

Bob's Opera World

Opera Libretti

Prince Igor

Opera in a prologue & 4 acts

Based on Stasov's scenario

Libretto & Music by Alexandre Borodin

First performance : October 23/November 4, 1890, Mariinsky theatre, St. Petersburg.

Source: The English libretto was scanned from the Italian/English libretto published by Fred Rullman, Inc. copyright 1915, by Fred Rullman, Inc.

Roles

Igor Svyatoslavish, Prince of Seversk Baritone
Yarsolavna, his second wife Soprano
Vladimir Igorevich, son by his first wife Tenor
Vladimir Yroslavich [Galitsky], Prince of Gatlich, bro. of Princess Yaroslva... High bass
Konchak, Polovtsian kahn Bass
Gzak, Polovtsian kahn Mime
Konchakovna, daughter of Kahn Konschak Contralto
Olvur, a baptized Polovtsian Tenor
Skula, gudok player Bass
Yeroshka, gudok player Tenor
Yaroslavna's nurse Soprano
Polovtsian Maiden Soprano
Russian princes & princesses, boyars & boyariinyas, elders, Russian warriors, maidens,
crowd, Polovtsian khans, girlfriends of Konchakovna, slave girls of Kahn Konchak,
Russian prisoners, Polovtsian guards.

Scene : The city of Putivl' & a Polovtsian encampment, 1185.

PRINCE IGOR

AN OPERA IN FOUR ACTS WITH A PROLOGUE
TEXT AND MUSIC

BY

A. P. BORODIN

(The libretto based on the 'Epic of the Army of Igor')

The Opera was completed after the Composer's death BY



N. A. RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

AND

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ARGUMENT.

PROLOGUE.

PRINCE IGOR and his followers are about to start out on a campaign against the KHAN of the Polovtsy. An eclipse takes place, which is interpreted as a bad omen. IGOR does not heed the warnings of his people and his wife and sets out. SKOULA and EROSHKA, two of his subjects, are bribed by PRINCE GALITSKY, to give him their support. He wants to usurp IGOR's place. IGOR, unsuspecting the prince's motives, entrusts his wife to his care.

ACT I.

The scene is laid in the court-yard of GALITSKY's house. The people welcome him as their prince. It is a scene of great rejoicing and feasting. A group of young women come up to the prince and ask for the return of one of their number who has been carried off by the prince. He frightens the girls and they run away. SKOULA and EROSHKA are drinking and jesting.

Scene 2. YAROSLAVNA is alone, lamenting IGOR's absence. The young women come in and tell her the story of their friend who was taken away by GALIT5KY. Just as they are relating the story he enters and the girls run off frightened. YAROSLAVNA asks him for an explanation of his misdeeds but he only laughs at her. The Boyards come in and tell the princess that IGOR is wounded, and, together with his son, is a prisoner in the enemy's camp. While they are deliberating on a plan of action the tocsin rings the alarm. Flames are seen in the distance. The Boyards draw their swords in defense.

ACT II.

The Polovtsy camp. A chorus of girls is singing, accompanied by KONTCHAKOVNA, the daughter of the KHAN KONTCHAK. Russian prisoners are led in; among them is seen VLADIMIR, son of IGOR. OVLOUR is on guard. VLADIMIR is in love with KONTCHAKOVNA. She promises to be his bride, but he has misgivings as he is sure that IGOR will object to their union. KONTCHAKOVNA assures him that her father will consent to the marriage. IGOR appears, very much dejected. He is anxious to return and fight for Russia. OVLOUR greets him and offers him a horse on which to escape. IGOR refuses the offer. KONCHAK approaches. He shows great friendship for IGOR, treats him with great respect and offers him freedom if he promises to give up waging war on him. He also regales him with dancing, and proposes to him any of his women slaves.

ACT III.

The great KHAN GZAK rides in on horseback in triumph. The people welcome him with great rejoicing. A council of war is held. IGOR learns that his city was attacked. The



POLOVTSY bring in booty. There is feasting and celebration. OVLOUR again suggests flight. The men are all drunk and the opportunity is ripe. VLADIMIR, the son of IGOR, is taking leave of KONTCHAKOVNA. IGOR tries to draw him away, but she clings to her lover. IGOR seizes the opportunity and escapes. The young princess gives the alarm. When her father learns of IGOR's escape he is full of admiration for him. He orders his men not to pursue him but retains the young prince as hostage and gives him his daughter. The khans resolve to march upon Russia.

ACT IV.

YAROSLAVNA is alone and bewailing the absence of her husband, when suddenly she sees two horsemen approaching. They are OVLOUR and IGOR. Her joy is unbounded. IGOR tells of his flight upon learning that the town was raided. The prince and his wife go to the citadel. EROSHKA and SKOULA, both rather tipsy, catch sight of them. They are ashamed of their state and perplexed as to what to do. They hit upon the idea of ringing the town bell. The people rush in and ask what has happened. They are told that the Prince has returned. At first they do not want to believe the news but are finally convinced of the truth. They reward the two tipplers. The prince comes out of the Kremlin, accompanied by YAROSLAVNA, and is welcomed with great rejoicing.

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Prologue

PROLOGUE

A square in Poutivie.

Troops and followers of the nobles prepared to start for the war. The populace.

CURTAIN.

Prince Igor accompanied by the Princes and Boyards come out of the cathedral in a solemn procession.

CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE

To the, sun in his glory, all hail!
Glory to us in the heavens!
And to Igor be glory!
Glory and, fame to our land!
Glory and honour to Prince Troubetskoy,
Glory to Vsievobod, victor!
Hail to thee, dauntless warrior;
Hail our noble princes!
Glory to Igor's son, hail to Vladimir!
Hail Svyatoslav, hail to thee, Prince of Rilsk!
Sing glory to our princes, glory!
Glory, glory to our land!
From mighty Don to distant seas,
O'er boundless steppes,
Your fame be spread,
And sung in strange and unknown lands,
Glory, glory! To our famous Princes!
Glory to their valiant followers too!
By the Danube river, maidens fair
Sing your fame and glory,
Their voices ring from sea to great Kiev.
Glory, glory! To our famous Princes;
To their brave warriors too!

PRINCE IGOR

We go to conquer Russia's foes!

THE PEOPLE

God give thee victory o'er our enemies!

PRINCE IGOR

We war against the Khan of the Polovtsy!

THE PEOPLE

Victory to Russia, let our foemen bleed!
Hoy!

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THE BOYARDS

Disperse our foes, as once before at Oltava,
May you, victorious, administer justice,
God, in his mercy will protect us.
And let the Khan of the Polovtsy
Be routed utterly, with all his hosts!

PRINCE IGOR

We go, with hope in God, for faith, And for our country.

THE PEOPLE

God be with thee!
May He lead thee to the battle,
Upholding Russia 'gainst the foe!

PRINCE IGOR

I long to break a lance in Russia's cause
Upon the distant steppes of the Polovtsy;
There I will fall with honour, slain by them,
Or else return a victor crowned with glory!

THE PEOPLE

Thou shalt return a victor, Prince,
Bringing new glory home!
Glory, glory! All hail!

PRINCE IGOR

Princes, the hour has come.

(It begins to grow dark. The sun is eclipsed. All gaze at the sky in wonder).

PRINCE V. GALITSKY

What does this portend?
See, in the heavens the sun is darkened.

THE PEOPLE

'Tis God's sign in heaven, Prince!

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

And like the crescent moon
The bright sun hangs,
A sickle, in the sky.

THE PEOPLE

O, 't is an evil portent, noble Prince.
The stars are twinkling in the midday heavens!
The earth is wrapp'd in awful darkness.

(The stage grows quite dark).

