

19 Alexander Borodin  
Zdorov li, knjaz' (*Knjaz' Igor*)

Zdorov li, knjaz'?

Čto priunyl ty, gost' moj?

Čto ty tak prizadumalsja?

Al' seti porvalis'?

Al' jastreby ne zly

i slētu pticu ne sbivajut?

Voz'mi moich!

Vsë plennikom sebja ty zdes' sčitaeš'?

No razve ty živěš', kak plennik,

a ne gost' moj?

Are you okay, Prince?

Why are you sad, my guest?

Why are you so thoughtful?

That your nets may be torn,

your hawks are not evil and

do not hunt the bird in flight?

Take mine then!

Do you still feel like a prisoner here?

But do you live as a prisoner,

not as my guest?

Ty ranen v bitve pri Kajale

i vzjat s druživoj v plen,

mne otdan na poruki,

a u menja ty – gost'.

Tebe u nas počët kak chanu,

vsë moë k tvoim uslugam.

Syn s toboj, družina tože,

ty kak chan zdes' živěš'

živěš' ty tak, kak ja.

You were wounded in the Battle of Kajaland,

taken prisoner along with your entourage,

brought to me as a hostage,

but now you are my – guest.

Here you are respected like a Khan,

everything that's mine, is at your service.

The son is with you, the soldiers as well,

you live here like a Khan,

you live like I do.

...

Soznajsja: razve plenniki tak živut? Tak li?

O, net, net, drug, net, knjaz',  
ty zdes' ne plennik moj,  
ty ved' gost' u menja dorogoj.

Znaj, drug, ver' mne,  
ty, knjaz', mne poljubilsja,  
za otvagu tvoju,  
da za udal' v boju.

Ja uvažaju tebjja, knjaz',  
ty ljub mne byl vseгда, znaj.

Da, ja ne vrag tebe, knjaz',  
a chozjain ja tvojj,  
ty mne gost' dorogoj.

Tak povedaj že mne, čem že chudo tebe,  
ty skaži mne!

Chočeš'? Voz'mi konja ljubogo,  
voz'mi ljuboj šatër,  
voz'mi bulat zavetnyj,  
meč dedov.

Nemalo vraž'ej krovij  
mečom ja ètim prolil,  
ne raz v bojach krovavych  
užas smerti sejaj moj bulat.

You must admit: do prisoners live like this?

Oh no, no my friend, no, Prince,  
you are not my prisoner here,  
you are my valued guest.

Listen, friend, believe me,  
I like you, Prince,  
for your boldness,  
yes, for your courage in battle.

I admire you, Prince,  
I have always liked you, you know.

Yes, I am not your enemy, Prince,  
but I am your host,  
you are my honored guest.

So, just tell me what is bothering you,  
tell me.

If you wish, take any of my horses,  
take any tent,  
take the trusted Damascus steel,  
the sword of the ancestors.

I have spilled quite some blood of enemies  
with this sword,  
more than once in bloody battles,  
my sword sowed the terror of death.

...

Da, knjaz', vsě zdes',  
vsě chanu zdes' podvlastno;  
ja grozoju dlja vseh byl vseгда.  
Ja chrabr, ja smel, stracha ja ne znaju,  
vse bojatsja menja,  
vsě trepeščet krugom;  
no ty menja ne bojalsja,  
poščady ne prosil, knjaz'.  
Ach, ne vragom by tvoim,  
a sojuznikom vernym,  
a drugom naděžnym,  
a bratom tvoim mne b chotelosja byt',  
ty pover' mne.

Chočeš' ty plennicu s morja dal'nego,  
čagu, nevol'nicu, izza Kaspija?  
Esli chočeš', skaži tol'ko slovo mne,  
ja tebe podarju.  
U menja est' krasavicy čudnye,  
kosy kak zmei,  
na pleči spuskajutsja,  
oči čěrnye, vlagoj poděrnuty,  
nežno i strastno gljadjat  
izpod tēmnych brovej.

Čto ž molčiš' ty?  
Esli chočeš', ljubuju iz nich vybiraj!

Yes, Prince, everything here,  
everything is subordinate to the Khan here,  
I was always a thunderstorm for everyone.  
I am brave and bold, I do not know fear,  
everyone dreads me,  
everyone around trembles;  
but you don't fear me,  
you did not ask for mercy, Prince.  
Ah, I would not be your enemy,  
but rather a loyal ally,  
rather a reliable friend,  
I would rather like to be your brother,  
believe me.

Would you like a captive from distant shores,  
a Chaga, a slave, from beyond Caspia?  
If you like, just say a word,  
I give her to you.  
I have wonderful beauties,  
with braids like snakes,  
that fall to the shoulders,  
black eyes, veiled by the mist,  
shining gently and passionately  
below the dark eyebrows.

Why are you silent?  
If you like, choose anyone of them.