**Evgeny Onegin**

**(A Novel in Verses)**

*Translated by Yevgeny Bonver*

http://www.all-art.org/world\_literature/pushkin1.htm

This version omits Chapter 8, Stanzas 32−51 inclusive

Translated by Yevgeny Bonver, October 2001 – November 2003.

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*“ Petri de vanite il avait encore plus de  
cette espece d’orgueil qui fait avouer avec  
la meme indifference les bonnes comme  
les mauvaises actions, suite d’un sentiment  
de superiorite, peut-etre imaginare.”*  
  
Tire d’une letter particuliere.

Not planning fun for noble people,

And liking friendship so far,

I’d show you a present, little,

That might be better than your are,

Much better than a charming soul,

Than a procured holy dream,

Than poetry of life and goal,

Than simple style and high thoughts’ stream;

But so be it - in a biased role,

Receive the different chapters’ lot:

Half-simple ones, partly half-solemn,

Ideal or from people, common, --

The careless fruit of playful thought,

Of sleepless nights, light inspirations,

Unripe and faded years, passed,

The cold mind’s intent observations

And heart’s sore notes in the past.

CHAPTER ONE

“He’s in a hurry to exist and feel.”

Prince Vyazemsky.

I

“My uncle, of the best traditions,

When being almost deceased,

Forced men to treat him with distinction,

Which was the best of his ideas.

Yes, his example - to us for learning,

But, Heavens, how it is boring

To sit with him all day and night,

Not having right to step aside!

What a deplorable deception

To entertain the man, half-dead,

To fix a pillow in his bed,

To give him drugs with sad attention,

To sigh and think in deeps of heart:

When will the deuce take you apart?”

II

Thus thought the youthful high world’s lion,

Flying on horses of a stage,

He was, by a Zeus’ will, the scion

Of all his kin of older age.

Friends of Ruslan, Liudmila’s lovers!

Permit me, straight from novel’s covers,

Without delay and camouflage,

To show my central personage.

Onegin, my good-natured peer,

Has once been born on Neva’s sides,

Where maybe you’ve seen first your light,

Or self shed light, my reader dear.

There once, I’ve had my walking, too,

But north brings me just cold and flu.

III

Serving with perfect attestation,

His father lived deeply in debt,

Put every year three balls in action,

And brought his assets to the end.

The fate was humane to Evgeny,

At first, Madam was his kind ‘nanny’,

Then one Monsieur took him to breed.

The child was spry, but very sweet.

Monsieur l’Abbe, the Frenchman poor −

Not to exhaust the little child −

Made his tuition droll and mild,

Didn’t bore him with a moral cruel,

He softly groaned at child’s jests −

The Summer Garden was their place.

IV

But when the time of youth, rebellious

Evgeny was obliged to meet −

The time of hope and gentle sadness −

Monsieur was thrown to the street.

Evgeny’s free on his life’s road,

His hair is cut to suit a mode,

Like London dandies, he is dressed −

And put under the high world’s gaze.

He held his French in perfect fashion,

Could write and speak it at a chance,

Led smoothly a mazurka-dance,

His bows were simple and well-stationed.

What do you want, else? They agreed:

The youth is smart and very sweet.

V

We all have studied, if a little,

Some blurry thing in some vague ways,

So, thank the Lord, among our people,

He’s praised who somewhat lore displays.

Onegin was, as thought the crowd −

The judge, decisive one and loud −

A well-learned fellow, but a prude:

He has a talent very good,

In every talk, without tension,

To touch all easily, with a grace,

With air of a learned man and ace,

Stay silent through the dispute’s session.

And to invoke smiles of dames,

With unexpected epigrams.

VI

Latin got out of the fashion:

To tell the truth, he knew enough

Words of this once extinguished nation,

To understand an epigraph.

To mention Juvenal at meeting,

Put vale in the text, completing

A letter, he knew (God, acquit!),

Two little rhymes from Aeneid.

He hadn’t any lust for digging,

In chronological sad dust,

Depictions of the peoples’ past.

But stories, calling for a-giggling −

From Romulus till present days,

His mind held in firsthand a place.

VII

Not having the inspiring passion

To lose his life for tunes and hums,

To all our struggle and agitation,

He couldn’t tell trochees from iambs.

For ancient Greeks he claimed some hatred,

But Adam Smith was high-respected:

Being a learned economist,

Evgeny could discourse, at least,

How can a country get more riches,

What is its basis, then, and why

It need not any gold supply,

While having just a product simplest.

His father couldn’t him understand,

And used to mortgage all his land.

VIII

To list all things, Evgeny’d known,

I can’t because of time control;

But what did bear his genius, own,

What did he know best of all,

What was for him from his young years

His labor, blissfulness, and tears,

What did support through daily light

His leisure full of pine and plight −

Was science of the passion precious,

Which once was sung by Nason’s heart,

For that, a sufferer, he cut

His life, the brilliant and rebellious,

Amidst Moldavia’s wild plains,

Far from his Italy’s green lanes.

IX

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X

How soon he started to dissemble,

To be just jealous, and to hide

Some kind of hope, to be able

To show faithfulness and pride,

To look like one, who’s grim and plighted,

Indifferent and, yet, delighted!

How silent was he in his pine,

How hot his talk was, how fine,

How untidy in a letter!

With single breath, with single love −

How he appeared self-deprived!

How swift his glance could be and gentle,

Brazen and shy, and by a chance,

Shined with a controlled tear, at once!

XI

How could he seem to be as novel,

Upset with humor a naive,

Shock with despair, playing a role,

Amuse by flattery in grief,

Catch every moment of light sweetness,

By mind’s and passion’s might and swiftness,

Win shyness of the virgin years,

Wait for a minute of a grace,

Pray and demand a full confession,

Feel first exertion of a heart,

Chase hidden love and − and, at last,

Receive a “yes” for date of passion.

And later, in a lone place,

Teach her in silence and in grace!

XII

How early, he could, make quite fev’rish

Hearts of the coquettes on the list!

When he desired fully to vanquish

Some one of his adversaries,

How caustically he talked scandal,

What nets he used for them to handle!

But you, so many husbands, blest,

You’ve stayed to be his bosom friends:

He’s welcomed by a sly male spouse −

The long-time student of Foblas,

And by an old and leery ass,

And by a cuckold, filled with grandness,

Pleased with himself, through all his life,

With his fat dinner and his wife.

XIII, XIV

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XV

They would bring him the morning letters,

When he’s still lying in his bed.

What? Invitations? Yes, the matter’s:

Three evening parties in a set.

There’ll be a ball, an evening children’s.

Where will he go, this lad mischievous?

Who will be first? That’s all the same:

It’s simple to visit all of them.

But now in the morn’s attire −

A wide hat, a la Bolivar,

Onegin rides to the boulevard,

And walks there, calm and free entire,

Until the watchful watch’s alarm

Will advertise the dinnertime.

XVI

It’s dark: he sits in sledges, low,

“Let’s go! Let’s go!” − a cry is cast;

His beaver collar’s covered fast

By silver dust of frost and snow.

He darts to Talon where, he’s sure,

Kaverin waits him with a lure.

He’s in − a cork flies up into the height,

The wine streams like a comet bright;

He sees the roast-beef half-bleeding,

Truffles − a dream of children’s nights,

The great French kitchen’s artifacts,

A pie from Strasbourg, ever-living,

Between the live (from Limburg) cheese

And the pineapple’s golden mist.

XVII

Tho’ thirst’s still looking for wine-glasses −

To cool the cutlets’ flaming fat,

Ring of a watch clear apprises

Them of the ballet’s starting act.

The theater’s lawmaker, frantic,

A worshipper (but not fanatic)

Charms of the nymphs, which jump or sing,

A decent citizen of wings,

He fled to realms of Terpsichore

Where all, with breath of freedom’s air,

Applaud to entrechat, unfair,

Blame Cleopatra, Theodora,

Call for Moina, (that’s a choice −

Someone to hear someone’s voice).

XVIII

A fairy land, a fairy kingdom!

There, once, of all satire king,

Fonvizin, the best friend of freedom,

Shone, and versatile Kniazhnin;

There, Ozerov shared the levy

Of men’ applause and tears heavy

With young Semenova − in half;

There, our Katenin made alive

Corneille’s genius, grand and gorgeous;

There, sharpest Shahovskoy has sought

His comedies − a humming lot;

There, was Didlo crowned with laurels,

There, in these wings’ inspiring place,

Days of my youthfulness did race.

XIX

My goddesses with calling glances!

Do hear my nostalgic voice:

Are you the same or other lasses,

Have come, lacking that charm of yours?

Will I be else pleased by your chores?

Will see the Russian Terpsichore’s

High flight supported by the heart?

Or will I never catch in sight

A known face on this stage, boring,

And see the world, so strangely set,

Through my dissatisfied lorgnette,

A passive watcher of what’s going,

And, silent, I will only yawn,

And think of days that had been gone?

XX

The hall is filled, the boxes glow,

The pit, the stalls − all moves and boils,

The ‘gods’ applauding in their rows,

The rising curtain makes a noise.

Agreed with magic tunes of fiddles,

Among the nymphs − in their middle,

Istomina arises there −

As if she’s made of light and air.

One of her feet touches the boards,

Another − slow moves aside,

But suddenly − a jump, a flight −

A puff’s flight in the air flows;

She bends her body and unbends,

And beats her leg her leg against.

XXI

They all applaud. Onegin enters,

Goes mid rows, through their feet,

His doubled lorgnette, for instant, centers

On boxes with new ladies’ seats;

Having observed at once all places,

He caught it all: with dresses, faces

He’s awfully dissatisfied;

With gentlemen on all the sides

Exchanges bows; in distraction

Glanced once at the proceeding play,

And, yawning, turned his head away,

And cited: “All must be refashioned:

I’ve born the ballets long enough,

And now hate this Didlo’s stuff.”

XXII

Still devils, cupids, imps and serpents

Are jumping with the ballet’s tricks;

Still, by the entrance, tired servants

Are sleeping on fur-coats, thick;

Still men are blowing their noses,

Applauding, making other noises;

Still out of buildings and inside,

The lanterns are dispersing light;

Still freezing horses beat on ground,

By their tough bridles being bored,

And coachmen, too idle and cold,

Are blaming gents bonfires around, −

Onegin’s hurried downstairs:

He goes home to change dress.

XXIII

Can I depict in rightful colors

His cabinet − the lone place,

In which this fashion’s student, tireless,

Is dressed, undressed and once more dressed?

All, that for humane whim, tremendous,

Trades with grim London, void of errors,

Which, through the Baltic waters’ flat,

Drives straight to us for wood and fat,

All that the hungry taste of Paris,

Having obtained the useful crafts,

Invents for idle people’s fun,

For luxury, for bliss of fashions, −

All was collected here to cheer

A thinker in his eighteenth year.

XXIV

The Turkish pipes’ sedating amber,

The Bronze and China in one place,

The perfumes in a crystal’ slumber −

The bliss of the exquisite sense;

The combs, the small saws, smartly handled

The scissors straight, the scissors angled,

And brushes, made in thirty ways,

Used for his teeth or fingernails.

Rousseau - Just a little lesson! −

Couldn’t understand why pompous Grim

Dared clean his fingernails near him −

An eloquent but madcap person.

The priest of liberty and rights

Was, in this case, at all not right.

XXV

It may be that a man of business

Thinks of conditions of his nails,

Don’t live with your age in uneasiness:

A custom rules in our days.

Chadaev’s precise imitation,

Afraid of zealous condemnation,

Onegin was a prude with dress -

That’s what we call a dandy, else.

At least, three hours in running

Spent with his mirror face to face’

And then was walking from his place,

Like Venus, when this goddess charming,

By clothes of a male arrayed,

Was going to a masquerade.

XXVI

The grooming of the modern fashion

Having attracted curious stare,

I’d, for a scientific session,

Describe his dresses’ whole fair;

Of course it would be bold to mention,

But still, description’s my profession:

But pantaloons, tail-coat, vest −

There’re no such words in Russian, yet,

I see (and ready to be blemished),

That my essentially poor verse,

(Which was not richer till these pearls)

Is thus with foreign language furnished,

Though, in past years, I’d take a look

In the scholastic thick wordbook.

XXVII

But it’s not good for our approach:

Let’s better hurry at the ball,

Where in the lightning-quick stage-couch,

Onegin’s driven to his toil.

Before the buildings, dark and low,

Along the sleeping street, in rows,

Lanterns of carriages and carts

Emerge their gay and promised lights

And lighten rainbows on the snow;

All set in candles, tall and bright,

The splendid house wakes the night;

Along paned windows, shades go,

Flash profiles of the people heads −

Of dames and fashionable lads.

XVIII

He’s by the entrance, our fellow;

Passed a door-keeper by, and fled

On marble steps, like a light arrow.

Fixed his curled hair with his right hand,

Came in. The hall is full of people,

The loud music’s spent a little,

Mob’s busy with mazurka-dance,

There is a noise and crush at once;

Ring spurs of the horse-guardsmen, shining,

Fly little feet of the sweet dames,

And follow their charming trace,

The males’ looks, so fast as lightning,

And roar of fiddles makes unheard

Whir of an avid female lot.

XXIX

In days of gaieties and desires

I was delighted by the ball −

Best places for the lovers’ fires

And for the little notes’ hold.

Oh, you, deeply respected husbands!

I’ll show you a little kindness;

I beg you, follow my speech:

Be very cautious, I beseech!

And you moms, as the goodly parents,

Look better after your girls’ gait,

Hold straight and high your big lorgnette,

If not − if not, then help us Heavens!

I write this all my stanza in

’Cause long ago I stopped to sin.

XXX

Alas! For many different pleasures,

I spent the lot of my life’s space!

But if our morals weren’t in danger,

I should love balls until these days.

I like the youthfulness, so crazy,

The crush, the shine, the frolic frenzy,

And the thought-out ladies’ dress;

I like their little feet, but guess,

You’ll not be able, in Russia whole

To find three pairs of slim feet, yet.

Oh, how long I couldn’t forget

Two little feet − in my grim dole,

I still recall them and in dreams

They wake my heart like sunny beams.

XXXI

Just when and where, in what a desert,

Will you, a madman, them forget?

Oh, little feet, where is your trace laid?

Where do you make spring florets flat?

In eastern bliss having been grown,

On whiteness of the northern snow

You have not left your trace at all:

You loved the carpets’ soft and tall,

Delightful touch at every season.

For you, I frequently forgot

The thirst for fame and loud laud,

My native land and my dark prison.

It’s gone – the young years’ happiness

Line on the leas your easy trace.

XXXII

Diana’s breasts and cheeks of Flora

Of course, are gorgeous, my sweet friend,

But little feet of Terpsichore

Are more delightful for me, yet.

They, giving to the looks of leisure,

A promise of the heavens’ pleasure,

Arise with their imposing form

The unrestricted wishes’ swarm.

I like them, my Elvina, blessed,

Under the dinner tables’ cloth,

In spring, on green of grass and moss,

In winter, by the fireplaces,

On glassy parquet of a hall,

On the seacoast’s granites, tall.

XXXIII

I see the sea before a tempest:

How jealous I was of the waves,

Running in their ferocious series

To lie by her feet with a grace!

How wished I with the waters’ splashes,

To touch them with my lips in flashes!

No, never, midst the ardent days

Of my enraptured yore, else,

With such a torture, I desired

To kiss the lips of young Armids,

Or roses of their cheeks, sweet,

Or breasts, full of the hidden fire;

No, never loving passions, hard,

Such tortured, else, my poor heart!

XXXIV

But I recall the days of yore!

In dreams I cherish in chanced mood,

I hold the stirrup, happy whole −

And my hands touch the little foot;

Again boils my imagination,

Again this heavenly sensation,

Fires blood, running through my heart,

Again there is my love and plight!

But let us stop praising the proud

With my so talkative a verse,

In fact, they never could be worth

The songs and passions they’d inspired

These fairies’ words and glances, sweet,

Are as deceitful as their feet.

XXXV

What of Onegin? In a doze,

He drives from dances to his bed:

While Petersburg, by drum rolls, close,

Has been turned up from sleeping state.

A merchant wakes, a peddler roams,

To his cab-stand a cabman goes,

With her filled jug a milkmaid fleet

Tramples the snow under her feet.

It’s wakened − noise of pleasant morning.

Shutters are opened, and in frost

Smoke from chimneys − like blue posts;

And baker, the unerring German,

In his cap, made of paper fast,

Has opened up his wasistdas.

XXXVI

But, tired of the noisy dances,

Having turned morning to night’s late,

The child of luxury and fancies

Sleeps peacefully in cozy shade.

He’ll wake in afternoon − no toiling,

His life is ready till the morning −

Life of monotony and play:

Today is all like yesterday.

But was he happy, our friend precious −

The one who’s free in his best years −

Amidst his brilliant affairs,

Amidst the everlasting pleasures?

Was he, amidst the feast and wealth,

A man of negligence and health?

XXXVII

No: his soul was cooled early;

He was exhausted by balls’ noise;

The charming ladies were not, fairly,

The subjects of his thoughts and choice;

Adultery had made him tired,

His friends and friendship were expired,

Because he actually couldn’t

Beef-steaks and Strasbourg pies, tho’ good,

Wet with the streams from Champaign bottles,

And go with sharp worlds ahead,

Having a very heavy head;

And tho’ he was a scoundrel, godless,

He had disliked all of the field −

The battle, the sable and the lead.

XXXVIII

The illness, whose well-hidden reason

Long time ago we have sought,

Like English spleen of a bad season,

In short, handra - a Russian word −

Slow brought him into its possessions;

To shoot himself, thank holy patience,

He didn’t attempt in his sore strife,

But wholly lost his zest for life,

Like Childe Harold, all pined and aimless,

He visited receptions’ lot;

Neither waltz-Boston, nor a word,

Nor a sweet look nor a sigh shameless

Nothing touched his extinguished soul:

He simply did not feel this all.

XXXIX, XL, XLI

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XLII

Oh, whimsical high world's she-lions!

He’d left you first of your sex fair;

And, truly, in the time of ours,

We’re bored with the high world’s air;

Though, maybe, any clever’ lady

Were talking Sey and Bertram gladly,

But, really, their whole chat

Is nonsense of a virgin set;

To add to that, they are so pure,

So full of the grandeur, and mind,

And decent features of all kinds,

So circumspect, and, yet, self-sure,

So estranged to any sin,

That just their air begets a spleen.

XLIII

And you, my dear youthful beauties,

Who’re, at an hour to pray,

Carried away by horses-brutes,

Along the capital’s highway.

And you’ve become for him forbidden.

This runner from the bliss of Eden −

Turned his own home into a den,

And, yawning, took the ink and pen −

Wanted to write − but work, rigorous,

Was death to him, and nothing else

Was going out of his pens,

And he didn’t fall into the quarters

Of the brave men, which I can’t judge,

Being involved in the same charge.

XLIV

Again enslaved by idling’ dole,

Pined by the blankness of his heart,

He took a table with a goal

To own the fruit of someone’s mind.

He filled his shelf with set of volumes,

And read, and read − to no purpose:

’Tis a deceit, a bore, a mess;

’Tis has not any shame or sense,

All has the different kind of fetters:

All that is old became too old,

And all that’s new is old, twice-told.

He left the books, like other matters,

And with a taffeta for dead

Covered the volumes’ dusty set.

XLV

Having got off the world’s traditions,

Like him, from vanity fatigued,

Then I became his friend, auspicious.

I liked the features he’d achieved,

His faithfulness to dreams and fancies,

The non-impersonated strangeness,

His mind, so sharp and so cool.

I bred a hate, he − a dark mood;

Both of us knew the play of passions;

Both were pined by our life hard;

In both − failed the light of heart;

Both were awaited by aversion

Of men and doom without eyes

In early mornings of our lives.

XLVI

Who’d lived and pondered, in his soul

Can’t help despising people, at last,

Who’d felt − is troubled by his dole,

By spirits of the sunken past:

He has no more sweet attractions,

He’s gnawed by lots of recollections,

As by a serpent in his heart.

This very frequently imparts

A strong delight to conversation.

At first, the language, he displays,

Was strange, but I got into ways

Of all his sharp argumentation,

His jokes with a gall by half,

His caustic epigrams’ dark stuff.

XLVII

How often at the summer, silver,

When it is transparent and bright

The night sky o’er the Neva-river,

And waters don’t reflect the sight

Of pale Diana in their mirrors,

Having recalled our former dears

And love of our former day,

Again so sensible and gay,

In silence of the nightfall, pitying,

We drank its aromatic breadth!

As from his prison to greens’ wealth

Was brought a prisoner half-sleeping,

Thus our sweet dreams were carrying us

To the beginning of young lives.

XLVIII

Having heart, full of light frustration,

And leaning on the granite, cut,

Onegin stood in contemplation,

As did that self-describing bard.

All’s silent, only on occasion,

Night wards exchanged with exclamations

And sound of drozhky’s distant tread

Was heard far from the Million-street.

A boat, waving with her ores,

Sailed softly sleeping waves along:

And we were lured by a song

Of the small horn and voice in chorus.

