

SHOSTAKOVICH, Symphony No. 13, Opus 113, "Babi Yar"

Poems by Yevgeny Yevtushenko

I. Babi Yar (Adagio)

CHORUS

Nad Babyim Yarom pamyatnikov nyet.
Krutoy obryv, kak gruboye nadgrobye.

Over Babi Yar there are no monuments.
The steep precipice is like a crude
gravestone.

Mne strashno.
Mne sevodnya stolko let,
Kak samomu yevreiskomu narodu.

I am terrified.
I am as old today
As all Jewish people.

SOLO

Mne kazhetsya seychas—ya iudey.
Vot ya bredu po drevnemu Egiptu.
A vot ya, na kreste raspyaty, gibnu.
I do sikh por na mne—sledy gvozdey.

Now I imagine that I'm a Jew.
Here I wander through ancient Egypt.
And here, on the cross, crucified, I perish.
And still I have on me the marks of the
nails.

Mne kazhetsya, shto Dreifus—eto ya.
Meshchanstvo— moy donoschik i sudya.
Ya za reshotkay. Ya popal v koltso,
Zatravlennyy, oplyovannyi, obolgannyi.
I damochki s brusselskimi oborkami,
Vizzha, zontami tychut mne v litso.

I imagine myself to be Dreyfus.
The Philistine—my informer and judge.
I am behind bars. I am surrounded,
Persecuted, spat on, slandered.
And dainty ladies in Brussels frills,
Squealing, poke their parasols into my
face.

Mne kazhetsya, ya—malchik v Belostoke.

I imagine myself the boy from Belostok.

CHORUS

Krov lyotsya, rastekayas po polam,
Beschinstvuyut vozhdni traktirnoy stoiki

Blood flows, running over the floors.
The rabble-rousers in the tavern commit
their outrages

I pakhnut vodkoy s lukom popolam.

Reeking of vodka and onions, half and half.

SOLO

Ya, sapogom otbroshennyi, bessileny.
Naprosno ya pogromshchikov molyu.

Kicked by a boot, I lie helpless.
In vain I plead with the pogrom-makers.

CHORUS

Pod gogot, "Bey zhidov, spasai
Rossiyu!"
Labaznik izbivayet mat moyu.

Accompanied by jeers—"Beat the Yids,
save Russia!"
A grain merchant batters my mother.

SOLO

O russki moy narod! Ya znayu ty
Po sushchnosti internazionalen.
No chasto te, chyi ruki nechisty
Tvoim chisteishim imenem bryatsali.
Ya znayu dobrotu moyei zemli.
Kak podlo, shto i zhilochkoi ne
drognu, v
Antisemity narekli sebya

O my Russian people! I know you
Are innately international
But often those whose hands were vile
In vain used your purest name.
I know the goodness of my land.
What base lowness—without a quiver
of a vein
The anti-Semites proclaimed themselves

SOLO & CHORUS

"Soyuzom Russkovo Naroda!"

"The Union of the Russian People!"

SOLO

Mne kazhetsya ya—eto Anna Frank,
 Prozrachnaya, kak vetochka v aprele,
 I ya lyublyu, i mne ne nado fraz,
 No nado, shtob drug v druga my
 smotreli.
 Kak malo mozžno videt, obonyat!
 Nelzya nam listyev
 I nelzya nam neba,
 No mozžno ochen mnogo—eto nezžno
 Drug druga v tyomnoy komnate obnyat.

I imagine myself as Anne Frank,
 Transparent as a sprig in April,
 And I love, and have no need for phrases,
 But I do need for us to gaze into each
 other.
 How little one can see, or smell!
 Leaves—we cannot have,
 Sky—we cannot have,
 But there is so much we can have—
 To embrace tenderly in a darkened room.

CHORUS

Syuda idut!

They're coming!

SOLO

Ne boysya, eto guly
 Samoy vesny. Ona syuda idyot.
 Idi ko mne,
 Dai mne skoreye guby.

