

[15] CHAST' I: Kartina pervaya: Kosa

Nevesta

Kosa l' moya ko ...
Kosa l' moya kosin'ka rusaya!
Vechor tebya, kosin'ka, matushka plyala,
serebryanim kolechkom matushka vila!
O-o-ho-ho! Yeshcho okhti mne!

Podrzhki

Chesu, pochesu Nastasin'ku kosu,
chesu, pochesu Timofeevni rusu,
alu lentu plyatu
a yeshcho pochesu, a i kosu, zapletu.
Chesu, pochesu Nastasin'ku kosu,
chesu, pochesu Timofeevni rusu,
rusu kosu chesu, chastnim
grebnem raschesu.

Nevesta

Priyekhala svashen'ka nemilostliva,
chto ne milostliva i ne zhalostliva!
Nachala kosin'ku rvat' i shchipat'.
I rvat' i shchipat' na dve zapletat'
na dve zapletat'...
O-o-ho-ho! Yeshcho okhti mne!

Podrzhki

Chesu, pochesu Nastasin'ku kosu,
chesu, pochesu Timofeevni rusu,
a yeshcho pochesu, a i kosu zaplyatu,
Alu lentu plyatu, goloboyu perev'yu!

Nevesta

Kosa l' moya kosinka rusaya ...

Podrzhki

Ne klich', ne klich', lebedushka,
ne klich v pole belaya.
Ne plach', ne tuzhi,
Nastas'yushka, ne plach', ne grusti,
dusha Timofeevna!
Po batyushke, po matushke,
po gromkom solov'ye vo sadu.
Kak svekor li batyushka kak sverkrov' li matushka
k tebe budet milostliva,
Khvetis', sudar' Pamfil'yevich
u tebya solovey vo sadu, na visokom teremu,
na visokom izukrashennom denyochek on svistit
i vsyu nochen'ku poyot,
tebya li, tebya li, Nastas'yushka,
tebya li, svet Timofeevna,
zabavlyayet-uteshaet,
spat' dolgo ne meshaet, k obedne razbuzhaet.
Ray, ray! Udal'y skomoroshek s sela do sela.
Ray, ray! Chtob nasha Nastas'yushka, chtob bila vesela.
Uzh chtob bila zavsegda.
S-pod kamushka s-pod belova
rucheyok bezhit, rucheyok bezhit.
S-pod kamushka s-pod belova
tsimbalami b'yut i p'yut i l'yut, v tarelki b'yut.
Vot, znat' nashu Nastyushku,
znat' nashu Timofeevnu
k venchan'yu vedut.

Nevesta / Mat'

Za... zapletitko mne rusu kosu
uzh ti iz kornyu tugokhon'ko,
sredi kos' melyokhon'ko,
pod konets-to alu lentochku.

FIRST SCENE: The Tresses: At the Bride's House

The Bride

Tress my tress, O thou fair tress of my hair,
O my little tress.
My mother brush'd thee, mother brush'd thee at evening,
Mother brush'd my tress.
O woe is me, O alas poor me.

The Bridesmaids

I comb her tresses her fair golden tresses,
Nastasia's bright hair Timofeyevna's fair tresses.
I comb and plait it, with ribbon red I twine it,
I will twine her golden hair.
I comb her fair tresses bright golden tresses,
I comb and I twine Timofeyevna's fair tresses,
I bind her tresses I comb them and plait them,
With a fine comb I dress them.

The Bride

Cruel, heartless, came the match-maker,
Pitiless, pitiless cruel one, pitiless cruel one.
She tore my tresses, tore my bright golden hair, pull'd it tearing it.
She tore my hair that she might plait it in
Two plaits, plaiting it in two.
O woe is me, O alas, poor me.

The Bridesmaids

I comb her tresses, her fair golden tresses,
Nastasia's bright hair, Timofeyevna's fair tresses,
I comb and plait it, I comb it and bind up her hair,
With ribbon of bright red, twine it with a ribbon blue.

The Bride

Golden tresses bright, O my tresses fair.

