

Muzika k drame Mikhaila Lermontova *Maskarad*

[9] Romans Nini

Kogda pechal' slezoy nevol'noy
Promchitsya po glazam tvoim,
Mne videt' i ponyat' ne bol'no
Chto ti neschastliva s drugim.

Nezrimiy cherv' nezrimo glozhet
Zhizn' bezzashchitnuyu tvoyu,
I chto zh? ya rad, chto on ne mozhet
Tebya lyubit', kak ya lyublyu.

No yesli schastiye sluchayno
Blesnyot v luchakh tvoikh ochey,
Togda ya muchus' gor'ko, tayno,
I tseliy ad v dushe moyey.

[11] Khor muzhskoy

V obiteli presvetloy upokoy ikh, svyatiy Bozhe!
V seleniyakh nebesnikh upokoy ikh, svyatiy Bozhe!
V obiteli presvetloy, upokoi ikh, svyatiy Bozhe!
V seleniyakh nebesnikh upokoy ikh, svyatiy Bozhe!
Upokoy ikh, svyatiy Bozhe! Upokoy ikh, svyatiy krepiy,
upokoy ikh svyatiy Bozhe!
Upokoy ikh, svyatiy Bozhe,
upokoy ikh svyatiy krepiy!
Upokoy ikh, svyatiy Bozhe!
Upokoy ikh, svyatiy krepiy!
V obiteli presvetloy
Upokoy ikh, svyatiy Bozhe,
svyatiy krepiy, svyatiy bessmertniy!

Dukhovniye stikhi

Slova M. A. Kuzmina

[12] Hozhdeniye Bogoroditsi po mukam

Vskhodila Prechistaya
Na goru visokuyu,
Uvidela Chistaya
Mikhayla-Arkhangela,
Skazala Prechistaya
Mihaylu-Arkangelu:
'Ti svetliy, presvetliy
Mikhail-Arkangel,
Svedi menya videt'
Vsyu muku lyudskuyu,
Kak muchatsya greshniki,
Boga ne znavshiye,
Khrista pozabivshiye,
Zlo tvorivshiye'.
I povyol prechistuyu
Mikhail-Arkangel
Po vsem po mukam
Po muchenskim:
V geyennu ognennuyu,
V t'mu kromeshnuyu,
V ogn' neusipayushchiy,
V reku plamennuyu.
Chto na severe muki,
Na yuge,
Na vostokey solntsa
I na zapade.
Videla Chistaya,
Kak muchatsya greshniki,
Boga ne znavshiye,
Khrista pozabivshiye,

Music for the drama *Masquerade* by Mikhail Lermontov

Nina's Romance

When sadness covers your eyes
With an uncontrollable tear,
It is not painful for me to see and understand
That you are not happy with another.

An invisible worm eats away
At your defenceless life,
And so? I am glad that another
Cannot love you as much as I love you.

But if happiness suddenly
Flashes in the rays of your eyes,
Then I suffer bitterly, secretly,
And an entire inferno burns in my soul.

Final Chorus

Give them peace, Holy God, in Your Holy abode!
Give them peace, Holy God, in the heavens!
Give them peace, Holy God! Give them peace,
Give them peace, Holy God, in the heavens!
Give them peace, Holy God! Give them peace,
Holy and Almighty,
Give them peace, Holy God, give them peace,
Holy and Almighty!
Give them peace, Holy God! Give them peace,
Holy and Almighty!
In the holiest abode
Give them peace, Holy God,
holy and almighty, holy omnipresence!

