

ONDINE



RACHMANINOV

**MONNA VANNA (ACT I)
SONGS**

**MOSCOW CONSERVATORY OPERA SOLOISTS,
STUDENTS CHOIR AND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

**SOILE ISOKOSKI
VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY**



Sergei Rachmaninov

SERGEI RACHMANINOV (1873–1943)

MONNA VANNA,

(38:06)

unfinished opera (1908)

Act I

- | | | |
|---|--------------|---------|
| 1 | Introduction | (1:18) |
| 2 | Scene I | (4:51) |
| 3 | Scene II | (14:31) |
| 4 | Scene III | (17:24) |
- (Orchestration by Gennady Belov, b. 1939)

Moscow Conservatory Opera Soloists:

Monna Vanna – Evgeniya Dushina (soprano)

Guido Colonna – Vladimir Avtomonov (baritone)

Marco Colonna – Dmitry Ivanchey (tenor)

Borso – Edward Arutyunyan (tenor)

Torello – Mikhail Golovushkin (bass)

Moscow Conservatory Students Choir and Symphony Orchestra

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY, conductor

SONGS

- | | | |
|----|--|--------|
| 5 | By my window (<i>U moyego okna</i>), Op. 26/10 | (1:58) |
| 6 | Sad night (<i>Noch' pechal'na</i>), Op. 26/12 | (2:05) |
| 7 | The lilacs (<i>Siren'</i>), Op. 21/5 | (1:32) |
| 8 | The rat-catcher (<i>Krysolov</i>), Op. 38/4 | (2:24) |
| 9 | Vocalise, Op. 34/14 | (5:40) |
| 10 | How nice this place is (<i>Zdes' khorosho</i>), Op. 21/7 | (1:46) |
| 11 | Dream (<i>Son</i>), Op. 38/5 | (3:01) |

SOILE ISOKOSKI, soprano

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY, piano

Monna Vanna:
Recording: Live at the Grand Hall of the Moscow Tchaikovsky Conservatory, Russia,
June 17, 2009

Sound Direction, Editing & Mastering: Ruslana Oreshnikova
Sound Engineers: Igor Solovyov, Dmitry Kovyzhenko

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RACHMANINOV: MONNA VANNA & SONGS

The Belgian playwright, poet and essayist Maurice Maeterlinck was one of the most influential literary figures of the closing years of the 19th and the opening of the 20th century, but his work lives on principally in the remarkable number of musical compositions that his writings inspired in his composer-contemporaries. Most of his plays were turned into operas at one time or another, but it was especially his early symbolist work of the 1890s that inspired musicians, with their vague, fairy-tale settings, their characters powerless against the mysterious forces of fate, their spare dialogue in which far more is suggested than is explicitly stated. Here was a dramatic style in which music could evoke the strangeness and melancholy of the milieu, and use its own power of suggestion to augment the enigmas of the dialogue. Perhaps the most famous example is Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande* (1892), which inspired at least four masterpieces: the opera by Debussy, incidental music by Fauré and Sibelius, and a symphonic poem by Schoenberg. *Ariane et Barbe-Bleu* (1899) became the basis of the opera by Paul Dukas.

With the three-act lyric drama *Monna Vanna*, published and first acted in 1902, Maeterlinck entered a new phase of his development as a dramatist. Here the action is anchored in historical times (the end of the 15th century, in Pisa, Italy), the characters have more in the way of free will, and Maeterlinck's stagecraft encompasses dramatic situations and reversals of a more conventionally effective kind. The play was much admired on its first appearance, and it is perhaps unsurprising that Sergei Rachmaninov should have started to set it as an opera in 1907, less than a year after he had conducted the premiere of his last completed opera, *Francesca da Rimini*, after Dante, which also has an Italian setting.

Rachmaninov's career as an opera composer had been a distinctly chequered one. Though he made several beginnings he completed only three operas – *Aleko* (1892), *The Miserly Knight* (1903–5) and *Francesca da Rimini* (1900–1905) – and none has entered the repertoire: despite his obvious gift for writing highly-charged dramatic music, each is problematical to stage, and none has a very effective libretto. *Monna Vanna* – which would have been his only opera in several acts – would prove to be his last attempt in the genre, and yet what remains of it is perhaps the most promising of Rachmaninov's operatic projects. He had been very struck by the dramatic success of Richard Strauss's *Salome*, and perhaps hoped to achieve something similar. During 1907, while living in Dresden, he worked on

three major new works: his Second Symphony, a Piano Sonata, and *Monna Vanna*. He began to set Maeterlinck's play in vocal score, with only piano accompaniment; the adaptation of Maeterlinck's original was made for him by his close friend, the singer Mikhail Slonov (1868–1930), who had already helped Rachmaninov over another still-born operatic project, based on Flaubert's *Salammô*.

It was only after he had set Act 1 of the drama, and was endeavouring to cut down the huge libretto Slonov had provided for Act 2, that Rachmaninov actually approached the author for permission to set the entire play. It was then that he discovered that Maeterlinck had already granted the rights for an operatic treatment to the French composer Henry Février (1875–1957): Février's treatment, for which Maeterlinck himself acted as the librettist, was eventually staged in 1909. The result of this was that an opera by Rachmaninov would be barred from production in those countries that were signatories to the copyright laws covering Maeterlinck's works – effectively, the whole of Europe except for Russia. It was probably this consideration that prompted Rachmaninov to abandon work on *Monna Vanna* after having made a few sketches towards the second act.

This last operatic fragment by Rachmaninov languished in obscurity for many years, although he always maintained a high regard for it (it was the only major score he took with him into his exile in the USA after the 1917 revolution). It was Rachmaninov's cousin and sister-in-law, the botanist and geneticist Sophia Satina (1879–1975), who asked the conductor Igor Buketoff to prepare a performing edition. Buketoff's edition and orchestration of Act I was eventually premiered in New York in 1984 with the Philadelphia Orchestra. More recently, a new orchestration has been made by Gennady Belov, and this is the version we hear on the present CD.

The name Monna (or Mona, i.e. Lady) Vanna seems to have originated in 12th-century Tuscany as a feminine form of the name Giovanni. In Dante's *La Vita Nuova* Vanna is a Florentine Lady who is the best friend of his beloved Beatrice, and her name means 'Springtime'. In art she has been seen as a woman pure yet sensual, as in the painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti and also the renaissance painting by Salai, a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, which is a nude version of the latter's Mona Lisa.

In Maeterlinck's play Vanna is the wife of Guido Colonna, military commander of Pisa, which is under siege by Florentine forces led by the mercenary general Prinzivalle. Since his childhood Prinzivalle has loved Vanna, whom he once knew; she had loved him too, but since has all but forgotten him. In the 3-act scheme of the work, Act 1 is something of a Prelude to the main action. Rachmaninov prefaces it with an orchestral introduction and divides it into three scenes, using only five characters

and, briefly, the chorus. The scene-setting Scene 1 presents Guido, with his lieutenants, Torello and Borso, discussing the attack upon Pisa. In Scene 2 Guido's aged father Marco, who has been acting as go-between, brings news that Prinzivalle has declared he is willing to feed the starving Pisans and even double-cross his own army provided Monna Vanna is sent out to his tent at night, naked except for a cloak; and she has agreed. Vanna now enters, hailed by the chorus of citizens of Pisa for her willingness to sacrifice herself for them. In Scene 3, the confrontation between Vanna and Guido, he first urges her not to go, for she will be giving herself into adultery, then agrees she can go after all, so that she can assassinate Prinzivalle. When she refuses, he accuses her of never having loved him. Vanna begs Guido to understand, but he orders her to leave and Act 1 closes with Vanna turning and slowly departing.