Night closes in. O wait a while
Before you march. Go not yet.
O tarry Prince, tarry a while!

(Gradually daylight returns).

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PRINCE IGOR**

What God's sign in the heavens, for-bodes—
Or good, or ill, we soon shall know.
But since none can elude his fate
What have we then to fear?
We go forth in a righteous cause,
To fight for God, for faith, and home.
Could we turn back and never strike a blow
To check th' advancing foe?
My brothers, quick your fiery coursers mount
And gallop to the far blue sea?

(The sun shines out bright and clear).

THE PEOPLE

Glory, glory!

(PRINCE IGOR goes off to review his troops, accompanied by the Princes and Boyards).

SKOULA

You, friends, may go an't please you,
But we stay where we are.

EROSHKA

I'm with you! I'm not fond of war.

SKOULA

Shall we try our fortune elsewhere?
Aye, let's take service with the Prince Galitsky.
There we'll be happy.

EROSHKA

Gladly! There is mead, and ale,
And food in plenty.

(They throw down their arms and sneak away).

PRINCE IGOR

Now comrades, let us take a fond farewell
Of wives and sweethearts.
One last kiss,
And then, to horse!

(Enter YAROSLAVNA, who embraces IGOR).

YAROSLAVNA

O, husband, my beloved, stay with me!
Go not forth to battle, for the time
Is not propitious. O believe me love!
Stay with me, hear my prayer.
The signs and omens tell of sorrow,
They threaten grief and to thee and us.

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PRINCE IGOR

O, wife beloved, weep not, dry thine eyes.
Thy tears and prayers are vain.
I cannot stay, Believe me, duty calls.

YAROSLAVNA

I must believe my heart that bids me fear.
O love, what anguish and alarm I feel!
I tremble.., my courage fails.
Alas I knew how thou wouldst answer me.
I know too well
Thy words are right and true;
But ah, my heart speaks louder still
Of grief and woe to come!
Farewell!

PRINCE IGOR

Ah, fear not; do not weep, my wife.
How oft have we been parted in the past
And thou hast never known such fears before.
Honour demands that I should take the field
Against the foes of Russia.
I must go.
Believe me, duty calls.
Farewell, dear love.

PRINCE VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

Prince, thou art right. We must depart.
Duty and honour call us: we must go.

PRINCE V. GALITSKY

Prince, thou art right. There is no turning back.
Aye, duty and honour call us, ye must go.

PRINCE IGOR

God keep thee safe from harm.
Pray for us, dear one.

(To GALITSKY).

To thee, as to a brother, I confide her.
Guard her from danger and from grief,
Lighten- for her the sorrow of my absence,
Speak kindly unto her.
And now farewell
My friend and brother.

PRINCE V. GALITSKY

'Tis well! I am prepared to serve thee faithfully,
For much I am beholden to thee, Prince.
When in his wrath my father banished me,
And all my brethren did forsake me too,
Thou didst take up my cause,
And like a brother gave me a friendly welcome;



Thou didst plead forgiveness for me,
Till my father yielded
And took me home once more.
All this I owe thee.

PRINCE IGOR.

No more, no more, friend.
I rejoice to know
I helped you in the hour of need.

(Exit YAROSLAVNA with the princesses and the wives of the Boyards).

PRINCE IGOR

(approaching the Elder).

'Tis time that we were on our way,
Revered and honourable father, ere we go
To meet our foemen, give thy benediction.
O bless the Princes and our warriors all!

(The Elder blesses the army).

THE PEOPLE

God in the battle shield our warriors brave
And lead them on to victory.
Scatter the cruel heathen horde.
Protect your sons, o Lord,
And guide them, oh heaven!
Give courage to your sons, oh Lord,
Their swords glisten in the sun!
May heaven protect its warriors!

(IGOR and the Princes mount their war-horses and ride at the head of the troops).

THE BOYARDS

(semi-chorus).

Hail to the Princes,
Hail to their followers!

THE PEOPLE

To our bright stars be glory,
Glory in highest heaven!
To our brave Princes be glory,
Glory to all Russians!
To the highest and the lowest,
Alike be glory given. Hail, all hail!
Glory to all the Princes of our land
Hail to dauntless Vsievobod,
Hail to thee, Sviatoslavich,
Hail to the Falcon Prince,
The young Vladimir,
To all the fearless fighters, hail!
Glory to our Princes,
Glory to our Boyards,



Glory to our warriors hold,
Glory, glory!

CURTAIN

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Act I

FIRST ACT

SCENE I.

The courtyard of PRINCE VLADIMIR GALITSKY'S house

CHORUS OF TILE PEOPLE

Glory, glory, to Prince Vladimir.
Hurrah!

SKOULA

Let's sport! But why this noise?
Has the stream broken its banks and overflowed the land?

THE PEOPLE

See, how some wild young spark has carried off,
With his boon friends, a girl or two.
Hoy, hoy!
Youth will sport and play,
Lads must have their way!
All night in song they've praised
Their noble Prince.
Long live Galitsky
Who keeps open house!

EROSHKA

Then the pretty lass came weeping,
To the Prince's footstool creeping.

(Imitates a girl's voice).

"Prince, my Prince, let me go hence."

CHORUS

Hoy, hoy!
Youth will sport and play,
Lads must have their way!
All night in song they praised their noble prince,
Long live Galitsky,
Who keeps open house!

CHORUS

(approaching Galitsky).

Prince, are you satisfied?

PRINCE GALITSKY

I hate a dreary life. I could not live
Like Igor, ever amid war's alarms.



I crave for pleasure, princely luxury,
A merry time on earth!
Ah, were I chosen Prince of Poutivle,
What glad times for you all!
How then?
Were the throne on me conferred,
My rule to Igor's rule preferred,
Quickly you would see
How joyous life can be;
Daily in my hall
I'd hold high festival,
My judgments would be light,
I'd feast you every night,
For high and low
The wine should flow.
With a heigh-ho,
Laugh, laugh and quaff!
And night would bring new pleasures,
When my fairest maidens came;
They should sing in lively measures
Of their Prince's pow'r and fame,
And the freshest, rosiest maiden,
Lovely in her youthful pride,
With my favours I would laden,
Keep her longest by my side.
But to lead a life of pleasure
I should need a princely treasure.
Well, since Igor's purse I hold
I could dip there for the gold.
If his wealth I freely scatter
In wine and revelry, what matter?
State and power are naught to me
If they bring not luxury.
So, heigh-ho,
Come laugh and quaff!

CHORUS

Ho! To Galitsky long life and glory!

SEMI-CHORUS

Aye, but the Princess?

PRINCE GALITSKY

My sister?
She's a meek, religious woman.
Let her retire to a convent,
There to pray for pardon
For my sinful soul; but you friends
Come to my house and taste
My finest mead; and for the people
I will order forth a vat
Of generous wine!



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CHORUS

To Prince Galitsky, glory!

(A group of maidens comes running in. PRINCE GALITSKY remains standing there).

THE MAIDENS

O, the miscreants,
The wicked wretches!
Some of your household, Prince,
Have done us wrong and
Carried one of us away by force!
Have pity, give, her back to us.

PRINCE GALITSKY

Foolish women, cease your wailing,
Your companion's safe with me,
Nothing lacking, nothing ailing,
Happy as a bride is she.
And if I shall choose to keep her,
Who shall dare
Touch her there?
You will never see her more.

THE MAIDENS

O unhappy, Heav'n befriend her!
Prince, have pity, mercy show
To her mother and her father!
Hear our prayers and let her go!

PRINCE GALITSKY

Why do you wait?
The maiden with me stays.
Now get you hence,
Your cries and tears will raise
A fury in me.
Then in sooth you'll know
That I am to be feared in anger.
Go!

