

П. ЧАЙКОВСКИЙ

Tchaikovsky: Oprichnik
Vladimirov, Milashkina
cond. Prokatorov
N 627

МИНИСТЕРСТВО
КУЛЬТУРЫ СССР

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П. ЧАЙКОВСКИЙ

ОПРИЧНИК

ОПЕРА В ЧЕТЫРЕХ ДЕЙСТВИЯХ



А. ВАСНЕЦОВ. ЭСКИЗ ДЕКОРАЦИИ К ОПЕРЕ «ОПРИЧНИК»



СТЕРЕО С 10—15627-34
(4 пластинки)



ДИРИЖЕР ГЕННАДИЙ ПРОВАТОРОВ

Действующие лица и исполнители

Князь Жемчужный —
Евгений Владимиров, бас

Наталья, его дочь —
Тамара Милашкина, сопрано

Молчан Митьков, жених Натальи —
Владимир Маторин, бас

Боярыня Морозова, вдова —
Лариса Никитина, меццо-сопрано

Андрей Морозов, ее сын —
Лев Кузнецов, тенор

Басманов, молодой опричник —
Раиса Котова, меццо-сопрано

Князь Вязьминский —
Олег Кленов, баритон

Захарьевна, мамка Натальи —
Нина Дербина, меццо-сопрано

Народ, опричники, сенные девушки,
слуги Жемчужного — солисты московских
музыкальных театров, Детский хор,
Большой хор Центрального телевидения
и Всесоюзного радио

Художественный руководитель хора
Клавдий Птица

Симфонический оркестр Центрального телевидения
и Всесоюзного радио

Дирижер **Геннадий Проваторов**

Звукорежиссер В. Стрельцов. Редактор И. Орлова

П. ЧАЙКОВСКИЙ (1840 — 1893)

ОПРИЧНИК

Опера в четырех действиях

Либретто П. Чайковского по одноименной трагедии И. Лажечникова

I сторона (19.50)

Интродукция

I действие

1. Сцена Молчана Митькова и князя Жемчужного
2. Хор девушек и песня Натальи

II сторона (18.27)

3. Сцена Захарьевны, Натальи и сенных девушек и хоровая сцена
4. Сцена Басманова и Андрея и хор опричников
5. Речитатив-сцена Басманова и Андрея и ариозо Басманова
6. Ариозо Натальи и хор девушек

III сторона (23.50)

II действие

Антракт

Картина 1

7. Сцена и ария Морозовой
8. Сцена и дуэт Андрея и Морозовой

IV сторона (20.20)

Картина 2

9. Прелюдия, хор опричников и сцена князя Вязьминского, Басманова, Андрея и опричников

V сторона (24.51)

Ариозо Андрея и финал II действия — сцена клятвы

III действие

10. Хор народа
11. Речитатив-сцена Морозовой, сцена Морозовой с мальчиком и дуэт Натальи и Морозовой

VI сторона (24.12)

12. Сцена Натальи, Морозовой, Жемчужного и народа и ариозо Натальи
13. Финал III действия

VII сторона (20.49)

IV действие

14. Свадебный хор
15. Плоски опричников и женщин
16. Речитатив-сцена Андрея, хор опричников и дуэт Андрея и Натальи

VIII сторона (17.34)

17. Хор и сцена Андрея и Басманова
18. Сцена и квартет Натальи, Басманова, Андрея и князя Вязьминского с хором
19. Заключительная сцена



ТАМАРА МИЛАШКИНА

Отказавшись от романтических сюжетов «Мандрагоры» и «Раймонда Люллия», П. И. Чайковский не утратил желания написать оперу. Он продолжал искать подходящий для себя сюжет. В начале 1870 года композитор остановился на исторической трагедии И. И. Лажечникова «Опричник», шедшей на сцене Малого театра. Возможно, что впечатление от спектакля, в котором участвовали лучшие артисты, было решающим фактором при окончательном выборе сюжета. Немаловажное значение имело и то обстоятельство, что в этот период историческая драма и историческая опера заняли особенно важное место в репертуаре театров, свидетельства о необычайно возросшем интересе общества к истории.

Трагедия Лажечникова была написана еще в 40-х годах и долгое время находилась под запретом цензуры. Лишь в 1859 году она была напечатана, а на сцене появилась только в 1867 году. Чайковского пленили сильный драматизм сюжета и сложность основного конфликта «Опричника».

Либретто изобиловало потрясающими драматическими сценами, острыми сюжетными ситуациями. Чайковский считал сюжет «Опричника» очень благодарным и сценичным. Однако сочинение музыки шло медленными темпами. Композитор начал оперу в феврале 1870 года, а закончил только в апреле 1872 года. Некоторые письма Чайковского проливают свет на причину медлительности в работе. Так, в письме к брату Анатолию Ильичу от 23 апреля 1870 года написано: «Опера моя идет очень вяло. Причиной этого я считаю то, что сюжет ее хотя и очень хорош, но как-то мне не по душе. «Ундина» — хоть и грубо скроенное либретто, но так как она подходила под склад моих симпатий, то дело и шло очень скоро».

Почему же «Опричник» не вдохновлял Чайковского? По-видимому, его затрудняла и отталкивала сложность, запутанность сюжета, обилие действующих лиц, трудность развития основной сюжетной линии. Но так или



ЕВГЕНИЙ ВЛАДИМИРОВ

иначе весной 1872 года партитура была готова, и Чайковский отправил ее по почте в Петербург на имя главного дирижера Мариинского театра Эдуарда Францевича Направника с соответствующим письмом. Композитор надеялся на то, что опера будет поставлена в Петербурге.

Направник, к началу 70-х годов ставший главным дирижером Петербургского русского оперного театра, был отличным музыкантом и честным человеком, далеким от придворных интриг. Он рассмотрел внимательно оперу молодого композитора, и она ему в целом понравилась. Он угадал в еще неопытном художнике будущего великого мастера. Личное знакомство композитора и дирижера, состоявшееся вскоре, подтвердило его предположение. «Опричник» был одобрен музыкальной частью театра.

Но минуло еще много времени, прежде чем опера Чайковского была утверждена к постановке. Ей пришлось пройти немало мытарств, преодолеть препоны цензуры, ожидать, пока поставят другие, внеочередные заграничные новинки и т. п.

Наконец 12 апреля 1874 года состоялось первое представление «Опричника». Главные роли исполняли артисты Д. Орлов (Андрей), А. Крутикова (боярыня Морозова), В. Рааб (Наташа), И. Мельников (Вязьминский) и другие.

Опера имела очень большой успех. В газетах было напечатано много статей, в основном доброжелательных. Но Чайковского ничто не радовало. Как только начались репетиции и оперу стали разучивать, она стала нравиться ему все меньше и меньше, и к премьере он окончательно возненавидел «Опричника». Он написал своим московским друзьям, собиравшимся приехать в Петербург на первое представление, чтобы они не ожидали ничего хорошего от «Опричника».



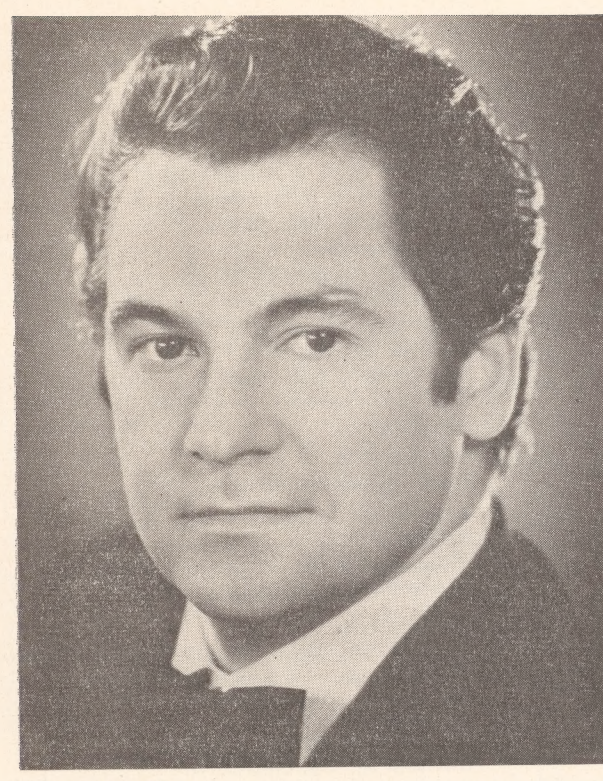
ЛАРИСА НИКИТИНА

Вскоре после премьеры он уехал в Италию, чтобы присутствовать на представлении «Ивана Сусанина» Глинки, которого готовили к постановке в Милане, и в уединении хорошенько подумать о своей опере. В письмах из Италии он жалуется на свою неопытность, из-за которой многое в опере получилось плохо. Главное, что ему не нравится, — это ее мелодраматический характер; не находит он в ней и необходимой цельности.

Суд автора над своим произведением был слишком строг. Опера тем временем шла с большими сборами, так как нравилась публике. В следующем сезоне «Опричника» поставил оперный театр в Киеве, тоже с огромным успехом. Чайковский, передавший все права на «Опричника» своему издателю Бесселю, ничего не мог сделать, чтобы снять оперу с репертуара. Но он настолько проникся к ней враждебным чувством, что не любил даже вспоминать о ней. Лишь через много лет Чайковский пришел к мысли сделать новую редакцию оперы, но намерение свое не успел осуществить.

Музыкальная драматургия «Опричника», в которой многое еще идет от большой романтической оперы, никак не могла отвечать повысившимся требованиям Чайковского, стремившегося к созданию лирической, психологической музыкальной драмы. Но из-за пристрастного отношения автора к опере не следует закрывать глаза на достоинства «Опричника», на яркую и талантливую музыку.

После смерти Чайковского «Опричник» шел с большим успехом на столичных сценах, главную роль Андрея отлично исполнял знаменитый тенор Николай Фигнер, а Шаляпин создал незабываемый образ князя Вязьминского. В наше время опера «Опричник» идет в нескольких театрах и неизменно пользуется симпатией зрителей.



ЛЕВ КУЗНЕЦОВ

В «Опричнике», по сравнению с «Воеводой» и «Ундиной», Чайковский сделал значительный шаг вперед как в овладении крупной оперной формой, так и в создании характеров действующих лиц. Особенно удались ему женские образы: Наташа и боярыня Морозова. Сильной стороной оперы являются и народные сцены. Быть может, несколько меньше удался композитору образ главного героя — Андрея, юноши, обладающего страстной, неустойчивой натурой, мечущегося между двумя враждующими силами: земщиной, к которой принадлежит по рождению он сам, его мать и Наташа, и опричниной, давшей ему силу и богатство.

Чайковский использовал в музыке «Опричника» все то, что ему хотелось сохранить из уничтоженной оперы «Воевода». Так, некоторые эпизоды Степана Бастрыкова перешли в характеристику Андрея, в том числе прекрасная задумчивая песня «Размычем мы горе», которая теперь сопровождается словами прощания Андрея с опричниками в четвертом акте. В первый акт «Опричника» почти полностью перешла музыка первого акта «Воеводы». Песня Марьи Власевны про «Соловуху» стала песней тоскующей Наташи. Но для характеристики Наташи Чайковский сочинил еще много новой лирической музыки.

Так, в первом акте Наташа, дожидаясь свидания с Андреем, поет замечательное ариозо «Ветры буйные», в котором выражены ее тоска и любовь. Ариозо Наташи написано в той манере, которая станет в дальнейшем очень типичной для Чайковского. Тема ариозо — чудесная светлая и страстная мелодия — сперва появляется в оркестре у виолончелей, в то время как в вокальной партии звучат короткие выразительные фразы. Потом вокальная мелодия становится все более напевной, разворачивается и устремляется к кульминации, где снова появляется главная тема ариозо. Но те-



РАИСА КОТОВА

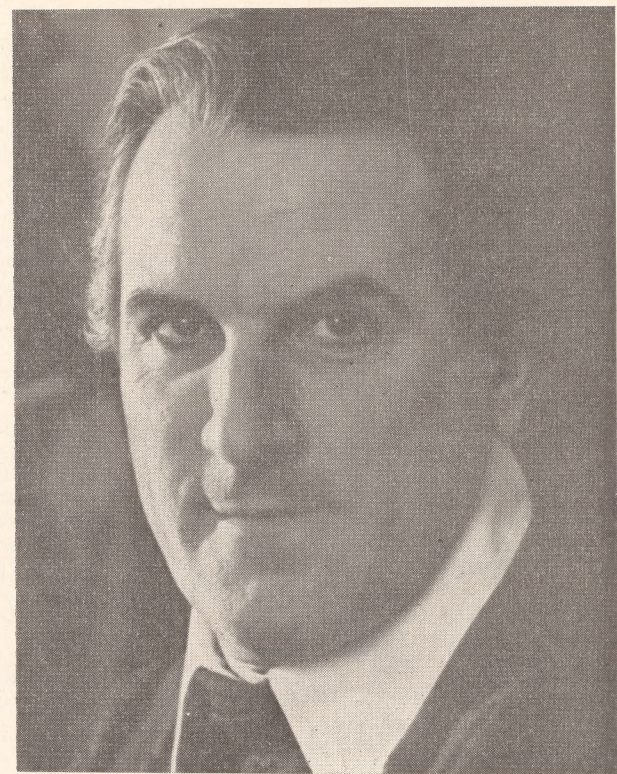
перь ее исполняют и голос и оркестр. Создается впечатление непрерывного роста, мелодического расцвета. Второе ариозо Наташи (ее обращение к отцу в сцене на площади) также привлекает тонкой поэтической прелестью. Мелодия его выразительна и напевна; кажется, что в музыке вылилась вся душевная боль, все терзания, которые заставили Наташу бежать из отчего дома.

Прекрасен и лирический дуэт Наташи и Андрея в последнем акте. Музыка полна предчувствий горя, тайной тревоги и смятения. Это выражено в беспокойных изгибах мелодии, в неровном, пульсирующем ритме, в омраченности общего колорита.

Характеристика боярыни Морозовой дана в большой арии второго акта, где обрисован сильный, волевой женский характер, показана нестигаемая энергия русской женщины.

Необыкновенно впечатляюще построена сцена в Александровской слободе (вторая картина второго акта). С точки зрения целостности музыкальной драматургии, Чайковский в этой сцене сделал большой шаг вперед. Вся музыка скреплена повторением мотива клятвы и сопровождающего ее мотива опричнины.

В опере «Опричник» Чайковский применил несколько лейтмотивов, являющихся символами определенных понятий. Так, самая главная тема оперы есть музыкальный образ опричнины, грозной силы, стубившей Андрея. Есть также в опере лейтмотив материнской любви — светлая, нежная музыка, как бы охраняющая Андрея, есть и драматический лейтмотив проклятия матери, узнавшей, что сын ее стал опричником; имеет лейтмотив и сам Андрей. Все эти мелодии и темы широко развиты в оркестре во многих эпизодах оперы. Однако лейтмотивы служат лишь одним из средств музыкальной характеристики, и кроме них Чайковский



ОЛЕГ КЛЕНОВ

использует и другие средства для обрисовки своих героев.

Русский колорит «Опричника» выявлен в музыке очень выпукло. Уже не говоря о русском характере мелодий Наташи, матери, Андрея, в опере много народных сцен и народных хоров. В некоторых из них использованы подлинны народные-песенные мелодии. Таковы хор девушек «На море утушка», с которого начинается опера, и хор, завершающий первое действие, — «За двором лужок зеленешенок» (оба хора заимствованы из оперы «Воевода»), симфонические пляски опричников и женщин на свадьбе в четвертом акте (в этой танцевальной фантазии Чайковский использовал ряд народных напевов, придав им широкую симфоническую разработку). Большую роль играет народ в сцене на площади, он активно участвует в действии и выражает свое отношение к происходящим событиям.

Сочинение оперы «Опричник», хотя и не удовлетворившей Чайковского, многomu научило его. Впервые он воплотил в оперном произведении большую и сложную тему трагедийного характера, впервые столкнулся с необходимостью показать в музыкальном развитии интересные характеры героев, действующих в необычных жизненных обстоятельствах. И народность музыкального языка, и проникновенный искренний лиризм, и умение построить музыкальную оперную форму большого масштаба — все это впервые ясно выявилось в «Опричнике». И если эта ранняя опера Чайковского уступает его последующим произведениям в ровности стиля и целостности композиции, все же ее достоинства настолько значительны, что она может быть причислена к несомненным достижениям русской оперной классики в период 60—70-х годов.

По книге Н. Тумановой «Чайковский и музыкальный театр». Москва, 1961 г.

ЛИБРЕТТО

ДЕЙСТВИЕ ПЕРВОЕ

Сад. С левой стороны терем, с правой — тын. Вдали Кремль. Вечереет. (Выходят князь Жемчужный, Молчан Митков, слуги со стопами мега.)

Жемчужный
Пожалуй нас, изволь присесть,
У нас для гостя место есть.

Молчан
Здорово, князь, с весенним днем.
Да сохранил господь твой дом.
(Садятся.)

Жемчужный *(со стопой в руках)*
Вот, прямо с пылу ледника,
С янтарной брагою стопа.

Молчан
Будь здоров и ты, и весь твой род,
Как этот искрометный мед.
(Пьет.)

Чтоб даром время не терять,
Тебе я буду речь держать.

Молчан
Поклон тебе за мед, за честь,
Но у тебя послаще есть:
Есть у тебя богатый клад,
Его купишь я буду рад.

Жемчужный
Ты про Наталью говоришь?

Молчан
Да, про нее; ну, что ж молчишь?
Что старика ты не стыдишь,
Что сединою не коришь?

Жемчужный
Куда как, друг, и в наши лета
Нехорошо одному быть!
Отцу по сердцу просьба эта,
Позволь за честь благодарить.
Не молод ты, зато удал;
И саном, и умом ты взял.
Благодарю!

Молчан
Ты шутишь, тесть!

Жемчужный
Доволен я!

Молчан
Какая честь!
Клянусь любить ее, как душу!
Как счастье, честь, как кровь свою!
Ты верь мне, слово не нарушу,
Безумно я ее люблю.

Жемчужный
Тебе я дочку отдаю.

Молчан
Пошли господь тебе успеха,
Здоровья, счастья, долгих лет!

Жемчужный
Да только, видишь, есть помеха:
За ней приданого ведь нет.

Молчан
Ты испугал меня, мой свет!
Мне ничего за ней не надо,
Лишь не постылым быть бы ей.

Жемчужный
Она, не бойся, будет рада.
Ты береги ее... не бей...
Теперь возьми стопу да пей.

Молчан
Хозяин должен знать черед,
Допрещь его и поп не пьет.

Жемчужный
Пускай господь тебя хранит
И царь казной своей дарит.

Молчан
Я без ума бегу домой.

Жемчужный
Прости, зятек мой дорогой!
(Уходят.)
(За сценой слышен хор девушек.)

Хор девушек
На море утушка купалася,
На море серая полоскалася.
(Входят Наталья, Захарьевна и девушки.)
Купавшись, утушка вострепенулася,
Вострепенувшись, серая да воскрякнула:
Как-то мне с синя моря подыматься будет,
Как-то мне с желтым песком расставаться
будет?
На море утушка купалася,
На море серая полоскалася.

Наталья
Нам в терему и тесно, да и душно,
Да и сидеть там скучно целый день.
Ты старая, тебя не манит лето
В зеленый сад, на шелковы луга.

Захарьевна
Ну в сад, так в сад — мне все равно.
Садитесь
Да пойте, пойте, пойте.

Хор девушек
Купавшись, утушка вострепенулася,
Вострепенувшись, серая да воскрякнула...

Наталья
Все ту же песнь, подружки, вы поете
унылаю.
А мне еще тоскливей бы хотелось.
Ах, спойте, спойте мне ту песнь,
Что наша Машенька любила.

Захарьевна
Какая Машенька?

Наталья
Соседка наша.
Ну та, что выдали за старика сдего,
Что чахла, чахла и умерла потом.

Хор девушек
Что за охота?!

Захарьевна
Беда какая! Песня не пророк.
Вы, девицы, не воронья.
Зачем боярышне перечить?

Наталья
Иль нет, постойте, я сама спою.
Спою про злую тоску мою,
Про горькую неволю!
А вы, подружки, слушайте, не смейтесь.
Соловушка в дубравушке громко свистит,
А девица в теремочке слезно плачет.
Скучно, скучно мне девице в теремочке:
Утешай меня, соловушко, в кручине.
Придетай ко мне, соловушко, в светлицу.
Я поставлю тебе клетку золотую.
Я насыплю белояровой пшеницы.
Напою тебя медовою сытою.
Ах, не мила-то мне твоя медовая сытица,
А мила-то мне болотная водица.
Не мила мне белоярова пшеница,
А мила мне мушка мелкая лесная.
Ах, не мила мне твоя клетка золотая,
А мила мне воля дорогая.

Захарьевна
Тебе бы петь тоскливые все песни.

Хор девушек
Развеселись, развей свою тоску.

Захарьевна
Не сказку ли начать?

Хор девушек
Начни хоть сказку.
Досказывай Никиту.

Наталья
Брось, не надо.
Уж надоело про смеев-то слушать.

Захарьевна
Чего же вам?

Хор девушек
Ты Расскажи любовную нам сказку.

Захарьевна
Коль вы забыли стыд и страх,
Пойдите сядемте в кустах.

Хор девушек
Ха-ха-ха-ха! Уж вот так сказка.
Пойдем усядемся в кусты.
Не сыщет нас никто на свете.
(Приплясывая.)
Ха-ха-ха-ха, ха-ха-ха-ха!

Захарьевна
Потише, не было б греха.
Бесстыдницы вы, девки, право.
У вас у всех одна забава;
Вы так любовным сказкам рады,
Что нет дорожке вам отрады.

Наталья
Коль нет в любви для нас отрады,
Так мы любви хоть в сказке рады.

Захарьевна
Бесстыдницы! Бесстыдницы!
Вы так любовным сказкам рады,
Что нет дорожке вам отрады.

Хор девушек
Чудная ты старуха, право!
Любовь хоть в сказке нам забава.
Коль нет для нас в любви отрады,
Так мы любви хоть в сказке рады.
Чудная ты старуха, право!
Любовь хоть в сказке нам забава.
Коль нет для нас в любви отрады,
Так мы любовной сказке рады.

Наталья
Коль нет в любви для нас отрады,
Так мы любовной сказке рады.

(Наталья, Захарьевна и девушки уходят в кусты.)

Хор девушек *(за кулисами)*
Чудная ты старуха, право!
Любовь хоть в сказке нам забава.
(Постепенно уходясь.)
Коль нет в любви для нас отрады,
Так мы любовной сказке рады.

(С правой стороны разбирают тын и выходят Басманов, Андрей и несколько опричников. Басманов и Андрей выходят на авансцену.)

Басманов
Проходи, Андрюша, смело,
Нет в саду души живой.
Поскорей, друзья, за дело
И рассыптесь за стеной.

Андрей
Ну, друзья, теперь живее
Схоронитесь в кусты.
Если свистну, поскорее
Выручайте из беды.

Хор опричников
Ты лишь свистни, а мы смыслим
И, как лист перед травой,
Вострепнемся и сберемся
Разом все перед тобой.

Андрей
Ну спасибо, удружили.
Перед вами я в долгу.

Басманов
Как умели, услужили
Удалому молодцу.

Андрей
Скоро с вами, может статься,
Буду жизнью жить одной.

Хор опричников
Нам бы век не расставаться,
Умереть и жить с тобой.
Лишь одна у нас забота:
Нрав веселый тешить свой.
Нам гульба, а не работа,
И что день, то пир горой.

Андрей
Ну спасибо, удружили.
Перед вами я в долгу.

Басманов
Как умели, так служили.

Хор опричников
Нам бы век прожить с тобой.

Андрей
Скоро с вами, может статься,
Буду жизнью жить одной.
Ну спасибо, удружили.

Басманов
Как сумели, удружили.
Другу рады услужить.

Хор опричников
Нам бы век прожить с тобой.
Как сумели, удружили
Удалому молодцу.
(Уходят.)

Басманов
Итак, скажи, решился ль ты?

Андрей
Решился.
(Подавая Басманову руку.)
И вот тебе рука моя.

Басманов
Ты наш! Мы завтра же отправимся к царю.
Житье у нас — и умирать не надо!
Что день, то пир горой; что ночь,
красавица.
Житье у нас — и умирать не надо.
С очами ль черными коса
В тебе возбудит жар желаний,
Как в ночь летучая звезда,
Падет на грудь огнем лобзаний.
Иль с поволокою глаза,
Как утром небо, сердце хочет,
Заплещет лаской, как волна,
Иль как русалка защекочет.
Житье у нас — и умирать не надо.
Что день, то пир горой; что ночь,
красавица.
Житье у нас — и умирать не надо.

Андрей
Нет, друг, поклон красавицам твоим,
Поклон пирам. Мне пир один,
Кровавую обиду смыть. Наталья
Одна мне обрученница до гроба.
Я к Грозному иду суда искать.
Ведь у меня Жемчужный отнял все.
Ты знаешь сам, как он ограбил нас
И выгнал из дому. Чужого хлеба
И крова должны искать мы.

Басманов
Как ни гадай, а плохо жить приходится.
Кгда бы не позор, уж так и быть,
Прикрыла камешком на сердце нужду,
А то и глаз-то некуда девать!
Сама стерпела б, жаль Андрюшу пуще.
Кровь молодая бьет ключом горячим.
Ах, горько мне, одинокой, горемычной.
Я перед волею господней
Склоню покорную главу,
Безропотно снесу страданья
И сердце гордое смирю.
Гордяния, вот мой грех ужасный,
Вот язва жгучая души;
Да, вот за что господь мне кару
Ниспосылает с небеси.
Да, вот за что мне кару бог
Ниспосылает с небеси!

Андрей
Возьму. Прощай, опричник, брат!

Басманов
Постой, постой!
Послушайся меня, не жди Наталью.
Что время попусту терять, еще потом
Насмотришься на милую княжну.
Ты к матушке спеши, благословенья
У ней ты вымоли, а там — и в свободу.

Андрей
Ты прав, ты прав. Спешить нам нужно.
Прости, Наташа. Не надолго отсюда ухожу.
Тебя добуду силою, коли добром нельзя.
О, радость жизни, свет Наташа,
Ты моя, моя, навек моя!..
Идем!

(Басманов и Андрей уходят. Начинает уже темнеть. К концу акта должна настать ночь. Из-за кустов выбегает Наталья, прислушиваясь к словам уходящих.)

Наталья
Почудились мне будто голоса
И шум шагов, уж думала — Андрюша...
Нет никого... Одна я здесь
С своей тоской-кручиной, с лютым горем,

Что как змея мне жалит ядом сердце.
Хоть бы взглянуть мне на милого!
Ах, приди скорей, мой милый, мой
желанный друг!
Ах, ветры буйны, донесите к милому другу
Весть про горе-кручину,
Про любовь и воздыханья,
Как я таю, как изнываю
По моему желанному друге день и ночь!

*(Наталья садится, утомленная порывом
горя, и до самого конца действия
остается в глубокой задумчивости. Сцена
некоторое время остается пустой. Мало-
помалу входят Захарьевна и девушки.)*

Захарьевна
Мы тебя везде искали,
Уж аукали, кричали,
А ты, вишь, здесь.
(Наталья молчит.)

Ну что ж молчишь?
Что как мертвый пень стоишь?
Песню, девки, затаните,
Хороводы заведите!
Ну пляши да песни пой,
А повеса нос не стой.

Хор девушек
А и то, ведь в самом деле
Песен мы давно не пели.

*(Девушки, взявшись за руки, становятся
в кружок. Захарьевна посреди них.)*
За двором лужок зеленешенок,
Ай да люли, люли, зеленешенок.
У меня дружок молодешенок,
Ай да люли, люли, молодешенок.
Я пойду в лужок, заведу кружок.
Милый с гуслями, а я с песнями.
Ай да люли, люли, а я с песнями.
Не придут гусли против песенок,
Ай да люли, люли, против песенок.
Не поидет свекор против батюшки,
Ай да люли, люли, против батюшки.
Не придет свекровь против матушки,
Ай да люли, люли, против матушки.

ДЕЙСТВИЕ ВТОРОЕ

КАРТИНА ПЕРВАЯ

Изба. Морозова огна.

Морозова
Как ни гадай, а плохо жить приходится.
Кгда бы не позор, уж так и быть,
Прикрыла камешком на сердце нужду,
А то и глаз-то некуда девать!
Сама стерпела б, жаль Андрюшу пуще.
Кровь молодая бьет ключом горячим.
Ах, горько мне, одинокой, горемычной.
Я перед волею господней
Склоню покорную главу,
Безропотно снесу страданья
И сердце гордое смирю.
Гордяния, вот мой грех ужасный,
Вот язва жгучая души;
Да, вот за что господь мне кару
Ниспосылает с небеси.
Да, вот за что мне кару бог
Ниспосылает с небеси!

Андрей
Возьму. Прощай, опричник, брат!

Басманов
Постой, постой!
Послушайся меня, не жди Наталью.
Что время попусту терять, еще потом
Насмотришься на милую княжну.
Ты к матушке спеши, благословенья
У ней ты вымоли, а там — и в свободу.

Андрей
Ты прав, ты прав. Спешить нам нужно.
Прости, Наташа. Не надолго отсюда ухожу.
Тебя добуду силою, коли добром нельзя.
О, радость жизни, свет Наташа,
Ты моя, моя, навек моя!..
Идем!

(Басманов и Андрей уходят. Начинает уже темнеть. К концу акта должна настать ночь. Из-за кустов выбегает Наталья, прислушиваясь к словам уходящих.)

Твоей десницею святою
Хоть зла и бедствий защити!
(Входит Андрей.)

Андрей
Кручинна всё родная! Полно, брось
Кручину во дремучий темный лес.
Пускай следов его Жемчужный ищет!
Никто как бог...

(Подавая мощну с деньгами.)
И вот тебе на первый случай.

Морозова
Откуда?

Андрей
Он послал, кто ж больше.
Морозова
Да с неба, итатко, дождь серебром
Не падает!

Андрей
Слыхала ль ты когда
О молодом Басманове, что кравчим
У самого царя?

Морозова
Слыхаа! Он любимец царский;
Одежду носит с одного плеча
И из одной с ним чаши пьет.
Да под одеждой этой парчевою
Греха, греха скоронено, не сместь
Метлой кромешников, да в этой чаше
Намешано слез больше, чем вина!
Не взял ли от кого из них? О боже!
Кровь, кровь на этих деньгах запеклась!
Разве слезами матерей они омыты!

Андрей
Да, от него я взяла.

Морозова
Отдай скорей.

Андрей
Родная, слушай:
Басманов мне клянется, что отец
Ему их дал, как воевали вместе;
Поверил клятве я.

Морозова
Ну если так, возьму!
Снега белей, солнца светлей,
Ярче небес лазурных,
Крепче скалы меж бурных волн
Будь, мой сын. Молю, успокой
Отцовский прах в могиле сырой.
Снега белей, солнца светлей,
Ярче небес лазурных,
Крепче скалы меж бурных волн,
О, будь, мой сын. Молю, успокой
Ты прах отца в могиле сырой.

Андрей
Матушка родная, смою кровавую обиду,
Я честью отца помяну, разгони же тоску;
Спокойна будь. Тернист мой путь,
Но правды я добыюсь.
Спокойна будь; добыюсь я правды,
Спокойна, спокойна будь!

Морозова
Ярче небес лазурных,
Крепче скалы меж бурных волн,
О, будь, мой сын.
Будь тверд, мой сын;
Тверд, как скала, будь,
Мой сын, мой милый сын!

Андрей
Удал Басманов: вино и разные потехи
любит.
Но не в укор такому молодцу такая быть.
Он брат крестовый мне; в кровавых сечах
Шлем его всегда защитником мне был.

Морозова
Он брат тебе в кровавых сечах,
А здесь, в стране родной ты не братайся
с ним.
Пом'тит душу, приучит к крови,
Долго ль до греха,
Пожалуй, он тебя в опричники введет.

Андрей
Родная, полно, успокойся! Слез твоих
Я видеть не могу; твоей я воли
Не преступлю...

(В сторону.)
Но обмануть я должен
Родимую, не то обиды
Не оторвать от сердца, как змея.
Прощай же, матушка, иду суда искать.
Добыюсь я правды, иль убежим
С тобою в лес дремучий от людей.

Морозова
Милый сын, ты меня, одинокую,
В горькой доле моей не покидай.
Грустно дни свои влачу я,
Тяжко жить мне без тебя.
Нас недаром бог карает.
Стерпим горе, стерпим стыд;
Перед злобою людскою
Он смириться нам велит.

Андрей
Сердце во мне замирает и бьется,
Страхом обята душа.
Голос из гроба к мщенью взывает,
Носится образ отца.
Сердце бьется, замирает в груди;
Голос к мщенью из гроба взывает...

Морозова
Нас за то и бог карает,
Стерпим горе, стерпим стыд.
Перед злобою людскою
Он смириться нам велит.

Андрей
Праха родного мать мне дороже,
Счастья, богатства, любви.
О, научи меня, сильный боже,
Правду твою соблости!

Морозова
Нас недаром бог карает.

Андрей
Отчий покой мне дороже...

Морозова
Стерпим горе, стерпим стыд!

Андрей
Счастья, богатства, любви.
О, научи меня, сильный боже,
Правду твою соблости!

Морозова
Горько мне, я слезами горючими
Плачу все ночи и дни.
Мне милее смерть, разлуки!
Милый сын, не уходи!
Нас недаром бог карает,
Стерпим горе, стерпим стыд!
Перед злобою людскою
Он смириться нам велит!

Андрей
Праха родного мать мне дороже,
Счастья, богатства и любви.
О, научи меня, сильный боже,
Правду твою соблости.
Правду твою соблости научи!
Не надолго, родимая, прощайся.
Иду, куда мне долг велит.

Морозова
Иди, иди.
Благословенье матери родной
Ла будет над тобой, сын милый.
Ты береги себя от зла и бед;
Не посрами отцовской чести.

Андрей
Покройна будь, добыюсь я правды.
Я за отца отмщу; мне честь его
Дороже всех сокровищ... Ну прощай же,
Прощай же, матушка!

Морозова
Не забывай завет последний:
Ты берегись от зла и бед.

Андрей
Ты не круши себя, родная,
Я возвращу тебе покой.

Морозова
Ну бог с тобой... Прости, прости!

Андрей
Родная, прости, прости!
(Они уходят.)
Занавес медленно опускается.)

КАРТИНА ВТОРАЯ

*Царские хоромы в Александровской
слободе. В одной стороне стол,
накрытый для трапезы.*

Хор опричников *(за сценой)*
Камо от грехов утаюся!
Ужасеся мир зряща злая
Исцели душевные страсти
И избави мя от ада пленения:
Судища грозного ужасуюся!
*(Опричники, опустив головы, скрестив
на груди руки, входят по одному
и становятся вокруг стола.
Последним входит Вязьминский.)*

Хор опричников
Камо от грехов утаюся!
Ужасеся мир зряща злая творящу ми;
Исцели душевные страсти
И избави мя от ада пленения:
Судища грозного ужасуюся!
(Все садятся за стол.)

Вязьминский
Довольно, братья, потрудились богу,
Мы человеки, плоть изнурена.
Соизволяет государь и пишу нам
Принять от шедрых рук его.
Великому царю векови слава и слава!

Хор опричников
Великому царю векови слава!
Он любит верных слуг своих,
Как мать родимая, он чад своих блюдет.
Как солнце в небеси, свет свой на нас
он льет.

Вязьминский
Неподалеку царь в молитве пребывает,
Слезами тяжкими он грудь свою крушит.
Покой его не возмущайте, братья,
В хоромы дальние пойдем, пойдем.
Хор опричников *(встают)*
Идем скорей, пображничать не грех.
Идем скорей, скорей.
(Входит Басманов.)

Басманов
Остановитесь... я от государя!
К нам из Москвы примчался молодец,
Он земщины заклятый враг душой,
И царь его принять соизволяет
Б опричники.

Хор опричников
В опричники? В опричники?
Откуда взялся, отколь слетел он,
Соколик удалой?

Басманов *(Вязьминскому)*
Тебе велит он, князь, принять присягу
И приласкать его.

Вязьминский
Иди, иди.
Басманов
Андрей Морозов!
Вязьминский
Морозов!.. Федя, ты смеешься надо мной?
Сын лютого врага, сын гордого Андрея,
Сын ненавистника и рода моего,
И самого меня... Кому покаялся
Я мстить за горькие обиды,
В опричники идет! Послушай, Федя:
Беги скорей к царю, ему поведай,
Что враг Морозов мне, что верного раба
Нельзя обидеть милостью к врагу.
Иль нет, постой...

Басманов
Забудь свою обиду.
В гробу твой враг. Не виноват же сын,
Что враждовал с отцом ты?