The Bridesmaids

Weep not, O dear one, weep not,
Let no grief afflict thee, my dear one,
Weep no more, Nastasia, O weep no longer, my heart, my Timofeyevna.
Of your father think, your mother's care,
And of the nightingale in the trees.
Your father-in-law, he will welcome you,
Your mother-in-law will bid you welcome
And tenderly will love you e'en as though you were their own dear child.
Noble Fétis Pamfilievitch, in your garden a nightingale is singing,
In the palace garden all day he whispers cooing notes,
'Tis for you, Nastasia, his singing, my dear one,
For you alone his singing, for your delight, your happiness,
For you alone his singing, for your delight, your happiness,
He shall not disturb you sleeping, in time for mass he'll wake you.
Come, come let us make merry from one village to another.
Come, come, dear Nastasia shall be happy,
She must be gay and joyful.
Come!
She should always be of good cheer.
'Neath the little stones a brook flows.
Underneath the stones a little brook is flowing,
Underneath the stones, making loud and happy music.
Loud and gay it sounds like beating drums,
Like beating drums, gaily loudly making music.
So Nastasia Timofeyevna, so in marriage do we give thee,
So we give thee.

The Bride and the Mother

Plait, plait my little tresses,
Plait my hair and bind it with ribbon red,
In plaits bind it tightly.

Podruzhenki / Nevesta

Chesu, pochesu Nastas'inku kosu,
chesu, pochesu Timofeevni rusu,
yeshcho pochesu Nastas'inku kosu
yeshcho pochesu Timofeevni rusu,
a yeshcho pochesu a i kosu zapletu,
alu lentu uplyatu.
Chesu, pochesu Nastas'inku kosu,
chesu, pochesu Timofeevni rusu,
chesu, pochesu rusu kosu chesu
chastnim grebnem raschesu.
Uzh ti lenta moya lentochka,
ala lenta buketova, buketova fioletova ...

[16] KARTINA VTORAYA: U zhenikha

Druzko

Prechistaya mat', khodi, khodi k nam u khat'
svakhe pomogat' kudri raschesat,
Khvetis'evi kudri, Pamfil'icha rusi,
Khodi, khodi nam u khat', kudri raschesat.
Chem chesat', chem maslit da Khvetis'evi kudri?
Chem chesat', chem maslit da Pamfil'icha rusi?
Khodi, khodi k nam u khat'
svakhe pomogat' kudri raschesat,
Kinemsya, brosimsy vo tri torga goroda;
rascheshem, razmaslim Khvetisovi kudri!
Kupim mi, kupim mi paravan'skago masla,
rascheshem, razmaslim Pamfil'icha rusi!
Prechistaya mat', khodi, khodi k nam u khat'
svakhe pomogat' kudri raschesat.
Khodi, khodi k nam u khat' kudri raschesat.
Vichor za vichoru
Khvetis sidel v tiryomu.

Otets

Sidel i Pamfil'ich, chesal rusi kudri.

Roditeli po ocheredi

Vi komu-to kudri dostanetes'?
Dostanetes, kudri, krasnoy devitse?
Oy, vi komu-to rusi dostanetes'?
Chto Nastas'ye Timofeevne.
Uzh ti, Nastyushka, poleley kudri!
Ti poleley rusi, Ti Timofeevna poleley rusi!
Kvas, chto malinoe desyat'yu nalivan!
Ti poleley rusi! Uzh vilis', povilis' na Khvetisu kudri,
vilis', povilis' na Pamfil'ichu rusi.
Zavivala ikh matushka. Zavivala da prigovarivala:
"Bud' ti moyo dityatko belo rummyano,
rumyano i neurochlivo!"
Belo i rumyano kalinoe parilo! Malinoe stirallo!
Na kom kudri, na kom rusiya?
Na Khvetisu kudri rusiya,
na Pamfil'ichya poraschosanniye,
poraschosanniya razbumazhenniya!
Spalat', spatat' otsu-materi,
khorosho ditya vosporodili, umnago i razumnago,
pokornago i poslovnago.

Zhenikh

Prilegayte, kudri rusiya k moemu litsu belomu,
k moemu umu-razumu,
da chto k obychn'yu molodetskomyu.
Privikay, dusha Nastyushka,
k moemu umu-razumu,

The Bridesmaids and the Bride

I will comb Nastasia's fair tresses,
I bind the fair hair of my Timofeyevna,
Once more I comb it and bind it with ribbon,
A ribbon entwin'd about her hair,
Again I will comb Nastasia's fair tresses,
I comb them and twine them, my Timofeyevna,
I twine her fair hair, with a ribbon I bind it,
A ribbon of bright red.
Blue a ribbon blue, and ribbon red,
Bright red, as my own lips are red.
A ribbon blue, as blue as my eyes.