But sweeter for the fun, night-long,

Are octaves of Torquato’s song!

XLIX

Oh, waves of Adriatic azure,

Oh, Brenta! No, I shall see you

And, full of spiritual pleasure,

Enjoy your charming voice and view!

They’re sacred for Apollo’s heirs;

They’re my, I know them entire

Through Albion’s poetic sight.

I will enjoy the bliss of night

Of Italy, so free and golden,

A young Venetian close by,

Who’s sometimes loud, sometimes shy,

Glissading in a mystic gondola;

With her my language will obtain

Petrarca’s words of love again.

L

Will ever come my freedom, treasured?

It’s time, It’s time! – I call for this!

Roam by sea; wait for some weather,

And lure sails of the distant ships.

Under the storms, with fast waves vying,

Along the waters, freely lying,

When will I start my blessed race?

It’s time to leave the boring place

Of nature that appears so alien,

And midst my African wide lands,

Between blue skies and flaming sands,

To sigh about Russia, sullen,

Where I had suffered and loved,

Where I had buried my heart.

LI

Onegin, then, was fully bound

To see with me the alien lands,

But soon by fortune’s turning, sudden,

We were to be in different place.

His father left his earthly dole.

Before Onegin gathered whole

Horde of the greedy creditors,

Each with his own mind and course:

Evgeny, hating suits and trials,

Contented with his present fate,

Left them all heritage for debts,

Not giving any great defiance

Or knowing from someone’s piece,

His ancient uncle’s fast decease.

LII

He suddenly received, exactly,

A note from his uncles’ land,

He wished to see his nephew, badly,

To say farewell on his deathbed.

Having read this despondent message,

Evgeny, on a set of stages,

Rode to his uncle’s place at once,

And started yawning in advance,

Preparing self for gold, for pillage

To sighs, to boredom, to deceit,

(With this my story was conceived);

But having come to uncle’s village,

He found him on one of tables,

As a prepared tribute to earth.

LIII

He met a whole yard of service;

To the dead man from all four sides

Were coming former friends-contenders,

The lovers of the solemn rites.

They buried his uncle together.

Priests, guests were feasting without measure,

And then they gravely dispersed,

As if for next important phase.

Onegin’s, since, a country dweller –

The owner of woods and lakes,

Of plants and arable rich lands –

The former spend-all, fierce rebel,

He’s very glad that his past ways

Were thus replaced by something else.

LIV

At first, he took them as the new ones –

The silent, solitary fields,

The groves’ shadows and coolness,

The quiet songs of crystal streams;

In third day, groves, hills and meadows

Were not the objects he was pleased with;

Then they brought him just sleep and dreams,

Then he concluded that, it seems,

The village’s too the former bore,

Tho’ without palaces and streets,

Verse, balls and couches with steeds.

Handra was grasping him once more,

And following his present life

As if his shade or faithful wife.

LV

I have been born for peace, entire,

For stillness of the country realm,

It’s louder in it – a lyre,

And brighter every fruitful dream.

Being involved in leisure harmless,

I roam over waters’ silence,

And far niente is my law.

I wake up every morning for

My dear liberty and leisure:

Read very little, often sleep,

Don’t follow fame’s jumps and flips.

Is it not former life of pleasure,

When in sweet laziness and shade

My happiest days were slowly led?

LVI

Love, village, life without business,

Fields! I am your enduring serf.

I’m always glad to stress a distance

Between Onegin and myself

To force a reader, if he’s drastic

Or any publisher, sarcastic,

Producer of the complex lie,

Comparing features his and mine –

Not to reiterate, unholy,

That I had drawn my portrait,

Like Byron, of the proud trait,

As if − unyielding, in a whole,

To see another in a verse,

Besides a duplicate of yours.

LVII

The poets of all times and countries

Were friends of love and those who loved.

I used to see my dear items

In my deep dreams, and my poor heart

Has saved for me their trace, elated,

My muse then turned them animated:

Thus sang I, heedless one and blessed,

The girl of mountains – my best,

The she-slaves of the blue Salgire.

And from you all, my dear men,

I often heard a question, then:

“Of whom sighs now your sad lyre?

To whom from jealous lasses’ throng

You now dedicate your song?

LVIII

Whose glance, disturbing inspiration,

Brought sweet caresses, as award,

To songs of ponder and sensation,

Who was a goddess of your world?”

Oh, friends, there’s nobody, I swear!

The love’s mad trouble and sore tear

I’d suffer’d through a whole term.

He’s happy who combined with them

Heat of his rhymes, and thus redoubled

The poetry’s delirium, blessed,

While following Petrarca’s trace,

Pains of his heart he thus threw out,

And caught his fame on such a route;

But, loving, I was deaf and mute.

LIX

My love had gone, my muse – appeared,

And fully clear’d my dark mind,

And, free, again I look for peer

Thoughts, sounds, senses to my chant;

I write, my soul is not in grievance,

My pen doesn’t draw, like oblivious,

On poems, left without their ends,

The female feet or female heads;

Extinguished ashes have no fire,

I am still sad, but tear’s suppressed,

And very soon the tempest’s trace

Will vanish in my heart entire:

And then I will begin, headlong,

The poem of the twenty songs.

LX

I’ve thought about my plan’s structure,

And how will I call my man;

Having obtained just some conjuncture,

I finished the first chapter’s span;

Revised all things very severe:

There’re many contradictions here,

I would not make it all correct.

I’ll pay the censor my sad debt

And put at hungry journals’ mercy

The humble fruits of my long toils:

So, flutter to the Neva’s shores,

Newborn of my creative fancy,

And bring me back the fame’s award –

False rumors, noise and a bad word.

CHAPTER TWO

“ O rus!...”

Hor.

O Russia!

I

The village of Evgeny’s dullness,

Was an enchanting, quiet place;

A lover of the pleasures, harmless,

With such one, would be fully blessed.

The big and lonely gentry’s mansion,

Walled by a hill from winds’ invasion,

Stood by a stream. And far away

Before it, thriving, were far-laid

Green meadows and fields of gold,

Flashed villages; and by a chance,

Herds roamed on the green of grass,

And made dense canopy more broad

The immense garden, grown old,

The thoughtful dryads’ cool abode.

II

The honored castle was created,

As all such castles must be raised,

The very strong and well-sedated

In fashion of the good old times:

A set of high and airy chambers,

The guests’ room with the silk wallpapers,

Emperors’ portraits on the walls,

Tiled stoves in the rooms and halls.

All’s in an awful declination,

I do not know only why;

But the ambitious friend of mine

Paid to this all a little attention,

Considering, he always yawned

In halls, the modern ones and old.

III

He settled in the chamber, quiet,

Where the old-timer of these lands

Was scolding maids, catching flies, tired,

And looking out − for forty years.

All was there simple: floors of oaks,

The downy sofa, table, two drawers,

And nothing like an inky blot.

He opened drawers on the spot;

Found, in one, expense accounts,

In second − bottles of liqueurs,

Of juices from the apple-sauce,

A calendar, which time passed out:

The old man, having much to do,

Did not look other volumes through.

IV

Alone midst his wide possessions,

For spending more time to that,

At first, Onegin made intentions

To give his serfs a new mandate.

In his wild realm, this sage of desert

The yoke of corvee, so ancient,

Transformed into a light quitrent;

And slave was thankful to his fate.

But in his corner, dark and timeless,

His neighbor pouted his lips,

Seeing an awful wrong in this,

Another smiled with hidden slyness:

And he was called, his back behind,

‘A crackpot of a dangerous kind;’

V

At first, all visited his mansion;

But soon, because at his back doors,

Without making one exception,

Was always furnished a Don’s horse

As soon as from the distant road,

They heard noise of a couch, broad, -

Having large offence of such whim,

All neighbors stopped befriending him.

“Onegin is a boor, the maddest,

He’s a freemason; drinks at once

The red wine by a whole glass;

He kisses never hands of ladies;

Says no or yes, not no-s or yes-s” −

Was judgment of the common sense.

VI

To his estate in the same bout,

Has come its youthful new landlord,

And the same rumors him about

Had many reasons to be brought:

Bearing a name Vladimir Lensky,

And soul in the Gottingen’s key,

Adonis − in his prime and right,

A Kant’s admirer and a bard.

From misty Germans he brought here

The light of education’s beams:

The realm of freedom-loving dreams,

The spirit flaming, though queer,

The speech, which always burns and boils,

And long, touching his shoulders, curls.

VII

Not having time to fade till now

From the cold lech’ry of the world,

His soul was still so warm and proud

Midst friends, attached, and maidens, fond.

His heart was virgin and not tired,

The dazzling hope it inspired,

And world, the noisy one and bright,

Still charmed his inexperienced mind.

He entertained with sweet illusions

The doubts of his flaming heart;

The goal of existence, hard,

He thought a riddle and confusion:

He racked his young brains over that,

And marvels were his main suspect.

VIII

He was assured that a kin soul

Had to unite with him, at last,

That, in unhappiness and dole,

It always waits for him with trust;

That comrades, for his honor’s reason,

Are ready for the chains and prison,

And that their hand will not be weak

To break the slander’s lies and tricks;

That, chosen by their good fortunes,

Exist the people’s holy friends;

That their clan, overcoming death,

With beams, inevitable and gorgeous,

Will illumine the planet, once,

And carry bliss to all of us.

IX

Strong indignation and deploring,

The clear love of people’s good

And wish of fame, such sweet and sore,

Early was troubling his young blood.

A lyre was his mate in travels;

The Schiller’s heavens, Goethe’s heavens,

With flame of poetry, so strong,

Prepared his soul for a song.

The art of lofty muses, here,

It never stood to be ashamed:

In all his songs, he fully saved

His senses, always high and clear,

The thrusts of his untainted dream,

And charm of all that’s main and simple.

X

He sang pure love, by pure love knighted,

Therefore his song was clear and bright,

Like thoughts of maidens, simple-hearted,

Like baby’s dreams, like moon of night –

In deserts of the heaven, thoughtless,

Of gentle sighs’ and meetings’ goddess.

He sang depression and egress,

And something and the misty space,

And the alive, poetic roses,

He also sang the distant land,

Where his tears, so alive and sad,

Were shed amidst the silent lodges.

He sang a fade of men’ life, else, −

In his not whole eighteen years.

XI

In deserts where Evgeny, single,

Could validate his holy gift,

He did not like the gentry’s mingling

In close neighborhood, the feasts;

He ran from noisy conversations.

Their talk, profound, without passions,

About haying and good wines,

About cousins, dogs and hunts,

Of course, he didn’t glisten with senses,

Nor with good jokes, nor with mind,

Nor with a flame of a high kind,

Nor with the art of good attendance;

And talks of their enchanting wives

Were worse, and nearly not as wise.

XII

Our Lensky, very rich and handsome,

Was taken as a fiancé;

Such is the virgin country’s ransom –

All want their girl to have affair

With the half-Russian neighbor, special;

If he has come, then conversation

Consists of words, just by the way,

Describing bachelors’ bad days;

They call for tea the dear neighbor,

And Dunya pours this tea in cups;

And “Be alert!” she is advised.

And then a guitar is in favor:

Dunya will cry (oh, save us, God!):

Come into my abode of gold!...

XIII

But Lensky hadn’t still aspiration

To bear the bonds of marriage, hard.

He wanted to install a friendship

With our Onegin, with his heart.

They came together. Waves and stones,

Or flame and ice, or verse and prose

Are not so different as were they.

At first, when difference prevailed,

They were by their meetings bored;

Then liked each other, then, I’d say,

They rode together every day –

And weren’t divided, any more.

Thus man (and I’m, too, to be blamed),

In leisure, makes himself a friend.

XIV

But we haven’t friendship like these fellows.

Having killed all our myths in past,

We think of all as of the ‘zeros’,

And only of themselves as – ‘ones’.

We seek in selves Napoleon’s features,

The crowds of the two-feet creatures

Considering only as our tools

And senses – privacy of fools.

More forbearing than many,

Tho’ knowing the people’s race

As just an evil and disgrace –

As an exception, our Evgeny

Could see some men in different lights,

And praise them in his heart of hearts.

XV

He’d hear Lensky, easily smiling.

The youthful poet’s flaming speech,

His mind, in reasoning still trying,

His look with inspiration rich −

All, for Onegin, was so novel;

He tried to hold the word from falling,

That would, in some way, cool that flame,

And thought: it’ll be a silly game –

Trying to spoil his short diversion;

Without me this time will come;

Let him still live in it some time

With faith into the world’s perfection;

Ascribe to fevers of young years

Their young delirium and stress.

XVI

They paid to all their deep attention,

All was in their discussions put:

The peaceful former tribes’ relations,

The fruits of science, bad and good,

And myths – the heritage of ages,

And coffin’s secrets, outrages,

And fate, and life, that’s passing by –

All was a subject for their eye. .

The poet, in the heat and brightness

Of arguments, read them across

The poems of the misty North,

And our Evgeny, in indulgence,

Observed attentively them,

Tho’ with a cognitive problem.

XVII

But, oftener, the burning passions

Were occupying their young minds,

Having escaped their wide possessions,

Onegin mentioned them with sighs

Of somewhat sadness, unintentional:

He’s blessed who had the love’s sensations

And left, at last, them him behind;

More blessed – who hadn’t them in his mind,

Who cooled his love with separation,

A row – with gossips, and, some time,

Yawned with his wife and his friends, prime,

Not troubled by the jealous passion,

And fathers’ money, his life through,

Did not trust to the cunning ’two.

XVIII

When we will come under the banners

Of silence, that’s the prudent, once,

When will extinguish flame of passions,

And seem ridiculous to us

Their thrusts or willfulness of action,

And all their very late reaction,

That’s difficult to be controlled, −

We like to listen to the roll

Of rebel passions in the others:

This agitates our heart again.

Thus, any old man-veteran

Is braced to hear, gladly rather,

The younger warriors’ report,

When in his hut he is forgot.

XIX

But, and the youthfulness of fire

Couldn’t anything from people hide,

It never can conceal, entire,

Love, anger, sadness, joy and pride.

A judge in deals of loving, fair,

Onegin listened with an air,

When, liking owning of his heart

This pure, simple-hearted bard

Cited himself; his faithful soul

Then, could be easily scrutinized,

And soon Evgeny recognized

A young tale of his love, the whole,

With deepest senses, over-poured, −

Which long ago we knew as old.

XX

Oh, Lensky loved, and he did so,

As they haven’t now loved; as one

All crazy soul of a poet

Is still convicted to have done.

Always there is the single dreaming,

The single whish, that’s ever-living,

The single sadness, as a sense.

Not distance, ever-cooling space,

Nor many years of separation,

Nor beauties of the foreign place,

Nor hours of the muses’ grace,

Nor sciences, nor celebrations −

Nothing could change the poet’s heart,

Warmed with this crystal, virgin light.

XXI

Still a teenager, charmed by Olya,

And still, not knowing of heart’s pains,

He was a witness – a touched soul –

Of all her childish games and plays;

In shadows of the cozy groves,

In all her fun partook they both:

“Such friendship with a bridal ends,”

Thought their kind dads – the neighbors-friends.

In woods, under a shelter, low,

Full of the innocent allure,

Under the looks of parents, sure,

She grew, like the dale’s lilies grow:

Unseen in wealthy grass and moss

For hungry bees or greedy moths.

XXII

She’d gifted, then, a bard, elated,

With youthful ecstasy’s first dreams,

And thoughts of her made animated

First moans of his lyre, slim.

Farewell, games of the shining gold!

He’s liked the woods without roads,

Full silence, loneliness, and soon, –

And night, and stars, and, even, moon –

The moon, the icons’ lamp of heavens,

To which we were allotting, once,

Our walking midst the evening’ darks,

And tears – the secret tortures’ gladness –

But now, we think, her only task’s

To shine instead of lanterns, dusk.

XXIII

She’s always dutiful and modest,

Always, like morning, gay and bright,

Like kiss of love, she’s sweet and honest,

Like poet’s life, has simple heart.

Her eyes, so blue as blue is heaven,

Her smile and hair, so curled and flaxen,

Her movement, voice, her slender waist –

All was in Olga – but you else

Could find in every book this treasure –

Her portrait: it is very sweet,

And once I’d very much liked it,

But it’d bored me, beyond all measure.

Permit me, dear reader, hence,

To give her older sister place.

XXIV

Her older sister was Tatyana…

For the first time, with such a name,

Like a self-chosen ‘hosanna’

Will glorify this novel’s frame.

Why not? It’s very sweet and sound;

But, I am sure, strongly bound,

With memory of ancient times −

Or with the maidens’ room! We must

Admit a vulgar test, abiding

In multitude of our names,

(Not speaking, too, of our verse),

We’re a taboo for all enlight’ning,

And our heritage is, hence,

The mincing manners – nothing else.

XXV

So, Tatyana – her first name was.

Neither with sister’s dazzling charms,

Nor with her ever rosy freshness,

She could allure the people eyes.

Being all shy and sad and silent,

Like doe of the forest frightened −

She in the family of hers

Appeared as one of stranger-girls.

She could not anyhow caress

Her kind dad, or her gentle mom;

And though a child in children’s mob,

She didn’t partake in games of theirs,

And by a window all day,

Sat often in a lone way.

XXVI

A reverie, her girl-friend precious,

Beginning from her cradle days,

Arrayed stirs of her country leisures

With her dreams’ animated plays.

Her delicate, transparent fingers

Didn’t know any kind of needles;

And, to the usual tambour linked,

She didn’t embellish cloth with silk.

A token of lofty desire –

A child, with her obedient doll,

Prepares self in a funny stroll

To decency – the high-world’s sire,

Repeating to her in grand form

The lessons of her dear mom.

XXVII

But even in these years’ procession,

Tatyana did not take a doll,

And did not have long conversations

With her about ’dress and all’.

And frolics of the little people

Were strange for her; but stories, crippling,

In winter and a dark of night,

Were always close to her heart.

And when her nanny brought together,

For Olga, under summer sun,

Her little friends to have some fun,

She didn’t partake in common pleasure,

Being just bored with their laugh

And all that heedless, noisy stuff.

XXVIII

She, on the balcony, alone,

Preferred to meet with the sunrise,

When on a sky of pallid tones,

Dissolves the round dance of stars,

Horizon then becomes self- lightened,

And fans light wind, the morning’s advent,

And slowly rises daily light.

In winter, when the dark of night

Is still on half-of-world exposed,

And still in silence, like in swoon,

Under the cold and misty moon,

The East lies in the lazy doze –

In hours, that she always handles,

She woke up to a light of candles.

XXIX

She’s early liked the modern novels;

And substituting them for all,

She was in love with fairy stories,

With Richardson and great Rousseau.

Her father was a thorough feller,

The former century’s good dweller,

Who didn’t see the wrong in books;

Not having cast on them a look,

Considered them the trinkets, worthless,

And never had a single thought:

Which one of the unknown lot

Under the daughter’s pillow dozes?

His wife, with her in unison,

Was wild about Richardson.

XXX

This Richardson was her mom’s hero,

Not because she had read him, once,

Or Grandison, the noble fellow,

Was sympathized, but not Lovelas.

But in the past, the Princess Lina,

Her cousin of the Moscow’s lineage

Often repeated those names.

In this good time, her husband, blessed,

Was her betrothed, but she was sore,

And sighed about another man,

Which with his mind and soul, then,

Was pleasant to her heart much more;

Her Grandison was a gallant,

A gambler, and a man of Guard.

XXXI

Like him, she always was attired

To make for fashions perfect match;

But not regarding her desire,

The girl was driven to the church.

To dissipate her deepest sadness,

The clever husband took the precious

Into his village, where she, lost

In rough environment, at first,

Was mourning without measure,

Even intending to divorce,

Then made herself involved, of course,

In household, and found there pleasure…

Our habits are the Heavens’ gifts –

They are the substitutes for bliss.

XXXII

Customs had pacified the sorrow,

Which couldn’t be done without them;

And one discovery much more

Had comforted her heart, the same:

She’d, between laboring and leisure,

Discovered how could be pleasured

Her faithful husband and controlled,

And then all got a full concord.

She drove along to check serfs’ struggles,

Made pickled mushrooms, winter’s fruits,

Expense accounts and recruits,

On weekends, went to her bathhouse,

Beat maidens, being in bad sense, –

All – absent of her man’s assents.

XXXIII

She used, with blood, to write the rushes

In albums of the gentle girls,

To call ‘Polina’ her Parasha,

And mouth in a singing voice,

Wear the narrow stays of fairies,

‘N’ of the Russian, as in Paris,

Pronounced lazily through nose;

But soon, all that was fully lost;

The albums, corsets, princess Lina,

And copy-book of poems – all

She had forgot: started to call

Akulka former her ‘Selina’.

And renovated – a last step –

The cotton shlafer and nightcap.

XXXIV

Her husband, truly, loved her heartily,

Didn’t enter in her escapade,

Always has faith in her, undoubtedly…

In dressing-gown, drank and ate;

His life rolled, peaceful one and quiet;

By evening oft, there was united

A company from ‘next-door’ lands,

The good, unceremonious friends –

For little sore and talking scandal,

For little laughing something at.

