

Classic Poetry Series

**Vasily Andreyevich
Zhukovsky
- poems -**

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Vasily Andreyevich Zhukovsky(February 9 1783 – April 24 1852)

Vasily Andreyevich Zhukovsky

(February 9 [O.S. January 29] 1783 – April 24 [O.S. April 12] 1852) was the foremost Russian poet of the 1810s and a leading figure in Russian literature in the first half of the 19th century. He held a high position at the Romanov court as tutor to the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna and later to her son, the future Tsar-Liberator Alexander II.

Zhukovsky is credited with introducing the Romantic Movement into Russia. The main body of his literary output consists of free translations covering an impressively wide range of poets, from ancients like Ferdowsi and Homer to his contemporaries Goethe, Schiller, Byron, and others. Many of his translations have become classics of Russian literature, arguably better-written and more enduring in Russian than in their original languages.

Life

Zhukovsky was born in the village of Mishenskoe, in Tula Oblast, Russia, the illegitimate son of a landowner named Afanasi Bunin and his Turkish housekeeper Salkha. The Bunin family had a literary bent and some 90 years later produced the Nobel Prize-winning modernist writer Ivan Bunin. For reasons of social propriety, Zhukovsky was formally adopted by a family friend. He kept his adopted surname and patronymic for the rest of his life, even when later ennobled, eventually passing it on to his own children.

Raised in the Bunin family circle, Zhukovsky was sent to Moscow at the age of fourteen to be educated at the Moscow University Noblemen's Pension. There he was heavily influenced by Freemasonry, as well as by the fashionable literary trends of English Sentimentalism and German Sturm und Drang. He also came under the influence of Nikolay Karamzin, the preeminent Russian man of letters and the founding editor of the most important literary journal of the day, The Herald of Europe (Izvestiya).

In December 1802, the 19-year-old Zhukovsky published a free translation of Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" in Karamzin's journal. The translation was the first sustained example of his trademark sentimental-melancholy rhetorical style, which at the time was strikingly original in Russian. It made him famous. In 1808, Karamzin asked Zhukovsky to take over the editorship of *The Herald of Europe*. The young poet used this position to explore Romantic themes, motifs, and genres—largely by way of translation from European journals.

Zhukovsky was among the first Russian writers to cultivate the mystique of the Romantic poet. Much of his original lyrical work was inspired by his half-niece Maria "Masha" Protasova, the daughter of one of his several half-sisters, with whom he had a passionate but ultimately Platonic affair. He also came under the influence of Romanticism in the medieval Hansa cities of Dorpat and Revel, now called Tartu and Tallinn, which had recently been brought into the Russian Empire. The university at Dorpat (now Tartu University) had been reopened as the only German-speaking university in Imperial Russia.

Zhukovsky's rise at court began with Napoleon's invasion of 1812 and with the consequent revilement of French as the favored foreign language of the Russian aristocracy. Like thousands of other volunteers, Zhukovsky rushed to the defense of Moscow and was present at the Battle of Borodino. There he joined the Russian general staff under Field Marshal Kutuzov, who drafted him to work on propaganda and morale. After the war, he settled down temporarily in the village of Dolbino, near Moscow, where in 1815 he experienced a burst of poetic creativity known as the Dolbino Autumn. His work throughout this period attracted the attention of Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna, the German-born wife of Grand Duke Nicholas, the future Tsar Nicholas I. Alexandra invited Zhukovsky to St. Petersburg to be her personal Russian tutor. Many of Zhukovsky's best translations from German, including almost all of his translations of Goethe, were made as practical language exercises for Alexandra.

Zhukovsky's pedagogical career removed him in some respects from the forefront of Russian literary life, while at the same time it positioned him to become among the most powerful intellectuals in Russia. One of his first acts on moving to St. Petersburg was to establish the jocular Arzamas literary society in order to promote his mentor Karamzin's European-oriented, anti-classicist aesthetics. Members of the Arzamas included the teenage Alexander Pushkin, who rapidly emerged as his poetic heir apparent. Indeed, by the early 1820s, Pushkin had upstaged Zhukovsky in terms of the originality and brilliance of his work—even in Zhukovsky's own estimation. Yet the two remained lifelong friends, with Zhukovsky acting as the younger poet's literary mentor and

protector at court.

