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Lyrics and Shorter Poems

Volume 4

The Caucasus and Courtship

1829–30

1829

(от мая)

563

* * *

На холмах Грузии лежит ночная мгла;
Шумит Арагва предо мною.
Мне грустно и легко; печаль моя светла;
Печаль моя полна тобою,
Тобой, одной тобой... Унынья моего
Ничто не мучит, не тревожит,
И сердце вновь горит и любит — оттого,
Что не любить оно не может.

564

КАЛМЫЧКЕ

Прощай, любезная калмычка!
Чуть-чуть, на зло моих затей,
Меня похвальная привычка
Не увлекла среди степей
Вслед за кибиткою твоей.
Твои глаза конечно узки,
И плосок нос, и лоб широк,
Ты не лепечешь по-французски,
Ты шелком не сжимаешь ног;
По-английски пред самоваром
Узором хлеба не крошишь,
Не восхищаешься Сен-Маром,
Слегка Шекспира не ценишь,
Не погружаешься в мечтанье,
Когда нет мысли в голове,
Не распеваешь *Ma dov'è*,
Галоп не прыгаешь в собранье...

10

1829

(FROM MAY)

563

* * *

The hills of Georgia are veiled in mists of night;
close by I hear the Arágvá flowing.
I'm sad, yet glad at heart; my very sorrow's bright –
my sorrow that is overflowing
with you, with you alone... There's nothing here to move
that sorrow into pain, nothing to overpower
my feelings that are now again aflame with love –
for not to love is beyond their power.

RC

564

FOR A KALMYK GIRL

Goodbye, my lovely Kalmyk friend,
you almost made me ditch my plans –
I, rightly, like to fraternize and
might have dashed across the steppes
after that covered cart of yours.
Your eyes, it's true, are narrow slits –
your nose is flat, your forehead wide;
you don't go simpering on in French,
nor squeeze your calves in silken hose;
you don't cut bread in pretty shapes
beside a teapot, English-style,
nor rave about de Vigny's books,
nor damn poor Shakespeare with faint praise;
you don't resort to meditation
to hide an absence of ideas;
you don't drone arias by Rossini,
nor prance a *galop* at a ball...

TO

Что нужды? — Ровно полчаса,
 Пока коней мне запрягали,
 Мне ум и сердце занимали
 Твой взор и дикая краса.

20

Друзья! не всё ль одно и то же:
 Забыться праздною душой
 В блестящей зале, в модной ложе,
 Или в кибитке кочевой?

565

ФАЗИЛЬ-ХАНУ

Благословен твой подвиг новый,
 Твой путь на север наш суровый,
 Где кратко царствует весна,
 Но где Гафиза и Саади
 Знакомы имена.

Ты посетишь наш край полночный,
 Оставь же след
 Цветы фантазии восточной
 Рассыпь на северных снегах.

566

ДЕЛИБАШ

Перестрелка за холмами;
 Смотрит лагерь их и наш:
 На холме пред казаками
 Вьется красный делибаш.

Делибаш! не суйся к лаве,
 Пожалей свое житье;
 Вмиг аминь лихой забаве:
 Попадешься на копье.

Эй, казак! не рвися к бою:
 Делибаш на всем скаку
 Срежет саблюю кривою
 С плеч удалую башку.

No matter! For a full half-hour,
 as they were harnessing the horses,
 your gaze, your beauty from the wilds, 20
 held my attention, mind and heart.
 My friends, it's surely all the same
 to let one's idle feelings roam
 in soirées, theatres bright and smart,
 or by a nomad's covered cart. RC

565

FOR FAZIL KHAN

Your exploit, friend, is brave and bold:
 our northern lands are bleak and cold,
 and lovely spring too quickly flies.
 Yet here your Saadi's tale is told...
 Hafez is known among the wise.

