



Alexander Pushkin's
The Gypsies

translated by colin j. holcombe

Ocaso Press 2019

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by

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INTRODUCTION

Alexander Pushkin was born in 1799 to an ancient aristocratic family and died of a duelling wound in 1837. In that short and often thwarted life, Pushkin modernized the Russian language, widening its vocabulary, removing archaic terms, and employing tones of address that would make Russian a fit vehicle for a century of poets, novelists and short story writers, many of them deservedly world famous.

Pushkin was precociously gifted, writing brilliantly from the first, but the Russian state, autocratic, heavily-policed and backward-looking, saw in these eloquent but often acerbic outpourings only looming trouble. Alexander I was not particularly repressive, indeed brought modernizing notions when he ascended the throne in 1801, but the French Revolution had sent shudders through the thrones of Europe, and Russia itself was invaded by Napoleon, a conquest it narrowly evaded only by extreme scorched earth policies and the onset of the Russian winter. The much more authoritarian Nicholas I, who recalled Pushkin from exile, himself suffered the Decembrist Uprising, a coup by army officers that sought to make the ancient throne of the Romanovs into a constitutional monarchy. The coup was quickly put down and its participants made an example to others, but the discovery of Pushkin's poems among the Decembrists' papers did not endear him to the authorities.

The Romanovs had been brought to the throne in the early seventeenth century to give some semblance of order to a country gradually recovering from centuries of Tatar misrule,

but it was one still fractured by civil wars and ethnic conflict. The dynasty had a mixed record. The energetic and enterprising Peter I (1672-1725) greatly modernized and expanded the empire. The reigns of Elizabeth (1741-62) and Catherine II (1762-96) brought prosperity and stability to the country but also delayed much-needed reform. The state, ever perilously short of funds, still maintained a large army, an extensive bureaucracy and splendid court, but the great mass of Russians remained poor, tied to the land and illiterate. Much depended on the personal qualities of the tsar, who was wise to consider the threat of palace coups and periodic uprisings, serious in the Cossack Rebellion of 1773. The conquered Asian dynasties still held the Islamic loyalty of their subjects, moreover, and the Caucasus remained a smouldering powder keg. Even Alexander II, who emancipated the serfs, was assassinated, and Nicholas II, who was to lose his throne to Kerensky and his life to the Soviets, clearly lacked the unremitting political will, acumen and strength of character to survive. All European states of the time regulated what could be said in newspapers and books, and Russia had more reasons than most to carefully censor the more provocative of ideas, especially those stemming from the French Revolution and the liberal constitutions of Britain and the United States.

The Russia of Pushkin's time was still largely medieval: a vast, diverse and patrimonial empire. Country and contents belonged to the tsar, who ruled through families he enobled and whose advice and skills he was expected to employ. Many families became immensely wealthy, and even in Pushkin's time were the owners of flourishing manufacturing

concerns. Members of the aristocracy less independent in land and wealth went into the army or joined the civil service. As Pushkin was to find, advancement was otherwise difficult. Estates, rights to fur farming, mineral concessions, factories and the very lives of its inhabitants — all were in the tsar's gift and could be as quickly taken away as they were arbitrarily given. The tsar ruled by divine right, moreover, with no more guidance than his conscience before God. Writers of the generation before Pushkin were markedly court functionaries, largely supported by stipends the tsar might be pleased to grant, and allowed to publish only as the Third Council saw fit.

Pushkin himself was a perplexity. Pushkin the writer had an extraordinary empathy with all sectors of society, and a breadth of vision equal to any in the Russia of his time. Pushkin the man was less attractive: an attention-seeker, a womanizer of uncertain temper, an impoverished aristocrat still concerned with his social status, and latterly, after marriage to an empty-headed beauty, plagued by money troubles. Marriage brought emotional stability and four children, but Pushkin's appearance at court was far more due to his wife's winning looks than her husband's literary ability, and one that kept him firmly under the tsar's control.

In this, Pushkin did little to help himself. He composed the inflammatory *Ode to Liberty* on graduating from the Tsarskoye Selo lyceum and outspokenly became the leader of the literary radicals. For these dangerous tendencies, Pushkin was eventually banished from St. Petersburg, in 1820, but the threatened Siberian exile was averted by the

intercession of friends, and Pushkin was sent instead to remote Yekaterinoslav, now Dnipropetrovsk in the Ukraine. From here he explored Bessarabia, but also fell ill, being rescued by General Raevsky, who knew him from Tsarskoye Selo days. The Raevskys were advanced, well-educated people, and in their company Pushkin visited the Caucasus, and became acquainted with the life of the Cossacks. From the Caucasus the party moved to the Crimea, where Pushkin became interested in the Tatars, their songs and ways of life. From the Crimea the Raevskys set off to their estate of Kamenka, and Pushkin returned to his civic duties. The impressions he gained provided material for his 'southern cycle' of romantic narrative poems: *Kavkazsky plennik* (1820–21: *The Prisoner of the Caucasus*), *Bratya razboyniki* (1821–22: *The Robber Brothers*), and *Bakhchisaraysky fontan* (1823: *The Fountain of Bakhchisaray*) and *Tsigani* (1827: *The Gypsies*). Pushkin was then transferred to Kishinyov (1820–23: now Chişinău, Moldova), where those duties gave Pushkin time to write, but also the opportunity to plunge into the life of a society driven to amorous intrigue, hard drinking, gaming, and violence. He fought several duels, espoused even more libertarian views and read widely, absorbing the influence of Byron and Chateaubriand on his European contemporaries.

Transferred to Odessa (1823–24), Pushkin publicly courted the wife of his superior, Count Vorontsov, governor-general of the province, the affair becoming so scandalous that the kindly official had to ask for the poet's recall. Obliging, the police intercepted a letter to a friend in which Pushkin boasted that he was now taking 'lessons in pure atheism'.

Expulsion from the civil service followed, and another exile, this time to his mother's estate of Mikhaylovskoye, near Pskov in northwest Russia, where *The Gypsies* was completed.

Odd lines of *The Gypsies* came to Pushkin in 1823, but the poem was properly started in January 1824. By June of the same year, Pushkin had 145 stanzas in draft form. The remaining stanzas were written quickly in Mikhaylovskoye, between October 2nd and 8th, the Epilogue being added two days later. The poem took its almost final shape of 224 stanzas around the middle of October, but Aleko's monologue was not added until January 1825.

The Gypsies concerns passion, the emotions that lie outside the dictates of custom and social order. It was a subject dear to a man who claimed to have fallen in love 113 times before his marriage, but one destructive of the chain of dependencies which make our communal lives. The Romantic writers of Europe sought to give love a quasi-mystical nature, and represent it as something purer than even the best of marriages, which for most people must be a compromise between our elemental yearnings and day-to-day practicalities. So Zemfira's father conceives the matter, quietly accepting that his steppe wife has run off with another gypsy, and that there cannot be a substitute. Love is capricious but eternal. But Aleko is not a Byronic hero, egomaniacally devoted to his destiny, and not even the victim of circumstances, as was his *Prisoner of the Caucasus*: he is a man who brings the violence inherent in 'civilisation' to the gypsies' placid and accepting existence.

In cultural matters, the Russia of Pushkin's time was largely a generation behind Europe, and there had been no Renaissance, Reformation or Enlightenment in this stubbornly medieval country. There was a long tradition of knightly tales, certainly, the blyny, but Russian poetry as we know it began as importations, largely from Poland and Germany. Eighteenth century poetry, some of it very good, was civic-minded, moreover, commemorating important achievements of the country and its tsars. It was Pushkin's generation that fashioned a poetry closer to individual expression, to witty conversation between aristocratic friends, though the result could be admittedly closer to light verse, pleasing and harmless when not sharpened into social comment and satire, which was the younger Pushkin's fort . An older and mellower Pushkin translated Byron's *Don Juan* into *Eugene Onegin*, without the boisterous good humour but to more devastating effect. *Onegin* was Pushkin's favourite creation, what he worked on longest, but the prevailing tone through its many moods is urbane and ironic, as though amused by the hypocrisies and aimlessness of aristocratic society. So it was Pushkin, whose private life was no better than that of his contemporaries, and often worse, who finally made poetry into a probing and dangerous medium, capable of asking taboo questions and acting as a needed social conscience.

Russia in the early nineteenth century was reacting in its limited way to the Romantic call for individualism, constitutional liberty and escape to nature that inspired British poets, a call that was to lead to the 1848 year of European revolutions, to the emancipation of the Russian serfs, and to the various social movements that overwhelmed

Russia in the twentieth century. But such movements in Pushkin's time were repressed, and remained repressed for most of the nineteenth century, finding their freedom in a rich outpouring of stories, poems and novels that a growing, well-educated but censored middle class could read, discuss but not implement in social reform.

Belatedly, after the romanticism of his previous southern tales, *The Gypsies* returned a sobering answer to visions of a society untainted by stifling social customs or growing commercialism. Community brings traditions, codes and responsibilities, and a life without them is only notionally free. Pushkin's society, with its multiple levels of aristocratic privilege and stifling bureaucracy, nonetheless prevents men from behaving as savages. Aleko was on the run from the law— there are allusions to a familiarity with good society — and he again oversteps the limit with the murder of Zemfira and her lover. Imprisonment or execution would have been his fate in the society he left behind, but here, among the timid and kindly gypsies, he is simply ostracised, left isolated between the two worlds, profoundly alone, as was Ovid whom Augustus exiled to the Black Sea, a story told at length by the old man.

Equally alone was Pushkin at Mikhaylovskoye. There were visits to neighbours, and correspondence with friends, but Pushkin now had the time to take stock, to wonder whether his mix of thoughtless antics and deeply held beliefs was affording the life he wanted. A new seriousness appears, in his conduct and writing. That golden felicity, which seems Pushkin's alone, never deserts him, but the fifteen years to the fatal duel will see marriage, children and a position at

court, but also a deepening seriousness and drift away from popular appeal: life is a quixotic but serious business, and the writer must follow where his troubling conscience led.

Whatever the personal element, *The Gypsies* is not wholly realistic. Several sequences have a dream-like quality, and fade out suddenly like film sets, without a connecting narrative. Presiding over the more ambiguous passages is the moon, a symbol of benevolence but also uncertainty. The moon lights the gypsy camp in the opening verses, but also blesses Zemfira's infidelities with the young gypsy, and then is lost in clouds when both are murdered. The moon has always been the sign of mutability, of women's fickleness, Pushkin's variation on *O swear not by the unconstant moon*, but becomes part of the melancholy shadow that Pushkin casts upon the poem. In short, it is one of Pushkin's many devices to emphasize the fluctuating fortunes of human kind, and that all is not always as it seems.

Rather ambivalent is also Pushkin's attitude to war. He repeatedly emphasizes the gypsies' gentle, indeed timid nature, their simple wish to live in amity with themselves and others. In the *Epilogue* appears a note to the Bessarabian territories won in 1806-12 Turko-Russian War, which are now roamed by the gypsies, but Pushkin knew very well that the Romani were no freer from persecution than before. Even lines 568-9, obligatory to someone hoping to be recalled from exile, have perhaps a slightly mocking, ironic air.

Commentators have noted how different is *The Gypsies* from standard Romantic beliefs, and Pushkin was not only being cautious but leaving the violence inherent in civilisation only latent in the poem, to be unleashed by Aleko the outcast.

The Gypsies has always possessed its admirers. Prince Mirsky called it: 'among the greatest works of Püshkin. . . The Gypsies are not treated realistically but merely as ideal representatives of a natural state of human society. . . a strong affirmation of freedom. . . and patently a plea for anarchism. It was Pushkin's first attempt at tragedy and one of his greatest. It is less easy to do justice to its poetical beauty, and speaking of it, one is too likely to forget the lesson of restraint that is the best lesson to be learned from Pushkin. The verse, less fluent and voluptuous than in *The Captive* and in *The Fountain*, is tighter, fuller, and more saturated with complex expressiveness. Such passages as the old gypsy's tale of Ovid, the end of the poem (with the speech of the old man on Aleko's murder), and especially the epilogue, are unsurpassable summits of poetry.'

In short, we read *The Gypsies* because there is nothing quite like it in Russian, or indeed world literature. British authors also wrote tales in verse, but they seem loose and overwritten in comparison to Pushkin. There is also the slightly older German literature, the *Sturm und Drang*, but it too seems forced and melodramatic. Pushkin's gift was not only an astonishing felicity but also balance, tact and literary propriety. He has not dressed up his protagonist in impossible traits, moreover. Aleko has some of the Romantic hero's qualities, but he is not heroic, only thoughtless, vengeful and self-centred. Any courage he possesses to act against conventions leads to brutal murder, to his being at the mercy of inner feelings.

Parallels to Pushkin's own life are not hard to find. The performing bear is described as на воле, but is far from

enjoying the freedom of the wild. Like Pushkin himself, it has to sing for its supper and go round performing antics foreign to its better nature. Aleko describes the society he escapes to join the gypsy community as boring and unprincipled, but those same gypsies are also bound by unreflecting traditions. Pushkin's picture of them as kindly, timid and everywhere welcome could certainly be challenged, but the only character to fully test their love of freedom is Zemfira. Yes, she conducts the affair recklessly under her husband's nose, and she unwisely taunts him, but Aleko, as her father reminds him, has chosen freedom for himself but will not extend it to his partner. Pushkin does not explore the matter further, and he has none of Tolstoy's utopian views, or Dostoevsky's compassion for the poor, but he was conscious of the arbitrary nature of Russian society. It is one theme he develops in *Eugene Onegin*, though without coming to proper conclusions, and certainly not moralising, any more than does the later Chekhov with stories that explore the gap between our modest hopes and reality.