Don't be afraid, those are the blooming
 sounds
 Of spring itself. It's coming here.
 Come to me,
 Quickly, give me your lips.

CHORUS

Lomayut dver!

They're breaking the door!

SOLO

Nyet, eto ledokhod...

No, it's the ice breaking...

CHORUS

Nad Babyim Yarom shelest dikikh trav
 Derevyia smotryat grozno, po-sudeiski
 Zdes molcha vsyo krichit, i, shapku
 snyav,
 Ya chuvstvuyu, kak medlenno sedeyu.

Over Babi Yar the wild grasses rustle,
 The trees look sternly as if in judgment.
 Here everything screams silently and,
 taking off my hat,
 I feel I am slowly turning gray.

SOLO

I sam ya, kak sploshnoy bezzvuchny krik
 Nad tysyachami tysyach pogrebyonnykh
 Ya—kazhdy zdes rasstrelyanny starik.
 Ya—kazhdy zdes rasstrelyanny rebyonok.
 Nichto vo mne pro eto ne zabudet.

And I myself am one long soundless cry.
 Above the thousand thousands buried here.
 I am every old man here shot dead.
 I am every child here shot dead.
 Nothing in me will ever forget this.

CHORUS

“Internatsional” pust progremit,
 Kogda naveki pokhoronen budet
 Posledni na zemle antisemit.

The “Internationale”—let it thunder
 When forever will be buried
 The last of the anti-Semites on earth.

SOLO

Yevreiskoy krovi nyet v krovi moyei,
 No nenavisten zloboy zaskoruzloy
 Ya vsem antisemitam, kak yevrei.

There is no Jewish blood in mine,
 But I am adamantly hated
 By all anti-Semites as if I were a Jew.

CHORUS

I potomu ya—nastoyashchy russki!

That is why I am a true Russian!

*Please turn the page quietly,
 and only after the music has stopped.*

II. Humor (Allegretto)

Tsari, koroli, imperatory,
Vlastiteli vsei zemli,
Komandovali paradami,
No yumorom, no yumorom ne mogli.
V dvortsy imenitykh osob,
Vse dni vozlezhashchikh vykholenno
Yavlyalsya brodyaga Ezop,
I nishchimi oni vyglyadeli.

SOLO

Tsars, kings, emperors,
Rulers of the world,
Commanded parades,
But humor—humor they could not.
To the palaces of the eminent
Who, well groomed, all day reclined
Came the vagabond Aesop
And before him all appeared impoverished.

Yavlyalsya brodyaga Ezop,
I nishchimi oni vyglyadeli.

CHORUS

Came the vagabond Aesop
And before him all appeared impoverished.

V domakh, gde khanzha nasledil
Svoimi nogami shchuplymi,
Vsyu poshlost Khodzha Nasreddin
Sshibal, kak shakhmaty, shutkami.

SOLO

In homes where a hypocrite left traces
Of his puny feet,
All this banality Hadji Nasr-ed-Din
Swept aside with his jokes as one would
clear a chessboard.

Vsyu poshlost Khodzha Nasreddin
Sshibal, kak shakhmaty, shutkami.

All this banality Hadji Nasr-ed-Din
Swept aside with his jokes as one would
clear a chessboard.

Khoteli yumor kupit.

They wanted to buy humor.

Da tolko evo ne kupish!

CHORUS

Only he cannot be bought!

Khoteli yumor ubit.

SOLO

They wanted to kill humor.

A yumor pokazyval kukish.

CHORUS

But humor thumbed his nose.

Borotsya s nim—delo trudnoye,
Kaznili evo bez konsta.

SOLO

To battle him is a tough business,
They executed him endlessly.

Evo golova otrublennaya
Torchala na pike streltsa.

CHORUS

Humor's severed head
Was stuck on a warrior's pike.

No lish skomoroshiy dudochki
Svoy nachinali skaz,
On zvonko krichal: "Ya tutochki."

SOLO

Just when the buffoons' pipes
Would start their tale
He would brightly cry: "I'm here."

"Ya tutochki!"

