МОСКОВСКИЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ СОЦИАЛьНЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ

**ПУШКИН А.С.**

**ЕВГЕНИЙ ОНЕГИН**

**Поэма в стихах**

**PUSHKIN A.S.**

**EUGENE ONEGIN**

**Novel in verse**

**Translated by Kozlov S.N.**

**Москва**

**из-во «Союз»**

**1994**

**Moscow**

**«Soyuz»**

**1994**

**ББК 74.251.7 Англ.**

**Коз 59**

**Козлов С.Н.**

Евгений Онегин (перевод но англ. яз.).

М. - издательство «Союз», 1994 - 150 с.

В данном переводе Евгения Онегина на английском язык полностью сохтаняется не только содерщание романа в сиках А.С. Пушкина, но такще его поэтический стиль размеры каждой строки, рифмика и ритмика.

In this translations of «Eugene Onegin» into English not only the content of this novel in verse of Pushkin A.S. but also his poetical style - the dimensions of each line, the rhymes and the rhythmics - are kept in full unchanged.

ISBN 5-7139-0031-2 ББК 74.251.7 Англ.

©Козлов Сергей Николаевич - Перевод на английский язык, 1994ь компютерний набор.

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**To the Reader**

A.S.Pushkin’s novel in verse «Evgeny Onegin» had been translated by Patrick (1937), by Elton (1946), by Kayden (1964) and by Charles Johnston (1977). Each of them paid much attention to the gist of the novel, but nobody of them ~~tried to~~ preserve*s* its style untouched: its rhythms, rhymes and dimentions of each line. The result is: in their translations the reader can see only the contents of the novel but not the poetical mastery of A.S.Pushkin himself. That is why the Russian weekly «Kultura» has stressed the idea that many people abroad do not know anything about A.S.Pushkin’s poetry ,tdue La the absence of such translations which could at least approxomately show all the charm of his verse» (11.06.1993).

In my book «Speak English in Verse» (Moscow, New School 1994) I showed what was wrong in their translations of «Evgeny Onegin». By my translation of it I attempt to show that A.S.Pushkin’s verse can be as rhythmical one in English as in Russian.

*Translator, professor Kozlov S.N.*

**К читателям**

Поэму в стихах А.С.Пушкина переводили на английский язык Патрик (1937), Элтон (1946), Кайден (1964) и Чарльз Джонстон (1977). Все они обращали большое внимание на содержание поэмы, но никто из них не стремился сохранить ее стиль: ритмику, рифмику, размеры каждой строки. В резултате в их переводах читатель видит только содержание поэмы, но не поэтийеское мастерство самога А.С.Пушкина. Вот почему московская еженедельная газета «Култура» отметила, что многие люди за рубежом не знают об А.С.Пушкине потому, что нет таких переводов его стихотворений, которые «хоть сколько-нибудь близко передавали бы все очарование его поэзии» (11.06.1993).

В моей книге «Говорите по-английски стихами» (Москва, Новая школа, 1994) показано, какие недостатки наблюдаются в предыдущих переводах «Евгения Онегина». Своим переводом я пытаюсь показать, что на английском языке стихи А.С.Пушкина звучат так же ритмично и музыкално, как и на русском.

*Переводчик, профессор Козлов С.Н.*

**A.S.PUSHKIN**

**EUGENE ONEGIN**

**Novel In verse**

Pétri de vanité il avail encore

plus de cette espèce d’orgueil fait

avouer avec la même indifférence less

bonnes comme les mauvaises, suite

d’un sentiment de supériorité

peut-être imaginaire.

*Tiré d’une lettre particulière.[[1]](#footnote-1)\**

I don’t mean to please grand people.

With love friends’ notions I’d rate

And give you all that 1 could scribble

As pawn that’s worth of dear mate.

Its worth of fine and charming soul,

Of saint fulfilled generous dreams,

Of lively lucid verse’s glow,

Of lofty thoughts, of simple things.

All right, by hand unfair own

You take my set of florid rhymes

Which are half-funny and half-mournful,

Of common thinking, somewhat thoughtful,

Slipshod result of my pastimes,

Of sleepless nights, of inspirations,

Of years young but whithered hard,

Of mind some cold observations,

Of grievous notes of the heart.

CHAPTER ONE

He hurries up to live,

As well as he does to feel.

*K. Vyasemsky.*

I

‘My uncle keeps to honest systems:

By falling ill yet not in jest,

He made me love him with insistence

And couldn’t find some better test.

Well, his example gives a lesson;

But, goodness me, it’s quite distressing

To sit with him all day and night,

Not stepping out of his sight.

And what insidiousness you show,

When you amuse a man half dead

Arrange the pillows in bed

Then give him drugs in sadness, though

You sigh not speaking of your will:

When will the devil come for him!’

II

The young scapegrace was so deeming,

When he by post-chaise in dust

Was shaking. Due to Zues he’s being

The heir of all relatives in trust.

Ruslan’s, Lyudmila’s friends!

Somehow, Without prefaces, just now,

For hero of my book

Let me attract attentive look:

Onegin, friend of mine for years,

Was born on Neva-river’s banks.

May be, you rose from the clans

In those places, or have dears,

Somewhere you could look at me,

But harmful is the North for me, {1}

III

His father served for many years,

And fell in debt, such big and vast,

That, giving balls three times a year,

He squandered all he had at last.

But Eugene’s fate for him was fair:

At first by *Madame* he was cared,

But then a frenchman took her place.

The boy was frisky but with grace.

*Monsieur l’Abbe*, a Frenchman mere,

To give the boy some chance to rest,

Was teaching him with ready jest,

With morals never was severe,

For pranks reproved with gentle talks,

To Summer Garden took for walks.

IV

Insurgent youth is not yet endless.

When Eugene was to change his sort

In times of hopes, tender sadness,

*Monsieur* was driven from the court.

Onegin’s now free from care.

In fashion has he cut his hair,

Like London dandy, well arrayed,

First coming to the world he made.

His French was so perfect now,

That he could chat, as well as write,

He was in dances quick and light,

Without tension he could bow:

What more you want? The world said: why,

He is a clever, pretty guy.

V

We all to learn had little go

And anyhow something got,

With education, as you know,

We all can shine, and bless it God!

Onegin was in eyes of people,

(Which were in judgements strict, not feeble,)

A pedant but of science man.

He had a happy talent then:

He was enabled, slightly rushing,

To speak of anything at once,

As real expert does by chance.

He could be silent in discussion,

His epigram’s unwaited file

Could make all pretty ladies smile.

VI

But Latin’s not in fashion now.

To tell the truth but frank enough,

He knew the Latin anyhow:

To talk about epigraf,

Of Jouvenale to talk much better,

To end with *vale* own letter, {2}

Remembered, though with mistakes,

Two little verses of Enaid’s.

He never wished to rummage quickly

In chronological thick dust

Of writings of the life in past,

But ancient anecdotes deeply -

From Romul to the present day -

In depth of mind he kept away.

VII

Not having any higher passion

To rhymes to dedicate his life,

Iambus he, at frank confession,

From trochee couldn’t tell meanwhile.

Feocrite, Gomer were reproved,

Yet Adam Smith was well approved,

In house-keeping he was best

Arid any problems put to test:

Of how state itself enriches,

And how lives, which way and why

Without gold can revive

While simple product is its richness:

His father didn’t understand

Arid put in pledge the whole land,

YIII

To tell you all, what he had known,

I haven’t any time at all.

His genius was unique, alone,

He knew of something best of all,

Which was for him from time of childhood

Like work and torment, was delightful,

Which pressed his spirits all the way

And kept his laziness for day, -

It was the art of tender passion,

By Nazon brightly glorified.

But Nazon was by world denied

And suffered past rebellious session:

Moldavia, that’s far away

From Italy, was end of way.

IX

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X

From early times he was dissembling,

Some hidden hope he could leave,

He pined away, he was dissuading,

Was dull and jealous, made believe;

Could come such proud or obedient,

Could be attentive or indifferent;

Was languishing and taciturn,

Eloquent ardently in turn;

In hearty letter, as its sender,

He was slipshod. For all of that

Of own life he could forget!

His look was always quick and tender,

Was impudent and shy; sometimes

Could show how tear shines,

XI

Was seeming new on each occasion,

With jokes innocence amazed.

Could give a fright by desperation,

With flattery could draw one’s gaze,

Was able any glimpse of sweetness,

Of vergin years bias giftness

With passion and the wit to gain,

For sudden tenderness to wait,

For words of love to be entreating,

First move of heart to catch by chance,

To chase the love and all at once

To get agreed a secret meeting,

And then from people far away

To give her lessons all the day?

XII

And how could he be annoying

The hearts of ladies, whom he knew!

But when his thoughts were of destroying

His own rivals, though few,

His scandal talks were such backbiting!

His nets for them were so frightening!

But blissful husband of coquette,

To part from him you did regret!

By cunning husband he was greeted,

Of Faublas previous a fan;

By one mistrustful old man;

Him stately cuckold admitted,

Who’s always proud of himself,

Of dinner and of wife herself.

XIII, XIV

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XV

Sometimes, when he’s in bed yet sleeping,

Some papers they are bringing him.

What? Invitations for a meeting?

Three houses will wait for him.

Some balls, one children’s entertainment...

What will he choose for his engagement?

With which to start? In wonder style

To every place he came in time.

Meanwhile he’s dressed for walk at morning,

His *bolivar* he’s having on {3]

And comes to bouieward quite forlone:

He there at a space is walking

Until his breget sleepless, fine {4}

Will strike the bells for him to dine.

XVI

Its dark. In sledge he’s sitting now.

-Away, away! - the driver marks,

And, covered with the frosted gown,

His beaver collar now sparks.

To Talon’s surely he’s raiding.

Kaverin there is awaiting.

He comes: the corks for ceiling pass,

The wine like comet splashes fast.

A bloody roast-beef is given,

And truffles, splendour of teenage,

In France of cooking highest gauge;

And pie train Strassburg, freshly driven,

Between the Limburg lively cheese

And best pine-apple gold squeese.

XYII

The thirst demands some more of drinking

To cool hot cutlet’s fat at once,

But breget bells are now clinking:

New ballet will begin by chance,

Of theatre strict legislator,

Inconstant adorer of later

Quite charming actresses, he is

An honoured cityzen of links.

For theatre Onegin’s speeding.

In it each man is free at all:

He may each *entrechat* catcall,

Or hiss Moina, Fedra greeting;

Or Cleopatra may encore

(By others to be heard once more).

XYIII

Enchanting land! In days of wisdom,

Of satire great potentate,

Fonvizin shone, a friend of freedom,

Knyazhnin was always up-to-date.

With Ozerov all were delighted,

Semyonova with him divided

The tears of the people’s awe.

Katenin there could restore

Of Corneille stately genius; there

Was known prickly Shakhovskoy

Who wrote comedies with joy;

With glory Didla’s crowned there.

And there, in the shades of links,

My younger days were rushing things,

XIX

My goddesses’ what are you? where?

You listen to my grievous call:

Are you the same, or others dared

To change, replace you there all?

Shall I again your chorus hear?

Of Russian Terpsichore’s dear

Shall see emotional flight?

Or dismal eye will never find

At boring stage some known actor,

And, turning to unknown world

My disillusioned lornette,

Of joy some careless spectator,

With yawn I’ll cover disrespect

And shall of bygone recollect?

XX

Each box in theatre is shining,

In pit each stall already boils,

In gallery the claps are flying,

And rising curtain makes a noise.

Half-aireal and resplended,

To magic bow all attended,

Istómina’s in front of pit,

With nymths she waits to make a hit.

With one of feet the floor she’s touching,

With other slowly she wheels,

Then sudden caper - and she fleets

Like down from Eolus marching,

She makes her figure twine and twist,

With quick her foot the foot she beats.

XXI

Each claps. Onegin now enters,

For stalls comes over the feet,

Lornette his double slantwise renders

To see all ladies to be fit,

He cast a glance at ladies’ tires,

At circles but with looks, attires

Was terribly unsatisfied.

With every man at any side

He bowed. Unattending body,

At stage he looked as if by chance,

Turned off, then yawned and said at once:

«It’s time to change them in a body,

Too long by ballets I was pressed,

By Didle too I am depressed».

XXII

Yet Cupids, devils and the serpents

Make noise and hop in front of pit;

Yet some of weary men-servants

At entrance on fur-coals sleep;

Yet someone hisses, feet are stamping,

Some blow nose, cough, are clapping;

Yet outside, as well’s inside,

The lanterns everywhere shine;

Yet, being chilled, are striking horses,

Annoyed by harness; near light

The drivers all themselves incite

By clapping; each his master curses...

Onegin’s out by himself,

He goes to redress himself.

XXIII

Shall I portray in truthful picture

Secluded study of the best,

All fashioned model of the creature

Who’s dressed, undressed, anew redressed.

All fancy goods for whims abundant

Which are supplied by busy London

All over the Baltic waves

For forest, fat and hand-made lace;

All things by Paris craft invented

To help the idle hungry taste

The great prosperity lo waste -

To have at home he intended:

Philosopher among his mates

With them his room he decorates.

XXIV

Visantine tubes with amber, treasures

Of bronze and porcelain of the past;

For coddled sense the best of pleasures:

Perfume in bottles of cut glass.

Some files of steel for nails, some combs,

Some scissors, straight and wry: he owns

For teeth the brushes, and for nails,

Some thirty kinds for all avails.

Rousseau (I’d say as if bypassing),

Of how dared pompous Grim

To brush his nails in front of him,

Eloquent madcap, wasn’t grasping.

The knight of freedom and of right,

In case like this he wasn’t right.

XXV

You may become a man of business

And think of beauty of the nails.

With age to argue is unfitness;

The custom’s despot of the males.

Like great Chadayev, Eugene dear

Of jealousy reproach feared,

Was pedant, judging of the cloth,

We’ll call him dandy for the forth.

At least three hours he daily

In front of mirrors gladly spent,

And from his dressing room he went

Like giddy Venus, when quite gaily,

In man’s attire all arrayed,

The goddess comes to masquerade.

XXVI

The modern taste of his attire,

To keep your curious gaze,

To meet the scholar world’s desire

I could describe, you’d be amazed.

Of course, it would be so bold,

Describing is what I must hold. B

By *pantalones*, *frac*, *gillette* -

In Russian they are absent yet.

I now see, of it confessing,

That even my such poor style

Yet might be less fulfilled for while

By foreign words without pressing,

Yet long ago did I look

For words in Academic Book.

XXVII

To other things let’s make approach:

For ballet we shall hurry up.

To it headlong in simple coach

Onegin now has sped up

In front of darkened silent homes,

Along the sleepy streets in rows;

All double lanterns in the sight

Are stretching their joyful light,

And make some rainbows on snow.

By lampions dotted from the sides

A splendid house now shines,

In windows some shades can flow,

Appear profiles of heads

Of ladies and of fashion cranks.

XXVIII

My Eugene is in front of home.

Hall porter shadfly he bypassed,

Up marble footsteps he has flown,

With hand has mended hair fast.

Came in. The hall is full of crowd;

The music’s weary of sound;

Mazurka is the crowd’s choice;

All round are crush and noise;

The spurs of horse-guards-man are jingling,

Each foot of pretty ladies flies,

At their fascinating signs

The flaming looks of men are fleeting.

Through roar of fiddles never thrives

The jealous whisper of styled wives.

XXIX

In days of gaiety and wishes

I could at ballets lose my wit;

It’s better place for passing letters fit.

Oh, you, the husbands so honoured!

To you I’ll give my service; forward

You keep on mind my speech to you;

I’d like anew to warn all you:

You, mothers, should be more severe,

While looking after girls, and yet

At them keep strictly your lornette!

If not... if not, let God deliver!

I write it, as for long my time

I haven’t any sin of mine.

XXX

Alas! for funs, which can be differed,

I’ve ruined much of own life.

But if the morals never shifted,

My love to ballets could survive.

I like teenage’s lively madness,

The tightness, brightness and the gladness;

Of ladies well-considered dress.

I love girls feet. But it’s a stress

To try to find in Russia whole

Of them three pairs straight and fine.

Ah! I’ll forever keep in mind

Small feet of lady. Sad and cold,

I do remember them; in dream

They trouble all my heart, such grim.

XXXI

In what a waste, when? where? how?

You, madman. will all them forget?

Ah, feet, such small, where are you flow,

What vernal plants are trampling yet?

In eastern comfort being cherished

Sad northern snow to embellish.

You never stamped your small foot-prints.

You liked smooth carperts of some prints

To touch in splendid admiration.

Is it high time as I forgot

For you the glory and the laud,

The father’s land, incarceration?

But happiness of youth has gone

Like light foot-prints in fields forlone.

XXXII

Diana’s breasts, the cheeks of Flora

Delightful are, my freinds, you see!

But foot, such small, of Terpsichore

More charming somewhat is for me.

It is predicting to my gazing

Reward, which I can’t be appraising,

Conditionally by its charms

Self-willed desires it alarms.

My friend Elvina! Nothing hinders

To love it under table cloth,

In spring at grass and so forth,

At iron fire-place in winters,

At smooth of parquets in the halls,

At sea on granite and at malls.

XXXIII

I keep in mind the sea, quite stormy:

What envious I was when waves

In turn to girl were all returning

With love to feet to lay themselves.

With waves I wished myself somehow

To touch her dear feet by mouth.

Among all those ardent days

Of boiling youth, such bright and gay,

I never wished with such a torture

To kiss young Armid’s pretty lips,

Or roses of flaming cheeks,

Or bosom, which awaits for fortune.

Ah, never impulse of the sense

Put rack my soul ever hence.

XXXIV

But other times in mind I bear!

I saw myself in cherished dream

To keep the happy stirrup dare...

Meanwhile small foot in hands l feel;

And works again imagination.

Again her touch of fascination

In cold heart is kindling blood...

Again the grief, of love the flood!

The talkative my lyre’s tired

To glorify all haughty ranks.

They don’t cost yet neither sense,

Nor any songs, by them inspired:

Of sorceresses words and peep

Delusive are... as their feet.

XXXV

What’s my Onegin? Way is endless

To bed from ballet; half asleep

He speeds through Petersburg, all restless,

Awoken by drums’s beat.

The hawkers walk, gets up the salesman,

Is dragging to cabstand a cabman,

With jug young woman goes fast,

By feet she crushes snow-dust.

The morning pleasant noise arose.

Each shutter’s open, and dry

Blue smoke rises to the sky,

And thorough German baker goes

In paper cap for each of us

To open his *wasistdas*.

XXXVI

Of ballet’s noises being tired,

Transforming morning into night,

He calmly sleeps in bed, retired

From pastimes, flourishing big child.

The afternoon he passes, ready

Again to waste his day already.

His life’s monotonous and is mixed,

The same for many days is fixed,

But was my Eugene satisfying

By being free in prime of life,

Among his victories to thrive,

And his amusements gratifying?

May be, in vain he was at feasts

Such careless and fine at least?

XXXVII

His passions were too quickly cold,

And he was bored by worldly noise;

Not very long he could behold

The girls as object of his choice;

Adulteries were not adonng;

His friends and freindship made him boring,

As now not at any time

He could bear-steaks and Strassburg pie

With fizz by bottle wine be pouring

While saying clever pncky word -

Because of ache of own head.

And, though staying rake adoring,

He ceased to like (with them was led)

Invectives, sables and the lead.

XXXVIII

His illness never was distinguished

From illness, known so far,

Which they are calling *spleen* in English,

In Russian known as *khandra*.

It caught him now and for ever;

But yet to kill himself he never,

Thanks God, had any wish to try;

But at the life his look was wry.

*Child-Harold*’s copy, grim, morose

To inner rooms and halls he came;

The boston, gossips were in vain,

Or dear looks or sighs - all those

Did never touch hire as before,

He caught the sight of nothing more.

XXXIX, XL, XLI

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XLII

Of higher world the queer ladies!

The first he made - he left you all;

It’s true, that all we live in ages,

When rather boring is high call.

Arid though ladies can be talking

Of Say and Bentham at the walking,

But as a whole their talk

Is harmless, but unpleasant mock.

Besides, they all are so pure,

Magestic, for the love unfit,

Are full of piety, of wit,

Such cautious, that we can’t endure,

And always turned, from us - I mean.

That their looks give rise for spleen.

XLIII

And you, the girls all young, good looking,

Whom droshkies quickly take away

In late of evening, such amusing,

Along the Petersburg high-way,

By him were left at your employments.

Apostate of wild enjoyments,

At home did he shut himself

And yawning, tried to write of self.

He tried, but of the work persistent

He felt yet sickness. Nothing good

Could come of such a lazy mood.

He didn’t join the guild existent

Of men, whom I can’t judge for long,

As I myself to them belong.

XLIV

Devoted to lazy feeling,

With void in soul, he resstrains

His temper, in his chair sitting,

And aims to own each other’s brains;

With ranks of books his shelf fulfilling,

For long he eagerly was reading,

But saw: annui, the rave, the harm,

The fraud; nor shame, nor sense, nor charm;

In all of them restriction’s queer;

Antiquity the old backs.

The novelty with ages smacks.

Like women, books were all left here,

And shelf with dusty books anew

With mourning taffeta he drew.

XLV

Of world conventions breaking load

Like he I lagged behind of fuss,

I was his friend some while ago.

I liked his features in the past:

Devotion to dreams unwitting,

Unimitated strange unfitting,

His sharp, but somewhat cooling wit.

I was embittered, he… unfit.

We knew the game of passion’s oath;

By life were anguished as a rule;

The heat of hearts became all cool;

Besides we were awaited both

By spite of fortune and of mean,

While both were beginners then.

XLVI

Who has ideas and is living,

He looks at people with disdain,

He has a trouble from the feeling

Of spook of unreturning day.

He hasn’t any fascinations,

But has some snake of recollections,

And him repentance badly nags;

This inspiration often adds

Great charm to any conversation.

At first his language me confused,

But in a while I had been used

To caustic, hot argumentation,

To jokes mixtured with the bile,

To epigrams with no smile.

