Boris Godunov:
opera in four acts,
based on Pushkin.
English text by
John Gutman.
METROPOLITAN OPERA LIBRETTO

BORIS GODUNOV

FRED RULLMAN, Inc.
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THE ONLY CORRECT AND AUTHORIZED EDITION
KNABE PIANO USED EXCLUSIVELY
BORIS GODUNOV

OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

by

M. P. MUSSORGSKY

Based on PUSHKIN

English text by

JOHN GUTMAN

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THE STORY

A C T I

Scene 1

Outside a Monastery near Moscow

A crowd of people are huddled in the courtyard of a Moscow monastery, ordered by a guard to pray and beg the Lord for His divine assistance. Shchelkalov, the secretary of the Duma, arrives with a message that Boris has not relented and refuses to become Tsar. After his departure, pilgrims arrive with images of saints and amulets. The people greet them with reverence and pray again to the Lord that He may deliver Russia from its misery and its unending feuds. The guard orders the people to appear the next morning at the Kremlin and the people, wearily, retire.

Scene 2

The Square in the Kremlin

The people of Moscow are assembled for the Coronation of Tsar Boris Godunov. He arrives amidst the general jubilation accompanied by Prince Shuiski and by Xenia and Fyodor, Boris's children. Boris is sad and brooding. A fearful omen fills his heart with dark thoughts. He enters the church and reappears with the crown on his head as the bells chime and the people greet their new Tsar with wild cries of "Glory, glory."

Scene 3

A Monastery

In the dark of the night, Pimen, an old monk, writes the chronicle of his time. Grigori, a younger member of the monastery, lies asleep. As he awakens he tells Pimen of the disturbing dreams he had and he asks Pimen a question that has long been on his mind: who killed young Dimitri, the Tsarevich. Pimen tells him what happened in Uglich that day, when young Dimitri was murdered by three men who admitted that they killed him by order of Boris Godunov. Asked by Grigori how old the Tsarevich was when he died, Pimen tells him that he must have been the same age as Grigori himself. As Pimen leaves the cell to attend the morning prayers, Grigori is left deep in thought about what he has heard.
Scene 4

An Inn near the Lithuanian border

The innkeeper is discovered singing a folk-song which is interrupted by the arrival of Missail and Varlaam, two wandering monks who are heartily welcomed by the lonely innkeeper and who are soon followed by a younger companion, Grigori, who has escaped from the monastery. Varlaam, inspired by the wine which the hostess offers him, sings a song about the famous battle at Kazan and then slowly goes to sleep. Grigori uses this opportunity to inquire from the innkeeper how far the border of Lithuania might be. The innkeeper tells him that the border is quite near and that he could get there this very evening if the police didn’t stop him. It seems that a man has escaped and that the police have been ordered to get him. Soon thereafter an officer of the frontier guard appears with a warrant which, unfortunately, neither he nor his assistant can read. He inquires whether anybody in the room is able to read and as Grigori admits to being educated, the officer hands him the warrant and orders him to read it aloud. This Grigori does and it seems that the details of the warrant fit Varlaam, the older of the two monks, to perfection. The officer wants to arrest Varlaam but Varlaam smells a rat and decides to read the warrant himself, although he confesses that he is not much of a reader. As read by Varlaam, it turns out that the warrant rather describes Grigori. As the officer prepares to arrest him, Grigori draws a knife and jumps out of the window.

ACT II

A room in the Tsar’s Palace in The Kremlin

Xenia, the daughter of the Tsar, cries for her bridegroom who died just before the wedding. Fyodor, her brother, and their nurse try to cheer her up by singing old folk-songs. Suddenly, Boris appears. He begs his daughter to forget her grief and tells his son to continue with his studies since the day may not be far when he, Fyodor, will be the mighty Tsar of Russia. After Fyodor takes leave from his father, Boris expresses the deep tragedy of his soul. Boris confesses that the bloody head of the dead Dimitri appears to him in his nightmares. Shouts are heard from an adjoining room and when the Tsar asks his son to find out what happened, Fyodor returns with an amusing story about a parrot that upset all the nurses by his weird behavior. Shuiski demands an audience with his Tsar and being admitted tells the Tsar that a usurper is gathering partisans and finds many people willing to believe his claim that he is Tsarevich Dimitri. Boris orders Shuiski to tell him whether he is sure that the boy who was murdered in Uglich was Dimitri. Shuiski is sure of that, and is dismissed by the Tsar who in a fit of hallucination sees the ghost of the dead child approaching him in the dark corner of his room and raises his hand to his God begging for forgiveness.

ACT III

A Castle in Poland

The beautiful Marina, a Polish noblewoman, is found with her friends and attendants who flatter her but Marina is not in a mood for worldly pleasanties. She has met Grigori and she believes him to be (or wants to believe him to be) the rightful Tsar of Russia. Rangoni, a Jesuit, demands of Marina that she must use all her feminine wiles to enslave Grigori and to use his love for her as a stepping-stone for her to become the Tsarina. Marina at first is shocked by this intrigue but as Dimitri comes to her to declare his love and beg her not to reject him she coldly informs him that she will belong to him only if he conquers Moscow as the rightful Tsar.
ACT IV

Scene 1

The Square in the Kremlin

Hungry people are milling about clamoring for food and begging Boris not to desert them in their misery. A simpleton appears followed by a group of boys who tease him and take his only coin away from him. The simpleton cries and when Boris enters the simpleton runs up to him and asks him to murder those boys the way he once murdered the young Tsarevich. Prince Shuiski orders the simpleton arrested but Boris forbids it, and asks the simpleton instead to pray for him.

Scene 2

The Duma

The Duma is in session and discusses what ought to be done about the usurper Grigori who claims to be Dimitri. Their discussions are interrupted by the arrival of Shuiski, who tells them the frightful story of how he discovered the Tsar a few days earlier in a state of complete frenzy, fleeing as it were from the murdered child that seemed to pursue him. As he describes the scene, Boris enters in a trance, shouting "Go, go, my child." The presence of the Boyars brings him to his senses, and Shuiski asks him to admit an old monk who has a message for him. The old monk enters; it is Pimen who tells the story of a blind man who had a vision in a dream that summoned him to go to Uglich and visit the grave of the slain Dimitri. The blind man followed this summon and as he knelt before the grave of the Tsarevich he suddenly was able to see for the first time in his life. This story strikes Boris with terror and he feels that the hour of his death has come. He counsels his son to beware of the intriguing politicians that surround him, he begs him never to ask how he, Boris, became Tsar, and he beseeches him to be a brother and a father to his sister Xenia. Boris dies.

Scene 3

The Forest of Kromy

The fires of the revolution are raging and a wild mob is threatening to do violence to a Boyar whom they have captured. Grigori, now recognized as Dimitri, the Tsar of Russia, appears and promises the people to right all the wrongs that Boris Godunov has inflicted on his subjects. The crowds follow him in jubilation. Only the simpleton remains. Lonely, he sits on a stone in the wide, empty steppe, and staring at the flames of the revolution on the distant horizon he bewails the fate of his land.

The curtain falls slowly.

THE END
CAST OF CHARACTERS

Boris Godunov
Fyodor, his son
Xenia, his daughter
Xenia's nurse
Prince Shuiski
Shchelkalov, secretary of the Duma
Brother Pimen
Grigori, later under the name of Dimitri
Marina, a Polish noblewoman
Rangoni, a Jesuit

Varlaam
Missail
The Innkeeper
The Simpleton
Nikitich, a guard
A Boyar
Lavitski
Chernikovski, Jesuits
An officer of the frontier guard
Mityukh
A Woman
BORIS GODUNOV

ACT ONE

SCENE I

[Outside a Monastery near Moscow. A Guard appears at the door. The people stand motionless.]

GUARD

You loafers—
have you turned to wooden statues?
Down there—on your knees!
Faster! Go down!
You're the devil's sons and daughters!
[The people go down on their knees, reluctantly.]

PEOPLE

Lord in Heaven, do not reject us, oh Father.
Lord, we beseech You that You protect us, oh Father.
We are all orphans without You—
help Your children, Lord!
And with tears we ask You, Lord in Heaven:
hear our wailing—hear our bitter cries...
Help, Father—Lord in the skies above.
Oh Father, Benefactor, don't leave us—
Help, Father!
[Guard exit.]

MEN

Mityukh—say, Mityukh: why do we cry?

MITYUKH

Brother—I can't tell you.

MEN

We must find a Tsar to govern Russia....

A WOMAN

To hell with it! I'm hoarse from shouting.
I ask you, my darling dove—have you a drop of water?

WOMEN

Wait—I'll serve you in a moment.
Just do not shout so much,
so you won't be so thirsty.

MEN

Women, stop your silly chatter. Quiet!

WOMEN

And who are you to tell us?
Don't think that you can bully us!

MITYUKH

Oh, you witches, keep your mouths shut!

CHORUS

Listen to that little devil.

VARIOUS GROUPS OF WOMEN

He's a fool—he's only boasting.
He's a heathen—he'll be roasting.
God have mercy on this sinner.
Let us run and look for shelter.

MEN

If this nickname does not please you,
if you feel he shouldn't tease you,
we regret it, we regret it.

WOMEN

If we stay, it won't be healthy,
so we'd better run for shelter.

MEN

See the witches—how they're running.
[The Guard appears again.]

GUARD

What's this? so silent? you spare your voices....

I'll show you.... maybe that your backs
are longing for a thrashing?
I will teach you, you loafers....

WOMEN

Don't be mad, Nikitch; don't be mad,
beloved.

MEN

Let us do some breathing—then we'll do some praying.

ANOTHER GROUP

He won't let us breathe, the bastard.

