SOLOVEI

SCENE I

56 RIBAK
Něvod brosál neběsný duch
V sési svoj rýb lovil,
V sési svých morských nalovil,
Mněho pošlal neběsný duch,
Bléden, bléden serp lunu:
Síluš tiší nízlesk volní.

Rasvět už bliká, a solový vá syho net.
Už v cítí púra kozá už den 'on prišel a pel.
Zvónko pesn' evó
V nochní tiší neslás'.

Akh! Dólo slíšhal ya evó,
Zabív pro něvod svoj i pro svoj zabór.
V ného unyó neběsný duch;
V můre svýo rýb pastíl.
Prýsám on sédhal ikh vsekh,
Gólos im dal neběsný duch.
Bléden, bléden serp lunu:
Síluš tiší nízlesk volní.

56 SOLOVEI
Akh! S ného vislé blesův zvezdí upála.
Ona rásipalas' altmázonou roslí
Na roží, shto rastú v sadu vočríd dvortys.

RIBAK
Akh, Gospodi, kak éto khoroshó!

SOLOVEI
Akh, roží, gólos moj vš sîlšíte l' v noči?

THE NIGHTINGALE

SCENE I

Introduction

Nocturnal scene, by the seashore. The edge of a forest.
Upstage, the Fisherman is in his boat.

56 THE FISHERMAN
Heavenly spirit, catching fish,
Heavenly spirit, what do you wish?
Winds unwind your nets, winds cast your nets,
Winds pull,
Winds bring them back, always bring them back full.
Pale, how pale is the young moon:
Morning light will break too soon.
The waves are murmuring,
Where is the nightingale?
wait to hear the nightingale, it is his time to sing.
Oh, come, pure voice, and fill the night
with your sweet song!
Ah, I have listened to him long,
Forgetting fishing nets, forgetting all my worries.
Heavenly spirit, in your sea
Are all the fish you have caught and made free,
Changed into birds, birds singing heavenly,
Fish changed to birds, singing to me.
Pale, how pale is the young moon:
Morning light will break too soon.

56 NIGHTINGALE
Akh! From the sky a star in diamond dew
fell scattered,
Fell on the garden roses, fell in diamond dew,
The gardens of the palace, the gardens of the rose.

FISHERMAN
Oh, God above, how beautiful it is!

NIGHTINGALE
Akh, do you hear my voice, oh roses, do you hear?
KUKHAROCHKA
Vot i dosfigli mî opîshki lêsa.
Zdes’ kazhdî den’ ya slishku solov’yâ.
Akh, Bôze moj! Kak on poyot!
Ot pêsen tekhi iz glaz kazytsya
Slyozi u menyâ,
I kakhetsya, shto mat’ menyâ tseluet.
Selchâs uslishit’êvê, on zapoyot.

PRIDVORNIÊ
Vot on!

KAMERGER
Kakaya slishcha!

BONZA
Tsing-Pé! Kakaya mosch’v stol’ maloi pîashka!

PRIDVORNIÊ
Ne uzhidî.
Vot sîla!
Podomfate, kakov’!

KAMERGER, BONZA I PRIDVORNIÊ
Vot sîla!

KUKHAROCHKA
Net, to bî ne solovëti!

KAMERGER
Pt!

KUKHAROCHKA
Michet v les’i korovushka.
Akh, Bôze moj, uzh kak mnie solov’yâ ne zdes’:

---

Enter Chamberlain, Bonze, Courtiers, Cook.

---

COOK
This forest clearing is the place I mentioned,
Here ev’ry night I hear the nightingale.
Oh God above, how does he sing!
His voice brings tears, his voice brings tears,
But tears of happiness.
Which make me feel as from my mother’s kisses.
Oh, listen, hear how he will wing, now he will sing!

COURTIERs
He sings! He sings!

CHAMBERLAIN
What power, oh, what strength!

BONZA
Tsing-Pé! What force he has for such a small bird!

