nim, savet deržat':
 Čto delat' nam, i kak nam byt'?'
 Ostar'sja li zdes' vyžidat',
 Il' dal'she nam vpered idti?
 Idti-l' tebe ili emu,
 Kak byt', rešim! Idti-l' emu,
 Ili komu iz nas idti?
 Pojdem!
 Rešim kak byt',
 Na Kiev nam,
 Il' na Černigov,
 Il' na Posem'e-l' put' deržat'?'
 Idem za nim savet deržat' ,
 Čto nam na at' i kak nam byt'?'
 Kon ak nas ždet, pojdem k nemu,
 Ego soveta sprosim my:
 Togda rešim, ostar'sja-l' nam,
 Il' na vragov udarit' vnov'?'
 (*Vse krome ruskich uchodjat.*)

VLADIMIR IGOREVIC

Užel' chan naš gorod vsjal,
 Ostrog i sela tam požeg,
 Detej i žen v polon zabral,
 V nevolju devic on uvel,
 Pozoril ich i grabil gorod naš.
 Žestokij, derzkij chan mužej on
 Neščadno vsech mečem kaznil.

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Užel' chan naš gorod vzjal,
 Ostrog i sela tam požeg,
 Detej i žen v polon zabral;
 A devic on uvel i pozoril ich,
 Mužej kaznil neš adno derzkij chan.

KONCHAK

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

KHANS

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

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI (*Pervaja gruppa*)

Da, chan Gzak naš gorod vzjal,
 Mužej i brat'ev on izbil,
 A žen i detej v polon vsech zabral,
 A devic chan uvel, pozoril ich.

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI (*Vtoraja gruppa*)

Mužej chan mečom izbil;
 V boju neravnom pali vse;
 Neščadno grabil gorod naš
 Žestokij, derzkij chan.

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Čego ž mne ždat' ešče?

VLADIMIR IGOREVIC

Begi ty, begi domoj,
 Spasaj naš kraj,
 Ne to pogibnet naša Rus'!
 Znaj, Ovlur – nam drug,
 Dostanet on tebe konja.
 Begi ty, begi domoj,
 Spasaj naš kraj,
 Ne to pogibnet naša Rus'!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Da, ne dam pogibnut' Rusi ja,
 O net! Net!
 Bežat' dolžen ja na Rus'!
 K nam vrag idet,
 Bedoj on grozit Rusi.
 Čego ž mne ždat' ešče?
 Da, ne dam pogibnut' Rusi ja,
 O net! Net!

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI (*Pervaja gruppa*)

Begi, knjaz', begi domoj,
 Ne daj pogibnut' Rusi!
 Ovlur nam drug,
 Dostanet on tebe konja
 I sam s toboj bežit na Rus'.
 Begi, knjaz', begi domoj,
 Ne daj pogibnut' Rusi!

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI (*Vtoraja gruppa*)

Knjaz', begi ty v Rus',
 Ne daj, knjaz', pogibnut' ej!
 Dostanet Ovlur tebe konja, begi!
 Knjaz', begi ty v Rus',
 Ne daj, knjaz', pogibnut' ej!
 (*Pojavljaetsja oboz s voennoj dobyčej. Polovcy
 ubegajut tolpoj.*)

RUSSIAN PRISONERS (*first group*)

Yes, Khan Gzak seized our city;
 He slew our men and brothers;
 He took all children and women
 And captured and dishonoured

RUSSIAN PRISONERS (*second group*)

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

PRINCE IGOR

Why wait any longer?

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

RUSSIAN PRISONERS (*first group*)

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

RUSSIAN PRISONERS (*second group*)

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

POLOVCY

Dobyču nam vezut
Na gore vam!
Nagrabil skolkó chan!
Pust' gibnet vrag!
(Vedut neskol'kich plennykh.)

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI

Gljadi, knjaz', gljadi skorej,
Dobyču im vezut opjat'!
Gljadi, knjaz', kak mnogo chan
U nas nagrabil na Rusi!

POLOVCY

Polon vedut sjuda na gore vam!
Zabral ne malo chan! Pust' gibnet vrag!
Pogibel' vam, Rusi knjaz'jam,
Smert' vragam, poš ady net!
Poščady net knjaz'jam Rusi!
Pust' gibnet vrag!

RUSSKIE PLENNIKI

Gljadi, knjaz', gljadi skorej,
Opjat' oni polon vedut.
Gljadi, knjaz', kak mnogo chan
V polon zabral u nas ljudej!
Vragi nam ugrozy šljut,
Poščady nam ot nich ne ždat'!
Begi, knjaz', begi domoj,
Ne daj pogibnut' Rusi ty!
*(Polovcy uchodjat. Russkie skryvajutsja v šatry.
Na scene ostaetsja otrjad storoževykh. Za scenoj
truby.)*

POLOVCY

- 4 Podoben solncu chan Končak.
Podoben mesjacu chan Gzak.
I zvezdam ravny chany vse.
Slava ich svetit jarko.
Podobno blesku svetil nebesnykh.
Gaj!
My za našich slavných chanov. Gaj!
Budem pit' kumys teper'. Gaj!
Nam kumys pridast vesel'ja. Gaj!
Plennik ne ujdete ot nas. Gaj!
Gore beglecu lichomul!
Strely zoločenyje,
Koni naši bystrye
Vsegda ego dogonjat vo stepi.