This is as far as Rachmaninov's opera-fragment extends. In the subsequent acts Vanna, clad only in a mantle, goes to Prinzivalle's tent, where she recognizes him as her childhood lover. He re-awakens their old love, which she eventually realizes is purer and more powerful than her feelings in marriage to Guido. But Prinzivalle is surrounded by enemies, and at dawn she brings him back to Pisa for safety. But the insanelly jealous Guido, burning to be revenged on Vanna, has Prinzivalle thrown into a dungeon to be tortured. Vanna begs to be allowed to be his torturer, so that Guido surrenders the key of the dungeon to her; but she uses it so that she and Prinzivalle will escape together.

It is clear that Rachmaninov had a deep feeling for the mood and atmosphere of Maeterlinck's play, and that he was better able to evoke the inter-personal drama (between Guido and Vanna) than in his previous operas. His treatment of the libretto tends towards music-drama – that is, a continuous fluid vocal style that moves seamlessly between recitative and arioso: but though there are brief, aria-like moments there are no set-piece arias, and no big memorable themes. Probably material heard in embryo in Act 1 would have been treated more expansively in Acts 2 and 3. The orchestral part, though he left it un-scored, displays certain affinities with the style of his exactly contemporary Second Symphony. Altogether, *Monna Vanna* remains a fascinating fragment, a kernel of great promise that might have flowered into Rachmaninov's most important operatic achievement.

It is perhaps surprising that Rachmaninov never composed a wholly successful opera, considering his splendid achievement as a composer of songs. He wrote eighty songs, from his earliest years to his full maturity, which show increasing mastery of the medium. His preferred texts were taken from Russian romantic poets which allowed him to display his gift for memorable, long-spanned melodies

and opulent, sometimes illustrative piano parts. The end of the 19th century was a difficult period for Rachmaninov, beginning with the notorious critical failure of his First Symphony in 1897 and a long, crippling depression only surmounted in 1901 by the composition and triumphant reception of his Second Piano Concerto. There are few songs from these years: he only returned to song-writing in earnest in the Spring of 1902, around the time of his marriage to Natalya Satina, and the resulting 12 Songs Op. 21 are generally acknowledged to be among his most spontaneous utterances. The superb No. 5, *The lilacs*, was one of Rachmaninov's personal favourites, and he later made a concert transcription of it as a piece for solo piano that he often performed in his recitals. The text speaks of the search for happiness, and the setting, although it starts out in hopeful vein, leaves impression that the desire and longing for beauty is finally unfulfilled. Op. 21 also marks a new and subtler stage in his integration of vocal and piano lines. This feature is obvious in No. 7, *How nice this place is*, to verses by the poetess Glafira Galina, where the exquisite vocal line is wedded to an accompaniment of rare refinement and delicacy. It describes a pastoral scene where young lovers have come to be alone with nature and themselves, and Rachmaninov actually composed it while on honeymoon with Natalya.

The set of 15 Songs, Op. 26 which Rachmaninov completed in 1906 takes his integration of vocal melody and accompaniment yet further, the piano sometimes taking over or filling in gaps in the vocal line so that the two are closely interwoven in a single melodic continuum. We see this in No. 10, *By my window*, another setting of a Glafira Galina poem. In her poem a cherry tree sings wordlessly of love near the poet's window. The melody and mirroring accompaniment that Rachmaninov found for the words are amongst the most beautiful in the Op. 26 set. No. 12, *Sad night*, portrays the poet's hopeless longing for happiness: the composer here provides an appealingly mournful melody and deft contrapuntal accompaniment.

Two important song-collections, Opp. 34 and 36, remained to be composed, and they show Rachmaninov, in the years immediately preceding the October Revolution of 1917, beginning to choose his texts from more contemporary and progressive poets in what would in retrospect come to seem like a golden age of radical and exciting Russian poetry. The *Vocalise* was written in April 1912 for voice and piano and, dedicated to the singer Antonina Nezhdanova, published as the last of Rachmaninov's Fourteen Songs, Op. 34, most of which were written after it. It is conceived as in a single huge melodic paragraph, its main theme suggesting something of a Baroque, Bach-like serenity with subtle Russian

inflections. Presenting as it does the voice as a pure 'instrument', it is a classic demonstration of the power of melody without the need for any words. Rachmaninov revised the work in September 1915 and also made versions for cello (or violin) and piano as well as an orchestral transcription.

The Six Songs Op. 38, Rachmaninov's last set of songs, was composed between September and November of 1916, during the depths of World War I, shortly after the death of Rachmaninov's father, and only a few months prior to the abdication of Tsar Nicholas II and the establishment of the Kerensky government. The songs were virtually the last music he wrote before his self-imposed exile that began in Autumn 1917. And for once Rachmaninov's choice was exclusively from contemporary poets: Alexander Blok, Andrei Byely, Konstantinin Balmont and others all of whom were members of the Russian symbolist movement that held sway in the salons of St Petersburg at the turn of the 19th and 20th centuries.

Wit comes to the fore in *The rat-catcher*, a poem by Bryusov that Rachmaninov treats not only with virtuosity but with incisive characterisation, biting accents, and hints of popular music. It's impossible not to wonder if a little of Stravinsky's *Petrushka* hasn't rubbed off on this song. Beginning in tranced contentment, *Dream* comes nearest to the familiar image of the Romantic Rachmaninov, with its rippling, surging accompaniment and nostalgic vocal line.

Malcolm MacDonald

Moscow Conservatory Symphony Orchestra was founded in September 2007, quickly becoming an integral ensemble in the musical life of Moscow, and opening every concert season in the Big Hall of the Moscow Conservatory. Conductors who worked with the orchestra include Mikhail Pletnev, Vladimir Ashkenazy, Aleksandr Rudin (as conductor and soloist), and many others. Among performers who worked with the orchestra there are such names as Natalya Gutman, Nikolay Petrov, Aleksey Lyubimov, Vladimir Ivanov, and Tigran Alikhanov. Twice the orchestra accompanied Moscow performances of Placido Domingo. The artistic director and chief conductor of the orchestra is Professor Anatoly Levin.



VLADIMIR AVTOMONOV



EVGENIYA DUSHINA



DMITRY IVANCHEY



SOILE ISOKOSKI

Moscow Conservatory Students Choir began its performances in 1924, under the direction of Mikhail Ippolitov-Ivanov and Konstantin Saradzhev. During 1979–91, it began its tours within and beyond Russia – Hungary, Germany, Poland, and France. Works performed during those years included Sergey Taneyev's *Twelve Choruses*, Dmitry Shostakovich's *Ten Choral Poems*, and works by Modest Mussorgsky and Rodion Shchedrin. The choir worked with such famous conductors as Gennady Rozhdestvensky, Vladimir Ashkenazy, and Claudio Abbado.

