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RUSSIAN SONGS AND LYRICS



RUSSIAN SONGS AND LYRICS

BEING FAITHFUL TRANSLATIONS OF SELEC-
TIONS FROM SOME OF THE BEST RUSSIAN
POETS—PUSHKIN, LERMONTOF, NADSON,
NEKRASOV, TOLSTOI, TYOUTCHEV, MAIKOV,
LEBEDEV, FET, K. R., KLUSHNIKOV, ANATOLE
KREMLEV, MYATLEV, ETC.

THE Translator is devoting any profits that
may arise from the sale of this little Book to
Funds for the benefit of the Russian Soldiers.

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PREFACE

At the suggestion of friends (especially my old friend Mr. Edward Cazalet, President of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society), I am publishing these Translations from the Russian in book form; and I hope that the sale of this little volume may bring in something for the Russian soldiers who are, once more, so gallantly helping to rescue Europe from a great calamity.

Most of these Songs and Lyrics are favourites with the Russian soldiers of all ranks, and are popular amongst the Russian peasantry, who are devoted to song, and amongst whom education has spread, and is spreading more rapidly than is imagined in the West.

Realizing that in Russian Poetry there is "a charm in words" that no words in any other language can ever convey, all I can

claim for these Translations is that I have striven to translate faithfully, and to avoid adding anything of my own.

In so doing, I have followed the general principles for the translation of poetry into a foreign language so ably set forth by Earl Curzon, who says :

“ The Translator should, I think, remember that the work is not primarily his own, but that of another man of whose ideas he is merely the vehicle and interpreter ; and while endeavouring to convert them into the idiom and metrical form of another language, often with some loss—rarely with any gain—in the process, he should, as far as possible, subordinate himself to the conception and thought, and even defer, where possible, to the technique, of the original writer.”

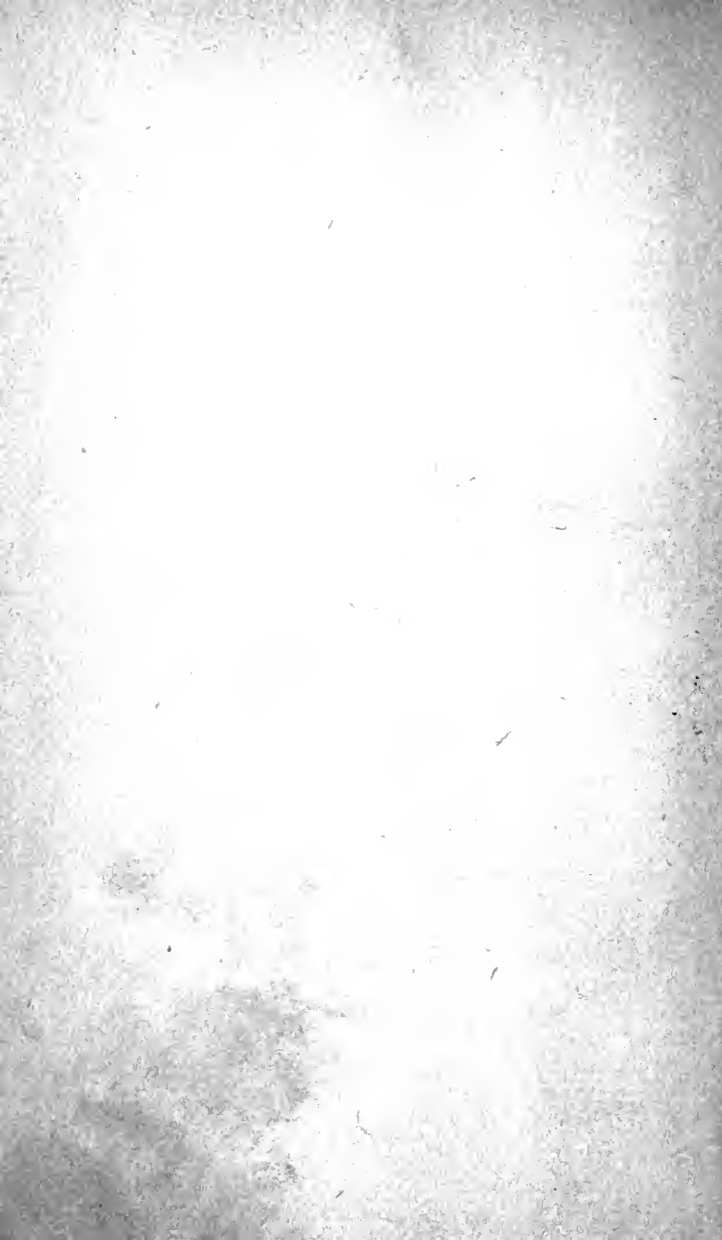
It is hoped that this little volume will prove of interest to English readers generally, and may also be found of some service to Britons studying Russian and to Russians studying English.

From Appendix A it may be gathered how perfectly the International Language—evolved

by the genius of a great Russian linguist— lends itself to the translation of Russian prose and verse; and in Appendix B will be found lines setting forth views I formed about Russia, her people, her policy, and her future, more than a quarter of a century ago.

J. POLLEN.

October 17, 1916.



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RUSSIAN SONGS AND LYRICS

FROM PUSHKIN

* * *

I WANDER down the noisy streets,
I enter crowded fanes,
I join in youthful revelries,
I give my fancy reins.

I say, "The years are flying fast,
And ^{elapse} seen we scarce are here,
Before we reach eternal tombs ;
For each the hour is near."

I glance upon the lonely oak,
The patriarch of the wood,
And think, "He'll live through *my* brief day,
He through my father's stood."

I fondly kiss the little child,
And, kissing, think, "Good-bye!
I'm giving up my place to you.
You bloom ; 'tis mine to die."

Thus every day, thus every hour,
I'm wont with thought to spend,
And strive to guess the birthday-date
Of my approaching end.

Ah! where will Fate send Death to me?
Abroad? in war? on deep?
Or will a neighbouring valley hold
My cold dust in its keep?

Yet, though I know my lifeless form
Must fade where'er I die,
I'd fondly wish near my loved home,
In my own land, to lie.

There, round the entrance to the grave,
Let young life freely play,
And careless Nature calmly smile
With ageless beauty gay!

ANACREONTIC.

WE know the steed of mettle
By the breed-marks branded on it ;
We know the haughty Highlander
By his plumed and towering bonnet ;
And I know the happy lovers
By the love-light in their eyes,
Where, its tale of joyance telling,
The languid flame doth rise.

* * *

LET me not lose my senses, God ;
Better the pilgrim's scrip and rod,
Or toil and hunger sad.
Not that I prize this mind of mine,
Or that my reason to resign
I should not be right glad,
If only then they'd set me free.
At large ! How sportively I'd flee
To where the dark wood gleams !
I'd sing in raving ecstasies,
Forgetting self in fantasies
Of changeful wondrous dreams.
To the wild waves I'd lend an ear,
And glancing upward, full of cheer,
Would scan the open sky ;
And strong and free I'd rush amain,
A whirlwind sweeping o'er the plain,
Crashing through woods I'd fly.

But there's the rub! You lose your sense—
Are dreaded like a pestilence,
 And clapped in prison drear.
They chain you to the idiot's yoke,
And, through the cage-bars, to provoke
 The wild beast they draw near.
No more the nightingale to hear
At midnight singing sweet and clear,
 Nor greenwood's rustling strains,
But only brother-madmen's cries,
The nightly keeper's blasphemies,
 And shrieks, and clang of chains.

* * *

I'VE overlived aspirings,
My fancies I disdain ;
The fruits of hollow-heartedness,
Sufferings alone remain.

'Neath cruel storms of Fate,
Withers my crown of bay,
A sad and lonely life I lead,
Waiting my latest day.

Thus, struck by latter cold,
While howls the wintry wind,
Trembles upon the naked bough
The last leaf left behind.

PETER THE GREAT.

WITH autocratic hand
He boldly sowed the light ;
He did not scorn his native land—
He knew her destined might.
A carpenter, a seaman,
A scholar, hero, he,
With mighty genius on the throne,
A labourer was incessantly.

THE PROPHET.

By spiritual thirst opprest,
I hied me to the desert dim,
When lo! upon my path appeared
The holy six-winged seraphim.
My brow his fingers lightly pressed,
Soothing my eyelids into rest :
Open my inward vision flies,
As ope a startled eaglet's eyes.
He touched my ears, and they were filled
With sounds that all my being thrilled.
I felt a trembling fill the skies,
I heard the sweep of angels' wings,
Beneath the sea saw creeping things,
And in the valleys vines arise.
Over my lips awhile he hung,
And tore from me my sinful tongue—
The babbling tongue of vanity.
The sting of serpent's subtlety

Within my lips, as chilled I stood,
He placed, with right hand red with blood,
Then with a sword my bosom cut,
And forth my quivering heart he drew ;
A glowing coal of fire he put
Within my breast laid bare to view.
As corpse-like on the waste I lay,
Thus unto me God's voice did say—
“ Prophet, arise ! confess My Name ;
Fulfil My will ; submit to Me !
Arise ! go forth o'er land and sea,
And with high words men's hearts inflame ! ”

A MONUMENT.*

I'VE raised myself no statue made with hands ;
The People's path to it no weeds will hide.
Rising with no submissive head, it stands
Above the pillar of Napoleon's pride.
No ! I shall never die ; in sacred strains
My soul survives my dust, and flies decay—
And famous shall I be, while there remains
A single Poet 'neath the light of day.
Through all great Russia will go forth my
fame,
And every tongue in it will name my name ;
And by the nation long shall I be loved,
Because my lyre their nobler feelings moved ;
Because I strove to serve them with my song,
And called forth mercy for the fallen throng.
Hear God's command, O Muse, obediently,
Nor dread reproach, nor claim the Poet's bay ;
To praise and blame alike indifferent be,
And let fools say their say !

* Like our Shakespeare, Pushkin knew his own merits.

THE POET.

UNTIL Apollo calls the Bard
To share the holy sacrifice,
Plunged in the petty cares of life
The Poet's spirit lies.

Silent and still his sacred lyre,
His soul to sleep a prey,
Amongst earth's worthless sons he seems
More worthless, p'raps, than they.

But once the sacred summons rings
And strikes his eager ears,
The Poet's soul, like eagle roused,
On upward pinion steers.

Then earthly pleasures cease to charm ;
He scorns the babbling crowd ;
No more beneath their Idol's feet
His haughty head is bowed.

He flies—and wild and stern his moods,
His notes, now grave, now gay—
To shores where lonely billows play,
To depths of whispering woods.

THE ANGEL.

At Eden's gates a gentle Angel stood,
Bent her bright head, and shone ;
A Demon dark, in fierce rebellious mood,
Over Hell's deep sped on.

The Spirit of doubt, the Spirit of rejection,
On that pure Spirit gazed ;
And an unwilling warmth of deep affection
Then, first, he felt—amazed.

“ Farewell ! ”—he cried aloud—“ I've seen
thee :

Thou hast not shone in vain !
Henceforth I hate not all in God's Creation,
Nor all the world disdain.”

AN AUTUMN SONG.

FADING—fading—summer dies,
Flying pass the sunbright days,
Rainy mists from marshes rise,
Nights their sleepy shadows raise.

Bare are now the meadows brown ;
Cold the brooklets' sportive play ;
White the woodland locks have grown ;
Heaven's blue vault—a sombre grey.

Soon—ah soon will winter's cold
Greet the grove and greet the field ;
Soon in smoky cot and fold
Fires a grateful glow will yield.

SONG OF OLËG, THE FAR-SEEING.

OLËG, the Far-seeing, is now on his way
To punish the insolent Horde ;
Their hamlets and fields for the truculent
fray
Condemned to the fire and the sword.
At the head of his troops, on his charger so
true,
Towards the battlefield riding, the Prince
nearer drew.

When forth from the forest to meet him there
strode
One skilled in the mystical lore—
A Wizard, who in the gods' service abode,
And coming events knew before.
In prayers and divinings his life he had spent :
Right up to the old Sage the Prince riding
went.

“Come, tell me, O Wizard, beloved of the god,
In life what will happen to me?
Shall I quickly be covered beneath the cold
sod,
To my neighbouring enemies' glee?
Reveal the whole truth, and fear nothing from
me!—
As reward, take the steed that is pleasing to
thee!”

“No fear have we Wizards of mightiest
kings!
No need of a Princely reward!
Truth-telling, unfettered, our prophet-voice
rings,
For the will of the gods we regard.
The years that are coming lie hidden in gloom,
But on thy bright brow I can read thee thy
doom!

“Now attend to my word! On thee, warrior
bold,
Will honour and happiness wait;
For victory famous thy tale will be told,
Thy shield on Byzantium's gate.

And the waves and the lands will be subject
to thee—

Thy foes thy fate wondrous with envy will see.

“The treacherous roll of the dark-seething
main

In the hour of its deadliest storm—

The sling, and the dart, and the dagger in
vain

To thee, Victor, will strive to work harm.

Neath thy armour of bronze no wound wilt
thou know ;

A Guardian unseen is assigned thee below.

“Thy War-horse no danger, no toil, ever
fears—

He knows his Lord's will without rein—

Now quickly pursuing where rattle the spears,

Now scouring across the red plain ;

And to cold and to carnage he pays little heed,

Yet thy death thou art fated to meet from
thy steed.”

A laugh laughed Olög ; yet his forehead with
thought

And his countenance darkened with care ;

In silence his hand to the pommel he brought,
And leaped from his steed then and there.
The neck of his friend with caressing good-bye
He smoothed and he patted—then spoke
with a sigh :

“Farewell, dearest comrade, my servant so
true,

For the hour for our parting has come ;
Henceforth take your rest, for no rider on you
In the stirrup will place his foot home.

