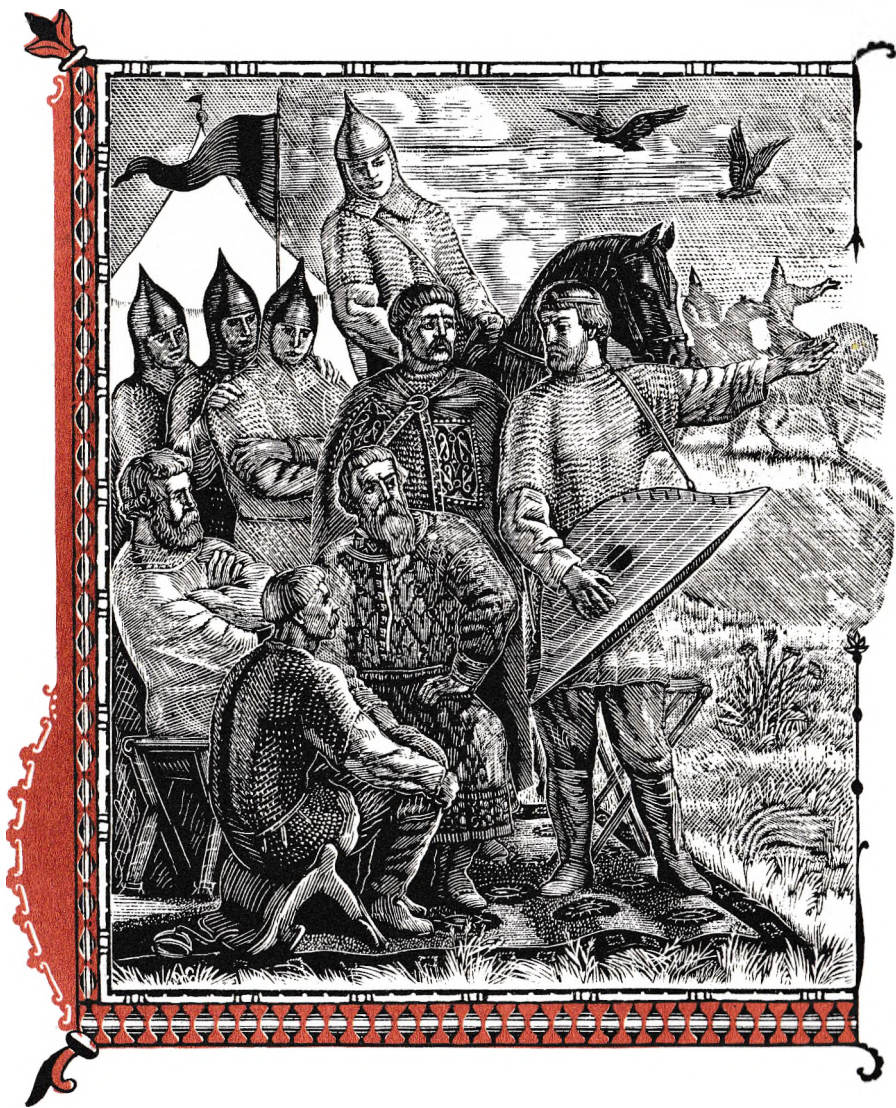


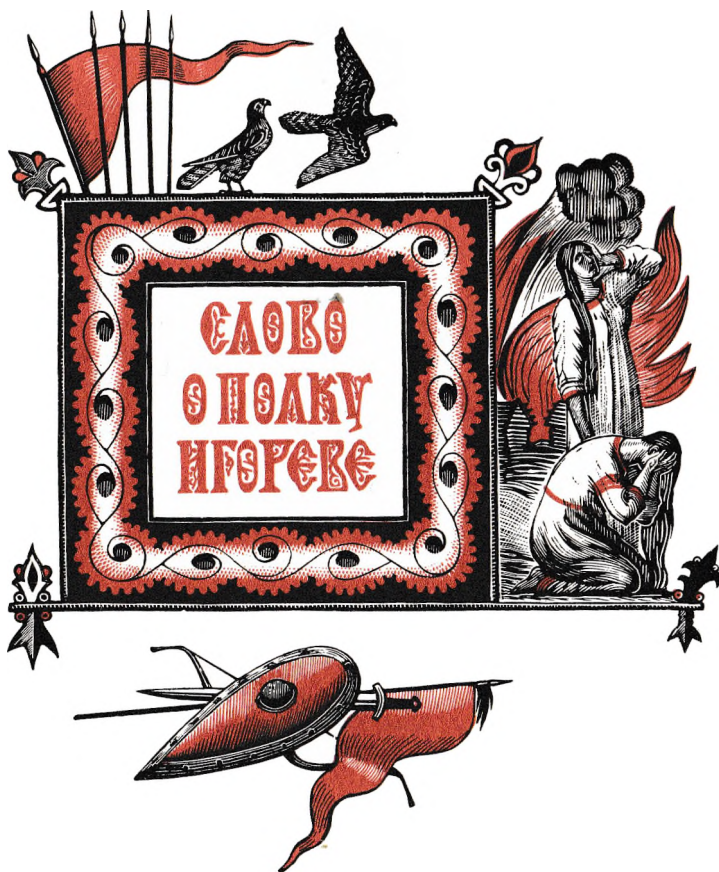


**THE LAY OF THE WARFARE
WAGED BY IGOR**



PROGRESS PUBLISHERS





**THE LAY
OF THE WARFARE
WAGED BY IGOR**

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СЛОВО О ПОЛКУ ИГОРЕВЕ

На русском и английском языках

English translation © Progress Publishers, 1981

С $\frac{70301-028}{014(01)-82}$ 122-81

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INTRODUCTION





The Lay of the Warfare Waged by Igor was written as long ago as in 1187, but time has not muted its patriotic appeal or dimmed its brilliant colours. Interest in *The Lay*, far from slackening, is actually growing wider and deeper.

Why is this not very long epic poem enjoying such a long life? Why do the ideas it carries and the writing itself continue to move us till this day?

* * *

The Lay was first published in the autumn of 1800. The manuscript had been acquired a few years previously by Count Alexei Musin-Pushkin, a well-known collector and lover of Russian antiquities. True, it was not the original author's text, but one of the copies made by a scribe in the 16th century and included in a collection of old Russian secular writings. And it was this collection that Musin-Pushkin bought among other manuscripts through a commission agent from Archimandrite Joel of the since closed down Spasso-Yaroslavsky Monastery.

More than a thousand investigations have been published since *The Lay* first appeared in print. And research continues.

The discovery of the poem was largely responsible for the development of the patriotic theme in Russian literature. The poet Kheraskov, describing the Kherson (Chersonesos) campaign of Vladimir Svyatoslavich in the second edition of his poem *Vladimir*, addressed the following words to Boyan: "Guide my pen, teach me to

play the lyre!” and in a footnote made brief mention of the discovery of *The Lay*, which he must have read before its publication. The next to speak of *The Lay* in somewhat greater detail was Karamzin in the October 1797 issue of *Spectateur du Nord*, a journal brought out by French emigres in Hamburg. The discovery of the poem stimulated interest in the ancient Russian language, in ancient Russian literature, paleography, Russian 11th-12th century history, and folk poetry. Poets were inspired to give their renderings of it in modern Russian prosody. In fact, *The Lay* never remained a dusty museum piece.

The manuscript perished in the Moscow fire of 1812 together with the whole invaluable collection of Musin-Pushkin which he kept in his house. An especially great loss was the famous early 15th century Troitsky Chronicle.

At the beginning of the 19th century, ancient Russia had been little studied as yet. People had only a very vague notion of ancient Russian literature and the literary language, of its wonderful architecture, painting and jeweller’s art. Therefore, it was not surprising that when *The Lay* was discovered the skeptics refused to believe that a marvellous work like that could have belonged to the 12th century. Their voices were all the louder because “scientific skepticism” in general was widespread at the beginning of the 19th century. In Russia, as in the West, there existed a whole trend in historical science, a “skeptical school” which subjected to doubt the authenticity of most ancient writings (Russian, Ancient Greek, and West European) among them, for instance, even Nestor’s *Chronicle* (The Tale of Bygone Years) although hundreds of 14th-16th century copies and numerous testimonials of its authenticity have been preserved.

The more *The Lay* was investigated, the clearer it became that it was genuine. At the end of the 18th century, ancient Russian was so little known that an imitation was hardly possible. In the course of research some passages in *The Lay* which first seemed obscure were clarified, as were also many references to actual historical events found in the poem. At first, readers and researchers took no interest whatsoever in the idea behind *The Lay* but they went back to it after the discovery of other ancient writings with similar patriotic ideas. Later writings showed a stylistic resemblance to *The Lay* and used some of its turns of speech.

* * *

The poem was written at a time when the feudal fractioning of Russia was at its height. The economical, political and cultural life of the princedoms was insulated within their local little worlds. A great number of the smaller princes fought with each other, contending for land, for seniority, and becoming involved in fratricidal wars for the sake of purely personal, local claims. And Kiev lost its significance as the centre of the Russian lands.

The feud of the princes was tragically complicated by the threatening invasion of Russia by the Polovtsi (Kipchak Turks) who had already in the middle of the 11th century overrun the steppes between the Volga and the Dnieper. At the beginning of the 12th century, the Russian Kievan princes headed by Vladimir Monomakh had scored some major victories over the Polovtsi, but the latter continued making their sudden raids on the towns and villages, plundering them, destroying the crops, and herding off the inhabitants into slavery. The south and south-eastern borders of Russia, stretching along open country and difficult to protect, presented no natural obstacles to the Polovtsi, mounted on fast steppeland horses. There seemed to be no end of them, and the nomads came on and on to devour the Russian towns and the rather well-developed agriculture. To be sure, their raids often came to nought when they ran into a strong resistance put up by some of the princedoms. A part of the nomad invaders then settled on the borderlands, and with time fell under the peaceful influence of Russian culture. They were then popularly called “good heathens”, or kovuis, however, the feuds between the Russian princedoms actually created the conditions for new invasions. Sometimes their quarrels reached such a pitch that princes appealed to the Polovtsi for help, thereby heedlessly endangering the independence of the Russian land.

Still, in spite of there being no political unity in 12th century Russia, culture was by no means on the decline. The very fragmentation of Kievan Rus was prompted by the growth of its separate parts and their productive forces, by the development of new regional centres and an upsurge of activity on the part of the urban population. Besides Kiev, Novgorod and Chernigov, Russian culture flourished in numerous new cities, among them Vladimir Zalesky, Vladimir Volynsky, Polotsk, Smolensk, Turov and Galich. The *veche*—popular assembly—became more of an influence. Princes were “dethroned”, and others were invited in their place. Merchants and craftsmen rose in importance. Splendid edifices were built and numerous teams of painters, stone carvers, carpenters, jewellers, copyists

of manuscripts were at work. Excavations in Novgorod show that literacy was strongly developed among the common people—artisans and peasants (a great number of letters written on birch bark in the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries have been found).

Just a cursory enumeration of 12th century cultural achievements is evidence enough that *The Lay* was not the time's only work of art. It had its contemporaries in different spheres. In architecture it was the graceful and ornate Church of the Intercession of the Holy Virgin on the Nerle (1165); the Cathedral of the Dormition in Vladimir (built in 1158, and reconstructed in 1185-1189) whose magnificence has been admired all these centuries by people from all over the world; the Cathedral of St. Dmitry also in Vladimir (1194) with its walls of white stone richly adorned on the outside with figures, in relief, of saints, horsemen, centaurs, lions, snow leopards, griffins. In painting, there were the famous frescoes in the Mirozhsky Monastery in Pskov, in Staraya Ladoga, in the Arkazhi Church in Novgorod, and in the Spas-Nereditsa Church. The applied arts were also developed to a high skill. Some excellent 12th century manuscripts, jewelry (silver and enamel), objects of art made from iron and carved from bone, stone and wood, have been preserved. As many as forty-two different skills are mentioned in the chronicles, but in actual fact there were many more.

Literature—oral or written—was really the pride of Russian 12th century culture. The little that has come down to us of the wealth that was destroyed in enemy raids, that perished in fires or was lost through negligence, proves not just the existence of good literary works but also the general development of literature at the time. There were several literary schools, numerous genres, a demand for literature and an ingrained habit of reading. The orations of Kliment Smolyatich and Kirill of Turov are linked with the European tradition and rooted in antiquity through Byzantium. The Kiev Crypt Patericon, the historical tales, and the famous *Daniel the Exile's Supplications*, all differ sharply in both form and content. Records were kept in practically every town, every large monastery, at the court of the local prince, and even in ordinary churches. The writing of these chronicles is most original, they have an amazingly diversified vocabulary, specific literary traditions, they make extensive use of the images of folk poetry, and all of them have their local distinctions of style and language.

This diversity of schools, styles, traditions and genres in architecture, painting and literature, reflecting the fractionisation of the land into separate feudal

princedom, must also be put down to another development, typical for the 12th century, that is, the intensified influence of the old local folk tradition exerted on the development of the Russian national culture. This influence was at its strongest during the writing of *The Lay*, although it had begun long before, and the poem with its natural combination of folk tradition and elements of refined literature is indisputably typical for the 12th century.

* * *

The Lay tells about the unsuccessful campaign undertaken for ambitious reasons in 1185 by Prince Igor Svyatoslavich of Novgorod-Seversky with a small company and without pre-arrangement with the other princes. The defeat he suffered was terrible, and *The Lay* is the author's appeal to the Russian princes for unity in their struggle against Russia's external enemies.

The campaign took place in the early spring of 1185. On Tuesday, April 23, Igor Svyatoslavich of Novgorod-Seversky set out against the Polovtsi with his son Vladimir of Putivl, his nephew Prince Svyatoslav Olegovich Rylsky, and a company of "good heathens" led by Olstin Oleksich and sent over by Yaroslav Vsevolodovich of Chernigov. The campaign had not been agreed upon with the Kiev Prince Svyatoslav. The company, moving slowly on horses that had fattened during the winter, reached the Donets on May 1, the day of the solar eclipse. This was a bad omen, but Igor did not turn back, and went as far as the Oskol where for two days he waited for his brother, the brave Vsevolod, who was coming a different way from Kursk. From the Oskol they went on the river Salnitsa.

Igor's plan to take the Polovtsi unawares fell through: his scouts reported to him that the Polovtsi were armed and ready for battle. The scouts advised Igor to move faster or else turn back, to which Igor replied that death was better than the disgrace of returning home without fighting a battle. And so, they rode on all night, and at noon the next day, they encountered the Polovtsi. The nomads had sent their tents mounted on carts to a safe distance behind them, and all of them, everyone to a man, lined up on the opposite bank of the Syurlia. Igor's army was ranged in six regiments. According to custom he addressed a short, heartening speech to his fellows. His regiment took up the central position, with Vsevolod's to the right, and his nephew Svyatoslav Rylsky's to the left. The regiment of Igor's son Vladimir and the Chernigov "good heathens" stood in front. The best shots from

all the regiments were ranged at the head of the entire company. The Polovtsi also lined up their archers. They fired a volley of arrows, and, without taking battle, turned and ran, even the rear guard standing far back from the river. The vanguard regiments of Vladimir Igorevich and the Chernigov “good heathens” gave them the chase, while Igor and Vsevolod advanced slowly, carefully keeping the battle order of their regiments. The Russians seized the tents and families of the Polovtsi. A part of Igor’s army continued in pursuit of the Polovtsi, and came back in the night with more prisoners.

According to the Ipatievsky Chronicle, when dawn broke the next day the Polovtsi made a surprise attack on the Russians to whom it looked as if a “great forest” was advancing upon their small host. But even then, Igor did not turn back. In order to get to the Donets all in a body, he ordered the horsemen to dismount and fight with everyone else on foot.

For three days and three nights, they fought their difficult way to the river. In battle, Igor was wounded in the right arm. His warriors were dying of thirst. The horses were the first to collapse. Many were the wounded and the dead among the Russians. At dawn on the third day, on Sunday, the Chernigov “good heathens” quavered. Igor galloped to them, taking off his helmet so that they would recognise him, but he was unable to hold them back. Riding back, when he was only an arrow’s flight from his regiment, he was taken captive. He saw his brother Vsevolod fighting desperately at the head of his regiment and prayed God for death so as not to see him being killed. The captive princes were distributed among the khans. Konchak himself vouched for Igor because he was wounded. Only fifteen Russian soldiers and even fewer “good heathens” survived from the entire company. The rest fell in battle.

Meanwhile, Prince Svyatoslav Vsevolodovich of Kiev, had gone to Korachev to assemble warriors for a summer campaign against the Polovtsi on the Don. At Novgorod-Severski on his way back, he learnt that his cousins had gone off to fight the Polovtsi in secret from him, and the news angered him. When his boats were tying up at Chernigov, a man called Byelovolod Prosovich brought him the tidings of Igor’s defeat. On hearing this, Svyatoslav sighed grievously, and shed a tear. The Lord God had granted him victory over the pagans, but the young princes in their unrestrained rashness had flung the gates wide open for them.

