**A.S.Pushkin: Eugeny Onegin (Chapters 1-3)**

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I

My uncle was a man of virtue,

When he became quite old and sick,

He sought respect and tried to teach me,

His only heir, verte and weak.

He had the fun, I had the sore,

But gracious goodness! what a bore!

To sit by bed-place day and night,

Not doing even step aside,

And what a cheep and cunning thing

To entertain the sad,

To serve around, make his bed,

To fetch the pills, to mourn and grim,

To sigh out loud, think along:

‘God damn old man, why ain’t you gone?’

II

So thought a playboy, young and funny,

While riding through the dust of road,

The only heir to the money,

That got his folks with help of Lord.

My reader! if introduce I may

Without comments, right away,

Onegin, my old friend

Was born, you know, in the Neva land.

And you may have been born in there,

The place of style, the vanity fair,

Where I had spent a lot of time,

But moved - the climate wasn't fine

III

With record excellent and clear,

His father lived in debt,

He gave three balls in every year

And went bankrupt. How sad.

But Fate took care of Evgeniy,

She sent *Madame* (the French for mammy),

And later on she sent *Monsieur*

To care of *L’enfant l’héros*.

Monsieur l’Abbé was French and poor,

Was easy on the kid,

Thought everything a little bit,

Was not that hard on him for sure,

Sometimes did bother him with stuff,

Though wasn’t tiresome or rough.

IV

As into teens, the age of riot,

The age of tender sorrow,

Evgeniy gradually followed,

*Monseur l’Abbé* as quickly fired.

And here Evgeniy’s liberated,

His haircut is up-to-dated,

Dressed like a dandy, bright and bold,

He’s being introduced to th’world.

He spoke Francais like Parisian

And danced mazurka like a feather,

He bowed at ease and posed like Caesar-

The world decided he was fine.

V

We all have studied bit by bit

All different stuff in different ways,

Thus education’s not a hit

And for this fact the Lord we praise.

Onegin was, as many thought,

(these many judged the youth a lot)

A fine smart man, a little stiff,

A one who had a lucky gift

To walk along with th’world smalltalk

And argue with done-that’s’ fog,

To cause the ladies’ smiles

With a burst of funny rhymes.

VI

The Latin’s not in fashion now,

And if I should be writing truth,

He knew enough to put things down,

To craft some poems worth of use,

To chat a bit of Uvenalus,

To reason of what causes chaos,

Could cite (though with a pause)

From Oneida a little dose.

He didn't like historic dust,

From the Creation and so forth,

How long ago looked like the Earth,

But anecdotes - his real lust,

The scores of them till our days

Evgeniy’s memory thus saves.

VII

Nor being gifted with the passion,

That's strong enough to burn in rhymes,

We couldn’t teach him how to differ

The music of poetic size.

He scolded Homer, Pheocrith,

But praised the work of Adam Smith.

He was a good economist,

E.g. he had a clue amidst

The ways a state becometh richer

And why it doesn’t have to feature

Wealth in gold in treasury

But should in terms of goods measure it.

His father didn’t get all these

And lands’re gone to pawn and lease.

VIII

All skills that had my friend Evgeniy

I won’t enclose for they are many

But where ingenious he was,

The science he knew as well as gods,

What was to him from early days,

A labour, pleasure, mystic maze,

What took his time from dawn till dawn,

What entertained him all along -

That was the science of tender passion,

So praised by Nazonus the Poet,

Exiled away, away for it,

Away to Moldova’s step

Away from Italy’s home lap.

IX

X

How early learnt the art to mimic,

The art to desperate and hope,

To be all faithful and cynic,

To seem sometimes he lacks a rope,

To be once proud, then all humble,

To touch your heart, then have it crumble,

How wordy was he being silent,

In speech he sparkled like a diamond,

In passion notes how was he tender,

While living one, while loving one,

Forgets himself for darling *dame*.

And in his eyes reflects her splendour,

And how he’s bold and shy and dear,

Concluding looks with servile tears

XI

How good he was in staying fresh,

Amazing modesty is easy,

To frighten with a desperate dash,

With flattery make feel you dizzy,

To catch the moment of excitement,

To try to strip the moral garment,

To win with passion and cold mind

With innocent upbringing fight,

Demanding, praying for a ‘yes’,

To listen how the heart is beating,

And get agreement for a meeting

(All after shadowing and chase),

And after that with hungry violence

To give her lessons in the silence!

XII

How young he was when learnt to hush

The hearts of women, young and not,

And easy was for him to crush

The other men with acid *mots*,

If dared they to cross with him!

His traps are poisonous, firm!

But you, naive and simple men,

Still kept Evgeniy as a friend,

He was a guest of honour for

A cheated husband,

Cheating husband,

The one who weekly pays a whore,

And fat old folks who’re always glad

With having wife and being fed.

XIII. XIV

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XV

He used to lay still in the bed,

Receiving cards and reading letters,

Three invitations daily had

Three households write that he matters,

One to a party, one to ball…

So where should Evgeniy go?

It doesn't matter where go first,

He'll pay a visit t’every host,

But now so far he’s dressed for walking,

In a stylish hat on rendezvous,

Evgeniy’s out to Avenue,

Enjoying air and no talking.

He stays out there till the watch

Rings time for lunch and shot of scotch.

XVI

It’s dark by now; in sleigh he climbs,

‘Go, go!’ - the driver yells at horses,

Evgeniy’s fur coat’s silverazed

With diamond dust of Russian frosties.

Now he’s headed to Talon’s, where

His pale Kaverin waits out there.

He enters. The bottle cork hits th’ceiling,

Knocked out by its seething filling.

In front of him a stake with blood,

And truffles - (dainties for him)-

The best of th’best of French cuisine,

And Strasburg pie - the treat of gods-

And Limburg cheese with a touch of moulding,

And a pineapple, cut and golden.

XVII

And more of goblets the thirst’s demanding,

To cool the heat in belly,

But here’s a clock a message sending:

It's time to go to th’Ballet.

As an evil demon of the stage,

In actresses’ chasing being a mage,

A dark warlord behind the scenes,

Who's ready get it with all means,

Evgeniy’s on the way th’Ballet,

The place where liberties and faerie

Rule, and chock in claps just any dance

Is quite O.K., and hence

A viewer’s a participant

(And feels a lot more important)

XVIII

XIX

My goddesses where are you now?

Please be my humble prayers facing.

Are you the same or other fairies somehow

Took *votre place*, but not replacing.

And will I ever be seduced

While watching dancing Russian muse,

Your soul’s inspired flight,

Or bored eye shall not then find

Familiar faces in the show,

And, gazing at the others’ *f\*t*

Through a *fatigue lorgnette*,

I, being in my spirits low,

I will be yawning all along,

Recalling days that now are gone.

XX

The house’s full. The boxes packed with diamonds and fashions

The pit is boiling, crowded and loud,

The stalls are clapping with impatience,

And here it is - the curtain is on rise with sound.

Amazing, airy and radiant

To move of magic bow obedient

Istomina, surrounded by nymphs,

Is flying on some wings, not limbs,

While touching stage with one of feet,

She jumps and in the air flits,

And dances like a dawn or feather,

Or is it body’s song? Or either?

XXI

Burst of applause. Onegin enters,

And makes his way on someone's feet.

And through th’lorgnette he glances

To study ladies in the pit.

He looked all the circles through,

He is upset - there’re beauties not a few.

Then he exchanged bows with the men around,

And no vogue dresses found.

And after that he took,

While yawning

For the show was boring,

At the stage a vacant look:

I’m sick with ballets - so he said-

And down with music and all that

XXII

While cupids, devils, serpents

Still do the noise in the show,

While tired footmen sleep by th’entrance

On fur-coats, hiding from the snow,

And while spectators there continue

To cough and hiss at the revue,

And while the streetlights still are on

To be alive from dusk till dawn

And horses hoof and neigh

For they are harnessed to the sleigh

And coachmen move around the fire

And gossip of those who them hired,

Look! Onegin’s walking out all alone-

To get dressed up he's headed home.

XXIII

May I describe in a truthful manner

The study, closed for everyone

Where chaperoned by vogue Evgeniy

Plays lead in th’dressing ritual,

Where all sophisticated items laid-

That picky London has to trade

For our wood and our fat-

The ones we through the Baltic get,

And what’s invented *à Paris*

For fun and pleasure there you see

At an eighteen-year-old

Philosopher’s threshold.

XXIV

Constantinople pipes with amber

And china, bronze out there exhumed

And the delight of coddled temper -

A crystal bottle of perfume,

And combs, and scissors, files for nails -

Accessories a dandy hails,

And thirty kinds of different brushes -

A real person never rushes.

