

# Tyutchev's Poetry

## An Introduction



translation and notes by colin holcombe

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# The Poetry of Fedor Ivanovich Tyutchev: An Introduction

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Colin John Holcombe

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## INTRODUCTION

Fëdor Ivánovich Tyútchev (1803-73)

It was an unlikely background for one of Russia's major poets. Fëdor Ivánovich Tyútchev was born into the ancient nobility, educated at the University of Moscow, and at eighteen entered the diplomatic service, in which he would serve, mainly abroad, for the next twenty-two years. He married a Bavarian member of the aristocracy (Eleonore Peterson, née Countess von Bothmer, a widow with four young sons) and came to regard Munich as his true home, making friends there with Heine and Schelling, and sending some forty poems to Pushkin's *Sovreménnik* over the 1836-38 period, where they were published over the signature of 'F.T.' but attracted little attention. Tyútchev lost his first wife on a move to Turin, but was married a second time, again to a widowed Bavarian aristocrat (Ernestine von Dornberg), but abandoned his post of chargé d'affaires without proper leave of absence. Tyútchev was therefore dismissed from the service, and settled as a private citizen in Munich, subsequently returning to Russia and a post in the Censorship. In 1854 his poetry first appeared in book form, but Tyútchev was by then better known for reactionary pan-Slavic views, which offended the more liberal opinions of the day. He published stirring patriotic pieces, and long essays on Russia's place in the world, but this now fashionable figure in aristocratic circles suffered family bereavements, remorse over his previous affairs, and finally strokes that

left him intermittently paralysed in the last few months before his death in 1873. {1-3}

Tyútchev's work, occasional and never abundant, was rediscovered by Nekrásov, and remains celebrated for its lyrical nature pieces and intense love poetry. The last was inspired by wives and mistresses, most particularly by Elena Denísieva, his daughter's associate, with whom he had a long and passionate association that did little to harm his reputation but wholly ruined hers. When, in 1864, Mlle Denísieva died, Tyútchev was plunged into grief and despair, his remorse only sharpened by the forbearance shown by his wife, and then the deaths of two of Elena Denísieva's children, who succumbed to the same disease. {1-3}

Tyútchev is now regarded as the true descendent of Pushkin: the little poems sent to *Sovreménnik* are known by heart across Russia and the love poems speak of a torment that no one will wish to experience. All the poetry, except the savage invective of the late political pieces, which can rise into true eloquence, is pantheistic, profoundly pessimistic and dualistic, indeed Manichaen. The Cosmos around us is always at the mercy of Chaos. Our existence here is fleeting and precarious. Tyútchev's poems are the more remarkable in that he used Russian infrequently: his wives did not speak Russian, and Tyútchev's everyday speech and correspondence was in French. {1-5}

Tyútchev was not always the acerbic old diplomat that later photographs show him as. In youth and early manhood he displayed a simple, almost cherubic, innocence, which was doubtless useful to a man constantly straying from the path of matrimonial virtue. In general, he was not ostentatiously unfaithful, but needed the distraction of love affairs to overcome a tendency to depression, seeming perpetually unable to deny the allure of a pretty face. Most of the affairs, as far as we can tell, were casual and ephemeral, and regarded as such by his wives, but several were much more serious. He never outgrew his early attachment to Amalie von Sternfeld, who was married off to the much older but more suitable Count Alexander von Krüdener, a marriage that was probably unhappy as she became a star ornament of the St. Petersburg court and included the Tsar among her many lovers. Tyútchev sensibly married Eleonore Peterson, with whom he was genuinely contented, though habitually treated as the pampered child, the well-meaning but impractical husband. While still married to Eleonore, however, he fell desperately in love with Ernestine, the second Bavarian aristocrat, whom he eventually married. It was indeed to further their illicit association that Tyútchev transferred to Turin, where, weakened by an arduous sea journey, his first wife suddenly fell ill and died. Tyútchev's grief was extravagant but real, causing some concern to his consular colleagues.

But to his second wife, who for six years supported him on her inherited wealth, he was also unfaithful, openly so, taking up with Elena Denísieva, his daughter's associate, a



grave breach in etiquette because he was taking advantage of a relatively inexperienced girl. And yet, as so often with Tyútchev, the love was fully returned, and even condoned by his second and equally long-suffering wife. Both during the affair, and more so after Denísieva's death in 1864, Tyútchev wrote some of the most direct and anguished love poetry in the Russian language. There is no reason to think he was making emotional capital out of his misfortunes, and Tyútchev was indeed slow and dilatory in publishing his poems. He was simply incapable of seeing the world in a wider context, through accepted social standards. He had a materially-pampered childhood, and enjoyed a morally-pampered adult life. In those respects he never quite grew up. {2-3}

It was the Romantic self-centeredness to a dangerous fault, which passed muster because Tyútchev was no Byronic hero given to extravagant gestures, but a temporizing, well-read and intelligent man, sympathizing with liberal opinion but staying well within the bounds of moderation. Some of his friends were Decembrists, but Tyútchev was not so actively involved as to suffer execution or exile to Siberia when the coup failed. More than was strictly expected of his duties, Tyútchev also enjoyed close friendships with social figures, intellectuals and writers. Many were entertained in the modest apartment in Munich. Tyútchev was indeed the well-trained diplomat, often appearing too urbane and polished to his rougher Russian compatriots, but hardly an ambitious one. His slow rise in the ranks often left the household in straitened circumstances, a modest salary

not helped by Tyútchev's sheer impracticality. His wives handled the money, and for advice and commonsense turned to Tyútchev's brother, who enjoyed a steady career in the military, retiring with the rank of colonel in 1830.

Tyútchev's poems are generally occasional pieces. He did not sit down to produce a body of careful work, consciously crafted and revised, but jotted down lines as they came to him, lines which he sometimes mislaid or threw away. In general he showed little interest in publishing his work, and was content to let the editorial committee of Turgénev and Nekrásov 'improve' his little verses in their 1854 compilation of his work. With the exception of the late Denísieva cycle, where Tyútchev was continually conscious of the wrong he had done his mistress, the poems were spontaneous creations, reflecting whatever was uppermost in Tyútchev's mind at the time, which was some immediate response to events, or that response filtered through philosophic musings. Both can be complex. {2-3}

As a young man, Tyútchev was open to liberal opinion, indeed was deeply interested in the intellectual currents that flowed openly in the Bavaria where he spent most of his time abroad. He knew Heine and Schelling personally, and was on friendly terms with the better writers of his day. But, as happens with most men, those interests became overlain by other concerns. Tyútchev worked as a censor after returning to Russia, and though some of that official caution, or dislike of inflammatory ideas, rubbed

off on the man, Tyútchev was at best a half-hearted censor, often being criticized for his liberal attitudes. Incendiary ideas did not upset him, and he was probably more interested than concerned by what was not allowed into the country. All arrivals, even in Alexander II's time, had to open their trunks and watch foreign literature be promptly confiscated — or sent to be examined by censors who took so long in making up their minds that the process amounted to confiscation. The whole business bored him, but the salary was nonetheless essential when Tyuhev took a full part in society and also had two households to support: his second wife and her three children by him, and a mistress with another three children and an accompanying maiden aunt. {2-3}

Whatever its shortcomings, Tyútchev came to see Russia as the Slav homeland, the protector of a particular way of life that was being threatened by the stirrings of nationalism and limited democracy in Germany, stirrings that were to lead to the Germany's unification, the Franco-Russian War of 1870, and two world wars in the following century. Russia was certainly backward, and Tyútchev welcomed the emancipation of the serfs, but it was also an ancient country where traditions and government had settled over centuries into workable patterns. Russia was equally his mother country, and Tyútchev was notably scathing over compromises and peace treaties the Tsar had been obliged to sign with Turkey and Austria. The scornful poems he wrote at the time could be crudely jingoistic, portraying their author in a very reactionary light at a time when the literature of

Russia — poetry, novels and articles — was increasingly focused on needed social reform. {4-5}

The Polish uprisings were put down savagely, for example, but again Tyútchev saw Russia as the inheritor and protector of the Russian Orthodox Church, and he was not as outraged as were the western nations at such brutal methods. On Russian writers, on Turgenev or Tolstoy even, who admired his work, these later poems made a uncomfortable impression, one not helped by their biting sarcasm that sometimes rose to genuine eloquence. But they are part of the man. Tyútchev did not always think through his opinions properly, or, put another way — as he did write extended articles that were published abroad — the opinions did not escape Tyútchev's amazingly compartmentalized thinking. Tyútchev wrote some of the freshest nature poems in the language, but he did not like the Russian countryside in the slightest, and was quickly bored by stays at the family estates at Ovstug. His quick mind and constant tendency to depression needed the bustle and excitement of the town, indeed of high society. {2-3}

Tyútchev carried out his diplomatic duties conscientiously, but his heart was not in the routine paperwork and protocol that make up an official's life. Conversation was his passion. People listened because his words had an artless brilliance, but the Tyútchev who would hold forth at glittering social occasions till the small hours of the morning was often slovenly dressed and the supporter of a mistress in overcrowded rooms, where the St.

Petersburg cold and damp contributed to the tuberculosis that carried her off at the young age of 32, from the grief and guilt of which Tyútchev never fully recovered. But it is the same unconscionable Tyútchev whose poetry was promoted by Grand Duchess Maria Nikolayevna, and whose daughter Anna became tutor to the royal family. {2-3}

Though Tyútchev professed to see his poetry as a pastime, it has a deeply pondered flavour, where nature is a process, something that extracts order from chaos, as do the Greek myths he sometimes incorporated, and the German philosophy he read. Man's psyche, or 'soul' as he called it, is one of vague troubles, inarticulate aspirations, dilemmas or even perversities. The psyche is aroused at dark hours and in abnormal states: by insomnias, or dreams, or storm-driven seas. The nighttime sphere gradually emerged in his thinking as the primordial chaos in the myths of antiquity. In *Silentum*, the abyss of the ineffable is not the outer world but inside. {2-3}

The nature poems reflect a spontaneous love for the earth, which is expressed in direct statements. Many poems express no more than moods and brief meditations, often at the turning points of the seasons: spring brings elation, joy and promise, the autumn brings melancholy and reflection. But the observation, particularly of Russian landscapes, is astonishingly exact and fresh, as though disclosed for the first time to man. As contemporaries noted, these short poems, apparently so

inconsequential and artless, also acted as a lens to seemingly disclose the deep workings of the universe.

The Russian is usually clear and straightforward, though the style throughout is elevated — solemn and rhetorical in the earlier pieces, with some eighteenth-century relish for pointed comment, but later less formal. All the work was musical, and much is to a high standard. Despite its air of happy improvisation, Tyútchev's poetry is in fact carefully constructed, and has markedly individual traits. Tyútchev often preferred a literary and slightly old-fashioned diction because that diction gave dignity, elevation and universality. Tyútchev used pointed comparisons in a line, or restricted verb use, both devices adding an overtone to the sense. Even his use of pronouns could be idiosyncratic. In general, at least until his late patriotic poetry, Tyútchev avoided easy appeals to sentiment, and his *Silentum* anticipated Symbolism. {2-3}

Further material is placed in the Appendix — explanatory notes, prosody, literal translations, third party translations, sound recordings, and a fuller treatment of Tyútchev's thought and pan-Slavism.

## POEMS: DESCRIPTIVE PIECES

## 1. Весенняя гроза

Люблю грозу в начале мая,  
Когда весенний, первый гром,  
как бы резвяся и играя,  
Грохочет в небе голубом.

Гремят раскаты молодые,  
Вот дождик брызнул, пыль летит,  
Повисли перлы дождевые,  
И солнце нити золотит.

С горы бежит поток проворный,  
В лесу не молкнет птичий гам,  
И гам лесной и шум нагорный —  
Все вторит весело громам.

Ты скажешь: ветреная Геба,  
Кормя Зевесова орла,  
Громокипящий кубок с неба,  
Смеясь, на землю пролила.

## 1. Spring Storm

I love a storm in early May,  
when first of thunder crackles through  
the frolic of a happy day  
reverberating into blue.

New peals of thunder. Spread among  
the dust thrown up in plashy spreads  
are liquid pearls of raindrops strung  
upon the sunlight's golden threads.

Then floods on mountain slopes appear,  
and bird songs come from woods around:  
the hill and forest calls are here  
now gathered in one gladdened sound.

You'll say that Hebe, giving sup  
to Zeus' eagle here has downed  
the thunder from her heavenly cup  
and, laughing, spilled it on the ground.

*1828, modified in the 1850s.*



## 2. Осенний вечер

Есть в светлости осенних вечеров  
Умильная, таинственная прелесть!..  
Зловещий блеск и пестрота деревьев,  
Багряных листьев томный, легкий шелест,

Туманная и тихая лазурь  
Над грустно-сиротеющей землею  
И, как предчувствие сходящих бурь,  
Порывистый, холодный ветер порою,

Ущерб, изнеможенье — и на всем  
Та кроткая улыбка увяданья,  
Что в существе разумном мы зовем  
Божественной стыдливостью страданья!..

## 2. Autumn Evening

What graciousness the autumn evening has;  
what charms are here, mysterious and sweet.  
In brightness mixed, the trees are ominous,  
and leaves fall red and rustling at our feet.

A blue that's lightly touched with fog now forms  
above this sadly-orphaned forest spot:  
a premonition too of coming storms,  
of cold and gusty winds, as like as not.

Exhaustion, injury, a going hence,  
from everything a smile that's fading out,  
which, could we read intelligence, we'd sense  
as suffering — shy and holy and devout.

*Autumn of 1850.*

## 3. Зима недаром злится

Зима недаром злится,  
Прошла её пора –  
Весна в окно стучится  
И гонит со двора.

И всё засуетилось,  
Всё нудит Зиму вон –  
И жаворонки в небе  
Уж подняли трезвон.

Зима еще хлопочет  
И на Весну ворчит.  
Та ей в глаза хохочет  
И пуще лишь шумит...

Взбесилась ведьма злая  
И, снегу захватя,  
Пустила, убегая,  
В прекрасное дитя...

Весне и горя мало:  
Умылася в снегу  
И лишь румяней стала  
Наперекор врагу.

### 3. Winter's Put the Snow

Winter has the snow  
angrily on guard.  
Rapped windows show  
it driven from the yard.

So the bluster, bringing  
warmth and brighter spells:  
larks in the sky, ringing  
peals of happy bells.

Still the winter tries  
to undo noisy spring  
with laughter in her eyes:  
tumult in everything.

Spring is a mad witch, wild  
at capturing the day.  
Snow is a beautiful child  
running and running away.

Spring will have the snow  
rinse itself in heat:  
red cheeks begin to glow  
and signal cold's defeat.

*1836, but only published after Tyútchev's death.*

## 4. Чародейкою Зимою

Чародейкою Зимою  
Околдован, лес стоит -  
И под снежной бахромою,  
Неподвижною, немою,  
Чудной жизнью он блестит.

И стоит он, околдован, -  
Не мертвец и не живой -  
Сном волшебным очарован,  
Весь опутан, весь окован  
Легкой цепью пуховой...

Солнце зимнее ли мещет  
На него свой луч косой -  
В нем ничто не затрепещет,  
Он весь вспыхнет и заблещет  
Ослепительной красой.