Man is a gregarious animal, and must live by rules of common assent and tolerance. Those rules would apply to Pushkin when he rejoined society under the watchful eye of Nicholas I. As a writer, he needed the comfort, relaxation and companionship of married life, and also the peace of mind that a settled income brings. Instead, Russia's foremost poet marries Russia's foremost beauty, perhaps in genuine passion, perhaps as a calculated act of defiance, to compensate for the many humiliations he has suffered. But it was an unwise choice. Natalia Goncharova was a frivolous creature and made Pushkin beholden to her wealthy relatives. Her flirtations would lead to the fatal duel that, by the codes

of honour among Russian aristocrats, Pushkin could postpone but not ultimately avoid. The ending of *The Gypsies* was strangely prophetic: there is no refuge from our fate.

ЦЫГАНЫ

Цыганы шумною толпой
По Бессарабии кочуют.
Они сегодня над рекой
В шатрах изодранных ночуют.

5. Как вольность, вёсел их ночлег
И мирный сон под небесами;
Между колёсами телег,
Полузавешанных коврами,

Горит огонь; семья кругом
10. Готовит ужин; в чистом поле
Пасутся кони; за шатром
Ручной медведь лежит на воле.

Всё живо посреди степей:
Заботы мирные семей,
15. Готовых с утром в путь недалний,
И песни жён, и крик детей,
И звон походной наковальни.

Но вот на табор кочевой
Нисходит сонное молчанье,
20. И слышно в тишине степной
Лишь лай собак да коней ржанье.

The Gypsies

The gypsies in their noisy way
that far through Bessarabia roam
are camped across the river, stay
in threadbare tents that make their home.

5. But they are free. The heavens keep
their welcome for this peaceful race.
Between the wagon wheels they sleep:
the folded rugs give each his place.

A fire burns. Around the blaze
10. are people on their dinner bent.
In open fields the horses graze;
a tame bear's loose behind the tent.

The steppelands come alive with sound
when on the morrow all are found —
15. while children cry, and women sing —
to exit from their camping ground
to beats the marching anvils bring.

For now there's only silence where
the night for nomads takes its course,
20. and thinly through the steppeland air
comes bark of dog or neighing horse.

Огни везде погашены,
Спокойно всё, луна сияет
Одна с небесной вышины
25. И тихий табор озаряет.

В шатре одном старик не спит;
Он перед углями сидит,
Согретый их последним жаром,
И в поле дальнее глядит,
30. Ночным подернутое паром.

Его молоденькая дочь
Пошла гулять в пустынном поле.
Она привыкла к резвой воле,
Она придёт; но вот уж ночь,

35. И скоро месяц уж покинет
Небес далёких облака, —
Земфиры нет как нет; и стынет
Убогий ужин старика.

Но вот она; за нею следом
40. По степи юноша спешит;
Цыгану вовсе он неведом.
«Отец мой, — дева говорит, —

Веду я гостя; за курганом
Его в пустыне я нашла
45. И в табор на́ ночь зазвала.
Он хочет быть как мы цыганом;

Его преследует закон,
Но я ему подругой буд
Его зовут Алеко — он
50. Готов идти за мною всюду».

The lights are doused, and everywhere
a calm collects. The moon is bright.
The camp beneath its heavenly care
25. is flooded with a silver light.

But one old man is not asleep
and from the warmth the ashes keep
still gazes from his tent to see
across the steppeland's distant sweep
30. the night mists glimmer hazily.

There went his daughter, far from sight —
so much in love of freedom grown
she often wandered on her own.
She will return, but now the night

35. is dark about him, moon foretold
to leave its cloudy-pillared state,
yet no Zemfira comes, and cold
the scraps of food left on his plate.

But here she is, and with her too,
40. impatiently, a young man fares
towards him now, no face he knew.
'This man, my father,' she declares,

'will be our guest tonight. I lead
one lost in steppelands, one I found
45. far wandering from the funeral mound,
that, keen to learn our gypsy creed,

would now adopt our easy ways.
Although the law may seek his end,
Aleko is my choice and stays
50. my follower and closest friend.'

старит

Я рад. Останься до утра
Под сенью нашего шатра
Или пробудь у нас и доле,
Как ты захочешь. Я готов
55. С тобой делить и хлеб и кров.
Будь наш — привыкни к нашей доле,
Бродящей бедности и воле —

А завтра с утренней зарёй
В одной телеге мы поедem;
60. Примись за промысел любой:
Железо куй — иль песни пой
И селы обходи с медведем.

Алеко

Я остаюсь.

Земфира

Он будет мой:
65. Кто ж от меня его отгонит?
Но поздно... месяц молодой
Зашёл; поля покрыты мглой,
И сон меня невольно клонит..

Старик тихонько бродит
70. Вокруг безмолвного шатра.

Светло

«Вставай, Земфира: солнце всходит,
Проснись, мой гость! пора, пора!..

Old Man

Be welcome then. I'm pleased to see
you grace our tent's plain canopy
for this tonight, or longer stays.
I hope by your own feelings led
55. to share this awning and our bread
and grow accustomed to our ways
of roaming poor throughout our days.

The morrow in that cart will show
what routes together we can share.
60. You'll learn our songs, the crafts we know,
adopt our metal-working, go
the rounds with our performing bear.

Aleko

I'll stay.

Zemfira

He will be mine, for who
65. would dare to make it otherwise?
But now it's late: the young moon too
has set on fields a misty hue,
and sleep is heavy on my eyes.

The old man quietly treads around
70. the tent: the sun begins its climb.

Old Man

Zemfira, leave the restful ground.
Wake up, our guest: it's time, it's time.

Оставьте, дети, ложе неги!..»
И с шумом высыпал народ;
75. Шатры разобраны; телеги
Готовы двинуться в поход.

Всё вместе тронулось — и вот
Толпа валит в пустых равнинах.
Ослы в перекидных корзинах
80. Детей играющих несут;
Мужья и братья, жены, девы,
И стар и млад вослед идут;
Крик, шум, цыганские припевы,

Медведя рёв, его цепей
85. Нетерпеливое бряцанье,
Лохмотьев ярких пестрота,
Детей и старцев нагота,
Собак и лай и завыванье,

Волюнки говор, скрип телег,
90. Всё скудно, дико, всё нестройно,
Но всё так живо-неспокойно,
Так чуждо мертвых наших нег,

Так чуждо этой жизни праздной,
Как песнь рабов однообразной!

95. Уныло юноша глядел
На опустелую равнину
И грусти тайную причину
Истолковать себе не смел.

Children, leave your smiling bed.
The woken camp is now abroad.
75. With tents dismantled, wagons led,
the camp moves off in one accord –

a boisterous, makeshift, wild affray –
to pour out on the empty plain.
The donkey's pannier baskets strain
80. with children carried, still at play.
Menfolk, women, girls unwed,
young and old do not delay,
by shouts and songs are loudly sped.

With chains encumbered, cheek by jowl,
85. the bear will give a welcome growl.
And gaudy-clothed, with nothing on,
the old and young as one are gone
while dogs set up a fearful howl.

With moaning bagpipes, creaking carts
90. so comes this rich cacophony:
with not our death-like luxury
their restless, ready journey starts.

Compare our lives, more vacuous grown,
that we like slaves bewail and moan.

95. Gloomily the young man looked
across the uninviting waste:
what secret sorrow was effaced,
acknowledgements he hadn't brooked?

С ним черноокая Земфира,
100. Теперь он вольный житель мира,

И солнце весело над ним
Полуденной красою блещет;
Что ж сердце юноши трепещет?
Какой заботой он томим?

105. Птичка божия не знает
Ни заботы, ни труда;
Хлопотливо не свивает
.Долговечного гнёзда;

В долгу ночь на ветке дремлет;
110. Солнце красное взойдёт,
Птичка гласу бога внемлет,
Встрепенётся и поет.

За весной, красой природы,
Лето знойное пройдёт —
115. И туман и непогоды
Осень поздняя несёт:

Людам скучно, людам горе;
Птичка в дальные страны,
В тёплый край, за сине море
120. Улетает до весны.

Подобно птичке беззаботной
И он, изгнанник перелётный,
Гнёзда надёжного не знал
И ни к чему не привыкал.

But through Zemfira's wild, dark eyes
100. another world of freedom lies.

Besides, the sun so cheerfully
in midday warmth and beauty shone
that any trembling doubts had gone,
exhausting cares, assuredly?

105. The little bird is not to know
how God gives labour and its rest.
In twisted straw it does not sow
nor reap to make its sturdy nest.

But on a branch will sleep at night,
110. until the bright red sun will bring
the word of God, the dawning light
that wakes the bird and bids it sing

of springtime nature's giving ways,
of hot, dry summer hours that pass
115. into a mistiness, the few fine days
late autumn gathers, frail and sparse.

When grief and boredom gnaw our hearts
across blue seas and far from men
the bird has flown, when from those parts
120. the spring will send it back again.

Carefree, like that bird was he,
exiled and half migratory:
no nest to him was right or wrong,
nor did he stay in one place long.

125. Ему везде была дорога,
Везде была ночлега сень;
Проснувшись поутру, свой день
Он отдавал на волю бога,
И жизни не могла тревога
130. Смутить его сердечну лень.

Его порой волшебной славы
Манила дальная звезда;
Нежданно роскошь и забавы
К нему являлись иногда;

135. Над одинокой головою
И гром нередко грохотал;
Но он беспечно под грозою
И в ведро ясное дремал.

И жил, не признавая власти
140. Судьбы коварной и слепой;
Но боже! как играли страсти
Его послушною душой!

С каким волнением кипели
В его измученной груди!
145. Давно ль, на долго ль усмирели?
Они проснутся: погоди!

Земфира

Скажи, мой друг: ты не жалéешь
О том, что брóсил на всегдá?

125. His future road led everywhere,
and gave him shelter for the night.
He woke to morning's kindly light,
and gave his will to God's own care,
that no anxieties ensnare
130. the indolence that's his by right.

Sometimes a magic in the hour,
assured a vague prosperity.
In distant star, or some such power,
the day would bloom abundantly.

135. More often on that high-held head
the storms would break, or, sleeping well,
the body on the ground was spread,
indifferent to the rain that fell.

To none he owed authority,
140. and yet the passions took their toll,
for blind, deceptive fate would be
the force that broke his trusting soul.

And in that late-exhausted breast
fierce agitations run in spate,
145. and so the spirit long at rest
is soon to wake. Be patient. Wait!

Zemfira

Assure me, friend, you'll not regret
the longings hearts must always bear.

Алеко

Что ж брóсил я?

Земфира

150. Ты разумеешь:
Людей отчизны, города.

Алеко

О чём жалеть? Когда б ты знала,
Когда бы ты воображала

Неволю душных городов!
155. Там люди, в кучах за оградой,
Не дышат утренней прохладой,
Ни вешним запахом лугов;

Любви стыдятся, мысли гонят,
Торгуют волею своей,
160. Главы пред идолами клонят
И просят денег да цепей.

Что бросил я? Измен волнение,
Предрассуждений приговор,
Толпы безумное гонение
165. Или блистательный позор.

Земфира

Но там огромные палаты,
Там разноцветные ковры,
Там игры, шумные пиры,
Уборы дев там так богаты!..

Aleko

What longings?

Zemfira

150. That must go on yet
of homes and cities, people there.

Aleko

You only see them as they seem,
and do not know that empty dream.

For how confining is each street,
155. the masses chafing at some rule,
that can't delight in morning cool,
or vernal meadows, fresh and sweet.

Afraid of love that ends in shame,
where life's but bargaining for gains,
160. and worship of a splendid name
yet begs of money and its chains.

What's given up are giddy fads,
where crowds shout falsehoods to your face,
where prejudice or nonsense adds
165. its glory to a famed disgrace.

Zemfira

But think of spacious chambers there,
and carpets in their many hues,
the feasts and games from which to choose.
what clothes the well-dressed women wear,

Алеко

170. Что шум веселий городских?
Где нет любви, там нет веселий.
А девы... Как ты лучше их
И без нарядов дорогих,
Без жемчугов, без ожерелий!

175. Не изменись, мой нежный друг!
А я... одно моё желанье
С тобой делить любовь, досуг
И добровольное изгнанье!

старит

Ты любишь нас, хоть и рождён
180. Среди богатого народа.
Но не всегда мила свобода
Тому, кто к неге приучен.

Меж нами есть одно пред
Царём когда-то сослан был
185. Полудня житель к нам в изгнанье.
(Я прежде знал, но позабыл
Его мудрёное прозвание.)

Он был уже летами стар,
Но млад и жив душой незлобной —
190. Имел он песен дивный дар
И голос, шуму вод подобный —

Aleko

170. What is that city gaiety
but empty merriment of girls
who have no love at heart? To me
you're better with no finery
or necklaces of costly pearls.

175. So never change, my gentle friend,
that everything I choose to share
in love and leisure to the end
is exile that I'll gladly bear.

Old Man

I know you love our simple days
180. though born of richer parenthood,
but freedom is not certain good
or those brought up in softer ways.