Rousseau (I say it by the way)

Had never got how formal Grim

Could clean his nails in front of him.

Though eloquent, but there he may

Be wrong about the case

Despite the wisdom on his face

XXV

One can be nice and thinking person

And care of the shape of nails.

What for shall one confront the era?

Against the customs person fails.

Evgeniy’s a second Chaahdaev, sought

Afraid be viewed as someone odd,

Perfection, pedantry in clothes

And as a dandy always goes.

At least he spent three hours daily

In front of looking-glass

Exterminating mess and fuss

Until he looks like Venus airy

When she put on a virile suit

And off to masquerade as a dude.

XXVI

I might be having your attention

To detailize Evgeniy’s looks:

The suit made up to the latest fashion

(of course you know it not from books)

I’m not to teach, I am to draw -

Description’s what I here for.

But *frac, gilet* and *pantaloons*

This words in Russian make me frown

And as I see (and I am sorry)

That rhymes I use are full

Of borrowed words and broken rules.

I beg forgiveness for these follies

Though I used to have a look

Into the thick linguistic book.

XXVII

But let us drop linguistic edits

We’d rather hurry to the ball

To which Evgeniy’s carriage’s headed

Along the houses in snow,

Along St. Petersburg’s ice streets

On which the East with Europe meets,

And carriage’s lanterns bring the light

Into the gloomy winter night

And paint rainbows on the rime:

A mansion lighted all around

With diamonds of lanterns crowned

And one can see from time to time

Profiles of fashionable heads

Of ladies and eccentric lads.

XXVIII

Have had approached the entrance hall,

He passed the porter like an arrow,

Flew over stairsteps to the ball,

While with his hands he did the hair.

At last he’s there, and there’s a crowd,

The music’s tired but still loud,

The folks are busy with the dances,

It's stuffed, and noisy, and glances

Are easily responded to,

The ladies whirl in tact to beat,

And sights of officers them hit,

But still they take it as their due.

And violins’ uproar suppresses

The wives’ gossiping about the dances

XXIX

In days begone of mirth and wishes

I used to be into the balls

For they’re the best without suspicions

To pass the secret passion notes.

To you, my dear wives and men,

To you my services offered then.

Please, pay attention to my words −

I want to warn you of what hurts.

And you, oh mothers, also take

A closer look at your own girls −

The world reserves some painful falls,

Avoid them for goodness sake!

I write these things for I have not

Been sinning for long, dear Lord.

XXX

Alas, on worldly entertainment

I’ve spent a lot of my lifetime,

And if there weren’t degradation

I’d keep on loving balls as fine.

I love their youthfulness and glitter,

And joy, and every crowded meter,

And ladies’ thought-through dress,

And love their legs, but shall confess −

One hardly can in Russia find

Some slender legs (it’s fact, not fable)

But I for a long time was unable

To forget one pair that looks pleasing sight.

And sad, already cool and chilled, my heart

In dreams gets pierced with their dart.

XXXI

And when, in what unlucky hour

One can forget you? I don't believe it much.

Oh legs, oh feet, I wish to be the flower

You've stepped onto and left your touch.

You were cherished in oriental bliss,

But in the snowy northern mist

You’ve left no trace:

The carpet’s lavish, tender face

And their softness were your domain.

I did neglect because of you

Not long ago ambitions, due,

The land of fathers, wishes, fame.

The youthful happiness dissolved as if it was a glimpse

Like on the meadows disappeared your footprints.

XXXII

Diana’s breast, and Flora’s cheeks,

My friends, they’re truly good,

But spot where is my sight's fix

Is Terpsichore’s foot.

While it prophesies me a sort

Of valuable reward,

It does attract a hive of wishes

With its beauty, solemn, precious.

I love them, dear friend Elvina,

Deep-hidden under tablecloth,

In springtime next to grass and moss,

By fireplace, seducing poor sinner,

Reflected in the glass of floor,

And on the rocks along seashore.

XXXIII

I recollect the sea before the storm,

I envied waves that lilac day,

The waves that rush, they’re crowned with the foam,

To knee in front of her and stay.

I wish I were a wave to touch

In kiss her feet, I wish so much!

No, never in the burning days

Of boiling youth I had this craze

To wish with such a self-contempt

To kiss the fairies, face to face,

Or roses of their cheeks that blaze,

Or breasts that so seduce and tempt,-

No, never th’juggernaut of passion

Struck me with such a wild aggression.

XXXIV

I recollect some other days!

In very cherished dreams of mine,

I kiss her, drowned in happiness,

I feel her legs in hands, and sigh.

Again imagination’s seething:

Her softest touch and slightest breathing,

Have pushed the blood in fainted heart.

Again the bore, ones more love’s start.

Enough of gabbling on my lyre

To celebrate the haughty ones

For they’re not worthy of the fire

And songs for which inspire us.

The words and sights of enchantress

Are as delusive as her legs.

XXXV

But where’s Evgeniy? Half-asleep,

To bedplace from the ball he’s going.

The city’s eyelids never meet,

And drums awaken all by rolling.

Wakes up a merchant, pedlars do,

The cabmen pass by down the *rue*,

Milk vendors hurry with the jugs. In dawn

The crispy snow is heard when is stepped on.

The morning’s noise bids farewell to night,

The shatters are open; the chimney’s smoke

Is raising up like a thick pale blue rope.

The German baker, dressed tidy and all-right,

Sits in a cotton cap, indifferent to fuss,

And greets the folks through th’open *vasisdas*

XXXVI

Worn out by the noise at the ball,

Onegin turned the dawn into the midst of night,

Now calmly sleeps, where shade has blissful fall,

Was born to luxury, not freight.

He will wake up long after sunny noon.

The preset, same agenda is his doom

The life is steady, with only few surprises:

What's gone will come tomorrow when the Sun rises.

With freedom, living his best days,

Amidst the victories that paved his pace,

Amidst the fun and leisure

Was there happiness to measure?

Was there a thing that caused unrest

In Onegin’s life’s ongoing fest?

XXXVII

No. His senses were blunted early,

The world’s small talk has wearied him,

The beauties are no longer storming

His mind and cause his heart to steam.

The infidelity and cheating... Bore.

His friends are dull, and friendship sore

For he wasn’t able all the time

To pour champagne on Strasbourg pie

And joke with sharp and acid words

When headache so much hurts.

Though he’s a playboy, he came to disguise

His old days habits − swords and whist.

XXXVIII

The cause of this decease’s unseen

The diagnosis - always solid:

The English word for that is *spleen,*

*Khandrah* is what the Russans call it.

And step by step the spleen took over,

But, praise the Lord, his mind was sober

Not to let him shoot himself at head

But he lost interest in life, as Byron said

Did Childe-Harold so languid and morose,

Evgeniy came to salons, balls

And neither ladies’ passion calls

Nor gossips, card games, poetry or prose

Was touching him enough

He didn’t care ’bout the stuff.

XXXIX.XL. XLII.

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XLII

Oh those chic ladies of the world!

He could not take you any more

And hid from noones chained in gold

Sophisticated chitchat’s such a bore!

Though there could be some *dame*

Interpreting Say and Bentham,

But as a rule what they discuss

Is aggravating, but innocent nonsense, alas!

Besides, they are so chaste and pure,

Majestic, full of intellect,

So pious, so politically correct,

So thoughtful that no man can lure

Them. When I look at them I grim −

Seeing those causes severe spleen.

XLIII

And you, so beautiful young women

Who disappear late in night

On Petersburg’s streets gleaming

In a midnight carriage ride −

Evgeniy left you just as well.

And lonely decided he to dwell

Without pleasures in a hermit den.

Once, yawning, he took up a pen,

Up to tryouts did some writing,

But working hard has made him sick −

The born was shallow, very weak,

And thus he didn’t join the mighty

And roaring guild of those whom I shall judge no way

For I belong to it, and there I should stay.

XLIV

Again, devoted to the bore,

Was restless with emptiness of soul,

He started with a laudable goal

Assuming other’s wisdom as his own.

A bunch of books he seated on the shelf,

And read them avidly out loud, to himself,

And thought - this one is dull, the other is deceiving,

That one is delusion with no meaning.

It seemed the authors were feeding

The old ideas as out-dated,

And new ones as very much belated.

As well as women, he gave up on reading,

And covered then the shelf with cloth,

Thus hid the books to feed the moth.

XLV

Have rioted against the social demands,

And like Onegin tired with the crowd,

I met Evgeniy, we made friends,

I liked him much without a doubt.

I liked his undeliberate allegiance to his dreams,

And that original eccentricity of his,

His cold and acid-sharpened mind.

My heart was angry, his also had no trace of light.