Time’s passing by, and after that

They drink a tea, by Olga handled,

Then dinner’s ready, then comes night,

And guests drive out of the yard.

XXXV

They saved, in life, void troubles and fears,

Traditions of sweet ancient days;

Had, for fat weeks before the Easters,

The Russian, richly oiled pancakes;

Twice in a year, fasted and mourned;

They liked the merry-go-round,

The Christmas songs, the round-dance;

On Trinity, when a man’ mass,

All yawning, listens at the service;

They poured a tear (twice or thrice)

At the first show of the sunrise;

Like air, they needed ale, the freshest,

And at their table, all their guests

Were served in order of the ranks.

XXXVI

Thus, they were coming older, both.

And gaped a coffin, at the end,

Before the husband – and then closed

With a new crown on his head.

He passed away before his dinner,

Deplor’d by his friend, living near,

By his offspring and faithful wife

Stronger than many, lost of life.

He was the kind and simple barin,

And there, where his dust now lies,

The gray gravestone says to us:

The humble sinner, Dmitry Larin,

The brigadier and slave of God,

Enjoys his peace in this abode.

XXXVII

Having returned to his heath, own,

Lensky respectfully stopped by

The neighbor’s sorrow tombstone,

And dedicated him a sigh.

For long, his heart was wounded badly.

“Poor Yorick!” he pronounced sadly,

“He held me in his own arms.

How often played I with his brass,

Received for the Ochakov medal!

He tended Olga for my bride,

He said: will come this to my sight? − ”

And with sincere feeling saddened,

Vladimir made, at once, a draft

Of this gravestone’s epitaph.

XXXVIII

And there, with mournful inscription,

He honored, pouring sore tears,

His parents’ place of last partition…

Alas! On the life’s plowed fields

In shortest reaping, generations –

By secret heavens’ obligations –

Would grow, ripe, and, trackless, fall;

And others after them make stroll…

The same – our heedless generation,

It grows up, makes noise and raves,

Pressing grandfathers to their graves.

It’ll come, it’ll come and our succession:

And our grandchildren – help them, God! –

Will press us out this blessed world.

XXXIX

Right now, be with it delighted –

With easy life, my dear friends!

By it’s base mindlessness well granted,

I have not any good aspects;

I hold my sight off false existence,

But hopes, in the misty distance,

Sometimes, my poor heart embrace:

Without some non-sighted trace,

I would be sad to leave this dole.

I live and write not for the praise,

But I’d – it seems to me sometimes –

Make famous my sad fate, in whole,

For, like my faithful friend, for me,

A single sound would make plea.

XL

And it’ll touch someone’s soul, grievous;

And had been saved by a kind fate,

It never else might be oblivious –

The line, that I try to create;

And maybe, – though a week hope –

In future, someone − lazy oaf

Would look at my famous portrait,

And say, “He was a poet, yet!”

So, take my humble presentations,

Oh, fan of the peaceful Aeneids,

You, whose remembrance will permit

To save my fluttering creations,

Whose such beneficent a hand

Will sometimes stir the old bard’s grand.

CHAPTER THREE

Elle etait fille, elle etait amoureuse.

Malfitatre.

I

“Where are you going? Damn these poets!” −

“Good bye, Onegin, I’ve to leave.” −

“ don’t delay you, but would know, yet,

Where do you spend your every eve?” −

“At Larins’ home.” − “What a wonder!

For goodness sake! What could be harder

Than killing every evening there?” −

“Not in the least.” − “I can’t infer.

I can from here estimate it:

Firstly, − just listen: am I right? −

The simple Russians at a sight,

Their hospitality is splendid,

Their jam and talk without restrain

About cattle, flax and rain.” −

II

“I didn’t see there a disaster.” −

“But boredom is disaster there.” −

“I hate your world where styles are masters.

The home circle I prefer,

Where I can.” − “Back to shepherds’ verses!

For sake of God, please stop this nonsense.

Well, you are riding. I regret.

Listen, my Lensky: can I, yet,

Behold this shepherdess, the endless

Subject of all your thoughts, and pens,

And tears, and rhymes, and other trends.

Show me to them.” − “A prank?” − “I’m earnest.” −

“I’m glad.” − “Then, when?” − “Let’s go at once.

They will be glad for both of us.

III

Let’s go.” − Rode on the comrades,

Appeared there; and each obtains

A service − sometimes hard − of oldest

And very hospitable days.

A rite of feeding, the well-known:

They carry, on a plate, jams own,

Put on a table for guests’ use

Jugs with a cowberry juice.

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IV

They, by the road, shortest here,

Are flying to their own lands,

And we’ll in secret try to hear

The talk of our heroes-friends.

“So, Onegin, are you yawning?” −

“A custom, Lensky” − “Is it boring

You more than before.?” − “The same,

Maybe this darkness’s to be blamed;

Go on, Andrushka! Speed the horses!

What in the world, a silly place! −

Mrs. Larin’s of the simplest case,

But very pleasant an old hostess;

A cowberry juice, I feel,

Would make me in some future ill.

V

Tell me, which one there was Tatyana?” −

“Well, she who was all evening sad

And silent as if were Svetlana,

Who’d entered and by window set.” −

“Lord! Your sweetheart’s the younger sister!” −

“Why not?” − “I’d choose another, mister,

If I were, just like you, a bard.

The Olga’s features are too hard,

Like ones of the Vandyke’s Madonna:

Her face is round one and red,

Like this ludicrous moon, that’s hanged

On this ludicrous sky, alone.

Vladimir coldly answered him,

And all the way was mute and grim.

VI

The first Onegin’s visitation

To Larins families’ abode

Gave to his neighbors great impression

And entertained them all a lot.

Guesses were followed by guesses.

All fell into the talking, restless,

With somewhat sinful judge and mirth,

Planning for Tanya her betrothed.

Some of them even cried in passion,

That marriage was agreed at all,

But stopped for time, a very small,

’Cause there were no rings of fashion.

Relating Lensky’s marriage thoughts

Have long ago received consort.

VII

Tatyana heard with great vexation

Such kind of gossips, but she yet,

With somewhat heavenly sensation,

Was forced to think about that;

And in her heart grew an idea −

Her time has come, her love is here.

Thus a slim seed, fallen in earth,

Is made alive with flamed spring’s breath.

How long, her bright imagination,

In flames of bliss and sadness set,

Was craving for the food of fate;

How long, her heart’s unconscious passion

Was pressing on her virgin breast

And soul seeking… someone blessed,

VIII

And found, at last. Her heart got rightness;

She said for sure, “It is him!”

Alas! Now her light and darkness,

And single, caught by fire, dream −

All’s filled with him, all to heart maiden’s,

With strongest charm, with music endless,

Repeats his name. She’s deadly bor’d

By sounds of her kin’ good word,

By servants’ full of care glances.

In deepness of her sore sense,

She does not hear talks of guests,

And curses their existence priceless,

Their comings always in surprise

And great length of their visits’ times.

IX

With which a serious attention

She reads a novel of delight,

In which a highest fascination,

She drinks the coaxing deceit!

By a blessed vigor of sensations

Recalled to be alive, creations −

Julia’s lover − sweet Volmar,

Malek-Adel and de Linar,

And Werther-sufferer rebellious,

And void of equals Grandison,

Who tends us to a-sleeping, stone, −

All, for she-dreamer our precious,

United in the image, single:

In single Onegin all were mingled.

X

Seeing herself in masterpieces

Of the creators, whom she loved, −

Delphina, Julia, Klarissa −

Tatyana roams in the wild

Alone with a novel, dangerous;

She seeks in it and finds her precious

And secret fire and dreams, bright -

The fruits of fullness of her heart;

Sighs sadly, taking, as her own,

Another’s ardor and grief, hard,

In deep forgetfulness, by heart,

A letter for her hero moans.

Whoever, then, our hero was,

Not Grandison he was, of course.

XI

Having attuned his style to greatness,

An author of the flaming lines,

Used to present his hero, blameless,

As the ideal one to us.

He catered his man beloved,

Which always was unfairly hounded,

With soul sensible, and mind,

And with a face good to remind.

Burning in flames of clear passions

And great delight, a hero praised,

Was always braced to sacrifice,

And in the last chapter’s procession,

A sin was punished and diseased,

And goodness − crowned with a wreath.

XII

And now all the minds are misty,

The morals force us to go sleep,

In novels, sins are well-existing,

And celebrate their winning trip.

The British muse’s sullen fables

Stir dreams of any girl, defenseless,

And now her main idol is

Vampire, full of deep ideas,

Or Melmot-vagabond, the restless,

Eternal Jew, the strange Corsair,

Or the mysteries Sbogair.

Lord Byron, with his whim successful,

Dressed into grim romanticism

Even the helpless egoism.

XIII

My dear friends, what’s good in all that?

May be, by a divine decree,

I soon shall cease being a poet,

A new imp will reside in me:

Having disdained the threats of Phoebus,

I’ll fall into a prose, cheerless;

Then a long tale of the old set

Will entertain my life’s sunset.

Not a masked evildoing’s sore

I’ll draw awfully in it,

But simply, truthfully repeat,

A Russian family’s old lore,

The dreams of one, who lives and loves,

And rites of our good old times.

XIV

I shall recite the speeches, simplest,

Of fathers or of uncles, old,

The children’s shyly arranged meetings

Near the limes and ringlets, cold;

Unhappy love’s sharp pains and fears,

Their separation, sore tears,

Conciliation, break − at last,

Shall make them married very fast...

I shall recall the lofty leisure’s

Words of the ever-pining love,

Which, in the days of former strife

By feet of my unearthly treasure,

Chanced to embellish my flamed speech −

I now came estranged from which.

XV

Now, I pour my tears of passion

With you, Tatyana, my sweet maid!

To the tyrant of a cold fashion

You’ve given your entire fate.

You’ll perish, but before, my darling,

You, in a hope, so shining,

Call for a pleasure of a hell,

You recognize life’s bliss and spell,

Drink charming poison of desire,

You’re haunted by your own dreams,

Your own eye all over sees

Your dates, full of delighted fire;

Wherever were you, to your sight,

Your temper sheds his fateful light.

XVI

The pine of love wraps Tanya round −

She goes to the garden, sore,

Her looks are suddenly put down,

And she is lazy to walk more.

Breasts heaving, and her cheeks entire

Are covered with a sudden fire,

Her breath is stopped her lips behind,

In ears - a noise, in eyes − a shine.

A night will come; a sentry, flawless −

The moon − goes the skies along,

A nightingale begins her song

In darkness of the distant groves.

Tatyana does not sleep in night,

Speaks with her nanny of her plight.

XVII

“I can’t sleep in this hot abode!

Open the window and come.” −

“What’s bad, my Tanya?” − “I am bored.

Let’s talk about an old time.” −

“About what? I’d used to know

A lot of fables, high and low,

About evil spirits’ trades,

About princesses and maids;

But now all of them got out

Of my so weak and aged mind,

All that I’ve known - left behind,

And only dark is left around.” −

“Tell me about your young years:

Were you in love - or something else?” −

XVIII

“Oh, no, Tanya, in those ages

We’d heard just nothing of all that,

Because my mother-in-law, late,

Would have killed me in other cases.” −

“But how then you still got married?” −

“It seems, the will of God prevailed it.

‘Your Vanya’s younger.’, I was told −

And I was thirteen years old.

For two weeks, she-match-maker here

Called on my family, at last,

My dad gave me his blessing fast.

I wept then sorely for fear;

Braiding my hair, they wept much,

And, singing led me to a church.

XIX

And left me living midst the strangers.

But you aren't listening to me.” −

“Oh, nanny, nanny, my heart aches,

I’m so unhappy, do you see?

I feel like crying, sobbing crazily!” −

“My dear girl, you are not healthy;

My Lord, be merciful to us!

What ’tis you want, my child, just ask!”

Let me sprinkle you with holy water.

“You’re burning hot.” − “I am not ill;

Oh, nanny. I’m in love, I feel” −

“Our holy Father, save your daughter!”

And a nanny, praying, with her hand,

Made sacred signs over girl’s head.

XX

“I am in love,” again she whispered

In sadness to the old above.

“My dearest, ’tis only illness” −

“Leave me alone: I’m in love.”

Meanwhile, the moon in skies was shining

And with a languorous light was lightning

All Tanya’s features, pale and fair,

Her splendid, loosely falling hair,

Her tears, and the old woman here,

With a kerchief on her gray head,

In her old, warm, too long jacket,

Sitting before our maiden, dear.

And all was sunk in silence soon

Under the pale inspiring moon.

XXI

And Tanya’s heart was very distant,

While she was looking at moon’s rays.

Her mind begot a thought in instant.

“Leave me alone, go away.

Give me a pen, a sheet of paper,

And move the table; I’ll lie soon later;

Forgive me!" She’s alone left.

All’s quiet. She, in moonlight set,

Leaned on the table, writes a letter,

Only Evgeny’s on her mind,

And the sincere lines behind,

Only the virgin’s love’s the matter.

The letter’s ready, bent and pressed.

Tatyana, what is its address?

XXII

I knew the beauties very proud,

Like winter, clear ones and cold,

Unmerciful and ‘not-be-bribed’

Unfathomed for the minds at all;

I wondered to their air of fashion,

To their high virtue, so natural,

And, I admit, I ran from them,

And read, in awfulness and shame,

On their foreheads the grim hells’ scripture:

Leave all your hope − and for good.

The thought of love brings them bad mood,

To scare men makes them feel richer.

Maybe, on Neva’s both sides,

Such dames were objects of your sights.

XXIII

Being among the slaves delighted,

I saw the ‘queens’ of other kinds,

Indifferent and self-conceited

For any flatteries and sighs.

And I have found with a wonder

That they, their cold behavior under,

Intimidating lovers, plane,

Could fascinate all them again,

At least, by only gentle sadness,

At least, by sounds of their speech,

Seemed with some gentleness enriched -

And, brought by his light faith to madness,

A young admirer runs again

Behind the coquette, cold and vain.

XXIV

Why have we to brand Tanya’s action?

Maybe, because in her sweet ease,

She does not fathom a deception,

Trusts to the best of all her dreams?

Because in love she’s so artless,

Caught by the natural senses vastness,

Because she so trustful is,

Because she bears Heavens’ gifts:

Imagination, so rebellious,

Mind and her willingness, alive,

Character, ready now to strive,

And Heart, the flaming one and precious.

So, you will not condemn the girl

For passions’ thoughtlessness, at all!

XXV

A coquette in a cold blood measures,

Tatyana seriously loves,

And gives to love all her heart precious,

Like a sweet baby often does.

She does not say: ‘let us postpone.’,

Making a price of love more grown,

Or rather, luring to a net;

At first, we’ll prick with self-respect,

With hope, then begin to torture

Your heart with puzzles, in last phase,

Make it alive with rival flames −

Because a prisoner, non-virtuous,

Bored by pleasure, always plans

To throw off his charming chains.

XXVI

I see another hindrance here:

Saving the honor of our land,

I have the letter of the dear

Tatyana now to translate.

Her Russian was of bad condition,

She did not read our journals’ fiction,

And spoke in a way, that’s bad,

The language of her native land.

The French was language that she wrote.

What can we do! I’ve said above

That until now, ladies’ love

Does not speak self in Russian mode,

Our proud tongue, till our age,

Hasn’t used to prose of postage.

XXVII

I know they would force our ladies

To read in Russian. Dread of dreads!

Can I imagine − for a second −

Them with “The Loyal” in their hands!

I’m asking you, my dear poets:

Is this a truth that your sweet objects,

To whom, as penance for your sins,

You’ve written sacramental hymns,

To whom you’ve given all your soul,

Having with Russian time so hard,

All of your wonderful sweethearts

So sweetly twisted it in whole,

And on their lips the language strange

Was like the native one arranged?

XXVIII

I dread to meet at a ball’s gala,

Or at departure on porch’s steps,

A cleric in a shawl yellow,

Or a professor with nightcap!

As rose cheeks without smiling,

Repels me Russian speech, abiding

Without faults in grammar fine.

And, maybe, to bad luck of mine,

The novel beauties’ generation,

Having heard journals’ praying voice,

Would make the Grammar our choice

And Verse − the general convention;

But I ... don’t take it in my mind,

And would stay true to the old rite.

XXIX

The babble, that’s negligent and sore,

Pronouncing the worlds not right −

Will raise up, in my breast, once more,

Strong palpitation of my heart.

I have no strength for my repentance,

I’ll like a French word in a sentence,

As left in days of yore sins,

As Bogdanovich’s golden strings.

Enough of that. I’ve to be busy

With a note of my charming lass,

I gave my word, and, Lord, help us!

I feel that it will not be easy,

Because the gentle Parnee’s times

Aren’t entertaining more to us.

XXX

Singer of Feasts and languid sadness,

If you were staying with me late,

I with appeal, somewhat shameless,

Would trouble you, my dear friend:

Translate into your songs, bewitching,

The alien speech, laid in the scripture

By my so passionate a lass,

Where are you? Come! My sacred rights

I’m passing to you with a bow.

But midst a solemn rocky mass,

Alone and unused to praise,

Under the Finland skies he now

Is roaming, and his kind heart

Won’t hear my sufferings so hard.

XXXI

Before me lies her letter precious,

I faithfully take care of this,

Read with the hidden sore passion,

And never can this reading cease.

Who forced her to be so gentle,

So pleasantly with words unsettled,

So sweet in glance, so filled with light,

So crazy in a talk of heart −

The talk intriguing and dangerous?

I do not fathom all this; yet

I made translation, very bad, −

The living picture’s copy breathless,

Or famous ‘Freeshot’, when it’s played

By fingers of the bashful maid:

TATYANA’S LETTER TO ONEGIN

I write to you – and all my soul

Has none to add to such a fact!

I know that, if ’tis your goal,

You’ll punish me with non-respect.

But if for my unhappy dole,

You have a drop of piety,

You’d never leave alone me.

At first, I’d wished to be quite silent;

For sure, you never would have seen –

These my atrocious shame and sin

If I were any hope granted,

Just seldom, on a week just once,

To see you, as a guest, midst us,

Only to catch your speeches fleeting,

Only to say to you a word –

And then to have this in a thought

Through day and night till a new meeting. –

But, they say, men spoil your good mood,

You’re bored in the rustic hole,

And we… have none to be approved,

Though meet you with our heart and soul.

Why have you called upon our place?

In our village, all forgotten,

I’d not know you in other case,

Either the tortures, I am brought in.

At time, having suppressed and molten

The movement of my naïve heart,

Maybe, I would find a good spouse,

Become a true wife of a house,

And a mother, very kind and right.

Another one!... No, in the whole

World only you can have my love!

That’s the decree higher than royal…

I’m yours – by will of skies above.

My whole life was only pawning

Of meeting that is waiting us,

You are an advent of God’s morning,

My guardian till my years last…

In my night dreams, you oft appeared;

Non-seemed, you have been my sweetheart,

Your splendid glance troubled my blood,

My heart was filled with your voice dear.

Not long ago… That wasn’t a dream!

You’d just come in – I got aware,

Was stunned and put in awful glare,

And thought at once, “That’s him! That’s him!”

Is it not truth? I heard you often,

You spake to me in quiet voice,

When I was helping a poor orphan

Or trying with a prayer to soften

Pain of my soul, troubled and lost?

And, at this very moment here,

Was it not you – oh, my ghost dear –

Who fleshed in the transparent night,

Gently inclined to my hot pillow,

And, with great joy and love which filled you,

Whispered to me of hope’s light?

Who’re you? My guardian and saver

Or evil and perfidious temper:

Help me to get off doubts’ seeds.

Maybe, all this is silly, rather,

A virgin soul’s great deceits,

And fate prepares for me another…

But so be it! I do entrust

My fate to you since this great instant,

Pour bitter tears under your glance,

Beg you to be my warden decent…

Behold! I’m here only one,

None understand me all around,

My mind gets tiered and unsound,

And, mute, I move to deadly line.

I wait for you: a glance yours, single,

Let animate my dying heart,

Or let your censure interrupt

My dreams if they’re with folly mingled!

I’m finishing! Can’t read it else…

Stunned with my awful shame and fear…

But I trust to your noble sense,

And firmly self to it deliver…

XXXII

Tatyana sighs through writing mire,

The letter shudders in her hands,

The paper seal gets dry entire

On her tongue, hot as deserts’ sands.

Her little head leans to her shoulder,

That lost for time the night-shirt’s holder,

And shines with beauty in moon rays…

But music that the moonlight plays,

Comes to the end. There, a dale’s ground

Clears through cool vapor. There, a stream

Is silver’d. There, a rustic’s dream

Is cut by shepherd clarions’ sounds.

There’s morn. All wake for toil or game –

But for my Tanya all the same.

XXXIII

She does not look at red dawn’s heaven,

Sits with her low dropped head,

And does not press her seal, engraved,

To her epistle – to be send.

But having opened doors in stillness,

Her good old nurse – her head’s all silver’s –

Brings on a tray the morning tea.

