

15 Pjotr Iljitsch Tschaikowsky: Krasavica! Boginja! Angel! (*Pique Dame*)

Krasavica! Boginja! Angel!

Prosti, nebesnoe sozdan'e

čto ja narušil tvoj pokoj,

prosti, no strastnogo

ne otvergaj priznan'ja,

ne otvergaj s toskoj!

O, požalej, ja, umiraja,

nesu k tebe moju mol'bu:

vzgljani s vysot nebesnych raja

na smertnuju bor'bu

duši isterzannoj mučen'em

ljubvi k tebe, o sžal'sja,

i duch moj laskoj, sožalen'em,

slezoj tvoej sogrej!

Ty plačeš! ty?

Čto značat eti slězy?

Ne goniš' i žaleeš'?

Blagodarju tebj!

Krasavica! Boginja! Angel!

Beauty! Goddess! Angel!

Forgive me, heavenly creation,

for violating your peace,

forgive, but do not reject,

the passionate confession,

do not spurn it with gloom.

O, have pity, I, dying,

carry to you my plea:

look down from the heights of the heavenly paradise

on the death throes

of the torn soul with the agony

of love for you, oh have mercy,

and warm my soul with tenderness, regret

and your tears!

You cry! you?

What do these tears mean?

You don't chase me away and take pity on me?

I thank you!

Beauty! Goddess! Angel!