

EUGENE ONEGIN

ACT ONE

NO. 1. DUET AND QUARTET

Garden on the estate of the Lárina. On the left a country house with a terrace; on the right, by a flower bed, a heavily branched tree. In the background a dilapidated wooden fence. Behind it, through the foliage, one sees the church and the village. It is early evening. Mother Lárina sits by the tree cooking jam over an open fire and listening to the singing of her daughters. The nurse, Filipyevna, stands near her and helps with the cooking. The French doors of the terrace are open and singing is heard from inside.

TATIANA AND OLGA

Do you recall? We heard the
 nightingale
Sing in the grove his song so sweet and
tender;
And when the dawn appeared in all
 its splendor,
The shepherd's pipe so artless and so
sad do you recall?
Was it a sigh? Was it the nightingale?
Was it a moan the echo would recover?
When in the wood you chanced upon
 your lover
And saw his eyes, his sad and
 pensive eyes,
Was it *his* moan? Was it *his* sigh?
*(With the second stanza, Lárina and
the nurse begin their conversation.)*

LÁRINA

How sweet the song! How sweet the
 singing!
How like the days of long ago!
The very song I once was singing!

NURSE

It must be thirty years or so . . .

LÁRINA

Romantic novels were the fashion,
And though I never read Rousseau,
Princess Eileen, my older cousin,
Said Moscow read him by the dozen . . .
She often quoted him to me!

NURSE

Yes, I remember. That was the time
Your husband tried to court you,
But you were unwilling.
It was another love you sought
Whose mind, whose heart, whose every
 thought
Seemed perfect in a man and thrilling!

LÁRINA

Oui, c'est la vie! Yes, it is true!
He was so gay, played cards,
And served as sergeant in the guards!

NURSE

Those happy days of long ago!

LÁRINA

Those were the days of real
 traditions . . .
The latest fashion was so smart!
And then, not asking my permission . . .

NURSE

They made you wed against your
 heart . . .
So that to ease and reassure you,
Your husband brought you here to
 cure you!

LÁRINA

At first, I wept in deep resentment,
I wept and tried to run away,
But keeping house from day to day
Consoled me and became a habit!

BOTH

Our habits are by heaven sent!
They keep us happy and content!

LÁRINA

And then, in time, those youthful
 passions —
Romantic notions of the past — were
 gone and done with!

NURSE

Soon enough you turned to more
 provincial fashions.
Instead of new and modish clothes . . .

LÁRINA

Yes, I looked for comfort and repose!

BOTH

Our habits are by heaven sent!
They keep us happy and content!

LÁRINA

And yet my husband loved me
blindly . . .

NURSE

He trusted you and used you kindly!

BOTH

Our habits are by heaven sent, etc.

NO. 2. CHORUS AND DANCE
OF THE PEASANTS

(A chorus of peasants is heard from the
distance and gradually comes closer.)

CHORUS LEADER

Rejoice! At last our work is done!
our work is done!

PEASANTS

Rejoice! Say farewell to labor under

LEADER

Rejoice! For at last, my weary friends,
the broiling sun!

PEASANTS

. . . To labor under the broiling sun!
All trouble, all care is for ever
banished, thrust away!
For nothing may spoil our joyous
holiday!

(The peasants come in, carrying
a sheaf decorated with flowers.)

Noble lady, we greet you . . .
We have come to entreat you:
Join in our gay celebration,
Sharing our jubilation!
This is the harvest home!

LÁRINA

Friends, I thank you! That was lovely!
But now perhaps you'll sing us
something gay
And full of life!

PEASANTS

Ah, that is one request that gives us
happiness!
A song will soon be ringing!
Come, lasses, start the dancing, start
the singing!

(During the next song, the peasant girls
dance around the sheaf. After the
dance begins, Tatiana and Olga ap-
pear on the terrace.)

In the sunshine warm and mellow
Goes a young and handsome fellow!
Maiden, tell us why you're sighing!
Can it be that you are crying?
Are you grieving for a lover?
Did he leave you for another?
It there no one to condole you?
Is there no one to console you?
Can it be that someone's coming,
What a joyful tune he's humming!
It's the fiddler drawing nearer . . .
Surely he will calm and cheer her!
Maiden, hear the strings a-ringing,
Hear the merry fiddler singing!
Listen well to what he's saying,
To the magic of his playing:
"Dearest maiden, I adore you,
Stop your weeping, I implore you!
Oh, my darling, how I missed you,
It's so long since I have kissed you!"
Now the maiden is enchanted,
All her wishes have been granted!
Who is there among the flowers,
Down among the shady bowers?
It's the maiden and her lover!
How they worship one another!

NO. 3. SCENE AND OLGA'S ARIA

TATIANA

(holding a book in her hands)

Oh, how I love to hear their artless
singing!
It carries me away on wings of song
To dreamland far away!

OLGA

Oh, Tania! You live in clouds,
my dear!
I'm not at all like you!
Their merriment
It makes me feel like dancing . . .
"In the sunshine warm and mellow
Goes a young and handsome fellow!"
(Olga takes a few dance steps and then
caresses her mother. The others sur-
round her.)

I am not made for tender yearning,
I do not like to dream all day,

Or all night long 'til early morning
To read, to sob, and sigh my heart
away!

Why should I languish, be sad
and fearful

When all is happiness and bliss!
Our life is pleasant! Our life
is cheerful!

I hope 'twill always be like this!

When I was born the fates looked down
and smiled:

"Let her remain a happy, carefree
child!

Like a gazelle so swift and nimble
And like a nymph unspoiled and wild!"
I am not made for tender yearning, etc.

NO. 4. SCENE

LÁRINA

Oh you, my little tomboy!
You're always looking out for gay
adventure . . .
You'd like to spend your life in merry
dancing . . .
Now, wouldn't you?

NURSE

Tatiana! Listen darling! Look at me!
Are you quite well, my child?

TATIANA

Why, Nyanya? I'm all right!

LÁRINA

(addressing the peasants)

I thank you, my dear friends, for your
attentions!
Go to the kitchen, now.
Enjoy yourselves!
We have refreshments there for you!
I'll see you later.

PEASANTS

You're much too kind, Madam . . .

(The peasants leave, followed by the
nurse. Tatiana sits down on the steps
of the terrace and becomes lost in her
book.)

OLGA

But mother, will you please look at
Tatiana!

LÁRINA

Indeed! You look so pale, you're ill,
my darling!

TATIANA

I am quite all right, dear! There is no
need to worry . . .
I am just excited reading this story . . .

