**Eugene Onegin: Chapter One**

I

A person of unblemished morals

“My uncle was. When he fell ill, ⎯

Opposing needless talk and quarrels,

On all he would enforce his will ⎯

Indeed! A standard high to others!

But how, in faith it bores and bothers

To watch sick people night and day,

Not venturing to go away!

Oh ’t is a piece of wildly badness

To entertain a man half-dead,

To change the pillows of his bed

And give him medicine with sadness

And think in secret with a sigh

Oh! bodikins! When will you die?“

II

Bedusted, in a mail coack driving,

So thought a madcap, free of care,

At Yupiter’s command now thriving,

Of all his relatives the heir.

His character should now be painted.

Aside all forewords! Get acquainted

Frriends of Ludmila and Ruslan,

At once with this young charming man,

My mate Eugene, of wags a leader,

Was born hard by Neva’s key,

Where whilom you were born, may be,

Or where you flaunted once, my reader

There, there I rambled back and forth,

But harmful is to me the North.

III

With honour and distinction serving,

Each year three balls his father gave,

Indebted, high lile’s rules observing

His former wealth he could nor save

But luck to Eugene condescended:

At first Madame to him attended;

Monsieur then occupied her place.

The child was frisk though full of grace.

Monsieur l’Abbe, a poor French teacher,

Not wishinf to torment the child,

Was un instructor very mild;

Of morals strict he wasn’t a preacher,

But slightly the boy would chide

And to the Summer Garden guide.IV

But youth came on with its temptations,

The time of hopes and fondness trist,

The time of love and expectations;

Monsieur l’Abbe was the dismissed.

Free is the fondling fair of passion;

His hair is cut, as orders fashion;

And like a dandy he is clad;

To see the world Onegin’s glad;

A mastery of French acquired

Onegin, which augments ones chance.

Mazurka he could nimbly dance;

His easy bows the world admired;

And thus resolved society

That sensible and nice was he.

V

We studied all, but just a little;

However, we pulled somehow through,

And therefore, knowing but a tittle,

Weel-bred we seemed in people’s view,

Some judges strict did thus acknowledge,

That serious was Eugene’s knowledge,

But that pedantic was the lad

Eugene the lucky talent had

Without constraint in conversation

To touch but slightly on each theme

And thus a learnt expert to seem,

Keep silence in great contestation,

The smiles of ladies to excite

By ardent epigrams that bite.

VI

Our hero’s Latin was defficient,

But latin lost its past command;

Howe’er his knowledge proved sufficient

The epigraphs to understand;

On Juvenal the ypouth debated,

With vale letters terminated,

And from Aeneis Eugene might,

Though blund’ ringly, two lines recite.

Onegin chroniques never cherished;

To pore he did not find it worth

O’er dusty annals of the earth;

Though anecdotes of days that perished

From Romulus up to out time

Remember could our youth sublime.

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burg: Akropol’ 1995], pp. 86-88 (text, inc. misprints, as above; written Feb. 1937).