Across our midnight world we trace
 your eastern footsteps as you go:
 so scatter on our northern snow
 blossoms of fantasy and grace. JC

566

THE DELIBÁSH

Gunfire on the hilltops warns us;
 both encampments, foe and friend,
 watch as, towards the Cossack forces,
 rides a *delibásh* in red.

Delibásh, don't charge, hot-headed,
 into battle! Hold life dear,
 lest your derring-do be ended
 on the fine point of a spear.

Cossack, don't rush into action,
 or the *delibásh* will slice, IO
 with his sabre curved and slashing,
 head from shoulders in a trice.

Мчатся, сшиблись в общем крике...
 Посмотрите! каковы?...
 Делибаш уже на пике,
 А казак без головы.

567

ИЗ ГАФИЗА

Лагерь при Евфрате

Не пленяйся бранной славой,
 О красавец молодой!
 Не бросайся в бой кровавый
 С карабахскою толпой!
 Знаю, смерть тебя не встретит:
 Азраил, среди мечей,
 Красоту твою заметит —
 И пощада будет ей!
 Но боюсь: среди сражений
 Ты утратишь навсегда
 Скромность робкую движений,
 Прелесть неги и стыда!

10

568

КРИТОН

Критон, роскошный гражданин
 Очаровательных Афин,
 Во цвете жизни предавался
 Всем упоениям бытия.
 Однажды, — слушайте, друзья, —
 Он по Керамику скитался,
 И вдруг из рощи вековой,
 Красною девственной блистая,
 В одежде легкой и простой
 Явилась нимфа молодая.
 Пред банею, между колонн,
 Она на миг остановилась
 И в дом вошла. Недвижим он
 Глядит на дверь, куда, как сон,
 Его красавица сокрылась ...

10

Cries and clashing... Then a viewer
shouts, "Who's won?" By now the dread
delibásh is on a skewer
and the Cossack has no head.

CC

567

FROM HAFEZ

A camp on the Euphrates

Don't be lured to martial glory,
O my young and handsome lord!
Don't rush off to battles gory
with your daring warrior horde!
Yes, I know: you'll hardly perish –
Azrael, among the blades,
will, I'm sure, your beauty cherish,
and protect it from the shades!
Still, I fear that under battle
you will suffer all the same,
lose your shy and modest manner,
tender charm and sense of shame!

IO

JF

568

CRITO

Rich Crito lived as he desired
in Athens, city much admired.
Now in life's prime, he would surrender
himself to pleasures unrestrained.
One day he'd chosen – hear me, friends –
around Ceramicus to wander,
when from an ancient wood close by,
her maiden beauty glowing brightly,
a girl (or nymph?) ran, young and spry,
towards the baths, clad simply, lightly.
While passing through the columns there,
she for a moment paused unbidden,
then entered. Crito stopped to stare,
unmoving, at the doorway where
the lovely girl had, dreamlike, hidden ...

IO

RC

569

* * *

Зорю бьют... из рук моих
 Ветхий Данте выпадает,
 На устах начатый стих
 Недочитанный затих.
 Дух далече улетает.
 Звук привычный, звук живой,
 Сколь ты часто раздавался
 Там, где тихо развивался
 Я давнишнею порой!

570

СТАМБУЛ

Стамбул гяуры нынче славят,
 А завтра кованой пятой,
 Как змия спящего, раздавят
 И прочь пойдут и так оставят.
 Стамбул заснул перед бедой.

Стамбул отрекся от пророка;
 В нем правду древнего Востока
 Лукавый Запад омрачил —
 Стамбул для сладостей порока
 Мольбе и сабле изменил. 10
 Стамбул отвык от поту битвы
 И пьет вино в часы молитвы.

Там веры чистый жар потух:
 Там жены по кладбищам ходят,
 На перекрестки шлют старух,
 А те мужчин в харемы вводят,
 И спит подкупленный евнух.

Но не таков Арзрум нагорный,
 Многодорожный наш Арзрум:
 Не спим мы в роскоше позорной, 20
 Не черпем чашей непокорной
 В вине разврат, огонь и шум.

