**English Versions of Pushkin’s *The Bronze Horseman***

**А.С. Пушкин, *Медный всадник* по-английски**

«Переводчики почтовые лошади просвещения»

***Similar information about Eugene Onegin [Евгений Онегин] is available at***

http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/onegin/index.htm

**Pushkin** *A.S. Pushkin: The Bronze Horseman, Edited with notes, bibliography & vocabulary* by Michael Basker, Bristol: Bristol Classical Press 2000. ISBN 9781853995750. Previous version by T.E. Little, Bristol: Bristol Classical Press 1974. ISBN 1853992453. The Russian text is at  
http://rvb.ru/pushkin/01text/02poems/01poems/0795.htm

1. **Alaev** Translation by Alexei Alaev from YouTube (uploaded 29 Dec 2011) athttps://www.youtube.com/watch?v=olU1C86D0Po *Partial verse translation of lines 44–92.*
2. **Arndt\_93** From George Gibian (ed.), *The Portable Nineteenth-Century Russian Reader*, New York, NY: Penguin, 1993, 8-21; this poem translated by Walter Arndt [1916–2011]; notes from this edition. Formerly on the web at  
   http://www.piperry.net/travel/eastbloc/russia/petersburg/center/isaac/index\_bronzehorseman.htm  
   and now on the web at  
   http://honorshistoryseminar.edublogs.org/files/2007/10/pushkin-bronze-horseman.pdf  
   The version in *Alexander Pushkin: Collected Narrative and Lyrical Poetry, Translated in the Prosidic Forms of the Original by Walter Arndt*, Ann Arbor, MI: Ardis 1984 is apparently identical save for the use of “Eugene” in place of “Yevgeny” throughout.  
   *Complete verse translation*.
3. **Bonver** Translation by Yevgeny Bonver [Евгений Бонвер] in 2004–2005 http://www.poetryloverspage.com/poets/pushkin/bronze\_horseman.html  
   *Complete verse translation*.
4. **Briggs** From A[nthony] D[avid] P[each] Briggs, *Alexander Pushkin, Selected and Edited by A.D.P. Briggs*, London: J.M. Dent 1997. ISBN 046087862X. *Complete verse translation*.
5. **Coxwell** From C[harles] Fillingham Coxwell [1856–1940], *Russian Poems*, London: The C.W. Daniel Company 1929. *Complete verse translation*.
6. **Dewey** “A.S. Pushkin, The Bronze Horseman: A St Petersburg Story, Translated by John Dewey [1942–    ],” *Translation and Literature* **7** (1998 March), 59–71. *Complete verse translation*.
7. **Elton** From Oliver Elton [1861–1945], *The Slavonic and East European Review*, **13** (37) (1934 July), 2–14, reprinted in *Verse from Pushkin and Others*, London: Edward Arnold 1935. Reprinted Westport, CT: Greenwood Press 1971. ISBN 9780837148229. Also to be found in Wacław Lednicki [1891–1967], Pushkin’s Bronze Horseman: The Story of a Masterpiece, Berkeley, CA: University of California Press 1955. ISBN 9780313204821. On the web at http://www.csus.edu/indiv/g/grayj/r120/bronzehorseman.pdf  
   *Complete verse translation*.
8. **Fennell** From John [Lister Illingworth] Fennell [1918–1992], *Pushkin*, Harmondsworth and Baltimore: Penguin 1964. ISBN 1853991732.*Complete prose translation*.
9. **Garnett** From *The Garnett Book of Russian Verse*, ed. Donald Rayfield et al., London: the Garnett Press 1999. ISBN 0953587827.*Partial prose translation; Part Two, lines 404–455*.
10. **Jarintzov** From Nadine Jarintzov [1870–19??], *Russian poets and poems, “classics” and “moderns”, with an introduction on Russian versification*, with a preface by Jane Harrison. Oxford: B.H. Blackwell 1917, pp. 110–112. On the web at  
    https://archive.org/details/russianpoetsand00jarigoog  
    *Partial verse translation; Introduction, lines 1–90*.
11. **Johnston** From *Narrative Poems by Alexander Pushkin & Mikhail Lermontov*, Translated by [Sir] Charles [Hepburn-]Johnston [1912–1986], New York, NY: Random House 1979, reprinted in *Talk about the Last Poet ...*, Charles Johnston, London: Bodley Head 1981, ISBN 370304349, and in *The Complete Works of Alexander Pushkin, Volume Five: The Bronze Horseman and Other Narrative Verse*, Downham Market: Milner and Company 2000 (in the latter the first word of every line is capitalized), ISBN 0907681085.  
    *Complete verse translation*.
12. **Kayden** *From*‘Pushkin’s “The bronze horseman”’, Eugene M[ark]. Kayden [1886–1977], *Colorado Quarterly* **19** (3) (1971 Winter), 307–320. *Complete verse translation.*
13. **Langran** *Rusland Advanced Russian; A.S. Pushkin — The Bronze Horseman*. A recording of the poem by Igor Bunakov. Production and translation by John Langran. Recorded in Moscow at FM Division Studios. Birmingham: Ruslan Russian Language Services 2004. ISBN 1899785302. *Complete prose translation*.