Farewell, and be happy, and think upon me !
Ho, varlets ! come hither, and take my horse,
ye !

“With coverlets clothe him of daintiest wool,
To the meadows fair lead him away,
And groom him ; with choicest of corn feed
him full ;
Let him drink where the brook’s waters
play.”

The squireens, forthwith, led the War-horse
away,
And brought to their Chieftain a fresh steed
that day.

* * * *

Olëg, the Far-seeing, is feasting with friends,
And the rattle of glasses goes round ;
Their locks are now white like the snow
when it blends

With the grass on the warrior's mound.
They tell of the dangers of days that are
o'er,
And of battles they fought in the good time
of yore.

“ And where's my old comrade ?” the Emperor
cried.

“ Say, where is my mettlesome steed ?
Is he well, my good War-horse ?—like storm
in his pride,

So true and so peerless in speed !”
He heareth the answer : “ On riverside steep
The sleep that's ne'er broken long since doth
he sleep.”

Olëg, then, the Mighty, his head raised on
high,

“ And what's in divining ?” he thought.
“ False wizard, avaunt ! for thy tale was a lie.
Had I thy word scorned, as I ought,

My steed might have borne me alive to this
day ;”

And he bade them point out where the dead
charger lay.

Then forth from his Court rode Olög with
his friends,

With him George and full many a guest ;
They see on the hill, where the river's bank
bends,

The place where the charger's bones rest.
The rains on them beat, o'er them dust rises
high,

And ripples the sand when the storm passes
by.

The Chieftain paced up to the skull of his
steed,

And murmured : “ My best friend, sleep on !
Thy master outlives thee—Thus Heaven
decreed—

Ere my funeral feast thou art gone !
Thou never wilt redden the green of my grave,
Nor with thy warm life-blood my cold ashes
lave.

“ Lo ! this is the place where my ruin lay hid.
Once this bone threatened death to me !
this !”

But, e'en as he spoke, from the dead skull
there slid

A Snake with a venomous hiss.

Round his feet like a black band it suddenly
wound,

And the stricken Prince fell with a groan to
the ground.

At the funeral feast of Olëg, the bemoaned,

The loving cups bubble with foam ;

Princes Olga and George on the mound are
enthroned,

Their troopers along the bank roam.

And they tell of the dangers of days that are
o'er,

And of fights that they fought in the good
times of yore.

FROM LERMONTOF

THE ANGEL.

THRO' the midnight heavens an angel flew,
And a soft low song sang he,
And the moon and the stars and the rolling
clouds
Heard that holy melody.

He sang of the bliss of sinless souls
'Neath the tent of Eden-bowers ;
Of God—the Great One—he sang ; and un-
feigned
Was his praise of the Godhead's powers.

A little babe in his arms he bore,
For this world of woe and tears,
And the sound of his song in the soul of the
child
Kept ringing, though wordless, for years

And long languished she on this earth below,
With a wondrous longing filled,
But the world's harsh songs could not change
for her
The notes which that angel trilled.

THE VOYAGE.

GLITTERS a white, a lonely sail,
Where stoops the grey mist o'er the sea.
What does this distant search avail?
At home, unfound, what leaveth he?

Whistles the wind; the waves at play
Sport round the bending creaking mast;
Ah! not *for* Fortune does he stray,
Nor yet *from* Fortune flees he fast.

'Neath him, like sapphire, gleams the sea;
O'er him, like gold, the sunlight glows;
But storms, rebellious, wooeth he,
As if in storms he'd find repose.

PRAYER.

IN moments of life's trial,
When sorrows crowd the soul,
A single prayer of wondrous power
From fervent lips I roll

There dwells a force God-given
In harmony of sound ;
In living words there breathes a charm
All holy and profound.

From soul, like burden, leaping,
Far off all doubting flies ;
From prayers of faith with weeping
How light, how light we rise !

THANKSGIVING.

FOR all, for all, I render thanks to Thee—
For passion's secret pangs and misery,
For burning tears, the poison of the kiss,
For warmth of soul wasted on emptiness,
For foeman's hate, for friends' malicious
 spleen,
For all by which in life I've cheated been.
But oh! dispose it so, that from this day
I may not long have need such thanks to pay.

ON DEATH OF PUSHKIN.

SILENT the sounds of wondrous songs ;
 Their latest notes have pealed ;
Narrow and dim his resting-place,
 The singer's lips are sealed.

DREAM.*

'NEATH midday heat, in Dagestána's Vale,
With leaden ball in breast I lifeless lay ;
From a deep wound smoke rose upon the
gale,
And drop by drop my life-blood ebb'd away.

Alone I lay upon the sandy slopes ;
The craggy cliffs around me crowded steep ;
The sunlight burned upon their yellow tops,
And burned on me who slept no mortal
sleep.

A dream I dreamed, and saw in sparkling
bowers
An evening feast in my home—far away—
Where young and lovely women, crowned
with flowers,
Conversed of me in accents light and gay.

* Lermontof was killed in a duel on the slopes of the
Caucasus.

But, in their happy talk not joining, one
Sat far apart, and plunged in thought she
seemed ;
And oh !—the mystery knows God alone—
This was the dream her young soul sadly
dreamed.

She saw in vision Dagestána's Vale,
Where on the slope a well-known body
lay ;
From the black wound smoke rose upon
the gale,
And in cold streams the life-blood ebbed
away.

CLOUDS.

CLOUDLETS ethereal wandering ceaselessly,
Floating in pearly chains over the azure
deep;

Maybe, as even I, suffering banishment,*
Leaving your own dear North, southward
perforce you sweep.

What is compelling you? Destiny's ordi-
nance?

Envy invisible? Open iniquity?
Maybe deeds criminal heavily press on you;
Maybe the slander of friendship's obliquity.

No! you are simply weary of fruitless fields;
Strangers to passions and strangers to
punishment.

Frigid eternally, free everlastingly,
You have no country, and cannot know
banishment!

* Lermontof was banished from St. Petersburg to the
Caucasus.

PRAYER.

PRAYING now earnestly, Mother of God,
come I,

Bending before thy shrine radiant in
brilliancy,

Not for salvation, or battle-eve benison,

Not with thanksgiving, or even repentancy.

Not for my own sad soul lost in the wilderness,
Soul of a pilgrim here wandering home-
lessly ;

But for a maiden pure, whom I would trust
to thee,

Fervid Protectress from cold inhumanity !

Circle with Fortune this maiden deserving it ;

Grant her considerate friends on life's
pilgrimage,

Youth of bright buoyancy, age of reposeful-
ness ;

Grant to her sinless soul Hope's happy
peacefulness.

Then—when the farewell hour finally draweth
nigh—

Whether in morn's hum, or silence of
eventide—

Send forth the best of thine angels to take
to thy

Bosom of mercy her peerlessly perfect soul !

HOW WEARY! HOW DREARY!

How weary! how dreary! with no friend to
ease the heart's pain

In moments of sorrow of soul!

Fond desires! But what use the desire that
is ever in vain?

And o'er us the best years roll.

To love. But the loved one? 'Tis nothing
to love for a space;

And for ever Love cannot remain.

Dost thou glance at thyself? Of the "has
been" remains not a trace,

And all gladness and sorrow are vain.

The passions? Ah! sooner or later, their
malady sweet

Will vanish at reason's behest;

And life—when the circle of cold contempla-
tion's complete—

Is a stupid and frivolous jest.

* * *

ALONE I pass along the lonely road,
Thro' gathering mist the pebbly pathway
gleams ;
The night is still ;—the void remembers God,
And star vibrates to star with speaking
beams.

A wondrous glory moves across the sky ;
Soft sleeps the earth in dove-grey azure
light.

Why aches my heart ? Why troubled thus
am I ?

What wait I for, what grieve I for, this
night ?

No more from life can I expect to gain,
And for the "has been" it were vain to
weep ;

I simply seek repose, release from pain,
And fain would rest, forgetting all, in sleep.

But not the sleep which the cold tomb implies ;
But rather would I rest for ages so
That in my breast the strength of life might
rise
In gentle wavelets, heaving to and fro.

The while that in my ears by night and day,
A sweet voice sang of ceaseless love to me ;
And o'er me leaned, greening in every spray
And faintly whispering, my dark cedar*
tree.

* *Lit.*, oak.

* * *

ONE wave upon another leaps,
And splashes, murmuring loud ;
So men on men, in rolling heaps,
Press on—a worthless crowd.

The waves prefer their cold free-will
To warmth the noonday gave ;
Souls men desire to have, yet still
They're colder than the wave.

BALLAD.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEA.

THE young Prince is swimming his steed in
the sea ;

He heareth a voice : " Oh, Prince, look upon
me !"

Loud snorteth the steed as he pricks up his
ears ;

He splashes the foam as he plunges and rears.

Again hears the Prince : " A king's daughter
I be ;

Art thou willing to pass the whole evening
with me ?"

Behold, from the water a white hand extends,
And catches the reins by their silk tassel-ends.

To the white hand a young face there quickly
succeeds ;
In her locks are entangled the sea's twisted
weeds.

Her blue eyes are gleaming with love's wild
delight ;
On her bosom the foam-drops like pearls
sparkle bright.

Then thinketh the Prince, "You must stay,
lady fair ;"
And adroitly he windeth his hand in her
hair.

He has caught her. The hand of the warrior's
strong ;
She weeps and she prays as they struggle
along.

The Prince to the shore swimmeth on in his
pride ;
He lands, and loud calls he his friends to his
side.

“ Ho! come, my brave comrades, and look
at my prey.
Behold how she struggles! She'll ne'er get
away.

“ Why stand ye a terrified group on the shore?
Ye have ne'er seen a beauty like this one
before.”

Back glanceth the Prince, with delight, on
his prize ;
But the proud look of triumph soon fades
from his eyes.

With a shudder he sees on the golden sand
trail
A fearsome sea-monster, with hideous green
tail—

A tail covered over with scales like a snake,
Its quivering coils in death-agony shake.

The foam from her forehead is pouring in
streams,
And the darkness of death from her closing
eye gleams ;

Her pale hands are clutching the sands of
the sea,
And of purport unknown a reproach whispers
she.

Afar rides the Prince—deep in thought rideth
he ;
For long years he'll remember "the Queen
of the Sea."

THE PROPHET.

SINCE the Eternal Judge to me
The Prophets' power of vision lent,
In human eyes I read, and see
Pages of vice and folly blent.

To preach of love when I began,
Teaching of truth and purity,
My neighbours all, like devils, ran
And took up stones to throw at me.

Upon my head I ashes cast,
And from the towns, a beggar, fled ;
And now I dwell in deserts vast,
Just like the birds, by God's hand fed.

Keeping the laws of Providence,
The brute creation serveth me ;
The stars hear me with confidence,
With bright rays playing joyously.

When through the noisy city's way
I hurry onwards, in distraction,
The old men to the children say,
With smile of selfish satisfaction—

“ Behold, from him a warning take !
He was too proud with us to dwell ;
The fool ! That God through his lips
spake—
This was the tale he strove to tell.

“ Look, children ! on him cast your eyes !
How sad he is ! how thin and pallid !
How naked, and how poor and squalid !
How all the wretched man despise !”

WHEN—THEN.

WHEN waves of shadow fret the yellowing
fields ;

When freshly hum the woods to Zephyr's
play ;

When on the garden walls the reddening
plums,

Hiding themselves, in leafy ambush sway ;

When freshly washed in heavy-scented dews
(While evening red or golden morning
glows),

From 'neath the hedge to me, with welcoming
bows,

Her silver head the waving lily shows ;

When sports the snow-cold runlet down the
dale,

Plunging my restless thoughts in pensive
dreams,

Whispering to me some deep mysterious tale
Of that reposeful source from whence it
streams ;—

Then in my soul calm peace succeeds alarm,
Upon my brow dissolves the furrowed
frown ;

On earth I catch of happiness the charm ;
From heaven I see the Godhead looking
down.

MY NATIVE LAND.

I LOVE my land, but with a love so strange
That reason over it no victory knows.
Her glory, bought in bloodshed's stern
exchange,
Her ever-confident and proud repose,
The sacred annals of her ancient might,
Arouse in me no fancies of delight.

Nay! but I love (the why I cannot say)
Her cold steppes in their silent majesty,
Her waving woodlands in their boundless play,
Her flooded rivers spreading like the sea.
I love to drive adown her country lanes,
With longing glance piercing the shades of
night,
Sighing for rest, to catch thro' distant panes
The glimmering of some mournful village
light.

I love to see the smoke of smouldering stalk ;
To watch the waggons o'er the wide waste
wend ;

Or, on hillside, 'mid yellowing fields, to mark
The pair of birch trees their white arms
extend.

With a delight, unknown except to few,
Love I to note the well-filled threshing-
floor,

The peasant's hut, half-hidden in the straw,
The shutters with quaint carvings covered
o'er ;

And with no less delight, on holiday,
From dewy eve till noon of night, to gaze
Upon the dance, with stamp and whistling gay,
Amid the roar the merry rustics raise.

TO —.

WE stand apart, yet still thy pictured face
I fondly press to this sad heart of mine—
A vision pale, of happiest years a trace,
My soul rejoices in this gift of thine.

For, though to passions new I'm now resigned,
That once-loved face I cannot cease to love;
The shrine forsaken still retains the shrined;
O'erthrown the image, yet God reigns
above.

