
PUSHKIN'S
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The Tale of Tsar Saltan



Three girls under the window were hiding late at night. “If I were a queen,” says one girl, “I would have prepared a feast for the whole baptized world.”

“If I were a queen,” says her sister, “I would have made canvases all over the world.” “If I were a queen,” said the third sister.

I would be for the father-king to give birth to a hero. Only managed to utter, the Door quietly opened, and the king enters the lamp, the Sides of that prince.

He was standing behind the fence all the time. He loved the speech of the last one. "Hello, red girl," he says, "be a queen."

Birth a hero to Me by the end of September. Come out of the lighthouse, follow me, follow me, follow my sister.

Be one of you a weaver and the other a cook. The father-king came out. Everyone went to the palace. The Tsar did not intend for long: I got married the same night.

King Saltan at the feast of honest Selo with the young queen; And then the honest guests put the young people on the ivory bed and left them alone.

The cook is angry in the kitchen, crying at the weaver's loom, and they envy the sovereign's wife. And the queen is young, she does not postpone her affairs.



I have since the first night. There was a war back then. King Saltan, with his wife saying goodbye, sitting on a good horse, she punished herself to protect, loving him.

When he is long and fierce, the time of his homeland comes. God gave them a son, and a queen over a child, like an eagle over an eagle.

She sends a letter to make her father happy. And the weaver and the cook, with the svatya bababababababababa, they want to know her, they say to take the messenger;

They send the messenger of another with what from word to word: “The queen gave birth in the night, either a son or a daughter.” Not a mouse, not a frog, but an unknown animal.

As the king-father heard what the messenger told him, in anger he began to wonder and wanted to hang the messenger. But, relenting this time, gave the messenger this order:

Waiting for the Tsar to return for a legitimate solution. He's a messenger, and he's finally here. And the weaver with the cook, with the svatya babariha,

He's being robbed. And the drunken messenger was drunk, and in his empty sum another letter was given, and the messenger of drunkenness brought the same order:

“The king commands his boyars, without wasting time, and the queen and the offspring secretly throw into the abyss of water.” Nothing to do: boyars, pushing for the

sovereign

And the young queen came to her bedroom in a crowd. They declared the king's will to her and her son an evil lot, read aloud the decree, and the queen at the same hour.



They put them in a barrel with their son, they tarnished, they rolled, and they let them into Okian, so the king Saltan ordered. In the blue sky the stars shine, in the blue sea the waves whip;

A cloud goes in the sky, a barrel floats in the sea. Like a bitter widow weeping, a queen beating in her. And the child grows not by day, but by hour.

The day has passed, the queen cries... And the child rushes the wave: “You, my wave, the wave!” You are free and free; You splash wherever you want, you sharpen the sea stones,

You sink the shores of the earth, lift up the ships, Do not destroy our soul: Splash us on dry land! And the wave listened: She's just ashore.

The barrel came out lightly and slacked off quietly. Mother and baby saved; She feels the earth. But who'll take them out of the barrel? Will God leave them?

The son rose to the legs, To the bottom with his head rested, strained a little: “How would we do a window here in the yard?” he said, Blowed out the bottom and went out.

Mother and son are out now; They see a hill in a wide field, the Sea is blue around, the Oak is green over the hill. My son thought, ‘We’d like a good dinner.’

He snatches at the oak tree, and flexes the bow tightly, silk straps on the cross, silk straps on the oak tree, breaks the cane thinly, and bewitches the light arrow.



And he went to the edge of the valley by the sea to look for game. He comes to the sea and hears as if he were a moan. You can see the sea is not quiet. He's watching, he's watching.

The swan beats among the swelling, the Korshun runs over it; That poor thing is splashing, the water is muddy and whipping around... That claws loosened, Klev bloody

porous...

But just the arrow sang, In the neck of the kitten touched - Korshun shed blood in the sea, Luke the Tsarevich lowered; He sees a kite drowning in the sea, and does not groan with a bird's cry,

The swan floats around, the Evil kite bites, the death of the near rushes, beats with a wing and drowns in the sea - And then the prince speaks in Russian:

“You, prince, my savior, my mighty deliverer, do not complain that you will not be for me for three days, that an arrow has disappeared in the sea.” This grief is not grief.