14. **Lowenfeld** *From* Julian Henry Lowenfeld**,** *My Talisman, The poetry and life of Alexander Pushkin: Translated with Commentary, and a Biography of Pushkin,* , New York, NY: Green Lamp Press 2010. On the web at http://alexanderpushkin.com/content/view/84/36/ *Partial verse translation: Introduction, lines 1–91.*
15. **Mitchell** Translation by Stanley Mitchell of Introduction (lines 1–96) in Robert Chandler, Boris Dralyuk and Irina Mashinski (ed.), *The Penguin Book of Russian Poetry*, London, etc.: Penguin Random House 2015, ISBN 978-0-141-19830-9. *With Wood (see below) this forms a complete verse translation.*
16. **Nabokov** *From*Vladimir [Vladimirovich] Nabokov [Владимир Владимирович Набоков], [1899–1977], *Three Russian Poets: Selections from Pushkin, Lermontov and Tyutchev*, Norfolk, CT: New Directions 1945, reprinted in *Verses and Versions: Three Centuries of Russian Poetry*, Orlando, FL, etc.: Harcourt 2008. *Partial verse translation: Introduction, lines 75–83 and Part One, lines 98–111.*
17. **Noon** Alistair Noon [1970–    ], *Alexander Pushkin: The Bronze Horseman*, Sheffield: Longbarrow Press 2010. On the web at  
    http://www.saltpublishing.com/horizon/issues/02/text/noon\_alistair\_translation.htm  
    *Complete verse translation*.
18. **Obolensky** From [Sir] D[imitri] Obolensky [Дмитрий Дмитриевич Оболенский] [1918–2001] (ed.), *The Penguin Book of Russian Verse*, Harmondsworth: Penguin 1962, reprinted as *The Heritage of Russian Verse*, Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press 1976.*Partial prose translation; Introduction, lines 1–91*.
19. **Powell-Jones** Robert Powell-Jones [1954–1998] , *Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin: The bronze horseman introduced and translated by Robert Powell-Jones, with a foreword by John Bayley*. Settrington: Stone Trough Books 1999. ISBN 0952953498.  
    *Complete verse translation*.
20. **Thomas** From D[onald] M[ichael] Thomas [1935–    ], *Alexander Pushkin: The Bronze Horseman and Other Poems* London: Secker and Warburg, Harmondsworth: Penguin and New York, NY: Viking 1982. *Complete verse translation*.
21. **Tomlinson/Gifford** From ‘Alexander Pushkin/The Bronze Horseman’, Charles Tomlinson and Henry Gifford, *PN Review* 16 (Volume 7 number 2) (1980), 10–11. *Partial verse translation: Introduction (complete, i.e. lines 1–96). The extract concludes ‘[to be continued]’ but it seems that this is all that appeared.*
22. **Turner\_82** From Charles Edward Turner [1831–1903], *Studies in Russian Literature*, London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington 1882; reprinted by Elibron Classics 2005, ISBN 1421210231.  
    Turner entitles the poem “The Bronze Cavalier”.  
    *Partial verse translation; Part One, Lines 226–259 (end of Part One), Part Two, lines 320–324 and lines 396–455*.
23. **Turner\_99** From Charles Edward Turner [1831–1903], *Translations from Poushkin in Memory of the Hundredth Anniversary of the poet’s birthday*, St Petersburg: K.L. Ricker, Nevsky Prospect and London: Sampson Low, Marston & Company, Fetter Lane. 1899. On the web at  
    http://www.archive.org/stream/translationsfrom00pushuoft/translationsfrom00pushuoft\_djvu.txt  
    Turner entitles the poem “The Bronze Cavalier”.  *Complete verse translation*.
24. **Wilson** From Edmund Wilson [1895–1972], *The Triple Thinkers: Twelve Essays on Literary Subjects* Oxford: University Press 1939, London: John Lehmann 1952 and Harmondsworth: Penguin 1962. *Complete prose translation*.
25. **Wood** Translation by AntonyWood of Parts I & II (lines 97–481) in Robert Chandler, Boris Dralyuk and Irina Mashinski (ed.), *The Penguin Book of Russian Poetry*, London, etc.: Penguin Random House 2015, ISBN 978-0-141-19830-9. *With Mitchell (see above) this forms a complete verse translation.*
26. **Zheleznova** From *Alexander Pushkin: Selected Works in Two Volumes, Volume One: Poetry*, Moscow: Raduga 1974, translation by Irina Zheleznova [Ирина Железнова]; part of this translation, viz. Introduction (complete), Part One, lines 167–201 and 220–259 can also be found in *Russian 19th Century Verse*, ed. Irina Zheleznova, Moscow: Raduga 1983.  
    *Complete verse translation*.