The Polovtsi, after defeating Igor, gathered all their forces together and invaded the Russian land, causing grief and devastation. But there was discord among the

victors: khan Konchak wanted to march against Kiev to avenge Bonyak and Sharukan, his grandfather, defeated there in 1106, whereas khan Gza proposed going to the Sem where the wives and children of the Russians had been left unprotected, and where they could easily take the towns together with all the slaves they wanted. And so, they divided in two. Khan Konchak marched on Pereyaslavl Yuzhny, and laid siege to the town. Vladimir Glebovich was the prince of Pereyaslavl at the time. A “valiant and keen warrior”, he rode out of the city gates and attacked the Polovtsi, but few of his company ventured out after him. The prince was surrounded and stabbed with three spears. Seeing this, his men hastened to his aid and rescued him from the enemies’ hands. From Pereyaslavl, Vladimir sent messengers to Svyatoslav in Kiev, and to Rurik and David Rostislavich, asking them to help him against the Polovtsi who were at his gate. Svyatoslav, in his turn sent a messenger to David who was at Trepol with his Smolensk troops. The Smolensk people called a *veche*, and this is what they replied to Svyatoslav: “We are on our way to Kiev, we’d fight if we ran into the enemy, but we are not up to another campaign, we are exhausted as it is.” Svyatoslav and Rurik then sailed down the Dnieper to meet the Polovtsi, while David with his Smolensk troops turned back. Khan Konchak retreated from Pereyaslavl, on hearing that Svyatoslav and Rurik were approaching, and on the way back laid siege to Rimov. During the siege, part of the city wall collapsed. Those who ventured out to grapple with the enemy survived. All the rest were taken captive or killed.

In captivity, Igor enjoyed a relative freedom and respect. His guard of twenty men obeyed his orders and let him ride where he wished. Accompanied by his servants he went hunting with falcons, and once had a priest brought over from Russia to perform a church service for him.

Lavr, a baptised Polovets named Ovlur, offered to help Igor to escape. Igor refused to take this “inglorious road”, but later circumstances compelled him to do so when a fellow prisoner told him that the Polovtsi returning from Pereyaslavl meant to slaughter all the Russian captives. His escape was timed for the sunset hour. Igor sent his equerry to Lavr to tell him to wait on the opposite bank of the river with an extra horse. Igor’s guards, drunk on kumiss, were having a gay time, certain that he had gone to sleep. Igor said his prayers, and slipped out of the tent. He got across the river, mounted the horse waiting for him there, and rode quietly through the camp. It took him eleven days, with the pursuers hard upon his heels, to reach the border town of Donets. He did not stay long at home in Novgorod-

Seversky, and rode off again to Chernigov and Kiev in search of assistance and support. He was joyously welcomed everywhere.

His son Vladimir returned two years later. In captivity he had married Konchak's daughter. The church wedding ceremony was held in Russia.

* * *

That is how the chronicles tell the story of Igor's campaign. In *The Lay* the events are not related in their sequence, the author discusses them rather than relates them, lamenting the fate of Igor's host, and appealing for a joint defense of the Russian land. In Igor's defeat he saw a grave warning to the princes who were so busy wallowing in their private feuds that they left their motherland unprotected against the continuous raids of the nomads. The principal message in *The Lay*, therefore, is an appeal for unity of all the Russians in the struggle against their common foe.

Although *The Lay* is a written work, in essence and style it comes very close to oral folk poetry. The author does not strive for novelty or use any startling artistic means. He bases his poem on the images and symbols existing in poetic diction and in usage in 12th century Russian ordinary speech. *The Lay* owes much of its lasting appeal to the skill with which the existing wealth of the Russian poetic and prose language is shown up in all its splendour and significance.

The author, moved by strong, simple feelings well understandable in our time, is concerned for the safety of the Russian people as a whole and, when telling about Igor's campaign, he feels such acute anxiety and sorrow that he cannot help interfering in Igor's actions and interrupts his narrative with such exclamations as: "Oh, far has the falcon flown, driving the wild fowl before him down to the sea! And the valiant host of Igor shall never rise again!" "Oh, the Russian land shall moan recalling bygone days and the princes of old." The author humanises nature and makes it respond to everything that happens among the people. Nature sympathises with the Russians and strives, as it were, to warn them of danger and make Igor turn back from his fateful course. The significance and the drama is thereby greatly enhanced. Twice the author exclaims as the Russian warriors vanish in the distance: "O Russian land! Far are you, now beyond the hills!" Only a man who has himself been to war could so eloquently render the emotion of a soldier crossing the boundary of his land into enemy country. The author seems to be

hearing the din of battle from a distance, and although there is no obviating the inevitable defeat, he refuses to accept the fact and cries: "What clamour is that? What clang is that far away, so early, before dawning?" Again, only a man who has known this desperate sense of loss could render his state of confusion with such psychological veracity.

The mixed feelings of Svyatoslav, the Kiev prince, when he heard about the defeat suffered by Igor and Vsevolod are presented in all their complexity. He loves them as a father, and as a father he rebukes them for rashly going to war against the Polovtsi without first coming to some agreement with the other princes.

The author is awake to all the thoughts and feelings of his heroes. He understands and sympathises with the brave warriors' disdain for luxury, and very tenderly reveals to us the emotional state of Yaroslavna, Igor's young wife, weeping for her husband. He shares Igor's sentiment that death is preferable to captivity, and tells in amazingly stirring words of Izyaslav's *lonely* death in the blood-spattered grass on the battlefield. His brothers were not with him, and in utter solitude he "yielded up his pearl-white soul from his valiant body through his necklace of gold".

The sad picture of the abandoned field where no ploughman urges on his horses and only ravens croak gathering for the feast, wrings the reader's heart and is perceived as the author's lament for the Russian people as a whole and for the toiling population in particular.

The poem is permeated with the author's all-forgiving love for his native Russian land which, in fact, plays the lead in his work. His call to unity is embodied in this image, enormous and alive.

Geographically speaking, the scene of *The Lay* is very wide indeed, there is mention of the Don, Volga, Dnieper, Donets, Danube, Zapadnaya Dvina, Ross, Sula, Stugna, Nemiga and other smaller rivers, and numerous towns, among them Korsun, Tmutorokan, Kiev, Polotsk, Chernigov, Kursk, Pereyaslavl, Byelgorod, Novgorod, Galich, Putivl, Rimov, and others. The events taking place in the Russian land are closely followed by the Germans, the Venetians, the Greeks and the Moravians, while the Lithuanians, the Polovtsi, and the Lithuanian tribes Yatviags and Deremelas, are directly involved in the course of Russia's history.

The hyperbolic speed with which the personages of the poem move about condenses the vast scene of action considerably. Vseslav, for instance, touched the golden throne of Kiev with his spear-shaft, recoiled like a savage beast, disappeared

at midnight from Byelgorod, and in the morning battered open the gates of Novgorod and shattered Yaroslav's fame. Vseslav passed judgement on his people, allotted cities to the princes, and "himself would scour through the night like a wolf", getting to Tmutorokan from Kiev before dawn. And Svyatoslav, like a whirlwind swept the pagan Kobiak from the sea-coast, snatched him away from the mighty hosts of the Polovtsi, and passed judgement on him in Kiev, in his own hall.

In the vast expanses of Russia, the might of the heroes acquires hyperbolic proportions: Vladimir Monomakh cannot be nailed to the hills of Kiev, and Yaroslav of Galich pressed back the Hungarian hills with his iron hosts, barring the way to the king and making fast the gates to the Danube.

The scenery has the same grandeur and is never static. Before the battle with the Polovtsi, the day breaks in a blood-red sky, black clouds advance from the sea, a great thunderstorm is in the air, and rain is to fall in arrows from beyond the great Don. The earth rumbles, the rivers run turbid, dust sweeps over the fields. After the defeat of Igor's host, deep sadness spreads over Russia. The wind, the sun, the thunderclouds with blue lightning quivering within them, the morning mist, the rainclouds, the nightingales trilling in the night and the jackdaws cry in the morning, the sunset glow, the dawns, the sea, the gullies and the rivers, form the huge background against which the tale is enacted.

In her wailing Yaroslavna appeals to such "cosmic" images as the wind blowing high up under the clouds and rocking ships upon the blue sea, to the Dnieper which has bored its way through mountains and rocks in the Polovtsian land and rocked Svyatoslav's galleys down to Kobiak's camp, to the sun which, though warm and fair to everybody, has spread its burning rays on to the Russian warriors in the waterless waste, so that thirst twisted their bows and weariness sealed their quivers tight.

Russian nature is present in all the joys and sorrows of the Russian people. The sun cloaks Igor's road with darkness, warning him of danger. When Igor escapes from captivity, the Donets makes a green bed for him on its silver banks, covers him with a warm mist, and has the wild duck guard his sleep.

The wider the author embraces the Russian land, the more clearly defined and alive becomes its image. Rivers awaken to life and speak with Igor, and birds and beasts reason like humans. The feeling of space and spaciousness, ever present in the poem, is intensified by the action of the wind, the faraway sea, the birds making

their great flights, and the mention and movements of the geese, ravens, jackdaws, nightingales, cuckoos, swans, and gerfalcons.

While observing the Russian land from a height which gives him a panoramic view of it, the author misses none of the small things happening upon it, such as the minutiae of life on the march across the steppes, techniques of attack and defense, details of armour, and the behaviour of birds and beasts.

The image of the Motherland, with its flourishing, populated towns and navigable rivers, is set off against the image of the desolate Polovtsian steppe, an “unknown land” of gullies, hills, swamps and quagmires.

“Motherland” means people in the first place, of course. The author speaks of the peaceful toil of the ploughmen disrupted by the princes fratricidal feuds; he speaks of the Russian women, mourning their husbands who fell in battle for Russia; he speaks of the sorrow that swept over the entire Russian people after Igor’s defeat, of the ruination of the Russian people, and the rejoicings in towns and villages when Igor returned. Igor’s host was made of true Russians in the first place, they went to war against the Polovtsi for their motherland, when they crossed the boundary of Russia to enter enemy country they parted with the Russian land and not just with Novgorod, Kursk or Putivl. As already said earlier, the concept of Motherland includes the Russian history for the author. In the opening lines of the poem, he says that he will begin the tale “from Vladimir of old to Igor of our own days” (Vladimir I, son of Svyatoslav). In setting out the story of Igor’s ill-starred campaign, he embraces a period of a hundred and fifty years, often going back in history, and comparing the olden days with the present. He recalls the days of Troyan and Yaroslav, the campaigns of Oleg, and the times of the “old Vladimir”.

* * *

The author’s attitude to the Russian princes is dual, in that while sympathising with them, priding in their successes and grieving over their failures, he condemns their feuds and their selfish, purely local policy.

He makes an example of Igor to show what an absence of unity leads to. Igor was defeated only because he went on his campaign all by himself. The words addressed by Svyatoslav of Kiev to Igor and Vsevolod are more or less what the author himself would have said to them: “O Igor and Vsevolod! Too soon you began to smite with your swords the Polovtsian land, to seek glory for yourselves! No glorious

victory have you thus gained, for not in victory have you spilt pagan blood! Your valiant hearts are forged of steel, tempered with daring. But what have you done to my silver locks!”

Actually, the whole story of Igor’s campaign confirms Svyatoslav’s opinion of him: he is valiant but rash. Igor starts on his campaign although from the first it has been doomed to failure. He ignores all the omens. His main purpose is to achieve personal glory. He says to his men before starting out: “O brethren and warriors! Better be slain than taken captive! Let us mount, my brethren, our fleet-footed steeds, and let us behold the blue Don!” He also says: “I will break my spear to splinters at the far end of the Polovtsian plains with you, o Russians! I will either lay low my head, or drink a helmetful of Don water!”

The author stresses that Igor’s actions should be put down to the delusions of the epoch rather than to his traits of character. He was neither a bad person, nor a good one; actually, there was more good than bad in him. His actions, for all that, were bad, and that was because he was governed by the prejudices of feudal society. In other words, the general and the historical prevail over the individual and the temporary in the poem. Igor was a true son of his epoch. A courageous man and something of a patriot, he was rash and short-sighted, caring more for his own than his country’s honour.

The author speaks in a much more accusatory tone of Oleg Svyatoslavich, grandson of Yaroslav the Wise and the constant opponent of Vladimir Monomakh. Remembering Oleg (who died in 1115), the author says that he “forged feuds with his sword, sowed his arrows over the earth”. Under Oleg, the Russian soil was sown with sprouted feuds. These feuds were the ruin of the toiling people, the peasants in the first place: “Then was the voice of the husbandman seldom heard throughout the Russian land, but often, indeed, the ravens croaked feasting on the dead, and the jackdaws raised their cries making ready to fly to a feast.” The author calls Oleg “Gorislavich”—the Son of Woe, meaning, of course, not his personal misfortune but the woe his feuds caused the people.

Vseslav, the forefather of the Polotsk princes, is also shown as a man who kindled feuds. The passage about him in *The Lay* is a contemplation of his ill-starred fate. He is described with both condemnation and a warmth of feeling: a prince without a principedom, he dashed about like a hunted beast, he had cunning, “the soul of a seer”, but he was a poor failure. We have before us an exceptionally striking image of a Russian prince of that particular period of feudal dissent.

In the other Russian princes, the author tends to emphasise their good points, not the bad. He hyperbolizes their war feats, their might and their glory, thus expressing his own dream of a strong rule for Russia and of a great military might for the Russian princes.

The female images in *The Lay* form a group apart. All their thoughts are of peace, of family, of home, they are tender, loving creatures embodying the Motherland's anxiety and sorrow for her warriors. These female images occupy a very important place in the narrative: they stand for peace and creativity, against war and destruction.

After the defeat of Igor's host, the widows weep for their husbands with infinite tenderness and sorrow. Yaroslavna's weeping has the same melodious folk-song pattern. It is remarkable that she weeps not only for her captive husband, but mourns all the Russian warriors who fell in battle: "Wind, o wind! Why blow, my lord, such a stormy blast? Why do you bring on your wings so light pagans' arrows down on my lover's host? . . . O bright sun, thrice-bright sun! . . . Why have you cast, my lord, your burning rays on my lover's warriors? In the waterless waste thirst withered up their bows, weariness sealed their quivers tight!"

A most powerful indictment of war is to be found in the author's words addressed to Vsevolod who in the heat of battle forgets his wounds, his honour, and his wife: "O Vsevolod! . . . What wound, o my brethren, can cause dread to him, forgetful of his high estate, his life, the city of Chernigov, the golden throne of his father, the ways and wonts of his dear bride, the fair daughter of Gleb!"

And so, all the images, male and female, each in his or her own way support the author's appeal for unity. The hand of the author was guided, we see, by a political, passionately patriotic idea.

* * *

The name of the author is unknown to us, and will hardly ever be known. So far, all the attempts to establish his identity have been based on the most fantastic assumptions.

Still, there are some things we can assume about the author, his views, and his social position. First of all, he was not a monk, he was most likely a soldier, seeing how familiar he is with military concepts. He was undoubtedly an educated man and did not belong to the toiling class. In his political views, however, he clearly

gave his sympathies to the working population of Russia, and had none for the class interests of the feudal elite. That is why he uses elements of folk poetry so freely. He wrote *The Lay* soon after Igor's campaign of 1185. It is not a historical tale about the remote past, it is a response to a recent happening, a grievous happening that still hurts. He speaks of things that are very well known to him. It is a fresh impression of something that his readers, his contemporaries, still vividly remember, and therefore the poem is full of hints, reminders, and muted indications. There is also more definite proof that *The Lay* was written soon after the event. No mention is made of what happened after 1187. Vsevolod died in 1196. Igor became the prince of Chernigov in 1198, but before that he led more than one campaign against the Polovtsi, yet none of them are mentioned. For another thing, Yaroslav Osmomysl of Galich died in 1187, but the author urges him as if he were living to shoot at Konchak, to "stand up for the Russian land, avenge the wounds of Igor, Svyatoslav's bold son". It is obvious, therefore, that the poem was written not later than 1187 and not earlier either because it ends with glory to the young princes, among them Igor's son Vladimir who only returned from captivity that year.

* * *

Knowledge of *The Lay* can be clearly seen in subsequent ancient Russian literature. For instance, in the *Apostle*, written in Pskov in 1307 and kept in the Historical Museum in Moscow, there is a postscript made by the copyist on the last page of the manuscript in which he gives almost a direct quotation from *The Lay* about the feuds fought by the princes.

At the very beginning of the 15th century, *The Lay* served as a model for the author of *Zadonshchina* (The Don Tale), a not very large poem glorifying the victory won by Dmitry Donskoi on the Kulikovo battlefield.

Either directly or indirectly through *Zadonshchina*, *The Lay* obviously influenced the writing of another story about the Kulikovo battle, called *The Tale of the Battle Against Mamai*.

There is no doubt that in the 16th century *The Lay* was copied out in Pskov or else in Novgorod.

There is reason to believe that the author of *The Tale of the Defense of Azov by the Don Cossacks*, written in the mid-17th century, was familiar with *The Lay*.

The poem cropped up from time to time in different parts of Russia. It was read and copied down, and authors sought inspiration in it for their own efforts. A. Orlov, member of the USSR Academy of Sciences, wrote in his book: “*The Lay*, written in the south of Russia, was not lost on the boundary of the Polovtsian steppes, it travelled over the entire Russian territory, crossing its circumference more than once.”

Early in the 19th century, Russian historians who belonged to the skeptical school voiced their doubts about the authenticity of the poem, and these doubts were then repeated by André Mazon, the French scholar. He suggested that *The Lay* was a forgery made in the reign of Catherine II for the purpose of proving that the northern coast of the Black Sea belonged to Russia by ancient right. André Mazon further suggested that the forgerers used *Zadonshchina* for their work, and afterwards destroyed the manuscript. The question is: would not the falsifiers be defeating their own purpose by changing the story about the victory of the Russians into a story about their defeat and destroying the original manuscript? This question could not be answered by A. Mazon.

As a matter of fact, the manuscript of *Zadonshchina* was found some time later, after the publication of *The Lay*. Comparing the two works, an impartial researcher will see at once that *The Lay* is not a revised version of *Zadonshchina*, but that *Zadonshchina* is an imitation of *The Lay*. The person who wrote *Zadonshchina* at the end of the 14th century wanted to show that the days of Russia’s sufferings from the devastating raids of the nomads were over, that a great victory had been won over the invaders from the steppe and he chose to write this in the form of *The Lay* the better to set off the triumph against the earlier defeat.

