

CD 1

1 Úvod

1. JEDNÁNÍ

Věžňové

- 2 (Ten.I) Přivedou dnes pána!
 (Ten.II) K nám pána!
 (Ten.I) Mezi nás pána!

Luka

Čert troje bozy roztrhal
 než nás tu všechny sehnal!

Velký vězeň

Kudy lezeš?
 Pitomá palice!
 Postůj, postůj!

Malý vězeň

Co křičíš?
 Ty sám uhní!
 Jak mamut tu stojí.

Velký vězeň

Birjulina kráva
 stelná z chleba čistáka
 k hodům vrhne šestnáct telátek.

Malý vězeň

Co to za ptáka?
 Jaký?
 (pěstí dorážejí na sebe)

Velký vězeň

Taký!

Malý vězeň

Jaký?

Velký vězeň

Taký!

Malý vězeň

Jaký?

CD 1

Prelude

ACT ONE

(Prison courtyard in a Russian penal colony on the river Irtish. Early morning. Prisoners leaving their block, washing themselves. In one corner some of them are teasing an injured eagle, others file into the prison canteen ... Young Alyeya comes out of the block ... Most of the prisoners are silent; some cross themselves as they wash at the water buckets...)

Prisoners' Chorus

(Tenors I) They're bringing a nobleman here today!
(Tenors II) A nobleman amongst us!
(Tenors I) A nobleman to join us here!

Luka

The devil wore out three pairs of boots
 before he rounded our lot up!

Tall Prisoner

Where are you going?
 Stupid idiot!
 Stop still, stop still!

Short Prisoner

What are you bawling about?
 Get out of the way yourself!
 The man's standing there like a mammoth.

Tall Prisoner

Biryula's cow¹
 got pregnant on our fine prison bread,
 she'll drop sixteen calves for the big feast.

Short Prisoner

What kind of bird are you?
 What sort, eh?
(they start pummelling each other)

Tall Prisoner

This sort!

Short Prisoner

What sort?

Tall Prisoner

This sort!

Short Prisoner

What sort?

Velký vězeň
Taký!

Malý vězeň
Jaký?

Velký vězeň
Taký!
Kahan!

Malý vězeň
Tys podlec
a ne kahan!

Luka (*roztrhává je od sebe*)
Jste oba hodní!
Snadli baba kyšku s chlebem,
a dostali knutem!

(*Velký vězeň odchází*)

Věžňové
Mezi nás vedou pána!

(*Vstupuje pod stráž Gorjančikov, vystrašený,
v městském ještě ústrojí.*)

Malý vězeň
Mezi nás vedou pána.

(*Placmajor přichází*)

Placmajor (*ke Gorjančikovovi*)

3 Jak tě nazývají?

Gorjančikov
Alexandr Petrovič Gorjančikov.

Placmajor
Poručíku, hned s ním do vězení,
hlavu odřít! Okovy přikovat!
A jaké to šiněli?
Je to nejnovější střih? Odkuds to vzal?
Z Petrohradu?

Stráž
Jeho vlastní šat,
vaše blahorodí!

Placmajor
Všechno sebrat!
Prodat!
Vězeň nemá mít nic vlastního!
A hled' se dobře chovat!

Tall Prisoner
This sort!

Short Prisoner
What sort?

Tall Prisoner
This sort!
Heron!

Short Prisoner
You're scum,
you're no heron!

Luka (*separating them*)
You're two very good lads.
"They ate the old woman's curds
and bread and
got a whipping for it."

(*Exit Tall Prisoner*)

Prisoners
They're bringing a noble to join us!

(*Enter Goryanchikov under guard, frightened,
still wearing city clothes.*)

Short Prisoner
They're bringing a noble to join us!

(*Enter Commandant*)

Commandant (*to Goryanchikov*)
What's your name?

Goryanchikov
Alexander Petrovich Goryanchikov.

Commandant
Lieutenant, off to prison with him,
shave his scalp. Fix leg-chains on him.
And what sort of army coat is that?
The latest coat? Where did you get it?
In Petrograd?

Guard
They're his own clothes,
your honour!

Commandant
Take everything away!
Sell it!
A prisoner mustn't have anything of his own!
And mind you behave properly!

Abych neslyšel.
Nu tak ...
Za nejmenší přestupek metly.
A jak to vyhlížíš?
Zbojník? Ťulák?
(*tahá ho za vousy*)

Gorjančikov

Jsem politický přestupník.

Placmajor

Jak?
Ty drzý!
Sto metel! V tu minutu!

(*Placmajor odchází.*
Gorjančikova odvádí stráž.
Aljeja jde s úzkostí za Petrovičem ...
Výkřiky bolesti za scénou ...
Velký vězeň s orlem; drží ho za zobák.)

Velký vězeň

Zvíře! Nedá se!

Malý vězeň

At' třeba zdechne!

Velký vězeň

Ale ne ve vězení!
Pták volný, surový,
nepřivykne vězení.

Malý vězeň

Věru, že není jako my!

Stařík

Zmátls to. Vždyť on pták,
a my jen lidé!

Věžňové

Vždyť on pták, a my jen lidé!

Malý vězeň

Nikito, pust' ho!

Velký vězeň

Orel, car lesů!
Bratří, orel car lesů,
car lesů!

Malý vězeň

Pust' ho, Nikito! Pust' ho!

(*Velký vězeň pustí orla, jenž bije zlomeným
křídlem a vlezle v kout zahrady.*)

I don't want to hear any reports.
Right then ...
For the slightest offence – a thrashing.
And what do you think you look like?
Some brigand? Some tramp?
(*he pulls his beard*)

Goryanchikov

I'm a political offender.

Commandant

What's that?
Impudent thing!
A hundred lashes – this very minute!

(*Exit Commandant.*
Goryanchikov is led off by a guard.
Alyeya follows him anxiously ...
Cries of pain offstage ...
*Enter Tall Prisoner with eagle, holding it by the
beak*)

Tall Prisoner

Savage beast! It won't give up!

Short Prisoner

Let it die, then.

Tall Prisoner

Not in prison, though.
Your wild bird, untamed,
it'll never get used to prison.

Short Prisoner

True, it's not like us.

Old Prisoner

You've got it mixed up. It's a bird,
and we're just humans!

Prisoners

It's a bird, and we're just humans!

Short Prisoner

Nikita, let him go!

Tall Prisoner

An eagle, tsar of the forest!
The eagle, brothers, is tsar of the forest,
tsar of the forest!

Short Prisoner

Let him go, Nikita! Let him go!

(*The Tall Prisoner releases the eagle. It flaps its
broken wing and walks off into a corner.*)

Věžňové

Orel car lesů!

Stařík

Vidiš.

Vidiš, jak belhá!

Věžňové

Orel, car lesů!

Stařík

Vidiš,vidíš, jak belhá!

Placmajor (vřtí se)

Bijte!

Bijte pokrytce, lháře!

*(Stráže zatlačují vězně.)***Stráž**

Do práce, do práce!

*(Věžňové usedají k práci; jiná skupina strojí se vyjit na venkovskou práci.)***Věžňové**

4

(Ten.) Neuvidí oko již těch krajů*(Bassi)* Neuvidí oko již těch krajů*(Ten.)* v kterých já zrozen.*(Bassi)* v kterých já zrozen.*(Ten.)* Opět mučení,*(Bassi)* Opět mučení,*(Ten.)* bez viny.*(Bassi)* bez viny.*(Alyeja se stařečkem usedají u vchodu do kordekvardije.)**(Ten.)* Srdce zabolí, zateskní.*(Bassi)* Srdce zabolí, zateskní*(Vězeň Skuratov přisedne si ke skupině, jež šije laptě)***Skuratov**

Ja mladá na hodech byla,

lyžky umyla,

v polévku vlila,

omastek seškrábla,

pirohů napekla.

Věžňové

A—a—

Skuratov

Beze mne mě oženili,

Prisoners

Eagle, tsar of the forest.

Old Prisoner

Look,

look at him limping!

Prisoners

Eagle, tsar of the forest.

Old Prisoner

Look, look at him limping.

Commandant (rushing in)

Beat him!

Beat him, the hypocrite, the liar!

*(Guards push the prisoners away.)***Guard**

On with your work! Your work!

*(The prisoners sit down to their work, or get ready for working in the fields.)***Prisoners***(Tenors)* My eyes will never see the land –*(Basses)* My eyes will never see the land –*(Tenors)* – in which I was begot.*(Basses)* – in which I was begot.*(Tenors)* Tortured once more –*(Basses)* Tortured once more –*(Tenors)* – through no fault of our own.*(Basses)* – through no fault of our own.*(Alyeya and the Old Prisoner squat down at the Guard-house entrance.)**(Tenors)* The heart ails, the heart pines.*(Basses)* The heart ails, the heart pines.*(Prisoner Skuratov joins the group who are sewing boots)***Skuratov**

"I was a young lass serving at the feast,

washing the spoons,²

making the soup,

scraping fat from the pans,

baking the pirozhki."³**Prisoners**

Ah-h—

Skuratov

"I wasn't there when they married me,

[já ve mlýně byl!

Luka

Vyje!

Zpíval vlk a on mu píseň ukrad.

Skuratov

O Luka, O Luka!

“Malý ptáček,
ostrý drápek!”

Luka

Jaký Luka?

Pro tebe jsem Luka Kuzmič!

Skuratov

Nu tedy, Luka Kuzmič!

Luka

Žádný Luka Kuzmič.

Pro tebe jsem strejček!

Skuratov

Nu tedy, čert s tebou,
i se strejčkem!

A já ti chtěl dobré slovo povědět!

A já ti chtěl zbohatnout, už chtělo se mi
zbohatnout!

Ach bratře, hlavo, drahá!

Když jsem se s Moskvou rozloučil,
byl jsem rád, že hlava šla se mnou.

S Bohem, Moskvo, zaplat' Bůh za život,
za volný vítr!

S Bohem, Moskvo.

A hodně mi jich nalupali.

Luka

A čímš potom zbohatnul?

Skuratov

Zkusil jsem boty šít.

Luka

A kupovali?

Skuratov

Našli se taková.