GUARD

Shut up—use your voices as you're told.
Well?

MEN

Ready.

CHORUS

Lord in Heaven, do not reject us, oh Father, we beseech You that You protect us, oh Father....

We are lost without You.

Lord in Heaven: hear our wailing, hear our bitter cries.

Help, Father!—Lord in the skies above:

oh Father,

Oh father in Heaven, oh Father.... ah....

[During the last outrages of the people,

SHCHELKALOV has appeared at the door of the Monastery.]

GUARD

Quiet—and listen. Hear what he has to say.

[SHCHELKALOV lifts his cap and bows to the people.]
Shcherkalov

Hear me, citizens.
Boris has not relented.
He pays no heed to his advisers, nor to
the Duma.
He does not want to hear of his accession.
What sorrow and grief has come to this
holy land,
fellow-citizens . . .
Right has been wronged in this country.
Let's pray to the Lord in His mercy
that He may grace us by His divine con-
solation
and to Boris may grant His guidance,
and waken his weary soul.
[From afar, the song of the pilgrims is
heard. The people listen in silence.]

Pilgrims
Glory to Him who is the Mightiest in this
world,
Glory, Glory to all His powers and His
Saints,
eternally glory . . . praise to Him.
Glory to you, Almighty—glory!
Thus spoke the Angel to this world—:
Up, you clouds, and run your stormy way.
Spread your wings across the Heaven's
dome,
over Russia wake, you clouds of God.
Over Russia wake, you clouds of God.
[The pilgrims have arrived at the Monas-
tery, with images of Saints, and amu-
lets. The people greet them with
reverence.]

Chorus
Slay and kill that evil dragon—
dragon spewing poisoned flames from its
thousand heads... Slay that dragon,
Russia's misery, and its unending feud.
And to all who have the true belief
say: they will be saved.
Now rejoice and don your festive gowns,
show the Mother of God on Her
Heavenly throne.
And from the corners of this holy land
united, you greet a mighty Tsar.
Sing hymns to God, our Father.
Glory, glory to His holy Saints.
Sing hymns to praise Him,
glory, glory to His holy Saints.
Glory to Him who rules all the world,
glory, glory to God, the Lord.
[The pilgrims disappear.]

Men
Well. . . ?

Mityukh
"...from the corners of this holy land...
you will greet him . . . from the
corners of this . . ."

Men
Go on. . .

Chorus
Now rejoice and don your festive gowns.
From all the corners of this holy land
reunited, you greet a mighty Tsar.
[The Guard, who has accompanied the
pilgrims, returns.]

Chorus I
What Tsar?—which Tsar do they mean?

Chorus II
Stupid question: Tsar Boris.

Guard
Listen—listen,
you bunch of donkeys . . . Pay attention!
Listen to what I say:
tomorrow after dawn
you'll gather at the Kremlin.
That is all.

[Exit.]

Chorus
Kremlin?
And what are we to do there?

Various Groups of People
It's all the same.
They tell us "cry"—
and so we cry some more.
More crying?
That's not very hard. . .
Well, it's time for sleeping.

Scene II
[The Square in the Kremlin. The people,
on their knees. The sound of many
bells is heard. Shuiski appears, with
Shcherkalov.]

Shuiski
Long may he live,
Tsar Boris Feodorovich.

Chorus
Long life and glory—
Our Tsar and Father.

Shuiski
Glory . . .

Chorus
As the sun is to Heaven
its highest glory,—glory
to this country, to Russia.
BORIS GODUNOV

Tsar Boris is glory—glory.
Long life and glory—
Long life and glory.
Long live Tsar Boris.
Long live Tsar Boris.
Long life and glory—
Long live Tsar Boris.
Long life and glory.

Be happy, friends.
Jubilate, and be happy, friends.

Let us praise our Tsar, Boris Godunov.

BOYARS

Long life to him! Tsar Boris Feodorovich. . .

CHORUS

Long may he live.

[Boris appears. Shuiski motions to the crowd to end their jubilation.]

To the mightiest of Tsars, Boris, be glory—glory—glory—glory—

GLORY!

[Boris stands in front of the Cathedral; beside him his children, Fyodor and Xenia.]

BORIS

My heart is sad—
a strange and fearful omen
invades all my being with its dark foreboding.

My Lord and God—You, my Eternal Father,
from Heaven's throne in mercy look on us,
and send to me, and to the power of my reign,
Your holy blessing.

Let me be kind and merciful like You—
let me bring glory to the Throne.

And now we bend our knees
before the mighty Tsars who governed Russia.

And then I'll call you to a feast!
All—from Boyar down to the lowly poor,
All be my guests. . .
All will be dearly welcome. . .

[Boris, with Shuiski and his retinue, enters the Cathedral.]

CHORUS

Glory—glory—glory.
Long life and glory—

Our Tsar and Father—long may he reign,
the mighty ruler!!

As to Heaven the sun is its glory—glory.
so to Russia her great Tsar Boris is glory—

[Boris appears in the door of the Cathedral]

Glory—and long may he reign.

GLORY—GLORY!

SCENE III

[A cell in a Monastery. It is night. Pimen, writing. Grigori sleeps.]

PIMEN

Just one more page—
the last of all my stories,
and this will end the chronicle I wrote.
The work is done, entrusted to this sinner
by God, the Lord.

And not in vain have I been called for many years
to be a witness:
there'll come a day,
a monk will read these papers,
and he will reap the fruits of all my toil.

Then he will light, like me, his lamp at midnight,
and shake the dust of all too many years
to tell again the legends of the fathers.

And thus the true believers will remember all that befell in long forgotten times.

Though I am old, my memories are young,
the olden times I often see before me,
like waves that stir the quiet of the sea...

How stormy was it once with great adventures,
how still is now the ocean, and how silent!
The dawn of day is near—my lamp is but a flicker . . .

Just one more page, the last of all my stories. . .

CHORUS (from afar)

Lord in Heaven, Father, have mercy on

Your slaves!

Merciful God.

From the flock of true believers
turn away all evil thoughts, merciful God!

GRIGORI (wakes up)

That dream again! Once again I dreamt that dream!

How it haunts me, that cursed dream.

Still at work, the worthy father,
and no slumber has touched his eyes all through
the weary night.

It warms my heart to see this peaceful scene

when he is steeped in thoughts of ancient glory—

so quiet—so untiring: he writes the book of time.

PIMEN

Awake so soon?

GRIGORI

I beg you, worthy man: give me your blessing.
May God the Lord protect you, son—
today, and always, and forever!

CHORUS
Lord—All-mighty God—do not abandon
me!

GRIGORI
All through the night you never ceased
your writing.
I was asleep—and yet I am not rested:
an evil dream has stirred my tortured
heart.
I mounted on a mighty stairway
that led me to a tower
and I saw
all Moscow from on high.
Like in an ant-heap
the crowds below
were running to and fro.
At me they laughed,
and pointed with their fingers . . .
it frightened me,
and I began to tremble . . .
I tumbled down the stairs,
and I awakened.

PIMEN
Dreams of a youthful sinner!
Chastise yourself with fasting and with
prayers—
and every dream you may be dreaming
will be pleasant.
Believe me: even now
when in the evening
slumber overcomes me,
before I find the time
to say my prayer,
unquiet is my sleep,
and even sinful.
And in those nights,
I dream of stormy feasts,
of fights and valiant battles
and all the vain pursuits
of thoughtless youth!

GRIGORI
How cheerful was your youth,
how full of ventures!
Down at Kazan
you fought and won a battle
and you were there,
when Shuiski beat the foe
and Tsar Ivan you saw
in all his splendor.
But I have always been condemned
to wander from one cloister to another.
Why was not I
allowed to fight a war,
to see the Tsar
and join him at his banquet?

PIMEN
Consider, son,
the fate of Russia's rulers:
great are the Tsars! yet often . . .
many times it happened
that they abandoned
the regal sceptre
and the purple
and with the crown
their power,
to don a monk's most humble vestment,
to find their peace of soul
within a holy cloister.

GRIGORI
But now, I want to ask a question that is
on my mind:
Who killed young Dimitri, our Tsarevich?
You, I am told, were present that fright-
ful day?

PIMEN
Yes, I was. Our Lord and God had de-
tined me
to see and witness a bloody deed. I was
in Uglic . . .
they sent me there to do a term of pen-
ance . . .
I came at night . . . next morning dawn
awoke me—
there was a noise, the sound of tolling
bells—
screams—shouts—we all ran to the pal-
ace—
What a sight we saw!
A sea of blood, and in it the Tsarevich . . .
his hapless mother unconscious by his
side.
His faithful nurse was crazed with fear,
and sobbed in desperation.
And then, quite suddenly, the crowd
cried out in wrath
and dragged in the servant who betrayed
her helpless master.
Wailing . . . moaning . . .
But then they find a man, his face dis-
torted,
his eyes aghast: Yehuda Bityagovski.
"Hold him—he killed the boy;"
they're shouting, all at once.
Then the crowd started to pursue
the three who did the murder—
and finally they caught them and made
them stand
before the lifeless body. Oh wonder!
He who died began to tremble!
"Confess the deed," they shouted in the
crowd.
The murderers, in fear of death, admitted
they killed the boy . . . by order of Boris!
GRIGORI
How old was he, Dimitri, the Tsarevich?

PIMEN
Seven years ... but no ... how many years have passed since?
was it ten?—or twelve years?
Yes, yes—twelve years. He would be as old
as you are—and Tsar today!
But God did not allow it, and thus the crime
that Tsar Boris committed
will conclude the chronicle I write.
You, Grigori, by learning you have formed an
eager mind: to you I want to leave my work;
in humbleness continue what I started, and
describe whatever life may show you—:
both war and peace, the reign of future rulers,
the prophecies and signs that come from Heaven.
My time has come—it's time for me to rest.
This is the matin bell. . .
Do give your blessing, Lord, to all Your slaves.
—I need my stick, Grigori.