THE DAGGER.

WELL do I love thee, my dagger of steel,
My comrade so bright and so cold,
Thou wast forged in hate by a Georgian fell,
For the fierce fight edged by Circassian
bold.

Thee to me as a gift did a lily hand bear
In the moment of sad farewell ;
For then once no blood, but a glittering tear,
A pearl of passion, adown thee fell.

Fixed upon mine, her dark black eyes
Full of mysterious sorrow seemed ;
As plays thy blade when flickering flames
arise,
Darkling they gloomed, and then they
brightly gleamed.

Dumb pledge of love to cheer my cheerless
way,
To wanderer lone a useful guide,
My strength of soul I never shall betray,
But true like thee, true steel, will I abide !



No! not for thee flames thus my love's hot
blast ;

Thy brilliant beauty is not thine for me.
In thee I love a passion of the past ;
My long-lost youth I live again in thee.

For when at times entranced I gaze upon
thee,

Fixing on thy bright eyes a yearning glance,
To thee my heart is silent, while beyond thee
With her I hold mysterious utterance.

I speak with her, my friend of earlier blisses ;
In your soft lines another's form I trace.
On living lips I press long-silent kisses ;
In your sweet eyes I see a vanished face.

DISPUTE.*

ONCE, before a tribal meeting
Of the mountain throng,
Kazbek-hill with Shat-the-mountaint†
Wrangled loud and long.
“Have a care, Kazbek, my brother,”
Shat, the grey-haired, spoke ;
“Not for naught hath human cunning
Bent thee to the yoke.
Man will build his smoky cabins
On thy hillside steep ;
Up thy valley’s deep recesses
Ringing axe will creep
Iron pick will tear a pathway
To thy stony heart.
Delving yellow gold and copper
For the human mart.

* This piece is famous for the description it contains of Russia’s progress eastward.

† Two mountains in the Caucasian range subdued by Russia with the rest of the Caucasus.

Caravans, e'en now, are wending
O'er thy stately heights,
Where the mist and kingly eagles
Wheeled alone their flights.
Men are crafty ; what though trying
Proved the first ascent,
Many-peopled, mark, and mighty
Is the Orient."

"Nay, I do not dread the Orient,"
Kazbek, answering, jeers ;
"There mankind has spent in slumber
Just nine hundred years.
Look, where 'neath the shade of plane trees
Sleepy Georgians gape,
Spilling o'er their broidered clothing
Foam of luscious grape !
See, 'mid wreaths of pipe-smoke, lying
On his flowered divan,
By the sparkling pearly fountain
Dozeth Teheran !

"Lo ! around Jerusalem's city
Burned by God's command,
Motionless, in voiceless stillness,
Death-like, lies the land.

“ Farther off, to shade a stranger,
Yellow Nilus laves,
Glowing in the glare of noonday,
Steps of royal graves.
Bedouins forget their sorties
For brocaded tents,
While they count the stars and sing of
Ancestral events.
All that there the vision greeteth
Sleeps in prized repose ;
No ! the East will ne'er subdue me ;
Feeble are such foes !”

“ Do not boast thyself so early,”
Answered ancient Shat ;
“ In the North, look ! 'mid the vapours,
Something rises ! What ?”

Secretly the mighty Kazbek
At this warning shook,
And, in trouble, towards the nor'ward
Cast a hurried look.
As he looks, in perturbation,
Filled with anxious care,
He beholds a strange commotion,
Hears a tumult there.

Lo! from Ural to the Danube,
To the mighty stream,
Tossing, sparkling in the sunlight,
Moving regiments gleam ;
Glancing wave the white-plumed helmets
Like the prairie grass,
While, 'mid clouds of dust careering,
Flashing Uhlans pass.
Crowded close in serried phalanx
War battalions come ;
In the van they bear the standards,
Thunders loud the drum ;
Streaming forth like molten copper
Batteries, rumbling, bound ;
Smoking just before the battle
Torches flare around ;
Skilled in toils of stormy warfare,
Heading the advance,
See! a grey-haired general guides them,
Threat'ning is his glance.
Onward move the mighty regiments
With a torrent's roar ;
Terrible, like gathering storm-clouds,
East, due east, they pour.

Then, oppressed with dire forebodings,
Filled with gloomy dreams,
Strove Kazbek to count the foemen,
Failed to count their streams.
Glancing on his tribal mountains,
Sadly gloomed the hill ;
Drew across his brows his mistcap,
And for aye was still.

“WHY.”

I'm sad, for, loving thee, I know full well
That this world's talk, with its calumnious
spell,
Will never spare thy fresh youth's opening
flower.

For every happy day and sunny hour,
Fate will exact in grief and tears his pay.

I'm sad because I see my loved one gay !

MOSCOW.

Moscow, I love thee with a filial love,
Strong, burning, tender, which a Russian
knows!

I love the holy gleam thy brows above,
Thy battled Kremlin in its calm repose.
In vain the foreign Potentate* essayed,
Great Russian giant of a thousand years,
To cope with thee, and, by deceit betrayed,
To make thee bow thy soul to craven fears.
In vain the Stranger spurred; you reared;
he fell!

The world grew silent 'neath his mighty spell;
Whilst thou alone didst live, my stately one,
Thou heir to glories ours, and ours alone!
Thou livest still, and every stone of thine
Doth tell of generations tales divine.

* Napoleon.

THE TALISMAN.

WHERE the ocean ever shimmers,
Where the lonely cliff-sides tower,
Where the moon more softly glimmers
In the happy midnight hour,
Where in Harem-blisses joying,
Spends his days the Mussulman,—
An Enchantress, gently toying,
Gave to me this Talisman!

And she whispered, with caresses,
“ Ever keep my Talisman!
Secret power this gift possesses
Such as Love’s gift only can!
From the grave or from diseases,
In the storm or ’mid the strife,
When the blinding blizzard freezes,
It will not preserve thy life!

“With the wealth of Eastern story
It will never thee endow,
Nor subdue, to gain thee glory,
Those who to the Prophet bow ;
To thy home and loved one’s bosom,
From the sad and foreign shore,
From the lands of Southern blossom
It will never waft thee o’er.

“But whene’er deceitful glances
Seek to suddenly enthrall,
Or when loveless lip entrances
As the shades of evening fall,
Then, belovèd, from transgression,
From fresh wounds the heart that rend,
From forgetful false digression,
Will my Talisman fend.”

THE GIFTS OF THE TEREK.*

WILD and weird the Terek roareth
 'Midst his craggy steeps,
Like the storm his moaning soundeth,
 Tears of spray he weeps :
But expanding o'er the moorland
 Milder mien he takes,
And a soft caressing murmur
 To the Caspian makes :

“Open wide ; O ancient water,
 Give my waves a home !
O'er the waste I long have wandered
 Time for rest hath come.
I was born on Kazbek ; nourished
 On the storm-cloud's breast ;
'Gainst the power of man to battle,
 Foremost aye, I pressed ;

* A river which rises in the Caucasian range and flows into the Caspian Sea.

“ To thy sons’ delight I battered
My own Daryal down,
Drove its stones in herds before me,
Deed of high renown !”

On his soft bank—as if sleeping—
Calm the Caspian lay,
Then, once more, in gentle whisper
Thus did Terek pray :—

“ I have brought a present for thee !
No slight gift—I trow :
From the battlefield the body
Of thy fiercest foe.
Clad is he in costly corslet,
Triple-steel its fold :
Holy verses from the Koran
On it chased in gold.

“ In a frown his brow is furrowed ;
From his thick-fringed lips
Warm, e’en yet, the noble life-blood
In a red stream drips :
Full of ancient hate his eye-balls,
Blindly, fiercely stare,
Down his back in clusters, scroll-like,
Rolls his coal-black hair ”

Still on the soft bank reclining—
Caspian silent lay :
Then, perturbed, did restless Terek,
Once more, softly say :—

“ Father, hear ! a priceless present
(What are all the rest ?)
Bear I—up till now I’ve kept it
Hidden in my breast.
Lo ! a corse my waters bring thee—
This fair Cossack maid,
With the deeply-shadowed bosom,
With the gleaming braid.
Sad her dusky face ; her eyelids
Softly, sweetly rest ;
From a little wound a streamlet
Reddens o’er her breast.
For this peerless beauty pines not
On the river bank ;
One at least—that gallant Cossack
Of the Greben rank.
He in midnight battle—mounted
On his steed of bay,
On the ruffian bandit’s dagger
Flung his life away.”

Sadly ceased the ruffled river ;
And, like driven snows,
Face and form and waving ringlet
To his surface rose.
Like a storm, the aged Caspian
Rose in pride of might,
Gazed till Passion's gentle tear-dew
Dimmed his dark blue sight.
Then he leaped with joy, and gaily
Caught her to his breast,
And the rushing River's wavelets
With Love's murmur pressed.

THE CUP OF LIFE.

WE drink the cup of life—while yet
Our eyes are bandaged tightly,
The golden brim with tears is wet,
With tear-drops sparkles brightly ;

But when the bandage falls from eyes
As Death appears before us,
Then all the sweet enchantment flies,
That held dominion o'er us.

Then we perceive the golden cup
Was empty—empty ever—
That fancy filled the goblet up,
And ours the draught was—never.

FROM NADSON

* *
* *

PITY the stately cypress trees ;
How freshly green they spring !
Ah! why amidst their branches, child,
Have you put up your swing ?
Break not a single fragrant bough.
Oh, take thy swing away
To heights where thick acacias bloom ;
Mid dusty olives play !
Thence you can see the Ocean,
And, as your swing ascends,
Through greening boughs a sunny glimpse
The sea in laughter sends
Of white sails in the distance dim,
Of white gulls far away,
Of white flakes foaming on the sands,
A fringe of snowy spray.

COMFORT.

My Friend, and my Brother—tired Brother
and worn!

Whosoever thou art—give not way to despair!
Though the False and the Bad hold unlimited
sway

O'er this tear-bedewed Earth that's so fair.
Though each holy ideal be shattered and
scorned—

Though the blood of the innocent flow—
Know! the time is at hand—when destroyed
will be Baal,

And Love will return here below!

Not with thorn-woven crown—not 'neath
pressure of chains;

Not with Cross upon bowed shoulders laid—
She will come back to Earth with the bright
light of joy

In her strength and her glory arrayed!

And no longer on Earth will be Hatred—or
Tears—

Or Graveyards Unhallowed—or Slaves—
No soul-freezing Need, and no Penury chill—
Nor Sword—nor the Pillory's staves.

Oh, my friend! No mere fancy—this bright
thought of mine ;

No feeble Hope's flickering spark !

Lo! the Evil around us is pressing too sore :

And the Night is already too dark !

Earth will weary of woe, and the shedding of
blood,

And tired of the strife without care—

Will lift up to Love—to the Love that ne'er
fails—

Eyes full of the Passion of Prayer.

FROM NEKRASOV

TE DEUM.

IN our village there's cold and there's hunger ;
Through the mist the sad morn rises chill ;
Tolls the bell—the parishioners calling
From afar to the Church on the hill ;
Austere and severe and commanding
Pealed that dull tone thro' the air.
I tarried in Church that wet morning ;
I can never forget the scene there.
For there knelt the village hamlet,
Young and old in a weeping crowd ;
To be saved from the grievous famine
The people prayed aloud.
Such woe I had never witnessed,
Such agony of prayer,
And with lips compelled I murmured,
“O God, the people spare !”

*

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“ Spare their friends, too, in Thy mercy !

Oh, hear our heartfelt cry !

For those who strove to free the serf

We lift the prayer on high ;

For those who bore the battle's brunt

And lived to win the day,

For those who've heard the serf's last song,

To Thee, O God, we pray.”

THE PROPHET.

AH! tell me not he prudence quite forgot ;
That he himself for his own fate's to blame.
Clearer than we, he saw that man cannot
Both serve the good and save himself from
flame.

But men he loved with higher, broader glow ;
His soul for worldly honours did not sigh ;
For self alone he could not live below,
But for the sake of others he could die.

Thus thought he—and to die, for him, was
gain.

He will not say that “ life to him was dear ;”
He will not say that “ death was useless pain ;”
To him, long since, his destiny was clear.

* * *

OFFER my Muse a friendly hand,
For I can sing no other song.
Who feels no woe, nor flames at wrong,
Loves not his Fatherland.

DREAM.

I DREAMT that, standing on a height,
I wished to plunge me in the sea,
When, lo! a spirit of peace and light,
This wondrous song sang unto me :
“Await the spring! I’ll soon return ;
I’ll say, ‘Again let manhood rise!’
The mist from clouded brows I’ll clear,
And dreary dreams from heavy eyes.
Back to your Muse her voice I’ll give,
And once again you’ll find the days
All blessed—as you bind the sheaf—
Reaping your unmown upland ways.”

A SICK MAN'S JEALOUSY.

A HEAVY cross, the lot Fate laid upon her—
“Suffer! be silent! weep not! feign the
smile!”

And he, to whom her love, her youth, her will,
Her all, she'd given, her torturer proved
the while.

For years no greeting with a friend knew she ;
Subdued, in sadness, and in trembling fear,
Bitter, unreasoning, sarcastic jeers,
Without a murmur, 'twas her lot to hear

“Hush! tell me not you've lost your youth
for me—

That you're distracted by my jealousy ;
Nay, tell me not! My grave is close at hand,
While you are fresher than spring's blossoms
be.

“ That day, the day when you at first loved
me,
And heard from me, ‘ I love,’ in whispered
breath,
Curse not that day ! The grave is near for me !
I will right all, redeem all, by my death.