COURTIERs
Who would believe it?
How marvelous it is!

CHAMBERLAIN, BONZA AND COURTIERs
Fantastic!

COOK
That was not the nightingale!

CHAMBERLAIN
Pt!

COOK
It was a forest cow, I know its bellowing.
The nightingale is not yet here. Believe me now:

Pov’es’te mne, to zamichala koróva rybaka,
A solov’yâ vsyo net eschë.

BONZA I PRIDVORNIÊ
Vot on! Vot on!

KAMERGER
Somoen’ ya net,
Ved’ êto nepremennno solovei!

PRIDVORNIÊ
Nepravda li, prekrasno

BONZA
Tsing-Pé!
Zverit’ kak kolokol’chiki v molël’ne.

KAMERGER
Da u nevo serëbryanoe górfishko!

KUKHAROCHKA
Da net zhe, net, kakof rat solovëti.

PRIDVORNIÊ
A kto zh êto?

KUKHAROCHKA
Lyagushka kvadzayut, a vî
Za solov’yà przanali ikh.

KAMERGER, BONZA I PRIDVORNIÊ
Lyagushki? Bit’ ne mozhët?

PRIDVONYE
Shito zh êto

KAMERGER
Skóro i’ mi êvo uslishim?

I recognize it, the fisherman’s old cow,
The nightingale is not yet here.

BONZA AND COURTIERs
At last, it’s he!

CHAMBERLAIN
Without a doubt,
Surely this time it is the nightingale!

COURTIERs
How beautiful his singing!

BONZA
Tsing-Pé!
It sounds quite like the bells that ring in our pagoda.

CHAMBERLAIN
Oh, yes, it has a golden voice, it is the bird!

COOK
My goodness, no, oh no, this is not he.

COURTIERs
What is it then?

COOK
The frogs were croaking
And you thought you heard the bird, the nightingale.

CHAMBERLAIN, BONZA, AND COURTIERs
The frogs? This cannot be so!

COURTIERs
Be quiet!

CHAMBERLAIN
Will we have to wait much longer?
KUKHAROCHKA
Vot on, vot on. Vi slišite?

KAMERGER, BONZA I PRIDVORNIE
Gde, gde?

KUKHAROCHKA
Vot on sidi.

KAMERGER
Nelzheli?

PRIDVORNIE
Kakor bestsventyi!

BONZA
Tsing-Pé!

KAMERGER
Narodzhost' samuya prosiya.

PRIDVORNIE
Vot shchokat!

BONZA
Tsing-Pé! Da on iskunits!

KAMERGER
On budet pri dvoré ime' uspekh.

COURTIERS
O little cook, please find the nightingale!

CHAMBERLAIN
Oh cook, dear cook, we will appoint you Emperor’s Chief High Cook!

BONZE
Tsing-Pé, you will be able then to see The Emperor while he’s at table.

COOK
Listen, he’s there. I hear him now!

CHAMBERLAIN, BONZE, AND COURTIES
Where, then?

COOK
He’s in the tree.

CHAMBERLAIN
Is that the bird?

COURTIERS
How dark his colour!

BONZE
Tsing-Pé!

CHAMBERLAIN
He is most simple in appearance.

COURTIERS
He sings now!

BONZE
Tsing-Pé! He is an artist!

CHAMBERLAIN
And he will have a big success at court.

KUKHAROCHKA
Solovushko, syudá idit vel’mózhi, skazát’ tebé, Shito Imperator nash zhelat’ uslishat’ tvoyó pénë.

SOLOVEI
Akh, ochen rad! Nachât’ li mne, vel’mözh? (Exe)

KAMERGER
Solovushio, nash nesavnenneshii, Evó Velîchesivo, nash Imperator—

BONZA
Tsing-Pé!

KAMERGER
Proslishav chudesà o pënni vâshem—

BONZA
Tsing-Pé!

KAMERGER
—Na prazdnich prilglasil vas vo dvorets.