The game of vanities we both knew well,

And life itself was wearing us out,

No song was sang in our hearts out loud,

We both expected later on to smell

The spite of Fortune, for she’s blind,

And the spite of the mankind.

XLVI

Who lived and thought, he cannot help

Despising men at heart in chest,

The one who pain and love had felt

Is haunted by the ghost of past.

He has no more of great illusions,

The memory brings him confusions,

And the remorse him tantalizes

These features add to dialog with him some spices.

At first, Onegin’s manner to behave

Embarrassed me, but later I got used

To caustic his remarks; I got amused

With how he joked with bile, and how he gave

Birth to many mordant epigrams

That caused some laughter and some damns.

XLVII

How often in the summertime

The Neva night skies are so transparent and cyan,

The broken water glass does not reflect that fine

The Moon - the sole domain of Diane.

And we slipped into th’days that now are gone,

Recalling gone affairs with a mourn,

Recalling love, that struck the heart with joy and grief

And we became again more sensible and youthfully naive,

We saturated in the silence, being deaf and mute,

The viscous breath of night,

As if a prisoner who flies into the wood

When he’s about to take to Morpheus a ride.

And so did we. We fled to the beginning of the youth

Led by the dream by which we were seduced.

XLVIII

And with his heart full of regrets,

Onegin leaned onto the bank’s granite

‘Through meditation guts he gets’ −

As a poet once had rhymed.

It was so quiet. It was only heard

As the night guards were on the full alert,

And coaches' soft and distant rumble

From Millionnaya occasionally mumbled.

And down the sleepy river a boat slid,

Flapping with her wooden oars,

She charmed us with a distant chorus

Of a clarion and song that meet...

But I prefer above those catchy rhythms

The song and euphony of Torquato’s hymns.

XLIX

The Adriatic sea, the Brenta,

Again I see you turquoise blaze.

My soul gets filled with inspiration

When their voice reaches my face.

The voice's sacred for Apollo’s descendants,

I am familiar with it due to Byron’s lyre crescendos,

I know it well as if we are related.

When daytime light in Italy has faded,

I will enjoy Italian nights’ bliss

And a Venetian beautiful young miss,

Who's talkative, then calm and taciturn

When we sail in a gondola. My lips then start to burn

With the language of Petrarch, tongue of love,

No-one knows it but the lovers and the dove.

L

Will there be the day when I am free?

It is the time! − I call for it, I cry,

I wait for wind, I walk along the sea,

Allure the sails of vessels passing by.

When will I start my run, that's free and wild,

Arguing with billows during my glide

On the face of the restless sea? −

Away from the boring shore I need to flee

(And my dislike of it’s on rise)

And be amidst African hot sands

In my forbears' native lands,

And there recall the murky Russian skies

Under which I suffered and I loved

And where I buried my broken heart.

LI

Onegin said that he was ready

With me to travel other lands,

But we by chance got separated

For long time though we had been friends.

His father died and left a desert:

In front of Evgeniy got gathered

A hungry regiment of lenders,

Who were their own’s defenders.

Onegin, in disguise of suits and courts,

Gave them the legacy, preferring peace to swords,

Still kept on being happy with the state of things

Not seeing a big loss in it as winds

Had gossiped (and he overheard)

That his beloved uncle soon would see the Lord.

LII

Indeed, he got one day

From the manager a note:

The uncle soon will pass away,

His nephew’s farewell then he sought.

At once, as soon as finished reading,

Evgeniy parted for the meeting,

He rushed headlong with the post-chaise,

And yawned, foreseeing boring days,

And for the money got prepared

To sigh, deceive and worry

(With these I have begun the story)

But when arrived - no longer cared:

The uncle was already dead

And on the table he was laid.

LIII

He found the courtyard full of people

From all the places nearby,

Both friends and rivals were coming

To mourn a little and to dine,

Then left for home with dignity and grace

As have fulfilled their duty with all As.

Onegin now in countryside resides.

And woods, and rivers, factories and land

Belong to him, though he had been forehand

With any order in non-ending fights.

He welcomes changes in the way he lived:

At least there is a slightest drift.

LIV

For two sequensive days secluded fields

Seemed new and fresh to him

As well as shady oak trees,

And murmur of a quiet spring.

But on the third, the field, the grove, the hill

Caused his heart not a thing to feel.

They made him sleepy later on,

He realized that he was wrong;

The countryside is boring just as well.

Though there − no palaces, no streets,

No balls, no poems with their wits.

The bore is guarding by his cell,

Or follows him as shadow does

Or a wife that too much loves.

LV

Well, I was born for peaceful life,

For soft bucolic soundlessness,

Where my voice sounds stronger

And dreams are full of vividness.

And being fully into leisure,

I wander by the lake for pleasure,

And *far niente* as a law I’m taking.

And every morning I’m awaken

For feeling great, and free, and strong.

I read a little, sleep a lot,

I seek no fame I could have got.

And have I spent the years gone

In doing nothing, in the shade,

The days of mine, that were great?

LVI

Oh flowers, love, oh fields and leisure-

My heart is yours or even more so.

I'd like to note: the gap quite wide to measure

Exists between Onegin and the author.

For if it happens that a mocking avid reader,

Or a publisher of witty-crafted litter,

Compares then my features to Onegin’s,

And will conclude and spread the word

That it’s my portrait what I wrote

Like Byron did, as if we cannot ever since

Write poems ’bout all other things

Except for our precious ego

With which we have vertigo.

LVII

All poets, by the way I note,

Are friends with love, that never is disturbed.

I dreamt ’bout nice things quite a lot,

And their secret images my soul has preserved.

The muse refreshed the images in me,

And I (so careless) sang praise and plea

Both to the girl of mounts, who doesn't ever fear,

And to the beauties prisoned on the banks of the Salgir.

And nowadays I hear from you, friends,

A question asked quite often:

Who caused your lyre to sigh and heart to soften?

Who is the one you want to kiss in dance?

Who is the one among that jealous crowd,

Who has inspired you to play your lyre so loud?

LVIII

Whose sights have caused your inspiration?

Who has awarded you with touch

For how you sang so thoughtfully with passion,

To whom your poetry’s been worshiping so much?

She is no-one, there isn’t any one.

Love's madness, and distortion and the fun

I have experienced in vain.

Be blessed the one who managed to contain

Both loving and the fever of the rhyme:

He doubles the poetry’s sacred delusion

And is a Petrarch’s follower with no confusion,

Thus he reduces pain in heart. This very time

He begets the fame. But I am not that kind of dude-

When I’m in love − I’m dumb and mute.

LIX

When love was gone, the muse stood up in front,

The murky mind became more clear,

I'm free again and searching for concord

Of senses, thoughts, and sounds of magic that are dear.

The heart’s not sad when I write,

The pen, half-conscious, by the side

Of poems draws no more seducing eyes,

Or women legs, or their profiles.

Extinguished ashes will light up no more,

I am still sad, though tears aren't seen,

And very soon the storm will dim

Inside my soul - it shall not sore.

And there in writing I will strive

To craft some verses − maybe twenty five.

LX

I’ve thought about the story's plot

And what will name the hero,

And now you see what I have wrote:

The chapter number one is here.

I looked it through, I was severe:

The contradiction are, but, well, I fear

I won't correct them − they amuse,

Thus paying sensors their dues.

And will give up my own creation

To journalists for humiliation.

Now go, go to the Neva banks

And earn me fame, and earn me thanks,

And the rest of the homage of glory:

Noise, gossips and eternal worry.

**\* CHAPTER II**

I

The country where Evgeniy lived in bore

Was place of lavish, tranquil nature

Its sky would bless the one who has a secret lore

Of simple joy of its majestic stature.

The master’s mansion lonely, by river stood,

Where not a wind it reach there could

In front of it as far as one's eye sees,

Spread meadows, framed with trees,

And fields of many shades of gold,

And villages; and here and there

The cattle rambled everywhere,

And orchard, though unkempt and old

Grew by the mansion. Taciturn dryads

Found in the orchard shelter for their heads.

**II**

The estate’s mansion had been built

The way such buildings are to be erected:

Was mighty firm, with calmness filled,

And by the good ol’ fashion was effected.

In every room high ceilings were,

Wall papers from Damascus were there,

And Royal portraits hang on walls,

And motley tiles were decorating stoves.

But everything has fallen now into decay,

I don’t know why that happened so.

My friend didn't care ’bout the house though

I should take notice by the way

For old-style fashioned rooms bored him

As bad as modern ones he’d seen.

**III**  
He took the room in which for four decades

The country-side old-timer wrangled

With housekeeper, mistress to all keys and spades,

Looked at the window, flies he strangled.

The furnishing was simple: on the oak floor

Stood a bookcase, cupboard, sofa and bureau

On them had not been smallest ink-spot left.