SECOND SCENE: At the Bridegroom's House

The Bridegroom's Friends

Virgin Mary, come, come and aid our wedding,
Come, Mary hear our pray'r, aid us as we comb the fair curls of Fétis.
Virgin Mary come.
Wherewith shall we brush and comb and oil the fair locks of Fétis?
Come, come to aid us, O come Virgin Mary,
O come, Mary aid us, uncurl his fair locks.
Quickly let us to the town and buy some pure, buy some pure olive oil,
And curl his locks, his fair locks.
Come Virgin Mary, come to aid our wedding, aid us now as we uncurl the
bridegroom's locks.
Come, O come and aid us to uncurl his fair locks.
Last night, Fétis sat, sat within his house all the while.

The Father

Last night Pamfilievitch his fair locks sat brushing.

The Parents

Now to whom to whom will these curls belong?
Now, now, to whom, to whom will these curls belong?
Now they will belong to a rosy lipp'd maiden.
do they now, now, belong to her, to the tall one,
To Nastasia, to Timofeyevna.
Now Nastasia pour oil on them.
Do you pour oil on them;
You, Timofeyevna, you pour oil on them.
Oil the fair, the curly locks of Pamfilievitch,
The fair and curly locks.
O the fair, the curly locks of Fétis, the fair and curly locks of Pamfilievitch.
Thy mother curl'd them oft, saying then while she was curling them,
Little son, be you white and rosy cheek'd little son,
My little child, my son.
And another one will curl your locks,
And another one will love you.
Shining locks and curly whose are thy?
O Pamfilievitch lovely locks curly, the locks of Fétis,
well oil'd and lovingly curl'd.
Glory to the father, glory to the mother,
Well have they brought up their wise one obedient, obedient and wise
one obedient.
A clever prudent child.

The Bridegroom

Let my fair curls be in order, upon my white face, in order.
And grow used to young man's ways, my habits, my
dandy young habits are usual there.

da chto k obich'yu molodetskomu.

Khor

A v Moskve, v Moskve-to tem kudryam vzdivovalisya.
Prechistaya Mat, khodi, khodi k nam u khat',
svakhe pomagat', kudri raschesat,
Khvetisevi kudri, Pamfil'icha rusi.
I ti Mater' Bozh'ya, sama Bogorodicha,
pod' na svadbu, pod' na svad'bu
i so vsemi Poostolami!
Pod' na svad'bu i so vsemi angelyami
pod' na svadbu, pod' na svad'bu.
Boslovi Bozha, boslovi Bozha, Bozhun'ka.
Pod' na svadbu! Pod' na svad'bu!

Zhenikh

Boslovit otech' s mater'yu, svavo tsadu,
ko stol'nu gradu pristupit'
kamennu stenu razbit';
svoyu suzhennuyu ponyat'
v sobor, cherkov' skhodit'
serebryan krest potselovat'.
Gde sidit tam Khvetis' gosudar'
tak svechey svetik naydyot.
Bozh'ya milost' Bogorodicha!

Perviy družko

Smotrel'shchiki, glyadel'shchiki,
zevaki i paloshni kolyubaki!
Boslovite-ko vse knyazya novobrashnava!
V put dorozhen'ku yekhati,
suzhenno-ryazhenno vzyat'!
Pod zolotoy venets stoyat'

Khor

Oy! Lebedinoe pero upadalo!
Ivan palo!
Pered teremom upadalo.
Ivan palo!
Upadal Khvetis' pered rodnim batyushkoy,
upadal Pamfil'ich pered rodnoy matyushkoy:
prosit i mne i boslovi
ko Bozh'yu sudu yekhati
k svyatomu venchan'itsu.
Kak privyol Bog pod krestom i tak bi pod ventsom.
Baslavite vse at starava da malava,
Kuzmu Dem'yanu sigrat!
Baslavi Bozha do dvukh porozhden
da stol'ko zhe nam svad'bu sigrat. Oy!
Baslavi Bozha do dvukh porazhden,
baslavi Bozha do dvukh posazhen.
Baslavi Bozha Mikita poputchik,
Mikhala Arcangel, baslavi Bozha
Rozhdestvo Khristova, baslavi Bozha
khrestin baslavyati,
k ventsu atpushchati.
Baslov' Bozha, Bozhun'ka.
Baslov', Bozhun'ka!
Pod' na svad'bu! Pod na svad'bu!
Pod' na svad'bu!
Svyatyy Luka, pod' na svad'bu,
Svyatyy Luka, Svyatyy Luka,
slutsi svad'bu dvukh molodyonikh,
slutsi svad'bu dvukh posazhenikh,
slutsi svad'bu dvukh suzhenikh
i perviy mladen!

