

SHORT POEMS

THE FOUNTAIN OF BAKHCHISARAY

THE GIPSIES

POLTAVA

THE BRONZE HORSEMAN

RUSLAN AND LYUDMILA

EUGENE ONEGIN

PETER THE GREAT'S NEGRO

MARIE

THE SHOT

THE SNOWSTORM

THE UNDERTAKER

THE POSTMASTER

MISTRESS INTO MAID

THE QUEEN OF SPADES

KIRDJALI

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

EGYPTIAN NIGHTS

DUBROVSKY

BORIS GODUNOV

THE STONE GUEST

MOZART AND SALIERI

**COLLECTED POETRY AND
POEMS BY ALEXANDER
PUSHKIN:
Eugene Onegin, The Queen Of
Spades, The Captain's Daughter
And Short Poems
illustrated**

SHORT POEMS

*Translated by Charles
Edward Turner, George
Borrow and Ivan Panin*

TO — (KERN)

I still recall the marvellous moment:
When you appeared before my gaze
Like a ghost, like a fleeting spirit,
Like soul of the purest grace.
In torturing fruitless melancholy,
In vanity and loud chaos
I've always heard your gentle voice
And glimpsed your features in my dreams.

As years passed and winds scattered
My long-past hopes, and in those days,
I lacked your voice's divine spell
And the bless'd features of your face.
Held in darkness and separation,
My days dragged in strife.
Lacking faith and inspiration,
Lacking tears and love and life.
But the time arrives; my soul awakens,
And again you appear before me
Like a ghost, like a fleeting spirit,
Like the soul of purest grace.
Again my heart beats in rapture,
Again everything awakens:
My long-past faith and inspiration,
And the tears and life and love.
1825

THE DREAMER

The moon pursues her stealthy course,
The shades grow gray upon the hill,
Silence has fallen on the stream,
Fresh from the valley blows the wind;
The songster of spring days has hushed
His notes in waste of gloomy groves,
The herds are couched along the fields,
And calm the flight of midnight hour.

And night the peaceful ingle-nook
Has with her misty livery clad;
In stove the flames have ceased to dart,
And candle down to socket burned;
The saintly face of household gods
Now darkly gloom from modest shrine,
And taper pale in dimness burns
Before the guardians of home.
With head in hand bent lowly down,
In sweet forgetfulness deep plunged,
I lose myself in fancy dreams,
And lie awake on lonely couch;
As with the weird dark shades of night,
Illumined by the soft moon's rays,
Wingèd dreams, in hurrying crowds,
Flock down and strongly seize my soul.
And now flows forth a soft, soft voice,
The golden chords in music tremble;
And in the hour when all is still,
The dreamer young begins his song,
With secret ache of soul possessed
And dreams that come from God alone,
With flying hand he boldly smites
The breathing strings of heavenly lyre.
Blessed is he who, born in lowly hut,
Prays not for fortune or for wealth;
From him great Jove, with watchful eyes,
Will turn mishap that teems with ruin;

At eve, on lotos flowers couched,
He lies enwrapped in softest sleep;
Nor harshest sound of warrior's trump
Has power to stir him from his dream.
Let glory, with her daring front,
Strike loudly on her noisy shield;
In vain she tempts me from afar,
With skinny finger red in blood;
In vain war's gaudy banners float,
Or battle-ranks their pomp display;
Peace has higher charms for gentle heart, -
Nor do I care for glory's prize.
In solitude my blood is tamed,
And tranquilly the days pass by:
From God I have the gift of song,
Of gifts the rarest, most divine;
And never has the Muse betrayed me:
Be thou with me, oh goddess dear,
The vilest home or desert wild
Shall have a beauty of their own.
In dusky dawn of golden days
The untried singer thou hast blessed,
As with a wreath of myrtle fresh
Thou didst encrown his childish brow,
And, bringing with thee light from heaven,
Radiant made his humble cell;
And, gently breathing, thou didst lean
O'er his cradle with blessing sweet.

