

Eugene Onegin

by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Cast

LARINA (mezzo-soprano)
TATYANA (soprano)
OLGA (contralto)
FILIPPEVNA (mezzo-soprano)
EUGENE ONEGIN (baritone)
LENSKY (tenor)
PRINCE GREMIN (bass)
CAPTAIN (bass)
ZARETSKY (bass)
TRIQUET (tenor)
GUILLOT (silent role)
CHORUS

Introduction

ACT ONE

Scene One

(The garden of the Larin country estate. On the left a house with a terrace; on the right, a shady tree. It is early evening.)

Madame Larina is sitting under the tree making jam on a portable stove; Filipyevna is helping her. The doors leading from the house onto the terrace are open and the voices of the two girls, singing a duet, can be heard coming from within.)

TATYANA, OLGA
Have you not heard,
from beyond the grove at night,
the voice that sings of love and sings of sorrow?
When, at the morning hour, the fields lay silent,
the music of the pipe, simple and sad,
have you not heard? ...
Then the music of the pipe, simple and sad,
have you not heard? ...

LARINA
They are singing, and I, too,

Used to sing that song in days gone by.
Do you remember? I used to sing it too.

FILIPYEVNA
You were young then.

(The duet continues as the older women chat and reminisce.)

TATYANA, OLGA
Have you not sighed
On hearing that sweet voice
sing of love
and of its sorrows?
When in the forest ...

LARINA
How I loved Richardson!

FILIPYEVNA
You were young then.

LARINA
Not that I'd read his books.
But in the old days Princess Alina.
My cousin in Moscow,
kept on to me about him.

FILIPYEVNA
Yes, I remember.

TATYANA, OLGA
... you saw a youth
and met the gaze
of his sunken eyes ...

LARINA
Ah, Grandison! Ah, Richardson!

FILIPYEVNA
At that time your husband
was still courting you,
but against your will;
you were dreaming of another,
one who pleased you much more
in heart and mind!

TATYANA, OLGA
... did you not sigh? Did you not sigh? *etc.*

LARINA
Ah, Richardson!
Why, he was a fine dandy,
a gambler and an ensign in the Guards!

FILIPYEVNA
Years long gone by!

LARINA
How well I always used to dress!

FILIPYEVNA
Always in the latest fashion!

LARINA
Always in the fashion and becomingly!

FILIPYEVNA
Always in the fashion and becomingly!

TATYANA, OLGA
... Did you not sigh,
when you met the gaze
of his sunken eyes,
did you not sigh, did you not sigh, *etc.*

LARINA
But suddenly, without even asking me ...

FILIPYEVNA
... They married you off without further ado!
Then, to relieve your unhappiness ...

LARINA
Oh, how I cried to begin with!
I nearly left my husband!

FILIPYEVNA
... the master came straight here.
Here you busied yourself with the household,
became resigned and settled down.

LARINA
I busied myself with the household,
became resigned and settled down.

FILIPYEVNA
And God be thanked!

LARINA, FILIPYEVNA
Habit is sent us from above
in place of happiness.
Yes, that is how it is:
Habit is sent us from above,
in place of happiness.

LARINA
Corset, album, Princess Pauline,
the book of sentimental verse,
I forgot them all.

FILIPYEVNA
You began
to call the maid Akulka instead of "Céline"
and restored at last ...

LARINA
Ah ...

LARINA, FILIPYEVNA
... the quilted dressing gown and mob cap!
Habit is sent us from above,
in place of happiness.
Yes, that is how it is:
habit is sent us from above,
in place of happiness.

LARINA
But my husband loved me truly ...

FILIPYEVNA

But the master loved you truly ...

LARINA

... and trusted me unreservedly.

FILIPYEVNA

... And trusted you unreservedly.

LARINA, FILIPYEVNA

Habit is sent us from above,
in place of happiness.

*(The singing of an approaching band of peasants
is heard in the distance.)*

PEASANT LEADER

My swift little feet ache from walking.

PEASANTS

... Ache from walking.

LEADER

My white hands ache from working.

PEASANTS

... Ache from working.

My ardent heart aches from caring.

I don't know what to do,

how to forget my sweetheart.

My swift little feet, etc.

*(The peasant band enters, the leaders bearing a
decorated sheaf.)*

Greetings, your ladyship,

greetings, benefactress!

We come before your Grace

bearing the decorated sheaf!

The harvest is all gathered in!

LARINA

So, that's excellent. Now make merry!

I'm pleased to see you all.

Sing us something jolly!

PEASANTS

If that's what you'd like, little mother!

Come, let's entertain the lady.

Now, girls, stand in a ring!

Come along now, all get ready!

*(The girls form a circle and dance around the
sheaf. During the singing, Tatyana and Olga
come out onto the balcony.)*

PEASANTS

One day across the bridge, the little bridge,
along the hazel planks,

Vayinu, vayinu, vayinu, vayinu,

along the hazel planks,

came a fine young fellow,

fresh and ruddy as a raspberry,

Vayinu ...

Fresh and ruddy as a raspberry.

Over his shoulder he carries a cudgel,

under one coat-skirt he carries bagpipes,

Vayinu ...

under one coat-skirt he carries bagpipes,

under the other is a fiddle.

Now just you guess, my dearest,

Vayinu ...

Now just you guess, my dearest.

The sun has set, aren't you asleep, then?

Come out yourself or else send out,

Vayinu ...

Come out yourself or else send out

Sasha or Masha

or dear little Parasha,

Vayinu ...

Send dear little Parasha,

Sasha, etc.

Parashenka came out,

and had a talk with her sweetheart

Vayinu ...

had a talk with her sweetheart:

"Don't grumble at me, my dearest,

I've come out just as I was,

in my shabby little blouse

and my short skirt.

Vayinu ...

In my shabby little blouse

and my short skirt!

Don't you grumble at me, etc."

Vayinu, etc.

TATYANA

(a book in her hand)

How I love to dream

when I hear these songs,

and float away
somewhere, somewhere far off!

OLGA

Ah, Tanya, Tanya!
You're always dreaming!
But I am quite unlike you,
I feel merry when I hear singing.
(dancing a few steps)
'Across the bridge, the little bridge,
along the hazel planks ...'
I was not made for melancholy singing,
I do not like to dream in silence,
nor, on the balcony in the dark night,
to sigh, to sigh,
to sigh from the depths of my soul.

Why should I sigh, when full of happiness,
my youthful days flow gently by?
I am carefree and full of fun,
and everyone calls me a child!
For me life will always, always be sweet,
and I shall retain, as I always have,
light-hearted confidence,
be playful, carefree, merry!
Light-hearted confidence, etc.
I was not made for melancholy sighing, *etc.*

LARINA

Well, my frolicsome one,
merry and playful little bird that you are,
I expect you're ready to dance now,
isn't that so?