XLVI1

And often in the summer’s sphere,

When clear is the sky at night

All over the Neva river,

When waters, being gaily light,

Do not reflect Diana’s features,

Recalling bygone novel’s creatures,

Recalling former love, such free,

Perceptible and carefree,

By night’s benevolent light breathing

We mutely reveled and could fail!

Like convict in the stocks from jail

If brought to forests while he’s sleeping,

We all were taken by the dreams,

As if young life anew begins.

XLVIII

With utterly regretful soul,

On granit leaning, straight. upright,

Stood Eugene, thoughtful, quite alone,

As poet himself described.

Night sentries, far from one to other,

In stillness called each one another;

Of droshky light, remote noise

From Million street was heard.

Some boys In boat with its oars rowed

Along the sleepy Neva’s stream,

And we adored, like in a dream,

Some song of horn and man, such bold...

More sweet, than joys beneath the moon,

Will stay of Torkwat’s octaves tune!

XLIX

Oh, Brenta! I again shall see you.

My dear Adriatic waves,

Inspired, I again shall feel you,

Your magic voice for me awaits!

Appolo’s children took it sacred;

For Albion proud lyre rated

I love him, he’s my kin in-law.

Italian nights I shall adore.

And being free, again revel

In girl from Venece, pretty, young,

Sometimes she’s talkative or dumb,

In secret gondola I’ll travel

With her, my lips will find anew

Petrarka’s language ‘I love you’ .

L

But will it come, my day of freedom?

Its time! - I everyday appeal. {5}

At sea I wait for better season,

The sails of ships I call, I feel,

That under gale, en waves in boat

All over the sea crossroad

Should I begin my freedom flight.

It’s time to leave for life the tight

And hostile shore, I shall be rushing

To come to midday desert steppe

In Africa; at any step

To sigh about mirky Russia,

In which 1 loved and suffered hard,

And where buried I my heart.

LI

Onegin was already ready

With me some foreign lands to rate,

But fate for us was never steady:

For long we had to separate.

Away had passed his old father,

Onegin was attacked by rather

Aggressive lenders each offends,

Each has his own wit and sense.

But Eugene all the lawsuits hated

With lot contented, gave all them

Inheritage, he had by then,

Not seeing loss in all, he wasted

Or may be guessed from far away

That uncle his would pass away.

LII

Report for him was so sudden

From steward: “Uncle is in bed,

His breath again began to harden,

To see his nephew he’d be glad”.

In sadness he it all was reading,

At once he hurried for the meeting,

By post-chase he headlong went,

Was yawning sweetly before hand,

Prepared for the sake of money

To sighs, to boredom and to fraud

(With all that I began my thought).

But when he reached it in a hurry,

On table Eugene found then

For funeral prepared man.

LIII

He found house full of servants;

To see deceased, from any sides

His friends arrived like vile observers

Who come to funerals all times.

Deceased was buried after meeting,

The priests and guests were drinking, eating,

Then all they grandly went away,

As if they spent a business day.

The former foe of the orders,

The waster, Eugene of the lands,

Of waters, forests and of hands

Is master in the country borders;

He’s very glad that former pass

He changed for anything at last.

LIV

At first two days anew he drove

Along secluded lone fields

In coolness of the gloomy grove

With purl and babble of still streams,

On third day, looking all around,

He saw nor copse, nor hill, nor ground;

He quickly sleepy was from them,

And grasped all clearly by then:

In country tedium’s prevailing

Without palaces or streets,

Nor ballets, cards, nor verse one meets.

Khandra pursued him, always waiting,

It looked for him through all his life

Like own shade or loyal wife.

LV

But I was born for peaceful living,

In village stillness gladly breathe,

In country lyre is more ringing,

More vivid are creative dreams.

Devoted to childish leisure

1 hike at lake in desert nature,

And *far niente* is my law. {6}

I wake at mornings to adore

The sweet prosperity and freedom;

I read a little, sleep for long,

For flying glory don’t long.

The same I was in time of wisdom,

All days I spent in sleep, in shades,

And there had my happiest days.

LVI

The love, the plants, the void, the village,

The fields! to you I’m staunch a friend.

From Eugene differ I my image,

To note this I always trend,

In order that derisive reader,

Or any editor, too eager

For intricate and slander talk,

In checking all my traits for mock,

Could not repeat, yet being shameless,

That I could scribble own face

Like Byron, poet of grace.

Or it’s impossible or faithless

To write about otherself

As if about ownself?

LVII

All poets, meanwhile I’ll note,

Of dreamy, pensive love are friends,

Sometimes in dream they all, whom dote,

To soul mine arrived like guests:

My soul secret forms was keeping,

My muse made all them once more living,

And I, untroubled, glorified

The girl from rocks, ideal my,

And girls, at banks Salgirian captured.

But now, friends, from all my sides -

‘Of whom your own lyre sighs?’

By you I’m often briskly questioned, -

‘To whom in throng of jealous girls

You dedicated tune of hers?’

LVIII

’Whose glance, exciting inspiration,

With sweet caress gave best reward

For thoughtful singing with attention?’

‘And whom your lovely verse adored?’

Ah, no one, my friends, believe me!

But road alarm of love then filled me.

All that I gladlessly survived.

He’s blessed, who with his love combined

Of rhymes the fever: he could double

Of poetry sacred scraps,

Arid, following Petrarka’s tracks,

Could calm his heart’s the biggest trouble.

Could catch the glory by the way:

But I in love was dumb, inane.

LIX

The love’s foregone, the muse appeared,

And clearer my mind became,

I’m free, but look for union, geared

In sound, sense and temper game/

I write, and heart yet isn’t boring,

The pen unwitting isn’t drawing

Along unfinished rhymes of words

No girl’s small feet and no heads.

Extinguished ash will not be heating,

Without tears I am sad

And in a while of storm the track

In soul mine will soon be ceasing,

And then I shall begin to rhyme

New couplets, more than twenty five,

LX

Already I of plan was thinking,

Of name of person number one,

From novel’s only beginning

I’ve finished now chapter one.

I checked it all, and very strictly;

In many places contradictory,

But never wanted to correct;

To censorship I’ll pay my debt;

To journalists I put at mercy

Of labour mine some real fruit.

You get along the Neva’s route,

Newborn by me the work of fancy;

For me the glory bring, of course:

Wry talks, the noise, a lot of curse!

CHAPTER TWO

O , rus!

Hor

O Russia!

I

The hamlet, where Eugene’s boring,

Is nice and cosy a nook,

In it a friend of joys quite virgin

Could bless the sky if cast a look.

His house stood in place selected,

From winds by mountains protected,

On river’s batik; and far away

In front of it, all looking gay,

Some meadows and fields extended;

Somewhere villages were seen,

Some herds were walking in the scene,

By garden canopies were ended,

It was neglected., large in gauge,

Of dryads shelter for an age.

II

The honoured castle was erected

Like all such castles: it was fine

And placid, solidly effected,

In style of clever old time.

At any place there are some chambers,

Of damask are in rooms wallpapers,

The portraits of the tsars on walls,

And motley tiles on stoves. All’s

By now much dilapidated,

Indeed, I don’t know why.

But anyway the friend of mine

To be light-hearted had been fated,

As he indifferently could yawn

Inside antique or modern hall.

III

Onegin had that room for living,

In which his uncle lived on earth:

At window he flies was killing

And daily house-keeper cursed.

It all was simple: floors of oak,

Divan, the table, large wardrobe,

Of any ink not any spot,

In room two cupboards they had got:

In one he saw of brandies order,

In other found debit book,

A jug for apple juice he took,

An old calendar in order:

The old man had no time

To read the books of other kind.

IV

Among his properties alone,

To pass away his lazy time,

He wanted to establish own,

In orders newer fashioned line:

In country’s place the man of wisdom,

He gave his serfs a piece of freedom:

The corvee yoke changed for rate,

And serfs were blessing their fate.

For that a neighbour in his farming

Was puffing up: to his big farm

He saw in it some dreadful harm;

The other smiled, but smile was cunning;

And they expressed the common wish

To call him dangerous queer fish.

V

At first they came to him for visit

But as he usually was gone

(For him to hide was very easy

By riding stallion from the Don,

When suddenly from village rear

He could some droshky’s sounds hear),

Such acts insulted neighbours all,

They stopped to come to him at all.

’He’s ignoramus’, said the neighbours,

’He is free-thinker, drinks red wine

From glass not stopping For a while’.

He never kisses hands of ladies,

Says *yes* or *no*, never *да-с*

Or *нет-с*’(the words, they all would pass).

VI

In own village to appear

New landlord in a droshky came,

And to the same and strict revealer,

To neighbourhood occasions gave.

By name he was Vladimir Lensky.

With Göttingen in soul frankly,

He, dandy in his prime, approves

All Kant’s ideas and his moves.

He brought from Germany his dear,

As poet, of learning fruits,

Were full of liberty his views

And soul. Ardent, somewhat queer

Was his emotional speech.

Black curls his shoulders could reach.

VII

From cold world of dissipation

To fade away not having time,

His soul’s warmed with inspiration

By lady’s greetings, friendly kind.

Concerns of heart he was ignoring,

He future hopes was adoring,

And of the world new lustre, noise

Fulfilled his wit with future joys.

By honeyed dream he was amusing

The doubts of his own heart;

For him the aim of life was smart

Quite puzzling riddle, much alluring,

He puzzled over effect,

In it could miracles suspect.

VIII

He did believe, that soul dear

Will join enevitably him,

That she, delightless in the near,

Is daily waiting just for him;

And he was sure: friends are ready

To suffer all for him already,

Will never tremble their hand

To beat the slander off a man;

That there are by fate selected

Of people dear sacred friends;

That their friendship never ends;

By unreflected rays effected,

It will sometime all us illume,

Will gift the world some blessed perfume.

IX

Regret, resentment, being sorry,

Some pure love to every boon,

Some sweetish torture of the glory

His blood excited very soon.

With lyre, while abroad residing,

In Goethe’s, Shiner’s places hiking,

By their poetic light

He own soul did ignite.

Of art high muses fine impressions

He, happy, never put to shame,

In songs could proudly retain

For all his life exalted passions

And impulses of virgin dream,

And grand simplicity in him.

X

He sang of love, for love was loyal,

His song was clear like the noon,

Like thoughts of simple lady’s soul,

Like dreams of child, or like the moon

In deserts of the heaven’s districts,

The goddess of the sighs and secrets.

He sang of partings and of griefs,

Of s*omething*, foggy *misbeliefs*,

And of romantic finest rose.

He sang of countries: far away

In them in stillness of the day

He real tears could expose;

He sang of how life could fade;

All that in his teenage he made.

XI

The one was Eugene in these deserts,

Who could evaluate his gifts.

But landlords of the country’s peasants

Were never liked by him at feasts;

The noisy talks he was escaping;

All their prudent talk, such raving,

About haying and of wine,

Of kennels, of relation’s lint, -

Could never show shining passion,

Nor sparks of poetic light,

Nor sharpness, nor some sign of mind,

Nor of communal life succession;

But talk of their dear wives

By absent wit him always strikes.

XII

He’s handsome, rich, of fair manner.

And neighbours said: he needs a bride.

Such custom’s known everywhere:

To marry daughters every tried

To have half-Russian neighbour dear;

As quickly as he can appear

They speak to him of no more,

But being bachelor is bore;

Him call to sit to samovar,

And Doonya quickly gives him tea,

They whisper her, You, Doonya, see!

Then bring to Doonya some guitar,

And she is squeaking (dear me!):

*In gold chamber visit me!...*

XIII

But Lensky, having no wishes

Of marriage ties the weight to have,

To Eugene sent his hearty greetings:

Some hints on nearness he gave.

They friends became. But wave and stone,

The ice and flame, the verse and prose

Have less in difference between

Each one. At first they’d nothing seen

In common. Then they estimated

Each one another; daily forth

They met each other, riding horse,

And then became unseparated.

Such men (I’m first of them to blame)

From boredom dear friends became,

XIV

But even such a friendship, readers,

We haven’t now; each of us

Without prejudice considers

The others oils but us as ones.

To be Napoleon each wishes,

But millions of the two-legged creatures

For us are only some tools,

And all ones passionate are fools.

But Eugene was beyond conception:

Of course, he knew the people well,

In general he gave them hell,

But any rule has some exception:

He differed people in effect,

And other’s passions could respect.

XV

To Lensky he could listen smiling.

His ardent talk was full of haze;

His wit of poet was milding;

His constantly inspired faze, -

He tried his cooling word to own,

To keep away from man like this;

He thought: a fool would trouble his

Such quickly fading high affection,

Without me his time will come,

But now let him live in calm

And great belief in world’s perfection,

Forgive him ardour of his age,

Of young delirium high rage.

XVI

Each topic’s argued at the meetings:

To meditate they were in mood

On real price of ancient treaties,

On evil, good, on science fruit,

On old prejudices harmful,

Eternal secret tombs alarmful,

The fate and life in their turn

To their judgement could return.

The poet in heat of judgement

Some nothern poem could cite,

As if to prove that he was right.

And Eugene, passionate, indulgent,

Who understood it wee a hit,

All his attention paid to it.

XVII

But often passions were invading

The mind of hermits, of my men.

Of passions press at last escaping,

Again Onegin said of them

Unwillingly, with sighs of pity:

He’s blessed, who knew all their pretty

Effects, but stepped away anew;

He’s blessed much more, who never knew

The love; who cooled it with divorcement,

By scandal enmity could strand,

And yawned with happy wife and friend,

Not troubled by the jealous torment;

Who father’s money never trusts

To cunning friends, to crufty cards,

XVIII

When we shall gather under banner

Of stillness, rational and cairn,

When well have cooled the passions temper

And no more they would alarm

All us, well laugh at their impulse,

At late ridiculous opinions,

Then we’ll submissively obey

To hear stories by the way

About other’s restless passions,

And other’s love will touch the heart, -

We’ll be like invalid in hut,

Who nears ears to confessions

Of boasting moustached young guards

Who conquered pretty ladies’ hearts.

XIX

But all the youngsters, always flaming,

Could never enmity conceal,

The sadness, gladness, love inflaming

They all were ready to reveal.

Onegin no love could hook in,

But listened with a pompous look-in

To Lensky speaking of himself,

Revealing all his heart itself,

His conscience Lensky was revealing,

His own soul criticized.

Onegin quickly recognized

The talk of love, which was fulfilling

With many senses all this fuss,

Which is antique for all of us.

XX

Ah, he could love; they don’t now

Have anything like real love

Of poet, who’s anyhow

Convicted to the truthful love:

One vision always, everywhere,

The rime desire comes to dare

To comfort sorrow and grief.

And nothing cooled his strong belief:

Nor longest years of the partings,

Nor all to muses given time,

Nor foreign beauties so fine,

Nor sciences, nor evening parties

Could change his soul little bit:

Some virgin fire flamed in it,

XXI

Yet child, by Olga fascinated,

Ignorant yet of hearty pains,

He, touching witness, captivated

By childish prettiness of games

In shade of old trees protective,

He was in games her mate effective.

And parents foresaw the fate:

Were calculating wedding date;

In stillness of the humble grove

Of innocence some charming loom,

She near parents could bloom,

Like lilies in the valley grow,

Unknown in the thick of grass

To bees, to moths at no paths.

XXII

To her was due first dream unquiet

Of poet: at love the drive,

And thought of her in him inspired

First moan of his conscious life.

But you forgive him, games in stillness!

He liked the grove’s timid thickness,

He liked the stillness, lone mood,

The night, the stars, the round moon.

The moon, this miracle in heavens,

To which we dedicated nights

At meetings but without lights,

And tears, secret torment’s gladness...

But now dear moon for us

Is mere lantern in the skies.

XXIII

She’s dutiful and always modest,

As fresh as morning, always gay,

Like life of bard, such simple, honest,

Like kiss of love at dawn of day;

The eyes are blue as depth of heavens,

The smile, the flaxen curls of hairs,

The movings, voice, the figure fine,

All Olga has... but you can find

At any novel those features,

Her own portrait, very nice;

I was in love with it sometimes,

But soon was bored by pretty creatures.

Allow me, the readers mine,

To show you her elder line.

XXIV

Tatyana was the name of sister...

Such name we use to gratify

The novel’s pages of my either,

At will that name well sanctify.

Why not? It’s pleasant and sonorous;

With it, I know, always goes

Reminiscence of old time,

Of maiden’s room! We must meanwhile

Confess; we have the taste quite mere

In life, as well as in the names,

(Not speaking of the verses frames).

The education can’t adhere

To us: from it we have not more

Than mincing manners to adore.

XXV

But well, she’s named Tatyana; gladless,

Nor by her sister’s pretty grace,

Nor by her pleasant ruddy freshness

She’d catch one’s eyes by simple face.

She’s wild and sad, is daily silent.

Like forest calf, she’s often frightened,

In own family she was

Like strange a girl in thoughts quite lost;

She never could caress inspire

For parents; it all seemed wrong.

Yet being child, in children’s throng

To play and jump had none desire,

But at the window, not gay,

Was mutely sitting all the day.

XXVI

To pensiveness she got accustomed

From cradle to the present day,

And drifting of the country’s pastime

In all her dreams looked better, gay.

Her tender fingers didn’t dare

To take a needle; she could never

Some frame and lace for working fit,

In silk embroider never did.

As sign of lust for future being

The master of her home, child

In games with doll can train for mild

Decorum of the loyal living:

Importantly repeats for doll

The mother’s lessons, though small.

XXVII

Yet being child, at any year

Tatyana didn’t play with doll;

About news and fashions dear

With dolls she didn’t talk at all,

For all the childish tricks felt sorry,

To them was stranger; dreadful story

In winter darkness of the night

Was captivating heart and mind.

But when the nurse in summer gathered

To Olga all her little friends,

Tatyana hadn’t any trends

To play with them in any weather:

She’s always bored by loud laughs

By noise of their playful muffs.

XXVIII

On balcony at morning sitting

She liked to meet the break of day,

When clouds in the sky are drifting

And stars in turn all get away,

And calmly edge of earth is lighting,

And, sign of day, the wind is rising,

And gradually rises day.

In winter, when the night’s weak shade

Possesses half of world existing

Much longer, in the softened loom

Of pale and foggy, sleepy moon

The lazy East is yet asleeping, -

At usual hour stirred up,

In candle’s light she’s getting up.

XXIX

The novels were for many years

Her inner life, were liked by her;

She loved the fraud about fears

Of Richardson and by Rousseau.

Her father was good-humoured being,

From age retarted. Scornful feeling

He had of books, as no harm

In them he saw, but no charm

Could grasp in idle, futile reading,

Was not concerned a little bit

Of what the secret book, she hid,

In daughter’s bed till day was dreaming

His wife herself such feeling had:

From Richardson to be quite mad.

XXX

She liked the books of Richardson

Yet no because them all she read.

And not because the Grandison

To Lovelace was by her prefered;

It was because of cousin dear:

In Moscow princess Alina

Was talking much of them with pride.

For husband then she was yet bride.

But, being wife, she willy-nilly

Yet sighed for man of other kind,

Who pleased her soul and the mind,

Much more was touching all her feeling:

Good guy and sergeant of the guards,

This Grandison could play the cards.

XXXI

Like he, she was well-dressed, in fashion,

In best attires every day;

But soon, not asked for her concession,

Was to the altar led away.

To dissipate her greatest woe

Judicious husband had a go:

To village own took her soon;

But she was often in a fume,

Some days was crying, then was trying

To get divorce from newly man;

But soon to farming she began

To be accustomed and relying.

By us the habits have been got

Instead of happiness from God.

XXXII

The habits sugared all her woe

Which wasn’t smoothed by any chance:

But soon she all was full of go,

By it she calmed herself at once:

Between affairs and the leisure

She found out with a pleasure

The way to keep her man away!

And everything became o’key.

She was the works in fields observing,

She salted mushrooms, punished men,

She kept accounts; always then

On Saturdays they bath were serving,

Sometimes she beat a house-maid, -

All that not asking man she made.

XXXIII

Sometimes with own blood she wrote

To lady’s album if by chance,

Then changed in strict and quick a mode

The maiden’s names by names from France,

She tried her corset tight to wear,

And Russian “н” in French best manner

Through nose singingly could say,

But soon her mood could pass away:

To her it all seemed rather queer,

She all forgot, replaced again

Each name from France by Russian name,

Forgot princess Alina dear;

And she herself renewed at last

Night-cap and dressing-gown fast.

XXXIV

Her husband’s love to wife was hearty,

Her deeds he took for mere crank,

To trust his wife he was light-hearted,

In dressing-gown ate and drank.

His life was calm, without woe.

Sometimes his neighbours in his home

Would come together at week-ends,

Unceremonious dear friends,

To grieve, to talk of new affairs,

To laugh, to gossip for a while,

And thus the time would pass; meanwhile

They ask, and Olga tea prepares;

Then supper... time to be in bed,

And soon the guests all home get.

XXXV

They kept in peaceful life some customs

Of dear old days; it means:

They were at Shrove-day accustomed

To have the fattest Russian blins;

They had a fasting twice a year,

They liked of round swing high gear,

The guessing songs and round dance, {7}

On all Whitsundays caught a chance,

While people yawn in church at prayer,

To find a bunch of praying grass {8}

And drop some tears twice or thrice;

They needed kvass not less than air,

At table each of dear guests

Had course according to the ranks.

XXXVI

And so grew they old both.

But soon for husband, all at once,

The door of coffin was unclosed:

To have new wreath he got a chance;

He died at hour of dinner,

Bermoned by his neighbours dear,

By children and by loyal wife

With candid never seen in life.

He was a common Russian barin,

Was kind and good; at his remains

The monument in words explains

Submissive sinner, Dimitry Larin,

The brigadier, a slave of God,

Has peace by him forever got.

XXXVII

At his Penates, quite permissive

Vladimir honoured all, who died;

At neighbour’s monument submissive

He dedicated him a sigh;

His heart was sad, his voice was mournful.

‘Ah, poor Yorick, said he, joyful

He kept me often in his hands,

While I could show many pranks

With medal for Ochakov playing,

Intended Olga for my wife

And wondered: would he be alive?’