Much of Zhukovsky's subsequent cultural influence can be attributed to this gift for selfless friendship. His good personal relations with Nicholas and his family saved him from the fate of other liberal-intellectuals following the 1825 Decembrist Revolt. Shortly after Nicholas ascended the throne, he appointed Zhukovsky tutor to his and Alexandra's son, the tsarevich Alexander, later to become the Tsar-Liberator Alexander II. Zhukovsky's progressive educational methods influenced the young Alexander so deeply that many historians attribute the liberal reforms of the 1860s at least partially to them. The poet also used his high station at court to take up the cudgels for such free-thinking writers as Mikhail Lermontov, Alexander Herzen, and Taras Shevchenko (Zhukovsky was instrumental in buying him out of serfdom), as well as many of the persecuted Decembrists. On Pushkin's early death in 1837, Zhukovsky stepped in as his literary executor, not only rescuing his work from a hostile censorship (including several unpublished masterpieces), but also diligently collecting and preparing it for publication. Throughout the 1830s and 1840s, Zhukovsky also nurtured the genius and promoted the career of Nikolay Gogol, another close personal friend. In this way, he acted as a kind of impresario for the developing Russian Romantic Movement.

Like his mentor Karamzin, Zhukovsky travelled widely in Europe, above all in the German-speaking world, where his connections with the Prussian court in Berlin gave him access to high society in spa-towns like Bad Ems. He also met and corresponded with world-class cultural figures like Goethe, the poet Ludwig Tieck, and the landscape painter Caspar David Friedrich. In 1841, Zhukovsky retired from court and settled near Düsseldorf, where he married Elisabeth von Reiter, the 18-year-old daughter of a Baltic German artist friend. The couple had two children, a girl named Alexandra and a boy named Pavel. Alexandra later had a much talked-about affair with Grand Duke Alexei Alexandrovich.

Zhukovsky died in Baden-Baden in 1852, aged 69. His body was returned to St. Petersburg and buried in the Alexander Nevsky Lavra. His crypt can be found directly behind the monument to Dostoevsky.

Works

In the opinion of Vladimir Nabokov, Zhukovsky belonged to the class of poets who verge on greatness but never quite attain to that glory. His main contribution was as a stylistic and formal innovator who borrowed liberally from European literature in order to provide high-quality models for "original" works in Russian. His translation of Gray's "Elegy" is still cited by scholars as the

conventional starting-point for the Russian Romantic Movement.

Zhukovsky translated from a staggeringly wide range of sources, often without attribution, since modern ideas of intellectual property did not exist in his day. In his choice of original, however, he was consistently motivated by formal, and above all generic, principles. After his initial success with the "Elegy," he was especially admired for his first-rate melodious translations of German and English ballads. Among these, the ballad "Ludmila" (1808) and its companion piece "Svetlana" (1813) are considered landmarks in the Russian poetic tradition. Both are free translations of Gottfried August Burger's well-known German ballad "Lenore," although each renders the original in a completely different way. Characteristically, Zhukovsky later translated "Lenore" yet a third time as part of his lifelong effort to develop a natural-sounding Russian dactylic hexameter. His many translations of Schiller -- including both Classical and Romantic ballads, lyrics, and the verse drama *Jungfrau von Orléans* (about Joan of Arc) -- became classic works in Russian that many consider to be of equal if not higher quality than their originals. They were remarkable for their psychological depth, strongly influencing the younger generation of Russian realists, among them Dostoevsky, who famously called them "our Schiller"; ("our Schiller").

Zhukovsky also wrote original verse. His love lyrics to Masha Protasova, such as "Moi drug, khranitel'-angel moi" ("My friend, my guardian angel ..."), are minor classics. Probably his best-known original poem is the patriotic ode "A Bard in the Camp of the Russian Warriors," which he wrote to boost the morale of Russian troops during his service on Kutuzov's general staff. He also composed the lyrics for the national anthem of Imperial Russia, "God Save the Tsar!"

