

СБОРНИКЪ
РУССКИХЪ
СТИХОТВОРЕНИЙ

КАРАМЗИНЪ, ПУШКИНЪ, ТЮТЧЕВЪ,
ЛЕРМОНТОВЪ, Гр. А. ТОЛСТОЙ, НИКИТИНЪ,
ПЛЕЩЕЕВЪ, НАДСОНЪ и СОЛОГОУБЪ.

СОСТАВИЛЪ
Б. А. РУДЗИНСКІЙ,
ГЛАСГОВЪ

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POEMS

SELECTED FROM

KARAMZIN, PUSHKIN, TYUTCHEV, LERMONTOV,
COUNT A. TOLSTOY, NIKITIN, PLESHCHEYEV,
NADSON, AND SOLOGUB.

EDITED WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,
ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS, AND NOTES,

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS collection of typical Russian lyrics is meant to aid learners who have passed the first stage in their study of the language. Mr. Rudzinsky's "Russian Reader," issued in 1916, has furnished them with specimens of Turgeniev's prose, accompanied by useful notes and vocabularies. His second volume will introduce them to some of Russia's national poets, and to a number of the poems in which the Russian outlook and temperament find expression. The short critical and biographical notices will serve to indicate each author's place in the literary history of his country. The prose renderings of his verse are of design made severely literal. A freer and more idiomatic version might hinder rather than help a student whose first concern is with the Russian language and its grammatical structure. When he has mastered the translation of a poem, and gained some insight into its meaning and mood, he will do well to learn it by heart, so that he can sing or recite it aloud. This method will give him first of all a store of beautiful words in their idiomatic settings and forms. The

strongly-marked rhythm of the lines, the rhythm of recurring stress, will fix in his mind the elusive and changing accentuation of the words. He will thus accustom his organs to the difficulties of fluent utterance and articulation. And, lastly, by degrees he will catch the swing and spirit of the poem, feeling its art for himself, and thinking its purport as the poet thought it, in Russian, not in English. If he is of a literary bent, he will find a fresh pleasure in the baffling exercise of attempting to turn the terse and vivid Russian into good English (or Scots) verse of the same lilt and measure.

I have pleasure in commending to British students a Russian text-book, printed in Scotland, at the instance of a teacher who has done much to further the study of Russian in Glasgow, and whose Scottish pupils are already taking an active part in transmitting his instruction to others.

DONALD MACALISTER.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,
March 1917.

PREFATORY NOTE

THIS book has been prepared in response to the suggestion that a selection of Russian Poems might be of great value to all interested in the Russian language and literature, as up to the present time no volume of Russian poetry has been published for British students. Therefore we hope that this collection, small though it is, will be welcome to learners and readers in this country, and will serve to give them some insight into the inner spirit and beauties of Russian verse.

GLASGOW, *April*, 1917.



КАРАМЗИНЪ.

НИКОЛАЙ МИХАЙЛОВИЧЪ КАРАМЗИНЪ,

1765—1826.

NICHOLAS KARAMZIN.

NICHOLAS KARAMZIN'S poetical compositions are of great literary value, mainly from a historical point of view, as he was the first to portray the true character of Russian sentimentalism, and his poems must really be considered as an important step in the development of Russian poetry.

"With Karamzin," says Prince Vyazemsky, (1792–1878, critic, poet, and satirist), "was born in Russia the poetry of sentiment, of love of Nature, of delicate reflections of thoughts, ideas, and impressions. In Russian Poetry, for the first time, in spontaneous confession was said what the heart feels, loves, hides, and guards."

Besides his poems, dissertations, and novels, Karamzin produced a "History of the Russian Dominion" in twelve volumes. This publication was epoch-making. It was the first time in Russian history that a prose work enjoyed such an immense success, and it may be taken as marking the beginning of the linguistic and literary consciousness of the Russian people.

Karamzin's greatest merit, however, consists in having purified the Russian language from the dross of Church-Slavonic words and constructions, by borrowing freely from the store of the spoken language, and by following the simpler construction and the shorter sentences of the French and English languages.

„АХЪ, Я НЕ ЗНАЛЪ ТЕБЯ!...“

(изъ „Послания къ Женщинамъ.“)

Ахъ, я не зналъ тебя!... ты, давъ мнъ жизнь,
сокрылась!

Среди весеннихъ, ясныхъ дней

Въ жилище мрака преселилась!¹

Я въ первый жизнни часъ наказанъ былъ Судьбой!

Не могъ тебя ласкать, ласкаемъ быть тобой!

Другие на коленяхъ

Любезныхъ матерей въ веселии цветли,

А я въ печальныхъ теняхъ

Рекою слёзы лилъ на мохъ сырой земли,

На мохъ твоей могилы!...

Но образъ твой священный, милый,

Въ груди моей напечатленъ²

И съ чувствомъ въ ней соединёнъ!

Твой тихий нравъ остался мнъ въ наследство,

Твой духъ всегда со мной.

Невидимой рукой

Хранила ты моё безопытное детство;

Ты въ лётахъ юноши меня къ добру влекла

И совѣстью моей въ часъ слабостей была.

Я часто твою съ любовью обнималъ,

И въ вечности³ тебя узнаю!

БЕРЕГЪ.

Послѣ бури и волненія,
Всѣхъ опасностей путѣ
Мореходцамъ нѣть сомнѣнія
Въ пристань мѣрную войти.

Пусть она и неизвѣстна !
Пусть ея на картѣ нѣть !
Мысль, надежда имъ прелестна
Тамъ избѣвиться отъ бѣдъ.

Есть-ли¹ жъ взоромъ открываютъ
На брегу² друзей, родныхъ,
О блаженство ![“] восклицаютъ
И летятъ въ объятья ихъ.

Жизнь ! ты море и волненіе !
Смерть ! ты пристань и покой !
Будетъ тамъ соединеніе
Разлученныхъ здѣсь волной.

Вижу, вижу... вы маните
Насъ къ тайнственнымъ брегамъ !...
Тѣни мѣлкя ! Храните
Мѣсто подлѣ васъ друзьямъ !

ТѢНЬ И ПРЕДМѢТЪ.

Мы видимъ счастья тѣнъ въ мечтахъ земнаго свѣта;¹
Есть счастье гдѣ-нибудь: нѣть тѣни безъ предмета.

“AH, I DID NOT KNOW THEE! . . .”

(From “A Message to Women.”)

AH, I did not know thee! . . . thou, after giving me life, didst disappear!

In the middle of bright spring days

Thou didst pass over to the abode of darkness!

I, in the first hour of my life, was punished by Destiny!

I could not caress thee, nor be caressed by thee!

Others on the knees

Of beloved mothers have bloomed in happiness,

And I amidst sorrowful shadows

Shed tears in streams on the moss of the damp ground,

On the moss of thy grave! . . .

But thine image dear and sacred

Is imprinted in my bosom

And united with the consciousness therein!

Thy gentle disposition remained as an inheritance to me,

Thy spirit is always with me.

With unseen hand

Thou didst guard my inexperienced childhood;

Thou in the days of my youth didst draw me
towards the good,

And thou wast my conscience at the moment of
weaknesses.

I often embrace thy shadow with love,
And I shall recognise thee in the Hereafter !

¹ Преселиться=переселиться, *to remove to another place*.

² Letter ъ should here be pronounced like ё (yo).

³ Вѣчности. (lit.), *eternity*.

The above extract is from a long poem "Message to Women" printed in 1796. It is most realistic as it portrays in vivid language the poet's sorrow and regret at the loss of his mother, who died in 1769 when he was only three years old.

This is one of the most beautiful and touching parts of the whole poem „Послание къ жѣнщинамъ.“

THE SHORE.

AFTER the storm and tossing of the waves,
 (After) all the dangers of the voyage,
 There is no hesitation for the seamen
 To enter the peaceful port.

Let it even be unknown !
 Let it not be on the map !
 The thought, the hope is delightful for them,
 There to free themselves from troubles.

And if then they discover by a glance
 On the shore, friends, kinsmen,
 "Oh happiness !" they exclaim
 And fly into their arms.

Life ! thou art sea and tossing of the waves !
 Death ! thou art port and peace !
 There will be the reunion
 Of those separated here by the wave.

I see, I see . . . you beckon
 Us to the mysterious shores ! . . .
 Dear shadows ! Keep
 A place near you for (your) friends !

¹ Есть-ли is an old form of есть, *if*.

² Брегъ—бéргъ, *shore*.