Chorus

Ah in Moscow, in the city, dandy young habits are usual there.
Virgin Mary, come, come and aid our wedding,
Aid us to brush the locks, aid us to uncurl the fair locks of Fétis,
Aid us to uncurl the fair locks of Fétis.
Virgin Mary come and aid us to uncurl the fair locks of Fétis.
Holy Mother, come to us, Thyself come we pray Thee.
Come to the wedding, to the wedding,
And with Thee, all the holy Apostles.
Come to the wedding, to the wedding,
Come to the wedding, to the wedding,
And with Thee come all the angels.
Come to the wedding, to the wedding.
Now may God bless us, God bless us all and His Son,
Come to the wedding, to the wedding, to the wedding.

The Bridegroom

Bless me, my father, my mother, bless me,
Your child who proudly goes against the strong wall of stone to break it.
See him, Fétis, the noble Fétis, there,
See him the noble Fétis, there to win his bride, his lady.
So the candles are lighted.
We go now to the church and we kiss there the silver cross,
To invoke our Lady's blessing.

First Bridesmaid

All you that come to see the bride passing by,
All you that come to see the bride passing by, did stay to see her ta'en
away.
Give your blessing, bless the prince upon his way,
The bridegroom who is gone away to meet his bride.
To wed her whose troth is plighted.
On his brow to set a golden crown.

Chorus

Ah, on his brow to set a golden crown.
See there fades the flow'r too.
Falls a white feather, now the flow'r fades,
Fades the flow'r too, now fades the flow'r,
The feather falleth,
So did Fétis kneel down before his own father,
So did Fétis kneel before his mother graciously,
Asking their blessing upon the son who goes to be married,
And may the saints go with him, guarding him,
May the saints go with him too, and keep him in their care.
Lord, O bless us all from oldest to the youngest children.
Saint Damian bless us also.
Bless us Lord, bless the bride and the bridegroom, bless us also,
Virgin Mary comb the fair locks of Fétis,
While we comb and brush the curls of Pamfilievitch.
The oldest, the youngest, O bless us. Ah!
Bless us, O Lord, and bless now our wedding too,
Bless us, Lord, send Thy blessing upon us all.
Bless us, O bless the father and mother, sister and brother.
Bless us, O bless the sister and the brother,
Bless us, we pray Thee, bless all who are faithful,
All who fear and love him.
God protect us, aid us now, God be with us now.
Bide with us, abide with us, abide with us now.
Saint Luke, do thou be with us, bless us, Saint Luke, Saint Luke.
Bless our marriage rites we pray thee,
Bless the couple whom thou hast chosen,
Bless the pair Saint Luke bless them who thou, thou has chosen.
Grant, O grant thy blessing for always,
And to their children.

[17] KARTINA TRET'YA: Provodi' nevesti

Khor

Blagoslavyalsya svetyol mesyats okolo yasnago solnushka,
Blagoslavyalas' knyaginyushka
u gosudarya u batyushki,
u gosudarini matushki.

Nevesta

Blagoslovi menya, batyushka, da na chuzhuyu
storonushku

Otets / Mat'

Pritapelas' svetsa vosku yarago
pered obrazom dolgo stoyutsi.
Pristoyala knaginya skori' nozhen'ki.

Druzhki

Uzh kak boslovili oni devitsu
pered batsuskoy gor'ko platsutsi,
da chto na chetire storonushki
khlebom sol'yu, Spasom obrazom.
Svyat'iy Kuz'ma, pod' na svadbu!
Svyat'iy Kuz'ma Dem'yan pod na svadbu!
Vo gornitse vo svyatlitse
dva golubya na tyablitse.
Svyat'iy Kuz'ma, pod' na svad'bu,
Svyat'iy Kuz'ma, skuy nam svad'bu.
Svyat'iy Kuz'ma, skuy nam krepku,
krepku-tverdu, dolgovechnu,
vekovechnu, s mladosti i do starosti
i do malikh detushek!
Matushka Kuz'ma Dem'yan
po senyam khodila, gvozdi sobirala.
Vo gornitse vo svyatlitse
dva golubya na tyablitse.
Oni p'yut i l'yut, v politri' b'yut,
v tsimbali podigrivayut.
Svyat'iy Kuz'ma, pod' na svad'bu
Svyat'iy Kuz'ma, slutsi svad'bu
s mladosti i do starosti
i do malikh detushek!
Kuz'ma Dem'yan po senyam khodila,
gvozdi sobirala, svadebku kovala.
I Ti, Mat' Bozh'ya, sama Mat' Bozh'ya Bogorodicha,
pod' na svad'bu, slutsi svadbu.
Slutsi svad'bu, slutsi krepku.
I so vsemi s Postolami,
i so vsemi s Angelyami.
I, kak v'yotsya khmel' po tits'yu,
tak bi nashi molodie vilis' drug ko drugu.