In the late 1830s, after a period of partial withdrawal from the literary scene, Zhukovsky staged a come-back with a highly-original verse translation of his German friend Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué's prose novella *Undine*. Written in a waltzing hexameter, Zhukovsky's version inspired the libretto for an opera by Tchaikovsky.

On retiring from court, Zhukovsky devoted his remaining years to hexameter translations of Eastern poetry, including long excerpts from the Persian epic *Shahnameh*. His greatest achievement in this period, however, was his translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, which he finally published in 1849. Although the translation has been strongly criticized, it became a classic in its own right and occupies a notable place in the history of Russian poetry. Some scholars argue that both his *Undine* and his *Odyssey* -- as long narrative works in verse—made an important, although oblique contribution to the development of the 19th

century Russian novel.

All in all, Zhukovsky's work may well constitute the most important body of literary hermeneutics in the Russian language. He is often considered the founder of a "German school" of Russian poets and as such has influenced figures as far afield as Fyodor Tyutchev and Marina Tsvetaeva.

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?

Vasily Andreyevich Zhukovsky

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.

Лалла Рук

Милый сон,,
души
пленитель,,
Гость
прекрасны
й с вышины,,

Благодатн
ый
посетител
ь
Поднебесн
ой
стороны,
Я тобою
насладилс
я
На минуту,
но вполне:
Добрым
вестником
явился
Здесь
небесного
ты мне.

Мнил я
быть в
обетованн
ой
Той земле,
где вечный
мир;
Мнил я
зреть
благоухан
ный
Безмятежн
ый
Кашемир;
Видел я:
торжество
вали
Праздник
розы и
весны
И
пришелицу
встречали

Из далекой
стороны.

И блистая
и пленяя -
Словно
ангел
неземной -
Непорочно
сть
молодая
Появилась
предо
мной;
Светлый
завес
покрывала
Отенял ее
черты, ,
И
застенчив
о склоняла
Взор
умильный с
высот.

Все - и
робкая
стыдливос
ть
Под
сиянием
венца, ,
И
младенчес
кая
живость, ,
И величие
лица, ,
И в чертах
глубокост
ь чувства

С
 безмятежн
 ой тишиной
 -
 Все в ней
 было без
 искусства
 Неописанн
 ой красой!

Я смотрел -
 а призрак
 мимо
 (Увлекая
 душу
 вслед)
 Пролетал
 невозврат
 имо;
 Я за ним -
 его уж нет!
 Посетил,
 как
 упованье;
 Жизнь
 минуту
 озарил;
 И оставил
 лишь
 преданье;
 Что когда-
 то в жизни
 был!

Ах! не с
 нами
 обитает
 Гений
 чистой
 красоты;
 Лишь порой
 он

навещает
Нас с
небесной
высоты;
Он
поспешен;
как
мечтанье;
Как
воздушный
утра сон;
Но в
святом
воспомина
нье
Неразлуче
н с
сердцем
он!

Он лишь в
чистые
мгновенья
Бытия
бывает к
нам
И приносит
откровень
я;
Благотвор
ные
сердцам;
Чтоб о
небе
сердце
знало
В темной
области
земной;
Нам туда
сквозь
покрывало

Он дает
взглянуть
порой;

И во всем,
что здесь
прекрасно,
Что наш
мир
животвори
т,,
Убедитель
но и ясно
Он с душою
говорит;
А когда
нас
покидает,,
В дар
любви у
нас в виду
В нашем
небе
зажигает
Он
прощальну
ю звезду.

Vasily Andreyevich Zhukovsky

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:
Poor bard!

Певец

В тени
дерев, над
чистыми
водами
Дерновый
холм вы
видите ль,
друзья?
Чуть
слышно там
плескает в
брег
струя;
Чуть
ветерок
там дышит
меж
листами;
На ветвях
лира и
венец...
Увы!
друзья,,
сей холм -

могила;
Здесь прах
певца
земля
сокрыла;
Бедный
певец!