POLOVTSIANS

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

RUSSIAN PRISONERS

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

POLOVTSIANS

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

RUSSIAN PRISONERS

Look, Prince, look quickly:
They bring spoils with them!
Look, Prince, how many people
The Khan has captured back home!
The enemies threaten us,
We can expect no mercy on their part!
Flee, Prince, flee home,
Do not let Russia perish!
*(The Polovtsians exit. The Russians hide in
tents. A group of guards remains. A horn is blown
in the distance.)*

POLOVTSIANS

As the sun is Khan Konchak,
As the moon is Khan Gzak,
All Khans are equal to the stars.
Their glory shines brightly,
Like the brilliance of heavenly bodies,
Hey!
To our glorious Khans we
Will now drink kumis, hey!
The kumis will make us merry, hey!
The prisoners will not escape from us, hey!
Woe to you! Daring fugitive:
Our gilded arrows,
And our fast horses
Will always run him down on the steppes.

Vo slavu chanov my pesni složim

I budem slaviti' bitvy ich!
(Ovlur prochodit' po scene, nesja meški s kumysom.)
Slava! Slava! Slava! Slava!
Podoben solncu chan Končak.
Podoben mesjacu chan Gzak.
I zvezdam ravny chany vse.
Vsem našim chanam slava.
Slava chanam. Gaj!

*(Storoževye na inajut pljasat'. Odin iz pljašuš ich
padaet. Drugoj nadaet. Tretij padaet. K koncu etogo
nomera na scene temneet. Storoževye zasypajut.
Ovlur ostorožno podkradyvaetsja k šatru Igorja.)*

OVLUR

- 5 Knjaz', skorej sbirajsja v put'.
Ne videt nas nikto, zasnuli storoža.
Konej ja prigotovil,
I u reki ja budu ždat'
Tebja i knjažiča.
Kogda zatichnet vse, ja svistnu.
Togda ty s knjaži em
Begi k reke,
Proskoči gornostaem črez trostnik,
Na vodu gogolem spustis';
Vskoči na borzogo konja kak vichr',
I vmeste poletim my sokolami
Pod mglami nočnymi.

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Idi, gotov' konej,
My budem ždat'.
*(Ovlur uchodit. Kan akovna vbegaet v strašnom
volnenii i ostanavlivaetsja u šatra Vladimira.)*

KONČAKOVNA

- 6 Vladimir! Užel' vse to pravda?
Ostan'sja zdes'! O tom molju tebja!
Ja vse, ja vse uznala.
Bežat' zadumal ty,
Bežat' S otcom na Rus'.
Skaži, užel' vozmožno:
Menja pokineš' ty?
Skaži, o milyj moj!
O net! Ne verju,
Ne verju, milyj moj,
Ne mozet byt'.

VLADIMIR IGOREVI

Proščaj, proščaj, ty lada!
Sčtoboj rastanus' ja,
Bežat' mne dolg velit.

We will compose a song

To the glory of the Khans,
And we will praise their battles!
(Ovlur enters bearing the kumis skins.)
Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory!
As the sun is Khan Konchak,
As the moon is Khan Gzak,
All Khans are equal to the stars.
Glory to all our Khans!
Glory to the Khans, hey!
*(The guards start to dance. A dancer falls, then a
second and a third. Towards the end of the dance
the stage darkens. The guards fall asleep. Ovlur,
glancing around, surreptitiously goes to Igor's tent.)*

OVLUR

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

KONCHAKOVNA

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

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH

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

KONČAKOVNA
Ne ostavlaj menja ty,
Voz'mi menja s soboj,
Voz'mi, o milij moj.
Na vse gotova ja,
Tebe ja vse otdam,
Otdam ljubov' moju,
Otdam svobodu ja,
Raboj tvoej gotova byt'
Za Sčast'e žit' s tobój!

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

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Vladimir! syn!
Čto zna it to?
Začem ty zdes' , knjažna?
Al' v poloveckom polonu
Sam Polovcem ty stal,
I rodinu zabył!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
Proščaj knjažna!

KONČAKOVNA
Ostan'sja zdes', O tom molju tebjaja!
Znaj, ditja svobody,
Krasa stepej rodnych,
Ta gordost' vsej zemli,
Ja doč' glavy vsech chanov,
I ja u nog tvoich.
Ostan'sja zdes' so mnoj.

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

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Ostav' ego!
Ostav' ego, knjažna!
Moj syn, begi so mnoj!

KONČAKOVNA
Voz'mi menja s soboj, moj milij!
(Za scenoj svist.)

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

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

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

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
Farewell, Princess!

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

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

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

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

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
O gore mne!
Net sily ustojat'!

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Bežat' nam dolg velit!
Moj rodinu svoju spasem...

KONČAKOVNA
Raboj tvoej ja vernoj budu!

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

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

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
Čto mne delat'?

