

Ioann Damaskin*Text by Aleksey Tolstoy (1817-1875)***[1] I. Adagio ma non troppo**

Idu v nevedomiy mne put',
 Idu mezh strakha i nadezhdi;
 Moy vzor ugas, ostila grud',
 Ne vnemlet slukh, somknuti vezhdi.

Lezhu bezglasen, nedvizhim,
 Ne slishu bratskogo ridan'ya,
 I ot kadila siniy dim,
 Ne mne struit blagoukhan'ye.

[2] II. Andante sostenuto

No vechnim snom poka ya splyu,
 Moya lyubov' ne umiraet.
 I yeyu, brat'ya, vas molyu,
 Da kazhdiy k gospodu vzivaet:
 Gospod'! Gospod'! Gospod'! Gospod'!

[3] III. Allegro

V tot den', kogda truba
 Vostrubit mira prestaven'ya,
 Primi usopshego raba
 V tvoi nebesniye selen'ya.

John of Damascus

I begin a journey into the unknown,
 I travel between fear and hope;
 My sight is extinguished, my breast has grown cold,
 I cannot hear, my eyes are closed.

I am lying silent and still,
 I do not hear my brothers sobbing,
 And the blue smoke of the incense
 Does not exude its aroma for me.

But while I sleep with the eternal sleep,
 My love lives on,
 And I implore you, brothers,
 Each one of you to call thus to the Lord:
 Oh Lord, oh Lord, oh Lord, oh Lord!

On the day when a trumpet
 Shall signal the end of the world,
 Accept Thy departed servant
 Into Thy heavenly abode.