LÁRINA

You are not serious, Tania?

TATIANA

How can I help it? You would feel
it also
If you would read about their suffering
And their tragic passion!
Oh, how their hearts are breaking in
despair and longing!

LÁRINA

Yes, Tatiana! I used to feel that way!
I read this book and felt the same
excitement!
But as the years went on I found,
my dear,
That in real life, outside of books,
There's little reason to get excited!

OLGA

You'd better get excited!
Just look at you, you're wearing your
old apron!
What if the neighbors came to visit us?
(Larina hastily removes her apron.)
Wait! There are people coming! Yes,
it is he!

LÁRINA

It must be Lensky!

TATIANA

(looking off from the terrace)
There's someone else . . .

LÁRINA

Who can it be?

NURSE

(entering hastily with a servant boy)
My lady, dear . . . it is
Vladimir Lensky
And there's his friend, Onegin . . .

TATIANA

Oh . . . I'd better . . . run away!

LÁRINA

(*Tatiana tries to leave. Lárina holds her back.*)

Come, come, Tatiana! Your manners, darling!

Gracious me! My cap is all on one side!

(*The nurse adjusts Tatiana's dress and then leaves, motioning her not to be afraid.*)

OLGA

We mustn't keep them waiting!

LÁRINA

(*to the servant boy*)

Go, ask them to come in!

(*The boy runs off. General excitement over the arrival of the guests.*)

NO. 5. SCENE AND QUARTET

(*Lensky and Onegin enter. Lensky kisses Lárina's hand and bows politely to the young girls.*)

LENSKY

Mesdames! I hope you will forgive me...

I brought a guest with me...

May I present to you Onegin, my good friend!

ONEGIN

It is an honor!

LÁRINA

(*somewhat embarrassed*)

Believe me, sir... you're welcome here! My daughters... Tatiana, Olga...

ONEGIN

Accept my compliments!

LÁRINA

We'll fix some tea for you. (*pointing to the house*)

There! Or perhaps outside here?

You might prefer it in the garden?

I beg you to feel at home with us...

We're simple people and quite unused to formal ways!

LENSKY

It's charming here; it is a lovely spot So quiet and so pleasant! Yes, so delightful!

LÁRINA

I beg you...

Forgive me while I go and see about the supper...

Come girls and set the tea things...

I'll be back!

(*Tatiana and Olga busy themselves with the tea service. Lensky and Onegin converse on the opposite side of the stage.*)

ONEGIN

Do tell me, which one is Tatiana!

I wonder if I guessed it right...

LENSKY

The one that seems a trifle shy.

And yet so charming in her sadness...

ONEGIN

How strange that you prefer her sister!

LENSKY

Why strange?

ONEGIN

It seems to me, Tatiana would be my choice if I were you!

Her eyes have an expressive light that's quite unusual!

The other is also very nice,

But there is something in her eyes

I find a little cold and less appealing...

They seem devoid of deeper feeling!

LENSKY

Splendid! My friend, I'm so delighted!

You two will make a perfect couple!

I know that Olga loves me dearly

And I love her with all my heart

BOTH

There is a girl for every man

And each must choose as best he can!

TATIANA (*aside*)

Can it be true? Yes, yes, I know it!

Be still, my heart! Be still, I say!

Alas, I must control my feelings,

I must not give myself away!

Be silent, oh my aching heart!

I know, I'll not recover the peace of mind I knew before...

It's vanished, gone for ever more!

OLGA

(*observing Tatiana*)

I am quite thrilled and thoroughly excited...

Just think of it! 'Twill get around...

And everyone will be delighted...

The neighbors will begin to talk

They'll pair him up with our

Tatiana...

Soon they'll decide about the wedding,

Discuss her gown and her trousseau,

And rumors will begin to spread and grow!

(*Lensky goes to Olga. Onegin looks Tatiana over rather unceremoniously while she stands with downcast eyes; he then approaches her and engages her in conversation.*)

NO. 6. SCENE AND LENSKY'S ARIOSO

LENSKY

My Olga! I missed you so!

It's been so long since I have seen you!

OLGA

Vladimir! It was only yesterday!

LENSKY

I know! And yet without you,

Hours seem to last forever...

an eternity!

OLGA

Eternity? Don't say such words,

They frighten me... All since

yesterday!

LENSKY

No, you are wrong, Olga!

Eternal as my love for you!

(*They leave for a walk in the garden.*)

ONEGIN

(*addressing Tatiana with cool politeness*)

It's charming here! And yet, you must be bored to death

To languish all year round

So far away from all diversion!

The countryside is not too well

provided with entertainment!

TATIANA

Still, I have my novels...

ONEGIN

Novels? It's true enough we learn by reading

Much that can be useful!

But you can't spend your life in books and reading!

TATIANA

I find it quite exciting to be dreaming...

ONEGIN

What is it that you're dreaming of?

TATIANA

My mind takes off on flights of fancy And yields before its magic spell!

ONEGIN

It's clear enough you dwell in dreamland...

I know this feeling all too well...

(*Onegin and Tatiana leave in the opposite direction, while Lensky and Olga return from their walk.*)

LENSKY

Do believe me... Oh, believe me, Olga That my love is burning with a flame

so tender

That it is worship more than love!

I only want to kneel before you,

To gaze, to worship, to adore you,

To serve, to be your faithful slave!

As children we have known each other, We shared our secret childish

schemes...

And even then, as to a brother,

You told me all your girlish dreams...

While here, beneath these friendly bowers

We played among the fragrant flowers!

Oh! I am in love with you!

You're an angel!

You're the flame that burns so brightly!

You're the hope that whispers lightly

Words I always want to capture

Words of promise, words of rapture!

(*with ardent passion*)

I'm in love with you!

You are my life, my own! And every moment of the day

When you are near, when you are far away

You are my life, my own, and all my thoughts

Are filled with you alone!

OLGA

Beneath these green and friendly
bowers
We played among the fragrant flowers,
We shared our childish schemes . . .

BOTH

And told our secret, youthful dreams!

NO. 7. FINAL SCENE

(Larina and the nurse come out on the terrace. It grows darker. By the end of the scene, the light is quite dim.)

LÁRINA

Well, here you are! But I don't see
the others . . .

NURSE

I guess they are still walking in the
garden . . .
I'll go and try to find them!

LÁRINA

Yes, and tell them please:
"It's getting dark outside, and supper's
ready!"
So make them hurry up, my dear. *(The nurse leaves.)*

(to Lensky)

Go on, please. Do not wait for me!