Boha se nebáli,
otce, matku nectili.

O, selhal můj život ubohý!

O, selhal můj život!

O, počkej na chvíličku.

Akulín muž přišel na dvůr.

Tra-la-la-la ...

(Skuratov krepčí)

[For I was at the mill! "

Luka

How!

He heard a wolf singing and stole his song!

Skuratov

Oh Luka, Luka!

"A tiny bird,
but sharp claws!"

Luka

How do you mean "Luka"?

You must call me Luka Kuzmich!

Skuratov

Very well, Luka Kuzmich!

Luka

Don't call me Luka Kuzmich!

Call me uncle!

Skuratov

Very well, to hell with you
and to hell with uncle too!

And I wanted to say nice things to you!

And I wanted to get rich, I was just on the
point!

But brother mine, how I love this head.

When I said goodbye to Moscow

I was lucky my head came with me.

Farewell, Moscow, thank God to be alive,
thank God for the open air!

Farewell, Moscow.

And they gave me such a thrashing.

Luka

And how did you get rich after that?

Skuratov

I tried sewing boots.

Luka

And did people buy them?

Skuratov

I found a few customers.

They were men who feared no God,
honoured neither father nor mother!

Oh, my wretched life was in ruins!

My life was in ruins!

Ah, wait a little moment,

"Akulin's husband has come into the yard."

Tra-la-la-la ...!

(Skuratov does a dance)

Luka

Jšššš! Blázne!
Jšššš! Blázne!

Vězňové

Člověk zbytečný...!
Člověk zbytečný!

(Skuratov se zhroutlí)

Luka *(nepovšimne si Skuratova)*

- 5 Aljejo, podávej nitku!
Jsou zpuchřelé, komisní.

Aljeja *(přiběhne)*

Na trhu koupili.

Luka

Naše krejčovské jsou lepší.
U které podlé baby
je bere invalida?

Aljeja

U tetky.

Luka

To značí u kmotry?

Aljeja

U kmotry.

Luka

Takový směšný byl.

(Skuratov leží nehybně)

Dívám se,
věznili nás dvanáct chochlů.⁴
Mezi nimi on,
a pláče!
Pravil, odsoudili.
A což ty moje děti?

Já jemu pravil:

“Bašu, ni!”⁴

A vin bisov syn⁴

a pišet, pišet.¹⁴

Nu, baču sobi,⁴

co by zdechl!

A pořád piše, piše.

A jak piše,

tak i propadla moje hlava.

Tak čert by solil, ten major.

Pojd' jen, pojd' jen!

Mluv s nim!

Uvidíš!

Luka

Ugh! Fool!
Ugh! Fool!

Prisoners

A man good for nothing ...!
A man good for nothing!

(Skuratov collapses)

Luka *(ignoring Skuratov)*

Alyeya, give me some thread!
These ones are rotten, prison shop stuff.

Alyeya *(running up)*

They were bought at the market.

Luka

Our tailor's threads are better.
What old market woman
does the quartermaster buy them from?

Alyeya

He gets them from "Auntie".

Luka

You mean "Godmother".

Alyeya

Yes, "Godmother".

Luka

A funny fellow he was.

(Skuratov lies on the ground, motionless)

I look round,
they've got twelve of us Ukrainians in prison.
He was one of them,
weeping!
He had his say, they passed sentence.
"And what about my children?"

I spoke up:

"I see what you're up to. Never!"⁴

And that son-of-a-devil clerk⁴

goes on writing, writing.⁶

So I look around me and say⁴

"Go to hell!"

And he writes that down too, keeps on writing.

And as he writes

I feel my head dropping off.

Devil take him, that governor!

"Come along, come along," I think,

"Talk to him!

Then you'll see!"

Mlčel jsem.
Vzbouřil jsem chochly.
Na majora si stěžovali.
A já už zrána vypůjčil jsem si u souseda nůž.

Rozzuřil se major.
Jede.
Vše to mezi chochli.
Vletěl major.
“Co to?
Já car i Bůh!”
Jak to řek,
byl nůž mojich rukou.
“Ne,” pravím, “Vaše blahorodí!”
A jdu k němu blíž a blíž.
“Jak by bylo možno,
byste nám byl car i Bůh?”
“A ty, co? Zbojník?”
“Ne,” pravím,
a jdu k němu blíž a blíž.

“Bůh náš všemohoucí, vševědoucí,
On jedin jest!
On jedin jest!
A car?
On jedin jest nade všemi námi! A vy,”
pravím
“vy jen ještě major z carské milosti,
a pro vaše zásluhy.”
“Jak, jak, jak?”
zakdákal!
Vbodl jsem mu nůž do života.
Převalil se.
.... Aljeja, niti!
(*zuřivě přetrhne nit*)
Aljeja, niti!
Jsou zhnílé!

(*skřípají vrata z kordekvardije*)

Věžňové
A zpražili tě za to?

Luka
.... Nu, zpražili.
Aljeja, nůžky!

Oj, zpražili, bratři.
“Zbojníka budou káznit.”
A všechny národ se sběhl.
“Vražedník!”
“Vražedník!”
“Vražedníka budou káznit – káznit!”

But I said nothing.
I got all the Ukrainians worked up.
They grumbled about the governor.
Early that morning I borrowed a knife off a neighbour.
The governor was in a fury.
He was on his way.
The Ukrainians were seething.
The governor burst in.
“What’s going on?
I’m the Tsar here, I’m God!”
As he said the words
the knife was in my hand.
“No, Your Honour!” I said.
And I go closer and closer to him.
“How can that be,
that you’re our Tsar and God?”
“What are you, then? Some brigand?”
“No,” I said.
And I get closer and closer to him.

“Our Lord God omnipotent, all-seeing,
He is the only God,⁵
the only God!
And the Tsar?
He alone is above us all! And you,”
I said,
“you are only governor by the Tsar’s grace
and for your services.”
“What, what, what!”
he quacked!
I stuck the knife into his belly.
He toppled over.
... Alyeya, more thread!
(*breaking a thread angrily*)
Alyeya, thread!
These are rotten!

(*Creaking of guard-house gate*)

Prisoners
And did they beat you for that?

Luka
... Yes, they beat me all right.
Alyeya, scissors!

(*Alyeya is still staring fixedly at the gate. Guards bring out Goryanchikov, weak from the beating.*)

Oh, brothers, did they beat me!
“The brigand’s going to be punished!”
All the Ukrainians came running.
“Murderer!”
“Murderer!”
“The murderer’s to be punished – punished!”

Řvalí.
O, jak hlup ten národ!
Kat na mne křičí: “Přilípnu ti!”

Myslím, že umírám...

Stařík
A umřels?

Luka
Hlupáku!

2. JEDNÁNÍ

Hlas (*za jevištěm-ze stepi*)

6 A... a...
A... a...
(*kovový zvuk motyk, lopat*)
A... a...

Gorjančikov
Milý, milý Aljejo!
Poslyš, Aljejo!
Tys měl sestru?

Aljeja
Měl – a proč se ptáš?

Gorjančikov
Myslím, že byla krasavice,
byla-li tobě podobna.

Aljeja
Ach, co na mně vidíš?
Ona byla taká krasavice,
že v celém Dagestaně nebylo krásnější.
Tys neviděl nikdy takou krasavici.
I moje matka krasavice byla.

They were all shouting.
What a stupid race!
The hangman shouts: “Now I’m going to give it
to you!”
I thought I was at death’s door...

(*Goryanchikov limps across the yard. The gate
closes behind him.*)

Old Prisoner
And did you die?

Luka
Idiot!
(*throwing his tools down*)

(*They all watch the gate closing behind
Goryanchikov. They abandon their work.*)

ACT TWO

(*A year later. Sun in the west. The bank of the
Irtish. View over the Kirghizian steppe. Sound of
singing from a native yurt. Some prisoners are
repairing a boat, others laying bricks. Later,
Goryanchikov appears with Skuratov and
Alyeya.*)

Voice from the Steppe
Ah ... ah ...
Ah ... ah ...
(*Clashing of picks and shovels*)
Ah ... ah ...

(*Carpenters working on the boat.
Skuratov and Goryanchikov are passing bricks.*)

Goryanchikov
Dear, dear Alyeya!
Listen, Alyeya!
Did you ever have a sister?

Alyeya
Yes – why do you ask?

Goryanchikov
I’m sure she was a beauty
if she was like you.

Alyeya
Ach, what do you see in me?
She was such a beauty,
there was no finer in all Daghestan.
You’ve never seen such a beautiful girl.
My mother was beautiful too.

Gorjančikov

A milovala tě?

Aljeja

A co mluvíš?

Ona jistě teď z hoře umřela.

Ona mě měla víc než sestru ráda.

Ona dnes v noci ke mně přišla,
a nade mnou plakala.

Gorjančikov

Poslyš, Aljejo!

Chci tě učít číst a psát.

Aljeja

Ó, rád bych,

rád bych naučil se!

[Nauč, prosím tě.

Věžňové

[Hoj-ho, hoj-hi!

Gorjančikov

Naučím tě.

Věžňové

Hoj-ho, hoj-hi!

Hoj-ho, hoj-hi! Hoj-ho, hoj-hi!

(*úderý sekerou*)

Hoj-ho, hoj-hi! Hoj-ho, hoj-hi!

(*stožár se kácí... stožár padne*)

Prazdník...!

Prazdník!

Prazdník!

Věžň kuchař

[7] Alexandr Petrovič,

bude prazdník,

i tēatr!

(*odkvapí*)

Duchovní

Pozdravljajem s prazdnikom!

Věžňové (křižují se)

I my pozdravljajem!

Goryanchikov

And did she love you?

Alyeya

What are you saying?

I'm sure she has died of grief by now.

She loved me more than my sister.

She appeared to me last night
and wept over me.

Goryanchikov

Listen, Alyeya!

I'd like to teach you to read and write.

Alyeya

Oh, how I would love,

love to learn that!

[Teach me, I beg you!

Prisoners

[High-ho, high-ho!

Goryanchikov

I will teach you, then.

Prisoners

High-ho, high-ho!

High-ho, high-ho! ...