*(Filipyevna and Tatyana have moved away from
the others.)*

FILIPYEVNA

Tanyusha! Hey, Tanyusha!
Is anything the matter?
You're not ill, are you?

TATYANA

No, nurse, I'm quite well.

LARINA

(to the peasants)
Well, my dears, thank you for the songs.
Go over to the annex.
(to Filipyevna)

Filipyevna, see that they have some wine.
Goodbye, my friends!

PEASANTS

Goodbye, little mother!

*(They leave, accompanied by Filipyevna.
Tatyana sits down on the steps of the terrace and
becomes engrossed in her book.)*

OLGA

Mama, just look at Tanya!

LARINA

What is it? Indeed, my dear,
you're very pale.

TATYANA

I always am,
don't worry, Mama!

It's very interesting, this book I'm reading.

LARINA

Is that why you're so pale?

TATYANA

Why yes, of course, Mama!
The account of the torments
suffered by these true lovers moves me;
I'm so sorry for them, poor things!
Oh, how they suffer, how they suffer!

LARINA

That's enough, Tanya!
I used to get upset, just like you,
when I read such books.
It's only fiction. As the years went by,
I came to see that there are no heroes in real life.
Now I take things calmly.

OLGA

You shouldn't take things quite so calmly!
Look, you've forgotten to take off your apron!
Supposing Lensky should arrive, what then?
Mme Larina hastily removes her apron.
Listen! Someone's coming, it's him!

LARINA

It is indeed!

TATYANA

(looking down from the terrace)

He's not alone ...

LARINA

Who could it be?

FILIPYEVNA

(hurrying in)

Madam, the young gentleman Lensky has arrived.

Mr. Onegin is with him!

TATYANA

Oh, quick, I'll run away!

LARINA

(restraining her)

Where are you off to, Tanya?

People will talk!

Gracious, my cap's on crooked!

OLGA

Have them shown in, then!

LARINA

(to Filipyevna)

Quick, ask them to come in!

(Filipyevna bustles out. The others, in extreme excitement, prepare to receive the guests. Lensky and Onegin are shown in. Lensky kisses Mme Larina's hand and bows politely to the girls.)

LENSKY

Mesdames! I've taken the liberty of bringing a friend along.

May I introduce Onegin, my neighbor.

ONEGIN

I'm very honored.

LARINA

(rather flustered)

Oh, please ... We're delighted to see you ...

Do sit down!

These are my daughters.

ONEGIN

I'm very happy to meet you!

LARINA

Come into the house ...

Or perhaps you'd prefer to stay out of doors?

I beg you,

don't stand on ceremony; we're neighbors, so there's no need for formality!

LENSKY

It's delightful here! I love this garden, so shady and secluded, one is so comfortable here!

LARINA

That's splendid!

I'll go and see to things in the house *(to the girls)*

You entertain our guests.

I won't be long.

(She leaves, making a sign to Tatyana not to be shy. Lensky and Onegin walk over to the right, conversing; Tatyana and Olga stand on the opposite side, soliloquizing.)

ONEGIN

Tell me, which is Tatyana?

I'm very curious to know.

LENSKY

Why, the one who is sad and silent, like Svetlana!

ONEGIN

Can you really be in love with the younger one?

LENSKY

Why?

ONEGIN

I should have chosen the other, had I been, like you, a poet!

TATYANA

My waiting is over, my eyes have been opened!

I know, I know that this is he!

OLGA

Oh, I knew, I knew that the appearance of Onegin would make

a great impression on everyone
and give the neighbors plenty to talk about!
There will be no end to the conjectures ...

LENSKY
Ah, my friend ...

ONEGIN
There's no life in Olga's features,
she's just like a Van Dyck madonna.
Her face is as round and rosy ...

LENSKY
... wave and rock,
poetry and prose, ice and flame,
are not as different as we are!

TATYANA
Now, alas, my days and nights
and burning, solitary dreams,
will always be filled with his dear image!

OLGA
Everyone will start to whisper,
joke, judge — not without malice!
There will be no end to the conjectures, etc.

LENSKY
Wave and rock, ice and flame ...
... poetry and prose, ice and flame,
are not as different as we are ...

ONEGIN
... as that stupid moon
on that dull horizon!

TATYANA
Ceaselessly, with magical power,
everything will speak to me of him,
my soul will be seared with the fire of love!

OLGA
... Joke, and judge — not without malice -
and appoint him Tanya's suitor!

LENSKY
... in our contrasting natures!

ONEGIN
Her face is as round and rosy ...

LENSKY
Wave and rock, ice and fire,
poetry and prose ...

ONEGIN
... as that stupid moon
on that dull horizon!

TATYANA
Everything will speak to me of him,
my soul ...

OLGA
There will be no end to the conjectures,
and they'll appoint him ...

LENSKY
... are not as different as we are,
in our contrasting natures!

ONEGIN
I should have chosen the other!

TATYANA
... will he seared by love's fire!

OLGA
... Tanya's suitor!

(Lensky approaches Olga. Onegin looks nonchalantly at Tatyana, who is standing with her eyes cast down; then he approaches her and engages her in conversation.)

LENSKY
(to Olga)
How happy, how happy I am!
I see you once again!

OLGA
We saw each other yesterday, I think!

LENSKY
Oh, yes,
But all the same, a whole long day
has gone by since we saw each other last!
An eternity!

OLGA
Eternity!

What a dreadful word!
Eternity, just one day ...

LENSKY
Yes, a dreadful word,
but not for my love!

(Olga and Lensky stroll off into the garden.)

ONEGIN
(to Tatyana)
Tell me,
is it not dreadfully boring for you
here in the depths of the country,
which, though lovely, is so far away?
I don't suppose you get much amusement.

TATYANA
I read a great deal ...

ONEGIN
It's true
that reading provides abundant food
for thought and feeling,
but one can't sit over a book the whole time!

TATYANA
I daydream sometimes, strolling in the garden.

ONEGIN
What do you dream about?

TATYANA

Dreams have been my companions
since my earliest days.

ONEGIN
I see you're a terrible dreamer!
I used to be the same at one time.

(They stroll away; Olga and Lensky return.)

LENSKY
I love you,
I love you, Olga, as only
a poet's frantic heart
can still be fated to love.
Always, everywhere, one dream alone,
one constant longing,
one insistent sadness!

As a boy I was captivated by you,
when heartache was still unknown;
I witnessed, with tender emotion,
your childish games.
Beneath the grove's protecting boughs
I shared those games.
Ah, I love you,
I love you with that love
known only to a poet's heart.
For you alone I dream.
For you alone I long,
you are my joy and my suffering.
I love you,
I love you, eternally, and nothing —
not the chilling distance,
the hour of parting, nor pleasure's clamor —
can quench that heart
aflake with love's virgin fire!

