



## **M E N A C E**

### NARRATOR:

*Amurat, the emperor,  
Having conquered many nations,  
Came up against us  
With all that multitude...*

SKL 110

### CHORUS I & II

The Ishmaelites dispersed  
And flew over all the land  
Like birds in the air...

Some were assassinated by their swords,  
Others taken into captivity,  
And those that remained  
Were condemned to death:  
They died of starvation.

And those that survived famine,  
Were being attacked  
And devoured by wolves,  
Day and night.

Alas! A miserable sight it was!  
The entire land left destitute,  
Bereft of every substance!

ZiN No.4944

## **P R A Y E R**

### NARRATOR:

*The pious and highly praised prince Lazarus  
Having comprehended the terrible,  
Enormous and cruel menace,  
First called upon the God for help  
And with his whole heart  
Spoke unto him, saying:*

D-III 89

### LAZARUS:

O Lord my God,  
Many nations have arrived  
to Thy kingdom,  
And have defiled Thy temples,  
And have unsheathed their weapons,  
And have drawn their bows,  
To shoot and slaughter and slay us.

PKL 252

Thou, O my Lord,  
Forsake us not utterly but deliver us,  
Let them know  
That Thou art the Lord God  
The Only and Holy One!

D III 89

### CHORUS:

O my Lord,  
Preserve us from perishing  
For the sake of Thy name  
And breach not Thine oath  
That Thou hast sworn unto us.

PKL 252

## **S E R M O N (Holy Communion)**

### NARRATOR:

*And Lazarus summoned all his nobles,  
His dukes and his knights,  
His soldiers high and low in rank  
And he spoke unto them  
Of the invasion  
Of foreign tribes beyond counting,,  
Saying:*

D-III 89

### LAZARUS:

O ye brethren and fellow-countrymen,  
Ye nobles and gallant warriors,  
Ye dukes of higher and lower rank...

D-III 89

### CHORUS AND LAZARUS:

Let us move brethren and sons  
Let us move to the feat awaiting us  
Let us die answering the call of duty  
Let us shed our blood  
Redeem our lives in death  
And unsparingly,  
Offer our limbs to be cut off  
For the sake of devotion  
And our fatherland  
And for sure God will have pity  
On our descendants  
And will not completely exterminate,  
Our people and our land.

ŽKL 162-3

## **THE WARRIORS OATH**

### NARRATOR:

*And all together they rejoined  
Unto their benevolent  
And loved master:*

SKL 111

D-III 90

### CHORUS II & MILOSH:

Master, Behold, O master,  
Ever since our fathers  
And our mothers  
Drew life unto us,  
We have known God and Thee;  
God reared us  
And Thou nurtured us  
And provided for us  
As if we were Thine own blood  
And rewarded us  
As if we were Thine own sons.

D-III 90

### MILOSH:

We had love and honour from Thee  
In abundance  
And we shall die courageously for Thee  
And for our faith and fatherland.

D-III 90

### CHORUS II:

We had better die from the sword in the battle  
Than turn our backs unto the enemy;

D-III 89

CHORUS I:  
Let us die to live in eternity! SKL 111

MILOSH:  
We had better die from the sword in battle  
Than turn our backs unto the enemy;

CHORUS I:  
Let us die to live in eternity!

MILOSH:  
We would rather all be buried together  
In common grave  
Than watch our parents and our kindred  
Being taken away  
Into a foreign country SKL 110

CHORUS II:  
We had better die from the sword in the battle  
Than turn our backs unto the enemy;

CHORUS I:  
Let us die to live in eternity!

MILOSH:  
We had better all die in feat  
Than live our lives in shame! D-III 89

CHORUS II:  
Be it the sword or the wounds,  
Be it the darkness of our death

MILOSH:  
We shall rejoice in offering our souls D-III 89  
For Jesus and faith of our forefathers  
And our fellow-countrymen,  
For thus spake the Lord! SKL 111

CHORUS I & II (fugato)  
Let us die to live in eternity! SKL 111

## **B A T T L E**

NARRATOR:  
*Prince Lazarus,  
together with all his warriors,  
Encounters the chieftain  
Of that bitter army  
On a vast plain;*

*And both human hosts  
Were very great indeed:  
Our people numbered  
More than a hundred thousand  
And the others  
Not less than three hundred thousand.*

*But, attend unto me  
Ye holy and worshipful congregation  
And hear these terrifying  
And awesome histories:* SKL 111