(*sound of axes*)

High-ho, high-ho! High-ho, high-ho!

(*the boat's mast is chopped through and falls*)

The rest of the day's free!

Work's over!⁶

Work's over!⁶

(*Distant bells. The prisoners cast their tools aside.*)

Cook-Prisoner

Alexander Petrovich,

we've got the evening off

and a theatre show!

(*runs off*)

(*March: guards, Commandant and civilian guests appear. Guards stand to attention, a priest blesses the prepared victuals and the river Irish.*)

Priest

Greetings on this holiday!⁶

Prisoners (crossing themselves)

Greetings likewise!⁶

Vězeň kuchař (*nabízí pirožky*)
Za groš? Nebo za dva!

Malý vězeň
Rež za dva!

Skuratov
Bratři, generál jede!
Celou Sibiř prohlížet bude!

Malý vězeň
Zadávat majora?

Čekunov
Jakže? Je to co do toho?

Malý vězeň
A já tobě pravím,
žeš hlupák, hlupák!

Skuratov
Jaj, já pustý, zbytečný člověk!
A mne sem poslali, že jsem se zamiloval.

Věžňové
A proto tě sem poslali!
Skuratov
Nu proto;

při té příhodě
postřelil jsem jednoho Němce.
No, sud' te,
stojí to za to mne věznit?

Věžňové
Jsme zvědaví!
Povídej!

Skuratov
Když povídat,

tak povídat.
Opilý vězeň
On lže, všechno lže!

Skuratov
Poslouchejte!

(Prisoners disperse towards the food, some dive into the river; some cross themselves. Exit Priest and Commandant. Prisoners and guests sit down at a table, drinking tea and eating.)

Cook-Prisoner (*offering pirozhki³ around*)
A kopek's worth? Or two?

Short Prisoner
Cut me two kopeks' worth.

(Goryanchikov, Alyeya and Skuratov join the table.)

Skuratov
Brothers, the General's on his way!
He's inspecting the whole of Siberia!

Short Prisoner
Will he have the Commandant strangled?

Chekunov
Eh? What concern is that of yours?

Short Prisoner
And what I tell you is
that you're a fool, a fool!

Skuratov
Oh what a vain and useless man I am!
And they sent me here for falling in love.

Prisoners
That's why they sent you here?
Skuratov
Yes, that's why.

And in the end
I fired a shot at a German.
Now what do you think,
was that enough reason to put me in prison?

Prisoners
We want to hear more!
Tell us about it!

Skuratov
If the tale's to be told

Then I'll tell it.
Drunken Prisoner
He's lying, it's all lies!

Skuratov
So listen!

Poslali mne v Jurjev,
pěkné to město,
mnoho Němců.
Divám se po Němkách.
I zalíbila se mi německá Lujza.
Lujza a tetka byly pračky.
Z počátku jsem jen pod okny chořoval.
Ale brzo nás přátelství spojilo.
Ona byla taková milá,
jakou jsem nikdy nepoznal.
Já chtěl po ní to či ono...
A ona mně:
“Sášo, to nemůže být,
já si chci svou nevinnost uchovat,
abych byla tvojí důstojnou ženou!”
A směje se, vybízí:
“Ožen se!”

┌Nu, pomyslete, já se ženit?
└**Opilý vězeň** (*se připotáčí*)
┌Lže, všechno lže! Lže!

Skuratov

Já se ženit? Já se ženit?

┌Tož rovnou k plukovníku.
└**Opilý vězeň**
┌Lže, všechno lže!

Skuratov

Tu Lujza jednu nepřišla.
Po druhé též –
ipo třetí.
Piši jí, žádná odpověď!
Co to?
Zchytrala?
Vždyť nikdy nelhala!
Lujza lhát neuměla!
Pišu:
“Když neprijdeš,
sám přijdu, v tom vězi tetka!”
Přišla.
Přišla a pláče.
“Sášo, můj bohatý příbuzný chce si mne vzít!”
Jsem jako zařezaný.
Ona pláče.
“Chtěl bys mne zbavit toho štěstí?”
A objímá mne.
Ó Lujzo!
Co za štěstí
jít za vojáka,
když je untěr!
Na druhý den
šel jsem k jeho magacínu.
Divám se v okno!

They sent me to Yuryev,
a lovely town
with lots of Germans.
I couldn't keep my eyes off their womenfolk,
and took a liking to one German girl, Luisa.
Luisa and her aunt were washerwomen.
At first I used just to stand under their window.
But soon we were good friends.
She was such a dear thing,
I'd never known a girl like her before.
I asked her to let me do this and that...
But she said to me:
“Sasha, that mustn't be;
I want to stay chaste
and be a proper wife to you!”
And she laughs and challenges me:
“Go on – get married!”

┌Now just imagine – me getting married!
└**Drunken Prisoner** (*staggers up*)
┌Lies! All lies, lies!

Skuratov

Me get married? Me get married?

┌Well, I went straight to my colonel.
└**Drunken Prisoner**
┌Lies, all lies!

Skuratov

Then one day Luisa didn't turn up.
Next day the same –
and the third.
I write her a letter – no reply!
What's up?
Is she getting crafty?
She'd never told me a lie!
Luisa didn't have it in her to lie!
I write her a note:
“If you don't come,
I'll come to you myself. Your aunt's behind this!”
She came.
She came, and wept.
“Sasha, this rich relation wants to marry me!”
I felt I'd been struck dead.
There's her crying.
“Would you want to rob me of my luck?”
She puts her arms round me.
Oh Luisa!
What sort of luck would it be
to marry a mere soldier,
even a corporal?!
Next day
I went along to the man's shop.
Look in through the window.

(opilý vězeň se zase blíží)

Sedí Němec čtyřicet pět let,
nos hrbatý,
oči vypúlené,
hodinky spravuje.
Chtěl jsem rozbít okno.
Myslím si, ale nač?
“Propadlo, co z vozu upadlo.”
Přišel jsem k večeru do kasáren.
Leh jsem – a, Petroviči,
hořce zaplakal.

Opilý vězeň
Lež! Všechno lež!

Věžňové
Hou! Hou! Hou! Hou!

8 Skuratov (*usedá klidně*)
Přešel den,
druhý, třetí.
S Lujzou jsem se nesešel.
Vzal pryč z ní přísahu,
že mne znát nebude.
Když jsem věděl, že se to skončí,
vezmu plášť a rovnou k nim.
Pro všechny případ
vsunul jsem pistol. Vejdou.
Ženich učesaný,

ve fraku,
Lujza naproti němu.
Z boku stařec tlustý.
Sedí a mlčí.
Němec vzkypil zlostí.
Lujza zbledla.
“Co vám libo?” pravil Němec.
“Co mi libo? Hosta vítěj!
Vodky nalivej!
Já k tobě v hosty přišel!”
“Sedněte!”
“A co ty tak hrubě?
Tys mi druhem,
jdu k tobě s přátelstvím!”
“Nemohu jím být,
tys sprostý voják!”
“Ty hastroši, víš,
že já mohu s tebou dělat, co chceš?
Chceš, bych tě zastřelil?”
“To nesmíte dělat.”
“Nesmím?” “Ne!”

(Drunken Prisoner comes up again)

There he sits, a forty-five-year-old German,
hooked nose,
bulging eyes,
repairing a watch.
I felt like smashing the window.
Then I think, why?
“What falls off the cart is gone for good.”
I go back to barracks that evening,
lie down and – oh, Petrovich –
how bitterly I cried.

Drunken Prisoner
Lies! All lies!

(Skuratov seizes the drunkard and throws him down)

Prisoners
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!

Skuratov (*sitting down calmly*)
One day passed,
a second, a third.
I never saw Luisa.
They told me he'd made her swear
to ignore me.
When I realised it was all over
I took my cloak and went straight to their place.
Just in case,
I tucked my pistol in my belt.
I went in.
There was the bridegroom, hair smoothed
down,
wearing tails,
and Luisa sitting opposite.
By her side a fat old man.
They all sat silent.
The German was seething with anger.
Luisa went pale.
“What can I do for you?” said the German.
“What can you do? Make a guest welcome!
Pour out some drinks!
I've come to be entertained!”
“Sit down!”
“Why this rudeness?
You're my comrade,
I've come to offer my friendship!”
“I cannot be your friend,
you're a common soldier!”
“You scarecrow, do you know
I'm allowed to do whatever I like with you?
Would you like me to shoot you?”
“You're not allowed to do that.”
“Not allowed to?” “No!”

“Tak, tu máš!”
 Vyšla rána, spadl.
 Ženské křičí. Já utekl.
 Soudili.
 Usoudili zelenou lavici.

Vězňové
 A Lujza?

Škuratov
 Ó, Lujza.
(Máchně divoce rukou)

Malý vězeň
 Major chtěl se ženit.
 Dveře ukázali.
 Černá kobyla, nevybilíš do bíla

Vězeň Kovář
 Černá kobyla, nevybilíš do bíla

Luka
 Mám já košilu, šaraváry plyšové,
 šaraváry plyšové.

Malý vězeň
 Měl jsem domek o dvou poschodích.

Kedril *(s jeviště)*
 Opera bude,
 opera Kedril.
 Opera bude,
 opera Kedril.

Hra o Kedrilovi a Juanovi

Don Juan *(vychází na jeviště)*
 [9] Dnes bude můj poslední den!
 já peklo volám k pomoci!

Já se vás nebojím!
 Já se bás nebojím!

Vězňové
 Naf! Naf! Naf! Naf!
 Naf! Naf! Naf!

“Right, here you are!”
 A shot rang out. He fell down.
 The women screamed. I made off.
 They took me to court.
 Sentenced me to Green Street.⁷

Prisoners
 And Luisa?

Škuratov
 Oh, Luisa.
(He waves his hand wildly)

Short Prisoner
 The governor wanted to marry.
 But they showed him the door.
 If a mare's black you'll never wash her white.

Blacksmith-Prisoner
 If a mare's black you'll never wash her white.

Luka
 “I've a fine shirt and velvet breeches too,
 velvet breeches too.”

Short Prisoner
 “ I'd a little house with upstairs, downstairs.”