CHORUS
Lord, have mercy on us, have mercy, God, on us all!
Heavenly, mighty Father—ever just, eternal—
have mercy, Lord!
[Exit Pimen. Grigori accompanies him, but remains standing at the door.]

GRIGORI
Boris, Boris—: you make the country tremble,
and no one ever dares remember
the fate you meted out to the Tsarevich.
Yet in this quiet cell
a monk recorded all that he knew
of this most heinous murder.
You will be called before your earthly judges,
nor can you flee
the judgment of the Lord.

SCENE IV
[An inn near the Lithuanian border.]

INNKEEPER
In a pond quite near
lives a gander here,

BORIS GODUNOV

oh—you my gander, dear!
my beloved gander, dear!
Now you must stay here,
lovely gander, dear.
Likes to swim in every pond,
of the willows he is fond.
Fold your little wings,
darling gander mine!
Don’t fly away from me,
stay and keep me company.
You will be my love—
like a turtle dove. . .
and this love will have no end,
you, my sweetheart gander friend!
Come and sit with me,
[The voices of passers-by are heard in the distance.]
close as close can be . . .
Hug me, give me one more kiss,
in my arms you will find bliss—
What is this? I heard a voice.
Guests are always welcome! Hey, there. . .
No one. It seems they passed us by. . .
Kiss me once again—
hold me very tight—
Oh—you my gander, dear,
my beloved gander, dear.
Come, console my heart,
console my lonely heart!
Say, we will never part.

MISSAIL and VARLAAM (approaching)
Brothers and Christians,
friends and honest people,
for the church we're building
we ask you for a modest gift.
Bread on the waters—:
you'll be rewarded!

INNKEEPER
Wandering monks they are—two worthy pilgrims.
Here I am, singing that stupid song—
stupid and sinful, that's too much!
Here are they! two monks, two worthy pilgrims!
[She opens the door: Varlaam and Missail enter, followed by Grigori, disguised as a peasant.]

VARLAAM
The Lord may bless this house of yours!

INNKEEPER
Would you like to eat something, reverend fathers?

MISSAIL
We take whatever God may send. . .

VARLAAM
No wine today?
BORIS GODUNOV

INNKEEPER

Why, of course! I'll bring you some. 
Sit down—rest a while. 

[VARLAAM watches GRIGORI, who has sat down at the table, brooding.]

VARLAAM (to GRIGORI)

What are you so glum about, companion? Here we are close to the border now: Lithuania! 
And that's where you asked us to take you.

GRIGORI

I'll never really be safe till I'm over the border!

VARLAAM

And what's so good about Lithuania? Take us: my friend Missail, and I, wicked sinner: since we escaped from the cloister walls, we don't care a single rap what country we're in— Russia—Lithuania—what do we care? If there's some wine! Ah, there is some now.

INNKEEPER

This is the best I have—may it keep you healthy!

MISSAIL and VARLAAM

We thank you a thousand times—God the Lord will bless your heart.

VARLAAM

Near Kazan—near the famous olden fortress 
sat Ivan—making merry at a banquet. 
Tartars got from him no pity— they were told to leave the city, and not to come again! But one day he had enough, and in the dark of the night asked his men to put a lot of mines all over the town. But the Tartars kept on acting like the owners of the place, when they saw Ivan, they simply laughed right in his face— That's the way they are! And the Tsar was sad by day and night, hung his head to the left, but later also to the right. Then he called for all his canoniers, and he ordered them to be prepared—every one of them. As the fuses began to smolder merrily, one young man threw a light into a powder keg— they exploded every single mine that could be found. Hey! One could hear the blast for miles around—

What a noise it was! And the Tartars yelled and shouted and shed bitter tears, such a noise as this one seldom hears. . . . Most of them would never yell or shout again: forty thousand Tartars lay there—slain! Even forty three!!! That's how it went— in Kazan, the famous city! 

VARLAAM (to GRIGORI)

Tell me: don't you drink anything? And it seems you don't even sing?

GRIGORI

I don't drink—

MISSAIL

Each to his own taste!

VARLAAM

. . . and mine is for wine! Come on, Missail, let us drink a toast to our charming host. . . .

(to GRIGORI)

Now listen, you—I do not care for those that don't like wine! Drinking may be piggish— sobriety is priggish! If you are like us, we'll always love you, but, if you're a kill-joy, get out of here!

GRIGORI

Drink—but don't forget who you were, my friend Varlaam!

VARLAAM

Who I was? Remember? But I want to forget! Phew! 
[He is quite drunk, and slowly falling asleep. MISSAIL dozes.]

There was a man— a darling man— spurred his horse so it ran. He wore a cap—he did not care a rap: he was filthy, that chap! 

GRIGORI (to the INNKEEPER)

Please tell me: this road out there—where does it lead to?

INNKEEPER

Into Lithuania.

GRIGORI

Is the border very far?

INNKEEPER

No, it isn't. . . . if you hurry you can still get there tonight. . . . if they do not stop you!

GRIGORI

Me? Why should they?
INNKEEPER

Somebody must have escaped... police have been ordered everywhere to look out for him!

GRIGORI

Eh! this does not seem to be my lucky day!

VARLAAM

Horse ran and ran—threw down the man—he'll get up... if he can...

GRIGORI

What's the charge against him?

INNKEEPER

How would I know? maybe some robber or thief.

But if he's smart enough, he has a chance to fool them!

Do they always get them? No—they don't!

It might be desperate, if there were no other road

than just the high road, but let me tell you:

If you cross the main street, you'll find a foot-path—

keep on walking—you'll come to a chapel,

near by a brook...

and from there to Khlopino—and then to Zaitsero—

From there on you cannot miss it: you are almost at the border.

Police are everywhere—: therefore be careful!

They are out to fleece us, and rob us of our last copeck!

VARLAAM

Came to a door—

he made: knock—knock—

[A knock at the door.]

and then he knocked again: knock—knock...

[Another knock at the door, louder.]

INNKEEPER

Who is it now? them again! Oh, darn it all!

[She goes to the window.]

They're always snooping around...

[She opens the door. Enter two POLICE OFFICERS.]

VARLAAM

(waking up for a moment)

There was a man... a darling man... spurred his horse so it...

OFFICER

Who are these two men?

VARLAAM and MISSAIL

We are two lay brothers—we are poor and honest—wandering through the villages, begging for a copeck, or two!

OFFICER (to GRIGORI)

And you—who are you?

VARLAAM and MISSAIL

Our companion.

GRIGORI

A peace-loving friend of the law!

I have come with these worthy old men, I'm on my way home now.

OFFICER

Try to get milk from a stone! That case is hopeless.

Let's try the old ones... Hm...

How is everything? tell me: how are they treating you?

VARLAAM

Oh! very badly—very! Everybody seems so stingy—fond of money... and they hide it!

God is last on their list. This world is so sinful, and it's chockful of heathens...

Walk your feet off... begging... praying...

and they'll give you half a copeck... that is all!

It is so little, it's just enough for some wine!

I'm afraid Judgment Day cannot be very far...

[During VARLAAM'S last speech, the OFFICER has looked at him very closely. VARLAAM gets upset.]

INNKEEPER

Lord above—have mercy on us sinners!

VARLAAM

Why d'you look at me—so long and so closely?

OFFICER

I'll tell you!

Alyokha: have you got that sheet?

Let's have a look. Listen—:

From his cell escaped some unworthy monk: Grishka Otrepyev—

Have you heard about it?

VARLAAM

No—never.

OFFICER

Well, the Tsar has ordered us to find that man, to arrest him and hang him!

I'm sure you have heard that?

VARLAAM

I have not!
Officer
Are you a reader?

Varlaam
No—sorry. I was not meant to be.

Officer
Come, have a look at this.

Varlaam
What is the use?

Officer
That man who escaped—whom we must find—you’re the one!

Varlaam
Good Lord! who gave you that idea?

Innkeeper
God above! the poor old man . . . he’s never hurt a spider . . .

Officer
Who can read? somebody?

Grigori
Yes—I can read.

Officer
Take this. Hurry up. Read aloud!

Grigori
"Be it known to every one:
that a heretic, named Grigori Otrepyev,
has run away
from a Moscow monastery.
After he listened to the Evil One, he set out
to tempt his brethren with visions of sin.—
Now he may be trying to reach Lithuania.
The Tsar orders you to arrest this man . . ."

Officer
". . . and to hang him!"

Grigori
It says nothing here of hanging?

Officer
Fool! You ought to learn to read between the lines . . .
Again: " . . . to arrest and to hang him."

Grigori
". . . and to hang him. As for his age . . . he is . . . (looking at Varlaam)
He’s about fifty two. . .
. . . has a rather red nose . . .
is of medium height, but heavy. . .

Officer
That’s him all right: let’s catch him, children!

Varlaam
Hands off! I warn you—don’t lay hands
on me!

You picked the wrong man. . . . Who says I am Grishka?
(He takes the warrant from Grigori)
No, friends—: I don’t care for such jokes!
My reading may be halting—I don’t say it is fluent . . .
but I can try—let me try—
it seems my life may hang on my reading. . .
"his age . . . age . . . his age is twen . . . twenty!"
Who says "fifty-two"? Liar!
"Of medium height . . . he has reddish hair . . .
and on his nose there is . . .
on his nose there is one little wart. . .
Furthermore—one of his arms . . .
his arms . . . is shorter . . .
one of his arms is . . .:"
I think it might be. . .
[Grigori brandishes a knife and jumps out of the window.]
It’s him—
don’t let him get away!
It’s him!