OLGA
In rural tranquility ...
... we grew up together;
and do you remember how our parents
destined us, even as children, for each other?

LENSKY
I love you! ...
I love you, I love you!

(Mme Larina and Filipyevna come out onto the terrace. It has grown darker, and within minutes night will have fallen.)

LARINA
Ah, there you are!

But wherever has Tanya got to?

FILIPYEVNA
She must be strolling by the lake with our guest;
I'll go and call her.

LARINA
And tell her from me
that it's time to come indoors
and let our hungry guests take pot-luck at table!
(Filipyevna leaves. To Lensky.)
Please come in.

LENSKY

We're coming

(Mme Larina, Olga and Lensky enter the house. Tatyana and Onegin return, followed by Filipyevna who is trying to eavesdrop on their conversation. Tatyana is still painfully shy.)

ONEGIN

My uncle was a man of the highest principles;
when he finally took to his bed
he forced the respect of all
and it was the best thing he could do.
May others profit from his example!
But, my God, what a bore it was,
sitting by an invalid day and night,
never daring to move a step away!

FILIPYEVNA

(following them at a distance)

There goes my little dove,
with meekly drooping head, downcast eyes.
She's dreadfully shy!
I wonder!
Suppose she's taken a fancy
to this new young man? ...

(She enters the house, thoughtfully shaking her head.)

Scene Two

(Tatyana's room. It is very simply furnished with old-fashioned white wooden chairs, a chest of drawers with a mirror, a bookshelf beside the bed and a table with writing materials beneath the window. Tatyana, in a white nightdress, is sitting before her mirror, lost in thought. Filipyevna stands beside her.)

FILIPYEVNA

Well, I've let my tongue run on!
It's time for bed, Tanya,
I'll wake you early for mass;
go to sleep quickly.

TATYANA

I'm not sleepy, nurse, it's so stuffy in here!
Open the window and come and sit by me.

(Filipyevna opens the window and sits on a chair near Tatyana.)

FILIPYEVNA

Why, Tanya, what's the matter with you?

TATYANA

I'm bored.
Let's talk about the old days.

FILIPYEVNA

But what about them, Tanya?
I used to know any number
of old tales and fairy stories
about evil spirits and beautiful maidens,
but now my memory's gone:
I've forgotten all I knew, that's a fact!
I'm getting old.
Decrepit.

TATYANA

Tell me, nurse,
about your past:
were you in love when you were young?

FILIPYEVNA

Get along with you, Tanya!
In those days one didn't talk of love,
or my late mother-in-law
would have chased me
from the face of the earth!

TATYANA

Then how did you get married, nurse?

FILIPYEVNA

It was God's will, I suppose! My Vanya
was even younger than me, my love,
and I was only thirteen!
For a week or two the marriage broker
kept calling on my parents, and finally
my father gave his consent.
I cried bitterly with fright;
I wept when they undid my maiden plait
and led me with songs to the church.
And I found myself installed
in a strange family ...
But you're not listening to me!

TATYANA

Oh, nurse, nurse, I'm consumed with longing,
I'm all upset, my dear;
I'm ready to burst into tears.

FILIPYEVNA

You're not well, my child;
Lord have mercy on us!
Let me sprinkle you with holy water.
You're feverish.

TATYANA

I'm not ill,
I ... Do you know, nurse, ... I'm ... in love ...
Leave me, leave me ...
I'm in love ...

FILIPYEVNA

But of course ...

TATYANA

Go, leave me alone.
Give me a pen and some paper, nurse,
and move the table up; I'll soon go to bed.

*(Filipyevna does as Tatyana has asked, then
shuts the window, draws the curtains and kisses
her good night.)*

TATYANA

Good night.

FILIPYEVNA

Sleep well

*(She goes out. Tatyana remains sunk in thought,
then rises in a state of great agitation with an
expression of determination on her face.)*

TATYANA

Let me perish, but first
let me summon, in dazzling hope,
bliss as yet unknown.
Life's sweetness is known to me!
I drink the magic potion of desire!
I am beset by visions!
Everywhere, everywhere I look,
I see my fatal tempter!
Wherever I look, I see him!

*(She goes to the writing table, sits down, writes,
then pauses.)*

No, that's all wrong!
I'll begin again!

(She tears up the unfinished letter)

Ah, what's the matter with me! I'm all on fire!
I don't know how to begin!

(She writes, then pauses and reads it over.)

'I write to you, — and then?
What more is there to say?
Now, I know, it is within your power
to punish me with disdain!
But if you nourish one grain of pity
for my unhappy lot,
you will not abandon me.
At first I wished to remain silent;
then, believe me, you would never
have known my shame,
never!'

(She puts the letter aside.)

O yes, I swore to lock within my breast
this avowal of a mad and ardent passion.
Alas, I have not the strength to subdue my heart!
Come what may, I am prepared!
I will confess all! Courage!
He shall know all!

(She writes.)

'Why, oh why did you visit us?
Buried in this remote countryside,
I should never have known you,
nor should I have known this torment.
The turbulence of a youthful heart,
calmed by time, who knows? -
most likely I would have found another,
have proved a faithful wife
and virtuous mother...'

*(She becomes lost in thought, then rises
suddenly.)*

Another! No, not to any other in the world
 would I have given my heart!
 It is decreed on high,
 It is the will of heaven: I am yours!
 My whole life has been a pledge
 of this inevitable encounter;
 I know this: God sent you to me,
 you are my keeper till the grave!
 You appeared before me in my dreams;
 as yet unseen, you were already dear,
 your wondrous gaze filled me with longing,
 your voice resounded in my heart
 long ago ... no, it was no dream!
 As soon as you arrived, I recognized you,

I almost swooned, began to blaze with passion,
 and to myself I said:
 'Tis he! 'Tis he!
 I know it! I have heard you ...
 Have you not spoken to me in the silence
 when I visited the poor
 or sought in prayer some solace
 for the anguish of my soul?
 And just this very moment,
 was it not you, dear vision,
 that flamed in the limpid darkness,
 stooped gently at my bedside
 and with joy and love
 whispered words of hope?

(She returns to the table and sits down again to write.)

'Who are you'? My guardian angel
 or a wily tempter?
 Put my doubts at rest.
 Maybe this is all an empty dream,
 the self-deception of an inexperienced soul,
 and something quite different is to be ...'

(She rises again and paces pensively to and fro.)