(The maidens make their escape. Exit GALITSKY).

EROSHKA

(mockingly).

Aye that's the way!
Goodbye father mine, goodbye mother mine!
Off with you, run home quick!

SKOULA

(mockingly).

A fine feast her's will be.
That is always one's lot
When one is handsome!

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SKOULA

Hush! Listen friend.
What if the Princess finds out we are here and orders us away?

THE PEOPLE

Who heeds the Princess?
Who would take her part?
Her followers are few compared to us;
And all her guards are marching to the war.
What have then to fear, good folk?
Come on.

SKOULA

Well said!
We know the Princess, she is mean,
And careful of her wine.
Why should we serve her?

EROSIIKA

For certain, friend, we will not serve her.

SKOULA

With Prince Galitsky 't is a diff'rent tale!
He loves us like a father. See there!
Wine comes in plenty!

(The Prince's servants roll in a barrel of wine).

SONG IN HONOR OF GALITSKY.

SKOULA

(Clownishly, but with comic gravity).

Who seeks a generous master, come ye here,
Take service with the noble Prince Galitsky.
All his followers he assembles,
Bids them eat and drink their fill,
Wine and mead he spares not,
Brim your cups and toss it down.

CHORUS

Wine and mead he spares not,
Brim your cups and toss it down.

SKOULA and EROSHKA

Loudly groan the Prince's followers;
We have lapped up every drop;
Now they're howling, loudly howling;
We have drunk your health so often
That the barrel has run dry.
Not a thimbleful remaining,
Prince, we've swallowed every drop.
Prince, our benefactor,
Treat us once again!

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Let the strong wine flow for us like a flood!
Let the heady mead be broached vat on vat!
And the gen'rous vintage run red and bright!
One more barrel to thy health let us drink!

CHORUS

In drinking we shall laugh at death!

SKOULA

Then our gracious Prince will speak and say:
Do not weep and wail, my servants true,
Surely I'll take pity on your lot,
For your lives are hard, and joyless too
Working all day.

CHORUS

The mead goes to the heart.

EROSHKA

You're at work
From early morn till eventide,
From midday till the sun goes down,
From twilight to the break of day,
And oh, such heavy work you do,
You labour like the ox or horse,
Your toil it seems is never done,
Now sing and laugh and play
And drink my health today—
That's what our Prince will say!

CHORUS

Songs and dances and women.
What pleasure!
We never dreamt of such joy!
Aye, he's the man we want to rule Poutivle!
What say you?
Shall we set him on the throne?
The army is not here,
And Igor's far away—
Then what have we to fear?
Why hesitate?
We all want him to reign;
And there are plenty of us
To work our will.
Then what have we to fear?

SKOULA and EROSHKA

The army is not here,
The Princes, too, have gone,
No one can hinder us.
Rebellion will break out.
The army by this time exists no more
And every Prince in battle has been slain.

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SKOULA, EROSHKA and CHORUS

'Tis true! Come then!
The army is not here,
And none can stop us.
Come on! Come on!
Now gather in the market-place;
Quick, let the Vêche be assembled there!
Let Igor be dethroned.
Vladimir, hail!
What have we now to fear?
Now make merry, drink and revel
Send misgivings to the devil!
Hoy, hoy! Let jolly be,
Sing the praise of Galitsky,
Drink his 'health until we see Dawn appear!
Glory to Vladimir!
Glory Prince Galitsky!
Welcome, Welcome! Hoy!
Send misgivings to the devil!
Hoy, hoy! Let's jolly be.
Sing the praise of Galitsky,
Our good lord, hail,
Glory, hoy!

(The crowd move off. Only SKOULA and EROSHKA; who are already rather tipsy, remain. They sit on the barrel and continue to drink).

SKOTJLA and EROSHKA

Oh, I want my mammy,
Oh, I want my daddy;
Do not vex a poor maid so,
Back to mammy let me go...

(Exeunt, propping each other up)

SCENE 2.

A room in the Terem.

(YAROSLAVNA is sitting lost in thought)

YAROSLAVNA

How long a time has passed since my dear lord, my husband Igor, with his son Vladimir, and our brother Vsievod, led forth his army against the Polovtsy. I know not what to think? So long it seems since I received a message from the Prince. I would that some news of Igor might reach me, even by chance. O, my heart bodes but of sorrow! It aches, and burns with questioning; and whispers always of some coming trouble.

Where have ye fled, ye happier days
Ere Igor rode forth to the fight?
Alone, from dawn to eve I gaze
Across the distant, empty plain.
Weeping, I spend the sleepless night
And long for thee to come again.
I yearn for news of thee; I wait



Long hours at the casement here.
Send me a message, O my mate,
Send me one word, O husband dear,
Some tidings of thy doubtful fate!
So long, so long the nights and days.
Such visions haunt my hours of rest;
I see thee every night, -in dreams
Thou comest to me, and it seems
Thou callest me, and to thy breast
Dost fold me closely once again...
And then I wake to sharper pain,
And tears more bitter than before
Fall on my pillow like a rain...
Alone, alone, for ever more!
Wilt thou not come to me, my love?
Do I not wait for thee?
Where art thou, husband mine?

(She hides her face in her hands and is lost in thought).

OLD NURSE

(entering).

Here are some maidens,
Princess, asking your protection.
Are they to enter?
Will you see them, Princess?

YAROSLAVNA

Surely!
Now call them; let them come.

(The NURSE goes out and returns accompanied by the girls who salute YAROSLAVNA respectfully).

THE MAIDENS

We come to thee, Princess,
We come as to a mother,
To ask that right be done.
Grant us thy sheltering care,
Protect us from dishonour.
Last night a wicked man
Entered our home by stealth,
By force he carried off
One of our dear companions,
A maiden all defenceless.
With tears and supplications
We hastened to his master,
And prayed him to release
Our gentle, stainless sister
And punish him who wronged her.
Alas, he would not hear us.
With cruel mocking laughter
He drove us from his presence,
And threatened us with vengeance.

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O, be just, be gracious,
Hear our prayers, kind Lady,
Save us from dishonour,
Punish her betrayer,
Set our sister free!

YAROSLAVNA

And who was the offender?
Who carried off the maiden?
Tell me his name?

THE MAIDENS

(to each other in confusion).

Ah, who shall speak? You there!
We, girls? We should not dare!
What, make us tell? Unfair!

YAROSLAVNA

Why are you frightened?
Speak the truth.

THE MAIDENS

We are afraid... We dare not...
But we must take courage, and tell all.
Princess, be our friend, be not wrath with us
If we speak the truth. He who did us wrong
Is a mighty Prince. Prince Vladimir,
Many times before he has done us wrong,
Many a burden laid on Poutivle's folk;
When Prince Igor left for the distant field,
Then our lot grew worse, darker things befell
Town and country-side; now Galitsky's men
Helpless folk oppress, work their wicked will
Wheresoe'er they please. Never for a day
Are our lives our own. Princess, hear our plaint!
Wild and wine-inflamed, careless of all good,
Mocking every prayer, wrecking hearts and homes,
They have spoiled and slain, ruined and undone
Many a helpless maid, laid waste many fields.
Since Prince Igor went, there is none to hold
Wickedness in check, and defend the poor.
Send him away, dear Princess, we implore!

(Enter PRINCE V. GALITSKY).

(They perceive the Prince and are terrified).

O Prince, our little father! What have we done!
God help us all!

PRINCE GALITSKY

(threatening the girls).

Now get ye hence! Begone, I say!

(They run away. The nurse goes' out at a sign from YAROSLAVNA).

