

Classic Poetry Series

**Aleksey Konstantinovich
Tolstoy**
- poems -

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Do Not Believe

Do not believe, my dearest, when I say
That I no longer love you.
When the tide ebbs do not believe the sea -
It will return anew.

Already I long for you, and passion fills me,
I yield my freedom thus to you once more.
Already the waves return with shouts and glee
To fill again that same beloved shore.

Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy

Don Juan's Serenade

Darkness descends
on Alpujara's golden land.
My guitar invites you,
come out my dear!

Whoever says that there are others
who can be compared to you,
whoever burns for your love,
I challenge them all to a duel!

Now the moon
has set the sky alight,
come out, Nisetta, oh come out, Nisetta,
on to your balcony, quickly!

From Seville to Granada
in the silence of the nights,
one can hear the sound of serenades
and the clashing of swords.

Much blood, many songs,
pour forth for the lovely ladies;
and I, for the loveliest one of all
am ready to give my song and my blood.

Now the moon
has set the sky alight,
Come out, Nisetta, oh come out, Nisetta,
on to your balcony, quickly!

Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy

I Bless You, Forests

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy

If Only I Had Known

If only I had known, had realised,
I would not have looked out of the window
as the dashing young man
rode along our street,
his hat worn cockily,
riding a frisky bay horse,
hooves clattering, mane flying,
rearing up before our windows!

If I had only known, had realised,
I would not have dressed up for him,
or woven a scarlet ribbon
into my hair;
or risen so early, before dawn,
or rush to the edge of the village,
or got my feet soaked in dew,
or watched the road
to see if he would come along,
falcon on his wrist.

If I had only known, had realised!

If I had only known, had realised,
I would not have waited late into the evening,
sitting sadly on the little hill
near our old well,
longing and hoping -
Will he not come - my beloved,
Will he not come to water his horse?

If I had only known, had realised!

Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy