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

**The Bride**
Tress my tress, O thou fair tress of my hair,
Of 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 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 garden is singing,
In the palace garden all day he whispers cooling 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,
’Tis for you, Nastasia, his singing, my dear one,
In the palace garden all day he whispers cooling notes,

**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 garden is singing,
In the palace garden all day he whispers cooling notes,
’Tis for you, Nastasia, his singing, my dear one,
For you alone his singing, for your delight, your happiness,
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’Tis for you, Nastasia, his singing, my dear one,
In the palace garden all day he whispers cooling notes,

**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 garden is singing,
In the palace garden all day he whispers cooling 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,
’Tis for you, Nastasia, his singing, my dear one,
In the palace garden all day he whispers cooling notes,

**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 garden is singing,
In the palace garden all day he whispers cooling 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,
’Tis for you, Nastasia, his singing, my dear one,
In the palace garden all day he whispers cooling notes,

**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 garden is singing,
In the palace garden all day he whispers cooling 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,
’Tis for you, Nastasia, his singing, my dear one,
In the palace garden all day he whispers cooling notes,
Podruzhenki / Nevesta

Chesu, pochesu Nastas's'inku kosu,
chesu, pochesu Timofeev'n rušu,
yeshcho pochesu Nastas's'inku kosu
yeshcho pochesu Timofeev'n rušu,
a yeshcho pochesu a i kosu zapletu,
alu lentu uplyatu.
Chesu, pochesu Nastas's'inku kosu,
chesu, pochesu Timofeev'n rušu,
chesu, pochesu rušu kosu chesu
chastn'imum grebnem raschesu.
Uzh ti lenta moya lentochka,
ala lentu uplyatu.
Khveti side s' in tiryomu.

Otets

Sidel i Pamfil'ich, chesal rusi kudri.

Roditel po ocheredi


Zhenikh

Preligaye, kudri rusiya k moemu litsu belomu,
k moemu umu-razumu,
da chto k ob'y ch'yu molodetskomu.
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 entwined 'bout 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 Bridesmaids and the Bride'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.
Where with 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 Timofeevnaya.
Now Nastasia pour oil on them.
Do you pour oil on them;
You, Timofeyevnaya, 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.

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 molodetskому.

**Khor**

A v Moskve, v Moskve-to tem kudryam vzdziovalisya.  
Prechistaya Mat', khodi, khodi k nam u khati',  
v svakeh pomogat', kudri raschesat',  
Khvetisiev kudri, Pamfil'icha rusi.

I ti Mother Bozh'ya, sama Bogorodicha,  
pod na svadbu, pod' na svad'bu  
i so vsemi Poostolami!

Pod' na svad'bu!  
Pod' na svad'bu! Pod na svad'bu!

**Zhenikh**

Boslavi otchi s mater'yu, svavo tsendu,  
kx stof'nu građa pristupit'  
kamennu stenu razbit':

svoyu suzhennyyu ponyat'  
v sobor, cherkov' skhidit'  
serebryan krest potselovat'.

Gde sidit' tam Khvetis' gosudar'  
take sveyet' svetlik naydyot.

Bozh'ya milost' Bogorodicha!

**Perviy družko**

Smotre'shchiki, glyade'shchiki,  
zevaki i paloshnï kolyubaki!

Pod' na svad'bu, pod' na svad'bu.

**Khor**

Oy! Lebedinoe pero up  
May the Saints go with him, guarding him,  
Asking their blessing upon  
Lord, O bless us all from oldest to the youngest children.

And may the Saints go with him, guarding him,  
Asking their blessing upon  
Lord, O bless us all from oldest to the youngest children.

**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 Fétes,  
And aid us to uncurl the fair locks of Fétes.

Virgin Mary come and aid us to uncurl the fair locks of Fétes.  
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,  
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, Fétes, the noble Fétes, there,  
See him the noble Fétes, 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, his brow to set a golden crown.  
See there fades the flow'r too.  
Fades the flow'r too, now fades the flow'r,

The feather faileth,  
So did Fétes kneel down before his own father,  
So did Fétes 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 Fétes,  
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.

Bride with us, abide with us, abide with us now.


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 TRETYA': Provodi nevesti

Khor
Bлагославляясь святым месяцем около ясного солнушка,
Bлагославялас' knyagininyushka
u gosudarya u batyuushki,
u gosudar'ini matushki.

Nevesta
Bлагослови меня, батюшкаго, да на чужхую сторонушку

Otets / Mat'
Pritapelas' svetsa vosku yarago
pered obrazom dolgo stoyutsi.
Pristoyala knaginya skorï nozhen'ki.