This poem appeared for the first time in a Russian magazine in 1803. It is characteristic in its melancholy sentiments and thoughts about life and death. Death does not appear

terrible to the poet, but on the contrary he sees in it the port of peace where the reunion with our dear departed ones takes place. Similarly in many other poems he develops the same subject, which seems to have a peculiar fascination for him.

In this poem, especially, Karamzin was influenced by the death of his first wife (1802).

THE SHADOW AND THE SUBSTANCE.

WE see the shadow of happiness in the dreams of this terrestrial globe ;
Happiness exists somewhere : there is no shadow without substance.

Or (less literally) :—

We see joy's shadow in our earthly dreaming,
Somewhere joy *is* : no shadow without substance.

¹ СВЕТЪ (lit.), *world, light.*

These two lines, written in 1822, are the last of Karamzin's poetry. They are very characteristic, as they show that Karamzin, until his last days, remained, as he always was, a genuine optimist.

ПУШКИНЪ.

АЛЕКСАНДРЪ СЕРГѢЕВИЧЪ ПУШКИНЪ.

1799—1837.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN is Russia's national poet; the "Peter the Great of Poetry," who out of foreign material created something new, national, and Russian, and left imperishable models for future generations.

The chief characteristic of his genius is its universality. He is a poet of everyday life, a realistic poet, and above all a lyrical poet. He set free the Russian language from the bondage of conventionalism. He was a great artist; his style is clear, plastic, and pure.

"In Pushkin," says Soloviev (1853-1900, the philosopher), "according to his own testimony, there were two different and separate beings—the inspired priest of Apollo, and the most frivolous of all the frivolous children of the world. His youth was spent in vanity, and Pushkin calls the poems of his youth the pampered echoes of folly and passion."

Pushkin's works are "Ruslan and Ludmila" (romantic poem); "Boris Godunov" (dramatic chronicle); "The Sage Oleg" (ballad); "The Gypsies" (poem); "The Prisoner of the Caucasus" (poem); "Eugene Onegin" (Don-Juanesque poem, his masterpiece, on which Tchaikovsky composed his famous Opera); "The Captain's Daughter" (prose story);

"The Queen of Spades" (prose story), etc.; besides many other lyrics and occasional pieces.

"Russian poetry," said Mérimée (1803-1870, well-known French writer and admirer of Pushkin, whom he called the greatest poet of his epoch), "seeks first of all for truth, and beauty appears after by itself . . ." "With Pushkin poetry blossoms in a marvellous way of itself, from very sober prose."

ЗИМНЕЕ УТРО.

Вечоръ,¹ ты помнишь, выюга злилась,
На мутномъ небѣ мгла носилась;
Луна, какъ блѣдное пятно,
Сквозь тучи мрачныя желтѣла,
И ты печальная сидѣла.
А нынче. . . поглядѣй въ окнѣ:
Подъ голубыми небесами
Великолѣпными коврѣами,
Блестя на солнцѣ, снѣгъ лежитъ;
Прозрачный² лѣсъ одинъ чернѣетъ,
И ель сквозь йней зеленѣетъ,
И рѣчка подо льдомъ блеститъ.

поэту.

Сонéтъ.

Поэтъ, не дорожи любовью народной !
Восторженныхъ похвалъ пройдётъ минутный
шумъ,
Услышишь судъ глупца и смехъ толпы холодной ;
Но ты останься твёрдъ, спокойенъ и угрюмъ.

Ты царь: живй одінъ. Дорогою свободной
Иді, куда влечётъ тебя свободный умъ,
Усовершёнствуя плоды любымыхъ думъ, .
Не трёбя нагрдъ за подвигъ благородный.

Онъ въ самомъ тебѣ. Ты самъ свой высшій
судъ,
Всѣхъ строже оцѣнить умѣешь ты свой трудъ,
Ты имъ доволенъ ли, взыскательный художникъ ?

Доволень ? Такъ пускай толпá его бранить,
И плюётъ на алтарь, гдѣ твой огнь горитъ,
И въ дѣтской рѣзвости колеблетъ твой
треножникъ.

БѢСЫ.

Баллáда.

Мчáтся тúчи, вýются тúчи,
 Невидýмкою лунá
 Освѣщáеть снѣгъ летúчíй,
 Мутно нéбо, ночь мутнá.
 Ёду, ёду въ чýстомъ пólѣ,
 Колокóльчикъ динь-динь-динь. . .
 Стráшно, стráшно поневólѣ
 Средь невѣдомыхъ равнýнъ !

—Эй, пошёлъ, ямщиkъ !... „Нѣть мóчи:¹
 Конýмъ, бáринъ, тяжелó;
 Вýога мнѣ спипáеть очи,
 Всѣ дорóги занеслó,—
 Хоть убéй, слѣдá не вíдно,
 Сбýлись мы. Что дѣлать намъ !
 Въ пólѣ бѣсъ нась вóдитъ, вíдно,
 Да кружítъ по сторонамъ.

„Посмотри; вонъ, вонъ игрáетъ,
 Дуешь, плюёшь на менй;
 Вонъ—тепéрь въ оврágъ толкаётъ
 Одичáлого коня;

Тамъ верстóю² небывáлой
 Онъ торчáлъ пéредо мной;
 Тамъ сверкнúлъ онъ искрóй малой
 И пропáлъ во тьмъ пустóй.“

Мчáтся тúчи, вью́тся тúчи,
 Невидýмкою лунá
 Освéицáетъ снéгъ летúчий,
 Мутно нéбо, ночь мутнá.
 Силъ намъ нéть кружиться дóлъ;
 Колокóльчикъ вдругъ умóлкъ,
 Кóни стáли. . . —Что тамъ въ пóлъ ?
 „Кто ихъ знаетъ: пень иль волкъ ?“

Вью́га злítъся, вью́га плáчетъ;
 Кóни чутkie храпятъ;
 Вонъ ужъ онъ далéче скáчетъ,
 Лишь глазá во мглъ горятъ !
 Кóни си́бва понесли́ся
 Колокóльчикъ динь-динь-динь. . .
 Вíжу: дúхи собрали́ся
 Средь бълбъюющихъ равийнъ.

Безконéчны, безобрáзны,
 Въ мутной мéсяца игрé
 Закружíлись бéсы разны,
 Бéдто лíстя въ ноябрé. . .

Скóлько ихъ ! кудá ихъ гóнять ?
 Что такъ жáлобно пойтъ ?
 Домовóго³ ли хорóнять,
 Вéдьму⁴ ль зáмужъ выдають ?

Мчáтся тúчи, вью́тся тúчи,
 Невидýмкою лунá
 Освéща́еть снéгъ летúчíй,
 Мутно нéбо, ночь мутнá.
 Мчáтся бéсы рой за рóемъ
 Въ безпредéльной вышинé,
 Вíзгомъ жáлобнымъ и вóемъ
 Надрывáя сéрдце мнé. . .

ЦЫГÁНСКИЙ ТÁБОРЪ.

изъ поэмы „Цыгáны.“

Цыгáны щúмию толпóй
 По Бессарáбíи¹ кочу́ютъ.
 Онí сегóдня надъ рéкóй
 Въ шáтрахъ изóдранныхъ ночу́ютъ.
 Какъ вóльность, вéселъ ихъ ночлéгъ
 И мýрный сонъ подъ небесáми.
 Мéжду колéсами телéгъ,
 Полузавéшенныхъ ковráми,

Горйтъ огонь; семья кругомъ
 Готовить ужинъ; въ чистомъ полѣ
 Пасутся кони; за шатромъ
 Ручной медведь лежитъ на волѣ.²
 Всё живо посреди степей:
 Заботы мирыя семея,
 Готовыхъ съ утромъ въ путь недалъній,
 И пѣсни женъ³, и крикъ детей,
 И звонъ походной наковальни.
 Но вотъ на таборъ кочевой
 Нисходитъ сонное молчанье,
 И слышно въ тишинѣ степной
 Лишь лай собакъ да коней ржанье.
 Огни вездѣ погашены;
 Спокойно все. Луна сияеть
 Одна съ небесной вышинѣ
 И тихий таборъ озаряеть.

ОБВАЛЪ.

Дробясь о мрачныя скалы,
 Шумятъ и пѣнятся валы,
 И надо мной кричатъ орлы,
 И ропщетъ боръ,

И блéщутъ средь волнíстой мглы
 Вершины горъ.

