

23 Nikolaj Rimskij-Korsakow
O skaly groznye drobjatsja (*Sadko*)

O skaly groznye
drobjatsja s rëvom volny
i s beloju penoju krutjas' begut nazad;
no tvrëdo serye utësy
vynosjat voln napor,
nad morem stoja.

At threatening rocks
the waves break roaringly
and white and foaming they are thrown back;
however, grey cliffs resist firmly
the pressure of the waves
above the sea.

Ot skal tech kamennykh
u nas, varjagov, kosti,
ot toj volny morskoy
v nas krov' ruda pošla;
a mysli tajny ot tumanov.
My v more rodilis',
umrëm na more.

From these stone rocks
the bones of us Varangians are made,
from these ocean waves
stems the ore in our blood;
but the mysterious thoughts come from the fog.
We were born in the sea,
we die on the sea.

Meči bulatny,
strely ostrы u varjagov,
nanosjat smert' oni bez promacha vragu.
Otvážny ljudi stran polnočnykh,
velik ich bog odin, ugrjumo more.

Damascus swords,
the blades of the Varangians are sharp,
they kill without missing the enemy.
Bold are people from dark countries,
great is only their God, dark is the sea.