“Get up, my child, it’s time, you see, –

But you’ve got up, my girl unearthly!

My little bird of early tread!

Just yesterday I was afraid!

But now, thank to God, you’re healthy!

The nightly pine had fully fled,

Your face is like a rose red.”

XXXIV

− ‘Oh, nurse, please, take on you a mission!’

− ‘I’m ready, dear; what ’tis for?’

− ‘Don’t think… it’s really… suspicion…

But, do you see?... Oh, don’t say no!’

− ‘My friend, I pledge – let great God see it.’

− ‘Well, send your grandson in a secret

With this small note to O… that…

Our neighbor … and instruct him: let

Him be mute till this all is handled,

And don’t pronounce there my name…’

− ‘To whom my dear? It’s my shame –

I’m now so muddle-headed.

A lot of neighbors here abide;

I even cannot list them right.’

XXXV

− ‘Oh, how can’t you help to guess it?’

− ‘My soul’s friend, I am too old:

My mind fails, oh, my maiden blessed;

But early I was sharp and bold:

If just a word I was to hear…’

− ‘It’s not a thing to speak of here!

Why do I now need your mind?

The letter is all this behind –

Onegin must be its receiver.’

− ‘Well, don’t be angry, dear heart,

You know, I am not such smart…

But you’re again seemed as in fervor!’

− ‘No, nurse, there’s nothing bad, at last,

But let your grandson go fast.’

XXXVI

A day had gone, and no answer,

Another came, no answer yet.

Pale as the gentle alabaster,

Tatyana waits, from morning dressed.

Now, came in Olga’s lover here.

“Tell us, where is your friend, my dear?” --

The hostess asked him only once,

“He’d somehow forgotten us.”

Tatyana fell in flame and freezing.

“He promised to be here today,”

Said Lensky in his easy way,

“It seems the tardy mail’s a reason.”

Tatyana cast down her eyes,

As if under a blaming glance.

XXXVII

The dusk has come, and softly shining,

Hissed Samovar on table’s white,

Warming a tea-pot of the china;

Under it clouded steam, light.

By Olga’s nimble hands directed

Into the cups, tea, hot and scented

Ran as the black and glaring stream,

And a boy-serf served on cold cream.

Tatyana by a window lingered,

And breathing at the cooling glass,

And being in deep thoughts – my lass! –

Drew with her pretty little finger

The sacred letters O and E

On glass through which she could not see.

XXXVIII

But at that time her soul was wailing,

And her sad eyes were full of tears.

Lo! Thud of horse hoofs – her heart’s failing –

They rode in a yard… there is

Evgeny! “Oh!” – and light, in fear,

Tatyana jumps through halls at rear,

Through porch and garden leads her track;

She flies; she flies, not looking back.

She had run in a moment single

Through bridges, arbors, labored grass,

The alley to the lake and groves…

Broke bushes of the lilac, feeble,

On flowers beds – my poor wench! –

And, breathless, on a lone bench

XXXIX

She fell…

“He’d come! Evgeny’s here!

What thought of me could visit him?”

Her heart, filled with sharp pain and fear,

Preserves the hope of her dream.

She shudders and she burns in fever

She waits for him, but does not hear…

Amidst the garden bushes’ bliss,

Maids-serfs were gathering berries

And singing choir under an order.

(The order’s based on the good thought:

A mouth of the canning sort

Can’t eat lords’ berries in the mode,

In which it’s into song enticed –

The country humor’s enterprise!)

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

XL

They sing a song; with small attention

Listening to their ringing voice,

Tatyana waited, all impatient,

When will be quiet her heart noise,

When will be gone away cheeks’ flaming,

But in her breast – the same heart’s trembling,

A fire runs not off her face,

But stronger it prolongs to blaze.

Thus a poor little moth is glaring

And beating with its rainbow wing,

Charmed by a boy – the naughty thing;

A little hare thus is trembling,

Suddenly seeing from a field

An aiming hunter in a wild.

XLI

But, finally, she sighed – quiet deeply,

And rose from her bench to go,

Went on, but only she turned swiftly

Into the alley, her before,

There stands Evgeny – his look’s shining –

He’s like a shadow evil-minding,

And, just like one, by fire blazed,

She stopped right now on the place.

But, my good friends, I’m very sorry:

Today, I’m not able, of course,

To list results of this concourse;

I have, after my lengthy story,

To take a walk and little rest:

Some day, I’ll finish all the text.

CHAPTER FOUR

La morale est dans la nature des choses.

Necker.

I. II. III. IV. V. VI.

VII

The less we ever love a woman,

The more we are liked by her,

And more surely she’s ruined

Among the nets of love afire.

In times of old, cool dissipation

Begot the science of love’s passion,

Just piping of itself above,

And making ‘love’ without love.

But this important entertainment

Is privacy of the old apes

In age of our grandfathers blessed:

Lovelasses’ fame’s dilapidated,

The same – the one of the heels red,

And lofty wigs, then widely spread.

VIII

Who doesn’t tied to dissemble,

Repeat the same in different ways,

Try to impart the things, remembered

By everyone from early days.

Hark to the same repudiations,

Destroy the pre-argumentations,

That ne’er belonged and ne’er do else

To any girl of thirteen years!

Who’ll not be bored by constant menace,

Petitions, pledges, artful dreads,

Notes, through many pages spread,

Deceits, idle rumors, rings, tears endless,

Their moms’ and aunties’ oversight

And friendship of their husbands, hard.

IX

Such were Evgeny’s contemplations.

He, in the first part of his youth,

Became a prey to false attractions,

And zeal, refusing to be smoothed.

Spoiled by the habits of existence,

In some place charmed for only instant,

Frustrated in another place,

Pined by his wish of slow pace,

By his success, like wind unbound;

Hearing in silence and in noise

The soul’s ever grumbling voice,

Suppressing yawning with laugh’s sounds:

That’s how his eight years he killed –

Lost the best bloom of his life’s field.

X

Now, he didn’t fall in love with beauties –

Dangled after them with little zest:

If they refuse – he seeks new booties,

If they unfaithful – glad to rest.

He sought them, lost of inspiration,

And left – without deep depression,

Almost forgot their love and hate.

Like that, indifferent and late,

Guest comes to play the whist of evening,

Sits down – after end of games

He goes out of the place,

At home calmly falls in sleeping,

And at the morn doesn’t know yet,

Where he will spend his next sunset.

XI

But having got the Tanya’s message:

Onegin heartily was touched:

The charm of maiden fancies’ language

Called for strong musing of his mind;

And he remembered Tanya blessed –

Her colour pale and view depressed;

And sinless, full of sweetness dream

Embraced his soul with soft gleam.

Maybe, his senses’ zeal of yore

Has gained his heart for a time’s bit,

But he didn’t dare to deceit

The faith of virgin soul, sore.

Now we shall fly to garden’s shade,

When he and Tanya have a ‘date.’

XII

For minutes, there was silence settled,

Then stepped Onegin and proclaimed:

“You’ve lately writ to me a letter,

Do not deny that. I have read

The soul’s, full of trust, confession,

The outpour of virgin passion:

I like your revelation’s sight;

It had been able to excite

Mute senses, I am still to bear;

But I don’t want to praise you, yet;

I’ll pay to you for such present

With my confession, too sincere;

I open my heart and thought

And thrust myself to your high court.

XIII

If I were wished with home, farther,

To make restricted my life’s place,

If to be Spouse and good Father

I were elected by high grace;

If only family relations

Were for a moment my main passion,

Then, sure, excepting only you,

I would have none bride in a view.

I’ll say without poetic gears:

If I were met my dream before,

You’d be the one, elected for

The only friend of my sad years,

As Summery of Beauty; then

I would be happy… such as can!

XIV

But I’m not born for jubilation;

My soul is alien to all this;

In vain are all your high perfections:

I am not worthy of their bliss.

Just trust to me – I can to swear –

Our marriage will be hell to bear,

Tho’ I were loved you hundred times,

But, married, will dislike at once.

You’ll start to cry, your bitter tear

Will never touch my stony heart,

But make it only mad and hard.

So, look at blossoms to appear

If Hymen brings together us

And, maybe, for the years to last.

XV

What could for humane heart be heavier

Then view of home where a wife

Grieves at her man of mean behavior,

Alone through her whole life.

Where the dull husband – known her value,

But cursing his bad luck, prevailing –

Always is angry, frowned, mute,

Always – in cold-and-jealous mood!

It’s me. And was such man the matter

For your so clear, burning heart,

When so simply, with high mind,

You were creating your song-letter?

Is that the same and only lot,

Which your severe Fate did plot?

XVI

There’s no return for dreams and years;

I can’t get young my soul twice…

I love you as loves brother dear

And, maybe, gentler then he does.

Listen to me, and don’t be saddened:

Not once, will change a youthful maiden

The old light dreams with new light dreams;

Like that, the young trees change their leaves

In every year at spring’s invention −

It is prescribed by Heavens Law.

You’ll love again… And one thing more:

Try to control your own actions;

Not each will mind you as I did –

To woe naivety may lead.”

XVII

Thus preached Yevgeny with great patience;

And, seeing nothing through her tears,

Almost breathless – no objections –

Tatyana listened to all this.

He gave his arm… Tatyana sadly

(They say, ‘mechanically,’ readily)

And silently leaned on his arm,

And drooped with her little head of charm.

They went at home by kitchen-gardens,

Came back together. And none, yet,

Was to reproach them for that.

The freedom of profound country’s

Enjoys the same exultant rights

Which are grand Moscow’s delights.

XVIII

You shall agree with me, my reader,

That our hero and friend

Treated sad Tanya like kind breeder,

And not first time he showed that

His soul’s goodness is unbending,

Though ill-will, midst people spreading,

Spared then nothing he has had

His every enemy and friend

(That often is the same thing, rather)

Cursed out him in different words.

Each has his foes in these worlds,

But save us from our friends, Great Father!

Oh, these good friends, these faithful friends!

I’ve not in vain recalled their trends.

XIX

Huh! Huh! I only mess around!

I lull to sleep black, empty dreams;

I claim (only in brackets round)

That it does not exists, as seems,

The slander, born by hiding liar

And by high world’s mob fanned like fire,

That there are not such silly things

Or epigrams – the rabbles’ stings –

Which your best friend with smile of favor

In circles of the decent folk,

Without enmity and joke,

Were to repeat by chance forever;

But, by the way, he’ll die for you:

He loves you …like your kinsmen do!

XX

Hum! Hum! My reader – all perfection –

How do they do – your kinsmen, yet?

Do you have any aspiration

To know my opinion, strait,

Of what defines the word “relative”?

That’s how those folks come native:

We’ve to caress them with our hearts,

To love, to show them regards,

And, to the popular traditions,

To visit them on Christmas day,

Or to acclaim them by a mail –

Then, in all other days of seasons

They wouldn’t remember us, at least…

So, let them long live in the bliss!

XXI

Instead, the love of beauties gentlest

Is stronger than one’s kin’s or friends’:

Amidst rebellious storms and tempests

You keep preserved your own ‘lands.’

Of course, ’tis thus. But whirls of fashion,

But changes of the northern nature,

But high world speculations’ puffs –

And the sweet sex is light like fluff.

To add, that judgment of a husband,

For his forever virtuous wife

Always must have respected stuff;

Thus your sweet spouse, faithful rather,

At once could be to danger moved –

’Cause Satan plays his tricks with love.

XXII

Who’s to be loved? Who’s trustful treasure?

Who’ll not betray us only one?

Who ever helpfully will measure

All talks and deals on our arshine?

Who against us doesn’t sow slander?

Who cherish us with love and tender?

Who’ll be not pined by our vice?

Who will not ever bore us?

Searcher in vain for ghosts elated,

Not loosing labors like a serf,

Forever love only yourself,

My reader, always high-respected!

Example to follow to: none

More conducive has not done.

XXIII

What were results of intersection?

Alas! It isn’t so hard to guess!

The love’s demented tribulations

Did not else cease making access

To youthful soul, craved for sadness;

No, stronger, with the passion restless,

Our poor Tanya now flames;

A sleep runs off her bedroom’s place,

Health, blossoms her young life’s to bear,

Smile and the virgin peace and joys –

All vanished, like an empty voice,

And darkens youth of Tanya dear:

Like that, the tempest’s shade lies on

The day that’s only now born.

XXIV

Alas! Tatyana fades in passion:

She’s silent, pale and lost of light!

Nothing becomes her recreation,

Or animates her dying heart.

Nodding with their heads with importance,

The neighbors whisper in their ‘quarters’:

It’s time for Tanya to be wed!...

But that’s enough. I’m now glad

To cheer up your imagination

With pictures of the happy love,

Because all this despondent stuff

Endows me with sad sensation;

Excuse me: I cannot but fall

In love with Tanya, my sweet girl!

XXV

With every passing hour much more

Imprisoned by the Olga’s charms,

Vladimir, with his heart and soul,

Fell into slavery’s sweet chasms.

He’s e’er with her. In her rooms closed,

They sit in utter darkness both;

Or in the morning, hand-in-hand,

They walk under the garden’s shade;

So what? Involved in love’s sweet rapture,

In tumult of the gentle shame,

But at the blissful time, the same,

By Olga’s smile inspired and captured –

He sometimes plays with her long tress,

Or kisses edges of her dress.

XXVI

Sometimes he reads to dear Olya

A novel of the preaching kind,

In which an author knows more

Of nature than Chateaubriand,

But, by the way, a few of pages –

The empty nonsense, outrages

And dangerous for the maiden’s case –

He misses with his reddened face.

Having retired far from people,

Over a board of curved chess,

Leaned on a table in a rest,

They sit, sunk in their thinking deeply,

And Lensky, with a daring pawn,

Attacks a castle, that’s his own.

XXVII

Should he go home, and at home,

He’s busy with his Olga sweet:

The album pages’ airy foam

For her adorns he, light and swift.

He used to draw the country prospects,

Gravestones, temples of a goddess,

Or sitting on a lyre doves –

With easy brush’s or feather’s dives;

Sometimes, on pages to remember,

Under the scriptures of the rest,

To leave his gentle verse, the best

Remembrance of the dreaming slender,

The long trace of the instant thought –

The same through passing years’ lot.

XXVIII

Of course, you’ve seen, and often rather,

The albums of the district’s maids,

They’re spotted with their girl-friends’ phrases,

From the beginnings to the ends.

There, to spite grammar propositions,

An immense verse, to old traditions,

Is written, as the friendship’s signs,

Prolonged and abridged from all sides.

The first page you are used to meet on:

Qu’ecrirez-vous sur ces tablettes,

And a signature – t. a. v. Annette;

And on the last one it is written:

“Let one, more set with you in love,

Write farther than I did above.”

XXIX

You will find here in all cases,

Two hearts, a flower and a torch,

For sure – the sincere pledges

In love till deathly day’s approach.

Some poet from the martial devils

Had stealthy put here a verse evil.

Into such album, dear friends,

And I writ firstly, I confess,

When I was sure, with all my soul,

That every labored nonsense mine

Would be deigned by opinions fine,

And that in future, with smiles foul,

They would it never analyze –

Whether were sharp or flat my lies.

XXX

But you, disseminated volumes,

Taken from Library of Hell,

The gorgeous albums full of poems,

Fashioned rhyme-makers’ awful spell,

You, ornamented in hot rushes,

By Tolstoy’s supernatural brushes,

Or Baratynsky’s feathers smart,

Let you be burned by Heavens light!

When some delightful high world’s lady

Offers me her great album’s page,

I’m in a shudder and a rage,

And epigrams are fully ready

In deeps of my indignant heart –

But madrigals I have to write.

XXXI

But madrigals are not what thither

Writes Lensky for our Olga sweet;

With pure love breathes his feather,

And does not glare with ice of wit.

All what he could notice or hear

About Olga – he writes here:

And, filled with truthfulness alive,

Elegies flow into life.

Thus you, Yazykov-bard elated,

To noble impulse of your heart,

Sing someone who still isn’t defined,

And sum of your elegies valued,

In times to come, will bring to you

All your fate’s story as the new.

XXXII

But, silence! Hark! The austere critic

Commands to throw on the land

The dismal elegy’s wreath mystic;

And to the rhymers’ shabby band

He cries, “Stop self with tears to soak,

And always of the same to croak,

Deploring days of former life.

Enough! Sing of the other stuff!”

You’re right; and soon you’ll put in action

For us the trumpets, splits and swords;

And a capital of stoned thoughts

Will everywhere have resurrection.

Is it all so? – Not at all! –

“Write odes, gentlemen, in whole,

XXXIII

As they had writ in the strong modes

Of good old times, crowned with fame …”

− What? Only the triumphant odes?

Don’t say, my friend, it’s all the same!

Recall the satirist’s expression!

Whether a lyric of “strange fashions”

Is more bearable by you

Than flocks of our rhymers blue?

“But whole elegy is low,

Its empty goal I defy –

The ode’s one is very high

And very noble…” There’s a row

For us to start, but I am mute:

Let these two centuries don’t dispute.

XXXIV

A fan of liberties and glories,

To stormy thinking’ rise and fall,

Vladimir would have written odes,

But Olga read them not at all. .

Whether it chanced that tearful rhymers

Have read before their gentle lovers

Their verses? They say, in the word

It is the highest of awards.

He’s blessed − the lover, introverted,

Reading the dreams, he’d lulled for long,

T’ a subject of his love and song −

The beauty, so pleasant-languid!

He’s blessed. though, maybe, she at this

Is entertained by other things.

XXXV

I read fruits of my inspirations

And different harmonic games

Only to my nurse, old and patient,

The faithful friend of my young days;

And after dull and heavy dinner

I suffocate my neighbor-sinner,

My guest, caught by the tail of dress −

With tragedy in some dark place;

Or − now on the jokeless levels −

Pined with my sadness and my rhymes,

And roaming o’er my lake’s glass,

I stress a flock of ducks, the travelers:

Having heard singing of sweet lines,

They fly from peaceful shores to skies.

XXVI, XXXVII

What’s of Onegin? To the point,

Be patient, brethren, I do pray:

I will especially denote

His business during every day.

Onegin lived like Man of Heavens;

In summer waked by hour seventh

To meet - clad in the easy style -

The river by the hill awhile.

There, copying the corsair’s singer,

He swam across his Hellespont;

At home, drank coffee, very hot,

Leafing o’er journals with his fingers,

And put on dress.

XXXVIII, XXXIX

The walking, reading, healthy sleeping,

Shadows of forests, songs of floods,

Sometimes, the fresh and youthful kissing

Of the blond maid with night-black eyes,

The ardent steed, tamed with a bridle,

The dinner, served by cooks not idle,

The bottle of the lighted wine,

Retirement and silence fine -

There is Onegin’s life of holiness;

He sank in this enchanting world,

Not counting the happy lot

Of summer days in languor thoughtless,

Forgot of cities, of his friends,

Of Feast that never entertains.

XL

But northern summer, our own,

Is winter of the southern lands:

It’ll flash and vanish − that’s well known,

Though we don’t dare to confess.

The skies already breathe with autumn,

The sun - blazes not so often,

And every day runs shorter routes,

The mystic canopy of woods

Bares itself with noise of sadness,

The mist lies down on the fields,

The caravan of crying gees

Flies to the South − In full readiness,

There comes the time, boring and flat:

October stands by the yard’s gate.

XLI

The dawn wakes up in darkness cold;

In fields works’ noise came to its end;

The pair of wolfs invades the road -

The spouse and his gaunt she-friend;

Having felt them, the horse to travel

Neighs and the rider, being clever,

Rides up the hill at all his speed;

In morn, the shepherd hasn’t a need

For driving cows off their house,

And in a midday, his pipe, hence,

Doesn’t call them in a circle dense;

In room, a singing maiden, tireless,

Spins, and a friend of winter nights −

Her lone splinter reignites.

XLII

At last, the frosts ruthlessly froze

The earth, and there, among a field,

Silvers. (You wait for rhyme ‘a rose’ −

It’s here; take your pride in it!)

Cleaner than parquet of a mode,

The river shines in its ice coat;

And boys − the ever joyful brats −

Cut ringing ice with their sharp skates;

The heavy goose − legs red and snappy -

Having a thought to swim through waves,

On ice makes cautiously few steps,

Then slides and falls down; the happy

First snow flashes, circles and flies,

Falling on shores like rain of stars.

XLII

What can one do there in such season?

To walk? In time, like that, and place

Our country dulls one’s looks for reason

Of its non-changing bareness.

To ride into a steppe severe?

But, the hot steed that is to bear,

With his flat shoe catching mean ice,

Might fall without a chance to rise.

Sit down in abode single,

Read either Pradt or Walter Scott,

Check your expenses’ nasty lot,

Be angry or be not − the evening

Will pass; repeat next days like that −

And well your winter will be spent.

XLIV

Like Childe Harold, Onegin prances

In thoughtful sloth by somewhat way −

From sleep he sits in a bath icy,

And then, at home whole day,

Alone, sunk in calculations,

Armed with a cue of many actions,

He plays a billiard with two balls

From early morning till dark falls.