Onegin opened bookcase not bereft:

He found expenses-book recorded up-to-date,

And in the cupboard − fruit moonshine,

And row of jugs of apple wine,

Expired calendar for year 18 and 08

As was too busy the old man now gone

To be to other kinds of reading prone.

**IV**

Amidst his vast domains alone,

To pass his spear time,

Evgeniy sought establishing new law,

New order of some kind.

A sage of place at back of the beyond,

He substituted the *corvée*’s old bond

With quit-rent easy to be paid;

The serf then started thanking fate.

But in his home at once got parted

Perceiving awful harm in what Onegin did

A thrifty neighbour. Another one just hid

An archly smile observing what Evgeniy started.

But out loud decision t’which they all agreed:

Onegin’s an eccentric, dang’rous kid.

**V**

At first all neighbours came to visit.

But once hoofs clattered down the road

Onegin had Don stallion exquisite

Sent up to back porch and was gone.

The neighbours soon got hurt, insulted

Amicability was halted

And word-to-mouth passed a notion

(and many shared this emotion):

Onegin’s full of extravagance,

He's ignoramus, *un mason*,

With red wine has strong liaison,

And never kisses ladies' hands

And never uses ‘nay’ or ‘yes’

As only ‘nope’ and ‘yeah’ he says.

**VI**

That very time to near-by estate

Arrived its new land-lord.

The neighbours rated him the same

And put him on the spot.

Vladimir Lensky was the name of man,

His soul coined in that German Göttingen,

Was handsome in the age of bloom

Kant’s devotee, a poet of the gloom,

He brought from Germany a lot

Fruits of enlightened education:

Dreams vague about liberalization,

*L’esprit* of passion, *l’esprit* odd,

And burlesque manner of the speech

And curly darkish hair that his shoulders reach

**VII**

He hasn’t been yet burned and faded

With world’s hypocrisy and lies

As soul was warmed and well protected

By friends and young shy ladies’ smiles;

At heart he cutely knew a thing,

As rose of hope there grew within,

Yet captured was his avid mind

By shine of world, its glitter side.

With most enlightened visions, sweetest dreams

He pacified all doubts of his soul;

He searched for purpose of the life, its goal,

And tried to hack enigma of the realms.

In doing that he racked his brains,

Suspecting miracles and saints.

**VIII**

With all his heart Vladimir then believed

There’s a mate soul with which he is to join.

Until that day the soul had to live

Without joy and crowing for the moment.

His friends, he thought, would go to prison

If thus defend his honour they had reason

And they would fight against insulting rumour

That him defames the way does cancer tumour.

He knew there were chosen guides,

Some chosen friends of the mankind.

One day, immortal, they, with brightest light

That passes far to all the sides,

Would gift the world salvation with its ray.

He knew - there had to be such day.

**IX**

From early days his blood was steaming

With fury, passion and regret,

He loved the good to which was leaning

As was to glory, sweet and sad.

He travelled world, rolled like a dice,

Beneath the Schiller-Goethe skies,

And with their poetic fire

His soul flamed as did his lyre.

He was no shame, − of lucky him! −

To airy muses of creative

In songs of his was pride of native

Pure snow-white virgin dream,

And songs to village versus city

And that cute simplicity.

**X**

Its humble slave, he sang to love

His song − celestially clear

Like thoughts of virgin ’bout a dove

Like dreams of infant, sweet and dear,

Like sailing goddess of the gloom,

Of mysteries and sighs - the Moon.

He sang of missed ones, storm *del mar,*

Of *something*, of *the murky far*

And of the roses of romance;

He sang of lands of far away,

Where had in silence cried by day,

Where tears fallen; hence,

Of faded colours of the world,

Not being eighteen years old.

**XI**

In desert where Onegin only

Could value Lensky’s gifts,

The latter couldn’t stand the phony

Their neighbours’ feasts and eats.

As in discussion covered topics

Were not the jewels of rhetorics,

But decent chat of harvest, kin,

Wine, dogs and dreams had seen.

Although it didn't provide the flame,

The passion of poetic strength,

It wasn’t sharp or smart or tense,

But mostly mundane and the same

What their good wives chit-chatted ’bout

Was much more worse and much more loud.

**XII**

As rich and handsome, Lensky was received

In every house as perspective groom;

Such was tradition in the countryside perceived

And every neighbour's daughter in the bloom

Intended was for fellow *semi-Russian*;

If he comes over then at once discussion

By little, like the slightest tingle,

Turns to drawbacks of being single;

And then he’s called to samovar

And Dunya serves the drink,

They whisper ‘Girl, observe!’ and wink

Then bring to her guitar,

And good my Lord! she starts to squeak:

*To golden palace come for me to seek!*

**XIII**

But Lensky didn’t want, of course,

To ties of marriage to be bound,

But sought becoming bit more close

With E. Onegin, which was found.

Made friends. But stone and waves,

The coldest ice and hottest flames

Have more in common, differ less;

At first, it bored them to death

Then came to liking one another,

And every day they side by side

Joined for a horseback-ride

Until became unseparable rather.

So people (I'm first t’confess to you)

Make friends because of nothing else to do.

XIV

Friendship like this exists no more.

As with the prejudice we’re done,

We view the rest as round zero

Regarding ourselves as ‘one’.

We aim at Napoleon to be;

Bipedal creatures millions we see

As simple tools fulfilling our plans.

We view as alien and funny feelings, sense.

Evgeniy was bearable compared to the rest;

Though he knew well the human kind

And as a rule held it in contempt and out of sight

But (as exemption t’every rule or test)

He did distinguish rare, rare men,

And even he respected some of them.

XV

He listened t’Lensky with a smile,

To poet’s fervent, ardent speech,

Observed his mind in search for why,

Inspired sight and cheeks of peach.

Onegin found these were new for him;

While he did try to cool his steam

With words reserved prepared in advance

But thought: I’d be so stupid taking chance

To meddle in his temporary bliss; Oh, Lord!

Without me that time will come;

Let him be odd, be dreamy and be rum,

Believing in the perfect world;

Let us forgive youth’s fever and illusion

As well as youth’s excitement and delusion.

XVI

Just everything could lead to verbal fights,

To meditation, revelation and upheaval:

Some treaties of some vanished tribes,

The fruits of science, the good and evil,

And superstitions ages old,

Enigmas of sepulchre deathly cold,

The fate and life in their turn

Their careful judgement undergone.

The poet in the ardour of discourse

*En reverie* read out-loud verses −

Of northern poets cited clauses.

Onegin, he, despite was used to prose,

Did heed him diligently though did not

Get words and issues he then heard

XVII

And often passions, hot and cool,

Preoccupied my hermits’ minds.

Once freed of their restless rule,

Onegin spoke of them sometimes

With sigh of pity and regret.

Is blessed the one who passions had

But left them after all; a lot

More blessed the one who had them not,

Who cooled his love with distant journey,

His rivals cooled with irony and puns,

Who was not jealous even once

While with his friends and wife was yawning

Who did not trust the legacy he got

To cunning cards and fickle lot.

XVIII

When all of us become allied

Around banner of judicious quiet

When flames of passion in the heart subside

We laugh at passion's wilful riot,

Its gust and its belated comments

And passion's little acid torments. −

When we surrender having no concession,

Sometimes to others’ tongue of passion

We love to listen, love to hear. −

It touches softly our heart.

Likewise forgotten in his hut

Old crippled man so gladly gives his ear

To stories brought him in rush

By some young men *avec* moustache

XIX

Likewise cannot conceal a thing

That flashy and flamboyant youth.

They'll bring out their joy and grim

And love without a permission or excuse.

Considering himself a kind of love-impaired,

Onegin listen’d thoughtfully as if he cared

To deepest secrets poet told −

He loved t’confess and have his heart unfold;

His candid conscience

He bared in a way naive.

Onegin easily archived

Access to poet story, wild like oceans,

About his love so turbulent and rich −

For us familiar for long. To it now let us switch.

XX

Oh, how he loved! He loved in such a way

Nobody does in our time.

To such a love is sentenced by to-day

Few poets fervent soul for an unmentioned crime:

Always and everywhere − dreaming, fever, fire,

And that familiar desire

And that familiar sad look.

And neither distant trip he took,

Nor years and years of separation,

Nor hours dedicated to the muse,

Nor to the fun (he tried himself t’amuse),

Nor foreign lands, nor to the studies dedication

Could him disperse, could alter poet's soul

Warmed by pure virgin fire on the whole

XXI.

When hardly into teens, by Olga captured,

Not knowing yet how heart may hurt,

He was a witness humble, yet enraptured,

Of games she played, of toys she got.