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YAROSLAVNA

Vladimir! With a band of wild young men, 'tis said that thou didst force thy way at night into a humble dwelling, and bore away against her will a maiden; that thou keepest her even now a prisoner in the Terem. Can this be true? Tell me? Who is she? I adjure thee to make answer!

PRINCE GALITSKY

What if I have? Lord's sake
'Tis no concern of thine!
For what I want I take,
And hold to what is mine.
How should I know her name?
But art thou glad to see me, sister?
Thy welcome is not warm, my dear.
Must I remind thee, when guests enter
We offer them the cup of cheer,
And set them in the place of honour
And bring for them our oldest wine—
These are our customs, sister mine.
But in truth I came at an unlucky moment.
Thou didst hold counsel with some stinking beggars.
Bah! I have disturbed thy charity?

YAROSLAVNA

When will it end! Thy shameless way of life
Becomes intolerable. I am still Princess,
And when my husband, Igor, comes again,
I'll tell him all that thou hast made me suffer;
And thou shalt answer then for thy misdeeds,
And face a day of reckoning—when he comes.

PRINCE GALITSKY

Let Igor come, or stay,
It matters not to me.
Do I not reign today,
As much a Prince as he?
Am I not ruler here?
What then have I to fear?
I only need to raise my voice,
And in thy palace I might dwell.
I'm the master, by the people's choice,
Poutivle's folk do wish me well,
I may be Prince today and rule o'er thee,
Remember this—and do not anger me.

YAROSLAVNA

Thou dar'st to threaten me?

PRINCE GALITSKY

Enough, enough, I do but sport,
But thou dost take my jokes amiss.
I love to see thee furious.
Didst thou but know, O sister mine,
How well such rage becometh thee!

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Those flashing eyes, those flaming cheeks!
Thou art still young and fair; afar
Thy husband tarries on the field.
'Tis dreary work to live alone.
I wonder, sister, are thou stern,
Cold and censorious to all
As to thine erring brother? Say,
Hast thou in truth no secret lover?

(Mockingly).

I scarce can credit it. 'Tis past belief!

YAROSLAVNA

(in anger)

Dost thou forget that I am still Princess,
That Igor's pow'r is vested in me still?
Take heed, I have the right to send thee hence,
Well guarded, to our father in Galicia.
His hand is firm; his judgments are severe.
Release the girl at once—and go from me.
Flee from my presence'

PRINCE GALITSKY

Oho! Is this your wish?
Well, let her go!
I'll choose another more amenable.
How then?

(Exit PRINCE GALITSKY).

YAROSLAVNA

(alone).

I tremble... I am unhinged and nervous...
Ah, would that Igor might return today...
I breathe more freely at the thought of it!
But I am tired. I have not strength to fight.

(Enter the Boyards of the Council who salute YAROSLAVNA).

YAROSLAVNA

Good morrow, Boyards, I rejoice to see ye.
My trusty counsellors, who will uphold
The Prince's power. Faithful friends are ye
In times of gladness, and in sorrow too.
Welcome, thrice welcome, to my presence be.
But say, what brings ye here? Why
This unexpected visit? Ah, my heart
Is fill'd with dark forebodings of ill news!
I pray ye, tell me what has happened.

THE BOYARDS

Take courage, Princess, for we are
The bearers of ill-tidings.

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YAROSLAVNA

What has befallen us? Speak, Sirs!

THE BOYARDS

Courage.

YAROSLAVNA

What evil omen?

THE BOYARDS

The hostile forces of the Khan
Have crossed the Russian frontier.
They are at our gates.

YAROSLAVNA

O Heaven!

THE BOYARDS

The threatening hordes
Advance on Poutivle
Led by the Khan Gzak.

YAROSLAVNA

Will our ill fortune never end?

THE BOYARDS

The ruthless Khan.
Terror on terror,
Sorrow on sorrow,
God sends upon Poutivle.

YAROSLAVNA

Where are our troops?
Where is our Prince?
O, Poyards, tell me, where is Igor now?

THE BOYARDS

A dreadful fate has befallen us.
A punishment from heaven.

YAROSLAVNA

O heaven, the army is no more!
The enemy victorious. It is true?

THE BOYARDS

Has the former valor deserted the sons of Igor?

YAROSLAVNA

Ah!

THE BOYARDS

Our Prince was wounded sore,
And with his brother,

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And his son Vladimir,
Is in captivity.

YAROSLAVNA

Ah! Wounded and a captive, my dear lord?
Nay, nay, it cannot be...
Say 'tis not true!

(She falls fainting. She is revived).

Then it is true...
The Prince is prisoner...
And wounded...

(She salutes the Boyards, bowing low. The tocsin is heard' ringing. The Boyards listen attentively).

THE BOYARDS

The tocsin! Hark!
In truth the tocsin sounds!
Boyards, the tocsin rings a wild alarm!
Princess, it doth portend some dreadful thing!

(Behind the stage the women shout in despair).

CHORUS OF WOMEN

(off the stage).

Woe, woe! The foe is close at hand,
What will become of us?
Have mercy, Lord!
The cruel heathen foe is here!

(Through the window the red glare of a fire is seen).

YAROSLAVNA

Ah, can this he?
Have mercy, God in Heaven!
The cruel heathen swarm around our gates...
What will become of us?
Have mercy, Lord!
O blessed Virgin, help us in our need!
This is God's chastisement for all our sin!

THE BOYARDS

Fire! The Outer city is in flames!
The women shriek and scream, the people flee!
The Polovtsy have laid the country waste,
And now they're pillaging the outskirts,
Burning our suburbs.
See the leaping flames!
Quick, Boyards, to defend the city walls!
But let a portion of us tarry here
To guard the Princess to the very end.

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(Some of the Boyards draw their swords and assume an attitude of defence. The rest go out).

This is God's chastisement for all oursin!
What God ordains must be;
From this can no man flee!

CURTAIN

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Act II

SECOND ACT

Evening in the Camp of the Polovtsy.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS

The prairie flow'ret, pale and sweet,
Fades in the parching midday heat,
And earthward droops its weary head,
While all its leaves hang witherèd.
But when the scorching sun has set
And evening dews are glistening wet
Upon the hot and' thirsty plain,
The fiow'ret lifts its face again,
And pours forth to the silent night
A dreamful fragrance of delight.
And like the drooping flow'r are we
Poor maidens, heart-whole, fancy-free
Who languish here in weariness
Until we know love's sweet caress.
But when the ruthless sun has set
And all the plain with dew is wet,
When night with stars is luminous,
Our lover's thoughts shall turn to us,
And like the yearning, sun-parched flow'r,
Our thirsty hearts shall have their hour.

CAVATINA

KONCHAKOVNA

Now the day light dies,
Cease your songs and dances, 'Tis enough.
Overhead the quiet night
Spreads her wings.
Gentle night, come soon,
In thy shades enfold me,
Wrap thy mists around me
Like a robe.

MAIDENS

Dream, gentle flower,
Sweet night of love!

KONCHAKOVNA

Bring the hour of meeting,
Bring my love.
Comest thou, my dearest friend?
Surely thy heart must tell thee

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How slowly move the moments While I wait.
Where art thou, my beloved, Answer me!
I wait for thee, my love.
The hour has come at last,
The hour of meeting,
Of tender greeting.

(The Polovtsy patrol enter and inspect the camp. The stage is empty for a few minutes. Night draws on. OVLOUR is on guard.)

SOLDIERS

(of the Polovtsy patrol)..

The stars like lamps are shining bright,
The moon sails like a vessel white;
'Tis she patrols the heavens clear,
While we do sentry-go down here,
And, far away beyond the west,
All night the lazy sun can rest.

(Enter PRINCE V. IGORIEVICH).