**Bibliography**

*A List of Works by and about Pushkin* Compiled by the Slavonic Division, Edited, with an Introduction by Avraham Yarmolinsky, New York: The New York Public Library 1937. On the web at http://feb-web.ru/feb/pushkin/biblio/pie/pie-001-.htm; Microsoft Word version available at yarmolinsky\_bibliography.docx.

*Encyclopedia of Literary Translation Into English*, Volume 2: M–Z, edited by O. Classe, Routledge 2000. A Microsoft version of the entry on Pushkin, taken from http://www.books.google.co.uk, can be found at enc\_lit\_trans.docx.

can be found at eng\_lit\_trans.docx

**Microsoft Word Versions of the Original and Some Translations**

These have been adapted from the web sites quoted above.

* [Russian text](http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/bronze_horseman/pushkin.docx)
* [Alaev](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=olU1C86D0Po)
* [Arndt\_93](http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/bronze_horseman/arndt_93.docx)
* [Bonver](http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/bronze_horseman/bonver.docx)
* [Elton](http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/bronze_horseman/elton.docx)
* [Jarintzov](http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/bronze_horseman/jarintzov.docx)
* [Turner\_82](http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/bronze_horseman/turner_82.docx)

**Chronological Order**

1. Turner 1882
2. Turner 1899
3. Jarintzov 1917
4. Coxwell 1929
5. Elton 1934
6. Nabokov 1945
7. Wilson 1952
8. Obolensky 1962
9. Fennell 1964
10. Kayden 1971
11. Arndt 1972
12. Zheleznova 1974
13. Johnston 1979
14. Tomlinson/Gifford 1980
15. Thomas 1982
16. Arndt 1993
17. Briggs 1997
18. Dewey 1998
19. Powell-Jones 1999
20. Garnett 1999
21. Langran 2004
22. Bonver 2004–2005
23. Noon 2010
24. Lowenfeld 2010
25. Alaev 2011
26. Mitchell 2015
27. Wood 2015

**The Overall Structure of the Poem**

*The Bronze Horseman* consists of 481 lines. It is divided into an Introduction of 96 lines, Part I with 163 lines (lines 97–259) and Part II with 222 lines (lines 260–481). Metrically, it is entirely in iambic tetrameter.

**Detailed Poetic Structure**

A full discussion of the poetic form can be found in Chapter 2 of Andrew Kahn, *Pushkin’s The Bronze Horseman*, London: Bristol Classical Press 1998. ISBN 1853994448.

**Mickiewicz**

An English translation of Adam Mickiewicz’s *Digression (Ustęp)* from *Forefather’s Eve (Dziady)*, Part III, is available at

http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/bronze\_horseman/digression.htm

**Audio version**

An audio (mp3) version (22.09 minutes long) of the poem read by S. Leont’ev (С. Леонтьев) can be found at http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/bronze\_horseman/audio.mp3.