The choir is committed to performing Russian classical choral works by Tchaikovsky, Taneyev, Rimsky-Korsakov, Gretchaninov, Kastalsky, Chesnokov, and contemporary works by Sidelnikov, Ledenev, Shchedrin, Schnittke, and others, including world premieres by Butsko and Sidelnikov. The choir took part in a number of international festivals, and was invited on a number of occasions to perform at the international music festival 'April Spring', where it received Grand-Prix and gold medals for its outstanding performances. In 2008 the choir performed Russian works and Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* in the USA.

Moscow Conservatory Opera Theatre began its activity in 1869, when Nikolay Rubinstein directed the group's performance of Glinka's *A Life for the Tsar*. With the premiere of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* in 1879, a tradition was established of opening every season of the opera theatre with this work.

Since 1933, singers who finish the conservatory stay at the theatre for three years, perfecting their stage craft. Until 1990s the theatre had a programme of international exchanges with Europe and the USA. Currently the theatre gives 25 performances a year. Graduates of the Moscow Conservatory who worked with the opera theatre, have been successful in performing on the leading stages in the world, such as La Scala, Wiener Staatsoper, the Met, Opera-Bastille, and many others.

Soile Isokoski is recognized as one of the world's finest lyric sopranos and regularly appears on the most renowned stages. She has delighted audiences and critics alike at opera houses in Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, London, Milan, Paris, and New York, and at the festivals of Salzburg, Savonlinna, Edinburgh, and Orange. In addition, Isokoski has worked with numerous distinguished conductors and received many awards for her recordings.



VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY

One of the few artists to have combined a successful career as a pianist and conductor, Russian born **Vladimir Ashkenazy** first came to prominence on the world stage in the 1955 Chopin Competition in Warsaw and as first prize winner of the Queen Elisabeth Competition in Brussels in 1956. Since then he has built an extraordinary career, not only as one of the most renowned and revered pianists of our times, but as an artist whose creative life encompasses a vast range of activities and continues to offer inspiration to music-lovers worldwide.

Conducting has formed the largest part of his activities for the past 20 years. He is currently Music Director of the European Union Youth Orchestra and Conductor Laureate of the Iceland Symphony Orchestra, the Philharmonia Orchestra and NHK Symphony Orchestra. He has also previously held posts as Principal Conductor and Artistic Adviser to the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Chief Conductor of both the Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin and the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, and Music Director of NHK Symphony Orchestra. Ashkenazy maintains strong links with a number of other major orchestras with whom he has built special relationships over the years including The Cleveland Orchestra (of whom he was formerly Principal Guest Conductor), San Francisco Symphony and the Helsinki Philharmonic Orchestra, as well as making guest appearances with many other major orchestras and ensembles around the world.

Vladimir Ashkenazy has built an extraordinarily comprehensive recording catalogue and is featured on several Ondine releases; he has recorded Dvořák's Symphony No. 9 "From the New World" and works by Richard Strauss with the Czech Philharmonic as well as Bruckner's Symphony in F minor with the DSO Berlin. Recordings with the Helsinki Philharmonic Orchestra include Berlioz's Harold in Italy, Josef Suk's Asrael Symphony and Rautavaara's Third Piano Concerto "Gift of Dreams", commissioned by Ashkenazy as a concerto which he could conduct from the piano. August 2013 also saw the release of a disc featuring Shostakovich's The Execution of Stepan Razin, Zoya Suite and Suite on Finnish Themes. Orchestration by Gennady Belov.

www.vladimirashkenazy.com

LIBRETTO

Sergei Rachmaninov

Monna Vanna, Act I

Libretto by Mikhail Slonov after Maurice Maeterlinck's play, translated by Emil Mattern and Antony Vorotnikov.

Russian version of the text edited by Ludmila Kovaleva-Ogorodnova.
English translation by Anastasia Belina-Johnson.

Roles:

Guido Kolonna, chief of Pisa garrison

Monna Vanna (Giovanna), Guido's wife

Marco, Guido's father

Borso, lieutenant

Torello, lieutenant

(Prinzivalle, hired general of Florentine army)

2. Stsena 1

Guido:

Nastal konets respubliki Pizanskoj!
Tri mesyatsa, kak mī osazhdenī i terpim golod.
Prokhodī vse i vīkhod iz tesnin v rukakh vragov;
I dum otrypadam voysk, nam poslannikh na pomoshch',
Put' pregrazhdyon; oni osazhdeni.
Teper' mī bezzashchitnī i pogibnem.
Soldatī i narod vsego yeshchyo ne znayut.
Nadezhdami o pomoshchi zhivut.
Chto budet, kol' oni uznayut pravdu?
Nichto togda ne smozhet ikh sderzhat'.
Nachnyotsya bunt, i vrag vorvyotsya v gorod.

Borso:

U voinov moikh vsyo istoshchilos', ni puli, ni
strelī net ni odnoy.

Torello:

A pushki Printsivalle v nashikh stenakh
Takuyu bresh' probili, chto baranov
Tseloye stado proydyot svobodno. Nayomniye
voyska
Mne ob'yavili, chto vse oni uydut,
Kol' vecherom sergodnya dogovor o sdache
Zaklyuchyon ne budet.

2. Scene 1

Guido:

The end of the republic of Pisa is here!
We have been surrounded and starving for three
months.
All exits and paths are controlled by the enemy;
The two squads were sent to help us,
But they were intercepted and surrounded too.
Now we will die defenseless.
Soldiers and people do know it yet.
They live in the hope of being rescued.
What will happen when they find out the truth?
Nothing will hold them back.
They will revolt, and the enemy will storm the city.

Borso:

My warriors run out of everything: they have not
one bullet or arrow left.

Torello:

Prinzivalle's cannons
Made such holes in our walls, that
A whole herd of sheep will pass through them
freely.
Hired squads told me that they will all leave,
If an agreement to surrender
Will not be reached this evening.

Gvido:

Sin'yoria

Poslala tryokh stareyshikh uzhdesyat' dney nazad
Prosit' poshchadi, no k nim oni s otvetom
Ne vernulis'. Poslal ottsa rodnogo ya nedavno
Zalozhnikom svyashchennim k Printsivalle,
No moy otets k nam tozhe ne vernulsya.

Borso:

Ponyat' ya Printsivalle ne mogu.
Chto medlit on, na pristup ne idyot?
Boitsya zapadni, ili prikaz takoy yemu bil dan?

Gvido:

Na nas Florentsiya poslala ne bez tseli,
Izbrav vozhdym nayomnikov svoikh svirepogo
mezh vsemi
Printsivalle.

Torello:

He videl nikogda ya Printsivalle,
No brat moy znal yego. Khot' skromnogo on roda,
No ne takoy dikar', kak vse ego schitayut,
I slovu svoyemu vseгда on veren.
Vruchil emu bez strakha ya oruzhiye svoyo.

Gvido:

Ne otdavay,
Poka ono tebe zashchitoy sluzhit. Uvidim mi
Na dele, kto bil prav. Teper' ostalas' nam odna

Guido:

Signoria sent three elders ten days ago
To plead for pity, but they have not returned
With an answer. I recently sent my own father
As an honoured hostage to Prinzivalle,
But my father also did not return.