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

Slowly the sunset fires die out
Behind the distant forests dark;
The western glow is fading now;
Night spreads her veil, upon the earth
In mystic shadows
Dim and blue
The silent Steppe is lost.
Warm, gentle night of the south,
Waking sweet visions of bliss,
Stirring my pulses to passion,
Leading my feet to my love!
Dost thou await me, beloved?
Yea, my heart whispers, thou'rt waiting for me.
Dearest, where art thou?
Give answer!
Wilt thou soon come to me, sweet?
Answer the cry of thy lover!
Think how I suffer and yearn,
How my heart is consumed as by fire
While I wait for thy coming, O love.
Why dost thou tarry, my darling?
Ah rise up and come to me here.
Have no fear, for the soldiers are sleeping,
All the world is enfolded in dreams.
Dearest, where art thou?
Give answer!
Answer the cry of thy lover!
Come, veiled in the warm dusky shadows,
While slumber, the forest and lake;
When only the stars in the heavens
Look down on our rapture of love.

(KONCHAKOVNA emerges from her tent).

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KONCHAKOVNA

O, is it thou, Vladimir,
O, is it thou, my love?
Thou whom my heart adoreth,
My lover, long desired,
I wait and pine for thee!

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

Dost thou love me?

KONCHAKOVNA

Ever faithful.

VLADIMIR

Repeat it!

KONCHAKOVNA

Do I love thee, dear?
O thou, my bliss!
Aye, I love thee with the passion
And the strength that young hearts know.
Ah, beloved 'mine, I love thee,
Love thee with my heart and soul,
And without thee, my Vladimir,
Dark and cold the world would be.

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

Well, I'll be your husband.

KONCHAKOVNA

Sweetly you speak to me!

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

O, say again those words of love;
Belovèd, speak those words once more!

KONCHAKOVNA

When shall I be thine own for ever?
When shalt thou call me wife, dear heart?
My love, my joy, Q husband mine!

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

Oh! gentle night of languor!

KONCHAKOVNA

I believe in you, my only love,
More than in heaven!

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

You are already mine:
May love unite me with you.
Speak those words again.

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KONCNAKOVNA

Aye, I love thee with the passion
And the strength that young hearts know.
Ah, beloved mine, I love thee—
Love thee with my heart and soul.

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

Love me, sweet, with all thy being,
Heart and soul and body too!
When shall I call thee mine forever?
When shall I call thee wife, dear heart?
My bride, my love, my heart's desire!

TOGETHER

You are love.

KONCHAKOVNA

What says thy father?
Will he give consent?

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

Alas no!
While we both are captives here,
He will not hear me speak of love and marriage.

KONCHAKOVNA

The Khan, my father, is less stern.
He'd gladly see me wed with thee.

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

Go hence; some-one approaches.

KONCHAKOVNA

We're safe. I hear no sound.

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

Footsteps... My father comes !

KONCHA KOVNA

Stay, love, be not afraid.

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

Farewell!

KONCHAKOVNA

Ah! Woudst thou leave me!

VLADIMIR IGORIEVICH

Farewell!

(They go off right and left).

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PRINCE IGOR

(stopping in the foreground).

No sleep, no rest, for my afflicted soul!
Night brings no boon of sweet forgetfulness.
The past comes back, I live it through again,
In dark nocturnal silence, all alone.
God's warning—the eclipse—comes back to me.
And all the sounds of revelry I hear,
When in my halls my warriors feasted high,
And gloried in my victories of old.
Ah, what an end to all my hopes is this!
Defeated, wounded, and a captive too!
I stand disgraced before my native land.
A captive, aye a slave—O wretched lot!
Give me back my freedom, God above,
And let me wipe my shame out on' the field!
Were I but free, 't is not too late to save
My name and honour, and my country too!
Thou, alone, my dove, my dearest,
Wilt not blame thy grieving husband,
And thy tender heart will tell thee
All my bitterness and sorrow;
I shall win thy sweet forgiveness.
Seated at the Terem casement
With strained eyes the wide Steppe searching,
Love, thou waitest night and morning,
Weeping for thy truant husband.
How shall I live thus, counting useless days,
In close captivity, and know my foes
Are harrying Russia.
Gracious God.
Grant me my freedom! It is not too late
To wipe out my dishonour on the field,
And save my name, and fame, and Russia too!
Night brings no hopeful dream of liberty,
Only the past returns, I live it through
In the nocturnal silence, all alone,
O heavily, my helpless state doth weigh
Upon my aching conscience night and day.

(The first flush of dawn appears in the sky. Enter OVLOUR).

OVLOUR

Pardon me, Prince, but may I speak with thee?
I long have wished to say a word...

PRINCE IGOR

Now now? Who art thou?

OVLOUR

Prince, behold: the eastern sky glows pink,
The dawn-light chases darkness from the earth;

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And day will dawn for thee and Russia too...
I know a way...a way to set thee free?

PRINCE IGOR

Thou?

OVLOUR

I'll saddle thee the swiftest horse we have.
Mount him, and leave the camp in secrecy.

PRINCE IGOR

What? I, Prince Igor, I, to break my word,
And win my liberty by secret flight?
I do this thing?...
Man, thou art mad, No!

OVLOUR

Thou hast not bound thyself, Prince, by an oath,
Nor kissed the Cross before this Pagan Khan.

PRINCE IGOR

Leave me.
I thank thee for thy loyalty.
Flight is impossible.

(OVLOUR goes out sad and pensive. Enter KONCHAK).

KONCHAK

Good morrow, Prince!
Why is my guest so sad,
So lost in gloomy thoughts?
Dost thou lack snares, or arrows,
Are thy falcons grown too tame
To swoop upon the quarry?
Take mine—I grudge them not!

PRINCE IGOR

My peregrines are swift and sure;
It is the prison'd falcon frets and pines.

KONCHAK

No prisoner thou, most noble Prince,
But my most honoured guest, I trust.
Is it not so?
Sore wounded at the Kayala,
And have thine army taken or cut down,
I only keep thee as a hostage here.
Not as my captive, but my guest,
Respected as my very self.
All that I have is at thy service, Prince.
Thy son, thy followers, remain with thee,
And as a Chief thou dwellest in our midst.
Aye, even as myself.
Confess, this is no harsh captivity! How then? Ah no! My Prince, my friend, thou art not my prisoner in

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this camp, but my guest, most dear to me. Hark then, believe me, I have always cherished respect for thy great courage in the field. I have honoured—yea, have loved—Igor for this. Therefore do not regard me as a foe, but rather as a hospitable host. Then tell me, Prince, what ails thee?

What dost thou lack? Wouldst thou my fleetest steed?—'Tis thine.

Didst thou desire, most noble Prince, I'd give thee a companion fair; A slave—a girl of beauty rare, Sent as a present, not long since, From lands beyond the Caspian Sea. Thine shall she be.

O, I have many lovely slaves.

With fragrant dusky hair that waves

Low on smooth brows, above dark eyes

So bright with passion that no veil

Conceals the light that flashes there...

What, silent, Prince? Can naught avail

To rouse thee from thy dull despair?

Ho! Bring the slaves here!

Let them dance and sing.

Perchance it will distract thee, and drive forth

These gloomy thoughts.

(Enter the KHAN'S slaves, male and female, some carry tambourines and other musical instruments. They are followed by the KHAN'S retinue.)

(Dance of the Polovtsy girls with swaying movements).