Оттóль сорвáлся разъ обвáль
 И съ тáжкимъ грóхотомъ упáлъ,
 И всю тъснину мéжду скаль
 Загородíль,
 И Тéрека¹ могúчíй валъ
 Остановíль.

Вдругъ, истощáясь и присмирéвъ,
 О Тéрекъ, ты прервáль свой ревъ;
 Но зáднихъ волнъ упорный гнéвъ
 Прошибъ снéгá.

Ты затопíль, освирpéвъ,
 Свой брегá.

И дóлго прóрванный обвáль
 Нетáлой грúдою лежáлъ,
 И Тéрекъ злой подъ нимъ бéжáль
 И пылью водъ
 И шúмной пéйной орошáль
 Ледяный сводъ.

И путь по нёмъ ширóкíй шéлъ,
 И конь скакáль, и влéкся волъ,
 И своеегó верблóда вéль

Степнóй купéцъ,—

Гдé нынé мчíтся лишъ Эóль,²
 Небéсъ икплéцъ.

A WINTER MORNING.

LAST night, thou dost remember, the snow-storm
grew furious,
Over the murky sky the mist floated ;
The moon, like a pale smear,
Looked yellow through the sombre clouds,
And thou wert sitting sorrowful,
And now . . . look out from the window :
Under the blue skies,
Like magnificent carpets,
The snow lies, glittering in the sun ;
The leafless forest alone looks black,
And the pine through the hoar-frost looks green,
And the stream glitters under the ice.

¹ Вечоръ = вчера вѣчеромъ, *yesterday evening*.

² Прозрачный (lit.), *translucent*.

The above poem was written by Pushkin after his return from the Caucasus, in November, 1829.

TO THE POET.

SONNET.

POET, do not over-value public favour !
 The momentary noise of enthusiastic praises will pass away,
 Thou wilt hear the judgment of the fool and the laughter of
 the cold crowd ;
 But remain firm, calm, and stern.

Thou art a king : live alone. Along the free road
 Go whither the free mind draws thee,
 Maturing the fruits of beloved ideas,
 Not claiming rewards for the noble deed.

They are in thee, thyself. Thou thyself art thine own
 highest tribunal,
 Thou more rigorously than all canst estimate thine own work.
 Art thou pleased with it, exacting artist ?

Pleased ? Then let the crowd abuse it,
 And spit on the altar where thy fire burns,
 And with childish petulance shake thy tripod.

Prince Bariatinsky (1800-1844, lyrical poet), who was invited to examine the papers which remained after the death of Pushkin, wrote in one of his letters to his friend : "Can you imagine what astonished me most in all these poems ? Abundance of thoughts ! Pushkin—thinker ! Who would have thought it ? "

And as an example of this the above sonnet " To the Poet " (written in 1830) may be taken.

DEMONS.

BALLAD.

THE clouds scurry, the clouds whirl,
Unseen the moon
Lights up the flying snow,
The sky is gloomy, the night is gloomy.
I drive, I drive in the open plain,
The little bell ding-ding-ding . . .
It is fearsome, fearsome in spite of one's-self,
Amid the unknown plains !

—“ Hey, go on, driver ! ” . . . “ There's no possibility :
For the horses, sir, it is heavy ;
The snow-storm shuts my eyes,
All the roads are blocked,—
Though (you) kill me, a track is not to be seen,
We are lost. What are we to do !
In the plain a demon leads us, seemingly,
And turns us aside.

“ Look : there, there he plays,
He blows, he spits on me ;
Here—now into a ravine he pushes
The shying horse ;

There like a weird verst-post
He stood up in front of me ;
There he flashed like a little spark
And disappeared in the empty darkness."

The clouds scurry, the clouds whirl,
Unseen the moon
Lights up the flying snow,
The sky is gloomy, the night is gloomy.
We have no strength to circle farther ;
The little bell suddenly became silent,
The horses stopped . . .—What is there in the
plain ?
" Who knows them : a tree-stump or a wolf ? "

The snow-storm becomes furious, the snow-storm
wails ;
The quick-witted horses snort ;
There again farther on he jumps,
Only his eyes burn in the darkness !
The horses started off again
The little bell ding-ding-ding . . .
I see : the phantoms assembled
In the midst of the whitening plains.

Endless, formless,
In the dim play of the moonlight

Whirled the manifold demons,
 Like the leaves in November . . .
 How many of them ! Where are they driven to ?
 What do they sing so plaintively ?
 Are they burying the hobgoblin,
 Are they giving the witch in marriage ?

The clouds scurry, the clouds whirl,
 Unseen the moon
 Lights up the flying snow,
 The sky is gloomy, the night is gloomy.
 The demons run swarm after swarm
 In the boundless height,
 With plaintive wail and moan
 Rending my heart . . .

¹ Нѣть мѣчи (мочь, n.f., *might, power*), there is no power, might.

² Верстѣ, *two thirds of a mile* ; also *verst-post*.

³ Домовыи, familiar spirit, house demon, who lives, according to the belief of ancient Slavs, in every house.

⁴ Вѣдьма, witch, old hag who, according to the people's superstition, acts with devil's power.

In the above ballad, in a charming allegorical form, Pushkin gives a wonderful picture of a snow-storm, and describes it just as a Russian would feel it when travelling in a wooden sledge through the snowy and deserted plains during the winter night.

THE GYPSIES' CAMP.

From the poem "Gypsies."

THE gypsies in a noisy crowd
In Bessarabia wander about.
They to-day above the river
In tattered tents spend the night.
As freedom gay is their night's stay
And their peaceful sleep under the skies.
Among the wheels of the carts
Half-covered with rugs,
Burns the fire ; the family around
Prepares the supper ; in the open field
The horses graze ; behind the tent
The tame bear lies at liberty.
Everything is lively amid the steppes :
The peaceful cares of the families
Ready for their short journey in the morning,
And the songs of the women and the shout of
the children,
And the clang of the field-anvil.
But there over the nomad camp
Descends a sleepy silence,
And one hears in the stillness of the steppe
Only the barking of dogs and the neighing of
horses.

The fires everywhere are put out ;
Everything quiet. The moon shines
Lonely from the celestial height
And illuminates the still camp.

¹ Bessarabia, S.W. of Russia, taken finally by Russia from Turkey in 1812. It lies between Austria, Rumania, the Black Sea, and Russia proper.

² Most of the gypsies in Bessarabia have a trained bear with them in their wanderings. As they pass through the villages and towns, they make the bear perform and collect money from the spectators. This, along with fortune-telling, singing, and dancing, is one of their means of livelihood.

³ Жёнъ, gen. pl. of жена, wife, here used in the sense of жёнщинъ, of women.

From the Caucasus (Кавказъ) Pushkin went to Bessarabia (Бессарабія) through Crimea (Крымъ), and there he learned the life and customs of gypsies wandering in the steppes. Impressed by what he saw, he wrote his beautiful and picturesque poem called "Gypsies" (Цыгáны).

The poem begins with the description of the Gypsies' Camp given above.

THE AVALANCHE.

DASHING against the gloomy rocks,
The breakers howl and froth,
And above me the eagles scream,
 And the pine forest murmurs,
And amidst the wavering mists glitter
 The summits of the mountains.
From there once an avalanche tore away
And with heavy rumble fell down,
And the whole pass between the rocks
 Blocked up,
And the mighty wave of Terek
 Stopped.
Suddenly, drained and quieted,
O Terek, thou didst check thy roaring ;
But the stubborn wrath of the waves behind
 Pierced the snow.
Thou, becoming furious, didst overflow
 Thy banks,
And for a long time the broken avalanche
Lay in an unmelted mass,
And the angry Terek under it was running,
 And with the spray of the waters
And noisy froth it splashed
 The icy vault.

And a broad path passed over it,
And the horse galloped, and the ox sauntered,
And led his camel
 The steppe merchant,—
Where now only $\text{\textcircled{E}}$ olus sweeps by,
 A dweller of the skies.

¹ Terek (Тéрекъ), a river rising in the Caucasian mountains (Кавказский Гóры) and falling into the Caspian Sea (Каспийское Мóре). It runs along the Darial Gorge (Дарияльское Ущéліе), which crosses the Caucasian Range (Кавказский Хребéтъ) from north to south.

² Эóль, $\text{\textcircled{E}}$ olus, fantastic being of the ancient Greeks; the king of winds.