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Zovet Ovlur.
Pora bežat'.

KONČAKOVNA
Ostavajsja!

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Knjažna, ostav' ego!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
Gore mne!
Sily net ustojat'!

KONČAKOVNA
Milyj moj! Ja molju tebjaja!

KNJAZ' IGOR'
Bežin,
Ne to prosnetsja stan,
Togda vse končeno,
Nam smert' grozit!
Opomnis', syn, begi so mnoj!
(Knjaz' Igor' staraetsja uwleč' Vladimira.)

KONČAKOVNA
Ostan'sja zdes' so mnoj,
Ja ne pušču tebjaja!
Ja l' ne mila tebe?
Il' ty zabył menja!

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

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

KONCHAKOVNA
I will be your faithful slave!

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

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

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
What shall I do?

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

KONCHAKOVNA
Stay!

PRINCE IGOR
Princess, let him go!

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
Woe to me,
I have no power to resist!

KONCHAKOVNA
My darling, I beseech you!

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

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

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
Otec, postoj,
Pozvol' ty mne
Ee obnjat' v poslednij raz.

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

KONČAKOVNA
A esli tak, to ja
Sej as vsech razbužu!

VLADIMIR IGOREVIČ
O gore mne! O gore mne!

KONČAKOVNA
Ves' stan ja na nogi postavlju!

KNJAZ' IGOR' (*Ubežaja.*)
Proščaj!
(*Končakovna udarjaet neskol'ko raz v bilo.*)
(*So vsech storon sbegajutsja razbužennye signalom polovcy.*)

KONČAKOVNA (*Polovcam.*)

7 Knjaz' Igor' uskakil!
Emu Ovlur konej dostal.
Deržite knjažiča!

POLOVCY
Konej sedlajte,
Puskajte strely,
V pogonju mčites'
Za beglecom!
Živo v stepi mčites'!
A knjažiča vjažite tut že k derevu,
Zastrelić my ego strelami ostrymi!

KONČAKOVNA
O net, ego ne tron're,
Ego ja ne otdam,
Ego choču spasti!
Menja ubejte prežde,
Menja, menja!
V menja streljajte prežde!
Puskaj ja vmeste s nim umru,
No ne otdam ego!
Vam ne otdam!

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

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

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

VLADIMIR IGORYEVICH
Oh, woe to me!

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

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

KONCHAKOVNA (*To the Polovtsians.*)

Prince Igor has escaped:
Ovlur provided him with a horse.
Hold his son!

POLOVTSIANS
Saddle your horses,
Shoot your arrows,
Rush in pursuit
Of the fugitive!
Run across the steppes!
Tie the prince to that tree:
We will shoot him with sharp arrows!

KONCHAKOVNA
Oh, no! Do not touch him!
I will not let you have him!
I want to save him!
Kill me first!
Me, me!
Shoot me first!
Let me die with him,
But I will not give him to you,
I will not give him to you.

POLOVCY
Smert' vsem ruskim plennym!
Poščady net!
Razliv reki už načalsja!
Voda na pribyli teper'!
My ne dogonim begleca!
Zovite chanov vsech sjuda!
U nich my sposim čto nam delat'.
(*Vchodjat Končak i chary.*)
Vot on!
Končak idet!

KONČAK
Čto značit tot šum?
Doč' moja, za em ty zdes'?

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

KONČAK
Vot molodec!
Nedarom ja tak ego ljubil;
Na meste Igorja
Ja by tak že postupil!
Eč! Ne vragami nam byt' by s nim,
A sojuznikami vernymi.
Vot čto!
Storoževych kaznit',
A knjažiča ne trogat'!
Takov moj prikaz!

CHANY
Končak, pozvol' nam reč' deržat',
Poslušaj nas, daj nam skazat'.
Ved' my vsegda
V delach vojny
Soveta prosim u tebjja.
V gnezdo kol' sokol uletel,
To i sokolik uletit.
A my ego, poka on zdes',
Streloj zastrelić zolotoj.
Končak ne prav!
Nel'zja ščadit'
Ved' vsled
Za sokolom sokolik uletit.
A my ego streloj zastrelić zolotoj.
Ne prav Kon ak!
Ščadit' nel'zja!
Pover' ty nam i sdelay tak,
Ved' my vsegda
V delach vojny
Soveta prosim u tebjja,
Tak ty teper' poslušaj nas.

POLOVTSIANS
Death to all Russian prisoners!
No mercy!
The tide has started coming in,
The water is now rising,
We will not catch the fugitive!
Call all Khans here!
We will ask them what to do.
(*Konchak and the other Khans approach.*)
There he is!
Konchak is coming!

KONCHAK
What does all this noise mean?
My daughter, why are you here?

POLOVTSIANS
Prince Igor has escaped:
Ovlur has betrayed us;
He provided him with a horse
And ran away with him!

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

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

Ne lučše l' plennyh nam kaznit',
Ne-to polon ot nas ujet!