CHORUS

On the wings of the wind borne away,
Fly homeward, song of our Motherland,
To the land where we sang in freedom
Before the days of captivity.
There beneath the ardent sky
Blows a languid, warm-breathed breeze;
There the cloud-capped mountains dream,
Listening to the murmuring sea;
And the emerald slopes are glowing
In the sunshine's golden rays,
There the roses in the valleys,
Hang in heavy, fragrant clusters;
There among the young green branches
Nightingales pour forth their lays.
Fly, my song, upon the zephyrs,
Back to home and liberty.

(Dance of the men. Wild dance).

CHORUS

(All dance).

Long live, proud spirit, Ah!

Glory, glory to our chief.

(Dance of the Polovets prisoners).

The people, the prisoners,

Sing songs of sorrow, sad sighs.

Long live proud spirit!

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KONCHAK

(to IGOR)

See 'st thou these captives from beyond the sea—
The distant Caspian? See 'st thou these fair maids?
O, tell me, friend, which one doth please thee best;
One word, and she is thine.

(All dance—Boys dance)

CHORUS

(Men dance).

Glorious, famous as his fathers,
Terrible our Khan Konchak.
Praise our Khan,
Great Khan Konchak!

(Dance of the girls in swaying movements).

CHORUS

On the wings of the wind borne away,
Fly homeward, song of our Motherland
To the land where we sang in freedom
Before the days of captivity,
There beneath the ardent sky
Blows a languid, warm breathed breeze;
There the cloud-capped mountains dream,
Listening to the murm'ring sea.

(Slow dance of girls and quick dance of boys).

O, joyous nightingale,
May your sweet song resound
Over the valleys, like sighs,
And from the wave rises a song
Which says "hope again."
All is eternal spring!
The song goes flying
Out to the sea!

CHORUS

Glorious, famous as his fathers.

(Dance of boys).

Glory to you, bold warrior!

(All dance).

With songs and with dances,
Pay honor to the hero.
With dances regale him.
Cheer our victorious warrior.
May glory he with you, oh prince!

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CURTAIN.

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Act III

THIRD ACT The Polovtsy.

Trumpets behind the scene. At the rising of the curtain is seen one part of the "Polovets" camp. The Polovtsy arrive from different directions, awaiting the arrival of the army of KHAN GZAK. The latter begins to appear by degrees at the back of the stage. Some of the soldiers are bearing trumpets, horns and tambourines. Others escort Russian captives and are laden with rich spoils. The Polovtsy welcome GZAK's warriors with savage gestures. At the end of the march KHAN GZAK enters on horseback, with a detachment of his followers. KHAN-KONCHAK goes forward to meet him. PRINCE IGOR, his son VLADIMIR, and the Russian prisoners stand by, watching and listening to all that is taking place.

CHORUS

Our warriors come back
Triumphant and victorious.
Hail, to ye, fierce and glorious,
Hail, warriors of Khan Gzak!
Hail to our Chieftain and his braves
Who went forth to victory;
Fierce and terrible is he,
Brings us home a host of slaves,
Brings a splendid booty back.
Hail, ye warriors of Khan Gzak,
The trumpets sound for victory,
The drums resound today,
For many a town and hamlet burned,
For many a field laid waste,
And strewn with Russian bones.
Hosts of captives fair they bring,
Glory to our Khans,
To our ruthless, fearless Khans!
Hail to Gzak the Terrible,
Like a panther fierce he roves
Across the wide, wide Steppes;
Like a whirlwind, sweeps before him
All his foes;
Men and horses, rank on rank,
Fall before his furious onslaught,
Till the plains are whitened
With the bones of Russian foemen!
Hail! Hail!

KONCHAK

Lo, thine the splendid victory,
Thou hast o'ercome our foe,
And laid his army low,
The land belongs to thee and me!

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The rumor of our great renown
Spreads day by day;
The whole world is our own,
None bars our way!

CHORUS

Hail to Khan Gzak!
Hail to Konchak!

KONCHAK

Sound the trumpets!

(Trumpets).

Come now! We will divide the captives and share the spoils between us. Come! Hey!
From now till night ye all may feast and sing, and divide the spoils, to celebrate the victory.
The fairest of the captives, ye shall lead them to my tent, at once. To-morrow morn, a council will be held
to settle our next move against the foe. Watch the prisoners well. Now come!

(Exit).

CHORUS OF KHANS

To hold a council let us go.
Shall we stay here awhile and rest,
Or fall to-morrow on the foe?
Shall we push further towards the west?
Whom will our Chieftains take or leave?
Shall we sack Kiev or Poltava?
Konchak awaits us, let us go.
To follow his advice is best.
Either stay here our men to rest,
Or fall to-morrow on the foe,
And march our horde still further west.

*(The Polovtsy go out. The Russians enter their tents. Warriors mount guard over the captives.
Sounds of trumpets behind the scenes).*

THE GUARDS.

Like the sun is Khan Konchak,
Like the moon is Khan Gzak,
Like the stars are all our Khans.
Their glory shines so brightly,
Like the light of heaven at noonday.
To the glory of our chieftains
Let us now drink deep.
Drink makes us blithe and merry,
But we'll watch our captives closely.
Woe to him who tries to flee!
For our arrows fly true and far,
And our horses gallop swiftly,
On the plain we'd soon o'ertake him.
Now make a song of praise and glory,
In honour of our Khans' great deeds!

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(The Guards drink and begin to dance. One of the dancers falls. Another falls, a third falls. As the dance comes to an end twilight draws on. The guards fall into a drunken slumber. OVLOUR approaches PRINCE IGOR's tent furtively and with precaution).

OVLOUR

Prince, make ready soon for thy flight. The people all are drunk; the guard is fast asleep. The horses are saddled, and I will wait for thee and Prince Vladimir across the river.

(Softly).

When all is still I'll whistle, and when you hear me, hasten to the river. Like the swift, stealthy ermine run through the tall reeds, swim like a duck across, and then without delay, spring on your eager horses like leopards, and like falcons cleave the air, hidden by shades of night.

PRINCE IGOR

(from within the tent).

Go, get the horses, we will be ready.

(Exit OVLOUR. KONCHAKOVNA rushes in, wildly agitated, and stands outside PRINCE VLADIMIR'S tent).

KONCHAKOVNA

Vladimir!
Can it be true that thou wouldst flee
And leave me here alone?
O I entreat thee, love!
Thy plans to me are known.
Thou think'st by midnight to be free,
Thou, and thy father too,
To see thy Russian home again
Ere breaks the day anew.
But, ah, can it be true
That I have loved thee thus in vain?
Beloved, sweetheart, say,
Thou could not thus deceive me;
Thou wilt not ride away
And broken-hearted leave me?
O take me with thee, dear,
For thee all risks I'll brave
Without a qualm of fear.
I give thee all—my liberty,
My love, my honour are for thee.
I will not ask to be thy bride,
But take me as thy slave,
And I'll be happy, at thy side.

VLADIMIR

Farewell, farewell, beloved!
The time has come to part,
For fate and duty tear me hence.
O breaking heart,
Eyes blinded with salt tears, o cruel fears!
How can I speak that word:
Farewell, my love, farewell.

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O Princess, hold me not.
Farewell for ever more, Farewell!

(PRINCE IGOR a-p ears at his tent-door).

PRINCE IGOR

Vladimir, son!
What means this?
Princess, what chest thou here?
A captive, son, hast thou thrown in thy lot
With the Polovtsy, and thy land forgot?

VLADIMIR

Ah no!—Farewell!

KONCHAKOVNA

O, leave me not!
This is my earnest prayer to thee!
Thou knowest: I am a daughter of the steppes,
Child of the desert and of liberty!
My father is the greatest of the Khans;
In all the world there's none so proud as he;
And I am of his race, yet bend the knee;
And at thy feet entreat thee, Leave me not!