Caucasus was for Pushkin what Switzerland and Italy were for Byron. He visited Erzerum (Эрзéрумъ), principal town in Turkish Armenia, in 1829, in order to witness the war between the Russians and the Turks in Asia Minor. After his travels he wrote his diary, "Journey to Erzerum" (Путешéствie въ Эрзéрумъ), and many poems, in which he describes the various phenomena of nature, and gives impressions of his travels. In this poem we have a vivid description of an avalanche which fell towards the end of June, 1827. In his diary he tells us that such phenomena happen generally every seven years, often causing the death of many travellers and mountain dwellers.

ТЮТЧЕВЪ.

ΘΕΟДОРЪ ИВАНОВИЧЪ ТЮТЧЕВЪ.

1803—1873.

THEODORE TYUTCHEV.

THEODORE TYUTCHEV'S work is composed of glowing pictures of nature, and of yearning desire ; and all his verses are very melodious.

Turgenieff (1818—1883) says of him that he is one of the most remarkable of Russian poets. In his works it is easy to trace the great epoch to which he belonged, and which was so brightly and strongly represented in Pushkin. The only other elements in his poetry are the purely lyrical. None of his poems are merely technical compositions; it would seem that they are all written to celebrate an actual event, as is the case with Goethe (1749—1832). That is to say, they are not invented, but have grown by themselves, like the fruit on the tree. Owing to this precious quality we can see in him above all things the influence of Pushkin, the traditions of whose school he continued.

The thoughts of Tyutchev never appear to the reader as abstractions; but they always harmonise with a picture drawn from the world of soul and from nature.

СЛЁЗЫ.

Слёзы людскія, о, слёзы людскія,
Льётесь вы рáнней и пóздней поро́й,¹
Льётесь безвѣстныя, льётесь незримыя.
Неистощимыя, неисчислимыя,
Льётесь, какъ льются струй² дождевыя
Въ осень глуху́ю, поро́ю ночной.

ВЕСНА.

Зимá недáромъ злýтся:
 Прошлá ей порá,
 Веснá въ окнó стучítся
 И гónитъ со дворá.

И всё засуетíлось,
 Всё гónитъ зимú вонъ,
 И жáворонки въ нéбѣ
 Ужъ пóдняли трезвóнъ.¹

Зимá ещё хлопóчетъ
 И на веснú ворчítъ,
 Та ей въ глазá хохóчетъ,²
 И пúще лишь шумйтъ !

Вэбъсíлась вéдьма³ злáя
 И, снéгу захватý,
 Пустíла, убъгáя,
 Въ прекрасное дитý.

Веснѣ и гóря мáло:
 Умылася въ снéгу,
 И лишь румáнѣй стáла
 Наперекóръ врагу.

ВЕСЕННЯЯ ГРОЗА.

Любліо грозу въ началѣ маѧ,
Когда весенній пѣрвый громъ,
Какъ бы рѣзвяся и игряя,
Грохочетъ въ нѣбѣ голубомъ.

Гремяты раскаты молодые,
Вотъ дождикъ брызнуль, пыль летитъ,
Повѣсли пѣрлы дождевыя,
И солнце нивы золотитъ.

Съ горы бѣжитъ потокъ проворный,
Въ лѣсу не молкнетъ птичій гамъ;
И гамъ лѣсной и шумъ нагорный—
Всё вѣрить весело громамъ.

TEARS.

HUMAN tears, O human tears !
You fall early and late,
You fall in secret, you fall unseen,
Inexhaustible, numberless,
You fall as the rain-drops fall
In dark autumn, in the night time.

¹ Попá (lit.), *season, time.*

² Струйá (lit.), *stream, current.*

SPRING.

THE winter not without reason grows wroth :
 Her season is past,
 Spring knocks at the window
 And drives her out of doors.

And everything has begun to stir,
 Everything drives the winter away,
 And the larks in the sky
 Have already raised their chime.

Winter still makes trouble,
 And grumbles at the spring,
 But she laughs in her face,
 And only clamours more.

The angry witch grew furious
 And, snatching up the snow,
 Threw it, running away,
 At the pretty child.

For spring it was but little concern :
 She washed herself in the snow,
 And became only rosier
 In spite of her foe.

¹ Тре́зво́нъ, chime or treble peal, ringing of bells, generally holiday ringing.

² Хохота́ть въ глаза́ (lit.), *to laugh in the eyes*.

³ Вѣдьма, *see Pushkin's poem "Demons."*

A SPRING STORM.

I LIKE the storm in the beginning of May,
When Spring's first thunder,
As if frolicking and playing,
Rumbles in the blue sky.

The young thunder rolls,
There the rain splashes, the dust flies,
Rainy pearls are pendant,
And the sun gilds the cornfields.
The brisk stream rushes from the hill,
In the forest the clamour of the birds never hushes :
And the clamour of the forest and the mountain uproar—
All merrily accompany the thunders.

ЛЕРМОНТОВЪ.

МИХАЙЛЪ ЙОРЬЕВИЧЪ ЛЕРМОНТОВЪ.

1814—1841.

LERMONTOV.

MICHAEL LERMONTOV, like Pushkin, was essentially a lyric poet, but unlike Pushkin, he was a true romanticist. He is one of the most eminent and fascinating figures in the whole range of Russian literature. His lyrics are very beautiful and touching, and many of his longer poems are striking examples of vividness of conception and simplicity of treatment.

Among his most celebrated works are—"A Hero of our Days" (the first psychological novel which appeared in Russia); "The Demon" (poem giving a vivid description of Caucasian scenery and Caucasian life and customs); "The Song of the Tsar Ivan Vasilievitch"; "The Merchant Kulashnikov" (poem, his masterpiece), etc.

Lermontov was of Scottish extraction. The founder of his family is said to have been George Learmont, who emigrated in company with other Scotsmen to Russia in the Seventeenth Century.

Alexander Herzen (1812-1870) a distinguished Russian man of letters, who endeavours to blend German philosophy, French political theory, and English common-sense with his original Russian nature, characterises Lermontov, who was a personal friend of his, as follows:—"Lermontov belongs

entirely to our generation. Our generation was too young to take part in the conspiracy and revolt of the 14th December, 1826. Roused by the great day, it saw only executions and exile.

“Silenced by force and suppressing its tears, it learned to conceal its feelings and to live upon its ideas. And what were these ideas? Not those of civilising liberalism and of progress; but doubts, negations, and thoughts of madness. Accustomed to such sensations, Lermontov could not find a refuge in lyric poetry as did Pushkin. The iron load of scepticism weighted his spirit in all his reveries, in all his enjoyments. Sad and stern thought left its impress on his brows. We meet this in all his productions. It was no abstract idea which sought to express itself in the imagery of poetry. No; in his writings are reflected his own anguish, his own power. To a truly great clearness of perception he added boldness of utterance without dissimulation, with no fear of criticism. He was considered to be one of those idle children of an aristocratic house, who perish from ennui and satiety. People refused to see how Lermontov had struggled or how much he had suffered before daring to express his ideas, although these ideas were becoming more generally accepted from day to day. With the ordinary man resentment and hatred meet with more indulgence than maturity of thought and that aloofness which does not share his common hopes and fears.”

„КОГДА ВОЛНУЕТСЯ ЖЕЛТЪЮЩАЯ
НИВА . . .“

Когда волнуется желтъющая нива,
И свѣжій лѣсь шумітъ при звукѣ вѣтерка,
И прячется въ садѣ малиновая слива
Подъ тѣнью сладостной зелёного листка;

Когда, росой обрызганный душистой
Румянымъ вѣчеромъ иль утра въ часъ златой,
Изъ-подъ куста мнѣ ландышъ серебристый
Привѣтливо киваетъ головой;

Когда студёный ключъ играетъ по оврагу
И, погружая мысль въ какой-то смутный сонъ,
Лепечетъ мнѣ тайнственную сагу
Про мірный край, откуда мчится онъ:

Тогда смиряется душа моей тревога,
Тогда расходятся морщины на челѣ,
И счастье я могу постигнуть на землѣ,
И въ небесахъ я вижу Бога . . .

КАЗАЧЬЯ КОЛЫБЕЛЬНАЯ ПѢСНЯ.

Спи, младéнецъ мой прекрасный,
 Бáюшки-баю,¹
 Тíхо смóтритъ мѣсяцъ ясный
 Въ колыбель твою.
 Стáну скáзывать я скáзки,
 Пѣсенку спою;
 Ты жъ дремлй, закрýвши глáзки,
 Бáюшки-баю.
 По камнямъ струйтся Тéрекъ,²
 Плéщетъ мутный валъ;
 Злой чечéнъ³ ползётъ на бéрегъ,
 Тóчить свой кинжалъ;
 Но отéцъ твой—стáрый вóинъ,
 Закалёнъ въ бою. . .
 Спи, малютка, будь спокóенъ,
 Бáюшки-баю.
 Самъ узнаешь—бúдетъ врéмя—
 Брáнное житьё;
 Смѣло вдѣнешь ногу въ стрéмя
 И возмёшь ружьё.
 Я сѣдѣльце боевóе
 Шёлкомъ разошью. . .