Вязьминский
Да, ты прав,
Уж поздно: царь велел.
Басманов *(отойдя в сторону)*
Я приведу Морозова сюда.
(В сторону.)
И буду зорко
Следить за ковами врагов Андрея.
Хор опричников
Веди ж скорее молодца,
Пусть клятву даст!
(Басманов выходит.)
Вязьминский *(про себя)*
Не к лучшему ль устроила судьба?
Как знать, быть может, на погибель
Идет в опричники сын старого врага!
(Входит Морозов с Басмановым.)
Хор опричников
Ну молодец опричник новый:
И статный вид, и смелый взгляд!
Вязьминский
Ты, молодец, в опричники желаешь?
Неволя гонит или просит воля?
Хор
Что скажет он?
Андрей
Как перед богом, так перед тобой
Души не постыжу грехом обмана.
Неволею иду, но та неволя
Во мне как дух нечистый поселилась.
Я не могу ее ни заклинаньем,
Ни силой крестною изгнать, я не могу.
Но ты скажи царю, скажи ему: неволя эта
Дарит слугу опричнине вернее
Его секир и повов надежной;
Да в жертву я несус к стопам его
И жизнь, и счастье матери родимой.
Скажи же, князь, ему: неволя эта
Дарит слугу опричнине верней
Всех повов его, секир его надежней.
Ах, все в жертву я к ногам принес его.
Да, жизнь и счастье я принес к стопам его.
Вязьминский
Готов ли ты царю присягу дать?
Андрей
Готов, скажи, как клясться должен я?
Вязьминский
Постой, Морозов... Знаешь ли, что если
Обет нарушишь — с головой простись?
Андрей
Все знаю и на все решился.
Вязьминский
Братя, пока обет дает свой новобранец,
Прикройте голову его ножами.
(Все опричники становятся кругом Морозова, держа над ним ножи.)
Вязьминский
Во имя господи и страшных сил его,
Клянись, клянись, Андрей Морозов.
Хор опричников
Во имя господи и страшных сил его,
Клянись, клянись, Андрей Морозов!
Вязьминский
Не только делом самому, иль словом,
Но даже стороной, через других,
Не помня хлеба, соли иль родства,
Ни выручки, не разбирая пола,
Ни лет, кому бы ни было из земских
Вовеки не служить, вовеки не дружить,
Ты поклонись.
Андрей *(про себя)*
А мать моя, Наталья!
(Он отходит к авансцене.
Опричники опускают ножи
и разделяются на группы.)
Ужели и от них мне отступиться?
Для них лишь только я пришел сюда.
Вязьминский *(про себя)*
Колеблется!

Басманов *(Андрею)*
Ах, не губи себя, клянись!
(Опричники опять окружают Андрея.)
Вязьминский
Во имя господи и страшных сил его,
Клянись, клянись, Андрей Морозов.
Хор опричников
Во имя господи и страшных сил его,
Клянись, клянись, Андрей Морозов.
Вязьминский
Во всякий час на лиходеев наших
Не только доносить, какое зло
На нас они преступно замышляют,
Но и подстерегать,
Не скажут ли о замыслах лукавых:
И суды потреба, и тайна келыи,
И поцелуй любовницы безумной,
И наставления матери родной.
Хор опричников
И поцелуй любовницы безумной,
И наставления матери родной.
Андрей
О господи, оставил ты меня!
(Плачет.)
Вязьминский *(про себя)*
Он плачет! Радостью полна душа моя,
В моих руках, Морозов, будешь ты;
Когда теперь, как девка, слезы льешь
рекой,
Куда тебе в опричники.
Басманов *(Андрею)*
Опомнись, слышишь голос: сам отец
Тебя из гроба к мщенью призывает.
Вязьминский,
хор опричников
Во имя господи и страшных сил его,
Клянись, клянись, Андрей Морозов!
Вязьминский
Клянись, Морозов!
Андрей
Чтоб отомстить врагу, клянусь!
Вязьминский
Ты должен, наконец, и от отца отречься.
Андрей
Молю тебя, не трогай мертвых.
Вязьминский
Добро! Но мать жива,
Ты должен и от матери отречься!
Хор опричников
Клянись, Морозов!
Вязьминский
Ну что ж? Клянись, клянись!
Хор опричников
Клянись, Морозов!
Басманов *(из-за плеча Морозова)*
Клянусь!
Андрей
Нет, нет, нет! То не был голос мой,
То сатана, сам сатана промолвил слово.
Забить страдания родной
И счастье тихое былого?
Нет, уст своих не оскверню,
Такого лютого закона
Нет даже у зверей самих.
Хор опричников
Иль другом, иль врагом нам будь.
Андрей
Умру без ропота, без стона.
Разите разом все меня,
Я все снесу любя ее, любя.
Хор опричников
Тебе уж к жизни нет возврата,

Иль с земщиной, иль с нами будь.
Забудь отца, и мать, и брата;
Все в жизни милое забудь.
Андрей
Забить страдания родной,
И счастье тихое былого?
Нет, уст своих не оскверню,
Такого лютого закона
Нет даже у зверей самих.
Хор опричников
Иль другом, иль врагом нам будь!
Андрей
Умру без ропота, без стона.
Разите разом все меня,
Я все снесу, любя ее, любя.
Басманов *(в сторону, Андрею)*
А мщенье, мщенье за отца!
Мужайся, брат крестовый.
Хор опричников
Тебе уж к жизни нет возврата.
Иль с земщиной, иль с нами будь,
Иль с земщиной, иль с нами, с нами будь!
Вязьминский,
хор опричников
Клянись же или смерти жди!
Хор опричников
Клянись же или смерти жди!
Андрей
Что делать?
Боже правый! Ты научи меня.
Вязьминский
Клянись же!
Хор опричников
Клянись же!
Андрей
Так пропадай же все! Клянусь!
Хор опричников
Слава, слава доброму молодцу!
(Андрей отходит в мрачной задумчивости.
Басманов утешает его.)
Вязьминский,
хор опричников
Славен, славен, как солнце в красный день,
Наш отец и царь,
Господин Руси великой.
Жить ему долгие годы,
Расцветать да на страх врагу
Царить по всей земле.
Лишь скажи: мы по слову твоему
Стаю лиходеев-врагов
Сотрем с лица земли.
Славен, славен, могуч наш царь-отец.
Он на страх врагу царит в Руси.
(Вязьминский приближается к Андрею
и ободряет его.)
Хор опричников
Им как божия гроза,
Нам как цветику роса.
Верных слуг он блюдет.
(Андрей и Басманов
выходят на авансцену.)
Басманов, Андрей,
Вязьминский,
хор опричников
Славен, славен,
Как солнце в красный день,
Наш отец и царь,
Господин Руси великой.
Жить ему долгие веки,
Расцветать да на страх врагам
Царить на Руси.
Да на страх врагам
Царить на Руси.
(Вязьминский уходит Андрея,
Басманов идет за ними.)
Хор опричников
Им как божия гроза,
Нам как цветику роса.
Ты верных слуг блюдешь!

ДЕЙСТВИЕ ТРЕТЬЕ

Площадь в Москве.
С обеих сторон дома, при которых сады.
На заднем плане церковь.
При поднятии занавеса народ ходит
отдельными группами по сцене.
Мало-помалу он сходится в общую массу.
Хор народа
Времена настали злые:
Нас покинул царь-отец.
И волков голодных стая
Разоряет нас вконец.
(Придвигаются к авансцене.)
Нас татары жгли, пленяли,
Но, как божия гроза,
Восставали царь с народом,
И как вихрь неслася орда.
Он любви приветным взглядом
Наши раны исцелял.
Царской милостью своею
Наши слезы осушал!
Но покинул пастырь добрый
Стадо жалкое свое.
Бед великих преисполнил
Наше горькое житье.
Времена настали злые:
Нас покинул царь-отец.
И волков голодных стая
Разоряет нас вконец.
Будь что будет! Грозной силы
Слабым нам не побороть.
Боже, скажись ты над нами,
Будь к нам милостив, господь!
(Народ мало-помалу расходится.
Одни удаляются в глубину сцены, другие
заходят за кулисы, третьи, образуя
группы, ходят в глубине сцены,
как бы разговаривая.)
Морозова
Как одиноко я теперь!
Как жутко, тяжело живется!
Какой-то страх беды нежданной
Меня томит!
Андрюша мой, о милый сын,
Я за тебя страдать готова.
Пусть господь меня казнит,
Но ты, мой сын,
Ты нежный цвет весны златой,
Ужели и тебя коснется
Десница божья!
Ох, страшно, страшно!
Иду молиться...
Господь услышит матери молитву!
(Вбегает толпа мальчиков
и останавливается вблизи Морозовой.)
Хор мальчиков
Собака, собака, кромешная метла.
Опричница поганая.
(Пять басов выходят на авансцену
и грозят мальчикам.)
Народ *(пять басов)*
Прочь! Прочь, бесенята!
(Мальчики разбегаются.)
Хор мальчиков *(из-за кулис)*
Собака, собака, кромешная метла.
(Морозова стоит в недоумении.)
Морозова
Спасибо, люди добрые. За что
Они меня поносят, я не знаю?
(Направляется к церкви.
Вбегает Наталья и бросается
в объятия Морозовой.)
Наталья
Я к тебе прибежала, родная;
Ты укрой меня, приюти.
Точно жить в отцовской неволе;
Мне невмочь. И отец, и жених
Мне постылы, постылы.
Ты знаешь, по ком
Изнываю, и сохну, и плачу.
Мне сырая могила милей
Моей горькой неволи.

Морозова
Наташа! Я как дочку родную тебя
Облюбила, ты знаешь сама.
Но, безумная, хочешь ли ты
Погубить свою жизнь молодую?
Уж тебе ли бороться с отцом?
Он силен и богат и упорен,
Он тобою теперь опозорен.
Ведь он силен, ведь он упорен;
Он тобою теперь опозорен.
Ах, не губи, не губи
Свою жизнь молодую.
Воротись же скорее домой.
Наталья
Нет! Мне сырая могила
Милей моей горькой неволи!
Морозова
Воротись же скорее домой!
Ты забудь и меня, и Андрея.
Умирать я готова с тобой,
Горькой доли своей не жалея,
Но упорен старик и богат.
У него челядинцев немало,
Быстроногие кони их мчат.
Воротись, пока поздно не стало!
Наталья
Нет! Я к батюшке в дом не пойду,
И если связь сердце навеки
Ты хочешь разорвать, я отрекаюсь
От батюшки родного! Сам господь
Защитой мне, живой не дамся в руки я!
Жемчужный
Остановись, змея!
Морозова
Жемчужный князь!
Ты тяжкий грех берешь себе на душу;
Довольно и того, что другу данный
Святой обет хотел нарушить ты.
То грех великий перед богом,
Но еще есть время.
Свою вину, свой тяжкий смертный грех
Искупишь ты пред небесами,
Господь тебя простит.
Отдай, отдай ты дочь свою Андрею.
Сам господь защитой ей;
Не призывай господня гнева на главу свою.
Жемчужный
Господь того назначил ей,
Кому отдать ее хочу...
Молчи, старуха!
Иди домой, не то вязать велю!
Иди, княжна!
Наталья
Пусть силою берут!
Жемчужный
Ну так вяжите, люди!
(Слуги подбегают к Наталье.)
Наталья
Ах!
Хор опричников *(за сценой)*
Гой-да! Гой-да!
Хор народа
Ай, батюшки, помилуй!
Бежать скорей...
Уж поздно... Вот они!
(Вбегает толпа опричников,
с ними Басманов и Андрей.)
Хор опричников
Гой-да, гой-да!
Жемчужный
Опричники! Проклятье!..
Андрей
Добро и дом, и дочь, и славу.
Безумец, счастья я искал
И смертную напел отраву!
Зловещий страх меня томит,
Я жду, пройдет ли сон.
Наталья, Андрей
Нет, то не сон, родная мать
Родного сына проклинает!
Нет, то не сон! Куда бежать?
Что делать мне, куда бежать?
От муки сердце замирает,
Зловещий страх томит,
Я жду, пройдет ли сон.
Ах! Нет, то не сон!
Морозова
Постой! Постой, Андрюша.
Не понимаю я, кто эти люди?

(Морозова становится против Жемчужного,
как бы защищая от него Наталью.)
Наталья
Отец мой!
(Падают на колени и плачет.)
Отец! Как перед богом,
Так пред тобою я;
Казни меня, но выслушай сначала.
Одна я у тебя... Не может быть,
Чтобы родитель детище свое
Отдал на растерзанье хищным волкам.
Так слушай, слушай, преступить отцовской
воли
Я не хотела, нет, но, видит бог,
Морозова люблю я всей душою!
Отец его твой друг был; с детства нас
Готовили друг другу, и теперь,
Когда уж я привыкла жизнь свою
С его судьбой считать одною жизнью,
Ты хочешь у меня его отнять!
(Вставая.)
Но я его; сам бог нас съединил,
И если связь сердце навеки
Ты хочешь разорвать, я отрекаюсь
От батюшки родного! Сам господь
Защитой мне, живой не дамся в руки я!
Жемчужный
Остановись, змея!
Морозова
Жемчужный князь!
Ты тяжкий грех берешь себе на душу;
Довольно и того, что другу данный
Святой обет хотел нарушить ты.
То грех великий перед богом,
Но еще есть время.
Свою вину, свой тяжкий смертный грех
Искупишь ты пред небесами,
Господь тебя простит.
Отдай, отдай ты дочь свою Андрею.
Сам господь защитой ей;
Не призывай господня гнева на главу свою.
Жемчужный
Господь того назначил ей,
Кому отдать ее хочу...
Молчи, старуха!
Иди домой, не то вязать велю!
Иди, княжна!
Наталья
Пусть силою берут!
Жемчужный
Ну так вяжите, люди!
(Слуги подбегают к Наталье.)
Наталья
Ах!
Хор опричников *(за сценой)*
Гой-да! Гой-да!
Хор народа
Ай, батюшки, помилуй!
Бежать скорей...
Уж поздно... Вот они!
(Вбегает толпа опричников,
с ними Басманов и Андрей.)
Хор опричников
Гой-да, гой-да!
Жемчужный
Опричники! Проклятье!..
Андрей
Добро и дом, и дочь, и славу.
Безумец, счастья я искал
И смертную напел отраву!
Зловещий страх меня томит,
Я жду, пройдет ли сон.
Наталья, Андрей
Нет, то не сон, родная мать
Родного сына проклинает!
Нет, то не сон! Куда бежать?
Что делать мне, куда бежать?
От муки сердце замирает,
Зловещий страх томит,
Я жду, пройдет ли сон.
Ах! Нет, то не сон!
Морозова
Постой! Постой, Андрюша.
Не понимаю я, кто эти люди?

Ты... ты с ними...
Видно, разум помутился!
Они опричники, а ты? Зачем ты здесь?
Ну говори скорее. Страшно, страшно...
Андрей
Не бойся, матушка. Кто б ни был я теперь,
По-прежнему люблю тебя, родная,
По-прежнему я сын покорный твой.
О да! По-прежнему я сын покорный твой!
Хор опричников
Помни клятву, отступился
Ты от матери родной.
Если бога не боишься,
То страшись: есть суд земной!
Басманов
Скорей, Морозов, сядем на коней,
И в слободу! Ты клятву забываешь!
Андрей
Постойте! Матушка, узнай же правду всю!
Я смыть хотел позорню обиду,
Мне слышался отца мотильный голог
Громче труб взывал он из могилы
И к мщению всечасно призывал.
Хор опричников
Помни клятву, отступился
Ты от матери родной.
Если бога не боишься,
То страшись: есть суд земной!
Андрей
Опричник я, зато мы вновь богаты;
Наталья вновь моя, и князь Жемчужный,
Наш лютой враг, унижен и осмеян!
Не удаляйся ж, матушка!
Морозова
Прочь! Прочь!
Ты мне не сын; ты враг земли родной...
Не из могилы слышался тот голос,
То сатана лукавый нашептал,
То дьяволы смеялись в преисподней,
Когда к злодеям в шайку ты пришел.
Кровь на тебе; я знаю, ты поклялся
И матери родной не пожалеть!
Так что ж, убей меня; ведь все равно
Убита я твоим позором! Знай же,
Я отрекаюсь от тебя! Иди, опричник.
Нет матери тебе благословенья,
Проклятье, да, проклятье на тебе!
(Падают в изнеможении.)
Наталья
Остановись, ты этим страшным словом
На наши головы погибель призываешь!
(Морозову окружают и отводят в сторону.)
Андрей
Я не могу еще понять
Ужасных слов ее значенья,
Зловещим страхом весь объят,
Я жду, пройдет ли сновиденье.
Наталья, Басманов
Я не могу еще понять
Ужасных слов ее значенья,
Зловещий страх меня томит,
Я жду, пройдет ли сновиденье.
Жемчужный
Я не могу еще унять
Души ужасное смятенье,
Зловещим страхом весь объят,
Я жду, пройдет ли сновиденье.
Нет, то не сон, я потерял
Добро и дом, и дочь, и славу.
Безумец, счастья я искал
И смертную напел отраву!
Зловещий страх меня томит,
Я жду, пройдет ли сон.
Наталья, Андрей
Нет, то не сон, родная мать
Родного сына проклинает!
Нет, то не сон! Куда бежать?
Что делать мне, куда бежать?
От муки сердце замирает,
Зловещий страх томит,
Я жду, пройдет ли сон.
Ах! Нет, то не сон!

Басманов
Нет, то не сон, родная мать
Родного сына проклинает!
Как должен он теперь страдать!
Зловещий страх томит,
Я жду, пройдет ли сон.
Хор опричников
Помни клятву: отступился
Ты от матери родной.
Если бога не боишься,
То страшись: есть суд земной.
Да, страшись: есть суд земной.
Ни в вечной жизни, ни в земной
Ты не найдешь успокоенья!
Хор народа
Ни в вечной жизни, ни в земной
Он не найдет успокоенья,
Не найдет никогда успокоенья,
Ни в вечной жизни, ни в земной
Ты не найдешь успокоенья!
Басманов
Как должен он теперь страдать,
несчастный!
Жемчужный
Боже!
Наталья, Басманов
Нет, то не сон: родная мать
Сына родного проклинает;
На нем лежит проклятье!
Жемчужный
Я потерял добро и дом,
Я потерял и честь и славу.
Навек и честь и славу!
Хор опричников
Ни в вечной жизни, ни в земной
Ты не найдешь успокоенья.
Проклятье над тобою!
Хор народа
Ни в вечной жизни, ни в земной
Ты не найдешь успокоенья.
На нем лежит проклятье!
Басманов
Крестовый брат, мужайся и надейся!
Велик господь и милостив наш царь.
Скорее на коней, и в слободу помчимся.
Княжну и мать твою к царю мы приведем,
Быть может, смилуется господин наш
грозный,
Он клятву разрешит, и все пройдет, как
сон.
(Делает знак,
чтобы увели старуху Морозову.)
К царю! К царю! К царю помчимся,
к царю!
Наталья, Басманов,
Андрей, Жемчужный,
хор опричников и народа
К царю! Избранник бога он,
Властитель, судия!
Басманов, хор
К ногам его падите,
Слезами убожайте,
Он клятву разрешит.
Вдовице сокрушенной
Он сына возвратит.
Он, сердцем умиленным,
Вас счастьем озарит.
К царю! Избранник бога он,
Властитель, судия!
Наталья, Андрей
Да, он клятву разрешит.
К царю! Избранник бога он,
Властитель, судия!
Жемчужный
Жемчужный не разрешит,
Дочь отцу он возвратит,
Счастьем снова озарит.
К царю! Избранник бога он,
Властитель, судия!

Наталя, Басманов,
Андрей, Жемчужный
Идем к царю!
(Наталя бросается к Андрею,
который отводит ее в глубину сцены.
Басманов следует за ними.
Жемчужный поспешно уходит.)

Общий хор
Скорей к царю, скорей к царю,
Скорее на коней садитесь
И мчитесь к Грозному царю!
Его решенья не страшитесь,
Он явит милость вам свою!

ДЕЙСТВИЕ ЧЕТВЕРТОЕ

Свадебный хор
Слава, слава доброму молодцу,
Именитому боярину слава, слава!
И его красе лебедушке слава, слава!
Слава, слава доброму молодцу, слава, слава!
И его свет Натальюшке слава, слава!
Слава, слава доброму молодцу,
Именитому боярину слава, слава!
И его красе лебедушке,
Что цветочка краше вешнего,
Слава, слава!
Чтобы сто лет вам не стариться,
Цветным платьям не носиться,
Коням добрым не умяться,
Бочкам полным не сушиться,
Жемчуг вам считать лукошками,
Серебро лопатой сгребывать,
Сына вам родить соколика.
Вам бы сто лет жить да не стариться,
Цветным платьям не носиться,
Коням добрым не умяться,
Жить вам век свой и в совете, и в любви.
Слава, слава доброму молодцу,
Именитому боярину слава, слава!
И его красе лебедушке слава, слава!
И его свет Натальюшке слава, слава!
Жить вам век свой и в совете, и в любви.
Слава, слава, слава, слава!

(Сначала выходят одни женщины,
потом к ним присоединяются опричники,
и пляска делается общей.)
(Андрей Морозов встает с кубком в руке.)

Андрей
Друзья, и горестен, и сладок этот день!
Царь милостив ко мне. Он возвратил
Мне счастье, честь, довольство и покой.
Мой лютый враг унижен и осмеян.
Бедую лебедушку мою
Из злых котей его я вырвал.
Матери молям горячим он внял
И клятву разрешил: уж не опричник я,
Позволил царь мне в земщину вернуться!
Но мне жаль с вами, други, жаль навек
долю,
Что на всю ли жизнь расставаться,
В вольной воле жить,
Службу честную не справлять царю.

Хор опричников
Добрый молодец, нам с тобою
Расставаться жаль навек долю;
Уж не жить тебе в вольной воле,
В службе царской.

Андрей
Но вдалеке, как вы, останусь я
Слугой царя и преданным, и верным.
Воздаст ему на небесах господь,
Я ж за него в огонь и в воду!
Басманов
(сияющему возле него Андрею)
Пока пируем мы до полуночи,
Морозов, ты еще опричник. Помни, помни!
(Уходит.)

Андрей
Не только в слободе, но где б я ни был,
Царю я верный раб.
Пусть только скажет, — снова я опричник.
Друзья, свои наполним кубки
За здоровье могучего царя.

Хор опричников
Да здравствует наш милостивый царь!
Слава, слава доброму молодцу, слава,
слава!
И его свет Натальюшке слава, слава!
Жить вам век свой и в совете, и в любви!
Слава, слава, слава, слава!
(Андрей и Наталя выходят из-за стола
и подходят к авансцене.)

Наталя
Ах, скорей бы конец пиrowанью!
Ах, скорей бы настал ночи мрак!
Мне не весело, милый, мне страшно;
Берегись, сердце верный вещун.

Андрей
Подожди, лишь пройдет пиrowанье,
Подожди, лишь пройдет час ночной,
И, как вольные птицы на небе,
В край родной улетим мы с тобою.

Наталя
Ах, скорей бы конец пиrowанью...

Андрей
Подожди, лишь пройдет час ночной...

Наталя
Ах, не видать мне счастья,
Сердце говорит.
Плачем похоронным
Этот пир звучит.

Андрей
Поано, думы черные
Разгони скорей.
Улыбнись, красотка,
Обними нежней!

Наталя
Нет! Плачем похоронным
Этот пир звучит!
Ты мне жизнь и свет,
Радость и покой;
Без тебя мне мир,
Что могильный мрак.
Как в лесу глухом
Бор безвыходный;
Я с тобою все стерплю,
Вместе нас судьба свела,
Так кто ж разлучит нас?
Станем все с тобой делить:
И жизнь, и смертный час,
И долю горькую, и волю вольную,
Делить мы станем жизнь и смертный час.
Не видать мне счастья...

Андрей
Успокойся...

Наталя
Сердце говорит!

Андрей
Разгони думы черные, разгони скорей.

Наталя
Нет, не видать мне счастья.

Андрей
Успокойся, милая!
Ты, краса моя,
Не слези очей,
Ты лебяжью грудь
Не труди, мой свет,
Думы черные
Разгони скорей,
Ты свою лебяжью грудь не труди.
Ты краса моя,
Мы станем все делить:
И жизнь, и смертный час,
И долю горькую, и волю вольную;
Мы станем все с тобой делить,
И даже смертный час!

Наталя
Вместе нас судьба свела,
Так кто ж разлучит нас?
Станем все с тобой делить:
И жизнь, и смертный час,
И долю горькую, и волю вольную;
Мы станем все с тобой делить,
И даже смертный час!

(Хор подходит к ним с кубками.)

Свадебный хор
Чтобы сто лет вам не стариться,
Цветным платьям не носиться,
Коням добрым не умяться,
Бочкам полным не сушиться,
Жемчуг вам считать лукошками,
Серебро лопатой сгребывать,
Сына вам родить соколика,
Жить вам в совете и в вечной любви!
(Вбегает встревоженный Басманов
и отводит Андрея к авансцене.)

Андрей
Что бледен так?

Басманов
Постой, нам дорог каждый миг...
Ужасная гроза висит над нами.
И ты, и ты ее накликал сам!

Андрей
О, не томи меня!

Басманов
От клятвы ты отрекся, неразумный!
Хоть полужавил бы немножко. Нет!
Едва лишь клятву дал опричине служить,
Опричники тебе лишь только возвратили
Твое добро и честь, ты вмиг все позабыл.
Так слушай, слушай слово роковое,
Последнее оно, послушайся меня.
Опричник ты еще,
Опричник, связанный и клятвой грозной,
И благодарностью, и царской волей.
Так покорись, о милый, покорись!

Андрей
Я не пойму тебя!

Басманов
Поймешь, ты не дитя!
Я долг исполнил свой, а там свое твори!
(Входит Вязьминский.)

Вязьминский
Беседе честной низко кланяюсь,
А новобрачным трижды три поклона!

Андрей
Благодарю, неожиданный гость, на пир
Или по делу к нам пожаловал?

Вязьминский
По делу.
Царю сказали о красоте супружницы твоей;
Ее он хочет видеть.

Андрей
Да такой
Она во сне не знала благодати.
Мать с гордостью о том детям расскажет.
Когда ж?

Вязьминский
Сейчас, со мной!

Андрей
Пойдем!

Вязьминский
Не торопись.
Княжну, одну княжну он хочет видеть,
Одну княжну.

Андрей
Как, без меня, одну?
Не в басурманской мы земле живем.
Одну? Нет, и я иду!
Бог сочел — не разлучает человек.

Вязьминский
Тебе не приказал!

Андрей
Не слушаю, иду, иду!

Басманов
Ради матушки родимой
И подрути дорогой,
Ради счастья, ради неба,
Ради жизни молодой.

Хор
Покоритесь царской воле,
Пусть идет, на то закон.

Наталя
О боже! Все погибло: честь и счастье.

Басманов
Заклинаю, брат крестовый,
Пусть идет, куда велят;
То лишь шутка, только шутка,
Испытать тебя хотят.

Андрей
Нет, пусть казнят, не покоримся,
Бог связал навеки нас.
Смерть с тобою — светлый праздник.
Смело встретим грозный час.

Вязьминский
Р-да низкого исчадь,
Сын презренного раба,
Над тобою уж несется
Из тучи гроза.

Хор
Пусть идет, на то закон!
Покоритесь, покоритесь!
Покоритесь царской воле,
Пусть идет, на то закон.

Вязьминский
Гляди, гроза идет из тучи грозной,
В ней смертный твой приговор,
В ней кровавая обида,
Несмыаемый позор.
Та гроза — царева воля,
В ней твой смертный приговор,
В ней кровавая обида,
Несмыаемый позор!

Наталя
Пусть казнят, не покоримся!
Бог связал навеки нас,
Смерть с тобою — светлый праздник.
Смело встретим грозный час!

Басманов
Брат крестовый, заклиная,
Пусть идет, на то закон;
То лишь шутка, только шутка:
Испытать тебя хотят!

Андрей
Друг, я знаю эти шутки.
В них мой смертный приговор.
Да, в них кровавая обида,
Несмыаемый позор.
Пусть казнят, не покоримся,
Смело встретим грозный час!

Хор
Покоритесь царской воле.
Пусть идет, на то закон!

Вязьминский
Та гроза — царева воля!

Андрей
Смерть с тобою — светлый праздник!

Басманов
Ради матушки родимой.

Хор
Пусть идет, на то закон!

Наталя
Все, все погибло: и честь, и счастье.
Нет, стыд не стерпит он.
Как безжалостен, как страшен
Их опричниный закон!

Басманов
Ради матушки родимой
И подрути дорогой,
Ради счастья, ради неба,
Ради жизни молодой.

Андрей
Друг, я знаю эти шутки,
В них мой смертный приговор,
В них кровавая обида и позор,
В них мой смертный приговор.

Вязьминский
Рога низкого исчадь,
Сын презренного раба.

Андрей, Наталя
Пусть казнят, не покоримся.
Бог нас навеки связал,
Смерть с тобою — праздник светлый;

Смело встретим грозный час!
Все погибло! Близок час!

Басманов
Заклинаю, брат крестовый,
Пусть идет, куда велят;
То лишь шутка, только шутка,
Испытать тебя хотят!
Покорись же! Покорись!

Вязьминский
Над тобою уж несется
В небе страшная гроза.
Та гроза — царева воля,
В ней кровавая обида,
Несмыаемый позор!
Близок час отмщенью!
Ты погиб!

Хор
Грозный царь шутить не любит,
В шутках царских смертный стон.
В них смертный стон!

Вязьминский
Что ж ты, голубушка? Ведь не простой
зовет!

Андрей
Так пусть велят нас разлучить мечами!

Вязьминский
Друзья, держите молодца!

Наталя
Спаси, Андриюша!
(Падают без чувств на руки опричников.)

Андрей
Проклятье, проклятье над вами, злые псы!
Как звери лютые, вы алчете лишь крови!
Проклятье и над ним!
(Указывает на двери в царские хоромы.
Двери в ту же минуту отворяются.)

Вязьминский
Добро, скорей ее царю ведите.

Хор
Царь зовет, царь зовет.
(Басманов кидается в отворенные двери;
через некоторое время он возвращается.)

Басманов
Мои мольбы напрасны,
Андрей, твой час настал.
(Припадает к нему на грудь.)

Андрей
Прощай, Наталя!

Вязьминский
Ведите молодца.

Хор опричников
Иди, твой час настал.
(Уводят Андрея.
Все уходит, кроме Вязьминского.)

Вязьминский
Теперь старуху приведем на славный пир.
Уж то-то будет рада!

(Уходит направо. Некоторое время сцена
остается пустой. Входит Вязьминский,
веая старуху Морозову.)

Морозова
Куда ведешь меня? Мне не до пира,
Не место мне средь кровопийц.

Вязьминский
Так царь велел.

Морозова
Огонь зловещий
В твоих глазах блеснит.
Андриюша где?
Веди, веди скорей к нему.

Вязьминский (подходя к окну)
Взгляни сюда, старуха, вот и пир,
А вот и сын твой на почетном месте!

An opera in 4 acts
Libretto and music by
Pyotr Il'ich Tchaikovsky

Translation & notes by Philip Taylor





THE OPRICHNIK

Collet's publishers London and Wellingborough 1980

Collet's

PREFACE

The present booklet contains the Russian text and translation of Tchaikovsky's opera "The Oprichnik", together with an essay and a translation of two articles by the prominent nineteenth century Russian critic German Avgustovich Larosh. It is intended for use with the four record set of the opera (D 09821-28) produced by Melodiya and distributed in the U.K. by Collet's. The text given here has been taken from volume 34 of the full academic edition of Tchaikovsky's works published by Muzyka in 1959. Due to a number of small cuts in the recorded version and certain variants in the text itself, the listener may find a slight discrepancy between the two. Nevertheless, the text has been given in full for the sake of completeness and in anticipation of a new Soviet recording which I understand is envisaged.

Some justification may appear necessary for the inclusion of two long articles by a contemporary critic. However, the volume of valuable critical material on Tchaikovsky's music left by Larosh is such that it should not be ignored. Larosh was an ardent admirer of Tchaikovsky's work and making allowances for certain inconsistencies and short-sighted judgements, his assessments were often remarkably perceptive. In addition to this, it is interesting to observe at length views expressed in an earlier age and compare them with current opinions and attitudes formed with 20th century hindsight.

All translations in the booklet are by Philip Taylor unless otherwise stated.

Philip Taylor

NOTES



Tchaikovsky in 1869

NOTES

For the subject of his third opera, Tchaikovsky took the tragic drama "The Oprichniks" by the romantic novelist and dramatist Ivan Ivanovich Lazhechnikov (1792-1868). Though written in the 1840s, Lazhechnikov's tragedy immediately ran into trouble with the censorship and was not published until 1859. The first staging followed only in October 1867 at the Moscow Maly Theatre and was then considered a moderate success. As a keen theatre-goer, it is quite probable that Tchaikovsky saw this first production at a time when he was already deeply involved with the composition of his first opera "The Voyevoda".

The historic and patriotic theme in Russian literature received tremendous stimulus at the beginning of the 19th century through the social and political repercussions of the Napoleonic wars. Dramas such as Ozerov's "Dmitrii Donskoi" (1807), Kryukovskii's "Pozharskii" (1807), Olina's "Iziaslav and Vladimir" (1811), Kukol'nik's "The Hand of the Almighty saved the Fatherland" (1834) and "Prince Mikhailo Vasil'yevich Skopin-Shuiskii" (1835), gave the natural lead to many other works in this same genre. The whole movement, furthermore, was lent immense impetus by the discovery of Shakespeare, and the popularity of writers such as Byron and Walter Scott who reached Russia chiefly in French translation.

In 1870, Pushkin's "Boris Godunov" was first produced almost forty years after its initial publication in 1831. This event clearly reflects the mid-century fascination for the costume drama, which was an outstanding feature of Russian art of this period. It influenced, amongst others, Ostrovsky, Mey, Pisemsky and Aleksey Tolstoi, and had a profound effect on one branch of Russian opera - the national, realist school which had been created from Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar".

Tchaikovsky's first operas coincided with a general explosion in operatic composition in Russia. After Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar" (1836) and "Ruslan and Ludmila" (1842), there had been only one important opera until the emergence of the second generation of nationalist composers, and this was Dargomyzhsky's "Rusalka" (1855), - although Anton Rubinstein had made his debut as an operatic composer with "The Battle of Kulikova" in 1850. Subsequently, the growth of operatic self consciousness in Russia forged ahead with increasing momentum. It was in the early 60s that Aleksandr Serov wrote his three operas "Judith" (1863), the mediaeval Russian epic "Rogneda" and the opera on a subject from the Petrine era "Enemy Forces" (first produced at the Marinsky Theatre after the composer's death, in 1871). In 1868, Napravnik's "The Citizens of Novgorod" was first staged, followed by Cesar Cui's opera on the Scottish subject "William Radcliff" in 1869. With Dargomyzhsky's "Stone Guest" (1869), the tradition of the chamber arioso-recitative opera was established with the emphasis on the word and the vocal intonation to the virtual exclusion on traditional forms. Each of Pushkin's four "Little Tragedies" of 1830, of which "The Stone Guest" is one, was adapted into a short, intimate, chamber opera: Rimsky-Korsakov's "Mozart and Salieri", Cui's "Feast at the Time of the Plague" (1900) and Rachmaninov's "Covetous Knight" (1906).

It was, however, with the emergence of Tchaikovsky and the Nationalists towards the end of the 1860s that we note the beginning of this great surge of national self consciousness fused with the romantic spirit of the era. Many of the romantic writers, as the composers, of this period were captivated by the atmosphere of mediaeval Russia and by the beguiling contrast between the oppressive gloom of the times and the irresistible colour of court costumes with their fur and velvet trimmings and golden brocades. D. S. Mirsky with some foundation, however, claims that the concept of the costume drama in Russia was one of the least successful achievements of its literary heritage: ... "the life (of Old Russia) was seen through the prism of the European romantic drama, and the motive of romantic love, so alien to the spirit of real Muscovy, was almost inevitably introduced into every play." A whole crop of historical operas appeared on the Russian Imperial stage from the beginning of the 1870s to the end of the century: "Boris Godunov" (first produced in 1874), "Khovanshchina" (produced 1886, edited and orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakov), "Prince Igor" (produced 1890 with orchestration completed chiefly by Glazunov), "Pskovityanka" (produced 1873), and its prologue "Vera Sheloga" (1898), "The Tsar's Bride" (1899) and "Mazepa" (1884). It is interesting to note how the chronology of these early nationalist operas coincides.

In 1869 Musorgsky prepared the first draft of his "Boris Godunov" and was working on the second at the same time as Rimsky-Korsakov was writing his historical opera "Pskovityanka",⁽¹⁾ in 1872 to a libretto by Mey. Although Tchaikovsky's "Oprichnik" belongs to this same tradition of the historical drama, it differs fundamentally from both these contemporary works in its approach to realism. When Tchaikovsky was composing "The Oprichnik", the battle about the direction of opera and the question of operatic realism, had reached its height. The disciples of Dargomyzhsky⁽²⁾ advocated the principle of a continuously evolving narrative in the declamatory style, employing quasi-recitative, and an intonation closely following natural speech patterns. Their opponents clung to the old lyrical forms with set arias, recitatives and ensembles. Amongst the latter is Anton Rubinstein's "The Demon" (first produced in 1875) as well as "The Oprichnik" - the first of Tchaikovsky's fully-extant

(1) Pskovityanka. An historical drama by Mey, written in 1860.

(2) Dargomyzhsky's last opera "The Stone Guest" was completed by Cui and Rimsky-Korsakov after the composer's death in 1869, and was the highest expression of this genre of opera. Tchaikovsky's attitude to it, is best given in his own words: "Reflection is death to inspiration. Just look how the most recent efforts of contemporary composers have led to their planting opera on the soil of realistic reproduction of life, rejecting traditional forms in their pursuit of a phantom of rationality and truth. Wagner, who waged war against the malpractices of vocal virtuosity, submits the singer to an enormous orchestral barrage which not only detracts from the primary importance of the characters on stage, but even drowns them out altogether. Dargomyzhsky goes even further. Having decided to sacrifice musical beauty to falsely conceived notions about the truth of dramatic movement, he not only robs the singer of everything which is attractive in the art of singing, but robs even himself of the rich means of musical expression. His "Stone Guest", close in its subject to Mozart's "Don Giovanni" is the pitiful fruit of a dry, purely contrived process of invention. This work can cause only earthly boredom for the listener who seeks in art not this narrow conception of truth by which the apple is more real, more tasty than the apple being depicted, but that superior artistic truth which flows from the mysterious depths of man's creative power and floods into lucid, easily-comprehensible fixed forms. Only the self-satisfied dilettantish stupidity of certain nameless inovators who have found for themselves a cosy corner in the columns of "The Sankt Peterburskie Vedomosti", can with comic seriousness, proclaim the last work of the highly talented Dargomyzhsky an example of the very newest operatic style and place it alongside the very greatest creations of the masters of lyrico-dramatic art" (Russkie Vedomosti, 1874). The entire article is, of course, an attack on Cui.

lyrico-psychological dramas. Chronologically, it belongs to his early period dating from the time of the D major string quartet, the first drafts of the Second symphony and "Romeo and Juliet", and "The Tempest". The freshness and immensely lyrical qualities of the opera scarcely deserve its present-day neglect. Our attitude to "The Oprichnik" has been largely fixed by out-dated and conventional criticism and by the composer's own misplaced condemnation of his work.