Kedril⁸ *(from an improvised stage)*
 We're going to have an opera,
 the opera about Kedril!
 We're going to have an opera,
 the opera about Kedril!

The Opera “Kedril and Don Juan”

(A stage made of timber from boats. Guests and prisoners sit down as if in theatre stalls. Goryanchikov and Alyeya next to one another. Actor-prisoners still in leg-irons, wearing improvised costumes.)

Don Juan *(walks on to the stage)*
 This is the last day of my life!
 I summon hell to aid me!
(Devils crawl out of every corner. Don Juan brandishes his dagger and chases them off.)
 I'm not scared of you!
 I'm not scared of you!

Prisoners
 Bow-wow! Bow-wow!
 Bow-wow-wow!

(kedril se třesse strachy)

Don Juan

Elviru přived'!
Čertů se neboj!
Večeři připrav!

Don Juan

Večeři dones!

Kedril

Sejčas! Sejčas!
(odbíhá)

Don Juan

Ne! Nebojím se vás!
(Čerti berou Dona Juana)
Pomoc! Kedrile!

Kedril

Čerti pána berou!
(Don Juan s čerty od chází)
Čerti pána vzali,
chi, chi, chi, chi, chi, chi!

Věžňové

Chi, chi, chi, chi, chi!
Chi, chi, chi, chi, chi!
Cho, cho, cho, cho, cho!
Cho, cho...
chi, chi...
cha, cha...
atd.

(Kedril shakes with fear)

Don Juan

Bring in Elvira!
Don't worry about the devils!
Get supper ready!

*(Kedril leads in Elvira, protesting.
Don Juan seizes her and kisses her.
A knight rushes in. Duel with swords.
The knight is stabbed, Elvira flees screaming.
Don Juan wipes his sword.
Kedril drags the corpse off.
He returns with food, pushing a cobbler's wife
in front of him. Don Juan is uninterested – but
she would dearly like him! Kedril pushes the
ugly thing out again.)*

Don Juan

Bring in the supper!

Kedril

Pronto! Pronto!⁶
(runs off)

*(Kedril leads in a priest's wife, weeping, and
himself sits down to eat beneath the table.
Merry flirtation between Don Juan and the
priest's wife. He tries to take her away. The
devils emerge from their corners.)*

Don Juan

No, I'm not afraid of you!
(The devils seize Don Juan)
Help! Kedril!

Kedril

The devils have got my master!
(Exit Don Juan with the devils)
The devils have taken my master,
he-he! He-he! He-he!

*(Kedril catches hold of the priest's wife and flirts
with her. They enjoy the feast. A tiny devil
catches the priest's wife from behind. Titters in
the audience.)*

Prisoners

He-he-he-he-he!
He-he-he-he-he!
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!
Ho-ho...
He-he ...
Ha-ha ...
etc.

Kedril

Teď začne pantomima o pěkné mlynářce!

10 Pantomima o Pěkné mlynářce**Don Juan**

Proklet' bud'! Proklet' bud'!

Aljeja

11 Pěkně hráli, co?

Mladý vězeň

Nazdraví, a kdes ty zaseděla?

Kedril

And now for the pantomime: The Fair Miller's Wife.

Pantomime: "The Fair Miller's Wife"

(Sirotkin dressed as the young miller's wife, Nezvyestev as the miller.

The miller takes leave, first showing his wife the whip. She understands ...

The wife spinning, deep in thought. A knock.

Enter their neighbour with a gift of a red scarf. They flirt.

Knock at the door.

The miller's wife fearfully hides her neighbour under the table.

Enter clerk in army uniform, walking perkily.

They bow to each other.

The clerk steps forward, stops, thrusts his chest out, looks around proudly, strides up to the miller's wife.

They embrace. More knocking at the door.

Where to put him?

The miller's wife hides him in a chest.

Enter Don Juan as a Brahmin.

He immediately embraces the miller's wife.

Banging at the door.

Where to put the Brahmin? Into a sack!

Miller's wife threads a needle with imaginary thread and turns the spinning wheel where it lies on the ground. The miller breaks in.

He pulls out one lover, then a second, and kicks them out of the door.

The "Brahmin" crawls out of his hiding-place, looking most un-Brahminlike.

The miller faints. Devils re-emerge.)

Don Juan

Curses on you! Curses on you!

(Spitting fire, he takes hold of the wife and they dance till they drop.)

(The curtain drops on the little stage.

It has grown dark meanwhile.

Most of the prisoners have gone into the block.

Goryanchikov is still sitting at the entrance, drinking tea with Alyeya.)

Alyeya

They acted well, didn't they?

Young Prisoner *(in another corner; to the ugliest of the wenches)*

Welcome, and where have you been hiding?

Poběhllice

Straka na bidle déle sedí.

Mladý vězeň

Už jsem tě dlouho neviděl!
Zchudlas, zchudlas!

Poběhllice

Může být. Jak bych byla jehlu polkla!

Mladý vězeň

Za vojáčky chodíš?

Poběhllice

A což. Třeba bez žebra.
Třeba bez žebra,

☐ přece ráda za vojáčky!

Mladý vězeň

☐ Nechod',

i my máme peníze.
(*Zajdou do tmy*)

Věžňové

Aj, aj, aj!

Šapkin (*k staříčkovi*)

Staříčku Antoniči,
zdráv bud'! Chléb sol!
Oj, oj,
oj, oj!

Stařík

Když neblázníš, sedni.

Šapkin

Já myslel, žes umřel!

Stařík

Umří napřed, a já za tebou.

☐ **Luka** (*z dálky*)

Oj pláče, pláče mladý kozáče
v nešť'astné hodině.
Oj kráče, kráče černounký havran
v daleké dolině.

Věžňové

☐ Aj, aj, aj...

Wench

I never stay longer in one place than a magpie
on a pole!

Young Prisoner

Haven't seen you for a long time.
You've got thinner, much thinner!

Wench

That's as may be. Look as if I swallowed a
needle?

Young Prisoner

Been going with the young soldiers?

Wench

What of it? If they broke my ribs,
broke my ribs,

☐ I'd still want to go with the soldiers!

Young Prisoner

☐ Don't do that,

we've got money too.
(*they disappear in the dark*)

Prisoners

Ay, ay, ay!

Shapkin (*to the Old Prisoner*)

Old Antonich,
good health to you. Bread and salt.
Oy, oy,
oy, oy!

Old Prisoner

Unless you're mad, sit down.

Shapkin

I thought you were dead by now!

Old Prisoner

You die first, and I'll follow you.

☐ **Luka** (*from a distance*)

"Oy, how he weeps, the young Cossack lad
in his hour of misery.
Oy, how he caws, the raven so black
in the valley far away."

Prisoners

☐ Ay, ay, ay...

Malý vězeň

Proč nezdravíte?
Naším Kurským dobrého chutnání!

Gorjančikov

My, bratře, nejsme Kurští!

Malý vězeň

Snad Tambovští?

Gorjančikov

Nejsme Tambovští.

Velký vězeň

Hej, páni pijí!

Malý vězeň

Jací páni?
Zde všichni rovni, všichni rovni!

Věžňové

Všchni rovni...
Zde všchni rovni...

Gorjančikov

Chcete-li, dám vám, dám vám!

Čekunov (z kasáren)

Oj, pláče, pláče
na vraném koni,
oj, rozbij touhu mou!

Malý vězeň (poskočí)

Dovolte...!
Chtěl bych se vás zeptat,
vás se zeptat,
z jakých příjmů čaj si tu pijete?
Máte asi peníze!
Proto vy ve vězení čaj chlastat?
Čaj chlastat?

Gorjančikov

Ó, Aljejo!

Věžňové

Ubijstvo! Ubijstvo!
(*Zdvíhají Aljeju*)
Bůh spasil!

(*Stráže zatlačují vězně*)

Short Prisoner (approaching Goryanchikov and Alyeya)

Why don't you say hallo?
Enjoy the food, our good friends from Kursk!

Goryanchikov

We're not from Kursk, brother!

Short Prisoner

From Tambov, perhaps?

Goryanchikov

We're not from Tambov.

Tall Prisoner

Hey, the lords and masters are drinking!

Short Prisoner

What lords and masters?
We're all equal here, all the same!

Prisoners

All equal...
Here we're all the same ...

Goryanchikov

If you want a drink, have some, have some!

Chekunov (from the prison block)

"Oy, how he weeps and weeps,
riding his black steed,
oy, if you could but rid me of my pining heart!"

Short Prisoner (jumping up)

I beg your pardon ...!
I'd just like to ask you,
to ask you,
at whose expense you're drinking that tea?
Presumably you have money.
Is that why you can afford tea in prison?
All that tea?
(*He seizes the tea-churn, throws it and hits Alyeya, who falls down injured.*)

Goryanchikov

Oh – Alyeya!

Prisoners

Murder! Murder!⁶
(*They lift Alyeya up*)
God saved his life!

(*Guards come and push the prisoners off*)

CD 2

3. JEDNÁNÍ

*Scéna I***Aljeja**

- 1 Isaj, prorok boží
boží slova mluví.

Gorjančikov

A co se ti nejlépe líbilo?

Aljeja

To, když praví:
odpouštěj, neubližuj,
miluj!
Dělal velké divy!
Ptáky z hlíny tvořil,
vdechl na ni
a on vzlétl,
a on vzétl! Vzlétl!

Čekunov (*donášá jim čaj*)

Napij se!

Aljeja

Hled?, papír, pero, inkoust –

Čekunov

Napij se!

Aljeja

Já už umím psát!

Luka (*umírající*)

Iššš! Chlap! Našel si pána!

Čekunov

Já že chlap?

Luka

Ty chlap!
Slyšte, dobří lidé, nevěři,
diví se!

Čekunov

Co ti do toho?
Vidíš, osamocení, jsou jak bez rukou.

CD 2

ACT THREE

Scene 1

(The prison hospital, late afternoon. Row of plank beds. Backstage, tile-stove with an old prisoner lying on it.)

Alyeya (*lying in a fever, Goryanchikov sitting beside him*)

Jesus, prophet of God,
utters the words of God.