#### 4. Winter is the True Magician

Winter is the true magician,  
bewitched by him the forest stands.  
Here a snow-hung apparition,  
lacking voice and all volition,  
brings new brilliance to these lands

How stilled and awed are depths around,  
which stay not living nor are dead,  
but in a magic dream are found  
mesmerized, securely bound  
by chains of downy white instead.

Should round them move the winter sun  
on wavering shafts of slanting light,  
no tremulation brings undone  
the flaring beauty it has won:  
a dazzling wonderland of white.

*1852, but only published 14 years after Tyútchev's death.*

## 5. Лениво дышит полдень мгlistый

Лениво дышит полдень мгlistый;  
Лениво катится река;  
И в тверди пламенной и чистой  
Лениво тают облака.

И всю природу, как туман,  
Дремота жаркая объемлет;  
И сам теперь великий Пан  
В пещере нимф покойно дремлет.

## 5. An Uneventful Afternoon

An uneventful afternoon:  
through mists the river idles by,  
above in clean and fiery swoon  
the clouds melt quietly from the sky.

A misty nature seems to steep  
itself in vast, warm, slumbering calms,  
and in his cavern Pan to sleep  
enfolded in his nymphs' soft arms.

*1836, published in Puskin's Sovreménnik.*



## 6. Летний вечер

Уж солнца раскаленный шар  
С главы своей земля скатила,  
И мирный вечера пожар  
Волна морская поглотила.

Уж звезды светлые взошли  
И тяготеющий над нами  
Небесный свод приподняли  
Своими влажными главами.

Река воздушная полней  
Течет меж небом и землею,  
Грудь дышит легче и вольней,  
Освобожденная от зною.

И сладкий трепет, как струя,  
По жилам пробежал природы,  
Как бы горячих ног ея  
Коснулись ключевые воды.

## 6. Summer Evening

And so the sun, a glowing ball,  
will head the rolling earth in fire,  
and peaceful flood of evenings fall  
to sea and waves and there expire.

The starlight glitters and ascends  
the very vertex of our gaze.  
The vault of heaven lifts and bends  
into a wealth of cool moist haze.

That river is a wealth of air  
by which both earth and heaven meet.  
We breathe more easily, aware  
of this release from undue heat.

The sweetness palpitates, has grown  
a jet or earth's connecting vein,  
and on those burning feet has thrown  
the balm of water's cool again.

*1866*

## 7. Тихо в озере струится

Тихо в озере струится  
Отблеск кровель золотых,  
Много в озеро глядится

Достопавностей бываих.  
Жизнь играет, солнце греет,  
Но под нею и под ним  
Здесь бывое чудно веет  
Обаянием своим.

Солнце светит золотое,  
Блещут озера струи...  
Здесь великое бывое  
Словно дышит в забытии;

Дремлет сладко-беззаботно,  
Не смущая дивных снов  
И тревогой мимолетной  
Лебединых голосов...

## 7. A Quietness is in the Lake

A quietness is in the lake:  
gold roofs upon the surface cast  
their many semblances and make  
a glory shimmering with the past.

Life is all about: the sun  
warms up the surface, depths have grown  
to far and far beneath and won  
enchanted echoes of their own.

The sun shines down: a golden sheen  
illuminates the lake, but gone  
a former greatness from the scene  
as breath into oblivion.

Such sleep is sweet and carefree here,  
no vexing dreams to feed upon,  
and never fleetingly appear  
the anxious voices of the swan.

*July 1866. The setting is Tsarskoye Selo, the imperial  
country residence 15 miles south of St. Petersburg.*

## 8. Снежные горы

Уже полдневная пора  
Палит отвесными лучами, –  
И задымилась гора  
С своими черными лесами.

Внизу, как зеркало стальное,  
Синеют озера струи  
И с камней, блестящих на зное,  
В родную глубь спешат ручьи...

И между тем как полусонный  
Наш дольний мир, лишенный сил,  
Проникнут негой благовонной,  
Во мгле полуденной почил, –

Горé, как божества родные,  
Над издыхающей землей,  
Играют выси ледяные  
С лазурью неба огневой.

## 8. Snowy Mountains

The day half gone, the noon-tide spoke  
of falls of sunlight, shading back  
to mountain sides of shadowed smoke  
and forests filled with inky black

with, down below, a metal sheet  
of molten blue: the lake accepts  
the stones that glister in the heat  
as streams are lost to native depths.

Meanwhile and half asleep at this  
surrender to a listless swoon,  
a fragrant, penetrating bliss  
pervades the darkening afternoon.

Grief as native deities  
above the earth where all things die  
contends in fierce identities  
with that iced azure of the sky.

*1825-9. First published in Galatea, a Moscow weekly magazine, in 1830, when it appeared with the note 'Salzburg'.*

## LOVE'S ATTRACTION

## 9. К N.N.

Ты любишь, ты притворствовать умеешь —  
Когда в толпе, украдкой от людей,  
Моя нога касается твоей,  
Ты мне ответ даешь и не краснеешь!

Все тот же вид рассеянный, бездушный,  
Движенья персей, взор, улыбка та ж —  
Меж тем твой муж, сей ненавистный страж,  
Любуется твоей красой послушной.

Благодаря и людям и судьбе,  
Ты тайным радостям узнала цену,  
Узнала свет: он ставит нам в измену  
Все радости ... Измена льстит тебе.

Стыдливости румянец невозвратный,  
Он улетел с твоих молодых ланит —  
Так с юных роз Авроры луч бежит  
С их чистою душою ароматной.

Но так и быть! в палящий летний зной  
Лестней для чувств, приманчивей для взгляда  
Смотреть в тени, как в кисти винограда  
Сверкает кровь сквозь зелени густой!

## 9. To N.N.

Just play the part, my love, and acquiese,  
that, if my feet in wandering over floors  
should accidentally come to rest by yours,  
you will not blush but quietly give me yes.

But make preoccupied and unaddressed  
that husband-answering, witless smile:  
so will your hated guardian, all the while,  
by looks believe himself obeyed and blessed.

How men in fact behave and fate conspire  
should show how costly is each secret joy:  
with light we see the reason we employ  
such treachery to flatter our desire.

As for innocence: we lose it whole,  
and irretrievably will light suborn  
Aurora's first faint blush of rosy dawn:  
so promptly goes our pure and fragrant soul.

But let it go. The summer heat conceives  
a hint of swelling into half-sensed shapes,  
as in the shadowed depths the blood-red grapes  
entice us through their verdant mat of leaves.

*1820s, but not published till 1879.*



## 10. Вчера, в мечтах обвороженных

Вчера, в мечтах обвороженных,  
С последним месяца лучом  
На веждах темно-озаренных,  
Ты поздним позабылась сном.

Утихло вокруг тебя молчанье  
И тень нахмурилась темней,  
И груди ровное дыханье  
Струилось в воздухе слышней.

Но сквозь воздушный завес окон  
Недолго лился мрак ночной,  
И твой, взвеваясь, сонный локон  
Играл с незримою мечтой.

Вот тихоструйно, тиховейно,  
Как ветерком занесено,  
Дымно-легко, мглисто-лилейно  
Вдруг что-то по́рхнуло в окно.

Вот невидимкой пробежало  
По темно-брезжущим коврам,  
Вот, ухватясь за одеяло,  
Взбираться стало по краям, –

Вот, словно змейка, извиваясь,  
Оно на ложе взобралось,  
Вот, словно лента, развеваясь,  
Меж пологам развилось...

## 10. In Yesterday's Enchanted State

In yesterday's enchanted state,  
beneath the moon's thin, dwindling light,  
with darkness spotted round, you lay  
as lost into your dreams of late.

And in the silence settling through,  
whatever frowning darkness be,  
the spirit animating you  
breathed out the air more audibly.

When, through the lacy-curtained air,  
there came the night's dark embassy:  
entwined as hair was, tangled there  
was doubtless dream I couldn't see.

How quietly, ever quietly, too,  
a breeze unfolded in its trace  
of soft and water-lilied hue  
across the tangled window space.

Imperceptibly it ran,  
across the carpets on the floor,  
in the blanket's dark began  
to clutch the edge, and climbed yet more

until, meandering like a snake  
across the contours of your bed,  
it formed a ribbon fluttering to take  
advantage of a space that led

Вдруг животрепетным сияньем  
Коснувшись персей молодых,  
Румяным громким восклицаньем  
Раскрыло шелк ресниц твоих!

to your soft breasts. It sought about  
and, touching all with youthful sighs,  
it opened with a rosy shout  
the silk-hung sashes of your eyes.

*1835-6. Written for Ernestine, his second wife.*

## 11. Люблю глаза твои

Люблю глаза твои, мой друг,  
С игрой их пламенно-чудесной,  
Когда их приподынешь вдруг  
И, словно молнией небесной,  
Окинешь бегло целый круг...

Но есть сильнее очарованья:  
Глаза, потупленные ниц  
В минуты страстного лобзанья,  
И сквозь опущенных ресниц  
Угрюмый, тусклый огонь желанья.

## 11. I Love those Feral Eyes

I love those feral eyes, my friend:  
alluringly you glance around,  
and, all at once, those lids will bend  
as heaven's own lightning to the ground:  
such is the fluent power they send.

A stronger charm the head acquires  
when from the kissing downward go  
the half-closed eyes, and it transpires  
that through the lowered lashes glow  
the sullen heats of those desires.

*1835. Written for Ernestine, his second wife.*

## REFLECTIONS ON LOVE

## 12. Я помню время золотое

Я помню время золотое,  
Я помню сердцу милый край.  
День вечерел; мы были двое;  
Внизу, в тени, шумел Дунай.

И на холму, там, где, белея,  
Руина замка в дол глядит,  
Стояла ты, молодая фея,  
На мшистый опершись гранит,

Ногой младенческой касаясь  
Обломков груды вековой;  
И солнце медлило, прощаясь  
С холмом, и замком, и тобой.

И ветер тихий мимолетом  
Твоей одеждою играл  
И с диких яблонь цвет за цветом  
На плечи юные свевал.

Ты беззаботно вдаль глядела...  
Край неба дымно гас в лучах;  
День догорал; звучнее пела  
Река в померкших берегах.

И ты с веселостью беспечной  
Счастливым провожала день:  
И сладко жизни быстротечной  
Над нами пролетала тень.

## 12. A Golden Time I Have in Mind

A golden time I have in mind  
that on the edge of sweetness stayed.  
The evening over, we two find  
ourselves in Danube's rustling shade.

How ancient too, and clothed in white,  
had then that hill-top castle grown:  
with you, a fairy in ethereal light,  
against the mossed old granite stone.

You had your youthful foot deny  
the wreck of age. The sunlight too  
in hesitating said goodbye  
to hill and castle and to you.

The wind in passing ruffled clothes  
and on young shoulders then the breeze  
in playing tossed its petalled shows  
of colours from wild apple trees.

How casual then was your frank gaze  
into the sun's expiring source:  
the day burned down to dusky rays,  
the surge boomed louder in its course.

For you that day was quickly done,  
and carelessly, as not to last:  
through our sweet life the fleeting one  
above us, like a shadow, passed.

*1833. In memory of Amalia Krudener, his first love.*



## 13. Двум сестрам

Обеих вас я видел вместе –  
И всю тебя узнал я в ней...  
Та ж взоров тихость, нежность гласа,  
Та ж свежесть утреннего часа,  
Что веяла с главы твоей!..

И всё, как в зеркале волшебном,  
Всё обозначилося вновь:  
Минувших дней печаль и радость,  
Твоя утраченная младость,  
Моя погибшая любовь!..

## 13. To Two Sisters

Encountering both together there,  
I saw in her what once was you:  
your eyes, your voice of tenderness,  
the freshness morning hours possess  
on that loved face conferred anew.

As though a magic mirror bore  
those features now portrayed again  
the joys and sadness of our youth:  
the looks now lost to you in truth,  
my love, long dead, of you as then.

*1829. Written for Eleonore and Clotilde, to the first of  
whom he was married, but clearly not happily by then.*

## 14. Лето 1854

Какое лето, что за лето!  
Да это просто колдовство –  
И как, прошу, далось нам это  
Так ни с того и ни с сего?..

Гляжу тревожными глазами  
На этот блеск, на этот свет...  
Не издеваются ль над нами?  
Откуда нам такой привет?..

Увы, не так ли молодая  
Улыбка женских уст и глаз,  
Не восхищая, не прельщая,  
Под старость лишь смущает нас...

## 14. Summer of 1854

What a summer! Summer's bliss!  
Such is the magic witchcraft does.  
But tell me why we're granted this,  
and from the blue enticing us?..

And then I look with wary eyes  
at this great blaze, this wondrous light.  
Is something forceful in this guise  
of welcoming and beckoning sight?

Alas, that youth has made some pact,  
and lips and eyes, once generous,  
look not on us, nor would attract:  
old age indeed confuses us...

*1854. Written to Ernestine, before she became his second wife.*

15. 1-е декабря 1837

Так здесь-то суждено нам было  
Сказать последнее прости...  
Прости всему, чем сердце жило,  
Что, жизнь твою убив, ее испепелило  
В твоей измученной груди!..

Прости... Чрез много, много лет  
Ты будешь помнить с содроганьем  
Сей край, сей брег с его полуденным сияньем,  
Где вечный блеск и долгий цвет,  
Где поздних, бледных роз дыханьем  
Декабрьский воздух разогрет.

15. 1<sup>st</sup> December 1837

Our love was fated to expire  
and here we say our last farewell.  
Forgiving all of heart's desire,  
your life consumed by that fierce fire,  
exhausted in its citadel!

But after many years' despair,  
if with reluctance underneath,  
you'll find these midday lands bequeath  
the endless shining fruits they bear  
and, like late roses, palely breathe  
their warmth out through December's air.

*1837. Addressed to Ernestine Pfeffel, from whom  
Tyútchev expected to be parted but in fact later married.*

## 16. Не раз ты слышала признание

Не раз ты слышала признание:  
«Не стою я любви твоей».  
Пускай мое она создание –  
Но как я беден перед ней...

Перед любовью твоею  
Мне больно вспомнить о себе –  
Стою, молчу, благоговею  
И поклоняюсь тебе...

Когда порой так умиленно,  
С такою верой и мольбой  
Невольно клонишь ты колени  
Пред колыбелью дорогой,

Где спит она – твое рождение –  
Твой безымянный херувим, –  
Пойми ж и ты мое смирение  
Пред сердцем любящим твоим.

## 16. Confessions You Have Heard Before

Confessions you have heard before:  
I am not worthy to incur  
the love created I adore,  
who stand too poor in front of her.

Before that love this mere myself  
is shamed to think itself as true.  
I stand in awe and reverence,  
and silently still worship you.

And touched by this involuntary  
submission then you bow your head,  
and cradle-wise incline your knee  
to where that loving now has led.

If so she sleeps and so will be  
the cherub whom you cannot name,  
believe the true humility  
I lay before your loving flame.

*Summer 1851. Addressed to Elena Denísieva, a few  
months after Elena had given birth to Tyútchev's child.*



## 17. Когда на то нет божьего согласия

Когда на то нет божьего согласия,  
Как ни страдай она, любя, –  
Душа, увы, не выстрадает счастья,  
Но может выстрадать себя...

Душа, душа, которая всецело  
Одной заветной отдалась любви  
И ей одной дышала и болела,  
Господь тебя благослови!