LENSKY

We're on our way, Ma'am!
(Olga and Lensky enter the house, followed by Larina. Onegin and Tatiana reappear in the garden. The nurse follows them, trying to overhear what they are saying.)

ONEGIN

My uncle felt his end approaching
And sent for me to come out here,
Into this dull and quiet village
Where nothing happens year to year.
And I confess I miss the city . . .

(from the terrace)

I miss its grand, majestic splendor,
The elegance of courtly life!
I miss society's noise and strife!
(Onegin and Tatiana enter into the house.)

NURSE

My little sweetheart . . . She walks so
gently
And scarcely dares to look where she
is going . . .
She's shy, poor darling! Or perhaps,
She is attracted to this young and
dapper stranger?

(Nurse goes off, shaking her head.)

END OF THE FIRST SCENE OF ACT 1.

NO. 8. INTRODUCTION AND SCENE
WITH THE NURSE

Tatiana's room, furnished very simply. Ordinary, old - fashioned wooden chairs upholstered with chintz. Curtain draperies of the same material. Bed with a book shelf above it. A dresser covered with a runner has a small mirror on it. Flower vase. Near the window a table with an inkwell and other writing equipment. Tatiana, wearing a white negligee is sitting before her mirror. She seems lost in her thoughts. The nurse is standing near her.

NURSE

Well now, to bed, my child! It's late,
Tatiana!
I'll wake you early for the mass
tomorrow . . .

(Tatiana gets up lazily and goes to sit on the bed. The nurse caresses her.)

TATIANA

I'm restless, Nyanya. It's so warm here!
Let in some air and sit by me.

(The nurse opens the window and sits down on a chair beside Tatiana.)

NURSE

Tania, what ails you child?

TATIANA

I'm weary! Let's hear some tale of
long ago.

NURSE

A story, Tania? Once I knew them!
Yes, once I could remember stories
Of fairy princes, so young and bold;
Of maidens fair with hair of gold!
But now, dear, all is gone and
vanished . . .
The stories are forgotten.
Yes, these are the evil days indeed . . .
I'm old now!

TATIANA

Well then, tell me Nyanya
Of all those quaint, old-fashioned ways,
And how you were in love those days!

NURSE

Come, come, Tatiana . . . don't be
childish.
We never mentioned such a word!
For if my father overheard,
I'm sure it would have meant a
whipping!

TATIANA

Then how did you get married,
Nyanya?

NURSE

God must have willed it so! My Vania
was younger still than I, my dear . . .
I was just in my fourteenth year!
He did not have to do much wooing,
He was approved by all my clan . . .
Yes, that is how it all began.
I scarcely knew what they were
doing . . .
Crying, as they unbound my hair,
To church we went, I bridal pair . . .
And then I went to live with
strangers . . .
But you're not listening, my child!

TATIANA

(embracing the nurse in passionate elation)

Oh Nyanya, Nyanya, how I languish,
How I suffer! I'm worn with anguish
And with doubts! You see, I'm crying,
weeping, Nyanya!

NURSE

Tatiana, dear! Your head is burning!
Oh gracious Savior, help us now!
Quick, let me sprinkle you with holy
water!
You're ill, my child!

TATIANA *(hesitating)*

I am not ill! I'll tell you, Nyanya . . .
I am in love! Please leave me, dear . . .
Yes, leave me now! I am in love . . .

NURSE

Tatiana!

TATIANA

Please go and leave me to myself!
Get me a pen and ink and paper . . .
the table there . . .
I'll soon be sleeping . . . Good night!

NURSE

(does as requested)

The Lord preserve you, darling!
(leaves)

NO. 9. THE LETTER SCENE

(For a while, Tatiana remains lost in thought. Then she rises with emotion and great determination.)

TATIANA

(with passionate force)

He is my destiny, I feel it!
Alas, I can no more conceal it!
I know the yearning of desire,
I feel its sweet and burning fire!
I taste the magic cup of passion,
I am pursued by ardent dreams . . .
He's here, he's here, in every place,
I see his dear, beguiling face,
I hear his voice, I see the tempter's
face!!

(goes to the table; sits down to write for a while, then stops)

No! This is wrong! Let's start it over!
(tears up the paper)

How strange it is . . . I'm all upset!
How am I to begin?
(writes, and then stops to read it over)
You must forgive this foolish letter!
Please do not treat it with disdain!
May I implore you to be patient
For it's not easy to explain!
But though I dare to speak so freely
I'm all aglow with guilt and shame . . .
My cheeks are red in blushing flame!
At first I thought I'd never write you!
Believe me, I had hoped to keep
My cruel suffering to myself! *(sets the letter aside)*

I swore that I would not betray my love,
That I would not reveal my hopeless passion!
Alas! I did not have the strength to keep my word!
Now I've decided to confess it all
And to be frank with you,
And beg for your compassion!
Oh, how I wish that we had never met,
That I had never learnt to know you!
These feverish thoughts I would forget,
Forget my torture and my anguish!
These dreams that make me sigh
and languish
I would forget somehow! Instead
I'd find a man whose deep emotion
Would win my trust and my devotion,
Whose love would soothe my troubled heart!
(She is lost in her thoughts and then gets up suddenly.)
Another? No, never any other!
To you alone I shall be true!
You were for me ordained and chosen,
As I was chosen but for you!
All of my life was but a token,
A pledge of meeting you alone!
I knew the moment you had spoken,
You were my love, you were my own!
When in my dream I felt you near me,
Unseen and silent you were near!
I sensed your presence warm and dear,
Your ardent gaze revealed you clearly!
And then . . . No, no, it's not
a dream . . .
You do appear, you stand before me,
My heart stops beating, all my being
Exclaims in ecstasy: "My loved one!"
'Twas you who like a guardian angel
Watched by me in the dark of night!
It was your call I was obeying
And you looked on as I was praying
by candlelight!
And maybe at this very moment
You stand here watching by my side,
Then softly through the darkness glide
To promise hope and consolation,
And then with love and exaltation
You whisper: "Courage!" to your
bride!
(Returns to the table and resumes her writing, then stops, lost in her thoughts.)
Are you an angel watching by me?
Are you a tempter sent to try me?
I beg you, drive these doubts away!

Perhaps it was but an illusion,
A fancy, empty as a play?
And soon will prove a mere delusion?
(She rises and walks about pensively.)
No, come what may! My destiny, my
wretched fate
I lay before you!
You will protect me, you will not
d disdain
My pleading, I implore you!
Remember, dear, I'm here alone,
And no one seems to understand me!
You will not scold and reprimand me,
This lonely maid you'll not disown!
I am your own! With but one
sentence revive my poor despairing
heart,
Or kill my folly at the start,
And let me end my days,
Yes, let me end them in repentance!
(Returns to the table to finish the letter. Then, gets up and seals it.)
It's finished! I dread to read it over!
Do not reject me, do not hurt me!
For now I put my trust in you!
I need your help, do not desert me!

NO. 10. SCENE AND DUET

(Tatiana goes to the window and opens the shade. Daylight fills the room.)

Ah! The night is over!
All nature smiles and welcomes in the
dawn!
(She sits by the window.)
The shepherd's piping . . . the world is
still . . .
And you, Tatiana!
(The door opens quietly and the nurse comes in. At first she does not notice Tatiana.)

NURSE

It's time, wake up, my child . . .
Get up!
(seeing Tatiana) What's this?
My darling's up already!
The little bird has left its nest!
Your trouble robbed me of my rest!
Now, may the Lord be praised, you're
calm and steady!
I do not find a trace of woe!
Your rosy cheeks are all aglow!

TATIANA
Dear Nyanya, I must ask a favor . . .

NURSE
Of course, my darling . . . Here I am!

TATIANA
Don't think that . . . really . . .
don't imagine . . .
But listen . . . Nyanya, be a lamb!

NURSE
You know, I'm always glad to help you!

TATIANA
All right! Then send your little
grandson
To take this note to O . . . to him . . .
To take it to our neighbor, but make
sure
That no one should discover
Who sent the note or even whence
it came!

NURSE
Of course! But say, who is the
neighbor?
I'm old I'm poor at guessing, Tania!
There are so many neighbors here,
I could not count them all, I fear . . .
And surely, my grandson will have to
know his name!

TATIANA
Come, must I really tell you, Nyanya?
Alas! My guessing days are over . . .
Old age is cruel, Tania!
When I was young my mind was
quick . . .
For plotting, and planning
My wits were always ready!

TATIANA
Oh Nyanya, please believe me
There is no need to plot or plan.
It's just about a letter to a man . . .

NURSE
Of course, my darling . . . surely . . .
But please don't be so cross, my dear,
My wits are slowing down, I fear . . .

TATIANA
This gentleman . . .

NURSE
Do tell me, Tania . . .

TATIANA
It is Oegin who should get this letter,
Nyanya!

NURSE
Good Lord! You're pale again,
Tatiana!

TATIANA
No Nyanya, really go ahead,
And send your grandson, as I said!
(After the nurse takes the letter she stands for a while in doubt. Tatiana motions her to go. The nurse starts to go but stops at the door, hesitating. She then comes back, indicates that she has understood, and finally leaves. Tatiana sits down at the table and is lost in thought.)

END OF THE SECOND SCENE OF ACT 1.

NO. 11. CHORUS OF THE SERVANT GIRLS

Another part of the garden on the estate of the Larins. Thick bushes of lilacs and acacias; an old bench; ill-kept flower beds etc. Maids gathering berries are seen through the shrubbery.

SERVANT GIRLS

Maidens young and dutiful, maidens
fair and beautiful!
Watch us gather huckleberries, ripe and
juicy strawberries!
Singing while we gather them, singing,
oh so merrily!
Calling our lovers here, luring them
enticing them!
But as soon as they appear, all the
maidens disappear,
Run away and hide away, never to be
seen again!
We will teach these naughty men not
to spy on maidens fair!
Not to watch us brazenly while we
gather strawberries!
Not to listen avidly to our songs of
merriment!
Maidens young and dutiful, maidens
fair and beautiful!
Watch us gather huckleberries, ripe
and juicy strawberries!
Singing while we gather them, singing,
oh so merrily!
Filling our baskets with ripe and juicy
loveliness!

Sing in jolly measure songs of joy and pleasure,
They're the songs we like to sing, songs
we love and treasure!

NO. 12. SCENE AND ARIA OF ONEGIN

(Tatiana runs in quickly and sinks exhausted on the bench.)

TATIANA

Heaven! Here's Onegin! Lord help me!
I tremble!
What did he think? What will he say?
Oh, why was I so quick to heed my
aching soul,
So quick to lose my self-control?
How could I write him such a letter?
Yes, certainly silence had been better!
It's just as plain as it can be,
He will despise me, laugh at me!
Good Lord, be kind! I'm so unhappy!
I'm so afraid!
A step! Still nearer... Yes, it is he,
it is he!

*(As Onegin enters and walks toward
Tatiana, she jumps up and lets her
head fall.)*

ONEGIN

*(calmly, somewhat coldly, and with
dignity)*

You wrote this letter! Please don't
deny it!
Well I know the touching sound of
true devotion,
The words of sweet and pure emotion!
I like your candor very much!
Against my will its gentle touch
Awoke a long forgotten feeling!
But praise from me will never do.
I must be very frank with you!
I'll be both honest and outspoken!
Hear my confession full and free
And sit in judgment over me!

TATIANA

Oh heaven! How degrading! And how
painful!
(She sinks down on the bench.)

ONEGIN

If marriage tempted me, or rather
If I could bear not being free,
If for a husband and a father

A kindly fate had destined me,
Then I'd want no one else but you,
No other bride would ever do!
But I don't merit your affection
And I'm not meant for wedded bliss!
You waste your beauty and perfection
On one who is not worth all this!
Believe me when I tell you truly:
Were we to wed we'd suffer cruelly!
No matter how I love at first,
By boredom soon my loves are cursed!
You see we'd tread no path of roses
Once we had ventured Cupid's way!
We'd only learn to rue the day!
My youthful dreams I'll not recover,
My soul will never glow anew!
I love you truly like a brother,
And yet, who knows, still fonder too!
I've no desire to speak unkindly,
And yet I say: "Don't trust so blindly!
Be careful! Consider well before you
act!"

Control your fancy and your whim,
Or someday, someone surely will
Betray your trust and use you ill!
*(Onegin offers his arm to Tatiana. She
gives him a long imploring look, then
rises and leaning on his arm leaves
the stage. The chorus of peasant girls
is heard again.)*

SERVANT GIRLS

Maidens young and dutiful, etc.