KONČAK

Net!
Esli sokol ko gnezdu uletel,
To my sokolika oputaem
Krasnoj devicej.
(*Podvodit k Vladimiru Končakovnu.*)
Vot tebe žena, Vladimir!
Ne vrag ty moj,
A zjat' želannyj.
Nazavtra vse snimajte veži!
Idem na Rus'!

KONČAK I CHANY

V pochod na Rus'!
Pob'em vraga!

POLOVCY

Idem v pochod na Rus'!
Pob'em vragov,
Voz'mem polon, doby u!
Idem!
Slaven chan Končak!
Slaven groznyj Gzak!
Slava chanam vsem!

Isn't it better to kill the prisoners,
So that they will not escape.

KONCHAK

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

KONCHAK AND KHANS

March against Russia!
We will defeat the enemy!

POLOVTSIANS

March against Russia!
We will defeat the enemy,
Capture prisoners, take spoils!
Let us go!
Glorious is Khan Konchak!
Glorious is the terrible Gzak!
Glory to all Khans!

Dejstvie etvertoe

Gorodskaja stena i ploščad' v Putivle. Na nevysokoj kolokol'ne večernoj kolokol. B glubine sceny stena detinca, za kotoroj vidnejutsja knjažeskie terema. Raneje utro. Jaroslavna odna na gorodskoj stene.

JAROSLAVNA

8 Ach! Plaču ja, gor'ko plaču ja,
Slezy l'ju
Da k milomu na more šlju,
Rano po utram.
Ja kukuškoj pereletnoj
Poleču k reke Dunaju,
Okunu v reku Kajalu
Moj rukav bobrovj.
Ja omoju knjazju rany
Na ego krovavom tele.
Och! Ty, veter, veter bujnyj,
Čto ty v pole veeš'?
Strely vraž'i ty navejal
Na družiny knjazja.
Čto ne vejal veter bujnyj
Vverch pod oblaka,
V more sinem korabli leleja
Ach, začem ty, veter buinyj,
V pole dolgo vejal?
Pokovyl' trave rasveial
Ty moe vesel'e?
Ach! Plaču ja, gor'ko plaču ja,
Slezy l'ju,
Da k milomu na more šlju
Rano po utram.
Goj, ty Dnepr moj, Dnepr širokij
Čerez kamennye gory
V Poloveckij kraj dorogu
Ty probil,
Tam nasady Svjatoslava
Do Kobjakova polku
Ty leleial, moj širokij,
Slavnyj Dnepr, Dnepr,
Rodnoj naš Dnepr!
Voroti ko mne milova,
Čtob ne lit mne ro'kich slez,
Da k milomu na more ne slat'
Rano po utram.
Och, ty solnce, solnce krasno,
V nebe jasnom jarko svetiš' ty,
Vsech ty greeš', vsech leleeš',
Vsem ty ljubo, solnce;
Solnce, krasno solnce!

Act 4

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

JAROSLAVNA

Oh, I weep, I weep bitterly,
I shed tears
And send them in the early morning
To my beloved across the sea.
I will fly off to the river Danube
As a cuckoo flies.
I will dip my fur sleeve
In the river Kayala.
I will bathe the prince's wounds
On his bleeding body.
Oh, wind, violent wind,
Why did you blow in the field?
You have swept the enemy's arrows
Toward the Prince's army.
Why did you not blow, wind,
Up, toward the clouds
And rock the ships in the blue sea?
Oh, why, violent wind,
Did you blow so long in the field?
You scattered my happiness
In the thin grass.
Oh, I weep, I weep bitterly,
I shed tears
And send them in the early morning
To my beloved across the sea.
Oh, my Dnieper, my broad Dnieper!
You earved your way
Through the rocky mountains
To the Polovtsian land.
Glorious Dnieper,
Our dear Dnieper,
You carried
The boats of Svyatoslav
To Kobyak's camps.
Bring me my beloved,
So that I will not shed bitter tears
And send them to you, beloved, across the sea
In the early morning.
Oh, sun, red sun,
You brightly shine in the clear sky.
You keep all warm, you caress all.
You are dear to all, sun,
Sun, red sun!

Čto že ty družiny knjazja
Znoem žgučim obo žglo?
Ach! Čtož v bezvodnom pole žaždoj
Ty strelkam luki stjanulo,
I kol any im istomoj
Gorem zapeklo? Za em?
(*Tolpe poseljan prohodit s pesnej. Jaroslavna sidit zadumavšis'.*)

POSELJANE

- 9 Och, ne bujnij veter zavyyal;
Gore naveval,
Chan Gzak nas povoeval.
Čto ne čeren voron naletal.
Bedy naklikal,
Chan Gzak na nas ponabegal,
Čto ne seryj volk pozabegal,
Stado zarezal,
Chan Gzak sela porazorja!
(*Zamiraja vdali.*)

JAROSLAVNA

(*Gljadit na razorennye okrestnosti.*)