But so be it! My fate
 henceforth I entrust to you;
 in tears before you,
 your protection I implore,
 I implore.
 Imagine: I am all alone here!
 No one understands me!
 I can think no more,

and must perish in silence!
 I wait for you,
 I wait for you! Speak the word
 to revive my heart's fondest hopes
 or shatter this oppressive dream
 with, alas, the scorn,
 alas, the scorn I have deserved!

(She goes swiftly to the table, hurriedly finishes the letter and signs and seals it.)

Finished! It's too frightening to read over,
 I swoon from shame and fear,
 but his honor is my guarantee
 and in that I put my trust!

(She goes to the window and draws aside the curtains. The room is immediately flooded with a rosy dawn-light. A shepherd's pipe is heard in the distance.)

Ah, night is past,
 everything is awake ...
 and the sun is rising.
 The shepherd is playing his pipe ...
 Everything is peaceful.
 While I ... I ...

(The door opens softly and Filipyevna enters the room.)

FILIPYEVNA

It's time, my child! Get up!
 Why, you're up already, my pretty one!
 My little early bird!
 I was so anxious last night ...
 Well, my child, thank God you're well!
 Not a trace of last night's upset.
 Your cheeks are red as poppies!

TATYANA

Oh, nurse, be a darling ...

FILIPYEVNA

Of course, pet, tell me what you want.

TATYANA

Don't think ... truly ... don't suspect ...
 but you see ... oh, don't say no!

FILIPYEVNA

My dearest, as God's my witness!

TATYANA

Then, send your grandson, on the quiet,
with this note to O ... to that ...
to our neighbor, and tell him
not to breathe a word
and not to mention my name.

FILIPYEVNA

To whom, my dear?
I'm not as bright as I was!
We've lots of neighbors round about,
do you want me to go through them all?
Which one do you mean? Talk sense!

TATYANA

How dense you are, nurse!

FILIPYEVNA

Dear heart, I'm getting old!
I'm old; my wits are dull, Tanya;

but in the old days I was bright enough.
In the old days, one word from the master ...

TATYANA

Oh, nurse, nurse, none of that matters!
What do I want with your wits?
You see nurse, it's about a letter ...

FILIPYEVNA

Well, all right, all right!

TATYANA

What do I want with your wits, nurse ...

FILIPYEVNA

Don't be angry, dear heart!
You know how slow I am.

TATYANA

... To Onegin ...

FILIPYEVNA

All right, all right: I understand!

TATYANA

... to Onegin ...

... with a letter ...

... to Onegin, send your grandson, nurse!

FILIPYEVNA

Well, well, don't be angry, dear heart!
You know I'm slow!
... Gracious, why have you turned pale again?

TATYANA

It's nothing, nurse, really nothing!
Go and send your grandson!

(The nurse takes the letter, and after some hesitation, finally signifies that she understands and leaves. Tatyana sits at the table and, resting her elbows upon it, again becomes lost in thought.)

Scene Three

(Another part of the garden of the Larin estate. Thick lilac and acacia bushes, neglected flower beds and an old wooden bench. Servant girls, picking fruit in the background, sing as they work.)

SERVANT GIRLS

Pretty maidens,
dear companions,
come on out to play, girls!
Trip merrily, my friends,
and sing a song,
a favorite song
to lure a handsome lad
to join our dance!
When the handsome lad is lured,
when he approaches us,
let's run away, my friends,
pelting him with cherries,
with cherries, with berries,
with redcurrants!
Don't you come eavesdropping
on our favorite songs,
don't you come spying
on our girlish play!
Pretty maidens, etc.

(The servant girls move off, their singing dies away. Tatyana enters, running quickly, and sinks exhausted onto the bench.)

TATYANA

He's here! He's here, Eugene!
 Dear God! Dear God,
 what must he have thought?
 What will he say? Oh why
 did I obey my aching heart alone,
 and, lacking all self-control,
 write him that letter!
 Indeed, my heart now tells me
 that my fatal tempter
 will only laugh at me!
 Oh my God! How miserable I am,
 how contemptible!
 Footsteps ... they are drawing closer ...
 Yes, it is he, it is he!

(Onegin enters. Tatyana leaps to her feet and stands with lowered head as he approaches.)

ONEGIN

You wrote to me.
 Don't deny it. I have read
 the avowal of a trusting heart,
 the outpouring of an innocent love;
 your candor touched me deeply.
 It has stirred
 feelings long since dormant.
 I won't commend you for this,
 But I will repay you
 with an equally guileless avowal.
 Hear my confession,
 then judge me as you will!

TATYANA

(collapsing again onto the bench)
 O God! How humiliating and how painful!

ONEGIN

If I wished to pass my life
 within the confines of the family circle,
 and a kindly fate had decreed for me
 the role of husband and father,
 then, most like, I would not choose
 any other bride than you.
 But I was not made for wedded bliss,
 it is foreign to my soul,
 your perfections are vain,
 I am quite unworthy of them.
 Believe me, I give you my word,

marriage would be a torment for us.
 No matter how much I loved you,
 habit would kill that love.
 Judge what a thorny bed of roses
 Hymen would prepare for us,
 and, perhaps, to be endured at length!
 One cannot return to dreams and youth,
 I cannot renew my soul!
 I love you with a brother's love,
 a brother's love
 or, perhaps, more than that!
 Perhaps, perhaps more than that!
 Listen to me without getting angry,
 more than once will a girl exchange
 one passing fancy for another.
 Learn to control your feelings; ...
 ... Not everyone will understand you as I do.
 Inexperience leads to disaster!

SERVANT GIRLS

(in the distance)
 Pretty maidens,
 dear companions,
 come on out to play, girls! ...
 ... Trip it merrily, my friends.
 When a handsome lad is lured,
 when he approaches us,
 let's run away, my friends,
 pelting him with cherries.
 Don't you come eavesdropping,
 don't you come spying
 on our girlish play!

ACT TWO

Scene One

(The principal reception room of the Larins' house, where a ball is in progress. The room is brightly lit by a central chandelier and candles in sconces along the wall. Uniformed officers are among the guests. As the curtain rises, the younger people are dancing a waltz while the older ones watch admiringly. Onegin is dancing with Tatyana and Lensky with Olga. Mme Larina bustles about with the air of an anxious hostess.)

GUESTS

Well, what a surprise!

We never expected
 a military band!
 Revelry — and to spare!
 A long time has passed
 since we were so entertained!
 A marvelous party,
 would you not all agree? *etc.*
 A long time has passed
 since we were so entertained!
 A marvelous party,
 would you not all agree?
 Bravo, bravo, bravo, bravo!
 What a lovely surprise!
 Bravo, bravo, bravo, bravo!
 A splendid surprise for us all!