Druzhki
Uzhi kak boslovili oni devitsu
pered batsuskoj gor'ko plagutsi,
kholbolom sol'yu, Spasom obrazom.
Svyatiy Kuz'ma, pod' na svadbu!
Svyatiy Kuz'ma Dem'y'an pod na svadbu!
Vo gornitse vo svyatlitse
dva golubya na tyablitse.
Svyatiy Kuz'ma, pod' na svad'bu,
Svyatiy Kuz'ma, skuy nam svad'bu.
Svyatiy Kuz'ma, skuy nam krepu,
krepku-tverdu, dolgovechnu,
vekovechnu, s mladosti i do starosti
i do mal'kich detushek!
Matushka Kuz'ma Dem'y'an
po senyam khodila, gvozdi sobirala.
Vo gornitse vo svyatlitse
dva golubya na tyablitse.
Oni p'yut i l'yut, v politri b'yut,
v tsymbali pod'grivayut.
Svyatiy Kuz'ma, pod' na svad'bu
Svyatiy Kuz'ma, slutsi svad'bu
s mladosti i do starosti
i do mal'kich detushek!
Kuz'ma Dem'y'an po senyam khodila,
gvozdi sobirala, svadetku kovala.
I Ti, Mat' Bozhi'ya, sama Mat' Bozhi'ya Bogorodicha,
pod' na svad'bu, slutsi svad'bu.
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 vils' drug ko drugu.

(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: Kartinata chetvyortaya: Krasnîy stol

Khor
Yagoda s yagody sokatilasya,
yagoda yagode poklonilasya.
Yagodka krasna, krasna!
Zemlyanichka spela, spela!
Yagoda yagode slovo molvila,
yagoda ot yagodi ne vdlî rosila.
Odna-to yagoda Khvetisuska sudar',
a drugaya yagoda, Nastas'yushka dusha.

Vesyol, vesyol khodit i Fyodor Tikhnavich.
Nashol, nashyol zolot perstin,
zolot s daragim sï kamenem.
Yunïv, yunïv khodit Palagey Stanovich,
poteryal zolot perstin,
Palagey Spanovich,
poteryal zolot perstin, zolot s daragim sï kamenem.

Khor
Sey lyon da kanapli.
Ay, mi tebe Nastysyushka, govorili
Sprashivay s neyo rubashki da portki!
(Mat' nevesti podvodit yeyo k svoyemu zyatyu)

Mat' nevesti
Zyatik moy lyubeznîy, vruchayu tebe docheryu lyubeznuyu.

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

Otets
Rubî drova, spravashivay shchi.

Khor
Lyubi, kak, dushu, tryasi kak grushu!
Boyare vstavali v charki nalivali,
gostey obkhodili, Marye podnosili:
"Vïpey, Matushka, skushay Kharitonovna!"
"Ne p'yu, ne kushayu, boyar ne slushayu."
"Ya bï spila, skushala, boyar poslushala." 
Oti, gusïnya zvonkaya, kitayskaya!
Uzh ti gusïnya zvonkaya,
gde pobïvala i chto videla?
"I ya bïl na sinem na mori, na mori, na 'zere.
Na tom li na mori, na 'zere
lebyed' belaya kupalasya,
ilu-li, na belo palaskalasya."
Bil li beloy lebyed' na mori?
Videl li ti, beloy lebyodku?"

OTETS ZHENIKA
Vot tebe, zhana, ot Boga sazhdana.

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 chattering 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 bivat”,
da i kak zhe mne lebyoduskhi ne vidat?
U lebedya lebyodyushka pod kritom,
u lebedya kosataya pod kritom,
u Khvetisa-to Nastas'yushka pod bochkom,
u Khvetisa Timofeevna pod kritom.”
Dva lebedya, dva belikh plavali,
a mori plavali, bel'ye plavali

Odniz druzhek (neveste)
Ay, chem zhe ft, oy chem. Nastas'yushka udala?

Nevesta
Ya po poyas vo zolote obvivas',
zhemchuzhniye makhorchiki do zemli.

Khor
Okh, poynik, poprynyk
Nastin batyushka propil svoyu chadu
za vinnuyu charu.
Svat'yushki, povorashivaytes',
podavaytes' nevestu, zhenikh skuchat!
Na vinnoy charochke, Na medovoy stopochke!

Tot zhe druzhka
Krasni devitsi, pirozhnaya masteritsi,
gorshechnaya pagubnitsi,
zhenushki possiviya, zheni podkhilya,
malya rebaty, gorokhovati,
markovnaye pagubniki! Poyte pesni!

(Zhenikhov druzya vibiraet iz poezzhan odnogo muzha I zhenu I vedyot
ikh obopast' diya molodikh postel')

Kvetsisushka skazhet: “Spat khochu.”
Nastas’yushka molvit: “I ya s tobyo.”
Kvetsisushka skazhet: “korovat’ tesna.”
Nastas’yushka molvit: “budet s nas.”
Kvetsisushka skazhet: “deyalo kholodno.”
Nastas’yushka molvit: “budet teplo.”
To Kvetsis’ pesenka, da chto yasnomu sokolu
i so beloy lebyodyushkoy, svet Nastas’eey Timofernevoy.
Slishsh’ ti Kvetsy Gospodin?
Slishsh’ ti Pamfil’e MV mi yasnuu poyom,
i vam chесть vozdayom.
Ne lezhi u krute berege.
Ne sidi, Savel’yushka, vo besedushke,
snyaysh bi a sobedub bi Kvetsisavu! Okh!

