

*The Song of Igor's Campaign, also translated Lay of Igor's Campaign, Russian Slovo o polku Igoreve, masterpiece of, an account of the unsuccessful campaign in 1185 of Prince of Novgorod-Seversky against the Polovtsy (Kipchak, or Cumans). As in the great French epic The Song of Roland, Igor's heroic pride draws him into a combat in which the odds are too great for him. Though defeated, Igor escapes his captors and returns to his people. The was written anonymously (1185–87) and preserved in a single manuscript, which was discovered in 1795 by A.I. Musin-Pushkin, published in 1800.*

## **The Song of Igor's Campaign** (Translated by Vladimir Nabokov)

### **Exordium**

Might it not become us, brothers,  
to begin in the diction of yore  
the stern tale  
of the campaign of Igor,  
Igor son of Svyatoslav?

Let us, however, begin this song  
in keeping with the happenings  
of these times  
and not with the contriving of Boyan.  
For he, vatic Boyan  
if he wished to make a laud for one,  
ranged in thought  
[like the nightingale] over the tree;  
like the gray wolf across land;  
like the smoky eagle up to the clouds.

For as he recalled, said he,  
the feuds of initial times,  
"He set ten falcons upon a flock of swans,  
and the one first overtaken, sang a song first" -  
to Yaroslav of yore, and to brave Mstislav  
who slew Rededyia before the Kasog troops,  
and to fair Roman son of Svyatoslav.  
To be sure, brothers,  
Boyan did not [really]  
set ten falcons upon a flock of swans:  
his own vatic fingers he laid on the live strings,  
which then twanged out by themselves  
a paean to princes.

So let us begin, brothers,  
this tale from Vladimir of yore  
to nowadays Igor.  
Who girded his mind with fortitude,  
and sharpened his heart with manliness;  
[thus] imbued with the spirit of arms,  
he led his brave troops against the Kuman land  
in the name of the Russian land.

### **Boyan apostrophized**

O Boyan, nightingale  
of the times of old!  
If you were to trill [your praise of]  
these troops,

while hopping, nightingale,  
over the tree of thought;  
[if you were] flying in mind  
up to the clouds;  
[if] weaving paeans around these times,  
[you were] roving the Trojan Trail,  
across fields onto hills;  
then the song to be sung of Igor,  
that grandson of Oleg [would be]:  
"No storm has swept falcons  
Across wide fields;  
flocks of daws flee toward the Great Don";  
or you might intone thus,  
vatic Boyan, grandson of Veles:  
"Steeds neigh beyond the Sula;  
glory rings in Kiev;  
trumpets blare in Novgorod[-Seversk];  
banners are raised in Putivl."

### **Vsievolod's speech**

Igor waits for his dear brother Vsevolod.  
And Wild Bull Vsevolod [arrives and]  
says to him:  
"My one brother, one bright  
brightness, you Igor!  
We both are Svyatoslav's sons.  
Saddle, brother, your swift steeds.  
As to mine, they are ready,  
saddled ahead, near Kursk;  
as to my Kurskers, they are  
famous knights-swaddled under war-horns,  
nursed under helmets,  
fed from the point of the lance;  
to them the trails are familiar,  
to them the ravines are known,  
the bows they have are strung tight,  
the quivers, unclosed,  
the sabers, sharpened;  
themselves, like gray wolves,  
they lope in the field,  
seeking for themselves honor,  
and for their prince glory."

### **The Eclipse and Igor's speech**

Then Igor glanced up at the bright sun  
and saw that from it with darkness  
his warriors were covered.  
And Igor says to his Guards:  
"Brothers and Guards!  
It is better indeed to be slain  
than to be enslaved;  
so let us mount, brothers,  
upon our swift steeds,  
and take a look at the blue Don."

A longing consumed the prince's mind,  
and the omen was screened from him  
by the urge to taste of the Great Don:  
"For I wish," he said, "to break a lance  
on the limit of the Kuman field;  
with you, sons of Rus, I wish  
either to lay down my head  
or drink a helmetful of the Don."

### **Igor sets out; accumulation of omens**

Then Igor set foot  
in the golden stirrup  
and rode out in the Champaign.  
The sun blocks his way with darkness.  
Night, moaning ominously unto him,  
awakens the birds;  
the whistling of beasts [arises?];  
[stirring?] the daeva calls  
on the top of a tree,  
bids hearken the land unknown - the Volga,  
and the [Azov] Seaboard,  
and the Sula country,  
and Surozh, and Korsun,  
and you, idol of Tmutorokan!