For ever be my friend and guide
Even to the threshold of the grave!
O'er me hover with gentlest dreams,
And shroud me with thy shielding wings!
Banish far all doubt and sorrow,
Possess the mind with fond deceit,
A glory shed o'er my far life,
And scatter wide its darkest gloom!
Thus peace shall bless my parting hour,
The genius of Death shall come,
And whisper, knocking at the door,
"The dwelling of the shades awaits thee!"
E'en so, on winter eve sweet sleep
Frequents with joy the home of peace,
With lotos crowned, and lowly bent
On restful staff of languid ease

THE GRAVE OF A YOUTH

The world he fled,
Of love and pleasure once the nursling,
And is as one who lies in sleep.
Or cold of nameless tomb, forgot.
Time was, he loved our village games,
When as the girls beneath the shade
Of trees would loot the meadow free;-
But now in village song and dance
No more is heard his greeting light.

His elders had with envy marked
His easy gait and bearing gay,
And, smiling sadly, 'mongst themselves
Oft shook their hoary heads, and said:
“We too once loved the choral dance,
And shone as wits and jesters keen:
But wait: the years will make their round.
And thou shalt be what we are now.
Be taught by us, life's jocund guest,
The world to thee will soon prove cold:
Thou now mayst dance!”.... The elders live,
Whilst he, in ripest bloom of youth,
Has, fading, perished ere his time.
Wild the feast, and loud the song-,
Although his voice is ever mute;
New friends now lill the vacant seat;
Seldom, seldom, when maidens chat,
And talk of love, his name is spoke;
Of all, whose hearts his words made flame,
It may be, one will shed a tear,
As memory recalls some scene
Of joy long buried in his grave —
And wherefore weep?
Bathed by a stream,
In calm array, the lines of tombs,
Each guarded by its wooden cross,
Lie hidden in the antique grove,
There, close beside the highroad's edge,

Where old beech-trees their branches wave,
His heart at peace and free from care,
Sleeps his last sleep the gentle youth.
In vain, the light of day pours down,
Or morn from mid-sky shines full bright,
Or, splashing round the senseless tomb,
The river purls, or forest wails;
In vain, at early morn, in quest
Of berries red, the village maid
Shall to the stream her basket bring,
And, frightened, dip her naked foot
Into the cold spring-waters fresh;
No sound can wake, or call him forth
The silent walls of his sad grave.

I HAVE OUTLIVED MY EVERY WISH

I have outlived my every wish,
Each dear dream seen rudely broken,
And naught remains but woe and plaint,
Sole heritage of vacant heart.
Despoiled by storms of jealous fate;
The tree of life has faded fast;
I live in grief and loneliness,
And wait in hope, the end may come.
As when the last, forgotten leaf,
That quivers on the naked branch,
By nipping frost is sudden caught,

And shriek of winter's storm is heard.

TO THE SEA

Farewell, thou free, all — conquering sea!
No more wilt thou before me roll
In endless flow thy dark-blue billows
And revel in thy beauty proud.
Like mournful voice of friend departing.
Like summons sad to bid adieu,
Thy murmur soft from region far
I hearken, but shall hear no more.
For thou hast been ray soul's desired bound,
As oft along thy pebbly shore
With slow and measured step I wandered,
And gladly lost in thoughts mine own.
How I have loved thy mystic echoes;
Dull sounds, a voice from the abyss;
In evening hour, thy peaceful ripple
Thy wayward bursts of sudden rage!
In fragile boat the fisher sailing
Thou lovst to shield from wave's caprice,
And safe it skims o'er surging breakers;
But with unconquered strength wilt rise,
And vessel proud to pieces dash.
Too long, a willing slave, I have served,
Removed from thee, a sordid world;
Too long forgot with song to greet thee,

And o'er thy crested waves to waft
My verse sonorous and sincere.
'Thou didst wait, thou didst call, but a spell
My vainly struggling soul subdued;
Enchanted by a mighty passion,
I still remained from thee estranged.
But why complain? Whither now should I
My vain and aimless steps direct?
O'er thy realms of waste but one small spot
Can speak to me or stir my soul:
A tiny rock, the glorious grave
And haunt of dreams of power lost,
Remembrance bare of fallen greatness,
Where raging pined Napoleon.
'T was there he died, slow torture's victim,
And now we mourn a loss as great:
For ever hushed the song of tempest,
That crowned him lord of soul of man.
He died bewept by freedom's children,
Bequeathing them his deathless crown.
Weep, ocean, weep, shed thy stormy tears!
His sweetest songs he sang to thee.
For on his brow was stamped thine image,
He, as it were, was child of thee;
Like thee, sublime, fathomless, alone;
Like thee, unconquered. unsubdued!
The world is dull and empty — And now,
Whither, ocean, wouldst thou bring me?