The composition of "The Oprichnik" took Tchaikovsky a little over two years to complete, - from February 1870 to March 1872. It is not easy to get a detailed impression of the background to the opera from the available documentary material of this period. References to the opera in Tchaikovsky's correspondence are fragmentary and of passing interest only. However, we can establish that the preparation of the libretto which the composer himself wrote, was begun shortly after 5th February, 1870. In a letter of this date to his sister Aleksandra Il'inichna Tchaikovsky wrote "I intend to begin a third opera taken from Lazhechnikov's tragedy "The Oprichniks". To Balakirev on 23rd February, he wrote that he had made "a slight start" on the opera. But progress was slow, and by March 7th, he was complaining to Anatoly Il'ich "I am getting terribly lazy of late; the opera has come to a halt at the first chorus", and again on 23rd April "My opera is crawling along. The cause, I think, is that though the subject is good, it doesn't suit me somehow".

On 20th May, Tchaikovsky left Petersburg for Paris to see his pupil Vladimir Shilovsky who was seriously ill and thought to be consumptive. He remained with Shilovsky during his whole stay at a health resort in Soden where he underwent curative treatment, and returned to Petersburg only on 24th August. Due to this long delay, the libretto was completed only by September.

Resuming work on the opera, Tchaikovsky wrote to Modest Il'ich, "I am now beginning the composition of the opera, but very slowly" (17th September), and to Aleksandra Il'inichna on 28th December "I am composing a little of the new opera and live amongst the characters and their situation". In spite of constant interruptions - his academic duties at the conservatoire, the commission from Bessel' to make an arrangement for four hands of Anton Rubinstein's musical picture "Don Quixote", the composition of the D major quartet, - Tchaikovsky's enthusiasm mounted as he became more involved in the music and the fate of his characters: "I am now committed with all my soul to the composition of "The Oprichniks" (letter to Balakirev, 29th May 1871). During the summer of 1871, progress was halted once more whilst Tchaikovsky was writing his textbook for students "Handbook to a Practical Study of Harmony" published by Jurgenson in 1872. Writing from Kondrat'ev's estate at Nizy on 16th July, he reported "I have finished the orchestration of the first act of my opera and have begun work enthusiastically on the "Handbook", which must definitely be ready by 1st September. Turning back to the opera, Tchaikovsky wrote to Nikolai Il'ich that he hoped to complete the opera by the end of the year, but further delays followed. Firstly there came a commission to write a festival cantata to commemorate the bi-centenary of the birth of Peter the Great, which was performed at the inauguration of a Polytechnic exhibition in Moscow in May 1872. Then, from mid December to the end of January, Tchaikovsky was absent from Russia on a winter holiday with Vladimir Shilovsky in Nice. As a result the score was completed only in March (the final page of the manuscript is dated 20th March 1872). Even before this, however, an extract had been performed at a public concert, when on 21st January, Nikolai Rubinstein had conducted the Wedding Chorus from the fourth act at a Russian Musical Society Concert.

On 5th May, Tchaikovsky sent the score to St. Petersburg for examination by the Imperial opera committee. In the hope of advancing his cause, he wrote simultaneously to Pavel Fedorov⁽³⁾, who was the supervisor of repertoire in the Imperial Theatres, and who possessed enormous influence in official spheres. Two weeks later, Tchaikovsky concluded an agreement with the publisher Bessel', granting his firm sole rights on the libretto, the vocal score, the arrangement for piano solo and the rights on any subsequent changes made in the score (the importance of this final clause assumed great significance later). Furthermore, Bessel' was to receive one third of the royalties in payment for making the arrangements for the staging of the opera in St. Petersburg. On 8th April, a second agreement was concluded whereby Tchaikovsky surrendered all rights and permission for the performance of the opera in any theatre both in Russia and abroad. For this, he received one thousand silver rubles. No other compensation was given, but Bessel' promised to publish the vocal score in time for the première. Tchaikovsky came to regret deeply his complete surrender of rights on the work and considered that Bessel' had cheated him, using the composer's financial difficulties to his own advantage.

Receiving no news from the Theatres Directorate, Tchaikovsky grew despondent, and wrote to I.A. Klimenko "To tell the truth, my only interest in life is my success as a composer. It shouldn't be said in this respect that I have had any preferential treatment. For example, two composers presented their operas to the Theatres Committee at the same time. One was Famintsyn, with his "Sardanapalus" and the other was myself with "The Oprichnik". Everyone admits that Famintsyn is untalented, whilst they say and write that I am talented. But "Sardanapalus" is accepted, and the fate of "The Oprichnik" is undecided and there is even good reason to believe that he will be drowned in the Lethe just like "Undina". At least when "Undina" disappeared into the waves, she was in her own element, but imagine "The Oprichnik" drowning and fighting against the waves! Well he'll just drown, poor fellow! When I get in to save him, he will just drag me down with him. i.e. speaking plainly, I vow on my honour that I'll never dip my pen into ink again if my opera is rejected", (15th November).

In spite of such fears, the situation was soon looking less grim, and by 9th December he was able to write to his father "As regards my opera, I am almost sure that it will be staged next season. Two of the censors (the Theatrical and the Dramatic) have already passed it. Only the Musical Committee remains, and I am told that it's sure to be passed". Early in January, Tchaikovsky was summoned before the final committee to play through the opera and it was accepted unanimously.

His visit to St. Petersburg was fruitful in another sense because it was at that time he made the firm acquaintance of Stasov with whom he established a lively correspondence, and who soon afterwards suggested to Tchaikovsky the idea of writing "The Tempest", which was completed later that year. He also met other members of the nationalist group including Rimsky-Korsakov, at whose house he played the finale of the Second Symphony to such enthusiastic acclaim.

By February, Tchaikovsky was already busy with the vocal score and the new text of Basmanov's arioso (the original one⁽⁴⁾ had been rejected by the censor. On 4th March⁽⁵⁾, he wrote to Bessel', "I am sending you the first three acts, but as there are corrections in them, they need to be re-written. The fourth act is riddled and is already being re-written. I will send it to you shortly". It is clear that Bessel' was also pressing for an arrangement for piano solo and a transcription for four hands, which Tchaikovsky said was impractical. The introduction and the dances from the fourth

act only were transcribed, and these by Ivan Pomazinsky⁽⁶⁾. The transcriptions together with a potpourri on motives from the opera also made by Pomazinsky, were published by Bessel' in October 1874.

At about the same time, early March, Tchaikovsky received the terms of a competition for the composition of an opera on the subject of Gogol's "Christmas Eve" with a libretto by the poet Polonsky. Later in the month he also received a commission from the Moscow Imperial Theatre to write incidental music for Ostrovsky's spring-time play "Snegurochka".

(3) Pavel Stepanovich Fedorov (1809-79) supervisor of repertoire in St. Petersburg Imperial Theatres from 1853 to 1879. Letter to him dated 4th May, 1872:

Dear Pavel Fedorov !

In a few days Your Excellency will receive from the music firm of Bessel', the full score of my newly completed four-act opera "The Oprichnik". In presenting my work to the attention of the Directorate, I make bold to request most humbly of Your Excellency to view in a favourable light, this work which is the fruit of long and honest labour. Not having merited in any way the special attention of Your Excellency, I rest all my hopes on Your enlightened sympathy for Russian art of which I am a most devoted advocate.

Be so good as to accept the assurance of the greatest respect of Your humble servant
P. Tchaikovsky."

(4) Letter to Bessel' dated 25th March 1873 contains the revised text of Basmanov's arioso:

Житьё у нас! И умирать не надо.
В очах огонь, в ушах похмелье;
До поздней вечера пори
Шумит-гудит у нас веселье!
Минует день... шумя крылом,
Слетает тихий полог ночи
И сладострастным, чудным сном
Усталые смыкают очи!

The old text was as follows: Жизнь у нас - и умирать не надо!

Что ночь - красавица,
Что день - то пир горой.
С очами ль чёрными коса
В тебе возбудит жар желаний,
Как в ночь летучая звезда,
Падает на грудь огнём лобзаний.
Иль с поволокою глаза,
Как утром небо, сердце хочет,
Заплещет лаской, как волна,
Иль как русалка, зашекочет.

As late as November, 1873 one of the censors, A. Pokhvistnev, objected to one of the scenes in the final act in which Ivan the Terrible was presented in "a shameful and immoral way". The council for the control of the press looked into the matter and recommended that the censor committee pass the libretto for publication without further changes.

(5) On the same day, 4th March 1873, Wilhelmina Raab sang Natal'ya's aria "Solovushko" at a public concert.

(6) Pomazinsky, Ivan Alekseyevich (1848-1918). Harpist, composer and choral conductor. From 1868 he was a member of the orchestra of the Petersburg opera, and from 1872, its choral conductor.

At the end of September, the composer was already wrestling with the problem of distributing the roles⁽⁷⁾, and in this too, was despairing. On 18th October, he wrote to Bessel', "It seems that I was fated at birth never to hear one of my operas well performed. If you think that it will be staged next year, you'll be disappointed. It will never be staged because no one influential, from the St. Petersburg circles in particular, knows me. Judge for yourself. Isn't it funny, Mussorgsky's opera was not accepted by the committee, and now Platonova is fussing over it. Mine was accepted, and no one wants to know about it. Well, to the devil with it. It goes without saying, I won't put the opera on in Moscow until it's been staged in St. Petersburg, - that is, it will never be staged, even here." Later in this same letter, Tchaikovsky raises the question of his intention to dedicate the opera to the Grand Prince Nikolai Konstantinovich, the president of the Russian Musical Society⁽⁸⁾, - "As regards the dedication of the opera to the Grand Prince, would it not seem strange to dedicate it now when its fate is so undecided? I think that an unperformed opera is no more valuable than a book left in manuscript. Wouldn't it be better to wait? I look forward to receiving the proofs of the symphony. It's not worth sending Pomazinsky's arrangements, I am confident of their high competency. Please give him my regards". As late as the end of October, Tchaikovsky had no definite news about when the opera was to be staged. To Aleksandra Ilinichna he wrote on 9th October "I haven't the time to be bored, and would be completely happy if the fate of my opera did not bother me. There is still no definite news of it". He learned when "The Oprichnik" was to be produced only at the beginning of November. On 5th November, he replied to two unlocated letters from Bessel', from which it is clear that the opera was to be premièred the following season.

In December 1873, the eminent conductor Eduard Napravnik (1839-1916) first saw the score and wrote to Tchaikovsky on the 16th, "Taking an active part in the staging of "The Oprichnik" and being above all concerned with a good performance of the musical part, I must openly ask for a few changes. In your letter to the supervisor of repertoire, you ask for Platonova in the

(7) Tchaikovsky's initial plan for the distribution of the roles, dating from January 1873 was as follows:

Morozova - Leonova (Platonova)
 Natasha - Men'shikova
 Andrey - Orlov (Kommisarshevskii)
 Vyaz'minsky - Sariotti
 Basmanov - Krutikova
 Zakhar'yevna - Zubynina
 Zhemchuzhyi - Sobolev

On 30th October, 1873, Tchaikovsky wrote to Bessel' on the subject of Morozova's role: "Morozova's part is high and Platonova could perform it superbly provided I make a few little changes which will not affect the essence of the work. Be so good as to tell Platonova that I most humbly beg her not to refuse this role when the question of distribution arises. She is the only dramatic singer in Petersburg and I'm sure that as Morozova she will be magnificent". Three scenes of "Boris Godunov" were staged in Petersburg on 5th February, 1873 at Kondrat'yev's benefit. The whole opera was performed only on 24th January, 1874 at Platonova's benefit.

Earlier, Tchaikovsky had considered Men'shikova in the role of Morozova: "I confess that in secret, I would very much like to give Natal'ya's part to Mde. Raab! If it should happen that Men'shikova is engaged as well, I could console her with the part of Morozova providing I make a few changes in respect of the diapason. But for God's sake, see that Men'shikova doesn't start scheming. I like Raab both as a singer and as an attractive artist. Men'shikova is old for Natal'ya. Besides, I've heard it said that her voice has greatly deteriorated". (Letter to Bessel', 3rd September, 1873).

(8) After several delays and letters to the Grand Prince's adjutant, Kireyev, the opera was finally dedicated to Nikolai Konstantinovich.

role of Morozova. My sincere opinion is that this important role cannot be taken by a pure soprano. It requires by its character, if not a contralto then at least a mezzo-soprano. A complete alteration is necessary. As it is written, a soprano wouldn't do. Even on middle-register notes a soprano would be no match for the orchestra which would drown out the voice everywhere. After a close examination of the role, Platonova rejected it absolutely. My opinion is that the part should be adapted for a mezzo-soprano and given to Krutikova. However, you must decide. Basmanov (I regard this as a secondary role), could be given to Abarinova. Sariotti's limited voice (as far as volume is concerned) wouldn't do for Zhemchuzhny, particularly in the ensemble number in the third act. It should be given to the bass Vasil'yev the elder, and Molchan to Sariotti. Please let me have your opinion, particularly as regards Morozova; and so as to make things easier for the artists, and especially the chorus, I would advise you to make some cuts before-hand, i.e. reject all repetitions (both in the libretto and in the music) which block the progress of the drama. There are a lot. The Wedding Chorus in the fourth act for instance, is repeated three times, and so on. The dances also should be much reduced. I assure you that this long opera will benefit considerably from this.

Again, I must warn you against the over-thick and colourful orchestration with which, in many places, the voice cannot compete and puts the singers in a most insignificant position. I hope that you will take all my suggestions as from a well-disposed confederate whom fate, for the past eleven years, has caused to observe and involve daily with the operatic art".

Much of what Napravnik says was constructive criticism and in his reply⁽⁹⁾, Tchaikovsky wholeheartedly applauded the suggestions which had been made regarding the distribution of the roles and the changes in the score. On 20th and 24th January, he worked on the score and then set out to see Napravnik in St. Petersburg. On 14th March, Nikolai Rubinstein conducted Natal'ya's arioso from the first act, the entr'acte and opening chorus from the third and the dances and duet from the fourth, at the ninth Russian Musical Society concert in Moscow at which the soloists were A.D. Aleksandrova-Kochetova and A.M. Dodonov. Then, towards the end of March (between 15th and 21st) the composer returned once more to St. Petersburg to attend the rehearsals of the opera and supervise the revisions in the vocal score. Any enthusiasm which he had managed to retain for the work, now began to dissolve quickly. In contrast to their promising initial co-operation, composer and conductor now began to disagree sharply. When Napravnik demanded new cuts in the score he grew disillusioned and almost from that moment, Tchaikovsky turned his back on "The Oprichnik" and scarcely looked back on it for the rest of his life. The strained situation was intensified by Bessel's delay in providing the vocal score, which was badly needed by Napravnik for the rehearsals. Due to the delayed publication, Tchaikovsky was unable to make the necessary changes which would have brought it into line with the amended score. Furthermore, Tchaikovsky recalled that the new text he had composed for Basmanov's arioso had been

(9) Tchaikovsky replied to Napravnik on 18th December:

"Dear Edvard Frantsevich,

Not only am I not offended by your remarks, but on the contrary, I am truly grateful for them. I am particularly pleased that due to your letter, I can deal exclusively and directly with you. All that you require regarding the distribution of the roles, the alterations and the cuts, I willingly agree to. In order to discuss all this in more detail, I am coming to Petersburg next Sunday, and when I have visited my father, I shall come directly to you". (In fact, Tchaikovsky left for Petersburg only in the second half of January, between 19th and 24th, 1874).

written without reference to the music, and now at the rehearsal it was discovered the two were not entirely compatible. Such obstacles as these merely aggravated the situation. The discouraged composer wrote to both Taneyev and Albrecht in Moscow⁽¹⁰⁾ in an attempt to dissuade them from coming to St. Petersburg to see the opera.

The première was planned for April 5th 1874, but due to Krutikova's illness, it was deferred to April 12/24th. The performance took place at the Marinsky Theatre under the baton of Naprivnik. The soloists were:

Andrey Morozov - D.A.Orlov
The Boyarina Morozova - A.P.Krutikova
Prince Zhemchuzhny - V.I.Vasil'yev (the elder)
Natal'ya - V.U.Raab
Molchan Mit'kov - V.F.Sobolyov
Prince Vyaz'minsky⁽¹¹⁾ - I.A.Mel'nikov
Fyodor Basmanov - V.M.Vasil'yev (the younger)⁽¹²⁾
Zakhar'yevna - O.E.Shreder⁽¹³⁾

The opera seemed to be a success with the public and a Committee of the Moscow and St. Petersburg sections of the Russian Musical Society held a dinner in honour of Tchaikovsky, at which he was awarded the Kondrat'yev prize of 300 rubles. The director of the St. Petersburg conservatoire, M.P.Azanchevsky rose to make an address in which he spoke of the popularity of Tchaikovsky's work. The composer was not so convinced by his apparent success, however. Anxious to wash his hands of the opera and dreading the reviews, he was overjoyed at being sent to Milan to review the first Italian production of Glinka's "Life for the Tsar" for "Moskovskiy Vedomosti"⁽¹⁴⁾.

On 17th April, the first of German Laroche's articles on the opera appeared in "Golos": "As a musical work, 'The Oprichnik' is a happy, blossoming oasis after that dramatically declamatory desert in which Russian composers have bored us in recent years". This was followed on 23rd April by Cesar Cui's review in "Sankt-Peterburgskiy Vedomosti" (no.110) - "Not for a single second do you see living people on the stage; it is as though you had come to a puppet theatre. You could think that any young high-school boy had prepared the libretto not having any ideas about the demands of drama or the demands of opera, but simply in blind imitation of the librettos he knows, taking any subject and cramming it into a succession of scenes. The same goes - I won't say the 'immaturity', but rather the extreme underdevelopment of the music of 'The Oprichnik', and this is the distinguishing feature of the opera. Mr. Tchaikovsky cannot be regarded as a novice in operatic affairs since 'The Oprichnik' is his third opera (the first is 'The Voyevoda' and the second 'Undina'). Clearly, Mr. Tchaikovsky has not thought up anything new in opera, has not added anything to it, has not loved it, but seeing that other composers write opera, has got it into his head to write an opera as well, consoling

(10) "Tell all our friends that my opera will be performed on Friday of Holy Week, and if the proposed journey is to take place, then let me know so I can obtain tickets. But to be honest, I would prefer that no one came. There is nothing special in the opera". (Letter to Albrecht, end of March, 1874). Most of the staff of the Moscow Conservatoire and Tchaikovsky's father Il'ya Petrovich, attended the première of the opera in Petersburg.

(11) Prince Vyazemsky in Lazhechnikov's play.

(12) The part was written for an alto. It was cast for Antonina Abarinova at the Petersburg première, but due to illness, her place was taken by the tenor V. M. Vasil'yev.

(13) Olga Shreder was the wife of the conductor Naprivnik.

(14) The performance was held in Milan at the "Teatro Dal Verme" on 8/20 May 1874.

himself with the thought that there, now he too is an operatic composer ... This extreme immaturity of Mr. Tchaikovsky's attitude to opera is revealed in the striking, almost unexampled lack of style in "The Oprichnik". "The Oprichnik" consists of separate numbers, but since they are not distinguished from one another by clear recitatives, they do not stand out, but somehow merge together. Usually, Mr. Tchaikovsky begins his number with a fixed melody, but his melody does not last the entire number as with the Italians, but after about eight bars he usually begins to draw some little phrase from the orchestra and the voice recedes into the background entirely singing anything, or else the melody is transferred to the orchestra and the voice loses its interest. In both instances the effect of the fixed melody is immediately destroyed and is replaced by some murky feeling of discontentment... In "The Oprichnik", Mr. Tchaikovsky is clearly relying on effect. Therefore we are constantly finding high notes, grace notes, fermati, trills, duets, ensembles. But in all this Mr. Tchaikovsky does not have the fitting boldness, sincerity, agility. Everything is clumsy imitation which gets nowhere... One of the most unpleasant, also most unartistic sides of Mr. Tchaikovsky's work, is this mixture of "the French with the Novgorod", the mixture of Russian and Western music. This feature is everywhere apparent in his music. I spoke about this long ago on account of his symphony, but nowhere has it appeared to such a strong and repulsive degree as in "The Oprichnik". The music is half Russian borrowed from folk-songs, and half trivially and crudely Italian in the Verdi manner... Regarding the musical representation of the characters, there is, of course nothing to say. Mr. Tchaikovsky has in his libretto not people but puppets... Nor is there any development of musical ideas in "The Oprichnik". The form is thin, mostly of the variation type, at which Mr. Tchaikovsky is a dab hand. Even now I don't know how we haven't been bored sick with it. I admit that listening to his compositions, I don't know where to hide from these tiny melodies, repeated a thousand times with hackneyed harmonic devices and cheap counterpoint. Besides, in "The Oprichnik", Mr. Tchaikovsky repeats himself unceremoniously. In this opera we frequently meet phrases scattered through his other compositions. All this, as the reader can see, is deficiency of the first order, understandable in a budding pupil but not in a composer who has used up such a quantity of manuscript paper as Mr. Tchaikovsky. But perhaps these deficiencies will be bathed away by the quality of the wonderful music, the rare richness of the ideas? ... But in this respect also, "The Oprichnik" is unsound. The music is poor in ideas and almost constantly weak. There is not a single noticeably outstanding place or a single moment of maintained happy inspiration; everything is grey, murky, monotonous and boring and talented, painstaking orchestration does nothing to save it. The artistic talent of Mr. Tchaikovsky, noticeable in his symphonic works, disappears as though it were not he who had written this opera, but some poorly gifted academic, able on demand to scribble any old music whenever it's required and in any quantity. A little better are the choruses, and then only in the thematic sense, because many of them are taken from folk-songs. But vulgar Italian cantilenas are entrusted to the main characters, - feigned ardour, dauntlessness by which he wallows in crudity and triviality, - the frankness by which he discloses his lack of taste; these evoke our pity and at times even repulse us".⁽¹⁵⁾

In spite of this caustic and wildly distorted view of the opera, Tchaikovsky took Cui's judgement to heart: "I must confess, my opera, to tell the truth, is a weak composition, I am very dissatisfied with it and the curtain calls and the applause at the first performance do little to make me forget. It's what's called a 'succès d'estime'. I had made my name with my earlier, particularly my symphonic compositions, and if it hadn't been for that, the opera would have been a fiasco. There's little dramatic movement in it, the style is uneven and the living strings can be seen. Although (if I live), I shall write a few good operas, because without false modesty I can

None of these could restore the composer's faith in his work. "I have been to many rehearsals of "The Oprichnik" and with a stoical courage I have endured the systematic distortion of this ill-starred opera, which is ugly enough on its own account. However, the performance of "The Oprichnik" last Sunday was contrary to my expectations, in the sense that I had expected it to be far worse. Everyone tried very hard. I thought that the audience treated the opera very coldly, which of course, didn't stop my well-wishers from kicking up a din, yelling, and bringing up laurels" (letter to Modest Il'ich, 12th May).

In 1876, he complained to Modest that the revival of the opera at the Bolshoi "is being staged in the most shameful and compromising way" (letter 24th March, 1876). On 12th September, the journal "Muzykal'nyi Svet" announced the withdrawal of "The Oprichnik" from the repertoire of the Marinsky Theatre. It had been staged in St. Petersburg a total of fourteen times: the 1873/74 season - six times, 1874/5 - five times, 1875/76 - three times. The last performance was on 30th November and had made 1,118 roubles and forty-five kopecks at the box office. Tchaikovsky wanted to be forgotten as the composer of "The Oprichnik" and was delighted when in December 1879 the Bolshoi authorities considered dropping the opera from the repertoire because the censor found its subject to be too revolutionary for the time (the political situation in Russian during these years was becoming acute and culminated in the assassination of Alexander II in March 1881), and he wrote "Je n'ai qu'à m'en féliciter, because I'm pleased at any opportunity of preventing this unsuccessful opera from creeping out into the light of day". In a letter of 27th May 1878, he confided to Nadezhda von Meck: "There are certain of my old compositions for which at the time I felt some warmth, but my God how I've cooled to them now! To certain works I feel even positive repulsion. "The Oprichnik" belongs to this class. It is weak, hastily conceived and in places, written quite coldly. So my last word on this topic, my friend, is that I beg you never to risk wounding my artistic pride by mentioning it again. I ask you only for the truth, and if sometimes it is not complimentary, it is no less valued as the opinion of my best and immeasurably dear friend".⁽²¹⁾

In September 1878, the bass B. B. Korsov asked Tchaikovsky to write and additional aria for the role of Vyaz'minsky, which he was to sing at the beginning of the 1878/79 Bolshoi season. The text for this aria which has now disappeared, was written by G. A. Lishin, and was, in fact, never used. Its existence is verified by a letter to the singer of 7th October 1878: "De grâce, tâchez d'obtenir que Beignani se donne la peine de conduire l'orchestre dans l'Oprichnik. C'est ingrat de ma part. Merten s'est donné beaucoup de peine pour le monter il y a trois ans.⁽²²⁾ Mais entre le Merten d'autrefois et le Merten d'aujourd'hui il y a une grande différence...."

"Il y a deux couplets dans l'air. Il doit être chanté après les paroles du chœur" свет свой на нас он льёт page 110 de la partition de piano, première ligne, 4-ième mesure".

(21) We know that between 16th and 17th March 1877, Tchaikovsky wrote a funeral march for piano four hands on a motive from "The Oprichnik". This was fulfilled as a commission from Nadezhda von Meck. The piece was never published and the manuscript is now lost.

(22) It was also Merten who conducted at the performance of Tchaikovsky's first opera "The Voyevoda" in January 1869.

In a letter of 29th December 1882, Jurgenson informed Tchaikovsky that the Theatres Department had decided to award the composer one hundred rubles in royalties on "The Oprichnik" which had been due since 1874. Tchaikovsky's reply from Paris dated 5/17 January 1883, continues the theme of intense bitterness for Bessel: "I was overjoyed to read that a hundred rubles had dropped straight from heaven. They couldn't have come at a better time. I'm desperately short of money and it's a long time before I receive my next allowance from M. But how quickly I was disillusioned when I remembered that I have no right to this money... remember the contract made with Bessel' in 1874! He, that is Bessel', is so repulsive to me that I wouldn't even attempt to steal back the money on plausible grounds. The devil take him. Do as you like, but I'm not lifting a finger to obtain authorisation so that Bessel' can be in pocket to the tune of one hundred rubles".

At Jurgenson's suggestion, Tchaikovsky wrote to the Theatres Office in April 1884 explaining his intention of revising the score and asking for the opera to be dropped from the repertoire until the revision had been completed. From this time, right up to the composer's death, reference to this revision appears a number of times and there is a considerable amount of confusion about Tchaikovsky's actual intentions in this matter. Even to Jurgenson the letters show a certain ambivalence. From Kamenka on 28th April, he wrote "I have sent my application concerning "The Oprichnik" to the Directorate, but between us let it be said that I will never make the revision". Jurgenson, however, urged Tchaikovsky to recover the score from Bessel' on the pretext of revising it, and the composer too, seems anxious to obtain it for him from "Bessel's clutches".

At the same time, Bessel' was pressing Tchaikovsky through Hubert to proceed with the revision: "Bessel', through Hubert, wishes me to know that he agrees to engrave new plates for "The Oprichnik" and that he is even prepared to offer me one thousand rubles, but no more. I instructed Hubert to tell Bessel' that it is too soon to speak of this now, that when the revision is completed, we will discuss the matter. In essence, I will probably never do this, but I want everyone, except you, to believe in my readiness to revise". (Kamenka, 31st May). Yet a fortnight later, the tone is less assured, "...if in fact I do revise "The Oprichnik", then, of course only as much of the old score must remain as necessary so as to have the right of taking the opera from Bessel' and giving it to you. But first of all, in any case, I am going to turn my hand to "Vakula".⁽²³⁾ Come what may, in my life-time I won't allow that wretch Bessel' to stuff his pockets with the royalties". (12th - 13th June). It seems fairly evident that Tchaikovsky's reluctance to re-work "The Oprichnik" was a direct result of his antipathy for Bessel', and that whilst the opera remained his property no revision would be considered. He also resisted all suggestions that the opera be staged. When Ippolit-Ivanov asked to do this, Tchaikovsky replied to him on 22nd December, 1885, "As regards "The Oprichnik", let me say this. In spite of your flattering comments about it, I consider this opera to be unsuccessful in almost all respects and would not advise you to stage it. At Bessel's request (Bessel owns the rights on the opera, so you can obtain the score only from him), I intend in

(23) Writing to Felix Mackar in 1885, Tchaikovsky replied to the avid publisher on the subject of the opera "J'ai effectivement cédé à Mr. Bessel le droit de représentation sur cet opéra. Cependant, il y a quelques mois, Mr. Bessel m'a proposé de refaire la partition de l'"Oprichnik" (qui est une oeuvre de jeunesse fort imparfaite), et parmi les conditions émises par lui, celle de me rendre mes droits d'auteur, était au premier plan. Il est donc évident que le droit de représentation qu'il revendique est purement illusoire. Ou bien je vais refaire la partition, et alors je reprendrai mes droits, ou bien je ne le ferai pas, et alors l'opéra n'étant plus que médiocre, ne peut être donné, et n'a aucun avenir." (8.20 September, 1885).

the more or less distant future to alter it radically and should be happy if you would produce it in its new form. As it stands at present, I doubt it would stand its own on any stage". In November, 1886, Tchaikovsky records in his diary ⁽²⁴⁾ that he played through "The Oprichnik, and found it wretched. He now considered the possibility or recomposing it completely. In 1888 Ippolitov-Ivanov asked the composer if he could produce "The Oprichnik" for the Tiflis opera, ⁽²⁵⁾ but again Tchaikovsky resisted. However, a performance was arranged by the students of the Petersburg conservatoire on 18th December 1888, at which the composer was present. The conductor on this occasion was Mikhail Makarovitch Tushmalov, whose abilities were sufficiently competent for Tchaikovsky to recommend him to Altani in Moscow as assistant conductor. Tushmalov, however, does not appear to have taken up this post and left for Warsaw in 1890.

On 23rd January, 1890, an entrepreneur by the name of Yakov Nikolayevich Yakobson produced "The Oprichnik" at the Panaev Theatre in St. Petersburg. Subsequent performances followed on 25th and 29th January. Of these performances Larosh wrote enthusiastically: "The melodies of "The Oprichnik" delight me by their freshness and beauty". Tchaikovsky, however, was infuriated by these performances, and concurring with Jurgenson, by telegram and letter from Florence on 14/26 February, and 17th February/1st March ⁽²⁶⁾ even recommended starting legal proceedings against the theatre. Further performances were suppressed. Tchaikovsky appears to have been particularly annoyed because one of the instigators of this revival Pyotr Andreyevich Shchurovsky, had been expressly told by the composer that he did not wish the opera to be staged.

In May, 1891, Bessel wrote to Tchaikovsky that he intended to issue the orchestral parts of the opera. In his reply on 2nd June, ⁽²⁷⁾ the composer informed the publisher that if he had any legal rights on the work, which he described as "weak music with positively ugly orchestration", he would definitely suppress publication: "as you know, in the more or less distant future I mean to make radical alterations in "The Oprichnik". If I live, then, of course I shall do this at the first available opportunity". Some years later, Bessel claimed that "a week before his death, Tchaikovsky informed our mutual friend, Senator August A. Gerke of his final decision to rework "The Oprichnik" and replace the old agreement with our firm of

(24) Two diary entries: 1) 12th November 1886 - "I played the cis moll quartet and the first act of "The Oprichnik". Wretched! If there is to be a revision, it must be a thorough one." 2) 16th November - "I played the Glazunov symphony and the fourth act of "The Oprichnik". Bad. (Quoted from - The Diaries of Tchaikovsky, translated by Vladimir Lakond.

(25) I decidedly implore you, dear Mikhail Mikhailovich, not to put on "The Oprichnik". I am vehemently against this and you will cause me unspeakable misery if you do. My views on the opera are as follows: I intend to revise it radically; just give me time. In its new form (moreover, all that is good will remain), I shall even beg you to put it on. I shall probably undertake this revision in the fairly near future". (Letter to Ippolitov-Ivanov and his wife, the soprano, Vavara Zarudnaya, 17th June, 1888).

(26) "I approve in advance of everything you do with regard to "The Oprichnik". The more energetically you act the better. I am not especially interested in hounding private theatres for performance dues, but the principle of whether or not a composer should have the right of permitting or forbidding the staging of an opera is an extremely important one." (Letter to Jurgenson from Florence 17 February / 1st March, 1890)

(27) "In reply to your letter in which you inform me of your intention to engrave and publish the score of "The Oprichnik", I have the honour to say the following: 1) I do not know and by the circumstances am not able to verify to what extent in law I have the right to permit or forbid the realisation of this intention, but if I do have a right, let it be said that I expressly forbid the engraving, printing and publication of the score of "The Oprichnik".

8th April, 1874". Bessel goes on to say that Tchaikovsky had told the chorus master Dydushkin that he had decided not "to recompose two-thirds, if not three-quarters", as he had originally intended, but merely to alter it in places; "three or four days work". ⁽²⁸⁾ Whatever Tchaikovsky's intentions were, ⁽²⁹⁾ "The Oprichnik" was never revised and after the composer's death, Bessel proceeded to publish the score which appeared in 1896. On 2nd September 1897, the opera was revived at the Bolshoi with Altani conducting and the Figiers in the roles of Andrey and Natalia. For a short time in the 1900-01 season, Fyodor Shalyapin appeared as Vyazminsky.

(27) If I do not have such a right, then I request and advise you not to carry out this bizarre intention. My reasons are as follows: the publication of an operatic score has sense only if the opera is performed on several stages and there is reason to suppose that it will be in popular demand. "The Oprichnik" is not performed anywhere, and whilst I am alive, it will not be put on in Russia in its present form; at least I shall resist it in every possible way. To publish an Opera, not performed anywhere, weak in music and positively ugly in orchestration is scarcely rational. You are aware that in the more or less distant future, I intend to submit "The Oprichnik" to a radical revision. If I live, then, of course, I shall do this at the first available opportunity. The fact that you, in spite of my protest, proceed to publish the score (17 years after you obtained the right to publish "The Oprichnik") will not deter me from making a revision and recomposing at least two-thirds, if not three-quarters of the music, and completely re-scoring it, whereas when I do this, you will, of course, be the publishers of the only edition acknowledged by me. Again and again and again, I here protest against the publication of "The Oprichnik" in its present form and advise you that I shall stop at nothing to resist the realisation of your intention. With true respect, I have the honour to be your devoted P. Tchaikovsky." (Letter to V. V. Bessel and Co. 2nd June, 1891).

(28) Bessel' continued - "... The next day the plan for the new agreement by which we returned to him his authors rights in respect of the Imperial Theatres, was drawn up and taken by the same Mr. Gerke to the rooms of P. I. Tchaikovsky on the morning of Wednesday, 20th October, where it remained unsigned. The autograph manuscript of the score of the first act of "The Oprichnik" had been laying there since Monday. Tchaikovsky had taken it personally from the Imperial Theatres library. He did not need the remaining parts of the manuscript (it is in four books) on this occasion. He had so altered his views about the revision, that he had decided to revise only here and there "two or three days work" - he had told Dydushkin, the chorus master of the local Russian opera then performing in Konov Hall, and to whom he promised to give his manuscript after making the revision, to be present personally at the rehearsals and even to conduct the performance. Fate did not permit this revision in the score of "The Oprichnik" (Bessel': "A few words about the revival of "The Oprichnik" by P. I. Tchaikovsky, on the stage of the Marinsky Theatre" - "Russkaya Gazeta", 1897. No.12)

(29) "I have the vague intention of reworking two-thirds of "The Oprichnik" some time and then in its new form, to give the opera to another - but God knows when this will be accomplished." (Letter to Jurgenson 30th January, 1892)

THE SCENARIO

Act 1 The garden of the nobleman Prince Zhemchuzhny

No. 1 (I pray, please be seated). Prince Zhemchuzhny agrees to give the hand of his daughter Natalia to Molchan Mitkov, an elderly man who will accept her without a dowry. They leave and Natalia enters with her nurse Zakharevna and handmaidens.

No. 2 Chorus of girls and Natalia's song. The handmaidens sing a folk song "A grey duck was bathing in the sea" and Natalia, who suspects that she is about to be married off to a man whom she does not love, sings a song about a nightingale imprisoned in a golden cage. "A nightingale was whistling loudly in the oak trees".

No. 3 Scene and chorus. Zakharevna rebukes Natalia for singing such gloomy songs "Now there's a fine thing always singing these gloomy songs". The nurse suggests that she should tell them a fairy story, but Natalia and the girls ask her for a love story. The rather prim old lady feigns annoyance but agrees to do so if they first hide away in the bushes. They all depart.

No. 4 Chorus and scene. Andrey Morozov, to whom Natalia has been betrothed since she was a child and whom she loves, now arrives in the company of Basmanov and a band of oprichniks. They break down the garden fence intending to rescue Natalia, ("Come on Andryusha boldly. There isn't a soul in the garden").