Sincerely, in grief embracing

His heart, Vladimir qickly penned

At tomb a madrigal by hand.

XXXVIII

By writing verse, the dismal mourner

Of parents, with running eyes,

The ashes patriarchal honoured.

Alas! On furrows of lives

New generations by some reason,

At secret will of great provision

Arise and ripen, then will fall,

And others after them come all,

To-day frivolous generation

Matures, stirs, already tests

Grandfathers to the tombs do press,

It comes, the time of exitation,

Grandchildren once upon good day

Will press from world all us away.

XXXIX

Meanwhile in life you try to revel,

As much as I you take form it!

I grasp its vanity, and never

Too much I was attached to it;

For fantoms I my eyelids closed;

But some remote dear hopes

Sometimes are troubling wit and heart:

Without printing pretty mark

To leave the world I would he sorry.

I live and write not for applause,

But, seems to me I’d wish, of course

To fill my fate with kind of glory.

In hope that by future friend

Of me some sound will be said.

XL

The heart of somebody he’ll cherish,

Arid, kept by touch of truthful fate,

Perhaps, in Lethe won’t perish

My verse, by wit and heart well made;

Perhaps, in front of portrait famous,

To people future ignoramous

Will show my renowned face

And say: ‘It’s poet of grace!’

Accept you all my thankful feelings

Admirer of peaceful muse,

Ah, you, whose memory will fuse

In verse my flying feeble dealings,

Whose grateful, feeling, truthful hand

Will pat the fame of old man!

CHAPTER THREE

Fille était fille,

elle était amourese.

*Malfilatre.*

She was a girl

She was in love.

I

‘What way? You poets, are queer!’

-Good bye, Onegin, time has gone.

‘I don’t hamper you, but dear,

For evenings where have you gone?

-To Larin’s -’Oh, looks it strangely:

To kill your pretty evenings daily…

Forgive me, isn’t it too hard?’

-For me it’s not - ‘But dear bard,

I don’t grasp despite endeavours;

You listen to (if I am right?)

This Russian family seems light,

To all the guests it’s always zealous,

The jams, eternal talk of all:

Of rain, of flax, of horses’ stall…’

II

-In this I see yet no troubles…

‘But trouble is: they are such bores’.

-I hate your world of fashion marbles,

Much more I like the world indoors,

And there… - ‘For the sake of goodness,

You keep the eclog, now useless.

I’m sorry that you go… well,

My dear Lensky, will you tell,

If that Fillidae you can show,

The subject for the pen to mourn,

For tears, rhymes and so on?…

Present me her’. - D’you joke - ‘No’.

-I’m glad. - ‘but when?’ -Well, now just,

They will receive with pleasure us.

III

-Let’s go.-

They were quietly driven,

And got to neighbours in a while.

At once they heartily were given

All services of old time.

It was well known friendly wellcome:

On saucers jam they gave, and seldom

Some berry water in a jug

Put on a table, and a cup.

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IV

The way is short, from dear neighbour

They go home fast, at speed;

Let’s listen, yet without labour,

To their talking, short indeed.

But why, Onegin, you are yawning? -

‘My habit,.. I…’ -But you are boring

Much more... - ‘Well, no, just the same...

The field is dark in pretty gale...

Andryushka, quicker must you go!

What foolish, dumpy is this place!

You see, your Larina is plain,

But very dear old soul;

And I’m afraid: in spite of charm

That water brings me much of harm...

V

You tell, of them which is Tatyana?’

-That girl, which’s always so sad;

She’s taciturn like that Swetlana,..

When came, at window she sat.-

‘But do you love, indeed, the other?’

-And what? - ‘But I’d prefer another,

If I were poet like you.

Of life her features have but few.

Like in van Dick’s Madonna finness,

Her face is round, red, she’s boon

As well as ruddy foolish moon

At the horizon’s foolish brightness’.

Vladimir answered short, was dry.

Then he was mute, his face was wry.

VI

Meanwhile Onegin’s stay at Larin’s

Was estimated like a news,

Affected native Russian banns,

And all the neighbours were amused.

They all began to guess of reasons,

Invented stealthily decisions,

They joked, not without sin

At Tanya’s suitor made a hint.

Some neighbours said of the impression

That wedding had some pointed time,

But was delayed for short a while

As they had no rings of fashion.

About Lensky’s wedding all

Were sure neighbours once for all.

VII

Tatyana heard with indignation

All those gossips, but she had

With unexpected consolation

Unwittingly some thought of that:

Some string of love in her appeared,

In love affairs she was geared

As well as seeds in vital strife

In earth by spring are given life.

Long since the girl began to languish,

Could burn in bliss, in dismal mood,

Her spirit longed for fatal food;

Long since unbearable anguish

Made all young heart to pine away,

For someone did her soul wait.

VIII

She waited, looked and anyhow

She said: well, yes! it must be He

Alas! all days and nights are now

One long and lone dream in heat,

All’s filled by Him, by image dear,

And magic force, that she can hear,

Yet speaks of Him; and she avoids

The sounds of the tender voice

And gaze attentive of her maidens;

She daily greatly is depressed;

She doesn’t listen to the guests

And curses their idle leisures,

Unwaited coming any day

And each delay to get away.

IX

And -now she with great attention

Voluptuous novels quickly reads,

With what a lively fascination

Deludes herself with all deceits!

By happy force of own dreamings

She brings to life all novel’s beings,

Like Julie’s lovers, grand Wollmar,

Malek-Adel and De Linar,

And Vertcr, that rebellious martyr,

Unimitable Grandison

With whom we all to sleep had gone; -

For tender girl, the dreamer hearty,

In single image they confused,

In one Onegin all were fused.

X

She feels herself like all her dear

Of books beloved main persons feel:

Clarissa, Julie and Delphina;

Tatyana in the forest’s still

With dangerous book alone’s hiking,

In it reveals she so striking

Her secret heat, of which she dreamt,

Whose plenitude ih heart she felt.

She sighs, assuming as her real

Delights of others and the griefs;

Each day she whispers own myths

Of letter to her image dear.

But hero, I’m not wrong,

Could never be like Grandison.

XI

His style to pompous tune rerversing

An ardent author tried sometimes

To show his beloved main person

As perfect one for all the times,

And gave this person all the beauty,

And made him wrongly persecuted;

With tender soul, clear sense

Him gave attractive handsome face,

And heated by the pure passion

This agitated person bade

His wish to sacrifice his fate;

But for the end (to make impression)

Was always punished wicked vice,

And good was given garlands twice.

XII

In haze are now minds of people:

The moral them to sleep just makes;

The vice, that’s gentle but not feeble,

In novels now celebrates.

Of British muse some old fables

Her dreams disturb, and it enables

As idols now to have got

Or Vampire, who’s lost in thought,

Or vagrant Melmoth, such distressful,

Or Corsair, or Eternal Jew,

Or Sbogar, mythical a few.

Lord Byron with his whim successful

Enveloped fussy egoism

In hopeless romanticism.

XIII

But dear friends, it all is useless:

If I in future won’t be

A poet by will of goodness,

New devil then will enter me;

In spite of Foebus warning notes

Myself I’ll humble to the prose,

When novels in the old ways

Will take the twilight of my days.

Not secret tortures of the evil

Would I in prose represent,

But simply I to you will send

The legends of the Russian real

Past clans; the charming dreams of love,

Antique moralities beloved.

XIV

In them I’ll write of simple speeches

Of dad, of uncle, old man:

Of bold children’s secret meetings

That near lime at brook began.

Of partings, jealous indignation,

Of tears of conciliation;

Again of scandals, and at last

To altar I shall lead them fast,

And I’ll remind the speech of passion,

The words of longing, wistful love

That on the days I meant above,

At feet of ladies fox expression

Of feelings quickly came to mind,

But now weakly lag behind.

XV

Tatyana, ah, Tatyana dear!

With you I now tears shed;

Of tyrant you didn’t fear,

But now he your fate has had.

You’ll perish, but before you go,

You try in dazzling pretty hope

Some darkling blessing to invite

To know better bliss of life

And magic poison of its itches;

You are pursued by happy dream,

At any place you fancy him,

The refuge for the happy wishes;

At any place in front of you

Your fatal tempter waits for you.

XVI

In grief of love Tatyana goes

To their garden, she is sad;

But suddenly her eyelids close,

She hasitates to make a step..,

Her chest is high, her cheeks are covered

By instant flame, they quickly flowered,

The breath is fading in her lips,

She heard some noise, her eyes did glimpse...

The night then comes, the moon is mooving

Around distant parts of sky;

A nightingale in haze of night

His loud melodies is tuning.

In dark my Tanya’s quite upset

With nurse in whisper has a chat:

XVII

‘...can’t sleep, it’s stuffy, you unclose

The window and sit beside...’

-But what is it - ‘You tell of those

Your old times... I’ve boring tide..’

-But what about? I had happened

To know many old legends,

A lot of stories with the whirls,

With wicked ghosts and the girls...

My memory is dark.., I’m granny...

And much forgot... of life the line

Is drawn, in turn I’ve bad nay time.

My poor mind... - You tell me, nanny,

About girls, you meant above,

And how did you fall in love?

XVIII

-Ah, dear my! in my teenager

We heard yet nothing of the love,

Or otherwise I’d be with rages

By all my kin pursued for love.-

‘But how did you marry, nanny?’

-It was by wish of God. My Vanny

Was younger, than myself I mean,

And I was, dear, yet thirteen.

For weeks matchmaker was then coming

To all my kin, and due to that

My father gave consent to wed.

In fear I was crying, darling,

In weep my plait was then undid,

With songs to altar us could lead.

XIX

And I’m in family unknown...

But are you listening yet to me?

‘Well... I, my nanny… don’t know...

For love I’m longing, dear me!

To cry, to weep I’m now ready...’

-I see, you are unwell already

My dear God, you bless and save!

What do you want to ask, you say!

But let me help with sacred water.

You are in heat.- - But I’m not ill

Well... nanny, I’m in love, I feel..,

- God bless you now, dear daughter! -

The nurse was using own way

To help the girl with cross and pray.

XX

‘I fell in love’, again she whispers

In nurse’s ear in dismay.

-My hearty friend, you have some fevers.-

‘I fell in love... you’d get away

Meanwhile the moon was brightly shining,

By languid light it was enlightning

Tatyana’s pale and dismal charms,

Her hair down let by chance,

The tracks of tears; in a chair

In front of heroine in grief

In wadded jacket and kerchief

The old woman with grey hair.

And all around dreams in still,

With light of moon its all fulfilled.

XX I

While at the moon Tatyana’s looking,

By own heart away she’s gone...

Of mind some vague a thought is moving...

‘You, nanny, let me stay forlone.

You give a pen and paper, dear,

I’ll stay in bed; make table near;

Forgive me’. Lone in the room

In stillness, in the light of moon

She’s writing, on the table leaning,

And always Eugene’s kept in mind,

Her letter of unwitting kind

By love of innocence is breathing.

The letter’s ready, has been fit...

Tatyana, tell: for whom is it?

XXII

I knew some difficult young ladies'

Like winter cold, pure, light,

Implacable at their ages,

Inscrutable for all my mind;

In them I marvelled at the virtue

And fashioned arrogance, that hurts you,

And I confess: from them I fled:

It seemed with horror I had read

On their foreheads words of Hades:

Forever hopes you must leave...

For them to love yet meant to grieve,

To scare males was joy for ages.

May be, you saw at Neva’s banks

Some ladies of these queer ranks.

XXIII

Among admirers obedient

I’ve seen she-cranks of other kinds:

In pride they were with males indifferent.

At distance stayed from praise and sighs.

And I had found then, amazing:

By their bashful, stern behaving

They scared love quite timid, shy.,

But they attracted lovers by

At least regret, sincere pity,

At least by sounds of the speech,

Which seemed to be more tender, rich;

And with the trustful blind entreaty

Some youthful lover ran again

Behind the fuss, but all in vain.

XXIV

But why Talyana should be guilty?

Because she’s innocent and plain,

Of fraud she knows nothing strictly

And wants to dream her life away?

Because her love is not of fashion,

Obedient to the call of passion?

Because ire, truthfulness she’s swift?

Because from heavens got as gift

To have some quick and restless fancy?

Because her will and wit has had

And wayward, willful is her head?

Or heart is flaming, tender, healthy?

But can’t you really absolve

Her passions, if you them revolve?

XXV

Coquette is judging always coolly;

Tatyana loves without jest,

For love she’s dedicated truly

Like loyal child for mother’s nest,

She doesn’t say: ‘Let us postpone

For multiplying price of own

Attractiveness; to catch in nets

By first expressing some regret

For hopes; then misunderstanding

Well use to break the heart; again

Return him life by jealous flame

Or otherwise the male offended,

Like prisoner from any chain

Is ready to escape again,

XXVI

But l forsee some more of bounds:

The honour of my land to save,

I have without any doubts

Tatyana’s letter to translate.

Uneasily she was expressing

Her thoughts in mother tongue expressive;

Her Russian was yet very bad

As Russian books she never read.

That’s why in French she’s always writing.

Alas! I must repeat again:

A lady’s love until to-day

To speak her Russian isn’t trying,

And proud language’s now lit

For prose postal a bit.

XXYII

To-day they wish to make each lady

To read in Russian. What’s the end?

You’ll hardly meet to-day a maiden

With Russian magazine in hand.

My poets! I’d like to hear

If I am right; the ladies dear

To whom in secret you did write

Some verse, your sins to justify,

To whom your hearts were dedicating,-

In written Russian they were bad

As no knowledge they had had,

And dearly were deformating

The grammar; language from abroad

For mother tongue they all had got.

XXVIII

And God forbid at evening party

Or after ball, at porch, on step

To meet a student while departing,

Or scholar wearing night cap.

I don’t like the Russian speeches

Without grammar incompleteness,

As well as lips without smile.

Perhaps I’ll grieve if in a while

Of younger beauties generation

Will follow the journal’s call:

To grammar will subdue us all,

To verse will pay too much attention:

But I… it doesn’t bother me:

To old times I’ll loyal be.

XXIX

Some wrong and wry neglectful babble

Of mispronouncing of words

Like long before make heart my tremble

And all my soul always flirts.

To have remorse I haven’t forces;

Like Bogdanovich’s all verses

I’d like all dear gallicisrns,

As well as previous youthful sins.

But well, its time I should be busy:

The beauty’s letter I should use.

But I am ready to refuse

As its translation isn’t easy.

I know: Parny’s tender rhymes

Make no hit at present times.

XXX

The bard of feasts, of languid sadness,

you had chance to stay with me,

With my request immodest, gladless

I’d trouble you for helping me:

To make your dear magic tuning

Of beauty’s passion mood, resuming

Some foreign words, she often writes.

But where are you? Come! My rights

To you give with my endeavours

And bows. But in gloomy cliffs

Instead of praise he gets yet griefs:

Alone under Finnish heavens

He’s hiking. Never, I believe,

He has been bothered that I grieve.

XXXI

In hands I have Tatyana’s letter.

It’s kept by me with sacred sigh.

With secret grief I read this matter,

While reading cannot put aside.

By whom was tenderness inspired? -

With words neglectness who’s admired?

And who inspired touching talk

Which looks like madman’s hearty mock.

It’s both harmful and absorbing.

All that I don’t grasp. Let’s read

My bad translation incomplete.

Its like of picture poor copy;

Or like of «Freischutz» lovely tune {9}

But played by pupils in a Fume.

*Tatyana’s letter to Onegin*.

I write to you - what more or other

To add to all by this is said?

And now at your will is rather

To punish me with scorn for that.

But if my wretched fate you rather

Will grasp with pity little bit,

You’ll never leave me such unfit.

At first I wished to keep it secret;

Believe me: never of my shame

You’d guess, as I would well behave

If I had any hope rigid

Not often, mere once a week,

At you in village have a weak

But look. To listen to your speaking,

A word to say, and then again

To think arid think, but of the same

All day and night until new meeting.

They say, you are a lone guy,

In country’s stillness you are boring.

And we... with nothing can we shine,

We all to see you are adoring.

What for you visited all us?

In village, in forgotten stillness

Of you I’d never know, thus

I wouldn’t know tortures sleepless.

Of agitated soul’s feelings

With time I’d smooth and then might be

I’d find a friend to suit my soul,

Would be a loyal wife on whole,

And virtuous mother I would be.

Some other... But to no person

In all the world I’d give my heart,

It’s all decided (it’s my version)

By heavens board: I’m yours at heart.

My life has been a pawn but fruitless

Of meeting with my dear friend;

I know, you were sent by goodness,

You’ll be my guard until the end,

You came to me when I was sleeping,

Unseen you were to me beloved,

Your glance made languish me far love,

Your voice was touching all my feeling

For long... But that was not a dreamt

You came, at once I got to know:

Inflamed and heated I was whole.

And then I thought: He’s now in;

It’s true; to you I had boon listening,

In stillness spoke. you to me

When I to wretchers was assisting

Or by the prayer was releasing

From stress my soul within me.

That instant I could trunk with reason

That you had come, my dear vision

In darkness came for head of bed

And stilly neared me in calmness.

I think its you with love and brightness

Could whisper full of hopes word.

What are you: angel guardian trusty

Or tempter treacherous and ghastly?

You help my doubts to resolve:

Well, may he all it is by now

The fraud of innocent young girl

For changes fated anyhow...

Let it be so: you have had

In hands my fate for ever now,

In front of you I tears shed:

Defend my soul anyhow...

Imagine: I’m alone, thus

From no man have understanding...

It seems to me, my wit is fading

And silently I perish must.

I wait: with glance when you approach

Some hopes give to poor heart

Or heavy dream you stop by hard

Alas! deserved by me reproach.

I stop! I dread to read again...

In fear shameful heart is sinking.

For me your honour is the bail,

I trust you bravely all my feeling...

XXXII

Tatyana now sighs and moans,

The letter’s trembling on her palm,

The wafer’s drying on her own

Inflamed by fever rigid tongue.

Her head to shoulder’s inclining,

Her light chemise is now sliding

From charming shoulder away...

But now radiant moon’s ray

Is dying out, and some quaky

From earth gets out steam.

A stream Like silver shines. And after dream

By hornlet peasants have been waking.

Its morning: everyone again

Is up. To her it’s all the same.

XXXIII

She doesn’t see that day is breaking.

She sits in bed with hanging head

And on her letter isn’t pressing

Her well cut out round stamp.

But stealthily the door unlocking

Grey-haired nurse already’s walking,

With tea on tray is coming up:

-My child, it’s time for getting up;

But, beauty, you are now ready!

My dear early little bird!

Last evening frightful words I’d heard;

Thank God! I see you strong already!

Of nightly grief I see none track,

Your face is blushing poppy-red.-

XXXIV

‘Ah, will you do a favour, nanny?’

-All right, my dear, you command.-

‘D’you think.’ indeed... suspicions any…

But do you see... Ah, don’t mind’

-My friend, by God to hail I dare--

‘You send your grandchild stilly there

To give this note to... to my...

The neighbour... order to your guy:

Not say a word he must be ready,

By no means to call my name!’…

-To whom, my dear? Tell again,

You see, I’m now muddle-headed.

Too many neighbours we have had,

I cannot count al! them yet.-

XXXV

‘What slow-witted you are, nyanya!’

-I’m old, dear friend of heart,

My wit is now fading, Tanya:

But long ago I was smart:

By word of barin’s will I’d rather…-

‘Ah, nanny, that is quite (mother,

I’m never bothered by your wit;

I speak of letter, you should fit

For that Onegin’ -Well done dealing.

Do not be angry, dear. you

Well know: I am dull for you...

But you are pale... What are you feeling?

‘It’s nothing, nanny, not at all.

But send your boy, and first of all’ .

XXXVI

The day had gone, but no answer...

Next day has come... She’s up at once,

Like shade she’s pale, but no answer...

Well dressed, she’s waiting for her chance,

But came to Olga her adorer.,.

‘And where is your friend, the former?-

Vladimir such request has got,

It seems, he us at all forgot.’.

Tatyana’s flushing, all she’s trembling

- To be to-day he promised me,-

Vladimir answers, - may be, he

For post now yet is waiting.-

Tatyana stands, she drops her eyes

As if reproached by the vice.

XXXVII

It’s getting dark; already, shining,

Is hissing evening samovar,

It heats the tea-pot, brought from China;

Light steam is whirling so far.

By Olga’s hand the tea’s been pouring

To little cup of guest adoring

By dark and sweetly scenting stream;

A boy already brings the cream;

At window Tatyana’s standing,

She’s breathing at the cooling glass

And lost in thought quite deep and vast

With pretty finger she is melting

On misted window’s cool pane

Her pattern O.E. again.

XXXVIII

Meanwhile her soul’s feelings moan,

Her tears filled her languid glance...

What chatters!.. Blood in her runs cold...

They rush into the yard at once!

‘Ah, Eugene!’, - She is quickly running,

Like shade she’s prompt, to exit’s jumping,

From porch for garden through the yard

She flies, to look yet back it’s hard;

In short a minute she’s been racing

Across the bridges and the glade,

Along the forest, brook, the lake,

She is the lilac bushes breaking,

Through flowers she runs... in wrench

Without breath she reached a bench,

XXXIX

Has fallen… ‘Here’s He! that’s Eugene!

My God! what thoughts could come to him!’

Of tortures full, her heart refuges

The hopes of her heavy dream.

She’s trembling in the heat of fever,

For him she waits and doesn’t hear

That in the garden maidens sing,

While they are gathering, not seen,

In bushes berries: they were given

To sing strict order (while they job

To make them banns not to rob

As berries never could be eaten:

In country they invented then

The way the banns to defend!),

*Maiden’s Song*

Maidens dear, beautiful,

We are mates in friendliness,

Let us play inventfully,

Lot us play more happily,

Let us sing in gaiety

Song of maidens intimate,

Lets attract. brave fellow

To the chorus merriful,

When we get that fellow,

When we see him, instantly

Let’s away get rapidly,

Him bespatter easily

With the berries laughingly,

Don’t hear secretly

Maiden’s singing intimate,

Don’t peep invisibly

At the games of maidenhood.