VLADIMIR

I have not strength from thee to part;
My soul's consumed with love of thee,
And like a furnace burns my heart,
And in my mind an agony.

PRINCE IGOR

O tear yourself away,
My son, and come with me!
'Tis duty leads the way,
Our land bath need of thee.
Wouldst thou see Russia fall?

KONCHAKOVNA

Do you not know how I adore you?

VLADIMIR

Love conquers my heart!
What sorrow!

PRINCE IGOR

Hear'st thou? The signal for our flight!
Ovlour awaits us, we've no time to waste.
Leave him, Princess! Vladimir, do the right.
Come, follow me, our lives depend on haste.
A moment longer and we are undone.
Conquer thy passion, do thy duty, son.

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KONCHAROVNA

Remain, and if you will, we'll flee together!

VLADIMIR

Alas I suffer, for love is too sacred!

(PRINCE IGOR tries to drag VLADIMIR away).

KONCHAKOVNA

Belovèd, stay with me!
Or let me share thy fate!
I do not fear whate'er betide.
Wilt thou forget thy mate
And drive her from thy side?

VLADIMIR

O father, let me dry her tears!
One long last kiss, one tender word,
To soothe her grief and calm her fears!

PRINCE IGOR

Enough, enough, son! Come... Farewell!

KONCHAKOVNA

Well then, I'll give the alarm.

PRINCE IGOR

(hurries away).

Farewell!

(KONCHAKOVNA strikes an alarm gong several times. The Polovtsy come running in from every side).

KONCHAKOVNA

Prince Igor has escaped,
Ovlour has betrayed us.
Let -his son remain here!

THE POLOVTSY

To horse, to horse without delay,
Let fly a rain of arrows sharp!
Pursue them o'er the steppe.
Haste like the wind:
Bind young Vladimir to the nearest tree
And pierce his heart with arrows.

KONCHAKOVNA

Ah, no! You must not touch him,
I will not let him go!
The young Prince must be saved.
But slay me if you will,
Let the first arrow pierce my heart,



For I will gladly die with him,
But never give him up to you!

THE POLOVTSY

Death to all the Russian captives!
Show no mercy!

(Groups of Polovtsy come rushing in)

FIRST GROUP

The river Don is rising fast!

(Polovtsy come rushing in).

SECOND GROUP

The flood is rising every moment,
We cannot follow them across the river!

FIRST GROUP

We will follow the leaders.

SECOND GROUP

Call all the Khans in council
That we may hear what they advise.
See, here comes Khan Konchak!

(Enter KONCHAK and other Khans).

KONCHAK

What means this noise?
Daughter, why art thou here?

THE POLOVTSY

Prince Igor has escaped,
Ovlour has played the traitor,
He saddled two swift steeds,
And with the Prince has ridden away.

KONCHAK

Do not harm the Prince.
These are my orders!

THE KHANS

Konchak, hearken to our words, hear what we think.
In all affairs of warfare we have followed
Thy counsels and commands without a protest.
But now that the old falcon has flown home,
This young bird soon will follow. It were wise,
While still we have him, to make sure of him—
Send one sharp arrow quiv'ring through his heart.
Believe us, 'tis good counsel that we give.
Thou knowest that in warfare we have followed
Thy wise advice without demur or protest.
Now scorn not our opinion: slay this swarm
Of Russian vermin ere they all escape.



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KONCHAK

Nay! If the old falcon has flown back to his nest,
We'll chain the young one here. Give him a mate.

(To PRINCE VLAD IMIR).

Vladimir, here behold thy chosen wife!
Thou art no foe, but dear as any son.

(To the Khans.)

To-morrow morning, burnish all your weapons,
We'll march on Russia once again!

THE KHANS

To Russia! To fight our foes again!

(Trumpets).

THE POLOVTSY

To Russia we will march,
To fight the foe!
Glory to Khan Konchak!

CURTAIN.

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Act IV

FOURTH ACT

The city walls and public Square in POUTIVLE.

(Daybreak.. XAROSLAVNA is seen standing alone on the terrace of the wall).

YAROSLAVNA

Ah, still I grieve; ah, still my tears flow on.
I send my sorrow forth at dawn upon the breeze,
To him who tarries by the distant seas.
O, could I, like the cuckoo, fly along the banks
Of the blue Don,
Or dip my sleeve in Kayala's cool flood,
And from his wounded body wash the blood!
O, breeze, O boist'rous breeze,
Why dost thou blow across the plains?
Dost bear the cruel arrows
Against the Prince's warriors?
O, breeze, O boist'rous breeze,
Driving the clouds before thee,
Rocking the ships upon the waves,
Why dost thou blow so long
Across the plains, and scatter
My joys like autumn leaves?
Flow on thou Dneiper, broad and blue,
Belovèd, famous river, flow!
Bring my dear one home to me,
Then no more at dawn I'll weep,
Or send my sorrow forth upon the breeze
To him who tarries by the distant seas.
O thou sun, thou sun resplendent,
Shining brightly in the heavens,
Warming all things, all caressing,
Making all the world rejoice!
Why upon the burning steppe,
Where no cooling waters flow
Didst thou torture them with thirst;
Exhaust them with thy ruthless glow?
Tell me sun?

(A crowd of village folk appears singing. YAROSLAVNA is absorbed in thought).

CHORUS

(Behind the scenes; then gradually approaches).

'Twas not the furious tempest-wind that brought
This great calamity;
Khan Gzak it was who all the evil wrought.
'Twas not a croaking raven, grim and black,

Bob's
Opera World

Foretold that this should be;
Our homes were burnt and ravaged by Khan Gzak,
'Twas not a hungry wolf, so fierce and grey,
That scattered all our flocks;
It was Khan Gzak who bore our herds away.

(They pass out).

YAROSLAVNA

(Gazing over the lands laid waste).

How ruinous and sad the land {appears!} The hamlets burned, the fields are bare and black, the crops
down-trodden—wasted by the foe! 'Tis long since songs of gladness echoed o'er the land!

(She gazes over the distant plains).

Whom do I see in the distance?... Two horsemen approaching, and one is dressed like the Polovtsy...
Surely the foe will not return again so soon. God preserve us!. What will now become of us? Poutivle will
be taken from us too!... The other rider is attired like a Russian, and does not seem to be a common soldier;
his bearing, his fine steed, his whole appearance bespeak high birth and power. It is some Russian Prince
who visits us... Who can it be? Whence comes he? I do not know... I cannot guess... 'tis strange..
mysterious... Ah! Impossible!... Am I dreaming, or under a spell?... No! *(with emotion)*. Those are Prince
Igor's features...the dear, familiar face and figure! It is the Prince! My love comes back to me!

*(PRINCE IGOR rides in, accompanied by OVLOUR. He dismounts, and rushes to YAROSLAVNA.
OVLOUR leads away the horses).*

YAROSLAVNA

'Tis he, my homing mate, my love!
My long-desired husband, my life, my all!

PRINCE IGOR

Greeting, my joy, my love!
Greeting, light of mine eyes!
Once more we are together, my wife, my own!

YAROSLAVNA

Can it be true? O say 'tis not a dream!

PRINCE IGOR

I give thanks to heaven!

YAROSLAVNA

Can it be true? 'Tis no misleading gleam
O witchcraft my poor heart deceiving.
Thou hast come back... 'tis sweet beyond believing!
How oft in sleep I saw thee by my side,
But now I am awake...
O swear to me, my senses have not lied,
Or, love, my heart will break!

PRINCE IGOR

It is no dream, beloved mine,
Thou hold'st my hand, and I grasp thine.
Once more into thine eyes I gaze,
And hear thy voice as in past days.