No. 5 Basmanov's recitative and arioso. Basmanov asks Andrey if he has made up his mind about joining the oprichnina (So, tell me if you have decided). Andrey replies that he has resolved to become an oprichnik, and they agree to go to the Tsar together the next day. Basmanov then sings about the pleasures of life as an oprichnik (Live with us - and you need not die). Andrey complains about the injustice he has suffered at the hands of Zhemchuzhny: "Natalia was betrothed to me and I shall keep my vow unto the grave. I go to Ivan the Terrible for justice. You know that Zhemchuzhny took everything from me. You yourself know how he cheated us and drove us from our home. We were forced to seek bread and shelter from another". Basmanov loans Andrey some money and advises him not to wait for Natalia, but to go for his mother's blessing and then immediately to the Tsar's court at Aleksandrovskaya Sloboda. They depart.

No. 6 Natalia arioso and girls' chorus. Hearing the sound of departing footsteps, Natalia rushes in and finding no one there, sings of her bitter grief (Oh, ye stormy winds). Zakharevna and the girls return to find Natalia in abject despair. At Zakharevna's suggestion, the girls sing and dance a round-dance, to distract their mistress's sad thoughts.

Act 2 Scene 1 Morozova's hut

No. 7 Scene and aria of Morozova

Alone in her hut, Andrey's mother, the impoverished noblewoman Morozova reflects on her sad fate (However you see the future, life is going to be hard). She is worried about the future of her son, fearful of the impetuosity of youth. She submits herself to the will of God (Before the will of the Lord, I humbly bow my head...). It is her pride for which God is punishing her. Through the villany of Zhemchuzhny, she now suffers deprivation and shame. Her final thoughts, however, are for her son for whom she implores God's protection.

No. 8 Scene and duet of Andrey and Morozova

Andrey now appears and gives her the money he has borrowed from Basmanov. She accepts it only when Andrey claims that his father had entrusted it to Basmanov before his death. Morozova entreats her son to be pure and strong (Whiter than snow, brighter than the sun... D major) and admonishes him for associating with Basmanov. In the moving duet which follows (D flat) Morozova expresses her love for Andrey (Dear son, do not leave me alone with my bitter lot) and Andrey swears to avenge his father's dishonour. Morozova gives Andrey her blessing and he goes.

Scene 2 The Tsar's court and Aleksandrovskaya Sloboda

No. 9 Prelude, scene and finale.

The oprichniks led by Prince Vyazminsky enter chanting a prayer. They are about to begin feasting, but Basmanov appears and tells them that a new recruit has arrived from Moscow and that he wishes to take the oath of fealty. Vyazminsky now discovers the identity of the young man (Fedya! You are joking! The son of my hated enemy, the son of proud Andrey!). Vyazminsky, however, finally agrees to see Andrey, and in an aside sees in this a way of revenging himself. Andrey enters and they prepare to take the oath. The oprichniks surround him at sword point whilst Vyazminsky utters the words (In the name of Tsar and his terrible power, swear, swear Andrey Morozov). After much hesitation and anguish, Andrey finally takes the oath, forswearing his mother and all personal obligations and accepts implicit obedience to the Tsar's commands. Basmanov consoles Andrey in his despair, whilst Vyazminsky and the oprichniks intone a paean of praise to the dreaded Tsar.

Act 3

No. 10 Chorus of townsfolk

In a public square in Moscow, groups of townsfolk reflect on the bitter times (Evil times have befallen us)

No. 11 Recitative, chorus of boys and duet of Natalia and Morozova.

Now alone on stage, Morozova feels sad and alone. A gang of boys rush in and abuse her (You cur, you broomstick of hell. Filthy servant of the oprichniks) They are chased away by some kindly townspeople, leaving Morozova mystified by their insults. Natalia now runs in and collapses in Morozova's embrace. She has escaped from her father and begs her for protection. At first, Morozova does not want to listen and tells her to go home immediately, but gradually, swayed by Natalia's passionate devotion to Andrey, suggests that they go into church, where under God's protection, Zhemchuzhny will not dare to touch her.

No. 12 Scene and arioso of Natalia

At that moment, Zhemchuzhny appears accompanied by his servants. Natalia implores him to allow her to become Andrey's bride (Father! Before you and before God I kneel) but he will not heed the pleas of Natalia nor Morozova.

No. 13 Finale

Zhemchuzhny orders the servants to tie up his daughter, but now Andrey, Basmanov with a band of oprichniks arrive to rescue Natalia. However, Morozova, seeing her son in the company of the oprichniks, realises that he has himself become an

oprichnik. Andrey confesses the truth and Morozova curses him (Go! Go! You are no son of mine. You are the enemy of your native land). Everyone is momentarily stunned by the unexpected turn of events. In a complex ensemble passage, all the characters affirm their belief that the Tsar will rectify the difficult situation.

Act 4

No. 14 Wedding chorus

Now re-united Andrey and Natalia prepare to celebrate their wedding. A chorus of oprichniks and women wishes them happiness and success (Glory, glory to the fine young man. And to his graceful young swan, glory, glory).

No. 15 Dances of the oprichniks and women

The oprichniks then dance to entertain the couple.

No. 16 Recitative and chorus, and duet of Andrey and Natalia.

Andrey bids farewell to his oprichnik friends. The Tsar has been merciful, and he may leave the oprichnina at midnight. Natalia has evil forebodings, but Andrey tells her to be calm. They sing a love duet (You are my life and happiness) in which they resolve that they will share everything together whether it is happiness or death.

No. 17 Chorus and scene

The wedding chorus is resumed, but then Basmanov rushes in in distress. He hints to Andrey that there is a storm brewing, that he must remember that he is an oprichnik until midnight and must remain obedient to the Tsar's commands.

No. 18 Scene and quartet with chorus

Vyazminsky now enters and tells Andrey that the Tsar has heard of the beauty of his bride and wishes to see her alone. Basmanov tries to convince Andrey that this is merely to test his loyalty, but the latter refuses to let Natalia go. Vyazminsky begins a quartet (See, storm clouds are gathering) in which he foretells Andrey's impending doom.

No. 19 Finale scene

Vyazminsky orders the oprichniks to seize Andrey. Natalia faints, and the doors of the Tsar's apartments open. Andrey curses the oprichniks and, pointing to the open doors says "A curse on him too!" Basmanov disappears into the Tsar's chambers and a moment later returns to tell Andrey that the Tsar is deaf to his entreaties. Vyazminsky orders Andrey to be lead away. For a moment the stage is deserted, then Vyazminsky re-appears with Morozova. He drags her to a window overlooking a courtyard and orders Andrey to be beheaded. Seeing the execution of her son, Morozova gives a heart-rending cry and falls dead. The chorus of oprichniks sings their hymn of praise to the Tsar and the curtain falls.

The plot is full of conventional melodramatic situations. Nevertheless, robbed of their 16th century furs and cudgels, Andrey, Morozova and Natalia are still credible and sympathetic characters fighting for their happiness against terrible odds. Unfortunately, the opera gets off to a bad start because of Tchaikovsky's decision to incorporate into "The Oprichnik" large sections of "The Voyevoda", transferring to an entirely new context not only the music but often the text as well. It is worth quoting what Modest has to say in the biography of his brother: "Realising that "The Voyevoda" had been dropped from the repertoire of the Bolshoi Theatre and was fated never again to be staged, the composer was sorry to see a few of the numbers earn an unmerited oblivion. So, whilst he was writing the libretto of the new opera, he conceived the unfortunate idea of salvaging in "The Oprichnik" what was musically and scenically best in "The Voyevoda"... This violent intrusion of Ostrovsky's text into Lazhechnikov's tragedy produced a distortion of the scenario and had a damaging effect on the entire libretto. The exposition became unclear, the characterisation was utterly destroyed, beginning with the sly and avaricious Zhemchuzhny. At the rise of the curtain Pyotr Il'ich has him chatting congenially with Mitkov and there is little trace of that maliciousness and cruelty which justifies Morozov's entrance into the oprichnina.... So Andrey, in imitation of Bastryukov breaks down the garden fence of the Zhemchuzhnys with the help of the oprichniks and immediately shows himself at one with them, which is against the very idea of the tragedy. He does this not to carry off Natalia, as Bastryukov had done, not even to see her, - but simply to borrow money from Basmanov, which is somewhat out of character anyway. Then he leaves, carefully covering the traces of his pranks on the garden fence... It is true that the chief aim of every dramatic work is to interest the spectator in the fate of his hero, win his sympathy - but this does not happen and the opera continues for three-quarters of an hour without the dramatic movement advancing a single step, just because the composer-librettist wanted to speak not about Andrey Morozov, and his tragic fate, but to save from oblivion what was good in "The Voyevoda"... The actual music of "The Oprichnik" begins only when the curtain rises on the second act".⁽³⁰⁾ "Zhizn' P.I. Chaikovskogo. Moscow/Leipzig, 1903

It is worth quoting Modest at length because he effectively summarises the dramatic deficiencies of this first act. The scenario is weak and contrived and we learn next to nothing about the main characters, except, significantly, in the parts of the act which Tchaikovsky composed especially for the opera (Basmanov's arioso, Andrey's recitative, Natalia's arioso). The rest is "byt" writing, full of national colour and certainly not unattractive, but padding which tends to clog the action. The second act is on a higher plane altogether. Tchaikovsky effectively juxtaposes the scene which culminates in the beautiful music for Morozova and her son with the following scene, - the dramatic pivot of the whole tragedy, - in which Andrey takes the oath of allegiance to the Tsar, renouncing all personal obligations.

The first scene begins with Morozova's great monologue. Andrey's entrance follows immediately accompanied by a sombre brooding theme begun on solo bassoon and passed to clarinets. The theme contains in embryonic form, the music of the magnificent duet which follows towards the close of the scene. For these bars alone, the harmonies and orchestration would be alien to any but Russian music. This *nastroyeniye* or mood painting is sustained right through Andrey's short recitative, "but let us leave our grief to the dark sleepy forest" - he says and hands his mother a purse. She makes him confess that he has accepted it from Basmanov and is outraged that her son should take money from the Tsar's favourite, - "they wear the same robes and drink from the same cup. Beneath this braided robe is sinfulness. It is impossible to erase it from the souls of such black demons, and in this cup there are more tears than wine. Did you accept this money from them? Oh God, the blood has baked hard on it! Is it

not washed in the tears of mothers?" Andrey persuades her to take the money only when he tells her that his father had entrusted it to Basmanov as they fought side by side. However, she gives him a stern warning not to associate with Basmanov, - "he will cloud your soul". accustom you to blood, and it will be long before he leads you into crimes? He may even lead you into the oprichnina!"

The relationship of Morozova and her son, in fact, is really the focal point of the opera. This can be established by the fact that Andrey, Morozova and the Oprichniks each possess the only three leitmotifs Tchaikovsky uses in the opera and these are all employed in the introduction. One could even attempt to draw certain Freudian inferences from these three elements, but rather the parallel for the mother-son relationship could be found in a far more empirical source. It is difficult not to be struck by the similarity with Verdi's "Il Trovatore" especially in the final scene, where Di Luna drags Acuzena to the window to watch the execution of her supposed son.

In the scene at Aleskandrovskaia Sloboda, Andrey enters proclaiming his freedom and admitting that he is joining the oprichnina against his will. On the orders of Vyazminsky the oprichniks close in around him threatening him with their swords while the former pronounces the terms of the oath, - loyalty to the Tsar, implicit obedience, opposition to the zemshchina, disavowal of his mother. In the course of the scene, Vyazminsky repeats his demands three times, the first two alone but with the chorus of assembled oprichniks echoing his words, and the third time the key rises a semitone from A flat minor to A minor and Vyazminsky and the chorus intone the fateful words together. Each time the emotional tension is increased to an astonishing fever pitch. Andrey is torn by his inner contradictions, - he is entering the oprichnina in the face of his convictions and knowing that his mother hates this symbol of tyranny. Nevertheless, he had decided to take this step to avenge her suffering and humiliation at the hand of Zhemchuzhny, and also to rescue Natalia. Tchaikovsky further intensifies the impact of Andrey's bitter conflict by introducing fragments of Morozova's theme underpinned by an agitated tremolando passage and the intrusive oprichnik theme in the basses. It is precisely this struggle which most appealed to Tchaikovsky in his subject. It is reflected very vividly in the introduction to the opera which is built up of clearly defined sections of a sharply contrasting character, but it is also the dramatic principle which recurs in all Tchaikovsky's works for the stage and in all his programmatic, symphonic compositions. Andrey swears the oath - "To hell with everything, I swear", but it is almost as though he is momentarily rejecting the motives which are causing him so much pain and strife. He speaks in desperation and without conviction to escape an intolerable situation. This anticipates the action of the third and fourth acts. In these scenes, Morozova and Andrey emerge as very sympathetic and understandable people, but throughout we feel a fatalistic undercurrent which undermines their actions and is rushing them towards the tragic conclusion.

The portrayal of the noblewoman Morozova is a truly very fine creation. Her appeal derives perhaps from the honest, naive idealisation of this symbol of Old Russia. The innocent stereotyping does nothing to diminish her stature, - she is typically God-fearing, fatalistic, alternatively submissive and intensely proud. Her monologue at the start of the second act effectively presents the outstanding elements of her character, - her pride, her humility and her hatred for the oprichnina which had persecuted so many noble families. The deep love she feels for her son is shown in the D major aria "Whiter than snow, brighter than the sun" and above all in the duet which follows "Dear son, do not leave me alone in my bitter lot", - the most lyrical and beautiful moments in the entire opera. Having lost her husband and her wealth through the treachery of Zhemchuzhny, Andrey is her only consolation, her only joy in life. When, in act 3, she discovers he has become an oprichnik, she is overcome with

rage and proclaims her son an enemy of his native land. The music of this passage leading up to the curse is extremely agitated and is characterised by constant changes of tonality built on a chromatically intensified version of the oprichnik theme. Curiously, to the words "You are no son of mine, you are the enemy of your native land", Tchaikovsky introduces a theme in the bass line, also hinted at some 17 bars earlier, which is virtually identical to a passage associated with Dubrovin in act II, scene 2 of "The Voyevoda".

Moderato assai

2 Flauti

2 Oboi

2 Clarinetti (B)

2 Fagotti

4 Corni (F)

3 Tromboni

Tuba

Timpani

Moderato assai

Баотрюков

Дубровин

Moderato assai

Violini I

Violini II

Viola

Violoncelli

Contrabassi

Мор.

Прочь! Ты мне не сын; Ты

mf

The actual words of the curse are punctuated by violent chords. It was for these reasons that Napravnik rightly showed such concern about the correct treatment of this role, which requires not only a very powerful and versatile voice, but also a singer who is able to capture the extreme range of her emotions. Andrey is left crushed by the sudden turn of events and is scarcely able to comprehend what has happened. He begins a magnificent quartet - "I cannot yet understand the significance of her terrible words" - clearly anticipating the large scale ensembles concluding act two of "Onegin" (V vashem dome) and act three of "The Maid of Orléans" (Ona glavu sklonila dolu).

Each of the characters (Andrey, Natalia, Basmanov and Zhemchuzhny) voices the independent effect of this event on their lives - disbelief, fear, sympathy, dishonour. Towards the close of the quartet, the orchestra swells up briefly and the chorus enters in for a breathtaking moment, over a pedal much admired by Larosh.

As a character, Natalia comes off rather less effectively; Tchaikovsky has written some marvellously lyrical and passionate music for her, but somehow she does not seem particularly deeply involved in the drama, but remains always somewhere on the periphery. In the closing scene of the opera, for instance she is ushered from the stage in the general confusion and nothing more is heard of her. The fact, however, merely goes to prove Tchaikovsky's interest in the fate of Andrey and his mother almost to the exclusion of all the other characters.

Of the remaining characters in "The Oprichnik", there is not a lot one can say. Owing to the ban imposed on operatic subjects by the censorship, it was forbidden to represent on the stage members of the Imperial family (Rimsky-Korsakov was the first to obtain permission to do this in "Pskovityanka"). Consequently, Tsar Ivan Vasilyevich, though present in Lazhechnikov's play, is absent from the opera, and Tchaikovsky decided to transfer onto Vyazminsky - a relatively minor figure in the tragedy - many of the traits of Ivan himself, who nevertheless exerts a shadowy but decisive influence over the lives of the characters. His absence, perhaps even lends a sense of mystery to the



Portrait of Tsar Ivan IV after Ivan Maksimov and Dmitry L'vov as depicted in "The Great State Book or Pedigree of the Russian rulers" 1672-73

action and lends an air of horror to the Tsar and his sinister reputation. Zhemchuzhny, as Modest has said above, is not presented forcefully enough as the villain that he is. It is not entirely clear, for example, that he is marrying his daughter to Mitkov, simply because he has agreed to take her without a dowry - though it is briefly mentioned in the libretto. Similarly, Mitkov is left undeveloped as a character after the opening scene, and we do not learn that he is in fact kind, warm-hearted and genuinely in love with Natalia, nor that he is a close friend of Andrey and even tries to intercede for him. Basmanov does not emerge as a character at all. His sole purpose is as a confidant for Andrey's innermost thoughts or as a reminder to Andrey of his obligations to the Tsar. In the final act, he suspects that there is trouble brewing (the libretto is no more explicit) and comes to tell Andrey that he owes his happiness to the oprichnina and is bound to honour his oath until midnight. Tchaikovsky gave this part to an alto, probably in order to obtain a better balance of tone colour, particularly in the oath scene. One can find a clear precedent for this in the role of Ratmir in "Ruslan and Lyudmila". The only other character in the opera is Zakharevna who appears

only in the first act. The entire part was transferred from that of Nedviga in "The Voyevoda".

A word should be said about the role of the chorus in the opera. Modest correctly points out that the band of oprichniki who join with Andrey to break down Zhemchuzhny's fence in the first act are quite out of character when we remember that these were the men who were the terror of Muscovy (31) in the 1560s and 70s. This is not surprising when we consider that the music Tchaikovsky gives them on their entrance was music originally written for a chorus of servants helping Rezvyi and Bastrukov break into Dyuzhoi's garden. Far better, however, is the dramatisation of the oprichniki in the second act, particularly in the gloomy opening prayer in block harmony where the Old Russian text adds a nice flavour. Tchaikovsky also brings into force the ordinary citizens of Moscow. The third act of the opera is a national scene in which the people voice their opinion on the strife and hardship of the times. Their opening chorus has a tripartite form, with a recapitulation of the first part. The first section begins "Evil times have befallen us! our father the Tsar has deserted us". The people are dejected because Ivan has shut himself away at Aleksandrovskaia Sloboda and surrounded himself with the hated oprichnina. They recall the time when the tartars had attacked Muscovy, burned their towns, pillaged and taken captives. The second section begins "But the Tsar and the nation rose up and the Golden Horde fled like the wind" and is exalted. There is a return to the opening part, "But the good shepherd has deserted his flock", before a final section, which is a prayer "Oh Lord take pity on us, be merciful to us, Lord".

The "narod" or populace does not play a large part in the drama, as it does in "Boris Godunov" and "Pskovityanka", and probably Tchaikovsky introduced it only to avail himself of additional musical forces and to thicken the colour. Considering the completely different aims of Tchaikovsky in "The Oprichnik", and his contemporaries in their historical dramas, any attempt at comparison would be pointless. Tchaikovsky never set himself the task of depicting the spirit of the Russian people in subjugation and in revolt, nor of painting vast historical canvasses. However, it may not be entirely out of place to observe that one can detect a certain superficial resemblance in the respective scenarios of "Pskovityanka" and "The Oprichnik", which as we have observed were written more or less at the same time. Each of the operas begins in the garden of a powerful noble whose daughter (or rather step-daughter in the case of "Pskovityanka") is betrothed to one man but loves another. Olga's companions, like Natalia's play and dance, watched over by the old nurses Vlasievna and Perfil-

(31) A more realistic picture of the oprichnina can be gleaned from the following extract quoted from "Alexandrov" by A. Rogov. (Aurora, Leningrad 1979)

"The day in Sloboda began at 4 o'clock in the morning to the ringing of bells, supervised by the Tsar himself. Then the whole brotherhood led by the Tsar proceeded to the church, where the service continued until 10 a.m. with an hour's break. During this time the Tsar frequently issued orders concerning the administration of the country or various daily matters. Then a meal was served, the Tsar eating after everybody else had finished. After that the Tsar busied himself with affairs of state. Evening prayers were in the refectory, after which the Tsar retired to his bedchamber where before turning in for the night he listened to various tales and stories told by old men specially kept at the court for that purpose.

"Along with this pseudo-monastic way of life there was participation in interrogation of prisoners, torture, and most sadistic executions. According to the German adventurers, Taube and Kruse, who served with the oprichnina and left a very detailed description of the life of the oprichniki, the Tsar 'seldom spent.... a day without visiting the torture chamber'. Prisoners at Sloboda were shot with volleys of arrows, were tied to barrels of gunpowder and blown up, or torn to death by a pack of hounds after being wrapped in a bear skin; many victims were drowned in the pond by the walls of Sloboda."

Yevna, and persuade her to go berry-gathering to distract her thoughts from her lover, Mikhail Tucha. At the conclusion of the operas, both Olga and Andrey fall victim, directly or indirectly, to the wrath of Ivan the Terrible. Here the comparison ends, however. Apart from the strongly political element which "Pskovityanka" shares with "Boris", and which is almost totally absent from the far more lyrically and subjectively conceived "Oprichnik", Rimsky-Korsakov's opera has far greater dramatic potency. Against the striking background of historical events (the occupation of Novgorod by Ivan and the revolt of the partisans led by Tucha), Mey matches the inner drama of Olga and the mysterious circumstances of her birth. The revelation that she is the Tsar's own daughter occurs only after she has been fatally wounded by a stray bullet when Ivan orders the partisans to be shot down. In this way a real dramatic tension is sustained from beginning to end.

"The Oprichnik", as I have said, belongs to Tchaikovsky's early period when the influence of folksongs is felt particularly strongly in his work. We note this feature in the Second Symphony, the D major quartet, the incidental music to "Snegurochka" and in "The Oprichnik". The music of "The Oprichnik", as many of Tchaikovsky's contemporaries noted, is marked by a certain spontaneity of conception, freedom in the handling of form, by its thick texture and bright orchestration. Though Tchaikovsky's rapprochement with Stasov, Rimsky-Korsakov and the other members of the nationalist group never really lasted and he never fully accepted their ideas, it does underline to a significant degree an important initial phase in Tchaikovsky's musical development. His interest in folk-music at this period can be substantiated not only by the fifty songs he arranged for four hands between 1868 and 1869, but also by the two sets of children's songs on Ukrainian folk themes which he arranged for M. Mamontova - (first set (24) 1872; second set (15) 1877-78), and the large set (66) of Russian folk-songs he edited for V. Prokunin (1872-73). Many of these found their way into Tchaikovsky's own compositions. His feeling for folk music was real enough. Writing in "Sovremennaya Letopis", issue 46, in 1871, he described the Russian national folk-song as "the most precious example of national art; its original, distinctive quality, its astonishingly beautiful melodic turns of phrase require the greatest musical erudition in order to set the Russian folk-song to the established rules of harmony without distorting its sense and spirit". In general, Tchaikovsky was bitterly opposed to the performance of cheaply arranged Russian folk music and waged diatribes against the Slavyansky concerts for dismembering the living art from its natural state. It was, however, in respect of the application of this wealth of national material that Tchaikovsky also diverged fundamentally from the nationalists. Apart from the obvious and very radical differences in their attitudes to the method of composition, - individual as opposed to the collective - Tchaikovsky insisted that the folk-song could only be the basis for the creation of artistic works, that they possessed no intrinsic or independent meaning for symphonic or vocal treatment outside their ethnological setting. In "Russkiye Vedomosti" in 1875, Tchaikovsky wrote of Balakirev's "excellent work" in his folk song arrangements, and then goes on to set forth his own views on the application of folk music to works of art - (the Russian folk-song) "is for the enlightened and talented musician the most priceless raw material which he, under established conditions, can use.. Taken on its own and in its original state, the Russian national folk-song lacks the completeness of artistic form as the result of an exclusively instinctive, creative process and cannot be considered a work of art. It is only the seed from which the artist possessing talent and knowledge can cultivate a magnificent tree. I can love violets, roses and lilies; they are a joy to my eye. I can revel in their delicate perfumes, but this doesn't mean that I must go into raptures over

the seeds from which my gardener will be able to grow my favourite flowers. The artist - musician is in the same relationship to the Russian folk-song as that gardener who knows in which soil, at what time of year and under what conditions of temperature to plant his precious seed". This metaphor, though not completely apt, since it seems to underplay Tchaikovsky's appreciation of "the raw material", does underline his essentially broad view on the use of the folk-song, as opposed to the narrower and less compromising attitude of the nationalists.

Of the three sources already mentioned - Tchaikovsky's own arrangements for four hands and the sets edited for Mamontova and Prokunin, - only folk-songs from the first of these appear directly in "The Oprichnik", and these are:- Natalia's arioso from act one *Соловушка* which is no. 24 *Коса ль моя косынька*, the choral finale of act one, which is no. 25 *За двором лужок зеленёшенек*, the girls' chorus in act one is no. 23 *На море утушка купалася*. With regard to this last song, Rimsky-Korsakov wrote to Tchaikovsky in September, 1876: "You have a set of folk-songs for four hands which you made up chiefly from the sets by Balakirev and Vil'boa, but there is a delightful tune amongs them "Na more utushka kupalasya" (it occurs in "The Oprichnik", A minor, 6/8). I should very much like to use it in my own set, perhaps even with your harmonisation (if you will allow me), but I would set it for voice and piano. 1) Let me know will you allow this folk-song to appear in my set with an acknowledgement that it is yours, and (if possible) that the harmonisation is yours; 2) let me know where you jotted down this song, and best of all, your notation method, and the original form (i.e. the melody and the words of the first couplet), because I can set it only in its original form. If you have altered it to a significant extent, it will be unsuitable for the purposes of my collection; 3) if I use it, tell me honestly, would you have anything against my keeping your harmonisation. I don't want to use my own because I like yours so very much". Tchaikovsky replied on 7th September, "You may do whatever you like with "utushka" without any regard for my harmonisation, acknowledging me or not, although I would feel very flattered if you did. 2) I came across the song in the following way: Ostrovsky (who knows folk-songs rather well) noted it himself and gave it to me. I have made a thorough search for it in my desk, but this was a long time ago, in 1866, I think. I remember that basically I didn't alter it, merely adjusted it because the leading note, I remember clearly, was sharpened for decoration. Where Ostrovsky noted "utushka", I couldn't say. I imagine that he remembered it from childhood. 3) How can you seriously ask me whether I mind if you keep my harmonisation? Naturally, I would be proud to have contributed to your collection". Shortly afterwards, Rimsky-Korsakov wrote to thank Tchaikovsky for his co-operation. "Utushka" appeared in the former's "One Hundred Russian National Folk-songs" Op. 24, which was published by Bessel' in 1876 with the following acknowledgement: "Harmonisation by P.I. Tchaikovsky". From the dances in the fourth act of "The Oprichnik" there are five folk-songs borrowed from the 1868-69 collection. These are № 17 *Гулял Андрей Господин*; № 29 *Винный наш колодезь*; № 10 *Плывёт, всплывает*; № 32 *На Иванушке чапан*; № 34 *Катенька весёлая*. The last of these (no. 34), was also used by Balakirev in his symphonic poem "One Thousand Years" (later renamed "Rus").

Folk-songs are traditionally classified in groups defined by the character of the songs. Some are *prot'yazhnye* (drawling) - associated with the lament, - others are *obryadovye* (ritual, ceremonial), especially *svadebnye* (wedding) and *molodetskie* (valiant, stirring) or *plyasovye* (dance). In addition to the actual and recognisable folk-songs which Tchaikovsky uses in the opera, there are numerous instances where he imitates the quality of one or more of these

types. Andrey's aria "I am sad my friends", for instance, is based on the tradition of the *prot'yazhnye* songs.

Turning next to the borrowings from "The Voyevoda", we can find seven substantial passages which found their way into "The Oprichnik"

- 1) The opening recitative for Zhemchuzhny and Mitkov originated from the fourth scene (No. 7 of the printed score) in which Vlas Dyuzhoy welcomes the Voyevoda, Nechay Shalygin. In each case, the scene begins with the words "I pray please be seated".
- 2) The chorus of girls "A grey duck was bathing in the sea" and the ensuing scene with the nurse, begins "The Voyevoda".
- 3) Natalia's song "The Nightingale" is borrowed from Maria Vlasyevna's arioso in act two.
- 4) The recitative and chorus beginning "If you have forgotten your shame and your fear", are taken in their entirety from the second half of No. 2 in the printed score, leading to:-
- 5) The entrance of Andrey and Basmanov "Come on Andryusha, boldly" is grafted from the parallel scene of "The Voyevoda" (No. 3 of the score) in which Rezvy and Bastryukov break into Dyuzhoy's garden.
- 6) The girls' chorus "Yonder is a meadow, a little green meadow", concluding the first act of "The Oprichnik", forms the finale to act two of "The Voyevoda".
- 7) Andrey's B flat minor aria "But I am sad, sad my friends, to sever forever, perhaps, the bond of our common fate", is borrowed from Bastryukov's arioso in the same key, occurring in the finale of the first act of "The Voyevoda" to the words "Let us banish our sorrow on the banks of Mother Volga".

In addition to these seven sizeable borrowings, the score of "The Oprichnik" contains numerous musical ideas transferred from the earlier opera. Some of these can be found in the potpourri on themes from "The Voyevoda" published in 1868 under the pseudonym Kramer. This potpourri is interesting for several reasons but for the purpose of the present discussion it contains seven reminiscences of motifs which occur in "The Oprichnik". Four of these have been mentioned already: the two folk songs "A grey duck" and "Yonder is a meadow"; Andrey's aria "I am sad, sad my friends" and Zhakharevna's recitative "Shameless girls". The remaining three are as follows:- Andrey's revenge motif "My heart is pounding and my soul is filled with fear"; the short choral passage sung by the oprichniks in act two as Basmanov leads Andrey in to take the oath; the music accompanying the entrance of Andrey, Basmanov and the oprichniks in act one. From the reconstructed full score of "The Voyevoda", it is possible to find still more borrowings. The appearance of the theme associated with Dubrovin has been quoted earlier. This theme occurs near the end of the first scene of the second act at the point where Dubrovin enters. Dubrovin then goes on to tell Bastryukov that the Voyevoda has abducted his wife Olyona and the accompaniment to this section, though laid out in quaver triplets, is identical to the music Tchaikovsky wrote at the point when Andrey recognises his mother in the crowd in act three. After Dubrovin has related the news of his wife's abduction to Bastryukov, they decide to try and rescue Olyona and Maria Vlasyevna from the Voyevoda's house. To the melody later used as Morozova's blessing, Dubrovin tells Bastryukov that he will meet him secretly at night at the Voyevoda's. "The Voyevoda", is, in fact, a melting pot of themes extracted from previous compositions such as "The Storm Overture" and the "Concert Overture in C minor" and at

the same time a source of material for future works, notably "The Oprichnik" but also "Swan Lake". One further borrowing appearing in "The Oprichnik" which should be mentioned comes not from "The Voyevoda", but from the andante of the symphonic poem dedicated to Balakirev, "Fatum". This forms the basis of the love duet in act four "You are my life and my happiness".

In developing the ideas of the opera, the orchestra undoubtedly plays as vital a role as the voices and Soviet musicologists have coined the term "operatic symphonism" to express this tension or rivalry of voice and orchestra. Tchaikovsky had earlier rebuked himself for the massive orchestration and excessive filigree work he had employed in "The Voyevoda". Napravnik, as we have seen, criticised parts of "The Oprichnik" for much the same reason. Even with his next opera "Vakula the Smith", Tchaikovsky was so concerned about the thickness of the musical texture that he decided partially to re-write and re-score it some twelve years later. The result was "Tcherevichki". Tchaikovsky could not resist the powerful and dramatic contribution that the orchestra could make to any stage work. He was obsessed by the idea of an almost Manichean battle between good and evil, light and darkness. The ideological conflict represented by the oprichniks on the one hand and Andrey, Morozova and Natalia threatened by an implacable fate on the other, must have seemed to Tchaikovsky a subject very suitable for interpretation in symphonic terms. However, simplistic such a statement may seem, it is nevertheless a formula to which Tchaikovsky returned time and time again, and in "The Oprichnik" he rose to the occasion, often succeeding in combining a largely symphonic means of development with the concreteness of operatic forms.*

The introduction to the opera contains in essence all the elements of this ideological conflict which is to be expanded throughout the course of the work. It begins with an ominous roll from the timpani followed by a fragmented and agitated treatment of Andrey's theme (Allegro giusto)



The full orchestra then hammers out the oprichnik theme (D minor), characterised by its loud and savage chords:



*It is interesting to note that in his short autobiographical essay for his French publisher Felix Mackar, and for the Parisian press, Tchaikovsky, rather unexpectedly, describes his operas as follows: "leur genre hétérogène, leur manière, un peu Wagnerienne (letter to Felix Mackar, 8th September 1885).



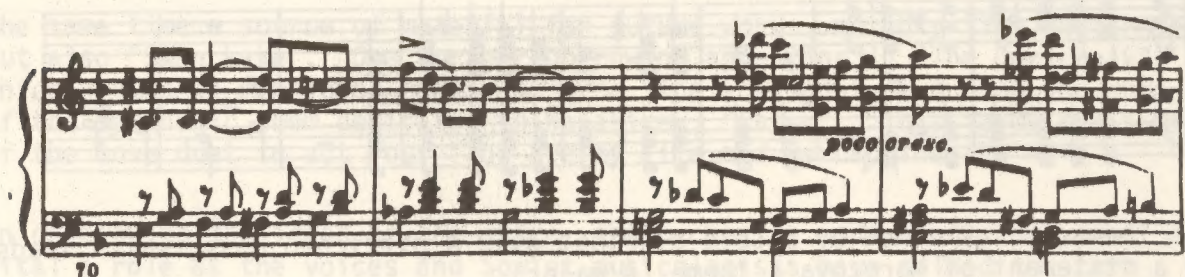
The theme is sustained by a solo clarinet over a pizzicato bass, which leads to a statement of Morozova's theme (A major)



The pizzicato strings continue the persistent rhythm of the oprichnik theme, but this soon gives way to the music of the central section characterising Andrey (Andante F major), announced first by the cellos and then the violins.*



*Transposed into the minor, this theme seems to recall the first subject at the beginning of the C minor symphony.



This is followed by a restatement of Morozova's theme punctuated by the pizzicato rhythm. A distorted version of Andrey's theme is introduced interrupted by more ominous timpani rolls and a dramatic pause. Slowly the pace gathers until finally the oprichnik theme bursts in now transformed triumphantly in the major (D major)

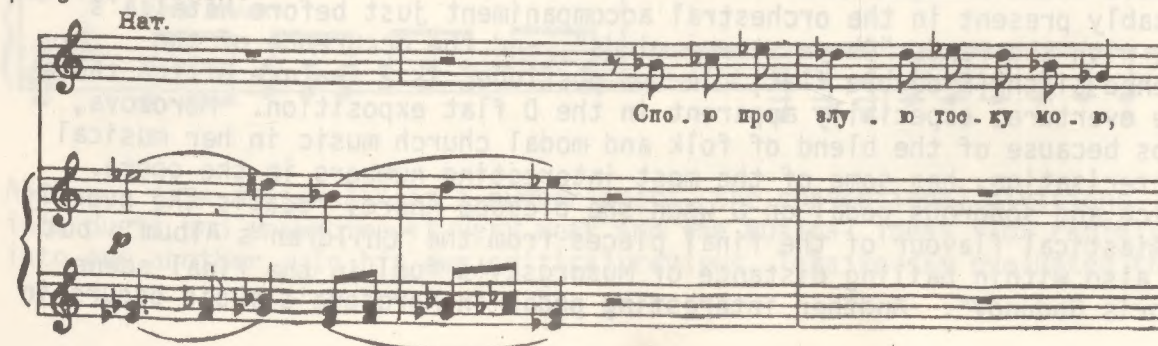
Larosh, like many of Tchaikovsky's contemporaries, remarked on the richness and the strength of the orchestral writing in the opera in spite of the composer's own low opinion of it. Tchaikovsky uses the orchestra sometimes as an independent voice commenting on the progress of the action. Larosh quotes one very interesting example of this principle in the orchestral reply to the oprichniks' pious chant at the beginning of Act II, scene I, where Tchaikovsky seems to contradict their apparent devoutness with a wild and vicious outburst from the orchestra implying the true character of the oprichnina.

Frequently, in providing a background to his numbers, Tchaikovsky makes use of variation technique, sometimes called by Soviet scholars "Glinka's device" (Glinkinskii priyom). It is often encountered in Tchaikovsky's instrumental compositions (a good example is the B flat Scherzo à la Russe, Op. 1 No. 1) and it is thought to have its roots in folk polyphony. The basic feature of this device is to present the melody many times in completely unchanged form - the sense of development is achieved by constantly changing the background. Glinka perfected the method in pieces such as the Chorus of Persian Maidens in "Ruslan and Lyudmila". The two best examples in "The Oprichnik" occur in the first act: - Natalia's song "The Nightingale" and the chorus "Yonder is a little green meadow". Both these numbers are genuine folksongs and for this reason, the use of variation technique here is especially fitting. In Natalia's song (D minor 4/4), the first variation is effected over a dominant pedal, the second over pizzicato arpeggios with the suggestion of the nightingale's trills, the third over running quavers. In "Yonder is a little green meadow" (G major 3/4), the melody is repeated seven times and Tchaikovsky uses considerable resourcefulness in disguising the theme, which could otherwise easily appear to outstay its welcome. Varying the instrumental colouring, he alternatively fills out the accompaniment with passing notes, then simply suggests the harmonic structure in crotchets and minims, rather as he does in the middle section of "Kamarinskaya" from the Op. 39 set of children's pieces. In another place, he uses an inverted pedal lasting eight bars in the relative key of E minor (natural diatonic E minor).