Officer
It’s him!

Missail
Get hold of him!

Act Two

Scene I

[A room in the Tsar’s Palace in the Kremlin.]

Xenia
Where are you—
love of mine?
You, for whom I’m longing.
Resting under the green-sward, far from all who love you,
you must be so lonely,
there under your tomb-stone.
You don’t see my sorrow—
You don’t hear my crying—
Why did you leave me?
Like you
I am lonely.

(She cries)

Fyodor
Xenia: don’t cry,
I beg you!
Cruel is your suffering,
but all your weeping
and sighing
cannot bring back to you
your bridegroom—
Xenia
Oh—Fyodor...I loved and adored him,
yet my love did not save him.
All my happiness left me—
I will mourn him forever.

FYODOR
Do not cry, I implore you,
Xenia, my darling.
(pointing at the big clock)
The clock starts!
Come, have a look.
The carillon is playing—
it's a very old, famous clock:
once an hour
it shows its wonders to us—
a herald first—
after him come two that play the
trumpet—
two soldiers,
and one with a banner!
Please look at them—
aren't they pretty?
just like live ones—
look!

Xenia
My dearly beloved!
You had promised
to love me—
my heart is aching—
I am yours—forever!

Nurse
My child, darling Tsarevna—
You must not cry!
All this weeping
will make you ugly!

Xenia
I'm suffering, Mamushka—
I'm suffering. . .

Nurse
Yes—yes, I know, my child.
Maiden tears
are like the morning dew:
comes the sun
and the grass is dry anew.
Think, dear, how wide the world is:
you'll find another prince—
he'll be handsome, too,
and he'll love only you—
and you will soon forget
the bitter tears you cried.

Xenia
Oh, no—no—Mamushka!
No! I want to be
faithful to him alone.

Nurse
Stubborn!
Love was much too brief
for so long a grief!
To a man a maiden gave her heart,
And they swore that they would never
part,
but one day he left her all the same,
and she said: I don't recall his name!
Yes, my darling:
that's the way it happens!
Please, wipe your tears away,
and listen to my song:

Gnat and Bug
were friends, you see,
the Gnat went and cut a tree,
while the Bug baked the bread—
what a lovely meal they had!
While they sat there,
had a talk,
came a cricket,
on a walk,
to the Gnat's and Bug's dismay,
started stirring up the hay!
Bug said: this is bad!
and the Gnat got mad,
for he thought that this was wicked,
with a stick he chased the cricket!
But the cricket
was too quick—
so the Gnat
just threw the stick!
But the stick
would not obey him,
turned around and
tried to slay him!
In the morning's
early light,
Bug came running—
what a sight!
With a shovel
and a spade
to the Gnat
he offered aid.
Tried to lift him... all in vain:
by his own stick he was slain!
Parting from
what he loved most,
Bug himself
gave up the ghost.

FYODOR
Oh—what wonderful story,
Mamushka—
and very funny!
but what a gruesome end?

Nurse
Tell me, Tsarevich:
don't you know another?
Let's hear it, child!
And I'll be very patient,
I'm pretty good at that,
for Tsar Ivan
taught us all
how to be patient!
Well then?

Fyodor
I'll sing one,
and you will join me soon.
I know your patience!
Here's a tale
that you'll like to hear:
a hen, one day,
gave birth to a steer,
and a suckling pig
laid twenty eggs.
Fools think I'm lying—
I'm not even trying!
Cock-a-doodle,
Cock-a-doo—
Little cock, how do you do?
May I ask
what brought you here?
I have come from Kiev, dear!
And in Kiev town,
on an old tree,
sits an owl
with a frown—for that owl can't see!

Fyodor and Nurse
Owl thinks
that is wrong.
Owl blinks,
sings a song—
Ping—ping—
double ping—
cut my feather,
hell for leather—
Pong—pong—
double pong—if you love me,
love my song.
All five fingers—
no one lingers!
In the middle
of the night
little sparrow
saw the light.
He had
narrow eyes—
real sparrow eyes!
and a beak
like a wedge
with a neat cutting edge.
Sparrow flew
from his nest,
to the owl
as his guest.
'Cause the night
was so long
they sang
a song.
There was a sexton,
his corn he was thrashing—it sounded
like thunder—the flail broke asunder!
The flames caught
the hay loft,
there was
no hay left!
Sexton got scared—through the window
he stared.
He was so frightened,
he hid
in the larder
and cried
all the harder!
So he lay there—it was not gay there!
His wife
all the same
baked a cake
on the flame—many guests
she would invite
and they feasted
all the night.
And the sexton
ate alone
five hundred pigs—then he ate
a bull—after that
he was full!
Clap!

(Enter Boris)

[The Nurse, on seeing Boris, curtsies in reverence.]

Boris
What's this? What wolf has stirred the hen amidst her brood?

Nurse
Mightiest Tsar, forgive me: but I am old, and everything upsets me.

Boris (embracing his daughter)
My Xenia, my much beloved daughter!
You shed a widow's tears
before your wedding—
for he who was betrothed to you
is dead.

XENIA
Father and Tsar,
please do not heed
the tears that I am shedding,
for all my grief
must seem so unimportant
compared to your afflictions.

BORIS
My dearest child—
My darling daughter—
now in a kindly talk
with friends and dear companions,
try to forget
your grief and sorrow.
Goodbye, my child.

(XENIA and Nurse leave the room)

(BORIS turning to his son)

And you, my son—
my Fyodor—
What is this?

FYODOR
This is a map of Russia,
of our country—
from East to West
Look, father:
Moscow—here!
there Novgorod!
and here Kazan.
Astrakhan!
Here mountains,
there Siberia.
And here
the old mysterious woods
of Perm.
The Caspian Sea!

BORIS
All this is beautiful!
As from the clouds
you see our country—
this great and mighty realm
before you:
the borders,
rivers—cities.
Go on, and study!
The time will come,
perhaps it will be soon,
when you
will be the Tsar
of this holy land.
Good-by—my son.

(Exit Fyodor)

Mine is the highest power!
Year after year

my reign was calm
and peaceful—
and yet my heart
has never known
a moment's peace.
How often have I
heard it prophesied:
my power
and my glory
would be endless!
But life,
and fame,
the heady wine of power,
the people's applause—
all that
has lost its lure.
I hoped
I might be happy
with my loved ones—
and I prepared
a splendid wedding
for my child,
for my Tsarevna,
my darling daughter.
Like lightning,
death sweeps down
and takes the groom!
How heavy
lies on me
the hand of the Lord!
And every sinful soul
must fear His verdict.
In vain I strive
to flee from this darkness—
oh, for a ray of hope
to guide me!
My weary heart is aching
with longing,
it cries to God for mercy.
At times I hear around me
a secret whisper . . .
I begged and pleaded—
my arms raised to heaven—
I hoped
that the Saints might hear my prayer.
In splendor I reigned,
my power is unending—
the Tsar of Russia!
For tears I begged
that might console me—
I am betrayed,
the nobles hate me—
open revolt
is rise in Lithuania—
hungry crowds . . .
and plague . . .
and devastation!
Like an angry beast
on the prowl
are the people—
in hunger
and poverty—
Russia moans . . .
For all the sorrows
that Heaven has sent us,
to punish the sins we committed,
they blame the Tsar!
For all their misfortunes
they curse my very name—
curse and despise it!
I cannot sleep
at night—
and yet
I have night-mares!
The child—appears to me . . .
its bloody head. . . .
eyes red with crying . . .
begging and pleading . . .
pleading for mercy—
no answer to its crying!
Gaping the wound in its body—
piercing the shriek
it cried in dying. . . .
Oh—Lord above!
God! my Lord!

[The Nurses are heard shouting off-stage.]

NURSES (off stage)
Ah—shush!

(Fyodor returns)

BORIS
What has happened?

NURSES
Ah—shush—shush! Quiet!

BORIS (to Fyodor)
Find out
what's going on there!

NURSES
Shush—shush—ah!

BORIS
Ah—
how they yell!

NURSES
Shush—shush—shush—ah—

[A Boyar enters and greets Boris.]

BORIS
Well—what now?

NURSES
Shush—shush—

BORIS
Well—speak up! Speak!

BOYAR
Almighty Lord and Tsar—
it is, asking you to see him,
Prince Shuiski. . . .
Stupid women!

. . . But no,  
he would not listen!  
He sat there with a scowl,  
shoulders raised in anger . . .

I see him!

He would not even look  
at the sweets they brought him—  
then, turning on the one  
who did not feel like scratching,  
he pecked her in her face—  
and the poor maid cried and fainted.  
That’s where the noise began:  
all the maids were yelling—  
and chasing through the room,  
Popinka they tried to capture—  
but all in vain—  
every one got pecked by Popka!  
This, father dear and Tsar,  
is why you heard an uproar:  
just a bunch of maids, frightened by a  
parrot!  
That is all there was—  
that’s the story.

My son—  
my dear, beloved Fyodor,  
cleverly and like an artist,  
you told me a truthful story.  
In simple and well-chosen pictures  
you clearly described  
all that had happened.  
Such are the fruits  
of learning—  
Trust is the beacon  
that shines in the darkness!  
Lord,  
let me see the day  
when they as Tsar acclaim him—  
the rightful Lord of Holy Russia!  
Oh—how I would gladly,  
renouncing all my powers,  
for such a blessing  
exchange my sceptre  
and the purple!  
When you are the Tsar  
you always must endeavor  
to have around you, child,  
a group of trusted counsels.  
Don’t trust Shuiski—  
he’s a cunning intriguer,  
he’s full of knowledge,  
but he’s sly—and false. . . .