Goryanchikov

And what did you like the best of his words?

Alyeya

The part where he says:
Forgive, harm no man,
be loving!
He wrought great miracles.
He made birds out of clay;
he breathed on the clay
and this bird flew up in the air!
It flew up! Flew away!

Čekunov (*offering Goryanchikov and Alyeya tea*)

Have a drink!

Alyeya

Look, I've got paper, pen, ink –

Čekunov

Have a drink!

Alyeya

I can write already!

Luka (*dying*)

Ugh! Servant! And he's found himself a master!

Čekunov

Calling me a servant?

Luka

Yes, you – a servant!
Just listen, good folk – he won't believe it,
he's amazed!

Čekunov

What business is it of yours?
Can't you see, all on their own, like men with no arms.

Proč neposloužit?
Ty blázne s štětinatým rypákem!

Luka
Kdo štětinatý rypák?
Čekunov
Ty, ty, ty!

Luka
A tys krasavec?
Máš hubu jak vrání zobák!

Čekunov
Jsi štětinatý rypák!
A když tě Bůh pokořil,
lež a umírej!

Luka
Raději botě se pokloním-
Stařík (*na peci*)
Gospodi pomiluj!

Luka
– než papuči.
Ach! Ach! (*kašle*)

Ach! Ach!
Stařík
Gospodi pomiluj!

Šapkin (*na Lukovo kašlání*)
Ó bratři, ta bolest, to nic!
Není horší,
než když tě tahají dlouho za uši!

Věžňové
Proto ti tak trčí!

Velký vězeň
Kdo ti vytahal za uši?

Šapkin
Isprávník. Pro tuláctví.
Šli jsme dva, já a Jefim jakýsi.
Na poli volí, v městě strach!
Proto my nejdřív v krčmu.
Rozhlížíme se, přibližují se k nám jacísi.
“My troje u generála Žezulky sloužíme.”
Ukázali dílo. A my
téhož noci vpadli do dvora bohatého kupce.
Dopadli nás všechny.
Sám tulák, sám tulák,
a rovnou k okresnímu.

Vstoupil, sedl

Why not serve them?
You idiot with your bristly snout!

Luka
Who's got a bristly snout, then?
Čekunov
You have, you have!

Luka
And you're some beauty?
You've a face like a crow's beak!

Čekunov
You're a bristly snout!
And since God has brought you low,
just lie there and die!

Luka
I'd rather bow to a jackboot –
Old Prisoner (*on the tile-oven*)
God have mercy!⁵

Luka
– than to an old slipper!
Oh, oh! (*coughing*)

Oh, oh!
Old Prisoner
God have mercy!

Shapkin (*as Luka coughs*)
Brothers, that pain is nothing!
Worst of all
is when they pull your ears without stopping!

Prisoners
So that's why yours stick out so!

Tall Prisoner
Who pulled you by the ears then?

Shapkin
The police. For being a vagabond.
There were two of us, me and this Yefim.
Cattle out in the fields, panic in town.
So first of all we went to an inn.
We look around, and some men come up to us.
“We're in General Cuckoo's⁹ army, us three.”
They showed us their scheme. So together
that night we broke into a rich merchant's villa.
They caught the lot of us.
“Vagabonds, all vagabonds” –
and it was straight to the District
Superintendent.
He came in, sat down,

s takovými bakenbardami.
 My tuláci divny národ.
 Na hlavě mu drva štípej, zapomene.

Všechno zapomene.
 A okresní zpřima na mne,
 jako z bečky:
 “Kdo jsi?”
 “Nevím, všechno jsem zapomněl.”
 “Počkej, tvá hlava je mi známa!”
 A bělmo na mne vypoulí.
 “Tvé jméno?”
 “Hmátni a upaluj!”
 “A tvoje?”
 “A já za ním. Skutečně mne tak volají,
 vaše blahorodí!”
 “A kdo tě tak nazval?”
 “Dobří lidé,
 svět není bez dobrých lidí.”
 “A kdo jsou ti dobří lidé?”
 “Pozapomněl jsem, račte prominout,
 otce i mat’, pozapomněl.”
 “Hybaj do vězení!
 A ty sedni!
 Ber pero, piš!”
 A chytne za ucho
 a táhne a táhne
 a táhne a táhne...

Věžňové
 Co se zbláznil?

Šapkin
 “Pro smilování, vaše blahorodí –”
 a táhne, táhne,
 “Jen piš!”
 A to jeden písářík
 též měl dlouhé uši,
 a zdrhl jim s penězi!

“Jen piš!”
Věžňové
 Co se zbláznil?

Šapkin
 A táhne.
 Já čmáral,

[sedmeroglazyj solil, –
Věžňové
 Co se zbláznil?

Šapkin
 – já čmáral, sedmeroglazyj solil,
 sedmeroglazyj solil.

chap with sidewhiskers like this.
 Us tramps are queer folk.
 Use our heads as chopping blocks and we'll still
 forget everything.
 Forget everything.
 The Superintendent went straight for me,
 like a ton of bricks.
 “Who are you?”
 “Don't know, forgotten everything.”
 “Wait a bit, I know that head of yours!”
 And he opens his eyes wide at me.
 “Your name?”
 “Grab-and-rush-for-it!”
 “And yours?”
 “Follow-him-quickly. They really call me that,
 Your Honour!”
 “And who gave you that name?”
 “Good folk –
 the world's full of good folk.”
 “And who do you call good folk?”
 “I've forgotten, forgive me Sir,
 father and mother, forgotten the lot!”
 “Off to prison at the double!
 And you there, sit down.
 Take a pen and write!”
 And he takes me by the ear
 and pulls and pulls,
 and pulls and pulls ...

Prisoners
 Had he gone crazy?

Shapkin
 “For pity's sake, Your Honour –”
 and he pulls and pulls –
 “Just keep writing!”
 Then there was this clerk,
 he had long ears too,
 and he did a bunk with all their cash!

“Keep on writing!”
Prisoners
 Had he gone crazy?

Shapkin
 And he goes on pulling.
 And I go on scribbling

[and old Seven Eyes¹⁰ keeps tugging –
Prisoners
 Had he gone crazy?

Shapkin
 – and I go on scribbling. Seven Eyes keeps
 tugging,
 Seven Eyes keeps tugging.

Skuratov

Ó Lujzo! Lujzo!

Ó Lujzo!

Věžňové

Mlčíš!

Skuratov

Ó Lujzo!

Věžňové

Mlčíš!

Skuratov

Já pistol přitiskl k čelu

a –

Věžňové

Mlčíš!

Skuratov

– a –

Stařík

- 2 Má dět'átka milá,
již vás nevidím, již vás nevidím.
Gospodi, pomiluj ny –

Šiškov

Počkej, počkej!

Stařík

Gospodi –

ŠiškovPočkej, počkej. Nepředbíhej!
Přijde na bulvár – všichni se klaní –

slovem boháč!

Čerevin

Obchodoval?

(Skuratov jumps up from his bed, delirious, and dances)

Skuratov

Oh Luisa, Luisa!

Oh Luisa!

Prisoners

Keep quiet!

Skuratov

Oh Luisa!

Prisoners

Keep quiet!

Skuratov

I put a pistol to her head

and –

Prisoners

Keep quiet!

Skuratov

– and then –

(They push Skuratov down on his bed and hold him.)

(Silence in the sick-bay. Darkness, except where the old man lies awake with his candle. The patients fall asleep.)

Old PrisonerDear little ones,
I'll never see you again, never again.
God have mercy upon us –**Shishkov**

Wait a moment, wait!

Old Prisoner

God –

(Complete darkness. Shishkov and Cherevin seated on a bed.)

ShishkovWait a bit, wait. Let me take my time!
So he comes along the main street – everyone
bows –
in a word, stinking rich!**Cherevin**

A merchant was he?

Šiškov

Statek velký, dělníků plno,
v pasece včelín, i dobytek prodával.

Přijde do trhu.

“Zdravstě, batuško!”

“Zdravstvuj i ty!” “Jak s tvou práci?”

“Moje práce jako saze bílá.” “A co jinak?”

“Po hřichu, nebe zakuřuji.”

Tak každé slovo

u něho po rublu.

Měl dva syny a dceru Akulinu.

Čerevin

Ta byla tvoje žena?

Šiškov

Počkej, nepředbíhej!

Ji Fika Morozov si namluvil.

Luka (*umírající*)

Oh!

Oh!

Šiškov

“Ty,” pravil Filka ku starýmu,

“Děľme se. Vrať mi moje peníze!

Což já u tebe pacholčím?

Nechci s tebou obchodovat!

A Akulku,” pravil, “brát si nebudu,

já na vojnu půjdu,

feldmaršál se vrátím!”

Starý jej na kopejku vyplatil.

“Jsi ztracený člověk!”

A on jemu: “Ztracen či neztracen!

Ale u tebe, šedá brado,

naučí se člověk šídlem mléko sbírat.

A Akulku si přece nevezmu.

Já už s ní spal!”

“Jak, ty smíš hanobit poctivého otce,

poctivou dceru?

Kdy jsi s ní,

psí maso, hadí žihadlo, spal?”

A celý se zatřásel.

Gorjančikov

Ztiš se, Aljeja, ztiš se!

Šiškov

“A nejen to,” povídá,

“Tak to zatočím, že si ji nikdo nevezme,

protože je nečestná.

Š podzimku do podzimku s ní obcují –

a už ji nechci.”

A starý tak řval

Shishkov

Big farm, lots of labourers,
beehive in the copse, cattle to sell.

He comes to market.

“Greetings, little father.”⁶

“Greetings to you.” “How’s your work going?”

“Work? Like white soot.” “And what else?”

“Filling the sky with my pipe-smoke, I’m afraid.”

Every word

of his was worth a rouble.

He’d two sons, and a daughter Akulina.

Cherevin

That was your wife, was it?

Shishkov

Wait a bit, don’t run on ahead!

Filka Morozov had talked his way round her.

Luka (*in his agony*)

Oh!

Oh!

Shishkov

“I say, you,” says Filka to the old man.

“Let’s settle accounts. Give me my contract-money back!

Am I going to be your servant-boy?