Poezhhane
Okh, na izbe zel’ya, u v izbe vesel’ya.
Za stolom boyare, oni myod, vino plili, rechi govorili:
"u menya svadebka na divo suryazhena,
devyat varo pivo vareno,
a desyat’ var zelena vina.
Vedut Nastas’yushku na chuzhu storonu.
Na chuzhoj storone umeyuchki deyce,
umeyuchki zhit’! Vse pokorny devke, vsyo pokorny bit’.
Pokorny golovushke vezde lyubo-khoro esto.
I storonu i malomu vsyo nizkiy poklon.
Modolim moloudushkam ponizhi etovo.
Po ulits, uylitsa da po shirokoy uylits
khodil, gulyal moloudets molody.
Svyazal svoyu golovu
shlyapoy pukhovoy lentoy iliyoyu
Po zelyonom sadu, po Nastinam sledam,
glyadel, smotrel Kvetsisushka
na Nastyushku svoyu: u moyee, 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 Féts holds Nastasia right tenderly,
And Féts holds his bride to him tenderly.

First Bridesmaid
And you Nastasia, what have you done?

The Bride
I have donn’d 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 maidens, 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 the Féts 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 Féts, 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 Féts.

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.
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.

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And the bride replying “They shall warm them.”
’Tis to the Féts 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 Féts, 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 Féts.

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
But the tenth is finest, the best of all.
Our Nastasia goes away, to dwell afar
And Féts holds Nastasia right tenderly,
And Féts holds his bride to him tenderly.

First Bridesmaid
And you Nastasia, what have you done?

The Bride
I have donn’d 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 maidens, 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 the Féts 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 Féts, 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 Féts.

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 maidsen you must bow lower.
In the garden green there, Féts 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 chemobrovaya!

**Odin iz druzhek**
Nu-ka rodimy batyushka, ryumochku vipivay!

Ostal'niiye druzhki i zhenshchin'i
Ryumochku vipivay! Molod'kh odaryay!
Nashikh molodykh odaryay,
nashim molodim mnogo nado,
oni khotyat domishkom zhit', domishka pribavit',
a ugliu banyu postavit'. 'Ti zazyrosh' da poparish'sya,
a posley tovo pokhvalish'sya: vot kak stali nashi modol'nye-to zhit'!
Gor'ko! Okh, nel'zya pit'!

*(Zhnenikh i nevesta tseluyutsya)*

**Khor**
Nu-zhe, nu-zhe, nu ryumochku vipivay,
a nashikh molod'kh daryay!
Eta, eta, eta, khot' kuda, eta i tapers' stoit rubiya,
a kak, yey, yey boka nadut', za etaku i dva, dva dadut.
Khot' byi tak, khot' bi tak, khot' bi rublikov khot' by piyat.,
A kogda budet toya chest', khot' bi rublikov, khot' bi shest'.
Volga-reka razlivayetsya, zyatik i vorot ubivaetsya:
"Akh tyoshsha moya, tyoshsha laskovaya!"
Ay, vi druzhki slepi!
chto devka detinke boka protolkala…
… u kletochku zvala?

*(Obogrevayushchii postel' vilezayut iz neyo. Fetisa i Nastasia'yu vedut k posteli, ukladayut ikh, zapirayut dver' i ostavlyayut odnikh.)*

**Vse**
Pastel' moya, karavatushka! Na karavatushke perinushka,
na perinushke u 'z golov'itsa, u 'z golov'itsa odiyalitsa,

*(Roditeli zhenikha i nevesti usazhivayutsya na skami pered dver'yu. Vse obrashchenn k nim li tsom.)*

**Bas**
Pastel' moya, karavatushka! Na karavatushke perinushka,
a perinushke u 'z golov'itsa, u 'z golov'itsa odiyalitsa,
po 'dialitsom dobr'y molod'ets, dobr'y molod'ets Khvetisushka,
Khvetis Pamfil'evich.
Vorobyey vorobku paruet posadivshi na karavat',
Khvetisushka Nastas'yushka tseluit',
yon tseluit - miluit na ruchku kladyot,
a ruchku kladyo, ki serdekhu zhmoyo:
"Akh ti dushka, zhonyushka,
dannaya moya poglyadeniya, nochnaya moya zabava,
pazhivyom mi s toboy kharashenichka,
chothi, liyud nam zaviylavi.

*(Zanaves opuskaetsya medlenno v prodolzhenie vsey posleduyushchey muziki)*

Words & Music by Igor Stravinsky

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