SOLOVEI
Akh! Pën’ya solov’yâ svcév priyatnev vnämâ!, V lesís gluhkóm v tishõ nochñî rassvetâ,
V syo zh, èsil Imperatoru ugûdno Uslishat’ moë pën’ë vo dvoretsë, Okhótno ya otravîyus’s vamí.

PRIDVORNIE
Vot adruzhil?

BONZA
Glyasîte-ka!

KAMERGER
Solovushko slestel ci pryamo v rûki. Kukhórechka, tvo dvorets ness evô, A mi prosledeuem za nimì.

COOK
Dear nightingale, these nobles here before you have come to tell The Emperor’s desire to hear you, our ruler’s wish to hear you sing.

NIGHTINGALE
Oh what a joy! Shall I start now, O nobles?

CHAMBERLAIN
O dearest nightingale, you matchless bird, His royal majesty, ruler of China—

BONZE
Tsing-Pé!

CHAMBERLAIN
—has heard such wonders of your glorious singing—

BONZE
Tsing-Pé!

CHAMBERLAIN
—he now invites you to a palace feast.

NIGHTINGALE
Ahh! In a forest wild, before the break of day, Oh, then a nightingale will always sing most sweetly. But if the Emperor is pleased to hear me, I will with pleasure go with you to sing. So take me now with you, O nobles!

COURTIERS
Did you see that?

BONZE
Oh look at that!

CHAMBERLAIN
He lights upon the hand of the little she-cook! And now, good cook, take him straight away And we will follow him directly to the palace.
BONZA
Tsing-Pé! Tsing-Pé!
Kogda b kukháróchka ne pomoglá nam?

PRIDVORNIÊ
Svosem bi plótkho nam prishloš'!

BONZA
Tsing-Pé! Tsing-Pé!

PRIDVORNIÊ
Eshchó bi!
Ogh, nadaváj b pósle úzhina
Nam bámbuka po zhivotá!

BONZA
Tsing-Pé! Tsing-Pé!

COURTIERS
Going off
Oh! Awful!
We would be beaten at the Emp'or's bidding
On the belly with bamboo!

FISHERMAN
Heavenly spirit, you gave song
To win earth's rulers from the wrong.
The song of birds brings tears to the wise,
And tears are stars in the sky.

SCENE II

1-iy KYOR
Ogný, ogný, ogný zhivéi ogný!

2-oi KYOR
Syudá fonáríkov, fonáríkov syudá
Zhvél, zhvél!

SOPRANO
Kto videl solov'ýa?

1-iy KYOR
My ne vidáli,
Nesnito kolokól'chiki syedá.

2-oi KYOR
Kukháróchka sprosít', oná vidála.

1-iy 1 2-oi KYOR
Fonáríkov, fonáríkov zhivéi, zhivéi,
Fonáríkov syudá, zhivéi neste!
Vot prizdánik to sevódnia bûdet, chúdo!

COURTIERS
Alone, what would have been our fate?

BONZA
Tsing-Pé! Tsing-Pé!

SECOND CHORUS
The cook alone knows where the nightingale is.

FIRST AND SECOND CHORUSES
Bring lanterns quick and light the torches,
Let them burn; bring lanterns quick,
Bring lanterns quick and fire to light the torches!

TENOR
We'll tie a silver bell to ev'ry flower.
A tiny silver bell!

SECOND CHORUS
That will be charming!

FIRST CHORUS
How truly old Chinese and truly charming!

SECOND CHORUS
How the light of lanterns gleams like gold in the night!

FIRST CHORUS
How the lantern light gleams golden in the night!

FIRST AND SECOND CHORUSES
Listen to the bells. Do you hear the silver bells?
Bring light, bring light, bring lantern light!
The golden lanterns now are here!

TENOR
The little cook, where is she hiding?

ALTO
Our little cook is now called Chief High Cook.

