

English translation by
Alexander F. Beck

69. ГИБЕЛЬ «ВАРЯГА»

Обработка В. Н. Мантулина
Arranged by V.N. Mantulin

Warship "Varyag's" (Viking) Last Fight (1904)

Andante, in 1

mf

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The music is in 3/4 time and G major. The lyrics are in Russian and English.

Пле-щуть хо-лод-ны-я вол-ны, бьют-ся о бе-регъ мор-ской.
Sea-waves keep roll-ing and toss-ing, bleak are ho-ri-zon and surf.

Но-сят-ся чай-ки надъ мо-ремъ, кри-ки ихъ пол-ны то-ской.
White gulls weave o-ver the sea scape heart-rend-ing cries that un-nerve.

Мечутся бѣлыя чайки,
Что-то встревожило ихъ.
Чу! загремѣли раскаты
Взрывовъ далекихъ, глухихъ.
Тамъ, среди Желтого моря,
Вьется Андреевскій стяг —
Бьется съ неравною силой
Гордый красавецъ "Варягъ".
Сбита высокая мачта,
Броня пробита на немъ.
Борется стойко команда
Съ моремъ, врагомъ и огнемъ.
Пѣнится бурное море,
Волны сердито шумятъ;
Съ вражнихъ судовъ-великановъ
Выстрѣлы чаще гремятъ.
Рѣже съ "Варяга" несется
Ворогу грозный отвѣтъ...
Чайки, снесите Отчизнѣ
Русскихъ героевъ привѣтъ!
Міру всему передайте,
Чайки, печальную вѣсть:
Въ битвѣ врагу не сдалися,
Пали за русскую честь.
Мы предъ врагомъ не спустили
Славный Андреевскій стяг:
Сами взорвали "Корейца",
Нами потопленъ "Варягъ".
Видѣли бѣлыя чайки:
Скрылся въ волнахъ богатырь...
Смолкли орудій раскаты,
Стихла далекая ширь.
Плещутъ холодныя волны,
Бьются о берегъ морской...
Чайки къ Россіи несутся,
Крики ихъ полны тоской.

Faster they flutter and scurry —
something alarms them to fright.
Listen! Reverberant fury:
nearer draws thunderous fight.
Challenged in Yellow sea vastness
flies our St. Andrew's proud flag —
one against many is fighting
valiant light cruiser "Varyag".
Main mast cut down by projectiles,
armor repeatedly pierced...
Crews are courageously battling
enemy, flames, and the seas.
Geysered near-misses — foam seething;
waves hurl their anger at ships,
enemy dreadnoughts roar salvos,
faster their shellfire sweeps.
"Viking's" replies fall infrequent;
Voice of our guns — on the wane.
Seagulls, to Russia you'll carry
dirges for valor and pain.
Take to world's shores, o white seagulls,
tragic report from the war:
sailors refused to surrender —
perished for Russia they all.
We, to the end, would not lower
hallowed St. Andrew's proud flag,
while we blew up the "Korean",
scuttled our savaged "Varyag".
Seagulls had witnessed in wonder:
guns beneath waves disappeared.
Broadside no longer taunt thunder
over this sea, far and near.
Wave crests roll hissing and tossing,
bleak are horizons and shore.
Seagulls now fly toward Russia...
Sadder their cries than before.