Almighty Tsar and Lord  
I greet you!

Oh! it’s you, my worthy Prince!  
the man who’s proud to lead  
the brainless masses—  
a master in the noble art of treason!  
You—the evil spirit of the throne—  
every oath that you swore  
you’ve broken threefold—  
cunning hypocrite—wheedling flatterer—  
a traitor disguised as a Boyar.  
Deceiver! Snake!

When Ivan ruled Russia  
(may he rest in peace, now and ever)  
Shuiski was a name  
that used to be received with honors!  

Yes—but Tsar Ivan,  
were he alive now,  
it would be his delight  
to see you burn to death.  
Yes, and he himself,  
the Tsar and master,  
would fan the raging flames,  
fan them ever higher,  
a Holy psalm upon his lips.  
But I am kinder:  
it gives me pleasure  
to forgive my haughty servants!

Tsar . . .

Well, what do you have to say?

Tsar—please listen:  
I bring you news  
of great importance to the throne.

Is this perhaps the news  
that you and Pushkin heard  
when you received a message  
from all your noble friends  
that I have banished?

Yes, mighty Tsar.  
The rumor speaks of a usurper;  
the Poles—the Pope—  
they all are on his side!

But—who is the man?  
Whose name has he usurped,  
the scoundrel?  
Yes—first I want to know  
his name! You know it?
BORIS GODUNOV

SHUISKI
Believe me, Tsar:
your power is tremendous.
Your charity, your kindness, and your bounty
have won the love
of every humble slave.
and they have vowed their faith
to you and to your throne.
Yet, I must warn the Tsar,
my master and my Lord,
although with sorrow and with grief
my heart is bleeding—
you must be told
that this may happen:
if he should drive so far
his criminal intentions
to enter Russia
and to march on us,
and if he tries to captivate the crowds,
Dimitri’s name
may be a mighty weapon!

BORIS
Dimitri’s name?
Tsarevich, leave us, please.

FYODOR
Please let me stay
and let me be
beside my father
when he must hear
the fearful news
that threatens Russia’s throne.

BORIS
No—no—
you must not stay!
You heard me—
obey me:
go! Tsarevich!

(FYODOR exits)

Take measures—
don’t delay:
have soldiers guard
all Lithuanian frontiers at once,
that not a single soul
can enter Russia any more!
That’s all.
No! stay here—
stay here, Shuiski.
I ask you:
have you ever heard
that children who are dead
return from where they slumber,
to prosecute the Tsar—
the Tsar!
the ruler
elected by the people,
and crowned in solemn ritual
by the Patriarch? . . .

Ha—ha—ha—ha
What? you laugh?
Why don’t you laugh, then?

SHUISKI
Forgive me,
Almighty Tsar and Lord.

BORIS
Tell me, Prince:
That day in Uglich,
where the murder was committed,
and when Dimitri, the Tsarevich,
was killed—
I know that you were there:
you must have seen the lifeless body
while the people of Uglich
were shouting in the streets
to vent their deep despair,
crying out for vengeance . . .
are you quite sure
the victim . . . was . . . Dimitri?

SHUISKI
Quite.

BORIS
Vasili Ivanich!
By all that you hold holy
I beseech you
be frank with me—
Truth—
truth is all I want!
I shall be magnanimous:
the past is past—
and even your betrayal
I can forget.
But—
if you cheat me now,
and lie to me,
I shall devise
a punishment,
so devilish
that Tsar Ivan himself
would tremble in his grave
with horror . . .
Now answer me!

SHUISKI
You don’t believe me, Tsar.
You even doubt that I have
always been your faithful slave—
you speak of punishment
to scare me—
no death I fear,
I only fear your anger!
Everyone in Uglich
had seen the body:
five days and nights
it lay outside the old cathedral,
and with the child
another thirteen corpses,
disfigured terribly,
in rags, and blood-bespattered.
One could see
how all of them
had slowly started rotting . . .
but then I saw
Dimitri's face
was peaceful, pure, and radiant.
But bloody red,
frightfully,
his wound was gaping—
yet on his lips,
so chaste and so guileless,
a child's contented smile was playing—
he looked as if he were asleep
and dreaming a happy dream . . .
and in his right hand
he clutched a little toy,
as though defending it.

BORIS
No more—Prince!
(Exit SHUISKI)
Ah!—for some air!
I'm suffocating here—
I feel how all my blood
is rushing to my head,
it's raging in my temples.
A guilty conscience
is a cruel punishment.
[It is getting darker; the carillon begins
_to play._]
If you did
but once in life
an evil deed,
and though it was your fate
that made you do it—
your soul is doomed,
your heart is drowned in poison—
The furies
haunt and mock you—
like hammer blows
falls on your ears
the thunder
of damnation.
My head is reeling—
reeling—
and all my strength has left me—
I see . . . the child . . .
I see it lying there . . .
[The clock strikes eight. A ray of moon-
light falls on the moving figures.]
What . . . is this . . . over there . . .
in the dark. . . .
It threatens me . . .
it grows . . . closes in . . .
it moans and trembles . . .
Go—go—
not I—
I did not . . . murder you—
go—go, my child!—

it was—not I—
It was the people—
go! my child . . .
Hear me—Lord!
You, so great
and ever merciful—
forgive me, Father!
Have mercy on
Boris, the sinner.

ACT THREE

SCENE I

[A Castle in Poland. MARINA'S room.]
(friends of MARINA)

FOUR GIRLS

How blue is the river
how shady the willow—
See there: a flower,
whiter than snow-white,
and down in the water
it looks at its picture:
how lovely the flower
admiring its beauty.

CHORUS
And over the flower
so gay in the sunshine
a swarm of
enchanted butterflies
is dancing.

THE FOUR GIRLS

They all are
madly
in love with the flower—
longing
to touch it—
and yet they
do not dare.
They all are
in love
with its beauty.
So blue is the river
So lovely the flower
and down in the water
it looks at its picture.

MARINA
I want my golden band.

CHORUS
But here in
the castle
there, too, is beauty—
a beauty
much greater
than that
of flowers:
no flower ever
has been
so enchanting!
A glory,
a treasure
to all
who love Poland:
a woman—
a queen.

THE FOUR GIRLS
And many daring men—
so proud and
so noble,
in awe
they bend their knees
before her
regal beauty.

CHORUS
A smile
and a greeting
is all they
are craving.
For this
they would gladly
forget
all the others!
The beauty
is silent
it seems she
is smiling
at all they are saying
of love
and of passion—

THE FOUR GIRLS
The longing
the pining
of their hearts:
she gives them . . .
no answer.

MARINA
How charming!
The lovely lady answers:
"Thank you."
I thank you
for your kindness,
and for comparing me
to flowers
that are whiter still
than snow-white . . .
But what you're saying
does not please me.
Your words are meant to flatter
and you speak of daring men
who pay me homage,
young and noble heroes
who bend their knees before me.
"A smile is all they're craving
they pine away in longing . . ."
These are not the words to please me,
my companions:
do not speak to me of beauty,
of admirers.
Sing to me the olden ballads
that my dear old nurse once sang me—
songs of greatness—
songs of battle—
of the glory
that was Poland.
Songs of Poland's
mighty maidens—
songs of foes that
ask for mercy . . .
Yes, these are the songs
that please me,
lovely ballads
of my childhood.

(Dismissing them)
. . . till later.
You, Ruzya, I do not need you, darling—
go and rest—

[MARINA, remaining alone.]
Life is so boring—oh! how boring—
All my days
are dull and empty—
I am sad and weary,
life is meaningless,
a wasteland.
All the noble counts and princes
with their wealth and power
can't relieve this frightful boredom . . .
And yet,
from far horizons
comes a ray of hope
that blinds me—
there, from Moscow,
comes a stranger,
fills my doubting heart
with wonder.
My Dimitri,
great avenger,
show no mercy!
In the name of
God Almighty,
you'll avenge
our poor Tsarevich,
who was slain
by lust for power,
and the Tsar
whose hands are guilty
of bloody murder
you will punish!
I'll awake
my noble countrymen,
and with dreams
of gold and booty
I will lure
their greedy hearts!
You, my friend,
my valiant hero,
you'll be mine forever,  
for with tears of  
burning passion  
I'll enslave you!  
My Tsarevich,  
my Dimitri,  
You were meant  
to love me. . . .
and with words of 
tender longing  
I will tie  
your heart-strings.  
Not for me  
the love of courtiers,  
all their wooing  
only bores me—
to their fervent protestations  
my contempt will be my answer.  
What I want is  
fame and glory—  
What I want is—might and power!  
On the throne  
of Russia's rulers  
the Tsarina I shall be,  
and enwrapped in gold and purple  
I'll be shining  
like a sun.  
With my charms,  
my radiant beauty,  
I will conquer  
all of Moscow.  
The Boyars,  
so proud and haughty,  
they will bow to me,  
and greet me!  
And in ballads,  
songs and legends  
they will praise me.  
Yes—the dullest men in Moscow  
yet will praise  
their proud Marina!—
[She suddenly sees Rangoni, who is 
standing by the door, humbly.]  
Ah! it is you, holy man?

RANGONI

In humbleness,  
as servant of the Lord, our Father,  
I crave that I may ask  
the beautiful Marina  
to lend an ear to me?

MARINA

My father, you must not even ask!  
I am, and will be  
an obedient daughter  
of the faith.  
I'm serving  
the Church that is forever  
great and undivided.

RANGONI

But, my child,  
the holy Church  
is now forsaken:  
and the pictures of the saints  
have faded—  
Where is our faith?  
Its sources flow no longer . . .  
and where do you find  
the scent of incense?  
And bleeding—gaping—  
the wounds of the martyrs.  
All you hear in the temples  
is moaning . . .  
all the priests  
shed tears of desperation.