Sacred Songs

Words by M.A. Kuzmin

Descent Of The Virgin Into Hell

The Holy Lady ascended
Onto a high mountain;
The Holy One met
Michael the Archangel,
The Holy Lady told
Michael the Archangel:
'O holy, most holy
Michael the Archangel,
Take me to see
All human suffering;
Show me how sinners suffer
Who knew not God,
Who forgot Christ,
Whose deeds were evil.'
So Michael the Archangel
Led the Holy One
To see all the punishments
And all the tortures:
Into the blazing inferno,
Into the darkest darkness,
Into eternal fire,
Into a river of flames.
There were tortures in the north,
And in the south,
In the east
And in the west.
The Holy Lady saw
How the sinners suffered
Who knew not God,
Who forgot Christ,

Zlo tvorivshiye:
Knyaz'ya, popī i mirskaya chad',
Chto v tserkov' ne hazhivali,
Kanunov ne chitivali,
Svyatikh knig ne slihivali,
Zautreni prosipali,
Vecherni propivali,
S kumami bludili,
Nishchikh progonyali,
Strannikh ne prinimali,
P'yanitsi, zernshchiki,
Skomorokhi, popi lenivīye,
Nemilostivīye, nezhalostlivīye,
Vse likhiye skaredniye
Dela tvorivshiye.
Kak uvidela Chistaya
Vse muki lyudskiye,
Vosplakala, vozrīdala,
Greshnikam govorila:
'Vī bedniye, bedniye greshniki,
Bedniye vi, neschastniye,
Luchshe bi vam ne roditsya.
Ti svetliy, presvetliy
Mikhail-Arkhangeli,
Vverzi menya
V geyennu ognennuyu:
Khochu ya muchit'sya
S greshnimi chadami Bozh'imi'.
Skazal Prechistoy
Mikhail-Arkhangeli:
'Vladichitsa Bogoroditsa,
Gospozha moya Prechistaya!
Tvoyo delo – v rayu pokoit'sya,
A greshnikam – v adu kipeť.
A poprosi luchshe Sina Tvoyego,
Isusa Khrista Yedinorodnogo,
Da pomiluyet On greshnikov'.
Ne poslushal Gospod' Bogoroditsi,
Ne pomiloval On greshnikov.
I opyat' vzmolilas' Prechistaya:
'Gde vi, proroki, apostoli,
Gde ti, Moisey Bogovidets,
Daniil s tremya otroki,
Ivan Bogoslovets, Khristov vozlyublennik,
Gde ti, Nikola ugodnik,
Pyatnitsa, krasota khristianskaya, –
Pripadite vi ko Gospodu,
Da pomiluyet On greshnikov!
Ne poslushal Gospod' Bogoroditsi,
Ne pomiloval On greshnikov,
I vtretiye vskrichala Prechistaya:
'Gde ti, sila nebesnaya:
Angeli i arkhangeli,
Kheruvimi i serafimi,
Gde ti, Mikhail-Arkhangeli,
Arkhiestratig voy nebesnikh?
Pripadite vi ko Gospodu,
Da pomiluyet On greshnikov!
I pripali vseye svyatiye angeli,
Proroki, apostoli,
Ivan Bogoslovets, Khristov vozlyublennik,
Pyatnitsa, krasota khristianskaya, –
I zastonala visota podnebesnaya
Ot ikh placha-ridaniya.
I uslishal ikh Gospod' Milostiviy,
I szhalilsya On nad greshnikami:
Dal im pokoy i veselīye
Ot Velikogo Chetvergā
Do svyatiya Pyatidesyatnitsi.