ACT TWO

NO. 13. ENTR'ACTE AND
WALTZ WITH CHORUS

*The ball-room in the house of the
Lárin's lighted by a chandelier and
wall sconces. Guests in old-fashioned
evening dress and in military uni-
forms of the 1820's are dancing a
waltz. The older men sit in groups
admiring the dancers. Matrons with
reticules occupy the chairs along the
walls. Lensky dances with Olga. One-
gin and Tatiana also take part in the
dancing. Lárina is constantly crossing
the stage with the air of a busy host-
ess.*

GUESTS

Oh what a dance! How gay and how
inviting!
The music is calling us to pleasure and
romance!

A lovely ball! A lovely night! Festive
and exciting!
Let's not resist, let's give ourselves
To pleasure and delight!
Hear the music thrill them and excite
them!
Hear it whisper of love's desire.

OLDER MEN

Oh, what a bore these provincial
diversions!
Crowding around in the deafening
noise!
Yes, we prefer our hunting excursions!
That is a sport a good fellow enjoys!

MATRONS

Husbands returning exhausted from
hunting,
From searching the forests for partridge
and grouse...
We know what they're seeking is only
their supper,
And all we are good for is keeping
their house!

YOUNG GIRLS

(surrounding Zaretsky)

Dear Captain Zaretsky,
Oh, how can we thank you for bringing
the orchestra?

ZARETSKY

Don't mention it... I'm happy you
like it!

YOUNG GIRLS

We're anxious to dance with you!

ZARETSKY

I'm here at your service, so let us begin!
*(Onegin dances with Tatiana. The oth-
ers stop dancing and watch the danc-
ing couple.)*

MATRONS

Look at them! It's plain she adores
him!
There'll soon be a wedding! Well, it's
high time!
How sad for Tatiana! All men are
ungrateful...
He'll soon be unfaithful! I think it's
a crime!

*(Onegin passes quietly near the ma-
trons and overhears what they are
saying.)*

He has no manners!
You'd expect Tatiana to choose
someone more refined!
They say that he gambles and cares
for nothing
But politics, cards, and the strongest
of wines!

ONEGIN *(aside)*

A fine opinion! How flattering!
Whoever started to spread such
slander?
I should never have come here!
It's all Vladimir's fault! He brought me
here today!
But wait... I'll take revenge!
He'll pay for these insults!
Yes, Lensky shall watch me flirt with
Olga!
Yes, that will make him furious!
(Olga passes by followed by Lensky.)
Here she is! *(to Olga)* Allow me!
(Olga is surprised.)

LENSKY *(to Olga)*

It is my turn! You promised me!

ONEGIN *(to Lensky)*

I fear you are mistaken! *(Onegin
dances with Olga.)*

LENSKY

I can't believe it! How could she do it?
Olga? No, it can't be true!

GUESTS

(drinking and toasting each other)
Here's to pleasure, joy and delight!
We will always treasure the memory of
this night!
Oh, what a dance! How gay and how
inviting, etc.

NO. 14. SCENE AND COUPLETS
OF MONSIEUR TRIQUET

LENSKY

*(approaching Olga who has just fin-
ished dancing with Onegin)*
What have I done to merit such a
treatment, Olga?
How could you be so cruel and
torture me?

OLGA

What are you saying? What have I done to you?

LENSKY

You danced all evening with him alone . . .
Each single dance just with Onegin.
And when I asked you, you turned your back on me!

OLGA

Vladimir, don't be childish!
You take it much too seriously!

LENSKY

No! You must understand! I saw him press your hand
When he danced with you! I saw him whisper
As he held you in his arms! I saw it quite distinctly!
You blushed and answered him . . . you smiled at him!

OLGA

Really! You must not talk this way!
You should not be so jealous!
We talked quite pleasantly! He's very nice!

LENSKY

So, he's nice! It's plain to see, you do not love me!

OLGA

Don't talk such nonsense! (*Onegin comes closer.*)

LENSKY

No, you do not love me!
Will you dance with me the next one please?

ONEGIN

You are too late! Remember Olga what you promised?

OLGA

I shall keep my promise!
This shall be your punishment for jealousy!

LENSKY

Olga!

OLGA

Serves you right! But wait a moment!
First we'll have to hear Monsieur Triquet!

ONEGIN

Must we?

OLGA

I think you'll find him quite amusing!

YOUNG GIRLS

Monsieur Triquet! *Chantez de grace un couplet!*

TRIQUET

(*with a strong French accent*)

I haf my present here wiz me!
But where is Tatiana, I pray?
I want to stand in front of she . . .
And sing for her my own couplet!
(*Tatiana is placed inside the circle of girls. She is embarrassed and wants to leave, but is held back.*)

GIRLS

Here she is! Here she is!

TRIQUET

Aha! *Voila ze queen of zis great day! Mesdames!* I ask you now to stop . . .
And please, you must not interrupt!

Zis is a story very strange,
How on siz day we haf arrange
To arrive and to observe zis change!
We saw it blossom in ze morn,
Modest and young and so forlorn . . .
Zen what happened, what do you suppose?
Ze rosebud, ze rosebud — it turned into a lovely rose!

You must believe, I tell it true,
Our rosebud covered wiz fresh dew . . .
We saw it blossom in ze morn,
Modest and young and so forlorn . . .
Zen what happened, what do you suppose?
Ze rosebud — it turned into a lovely rose!

GIRLS

(*to Triquet who bows and presents the couplet to Tatiana*)

Bravo! Bravo, *Monsieur Triquet!*
How kind and how obliging
To sing for us your own couplet!

NO. 15. MAZURKA AND SCENE

ZARETSKY

Messieurs! Mesdames! Attention please,
I beg you!

We're ready to begin the dance!

(*He offers his arm to Tatiana. The guests pair off for the dance. Onegin and Olga dance down-stage. Lensky stands behind and observes them, moodily. After finishing his turn with Olga, Onegin takes her to her place, and then addresses Lensky as if having just noticed him.*)

ONEGIN

Why aren't you dancing, Lensky?
You seem moody and discontented!
You're well, I hope!

LENSKY

I'm fine! I'm quite well!
So pleased I can admire your true and loyal friendship!

ONEGIN

What have I done to merit your displeasure?
Have I offended you?

LENSKY

(*who at first answers calmly, becomes gradually angrier and more excited*)
Offended? No, of course not!
I guess you are convinced that there's no harm
In using all your arts of charm and flattery
To try and turn the heads of all the girls around here?
No, you're not content to see Tatiana suffer!
You're a loyal friend,
You next must ruin Olga's happiness!
So now you flirt with her, and then tomorrow
You'll laugh at her! Oh, what loyal friendship!