“ Cease ! Tell me not the days for you are
sad ;
This invalid a jailor cease to name.
For me remains the cold gloom of the grave ;
For thee the embraces of another flame.

“ Full well I know thou dost another love.
To spare, to wait, this seemed a tedious plan.
Oh, wait awhile ! my grave is very near !
Let Fate end that which Fate in me began !”

Such cruel, torturing, insulting words—
Lovely, yet pale as chiselled marble—she
In silence heard, and only wrung her hands.
What could she answer to such jealousy ?

THE LANDLORD OF OLD TIMES.

(*Loquitur.*)

BEFORE THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.

To whom I like I mercy show,
And whom I like I kill ;
My fist—my only constable,
My only law—my will.
A blow from which the sparkle flits,
A blow that knocks the teeth to bits,
A blow that breaks the jaw !

AFTER THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.

The mighty chain is snapped in twain,
Is snapped and bounds asunder.
The landlords clutch one broken end ;
At t'other peasants blunder.

* * * * *

The fields remain unploughed and bare ;
The seed is left unsown ;
No trace of order anywhere,
O mother-land, our own !
Not for ourselves thus sorrow we ;
We grieve, O native land, for thee !

* * * * *

Oh, true-believing peasantry !
Russia's your mother small ;
The Tsar's your little father,
And that's your all in all !

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

THEN up there comes a veteran,
With medals on his breast ;
He scarcely lives, but yet contrives
To drink with all the rest.
“ A lucky man am I,” he cries,
And thus to prove the fact he tries.
“ In what consists a soldier’s luck ?
Pray, listen while I tell.
In twenty fights, or more, I’ve been,
And yet I never fell.
And, what is more, in peaceful times
Full meal I never knew ;
Yet, all the same, I *have* contrived
Not to give Death his due.
Again, for sins both great and small,
Full many a time they’ve me
With canes unmercifully flogged,
Yet I’m alive, you see !”

FROM MAIKOV

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

FOR a long time last night I for sleep vainly
yearned.

I arose, my room window wide throwing ;
The night with its silence oppressed me, and
burned,

O'er me odours intoxicant blowing.

Of a sudden the hedge 'neath my window-sill
shook ;

My curtain blew back with a shimmer ;
And in floated a youth with a beaming look,
Just as if from the moonlight a glimmer.

Gliding up to my couch, came my wonderful
guest,

Whispered he, as a smile his lips parted,
" Why from me, with your cheek 'neath the
pillow prest,

Like a startled wee fish, have you darted ?

“ Look up ! I'm a god—god of visions and
dreams,

Secret friend of the innocent maiden ;
And for thee, my own queen, for the first
time, I ween,

With a bliss from on high come I laden !”

He spoke—and his hands my face lovingly
seek ;

From its nook he it tenderly presses ;
Then a burning kiss fell on the curve of my
cheek,

And his lips sought my lips in caresses.

'Neath the breath of his mouth my strength
seemed to have flown,

From my breast unclaspt arms I extended,
And there breathed in my ears, “ You're my
own ! you're my own !”

Distant notes, with harp's melody blended !

Swiftly glided the hours ; when I opened
my eyes,

Rosy dawn through my chamber was
streaming ;

Alone, locks dishevelled, I trembling arise,
And I know not the drift of my dreaming.

WHO WAS HE ?

A STORY OF PETER THE GREAT.

UPON the mighty Neva's bank,
Along the winding woodland way,
A Horseman rode, in forest wilds
Of elm, of pine, of mosses grey.

Before him rose a Fisher's hut ;
Beneath a pine, beside the stream,
An aged bearded Fisherman
Was mending his boat's broken beam.

The Horseman said, " Grandsire ! Good-day !
God help thee, friend ! how liveth thou ?
Doth thou catch much ? and tell me, pray,
Where doth thou sell thy takings now ? "

The old man answered sullenly,
" Are fishes in the river few ?
And other market have I none,
Except the town, there, close to you.

“ And how am I to fish to-day ?

What kind of turmoil's here, you see !
You fight ; and, in the fight, a shell
Has smashed my fishing-boat for me !”

The Horseman bounded from his horse,
Without a word the tools he grasped ;
And in a twinkling planked the boat,
The rudder in the stern set fast.

“ See, now, old friend, thy boat's all right !
Out on the water boldly set ;
And, in the name of Peter's luck,
Cast forth into the deep thy net.”

He vanished. Mused the stern old man :
“ I wonder who the de'il was he !
In every inch he looked a king,
But plied the hatchet splendidly.”

THE EASTER KISS.*

SOON "the Sun-bright Feast-day" cometh,
I will claim my Easter kiss.
Others, then, will stand around us ;
Pray, my Dora, mark you this !

Just as if I never kissed you,
Blushing red before the rest,
You must kiss, with downcast eyelids ;
I will kiss, with smile repress.

* It is the custom in Russia for all friends meeting on Easter morning (known as "Sun-bright Feast-day") to exchange kisses three times in the name of the Trinity.

ON LOMONOSSOEV.*

GOD chose him from his earliest years ;
Revealed, 'mid glittering icebergs stood,
In northern light, in gleam of stars,
In roar of wave, in hum of wood,
And bade him leave his Fisher's net,
And led him forth from town to town,
That " Rus " † to him from gloomy cot
To sparkling palace, might be known ;
And led him to famed Western climes,
That there his genius might obtain
All knowledge, from the earliest times
Made known to mighty chosen men ;
That, from their torch of knowledge, he
Might light his own, and, with right hand
Uplifted high that all might see,
Illume with it his native land.

* Lomonossoev—the first great Russian scholar—was the son of an Archangel fisherman.

† Ancient name of Russia.

PROPRIETY.

FERDINAND, the King, was courtly !
Pink of nice refinement he ;
All the naked plasts of Venus,
Placed he under lock and key.

But the Herculean statues,
Left he in their places bare !
Men he did not mind offending ;
Hurt the ladies ? He'd not dare !

THE SINGER.

BEAUTIFUL I'm not, I know ;
Useless I in fight ;
How to men and maids am I,
Such a dear delight ?
Songs, like sounds that 'mid strings stray,
Fill this breast of mine,
Smiling round my lips they play,
In my eyes they shine !

A LITTLE PICTURE.

AFTER THE PROCLAMATION OF THE
19TH FEBRUARY, 1861, FREEING THE SERFS.

SEE, in peasant's cottage, flickering
Shines a little fire,
Where, around a little maiden,
Draws a circle nigher.

And from word to word her finger
Slowly pointing leads,
As, with effort, to the peasants
She a paper reads.

Deep in thought, intently listening,
They a silence keep ;
Save when some one bids the women
Hush the babes to sleep.

Mothers soothe their crying infants
With the teething toy,
While they, too, to catch the reading
All their ears employ.

Seated in the chimney corner
Now for many years,
With bent head the grandsire gazes,
Though he nothing hears.

Is the maiden clever, that they
Thus to her give heed?
Nay! but simply in that household
She alone could read:

And her lot it was to read out,
To the peasants old,
The glad news of longed-for freedom,
Which the paper told.

The full meaning of the message
Knew not she nor they;
But all, darkly, felt the dawning
Of a better day.

Brothers! see, the day-dawn flushes!
Darkness yields its place,
Sons of yours, ere long, will look on
Daylight face to face.

More and more let darkness lighten!

Day arise in might!

Even now, in vision, see I

Rays of rising light.

They are shining on the forehead,

Gleaming in the look,

Of that thoughtful little maiden

With her little book.

Freedom, Brothers! This is only

First step on the way

To the kingdom, where, in knowledge,

Shines eternal day.

THE ALPINE GLACIER.

DANK the darkness on the cliff-side ;
Faintly outlined from below,
In their modest maiden gladness,
Glaciers in the dawn's blush glow.

What new life upon me blowing,
Breathes from yonder snowy height,
From that depth of limpid turquoise
Flashing in the morning light ?

There, I know, dread Terror dwelleth,
Track of man there is not there ;
Yet my heart in answer swelleth
To the challenge, "Come thou here!"

THE MOTHER.

LITTLE sufferer—all on fire !

All's to him so trying !

On my shoulder lean thy head,

On my bosom lying !

I will walk about with thee,

Sleep, my own sweet dearie.

Shall I tell a little tale ?

“ *Once there lived a fairy* ”—

No? Thee likes not silly tales ?

P'raps a song will take thee !

“ *Pine-wood rustling dark and dank,*

Big fox, wee fox, wakes he.

In the dark pine-wood will I——”

Is my own pet sleeping ?

“ *Gather blackberries for thee*

Brimful baskets heaping.

In the dark pine-wood will I——’

Hush ! he is fast sleeping.

Open wide his feverish lips,

Like a wee bird, keeping.

“*In the dark pine-wood will I,*”

Walks the mother, singing—
Till the long dark night declines,
Back the day-dawn bringing.
Singing—while her weary arms
With dull pain are tingling—
Walks the mother ; with her sighs
Frequent tears are mingling ;
And scarce stirs the restless child,
Tossing in its fever,
Ere again that song resounds,
Soft and low as ever.

With thy scythe depart, O Death,
Spare the tender blossom!
Fierce the fight ere she will yield
Baby from her bosom.

With her whole soul will she shield,
E'en though sore affrighted,
That mysterious flame of life
Which from her was lighted,
For scarce rose that little flame,
Ere to her revealed was
What of love—of wondrous power—
In her breast concealed was.

THE KISS REFUSED.

I WOULD kiss you, lover true !
But I fear the moon may spy ;
Little bright stars watch us too.
Little star might fall from sky
To the blue sea, telling all !
To the oars the sea will tell,
Oars, in turn, tell Fisher Eno—
Him whom Mary loveth well—
And, when Mary knows a thing,
All the neighbourhood will know,
How by moonlight, in the garden,
Where the fragrant flowers grow,
I caressed, and fondly kissed thee,
While the silver apple-tree
Shed its blooms on you and me !

THE SNOWDROP.

How pure and how sweet,
Little snowdrop, you blow!
While, by you peeped through,
Fade the last streaks of snow.
Thus our last tears stream
For a sorrow gone by,
While dawns the first dream
Of a joy drawing nigh.

* * *

A SMILE and a tear, the sun and the shower,
How sweet they flash and flow !
Like sunlight clear, through the sparkling tear
Shines thy soul, refreshed by woe.

ON READING PUSHKIN'S POEMS.

WHENE'ER I read his verse—'tis just as I
Some moment marvellous lived o'er again ;
'Tis just as if—borne on me from the sky—
Came suddenly some unexpected strain.
Not of this sphere appear to me his strains ;
In his immortal verse so sweetly ranged,
All earthly things, all transports, passions,
pains,
Transformed—to something heavenly have
changed.

THE DAWN.

THE Vaults of Heaven take paler hue,
The breeze has freshlier blown,
The morning sleep of Nature, too,
Has light and restless grown.
Out breaks the sun ; before him flies
The night's last dream away ;
She starts, she wakes, she opes her eyes,
And smiles upon the day.

THE OLD DOGE.

The first four lines of this poem were found amongst Pushkin's papers after his death, just as if he had commenced to compose something. Maikov implores the shade of the great poet to pardon him for attempting to guess how the poem might have gone on.

“ BRIGHT the night is ; Golden Vesper
Glideth through the fields of air,
Agèd Doge in gay gondòla
Sailleth with his Duchess fair.”

Rapt in deep discourse he holds her—
(Young his Duchess—grey-haired he)
Every weighty word he utters—
Chosen coin of history.

He delights her with the picture
How, in silence, Venice rose,
And in meshes subtly woven
Did the whole wide world enclose.

“ Who had guessed when swarmed Attila,
That where fishers’ huts were seen,
Would uprising o’er gloomy marsh land
This rare pearl—of seas the Queen.

“ That, long hidden in the marshes,
Lion of St. Mark should stand
Higher than all Kings—and roaring
Should be heard of every land.

“ That the Sultan—that the Kinglets—
That the Popes and Emperors too—
All should feel his deadly paw’s power,
All the lion’s wrath should rue.

“ Flashed the signal! cannon thundered!
Terror ruled amid the din!
But to Venice midst her marshes
Nought but gold came pouring in.”

Ceased the Doge—and, laughing faintly,
Waited for her answering smile;
But his Duchess on his shoulder
Softly leant, and slept the while.

“Still a child!” he murmured gently,
In caress reproach was mute—
But he hears—and glances round him—
Someone singing . . . sound of lute. . . .

Nearer still the song is wafted
To the Doge across the tide,
Echoing far into the distance
O'er the dark blue waters wide.

Then the Doge recalled the “had been,”
Ocean rippling to the breeze . . .
Vesper just as now—“But what's this?”
“Ah! what senseless words are these?”

Shuddered he, as when from cross-bow
Straight to heart an arrow springs . . .
A gondòla gains upon them,
And in it a masked one sings :

“Sad to sail with agèd lover
To be his, and not to love!
All thy thoughts are with another
Though thy will against it strove.”

“ And ‘ that other,’ Lady Duchess,
Hell on earth his life has proved !
Rake he is, and reckless ruffian,
But he loves—and is—beloved.”

Tears the Doge his grey moustaches,
Hellish thoughts of vengeance roll,
Flashing like the lurid lightning,
O'er his dark and troubled soul.

But she—resting on his bosom !
Even time her breathings keep ;
“ Does she hear—or does she not hear ?
Is—or is she not—asleep ?”

FROM TOLSTOI

BELIEVE IT ^{OR} NOT.

BELIEVE it not, when in excess of sorrow
I murmur that my love for thee is o'er !
When ebbs the tide, think not the sea's a
traitor—

He will return and love the land once more.