XL

But she’s neglectful to the singing,

To ringing voices of the maids,

She waits impatiently for feeling

That hearty tremble now fades,

That gets away of cheecks the flaming.

Her breast as yet is greatly trembling,

But doesn’t lade the heat of cheeks,

And brighter, strickingly it heats,

As well as poor moth is blending

And shines like rainbowed a thing

When him a schoolboy clips the wing,

Or like a little hare’s trembling

When sees: a hunter from afar

At him is looking so far,

XLI

At last she’s very deeply sighing,

From little bench is getting

is going, and when she’s trying

To turn aside... is coming up

Just He! His gaze on her he’s fixing,

Like dreadful shade for her he’s reaching,

And she, as if she’s burned by flame,

Has stopped at once and looks away...

But sequels of the sudden meeting

To-day, my dear reader-friend,

I cannot show to the end

As I must go after speaking

To have a rest and have a hike,

That’s why I’ll finish other time.

CHAPTER FOUR

La morale est dans

la natura des choses.

*Necker*

The morality is

In the nature of things.

I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII

The less we love a pretty woman,

The easier she’s liking us,

The surely we may her min

Among the nets of tempting fuss.

The cool debauchery was known

As science of the love: its own

Delights it glorifies itself,

Without love it revels self.

But such amusements, yet important,

Are worthy of an old ape

Of praised grandfather’s old age:

The Lovelace fame is now rottened

With all the fame of red high heels,

With grand, magestic old wigs.

VIII

Who isn’t bored to be dissembling,

To tell the same who never ends?

Who grandly tries but mere rambling

To prove the people: eggs is eggs?

Who listens to the same objections

And bans the thoughts of wrong reflections

Of girls, which never had that sin

As they are only thirteen?

Whom don’t bore the falseful fears,

The prayers, swears, threats and hints,

Love-letter secrets on six sheets,

The fraud, the gossip, rings, the tears,

Of many kin suspicious gaze,

Of husbands friendship’s heavy haze?

IX

That was the way of Eugene’s thinking.

In his first youth he was untrained,

Was victim of the wild misleading

Of big his passions unrestrained.

By habits of the life he’s pampered,

By somebody he was well tempered,

But others made him disappoint!

The slow languid was the point.

He’s languished by the hits rebuffing,

Attentive in the still and noise

To protests of soul’s voice,

Suppressed his yawning by his laughing.

Eight years did he kill these ways,

And thus he lost of prime young days.

X

He ceased to fall in love with beauties

And dangled after like the rest;

Himself consoled if not suited,

Betrayed - was glad to have a rest,

He looked for girls without passion

And left them all with none compassion,

Did not remember love and spite,

Behaved like some indifferent guy

For evening whist who’s coming briskly,

Sits down, plays not very hard,

Then gets he out of the yard,

At home falls asleep too quickly,

At dawn who never knows yet

The evening where will he spend.

XI

Onegin got Tatyana’s message.

It quickly touched his soul’s strings:

For all his thoughts it was a passage -

Unusual tongue of maiden’s dreams.

In thoughts her face too pale he found,

She often seemed to be cast down;

And into sweet and sinless dream

By soul he was getting in.

Of old times the heat of feeling,

May be, could capture for a while;

He didn’t want to cheat meanwile

The trusting heart of pure being.

For garden now we shall fleet

In which she’s got with him to meet.

XII

Some minutes they were silent both,

Onegin then to her came up

And. told her: ‘To me you wrote,

Do not deny. I’ve read it up:

Of trusting soul hard confessions,

Of pure love such good expressions;

I can your frankness estimate,

It made my feelings agitate

And passions which were mute and heartless;

To praise yet you l don’t want;

For it I shall repay a lot

By my admission, truly artless;

All my confessions must you take:

For judgement yours I give my fate.

XIII

‘If I would wish to have restricted

My life by family, you see,

If by my lot I were convicted

A husband, father just to be,

If by the family best vision

For instant I’d be charmed with reason,-

Believe, I’d never try anew

To look for better bride but. you.

I’ll simply say without fevers:

If previous idol I could find,

Alone you, to speak my mind,

I’d take as friend of days my grievous,

Of all the charming for the bail

And would be happy... till I fail!

XI

‘I’m not quite made to be much happy.

My soul’s alien for bliss;

Perfections yours make speech my gappy,

Of them I’m not yet worthy, miss.

Believe (for bail I give my conscience),

The wedlock will be poignant nonsense.

I might be deeply loving you,

But getting used I’d run from you;

Your tears, if you will be crying,

Would never touch my gloomy heart,

But they would madden it too hard.

What roses, you can be judging,

For us fine Hymen now makes

And maybe yet for many days.

XV

‘In all the world its most badly

To see in family the wife

Who’s waiting for her husband sadly

Alone daily all her life.

That she is good, dull husband knows

But at has fate he curses throws,

He’s always frowned, taciturn,

He’s chilly, jealous, angry turned!

That’s what I am. Indeed, you won’t

With all your pure flaming heart

Be glad with such a man… You smart

With rare wit your letter wrote!

Indeed, d’you have this kind of mate

Destined to your severe. fate?

XVI

‘My dreams and years won’t rather

Return to make me new a bit,

I love you, but with love of brother

And may be tenderer indeed.

You listen but without anger:

With time young girl will change her temper,

Her easy dreams by other dreams;

As well as trees can change the leaves

In early spring of every year.

You see, by skies its predestined:

You’ll fall in love once more and find…

You learn to rule yourself: I fear

Not any man can grasp such things;

Ignorance many troubles brings’

XVII

This way my Eugene was her teaching.

Through tears never seeing him,

Without breath, with timid feeling

Tatyana listened then to him.

He gave his hard; in all her grievance

(As they would say, it was unwitnessed)

Tatyana silently curl lean,

Her languid head she bent to him;

Through kitchen-garden they went home;

They came together; no one

Did try to make of that some fun:

The country’s freedom has its own

And happy rights for own self

Like haughty Moscow itself.

XVIII

And you agree, my dear reader:

This time like real gentleman

With dear Tanya he was eager

Himself to show honest man,

Revealed his own soul simple,

Meanwhile malevolance of people

With him was always on the bends:

His enemies as well as friends

(It is the same for people simple)

To curse him tried this way and that.

Each man has enemies, but yet

From friends defend us God a little

Ah, many friends were near then!

With reason I remembered them.

XIX

And what? It’s right. I simply wrote

Of idle, blackish dreams of mine;

In brackets I would like to note:

You haven’t more insulting lie,

By liars secretly prepared,

By worldly mob in chorus favoured,

And no nonsense in the world

Or epigram with brutal word

Which friend of yours with smile of terror

In circles decent, so right,

Without purpose or a spite

Would not repeat for days in error;

With might and main he’ll you defend

With love of kinsman, not of friend!

XX

H’m, h’m! You, generous my readers,

Are all your kinsfolk o’key?

You let me now my ideas

To tell you all this very day.

What does the kinsfolk mean namely?

It means the following thing mainly:

We must all time all them caress,

Respect and love at heart, not less;

And by the people’s usual custom

On Christmas must we come to see;

To be the rest of year free

Congratulations are accustomed;

We them remind about us...

And let them God long live for us!

XXI

But then, the love of tender beauties

More trusty is than friendship, kin,

And you have right to it, not duties,

Among rebellious storms, I mean,

It’s right, of course, but trends of fashion,

But of the nature willful pressure,

Opinions of the worldly might...

And fair sex like down’s slight...

Besides, opinions of the husband

By very good and virtuous wife

Most be respected for the life.

And true girl-friend in love’s adjustment

Sometimes allured is for days:

With love the Satan jokes makes.

XXII

But whom to love? Whom you’d be trusting?

Who’s that, which never us betrays?

Who’s helpfully for us adjusting

His own deeds and when he prays,

Who helps from slander not to perish?

Who carefully us can cherish?

To whom my vice is not a harm?

Who never bores us by his charm?

By those phantoms he, vain seeker,

Should not in vain exhaust himself:

You first of alt must love yourself,

My dear venerable reader!

Such subject’s worthy of your mind:

More gentle never you will find.

XXIII

What was the sequence of the meeting?

Alas, it’s easy to divine!

Of love mad sufferings she’s feeling .

Without ceasing for a while

In young sad soul’s aspirations;

And yet much more with dismal passions

Tatyana poor is in heat;

in bed she never falls asleep;

The health, the prime of life, its sweetness,

The smile, the innocent calm ease,-

Ali that has gone like sound’s fizz,

And dear Tanya’s youth all dwindles:

The shade of coming storm this way

Is darkening all the breaking day.

XXIV

Alas, Tatyana’s daily fading:

She’s paling, sinking and is mute,

She’s nothing ever entertaining,

For life she wouldn’t give a hoot..

All heads are now grandly shaking

The neighbours whisper (they are wailing):

It’s time, its time to marry her!

But it’s enough to speak of her:

I’d cheer up imagination

By picture where love yet strives.

Unwittingly, you see, the lives

Confuse yet me with incarnation;

Forgive me, but my love is deep

To Tanya’s dear heart indeed.

XXV

Each minute more is captivated

By Olga’s beauty so young,

By bondage Lensky’s fascinated,

Gave up his soul to the fun.

With her he’s ever in her chamber

Until the daylight turns more fainter;

Or in the garden hand in hand

They walk at morning so grand;

And what? By love intoxicated,

Embarrassed by the tender shame,

Sometimes he dares like in game,

By smile of Olga animated,

To play by her untwisted lock,

To kiss the edge of Olga’s frock.

XXVI

Sometimes to Olga he is reading

With morals novel for herself,

Whose author bolter nature’s feeling

Than Chateaubriand does himself.

Meanwhile some two or three of pages

(Some idle gibberish or fables,

But dangerous for the maiden’s heart)

Quite reddenning he’s missing up.

They are alone far from people,

Are playing at the board of chess,

On table leaning with slight press,

Are sitting, lost in thought. a little,

And own pawn with own rook

Distracted Lensky there took,

XXVII

When he’s at home, always there

By Olga is he kept all day.

Of album leaflets with his care

To decorate he works away;

In them he draws the country whole,

The Kyprid’s temple, graves alone:

Or on the lyre draws a dove

With pens and paints, with all his love;

Or on the leaves for recollections,

Of other signatures beneath

His own tender verse he leaves

Like monument to his affections,

Of instant thought some slight a trace,

But of the same for years race.

XXVIII

Of course, for times you have been seeing

A country maiden’s album big,

Which by the girl-friends had been scribbling

From start, from end in any twig.

In it, in spite of rules of spelling

Excessive verse, as they are telling,

As sign of friendship’s written in,

Continued, lessened for the whim.

The first of leaflets just can show:

*Qu’ecrirez-vous sur ces tablettes;*

It’s signed by *t.a.v. Annette*; {10}

And on the last one you read so:

*Who loves you more than I can do*

*Must here write a verse anew.*

XXIX

Without fail you’ll find them here:

Two hearts, the blooms, the torch’s rays;

You’ll find some vowes to the dear

*To love her until dying days.*

Some poet from ranks of army

Signed verse of villaine, though charming.

To such an album, being tight,

If to confess, I’d like to write,

With all my soul being sure

That any rubbish, done with zeal,

Will get some favourable deal,

And afterwards they’ll not endure

Maliciously discuss with smiles:

If I was sharp or dull in lies,

XXX

But uncoordinated volumes

From devil’s library all got,

And albums perfect but enormous,

Of stylish rhymers racking lot,

You all, whom decorated guickly

Tolstoy with brush such wondrous, sweatily,

Or Baratinsky with his pen,-

Let be you birnt by thunder then!

When some respiended dear lady

To give in quatro me yet tries, {11}

I am engulfed by trembling vice:

An epigram is being ready

At bottom of my soul fast...

But give them madrigal at last!

XXXI

Not madrigals my Lensky’s writing

In Olga’s album, and indeed

His pen with love is always sighing

Without coolness of the wit:

He writes of all that he can hear

Or see of Olga in the near,

And full of truth which he can meet

His elegies like rivers fleet.

Thus you, Yazykov, always wrote {12}

In gust of passion of your heart,

God knows, whom by words you dart;

Of elegies the precious code

Sometimes will give you all the rate

Of all your own real fate.

XXXII

But hist! D’you hear? Critic strictly

Demands from us: be getting rid

Of elegy’s bad garland quickly;

To all the rhymers, friends indeed,

He shouts: ‘Stop your own crying

And croaking the same, and whining,

And always pity of the past;

Enough, of other sing you fast!’

-it’s right, but may be you will show

The pipe, the dagger and the man;

Of thoughts dead capital again

To raise from dead you’ll give a hope;

Is not it so, friend? - Not, then!

You write the odes, gentlemen,

XXXIII

As they them wrote many years

Of might, as it through ages came..’

-Just solemn odes you could hear!

Enough, my friend, its all the same!

-What said the satirist, remember!

Is cunning liric, who can render

The ‘else’s trends’, for you the best

Among dull rhymers and the rest? -

‘But all the elegies are mere

A trifle, aimless idle talk,

Meanwhile they most be not a mock,

But honourable..!’ - l could here

Give arguments, but I do not:

To quarrel ages don’t want.

XXXIV

Adorer of the glory, freedom,

Immersed in own stormy thought,

Vladimir could have odes written, -

To road them Olga never got.

Did happen any bard in tears

To deer love to read with fears

His own works? They say, they’d got

For that the best in world reward.

Indeed, he’s blessed, the lover tranquil,

Who can explain his own dreams

To object of his love and hymns,

To beauty dear, nicely languid.

He’s blessed... But may be she has been

Amused by other, not by him.

XXXV

But I my fruits of dreams am reading,

And my harmonious ventured verse

Alone to my nurse, who’s being

My old friend from youth and forth.

And after rather tedious dinner,

When I, refreshing own inner,

Could catch a neighbour, who by chance

Came in - by tragedy at once

Him entertained. Without jokes

By bore and rhyme depressed, all day

I’m hiking round pretty lake,

Some flocks of ducks by chance awoke,

And listening Id my singing rhyme

From banks they all together fly.

XXXVI, XXXVII

And what’s Onegin doing? Brothers!

I ask: be patient for a time;

His everyday employments rather

In details I should well describe.

In summer Eugene lived like hermit:

Past six was getting up in hamlet,

And to the river, lightly clad

Beneath the mounting he went;

The Gulnare’s singer imitating {13}

Across this Hellespont could swim:

At home coffee used to drink;

Were poor journals for him waiting.

And then he dressed himself...

XXXVIII, XXXIX

A sound sleep, the walks, the reading.

The forest shade, of brooks the hiss, -

Sometimes with pretty girl a meeting,

A young and fresh unwaited kiss,

The horse for rider proved obedience,

The dinner rather well fastidious,

A bottle of some light sweet wine,

Some solitude, the stillness fine:

Onegin’s life is somewhat sacred;

And he, unfeeling, was to it

All given up in summer heat.

To count days he simply hated,

Forgot the town and the friends,

And boredom of the festive blends.

XL

But all the nothern Russian summer

Of south winter bad burlesque:

Appeared-vanished quickly rather,

We gee, but don’t we. confess.

With autumn skies were dayly breathing,

Not every day the sun was gleaming,

Each day was shorter at the noon,

The secret canopy of wood

With grievous noise became all naked,

The tog was falling on the fields,

The caravan of crying geese

For south fleeted. And unwaited

The time was coming, dull and hard:

November stood in front of yard.

XLI

At break of dawn the night is cold;

In cornfields work has ceased away;

With his she-wolf, in hunger bold,

A wolf is coming to the way;

Him scenting, horses on the road

All snort, and travellers quickly hold:

You’d better hurry up away.

The shepherd at the break of day

Does not make cows go out,

And when at noon they are forlone,

He doesn’t gather them with horn.

A maiden’s singing in her house,

She spins; a friend of winter night

The splinter’s crackling making light.

XLII

But nowadays the frosts are crackling

(A rhyme for cra.ckling, one foresees;

Its here: take it and be ‘tackling’ !)

All look like silver snowy fields...

More pretty than a parquette fashioned,

The river, clad in ice, is flashy,

And many boys with joyful cries

Are scaring on sonorous ice;

On reddish paws a goose, such heavy,

To get to waters wants to swim:

With care steps on icy brim

And slips, and falls; all fluffy, merry

The snowflakes are flashing, whirl,

Like stars at river’s banks they fall.

XLIII

Such time what can you do in village?

To walk? The seasons country views

Unwittingly may bore by image

Of its monotonous naked hues.

To ride a horse in steppe severe?

But then your horse will try in fear

To scratch unfaithful icy path

As he’s afraid to fall at last.

Deserted room alone filling

You read; it’s Pradt, it’s Walter Scott.

You don’t want? - check up your cost,

Or grudge, or drink, and thus the evening

Will pass away more fast, they tell,

And you will pass the winter well.

XLIV

Like Harold Child Onegin’s fallen

Into the thoughtful lazy haze:

From bed to icy bath had fallen

And afterwards was whole days

Engaged alone with accounts;

Or, taking cue like somewhat armours,

At own billiard with two balls

He played from morning one for all.

But when to country comes the evening

The billiard, cues are left again,

At fire-place the table’s lain:

Onegin’s waiting - Lensky’s speeding

On roan horses, three abrest;

Arid let’s have dinner before rest!

XLV

Of ‘Clicquot widow’ or ‘Moet`

Some blessed and fine the dry white wine

In icy bottle for the poet

Sometimes is brought at proper time. I

It sparkles by Hippocrene’s role,

It was by own play and foam

(Which seemed to be like this and that)

Me captivating; and for that

I last and poor mite was giving

For you myself, remember this;

But its magestic merry fizz

Caused foolishness and some misgiving,

And many verses, jokes, whims,

And arguments, and merry dreams.

XLVI

But it betrays with froth imprudent

My stomack. I have never sought

It now; but ‘Bordeaux’ prudent

To-day to others nave prefered.

Some wines to me are not ajusted,

Remind a lady-lover rusted,

Which’s shiny, windy and alive,

But selfish, idle, thirsts for thrive.

And you, ‘Bordeaux’ you came friendly,

Like friend in trouble and in grief,

You are like comrade, 1 believe,

To help are ready always gently,

Can share stillness of pastimes;

Long live ‘Bordeaux’ all the times!

XLVII

The fire’s dead; and under ashes

Like gold is the coal’s crust;

A jet of steam yet hardly flashes,

its whirling, vanishes at last.

The fire-place is fading... Smoke

From pipes to chimney flies. A bowl

On table’s hissing yet, forlorn...

The evening darkness comes along...

I like the friendly idle speakings

And friendly howl of sweet wine

(At season, which is called meanwhile

The time of wolf and dog for meetings,

But why? I don’t grasp it yet). {14}

And now friends enjoy a chat..

XLUIII

‘But how are Tatyana, neighbours,

And Olga, frisky pretty girl?’

- To pour half-glass you do a favour...

Enough, my dear... Healthy all...

Regards of them to you I’m giving.

Ah, dear, all my inner feeling

Adores my Olga: figure, breast!

You’ll see: they all become the bosh

Let’s visit them; you’ll be obliging:

Or otherwise you judge yourself:

You came two times, but then of self

You don’t make them yet reminding

And thus... But what a fool I am I

They call you: come next week to them.-

XLIX

‘Me?’ - Yes, Tatyana’s name-day happy

Will be on Saturday... They call,

And no reason, even gappy,

You have for not to come at all.-

‘But they will have a throng of people

And all the other rabble feeble..?.

-But no one... Pm sure... none,

They’ll be the family, the one.

Let’s go, do thorn such a favour!

And what? - ‘Agreed’ - You... dear guy!

And saying so, made he dry

A glass to health of dear neighbour,

And then was speaking of the same:

Of Olga, dear love, again!

L

With joy he knew: for wedding carriage

Two weeks ahead was fixed above.

The secrets of the bed of marriage,

The garlands of the sweetest love

For his delight were just awaiting.

But Hymen’s troubles, griefs of mating,

The yawnings, other cold things

He never saw in any dreams.

Meanwhile we all. of Hymen foes,

In home life yet see but one

And boring pictures’ row, done

In style of La Fontaine’s sweet novels.

My poor Lensky with his heart

For such a life was born, young bard.

LI

He was beloved.., at least was grateful

To have such hope like a balm.

A hundred times is blessed, who’s faithful.

Who’s got his wit to be quite calm,

Reposes in heart contentment

Like drunkard, spending night for payment,

Or tenderer - like little moth

Which sucks spring flower with force;

But wretched is, who’s all foreseeing,

Who never felt some ache of head,

Who hates the moving and the word

When you translate him their meaning;

Whose knowledge makes his heart all cool

Arid him forbids to play the foolt

CHAPTER FIVE

Oh, don’t know dreadful dreams

You, my young Svetlana

*Zhookovsky*

I

That year pretty autumn weather

Too long was staying on in yard,

The winter had been longed by nature,

In January it snowed hard.

On day the third at early morning

Tatyana saw and was adoring:

The yard was under snow dense:

Parterres, roofs and all the fence;

The panes with patterns are like marvel,

By snow flocks are covered trees,

Some merry magpies Tanya sees,

All mountains were smoothly covered

By winter carpets, snow-made.

All’s blight, all’s white without shade.

II

It’s winter!.. Young triumphant peasant

On wooden sledge renews the way.

His horse the snow feels at present,

Its trotting, lazily away.

A brave sledge-cart from field’s returning,

It’s fluffy furrows upturning,

The coachman’s on -box with lash

In sheepskin coat and red sash.

A yard boy’s running in the middle,

He made his dog in sledge to sit

While he prefered to play a steed.

His finger’s frozen a little,

It hurts, he laughs, through window-panes

At him his mother’s finger shakes.

III

But may be those kinds of pictures

By now can’t you all attract,

As they are mean and simple features,

You won’t see fine art in that.

But blessed by God of inspiration

Another one in. rhymes of fashion.

Described for us the snowfall, {l5}

The winter’s bliss and tinges all:

He’ll fascinate you, I am sure,

By picturing in flaming verse

The secret drives in sledge rehearse;

But I am ready to endure

The peaceful life with him and you,

Who pictured Finnish frosts anew. {16}

IV

Tatyana (Russian in her soul,

Herself she doesn’t know why)

With all her cooling beauty lone

Did like the Russian winter fine:

The rime on frosty days yet sunlit;

And sledges; and before the sunset

The snow’s rose shining charm;

On Christmas evenings hazy calm.

Of old age triumphant customs

At home were supported hard:

All servant maidens in the yard

To guess the fortune were accustomed,

Each year guessed for misses much:

From army husbands and the march.

V

Tatyana trusted legend’s fancies

Of simple folk’s old times.

And dreams as well as cartomancies,

The moons predictions in the skies.

By many signs she’s always worried,

In secret way all objects hurried

To tell her something of the rest;

Misgivings hardly squeezed her breast.

If mincing cat, on stove sitting,

While purring could his muzzle wash,

For her the truthful sign it was

That guests are coming. If she’s seeing

A young two-horned the moon at sky,

But at unusual left the side,

VI

She all is trembling, paling, shying.

And when a falling shining star

Along the darkish sky is flying

To scatter in the sky afar,

In great confusion she is hastening,

While falling star yet isn’t fading,

The wish of heart to whisper her.

And when sometimes in front of her

A monk in black by chance appears,

Or quick a hare in the fields

Her way is crossing, then she feels

Herself embarrased; and of tears,

Of sad misgivings she is full,

Foresees misfortunes as a rile.

VII

Well, she had found charming secret

In sense of horror by itself:

Each one by nature is restricted

By contradictions in himself.

The Christmas tide for joy is coming!

To guess the windy youth is trying

Which doesn’t pity any things,

In front of which the life yet is

Immense and light, at distance waiting;

Through glasses old people guess

The end of life; of loss confess

With no hopes for regaining:

But all the same, the hope them

With baby-talk is lying then.

VIII

Tatyana’s interest is affected

By melting on the fire wax:

It shows traceries affective,

Informs of mind’s the secret backs.

From saucers, filled with clear waters

Some rings get out as on trotters

To her they gave a little ring,

An old song began to sing:

All peasants-men there are enriching,

They get the silver with a spade,

We sing of their lucky fate

And glory! - All they are yet feeling

Some loss in all the song’s refrains:

The song of cat is best for maids. {17}

IX

The night is frosty, skies are clear,

Of all the heaven’s bodies light

All flows in a single gear...

Tatyana to the yard, such wide,

In open light dress comes out,

At moon her mirror’s aiming down,

But darkish mirror can reflect

The trembling moon alone yet...

The snow’s crackling... someone’s near...

On her tiptoe fast she flies

And asks him stilly, sweetly sighs

More tenderer than reed-pipe dear:

What is your name? - He’s looking on, {18}

At last he answers: - Aghaphon…

X

Tatyana took advice of nanny;

As she in bath-room had to guess

She ordered secretly her granny:

Prepare table for a guest...

At once was frightened my Tatyana...

And I, while thinking of Swetlana,

Was too afraid, I must confess...

But with Tatyana shan’t we guess.

Her belt of silk she is removing,

Undressed is going to bed,

And Lei is soaring above head: {19}

And under pillow unmoving

Her maiden’s mirror yet she keeps.

It all is still. Tatyana steeps.

XI

Tatyana has a dream unknown:

As if she lone were to get

Across a glade, all under snow

Around which all’s dark and sad.

In snow-drifts in front of maiden

A stream is boiling, all is raging,

Makes noise, is dark and grey, quite lost

Yet isn’t frozen by frost.

Two poles glued by halves of floe

(Disastrous, trembling little aid)

Across the torrent have been laid.

In front of noisy gulf of flow,

By deep embarrassment fulfilled

She has to stop, she’s standing still.

XII

As at the reason of the parting

Tatyana’s grumbling at the brook,

She doesn’t see yet any party

Which could be helpful in the hook.

The snow-drift at once is moving...

And who, d’you think, from it is looking?

Some big and shaggy bear comes ..

Tatyana: ‘Ah!’ But he becomes

Polite; with sharp-clawed paw he’s rapping

Her hand to offer help; she bends

And leans on him with trembling hands;

All fearful she’s shyly stepping

But crosses bridge; her helping her:

She runs… the bear’s after her!

XIII

Of looking back she doesn’t dare

And hurries up, she’s quickening steps,

But from. the shaggy lackey-bear

She cannot get away, She flaps:

The bear drags behind and groans;

In front of them she sees and moans:

A forest stands; a stout pine

Is still and frowned, yet is fine

With flocks of snow; through the crowns

Of naked birches from the sky

The heaven’s bodies beam and shine.

The bushes, chutes without bounds

Are snow-bound by the storm.

In depth of snow are forlorn.

XIV

She runs for forest... he’s about;

The flabby snow is knee-deep;

Her neck was caught by long a bough,

Then branches could her ears meet

And rent the ear-rings of gold;

Then brittle snows fastly hold

Her summer shoes quite wet through all;

Then she her handkerchief lets fall.

To take it up she can’t, in fear

Of bear: he about hangs;

And even by her trembling hands

To lift her dress ashamed she's here;

She’s running - he is after her;

She can’t be running any more,

XV

She falls on snow - he is swifty:

He’s taking her in paws and brings,

And she insensibly is drifting,

She doesn’t move and doesn’t breathe;

He speeds her up the forest road;

Through trees is seen a dwelling old,

It’s in the backwoods and it all

Is bound by the snow-fall,

Its window is brightly shining,

Inside much noise and fuss they’ve had;

‘There is my crony, he said,

To warm yourself you must be trying!’

To inner porch he goes fast,

He’s laying down her at last.

X U1

When she recovered she is looking:

Some inner porch... the bear's gone;

She hears rings of glasses, hooping

Like at the funeral great, long.

Not seeing any use of porches

Through chink she now stilly watches;

What does she see? that at the boards

Are sitting spooks of any sorts:

One’s horned, with muzzle of a hound;

Another has of cock the head;

With goat’s beard sits a hag;

She sees sceleton stiff and proud,

A dwarf with tail; and there’s that

Who’s half-a-crane and half-a-cat.

XVII

But that’s more wonderful and dreadful:

A crayfish on a spider rides,

At goose’s neck a skull is fateful,

It’s whirling round for all sides;

A mill is squatting in the dancing,

By wings it crackles, flaps, is glancing.

They bark and laugh, they whistle, clap,

They sing and speak, like horses stamp:

But what Tatyana could he thinking

When recognized among the guests

Her love but fright nevertheless,

Main person of this novel pretty!

Onegin’s sitting at the board

By stealth is looking at the door.

XVIII

He makes a sign and all they bother;

He drinks and all they drink and cry;

He laughs - they all are laughing further:

He frowns - all are srient, wry.

That he’s the head - it all is clear

And Tanya has much less of fear;

Of interest she is now full

And tries herself the door to pull…

But suddenly the wind has blown

Away the lire of all lamps:

Are troubled house-spirit gangs;

Onegin’s eyes make tire own,

He’s rumbling, quickly he gets up,

For door he nears, ail got up.

XIX

She got afraid and in a hurry

Tatyana tries away to fly

And can’t; she’s now deeply worrier!,

She moans and she’d like to cry...

But can’t: through door her Eugene enters;

In front of eyes of Hades’ spectres

The girl appeared! Laugh was wild!.

They all stood gaping for a while,

Then hoofs, wry trunks, it let alone

The tufted tails, the fangs in mugs,

The whiskers and the bloody tongues,

The horns and fingers made of bone -

All point at her, such young and fine,

And all they cry:‘It’s mine! Its mine’

XX

‘*It’s mine!*’the voice of Eugene thunders!

And all the gang has vanished fast.

She stayed in frosty tone darkness:

Young maiden is with Him at last.

Onegin stilly her is helping

And in the corner is her laying

On shaky bench, and own head

To Tanya’s shoulder he bends;

But suddenly her sister’s coming,

Then Lensky comes; the light has flashed;

With threat Onegin raised his hand

And wildly with his eyes is shining;

He curses all unbidden guests;

And half alive she can’t have breath..

XXI

They argue louder; he’s getting

Some long a knife; in short a while

He’s killing Lensky; horrid shading

Lays down, then a dreadful cry

Is heard; the dwelling all is shaking...

In horror Tanya is awaking...

She sees: the room is light again,

Through window’s a frosty pane

Of dawn the ray all crimson sparkles

And Olga opens the door;

Like North Aurora’s face of her,

And like a butterfly she flutters.

‘But now tell;’ she says, ‘to me:

Whom did you see in dream with me?’

XXII

At sister Tanya isn’t looking;

She lies in bed; a book she has

And leaf by leaf through it is looking

But nothing to her sister says...

This kind of book yet doesn’t show

The writer’s fancies in a row,

Nor pictures nor a wisdom thought

That Virgin or Racine had got,

Nor Scott, nor Byron, nor Seneka;

The Lady’s Fashion Journal had

Less influence on lady’s head;

It was, my friends, Martyn Zadeka,

The head of Chaldean wise men,

Of dreams the fortune-teller then.

XXIII

This thoughtful, interesting creation

By travelling merchant them was brought

One day to their isolation

And for Tatyana they then bought:

*Malvina’s* works but separated

For several roubles he abated,

And in addition gave to them

Collection of plain fables then,

With them two Pentads, a grammar.

Marmontel’s volume them he gave.

Martin Zadeka then became

The pet of Tanya, and forever

He comforts her in all her griefs

And constantly with her he sleeps.

XXIV

That dream aroused her misgivings.

Not grasping ways to understand

Of dreadful fancy all the meanings

Tatyana wants to find the end.

In book’s short contents, finds she out

Some words that should explain about

The dreams: fir-trees, the hag, the bores,

The East, the bear, snow-storms

Etcetera. Her real doubt

Zadeka never could resolve!

Her dream is sinister, it all

At sad adventures pointed out.

And several days she after that

Had been entroubled, deeply sad.

XXV

By crimson hand not seen by now

The dawn from morning towards the lay

Has brought. the sun and anyhow

The merry festival name-day .

An Lane’s home from the morning

Is full of guests, of kin adoring:

All neighbours came by closed sleigh,

By hooded carts, by britzkas, sledge...

In afternoon they squash and crowd,

In drawing room they meet new face;

The barks, the smacks of kissing maids,

The crush, the laugh, the noise are loud.

All bow, shuffle, gladly smile,

Wet-nurses scream, the babies cry.

XXVI

With own wife that’s very portly

Came stout Pustyakov at last;

Gvozdin, good master, who could shortly

Make beggars of his peasants fast.

Grey-haired couple of Scotinin

With all the children you’d be seeing

From two to thirty years on;

The district dandy Petushkóv,

With him my cousin first Buyánov,

All fuzzy, wears peaky cap,

(Of course you him alredy met;)

And counsellor retired Flyánov,

The greatest gossip, old cheat,

The glutton, grafter, fool a bit.

XXVII

With Kharlikóv Panfíl and children

Monsieur Triquet arrived, a wit,

Who left Tambóv without hindrance,

He wears glasses, brown wig.

In pocket he, as Frenchman real,

Has brought for his Tatyana dear,

The lilt, well known round me:

*Reveilles vous, belle endormie.* {20}

Among the songs in books decrepit

Somewhere issued was that lilt;

Triquet with poet’s keen wit

For world from dust that rhyme extracted,

Was brave instead of ‘elle Nina’

To put the ‘belle Tatiana’

XXVIII

By now from a distant village

The idol of the ladies ripe,

For district mothers pleasant image -

The regimental chief arrived.

He came, What news, such sentimental!

Well have the music regimental!

The colonel sent it for the chance.

What joy: to-day we’ll have to dance!

The girls are jumping all around.

Its time for dinner, Guests have had

To come to tables hand in hand.

Around Tanya ladies crowd,

The men confront. All cross in peace.

The throng, all humming, takes the seats.

XXIX

The talks are saved for time much better:

The mouths chew, From every side

The plates and covers jointly clatter,

The glasses clink, all filled with wine.

But in a while the guests from suburb

Are making up a common hubbub:

They don’t listen to, they cry,

They argue, laugh and squeak in fright.

And suddenly my Lensky enters,

With hire Onegin. ‘Ah, my Lord!’,

The mistress cries, ‘At last you’ve got!’

In crowd everybody renders:

They take away the chairs, plates,

Them call, they give the friends a place.

XXX

Against Tatyana in a row

They sit. Of morning moon more pale

She’s trembling like persued a doe,

Her darkening eyes she hides away

From them: she new blazes greatly,

She feels herself in passion badly;

She’s deaf for greetings of the friends;

To hide her tears quickly bends

Her head; is seeming to be ready

For deep a faint, this being mild;

But will and power of mind

All overcame, and she already

Some words, yet stilly, tries to say,

But at the table could she stay.

XXXI

For long Onegin couldn't bear

That tragical and nervous mood

Of girls, the tears, faints not rare:

Enough he had them all en route.

Like crank by chance at feast enormous

He’s angry. And Tatyana’s nervous

And trembling state is seen by him;

All vexed, he’s being in a whim.

He’s puffing, he is remonstrating,

He swore to devil Lensky’s head

For sufferings, he here had.

Already for triumph he’s waiting,

And he invents by whim’s requests

Caricatures of the guests.

XXXII

Of course, Onegin’s not alone,

Who saw her disarray in eyes,

But aim of looks and talks on whole

That time at feast are fatty pies

(Unhappily, too much all salted).

But. with the help of resin bottled,

Between blancmanger and roasts fine

They now bring the Tsimlyan wine.

With narrow and long wine-glasses,

Reminding slander waist of yours,

Zhizhi, my soul’s crystal first,

The subject of naive my passes,

Enticing goblet for my love,

Its you, who made me drunk with love,

XXXIII

And now, free from humid stopper,

Each bottle bangs and all the wine

Can hiss; with bearings important,

By couplets tortured all the time,

Triquet gets up; the whole meeting

The deepest silence now’s keeping.

Tatyana hardly sighs, the man

Addresses her with verse in hand

And falsely sings, Applauds and crying

Are greeting him. And she has had

To reverence for singing that;

The poet, such great but shying.

To her is drinking first, his rhyme

He gives to Tanya at that time.

XXXIV

For greetings and congratulations

She gives each one her thankful look.

But when her thanks for termination

To Eugene came, tier languid mood,

Embarrassment, her being tired

Arosed pity, he’s admired;

He mutely bowed to the girl,

His gaze somehow was in all

Such charming, tender. Was she feeling;

That he then really was moved,

Or, like coquette, he simply boomed?

By his good will Or willy-nilly

He showed tenderness. Such start

Enlivens poor Tama’s heart.

XXXV

The driven chairs noise arouse;

All throng has rushed to anter-room

As well as bees from tasty house

With noise are flying for the bloom

All satisfied at feast by dinner

The neighbours puff in room, the inner;

The ladies sit at fire-place;

You see in corners whispering maids;.

Green tables are prepaired now,

All active players they invite:

For boston, lomber come in sight,

For whist, well famous until now.

They all are family the same,

The sons of greedy bore at game.

XXXVI

They now play the eighth of roberts,

Of whist the braves; eight times in line

They all replaced for each of roberts;

The tea’s been brought. I could define

The time of day by tea or dinner,

Or supper. Every country eater

Can know time without fuss:

The stomach is the watch for us.

In brackets to the point I’d note:

In all my verses, by my rhyme

About feasts, enormous, fine,

About meals and corks I wrote

Like idol, - you, Omir divine, -

For three millenniums in line,

XXXVII, XXXVIII, XXXIX

The tea’s been brought; the quiet maidens

Are taking saucers into hand,

At once behind the door awakens

The sound of bassoon from band:

Enjoyed by thunder of the music

From tea with rum at once refusing,

The Pans of the district girls,

With Olga Petushkóv then whirls,

With Tanya Lensky; Kharlikóva,

The bride of more than ripening age,

By hard from big Tambóv’s engaged;

Buyhánov whirls with Pustyakóva,

The rest all gathered at the hail:

Of ball the beuaty shines for all.

XL

At the beginning of my novel

(In chapter first you look it all)

I’d like to use the Alban’s model:

In Petersburg to show ball.

But then, amused by idle dreamings,

Attended to my better feelings

Of known ladies feet and legs.

But by your narrow small tracks,

Ah, feet, in vain I was affected.

The further I’m from youth my gay,

The wiser I should get each day:

My deeds and rhymes to have corrected,

And even this my chapter five

From all digressions to refine.

XLI

Monotonous and sometimes yet senseless,

Like whirlwind of the youthful lives,

The waltz is whirling; noisy, taintless,

A couple after couple flies.

The time revengeful now nears,

In secret Eugene gaily sneers,

Comes up to Olga: several jests,

And they are whirling near guests.

Then he for her a chair’s finding,

They speak about this and that,

And several minutes after that

With her the waltz again he’s dancing.

All are amazed, my Lensky sighs,

Does not believe his own eyes.

XLII

Mazurka’s sounding. It happened.

When thunder of mazurka came,

The halls enormous is all then trembled,

The parquet’s cracks wee heard again.

The frames were shaking, trembling there

But nowadays the men, like fair

Young ladies on the floor all glide

But yet in towns, countryside

Mazurka now all its rating,

Initiative beauties keeps:

The jumps, moustache, the clicks of heels

Are all the same without changing

By worst of modes: modern fuss,

Which is a tyrant for us.

XLIII, XLIV

Buyánov, my quick-temperd brother,

To Eugene brought two girls at once:

With Olga Tanya; quickly rather

Onegin Olga took for dance.

He rules her, but neglectly gliding,

And, bending, whispers her his finding:

Some madridgal of old days,

And presses hand; at once her face

In proud, touching inflammation

Is blushing crimson. Lensky saw

All those changes. All the more

He, full of jealous indignation,

Is waiting for the end of dance,

And for cotillion her invites.

XLV

But yet she can’t. And what’s the reason?

Ah, Olga gave the word to him,

Onegin. Goodness me, it isn’t

For him to hear! What a whim...

Impossible!? She’s mere infant,

But yet coquette! A giddy instance!

And. so cunny, she is gay.

Already’s able to betray!

He can’t endure such a blow;

The whims of women he can curse.

Gets out, asks for own horse

And rides. Two pistols in a row,

Two bullets - fitting at this rate -

Will quickly settle all his fate.

CHAPTER SIX

La, sotto i giorni nubilosi e brevi,

Nasce una gente a cui i’morir non dole.

*Petrarka*

Where days are cloudy and short

A tribe was there born

For which to die makes no hurt. (It.)

I

But when Vladimir disappeared,

Onegin, languished by the bore,

Was lost in thought; to Olga near

Revengeful words said no more.

And Olga’s yawning; round here

She’s looking for her Lensky dear.

For her cotillion now seems

Like long and heavy dreadful dreams,

At last it stopped. All have the supper.

The beds are made. And any guest

Has own place to have a rest,

From porch to maiden’s. All they utter

A need for sleep. Onegin my

To sleep at home lone flied.

II

All’s now calm; in rooms you hear:

Is snoring heavy Pustyakóv

With own heavy hall, his dear;

Gvozdín, Buyánov, Petushkóv

And Flyanov who is not quite healthy,

On chairs in a room are wealthy.

Monsieur Triquet is on the floor,

In jersey, capped, not far from door.

In Tanya’s, Olga’s rooms all maidens

Already happy dreams have had;

At window alone, sad

(Diana’s ray lights up, her wakens)

My poor Tanya sits, can’t sleep,

And looks into the darkling field.

III

By his anwaited apparition,

By instant tenderness of eyes,

By got by Olga strange tuition

She’s touched, in depth of soul sighs;

She’s been embarrassed, cannot now

Him understand yet anyhow;

She’s troubled by the jealous trend:

As if some cold foe’s hand

Can press her heart, or a misfortune,

That waits for her, is black, makes noise.

‘I’ll perish, - says my Tanya’s voice -

From him to die is pleasant fortune.

I don’t grudge: why should I grudge?

He can’t give happiness at large’.

IV

But forward, forward, you, my story!

My muse new person just reveals.

Some several miles from Krasnogóry,

From Lensky’s village, there lives

And is alive yet for the present,

In philosophical sense desert,

Zarétsky, brawler; they believe:

Of gambling gang he was the chief,

The chief of rakes, a tribune-tippler.

Hut now simply good the head

Of family; not married yet;

A real friend, a landlord, ripper;

To honest people he belongs:

This way the century reforms!

V

A smooth-tongued voice of world, it happened,

His evil bravery could praise:

From pistol he, not being rattled,

At fifteen metres stuck the ace.

But he at real field of action

Himself white raptured by affection

Distinguished: bravely to the slush

From Kalmyk horse he fell in rush.

Like drunkard tight by real Frenchmen

Was captivated (dear lot!).

New Regulus (of honour God)

Anew he could the bonds abandon:

At Verrey’s every morning’s time

On credit drank three quarts of wine.

VI

He joked in a funny manner,

Could fool an idiot for fun,

Could make of clever fool for ever,

Explicit or implicit one.

Sometimes himself for tricks on others

Was given lessons by the others;

Sometimes himself, not as a rule,

Could he entrapped like real fool;

For merry dispute he was able

To be in answers dull or sharp,

Sometimes could keep his answer dark;

Sometimes a quarrel could enable

To make the friends embroiled become,

Made friends to barrier to come;

VII

To have a breakfast three together

Could make them quickly reconcile,

And then in secret could defame them

By merry jest or real he.

‘Sed alia temporal’ But rudeness {21}

(Like dream of love, the prank of goodness)

With youthful years gets away,

And my Zaretsky, I would say,

Behind accacias, bird cherries

From storms is hidden in his den,

Can live like real wise a ma7i:

Like that Horatius with cabbage

His geese and ducks tie breeds for fee

And teaches children ABC.

VIII

He’s not a fool; Onegin, grudging,

Did not respect the heart of his;

But liked the spirit of his judging,

Judicious talks of that and this.