*(Provodi' nevesti. Vse udalayutsya. Stsena pusta Vkhodyat materi
zhenikha i nevesti s kazhdoy storoni stseni)*

Materi

Rodimoye moyo dityatko, moyo miloye,
ne pokin' menya goremichnuyu.
Vorotis', vorotis' moya dityatko,
vorotis', moya milaya.
Rodimoye moyo dityatko,
poila bilo ya kormila tebya.
Vorotis', moya milaya,
Zabila ti, dityatko,
na stopke zoloti klyuchi
na sholkovom poyasye.
Rodimoe dityatko ...

(Materi ukhodyat. Stsena pusta)

THIRD SCENE: The Departure of the Bride

Chorus

Brightly shines the moon on high, beside the glowing sun,
Ev'n so the princess liv'd within the palace happily
beside her aged father and her mother,
Happily beside her father and her mother dear.

The Bride

O grant me your blessing, father, for now I go to a
foreign land.

The Father and the Mother

See how bright the candles burn before the ikon, so I have stood before
it long,
So the princess stood awhile and quickly then away she went.

Chorus

So they gave their blessing to their daughter fair,
So she before her father stood weeping,
And to ev'ry quarter of the world I go.
Holding the ikon, holding bread and salt too,
Holding bread and holding salt too.
Thou Saint Cosmos come with us, Cosmos and Damian,
O come with us,
Holy Saint Cosmos O grant that the wedding may prosper,
Enduring from youth unto age, do thou grant that the wedding may
prosper,
Enduring from youth unto age, enduring from youth to old age, to old
age.
To the room where the two little doves are sitting,
Two little doves in a small room,
Holy Cosmos and Damian walked about the hall and came back.
Two our children even unto them.
In the little room, the happy room, the small room,
There are sitting two little doves.
There is singing, dancing, drinking too.
Tambourines sounding, clashing, cymbals are being played.
Long and happy union grant thou them.
May the wedding endure from their youth, from their youth unto old age
and unto their children,
Holy Cosmos and Damian walked about the hall,
They walked about the hall and then they came back.
Virgin Mary, Mother of our blest Savior, grant Thy blessing on this union.
The apostles and all angels, as the hops entwine together,
So our newly married couple cling together,
So our newly married couple cling together,
As one they cling together, as the hops entwine together,
So they cling together, as the hops entwine together.

(Enter the mothers of the groom and bride from either side of the stage.)

The Mothers

My own dear one, child of mine, little one, my little one,
Do not leave me, my dear one, come again to me, my
little one.
My own my child, dear child of mine.
Ah, do not leave me lonely, come back, come back, my
dear one, my little one,
Child have you forgot, dear one, have forgot the golden
keys are hanging,
Hanging the golden keys hanging there,
My own little child, dear one.

(The mothers go out.)

[18] CHAST' VTORAYA: Kartina chetvyortaya: Krasniy stol

Khor

Yagoda s yagodoy sokatilasya,
yagoda yagode poklonilasya.
Yagodka krasna, krasna!
Zemlyanichka spela, spela!
Yagoda yagode slovo molvila,
yagoda ot yagodi ne vdali rosla.
Odna-to yagoda Khvetisushka sudar',
a drugaya yagoda, Nastas'yushka dusha.
Vesyl, vesyl khodit i Fyodor Tikhnavich.
Nashol, nashyl zolot perstin,
zolot s daragim si kamenem.
Yuniy, yuniy khodit Palagey Stanovich,
poteryal zolot perstin,
Palagey Spanovich,
poteryal zolot perstin,
zolot s daragim si kamenyam.
Yuniy, yuniy, yuniy
Palagey khodit Spanich.
Poteryal zolot perstin,
z daragim si kamenyam.
Letala gusinya, letala!
Letala seraya, letala.
A yagoda yagode poklonilasya,
yagoda yagode slovo molvila.
Krii'ya primakhala, mazoli potirala.
Stolbi skolikhala, Boyar probuzhdala.

Otets zhenikha

Vot tebe, zhana, ot Boga sazhdana.

Khor

Sey lyon da kanapli.
Ay, mi tebe Nastyushka, govorili
Sprashivay s neyo rubashki da portki!

(*Mat' nevesti podvodit yeyo k svoemu zyatyu*)

Mat' nevesti

Zyatik moy lyubezniy, vruchayu tebe docheryu lyubeznuyu.

Khor

Sey lyon da zamashki,
sprashivay s neyo rubashki,
poy, kormi da odevay,
da na rabotu otpravlay!