I still am pining, full of former passion,
To thee, again, my freedom I'll restore,
E'en as the waves, with homeward murmur
flowing,
Roll back from far to the belovèd shore.

THE SCOLDING.

Do not scold me so, my dear,
Wrath with words so feebly matching!
Such a scolding soothes my ear;
I'm your words intent on catching;
As they issue suddenly,
Pouring forth in pretty prattling,
What marvel that they sound to me
Pearls on silver salver rattling!

THE POOL.

WHERE bend above the pool the branches,
Where summer sunshine softly warms,
The dragon-flies in mazy dances
Go wheeling round in merry swarms :

“ Child! Draw to us a little nearer,
We'll teach thee, too, on wings to sweep
Come, child, for we to thee are dearer,
Before thy mother wakes from sleep !

“ Beneath our feet the rushes tremble,
We are so warm and happy here,
Our crests the turquoise blue resemble,
Our winglets flash like crystal clear.

“ We know of songs a goodly many,
And we have loved thee long ago,
Oh! here be banks as soft as any,
And bright the sandy depths below !”

FROM
VLADIMIR VLADISLAVLEV

REFLECTION.

PRESSED cheek to cheek we stand before
the glass,
Wherein our forms reflected shine,
Gloomy my glance; but thy alluring face
With warmth and light illumines mine!

So on the bosom of the sleeping wave
The moon smiles with reflected light,
Full of the peace that dawns beyond the
grave,
Softening the darkness of the night.

THE WOULD-BE NUN.

No, no! I can't believe you!
Cease, cease to prattle so
Of single bliss, monastic vows,
And prayerful life below!

No, no! I can't believe you!
That stately form divine,
That breast, that neck, those breathing
limbs
To convent cell confine!

Yourself you don't believe it!
Your words your glance belies,
And, full of other fancies,
Protest those flashing eyes.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S DEVIL.

You knew, of course, my special devil?
His cunning and his boldness charmed;
Pressed to my breast this sprite of evil
I warmed.

At first he worried me with fear;
I timid was, and mild, and young,
My shoulders were too weak to bear
His tongue.

Holding some mild traditions yet,
I shook and trembled, oft, in awe;
Till, lo! in him the Muse's pet
I saw.

He caught me, then, with flash of phrase,
With living fantasies entranced,
And wicked eyes from grave to gay
He glanced!

With fiery speech well fused together,
Our friendly union grew complete,
Although at times with wintry weather
We'd meet.

Designing once to cause his death,
My fingers in a cross I twirled,*
Out came his tongue ; off in a breath
He whirled.

But scarcely dawns the Eastern light,
The nightly blackness scarce is o'er,
Ere back he comes, my foe, my sprite,
Once more.

How smart he's grown ! and well up, too,
In Darwin's and Descartes' style !
He knows the sex ; nor strange to loo
Meanwhile.

And chess he also right well knows,
And often billiards is his fad—
At times about this game he grows
Quite mad.

* *I.e.*, made with the two first fingers and thumb the sign of the Russian cross.

You knew him well, of course, of yore,
He cunning was, and boldly charmed ;
I pressed him to my bosom's core,
And warmed.

Ah! have I tired my friendly sprite?
His friendship's flame has colder grown ;
He now forgets and leaves me quite
Alone.

POPULAR SONG.

THE GIPSY MAID.

I LOVE thee! And believe it true!
The while your gipsy maid avows
That unto death she'll love but you,
While life's blood in her bosom flows.

For you she'll leave her home of old,
She'll follow you the wide world o'er.
The gipsy's love will ne'er grow cold
Until the gipsy breathes no more.

Black bread, while meal to meal succeeds,
Her passion ne'er will lull to sleep;
One burning kiss is all she needs,
Her gipsy blood its warmth will keep.

When time of trial draweth nigh,
No burning tears will she outpour;
Well skilled is she in misery—
'Twill only make her love thee more.

No change which doth our being move
A single pang to her can give ;
But change in him her soul doth love
She hath no power to overlive.

FROM TYOUCHEV

* *
* *

SCARCE cooled from midday heat
Sparkles the summer night ;
O'er sinful earth a threatening cloud
Trembles, with lightnings bright.
Heaven's sleepy eyelids ope,
And through each distant gleam,
The threatening orbs of One above
O'er earth to kindle seem.

THE SPRING STORM.

I LOVE the storm in early May,
When spring's first maiden thunder peals,
And, laughing in its frolic play,
Across the blue sky softly steals.

The little rumblings roll and ring ;
The rain-shower glistens; flies the dust;
The rain-drop pearls in clusters cling,
And golden gleams the fields encrust.

From hillside headlong speeds the rill,
In groves the birds keep twittering,
And chattering wood and murmuring hill
Echo with joy the thundering.

FROM PRINCE VYAZEMSKI

THE TROIKA.*

SPEEDS the troika, leaping, bounding,
 'Neath the horsehoofs dust-clouds fly,
While the little bells keep tinkling,
 Weeping, laughing merrily.

Chorus.

Speed I, speed I, speed I to her
Speed I to my well-beloved!

Down the road, with glad notes ringing,
 Echoes wide the joyous peal;
Now afar they jingle clearly,
 Nor in muffled notes they steal.

Chorus.

* Sledge or car with three horses harnessed abreast.

Sails the moon from out the cloudlets ;
Full reveals her luminous ring ;
And a rippling gleam of silver
O'er the traveller's face doth fling.

Chorus.

Who and whence this nightly traveller ?
Is his distant journey done ?
For his own or other's pleasure
Speeds he through the dark alone ?

Chorus.

Who can tell ! He still is far off ;
Plunged in cloud the moonbeams sweep,
While afar on distant moorland
Little bells seem lulled to sleep.

Chorus.

FROM LEBEDEV

THEODORA.

“ So thou art he who yesterday
Didst round the arena roam—
Thy rivals scourge? thy chariot smoked,
Reeking with bloody foam.

“ Now thou art mine! Upon this couch
Recline and yield to me,
Until the morning’s rosy light
My palace windows see.”

“ Ah, Theodora, ne’er before
Have I thy threshold passed ;
Thy cups of gold amaze my sight,
Thy fretted ceilings vast.

“ Yet I know all. Through our stern land
The talk of thee has sped ;
How every night a new Elect
Appears beside this bed.

“How, till the dawn, with burning kiss
The lips of lovers sting ;
While to the folds of Eastern stuffs
The Eastern odours cling.

“But I, a simple country clown,
A common clod, who sport
In games with Death, am all unused
To splendours of a Court.

“Thy pardon! But it seems to me
That burning Lust doth stream
In this blue odour’s upward curl,
From yon bright marble’s gleam.

“Nay, Theodora, let me go !
And keep thy whim’s reward
For nobles of the Bosphorus !
For slaves——”

“Enough! Ho, Guard!”

FROM H.

THE LIE'S EXCUSE.

I LIE, whene'er as if by chance
I fix on thee my gaze ;
I lie, whene'er my saddened glance
Upon another strays.

I lie, whene'er I strive to speak
To thee with unconcern ;
For while to laugh and joke I seek,
My heavy heart doth burn.

I lie, whene'er I feign to shun
The meeting I have sought ;
While hanging on each word of thine
I strive to seem distraught.

'Tis all a lie ! Yet for the lie
I scarce reproached can be,
When I declare, 'fore God I swear,
How great my love for thee.

FROM DERJAVIN

THE STREAM OF TIME.

THE stream of time, with onward sweep,
Bears off men's works, all human things,
And plunges o'er Oblivion's steep
Peoples and kingdoms with their kings.
If for a space amidst the swirl
The lyre or trumpet some sustain,
They're swept at last in ceaseless whirl,
And none escape Fate's common main.

NATIONAL SONGS.

MARRIAGE.

No frost, and the flowers would bloom
Even in wintry weather.
No fret would be mine, if I
And grief did not dwell together ;
Ne'er should I sit, as I sit
Here, with a sob in my bosom,
Gazing on open fields—
Fields with never a blossom !
Then to my father said I,
“ Marry me, sir, to my equal ;
Don't think of splendours for me :
What meaneth rank in the sequel ?
Don't look for spacious abodes ;
I have no wish to be wealthy.
Give me a husband that's true ;
Give me a husband that's healthy.”

THE GRAIN.

A GRAIN adown the velvet strolled—glory!
No purer pearl could be—glory!
The pearl against a ruby rolled—glory!
Most beautiful to see—glory!
Big is the pearl by ruby's side—glory!
Well for the bridegroom with his bride—
glory!

WEDDING GEAR.

THE blacksmith from the forge comes he—

Glory!

And carries with him hammers three—

Glory!

Oh, blacksmith, blacksmith, forge for me—

Glory!

A wedding crown of gold,* bran-new!—

Glory!

A golden ring, oh, make me, do!—

Glory!

With what is left a gold pin too!—

Glory!

The crown on wedding day I'll wear—

Glory!

On golden ring my troth I'll swear—

Glory!

The pin will bind my veil to hair—

Glory!

* During the wedding ceremony in Russia, the bride and bridegroom wear metal crowns.

FROM DOROSHKEVICH

SEBASTOPOL.

WHAT wondrous heroes thou didst rear
Behind thy ramparts roughly raised!
Europe, the wide world far and near,
Thy glorious gallantry amazed.

Thine annals, to posterity
As bright examples, will recall
Thy long heroic agony;
Nay, more—thy great heroic fall.

FROM KRYLOV

FABLE.

WHENE'ER companions don't agree,
They work without accord ;
And naught but trouble doth result,
Although they all work hard.

One day a Swan, a Pike, a Crab,
Resolved a load to haul.
All three were harnessed to the cart,
And pulled together all.
But though they pulled with all their might,
That cart-load on the bank stuck tight.

The Swan pulled upwards to the skies,
The Crab did backwards crawl,
The Pike made for the water straight :
This proved no use at all.

Now, which of them was most to blame
'Tis not for me to say,
But this I know—the load is there
Unto this very day.

CHILD'S SONG.

LITTLE BIRDIE.

THE first in the spring,
From its earliest day,
To God do I sing ;
He feeds me alway.
I sow not, nor spin,
I toil not for food ;
I love the sweet spring—
Blithe, then, is my mood.
My nest's in the field ;
I live in the sky ;
I skim o'er the meads ;
Through flower-beds I fly.
At times o'er the streams
Like arrow I sweep ;
The swiftest of steeds
Can't pace with me keep.

And yet I am caught
By one little grain,
And thus, for my life,
A prisoner remain.
For grain, as a snare,
With cunning is set ;
One glance—and lo! there,
The bird's in the net.

FROM LAL

ADVICE.

THEY say a Greek philosopher
Thought long, both night and day,
How for the cure of human woes
To find the surest way.

“The bad,” he found, “without a doubt,
Dwelt but in woman’s ways.”
So he advised, most earnestly,
“Don’t on a woman gaze.”

Now, I before you put the case—
Did he find right or wrong?
If he found right, then his advice
Was hardly worth a song.

To those who wish with certainty
From marriage bonds to fly,
I give this counsel, “Constantly
On women keep an eye.”

THE TITULYÁRNYI SOVÉTNIK.*

HE — was a Ninth-class Councillor,
And she — a General's daughter.
He timidly declared his love ;
She spurned him when he sought her.

Then went that Ninth-class Councillor,
And drowned his grief in drinking ;
And through the vinous fumes all night
That General's girl came blinking—blink-
ing.

* Titular councillor = Ninth-class (civil rank) in the Russian Table of Precedence, corresponding to rank of Captain in the Army or Lieutenant in the Navy.

FROM K. R.

(H.I.H. GRAND PRINCE CONSTANTINE
CONSTANTINOVICH.)

* * *

No! I can ne'er believe, no recollection
Of life—beyond the grave we'll bear
away;
That Death doth end our joy and our afflic-
tion,
And shed deep sleep on our forgotten
day?

Can eyes, when opened there, forget their
seeing?
Can ears their power of hearing lose for aye?
In grave's dark night can memories of past
being
Be by the ransomed spirit cast away?

Did Raphael there forget his great "Madonna,"

What time he woke to light in realms above?

Did Shakespeare ne'er recall his Hamlet's
honour?

His Requiem hath Mozart ceased to love?

It cannot be! Nay! all that's good, that's
holy,

We'll live again after this life's good-bye;

And we shall *not* forget, but, without pas-
sion, lowly,

We'll love again, merged in the Deity.

A LOVER'S SILENCE.

AH! wonder not, mine own, that when before
thee

My lips are thus in silence strictly sealed;
In the sea's depths lie many treasures hidden
Which ocean will not yield!

Deep in my soul are secrets past revealing.
My tongue can never make them fully known,
They never reach the intellectual level,
They touch the heart alone.

But could thy spirit's glance in secret gliding
Strike down, deep down, into this soul of
mine,

Then wouldst thou there—or ere a moment
passes—

Its secrets all divine.

So penetrates the moon the deeps of ocean,
Carrying the sheaf of her clear silver rays,
And in the depths, on treasures seas have
hidden,

Doth passionlessly gaze!

THE EXILE.

I FLUNG wide the window—nor sadder could
be—

I fell on my knees, there, before it :
And sweet was the breath of the dark lilac
tree

On my face as the vernal night bore it.

The Nightingale sang in the distance a song,
With a sorrow deep brooding I listened ;
For my Country I sighed ; for the land I'd
left long

My eyes with the rising tear glistened.