ELDERLY GENTLEMEN
 On our estates we don't often meet with
 the merry sparkle of a jolly ball.
 The hunt is our only amusement,
 dear to us is its hubbub and stir.

ELDERLY LADIES
 Amusement indeed! The whole day they dash
 over hill and dale, marshland and scrub!
 They tire themselves out, then collapse into bed,
 and that's all the amusement
 we poor women get!

YOUNG GIRLS
(surrounding Captain Buyanov)
 Oh, Trifon Petrovich
 how kind you are, really!
 We're so grateful to you ...

CAPTAIN
 Not at all ...
 The pleasure is all mine!

YOUNG GIRLS
 We'll enjoy the dancing so much!

CAPTAIN
 I mean to enjoy it too.
 Let's begin, then!

(Onegin is still dancing with Tatyana. The other couples stop dancing and watch them.)

TWO GROUPS OF OLDER LADIES
(conversing)

GROUP A
 Just look there! Just look!
 The lovebirds are dancing together!

GROUP B
 High time, too ...

GROUP A
 What a bridegroom!

GROUP B
 How sorry one is for Tanya!

GROUP A
 He'll marry her ...

BOTH GROUPS
 ... and then play the tyrant!
 Thy say he's a gambler!
(Onegin, passing, overhears the conversation.)
 He's dreadfully uncouth,
 his behavior's quite mad,
 he won't kiss the ladies' hands,
 he's a freemason, he drinks
 only red wine — by the tumblerful!

ONEGIN
(aside)
 There's public opinion for you! I've heard
 more than enough of this repulsive tittle-tattle!
 It serves me right, All his!
 Why did I ever come to this stupid ball? Why?
 I won't forgive Vladimir
 This service! I'll flirt with Olga ...
 That'll make him mad!
 Here she is! ...
(Olga passes by with Lensky)
 May I have the pleasure?

(Olga seems undecided.)

LENSKY
 You promised me this one!

ONEGIN
 You must have made a mistake!

(Olga and Onegin dance: he plies her with exaggerated attentions to which she responds with evident gratification.)

LENSKY

Why, what's, this!
I can't believe my eyes!
Olga! Heavens, what's happening to me!

GUESTS

(as they dance)
A marvelous party!
What a surprise!
A marvelous party!
What a surprise!
What a delicious treat! rep.
Revelry — and to spare!
A marvelous party!
What a surprise!
We never expected
A military band!
Revelry — and to spare!
A long time has passed
since we were so entertained!
A marvelous party! Isn't that so?
Bravo, bravo, bravo, bravo!
What a surprise!
Bravo, bravo, bravo, bravo!
Don't you agree?
A marvelous party,
don't you agree?
Indeed, we never expected
a military band!
A marvelous party, *etc.*
Revelry — and to spare!
A marvelous party!

(As soon as the dance ends, Lensky approaches Olga.)

LENSKY

Have I deserved such ridicule from you?
Oh, Olga, how cruelly you treat me!
What have I done?

OLGA

I can't see that I've done anything wrong!

LENSKY

Every écosaise, every waltz

you have danced with Onegin!
I asked you, but was refused!

OLGA

Vladimir, this is ridiculous,
you're angry about nothing at all!

LENSKY

What! Nothing!
How could I be indifferent
while you laughed and flirted with him?
He was leaning over you and squeezing
your hand! I saw it all!

OLGA

That's all stuff and nonsense!
You have no reason to be jealous,
we were only chatting;
he's very nice!

LENSKY

Nice, even!
Oh, Olga, you don't love me!

OLGA

How strange you are!

LENSKY

You don't love me!
Will you dance
the cotillion with me?

(Onegin approaches them.)

ONEGIN

No, with me.
You promised me, didn't you?

OLGA

And I'll keep my promise!
(to Lensky)
That's your punishment
for being jealous!

LENSKY

Olga!

OLGA

(to Lensky)
Not for the world!

(to Onegin)
Look!

(All the young ladies are coming this way with Triquet.)

ONEGIN
Who is he?

OLGA
A Frenchman, he lives at the Kharlikov's.

YOUNG GIRLS
Monsieur Triquet, Monsieur Triquet,
please sing us some verses!

TRIQUET
I'as ze verses wiz me.
But where, I ask, is Mademoiselle?
'E must be 'ere in front of me,
for the verses were written for her!

GUESTS
Here she is! Here she is!

(The guests form a circle, placing Tatyana in the middle, where, despite her embarrassment and attempts to escape, she has to stand while M. Triquet addresses his couplets to her.)

TRIQUET
Aha!
'Ere is ze queen zis day.
Mesdames, I will begin.
Please to not interrupt me.
As guests, let us pay tribute
to the charm and beauty
of the one whose name-day we celebrate.
Her sweet, enchanting countenance
sheds radiance all around.
What a pleasure, what a joy to see her!
Shine upon us forever, beautiful Tatyana! *rep.*

GUESTS
Bravo, bravo, bravo, Monsieur Triquet!
Your verses are wonderful
and very, very nicely sung!

TRIQUET
May destiny fulfil her every wish,

may joy, amusement and pleasure
ever wreath her lips in smiles!
May she be like a star in our country's
firmament,
ever shining and casting light,
illuminating our days and nights.
Shine upon us forever, beautiful Tatyana! *rep.*

GUESTS
Bravo, bravo, bravo, Monsieur Triquet!

Your verses are wonderful and very, very nicely
sung!

(Tatyana curtsies confusedly and Triquet hands
her the verses with an exaggerated bow.)

CAPTAIN
Ladies and gentlemen, take your places, please
the cotillion's about to begin!
If you please!

(The Captain offers Tatyana his arm and leads
off the dance. Onegin and Olga dance together
for a while, then Onegin escorts her back to her
seat. Lensky is standing gloomily behind them.
Onegin turns to Lensky, pretending he has only
just noticed him there.)

ONEGIN
Aren't you dancing, Lensky?
You're standing around like some Childe
Harold!
What's up with you?

LENSKY
With me? Nothing.
I'm admiring you;
What a fine friend you are!

(Olga is chosen for a figure in the mazurka.)

ONEGIN
Well, well!
I didn't expect such an avowal!
What are you sulking about?

LENSKY
Me, sulking'? Not at all!
I'm admiring how, with artful words

and man-of-the-world chatter,
 you turn heads and disturb the peace of mind
 of all the young girls!
*(The guests gradually leave off dancing as they
 become aware of the quarrel.)*

Obviously, Tatyana is not enough
 for you. Out of love for me,
 you evidently want to ruin Olga,
 upset her peace of mind, and then
 have a good laugh at her expense!
 Oh, how admirable!...

ONEGIN
 What? You must be mad!

LENSKY
 Excellent!
 You insult me, and then you call me
 a madman!

