**Two Songs From**

**Pushkin’s Evgeni Onegin**

**Lenski’s Song [Chapter 6, XXII]**

*Translated by* Elena Y. Mitcoff

The dawn will come, and every cloud

The sun’s bright rays will swiftly banish,

But I perchance in a cold shroud

From life eternally shall vanish;

The mem’ry of the youthful singer

For one brief summer yet may linger,

The world I know will soon forget,

But will you weep in true regret

Beloved, for my untimely doom,

And whisper thus, “He loved me only,

He gave his life, pathetic, lonely

To earth and death’s eternal gloom?”

O tender friend, O friend so dear,

Come, come, and soothe thy lover’s fear.

**Tatiana to Onegin [Chapter Eight, XLVI]**

For me, Onegin, all this chill

Of wealth and pomp are only trifles.

The high position that I fill

To ore is empty, cold, it stifles.

What is it for? I. would with gladness

Throw all away, this dazzling madness,

This glamour, laughter, noise and heat,

For my old books, the rustic seat

Of our old garden’s leafy screen.

Those other spots, that fated place

Where first I met you face to face,

And for that churchyard’s shade serene

Where first I met you face to face

And for that churchyard’s shade serene

From: *The Russian Student* **6** (8) (1930), 19.