ONEGIN

Come! That's plain insanity!

LENSKY

Indeed sir . . . *you* acted like a madman,
And now you dare to speak of *my* insanity!

(*The dancing has stopped gradually and now all the guests surround the two quarreling men.*)

GUESTS

What has happened?
What's the matter?
What's the trouble?

LENSKY

Onegin, you are my friend no longer!
So please remember: I've no desire to know you!
Yes, I think you're mean and vile!

GUESTS

Please, won't you tell us what has happened!
What is wrong? Explain your strange behavior!

ONEGIN

(*taking Lensky aside*)
Now listen Lensky, that's enough, quite enough!
You know yourself, this is all a figment of your fancy.
You must not make yourself ridiculous!
I've no desire and not the least intention
To win her heart!

LENSKY

(*growing more and more violent*)
Was it my fancy that you danced with her?
And whispered to her!
She blushed when she answered you!
What, what have you been telling her?

ONEGIN

Now really . . . this is silly . . . all this commotion!

LENSKY

(*beside himself*)
Never mind all this! I feel myself insulted
And I demand full satisfaction!

GUESTS

Please tell us what has happened!

LENSKY

This gentleman offended me!
And when I made it clear that I expect
an explanation,
He did not choose to answer me!
And so, I ask him to accept my
challenge!

LÁRINA

*(who has made her way through the
crowd of guests)*
A challenge? No, Vladimir, I
implore you!

NO. 16. FINALE

LENSKY *(to Lárina)*

Please believe me! In your house I have
known true affection,
Here my childhood was happy and
bright!
You have shown me the meaning of
friendship
And the blessing of joy and delight!
But today I have found that my notion
Of true friendship was only a dream,
That the world doesn't know true
devotion,
Or the meaning of love and esteem!

ONEGIN *(aside)*

I must admit I went too far!
I acted rashly, foolishly!
And I have hurt him badly . . .
I should have known how to curb my
temper,
I should have spared his tender soul,
controlled my displeasure,
Or forgotten it! Quite candidly, I am
ashamed!
But now my honor is at stake!

TATIANA

I cannot grasp and understand it!
This sudden quarrel seems so senseless!
It is a nightmare, I know it can't
be true!
Dreadful night of disaster and anguish,
Full of horror, of pain and despair!

OLGA AND LÁRINA

Our feast that was so gay and jolly,
Now, I am afraid will end in folly!

GUESTS

What a pity! What a tragedy!

LENSKY

Many things that I thought were a
blessing
Are a wicked and tragic mistake!
My poor dream, that was sweet and
caressing,
Now has vanished, but I'm glad that
at last I'm awake!

TATIANA

Oh, what agony! My heart will
surely break!
Forever I am doomed to love him!
My passion is hopeless, why should I
deny it!

OLGA AND LÁRINA

Oh, who can tell what makes them
fight,
What makes them quarrel day and
night?
What makes them act like little
children!

OLGA

Their foolish bickering is shameless,
But am I so completely blameless,
myself?

LÁRINA

Alas, I am afraid it is too late
To stop the ruthless hand of fate!

ONEGIN

My foolish joke was quite uncalled for!
I should have used more self-control,
I should have spared his tender soul!

GUESTS

Oh, can it be our celebration
Will end in strife and sudden death?
What can we do, what can we say?
Alas, I fear it is too late
To stop the ruthless hand of fate

ONEGIN *(to Lárina)*

I've listened long enough! I beg you,
Accept my deep regret and apology!
(to Lensky)

I'll fight with you since nothing else
Will serve to cure your madness!

LENSKY

To-morrow morning we'll see
Whose madness needs correcting!
Perhaps I am insane . . .
But you . . . you're a scoundrel, and
a liar!

ONEGIN

Stop your raving, or I shall kill you!
*(Lensky is held back by the guests.
Tatiana weeps. Onegin leaves hur-
riedly.)*

GUESTS

Aren't you ashamed of your shocking
behavior?
You're causing a scandal . . .
That's no way to handle your private
affairs . . .
You've no right to make a scandal!
Stop it!

OLGA

Vladimir, I implore you! I beseech you!

LENSKY

Olga! Goodbye! Good-bye!

GUESTS

What a scandal!
*(Lensky rushes away. Olga hurries after
him, but has a fainting spell. Lárina
and the guests surround her.)*

END OF THE FIRST SCENE OF ACT 2

NO. 17. SCENE AND ARIA OF LENSKY

*A winter landscape with a village mill
near the banks of a wooded stream.
Early dawn. The sun has barely
risen. Lensky sits under a tree, lost in
thought. Zaretsky paces up and down
impatiently.*

ZARETSKY

Well, Lensky! Looks as if your friend
Onegin
has reconsidered!

LENSKY

He will soon be here!

ZARETSKY

I think it's very strange he keeps us
waiting . . .
I am surprised. It's after six . . .
He should have been here long ago!
*(Zaretsky goes to the milldam to con-
verse with the miller who has ap-
peared in the background. The miller
shows him the wheel, millstones, etc.
Lensky remains pensive.)*

LENSKY

Be still my heart, be still and do not
falter . . .
The day has come, the hour is near!
(gets up and walks downstage)

What is the meaning of creation,
The goal of human destination . . .
That image of eternity, that mortal eye
can never see?

The dawn will rise another morning,
But this one is perhaps my last!

No matter!
I am quite content to bear my lot in
joy or sorrow!

Blessed is the gift of day's delight,
Welcome alike the peace of night!

The busy world will soon awaken.
To joy and sorrow, love and toil,
But I — who knows — may soon
be resting

Beneath this cold and frozen soil!

My friends will mourn awhile,

I know it,
But soon they will forget the poet . . .
They won't remember me, but you,
Olga?

Will you be true to words that we had
spoken,

To vows we swore would not be
broken?

My Olga, you will not forget?
You won't forget that hour of joy,
That hour of bliss when first we met . . .
Your smile, your blush of sweet
emotion,

And then the days of true devotion . . .
The flame of passion brightly burning
That sealed our hearts beyond recall?
My lovely child! You know I'm yours!

Forever yours!
My love! My life! My one and only
thought! My Olga!

All of my love belongs to you
And in the grave I'll still be true!
My heart, be still and do not falter!
The day has come, the hour is near!