CHORUS

"I'm here!"

"Ya tutochki!"

SOLO

"I'm here!"

I likho puskalsya v plyas.

SOLO & CHORUS

And he would break into a dashing
dance.

<p>V potryopannom kutsem paltishke Ponuryas i slovno kayas, Prestupnikom politicheskim On, poymannyi, shol na kazn. Vsem vidom pokornost vykazyval, Gotov k nezemnomu zhityu, Kak vdrug iz paltishka vyskalzyval</p> <p>Rukoy makhal.</p>	<p>SOLO</p> <p>In a threadbare scanty coat, Crestfallen and as if repenting, Caught as a political prisoner He would go to his execution. His appearance displayed obedience, Ready for his life hereafter, When suddenly he would slip out of his coat Waving his hand.</p>
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<p>I tyu-tyu!</p>	<p>SOLO & CHORUS</p> <p>And bye-bye!</p>
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<p>Yumor pryatali v kamery, Da chorta s dva udalos.</p>	<p>SOLO</p> <p>They hid humor in cells, But like hell they succeeded.</p>
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<p>Reshotki i steny kamennyye On prokhodil naskvoz.</p>	<p>SOLO & CHORUS</p> <p>Iron bars and stone walls He would pass right through.</p>
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<p>Otkashlivayas prostuzhenno, Kak ryadovoy boyets Shagal on chastushkoy-prostushkoy S vintovkoy na Zimni dvoryets.</p>	<p>SOLO & CHORUS</p> <p>Cleaning his throat from the cold, Like an ordinary soldier He marched as a simple ditty With a rifle for the Winter Palace.</p>
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<p>Privyk on ko vzglyadam sumrachnym No eto yemu ne vredit, I sam na sebya s yumorom Yumor poroy glyadit. On vechen.</p>	<p>SOLO</p> <p>He is used to stern glances, But it does not hurt him. And humor looks upon himself At times with humor. He is everlasting.</p>
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<p>Vechen.</p>	<p>CHORUS</p> <p>Everlasting.</p>
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<p>On lovok.</p>	<p>SOLO</p> <p>He is smart.</p>
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<p>Lovok.</p>	<p>CHORUS</p> <p>Smart.</p>
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<p>I yurok.</p>	<p>SOLO</p> <p>And nimble.</p>
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<p>I yurok.</p>	<p>CHORUS</p> <p>And nimble.</p>
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<p>Proydyot cherez vsyo, cherez vsekh.</p>	<p>SOLO</p> <p>He will walk through everything and everybody.</p>
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<p>Itak, da slavitsya yumor! On—muzhestvennyi chelovek.</p>	<p>SOLO & CHORUS</p> <p>And so, glory to humor! He is a courageous fellow.</p>
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*Please turn the page quietly,
and only after the music has stopped.*

III. In The Store (Adagio)

Kto v platke, a kto v platochke,
Kak na podvig, kak na trud,
V magazin poodinochke
Molcha zhenshchiny idut.

O, bidonov ikh bryatsanye,
Zvon butylok i kastrul.

Pakhnet lukom, ogurtsami
Pakhnet sousom "Kabul."

Zyabnu, dolgo v kassu stoya,
No pokuda dvizhus k ney,
Ot dykhanya zhenshchin stolkih
V magazine vsyo teplei
Oni tikho podzhidayut,
Bogi dobrye semyi
I v rukakh oni szhimayut.
Dengi trudnye svoi.

Oni tikho podzhidayut
Bogi dobrye semyi
I v rukakh oni szhimayut.
Dengi trudnye svoi.

Eto zhenshchiny Rossii,
Eto nasha chest i sud.
I beton oni mesili,
I pakhali, i kosili.
Vsyo oni perenosili,
Vsyo on perenesut.

Vsyo oni perenosili,
Vsyo on perenesut.

Vsyo na svete im posilno,
Skolko sily im дано.

Ikh obschityvat postydno,
Ikh obveshivat greshno.

