Classic Poetry Series

Vasily Andreyevich Zhukovsky

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Bednyj pevec

O krasnyj mir, gde ja votshche rascvel, prosti navek! S obmanutoj dushoju ja schast'ja zhdal - mechtam konec; pogiblo vse, umolkni, lira; skorej, skorej v obitel' mira, bednyj pevec, bednyj pevec!

Chto zhizn', kogda v nej net ocharovan'ja? Blazhenstvo znat', k nemu letet' dushoj, no propast' zret' mezh nim i mezh soboj; zhelat' vsjak chas i trepetat' zhelan'ja...

O pristan' gorestnykh serdec, mogila, vernyj put' k pokoju, kogda zhe budet vzjat toboju bednyj pevec, bednyj pevec?

Lalla Ruk

Dearest dream, my soul's enchantment
Lovely guest from heav'n above,
Most benevolent attender
To the earthly realm below,
You gave me blissful satisfaction
Momentary but complete:
Bringing with you happy tidings Like a herald from the skies.

I dreamed dreams of life eternal
In that Promised Land of peace;
I dreamed dreams of fragrant regions,
Of a tranquil, sweet Kashmir;
I could witness celebrations,
Festivals of roses vernal
Honoring that lovely maiden
From lands strange and far away.

And, with glistening enchantment
Like an angel from above, This untainted, youthful vision
Came before my dreaming eyes;
Like a veil, a shining shroud
Screened her lovely face from view,
Tenderly she did incline
Her shy gazes toward the earth.

All her traits - her timid shyness
Underneath her shining crown,
Childlike her animation,
And her face's noble beauty Glowing with a depth of feeling,
Sweet serenity and peace All of these completely artless
Indescribably sublime!

As I watched, the apparition
(Captivating me in passing)
Never to return, flew by;
I pursued - but it had gone!
T'was a vision merely fleeting,
Transient illumination
Leaving nothing but a legend
Of its passing through my life!

T'is not ours to harbor
Beauty's spirit - Ah, so pure!
It comes nigh but for a moment
From its heavenly abode;
Like a dream, it slips away,
Like an airy dream of morning:
But in sacred reminiscence

It is married with the heart!

Only in the purest instants
Of our life does it appear
Bringing with it revelations
Beneficial to our hearts;
That our hearts may know of heaven
In this earthly shadow realm,
It allows us momentary
Glimpses through the earthly veil.

And through all that here is lovely,
All that animates our lives,
To our souls it speaks a language
Reassuring and distinct;
When it quits our earthly region
It bestows a gift of love
Glowing in our evening heaven:
"Tis a farewell star for all to see.

The Bard

My friends, can you descry that mound of earth Above clear waters in the shade of trees? You can just hear the babbling spring against the bank; You can just feel a breeze that's wafting in the leaves; A wreath and lyre hang upon the boughs... Alas, my friends! This mound's a grave; Here earth conceals the ashes of a bard; Poor bard!

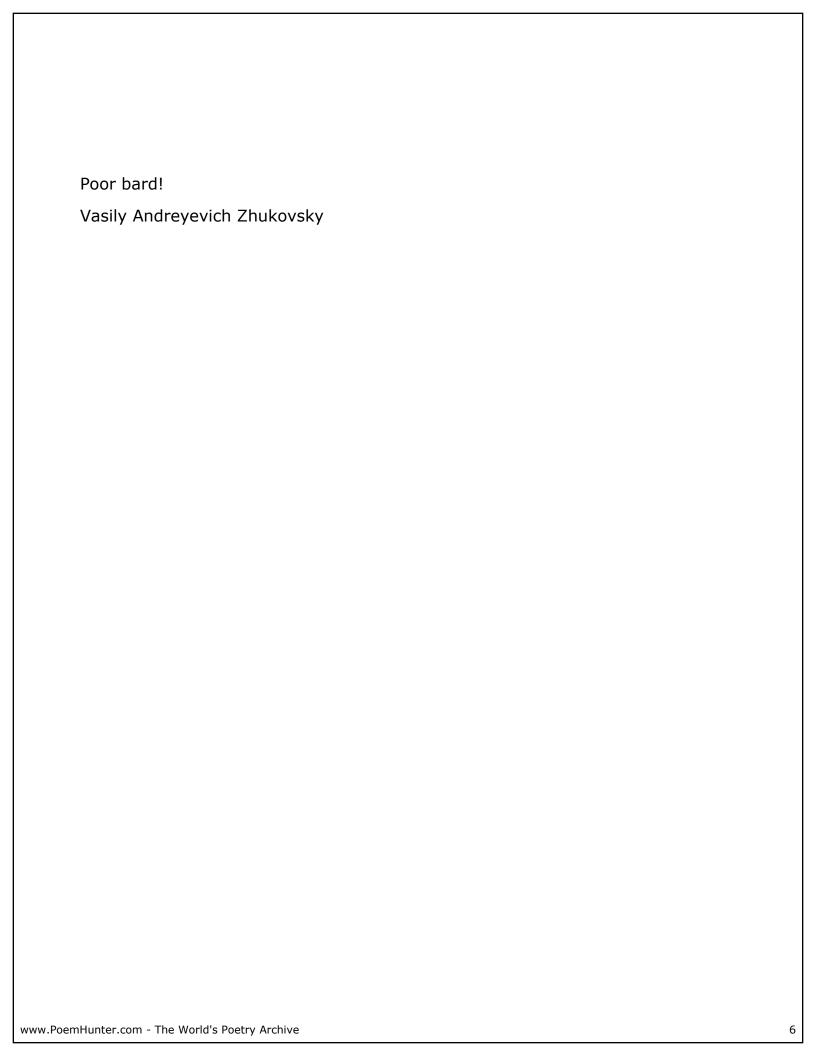
A gentle soul, a simple heart
He was a sojourner in the world;
He'd barely bloomed, yet lost his taste for life
He craved his end with yearning and excitement;
And early on he met his end,
He found the grave's desired sleep.
Your time was but a moment - a moment sad
Poor bard!