*(Everybody stops dancing. The guests surround
 the quarrelling men.)*

GUESTS
 What's up? What's going on there?
 What's the matter?

LENSKY
 Onegin! You're no longer my friend!
 I no longer wish
 to be on close terms with you!
 I ... despise you!

GUESTS
 Here's an unexpected turn of events!
 What a quarrel has blown up!
 This is no laughing matter!

ONEGIN
(drawing Lensky to one side)
 Listen, Lensky, you're wrong,
 you're wrong!
 We've attracted enough attention
 with our quarrel!
 I haven't disturbed anyone's peace of mind yet,
 and neither, I admit, have I any intention of
 doing so!

LENSKY
 Then why were you

squeezing her hand
 and whispering to her?
 She laughed and blushed!
 What were you saying to her?

ONEGIN
 Listen, — this is ridiculous,
 everyone's crowding round us!

LENSKY
 What do I care?
 You've insulted me
 and I demand satisfaction!

GUESTS
 What's it all about? Tell us.
 Tell us what has happened.

LENSKY
 I have simply asked Mr. Onegin
 to explain his behavior to me!
 He does not wish to do so,
 so I ask him to accept my challenge.

LARINA
(hurrying up)
 Dear God! In our house!
 Spare us, spare us!

LENSKY
 In your house! In your house!
 In your house, as in a golden dream,
 my childhood years flowed gently by!
 In your house I first tasted
 the joys of a pure, serene love!
 But today, I have learnt ...
 ... something different,
 I have learnt that life is no romantic novel,
 that honor is but a sound, friendship an empty ...

ONEGIN
 In the depths of my heart
 I am displeased with myself.
 With this shy and tender passion

LENSKY
 ... word,
 a humiliating, pathetic lie,
 yes, a humiliating, pathetic, yes,
 pathetic lie!

ONEGIN

... I've trifled too thoughtlessly.
Loving the youth with all my heart,
I should have shown myself

TATYANA

I am stunned, I cannot
understand Eugene; I am tormented
by pangs of jealousy!

GUESTS

Poor Lensky!

TATYANA

Oh, my heart is torn with anguish!
Like an ice-cold hand ...

LARINA, OLGA

I fear that after all our revelry,
the night may end with a duel!

ONEGIN

... impervious to vulgar prejudice,
a man of honor and good sense.

GUESTS

Poor young man!

TATYANA

... it clutches at my heart
painfully, cruelly!

ONEGIN

I have trifled too thoughtlessly!

LENSKY

I have learnt here that ...
... a young girl
may be beautiful as an angel, sweet
and lovely as the day, but in her heart,
in her heart
as wicked and sly as a fiend!

GUESTS

Can it be, that after such revelry,
their quarrel will end our day with a duel?
Young men are so hot-blooded!
They argue, they quarrel
and soon there's a fight!
They argue, etc.

... Will their quarrel end in a duel?
Young men are so hot-blooded!
They always act on impulse!

TATYANA

Ah, I am lost, I am lost!
I feel it in my heart,
but destruction by him is dear to me!
I am doomed, I am doomed, my heart
told me as much,
I dare not, I cannot complain!

OLGA

Oh, men are so hot-blooded,
They always act on impulse ;
they can't avoid quarrelling, etc.
His heart is consumed with jealousy,
but I'm not in the least to blame,
not in the least!

LARINA

All, young men are so hot-blooded!
They always act on impulse,
they can't avoid quarrelling, etc.
I'm afraid that, after all the revelry,
the night will end in a duel!
Young men are so hot-blooded!

ONEGIN

In my innermost heart,
I am displeased with myself, etc.
I ought to have shown myself ...

GUESTS, LARINA

Ah, young men are such hot-heads!
Not a moment passes without some quarrel!
They argue, they quarrel,
and suddenly they're ready for a fight!

TATYANA

Ah, why complain?
He cannot make me happy.
I am doomed, my heart tells me as much,
I know it!

OLGA

Ah, I'm not the least bit to blame!
Men can't avoid quarrelling.
They argue, they quarrel, etc.

LENSKY

Oh no! You are innocent, my angel,
you are innocent, innocent, my angel!
He is a vile, crafty, heartless betrayer!
He shall be punished!

ONEGIN

... not the plaything of vulgar prejudice,
not an excitable boy,
but a grown man — I am to blame!

GUESTS

Can it be, that after such revelry,
their quarrel will end our day with a duel? *etc.*

TATYANA

Ah, I am doomed, *etc.*
I dare not complain!

OLGA

Ah, men are such hot-heads, *etc.*
I am not in the least to blame, not in the least!

LARINA

Ah, young men are such hot-heads, *etc.*
Young men are such hot-heads!

ONEGIN

At the bottom of my heart,
I am displeased with myself!
But there's nothing to be done -
Now I must answer
the insult!

ONEGIN

I am at your service.
Enough!
I have heard you out: you're mad, you're mad!
And you shall be taught a lesson!

LENSKY

Till tomorrow, then!
We shall see, who will teach whom a lesson!
All right, I'm mad, but you,
you are a dishonorable seducer!

ONEGIN

Hold your tongue, or I'll kill you!

(Onegin hurls himself upon Lensky, but the two men are separated and restrained. Onegin moves to one side and turns his back. Tatyana is in tears.)

GUESTS

What a scandal! We won't allow them
to fight a duel, shed blood in a dispute!
We just won't allow them to leave.
Hold them, hold them, hold them!
Indeed, they shall not leave the house!

OLGA

Vladimir, calm down, I implore you!

LENSKY

Oh Olga, Olga! Farewell forever!

(Lensky rushes out; Onegin also leaves quickly. Olga runs after Lensky, but falls fainting into her mother's arms.)

GUESTS

There'll be a duel!

Scene Two

(A rustic water-mill on the banks of a wooded stream. Early morning; the sun has barely risen. It is winter. Lensky is sitting under a tree, lost in thought. His second, Zaretsky, is pacing up and down.)

ZARETSKY

What's this?
It seems your opponent hasn't appeared.

LENSKY

He'll be here any minute.

ZARETSKY

Even so, it strikes, me as rather strange
that he isn't here; it's seven o'clock.
I thought he'd be waiting for us!

(Zaretsky goes over to the mill and enters into conversation with the miller, who has just appeared at his door.)