When country eve begins its running,

The billiard’s left, the cue’s forgot

And, by a hearth, a table’s served:

Evgeny waits: young Lensky’s coming

On troika of a roan horse;

Let us begin a dinner, first!

XLV

Wine with the brand ‘Clico’ or ‘Moet’,

By mighty gods forever blessed,

In the cold bottle for the poet,

Is now on the table placed.

It shines like source of inspirations;

It, with its play and foams’ splashes

(Like something that can’t be defined)

Charmed me. My last and childish chant

Oft was my payment for this treasure.

Do you recall, friends of my heart?

Its wonderful, enchanting flood

Used to beget absurd and pleasure,

A lot of jokes, disputes, verse,

And joyful dreams in sleep, of course!

XLVI

But it betrays my stomach poor

With its light foam’s constant noise,

And now I prefer the sure

Bordeaux to wines of my youth lost.

For me: Aee isn’t one that pleases;

Aee is like the fashioned mistress -

The gorgeous, versatile, agile

With empty mind and selfish style.

But you, Bordeaux, is like a comrade,

Which in all woes and bad lucks,

Is our friend till last hour strikes,

And always glad to solve our problem,

Or share our leisure’s trends.

Long leave Bordeaux, the best of friends!

XLVII

The fire failed; and the thin ashes

Barely cover coal’s blaze;

Barely seen in fire splashes,

Steam winds up and the ancient hearth

Breathes with warmth. Tobacco’s clouds

Sail to a chimney and the proud

Cup still hums mid a table-cloth.

The evening darkness slow goes.

(I like the friendly conversation,

The friendly goblet of wine red

At time that’s very strangely named:

‘Between gray wolfs and dogs impatient.’

(But why? - Who ever understands?)

Now they talk - two our friends.

XLVIII

“What’s of the Larins? How’s Tatyana?

How is your Olga, the brisk girl?”

− “Pour in my tankard this wine funny,

Enough, my dear. Larins, all

Are good; I pass to you their bow.

Oh, dear, how are pretty now

Olga’s white shoulders! What’s a breast!

What’s a great soul! Sometimes else

We’ll come to them to pay attention;

Or else, my friend, it is not fair:

You only twice had dropped on there,

And keep away from their location.

But ’tis . Or what a fool I am!

On the next week, you’re asked to them.”

XLIX

“Am I?” − “Yes, Name Day of Tatyana -

On Saturday. Olga and Mom

Invite you, and I will be stunned,

If you find how not to come.”

− “But it will be an immense crowd

And many rabble there around.”

− “No, none comes more, trust to me,

Only the family might be.

Let’s go - do me such a favor!

Well?” − “I agree.” − “My dearest friend!”

With this, he emptied to the end

His glass − to Tanya − with good fervor,

And then returned a talk above −

About Olga − such is love!

L

He was so glad. There was already

Set the blessed day through fortnight’s flash,

And a bed’s mystery of wedding

And the love’s laurels, sweet and fresh,

Were waiting for delights his endless.

The Hymen’s chronic troubles, sadness,

And the cool yawning’ constant sight

Were not in dreams he’s seen in night.

Whereas we, Hymen’s mortal foes,

E’er see in a domestic life

A set of vistas of dull stuff

Like ones of La Fontaine’s grey novels.

Poor Lensky, with his gentle heart,

Was born for life of such a kind.

LI

And he was loved. at least, in whole

Such were his thoughts; and he was blessed.

He’s most blessed who faiths in soul,

Who, having his cold mind suppressed,

Enjoys a peace in languor gorgeous,

Like a drunk tourist on night’s lodges,

Or like a fragile, gentle moth,

In deepness of a blossom lost;

But cursed is he, who makes projections,

Who has a never-giddy head,

Who always furiously hates

All moves and words in their translations,

Whose heart’s cooled by a life’s Event −

And, thus, who can’t himself forget.

-----------------------------------------------------------------

CHAPTER FIVE

Know not these awful dreams,

Oh, my sweet Svetlana!

Zhukovsky

I

That year’s autumnal cold weather

Was long abiding in the world,

Waiting all time for winter pleasure.

First snow fell down on the Third

Of January. Waked up early,

Tatyana saw through glass the fairly

Whitened by snow morning yard,

Curtains and fences, roofs behind,

Windows − with easy decorations,

Trees − in the winter silver hard,

Frolicsome magpies in the yard,

Hills, covered softly, with perfection,

By winter carpets, shedding light −

All is, around, bright and white.

II

Winter! − The high-triumphant peasant

Makes in his sledge the first new trace;

His horsy, feeling snow pleasant,

Plods in a trot-like kind of race.

Rising upward the puffy furrows,

A tilt cart flies, the bold and careless −

A driver sits on his boxed-place,

In the sheepskin and red slash dressed.

There runs a boy without mittens,

Having set Zhuchka in ‘a sleigh’

And changed himself into a bay,

He has his finger quiet frostbitten,

He feels the pain and fun at once −

His mother threatens him through glass.

III

But, maybe, you are not in rapture

From any pictures of such kind:

All this of very low nature −

A little of the grace and grand.

Warmed by a god in inspiration,

Another bard with high perfection

Has early drowned snow, first,

And all tints of the winter ‘sports’.

He will charm you, I’m fully settled,

Describing in the verses’ flames

The secret gliding in the sleighs;

But I not crave for any battle

With you or somebody, at all,

Oh, singer of the Finnish girl.

IV

Tatyana, (with her Russian soul −

Not knowing herself why that)

Adored the Russian winter whole

With its cold beauty widely spread,

The hoar-frost in a day sunny,

The sledges, so fast and funny,

The snows’ scarlet at sun’s leaves

And dark of Epiphany’s eves.

They solemnized in home theirs

These eves in fashions of the old:

The maids of whole household

Told fortunes to the demoiselles,

Predicting them each time again

The warrior-husbands and campaign.

V

Tatyana trusted to the sayings

Of common people of old times,

To dreams, to cards of fortune telling.

To prophecy that moon could pass.

She was upset by different omens;

With secret views, all kinds of objects

E’er threatened her with something else,

Auspices pressed on her young breast.

The mincing cat, in warm bliss sitting,

Washing his muzzle with his paw,

For sure, was a sign for her

That guests are coming. Only seeing

Moon with a pair of horns at once

On the left side of the night skies −

VI

She was in shudder and in paleness.

When an alone falling star

Was flashing through the darkness endless,

And dissipating very far −

Tatyana was in awful hurry,

While she was watching its last fire,

To breathe desire of her heart.

If sometimes she had chanced to find

A black monk − through her walk alone −

Or a fast hare in a field,

Crossing her path before her feet −

She, feared, being never known

From what to start, with low sense,

Was in a wait for ‘blood and death’.

VII

So what? She found secret rapture

Even in deeps of awes and shocks:

We’re thus created by the nature,

Which likes a stubborn paradox.

Yule-time has come. Oh, what a gladness!

Try to guess fate the young people, reckless,

Who pity none and nothing yet,

Before whom luring life’s extent

Still lies so beautiful and endless;

Old people, through their glasses, try

To see their fate (though soon they’ll die),

Having lost all and sunk in sadness:

A hope lies to all (and lied)

By its hot prattle of a child.

VIII

Tatyana with her look of prying

Beholds the wax, melted before;

It, with its ornament inspiring,

Cites something wonderful to her;

Out of the large dish, full of water,

Appear rings in slow order;

And she received her one, at last,

To the sad song of days that passed:

“The men are wealthy in these places,

They rake the shekels every day,

One will be blessed − for whom we play −

And famous!” But this song of sadness

Promises death; and every maid

Prefers to it the little cat.

IX

The frosty night. All skies are clear,

The stars’ and planets’ divine sets

Flow in peace and concert here.

Only in her light gown dressed,

Out their house Tanya goes,

Finds, with her mirror, Crescent close,

But only single Moon, alas!

Sadly vibrates in Tanya’s glass.

But snow crackles!. Someone’s round;

She runs to him on her tiptoes,

And her enchanting little voice

Is gentler then the reed-pipe’s sounds:

What is your name! He first looks on,

Then tardy answers: ‘Agaphon’.

X

Tatyana, to the nurse’s vows,

Going to spell the next night through,

Secretly bade (in their bath-house),

To serve a table for the two.

But awe stressed suddenly Tatyana.

And I − just thinking of Svetlana −

Was fully conquered by this hell.

So, I and Tanya will not spell.

Tanya took of a silk belt, low,

Undressed herself, and went to bed,

God Lel’ flies o’er her little head,

And under the cozy pillow,

Lays the slim mirror of the miss.

All is quite quiet. Tanya sleeps.

XI

And Tanya has a strange dream now.

She dreams of like she were to tread

Along the forest’s glade of snow,

Surrounded with darkness sad;

And before her in snow mould

The stream, not chained by winter cold −

The boiling, darkened one and gray −

Makes noise and coils its wave and spray;

Two slats, affixed with an ice-floe −

The tossing, deadly little bridge −

Intend another shore to reach,

And before madly roaring flow

Full of bewilderment and fret,

She ceased her unassertive tread.

XII

As somewhat naughty separation,

Tatyana curses the brook wild,

She sees no hand of good intention

To help her from another side.

But suddenly the snowdrift shivered,

And who out of it appeared?

The bear, disheveled one and tall;

Tatyana − oh! and he − to growl;

The paw with steel claws of a bear

Was outstretched; she plucked up heart,

Leaned on the paw − all breathing hard! −

And with her steps of awful fear

Crossed flow for another side,

Went. And the bear − her behind!

XIII

Not daring look back at the bear,

Tatyana speeds her hurry step,

But it’s impossible to tear

Herself from the disheveled help.

He looms with loud groan and breathing;

A wood is seen ahead; the freezing

Pines stand in all their frowned charm;

Their boughs are weighted − no harm −

With snow clusters; through thin crowns

Of birches, aspens and limes, bare,

Shines the stars’ ray, so cold and fair;

No any path; o’er bushes, mounds. −

O’er all the snow blanket’s spread,

All lays under deep snow − dead.

XIV

She runs to wood, the bear − her after;

The snow is high up to her knees,

Some times, a branch would grapple roughly

Her neck, or from her gentle ears

Throw out, by force, the golden earrings,

Or a wet shoe, from her foot dearest,

Would in the crumbly snow sink,

Or she would loose her kerchief silk:

She can’t to rise it up for fear,

Hearing the bear herself behind,

And even (shameful in her mind)

To try the edge of dress to bear;

She runs ahead, he’s on her trace.

She has no strengths for running else.

XV

She fell in snow; the bear giant

At once takes her and carries on;

She is unconsciously compliant,

Doesn’t make a move or e’en a moan;

He streams her by the path of forest,

But lo! There stays a hut, the lowest;

Midst a dense wild; from either side

It’s covered with the snow’s white,

The little window sheds a glare,

The hut is full of cry and hum.

The bear told her, “Here’s my chum;

Warm self a little in his lair.”

He brings her through the entry’s door,

And leaves the inner one before.

XVI

Tatyana sees, having come round:

The bear had gone; she’s by door’s planks;

Behind it, glasses ring and loud

Cries sound as if on large wakes.

Not seeing any sense in whole,

She secretly looks through a hole.

What does she see? There, at the feast,

Sit the dread crowd of a beast:

One has a muzzle of a horn’d hound,

Another one − a rooster’s head,

The witch sits with a goat’s beard,

The skeleton − all high and proud,

The she-dwarf − with a tail, and that −

Half of a crane-half of a cat.

XVII

And more frightful, more foul:

The crayfish on a spider’s back,

Bare scull, set on a neck of fowl, −

It fidgets, in a red cap packed −

Mill, dancing in the hunched positions,

And waving with its wings malicious,

Barking and roaring, whistle and stroke,

Thud of the hoofs and people talk!...

But how was Tatyana worried,

Having seen, midst the awful guests,

Him, who is cursed by her and blessed, −

The hero of our own story!

Onegin’s at the table’s wealth,

Looking at Tanya’s doors by stealth.

XVIII

He’d give a sign − all take a trouble;

He’d drink − all drink and make a cry;

He’d easy laugh − all roar and rumble,

Frown his brow − all are shy;

There, he’s a host, it’s fully clear:

And Tanya feels a lesser fear,

Full of curiosity, therefore,

She opens, quietly, a door.

But lo! a wind blew, putting out

The fire of the lights of night;

The band of goblins is in fright;

Onegin, with a loud sound

And shining looks, stands up at that;

All rose; he strides to door’s flat.

XIX

She’s in a fear; in a hurry

Away Tatyana tries to flee:

Cannot do it; and, wildly flurrying,

She’s ready for the cry and plea.

Can’t do it; pushed the door Evgeny,

And to the sight of a beast many,

The maid appeared; fierce laugh

Got up; eyes of the hellish staff,

Their hoofs and trunks, at random grown,

Their shaggy tails, and fangs, so long,

Their mustaches and bloody tongues,

Their sharpened horns and fingers-bones −

All at the poor Tanya sign

All wildly cry, “’Tis mine! ’Tis mine!”

XX

It’s mine! − Evgeny told with menace,

The whole band dissolved at once;

And stayed, in darkness, cold and endless,

The young maid and her friend, at last.

Evgeny gently gets the found

Into a corner, puts her dawn

On the unstable bank or bed,

And slowly inclines his head

To Tanya’s shoulder. Olga goes −

With Lensky − in! there’s poured a light;

Onegin’s arm’s raised for a fight,

And wildly with his eyes he roams,

And scolds the guests, he didn’t call for;

Tanya, half-dead, lays them before.

XXI

The row grows sharp and loud;

Evgeny takes the fatal steel,

And Lensky’s failed; the awful cloud

Covered the forms, the shout, shrill,

Ringed out. The slim hut was shaken,

And Tanya − in an awe − awakened.

She looks: her room is lit with light;

The frozen window behind,

A beam of purple dawn is shining;

The door was opened, and to her −

E’en fresher than Aurora fair,

Lighter than bird − runs Olga, smiling;

“Pray, say to me,” she gaily screams

Whom had you seen in your night dreams?"

XXII

But Tanya, paying no attention

To her, reads some book in a bed,

Lists pages with her fingers, patient,

And even did not raise her head.

Though this book tried to exploit

Neither sweet fancies of a poet,

Nor clever thoughts, nor pictures’ sheen,

And nor great Virgil, nor Racine

Nor Scott, nor Byron, nor Seneca,

Nor “Journal of the Fashioned Dress” −

Was calling for such interest:

It was, my friends, Martyn Zadeka

The guru of Chaldean realms

And interpreter of night dreams.

XXIII

This masterpiece of deep conclusions

Had been brought by a merchant, once,

To their estate, set in seclusion,

And sold to Tanya at a price

(With his few incomplete “Malvina”)

For three full rubles and poltina,

He’d taken in bargain for that

The volume of the fables flat,

The Grammar, two “Great Peter” poems,

And the third tome of Marmonteil.

Martyn Zadeka then became

Tatyana’s choice − he grants her always

With his condolence in her plight,

And sleeps with her through every night.

XXIV

She’s troubled by a dream, so frenzy,

Not have been settled in her mind:

The meaning of the awful fancy

Tatyana is resolved to find.

In the contents (that can’t be shorter)

She finds in alphabetic order:

‘Wood, tempest, witch, pine’ − the words form -

‘Hedgehog, dark, bridge, bear, snowstorm’

And so on, her anxious doubts

Zadeka won’t extinguish, yet,

But the dread dream promised the sad

Adventures on her life-long rout,

And for some days, that after fled,

She was much troubled by all that.

XXV

At last, a dawn of morning valleys,

With its arm in the purple flame,

Leads out (moving sun as previous),

The gay festive − the Day of Name.

The Larins’ home’s full of neighbors,

They came in families in endless

And slow flow of the cars −

Sleighs, coaches and kibitkas,

A lobby’s filled with noisy crowd,

Newcomers meet in inner halls,

Dogs’ barking, kisses of young girls,

A jam in doors and laughing loud,

A lot of bows, guests’ flip-flops,

A baby’s cry, cries of a nurse.

XXVI

With his especially fat spouse,

There came the stout Triflekoff;

Nailin − a good host of a house −

The owner of a pauper-surf,

The Cattleens’ pair, of the gray hair,

With children of all ages there −

From two to thirty − at a top,

Little Roosterov − the local fop,

My own cousin Makearownov −

Under a beaked cap and a fluff

(I think you’ve used to all stuff),

The former counselor old Phlyanov −

The gossip, clown, reg’lar knave,

Grafter, his own stomach’s slave.

XXVII

The Panfil Hurikovs’ clan, priceless,

Carried to them monsieur de Trick −

The wag in a red wig and glasses,

Having left Center of District.

The real Frenchman brought for Tanya

A couplet, very sweet and funny,

With air, from childhood rung in me:

Reveilles vous, belle endormie

Among the almanac’s songs ancient

This couplet had been printed once,

De Trick, the smart bard, from a dust

Returned it to the public patient,

And bravely changed words belle Nina

With right ones belle Tatiana.

XXVIII

But look! From quarters, close stationed,

The company’s commander came −

The idol of a ripened maiden,

A district mother’s bliss, the same.

He entered. What the news to hear!

The martial music will be here!

The colonel has dispatched them all!

Oh, what a gladness! Comes a ball!

Girls jump at plans of entertainments,

But tables are served; and by the pairs

All go to them, holding their hands

Tatyana’s in a row of maidens,

Men − opposite. Crossing themselves,

The crowd hums, sitting at tables.

XXIX

For a short time the talking vanished,

The mouths chew. From everywhere

Thunder of forks and plates replenished,

And ring of glasses fills the air;

But soon the guests by slow motion

Would raise the general commotion.

None listens, all with great a whim

Cry, laugh, argue with neighbors, scream...

But doors are opened − Lensky enters,

Leading Onegin, in the hall

“God!” cries a hostess, “After all...!”

Crowd shrinks itself, each tries to make else

A place for them by shifting theirs,

Calls and invites to sit the friends.

XXX

They’re sat before our Tanya dear;

Paler than moon of morning skies,

And frightened more than a deer,

She does not raise her darkened eyes,

Burns in a flame of passions’ fire,

And suffocates in the hot mire;

And greetings of two our friends

She doesn’t hear; a tear tends

To pour from eyes her; she is now

Ready to fall in faint, at all,

But her strong will and mind’s control

Overcame that. She anyhow

Pronounced back two words − at least,

And stayed to sit over the feast.

XXXI

Since long, Evgeny could not bear

The nervous and dramatic stuff,

The maidens’ faint and bitter tear

Were in abundance in his life.

Having got into festive immense,

He’s angry, but observed the grievance

And trembling of the languid maid,

He, dropped with his head in a fret,

Pouted lips with great vexation,

And swore to put our bard in rage

And make enough of good revenge.

And, with an early celebration,

Started to draw in his heart’s depths

Caricatures of all the guests.

XXXII

Of course, and not Evgeny single

Could see Tatyana's tremor that,

But goal of all public, mingled,

Was at this time a pie, the fat

(And, I am sorry, over-salted);

And now in a pitched bottle

Between broiled veal and almond milk,

Tsimlyansky wine is served to drink;

And then - arrays of glasses, narrow

And long, like your enchanting waist,

Zizy, light of my soul blessed −

Oh, subject of my poems-sparrows,

Oh, luring goblet of the love,

Which oft made drunk me in my life!

XXXIII

Having been saved from a cork humid,

The bottle flapped; the gorgeous wine

Hisses; with air important-stupid,

Having been long by his task pined,

De Trick stands up; the congregation

Holds a deep silence, being patient.

Tatyana sits, at least, half-dead;

De Trick, with paper in his hand,

Facing her, sings in a false sound,

He’s greeted with applauds and cries.

She’s forced to curtsey him just ones;

The bard, tho’ shy but great around,

First, drinks to her from a full glass,

Then gives this couplet the poor lass.

XXXIV

Then came regards, congratulations,

Tatyana shows thanks to all.

When came Evgeny in succession,

A kind of pity in his soul

Was borne by the maid’s forms defenseless,

By tiredness of hers, and sadness.

He gave her a mute bow, once,

But, oddly, a look of his eyes

Was somewhat gentle − somewhat special;

Maybe, his heart was easily touched,

Or he was posing very much,

Unconsciously or with intention.

This gentleness made Tanya’s heart

Alive and waiting for a light.

XXXV

Shifting their stools with sounds loud,

The crowd rolls into a hall,

Like that, a honey beehive out

Flies into fields a bees’ black ball.

Pleased with a festive dinner’s labor,

A neighbor wheezes by a neighbor;

Dames set around the fireplace;

Girls whisper in the corner’s space;

They opened now − the green tables −

And call to play the gamblers bold

Boston and ombre of the old,

And whist, till now very famous −

The family of equal ones,

The greedy bore’s respective sons.

XXXVI

They’ve played, till now, eight full rubbers −

The great whist’s heroes − and eight times

Changed their place these money’s mowers;

The tea is served. Each one of us

Defines his time by tea, and dinner,

And supper. We well know, here −

In country, time without toil:

Our stomach’s our best watch for all;

And, I’ll mark (in the brackets round)

That I speak in my stanzas, good,

About corks, and feasts, and food

So oft and in the same amount,

As Homer, an elect of gods,

The idol through the centuries’ lots.

