



Joan of Arc's Aria "Yes, the hour has come..."

Ария Иоанны
"Да, час настал..."

Composer: Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (Петр Ильич Чайковский)

Opera: *The Maid of Orleans* (Орлеанская Дева)

Libretto: By the composer, based on Schiller's *The Maid of Orleans*

Да, час настал.
[da tʃas nastal]
yes the hour has come

Должна повиноваться небесному велению Иоанна.
[dalzna pavinavatsa nebesnamu velenju ioan-na]
must submit to heavenly command Ioanna

Но отчего закрался в душу страх?
[no atʃevo zakralʂa vduʂu strax]
but why has crept into the soul fear

Мучительно и больно ноет сердце!
[mutʃitelna i bolna nojet ʂertse]
grievously and painfully aches the heart

Простите вы, холмы, поля родные;
[prastite vi xalmi pala radniye]
farewell you hills fields native

приютно-мирный, ясный дол, прости!
[prijutna mīrniĭ jasniĭ dol prasti]
haven-peaceful clear dale farewell

С Иоанной вам уж больше не видаться,
[sioan-nəĭ vam uz bolʃe ne vidatsa]
with Ioanna for you now again not to meet

навек она, навек вам говорит: прости!
[navək ana navək vam gavarit prasti]
forever she forever to you says farewell

Друзья луга, древа, мои питомцы,
[družja luga drɛva mai pitomtsi]
friends meadows woods my nurslings

ах, вам без меня и цвeсть, и отцвeтать!
[ax vam bɛsmɛna i tsyɛʃt i atsyɛtatʃ]
ah for you without me both to bloom and wither

Прохладный грот, поток мой быстротечный,
[praxladniĭ grot patok moĭ bīstratɛʃniĭ]
cool grotto stream my fast-flowing

иду от вас и не приду к вам вечно!
[idu atvas i nɛ pridu kvam vɛʃna]
I go from you and will not come to you forever

Места, где всё бывало мне усладой,
[mɛsta gdɛ fʂo bīvala mɲɛ usladəĭ]
the places where all used to be for me delight

отныне вы со мной разлучены;
[atniɲɛ vĭ samnoĭ razluchɛni]
from now on you with me are separated

мои стада, не буду вам оградой,
[mai stada ne budu vam agradoi]
my flocks I will not be to you protection

без пастыря бродить вы суждены.
[bɛspastira bradit vi suzdeni]
without shepherd to wander you are destined

Досталось мне пасти иное стадо
[dastalas mne pasti inoje stada]
is destined for me to shepherd another flock

на пажитях убийственной войны.
[napazitax ubiistven-noi vaini]
on pastures of murderous war

Так вышнее назначило избранье,
[tak višnejε naznatila izbranje]
so the highest has appointed the choice

меня влечёт не суетных желанье!
[mɛna vletʃot ne sujetniʋ zelaŋje]
me draw not vain desires

О Боже! Тебе моё открыто сердце!
[o boze tebe majo atkr̄ita ʃertse]
o God to you mine is open the heart

Оно тоскует, оно страдает!
[ano taskujεt ano stradajεt]
it grieves it suffers

Оно тоскует и страдает!
[ano taskujεt i stradajεt]
it grieves and suffers

Простите вы навек, холмы, поля родные;
[prastitɛ vi navɛk xalmi paɫa radniʝɛ]
farewell you forever hills fields native

приютно-мирный дол, прости!
[prijutna mirmiʝ dol prasti]
haven-peaceful dale farewell

С Иоанной вам уж больше не видаться,
[sioan-nəi vam uz bolʝɛ nɛ vidatsa]
with Ioanna for you now again not to meet

навек она, навек вам говорит: прости!
[navɛk ana navɛk vam gavarit prasti]
forever she forever to you says farewell

Друзья мои луга, деревья, мои питомцы,
[druzja mai luga dɛva mai pitomtsi]
friends my meadows woods my nurslings

вам без меня и цвeсть, и отцвeтать!
[vam bɛsmɛna i tsɛstʲ i atɛtʲatʲ]
for you without me both to bloom and wither

прохладный, тихий грот, поток мой быстротечный,
[praxladniʝ tixii grot patok moi bistratɛʝniʝ]
cool quiet grotto the stream my fast-flowing

иду от вас и не приду к вам вечно!
[idu atvas i nɛ pridu kvam vɛʝna]
I go from you and will not come to you forever

The Situation: The setting is France during the Hundred Year's War with England. Joan of Arc, a young girl of seventeen, has a vision that she will lead her people to victory. In this aria she says goodbye to the familiar places of her childhood as she prepares for battle.

Poetic Translation: Yes, the time has come. Joan must submit herself to the will of heaven. But why is there fear creeping into my heart? My heart aches with pain and grief! Farewell, my native hills and valleys, my sheltering, peaceful, clear vales...farewell! We will never see each other again. Joan says farewell forever: goodbye! My friends, the fields, you woods, my nurslings...ah, you will bloom and wither without me from this time on. Cool grotto, my fast flowing stream, I am leaving you, and will never return! The places where everything was a comfort to me, we are now to be separated; my flocks, I will no longer protect you, you are destined to wander without a shepherdess. I must now shepherd a different flock on the murderous pastures of war. High heaven has decreed it, it is not I who vainly desire it! O God! My heart is open to you! It is full of grief, it suffers! Farewell forever, my native hills and valleys, my sheltering, peaceful vales...farewell! We will never see each other again. Joan says farewell forever: goodbye! My friends, the fields, you woods, my nurslings... you will bloom and wither without me from this time on. Cool, quiet grotto, my fast-flowing stream, I am leaving you, and will never return!

Link to Syllabic Reading: <https://youtu.be/DL0i2eZ5YiA>