**Music**

There is a ballet by Reinhold Glière [Реингольд Морицович Глиэр] (1874–1956) subsequently arranged as a suite, Op. 89a, available on YouTube at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q6j5FMCIvvQ

**Early references to Pushkin in English**

Two of the earliest references to Pushkin in English occur in reviews as follows:

* *Westminster Revi*ew, 1/1 (January 1824) pp. 80-101 (attributed in some sources to John Bowring); see

http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/bronze\_horseman/anon\_1824.pdf

* *The Foreign Review and Contemporary Miscellany*, 2/4 (1828), pp. 279-309; see

http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/bronze\_horseman/anon\_1828.docx or

http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/bronze\_horseman/anon\_1828.pdf

**Original and Translations of lines 43–58**

**Pushkin**

Люблю тебя, Петра творенье,   
Люблю твой строгий, стройный вид,   
Невы державное теченье,   
Береговой ее гранит,   
Твоих оград узор чугунный,   
Твоих задумчивых ночей   
Прозрачнчыь сумрак, блеск безлунный,   
Когда в комнате моей   
Пишу, читаю без лампады,   
И ясны спящие громады   
Пустинных улиц, и светла   
Адмиралтейская игла,   
И, не пуская тьму ночную   
Спешит, дав ночи полчаса.

1. **Alaev**

I love this, Peter’s great creation,

I love its strict and shapely look,

Its river sovereign flotation,

Its granite covered outlook,

The iron patterns of its fencing line,

The thoughtful glitter of its night transparent dusk,

The moonlight shine

When in my quarters with delight

I read and write without light

And buildings glittering with might on sleeping streets

And in the middle, the Admiralty’s proud needle.

And not allowing the darkness to settle on the golden skies

The early dawn is very wise

To start its gorgeous daily rise.

1. **Arndt 1972**

I love you, Peter’s creation,   
I love your austere, comely look,   
Nevá’s majestic flow,   
The granite of her banks,   
The iron pattern of your railings,   
Of your pensive nights   
The translucent twilight, the moonless sheen,   
When in my room I   
Write [or] read without a lamp,   
And clear there show the slumbering expanses   
Of deserted streets, and brightly shines   
The needle of the Admiralty [spire],   
From the golden skies,   
One dawn hurries to relieve the other   
Allowing half-an-hour to night.

1. **Arndt 1993**

I love thee, Peter’s own creation,   
I love thy stern and comely face,   
Nevá’s majestic perfluctation,   
Her bankments’ granite carapace,   
The patterns laced by iron railing,   
And of thy meditative night   
The lucent dusk, the moonless paling;   
When in my room I read and write   
Lampless, and street on street stand dreaming,   
Vast luminous gulfs, and, slimly gleaming,   
The Admiralty’s needle bright;   
And rather than let darkness smother   
The lustrous heavens’ golden light,   
One twilight glow speeds on the other   
To grant but half an hour to night.

1. **Bonver**

I love you, Peter’s great creation,   
I love your view of stern and grace,   
The Neva wave’s regal procession,   
The grayish granite - her bank’s dress,   
The airy iron-casting fences,   
The gentle transparent twilight,   
The moonless gleam of your nights restless,   
When I so easy read and write   
Without a lamp in my room lone,   
And seen is each huge buildings’ stone   
Of the left streets, and is so bright   
The Admiralty spire’s flight,   
And when, not letting the night’s darkness   
To reach the golden heaven’s height,   
The dawn after the sunset hastens –   
And a half-hour’s for the night.

1. **Briggs**

O, Peter’s work. I love you so!   
love your stateliness and strength.   
The Neva’s soft majestic flow.   
The granite bordering her length,   
Your iron railings’ strong design.   
And through the thoughtfulness of night   
Your limpid twilight’s moonless shine.   
When in my room I stay to write   
Or sit, without a lamp, to read.   
The sleeping streets shine clear indeed.   
Vast masses emptied of their people;   
Bright, too, the Admiralty steeple.   
The darkness is denied possession   
Of this, the golden firmament;   
Dawn follows dawn in swift succession;   
Night’s borrowed half-hour soon is spent.