Where my Nightingale sings a sweet song of
her own,

And of all earthly sorrows unwitting,
Pours forth her soft lay till the summer night's
flown

'Neath the boughs of her lilac tree sitting.

PERFECT GOODNESS.

I GAZE upon thee—every moment joying.
So good thou art beyond compare !
Ah ! well I know beneath that fair exterior
There dwells a soul as fair.

What depths of gentleness, of secret sadness,
Lie hidden in thine eyes of blue ;
Like Angel, peaceful, pure, thou art, and
perfect :
Like woman, tender, true !

May naught on earth, 'mid wrongs and
sorrows many,
A blemish on that pureness bring :
May all who see thee bless the great Creator
Who made so fair a thing.

LOVE'S REASON WHY.

FOR beauty love me not !
Nor love for gold !
For beauty—love the Day—
For wealth—love coinage cold !

Nor love me for my youth !
For Youth—love spring !
But love—because to you
With constant love I cling.

A LOVER'S DREAMS.

I DOZE . . . and lo ! weaker and paler growing,
The waking sense scarce holds its sway
o'er me ;
But still—as if awake—in shimmering silence
Your pictured form I see.

Behind me close the doors of real being.
I sleep . . . and in the shadow-realm of
dreams
You dawn upon me, soul-entrancing Angel,
Your tone caressing seems.

I waken slowly . . . full of phantom fancies,
I move my doubtful arms the truth to prove:
But, even then, are scattered nightly shadows,
And Day's Light reigns above !

Afar are borne away the visions fleeting !
And all day long a weary watch I keep,
Longing for night—for dreams—that I may
meet Thee
Though it but be in sleep !

ON THE THRESHOLD OF LIFE.

THE door stands wide apart—suffused with
rays

 The fragrant garden glows ;
The pathway broad, bordered with flowers
and bays,
 Into the far blue flows.

From close and narrowing bounds dost thou,
set free,

 Into the broad life glide ;
Th' alluring world, all joyously, for thee
 Its arms doth open wide.

The door stands wide apart—God speed, dear
youth,

 On ! though the way be long !
And full of courage, full of hope and truth,
 Be undismayed and strong !

AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

How sad that the roses are fading!
The flowers in the garden decline,
The days are perceptibly shading,
The night-stars more brilliantly shine.

The jasmine has withered, the lilac has
faded,

'Tis long since the lily hath blown,
But still here and there in the gardens
belated

The wild briar's left blooming alone.
The hay is all gathered; the valleys are
glowing

With the purple heath's feathery fringe:
And riper the juniper berries are growing;
The leaves take a yellowish tinge. . . .

And as yet we have scarcely had time for
perceiving

How the Autumn comes on with its blight ;
How swiftly behind us the weeks we are
leaving

Of the spring, of the warmth, of the light ;
How this summer of ours is already deceasing ;

And with it the flowers it did own :
How of all the sweet odours the fragrance's
decreasing ;

How the Feast-day of Beauty hath flown !

“THE PARTING.”

ONE last embrace,
One mute glance more,
Again hands interlace—

And then

The fatal moment's o'er!—

But 'tis not at the time—the parting hour—

We understand the meaning of it all :

That all the suffering in all its power

Doth on our senses fall.

We feel it afterwards, when in the home

The circle takes its place,

Some object to our notice, there, doth come,

Recalls his dear, loved, face,

And says,

“He *is* no more!”

The while the parting merely draweth nigh

We scarce believe the hour can ever be ;

It seems impossible that he should die ;

But now the stern reality we see

In all its sad simplicity and truth ;
And all the sorrows of the days gone by
Come crowding on us in their bitter ruth.
Then all the heavy time of separation
Drags on with such a slow, a wearying chain
That every day—that every moment passing—
Doth but increase our pain.

THOU ART THE VICTOR,
GALILEAN, THOU!

WHEN stricken by Assyrian dart he died—
Cæsar, Apostate from the faith of Christ,
In death's dark agony to Heaven he cried:
“Thou art the Victor, Galilean, thou!”

When fell that foe of Christ—false Julian
slain,
From persecution fierce the Church was freed,
Then faithful lips reraised the glad refrain—
“Thou art the Victor, Galilean, thou!”

And when we burst these bonds of sin and
vice
And soar to light at last from Death's dark
sleep,
This pæan of praise for ever will suffice—
“Thou art the Victor, Galilean, thou!”

TO THE POET MAIKOV.

THY soul-entrancing lyre,
Thy songs of purity,
Have borne to us but notes of Good,
Peace, Hope, and Charity.

To please the fickle crowd,
False notes thou ne'er didst sing ;
Nor to the passions of the mob
Thy sacred freedom fling.

Thou'st sung for fifty years,
Crowned with immortal bay,
A song to raise the soul of man
And cheer his upward way.

Oh, could these chords prolong
To us thy legacy,
With what unrivalled aims endowed
Would our true poets be !

FROM SHENSHIN (FET.)

A RUSSIAN SCENE.

WONDROUS the picture,
How homelike to me!—
Distant plain whitening,
Full moon on the lea ;
Light—in the heavens high,
And snow flashing bright ;
Sledge in the distance
In its lonely flight.

THE SECRET.

WHEN I was almost yet a child—
All took delight in me ;
My curls upon my neck ran wild,
My frocks were dimity—

My Mother loved to watch me pray
When I at morn arose ;
She loved to listen to the lay
I sang at evening's close.

One day a stranger came to call
And found our quiet nook :
He was so stately and so tall,
Gentle and grave his look.

He often gazed upon my face
And pressed my little hand,
And kissed my eyes with tender grace,
My curls with kisses fanned.

And, I recall, how round him spread
All things so bright for me—
Till dizzy grew my little head—
My heart glowed joyfully.

The days flew by—a year had sped—
The parting hour came on :
Something my mother, whispering, said—
He left us ; he was gone !

For many a day my eyes were dim
I wept and mourned alone ;
I feared to ask for news of him.
Or question anyone.

At last I saw him—all alone—
He pressed his lips to mine
And whispered, “ Fear not little one,
No eyes have seen but thine !”

And since that day he's mine again—
My arms are round him wound,
And close and kind his kisses rain—
Though others stand around.

All say—the colours bright that dye
My cheeks are fever's sign :
They little know how burningly
Doth kiss—this love of mine.

TWILIGHT.

“TO-MORROW morning will be bright!”
The swallows—glimmering—twitter low,
As streaked with purple lines of light
Slow sinks the azure sunset glow.

Upon the bay the vessels sleep
Scarce moving with the moving tide :
The Heaven hath passed into the Deep,
The distant Deep hath in it died.

So gently come the Shadows on—
So softly fades away the Light—
You cannot tell the Day is done :
You scarce can say, “It now is night.”

THE PRISONER.

THE thick nettle rustles
The window below ;
The green willow waveth
Tent-like, to and fro ;
The boats are rejoicing
Afar on the blue ;
The iron grate creaketh--
The file's nearly thro'—
The sorrow lived over
Now sleeps in the breast
The Ocean and Freedom
Glow bright in the west ;
The effort redoubles,
The pining grows still—
Ear eagerly listens,
Hand files with a will.

TRYST.

A WHISPER, a gentle sigh,
Trills of the nightingale ;
The silver flash of the brook,
Asleep in the sleepy vale.
The shadows and shine of night—
Shadows in endless race ;
The sweep of a magical change
Over a sweet young face.
The blush of a rose in the mist,
An amber gleam on the lawn ;
A rush of kisses and tears—
And oh, “ the Dawn ! the Dawn ! ”

FROM PLESHEEV

SPRING.

AH! who art thou, fair maid, with upland
flowers

Twined in the glossy silk of golden hair,
With smile sunbright, with eyes the dove in
hue,

With raylike raiment spun from upper air?
Who gifted thee with deep mysterious power
To heal the aching heart of human woe?
At thy approach delights that long lay dead
Revive, and once again with glad life glow.

To honour thee a hymn doth Nature raise;
The babbling brooks and birds in chorus
blend;

And pinewoods dark, shimmering in every
spray,

To thee, as to a friend, their arms extend.

I'm but a Stranger-Guest, sent from on high
To weary souls a draught of peace to bring,
To soften wrath, to soothe fierce enmity ;
I'm but a Stranger-Guest—they call me
“ Spring.”

PASSION.

AH! could I but utter in song
All the anguish which robs me of peace,
Thy sorrow of soul would be stilled,
Thy murmur of doubting would cease !
I would breathe forth my life, my beloved,
As I told all my pain for thy sake ;
And, bursting in passionate song,
My heart in its fulness would break.

FROM E. KYLAEV

BILLOWS.

RUSHING on, rushing on, speed the billows
uproarious,

Breathing hard o'er the depths of the sea ;
They roll and they rage, full of majesty
glorious,

In broad ridges, boundless and free—
Speeding on to the shore where the tall cliffs
are gleaming,

Glancing down o'er the deep of the blue ;
So my thoughts from afar, whether waking
or dreaming,

Stream ever, dear country, to you.

FROM COUNT T.

NO HALF-MEASURES.

IF you love—then, *love* without reason ;
If you threaten—don't threaten in play ;
If you strike—strike straight from the
 shoulder ;
If you storm—to full fury give way ;
If you battle—then, do it with boldness ;
If you punish—let punishment tell ;
If you pardon—then, pardon in earnest ;
If you feast—then, be sure you feast well !

FROM KLUSHNIKOV

TO A BEAUTY.

DON'T abash me with shy glancings
Of sweet bewildering eyes!
Don't fly with mute reproachings
From my eager rhapsodies!

Compelled this adoration,
As to a Maid divine,
The best of God's Creation,
I bend before thy shrine.

'Tis not with feigned emotion
I gaze upon thy form,
But with a true devotion
And longings ever warm.

All that flatters me—or flattered—
In dream-land or awake—
All that "Was"—"Will be"—is shattered :
All I lived for—I forsake.

For I've found a new existence
 In the love-light of thine eye—
And in thy mute resistance
 I have read my Destiny.

His wearying wandering ended,
 The Pilgrim's glad tear streams :
As th' Oasis o'er him, splendid,
 In its calm-souled beauty, beams.

Be to me my one Oasis
 On the barren plains of life,
Where for me nor flower nor grace is
 With my wit and will at strife !

Don't abash me with shy glancings
 Of all-enchanting eyes !
Don't fly with mute reproachings
 From my eager rhapsodies !

LIFE.

A FLEETING gift—a lovely gift—
Life—wherefore given to me?
Head answers not ; “ Life’s given to live,”
The Heart makes answer free.

In God’s world all is beautiful !
For He’s in it concealed ;
But in the feelings—in the song—
In reason—He’s revealed.

To know Him in His Universe
To see in soul, revere,
This means in truth to live with God,
And that’s Life’s meaning here !

AN OLD GRIEF.

FOR what am I foolishly sighing ?

Has my soul ever deep sorrow known ?

Why recall I the life long left dying,

Why pine for the days that are flown ?

Bear I traces of burning affliction ?

Was I ever in earnest in love ?

No! I ne'er knew that common affection,

My youth naught against me can prove.

For aye—like one charmed—in the gloaming

Of passions and pleasures full free—

I have sailed o'er life's sea—sadly roaming

'Mid a crowd of ships strangers to me.

But I gathered the crumblets of passion,

I lived!—and my torments were two :

In the day, I was slave to doubt's fashion—

In the night, for the lost day made rue.

Long thirsted my soul for the glory!

And it came, blessed moment! I gained
A glimpse in my heart of God's story,
To the secret of being attained.

I'm in Harbour! Farewell! former sorrows;

Former joys of the days of the storm!
But, tell me, why thus of the billows
To my soul do fond memories swarm.

Oh! why to this world of new beauty

Have I carried a sorrow that's old?

Lo! I gaze thro' my tears on the Noonday,
And I weep for the Morn dark and cold!

FROM OGAREV

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

How empty stands my country grange,
How tall and gaunt and dreary!
And what a night I spent therein
Sleepless, alone, and weary!
Already in the shades of eve
Were all surroundings holden:
The moon shone through the window bright
Upon the portraits olden;
And there with restless step I walked—
The echoing chamber pacing—
My shadow and myself slept not
Each one the other chasing.
The dark trees in the garden gloomed—
Their wind-tossed branches shaking—
The geese kept gabbling on the pool
By fits and starts awaking;

The wind-mill waved to me from far
 Its arms, in anger seeming ;
The white Church like a spectre rose—
 The Cross above it gleaming.
I thought the well-known Dead would rise
 And step, like guests belated,
From picture-frames and corners dim ;
 Their advent I awaited—
Till dreadful grew the house to me—
 My echoing footfalls fearing—
And timidly I glanced around
 Into the darkness peering.
Terror and grief my soul oppressed
 Throughout that long night dreary ;
My troubled eyes I could not close
 Tho' faint and worn and weary.

FROM SCHISHMAREFF

I.

COLD was the winter gloom,
But on a sun-warmed bed
A wee rose chanced to bloom,
By summer dream mislead.

Smiling—with petals ope—
Awaited she the swarm
Of bright-hued butterflies in hope
To sip her honey warm.

She waited for the song
The nightingale would sing
Of tender love and long,
Drawn near on noiseless wing.

She waited, full of hope,
Some sign of summer come,
Then drooped and withered on the slope,
Her would-be happy home :
Ah ! would the warmth had never been !
Or else less bright that passing sheen !

II.

Like shadow dim, with noiseless tread,
Did she approach my Palace bright,
Soft—silent—sad : while round we sped
In senseless whirl 'neath blazing light
To the low notes of tuneful lyres
And the love charm that never tires.