There is a legend we would tell
of someone exiled by his king
185. that, sent to us, had bid farewell
to southern ease (exhibiting
some nickname not recalled too well.)

He was in years then overlong
but young at heart in everything.
190. He had that innate gift for song
that's in the water's murmuring.

И полюбили всё его,
И жил он на берегах Дуная,
Не обижая никого,
195. Людей рассказами пленяя;

Не разумел он ничего,
И слаб и робок был, как дети;
Чужие люди за него
Зверей и рыб ловили в сети;

200. Как мёрзла быстрая река
И зимни вихри бушевали,
Пушистой кожей покрывали
Они святого старика;

Но он к заботам жизни бедной
205. Привыкнуть никогда не мог;
Скитался он иссохший, бледный,
Он говорил, что гневный бог

Его карал за преступленье...
Он ждал: придёт ли избавленье.

210. И всё несчастный тосковал,
Бродя по берегам Дуная,
Да горьки слёзы проливал,
Свой дальный град вспоминая,
И завещал он, умирая,

215. Чтобы на юг перенесли
Его тоскующие кости,
И смертью — чуждой сей земли
Не успокоенные гости!

And so the love of all he won
and, though he lived on Danube shores
without offending anyone,
195. his each engaging tale ignores

the needed things he left undone.
Both shy and weak he was, his wish
to be as nature's child, and one
that strangers helped to hunt and fish

200. when rivers froze, and winter's frost
seemed strange, and storms: they urged him don
the coat of fur all need anon:
a holy man but to his cost.

At our hard life he could but fail,
205. as not accustomed from the first.
And as he wandered, withered, pale,
he thought an angry god had cursed

him for some unfamiliar crime.
On that he waited, sure in time

210. recall would come. Still on he went
along the Danube banks. What tears,
what bitter homesick tears were spent
by one remembering former years.
And would until his deathbed hears

215. his plea that grieving bones be sent
on southward as his last request.
Alien he was, and only lent
to us as some reluctant guest.

Алеко

Так вот судьба твоих сынов,
220. О Рим, о громкая держава!..
Певец любви, певец богов,
Скажи мне, что такое слава?

Могильный гул, хвалебный глас,
Из рода в роды звук бегущий?
225. Или под сенью дымной кущи
Цыгана дикого рассказ?

* * *

Прошло два лета. Так же бродят
Цыганы мирною толпой;
Везде по-прежнему находят
230. Гостеприимство и покой.

Презрев оковы просвещения,
Алеко волен, как они;
Он без забот в сожаленья
Ведёт кочующие дни.

235. Всё тот же он; семья всё та же;
Он, прежних лет не помня даже,
К бытию цыганскому привык.
Он любит их ночлегов сени,
И упоенье вечной лени,
240. И бедный, звучный их язык.

Медведь, беглец родной берлоги,
Косматый гость его шатра,
В селеньях, вдоль степной дороги,
Близ молдаванского двора

Aleko

Such is your children's destiny,
220. O Rome. How loud was power
in love and beauty. Answer me:
how is your glory at this hour?

Resounding echo that has stood
the test of ages as from old,
225. or shadow in the smoky wood
that's in a gypsy story told?

* * *

Two years have passed. The gypsies roam
the where they will and never cease
to find in any place their home,
230. a welcome and a quiet peace.

All learned constraints they leave behind,
Aleko is as free as they,
and no regrets disturb his mind
the length of that long nomad day.

235. They are his family, and now
he cannot quite remember how
he grew familiar with their ways,
or how the overnights allow
that blissful indolence, endow
240. him with the gypsy turn of phrase.

The bear has made their tent its lair,
from which it sallies out as sought
at roadside village: on they fare
towards that far Moldavian court.

245. Перед толпою осторожной
И тяжко пляшет, и ревёт,
И цепь докучную грызёт;
На посох опершись дорожный,

Старик лениво в бубны бьёт,
250. Алеко с пеньём зверя водит,
Земфира поселян обходит
И дань их вольную берёт.

Настанет ночь; они всё трое
Варят нежатое пшено;
255. Старик уснул с и всё в покое...
В шатре и тихо и темно.

Старик на вешнем солнце греет
Уж остывающую кровь;
У люльки дочь поет любовь.
260. Алеко внемлет и бледнеет.

Земфира

Старый муж, грозный муж,
Режь меня, жги меня:
Я тверда; не боюсь
Ни ножа, ни огня.

265. Ненавижу тебя,
Презираю тебя;
Я другого люблю,
Умираю любя.

Алеко

Молчи. Мне пенье надоело,
270. Я диких песен не люблю.

245. It lurches on its dancing path,
before each cautious, watchful crowd;
it chafes at chain and roars aloud.
The old man leans upon his staff,

and softly beats the tambourine.
250. Aleko, singing, leads the bear.
Zemfira takes what folk can spare
and gladly from each passing scene.

* * *

The night will come and find the three
at supper, eating millet. Each his fill
255. will take, and sleep, the tent to be
in flooded darkness, quiet and still.

The old man's cooling blood inhales
the springtime warmth. His daughter sings
a cradle song. Aleko brings
260. his wits to order, thinks and pales.

Zemfira

Husband old and stern,
hurt or harm your wife:
Strong I am and spurn
the fire and threatened knife.

265. You I hate and scorn,
one despised and worn;
another's love I'll be,
to death however drawn.

Aleko

I'm tired of songs, have had enough
270. of untamed mischief's lunacy.

Земфира

Не любишь? мне какое дело!
Я песню для себя пою.

Режь меня, жги меня;
Не скажу ничего;
275. Старый муж, грозный муж,
Не узнаёшь его.

Он свежее вёсны,
Жарче летнего дня;
Как он молод и смёл!
280. Как он любит меня!
Как ласкала его
Я в ночной тишине!
Как смеялись тогда
Мы твоей седине!

Алеко

285. Молчи, Земфира! я доволен...

Земфира

Так понял песню ты мою?

Алеко

Земфира!

Земфира

Ты сердиться волен,
Я песню про тебя пою.

Уходит и поёт: Старый муж и проч.

Zemfira

What is it you do not love?
The things you hear I sing for me.

Hurt or harm your wife,
him I'll not betray;
275. not from me you'll learn
who smiles on me today.

From fresh days in the spring,
come summer's fuller days.
How brave he is and young,
280. how tender is his gaze.
So caresses may
foretell the silent night.
Secretely we laugh
at such a grey-haired sight.

Aleko

285. Be done, Zemfira. That's enough.

Zemfira

Don't you think the words ring true?

Aleko

Zemfira!

Zemfira

Anger shows its stuff,
acknowledges I sing of you!

Goes away and sings: Husband old and stern, and so on.

старит

290. Так, помню, помню — песня эта
Во время наше сложена,
Уже давно в забаву света
Поётся меж людей она.

Кочуя на степях Кагула,
295. Её, бывало, в зимнюю ночь
Моя певала Мариула,
Перед огнем качая дочь.

В уме моем минувши лета
Час от часу темней, темней;
300. Но заронилась песня эта
Глубоко в памяти моей.

* * *

Всё тихо; ночь. Луной украшен
Лазурный юга небосклон,
Старик Земфирой пробужден:
305. «О мой отец! Алеко страшён.
Послушай: сквозь тяжелый сон
И стонет, и рыдает он».

старит

Не тронь его. Храни молчанье.
Слышал я русское преданье:
310. Теперь полнощной порой
У спящего теснит дыханье
Домашний дух; перед зарей
Уходит он. Сиди со мной.

Old Man

290. Again, again, have I begun
to know that teasing song because
it caught the ear of everyone,
as sweet on winter steppes it was

to go on Kagul journeying.

295. Unhappily would then transpire
what Mariula used to sing
to daughter dandled by the fire.

Though mind that's ever darkening hides
each hour by hour those summer days,
300. in memory that song resides
but deeper in the far-off haze.

* * *

Now all is silent and the moon
illuminates the southern sky.
Zemfira-woken from his swoon,
305. the father hears his daughter cry,
'When lost in heavy slumbers why
does my Aleko groan and sigh?'

Old Man

No, do not touch him. Sleepers may,
or so our Russian legends say,
310. at midnight's dark authority
be under some vast spirits sway.
But in the morning, you will see,
it goes away. Come, sit with me.

Земфира

Отец мой! шепчет он: Земфира

старит

315. Тебя он ищет и во сне:
Ты для него дороже мира.

Земфира

Его любовь постыла мне.
Мне скучно; сердце воли просит —
Уж я... Но тише! слышишь? он
320. Другое имя произносит...

старит
Чье имя?

Земфира

Слышишь? хриплый стон
И скрежет ярый!.. Как ужасно!..
Я разбужу его...

старит

325. Напрасно,
Ночного духа не гони —
Уйдёт и сам...

Земфира

Он повернулся,
Привстал, зовёт меня... проснулся —
330. Иду к нему — прощай, усни.

Zemfira

He whispers, father, says my name.

Old Man

315. It's you he looks for: in that dream
you are the world's most treasured flame.

Zemfira

So once for me, though now it seem
a boredom I can hardly bear.
But quiet, listen: can't you hear
320. some other's name is uttered there?

Old Man

Then whose?

Zemfira

 And now more groans appear.
How fearful are those howls of pain
I'll wake him up.

Old Man

325. No, don't. In vain
is any intervention there.
In time he'll leave . .

Zemfira

 He shifts around
and though he sought me in the sound.
330. Go back to sleep. He's in my care.

Алеко

Где ты была?

Земфира

С отцом сидела.
Какой-то дух тебя томил;
Во сне душа твоя терпела
335. Мученья; ты меня страшил:
Ты, сонный, скрежетал зубами
И звал меня.

Алеко

Мне снилась ты.
Я видел, будто между нами...
340. Я видел страшные мечты!

Земфира

Не верь лукавым сновиденьям.

Алеко

Ах, я не верю ничему:
Ни снам, ни сладким увереньям,
Ни даже сердцу твоему.

старит

345. О чём, безумец молодой,
О чём вздыхаешь ты всечасно?
Здесь люди вольны, небо ясно,
И жёны славятся красой.
Не плачь: тоска тебя погубит.

Aleko

Where were you?

Zemfira

With father sat.

You were possessed. What agony
your soul was in, such torment that
335. it frightened me. How angrily
in stormy sleep you gnashed your teeth.
You called to me.

Aleko

I dreamt of you.

And something threatening beneath
340. the dream that moved to hurt us two.

Zemfira

Then don't believe in what it says.

Aleko

I don't believe in anything
of dreams and sweet assurances,
or even what the heart may bring.

Old Man

345. Please, enough, young madman: you
can have no cause to hourly sigh.
You're free beneath a cloudless sky
with women known for beauty, too.
Despair is fatal: do not so.

Алеко

350. Отец, она меня не любит.

старит

Утешься, друг: она дитя.
Твоё унынье безрассудно:
Ты любишь горестно и трудно,
А сердце женское — шутя.

355. Взгляни: под отдалённым сводом
Гуляет вольная луна;
На всю природу мимоходом
Равно сиянье льет она.

Заглянет в облако любое,
360. Его так пышно озарит —
И вот — уж перешла в другое;
И то недолго посетит.

Кто место в нёбе ей укажет,
Примолвя: там остановись!
365. Кто сердцу юной девы скажет:
Люби одно, не изменись?
Утешься.

Алеко

Как она любила!
Как нежно преклонясь ко мне,
370. Она в пустынной тишине
Часы ночные проводила!

Aleko

350. She does not love me: that I know.

Old Man

My friend, take comfort: she's a child.
As dangerous as grievings are,
your love is strong and singular
where she is simply light and wild.

355. Across the heavens will the moon
not freely let her brightness fall
on nature underneath, that soon
her blessedness belongs to all?

In each passing cloud she pours
360. luxuriant and dazzling light,
and at some other then will pause
but briefly in her transient flight.

But who can tell her never leave
her one position. Women range
365. to where they will, and none believe
the young in love will never change.
Take heart.

Aleko

But how she loved me then.
I was her one and whole delight:
370. she'd bend in silence through the night
most tenderly to me again,

Веселья детского полна,
Как часто милым лепетаньем
Иль упоительным лобзаньем
375. Мою задумчивость она

В минуту разогнать умела!..
И что ж? Земфира неверна!
Моя Земфира охладела!...

старит

Послушай: расскажу тебе
380. Я повесть о самом себе.

Давно, давно, когда Дунаю
Не угрожал ещё москаль —
(Вот видишь, я припоминаю,
Алеко, старую печаль.)

385. Тогда боялись мы султана;
А правил Буджаком паша
С высоких башен Аккермана —
Я молод был; моя душа

В то время радостно кипела;
390. И ни одна в кудрях моих
Ещё сединка не белела, —
Между красавиц молодых

Одна была... и долго ею,
Как солнцем, любовался я,
395. И наконец назвал моею...
Ах, быстро молодость моя

Звездой падучею мелькнула!
Но ты, пора любви, минула

full of childish chatter, full
of sweetness, babbling on.
Where has all that kissing gone
375. that made the nights so memorable,

that daylight worries fell away?
Is my Zemfira now to say
that wrong she was, and cold will stay?

Old Man

Now listen to me, let me tell
380. my story, how it once befell

and long ago, when Moscow was
no threat to us on Danube's shores,
and one, my friend, recalled because
the mind, with effort, finds each cause.