Borso:

I cannot understand Prinzivalle.
Why does he hesitate and does not attack?
Is he afraid of a trap, or is he following orders?

Guido:

Florence sent him to take us,
Having chosen not without reason
The vicious leader Prinzivalle for its hired army.

Torello:

I have never met Prinzivalle,
But my brother knew him. Even though he is not
of noble birth,
He is not as savage as everyone thinks,
And he always keeps his word.
I would entrust him with my sword.

Guido:

Do not give your sword to him,
While it still defends you. We will see

Poslednyaya popîtka: mî istinu dolzhnî otkrît'
Soldatam i grazhdanam respublikî Pizanskoy.
Pust' znayut vse, chto nam ne predlagali
V plen sdavat'sya, a zhydot nas vperedî
Bor'ba uzh ne na zhizn'—na smert'!
Poshchadî ne budet nikomu, a nashi zhyonî...

3. Stsena II

Vkhodit Marko. Gvido, uvidev yego, obnimayet:

Otets! Vernulsya tî kakim-to chudom?
Uzh ya davno nadezhdu poteryal!
Ne ranen tî? Chto zh tikho tak idyosh'?
Tî pît'koy izuvechen? Bezhal ot nikh?
Chto sdelali s toboy?

Marko:

Khvala tvortsu! Ne varvari oni...
Pochyotnîm gostem ya prinyat bil u nikh.
Sam Printsivalle chital moi tvoren'ya,
Govoril so mnoy o tekhn Platona dialogakh,
Chto mnoy naydenî... i, schast'ye! Ya vstretil
Tam yeshchyo drugogo, kogo uvidet' zhazhdal
Mnogo let. Yego zovut Marchile Fichino.
Mî vstretilis' kak brat'ya. Besedu mî veli
S nim o Gomere, Aristotele, Sokrate...
Nedavno on na beregu Arno otkrîl

Who is right. Now we have one last attempt:
We must find the truth
For the soldiers and citizens of Pisa republic.
Let everyone know that we were not asked
To surrender, but that a battle awaits us
Not for life, but death!
No one will be spared, and our wives...

3. Scene II

Marco enters, and Guido embraces him:

Father! By what miracle have you returned?
I lost hope long ago!
Are you hurt? Why are you walking so slowly?
Have you been tortured? Did you escape?
What did they do to you?

Marco:

Glory to the Maker! They are not savages...
I was treated as an honoured guest.
Prinzivalle himself read my works,
Spoke with me about Plato's dialogues,
The ones I have discovered... And, oh, happiness!
I met there another, whom I wanted to see for so
many years.
His name is Marcilio Ficino.
We met as brothers. We spoke
About Homer, Aristotle, Socrates...

V peske pribreznom klad schastiiviy:
Bogini tors bessmertnoy krasofi.
Klyanus', chto, uvidav yego, zabili v bi pro voynu.
Mi stali dal'she rit', i ya nashyol
Dve kisti ruk prekrasnikh, ikh sozdal skul'ptor
tol'ko
Dlya togo, chtob vizvat' na ustakh
Ulubku schast'ya, v vecherniy tikhiy chas laskat'
zaryu,
Il' seyat' na tsveti, kak slyozh, rosu...

Gvido:

Otets moy! Vspomnim mi, chto nash narod ot
goloda,
Stradaniy umirayet.

Marko:

Ti prav! Ya pozabil voynu
V to vremya, kogda krugom tsarit vesni
dikhan'ye,
Siyayet schast'yem nebo goluboye, sverkayet
more,
Tochno chasha svyata. I vsyo v prirode lyubit i
zhiviyot!
O, da! U vas zaboti yest svoi, ya zh govoril lish
o moikh.
Ti prav, i vest', s kotoroy ya vernulsya,
Ya dolzhen bil totchas zhe peredat'.
Ona spasyot vse tridsat' tislyach zhizney,
Lish' oskorbiv odnu, no dav vozmozhnost' yey

Recently he found on the shores of Arno
A treasure in the sand:
A bust of an immortally beautiful goddess.
I swear that you would forget about the war if you
saw it.
We started to dig further, and I found
Two beautiful wrists, made only
To elicit a smile of happiness on one's lips,
To caress dawn in a quiet evening hour,
Or sprinkle dew on flowers, as if it were tears...

Guido:

My father! Remember that our people
Are dying of suffering and hunger.

Marco:

You are right! I forgot about the war
At the time, when the breath of Spring reigns,
When the blue sky radiates happiness, when the
sea
Glistens like holy grail. Everything in the nature
loves and lives!
Oh yes! You have your happiness, while I talked
only about my own.
You are right, and the news that I bring,
I should have told you at the beginning.
It will save thirty thousand lives,
While only offending one, but it will offer
An opportunity to become immortally glorious,

Pokriŭsya takoy bessmertnoy slavoy,
Chto kazhetsya mne chishche i prekrasney,
Chem slava vsej voyni. Chto, moy sin, ti
znayesh,
Dobrodetel'yu schitayut vse, vernost',
tselomodriye...
Oni...

Guido:

Otets, proshu tebya, ostav' zagadki
I pryamo nam skazhi, s chem ti prishyol.

Marko:

Pust' tak, moy sin. Ya videl Printsivalle.
I s nim ya govoril. Ya dumal vstretit'
Nadmennogo, bezumnogo gluptsa, kovarnogo,
razvratnogo...

Guido:

Takov on yest'!

Marko:

...No vstretil pred soboy
Ne to, chto ozhidal. On predo mnoy pochtitel'no
sklonilsya,
Kak uchenik. Sluchaynosti, a mozhet bit',
Sud'ba k oruzhiyu napravili yego, i s slavoyu
svyazali
Yego imya. Yego on nenaividit i khotel bi
Rasstat'sya s ney, no ne ran'she, chem

Which I think is more pure and more beautiful
That the glory of war. My son,
They hold in high esteem loyalty and virtue...
They...

Guido:

My father, I plead, leave your riddles
And tell us what news you bring.

Marco:

Of course, my son. I met Prinzivalle.
I spoke with him. I thought that I would meet
A mad fool, arrogant, treacherous, deprived...

Guido:

He is like that!

Marco:

...But I met someone I did not expect.
He bowed before me with respect,
Like a pupil. Perhaps a chance, or fate,
Made him pick up his sword, and his name
Became famous. He hates it, and wants to bid
farewell
To his glory, but not before
His wish, perhaps fatal, is granted.

zhelan'ye, odno zhelan'ye,
Mozhet rokovoye, ispolnitsya dolzhno.

Guido:

O, vspomni,
Moy otets, golodniim tyazhko zhit'.
Skazhi spasen'ya slovo, chto ti nam obeshchal.

Marko:

Pravda, sin moy, Pravda! Ya medlyu, mozhet bit',
Ne bez prichin. Ti prav! Spasyot to slovo vsekh,
No dum, kogo lyublyu vsego na svete bole,
Ono budet zhestokim.

Guido:

Chto mne sud'ba poshlyot,
Ya vsoy to primimayu, skazhi mne, kto drugoy?

Marko:

Tak slushayte vniimatel'no menya.
Vsyo to, chto mozhet dat' pobedu nam,
Gotov prislat' seychas zhe Printsivalle.
Oboz s vinom i khlebom, s voyennimi pripasami
povozki,
Stada ovets, bikov i porokh v bochkakh.
Vsyo eto budet zdes' segodnya v chas zakata,
Kogda ti soglasish'sya Printsivalle
Poslat' na noch' tol'ko odnu, i uzh s rassvetom
Otpustit on yeyo nazad. Ego uslov'ye:

Guido:

Oh, remember, my father,
The starving are suffering.
Say the word of salvation, which you promised
to bring!

Marco:

This is true, my son! I delay
Without reason. You are right! The word will save
Everyone, but it will be vicious
To the two people I love the most.

Guido:

I will accept everything my fate gives me,
But who is the other?

Marco:

Listen carefully.
Prinzivalle is ready to help us and send
Everything that will bring us victory.
Bread and wine, arms, herds of sheep,
Bulls, and gunpowder.
All this will arrive tonight,
If you agree to send to Prinzivalle
For one night the only one, and he will let her go
At dawn. His only condition:
She has to come alone... and naked...

Odna dolzhna idti... I bez odezhdi...
Pod mantiyey svozey.

Guido:
No kto zhe? Kto?

Marko:
Dzhiovanna.

Guido:
Kto? Zhena?

Marko:
Ya vsyo teper' skazal.

Guido:
No pochemu zh ona?
Yesť zhenshchiniĭ drugiye!

Marko:
Ona prekrasney vsekh,
I lyubit on yeyo.

Guido:
On lyubit, ti skazal?
No gde zh yeyo on videl? Yeyo ved' on ne znayet!

Marko:
Net, videl li yeyo, davno li, ne skazal.

Under her cloak.

Guido:
But who? Who?

Marco:
Giovanna.

Guido:
Who? My wife?

Marco:
I said everything.

Guido:
But why her?
There are other women!

Marco:
She is the most beautiful,
And he loves her.

Guido:
You said he loves her?
But when did he see her? He does not know her!

Marco:
No, he did not tell me whether he met her.

Guido:
No videla l' ona?

Marko:
Net, ne vidala Vanna,
Ona yego ne pomnit.

Guido:
Pochyom ti eto znayesh'?

Marko:
Ona skazala mne.

Guido:
Kogda, kogda, skazhi?

Marko:
Pred tem, kak ya k tebe prishyol syuda,
Moy sin.

Guido:
I ti yey vsyo skazal?

Marko:
Da, vsyo.

Guido:
Kak? Vsyo? I ti reshit'sya mog pro etot
Dogovor besstidniy yey skazat'?
Chto otvechala Vanna?

Guido:
Did she meet him?

Marco:
No, Vanna did not meet him.
She does not know him.

Guido:
How do you know?

Marco:
She told me.

Guido:
When, tell me?

Marco:
Before I came to see you,
My son.

Guido:
And you told her everything?

Marco:
Yes, everything.

Guido:
What? Everything? How could you tell her
About this shameful agreement?
And how did she reply?

Marko:

Ona ne otvechala,
No, poblednev, umolkla, i tikho udalilas'.

Guido:

O, da! O, da! Tak luchshe! Ona bi ne mogla
bezhat',
Ili upast' k nogam tvoim, il' plynut'
V litso tvoyo. Tak luchshe! Ona
Lish' poblednela i udalilas'... Vanna!
I angefi otvetili bi tak zhe!
Idyomte zhe, druz'ya! I yesli umeret'
Nam suzhdeno sud'boy, umryom, ne zapyatnav
Pozorom svoyo imya!

Marko:

Imeyesh' li ti pravo
Otdat' na smert' narod? Ti zabivayesh,
Chto zhizney tsiyachi, ved' eto slishkom mnogo!
Ispolnit' dolzhen ti bezumtsa predlozhen'ye.
Kto nas perezhiviot i vzvesit eto delo
Spokoyno, chelovechno, klyanus',
Tot nazovyyot tebya togda geroyem! Pover' mne,
To zabluzhden'ye chto verkh otvagi smert'
I chasto umeret' nam legche, sin, chem zhit'.

Guido:

Dovol'no, moy otets! Skazat' mogu ya to,
Chego ne dolzhen otsu sin gorovit'.

Marco:

She did not reply,
But grew silent and pale, and left quietly.

Guido:

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! This is better! She could not
run,
Or fall at your feet, or spit in your face.
This is better!
She just grew pale and left... Vanna!
Angels would have responded in this way too!
Let us go, friends! If we are destined to die,
We will die honorably!

Marco:

Do you have the right
To send your people to their death? You forget
That a sacrifice of thousands of lives is too
much!
You must obey the madman's proposal.
Those who survive and look at your predicament
With kindness and compassion,
Will call you a hero! Believe me,
It is not true that the height of bravery is death
And often it is easier to die than live.

Guido:

Enough, father! I must say something
That no son should tell his father.

Marko:

Skazhi, moy sin! Moya lyubov' k tebe
Ot slov tekh ne zavisit! No luchshe dopusti,
Chtob razum, sostradan'ye pronikli v tvoyu
dushu
Vzamen proklyatiy strashnikh.

Gvido:

Mi zdes' odni, otets,
Nikto ne budet snat' o slabosti tvoyey, i oba
Ofitsera tu taynu sokhranyat.
Khranit' yeyo nedolgo, chas smerti blizok...

Marko:

Net, sin moy! Uzh slishkom pozdno
Moy golos zaglushit' teper'.
Sin'yori Pizi naverno obsuzhdayut,
Chto Printsivalle predlozhit.

Gvido:

No kto zhe
Im skazal?

Marko:

Ya sam.

Gvido:

Ne mozhet bit',

Marco:

Tell me, my son! My love for you
Does not depend on words! But it would be better
If you let reason and compassion into your soul
Instead of terrible curses.

Guido:

We are alone here, father,
No one would know about your weakness,
And the two officers will keep the secret.
They will not need to do it for long, the hour of
death is near...

Marco:

No, my son! It is too late
To silence me.
Signoras of Pisa are certainly discussing
Prinzivalle's proposal.

Guido:

But who told them about it?

Marco:

I did.

Guido:

It cannot be so,

Ch'tob smerti strakh bezumniy tebya tak pomutil?
Ch'tob ti zabit' vsyo mog: lyubov' moyu,
I schast'ye i radost', i vsyo otdat'
V chuzhiye ruki? Net! Ne veryo zhe!
Tebya ya tak lyubil! Ya dumal, ch'to tebya
Ya znayu khorosho... Teper' ya s uzhasom
smotryu
Na grustnoye chudovishche, ch'to topit nas
V gryazi svozey!

Marko:

Moy sin! Ti pravdu govorish'!
Menya ti malo znal. Kak chasto mi
Zhivom sred' tekha, kogo mi lyubim, i vsyo zhe
mnogogo,
Ch'to nado bi skazat', mi im ne govorim.