Meanwhile by untrodden roads  
the Kumans make for the Great Don;  
[their] wagons scream in the  
middle of night; one might say - dispersed swans.

### **Igor rides on**

Igor leads Donward his warriors.  
His misfortunes already  
are forefelt by the birds in the, oakscrub.  
The wolves, in the ravines,  
conjure the storm.  
The erns with their squalling  
summon the beasts to the bones.  
The foxes yelp at the vermilion shields.  
O Russian land, you are already behind the culmen!

Long does the night keep darkling.  
Dawn sheds its light.  
Mist has covered the fields.  
Stilled is the trilling of nightingales;  
the jargon of jackdaws has woken.  
With their vermilion shields  
the sons of Rus have barred the great prairie,  
seeking for themselves honor,  
and for their prince glory.

### **The first engagement**

Early on Friday  
they trampled the pagan Kuman troops

and fanned out like arrows over the field;  
they bore off fair Kuman maidens  
and, with them, gold, and brocades,  
and precious samites.  
By means of caparisons, and mantlets,  
and furred cloaks of leather  
they started making plankings  
to plank marshes and miry spots  
with all kinds of Kuman weaves.

A vermilion standard,  
a white gonfalon,  
a vermilion penant of [dyed] horsehair  
and a silver hilt [went] to [Igor] son of Svyatoslav.

### **Night, and dawn of Saturday**

In the field slumbers  
Oleg's brave aerie: far has it flown!  
Not born was it to be wronged  
either by falcon or hawk,  
or by you, black raven, pagan Kuman!  
Gzak runs like a gray wolf;  
Konchak lays out a track for him  
to the Great Don.

On the next day very early  
bloody effulgences herald the light.  
Black clouds come from the sea:  
They want to cover the four suns,  
and in them throb blue lightnings.  
There is to be great thunder,  
there is to come rain in [the guise of]  
arrows from the Great Don.

### **Saturday: the Kumans counter-attack**

Here lances shall break,  
here sabers shall blunt  
against Kuman helmets  
on the river Kayala by the Great Don.  
O Russian land,  
you are already behind the culmen!

Now the winds, Stribog's grandsons,  
in [the guise of] arrows waft  
from the sea  
against the brave troops of Igor!  
The earth rumbles,  
the rivers run sludgily,  
dust covers the fields.  
The banners speak:  
"The Kumans are coming  
from the Don and from the sea and  
from all sides!"  
The Russian troops retreat.  
The Fiend's children bar the field

with their war cries;  
the brave sons of Rus bar it  
with their vermilion shields.

### **Vsevolod in battle**

Fierce Bull Vsevolod!  
You stand your ground,  
you spurt arrows at warriors,  
you clang on helmets  
with swords of steel.  
Wherever the Bull bounds,  
darting light from his golden helmet,  
there lie pagan Kuman heads:  
cleft with tempered sabers  
are [their] Avar helmets-  
by you, Fierce Bull Vsevolod!

What wound, brothers,  
can matter to one who has forgotten  
honors and life,  
and the town of Chernigov --  
golden throne of his fathers --  
and of his dear beloved,  
Gleb's fair daughter,  
the wonts and ways!

### **Recollections of Oleg's feuds**

There have been the ages of  
Trojan;  
gone are the years of Yaroslav;  
there have been the campaigns of Oleg,  
Oleg son of Svyatoslav.  
That Oleg forged feuds with the sword,  
and sowed the land with arrows.  
He sets foot in the golden stirrup  
in the town of Tmutorokan:  
a similar clinking  
had been hearkened  
by the great Yaroslav of long ago;  
and Vladimir son of Vsevolod  
every morn [that he heard it]  
stopped his ears in Chernigov.

As to Boris son of Vyacheslav,  
vainglory brought him to judgment  
and on the Kanin [river]  
spread out a green pall,  
for the offense against Oleg,  
the brave young prince.  
And from that Kayala

Svyatopolk had his father  
conveyed- cradled between Hungarian pacers  
[tandemwise]- to St. Sophia in Kiev.  
Then, under Oleg, child of Malglory,

sown were and sprouted discords;  
perished the livelihood  
of Dazhbog's grandson  
among princely feuds;  
human ages dwindled.  
Then, across the Russian land,  
seldom did plowmen shout [hup-hup to their horses]  
but often did ravens croak  
as they divided among themselves the cadavers,  
while jackdaws announced in their  
own jargon that they were about to fly to the feed.  
Thus it was in those combats  
and in those campaigns,  
but such a battle had never been heard of.