I, v karman pelmeni sunuv,
Ya smotryu, surov i tikh,
Na ustalyye ot sumok
Ruki pravednyye ikh.

SOLO

Some in shawls, some in kerchiefs,
As if to a heroic feat or labor
Into the store one by one
Women silently enter.

CHORUS

O, the clanking of the cans,
The clanging of the bottles and
saucepans
The smell of onions and cucumbers,
The smell of the "Kabul" sauce.

SOLO

I shiver queuing for the cashier
But as I keep moving closer
From the breathing of so many women
It gets warmer in the store.
They wait silently,
The family's kind gods,
As they clutch in their hands
The hard-earned money.

CHORUS

They wait silently,
The family's kind gods,
As they clutch in their hands
The hard-earned money.

SOLO

These are women of Russia,
They are our honor and our conscience.
They have mixed concrete
And plowed and reaped.
They have endured everything,
They will endure everything.

CHORUS

They have endured everything,
They will endure everything.

SOLO

Everything on earth is possible for them,
They have been given so much strength.

SOLO & CHORUS

It is shameful to short-change them.
It is sinful to short-weigh them.

SOLO

And, shoving dumplings into my pocket,
I look, solemn and quiet,
At their weary from shopping
Saintly hands.

IV. Fears (Largo)

Umirayut v Rossii strakhi,
Slovno prizraki prezhnikh let.
Lish na paperti, kak starukhi,

Koye gde eshcho prosyat khleb.

Ya ikh pomnyu vo vlasti i sile
Pri dvore torzhestvuyushchei lzhi.
Strakhi vsyudu kak teni skolzili,
Pronikali vo vsye etazhi.
Potikhonku lyudei priruchali
I na vsyo nalagali pechat.
Gde molchat by, krichat priruchali,

I molchat, gde by nado krichat.

Eto stalo sevodnya dalyokim,
Dazhe stranno i vspomnit teper.
Tayinyi strakh pered chym to donosom.
Tayinyi strakh pered stukom v dver.
Nu, a strakh govorit s inostrantsem,
S inostrantsem to shto, a s zhenoy.

Nu, a strakh bezotchyotnyi ostatsya
Posle marshei vdvoym s tishinoy.

Ne boyalis my stroit v meteli,
Ukhodit pod snaryadami v boy,
No boyalis poroyu smertelno
Razgovarivat sami s soboy.
Nas ne sbili i ne rastili,
I nedarom seichas vo vragakh
Pobedivshaya strakhi Rossiya

Yeshcho bolshi rozhdayet strakh.

Strakhi novyye vizhu svetleya,
Strakh neiskrennim byt so stranoy,
Strakh nepravdoy unizit idei,
Shto yavlyayutsya pravdoy samoy.
Strakh fanfarit do odurenya,
Strakh chuzhiye slova povtoryat,
Strakh unizit drugikh nedoveriyem
I chrezmerno sebe doveryat.

Umirayut v Rossii strakhi.

I kogda ya pishu eti stroki
I poroyu nevolno speshu,
To pishu ikh v yedinstvennom strakhe
Shto ne v polnuyu silu pishu.

CHORUS

In Russia fears are dying
Like the ghosts of yesteryears.
Only on church steps here and there
like old women
They are begging for bread.

SOLO

I remember fears being in power and force
At the court of triumphant lie.
Fears like shadows slithered everywhere,
Infiltrated every floor.
Gradually they tamed the people
And on everything affixed their seal.
Where silence should be, they taught
screaming,
They taught silence, where shouting
would be right.
This, today, has become distant,
It is strange even to recall it now.
The secret fear at someone informing,
The secret fear at a knock at the door.
Then, a fear to speak to a foreigner;
Foreigner—nothing, even with one's
own wife.
And unaccountable fear, after marches,
To remain alone with silence, eye to eye.

CHORUS

We did not fear to build in snowstorms,
To march into battle under fire,
But we deathly feared at times
To talk to ourselves.
We did not get demoralized or corrupted,
And it is not without reason
That Russia, having conquered her own
fears,
Spreads even greater fear in her enemies.