She passed : and in her eyes of blue
I read "reproach" with pity crowned !
Abhorred at once the high Feast grew
And hateful all the tuneful round.

I cast my Palace proud away—
And by some secret transport led,
A wanderer poor—a beggar stray—
I followed her where'er she sped.

I meet repulse where'er I turn,
Falsehood, and evil, proud despise,
But now I no "reproach" discern,
I read "forgiveness" in her eyes.

FROM TUMANSKI

BIRDIE.

LAST noon I ope'd the prison door
And set my captive free ;
Gave back the songstress to the woods,
To her—her liberty.

Away she flew, soon lost to sight
In day's blue brilliancy,
And, as she flew, a song she sang
As if she prayed for me.

FROM JURGENEV

FREDDY.

ONE frosty night a youth in silence rides
On weary hack adown the village street :
White clouds above him gather threat'ningly :
No stars, nor great nor small, his vision greet.

Just at the stile an aged man he meets :—
“Old friend, good-night!” “What! no?
'Tis Freddy! Whence?
Where hast thou been?—No trace of you,
no word!”—
—“Ah! where I've been you cannot see
from hence.

“How are the Brothers? Mother—lives she
yet?
Stands our hut still entire—or is it burnt?
And tell me is it true? ‘Polly’ a widow *is*?
This news I from our lads in Moscow learnt.”

“Your Home is as it was : full like a cup.
Your Brothers live, and quite well is your
Mother :

Your neighbour's dead ! Polly a widow *was* !
But in a month she's married to another.”

Cold blew the blast. He whistled very gently,
Took off his hat, glanced at the sky in pain ;
Then waved his hand in mute farewell, and
softly
Turned his horse round, and disappeared
again.

FROM HOMIAKOV

RUSSIA REPENTANT.*

NOT with intemperance of vauntings vain—
Not with the drunkenness of blind disdain—
Nor 'midst the laughter of the proud refrain—
Or where the wine-cups clash and clash
again—

But in the might of mild humility
And with the strength renewed of purity
To serve the cause of duty stern
And face the bloody fray wilt thou return,
Oh, Russia mine! Like man of mind
Who sternly heeds his conscience say,
Whose soul is pure, who loves his kind,
Thou marchest where God points the way.
So, freed from sin and sorrow, thou
Wilt stand before the world revealed,

* A leaf from the poetry of Homiakov, written in 1856, soon after the Crimean War.

With added glories to thy brow
Which light and love with grace have sealed.
Forward! the Nations call for thee;
And when the warriors' feast is o'er
Give them the gift that makes them free,
Give thought to life, and Peace restore!
Forward! thy path is blazing now—
In hand the bolt, in heart high love—
Fearful but fair, God's angel, thou,
Dost raise a radiant brow above.

FROM ANATOLE KREMLEV

TO THE BELGIAN HEROES.

'TWAS in the time of Israel's Kings
—As willed the Lord God of Sabaoth—
By Dommon's border, near Sakoath
Where the steep mountain-terrace rings
The vales—in threatening camps arrayed
Vast hosts of Philistines did stand ;
And by the might of hostile hand,
As by some ruthless storm betrayed,
It seemed would overwhelmèd be
The holy land of sad Judee
(Which had so sore-afflicted been).
Around where'er the eye could see
On steep cliff-side—in shade of tree—
With stealthy glide and snake-like sheen
Crept hostile hosts;—while girt with foes—
A sudden chilling terror fell
Upon the ranks of Israel—

As up a Giant Champion rose,
Clad head to foot in bronze and steel,
And, drunk with pride of savage might,
Challenged all Israel to the fight,
And vaunted that he death would deal
To him who should his strength oppose
Or dare in single combat close.
Then suddenly a Youth unknown
Armed but with staff and leathern sling
To meet Goliath forth did spring—
While both the Hosts amazed looked on.
And seeing David cross the plain
Goliath spoke with high disdain—
“Am I a dog that thus 'gainst me
With staff thou com'st? Hah! woe to thee—
And to thy race! for soon I'll throw
Thy carcass to the carrion crow.”
David replied: “Armed though you be
And 'gainst me move with spear and sword—
My shield and buckler is the Lord;
And when you join in fight with me
Then shall the Gentiles understand
That God saves not by sword alone,
But by His power He rights His own.
Nor can the sword match His right hand.”

Then—on the Hosts a death-like dread
Fell—and o'erwhelmed them with despair,
As with destruction thro' the air
From David's sling the pebble sped ;
And in his armour full bedight
Prone fell Goliath, swiftly slain,
Thus paying for his vaunt of might
And all his boastings proud and vain.

Ages have passed. Tho' Fate's decree
Can never be by man foretold—
Still shine unconquered as of old
A Nation's Pride and Chivalry.
And that those never pass away—
A proof we have with us to-day.
For when on Belgium suddenly
This latest Prussian Giant burst—
Threatening to crush with might accurst
Her peoples who loved Liberty
And honoured still a Nation's right—
A band of Heroes told him true
That all Krupp's engines were too few
Against Ideal's Truth to fight,
That Freedom, Honour, were not—Breath.
With look of scorn Goliath glanced,

As Belgium, David-like, advanced
And swore to trample her to death.
Ah! Nemesis no mercy shows—
And she will brand with endless shame
That man who, beast-like to his foes,
Spares not a Nation's name and fame.
Years will roll by—and once again
Nations will banish war and strife
And watch the old Past spring to life
From battle-fields of woe and pain ;
They'll cease gun factories to prize—
Arms in museums will be laid—
Ploughshares from bayonets be made—
And Schools, where Prisons stood, will rise.
Then—'mid contempt and high disdain
With all the evils it has done—
Prussia will fall, and fall alone ;
While in high honour will remain
That Hero-land of daring deeds
Which gave herself for others' needs
And bore the brunt of War and Pain.
In gratitude will every Land
Before her bend—a band of friends—
And in good fortune make amends:—
In freedom's name united stand ;

For her an age-long Peace obtain,
And join her in the proud refrain—
“Gone is the age of slavery—
Belgium again hath risen free.
Her sons have won the righteous fight,
And kept her name and honour bright.
Proud, full of daring, as of yore,
A gallant Nation, free once more,
On her old flag will blazoned be
The symbols, ‘King—Law—Liberty.’”

TO THE GERMANS OF THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY.

YE! Harbingers of Culture—ye! No more!
How did ye dare to give yourselves that
name?

Ye are but Slaves a Despot ruleth o'er—
And only fit for murder and for shame.

Naught holy have you ever striven to shield
From your red batteries belching flame and
fire;

You butcher sick in bed and child in field,
And priests who on their altar-steps expire.

For Krupp you've bartered Schiller's glorious
fame

And Right and Freedom for the "mailed
fist,"

Wisdom with you is but a faded name—
And Truth—the greatest Foe that doth
exist.

You now stand forth a proof of "Atavism,"
History proclaims you "Huns of our To-
day"—

Foulest of foul ideals—"Germanism"—
Will be despised wherever Right holds
sway.

And judging you with stern—with cold—
disdain,

The Twentieth Century will brand—and
ban

You, who have overwhelmed in shame and
pain

The holiest of callings—that of Man.

* * *

STIFLING! The scorching air
Breathes only glare and gleam.
Tired Nature doth appear
Bewitched, as in a dream.

Exhausted all things stand
Of joy, of hope bereft—
All wait while o'er the land
The thunder-clouds are reft. . .

Down pours the gracious rain ;
The air grows cool and gay ;
Throughout vast Nature—pain
Floats, like a dream, away.

Ah! could our people's griefs
By such rain-bursts be stayed,
And drowned in stormy gulfs
Of nation's tears be laid !

SISTER.

UNKNOWN—a Stranger drawing near—
Beside the soldier's stretcher now—
To all so near, to all so dear—
Sister of Mercy, standest thou.
It may be, thou'rt of noble birth,
It may be, of a class unknown—
To wounded soldier, in his dearth,
Thou com'st like sister of his own.
Where from the foeman's fierce attack
The blood is bursting forth in flood,
Where iron balls the bosom rack,
With cross uplifted, hast thou stood.
A ray of light—with cheering sounds
To soothe the pain hast thou essayed ;
And gentle hands on ghastly wounds
With woman's tenderness were laid.
It was distress that gave you birth
Amongst the rich, amongst the poor,
Ye Daughters of our native earth,
Ye are our sisters, true and pure!

These wounds of ours are wounds of yours ;
This blood that flows—your very own ;
For you, for us, the deed endures ;
To us, to all, one love is shown.
Our Mother Russia from the foe,
Our cruel neighbour, we'll set free !
And Russia's victory all shall know
By steel, and Cross of Calvary.
Unknown—a stranger drawing near—
Beside the soldier's stretcher now,
To all so near—to all so dear—
Sister of Mercy, standest thou !

TO THE SERBIAN NATION.

FIVE hundred years have sped since that sad
day

When, forced by Turkish might, Byzantium
fell,

And Serbia's liberty was snatched away.

Yet, tho' benumbed by Tyranny's foul spell,
The Serbian people grew in grace and
strength—

The Turkish yoke could not their spirit break.
From sorrow's swarms they shook them free
at length,

And rose in former might, from sleep awake.
And—free once more—they “kinged it” o'er
their foes

In wood, in valley, and on mountain-side:
Unwont were they to bear their foemen's
blows,

Or bend their free-born backs to tyrant's pride.
Then came the twentieth century; and, like
the Turk,

A Christian Nation played the traitor's rôle—

A Nation that so many years did work
With lying culture to enslave the soul.
Their hosts on Serbia fell—and with them, lo!
Filled full of cunning wiles and treachery,
A kindred land was armed as 'gainst a foe,
And Bulgar's Tsardom donned its panoply.
Fear not these villains vile, O Serbian band!
You never crooked to savage Turk control;
You rose amidst the mountains of your land,
Unconquered, free, and ever great in soul.
No Austrian rush, no German robbery,
Your noble strength of soul can e'er subdue.
Know, those who with you war so dastardly
With humankind all bonds have broken too!
You will arise and crush your haughty foe,
And strike the giant down on stricken field.
Great Serbia hears the call her foemen know,
And Stephen Dushan's fame will never yield.
Sorrows will fade; the golden star on high
Will blaze new life; Freedom will rise again;
The fire of savage wars will, quenched for
ever, die
Amidst the splendour of your coming reign.

FROM OPOCHININ

TO BRITONS.

SEE him in port, with pipe between his lips,
His eyes flash proudly, naught he knows of
fear ;

Is he the scion of some wealthy peer ?
Or labourer from some port of trading ships ?
Their noble calling makes them equals—all—
And Nelson's voice still breathes in living
speech

“ Each man will do his sacred duty—each.”
Ye Englishmen . . . be true, and hear his
call !

Ye Englishmen ! Well doth the wide world
know

The record proud—your glorious Past doth
show.

Beneath an age-long yoke *you* never groaned,
Nor veiled your eyes in servile Slavery—
You were the first, who “Freeman’s Liberty”
Inscribed on tablets that the world hath owned.
No Party-strife will ever you betray—
Though crowds may change and changed be
Governments—

The grand old name of “gentleman” prevents!
And “Death before Dishonour” trumpets
bray;

Yea! face to face with death you’ve never
quailed,
Your Cradle’s Covenant—Pride—hath pre-
vailed.

Your Native land—the “Queenship of the
sea”—

Was won for you by many a daring deed;
O’er billows boldly did your frigates speed
To tropic climes—where savages ran free—
To Austral shores, to where beneath the palm
Shrines fringe the sacred River spreading
wide—

Where white-robed Temple-priests with
ceaseless pride

Extol the virtues of the mighty Brahm.

You've sailed the waters, following your star,
Till Britain's name is known both near and
far.

And there you stand amidst the bloody fight,
Your soul is now, as ever, proudly sad,
But strong as steel, like to an ironclad,
That soul which nerved Trafalgar's victors'
might.

Your Covenant stands firm as erst of yore,
You'll meet the Death without a tear or groan ;
Great Nelson's ghost—the shade of Wel-
lington
Will bless your rallying Hosts as forth they
pour.

Great Englishmen ! With pride you'll match
the Foe

And on the stricken field lay the vain brag-
gart low !

FROM MYATLEV

ROADSIDE LAMPS.

YE little Lamps—ye little Lords!
Oh tell, and tell me true,
What *did* you see, what *did* you hear
As the hush of midnight grew?
Ye are placed along the roadside trim
And stand in order bright:
And clear is the glance of your gleaming
eyes,
Ye watchmen of the night!
Oh did you see, oh! did you hear,
A lonely maid come by—
And trip on tiptoe timorously
And down the pathway fly—
That she might meet, beneath the wall,
And tell her lover true
In whispers soft and secretly
“I love—I love but you.”

The little Lamps—the little Lords
Shine for themselves alone :
And what they see and what they hear
They tell not anyone !

Did you not see a youth come by
And with impatience wait,
While heart and gaze and fancies called
The fair one to the gate ?
And now, behold ! they've met at last—
And love and gladness reign—
And they have planned to-morrow night
To meet there once again.

The little Lamps—the little Lords
Shine for themselves, shine on ;
But what they see and what they hear
They tell not anyone !

Did you not see a maid forlorn
Oppressed with sorrow's gloom
As 'twere a shade that flitted by,
A token of the tomb ?
That woman—like a maniac wild—
Her eyes their tears have spent :
And all the joys of life for her
A cruel storm hath rent !

The little lamps, the little Lords
Shine on, shine on, shine on ;—
But what they see and what they hear
They tell not anyone.