Спи, дитя моё роднóе,
 Бáюшки-баю.
 Богатырь ты бúдешь съ вýду
 И казáкъ душóй.
 Провожáть тебя я вýйду:
 Ты махнёшь рукóй. . .
 Скóлько горькихъ слёзъ укráдкой
 Я въ ту ночь пролью !
 Спи, мой áнгелъ, тихо, слáдко,
 Бáюшки-баю.
 Стáну я тоскóй томítся,
 Безутéшно ждать,
 Стáну цéлый день молítся,
 По nocháмъ гадáть;
 Стáну дúматъ, что скучáешь
 Ты въ чужóмъ краю. . .
 Спи жъ, покá забóтъ не знаешьъ,
 Бáюшки-баю.
 Дамъ тебé я на дорóгу
 Образóкъ святóй;
 Ты егó, моляся Бóгу,
 Ставь пéредъ собóй.
 Да готовясь въ бой опáсный,
 Пóмни мать свою. . .
 Спи, младéнецъ мой прекрасный,
 Бáюшки-баю.

ЧÁША ЖИЗНИ.

Мы пьёмъ изъ чаши бытія
Съ закрытыми очами,
Златые омочивъ край
Свойми же слезами.
Когда же, передъ смртью, съ глазъ
Завязка упадаеть,
И всё, что обольщало насъ,
Съ завязкой исчезаеть,
Тогда мы видимъ, что пуста
Была златая чаша,
Что въ ней напитокъ былъ—мечта,
И что она не наша !

НИЩІЙ.

У вратъ обýтели святóй
 Стойлъ—просяющій подаянья,
 Безсíльный, блѣдный и худóй
 Отъ глáда, жáжды и страда́нья.

Кускá лишь хлѣба онъ проси́лъ
 И взоръ являлъ живу́ю мýку,
 И кто-то камень положилъ
 Въ его протянутую ру́ку !

Такъ я моли́лъ твоéй любви́,
 Съ слезами горькими, съ тоскóю;
 Такъ чу́вства лúчшія мой
 Навѣкъ обмануты тобою.

—
ВÓЛНЫ И ЛÓДИ.

Вóлны катáтся однá за другою
 Съ плéскомъ и шúмомъ глухýмъ;
 Лóди прохóдятъ ничтóжной толпóю
 Тáкже оди́нъ за другýмъ.
 Вóлнамъ ихъ невóля и хóлодъ дорóже
 Знóйныхъ полудня лучéй;
 Лóди хотáть имéть дýши. . . и что же ?
 Дýши въ нихъ—волнъ холоднýй !

МОНОЛОГЪ.

Повѣрь, ничтожество есть благо въ здѣшнемъ
свѣтѣ! . . .

Къ чему глубокія познанья, жажды славы,
Талантъ и пылкая любовь свободы,
Когда мы ихъ употребить не можемъ?
Мы, дѣти сѣвера, какъ здѣшнія растенія,
Цвѣтѣмъ недолго, быстро увядаемъ. . .
Какъ солнце зѣмнѣе на сѣромъ небосклонѣ,
Такъ пасмурна жизнь наша, такъ недолго
Ея однообразное теченье. . .
И душно кажется на родинѣ,
И сердцу тѣжко, и душа тоскуетъ.
Не зная ни любви, ни дружбы сладкой,
Средь бурь пустыхъ томится юность наша
И быстро злобы ядь её мрачитъ,
И намъ горька остылой жизни чаша,
И ужъ ничто души не веселить.

“WHEN THE YELLOWING CORNFIELD
IS WAVING . . .”

WHEN the yellowing cornfield is waving,
And the fresh forest murmurs to the wailing of the wind,
And the crimson berry hides itself in the garden
Under the sweet shade of the green leaflet ;

When, sprinkled with fragrant dew
In the purple evening or the golden hour of morning,
From under the bush the silvery lily-of-the-valley to me
In welcome beckons with its head ;

When the chilly fountain is playing along the ravine
And, sinking its thought into some sad dream,
Lisps to me a mysterious legend
About the peaceful land whence it hurries :

Then the throbbing of my heart is stilled,
Then the furrows on my forehead are smoothed,
And I can attain happiness on the earth,
And in the Heavens I see God . . .

COSSACK'S CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, my pretty child,
Rock-a-bye,
The bright moon silently looks
Into thy cradle.
I shall tell fairy-tales,
I shall sing a song
And fall asleep, thou, having closed thine eyes,
Rock-a-bye.
Over the stones ripples the Terek,
The muddy wave splashes ;
The wicked Tchetchenian crawls on the shore
Sharpens his dagger ;
But thy father is an old warrior
Hardened in battle . . .
Sleep, my little one, be calm,
Rock-a-bye.
Thou shalt know thyself—the time will come—
The warlike life ;
Boldly thou shalt thrust thy foot in the stirrup
And thou shalt take the rifle.
I the war saddle
Shall embroider with silk . . .
Sleep, mine own dear child,
Rock-a-bye.

Thou shalt be a champion in figure

And a Cossack in spirit.

I shall go out to see thee off ;

Thou shalt wave with thy hand . . .

How many bitter tears secretly

I shall shed that night ! . . .

Sleep, my angel, silently, sweetly,

Rock-a-bye.

I shall torture myself with longing,

Wait disconsolate.

I shall pray all day long,

I shall "spae" in the nights ;

I shall think that thou feelest lonely

In a strange country . . .

Sleep then, while thou knowest not troubles,

Rock-a-bye.

I shall give thee for thy journey

An holy image ;

Thou, when praying to God,

Set it in front of thee.

And when preparing for the dangerous battle,

Remember thy mother . . .

Sleep, my pretty child,

Rock-a-bye.

¹ Баять means *to relate, to tell* ; байка=байонка means *tale, story* ; and байонки-байо means literally "I tell the story," but has here no

special significance. It is the usual accompaniment of cradle songs, equivalent to the English "Rock-a-bye."

² Тéрекъ, *see Pushkin's poem "Avalanche."*

³ Чечéнъ or чечéнецъ, *Tchetchenian.* The Tchetchenians are one of the Caucasian tribes, dwelling on the banks of the River Terek, and its tributary Sunzha (Сунжа).

The above poem is a good example of Lermontov's realistic and unadorned style of writing. Every word in it has the native savour and homeliness of a Cossack mother's speech, and every feeling expressed is one that she would naturally feel.

But to understand this poem, the reader must also realise that the Cossacks form a special body in which every male member is bound to render military service to Russia, practically for life (the exceptions that exist apply only to a priest, a teacher, or one of four brothers). To this high calling, every baby is devoted from the cradle.

THE CUP OF LIFE.

We drink from the cup of existence
With closed eyes,
Moistening the golden rims
With our own tears.
But when, before death, from our eyes
The band falls away,
And all that charmed us
Disappears with the band,
Then we see that empty
Was the golden cup,
That the drink in it was—a dream,
And that it was not ours !

A BEGGAR.

AT the gate of the sacred monastery
He stood, asking for charity,
Weak, pale, and thin
From hunger, thirst, and suffering.

He only asked for a piece of bread
And his look bespoke living torment,
And someone put a stone
Into his outstretched hand !

Thus I prayed for thy love,
With bitter tears, with longing ;
Thus my best feelings
For ever are cheated by thee.

WAVES AND PEOPLE.

THE waves flow one after another
With sullen dashing and noise ;
The people pass by in a meaningless crowd
Also one after another.
To the waves their bondage and coldness are dearer
Than the sultry rays of midday ;
People want to have souls . . . and what then ?
The souls in them are colder than the waves !

MONOLOGUE.

BELIEVE that to be nothing is a boon in this world! . . .
To what end are deep knowledge, thirst for fame,
Talent, and ardent love of freedom,
Since we cannot make use of them?
We, the children of the north, like the local plants,
Flourish not for long; we fade quickly . . .
As the winter sun on the grey horizon
So is our life as gloomy, as transient
Its monotonous flow . . .
And it feels stifling in the mother country,
And the heart is heavy and the soul yearns.
Knowing neither love nor sweet friendship,
Amidst the futile storms our youth pines away
And quickly the poison of evil darkens it,
And for us is bitter the chilled cup of life,
And nothing cheers our soul again.