Whose deeds were evil:
Princes, priests, and common folk,
Those who did not go to church,
Did not attend vigils,
Read no holy books,
Slept through matins,
Drunk instead of going to vespers,
Fornicated with godmothers,
Drove away the poor,
Did not welcome strangers,
And did not receive pilgrims,
Drunkards and gamblers,
Buffoons, lazy priests,
Unkind and merciless,
They all did evil and mean things.
As the Holy Lady saw
The human suffering,
She cried and sobbed,
And told the sinners:
'You poor, poor sinners,
You poor hapless ones,
It would be better for you not to have been born.
O holy, most holy
Michael the Archangel,
Plunge me now
Into the blazing inferno:
I want to be tortured
With the sinful children of God.'
Michael the Archangel
Told the Holy Lady:
'Our Lady the Blessed Virgin,
My Holy Lady!
You shall repose in heaven,
And the sinners shall burn in hell.
Beg Your Son,
The one Jesus Christ,
To have mercy on the sinners.'
The Lord did not listen to the Holy Lady,
And did not grant mercy to the sinners.
And the Holy Lady entreated again:
'Where are you, prophets and apostles,
Where are you, Moses the God-seer,
Daniel with three youths,
John the Divine beloved by Christ,
Where are you, St. Nicholas,
Friday, Christian beauty –
Go and beg the Lord,
Beg Him to have mercy on the sinners!'
The Lord did not listen to the Holy Lady,
He did not grant mercy to the sinners.
And the Holy Lady cried out for the third time:
'Where are you, forces of heaven:
Angels and archangels,
Cherubs and seraphs,
Where are you, Michael the Archangel,
Archangel of heavenly hosts?
Go and beg the Lord,
Beg Him to have mercy on the sinners!'
And all the holy angels prostrated themselves,
Prophets and apostles,
John the Divine beloved by Christ,
Friday, Christian beauty –
And the skies groaned
While they wept and sobbed.
And the Merciful Lord did hear them,
And granted mercy to the sinners:
He granted them peace and joy
From the Holy Thursday
Until the holy Pentecost.

[13] O startse i l've

Solntse za lesom uzh skřilosya,
Na luga uzh pal tuman,
Po doroge idyot starets,
Starets, inok prechestnoy;
Navstrechu startsu
Idyot lev zver',
Lev dikiy, lyutiyy
Zver' rikayushchiy.
'O lyute l've, zveryu rikayushchiy,
Pozhri, pozhri menya:
Vo grekhakh ya ves' rodilsya,
I proshchen'ya net uzh mne.
I grekhov na mne,
Chto na sosne smol'i,
I ot tekhn grekhov
Uzh stalo tyazhko mne.
Tridtsat' let o grekhakh ya plachusya
I ochistil mnogo ikh,
No odin grekh neochishchenniy
Den' i noch' menya tomit.
Bil ya v molodosti vozshchikom,
I ditya ya zadavil.
I s tekhn por otrok zagublenniy
Vsyo stoit peredo mnoy.
On stoit s ulibkoy tikhoyu,
Govorit, golovoy kivayuchi:
'Ti za chto sgubil moyu dushu?'
Ni postam, ni molitvam, ni bdeniyam
Ne zaglushit' togo golosa,
I odno lish' mne spaseniye:
Svoyu zhizn' otdat' za sglennuyu.
O lyute l've, zveryu rikayushchiy,
Pozhri, pozhri menya, startsa greshnogo!
I lyog starets l'vu na doroge,
Chtobi pozhral yego lyutiyy zver',
No lyutiyy zver', lev rikayushchiy,
Krotko posmotrel na inoka,
Pomotal golovoy kosmatoyu –
I prignul cherez startsa v tyomniy les.
I vstal starets svetel i radosten:
Znat', prostil yego Gospod',
I prostilo ditya,
Otrocha maloye.

[14] Strashniy sud

Vi podumayte, mila bratiya,
Kakovo budet nam v posledniy den',
Kak vostrubit angel vo trubushku,
I otvoryatsya dveri rayskiye,
Vsya zemlya tut vspokolebletsya,
Solntse, mesyats tut pomerknut vdrug,
Zvyozdi s neba spadut, kak listviye,
Samo nebushko tut skoryozhitsya,
Protekyot togda reka ognenna
Po vse-to zemle po chornoyey,
Popalit ona dreva, biliye, –
Nichego togda ne ostanetsya.
I uslishat tu zlatu trubushku
Dushi pravedni, dushi greshniye,
I voydut oni v telesa svoya
V novoy ploti na sud voskresnuti:
Iz siroy zemli, so dna moryushka
Vstayut pravedni, vstayut greshniki,
Zveri lyutiye, ptitsi dikiye.
Otdayut tela bednikh greshnikov.
I vossyadet tut sam Isus Khristos
Sudit' pravednikh, sudit' greshnikov!