And in the shade of oak-wood

Together play the games they would.

And neighbours, parents, after all

Foretold them t’join under wedding toll.

Deep in the country under humble seal

Filled with innocence she grew,

And was in dear parents’ view

A blooming secret lily, fair daffodil,

Concealed in high and wild field weed

Unknown to butterflies and bees it hid.

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XXIII.

She’s always modest, always is agreeing,

And cheerful like the morning sun,

Like poet’s life is open, not a thing concealing,

Nice like a kiss of love that's just begun.

Her eyes are blue like springtime skies;

The smile, and flaxen locks, again − the eyes

And movements, voice, slender waist −

These all you’ll find in Olga... But don’t waste

Your time, just open any of heart-braking books,

There must be her portrait, I bet,

Once real love for such I had,

But now am tired of these standard looks;

Now let me, dear miss or mister,

Proceed with you to Olga’s elder sister.

XXIV

The sister was baptized Tatyana...

We must be first a name like that

To put on tender pages of the *piano*

Novel, and there's nothing to be smiling at.

What's wrong with it? It’s nice, it has the sound,

But, yes, I know this name’s a sort of bound

To times long gone, to things now out of fashion,

To servant rooms! We all must make confession:

There isn’t much of taste been left

In ourselves, in our names (and might

Be in the poetry we write):

For us enlightenment is time-theft,

All what we learn is questionable art

Of being finical and not too smart.

XXV

But, anyway, Tatyana was her name.

She had no beauty of her sister,

Nor rosy freshness equally same,

T’attract of glances twister.

Wild, sad, and taciturn, not vivid,

Like forest dear timid,

She seemed a stranger in her home,

Among her family - alone.

She didn’t know how to caress

Her father and her mother,

As kid she’d stand alone than with the other

Kids play in noise and in mess.

And often lonely all the day

By window silently she could there stay.

XXVI

And pensiveness, her dear friend

From cradle days she was a baby

Filled up her spare-time content

With dreams as if a fairy, maybe.

Her softest fingers never touched a needle,

On tambour plate appeared no silk riddle,

Nor pattern did as neither did design,

However vivid was or fine.

A sign of future wish to rule,

With servile dolls a kid prepares

Through games to make no stupid errors

Along the traps of which the world is full.

And to the doll retells a daughter (or a son)

The lesson's just been taught by Mom.

XXVII

But even as a kid Tatyana never

Played with a doll or happened to discuss

With her new fashions what-so-ever

Or city news, its gossips or its fuss.

She didn’t like t’engage in follies

Or other games with other kids; but horror stories

Were what did capture young girl’s mind

In winter long and scary night.

When nanny gathered on wide lawn

For Olga little girls she had befriended,

To play with them Tatyana not intended

Preferring t’stay somewhere, be alone

For bored she was with pals’ loud laughter

And noisy games that followed after.

XXVIII

To greet Aurora coming out,

She loved to stand on balcony before sunrise,

In time when stars seem just to be about

To fade away on getting pale high skies,

When edge of earth lights up so low

And wind, dawn’s partner, starts to blow,

When day his power starts t’embark.

In winter, when the lightless dark

Possesses hemisphere longer,

And longer dreams the lazy East

In silence calm with Moon in mist

When cold grows faster stronger,

She woke in neither morning nor in night

And had the bedside candle light.

XXIX

Since days of childhood she was into books,

They substituted her the life itself.

She fell in love with stories of two crooks,

Rousseau and Richardson, in novels on her shelf.

Her father was good man, a decent one,

Left in the century just passed, its son,

No harm in books he ever could perceive

As never touched a single printed leaf.

He thought them be a trifle, kind of toy,

He never slightest care took

What was his daughter secret book

Laid under pillow, calm and coy.

His wife was woman kind of such

That loved old Richardson so much

XXX

She loved the books by Richardson

But not because them read, alas,

Nor due to fact that Grandison

She would prefer to old Lovlas.

But long ago princess Aline,

Her Moscow cousin very fine,

Did talk a lot about them.

Was fiancéed her man back then,

But she longed for another person,

Who looked more handsome and refined,

Attracted her with more profound mind,

Who seemed to her a way more awesome:

This Grandison, who was that fine and smart,

Was quite a gambler and a sergeant in the guard.

XXXI

Like his outfits, her dresses were

Well-made and followed *couture haut*;

But there was none of her opinion to care

And to the altar girl was brought.

To make her sorrow gradually fade,

The clever husband too her to estate

That was quite far from city in the countryside

Where she amongst some strangers had t’reside.

At first she cried, smashed china − was enraged,

And even tried to seek divorce,

But things went smoothly not bit worse,

In household routine she got engaged -

Got used. The habit is God’s gift, its His tribute:

To happiness it’s equal substitute.

XXXII

The habit sweetened sorrow’s pain

She’d thought she couldn’t bear;

But soon she found out way

Placated her forever:

She by the way found out means

To rule husband unsuspecting this,

To govern him like autocrat −

And things went better after that.

She ran estate with iron hand,

Ran budget and conserved mush-rooms,

Shaved heads of servants, serves and grooms,

On Saturdays to banya went,

And beat her maids up when mad −

Their husband not reporting that.

XXXIII

In albums of her friends and kin

She wrote with blood as ink in pen

And called Praskovia ‘Pauline’

And spoke as if she sang,

She wore a corset though too tight,

And Russian ‘N’ t’pronounce liked

The nasal way French people do;

But soon got tired of these too;

And she forgot princess Aline

And corset, albums, poems she collected −

The touchy ones t’which girls so well reacted,

And called Akulka maid she used to call Seline,

And had remodelled a bonnet

And quilted housecoat she hidden had.

XXXIV

Her husband’s love was very tender −

He cared not of what she did,

He trusted her, in business did not enter,

In dressing gown came dawn to eat;

His life flowed smoothly at a stable pace;

By evenings visited his place

Of neighbours friendly flock,

Friends with whom easy was to joke,

And gossip, and sometimes complain −

Thus time was spent;

And by the way was Olga sent

T’prepare tea for those who came,

Tea followed supper, then time approached to sleep,

And at this point guests would start to leave.

XXXV

In their life they didn’t trait and didn’t amend

The customs of the gracious past,

Had pancakes rich on winter’s last weekend,

And twice a year they had fast,

They loved round dancing, round swing,

Folk songs at dinner table to sing,

On day of Trinity when people at the church

Would gather service there to watch,

To listen t’it concealing yawn,

When moved the two would sure drop

Three tears, then they'd stop;

Like air needed *kvas* alone,

At their table it was strictly quite observed

T’have their guests according to the rank be served.

XXXVI

In such a life they both were growing old.

And finally sepulchre’s doors were opened

To let the husband in the darkness and in cold

He left the family be orphan.

Before the dinner-time he gone,

A neighbour came, he came to mourn,

And mourned man’s kids, his wife as well −

A way more faithful and sincere, I should tell.

He was a simple, good landlord,

And where his ashes now are laying

The tombstone there is saying:

‘Dimitry Larin, slave of Lord,

A humble sinner and a brigadier,

He rests in peace beneath right here.’

XXXVII

When back to home Penates he came,

Vladimir visited the tombstone

That beared neighbour’s humble name,

Sighed over ashes laid alone.

For many hours Lensky’s heart remained sad

‘Oh, Poor Yorick!- solemnly he said, −

He used to hold me in his arms,

As kid I played more times than ones

With medal for Ochakovo he’d got.

He wanted Olga marry me,

He wondered if he was that day to see…’

And moved with gloom he never sought

Vladimir quickly after that inscribed

A tombstone madrigal of epitaphic type.

XXXVIII

And there as well, in tears, with a sad inscription

He honoured ashes of beloved kin:

His father’s memory, his mother’s in addition...

Alas! How much it’s sad and grim,

As momentary harvest on the furrows of the life,

A generation cometh, growth t’meet sickle’s knife,

It follows the divine intent unknown,

And then it’s followed by another to be grown...

And so behaves the flippant tribe of us -

It grows, it moves, and boils, even dares

To push to grave its own forbears.

But soon enough the time will come, alas,

Grandchildren our will one lucky day

Push us all off world, push us away!

XXXIX

Enjoy this fragile life, my dear friends,

Enjoy it now while you are allowed!

I realize how far its insignificance extends,

I'm not attached to it - I state it out-loud!

I closed my eyes to phantoms and illusion,

But vaguest hopes sometimes do bring confusion

In my old heart that beats in chest:

Without trace I’d be upset to rest

In peace, when I’m most fair Judge await.

