

21. БОРОДИНО

Borodino

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Tempo alla marcia (M. M. ♩=112)

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Soli

Tutti

Ска - жи - ка, дя - дя, вѣдь не да - ромъ Мо - сква спа -
Old tim - er, tell us how it hap - pened that Mos - cow,

лен - - - на - я по - жа - ромъ фран цу - зу
by - - - great fir - es black - ened, was yield - ed

Мо - сква спа - лен на - я по - жа - ромъ фран - цу - зу
that Mos - cow by great fir - es black - ened, was yield - ed

от - да - на, Фран - цу - зу от - да - на, вѣдь бы - ли-жъ
to the foe, was yield - ed to the foe, de - spite the

схват - - - ки бо - е - вы - я, да го - во -
ta - - - ny blood - y clash - es when ar - mies

фран цу зу от да на,
was yield - ed to the foe.

вѣдь бы - ли-жъ схват - ки бо - е - вы - я,
de - spite the ta - ny blood - y clash - es.

ря - ять е - ше ка - ки - я. Не - да - ромъ пом - нить вся Рос -
met - - - with wear - on flash - ing. No won - der eve - ry one in

да го - во - рять
when ar - mies met

BORODINO (continued)

ci - я про день Бо - ро - ди - на - - - He - на .
 Rus - sia re - calls Bo - ro - di - no - - - No - no .

Да, были люди в наше время,
 Не то, что нынешнее племя:
 Богатыри — не вы!
 Плохая имь досталась доля:
 Немногие вернулись с поля . . .
 Не будь на то Господня воля,
 Не отдали-бъ Москвы.

Мы долго молча отступали,
 Досадно было, боя ждали.
 Ворчали старики:
 "Что-жъ мы — на зимняя квартиры?
 Не смѣть что-ли командиры
 Чужие изорвать мундиры
 О русские штыки?"

И вотъ нашли большое поле:
 Есть разгуляться гдѣ на волѣ
 Построили редутъ.
 У нашихъ ушки на макушкѣ!
 Чуть утро отсвѣтило пушки
 И лѣса синія верхушки
 Французы тутъ какъ тутъ.

Забилъ снарядъ я въ пушку туго
 И думалъ: угошу я друга.
 Постой-ка, братъ, мусью!
 Что тутъ хитрить, пожалуй къ бою;
 Ужъ мы пойдемъ ломить стѣною,
 Ужъ постоимъ мы головою
 За родину свою!

И только небо засвѣтилось,
 Все шумно вдругъ зашевелилось,
 Сверкнулъ за строемъ строй.
 Полковникъ нашъ рожденъ былъ хватомъ:
 Слуга царю, отецъ солдатамъ . . .
 Да, жаль его: сраженъ булатомъ,
 Онъ спитъ въ землѣ сырой.

И молвилъ онъ, сверкнувъ очами:
 "Ребята! Не Москва-ль за нами?
 Умремте-жъ подъ Москвой
 Какъ наши братья умирали!"
 И клятву вѣрности сдержали
 Мы въ Бородинскій бой.

Yes, I can tell, my peers were better
 Than men today, they had the mettle
 For any trial or feat...
 They measured up to grimmest challenge,
 But few survived the bloody carnage;
 And God, then, willed our strength and courage
 From Moscow to retreat.

The long retreat had made us gloomy.
 We yearned to fight. Old-timers, fuming,
 Were grumbling, growing sad:
 "What gives? Retreat to winter quarters?
 Our chiefs should give us rousing orders
 To drive the French beyond our borders
 With Russian bayonets!"

We stopped and turned in fields enormous:
 'twas room enough for our purpose.
 We built our breastwork high;
 And waited ready in alertness.
 As soon as dawn lit up the surface
 Of cannons, forward-post observers
 Could see the French arrive.

I loaded up my cannon fully
 To greet them well. Messieurs, quit fooling.
 Let's fight it out at last!
 No need to scheme, this is the setting.
 We'll charge in waves to keep you fretting.
 For Russia, life and death forgetting,
 Right here we're standing fast.

All set, we faced that fateful morning...
 First crack of dawn — all ranks were forming
 As units were deployed.
 Our colonel, born to lead with daring,
 For Tsar and soldiers always caring,
 Was killed that day; his sabre wearing,
 He sleeps in native soil.

But on that morning, still commanding,
 He said: "Just west of Moscow standing,
 We'll hold the high and low.
 Our fathers perished, Moscow shielding!"
 We pledged our lives, our weapons wielding...
 We held Borodino!