The Old Man And The Lion

The sun has set behind the forest,
The mist has fallen on the meadows,
An old man is walking along the road,
An elder, an honest monk.
A wild lion
Is walking towards the elder;
A lion wild and fierce,
A roaring beast.
'O thou fierce, thou roaring lion,
Devour me, devour me:
I was born in sin,
And there is no pardon for me.
There are as many sins on my person
As there are needles on a pine-tree,
And all my sins
Are weighing me down.
For thirty years I have been lamenting my sins
And I have been cleared of many,
But one sin remains,
And it torments me day and night.
In my youth I was a coach driver,
And I ran over a child.
And since then, the dead boy
Has been standing before me.
He stands with a gentle smile,
And says, shaking his head:
'What for didst thou ruin my soul?'
Neither fast, nor prayer, nor vigil
Cannot drown that voice,
There is only one salvation for me:
To pay with my own life for the one I ruined.
O thou fierce, thou roaring lion,
Devour me, a sinful old man!
And the elder prostrated himself in the lion's path,
So that the fierce beast could devour him,
But the fierce beast, the roaring lion,
Looked at the monk meekly,
Shook his mane,
And leaped over the elder and into the dark forest.
And the elder rose bright and joyful:
He knew that the Lord forgave him,
And that the child
Forgave him too.

Doomsday

Think, dear brothers,
How we would feel on the last day,
When the angel sounds his trumpet,
And the gate of Eden opens;
The whole earth will tremble,
The sun and the moon will fade at once,
The stars will drop from the heavens like leaves,
The sky itself will warp,
And a river of flames will flow
All across the land, the black earth,
It will scorch every tree and every blade of grass –
Nothing will survive.
Righteous souls, and sinful souls
Will hear that golden trumpet
And will re-enter their bodies
To be resurrected for judgment in new flesh:
From the earth and the depths of the sea
The sinful, and the righteous, will rise,
Fierce beasts and wild birds
Will release the bodies of poor sinners.
And Jesus Christ Himself will sit enthroned
Judging the sinful and the righteous!

On – sud'ya-to ved' Sud'ya Pravednīy,
On ne smotrit na litsa, Batyushka,
A u angelov merila pravil'nī,
I vesī u nikh spravedlivīye.
Tut uzh vse ravni: tsari, nishchiye,
Prostetsi i popi sobornīye,
Ne pomozhet tut zlato-srebro,
Ni krasa, ni usta rumyanīye,
Ne pomogut tut otets s mater'yu,
Ne pomogut druz'ya lyubezniye,
Lish' dela nashi al' opravyat nas,
Al' osudyat na muku vechnuyu.
Poglotit togda reka ognenna
V muku vechnuyu otsilayemikh,
A svyatikh dushi zasvetyatsya,
I poydut oni v presvetliy ray.

Muzika k p'yese Ernsta Toller *Nemetskiy Hinkerman*

[15] Vstupleniye i khor soldatov

Dlya svobodī, dlya Otchizni
Pokidayem otchiy dom.
Yesli smert' sud'ba reshila –
Vse mī doblestno padyom.

Mne sem'ya i rodnīye – moy tovarishch boyevoy.
S nim ne strashen reshitel'nīy boy!

Dlya svobodī, dlya Otchizni
Pokidayem otchiy dom.
Yesli smert' sud'ba reshila –
Vse mī doblestno padyom.

He is the most Righteous Judge,
He, our Father, will not look at their faces,
The angels are just,
And their scales are correct.
All will be equal then: czars and beggars,
Commoners and cathedral priests,
No silver or gold will help,
Nor beauty, nor sweet lips,
Nor Father or mother,
Nor bosom friends,
Only our deeds will absolve us
Or sentence us to eternal punishment.
The river of flames will then devour
Those sent to eternal torture,
And the saints' souls will shine,
And they will go to the brightest paradise.

Music for the play *Hinkemann the German* by Ernst Toller

Introduction and Soldiers' Choir

For freedom and for the Fatherland
We are leaving our father's home.
If our fate is to die –
We will die with honour.

My comrade is my family now.
With him I am not afraid of a decisive battle!

For freedom and for the Fatherland
We are leaving our father's home.
If our fate is to die –
We will die with honour.

Transliterations and English translations by Anastasia Belina-Johnson