

FIRST  
VERSION

60 BORIS. His eyes wildly follow Shuisky's exit, then he sinks back, exhausted.

1-4

Handwritten number 1-4 in the left margin. The piano accompaniment for measures 60-61, featuring a complex rhythmic pattern with triplets and dynamic markings *f*, *dim.*, *p*, and *sfp*.

5-8

B. 61  
Ugh! Give me air... I suf - fo - cate in here! I felt as if my blood had

Handwritten number 5-8 in the left margin. The vocal line for measure 61 and the piano accompaniment for measures 61-62. Dynamic markings include *p*, *f*, and *pp*.

9-12

B. rushed in-to my head, and slow - ly then sub - si - ded.

Handwritten number 9-12 in the left margin. The vocal line for measure 62 and the piano accompaniment for measures 62-63. Dynamic markings include *p*, *f*, and *sf*.

13-16

B. 62  
Con - science, how cruel you are; how sav - age - ly you punish!

Handwritten number 13-16 in the left margin. The vocal line for measure 62 and the piano accompaniment for measures 62-63. Dynamic markings include *f*, *cresc.*, *mf*, *p*, and *pp*.

<sup>o</sup>) In the autogr. vocal score: rushed in-to my head, and

63

17-19

B. *pp*  
Now I know, if you are stained, but once are stained, then no-thing can pre-

Handwritten numbers 17-19 in the left margin. The vocal line for measure 63 and the piano accompaniment for measures 63-64. Dynamic markings include *pp*, *f*, and *pp*.

20-22

B. *cresc.*  
-serve you from dam-nat-ion. You're tain-ted like the plague; your soul will burn, your heart is

Handwritten numbers 20-22 in the left margin. The vocal line for measure 64 and the piano accompaniment for measures 64-65. Dynamic markings include *cresc.* and *sfp*.

23-25

B. 64 *f*  
filled with pois-on, it throbs with-in you and in your ears loud ham-mer-

Handwritten numbers 23-25 in the left margin. The vocal line for measure 64 and the piano accompaniment for measures 64-65. Dynamic markings include *f* and triplets.

26-27

B. *mf*  
- strokes ring cur - ses and re - vile - ment. You're choked by some-thing...

Handwritten numbers 26-27 in the left margin. The vocal line for measure 65 and the piano accompaniment for measures 65-66. Dynamic markings include *mf*.

65 *cresc.*  
 B. you feel your head is splitt-ing... and then, in blood, the murdered child appears...  
*cresc.*  
 28-  
 29

*Shudders.* *Rises, terror-stricken.*  
 B. *p* There ... just there... what is it... see, it moves?... *pp* It's quiver-ing, it  
 66  
*p* *cresc.* *mf*  
 30-  
 32

B. grows... comes to me... I hear it groan - ing...  
 33-  
 34

*Recoiling, spoken.*  
 B. Go, go! Not I but  
 67  
 35-  
 36

<sup>1)</sup> In the autogr. vocal score: Go, go,

*Spoken.*  
 B. oth - ers were to blame! Go, leave me, child! Not I...  
 37-  
 38 *cresc.*

B. *mf* not I... *cresc.* it was the peo-ple,  
 39-  
 40

68 *Covers his face with his hands and sinks to his knees by the chair.*  
 B. leave me, child!  
 41-  
 42 *mf* *f*

43-  
 44

45-46

B. *p*  
 O God ab-ove, who de-sir-eth not a

47-48

B. *p*  
 sin-ner's death, have mer-cy on me and

49-52

B. *pp*  
 grant my guilt-y soul for-give-ness!

CURTAIN.

SECOND VERSION

Exit Shuisky, watching Boris.

BORIS. Grips the arms of his chair, and waves Shuisky away.

96 Allegro

96 Allegro

*f* *dimin.*

Drops back into his seat.

B. *rallentando sempre* *p* *dimin.*

97 Andante

B. Ugh! Give me air! I suf-fo-cate in here... I

*pp* *f*

B. felt as if the blood had rushed in-to my brain and slow-ly then sub-

*f*

B. *-si-ded.* Oh, conscience of my soul, how sav-age-ly you pun-ish!

98 Dully.  
Now I know if you are

Fl. & Ob. *The stage is in darkness: the clock starts working.*

Violins *pp* 12 12 12

98 *p* *dimin.* *pp*

B. *cresc.*  
stained, but once are stained,

B. then noth- ing can pre- serve you from dam- nat- ion;

B. *cresc.*  
your soul will burn,

B. your heart is filled with poi- son,

B. it throbs and throbs with - in you,

B. *Dully.* and ham - mer - strokes ring in your ears with

B. *cresc.* cur - ses and re - vile - ment... You're

99 B. *pp* *Dully.* choked by some - thing... stif - led...

B. *cresc.* you feel your head is splitt - ing... and then... in

The clock strikes eight. A pale ray of moonlight illuminates the dial and the moving figures.

B. *p* blood... the murdered child appears!.. There... just there!.. What is it?... See, it moves!..

100

B. It's qui-ver-ing... it grows... it comes to me...

B. I hear it groan - ing... Go... Go...

Spoken.

As if driving away a ghost.

Poco a poco accelerando

B. Not I... but oth - ers were to blame... Go, leave me child! Not I...

Spoken.

B. not I... it was the people! Leave me, child!...

Poco più accelerando

101 In terror, he hides his face in his hands and falls to his knees by the chair.

a tempo poco a poco

B. God ab-ove, who de - sir - eth not a sin - ner's death, have

poco ritard.

B. mer - cy on me and grant my guilt-y soul for-give-ness! CURTAIN