SECOND CHORUS
Oh, look, the cook is coming here, she's coming,
Oh, may we ask you, Chief High Cook, to listen?

TENOR
The lanterns there, be quick! Torches and lanterns!
SOPRANO
Who wants the golden ones? Torches and lanterns!

FIRST CHORUS
More silver bells, bring here more silver bells!

SECOND CHORUS
The flowers in the wind make bell-like music.

TENOR
Bring lanterns, bring more lanterns here!

SECOND CHORUS
Oh little cook, oh little cook, please tell us
If you have seen the Nightingale.
Please tell us, is he enormous? Does he shine like diamonds in the sun?

FIRST CHORUS
We need more golden lanterns, more and more,
Still more.

COOK
No, he is very small and grey in color,
You would not see him in a forest thicket,
But when he sings you are possessed
And cannot keep back the flowing tears, though you are happy.

FIRST AND SECOND CHORUSES
All the lights are gleaming, golden in the night.
Listen to the bells! Do you hear the silver bells?
Now all the lights are gleaming.
All the golden lanterns gleaming!
(Perturbed) Ah!

IMPERATOR
Kak khoroshi to speti!
Chein nagradit' tebyu?
Skazhi!
Ya zhaliyam emu
Na shchyi tufiyu zolotyi.

SOLOVEI
Ti plačesh',
Slyžzi na tvoiikh glazakh,
Velikii imperator, akh, net,
Mine miilost' drugikh ne nado.
Akh! Ya shchédro nagrazhdyón!

in abundance. Solemn entry of the court dignitaries.
Downstage, with his back to the audience, stands a
court lacaey holding a long staff, on which is
perched the Nightingale. Servants bear in pomp the
Emperor of China, seated in his canopied chair. The Emperor's
chair is placed on a dais in the middle of the stage.

CHAMBERLAIN
O Emperor almighty.
The Nightingale is here
Awaiting your command to start his singing.
The Emperor gives the Nightingale the sign to start.

NIGHTINGALE
Ah! O joy that fills the heart,
O gardens full of fragrance,
The flowers now in bloom,
The gardens in the sun!
But oh, my heart is sad,
A morning mist surrounds it,
My tears shine crystal clear
At night time with the moon.
Oh, weep for your beloved,
Oh, weep for your beloved,
In dreams, beloved dreams,
In dreams, beloved dreams.
Ah!

EMPEROR
Your song is beautiful!
How to reward you now?
Tell me…
Around your neck I'll hang
The order of the Golden Slipper.

NIGHTINGALE
The teardrops shining
In your grateful eyes,
O Emperor almighty, I wish for nothing else,
I am rewarded.
Ah! Great is my reward!
KAMERGER
Velkii Imperator,
Ot poveltel'ya Yaponii posli.

PRIDVORNII
Ocharenii, no!
Kakoe miloe koklestvo!

KHOR
Oua, oua…

PRIDVORNII
I 1-ii I 2-oi YAPONSIII POSLL
Kogda sotstse zaslop
Vladika Yaponsii
Povelit'el' na vam svoim k tebe,
Povelitel' Kitaya.
Vot raf, privet i dar.

2 3-ii YAPONSIII POSLL
Solovoi Imperatora Yaponskogo
Zhilo v sraneni
S solovoi'Imperatora Kitaiskogo.

PRIDVORNII
Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk…
Klyu, klyu… Klyu, klyu, klyu…

THE LADIES OF THE COURT

The ladies of the court gargle with water from china cups, trying to imitate the nightingale.

WOMEN
Oua, oua…

COURTIERS
How well he sings his song!
How rehearsed and yet how perfect!

The Mechanical Nightingale

The Mechanical Nightingale

The Mechanical Nightingale: The Emperor, who wants to hear the real nightingale again, turns his head and points in the direction of the nightingale's perch. When he sees that the bird is no longer there, he turns perplexed to the Chamberlain.

EMPEROR
Where is he?