Он, милосердный, всемогущий,  
Он, греющий своим лучом  
И пышный цвет, на воздухе цветущий,  
И чистый перл на дне морском.

## 17. When There is No God's Consent

When there is no God's consent,  
no matter how that love can be;  
the soul, alas, is not content,  
and suffers on, repeatedly.

The soul that's given whole, entire,  
that very love is cherishing,  
can be the potent, breathy fire  
if God be there in everything:

That merciful and everywhere,  
which warms all nature with its rays:  
the flower within the coloured air  
or pearl in deepest ocean's gaze.

*1865. Addressed to his grown-up daughter, Darya Fyodorovna, but alluding in the last stanza to Elena Denísieva, who had died shortly before.*

## LOVE'S RECRIMINATIONS

18. Весь день она лежала в забытьи

Весь день она лежала в забытьи,  
И всю ее уж тени покрывали.  
Лил теплый летний дождь — его струи  
По листьям весело звучали.

И медленно опомнилась она,  
И начала прислушиваться к шуму,  
И долго слушала — увлечена,  
Погружена в сознательную думу...

И вот, как бы беседуя с собой,  
Сознательно она проговорила  
(Я был при ней, убитый, но живой):  
«О, как все это я любила!»

Любила ты, и так, как ты, любить —  
Нет, никому еще не удавалось!  
О господи!.. и это пережить...  
И сердце на клочки не разорвалось...

## 18. As One That's Lost in Sleep

As one that's lost in sleep, all day she stayed  
at peace, uncaring how the shadows fell,  
or what warm sounds the summer's showers made,  
and happily, through greenery as well.

But then, more self-aware, she came awake  
and slowly conscious how the rain's soft sound,  
which held her fascinated, should now make  
her thoughts companionable to all around.

As though then talking to herself, she said —  
and now most consciously, to reminisce,  
while I, though living, was most surely dead —  
'How happily I have enjoyed all this.'

So has she loved, and to that loving's bliss  
there's not a soul who could repay the debt.  
Dear God, that I must go on after this,  
with heart in tatters but still beating yet.

*Autumn 1864. Commemorates the last day of his  
mistress, Elena Denísieva.*

## 19. Сегодня, друг, пятнадцать лет минуло

Сегодня, друг, пятнадцать лет минуло  
С того блаженно-рокового дня,  
Как душу всю свою она вдохнула,  
Как всю себя перелила в меня.

И вот уж год, без жалоб, без упреку,  
Утратив всё, приветствую судьбу...  
Быть до конца так страшно одиноку,  
Как буду одинок в своем гробу.

## 19. Fifteen Years Today

Fifteen years today, my friend, have passed  
since that most blissful and propitious day  
when all she was, her very soul, was cast  
in me, that breathy self she poured away.

A year without reproach, complaint from me,  
and now all's lost I will accept my fate;  
except that, separated, I shall be  
afraid and lonely in that confined state.

*1865. Addressed to Elena Denísieva.*

20. О, как убийственно мы любим,

О, как убийственно мы любим,  
Как в буйной слепоте страстей  
Мы то всего вернее губим,  
Что сердцу нашему милей!

Давно ль, гордясь своей победой,  
Ты говорил: она моя...  
Год не прошел - спроси и сведай,  
Что уцелело от нея?

Куда ланит девались розы,  
Улыбка уст и блеск очей?  
Все опалили, выжгли слезы  
Горючей влагою своей.

Ты помнишь ли, при вашей встрече,  
При первой встрече роковой,  
Ее волшебный взор, и речи,  
И смех младенчески живой?

И что ж теперь? И где все это?  
И долговечен ли был сон?  
Увы, как северное лето,  
Был мимолетным гостем он!

Судьбы ужасным приговором  
Твоя любовь для ней была,  
И незаслуженным позором  
На жизнь ее она легла!

## 20. It Is To Death Our Passions Run

It is to death our passions run,  
how blind is love's impassioned dart.  
To just deserts comes everyone:  
what do we credit more than heart?

You hailed in victory, long ago,  
the hopes that loving hearts assign,  
but now, with not a year to show,  
what still survives me, what is mine?

Now gone the colour of her cheek,  
the smile and sparkle of the eyes,  
where only scorching tears can speak  
and even sorrow flames and dies.

You must remember early days,  
when first we met and fortune smiled:  
intoxicating words, the gaze  
so forthright, given by a child.

And what of dreams? They disappear.  
And where is that intended show?  
So is our northern summer here  
a guest that only waits to go.

What did you give her? Hurt and blame,  
that unfair cause for punishment:  
how undeserving was that shame,  
the sorry curse she underwent.



Жизнь отреченья, жизнь страданья!  
В ее душевной глубине  
Ей оставались вспоминанья...  
Но изменили и оне.

И на земле ей дико стало,  
Очарование ушло...  
Толпа, нахлынув, в грязь втоптала  
То, что в душе ее цвело.

И что ж от долгого мученья  
Как пепл, сберечь ей удалось?  
Боль, злую боль ожесточенья,  
Боль без отрады и без слез!

О, как убийственно мы любим,  
Как в буйной слепоте страстей  
Мы то всего вернее губим,  
Что сердцу нашему милей!

Renunciation, suffering:  
what has the heart but memory,  
nor earned she any mortal thing  
but one she can no longer see.

On earth a vile, indecent flood  
of any charm must take its toll,  
and gross crowds trample in the mud  
that last sweet blossom of her soul.

And suffering, how long it is,  
that with our ashes is preserved:  
the evil and the bitterness  
of pain no joy or tears deserved.

It is to death our passions run,  
how blind is love's impassioned dart.  
To just deserts comes everyone:  
what do we credit more than heart?

*1851. Addressed to Elena Denísieva*

## 21. Есть и в моем страдальческом застое

Есть и в моем страдальческом застое  
Часы и дни ужаснее других...  
Их тяжкий гнет, их бремя роковое  
Не выскажет, не выдержит мой стих.

Вдруг всё замрет. Слезам и умиленью  
Нет доступа, всё пусто и темно,  
Минувшее не веет легкой тенью,  
А под землей, как труп, лежит оно.

Ах, и над ним в действительности ясной,  
Но без любви, без солнечных лучей,  
Такой же мир бездушный и бесстрастный,  
Не знающий, не помнящий о ней.

И я один, с моей тупой тоскою,  
Хочу сознать себя и не могу –  
Разбитый челн, заброшенный волною,  
На безымянном диком берегу.

О господи, дай жгучего страданья  
И мертвенность души моей рассеяй:  
Ты взял ее, но муку вспоминанья,  
Живую муку мне оставь по ней, –

По ней, по ней, свой подвиг совершившей  
Весь до конца в отчаянной борьбе,  
Так пламенно, так горячо любившей  
Наперекор и людям и судьбе, –

## 21. It Seems My Very Sufferings Stagnate

It seems my very sufferings stagnate,  
that certain days or hours are worse in pain,  
oppressing me with yet a further weight:  
my verse can no more speak of or explain.

I feel so cold here. Tears and tenderness  
are all denied me: empty, dark around.  
The past has no light passages to bless,  
but is a corpse that's laid beneath the ground.

Above, the bright world carries on the same,  
but, lacking love, the sunlight cannot fall  
with simple warmth, the soul without her name  
is heartless, not recalled or felt at all.

With futile yearning I am left alone,  
who want to know myself, become aware  
of what I've done, but find a shore unknown  
retains the ferryboat abandoned there.

So give me, Lord, this burning suffering,  
this numbing deadness that negates the soul.  
You've taken her, but such remembering  
of pain may help me keep that image whole.

Let recollection be what I have earned  
to help her win that long, despairing fight,  
and yet more ardently have love returned,  
despite her fate and populace's spite.

По ней, по ней, судьбы не одолевшей,  
Но и себя не давшей победить,  
По ней, по ней, так до конца умевшей  
Страдать, молиться, верить и любить.

She'd not avoid what destiny would send,  
nor yet of that fierce struggle took her leave,  
but learned here through and to the end,  
to kneel and pray to love, and to believe.

*1852-4. Addressed to Elena Denísieva*

## 22. Последняя любовь

О, как на склоне наших лет  
Нежней мы любим и суеверней...  
Сияй, сияй, прощальный свет  
Любви последней, зари вечерней!

Полнеба обхватила тень,  
Лишь там, на западе, бродит сиянье,  
Помедли, помедли, вечерний день,  
Продлись, продлись, очарованье.

Пускай скудеет в жилах кровь,  
Но в сердце не скудеет нежность...  
О ты, последняя любовь!  
Ты и блаженство, и безнадежность.

## 22. Last Love

More gently ebbing at the end  
we love, and superstitiously.  
Shine on, shine on, let evening send  
our last love out more brilliantly.

Shadows cover half the sky,  
the west is but a glimmering space.  
But stay a little, don't deny  
my love this long enchanted place.

Let blood run thinly in the veins,  
the heart yet lacks no tenderness,  
for in me still and long remains  
the you of bliss and hopelessness.

*1851-4. Addressed to Elena Denísieva*



## 23. Накануне годовщины 4 августа 1864

Вот бреду я вдоль большой дороги  
В тихом свете гаснущего дня...  
Тяжело мне, замирают ноги...  
Друг мой милый, видишь ли меня?

Всё темней, темнее над землею –  
Улетел последний отблеск дня...  
Вот тот мир, где жили мы с тобою,  
Ангел мой, ты видишь ли меня?

Завтра день молитвы и печали,  
Завтра память рокового дня...  
Ангел мой, где б души ни витали,  
Ангел мой, ты видишь ли меня?

## 23. On the Eve of the Anniversary of August 4, 1864

Solitary, I walk along this quiet road:  
how peacefully the glow of evenings end.  
My heart is heavy and my steps are slowed:  
you see me, do you now, my dearest friend?

To dark and darker now the earth has grown,  
the last light glimmering out to now its end.  
This is the world around we both have known:  
you see me, do you now, my dearest friend?

We mark in prayers and sorrows what befell  
us both tomorrow on that fateful end.  
I go, my angel, where our souls may dwell:  
you see me, do you now, my dearest friend?

*1865. Addressed to Elena Denísieva*

## PHILOSOPHIC

## 24. Эти бедные селенья

Эти бедные селенья,  
Эта скудная природа —  
Край родной долготерпенья,  
Край ты русского народа!

Не поймет и не заметит  
Гордый взор иноплеменный,  
Что сквозит и тайно светит  
В наготе твоей смиренной.

Удрученный ношей крестной,  
Всю тебя, земля родная,  
В рабском виде царь небесный  
Исходил, благословляя.

## 24. These Villages that House the Poor

These villages that house the poor,  
are all that meager nature gives.  
No countryman can suffer more,  
yet in these straits our Russian lives.

And who will understand or see  
when foreigner cares even less?  
There grows in glimmering secrecy  
humility and nakedness.

Though all are burdened to the grave,  
they know throughout their native land  
the King of Heaven has walked as slave,  
and blesses with His giving hand.

*1855*

## 25. О вещая душа моя

О вещая душа моя!  
О сердце, полное тревоги  
О, как ты бьешься на пороге  
Как бы двойного бытия!..

Так, ты — жилища двух миров,  
Твой день — болезненный и страстный,  
Твой сон — пророчески-неясный,  
Как откровение духов...

Пускай страдальческую грудь  
Волнуют страсти роковые —  
Душа готова, как Мария,  
К ногам Христа навек прильнуть.

## 25. O My Prophetic Soul

O my prophetic soul! My heart,  
is full of troubles and of fears,  
and on the threshold now appears  
a being in two worlds apart.

Between existences we find ourselves.  
Our day is sharp and passionate,  
but in prophetic dreams we wait  
for spirits to disclose themselves.

Let our sufferings be complete,  
and waves of passions intervene,  
the soul is as the Magdalene  
who tends forever to Christ's feet.

*1855*

## 26. Как хорошо ты, о море ночное

Как хорошо ты, о море ночное,-  
Здесь лучезарно, там сизо-темно...  
В лунном сиянии, словно живое,  
Ходит, и дышит, и блещет оно...

На бесконечном, на вольном просторе  
Блеск и движение, грохот и гром...  
Тусклым сияньем облитое море,  
Как хорошо, ты в безлюдье ночном!

Зыбь ты великая, зыбь ты морская,  
Чей это праздник так празднуешь ты?  
Волны несутся, гремя и сверкая,  
Чуткие звёзды глядят с высоты.

В этом волнении, в этом сиянье,  
Весь, как во сне, я потерян стою —  
О, как охотно бы в их обаянье  
Всю потопил бы я душу свою...

## 26. How Readily the Seas at Night Contrive

How readily the seas at night arrive  
at brightness here and there a shuttered gloom,  
to walk in moonlight as a thing alive,  
a breathy entity of radiant bloom.

In that great freedom lives eternity,  
in light and movement comes the thunder sound,  
and in that shimmering softness will not sea  
become as solitary as night around?

Immense, unhindered is the sea's vast swell:  
what is the festival you celebrate?  
And do your intricate, bright movements tell  
the watching stars be quietly intimate?

And in this restless, brilliant turbulence  
I dream or look into a vast abyss:  
how willingly I would be sent on hence,  
and wholly have my soul sink down in this.

*1865. The last stanza alludes to Elena Denisieva's death.*



## 27. Видение

Есть некий час, в ночи, всемирного молчанья,  
И в оный час явлений и чудес  
Живая колесница мирозданья  
Открыто катится в святилище небес.

Тогда густеет ночь, как хаос на водах,  
Беспамятство, как Атлас, давит сушу...  
Лишь музы девственную душу  
В пророческих тревожат боги снах!

## 27. A Vision

An hour of universal silence has the night,  
of strange phenomena and prophecy:  
the living chariot of the world in flight  
rolls on across the heaven's high sanctuary.

Night thickens. Chaos on the water teems:  
unconsciousness, like Atlas, bears the whole:  
and only to the muse's virgin soul  
come prophecies concerning gods of dreams.

*1829*

28. О чем ты воешь, ветер ночной?

О чем ты воешь, ветер ночной?  
О чем так сетуешь безумно?..  
Что значит странный голос твой,  
То глухо жалобный, то шумно?

Понятным сердцу языком  
Твердишь о непонятной муке –  
И роешь и взрываешь в нем  
Порой неистовые звуки!..

О! страшных песен сих не пой!  
Про древний хаос, про родимый  
Как жадно мир души ночной  
Внимает повести любимой!

Из смертной рвется он груди,  
Он с беспредельным жаждет слиться!..  
О! бурь заснувших не буди –  
Под ними хаос шевелится!..

## 28. Why Do You Howl, O Night Wind Here?

Why do you howl, O night wind here?  
O why complain so frantically?  
Why does that piteous voice appear  
both loud and stilled, alternately?

You echo language of the heart,  
you speak of torments we can't know,  
and from your depths the tempests start  
and into violence voices blow.

How terrible! O do not sing  
of chaos, natural order lost.  
How avidly will night souls bring  
the tales of lovers tempest tossed.

Each bursts the hold that true hearts keep  
to gain what vast infinity confers.  
O do not wake them from their sleep,  
for underneath them chaos stirs.

*Early 1830s.*

## 29. Сон на море

И море, и буря качали наш челн;  
Я, сонный, был предан всей прихоти волн.  
Две беспредельности были во мне,  
И мной своевольно играли оне.