Он сердцем
прост, он
нежен был
душою
Но в мире
он
минутный
странник
был;
Едва
расцвел - и
жизнь уж
разлюбил
И ждал
конца с
волненьем
и тоскою;
И рано
встретил
он конец, ,
Заснул
желанным
сном
могилы...
Твой век
был миг, но
миг
унылый, ,
Бедный
певец!

Он дружбу
пел, дав
другу

нежну
руку,-
Но верный
друг во
цвете лет
угас;
Он пел
любовь - но
был
печален
глас;
Увы! он
знал любви
одну лишь
муку;
Теперь
всему, ,
всему
конец;
Твоя душа
покой
вкусила;
Ты спишь;
тиха твоя
могила, ,
Бедный
певец!

Здесь, у
ручья, ,
вечернею
порою
Прощальну
песнь он
заунывно
пел:
'О красный
мир, где я
вотще
расцвел;
Прости
навек; с

обманутой
душою
Я счастья
ждал -
мечтам
конец;
Погибло
все;
умолкни;
лира;
Скорей;
скорей в
обитель
мира;
Бедный
певец!

Что жизнь;
когда в
ней нет
очаровань
я?
Блаженств
о знать; к
нему
лететь
душой;
Но
пропасть
зреть меж
ним и меж
собой;
Желать
всяк час и
трепетать
желанья...
О пристань
горестных
сердец;
Могила;
верный
путь к

покою,
Когда же
будет взят
тобою
Бедный
певец?'

И нет
певца... его
не слышно
лиры...
Его следы
исчезли в
сих
местах;
И скорбно
все в
долине, на
холмах;
И все
молчит...
лишь тихие
зефиры,
Колебля
вянущий
венец,
Порою веют
над
могилой,
И лира
вторит им
уныло:
Бедный
певец!

Vasily Andreyevich Zhukovsky

The Boatman

Driven by misfortune's whirlwind,
Having neither oar nor rudder,
By a storm my bark was driven
Out upon the boundless sea.
'midst black clouds a small star sparkled;
'Don't conceal yourself!' I cried;
But it disappeared, unheeding;
And my anchor was lost, too.

All was clothed in gloomy darkness;
Great swells heaved all round;
In the darkness yawned the depths
I was hemmed in by cliffs.
'There's no hope for my salvation!'
I bemoaned, with heavy spirit...
Madman! Providence
Was your secret helmsman.

With a hand invisible,
'midst the roaring waves,
Through the gloomy, veiled depths
Past the terrifying cliffs,
My all-powerful savior guided me.
Then-all's quiet ! gloom has vanished;
I behold a paradisaical realm...
Three celestial angels.

Providence - O, my protector!
My dejected groaning ceases;
On my knees, in exaltation,
On their image I did gaze.
Who could sing their charm?
Or their power o'er the soul?
All around them holy innocence
And an aura divine.

A delight as yet untasted -
Live and breathe for them;
Take into my soul and heart

All their words and glances sweet.
O fate! I've but one desire:
Let them sample every blessing;
Vouchsafe them delight - me suffering;
Only let me die before they do.

Пловец

Вихрем
бедствия
гонимый;
Без
кормила и
весла;
В океан
неисходим
ый
Буря челн
мой
занесла.
В тучах
звездочка
светилась
;
'Не
скрывайся!
' - я взывал;
Непреклон
ная
сокрылась
;
Якорь был -
и тот
пропал.

Все
оделось
черной
мглою:
Всколыхал
ися валы;

Бездны в
мраке
предо
мною;
Вкруг
ужасные
скалы.
'Нет
надежды на
спасенье!' -
Я роптал,
уныв
душой...
О безумец!
Провидень
е
Было
тайный
кормщик
твой.

Невидимою
рукою,,
Сквозь
ревущие
валы,,
Сквозь
одеты
бездны
мглою
И грозящие
скалы,,
Мощный вел
меня
хранитель..
Вдруг - все
тихо! мрак
исчез;
Вижу
райскую
обитель...
В ней трех

ангелов
небес.

О

спаситель

-

провидень
е!

Скорбный

ропот мой

утих;

На

коленах, в

восхищень

е,,

Я смотрю

на образ

их.

О! кто

прелесть

их опишет?