Drum roll... Dante's tome, well-thumbed,
 from my startled hands starts falling;
 verses that I've just begun
 reading hang on lips now dumb.
 Sounds from far back I'm recalling.
 Rhythmic drums – your beat I know!
 Many a time I heard you rolling
 close at hand while I was growing
 quietly up so long ago.

RC

ISTANBUL

The infidels praise Istanbul
 today; soon, though, with iron heel
 they'll crush her like a torpid snake,
 then off they'll go and leave her crushed.
 Though menaced, Istanbul lies sleeping.

The city has disowned God's Prophet:
 in her the West's mendacity
 has clouded age-old Eastern truth.
 Worship and warfare Istanbul has
 abandoned for indulgent vice:
 now, weary of the sweat of battle,
 she quaffs red wine at hours of prayer.

10

Islam's pure fire has been extinguished;
 wives roam the graveyards as they please;
 to street corners they send old housemaids
 to summon men to their harems,
 while eunuchs take a well-paid sleep.

In Erzurum, though, in the mountains,
 this town of many byways – here
 we do not lounge in shameful comforts,
 nor into wrongful winecups do we
 pour ourselves clamour, lust and strife.

20

Постимся мы: струею трезвой
 Святые воды нас поят;
 Толпой бестрепетной и резвой
 Джигиты наши в бой летят.
 Харемы наши недоступны,
 Евнухи строги, неподкупны,
 И смирно жены там сидят.

Алла велик!

К нам из Стамбула
 Пришел гонимый янычар.
 Тогда нас буря долу гнула,
 И пал неслыханный удар.
 От Рущука до старой Смирны,
 От Трапезунда до Тульчи,
 Склика я псов на праздник жирный,
 Толпой ходили палачи;
 Трещя в объятиях пожаров,
 Валились дома янычаров;
 Окровавленные зубцы
 Везде торчали; угли тлели;
 На кольях скорчась мертвецы
 Оцепенелые чернели.

30

40

Алла велик. Тогда султан
 Был духом гнева обуян.

571

ДОНЦЫ

Был и я среди донцов,
 Гнал и я османов шайку;
 В память битвы и шатров
 Я домой привез нагайку.
 На походе, на войне
 Сохранил я балалайку —
 С нею рядом, на стене
 Я повешу и нагайку.
 Что таиться от друзей —
 Я люблю свою хозяйку,
 Часто думал я об ней
 И берег свою нагайку.

10

We keep the fasts, and soberly
 drink only consecrated water.
 When our fierce horsemen fly to battle
 in fearless and excited hordes,
 to our harems no man can enter –
 eunuchs are strict, cannot be bought,
 and wives live meekly, as they ought.

Allah is great!

From Istanbul 30
 there fled to us a janizary.
 A storm had burst and bent us low,
 an unimagined blow had fallen.
 From Ruse fort to old Izmir,
 from Trabzon all the way to Tulcea,
 town streets were full of murderous mobs,
 egging on hounds to share a feast.
 Engulfed in crackling conflagrations,
 the janizaries' houses crumbled;
 all round sharp spikes of iron dripped 40
 with blood, and heaps of embers smouldered.
 Impaled on stakes contorted corpses
 were stiffening and turning black.