385. It was the Bujak Pasha's powers
we feared the most, the sovereignty
of Akkerman's high walls and towers,
though I was young, my soul then free

to live in life's exuberance.
390. My hair had not a touch of grey,
how often some young beauty's glance
would linger on me, smile and stay.

But I had only eyes for one,
who was as sun is. From afar,
395. I looked for her, and longed, and won.
But faster than the shooting star

would go that youth's sufficiency:
for one year only would I see

Ещё быстрее: только год
400. Меня любила Мариула.

Однажды близ Кагульских вод
Мы чуждый табор повстречали;
Цыганы те, свои шатры
Разбив близ наших у горы,
405. Две ночи вместе ночевали.

Они ушли на третью ночь, —
И, брося маленькую дочь,

Ушла за ними Мариула.
Я мирно спал; заря блеснула;

410. Проснулся я, подруги нет!
Ищу, зову — пропал и след.

Тоскуя, плакала Земфира,
И я заплакал — с этих пор
Постыли мне все девы мира;
415. Меж ими никогда мой взор

Не выбирал себе подруги,
И одинокие досуги
Уже ни с кем я не делил.

Алеко

Да как же ты не поспешил
420. Тотчас вослед неблагодарной
И хищникам и ей коварной
Кинжала в сердце не вонзил?

my Mariula: nothing more
400. was my beloved's love for me.

For then beside the Kagul shore
we met an alien company
of gypsies in their tented place
arranged, like ours, at mountain's base,
405. we spent two nights with them, to be

abandoned on the third, and find
our daughter had been left behind.

My Mariula with them gone
the while we quietly slumbered on.

410. I woke companionless, to face
a search and call, but not a trace.

How endlessly Zemfira wept
as I did also. From that day
how many looks I'd intercept
415. of virgins well inclined, but they

gained nothing from me. On my own
I stayed and was more silent grown:
a life not shared with anyone.

Aleko

But after her you should have run,
420. the perpetrator and her friend,
and with a dagger made an end
of what those faithless two had done.

старит

К чему? вольнее птицы младость;
Кто в силах удержать любовь?
425. Чредою всем даётся радость;
Что было, то не будет вновь.

Алеко

Я не таков. Нет, я не споря
От прав моих не откажусь!
Или хоть мщением наслажусь.
430. О нет! когда б над бездной моря

Нашёл я спящего врага,
Клянусь, и тут моя нога
Не пощадила бы злодея;
Я в волны моря, не бледнея,

435. И беззащитного б толкнул;
Внезапный ужас пробужденья
Свирепым смехом упрекнул,
И долго мне его паденья
Смешон и сладок был бы гул.

молодой цыган

440. Ещё одно... одно лобзанье...

Земфира

Пора: мой муж ревнив и зол.

Old Man

But why? For freedom youth will yearn,
a bird that no one wants to pen.

425. To each comes happiness in turn,
though what was once won't be again.

Aleko

Well, I'm not one to cede my rights,
but in revenge luxuriate.

I would at once retaliate,
430. if rival came within my sights.

And if I found the enemy
defenceless sleeping by the sea
I'd not a moment hesitate
but hurl the villain to his fate.

435. I'd drown the man as I saw fit.
What terror when he came awake!
But afterwards I'd not a whit
reproach myself but laugh and make
a tune and gladly hum to it.

* * *

Young Gypsy

440. One more kiss I beg to know . . .

Zemfira

My husband's jealous, is not sane . .

цыган

Одно... но доле!.. на прощанье.

Земфира

Прощай, покамест не пришёл.

цыган

Скажи — когда ж опять свиданье?

Земфира

445. Сегодня, как зайдёт луна,
Там, за курганом над могилой...

цыган

Обманет! не придёт она!

Земфира

Вот он! беги!.. Приду, мой милый.

Алеко спит. В его уме
450. Виденье смутное играет;
Он, с криком пробудясь во тьме,
Ревниво руку простирает;

Но обробелая рука
Покровы хладные хватает —
455. Его подруга далека...
Он с трепетом привстал и внемлет...

Gypsy

Just one more kiss before I go.

Zemfira

Before he comes. We'll meet again.

Gypsy

So tell me where and when

Zemfira

445. Tonight behind the funeral mound
when darkening sets the moon above.

Young Gypsy

If sweet deceiver can't be found?

Zemfira

But husband may. I'll come, my love.

Aleko's sleeping, lost in dreams
450. that slowly occupy his mind,
there darkening, darkening, till he deems
himself mistaken now to find

an absence greets him from the bed.
He puts a hand into the blanket's fold,
455. but finds no occupant, instead
a sleeping place that's long been cold.

Всё тихо — страх его объемлет,
По нем текут и жар и хлад;

Встаёт он, из шатра выходит,
460. Вокруг телег, ужасен, бродит;
Спокойно всё; поля молчат;

Темно; луна зашла в туманы,
Чуть брезжит звезд неверный свет,
Чуть по росе приметный след
465. Ведёт за дальные курганы:

Нетерпеливо он идёт,
Куда зловещий след ведёт.

Могила на краю дороги
Вдали белеет перед ним...
470. Туда слабеющие ноги
Влачит, предчувствием томим,

Дрожат уста, дрожат колени,
Идет... и вдруг... иль это сон?
Вдруг видит близкие две тени
475. И близкой шёпот слышит он —
Над обесславленной могилой.

1-й голос

Пора...

2-й голос

Постой...

Then terrors seize him: uncontrolled,
the fire and ice course every vein,

that, on his feet, propelled by doubt,
460. he gains the entrance, staggers out,
and stares around. The steppes remain

beneath a moon that's barely found,
the stars are faint and can deceive,
yet still the dew-thick grasses leave
465. a track towards that funeral mound.

With fear and then ferocious speed,
he follows where the footprints lead.

The grave beside the wayside grows
to glimmering whiteness as he nears
470. what stumbling legs will now disclose,
as more tormenting grow his fears.

With trembling lips, on trembling knees
as sees at once, or sees a dream
of figures, voices. . . by degrees
475. the shadows there no longer seem
but what the shame-faced tomb must give.

Ist Voice

Enough.

2nd Voice

No, stay. . .

1-й голос

Пора, мой милый.

2-й голос

480. Нет, нет, постой, дождемся дня.

1-й голос

Уж поздно.

2-й голос

Как ты робко любишь.
Минуту!

1-й голос

Ты меня погубишь.

2-й голос

485. Минуту!

1-й голос

Если без меня
Проснется муж?..

Ist Voice

It's time, my love.

2nd Voice

480. It can't be long to break of day?.

1st Voice

That's much too late.

2nd Voice

How timidly
you love. Please wait.

1st Voice

You'll ruin me.

2nd Voice

485. One minute.

1st Voice

But if I'm away,
the moment husband wakes . . .

Алеко

Проснулся я.
Куда вы! не спешите оба;
490. Вам хорошо и здесь у гроба.

Земфира

Мой друг, беги, беги...

Алеко

Постой!
Куда, красавец молодой?
Лежи!

(Вонзает в него нож.)

Земфира

495. Алеко!

цыган

Умираю...

Земфира

Алеко, ты убьёшь его!
Взгляни: ты весь обрызган кровью!
что ты сделал?

Aleko

He may.
So why not brave him to his face?
490. This tomb will make a fitting place.

Zemfira

My good friend, run, run . . .

Aleko

Run?
My fine young fellow, I'm not done.
Stay down.

(Strikes him with knife.)

Zemfira

495. Aleko!

Young Gypsy.

Life goes out.

Zemfira

Disgrace
is in such splattered blood. His death
brings what?

Алеко

500. Ничего.
Теперь дыши его любовью.

Земфира

Нет, полно, не боюсь тебя! —
Твои угрозы презираю,
Твоё убийство проклиная...

Алеко

505. Умри ж и ты!

(Поражает её.)

Земфира

Умру любя́...

Восток, денницей озаренный,
Сиял. Алеко за холмом,
С ножом в руках, окровавленный
510. Сидел на камне гробовом.

Два трупа перед ним лежали;
Убийца страшён был лицом.
Цыганы робко окружали
Его встревоженной толпой.

Aleko

500. A fitful grace
where you can drink your lover's breath.

Zemfira

But, see: I'm not afraid of you.
You threaten me but I despise
your honour in this hateful guise.

Aleko

505. Then die as well.

(Knifes her.)

Zemfira

To him still true . . .

And now the dawn-star's lost to day,
as, on the hill, but left alone,
his knife still wet, Aleko lay
510. bewildered on that coffin stone.

Two corpses stretched upon the ground,
the face that saw them fearsome grown.
Shyly gypsies mill around,
by mounting apprehensions sent.

515. Могилу в стороне копали.
Шли жёны скорбной чередой
И в очи мёртвых целовали.
Старик-отец один сидел
И на погибшую глядел

520. В немом бездействии печали;
Подняли трупы, понесли
И в лоно хладное земли
Чёту младую положили.

Алеко издали смотрел
525. На всё... когда же их закрыли
Последней горстию земной,
Он молча, медленно склонился
И с камня на траву свалился.

Тогда старик, приближась, рек:
530. «Оставь нас, гордый человек!
Мы дики; нет у нас законов,
Мы не терзаем, не казним —
Не нужно крови нам и стонов —
Но жить с убийцей не хотим...

535. Ты не рождён для дикой доли,
Ты для себя лишь хочешь воли;
Ужасен нам твой будет глас:
Мы робки и добры душою,
Ты зол и смёл — оставь же нас,
540. Прости, да будет мир с тобою».
Сказал — и шумною толпою

Поднялся табор кочевой
С долины страшного ночлега.
И скоро всё в дали степной
545. Сокрылось; лишь одна телега,

515. A grave was dug beside the road.
The wives in sad succession went
and on cold lids their kiss bestowed.
The old man, on his own, half-crazed,
at those still figures dumbly gazed.

520. But when those looks had drunk their fill
of anguish and of sorrow's worth,
they took each one and in the earth
interred them quietly, cold and still.

Aleko from afar seemed dazed
525. but watched to see the last soil spill
and put the figures out of sight.
Silently he bowed his head,
from tombstone fell to grassy bed.

And then the old man, drawing near,
530. said, 'Youth, you are not wanted here.
Though wild we may be, know no laws,
exact no blood in penalty,
but with a murderer won't have cause
to live in former amity.

535. You were not born to freedom's wealth
but seized it solely for yourself.
Repugnant is that brazen voice
to us of quiet communities.
Be gross and strong: such is your choice,
540. which we forgive. So go in peace.'
With wailing cries at his release

the gypsies streamed away. They left
the valley of that dreadful night,
545. and on that plain, of them bereft,

Убогим крытая ковром,
Стояла в поле роковом.
Так иногда перед зимою,
Туманной, утренней порою,

550. Когда подьёмлется с полей
Станица поздних журавлей

И с криком вдаль на юг несётся,
Пронзённый гибельным свинцом
Один печально остается,
555. Повиснув раненым крылом.

Настала ночь: в телеге тёмной
Огня никто не разложил,
Никто под крышею подьёмной
До утра сном не опочил.

ЭПИЛОГ

560. Волшебной силой песнопенья
В туманной памяти моей
Так оживляются виденья
То светлых, то печальных дней.

В стране, где долго, долго брани
565. Ужасный гул не умолкал,
Где повелительные грани
Самбулу русский указал,

was but one cart, poor carpet found
to mark that fatal camping ground,
as sometimes, on a winter's dawn,
across the fields the mist is drawn

550. to screen where some such village lies.
Late cranes start up, with haunting cries,

and, flapping ever southward, find
what grievous hurt the hunters bring,
as one bird sadly limps behind
555. and trails its gunshot-heavy wing.

The night has come. No fire is lit,
no figure's vigil there is kept;
no one has warmth or cheer in it,
or long beneath that awning slept.

Epilogue

560. Such is the magic power of song
that distant memories may stir:
envisioned hopes for which we long,
then sadnesses our lives incur.

And in these lands of long abuse,
565. where sounds of warfare never cease
and might of Russian arms reduce
the limits of the Turkish lease:

Где старый наш орёл двуглавый
Ещё шумит минувшей славой,

570. Встречал я посреди степей
Над рубежами древних станов
Телеги мирные цыганов,
Смирённой вольности детей.

За их ленивыми толпами
575. В пустынях часто я бродил,
Простую пищу их делил
И засыпал пред их огнями.

В походах медленных любил
Их песен радостные гулы —
580. И долго милой Мариулы
Я имя нежное твердил.

Но счастья нет и между вами,
Природы бедные сыны!..
под издранными шатрами
585. Живут мучительные сны,

И ваши сени кочевые
В пустынях не спаслись от бед,
И всюду страсти роковые,
И от судеб защиты нет.

the double-headed eagle reigns
in glory and its ancient gains.

570. And on these steppes I've often met,
beyond the ancient battlefields,
the carts and young of gypsies set
on paths their wandering freedom yields.

Behind those crowds I've also kept
575. their faith in common fortitude,
have often shared their simple food,
and by their welcome fires have slept.

I too have loved each slow campaign
and in their cheerful manner sung
580. of Mariuly, sweet among
the names that I repeat again.

To all our joys comes ill-intent:
the meekest have their frailties,
and under the most airy tent
585. live painful dreams and memories.

In empty canopies, about
the desert wastes, fierce mischiefs wait.
Our harmful passions find us out:
there is no refuge from our fate.