- 10 Kak unylo vse krugom:
Sela vyžženy,
Nivy zabrošeny,
Žatva v pole vsja pogibla,
Vrag sgubi!
Veselych pesen v pole nam
Ne slyšat' bol'she dolgo.
(*Vsmatruvaetsja v dal'.*)
Kto-to edet v daleke,
Dva vsadnika.
Odin iz nich v odežde poloveckoj.
Už ne Polovecy li k nam nagrjanuli?
Upasi gospodi,
Čto nam delat' togda?
Putivlja nam ne ostojat'!
Drugoj iz vsadnikov odet po našemu
I s vidu ne prostoj on ratnik:
Ubor ego, kon' i osanka
Vse vlast' i znatnost' obličaet.
To verno russkij knjaz'
K nam edet gostem;
No kto b to mog byt'?
Kto takoj? Otkuda?
Ne znaju...
I vzdumat' ne mogu!
Ne v domek mne...
Ach! Ne možet byt'...
Èto son...
Il' navožden'e...
Net... To Igorja znakomye čerty!
(*S uvlečeniem.*)

But why did you burn the Prince's army
With your torrid rays?
Oh! Why did you, in thirst, harden the bows
Of the archers in the arid field
And seal their quivers with fatigue
And sorrow? Why?
(*A group of peasants pass by singing. Yaroslavna sits, pensive.*)

PEASANTS

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

JAROSLAVNA

(*Looking at the devastated surroundings.*)

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

Igorja čerty mne dorogie!
to knjaz'! Knjaz' moj vorotilsja!
(*Na scenu v ežžet knjaz' Igor' v soprovoždenii Ovlura. Knjaz' Igor' soskakivaet s konja i brosaetsja k Jaroslavne. Ovlur otchodit s konjami v storonu.*)

JAROSLAVNA

On, moj sokol jasnij!
Lada moj želannyj!
Lada milyj, dorogoj moj!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

zdravstvuj! Radosť, lada!
zdravstvuj! Svet moj, lada,
Vot opjat' ty so mnoj!

JAROSLAVNA

O, lada moj želannyj!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Radosť ty moja!

JAROSLAVNA

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

KNJAZ' IGOR'

O net! Ne son: vernulsja ja,
V moej ruke ruka tvoja,
Ja vižu vzor tvoich očej,
Ja slyšu zvuk tvoich rečej...

JAROSLAVNA

Vernulsja lada moj domoj,
Ko mne vernulsja lada moj,
Ko mne vernetsja vse s toboju,
I sčast'e i pokoj.

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Vernulsja snova ja domoj,
K tebe vernulsja lada tvoj,
I snova on s toboju,
S toboj, s toboj drug moj!

Igor's beloved features!

This is the Prince! My Prince is back!
(*Prince Igor enters on a horse, accompanied by Ovlur. Igor jumps from the horse and runs toward Yaroslavna. Ovlur leads the horses aside.*)

JAROSLAVNA

It is him – my bright falcon!
My beloved!
My beloved, my darling!

PRINCE IGOR

Hail, joy, beloved!
Hail, my dearest, my beloved!
You are again with me!

JAROSLAVNA

Oh, my beloved, my dearest one!

PRINCE IGOR

My joy!

JAROSLAVNA

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

JAROSLAVNA

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

JAROSLAVNA

Snova vižu ja milova,
Snova Vižu dorogova,
Vse ko mne vernulos' snova:
S ast'e, radost' i pokoj.
Lada milij moj, želannij,
Lada, drug moj nebom dannij,
Mnogo, dolgo serdcem ždannij,
Ja opjat', opjat' s toboj!
Lada, drug moj milij, dorogoj!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Lada radost', milij drug moj,
Ja opjat', opjat' s toboj;
Drug ty moj, ty so mnoj,
Radost', lada!

JAROSLAVNA

Kak spassja ty?

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Ja tajno bežal sjuda,
Kogda uznal, čto vrag byl zdes';
Bežal ja, čtob kraj spasti
I kliknut' klič po vsej Rusi;
Prišel ja polki sobrat',
Prišel ja knjazej podnjat'
I vnov' dorogu zastupit' vragu!

JAROSLAVNA

Užel' tajkom bežal?
Bežal iz plena ty?
Bežal ot chana ty?
No ty ved' ranen byl?
Opasno ranen byl?
I vot ty snova zdes',
Ty u menja, so mnoj!
Snova vižu ja milova,
Snova vižu dorogova,
Vse ko mne vernulos' snova:
S ast'e, radost' i pokoj.
Lada, milij moj, želannij,
Lada, drug moj,
Nebom dannij,
Mnogo, dolgo serdcem ždannij,
Ja opjat', opjat' s toboj!

YAROSLAVNA

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

YAROSLAVNA

How did you escape?

PRINCE IGOR

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

YAROSLAVNA

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

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Lada, radost', milij drug moj,
Ja opjat', opjat' s toboj!
Prošla pora zloveš' ich snov,
Prošla pora tjaželych dum.
Zabyto vse: pora toski,
Zabyto gore prošlych dnej
I snova radost' svetit nam;
Tak posle groznych, černych tuč
Progljanet snova solnca luč
I stanct jasno vnov'!

JAROSLAVNA

Zabyto vse: pora toski,
Zabyto gore prošlych dnej
I snova radost' svetit nam;
Tak posle groznych, černych tuč
Progljanet snova solnca luč
I stanct jasno i svetlo!
Naš vrag padet, chan padet!