I live and write not for a praise;

But seems to me, I should seek ways

To have some fame in my most humble fate,

To have at least a sound to remind

About Pushkin to the mankind

XL

Maybe one day it will be touching someone’s heart;

And stanza I had written,

Preserved by fate, would not depart

To Hades, sink in Lethe or be smitten.

Or (that's a hope too flattering to me)

An ignoramus-then-to-be

Would point at my then renowned picture

And say without mock or stricture

‘That was a poet, man, I’m telling.’

Accept my thanks, disciple of the muses,

The one whose memory then chooses

T’preserve my fleeting verse, maybe its spelling,

Whose gracious hand would pet

The laurels on the old man’s head!

\* CHAPTER III

Where are you going? Oh, these poets’ follies!   
− Goodbye, Onegin, time for me to go.   
“I don't delay you, but where do you always   
Go every evening, who attracts you so?”   
− I go to th’ Larins − “Oh, now that is the news!   
For goodness sake, how came you are seduced   
To kill all evenings over there?”   
− I’m not at all. − “Oh, listen, let’s be fair:   
Tell me the secret as all I see is such:   
First (though I’d admit I might be wrong)   
A simple Russian family, too prone   
To comfort dear guests too much,   
Jam served, and endless fruitless talk   
Of rain, of flax, and newest breed of hog…”

II

− I do not see a trouble in these yet.   
“But bore, my friend, the boredom is the trouble.”

The fashionable monde − it makes me fret,

I would prefer home circle, on its rubble   
I may... “Oh, that’s eclogue again!   
Enough, good friend, become mundane.   
So, you are leaving: what a pity.   
And, listen, Lensky, to that closed forbidden city   
Could I proceed with you for meeting   
Phyllida, the object of your thoughts and lines,   
And tears and your many rhymes?…  
Acquaint us”. − You must be kidding. ⎯   
“No way”. − “I’d love to” − “When?”

III   
Let's go. −  
And both galloped down hill in race.   
When they arrived, upon them were showered   
All hospitality of past sometimes so hard to face   
Though with tradition it’s empowered:   
Cer’mony’s known of how to treat the guest:   
On saucers − confiture (the better of the best),   
On table then is brought and set   
A jag of berry water, yet,  
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .   
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .   
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .   
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

IV   
Returning home, they took the shortest way   
And all the way they were hurrying.   
Let's overhear what the heroes had to say   
Though, it's not good and kind of cunning.   
− So, how was it, Onegin? You are yawing.-   
− “Just habit, Lensky” − Was it that much boring?   
− Not really, boredom made ’bout half of it.   
It's getting dark, to move we need,   
Now go, Andryushka, move away from shady   
And stupid looking area around;   
And, by the way, t’admit I’m bound   
That Larina is simple, but she’s cute old lady,   
I worry if the berry water that we had   
Could bother stomach, dear Lensky friend.

V   
Now tell which of the two’s Tatyana?"   
⎯ The one who was so taciturn,   
And like Svеtlana, she was *piana*   
When came and sat by window in her turn.⎯   
“And you’re in love with younger one, aren’t you?   
⎯ So what? “I would have chosen then   
The other of the two if I were poet as you are   
In Olga’s features *il y a pas*   
De life as in Madonna by Van Dyke:   
Her face is round, it is red,   
With stupid Moon that has been set   
On this most stupid skies she is alike.”  
Vladimir t’it replied in manner quite restrained   
And in the silence rest of ride was made.

VI   
The fact that to the Larins E. Onegin paid a visit   
Impressed all neighbours quite a lot   
Society felt stirred, thou ’tis quite hard to please it   
It felt amused and explanations sought   
A guess was aired after guess −   
The flow that no one thought t’suppress   
Of implications, jokes that started touching soon   
Tatyana Larina’s prospective groom:   
There were some who swore to know   
The wedding’s set but paused for little while   
Because couldn’t find the rings in style   
Of duly fashion; there was even more to go:   
About the date when Lensky will get married   
They neither contradicted nor in options varied.

VII   
Tatyana heard with irritation   
Those gossips, but at heart she thought   
With unexplainable satisfaction   
Of whether gossips grounds got.   
In heart a thought was planted there to dwell;   
The time had come, in love she fell.   
In manner such a seed revives   
When springtime Sun has opened its warm eyes.   
For long the girl’s imagination   
Combusting was in sorrow and in bliss   
Was craving her seducing pain to please,   
To pacify that torturing sensation   
That tore her chest and burnt her like the Sun.   
She waited for specifically... someone.

VIII   
And found one... Her eyes got filled with light   
He is the one − the girl has met her prince   
Alas! Now all the day as well as all the night   
As well as her so hot and lonely dream   
Are filled with him, and every cell   
About him is eager t’tell   
With magic power. Bored became   
With how-are-yous always the same,   
With caring sights of house-maids.   
But in the blue,   
She wants her quests be gone but few,   
But even few she sees and hates   
For dropping in and staying late   
Not caring how much welcome was their raid.

IX   
Now how attentively she reads   
Love novel with deep sighs,   
And drinks the juice of sweetest seeds   
Of its seducing lies!   
With happy force of dream embodied,   
With life by thought again rewarded   
Were lover of known Julia Wolmar,   
Malek Adel and de Lenar   
And Werther, martyr full of riot,   
And that unique pal Grandison,   
Who t’make us sleepy very prone, ⎯   
All these for the day-dreamer quiet   
United in one single person,   
In one Onegin, made him awesome.

X.   
A heroine herself she sees   
For writers she adores,   
Like their Delphina, Julia, Claris,   
She walks in silent woods, of coarse,   
With dang’rous book. Between the lines   
She searches for (and there she finds)   
Source for her dreams, her secret fire,   
Fruits for the flooding heart desire.   
She sighs and chooses t’overtake   
Some strangers’ grief and joy the way they art   
And whispers in the bliss by heart   
A letter to the one who came her to awake...  
However that would be quite wrong   
T’consider our hero kind of Grandison.

XI   
Once had his quill tuned to the serious tone,   
Creative writer would begin   
Depicting hero as embodiment alone   
Of perfect man without sin.   
He’d give to his beloved creation,   
Who’s always under an unjust, sad condemnation,   
Sensible soul, quick mind,   
Good-looking face and blue-eye sight.   
And, burning with some pure passion,   
This always joyous friend would rise   
For something himself t’sacrifice,   
And by the end there will be a confession,   
And will be punished evil vice   
The good will shine freed of all lies.

XII   
Now, it appears, human minds are blunted,   
Morality is bore and makes us yawn,   
The vice is welcome and no longer hunted,   
In novels neither short nor long.   
And fairy-tales of British muse   
Disturb sweet dream of tender youth,   
And then she started to admire   
As idol taciturn Vampire,   
Or Melmoth, gloomy vagabond,   
Or Wandering Jew, or the Corsair,   
Or that mysterious Sbogar.   
Lord Byron with his lovely folly turned   
Sad, joyless romanticism   
Into hopeless egoism.

XIII   
My dear friends, tell what all this is for?   
Maybe, one day by heaven’s will   
I won't be poet any more   
And other devil me would fill,   
And caring not of Phoebus’ threats   
I'll condescend to some prosaic sets;   
And novel in such out-dated manner   
Would fill my joyous dusk in country manor.   
I shall depict in that my piece   
No secret tortures of the evil,   
But simple life without upheaval   
Of Russian family in peace,   
Its legends, dreams of love and rest   
And habits of the world of days of past

XIV   
To readers then I shall be just repeating   
What father or aged uncle told,   
Recount how kids secretly were meeting   
By creek, or bass-trees old;   
I will describe how jealousy them tore,   
How two were parted, reconciled once more.   
I'll break them up again before the ending   
Which would be them in front of altar standing...   
In this my piece I'll have to recollect   
Words of delight and sad infatuation   
That used t’sustain my soul’s ration   
Long time ago when in neglect   
I knelt in front of beautiful my lover,   
Words now forgotten, dust is their cover.

XV  
Tatyana! Dear sweet my girl!   
I cry with you not able to stay silent;   
You have already made the fatal hurl   
When gave your life to fashionable tyrant.   
You'll perish, dear, but before you’re lost   
In dazzling hope you will exhaust,   
In summoning obscure beatitude   
You learn life’s happiness so crude,   
You drink enchanting poison of desire,   
You're hunted by day-dreams,   
And everywhere to you there seems   
To be asylum for a rendezvous; and dire,   
Beloved tempter stands beside   
Always and everywhere, day and night.