Guido:

Ya schastliv, ch'to uznal tebya tak pozdno.
Uzh ya predchuvstvuyu, ch'to viberut sin'yori.
Legko nayti spasen'ye, lish zhertvuya odnoy!
No ya otdam im krov', i nochi, vse trud'i,
Stradaniya osadi. Dovol'no s nikh, dovol'no!
Ch'to u menya ostalos', vsyo mne prinadlezhit,
I ya povinovat'sya ne stanu nikomu!

Marko:

Sin'ori Pizi, sin, kotorikh prezirayesh',

That the threat of death affected your mind so
much?

Could you forget my love,
Happiness, and joy, and give it all away
To a stranger's hands? No! I don't believe it!
I loved you so much! I thought
That I knew you well... Now I look with horror
At this disgusting monster,
Who is drowning us in its filth!

Marco:

My son! You speak the truth!
You did not know me well. How often
We live with those we love, but withhold
The little things that we should tell them.

Guido:

I am happy that I got to know you so late.
I know what signoras will choose.
It is easy to find salvation by sacrificing only one
person!
But I will give them blood, nights, labours,
And suffering of ambush. Enough for them,
enough!
What is left to me is mine,
And I will not obey anyone!

Marco:

You hate signoras of Pisa, my son,

Reshen'ya ikh ne znaya, naprotiv, proyavili
Oдно lish' blagorodstvo. Kogda ya ukhodil,
Oni prizvali Vannu i goroda sud'bu v yeyo otdali
ruki.

Guido:

Kak! Smeli povtoryat' nechistiye slova
bezumnogo satira
Moyey oni Dzhiovanne? On trebuyet: odna priyti
dolzhna
Pod mantiyey nagaya! O, proklyat'ye!
Otday yemu krasu, k kotoroy prikosnut'sya
Nikot yeshchyo ne smel! I ya, yeyo suprug,
Ne priblizhayas, boyalsya oskorbit' yeyo
Neskromnim vzorom, dvizheniyem odnim...
Tak ti skazal, oni yeyo lish' zhdut soglas'ya!
Kto zh sprosit u menyа soglas'ya moyego?

Marko:

A ya, moy sin! Kogda ya ne dob'yus' yego,
Pridut oni.

Guido:

Puskay! I Vanna
Puskay otvetit za nas dvoikh.

Marko:

Nadeyus'.
I yesli soglasish'sya s yeyo reshen'eym ti...

Without knowing their decision.
On the contrary, they showed their noble spirit
By placing the fate of the city into Vanna's hands.

Guido:

What! They dared to repeat the words
Of the mad buffoon to my Giovanna? He demands
that she should come
Naked under her cloak! Oh, curse!
He wants a beauty, whom no one yet
Dared to touch! And I, her husband,
Am afraid to offend her with an impolite look,
With one movement...
You said they are waiting for her decision!
But who will ask for my permission?

Marco:

I will, my son! If I do not obtain it,
They will come for it.

Guido:

Let them!
Vanna will respond for both of us.

Marco:

I hope so.
And if you agree with her decision...

Guido:

I t'i yeshchyo v somnen'i? No ya ne
somnevayus'.
Yeyo reshen'ye zdes' ya slepo povinuyus'.
Reshit ona ne tak, kak ya, to eto znachit,
Chto vsya nasha lyubov' lish' lozh' bila odna!
I rushit'sya dolzhna! I vsyo, chto v ney lyubil,
Chto strastno obozhal, vsyo bilo v golove
Bezumnoy u menya! V neschastnom, bednom
serdtse,
Lyubivshem prizrak.

4. Stsena III

Khor:

Monna, Monna Vanna!
Monna Vanna! Monna Vanna! Monna Vanna!
Monna Vanna! Monna Vanna! Monna Vanna!

Vkhodit Monna Vanna

Guido:

O, Monna Vanna! Ikh slov ne povtoryay!
Day mne vzglyanut' v litso tvoyo i ochi...
Oni ostalis' chisti i svetli... Ya veryu:
Chistota ochey tvoikh takoye more sveta i lyubvi
Mezh nimi prolila, chto tvoy otvet oni prochli
V ochakh tvoikh prekrasnikh. Teper' vzglyani
syuda:
Vot tot, kogo otsom zovu. On golovu sklonil,

Guido:

And you still in doubt? I am certain.
I blindly obey her decision.
If she decides differently from me, that means
That our love was all a lie!
And it should be destroyed! And all that I loved
in her,
All that I passionately adored, all that was
In my mad imagination! In my sad, poor heart,
Which loved a phantom.

4. Scene III

Chorus:

Monna, Monna Vanna!
Monna Vanna! Monna Vanna! Monna Vanna!
Monna Vanna! Monna Vanna! Monna Vanna!

Monna Vanna enters.

Guido:

O, Monna Vanna! Do not repeat their words!
Let me look at your face and into your eyes...
They are clear and pure... I believe:
The purity of your look lets flow such sea of love
and light
Between them, than they read your answer
In your beautiful eyes. Now look here:
This is the one I call father. He bowed his head,

I volosi' sediye upali na litso yego.
On star uzhe, i nas ponyat' ne mozhet.
I za oshibki mi prostim yego.
Nasha lyubov', kak nad skaloy granitnoy
Nad nim dozhdym vesennim prolilas'.
No on ne ulovil lucha lyubvi i potseluyev nashikh
Ne zametil. On dumayet, chto lyubim mi,
Kak ty, kotoriye ne lyubyat. Slova nuzhni,
Chtob ponyal on! Skazhi yemu otvet.

Monna Vanna:
Otets moy, ya poydu.

Marko:
Ya eto znal.

Gvido:
Kak?
Chto skazala ti? Otvet, bit' mozhet, tol'ko
Dlya nego tvoy bil'?

Monna Vanna:
I dlya tebya on, Gvido!
Ya povinuyus'.

Gvido:
Komu zhe, Vanna? Ved' ya yeshchyo ne znayu...

And his grey hair fell onto his face.
He is old, and he cannot understand us.
We will forgive him his mistakes.
Our love will rain over him,
Like a spring shower rains over a cliff.
But he did not catch the ray of love and did not
notice
Our kisses. He thinks that we love
Like those, who do not love. We need words
Which he would understand! Give him your
answer.

Monna Vanna:
My father, I will go.

Marco:
I knew it.

Guido:
What?
What did you say? Maybe your answer
Was only for him?

Monna Vanna:
It is also for you, Guido!
I will obey.

Guido:
Whom will you obey, Vanna? I do not know...

Monna Vanna:
Segodnya vecherom poydu ya v lager'
Printsivalle...

Guido:
Tak khochet on?

Monna Vanna:
Da!

Guido:
Chtob umeret' s nim vmeste,
ubiv yego? Ya ponyal tak.

Monna Vanna:
Yego ya ne ub'yu, nash gorod budet vzyat.

Guido:
O, Vanna! Ti li eto? Yego ti lyubish'? Lyubish'?
Skazhi, davno yego ti lyubish'?

Monna Vanna:
Yego ne znayu ya.

Guido:
Ti slishala o nyom? Tebe skazali...

Monna Vanna:
...Chto on starik.

Monna Vanna:
Tonight I will go to the camp of Prinzivalle...

Guido:
This is what he wants?

Monna Vanna:
Yes!

Guido:
To die with him, first
having killed him? I understand thus.