SOLO

I see new fears arising,
The fear of being insincere to the country,
The fear of degrading the ideas
That are truth in themselves,
The fear of bragging until stupor,
The fear of repeating someone else's word
The fear of belittling others with distrust
And to trust oneself excessively.

CHORUS

In Russia fears are dying.

SOLO

As I write these lines,
And at times unwittingly hurry,
I write them with the single fear
Of not writing at full speed.

V. Career (Allegretto)

Tverdili pastyri, shto vreden
I nerazumen Galilei.

SOLO

The clergy maintained that Galileo
Was a wicked and a senseless man.

Shto nerazumen Galilei,
Shto nerazumen Galilei.

CHORUS

Galileo was senseless,
Galileo was senseless.

No, kak pokazyvayet vremya,
Kto nerazumnei, tot umnei.

SOLO

But, as time demonstrated,
He who is senseless is much wiser.

Kto nerazumen, tot umnei,
Kto nerazumen, tot umnei.

CHORUS

He who is senseless is much wiser,
He who is senseless is much wiser.

Uchonyi, sverstnik Galileya,
Byl Galileya ne glupeye.

SOLO

A fellow scientist of Galileo's age
Was no less wiser than Galileo.

Byl Galileya ne glupeye,
Byl Galileya ne glupeye.

CHORUS

Was no less wiser than Galileo,
Was no less wiser than Galileo.

On znal, shto vertitsya zemlya,
No u nevo byla semya.

SOLO

He knew that the earth revolved,
But—he had a family.

No u neva byla semya,
No u nevo byla semya.

CHORUS

But—he had a family,
But—he had a family.

I on, sadyas s zhenoy v karetu,

SOLO

And he, stepping into a carriage with
his wife,

Svershiv predatelstvo svoyo,
Schital, shto delayet karyeru,

Having accomplished his betrayal,
Considered himself advancing his
career,

A mezhdu tem gubil evo.

Whereas he undermined it.

A mezhdu tem gubil evo,
A mezhdu tem gubil evo.

CHORUS

Whereas he undermined it,
Whereas he undermined it.

Za osoznaniye planety
Shol Galilei odin na risk,
I stal velikim on.

SOLO

For his assertion of our planet
Galileo faced the risk alone
And became truly great.

I stal velikim on.

CHORUS

And became truly great.

Vot eto

SOLO

Now this

SOLO & CHORUS

Ya ponimayu—karyerist.

To my mind, this is a true careerist.

CHORUS

Itak, da zdravstvuyet karyera!
Kogda karyera takova,
Kak u Shekspira i Pastera,
Nyutona i Tolstovo,
I Tolstovo.

Thus—salute to the career!
When the career is similar
To Shakespeare and Pasteur,
Newton and Tolstoy,
And Tolstoy.

SOLO

Lva?

Leo?

CHORUS

Lva!
Zachem ikh gryazyu pokryvali?
Talent, talant, kak ni kleimi.

Leo!
Why mud was flung at them?
Talent is talent, brand them as one may.

SOLO

Zabyty te, kto proklinali.

Those who cursed them are forgotten.

CHORUS

No pomnyat tekh, kovo klyali,
No pomnyat tekh, kovo klyali.

But the accursed are remembered well,
But the accursed are remembered well.

SOLO

Vse te, kto rvalis v stratosferu,
Vrachi, shto gibli ot kholer,
Vot eti delali karyeru!

All those who yearned for the
stratosphere,
The doctors who perished fighting
cholera,
They were pursuing a career!

SOLO & CHORUS

Ya s ikh karyer beru primer.

I take as an example their careers.

SOLO

Ya veryu v ikh svyatuyu veru.
Ikh vera—muzhestvo moyo.
Ya delayu sebe karyeru
Tem, shto ne delayu evo!

I believe in their sacred belief.
Their belief is my courage.
I pursue my career
By not pursuing it!

Translation and transliteration by Valeria Vlazinskaya