1. **Coxwell**

I love thee, Peter’s great creation,   
And, cause of endless admiration,   
Neva’s commanding, sovereign stream,   
With ample banks of strength supreme:   
I love thy ramparts’ strict design,   
Thy pensive nights so light and fine   
That, in my room, I hardly need   
A friendly lamp to write and read.   
I pass great buildings, and yet meet   
No movement in the sleeping street.   
How bright’s the Admiralty spire,   
So much than other buildings higher!   
Then, as I walk, the heavens change:   
So brief a night is passing strange.

1. **Dewey**

O how I love you, Peter’s daughter!   
Your aspect, graceful yet austere;   
Nevá’s augustly flowing water   
And granite banks: these I hold dear;   
Your railings, finely ornamented;   
Your pensive nights of moonless light   
And lambent dusk, when I, contented,   
Sit in my room and read and write   
Without a lamp, while in the nearly   
Deserted streets huge buildings clearly   
Loom up, asleep; and solar fire   
Plays on the Admiralty spire;   
And Dusk directly (as if plotting   
To keep the golden skies alight)   
Hands on the torch to Dawn, allotting   
A brief half-hour to cheated Night.

1. **Elton**

I love thee, city of Peter’s making;   
I love thy harmonies austere,   
And Neva’s sovran waters breaking   
Along her banks of granite sheer;   
Thy tracery iron gates; thy sparkling,   
Yet moonless, meditative gloom   
And thy transparent twilight darkling;   
And when I write within my room   
Or, lampless, read, then, sunk in slumber,   
The empty thoroughfares, past number,   
Are piled, stand clear upon the night;   
The Admiralty spire is bright;   
Nor may the darkness mount, to smother   
The golden cloudland of the light,   
For soon one dawn succeeds another   
With barely half-an-hour of night.

1. **Fennell**

I love you, city of Peter’s creation, I love your stern, harmonious aspect, the majestic flow of the Neva, her granite banks, the iron tracery of your railings, the transparent twilight and the moonless gleam of your pensive nights, when in my room I write or read without a lamp, and the slumbering masses of your deserted streets shine clearly, and the Admiralty spire is luminous, and, without letting the dark of night on to the golden sides, one dawn hastens to relieve another, granting night a mere half-hour.

1. **Garnett**

*Since lines 43–58 are not in this version, we quote the translation of lines 404–423:*  
  
Evgenii shuddered. In him thoughts clarified frighteningly. He had recognised the place where the flood had played, where predatory waves had crowded, rebelling viciously around him, and the lions and the square and him *[Peter the Great]* who motionless rose up with his bronze head in the gloom, him by whose fateful will the city had been founded below sea level... He is horrible in the surrounding gloom! What a thought in his brow! What strength concealed in him! And in this horse what fire! Where are you galloping, proud steed, and where will you drop your hooves? O powerful commander of destiny! Did you not thus over the abyss itself, on a height, with iron bridle, raise up Russia onto its hind legs?

1. **Jarintzov**

I love thee, Peter’s own creation;   
I love thy stiff and stately sight,   
Broad Neva’s powerful fluxation,   
Her great embankments’ granite might,   
Inwrought designs of iron gateways,   
Thy still, transparent, thoughtful nights   
When soft and silvery moonless glimmer   
Enters my room—and, without lights,   
I read and write past midnight chiming,   
While, clear cut, sleep the giant buildings   
Along the empty streets, and higher   
Soars bright, the Admiralty spire.   
And, the deep dark of night not letting   
Touch the gold skies, the dawn of day   
To take the twilight’s place is fretting,   
Just yielding night one half-hour’s sway.

1. **Johnston**

I love you, Peter’s own creation,   
I love your stern, your stately air,   
Nevá’s majestical pulsation,   
the granite that her quaysides wear,   
your railings with their iron shimmer,   
your pensive nights in the half-gloom,   
translucent twilight, moonless glimmer,   
when, sitting lampless in my room   
I write and read; when faintly shining,   
the streets in their immense outlining   
are empty, given up to dreams;   
when Admiralty’s needle gleams;   
when not admitting shades infernal   
into the golden sky, one glow   
succeeds another, and nocturnal   
tenure has one half-hour to go;

1. **Kayden**

I love thee, Peter’s bold creation!