We have already observed that the use of leitmotifs is an important element in Tchaikovsky's method of musical dramatisation in this opera. By far the most important of these is the oprichniks' theme, which figures prominently in the musical texture throughout the entire opera. Perhaps in the theme itself, we can see a reflection of an earlier theme representing an evil or sinister force - the one which begins Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable". Tchaikovsky's theme, however, is integrated more fully into the music, at least giving the impression of musical development. The theme is often

given out by the orchestra in dramatic moments (e.g. when Zhemchuzhny orders Natalia to be tied up, in Morozova's curse, or at the moment that Andrey is lead out to his execution in the finale), but it is also an important source of material to be telescoped and varied to provide the musical dramatisation of the oprichniks in act two. Characteristic, for example, is the opening prayer, or Vyazminsky pronouncing the terms of the oath with its arresting syncopation. It should be said that the quality of the theme is altered very considerably to fit the context in which it is used. In Basmanov's arioso "Live with us - and you need not die" (G major 2/4) it forms a sort of preface stated confidently in the major with a swagger that suggests the dare-devil boldness and amorous licentiousness of the oprichniks. When Basmanov offers to lend Andrey some money, the melody of Basmanov's arioso, which is itself related to the oprichniks' theme, but now in E flat, sounds very gallant. At the words "No oprichnik is without money", however, the sudden change of harmony to A flat sounds remarkably sinister and seems to hint that the source of this money is not always so innocent. This looks forward to Morozova's words "The blood has baked hard on it". Basmanov's theme is stated once again, this time in C flat major, before another modulation leads us to a new theme marked *molto meno mosso quasi adagio e sensibile*. Here, Basmanov tells Andrey not to wait for Natalia, but to go for his mother's blessing and then to the Tsar's court. Andrey agrees "You are right". Curiously, this same theme appears again in the orchestral accompaniment to Basmanov's words in the scene at Aleksándrovskaya slobodá, at the point where he tells Vyazminsky to forget his wounded pride. "Yes, you are right", replies Vyazminsky. Later, in the third act, Natalia pleads with her father "I belong to him. God himself has sealed the bond" (F major 12/8). A few pages later, when Morozova recognises her son amongst the oprichniks and is trying hard not to accept a fact she can see all too plainly, Andrey says "Whoever I am now, I love you as always" to the accompaniment of the same theme (E major 6/8). This parallelism between Andrey confronted by the inescapable torment of joining the oprichnina and Natalia confronted by the recalcitrance of her father, is echoed in the words which they each utter independently "Before you, as before God", as the situations in which they find themselves hardens into a grim reality. Counterbalanced against this situation, we find that by a cruel twist of fate, Andrey and his mother are forced to take up positions alien to their real feelings - she in cursing the son she loves deeply, he in momentarily turning his back on all that is dear to him.

The characterisation of Natalia is generally very weak and palls beside Morozova. Her two arias in the first act are both in a very folkish vein, but whereas the earlier piece is in a simple style, the latter is more heroic and full-blooded. The *andante non troppo* introduction (E flat minor 4/4) to "The Nightingale" seems to carry us back into the veiled and melancholy world of the *adagio* opening of the first symphony's slow movement. The accompaniment to the melody is in minor thirds, which seems constantly to turn in on themselves, and the enharmonic modulations and beautiful suspension leading us to the D minor of the song itself, make this a very poignant moment:



Нат.
про горь-ку-ю не-во-лю!

Нат.
А вы, по-друж-ки, слу-шай-те, на

Нат.
сме-й-тесь.

100

The national element is present not only in the music but in the attempts to capture folk tautology in phrases such as слёзно плачет and горе-кручина. In the melodic and harmonic contours of the G flat arioso "Oh ye stormy winds", some commentators have noted the similarity with part of the act IV love duet for Raoul and Valentine in "Les Huguenots", at the words "Tu l'as dit: oui, tu m'aimes! Dans ma nuit quelle étoile a brillé", though Larosh suggests part of Arnold's aria "Asile héréditaire" from the fourth act of "Guillaume Tell" as a likely source for Tchaikovsky's inspiration. Whatever the source, it cannot be doubted that it had previously influenced Tchaikovsky when he was writing the "Love theme" for the Romeo and Juliet fantasy overture. It is unmistakably present in the orchestral accompaniment just before Natalia's entry with the words "Oh ye stormy winds", and the occurrence of the flattened sixth (E double flat) in the postlude is a feature of the theme in the overture, especially apparent in the D flat exposition. Morozova, perhaps because of the blend of folk and modal church music in her musical characterisation, has some of the most interesting numbers in the opera. The rich and sonorous pedal on G when she blesses Andrey recalls the overtly ecclesiastical flavour of the final pieces from the "Children's Album", but it is also within hailing distance of Musorgsky's fool in the final scene of "Boris Godunov". Another interesting pedal in Morozova's music occurs in

act three when, unable to comprehend the insults hurled at her by the gang of urchins, she goes towards the church. The final six bars of this section, over a pedal on E, are very similar to part of the final act of "The Enchantress" at the point where Kichiga, Lukash and Potap bid farewell to Kuma, immediately preceding her arioso. The church idiom also permeates Morozova's scene and aria at the beginning of act two, although, when her inner agitation bursts out and her pride overcomes her, the throbbing triplets and seething sextuplets, together with restless changes in harmony, tend to draw us back into the conventional world of operatic melodrama. Generally however, the scene is remarkable for its thematic unity. The music of Andrey's entrance, taken from the orchestral accompaniment in the previous number, is related, as stated earlier, to the music of the ensuing duet. The section of Morozova's aria beginning with the words "Before the will of the Lord" (Andante sostenuto, E major 4/4) features in the orchestral accompaniment to her dramatic recitative condemning Basmanov, and, in fact, occurs in fragmented form throughout the entire scene.

Мор. **Andante sostenuto**
Я пе-ред во-ле-ю гос-под-ней скло-ню по-кор-ну-

Мор.
ю гла-ву, без-ро-пот-но сне-су стра-дань-я

Мор.
и серд-це гор-до-е сми-рю.

роско стезю.

40

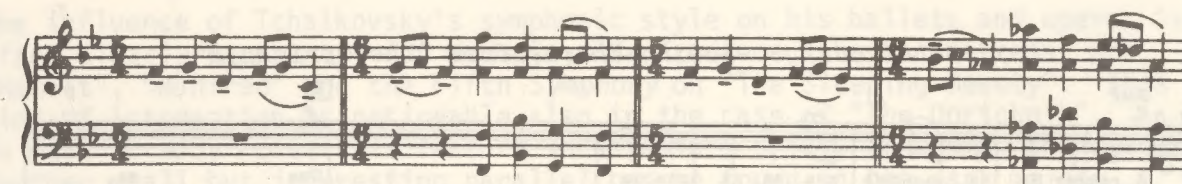
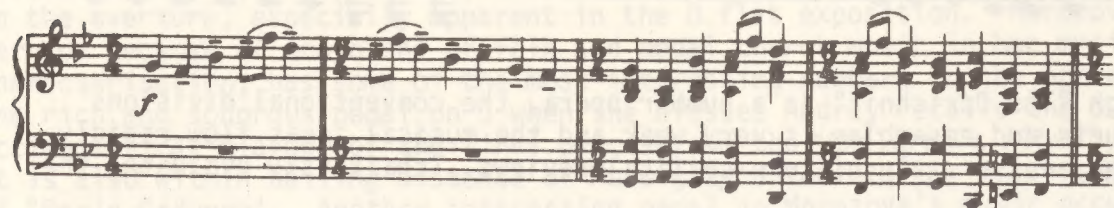
Although "The Oprichnik" is a number opera, the conventional divisions into duets and ensembles is very weak and the musical ideas flow rapidly into one another. In his own critical reviews, Tchaikovsky evaluated the

function of the recitative in the following way: "... the recitative, having no definite rhythm nor clearly fixed melody, is not yet a musical form. It is only the cement binding the individual parts of the musical structure, essential in one way on account of the simple requirements of scenic movement, and in another as a means of contrast to the lyrical moments of an opera". To some extent, Tchaikovsky did the very opposite of this in "The Oprichnik" which may explain why Cui found it "grey, murky, monotonous and boring". Nevertheless, "The Oprichnik" is a "vocal opera" and the spontaneous lyricism of the music can be illustrated, perhaps, by the love duet in the fourth act. Although conceived first in orchestral terms, it transforms perfectly into its new setting even with the original scoring and harmony. As an exact counterbalance, this can be compared to the love duet of Undina and Gulbrand where the vocal parts were effectively adapted into the violin and cello solos for the act two adagio of "Swan Lake". Sometimes, however, Tchaikovsky's ear for melodic invention leads him astray as in the hopelessly sentimental theme he wrote for the quartet in act four "See how the storm clouds gather" (E flat, 12/8) in which Vyazminsky is thirsting for Andrey's blood!

The choral writing in "The Oprichnik" is often severely criticised and compared unfavourably with that in the operas of the Nationalists. The criticism relates primarily to the music of the third act - the G minor opening chorus and the finale. The fault lies fundamentally in the rather unenterprising part writing in which the voices are not sufficiently independent. The harmonic language of these sections, on the other hand, is of much greater interest. Much of the writing is over pedal points and in the Vivace section of the finale, Tchaikovsky harmonises over a descending whole-tone scale, which is also a feature in the finale of the Second Symphony written contemporaneously with the opera... One senses that Meyerbeer was the model for the structural working out of this finale, especially in that kind of dramatic effect achieved by contrasting alternating passages of concentrated choral and orchestral force with a single line. The conclusion of act two of "Les Huguenots" makes a fitting comparison.

The Wedding chorus, which begins act four of "The Oprichnik" is written very much in the folk style. Rather like the "Toasting chorus" from act two of Dargomyzhsky's "Rusalka", the text contains stock phrases from the Russian Middle Ages, such as "Swan", "falcon", "live in harmony and love". As in Dargomyzhsky's opera, Tchaikovsky follows his chorus with a set of dances in the Russian style. The main theme of Tchaikovsky's chorus consists of ten bars in 3/4 time with a final bar in 2/4. It is remarkable how this theme has the spirit, and to a certain extent, a harmonic similarity to the hymn to the Sun and the Russian Princes which begins "Prince Igor". Both choruses are marked *Allegro moderato e maestoso* and both share a feeling for mixolydian modality (C major with a B flat). Furthermore, a comparison with the opening "Promenade theme" of Musorgsky's "Pictures from an Exhibition" reveals a fascinating and perhaps surprising resemblance in the turn of phrase and harmony.

a) Musorgsky: Pictures from an Exhibition



b) Borodin: "Prince Igor", opening chorus.

Allegro moderato e maestoso ♩ = 126

Сопрано *f*

Ады Соли-цу крас-но-му сла-ва, сла-ва, сла-ва вне-бе-у

Тенора

Басы Соли-цу крас-но-му сла-ва, сла-ва, сла-ва вне-бе-у

Хор (Народ)

Allegro moderato e maestoso ♩ = 126

нас! Кня-зю И-го-рю сла-ва, сла-ва, сла-ва у нас на Ру-си!

нас! Кня-зю И-го-рю сла-ва, сла-ва, сла-ва у нас на Ру-си!

Буй-ту-ру Все-мо-ло-ду Свя-то

Буй-ту-ру Все-мо-ло-ду Свя-то

Ту-ру-ли я-ро-му, кня-зю Труб-чен-ско-му, Буй-ту-ру Все-мо-ло

c) Tchaikovsky: Wedding chorus from "The Oprichnik"

ХОР
С.

А. го свет На. та. лю. шко сла. ва, да сла. ва!

Т.

Б. го свет На. та. лю. шко сла. ва, да сла. ва!

Сла. ва, да сла. ва!

Of the purely instrumental parts of the opera, the dances are the most successful. The lightly scored introduction to act two, (Andante sostenuto 4/4), was written by Tchaikovsky's pupil and friend Vladimir Shilovsky. The divided strings play tremolando from beginning to end and there is much use of suspensions, dissonances and subtle changes in nuances.. The introduction to act three, which is Tchaikovsky's own, is harsh and angular only relieved by the hint of a very fine theme richly harmonised over a pedal on D which follows. The opening theme slightly recalls the first subject of "Fatum" which is likewise very square-cut.



Sketch for act III of
"The Oprichnik" made for
the first production of
the opera at the Marinsky
Theatre in April, 1874

The influence of Tchaikovsky's symphonic style on his ballets and operas is often clearly apparent, - for example, "Manfred" on "The Enchantress" and "Hamlet", "Manfred" and the Fifth Symphony on "The Sleeping Beauty". This kind of interaction is noticeable also in the case of "The Oprichnik". We have already noted this feature in Natalia's arioso and Romeo and Juliet. Another small but interesting parallel can be found in the dark melody sung by the oprichniki in act one to the words "Just you whistle and like a leaf in the grass" first sung by the basses and repeated by the tenors an octave higher. This phrase is very similar to the Allegro moderato section beginning the storm in "The Tempest", which Tchaikovsky sketched out at Usovo in August, 1873:

(1) The Oprichnik

ХОР ОПРИЧНИКОВ

Б. ТЫ ЛЕШЬ СЛЫ - СЛЫ, А КАК ЛЕШЬ ПО - РЕД ТРАВОЙ,

ТЫ ЛЕШЬ СЛЫ - СЛЫ, А МЫ СЛЫ - СЛЫ И КАК ЛЕШЬ ПО - РЕД ТРАВОЙ,

(2) The Tempest

Fl. p. cresc. poco a poco poco string.

Cl. p. cresc. poco a poco

Fg. p. cresc. poco a poco

Cr. p. cresc. poco a poco

Archi p. cresc. poco a poco poco string.

One other interesting parallel can be seen between Andrey's B flat arioso "But I am sad, sad my friends" and Frost's monologue in the same key from "Snegurochka", also dating from 1873.

a) Andrey's aria "The Oprichnik"

Andante
Анд.

о ва . ме, дру . ги, жаль на век до . лю, что на вод не жись

Анд.
рас . ста . вать . ся, в во . лной во . ле жить олу . ж . бу чест . ну . ю не оправ . лять на . ру .

40

b) Frost's monologue from "The Snowmaiden"

1.2. Лю . бо, лю . бо мне, лю . бо мне,

лю . бо, лю . бо мне, лю . бо, лю . бо,

50



Sketch for act III of "The Oprichnik" by A. Vasnetsov from a watercolour, 1911

Today "The Oprichnik" is all but forgotten. The fault lay in the composer's treatment of his subject in too subjective a way, keeping only the bare bones of the plot and seriously weakening the characterisation as a result. The opera was, of course, conceived in purely 19th century terms. The libretto is often very stilted and spiced with a sprinkling of hackneyed archaic phrases to add a touch of local colour. Nevertheless, what we find, if we are prepared to look for it, is direct expression of the human and personal tragedy, the desire for happiness which is frustrated by fatalistic forces, a confrontation of good and evil, the beautiful and the ugly. In "The Oprichnik", love is apparently defeated by adversity, but it is interesting to note that in two other works of the same period in which love is the driving force, - "The Romeo and Juliet Fantasy Overture", and "Swan Lake" - the spiritual message expressed, is that love transcends the bitter struggle and resolves itself in death. One should add, however, that the hint of optimism implied in the conclusion to "Romeo and Juliet" only took complete shape in the final version of the overture written in 1880.

Tchaikovsky returned to the mediaeval drama several more times: - in "The Maid of Orléans", "The Enchantress" and "Iolanta". In none of these did he ever recapture the unique fusion of the national with the lyrical styles. For this reason "The Oprichnik" occupies a unique position in the development of Tchaikovsky's operas.

THE END.

APPENDIX

LAROSH'S ARTICLE ON "THE OPRICHNIK" (1)

"Before sitting down to write an opera, I try to forget that I am a musician," Gluck once said, and these words, which are evidently not much of a recommendation for his own operas, pleased Richard Wagner and his followers so much that they emblazoned them on their banner. Moreover, the late Serov, shortly before his death, published in "Muzykal'nyi Sezon", a special article entitled "The Great Word of a Great Musician" - a commentary on the above-mentioned quotation of Gluck, and at the same time an attack on the so-called "New School", which in Serov's view, have not sufficiently followed Gluck's example. I would say that the author of "The Great Word" would have perceptibly softened his fury for the Mighty Handful if he had lived to see "Boris Godunov". In Musorgsky, Serov would have found a composer who not only fulfilled Gluck's requirements, but to some extent even superseded them. The creator of "Alceste" and "Iphigenie" never dreamed to what frontiers an operatic composer would carry his oblivion in music, never dreamed that a hundred years after him there would come a generation able to give his casual remark a literal and awesome sense, probably far from the original idea. It would be inaccurate to say that the progress of our time is limited to "oblivion in music". Oblivion presupposes some premature knowledge, some stored memory. Moreover, nowadays no one encounters persons on the road to a career in musical drama who put one in mind of what Napoleon said of the Bourbons: "They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing". It is these persons who, above all, are devoted to the task of exiling music from opera. Formerly Wagnerism had at its disposal people who had a thorough knowledge of their art, but who progressed in the face of its laws, as the result of a preconceived intent. Now the case can be stated far more simply: in support of the spirit of the circle and fanaticism, this alliance has gained such victories that not only composers but the public too have begun to forget about the music.

Operatic composers have established a contest between themselves: each tries to outdo his confrères in negating music. It is difficult to predict to what extent and when this persecution will end, but it is quite probable that we have yet to see on our lyric stage works permeated with the spirit which recently gained pre-eminence. Mr. Tchaikovsky's opera does not bear the imprint of this sorrowful progress. I do not know whether this will be to his good or detriment, but the composer of "The Oprichnik" is rich in musical ideas, musical taste and musical knowledge. An elegant, gifted and experienced hand, which is familiar to us from his instrumental compositions, is easily recognisable in the opera. An abundance of beautiful melodies of a frequently completely independent, individual character, combined with an unflagging interest in harmonic progressions and brilliant orchestral colours. Such are the qualities which we would not be able to enjoy in "The Oprichnik" if the composer, before writing his score, had been able to forget that he is a musician. The richness of musical beauty in the opera is so great that, in any case, it will occupy an important place amongst Mr. Tchaikovsky's compositions as well as amongst the models of Russian dramatic music. To this, one can add the remarkably happy choice of subject. Lazhechnikov's drama is the most powerful and mature of his works. It was written at a time when his talent was at the peak of its development. It is not only picturesque and effective, but is also full of inner drama, sincere and passionate emotions. There are no psychological subtleties; Lazhechnikov was, on the whole, alien to them. Its psychological motives are simple and basic, and it is for precisely this reason that it is rewarding in the highest degree for musical reproduction. At the same time it is rich in scenic movement and emotional situations. But to transfer the literary drama, even

the most musically orientated, wholesale onto the operatic stage, to spin out dialogues into recitatives, arias and ensembles is an impossible task. There arises the dangerous and infuriating necessity of rejecting one thing, displacing another or of adding something else. The results of this reconstruction are all too familiar to those who have compared the popular works of classical literature with the opera libretti made from them. Literary worth, in as far as it depends on subtlety of thought, beauty of language and verse, loses something to the inventions of music which no one can really regret since music, casting off the alien philosophical and analytical element, rewards the listener with a broad development of the lyrical element, and above all wins him over by the moving charm of sound. But there is another side which must be observed in the preparation of libretti: i.e. the logical construction of the action and the development of the plot. It is well known that in actuality this condition is poorly observed. Every year the Italian opera presents old-fashioned dramatic rhapsodies in which audiences have given up looking for logical sense, but which bear the titles of illustrious plays by Shakespeare and Schiller; and, of course, if Shakespeare and Schiller were to see them, they would be greatly shocked. There are exceptions, but these are rare, and unfortunately, the libretto of "The Oprichnik" does not number among them. The absence of cohesion and consecutive action is particularly marked in the first act. In Lazhechnikov's original, Andrey Morozov, in love with Natalia Zhemchuzhnaya, goes secretly to the garden to meet her. This meeting provides the central interest of act one, introduces the audience to the hero and heroine of the play, and establishes our interest in their subsequent fate. There is an obvious excuse for a love duet here - it is not an original idea, but it is one that never ages. The librettist also makes Morozov go to meet Natalia giving him as companions, Fyodor Basmanov and a whole chorus of oprichniks (in Lazhechnikov he comes alone). The oprichniks break down Zhemchuzhny's fence, but then it turns out that this is for no particular reason. Morozov and Basmanov come into the garden and, without looking for the Princess, start talking about Morozov's intention of joining the oprichnina. They mention the Princess only in passing when Basmanov says to his friend: "Do as I say and don't wait for Natalia. Don't waste time for nothing now". Andrey immediately agrees and they both leave. Natalia appears hot on their tracks (she had been there earlier in the act) and act one concludes with a chorus of handmaidens in the national style. It also began with a similar chorus. The audience is mystified and cannot understand the reason why the librettist shows the hero to be so cold and indifferent. In Lazhechnikov, we are given the reason. Act II of Lazhechnikov's play begins with a skirmish between a detachment of oprichniks, rushing to pillage the shops in the Kitay-gorod, and their owners and assistants. Amongst the tradesmen is Andrey Morozov, who has just been robbed by Natalia's father and driven from his own home by means of a false testament. Fyodor Basmanov comes across the fray and, seeing his friend Morozov amongst their opponents, immediately orders the fighting to be stopped. The noise in the square dies down and from the ensuing conversation, Basmanov learns of his friend's misfortunes and suggests that he enter the oprichnina. Only at this point, in view of the urgency of the matter, does he advise him "for the time being, forget your thoughts about the Princess". Andrey agrees. In his position, there is no other way of taking revenge on Zhemchuzhny and of winning Natalia than of going immediately to Aleksandrovskaya Sloboda and arming himself with that name before which the nobles tremble. Transferring the dialogue of act two to act one, the librettist not only arouses our suspicions about the sincerity of Morozov's love, but also distorts his moral character. The moral feeling of the epoch was bitterly opposed to joining the oprichnina, against which all directed their hatred. The hero of the drama, with whom the audiences sympathises to the end, flies in the face of this moral feeling, but only when misfortune and injustice bring to him frenzy and despair. He has an old mother, who in consequence of the false testament has been deprived of her heritage, and although to his outraged filial devotion Morozov adds an ego-centric motive - his love for Natalia - he is still not entering the oprich-

nina for his own sake. In the opera, it is not at all like that. Without having yet suffered any misfortune (at least, none that the spectator could know about), the hero of the play, in the first words he utters, expresses his resolve to join a band of brigands and murderers, and the tragic struggle between duty and passion is replaced by a single act of capricious ill will. In more than one place, the libretto would gain from a closer observance of the original. An improvised skirmish between tradesmen and oprichniks in the Kitay-Gorod, could in my opinion, provide the material for a lively and effective scene, and the subsequent dialogue between Basmanov and Morozov, could (with reduction, of course) take place as in the play. The scene in which the street urchins tease Morozova as a servant of the oprichniks is too short in the opera and lacks connection with what follows. On the other hand, one must give the librettist credit for having introduced into the oath scene an element of drama which does not exist in Lazhechnikov and which, though not new, is very effective. The excess of local colour in the first act incorporates songs transferred by the composer from his previous opera "The Voyevoda". It seems to me that in "The Voyevoda" these songs were more appropriate, and the time spent on them in the new work could have been better deployed on a more radical development of Andrey's character, and his motive for this desperate course of action which is the focus of the drama.

Mr. Tchaikovsky is an artist whom we must approach with the highest and strictest demands. In all events, one can say, perhaps, the libretto of "The Oprichnik" is no worse than the libretti of the majority of Russian operas, and coming to terms with its deficiencies as with the consequences of an old habit has become customary in our country. As a musical work "The Oprichnik" is a happy, blossoming oasis in that dramatico-declamatory desert in which Russian composers have bored us in recent years. One cannot but welcome the freedom with which Mr. Tchaikovsky uses his medium; one cannot but welcome his predilection for the ensemble - that most precious attribute of dramatic music - and the cantilena, in which the character of the participants is highlighted and the mood of the moment conveyed. One cannot but delight in the rich talent which our composer shows in his arias and ensembles. At times, this freedom, however, goes too far. Appearing before the oprichniks to give the oath, Morozov says to Vyazemsky: "Before you as before God, I will not sully my soul by the sin of deceit. It is out of necessity that I join, and this necessity has settled in my soul like an impure spirit." Thus speaks a man at the moment of supreme anguish, at the moment when desperate resolve has burst the flood gates, only (as we shall see now and later) to ebb away again just as quickly. Words like these should be uttered in a jerky recitative. Mr. Tchaikovsky has written for them a broad melody in a slow tempo and in the character of an amoroso.

One could also take the composer to task over his occasional failing in accurate declamation, but I shall not make a fuss over an issue on which critics nowadays harp so much, to the extent that it receives excess attention rather than too little. I have spoken so much of the dramatic weaknesses of the new opera that it is with satisfaction that I turn to the one moment of supreme drama it contains: this is the oath scene, when Morozov joins the oprichnina. With the exception of the aforementioned arioso, which I consider out of place, this entire scene is introduced superbly. Founded on an original compressed, rhythmically powerful motif which is beautifully worked out, it creates an overwhelming effect through the short interjections of the chorus interrupting the words of Morozov and Vyazminsky. The motif of which I speak is taken from the theme of the oprichniks' chorus with which it ends "Glorious, glorious as the sun on a fine day is our father the Tsar, ruler of mighty Rus." Besides this scene, this same motif frequently appears in the orchestral accompaniment in other parts of the opera - everywhere where the image of the oprichnina brings things to the boil. On the subject of thematic development, I shall mention the fine ballet in the last act, whose music is based on three Russian folksongs.

(all three from Mr. Balakirev's collection). This music is remarkable for the beautiful treatment of its themes. Particularly fine is the harmonisation of Катенька весёлая which appears suddenly and with great strength. Very fine too, is the melody in A flat major, which belongs to the composer himself and which forms one of the episodes in these dances. But if in the ballet we recognise that master of orchestration which we have come to esteem in Mr. Tchaikovsky, then the same cannot be said of the overture, or, as the composer has called it, introduction. Put together mosaically from a motley assortment of themes taken from various parts of the opera, this introduction has the incoherence of a potpourri, incomprehensible and mystifying even in their individual moments. I do not want to go back to the subject of folksongs, which the composer in the manner of his contemporaries has used in his opera, but I shall mention two sets of variations written with love and great art. The first of these is the song "A Nightingale", which Natalia sings (four couplets each with a new accompaniment). Unfortunately, the composer felt it necessary to add to the genuine melody of this song a conclusion of his own invention (eight bars in the first couplet to the words). "How boring it is for the maiden in her room". This conclusion is sentimental in character and not at all in the spirit of a folk melody. A similar accusation cannot be levelled at the fine variations which end the first act. The melody used is "Yonder is a little green meadow". It is performed in unison by the combined chorus of sopranos and altos who repeat it six times with differing accompaniment.

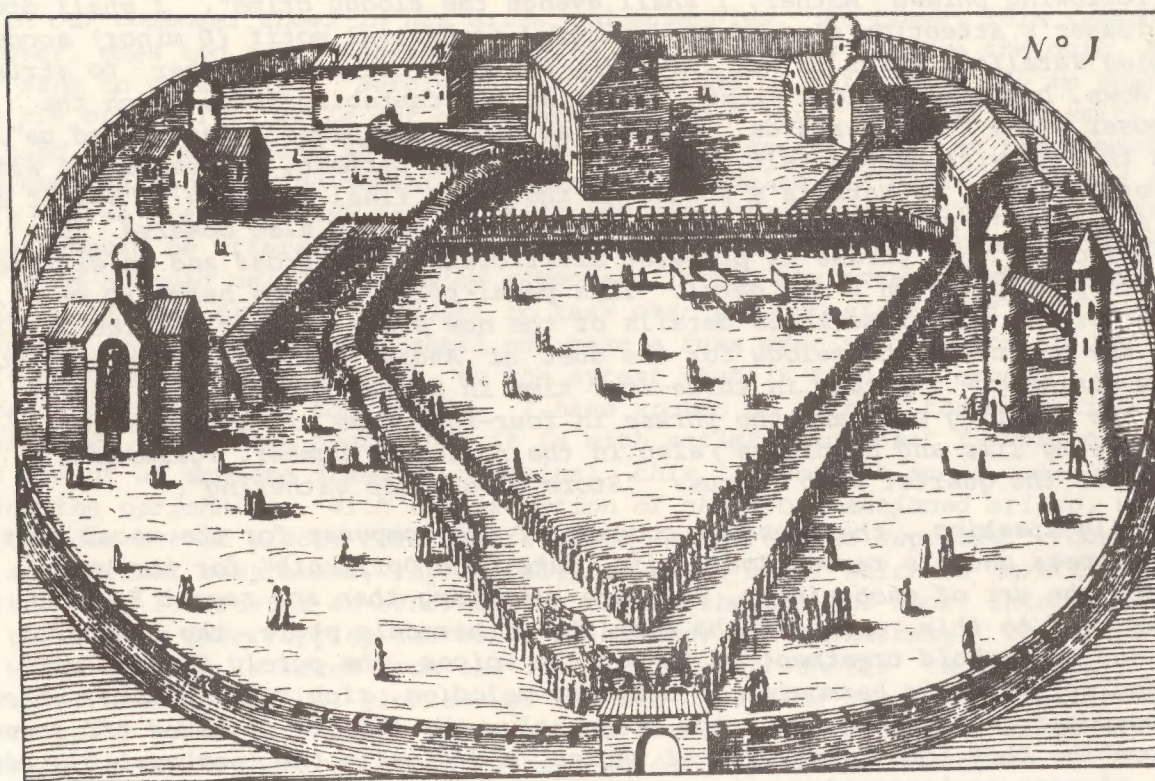
The most effective numbers of the opera are not, of course, those which the composer borrowed from folksongs, and which out of necessity serve only as illustration of local colour, but those he composed himself, imparting to them a dramatic quality. Amongst these, for example, is the short arioso of Natalia in the first act (G flat major). In spite of its shortness, this is an extremely noble and effective number. It was universally admired even last year when it was performed more than once at concerts. Another is the part of Morozova's duet with her son beginning "Whiter than snow, brighter than sun" and the following phrase "Mother, I shall avenge the bloody crime". I shall draw the reader's attention also to the graceful orchestral motif (D minor) accompanying Natalia's words in act III (when she begs her cruel father to strike her down, but hear her out first), but also the cantabile theme which the composer gives her afterwards ("But I am his. God himself has united us"). Shot through with deeply felt grief and spiritual torment, expressed not without originality, is Natalia's phrase in the large final ensemble: "No. it is not a dream; a Mother curses her own son". One should also observe that the effect of this phrase is prepared artificially by a broad and an extremely rich pedalpoint on D (32 bars). This pedal-point, in the harmonic sense, is one of the most remarkable details of the new score. Later, in the final act, the beauty of the melody for the duet of Andrey and Natalia is particularly striking - a phrase in three-four time in A flat major: "Ah, would that the feasting end" and the phrase in four-four time in D flat major: "You are my life and happiness"; also in the following number, Vyazminsky's phrase in the quartet with chorus: "Storm clouds are gathering".

Generally speaking, the constant concern of the composer for the vocal part of the opera and his rare melodic gift make "The Oprichnik" for the voice and for the art of each singer, far more rewarding than any recent Russian operas. If to this one adds the nobility of harmonic style, the beautiful free and often bold treatment of the of the voices, the purely Russian art of finding chromatic harmonies in diatonic melodies, rich pedal-points, which the composer, by the way, uses too frequently, the ability to round off scenes and combine them into large musical wholes, and finally the inexhaustibly rich fine, elegant orchestration, then we shall have a score which, possessing many of the best qualities of present-day operatic music, is free from the majority of its failings. The important musical significance of "The Oprichnik" should

not blind the critic nor the composer himself when considering the scenic deficiencies of the new opera. The friends of Mr. Tchaikovsky's talent flatter themselves with the hope that when he approaches the dramatic plan of an opera more strictly, he will occupy on the Russian lyric stage, the same high place which he has succeeded in attaining on the concert platform.

The above article appeared under the general title "Musical Outlines" in the paper "Golos", No.105 on 17th April, 1874.

Aleksandrovskaya Sloboda from a 17th century print



LAROSH'S ARTICLE ON "THE OPRICHNIK" (II)

Generally speaking, our Russian music is far from being as richly developed as that of Germany and France. I scarcely dare utter such an idea, fearing that it is known to be a universally accepted fact. But we have musical patriots who are inclined to think the opposite. There are certain people who believe that musical composition in our country today has left far behind it composition in the West and is now the foremost exponent of European art. Without discussing individual composers and individual works, which would take me too far away from the subject of the present article, I shall observe that the majority of recent works by Russian composers are infected with certain common ailments, which are alone sufficient to prove the very apparent immaturity of contemporary Russian music.

The fear of the harmonic common-place, and the attempt to express something new at every step combine in many of our composers with a mosaic-like detail, which does not allow them to rise to broad, expansive forms. As a consequence, the large-scale works issuing from the Russian pen are mostly guilty, in the harmonic sense, of obscurity - and in the formal sense, - of lack of cohesion, a tendency to rhapsodising. But having said that our Russian art is far from the Western model, I can, not without patriotic joy, add that it advances and constantly strives to attain the same level.

The name of P. I. Tchaikovsky, is closely associated with this advancement of Russian music in recent years. His work contains knowledge of the Russian folk element and his burning love for the pearls of Russian folk music combine with a remarkable musical education, a dazzling technique and a feeling for moderation which invariably accompanies true artistry. These qualities which have achieved for the artist a rapid fame and popularity, have been, until now, evaluated by us chiefly on the strength of his instrumental compositions. (Orchestral music, the piano and a string quartet).

As an operatic composer Mr. Tchaikovsky has appeared only once in Moscow (where in 1869 his "The Voyevoda" was staged). But in that city the overwhelming predilection for Italian music, and in part the unsuitability of the members of the Russian operatic troupe, create for a Russian dramatic composer the most disadvantageous situation in which neither his good qualities nor his deficiencies attract much attention.

Only St. Petersburg has a public following with an urgent concern, the appearance of every new musical composition of Russian origin. In consequence, only St. Petersburg has the casting vote in the success or failure of a Russian composer. Therefore we may consider Mr. Tchaikovsky's debut on the stage of our Marinsky Theatre to be his true debut as a composer of musical drama. Appearing before the public as a dramatic composer, Mr. Tchaikovsky brings into the new arena all the resources of his talent, of his early acquired experience and wide knowledge, and his remarkable facility for spontaneous invention which is one of the most characteristic of his qualities. His victory, in the purely musical sense, is indisputable. In the dramatic sense, no less important for an operatic composer, his steps are not so assured and his hand is not so full. All the criticisms which can be levelled at the new opera spring from its dramatic content. Lazhechnikov's "Oprichnik" contains within it almost a finished opera: pare down the number of characters, clip the dialogue, take out a few scenes which would clog the action of an opera and you will have a libretto remarkable for its coherence, liveliness and profound and immutable interest.

The libretto of "The Oprichnik" fails because it does not keep closely enough to the original and because the librettist felt it necessary to replace Lazhechnikov's libretto with one of his own invention and because in this idiosyncratic scenario the psychological development and psychological truth

of the original have been lost.

This applies particularly to Andrey Morozov's joining the oprichnina, which in the opera is casual and arbitrary, whereas in the play it is understandable and arises from the misfortunes he has suffered, and from the passion which has taken possession of him. But I shall not delay long over the dramatic canvass of the new opera, which I have already examined in more detail elsewhere, but I shall turn to its musical aspect. In this respect, it gives us many remarkable and beautiful moments, which the critic is obliged to mention. I do not number amongst these the orchestral introduction, which is a kind of cursory and not very well assembled summary of the most important musical moments of the opera - the phrase of Old Morozova in the duet of act II "Dear son, do not leave me", Andrey's arioso from the same act "Before God as before you", the orchestral interlude in act IV after Andrey is led to his execution, and finally the hymn of oprichniks "Glorious, glorious, like the sun on a bright day". The change of tempo, key and motif is too frequent and stands in the way of producing an artistic impression in this introduction. It is a pity that a composer possessing a rare symphonic gift did not begin his opera with a large-scale correctly developed overture, which, expressing the spirit of the opera or illustrating one of its chief moments, would at the same time have some significance as an independent piece and could be performed separately in the concert hall. Very charming, dexterous and neat is the first scene (the betrothal of Mitkov to Natalia Zhemchuzhnaya). In this we encounter the principles which form the basis of Mr. Tchaikovsky's style.