It must be said that the author of *Zadonshchina* distorted and weakened many of the images in *The Lay*. For example, in *The Lay* the Dnieper bores its way through mountains and rocks; in *Zadonshchina* this applies to the Don, but there are no mountains or rapids on its way. “The spawn of the Evil One have barred the field with their yells”, we read in *The Lay*, and we know that the Polovtsi were so many that they surrounded the Russians in a solid wall; in *Zadonshchina* it is just the soldier-monk Peresvet alone who “bars the field with his whistling”.

There are many ways of proving that *Zadonshchina* was adapted from *The Lay* and not vice versa. André Mazon’s hypothesis was denied support by the majority of West European and American scholars. What is more, numerous investigations of *The Lay* as a work of 12th century literature are appearing in different countries:

in England, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, United States, Holland, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Romania.

With us, interest in *The Lay* is unflagging. The poem has been translated into almost all the languages spoken and written in the USSR and it remains ever alive in poetry, painting, music, and the applied arts.

Dmitry Likhachov,
Academician

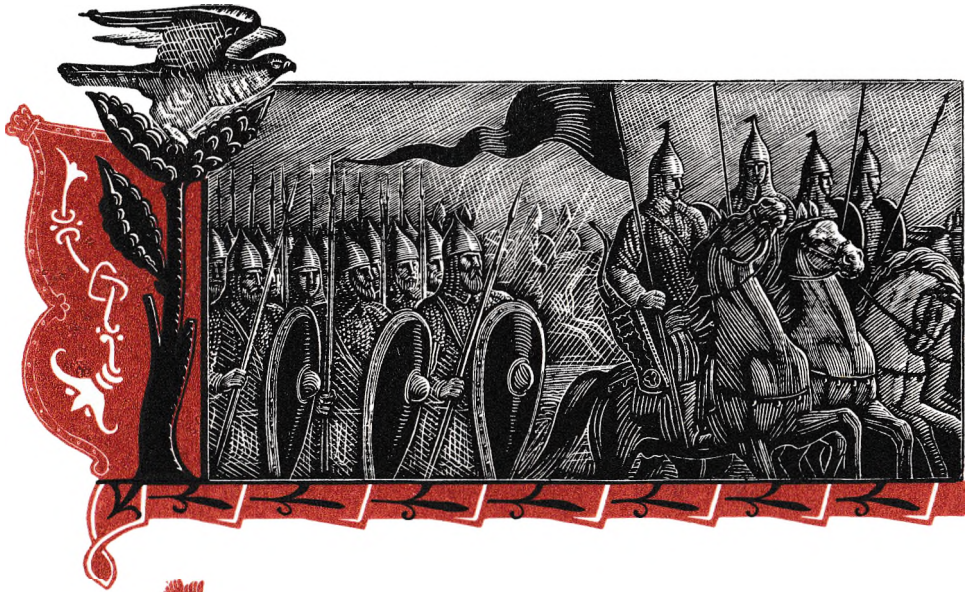


СЛОВО О ПЛЪКУ ИГОРЕВЪ.
ИГОРЯ, СЫНА СВЯТЪСЛАВЛЯ,
ВНУКА ОЛЬГОВА



**THE LAY OF THE WARFARE
WAGED BY IGOR,
SON OF SVYATOSLAV,
GRANDSON OF OLEG**





е лѣпо ли ны бѣшетъ, братие,
начяти старыми словесы
трудныхъ повѣстий о пълку Игоревѣ,
Игоря Святѣславлича?
Начати же ся тѣмъ пѣсни
по былинамъ сего времени,
а не по замышлению Бояню.



Боянъ бо вѣщій,
аще кому хотѣше пѣснь творити,
то растѣкашется мыслию по древу,
сѣрымъ вълкомъ по земли,
шизымъ орломъ подъ облакы.



Would it not befit us, my brethren,
To begin, in age-old words,
The woeful tale
Of the warfare waged by Igor,
Igor, son of Svyatoslav?¹
This lay shall begin
After the deeds of this time,
Not after the fancies of Boyan.
Boyan the Wise,²
Wishing to sing of any man,
Would let his thoughts flow
Through the tree of his dreams,
Would let them speed
As the grey wolf over the earth,
Would let them soar
As the blue eagle beneath the clouds.

Помняшеть бо, рече,
първыхъ временъ усобицѣ.



Тогда пушашеть 10 соколовъ на стадо лебедѣй:
которыи дотечаше,
та преди пѣснь пояше —
старому Ярославу,
храброму Мстиславу,
иже зарѣза Редедю предѣ пълкы касожьскими,
красному Романови Святѣславличю.



Боянъ же, братие, не 10 соколовъ
на стадо лебедѣй пушаше,
нъ своя вѣщиа прѣсты
на живая струны вѣскладаше;
они же сами княземъ славу рокотаху.



Почнемъ же, братие, повѣсть сию
отъ стараго Владимера до нынѣшняго Игоря,
иже истягну умъ крѣпостию своею
и поостри сердца своего мужествомъ;
наплънився ратнаго духа,
наведе своя храбрѣя пълкы
на землю Половѣцкую
за землю Руськую.



Тогда Игорь възрѣ
на свѣтлое солнце



He would recall, they say,
Warfare of old.
Then would he loose
Ten falcons
Upon a flock of swans:
And when a falcon
Swooped down upon a swan,
Then would that swan
Chant a song
Of old Yaroslav,³
Of the valiant Mstislav⁴
Who slew Rededya
Before the Kassog host,
Or of Roman the Fair,⁵
Son of Svyatoslav.
But Boyan, my brethren,
Loosed not ten falcons
Upon a flock of swans—
He laid his wise fingers
Upon the living chords,
And they themselves rang out
Glory to princes.

Let us then, my brethren,
Begin this tale
From Vladimir of old,
To Igor, of our own days,⁶
Who girded up his wisdom
With his might,
And whetted his heart
With valour,
And, moved by the spirit of warfare,
Led his valiant host
Into the land of the Polovtsi,
For the cause of the Russian land.

Then Igor gazed up
At the bright sun



и видѣ отъ него тьмою
 вся своя воя прикрыты.
И рече Игорьъ
 къ дружинѣ своей:
«Братие и дружино!
Луце жъ бы потяту быти,
 неже полонену быти;
а всядемъ, братие,
 на свои брѣзья комони,
да позримъ
 синего Дону».



Спала князю умъ
 похоти
и жалость ему знамение заступи
 искусити Дону великаго.
«Хощу бо,— рече,— копие приломити
 конецъ поля Половецкаго;
съ вами, русици, хощу главу свою приложити,
 а любо испити шеломомъ Дону».



О Бояне, соловию стараго времени!
А бы ты сиа плѣкы ущекоталъ,
скача, славию, по мыслену древу,
летая умомъ подъ облакы,
свивая славы оба полы сего времени,
рища въ тропу Трояню
 чресъ поля на горы.
Пѣти было пѣснь Игореву,
 того внуку:
«Не буря соколы занесе
 чресъ поля широкая—

And he saw a shadow from it
Overcasting all his host.
And then said Igor
To his men-at-arms:
“O brethren and warriors!
“Better be slain
“Than taken captive!
“Let us mount, my brethren,
“Our fleet-footed steeds,
“And let us behold
“The blue Don!”
The prince’s mind was overcome
With ardent longing
And his desire to drink of Don water⁷
Overcame the portents of Heaven.
“I will,” said he,
“Break my spear to splinters
“At the far end of the Polovets plains
“With you, o Russians!
“I will either lay low my head,
“Or drink a helmetful
“Of Don water!”

O Boyan,
Nightingale of old!
Were you to sing this warfare,
Fluttering, o nightingale,
In the tree of thought,
Soaring up to the clouds in musing,
Entwining with glory
Both halves of this time,
Speeding along Troyan’s trail⁸
Over hill and dale,
Thus would you have sung
The lay of Igor,
Grandson of Oleg:
“No storm is this
“That has blown the falcons

галици стады бѣжать
къ Дону великому».
Чи ли вѣспѣти было,
вѣщей Бояне,
Велесовъ внуче:
«Комони ржуть за Сулою—
звенить слава въ Киевѣ;
трубы трубятъ въ Новѣградѣ—
стоять стязи въ Путивлѣ!»



горь ждетъ мила брата Всеволода.
И рече ему Буй Туръ Всеволодъ:
«Одинъ братъ,
одинъ свѣтъ свѣтлый—
ты, Игорю!
оба есѣ Святъславличя!
Сѣдлай, брате,
свои брѣзыи комони,
а мои ти готови,
осѣдлани у Курьска напереди.



А мои ти куряни свѣдоми кѣмети:
подъ трубами повити,
подъ шеломи възлѣлѣяни,
конецъ копия вѣскрѣмлени,
пути имъ вѣдоми,
яругы имъ знаеми,
луци у нихъ напряжени,

“Beyond the rolling plains:
“The daws are fleeing in flocks
“Towards the great Don!”
Yet it should rather thus be sung,
O wise Boyan,
Grandson of Velles:⁹
“Steeds neigh beyond the Sula,–
“Glory resounds through Kiev,¹⁰
“The bugles blow in Novgorod¹¹–
“The banners fly in Putivl!”¹²

Igor awaits
His dear brother Vsevolod.
And then said Vsevolod,
The furious bull:¹³
“One brother have I,
“One bright light–
“You, o Igor!
“We two are sons of Svyatoslav!
“Saddle, my brother,
“Your fleet-footed steeds:
“Mine stand ready,
“Saddled beforehand at Kursk!¹⁴
“My men of Kursk
“Are all tried warriors,
“Born to the blare of bugles,
“Rocked beneath helmets,¹⁵
“Nurtured at the point of the spear!
“The paths are known to them.
“The gullies are known to them.
“Their bows are taut,
“The quivers open,
“Their swords whetted,

тули отворени,
сабли изъострени;
сами скачють, акы сѣрыи вльци въ полѣ,
ищучи себе чти, а князю славѣ».



Тогда вѣступи Игорь князь въ златѣ стремень
и поѣха по чистому полю.
Солнце ему тѣмою путь заступаше;
нощъ стонуци ему грозою птичь убуди;
свистъ звѣринъ вѣста,
збися Дивъ —
кличеть врѣху древа,
велить послушати — земли незнаемѣ,

Вльзѣ,
и Поморию,
и Посулию,
и Сурожу,
и Корсуню,
и тебѣ, Тьмутороканскый блѣванъ!

А половци неготовами дорогами
побѣгоша къ Дону великому;
крычатъ телѣгы полунощы,
рци, лебеди роспущени.



Игорь къ Дону вои ведеть!
Уже бо бѣды его пасеть птицъ по дубию;
вльци грозу вѣсрожатъ
по яругамъ;
орли клетомъ на кости звѣри зовуть;
писици брешуть на чрѣлненыя щиты.



О Руская земле! уже за шеломянемъ еси!

“They scour the field
“Like hoary grey wolves,
“For themselves seeking honour,
“And for their prince–glory!”

Then sprang Prince Igor
To his golden stirrup
And rode forth over the open plain.
The sun then crossed
His path with darkness.
Night awakened the birds
With its stormy moaning,
The whistling of marmots arose.
The Div has started up,¹⁶
He calls from the tree-top,
Bidding strange lands hearken–
The Volga, and the coastlands,
And the banks of the Sula,
And Surozh and Korsun,
And you, Idol of Tmutorokan!¹⁷
And the Polovtsi sped
By untrodden trails
Towards the great Don.¹⁸
Their wains screamed at midnight
Like suddenly startled swans¹⁹–
Igor leads his host to the Don!

And now the birds in the oaks
Gloat over his misfortune to come.
The wolves howl in the gullies
Raising a storm,
The eagles call the beasts
To glut upon bones,
The foxes bark
At the scarlet shields.

O Russian land!
Far are you now beyond the hills!



Длѣго ночь мръкнетъ.
Заря свѣтъ запала,
мѣгла поля покрыла.
Щекотъ славий успе;
говоръ галичь убудися.

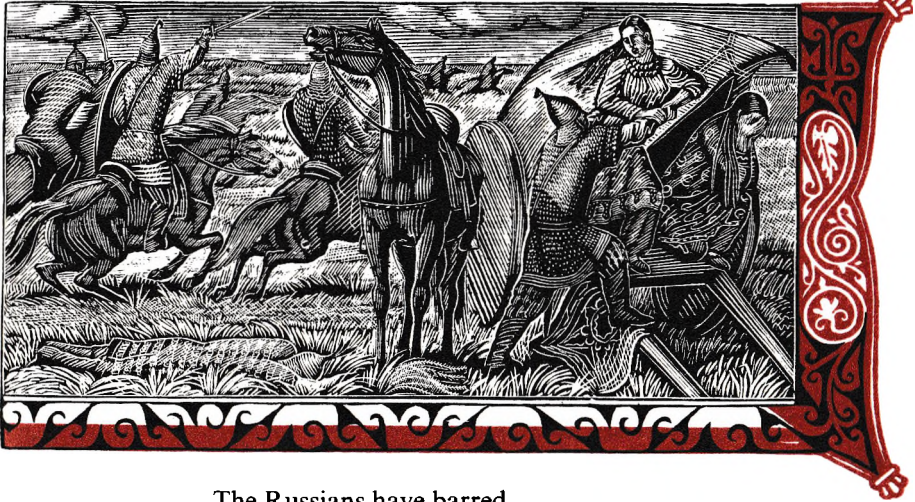


Русичи великая поля чрълеными щиты прегородиша,
ищучи себѣ, а князю — славы.



Съ зараня въ пятъкъ
потопташа поганья плѣкы половецкыя,
и рассушясь стрѣлами по полю,
помчаша красныя дѣвки половецкыя,
а съ ними злато,
и паволокы,
и драгыя оксамиты.

Long lingers the night ;
The glow of sunset has waned.
The mists enshroud the plains
The warbling of the nightingale
Has died away.
The chattering of daws
Has arisen.



The Russians have barred
The boundless plains
With their scarlet shields,
For themselves seeking honour,
And for their prince-glory.

Early on a Friday morn
They trampled underfoot
The pagan Polovets host,
And scattering like arrows
Over the field,
They whirled away
The fair Polovets maidens
And with them gold and satin,
And precious samite.²⁰

Орьтъмами,
и япончицами,
и кожухы
начаша мосты мостити по болотомъ
и грязивымъ мѣстомъ,
и всякими узорочьи половѣцкыми.
Чрьленъ стягъ,
бѣла хорюговъ,
чрьлена чолка,
сребрено стружие —
храброму Святъславличю!



Дремлетъ въ полѣ Ольгово хороброе гнѣздо.
Далече залетѣло!
Не было онъ обидѣ порождено,
ни соколу,
ни кречету,
ни тебѣ, чръный воронъ,
поганый половчине!
Гзакъ бѣжитъ сѣрымъ влъкомъ,
Кончакъ ему слѣдъ править къ Дону великому.



Другаго дни велми рано
крававыя зори свѣтъ повѣдаютъ;
чръныя тучя съ моря идуть,
хотятъ прикрыти 4 солнца,
а въ нихъ трепещуть синии мльнии.
Быти грому великому!
Итти дождю стрѣлами съ Дону великаго!
Ту ся копиемъ приламати,
ту ся саблямъ потручяти
о шеломы половецкыя,
на рыцѣ на Каялѣ,
у Дону великаго!

With cloaks, and mantles, and coats of fur
And many a costly Polovets tissue
They bridged over
The swamps and the mire.
The scarlet banner,
The white standard,
The scarlet pennant,
The silver shaft,
Were for the fearless
Son of Svyatoslav!



Oleg's brave brood
Slumbers on the battlefield.
Far, far has it flown!
It was not born to be worsted
By the falcon,
Nor by the gerfalcon,
Nor by you, o black raven,
Pagan Polovets!
Gza speeds onward
Like the grey wolf,
Konchak breaks a trail for him²¹
To the great Don!

Full early on the morrow
A blood-red dawn foretells the day.
Black clouds come up from the sea,²²
Striving to overcast the four suns.²³
Blue lightning quivers within them,
Mighty thunder shall be heard,
A rain of arrows shall rain
From beyond the great Don.
Spears shall be shattered there,
Swords shall be blunted there,
On Polovets helmets,
On the Kayala river,²⁴
By the great Don!

О Руская землѣ! уже за шеломянемъ еси!



Се вѣтри, Стрибожи внуци, вѣютъ съ моря стрѣлами
на храбрыя плѣкы Игоревы.

Земля тутнетъ,
рѣкы мутно текутъ,
пороси поля прикрывають,
стязи глаголютъ:
половци идуть отъ Дона,
и отъ моря,
и отъ всѣхъ странъ рускыя плѣкы оступиша.



Дѣти бѣсови кликомъ поля прегородиша,
а храбрии Русици преградиша чрълеными щиты.



Яръ туре Всеволодѣ!
Стоиши на борони,
прыщещи на вои стрѣлами,
гремлещи о шелома мечи харалужными!
Камо, Туръ, поскочяше,
своимъ златымъ шеломомъ посвѣчивая,
тамо лежатъ поганыя головы половецкыя.



Поскепаны саблями калеными шелома оварьскыя
отъ тебе, Яръ Туре Всеволоде!
Кая раны дорога, братие, забывъ чти и живота,

O Russian land!
Far are you now beyond the hills!

Now the winds,
Those grandsons of Stribog,²⁵
Blow arrows up from the sea
Upon Igor's valiant host.
The earth rumbles,
The rivers run turbid,
Dust overspreads the plains,
The banners clamour:
The Polovtsi come—
From the Don, from the sea,
On all sides they beset
The Russian host!
The spawn of the Evil One
Have barred the fields
With their yells,
And the fearless Russians—
With their scarlet shields.

O Vsevolod, you fearless bull!
You stand at bay,
You spray with arrows
The host of the foe,
Your swords of steel clang
Upon their helmets.
Wherever, o bull, you have galloped
With your golden helmet glittering,
There pagan Polovets heads lie thick,
Their Avár helmets shattered²⁶
By your swords of tempered steel,
By you, o furious bull,
O Vsevolod!
What wound, o my brethren, can cause dread to him,
Forgetful of his high estate, his life,

и града Чрънигова отня злата стола,
и своя милыя хоти, красныя Глѣбовны,
свычая и обычая?



Были вѣчи Трояни.
минула лѣта Ярославля;
были плъци Олговы,
Ольга Святъславличя.



Тѣй бо Олегъ мечемь крамолу коваше
и стрѣлы по земли сѣяше.
Ступаетъ въ златъ стремянъ въ градѣ Тьмутороканѣ,
той же звонъ слыша давный великий Ярославъ,
а сынъ Всеволодъ, Владимиръ,
по вся утра уши закладаше въ Черниговѣ.
Бориса же Вячеславлича слава на судъ приведе
и на Канину зелену паполому постла
за обиду Олгову,
храбра и млада князя.
Съ тоя же Каялы Святоплѣкъ полелѣя отца своего
между угорскими иноходьцы
ко святѣй Софии къ Киеву.



Тогда, при Олзѣ Гориславличи,
сѣяшется и растяшеть усобицами,

The city of Chernigov,
The golden throne of his father,
The ways and wonts
Of his dear bride,
The fair daughter of Gleb!

The age of Trovan is gone,
The days of Yaroslav are past.²⁷
Gone are the wars waged by Oleg,²⁸
Oleg, son of Svyatoslav.
For he, that Oleg,
Forged feuds with his sword,
Sowed his arrows over the earth.
When he sprang to his golden stirrup
In the city of Tmutorokan,
Its jingling was heard
In days of old
By the great Yaroslav,²⁹
While Vladimir, son of Vsevolod
Stopped his ears every morn
In the city of Chernigov.
And Boris, son of Vyacheslav,³⁰
Was brought by his vaunting
To the judgment (of God),
And a green shroud
Was spread for him,
That valiant young prince,
By the Kanina River,
For a wrong done to Oleg.
From another such Kayala
Svyatopolk had his father borne
Between two Hungarian pacers
To St. Sophia's,
To Kiev.³¹
Then, in the days of Oleg,
The Son of Woe,
Discord was sown and throve.

погибаетъ жизнь Дажьбожа внука;
въ княжихъ крамолахъ вѣщи человѣкомъ скратишась.
Тогда по Руской земли рѣтко ротаевѣ кикахуть,
нѣ часто врани граяхуть,
 трупиа себѣ дѣляче,
а галици свою рѣчь говоряхуть,
 хотятъ полетѣти на уедие.



То было въ ты рати и въ ты плѣкы,
а сицей рати не слышано!
Съ зараниа до вечера,
съ вечера до свѣта
летять стрѣлы каленя,
grimлють сабли о шеломы,
трещатъ копия харалужныя
 въ полѣ незнаемѣ,
 среди земли Половецкыи.



Чръна земля подѣ копыты костьми была посѣяна,
 а кровию поляна:
тугою въздоша по Руской земли.



Что ми шумить,
что ми звенить —
 давече рано предѣ зорями?

Then perished the birthright
Of the grandsons of Dazhbog.
The lives of the common folk
Were cut short
By the brawls of princes.
Then was the voice of the husbandman seldom heard
Throughout the Russian land,
But often, indeed,
The ravens croaked
Feasting on the dead,
And the jackdaws raised their cries
Making ready to fly to a feast.

Thus was it in those battles,
In the days of that warfare.
But such a battle as this
Has never been heard of yet!
From morning till evening,
From twilight till dawn
Steel-tipped arrows fly,
Swords clang upon helmets,
Steel spears are shattered
In that strange field
In the heart of the Polovets land.
The black earth
Under the hoofs
Was sown with bones,
Watered with blood:
It yielded a harvest of woe
To the Russian land.

What clamour is that?
What clang is that
Far away, so early,
Before dawning?

Игорь плѣкы заворочаетъ:
жаль бо ему мила брата Всеволода.
Бишася день,
бишася другый;
третьяго дни къ полуднию падоша стязи Игоревы.



Ту ся брата разлучиста на brezѣ быстрой Каялы;
ту кроваваго вина не доста;
ту пиръ докончаша храбрии русичи:
сваты попоиша, а сами полегоша
за землю Рускую.
Ничить трава жалощами,
а древо с тугою къ земли преклонилось.



Уже бо, братие, не веселая година вѣстала,
уже пустыни силу прикрыла.
Вѣстала Обида въ силах Дажьбожа внука,
вступила дѣвою на землю Трояню,
въсплескала лебедиными крылы
на синѣмъ море у Дону;
плещучи, убуди жирня времена.



Усобица княземъ на поганяя погыбе,
рекоста бо братъ брату:
«Се мое, а то мое же».

It is Igor turning his host about,³²
Smitten with pity
For his beloved brother Vsevolod.
One day they fought,
And another,
And on the third,
At midday,
The banners of Igor fell!

That's where the two brothers parted,
On the banks of the swift Kayala.
Of gory wine they had scarce enough.
There the brave Russians ended their feast.
They made their kinsmen drunken,
And were laid low themselves
For the Russian land.
The very grass droops with pity,
And the trees bend down
To the grounds with woe.

Then, my brethren,
An evil time set in:
The wilderness had engulfed our host.
Sorrow arose
Among the offspring of Dazhbog.
Maiden-like, she paced
Through Troyan's land;
Waving her swan-like wings³³
Over the blue sea, by the Don,
She drove away
The days of plenty.
The princes warred no more
Against the pagans,
For brother spoke to brother,
Saying,
"This is mine,





И начяша князи про малое
«се великое» мльвити,
а сами на себѣ крамолу ковати.
А погании съ всѣхъ странъ прихождаху съ побѣдами
на землю Рускую.



О, далече зайде соколъ, птицъ бя,—къ морю!
А Игорева храбраго плъку не крѣсити!
За нимъ кликну Карна и Жля,
поскочи по Руской земли,
смагу людемъ мычючи въ пламянѣ розѣ.



Жены руския въсплакашась, аркучи:
«Уже намъ своихъ милыхъ ладъ
ни мыслию смыслити,
ни думою сдумати,
ни очима съглядати,
а злата и сребра ни мало того потрепати».



А вѣстона бо, братие, Киевъ туюю,
А Черниговъ напастъми.
Тоска разлися по Руской земли;
печаль жирна тече средь земли Рускыи.

“And that, too, is mine!”
And the princes began
To call small things great,
To forge feuds
Among themselves.
And from all sides the pagans
Invaded in triumph
The Russian land.

Oh, far has the falcon flown,
Driving the wild fowl before him
Down to the sea!
And the valiant host of Igor
Shall never rise again!
Then Karna and Zhelya
Raised their lament,³⁴
They swept through the Russian land,
Scattering funeral fire
From a flaming horn.
The Russian women
Lamented, wailing:
“Now shall we never
“See our dear lovers
“In thoughts, nor in dreams,
“Nor with our own eyes!
“Neither silver, nor gold
“Shall we wear again!”



Then Kiev, my brethren,
Moaned in sorrow
And Chernigov moaned
Beneath these disasters.
Woe overflowed
The land of Russia,
Deep sorrow flooded
The Russian land.

А князи сами на себе крамолу коваху,
а погании сами,
 побѣдами нарищуце на Рускую землю,
емляху дань по бѣлѣ отъ двора.



Тии бо два храбрая Святъславлича,—
 Игорь и Всеволодъ —
уже лжу убудиста которою,
ту бяше успиль отецъ ихъ —
 Святъславъ грозный великий Киевский
 грозою:
башеть притрепаль своими сильными плѣкы
 и харалужными мечи,
наступи на землю Половецкую,
притопта хлѣми и яругы,
взмути рѣкы и озеры,
иссуши потоки и болота.



А поганаго Кобяка изъ луку моря,
отъ желѣзныхъ великихъ плѣковъ половецкихъ,
 яко вихрь, выторже:
и падеся Кобякъ въ градъ Киевѣ,
 въ гридницѣ Святъславли.



Ту Нѣмци и Венедици
ту Греци и Морава
 поютъ славу Святъславлю,
 каютъ князя Игоря.
иже погрузи жиръ во днѣ Каялы — рѣкы половецкия,—
 рускаго злата насыпаша.

The princes forged feuds
Among themselves,
And the pagans, overrunning
The Russian land,
Levied tribute,—
A squirrel pelt from each household.

For the valiant two,
Sons of Svyatoslav,
Igor and Vsevolod,
With discord had aroused the evil
Put to sleep by their father,
The great, the terrible
Svyatoslav of Kiev.³⁵
Like a thunderstorm,
He struck men with awe,
With his mighty hosts
And his swords of steel
He invaded the Polovets land,
Trampled level hill and gully,
Muddied lake and river,
Scorched up stream and swamp.
He swept from the sea-coast
The pagan Kobiak,³⁶
Like a whirlwind, he snatched him
From the thick of the mighty iron Polovets host,
And Kobiak fell prostrate
In the city of Kiev,
In Svyatoslav's hall.
Now Germans, Venetians,
Now Greeks and Moravians
Sing the praises
Of Svyatoslav;
They blame Prince Igor
That he drowned his wealth
In the depths of the Kayala,
The Polovets river,
That he scattered in it the Russian gold!

Ту Игорь князь выѣдѣ изъ сѣдла злата,
а въ сѣдло кощиево.
Уныша бо градомъ забрали,
а веселие пониче.



вятъславъ мутенъ сонъ видѣ
въ Киевѣ на горахъ.
«Синочи съ вечера одѣвахуть мя,— рече,—
чрною паполомою
на кровати тисовѣ;
чрѣпахуть ми синее вино,
съ трудомъ смѣшено;
сыпахуть ми тѣщими тулы поганыхъ тльковинъ
великый женчюгъ на лоно
и нѣгуютъ мя.



Уже дьскы безъ кнѣса
в моемъ теремѣ златовръсѣмъ.
Всю ночь съ вечера
бусови врани възгряху у Плѣсньска.
на болоньи бѣша дебрь Кисаню
и несошлю къ синему морю».

There Prince Igor exchanged
His golden saddle
For that of a captive.
Grief has seized
The walls of cities
And joy droops low.

Svyatoslav has dreamt
A troubled dream
On the hills of Kiev.
“Last night,” said he,
“From eventide,
“They swathed me
“In a black shroud
“Upon a bed of yew.
“Blue wine was poured for me
“Mingled with sorrow.
“From the empty quivers
“Of pagan strangers
“Large pearls were strewn
“All over my breast,³⁷
“And they waited upon me.
“The boards above
“My golden-roofed hall
“Had lost their carved girder.³⁸
“And all through the night,
“From eventide,
“Smoke-grey crows raised their cries
“Beyond the city walls, by Pliesensk ;
“In the gully of the Kiyanka they were,
“And they winged their way
“Towards the blue sea.”

И ркоша бояре князю:
«Уже, княже, туга умь полонила;
се бо два сокола слѣтѣста
съ огня стола злата
поискати града Тьмутороканя,
а любо испити шеломомь Дону.
Уже соколома крильца припѣшали
поганыхъ саблями,
а самую опуташа
въ путины желѣзны.



Темно бо бѣ въ 3 день:
два солнца помѣркаста,
оба багряная стлѣпа погасоста.
и в морѣ погрузиста
и съ нима молодая мѣсяца—
Олегъ и Святъславъ—
тъмою ся поволокоста



На рѣцѣ на Каялѣ тьма свѣтъ покрыла—
по Руской земли прострошася половци,
аки пардуже гнѣздо,
и великое буйство подасть хинови
Уже снесесе хула на хвалу;
уже тресну нужда на волю;
уже врѣжесе Дивь на землю.

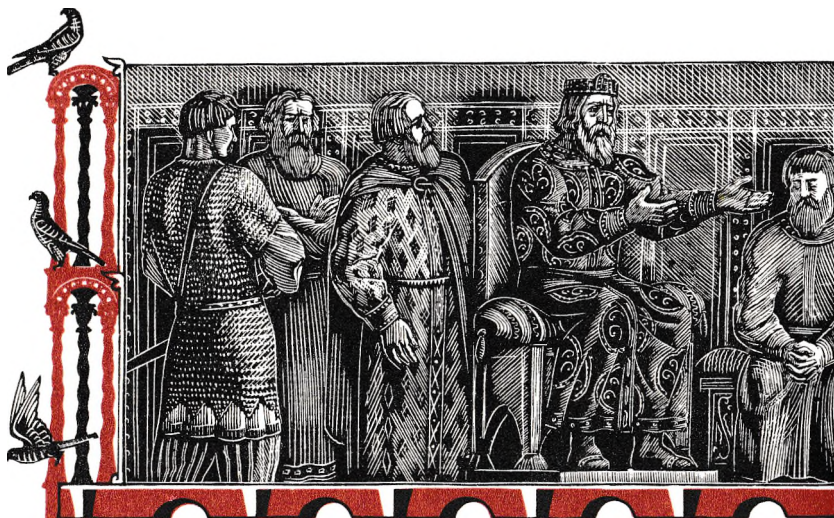


Се бо готския красныя дѣвы
въспѣша на брезѣ синему морю:
звоня рускымъ златомъ,

Then spoke the boyars to the prince,
Saying: "Now, o prince,
"Is your mind oppressed with grief,
"For the two falcons have flown forth
"From their father's golden throne
"To seed the city of Tmutorokan,
"Or to drink a helmetful of Don water.
"And now are their wings clipped close
"By the swords of the pagans,
"And they are fettered
"With gyves of iron."

"On the third day darkness fell;
"The two suns have grown dim,³⁹
"The two purple pillars⁴⁰
"Blaze no more.
"And with them together
"Both the young moons,⁴¹
"Oleg and Svyatoslav,
"Are shrouded in darkness,
"And they are sunk
"Into the sea,—
"Great boldness they have
"Inspired in the pagans!
"On the Kayala river
"The darkness overcame the light.
"All the land of Russia
"Is overrun by the Polovtsi
"As by whelps of the pard.⁴²
"Dishonour has vanquished glory,
"Violence has triumphed over freedom,
"The Div has swooped down
"Upon this land.
"The fair maids of the Goths⁴³
"Have struck up their songs
"On the shores of the blue sea
"To the jingle of Russian gold.

поють время Бусово,
лелѣють мечь Шароканю.
А мы уже, дружина, жадни веселия!

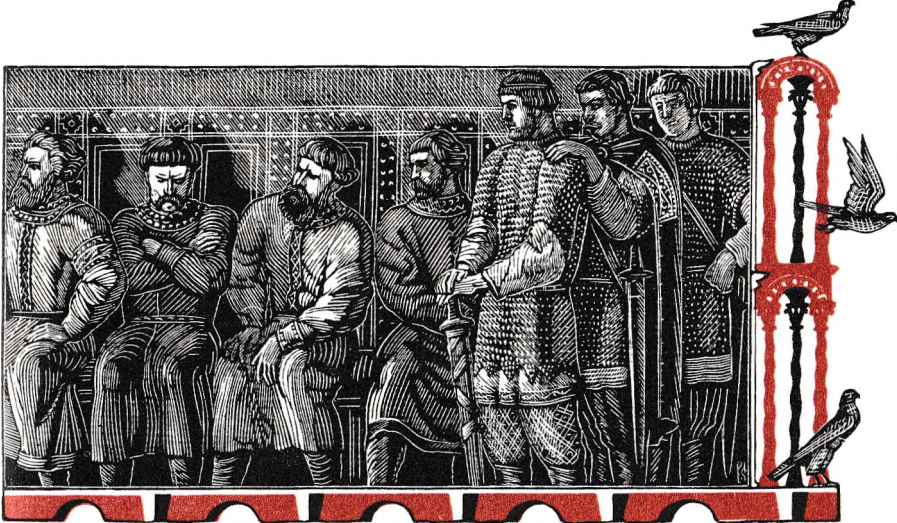


Тогда великий Святъславъ
изрони злато слово,
слезами смѣшено
и рече:



«О моя сыновчя, Игорю и Всеволоде!
Рано еста начала Половецкую землю
мечи цвѣлти,
а себѣ славы искати.
Нъ нечестно одолѣсте,
нечестно бо кровь поганую проляясте.

“They sing the days of Bus,⁴⁴
“They cherish the thought
“Of vengeance for Sharukan.⁴⁵
“And we, your men-at-arms,
“We thirst after joy!”



And the great Svyatoslav
Let fall from his lips
A word of gold
Mingled with tears.
Said he, “O my nephews,
“O Igor and Vsevolod!
“Too soon you began
“To smite with your swords
“The Polovets land,
“To seek glory for yourselves!
“No glorious victory
“Have you thus gained,
“For not in victory
“Have you spilt pagan blood!

Ваю храбрая сердца
въ жестоцемъ харалузѣ скована
а в буюести закалена.
Се ли створисте моей сребреней сѣдинѣ?



А уже не вижду власти
сильнаго,
и богатаго,
и многовога
брата моего Ярослава,
съ черниговскими былями,
съ могуты,
и с татраны,
и с шельбиры,
и съ топчакы,
и съ ревугы,
и съ ольберы.
Тии бо бес щитовъ, съ засапожники
кликомъ плѣкы побѣждають,
звонячи въ прадѣдную славу.



Нѣ рекосте: «Мужаемѣся сами:
преднюю славу сами похитимъ,
а заднюю си сами подѣлимъ!»
а чи диво ся, братие, стару помолодити?
Коли соколъ въ мытехъ бываетъ,
высоко птицъ възбиваетъ:
не дасть гнѣзда своего въ обиду.
Нѣ се зло — княже ми непособие:
наниче ся години обратиша.
Се у Римъ кричатъ подъ саблями половецкыми,

“Your valiant hearts
“Are forged of steel
“Tempered with daring.
“But what have you done
“To my silver locks!”

“No more do I see the power
“Of my mighty and wealthy brother,
“Yaroslav, lord of many hosts,⁴⁶
“With his boyars of Chernigov,
“With his chieftains, with the Tatrans,
“The Shelberes, the Topchaks,
“The Revugs, the Olbers!⁴⁷
“These overcome the foe shieldless,
“With but daggers and war-cries,
“Making their forefathers’ fame
“Resound again!
“But you have said,—
“Let us dare this alone!
“We two will grasp
“The glory of old,
“We two will share
“The fame to come!’—
“Is it a marvel, my brethren,
“For the aged to regain youth?
“When a falcon has moulted,
“He pursues the wild fowl
“High up into the air,
“He lets no harm
“Come near his nest!
“But here is evil indeed:
“The princes are now
“No help to me.
“These are evil times!
“The people cry out
“In the town of Rimov
“Under Polovets swords,⁴⁸

а Володимиръ подь ранами.
Туга и тоска сыну Глѣбову!»



Великий княже Всеволоде!
Не мыслию ти прелетѣти издалеца
отня злата стола люблюсти?
Ты бо можеша Волгу веслы раскропити,
А Донъ шеломы выльяти!
Аже бы ты былъ,
 то была бы чага по ногатѣ,
 а кощей по резанѣ.
Ты бо можеша посуху
 живыми шерешеры стрѣляти—
удалыми сыны Глѣбовы.



Ты, буй Рюриче, и Давыде!
Не ваю ли вои
 злачеными шеломы по крови плаваша?
Не ваю ли храбрая дружина
 рыкають, акы тури,
ранены саблями калеными
на полѣ незнаемѣ?

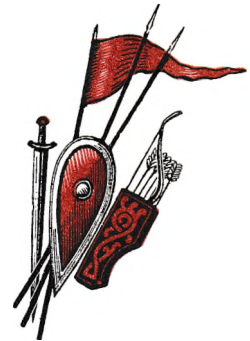


Вступита, господина, въ злата стремена
за обиду сего времени,
за землю Рускую.

“Prince Vladimir moans
“With the pain of his wounds.
“Woe and sorrow
“To the son of Gleb!”

O great Prince Vsevolod!⁴⁹
Is it not in your thoughts
To come flying from far off
To guard your father’s golden throne?⁵⁰
For you are able
To splash away the Volga
With your oars,⁵¹
To scoop up the Don
With your warriors’ helmets.
If you were here—
Slave-girls would be
A *nogata* each,
Bondmen—but a *riezana*.⁵²
For you can send flying
Over dry land
Your living lances,
The valiant sons of Gleb!⁵³

O you furious Rurik,⁵⁴
And you, o David!⁵⁵
Were not those warriors yours
Whose gilded helmets
Sailed a sea of blood?
Are those brave men-at-arms not yours
That roar like wild bulls
Wounded with swords of tempered steel
In the unknown plains?
O lords, step into
Your golden stirrups,
Avenge the wrong of these days,
Stand up for the Russian land,



за раны Игоревы,
буего Святъславича!



Галичкы Осмомыслѣ Ярославе!
Высоко сѣдиши
на своемъ златокованнѣмъ столѣ,
подперъ горы Угорскыи
своими желѣзными плѣки,
заступивъ королеви путь,
затворивъ Дунаю ворота,
меча бремены чрезъ облаки,
суды ряда по Дуная.



Грозы твоя по землямъ текутъ,
отворяеши Киеву врата,
стрѣляеши съ отня злата стола
салтани за землями.
Стрѣляй, господине, Кончака,
поганого кощея,
за землю Рускую,
за раны Игоревы,
буего Святъславича!



А ты, буй Романе, и Мстиславе!
Храбрая мысль носить ваю умъ на дѣло.
Высоко плаваеши на дѣло въ буести,
яко соколъ на вѣтрехъ ширяеся,
хотя птицю въ буйствѣ одолѣти.

Avenge the wounds of Igor,
Svyatoslav's bold son!

O Osmomysl-Yaroslav of Galich!⁵⁶
You are seated high
On your throne of gold,⁵⁷
Pressing back the Hungarian hills⁵⁸
With your iron hosts,
Barring the way to the king,⁵⁹
Making fast the gates to the Danube,
Casting hosts over the clouds,
Sitting in judgment
Even as far as the Danube!
Your thunder spreads
Through many a land;
You unlock the gates of Kiev,
You shoot at sultans
Beyond your domains⁶⁰
From your father's golden throne.
Shoot, o lord, at Konchak,
The pagan slave,
Stand up for the Russian land,
Avenge the wounds of Igor,
Svyatoslav's bold son!

And you, furious Roman,⁶¹
You too, o Mstislav!⁶²
Bold thoughts
Turn your minds
To deeds of valour.
You soar high, in your daring,
To valiant deeds,
As falcons hovering
Upon the winds
In their fury striving
To overcome the wild fowl!

Суть бо у ваю желѣзнии паворзи
 подъ шеломы латинскими
Тѣми тресну земля,
 и многи страны —
 Хинова,
 Литва,
 Ятвязи,
 Деремела,
и Половци сулицы своя повръгоша,
 а главы своя подклониша
 подъ тыи мечи харалужныи.



Нъ уже, княже Игорю,
утрѣпѣ солнцю свѣтъ,
а древо не бологомъ листвие срони:
 по Рси и по Сули гради подѣлиша.
А Игорева храбраго плѣку не крѣсити!
Донъ ти, княже, кличь
и зоветь князи на побѣду.
Олговичи, храбрыи князи, dospѣли на брань...



Инъгварь и Всеволодь,
и вси три Мстиславичи,
не худа гнѣзда шестокрилци!
не побѣдными жребии
 собѣ власти расхытите!
Кое ваши златыи шеломы
 и сулицы ляцкии
 и щиты?
Загородите полю ворота
 своими острыми стрѣлами

You have warriors of iron
Under Latin helmets.
The earth has quaked beneath them,
And many a land:
The Hinov, the Litva,
The Yatviag, the Deremela
And the Polovtsi
Have flung down their spears
And have bowed their heads
Beneath those swords of steel!

But now, Prince Igor,
The light of the sun
Has grown dim,
And the tree, in ill omen,
Has shed its leaves.
Foes have divided among them
The towns on the Ross and the Sula,
And the valiant host of Igor
Shall never rise again!
“The Don calls you, o prince,
“It calls the princes to victory!”
And the offspring of Oleg,
Those fearless princes,
Flew to the fray!

O Ingvar and Vsevolod,⁶³
And you, three sons of Mstislav,⁶⁴
You six-winged offspring
Of a noble nest!
It was not by fortune in war
That you obtained your domains!
Where are your golden helmets,
Your Polish spears and shields?⁶⁵
Bar the gates to the plains
With your keen arrows,

за землю Рускую,
за раны Игоревы,
буего Святъславлича!



Уже бо Сула не течеть сребреными струями
къ граду Переяславлю,
и Двина болотомъ течеть
онимъ грознымъ полочаномъ
подъ кликомъ поганыхъ.

Единъ же Изяславъ, сын Васильковъ,
позвони своими острыми мечи
о шеломы литовския,
притрепа славу дѣду своему Всеславу,
а самъ подъ чрълеными щиты
на кровавъ травѣ
притрепанъ литовскими мечи
исхати юна кров,
а тѣи рекъ:

«Дружину твою, княже,
птиць крилы приодѣ,
а звѣри кровь полизаша».

Не бысть ту брата Брючяслава,
ни другаго — Всеволода.

Единъ же изрони жемчюжну душу
изъ храбра гѣла
чресъ злато ожерелие.

Унылы голоси,
пониче веселие,
трубы трубять городеньскии.



Ярославе вси внуце и Всеславлѣ!
Уже понизите стязи свои,
вонзите свои мечи вережени.

Stand up for the Russian land,
Avenge the wounds of Igor,
Svyatoslav's bold son!

Now the Sula no longer sweeps
A silvery stream
To the city of Pereyasavl,
And the Dvina flows through fens
To those dread men of Polotsk,
To the yells of the pagans.
Izyaslav, son of Vasilko, alone
Has made his sword clang,
On Lithuanian helmets,
Bringing to naught
The fame of Vseslav, his forefather;
But he himself was struck down
Beneath his scarlet shields
On the blood-bedewed grass
With his friend who spoke thus:
"O prince, the birds have clothed
"Your warriors with their wings,
"The beasts have licked up their blood!"
Bryachislav, his brother, was not there,
Nor the other, Vsevolod:
He alone yielded up
His pearl-white soul
From his valiant body
Through his necklace of gold!⁶⁶
Voices are mournful now,
And joy has waned,
The bugles wail in Gorodnó . . .



O you, offspring of Yaroslav,
And you, grandsons of Vseslav!⁶⁷
Lower your banners, and sheathe
Your blunted swords!

Уже бо выскочисте изъ дѣдней славѣ.
Вы бо своими крамолами
начясте наводити поганя
не землю Рускую,
на жизнь Всеславию,
Которою бо бѣше насиле
отъ земли Половецкыи!



На седьмомъ вѣцѣ Трояни
врѣже Всеславъ жребий
о дѣвицю себѣ любу.
Тѣй клюками подпрѣся о кони
и скочи къ граду Киеву
и дотчеся стружемъ
злата стола киевскаго



Скочи отъ нихъ лютымъ звѣремъ
въ плѣночи изъ Бѣла-града
обѣсися синѣ мѣглѣ;
утрѣ же вазни с три кусы,—
отвори врата Нову-граду,
разшибе славу Ярославу,
скочи влъкомъ
до Немиги съ Дудутокъ.



На Немизѣ снопы стелють головами,
молотять чепи харалужными,
на тоцѣ животъ кладуть,
вѣють душу отъ тѣла.
Немизѣ кровави брезѣ

Far, far have you fled
From your forefathers' fame!
For your brawls have brought the pagans
Into the Russian land,
Into Vseslav's realm!
For your feuds have brought violence
From the Polovets land!

In the seventh age of Troyan
Vseslav cast lots ^
For the maid he desired.⁶⁸
With wiles he strengthened
His seat in the saddle,
He galloped up to the city of Kiev,
With his spear-shaft he touched
Its golden throne.
He bounded thence
Like a savage beast
At midnight, from Byelgorod⁶⁹
And was lost in blue mists;
In the morning he battered with bills
And burst open the gates of Novgorod,
Shattering Yaroslav's fame.⁷⁰
Like a wolf he sprang
From Dudutki to the Nyemiga.⁷¹

On the Nyemiga River
Heads lie strewn like sheaves of corn,
The threshers thresh
With flails of steel.
On that threshing-floor
Lives are laid down,
The soul is winnowed
From out of the body.
The Nyemiga's gory banks

не бологомъ бяхуть посѣяни—
посѣяни костьми русскихъ сыновъ.



Всеславъ князь людемъ судяше,
княземъ грады рядяше,
а самъ въ ночь влъкомъ рыскаше:
изъ Кыева дорискаше до куръ Тматороканя,
великому Хрѣсови влъкомъ путь прерыскаше.
Тому въ Полотскѣ позвониша заутренюю рано
у святыя Софеи въ колоколы,
а онъ въ Киевѣ звонъ слыша.
Аще и вѣща душа въ дрѣзѣ тѣль,
нѣ часто бѣды страдаше



Тому вѣщей Боянъ
и прѣвое припѣвку, смысленый, рече:
«Ни хытру,
ни горазду,
ни птицю горазду
суда божиа не минути».



О, стонати Руской земли,
помянувшѣ прѣвую годину
и прѣвыхъ князей!
Того стараго Владимира
нелзѣ бѣ пригвоздити къ горамъ киевскимъ:
сего бо нынѣ сташа стязи Рюриковы,

Were sown not with good seed—
They were sown with the bones
Of Russia's sons!

Vseslav the prince
Judged his people,
He assigned cities to princes,
And himself would scour
Through the night like a wolf:
From Kiev speeding,
Before cockcrow he reached
Far Tmutorokan.
Like a wolf,
He would cross the path
Of Khors, the great god.⁷²
Early matins were rung for him
At St. Sophia's in Polotsk,
And he heard the chimes in Kiev.⁷³
Though he had the soul of a seer
In his valiant body,
Yet many a time
He suffered misfortune.
To him did the seer Boyan
Full of sagacity,
Speak thus long ago:
“Neither the crafty, nor the cunning,
“Nor even the crafty bird
“Shall escape the judgment of God!”

Oh, the Russian land shall moan
Recalling bygone days
And the princes of old:
Vladimir of old
Could not be nailed fast
To the hills of Kiev!
And now Rurik and David

а друзии — Давидовы,
нѣ розно ся имѣ хоботы пашуть.
Копиа поють!



а Дунаи Ярославнынѣ гласъ ся слышитѣ,
зегзицею незнаема рано кычетѣ:



«Полечю, — рече, — зегзицею по Дунаеви,
омочю бебрянѣ рукавѣ въ Каялѣ рѣцѣ,
утру князю кровавыя его раны
на жестоцѣмѣ его тѣлѣ».
Ярославна рано плачетѣ
въ Путивлѣ на забралѣ, аркучи:



«О вѣтре вѣтрило!
Чему, господине, насильно вѣеши?
Чему мычеши хиновскыя стрѣлки
на своєю нетрудною крилцю
на моя лады вои?»

Have raised their banners,
But their pennons float apart!⁷⁴

Listen, the spears are singing!

On the Danube
Yaroslavna's voice is heard.
Like a lone cuckoo
She cries aloud
In the early morn:
"I shall fly," says she,
"Down the Danube
"Like a lone cuckoo.
"I shall moisten my beaver sleeve
"In the Kayala river;
"I shall stanch
"My prince's gory wounds
"On his mighty body."

Yaroslavna weeps⁷⁵
In the early morn
On the walls of Putivl,
Wailing:
"Wind, o wind!
"Why blow, my lord,
"Such a stormy blast?
"Why do you bring
"On your wings so light
"Pagans' arrows down
"On my lover's host?

Мало ли ти бяшетъ горѣ подь облакы вѣяти,
лелѣючи корабли на синѣ морѣ?
Чему, господине, мое веселие
по ковылию развѣя?»

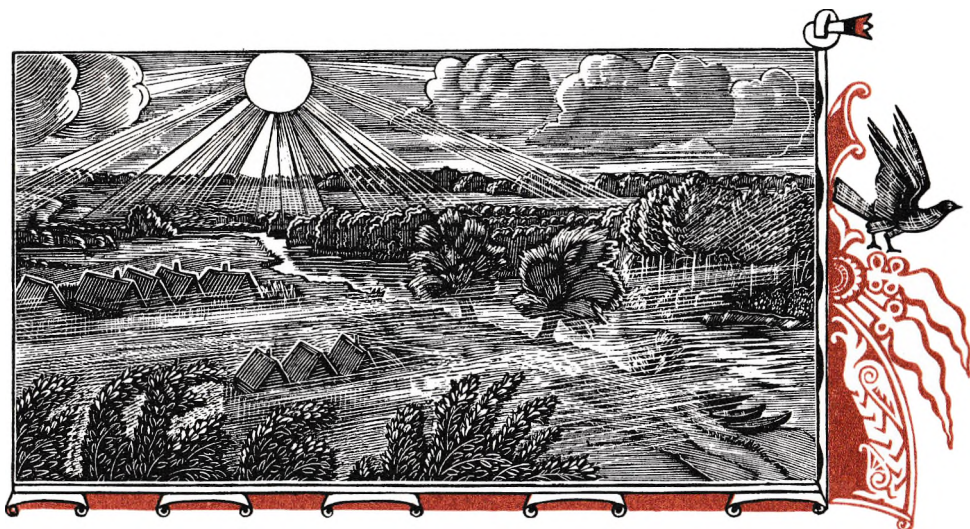


Ярославна рано плачеть
Путивлю городу на заборолѣ, аркучи:



«О Днепре Словутицю!
Ты пробилъ еси каменные горы
сквозѣ землю Половецкую.

“Were you not sated with blowing
“High up under the clouds,
“And with rocking ships
“Upon the blue sea?



“Why have you scattered
“My joy, o my lord,
“Over the feather-grass?”

Yaroslavna weeps
In the early morn
On the walls of Putivl,
Wailing:
“O Dnieper, o Slovutich!
“You have bored your way
“Through mountains of rock⁷⁶
“In the Polovets land.
“You have rocked the galleys

Ты лелѣялъ еси на себѣ Святослави насады
до плѣку Кобякова.
Възлелѣй, господине, мою ладу къ мнѣ,
а быхъ не слала къ нему слезъ
на море рано».



Ярославна рано плачетъ
въ Путивлѣ на забралѣ, аркучи:
«Свѣтлое и тресвѣтлое слънце!
Всѣм тепло и красно еси:
чему, господине, простре горячую свою лучю
на ладѣ вои?
Въ полѣ безводнѣ жажду имъ лучи съпряже,
тугою имъ тули затче?»



Прысну море полунощи,
идуть сморци мъглами.
Игореви князю богъ путь кажетъ
изъ земли Половецкой
на землю Рускую,
къ отню злату столу.



Погасоша вечеру зари.
Игорь спить,
Игорь бдитъ,
Игорь мыслию поля мѣритъ
отъ великаго Дону до малаго Донца.

“Of Svyatoslav
“Down to Kobiak’s camp.
“Waft my dear lover
“Back to me, my lord,
“That I send not my tears to him
“Down to the sea, at dawning!”

Yaroslavna weeps
In the early morn
On the walls of Putivl,
Wailing:
“O bright sun,
“Thrice-bright sun!
“You are warm and fair
“To one and all!
“Why have you cast, my lord,
“Your burning rays
“On my lover’s warriors?
“In the waterless waste
“Thirst withered up their bows,
“Weariness sealed
“Their quivers tight!”

The swell rolls high
On the sea at midnight.
Pillars of mist arise.
God showeth the way
To Prince Igor
From the Polovets land,
To the Russian land,
To his father’s golden throne.
The glow of sunset has waned.
Igor sleeps,
Igor wakes,
In his thoughts, Igor measures the plains
From the great Don

Комонь въ полуночи Овлурь свисну за рѣкою;
велить князю разумѣти:
князю Игорю не быть!

Кликну,
стукну земля,
въшумѣ трава,
вежи ся половецкии подвизаша.

А Игорь князь поскочи
горнастаемъ къ тростию
и бѣлымъ гоголемъ на воду.

Възврѣжеса на брѣзь комонь
и скочи съ него босымъ влъкомъ.
И потече къ лугу Донца,
и полетѣ соколомъ подъ мъглами,
избивая гуси и лебеди

завтроку,
и обѣду,
и ужинѣ.

Коли Игорь соколомъ полетѣ,
тогда Влурь влъкомъ потече,
труся собою студеную росу:
претръгоста бо своя брѣзая комоня.



Донецъ рече:
«Княже Игорю!
Не мало ти величия,
а Кончаку нелюбия,
а Руской земли веселиа».



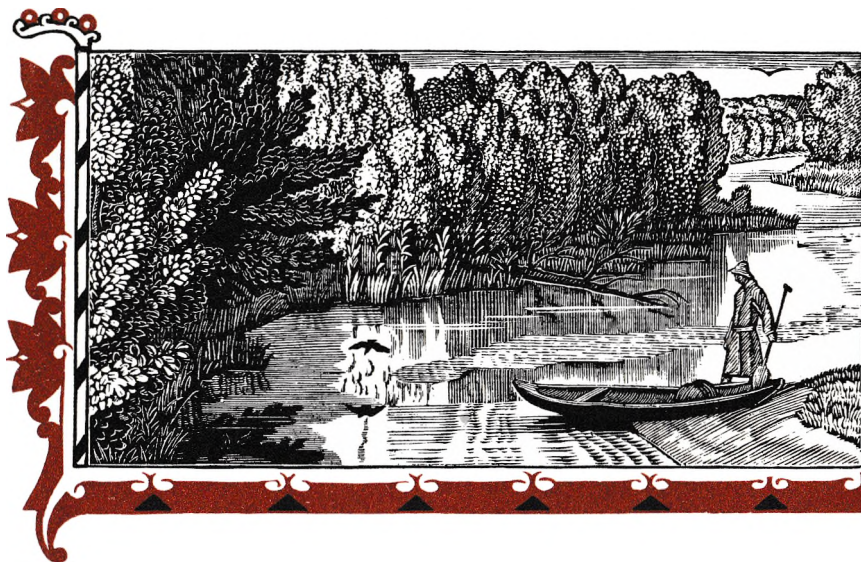
Игорь рече:
«О Донче!
не мало ти величия,
лелѣявшу князя на влънахъ,

To the lesser Donets.
Ovlur⁷⁷ has whistled
To the steed at midnight
Beyond the river,
Bidding the prince understand:
Prince Igor must not linger!
He called out but once,—
The earth rumbled,
The grass rustled,
The tents of the Polovtsi
Were astir!
Prince Igor raced down
To the reeds like an ermine,
Like a white drake
He cast himself on the waters.
He leapt onto his fleet-footed steed,
He sprang down like a grey wolf,
And sped down the winding Donets,
And flew like a falcon through the fogs,
Shooting geese and swans
For his morning, noon and evening meat.
While Igor flew like a falcon,
Ovlur sped like a wolf,
Shaking the cold dew
From the blades of grass:
For they had winded
Their fleet-footed steeds!



Says the Donets:
“O Prince Igor,
“No small glory is yours,
“No small worry to Konchak,
“And joy to the Russian land!”
Says Igor,
“O Donets,
“No small glory is yours:
“You have gently rocked

стлавшу ему зелѣну траву
на своихъ сребреныхъ брезѣхъ,
одѣвавшу его теплыми мѣглами
подъ сѣнию зелену древу;



стрежаще его гоголемъ на водѣ,
чайцами на струяхъ,
чрънядьми на ветрѣхъ».



Не тако ти, рече, рѣка Стugna;
худу струю имѣя,
пожрѣши чужи ручьи и стругы,
рострена къ усту,
уношу князю Ростиславу завори.

“A prince upon your waves,
“Spread green grass for him
“On your silvery banks,
“Clothed him in warm mists
“Under the canopy of the green tree;



“You have watched over him
“With the drake upon your wave,
“The gull upon your stream,
“The black duck upon the breezes!”

“Not such,” says he,
“Is the Stugna river:⁷⁸
“Puny stream as it is,
“Swallowing up other brooks and barks,
“It grows broad at the mouth,
“And it engulfed
“The young Prince Rostislav.

Днѣ при темнѣ березѣ
плачется мати Ростиславля
 по уноши князи Ростиславѣ.
Уныша цвѣты жалобою,
и древо с тугою къ земли прѣклонилось.



А не сорокы втроскоташа —
на слѣду Игоревѣ ъздитѣ Гзакъ съ Кончакомъ.
Тогда врани не граахуть,
галици помлькоша,
сорокы не троскоташа,
полозие ползаша только.
Дятлове тектомъ путь къ рѣцѣ кажутъ,
соловии веселыми пѣснями
 свѣтъ повѣдають.



Млѣвить Гзакъ Кончакови:
«Аже соколъ къ гнѣзду летитъ,
соколича растрѣляевѣ
 своими злачеными стрѣлами».
Рече Кончакъ ко Гзѣ:
«Аже соколъ къ гнѣзду летитъ,
а вѣ соколца опутаевѣ
 красною дивицею».



И рече Гзакъ къ Кончакови:
«Аще его опутаевѣ красною дѣвицею,

“Rostislav’s mother
“Weeps for the youth,
“For Prince Rostislav;
“Even the flowers
“Have faded in pity,
“The tree has bent down
“To the ground in woe.”

No magpies are these, chattering:
Gza gallops
Along Igor’s trail
Together with Konchak.
Then the ravens did not croak,
The jackdaws were still,
The magpies did not chatter—
Only the grass-snakes
Drawled here and there.
The woodpeckers, tapping,
Point the way to the river,
The gay warble of the nightingale
Heralds the dawn.

Says Gza to Konchak,
“As the falcon flies
“Towards his nest,
“Let us shoot the fledgling⁷⁹
“With our gilded arrows!”
Says Konchak to Gza,
“As the falcon flies
“Towards his nest,
“Let us snare the fledgling
“With a fair maid!”
Gza said to Konchak:
“If we snare him
“With a fair maid—
“Then shall we keep

ни нама будетъ сокольца,
ни нама красны дѣвице,
то почнуть наю птици бити
въ полѣ Половецкомъ».



Рекъ Боянъ и Ходына,
Святъславля пѣснотворца
старого времени Ярославля,
Ольгова коганя хоти:
«Тяжко ти головы кромѣ плечю,
зло ты тѣлу кромѣ головы» —
Руской земли безъ Игоря.



олнце свѣтитъ на небесѣ,—
Игорь князь въ Руской земли»: —
дѣвицы поютъ на Дунаи,—
вьются голоси чрезъ море до Киева.
Игорь ѣдетъ по Боричеву
къ святѣй Богородици Пирогощей.
Страны ради, гради весели.



Пѣвше пѣснь старымъ княземъ,
а потом молодымъ пѣти:



«Слава Игорю Святъславличю,

“Neither the fledgling,
“Nor the fair maid,
“And even the birds will smite us
“In the Polovets plains!”

Thus said Boyan and Khodyna,
Bards of Svyatoslav,
Of Yaroslav of yore,
Bards beloved by Prince Oleg:
“Hard it is for the head
“Without the shoulders,
“Woe to the body
“Without the head!”
Woe to the land of Russia
Without Igor!

The sun light up the heavens—
Prince Igor is in the Russian land!
The maidens sing on the Danube,
Their voices fly far
Across the sea to Kiev.
Igor rides up Borichev
To the Holy Mother of Pirogoshch.
The hamlets rejoice,
The towns are merry!

Having sung to the old princes,
We shall now sing to the young ones:
“Glory to Igor,
“Son of Svyatoslav,

Буй Туру Всеволоду,
Владимиру Игоревичу!»



Здрави князи и дружина,
побарая за христьяны
на поганья плъки!



Княземъ слава а дружинѣ!
Аминь.



“To Vsevolod, the furious bull,
“To Vladimir, son of Igor!”
Health to the princes,
To their men-at-arms,
Standing up for Christendom
Against the pagan hosts!
Glory to the princes
And to their men-at-arms!
Amen!





ПОВЕСТЬ О ПОХОДЕ ИГОРЕВОМ,
ИГОРЯ, СЫНА СВЯТОСЛАВОВА,
ВНУКА ОЛЕГОВА





Не пристало ли нам, братья,
начать старыми словами
печальные повести о походе Игоревои,
Игоря Святославича?
Пусть начнется же песнь эта
по былинам нашего времени,
а не по замыслению Бояна.
Боян же вещей,
если хотел кому песнь воспеть,
то растекался мыслию по древу,
серым волком по земле,
сизым орлом под облаками.
Вспоминал он, как говорил,
первых времен усобицы.
Тогда напускал десять соколов на стадо лебедей:
какую лебедь настигали,
та первой и пела песнь –
старому Ярославу,
храброму Мстиславу,
что зарезал Редёю пред полками касбжскими,
красному Роману Святославичу.
Боян же, братья, не десять соколов
на стадо лебедей напускал,
но свои вещие персты
на живые струны воскладал;
они же сами князьям славу рокотали.

Начнем же, братья, повесть эту
от старого Владимира до нынешнего Игоря,
который скрепил ум силою своею
и поострил сердце свое мужеством;
исполнившись ратного духа,
навел свои храбрые полки
на землю Половецкую
за землю Русскую.

Тогда Игорь взглянул
на светлое солнце
и увидел воинов своих
тьмою прикрытых.
И сказал Игорь-князь
дружине своей:
«О дружина моя и братья!
Лучше ведь убитым быть,
чем плененным быть;
сядем же, братья,
на борзых коней
да посмотрим хоть
на синий Дон».
Ум князя уступил
желанию,
и охота отвесть Дон великий
заслонила ему предзнаменование.
«Хочу, – сказал, – копьё преломить
на границе поля Половецкого;
с вами, русичи, хочу либо голову свою сложить,
либо шлемом испить из Дону».

О Боян, соловей старого времени!
Вот бы ты походы те воспел,
скача, соловей, по мысленному дереву,
летая умом по подоблачью,
свивая славу обеих половин сего времени,
рыща по тропе Трояна
через поля на горы.

Так бы пришлось внуку Велеса
 воспеть песнь Игорю :
«Не буря соколов занесла
 через поля широкие –
стаи галок бегут
 к Дону великому».
Или так бы начать тебе петь,
 вещий Боян,
 Велесов внук :
«Кони ржут за Сулой –
 звенит слава в Киеве ;
трубы трубят в Новгороде –
 стоят стяги в Путивле!»

Игорь ждет милого брата Всеволода.
И сказал ему буй тур Всеволод :
«Один брат,
 один свет светлый –
 ты, Игорь !
Оба мы – Святославичи !
Седлай же, брат,
 своих борзых коней,
а мои-то готовы,
 оседланы у Курска еще раньше.
А мои-то куряне – опытные воины :
 под трубами повиты,
 под шлемами взлелеяны,
 с конца копья вскормлены,
 пути им ведомы,
 овраги им знаемы,
 луки у них натянуты,
 колчаны отворены,
 сабли избиты ;
сами скачут, как серые волки в поле,
ища себе чести, а князю славы».

Тогда вступил Игорь-князь в золотое стремя
и поехал по чистому полю.

Солнце ему тьмою путь заступало;
ночь стонами грозы птиц пробудила;
свист звериный встал,
взбился див –
кличет на вершине дерева,
велит прислушаться – земле неизвестной,

Волге,
и Поморью,
и Посулью,
и Сурожу,
и Корсуню,

и тебе, Тмутороканский идол!

И половцы непроложенными дорогами
побежали к Дону великому:
кричат телеги в полночи,
словно лебеди распущенные.

А Игорь к Дону воинов ведет!

Уже несчастий его подстерегают птицы
по дубам;
волки грозу поднимают
по оврагам;
орлы клетком на кости зверей зовут;
лисицы брешут на червлёные щиты.

О Русская земля! уже ты за холмом!

Долго ночь меркнет.
Заря свет уронила,
мгла поля покрыла.
Щекоf соловьиный уснул,
говор галок пробудился.
Русичи великие поля червлёными щитами перегородили,
ища себе чести, а князю – славы.

Спозаранок в пятницу
потоптали они поганые полки половецкие
и, рассыпавшись стрелами по полю,
помчали красных девушек половецких,
а с ними золото,
и паволоки,
и дорогие оксамиты.
Покрывалами,
и плащами,
и кожухами
стали мосты мостить по болотам
и по топким местам,
и всякими узорочьями половецкими.
Червлен стяг,
белая хоругвь,
червлена чёлка,
серебряно древко –
храброму Святославичу!

Дремлет в поле Олегово храброе гнездо.
Далеко залетело!
Не было оно в обиду порождено
ни соколу,
ни кречету,
ни тебе, черный ворон,
поганый половец!
Гзак бежит серым волком,
а Кончак ему путь указывает к Дону великому.

На другой день спозаранок
кровавые зори свет возвещают;
черные тучи с моря идут,
хотят прикрыть четыре солнца,
а в них трепещут синие молнии.
Быть грому великому,
пойти дождю стрелами с Дона великого!
Тут копьям изломиться,
тут саблям побиться

о шлемы половецкие
на реке на Каяле,
у Дона великого!

О Русская земля! уже ты за холмом!

Вот ветры, внуки Стрибога, веют с моря стрелами
на храбрые полки Игоревы.
Земля гудит,
реки мутно текут,
пыль поля прикрывает,
стяги говорят:
половцы идут от Дона
и от моря
и со всех сторон русские полки обступили.
Дети бесовы кликом поля перегородили,
а храбрые русичи перегородили червлеными щитами.

Ярый тур Всеволод!
Стоишь ты в самом бою,
прыщешь на воинов стрелами,
гремишь о шлемы мечами булатными!
Куда, тур, поскачешь,
своим златым шлемом посвечивая,
там лежат поганые головы половецкие.
Рассечены саблями калеными шлемы аварские
тобою, ярый тур Всеволод!
Какой раны, братья, побоится тот, кто забыл честь, и богатство,
и города Чернигова отцов золотой стол,
и своей милой, желанной прекрасной Глебовны
свычай и обычай?

Были века Трояна,
минули годы Ярославовы;
были походы Олеговы,
Олега Святославича.
Тот ведь Олег мечом крамолу ковал
и стрелы по земле сеял.

Вступал в золотое стремя в городе Тмуторокане,
и звон тут уже слышал давний великий Ярослав,
а сын Всеволода, Владимир,
каждое утро уши закладывал в Чернигове.

Бориса же Вячеславича похвальба на суд привела
и на Канину зеленое погребальное покрывало постлала
храброму и молодому князю
за обиду Олега.

С той же Каялы Святополк повелел отца своего привезти
между венгерскими иноходцами
ко святой Софии к Киеву.

Тогда, при Олеге Гориславиче,
засевалось и прорастало усобицами,
погибало достояние Дажьбожа внука;
в княжеских крамолах сокращались жизни людские.
Тогда по Русской земле редко пахари покрикивали,
но часто вороны гра́яли,
трупы между собой деля,
а галки свою речь говорили,
собираясь полететь на добычу.

То было в те рати и в те походы,
а такой рати не слыхано!

С раннего утра до вечера,
с вечера до света
летят стрелы каленые,
гремят сабли о шлемы,
трещат копыя булатные
в поле незнаемом,
среди земли Половецкой.

Черная земля под копытами косями была засеяна
и кровью полита:
горем взошли они по Русской земле.

Что мне шумит,
что мне звенит –
издалека рано до зари?

Игорь полки заворачивает,
ибо жаль ему милого брата Всеволода.

Билися день,
билися другой;
на третий день к полудню пали стяги Игоревы.
Тут два брата разлучились на берегу быстрой Каялы;
тут кровавого вина не достало;
тут пир закончили храбрые русичи:
сватов напоили, а сами полегли
за землю Русскую.
Никнет трава от жалости,
а дерево с горем к земле приклонилось.

Уже ведь, братья, невеселое время настало,
уже пустыня войско прикрыла.
Встала обида в войсках Дажьбожа внука,
вступила девою на землю Трояню,
всплескала лебедиными крылами
на синем море у Дона;
плеская, прогнала времена обилия.
Борьба князей против поганых прекратилась,
ибо сказал брат брату:
«Это мое, и то мое же».
И стали князья про малое
«это великое» говорить
и сами на себя крамолу ковать.
А поганые со всех сторон приходили с победами
на землю Русскую.

О, далеко залетел сокол, птиц избивая, – к морю!
Игорева храброго полка не воскресить!
По нем кликнула Кárна, и Жéля
поскакала по Русской земле,
огонь мыкая в пламенном роге.
Жены русские восплакались, приговаривая:
«Уже нам своих милых лад
ни мыслию не смыслить,
ни думою не сдумать,
ни глазами не повидать,
а золота и серебра совсем не потрогать».

И застонал, братья, Киев от горя,
а Чернигов от напастей.
Тоска разлилась по Русской земле;
печаль обильная потекла посреди земли Русской.
А князи сами на себя крамолу ковали,
а поганые,
с победами нарыскивая на Русскую землю,
сами брали дань по белке от двора.

Ибо те два храбрых Святославича,
Игорь и Всеволод,
уже коварство пробудили раздором,
а его усыпил было отец их –
Святослав грозный великий киевский –
грозою:
прибил своими сильными полками
и булатными мечами,
наступил на землю Половецкую,
притоптал холмы и овраги,
взмутил реки и озера,
иссушил потоки и болота.
А поганого Кобяка от лукоморья,
из железных великих полков половецких,
как вихрь исторг:
и пал Кобяк в граде Киеве,
в гриднице Святославовой.
Тут немцы и венецианцы,
тут греки и чехи
поют славу Святославу,
корят князя Игоря,
потопившего богатство на дне Каялы – реки половецкой, –
просыпав русского золота.
Тут Игорь-князь пересел из седла золотого
в седло рабское.
Приуныли у городов забралы,
а веселие поникло.

А Святослав смутный сон видел
в Киеве на горах.
«Этой ночью с вечера одевали меня, – говорит, –
черным покрывалом
на кровати тисовой;
черпали мне синее вино,
с горем смешанное;
сыпали мне из пустых колчанов поганых иноземцев
крупный жемчуг на грудь
и нежили меня.
Уже доски без князька
в моем тереме златоверхом.
Всю ночь с вечера
серые вороны граяли у Плесеньска,
в предградье стоял лес Кияни,
и понеслись они, вороны, к синему морю».
И сказали бояре князю:
«Уже, князь, горе ум полонило;
это ведь два сокола слетели
с отчего престола золотого
добыть города Тматороканя
или испить шлемом Дона.
Уже соколам крыльца подсекли
сабли поганых,
а самих опутали
в путы железные».

Темно было в третий день:
два солнца померкли,
оба багряные столба погасли,
и с ними два молодых месяца –
Олег и Святослав –
тьмюю заволоклись
и в море погрузились,
и великую смелость возбудили в хиновах.
На реке на Каяле тьма свет покрыла –
по Русской земле простерлись половцы,
точно выводок гепардов.

Но сказали вы: «Помужествуем сами:
прошлую славу себе похитим,
а будущую сами поделим!»
А разве дивно, братья, старому помолодеть?
Когда сокол линяет,
высоко птиц взбивает:
не даст гнезда своего в обиду.
Но вот зло – князья мне не помогают:
худо времена обернулись.
Вот у Римова кричат под саблями половецкими,
а Владимир под ранами.
Горе и тоска сыну Глебову!»

Великий князь Всеволод!
Неужели и мысленно тебе не прилететь издалека
отчий золотой стол поблюсти?
Ты ведь можешь Волгу веслами расплескать,
а Дон шлемами вылить!
Если бы ты был здесь,
то была бы раба по ногате,
а раб по резани.
Ты ведь можешь посуху
живыми копьями стрелять –
удалыми сыновьями Глебовыми.

Ты, буйный Рюрик, и Давыд!
Не ваши ли воины
золочеными шлемами по крови плавали?
Не ваша ли храбрая дружина
рыкает, как туры,
раненные саблями калеными
на поле незнаемом?
Вступите же, господа, в золотые стремяна
за обиду сего времени,
за землю Русскую,
за раны Игоревы,
буйного Святославича!

Галицкий Осмомысл Ярослав!
Высоко сидишь ты
на своем златокованом престоле,
подпер горы Венгерские
своими железными полками,
заступив королю путь,
затворив Дунаю ворота,
меча тяжести через облака,
суды рядя до Дуная.
Грозы твои по землям текут,
отворяешь Киеву ворота,
стреляешь с отчего золотого престола
салтанов за землями.
Стреляй же, господин, в Кончака,
поганого раба,
за землю Русскую,
за раны Игоревы,
буйного Святославича!

А ты, буйный Роман, и Мстислав!
Храбрая мысль влечет ваш ум на подвиг.
Высоко взмываешь на подвиг в отваге,
точно сокол на ветрах паря,
стремясь птицу храбро одолеть.
Есть ведь у вас железные молодцы
под шлемами латинскими.
От них дрогнула земля,
и многие страны –
Хинова,
Литва,
Ятвяги,
Деремела,
и половцы копыя свои повергли,
а головы свои подклонили
под те мечи булатные.

Но уже, о князь Игорь,
померк солнца свет,

а дерево не к добру листву сронило :
 по Рóси и по Сулé города поделили.
А Игорева храброго полка не воскресить !
Дон тебя, князь, кличет
и зовет князей на победу.
Ольговичи, храбрые князья, подоспели на брань . . .

Ингварь и Всеволод,
и все три Мстиславича,
не худого гнезда соколы !
Не по праву побед
 расхитили вы себе владения !
Где же ваши золотые шлемы
 и копья польские
 и щиты ?
Загородите поля ворота
 своими острыми стрелами
 за землю Русскую,
 за раны Игоревы,
 буйного Святославича !

Уже Сула не течет серебряными струями
 для города Переяславля,
и Двина болотом течет
 для тех грозных полочан
 под кликом поганых.
Один только Изяслав, сын Васильков,
позвенел своими острыми мечами
 о шлемы литовские,
прибил славу деда своего Всеслава,
а сам под червлеными щитами
 на кровавой траве
 был прибит литовскими мечами
 на кровь со своим любимцем,
 а тот и сказал :
«Дружину твою, князь,
 крылья птиц придели,
 а звери кровь полизали».

Не было тут брата Брячислава,
ни другого – Всеволода.
Так в одиночестве изронил он жемчужную душу
из храброго тела
через золотое ожерелье.
Приуныли голоса,
поникло веселие,
трубы трубят городенские!

Ярослава все внуки и Всеслава!
Склоните стяги свои, ✦
Вложите в ножны свои мечи поврежденные,
ибо лишились вы славы дедов.
Вы ведь своими крамолами
начали наводить поганых
на землю Русскую,
на богатства Всеслава.
Из-за усобицы ведь настало насилие
от земли Половецкой!

На седьмом веке Трояна
кинул Всеслав жребий
о девице ему милой.
Он хитростями оперся на коней
и скакнул к городу Киеву
и коснулся древком
золотого престола киевского.
Скакнул от них лютым зверем
в полночь из Белгорода.
Объятый синей мглой, добыл он счастье,
в три удара отворил ворота Новгорода,
расшиб славу Ярославу,
скакнул волком
до Немиги с Дудуток.

На Немиге снопы стелют головами,
молотят цепами булатными,

на току жизнь кладут,
веют душу от тела.
У Немиги кровавые берега
не добром были посеяны –
посеяны костями русских сынов.

Всеслав-князь людям суд правил,
князьям города рядил,
а сам в ночи волком рыскал:
из Киева дорыскивал до петухов Тмутороканя,
великому Хорсу волком путь перерыскивал.
Для него в Полоцке позвонили к заутрене рано
у святой Софии в колокола,
а он в Киеве звон тот слышал.
Хоть и вещая душа у него в храбром теле,
но часто от бед страдал.
Ему вещей Боян
давно припевку, разумный, сказал:
«Ни хитрому,
ни умелому,
ни птице умелой
суда божьего не миновать».

О, стонать Русской земле,
вспоминая первые времена
и первых князей!
Того старого Владимира
нельзя было пригвоздить к горам киевским:
теперь же встали стяги Рюриковы,
а другие – Давыдовы,
но врозь у них полотнища развеваются.
Копья поют!

На Дунае Ярославнин голос слышится,
кукушкой безвестною рано кукует:
«Полечу, – говорит, – кукушкой по Дунаю,

омочу шелковый рукав в Каяле-реке,
утру князю кровавые его раны
на могучем его теле».

Ярославна рано плачет
в Путивле на забрале, приговаривая:
«О ветер, ветрило!
Зачем, господин, веешь ты навстречу?
Зачем мчишь хиновские стрелочки
на своих легких крыльицах
на воинов моего милого?
Разве мало тебе было под облаками веять,
лелея корабли на синем море?
Зачем, господин, мое веселье
по ковылю ты развеял?»

Ярославна рано плачет
в Путивле-городе на забрале, приговаривая:
«О Днепр Словутич!
Ты пробил каменные горы
сквозь землю Половецкую.
Ты лелеял на себе Святославовы насады
до стана Кобякова.
Прилелей же, господин, моего милого ко мне,
чтобы не слала я к нему слез
на море рано».

Ярославна рано плачет
в Путивле на забрале, приговаривая:
«Светлое и трижды светлое солнце!
Всем ты тепло и прекрасно:
зачем, владыко, простерло ты горячие свои лучи
на воинов моего лады?
В поле безводном жаждою им луки скрутило,
горем им колчаны заткнуло?»

Прыснуло море в полуночи,
идут смерчи тучами.

Игорю-князю бог путь указывает
из земли Половецкой
в землю Русскую,
к отчему золотому столу.

Погасли вечером зори.
Игорь спит,
Игорь бдит,
Игорь мыслью поля мерит
от великого Дона до малого Донца.
Коня в полночь Овлур свистнул за рекою;
велит князю разуметь:
князю Игорю не быть в плену!
Кликнула,
стукнула земля,
зашумела трава,
вежи половецкие задвигались.

А Игорь-князь поскакал
горностаем к тростнику
и белым гоголем на воду.

Вскочил на борзого коня
и соскочил с него серым волком.
И побежал к излучине Донца,
и полетел соколом под облаками,
избивая гусей и лебедей
к завтраку,
и обеду,
и ужину.

Коли Игорь соколом полетел,
тогда Овлур волком побежал,
стряхивая собою студеную росу:
оба ведь надорвали своих борзых коней.

Донец говорит:
«О князь Игорь!
Немало тебе величия,
а Кончаку нелюбия,
а Русской земле веселия».

Игорь говорит:

«О Донец!

Немало тебе величия,
лелеявшему князя на волнах,
стлавшему ему зеленую траву
на своих серебряных берегах,
одевавшему его теплыми туманами
под сенью зеленого дерева;
ты стерег его гоголем на воде,
чайками на струях,
чёрнядами на ветрах».

Не такова-то, говорит он, река Стугна:

скудную струю имея,
поглотив чужие ручьи и потоки,
расширенная к устью,
юношу князя Ростислава заключила.

На темном берегу Днепра

плачет мать Ростислава

по юноше князе Ростиславе.

Уныли цветы от жалости,

и дерево с тоской к земле приклонилось.

То не сороки застрекотали –

по следу Игоря едут Гзак с Кончаком.

Тогда вороны не граяли,

галки примолкли,

сороки не стрекотали,

только полозы ползали.

Дятлы стуком путь кажут к реке

да соловьи веселыми песнями

рассвет возвещают.

Говорит Гзак Кончаку:

«Если сокол к гнезду летит,

расстреляем соколенка

своими золочеными стрелами».

Говорит Кончак Гзаку:

«Если сокол к гнезду летит,

то опутаем мы соколенка
красною девицей».

И сказал Гзак Кончаку:
«Если его опутаем красной девицей,
не будет у нас ни соколенка,
ни красной девицы,
и станут нас птицы бить
в поле Половецком».

Сказали Боян и Ходына,
Святославовы песнотворцы
старого времени Ярослава,
Олега-князя любимцы:
«Тяжко голове без плеч,
беда телу без головы», –
так и Русской земле без Игоря.
Солнце светится на небе, –
а Игорь-князь в Русской земле;
девицы поют на Дунае, –
вьются голоса их через море до Киева.
Игорь едет по Боричеву
ко святой богородице Пирогошей.
Села рады, грады веселы.

Певши песнь старым князьям,
потом и молодым петь:

«Слава Игорю Святославичу,
буй туру Всеволоду,
Владимиру Игоревичу!»

Здравы будьте, князья и дружина,
борясь за христиан
против нашествий поганых!

Князьям слава и дружине!
Аминь.

NOTES





¹ *Igor*—the son of Svyatoslav and the grandson of Oleg, prince of Chernigov, was born in 1151, and in 1179 became the prince of Novgorod-Seversky, a small town on the eastern extreme of the principedom of Chernigov. In 1198, Igor became the prince of Chernigov, succeeding Yaroslav Vsevolodovich. Igor died in 1202.

² *Boyan the Wise*—a bard who lived in the latter half of the 11th century and sang the paeans he composed to one or another prince to the accompaniment of his psaltery.

³ *Old Yaroslav*—Yaroslav Vladimirovich the Wise, Prince of Kiev. He was an active ruler. The political unity of Russia was, on the whole, maintained while he was prince. Yaroslav successfully repelled the incursions of the nomads, keeping them back from the boundaries of the Russian land. He had Kiev built up with magnificent edifices; literature, oratory and various crafts attained a high level of development; and Russia's standing in the world was solid and strong. Yaroslav died in 1054.

⁴ *The valiant Mstislav*—the famous prince of Chernigov and Tmutorokan, brother of Yaroslav the Wise. From the chronicles we know that when Mstislav went to war against the Kassogs, their prince Rededya suggested that they should spare their warriors and fight it out in single combat, the winner taking the loser's property, wife, children and land. Mstislav agreed. They wrestled long and hard, and Mstislav was beginning to weaken. Making a solemn vow to build a church if he won, he threw Rededya to the ground, pulled out his knife and killed him. After that, he entered Rededya's land, took all his property, his wife, and his children, and imposed a tax on the Kassogs. This tribe, living in Northern Caucasus, is often mentioned in the chronicles.

⁵ *Roman the Fair*—prince of Tmutorokan, grandson of Yaroslav the Wise, son of Svyatoslav and brother of Oleg of Chernigov, was killed by the Polovtsi in 1079.

⁶ *From Vladimir of old, to Igor of our own days...*—that is from Vladimir I Svyatoslavich (d. 1015) to Igor, hero of *The Lay*.

⁷ *...to drink of Don water...*—In the writings of ancient Rus drinking water from a river signified the victory over a foreign land.

- ⁸ *Speeding along Troyan's trail*. . . –In *The Lay*, Troyan is mentioned three more times: *The age of Troyan is gone*, *Through Troyan's land*, and *In the seventh age of Troyan*. Apparently, Troyan was a pagan god. If so, then “Troyan's trail” means “God's ways”, the “age of Troyan”–the age of idol worship, and “Troyan's land” means Russia (it is in this sense that in the poem the Russian people are called the grandsons of Dazhbog), and “the seventh age of Troyan”–the last age of idol worship. Other ancient Russian pagan gods are also mentioned in the poem: Velles, Dazhbog and Stribog. The author was, of course, a Christian, and he mentioned the idols simply as poetical symbols.
- ⁹ *Grandson of Velles*–Velles or Vollos, mentioned several times in the chronicles, was apparently the patron of bards and shepherds. In the 10th century his effiges were displayed in Kiev, Rostov, Novgorod and other towns.
- ¹⁰ *Steeds neigh beyond the Sula,–glory resounds through Kiev*. . . –In plain words this means that no sooner had the enemy approached the boundaries of Russia, than Kiev celebrated the victory of the Russians.
- ¹¹ . . . *in Novgorod*–Novgorod-Seversky, a town on the Desna, in the principedom of Chernigov. It is called Seversky because it is located in the land of the Severyane, an ancient Slav tribe. It was first mentioned in the chronicles only in 1141, and did not become a town of any consequence until the latter half of the 12th century.
- ¹² *Putivl*–a small town in the lower reaches of the Seim, to the south of Novgorod-Seversky. It was the seat of Igor's son Vladimir.
- ¹³ *the furious bull*–in ancient Russia the bull was a symbol of courage and strength.
- ¹⁴ . . . *at Kursk*. . . –The town is situated in the upper reaches of the Seim, on the banks of the Tuskora and Kura (hence its name Kursk). It was first mentioned in the first half of the 11th century. Kursk had the importance and responsibility of a frontier town: hence the fearlessness of its warriors who were familiar with all the gullies and paths in the adjoining steppeland, occupied by the Polovtsi.
- ¹⁵ *Born to the blare of bugles, rocked beneath helmets*. . . –In folk poetry similar imagery is often used to describe the upbringing of the *bogatyrs*, accustomed to weapons from the cradle.
- ¹⁶ *The Div has started up*. . . –The word “div” has no generally accepted interpretation. Most of the researchers think it is a mythical creature, something like a goblin or a prophet bird. In *The Lay* the div warns Russia's enemies, being a deity of Eastern peoples.
- ¹⁷ *And you, Idol of Tmutorokan!*–Tmutorokan was a region on the northern shore of the Black Sea where Taman Peninsula is today. In the 10th century it was known from Byzantine

historical sources under the name of Tamatarkha. In the 11th century, Tmutorokan was a Russian principedom with a large Russian population, and was ruled by the prince of Chernigov. In the second half of the 11th century, the territory was seized by the Polovtsi. Igor looked upon Tmutorokan as the appenage of the Chernigov princes, and the aim of his campaign was to wrest it away from the Polovtsi. The "idol" was, probably, a statue or a kind of totem pole. Two huge statues of Sanerg and Astarte, erected in the 3rd century B.C. near Taman, remained there until the 18th century. Perhaps, the author had a statue like that in mind.