LENSKY

Where, oh where have you gone,

golden days of my youth?
 What does the coming day hold for me?
 My gaze searches in vain;
 all is shrouded in darkness!
 No matter: Fate's law is just.
 Should I fall, pierced by the arrow,
 or should it fly wide,
 'tis all one; both sleeping and waking
 have their appointed hour.
 Blessed is the day of care,
 blessed, too, the coming of darkness!
 Early in the morning the dawn-light gleams
 and the day begins to brighten,
 while I, perhaps, will enter
 the mysterious shadow of the grave!
 And the memory of a young poet
 will be engulfed by Lethe's sluggish stream.
 The world will forget me; but you,
 You! ... Olga ...
 Say, will you come, maid of beauty,
 to shed a tear on the untimely urn
 and think: he loved me!
 To me alone he devoted
 the sad dawn of his storm-tossed life!
 Oh, Olga, I loved you,
 to you alone I devoted
 the sad dawn of my storm-tossed life!
 Oh, Olga, I loved you!
 My heart's beloved, my desired one,
 come, oh come! My desired one,
 come, I am your betrothed, come, come!
 I wait for you, my desired one,
 come, come; I am your betrothed!
 Where, where, where have you gone,
 golden days, golden days of my youth?

(Zaretsky returns to Lensky.)

ZARETSKY
 Ah, here they are!
 But who's your friend with?
 I can't make it out!

*(Onegin comes in with his manservant, Guillot,
 who carries the pistols.)*

ONEGIN
 I ask your pardon.
 I'm a little late.

ZARETSKY
 Forgive me! Where's your second?
 Where dueling's concerned,
 I'm particular pedantic;
 I heartily approve of method
 and I don't allow a man
 to be stretched out cold just anyhow,
 but according to the strict rules of the art,
 following the old tradition.

ONEGIN
 For which we must praise you!
 My second?
 This is he: Monsieur Guillot.
 I don't envisage any objection
 to my choice;
 although he's not well known,
 still, he's a decent fellow, of course.

*(Guillot bows deeply, Zaretsky returns his bow
 coldly.)*

ONEGIN
 Well? Shall we begin?

LENSKY
 Let's begin, if you please!

*(The two seconds withdraw to one side to discuss
 the conditions of the duel. Lensky and Onegin
 stand with their backs to each other, waiting.)*

LENSKY, ONEGIN
 Enemies! Is it long since the thirst
 for blood drove us apart?
 Is it so long since we shared everything,
 our meals, our thoughts, our leisure,
 as friends together? Now in anger,
 like hereditary enemies,
 we silently and cold-bloodedly
 prepare to destroy each other.
 Oh, should we not burst out laughing
 before we stain our hands with blood,
 and should we not part friends?
 No! No! No! No!

*(The seconds have loaded the pistols and in
 measured the distance. Zaretsky separates the
 principals and hands them their pistols.)*

Everything is done in silence. Guillot, in embarrassment, hides behind a tree.)

ZARETSKY

Now advance!

(He claps his hands three times. The adversaries take four steps forward. Onegin raises his pistol. As he does so, Lensky begins to take aim. Onegin fires. Lensky falls. Zaretsky and Onegin rush towards him. Zaretsky examines him intently.)

ONEGIN

Dead?

ZARETSKY

Dead.

ACT THREE

Scene One

(A salon adjoining the ballroom of a nobleman's mansion in St. Petersburg. A ball is just beginning with the introductory polonaise, and couples pass through, dancing, from time to time. When it ends, several seat themselves or stand around, conversing. Onegin is standing near the wall, alone.)

ONEGIN

I'm bored here too.

The brilliance and bustle of society
cannot dispel my constant world-weariness!
Having killed my best friend in a duel,
having no aim, no work,
I have reached the age of twenty-six
wearied by the idleness of leisure;
without employment, wife or occupation,
I've found nothing
to which I could devote myself!
Restlessness held me in thrall,
the desire for constant change of scene,
an extremely vexing trait,
a cross that few would choose!
I left my country estates,
the solitude of woods and fields,
where a bloodstained ghost
confronted me every day!

I began to travel, aimlessly,
going where fancy led me ...
And what happened? I found, to my disgust,
that travel was boring, too!
I returned and went, like Chatsky,
straight from a ship to a ball!

(The guests dance an écossaise. As it ends, Prince Gremin enters with Tatyana on his arm, richly but very tastefully dressed. She seats herself on a sofa. Guests come up to her continually and greet her with deference.)

GUESTS

Princess Gremina! Look!

Look!

Which is she?

Over there, look!

The one who's just sat down by that table.
Her serene beauty is delightful!

ONEGIN

(examining Tatyana intently through his lorgnette)

Can that be Tatyana? Surely ... no! ...

What? From the backwoods of that village in the steppes?

It's impossible! Impossible!

And how unaffected, how dignified,
how perfectly at ease!

She bears herself like a queen!

(Tatyana turns to those near her and indicates with a glance that she is referring to Onegin, who has just been approached by Prince Gremin.)

TATYANA

Tell me, who is that ... over there with my husband?

I can't quite make him out.

GUESTS

One who affects eccentricity
a strange, extravagant melancholic.

He's been travelling abroad ...

And now, here's Onegin back with us!

TATYANA

Eugene?

GUESTS

Do you know him?

TATYANA

He's a neighbor of ours in the country.

(aside)

O God, help me to hide
the dreadful tumult in my heart! ...

ONEGIN

(to Prince Gremin, indicating Tatyana)

Tell me, prince, do you happen to know
who that is over there in the scarlet turban
talking to the Spanish ambassador?

PRINCE GREMIN

Ah! It's some time
since you were last in society!
Wait a moment, and I'll present you.

ONEGIN

But who is she?

PRINCE GREMIN

My wife!

ONEGIN

So you're married? I didn't know!
Have you been married long?

PRINCE GREMIN

A bout two years.

ONEGIN

To whom?

PRINCE GREMIN

To Larin's daughter ...

ONEGIN

Tatyana!

PRINCE GREMIN

Have you met?

ONEGIN

I'm a neighbor of theirs!

PRINCE GREMIN

Love is no respecter of age,

its transports bless alike
those in the bloom of youth
yet unacquainted with the world
and the grey-headed warrior
tempered by experience!
Onegin, I shan't disguise the fact
that I love Tatyana to distraction!
My life was slipping drearily away;
she appeared and brightened it
like a ray of sunlight in a stormy sky,
and brought me life and youth, yes, youth and
happiness!

Among these sly, poor-spirited,
foolish, pampered children,
these scoundrels both absurd and boring,
dull, fractious arbiters,
among the pious coquettes
and sycophantic slaves,
amid affable, modish hypocrisy
courteous, affectionate infidelities,
amid the icy censure
of cruel-hearted vanity,
amid the vexing vacuity
of calculation, thought and conversation,
she shines like a star
in the night's darkest hour, in a pure, clear sky,
and to me she always appears
in the radiant,
radiant nimbus of an angel!
Love is no respecter of age, *etc.*
So come, I'll present you to her.
(He leads Onegin to Tatyana.)
My dear, allow me to introduce
an old friend and relation of mine, Onegin.