Вкруг меня, как кимвалы, звучали скалы,  
Окликались ветры и пели валы.  
Я в хаосе звуков лежал оглушен,  
Но над хаосом звуков носился мой сон.

Болезненно-яркий, волшебном-немой,  
Он веял легко над гремящею тьмой.

В лучах огневицы развил он свой мир —  
Земля зеленела, светился эфир,  
Сады-лабиринфы, чертоги, столпы,  
И сонмы кипели безмолвной толпы.

Я много узнал мне неведомых лиц,  
Зрел тварей волшебных, таинственных птиц,  
По высям творенья, как бог, я шагал,  
И мир подо мною недвижимый сиял.

Но все грезы насквозь, как волшебника вой,  
Мне слышался грохот пучины морской,  
И в тихую область видений и снов  
Врывалась пена ревущих валов.

## 29. Dream at Sea

The rage of wind and tempest rocked the boat  
but I, half-lulled by waves, took little note.  
On two infinities my thoughts were spun  
in play but willfully combined to one.

In cymbal sounds so broke the sea on rocks,  
the winds sang back and forth in these fierce shocks,  
and, stunned by chaos and the ringing blows,  
from that great tumult there my dream arose.

One bright, miraculously silent round  
the fury of that dark and thundering sound.

And in that blaze I found this world had gone:  
the earth was green, but in the aether shone  
great fires and pillars, gardens, a vast maze,  
but also people there, whose silent gaze

beheld, as I did, entities unknown  
to us: strange birds and animals now grown  
to marvellous things. And as a God I'd go  
where all was motionless and vast below.

All these though formed of dreams and prophecy  
were conjurations of the deep, hoarse sea,  
and from the dreams and sights of quiet within  
came roaring shafts of tumult breaking in.

*1829-30*

## 30. Mala aria

Люблю сей божий гнев! Люблю сие незримо  
Во всем разлитое, таинственное Зло –  
В цветах, в источнике прозрачном, как стекло,  
И в радужных лучах, и в самом небе Рима!  
Всё та ж высокая, безоблачная твердь,  
Всё так же грудь твоя легко и сладко дышит,  
Всё тот же теплый ветер верхи деревьев колышет,  
Всё тот же запах роз... и это всё есть Смерть!..

Как ведать, может быть, и есть в природе звуки,  
Благоухания, цветы и голоса –  
Предвестники для нас последнего часа  
И усладители последней нашей муки, –  
И ими-то Судеб посланник роковой,  
Когда сынов Земли из жизни вызывает,  
Как тканью легкою, свой образ прикрывает...  
Да утаит от них приход ужасный свой!..

## 30. Mala Aria

I love this wrath of God, and how it finds a home  
in everything: a spilled, mysterious, evil thing  
that's in the flowers or lucid bubblings of the spring,  
the splay of rainbow colours, in the sky of Rome.  
It's in the cloudless firmament of blue, the breath  
that lifts and drops your softly swelling breast, the breeze  
that warmly animates the vagrant tops of trees,  
as in the same soft smell of rose: all these are death.

How can we tell? For nature may arrive in sounds  
or subtle fragrances, in voices that foretell  
our final hour on earth, professing all is well  
but sweetening our last meal before we quit these  
bounds.

They thus have something that the envoy fate will send  
to us who live here quietly in this human place,  
as some thin cloth perhaps that covers up the face  
of our now terrifying, fast-impending end.



## 31. Певучесть есть в морских волнах

*Est in arundineis modulatio musica ripis.*

Певучесть есть в морских волнах,  
Гармония в стихийных спорах,  
И стройный мусикийский шорох  
Струится в зыбких камышах.

Невозмутимый строй во всем,  
Созвучье полное в природе, –  
Лишь в нашей призрачной свободе  
Разлад мы с нею сознаем.

Откуда, как разлад возник?  
И отчего же в общем хоре  
Душа не то поет, что, море,  
И ропщет мыслящий тростник?

И от земли до крайних звезд  
Всё безответен и поныне  
Глас вопиющего в пустыне,  
Души отчаянной протест?

## 31. The Singing of the Waves Proceeds

*Est in arundineis modulatio musica ripis.*

The singing of the waves proceeds  
to harmony and natural argument,  
its slender rustling music sent  
to occupy unsteady reeds.

That calm is everywhere, and lies  
according to what nature knows,  
and only illusory freedom shows  
disorder that we recognize.

How did that discord start, explain  
why with that general chorusing  
the soul and sea-waves could not sing,  
but still with brooding reed complain.

What's to the utmost stars professed,  
but even now has no reply,  
that from the wilderness this cry  
is soul still desperate to protest?

*May 1865. The quote is from the 4th century Latin poet  
Ausonius.*

## 32. День и ночь

На мир таинственный духов,  
Над этой бездной безымянной,  
Покров наброшен златотканый  
Высокой волею богов.  
День — сей блистательный покров  
День, земнородных оживленье,  
Души болящей исцеленье,  
Друг человеков и богов!

Но меркнет день — настала ночь;  
Пришла — и с мира рокового  
Ткань благодатную покрова  
Сорвав, отбрасывает прочь...  
И бездна нам обнажена  
С своими страхами и мглами,  
И нет преград меж ей и нами —  
Вот отчего нам ночь страшна!

## 32. Day and Night

Mysterious the spirits when,  
across the abyss, name unknown,  
that golden-woven veil is thrown,  
and, as alone the high gods may,  
the veil becomes resplendent day.  
That day revives and makes life whole  
and so will heal the ailing soul,  
when we are friend to Gods and men.

But to the night succumbs the day,  
and in the fatal world's embrace  
will fade that blessed fabric's grace:  
that brilliant veil is torn away  
and abyss stares us in the face.  
What fears and phantoms then are seen  
with nothing left to intervene  
in night that is a fearsome place.

## 33. Святая ночь на небосклон взошла

Святая ночь на небосклон взошла,  
И день отрадный, день любезный,  
Как золотой покров, она свила,  
Покров, накинутый над бездной.  
И, как виденье, внешний мир ушел...  
И человек, как сирота бездомный,  
Стоит теперь и немощен и гол,  
Лицом к лицу пред пропастию темной.

На самого себя покинут он –  
Упразднен ум, и мысль осиротела –  
В душе своей, как в бездне, погружен,  
И нет извне опоры, ни предела...  
И чудится давно минувшим сном  
Ему теперь всё светлое, живое...  
И в чуждом, неразгаданном ночном  
Он узнает наследье родовое.

## 33. At Length a Holy Night has Dawned for Us

At length a holy night has dawned for us,  
a pleasant day has come, a kindly day,  
and, like a golden veil, is thrown across  
the shades of wretchedness and dark dismay.  
Then, like a vision, the world outside will fade  
and man in orphaned homelessness must stay  
enfeebled, and in that deep dejection made  
to face what forceful darkness will convey.

If man himself would leave the world, and think  
to have in thought or mind that orphan found,  
in that great abyss will his soul then sink,  
past references, and to no limit bound.  
Yet long past dreaming even is the sight  
of him alive and blessed with light withal.  
He finds in strange, perplexing night  
the common legacy that comes to all.

*1848-50*

## 34. Silentium

Молчи, скрывайся и таи  
И чувства и мечты свои —  
Пускай в душевной глубине  
Встают и заходят оне  
Безмолвно, как звезды в ночи,-  
Любуйся ими — и молчи.

Как сердцу высказать себя?  
Другому как понять тебя?  
Поймёт ли он, чем ты живёшь?  
Мысль изречённая есть ложь.  
Взрывая, возмутишь ключи,-  
Питайся ими — и молчи.

Лишь жить в себе самом умей —  
Есть целый мир в душе твоей  
Таинственно-волшебных дум;  
Их оглушит наружный шум,  
Дневные разгонят лучи,-  
Внимай их пенью — и молчи!..

## 34. Silentium

Be silent, hide yourself, conceal  
the things you dream of, things you feel:  
As the stars in motion, let  
these marvels from ascension set.  
Let depths of soul then stay unheard.  
In awe reflect without a word!

The flowering heart is not divined  
so can some other know your mind?  
Or say what you are living by  
when thoughts once spoken are a lie?  
The water's clouded when it's stirred,  
so drink the spring without a word:

So live within your self's control:  
a world is centered in your soul,  
and one of strange enchanted thoughts  
that noisy flare outside distorts.  
By day's hard glare be undeterred,  
take in those songs without a word

*Second half of the 1820s. The title is Latin for Silence*



## 35. Не то, что мните вы, природа

Не то, что мните вы, природа:  
Не слепок, не бездушный лик —  
В ней есть душа, в ней есть свобода,  
В ней есть любовь, в ней есть язык...

.....

Вы зрите лист и цвет на древе:  
Иль их садовник приклеил?  
Иль зреет плод в родимом чреве  
Игрою внешних, чуждых сил?..

.....

Они не видят и не слышат,  
Живут в сем мире, как впотьмах,  
Для них и солнцы, зная, не дышат,  
И жизни нет в морских волнах.

Лучи к ним в душу не сходили,  
Весна в груди их не цвела,  
При них леса не говорили  
И ночь в звездах нема была!

И языками неземными,  
Волнуя реки и леса,  
В ночи не совещалась с ними  
В беседе дружеской гроза!

Не их вина: пойми, коль может,  
Органа жизнь глухонемой!  
Души его, ах! не встревожит  
И голос матери самой!..

## 35. Nature's Not the Thing You See

Nature's not the thing you see  
 the lifeless thing, the face of stone —  
 it has a soul that's wholly free,  
 a love and language of its own.

You think the coloured leaf on tree  
 is what the gardener keeps on course?  
 Or fruit within the womb could be  
 the product of an alien force?

And one they neither see nor hear  
 is but a darkness of the heart,  
 no sun or breathing world revere  
 or vigor that the waves impart.

And in the soul they felt no ray  
 and spring time bloom had never come,  
 the forest depths had naught to say,  
 the night and very stars were dumb!

That language will the earth condemn,  
 the woods and rivers not perform,  
 the night did not confer with them,  
 nor heard they from the friendly storm!

But who can blame the true deaf-mute,  
 from birth those organs are too weak,  
 nor can the soul decide its route  
 that cannot hear its mother speak.

*1836. The first of Tyútchev's poems to be published in  
 Pushkin's Sovreménnik; later republished as here with two  
 stanzas omitted.*

## 36. бессонница

Часов однообразный бой,  
Томительная ночи повесть!  
Язык для всех равно чужой  
И внятный каждому, как совесть!

Кто без тоски внимал из нас,  
Среди всемирного молчанья,  
Глухие времени стенанья,  
Пророчески-прощальный глас?

Нам мнится: мир осиротелый  
Неотразимый Рок настиг –  
И мы, в борьбе, природой целой  
Покинуты на нас самих.

И наша жизнь стоит пред нами,  
Как призрак на краю земли,  
И с нашим веком и друзьями  
Бледнеет в сумрачной дали...

И новое, младое племя  
Меж тем на солнце расцвело,  
А нас, друзья, и наше время  
Давно забвеньем занесло!

## 36. Insomnia

Monotony for hours on hours,  
a weary tale for night to tell.  
a foreign language that is ours,  
and clear as conscience is as well!

Who has not heard it ticking on  
throughout the silence of the night,  
when deaf to us, it must recite  
with certainly how soon we're gone?

We think the world is orphaned, brought  
by powerful nature to its fate,  
and in that strife we too are caught,  
abandoned to a separate state.

What will our look on life assume,  
but ghosts upon the earth's far ends,  
and fading in that distant gloom  
our century and all our friends.

Another generation comes,  
the sun returns and blooms again,  
but not for us, our time becomes  
forgotten then by other men!

Лишь изредка, обряд печальный  
Свершая в полночный час,  
Металла голос погребальный  
Порой оплакивает нас!

And rarely on the midnight hour  
is that sad sound so generous  
that its metallic, gloomy power  
is sometimes found to weep for us!

*1829*

CIVIC

37. Memento

*Vevey 1859 – Genève 1860*

Ее последние я помню взоры  
На этот край – на озеро и горы,  
В роскошной славе западных лучей, –  
Как сквозь туман болезни многотрудной,  
Она порой ловила призрак чудный,  
Весь этот мир был так сочувствен ей...

Как эти горы, волны и светила  
И в смутных очерках она любила  
Своею чуткой, любящей душой –  
И под грозой, уж близкой, разрушенья  
Какие в ней бывали умиленья  
Пред этой жизнью вечно молодой...

Светились Альпы, озеро дышало –  
И тут же нам, сквозь слез, понятно стало,  
Что чья душа так царственно светла,  
Кто до конца сберег ее живую –  
И в страшную минуту роковую  
Всё той же будет, чем была...

## 37. Memento

*(Vevey 1859 - Geneva 1860)*

And so I see her now: from here had been  
her view toward the lake and mountain scene.  
What radiant glory had those westering rays  
that she, beset with many illnesses,  
could have the Holy Spirit in her bless  
a wide world answering to her kindly gaze.

A view that, in these mountains, lakes and lights,  
appealed with indistinct and much-loved sights,  
and from her soft and loving soul had wrung  
such understanding that it should attend  
her through that difficult and testing end  
to what was otherwise, when she was young.

The Alps so luminous, the breathing lake so near  
that all within that moistened eye was clear.  
For surely bright and sovereign is the soul  
if we adhere to life-enhancing ways,  
when that most frightful ending of our days  
will find us in the same, unchanging role.

*October 1860. A tribute to the Dowager Empress  
Alexandra Feodorovna.*



## 38. Неман

Ты ль это, Неман величавый?  
Твоя ль струя передо мной?  
Ты, столько лет, с такою славой,  
России верный часовой?..

Один лишь раз, по воле бога,  
Ты супостата к ней впустил –  
И целость русского порога  
Ты тем навеки утвердил...

Ты помнишь ли бывшее, Неман?  
Тот день години роковой,  
Когда стоял он над тобой,  
Он сам – могучий южный демон,

И ты, как ныне, протекал,  
Шумя под вражьими мостами,  
И он струю твою ласкал  
Своими чудными очами?

Победно шли его полки,  
Знамена весело шумели,  
На солнце искрились штыки,  
Мосты под пушками гремели –

И с высоты, как некий бог,  
Казалось, он парил над ними,  
И двигал всем, и всё стерег  
Очами чудными своими...

## 38. Neman

Still, majestic Neman, still  
your waters roll in front of me:  
and time retains that victory  
and here in Russia ever will.

It was indeed by God's design  
that you let pass our adversary  
across our ancient Russian line,  
forever to our victory...

Recall, Neman, recall the past,  
the very day, the fateful hour,  
when he stood over you, the power  
the mighty southern demon cast?

And you as now flowed ever on  
beneath their bridges and their cries;  
and yet a soft caressing shone  
in those unusual, piercing eyes

A victory they thought they'd won,  
their banners made their happy runs  
their bayonets sparkled in the sun  
and bridges groaned beneath their guns.

And like a god, from some great height,  
and hovering over, from the skies,  
there came that wise, effective sight:  
such the marvelous, all-seeing eyes.

Лишь одного он не видал...  
Не видел он, воитель дивный,  
Что там, на стороне противной,  
Стоял Другой – стоял и ждал...

И мимо проходила рать –  
Всё грозно-боевые лица,  
И неизбежная Десница  
Клала на них свою печать...