### **Termination of battle**

From early morn to eve,  
and from eve to dawn,  
tempered arrows fly,  
sabers resound against helmets,  
steel lances crack.  
In the field unknown, midst the  
Kuman land,  
the black sod under hooves  
was sown with bones  
and irrigated with gore.  
As grief they came up  
throughout the Russian land.

What dins unto me,  
what rings unto me?  
Early today, before the  
effulgences,  
Igor turns back his troops:  
he is anxious about his  
dear brother Vsevolod.  
They fought one day;  
they fought another;  
on the third, toward noon,  
Igor's banners fell.

### **Defeat and Lamentations**

Here the brothers parted  
on the bank of the swift Kayala.  
Here was a want of blood-wine;  
here the brave sons of Rus  
finished the feast-  
got their in-laws drunk,  
and themselves lay down  
In defense of the Russian land.

The grass droops with  
condolements  
and the tree with sorrow  
bends to the ground.

For now, brothers, a cheerless  
tide has set in;  
now the wild has covered the strong;  
Wrong has risen among the forces  
of Dazhbog's grandson;  
in the guise of a maiden  
[Wrong] has stepped into  
Trojan's land;  
she clapped her swan wings  
on the blue sea by the Don,  
[and] clapping, decreased rich times.

The strife of the princes  
against the pagans  
has come to an end,  
for brother says to brother:  
"This is mine,  
and that is mine too,"  
and the princes have begun to say  
of what is small: "This is big,"  
while against their own selves  
they forge discord,  
[and] while from all sides with  
Victories the pagans enter the Russian land.

O, far has the falcon gone,  
Slaying birds:  
to the sea!  
But Igor's brave troops  
cannot be brought back to life.  
In their wake the Keener has wailed,  
and Lamentation has overrun the  
Russian land, shaking the embers in the inglehorn.  
The Russian women  
have started to weep, repeating  
"Henceforth our dear husbands  
cannot be thought of by [our] thinking,  
nor mused about by [our] musing,  
nor beheld with [our] eyes;  
as to gold and silver  
none at all shall we touch!"  
And, brothers, Kiev groaned in sorrow,  
and so did Chernigov in adversity;  
anguish spread flowing  
over the Russian land;  
abundant woe made its way  
midst the Russian land,  
while the princes forged discord  
against their own selves,  
[and] while the pagans, with victories  
prowling over the Russian land,  
took tribute of one vair from every homestead.

### **Victories of Svyatoslav III recalled**

All because the two brave sons of Svyatoslav,  
Igor and Vsevolod,

stirred up the virulence  
that had been all but curbed  
by their senior,  
dread Svyatoslav, the Great  
[Prince] of Kiev,  
[who kept the Kumans] in dread.

He beat down [the Kumans] with  
his mighty troops  
and steel swords;  
invaded the Kuman land;  
leveled underfoot  
hills and ravines;  
muddied rivers and lakes;  
drained torrents and marshes;  
and the pagan Kobyaka,  
out of the Bight of the Sea,  
from among the great iron Kuman troops,  
he plucked like a tornado,  
and Kobyaka dropped in the town of Kiev,  
in the guard-room of Svyatoslav!

### **Igor blamed**

Now the Germans,  
and the Venetians,  
now the Greeks,  
and the Moravians  
sing glory to Svyatoslav,  
but chide Prince Igor,  
for he let abundance sink  
to the bottom of the Kayala,  
[and] filled up Kuman rivers  
with Russian gold.

Now Igor the prince  
has switched  
from a saddle of gold  
to a thrall's saddle.  
Pined away  
have the ramparts of towns,  
and merriment has dropped.

### **Svyatoslav's dream**

And Svyatoslav saw a troubled dream  
in Kiev upon the hills:  
"This night, from eventide,  
they dressed me, "he said, "with  
a black pall on a bedstead of yew.  
They ladled out for me  
blue wine mixed with bane. From  
the empty quivers of pagan tulks  
they rolled great pearls  
onto my breast, and caressed me.  
Already the traves  
lacked the master-girder

in my gold-crested tower!

All night, from eventide,  
demon ravens croaked.  
On the outskirts of Plesensk  
there was a logging sleigh,  
and it was carried to the blue sea!"