MARINA

My father! I . . .  
I am confused by what you say . . .  
all your bitter words  
sound to my faithful heart  
like a knoll of sorrow  
and of mourning.

RANGONI

Hear me, child—Marina!  
You have been called  
to bring the unbelieving  
back to faith and church  
and to lead them to their salvation,  
to destroy all this sinful dissension.  
And your name will be holy forever,  
and the angels of God, the Almighty—  
they will sing your praises!

MARINA

. . . And my name will be holy forever  
and the angels of God, the Almighty,  
they will sing my praises . . .  
Oh!—sinful words!  
My father . . .  
with what temptation  
you try to lure the weak and fickle heart  
of one who has no knowledge of the  
world!

I'm young, I'm fond of pleasures,  
I want a life in joy and splendor—  
I am not the one who's chosen  
to serve the Church in glory—  
please—forgive me.

RANGONI

Enslave with your beauty  
the heart of Dimitri!  
Tell him you love him,  
be tender and passionate,  
try to beguile and enchant him.  
Flames in your glances  
and smiles on your lovely lips,  
make him forget who he is!  
Dismiss all your futile and groundless  
fears
and defy
all the pangs of your conscience.
Pay no attention
to empty old legends
of maidenly modesty
and all such nonsense.
One day
you show him your anger,
you prod him with moods and caprices—
the next,
you're loving and longing,
and try to deceive him—
always tempt his heart,
and bewitch his mind . . .
And when finally vanquished,
he's kneeling before you,
in wordless enchantment,
waiting for your orders,
ask him to swear
that he'll serve the Church forever!

MARINA
I shall never do that!

RANGONI
What? the Church demands it,
and you dare deny it?
Whatever may redound to its glory
your duty will bid you surrender,
unfearing, and without asking—
even your honor!

MARINA
That . . . is not true!
I curse every word you have said to me.
You have a wicked and vicious heart.
My curse on you!
I've only contempt for you.
Go—go—I say!

RANGONI
Marina!
How your eyes sparkle
with diabolical passion—
your face is distorted,
and you are trembling—
a breath of hell and its pestilence
has blown all your charms away.

MARINA
Oh, Heaven, save your helpless child!
Heaven, tell me what to do!

RANGONI
You can't flee
the powers of darkness,
the demon of pride
fills your mind with his poison
and on the wings
with which Hell has endowed him,
Satan himself
is hovering above you.

MARINA
Ah!

RANGONI
To me who comes from the Lord
entrust your soul—and surrender.
With every thought—with every dream
you're dreaming
you will become . . . my slave!

SCENE II

[A ball in the Castle. A fountain is seen
through the windows. It is a moon-lit
night.]

GRIGORI
This is the night . . .
I am trembling—
Oh, my beloved,
you have enchanted my heart.
I'm yours forever!
Oh come, my love,
I long for you—
I'm waiting . . .
I'm waiting for you in the dark of night!
Why don't you hear my plea?
Have you forgotten me?
I have no dream but you—
all my life is yours . . .
a loving word from you
and a tender smile
alone can heal all the sorrows
of my weary heart.
Marina! Marina!
I beg you give me answer.
Oh come, oh come . . . I love you so!
No—no one answers!
[RANGONI appears suddenly.]

RANGONI
Tsarevich—Dimitri!

GRIGORI
Who are you?

RANGONI
I warn you, go and hide
before Marina's guests come nearer.
Beware, Tsarevich—I beseech you, be-
ware!

GRIGORI
Let them come—
I'm ready to receive them
with all the honor that is due them!

RANGONI
I've warned you, Tsarevich,
you will perish yourself—
endanger Marina—
They must not find you.
[He drags GRIGORI away with him.
MARINA enters with her guests,
MARINA herself on the arm of an old
Polish nobleman.]
MARINA
Do not speak to me of love and passion,
all your solemn oaths, I fear, will not
convince me—
Yes, my friend, your case is hopeless...
[MARINA and her escort disappear.]
CHORUS
Moscow's haughty power
will yet yield to Poland.
MEN
And her mighty soldiers,
they will rot in prison.
And Boris, their ruler,
we will beat forever!
WOMEN
Yes, it sounds enchanting—
but why don't you do it?
Show the Russians: you're the stronger.
And Boris is Tsar no longer!
MEN
For Poland's greater glory
first we must destroy
the might of Moscow!
WOMEN
Marina cannot help us:
her beauty is too cold
she's haughty—proud...
[MARINA returns and joins her guests.]
MARINA
And now—let's drink, my friends!
CHORUS
And here's to you, Marina!
MEN
Drink with us to fame and beauty!
A glass of wine to toast Marina!
The crown of Tsars
will yet adorn Marina!
CHORUS
To her!
To fame!
To might!
The crown of Tsars for her!
[They all leave. GRIGORI enters.]
GRIGORI
There was no escaping!
In his cursed claws
the wily priest had caught me!
And yet—I saw her—fleetingly.
I saw my love, the beautiful
Marina...
and like a thief
at night
I stole a glance
from radiant eyes—
enchantment!
... and as my heart beat louder,
I lost my patience
and I felt I must be free
to kneel before her—
I had to rid myself of my protector,
whose help I never wanted!
I had enough
(I told him so)
of all his talk,
his sly insinuations!
And then I saw a sight
that made me shudder—
I saw the proud and beautiful Marina
escorted by a toothless Polish ruin—
she smiled at him and whispered
of tender feelings,
of love and passion
of happiness and marriage,
to him—
to that toothless, tottering monster!
And yet I know
there's waiting for her
the splendor of glory:
the golden crown,
the scepter,
and the purple!
Oh—damn it all!
I want my sword—
I want my helmet—
my horse,
and on to glory!
The time has come—
my friends:
it's fame or death!
Fighting for me,
an army of heroes
will be victorious,
will win the day—
Glory to him who dares!
The throne will be mine!
[MARINA enters.]
MARINA
Dimitri! Tsarevich! Dimitri!
GRIGORI
It's you—Marina!
You have come, beloved,
most beautiful of all.
How the days are long,
and lonely, dearest,
when I must be without you.
Doubting,
my heart is suffering tortures.
all that I cherish,
all that my longing heart ever has hoped for—
the dream of love and passion that I
dreamed—
now is shattered.
MARINA
I know:—you suffer.
No sleep at night
and yet you dream;
for day and night
you always dream
about Marina!
But not for words of passion,
not for a lover's empty ravings
did I come to you!
When you're alone and lonely,
you may do all the dreaming
that your heart desires!

GRIGORI

Marina!

MARINA

Yet there's no sacrifice,
however great,
that you won't bring for me,
if love demands it so!
but when
will you . . .
take Moscow
as the Tsar?

GRIGORI

The Tsar!—Marina!
All your words offend me.
How can the throne,
the heady wine of power,
a swarm of servile men
who flatter and betray you,
how can all this make up to you
for what you're losing:
for love requited—
for true devotion—
for passion
and wild embraces—
for all that a woman
can only find in loving?

MARINA

I know that!
Yes, I know, we could be happy
as a tender loving pair—
What is glory—what is power?
If we are in love, what do we care?
I say no, Tsarevich!
If love is all you're craving,
in Moscow you will find
a thousand enchanting women—
the youngest, the fairest,
they all are made for love!

GRIGORI

Don't speak of them to me!
In beds of luxury
they look for pleasure . . .
Love indeed!
A friendly word
and they are yours—
Don't call that love,
don't call that passion!
It's you—
it's you alone,

Marina,
it's you I worship!
Yes, I adore you—
With all my love,
with all my passion.
Hear me—
I beg you!
Have pity
on my wounded heart—
Do not reject my love!

MARINA

You love Marina?
But do you love her
only as a woman?
Win the throne for me
in Moscow—
win the purple
and the golden crown—
that alone,
my friend,
can tempt me . . .

GRIGORI

How cruel you can be,
invincible Marina,
in all your words I feel
the chilly wind of winter.
See me lying at your feet,
a humble slave, I beg of you:
do not deny me,
and my ardent passion!

MARINA

No—my tender hero,
do not waste your words
in vain endeavors!
Up, my pining martyr,
I pity you!
Poor darling,
how he suffers,
how he weakens
out of love for his Marina!
Day and night
you dream of loving—
the mighty throne
of Holy Russia
and Boris
you have forgotten!
No, you never loved me!

GRIGORI

Marina—hear me first!

MARINA

Serve your Polish masters, you slave!

GRIGORI

Hear me first!
No, Marina!
I will not have you
throw into my face
the bitter lot
of times that are behind me—
Lies!
and you know you’re lying—
I am the Tsar
and one day soon
from Russia’s farthest regions
a host of valiant men
will heed the call of duty—
I will lead them all!
We will march on Moscow
and conquer the throne
that fate has willed to me!
Yes, and then,
as Tsar and master,
enthroned in lonely splendor,
I shall sit above you,
laughing and jeering at you!
I shall be happy
seeing you humbled at last—
and you, in abject obedience,
bewailing the glory
that could have been yours,
will be crawling
up to the throne
on which I sit.
Everyone
will point a mocking finger at you,
and deride you!

Marina

Deride me?
My Tsarevich!
I beseech you,
do forgive me
for the evil words that I spoke.
If I blamed you,
if I scorned you,
believe me, Dimitri:
love inspired all my words—
love for your glory.
a deep, abiding love for you
my master,
My Lord and Tsar!
You may put all your trust
in your Marina,
forget,
yes, forget me now!
Let fame be
your only love,
and conquer
the throne of the Tsar!

Grigori

Marina!
Oh, how I wish
that your words were true—
do not betray
a love that is holy!