ТОЛСТОЙ.

ГРАФЪ

АЛЕКСЕЙ КОНСТАНТИНОВИЧЪ ТОЛСТОЙ.

1817—1875.

COUNT ALEXIS TOLSTOY.

COUNT ALEXIS TOLSTOY is widely known as a lyrical poet. His versatility recalls that of Pushkin. All his lyrics are full of charm, tenderness, music, colour, and harmonious form. No Russian poet since Pushkin has written such tender lyrics of love, spring, and dawn. His songs have inspired Tchaikovsky and other well-known composers.

Besides a whole series of personal lyrics he wrote "Prince Serebryany" (historical novel); "Death of Ivan the Terrible"; "The Tsar Feodor Ivanovitch"; and "Tsar Boris" (tragic trilogy, written in verse, all stage-plays); epics on various themes; dramatic poems on "Don Juan," "St. John of Damascus," and "Mary Magdalene"; and a number of satires.

It may be added that no historical novel in Russian surpasses "Prince Serebryany" in its artistic setting and scrupulous adherence to facts. It has been translated into English three times.

КЪ ПРИРОДЪ.

Благословляю васъ, лѣса,
Долины, нивы, горы, воды,
Благословляю я свободу
И голубыя небеса !
И пѣсочъ мой благословляю,
И эту бѣдную суму,
И степь отъ края и до края,
И солнца свѣтъ, и ночи тьму,
И одинокую тропинку,
По кѣй, нѣштѣй, я иду,
И въ полѣ каждую былинку,
И въ небѣ каждую звѣзду !
О, если бъ могъ всю жизнь смышать я,
Всю душу вмѣстѣ съ вами слить:
О, если бъ могъ въ мой объятья
Я васъ, враги, друзья и братья,
И всю природу заключить !

„ОСТРОЮ СЪКИРОЙ РÁНЕНА БЕРЁЗА...“

Острою съкирой ранена берёза,
 По корѣ сребрістой¹ покатились слёзы.
 Ты не плачь, берёза, бѣдная, не сѣтуй,
 Рáна не смертёльна, вылѣчишься къ лѣту,
 Будешь красоваться, листьями убрана—
 Лишь больное сёрдце не залѣчитъ раны.

—
 „ГРЯДОЙ КЛУБИТСЯ БѣЛОЮ...“

Грядой клубится бѣлою
 Надъ озеромъ туманъ;
 Тоскою добрый молодецъ
 И горемъ обуянъ.

Не до-вѣку бѣлѣется
 Туманная грядá,
 Разсѣется, развѣется,
 А горе никогда !

TO NATURE.

I BLESS you, forests,
Valleys, corn-fields, hills, waters,
I bless Freedom
And blue skies !
And my work I bless,
And this poor wallet,
And the steppe from end to end,
And light of sun, and darkness of night,
And the lonely footpath
Along which, a beggar, I travel,
And every blade of grass in the field,
And every star in the sky !
O, if I could mingle all my life,
All my soul blend together with you ;
O, if I could in my embrace
You, enemies, friends, and brothers,
And all nature enclose !

“WITH SHARP AXE THE BIRCH TREE IS
WOUNDED.”

WITH sharp axe the birch tree is wounded,
On the silvery bark the tears roll down.
Do not weep, birch tree, poor thing, do not grieve,
The wound is not mortal, thou wilt be healed by summer,
Thou shalt flaunt, adorned with leaves—
But a sick heart will not heal up its wound.

¹ Сребристый = серебристый, *silvery*.

“IN A WHITE MASS . . .”

IN a white mass whirls
The mist over the lake ;
The noble-hearted youth with longing
And with sorrow is possessed.

Not forever appears white
The misty mass ;
It will disperse, it will float away,
But sorrow nevermore !

НИКИТИНЪ.

ИВÁН СÁВВИЧ НИКИТИНЪ.

1824—1861.

IVAN NIKITIN.

IVAN NIKITIN belongs to the better group of popular poets, and it was through his patriotic songs, written during the Crimean War, that he first became known.

His most successful poem is "Kulak" (Peasants' Money Lender), which was a proof of his deep knowledge of the life of the people and his remarkable powers of expression.

Among his best verses are "The Ploughman," "The Wife of the Driver," "Burlak" (a labourer towing boats up the river Volga), while such poems as "The Morning," "The Swallow's Nest," "A Winter Night in the Village," belong to the most popular of Russian songs.

НОЧЛÉГЪ ВЪ ДЕРЕВНЪ.

Дúшный вóздухъ, дымъ лучíны,
Подъ ногáми соръ,
Соръ на лáвкахъ, паутíны
По углáмъ узóръ;
Закоптélыя палáти,
Чéрствый хлéбъ, водá,
Кáшель прáхи, плачъ дитяти...
О нуждá, нуждá ! •
Мýкать góре, вéкъ трудítся,
Нýщимъ умерéть...
Вотъ гдé нýжно бы учítся
Вéрить и терпéть !

„ТИХО НОЧЬ ЛОЖИТСЯ...“

Тихо ночь ложится
 На вершины горъ,
 И лунá глядится
 Въ зеркало озёръ.
 Надъ глухою стéпью
 Въ неизвѣстный путь
 Безконéчной цѣпью
 Облака плывутъ;
 Надъ рѣкóй широкой,
 Сумракомъ покрытъ,
 Въ тишинѣ глубокой
 Лѣсъ густой стойтъ;
 Свѣтлые заливы
 Въ камышахъ блестятъ,
 Неподвижны нивы
 На поляхъ стоятъ;
 Небо голубое
 Весело глядитъ,
 И село большоѣ
 Беззабо́тно спитъ.

A NIGHT'S STAY IN THE VILLAGE.

A STUFFY atmosphere, smoke from the torch,
Dust underfoot,
Dust on the benches, cobwebs
The ornament in the corners ;
Smoky sleeping-shelves,
Stale bread, water,
The cough of the spinner, the cry of the child . . .
O want ! want !
To lead a wretched life, to toil all one's days,
To die a beggar . . .
Here is where one would need to learn
To trust and be patient !

“SILENTLY NIGHT CREEPS DOWN...”

SILENTLY night creeps down
On the tops of the mountains,
And the moon looks at itself
In the mirror of the lakes.
Over the deserted plain
Towards an unknown way
In an endless chain
The clouds are floating ;
Above the broad river,
Enveloped in twilight,
In deep stillness
The thick forest stands ;
The bright bays
Glitter among the rushes,
The motionless corn-fields
Stand on the plains ;
The azure sky
Looks down joyfully,
And the large village
Sleeps, free from care.

ПЛЕЩЕЕВЪ.

АЛЕКСЕЙ НИКОЛАЕВИЧ ПЛЕЩЕЕВЪ.

1825—1894.

ALEXIS PLESHCHEYEV.

ALEXIS PLESHCHEYEV began writing poetry at the age of eighteen, and in 1846 appeared the first edition of his poems. He enriched Russian letters with a large number of translations from various languages and with original lyrical verses.

His poems bear the imprint of melancholy, disappointment, and renunciation, but they are also filled with the aspirations of his youth.

He was the most cultivated and the most sympathetic poet of his time.

Besides writing original poetry he translated many pieces from the English, French, Italian, and German poets.

ХРИСТОСЪ-МЛАДЕЦЪ
И ЕВРЕЙСКІЯ ДѢТИ.

Былъ у Христá-младéнца садъ,
И мнóго розъ взрастíлъ Онъ въ нёмъ;
Онъ трíжды въ день ихъ поливáлъ,
Чтобъ сплести Себѣ вѣнóкъ потóмъ.

Когдá тѣ рóзы расцвѣлі,
Дѣтей евре́йскихъ созвалъ Онъ;
Они сорвáли по цвѣткú,
И садъ былъ весь опустошёнъ.

„Какъ Ты сплетёшь Себѣ вѣнóкъ ?
Въ Твоёмъ саду нѣть больше розъ !“
„Вы позабыли, что шипы
Остáлись Миѣ,“ сказа́лъ Христóсъ.

И изъ шипóвъ онí сплелі
Вѣнóкъ колючíй для Него,—
И кáпли крóви, вмѣсто розъ,
Челó укрáсили Его.