Monna Vanna:
I will not kill him: our city will be conquered.

Guido:
O, Vanna! Is this you? Do you love him?
Tell me, how long have you loved him?

Monna Vanna:
I do not know him.

Guido:
Have you heard about him? You were told...

Monna Vanna:
...That he is an old man.

Gvido:

On ne starik! On molod, on krasiv... Molozhe on menya...

Zachem inogo on ne potreboval ot nas?

Ya b s radost'yu poshyol tuda. Popolz bi' na kolenyakh,

Chtob gorod togda nash spasti. Potom ushyol bi' s ney

Vdvoym brodit', kak nishchiy, iz kraya v kray

Vselennoy, i milostiney zhit'. Ne veryu ya,

O, Vanna! Ne ti skazala eto. Ottsa te rechi.

Ti vidish', vse vnimayut, ne znaya nichego.

Skazhi, chtob znali vse, kak lyubish' to menya,

Rassey tyazhyoliy son, narush' eto molchan'ye...

Skazhi ti slovo im, kotoroye ya zhdu,

Il' vsyo vo mne razrushish'?

Monna Vanna:

Chto tyazheley tebe, chem mne,

Ya zanyu, Gvido.

Gvido:

Kto lyubit, tot nesoyt

Vsyu tyagost' na sebe. Menya ti ne lyubila,

Kogda dala soglas'ye idti tuda. No znay,

Ya tvoyo mogu rasrushit'. Ved' ya zdes' gospodin,

Guido:

He is not an old man! He is young and

beautiful... He is younger than me...

Why did he ask so much of us?

I would have gladly gone there. I would have crawled there,

In order to save our city. And then I would wander

Together with her, like a beggar, from end to end of the Universe,

And live only from what people would give us. I

do not believe,

Oh, Vanna! You did not say that. This is father's

words.

You see, everyone is listening, but they do not know anything.

Tell me, so that everyone hears, how much you love me,

Wake me up from this terrible dream, break this silence...

Say the word that I await,

Or would you destroy everything in me?

Monna Vanna:

I know that it is more difficult for you

Than for me, Guido.

Guido:

Who loves, he carries

All burden. You did not love me

When you agreed to go there. But beware,

I can destroy everything. I am the chief here.

Zapru tebya v tyur'mu, zapryachu v
podzemel'ye...
I budu zhdat', poka potukhnet vsyo plama,
Zhelan'ye okhladeyet. Vzyat' yeyo seychas zhe!
Nu chto zhe? Povinuytes'!

Monna Vanna:
Znayesh, Guido.

Guido:
Nikto? Vi slīshali prikaz? Il' vī okameneli?
A vī, chto u dverey, ne slīshite menya?
Ya tak krichu, chto skali obrushit'sya mogli b!
Voz'mite zhe yeyo! Chgo zhe vī boites'?
Akh! Ya ponyal vsyo teper. Khotite zhit'?
Zhivite, a ya odin umru... O, Gospodi! O, Bozhe!
Kak prosto vsyo, kak legko! Za vsekh odin
rasplata!
No pochemu zhe ya? U vas u vsekh est' zhyoni!
Net, luchshe predpochtu ya smetr' tvoyu
Pozoru! Smotri, odno dvizhen'ye...

Monna Vanna:
Ti sdelayesh' ego,
Yesli lyubov' prikazhet.

Guido:
Lyubov'? Lyubov' prikazhet?
Ti govorišh': lyubov'! No tī lyubvi ne znala,
Menya yeshchyo tī ne lyubila. Segodnya predo
mnoy

I will lock you in prison, hide you under the
earth...
I will wait until the fire burns out,
The passion cools down. Take her immediately!
Well? Obey me!

Monna Vanna:
You know it, Guido.

Guido:
No one? Did you hear my order? Or have you
turned to stone?
Hey, you, by the doors, do you not hear me?
Cliffs would fall from my thunderous voice!
Take her! What are you afraid of?
Ah! I understand everything. You want to live?
Live, and I alone will die... Oh, God! Oh, God!
How simple and easy it is! You all have wives!
No, I would choose your death instead of shame!
Look, one movement...

Monna Vanna:
You will make it,
If love orders it.

Guido:
Love? Love orders it?
You say: love! No you do not know love,
You did not yet love me. Today you are

Podobna ti bezzhiznennoy pustine. V tvoikh
ochakh
Slezinki ne vizhu ni odnoy... ya nuzhen bil tebe,
poka...

Monna Vanna:

O!...

Guido:

...Sluzhil tebe zashchitoy...

Monna Vanna:

Szhal'sya nado mnoy!
Net sil promolvit' slovo... vzglyani v litso moyo...
Teryayu sil'i ya... Ya umirayu...

Guido:

O, Vanna! Pridi v moi ob'yat'ya,
V nikh budesh zhit'!

Monna Vanna:

O net! Net, Guido, net! Ya znayu...
Ne mogu... Ischeznet sila vsya, kol' slovo ya
skazu.
Ya ne mogu... ya ne mogu... Obdumala ya
vsyo...
Lyublyu tebya... No vsyo zhe, poydu tuda, poydu!

Guido:

Idi!

Like a lifeless desert before me. In your eyes
I do not see a single tear... You needed me,
while...

Monna Vanna:

Oh!

Guido:

...I could defend you...

Monna Vanna:

Have pity on me!
I cannot say a word... Look into my face...
I have no strength... I am dying...

Guido:

Oh, Vanna! Come to me,
You will be alive in my arms!

Monna Vanna:

Oh no! No, Guido, no! I don't know...
I cannot... All my strength will vanish as soon as
I say the word.
I cannot... I cannot... I thought about
everything...
I love you... But still, I will go there, I will!

Guido:

Go!

Idi... Da... No znay, tebya ya pokidayu.

Monna Vanna:

O, Gvido!

Gvido:

Proch' idi! Da, moy otets bil prav!

I znal tebya on luchshe! Voz'mi zh! I otvedi yeyo

K nemu v palatku. A ya ostanus' zdes'

Smotret', kak vi udyote. A chto so mnoyu budet,

Uznayete vi skoro.

Monna Vanna:

O, Gvido moy! Vzglyani!

Ne opuskay glaza! Ugroza eto tol'ko?

Gvido:

Smotri

I udalis'. Ne terpit bol'she vremya, on zhdyot,

I blizok chas. Ne boysya... Ne strashis'...

Ne umirayut lyudi, kol' rushitsya lyubov'!

Poka lish' lyubim mi, tumanitsya rassudok.

A moy teper' okrep. Vsyu chistotu dushi tvoyey,

Lyubov' tvoyu ya vide! Vsyu koncheno naveki:

Proshedsheye pogiblo, i budushcheye takzhe.

O, eti chistiye glaza... usta... I dumal prezhde...

Mne ne ostalos' nichego...

Net, men'she, chem nichego...

Go... Yes... But know that I am leaving you.

Monna Vanna:

Oh, Guido!

Guido:

Leave! Yes, my father was right!

He knew you better! Take her! And lead her

To his tent. And I will remain here,

Observing your departure. And you will find out

soon

About what will happen to me.

Monna Vanna:

Oh, my Guido! Look!