I love thy air austere, thy lone

Great squares, and Neva’s fascination

Between her banks of granite stone;

Thy lace-like iron gates; thy shining,

Yet meditative evening gloom,

And thy translucent night enshrining

Me when, lampless, in my quiet room

I read or write. There calmly dreams

The empty street and, crystal-bright,

The spire of the Admiralty gleams

When barely half-an-hour of night

May dim the silver sky, from dawn

To dawn, when invisibly the sun

Shines in a world of eerie light.

1. **Langran**

I love you, creation of Peter, I love your stern, elegant view, the majestic flow of the Neva, her granite bank, the iron patter of your railings, the transparent twilight, the moonless glow of your pensive nights, when in my room I am writing, reading without a lamp, and the sleeping buildings of your desolate streets are clearly visible, and the Admiralty spire is shining, ...   
And without letting the dark of the night on to the golden skies, one dawn hurries to relieve another, giving half an hour to the night.

1. **Lowenfeld**

I love you, place of Peter’s making,

I love your stern and stylish face,

The Neva’s mighty current breaking

On her embankment’s granite grace,

The wrought-iron patterns of your fences,

Your twilight’s clear and thoughtful gloom

On summer evenings, shining moonless,

When I sit sleepless in my room,

And write and read and need no lanterns:

How gleam the buildings, sleeping monsters,

On streets deserted! And I see

The Needle of the Admiralty.

And not allowing murk nocturnal

Into the heavens’ golden bower,

Each dawn relieves each dawn eternal

That race leaves night but half an hour.

1. **Mitchell**

I love you, miracle of Peter’s,

Your stern and graceful countenance,

the broad Nevá’s imperious waters,

the granite blocks that line your banks,

the railings in cast-iron muster,

the melancholy of you nights,

transparent twilight, moonless lustre,

when, in my room, I use no lights

to write and read, when massed facades

and sleeping empty boulevards

are clear to see, and all afire

glitters the admiralty’s spire,

and, not permitting night to smother

the golden skies, there rushes through

a new dawn to replace the other,

and night gets half-an-hour’s due.

1. **Nabokov**

*Since lines 43–58 are not in this version, we quote the translation of lines 75–83*

O military capital, I love

the smoke and thunder of your fortress [gun]

when of the Midnight Realm the empress

gives the imperial house a son

or victory over the foe

Russia again is celebrating,

or having shattered her blue ice,

the Neva bears it to the seas

and, sensing vernal joys, rejoices.

1. **Noon**

Oh act of Peter, I’m in love   
with your strict and structured form,   
the Neva’s commanding flow,   
its granite banks, the design   
in the iron railings, the translucent   
dusk and moonless sheen   
of dream-soaked nights.   
As I write in my room I need   
no lamp. Bright giants are asleep   
on the empty streets,   
and the needle of the Admiralty shines,   
and banning the gloom from gold skies,   
dusk hurries on towards dawn,   
and night makes do with a half-hour.

1. **Obolensky**

I love you, Peter’s creation, I love your severe, graceful appearance, the Neva’s majestic current, the granite of her banks, the tracery of your cast-iron railings, the transparent twilight, the moonless gleam of your still nights, when I write and read in my room without a lamp, and the huge sleeping buildings in the deserted streets are clearly seen, the Admiralty spire is bright, and dawn hastens to succeed sunset, not letting the night’s darkness use to the golden heavens and leaving a bare half-hour for the night.

1. **Powell-Jones**

I love you, Peter’s creation   
I love your stern and graceful look   
The Neva’s flowing animation   
Held by its hard and granite hook   
Graced by its iron fretted rails   
City of nights, your crystal dusk   
Moonless nights, still, clear and bright   
I sit in my room, j’ai pas de feu   
I write and read without a lamp   
The streets are clear, the gleaming stamp   
Of empty streets, bright as new wire   
The Admiralty’s shining spire   
And not forgiving half the night   
For golden skies, for dawn’s own blue   
One dawn another will pursue   
Hastily, leaving a half-hour’s night.

1. **Thomas**

I love you, Peter’s creation, I love your stern   
Harmonious look, the Neva’s majestic flow,   
Her granite banks, the iron tracery   
Of your railings, the transparent twilight and   
The moonless glitter of your pensive nights,   
When in my room I write or read without   
A lamp, and slumbering masses of deserted   
Streets shine clearly, and the Admiralty spire   
Is luminous, and, without letting in   
The dark of night to golden skies, one dawn   
Hastens to relieve another, granting   
A mere half-hour to night.

