Prince Rostislav

Prince Rostislav in a foreign land
Lies at the river's bed.
He lies in his battle mail,
With a broken sword.

The Dnieper's underwater beauties
Love to kiss him
And comb the warrior's hair
With a golden comb.

In vain day and night
His princess waits at home...
His boat has carried him away
And will not bring him back!

In a remote forest, in a foreign land,
In the river is his refuge;
The priests do not pray for his repose;
But with him are the underwater beauties,
With him a host of merry maidens,
And they comb the warrior's hair
With their golden comb.

When gray waves rush to the shore of Posvist,
The yellow leaf whirls in the forest.
Perun thunders in fury.

Then, suddenly waking from his sleep at the river bottom,
The poor prince looks around
With dim eyes.

He calls for his young wife—
Alas! his wife,
Having waited in vain for a whole year,
Is betrothed to another.

He calls his brother to him too.
He would be glad to embrace him,

But surrounded by a host of guards,
His brother feasts at home.

He calls the Kiev priests,
Orders them to chant for his soul,
But the weak call cannot reach his homeland.

And he, leaning on his rusty shield,
Again falls into heavy sleep,
Alone at the river's bottom,
In the circle of young mermaids...