Do not lower your eyes! Is this only a threat?

Guido:

Look

And leave. There is no more time, he is waiting,

And the hour is near. Do not be afraid... Do not

fear...

People do not die when their love falls apart.

While we love, the mind is clouded.

But mine is strong now. I have seen the purity

Of your soul, and you love! Everything is over:

The past is dead, and the future too.

Oh, these clear eyes... lips... I thought...

I have nothing left...

Not, less than nothing...

Proshchay, uydi, proshchay navek...
Tak ti idyosh' tuda?

Monna Vanna:
Idu.

Guido:
I ne vernyosh'sya?

Monna Vanna:
Vernus'!

Guido:
Uvidim... O, kto bi mog skazat',
Chto moy otets znal luchshe, chem ya, yeyo?

Farewell, leave, farewell forever...
Are you going there?

Monna Vanna:
I am.

Guido:
And you will not come back?

Monna Vanna:
I will!

Guido:
We will see... Oh, who could tell,
That my father knew her better than I did?

SONGS

5. U moyego okna, Op. 26/10

Glafira A. Galina (1873–1942)

U moyego okna cheryomukha tsvetyot,
Tsvetyot zadumchivo pod rizoy serebristoy...
I vetkoy svezhey i dushistoy
Sklonilas' i zovyot...
Yeyo trepeshchushchikh
vozdushnikh lepestkov
Ya radostno lovlyu vesyoloye dikhan'ye,
Ikh sladkiy aromat tumanit mne soznan'ye,
I pesni o lyubvi oni poyut bez slov...

6. Noch' pechal'na, Op. 26/12

Ivan A. Bunin

Noch' pechal'na, kak mechty moji...
Daleko, v glukhoj stepi shirokoj,
Ogonek mercajet odinokij...
V serdce mnogo grusti i ljubvi.

No komu i kak razskazhesh' ty,
Chto zovjot tebja, chem serdce polno?
Put' dalek, glukhaja step' bezmolvna,
Noch' pechal'na, kak moji mechty.

5. By my window, Op. 26/10

By my window a cherry tree blossoms,
Flowering pensively in its silver raiment...
And its fresh and fragrant branches
Lean over invitingly. . .
I breathe the joyous aromatic air
Of its trembling, airy petals,
Their sweet scent clouds my senses,
And without words, they sing about love...

6. Sad night, Op. 26/12

Sad night, sad as my dreams...
Far away, in the silent broad steppe
A solitary fire glimmers
Such melancholy and love in my heart!

But how can I explain, and to whom,
What beckons me, what fills my heart?
The road is long, the steppe is silent, not a
sound.
Sad night, just as my dreams are sad.

7. Siren', Op. 21/5

Yekaterina Beketova (1855–1892)

Po utru, na zare,
Po rosistoy trave,
Ya poydu svezhim utrom dīshat';
I v dushistuyu ten',
Gde tesnitsya siren',
Ya poydu svoyo schast'ye iskat'...

V zhizni schast'ye odno
Mne nayti suzhdeno,
I to schast'ye v sireni zhivyyot;
Na zelyonikh vetvyakh,
Na dushistiikh kistyakh
Moyo bednoye schast'ye tsvetyot...

8. Krysolov, Op. 38/4

Valery Yakovlevich Bryusov (1873–1924)

Ja na dudochke igraju,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
I na dudochke igraju,
Ch'i-to dushi veselja.

Ja idu vdol' tikhoy rechki,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Dremljut tikhija ovechki,
Krotko zylbjutsja polja.

7. The lilacs, Op. 21/5

At the red of the dawn,
I will walk on dewy grass,
And breathe the fresh morning air;
And in the fragrant shade,
Between dense lilac trees,
I will search for my happiness...

I am destined to find
Only one true happiness,
And it dwells among lilac blooms,
In its green branches,
In its perfumed bunches,
That is where my one poor happiness lives.

8. The rat-catcher, Op. 38/4

I am playing my reed pipe,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
I am playing my reed pipe,
Bringing happiness to others.

I am walking along a calm river,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
Quietly sheep are sleeping,
Meekly fields are churning.

Spite, ovcy i barashki,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Za lugami krasnoj kashki
strojno vstali topolja.

Malyj domik tam tajtsja,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Miloj devushke prisnitsja,
Chto jej dushu otdal ja.

I na nezhnyj zov svireli,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Vyjdet slovno k svetloj celi,
cherez sad, cherez polja.

I v lesu pod dubom tjomnym,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Budet zhdat' v bredu istomnom,
V chas, kogda usnjot zemlja.

Vstrechu gost'ju doroguju,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Vplot' do utra zaceluju,
Serdce laskoj utolja.

I, smenivshis' s nej kolechkom,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Otpushchu jejo k ovechkam,
V sad, gde strojny topolja.

Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja!

Sleep, sheep and rams,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
Beyond the meadows of red clover
Poplars are standing in a row.

A little house is hiding there,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
Lovely maiden will dream
That I have given her my soul.

And to the gentle call of my reed pipe,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
She will come out
Through the garden, through the fields.

And in the forest, under a dark oak,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
She will wait, in a sweet delirium,
For the hour when the earth will fall asleep.

I will meet my dear guest,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
I will kiss her until dawn,
And calm her heart with my caresses.

And, exchanging rings with her,
Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya,
I will let her go to the sheep,
Into the garden, to the poplars.

Tra-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya-lya!

10. Zdes' khorosho, Op. 21/7*Glafira A. Galina (1873–1942)*

Zdes' khorosho...
 Vzglijani, vdali
 Ognjom gorit reka;
 Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,
 Belejut oblaka.
 Zdes' net ljudej...
 Zdes' tishina...
 Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.
 Cvety, da staraja sosna,
 Da ty, mechta moja!

11. Son, Op. 38/5*Vladimir Sologub (1863–1927)*

V mire net nichego
 Vozhdelenneye sna,
 Charī yest' u nego,
 U nego tishina,
 U nego na ustakh
 Ni pechal' i ni smekh,
 I v bezdonnikh ochakh
 Mnogo taynikh utekh.

U nego shiroki,
 Shiroki dva krīla,
 I legki, tak legki,
 Kak polnochnaya mgla.

10. How nice this place is, Op. 21/7

How nice this place is!
 See, in the distance
 The river shimmering,
 The meadows are covered with flowers,
 White clouds in the sky.
 Here there are no people...
 Here it is quiet...
 Here there is only God and me,
 Flowers, the old pine,
 And you, my dream!

11. Dream, Op. 38/5

There is nothing in the world
 More desirable than sleep,
 It is so enchanting,
 There is peace in sleep,
 On its lips
 There is no sadness, no laughter,
 And in bottomless eyes
 There are many secret pleasures.

Sleep has two wings,
 Very broad,
 And light, so airy,
 Like a midnight darkness.

Ne ponyat', kak nesyot,
I kuda i na chyom
On kriľom ne vzmakhnyot
I ne dvinet plechom.

It not possible to understand
How and where it is taking you,
And at why its wing flutters.
And why it shrugs its shoulder.

English song translations: Anastasia Belina-Johnson (tracks 5, 7–10),
Boosey & Hawkes Music (tracks 6 & 11)