XXXVII, XXXVIII, XXXIX

Well, tea is served; the maidens, loftiest,

Just took up china plates and fruits,

But suddenly, from the hall longest,

Came sounds of bassoons and flutes.

Having been glad with music’s roar,

Having left tea with rum to bore,

The Paris of small towns, fair,

Roosterov comes to Olga’s chair,

To Tanya’s − Lensky, Hurlikova,

Becoming overripe a bride,

Was taken by De Trick, the bard,

Troublemaker streamed off Triflekova.

All people crowded the hall,

And shines with beatitude a ball.

XL

At the beginning of my novel

(In first my book you can it see)

I wanted to describe, in whole,

A high world’s ball, like Albany.

But, entertained with empty dreaming,

I fell into remembrance, thrilling,

Of little feet of charming dames.

To follow your narrow trace,

Little Feet, − to run a path mischievous!

After betraying me by youth,

It’s time for me to mind a truth,

To be improved in style and business,

And make the fifth of all my books

Free of digressions and dark nooks.

XLI

The monotonous one and crazy,

Like whirl of life, the young and fair,

Rotates the whirl of waltz amazing,

A pair is following a pair.

To his revenge steadily nearing,

Onegin, in his soul grinning,

Comes to fresh Olga. Waltzes her

Round the guests in short affair,

Then promptly leads her to sit down,

Begins a talk of different things;

After a few minutes’ short string,

Again takes her to waltz around;

All guests are in a great surprise,

Lensky doesn’t trust to own eyes.

XLII

Mazurka sounds. When a thunder

Of the mazurka, in past, pealed,

All in a hall was in a shudder,

Parquet was crashing by a heel,

And frames were tossing and complaining;

Now ’tis gone; the music’s playing

Tends us to slide, like dames, o’er floor.

But in the country, as before,

Mazurka has its winning beauty

So adorable by us:

The mustaches, the heels, the jumps −

All are the same: they weren’t uprooted

By the new style - a tyrant-beast,

The new Great-Russians’ hard decease.

XLIII, XLIV

My brother Troublemaker, fervent,

Brought to the hero of ours

Tanya and Olga, in a second

Onegin took Olga to dance;

He slides with her much offhandedly,

And − leaned to her − whispers her gently

Some madrigal (I think − the base),

Squeezes her hand − and came to blaze,

On her face, lit with vain sensation,

Brighter the blush. My poor bard

Saw all, being himself behind,

With very jealous indignation,

He waits for the mazurka’s end,

And calls her for cotillion’s grand.

XLV

But she’s not to. Is she? But why is.?

Onegin has received her word.

What does he hear? Oh, God mightiest!

How just could she have a thought.?

Impossible! Just from her cradle

A temptress, a spoiled child, she’s able

To be unfaithful one and base,

To learn the canning and wrong ways.

Not able to bear stroke unfair,

Wishing maids’ mischief to be cursed,

He goes out, calls for horse,

And rides away. A pistols’ pair,

Two leaden bullets − nothing else −

Have to define his future’s trace.

CHAPTER SIX

La sotto i giorni nubilosi e brevi,

Nasce uan gente a cui l’morir non dole.

Petr.

I

Just having seen that Lensky vanished,

Onegin’s in a bore again,

He’s sunk in thoughts near Olga, selfish,

And pleased with his revenge’s contain.

And after him, was Olga yawning,

And seeking Lensky with eyes boring,

And a cotillion, without end,

Was hard for her like a dream bad.

At last it ends. There’s served a dinner,

The beds are ready for the guests:

They’re stretching from the entrance place

Till servants’ rooms. Yes, all need here

A peaceful sleep. Onegin, yet,

Was one to choose his home’s bed.

II

All’s quiet: in the hall of house

Snores very heavy Triflekov

With his not less heavy a-spouse;

Naileen, Trublemaker, Roosterov,

And Flyanov, not quit healthy though,

Lay in the dining-room in rows

Of seats, and on the floor − de Trick,

In the night cap and jersey, prick.

Maids, in the chambers of Tatyana,

And Olga, into sleep are sat.

And by a window, very sad,

And one in light of sad Diana,

Our poor silent Tanya sits,

And looks at darkness of the fields.

III

By his appearance, non-awaited,

By sudden softness in his eyes,

By way to Olga he’d related −

Her pure soul is surprised

And stressed; and she is very sorry

Not understanding him, and worried

By presence of her jealous pine −

As if her both heart and mind

Were squeezed by hand; as if a chasm

Before her lies in dark and noise.

Tatyana says in a still voice,

“I’ll die, but death from him − a balsam.

I don’t cry − why to make complains?

He cannot give me happiness.”

IV

Go on! Go on, my dear story!

The new face now waits for us

At five versts from the Krasnogorie,

The Lensky village, he abides −

And is in full health till the present

In philosophical a desert −

Zaretsky, once a person tough,

The leader of the gamblers’ staff,

God of the rakes, tribune of taverns,

Now the kind and simple sort

Of the calm, business-like landlord,

Unmarried father − fairly governs

His family − and honest friend −

Our age reveals the better trend.

V

Once, by the high word’s flatter, sweetest,

His evil bravery was blessed:

He, really, through ten good meters,

Could, with his pistol, shoot an ace,

And we can add, that in the battle

Excelled by falling from the saddle

Of his horse into wealthy mud −

The deadly drunk − and the France Guard

Captured him there − the pledge so priceless!

The new Regul, the honor’s god,

E’er, with the matrimony’s bonds,

Ready to change his life’s adventures:

To drink then, every morn, the three

Borrowed bottles at Veree.

VI

Once, he could mock one, very funny,

Or well beguile a simpleton,

Make clever one a silly bunny

In open or hidden tone,

Though, for him, some kind of jokes

Didn’t pass without painful strokes,

Though he sometimes, like a goose,

Was into a simple trap induced.

He could lead dispute very gaily,

Give back an answer, flat or cute,

Sometimes, be prudently quite mute

Or quarrelsome, or judge unfairly,

Push two young friends to mutual hate,

And leave them in the duel’s state

VII

Or make a peace between them both –

To have a breakfast on three sets,

And after secretly compose

The slander with a lie or jests.

Sed alia tempora! The boldness

(As dream of love – another prowess)

Passes with youth without trace,

As now my Zaretsky says.

Having saved self from tempests, savage,

In shade of fragrant trees, at last,

He lives like a good polymath,

Like Horace, peacefully plants cabbage,

Breeds flocks of noisy ducks and geese,

And teaches to children ABC’s.

VIII

He wasn’t a fool. Evgeny, giving

No homage to his soul, yet,

Liked e’er the spirit of his thinking

And common sense in his light chat.

He used to see him with a pleasure,

And was not in a little measure

Surprised, when, in the morning light,

Had seen him, going through his yard.

Zaretsky, after usual greeting,

Having cut talking to begin,

Gave him – with an exposed grin –

A note, by the poet written.

Onegin came to window’s glass

And read it to himself, at once.

IX

This was, writ with a noble brilliance,

Quite short a challenge, or cartel:

Politely, with the icy clearness,

Called Lensky his friend for duel.

Onegin then, in his first action,

Turned to the man of operations,

And said, with shortness of his prime,

That he is ready any time.

Zaretsky, speaking nothing farther,

Took off, and didn’t want to stay,

Having at home a busy day,

And went away: Yevgeny, rather,

Wasn’t with himself much satisfied

In deepness of his own heart.

X

It serves him right: the look severe,

Under the judgment of his soul,

Found a lot of his fault here:

Firstly, he wasn’t right, at all,

When yesterday had joked with roughness

Over the love, so gentle and artless.

And secondly, let a young bard,

In his green eighteens, fool his heart –

It could be pardoned; but the older,

Loving the youth with all his strength,

Was to behave at this, at length,

Not like a slave of bias mode,

Not like a child, craving for fight,

But like a man of pride and mind.

XI

He could make clear his sense, in whole,

But not get bristled like a beast;

He had to make disarmed young soul.

“But it is now late… At least,

The time for change is flown out,”

He thinks, “And all this things about

Knows the harden’d duelist;

He’s evil, gossip, and much speaks…

Of course, defiance and oblivion

Must be a payment for his words,

But whisper, giggle of the dolts…”

And there’s the social opinion!

The spring of honour, our god!

There is the thing that keeps the world!

XII

Boiling with enmity, impatient,

A poet waits for answer, prompt;

And now the neighbour, early mentioned,

Delivered it with a great pomp.

There’s, for the bard, a celebration!

He’d been afraid that the arch person

Would find some very cunning way

To turn his sinful breast away

From the avenging pistol’s glow.

Now he hasn’t any doubts, still:

They’ve to appear at the mill

Before the sunrise tomorrow,

To cork their pistols at command,

Aim to another’s thigh or head.

XIII

Having a goal to hate the faithless,

Our boiling Lensky did not long

To see Olga before the merciless

Duel. Looked at the sun – for long –

And watch … At last he lost his patience,

And put self at the Larins’ presence.

He thought, Olga will be upset,

When by the poet she is met;

Nothing of that, like hope, careless,

She jumped our poor Lensky toward

From the high porch of their abode –

As in ‘the times of yore’ – blameless,

Brisk, unobservant, very gay –

The same as in a usual day.

XIV

“Why did you vanish so early

From dances?” she asked the poet.

All Lensky’s senses are mixed fairly,

And, silent, dropped he with his head.

They’re gone – the jealousness and sadness,

Before her eye’s unearthly plainness,

Before her simple and gentle heart,

Before her soul so bright!...

He looks at her with deep affection;

He sees, he’s still a love of hers,

And, pined already with remorse,

Ready to ask for vindication.

He trembles, lost of words and breath, −

Happy and almost in full health.

XV. XVI. XVII

Again, full of the thought and sadness,

Under his dear Olga’s glance,

Vladimir hasn’t enough of straightness

To make recall for the day, last;

He thinks: “I have to be her savior.

I shall not let the low tempter,

With fire of his sighs and praise,

Seduce this innocence and grace.

I shall not let the worm with poison

Nibble the gentle lily’s stem –

The flower of the two morns’ term

Fade as the half-reopened blossom.”

These thoughts had judgment at the end:

“I’ll have a fight with my best friend.”

XVIII

If he were known what a stone

Was on Tatyana’s poor heart!

If only Tanya had been known

Or had a sense her breast inside:

This morrow these young men, both,

Have to compete for grave’s abode, −

Maybe, her love could help them, then,

To be the bosom friends again!

Alas, this deeply hidden passion

Wasn’t shown even by a chance:

Tatyana − in a secret pines;

Onegin − never even mentions,

Only the nurse could know, else,

But being old, she fails to guess.

XIX

Abstracted for the whole evening,

Lensky was mute or gay again;

But he who’s of the muses’ breeding,

Is always so: with brows strained,

He would sit to the old piano,

And take the same chords for soprano,

Or, holding Olga in his sight,

Breathe, “I am happy! Am I right?

But it is late. He’s going now.

Sadness pressed on his poor heart;

It were like bursting to the parts

When he sent to a maid a bow.

She looks at Lensky – his face at:

“How do you feel?” – “So…” He is fled.

XX

Having come home, he, non-rested,

Checked pistols; being satisfied,

Put in a box them, got undressed

And took the Schiller to the light.

Alas, the one thought holds him close;

His sad heart can’t find a repose:

With charm, impossible to cite,

Olga is standing in his sight.

Vladimir closes the volume,

Feathers are taken, and his verse,

Filled with love’s nonsense, in the most,

Sound and flow. He reads poems

Aloud, in a lyric mist,

As does drunk Delving on a feast.

XXI

These verse are saved – I don’t know how,

I have them: there’s the whole thing:

“Where, where have you retreated now,

The golden days of my sweet spring?

What can for me the next day bear?

My look can not catch it from here,

In deepest darkness sinks the sight.

I needn’t it; the fate’s law is right.

Should I fall, pierced by a sharp arrow,

Or it would miss me in its flight,

All’s good: Its hour is defined

For vigil and for sleeping, mellow;

It’s blessed – the trouble of day’s light,

It’s blessed – the calmness of dark night.

XXII

The morn beam will be blazed alone

And skies – in daily colors set,

But, maybe, I’d gone in my own

Tomb’s cold and mysterious shade,

And memory of the young bard easy

Would sink into the slow Lethe,

The world wouldn’t care for me - but you?

Would my ideal come there to –

To pour a tear o’er the urn, early,

And think: he was in love with me,

He was my ardent devotee

Through the sad dawn of his life, stormy!...

Friend of my heart, come here, come here:

I crave for you – I am your free!...”

XXIII

His style was very dark and slow

(The one that we call ’a romance’,

Though a romance, as I well know,

Was not here even by a chance.)

And just before the dawn is going,

With his head very slow dropping,

On the ‘ideal’ – the modern word –

Orpheus took him in his world.

As soon as all had been forgotten

In pleasant sleep, his neighbor-doom

Enters his silent study-room,

And wakes our Lensky with a motto:

“It’s time past six. Wake up, at once!

I think he’s in a wait of us. ”

XXIV

He was mistaken. Our hero

Was deadly sleeping in his bed.

It’s getting lighter – the skies’ mirror,

And Venus is by roosters met;

Onegin’s in a sleep, profound.

Now sun climbs on the heaven’s mound,

And snow dust, raised into air

By wind, gleams; but his couch fair,

Evgeny still hasn’t made deserted,

A sleep still soars over him.

At last, he waked up from his dream,

And shifted curtains, decorated.

He looked through windows and saw

That had to go long ago.

XXV

He rings at once. Into his chamber

Streams his valet from France – Gilio,

Brings underwear, shoes… etcetera –

All that he needs his dressing for.

Hurrying to get on his attire,

He orders to his help entire

To be prepared to drive with him,

And take the box with pistols in.

It’s now equipped – the sleigh of races,

He sits in, flies to the mill’s wings.

They’ve come there. He commands to bring

The well made barrels, so merciless,

Right after him, and put the sleigh

To two young trees – not far away.

XXVI

Here, leaning on the dam, impatient

Lensky was waiting for him, still,

And, a provincial craftsman, fervent,

Zaretsky – censuring the mill.

Onegin comes and begs their pardon.

“But where – “exclaims Zaretsky, wandered,

“Where is your own second, man?”

The duels’ judge and puritan,

He liked their rites with all his soul,

And he permitted one to lay

Another, not in simple way,

But with the precise text of roles,

As they do in the good old times

(For what we have to praise him twice.)

XXVII

“My second?” said Evgeny, patient,

“There he’s – my friend monsieur Gillot.

I don’t preview any objection

Presenting him your look before.

Though till now he wasn’t known,

Of course, he is a man of honor.”

Zaretsky bit his lip at that.

Onegin asked the poet, strait,

“Shall we begin?” – “Let us do, rather,”

Vladimir answered, and they went

Behind the mill. While the valet

And our Zaretsky, on another

Side, are in talks with basic words,

They’re mute, their heads dropped downwards.

XXVIII

The enemies! Not long ago

They were by bloody lust divorced?

Not long ago, in a good mode,

They were dividing meals, deals, thoughts –

In leisured hours? Now in silence,

Like being, from ancestors, rivals,

As if a dreadful dream inside,

They’re quietly, in a cool blood,

Preparing death – one for the other…

Maybe, for them better to smile,

While they’ve not set in bloodshed, vile,

Maybe, to separate like brothers?...

But high world’s enmity, the same,

Shrinks wildly from the phony shame.

XXIX

Already heavy pistols glimmered,

A hummer rakes o’er a ramrod,

A lead slips in a barrel, trimmed,

A first cock imitates the shot,

Like little flood, the grayish powder

Pours on a shelf; a flint tooth-murder,

Well screwed into the heavy thumb,

Is corked once more. Behind the stump,

Hides self abashed a man of honor.

Two foes throw their cloaks back.

Zaretsky measures, with a track,

Thirty two steps – not less, nor more,

Took every friend to trace’s end,

And each received his gun in hand.

XXX

“Now come together.”

Very quiet,

Two foes, still taking no aims,

With sure gait, the smooth and silent,

Went through the distance of four steps –

Four steps, so deathly and so noiseless.

Then still continuing his progress,

Onegin slowly began

To raise his holding pistol hand.

They made five steps more on path lethal,

And Lensky, narrowing his eye,

Started to aim, but in this time,

Onegin made a shot: The fatal

Clock stroke: our bard at once

Silently looses his own arms,

XXXI

Lays quiet hand on his chest, pierced,

Falls down; and his misty air

Shows just death, not a pain fierce.

Such, sparkling in the sunny glare,

Down a mountain’s steep slope

Slips slowly a lump of snow.

With sudden coldness over-sluiced,

Onegin hurries to the youth,

He looks at – calls him – nothing’s coming:

He is not here: The young bard

His early end had had to find!

The storm had breathed – the blossom, charming,

Faded in light of early dawn,

Failed fire on the altar’s stone.

XXXII

He lay unmoved, and strangely alien

Was his white brow’s languid world.

He was shot through his breast; the blackened

And steaming blood from wound was poured.

But only one moment ago

In this heart was high spirit going,

The hope, love and anger, hard,

Was playing life and boiling blood, -

Now, as in an empty house,

All’s dark and mute in it at once;

It’s silenced for the endless times.

Chalk’s laid on windows, put down shutters.

The hostess does not live here, else.

And where is she? There’s no her trace.

XXXIII

It’s nice with epigrams, much daring,

To make quite mad a looser-foe;

It’s nice to see how he, barring

With his horns space, that’s him before,

Unwillingly looks into mirrors,

And self-associations fears;

It’s nicer when what he’d to see

Will force him to bellow: “It’s me!”

More nicer, in the utter silence

Preparing him for death, not blamed,

At his pale brow to take aim

From distance that is nobly licensed.

But sending him to his blessed dads

Would never make you very glad.

XXXIV

But what if now, with your pistol,

Is failed your young and single friend,

With a bad phrase or a look bristle,

Or with a trifle of t’other set

Having galled you over a bottle,

Or even in a fret, emotive,

Proudly called you for a fight,

Tell me: a feeling of what kind

Is to embrace a heart, your own,

When on the ground, in your sight,

With death over his brow, white,

He’s slowly becoming stoned,

When he is diff and mute, at all,

To all your desperate recall?

XXXV

In a pang of the remorse and sadness,

Squeezing the pistol in his hand,

Onegin looks at Lensky, breathless.

“Well? He is killed,” the neighbor said.

He’s killed! By awful exclamation

Struck down, with fever’s trepidation,

Onegin turns and goes away.

Zaretsky, on the coming sleigh,

Gently puts down the body, icy;

He drives the dead at his abode.

Having felt him, the horses snort,

Beat with their hoofs, and wet the harness

With foam’s flakes, like snow, white -

And off they flew the others’ sight.

XXXVI

My friends, the bard is to be pitied:

In a prime of all his hopes, pride,

Not having done them for the people,

Just from attire of a childe –

He faded! Where are agitations,

Where are the noblest of intentions

Of former senses, former thought, -

So young and gentle, high and bold?

Where are the tempests of love’s folly

And thirst for labor and for lore,

And fear of the dirt and low,

And you, dreams so clear and holly,

You, ghost of life, unearthly, free…

You dreams of sacred poetry!

XXXVII

Maybe, for our world, entire,

Or for wide fame he had been born.

May be, his now silent lyre

Would have created very long

And loud ring to coming centuries.

Maybe, on steps of the world’s venture,

The high one had been left him for.

Maybe, his shade, the one of woe,

Had took away with self from people

The sacred secret, and for all

Had been quite lost the saving call,

And there, behind a line of real,

This mystery would have been lost

For the times’ hymn – a bliss of hosts.

XXXVIII, XXXIX

But, else, it could be that: the poet

Met very common kind of fate.

Vanished his youthful years, glowed:

His soul’s heat became all dead.

He was in many features varied,

Left his sweet muses, early married,

Wore, the happy one and horned,

A gown in his village, old;

Knew all this life, as all we know,

Had gout in his forties, full,

Drank, ate, becoming fat and dull

And weak, and in the bed his own,

At last, he died mid his brood,

The crying wives and doctors, brute.

XL

But what he could be still, my reader,

Alas, the youth of lovers’ land,

The bard and ever-thoughtful dreamer

Was slain by his best friend’s a hand!

On left side from the village mentioned,

Where lived this son of inspiration,

Two pines accreted with their roots,

Under their crowns run the floods

Of the clean brook from glens of hazel,

There a hot ploughman likes to rest

And a she-reaper, fully blest,

To sink into cold waves her vessel.

There, in a shade by the streamlet,

Is put a simple monument.

XLI

By it, when rains begin to pour

On the green grasses of the fields,

A shepherd weaves his gay birch-shoe,

And of the fishermen he sings.

And the young lady from a town,

Spending hot days on country’s ground,

When she is flying her horse on

Alone through these fields headlong,

Stops before it her horse for riding,

By pulling back the reins of belt,

Lifting a veil up on her hat,

Fluently reads the simple writing –

And bitter tears in her eyes

Begin to dim her gentle glance.