CHAMBERLAIN
He flew away, great Emperor almighty.

EMPEROR
I declare for ever banished
From the states of our empire
The bird who rudely flew away.
I name the Japanese Emperor's nightingale
first singer,
To be installed at once
On our bed-table from the left side,
The bed-table of our royal self.

Chinese March (reprise)

Chinese March (reprise): The Emperor gives the sign to start the procession. He is carried, and everyone follows him.

VOICE OF THE FISHERMAN

Death hides the stars in darkness and gloom,
Death holds the stars in its eternal tomb.
But in the bird, the spirit's voice,
Heavenly will conquer death and set the stars free.

SCENE III

Scene III

Moonlight. Upstage, a gigantic bed, on which the sick Emperor is lying. At his bedside sits Death, wearing the imperial crown and holding the sword of state and the standard. The curtain separating the bedroom from the ante-chambers is open.

SPECTRES

Before you we stand,
Mí vše pridáj snydáč.
O, vspomnění vspomnění tit,
Vspomnění ti o nas!
Vspomnění!

IMPERATOR
Síto eto! Kto oni?

PRIVIDENIYA
Mí vse tvoi deli,
Mí zdes', mi ne idyom.
O vspomnění, vspomnění ti,
Vspomnění ti o nas!
Vspomnění!

IMPERATOR
Akh, ya ne znaju vas!
Ya ne khochu', ya ne khochu' vas slúšháť!
Akh, múží, hudby skorele, múží, hudby!
Bol'shuk kitaiskii barabánov!
Akh, múží, hudby!

SOLOVEI
Akh, zdes', ya zdes',
Velikii Imperator!
Tebë spoyd o tom krok
Khorosho v sadu tvoyom! Akh!
Noc'i sinjaya uzb bizitsya k kontsů.
Mertsan' e zvoyo s dluchninem
Dashistik tsevtrt allods',
I ya ne znaju bol'she
Gde zvono mertrsan' e, gde tseveti.
I bolos rižk kast stojit v slezakh.

IMPERATOR
Kak khorosho!

SOLOVEI
Akh, zvoyo mertsan' e...
Akh, tsevtr...
A tam, za belouy ográdoi
To serve with you your past.
You must remember us,
Must remember us.
Hear us!

EMPEROR
Who is it? What are you?

SPECTRES
We are all your past deeds,
We will not go away.
You must remember us,
Hear us!

EMPEROR
I do not understand, I do not want,
I will not listen to you
Play music now! Musician, quickly play to me,
Chinese drums and gongs and cymbals,
Start the music!
Oh, where are you, musician?

SOLOVEI
Odtái korónu Imperátora!
Odtášť! Togdá spoyă eshehô.

EMPEROR
Korónu! Korónu?
Nu khorosho,
Korónu ya otáam, smotri,
Nu poi zhe, poi eshehô.

SOLOVEI
I sablya dragotsen'nya i známeny
Odtái. I běťa pet' ya do razsvěta.

EMPEROR
Ya voyo, ya voyo otáam,
Tebya khochu ya slúšháť',

SOLOVEI
Pechal'nyi sad uměříshik.
Akh, v tom sadá tak tiko.
I padjet rosá
S vetvii vetvětšchei slivi
Na mokh mogil zabitičik.
Pechal'nyi svět' měšyats,
Pechal'nyi sad uměříshik.
Akh, tičko myržkut zvyžditi,
Sredi kamnat mogil'nah tmánoy
Běžik kliche' ya pogášá svet' yatchik!
Pechal'nyi svět' měšyats,
Pechal'nyi sad uměříshik.

NIGHTINGALE
Ah, I am here,
O Emperor almighty!
I come to tell how beautiful
Your garden is tonight! Ah!
Night yields to dawn, it will soon be morning.
Stars above glowing,
Unfold the flowers below,
And fragrant breaths of flowers,
Starlight and flowers charm the night.
Roses so pure and white are all weeping.