### **The Boyars explain their sovereign's dream**

And the boyars said to the  
Prince:  
"Already, Prince, grief has  
Enthralled the mind;  
for indeed two falcons  
have flown off the golden  
paternal, throne  
in quest of the town of  
Tmutorokan --  
or at least to drink a helmetful  
of the Don.  
Already the falcons' winglets  
have been clipped  
by the pagans' sabers,  
and the birds themselves  
entangled in iron meshes."

Indeed, dark it was  
on the third day [of battle]:  
two suns were murked,  
both crimson pillars  
were extinguished,  
and with them both young moons,  
Oleg and Svyatoslav,  
were veiled with darkness  
and sank in the sea.

"On the river Kayala  
darkness has covered the light.  
Over the Russian land  
the Kumans have spread,  
like a brood of pards,  
and great turbulence  
imparted to the Hin.

"Already disgrace  
has come down upon glory.  
Already thralldom  
has crashed down upon freedom.  
Already the daeva  
has swooped down upon the land.  
And lo! Gothic fair maids  
have burst into song  
on the shore of the blue sea:  
chinking Russian gold,  
they sing demon times;

they lilt vengeance for  
Sharokan;  
and already we, [your] Guards,  
hanker after mirth."

### **Svyatoslav's speech**

Then the great Svyatoslav  
let fall a golden word  
mingled with tears,  
and he said:  
"O my juniors, Igor and Vsevolod!  
Early did you begin  
to worry with swords the Kuman  
land, and seek personal glory;  
but not honorably you triumphed  
for not honorably you shed  
pagan blood.  
Your brave hearts are forged of  
hard steel  
and proven in turbulence;  
[but] what is this you have done  
to my silver hoariness!

"Nor do I see any longer  
the sway of my strong,  
and wealthy,  
and multimilitant  
brother Yaroslav —  
with his Chernigov boyars,  
with his Moguts, and Tatrans,  
and Shelbirs, and Topchaks,  
and Revugs, and Olbers;  
for they without bucklers,  
with knives in the legs of their  
boots, vanquish armies with war cries,  
to the ringing of ancestral glory.

"But you said:  
Let us be heroes on our own,  
let us by ourselves grasp the  
anterior glory  
and by ourselves share the  
posterior one.  
Now is it so wonderful,  
brothers,  
for an old man to grow young?  
When a falcon has moulted,  
he drives birds on high:  
he does not allow any harm  
to befall his nest; but here is  
the trouble:  
princes are of no help to me."

### **The Author apostrophizes contemporaneous princes**

Inside out have the times turned.

Now in Rim [people] scream  
under Kuman sabers,  
and Volodimir [screams]  
under wounding blows.  
Woe and anguish to you,  
[Volodimir] son of Gleb!

Great prince Vsevolod!  
Do you not think of flying here  
from afar  
to safeguard the paternal golden  
throne?  
For you can with your oars  
scatter in drops the Volga,  
and with your helmets  
scoop dry the Don.  
If you were here,  
a female slave would fetch  
one nogata, and a male slave,  
one rezana;  
for you can shoot on land live  
bolts-[these are] the bold sons of Gleb!  
You turbulent Rurik, and [you] David!  
Were not your men's gilt helmets  
afloat on blood?  
Do not your brave knights roar like bulls  
wounded by tempered sabers  
in the field unknown?  
Set your feet, my lords,  
in your stirrups of gold  
to avenge the wrong of our time,  
the Russian land,  
and the wounds of Igor,  
turbulent son of Svyatoslav.

Eight-minded Yaroslav of Galich!  
You sit high on your gold-forged  
throne;  
you have braced the Hungarian  
mountains with your iron troops;  
you have barred the [Hungarian]  
king's path;  
you have closed the Danube's gates,  
hurling weighty missiles over  
the clouds,  
spreading your courts to the  
Danube.  
Your thunders range over lands;  
you open Kiev's gates;  
from the paternal golden throne  
you shoot at sultans  
beyond the lands.  
Shoot [your arrows], lord,  
at Konchak, the pagan slave,  
to avenge the Russian land,  
and the wounds of Igor,  
turbulent son of Svyatoslav!

And you, turbulent Roman, and Mstislav!  
A brave thought  
carries your minds to deeds.  
On high you soar to deeds  
in your turbulence,  
like the falcon  
that rides the winds  
as he strives in turbulence  
to overcome the bird.  
For you have iron breastplates  
under Latin helmets;  
these have made the earth rumble,  
and many nations-  
Hins, Lithuanians, Yatvangians,  
Dermners, and Kumans-  
have dropped their spears  
and bowed their heads  
beneath those steel swords.