1. **Tomlinson/Gifford**

Peter’s creation, I admire

your scapes both graceful and severe,

the Neva’s sovereign flow,

cast-iron rail and granite shapes

along the banks, the nights which grow

pensive in that transparent dusk,

that moonless brilliance when I

within my room can write and read

needing no lamp, and clear out there

sleep crowding, desolate streets, and bright

glints the Admiralty spire:

refusing to the dark its right

to trespass on the golden height,

the glow that’s hurrying to replace

the glow that’s gone, will grant no more

to night itself than one half hour.

1. **Turner 1882**

*Since lines 43–58 are not in this version, we quote the translation of lines 404–423:*  
  
Evjenie shuddered. His thoughts   
Became strangely clear. He saw again   
The place where the torrent had wildly played,   
Where the raging waves had dashed   
In angry noise around him;   
He saw again the lion, the square, and him   
Whose bronze head motionless   
Towered above all in the darkness of the night,   
Ever with his hand far outstretched,   
As if proudly scanning the city that lay beneath.   
Tortured with wild woe,   
The poor crazed creature roamed round it,   
And read the plain-cut inscription on the rock,   
And his heart, crushed with its great grief,   
Grew dead within him. And then, he pressed   
His hot brow against the cold iron rail,   
A thick mist came over his eyes,   
And a cold tremble ran through his every limb,   
As he shuddered, and stood there, lost in gloom,   
Before Russia’s glorious hero;

1. **Turner 1899**

I love thee, work of Peter’s hand!   
I love thy stern, symmetric form;   
The Neva’s calm and queenly flow   
Betwixt her quays of granite-stone,   
With iron tracings richly wrought;   
Thy nights so soft with pensive thought,   
Their moonless glow, in bright obscure,   
When I alone, in cosy room,   
Or write or read, night’s lamp unlit;   
The sleeping piles that clear stand out   
In lonely streets, and needle bright,   
That crowns the Admiralty’s spire;   
When, chasing far the shades of night,   
In cloudless sky of golden pure,   
Dawn quick usurps the pale twilight,   
And brings to end her half-hour reign.

1. **Wilson**

I love thee, masterpiece of Peter — I love thine aspect, graceful and severe, Neva’s mighty stream, her granite banks, stiff lace of iron fences, the limpid dusk and moonless radiance of nights so full of thought, when lampless in my room I write and read, and sleeping masses of deserted streets show clear, and the Admiralty’s needle gleams, and, never suffering the shade of night to dim the golden sky, one glow makes haste to take the other’s place, leaves night but half an hour.

1. **Wood**

*Since lines 43–58 are not in this version, we quote the translation of lines 404–423:*

Yevgeny trembled. In his mind

all was dreadfully defined.

How could he not recognize

where he had seen the grim waves spill,

the waters in rebellion rise,

the lions, the square, while stark and still

he whose indomitable will

had raised a city from the sea

towered in bronze above it – he,

fearsome from the gloom below ...

What thoughts are pressing on that brow!

Within him, what unbounded force!

What fire comes flashing from that horse!

Where, proud stallion, are you bound,

where will your hooves put down to ground?

Destiny’s great lord and master!

Was it not exactly thus

your iron bridle reared up Russia

upon the brink of the abyss?

1. **Zheleznova**

I love thee, Peter’s proud creation,   
Thy princely stateliness of line,   
The regal Neva coursing patient   
’Twixt sober walls of massive stone;   
The iron lacework of thy fences,   
Thy wistful, moonless, lustrous nights,   
Dusk-clothed but limpid... Oft it chances   
That in my chamber ’thout a light   
I write or sit a book perusing   
Whilst, luminous, the streets lie dozing   
Beyond, great, empty blocks... Up higher,   
’Gainst sky, the Admiralty spire   
Is clearly etched...   
The darkness driving   
From off the heavens, twilight hastes   
To welcome twilight, scarcely giving   
Night half an hour...

**Illustration**

An illustration by Pushkin himself can be seen below:



**Wordcloud**

A wordcloud of the original created by http://www.wordle.net/ can be seen below:



On the web at

http://www-users.york.ac.uk/~pml1/bronze\_horseman/welcome.htm

Revised 6 March 2015 by Peter M Lee (peter.lee@york.ac.uk)