I don’t want any dealings with you.

As for Akulina!” he says, “marry her I won’t;

I’m off to the army,

I’ll come back a field marshal!”

The old man pays him off to the last kopek.

“You’re a doomed man!”

But Filka tells him: “Doomed or not doomed,

staying with you, greybeard, is as useful

as learning to ladle milk with a bradawl.

And I’m not going to marry Akulina.

I’ve slept with her already!”

“What’s that? You dare to disgrace an honest

father and his honest daughter?

When was it,

cur’s meat, adder’s fang, that you slept with her?”

And his whole body shook.

Goryanchikov

Keep quiet, Alyeya, keep quiet!¹³

Shishkov

“Not only that,” says Filka,

“I’ll make such a to-do that no one marries her,

because she’s lost her honour.

From one autumn to the next I’ve been tuppung

her –

and now I don’t want her!”

And the old man gave such a roar

až zem se zatřásla.
Luka (*umírající*)
 Ach! Ach!

Šiškov

A z jitra do večera, zpít,
 u děvěk seděl do rána.

Čerevin

To znací, že s Akulinou držel stále?

Šiškov

Počkej, nepředbíhej!
 “A ted’ půjdem vrata dehtem mazat!”
 A šli jsme a namazali.
 Stařík křičí:
 “Tma ve světě a hniloba!”
 Marja Štepanovna křičí:
 “Ze světa ji zhladím!”
 Sousedé slyší
 jak Akulinu řezou z rána do noci!
 A ta holka řve a pláče.

Věžňové (*těžký dech*)

M —

Šiškov

A Filka křičí:
 “Slavná děvčeka Akulina!
 Slavná milovnice!
 Čisto si chodíš,
 bělo se nosíš!
 Mluv, koho miluješ?”
 A já šel mimo a křičím:
 “Čest budiž vaší milosti!
 Čisto si chodíš!
 Kde to bereš? S kýmže to žiješ?”

Sotva jsem domluvil, pohlédla na mne
 takový ma velkýma očima.

Věžňové

M —

Šiškov

A matka myslí že se mnou dovádí.
 “Co se zubíš, nestydatá?
 Zabiju tě.
 Už není mou dcerou! Už není mou dcerou!”

Čerevin

To že lehká byla?

Šiškov

Počkej, poslouchej!
 Ležím, moje mat’ přichází.

[that the very ground shook.
Luka (*in his agony*)
 Oh! Oh!

Shishkov

And from morning to evening, dead drunk,
 he sat up with the girls all night.

Cherevin

So you mean he kept on with Akulina?

Shishkov

Wait a bit, don't rush on ahead!
 “Lets go and tar his front gate!”
 And we went and smeared tar over it.
 The old man shouts:
 “The world's in darkness and corruption!”
 Marya Shtepanovna cries:
 “I'll rid the world of that girl!”
 The neighbours hear them
 beating Akulina from morning till night!
 And the girl screams and weeps.

Prisoners (*sighing*)

Mmm...

Shishkov

And Filka shouts:
 “Noble damsel, Akulina!
 Noble sweetheart!
 What clean clothes you walk round in,
 what fine white things you wear!
 Tell us, who's your lover?”
 I'm passing by and I shout:
 “Honour to Your Grace!
 What clean clothes you have!
 Where do you find them? Who do you live
 with?”
 The words were hardly out and she looked at
 me with those big eyes of hers.

Prisoners

Mmm ...

Shishkov

Her mother thinks she's flirting with me.
 “What are you smiling for, hussy?
 I'll kill you.
 No daughter of mine! Not mine any more!”

Cherevin

She meant she'd been playing around?

Shishkov

Wait a bit, listen to me.
 I'm lying in bed, up comes mother.

“Tys podlec, žeň se.
Akulku ted’ ti rádi dají!”
Filka mi hrozí:
“Žes Akulčin muž?
A já tobě žebra vyrazím!
A s ženou tvojí,
když zachci, celou noc spát budu.”

A já na to: “Lžeš, psí maso.”

Věžňové

M –

Čerevin

A nabízeli ti ji?

Šiškov

Nepospíchej!

3 A já byl, bratříčku, až do svatby zpit!

Po oddavkách nás přivezli
a posadili.

A strýc praví: “Dílo skončeno,
když ne čestně, tož pevně!”

Po zvyku nás do komůrky dali
a zanechali.

Ona sedí bílá,
ni kapky krve v líci,
vlasy jako len, oči velké,
jak nemá v domě, tak divná!

A já na ni býkovec si připravil!

A ona vyšla přede mnou –

Čerevin

Jak? Nevinná?

Věžňové

A –

Šiškov

Čistá, nevinná!

Nevinná! Čestná, z čestného rodu.

A ona taková milá, přemilá...

Ó, proč ji Filka před světem o čest připravil?

Čerevin

Ó, ano! Ano!

Šiškov

Já poklekl u postele,
ruce vztyčil.

“Milenko, Akulino, dítě drahé,
odpusť mi!

Já též tě měl za nečestnou.”

Ona sedí přede mnou na posteli
a pláče.

“You’re a good-for-nothing, get married.
They’ll be happy to let you have Akulina!”
Filka threatens me.

“You – Akulina’s husband?

I’ll break your ribs.

And with your wife

I’ll sleep all night whenever I fancy.”

And I say to him: “You’re a liar, cur’s meat!”

Prisoners

[Mmm ...

Cherevin

And did they offer you the girl?

Shishkov

Not so fast!

I was drunk, brother, right up to the wedding!

After the ceremony they brought us back
and sat us down.

And uncle says: “The job’s done.

Not with honour, but good and proper!”

As custom has it, they put us in the bedroom
and left us to it.

She sits there all white,
not a drop of blood in her cheeks,
hair like flax, eyes staring,
like a dumb girl in the house, so strange she
was!

And I had a whip ready for her.

But she turned out, when she was with me, to
be –

Cherevin

What? Still innocent?

Prisoners

Ahhh ...

Shishkov

Pure, innocent!

Innocent. A good girl from a good family.

And she was so kind, so very kind ...

Oh why did Filka have to shame her in public?

Cherevin

Yes, why, why?

Shishkov

I knelt down by the bed
and raised my hands.

“Darling Akulina, treasure child,
forgive me!

I too thought you’d been dishonoured.”

She sits on the bed in front of me
and cries.

Položím jí ruce na ramena,
směje se, směje se a pláče.
A jak ji tak vidím, říkám si:
Potkat Filku, nebude živ na světě!
A staříčtí rodičové jsou z toho zděšení.
A matka na kolenu pláče, a stařík:
“Kdybch byl věděl, že je čistá,
jiného byl bych jí vyhledal!”

Čerevín

Tak, tak! Tak to má být!

Šiškov

Počkej, nepředbíhej!
Na druhý den, celý zpit,
běžím po návsi a křičím:
“Dejte mně Filku Morozova,
podlce, nestydu!”
Brzo mne tři lidé zmošli.
A Filka mi před lidmi:
“Tys hlupák!
Vždyt’ tebe zpitého ženili!
A víš, v tom stavu,
cos ty mohl poznat?”
Já přijdu domů.
“Vy jste mne zpitého ženili!”
Matka se do mne pustí, a já:
“Ty máš, mátuško,
zlatem uši ověnceny.

[Podej sem Akulku!”

Stařík (*na peci*)

Kdo to křičí?

Šiškov

Ó, bratře,
já bil,

[mlátil Akulku, dokud jsem nepad.

Čerevín

[Ano, nakonec nebij ženy, nebij ženy –

tak ona –?

Šiškov

Ona sedí, mlčí,
v okno hledí, pláče.
A já biju, biju.

[Mně je jí žal –

Stařík

[Jsi podlec,

I put my hands on her shoulders;
she laughs, she laughs and she cries.
And seeing her like that, I say to myself:
“If I find Filka, I’ll skin him alive!”
Her old parents were horrified.
Her mother goes down on her knees sobbing,
and her old man, he says: “If I’d known she was
chaste I’d have found her another man!”

Čerevín

That’s it! That’s how it should be!

Shishkov

Wait a bit, don’t rush on ahead!
The next day, dead drunk,
I rush across the village green shouting:
“Give me that Filka Morozov,
that impudent skunk!”
Pretty soon three men got hold of me.
Filka started on me in front of the others:
“You fool, you!
They got you married when you were drunk!
And in that state, you know,
how could you tell the difference?”
So I get home.
“You got me married when I was drunk!”
Her mother starts on me and I say to her:
“Mother dear, your ears
must be stuffed with gold.

[Give me that Akulina!”

Old Man (*on the tile-stove*)

Who’s that shouting?

Shishkov

Oh brother,
I beat and

[thrashed Akulka till I couldn’t stand up.

Čerevín

[Yes, after all if you don’t beat a woman, if –

that’s right – and what did she do?

Shishkov

She sits there, saying nothing,
looking at the window, crying.
And I go on beating, beating –

[I feel really sorry for her –

Old Man

[You’re a scoundrel,

[psí maso!

Šiškov

– a já přece biju, biju!

Ubiju!

Věžňové

Už mlč! Už mlč! Už mlč!

Čerevin

4 S Filkou jste se opět spřátelili?

Šiškov

Počkej, nepředbíhej!

Za Ivanova syna

dal se na vojnu.

“Já váš dobrodinec,
vy mne musíte ctít!”

S dcerou spí,

za bradu hospodaře tahá.

Do vinné lázně báby nosily!

“Vratama nechci!

Vylomte plot!”

Vylomili a on vešel.

Filka konečně vystřízlivěl.

Filku Morozova vedou!

Na vojnu vedou!

A on se uklání na všechny strany!

A v tu chvíli jde Akulka ze zahrady.

On u vrat zastaví.

seskočí s vozu.

Hluboce se jí uklání.

“Duša moja, jahoda,
miloval jsem tě tři goda!

Odpust' i ty, čestného otce čestná dcero!

Já podlec, já všim vinen!”

A hluboce se jí poklonil.

Akulka se zastavila, zaleknuta:

potom poklonila se mu až po pás

a pravila:

“Odpust' i ty, dobrý molodče,
zla nemám na tebe!”