Otets

Rubi drova, spravashivay shchi.

Khor

Lyubi, kak, dushu, tryasi kak grushu!
Boyare vstavali v charki nalivali,
gostey obkhodili, Marye podnosili:
"Vipey, Matushka, skushay Kharitonovna!"
"Ne p'yu, ne kushayu, boyar ne slushayu."
"Kabi bil Simeon?"
"Ya bi spila, skushala,
boyar poslushala."
Oi ti, gusinya zvonkaya, kitayskaya!
Uzh ti gustinya zvonkaya,
gde pobivala i chto videla?
"I ya bil na sinem na mori, na mori, na 'zere.
Na tom li na mori, na 'zere
lebyed' belaya kupalasya,
lyu-li, na belo palaskalasya."
Bil li beloy lebyad' na mori?
Videl li ti, beloy lebyodku?"

FOURTH SCENE: The Wedding Feast

Chorus

Berries two there were on a branch, they fell to the ground,
One berry bows to another berry one.
Ai, louli, louli, louli! Loschenki, ai louli,
A red, a very red one, and a strawberry did ripen,
Ai Loschenki, louli.
And one berry to another spoke sweetly,
Close one berry grew to another, close to it,
And one berry represents the noble bridegroom, Fétis,
And the other, Nastasia, 'tis the white one.
So gaily gaily goes he, Fyodor Tichnovitch,
I found a ring, found a golden ring, ring of gold set with precious stones.
Who comes here so gaily? Palagy Stanovitch,
Who is't comes here so gaily? Palagy Stanovitch.
I have lost, lost the golden ring with jewels set, with precious stones.
Oh, oh, poor me, oh, poor Palgy, Oh, poor Palagy no more is gay,
Nor more is he gay, oh, poor Palgy.
Flying comes a gray, a little goose.
One red berry bows to another red berry,
One red berry spoke to another red berry.
Flying comes a gray, a little goose,
Flying comes a gray goose, little goose, flying comes a gray goose.
Now its wings are beating, its tiny feet are scratching,
Making clouds of dust rise, making all the nobles.

The Bride's Father

Now behold your wife, whom God hath given you.

Chorus

And what did we tell you, dear Nastasia?
Your wife must sew and spin, she must keep the linen
and sew and spin the flax white and sew it too.

(*The bride's mother leads her to her son-in-law.*)

The Bride's Mother

To you I entrust her, my son-in-law, I entrust her my daughter dear.

Chorus

Let her sew the linen, food you shall give her and clothe her,
Give to eat and to drink,
And set her to work, you feed her and clothe her and bid her work.

The Father

You saw the logs. Ask again. (clap)

Chorus

Love her and shake her like a pear tree and love her.
They are come our nobles, fill the flowing goblets,
Round the tables going fill the flowing goblets,
Going round among the guests and toasting Mary.
Drink thou little mother, eat thou Maritovna.
I do not drink, I do not eat, I listen here,
Listen to the nobles as they eat and drink their wine.
If our Simon were here,
O you gay, noisy chatt'ring goose, where have you been?
Noisy goose, where have you been and what did you see there?
A Chinaman? Where have you been, what did you see there?
I have been far away at sea, the blue sea and the lake of blue,
Away upon the sea.
A swan-neck'd maiden in the sea was bathing, washing there her
Sunday dress.
A little white swan did you see there and did you see a little white swan.
And how should not I have seen the sea, not I have seen the sea?

"Da i kak zhe mne da na mori, na mori ne b'ivat',
da i kak zhe mne lebyodushki ne vidat?
U lebedya lebyodyushka pod krilom,
u lebedya kosataya pod krilom,
u Khvetisa-to Nastas'yushka pod bochkom,
u Khvetisa Timofeevna pod krilom."
Dva lebedya, dva belikh plavali,
na mori plavali, bel'ye plavali

Odin iz družhek (*neveste*)

Ay, chem zhe ti, oy chem. Nastas'yushka udala?

Nevesta

Ya po poyas vo zolote obvilas',
zhemchuzhnie makhorchiki do zemli.

Khor

Okh, poynik, propoynik
Nastin batyushka propil svoyu chadu
za vinnuyu charu.
Svat'yushki, povorashivaytes',
podavayte nevestu, zhenikh skuchaet!
Na vinnoy charochke, Na medovoy stopochke!

Tot zhe družhka

Krasni devitsi, pirozhniya masteritsi,
gorshechniya pagubnitsi,
zhonushki possiviya, zheni podkhiliya,
maliya rebyata, gorokhovi tati,
markovnie pagubniki! Poyte pesni!