И так победно шли полки,  
Знамена гордо развевались,  
Струились молнией штыки,  
И барабаны заливались...

Несметно было их число –  
И в этом бесконечном строе  
Едва ль десятое чело  
Клеймо минуло роковое...

But One alone he did not see  
or that, in manhood unabated,  
stood there on that side and waited  
for the other, what would be.

As death will pass or will condemn,  
and stamp its passage on a name,  
so, ineluctably, the same,  
time put its lasting seal on them.

Victorious were the regiments,  
with pride their waving banners crowned,  
and swords were glittering elements  
in that great thunderous drumming sound.

Immeasurable as well the cost  
in endless numbers, line on line:  
bare one in ten that were not lost:  
the fatal mark of His design.

*September 1853. Refers to the River Neman, which  
Napoleon crossed on his disastrous 1812 invasion of  
Russia.*

39. По случаю приезда австрийского эрцгерцога на похороны императора Николая

Нет, мера есть долготерпенью,  
Бесстыдству также мера есть!..  
Клянусь его священной тенью,  
Не все же можно перенести!

И как не грянет отовсюду  
Один всеобщий вопль тоски:  
Прочь, прочь австрийского Иуду  
От гробовой его доски!

Прочь с их предательским лобзаньем,  
И весь апостольский их род  
Будь клеймен одним прозваньем:  
Искарриот, Искарриот!

39. On the Occasion of the Arrival of the Austrian Archduke at the Funeral of the Emperor Nicholas

That measured patience won't be paid,  
we're not to shamelessness inured,  
I swear by his imperial shade  
not everything shall be endured.

Whatever be that false lament,  
what endless wails of grief assume:  
let's have this Austrian Judas sent  
fast packing from the royal tomb.

Enough of that false sorrow's claim:  
to all apostles now allot  
a single, searing, shaming name:  
Iscariot, Iscariot!

*1855*

## 40. Черное море

Пятнадцать лет с тех пор минуло,  
Прошел событий целый ряд,  
Но вера нас не обманула –  
И севастопольского гула  
Последний слышим мы раскат.

Удар последний и громовый,  
Он грянул вдруг, животворя;  
Последнее в борьбе суровой  
Теперь лишь высказано слово;  
То слово – русского царя.

И всё, что было так недавно  
Враждой воздвигнуто слепой,  
Так нагло, так самоуправно,  
Пред честностью его державной  
Всё рушилось само собой.

И вот: свободная стихия, –  
Сказал бы наш поэт родной, –  
Шумишь ты, как во дни былые,  
И катишь волны голубые,  
И блещешь гордою красой!..

Пятнадцать лет тебя держало  
Насилье в западном плену;  
Ты не сдавалась и роптала,  
Но час пробил – насилье пало:  
Оно пошло как ключ ко дну.

## 40. The Black Sea

Fifteen years have passed since then,  
and incidents have also passed,  
but faith has not deceived true men,  
for now Sevastopol again  
takes up its thunder from the past.

The severing blow, the deafening roar,  
the life-creating, heard afar  
at last from that great battle for  
the soul of Russia's fighting corps,  
are words now spoken by the Tsar.

And all that was till recently  
but enmity made blind by fate,  
insolent and arbitrary,  
has with that sovereign honesty  
resolved itself by its true weight.

In letting freedom have its way,  
our native poet would have cried  
through thunder of another day:  
so let the blue waves roll and say:  
go forth my people, shine with pride.

It's fifteen years that you've been kept  
in forced confinement to the west.  
You'd not protest nor would accept.  
The hour has come that overslept:  
restraint goes down to final rest.



Опять зовет и к делу нудит  
Родную Русь твоя волна,  
И к распре той, что бог рассудит,  
Великий Севастополь будит  
От заколдованного сна.

И то, что ты во время оно  
От бранных скрыла непогод  
В свое сочувственное лоно,  
Отдашь ты нам – и без урона –  
Бессмертный черноморский флот.

Да, в сердце русского народа  
Святиться будет этот день, –  
Он – наша внешняя свобода,  
Он Петропавловского свода  
Осветит гробовую сень...

Again it calls, and, pressing, makes  
its plea, the Russian people weep:  
God will judge us for mistakes  
but now Sevastopol awakes  
from hitherto unmanly sleep.

And you across the interval  
of most unmartial conduct meet  
our heart-felt needs and thereby pull,  
undamaged, whole and admirable,  
our famed, immortal Black Sea Fleet.

In this the hearts of Russians win  
a hallowed day, which will exhalt  
our power abroad, and one akin  
to lighting every corner in  
St. Peter-Paul's cathedral vault.

*March 1871. The poem commemorates the lifting of a ban on Russia using its navy on the Black Sea. Peter and Paul refers to the cathedral within the St Peter and St. Paul fortress in St. Petersburg, where the Russian Tsars are buried.*

## APPENDIX

### SIGNIFICANCE OF TYÚTCHEV'S WORK

I don't need to say more on Tyútchev's life because John Dewey's work makes that entirely unnecessary. Both the Introduction to his *Selected Poems* {2} translations, and his biography *Mirror the Mind* {3} are exceptionally clear, sensitive and detailed accounts of Tyútchev's life and thought, which abundantly repay sustained attention. My intention is much more modest. I shall try to place Tyútchev's pan-Slavism in broader context, and to show that his thought, and Schelling's philosophy on which some of the thought is based, are not matters of historical interest only, but viable approaches that are still relevant today.

Tyútchev's formative years were spent in a Munich under the sway of German Idealism and German nationalism. Both have a continuing relevance. Friedrich Schelling's philosophy colours Tyútchev's poetry and explains many of its features, though Tyútchev himself was against the extended rationalising that philosophy generally needs. German nationalism inspired Tyútchev to develop his own Slav nationalism, though this was problematic and markedly unsuccessful. Nationalism and contemporary German thought were both a little complicated.

## Nationalism

Nineteenth century thinkers both developed from and reacted to the Enlightenment's notion of progress. Herder, Madame de Stael, Burke and Chateaubriand spoke vaguely of a Volk, a people — something that was not rationally grounded or justified, but grew from feelings and traditions previously overlooked. From Jean Jacques Rousseau they understood that the opposite of refinement need not be not crudity but simplicity, and that sensibility was not a product of cultivation but a deep expression of man's passionate nature. {6} That intensity might be deeply rooted in backwardness, of course: Tyútchev's poem 24:

Though all are burdened to the grave,  
 they know throughout their native land  
 the King of Heaven has walked as slave,  
 and blesses with His giving hand.

The social contract was gradually abandoned, and states were viewed as natural growths with roots in the common nature of man. The life of a people was a unitary thing, springing out of traditions and needs, expressed in its laws, institutions and artistic accomplishments. Social life was indeed analogous to organic growth, and aspects of social life were related to each other like functions of a living body. Johan Gottfried Herder (1744-1803) developed this notion, relating earth to the cosmos, man to earth, man as a social and historical being. History was

the growth of a single, marvellous tree whose branches were the cultures of mankind. {6}

That social expression often ran counter to broader economic needs. Justus Möser (1720-94), for example, was an early critic of what is now known as 'globalisation'. Rather than facilitating diversity in goods and customs, the market destroyed local cultures. Standardized laws in Europe — needed if the merchant was not to simply move to the most advantageous countries for his particular trade — meant doing away with local laws and customs that gave countries their individual well-being. Honour, property, livelihood and political participation were intertwined in Europe, and their weakening must also weaken the status quo. {7}

If we look, indeed, at non-literary matters, or even non-historical matters, that Volk remained a vital concept nourishing two centuries of European thought. Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel (1770-1823), for example, was a practical philosopher, educator and administrator, taking a key role in the modernized Prussian state created after its defeat by Napoleon in 1806. Hegel accepted Edmund Burke's (1729-79) conservatism, but examined more closely the institutions needed for an ethically-ordered society. How is the natural self transformed by historically-developed social and political structures through which the cultural norms are conveyed to individuals and internalised by them? What was the ethical order that created our habitual dispositions to act well towards one another, so that duties coincided with

feelings? Hegel did not view duties and obligations as limitations on the real self, but as a means of giving the turbulent inner life a rewarding sense of direction. {7}

The concept continued even into the more arid reaches of economic theory. Georg Simmel's (1858-1918) *The Philosophy of Money* argued that the abstract nature of modern money in fact created an extended web of social and commercial interests, achieving 'what usually only love can do: the divination of the innermost wishes of others, even before he himself becomes aware of them. Antagonistic tensions with his competitor sharpens the businessman's sensitivity to the tendencies of the public, even to the point of clairvoyance, responding to future changes in the public's taste, fashions, interests . . . ' Everyone became conscious of everyone else, but the bonds of occupation and social class were loosened because the individual played a role in multiple and overlapping circles — cultural, social, commercial, scientific, religious and so on, all infinitely subdivided and so impossible to dominate. {7}

In Germany this notion of Volk and destiny grew markedly after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Hans Freyer (1887-1969), for example, was neither an anti-Semite nor a racist, but came to see the National Socialists as an escape from the dead end of capitalism. Like Hegel, Freyer believed that all human communities, values and natures are products of history, but that history now, he felt, no longer had discernable direction or purpose. There were many such Volks, and none was superior to others

because no independent standards existed. But to be born into a particular Volk was nonetheless to be elevated into a consciously affirmed destiny, which in turn bestowed purpose on a selfish and otherwise aimless capitalist society. {7}

Similar views were held by the Slavists in nineteenth-century Russia, where their sense of purpose was not led by Tyútchev but by Alexéy Stepánovich Khomyakóv (1804-60) and the Kiréyevsky brothers. At its heart was an innate conservatism whose features could not be fully spelled out. Moral and religious perceptions took their life from tradition, and a socially-given sense of right and wrong was more securely rooted than the laws of the state. Khomyakóv was a master of measured prose but also wrote coldly brilliant poems, exceptionally moving in *The Labourer* of 1858, but was as stirred by political events as was Tyútchev, writing stinging political verse during the 1853-6 Crimean War.

Slav nationalism was equally a potent force in eastern Europe, but Russian aid was not always helpful. Pan-Slavists wanted an independent Slav nation that would assume the balance of power in Europe. They drew their inspiration from Slav literature, and embarked on various political initiatives based on the French Revolution and German nationalism models. Schelling, Hegel, and Herder were important influences, but Russia came to dominate discussions later in the nineteenth century — unfortunately so, because the Slavs wanted genuine independence, beyond the control of existing powers.

Russia they saw as a despotic and authoritarian regime, one that would stifle their freedoms, even supposing (as Tyútchev advocated) the serfs were emancipated and the monstrous injustices of tsarist Russia rectified. Slav nationalism was strongest in Serbia, growing significantly in the late 19th century and opposing the Austro-Hungarian Empire and its control and influence over the region. Incensed by Vienna's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, young Serbs joined radical nationalist groups like the 'Black Hand', and it was this pan-Slavic nationalism that inspired the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo in June 1914, and led directly to W.W.I. {8}

Tyútchev's enthusiastic Pan-Slavic pamphleteering not only fell on deaf ears, therefore, but ran entirely contrary to the Tsarist government's cautious relations with Austria. The Slavs themselves were happy to accept Russia as an ally, but certainly did not approve Tyútchev's hope of adding the Slav-speaking areas of Galicia and the Carpathians to Russian territories. The May 1867 Slavonic Congress was held in Moscow and St. Petersburg, but the 84 delegates (Czechs, Slovaks, Serbs, Croats, Bulgarians in the main) agreed a Dual Monarchy for Austria, where power was shared with the Magyars. The Tsar himself welcomed 23 delegates to a banquet at Tsarskoye Selo, where a poem of Tyútchev's was read out to rapturous applause, but the proposed closer ties to Russia were fundamentally unacceptable to both governments. Indeed



these bombastic poems, dear to Tyútchev's own heart — his political writings are the only things the poet thought worth preserving — are not what his more discriminating readers treasure. The last great adventure of a Tyútchev returned to diplomatic service was in fact a failure. {3} The man indeed became increasingly conservative in his views, glorifying the Crimea War, for example, which was more to be noted for senseless slaughter than outstanding gallantry. Tyútchev nonetheless hailed Russia's release from the political consequences of that war: poem 40:

It's fifteen years that you've been kept  
in forced confinement to the west.  
You'd not protest nor would accept.  
The hour has come that overslept:  
restraint goes down to final rest.

Again it calls, and, pressing, makes  
its plea, the Russian people weep:  
God will judge us for mistakes  
but now Sevastopol awakes  
from hitherto unmanly sleep.

And you across the interval  
of most unmartial conduct meet  
our heart-felt needs and thereby pull,  
undamaged, whole and admirable,  
our famed, immortal Black Sea Fleet.

In this the hearts of Russians win  
a hallowed day, which will exhalt  
our power abroad, and one akin  
to lighting every corner in  
St. Peter-Paul's cathedral vault.

## Tyútchev's Thought

Broadly speaking, two great streams of thought run through the European nineteenth century: idealism and materialism. The first argued that we can understand the ultimate nature of reality only through and within natural human experience, especially through those traits which distinguish man as a spiritual being. It is thought that provides the categories to understand sensations. Idealism was somewhat hostile to Kant's views, and did not accept the easy optimism of the Enlightenment. Hegel, Schelling, and Fichte were all Idealists in this sense, and their influence increased as attempts were made to bring philosophy and science closer together. {6}

Materialists held that there is an independently existing world, that human beings are material entities like everything else, that the human mind does not exist independently of the human body, that there is no God or other non-material being, and that all forms and behaviours are ultimately reducible to general physical laws. {6}

But perhaps the most significant development of century was historicism, the belief that something could only be understood, and its significance assessed, by seeing it within the stream of history. Historicism drew strength from notions of an organic unfolding, and from nineteenth

century hopes of a science assisting social change. (6, 9-11}

Nations had a destiny, and one that Tyútchev commemorated in his stirring poem (poem 38) on the Neman, the river which saw Napoleon's 685,000-strong army cross into Russia, and from which they had eventually to retreat with only 27,000 men. Losses were equally horrendous on the Russian side, of course, but the war was a turning point in Russian and indeed world history. Tyútchev's poem:

It was indeed by God's design  
that you let pass our adversary  
across our ancient Russian line,  
forever to our victory...

Recall, Neman, recall the past,  
the very day, the fateful hour,  
when he stood over you, the power  
the mighty southern demon cast?

That sense of destiny was an irrelevance to many of Tyútchev's contemporaries, of course, and Nikolay Alexéyevich Nekrásov (1821-78) in particular, the leader of the civic school of poetry, was far more concerned with correcting internal problems, notably the monstrous suffering of Russia's poor. But Tyútchev looked beyond the immediate, to the remote and everlasting. Idealists believed that we understand the world through our consciousness, and German Idealists tended to argue that nature itself had consciousness, allowing them to intuit a spirit or deity operating unseen in natural events. In

Schelling that deity was God, who has both freedom of choice and the power to impose order. {12-13} Poem 8:

Meanwhile and half asleep at this  
surrender to a listless swoon,  
a fragrant, penetrating bliss  
pervades the darkening afternoon.

Grief as native deities  
above the earth where all things die  
contends in fierce identities  
with that iced azure of the sky.