Realising that the strength of music lies not in individual detached moments, but in integrated, harmonious and melodic structures bound together by unity of theme and plan of modulation, the composer of "The Oprichnik" everywhere takes care to subordinate the separate moments of speech and dialogue to the overall mood expressed in the prevailing motif, thematically developed and repeated. Here, the four bar melody in G major and in the Russian style serves as the basic theme. It is in a calm and so to speak good-natured manner and the relative simplicity of technical means gives colour to the more powerful and passionate moments of the opera for which the artful musician resorts to stronger means and thicker colours. I shall observe again that the musical form in this scene is that of a short rondo with two subsidiary themes and a concluding section. For a scene of calm content, free from great movement and drama as the one in question is, a form like this is very apt and fitting. The following song about "the duck" (a four bar female chorus) is based on a graceful and genuine folk melody, harmonised strictly diatonically and for the most part with the aid of a tonic pedal-point. Here there is no large-scale variation development such as we find in the same act a few pages later, but there is originality of colour and the character of Russian feminine grace thanks to which this short chorus produces a sympathetic effect. Far more significant is the ensuing song about the nightingale which Natalia sings alone. It is also based on a folk tune, remarkable for its strength and beauty and for its unique approach, by which it differs distinctly from all Russian folk songs (a twice repeated interval of a rising minor sixth) and for its combination of broad sweep with deep grief. In keeping with the form that Glinka established in "Ruslan and Lyudmila" (Finn's ballad, the Head's ballad, the Persian chorus) and which will probably continue to serve as a model for our composers, Mr. Tchaikovsky gives the voice only the theme in all its purity, repeated in several couplets, and entrusts variation to the orchestra. Amongst these variations, I shall draw your attention to the last but one, where the theme is accompanied by a diatonic scale in octaves - one of the favourite devices of our composer. The next scene (Natalia, Zakharevna and girls' chorus) in its spontaneous fluidity and absence of pretensions, recalls the opening scene (of Zhemchuzhny and Mitkov).

The next scene (in which Andrey Morozov and Basmanov accompanied by the oprichniks secretly break into the garden of the Zhemchuzhnys) is slightly at fault in the character of the music. The composer wanted to express a moment of danger, the fear of lovers being discovered, the secrecy of the impending encounter. But what came out was a sort of Presto scherzando, like overtures or finales sometimes written for comic operas. The music is too facile and playful for the situation. Far more true to life and warm, I think, is "the recitative and arioso of Basmanov appended to this scene. Taking the act as a whole, all these introductory numbers of act I are overshadowed by Natalia's cavatina: (recitative beginning "I thought I heard voices"). For inspiration of poetry or thought, this number scarcely stands higher than the preceding ones, but it has been written extremely adroitly in respect of effect. The short melody* of a passionate character is first given out by cellos (in unison with first violins) pp, then the music undergoes a prolonged modulation arousing the expectation of the listener more and more, and accompanied by a constant crescendo. Finally, at the height of power and pathos the singer's voice enters with the melody which we heard in the cellos, (to the words "Oh, ye stormy winds, carry to my beloved news of my grief" etc.). There are a few final bars which end the scene. This number of the opera was already familiar to our melomanes even before it was seen on the stage. Mde. Raab sang it more than once at concerts and the success was always such that the public demanded it to be encored. The act concludes with a short chorus consisting of a four bar folk melody repeated many times in couplet form and performed by sopranos and altos in unison. The enchanting grace and freshness of this purely Russian theme is strengthened by a superb harmonisation in which the composer noticeably avoids the artfulness and chromatic refinements, which are all the rage in variations on folk themes, but he has preserved the clarity and elegant simplicity fitting to the moment (on the stage, this song is accompanied by a round dance).

Act II begins with the lengthy recitative and aria of Morozova, (the mother of the hero of the play). Written with great strength and pathos, this scene, however, is most successful in its calmest moment (the phrase: "Before the will of the Lord" E major, Andante sostenuto) where the composer happily found a truthful and beautiful expression for the mildness and submission of the God-fearing woman. This phrase, like the preceding one (Ah, the sadness of a lonely woman"), is written on a diatonic scale, which gives it, to a certain degree, a Russian character. Generally, one senses that in the musical characterisation of old Morozova, the composer was striving towards a national style, whereas in Natalia there is no such striving, or at least, it is far less apparent. The ensuing duet of Andrey and his mother is one of the most noble numbers of the opera. I shall draw your attention first to the successful harmonic treatment of the motif taken from the previous scene, in the orchestral accompaniment to the old woman's words "I have heard of him! He is the Tsar's favourite; they wear the same robes" etc. Very beautiful, warm, sincere and noble is the melody to which Morozova sings "Whiter than snow, brighter than the sun"; the repetition of the whole bar to the words "clearer than azure skies, stronger than a rock mid stormy", produces a distinct character which the composer uses to good effect when, after the six bar phrase of the tenor (Dear mother, I shall make up for the bloody crime), he brings in the contralto again precisely on this repeated bar, but this time reinforced by chromatic counterpoint with which the tenor accompanies it. No less beautiful, although less original is Morozova's phrase "Dear son, do not leave me"; elegant too is the pedal-point on G at the end of the duet, during Andrey's farewell to his mother. In the orchestral ritornello, after the voices have finished, the use of the chord of the seventh (C-E flat-G-B flat) after an incomplete chord of the

* Thematically, this melody is very like part of Arnold's aria in the fourth act of "Guillaume Tell", at the words "murs chéris qu'habitait mon père, Je viens vous voir pour la dernière fois", it is strange that Donizetti (in the grand sextet from "Lucia") and Richard Wagner (in the finale of "Tristan") have not been able to avoid the influence of this theme.

ninth (C-G-B-D) is very original. The following scene depicting the young Morozov's solemn recruitment into the oprichnina is the culminating point of the whole opera. In the struggle of opposing emotions tearing at Morozov's soul, in the tragedy of his position between the demands of love, revenge and filial devotion, the composer found an inspiring element which his musical invention has placed on a level higher than in any of the preceding sections of the opera.

The superb basic motif (the opening bars of the oprichniks' hymn, with which the act concludes) permeates the entire scene, appearing in different harmonic guises. Of its various uses I shall draw your attention to Basmanov's phrase "Forget your wounded pride. Your enemy is dead", where the initial severity of the motif is completely obliterated and replaced by tenderness and warmth. Moreover, snippets in this vein are only for contrast with the overall mood of the scene, which depicts the viciousness and cruelty of the oprichnina, and the horror which it has brought to the Russian land. This element is particularly well highlighted in Vyazminsky's splendid phrase "In the name of the Tsar and his terrible power, swear, Andrey Morozov". But, it is impossible not to see in other places where the harsh and savage character of the oprichnina is to be depicted, that it has been achieved preserving complete trueness to life and without making the elegance of the music suffer. Such are the short interjections "To the great Tsar, eternal glory"; "Well fine, new oprichnik" and so on.

With the aid of a very bold interpretation of the inner meaning of the words, the composer has made Andrey pronounce his intention of joining the oprichnina not in a recitative but in a protracted cantilena ("Before God, as before you"). I presume that at this moment, he wanted to express not the mood of the moment, but the character of the hero. In any case, a musical contrast is achieved, all the more efficaciously since the melody is beautiful. Another instance of the way contrast is used to good effect in the same scene is before the tempestuous encounter between Andrey and the oprichniks where the oprichniks sing a religious chant. With its simple but original chords, it is heard first off-stage and then with literal repetition on stage. The quiet chanting of this male a cappella chorus is open to considerable interpretation when the reply it received from the orchestra is a wild and savage phrase: the oprichniks' prayer is a sham and the orchestra seems to reveal to us their true character. Vyazminsky's phrase "We have shown enough obeisance to God, brothers", uttered immediately after this prayer, is in a free and cantilena style combined with true declamation. This phrase is used contrapuntally to the preceding choral prayer, now given to the orchestra. The profound agitation which permeates the scene finds a superb resolution in the final chorus, whose stirring and sunny spirit, though not free of the severity demanded by dramatic truth, seems to relieve the listener of the burden of that tragic moment which had hitherto oppressed him, through its bright and healthy harmonisation, its strong and simple rhythm and triumphant character.

Act III opens with an interesting entr'acte, whose first theme is based on an augmented triad. At the end there is just the hint of a beautiful phrase in the amoroso style on the dominant pedal in G major. The following chorus of townsfolk ("Evil times have befallen us") is technically well worked out, but falls far short of the poetic problem which the words here pose. The composer has not found sounds to depict that deep and hopeless grief which has taken possession of them. However, the orchestral ritornello occurring at the end of the chorus is remarkable to the highest degree. In these eight bars of minor tonic pedal, the boldness of harmony is on a par with its beauty. In the ensuing recitative for Morozova, the dominant pedal on A, after the words "will the right hand of the Lord be upon you" is also worthy of attention. I shall not pause on the short chorus of boys who taunt Morozova.

This chorus is insignificant in the musical sense and extremely awkward in a dramatic one. Mildly satisfying but not inspired or shattering is the music of the duet for the two women (Natalia and old Morozova). The following arioso for Natalia, in addition to the graceful orchestral melody accompanying the words: "Father, before God, as before you", contains an elegant cantilena to the words "But I am his. God himself has sealed the bond". However, all these are completely overshadowed by the finale, in which there is the most superb and originally constructed ensemble (Andante non tanto, D minor, 3/4) beginning with the words "I cannot yet understand the meaning of her terrible words". The lengthy and magnificently harmonised pedal on the tonic of D minor is the first part of this ensemble and a sort of introduction to it. The voices enter one after another in very free imitation. This form and the bass at odd moments stressed on the weak beat, create a certain family likeness with the canon from act one of "Ruslan and Lyudmila", "What a wondrous moment", but as the piece proceeds Mr. T. completely destroys this likeness. The aforementioned pedal grows to an enormous crescendo, which leads to a new phrase given out fortissimo not in the harmony of the tonic, as is usual, but in that of the subdominant, G minor. He then repeats it a tone higher, on the dominant of the main key D minor. This phrase (it appears first in Natalia's part to the words "No it is not a dream, a mother curses her own son") expresses with a unique strength that outburst of despair which has gripped the characters. The newness of the form, the charm of the harmony and the dynamic expressiveness of this number, make it a remarkable feature of recent operatic music. In the entire score of "The Oprichnik", there are few things which could equal it for strength of invention and skill of execution. The big allegro following this andante is less remarkable, but does not spoil the impression and worthily rounds off the musical picture of the finale.

The fourth act opens with a wedding chorus, which also belongs to the most successful numbers of the opera. This powerful, lively, healthy and brilliant chorus, both for its aptness to the situation and in the folkishness of its manner, is a full and well-chosen resolution of the problem. With less strength, but gracefully and sympathetically has the composer's fantasy impressed itself on the ensuing dance of the oprichniks, the music of which is partly constructed on folk songs and partly on themes belonging to the composer himself. Amongst the latter, one should note the well-proportioned and highlighted melody in A flat (violins and cellos). For its elegance of harmony, one should note also the section played after the above mentioned melody (C major). The folk melodies encountered in these dances, which are borrowed from Balakirev's set, are very finely harmonised, especially the last two. It is only a pity that in the first of these melodies, ("Our well of wine") the composer transposed from the major to the minor, as a consequence of which, it loses the character of healthy and bright poetry inherent in its original form. The duet of Andrey and Natalia contains two beautiful melodies: one to Natalia's words "Ah, would that the feasting end", and the other also to her words "You are my life and my happiness". The ensuing finale, of a purely dramatic and recitative-like character, is less remarkable, and the quartet with chorus ("see how the storm clouds gather"), which is also part of the finale, is omitted in performance. However, this quartet, like all the cantabile parts of the opera, for invention is far better than the recitative section and distinguishes itself by a broad and plastically beautiful singing style.

"The Oprichnik" is magnificently scored. Not only are the individual effects, in which Mr. T. is faultless, enthralling and elegant, but above all in the general colouring of the orchestra, he captivates us by its pithiness and thickness. But having worked through the orchestral part with the love and care of the true symphonist, Mr. T. nowhere neglects the vocal part, nowhere forgets that the role of the orchestra is the role of the accompanier. His

characters are not lifeless puppets accompanying the orchestra with dry recitative which is musically insignificant and uninteresting, but with independent and frequently inspired melody, they rise up over the orchestra to express their turbulent emotions. I do not deny that in the features of a work created in this way, there might be, in places, more neatness, subtlety and individuality; I would not argue either that the composer has not transgressed in mixing styles and has not yet found a compromise between the elements, Russian on one hand and German, French and Italian on the other. Nevertheless, one must say that he is on the right road giving music in opera the role of honour and not that of the slave as the radicals of musical drama demand. Judicious direction little helps a work of art, except when accompanied by knowledge and talent, but in "The Oprichnik", we are dealing with a strong and highly developed talent consciously adopting the true direction in spite of modern theories spread about our musical world like an endemic plague.

Above article appeared in "Muzykal'nyi listok" No.21 on 21st April, 1874.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PRINCE ZHEMCHUZHNY (bass) a nobleman.
 MOLCHAN MITKOV (bass) a suitor to his daughter Natalia
 NATALIA (soprano) Prince Zhemchuzhny's daughter
 ZAKHAREVNA (soprano) Natalia's nurse
 FĖDOR BASMANOV (alto) the Tsar's favourite and a leader of the oprichniks
 MOROZOVA (mezzo-soprano) an impoverished noblewoman
 ANDREY MOROZOV (tenor) her son
 PRINCE VYAZMINSKY (baritone) a chief in the oprichnina
 CHORUS OF GIRLS, OPRICHNIKS AND TOWNSFOLK

The action takes place in Moscow and the Tsar's court at Aleksandrovskaia Sloboda in the 1560's or 1570's.

ЛИБРЕТТО

Опера в 4 действиях "Опричник"

Либретто П. И. Чайковского

ДЕЙСТВИЕ ПЕРВОЕ

Сад. С левой стороны терем, с правой – тын. Вдали Кремль.

Вечереет.

Выходят князь Жемчужный, Молчан Митьков, слуги со стопами мёда.

Жемчужный Пожалуй нас, изволь присесть, у нас для гостя место есть.

Молчан Здорово, князь, с весенним днём. Да сохранит господь твой дом. /Садятся/.

Жемчужный Вот прямо с пылу ледника, с янтарной брагой стопа

Молчан Будь здрав и ты, и весь твой род как этот искометный мёд.

/пьёт/. Чтоб даром время не терять, тебе я буду речь держать.

/Оба пьют/. Поклон тебе за мёд, за честь, но у тебя послаще есть:

есть у тебя богатый клад, его купить я буду рад.

Жемчужный Ты про Наталью говоришь?

Молчан Да, про неё; ну что ж молчишь? Что старика ты не стыдишь,

что сединою не коришь?

Жемчужный Куда как друг в наши лета нехорошо одну быть! Отцу по

сердцу просьба эта, позволь за честь благодарить, немолод ты,

зато удал: и саном, и умом ты взял. Благодарю!

Молчан Ты шутишь тестя!

Жемчужный Доволен я!

Молчан Какая честь! Клянусь любить её как душу! Как счастье, честь,

как кровь свою! Ты верь мне, слово не нарушу, безумно, безумно я

люблю её.

Жемчужный Тебе я дочку отдаю.

Молчан Пошли господь, тебе успеха, здоровья, счастья, долгих лет.

Жемчужный Да только, видишь, есть помеха – за ней приданого ведь

нет.

Молчан Ты испугал меня, мой свет! Мне ничего за ней не надо, лишь

не постылым быть бы ей.

Жемчужный Она, не бойся, будет рада. Ты береги её...не бей...

теперь возьми стопу да пей.

Молчан Хозяин должен знать черёд, до-прежь его и поп не пьёт.

Жемчужный Пускай господь тебя хранить и царь казной своей дарит.

Молчан Я без ума бегу домой.

Жемчужный Прости, затёк мой дорогой. /Уходят/.

За сценой слышен хор девушек.

На море утушка купалася, на море серая полоскалася. /Входят Нат-
алья, Захарьевна и девушки/.

Хор девушек Купавшись утушка вострепенулася, вострепенувшись серая
да воскрякнула, да воскрякнула: как-то мне с синя моря подыматься
будет! Как-то мне с жёлтым песком расставаться. На море утушка
купалася, на море серая полоскалася.

Наталья Нам в терему и тесно, да и душно, да и сидеть там скучно
целый день. Ты старая, тебя не манит лето в зелёный сад на шелковы
луга.

Захарьевна Ну в сад, так в сад мне всё равно. Садитесь да пойте,
пойте, пойте.

Хор девушек Купавшись утушка вострепенулася, вострепенувшись серая
да воскрякнула, да воскрякнула...

Наталья Всё ту же песнь, подружки, вы поёте унылую. А мне ещё
тоскливей бы хотелось. Ах, спойте, спойте мне ту песнь, что наша
Машенька любила.

THE LIBRETTO

ACT ONE

A garden. On the left a house, and on the right a palissade. The Kremlin can be seen in the distance. Evening is approaching. Prince Zhemchuzhny appears with Molchan Mitkov and servants carrying jars of mead.

Prince Zhemchuzhny I pray, please be seated. We are always pleased to receive a guest.

Molchan Mitkov Your health, Prince, on this spring evening, and may the Lord preserve your household. (They sit down).

Prince Zhemchuzhny These jars of mead have come straight from the dust of our cold store.

Molchan Mitkov May you and all your family be as healthy as this sparkling mead.

(He drinks). But let us not waste time. I wanted to speak to you about something. (Both drink). I thank you for the mead and for the honour, but you have something sweeter still: you have a rich prize and I would be happy to buy it.

Prince Zhemchuzhny You mean, Natalia?

Molchan Mitkov Yes, indeed. But why are you silent? Aren't you going to put an old man to shame, reproach him for his grey hair?

Prince Zhemchuzhny It's hardly a good thing in times such as these, my friend, to be alone! To a father such a request is to his liking. Thank you for the honour. You are not young, but you are bold at least and you have dignity and intelligence. Thank you!

Molchan Mitkov You are joking, my father-in-law!

Prince Zhemchuzhny I am satisfied!

Molchan Mitkov What an honour! I swear I'll love her as my own soul, my happiness, honour and my kith and kin! Believe me, I won't break my word. I love her dearly.

Prince Zhemchuzhny My daughter is yours.

Molchan Mitkov May the Lord send you success, health, happiness and a long life

Prince Zhemchuzhny There is only one hitch, mind you, – she has no dowry.

Molchan Mitkov You startled me, dear friend! I don't want anything for her so long as she doesn't find me repulsive.

Prince Zhemchuzhny Don't worry, she will be pleased. You take care of her... don't beat her. Now take a draught of mead with me.

Molchan Mitkov The host must know his right. Before him, even the priest does not drink.

Prince Zhemchuzhny May the Lord protect you and the Tsar reward you with his bounty.

Molchan Mitkov I'll run home in rapture.

Prince Zhemchuzhny Farewell my dear son-in-law.

Exunt.

Girls' chorus off-stage A grey duck was bathing in the sea.

Enter Natalia, Zakharevna and the girls.

Chorus Having bathed, the grey duck shook itself and having shaken itself, cried out: somehow I shall rise from the blue sea! Somehow I shall part with the yellow sand. A grey duck was bathing in the sea.

Natalia How stuffy and confined it is in our little house. It's so boring to sit at home all day. You are an old woman. You aren't tempted by summer days in the verdure of the garden or the silky meadows.

Zakharevna Well, whether we go into the garden or not, it's all the same to me. Just sit down and sing a song.

Chorus Having bathed itself, the grey duck shook itself and cried out...

Natalia You keep on singing that same gloomy song, dear friends, but I would prefer you to sing one still sadder. Oh, why don't you sing the song that Mashenka liked.

Захарьевна Какая Машенька?

Наталья Соседка наша. Ну, та, что выдали за старика седого, что чахла, чахла, и умерла потом.

Хор девушек Что за охота

Захарьевна Беда какая! Песня не пророк. Вы, девицы, не воронья. Зачем боярышню перечить?

Наталья Иль нет, постойте, я сама спую. Спую про злую тоску мою, про горькую неволю! А вы, подружки, слушайте, не смейтесь. Соловушка в дубравушке громко свищет, громко свищет, а девица в теремочке слёзно плачет, слёзно плачет. Скучно, скучно мне девице, в теремочке: утешай меня, соловушко, в кручине, в кручине. Прилетай ко мне, соловушко, в светлицу. Я поставлю тебе клетку золотую, золотую. Я насыплю белояровой пшеницы, да пшеницы. Напою тебя медовой сытой, сытой. Ах, не мила-то мне твоя медовая сытица медовая. А мила-то мне болотная водица болотная. Не мила мне белоярова пшеница, ах пшеница, а мила мне мушка мелкая лесная, не мила мне твоя клетка золотая. Ах, не мила твоя мне клетка золотая, золотая, а мила мне моя воля, а мила мне моя воля дорогая, воля дорогая.

Захарьевна Тебе бы петь тоскливые все песни.

Хор девушек Развеселись, развеяй свою тоску.

Захарьевна Не сказку ли начать?

Хор девушек Начни хоть сказку. Досказывай Никиту.

Наталья Брось, не надо. Уж надоело про змеев-то слышать. Чего же

Захарьевна Чего же вам?

Наталья Любовную скажи.

Хор девушек Ты расскажи любовную нам сказку.

Захарьевна Коль вы забыли стыд и страх, коль вы забыли стыд и страх, пойдём сядемте в кустах

Хор девушек Ха, ха, ха, ха! Уж вот так сказка, уж вот так сказка.

Пойдём усядемся в кусты, не смёт нас никто на свете. /приплясывая/. Ха-ха-ха-ха-ха-ха-ха-ха.

Захарьевна Потихе, не было б греха. Потихе, потихе! Бесстыдницы вы, девки, право. У вас у всех одна забава; вы так любовным сказкам рады, что нет дороже.

Наталья Коль нет в любви для нас отрады, так мы любви хоть в сказке рады.

Захарьевна Бесстыдницы, бесстыдницы! Вы так любовным сказкам рады, что нет дороже вам отрады.

Хор девушек Чудная ты старуха, право! Любовь хоть в сказке нам забава. Коль нет для нас в любви отрады, так мы любви хоть в сказке рады

Наталья Коль нет для нас в любви отрады, так мы любви хоть в сказке рады. /Наталья, Захарьевна и девушки уходят в кусты/.

Хор девушек /за кулисами/ Чудная ты старуха, право. Любовь хоть в сказке нам забава, коль нет для нас в любви отрады, так мы любви хоть в сказке рады.

С правой стороны разбирают тин и выходят Басманов, Андрей и несколько опричников. Басманов и Андрей выходят на авансцену.

Басманов Проходи, проходи, Андриша смело, нет в саду души живой.

Поскорей, поскорей, друзья, за дело и рассыптесь за стеной.

Андрей Ну, друзья, теперь, живее. Схоронитесь в кусты. Если свисну, поскорее выручайте из беды.

Хор опричников Ты лишь свисни, и, как лист перед травой, и как лист перед травой встрепенёмся и сберёмся разом все перед тобой.

Андрей Ну, спасибо, удружили. Перед вами я в долгу.

Басманов Как умели, услужили удалому молодцу.

Андрей Скоро с вами, может статься, буду жизнью жить одной

Хор опричников Нам бы век не расставаться, умереть и жить с тобой.

Лишь одна у нас забота: нрав весёлый тешить свой. Нам гульба, а не работа, и что день, то пир горой

Андрей Ну, спасибо!

Zakharevna What Mashenka?

Natalia Our neighbour. The same one that was married off to that greyhair, the one who grew sickly and finally died.

Chorus What an idea!

Zakharevna Such a tragedy! You can't tell fortunes by singing. You're girls not ravens. Why do you contradict the mistress?

Natalia No, wait. I shall sing a song. I'll sing of my bitter grief, my unhappy imprisonment! Just listen, my friends, and don't make fun!

A nightingale was whistling loudly in the oak trees and in her little house, a maiden was weeping tearfully, The maiden was feeling so sad in her little house: console me nightingale in my grief. Fly to me in our room. I shall make a golden cage for you. I shall sprinkle out for you spring millet and feed you honeyed water. Oh, I don't want your honeyed water. I want my dear marshlands. I don't want your spring millet. I want the pretty corners of the forest. I don't want your golden cage. I don't want your golden cage. I don't want your golden cage, I want my dear freedom.

Zakharevna Now there's a fine thing always singing these gloomy songs.

Chorus Cheer up, disperse this sorrow.

Zakharevna Don't you want a story?

Chorus Yes, yes a story. Finish off the one about Nikita.

Natalia No, I don't want to. I'm tired of hearing about serpents. Let's have something else.

Zakharevna What do you want then?

Natalia A love story

Chorus Yes, tell us a love story.

Zakharevna If you forgotten your shame and fear. Let's go and sit in the bushes

Chorus Ha-ha-ha-ha. That's a fine story. Let's go and sit in the bushes. No one will ever look for us there. (They dance). Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.

Zakharevna Not so loud if you don't want to commit a sin. Not so loud, not so loud. You should be ashamed of yourselves, really my young ladies. You only ever think of one thing. You are so fond of love stories that you can't think of anything better.

Natalia If we can't find love in real life, we like to hear of it in stories at least.

Zakharevna Shameless girls, shameless girls. You are so fond of love stories that you can't think of anything better.

Chorus You are an old fuddy-duddy really! Love stories help to pass the time. If we can't find love in real life, we like to hear of it in love stories at least.

Natalia If we can't find love in real life, we like to hear of it in love stories at least.

Exunt.

Pulling down the palissade, Basmanov, Andrey and a few oprichniks enter from the right. Basmanov and Andrey come up to the footlights.

Basmanov Come on Andrusha boldly. There isn't a soul in the garden. Quickly friends, let's get on with it. Make yourselves scarce over the fence.

Андрей Now hide yourselves in the bushes lively. If I whistle come and get me out of trouble.

Chorus of Oprichniks Just you whistle and like a leaf in the grass, like a leaf in the grass, we shall stir ourselves and protect you.

Андрей Thank you, you've done me a great service. I'm in your debt.

Басманов We have done what we can to help the bold young man.

Андрей Perhaps we shall soon lead the same life.

Chorus We would like you to be with us for ever. To live and die with us. We have only one concern: to satisfy our love of mirth. We prefer carousing to work and our day is a mighty feast.

Андрей Thank you!

Басманов Как умели, так служили
 Андрей ...удружили, перед вами я в долгу.
 Хор опричников Нам бы век прожить с тобой
 Андрей Скоро с вами может статься, буду жизнью жить одной.
 Басманов Как сумели, удружили.
 Хор опричников Нам бы век прожить с тобой, как умели удружили удалому, удалому молодцу. /уходят/.
 Андрей Ну, спасибо....удружили.
 Басманов Другу рады услужить.

Речитатив и ариозо Басманова

Басманов И так, скажи, решился ль ты?
 Андрей Решился. /Подавая Басманову руку/. И вот тебе рука моя.
 Басманов Ты нам! Мы завтра же отправимся к царю. Житьё у нас - и умирать не надо! Что день, то пир горой: что ночь, красавица. Житьё у нас - и умирать не надо. С очами ль чёрными коса в тебе возбудит жар желаний, как в ночь летучая звезда падёт на грудь огнём лобзаний. Иль с поволокою глаза, как утром небо, сердце хочет, заплечет лаской, как волна, иль как русалка защекочет. Житьё у нас, и умирать не надо. Что день, то пир горой. Что ночь, красавица. Житьё у нас - и умирать не надо, и умирать не надо!
 Андрей Нет, друг. Поклон красавицам твоим, поклон твоим пирам. Мне пир один, кровавую обиду смыть. Наталья одна мне обрученница до гроба. Я к Грозному иду суда искать. Ведь у меня Жемчужный отнял всё. Ты знаешь сам как он ограбил нас и выгнал из дому. Чужого хлеба и крова должны искать мы.
 Басманов Не откажи, Андрюша! Возьми теперь, что есть со мной. Отдашь мне скоро, знаю. Опричники без денег не бывают.
 Андрей Возьму. Прощай, опричник брат!
 Басманов Постой, постой! Послушайся меня, не жди Наталью. Что время по-пусту терять, ещё потом насмотришься на милую княжну. Ты к матушке спешь, благословенья у ней ты вымоли, а там.... и в слободу.
 Андрей Ты прав, ты прав. Спешить нам нужно. Прости Наташа. Не надолго отсюда ухожу. Тебя добуду силою, коли добром нельзя. О, радость жизни, свет Наташа. Ты моя, моя, на век моя, радость жизни, свет Наташа, ты моя, на век моя, на век моя! ...Идём!

Басманов и Андрей уходят. Начинает уже темнеть. К концу акта должна настать ночь.

Из-за кустов выбегает Наталья, ища и прислушиваясь к шагам уходящих.

Наталья Почудились мне будто голоса и шум шагов, уж думала Андрюша. Нет никого... одна я здесь с своей тоской кручиной, с лютым горем, что как змея, мне жалит ядом сердце! Хоть бы взглянуть мне на милого! Ах, приди скорей, мой милый, мой желанный друг! Ах, ветры буйные, донесите к милу другу весть про горе-кручину, про любовь и воздыханья, как я таю, как изнываю по моем желанном друге день и ночь!

Наталья садится, утомлённая порывом горя и до самого конца действия остаётся в глубокой задумчивости. Сцена несколько времени остаётся пустой. Мало-помалу входят Захарьевна и девушки.

Захарьевна Мы тебя везде искали, уж аукали, кричали, а ты вишь здесь. Ну, что ж молчишь? Что как мёртвый пенёк стоишь? Песню, девки, затяните, хоромы заведите. Ну, пляши, да песни пой, а повеса нос не стой.

Хор девушек А и то ведь в самом деле, песен мы давно не пели. /Девушки взявшись за руки становятся в кружок. Захарьевна посреди них/. За двором лужок, зеленёшенек, ай да люли, зеленёшенек. У меня дружок молодёшенек, ай да люли люли молодёшенек. Я пойду в лужок, ай

Basmanov We have done our best.

Andrey ... you've done me a great service. I'm in your debt.

Chorus of Oprichniks We would like you to stay with us for ever.

Andrey Perhaps we shall soon lead the same life.

Basmanov We have done our best.

Chorus of Oprichniks We would like you to stay with us for ever. We have done our best to help the bold young man, the bold young man.

Exunt.

Andrey Thank you... you've done me a great service.

Basmanov It's a pleasure to help a friend.

Recitative and arioso of Basmanov

Basmanov So, tell me, have you decided?

Andrey I have. (Offering Basmanov his hand). And here's my hand on it..

Basmanov You're one of us now! Tomorrow, we'll go to see the Tsar. Live with us - and you do not need to die! Our day is like a great feast and night - a fair beauty. Live with us - and you need not die. Is it her dark eyes and her tress of hair which will awaken in you the flame of desire, when at night a shooting star falls on the breast with the fire of embraces. Or is it the languishing eyes, when in the morning, the heart desires, begins to splash like a wave or laugh like a mermaid. Live with us - and you need not die. Our day is like a great feast and night - a fair beauty. Live with us, and you need not die.

Andrey No, my friend. All tribute to your fair beauties and your feasts. I want only one feast... to wash away the bloody insult. Natalia was betrothed to me and I shall keep my vow unto the grave. I go to Ivan the Terrible for justice. You know that Zhemchuzhny took everything from me. You yourself know how he cheated us and drove us from our home. We were forced to seek bread and shelter from another.

Basmanov Don't refuse me, Andrey. Take, what I have on me. You will give it back soon, I know. No Oprichnik is without money.

Andrey Thank you. Farewell, oprichnik brother!

Basmanov Wait, wait! Do as I say and don't wait for Natalia. Don't waste time for nothing now. Later, you can see all you want of your beloved Princess. Go to see your mother, ask her for her blessing and then... to Aleksandrovsкая Sloboda.

Andrey Yes, you're right. We must hurry. Farewell, Natalia. I shall not be gone long. If I can't have you by fair means, I shall take you by force. Oh, Natalia, joy of my life. You are mine, mine, for ever mine, Natasha, joy of my life, you are mine, for ever mine, for ever mine. Let's go!

Exunt Basmanov and Andrey. It's already beginning to get dark. By the end of the act, it must be night. Natalia rushes from the bushes aroused by the sound of departing footsteps.

Natalia I thought I heard voices and footsteps. I thought it could be Andrusha. But there's no one. I am alone here with my grief and my anguish, with my bitter sadness, stinging my heart like a snake bit! If only I could gaze on my beloved! Oh, come soon, my beloved, my beloved Andrey! Oh, ye stormy winds, carry to my beloved news of my grief, my love my baited anticipation. Tell him how I melt and fade day and night!

Natlia sits down, worn out by her fit of grief and to the end of the act, remains in deep thought.

The stage is empty for a while, then Zakharevna and the girls gradually enter.

Zakharevna We have been searching for you everywhere. We called and shouted, and here you are. But why are you silent? Why do you sit there like an old tree stump? Sing my maidens, sing a round dance. Sing and dance and don't be down-hearted.

Chorus of girls Yes, that's true, we haven't sung any songs in ages.

The girls join hands in a ring. Zakharevna is in the middle.

Yonder there is a meadow, a little green meadow. Tra la la la la la la, little green meadow. I have a sweet young friend tra la la la la la la. I

да люли люли, заведу кружок. Милый с гуслими, а я с песнями, ай да люли люли, а я с песнями. Не придут гусли против песенок, ай да люли люли, против песенок. Не придёт свекор против батюшки, ай да люли люли, против батюшки. Не придёт свекровь против матушки, ай да люли, люли матушки.

Конец первого действия

ДЕЙСТВИЕ ВТОРОЕ Картина первая

Изба. Морозова одна.

Морозова Как ни гадай, а плохо жить приходится. Когда бы не позор, уж так и быть, прикрыла б камешком на сердце нужду, а то и глазо-то некуда девать! Сама стерпела б, жаль Андрию пуще. Кровь молодая бьёт ключом горячим. Ах, горько, горько мне. Ах, горько мне, горько одинокой горемычной.

Я перед волею господней склоню покорную главу. Безропотно снесу страдания и сердце гордое смирю. Гордыня, гордыня, вот мой грех ужасный, вот язва жгучая души. Да вот за что господь мне кару ниспосылает с небеси. Да вот за что мне кару бог ниспосылает с небеси! А мне ли было не гордиться. Он был и лучше, и честней, и родовитее, и краше, и доблестнее всех людей! И что ж! Забыв его щедроты, над прахом дорогим глумясь, презренный, жалкий меня гнетёт Жемчужный князь! Меня, меня Морозова супругу. О, сатана, опять ты мне смущаешь душу. Нет, нет смирись, не то господь меня и в сине покарает!

Я перед волею господней склоню покорную главу. Безропотно снесу страдания и сердце гордое смирю. Лишь об одном тебя молю я, о боже, сына сохрани, твоей десницею святою от зла и бедствий защити, от зла и бедствий защити, от зла и бедствий защити!

Входит Андрей

Андрей Кручина всё родная! Полно, брось кручину во дремучий тёмный лес. Пускай следов его Жемчужный ищет! Никто как бог.../подавая монету с деньгами/. И вот тебе на первый случай.

Морозова Откуда?

Андрей Он послал, кто ж больше.

Морозова Да с неба, дитятко, дождь серебром не падает!

Андрей Слыхала ль ты когда о молодом Басманове, что кравчим у самого царя?

Морозова Слыхала! Он любимец царский. Одежду носит с одного плеча и из одной с ним чаши пьёт. Да под одеждой этой, парчевой, греха, греха скоронно, не смей метлой крошеников, да в этой чаше намешано слёз больше чем вина! Не взял ли от кого из них? О боже! Кровь, кровь на этих деньгах запеклась! Разве слезами матерей они омты!

Андрей Да! От него я взял

Морозова Отдай скорей.

Андрей Родная, слушай. Басманов мне клянётся, что отец ему их дал как воевали вместе. Поверил клятве я, поверил.

Морозова Ну, если так, возьми, возьми!

Снега белей, солнца светлей, ярче небес лазурных, крепче скалы меж бурных волн, будь мой сын. Молю, успокой отцовский прах в могиле сырой.

shall go to the meadow tra la la la la la la I shall dance a round dance. My beloved has his gusli and I my songs tra la la and I my songs. The gusli will not disturb the song tra la la la la la la, not disturb the song. The father-in-law will not disturb the father tra la la la la la. The mother-in-law will not disturb the mother tra la la la la la.

ACT TWO

Scene 1. The impoverished noblewoman Morozova alone in her hut.

Morozova However you see the future, life is going to be hard. If only it were not for the shame, then so be it. I would hide my poverty deep in my heart, or else it would be impossible to look the world in the face. I could put up with it, but I am so sorry for Andrey. His youthful blood pulses like a hot spring. Oh, sorrow, sorrow! Oh, the sorrow of a grief-laden woman. Before the will of the Lord, I humbly bow my head and without murmuring, I shall endure my suffering and subdue my proud heart. Pride, pride - that is my terrible sin, that is the festering sore of my soul. Yes, this is why the Lord is punishing me. But how could I not have been proud? My husband was better, more honest, more noble, handsome and valorous than anyone! And what happened? Forgetting his generosity, that despised, pitiful and cruel man Prince Zhemchuzhny mockingly oppresses me over his mortal remains! Me, me Morozov's wife! Oh, satan again you confound my soul. No, no I shall submit, may the lord not punish me through my son! Before the will of the Lord, I humbly bow my head and without murmuring, I shall endure my suffering and subdue my proud heart. Only one thing do I beg of thee, of, Lord, protect my son. With thy blessed right hand shield him from evil and misfortunes.

Andrey (entering) Everywhere there is grief! But enough! toss grief to the sleepy, dark forest. Let Zhemchuzhny find its foot-prints! No one but God.. (he hands her a purse)... Take this gift.

Morozova Where does it come from?

Andrey He sent it, who else?

Morozova But silver does not fall like rain from the heavens.

Andrey Have you ever heard of young Basmanov, who is close to the Tsar himself?

Morozova Yes, he is the Tsar's favourite. They wear the same robes and drink from the same cup. But beneath this braided robe lies sinfulness. It is impossible to erase it from the souls of such black demons, and in this cup there are more tears than wine. Did you accept this money from them? Oh God, the blood has baked hard on it! Is it not washed in the tears of mothers?

Andrey Yes, I took it from him!

Morozova Give it back immediately!

Andrey Listen mother. Basmanov swore that father gave it to him as they fought side by side, and I believed him.

Morozova Well if it is true, then I shall accept it! Whiter than the snow, brighter than the sun, clearer than azure skies, stronger than the rock midst stormy waves, you are my son. I beg you, return peace to your father's soul in his damp grave.