But already, [O] Prince Igor,  
the sunlight has dimmed,  
and, not goodly, the tree sheds  
its foliage.  
Along the Ros and the Sula  
the towns have been distributed;  
and Igor's brave troops  
cannot be brought back to life!  
The Don, Prince, calls you,  
and summons the princes to victory.  
The brave princes, descendants  
of Oleg, have hastened to fight.  
Ingvar and Vsevolod,  
and all three sons of Mstislav,  
six-winged [hawks?] of no mean brood!  
Not by victorious sorts  
did you grasp your patrimonies.  
Where, then, are your golden helmets,  
and Polish spears, and shields?  
Bar the gates of the prairie  
with your sharp arrows  
to avenge the Russian land  
and the wounds of Igor,  
turbulent son of Svyatoslav.

No longer indeed does the Sula  
flow in silvery streams  
for [the defense of] the town of  
Pereyaslavl;  
and the Dvina, too,  
flows marsh-like  
for the erstwhile dreaded  
townsmen of Polotsk  
to the war cries of pagans.

### **Izyaslav recalled**

Alone Izyaslav son of Vasilko

made his sharp swords ring  
against Lithuanian helmets-  
[only] to cut down the glory  
of his grandsire Vseslav,  
and himself he was cut down  
by Lithuanian swords  
under [his] vermilion shields,  
[and fell] on the gory grass  
[as if?] with a beloved one upon a bed

And [Boyan] said:  
"Your Guards, Prince,  
birds have hooded with their wings  
and beasts have licked up their blood:'  
Neither your brother Bryachislav  
nor your other one—Vsevolod—was there;  
thus all alone  
you let your pearly soul drop  
out of your brave body  
through your golden gorget.

### **Conclusion of Apostrophe**

Despondent are the voices;  
drooped has merriment;  
[only?] blare the town trumpets.

Yaroslav, and all the  
descendants of Vseslav!  
The time has come  
to lower your banners,  
to sheathe your dented swords.  
For you have already departed  
from the ancestral glory;  
for with your feuds  
you started to draw the pagans  
onto the Russian land,  
onto the livelihood of Vseslav.  
Indeed, because of those quarrels  
violence came from the Kuman land.

### **Vseslav's fate recalled**

In the seventh age of Troyan,  
Vseslav cast lots  
for the damsel he wooed.  
By subterfuge,  
propping himself upon mounted troops,  
he vaulted toward the town of Kiev  
and touched with the staff [of his lance]  
the Kievan golden throne.

Like a fierce beast  
he leapt away from them [the troops?],  
at midnight, out of Belgorod,  
having enveloped himself  
in a blue mist.

Then at morn,  
he drove in his battle axes,  
opened the gates of Novgorod,  
shattered the glory of Yaroslav,  
[and] lopez like a wolf  
to the Nemiga from Dudutki.

On the Nemiga the spread sheaves  
are heads, the flails that thresh  
are of steel,  
lives are laid out on the  
threshing floor,  
souls are winnowed from bodies.  
Nemiga's gory banks are not sowed  
goodly-sown with the bones of Russia's sons.

Vseslav the prince judged men;  
as prince, he ruled towns;  
but at night he prowled  
in the guise of a wolf.  
From Kiev, prowling, he reached,  
before the cocks [crew], Tmutorokan.  
The path of Great Hors,  
as a wolf, prowling, he crossed.  
For him in Polotsk  
they rang for matins early  
at St. Sophia the bells;  
but he heard the ringing in Kiev.  
Although, indeed, he had  
a vatic soul in a doughty body,  
he often suffered calamities.  
Of him vatic Boyan  
once said, with sense, in the tag:  
"Neither the guileful nor the  
skillful, neither bird [nor bard],  
can escape God's judgment."  
Alas! The Russian land shall  
moan recalling her first years  
and first princes!  
Vladimir of yore, he,  
could not be nailed to the  
Kievan hills.  
Now some of his banners  
have gone to Rurik and others to  
David, but their plumes wave in  
counterturn.

Lances hum on the Dunay.  
The voice of Yaroslav's daughter  
Is heard;  
like a cuckoo, [unto the field?]  
unknown, early she calls.

### **Yaroslavna's incantation**

"I will fly, like a cuckoo," she  
says, "down the Dunay.