Tyútchev adopted pantheism, a philosophic outlook that sees God as alive in the world, as an inherent part of matter. {14} But if God is good, necessarily so, how does evil arise in the world? And, if nature is governed by laws, and our lives are therefore predetermined, how can we speak of individual freedom?

Such worries concerned the Romanticism of Schiller, Goethe, Hölderlin and others of the generation preceding Tyútchev. Immanuel Kant had pointed to an unknowable reality that lay beyond the space and time in which we categorize our sense impressions, and this reality (the noumenon or 'thing in itself') was for Schelling a living entity that constantly interacts with the world of phenomena. The universe is not therefore inert matter driven by impersonal forces, but a 'World Soul' where

matter and mind were simply twin aspects of the same entity. {2-3} As Tyútchev put it (poem 33):

If man himself would leave the world, and think  
to have in thought or mind that orphan found,  
in that great abyss will his soul then sink  
past references, and to no limit bound.  
Yet long past dreaming even is the sight  
of him alive and blessed with light withal.  
He finds in strange, perplexing night  
the common legacy that comes to all.

For this concept of freedom, Freidrich Schelling (1775-1854) drew on the work of Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762-1814), who also asked how individuals could have freedom in Kant's world of causality. How does the individual recognise himself, distinguish himself (the 'self-positing-I') from the world around (the 'not-I')? Only by an act of self consciousness, of empirical intuition. This self-intuition is unlike any other 'act' in the universe. For such a being there is no other predicate than itself: it is its own object. In this regard, Fichte's Subjective Idealism was a forerunner of today's existentialism. {15}

Schelling takes this thought further with his concept of organism, in which the Spirit of the World takes on goal and purpose, form and matter, concept and intuition. Schelling is not always clear, and readers will have to make what they can of his terminology. He speaks of 'an arabesque delineation of the soul', for example, or 'eternal archetype' that finds expression in every object in the world. 'As immanent unity of form and matter that orients

itself towards absolute purposiveness through successive stages, this organism is not thus mere static, lifeless entity but is said to exhibit life. . . . To move beyond this circle of theoretical knowledge, this circle where the object always returns, it is necessary to introduce an act of free self-determination which cannot be further determined.' {15-16}

That freedom was an important development. Schelling rejected the popular view of pantheism with its inevitable determinism. For Spinoza, finite beings only existed because they derive from the conception of God. 'God alone is independent and primary and self-affirming, all else being related to it only as what is affirmed or as the consequence to the antecedent.' But this God for Schelling, and indeed nature itself, is not something unchanging and devoid of freedom. Determinism and freedom are opposite faces of the same coin, and any system that lacked freedom would be incomplete. {15-16}

Here we might pause a moment, and remind ourselves that this apparent contradiction in terms is indeed how modern science conceives the world. Complex systems, which exist everywhere but had been overlooked because difficult to formulate, have put an end to simple causality. Chance enters into everything. In the world of the vanishingly small, an electron has a certain probability of being in a certain place at a certain time. Pairs of elementary particles have opposing spin, and are kept so

by an 'intelligence' that operates faster than the speed of light, i.e. faster than is indeed theoretically possible.

What has this to do with Tyútchev's poetry? Only a little, obliquely, but sufficient to suggest we shouldn't write off the matter as wishful thinking or 'the pathetic fallacy', the Romantic tendency to see our human emotions reflected in the world around. Consciousness may indeed be implicated in the natural order (poem 26):

How readily the seas at night arrive  
at brightness here and there a shuttered gloom,  
to walk in moonlight as a thing alive,  
a breathy entity of radiant bloom.

In that great freedom lives infinity,  
in light and movement comes the thunder sound,  
and in that shimmering softness will not sea  
become as solitary as night around?

Human beings are organic assemblies, certainly, but their constituent atoms have strange properties. Sub-atomic matter is continually being created and destroyed. An electron and a positron arise spontaneously from nothing, and in colliding cancel each other out, i.e. vanish into nothing. In the world of the very large, on the other hand, the cosmos is governed by relationships expressible only by advanced mathematical expressions. It is frankly beyond our conceiving it properly, indeed intrinsically counter-intuitive. Nothing existed before the birth of the universe, the so-called 'big bang', for example, so that again the immensities of space and the nuclear furnaces of the stars in their whirling galaxies,

arose out of nothing. Dark matter is problematical. Black holes may have 'worm tubes' to other worlds. There may be parallel universes, infinite in number. There are several types of infinity, moreover, as there are of logic. If Schellings's concepts seem improbable, then the orthodox worlds of science and mathematics are even more so.  
{17}

Even history, which in Tyútchev's time was seen by Hegel and others as part of unfolding destiny, is not deterministic, or not wholly so. {18} The assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand, which should have been a local matter and dealt with accordingly, was the spark that ignited W.W.I and levelled four empires. Yes, we can point now to a tangle of secret and unwise treaties, or to German and British economic rivalries, but these were also known to the governments concerned, so that statesmen either lied and miscalculated, or nations indeed had a destiny, which for reasons of their constitution, or outlook of their common peoples, they fulfilled. Communities, or Volk, could be seen as living things, therefore, larger than their representatives and not fully encompassed by their self-understandings. Even today, we still speak of regional characteristics, and European countries are keen to keep their national identities. Such distinctions are central to the arts, moreover: the northern tradition of European painting is noticeably more detailed and sin-saturated, for example, than is the warmer and more sensuous southern tradition. And so on: the concept is at least useful, perhaps unavoidable.



Pantheism itself has a distinguished history, moreover, being resurrected most recently in the irreducible mind concept of consciousness {19}. Here consciousness is not created by the brain, but that physical organ simply tunes into, selects and gives some individual shaping to an all-pervading, universal consciousness. Plato, the Neoplatonists, Leibnitz and nineteenth-century Idealists all believed in something similar. But the Neoplatonists certainly, and Plato possibly, were not setting out their beliefs by argument, but attempting a rational explanation for their own experiences. Plotinus goes beyond pantheism in seeing plants, animals, ourselves and even the earth as engaged in contemplation of the Unity when he uses the image of a choir whose singing improves each time it turns back to its director. Many Neoplatonists stressed prayer, rituals of devotion and purity in living — as do Indian and other mystics — because their goal was not intellectual understanding but a transformed sense of the world around them.

The puzzling world of science is not restricted to the physically very large (cosmic spaces) or very small (atomic nuclei). Two matters are becoming increasingly clear. Firstly that the line between living and non-living is not so easy to draw: Prigogine's experiments have shown that even simple inorganic substances will set up cycles that mimic the rhythms of nature. {23} Secondly, many events in the real world are nonlinear, so that unpredictability and randomness is built into life at an elementary level, spelling the end of most hard determinism. Fractals have been recognized in a wide

variety of things — from brain waves to river drainage patterns — and objects very easy to conceive mathematically can have puzzling fractional dimensions (e.g. not 2 but 2.24 dimensions, etc.) {24} More recently, biologists have begun to construct computer models of societies, finding that systems can have unexpected properties (emergent properties) which are not to be deduced from the simple properties of their components. Such systems are not only dynamic, but creative. Tyútchev again (poem 31):

The singing of the waves proceeds  
to harmony and natural argument,  
its slender rustling music sent  
to occupy unsteady reeds.

That calm is everywhere, and lies  
according to what nature knows,  
and only illusory freedom shows  
disorder that we recognize.

When such modelling is applied to living organisms — to continue with dynamic systems — it appears that species may not be free to evolve randomly (mutation shaped by natural selection) but are controlled by the system, by interaction between animal and environment: order is inherent in the system. Species can only adopt the 'ghost species' already given by the system: strange attractors in effect. {25}

Human consciousness is therefore arguably part of existence, and only set aside to create systems that can be treated independently, no doubt necessary to keep the

mathematics manageable, but simplistic all the same. In Tyútchev's words (Poem 25):

O my prophetic soul! My heart,  
is full of troubles and of fears,  
and on the threshold now appears  
a being in two worlds apart.

How do scientific laws capture significant features of the universe? Because we are built to see the world in such terms. Even if at base, the world were infinitely complex and random, the world would also and ineluctably produce higher-order features. To explain the process, Cohen and Stewart coined the terms *simplexity*, a process whereby a system of rules can both engender simple features and complicity, a coming together of features that enlarges the space of the possible, where the patterns created cannot be deduced from the features of the components. {26} Scientists therefore conceive generalized models (features) and test them against instances (serviceable approximations), but neither features nor instances are arbitrary figments of our imagination. Tyútchev again (poem 35):

Nature's not the thing you see  
the lifeless thing, the face of stone —  
it has a soul that's wholly free,  
a love and language of its own.

We shouldn't push these analogies too far, of course. Tyútchev was not a scientist or philosopher, but a nineteenth-century poet influenced by Romantic ideas. Thus, though he absorbed Schelling's concepts, they

generally remained his own creatures. Night, time and space were dark and threatening entities to Tyútchev, who had some of Pascal's 'eternal silence of infinite spaces' to frighten his inner being. Night in Tyútchev often stands for the vast notions of time and space through which must struggle in life. Darkness is not the Schellingian idea of primordial blackness out of which we evolve, but an eternal night that man only partially escapes. {2}

Schelling's thought is being studied again, but remains taxing, not only because he was continually changing his mind, but because he employed categories now foreign to our materialistic world. Schelling came to believe the fact of our very existing at all takes precedence over general observations about the world, and that our existence is not something that philosophy can fully explain. Furthermore, we have to merge concepts of nature and identity with a fundamental conflict between a dark unconscious principle and a conscious principle in God. It is God that makes the universe intelligible, though that understanding may only be through myths and symbols. Such mythic symbols arise from the soul's unconscious depth and break forth into the conscious articulation of experiences. Tyútchev's *Mémoire* (poem 37):

The Alps so luminous, the breathing lake so near  
 that all within that moistened eye was clear.  
 For surely bright and sovereign is the soul  
 if we adhere to life-enhancing ways,  
 when that most frightful ending of our days  
 will find us in the same, unchanging role.

However nebulous that must seem today, Schelling is still an influential thinker, responsible for three important lines of thought. First is his Naturphilosophie, which suggests that nature cannot be entirely understood in scientific terms, as these terms derive from our own human limitations. Second is his view of subjectivity, which places the subjective entity before the 'objective and rational' of a general understanding, thus anticipating the existentialism of Nietzsche and Heidegger. And third is his critique of Hegel's idealism, which thinkers like Adorno and Derrida were to continue. {13}

If talk of symbols seems far-fetched, then consider some later philosophers of art. Art represents reality, certainly, but not in any simple way, particularly of course with music. Art can be seen as emotion objectified in symbolic form: a philosophy developed by Ernst Cassirer (1874-1945) and Susanne Langer (1895-1985). Cassirer extended Kant's 'a priori' categories so as to represent language, myth, art, religion and science as systems of symbolic forms. These forms are mental shaping of experience. They are culturally determined and are created by us. But they also and wholly constitute our world: all 'reality' is a reality seen and understood through them. Outside lies Kant's noumenal world, about which there is nothing we can really say. {28}

These systems of symbolic form are not arbitrary creations, but have grown up to answer human needs.

Each system carries its own particular enlightenment. Langer ranged over the whole field of artistic expression, though is best known for her theories of music. Art has its own meaning or meanings. Even in our simplest observations we transform a manifold of sensations into a virtual world of general symbols: a world with a grammar of its own, guiding our ear and eyes, highly articulated in art. In music we have a symbolic expression about feelings. Music has a logic of its own, expressing the forms of human feeling, and creating an inner life. Certainly music does not denote as logic must, but it conveys knowledge directly, 'by acquaintance' rather than 'knowledge about'. Feelings are therefore symbolically objectified in certain forms, with a detail and truth that language cannot approach. {29}

Between the private musings of a Russian nineteenth-century poet and the world pictures of contemporary science lies an immense gulf, of course: the largely private musings of an individual poet against the thousands of lifetimes of published mathematical research and physical experimentation.

We should also note a fundamental difference of approach. Schelling belongs to a group of nineteenth century thinkers who based philosophy not on reasoning but some form of insight, intuition or will, a concept that can be later rationalised and closely argued about. This 'will' is volition in Fichte and Schopenhauer, creative imagination in Schelling, power in Schelling and Nietzsche, and faith in Kierkegaard. Absolute Idealism takes this

claim further to postulate a single unifying 'mind' behind all things, a view also close to pantheism. In the Absolute Idealism of Schelling and Hegel, moreover, thought is seen as the interplay of experiences within that unifying mind, and truth is defined as *consistency between thoughts*, rather than a coherence between separate objective realities. That coherence could be somewhat shadowy. Tyútchev's *Silentium* (poem 34):

Be silent, hide yourself, conceal  
 the things you dream of, things you feel:  
 As the stars in motion, let  
 these marvels from ascension set.  
 Let depths of soul then stay unheard.  
 In awe reflect without a word!

Philosophy becomes rather technical in detail, and Schelling's is particularly so. {30} Art is a cornerstone in Schelling's thought, for example, unifying his idea of freedom and his philosophy of nature, but that aesthetics is not a simple matter. In his *Nature Philosophy* both subjectivity and objectivity emerge from a common source in nature. In his *Aesthetics* the artwork produces firstly a material realization of the ideas of philosophy, and secondly a new mythology that could be regarded, at some remove, as the German Volk. {31-32}

Though Schelling accepted Fichte's idea that both nature and the 'I' conceived as such were subjective, he rejected any notion that nature was simply given us for man's convenience. In his view, the force of 'I' depended on nature. Kant had seen beauty as purposiveness without

purpose because it involved a disinterested relationship to the object, which itself revealed something fundamental about our place in purposeful nature. But where Schelling's Nature Philosophy moved toward freedom within the necessary laws of nature, his Aesthetics moved from individual freedom to the unexpected emergence of form within nature. By this process, nature freely comes into the artform, producing itself from itself. The two modes of nature represent the two sides of the same coin, moreover, a dynamic process that overcomes Kant's distinction between theoretical reason and practical reason. {31-33}

Schelling held that the ultimate aim of transcendental philosophy was to therefore bring to intuitive identity the conscious and unconscious activity that constituted the self's unity. That aim could be modelled on artistic creation, which united the unconscious laws of beauty with the conscious intentions of the artist. As Goethe put matters: 'The beautiful is a manifestation of secret laws of nature, which without its appearance would have remained forever hidden' — a view quite different to Kant's, where we are prevented by our ways of ordering sense impressions from experiencing nature in the raw. As Schelling developed his philosophy to an absolute ideal-realism, his position merged with that of Spinoza: the ideas that constituted nature's creations were not captives of individual minds, but stood beyond empirical self and nature, though were realized in both. {34}



For Tyútchev, the realization seems to have been personal, limited and unique. Schelling's realization, once achieved in a poem, demonstrated to Tyútchev the basic correctness of his world-view, but the achievement he did not see as compellingly instructive to others. As Tyútchev's *Silentium* poem indicates, thoughts and feelings could be better left unexpressed: the very act of putting them into words coarsened or distorted the experience.