He sang with tenderness of friendship to his friend, -His loyal friend cut down in his life's bloom; He sang of love - but in a doleful voice; Alas! Of love he knew naught but its woe; Now all has met with its demise, Your soul partakes of peace eternal; You slumber in your silent grave, Poor bard!

Here, by this stream one eventide
He sang his doleful farewell song:
"O lovely world, where blossomed I in vain;
Farewell forever; with a soul deceived
For happiness I waited - but my dreams have died;
All's perished; lyre, be still;
To your serene abode, o haste,
Poor bard!

What's life, when charm is lacking?
To know of bliss, with all the spirit's striving,
Only to see oneself cut off by an abyss;
Each moment to desire and yet fear desiring...
O refuge of vexatious hearts,
O grave, sure path to peace,
When will you call to your embrace
The poor bard?"

The bard's no more ... his lyre's silent...
All trace of him has disappeared from here;
The hills and valleys mourn;
And all is still ... save zephyrs soft,
That stir the faded wreath,
And waft betimes above the grave,
A woeful lyre responds:



The Boatman

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitiation 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

The Mysterious Visitor

Spirit, lovely guest, who are you?
Whence have you flown down to us?
Taciturn and without a sound
Why have you abandoned us?
Where are you? Where is your dwelling?
What are you, where did you go?
Why did you appear,
Heavenly, upon the Earth?

Mayhap you are youthful Hope,
Who arrives from time to time
Cloaked in magic
From a land unknown?
Merciless as Hope,
Sweetest joy you show us
For a moment, then
Take it back and fly away.

Was it Love that you enacted
For us all in mystery? . . .
Days of love, when one beloved
Rendered this world beautiful
Ah! then, sighted through the veil
Earth did seem unearthly...
Now the veil has lifted; Love is gone;
Life is empty, joy - a dream.

Was it Thought, enchanting
You embodied for us here?
Far removed from every worry,
With a dreamy finger pointing
To her lips, she sallies forth
Just like you, from time to time,
Ushers us without a sound
Back to bygone days.

Or within you dwells the sacred spirit
Of Dame Poetry? . . .
Just like you, she came from Heaven
Veiling us twofold:
Using azure for the skies,
And clear white for earth;
What lies near is lovely through her;
All that's distant - known.

Or perhaps 'twas premonition
That descended in your guise
And to us with clarity described
All that's sacred and divine?
Thus it often happens in this life:
Something brilliant flies to meet us,
Raises up the veil

And then beginning howard	
And then beckons us beyond. Vasily Andreyevich Zhukovsky	
vasily Andreyevich Zhakovsky	
www PoemHunter com - The World's Poetry Archive	

To A Familiar Genius Flying By

Reveal yourself, anonymous enchanter! What heaven hastens you to me? Why draw me to that promised land again That I gave up so long ago?

Was it not you who in my youth Enchanted me with such sweet dreams, Did you not whisper, long ago, Dear hopes of a guests ethereal?

Was it not you through whom all lived In golden days, in happy lands Of fragrant meadows, waters bright, Where days were merry ?neath clear skies?

Was it not you who breathed into my vernal breast Some melancholy mysteries Tormenting it with keen desire Exciting it to anxious joy?

Was it not you who bore my soul aloft Upon the inspiration of your sacred verse, Who flamed before me like a holy vision, Initiating me into life's beauty?

In hours lost, hours of secret grief, Did you not always murmur to my heart, With happy comfort soothe it And nurture it with quiet hope?

Did not my soul forever heed you In all the purest moments of my life When'ere it glimpsed fate's sacred essence With only God to witness it?

What news bring you, O, my enchantress? Or will you once more call in dreams Awaken futile thoughts of old, Whisper of joy and then fall silent?

O spirit, bide with me awhile; O, faithful friend, haste not away; Stay, please become my earthly life, O, Guardian angel of my soul.