Кто их

силу над

душой?

Все окрест

их небом

дышит

И

невинност

ью святой.

Неиспытан

ная

радость -

Ими жить,

для них

дышать;

Их речей,

их взоров

сладость

В душу, в

сердце

принимать.
О судьба!
одно
желанье:
Дай все
блага им
вкусить;
Пусть им
радость -
мне
страданье
;
Но... не дай
их
пережить.

Vasily Andreyevich Zhukovsky

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 beckons us beyond.

Таинствен
ный
Посетител
ь

Кто ты,
призрак,
гость
прекрасны
й?
К нам
откуда
прилетал?
Безответн
о и
безгласно
Для чего
от нас
пропал?
Где ты? Где
твое
селенье?
Что с
тобой?
Куда
исчез?

И зачем
твое
явленье
В
поднебесн
ую с небес?

Не Надежда
ль ты
младая,,
Приходяща
я порой
Из
неведомог
о края
Под
волшебной
пеленой?
Как она,,
неумолимо
Радость
милую на
час
Показал
ты,, с нею
мимо
Пролетел и
бросил
нас.

Не Любовь
ли нам
собою
Тайно ты
изобразил
?..
Дни любви,,
когда
одною
Мир для
нас
прекрасен

был,
Ах! тогда
сквозь
покрывало
Неземным
казался
он...
Снят
покров;
любви не
стало;
Жизнь
пуста, и
счастье -
сон.

Не
волшебниц
а ли Дума
Здесь в
тебе
явилась
нам?
Удаленная
от шума
И
мечтатель
но к устам
Приложивш
и перст,
приходит
К нам, как
ты, она
порой
И в
минувшее
уводит
Нас
безмолвно
за собой.

Иль в тебе

сама
святая
Здесь
Поэзия
была?..
К нам, как
ты, она из
рая
Два
покрова
принесла:
Для небес
лазурно-
ясный,
Чистый,
белый для
земли:
С ней все
близкое
прекрасно
;
Все
знакомо,
что вдали.

Иль
Предчувст
вие
сходило
К нам во
образе
твоем
И понятно
говорило
О
небесном,
о святом?
Часто в
жизни так
бывало:
Кто-то
светлый к

Vasily Andreyevich Zhukovsky

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.

К
мимопроле
тевшему
знакомому
гению

Скажи, кто
ты,
пленитель
безымянны
й?
С каких
небес
примчался
ты ко мне?
Зачем
опять
влечешь к
обетованн
ой,
Давно,
давно
покинутой
стране?

Не ты ли
тот,
который
жизнь
младую
Так
сладостно
мечтами
усыплял
И в

старину
про гостью
неземную -
Про милую
надежду ей
шептал?

Не ты ли
тот, кем
все во дни
прекрасны
Так жило
там, в
счастливы
х тех
краях,
Где луг
душист,
где воды
светло-
ясны,
Где весел
день на
чистых
небесах?

Не ты ль во
грудь с
живым
весны
дыханьем
Таинствен
ной
унылостью
влетал,
Ее теснил
томительн
ым
желаньем
И
трепетным
весельем

волновал?

Поэзии
священным
вдохновен
ьем
Не ты ль с
душой
носился в
высоту,,
Пред ней
горел
божествен
ным
виденьем,,
Разоблача
л ей жизни
красоту?

В часы
утрат,, в
часы
печали
тайной,,
Не ты ль
всегда
беседой
сердца
был,,
Его смирял
утехою
случайной
И тихою
надеждою
целил?

И не тебе
ль всегда
она
внимала
В
чистейшие

минуты
бытия,,
Когда
судьбы
святыню
постигала,,
Когда лишь
Бог
свидетель
был ея?

Какую ж
весть
принес ты,,
мой
пленитель
?
Или опять
мечтой
лишь
поманишь
И,, прежних
дум
напрасный
пробудите
ль,,
О счастии
шепнешь и
замолчишь
?

О Гений
мой,,
побудь еще
со мною;
Бывалый
друг,,
отлетом не
спеши;
Останься,,
будь мне
жизнию

Vasily Andreyevich Zhukovsky