KNJAZ' IGOR'

Ja kliknu kli iz kraja v kraj,
Na chana Vnov' udarju ja...

KNJAZ' IGOR' I JAROSLAVNA

I chan padet, groza Rusi,
Vraga ja slomlju!
*(Knjaž' Igor i Jaroslavna medlenno udaljajutsja.
Vo vpemja pesni gudo nikov oni stojat u vorot,
razgovirivaja meždu soboj, potom skryvajutsja
v vorotach, a Ovlur s konjami ostaetsja u vorot.)
(Na ploščad' vchodjat Eroška i Skula: oba neskol'ko
chmel'nye. Igrajut i pojut.)*

EROŠKA I SKULA

11 Ty gudi, gudi, da,
Ty gudi igraj,
Knjazja veli aj;
Knjaz' li Igor'
Da knjaz' li Severskij
V polonu sidit,
V dal'nju step' gljadit
K chanu ugodil,
Da slavu schoronil.
Rat' porasterjal,
Sam v polon popal;
Čto bez razuma,
Bezo vremeni,
On polki vodil,
Vo pohod chodil,
Da vo stepjach širokich

PRINCE IGOR

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

YAROSLAVNA

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

PRINCE IGOR

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

PRINCE IGOR AND YAROSLAVNA

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

YEROSHKA AND SKULA

You, play, play,
Yes, play, play,
Praise the Prince!
Prince Igor, Prince of Serversky,
Who gazes at the distant steppes
In captivity,
He fall to the Khan
And buried his honour.
He lost his army
And was taken prisoner
Because against reason,
He led his regiments
And went into battle
At the wrong time.
He murdered his people
In the broad steppes

Svoj narod gubil,
 Da vo peskach sypu ich
 Silu uložil.
 Russkim zolotom,
 Čistym srebrom
 On prudy prudil,
 On mosty mostil,
 Vo Kajal-reke
 Svoj narod topil,
 Vo Kajal-reke slavu obronil.
 Kak za to pro to,
 Da po belomu svetu,
 Čto na vsej Rusi, da
 Čto iz kraja v kraj,
 Da kajut Igorja Svjatoslaviča,
 Knjazja Severskogo,
 Kajut na Posem'e,
 Na Posul'e
 V stol'nom Kieve,
 Da na Dunaj-reke,
 Da na Pomor'e,
 Lukomor'i.
 Oj gudi, gudi, gudi,
 Gudi, gudi, gudok!

SKULA
 Knjaz' li Igor',
 Da knjaz' li Severskij.
*(Ostanavljaljutsja v izumlenii i vnezapno
 obryvajut pesnju, uvidev vdali knjazja Igorja i
 Jaroslavna.)*
 Gljadi! Gljadi! Gljadi-ko!

EROŠKA
 Knjaz'! Knjaz'!

SKULA
 Eko delo, podumaeš'...

EROŠKA
 Oj, batjuški, oj rodnye,
 Plocho budet nam,
 Plocho budet nam!
 Čto delat', čto delat'?
 Kak byt'? Och, och,
 Propali naši golovuški...
 Kaznjat nas,
 Bezpremno kaznjat nas!

And left his forces
 In tile quicksands.
 He dammed up ponds
 And paved bridges
 With Russian gold
 And pure silver.
 He drowned his people
 And lost his glory
 In the river Kayala.
 And for this,
 Across all Russia
 And throughout the wide world,
 They reproach
 Igor Svyatoslavich,
 Prince of Seversky.
 They curse him in Posemye,
 In Posuliye
 And in the capital Kiev,
 On the river Danube
 And in Pomorie
 On the crescent coast!
 Play, play the gudok,
 Play, play, play!

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

YEROSHKA
 The Prince! The Prince!

SKULA
 So what...

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

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

EROŠKA
 Nu?

SKULA
 Nu?

EROŠKA *(Nerešitel'no)*
 Nu? Bežat'?

SKULA
 A!špeči da v boloto?
 Nekuda! Nekuda!

EROŠKA
 V lesa?...

SKULA
 Posle knjažego chleba koru glodat'?
 Posle knjažoj bragi vodu chlebat'?
 Net, brat, eta byl' už byla,
 Da i byl'em porosla!
(S važnostju.)
 Tut nado, brat, pridumat'...
 Čto nibud'... poumnee...

EROŠKA
 Čto že?

SKULA
 Postoj... pogodi...
 Daj sroku...
 Našel!...
 Vidiš? Vidiš?
(Ukazyvaja na kolokol'nju.)

EROŠKA *(V nedoumenii)*
 Kolokol'nju-to?

SKULA *(Pokazyvaja, čto nužno žvunit'.)*
 Ponjal? Ponjal?

EROŠKA
 Zvunit', čto li? Začem zvunit'?

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

YEROSHKA
 Well?

SKULA
 Well?

YEROSHKA *(Hesitant)*
 Well! Shall we run away?

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

YEROSHKA
 Into the woods?

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

YEROSHKA
 Like what?

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

YEROSHKA *(wondering)*
 The belfry?