XLI

By it, when rains begin to pour

On the green grasses of the fields,

A shepherd weaves his gay bast shoe,

And of the fishermen he sings.

And the young lady from a town,

Spending hot days on country’s ground,

When she is flying her horse on

Alone through these fields headlong,

Stops before it her horse for riding,

By pulling back the reins of belt,

Lifting a veil up on her hat,

Fluently reads the simple writing –

And bitter tears in her eyes

Begin to dim her gentle glance.

XLII

And slow rides she through fields, clear,

All sunk into the queer dreams;

Her soul with the poet’s dear

Fate is long busy, as it seems.

She thinks: “What was with Olga, after?

Was long her heart then in strong suffer?

Or very soon passed time of tears?

And where her sister now lives?

And where does the dames’ foe linger –

The runner from the world and mob –

Where is this gloom and cranky fob,

The killer of the youthful singer?”

In my report, with the time’s lapse,

I’ll give you answers with details.

XLIII

But not just here. Though I do fully

Love the main hero of mine,

Though I’ll return to him, but truly

He’s not right now in my line.

Years lean me to the austere prose,

Years do not let gay rhymes come closer,

And I – confess you with a sigh –

Don’t court her as before did I.

My feather hasn’t the old desire

To scribe the light verse of the old,

The other dreams, the hard and cold,

The other more severe fire

Trouble the dream of my poor heart,

In quietness and world’s noise hard.

XLIV

I’ve caught a voice of wishes, other,

I’ve known new and bitter pine,

For the first ones there’s no hope further,

But I deplore old sadness mine.

My dreams, my dreams, where’s all your sweetness?

Where is my youth, so bright and sinless?

Whether it’s real that, at last,

Its wreath had faded in the past?

Whether it’s really true now,

Without elegiac funs,

That spring of my young days had passed

(About what I’ve joked loud)?

That it’ll be never back returned,

And soon I’m thirty years old

XLV

I’m in my noon and needful, sadly,

To be confessed in that, I see.

So be it: let us part friendly,

Oh youth, that was so light for me!

Thank you for many former pleasures,

For cruel tortures and for sadness,

For noise and tempests and for feasts,

For all, for all your fable gifts;

Thank you for all. With you, my sole,

In your disturbed and peaceful site,

I had enough of great delight;

Enough! And with a clear soul,

I go for the other quest –

To have from my past life a rest.

XLVI

Let me look back. Farewell, abode,

Where my days poured in solitude,

Full of the sloth and passion – both,

And dreams of thoughtful heart and mood.

And you, my youthful inspiration,

Pray worry my imagination,

Wake me from doze of my heart,

Come often to my lone site,

Let not be cooled the poet’s soul,

Be often cruel, often hard,

At last, be stoned in delight

Of the high world – the dead in whole –

Of that dirt pool, where I and you,

My dear friends, swim all life through.

CHAPTER SEVEN

“Moscow, Russia, belov’d daughter,

Where can one find the same as you?”

Dmitriev.

“Who can’t help loving Moskva, dear?”

Baratynsky.

“To defame Moscow! That’s what to see the world!

Where is it better?

There where we are not”

Griboedov.

I

The snows from the nearby mounds,

Driven by heat of the spring’s beams,

Ran down to the meadows, drowned,

In waters of the muddy streams.

Through her a-sleeping, meets the nature

The year morning’s utter pleasure;

Blue heavens glow very bright.

The woods, still transparent in sight,

As if with a green tuft are covered.

The bee flies for a tax of fields

From the wax chamber of the bees.

The valleys grow dry and colored;

Herds hum, the nightingale delights,

Already, with his song mute nights.

II

How I am sad with your succession,

My dear spring, in which I loved!

What an enormous agitation

Is now in my soul and blood!

With what unusual affection

I am enjoying benefaction

You fane into my waiting face

In silence of the country place!

Or, maybe I’m devoid of pleasure,

And all that brings life’s triumphs us,

That dazzles us and that exalts,

Is just a bore, without measure,

For soul that’s for ages dead –

And sees all things as dark and dread?

III

Or, greeting not the resurrection

Of verdure, died at last fall,

We feel the former dispossession,

While hearing the new woods’ call;

Or, with the nature animated,

We, with our musing, discontented,

Associate our years’ fade,

In which there’s no return for dead?

Maybe, our mind just pays attention,

In dreaming to poetic chords,

To other spring – the spring of old,

That casts our heart in palpitation

With fancies of the distant site,

The fairy moon, the fairy night….

IV

It’s time: oh, people good and lazy,

Oh, epicures, so gay and wise,

You, men, who’s happy being brassy,

Fledglings of Levshin’s enterprise.

You, Priams of the country places,

And you, dames – slaves of gentle senses,

Spring calls you for a village, folks,

The time of labor, blooms and works,

The time of the inspired walking,

And full of great temptations nights.

To fields, my friends! Pray, go fast,

On coaches, upset and rocking,

On slow ones or ones of stage,

Drag self from cities’ stone range.

V

And you, my reader, very friendly,

On a carriage, ordered at the West,

Pray, leave your city, noising badly,

Where you’d had fun in winter days;

And with my own Muse, capricious,

Let’s fly to groves’ hum, delicious,

Over a stream without name

In a village, beautiful, the same

Where our Evgeny, the sad hermit,

Not long ago in winter lived,

In neighborhood of Tania, sweet, –

My dreamer, so young and splendid…

But where he hasn’t a-living else,

And where he’d left such sad a trace.

VI

Mid highlands, made a semi-circle,

Let’s go there where a brook runs,

With winding on the meadows, local,

To a calm river by young limes.

A nightingale, the spring’s old lover,

Sings there blooming dog-rose over

And heard is murmur of a spring –

There now a gravestone’s seen

Under two old pines, standing near.

There a newcomer reads the scripts:

“Vladimir Lensky here sleeps.

He met his death without fear.

In (such) a year, (such) years old.

Sleep, bard, forever young and bold!”

VII

It was, that, leaned to the pines’ brunches,

The light morn wind would sometimes turn

The wreath, mysterious and wondrous

Over this ever modest urn;

And in late hours of their leisure,

Two girls would come to their hearts’ treasure,

And o’er the sad grave, at the moon,

Embraced, fall into tearful swoon.

But now this doleful gravestone

Is all forgot. And the used trace

And wreath are vanished off the place.

And a shepherd, grey and ill, alone

Sits on the same place all time through,

And sings and weaves his poor shoe,

VIII. IX. X

My poor Lensky! Though pining,

She was thus tortured not for long.

Alas! The bride, so young and charming,

Isn’t true to any sadness, strong.

Another took the girl’s attention,

Another could her bad sensation,

With a love’s flattery, make calm,

An ulan won her with his charm,

The ulan’s now in her soul…

And now in the altar’s shade

With dropped in a shame her head,

She’s standing in his sweet bride’s role –

With flame in her eyes, downcast,

And a light smile, neglecting past.

XI

My poor Lensky! After sailing

Into eternity’s deaf space,

Was he confused – the bard despairing –

By her adultery, the base,

Or having slept o’er quiet Lethe,

With his heart by indifference eased,

He never would be else confused,

And world, for him, is locked and mute?...

Yes! The forgetfulness, indifferent,

Behind our grave is waiting us.

Foes’, friends and lover’ voice at once

Is absent. And only indecent

All heirs’ of our state discourse

Is heard as an unpleasant noise.

XII

And soon the ringing voice of Olya

Quite vanished from the Larin’s life –

Her man, a full slave of his dole,

Took her with him for his war strife.

All melting in her bitter tears

In separation with her dearest,

Mrs. Larin was the one to fall,

But Tanya could not cry at all;

Only was covered with strong paleness

Her sweet, reflecting sadness face.

When separating at their gates

All were involved in bustling, aimless,

The carriage of the young pair by,

She calmly sad to them ‘Good bye’.

XIII

And then for long, like through a cloud,

She still was looking after them…

Alone, she’s alone now!

Alas! her former years’ stem,

Her dove, so youthful and so pretty,

Her single friend, so kind and native,

Is thrown in a far by fate,

They’re separated till their end.

A shadow, she roams, aimless,

Or looks at emptied garden’s trees…

Nowhere has she the former bliss,

Or finds relief to her deep sadness,

To bitter tears of hers, suppressed, --

And her heart’s breaking in her breast.

XIV

And in the solitude, severe,

Her passion’s stronger than before,

And of Onegin, gone from here,

Her heart says louder to her.

She would not see Evgeny more;

She now has to hate him sore –

The killer of her brother, slim;

The bard is dead… but not one him

Now remembers, and another

Owns his bride’s and heart and hand.

Remembrance of the poet fled,

Like smoke through the blue sky, farther;

Maybe, two hearts deplore him, yet…

But why has someone to be sad?...

XV

There was an eve. The skies were fading.

Mute waters running, humming bugs,

The round dance was stopped already,

And lighted fishermen’ the snug

Far fire o’er the quiet river.

In clear field, in moonlight’s silver,

Surrounded by her thoughts’ throng,

Tanya was going a way, long,

Lone. She suddenly discovers,

From a high hill, the mansion old,

The grove and village – she beholds –

The garden o’er the river’s brightness.

She’s looking down and her heart

Is palpitating very hard.

XVI

Tatyana is confused with doubts:

“Shall I turn back or go ahead?...

I’m here a stranger. He is out…

But I’ll just glance at this estate.”

And from the hill she goes down,

With bated breath, looks her around

In the bewilderment at sight,

And enters in the empty yard.

There she’s attacked by the dogs, barking,

And to her frightened a cry

The local children’ family

Ran there with noise. And with some fighting

Boys draw away the fierce dogs

And saved Tatiana from the wrongs.

VII

“Can I just see the mansion? – Fervent

Tatyana asked them. Children all

Ran quickly to Anisia-servant,

To take keys from the entrance hall.

Anisia came there in a moment

And was a door before them opened,

And Tanya enters in abode

Which had been our hero’s world:

In an old hall forgotten, rather,

A cue rests on a ’billiard’s’ edge,

A riding-crop from a manege

Lies on a bed. She goes farther;

The old woman: “There is a hearth;

He, lone, sat there many times.

XVIII

There used to dine with him in winter

Our neighbor Lensky, now late.

Here, please come this chamber into:

It is the master’s cabinet.

Here he slept and drank his coffee,

Heard foreman’s tales of loss and prophet.

Read clever books all morning through…

And the old master was here too:

He used with me, through Sunday whole, -

In glasses, under windows’ lights -

To play ‘a fool’ with old cards.

God, send salvation to his soul

And to his bones – a full rest

In his grave, in our ground, blest!”

XIX

Tatyana through this quiet guidance,

Is looking in delight at all,

And all is seemed to her the priceless

All makes alive her languished soul

With gladness by half-torture handled:

The table with got out candle,

The books, under the window set,

The bed under the carpet, spread,

The sight through windows and a garden,

The room’s twilight that seems so fade,

The Byron’s shadowed portrait,

The little statue of cast iron –

Under a hat’s a gloomy face,

And hands are crossed on a wide breast…

XX

Tanya, like one who is enchanted,

Is standing in the modish cell.

It’s late. Cold wind began lamenting,

The grove sleeps. Dark is the dale.

Behind the hill the moon self-hided,

Over the flood by the mist blinded,

And our young pilgrim has to go

At her snug home, long ago.

She, having masked her agitation

And with the sigh of the complain,

Is starting for her path again –

Having received authorization

To visit the old castle else –

To read books in a lone place.

XXI

Tanya had left the old good servant

Behind gates. On a second day,

She came in early morn – all fervent –

Under the roof on the same way.

And in the cell, void of a sound,

Having forgotten all around,

She was alone left at last,

And long was her sore cry of past.

Then she got reading book’s collection.

At first, not being much engrossed,

But a strange kind of their choice

At last attracted her attention.

She fell in reading with her soul…

And met the world that’s new in all.

XXII

Though Evgeny, as we’d mentioned,

Had lost for books his interest,

Still for a few of good creations

He made exclusion of the rest:

The singer Don Juan’s and Giaour’s

And two-three books (for tedious hours) –

Which had reflected this bleak age,

And sketched the modern personage

In very realistic modes

With all his filled with evil heart –

The most selfish, dry and hard –

The crazy vagrant on dream’s roads,

With his forever bitter thoughts

Boiling in acts of useless sorts.

XXIII

Pages of those few creations

Saved traces of his fingernails;

Eyes of the maid, full of attention

Are fixed on them with more stress.

Tatyana sees in agitation

By which concept or declaration

Onegin sometimes was surprised,

With what he was agreed sometimes.

On their white margins, on occasion,

She meets his pencil’s distinct marks.

In them, Onegin’s soul sparks –

In its quite natural self-expression –

With little crosses, question marks

Or shortest words – for some remarks.

XXIV

And step by step, our Tanya’s starting

To understand through scripts and signs

Else clearer now – thank Almighty! –

Him who obtains her bitter sighs

By willing of her fate, so merciless:

A crank – sad one and very dangerous,

Born by the Hell or Paradise

This angel or this imp, self-praised, –

Who’s he? What if he’s simulation,

A wretched ghost, and more worse else –

Moscower in the Harold’s dress,

The alien fancies’ explanation,

The modish words’ quiet finished scroll?...

Is he a parody, at all?

XXV

Has she solved now the main riddle?

Has found the right word for that?

The running thoughts and hours middle,

She did forget that it is late…

Two neighbors came into her house –

There is discussion of her status:

“What can I do? Tanya’s no child,”

Mrs. Larin sad with groans mild,

My youngest, Olya, has been settled.

It’s time to settle and this maid;

But what to do with her bad trait? –

She answers to all suitors, flatly:

’I’ll not!’ In sadness she is sunk,

And, lone, roams in woods’ dark.

XXVI

“Is she in love?” – “With whom, my dear?

Troublemaker wooded her – refused.

And Ivan Roosterov failed here.

Puffin-hussar, our guest, how used

He to be charmed by her perfection,

To fawn on her in his sensation!

I thought that, maybe, that will do;

Alas! It did not go, too.” –

“Well, little mother, what’s the matter?

To Moscow’s tread fair of brides!

They say, there vacancy abides.” –

“My income came to be not better.” –

“For just one winter – it’s enough,

If not – I’ll lend to you the stuff.”

XXVII

Old Mrs. Larin liked the counsel,

That was the clever one and kind;

And for a trip with her sad damsel

In winter, she has made her mind.

And Tanya knows the idea:

To judge of the high-world, much feared,

To introduce the clear stuff

Of the far country, simple and rough,

The dress – not of the modern ladies,

The speech – not of the modern talks;

To gain snide looks of Moscow folks –

Of proud Circes, polished dandies!...

Oh, shock! No, it’ll be save and good

To stay forever in her wood.

XXVIII

Having waked up with morn appearance,

Now she hurries to the fields,

And with her eyes, filled with warm brilliance,

Gently observing them, repeats:

“Farewell, my ever peaceful valleys,

And you, hilltops, quit touching heavens,

And you, woods, known through all times;

Farewell, blue beauty of the skies;

Farewell, oh, nature, joyful here;

I change my world, so sweet and plain,

To a dull noise of a bright vain …

Farewell, farewell, my freedom dear!

And where and why I want to be?

What does my fate prepare for me?”

XXIX

Her walks become with time much longer.

Now, the little run or hill,

With their sad beauty force her stronger

To stay by them against her will.

She, like with friends she ever knows,

With her sweet meadows and groves

Still someway hurries to converse.

But speedy summer makes its race.

Came autumn, strewing gold around.

The nature’s trembling, cold and pale,

Gorgeously dressed like dead female…

Now the North, bringing a cloud,

Blew on and wailed… and there she comes –

The fairy-winter – strait to us.

XXX

She came, dispersed self with white clusters,

Hanged on the oaks’ brunches, dry;

Lay, with the gorgeous wavy carpets,

Amidst the fields, the steep hills by;

She matched, with her white puffy shroud,

The frozen river with shores, proud;

Now, glared the frost. And we are glad

To Mother Winter pranks’ advent.

Just Tanya’s heart isn’t gladly roused.

She doesn’t meet the winter’s thrust –

To shortly breathe with frosty dust,

With first snow on a low bath-house

To wash her face, shoulders and breast:

Tatyana dreads the winter path.

XXXI

The day to leave passed long ago,

It’s coming now the last date,

The carriage, into Lithe thrown,

Is now watched, made warm, repaired.

The train’s accustomed: three large wagons

Make up the households main dragon

With little saucepans, trunks, hard chairs,

Jam-jars, mattresses of horse hairs,

Soft feather beds, cages with foul,

Large pots, wash-basins … With a lot

Of useful things we’ve to transport.

And now farewell’s cry and howl

Is raised up in the servants hut:

The jades were driven in the yard.

XXXII

They’re harnessed to the gentry’s carriage,

Cooks are preparing the fast lunch,

Wagons are piled with things for cartage,

Drivers are cursing very much.

The jade, that’s shaggy and exhausted,

Bears the postillion – the bearded,

The servants to the gates had thrust

To say ’Good by’ to lords. At last,

All’s set, the coach of old mode,

Starts moving in a slow pace,

“Farewell, farewell, my peaceful place!

Farewell, my lonely abode!

Shall I see you again just once?”

And tears are poured from Tanya’s eyes.

XXXIII

When the rewording education

Of our land receives more space,

The time will come (from calculation

With use of esoteric tables –

Through half-millennium) our roads

Will change self in the splendid modes:

Uniting Russia, wide highways

Will cross it in many a place.

Bridges, cast-iron ones and airy,

Will step o’er waters with arcs, wide,

We’ll shift high hills, under the flood,

Dig through the earth the tunnels, fairy…

On stations then, the world, baptized,

Will start the taverns’ enterprise.

XXXIV

Our roads are bad, I have to mention,

The full-forgotten bridges rot,

There are the bugs and fleas on stations:

In night, you can sleep not a jot.

There’re no taverns. In a cottage,

That’s cold, a lofty, hungry hostage –

The menu – hangs just for form’s sake

And vainly appetites awakes,

While country Cyclopes of ours,

Before the lazy, slow flame,

The Europe product’s gentle frame

Are curing with the Russian hammers

And blessing moats and ruts, grand,

Of our dear Fatherland.

XXXV

But in the year’s season, coldest,

The drive is easy and fast one.

Like a pop-song’s stanza, the thoughtless,

The winter road’s smooth and fine.

Our coachmen are well inspired,

Our troikas ne’er become much tired,

And miles, that entertain our gaze,

Flesh like dense fences in a race.

Alas! Alas! The Larins’ movement,

In fear of expensive drive,

Wasn’t on a stage-coach, alive.

And our girl had large amusement –

The bore of the long roads’ sights

For seven endless days and nights.

XXXVI

But it is close. We see now

How, with heat of a gold cross,

Burns over Moscow white brow

The row of the ancient tops.

Oh, brethren, I was one, the happiest,

When half-a-circle of churches, belfries,

Gardens and palaces, at once,

Was opened before my eyes!

How oft in bitter separations,

My ever-roaming fate through,

Moskva, I thought about you!

Moskva… how many thoughts and passions

Poured in this word for Russian heart!

How many – echoed it inside!

XXXVII

There, midst his oak grove own,

Stands Peter’s castle. Looking hard,

Its proud with its last renown.

Was vainly waiting Bonaparte,

Intoxicated with his glorying,

For Moscow on her knees crawling

With keys to Kremlin’s, old and dumb:

No, my great city did not come

To him with slavish-like confession.

Nor gifts, nor festivals, nor fame –

It was preparing the great flame

For the celebrity, impatient.

From there, he, lost in thoughts, at all,

Was looking at the fire wall.

XXXVIII

Farewell, oh, witness of failed glory,

Castle of Great Peter. Do not stay,

Go on! The turnpike’s high posts, boring,

Now are whitening: the way

Is leading o’er Tverskaya’s holes

All’s fleshing by – the cabins, toilers,

Boys, women, lanterns, gardens, malls,

White palaces’ and cloisters’ walls,

Small kitchen-gardens, sledges, Asians,

Fat merchants, peasants, low shacks,

Boulevards, high towers, Cossacks,

Drag-stores and stores with dress of fashions,

Slim balconies, lions on gates

And jackdaws’ flocks on crosses’ hands.

XXXIX. XL

In such much tiresome a-walking,

Were spent few hours of the late,

At last, the tired carriage stopped in

The quiet lane before the gate.

To Tanya’s old aunt, living here,

Ill with consumption for free years,

They now came their staying for.

The doors are opened them before

By grey Kalmyk, wearing glasses,

His sock – in hand, his caftan – torn.

In rooms, they’re met by cry and moan

Of Princess, from the sofa rising.

Old women fell in an embrace,

And exclamations filled the place.

XLI

“Pachette!” – “Alina, mon ange Princess!” –

“How long ago! Who could just think?

Are you for long? My cousin sweetest!

Sit down – how strange are things!

By God – it is a scene from novels…” –

“And there’s Tatyana – my girl oldest.”