And he with pleasure long ago

Was meeting him; that’s why at borne

Was not astonished at the dawn

To see him coining to his hall;

But after first cordial greeting

Zaretsky’s silent for a while

And to Onegin with wry smile

From poet he gives for reading

A leaf. Onegin, standing up,

At window it all read up.

IX

It was an honourable, pleasant

A challenge, or cartel quite short,

It was polite and not discrepant:

For duel Lensky called, in short.

Onegin at the first admission

To agent of such secret mission

Returned; without extra word

always ready - shortly said.

Zaretsky was explains refusing;

To stay for long he didn’t want:

At home had to work a lot;

And he went out; but my Eugene

Alone with his soul’s self

Unsatisfied was by himself.

X

It serves him right: to think if strictly,

If secret judge for him to call,

He was to blame at times more thickly:

At first, he wasn’t right at all

That he at love such timid, tender

Last evening joked like offender;

Then let the poet enraged

To play the fool: at his teenage

It is forgivable. Onegin

Who loved the youth with all his heart

Himself should show as the hard

Without prejudices heading

Not flaming boy for fighting fit

But male with honour and the wit.

XI

He could his feelings there show

But not to bristle like a beast.

No should disarm him long ago,

That young a soul. But at least

It’s late, the time has gone; his letter

To rue was brought; the whole matter

Is spoiled by old duels fan,

He’s evil, gossip, talking man...

Of course, he thinks, ‘I could be scornful

To alt his funny, lying word;

But whisper, laugh of fools can hurt..’

Opinion of the public mournful!

The spring of honour, idol last!

Yet does it whirl the world and us:

XII

By eager enmity exited

Vladimir for the answer waits.

Eloquent man, by him invited,

Triumphantly the answer trails.

And now jealouser’s triumphant!

He was afraid of being answered

In form of merry, pretty jest

With somewhat ruse, to have the breast

Of enemy from pistol parried.

But now doubts all are solved:

For mill they all have had resolved

At dawn in time to come in carriage

With friend a pistol fight to launch,

To aim at temple or at haunch.

XIII

As he to hate coquette decided

Excited Lensky didn’t want

Before the fight to be invited...

At watch, the sun he’s looking on...

At last he gave it up, and failing,

Himself he found at her dwelling.

He thought she would be much confused,

By his arrival much abused;

But riot at all: like long ago

For poor bard is on the watch

His Olga’s jumping from the porch

Like feather-brained and trail a hope:

She’s playful, careless and gay,

Well, just the same as every day.

XIV

‘What for you early disappeared?’

Was asking Olya him at once

My Lensky’s feelings all were smeared,

He was afraid at her to glance.

Annoyance, jealousy could vanish

In front of eyes with clear relish,

In front of tenderness quite plain,

In front of soul playful, frail...

He looks al her with tender ardour;

He’s yet beloved with previous force,

He’s now languished by remorse, He’s being ready to beg pardon, He’s trembling, loses fitting words, He’s happy, has improved his health,

XV, XVI, XVII

Again he, downcast and thoughtful,

In front of dear Olga stands;

It seems to him like something awful

To her remind all evening gaps.

He thinks of here: ‘I’ll be defender;  
I’ll not endure when offender

By fire of the praise and sighs

To tempt the heart of girl yet tries:

Or when a worm disdained and deadly

Is growing out lily’s stem

Of morning flower which then

At halt of life must wither faintly’.

My Friends, you know, what it means:

With friend of mine I’ve shooting things.

XVIII

Ah, if he knew, by what a cruel

Offence. Tatyana’s heart was burnt!

It Tanya knew of near duel,

At least the day before had heard

That Eugene and his friend Vladimir

At dawn will argue their living

On earth, then might be by her love

She’d joined the friends the day above!

But no man in all the district

Could ever know of that fuss:

Onegin was as mute as dust,

Tatyana pined for love in secret;

It could be known by the nurse

But slow-witted all she was.

XIX

All evening Lensky was distracted,

Was now silent, now gay;

The man, by muses once affected,

As usual frowns alt the day.

At clavichords he had been sitting,

But only for chords was fitting;

At Olga then he fixed his gaze

And whispered: ‘I’ve my happy days...’

But it is late, it’s time to go...

His heart is pressed, fulfilled with bore,

At time of parting furthermore

It beats like ready just to blow.

At him she stares all the way:

‘What’s happened?’- `Nothing’… - Gets away.

XX

At home he took out pistols

To check them up, then put them back

Into the box; he now bristles;

Undressed, he took some Shiller’s work.

To read... but thoughts yet make him wonder

His heart is sad but doesn’t slumber,

With unaccountable charms

He sees his Olga in his arms...

Vladimir has the book to close;

He takes a pen: his verse has got

A lot of pretty loving rot;

He it declaims; the sound flows

Away in lirical a heat,

He cites like Delvig, drunk at feast. {22}

XXI

By chance his verse yet anyhow

Is kept by me; you read this rhyme;

‘Where are, where are withdrawn you now

The golden days of life my prime?

What does next day for me prepare?

In vain I try to be aware,

The depth of mist can it conceal,

Of fate right law will it reveal

But shall I fall by shaft through pierced

Or will it pass beside, will slip?

All’s good: for vigil and for sleep

Will come the hour well geared;

Are blessed the troubles of the day,

Is blessed the darkness of the gravel

XXII

By rays of day will shine the morning

And brightly will be playing clay,

But I, it may be, not adoring

Will see the secrets of the grave,

The memory of bard, yet youthful,

Will sink into oblivion truthful,

The world will me forget, but you

My charming girl, will ever you

Some tears shed at urn my early:

‘He tell in love with me,’ to thinks

To me alone could he bring

His dawn of life, such sad and stormy!’

My hearty friend, my friend beloved,

You come, I’m husband yours by love!"

XXIII

His verse is sluggish and obscure

(It’s called romanticism by us;

To see it here even poor

I cannot; does it bother us?)

At last before the dawn of morning

His tired head on table’s falling

At the ideal, fashioned word,

A stilly dream my Lensky had.

But as soon as in charms of dreaming

He lost himself - his neighbour comes

To silent room of bard, alarms

And wakens Lensky by appealing:

‘It’s seven soon, it’s time to wake,

Onegin, may be, has to wait’.

He was mistaken: sleeping fair

Onegin then for world was dead,

The shades of night are now rare

And Vesper’s met by cock ahead.

Onegin is deep sleep just having;

The sun is now high in heaven,

And flitting quickly snow-storm

Is shining, whirling. But at all

From bed Onegin wasn’t moving,

The dream yet flies about him.

At last he fast awakes from dream,

Apart the flaps of curtain’s moving

He looks and sees: the time is high

Away from yard for mill to fly.

XXV

He hurries up to ring. His servant

Guillot from France, is running in,

He offers necessary service

And dressing-gown puts on him.

Onegin’s quick to dress. Already

His sernant’s ordered to be ready

Together go and with him

To take the box with fighting thing.

The sledge for race is now ready,

In it he’s flying to the mill;

Has come; to servant says he will

Lepage’s fatal barrels steady {23}

With him be keeping, and the sledge

To park in field not far from hedge.

XXVI

My Lensky on the dam is leaning,

For them impatiently he waits.

With mill Zaretsky has been dealing:

Mill-stones he investigates.

Onegin’s coining with excuses.

Zaretsky to behave refuses:

‘But where is the second yours?’

In duels classic, pedant cross

He loved the method with his passion:

To make a man on earth to lay

He didn’t want by any way

But by the rules of artful fashion,

As legends say of old age

(For that we’d praise in him the sage).

XXVII

’My second? - Eugene said with passion,

My friend, monsieur Guiilot, does wait.

I can’t foresee any objection

To this representation made.

Its true, he is unknown version,

But really he's honest person!’

Zaretsky’s bitten both lips;

To Lensky Eugene then appeals:

‘Shall we begin?’ ‘Perhaps,’ says Lensky.

And quickly both they yet off

Behind the mill. Meanwhile far off

The *honest person* and Zaretsky

Grand treaty’s ditties exercise;

The foes stand and drop the eyes.

XXVIII

The foes! Shortly each from other

Were drifted they by thirst of blood.

Not long ago they like brothers

Divided meals, ideas, flood

Of daily troubles. Now spiteful,

Like in vendetta they are frightful,

Like in a dreadful misty dream

Against each other in the still

Prepare ruins once for ever...

They’d better laugh before they had

With blood sustained each pure hand...

They’d bel.ter part in friendly manner...

The enmity’s afraid in world

Of eyes derisive, scornful word!

XXIX

The pistols all are now shining,

The hammer’s jingling at the lock,

To barrels go bullets hiding;

First time is clicking pistol’s cock.

The powder, by grey parts handed,

On shelf is falling; an indented,

Reliably well screwed the flint

Is cocked once more. And stands at stint

Behind a stump Guillot quite scared.

The foes put the capes on steppe.

Zaretsky thirty second step

Has measured with exactness cared

Then took the friends for last his track

Arid each of them the pistol had.

XXX

‘You now meet...’ - And both coolly,

The enemies, not aiming yet,

In slow gait, quite fast and smoothly

Have come the fourth already step.

Four fatal for the life the stages...

His pistol then Onegin raises

Not stopping coming in advance,

The first of them to catch a chance.

And more five steps they neared striding,

And Lensky screwed left eye more fast,

Began to aim... but quickly just

Onegin shot... The clock’s been striking

The fixing time; the poor bard

In silence drops his pistol hard

XXXI

On chest he puts his hand, unfortunate,

And falls. His misty, foggy gaze

Expresses death but not the torture.

From mountains descends this way

In sunny rays all sparkling, shining

A block of snow hardly sliding.

By instant cool is all filled up

To him Onegin hurries up,

He looks, he calls him - all’s for nothing!

He isn’t more… The youngling bard

Has found end untimely hard!

The storm has breathed; his prime such charming

Has withered at the morning dawn.,

The fire at the altar’s gone.

XXXII

Unmovingly he lay, and queer

Was heavy brow’s languid peace.

He under chest was wounded here,

The blood yet steaming flew at ease.

A trice ago was he living

And his young heart was full of feeling,

Of hope, enmity and love,

The blood was boiling, life could laugh.

But like a house all deserted

It’s dark and still, and not by chance

It’s mute for ever all at once.

Are shut the shutters, limed are flirted

The windows. The master’s gone

God knows where, Tracks are wrong.

XXXIII

It’s nice by epigram audacious

To make erroneous foe mad,

It’s nice to see when stubborn gracious

He bends his horns to butt is apt,

Unwittingly in mirror’s peeping

Ashamed to recognize: he’s beaten;

Its nicer, friends, much more when he

Is wailing foolishly: its me!

And much the more it’s nice in silence

For him prepare honest grave,

To aim unseen at forehead pale,

At distance try to make him silent.

But yet to make him be at rest

Of pleasures won’t be the best.

XXXIV

What would you feel if by your pistol

Were killed a friend such good and young

Who was unmodest, who by bristle.

An answer, other trifles done,

Offended you at bottle badly,

Or if yet he, annoyed, quite madly

To challenge you could try like hell?

But in your soul can you tell

What would you feel if still, unmoving

Your friend on earth is mute at rest

In front of you with signs of death

Is stiffening slowly, is cooling,

Is being deaf and dumb at all

To sad and desperate your call?

XXXY

In languish of the heart remorses

He pressed his pistol in his hand,

At Lensky Eugene looks quite forceless.

‘Well, he is killed’,- the neighbour said.

He’s killed!.. By dreadful exclamation

Onegin’s shuddered; slain, impatient

To call some people gets away.

Zaretsky cautiously could lay

On sledge the corpse, all icy, lone,

He’s taking home dreadful hoard,

And smelling dead the horses snort

And struggle; they with white wet loam

Are wetting iron hard curb-bit,

Like shaft they gallop with all speed.

XXXVI

My friends, on bard you’d have a pity:

Of hopes rain-bowed at prime

For world has done yet nothing titling,

To grow male yet hadn’t time

But withered! Where’s agitation

And honourable aspiration

Of youthful passion and of thought,

Exalted, tender, bold, prompt?

Where are of stormy love his itchings,

The thirst for knowledge and for work,

The fright of shame, of evil word?

Where are you, cherished happy dreamings,

The ghosts of unearthly whims,

Of sacred poetry dreams?

XXXVII

He, might be, for the world’s welfare

Or even for the fame was born;

His lyre, now mute, could dare

Alarm a loud peal for long,

For centures to make him known.

On steps of world the bard might go

Upstairs to the highest rate.

But his such sufferable shade,

It may be, with itself has carried

Some sacred secret; evil choice

Has mined great life-giving voice,

And after funeral sad habit

He’ll never hear hymn of times,

The blessing of the future tribes.

XXXVIII, XXX1X

It might he other: he’d he having

Some common, plainful, simple lot:

The youthful years would be fading,

The soul’s heat would not be hot

In many trends he’d change his habit:

Would part with muses, would be married,

In village cuckold but good,

In wadded overall with hood

He would have known life quite real,

At fourty gout would have had,

Would bore, eat, drink, be ill, he fat,

At last in own bed ideal

Among the children would he die

At hands of doctors, weepers, wife.

XL

But anyhow, dear reader,

Alas! it was young lover’s lot:

The poet, the thoughtful dreamer

Was killed by hand of friend for nought!

There is a place not tar from house

In which inspired bard could rouse.

Two pines accreted by one root,

Beneath are streaming snakes of brook

Which came from neighbouring a valley;

The peasants come to take a rest,

The reapers dip the jars for best

Arid pleasant clear water daily.

And at the brook in thickened shade

Is put a monument just made.

XLI

And near it (when it is raining

In spring on corns of near fields),

A shepherd bast gay sandal’s making,

Of fishers from the Volga sings.

And young a woman, city dweller

All summer in the country spender

Can daily headlong ride full speed;

When she alone in the field

At brook the monument is seeing

She’s drawing made of leather rein,

The veil on hat she turns away,

And superficially is reading

A plain inscription, then she tries

To stop the dim in tender eyes.

XLII

And slowly through fields she’s riding,

Immersed is deeply in the dream:

For long by fate of Lensky, striking,

Unwittingly her soul’s filled

She thinks: ‘Whith Olga what could happen?

Or not for long her heart was shattered

And passed away of tears time?

And where is her sister line?

And fugitive of world and people,

For stylish beauties stylish man,

Where is that sullen gloomy crank,

The killer of the bard such feeble?’

Meantime account, made for you,

In details I shall give to you,

XLIII

But now, heartily I though

Do love my hero fine,

Of course, of him I’ll quickly know,-

For him I now haven’t time.

My age inclines for strict a prose,

Against light rhymes my age arose

And I - with sighing I confess -

Am dangling after her much less.

My pen has no old wishes

To spoil some useful flying leafs;

Some other, cool and cold dreams.

Some other, more severe issues

In noise of world and in the still

Disturb my soul’s quiet dream.

XLIV

I’ve heard some voice of new desire,

I’ve got new sorrow anew;

By new one can’t I be admired

I pity old one - it’s true.

You, dreams, my dreams, where is your pleasure

And rhyme to it: my youth, my treasure ?

Can it be real that at last

My youth had withered in the past?

Can it he real anyhow

Without elegical deed

That spring of youth could quickly speed

(As I could joke until now)?

And is it true, it can’t return?

And am I soon at thirties turn?

XLV

It means: my noon has come, its needed

For me to realize, I see.

O’key, but let us part not frigid.

Ah, youth my light! Ah, dear me!

I’m greatful for the good enjoyments,

For sadness, for the pretty torments,

For noise, for storms, for many feasts,

For everything! For all your gifts

To you I’m greatful! You alone

Among anxieties in still

Could me enjoy... I’ve had my fill;

It is enough! With clear soul

New way I’m starting, do my best

From all past life to take a rest.

XLVI

Let me look back. Forgive me thickets

In which my days have passed away,

Were lilted with passions, lazy fidgets,

With dreams of thoughtful soul’s haze.

And you, my youthful inspiration,

Disturb my weak imagination,

You make my sleepy heart revive,

To my good nook more often dive.

You don’t let be cooled my soul,

Become embittered, hardened, dry,

At last like dead to petrify

In deadly thrill of world on whole;

In this a dirty pool with you,

My friends, I have a bath like you.

CHAPTER SEVEN

You are, my Moscow,

beloved of Russia daughter, and where can we find

some other of the kind..

*Dmitriyev.*

How would you not love Moscow?

*Baratynsky.*

The drive to Moscow!

It means the world to see!

Where is it better?

Where we have never been.

*Griboyedov*

I

By vernal rays all driven now

From hills the snows, turned to mud,

By turbid brooks have run all down

To meadows, all under flood.

By clear smile the nature’s fitting

Through dream the year’s morning meeting

The shining skies are now blued.

Yet limpid is the near wood

As if by greenish down covered.

A bee to fields, of tribute well,

Is flying from the waxy cell.

Are drying valleys many-coloured;

The herds make noise; of nightingale

The song at silent night is gay.

II

Quite sad for me is your occurence,

The spring, the spring! of love the time!

What languid agitation current

There is in blood and soul mine!

With hard emotion yet tender

I am enjoyed by breath such gentle

Of puffing to my face the spring

In bosom of the country’s still!

Or am I stranger to enjoyments,

To all that gladdens and revives,

Triumphant is and gladly shines,

Is boring me, makes suffer torments

My soul, long ago dead,

And all for it seems dark ahead?

III

Or aren’t we glad to see returning

Of perished in the autumn leaves

Because remember bitter mourning

When hear noise of forest’s thicks?

Or with the nature just reviving

We close in, confused by minding

The withering of own days,

Which can’t revive by any ways?

May be, the thought to us is coming

Amid poetical a dream

Of other, old, better spring,

And all the heart it is alarming

By dreams of distant pretty side,

About moon and charming night...

IV

Is time: all good but lazy-bone

Epicurean wise all men,

You all indifferent, lucky, prone

Of Levshin school the pupils, fans, {24}

You, country Priams, should be ready;

And you, each sensitive a lady:

The spring to country all you calls,

The time of work, of fruits, of warmth,

The time for strolles, much inspired,

And all seductive, tempting nights.

Be quick, my friends! the field invites.

In carts with weights of food, attires,

By own or by post-chase

You get away from city gates.

V

And you, my reader dear, gracious,

In your borouch from other land

You leave your city big, audacious,

In which the winter’s mirth you’d had.

With dear muse of mine capricious

Let’s hear forest’s noise delicious

At nameless river, small and fine.

In village where Eugene mine,

That hermit idle and despondent

Yet recently in winter lived

Not far from Tanya, young and grieved,

My dear dreamer quite respondent;

But where now he is not...

And where left he dismal rot.

VI

Among the hills in semicircle

Well go there where brook

Through grass is snaking, green and purple,

Through linden trees for river’s crook.

The nightingales, of spring the lovers,

At night all sing: dog-rose flowers;

You hear voice of little source,

You see grave-stone small and coarce

In shade of two pine-trees quite old;

Inscription can to you explain:

‘Vladimir Lensky here’s lain,

He met his death like man quite hold

At such a year, such an age.

You lie, young hard, in peace all age!’

VII

On branches of the pine permissive

Sometimes an early morning wind

Above this urn, to fate submissive,

A wreath mysterious could swing.

It happened: late at time of leisures

Two girl-friends, both yet teen-agers

Were in the dimmish light of moon

Embraced, were weeping at the tomb.

But now... Tomb-stone is gloomy,

Is lost, and last of feet the prints

Decayed... The branch has no wreath;

Beneath, alone, grey and puny,

The shepherd’s singing as before

And makes bast sandal more and more.

VIII, IX, X

My poor Lensky! badly pining

Not very long was weeping she.

Alas! young bride, if she were trying,

To sadness loyal couldn’t be.

Some other now drew attention,

Some other managed with invention

By love her grief to lull to sleep,

Some uhlan could her flattered keep;

That uhlan’s loved by all her soul…

At altar now does she stand

With wreath, ashamed, his hand in hand,

With drooping head, as if yet lone,

With fire in the drooping eyes,

Unwittingly she slightly smiles.

XI

Behind the grave my Lensky poor

To deaf eternity was used.

Was he, the youth, a singer gloomy

By fatal treachery confused?

Or sleeping over the Lethe

The poet is quiet, easy,

Him nothing there can alarm,

The world for him is shut dud dumb?

Yes! just indifferent oblivion

Behind the grave for all us waits.

Of loos, friends and lover-maids

The voice is fading. All yet living

The heirs of estate, all cross,

Obscenely disputes try to force.

XII

The ringing voice of Olga, though,

From Larin’s soon forever went:

That uhlan, slave of lot his own,

With her should come to regiment.

And sadly shedding hitter tears

To part with Olga mother nears

And seems to be yet hardly live:

But Tanya simply couldn’t cry,

She deathly pale was looking round

And all her face was greatly sad

When to the porch to part all went.

At parting all they fussed about

Around carriage of the young;

To see them off Tatyana flung.

XIII

For long as if through fog she one

Could follow them all with eyes...

And now Tanya is alone

Alas! for long-time friend she sighs,

Her young and dear, pretty, charming,

Her confidante, her near darling

Is brought a long way off by fate,

They must for ever separate.

Like shade she aimlessly is hiking

And comes into deserted park...

And everywhere finds some mark...

But none relief she is yet finding

For tears her, by will suppressed -

Her heart is torn in half at breast,

XIV

And in the solitude severe

Her passion’s heating yet much more,

And of Onegin, far from here,

Her heart reminds much more to her.

For him she never will he waiting;

In him she always must be hating

The killer of his brother-bard;

The bard is dead... and that is hard,

But he’s forgotten, and to other

His bride has given all herself...

Of bard the memory itself

Like smoke at blue sky is rather...

For him two hearts, I can believe,

Yet are in grief... What for to grieve?

XV

The evening sky’s more dark. The waters

Are still. Some noise by beetle’s raised.

Some round dance away disperses:

Behind the river smoked, blazed

The fisher’s fire. Field is clear

In moonlight all it seems like silver.

In own dreams all’s being lost

For long Tatyana goes forth.

She went and went.., All of a sudden

Sees manor-house from a hill,

Some grove, hamlet under hill,

Behind the river sees a garden;

She looks, and all her own heart

More often’s heating and more hard.