Андрей Матушка, родная, смолю кровавую обиду, я честью отца помяну. Ах! не слези же очей, разгони же тоску. Спокойна будь. Тернист мой путь, но правды я добьюсь. Спокойна будь. Да добьюсь я правды. Спокойна будь.

Морозова Ярче небес лазурных, крепче скалы меж бурных волн, о, будь мой сын, будь мой сын. Будь твердый мой сын, тверд как скала будь, мой сын, мой сын, мой милый сын.

Андрей Удал Басманов: вино и разные потехи любит. Но не в укор такому молодцу такая быль. Он брат крестовый мне. В кровавых сечах шлем его всегда защитником мне был.

Морозова Он брат тебе в кровавых сечах, а здесь в стране родной ты не братайся с ним. Помятит душу, приучит к крови, долго ль до греха. Пожалуй он тебя в опричники введёт.

Андрей Родная, полно, успокойся! Слёз твоих я видеть не могу. Твоей воли не преступлю.../в сторону/ ...но обмануть я должен родимую, не-то обиды не оторвать от сердца как змеи. Прощай же, матушка, иду суда искать. Добьюсь я правды, иль убежим с тобою в лес дремучий от людей

Морозова Милый сын, ты меня одинокою, в горькой доле моей не покидай. Грустно дни свои влачу я, тяжело жить мне без тебя. Нас недаром бог карает. Стерпим горе, стерпим стыд. Перед злобою людскою он смириться нам велит.

Андрей Сердце во мне замирает и бьётся, страхом объята душа. Голос из гроба к мненью взывает, носится образ отца.

Морозова Нас за то и бог карает, стерпим горе, стерпим стыд. Перед злобою людскою он смириться нам велит.

Андрей Сердце, сердце бьётся, замирает в груди. Голос к мненью из гроба взывает.

Праха родного мать мне дороже счастья, богатства, любви. О! научи меня, сильный боже, правду твою соблюсти.

Морозова Нас недаром бог карает.

Андрей Отчий покой мне дороже....

Морозова Стерпим горе, стерпим стыд.

Андрей Счастья, богатства, любви. О, научи, научи меня, сильный боже, правду твою соблюсти.

Морозова Горько мне, я слезами горячими плачу ночи все и дни. Мне милее смерть разлуки, милый сын, не уходи. Мне милее смерть разлуки, милый сын, не уходи!

Андрей Праха родного, мать, мне дороже счастья, богатства и любви.

О! научи меня, боже, о научи меня, сильный боже, правду твою соблюсти, правду твою соблюсти научи.

Морозова Нас недаром бог карает, стерпим горе, стерпим, стерпим стыд! Да, вместе стерпим стыд. Перед злобою людскою он смириться нам велит, велит. Смириться нам велит!

Андрей Не надолго, родимая, прощаюсь. Иду, куда мне долг велит.

Морозова Иди, иди. Благословенье матери родной да будет над тобой, сын милый. Ты береги себя от зла и бед. Не посрами отцовской чести.

Андрей Покойна будь, добьюсь я правды, Я за отца отмщу. Мне честь его дороже всех сокровищ... Ну, прощай же, прощай же, матушка!

Морозова Не забывай завет последний. Ты берегись от зла и бед.

Андрей Ты не круши себя, родная. Я возвращу тебе покой.

Морозова Ну, бог с тобой...

Андрей Родная, прости, прости

Морозова Прости, прости.

Они уходят. Занавес медленно опускается.

Андрей Dear mother, I shall make up for the bloody crime, and shall remember my father with honour. Oh, do not weep, forget your sadness, be calm. My task is difficult, but I shall find justice. Be calm.

Morozova Clearer than azure skies, stronger than the rock midst stormy waves, you are my son. I beg you, return peace to your father's soul in his damp grave.

Андрей Basmanov is valiant. He loves wine and amusement, but in truth such a fine fellow is not at fault. He is my comrade-in-arms. In bloody battles, his helmet has always protected me.

Morozova He is your comrade in bloody battles, but here in your native land, do not associate with him. He will cloud your soul, accustom you to blood, and will it be long before he leads you into crimes? He may even lead you into the oprichnina (she weeps).

Андрей Mother, please be calm! I cannot bear to see you weep. I shall not disobey your wishes... (aside) I must deceive her, or else I cannot wrench this wound from my heart like a serpent... Farewell then mother, I go to seek justice. I shall find justice, or we shall flee together from people into the sleepy forest.

Morozova Dear son do not leave me alone with my bitter lot. Sadly I drag out my days, life would be torment without you. Not for nothing does God punish us. We shall endure the grief and the shame. He has commanded that we should be humble before the malice of others.

Андрей My heart is pounding and my soul is filled with fear. A voice like my father's is calling me from the tomb to avenge him.

Morozova It is for this that the Lord is punishing us. We shall endure the shame and the grief. He commands that we should be humble before the malice of others.

Андрей My heart is pounding in my breast. A voice summons me to vengeance. The memory of my father is dearer to me than happiness, wealth and love. Oh, teach me almighty God to observe thy truth.

Morozova It is not for nothing that God is punishing us.

Андрей My father's memory is dearer to me than...

Morozova We shall endure the grief and the same

Андрей Happiness, wealth and love. Oh, teach me, almighty God, to observe thy truth.

Morozova Oh, sorrow; with bitter tears, I weep day and night. I would prefer death to losing you, dear son. Do not go!

Андрей The memory of my father is dearer to me than happiness, wealth and love. Oh, teach me, almighty God to observe thy truth.

Morozova Not for nothing does God punish us. We shall endure the grief and the shame! Yes, together we shall endure the shame. He commands that we should be humble before the malice of others. He commands us to be humble!

Андрей I say farewell, dear mother, but it will not be for long. I go where my duty leads me.

Morozova Go then, and your mother's blessing go with you, dear son. Avoid wickedness and misfortune; do not shame your father's honour.

Андрей Be calm, I shall find justice. I shall avenge my father. His honour is dearer to me than all things. Now farewell mother.

Morozova Do not forget my last words. Keep clear of wickedness and misfortune.

Андрей Do not worry mother, I shall return to you your peace of mind.

Morozova Now God go with you, farewell, farewell!

Андрей Farewell mother!

Exunt. The curtain falls slowly.

Картина вторая

Царские хоромы в Александровской слободе. В одной стороне стол, накрытый для трапезы.

Хор опричников /за сценой/. Камо от грехов утаюся! Ужасеся мир зряя злая творящуми. Исцели душевные страсти и избави мя от ада пленения: судища грозного ужасаюся!

Опричники, опустив головы, скрестив на груди руки, входят по-одному и становятся вокруг стола. Последним входит Вязьминский.

Хор опричников Камо от грехов утаюся! Ужасеся мир зряя злая творящуми. Исцели душевные страсти и избави мя от ада пленения: судища грозного ужасаюся!

Все садятся за стол.

Вязьминский Довольно, братья потрудились богу, мы человеки, плоть изнурена. Соизволяет государь и пищу нам принять от щедрых рук его. Великому царю во-веки слава и слава!

Хор опричников Великому царю во-веки слава! Он любит верных слуг своих. Он любит верных слуг своих. Как мать родимая, он чад своих блюдет. Как мать родимая, он чад своих блюдет. Как солнце в небеси свет свой нас нас он льёт.

Вязьминский Неподальёку царь в молитве пребывает, слезами тяжкими он грудь свою крушит. Покой его. Не возмущайте, братья, в хоромы дальние пойдём, пойдём.

Хор опричников Идём скорей, но бражничать не грех.

Входит Басманов

Басманов Остановитесь...я от государя! К нам из Москвы примчался молодец. Он земщины заклятый враг душой, и царь его принять соизволяет в опричники

Хор опричников В опричники? В опричники? Откуда взялся, отколь слетел он, соколик удалой?

Басманов /Вязьминскому/ Тебе велит он, князь, принять присягу и приласкать его.

Вязьминский Прозвание его?

Басманов Андрей Морозов!

Вязьминский Морозов!... Федя, ты смеёшься надо мной? Сын лютого врага, сын гордого Андрея, сын ненавистика и рода моего, и самого меня.... Кому поклялся я мстить за горькие обиды, в опричники идёт! Послушай, Федя: беги скорей к царю, ему поведай, что враг Морозов мне; что верного раба нельзя обидеть, нельзя обидеть милостью к врагу. Иль нет, постой...

Басманов Забудь свою обиду. В гробу твой враг. Не виноват же сын, что враждовал с отцом ты?

Вязьминский Да, ты прав, уж поздно: царь велел.

Басманов /Этойдя в сторону/ Я приведу Морозова сюда и буду зорко следить за ковами врагов Андрея.

Хор опричников Веди ж скорее молодца. Веди ж скорее молодца, пусть клятву даст, пусть клятву даст!

Басманов выходит

Вязьминский /про себя/ Не к лучшему ль устроила судьба? Как знать, быть может на погибель идёт в опричники сын старого врага!

Входит Морозов с Басмановым

Act two

Scene two The Tsar's palace at Aleksándrovskaya slobodá. On one side of the stage is a table set for a feast.

Chorus of Oprichniks (off-stage)

Where shall I hide from sinfulness. The world was horrified seeing the evil done. Strengthen my spiritual resolve and save me from hell; I fear the judgment of the terrible Tsar.

(The Oprichniks, heads lowered, and arms crossed over chests, enter one by one and stand around the table. The last to enter is Prince Vyazminsky)

Chorus of Oprichniks Where shall I hide.... etc.. (They sit)

Vyazminsky We have shown enough obeisance to God brothers. We are only human and our bodies are exhausted. It pleases the Tsar that we accept this food from his generous hands. To the great Tsar, eternal glory!

Chorus To the great Tsar, eternal glory! He loves his faithful servants. Like our own mother, he cares for his children. Like the sun in the sky, he pours his light on us.

Vyazminsky Not far from here, the Tsar is in prayer and with bitter tears, weeps painfully. Let us not disturb his peace brothers. Let us go to a distant part of the palace.

Chorus Let us go without delay. Carousing is no sin.

Basmanov (entering) Stop...The Tsar has sent me here. A young man has come to us from Moscow. He is a sworn enemy of the *Zemshchina, and it pleases the Tsar to accept him into the oprichnina.

Chorus Into the oprichnina? Where is he from, from whence has the bold falcon flown?

Basmanov (to Vyazminsky). He commands you, Prince, to accept his oath of allegiance and show him friendship.

Vyazminsky His name?

Basmanov Andrey Morozov!

Vyazminsky Morozov! Fedya, you are joking! The son of my hated enemy, the son of proud Andrey! The enemy of my family and of myself? one against whom I swore vengeance for bitter wounds; he wishes to join the oprichnina?! Listen Fedya, run to the Tsar quickly and tell him my enemy Morozov is in my hands, that he cannot offend a faithful servant by showing leniency to his enemy. But no, wait

Basmanov Forget your wounded pride. Your enemy is dead. The son is not responsible for your feud with the father.

Vyazminsky Yes, you are right; much time has passed. The Tsar has commanded it.

Basmanov (moving to one side) I shall bring Morozov in (aside) and I will be watching keenly for conspiracies against Andrey by his enemies.

Chorus Bring him in! Let him swear the oath. (Exit Basmanov)

Vyazminsky (aside) Fate could not have been more opportune. Who knows, perhaps the son of my old enemy is doomed through the oprichnina.

(enter Basmanov and Andrey)

* Zemshchina: Powerful landowning class to which the crown was opposed. Ivan IV was trying to create a strong centralised state under his direct control.

Хор опричников Ну, молодец, опричник новый, и статный вид и смелый взгляд.

Вязьминский Ты, молодец, в опричники желаешь? Не воля гонит или просит воля?

Хор опричников Что скажет он? Что скажет он?

Андрей Как перед богом, так перед тобой души не постыжу грехом обмана. Неволем иду, но та неволя во мне как дух нечистый поселилась. Я не могу её ни за клинанием, ни силой крестною изгнать, я не могу. Но ты скажи царю, скажи ему: неволя эта дарит слугу опричнине вернее его секир и псов надёжней; да в жертву я несу к стопам его и жизнь и счастье матери родной. Скажи же, князь, ему: неволя та дарит слугу опричнине верней всех псов его, секир его надёжней. Ах, всё в жертву я к ногам принёс его. Да, жизнь и счастье я принёс к стопам его.

Вязьминский Готов ли ты царю присягу дать?

Андрей Готов, скажи как клясться должен я?

Вязьминский Постой, Морозов... Знаешь ли, знаешь ли, что если обет нарушишь - с головой протиснешься?

Андрей Всё знаю я, и на всё решился.

Вязьминский Братя, пока обет даёт свой новобранец, прикройте голову его ножами. / Все опричники становятся кругом Морозова, держа над ним ножи/. Во имя господина и страшных сил его, клянись, клянись, Андрей Морозов.

Хор опричников Имя господина и страшных сил его, клянись, клянись Андрей Морозов!

Вязьминский Не только делом самому, иль словом, но даже стороной, через других, не помня хлеба-соли иль родства, ни выручки, не разбирая пола, ни лет, кому бы не выло из земских во-веки не служить, во-веки не дружить, - ты поклянись.

Андрей /про себя/ А мать моя, Наталья!

Он отходит к авансцене. Опричники опускают ножи и разделяются на группы.

Андрей Ужели и от них мне отступить? Для них лишь только я пришёл сюда.

Вязьминский /про себя/ Колеблется!

Басманов /Андрею/ Ах, не губи себя, клянись!

Вязьминский Во имя господина и страшных сил его, клянись, клянись Андрей Морозов.

Хор опричников Во имя господина и страшных сил его, клянись, клянись Андрей Морозов.

Вязьминский Во всякий час на лиходеев наших не только доносить, какое зло на нас они преступно замышляют, но и подстерегать, не скажут ли о замыслах лукавых: и своды погреба, и тайна кельи, и тайна кельи, и поцелуй любовницы безумной, и наставленья матери родной.

Хор опричников И поцелуй любовницы безумной, и наставленья матери родной.

Андрей О, господи, оставил ты меня! /плачет/.

Вязьминский Он плачет! Радостью полна душа моя, в моих руках, Морозов, будешь ты. Когда теперь, как девка, слёзы льёшь рекой, - куда тебе в опричники.

Басманов /Андрею/ Опомнись, слышишь голос: сам отец тебя из гроба к мненью призывает.

Вязьминский Хор опричников Во имя господина и страшных сил его, клянись, клянись Андрей Морозов!

Вязьминский Клянись, Морозов!

Хор опричников Клянись, Морозов!

Chorus The new oprichnik is of stately appearance and bold look.

Vyazminsky Well young man, you wish to be an oprichnik? Is this by your free choice?

Chorus What will he say?

Andrey Before you as before God, I will not sully my soul by the sin of deceit.

It is out of necessity that I join, and this necessity has settled in my soul like an impure spirit. I cannot dispel it either by charms or by the power of the cross. But go and tell the Tsar that this necessity will serve the oprichnina more faithfully than his axe-pole bearers and more reliably than his hunting dogs. I shall sacrifice for him my life and the happiness of my own mother. Tell him this, Prince. This necessity will serve the oprichnina more faithfully than his axe-pole bearers and more reliably than his hunting dogs. I will sacrifice everything for him.

Vyazminsky Are you prepared to take the oath of allegiance to the Tsar?

Andrey Yes, what must I swear?

Vyazminsky Wait Morozov. Do you know that if you break the oath, you can say farewell to your head?

Andrey Yes I know, and I have decided.

Vyazminsky Brothers, while our novice takes the oath, put your swords to his head. (All the Oprichniks surround Morozov at sword point). In the name of the Tsar and his terrible power, swear, swear Andrey Morozov!

Chorus In the name of the Tsar and his terrible power, swear, swear Andrey Morozov.

Vyazminsky Not only in action and word, but indirectly, through others, foregoing hospitality, kinship and advantage, without regard for sex or age; never to serve any member of the Zemshchina nor to befriend them ever. You must swear!

Andrey (to himself) But my mother, and Natal'ya!

(He goes to the back of the stage. The Oprichniks lower their swords and split into groups)

Andrey Can it be that I must renounce them? It was only for their sakes that I came here.

Vyazminsky (to himself) He hesitates!

Basmanov (to Andrey) Do not destroy yourself, swear!

Vyazminsky In the name of the Tsar and his terrible power, swear, swear Andrey Morozov!

Chorus In the name of the Tsar and his terrible power, swear, swear Andrey Morozov!

Vyazminsky Not only will you always denounce any crimes which our enemies evilly contrive against us, but also keep your ears pinned for conspiracies amid the vaults of cellars, in the seclusion of the monk's cell, in the kiss of the ardent lover, in the entreaties of your own mother.

Chorus In the kiss of the ardent lover in the entreaties of your own mother.

Andrey Oh Lord, hast thou forsaken me? (He weeps)

Vyazminsky (aside) He weeps. My soul rejoices; I shall have you in my grasp, Morozov. He weeps torrents like a little girl, and he wants to join the oprichnina!

Basmanov (to Andrey) Come to your senses. Do you hear: your father's voice summons you from the tomb to vengeance.

Vyazminsky and chorus In the name of the Tsar and his terrible power swear, swear Andrey Morozov!

Vyazminsky Swear, Morozov!

Chorus Swear, Morozov!

Андрей Чтоб отомстить врагу! Клянусь!

Вязьминский Ты должен, наконец и от отца отречься.

Андрей Молю тебя, не трогай мёртвых.

Вязьминский Добро! Но мать жива, ты должен и от матери отречься!

Хор опричников Да, да, от матери отречься должен ты.

Вязьминский Ну что ж? Клянись!

Хор опричников Клянись Морозов, клянись Морозов!

Вязьминский Клянись, ещё я повторяю!

Басманов /из-за плеча Морозова/ Клянусь!

Андрей Нет, нет, нет. То не был голос мой, то сатана, сам сатана промолвил словес. Забыть страдания родной. И счастье тихое былого, и счастье тихое былого? Нет, уст своих не оскверню, такого лютого закона, нет, даже у зверей самих.

Хор опричников Иль другм, иль врагом нам будь.

Андрей Умру без ропота, без стона. Разите разом все меня, я всё снесу любя, её любя.

Хор опричников Тебе уж к жизни нет возврата, иль с земщиной, иль с нами будь. Забудь отца и мать, и брата, да всё в жизни милого забудь.

Андрей Забыть страдания родной и счастье тихое былого и счастье тихое былого. Нет, уст своих не оскверню, такого лютого закона нет даже у зверей самих.

Хор опричников Иль другом, иль врагом нам будь!

Андрей Умру без ропота, без стона. Разите разом все меня, я всё снесу, любя её, любя.

Басманов /в сторону, Андрею/ А мщение, мщение за отца! Мужайся, брат крестовый.

Хор опричников Тебе уж к жизни нет возврата. Иль с земщиной, иль с нами будь, иль с земщиной иль с нами будь, иль с нами будь!

Вязьминский. Хор опричников Клянись же или смерти жди!

Хор опричников Клянись же или смерти жди!

Андрей Проклятье надо мной. Что делать? Боже правый! Ты научи меня.

Вязьминский Клянись же!

Хор опричников Клянись же!

Андрей Так пропадай же всё! Клянусь!

Хор опричников Слава, слава доброму молодцу!

Андрей отходит в мрачной задумчивости, Басманов утешает его.

Вязьминский. Хор опричников Славен, славен, как солнце в красный день наш отец и царь, господин Руси великой. Жить ему долги веки, расцветать да на страх врагу царить по всей земле.

Вязьминский. Хор опричников Лишь скажи: мы по слову твоему стаю лиходеёв врагов сотрём с лица земли. Славен, славен, могуч наш царь отец. Он на страх врагу царит в Руси.

Вязьминский приближается к Андрею и ободряет его

Хор опричников Им как божия гроза, нам как цветику роса. Им как божия гроза, нам как цветику роса. Верных слуг он блюдет, верных слуг он блюдет, верных слуг он блюдет.

Андрей и Басманов выходят на авансцену.

Басманов. Андрей. Вязьминский Славен, славен, как солнце в красный день, наш отец и царь, господин Руси великой. Жить ему долги веки, расцветать да на страх врагам царить на Руси; да на страх врагам царить, царить на Руси.

Вязьминский уводит Андрея. Басманов идёт за ними.

Андрей To take vengeance on my enemy, I swear this.

Vyazminsky Lastly you must renounce your father.

Андрей I beg you, do not disturb the dead.

Vyazminsky Alright, but your mother is alive and you must renounce her.

Chorus Yes, renounce your mother.

Vyazminsky Well, why do you hesitate? Swear!

Chorus Swear, Morozov!

Vyazminsky I repeat, swear!

Басманов (over Андрей's shoulder) I swear!

Андрей No. no. no. This is not my voice. Satan, satan himself has uttered the word. To forget the suffering of my mother, and the peaceful happiness of the past. No I shall not sully my lips; even amongst wild animals such a vicious law does not exist. I shall die without a murmur, without a groan. Hack me to pieces; I shall bear it all loving her!

Chorus There is no turning back; either you are with us or with the zemshchina. Forget your father, mother and your brother, forget all that is dear to you in life!

Vyazminsky and Chorus Swear or you will die!

Андрей A curse on me. What am I to do? Merciful God give me guidance!

Vyazminsky Swear!

Chorus Swear!

Андрей To hell with everything, I swear!

Chorus Glory, glory to the fine young lad!

(Андрей walks away in gloomy thought. Басманов consoles him)

Vyazminsky and Chorus Like the sun on a fine day, glorious is our father the Tsar, master of all Rus'. Long life to him, may he blossom, and striking fear into the hearts of our enemies, reign supreme over our whole land.

Vyazminsky and Chorus Just say the word and we shall wipe the whole pack of evil enemies from the face of the earth. Glorious, glorious and mighty, is our father the Tsar. Striking fear into the hearts of our enemy, may he reign supreme in Rus'.

Vyazminsky comes up to Андрей and encourages him.

Chorus To them he is like God's thunder, and to us like dew to the flower. To them he is like God's thunder, and to us like dew to the flower. He cares for his true servants - his true servants - his true servants.

Андрей and Басманов come up to the footlights.

Басманов. Андрей. Vyazminsky. Like the sun on a fine day, glorious is our father the Tsar, master of all Rus. Long life to him, may he blossom and striking fear into the hearts of our enemies, reign supreme in Rus. Yes striking fear into the hearts of our enemies reign supreme in Rus.

Vyazminsky leads Андрей out. Басманов follows.

Хор опричников Им как божия гроза, нам как цветику роса. Ты верных слуг блюдешь, им как божия гроза, нам как цветику роса. Ты верных блюдешь! Ты верных слуг блюдешь!

КОНЕЦ ВТОРОГО ДЕЙСТВИЯ.

ДЕЙСТВИЕ ТРЕТЬЕ

Площадь в Москве. С обеих сторон дома, при которых сады. На заднем плане церковь. При поднятии занавеса народ ходит отдельными группами по сцене. Мало-помалу он сходится в общую массу.

ХОР НАРОДА Времена настали злые: нас покинул царь отец. И волков голодных стая разоряет нас в конец. /придвигается к авансцене/. Нас татары жгли, пленяли, но как божия гроза, восставали царь а народом и как вихрь неслась орда, и как вихрь неслась орда. Восставали царь с народом, и как вихрь неслась орда, и как вихрь, и как вихрь, и как вихрь неслась орда. Он любви приветным взглядом наши раны исцелял, исцелял. Царской милостью своею наши слёзы осушал, но покинул пастырь добрый стадо жалкое своё. Бед великих преисполнил наше горькое житьё, наше горькое житьё. Времена настали злые нас покинул царь отец. И волков голодных стая разоряет нас в конец. Будь что будет! Грозной силы слабым нам не побороть, не побороть. Будь что будет! Грозной силы слабым нам не побороть, не побороть. Боже! /становятся на колени/. Боже, сжапись над нами, будь к нам милостив, господь; будь к нам, будь к нам милостив, господь! /народ мало-помалу расходится. Одни удаляются в глубину сцены, другие заходят за кусты, третьи, образуя группы, ходят в глубине сцены, как бы разговаривая/. Морозова Как одинокая теперь! Как жутко, тяжело живётся! Какой-то страх беды нежданной меня томит! Андрюша мой, о милый сын, я за тебя страдать готова. Пусть господь меня казнит, но ты мой сын, ты нежный цвет весны златой, ужели и тебя коснётся десница божья? Ох, страшно, страшно! Иду молиться... Господь услышит матери молитву! Хор мальчиков /вбегает толпа мальчиков и останавливается вблизи Морозовой/. Собака, собака, крошечная метла. Опричница поганая, опричница поганая. /Пять басов выходят на авансцену и грозят мальчикам/. Народ Прочь! Прочь беснята! /Мальчики разбегаются/. Хор мальчиков /за кулис/. Собака, собака, крошечная метла. /Морозова стоит в недоумении/. Морозова Спасибо, люди добрые. За что они меня поносят, я не знаю? /направляется к церкви/.

Вбегает Наталья и бросается в объятия Морозовой

Chorus. To them he is like God's thunder, and to us like dew to the flower. You care for your true servants. To them he is like God's thunder, and to us like dew to the flower. You care for your servants! You care for your servants!

END OF ACT II

ACT THREE

A square in Moscow. On both sides there are houses with gardens. A church can be seen in the background. At the rise of the curtain, the townsfolk are walking about the stage in separate groups. Gradually they come together in a single group.

Chorus of townsfolk Evil times have befallen us - our father the Tsar has deserted us. A pack of hungry wolves are driving us to destruction.

They come close to the footlights.

The Tartars set fire to our towns and took us prisoner, but like God's thunder, the people rose up under their Tsar and the Golden Horde fled like the wind, and the Golden Horde fled like the wind. The people rose up under their Tsar and the Golden Horde fled like the wind, fled like the wind. With a welcome look of love, he cured our wounds. By his royal graciousness he dried our tears, dried our tears! But the good shepherd has deserted his pitiful flock, but the good shepherd has deserted his flock. Our bitter life is overflowing with great misfortunes. Evil times have befallen us, - our father the Tsar has deserted us. A pack of hungry wolves are driving us to destruction. What must be must be. We weak folk cannot fight a mighty force. What must be, must be. We weak folk cannot fight a mighty force. Oh, God!

They all kneel down.

Oh, Lord, take pity on us, be merciful to us Lord. Be merciful to us, Lord!

The townsfolk gradually disperse. Some go to the back of the stage others walk into the bushes, others, forming groups walk to the back of the stage and appear to be conversing.

Morozova How lonely I am now! How hard and painful life is! The fear of unexpected disaster oppresses me! My Andrey, my dear son, I shall suffer all for your sake. Let the Lord punish me, but my son, you tender flower of golden spring, will the right hand of the Lord be upon you? Ah, I am fearful, fearful! I go to pray... the Lord will hear a mother's prayer!

A band of boys rush in and stop near Morozova.

Chorus of boys You cur, you broomstick of hell.* Filthy servant of the oprichniks.

Five basses come forward to the footlights and threaten the boys

Townsfolk Clear off!. Clear off! you little demons!

The boys run away.

Chorus of boys (in the wings) You cur, you broomstick of hell.

Morozova stands bewildered.

Morozova Thank you good people. Why they abuse me so I do not know.

She approaches the church.

Natalia runs in and throws herself into Morozova's embrace.

* The Oprichniks' symbols were a dogs head for tracking down treason and a broom for sweeping it away.

Наталья Я к тебе прибежала, родная. Ты укрой меня, приюти. Точно жить в отцовской неволе. Мне не в мочь. И отец, и жених мне постыли, постыли. Ты знаешь по ком изнываю я и сохну, и плачу. И отец и жених мне постыли. Ты знаешь по ком изнываю я и плачу. Мне сырая могила милей горькой неволи.

Морозова Наташа! Я как дочку родную тебя облюбила, ты знаешь сама. Но, безумная, хочешь ли ты погубить свою жизнь молодую? Уж, тебе ли бороться с отцом! Он силен и богат и упорен, он тобою теперь опозорен. Ведь он силен, ведь он упорен. Он тобою теперь опозорен.

Ах, не губи, не губи свою жизнь молодую. Воротись же скорее домой.

Наталья Нет! Мне сырая могила милей моей горькой неволи!

Морозова Воротись же скорее домой! Ты забудь и меня и Андрея.

Умирать я готова с тобой, горькой доли своей не жалея, но упокоен старик и богат. У него челядинцев немало, быстроногие кони их мчат. Воротись пока поздно не стало!

Наталья Нет! Нет! Я к батюшке в дом не пойду, я не брошусь родимому в ноги. Пусть придут, я к Андрею бегу, или умру. Мне другой нет дороги. Что мне свет, что мне жизнь без него? Целый мир как сырая могила, я жена, я рабыня его, в нём одном мне и радость и сила.

Морозова Воротись же скорее домой.

Наталья Он радость мне и жизнь, рабыня его!

Морозова Ты забудь и меня и Андрея. Умирать я готова с тобой, горькой доли своей не жалея, но упокоен старик и богат. У него челядинцев немало, быстроногие кони их мчат. Воротись домой, забудь Андрея, забудь Андрея! Забудь меня, забудь Андрея, скорей спеши к отцу домой. Забудь меня, забудь Андрея. Забудь Андрея!

Наталья Что мне свет, что мне жизнь без него? Я жена, я рабыня его. В нём одном мне радость и сила, и жизнь и радость. И жизнь и радость!

Наталья Бежим, бежим скорей куда-нибудь. Отец придёт, бежим скорей!

Морозова Сама не знаю, что делать мне?... В господний храм пойдём; ничья рука коснуться не посмеет тебя в жилище бога самого. /Направляется к церкви/.

Входит Жемчужный, сопровождаемый слугами.

Жемчужный Так вот где ты?

Наталья Отец!

Жемчужный Скорей сюда!...

Хор народа Что там случилось?...

Жемчужный Держите, люди добрые!

Хор народа Это князь Жемчужный.../народ окружает их/.

Жемчужный Ну, здравствуй, дочка! Долго ли гуляла, и где была, с кем виделись.

Морозова становится против Жемчужного, как бы защищая от него Наталью.

Наталья Отец мой! /Падаёт на колени и плачет/. Отец! Как перед богом, так перед тобой я: казни меня, но выслушай сначала. Одна я у тебя... Не может быть, чтобы родитель дитя своё отдал на растерзанье хищным волкам. Так слушай, слушай: преступить отцовской воли я не хотела. Нет, но видит бог, Морозова любила я всей душой, люблю я всей душой! Отец его твой друг был; с детства нас готовили друг другу, и теперь, когда уж я привыкла жизнь свою с его судьбой считать одною жизнью, ты хочешь у меня его отнять! Но я его. Сам бог нас соединил. И если связь сердец навеки ты хочешь разорвать, я отрекаюсь от батюшки родного! Сам господь, сам господь защитой мне, сам господь защитой мне, живой не дамся в руки я!

Наталья I have run to you for help, my dear. Hide me, shelter me. I can't stand it in my father's house. It's more than I can stand. My father and my betrothed are hateful to me. You know the one for whom I pine, wither and weep. I hate my father and my betrothed. You know for whom I weep. I would rather the grave than such a bitter fate.

Morozova Natasha, you know that I grew to love you like my own daughter. But, foolish girl, do you want to destroy your young life? Should you be arguing against your father. He is powerful, rich and stubborn and now you are bringing shame on his head. Yes, he's powerful and stubborn. You are bringing shame on his head. Oh, don't ruin your young life. Go home straight away.

Natalia No! I would rather the grave than such a bitter fate.

Morozova Go home straight away! Forget Andrey and me. I am ready to die with you, not pitying my bitter lot but the old man is rich and stubborn. He has many servants and his swift horses bear them here. Go home before it's too late!

Natalia No, no! I won't go to my father's house, I will not throw myself at his feet. Let them come. I'll run to Andrey or I'll die. There is no other road for me. What is the world, what is life without him? The entire world is like the damp tomb. I am his wife, his slave, in him alone is my happiness and strength.

Morozova Go home straight away.

Natalia He is my happiness and I am his slave.

Morozova Forget me and Andrey. I am ready to die with you, not pitying my bitter lot, but the old man is rich and stubborn. He has many servants and his swift horses bear them here. Go home. Forget Andrey, forget Andrey! Forget me, forget Andrey. Go home to your father straight away. Forget me, forget Andrey. Forget Andrey!

Natalia What is the world, what is life to me without him? I am his wife, his slave. In him alone is my strength and happiness, my life and joy. Life and joy! In him alone is my life and joy. In him alone is my life and joy! I cannot forget Andrey, forget Andrey!

Let us flee, flee somewhere quickly. My father will come. Let us flee!

Morozova I do not know what to do. Let us go into God's holy church. No hand will dare to touch you in the house of God.

She goes towards the church. Zhemchuzhny enters with his servants.

Prince Zhemchuzhny So there you are!

Natalia Father!

Prince Zhemchuzhny Come here now!

Chorus of townsfolk What has happened?

Prince Zhemchuzhny Hold her, good people!

Chorus of townsfolk It's Prince Zhemchuzhny

The townsfolk surround them

Prince Zhemchuzhny Are you in good spirits, my daughter? Have you been enjoying yourself? And where have you been? Whom have you seen?

Morozova stands opposite Zhemchuzhny as though to protect Natalia from him.

Natalia My father!

Falls on her knees and weeps.

Natalia Father! Before you and before God I kneel. Punish me, but first hear me out. I am your only daughter... Can it be that a parent would give his child to be torn apart by hungry wolves. Now, listen, please listen: I did not want to disobey my father's wishes. No, but God is my witness, I loved Morozov with all my soul. I love him now. His father was your friend. Since we were children, we were meant for one another, and now when I believed our lives were bound by a common fate, you want to take him from me! But I belong to him. God himself has sealed the bond, and if you want to sever for eternity that bond of hearts, I disown my own father! God himself is my protection, God himself is my protection. You will not take me alive!

Жемчужный Остановись, змея!

Морозова Жемчужный князь! ты тяжкий грех берёшь себе на душу; довольно и того, что яругу данный святой обет, хотел нарушить ты. То грех великий перед богом, но ещё есть время. Свою вину свой тяжкий смертный грех искупишь ты пред небесами, господь тебя просит. Отдай, отдай ты дочь свою Андрею. Сам господь сам господь защитой ей, защитой ей. Не призывай господня гнева на главу свою. Жемчужный Господь того назначил ей, кому отдать её хочу... Молчи старуха! Иди домой, нето вязать велю! Иди, княжна!

Наталья Пусть силою берут!

Жемчужный Ну, так вяжите, люди! /Слуги подбегают к Наталье/

Наталья Ах!

Хор опричников /за сценой/ Гой-да, гой-да!

Хор народа Опричники! Ай, батюшки помилуй! Бежать скорей... /Вбегает толпа опричников, с ними Басманов и Андрей/. Уж поздно... Вот они!

Хор опричников Гой-да, гой-да! Гой-да, гой-да.

Жемчужный Опричники! Проклятье!...

Андрей Наташа, ты!.../обнимает Наталью/

Наталья Андрей, ты здесь, откуда?

Андрей /Узнаёт мать/ О, боже, мать!

Морозова /Морозова пристально всматривается в сына/. Постой, постой, Андриша. Не понимаю я: кто, кто эти люди? Ты...ты с ними...Видно разум помутился! Они опричники, а ты? Зачем ты здесь? Ну, говори скорее. Страшно...страшно...

Андрей Не бойся, матушка. Кто б ни был я теперь, по-прежнему люблю тебя, родная, по-прежнему я сын покорный твой. О да! По-прежнему я сын покорный твой!

Хор опричников Помни клятву, отступил ты от матери родной. Если бога не боишься, то страшись, то страшись, то страшись; есть суд земной!

Басманов Скорей, Морозов, сядем на коней, и в слободу! Ты клятву забываешь!

Андрей Постойте, постойте! Матушка, узнай же правду всю!

Я смуть хотел позорную обиду. Мне слышался отца могильный голос. Громче труб, взывался он из могилы и к мщению всечасно призывал. Опричник я, за то мы вновь богаты. Наталья вновь моя и князь Жемчужный, наш лютый враг, унижен и осмеян! Не удаляйся ж, не удаляйся ж, матушка! /Подходит к матери/.

Хор опричников Помни клятву, отступил ты от матери родной. Если бога не боишься, то страшись; есть суд земной, страшись; есть суд земной.

Хор народа Не на радость, мать, на горе с чадом встретилась своим. У царя в крошечной своре стало больше псом одним, крошечным псом одним!

Морозова Прочь! Прочь! Ты мне не сын; ты враг земли родной...Не из могилы слышался тот голос, то сатана лукавый наметал, то дьяволы смеялись в преисподней, когда к злодеям в шайку ты пришёл. Кровь на тебе; я знаю: ты поклялся и матери родной не пожалеть! Так что ж, убей меня; ведь всё равно убита я твоим позором! Знай же, знай же: я отрекаюсь от тебя! Иди, иди; нет матери тебе благословенья, проклятье, проклятье да, проклятье, проклятье над тобой! /Падает в изнеможении/.

Наталья Остановись, остановись; ты этим страшным словом на наши головы погибель призываешь!

Морозову окружают и отводят в сторону.

Prince Zhemchuzhny Stay there, you viper!

Morozova Prince Zhemchuzhny! You are burdening your soul with a great sin.

Is it not enough that you want to break the holy vow given to her betrothed. That is a great sin in the eyes of God. But there is still time. You can expiate your guilt, your great mortal sin before heaven. God will forgive you. Give your daughter to Andrey. God himself is her protection, her protection. Do not let God's wrath fall on your head.

Prince Zhemchuzhny God has appointed to whom I should give her. Be silent, old woman! Go home or I'll order her to be tied up! Come along, my Princess!

Natalia Let them take me by force!