XVI   
Love’s anguish can her bring no peace,   
To yearn Tatyana goes to garden,   
Becomes she there weak in knees,   
Can step no more all of a sudden.   
She straightens up, her lips then light   
With instant fire very bright,   
And something takes her breath away,   
She hears noise, her eyes ray...   
The night then comes; on patrol Moon   
Makes tour across the heaven’s sphere,   
And nightingale in trees somewhere very near   
Sings its most clear tune.   
Tatyana doesn’t sleep, red are her cheeks,   
With nanny quietly she speaks:

XVII   
“Can't sleep, sweet nanny, it’s so stuffy here!   
Please, open window and come sit by me.”   
− Oh, Tanya, what is wrong with you, my dear?   
− “I'm bored. Let’s talk ’bout past, can we?”   
− ’bout what? Now gone those days   
When easily from top of head I'd says   
The stories that took place and that did not   
’bout evil spirits and ’bout girls in their plot;   
Now, Tanya, for me it's all blank:   
What’d known − forgot, you see   
It looks like it’s black stripe in life for me!   
“Tell, nanny, and with me please be frank,   
About times you were young,   
Were you in love with some... Someone?”

XVIII   
⎯ Oh, come on, Tanya, we back then   
’bout love didn’t hear, didn’t know,   
If did I’d be kicked out when   
My mom-in-law would learn me knowing so. ⎯   
“But nanny, how was then your wedding done?” ⎯   
How god arranged, you see, my man Ivan   
Was younger than I was   
I was thirteen then. But because   
For two weeks a matchmaker had been coming   
To all my kin, so finally   
My father gave his bless to marrying me,   
And scared, shivering and crying   
I had undone my braid,   
And went to church, in tears and afraid.

XIX   
So, I was brought to other household...   
But, you don’t seem to listen t’me...   
“But nanny, nanny, I am miserable, cold,   
I am sick... how can’t you see?   
To cry I’m ready, weep I will!…”   
− My child, oh dear, are you ill?   
For goodness sake, save us the Lord,   
Is there something you may want?   
And let me sprinkle holy water,   
You are in fever... “Heavens are above,   
I am not ill, I am... in... love” −  
Lord be with you, oh sweet my daughter! −   
And nanny with a trembling hand in prayer   
Made sign of cross over her head in air.

XX   
‘I am in love’ − she whispered once again   
To the old nanny sadly. −   
My sweetie-pie, you are not well,   
− ‘Leave me, I am in love so badly’.   
Meanwhile the moon was shining bright,   
And lit with tired opaque light   
Tatyana’s pale and beautiful young face,   
Her hair undone that spread like waves,   
Her teardrops, old woman sitting by   
On bench in front of heroine so sad   
With a kerchief on gray her head   
In quilted jacket. Blessed by sky,   
All things were resting in the quiet   
Beneath the moon that everything inspired.

XXI   
Was far away with all her heart   
Tatyana looking at the moon,   
And suddenly a thought came up:   
“Leave me alone, go to your room,   
Give me some paper, give me quill,   
And move the table, soon I will   
Go to the bed. I’m sorry” − finally alone.   
Moon shines. It’s quiet, every sound has gone,   
Tatyana starts to write a letter then,   
And dear Eugeniy is in mind.   
The words she writes are all of such a kind   
That love of virgin lives in them.   
The letter’s done, the letter's ended...   
Tatyana! T’whom is it intended?

XXII   
I knew those beauties one can't reach,   
Like winter cold and pure,   
Those one can’t please, persuade, bewitch,   
Or comprehend or otherwise allure;   
With their vogue conceit and decency innate   
I was amazed, but after all I am to state   
Away from them I fled as I had read,   
To me now seems, on their forehead   
Inscription carved on gates of hell   
“Abandon hopes whoever enters in”   
T’inspire love for them is almost sin,   
Inspiring fear makes them well.   
You might have seen the women of this kind   
When walked along the Neva by your side.

XXIII   
Another kind among their devotees   
I did observe in now gone days,   
Those women cared not in selfish bliss   
’bout sighs of passion and of praise.   
What did I learn with such surprise?   
The way they manage to disguise,   
With strict behaviour scared those in love and shy   
But then attracted back the poor rejected guy   
Sometimes entrapped him by remorse,   
Sometimes − with tenderness of voice   
So that then he in love would have no choice   
But follow blindly voice's source.   
And runs the poor enchanted man   
After that nonsense sweet. Like many ran.

XXIV   
Why should we think Tatyana’s worse?   
For being beautifully naive   
She knew no lies, or just because   
Her chosen dream she wouldn’t leave?   
Or for the fact in love she can’t pretend,   
Her heart’s desire able not t’amend,   
Or ’cause she's very trusting girl   
’Cause her by heavens gifted soul   
Is blessed with fierce imagination,   
With swiftest mind and lively will,   
Persistent character and real   
Combusting heart. On this occasion   
Won’t you forgive her that she has   
In heart affairs easy-mindedness?

XXV   
While a cocotte thinks in cold blood,   
Tatyana’s love not to be joked,   
She is in it with all her heart   
Like simple child in it she's soaked.   
She doesn’t say: let’s push away the guy   
For so we would love’s value multiply   
And better catching be the net;   
At first his vanity we'll get   
With hope, then − have his heart to ache   
With being uncertain, then to life   
With jealous fire him we will revive;   
Or, bored in pleasure, cunning slave will make   
Attempt to run away   
In every second on just any day.

XXVI   
Obstacles of another kind I also can foretell:   
Defending honour of homeland   
I'll have to make as well   
Translation t’letter by Tatyana’s hand.   
She Russian knew quite far from mere good,   
Read our magazines she almost never would,   
With quite an effort she herself expressed   
In mother tongue though did her best.   
She wrote the letter *par la langue française*  
What can I do? But stressing it once more   
A lady’s love’s unable now and couldn't before   
Itself in Russian dare to express.   
Till now proud our tongue unable was to force   
Itself to fall to using postal prose.

XXVII   
I know: it has been circulating   
To make the ladies read *en Russe*   
But Gee! How can I just be waiting   
To find a lady with ‘The good-intentioned’ used?   
My poets, I appeal to you   
Would it be terribly untrue   
To say: sweet objects t’whom you poems wrote,   
Redeeming sins, in front of whom unfold   
You had your hearts, so, haven't they   
In speaking Russian being bad   
And looking stressed and kind of sad,   
Blurred it in such a darling way,   
And turned a language of another nation   
Into a mother tongue of choice and occasion?

XXVIII   
And God forbids me meeting at a ball   
Or have me by an entrance met   
By scholar wearing shoes *avec* high sole   
Or member of Academy in quilted hat!   
Like seeing smileless lips of colour of a peach   
I do not like to listen to the Russian speech   
Without a slight grammatical mistake.   
Maybe, the newest beauties’ make   
Would teach us being used to grammar   
For they had heard the plea   
Of magazines française − this’d mean the end for me −   
Thus making poetry an article of glamour;   
But I... With me it doesn’t have a thing to do,   
To past I’ll carry on allegiance due.

XXIX   
Not right and careless way of talk,   
And not correct pronunciation   
Still make my heart to thrill and rock   
In its chest-locked location.   
I’ve got not strength to feel remorse,   
So, French-originated words   
Remain welcome deep inside,   
Like poems Bogdanovich used to write.   
But that’s enough. Now I’ve got to proceed   
To letter of young beautiful my lady,   
You have my word, but looks like I am ready   
To call it back. And nowadays, indeed,   
A fruit of quill of tender old Parny   
Can’t seek much interest as far as I can see.

XXX   
Oh, troubadour of Feasts and blissful lachrymose   
If still you were standing by my hand   
With impolite request you I would bother,   
My utmost dear precious friend:   
Would you translate to some enchanting chords   
In foreign language written words   
By girl in passion and delight?   
Where are you? T’you I'll pass my right   
For my respect to you is high...   
But he, amidst those sad gray cliffs   
Must've forgotten feeling an approval leaves   
Alone, he walks beneath the Finnish sky,   
His soul hears me no longer   
My grief meanwhile is growing stronger

XXXI   
And treasured as a sacred one, Tatyana’s letter   
Lays right in front of me on table   
With reading it I’m able not myself to cater   
Rereading it to satisfy me is unable.   
Who taught her all this tenderness,   
With words this nicest carelessness,   
Who showed her how to look so pleasing   
To speak her heart this way so teasing,   
So fascinating and with such a drive?   
I can't get this. But you may find below   
And incomplete translation, quality its − low   
Like copy’s − to a picture full of life,   
Or school production of ‘Free Shooter’   
Deserving label ‘couldn’t be cuter’