Aljeja

Ach!

Šiškov

A já za ní v jizbu,

“Cos to jemu, psí maso,

řekla?”

Aljeja

Ach! Ach!

[cur's meat!

Shishkov

– and I go on beating, beating,

till she's senseless!

Prisoners

Say no more! No more! No more!

Cherevin

And then you made friends with Filka again?

Shishkov

Wait a bit, don't rush on ahead!

He joins the army

in place of Ivanov's own son.¹²

“I've done you a good turn,
you must respect me!”

He sleeps with the daughter

and makes a fool of the master.

The old women take him to his steam-bath, put
wine in it.

“I'm too good to go in through the gate.

Knock down the fence for me!”

They do, and he goes in.

Filka finally sobers up.

They come to march Filka Morozov away,
away to the army!

And he bows in all directions.

At that moment Akulina comes out of the
garden.

He stops at the gate,

jumps down from the cart.

Bows low in front of her.

“Dear heart,⁶ little strawberry,
these three years⁶ I've been making love to you!

Forgive me, chaste daughter of a good father!

I'm a scoundrel, I'm the guilty one!”

And he bows low to her again.

Akulina stops short, frightened,

then bows from the waist

and says:

“And forgive me too, gallant lad⁶
I wish you no harm!”

Alyeya

Ah-h!

Shishkov

And I follow her indoors:

“Cur's meat, what did you

say to him?”

Alyeya

O-oh. O-oh.

Ach!
Šiškov
 A ona,

věř či nevěř,
 pohlédne na mne:
 “Já jeho miluju,
 víc než celý svět jeho miluju!”
 Jššš– ty!
 A ten den
 celý den já s ní nemluvil.
 A večer pravím:
 “Akulko, já tebe zabiju!”
 V noci jsem nespál,
 v síň jsem vyšel vody se napít.

Luka (*umírající*)
 Ach!

Šiškov
 Slunce vyskočilo.

Luka
 Ach!

Šiškov
 Pravím:
 “Akulko, pojedem na pole!”
 Ona nato; “Času málo, práce mnoho!”

Zapřahám koně,
 mlčím.
 (*Luka umírá*)
 Versty tři jsme projeli lesem.
 Koně zastavím.
 “Vstávej, Akulko! Tvůj je konec!”
 Ona stojí dolekaná. Mlčí...
 “Modlí se k Bohu!”
 Vytáhnu nůz a chytnu ji za vlasy
 a po hrdle nožem!

Stařík
 Člověk zahynul!

Aljeja
 Zločinec, Petrovič. Ach to je zločinec.

Stařík
 Stráž!

O-oh.
Shishkov
 And she,

believe it or not,
 looks me straight in the face:
 “I love him,
 love him more than the whole world!”
 Grrr – you!
 And that day,
 all day, I say not a word to her.
 And come the evening, I say:
 “Akulina, I’m going to kill you!”
 I couldn’t sleep that night.
 I went out into the hall for a drink of water.¹⁵

Luka (*in agony*)
 O-oh!

Shishkov
 The sun pops up in the sky.

Luka
 O-oh!

Shishkov
 I say to her:
 “Akulka, we’re going out to the fields!”
 And she says: “Time’s short and much to be
 done!”

I harness the horse
 silently.
 (*Luka dies.*)
 For three versts we drive through the wood.
 I pull the horses up.
 “Up we get, Akulka! This is the end for you!”
 She stands there, scared stiff. Not a word.
 “Pray to God!”
 I pull out my knife, catch hold of her by the hair,
 and cut her throat!

Old Prisoner
 Someone has died!

(*Shishkov whips round. They all rush to the
 corpse.*)

Alyeya
 He’s a criminal, Alexander Petrovich! What a
 criminal!

Old Prisoner
 Guards coming!

Šiškov

Filko! Tos ty!

Stařík

I jeho matka zrodila.

Šiškov

Psí maso! Psí maso!
Psí maso! Psí maso!

Stráž

Volají: Alexandr Petrovič Gorjančikov!

Aljeja

Proč tě volají!

Věžňové (za scénou)

Hou, hou!
Hou, hou!
(*třeskot nástrojů ku práci*)
Hou, hou! *atd*

*Scéna II***Placmajor**

- 5 Petroviči!
Já jsem tě urazil.
Dal jsem tě zmrskat nadarmo.
Vím to!
Já toho lituji. Rozumíš mi?
Já,
já, já toho lituji.

(The gates open and a guard enters. Guard and doctor walk up to the corpse. One of the prisoners closes the dead man's eyes. The Old Man lays a wooden cross on his chest. Shishkov looks closely at the face – and recognizes Filka.)

Shishkov

Filka! So it's you!

Old Prisoner

He was born of a mother, too.

(The officer starts back at the sight of the dead man. The Old Man gives him a blessing. Shishkov's eyes follow the corpse as the guards carry it away.)

Shishkov

Cur's meat! Cur's meat!
Cur's meat! Cur's meat!

Guard

They are calling for Alexander Petrovich Goryanchikov!

Aljeja

Why are they calling you?
(He clings to Goryanchikov)

(The guard leads Goryanchikov away. The sick prisoners are startled.)

Prisoners (off stage)

Ho, ho!
Ho, ho!
(Noise of tools being collected.)
Ho, ho! *etc.*

Scene 2

(Setting as for Act One. Hospital area at rear. Sunshine. Prisoners filed up for work. Guard brings Goryanchikov on. Enter Commandant, tipsy.)

Commandant

Alexander Petrovich!
I did you wrong.
I had you thrashed for nothing.
Now I know!
I am sorry. Do you understand me?
It is I,
I, who am apologizing.

Gorjančikov
Rozumím.

Placmajor
Hej, postůjte.

Věžňové
Hou, hou!

Placmajor
Ja, tvůj velitel, tě pozval,
abys mi odpustil.
Viš, co to je?
Tys červík přede mnou!
A ještě méně:
tys arestant!
(*Věžňové se pošť uchují.*)
A já, z boží milosti placmajor, major.
Rozumiš ty tomu?
Postůjte!

Věžňové
Hou, hou!

Placmajor
Já se s ním smírím.
Cítíš to plně?
Dovedeš to chápat?
Já, major!
(*objímá Gorjančikova*)
Nu – a – Petroviči,
co se ti dnes zdálo?

Gorjančikov
O matce se mi zdálo.

Placmajor
Víc – a lepší!
Tys svoboden!
Mát' prosila.
Zde příkaz!
(*k stráží*)
Odkujte okovy!

Vězeň kovář
Odklepnuto!

Věžňové
Hou! Hou!
Aljeja (*vrhá se Gorjančikovovi na šiji*)

Tys otec můj!

Goryanchikov
I understand.

Commandant
Hey there, stand still!

Prisoners
Ho! ho!

Commandant
I, your commander, have invited you
to forgive me.
Do you know what that means?
You're only a worm to me!
Even less –
you're a convict!
(*The prisoners nudge one another.*)
And I am the commandant by God's grace.
Can you understand that?
Stand still there!

Prisoners
Ho! ho!

Commandant
I'll make my peace with this man.
Do you really feel it?
Can you understand it?
I, a major –!
(*he embraces Goryanchikov*)
– and, well, Alexander Petrovich ...
what did you dream about last night?

Goryanchikov
I dreamt of my mother.

Commandant
It's something more than that – still better!
You're free!
Your mother must have asked for it.
Here's the order!
(*to the guard*)
Strike off his irons!

(*Alyeya appears at the sickbay gate.*)

Blacksmith-Prisoner
They're off!

Prisoners
Ho, ho!
Alyeya (*throwing himself on Goryanchikov's neck*)
You are my father!

Věžňové

Hou!

Gorjančikov

Milý, dobrý!

Zda někdy tě ještě uvidím.

Aljeja

Tys otec můj!

Gorjančikov (*libá okovy*)

Nový život!

Věžňové

Pust' ho, Nikito!

Gorjančikov

Zlatá svoboda!

Věžňové

Orel car!

Orel car!

(Velký vězeň otvírá klec)

Svoboda!

Gorjančikov

Vzkříšení z mrtvých!

Věžňové

Svobodička!

Svoboda, svobodička!

Svoboda, svobodička!

Vidiš, ani se neohlíží!

Svoboda, svobodička!

Orel car!

Stráž

Marrš!

Věžňové

Svoboda, svobodička!

Orel car!

Stráž

Marrš!

Gorjančikov

Nový život!

(Aljeja s pláčem se k němu tulí)

A ty jistě myslíš na dálný Dagestan!

Aljeja

Bůh zaplat' tobě! Bůh odplat'!

Prisoners

Ho!

Goryanchikov

Dear lad, good lad!

Will I ever see you again, I wonder.

Alyeya

Father of mine!

Goryanchikov (*kissing his old fetters*)

Life starts again.

Prisoners (*to the Tall Prisoner who has the eagle in its cage*)

Let him go, Nikita!

Goryanchikov

Golden freedom!

Prisoners

The eagle is Tsar!

The eagle is Tsar!

(The Tall Prisoner opens the cage)

Freedom!

Goryanchikov

Resurrection from the dead.

Prisoners

Dear freedom!

(The eagle, its wing now healed, flies off...)

Freedom, dear freedom!

Freedom, dear freedom!

See, it doesn't even look back!

Freedom, dear freedom!

The eagle is Tsar!

Guard

Quick march!

Prisoners

Freedom, dear freedom!

The eagle is Tsar!

Guard

Quick march!

Goryanchikov

Life starts again!

(Alyeya nestles against him tearfully)

And you, for sure, are dreaming of far-off Dagestan!

Alyeya

God repay you! God reward you!

Stráž
Marrš!

Věžňové
Hou, hou!

Guard
Quick march!

Prisoners
Ho, ho!

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Notes

(Janáček's language, always terse and elliptical, is in this opera complicated by deliberate use of Russian, Ukrainian and Old Church Slavonic words for local colour. Since his knowledge of Russian was far from perfect, occasional obscurities resulted which Czech editors tried to clarify, sometimes adding to the confusion. The text used in this recording reverts in some places to Janáček's original words, for reference to which I am indebted to John Tyrrell. D.V.)