I will dip my beaver sleeve  
in the river Kayala.  
I will wipe the bleeding wounds  
on the prince's hardy body."  
Yaroslav's daughter early weeps,  
in Putivl on the rampart, repeating:

"Wind, Great Wind!  
Why, lord, blow perversely?  
Why carry those Hinish dartlets  
on your light winglets  
against my husband's warriors?  
Are you not satisfied  
to blow on high, up to the clouds,  
rocking the ships upon the blue sea?  
Why, lord, have you dispersed  
my gladness all over the feather grass?"  
Yaroslav's daughter early weeps,  
in Putivl on the rampart, repeating:

"O Dnepr, famed one!  
You have pierced stone hills  
through the Kuman land.  
You have lolled upon you  
Svyatoslav's galleys  
as far as Kobyaka's camp.  
Loll up to me, lord, my husband  
that I may not send my tears  
seaward thus early."  
Yaroslav's daughter early weeps,  
in Putivl on the rampart, repeating:

"Bright and thrice-bright Sun!  
To all you are warm and comely;  
Why spread, lord, your scorching rays  
on [my] husband's warriors;  
[why] in the waterless field  
parch their bows with thirst,  
close their quivers with anguish?"

### **Igor's escape**

The sea plashed at midnight;  
waterspouts advance in mists;  
God [?] points out to Igor  
the way from the Kuman land  
to the Russian land,  
to the paternal golden throne.

The evening glow has faded:  
Igor sleeps; Igor keeps vigil;  
Igor in thought measures the plains  
from the Great Don  
to the Little Donets;  
[bringing] a horse at midnight,  
Ovlur whistled beyond the river:  
he bids Igor heed—

Igor is not to be [held in  
bondage].  
[Ovlur] called,  
the earth rumbled,  
the grass swished,  
the Kuman tents stirred.  
Meanwhile, like an ermine,  
Igor has sped to the reeds,  
and [settled] upon the water  
like a white duck.  
He leaped upon the swift steed,  
and sprang off it,  
[and ran on,] like a demon wolf,  
and sped to the meadowland of  
the Donets, and, like a falcon,  
flew up to the mists,  
killing geese and swans,  
for lunch, and for dinner,  
and for supper.

And even as Igor, like a falcon,  
flew, Vlur, like a wolf, sped,  
shaking off by his passage the  
cold dew;  
for both had worn out  
their swift steeds.  
Says the Donets:  
"Prince Igor!  
Not small is your magnification,  
and Konchak's detestation,  
and the Russian land's gladness."

Igor says: "O Donets!  
Not small is your magnification:  
you it was who lolled  
a prince on [your] waves;  
who carpeted for him  
with green grass  
your silver banks;  
who clothed him  
with warm mists  
under the shelter of the green tree;  
who had him guarded  
by the golden-eye on the water,  
the gulls on the currents,  
the [crested] black ducks on the winds.  
Not like that," says [Igor],  
"is the river Stugna:  
endowed with a meager stream,  
having fed [therefore]  
on alien rills and runners,  
she rent between bushes  
a youth, prince Rostislav,  
imprisoning him.  
On the Dnepr's dark bank  
Rostislav's mother weeps the youth.  
Pined away have the flowers with

condolement, and the tree has been bent to  
the ground with sorrow."

No chattering magpies are these:  
on Igor's trail  
Gzak and Konchak come riding.  
Then the ravens did not caw,  
the grackles were still, the  
[real] magpies did not chatter;  
only the woodpeckers, in the  
osiers climbing,  
with taps marked [for Igor] the  
way to the river.  
The nightingales  
with gay songs  
announce the dawn.

Says Gzak to Konchak:  
"Since the falcon to his nest is flying,  
let us shoot dead the falcon's son  
with our gilded arrows."  
Says Konchak to Gza [sic]:  
"Since the falcon to his nest is flying  
why, let us entoil the falconet  
by means of a fair maiden."  
And says Gzak to Konchak:  
"if we entoil him  
by means of a fair maiden,  
neither the falconet,  
nor the fair maiden,  
shall we have,  
while the birds will start  
to beat us in the Kuman field."

### **Igor's return**

Said Boyan, song-maker  
of the times of old,  
[of the campaigns] of the kogans

Svyatoslav, Yaroslav, Oleg:  
"Hard as it is for the head  
to be without shoulders  
bad it is for the body  
to be without head," --  
for the Russian land  
to be without Igor.

The sun shines in the sky:  
Prince Igor is on Russian soil.  
Maidens sing on the Danube;  
[their?] voices weave  
across the sea to Kiev.  
Igor rides up the Borichev [slope]  
to the Blessed Virgin of the Tower;  
countries rejoice, cities are merry.