*Tatyana's letter to Onegin*   
I write to you − what can be more than this?   
What else to say could I attempt?   
And now, I know, you may if you would please,   
To punish me with your contempt.   
But you cannot abandon me at ease   
If slightest pity has been left   
T’my fate of happiness bereft.   
T’not say a word at first I wanted   
Believe: about my shameful fall   
You would’ve never learnt at all   
If I still was by hope haunted   
To have you come just once a week,   
To see you here, listen how you speak   
A couple words to you to tweet,   
About one thing to think and then   
All night and day to think ’bout it again   
Until next time when we will meet.   
But people say you’re not that out-going,   
And here, in the countryside, you're bored   
But we... we have no glitter brightly showing   
And simply heartfelt welcome can afford.   
Why did you come to our part of land?   
I would’ve never met you nor I would’ve learnt   
Such bitter torment in this settlement   
By Lord forgotten in the back of the beyond.   
And having pacified (who knows?) the Fronde,   
Unrest of verdant soul as the time flies by,   
I would've found a friend for heart, a mate,   
A faithful wife I could’ve made,   
A virtuous mother could be I.   
Somebody else!.. I couldn't give my heart   
To anyone except you on the Earth   
The Supreme Judge decided way things art...   
’Tis heaven’s will that I am yours.   
And all my life’s been a tribute, a guarantee,   
That we're to meet and this we couldn’t deny;   
I know you’re sent by Lord to me,   
You are my guardian till time for me to die...   
You came to me in dreams deep in the night,   
I liked you though you were yet unseen,   
You made me pine with stare your so clean,   
Your voice sounded inside   
So long before...no! that was not a dream!   
When you came in, I recognized you right away   
I froze, I bursted into flame,   
I said t’myself: now that is him!   
Isn't it true? I've heard your voice for sure:   
Weren’t you the one who spoke to me in quiet   
When I was helping poor   
Or with a prayer tried to cure   
My soul's anguish, my heart’s riot?   
And now, this moment in addition   
Is it not you, sweet apparition,   
Who's in translucent dark flashed by   
And nestled calmly at the head of bed,   
Who has with love and consolation said   
These words of hope to ears my?   
Are you my guardian angel or you are   
A treacherous seducer who is me to char:   
Please do resolve my doubts.   
Maybe all this is pure idle talk in vain,   
A verdant soul’s illusions with no grounds   
And something else for me is foreordained...   
But, anyway, so let it be! My fate   
From now on I to you entrust,   
In front of you I into tears bust,   
For your protection now I supplicate...   
Imagine this: I’m here all alone,   
There’s no one me to understand   
My mind is so much enervated and   
In silence t’perish I am thrown.   
I wait for you: hopes that my heart has borne   
With single glance come and revive   
Or cut my heavy dreams with knife   
Of well-deserved reproach and scorn.   
I close. Afraid to read it through...   
I freeze in shame and fright...   
And be my guarantee your honour t’which I do   
Entrust so bravely myself this night...

XXXII   
Tatyana moans and Tatyana sighs;   
Is shaking letter in her hand;   
On fevered tongue her lies and dries   
A rosy sealing band.   
Her head to shoulder has stooped down   
Has fallen her so light night-gown   
Off charming shoulder... And has died away   
Already shine of the Moon’s ray.   
And over there valley lightens bright   
Through mist. And there has silvered stream.   
Down there the village folk wakes up from dream   
To shepherd’s pipe proclaiming end of night.   
It's morning: everyone has risen long ago,   
But my Tatyana doesn't care though.

XXXIII   
She hasn’t noticed dawn to ramp,   
She’s sitting and her head’s held low,   
She hasn't yet decided t’stamp   
The letter with engraved her seal though.   
But quietly proceeding through the doorway   
Grey-headed old Phillipyevna on tray   
Brings to Tatyana her tea-cup:   
“Wake up, my child, it’s time t’get up:   
You’re up and ready, what a day!   
Oh, early birdie! But last night   
I was afraid if you're all-right!   
But, Lord all mighty, you’re OK!   
Your nightly yearn has gone without a trace   
As poppy-flower fresh and nice’s your face.”

XXXIV   
− Oh nanny! May I ask you t’undertake a mission?   
“Go on, sweetheart, just tell what I can do”   
You shouldn’t think...indeed... suspicion...   
But see... oh, do not turn me down, not you. −   
“My friend, I swear by the heavens high.” −   
So would you send your grandson on the sly   
With this short letter to O... you know the one,   
The neighbour. Tell him he to none   
Would say a word however is inquired,   
Would name me not... −   
"Sweetheart, to whom, to what?   
I have become slow-witted now and tired.   
There’re tons of neighbours all around; I am   
Unable to remember all of them

XXXV   
− But, nanny, nanny, can't you guess? −   
“But, dear friend, I'm growing old,   
I'm old: my mind is in regress,   
When I was sharp I got what told   
Me lord or lady right away”   
− Oh, nanny, why do you this say?   
I have no need your mind be better   
You see, the matter’s ’bout this letter   
To Onegin − “Now I see, the mail.   
Do not be angry, sweetie-pie,   
You know, how muddle-headed I...   
But why do you again turn pale?” −   
Oh, nothing, nanny, nothing's about it.   
Now will you send your male grandkid with it?

XXXVI

A day passed by, and there was no response.   
Another day: still there is none.   
Tatyana’s waiting, feigning nonchalance,   
Though pale as shade: when will it come?   
Then Olga’s idolater arrived her to attend.   
“Please tell us where is now your friend?” −  
Asked him landlady to his face.   
“It seems he has forgotten our place”.   
Tatyana, reddened, shook and shivered. −   
He promised me to come to you today, −   
But post must have delayed him on the way. −   
Such answer Lensky to old lady then delivered −

Tatyana dropped her eyes and faded   
As if she was maliciously upbraided

XXXVII   
Was growing dark. The evening samovar on table   
Was hissing, warming the Chinese teapot.   
And over it were curling rings unstable   
Of light pellucid stream that hot.   
And being poured by Olga’s hand   
To cups as if it was a dark pearl strand   
The fragrant tea was flowing,   
And cream the boy was serving;   
Tatyana then in front of window stood   
On the cool glass she breathed,   
And, as in thoughts she lost and sheathed,   
With her fine finger write she would   
On misted glass the ‘E’ and ‘O’ −   
The letters that she cherished so.

XXXVIII   
And all this time her soul was aching,   
Were full of tears her eyes and heart.   
Hoof thud! − her heart was breaking,   
It's coming up! − right to the yard!   
Evgeniy! “Ah!” − as shadow swift all of a sudden,   
Tatyana jumps to other hall and runs to garden   
Through the porch. She flies, flies,   
Not daring to look back or to disguise.   
In just a moment dashed across   
The flower beds, the bridges and the lawn,   
Took alley to the lake, to copse she then was gone   
Broke through the lilac with tremendous force,   
And, smashing flowers, flew to creek   
Then, gasping, onto bench she sneaked.

XXXIX   
Fell down...   
“He’s here! Here is Evgeniy!   
Oh, Lord Almighty, what he could’ve thought!”   
Her heart, of tortures straining,   
Preserves dark dream of hope not yet distraught;   
She's shivering, and burning in a stir,   
And waiting: is he coming? Nothing can she hear.   
As maids in garden berries then collected,   
In doing that they were directed   
To sing in chorus out-loud   
(The order based on an assumption   
That silent lips begin consumption   
Their masters’ berries non-allowed,   
Unless these lips are forced to sing:   
Idea rustically keen!)

*The Song of the Girls*   
Girls, you, girls ’n’ beauties,   
Sweetie-hearts ’n’ friends,   
Get to play, you, girls so dear,   
And get going, girls so nice!   
And begin to sing a ditty   
Secret ditty of the girls,   
And entice a fellow   
For our round dance.   
When the fellow is attracted,   
Seen from far away,   
We should run away, sweet-hearts,   
Throwing at him cherries   
Cherries and raspberries,   
And as well red currents   
Do not come eavesdropping   
On our secret ditties,   
Do not come to spy on   
Our girlish games.

XL   
And as they sang, Tatyana heeded   
Their voice resonant with a slight,   
The only thing impatiently she needed   
Is her heart’s trembling to subside,   
To stifle fire of her lips,   
And thrill in bosom and in hips,   
Flame of her lips fades not although   
Instead, it grows and raises over all...   
Likewise a poor butterfly flops   
With rainbow-coloured wing when caught   
By playful kid not many years old,   
Likewise a hare palpitates in winter crops   
When sees from pretty far away   
A gunman hiding in the hay.

XLI   
And finally she sighed   
Stood up from bench and paced,   
Then turned to alley, there − right   
In front of her − she faced   
Eugeniy, he was fire-eyed,   
He stood like shadow spreading fright.   
She stopped as if she was   
Scorched from inside, and then she froze.   
Describing aftermath, my friends,   
To this encounter at alley   
I just cannot go on today:   
For this I have no strength.   
I’ve got to take a break, to stroll:   
I shall continue sometime after all.