But the larger matter is the Romantic heritage. Tyútchev kept alive an earlier conception of art well into the period when the social reality of novels became the preferred literary expression. Outside Tyútchev and Fet, the better poets of the time concerned themselves with social obligations. Tyútchev's vision in contrast had an extra dimension, which, for want of a better term, we might call spiritual, a belief in something loftier and larger than this human world. That belief transmuted into strange forms under Symbolism and was extinguished altogether under communism, which perhaps explains why the latter's love poetry is so limited and matter of fact. Much the same can be said of Modernism, and of the derivatives we live with today: a preoccupation with language and its deceits, which produces clever but somewhat nebulous and unsatisfying poems — that is probably the verdict of the common reader, even among that small percentage who do read contemporary poetry. Tyútchev had a larger vision, and one, which I have tried to show, is still relevant and perhaps capable of making poetry more compelling reading again.

## This Translation

Tyútchev's poetry exists in two notable English translations. The first is by John Dewey who brings a lifetime's study to his *Fyodor Tiutchev: Selected Poems* {2} and his biography *Mirror of the Mind*, {3} both labours of love and indispensable. The translations are close and even reproduce the feminine verse ending, often successfully, a very considerable achievement. The forms of Russian verse have been less preserved in Frank Jude's work, but the great bulk of Tiutchev's work is sensitively rendered into traditional English forms. {1} Both authors have generously placed their work on the Internet, and Frank Jude's site holds a wealth of fascinating and subsidiary material, including links to audio recordings. What then are the odd translations in this small ebook attempting?

Two things. Firstly, through the Appendix, to give non-Russian speakers a better grasp of the originals. And, secondly, to provide translations that keep more to the canons of English verse.

This is a difference in approach, not a reflection of the skills of those authors, therefore, which are real and self-evident. To them I remain beholden in many ways — interpretation, background, my very interest in Tyútchev. Both authors have used their wide knowledge of Russian to understand each Tyútchev poem as fully as possible, and then written that understanding in appropriate English

forms. In John Dewey's words: {35} 'The overall aim was to end up with something Tyutchev might have written himself, were he still alive and his native language English.' Most translators will have a similar aim: these were my hopes, and no doubt Frank Jude's too.

But there is a difference — if not always consistently maintained, since translation is often so difficult that translators are driven to any stratagem that serves to make a passable rendering. Frank Jude has generally tried for a conventional English poem, using rhyme on occasion, but not invariably so, and not generally in the rhyme schemes of the original. In contrast, John Dewey has indeed followed the original rhyme schemes closely, even the feminine rhyme schemes, and the translations are generally pleasing and faithful. But that adoption of the feminine rhyme has produced its own problems. To meet so demanding a requirement in a language like English that is poor in rhyme words, the sense has sometimes been bent out of shape, and then into lines that forego the graces of English verse, where each word has to seem unforced and natural, even inevitable. All rhymed translation runs this danger, of course, but feminine rhymes greatly compound the difficulties, without the benefit of greater stanza shaping that traditional rhyme affords.

Each rendering has its choices to make. I have tried to 'familiarise' the translation rather than 'foreignise' it. Indeed my concern has been to create things that are enjoyable English poems in their own right, an aim that

has brought together two approaches. First is the surrender to the growth of poems in the translation process, where the translations take on their own lives, telling their author where and how they wish to develop, often in ways very different from any simple transfer from Russian to English usage. The second is a re-imagining and re-creation of the originating experience into a living poem, one that is not too obviously a translation. That can sometimes result in a translation saying more than the original. An extreme example is poem 8, where the plain meaning of the first stanza is:

It's already half day time  
 fall down by sheer rays, —  
 And mountain began to smoke  
 with its black forests.

To make that into acceptable verse I have introduced 'spoke' to get the rhyme with 'smoke', and described the black as 'inky':

The day half gone, the noon-tide spoke  
 of falls of sunlight, shading back  
 to mountain sides of shadowed smoke  
 and forests filled with inky black,

Translations are products of their times. Translators who had previously used rhyme in their translations, believing that an important aesthetic component of the original should appear in the translation, have been replaced by proponents of unrhymed 'free verse', a style mandated by contemporary poetry and useful to academics

emphasizing the prose meaning. Free verse — true free verse, where line length and metre are placed on a variable but pleasing base — is a beautiful but demanding medium, and in fact more difficult to write properly than conventional verse. If only for that reason, I have continued the older tradition here. Readers concerned about semantic distortions introduced by rhyme, and who want an unadorned, largely machine-code translation of the original Russian, can refer to the pages following this section, which provide details on a poem-by-poem basis.

Much in translation also involves personal preferences, what the translator feels comfortable with. The renderings here are generally close, much closer than Robert Lowell achieved in his *Imitations*, which the reader can check by reading the literal renderings given in the Appendix, or against the Dewey and Jude renderings. The translations render Russian tetrameters as English tetrameters, etc. and faithfully reproduce the rhyme schemes, but they do not reproduce the feminine rhyme because this is foreign to and generally destructive of good English verse. Nor on the whole do they replicate particularities of Tyútchev's lines, because the equivalents in English do not exist. As can be seen in the literal translations, Tyútchev's syntax can be a little unusual. Several lines can pass without a verb to shape the material, but English is not always so accommodating. Tyútchev's diction is also a little old-fashioned, employing Slavonicisms that Pushkin outlawed, but English diction is less demarcated in this regard.

An example may make matters clearer. *Spring Storm*, the first in this collection, is a popular example of Tyútchev's nature poems.

The Russian text and prosody is:

1. Весéнняя грозá

Люблú грозú в начáле мáя,	4A
Когдá весéнный, пёрвый гром,	4b
как бы резвяся и играя,	4A
Грохóчет в нéбе голубóm.	4b

Гремят раскáты молодýе,	4C
Вот дóждик брызнул, пыль летít,	4d
Повýсли пёрлы дождевыё,	4C
И сóлнце нíti золотít.	4d

С гóры бежит потóк провóрный,	4E
В лесú не мóлкнет птíчий гам,	4f
И гам леснóй и шум нагóрный —	4E
Все втóрит вéсело громáм.	4f

Ты скáжешь: вётреная Геба,	4G
Кормя Зевесо́ва орла́,	4h
Громокипящий кúбок с нёба,	4G
Смейся, на зéмлю пролилá.	4h

A literal translation is:

1. Spring Storm

I love thunderstorms in early May,  
when spring, first thunder,  
as if frolicking and playing,  
rumbles in blue.

Peals of thunder young,  
here rain splashed, the dust flies,

hung pearls of rain,  
and sun is thread of gold.

From mountain runs stream quick,  
In woods not silent bird uproar,  
And din of forest and noise of upland —  
all echoes fun of thunder.

You say: windy Geba,  
feeding Zeus eagle,  
thundering cup from sky  
laughing, on ground she spilled.

The Jude (No. 38) translation is:

I love May's first storms:  
chuckling, sporting spring  
grumbles in mock anger;  
young thunder claps,

a spatter of rain and flying dust  
and wet pearls hanging  
threaded by sun-gold;  
a speedy current scampers from the hills.

Such a commotion in the woods!  
Noises cartwheel down the mountains.  
Every sound is echoed round the sky.  
You'd think capricious Hebe,

feeding the eagle of Zeus,  
had raised a thunder-foaming goblet,  
unable to restrain her mirth,  
and tipped it on the earth.

The Dewey (page 159) translation is:

I love those storms so unexpected

In early May — the first of spring —  
 When thunder playfully projected  
 Sets all the blue sky echoing!

Peal follows peal with youthful clatter;  
 Then dust flies as a rainburst sheds  
 Its glistening drops, to fall and scatter  
 Like pearls, while sunlight gilds their threads.

From mountain heights a torrent surges,  
 Song fills the woods from countless throats;  
 And sound of stream and birdsong merges,  
 All chorusing the thunder's notes.

You'd say that Hebe — prone to blunder —  
 Had let her father's eagle sup,  
 And, laughing, spilled the foaming thunder  
 To scatter earthwards from her cup.

The translation here:

### 1. Spring Storm

I love a storm in early May,  
 when first of thunder crackles through  
 the frolic of a happy day  
 reverberating into blue.

New peals of thunder. Spread among  
 the dust thrown up in plashy spreads  
 are liquid pearls of raindrops strung  
 upon the sunlight's golden threads.

Then floods on mountain slopes appear,  
 and bird songs come from woods around:  
 the tree and mountain calls are here  
 now gathered in one gladdened sound.

You'll say that Hebe, giving sup  
 to Zeus' eagle here has downed



the thunder from her heavenly cup  
and, laughing, spilled it on the ground.

The Frank Jude translation has emphasized the playful elements in the original, adding such words as 'chuckling', 'scampers', 'cartwheels' and 'capricious' to his rendering. The original 16 lines are retained, but the only rhyme is in the concluding couplet. No one, I think, could fail to enjoy the rendering, but it is not quite what Tyútchev wrote. We are verging on a *response* to Tyútchev's poem rather than faithfully rendering the thing itself.

The John Dewey translation, on the other hand, renders both the meaning and the form, the alternate feminine and masculine rhyme scheme. In this sense, the translation is more 'faithful' but it is perhaps also less pleasing as a poem because feminine rhymes in English tend to be somewhat contrived, employing words added purely for rhyme purposes. Pushkin complained that there weren't sufficient rhyme words in Russian for his purposes, and English is even more deficient.

Feminine rhymes do occur in English verse, of course, but not without certain problems. The William Collins' poem *To-Morrow* is not heart-warming verse, for example. Its first stanza runs:

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,  
May my lot no less fortunate be  
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,  
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;  
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,  
While I carol away idle sorrow,

And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn  
 Look forward with hope for tomorrow.

The Shakespeare sonnet 87 (*Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing*), which employs feminine rhymes in all but two of the lines, doesn't quite escape sounding a little forced by the time we get to line 12. And A. E. Housman also used feminine line endings successfully, indeed beautifully, but he didn't rhyme on them:

Tell me not here, it needs not saying,  
 What tune the enchantress plays  
 In aftermaths of soft September  
 Or under blanching mays,  
 For she and I were long acquainted  
 And I knew all her ways.

And so on. In general, however, and unlike its Russian counterpart, feminine rhymes are not common in English verse, and tend to bring a self-conscious if not mannered tone to the lines.

Fidelity is important, therefore, but can be fidelity to the Russian or to English tradition. How much of the Russian can we smuggle into the English without the rendering sounding too obviously like a translation? In defending his rendering of Horace's Odes, Sir Edward Marsh remarked, '. . . unless the version can give the illiterate reader some notion of Horace's quality as a poet, it is a superfluity, a game which scholars play to amuse themselves and annoy one another. In that game the player's object is to render every shade of the author's

meaning, and as much as possible of his expression, with the minimum of alteration for metre and rhyme; and the result is usually full of cracks and bulges, like a jigsaw puzzle in which most of the pieces have been coaxed or squeezed into the wrong place, so that the reader can never forget that what he is reading is not an original work.' {36}

It is better, I think, {37} to dispense with feminine rhymes as much as possible and render simply what Tyútchev wrote — though still employing verse craft relevant to the period: i.e. lines properly cadenced, rhyme, and a little alliteration and assonance for line shaping. In general, therefore, I've aimed for a 'sinewy' and compact rendering that avoids poeticisms and keeps to a heightened prose sense, i.e. recreates the poetry in the English dimension from the root sense of the Russian.

### Ternary Measures

Most of Tyútchev's pieces are in iambic, but number 26 employs a ternary measure:

**Как** хо ро **шо́** ты, о **мо́** ре ноч **но́** е,- 4A

**Здесь** лу че **за́р** но, там **си́** зо-тем **но́**. 4b

Should we still reproduce this as an iambic tetrameter regardless:

How well the seas at night arrive  
at brightness here or shuttered gloom,  
in moonlight walking as alive,  
and breathy in its radiant spume.

Unchecked is that infinity  
of light and movement, muffled groan.  
In shimmering softness will the sea  
be solitary as night alone?

Should we attempt a translation into ternary measures?

Readily oceans at night arrive  
at radiance here and there of gloom,  
still with the moonlight to come alive,  
walking and breathing in radiant bloom.

That freedom must echo infinity  
in light and movement and thunder sound,  
in shimmering softness will then the sea  
be solitary as night is, and profound

Or should we argue that the extra syllables make a longer  
line in English, and so are best served by a pentameter:

How readily the seas at night arrive  
at brightness here and there a shuttered gloom,  
to walk in moonlight as a thing alive,  
a breathy entity of radiant bloom.

In that great freedom lives infinity,  
in light and movement comes the thunder sound,  
and in that shimmering softness will not sea  
become as solitary as night around?

It's often best to simply try and see. The first is a rather  
clipped and employs the unfortunate groan/alone rhyme.  
The second echoes the more fluid nature of Russian verse,  
but is otherwise flaccid, indeed shapeless. The third  
approach, the pentameter, seems the best choice, giving  
a more ample, supple and pleasing flow to the lines.

Sections on individual poems follow: prosody, a literal translation, a short list of audio recordings, other translations and critical references. The last are very simple, written for school children generally, but are short enough to be copied into Yandex translate etc. for non-Russian speakers. More detailed criticism can be found with the search engines, but this ebook doesn't claim to be more than a simple introduction. On other matters I repeat what was given in my translation of Pushin's *The Gypsies*, but reproduced here for convenience.

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.

Also to be found in this Appendix is a line-for-line literal translation. 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.

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 Tyútchev does on occasion invert what would be normal speech. 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.

## RUSSIAN TEXT AND PROSODY: DESCRIPTIVE PIECES

**1. Весённая гроза**

Люблю грозу́ в нача́ле ма́я,	4A
Когда́ весённый, пе́рвый гром,	4b
как бы резвя́ся и игра́я,	4A
Грохо́чет в не́бе голу́бом.	4b
Гремя́т раската́ты молоды́е,	4C
Вот до́ждик бры́знул, пыль лети́т,	4d
Пови́сли пе́рлы дождевы́е,	4C
И со́лнце ни́ти золоти́т.	4d
С го́ры бежит пото́к прово́рный,	4E
В лесу́ не мо́лкнет пти́чий гам,	4f
И гам лесно́й и шум наго́рный —	4E
Все вто́рит ве́село грома́м.	4f
Ты ска́жешь: ве́треная Геба́,	4G
Корма́ Зевесо́ва орла́,	4h
Громокипя́щий ку́бок с не́ба,	4G
Смея́сь, на зе́млю пролила́.	4h

**Audio Recordings**

<https://teatr.audio/tyutchev-fedor-lyublyu-grozu-v-nachale-maya>  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wUpyBTr4x\\_c](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wUpyBTr4x_c)  
[https://teatr.audio/tyutchev-fedor-vesennyaya-groza\\_2](https://teatr.audio/tyutchev-fedor-vesennyaya-groza_2)

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://vsedz.ru/content/f-i-tyutchev-lyublyu-grozu-v-nachale-maya>  
<https://unotices.com/page-essay.php?id=2236>





## 2. Осенний вечер

Есть в светлости осенних вечеров	4a
Умильная, таинственная прелесть!..	4B
Зловещий блеск и пестрота́ дерев,	4a
Багряных листьев томный, лёгкий шёлест,	4B

Туманная и тихая лазурь	4c
Над грустно-сиротеющей землёю	4D
И, как предчувствие сходящих бурь,	4c
Порывистый, холодный ветер порою,	4D

Ущерб, изнеможение — и на всём	4e
Та короткая улыбка увяданья,	4F
Что в существе разумном мы зовём	4e
Божественной стыдливостью страданья!..	4F

### Audio Recordings

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hjIVbUBTT5w>

<https://book-audio.com/21603:tyutchev-fiodor-vesenniaia-groza> (1 of 78  
Tyutchev readings)

### Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/osennij-vecher-tyutchev.html>

<http://www.litra.ru/composition/get/coid/00010501184864045974/woid/00083801184773070169/>

## 2. Autumn Evening

There is grace in evenings of autumn  
tender, mysterious charm! ..  
Ominous brilliance and variegation of trees,  
Scarlet leaves languid, light rustling,

Foggy and quiet azure  
over sad-orphaned earth  
and, as premonition of coming storms,  
gusty, cold wind sometimes,

Damage, exhaustion — and on everything  
that gentle smile of withering,  
in sentient being we call  
divine shyness of suffering! ..