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

YEROSHKA
 Ring the bell? Why ring it?

SKULA
Živy budem,
Cely budem,
Syty budem,
S chlebom budem,
A s umon budem
I s vinom.
Zvoni!
Zvoni narod!
(Oba berutsja za verevki ot kolokoov i zvonjat nabat.)

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

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

NAROD
Ěki zvony! Batjuški!
Polovcy čto li?
Čto tarn? Čto?
Čto tam! Čto?
Požar čto li? Čto tarn? Čto?
Al' Polovcy?
Čto? Govori!

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

NAROD
Da éto p'janye gudo niki udjat.
I vprjam' ved'!
Ach, oni, p'janicy,
Tol'ko narod mutjat,
Viš' galdjat!
Nu tak! Ach, vy p'janicy,
Propoicy, oğlašennye!

Viš' galdjat,
Narod mutjat!
Viš' galdjat,
Narod mutjat!
Propoicy!

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

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

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

PEOPLE
What is that ringing? My dear!
Are the Polovtsians coming, or what?
What is it? What?
What's there? What?
A fire? What is it? What?
Or Polovtsians?
What? Speak!

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

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

EROŠKA I SKULA
Ěj! Ěj! Čto vy! Postoj,
Polno vam, polno vam!
Stoj! Stoj!

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

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

NAROD
Čemu obradovalis?
Al' kto podnes?

SKULA
Podnes už ne ty li?
Net, brat! Na étom raze
Na radostjach i sebja prop'eš:
Knjaz' priedchal!

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

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

SKULA
Igor' Svjatoslavi !

NAROD
k bresut s perepoju-to!

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

EROŠKA
Vidiš'?

NAROD
Knjaz'! Knjaz'! Knjaz'! Naš knjaz'!
j vy! Zvomite!

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

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

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

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

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

PEOPLE
The rebel Galitsky?
To hell with him!

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

SKULA
Igor' Svytoslavich!

PEOPLE
Oh, how they lie from so much drinking!

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

YEROSHKA
Can you see?

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

EROŠKA I SKULA (*snova zvonjat*)

Ěj! Pravoslavnye!

NAROD

Skoree idite, begite, begite!

Polovčanina sprosíte,

To pravda l', čto vernulsja Igor' knjaz'?

(Tolpa pribyvaet. Nekotorye idut k Ovluru i pristajut s rassprosami.)

Vorotilsja v pravdu knjaz'?

Vorotilsja?

EROŠKA I SKULA (*Zvonjat snova.*)

Radost' povedaem vam!

NAROD

Vzpravdu vernulsja otec naš rodimyj!

Ěka radost'! Ěko s ast'e!

(Vchodjat starcy i bojare.)

Vdrug iz plena k nam na radost',

Na spasen'e vorotilsja knjaz'!

STARCY I BOJARE

Kto pervyj radost' nam povedal? Kto?

EROŠKA I SKULA

My, batjuška, my pervye!

STARCY I BOJARE

Gudočniki?

EROŠKA I SKULA

Gudočniki, otec,

Gudočniki, batjuška.

STARCY I BOJARE

Slugi kramol'nika Galickogo?

EROŠKA I SKULA

Net! Net, batjuška,

My ne Galickie, zdešnie,

Tutošnye, tutošnye.

STARCY I BOJARE

S kramol'nikam-to Galickim vodilis' vy!

EROŠKA I SKULA

Net, ne my, batjuška,

Ěto drugie, my Igorevy,

Tutošnye, tutošnye...

YEROSHK A AND SKULA (*ringing the bells*)

Hey, Christians...

PEOPLE

Come quickly, run, run,

Ask the Polovtsian:

Is it true that Prince Igor is back?

(The crowd grows larger and larger. Some approach Ovlur and bombard him with questions.)

Has he really returned?

He really has!

YEROSHK A AND SKULA (*ringing the bells*)

We bring you good news!

PEOPLE

Our dear father has indeed returned!

What joy! What happiness!

(The elders and boyars enter.)

The Prince has returned all of a sudden,

Much to our joy, to our salvation.

ELDERS AND BOYARS

Who first brought the good news? Who?

YEROSHK A AND SKULA

We, we were the first!

ELDERS AND BOYARS

The gudok-players?

YEROSHK A AND SKULA

The gudok-players, fathers,

The gudok-players!

ELDERS AND BOYARS

The servants of the rebel Galitsky!

YEROSHK A AND SKULA

No, no, fathers:

We are not Galitsky's servants,

We are one of you!

ELDERS AND BOYARS

Did you not support the rebel Galitsky?

YEROSHK A AND SKULA

No, not us, fathers...

Others did: we are Igor's,

We are one of you!

STARCY I BOJARE

Nu, blago vam,

Na radostjach my staroe zabudem,

Idite s mirom!

(Vručajut nagradu gudočnikam. Skula i Eroška igraju.)

EROŠKA

12 Goj, guljaj! Goj, guljaj!

Ěj, gudi, gudok,

Vo slavu knjazja Severskogo!

SKULA

Guljaj vo zdrav'e knjazja,

Knjazja batjuški rodnogo!