Oh did you see the criminal,—
Creeping in silent grief,—
From conscience an asylum seek—
At midnight find relief ?
Oh ! did you see the drunkard there
A wanderer in the land—
In tattered and bespattered cloak
With a bottle in his hand ?

It may be that they did not see—
No business 'tis of theirs ;
Their only orders are to shine
Until daylight appears.
Wrapped in his mat, the lampman came
And set the lamps alight,
But could not make them feel or know
What's wrong and what is right.

Oh little Lamps, oh little Lords—
Our nation earns its bread ;
Our Ministers and men of rank,
Are people with a head.

They're placed on high that we may see
 Their brightness as we walk ;
That they may great and famous grow
 But without toil or talk ;
To them the order ne'er was given
 To keep a look ahead,
Their only duty is to stand
 And let their splendour spread—
To shine and shine—until the day
 When someone will arise
And quench their light :—theirs not to
 feel
 Their people's miseries !
Oh little Lamps : oh little Lords !—
 The nation earns its bread :
Our Ministers and men of rank
 Are people with a head.

APPENDIX A

FROM TURGENEV'S POETRY IN PROSE.

"DEAR MARY."

MANY years ago, when I lived in Petrograd, whenever I happened to hire a sledge I used to converse with the driver.

I was specially fond of chatting to the night sledgemen, poor suburban peasants who, with their little sledges painted with ochre and a sorry little hack of a horse, used to come to the Capital in the hope of feeding themselves and getting something together towards their landlord's rent.

Well! I once hired a sledgeman of the following description: a young lad of some twenty summers, well-grown and tall; a brave boy with blue eyes and ruddy cheeks; his hair rolled in curly clusters from under the patched cap which he had drawn down over his very eyebrows; and I could not help wondering how he ever contrived to get his torn great-coat on over those huge shoulders of his!

THE SAME RENDERED FROM THE
RUSSIAN INTO ESPERANTO (BY KABE).

MAŜA.

LOGANTE en Petrogrado — multe da jaroj pasis de tiu tempo—ĉiufoje kiam mi dungis fiakron, mi komencis interparoladon kun la kuĉero.

Precipe mi amis babili kun la noktaj kuĉeroj, malriĉaj kamparanoj de la ĉirkaŭajô kiuj venadis en la ĉefurbon kun glit-veturiloj koloritaj per okro kaj kun mizera ĉevalaĉo esperante ke ili sukcesos sin mem nutri kaj kolekti monon por la lupago al la mastroj.

Foje mi dungis tian kuĉeron. . . . Li estis dudekjara knabo, altkreska, bela, brava ; li havis blujajn okulojn kaj ruĝajn vangojn ; liaj blondaj haroj volvigis en bukloj el sub flikita ĉapo ŝovita ĝis la brovoj. Kiel li povis enigi siajn heroajn ŝultrojn en ĉitium ŝiritan kitelon !

But the handsome, beardless face of the youth seemed sad and gloomy; and as I conversed with him, there was a tone of sadness in his voice.

“What’s the matter, brother?” I asked. “Why are you so sad? Have you any sorrow?”

The youth did not answer me for a moment.

“Yes, sir, I have,” he said at last, “and the worst sorrow a man could have. My wife has died.”

“And you loved her—this wife of yours?”

The lad did not turn towards me. He merely bowed his head a little.

“I loved her, sir! It is now eight months ago, and I can’t forget. There’s something constantly gnawing my heart—so there is! And why should she die? Young and strong! . . . In one day cholera carried her off.”

“And she was good to you?”

“Ah, sir!” said the poor fellow, with a heavy moan. “You do not know how happily we lived together; and I was not there when the end came. The first I heard of it here was that they had buried her! At once I rushed to the country—home. I got there some time after midnight. I went into my hut, stood in the middle of the room, and whispered ever so softly, ‘Mary, my own Mary!’ Only the cricket stirred. I wept it

La bela senbarba vizaĝo de la kuĉeri ŝajnis malĝoja kaj malgaja.

Mi komencis paroli kun li. Ankaŭ en lia voĉo sonis malĝojo.

— Kio, frato?—demandis mi lin.—Kial vi ne estas gaja? Ĉu malfeliĉo okazis al vi?

La kuĉero ne tuj respondis.

— Jes, sinjoro, jes—fine li respondis.—Ĉu ekzistas pli ĝranda? Mortis mia edzino.

— Vi amis ŝin—vian edzinon?

La junulo ne turnis sin al mi; li nur iom mal levis la kapon.

— Jes! sinjoro, mi amis ŝin. Pasas jam la oka monato, sed mi ne povas forgesi. Senĉese io mordas mian koron! Kaj kial ŝi mortis? Ŝi estis juna, sana! . . . En unu sola tago la ĥolero forrabis ŝin.

— Ĉu ŝi estis bona?

— Ah! sinjoro, peze eksopiris la malfeliĉulo.—Kiel kore ni vivis unu kun la alia! Ŝi mortis dum mia foresto. Kiam mi eksciis ĉi tie, ke ŝi jam estis enterigita, mi tuj ekgalopis hejmen. Kiam mi venis, jam pasis la noktomezo. Mi eniris en la ĉambbron, haltis en la mezo kaj diris mallaŭte: Maŝa, Maŝa. Nur grilo ĉirpas. Mi ekploris, sidigis sur la tero, kaj ekbatis la plankon per la mano!

out then and there. I lay down on the floor of the hut, and how I beat the ground with the flat of my hand! 'Oh, insatiable void!' I cried, 'thou has swallowed her—swallow me also!' Ah, Mary, 'my own dear Mary!'"

"Dear Mary!" added he, suddenly, in a suppressed voice, and then, without letting the rope-reins slip from his hands, he brushed away a tear with the sleeve of his coat, flung it aside with a jerk, shrugged his shoulders, and said not another word.

On alighting from the sledge, I gave him a trifle over and above his fare. He bowed very low, taking off his cap with both hands, and then drove slowly away along the snowy carpet of the empty street, enveloped in the white mist of a January frost.

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.

In days of doubt, in days of sad reflections on the fate of my Fatherland, thou art my only comfort and support, O great, strong, true and free Russian Tongue! But for thee how would it be possible to avoid falling into despair at the sight of all that is going on at home? But one cannot believe that such a Language was given to other than a great people!

J. POLLEN.

Ho, vi nesatigebla seno de la tero, diris mi, vi englutis ŝin, englutu ankaŭ min! Ah, Maŝa.

— Maŝa!—aldonis li subite per sufokita voĉo, kaj ne ellasante la rimenajn konduki-lojn el la manoj li per la maniko viŝis larmon de la okuloj, forskuis ĝin, levis la ŝultrojn kaj diris neniun vorton plu.

Elirante el la glit-veturilo, mi donis al li malgrandan trink-monon. Li profunde salutis min, preninte la ĉapon per ambaŭ manoj, kaj ektrotis malrapide sur la neĝa tuko de la dezerta strato, super kiu pendis la griza nebulo de la Januara frostoj.

LA RUSA LINGVO.

En tagoj de duboj, en tagoj de maldolĉaj meditoj pri la sorlo de mia patrujo,—vi sola estas por mi subteno kaj konsolo, ho granda, potenca, vera kaj libera rusa lingvo! . . . Se ne ekzistus vi—ĉu eble estus ne fali en malesperon, vidante ĉion kio okazos en la hejmlando? Sed oni ne povas ne kredi ke tia lingvo ne estas donita al granda popolo!

KABE.

LA ANĜELO DE LERMANTOV.

(See p. 23 *supra*.)

EN mezo de nokto—en blua ĉielo—
 Traflugis kaj kantis plej bela Anĝelo ;
 Kaj nuboj kaj steloj kaj lun' en irado
 Atentis kun ĝojo je l'sankta kantado.

Li kantis feliĉajn neniam pekantajn
 Spiritojn kun Di' en ĉielo loĝantajn ;
 Li kantis pri Patro ĉiela kaj tera
 Kaj lia laŭdado ne estis malvera.

Animon tre junan en brakoj li tenis ;
 En mondo malgaja naskiĝi ĝi venis :
 Kaj sono del' kanto en juna animo
 Restadis sen vort' sed kun viva estimo.

Tre longe en mondo ĝi estis premata
 Je revo mirinda pri Di' plenigata ;
 Kaj ŝangi la kanton del' sankta sincero.
 Ne povis por ĝi ĉiuj kantoj del' tero.

APPENDIX B

ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND INDIA.

RUSSIA, farewell! ere leaving thee
I learned to love thy much-wronged race,
Thy misread Past aright to see,
Thy glorious Destiny to trace,
To know thee as thou truly art
(Whate'er thy slanderous Foes may bawl),
A people great, with kindly heart,
Helping the hurt, forgiving all.
Alone against Napoleon's pride,
When Europe groaned beneath his sway,
Didst thou arise, and roll the tide
Of conquest back, and hold thy way
Till thy victorious banners flew
Across the sunny vines of France,
And well the streets of Paris knew
Thy Cossacks' and thy Uhlans' lance.
When jealous Europe 'gainst thee strove,
How nobly didst thou stand at bay!
And Sebastópol's Heights can prove
How brave thou wast in trial's day!

And all that woe against thee wrought
 Thou hast in full forgiven, forgot ;
 The Foes who then against thee fought,
 As Foes are now regarded not.

* * * * *

Then, England, pause ! know friend from foe !
 Where, when, has Russia crossed thy path ?
 That she doth ever greater grow—
 This seems the greatest fault she hath.
 In truth, the " Teuton " is thy foe !
 Thy rival he in every field ;
 His power thy Court—thy Councils know,
 Thy Commerce nought from him can shield ;
 His Princes lead thy Daughters forth
 Dowered deep in dowers of English gold ;
 His merchant vessels sweep thy North ;
 Thy " silver streak " his Warships hold.
 He threatens thee on every side ;
 Whilst thou dost bend to him and yield,
 Surrendering to his growing pride
 The best of thy Colonial field.
 He stirs the Russ against thy power—
 Pointing to plains of Hindustan—
 Hoping to stay the dreaded hour
 When France will meet him, man to man.

* * * * *

But why should England cross the Russ ?
 We both have kindred work to do !
 Asia is wide ; for him, for us,
 There's space to spare, with high aims, too.

Redeem the cradle of our race,
Let Commerce circle everywhere!
Let Love regain its pride of place,
Let Eden once more blossom there!
Let "great white Czar," let "great white
Queen,"
Stretch forth o'er Asia healing hands,
Touching the sere leaf into green,
Blessing with bloom the barren lands.

* * * * *

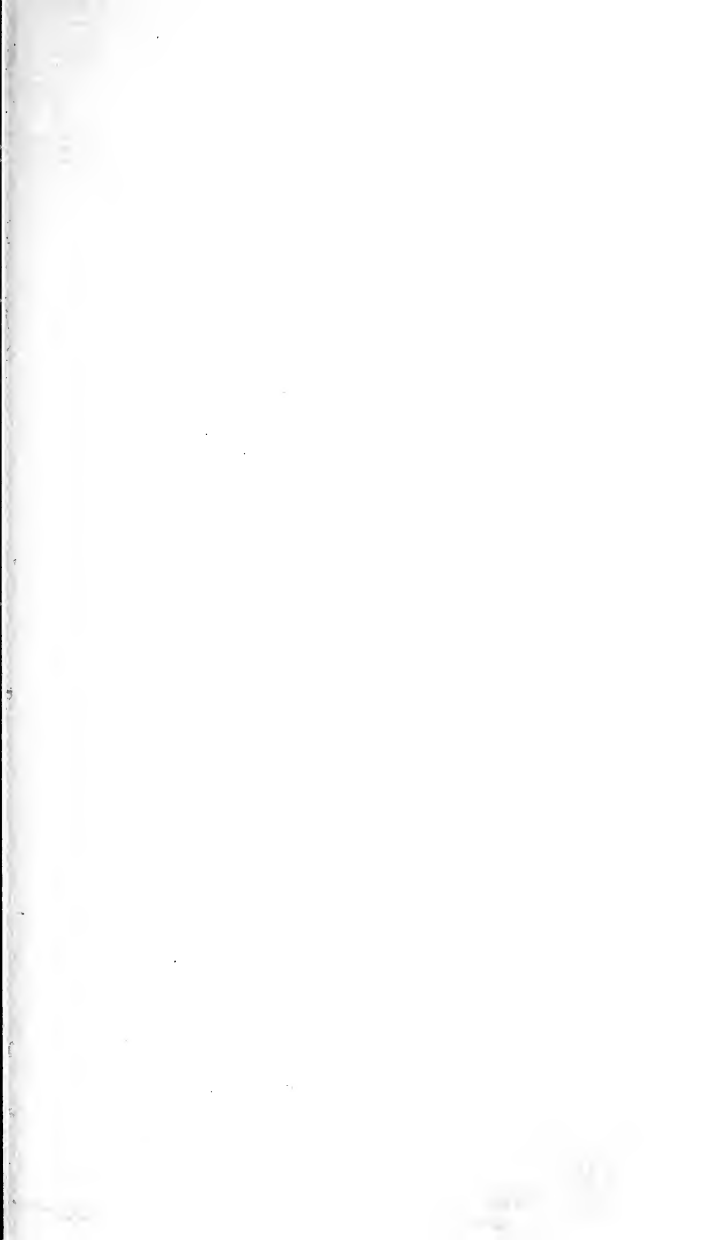
England and Russia—friendly Powers!
India secure, and strong and free—
Over the West no war-cloud lowers—
The East regains its liberty.

J. POLLEN.

Written in 1891 at St. Leonards-on-Sea.

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