(*Zhenikhov družhka v'birayet iz poezghan odnogo muzha I zheny I vedyet
ikh obospat' dlya molodikh postel'*)

Khvetisushka skazhet: "Spat khochu."
Nastas'yushka molvit: "i ya s tobey."
Khvetisushka skazhet: "korovat' tesna."
Nastas'yushka molvit: "budet s nas."
Khvetisushka skazhet: "deyalo kholodno."
Nastas'yushka molvit: "budet teplo."
To Khvetisu pesenka, da chto yasnomu sokolu
i so beloy lebyodushkoy, svet Nastas'ey Timofeevnoy.
Sl'ishish' ti Khvetis Gospodin?
Sl'ishish' ti Pamfil'evich mi vam pesnyu poyom,
mi vam chest' vozdayom.
Ne lezhi u krute berege.
Ne sidi, Savel'yushka, vo besedushke,
sryazhay svadebku Khvetisavu! Okh!

Poezzhane

Okh, na izbe zel'ya, u v izbe vesel'ya.
Za stolom boyare, oni myod, vino pili, rechi govorili:
u menya svadebka na divo suryazhena,
devyati varov pivo vareno,
a desyat'iy var zelena vina.
Vedut Nastas'yushku na chuzhu storonu.
Na chuzhoy storone umeyuchi devke,
umeyuchi zhit'! Vse pokornoy devke, vsyo pokornoy bit'.
Pokornoy golovushke vezde lyubo-khorosho.
I staromu i malomu vsyo nizkiy poklon.
Molodim molodushkam ponizhe etova.
Po ulitse, yulitse da po shirokoy yulitse
khodil, gulyal molodets molodoy.
Svyazal svoyu golovu
shlyapoy pukhovoyu lentoy lilovoyu
Po zelyonom sadu, po Nastinam sledam,
glyadel, smotrel Khvetisushka
na Nastyushku svoyu: u moyey, u Nastyushki
pokhodochka chastaya, shubochka novaya,
opushka bobrovaya.

How should not I have seen the sea, seen the little swan.
Ay, beneath his wing the swan doth hide his mate.
Two swans, two white swans in the sea were swimming in the sea, two
swans.
Ay, and Fétis holds Nastasia right tenderly,
And Fétis holds his bride to him tenderly.

First Bridesmaid

And you Nastasia, what have you done?

The Bride

I have donned a golden belt,
It is plaited with pearls that trail and hang down to the ground.

Chorus

Now all you who are come to the feast,
Lead the bride in, the bridegroom is waiting, lonely,
Holding a goblet of rare old wine, a rare goblet.
O you merry old rogue, Nastasia's father, you,
He has sold his child for wine, for flowing goblets.

Tenor

You fair maids, and you pastry-cooks, and you plate-washers,
You good-for-nothings, good-for-nothings, you chatterboxes,
All you lazy wives, you foolish ones,
And all you naughty ones who are among the wedding guests,
Raise your voices. (spoken)

(*One of the friends chooses among the guests a man and his wife, and
sends them to warm the bed for the bridal pair.*)

Hear the bridegroom saying "I would sleep now"
And the bride replying "Take me with you,"
Hear the bridegroom saying "Is the bed narrow?"
And the bride replying, "Not too narrow."
Hear the bridegroom saying, "How cold are the blankets?"
And the bride replying "They shall warm them."
'Tis to thee Fétis sing we now this little song,
And to the little dove, the white one, to Nastasia, to our Timofeyevna,
too.
Dost hear us, hearest thou Fétis, dost hear us, Pamfilievitch.
We are honoring you, we sing our song to you.
Do not lie thus by the steep river bank,
Ay, sit down, Savelyoushka,
In a summer house, a wedding prepare now for Fétis.

The Guests

In the farm house see how jolly a feast is held,
Nobles sat at table drinking honey and wine,
And all the while made speeches,
Merrily, O merrily, our wedding went truly.
Nine kinds of beer, the good wife had prepared,
But the tenth is finest, the best of all.
Our Nastasia goes away, to dwell afar-off, in a distant country.
Wisely shall she live there and in happiness let her be
submissive, let her be obedient.
She who knows how to be obedient, always is happy.
Bow then courteously, both to the old and the young ones.
To the very youngest maidens you must bow lower.
In the garden green there, Fétis stood and look'd
Upon the marks of his Nastasia's feet, his own Nastasia.
A smart young dandy, a dandy went a-walking down the street,
Down the long wide street walking.
On his head he wore a fine furry cap for winter.
My Nastasia walks very quickly and her new little coat,
It is lined with the fur of martens cosily.