NO. 18. SCENE OF THE DUEL

ZARETSKY

(approaching Lensky)
Well, here he is!
But whom has he brought with him?
Who can it be?
*(Onegin enters. His servant, Guillot,
who carries the case with the pistols,
follows him.)*

ONEGIN (*bowing*)

I beg you to forgive me! I overslept
a trifle . . .

ZARETSKY

One moment! Where is your second?
Excuse me, but you understand!
In duels the rules are most important!
It's only legal if two seconds are
at hand!

One *must* have two.
Please, I don't want to seem pedantic,
But I insist we do it right!

ONEGIN

I did not mean to be impolite . . .
May I present my second:
Monsieur Guillot!

(*to Guillot*) My friend Zaretsky will
instruct you

And show you every single thing . . .
(*aside, to Zaretsky, referring to Guillot*)
He may not know the rules for killing,
But he is bright and very willing!

(*Zaretsky and Guillot bow to each
other.*)

(*to Lensky*) Well, shall we start?

LENSKY

Indeed, I'm ready!

(*Zaretsky and Guillot go upstage to
discuss the conditions of the duel.
Onegin and Lensky stand on oppo-
site sides of the stage without looking
at each other.*)

LENSKY AND ONEGIN

How strange! How strange, and how
disturbing!
To plot to kill my dearest friend,
The friend with whom I shared my
leisure, contentment,
The man I should defend instead of
fighting!
Yes, how senseless, in secret grief and
consternation,
Here, in the morning of our lives
Pursue this useless demonstration!
Oh, if we could only lay aside
Our foolish sense of injured pride,
Shake hands in friendship and
forget it?
No! No! No!

(*Zaretsky and Guillot have by this time
loaded the pistols and measured the
distance. Zaretsky places the contest-
ants and hands them the pistols. All
is done in silence. Guillot is uncom-
fortable and hides behind a tree.*)

ZARETSKY

Approach each other!
*He claps his hands three times. The
adversaries take four steps forward
without aiming. Onegin then raises
his pistol. Lensky does likewise. One-
gin fires. Lensky falls and drops his
pistol. Both Zaretsky and Onegin
rush toward the body and examine it.*

ONEGIN

He's dead?

ZARETSKY

He's dead!
(*Overcome with horror, Onegin clutch-
es his head in his hands.*)

ACT III

NO. 19. POLONAISE

*Ball room in a fashionable St. Petersburg
house. Elegantly dressed guests dance
the Polonaise.*

NO. 20. SCENE AND PRINCE GREMIN'S ARIA

ONEGIN

(*entering and looking around to ob-
serve the guests*)
Familiar faces!
Still the same display, polite and
formal . . .
Still the same gossip . . . not one
refreshing thought!
It seems that I am doomed to suffer
The endless boredom of my life.
Without a family or wife,
Alone, in idleness of leisure
I spend my time in search of pleasure!
But all my seeking is in vain!
I hoped to accomplish something useful
And yet, what have I done instead?
I fought a frightful, stupid duel . . .
I killed the only friend I had!
These memories drove me away from
the countryside

TATIANA

He lived not far from our estate.
(*aside*) Oh, heaven! Help me to
conceal
The sudden turmoil of my feelings!

ONEGIN

But tell me, Prince, who is that girl . . .
The one who wears with such
distinction
The scarlet feather in her hat?

GREMIN

That shows how long you have been
absent . . .
Come on, and I'll present you to her.

ONEGIN

Who is she, Prince?

GREMIN

My wife, of course!

ONEGIN

I did not know that you were married . . .
Since when, Prince?

GREMIN

It has been two years.

ONEGIN

Who was she?

GREMIN

A Lárina.

ONEGIN

Tatiana?

GREMIN

How did you know?

ONEGIN

Why, we were neighbors!

NO. 20a. ARIA OF THE PRINCE

GREMIN

The god of love obeys no reason!
He aims, he strikes at any season!
He wounds us all, the young, the old;
He strikes the humble and the bold!
Now he has chosen for his prey
The man whose hair has long turned
gray!
Onegin, I confess it gladly:
I love her, and I love her madly!
I lived, a sad unhappy man . . .
Then she appeared and once again

Where every day recalled to my mind
the heartless sight,
The vision of that senseless fight!
In vain I hoped in distant travels
To find distractions for my grief!
Alas, in vain I tried to hide
My agony in foreign countries.
So I returned here, and I feel
As useless and as bored as ever!

(*The guests dance the Ecossaise. One-
gin observes them from a distance.
As the dance ends, the attention of
the guests is drawn to Tatiana who
enters leaning on the arm of her hus-
band, Prince Gremin.*)

GUESTS

The Princess Gremina! How lovely!
How charming!

(*Tatiana sits down on a sofa. Various
guests approach her and greet her
with great deference. Others observe
her with interest.*)

How young she looks! And yet
how regal!

She is, so many people say
The greatest beauty of our day!

ONEGIN

(*observing Tatiana from the distance*)
Am I mistaken? I wonder? No!
It is she, it is Tatiana!
I did not dream I'd find her here!
What regal air, what noble bearing!
And how lovely!
A goddess visiting the earth!
(*Prince Gremin approaches Onegin.*)

TATIANA

(*addressing some of the guests and re-
ferring to Onegin who is conversing
with her husband*)

Who is this gentleman? You see him?
There, with my husband . . .

GUESTS

A curious fellow . . . A strange and
moody sort of man . . .
He has been traveling . . . his name?
One moment . . . Yes, Eugene Onegin.

TATIANA

Onegin?

GUESTS

Have you heard of him?

My heart was young with new devotion
And life was glowing with the joy of
pure emotion!

She moves among them full of kindness,
So calm, so pure, and so sublime,
Ignoring all the greed and blindness,
The shame and malice of our time.
Among these hearts devoid of passion,
Among these slaves of silly fashion,
Among these cold, unfeeling eyes,
These smiling lips that utter lies . . .
When I observe her lovely features
Among these ladies of the court
Who are devoted to the sport
Of speaking ill of other creatures,
She shines, a pure and lovely star
Amid the darkness, in the distance . . .
And I admire her from afar
Like some celestial being
That came to grace my poor existence!
The god of love obeys no reason, etc.

NO. 21. SCENE AND ONEGIN'S ARIOSO

GREMIN

I am convinced she will remember you!
(*Gremin leads Onegin to Tatiana.*)
My dear, may I present Onegin,
Who's just returned from far away!
Be nice to him!
(*Onegin makes a deep bow. Tatiana
responds very simply, without the
slightest embarrassment.*)

TATIANA

I'm glad to see you!
We are not strangers, as you know . . .