Prince Zhemchuzhny As you wish. Tie her up!

The servants run up to Natalia

Natalia Ah!

Chorus of Oprichniks (Off-stage) Goy-da, goy-da!

Chorus of townsfolk Oprichniks! Oh, heavens be merciful! Run quickly...

A band of oprichniks enters with Basmanov and Andrey

Chorus of townsfolk ... too late they're here!

Chorus of oprichniks Goy-da, goy-da, goy-da!

Prince Zhemchuzhny Oprichniks! A curse on them!

Andrey Natasha (embraces Natalia).

Natalia Andrey, you're here. Where have you come from?

Andrey (Sees his mother). Oh God, mother!

Morozova (Morozova gazes intently at her son) Stop there, stop there!

Andrusha. I don't understand, who, who are these people? you... you are with them. My reason must have clouded! They're oprichniks, and you. Why are you here? Tell, me quickly. I am afraid, afraid..

Andrey Don't worry, mother. Whoever I am now, I love you as always. I am as before your obedient son. Oh, yes. I am as before your obedient son!

Chorus of oprichniks Remember your vow, you foreswore your mother. If you do not fear God, then tremble, tremble, tremble, there is a judge on earth!

Basmanov Quickly, Morozov, to our horses and to Aleksandrovskaya Sloboda!

You are forgetting your oath.

Andrey Stop, stop! Mother, hear now the whole truth! I wanted to wash away the shameful insult. I heard my father's voice from beyond the tomb. Louder than trumpets he summoned me each hour to take revenge. I became an Oprichnik so that we would be rich again, so that Natalia would be mine once more, and Zhemchuzhny, our bitter enemy, would be shamed and ruined! Do not go mother, do not go! (Goes towards his mother).

Chorus of Oprichniks Remember your oath, you foreswore your mother. If you do not fear God, then tremble, there is a judge on earth. Tremble, there is a judge on earth.

Chorus of townsfolk It is not with joy, mother, but with grief that you have met your child. In the Tsar's hellish lair there is one hound more, one fiendish hound more!

Morozova Go! Go! You are no son of mine. You are the enemy of your native land. It was not from beyond the tomb that you heard that voice. It was the voice of cunning satan who whispered to you, it was devils laughing in the nether-world when you joined that band of villains. Blood on your soul. I know that you swore to spare not even your mother. So be it. Strike me down. It would be all the same to me. I have been killed already by your shame! Hear now, hear now. I disown you! Go, go there is no mother's blessing for you. A curse, a curse yes a curse be on you (falls from exhaustion).

Natalia Stop, stop. By this terrible word, you are bringing ruin on our heads!

They surround Morozova and take her to one side.

Андрей Я не могу ещё понять ужасных слов её значенья, зловецим страхом, зловецим страхом весь объят. Я жду ли сновиденье, пройдёт ли сновиденье, зловецим страхом весь объят; я жду пройдёт ли сновиденье, я жду пройдёт ли, я жду пройдёт ли сновиденье. Я не могу ещё понять ужасных слов её значенья. Зловещим страхом весь объят, и жду пройдёт ли сновиденье. Нет, то не сон, то не сон! Родная мать проклинает! Что делать мне, куда бежать? Что делать мне, куда бежать? От муки сердце замирает. Зловещий страх томит, я жду пойдёт ли сон. Ах! Нет, то не сон, то не сон.

Наталья Я не могу ещё понять ужасных слов её значенья, зловещий страх, зловещий страх меня томит, я жду пройдёт ли сновиденье, пройдёт ли сновиденье. Я не могу ещё понять ужасных слов её значенья. Зловещий страх меня томит, я жду пройдёт ли сновиденье, страх томит. Нет! Нет, то не сон, то не сон, родная мать родного сына проклинает! Нет то не сон! Куда бежать? Что делать мне, куда бежать? От муки сердце замирает, зловещий страх томит. Я жду пройдёт ли сон. Ах! Нет, то не сон, то не сон.

Басманов Я не могу ещё понять ужасных слов её значенья, зловещий страх меня томит, я жду пройдёт ли сновиденье. Я не могу ещё понять ужасных слов её значенья, зловещий страх меня томит. Зловещим страхом весь объят, я жду пройдёт ли сон. Нет, то не сон, то не сон! Родная мать проклинает! Как должен он страдать. Сердце замирает! Нет, то не сон, родная мать родного сына проклинает! Как должен он теперь страдать! Зловещий страх томит, я жду пройдёт ли сон. Как должен он теперь страдать, как должен он теперь страдать.

Жемчужный Я не могу ещё унять души ужасное смятение, зловецим страхом весь объят; я жду пройдёт ли сновиденье, я жду пройдёт ли сновиденье; зловецим страхом объят. Нет, то не сон, не сон, я потерял добро, и дом и славу. Безумец счастья я искал, и смертную нашёл отраву! Нет, то не сон, я потерял добро и дом, и дочь, и славу! Нет, то не сон, я потерял добро и дом, и дочь, и славу. Безумец счастья я искал. Зловещий страх томит. Я жду пройдёт ли сон. Нет, то не сон, я потерял добро и дом, и дочь, и славу!

Хор народа Проклятье матери родной. Ни в вечной жизни, ни в вечной жизни, ни в земной, ни в земной он не найдёт успокоенья, не найдёт никогда он успокоенья, он не найдёт упокоенья, ни в вечной жизни ни в земной ты не найдёшь упокоенья!

Хор опричников Помни клятву: отступился ты от матери родной, от матери родной! Если бога не боишься, то страшись - есть суд земной, то страшись, то страшись - есть суд земной. Да страшись, есть суд земной. Ни в вечной жизни, ни в земной ты не найдёшь успокоенья!

Басманов Как должен он теперь страдать, несчастный!

Жемчужный Боже!

Хор народа Хор опричников Ни в вечной жизни, ни в земной ты не найдёшь упокоенья. На нём лежит проклятье!

Наталья Басманов Нет, то не сон: родная мать сына родного проклинает; на нём лежит проклятье!

Андрей Нет, то не сон: родная мать сына родного проклинает; на мне лежит проклятье!

Жемчужный Я потерял добро и дом, я потерял и честь и славу. На век и честь и славу!

Басманов Крестовый брат, мужайся и надейся! Велик господь и милостив наш царь. Скорее на коней и в слободу помчимся. Князю и мать твою к царю мы приведём, быть может смилуетсЯ господин наш грозный, он клятву разрешит и всё пройдёт как сон и всё пройдёт как сон. /Делает знак чтобы увели старуху Морозову/. К царю! К царю! К царю помчимся, к царю!

Андрей I cannot yet understand the meaning of her terrible words. I am seized by portentous fear. I wait to see whether the dream will, pass, whether the dream will pass. No, it is not a dream! My own mother curses me! What must I do, where shall I run? My heart is pounding. Portentous fear oppresses me. I wait to see whether the dream will pass. Ah, no. It is not a dream.

Natalia I cannot yet understand the meaning of her terrible words. I am seized by portentous fear. I wait to see whether the dream will pass. I cannot yet understand the meaning of her terrible words. Portentous fear oppresses me. I wait to see whether the dream will pass. Fear oppresses me. No! No, it is not a dream. A mother curses her own son! No, it is not a dream! Where shall I run? What shall I do, where shall I run. My heart is pounding from worry. Portentous fear oppresses me. I wait to see whether the dream passes. Ah! No, it is not a dream.

Basmanov I cannot yet understand the meaning of her terrible words. Portentous fear oppresses me. I wait to see whether the dream will pass. I cannot yet understand the meaning of her terrible words. Portentous fear oppresses me. I am seized by a portentous fear. I wait to see whether the dream will pass. No, it is not a dream, not a dream. A mother curses her own son! How he must suffer. My heart is pounding! No, it is not a dream. A mother curses her own son! How he must be suffering now! Portentous fear oppresses me. I wait to see whether the dream will pass. How he must be suffering now.

Prince Zhemchuzhny I can no longer stifle the terrible agitation of my soul. Portentous fear oppresses me. I wait to see whether the dream will pass. I am seized by portentous fear. No, it is not a dream. I have lost my wealth, my home and fame. Madman that I am, I sought happiness and found a fateful poison! No, it is not a dream. I have lost my wealth, my home, my daughter and my fame! No, it is not a dream, I have lost my wealth, my home, my daughter and my fame. Madman that I am, I sought happiness. Portentous fear oppresses me. I wait to see whether the dream will pass. No, it is not a dream. I have lost my wealth, my home, my daughter and my fame!

Chorus of townsfolk The curse of his own mother. Neither in eternal life, neither in eternal life, nor earthly life, nor in earthly life will he find rest, will he find rest. Neither in eternal life nor in earthly life will he find rest!

Chorus of oprichniks Remember your oath. You foreswore your mother, foreswore your mother! If you do not fear God, then tremble - there is a judge on earth. Yes tremble, there is a judge on earth. Neither in the eternal life, nor in earthly life will you find rest!

Basmanov How he must be suffering, poor fellow!

Prince Zhemchuzhny Oh, God!

Chorus of townsfolk. Chorus of oprichniks Neither in the eternal life, nor in earthly life, will you find rest. A curse has been pronounced on you!

Natalia. Basmanov No, it is not a dream. A mother curses her own son. A curse has been pronounced on him!

Андрей No, it is not a dream. A mother curses her own son. A curse has been pronounced on me!

Prince Zhemchuzhny I have lost my wealth and home, I have lost my honour and my glory!

Basmanov My sparring brother, take heart and have faith! The Lord is great and the Tsar is merciful. To your horses quickly and let us speed to Aleksándrovskaya Slobodá. We shall bring your mother and the Princess to the Tsar. Perhaps our dreaded master will be merciful and dissolve your oath. All will pass like a dream, like a dream. (Signs to lead Morozova away). To the Tsar! With all speed to the Tsar!

Наталья Басманов Андрей Жемчужный Хор народа Хор опричников
 К царю! К царю! К царю! К царю! К царю! Избранник бога он, властитель,
 судия. Он избранник, он властитель, он избранник бога, судия,
 властитель!
 Хор К царю! К ногам его падите, слезами ублажите он клятву раз-
 решит. Вдовице сокрушённой он сына возвратит, он сына возвратит.
 Да слезами ублажите! Судия, властитель! Судия, властитель! Судия,
 властитель! Он сердцем умиленный, вас счастьем озарит. Он сердцем
 умиленный, вас счастьем озарит, вас счастьем озарит. К царю!
 К царю! К царю! К царю! Избранник бога он, властитель, судия; он
 избранник, он властитель.
 Жемчужный Клятву царь не разрешит, дочь отцу он возвратит, счастьем
 снова озарит, счастьем снова озарит. Судия, властитель! Судия,
 властитель! Судия, властитель! Клятву царь не разрешит, дочь
 отцу он возвратит, счастьем снова озарит! К царю! К царю! К царю!
 К царю! К царю! Избранник бога, властитель, судия; он избранник,
 он властитель. Идём к царю! /Жемчужный успешно уходит/.
 Басманов К ногам его падите, слезами ублажите. Вдовице сокрушённой
 он сына возвратит, счастьем снова озарит. Судия, властитель!
 Судия, властитель! Судия, властитель! К ногам его падите, слезами
 ублажите, вдовице сокрушённой он сына возвратит. К царю! К царю!
 К царю! К царю! К царю! Избранник бога он, властитель, судия; он
 избранник, он властитель. Идём к царю!
 Андрей Да он клятву разрешит. Счастьем снова озарит. Судия,
 властитель! Судия, властитель! Судия, властитель! Да он клятву
 разрешит. К царю! К царю! К царю! К царю! К царю! Избранник
 бога он, властитель, судия; он избранник, он властитель. Идём к
 царю!
 Наталья Да он клятву разрешит, счастьем снова озарит. Судия,
 властитель! Судия, властитель! Судия, властитель! Судия, властитель!
 Да, он клятву разрешит. К царю! К царю! К царю! К царю! К царю!
 Избранник бога он, властитель, судия; он избранник, он властитель.
 Идём к царю!
 Наталья бросается к Андрею, который отводит её в глубину сцены.
 Басманов следует за ними.
 Хор Скорей к царю, скорей к царю, скорее на коней садитесь и
 мчитесь к Грозному царю и мчитесь к Грозному царю, к царю, скорей
 к царю, скорей к царю! Его решения не страшитесь, он явит милость
 вам свою. Он явит милость вам, милость. Его решения не страшитесь,
 он явит милость, милость вам свою!

КОНЕЦ ТРЕТЬЕГО ДЕЙСТВИЯ.

Natalia Basmanov Andrey Prince Zhemchuzhny Chorus of townsfolk and Oprichniks
 To the Tsar! To the Tsar! To the Tsar! To the Tsar! To the Tsar!
 He is the elect of God, the ruler and judge. He is the elect, he is the
 ruler. He is the elect of God, the judge and the ruler!
 Chorus To the Tsar! Fall at his feet, soften him with your tears and he will
 dissolve the oath. He will give back to a defenceless widow her son, he
 will return her son! Yes, win his favour with tears! He is judge and
 ruler! Judge and ruler! Judge and ruler! His forgiving heart will
 radiate happiness over you. His forgiving heart will radiate happiness
 over you, radiate happiness over you. To the Tsar! To the Tsar! To
 the Tsar! To the Tsar! He is the elect of God, the ruler and the judge.
 He is the elect. He is the ruler.
 Prince Zhemchuzhny The Tsar will not dissolve the oath. He will return a
 daughter to her father. He will radiate happiness again, radiate happiness
 again. He is judge and ruler! Judge and ruler! The Tsar will not
 dissolve the oath. He will return a daughter to her father. He will
 radiate happiness over us again! To the Tsar! To the Tsar! To the Tsar!
 To the Tsar! To the Tsar! He is the elect of God, the ruler and the
 judge. He is the elect, He is ruler. Let us go to the Tsar!
 (Exit Zhemchuzhny hastily)
 Basmanov Fall at his feet, soften him with tears. He will give back to a
 defenceless widow her son. He will radiate happiness over us again. He
 is judge and ruler! Judge and ruler! Judge and ruler! Fall at his feet,
 soften him with tears. He will give back to a defenceless widow her son.
 To the Tsar! To the Tsar! To the Tsar!
 Basmanov To the Tsar! To the Tsar! He is the elect of God, the ruler and the
 judge. He is the elect. He is the ruler. He is the elect and the ruler.
 Let us go to the Tsar!
 Andrey Yes, he will dissolve the oath. He will radiate happiness over us
 again. He is judge and ruler! Judge and ruler! Judge and ruler!
 He will dissolve the oath. To the Tsar! To the Tsar! To the Tsar! To
 the Tsar! To the Tsar! He is the elect of God, the ruler and the judge.
 He is the elect. He is the ruler. Let us go to the Tsar!
 Natalia Yes, he will dissolve the oath. He will radiate happiness over us
 again. He is judge and ruler! Judge and ruler! Judge and ruler! Yes,
 he will dissolve the oath. To the Tsar! To the Tsar! To the Tsar!
 To the Tsar! To the Tsar! He is the elect of God, the ruler and the
 judge. He is the elect. He is the ruler. He is the elect and the ruler.
 Let us go to the Tsar!
 (Natalia rushes towards Andrey, who leads her to the back of the stage,
 Basmanov follows them)
 Chorus To the Tsar this moment. To the Tsar this moment. Mount your horses
 and speed to the dreaded Tsar and speed to the dreaded Tsar. To the
 Tsar this moment. To the Tsar this moment! Do not fear his judgement.
 He will be gracious to you. He will be gracious to you. Do not fear
 his judgement. He will be gracious to you!

END OF ACT THREE

Наталья Ах! Скорей бы конец пированью, ах скорей бы настал ночи мрак. Мне невесело, милый, мне страшно; берегись, сердце верный вещун, берегись, сердце верный вещун.

Андрей Подожди, лишь пройдет пированье; подожди, лишь пройдет час ночной и как вольные птицы на небе, в край родной улетим мы с тобой, в край родной улетим мы с тобой.

Наталья Ах, скорей бы конец пированью...

Андрей Подожди, лишь пройдет час ночной...

Наталья Ах, не видать мне счастья, сердце говорит. Плачем похоронным этот пир звучит.

Андрей Полно, думы чёрные разгони скорей, улыбнись, красotka, обними нежней!

Наталья Нет! Плачем похоронным этот пир звучит!

Ты мне жизнь и свет, радость и покой; без тебя мне мир, что могильный мрак, как в лесу глухом бор безвыходный; я с тобой всё стерплю, вместе нас судьба свела так кто ж разлучит нас? Станем всё с тобой делить: и жизнь и смертный час, и жизнь и смертный час, и долю горькую, и волю вольную, делить мы станем жизнь и смертный час. Не видать, не видать мне счастья сердце говорит!

Андрей Успокойся, разгони думы чёрные, разгони скорей.

Наталья Нет, не видать мне счастья.

Андрей Успокойся, милая!

Ты краса моя, не слези очей, ты лебяжью грудь не труди, мой свет, думы чёрные разгони скорей, ты свою лебяжью грудь не труди. Ты краса моя. Мы станем всё делить и жизнь и смертный час, и долю горькую, и волю вольную; мы станем всё с тобой делить, и даже смертный час!

Наталья Вместе нас судьба свела, так кто ж разлучит нас; станем всё с тобой делить, и жизнь и смертный час, и долю горькую и волю вольную; мы станем всё с тобой делить, и даже смертный час!

Хор подходит к ним с кубками

Свадебный хор Чтобы сто лет вам не стариться, цветным платьям не носиться, чтобы сто лет вам, что бы сто лет вам не стариться. Коням добрым не умяться, бочкам полным не суниться, жемчуг вам считать, жемчуг вам считать лукошками! Коням добрым не умяться, бочкам полным не суниться, коням добрым не умяться! Серебро лопатой сгрёбывать, сына вам родить соколика, сына вам родить, сына вам родить соколика. Серебро лопатой сгрёбывать, сына вам родить соколика. Вам бы сто лет жить да не стариться, вам бы сто лет жить да не стариться! Цветным платьям не носиться, коням добрым не умяться; жить вам в совете и в вечной любви.

Вбегает Басманов встревоженный, он отводит Андрея к авансцене.

Андрей Что бледен так?

Басманов Постой, нам дорог каждый миг... Ужасная гроза висит над нами. И ты, и ты её наклинал сам!

Андрей О, не томи меня!

Басманов От клятвы ты отрекся, неразумный, хоть полукавил бы немножко. Нет! Едва лишь клятву дал опричине служить, опричники тебе лишь только возвратили твоё добро и честь, ты вмиг всё позабыл. Так слушай, слушай слово роковое, последнее оно, последнее оно. Послушайся меня. Опричник ты ещё, опричник, связанный и клятвой грозной, и благодарностью, и царской волей. Так покорись, о милый, покорись!

Андрей Я не пойму тебя!

Natalia Ah, would that the feasting end. Ah, would that the darkness of night come soon. I don't feel happy my beloved. I feel anxious. Take care, the heart reveals all. Take care, the heart reveals all.

Andrey Wait. The feasting will soon end. Wait. Night will soon pass and like free birds in the sky, we shall fly to our home together, fly to our home together.

Natalia Ah, would that the feasting soon end...

Andrey Wait. Night will soon pass.

Natalia Ah, my heart tells me that I shall not see happiness. This feast recalls a funeral lament.

Andrey Enough. Disperse these gloomy thoughts. Smile my beautiful bride and embrace me more tenderly!

Natalia No! This feast recalls a funeral lament! You are my life and my happiness, my joy and my peace. Without you what is life but a dark tomb, an endless dense forest. I shall endure everything with you. Fate has cast us together and who now will part us? We shall share everything together: life and the hour of death, life and the hour of death, a bitter fate or happy freedom. We shall share everything together: life and the hour of death. My heart tells me that I shall not know happiness!

Andrey Calm yourself! Disperse these gloomy thoughts. Disperse them.

Natalia No. I shall not know happiness!

Andrey Calm yourself, my beloved! You are my fair bride, do not weep, do not pain your swan's breast, my beloved, but disperse these gloomy thoughts. Do not pain your swan's breast. You are my fair bride. We shall share everything together: life and the hour of death, a bitter fate or happy freedom. We shall share everything together, even the hour of death!

Natalia Fate has cast us together and who now will part us? We shall share everything together: life and the hour of death, a bitter fate or happy freedom. We shall share everything together, even the hour of death!

The chorus approaches them with goblets

Wedding chorus May you not age for a hundred years, may you always wear coloured clothing, may you not age, may you not age for a hundred years. May your fine horses not be worn out, may your brimming barrels not dry up. May you count out pearls by the basket load! May your fine horses not wear out, your brimming barrels not dry up, your fine horses not wear out! May you heap up silver by the spadeful, may you give birth to a little falcon. May you not age for a hundred years, live for a hundred years and not age! May you always wear coloured clothing, may your fine horses not wear out. May you live in harmony and love.

Basmanov rushes in in distress. He leads Andrey to the footlights.

Andrey Why are you so pale?

Basmanov Listen, every moment is precious. A terrible storm is brewing above our heads, and it is you who are the cause.

Andrey Oh, do not torment me so!

Basmanov You have broken your oath, you madman, though there is in this conspiracy too! No, scarce did you give your oath of service to the oprichnina, and gained its help to win back you wealth and honour, than you instantly forgot all that. Now listen, listen to the fateful word. It is your last, your last. Do as I tell you. You are still an oprichnik, an oprichnik bound by the terrible oath, by gratitude and by the will of the Tsar. You must be obedient, dear friend!

Andrey I don't understand you!

Басманов Поймёшь, ты не дитя! Я долг исполнил свой, а там своё твори!

Входит Вязьминский

Вязьминский Беседе честной низко кланяюсь, и новобрачным трижды три поклона!

Андрей Благодарю, нежданный гость, на пир или по делам к нам пожаловал?

Вязьминский По делу. Царю сказали о красоте супружницы твоей; её он хочет видеть.

Андрей Да такой она во сне не знала благодати. Мать с гордостью о том детям расскажет. Когда ж?

Вязьминский Сейчас, со мной!

Андрей Пойдём!

Вязьминский Не торопись, княжну, одну княжну он хочет видеть, одну княжну.

Андрей Как без меня, одну? Одну? Не в басурманской земле живём. Одну? Нет, и я иду! Бог сочетал, — не разлучает человек.

Вязьминский Тебе не приказал!

Андрей Не слушаю, иду, иду!

Басманов Ради матушки родимой и подруги дорогой, ради счастья, ради неба, ради жизни молодой.

Хор Покоритесь царской воле, пусть идёт. Пусть идёт, на то закон, на то закон. Пусть идёт, на то закон, на то закон!

Покоритесь, покоритесь. Покоритесь царской воле, пусть идёт, на то закон. Пусть идёт, на то закон.

Басманов Заклинаю, брат крестовый, пусть идёт куда велят. То лишь шутка, только шутка, испытать тебя хотят.

Андрей Нет, пусть казнят не покоримся. Бог связал навеки нас.

Смерть с тобою — светлый праздник, смело встретим грозный час.

Вязьминский Рода низкого изчадь. Сын презренного раба, над тобою уж несётся из тучи гроза.

Гляди гроза идёт из тучи грозной, в ней смертный твой приговор, в ней кровавая обида, несмываемый позор. Та гроза царева воля, в ней смертный твой приговор, в ней кровавая обида, в ней кровавая обида, несмываемый позор, позор. Та гроза царева воля!

Андрей Друг, я знаю эти шутки, в них мой смертный приговор, да в них кровавая обида, несмываемый позор, позор. Пусть казнят, не покоримся, смело встретим грозный час! Смерть с тобою — светлый праздник.

Наталья Пусть казнят, не покоримся! Бог связал навеки нас, смерть с тобою светлый праздник, смело встретим грозный час!

Басманов Брат крестовый, заклинаю, брат крестовый. Пусть идёт, пусть идёт, на то закон; то лишь шутка, только шутка: испытать тебя хотят!

Ради матушки родимой.

Наталья Всё, всё погубило: и честь и счастье. Нет, стыд не стерпит он. Как безжалостен, как страшен их опричный закон.

Пусть казнят, не покоримся. Бог нас навеки связал, смерть с тобою — праздник светлый; смело встретим, смело встретим грозный час! Всё погубило! Близок час!

Басманов Ради матушки родимой и подруги дорогой, ради счастья, ради неба, ради жизни молодой. Заклинаю, брат крестовый, пусть идёт, куда велят; то лишь шутка, только шутка: испытать тебя хотят. Покорись же! Покорись!

Basmanov You are not a child. You do understand! I have done my duty and now you must do yours!

Enter Vyazminsky

Vyazminsky I humbly bow to honest talk and to the newly-weds thrice three salutations!

Andrey I thank you, unexpected guest. Do you come to the feast or on business?

Vyazminsky On business. The Tsar has heard of the beauty of your bride. He wishes to see her.

Andrey That is an honour of which she has never dreamed. As a mother, she will be proud to tell this to her children. When?

Vyazminsky I'll take her now!

Andrey Let's go!

Vyazminsky Not so fast. He wishes to see the Princess alone.

Andrey What, alone, without me? Alone! We do not live in heathendom. Alone! No, I shall come too! God has bound us together. No man shall part us.

Vyazminsky He did not ask to see you!

Andrey I refuse! I shall go too!

Basmanov For the sake of your mother and your beloved bride, for the sake of happiness, heaven and young life.

Chorus Submit to the will of the Tsar. Let her go, it is our law. Let her go, it is our law, our law! Submit to the will of the Tsar. Let her go, it is our law. Let her go, it is our law!

Basmanov I beg you, my sparring brother, let her go where she is commanded. It is a jest, merely a jest. They are just testing you.

Andrey No, let them put me to death, I will not submit. God has bound us together for ever. Death be with you great feast. We shall meet death boldly.

Vyazminsky Offspring of an inferior breed. Son of the hated slave, storm clouds are gathering over you. See how the storm clouds gather, and in them is your death sentence, a bloody crime and your irrevocable shame. Those clouds are the Tsar's will and they bear your death sentence, a bloody crime and your irrevocable shame! These clouds are the Tsar's will.

Andrey I know these jests. In them is my fatal sentence and a bloody crime and my irrevocable shame. Let them kill us. We shall not submit, we shall meet the fatal hour boldly! Death be with you glorious feast.

Natalia Let them kill us. We shall not submit! God has bound us together for ever. Death be with you, glorious feast, we shall meet the fatal hour boldly!

Basmanov My sparring brother, I implore you, my sparring brother, let her go, let her go. It is our law, it is only a jest. They are just testing you! For the sake of your own mother.

Natalia All, all is lost: our honour and happiness. No, he will not endure the shame. How merciless, how awesome is their oprichnik law. Let them kill us, but we shall not submit. God has bound us together. Death be with you glorious feast. We shall meet the fatal hour boldly! All is lost! The hour is imminent!

Basmanov For the sake of your own mother and your dear bride, for the sake of heaven and young life. I implore you, my sparring brother, let her go where she is commanded. It is our law, it is only a jest. They are just testing you. Submit! Submit!

Андрей Друг, я знаю эти шутки, в них мой смертный приговор, в них кровавая обида и позор, в них мой смертный приговор. Пусть казнят, не покоримся. Бог нас на веки связал, смерть с тобой — праздник светлый: смело встретим, смело встретим грозный час, смело встретим грозный час! Всё погибло! Близок час!

Вязминский Рода низкого исчадьё, сын презренного раба, сын презренного раба. Над тобой, над тобой уж несётся в небе страшная гроза, та гроза царева воля, в ней кровавая обида, несмываемый позор! Близок час отомщенья! Ты погиб!

Хор Грозный царь шутить не любит, в шутках царских смертный стон. Грозный царь шутить не любит, в шутках царских смертный стон, в шутках царских смертный стон. Грозный царь шутить не любит, в шутках царских смертный стон. В них смертный стон, в них смертный стон, в них смертный стон!

Вязминский Что ж ты, голубушка? Ведь не простой зовёт!

Андрей Так пусть велят нас разлучить мечами!

Вязминский Друзья, держите молодца!

Наталья Спаси, Андрюша! /Падают без чувств на руки опричникам/.

Андрей Проклятье, проклятье, над вами, злые псы, как звери лютые, вы алчете лишь крови! /Указывая на двери в царские хоромы. Двери в ту же минуту открываются/.

Проклятье и над ним!

Вязминский Добро, скорей её к царю ведите.

Хор Царь зовёт, царь зовёт.

Басманов /Басманов кидается в отворенные двери; через некоторое время он возвращается. Выбегая, припадает к нему на грудь/.

Мои мольбы напрасны. Андрей, твой час настал.

Андрей Прощай, прощай, Наталья!

Вязминский Ведите молодца.

Хор Иди, твой час настал. /Уводят Андрея/.

Все уходят кроме Вязминского.

Вязминский Теперь старуху приведём на славный пир. Уж то-то будет рада.

Уходит направо. Несколько времени сцена остаётся пустой.

Входит Вязминский, ведя старуху Морозову.

Морозова Куда ведёшь меня? Мне не до пира, не место мне среди кровопийц

Вязминский Так царь велел

Морозова Огонь злобный в твоих глазах блестит. Андрюша где?

Веди, веди скорей к нему.

Вязминский /Подходя к окну/. Взгляни сюда, старуха, вот и пир, а вот и сын твой на почётном месте!

Морозова Опричники... народ... и цари! И плаха?

Вязминский Ты сына видишь ли? Скуратов с ним, смотри!

Морозова пронзительно вскрикивает и падает мёртвая.

Хор опричников /за сценой/. Славен, славен, что солнце в красный день, наш отец и царь, господин Руси великой.

Занавес очень медленно опускается.

КОНЕЦ ОПЕРЫ.

Андрей I know these jests. In them is my fatal sentence, a bloody crime and my irrevocable shame. Let them kill us. God has bound us together. Death be with you, glorious feast, we shall meet the fatal hour boldly! All is lost! The hour is imminent!

Vyazminsky Offspring of an inferior breed, son of the hated slave. Black storm clouds are gathering over you and those clouds are the Tsar's will. In them is a bloody crime, and your irrevocable shame! The moment of revenge is near! You are finished!

Chorus The dreaded Tsar does not jest. The Tsar's jests are a fatal groan. The Tsar does not jest. The Tsar's jests are a fatal groan. They are a fatal groan, fatal groan!

Vyazminsky What's the matter my bold friend? It is the Tsar himself who commands it!

Андрей You will have to command us to be parted as swordpoint!

Vyazminsky My friends, hold the young man!

Наталья Help me Andryusha! (Falls senseless into the arms of the oprichniks)

Андрей A curse, a curse on you evil fiends, vicious beasts, it is just blood you crave for. (Pointing to the doors of the Tsar's chambers. At that moment the doors open). A curse on him too!

Vyazminsky Good, take her to the Tsar.

Chorus The Tsar summons her.

Басманов (Rushes to the open doors. After a moment he returns. Running to. Андрей he falls on his breast) My entreaties are in vain. Андрей, your hour has come.

Андрей Farewell, farewell, Natalia!

Vyazminsky Lead him away.

Chorus Go, your hour has come. (They lead Андрей away)

Exunt all except Vyazminsky

Vyazminsky Now let us bring the old woman to the glorious feast. How delighted she will be.

Exit Vyazminsky to the right. For a time the stage is deserted. Vyazminsky enters leading old Morozova.

Morozova Where are you leading me? I am not in the mood for feasts, there is no place for me amid bloodsuckers.

Vyazminsky But the Tsar has commanded it.

Morozova An evil gleam flashes in your eyes. Where is Andryusha? Take me, take me to him quickly.

Vyazminsky (Approaching the window) Look there, old woman, there is the feast and your son is in the place of honour!

Morozova Oprichniks.... people.... and the Tsar! And the executioner?

Vyazminsky Do you see your son? Off with his head*, look!

Morozova gives a heart rending cry and drops dead.

Chorus of Oprichniks (off-stage) Like the sun on a fine day, glorious is our father the Tsar, master of all Rus.

The curtain falls slowly

END OF OPERA

* Literally, "Let Skuratov have him". Maluita Skuratov was, with Vyazminsky, one of the leaders of the oprichnina.



МИНИСТЕРСТВО КУЛЬТУРЫ СССР

ВСЕСОЮЗНАЯ ФИРМА ГРАМПЛАСТИНОК

МЕЛОДИЯ

МОСКОВСКИЙ ОПЫТНЫЙ ЗАВОД «ГРАМЗАПИСЬ»

СТЕРЕО  33

C10-15627
2 гр. 1-20

ГОСТ 5289-80
1 (8)

П. Чайковский (1840—1893)
ОПРИЧНИК

Опера в четырех действиях
Либретто П. Чайковского по одноименной
трагедии И. Лажечникова
Интродукция. I действие
Князь Жемчужный — Е. Владимир
Наталья — Т. Милашкина
Большой хор и оркестр
Центрального телевидения
и Всесоюзного радио
Худ. рук. хора К. Птица
Дирижер Г. Прозаторов

C10-15627/4-1



МИНИСТЕРСТВО КУЛЬТУРЫ СССР
ВСЕСОЮЗНАЯ ФИРМА ГРАМПАСТИНОК

МЕЛОДИЯ

МОСКОВСКИЙ ОПЫТНЫЙ ЗАВОД «ГРАМЗАПИСЬ»

СТЕРЕО  33

C10—15628
2 гр. 1-20

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2 (8)

П. Чайковский (1840—1893)

ОПРИЧНИК

Опера в четырех действиях
Либретто П. Чайковского по одноименной
трагедии И. Лажечникова
I действие (окончание)

Молчан Митков — В. Маторин
Боярыня Морозова — Л. Никитина

Большой хор и оркестр
Центрального телевидения
и Всесоюзного радио
Худ. рук. хора К. Птица
Дирижер Г. Проваторов



МИНИСТЕРСТВО КУЛЬТУРЫ СССР

ВСЕСОЮЗНАЯ ФИРМА ГРАМПЛАСТИНОК

МЕЛОДИЯ

МОСКОВСКИЙ ОПЫТНЫЙ ЗАВОД «ГРАМЗАПИСЬ»

СТЕРЕО  33

C10—15629

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3 (8)

П. Чайковский (1840—1893)

ОПРИЧНИК

Опера в четырех действиях
Либретто П. Чайковского по одноименной
трагедии И. Лажечникова

II действие. Картина 1

Андрей Морозов — Л. Кузнецов

Басманов — Р. Котова

Большой хор и оркестр

Центрального телевидения

и Всесоюзного радио

Худ. рук. хора К. Птица

Дирижер Г. Проваторов



МИНИСТЕРСТВО КУЛЬТУРЫ СССР

ВСЕСОЮЗНАЯ ФИРМА ГРАМПЛАСТИНОК

МЕЛОДИЯ

МОСКОВСКИЙ ОПЫТНЫЙ ЗАВОД «ГРАМЗАПИСЬ»

СТЕРЕО  33

C10-15630
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4 (8)

П. Чайковский (1840—1893)
ОПРИЧНИК

Опера в четырех действиях
Либретто П. Чайковского по одноименной
трагедии И. Лажечникова
II действие. Картина 2
Князь Вязьминский — О. Клёнов
Захарьевна — Н. Дербина
Большой хор и оркестр
Центрального телевидения
и Всесоюзного радио
Худ. рук. хора К. Птица
Дирижер Г. Проваторов

C10-15630/4-1



МИНИСТЕРСТВО КУЛЬТУРЫ СССР

ВСЕСОЮЗНАЯ ФИРМА ГРАМПЛАСТИНОК

МЕЛОДИЯ

МОСКОВСКИЙ ОПЫТНЫЙ ЗАВОД «ГРАМЗАПИСЬ»

СТЕРЕО  33

C10—15631
2 гр. 1-20

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5 (8)

П. Чайковский (1840—1893)
ОПРИЧНИК

Опера в четырех действиях
Либретто П. Чайковского по одноименной
трагедии И. Лажечникова
II действие. Картина 2 (окончание)
III действие

Солисты московских театров
Детский хор

Большой хор и оркестр
Центрального телевидения
и Всесоюзного радио
Худ. рук. хора К. Птица
Дирижер Г. Проваторов



МИНИСТЕРСТВО КУЛЬТУРЫ СССР

ВСЕСОЮЗНАЯ ФИРМА ГРАМПЛАСТИНОК

МЕЛОДИЯ

МОСКОВСКИЙ ОПЫТНЫЙ ЗАВОД «ГРАМЗАПИСЬ»

СТЕРЕО  33

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2 гр. 1-20

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П. Чайковский (1840—1893)
ОПРИЧНИК

Опера в четырех действиях
Либретто П. Чайковского по одноименной
трагедии И. Лажечникова
III действие (окончание)
Солисты московских театров
Большой хор и оркестр
Центрального телевидения
и Всесоюзного радио
Худ. рук. хора К. Птица
Дирижер Г. Проваторов



МИНИСТЕРСТВО КУЛЬТУРЫ СССР

ВСЕСОЮЗНАЯ ФИРМА ГРАМПЛАСТИНОК

МЕЛОДИЯ

МОСКОВСКИЙ ОПЫТНЫЙ ЗАВОД «ГРАМЗАПИСЬ»

СТЕРЕО  33

C10-15633

2 гр. 1-20

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7 (8)

П. Чайковский (1840—1893)

ОПРИЧНИК

Опера в четырех действиях

Либретто П. Чайковского по одноименной

трагедии И. Лажечникова

IV действие

Солисты московских театров

Большой хор и оркестр

Центрального телевидения

и Всесоюзного радио

Худ. рук. хора К. Птица

Дирижер Г. Прозаторов

Запись 1980 г.



МИНИСТЕРСТВО КУЛЬТУРЫ СССР
ВСЕСОЮЗНАЯ ФИРМА ГРАМПЛАСТИНОК

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Худ. рук. хора К. Птица
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