EMPEROR
How beautiful!

NIGHTINGALE
Ah, the flowers waken,
Ah, the stars.,.
And there another garden

Est' sad drugoi.

SMERT*
Mne slúšhat' nǎvřítysya, kak ti povysh'.'
Zachem uměříš?!
Spoj eshehô.

SOLOVEI
Odtái koróna Imperátora!
Odtášť! Togdá spoyă eshehô.

SMERT*
Koróну? Koróну?
Nu khorosho,
Koróну ya otáam, smotri,
Nu poi zhe, poi eshehô.

SOLOVEI
I sablya dragotsen'nya i známeny
Odtái. I běťa pet' ya do razsvěta.

SMERT*
Ya voyo, ya voyo otáam,
Tebya khochu ya slúšháť',

NIGHTINGALE
The moon is shining sadly,
Ah, graves buried in silence,
Graves green with moss, dripping dewdrops,
How sad death's garden,
How cold and sad death's garden!
The moon is shining sadly,
On graveyards lost in silence.
Ah, now the stars are fading.
White wreaths of fog, floating and weaving,
Surround the tomstones,
And glowworms put out their light!
The moon is shining sadly,
On graveyards lost in silence.

Death disappears. It begins to get light.

DEATH
I like to hear your songs,
Why did you stop?
I want to hear more. Sing again!

NIGHTINGALE
Oh, give the crown back to the Emperor!
Give it back, and I will sing once more.

DEATH
Return it? Return it?
I will agree.
I will return the crown, you see.
But sing, but sing once more.

NIGHTINGALE
Give also back the precious sword and standard,
Give them back, and I will sing until daybreak.

DEATH
Yes, I will give them back.
To hear again such singing.

NIGHTINGALE
The moon is shining sadly,
Ah, graves buried in silence,
Graves green with moss, dripping dewdrops,
How sad death's garden,
How cold and sad death's garden!
The moon is shining sadly,
On graveyards lost in silence.
Ah, now the stars are fading.
White wreaths of fog, floating and weaving,
Surround the tomstones,
And glowworms put out their light!
The moon is shining sadly,
On graveyards lost in silence.
Death disappears. It begins to get light.
**IMPERATOR**

Kak khorosh, Solovushko,
Ko mne vernulis' sili.
Tepes' ne utelish' ti
Pri dvore ya pyvoi idelayu tebya osoboi.

**SOLOVEI**

Akh net, akh net,
Mne lushnii dar dostal'sya;
Ya slyoz videl na tvoykh glazakh,
Veliki Imperator.
Akh, slyoz tekh nikogda ya ne zabudu.
I budu priletil' k tebe
I pet' ya kazyhdoi noch'yu,
I budu pet' noch' vasy noch',
Vsyu noch' do samovo razves'ta!
Proshchali, proshchali,
Veliki Imperator!

**Funeral procession**

**EMPEROR**

How sweetly sung, O little bird!
I feel my strength returning,
Please do not fly away now;
In my court you will become the first and
highest person.

**NIGHTINGALE**

Oh no, oh no,
The gift you gave is better:
The tears that fill your eyes are my reward,
O Emperor almighty.
Ah, I will not forget these tears, my ruler.
Each night I will return to you
And sing until the daybreak.
Good-bye, good-bye, great Emperor,
I will return
And sing until daybreak!
O Emperor, O Emperor almighty!

**Funeral procession: The courtiers, believing the Emperor to be dead, enter to the sound of a solemn
march and advance towards the bedchamber. Pages
draw aside the bed-curtains and the room is flooded in
sunlight. The Emperor, attired in full regalia, is
standing in the centre. The courtiers prostrate
themselves.**

**EMPEROR**

Be welcome here!

**VOICE OF THE FISHERMAN**

The night is ended with the new sun,
Now birds are singing, the day begun.
Listen to them, with them rejoice,
They are the spirit's heavenly voice.

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