Marina

I love you, Tsar!

Yes, I love you—
You are my hero!

Grigori

Oh—let me hear it again, Marina—
Yes, this deep delight
that you promise me
will bring peace
to my tortured heart—
for ever and ever
you are mine!

Marina

My Tsar!

Grigori

You, Tsarina,
you will be forever mine!
Come,
and embrace
the man you love.

Marina

You have conquered my heart,
and I love you.
I’m forever yours.
Oh, my Dimitri—
heroes are waiting
to march with you
to fame:
the Tsar you will be!

[Rangoni reappears; he sees Marina and Grigori embracing, and shows his delight over the victory he has won.]

Grigori

You, my Marina!
Oh, how impatiently
I’m longing to be happy—
the day of love must dawn!

Rangoni

What an enchanting sight:
lovers so sweet and so tender!
You may embrace her
with passionate kisses
but I have won
the game you played!

——

Act Four

Scene I

[Outside a Convent, near Moscow. A crowd of poor people. A group of men enters, among them Mityukh.]

Men
Say—is the service over?
Yes, and once again he was cursed!
What do you mean?
Once more they cursed
Grishka Otrepyev’s name.
Grishka?
MITYUKH
Listen, brothers, let me tell you
how the deacon, the fat one,
started yelling:
"Grishka Otrepiev—
Anathema!"

MEN
This is very funny—
why should Dimitri care
if they are cursing Grishka?
He is not Grishka!

OTHERS
That's certain.

CHORUS
Some have seen him in the Kromy woods.
They say he can't be very far.
And soon he will destroy
Boris and all his might.
Triumphant, he will mount the golden
steps
to the throne
that rules over Russia.
He'll save us all.
Through him
Boris and all his henchmen
will be doomed.

THE OLD ONES
Will you shut up?
Stupid devils,
or are you longing
for the torture-chamber?
[The Simpleton comes running, followed by a group of boys.]

BOYS
Trr, trrr, trrr, trrr... his hat is of tin
it makes such a din!
Trr, trrr, trrr, trrr... his hat is of tin—
it makes such a din!
U - lu - lu - lu - eh
Trrrr!

THE SIMPLETON
Moon is shining—
a kitten whining—
get up, you stupid fool,
pray to God above you,
ask that He should love you,
praise Lord Jesus!
Lovely weather... lovely moon-light—
lovely weather—moon-light...

BOYS
Greetings!
Greetings—
dear simpleton Ivanich,
get up and greet us!
Bow to show us your respect
and take off your cap—
such a heavy cap...

SIMPLETON
I have a coin—
I'm hiding it here!

BOYS
Liar!
Do not try to fool us, fool!

SIMPLETON
Here!

BOYS
There!

SIMPLETON
Ah—ah—
Why did you take my copeck away?
Ah—ah—
Come and give it back to me—
Ah—ah—
[The return of the Tsar appears; Boyars are distributing alms.]

CHORUS
Please, in the name of Christ,
do save us from hunger!
Tsar—Father—
in the name of the Saviour!

OTHERS
Look,
there's the Tsar.
Tsar—
in the name of Jesus, our Saviour
you are our father, Tsar:
have mercy on us,
for we all are your children!
In the name of Lord Jesus,
our Saviour.
[Boris has entered, accompanied by Shuiski.]

CHORUS
Your people cry—
we're hungry—
We are hungry!
Give us bread to eat!
Tsar, give us bread to eat!
We are hungry—
Tsar—give us bread to eat!
In the name of Lord Jesus.

SIMPLETON
Ah—ah—ah—!
Boris—hear, Boris!
Those wicked boys
are nasty to me.

BORIS
Why does he cry so?

SIMPLETON
Those boys—
they took my only coin away.
Why don't you have them murdered,
the way you murdered long ago
our Tsarevich!
Shuiski
Be silent, fool!
Arrest the stupid fool!

Boris
[Restraining Shuiski.]
Don't touch him!
Go, pray for your Tsar, poor idiot.

[Exit Boris.]

Simpleton
No, Boris—I cannot pray for you.
"Don't pray for Herod" our Lady ordered me—no, I must not pray for Boris.

Scene II
[The Great Hall in the Kremlin. The Duma is in session.]

Scherkalov
May I ask for your attention—:
The ruler of this land,
Tsar Boris Feodorich,
with all the blessings
of the Very Holy Patriarch,
and all the highest powers
of Russia's Church,
has ordered me to say:
"An outlaw, thief,
and fugitive from prison,
with mutinous intent
has gathered to his ranks
a crowd of hunger-ridden hirelings,
and dares pretend to be
the late Tsarevich,
the rightful Tsar of Russia.
In his plotting
he is abetted
by some exiled noblemen
and by some Lithuanian rabble!
He wants to overthrow
law and order,
and you, Boyars,
he hopes to win as his supporters.
He even openly
proclaims his evil plans!"
You're requested,
friends and Boyars,
to weigh his crime
and pass an honest judgment!

Boyars
Yes, let's take a vote on it.
What say you?

Another Group
First, tell us
what you think about him?

Others
Well—our opinion is,
and always has been:
(take notes, Andrei Mikhailich)

Various Groups of Boyars
The scoundrel
must be condemned to death!
Wait a moment!
You'd better catch him first,
before you execute him.
Obvious!
We're not so sure
it's obvious!
You must be silent
till your turn comes!
The scoundrel, whoever he may be,
until he's caught,
he shall be tortured,
and then we'll kill him,
and we'll hang his body—
Let him be
food for the hungry crows!
No! the flames
shall burn his body,
and all the people
shall be present
to witness his death
and curse his ashes.
And the winds
that storm in anger
will disperse
his cursed ashes,

All Boyars
wiping out the last remembrance
of the life of this usurper!

Various Groups
And everyone who sides
with this imposter
shall die!
His corpse
be fastened
to the pole of shame!
His name
shall be proclaimed
in all parts of Russia—

All Boyars
in all the cities,
towns, and smallest hamlets—
and everywhere it shall be read,
in every church,
and in the market places!
And, falling on our knees,
we'll pray
and ask the Lord
to have mercy
on our country,
this land of suffering.
But...
Shuiski is not with us?
though he’s a traitor,
when he is not with us
we miss him in our council.
[SHUISKI enters.]

SHUISKI

Boyars! I ask your pardon!

BOYARS

Why,
speaking of the devil!

SHUISKI

If I am late,
forget me—
and do believe me
that I have my reasons!
My mind
is full of gloomy thoughts—
my task is heavy!

BOYARS

Oh! shame on you,
Vasil Ivanich!
A man your age,
to get involved
in treason and sedition,
to make the fickle crowds believe
that he, Dimitri, is alive!

SHUISKI

What?
Surely, my brothers,
you are not serious?
How could I,
in these days of our misfortune,
when in my heart I share
all Russia’s sorrow,
how could I think
of treason and sedition?
My enemies are spreading
these slanderous lies,
out of bitter hatred!
But as a friend, Boyars,
I am compelled to tell you
a strange and fearful tale.
Last week
I saw the Tsar,
and when I left him,
my heart was heavy
with pity for his soul’s affliction...
A secret door
was open...
and I saw...
Oh, what a frightful scene
I witnessed!
Ashen...
his forehead moist with perspiration,
because I always
trust your wisdom—
In times of danger
and bitter trials
you are
the guardians of my power!

SHUISKI
Almighty Lord and Tsar!
You know I am
your humble slave,
yet duty bids me speak:
here’s what happened—
Tsar,
 a man came to your door—
he’s very old
and humbly hopes
he might be allowed
to stand before his sovereign.
A man of truth and wisdom—
his life was pure and blameless—
he says he knows a secret
that he must tell you . . .

BORIS
Yes, Prince,
admit the man!
Perhaps his story
will be a welcome balsam
for all that secret fear
that tortures me so much . . .
[SHUISKI returns with PIMEN.]

PIMEN
My name is Pimen,
a peaceful monk,
oblivious of the world
and yet I ask
the Tsar should hear me.

BORIS
You’re speaking to the Tsar:
tell your story—
tell your secret.

PIMEN
My story will be brief
and truthful:
it simply is a story
of God—
and all His wondrous blessings . . .
One evening,
close on the night,
a shepherd came to me . . .
his face was old with wrinkles . . .
h e sat with me—
and this is what he told me—!
"From early childhood" . . .
he started
"I was blind—
I’d never seen the dark of night
nor daylight,
my eyes were dead!

In vain I tried
to heal them
with herbs and roots,
by secret incantation . . .
I wandered far
to find a holy well
and wash my eyes with soothing
waters . . .
that blindness!
I grew so used
to being blind
that, when I dreamt at night,
I did not even see
what I was dreaming—
my dreams were
only voices.
Once . . . I heard a voice
in dreaming,
soft and childish
it called my name . . .
I still hear that voice . . .
Come! get up at once,
find out where Uglich is—
go there
and enter the cathedral.
And then you kneel
and pray
where I am resting—
I’m buried there . . .
Dimitri—
your Tsarevich!
But I am now
among the Angels of the Lord
and am endowed with all the blessed gifts
of healing!
Next morning I
remembered
and set out for Uglich,
together with my grandson.
I found the grave,
and as I knelt in prayer,
I felt a strange elation:
my weary heart grew light,
and tears were streaming
down my face—
and of a sudden
I saw the light,
my grandson
and the grave!"
[BORIS, who has listened to PIMEN with
great attention, cries out and falls into
the arms of the BOYARS. PIMEN has
left.]

BORIS
I’m choking—choking!
Help me!
I want to see my son
I . . . cannot breathe . . .
cannot . . .
[Fyodor enters and throws his arms around his father.]