Bob's
Opera World
YAROSLAVNA

My love, my husband, thou art come
Back to thy people and thy home;
With thy return my sorrows cease,
Thou bringest happiness and peace.

PRINCE IGOR

My wife, my darling, I have come
Back to my people and my home;
The captive's shame, the wounds, the pain,
Vanish at sight of thee again.

YAROSLAVNA

Once more I see thy visage dear,
Once more thy voice, my Prince, I hear;
With thy return my sorrows cease,
Thou bringest happiness and peace.
Did you conquer?

PRINCE IGOR

No more waiting; no alarms;
Once more I hold thee in mine arms!
Beloved wife, friend of my choice,
Seeing thee, heart and soul rejoice!

YAROSLAVNA

Husband mine, by troth long plighted,
Friend and husband. heav'n-united,
Long my heart has .ached for thee.
A new sun will shine for us
And liberty will be more sweet.

PRINCE IGOR

Secretly I made my escape,
When I learnt that Gzak had been here.
I fled to save my land from ruin,
And send a rallying cry from end to end
Of suffering Russia. I came to raise
Another army, and to rouse the Princes,
That we may drive our foemen back once more.

YAROSLAVNA

Thou didst escape at dusk,
Despite the heathen Khan,
Didst break from thy captivity?
But thou wert wounded sore,
Say, dost thou suffer now?
My love, my homing mate,
O let me comfort thee!

PRINCE IGOR

Beloved wife, friend of my choice,
Seeing thee, heart and soul rejoice!



Gone the hours of evil dreams,
Gone the sad and anicious thoughts.

PRINCE IGOR AND YAROSLAVNA

Forgotten all the hours of pain,
Forgotten all the weary days,
For now joy floods our lives again,
As when the heavy storm clouds lift
And through a bright and widening rift
The sun pours down his hopeful rays.

PRINCE IGOR

I'll a rallying cry abroad,
And raise another valiant host,
I will not let the heathen boast.
This time I'll crush the Tartar horde!

YAROSLAVNA

Heaven of love will shine.

(PRINCE IGOR and YAROSLAVNA walk slowly towards the Citadel. While the goudok players sing the following song, they stand by the gateway, absorbed in talk, and then disappear within).

(Enter EROSHKA and SKOULA, both rather tipsy).

EROSHKA

Now the sun is shining,
Everything is smiling,
A new Prince has come!
Igor is far away,
In prison he must stay,
Since all his warriors fell.
For him we need not weep,
The Khan will treat him well;
But all your pity keep
For those who in the fight
Were butchered by the foe.
'T was Igor who in spite
Of warnings in the sky
Would still a-warring go.
And on the sandy plain
Where never waters flow
There perished our great host;
The army Igor lost
We ne'er shall see again.
With pots of Russian gold,
This Prince so wise and bold
Built bridges at great cost
That never have been crossed;
For at the Kayala,
That mighty floods did swell,
The troops were left to drown,
And with his men went down
Prince Igor's fame as well.
Therefore everywhere,





Through all the land,
From Danube to the distant sea,
The Russian people all deride
The Prince who caused their misery.

SKOULA

A better Prince has come!
Igor is far away,
But who goes there? I dream.

(They suddenly break off in terror, having caught sight of the Prince and Princess as they enter the Citadel).

EROSHKA

Look! Look yonder!

SKOULA

The Prince!

EROSHKA

Oh, mercy on us!
'Tis all over with us now!
What's to be done?
Oh, oh, our heads will be chopped off!
We shall be executed, friend!
Drawn and quartered!

SKOULA

(making him a sign to pull)

Ring the bell! Ring!

EROSHKA

Ring! What for?

SKOULA

Why, to save our lives, our skins, our necks!
To fill our bellies, too, with food and wine.
Ring, rouse the people, sound the alarm!

(They both seize the bell ropes and pull vigorously).

SKOULA and EROSHKA

Hither, good folk! Make haste, make haste.
Run quick to hear the joyous tidings!
Assemble all ye orthodox,
We have good news for you!

(Enter the people from every side).

SKOULA

Come, quickly, you shall all have joy!

CHORUS

Bob's
Opera World

What a noise! What's the matter?
Is the town afire?
What's it all about?
Answer... quick!

(with emphasis).

It is those drunken players!
'Tis none but those rascals! Come down,
You guzzling swine, cease to plague us...
Wait, hear what they have to say!
No, turn them out... Send them packing!
Come down! Be off! Get you gone!
What mystery. What noise!

SKOULA

No, no, I am not drunk with wine.
We are welcoming the Prince.

CHORUS

What! Your Galitsky, the traitor?
Let him be accursed of Heaven!

EROSHKA

Nay! We speak not of perfidious Galitsky,
But of our lawful Prince—Igor.

SKOULA

Igor, son of Svietoslav!

CHORUS

You both are raving mad! Nonsense!

SKOULA

You don't believe us? Then look there,
By the Citadel. Dost see him now?
He passed a moment since, with the Princess.
He is going to the Kremlin.
See! That's his helmet! There's his horse!
And there's the Polovets who brought him home.
Look!

EROSHKA

Long live the Prince!

THE CROWD

Prince, Prince, our Prince! Aye, ring the bells!

(Ringing of bells)

Run quick and ask the Polovets
If in truth the Prince is here!

Bob's
Opera World

(The people crowd in in great numbers. A few go up to OVLOUR and question him).

He has returned! 'Tis true, the Prince, our father, has come home!...
Rejoice, give thanks!

(Enter the Boyards and Elders).

THE PEOPLE

Suddenly he has returned from captivity,
Igor has come to save us!

THE BOYARDS and ELDERS

Now thanks to God in Heaven be,
To whom we have not prayed in vain,
Who turned our sorrow into joy
And brought our good Prince home again.

THE PEOPLE

Our Prince, from out captivity
Has come back to his folk again;
Our Prince, our father, long awaited,
Takes up his happy reign.

SKOULA and EROSHKA

Haste, good folk, to meet him,
Haste to the Citadel,
Waste no time, go forth to greet him,
And wish Prince Igor well.

THE PEOPLE

Let all the people go to meet him,
To welcome home our Prince to-day;
Waste no time, but run to greet him.
Hail Prince Igor! Come away.

THE ELDERS and BOYARDS

Stay!
Let us go first, it is our right,
To give the Prince his welcome due,
Wait here, good people, within sight,
Until Prince Igor sends for you.

(THE ELDERS and the BOYARDS go towards the citadel).

THE PEOPLE

The Elders are quite right, good friends.
To meet the Prince we are not dressed.
We shall have time before he sends
To deck us in our Sunday best.

(The crowd gradually grows in numbers. Enter women in holiday dress. Many people come out of their houses bearing the bread and salt— symbols of welcome).

Let us all look bright and gay,
Poutivie keeps a holiday,
Songs of welcome we must raise,

Bob's
Opera World

Make a song our Prince to praise.
Bread and salt the folk must offer.
On a salver chased and fine;
Mead in plenty we must proffer,
And the best of wine.

EROSHKA

Hurrah for the Prince!
Hurrah for the great Igor!

SKOULA

Drink the Prince's health,
May he have long life and wealth.
The Prince has come!

THE PEOPLE

Let all the people greet the Prince,
Escaped from his captivity.
He is our little father kind,
He is our long-desired Prince.
Let all the people meet him,
Let all the people greet him,
Our noble Prince, our honour'd guest,
Loyal people, bring your best !
Happier days begin for us,
Russia's future's glorious,
Now Prince Igor reigns once, more!

(The Prince and Princess appear from the Citadel and move on towards the public Square, accompanied by the Elders and Bayards. The Prince salutes the people who receive him with shouts of joy).

Long live our little father long live our noble Prince!

END



The End