I will repay you, I will serve you later. You did not save the swan, you left the girl alive. You didn't kill a kitten, you shot a Witch.

I'll never forget you. You'll find me everywhere, and now you come back, don't grieve and go to bed. The swan-bird flew away, and the prince and the queen,

After spending the whole day like this, they decided to go to bed. When the prince opened his eyes, Shaking the dreams of the night and marvelling, it sees a big city,



Walls with frequent teeth, and behind white walls, the poppies of churches and holy monasteries shine. He wakes up the queen. It's like shit! Will it be? -

He says, I see: My swan is happy.” Mother and son go to the city. Just stepped on the fence, the deafening sobriety rose from all sides:

The people of the church are worshipping God. In the gardens of gold, the garden meets them. They all glorify themselves and the prince is crowned.

The prince’s hat, and the head is proclaimed over himself; And in the midst of his capital, with the permission of the queen, on the same day he became prince and was called Prince Guidon.

The wind walks on the sea and the ship drives; He runs in the waves on bloated sails. The ships marvel, the boat crowds,

On the familiar island, the Miracle is seen in reality: The city is a new gold-headed, the pier with a strong outpost; Guns from the pier are fired, the ship is ordered to hit.

Guests are coming to the outpost; Prince Guidon invites them to visit, feeds them and drinks them, and the answer to keep is: "What are you guests bargaining and where are you sailing now?"

Shipmen in response: "We traveled all over the world, traded sables, Chernobur foxes; And now we're out of time, going straight to the east,

Past the island of Buyana, In the kingdom of the glorious Saltan. The prince said to them: “Good way to you, gentlemen, by the sea through Okyan to the glorious King Saltan.”



I bow to him. Guests are on their way, and Prince Guidon from the shore with a sad soul escorts them from a distance; On top of the flowing waters, a white swan floats.

“Hello, my beautiful prince! Why are you as quiet as a rainy day? Sad for what? - She's telling him. The prince replies sadly: "Sadness and longing eat me up,

Well done. I'd like to see my father. The Swan to the Prince: That is the grief! Well, listen, do you want to go to sea to get a ship? Be a mosquito, prince.

And she waved her wings, the water splashed with noise and sprinkled it from head to toe. And then it got a little smaller, and the mosquito turned.

Flew and squeaked, the ship caught up on the sea, slowly descended onto the ship - and clogged into the crevice. The wind is jolly, the ship is jolly

Past the island of Buyana, To the kingdom of the glorious Saltan, And the desired country From afar you can see. When the guests came to the shore, King Saltan called them to visit.

And after them to the palace flew our rogue. Sees: all shining in gold, King Saltan sits in the chamber on the throne and in the crown with a sad thought on his face;

And the weaver and the cook, with the svatya bababababababababa, sit near the king and look into his eyes. King Saltan sat the guests at his table and asked:



“Oh, gentlemen, how long did you go?” All right, over the sea or not? What's the miracle? The ships replied, “We have travelled the whole world.”

The sea is not bad, in the light of this miracle: In the sea, the island was steep, not flat, not residential; He lay in an empty plain; there was one oak on it.

And now there stands on it a new city with a palace, with golden-headed churches, with towers and gardens, and in it sits Prince Guidon. He sent you a bow.”

King Saltan marvels at the miracle. He says, “If I live, I will visit the Wonderful Island, I will visit Guidon.” And the weaver with the cook, with the svatya babariha,

They don’t want to visit Wonder Island. “It’s a curiosity, well, right,” winking at others slyly, the cook says, “The city by the sea stands!

Here's what's not a trinket: Spruce in the forest, under the spruce of squirrel, Squirrel sings and nuts eat, And nuts are not simple, All shells are golden,

The nuclei are pure emerald; That's what they call a miracle. Miraculously, King Saltan marvels, And the mosquito is angry, angry - And the mosquito fell into Tetke's right eye.

The cook turned pale, froze and crooked. Servants, svatya and sister Cry catch a mosquito. "You scumbag! We're for you..." And he's in the window,