ONEGIN

Indeed not . . . far from it . . .

TATIANA

You've traveled? Have you been near
our home, perhaps?

ONEGIN

Oh no! I have been mostly in foreign
countries.

TATIANA

You're here to stay?

ONEGIN

I hope so.

TATIANA

(to Prince Gremin)

Dearest . . . It's time I think . . .

(*Tatiana leaves leaning on her hus-
band's arm and responding to the
bows of various guests. Onegin fol-
lows her with his glances.*)

ONEGIN

My mind refuses to believe it!
Who can explain this startling change?
The wild, romantic little girl,
Who wrote to say that she adored me,
And whose confession frankly bored
me . . .
She looked at me
As if she hardly could remember where
she'd seen me!
How simple and how calm she was,
How unassuming, self-possessed . . .
She smiled at me before she left!
Why do I seem so strangely moved?
What means this sudden surge of
feeling?

I wonder can it be? But yes . . .
It almost seems that I'm in love!
She is my destiny, I feel it . . .
Indeed, I can no more conceal it.
I know the yearning of desire,
I feel its all-consuming fire!
I taste the magic cup of passion,
Bewitched and poisoned by her charms,
Wherever I turn, in every place
I see her dear, beguiling face,
I yearn to hold her in my loving arms!
(*leaves hurriedly. Guests dance the
Ecosaise.*)

END OF THE FIRST SCENE OF ACT 3

NO. 22. FINAL SCENE

Drawing room in Prince Gremin's
house.

(*Enters Tatiana, in an elegant morning
dress and holding a letter in her
hand.*)

TATIANA

Oh, why did he return? Why must
Onegin
Stand in my way like some relentless,
fatal specter?
Why must I feel anew the old,
forgotten pain?
Why, oh my wretched heart,

Why must you beat again?
The old Tatiana, weeping,
brokenhearted,
She lives again as if we'd never parted!
(*Onegin appears at the door. He stands
there for a while looking passionately
at the weeping Tatiana. Then hur-
ries to her and falls kneeling at her
side. She looks at him without anger,
and then motions him to rise.*)

Onegin, stop please! Please get up!
Let us at last discuss it frankly . . .
Onegin, can you still recall
The place, the garden, and that
hour supreme,
When with a few cruel words
You shattered my poor dream?

ONEGIN

Have pity! Mercy, I implore you!
Look at my sorrow and my repentance!

TATIANA

(*wiping away her tears and motioning
him not to interrupt her*)

Onegin, I was then so humble,
I was so trusting and so blind . . .
And, in my innocence, I loved you!
But in your heart what did I find?
Your looks were stern, your words were
frozen . . .

I know, you could not well have chosen
A girl from our provincial set!
But Heaven! How can I forget
Words that politely praised my beauty,
Warned and admonished me!
And yet, you were so right!
Yes, in that dreadful hour I feel you
did your duty!

You were quite noble and quite frank!
Our world, so innocent, so pleasant
Was far from your accustomed groove,
And you ignored me then . . . But at
present

You seem to haunt my every move!
I wonder why you now must woo me?
Why you so brazenly pursue me?
Pretend to love but me alone?
It's true, my husband is well known . . .
A soldier, battlescarred and wounded!
And so at court we have a place!
And for that reason my disgrace
Would be so scandalous and open,
'Twould prove once more your
doubtful fame
As a seducer without shame!

ONEGIN (*passionately*)

No, Tatiana! No! No!
It cannot be that in my pleading
You could suspect such low conceit!
I swear to you, my heart is bleeding
To sink and worship at your feet!
Could you but fathom how I languish,
How much my life depends on you!
Look down, have pity on my anguish!
You must believe my love is true!
I yearn to hold you and to cherish . . .
To give my life and not complain . . .
To love you . . . Yes, to die, to perish . . .
To prove my suffering and pain!

TATIANA

I'm weeping . . .

ONEGIN

Bless you! Your forgiveness
Means more than every earthly treasure!

TATIANA AND ONEGIN

Oh! Happiness was in your power . . .
So near us! So near us!

TATIANA

But the past is gone beyond recall!
My path is chosen! For I am married!
And you must . . . yes I insist . . .
You now must leave me!

ONEGIN

To leave you? How can I leave you! No,
Just to see you all the while,
To spy your beauty from a distance,
To watch over you, to see you smile,
To feel the bliss of your existence!
With loving glances to behold
How sweet, how noble your perfection,
To tell you of my passion times untold,
To die and languish . . . that is
rapture . . .
That is my desire, the goal I crave
to capture!

TATIANA

Onegin, in your heart there is
some pride,
There is some self-respect!

ONEGIN

No, I shall never part from you!

TATIANA

Onegin! Please, I beg you . . .
I implore you, let me leave you!

Oh, mercy!
 ONEGIN
 Why should I lie? And why
 deceive you?
 Ah, I love you still!
*(Overcome with emotion, Tatiana lets
 Onegin embrace her.)*

ONEGIN
 What words are these?
 No, no, my ears did not deceive me!
 Oh, rapture, happiness! You are once
 more the old Tatiana!

TATIANA
(freeing herself)
 No! What is gone will not return!
 The die is cast! My path is chosen!
 And to my husband I'll be true!
 I am forever lost to you! *(sits down
 overcome with emotion)*

ONEGIN
(kneeling before her passionately)
 Don't bid me go! You know I love you,
 And you love me by law divine!
 Look at the stars so high above you,
 Heaven proclaims it, you are mine!
 All of your life has been a token,
 A promise you would be my own!
 These words, our destiny has spoken:
 "Forever I am yours alone!"
 Your marriage vows can never
 bind you!
 Away you go! And leave behind you
 This hateful house, this wretched lie!
 Forever free, both you and I!

TATIANA
 Onegin! My last word was spoken!
 Yes, to my husband I'll be true!
 I gave my word, it shan't be broken!
 I am forever lost to you!

ONEGIN
 No! Your marriage ties can never
 bind you!
 We shall depart and leave forever...
 I and you!

TATIANA *(aside)*
 Be cool my heart, be steady...
 Don't let his passion sway my mind!
 Unto his sinful words be blind!
 Let wisdom, let honor, and duty
 Find me ever ready!

ONEGIN
 You shall forget this wretched lie...
 Forever free just you and I!

TATIANA
 I now must leave! Good bye forever!
(leaves)

ONEGIN
 Disgrace, despair! Oh what a
 wretched fate!
(He rushes off.)

END OF OPERA.