Leave us alone—
my son and me!

BORIS

Farewell, my son,
I am dying . . .
from now on
you will be the Tsar!
Don't ever ask . . .

Tsar you shall be,
and rightful ruler—
as my successor,
my son,
my first-begotten.

Hear me!
My child,
the regal purple
will weigh upon your shoulders:
these are times of danger.

Mighty Tsar—
do have courage—
the Lord will help you—

CHORUS (off-stage)

The plaint of death . . .
give me . . .
the cloister's vestments—
the Tsar
withdraws to God!

FYODOR

Mighty Tsar—
do have courage—
the Lord will help you—

BORIS

No, no, Fyodor—
this is the end.

CHORUS

Dying, a child appears
before our eyes—
we lament it,
poor child,
it struggles,
it moans and sobs
and cries and begs for mercy—
but death
will show no mercy!
BORIS
Heaven! Heaven!
I am lost.
Oh Lord—
for me
for my sins!
Oh fearful Death,
how cruel
is your torture—
It is not time yet—
I still am Tsar—
I still am Tsar . . .
Heaven—
dead—
for me, all—
He . . .
he now is . . .
Tsar!
Forgive me—
for me.
[BOBIS dies.]

BOYARS
[In a whisper.]
The Tsar! . . .

SCENE III
[A forest near Kromy. A crowd of milling people, carrying the BOYAR KHRESHCHOV in their midst.]

CHORUS
Let’s set him down—

MEN
right here,
let’s make him comfortable.
Sit down!
And so that he won’t yell,
and that his noble throat
won’t suffer damage,
let’s stop his mouth!
That’s it!

WOMEN
But, listen:
here sits a Boyar,
and you do not
pay him homage.

MEN
What?
No one greets him?

WOMEN
That’s a scandal!
Friends of Boris
deserve more honor!

MEN
Boris, the robber Tsar,
he stole the throne of Russia,
but then
this robber
robbed the thief!

So—let’s honor him for that,
like any decent thief—
Heh! come on—
Fomka—Epiklan,
be his body-guard.
That’s it.

WOMEN
How can I
trust my eyes?
Whoever saw
an elegant Boyar
without a sweetheart?

OTHER WOMEN
We will not have it!
Boyars who have no sweethearts
are like thorns
without roses.
What can we do?

VARIOUS GROUPS OF WOMEN
Afimya—come, help us!
We’ve heard it rumored
that you are
more than ninety years old—
If that’s true,
then you’re the one.
Come here,
and sacrifice your youth to him!
Sit down!

CHORUS
Ha—ha—ha!

MEN
Now then,
Let’s sing a song for him
You, women—you are first!
Come on, women,
you are first!

WOMEN
He is not like an eagle
with wings soaring—
he is not like a steed,
with his mane flowing—
he sits and sits—
dear darling Boyar,
he is deep in thoughts.

CHORUS
Long live the proud Boyar!
Lickspittle of the Tsar!
Long live the proud Boyar,
Lickspittle of the Tsar!
Glory!

MEN
Wait, women:
don’t leave the poor Boyar
without his horse-whip!

OTHER MEN
Who speaks of horse-whips?
Cat-o-nine-tails
for him!
On with the song!
BORIS GODUNOV

He sits
and sits,
he is pondering
how a Boyar
can oblige his Tsar—

CHORUS

How to please
and how to help him
torture and beat
decent folk?
Long live the proud Boyar,
Lickspittle of the Tsar!
Long live the proud Boyar,
Lickspittle of the Tsar!
Glory!
You have honored us
when we deserved honor,
and in darkest night
you have enlightened us:
Yes! by whipping
you have improved our mind—
thank you, Master.
You are so kind!
Long live the proud Boyar,
Lickspittle of the Tsar—
Long live the proud Boyar,
Lickspittle of the Tsar.
Glory shall be your reward
forever,
Glory shall be your reward
forever more!
Glory—
praise to you!

[MISSAIL and VARLAAM are heard singing in the distance.]

MISSAIL and VARLAAM

Dim in the sky
are sun and moon—
and all the stars
will have vanished soon—
the day of final reckoning
has begun
for all the evil deeds
Boris has done.
Beasts roam the fields,
unknown to the sight,
and beast breeds beast
by day and by night.
And they slay
and devour
man and woman and child,
to punish the world
for all his sins!

MISSAIL

Those who are true
to God, the Lord,
must suffer pain
through Boris, the Tsar.

VARLAAM

He has bowed
to Hell's infernal ghost,

BOTH

to the glory of Satan
and his fearful host.

[MISSAIL and VARLAAM enter.]

Deep is the grief
of this holy land,
and heavy is the hand
of him who scorned the Lord,
that threefold cursed hand
of him who killed a Tsar—
for his sins
he will pay
in all eternity!

CHORUS

Who is singing?
Pious monks,
who come to us from Moscow—
Can you hear them?
They sing a song
of your Tsar Boris—
and of all the cruel tortures
... they sing of all the tortures
that are our lot,
... that he has meted out
to decent people!
To arms!
Free and daring
we will fight them—
valor always wins the day!
Free and daring
we will fight them!
valor always
wins the day!
We will fight them—
daring—
In this fight
we will gladly
shed our blood,
gladly shed our blood!
In this fight we will
gladly shed our blood!
And in glory rises,
and in glory rises
all our force and might,
rises all our force and might.
And in glory rises,
and in glory rises,
all our never-ending might.
All our glory,
all our might!
Eternal Russia's might.
Fight!
Might that guides
our fate—lead us!
Might that stems
from the Lord—lead us!
Don't betray your sons ever, valiant men who fight for us. Might—might!
Might that rules all the universe, great and eternal might!
Might!
Don't betray those, who fight for you. Don't betray all those valiant men! Might!
Might eternal— unending might!
We sing a hymn to life-power— there's joy among your worshippers! Eternal might, great life-power!
Might!
Don't betray those, who fight for you. Don't betray all those valiant men!
Might!
Might eternal— unending might!
We sing a hymn to life-power— there's joy among your worshippers! Eternal might, great life-power!
Might!
Don't betray those, who fight for you. Don't betray all those valiant men!
Might!
Might eternal— unending might!

Varlaam and 3 Men
Bid him welcome, dearest friends, the one and only Tsar!

Missail and 3 Men
Bid him welcome, him whom the Lord has saved from the evil hands of his vilest foe!

Missail, Varlaam and 3 Men
Bid him welcome, dearest friends, and greet Dimitri, noble son of Ivan!

Chorus
Everywhere
Boris has his henchmen, who torture innocent people!
Everywhere
Boris has his henchmen, torturing innocent people!
Torture most frightful, hanging and beating— the true believers must suffer
Torture most cruel. . .
Hanging and beating innocent people, innocent people.
Death! Death! Death! Death!
Death for him—
Death—
Kill the killer! Death!—kill the killer!

Kill Boris the Killer. Death!
Kill the Killer!
He who has killed must die!

Lavitski and Chernikovski
Domine, Domine, salvum fac Regem, Regem Demetrium Moscoviae, Regem Demetrium omnis Russiae, salvum fac Regem Demetrium!

Chorus
And who are those? What devil brought them here? Like the wolves they're howling. What infernal noise!

Varlaam
Nasty ravens, both of them. It seems they also are defending the rightful Tsar— We won't have it! My friend Missail.

Varlaam and Missail
We won't have it! [Lavitski and Chernikovski appear.]

Varlaam and Missail
Let's kill the cursed ravens!

Chorus
A tree—
A tree!
A rope!
Yes! we will hang you— three-fold cursed enemies!

Varlaam
Yes, dearest friends, we will hang them on the highest tree!

Varlaam and Missail
There they can pray for the universe in eternity!

Chorus
A rope! [The crowd ties the two Jesuits together.]

Lavitski and Chernikovski
Sanctissima Virgo, juva servos tuos.

Varlaam
Let's tie them fast— and that will make an end to their praying! Let them beg and cry— no one shall help them!

Chorus
A tree!
Come on, let us hang them!
Glory to you, our Tsar and Lord—
saved by the grace of God!
Glory to you, our Tsar and Lord,
saved by the Lord on high!

CHORUS

Glory—glory—glory!

[The crowd, VARLAAM, MISSAIL, LAVITSKI, CHERNIKOVSKI and the SIMPLETON, all greet the new ruler DIMITRI.]

DIMITRI

We, Dimitri Ivanovich,
by the grace of God, the Lord,
Tsarevich of all the Russias,
Prince of the blood
of noble forebears,
We assure you of our kindness.
To those
whom Godunov made suffer
we will grant protection!

KHRUSHCHOV

Mighty Lord,
our Tsar Dimitri,
glory to you!

DIMITRI

On to glory!
I lead you—

fight with me
to free
the land of our fathers!
With me
march on to Moscow!

[The tocsin is heard from afar. DIMITRI leaves, followed by the entire crowd. The SIMPLETON remains all alone.]

CHORUS

Hail!
Victory!
Hail,
mighty Tsar!
LAVITSKI and CHERNIKOVSKI (off stage)

Deo gloria—Deo gloria!

CHORUS (from afar)

Hail—
mighty Tsar,
Dimitri Ivanovich!

[A great fire is seen in the distance. The SIMPLETON sits on a stone.]

SIMPLETON

Eyes are burning,
bitter tears flowing—
cry, faithful heart,
cry in deep anguish:
soon the foe will come—
and the dark will fall—
night will blind us all
and no hope of dawn.
Russia's sorrow
is great—
Cry—cry—
Russian land—
hungry people—
cry. . . .

[The sound of the tocsin continues. The SIMPLETON trembles, and gazes at the fire on the horizon.]

THE CURTAIN FALLS SLOWLY