„ПЕРЕДЪ ТОБОЙ ЛЕЖИТЬ ШИРОКІЙ
НОВЫЙ ПУТЬ...“

Пéредъ тобо́й лежи́ть широ́кій но́вый путь.
Прими же мой приве́тъ не грóмкій, но сердéчный:
Да бúдетъ, какъ была, твоя согре́та грудь
Любóвью къ ближнему, любóвью къ прáвдѣ
вéчной.

Да не утра́тишь ты въ борьбѣ со зломъ упóрной,
Всегó, чéмъ нынѣ такъ душá твоя полна,
И вéры и любви свéтильникъ животвóрный
Да не зальётъ въ тебѣ житéйская волна.

Подъя́въ¹ челó, идí безтрéпетной стопóю;
Идí, храня въ душé свой чистый идеалъ,
На слёзы стрáждущихъ отвéтствуя слезóю,
И ободряя тéхъ въ борьбѣ, кто дúхомъ паль.²

И ёсли въ стáрости, въ раздúмья часъ
печáльный,
Ты скáжешь: въ мíрѣ я оставилъ дóbryй слéдъ,
И встрéтить я могу спокóйно мигъ прощáльный...
Ты бúдешь сча́стливъ, другъ: иного сча́стя нéть.

THE CHRIST-CHILD AND THE HEBREW CHILDREN.

THE Christ-child had a garden,
And many roses He planted therein ;
He had three times a day watered them,
In order to weave for Himself a garland later on.
When those roses were in full bloom,
He called the Hebrew children ;
They plucked off every flower,
And the whole garden was devastated.
—“ How wilt Thou weave a garland for Thyself ?
In Thy garden there are no more roses ! ”
—“ You forgot that the thorns
Remained for Me,” said Christ.
And from the thorns they wove
A spiny garland for Him—
And drops of blood, instead of roses,
Adorned His brow.

“ BEFORE THEE LIES A BROAD NEW WAY . . . ”

BEFORE thee lies a broad new way.

Accept then my greeting, not loud, but hearty :

May thy bosom be, as it was, warmed

With love of thy fellow-man, with love of the eternal truth.

Mayst thou not lose in the hard struggle with evil,

All of which at present thy soul is so full ;

And the life-giving lamp of faith and love

May the wave of life not extinguish in thee.

Raising thy forehead, go with unfaltering step :

Go, preserving in thy soul thy pure ideal,

The tears of the sufferers answering with a tear,

And comforting those in the struggle who have lost courage.

And if in old age, in the sorrowful hour of reflection,

Thou wilt say : “ In the world I left a good footprint,

And I can meet calmly the parting moment . . . ”

Thou wilt be happy, friend : there is no other happiness.

¹ Подъять = подніять (perf. v.), *to raise, lift up*.

² Пастъ (ор падать, imperf. v.) ду́хомъ, *to be out of heart*.

НАДСОНЪ.

СЕМЁН ЯКОВЛЕВИЧ НАДСОНЪ.

1862—1887.

SIMON NADSON.

SIMON NADSON'S first printed poem appeared when he was but fifteen years old. Although he died at the early age of twenty-five, he inaugurated a new epoch in Russian poetry, through the great attention he paid to form and through a certain deep melancholy which pervades every line of his magically musical verse.

Nadson is the favourite of the Russian public. Although only twenty-nine years have passed since his death, there are at least twenty-eight editions of his poems. He is the eternal idol of the young people, for he expresses and sings in his verses the ideas and sentiments of the better part of Russian youth—the desire of serving his country, the love of the humiliated and the fallen, the struggle towards high ideals, liberty, and fraternity. His poems chase away from the heart all depraved temptations and plunge it into an idealistic atmosphere.

The poets that come after Nadson belong to the present day.

„ПРОСНИСЬ ЖЕ ТОТЪ,
ВЪ ЧЬЁМЪ СÉРДЦЪ ЖИВЫ . . .“

Проснись же тотъ, въ чьёмъ сéрдцѣ живы
Желанья лучшихъ, светлыхъ дней,
Кто благородные порывы
Не заглушилъ въ груди своёй ! . . .
Иди вперёдъ къ зарѣ познанья,
Борясь съ глубокой мглой ночной,
Чтобъ светла яркое сиянье
Блеснуло сноуба надъ землёй !

У КРОВАТКИ.

Частво ты шёпчешь, дитя, засыпая
Въ тёплой и мягкой кроваткѣ своёй:
„Бóже, когда же я буду большая ? . . .
О, если бы только растя поскорѣй !
Скучныхъ уроковъ ужъ я бѣ не учила,
Скучныхъ бы гаммъ я не стала играть;
Всё по знакомымъ бы въ гости ходила,
Всё бы я въ садъ убегала гулять !“
Съ грустной улыбкой, склоняясь за работой,
Молча рѣчамъ я внимаю твоймъ . . .

Спи, моя рѣдость, покуда съ забо́той
 Ты незнакома подъ кро́вомъ родны́мъ. . .
 Спи, моя пти́чка ! Суро́вое вре́мя
 Быстро лети́ть,—не щади́ть и не ждёть. . .
 Жизнь, э́то ча́сто тяжёлое бре́мя.
 Свѣтлое дѣ́тство, какъ пра́здникъ, мелькнётъ. . .
 Какъ бы я радъ былъ съ тобо́й помѣняться,
 Чтобы, какъ ты, и рѣзви́ться, и пе́сть,
 Чтобы, какъ ты, беззабо́тно смѣяться,
 Шумно игрáть и безпéчно глядѣть !

— — —
 „И ПОМНЮ Я . . .“

. . . И помню цéрковь я, залитую огнáми,
 И помню мать мою. Съ безжизненнымъ чело́мъ,
 Съ устáми блѣдными и впáвшими очáми,
 Мать спить въ гробу своёмъ, увítая цвѣтáми,
 А мы стоймъ вокрúгъ въ молчáніи нѣмомъ. . .
 Сестрёнку за руку я крѣпко взялъ рукóю. . .

И сéрдце сжáлось въ нась, мы плáчемъ, и впервые
 Такъ трúдно вѣрить намъ, такъ бóльно намъ
 сознáть,
 Что мы для всéхъ вокрúгъ——ненúжные, чужéе,
 И ты,——ты не придёшь опять нась приласкáть!...

ПОХОРОНЫ.

Слышшишь—въ селѣ, за рѣкою зеркальной,
Глухо разносится звонъ погребальной

Въ сонномъ затишишь полѣй.

Грозно и мѣрно, ударь за ударомъ,
Тонетъ въ далі, озаренной пожаромъ

Алыхъ вѣчернихъ лучей. . .

Слышшишь—звукитъ похоронное пѣнье:
Это апостолъ труда и терпѣнья—

Честный рабочий почилъ. . .

Долго онъ шелъ трудовою дорогою,
Долго родимую землю съ тревогой
Потомъ и кровью пойлъ.

Жегъ его полдень горячимъ сияньемъ,
Вѣтеръ знобилъ леденящимъ дыханьемъ,
Туча мочила дождемъ. . .

Вьюгой избѣнку его заметало,
Градомъ на нивахъ его побивало
Колосъ, возвращенный трудомъ.

Много онъ внесъ могучей душой,
Съ дѣства привыкшей бороться съ судьбой,
Пусть же зарытый землей
Онъ отдохнѣтъ отъ забоѣ и волненія,
Этотъ апостолъ труда и терпѣнья,
Нашей отчизны родной.

“AWAKE, HE IN WHOSE HEART ARE ALIVE . . .”

AWAKE, he in whose heart are alive
The wishes for better, bright days,
Who, the noble impulses
Did not stifle in his bosom ! . . .
Go forward in the dawn of learning,
Struggling with the profound darkness of night,
So that the bright shining of light
May flash again over the earth !

AT THE BEDSIDE.

OFTEN thou dost whisper, child, while falling asleep
In thy warm and soft little bed :
“O God, when shall I be big ? . . .
O, if only one would grow more quickly !
Wearisome lessons I should no longer learn,
Wearisome scales I should not have to play ;
Continually I would visit my friends,
Continually I would run off to the garden to take a walk ! ”
With a sad smile, bending over my work,
Silently I listen to thy sayings . . .

Sleep, my joy, as long as with trouble
Thou art not acquainted under the paternal roof . . .
Sleep, my little bird! stern Time
Quickly flies,—has no pity, and does not wait . . .
Life, it is often a heavy burden.
Bright childhood, like a holiday, will flash past . . .
How glad I should be to change places with thee,
So as, like thee, to be gay and to sing,
So as, like thee, to laugh free from care,
Noisily to play and to glance unconcerned !