GLOSSARY AND APPROXIMATIONS

Gypsies: Pushkin's view of the Romani is an unusually sympathetic one, which gave rise to various rumours: that Pushkin was an expert on Romani matters, that he spoke their language, and had a tragic affair with a beautiful Romani. All are simply legends. Pushkin did visit their camps, but the portrait in *The Gypsies* is his own creation, based on observations, reading and what he needed for the poem's theme. Pushkin's intuitions were basically correct, however, and even in the last century the Romani have been ostracized, repressed, enslaved and/or ethnically cleansed. See Aliana Lemo's *Between Two Fires: Gypsy Performance and Romani Memory from Pushkin's time to Post-Socialism*. Duke University Press, 2000. Also M. F. Muryanov's *Pushkin and the Gipsy* (in Russian)
<http://www.philology.ru/literature2/muryanov-99.htm>

10. Bessarabia: part of today's Moldavia: a strip of land northwest of the Black Sea, bounded by the rivers Dniester and Prut. Formerly part of the Ottoman Empire, it was ceded to Russia in the Treaty of Bucharest, following the 1806-12 Turko-Russian War. The country is very fertile, with hilly plains and flat steppes.

73. 'a boisterous, makeshift, wild affray': content interchanged from line 90.

107-8. 'not sow / nor reap' is my addition.

183-218. Refers to the poet Publius Ovidius Naso (43 BC – 17/18 AD), exiled by Augustus in AD 8 to Tomis (now Constanta), on the Black Sea. The reasons are unknown, possibly for Ovid's opposition to the emperor's marriage laws, or out of personal animosity. In this semi-barbarian land the poet produced two collections, *Tristia* and *Epistulae ex Ponto*, but was not recalled.

275-6. 'not from me you'll learn / who smiles on me today': the Russian is '(you'll) not recognize him'.

294. The Kagul is a river in Moldavia, incidentally the site of a famous victory in 1770, where the Russian army under Peter Rumyantsev defeated at much larger Turkish force.

295. 'Unhappily' is my addition.

529. I have not translated the 'pek' (rivers) as it seems largely introduced to meet rhyme needs.

385-8. Bujak is an area along the Black Sea coast between the Dniester and the Danube. At its centre was the fortress of Akkerman (now Belgorod-Dniester). In 1806 the city was taken by the Russians, and in 1812 the whole region was annexed. Pasha was a high rank in the Ottoman administration, typically given to governors and army generals.

392. 'would linger on me, smile and stay': the Russian is simply 'among beautiful girls'.

504. 'your honour in this hateful guise': the Russian is
'execrate your murder'.

564-7. Refer to Turko-Russian War and the new frontiers
established by the Bucharest Peace Treaty of 1812.

APPENDIX

Traduttore traditore, says the Italian proverb, and in this ebook I have provided two versions: a formal translation into acceptable English verse and a plain word-for-word rendering. I hope both will be useful.

Also in this Appendix is the prosody of Pushkin's text, where masculine rhymes appear in lower case letters and the feminine in upper case.

Pushkin's own use of Russian evolved, and the change to greater simplicity comes with *The Gypsies*, where Pushkin strips the language of all unnecessary ornament and exhibits his unrivalled gift for finding the most effective Russian expression. But the change was not wholly effected in the one work. Traces of earlier poeticisms remain (e.g 'bed of bliss' in line 73), and Pushkin's verse can also fail to fully enclose the sense (as in lines 223-4, for example, which simply say 'Grave rumble, laudatory voice, / from race to birth sound?' I have had to expand this to 'Resounding echo that has stood / the test of ages as from old?') In fact, as the reader comparing the formal and literal renderings will find, there are many condensations, work arounds and small amplifications, but all, I hope, are consonant with Pushkin's apparent intentions. Serious departures from Puskin's text are few, however, and noted in the Glossary.

The Gypsies was the last of Pushkin's cycle of southern tales, and proved as popular as its predecessors. The Caucasus was an exotic land to Russians, one inhabited by

fiercely independent races with colourful customs. But where Pushkin's previous tales had been filled with the high-blown sentiments of the Romantic novel, *The Gypsies* is recounted quietly and rationally. By looking through the literal version given here the reader can see Pushkin's measured words, noting how quietly the scene is set, the relevant information is laid out, and with what restraint the protagonists' emotions are depicted. Pushkin tends to be admirably clear, and that surface clarity only hints at what Chateaubriand and Byron, important influences on Pushkin, would elaborate in extended description or impassioned declamation. Pushkin indeed retains much of the reserve and urbanity of 18th century writers, and stays in strict control of his narrative. We are only told what we need to know in *The Gypsies*, that Aleko is thoughtful of the life he left behind, that Zemfira's father is old, passive and accepting, and that Zemfira is impulsive and high-spirited. But there is no character drawing as such, and Zemfira receives the only epithet: dark-eyed, a very conventional description.

Russian verse is a little different from English, and the prosody pages give the natural or intrinsic stresses possessed by the individual Russian words. Russian words may or may not have a stressed syllable, but they never have a secondary stress. One word, of whatever number of syllables, can therefore have no more than one stressed syllable. By Russian verse conventions, however — highly artificial but serving well for two centuries — multisyllabic words can nonetheless be fitted into a simple metrical scheme by assigning an unvoiced stress to syllables that are not stressed in conversation, allowing them to be 'sensed' or

'heard' in the mind only. But while the natural stress pattern in individual words is largely fixed, the Russian poet can choose his words so that the number of natural stresses varies from the full complement to practically none in any given line. Russian verse is therefore more fluid and delicately patterned than its English counterpart, and end rhyme is correspondingly more important.

Pushkin's opening lines, for example, have 2, 2, 3 and 3 natural stresses respectively and are rhymed a B a B.

Цыганы шúmною толпóй а
По Бессара́бии кочúют. В
Онí сегóдня над рекóй а
В шатра́х изóдранных ночúют. В

The English translation, however, lacks the feminine rhymes and always has 4 stresses to the line:

The **gypsies in** their **noisy way** a
that **far** through **Bessarabia roam** b
are **camped across** the **river, stay** a
in **threadbare tents** that **make** their **home.** b

This translation faithfully replicates Pushkin's rhyme schemes throughout, but replaces the feminine rhyme with a masculine one. There are three reasons for doing so. Firstly, to replicate Pushkin's tight and complex rhyme schemes in the short tetrameter line is extraordinarily difficult for a language like English, which is comparatively poor in rhymes, and to additionally replicate the unnatural feminine

rhymes is to vastly compound the task, indeed to make it well-nigh impossible if acceptable verse is wanted. Secondly, the feminine rhyme scheme is foreign to our English tradition, and introduces a mannered style, generally with an unwanted note of humour or irony. Thirdly, attempts to translate the feminine line, as in the excellent Irina Zheleznova translation, freely available from Gutenberg — dated but still readable, with frequent snatches of real poetry — entails many approximate rhymes and departures from the strict sense. Her fourth line, for example, is an invention, a happy invention, but not what Pushkin wrote:

The Gypsies Bessarabia roam
In noisy crowds . . . Above a river
In tattered tents they make their home.
From night's cool breezes seeking cover.

Fidelity is important, however, because *The Gypsies* is tautly written, with each word counting. We can remove the invention easily enough:

The gypsies in their noisy way
that down from Bessarabia wander
have pitched their threadbare tents and stay
tonight across the river yonder.

But the verse is still foreign to the English tradition, drawing attention to rhymes that seem adventitious or contrived.

Nearly all *The Gypsies* is written in iambic tetrameters: four implicit beats to the line. But as indicated in the prosody

pages, Zemfira's song (lines 261-68 and 273-84) are written in dimeters, a ternary rhythm with two beats to the line, usually u u – u u –, but occasionally – u u – u u . This brings many translation difficulties. Anapaestic and dactylic verse is uncommon in English, and rarely successful. Even in the hands of accomplished masters (Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, Byron's *Destruction of Sennacherib*) the poems are very unsong-like, and quite foreign to the sentiments of Zemfira's words.

It is of course possible to set a wide variety of verse rhythms to music, but the melodies are then something external and subsidiary to the text. Such are the attractive songs that sometimes accompany Russian recordings of *The Gypsies*. Song-like rhythms in English verse itself are largely the preserve of the trimeter and tetrameter.

Bearing these points in mind, it seems sensible to retain Pushkin's rhyme schemes and his line of six syllables, but replace the ternary dimeters with iambic trimeters (i.e. replace the u u – u u – with u – u – u –). The English rhythms are then nothing like the Russian, of course, and the rhyming in short lines brings some departures from any word-for-word rendering, but the approach conforms with my intention here, which is to create something in the English verse tradition that reflects *The Gypsies* in the Russian. In the broader schemes of translation, this aims to 'domesticate' the Russian (so it is read comfortably and assimilated in English) rather than 'foreignize' it (preserving the original features of the text and so stressing the differences to English literature).

Finally, we should also note that while the tetrameter is a popular line in English verse, it is one more associated with lyrical and swift-moving pieces than with straight narrative. This association is not the case in Russian, however, and any tetrameter employed here has to proceed at an easy and flexible pace, especially with Pushkin, who is noted for his naturalness in verse.

Also to be found in this Appendix is the literal translation, a word-for-word rendering as literal as I can reasonably make it. Given basic differences in the languages, the rendering is nonetheless not quite as Russians would understand the text. Russian verb conjugations are more informative than ours. Where we simply say 'knew' for all the 'he', 'she', 'it' and 'they' conjugations, the corresponding Russian is знал, знала, знало and знали respectively. I have not shown the indicated conjugations for reasons of space, but a simple Russian grammar will allow the rendering to be checked.

Conversely, while we in English use the present tense of the verb 'to be', Russian generally does not, the 'is' and 'are' being implied by context. Again, in the interests of simplicity, of a word-for-word match of texts, I have not shown these 'missing' forms of the copula. Nor have I shown the definite or indefinite article in the literal translation, as again Russian doesn't use them.

Most important of all, Russian is an inflected language where the endings of nouns and adjectives indicate one of six cases: nominative, accusative, genitive, dative, prepositional

and instrumental. Word order can be fairly free in Russian verse, therefore, without losing the sense, but Pushkin does on occasion invert what would be normal speech, and the literal translation indicates where this happens. Such inversions appear as well in the formal translation, as this is also a convention of English verse, but the English inversions don't generally replicate the Russian ones, nor vice versa. Rhyme, cadence, and sonic patterning all require that verse in both languages enjoy some freedom in word order.

That freedom is all the more important because, as I've mentioned, it is generally difficult to replicate tight rhyme schemes in the short English tetrameter, but more difficult still to make that replication into poetry. Yet in literary translations, some poetry there must be. Unless we're academics or Russian students, we don't read Pushkin for anything else, and a rendering that doesn't at least echo the original in this respect is a failure. Accordingly, I hope readers, in comparing the formal and literal versions, will be able to appreciate the many adjustments made, not only to point, amplify and clarify the text, but to bring it within the ambit of acceptable English verse.

Possibly the best way to appreciate the poem is to hear it read aloud, and the Selected References and Resources section lists several of the audio recordings now available online. The Appendix may also help listeners pick out and understand the individual words, thereby appreciating Pushkin's simple but apt constructions.

PROSODY

ЦЫГАНЫ

Цыганы шўмною толпóй а
По Бессара́бии кочúют. В
Онí сегóдня над рекóй а
В шатра́х изóдранных ночúют. В

5. Как вóльность, вёсел их ночлэг с
И мíрный сон под небеса́ми; D
Ме́жду колёсами телэг, с
Полузавешанных ковра́ми, D

Горíт огóнь; семья́ кругóм е
10. Готóвит úжин; в чíстом пóле F
Пасúтся кóни; за шатрóм е
Ручнóй медвёдь лежíт на вóле. F

Всё жíво посре́дi степей: g
Забóты мíрные семей, g
15. Готóвых с úтром в путь неда́льний, H
И пёсны жён, и крик дете́й, g
И звон похóдной наковáльни. H

Но вот на та́бор кочевóй i
Нисхóдит сóнное молча́нье, J
20. И слы́шно в тишинé степнóй i
Лишь лай соба́к да коней ржа́нье. J

LITERAL TRANSLATION

The Gypsies

Gypsies in noisy crowd
round Bessarabia wander.
They today over river,
in tents tattered spend night.

5. How free, welcome their stay
and peaceful sleep under heavens;
Between the wheels of carts,
half hung carpets.

A fire is burning; family around
10. is cooking dinner; in open field
graze horses; behind the tent
a tame bear lies in wild.

Everything alive in middle of steppes:
caring peaceful families,
15. Ready in morning to leave shortly
and songs wives, and shouts of children,
and ringing of marching anvil.

But here at camp nomadic
descends sleepy silence,
20. and heard in silence of steppe
only bark dogs yes horses neigh.