Druzhki

Nastya chernobrovaya!

Odin iz družhek

Nu-ka rodimiy batyushka,
ryumochku vipivay!

Ostal'niye družhki i zhenshchini
Ryumochku vipivay! Molodikh odaryay!
Nashikh molodykh odaryay,
nashim molodim mnogo nado,
oni khotyat domishkom zhit', domishka pribavit',
na uglu banyu postavit'. Ti zaydyosh' da poparish'sya,
a posley tovo pokhvalish'sya: vot kak stali nashi molodiye-to zhit'!
Gor'ko! Okh, nel'zya pit'!

(Zhenikh i nevesta tseluyutsya)

Khor

Nu-zhe, nu-zhe, nu ryumochku vipivay,
a nashikh molodikh daryay!
Eta, eta, eta, khot' kuda, eta i taper' stoit rublya,
a kak, yey, yey boka nadut', za etaku i dva, dva dadut.
Khot' byi tak, khot' bi tak, khot' bi rublikov khot' by pyat.,
A kogda budet tvoya chest', khot' bi rublikov, khot' bi shest'.
Volga-reka razlivaetsya, zyatik i vorot ubivaetsya:
"Akh tyoshsha moya, tyoshsha laskovaya!"
Ay, vi družhki slepi
chto devka detinke boka protolkala...
... u kletochku zvala?

(Obogrevayushchiye postel' vilezayut iz neyo. Fetisa i Nastas'yu vedut k posteli, ukladivayut ikh, zapirayut dver' i ostavlyayut odnikh.)

Vse

Pastel' moya, karavatushka! Na karavatushke perinushka,
na perinushke u 'zgolov'itsa, u 'zgolov'itsa odialitsa,

(Roditeli zhenikha i nevesti usazhivayutsya na skam'ye pered dver'yu.
Vse obrashcheni k nim litsom.)

Bas

Pastel' moya, karavatushka! Na karavatushke perinushka,
na perinushke u 'zgolov'itsa, u 'zgolov'itsa odialitsa,
pod 'dialitsom dobriy molodets, dobriy molodets Khvetisushka,
Khvetis Pamfil'evich.
Vorobey vorobku paru et posadivshi na karavat',
Khvetisushka Nastas'yushka tseluit',
yon tseluit-miluit, na ruchku kladyot,
na ruchku kladyo, ki serdechku zhmyo:
"Akh ti dushka, zhyonushka,
dannaya moya poglyaden'ya, nochnaya moya zabava,
pazhivom mi s tobey kharashenichka,
chtobi, lyudi nam zavidivali.

(Zanaves opuskaetsya medlenno v prodolzhenie vsey posleduyushchey muziki)

The Friends (speaking)

Black her brows and beautiful.

One of the Friends (speaking)

Now then, you old man, come and drink a little glass of wine,
Drink a good glass of wine.
The Men, the Friends and the Women
Toast the happy married couple, for our married ones need many things,
They want to have a little house, increasing their home,
A bath will they build for themselves there.
You come and have a bath, afterwards you will be heated.
So did our married pair begin their happy days together.
Now then! Now then!
Drink to their health, drink and toast our pair.

(The bride and bridegroom embrace each other.)

Chorus

Drink again, toast the pair, and embrace the two.
This one, this one, this one, this is good, this one even now costs a rouble,
But if you squeeze it in your hand, squeeze it tightly, it costs double that.
I don't care, I don't care at all though it costs as much.
Now the river Volga overflows,
And before the gate I hear one calling,
Oh mother dear, my mother dear who calls me.
All you silly maidens tell me who the maiden was who ruled her true love.

(Those who are warming the bed go out. Fétis and Nastasia are conducted to the bed and laid in it, after which they are left alone, and the door is shut.)

All

Lovely little bed where I lay me down,
How soft the pillow where I lay my head.

(The two fathers and mothers settle themselves on a bench before the door, everybody facing them.)

Bass Voice

Soft the pillow where I lay my head,
Folded in the soft blankets, folded in the blankets, the blankets warm,
See our Fétis there, Pamfilievitch.
The little sparrow first makes his nest, then takes his mate to be with him.
Fétis holds Nastasia and kisses her, his bride,
Kisses her and holds in his hand her little hand.
Holds her hand and presses it upon his heart,
Holds her hand and lays it upon his heart.
Dear heart, little wife, my own dearest treasure,
My sweet, my honey.
Dearest flow'r and treasure of mine, fairest flow'r sweetest wife,
Let us live in happiness so that all men may envy us.

(The curtain falls slowly.)

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