“AND I REMEMBER . . .”

...AND I remember the church flooded with lights,
And I remember my mother. With lifeless brow
With pale lips and sunken eyes,
Mother sleeps in her coffin, wrapped in flowers,
And we stand around in dumb silence.
My little sister's arm I firmly grasp with my hand . . .
And the heart shrank within us, we weep, and for the first
time,
It is so difficult for us to believe, so painful for us to avow,
That we for all around are unnecessary, strangers,
And thou,—thou wilt not come to caress us again.

A FUNERAL.

THOU hearest—in the village, behind the crystalline river,
Dully the funeral knell spreads

In the sleepy stillness of the fields.

Sullenly and with measured beat, stroke after stroke
Dies away in the distance, glowing with the fire

Of blood-red evening rays . . .

Thou hearest—the funeral chant sounds :

It is an apostle of labour and patience—

An honest worker departed . . .

Long he travelled his difficult way,

Long his native earth in anxiety

He nourished with sweat and blood.

The noonday burned him with its hot sunshine,

The wind froze him with its icy breath,

The cloud soaked him with rain . . .

His poor cottage was blocked up with a snowstorm,

With hail in the fields was beaten down his

Corn, cultivated with labour.

He endured much with mighty soul,

Accustomed from childhood to struggle with fate,

May then he, buried in the earth,

Rest from trouble and tumult,

That apostle of labour and patience

Of our native fatherland.

СОЛОГУБЪ.

ѲѢДОРЪ СОЛОГУБЪ.

b. 1864.

THEODORE SOLOGUB.

THEODORE SOLOGUB'S real name is Fedor Kuzmich Teternikov. He is equally distinguished as a poet and as a writer of prose fiction, and drama. Sologub became widely known only after the Revolutionary Movement of 1905. He is a remarkable stylist in everything he writes, and one of the greatest imaginative artists now living.

His best known works are—a powerful novel called "Little Demon" (translated into English recently by John Cournos and Richard Aldington) ; "The Old House, and other Tales" (translated into English by John Cournos) ; "The Sweet-scented Name, and other Fairy Tales, Fables, and Stories" (edited by Stephen Graham) ; "The Uniter of Souls" ; "The Invoker of the Beast" ; etc.

It is said that Sologub is a compound of Chekhov (1860-1904) and Poe (1809-1879). Yet there is something in Sologub akin neither to Chekhov nor to Poe. He is a poet with dreams of a fair and lovely world, for in all his poems, although they are realistic, there is a vein of fantasy and idealism, and through all an echo of deep sympathy, springing from the memory of his own hardships in youth.

ПѢСЕНКА.

—День туманный
Настаётъ,
Мой желанный
Не идётъ.
Мгла вокрûгъ.
На порогъ
Я стою,
Вся въ тревогѣ,
И пою.
Гдѣ жъ мой другъ ?
Холодъ вѣеть,
Садъ мой пустъ,
Сиротѣеть
Каждый кустъ.
Скучно мнѣ.
Распрощался
Ты легкó,
И умчался
Далекó
На конѣ.

По дорóгѣ
Я гляжу,
Вся въ тревоgѣ,
Вся дрожу,—
Милый мой !
Долго стаnу
Слёзы лить,
Въ сéрдцѣ рану
Бередить,—
Богъ съ тобою !

„О, ЖИЗНЬ МОЯ БЕЗЪ ХЛѢБА . . .“

О, жизнь моя безъ хлѣба,
Зато и безъ тревогъ !
Иду. Смѣется нѣбо,
Ликуетъ въ нѣбѣ Богъ.

Иду въ широкомъ польѣ,
Въ унынья тѣмныхъ рощъ,
На всей на вольной волѣ,
Хоть блѣденъ я и тощъ.

Цвѣтутъ, благоухаютъ
Кругомъ цвѣты въ поляхъ,
И тучки тихо таютъ
На ясныхъ небесахъ.

Хоть мнѣ ничто не мило,
Всё душу веселитъ.
Близкѣ мои могилы,
Но это не страшитъ.

Иду. Смѣется нѣбо,
Ликуетъ въ нѣбѣ Богъ.
О, жизнь моя безъ хлѣба,
Зато и безъ тревогъ !

„О, РУСЬ ! . . .“

О, Русь ! въ тоскѣ изнемогая,
Тебѣ слагаю гимны я.
Милѣе нѣть на свѣтѣ края,
О, рѣдина моя !

Твойхъ равнинъ нѣмыя дали
Полны томительной печали,
Тоскою дышатъ небеса.
Среди болотъ, въ безсильни хиломъ,
Цвѣткомъ поникшимъ и унылымъ
Восходить блѣдная краса.

Твой суроые просторы
Томятъ тоскующіе взоры
И души, полныя тоскы.
Но и въ отчаянны есть сладость.
Тебѣ, отчизна, стонъ и радость,
И безнадѣжность, и покой.

Милѣе нѣть на свѣтѣ края,
О, Русь, о, рѣдина моя.
Тебѣ, въ тоскѣ изнемогая,
Слагаю гимны я.

„ЛЮБЛЮ Я ГРУСТЬ ТВОИХЪ
ПРОСТОРОВЪ . . .“

Люблю я грусть твойхъ просторовъ,
Мой мілый край, святая Русь.
Судьбы унылыхъ приговоровъ
Я не боюсь и не стыжусь.

И всѣ твой путь мнѣ мілы,
И пусть грозитъ безумный путь
И тьмой, и холодомъ могилы,
Я не хочу съ него свернуть.

Не заклинаю духа злого,
И, какъ молитву наизусть,
Твержу всѣ тѣ жъ четыре слова:
„Какой просторъ ! Какая грусть !“

SONG.

—GLOOMY day
Is approaching,
My loved one
Comes not.

Mist all round.
On the door step
I stand,
All in anxiety,
And I sing.

Where is my friend ?
Coldness blows,
My garden is empty,
Becomes bare
Every bush,
I feel lonely.
Thou didst leave
Lightly
And didst gallop
Far away
On thy horse.

Along the road
I look,
All in anxiety,
All atremble,—
 My dear one !
For a long time I shall
Shed tears,
The wound in my heart
I shall gall,—
 God be with thee !

“O, MY LIFE IS WITHOUT BREAD . . .”

O, MY life is without bread,
But at the same time without worry !
I go. The sky laughs,
God in heaven rejoices.

I go in the broad field,
In the melancholy of the dark groves,
Yet at my free will,
Altho' I am pale and thin.

They bloom and smell sweetly
All round the flowers in the fields,
And the little clouds silently disappear
In the bright skies.

Altho' nothing is dear to me,
Everything gladdens my soul.
My grave is near,
But this does not frighten me.

I go. The sky laughs,
God in heaven rejoices.
O, my life is without bread,
But at the same time without worry !

“O, RUSSIA! . . .”

O, RUSSIA! growing weak with longing,
For thee I compose hymns.
There is no dearer country in the world,
O, my native land !

The silent distances of thy plains
Are full of weariful sadness,
The skies pant with longing.
Amid the marshes in feeble weakness,
In a drooping and dejected flower,
Rises a pallid beauty.

Thy gloomy endless spaces
Tire our longing gaze
And our souls, full of longing.
But even in despondency there is sweetness.
For thee, homeland, there are sorrow and joy,
And hopelessness and peace.

There is no dearer country in the world,
O, Russia, O, my native land.
For thee, growing weak with longing
I compose hymns.

“ I LOVE THE SADNESS OF THINE ENDLESS
SPACES . . . ”

I LOVE the sadness of thine endless spaces,
My dear country, Holy Russia.
Of the dismal decrees of Destiny
I am neither afraid nor ashamed.

And all thy ways to me are dear,
And let the witless way threaten
With darkness, and the coldness of the grave,
I do not wish to turn aside from it.

I do not conjure the evil spirit,
And, like a prayer by rote,
I keep repeating always the same four words :
“ What vastness ! What sadness ! ”

ДЛЯ ЗАМЪТОКЪ

p. 53

назначитъ для писемъ

z bestimmte Fischen, fische
not назамъ

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Books recommended to Students interested in Russian Literature:—

1. ANTHOLOGY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME. By Leo Wiener. Two volumes. Published by H. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
2. RUSSIAN LITERATURE: IDEALS AND REALITIES. By Prince Kropotkin. Published by Duckworth & Co., London.
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