XVI

The doubts all confused her soul:

‘Shall go forth or should return?..

He isn’t here... I’m unknown...

I’ll take a look and then turn’,

She now from the hill comes down,

And hardly breathing looks around

Bewildered and astonished hard...

She enters a deserted yard.

All barking, dogs to her are running.

At her much frightened loud cries

Of yard boys family just flies.

Ran up and not without fighting

The boys got dogs behind the fence

And took the maiden for defence.

XYII

May I just see the banns home?

Them Tanya asked. As quick as can

To call Anisya children go,

To take the keys from porch they ran;

At once Anisya then appeared;

Through porch the way was quickly cleared

And she to empty house went

In which had lived the novel’s crank.

She sees a hall forgotten now,

A cue on billiard has a rest,

At crumpled canopy lies next

A riding switch. And with a bow

The woman says: ‘At fire-place

Alone barin sat for days.

XVIII

In winter here they had dinner

With Lensky, neighbour late, as rule...

You now come to rooms, the inner...

And here is the banns room.

He slept and coffee had he here,

His menager’s reports could hear,

A book at mornings here read...

And old barin room this had;

In it, sometimes, on rare sundays

At window, in glasses, he

To play the cards was used with me.

Let give the God his soul chances

To rescue, to his hones - peace

In grave, in mother-soil at ease!’

XIX

Tatyana with her eyes amazing

A look at everything can take,

And all to her it seems quite wealthy,

Revives her languid soul’s rate

By this half-tormenting a ramble,

By table with a faded candle,

At window by books in heap,

By bed with carpet, chairs, whip,

By sight through panes at moonlight diminish,

By this quite pallid feeble light,

By lordly Byron portrait bright,

By doll cast-iron and diminished

With gloomy brow under hat,

Who arms cross-folded has had. {25}

XX

For long Tatyana here goes

At stylish fascinating cell.

It’s late. Some cold wind just blows.

It’s dark in valleys. Rather well

The grove sleeps. At foggy rivers

And hills the moon just dasappears.

The pilgrim young, you know why,

Should long ago home fly.

And Tanya hides her agitation,

But yet she’s sighing once again

And then departures for the way,

But asks before for invitation

To conic again to have a look

And there lone read some book.

XXI

She parts with woman, house keeping, Behind the gates. And in a day

At early morning comes for meeting With lone canopy again.

For silent room alone getting

At once the whole world forgetting With nobody nearby

For long is weeping she this time.

But then with books she could be dealing.

At first of them she didn’t think,

But their choice seemed queer thing, And she was lost in their reading,

With thirst of soul all them held;

And she discovered other world.

XXII

And though Eugene, as we know,

For long from reading turned his face,

But several books of common row

Himself excluded from disgrace:

Of Giaour, Juan famous singer,

With him some more two-three might linger:

In them reflects the whole age

And modem man of nowadays

Is pictured rather well correctly

With his immoral soul wry,

Quite egoistic, selfish, dry,

To dreaming dedicated greatly

With his malicious evil wit,

Who boils in action for a bit.

XXIII

And many pages yet are keeping

Some sharpened markings by the nail;

On them attentive eyes are fixing

By will and passion of the maid.

Tatyana’s now trembling, seeing

By what a thought, a note, feeling

Sometimes Onegin was surprised,

With what could mutely coincide;

At margins of the books she’s meeting

Of reader’s pencil slightest signs:

Onegin’s soul always tries

Unwittingly to show feeling

With short a word or with a cross,

With question sign and so forth.

XXIV

And by degrees but is beginning

Tatyana him to comprehend -

Thank God, more clearly - she’s feeling

The man, for whom to sigh she had

Through all her fate, severe, ruling.

This crank, this dangerous and a gloomy

Creation of the hell or sky,

This angel, haughty devil wry,

What’s he? is real imitation

From Moscow a spook or whim

In Harold cloak, hat with brim,

Or other whims interpretation?

Of stylish words some ready set?

Is he a parody not yet?

XXV

Is really the secret’s found?

Or really she guessed not wrong?

The time is fast, she must be out:

For her are waiting so long

Two neighbours, home have been walking

And all about her are talking.

‘You see, Tatyana’s not a child,’

The old woman’s voice is mild,-

‘Of them my Olga is the younger.

To fix her fate it’s time, I see;

What shall I do, I can’t foresee;

The same she says to all but sharper:

‘Do not.’ Her grief she never hides

And lone in the woods she hikes."

XXVI

’But may be she’s in love?’ ‘Who knows?

Buyánov courted: was refused.

To Petushkóv she never goes;

Pykhtín, the hussar, toed to fuse

Quite greatly, when he made a visit,

On her was fawning, you should see it!

I thought that time: will do, perhaps;

But what d’you think? again collapse!’

‘Well, dear me, what is the matter?

For fair of the brides her bring,

To Moscow, they need good things.’..,

‘Ah, father my! the profit’s worsened..’.

‘For single winter it will do,

At least I’ll credit money you’…

XXVII

The old woman was admired

By that advice, such simple, good;

She courted… at once decided:

To Moscow by winter route!

This news Tatyana quickly hears.

To judgings by the world severe

To bring her features clear, plain,

Simplicity of country maid

And her attires, such belating,

And her belating tune of speech!

Of city dandies, maidens rich

To catch the eyes derisive, rating

Such dread! She wants to be away,

In thickets of the woods to stay.

XXVIII

She’s getting up with rays of morning,

At once she hurries to the fields

And with her eyes all them adoring

She looks around and she speaks:

‘Forgive me, ever peaceful valleys,

Hill peaks well known under heavens,

And you, well known dear wood,

And charming skies of neighbourhood.

Forgive me you, my dear nature;

I change my world such still and light

For noise of fuss such brilliant, bright.

And you forgive, my freedom later!

For what and where do I strive?

And what can give me fate of mine?’

XXIX

Much longer now she is hiking,

But now brook and now hill

Induce to have a stop, inviting

In front of their charms to kneel.

And like with friends, for long well known,

With all the meadows and groves

She hurries up to have a chat.

But summer’s flying quicker yet.

The autumn golden is coming,

The nature’s now trembling, pale

Like victim under charming veil.

And now North, all clouds driving,

Has breathed, has wailed; from nothern shelf

Enchanting winter comes herself.

XXX

It came, it scattered, it is hanging

On boughs of the oak-trees;

It lies like carpets, white and waving,

Among the fields, around hills.

The banks of stopped, unmoving river

By shroud are equated here.

The frost is sparkling, we are glad

To everyone of winter prank.

But Tanya’s heart yet isn’t gladdened,

To meet the winter never came,

The frosty dust did not inhale,

With early snow, as it happened,

Can’t wash her arms, her breast and face:

Afraid she is of winter ways.

XXXI

Departuring date again's belated

And can yet run the last of dates.

Upholsterers inspected, painted

Renewed the old closed sleighs.

Of three kibitkas transport own

Can bring belongings of the home:

The chairs, saucepans and the trunks,

The matresses and jams in jars,

The feather beds, the cocks in cages,

The basins, pots, et cetera,

Well, many trifles like the bra.

Among the servants-maids-teenagers.

Arose noise at parting grades:

They bring from stables eighteen jades.

XXXII

They harness them in sleighs for road.

The breakfast’s ready in the room.

They all kibitkas brim-full load.

All men and women raise a boom.

On jade postillion’s sitting ragged,

Emaciated, beard’s shaggy.

All servants gathered at the gate

To part with barins. Boom could fade.

They sat. The aging sleigh is sliding,

Is stilly crawling through the gate.

‘Forgive, my place, my peaceful mate!

Forgive, secluded my asylum!

But shall I see you?’ - Tanya cries

And sheds the tears from her eyes.

XXXIII

When we for better education

Will widen more all needed frames

(In times, by thorough foundation

Of philosophical best rates,

Five hundred years), roads, may be,

In all the state will change invently:

The highways Russia will unite,

Connect and cross its any side;

Cast-iron bridges over waters

Will go like a bow wide;

At any sides we’ll hills divide,

Will dig the tunnels under waters;

And christened world will have the will

To build per station own inn.

XXXIV

We haven’t any decent road,

Forgotten bridges all decay.

The bugs and fleas at stations lone

Each minute take your sleep away.

The inns are absent. Rooms are cold,

In them some hungry but high-flown

A menu hangs for order’s sake

And teases appetite in vain.

Meanwhile the Cyclops of the village

In front of dimmish forge’s light

With Russian hammer and the might

Return to sleighs the foreign image;

They bless the harmful ruts of land

And ditches of the fatherland.

XXXV

But at the time of cold winter

The drive is pleasant all the day:

Like senseless rhymes of stylish

In winter’s even every way.

Automedones all are dashing {26}

Untiring are troikas flashing.

Amusing idle gaze, all miles

Are glimpsing like a fence in eyes.

Unlucky Larina was going

(To waste the money was afraid)

Not by the post-chaise, by jade,

And my Tatyana was enjoying

Enough the boredom on the ways:

The journey took them seven days.

XXXVI

In front of them when they were near

White-stone Moscow they saw:

Like heat are shining crosses dear;

They guilded cupolas adore.

Ah, brethren! pleased I was then greatly

When many curches, each with belfry,

The gardens, chambers before me

I could at once all gathered see!

Each day in grief of separation

By fickle fate, too far from you

You, Moscow, I thought of you!

My Moscow... in this lunation

For Russian heart too much is fused

And echoed in it through muse!

XXXVII

They see encircled by its grove

Petrovsky castle. It in strain

With pride for recent fame can glow:

Napoleon waited but in vain

(Still previous happiness was feeling)

To see my Moscow just kneeling

Of old Kremlin keys to give;

But didn’t come at all to him

My Moscow with guilty feeling;

Yet neither feast and nor a gift

She had in hand: by fire heat

That hero she was meeting.

From here, deeply lost in thought,

He looked at threatening flame he got.

XXXVIII

Good-bye, the witness of past glory,

Petrovsky castle. Go on!

Of turnpike pillars white and florid

Are seen... Tverskaya gets along...

Across the pits the sleigh is speeding,

Is passing by the stalls, the women,

The lanterns, children, many shops,

A palace, gardens, cloisters, flocks

Of Buchars, sledges, kitchen-gardens,

The merchants, peasants arid the huts,

The boulevards, cossacks and the butts,

Drug-stores and towers, the garments,

The balconies; with lions gate,

While on the crosses jackdaws reign.

XXXIX, XL

To tiresome this drive, all failing,

An hour or two they gave;

At Kharitónya’s in the alley

In front of house at the gate

The sleigh has stopped; to auntie old,

Consumptive now, to behold

Her own house they have come;

The door wide open was done

By greyish Kalmyk: wears glasses

And torn a coat, socks in hands;

At inner room a cry just bangs:

Princess is ill in bed, but fusses.

In tears women have embraced

And exclamations have been raised.

XLI

- Princess, mon ange! - ‘Pachette!’- Alina! {27}

‘Who might be thinking... all the time!

For how long? My cousin dear,

Sit down... complex is the life!

My God, a scene from novels dear...’

-And that’s my daughter... Tanya, near!

‘Ah, Tanya! Dear! come to rue…

As in a dream it seems to be...

D’you, Grandison in mind yet keeping?’

What Grandison? Ah, Grandison!

Well, I remember... has he gone?

At Simeon’s he’s now Living.

He saw me at Twelfth-night sometime,

His son was married then meanwhile.

XLII

And that... but afterwards you’ll know,

Is not it true? With kin to meet

To-morrow we’ll Tanya show...

But I can hardly drag my feet,

To be with you I cannot go...

But you are tortured by the road.

Let’s come together... take a rest...

I haven’t force... is tired breast…

For me is now hard the gladness,

Not only the grief... my heart...

For nowhere am I smart...

With age the life is such a badness...’

And here she, exhausted, sad

In tears bad a cough has had.

XLIII

Of ill princess the joy, caresses

Are touching Tanya, but she feels

Quite badly at unknown places,

Accustomed to her chamber, fields.

And under curtain fine, all silky,

In her new bed she is unsleepy,

And early ringing of the bells

(Precursor of the morning works)

Nor makes get up without choosing.

At window she now sits.

The more to light the darkness fits.

In vain for fields she’s now looking:

Instead she sees unknown yard,

The fence, the kitchen, mews, a cart.

XLIV

To all of kin the dinners row

They take my Tanya every day

To each grandparent to show

Her lazyness dispersed for days.

The kin from distant places rare

Have tender welcome everywhere,

And exclamations at the board:

‘What big is Tanya! Is it not

That recently I was you christening?’

I was taking you in hands!

‘And I your ears pulled by hands!’

‘And I was gingebread you giving!’

And all grandparents exclaim:

’But how years fly away!’

XLV

In them you can’t see any changes,

They keep in patterns old gap:

Princess Helena has for ages

The same of tulle well made night cap,

Is whitening on Lukérya Lvovna,

The same yet lies Lytibóv Petróvna.

Iván Petróvich’s fool and bore,

Semyón Petróvich stints yet more;

With Pelagéya Nikolávna

The same’s monsieur, her Fine-Mouche, friend,

The same is dog, the same’s her man

Which is of club the loyal number,

Still humble, deaf like long before,

Still eats and drinks for two or more.

XLVI

My Tanya’s hugged by their daughters.

Of Moscow young graces good

At first are silent her observers,

They look at her from head to foot;

They all can find her somewhat queer

Provincial and affected creature

But somewhat pale and rather thin,

And yet she’s looking rather slim;

Submissive to the natural passion

Invite to them, become her friends,

Are kissing, tenderly press hands,

They flop her curls up to the fashion,

And all entrust in singing voice

The secrets of the maiden’s choice,

XLVII

Of others victories and own

The pranks, the hopes and the dreams.

All innocent the talkings flow;

With lie they beautify some things,

Then for the babbles due concession

To hear of her heart confession

In tender manner they agree.

But Tanya now like in dream

To their talks pays none attention,

In them she sees yet nothing smart,

And secrets of her own heart,

Her sacred tears, happy tension

Quite mutely for herself she keeps,

Of them to nobody speaks.

XLVIII

Tatyana tries to listen better

To interests of the common clash;

But in the parlour all are flattered

By such a trifle, banal trash;

In talks all’s plain, its all indifferent,

Yet slander they without interest;

In fruitless speeches drily fuse

inquiries, some gossips, news,

But none a thought for days is flashing;

At neither random nor by chance

The languid wit forever smiles;

The heart is still, its never dashing,

And even nonsense having joys

This idle world each time avoids.

XLIX

From archives coining several youngsters {28}

In throng at Tanya stiffly gaze,

By thoughts of her each one another

Unfavourably try to daze;

Of them some queer clown dismal

Her found almost ideal

And leaning mutely on the door

Is writing elegies for her,

At boring aunt’s my Tanya meeting

Once Vyasemisky in his good age {29}

Her soul managed to engage;

And near him Tatyana seeing

His wig yet smoothing by his hand

Of her inquires old man.

L

But where of Melpomen heavy

Resounds fine and drawling wail,

While she’s by tinsel gown waving

In front of her some throng to hail;

Or where Thalia’s stilly dreaming

To friendly claps yet isn’t listening;

Or where Terpsichore one

Amazes all the public young

(As well as in the old years

In time of mine and time of yours),-

They nowhere turned to her

Lornettes of jealous ladies dear

Nor tubes of stylish expert-men

From stalls and boxes ever then.

LI

They bring Tatyana to grand meeting {30}

The tightness, agitation, heat,

Of music roar, of candles gleaming,

The flash, the whirl of couples quick,

Of beauties light and fine attires,

Of people variegated choirs,

And semicircle wide of brides,-

All that at once one’s feelings strikes.

Enrolled dandies show here

The impudence and fine gillette

And unattentive smart lornette.

On leave the gussars hasten here

Themselves to show making booms,

To gleam, to charm, to fly to troops.

LII

The night has many stars, all charming;

The brightest one at heaven’s blue

Among the friends the moon’s more shining;

To Moscow all beauties flew.

But She whom I yet don’t dare

To trouble with my lyre fair,

She like the moon to shine has come

Among the wives and maids the one.

With heavenly her pride she’s touching

The earth when conies to take a rest:

Of what a languor’s full her breast?

What languid is her gaze guile charming:

But that will do; adieu is [node:

For madness tribute you have paid.

LIII

The noise, the laughter, running, bows,

Mazurka, gallop, waltz. Meanwhile

Between two aunts at column now,

Not seen by anyone that tame,

Tatyana looks but isn't. soon

To this world’s fuss she’s hatred feeling.

She’s stuffy here... In her dreams

Transfers for life among the fields,

To country, people in the groves,

To isolated dear nook

In which yet streams the clear brook,

To flowers, to all the novels,

Of linden alleys dimmish

To places where *he* then came.

LIV

Her thought is hiking everywhere,

Forgotten are the bail, the world.

Meanwhile his eyes off her can’t tear

Some general important, grand.

The aunts are winking one to other

And pushed my Tanya quickly rather,

And whispered her each one of them:

‘You look left side at those men…’

‘Left side?.. but where? what is there?’ I

‘It doesn’t matter, but you look,

D’you see, in front of that small group

The two, the uniforms they wear...

He stepped away... he turned a bit..’-

‘But who? plump general that big?’

LV

Congratulating Tanya dear

With first success at fair ring

Let’s turn the route we now here

To keep in mind of whom I sing...

Of that two words I must be speaking:

*Of young my friend I’m now singing,*

*Of multiplied his own crank.*

*You now bless long years’ work*

*My muse in ethics well embodied!*

*To me true compass now lend*

*Haphazard wander to prevent*.

Enough... and has been done the burden:

Well, I saluted classicism!

It’s late, but preface has been seen.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Fare thee well, and if for ever Still for ever, fare thee well.

*Byron*

I

That time, when in lyceum’s gardens

I flourished quickly, quite serene,

To read Apuleius I was ardent,

But Cicero I didn’t read,

That time in sacramental valleys,

At cries of swans, of spring endeavours,

At waters shining in the still,

A muse had come to me, it filled

My student’s cell; its sullen tightness

At once by rays of hers was lit,

She opened the feasts In it

And praised devices of the chillness,

And glory of the old starts,

And panting dreams of all young hearts

II

The world with smile my muse was electing,

The first success lent wings for us,

Derzhavin old us was greeting, {31}

To tomb descending blessed he us.

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III

And as a law for me imputing

Of passions tyrany unique,

With throng by passions deeply fusing,

I brought my playful muse to fit

For hot discussions of the gentry,

The terror of the midnight sentry;

To them, to their senseless feasts

She brought her fine and dear gifts,

And like the Beccant could she gamble,

With bowl sang she for the guests,

And youth of those vanished days

All after her could wildly dangle;

And I was proud among friends

Of new she-friend with windy trends.

IV

I lagged behind as their member

And ran away... She’s after me.

And how often muse my tender

Delighted silent route for me

By sorcery of story’s secrets!

At rocks of the Caucasian districts

Like young Lenore under noon {32}

With me was riding like a loom.

And often at Taurida’s beaches

She brought me in the have of night

At sea to hear for a while

Of nereid unceasing whispers,

Eternal choir or the waves,

To lord of world the hymn of praise.

V

She capital forgot at distance,

Its lustre, all its noisy feasts;

Among Moldavian dismal thickets

She visited marquees in peace

Nomadic life to better know,

Herself with them could wild she go,

And she forgot the speech of gods

For scant and queer lots and lots

Of words for songs of prairie districts...

But suddenly was changed it all:

And now in my garden small

She came at once as district mistress,

In eyes with dismal thought of brains,

Arid with a book in French in hands.

VI

First time indeed my muse just now

To worldly rout I can lead;

In all her charms, to steppes yet bound,

I can with jealous shyness poop.

Through tight a row of the grandeurs,

Of diplomats, of army dandies,

Of proud ladies yet she slips,

She now looks, but stilly sits,

Admires all the noisy tightness,

The flash of dresses and of words,

Arrival slow of the guests

In front of hostess young brightness,

Around ladies dark a frame

Of gaping, like at pictures, men.

VII

She likes the order, well-composed,

Of oligarchial the chats,

The cool of humble pride composed,

Of ages medley and of ranks.

But who is that, in throng selected,

Is standing mute and unaffected?

To all he seems to be some strange;

In front of him the faces range

Like tiresome a rank of ghosts,

In face has loftiness or spleen?

What for yet here has he been?

Who’s he? Not Eugene he’s at most?

But really? Yes, It is he...

For long has chance with us to be?

VIII

Is he the same or quiet now?

Or, as before, he plays the crank?

What kind’s he now anyhow?

And what for is can now lurid?

Will be like Melmoth? patriotic?

Cosmopolite? or has he got it?

Like Harold, Quaker will he fit?

Like hypocrite or other fig?

Or will he be a lad good natured

Like you and I, like all the world?

At least he’d my advice have held:

Refuse the modes antiquated,

Enough he fooled the whole world?

At least he’d my advice have held:

Refuse the modes antiquated.

Enough he fooled the whole world…

D’you know?... - Yes and no yet.

IX

- But why you so indisposed

Are speaking bad about him?

Because we restlessly disclose

Defects; are bustling; judge the whim?

Because uncautious ardent soul

Annoys, ridicules, as a whole

Insults all proud paltry males:

The wit them presses, needs a space?

Because we often take the talkings

For real, useful, vital things?

The folly’s wicked, giddy, needs

Grand rubbish for the grand high persons;

But persons ordinary for us

Are never strange, they fit all u.0

X

He’s blessed, who in his youth was youthful!

He’s blessed, who well in time was ripe.

Who made his life not cooled, but useful,

With years could his aims abide;

To queer dreams did not abandon,

From mob apart was never standing,

At twenty dandy was with brain,

At thirty married was with gain,

At. fifty who was liberated

From private and from other debts,

Who glory, money and the ranks

In turn and quietly effected,

Of whom they spoke till the end:

N.N. is excellent a man.

XI

Its sad to think, indeed, that vainly

The youth was given to all us,

We easily betrayed her daily

And she was cheating all of us;

That all the best and sacred wishes,

And all the fresh and pure dreamings

Have been decayed in nature’s train

Like leaves in autumn, full of rain.