Ěj, gudi, gudi, gudok,

Gudi vo slavu knjazja,

Knjazja Severskogo!

STARCY I BOJARE

Znat', gospod' mol'by uslyšal,

Milost' natn svoju javljaet,

Radost' nam on posylaet;

Knjaz' vernulsja k nam domoj!

NAROD

Knjaz' iz plena k nam vernulsja,

Knjaz' naš, Igor' Svjatoslavič,

Knjaz' naš batjuška želannyj,

Knjaz' otec rodnoj.

EROŠKA I SKULA

Narod, vali za nami,

Vali tuda v detinec,

Valite vsej gur'boju,

Valim nu vstre u knjazju,

Vsem narodom vstretim knjazja!

NAROD

Idem, idem vstrečat', ego vstrečat'!

Vsem narodom vstretim knjazja,

Vstretim batjušku rodnogo,

Vstretim gostja dorogogo,

Vstretim my ego!

EROŠKA I SKULA

Idem, idem, idem!

(Stariki i bojare uderživajut narod.)

ELDERS AND BOYARS

Well, God bless you!

For joy we will forget the past.

May you go in peace!

(They heap gifts on Yeroshka and Skula. Yeroshka and Skula play.)

YEROSHK A

Hey, let's celebrate! Celebrate!

Play the gudok!

Glory to Prince Seversky!

SKULA

A toast to the health of our Prince!

Of the Prince, our dear Prince!

Hey, play, play the gudok,

Play to the glory of the Prince,

The Prince Seversky.

ELDERS AND BOYARS

God heard our prayers

And showed us his mercy.

He sent us joy:

The Prince has returned to us!

PEOPLE

The Prince has returned to us from captivity,

Our Prince, Igor Svjatoslavich,

Our Prince, our dear father,

The Prince, our dear father!

YEROSHK A AND SKULA

People, follow us,

Follow us up there, to the fortress,

Let's all go together,

Let's go to meet the Prince,

All together to greet the Prince!

PEOPLE

Let's go, let's go to meet him!

Let's all meet the Prince,

Let's all meet our dear father

Let's all meet our dear host,

We shall greet him!

YEROSHK A AND SKULA

Let's go, let's go, let's go!

(The elders and boyars hold the people back.)

STARCY I BOJARE

Stoj!
My pojdem v detinec k knjazju,
My poklonimsja emu.
Ždite zdes', k narodu vyjti
Soizvolit Igor' knjaz'.
(Stariki i bojare prochodjat v detinec.)

NAROD

Stariki-to, bratcy, delo govorjat:
Tak negože budet k knjazju nam idti.
(Tolpa narody malo-pomalu pribyvaet. Vchodjat ženščiny v narjadnydl platjach. Iz domov mnogie vymosjat chleb da sol'.)

ŽENŠČINY I DEVUŠKI

Slovno v prazdnik svetlyj nado
Prioder'sja nam krasno,
Priubrat'sja v lentach alych,
Da v monistach, da v ser'gach.
Slovno v prazdnik svetlyj nado
Na Putivle vsem guljat',
Pesnej zvonkoj knjazja slavit',
V pesnjach knjazja veličat'.

VMESTE

Vynosit' narodu nado chleb da sol',
Pripasti nam medu, bragi da vina.
(Gudočniki igrujut.)

EROŠKA

Goj, guljaj! Goj, guljaj!
Ej, gudi, gudok!

SKULA

Guljaj vo zdrav'e knjazja,
Knjazja batjuški rodnogo,
Ej, gudi, gudi, gudok,
Gudi vo slavu knjazja!

ELDERS AND BOYARS

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

PEOPLE

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

WOMEN AND MAIDENS

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

ALL

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

YEROSHKA

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

SKULA

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

NAROD

Vsem narodom vstretim knjazja,
Knjaz' iz plena k nam vernulsja,
Knjaz' naš, batjuška želannyj,
Knjaz', otec naš dorogoj.
Vsem narodom vstretim knjazju,
Vstretim batjušku rodnogo,
Vstretim gostja dorogogo,
Vstretim čestno.
Vremja krasnoe nastalo.
Znat',
Ne darom knjaz' priechal,
Znat',
Prošla para bezdol'ja nam!
(Iz detinca vychodit na plošč ad' knjaz' Igor' c knjagineju Jaroslavnoju, za nimi sledujut starcy i bojare; knjaz' Igor' klanjaetsja narodu, narod privetstvujet knjazju.)

NAROD

Zdravstvuj, batjuška, naš knjaz',
Zelannyj naš!

PEOPLE

Let's all greet the Prince,
Who has returned to us from captivity,
Our dear Prince,
The Prince, our dear father.
Let's all greet the Prince,
Greet our dear father.
Greet our dear host,
Greet him with respect.
A good time has come:
It seems the Prince
Has not come back in vain;
It seems
The time of misfortune is past!
(Prince Igor and Princess Yaroslavna, followed by the elders and boyars, come out of the castle into the square. Prince Igor bows to the people; The people greet him.)

PEOPLE

May you prosper, dear father, our Prince,
Our welcome Prince!