- ¹⁸ *And the Polovtsi sped by untrodden trails towards the great Don.*—In the 11th-12th centuries, before a large army started out on a campaign repairs were done to the roads and corduroys were laid across the swamps. The Polovtsi were in such a hurry that they forewent this practice.
- ¹⁹ *Their wains screamed at midnight like . . . swans . . .*—The nomads did not grease the wheels of their carts, and the screech of many carts moving together was heard far across the steppe, on still nights especially. The screech does resemble the cries of the northern swans somewhat.
- ²⁰ *. . . gold and satin and precious samite.*—The satins and samite manufactured in Byzantium were valued very highly in Europe. The samite especially. It was a heavy, velvety fabric with a design of fantastically stylised animals and birds in medallions.
- ²¹ *Gza . . . Konchak*—Polovtsian khans. Khan Konchak, the more active enemy of the two, made many an incursion into Russia.
- ²² *Black clouds come up from the sea . . .*—the Sea of Azov is meant. This is where some of the Polovets tribes set up their winter camps, and it was from here that they advanced upon Igor's host.
- ²³ *. . . the four suns.*—Igor, Vsevolod, Svyatoslav, their nephew, and Igor's son Vladimir.
- ²⁴ *On the Kayala river . . .*—the site of Igor's defeat. It has not been clarified what river the author had in mind.
- ²⁵ *Stribog*—one of the ancient Russian gods, apparently the god of winds.
- ²⁶ *Their Avar helmets . . .*—The Avars first appeared on the northern shores of the Black Sea in the 5th century. Chronicles state that the tribe disappeared completely in the 9th century.
- ²⁷ *The age of Troyan is gone, the days of Yaroslav are past.*—Two periods in Russian history: the age of paganism and the reign of Yaroslav the Wise when Russia had adopted christianity and was united.

- ²⁸ *...the wars waged by Oleg...*—The author means the fratricidal wars waged by Oleg Svyatoslavich, Prince of Chernigov, who was a constant opponent of Vladimir Monomakh. Oleg Svyatoslavich was the grandfather of Igor and Vsevolod. The author has his reasons for remembering him: he perceives the policy pursued by Igor as a *family* policy, initiated by Oleg.
- ²⁹ *Its jingling was heard in days of old by the great Yaroslav...*—In 12th-13th century chronicles, Yaroslav the Wise and Vladimir Monomakh are often recalled as the ideal princes of old, representing a united Russia, whereas Oleg Svyatoslavich is the generalised image of the bad princes. Indeed, Yaroslav had already heard the din raised by the princes' quarrels. Allegedly, he left a testament warning his heirs against engaging in fratricidal wars.
- ³⁰ *Boris, son of Vyacheslav*—was the grandson of Yaroslav the Wise and an ally of Oleg Svyatoslavich. He was killed in battle under the following circumstances. In 1077, Oleg Svyatoslavich lost his principedom, Chernigov, to Vsevolod Yaroslavich, the father of Vladimir Monomakh. Oleg fled to Tmutorokan, assembled an army there, including a regiment of Polovtsi, returned to Russia and dislodged Vsevolod. Joining forces with his son, Vladimir Monomakh, with the Kiev prince Izyaslav and his son Yaropolk, Vsevolod confronted Oleg and Boris at Chernigov. Oleg did not think he could defeat the four princes, but Boris boasted that he would beat his enemies single-handed. Boris was the first to fall, and after him Izyaslav. With the remains of his host, Oleg fled to Tmutorokan again, while Vsevolod was enthroned in Kiev.
- ³¹ *Svyatopolk had his father borne between two Hungarian pacers to St. Sophia's, to Kiev.*—Svyatopolk's father Izyaslav was killed in battle in 1078 against Boris and Oleg. Hungarian pacers were used in carrying stretchers with the wounded and the dead.
- ³² *...Igor turning his host about...*—Igor galloped after the fleeing regiment of "good heathens" in the hope of detaining them, and on the way back was taken captive.
- ³³ *Sorrow arose... maiden-like... waving her swan-like wings...*—The image of a girl-sorrow, a girl-swan, is typical for Russian folk poetry.
- ³⁴ *Then Karna and Zhelya raised their lament...*—Apparently "karna" is a personification of regret and sorrow, and "zhelya" is a lamentation for the dead, a keen.
- ³⁵ *Svyatoslav of Kiev*—was the nominal head of Igor and Vsevolod. He was the prince of Kiev from 1180, but only of the city, while the other towns in the principedom were ruled by Rurik. Together with Rurik, Svyatoslav organised the Russian princes into a joint force and made several campaigns against the Polovtsi, scoring a big victory in 1184.

- ³⁶ *Kobiak*—this Polovets khan was taken prisoner during the campaign launched by the united Russian forces under the leadership of Svyatoslav in 1184. The Russians took as many as seven thousand prisoners, among them several other khans besides Kobiak.
- ³⁷ *Large pearls were strewn all over my breast...*—According to Russian folk superstition dreaming of pearls portended tears.
- ³⁸ *The boards above my golden-roofed hall had lost their carved girder.*—It was an ill omen to dream of one's roof without the girder.
- ³⁹ *On the third day darkness fell; the two suns have grown dim...*—By the "two suns" the author means Igor and Vsevolod.
- ⁴⁰ *The two purple pillars...*—i.e. Igor and Vsevolod.
- ⁴¹ *And with them together both the young moons...*—One is Igor's son Oleg, born in 1175, and the other is his nephew Svyatoslav.
- ⁴² *As by the whelps of the pard...*—By "pard" the author obviously means the cheetah. In ancient Rus, cheetahs were imported for hunting and valued very highly.
- ⁴³ *The fair maids of the Goths...*—The Goths lived in the Crimea and also in the vicinity of Tmutorokan. They rejoiced in the victory of the Polovtsi, and "jingled Russian gold" which the Polovtsi had looted and against which the Goths evidently did trade with them.
- ⁴⁴ *They sing the days of Bus...*—This must be Prince Bus or Bos of the Antae. As related by the Roman historian Jordanes, a Goth by origin, in the year 375 A. D. Vinitar, king of the Goths and grandson of Wultwulf, defeated the Antae (ancestors of the Eastern Slavs, that is Russians) and had their Prince Bus crucified together with his sons and seventy of his nobles. The Goth maids sing a hymn of glory to those days.
- ⁴⁵ *They cherish the thought of vengeance for Sharukan.*—Sharukan, the grandfather of khan Konchak, was ignominiously defeated by Vladimir Monomakh in 1106, and his son Otrok was forced to flee to the Caucasus. After defeating Igor's host, Konchak had his first chance to avenge the Russians for his grandfather's and father's disgrace.
- ⁴⁶ *Yaroslav, lord of many hosts...*—Yaroslav, Prince of Chernigov, was the brother of Svyatoslav.
- ⁴⁷ *...with the Tatrans, the Shelberes, the Topchaks, the Revugs, the Olbers!*—These were nomad tribes of Turkic origin which had long settled on the territory of the Chernigov principedom and fallen under the influence of Russian culture. They formed the regiments of "Kovuis", or popularly known as "good heathens".

- ⁴⁸ *In the town of Rimov under Polovets swords...*—After defeating Igor, khan Gza laid siege to Putivl but did not succeed in taking the town, while khan Konchak marched on Pereyaslavl Yuzhny. Vladimir Glebovich, Prince of Pereyaslavl, was wounded fighting single-handed against many Polovtsi, but his warriors came to his rescue in the nick of time. Konchak beat a retreat on learning that Svyatoslav and Rurik were approaching with their hosts to help Vladimir. On the way back from Pereyaslavl, Konchak laid siege to and seized the town of Rimov.
- ⁴⁹ *O great Prince Vsevolod!*—Vsevolod, Prince of Vladimir-Suzdal, was the son of Yuri Dolgoruki and grandson of Vladimir Monomakh. He was an outstanding politician of his day, and one of the most powerful princes in 11th-12th century Russia. He was feared and obeyed by the heads of other principedoms which neighboured on his or were located further to the south of Russia. He was the first of the Vladimir princes to assume the title of Grand Duke; he had some magnificent edifices built in his city which he wanted to establish as the centre of Russia.
- ⁵⁰ *To guard your father's golden throne?*—Yuri Dolgoruki, Vsevolod's father, seized the throne of Kiev several times by force, and eventually died in Kiev in 1157.
- ⁵¹ *For you are able to splash away the Volga with your oars...*—Implied here is the numerical strength of Vsevolod's host and his successful conquest of the Volga lands. In 1183, two years prior to Igor's campaign, Vsevolod with his river fleet had victoriously attacked the Great City of the Volga Bulgars, and then concluded a peace treaty with them to his advantage.
- ⁵² *Nogata and riezana*—small coins.
- ⁵³ *...sons of Gleb...*—Ryazan princes.
- ⁵⁴ *O you furious Rurik...*—Rurik Rostislavich was one of the most active, trouble-making and remarkable of the 12th century princes. He spent all his life in campaigns against the Polovtsi and in private feuds. He attained the "golden throne" of Kiev seven times, and twice surrendered it of his own free will to his defeated rivals. He took the lead in several campaigns against the Polovtsi undertaken by the joint forces of the Russian princes, but in 1203, together with the Polovtsi, he subjected Kiev to a raid so devastating that it was comparable only to the ruinous incursions of khan Batiy's hordes. Rurik was one of the best educated men of his day, and had an army of experienced warriors. In 1205, Roman Mstislavich of Volyn imposed the monastic vows on him forcibly, but before the year was out Rurik was at large once more and enthroned in Kiev—for the last time. In 1210, he ceded the throne, apparently of his own free will, to Vsevolod Chermny, and died in 1215 as prince of Chernigov.

- ⁵⁵ *David*—brother of Rurik, and prince of Smolensk. David took part in his brother's campaigns and led many of his own. He died in 1198, having voluntarily taken the monastic vows.
- ⁵⁶ *Osmomysl-Yaroslav of Galich*—the father of Yaroslavna, Igor's wife. The general opinion in the princedoms surrounding Galich was that Yaroslav was a powerful ruler, but in actual fact he often had to give in to his boyars, a very strong community with whom he was engaged in a never-ending struggle for supremacy. Late in life, he married a low-born townswoman who was eventually burnt at the stake by the boyars. After Yaroslav's death (1187) his beloved son, born of this marriage, was evicted from Galich.
- The nickname Osmomysl (Eight-witted) has been interpreted variously: perhaps he was called that because he knew eight languages, or else because he had brains enough for eight.
- ⁵⁷ *You are seated high on your throne of gold* . . .—In the original, it says “hammered from a piece of solid gold”, thus stressing the wealth of Galich which was at the height of its prosperity in the 12th-13th centuries. The kremlin was built on a hilltop, and that is what the author means by “seated high”.
- ⁵⁸ *Hungarian hills*—the Carpathians.
- ⁵⁹ *Barring the way to the king* . . .—the Hungarian king.
- ⁶⁰ *You shoot at sultans beyond your domains* . . .—It is surmised that the Galichians took part in the Third Crusade.
- ⁶¹ *And you, furious Roman* . . .—Roman was an energetic, enterprising, courageous prince and a clever manager of his possessions. By dint of persevering struggle, he achieved a merger of his inherited Vladimir-Volyn princedom with Galich. He had no respect for Kiev, and eventually turned it into an outpost of his powerful domain. With a firm hand he curbed the disintegration of south-western Russia, and directed his main strength against the powerful Galich boyars. He was a terror to the neighbouring peoples—to the Polovtsi, the Lithuanians, the Yatviags and the Poles. In the victories he scored over the Polovtsi none but Vladimir Monomakh could equal him. According to the Byzantine historian Nikita Khoniati, Roman's very first campaign against the Polovtsi, who were threatening Constantinople itself, ended in their hasty flight from the region. Roman invariably reorganised for the better the economic life in the territories he conquered. For instance, he made the Lithuanians clear their forests, stub the land and till these new fields for raising crops on them. Roman's name was well known in all the countries of Europe. He sent his ambassadors to Constantinople; his generous donations were received by the St. Peter Monastery in Erfurt, a big centre of international trade. Roman gave asylum to the Byzantine Emperor Alexius III Angelus whom the Crusaders had evicted from Constantinople. In West European sources,

Roman is always called a king of Russia, while Russian chroniclers call him a sovereign and tsar of all Russia. Pope Innocent III offered him a crown on condition that his supremacy be recognised, but Roman rejected the idea. He died during his march on Poland on July 19, 1205. That is what is recorded in the French chronicles: “The King of Russia named Roman, having left his own boundaries and wishing to go through Poland to Saxony, was killed on the Visla by two Polish princes.”

⁶² *You too, o Mstislav!*—It is not clear who this man was. Roman had no brother of that name, but he did have a cousin Mstislav.

⁶³ *O Ingvar and Vsevolod.* . . .—they were the sons of Yaroslav, Prince of Lutsk.

⁶⁴ *And you, three sons of Mstislav.* . . .—There is no doubt that the author means Roman, Svyatoslav and Vsevolod, who, like Ingvar and Vsevolod, were Volyn princes.

⁶⁵ *Where are your golden helmets, your Polish spears and shields?*—The maternal grandfather of Roman, Svyatoslav and Vsevolod was the Polish king Boleslaw III the Wry-Mouthed. The Volyn princes often received military support from Poland.

⁶⁶ *Through his necklace of gold!*—This is a band round the neck of a prince’s dress embroidered in gold thread and adorned with precious stones.

⁶⁷ *O you, offspring of Yaroslav, and you, grandsons of Vseslav!*—The feud between the Polotsk princes, descendants of Vseslav, and the Kiev princes, descendants of Yaroslav the Wise, continued into the 11th-12th centuries. The author of *The Lay* holds that both sides were the losers, the winners being the pagan Polovtsi and Lithuanians.

⁶⁸ *Vseslav cast lots for the maid he desired.*—the “maid” here means Kiev.

In 1068, the Polovtsi routed the army of Izyaslav, Vsevolod and Svyatoslav, sons of Yaroslav the Wise. The people of Kiev demanded that Izyaslav should give them horses and weapons so that they could themselves defend their city. Izyaslav, distrusting them, refused. Then, the people went to the prison where Prince Vseslav of Polotsk had been kept by the three brothers since 1067, and enthroned him. Vseslav must have promised them the horses and weapons, and therefore the author says: “With wiles he strengthened his seat in the saddle.”

⁶⁹ *At midnight, from Byelgorod.* . . .—In 1069, Izyaslav and the Polish king Boleslaw went to war against Vseslav who had brought the Kiev host with him. For reasons unknown, Vseslav was compelled to flee from Byelgorod at midnight, deserting the Kiev host.

⁷⁰ *Shattering Yaroslav’s fame.*—Yaroslav the Wise was prince of Novgorod until 1016. Under him Novgorod became less dependent on Kiev, and what is more he gave the Novgorodians

some kind “deeds” (they have not come down to us) which until the end of the 15th century they regarded as their chief claim to independence.

⁷¹ *The Nyemiga*—the small river (no longer existing) near Minsk where Vseslav was defeated by the three sons of Yaroslav and taken captive.

⁷² *He would cross the path of Khors, the great god.*—Khors was evidently the sun-god, and the sentence therefore means that Vseslav dashed about the land until daybreak.

⁷³ *Early matins were rung for him at St. Sophia's in Polotsk, and he heard the chimes in Kiev.*—In Polotsk, Vseslav was still the reigning prince, daily prayed for in church. Actually, he was a captive in prison in Kiev (1067-1068).

⁷⁴ *But their pennons float apart!*—In 1185, after Konchak had defeated Igor and laid siege to Pereyaslav, Svyatoslav and Rurik went to Vladimir's aid, but David refused to go, and so his and his brother's pennons floated apart.

⁷⁵ *Yaroslavna*—Igor's second wife, affectionately called here by her patronimic, whereas her Christian name was, perhaps, Efrosinya.

⁷⁶ *Through mountains of rock . . .*—the Dnieper rapids.

⁷⁷ *Ovlur*—in the chronicles he is called Lavr or Labor. V. Tatishchev, an 18th century Russian historian, says (the source of his information is not known to us) that Lavr's mother was a Russian from Igor's country, that he had borne insult from some of the Polovtsi, and was a man to be trusted. Igor, upon return home, promoted Lavr to a noble, rewarded him generously and found him a good girl to marry.

⁷⁸ *Not such is the Stugna river . . .*—Prince Rostislav was drowned in the Stugna in 1093 at the age of 22, in sight of his brother, Vladimir Monomakh. This hostile river is contrasted here to the friendly Donets.

⁷⁹ *The fledgling*—this was Igor's son Vladimir. He did, in fact, marry Konchak's daughter. In 1187 he returned to Russia with his wife and child, and the marriage was consecrated in church.





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ИБ №9137. Редактор русского текста *К. Т. Богданова*. Художник *В. Фаворский*. Художественный редактор *А. Моисеев*. Технический редактор *В. Юрченко*. Сдано в набор 25.02.81. Подписано в печать 14.10.81. Формат 70 × 92 ¹/₁₆. Бумага офсетная. Гарнитура «таймс». Печать офсет. Условн. печ. л. 9,06. Уч. изд. л. 6,05. Тираж 132000 экз. Заказ № 005203. Цена 1 р. 50 к. Изд. № 32500. Ордена Трудового Красного Знамени издательство «Прогресс» Государственного комитета СССР по делам издательств, полиграфии и книжной торговли. Москва 11921, Zubovskiy bulvar, 17. Общее изготовление: Интердрук полиграфическое главное предприятие г. Лейпциг, ГДР. Ш/18/97.