“Oh, dear Tanya, come to me –

As if I in a dream all see…

Is Grandison by you forgotten?” –

“Who? Grandison? Oh, I perceive!

Yes, I recall… Where does he live?” –

“In Moscow, the lane of Mortar.

On Eve, he’d visited me, yet;

He’d married off his son of late.”

XLII

“And that one … but we’ll talk some later,

Are you agreed? To folks of hers

We’ll show Tanya – morrow, better,

Alas! I haven’t strengths for the calls;

I even haven’t them for my walking,

But you are tired, let’s stop talking

And go together for the rest…

I’m weak… and tired is my breast…

Now I am injured e’en by gladness –

Not just by woe… oh, my bliss,

I’m good for nothing in age this…

When one is old, one’s life’s such badness…”

And, having lost her strengths at all,

In tears, was coughing the poor soul.

XLIII

The ill aunt’s kindness and caresses

Do touch Tatyana, but of course,

She badly feels self in new places,

So different from the cell of hers.

Under the heavy silky curtain,

She does not sleep in her bed, modern,

And early sounds of the bells,

The morning labors’ foretells,

Raise Tanya from her bed, the sleepless.

She’s seating down windows by.

Dark’s ending, under morning skies,

She doesn’t see the fields she misses:

Before her – the unknown yard,

The kitchen, stable and wall, blind.

XLIV

And now, like a found treasure,

Tanya is driven all these days

To represent her scattered leisure

To her grandmas, to her granddads.

To kin, which had come from the village,

All show graciousness and privilege.

There’re hospitality and cry:

“How Tanya’s grown, It’s seemed, I

Baptized you not a long ago!

And I took you into my arms!

And I just boxed your ears, sometimes!

I gave you cookies in a row!...”

And then all her grandmothers cry:

“How fast all our years fly!”

XLV

But there’re no change in their manner;

They are led by the same old rules:

Her little aunt Princess Elena

Has just the same night cap of tulle;

Whitens her face Lukerya Lvovna,

Lies the same things Ljubov Petrovna,

Ivan Petrovich’s the same fool,

Semen Petrovich’s the same bull,

And Pelageya Nikolavna

Has M. Finmushe – the same her friend,

And the same spitz and her good man,

For whom his club is the same manna;

He’s deaf and quiet as before,

And eats and drinks a devil for.

XLVI

Tanya is hugged by daughters theirs.

The Moscow young Graces’ mob

At first watch her in mute observance –

From her feet’ heels to her head’s top.

They find Tatyana’s somewhat queer,

Provincial and much to bear,

Somehow thin and pallid, yet

Looking decidedly not bad;

Then, in accordance with their nature,

Took in their rooms, as their best friend,

Kiss her and gently squeeze her hand,

Fluff up her curls due to a fashion,

And trust her, in a singing voice,

With sacred secrets of young girls.

XLVII

With victories of theirs and others,

Their hopes, antics and dreams, bright.

The sinless talking flows, rather,

With some taint of a slender, light.

Then, they demand, in their affection,

Her unconditional confession –

A payment for their silly prate,

But Tanya, like in sleeping set,

Indifferently their speeches hears,

Sees nothing that falls in her sight,

And the main secret of her heart,

A treasure of her bliss and tears,

Is saved by her and she doesn’t want

To share with anyone its jot.

XLVIII

Tatyana wants to hear better

The common talking and converse,

But in the drawing rooms, a matter

Is such bosh lost of any sense;

In them, all is so cold, non-glowing,

Even their slander is a-boring;

In fruitless dryness of their words,

Their questions, gossips and reports,

Would never flesh a thought their own –

E’en in a special way or blind;

Would never smile the lazy mind

Or, to a jest, move heart of stone.

And even folly, which is droll,

Doesn’t grow in this world’s dead soil.

XLIX

The archive’s young men, in a crowd,

Look dawn our Tatiana on,

And secretly, on her account,

Talk something in an unkind tone.

One guest, a somewhat comic saddened,

Finds her to be an ideal maiden,

And, leaning against the door’s cant,

Creates for her a poem-chant.

Once, at the dull aunt’s evening meeting,

Took Vyazemsky by her a place,

And gained her hearty interest.

And having marked her by him sitting,

Adjusting his wig, the old guest

On her account makes a quest.

L

But there where Melpomene, the mental,

Is wailing through the whole world,

Where she is waving her spangle mantle

Before a crowd which is cold,

Where Thalia is calmly dozing

And friendly clapping not imposing,

Where only Terpsichore’s dance

Is raising adore of young race.

(That was and in the years previous –

In time of yours, in time of mine),

Didn’t turn to Tanya’s outline

Lorgnettes of the ambitious ladies,

Or glasses of the modern fobs –

None from a row or a box.

LI

They took her at Assembly gentry’s.

Here, flutter, hit and humane mass,

Thunders of music, glare of candles,

Flashing and whirl of dancing pairs,

Head-ornaments of beauties, airy,

Choruses filled with colors fairy,

Wide semicircles of the brides –

All stresses senses and ignites.

Here, regular and lofty dandies

Show their insolence, and vest,

And lorgnette void of interest.

Here, hussars, on their leave of absence,

Hurry to fly in, make a fuss,

Daze, win and flee away at once.

LII

A lot of pretty stars has night sky,

A lot of beauties Moscow has.

But brighter then her friends, which shine high,

The moon is in a blue of space.

But she, whom I don’t ever dare

Disturb with my lyre unfair,

Like moon, majestic one and bright,

Alone glare mid wife and bride.

Oh, how proudly and holly

Touches earth she, best of the best!

What a sweet languor fills her breast!

How gentle is her look and jolly!...

But that’s enough; just stop that all:

You’ve paid your craziness a toll.

LIII

Noise, bustle, laughter, bows, passions,

Mazurka, gallop, waltz… Aside,

And taking nobodies’ attention,

Midst two aunts by the column white,

Tatyana looks, but still sees nothing,

Hates high word’s vanity and fussing,

Has no breath there … her dreams mid,

She hurries to the life of field,

To the rough country, peasants’ hovels,

Into the lone peaceful nook,

Where gaily flows a bright brook,

To her sweet flowers and her novels,

To dusk in alleys of the limes,

Where he appeared to her once.

LIV

So her thought is sad and distant,

The ball is from her sight displaced…

But at Tatyana every instant

Is looking some important guest.

Two aunts exchanged with a short memo,

And pushed their niece at once with elbow,

And each one whispered her at once,

“Just throw at left side your glance.”

“At left? Where to? And what’s there stressed on?”

“It doesn’t matter. Just look, niece,

At this small group, in front, where gleams

A uniform of those two persons…

He stepped aside… He turned aside…”

“That general in fat and pride?”

LV

But let’s send our congratulations

Sweet Tanya with a glorious win

And make to our path a correction –

Not to forget of whom I sing…

And, by the way, strait at the question:

I sing of the young friend, the mentioned,

And his extravagancies’ throng.

Oh, bless my labors, so long,

My high -inspiring epic goddess!

Providing me with a staff yours,

Save me from roams in my verse!

Enough. Fall, burden, off my shoulders!

I’ve honored classicism: and that

Is a right preface, though late.

CHAPTER EIGHT

“Fare thee well, and if for ever

Still for ever fare thee well.”

Byron.

I

In time when in Lyceum’s gardens

I flourished without a care,

Read Apuleius’s all marvels,

And did not read Cicero’s fair,

In time when in mysterious valleys

In spring, to swan cries, so helpless,

By waters shining in air mute,

Muse started playing me her flute.

My destined for a student chamber

Suddenly came my Muse in it

Opened the young diversions’ feast,

Praised childish frolics – to remember,

Sang of the fame of our past

And anxious dreams of virgin heart.

II

The world met her with smiles, attractive,

And we were winged with our success;

The old Dergavin was attentive –

And, dying, he us both blessed.

III

Considering the passions, merciless,

As only law I have to choose,

Sharing with common crowds senses,

I led my fascinating Muse

To noise of feasts and hot discussions –

The fears of the patrols Russian’s;

There, to all those crazy feasts,

She was delivering her gifts,

And, like a little bacchant, playing

And singing, at a cup, for us –

And youngsters of the years, passed,

Was following her silk skirts’ waving…

And – in my circle – I was glad

To have such a frivolous friend.

IV

But I left that association

And ran afar… She after me.

How oft my Muse, so gentle and patient,

Was making my enslaved soul free

With magic of the secret stories!

How oft, on the Caucasus stones,

She, as Lenora, in moonlight,

With me was riding on horse, light!

How oft, on shores of Taurida,

Through darkness she was leading me

To listen humming of the sea,

The ceaseless whisper Nereida’s,

The timeless rumble of sea rolls,

The praising hymn to Lord of worlds.

V

Having forgot in misty distance,

Feasts of the capital and shine,

In sad Moldavia provinces,

She was abiding in tents, shy,

Of tribes which in this country roam,

Became a savage in such ’home’

And quite forgot a speech of gods

For poor, strange dialects and words,

For songs of steppes which she adored…

And suddenly was changed all this:

She’s now in my garden’s bliss –

A maiden of the country mode –

With a deep sadness in her eyes,

Bearing a modern French romance.

VI

And now I take Muse my dear

At congregation in High World;

And at the grace, she always bears,

Look with a shy and jealous thought.

Between the rows of the great nobles,

Smoothed fobs and diplomats, brave solders

And proud ladies she then passed,

Took her seat quietly, her eyes

With joy were catching the mob’s closeness,

The fleshing of the fashioned dress,

The slow appearing of guests

Before the beautiful young hostess,

And with the gentlemen’ dark frames

Round the pictures with bright dames.

VII

She likes the well-created mold

Of talks, on hierarchy based,

The filled with calmest proud cold,

The mixture of all ranks and years.

But who in such a crowd chosen

Is standing mute and as if frozen?

For all he seems the strange and dim.

Faces are fleshing before him,

As boring spirits, so many.

What’s this – a loftiness or bore

On his cold face? What looks he for?

And who is he? Is he Evgeny?

Is he? Is he?... Yes, he’s, at last.

When did winds bring him back to us?

VIII

Is he the same or became quiet?

Or still does pose as a crank?

Tell us the truth, what’s he about?

What will he show being back?

What will he play? That Melmot, former,

Cosmopolite or Country Honor,

Child Harold, Quaker, Hypocrite…

Will he put other masks in sight?

Or would he be one of good fellows,

Like you and me and whole world,

Now, it’s my counsel – my last word:

Make a delay from fashions previous.

He has enough beguiled the World… –

Do you know him? – And yes and not.

IX

− Then why in so low fashion

Do you speak now about him?

Is it because with endless passion

We trial all things to our whim,

’Cause carelessness of souls, flashing,

Raise laugh or strong humiliation

In the ambitious pettiness,

’Cause presses mind, loving a space,

’Cause, oft, we’re ready to consider

The empty talking as deals great,

’Cause foolishness – an evil brat,

’Cause pompous men prefer a fiddle

And ’cause a mediocrity –

The only thing we have and buy?

X

He’s blessed who was young in young years,

Who was ripe in a season, due,

Who gradually used to bear

The cold that’s freezing long life through;

Who was avoiding of dreams useless,

But garbage of the High World ruthless;

Who was, in twenty, a fob plain,

In thirty – married with a gain,

In fifty – free of a debts’ worry –

Debts private and the other ones;

Who calmly, fully used his chance

In sharing money, ranks and glory.

Of whom they’re talking through the age:

“N.N. – the perfect personage.”

XI

But it is sad that so vainly

Spring of our life was spent by us,

That we were false to our youth daily,

That it’d deceived all us at last;

That best of our wishes precious,

That all of our fancies freshest

Were putrefied in a grim chain

Like leaves of autumn, full of rain.

How it is awful to discover,

Before self, just the dinners’ trail,

To think our life’s a ritual,

After a mob, the customs’ lover,

To go, sharing with it not

A single passion, nor a thought.

XII

He fell in bondage of a trouble –

The constant wish to change a place

(A feature, painful one and subtle,

The cross, some volunteer to raise.)

So, he left his village, mentioned,

The fields and forests’ isolation,

When a shade, covered with blood,

Was visiting him day and night,

And started traveling without goal,

Being accessed just by his whim;

And all this traveling for him

Became a bore as all in whole.

So, he came back, and got at once,

Like Chatsky, from a ship to dance.

XIII

He fell in bondage of a trouble –

The constant wish to change a place

(A feature, painful one and subtle,

The cross, some volunteers to raise.)

So, he left his village, mentioned,

The fields and forests’ isolation,

When a shade, covered with blood,

Was visiting him day and night,

And started traveling without goal,

Being accessed just by his whim;

And all this traveling for him

Became a bore as all in whole.

So, he came back, and got at once,

Like Chatsky, from a ship to dance.

XIV

But now the crowd became the voiceless,

And slightly swayed as if in spell –

A dame was going to the hostess,

Escorted by a general

She was decidedly unhurried,

Not cold, not with much talking worried,

Without a look that wants to stress,

Without pretension for success,

Without these antics of a coquet,

Without a simulation’s skill…

All quiet was in her and simple

She seemed as if the real photo

Of the du comme il faut… (I’m bad:

Don’t know how to translate.)

XV

The dames were moving to her near,

Old females smiling in advance,

Men bowing lower to her here,

And catching look of her sweet eyes;

Young girls were lowing their voices,

Passing by her… His nose and shoulders

Else higher was arising there

The general who came with her.

None could say she’s a beauty, hellish,

But from her head and to her feet,

None had ability to meet

That mode, so very selfish,

Which whole London Highest World,

Defines as vulgar. (I can not…

XVI

I very much love this word precious,

But know not how to translate,

It still is new in our marshes,

And, maybe, wouldn’t be honored, yet.

I think, for epigrams it’s priceless…)

But let’s discuss the dame of ours.

Full of inartificial charm,

She was a-seating, arm-by-arm,

With dazzling Nina Vorontsova –

This Cleopatra of Neva;

And you’ll agree that so far,

Our Nina with her beauty-nova,

Could not eclipse her friend beside,

Though being wonderfully bright.

XVII

“Is she Tatyana?” thinks Evgeny,

“Is she right here? She is… No…

Why! from wild fields and meadows fenny…”

And his lorgnette, so calm before,

Directs he, suddenly and madly

At her – whose view recalls him vaguely

The features he had known once.

“Prince, do you know, by a chance,

The lady in a cap of crimson,

She’s with the Spanish diplomat?”

The Prince looks at Onegin strait:

“Well, you’ve been absent many seasons.

I’ll introduce you to her, wait.” –

“But who is she?” − “My wife,” he said

XVIII

“So, you’d got married! Then – ’hosanna’!

How long ago?” – “Near two years” –

“To whom?” – “To Larin.” – “Who? Tatyana!”

“Do you know her?” – “I’m neighbor theirs.” –

“Oh, then let’s go.” The prince does go

To his young wife gladly to show

Her his good friend and kin, at once,

She looks at him with her sweet eyes…

But though confused was her clear soul,

By the emotions’ whole throng –

And each emotion was still strong –

Didn’t change in her a feature sole:

The same was tone of her voice,

Her bow – calm as always was.

XIX

Love conquers ages of all years;

But for the young and virgin hearts,

Its thrusts are such the blessing-bearers,

As for the fields – the spring storms’ thrusts:

In rains of passions they gain freshness,

And make selves new and ripping painless –

And potent life gives them a gift –

The gorgeous bloom and fruit that’s sweet.

But in the age, the late and rotten,

On our years’ fatal turn,

It’s sad – the trace of passion burned:

Thus tempests of the cold autumn

Transforms a lea into a bog,

And strips a wood under a fog.

XX

Whether the same Tatyana sorry,

To which he, hiding face to face,

In the beginning of our story,

In the provincial distant place,

In heat of moral education,

Was reading, once, his annotations,

Same child from which, ’gainst the time-tide,

He saved a letter wrought by heart,

Where all is natural, free and opened,

Same naïve girl… maybe ’tis dream?

Same modest girl, by his esteem

Rejected on his being road,

With him was now so bold,

So indifferent and cold?

XXI

He takes a leave of the crammed rout,

And drives at home in thoughts deep;

The dream, with joy and sadness bound,

Disturbs his very tardy sleep.

He wakes up and receives a note:

The Prince N in the polite mode

Calls him for evening. “Lord! To her!..

I’ll come, I’ll come!” And all before,

Writes answer in a hurry crazy.

What’s up! He is in somewhat dream!

What stirred there − in the deepness, dim,

Of soul so cold and lazy?

Conceit or fret or, once again,

That’s love – the youth’s delight and pain?

XXII

Again Onegin counts each hour,

Again can’t wait for the sun set.

The clocks chime ten; he leaves his ‘bower’,

He fled along – he’s by their gate…

He comes with flutter to the princess,

Finds her alone, out her business.

Together, for the minutes few

They seat. The words don’t go through

Onegin’s lips. Sunk in depression,

Uncouth, he’s hardly able to find

Answers to questions hers. His mind

Is filled with one stubborn conception.

His look is stubborn, too. But she

Seats fully undisturbed and free.

XXIII

Her husband comes. He makes it closed –

Their so unpleasant tête-à-tête;

Both men recall their pranks and jokes

Of years that in the Lethe fled.

They gaily laugh. The guest appeared;

And, by a salt of high world seasoned,

The conversation flamed up bright;

Before the hostess, a chat light,

Void of pretense, shined with perfection,

And interruption of a speech

Was the smart talk – and not trite pitch,

Or timeless truths or lucubration,

And did not frighten any one,

With its free liveliness and fun.

XXIV

Here was a cream of the great city,

Nobility and fashion lords,

Faces you see on every meeting,

The fools in which has needs our world.

Here were the dames of many years,

In caps and roses – seem much fierce,

Here were few maidens with a face

On which a smile left no trace.

Here was an envoy, always talking

About conditions of his state;

Here was, in perfumed gray hairs set,

The old man with old kind of joking –

With subtle humor and high mind,

That now we somewhat funny find.

XXV

Here was, having for farces weakness,

Angry with all one gentleman –

With hosts’ hot tea (for its strong sweetness),

With ladies’ flatness, tones of men,

With talks about a novel, misty,

With monograms, gained by two sisters,

With lies of Press and martial strife,

With snow’s whiteness and his wife.

XXVI

Here was Wormasov, very famous

With his forever low heart,

Who constantly, in albums, flattens,

St.-Priest, your pencils, making mud.

By doors another balls’ dictator

Was standing like a pictured actor,

Pink, like a cherub in spring flight,

Mute and unmoved in his tails tight.

Here a traveler unexpected –

The shameless over-starched pest –

Was causing smiles amidst the guests

With his air, permanently checked,

And glances, silently exchanged,

Was their verdict for him, quite sage.

XXVII

But my Onegin, through all evening,

Was ’busy’ with Tatyana single,

Not with that girl, the shy and fearing,

The loving, poor and very simple,

But with this princess, cold and gorgeous,

This unapproachable goddess,

Of the Neva, the stream of Fame.

Oh, folks, all we are just the same

As Eve, the first of she-ancestors:

We do not want what’s given us;

The Snake incessantly invites

Us to the tree with curious apples;

‘Or we have the illegal prize,

Or Paradise isn’t Paradise.’

XXVIII

How changed is Tanya in a whole!

How well she entered her role, new!

How soon adopted rules and goals

Existing her position due!

Who’d dare find a maiden, plaintive,

In such majestic, inattentive

She-giver of the lows for halls?

And he was, once, in heart of hers!

About him, in the night darkness,

While Morpheus is still away,

She would grieve in a virgin way,

Raise her sweet eyes to moon in highness,

And see, distinctly, in her dream

Her going through the life with him!

XXIX

Love conquers ages of all years;

But for the young and virgin hearts,

Its thrusts are such the blessing-bearers,

As for the fields – the spring storms’ thrusts:

In rains of passions they gain freshness,

And make selves new and ripping painless –

And potent life gives them a gift –

The gorgeous bloom and fruit that’s sweet.

But in the age, the late and rotten,

On our years’ fatal turn,

It’s sad – the trace of passion burned:

Thus tempests of the cold autumn

Transform a lea into a bog,

And strip a wood of leaves and fog.

XXX

Alas! Evgeny, no doubts,

Did fall in love with Tanya mine;

He spends his days and nights on rounds

Of loving tendencies’ a pine.

Not listening to his mind’s sentence,

To her threshold, to her glassed entrance

He every day is sent by fate;

He follows her steps like shade,

He’s happy if he were to throw

On her white shoulder a fur white,

Or touch her hand, in movement slight,

With his hot fingers, or just draw

Apart a servants her before,

Or lift her kerchief from a floor.

XXXI

She doesn’t mark him and what he suffers

(E’en if he’d try to leave this world)

Freely receives him at her house,

Being a guest, would say a word,

Sometimes – meet him with just a bow,

Sometimes – not know him about,

Is it flirtation? – Not a jot. –

Flirtation’s banned by the High World.

Onegin starts becoming paler:

She does not see it or stays cold;

Onegin fades and almost brought

In by consumption born a fervor.

All send him to the doctors’ lot,

Which send him strait to a resort.

(TO BE CONTINUED)