

18 Pjotr Iljitsch Tschaikowsky: V boju krovavom (*Mazeppa*)

V boju krovavom, na pole česti
iskal ja vsjudu tebja,
Mazepa, tebja, zlodej!

In bloody battle, on the field of honor
I looked for you everywhere,
Mazepa, you, villain!

O, esli b tol'ko tebja ja vstretil,
kljanusja sablej,
povergnut v prache ležal by ty!

Oh, if only I could find you,
I swear, thrown down with the saber,
you'd be lying in the dust!

No s polja bitvy bežal izmennik,
želannoj mest'ju
ne usladilas' moja duša.

But from the battlefield the traitor fled,
without the longed-for revenge
my soul was not calmed.

V boju krovavom, pylaja mest'ju,
iskal ja vsjudu tebja,
Mazepa, tebja, zlodej!

In bloody battle, burning with revenge,
I looked for you everywhere,
Mazepa, you, villain!

I ja prišel sjuda vzgljanut' na te mesta,
gde s detstva ja s Mariej miloj
mečty i radosti delil,
gde ja ljubil, gde slězy lil
o nej, zagublennoj golubke,
i o svoem pogibšem sčast'e!

And I came here to see those places,
where, from childhood, I shared
dreams and joys with dear Maria,
where I loved, where I shed tears
over her, the perished little dove,
and over my lost happiness!

...

Zdes' dni tekli čredojo sčastlivoj,
zdes' angel krasotoj sijal,
zdes' ja ljubil i sčast'ja ždal ...
No vsë prošlo, kak dym isčezlo,
osirotel pustynnyj dom,
i tišina, i mrak krugom ...
O, gde ty, gde, moja golubka,
chot' ten'ju lëgkoju javis',
ulybkoy prežnej ulybnis',
i v serdce mne vdochni nadeždu!

No vsë molčit ... Otveta net ...
Bezzvučen, strašen mrak mogil'nyj!

O, pust' pridët konec želannyj,
o smert', o drug, tak dolgo ždannyy,
daj mne zabven'e i pokoj!

Here the days flowed happily,
here shone the angel of beauty,
here I loved and waited for happiness ...
But everything faded away, like smoke it disappeared,
the uninhabited house abandoned,
silence and darkness all around ...
Oh, where are you, where, my little dove,
at least appear as a light shadow,
smile the former smile,
and breathe hope into my heart!

But everything is silent ... No answer ...
Silent, terrible is the stillness of the grave!

Oh, may the longed-for end come,
Oh death, oh friend, so much longed for,
give me oblivion and peace!