

Kokola

(trans. Konstantin Balmont)

I. *Slyshish, sani mchatsya v ryad,
Mchatsya v ryad,
Kolokolchiki zvenyat.
Serebristym legkim zvonom slukh nash
sladostno tomyat.
Etim penyem i gudenym o zabvenye govoryat.
O, kak zvonko, zvonko, zvonko,
Tochno zvuchnyi smekh rebyonka,
V yasnom vozdukh nochnom
Govoryat oni o tom.
Shto za dnyami zabluzhdenya Nastupayet
vozrozhdenye.
Shto volshebno naxlazhdenye,
naxlazhdenye nezhnym snom.
Sani mchatsya, mchatsya v ryad.
Kolokolchiki zvenyat.
Zvyozdy slushayut, kak sani, ubegaya, govoryat
I, vnimaya im, goryat.
I mechtaya i blistaya, v nebe dukhami paryat;
I izmenchivym siyanym,
Molchalivym obayanym,
Vmeste s zvonom, vmeste s penyem,
o zabvenye govoryat.*

II. *Slyshish, k svadbe zov svyatoj,
Zolotoj.
Skolko nezhnovo blazhenstva v etoj pesne
molodoy!
Skovz spokoinyi vozdukh nochi
Slovno smotryat hyi to ochi
I blestyat,
Iz volny pevuchikh zvukov na lunu oni
glyadyat.
Iz prizyvnykh divnykh keliy,
Polny skazochnykh vesehy,
Narastaya, upadaya, bryzgi svetlyye letyat.
Vnov potukhnut, vnov blestyat,
I ronyayut svetlyi vzglyad
Na gryadushcheye, gde dremlet
bezmyatezhnost nezhnykh snov,
Vozveshchayemykh soglasyem zolotykh
kolokolov.*

The Bells

(Edgar Allan Poe)

I. Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody
foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically
wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the
bells.

II. Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony
foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future!—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III. *Slyshish, voyushchiy nabat,*
Tochno stonet medniy ad.
Eti zvuki, v dikoy muke, skazku uzhasov
tverdyat!
Tochno molyat im pomoch,
Krik kidayut pryamo v noch,
Pryamo v ushi temnoy nochi
Kazhdyi zvuk,
To dlinneye, to koroche
Vyklikayet svoj ispug.
I ispug ikh tak velik.
Tak bezumen kazhdyi krik,
Shto razorvannyye zvony, nesposobnyye
zvuchat,
Mogut tolko bitsya, bitsya, i krichat, krichat,
krichat
I k pylayushchey gromade,
Vopli skorbi obrashchat.
A mezh tem ogon bezumnyi,
I glukhoy i mnogoshumnyi, vsyo gorit,
To iz okon, to na kryshe
Mchitsya vyshe, vyshe, vyshe,
I kak budto govorit: Ya khochu
Vyshe mchatsya, razgoratsya vstrechu
lunnomu luchu,
Il umru, il totchas, totchas, vplot do
mesyatsa vzlechu.
O, nabat, nabat, nabat,
Yesli b ty vernul nazad
Etot uzhas, eto plamya, etu iskru, etot
vzglyad,
Etot pervyi vzglyad ognya,
O kotorom ty veshchayesh s voplem,
s plachem i zvenya
A teper nam net spasenya.
Vsyudu strakh i vozmushchenye.
Tvoy prizyv,
Dikikh zvukov nesoglasnost
Vozveshchayet nam opasnost.
To rastyot beda glukhaya, to spadayet,
kak priliv.
Slukh nash chutko lovit volny v peremene
zvukovoy,
Vnov spadayet, vnov rydayet medno
stonushchiy priboy!

III. Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency
 tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of
 the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and
 frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit, or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger
 of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clanging of the bells!

(Please turn the page quietly.)

IV. Pokhoronnyi slyshen zvon,
 Dolgiy zvon!
 Gorkoy skorbi slyshny zvuki, gorkoy zhizni
 konchen son.
 Zvuk zheleznyi vozveshchayet o pechali
 pokhoron.
 I nevolno my drozhim,
 Ot zabav svoikh speshim,
 I rydayem, vspominayem, shto i my glaza
 smezhim.
 Neizmenno monotonnyi,
 Etot vozglas otdalyonnyi.
 Pokhoronnyi tyazhkiy zvon,
 Tochno ston.
 Skorbnyi gnevnyi
 I plachevnyi
 Vyrastayet v dolgiy gul,
 Vozveshchayet, shto stradalets
 neprobudnym snom usnul.
 V kolokolnykh kelyakh rzhavykh
 On dlya pravvykh i nepravvykh
 Grozno vtorit ob odnom:
 Shto na serdtse budto kamen, shto glaza
 somknutsya snom.
 Fakel traurnyi gorit.
 S kolokolni kto-to kriknul, kto-to gromko
 govorit,
 Kto-to chyornyi tam stoit.
 I khokhochet, i gremit,
 I gudit, gudit, gudit,
 K kolokolne pripadayet,
 Gulkiy kolokol kachayet,
 Gulkiy kolokol ryadayet,
 Stonet v vozdukhe nemom
 I rot'yazhno vozveshchayet o pokoye
 grobovom.

IV. Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their
 monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls:—
 And their king it is who tolls:—
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A paeon from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the paeon of the bells!
 And he dances, and he yells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the paeon of the bells:—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells:—
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.