*(Onegin bows deeply. Tatyana responds simply
and with no apparent trace of embarrassment.)*

TATYANA

I'm delighted.
We've met before.

ONEGIN

In the country! Yes ... a longtime ago.

TATYANA

Where have you come from?
From our parts perhaps?

ONEGIN

Oh, no! I've been abroad
for quite a time.

TATYANA

How long have you been back?

ONEGIN

Only today.

TATYANA

(to Prince Gremin)

My dear, I'm tired.

(Tatyana leaves on Prince Gremin's arm, returning the greetings of the guests. Onegin follows her with his eyes.)

ONEGIN

Can this really be the same Tatyana
to whom, tête-à-tête,
in the depths of a distant countryside,
I, in a fine moral outburst,
once read a lecture on principles?
The same girl, whom
in her humble station I disdained?
Was this really her,
so poised, so self-possessed?
But what's the matter with me?
I must be dreaming!

What is stirring in the depths
of my cold and slothful heart?
Vexation, vanity or, once again,
that preoccupation of youth – love?
Alas, there's no doubt, I'm in love,
in love like a boy, a passionate youth!
Let me perish, but first
let me summon, in dazzling hope
the magic poison of desire,
intoxicate myself with dreams!
Everywhere, everywhere I look

I see that beloved, desired image!
Wherever I look, I see her!

Scene Two

(The drawing room of Prince Gremin's house in St. Petersburg. Tatyana, in elegant morning dress, enters holding a letter.)

TATYANA

O, how distressed I am!
Once more Onegin has crossed my path
like a relentless apparition!
His burning glance
has troubled my heart
and reawakened my dormant passion
so that I feel like a young girl again
and as if nothing had ever parted us!

(She weeps. Onegin appears at the door. He stands for a moment gazing passionately at the weeping Tatyana, then runs to her and falls to his knees at her feet. She looks at him, evincing neither anger nor surprise, then motions him to rise.)

TATYANA

Enough, get up, I must
talk to you frankly.
Onegin, do you remember that time
when, in the avenue in our garden,
fate brought us together and I listened
so meekly to your lecture?

ONEGIN

O spare me, have pity!
I was so mistaken; I have been cruelly punished!

TATYANA

Onegin, I was younger then,
and a better person, I think!
And I loved you, but what, then,
what response did I find
in your heart? Only severity!
Am I not right in thinking, that
A simple young girl's love
was no novelty to you?
Even now ... dear God, my blood runs cold
whenever I recall that cold look,
that sermon!
But I do not blame you ...
In that dreadful moment
you behaved honorably,
you acted correctly towards me.
At that time, I suppose, in the back of beyond,
far from the frivolity of social gossip,
you didn't find me attractive.
Why, then, do you pursue me now?

Why am I the object of such attentions?
 Could it be because I now
 frequent the highest circles,
 because I am rich and of the nobility,
 because my husband, wounded in battle,
 enjoys, on that account, the favor of the court?
 Could it not be that my disgrace
 would now be generally remarked
 and would confer upon you
 the reputation of a seducer?

ONEGIN

Oh! My God!
 Is it possible that in my humble pleading
 your cold look sees nothing
 but the wiles of a despicable cunning?
 Your reproach torments me!
 If you only knew how terrible
 it is to suffer love's torments,
 to endure and to constantly check
 the fever in the blood by reason,
 to long to clasp your knees
 and, weeping at your feet,
 pour out prayers, avowals, reproaches,
 all, all that words can express!

TATYANA

I am weeping!

ONEGIN

Weep on, those tears are dearer
 than all the treasures in the world!

TATYANA

Ah! Happiness was within our reach,
 so close! So close!

ONEGIN

Alas!

TATYANA, ONEGIN

Happiness was within our reach,
 so close! So close! So close!

TATYANA

But my fate has already been decided, and
 irrevocably!
 I am married; you must,
 I beg you, leave me!

ONEGIN

Leave you? Leave you!
 What! ... Leave you?
 No! No!
 To see you hourly,
 to dog your footsteps, to follow
 your every smile, movement and glance
 with loving eyes,
 to listen to you for hours, to understand
 in my heart all your perfection,
*(falling to his knees, he seizes Tatyana's hand
 and covers it with kisses)*
 to swoon before you in passionate torment
 turn pale and pass away: this is bliss,
 this is my only dream, my only happiness!

TATYANA

(somewhat frightened, she withdraws her hand)
 Oegin, your heart knows
 both pride and true honor!

ONEGIN

I cannot leave you!

TATYANA

Eugene! You must. I beg you
 to leave me.

ONEGIN

Oh, have pity!

TATYANA

Why hide it, why pretend?
 Ah! I love you!

*(Overwhelmed by her confession, she sinks on
 Oegin's breast. He embraces her, but she
 recovers her composure quickly and frees
 herself.)*

ONEGIN

What do I hear?
 What was that word you spoke?
 O joy! Oh, my life!
 You are again the Tatyana of former days!

TATYANA

No! No!
 You cannot bring back the past!
 I am another's now,

my fate is already decided,
I shall always be true to him.

*(She tries to leave, but sinks down, overcome.
Onegin kneels before her.)*

ONEGIN
Oh, do not drive me away; you love me!
And I will not leave you!
You will ruin your life for nothing!
This is the will of Heaven: you are mine!
All your life has been a pledge
of our union!
And be assured, I was sent to you by God,
I am your protector to the grave!
You cannot refuse me.
For me you must forsake
this hateful house, the clamor of society -
You have no choice!

TATYANA
(rising to her feet)
Onegin, I shall remain firm; ...

ONEGIN
No, you cannot ...
... refuse me ...

TATYANA
... to another by fate ...
... have I been given,
with him will I live and never leave him; ...

ONEGIN
... For me ...
... you must forsake all, all -
hateful house and social clamor!
You have no choice!
Oh, do not drive me from you, I implore!
You love me; you will ruin
your life for nothing!
You are mine, mine forever!

TATYANA
... No, I must remember my vows!
Deep in my heart his desperate appeal
strikes an answering chord,
but having stifled the sinful flame,
honor's severe and sacred duty

will triumph over the passion!
I leave you!

ONEGIN
No! No! No! No!

TATYANA
Enough!

ONEGIN
Oh, I implore you: do not go!

TATYANA
No, I am resolved!

ONEGIN
I love you! I love you!

TATYANA
Leave me!

ONEGIN
I love you!

TATYANA
Farewell forever!

(She leaves the room.)

ONEGIN
*(He stands stupefied for a moment, plunged in
despair.)*
Ignominy! ... Anguish! ...
Oh, my pitiable fate!

(He rushes out.)

Curtain