- ¹ The reference is obscure.
- ² Janáček's *lyžky* (edited to Czech *lžice*) was evidently intended to be Russian (correctly *lozhky*).
- ³ Pasties.
- ⁴ These lines are in Ukrainian. But *bašu* is obscure – perhaps miswritten by Janáček for *baču*.
- ⁵ Old Church Slavonic, as used in Orthodox liturgy.
- ⁶ Russian word(s).
- ⁷ Allusion to the double file of green-uniformed guards between which prisoners had to pass when sentenced to corporal punishment. Janáček's *ulici* (street) was changed to *lavici* (bench) through an editorial misunderstanding.
- ⁸ The name puzzled Dostoyevsky, who thought it possibly a local corruption of Kyril (Cyril).
- ⁹ That is, living in the open.
- ¹⁰ Russian, referring to the Police Superintendent.
- ¹¹ Village custom, to mark the house where a girl lived who had been dishonoured.
- ¹² In Dostoyevsky's novel *Chichkov* (Shishkov) relates:
 'In my part of the world, when a lad makes up his mind to enlist as a substitute for another, he is master of the latter's house and everybody in it until he is called to the colours ... Marosof played merry hell... He slept with the daughter, pulled the master of the house by his beard after dinner... They had to heat the bath for him every day and... give him brandy fumes with the steam...' (Translated H. S. Edwards).
- ¹³ The Czech words appear in the autograph as an insertion in Janáček's not very legible hand, with the additional word "Courage!"

- ¹⁴ A Russian form has been used anomalously, since the surrounding words are Ukrainian.
- ¹⁵ *Voda*, "water", has in later editions replaced the original *vodka*, perhaps because of a misunderstanding. Dostoyevsky's *vodka* can only mean spirits, whereas in Czech according to context the diminutive of *voda* could imply simply "a little water".

10 ŘÍKADLA

I
ÚVODII
ŘÍPA SE VDÁVALA

Řípa se vdávala,
celer pískal,
mrkev tancovala,
a křen to všechno spískal,
říkadla spískal.
Tidli, tidli... tidli dudli.

III
NENÍ LEPŠÍ JAKO Z JARA

Není lepší jako z jara,
zelená se v poli tráva,
koza leží na mezi,
nic jí ležet nemrzí.

IV
LEZE KRTEK

Leze krtek podle meze,
vyměřuje louku;
sysel za ním pytle veze,
že bude mlít mouku.

V
KAREL DO PEKLA ZAJEL

Karel do pekla zajel
na bílém koni, čert ho tam honí.
Nevěděl kudy, koupil si dudy.
Nevěděl ještě, koupil si kleště.
Nevěděl nic, koupil si klíč.

VI
ROZTRHANÉ KALHOTY

Roztrhané kalhoty,
vítr do nich fouká,
budu si je zašívát;
pavouk niti souká.

VII
FRANTA RASŮ

Franta rasů hrál na basu,
staré krávkě u ocasu.
Stará kráva byla ráda,
že má Frantu kamaráda.

NURSERY RHYMES

I
INTRODUCTIONII
THE SUGAR BEET'S WEDDING

The sugar beet was getting wed,
the celery played the fife,
the carrot was a-dancing
and the horse-radish fixed it all up,
put the rhymes together.
Tum-ty, tum-ty...tiddledee tum.

III
NOTHING BETTER THAN SPRINGTIME

Nothing better than springtime,
green grows the grass in the field,
nanny-goat lies at the edge,
she's never against a rest.

IV
MOLE COMES CRAWLING

Mole comes crawling along the bounds,
measuring up the meadow;
Hamster behind him with a barrow of sacks
says he's going to grind some flour.

V
CHARLIE WENT ON A RIDE TO HELL

Charlie went on a ride to hell
on a white horse, the Devil chasing him.
Didn't know the way, bought himself bagpipes.
Still didn't know, bought a pair of tongs.
Still knew nowt, bought himself a key.

VI
TROUSERS IN RAGS

Trousers in rags,
the wind blows through them,
I'll sew them up,
Spider spins the thread.

VII
FRANK THE KNACKER'S SON

Frank the knacker's son played his bass fiddle
behind the old cow's tail.
The old cow was delighted
to have Frank for a pal.

VIII
NÁŠ PES, NÁŠ PES...

Náš pes, náš pes
zlámal ocas;
pro svojí dobrotu
strčil ho do plotu;
náš pes, náš pes
zlámal ocas.

IX
DĚLÁM, DĚLÁM KÁZÁNÍ...

Dělám, dělám kázání,
čtyři kočky svázaný,
a pátý pes, do pece vlez,
ukrad tam topinku,
běžel s ní po rynku;
potkala ho kráva,
to byla jeho máma;
potkal ho bulíček,
to byl ten tatíček,
potkal ho bejček,
to byl ten strejček;
potkal ho hřebeček,
to byl ten dědeček;
potkala ho kozička,
to byla jeho babička.

X
STARÁ BÁBA ČAROVALA...

Stará bába čarovala,
z ječmene kroupy,
z prosa jáhly dělala,
to byly její čáry.

XI
HÓ, HÓ, KRÁVY DÓ...

Hó, hó, krávy dó,
nesó mlíko pod vodó,
nesó mlíko půl židlíka.
Kde je naše jalová?
U božího kostela.
Kostel se boří, stodola hoří.

Skoč panenka do vody,
máš tam zlaté korály.
Nač bych já tam skákala,
sukýnky si máchala,
kde bych si je sušila?
U pastýřa v koutku,
na zeleném proutku.

VIII
THAT DOG OF OURS, THAT DOG OF OURS...

That dog of ours, that dog of ours,
he's broken his tail;
in his trusting way
he stuck it through the fence;
that dog of ours, that dog of ours
has broken his tail.

IX
I PREACH, I PREACH YOU THIS SERMON

I preach, I preach you this sermon,
four cats tied together,
the fifth was a dog who climbed in the oven
and stole a slice of toast,
ran across the square with it;
the Cow met him there,
that was his Mum;
the Bullock met him,
that was his Dad;
the Calf met him,
that was his Uncle;
the Colt met him,
that was his Grandpa;
the little Goat met him,
that was his Grandma.

X
THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WEAVING SPELLS...

There was an old woman weaving spells,
turning barley into groats,
raw millet into shelled,
those were her magic tricks.

XI
EE BA GUM, T'COWS DO CUM...

Ee ba gum, t'cows do cum,
carrying milk reight under t'watter,
carrying 'alf a jug o'milk.
Weer be ahr young 'eifer?
Reight beside God's church.
Church falls dahn, barn's on fire.

Jump in t'watter, lass,
tha't find some gold beads there.
Why sh'd ah jump in
an get me skirts all wet?
Where'd ah dry them?
In t'shepherd's 'ut, in t'corner,
ovver 'is green stick.

**XII
MOJE ŽENA MALUČIČKÁ...**

Moje žena malučičká,
postavím ju do hrnčička;
přikryjem ju poklievičkou
nech úvre mi s polievčičkou.

**XIII
BÁBA LEZE DO BEZU...**

Bába leze do bezu,
já tam za ní polezu.
Kudy bába, tudy já,
budeme tam oba dva!

**XIV
KOZA BILÁ HRUŠKY SBÍRÁ...**

Koza bílá hrušky sbírá,
strakatá je třese,
bílá je ponese
zítra do Kolína.

**XV
NEMEC BROUK, HRNCE TLOUK...**

Němec brouk, hrnce tlouk,
házel jimi přes palouk,
a s palouku do louže,
šelma němec v hrdlo lže.

**XVI
KOZA LEŽÍ NA SENĚ ...**

Koza leží na seně,
ona se na mně směje,
chytím kozu za bradu,
povedu ji do Brodu.
V Brodě koze nemají,
šidlem mléko jídají,
pantokem chleba krajají,
měchem drva štípají!

**XVII
VAŠEK, PAŠEK, BUBENÍK...**

Vašek, pašek, bubeník,
zahnal kozy za rybník.
kozy se mu splašily,
do vody mu skočily.

**XVIII
FRANTÍKU, FRANTÍKU...**

Frantíku, Frantíku,
dobrá kaša na mlíku,
ešče lepší na smetaně,
ale se ti nedostane.

**XII
LITTLE WEE WIFE OF MINE..**

Little wee wife of mine,
I'll put her in the pot,
cover her over with the lid
so she'll boil nicely in the soup.

**XIII
GRANNY'S GONE OFF TO THE LILAC BUSH...**

Granny's gone off to the lilac bush,
I'll go in behind her.
Wherever she goes, I'll go too,
then there'll be the two of us!

**XIV
THE WHITE GOAT PICKS UP THE PEARS...**

The white goat picks up the pears,
the piebald shakes them down,
the white one will carry them
to Kolín town tomorrow.

**XV
GRUMPY GERMAN SMASHED THE POTS...**

Grumpy German smashed the pots,
chucked the bits across the green,
off the green into the pond,
crafty German, telling lies.

**XVI
NANNY GOAT'S LYING IN THE HAY**

Nanny goat's lying in the hay,
having a laugh at me,
I'll go and catch her by her beard
and take her off to Brod.
In Brod they've got no goats,
Osup their milk with a cobbler's awl,
slice their bread with axes,
chop their wood with bellows!

**XVII
TED, FRED, DRUMMER BOY...**

Ted, Fred, drummer boy,
drove his goats out past the pond;
the goats bolted
and jumped into the water.

**XVIII
LITTLE FRANK, LITTLE FRANK..**

Little Frank, little Frank,
porridge and milk is fine,
even better porridge and cream —
but there'll be none left for you.

**XIX
SEDĚL MEDVIĚ NA KOLODI ...**

Seděl medvid' na kolodi,
nohaveci kraje,
koloda sje pohinaje,
on kolodi laje.
Hop, cup, cumandra,
cumandra ta moloda!

**XIX
BRUIN SAT UPON A LOG**

Bruin sat upon a log,
cutting out his trousers;
log tips up,
Bruin growls:
Whoops-a-daisy, mucky thing,
what a mucky little thing!

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