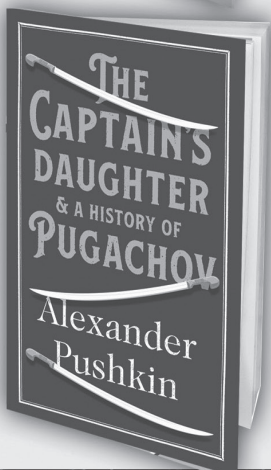
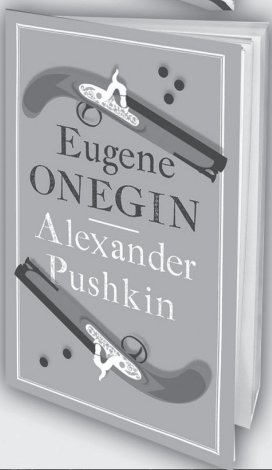
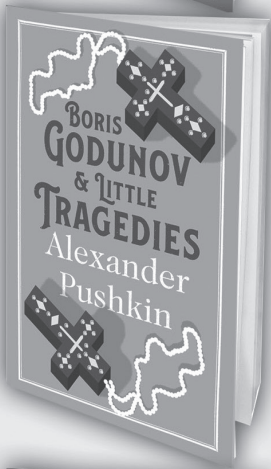
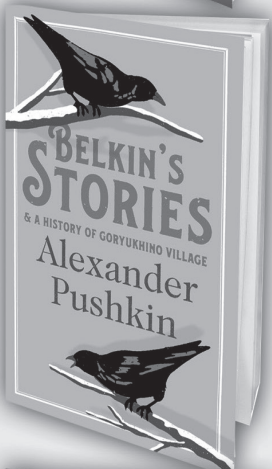
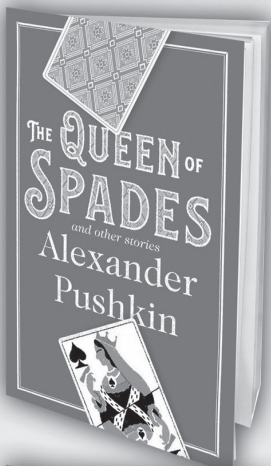
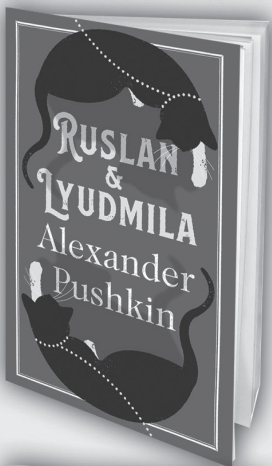
Allah is great! The Sultan's rage RC
 still burned within him unassuaged.

571

DON COSSACKS

I too with Don Cossacks fought,
 Turks I too sent flying presto!
 From the battlefield I've brought
 home this whip as a memento.
 On campaign I through it all
 kept my balalaika by me.
 That and whip upon the wall
 side by side I'll fasten slyly.
 Why keep secrets from a friend? –
 I do love my missus dearly: 10
 I have thought of her no end –
 and my whip I'm keeping near me. RC

Alexander PUSHKIN COLLECTION

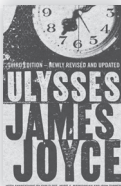
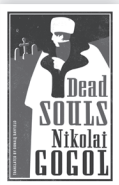
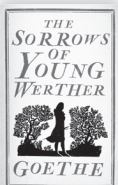
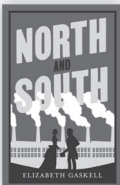
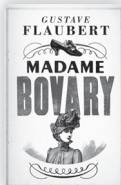
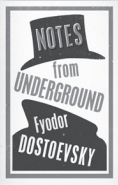
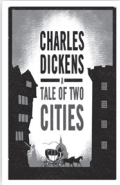
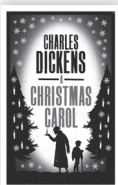


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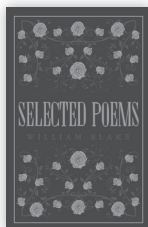
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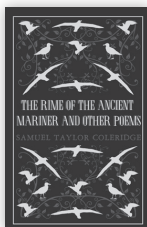


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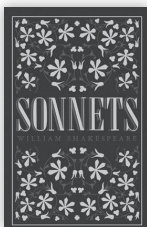
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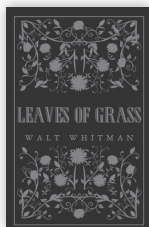
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