Огні вездé погáшены, к
Спокóйно всё, лунá сияет L
Однá с небéсной вышины́ к
25. И тíхий тáбор озаряет. L

В шатрé однóм старíк не спит; m
Он пéред углými сидít, m
Согрётый их послéдним жáром, N
И в пóле дáльнее глядít, m
30. Ночным подернутое пáром. N

Егó молóденькая дочь о
Пошла гулять в пустынном пóле. P
Она́ привы́кла к рéзвой во́ле, P
Она́ придёт; но вот уж ночь, о

35. И скóро мéсяц уж поки́нет Q
Небéс далёких облака́, — r
Земфиры нет как нет; и сты́нет Q
Убо́гий ўжин старика́. r

Но вот она́; за нею слéдом S
40. По стéпи юноша спешít; t
Цыгану вóвсе он неведом. S
«Отéц мой, — дéва говорít, — t

Ведú я гóстя; за кургáном U
Егó в пусты́не я нашлá v
45. И в тáбор нá ночь зазвалá. v
Он хóчет быть как мы цыганом; U

Егó преслéдует закóн, v
Но я емú подрúгой буд W
Егó зовúт Алéко — он v
50. Готóв идтí за мною всю́ду». W

Lights everywhere extinguished,
Calm everything, moon shines
one from heavenly height
25. and quiet camp illuminates.

In tent alone old man not sleep;
he before coals sits,
Warmed their last heat,
and in field far gazes,
30. night covered with haze.

His young daughter
went for walk in desolate field.
She got used to independent will,
she will come; but now already night

35. and very soon the moon will leave
heaven far clouds, -
Zemfira very much not; and getting cold
poor dinner of old man.

But here she; behind her
40. through the steppes young man hurries,
gypsy completely he unknown.
"My father, - says maiden -

lead I guest; behind mound
him in wilderness I found
45. and in camp for night I called.
He wants to be as us a gypsy;

him is chasing law,
but I his girlfriend was
His name is Aleko - he
50. ready to follow me everywhere. "

Старик

Я рад. Оста́нся до утра́ z
Под сенью на́шего шатра́ z
Или пробудь у нас и до́ле, А
Как ты захоче́шь. Я гото́в b
55. С тобо́й делить и хлеб и кров. b

Будь наш — приви́кни к на́шей до́ле, А
Бродящей бе́дности и во́ле — А

А за́втра с у́тренней зарёй с
В одной теле́ге мы пое́дем; D
60. Примись за про́мысел любо́й: с
Желе́зо куй — иль пе́сни пой с
И селы обходи́ с медведе́м. D

Алеко

Я остаю́сь.

Земфира

Он бу́дет мой: e
65. Кто ж от меня́ его́ отго́нит? F
Но по́здно... ме́сяц молодóй e
Зашёл; поля́ покры́ты мглой, e
И сон меня́ нево́льно клóнит.. F

Светло́

Старик тихо́нько брóдит G
70. Вокру́г безмо́лвного шатра́. h
«Встава́й, Земфира: со́лнце всхо́дит, G
Прóснись, мой гость! порá, порá!..h

Old Man

I am glad. Stay till morning
under canopy of our tent
Or stay with us and share
as you want. I'm ready
55. with you share and bread and shelter.

Be ours - get used to our lot,
roaming of poverty and will -

And tomorrow with morning dawn
in one cart we will go;
60. take over crafts any:
iron working - or songs sing
and villages go round with bear.

Aleko

I am staying.

Zemfira

He will be mine:
65. Who from me him drive away?
But late ... moon young
rest; the fields covered with gloom
and sleep me involuntarily attends ..

Old Man

Old man quietly wanders
70. around silent tent.
"Get up, Zemfira: sun rises,
wake up, my guest! time, time! ..

Оста́вьте, де́ти, ло́же не́ги!..» J
И с шу́мом высыпа́л наро́д; k
75. Шатры́ разоб́раны; теле́ги J
Гото́вы двину́ться в похóд. k

Всё вме́сте трóнулось — и вот I
Толпа́ валит в пусты́х равни́нах. M
Ослы́ в перекидных корзи́нах M
80. Детей́ игра́ющих несúт; I
Мужья́ и бра́тья, жёны, де́вы, N
И стар и млад вослéd идúт; I
Крик, шум, цыга́нские припе́вы, N

Медве́дя ре́в, его́ цепей́ p
85. Нетерпели́вое бряцанье, p
Лохмо́тьев я́рких пестротá, q
Детей́ и ста́рцев наготá, q
Соба́к и лай и завыванье, p

Воли́нки го́вор, скрип теле́г, r
90. Всё ску́дно, ди́ко, всё нестро́йно, S
Но всё так жи́во-неспоко́йно, S
Так чу́ждо ме́ртвых на́ших нег, r
Так чу́ждо э́той жи́зни пра́здной, T
Как песнь рабо́в однообра́зной! T

95. Уны́ло юноша гляде́л u
На опустéлую равни́ну V
И гру́сти та́йную причи́ну V
Исто́лковáть себе́ не сме́л. u

Leave, children, bed of bliss! .. "
And with noise poured out people;
75. tents dismantled; carts
Ready move to go travelling.

All together moved - and here
the crowd hits empty plains.
Donkeys in loose-hung baskets
80. children playing carried;
husbands and brothers, wives, maidens,
and old and young following go;
Scream, noise, gypsy choruses,

Bear roves its chains
85. impatient rattling,
rags of bright variety,
children and elders nudity,
dogs and barking and howling,

bagpipes speaking, creaking carts,
90. everything scanty, wild, everything makeshift,
but everything so alive-restless
so foreign to deathlike our luxury.
so foreign to this living vacuuousness,
like song monotonous of slaves!

95. Gloomily young man looked
on deserted plain
and sadness secret cause
to interpret to himself not daring.

С ним черноо́кая Земфира, W
100. Тепе́рь он во́льный жи́тель ми́ра, W

И со́лнце ве́село над ним x
Полу́денной красо́ю блéщет; Y
Что ж се́рдце ю́ноши трепéщет? Y
Како́й забóтой он томím? x

105. Пти́чка бо́жия не зна́ет Z
Ни забóты, ни трудá; a
Хлопотли́во не свивáет Z
Долговéчного гнездá; a

В до́лгу ночь на вéтке дрéмлет; C
110. Со́лнце красное взойдёт, d
Пти́чка гла́су бо́га внемлет, C
Встрепенéтся и поёт. d

За весно́й, красо́й приро́ды, E
Ле́то знóйное пройде́т — f
115. И тумáн и непого́ды E
Осень по́здняя несёт: f

Лю́дям скúчно, лю́дям го́ре; G
Пти́чка в дальные страны́, h
В тёплый край, за си́не мо́ре G
120. Улетáет до весны́. h

Подóбно пти́чке беззабо́тной I
И он, изгна́нник перелётный, I
Гнездá надёжного не знал j
И ни к чему́ не привыка́л. j

With him dark-eyed Zemfira,
100. now he free resident of world,

And sun cheerfully over it
midday in beauty shines;
Why heart young man tremble?
What sort of care he exhaust?

105. Little bird of god does not know
neither care nor labour;
bustling not twist
long-lived nest.

In duty night on branch dozing;
110. sun red rises
little bird to voice of God hears,
get up and sings.

Behind spring, beauty of nature,
summer scorching will pass -
115. and fog and weather
autumn late carries:

People bored, people sad;
little bird to far countries,
in warm land, beyond blue sea
120. flies away to spring.

Like little bird carefree
and he, exile migratory,
nest reliable not know
and to anything not got used to.

125. Ему́ вездé была́ дорóга, К
Вездé была́ ночлéга сень; I
Проснóвшись поу́тру, свой день I
Он отдава́л на во́лю бо́га, К
И жи́зни не могла́ трево́га К
130. Смутíть его́ сердечну лень. I

Его́ порóй волшéбной сла́вы М
Мани́ла дальная звезда́; п
Нежда́нно ро́скошь и забáвы М
К нему́ явля́лись иногдá; п

135. Над одино́кой голово́ю О
И гром нерéдко грохотáл; р
Но он беспéчно под грозóю О
И в ве́дро ясное дрема́л. Р

И жил, не признава́я вла́сти Q
140. Судьбы́ кова́рной и слепóй; r
Но бо́же! как игра́ли стра́сти Q
Его́ послу́шною душо́й! r

С каки́м волне́нием кипéли S
В его́ измóченной грудí! t
145. Давно́ ль, на до́лго ль усмирели? S
Они́ прóснутся: погодí! t

Земфира

Скажи́, мой друг: ты не жалéешь U
О том, что бро́сил на всегдá? v

125. To him everywhere was road,
everywhere was overnight canopy;
waking up in morning, his day
he gave to will of God,
and of life no could anxiety
130. confuse his heart inactivity.

His sometimes magical glory
Manila far star;
unexpected luxury and fun
to him came sometimes;

135. over lonely head
and thunder quite often rumbled;
but he carelessly under thunderstorm
and in bucketful clear dozed.

And lived, not recognizing authority
140. fate treacherous and blind;
but god! how passions played
his obedient soul!

With what agitation boiled
in his exhausted chest!
145. Long ago, for long time, been pacified?
They will wake up: wait!

Zemfira

Say, my friend: you not regret
about what do you think forever?

Алёко

Что ж бросил я?

Земфира

150. Ты разумеешь: U
Людей отчизны, городá. v

Алёко

О чём жалеть? Когда б ты знала, X
Когда бы ты воображала X

Неволю душных городóв! y
155. Там люди, в кучах за оградой, Z
Не дышат утренней прохладой, Z
Ни вешним запахом лугов; y

Любви стыдятся, мысли гонят, A
Торгуют волею своей, b
160. Главы пред идолами клонят A
И просят денег да цепей. b

Что бросил я? Измен волнение, C
Предрассуждений приговор, d
Толпы безумное гонение C
165. Или блистательный позор. d

Земфира

Но там огромные палаты, E
Там разноцветные ковры, f
Там игры, шумные пиры, f
Уборы дев там так богаты!.. E

Aleko

What am doing I?

Zemfira

150. You understand:
people homeland, cities..

Aleko

What to regret? When you knew,
when you imagined

bondage of stuffy cities!

155. There people in masses behind enclosure,
do not breathe morning cool
nor vernal smell of meadows;

love ashamed, thoughts being driven,
bargain will their,
160. heads before idols bend
and begging of money, yes, chains.

What threw I? Betrayal excitement,
prejudice condemnation,
crowds insane persecution
165. or resplendent disgrace.

Zemfira

But there huge chambers
there multi-hued carpets,
there games, noisy feasts,
dresses virgin there so rich! ..

Алёко

170. Что шум весёлий городских? г
Где нет любви, там нет веселий. Н
А дёвы... Как ты лучше их г
И без нарядов дорогих, г
Без жемчугов, без ожерелий! Н

175. Не изменись, мой нежный друг! і
А я... одно моё желанье J
С тобой делить любовь, досуг і
И добровольное изгнанье! J

Старик

Ты любишь нас, хоть и рождён к
180. Среди богатого народа. L
Но не всегда мила свобода L
Тому, кто к неге приучен. k

Меж нами есть одно преданье O
Царём когда-то сослан был п
185. Полудня житель к нам в изгнанье. O
(Я прежде знал, но позабыл п
Его мудрёное прозвание.) O

Он был уже летами стар, p
Но млад и жив душой незлобной — Q
190. Имел он песен дивный дар p
И голос, шуму вод подобный — Q

Aleko

170. What noise gaiety city?
Where not of love, there no fun.
and maidens ... How you better them
and without finery expensive,
without pearls, without necklaces!

175. Do not change, my gentle friend!
And I ... one my wish
with you share love, leisure
and voluntary exile!

Old Man

You love us, though and born
180. among the rich people.
but not always lovely freedom.
to that who to bliss accustomed to.

Among us there one tradition
king sometime exiled was
185. noon resident to us in exile
(I used to know, but forgot
his learned nickname.)

He was already in years old,
but young and alive soul gentle -
190. had he songs marvelous gift
and voice, sound of waters like -

И полюбили всё его, г
И жил он на брегах Дуная, S
Не обижая никого, г
195. Людём рассказами пленяя; S
Не разумел он ничего, г

И слаб и робок был, как дети; t
Чужие люди за него г
Зверей и рыб ловили в сети; t

200. Как мерзла быстрая река и
И зимни вихри бушевали, V
Пушистой кожей покрывали V
Он святого старика; и

Но он к заботам жизни бедной w
205. Привыкнуть никогда не мог; x
Скитался он иссохший, бледный, w
Он говорил, что гневный бог x

Его карал за преступленье... Y
Он ждал: придёт ли избавленье. Y

210. И всё несчастный тосковал, z
Бродя по берегам Дуная, A
Да горьки слёзы проливал, z
Свой дальний град вспоминая, A
И завещал он, умирая, A

215. Чтобы на юг перенесли с
Его тоскующие кости, с
И смертью — чуждой сей земли D
Не успокоенные гости! D

And fell in love all with him,
and lived he on banks of Danube,
not offending anyone

195. People stories captivating;
not understood he anything
and weak and timid was, like children;
strangers people for him
animals and fish caught in net;

200. how frost fast river
And winter whirlwinds raged,
fluffy skin covered
they holy old man;

But he is to cares of poor life
205. accustom never not could;
he wandered withered, pale,
he said that angry god

him punished for crime ...
He waited: whether deliverance would come.

210. And all miserable yearned,
Wandering along banks of Danube,
yes bitter tears shed,
its long-haul remembering
and he bequeathed, dying

215. to the south moved
his grieving bones,
and death - alien to this land
not reassured company!