CHORUS I:  
And then, together in unity,  
The great multitude  
Led by their kind and great master  
Lunged at the enemy... STUB

CHORUS II:  
Amurat, tsar  
Like a deaf asp viper,  
Sealing his ears,  
Kept attacking like a savage lion... PKL 252  
D-III 89

NARRATOR:  
*And the two armies clashed...* A 54

CHORUS I:  
There the unsheathed swords sparkled  
And, as if aiming at an open target,  
Were wounding one another... D-III 93

CHORUS II:  
So dreadful was the hauling and thunder  
That the battlefield  
Kept shaking and trembling... ŽKL 163

NARRATOR:  
*And the cries of horses and men  
And the clashing of arms  
So unbearably echoed through the air  
That even the earth itself  
Could no longer endure the slaughter  
That had lasted from dawn until noon;* A 54

CHORUS I & II:  
There was some annoying trample  
And a thunder was heard  
Beyond description  
Men cried for help,  
Horses whinnied,  
The clashing of arms resounded,  
Arrows flew shielding the Sun  
The thunderbolts echoed; SKL 111  
Fire-guns crashed,  
The clouds of dust darkened the Sun. A 69

The spilled blood flowed like a river  
And corpses lay around like sheaves. D-III 93  
The earth was violently booming  
The air was rumbling  
Enveloped in a gloomy smoke  
And the armies of both sides  
Brutally stormed at each other. SKL 111

NARRATOR:  
*So enormous was the bloodshed  
That the horses left their tracks  
In the bloody mud!  
And the dead bodies  
Were beyond counting.* ŽKL 163

CHORUS I & II:

They lunged at the enemy  
And crushed the real dragon  
And slew the wild beast,  
The great opponent  
The insatiable Haden glutton,  
I say, Amurat and the son of his,  
The offspring of an asp viper,  
The blood of an adder,  
The cub of a lion,  
The breed of a serpent! STUB

NARRATOR:

*But then, yea, then, woe be unto me!* SKL 111

*A great multitude of Hagarenes  
Surrounded him  
And captured him and led him,  
Together with many of his nobles,  
To the slaughter like sheep...* ŽKL 163

*And beheaded the pious and blessed  
And mighty Prince Lazarus!* SKL 112

CHORUS:

And captured and slew  
Many of the noble and faithful Christians  
And they were all crowned together  
With the wreath of martyrdom. SKL 112

NARRATOR:

*The victorious  
New martyr Prince Lazarus  
Blissfully departed this life,  
And his honoured body  
Was taken out of the nearest town  
By the name of Prishtina  
And brought into the divine Church  
Of the Ascension of Christ;* D-III 94

*And the people gathered together,  
Men, women and children,  
From the nearby and far away lands;*

*And his sons  
Walked in front of the reliquary  
Wailing and chanting sorrowfully,  
Like some magnificent sirens.*

*And their mother Militsa,  
Having seen all that,  
Fell upon the sacred body  
And, as if half-dead,  
She mourned for a long time  
Unable to come to her senses;*

*And then,  
As if suddenly awoken from a trance,  
And plucking off her hair,  
She wept and wailed, lamenting:* SKL 116

**MILITSA'S WEeping**

MILITSA:

Woe be unto me,  
The light of my eyes!  
Why didst Thou leave me,  
Why didst Thou tarnish  
My loving-kindness!

Why didst Thou wither  
My sweet flower,  
Why didst Thou remain silent  
Passing by us.

Let all the mountains and hills  
And all the forests  
Lament with me today!  
Let mine eyes shed the streams  
Of incessant bloody tears! SKL 116

**F U N E R A L**

NARRATOR:

*And all the people that gathered  
Witnessed the scene  
Beating their chests,  
Their laments culminating  
In a united wail of woe,  
And holding candles and censers  
They took part  
In the sacred burial rite.* SKL 117

MONK:

Thou blessed and faithful servant  
Rejoice in the Lord Thy God!

CHORUS:

Thou blessed and faithful servant  
Rejoice in the Lord Thy God! SLUŽBA

**E P I L O G U E**

NARRATOR:

*Thou, Man, that step upon the Serbian soil,  
Be Thou a stranger or a native of these parts,  
Whosoever and whatsoever Thou art,  
When Thou reach this field  
That has been named Kosovo,  
Wheresoever Thou cast Thy glance  
Thou shalt see the bones of the dead  
And myself, standing upright, cruciform,  
Like a banner in the midst of the field.*

*Let Thou not pass by... and take no notice!* STUB

English translation:  
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