Unbearable is at rout

Of mere dinners see a line

To look at life like at the rite,

And follow the decent crowd,

But yet not sharing with throng

Ideas, passions yours life long".

XII

As object of the judging noisy,

In life you’d never have a wish:

Among the people wise quite choicely

To pass for feigned a queer. fish,

Or kind of madcap; sad a version

Of some Satanic ugly person,

Or even own demon mine. {33}

Onegin (him I’ll occupy),

Who killed at duel friend his own,

Had lived without aim, this sage,

To twenty six of own age.

Was weary at leisure one

Without service, wife or deed,

By something to engage unfit.

XIII

Some kind of trouble was him teasing:

For change of places secret cue

(A highly torturing a feeling,

A voluntary cross of few).

He left with real consolation

Of woods and valleys isolation,

In which a bloody, dreadful shade

To him appeared every day.

He aimlessly began to wander,

With passions only agrees,

But all his journeys and the trips,

Like all in world, began to bother:

And he returned just to the hall

Like Chatsky: from the ship for ball. {34}

XIV

The crowd now all is waving,

A whisper through the hall has flied...

To hostess a lady’s heading,

Some plump grand general’s behind.

Her movements were unhurried, slow.

Nor cool, nor talkative is, though

She doesn’t glare at the rest,

And doesn’t claim to have success;

At people looks she, never smirking,

Without imitating tricks…

She’s still and simple at a glimpse.

She seemed to be a certain copy,

Do *comme il fa*ut… (Shishkov, forgive; {35}

can’t some good translation give).

XV

The ladies tried to her to near;

The old women smiled on her;

The men all bowed her more eager

And tried to catch the eyes of her.

The maidens tried to pass by quiet

In front of tier through hall; and higher

His nose, shoulders could raise

The general, by her amazed.

They didn’t use the word *a beauty*

To call her, but from head to foot

In her could never find a hook

To use the word on fashion’s duty,

Which they in world of London grant

To speak like vulgar, (but I can’t...

XVI

I very much this word am liking,

But cannot I this word translate,

In life with us like new it’s hiking,

And hardly will it have good fate.

In epigrams it. would be fitting...).

But let’s return to lady sitting.

With charms untroubled she is sweet;

For long at table does she sit

With brilliant Voronskaya Nina,

Of Nova Cleopatra this.

Perhaps, you would agree, that is

By marble charms unable Nina

She-neighbour her to outshine,

Herself is though dazzling, fine.

XVII

‘Indeed? - my Eugene’s now thinking, -

But is it true?.. Exactly... Not...

Why! out of the country thickets...’

Lornette his captious he has got,

Directs it constantly, each minute

At her, who by her own image

Forgotten features can remind.

‘You tell me, prince, if don’t mind,

Who’s there, crimson beret wears,

With Spanish diplomat she speaks?’,

The prince as if anew him sees:

‘I see, in world you’ve been too rare...

Well, to present you I shall try’

‘But who is she?’ She is my wife,

XVIII

‘What, you are married! didn’t know!

And how long?’ ‘Two will he fast...’

‘And whom?’ - She’s Larin’s. - ‘Tanya though!’

‘D’you know her?- ‘I’m neighbour just’.

‘Well, let us go…’ Prince then nears

His own wife (and she them hears),

Presents his friend and distant kin.

Princess is staring at him...

Despite her soul, such embarrassed,

Despite her passions being raised,

Astonished being and amazed, -

As if by nothing she was harassed:

She kept her manners quite the same,

Was quiet bow her again.

XIX

Good heavens! Never did she shudder!

Nor sudden paleness, redness has...

And no brow moved she rasher;

She didn’t even lips her press.

At her to gaze he was assidious,

But no tracks of Tanya previous

Could my Onegin now find.

To have a talk with her he tried

And… he could not. She was him asking:

For long he's here? Where from?

If their district visits on?

And then at prince she was adjusting

Her tired look and slipped away...

Unmoving, lone he’s again.

XX

Is she the same Tatyana real?

To whom he privately, in haze,

At start of novel good ideal

In thicket of a distant place,

In happy heat on moral lecture

By chance could give her like preceptor?

The same, from whom he now keeps

A letter, where heart her speaks,

And where everything’s at freedom?

The same yet girl... or its a dream?

The same yet girl, whom he in whim

Neglected then like meek for wisdom?

Indeed she now could behave

Indifferently, could be brave?

XXI

He now leaves the noisy rout.

He goes home, has to think;

And now sullen, now harmful

Ideas trouble late his dream.

Aid he awoke; they are bringing

A letter: him prince N. is bidding

For evening party... ‘Lord! to her!..

Yes, I shall come, I’ll come!’ - before

His lunch him answered with politeness.

What happened, what a strange a dreamt

What has been moved inside of him,

In soul lazy, cool, delightless?

Annoyance? bustle? or anew

Some love - the trouble of the youth?

XXII

Again his time Onegin counts,

Again the day is dragging forth;

It’s striking ten; he’s driving out.

He’s flying... now he’s at porch.

He trembles... to princess he’s coming;

His Tanya lone he is finding\_

Together for a time they sit.

Are silent. Not a word can slip

Away from Eugene’s lips; morose,

He’s awkward, hardly has he force

To answer her. To him occurs

A stubborn, rude idea though,

And stubbornly he looks; but she

Is sitting quietly, she’s free.

XXIII

Her husband comes. He is suspending

This quite unpleasant tete-a-tete.

And with Onegin’s recollecting

Some jokes, pranks of old date,

They laugh; the guests are now coming.

And by the salt of worlds backbiting

Has been enlivened all the talk;

In front of hostess light rot

Without mincing style was shining,

But interrupted was meanwhile

By prudent talk without trite,

E ternal morals, prigs surviving,

And didn’t frighten anyone

By natural vividness and fun,

XXIV

The capital’s high pick was there,

Of fashion patterns, the elite.

The persons, known everywhere,

And wanted fools for trampling feet.

Some old ladies had been seated,

All capped, with roses, looked wicked;

They had invited several maids

With never smiling, sullen face;

Of State the envoy always spoke

About needs, the State had had;

With fragrant, all grey-haired head

An old man said old jokes,

All line and clever at his date,

A bit ridiculous to-day.

XXV

For epigrams was always greedy

With everything quite cross a Dan;

With Lea, that’s given him too sweety;

With ladies’ flatness; tunes of men;

With talks about novel hazy;

With symbol, making sisters crazy; {36}

With war; with magazine’s white lie;

With snow and with own wife,

Forbidding goddess, guile inventive,

Of reigning, sumptuous Neva fine.

But people! all you are alike

Your ancestor, called Eve, foremother:

What’s given, hardly it involves,

But constantly the Dragon calls

To him for tree, mysterious rather:

Forbidden fruit to have you’d like,

Or Eden to itself’s unlike.

XXVIII

But how greatly Tanya’s altered!

Her role how firmly played,

And could of high oppressive order

All manners quickly imitate!

And who would look for maiden tender

In this majestic casual manner

Of legislator of the halls?

And he inspired her at dawns!

Sometimes of him in midnight hazes,

Untill yet Morpheus, she believes,

Would come, she innocently grieves,

Her languid eyes to moon she raises;

And dreams, that she with him as wife

Will pass the peaceful mute of life!

XXIX

For love all ages are submissive

But to the innocent young heart

It is benevolent, releasing,

Like vernal storms in fields make start

The first in life the stormy passions,

And they give birth to new impressions,

Then life almighty brings the good:

A pompous bloom arid costly fruit,

But if the age is late and fruitless

At natural turn of life for rack,

Is sad of passions dead a track;

This way the storms of autumn coolness

Convert the meadows to pools

And bare, leafless make the woods.

XXX

Alas! my Eugene, no doubts,

With Tanya is in love like child;

In languish of the loving bounds

He’s spending now day and night.

Of sense precautions never heeding,

To her glass porch too close speeding,

Arrives he now every day;

Her follows like own shade:

He’s happy now just to throw

On shoulders her fluffy wrap,

Or, like in fever, can he get

A touch of hand, or helps to go

Through thickened crowd of the guests,

Or handkerchief picks up with jests.

XXXI

To him she doesn’t pay attention,

You strive or die, it is the same:

At home meets without tension,

At visits two-three words would say

With more bow can be meeting,

Sometimes at all him isn’t seeing;

For flirt she never gives a hint -

For that high world is never fit.

To loose his colour he’s beginning:

She doesn’t see or she’s too hard!?

Onegin’s pining, feels a smart,

He seems to be consumption feeling.

To doctors he is being sent.

The doctors him to waters send.

XXXII

He doesn’t go, ready now

To write to ancestors: to hail

Before arrival; anyhow

She isn’t bothered (that’s female!);

But he is stubborn: to renounce

Unfit, yet hopes, hustles; bounce

More brave than sound man, a grand

His message wants to send: weak hand

A passionate epistle’s writing.

In letters though he again

Sees no use (and not in vain).

But hearty pain to be abiding

Became alredy quite inapt.

His letter’s here, quite exact.

*Eugene’s letter to Tatyana*

I can foresee: you’ll be abused

By sad and secret explanation.

With scornful bitter contemplation

Your proud look will me refuse!

But what I’d want? what task am aiming

By opening my heart. to you?

To what malicious merry-making,

It may be, give a cause for you!

By chance I met you long ago.

A spark of tenderness you showed.

I didn’t dare to believe:

Cave no start to habits dear,

As I to loose my freedom feared

Which’s hateful to my own will.

But something more us separated...

Unlucky victim, Lensky’s gone...

From everything to me legated,

I had my heart for ever torn;

By nothing bound, I’m a stranger:

I thought: the freedom, peace for me

Replace the fortune. Goodness me!

What blunder! I’m a punished ranger.

To see you more to have a chance.

To follow you everywhere;

The smile of lips, the move of eyes

To catch by loving eyes somewhere;

For long to hear, understand

Perfections yours, all them confessing

In front of you in pangs to stand,

To pale, to fade... That is the blessing?

I’ve been deprived of that; I race,

At hazard after you I’m dangling:

I prize my hours, my days:

But I’m in idle boredom wasting

By fate all counted my days,

All painful are they nowadays,

I see: my age is short: to cure

My life for every other day,

From morning forth I must be sure,

That I shall see you just to-day.

I dread: in my submissive prayers

You’ll see by strict, severe gaze

Some scornful, cunning, idle ventures, -

Your angry blame I grasp in haze.

If you could know, what’s diminished

To languish in the thirst for love,

In flame by wit to cool each minute

The agitation in the blood;

For long to wish, your knees embracing,

And weeping at your dear feet,

Entreaties and confessions making,

To speak of anything I feel,

Meanwhile with cold sham to dare

To force the speech and look with mock

To go on with calm a talk,

To fix at you the joyful stare!..

But let it go: at this rate

To strive against myself alone

I can’t I am at will your own

And I give up to all my fate.

XXXIII

But no answer... He is seeking

New ways. The second day, the third

Without answer. He for meeting

Arrived; is coming... just has got

To meet princess. But what severe!

He’s not been seen, none word from dear;

Ooh! What encirclement she has

Of christening coldness, princess!

To try to keep the indignation

Her bps, such stubborn, now want!

Onegin’s fixing eyes upon;

Where are compassions, perturbation?

Of tears tracks?.. But none she had!

Her face but has of wrath a track...

XXXIV

And may be tracks of secret fear

Of own husband and of world

For pranks or weakness of the dear...

(That’s all he knew in own world...)

And no hope!... full of sadness,

He now curses own madness.

In it immersed, he there quite

The whole world again denied,

And in his own study silent

Remembered times, when after him

Severe anguish, called a spleen,

Was seeking in the world unquiet,

And took him by the scruff of neck

And in a gloomy corner kept.

XXXV

Again promiscuosly he’s reading…

Has read all Gibbon and Rousseau,

Manzony, Herder; was re-reading

Madame de Stael, Bichat, Tissot,

From Bade that sceptical was reading,

With works of Fontanelle was meeting.

Of Russian works he something read,

Rejecting nothing for effect;

The almanacs and all the journals

In which to us they lectures give,

In which they all are cursing me;

Some kinds of madrigals, not oral,

To me I met sometimes in them!

*E sempre bene*, gentlemen! (37)

XXXVI

And what? His eyes the books were reading,

But all his thoughts were far away;

Desires, sorrows, some dreamings

In soul crowded each day.

To him among the lines all printed

His eyes in spirit always hinted

At other kinds of lines. To them

He paid his all attention then.

They were some secret good traditions

Of tender, shady old age:

The dreams, not bound with this day,

The threats, the talkings and predictions,

Some lively rots in long a tale

Or hearty letters of young maid.

XXXVII

And by degrees to sleep he’s reading

His passions, thoughts, his own wit:

In front of him gay fancy’s giving

His Pharaoh, and tries to fit;

He sees some smelted snow; now,

As if he sleeps in some doss-house,

A youth unmoving lies on it;

He hears voices: ‘Well, he’s killed...’

Or can he see forgotten foes,

Some cravens, slanderers, a swarm

Of traitresses quite young at all,

Of mates despised a circle close;

Or village house - at the pane

Is sitting she.., and she again!,.

XXXIII

He so used to live in visions

That he could go mad quite free

Or could be poet with reasons

(And I confess - could favour me).

Indeed, by magnetism’s all forces

The mechanism of Russian verses

To grasp that time he had a chance,

But as a student he’s a dunce.

He real bard resented there,

When all alone, lost in haze,

In front of flaming fire-place

Was *Benedetta* purring fair {38}

Or *Idol mio*; dropped by chance {39}

On fire journals or his pumps.

XXXIX

The days were speeding; heated air

Could mean: the spring is coining fine;

He couldn’t be a bard for ever,

He didn’t go mad or die,

The spring enlightened him, and now

From dosed chambers he gets out,

In which for winter had a place.

Storm windows, the fire-place

At clear morning he is leaving,

In sledge along the river flies.

On blue, with slashes covered, ice

The sun is gay; the snow’s filthy

In heaps, forgotten in the streets.

But where now through them speeds

XL

My dashing Eugene? You are guessing

To know; you are quite exact:

At Tanya tries to be impressing

My unreclaimed yet now crank.

Comes in, of dead has strong resemblance.

None soul’s seen in rooms at entrance...

For her he’s looking on... for nought...

He opened a door." And what.

Surprises deeply all his reeling?

Princess, undone yet before him

Alone’s sitting, pale and thin,

She is some letter now reading,

And sheds of tears stilly stream,

Her cheek on hand she has to lean.

XLI

Ah, who would not her silent feelings

At this quick moment have read!

And who that poor Tanya previous

In this princess could not have met!

In languish of unwitting pities

Onegin quickly at her feel is...

She has been shuddered, but is mute,

She eyes Onegin as some good,

She’s not astonished, hasn’t anger...

His morbid and quite dying look,

A mute reproach, begging looks, -

All that she grasps. A simple maiden

With dreams and heart of old days

In her this time again could raise.

XLII

To get him up she isn’t asking,

Not taking eyes off all his head

Does not remove from lips his gasping

Her quite insensible small hand...

About what she’s now dreaming?

Too long the silence’s now seeming...

And stilly does she say at last:

‘Enough, get up, I now must

Explain to you, do it frankly.

You must remember that day time,

When in the garden’s alley fine

The fate us brought together; sadly

To lesson yours attended I,

To-day, you see, the turn is mine.

XLIII

‘Onegin, then I was much younger

And, seems to me, much more was fine,

I loved you, I for love had hunger,

But what in all your heart could find?

Severity instead of kindness;

Indeed, for you was neither tidings

Of humble girl some secret love?

But now - God! - is cooling blood

As soon as I recall your stare

And that your homily... But I

Can’t now blame: that dreadful time

To be more honest could you dare;

To me that time you were quite right,’

To you is grateful soul mine...

XLIV

‘But then... or it not true?.. in desert,

From fussy rumours being far,

You didn’t like me; What has happened,

That after me you now are?

And me you have in view... What purpose?

Is it because in higher circles

Each other day be seen I must,

That I am rich in wealthy caste?

In actions husband’s mutilated,

And us for that at court caress?

Or that’s because all my disgrace

Would eyes attract to you, belated,

And in the world could help to back

Seductive though small respect?

XLV

‘I weep... If that your Tanya old

Till now you could not forget,

Your pricks of swear, you must know,

Your strict and cool severe chat

(If I had right for some decisions)

I would prefer to slighting feelings,

To all these letters, tears, deeds...

That time to all my childish dreams

You had, I saw, some little pity,

Some small respect to age, at least...

But nowadays... explain the gist;

To feet of mine what is you leading?

And how, with your heart and mind,

To he the slave of sense, not kind?

XLVI

‘To me, Onegin, all this splendour,

This tinsel of repelling life,

And my in life success at random,

My stylish place, the guests till night,

What’s use? I would with joy allow

To give this masquerade by now,

This noise, the lustre and the crooks,

For wild a garden, shelves of books,

For that at distance poor dwelling,

For place, in which the first toy time,

I saw, Onegin, you in life.

For cemetry, eternal setting

In shade of branch some simple cross

On grave of dear, poor nurse.

XLVII

‘And happiness was not unlikely,

And so near! But my fate

Decided is. Incautious, likely,

I was, but me could supplicate

My mother in her bitter tears

Implored to yield; for Tanya here

All lots that time became alike;

And then I married, I would like

To ask you: leave, do not be funny.

You know, in your heart I find

Some real honour and the pride.

I love you (why should I be cunning?).

They’ve made me marry other man;

And I’ll be true to him till end!

XLVIII

She went away. My Eugene’s standing

As if by thunder has been struck,

To what a storm of sudden sensing

At heart he now has to duck!

But jingle of the spurs he hears,

Tatyana’s husband just appears,

And thus my hero grin;

At minute, difficult for him,

My reader, well he now leaving

For long, for ever. Alter him

Enough in common way with him

We wandered in the world. My greetings!

Hurra! we all have reached the land.

Indeed, for long should have the end!

XLIX

Whatever are you, dear reader,

A friend or not, I’d like with you

To part Eke friend, but real, eager.

Forgive! What for would ever view

You all my slipshod stanzas here:

For recollections restless dear;

For quiet leisure after work;

For lively pictures, salted word;

For my mistakes in Russian grammar, -

Help God to find in all this book

Amusements or for dreams a nook,

Some thoughts for heart, for journal’s clamour

A mere hit from all I’d give.

Arid thus we now part, forgive!

L

My travelling mate, I beg your pardon;

My true ideal, you forgive!

You, constant vivid job, could harden

My slender force, to me could give

All envied by the hard, yet living!

In worldly storms - of life oblivion,

Of dear friends a pretty chat.

But many days away could get

Since young Tatyana at some hovel

With Eugene, in my hazy dream,

First time appeared at the rim

Of outlines of my free novel.

Through magic crystal I could not

Myself discern all their lot.

LI

But they, to whom at friendly meeting

My first of stanzas could I cite...

Are not, or far away are living,

As Sadi said before I write.

Without them Onegm’s pictured.

And she, that young and lovely creature;

Ideal image, Tanya’s rhyme...

Ah, many were by fate denied!

He’s blessed, who feast of life was leaving

In time, not drinking to the end

All wine from goblet at his hand

Was not till end life’s novel reading,

But suddenly could part from it,

As I from my Onegin did,

THE END

*Translator’s Notes*

1. Pushkin was exiled then to the South

2. «vale» - good-bye (Lat.)

3. a man hat a la Bolivar

4. Breget was a well-known watch-maker in France

5. the freedom is female in Russian

6. «far mente» idleness (It.)

7. guessing song foretells one’s fortune

8. is used to remind of dead kinsfolk

9. Veber’s opera «Magical rifleman»

10. what will you write on these leaflets... all yours Annetta (Fr.)

11. one quater of a leaflet (It.)

12. a Russian poet, a friend of Pushkin

13. Byron, who swimmed across Dardanelles (ancient Hellespont)

14. it means «twilight» in French

15. Vyazemsky’s verse «The first snow»

16. Baratynsky’s verse about winter

17. the first song foretells death, the second one foretells wedding

18. thus to know the future husband’s name

19. Lel is a cupid in Russian fables

20. You, beauty, wake up from sleep (Fr.)

21. But times are different! (Lat.)

22. one of Pushkin’s friends

23. Lepage - well known gunsmith

24. V.A. Levshin - Russian writer, Priam - *(fig.)* head of families

25. a small statue of Napoleon

26. Automedone - Achilles’ coachman

27. Pachette is Russian name Pasha in French

28. from Archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs

29. well known Russian prince, poet, critic

30. «Noble Assembly» of noble people

31. the most known Russian poet of that time

32. «Lenore’ - a ballad by Burger

33. a hint at A.S,Pushkin’s verse «Demon»

34 main person of A.S.Griboyedov’s comedy in verse «A woe due to wit»

35. «Du comme il faut» - decent one (Fr.) Shishkov A.S. - Russian Academy Head

36. a golden sign with diamonds was given to the maids of honour of the empress

37. that’s excellent (It.)

38. blessed is (It.)

39. my idol (It.)

**Коз 59**

**Козлов С.Н.**

Евгений Онегин (перевод на англ. яз.)

М.: - издатрльство «Союз», 1994 - 150 с.

ISBN 5-7139-0031-2

*Компьютерный набор С.Н. Козлов*

*Верстка О.А. Петровой*

**ЛП N 020658 от 12.10.92**

Подписано в печать с опигинал-макета 15.11.94. Формат 60 х 84/16.

Бумага офсетная. Печать офсетная. Гарнитура Балтика. Уч.-изд.л. 3.4.

Тираж 300 экз. Заказ

Издательство «Союз» Московского государственного социального университета.

107150, г. Москва, ул.Лосиноостровская, 24.

Отпечатено в издательстве «СОЮЗ»

1. \* Being pierced by vanity he has also some especial pride that makes him recognize with equal indifference both good and bad actions, - the result of his feeling of superiority, may be imaginary.From a private letter. (Fr.) [↑](#footnote-ref-1)