Алёко

Так вот судьба́ твои́х сыно́в, е
220. О Рим, о грóмкая держа́ва!.. F
Певéц любви́, певéц бого́в, е
Скажи́ мне, что тако́е сла́ва? F

Могíльный гул, хвалéбный глас, g
Из ро́да в ро́ды звук бегущий? H
225. Или под сéнью дýмной кúщи H
Цыгана дíкого рассказ? g

* * *

Прошлó два лéта. Так же брóдят I
Цыганы мíрною толпóй; j
Вездé по-прéжнему нахóдят I
230. Гостепри́мство и покóй. j

Презрéв окóвы просвещéнья, K
Алёко во́лен, как онí; j
Он без забóт в сожалéнья K
Ведёт кочúющие дни. j

235. Всё тот же он; семья́ всё та же; M
Он, прéжних лет не пóмня дáже, M
K бытúю цыгáнскому привы́к. n
Он лю́бит их ночлéгов сéни, M
И упоенье вéчной лéни, M
240. И бédный, звúчный их язы́к. n

Медвéдь, беглéц родно́й берлóги, O
Космáтый гость егó шатра́, p
В селéнях, вдоль степно́й дорóги, O
Близ молдавáнского двора́ p

Aleko

So here is fate of your sons,
220. O Rome, O loud power! ..
Singer of love, singer of gods,
tell me, what glory is?

Grave rumble, laudatory voice,
from race to birth sound?
225. Or in shadow of smoky forest
gypsy wild story?

Two years have passed. Just roam
gypsies by peaceful crowd;
everywhere still find
230. hospitality and peace.

Disregarding shackles of enlightenment,
Aleko is free as they are;
he without worries in regret
leads nomadic days.

235. All same as he; family all same as;
he, previous years not remembering even,
to be gypsy accustomed.
He loves their overnight stays,
and the ecstasy of eternal laziness,
240. and poor, sonorous their language.

Bear, fugitive native lair,
shaggy guest of his tent
in villages, along steppe road,
near Moldavian court

245. Пёред толпо́ю осто́рожной Q
И тя́жко пля́шет, и реве́т, r
И це́пь докúчную грызёт; r
На посо́х опёршись доро́жный, Q

Стари́к лени́во в бúбны бьёт, s
250. Але́ко с пёньем зве́ря во́дит, T
Земфи́ра посе́лян обхо́дит T
И да́нь их во́льную берёт. s

Настáнет ночь; о́ни всё трóе U
Ва́рят нежато́е пшено́; v
255. Стари́к усну́л — и всё в покóе...U
В шатре́ и тíхо и темно́. v

Стари́к на ве́шнем со́лнце гре́ет W
Уж остыва́ющую кро́вь; x
У лю́льки дочь поёт любо́вь. x
260. Але́ко внемлет и бледне́ет. W

Земфи́ра

Ста́рый муж, гро́зный муж, Y (- u u - u u)
Режь ме́ня, жги ме́ня: z (u u - u u -)
Я твёрда́; не бою́сь y (u u - u u -)
Ни ножа́, ни огня́. z (u u - u u -)

265. Ненави́жу тебя́, z (u u - u u -)
Презира́ю тебя́; z (u u - u u -)
Я друго́го люблю́, b (u u - u u -)
Умира́ю любя́. z (u u - u u -)

Але́ко

Молчи́. Мне пёнье надоело, c
270. Я ди́ких пёсен не люблю́. b

245. before the crowd careful
and heavy dancing, and roars,
and chain tiresome gnaws;
on staff leaning road,

Old man lazily on tambourines beats,
250. Aleko with singing of beast leads,
Zemfira villagers bypasses
and tribute their freedom takes.

The night will come; they all three
boil unleavened millet;
255. old man fell asleep - and everything in peace ...
In tent and quiet and dark.

Old man on the vernal sun warms
much cooling blood;
and cradle daughter sings love.
260. Aleko listens and pales.

Zemfira

Old husband, menacing husband,
Cut me, burn me:
I am firm; not afraid
no knife, no fire.

265. Hate you,
I despise you;
I love another
I die loving.

Aleko

Keep quiet. I'm tired of singing
270. I do not like wild songs.

Земфира

Не любишь? мне какое дело! с (u u – u u -)
Я песню для себя пою. b (u u – u u -)

Режь меня, жги меня; z (u u – u u -)
Не скажy ничего; d (u u – u u -)
275. Старый муж, грозный муж, Y (- u u – u u)
Не узнаешь его. d (u u – u u -)

Он свежее весны e (u u – u u -)
Жарче летнего дня; h (u u – u u -)
Как он молод и смел! f (u u – u u -)
280. Как он любит меня! h (u u – u u -)
Как ласкала его d (u u – u u -)
Я в ночной тишине! g (u u – u u -)
Как смеялись тогда k (u u – u u -)
Мы твоей седине! g (u u – u u -)

Алеко

285. Молчи, Земфира! я доволен...I

Земфира

Так понял песню ты мою? j

Алеко

Земфира!

Земфира

Ты сердиться волен, I
Я песню про тебя пою. j

Уходит и поёт: Старый муж и проч.

Zemfira

Do not love? Me what business
I sing song for myself.

Cut me, burn me;
I will not say anything;
275. Old husband, menacing husband,
not recognize him.

It is fresh in spring,
hotter summer day;
how he young and brave!
280. How he loves me!
How caressed him
I'm in night silence!
How laughed then
we your gray hair!

Aleko

285. Be quiet, Zemfira! I am pleased ...

Zemfira

So you understood my song?

Aleko

Zemphira!

Zemphira

You are angry free
I sing song about you.

Goes away and sings: Old husband and so on.

Старик

290. Так, помню, помню — песня эта L
Во время наше сложена, m
Уже давно в забаву света L
Поётся меж людей она. m

Кочуя на степях Кагула, N
295. Её, бывало, в зимнюю ночь o
Моя певала Мариула, N
Перед огнём качая дочь. o

В уме моём минувши лета P
Час от часу темней, темней; q
300. Но заронилась песня эта P
Глубоко в памяти моей. q

Всё тихо; ночь. Лунной украшен R
Лазурный юга́ небосклон, s
Старик Земфирой пробужден: R
305. «О мой отец! Алёко страшён. s
Послушай: сквозь тяжёлый сон s
И стонет, и рыдает он». s

Старик

Не тронь его. Храни молчанье. T
Слышал я русское преданье: T
310. Теперь полнощной порой s
У спящего теснит дыханье T
Домашний дух; перед зарёй s
Уходит он. Сиди со мной. s

Земфира

Отец мой! шепчет он: Земфира! U

Old Man

290. So, remember, remember — this song
during our time folded
long been fun of world
it sung between people she.
roaming the steppes of Kagul.

295. It happened in winter night
my used to sing Mariula,
before fire shaking daughter.
In my mind last summer
hour by hour darker, darker;
300. but this song has begun
deep in my memory.

Everything quiet; night. Moon adorned
blue south horizon,
old man Zemfira awakened:
305. "O my father! Aleko frightful.
Listen: through heavy sleep
and groans and cries he."

Old Man

No touch him. Keep quiet.
Heard I Russian tradition say,
310. now midnight time
and sleeping presses breathing
home spirit against morning.
leaves he. Sit with me.

Zemfira

My father! Whispers he Zemfira

Старик

315. Тебя он ищет и во сне: v
Ты для него дороже мира. U

Земфира

Его любовь постыла мне. v
Мне скучно; сердце воли просит — W
Уж я... Но тише! слышишь? Он х
320. Другое имя произносит... W

Старик

Чье имя? U

Земфира

Слышишь? хриплый стон х
И скрежет ярый!.. Как ужасно!.. Y
Я разбужу его...

Старик

325. Напрасно, Y
Ночного духа не гони — z
Уйдет и сам...

Земфира

Он повернулся, A
Привстал, зовет меня... проснулся — A
330. Иду к нему — прощай, усни. z

Old Man

315. You he looks for in dream:
you for him more dear world.

Zemfira

His love sent me.
I bored; heart of will asks -
Oh, I ... But quiet! Hear? He
320. another name says ...

Old Man

Whose name?

Zemfira

Hear? hoarse groan
and rasps fierce! .. How awful! ..
I'll wake him up ...

Old Man

325. In vain,
night of spirit not drive -
leaves and himself ...

Zemphira

He turned around,
got up, calls me ... wakened -
330. I go to him - farewell, sleep.

Алёко

Где ты была?

Земфира

С отцом сидела. В
Какой-то дух тебя томил; с
Во сне душа твоя терпела В
335. Мученья; ты меня страшил: с
Ты, сонный, скрежетал зубами d
И звал меня.

Алёко

Мне снилась ты. e
Я видел, будто между нами... d
340. Я видел страшные мечты! e

Земфира

Не верь лукавым сновиденьям. F

Алёко

Ах, я не верю ничему: g
Ни снам, ни сладким увереньям, F
Ни даже сердцу твоему. g

Старик

345. О чём, безумец молодой, h
О чём вздыхаешь ты сейчас? I
Здесь люди вольны, небо ясно, I
И жёны славятся красой. h
Не плачь: тоска тебя погубит. J

Aleko

Where you were?

Zemphira

With father sat.

Some spirit you tormented;
In sleep, soul your suffered
335. Torment; you me frightened:
You, sleepy gnashed teeth
and called me.

Aleko

I dreamed you.
I saw as though we ...
340. I saw terrible dreams!

Zemphira

not believe anything.

Aleko

Ah, I do not believe anything:
no dreams, no sweet assurances
not even heart your.

Old Man

345. About that, madman young,
about that, sigh you hourly?
Here people free, sky clear
and wives famous for beauty.
No not cry: grief you will destroy.

Алёко

350. Отец, она меня не любит. J

Старик

Утешься, друг: она дитя. k
Твое уныние безрассудно: L
Ты любишь горестно и трудно, L
А сердце женское — шутя. k

355. Взгляни: под отдалённым сводом M
Гуляет вольная луна; n
На всю природу мимоходом M
Равно сияние льёт она. n

Заглянет в облако любое, O
360. Его так пышно озарит — p
И вот — уж перешла в другое; O
И то недолго посетит. P

Кто место в небе ей укажет, Q
Примолвя: там остановись! r
365. Кто сердцу юной девы скажет: Q
Люби одно, не изменись? r
Утешься.

Алёко

Как она любила! S
Как нежно преклонясь ко мне, t
370. Она в пустынной тишине t
Часы ночные проводила! S

Aleko

350. Father, she me not love.

Old Man

Comfort, friend: she child.
Your despair reckless:
You love grievously and hard
and heart female lightly.

355. Look: under distant vault
walks free moon;
on all nature in passing
equally radiance pours she,

will glance into cloud any
360. its so luxuriant light -
And now – really crossed in another;
and not long visit.

Who station in sky her selects,
say: there stop!
365. Who to heart of young maid say:
Love one, not change?
Comfort.

Aleko

How she loved!
How gentle bend to me,
370. She in desert stillness,
hours nightly conducted!

Веселья дётского полна́, и
Как ча́сто ми́лым лепетаньем w
Иль упои́тельным лобзаньем w
375. Мою́ задумчивость она́ и
В мину́ту разогна́ть умела́!..x
И что ж? Земфира неверна́! x
Моя́ Земфира охладела́!...X

Старик

Послу́шай: расскажу́ тебе́ y
380. Я пове́сть о са́мом себе́. y

Давно́, давно́, когда́ Дунаю Z
Не угрожа́л ещё моска́ль — а
(Вот ви́дишь, я припомина́ю, Z
Але́ко, ста́рую печа́ль.) а

385. Тогда́ боя́лись мы султа́на; B
А пра́вил Буджаком паша́ с
С вы́соких ба́шен Аккермана — B
Я мо́лод был; моя́ душа́ с

В то вре́мя ра́достно кипела́; D
390. И ни одна́ в кудря́х мо́их e
Ещё́ се́динка не белела́, — D
Ме́жду красáвиц молоды́х e

Одна́ была́... и до́лго ёю, F
Как со́лнцем, любовáлся я, g
395. И наконéц назва́л мою́...F
Ах, бы́стро мо́лодость моя́ g

Звездой па́дучею мелькну́ла! H
Но ты, порá любви́, минула́ H

Fun of children full,
how often sweet babbling
or delightful with kiss
375. My reverie she
in minute disperse could! ..
So what? Zemfira wrong!
My Zemfira cold! ...

Old Man

Listen: tell you
380. I tell story of myself.

Long, long, when Danube
not yet threatened Russians -
(behold see, I remember
Aleko, old sorrow.)

385. Then feared we Sultan;
and rules of Bucak Pasha
from high towers of Akkerman -
I young was; my soul,

at that time, joyfully boiled;
390. And not one in curls my
still gray hair not hurt, -
between beauties young

one was ... and long she
like sun, admired I,
395. and finally called mine ...
Ah, quickly youth my

Star falling flashed!
But you, love time, shrank

Ещё быстрее: только год і
400. Меня любила Мариула. Н

Однажды близ Кагульских вод і
Мы чуждый табор повстречали; Ј
Цыганы те, свой шатры к
Разбив близ наших у горы, к
405. Две ночи вместе ночевали. Ј

Они ушли на третью ночь, — І
И, брося маленькую дочь, І

Ушла за ними Мариула. М
Я мирно спал; заря блеснула; М
410. Проснулся я, подружки нет! п
Ищу, зову — пропал и след. п

Тоскуя, плакала Земфира, Р
И я заплакал — с этих пор q
Постыли мне все девы мира; Р
415. Меж ими никогда мой взор q
Не выбирал себе подружки, R
И одинокие досуги R
Уже ни с кем я не делил. s

Алеко

Да как же ты не поспешил s
420. Тотчас вслед неблагоприятной Т
И хищникам и ей коварной Т
Кинжала в сердце не вонзил? s

still faster, only year
400. me loved Mariula.

Once beside Kagul waters
We alien camp met;
Gypsies those, their tents
broken near ours and at mountain,
405. two nights together slept.

They left on third night, -
and, leave small daughter,
went after them Marioula
I peacefully slept; dawn shone;

410. woke up I, companion no!
Search, call - gone and trace.

Yearning, wept Zemfira,
and I cried - from this time
send me all virgins of world;
415. between them never my look.

Not choose oneself companion,
and lonely leisure
previously with anyone I not shared

Aleko

But how can you not hastened
420. immediately following ungrateful
and predators and her crafty
dagger in heart not plunge?

Старик

К чему? вольнее птицы младость; U
Кто в силах удержать любовь? v
425. Чредою всем даётся радость; U
Что было, то не будет вновь. v

Алеко

Я не такóв. Нет, я не спóря W
От прав моих не откажусь! x
Или хоть мщением наслажусь. x
430. О нет! когда б над бездной моря W

Нашёл я спящего врага, y
Клянусь, и тут моя нога y
Не пощадила бы злодея; Z
Я в волны моря, не бледнея, Z

435. И беззащитного б толкнул; a
Внезапный ужас пробужденья B
Свирепым смехом упрекнул, a
И долго мне его паденья B
Смешон и сладок был бы гул. a

Молодой цыган

440. Ещё одно... одно лобзанье...D

Земфира

Порá: мой муж ревнив и зол. e

Old Man

For what? Freer birds youth;
who can keep love?

425. In succession everyone given joy;
what was, it won't be again.

Aleko

I no such. No, I not argue
from rights my I not abandon!
Or at least revenge enjoy.

430. Oh no! Whenever at deep of sea

found I sleeping enemy
swear, and here my leg
not spare would villain;
I in waves of sea, not pale,

435. and defenseless he is pushed;
sudden horror awakening
savage laughter rebuke,
and long time me his downfall
amusing and sweet would hum.

Young Gypsy

440. Still one ... one kiss ...

Zemfira

Time: my husband is jealous and evil.

Цыга́н

Одно́... но до́ле!.. на проща́нье. D

Земфи́ра

Проща́й, пока́мест не прише́л. e

Цыга́н

Скажи́ — когда́ ж о́пять свидáнье? D

Земфи́ра

445. Сего́дня, как зайдёт луна́, f
Там, за курга́ном над моги́лой... G

Цыга́н

Обма́нет! не придёт она́! f

Земфи́ра

Вот он! беги!.. Приду́, мой ми́лый. G

Але́ко спит. В его́ уме́ h
450. Виде́нье сму́тное игра́ет; I
Он, с кри́ком пробудя́сь во тьме, h
Ревни́во ру́ку простира́ет; I

Но обробелая рука́ j
Покро́вы хла́дные хвата́ет —K
455. Его́ подро́уга далека́... j
Он с трéпетом привста́л и внемлет...K

Gypsy

One ... but part! .. not farewell.

Zemfira

Farewell till time did not come.

Gypsy

Say - when as another assignation?

Zemfira

445. Today, as sets moon,
there, behind mound above grave ...

Young Gypsy

Deceives! Not come she!

Zemphira

But he! Run! ..Come, my dear.
Aleko sleeps. In his mind
450. vision vagues plays;
he, with cry awake in darkness,
jealously hand extends;

but white hand
covers cold enough -
455. his companion distant ...
He with trepidation, rose and hears ...

Всё тихо — страх его объемлет, К
По нем текут и жар и хлад; п

Встаёт он, из шатра выходит, М
460. Вокруг телег, ужасен, бродит; М

Спокойно всё; поля молчат; п
Темно; луна зашла в туманы, О
Чуть брезжит звезд неверный свет, р
Чуть по росе приметный след р
465. Ведёт за дальные курганы: О

Нетерпеливо он идёт, р
Куда зловещий след ведёт. р

Могила на краю дороги Q
Вдали белееет перед ним... г
470. Туда слабеющие ноги Q
Влачит, предчувствием томим, г

Дрожат уста, дрожат колени, S
Идёт... и вдруг... иль это сон? t
Вдруг видит близкие две тени S
475. И близкой шепот слышит он — t
Над обесславленной могилой. U

1-й голос

Пора...

2-й голос

Постой... ?

everything quiet - fear him embraces,
in him flow heat and cold;

stands up he, gets up, from tent exits,
460. around wagons, terrible, wanders;

calm everything; fields silent;
dark; moon enters mists,
just glimmer stars false light
slightly by dew perceptible trail
465. leads back to distant mound:

Impatiently he goes,
where ominous track conducts.

Tomb on side of road
beyond white before him ...
470. Thither failing legs
drag, anticipating torment,

tremble lips, tremble knees,
goes ... and suddenly ... or it dream?
suddenly sees nearby two shadows
475. and intimate whisper hears he -
over disgraced grave.

Ist Voice

Time ...

2nd Voice

Wait.

1-й го́лос

Пора́, мой ми́лый. *U*

2-й го́лос

480. Нет, нет, постóй, дождёмся дня. *w*

1-й го́лос

Уж по́здно.

2-й го́лос

Как ты ро́бко лю́бишь. *X*
Мину́ту!

1-й го́лос

Ты меня́ погу́бишь. *X*

2-й го́лос

485. Мину́ту!

1-й го́лос

Ёсли без меня́ *w*
Про́снется муж?..

Ist Voice

Time, my dear.

2nd Voice

480. No, no, wait, wait for day..

1st Voice

Too late.

2nd Voice

How fearfully love.
Minute!

1st Voice

You me ruin..

2nd Voice

485. Minute

1st Voice

If without me
wakes husband? ..

Алёко

Просну́лся я. w
Куда́ вы! не спешите́ оба; Y
490. Вам хорошо́ и здесь у гроба. Y

Земфира

Мой друг, беги, беги...

Алёко

Посто́й! U
Куда́, красáвец молодóй? U
Лежи́!

(Вонза́ет в него́ нож.)

Земфира

495. Алёко!

Цыга́н

Умира́ю...

Земфира

Алёко, ты убьёшь его́!
Взгляни́: ты весь обрызган кро́вью! Z
О, что ты сде́лал?

Aleko

Woke I.

Where you! Not hurry both;
490. You fine at here and tomb.

Zemphira

My friend, run, run ...

Aleko

Wait!

Where, handsome young?
Stay down!

(Strikes him with knife.)

Zemfira

495. Aleko!

Young Gypsy.

Dying.

Zemfira

Aleko, you kill him!
Look: you all spattered with blood!
What you did?

Алёко

500. Ничего.
Теперь дыши его любовью. Z

Земфира

Нет, полно, не боюсь тебя! — и
Твой угрозы презираю, V
Твое убийство проклиная... V

Алёко

505. Умри ж и ты!

(Поражает её.)

Земфира

Умру любя... и

Восток, денницей озаренный, A
Сиял. Алёко за холмом, b
С ножом в руках, окровавленный A
510. Сидел на камне гробовом. b

Два трупа перед ним лежали; C
Убийца страшен был лицом. b
Цыганы робко окружали C
Его встревоженной толпой. d

Aleko

500. Never mind.
Now breathe his love.

Zemfira

No, fully, not afraid of you! -
Your threats depise
Your murder execrate...

Aleko

505. Die well and you!

(Strikes her.)

Zemfira

Will die loving ...

East, daystar illumined,
shone, Aleko over hill,
with knife in hand bloodied
510. sat on stone coffin.

Two corpses before him lay,
murderer terrible was face,
gypsies shyly surrounded
him alarmed crowd.

515. Могíлу в сторонé копáли. Е
Шли жёны скóрбной чередóй d
И в óчи мёртвых целовáли. Е

Старíк-отéц одíн сидéл f
И на погíбшую глядéл f

520. В немóм бездéйствии печáли; G
Подня́ли тру́пы, понесли́ h
И в ло́но хла́дное земли́ h
Чету́ младúю положи́ли G

Алёко íздали смотре́л f
525. На всё... когда́ же их закры́ли G
После́дней горстию земно́й, j
Он мо́лча, ме́дленно склонíлся K
И с ка́мня на траву́ свали́лся. K

Тогда́ старíк, приближась, рек: I
530. «Оста́вь нас, го́рдый челове́к! I
Мы ди́ки; нет у нас зако́нов, M
Мы не терза́ем, не казни́м — n
Не ну́жно кро́ви нам и сто́нов — M
Но жить с убíйцей не хотíм... n

535. Ты не рождён для ди́кой до́ли, O
Ты для себя́ лишь хо́чешь во́ли; O
Ужа́сен нам твой бу́дет глас: p
Мы ро́бки и до́бры душо́ю, Q
Ты зол и сме́л — оста́вь же нас, p
540. Прости́, да бу́дет мир с тобо́ю». Q
Сказáл — и шу́мною толпо́ю Q

515. Grave at side was dug,
went wives sad succession.
and on dead eyes kissed.

Old father was alone
and on dead looked

520. in mute inaction of sorrow;
raised corpses, looked
and in bosom cold of earth
couple young laid.

Aleko from afar watched
525. on everything ... when same closed
last handful of the earth,
he silently, slowly bowed
and from stone on grass fell.

Then old man, approaching, of rivers:
530. "Leave us, proud man!
We wild; not at us laws,
we not torment, not execute -
not need blood us and moans -
but to live with murderer not want ...

535. You not born for wild part,
You for yourself only volition;
terrible to us will be voice:
we timid and kind soul,
you evil and bold - leave alone us,
540. forgive, yes will peace with you. "
Said - and noisy crowd

Поднялся та́бор кочевóй г
С доли́ны стра́шного ночлéга. S
И скóро всё в дáли степно́й г
545. Сокры́лось; лишь одна́ телéга, S

Убо́гим кры́тая коврóm, t
Стоя́ла в по́ле роковóm. t
Так иногдá пéред зимóю, Q
Тумáнной, у́тренней порóю, Q

550. Когдá подьёмлетсá с полéй u
Стани́ца по́здних журавлéй u

И с кри́ком вдаль на юг несётсá, V
Пронзённóй гíбельным свинцóm w
Одín печáльно остаётся, V
555. Повíснув рáненым крылóm. w

Настáла ночь: в телéге тёмной X
Огнá никтó не разложíл, y
Никтó под кры́шею подьёмной X
До утра́ сном не опочíл. y

ЭПИЛО́Г

560. Волше́бной сíлой песнопенья V
В тумáнной пáмяти моéй z
Так оживлÿются видéнья V
То свéтлых, то печáльных дней. z

В странé, где до́лго, до́лго бра́ни A
565. Ужáсный гул не умолкáл, b
Где повелíтельные гра́ни A
Стамбу́лу рúсский указáл, b

Up camp nomadic
with valley terrible lodging for night
and soon all in given steppe
545. hiding, only one cart.

Poor covered carpeted,
stood in field fatal.
So sometimes before winter,
misty, morning sometimes

550. when taken from fields
village of recent cranes

and with screaming into distance on southwards sweeps,
pierced by disastrous lead
one sadly remains,
555. hanging injured wing.

Has come night: in wagon dark
fire nobody not spread out,
nobody under roof lifting
until morning sleep not gone.

Epilogue

560. Magic power of chants
in hazy memory my
so enliven visions
light, then sad days.

In country where long, long abuses
565. terrible roar not subsided,
where imperative sides
Istanbul Russia indicated.

Где старýй наш орёл двугла́вый С
Ещё шумит мину́вшей сла́вой, С

570. Встреча́л я посреди́ степей z
Над рубежа́ми дрéвних ста́нов Е
Теле́ги ми́рные цыганов, Е
Смирённой во́льности дете́й. z

За их лени́выми то́лпами F
575. В пусты́нях ча́сто я бродил, g
Просту́ю пи́щу их дели́л g
И засыпа́л пред их огня́ми. F

В похода́х ме́дленных любил g
Их пе́сен ра́достные гу́лы — Н
580. И до́лго ми́лой Мариулы Н
Я и́мя не́жное тверди́л. g

Но сча́стья нет и ме́жду ва́ми, I
Приро́ды бе́дные сыны́!..j
И под издранными шатра́ми I
585. Живу́т мучи́тельные сны, j

И ва́ши се́ни кочевы́е К
В пусты́нях не спасли́сь от бед, I
И всюду стра́сти роковы́е, К
И от су́деб защи́ты нет. I

Where old our eagle double-headed
even sounds of past glory

570. met I among steppes
over borders of ancient camps
carts of peaceful gypsies,
humble liberty of children.

behind their lazy crowds
575. in deserts often I wandered,
simple diet their shared
and fell asleep before their lights.

In campaigns slow loved
their songs joyful spirits -
580. and long sweet Mariuly
I name of tender repeated.

But happiness not and between you,
nature's poor sons! ..
and under published tents
585. live painful dreams,

And your canopy nomadic
in deserts not saved from harm
and everywhere passion fatal,
and from fate protection no.

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<http://www.tmdt.ru/catalog/item79.html>

<https://predanie.ru/Pushkin/audio/242237-chast-2/>

With musical accompaniment:

<https://audioknigi.club/pushkin-aleksandr-cygany>

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