### Other Translations

F. Jude  
John Dewey

No. 73  
Page 20

[http://www.ruthenia.ru/tiutcheviana/publications/trans/osenny\\_vec\\_h.html](http://www.ruthenia.ru/tiutcheviana/publications/trans/osenny_vec_h.html)

**Date**

Autumn 1830

### Notes

The quiet tone, the preponderance of nouns and adjectives: quite unlike the previous poem, there are few verbs here (far fewer than needed for the English translation). Also worth noting is the sibilant alliteration, especially in the last stanza: Ущѣрб, изнеможенъе — и на всѣм.

### 3. Зима недаром злится

Зима́ недáром зли́тся,	3A
Прошла её́ пора –	3b
Весна́ в окно́ стучи́тся	3A
И го́нит со двора́.	3b

И всё́ засуети́лось,	3C
Всё́ нудит Зи́му вон –	3d
И жа́воронки в не́бе	3C
Уж подняли́ трезво́н.	3d

Зима́ еще́ хлопóчет	3E
И на Весну́ ворчи́т.	3f
Та ей в глаза́ хохóчет	3E
И пу́ще лишь шуми́т...	3f

Взбеси́лась ве́дьма зла́я	3G
И, сне́гу захвата́,	3h
Пусти́ла, убега́я,	3G
В прекра́сное дитя́...	3h

Весне́ и горя́ мало:	3I
Умы́лася в сне́гу	3j
И лишь румя́ней ста́ла	3I
Напереко́р врагу́.	3j

### Audio Recordings

<https://teatr.audio/tyutchev-fedor-zima-nedarom-zlitsya>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aB-agPumPiI>  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oK33g\\_UE3OA](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oK33g_UE3OA)

### Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)

<https://obrazovaka.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutchev/zima-nedarom-zlitsya.html>  
<https://pishi-stihi.ru/zima-nedarom-zlitsya-tyutchev.html>  
[https://www.sochinyashka.ru/russkaya\\_literatura/analiz-stihotvoreniya-tutcheva-zima-nedarom-zlitsya.html](https://www.sochinyashka.ru/russkaya_literatura/analiz-stihotvoreniya-tutcheva-zima-nedarom-zlitsya.html)

### 3. Winter Has the Snow

Winter not without reason angry,  
Her time has passed –  
Spring is knocking on window  
And drives from yard.

And all began to fuss,  
All like winter out –  
And larks in sky  
Really raised bells.

Winter still busy  
And grumbles in spring.  
She laughs in her eyes  
More than just noise...

Mad witch evil  
And, snow capturing,  
Let running away,  
Beautiful child...

Spring and hot enough:  
Washing in snow  
And only blush became  
Against the enemy.

#### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 117
John Dewey	

<b>Date</b>	1836
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#### Notes

The language is fresh and simple, almost conversational. The piece was sent as a sketch to Prince Gagarin, but only published after Tyútchev's death. The short lines make for rhyming difficulties: rhymes are approximate in line 5 with 7, and 18 with 20. The formal translation is likewise a little free.

#### 4. Чародейкою Зимой

Чародейкою Зимой	4A
Околдован, лес стоит -	4b
И под снежной бахромою,	4A
Неподвижною, немою,	4A
Чудной жизнью он блестит.	4b
И стоит он, околдован,-	4C
Не мертвец и не живой -	4d
Сном волшебным очарован,	4C
Весь опутан, весь окóван	4C
Лёгкой цепью пуховой...	4d
Сóлнце зímнее ли мещет	4E
На него свой луч косой -	4f
В нем ничто не затрепещет,	4E
Он весь вспыхнет и заблещет	4E
Ослепительной красой.	4f

#### Audio Recordings

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8I-PTVhtz\\_E](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8I-PTVhtz_E)  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kQt7Et9gELI>  
<https://teatr.audio/tyutchev-fedor-charodeykoyu-zimoyu>

#### Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)

<https://obrazovaka.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutchev/charodeykoyu-zimoyu.html>  
<https://pishi-stihi.ru/charodejkoyu-zimoyu-tyutchev.html>  
<https://goldlit.ru/tutchev/387-charodeikoiu-zimoiu-analiz>

#### 4. Winter is the True Magician:

##### Magician winter

Bewitched, forest stands -  
 And under snowy fringe,  
 Motionless mute  
 wonderful life he shines.

And he stands, bewitched, -  
 Not dead and not alive -  
 Dream magically fascinated,  
 All enmeshed, all bound  
 Light chain downy ...

Does the winter sun move?  
 On its own beam oblique -  
 Nothing will tremble in it  
 It will flare up and shine  
 Dazzling beauty.

#### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 206
John Dewey	Page 118

**Date** late 1852

#### Notes

An exact and evocative piece using dated words (e.g. пуховой) for solemn effect. Each stanza opens with a general description and then adds details. The poem was written in 1852 but only published 14 years after Tyútchev's death.

**5. Лениво дышит полдень мглистый**

Лени́во ды́шит по́лдень мглы́стый;	4A
Лени́во ка́тится река́;	4b
И в тверди пла́менной и чи́стой	4A
Лени́во та́ют облака.	4b
И всю приро́ду, как тумáн,	4c
Дремóта жа́ркая объе́млет;	4D
И сам тепе́рь вели́кий Пан	4c
В пеще́ре нимф поко́йно дре́млет.	4D

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MHnQt85keRw>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/polden-tyutchev.html>

<https://ostihe.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutcheva/polden>

<https://goldlit.ru/tutchev/393-polden-analiz>

## 5. An Uneventful Afternoon

Lazily breathing misty afternoon;  
Lazily river rolls;  
And in firmament fiery and clean  
Lazily clouds are melting.

And whole of nature as fog,  
Slumber hot volume;  
And it now great pan  
In cave of nymphs calm sleep.

### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 54
John Dewey	

<b>Date</b>	1827-30
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### Notes

Another celebrated piece, much admired by Nekrásov and Tolstoy, where Tyútchev uses Лениво (lazily) in slightly different ways, which I have represented as 'uneventful', 'idles' and 'quietly'. Nature is personified and given a classical setting. The first publication was in Puskin's *Sovreménnik*, in 1836.



**6. Летний вечер**

Уж со́лнца раскале́нный шар	4a
С главы́ своёй земля́ скати́ла,	4B
И ми́рный ве́чера́ пожа́р	4a
Волна́ морская́ поглоти́ла.	4B
Уж звёзды́ све́тлые взошли́	4c
И тяготе́ющий над на́ми	4D
Небе́сный свод припо́дняли	4c
Сво́ими вла́жными гла́вами.	4D
Рекá возду́шная полне́й	4e
Тече́т меж не́бом и земле́ю,	4F
Грудь ды́шит ле́гче и вольне́й,	4e
Освобождённая от зно́ю.	4F
И сла́дкий трéпет, как струя́,	4g
По жи́лам пробежа́л приро́ды,	4H
Как бы горя́чих ног ея́	4g
Косну́лись ключево́е во́ды.	4H

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lxOv7pBRTtY>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BGdoEdPHdTA>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://litrekon.ru/analiz-proizvedenij/letnij-vecher-tyutchev/>  
<https://pishi-stihi.ru/letnij-vecher-tyutchev.html>

## 6. Summer Evening

Oh, sun glowing ball  
 With its head earth rolled down,  
 And peace of evening of fire  
 Waves of sea swallowed.

So star light ascended  
 And gravitating above us  
 Vault of heaven lifted  
 Their wet heads.

River full of air  
 Flowing between heaven and earth,  
 Chest breathing easier and freer,  
 Freed from heat.

And sweet trembling like jet,  
 Ran through veins of nature,  
 Like hot feet her  
 Touched key water.

### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 41
John Dewey	Page 150

**Date** 1866

### Notes

Nature is seen as a living woman, a favourite concept of Tyútv's. Note the subtle assonance of the last line in particular: Коснулись ключевые воды.

## 7. Тихо в озере струится

Тихо в озере струится	4A
Отблеск кровель золотых,	4b
Много в озеро глядится	4A
Достолавностей былых.	4b
Жизнь играет, солнце греет,	4C
Но под нею и под ним	4d
Здесь былое чудно веет	4C
Обаянием своим.	4d
Солнце светит золотое,	4E
Блещут озера струи...	4f
Здесь великое былое	4E
Словно дышит в забытьи;	4f
Дремлет сладко-беззаботно,	4G
Не смущая дивных снов	4h
И тревогой мимолётной	4G
Лебединых голосов...	4h

### Audio Recordings

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QvYyIMMG7w&feature=player\\_embedded](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QvYyIMMG7w&feature=player_embedded)

### Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/tiho-v-ozere-struitsya-tyutchev.html>  
[https://a4format.ru/pdf\\_files\\_bio2/4833e166.pdf](https://a4format.ru/pdf_files_bio2/4833e166.pdf)



**8. Снежные горы**

Ужé полднёвная порá	4a
Палíт отвéсными лучáми, –	4B
И задымилася горá	4a
С сво́ими чёрными лесáми.	4B

Внизú, как зéркало стальнóе,	4C
Синéют озера струй	4d
И с камнэй, блéщущих на знóе,	4C
В родnúю глубь спешáт ручьйí...	4d

И между тём как полусóнный	4E
Наш дóльный мир, лишённый сил,	4f
Пронíкнут нéгой благовóнной,	4E
Во мгле полúденной почíл, –	4f

Горé, как божествá родны́е,	4G
Над издыхáющей землэй,	4h
Игрáют в́иси ледяны́е	4G
С лазúрью нёба огневóй.	4h

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mPZ7fZ006ig>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://ostihe.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutcheva/snezhnye-gory>



## LOVE'S ATTRACTION

## 9. К N.N.

Ты любишь, ты притворствовать умеешь —	5A
Когда в толпе, украдкой от людей,	5b
Моя нога касается твоёй,	5b
Ты мне ответ даёшь и не краснеешь!	5A
Всё тот же вид рассеянный, бездушный,	5C
Движенье персей, взор, улыбка та ж —	5d
Меж тем твой муж, сей ненавидный страж,	5d
Любуется твоёй красой послушной.	5C
Благодаря и людям и судьбе,	5e
Ты тайным радостям узнала цену,	5F
Узнала свет: он ставит нам в измену	5F
Все радости ... Измена льстит тебе.	5e
Стыдливости румянец невозвратный,	5G
Он улетел с твоих молодых ланит —	5h
Так с юных роз Авроры луч бежит	5h
С их чистою душою ароматной.	5G
Но так и быть! в палящий летний зной	5i
Лестней для чувств, приманчивей для взгляда	5J
Смотреть в тени, как в кисти винограда	5J
Сверкает кровь сквозь зелень густой!	5i

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=89NXagDaw-4>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G4-EABKKYx4>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<http://www.fedor-tutchev.ru/poezia172.html>

**9. To N.N.**

You love, you can pretend —  
 When in total, sneaking off people  
 My foot touches yours  
 You give me answer and do not blush!

All same kind of scattered, soulless,  
 Movement unchanged, gaze, that smile as —  
 Meanwhile, your husband, this hated guardian,  
 Admiring your beauty obedient.

Thanks to people and fate,  
 You secretly found price  
 In light we learn the treason,  
 All joy ... treason flattering you.

Shame blush irretrievable,  
 It flew away from your youngest  
 So from young roses of Aurora ray runs  
 With their fragrant pure soul.

But so be it! in scorching summer heat  
 Flattery for senses, more tempting for gaze  
 Look in shadows like bunch of grapes  
 Sparkles blood through thick greens!

**Other Translations**

F. Jude	No. 51
John Dewey	Page 5

**Date** Later 1820s

**Notes**

A poem showing another side of Tyútchev, and not published until 1879: (it would probably not have passed the censors).



**10. Вчера, в мечтах обворожённых**

Вчера́, в мечта́х обворожённых, 4A  
 С последним ме́сяца лучо́м 4b  
 На ве́ждах темно́-озарённых, 4A  
 Ты по́здним позабы́лась сном. 4b

Ути́хло вокруг тебя́ молча́нье 4C  
 И тень нахму́рилась темне́й, 4d  
 И гру́ди ро́вное дыха́нье 4C  
 Струи́лось в во́здухе слышнёй. 4d

Но сквозь возду́шный завес о́кон 4E  
 Недо́лго ли́лся мрак ночно́й, 4f  
 И твой, взвевáясь, со́нный ло́кон 4E  
 Игрáл с незримо́ю мечта́й. 4f

Вот тихостру́йно, тихове́йно, 4G  
 Как ветерко́м занесено́, 4h  
 Дымно-легко́, мглисто-лиле́йно 4G  
 Вдруг что́-то по́рхнуло в окно́. 4h

Вот невиди́мкой пробежа́ло 4I  
 По темно́-брезжу́щим ковра́м, 4j  
 Вот, ухватя́сь за одея́ло, 4I  
 Взбира́ться ста́ло по кра́ям, – 4j

Вот, сло́вно зме́йка, извивáясь, 4K  
 Оно́ на ло́же взобра́лось, 4L  
 Вот, сло́вно ле́нта, развевáясь, 4K  
 Меж по́логами разв́илось... 4L

Вдруг животрепетным сия́ньем 4M  
 Косну́вшись пе́рсей молоды́х, 4n  
 Румя́ным гро́мким восклицаньем 4M  
 Раскры́ло шёлк ресни́ц твои́х! 4n

**Audio Recordings**

<https://teatr.audio/tyutchev-fedor-vchera-v-mechtah-obvorozhennyh>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=634FI5M68YU>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<http://ftutchev.ru/stihi0124.html>

**10. In Yesterday's Enchanted State**

Yesterday, in dreams of bewitched,  
 With last month of ray  
 On everywhere dark illuminated,  
 You forgot your late dreams.

Silence subsided around you  
 And shadow frowned darker,  
 And chest breathed evenly  
 Spirited in air more audibly.

But through lace curtain of windows  
 Darkness of night did not long flow,  
 And yours, writhing, sleepy curl  
 Played with invisible dream.

Here quietly, quietly,  
 As breeze is brought,  
 Smoky-light, misty-lily  
 Suddenly, something twisted in window.

Here invisible ran  
 On dark-carving carpet,  
 Here, clutching at blanket,  
 Climbing has become on edges, —

Here, like snake, meandering,  
 It climbed on bed,  
 Here, like ribbon, fluttering,  
 Between curtains developed ...

Suddenly with lively radiance  
 touching young breast  
 with rosy loud exclamation,  
 opened silk of your eyelashes!

**Other Translations**

F. Jude	No. 124
John Dewey	Page 67
<b>Date</b>	Late 1835-early 1836
<b>Dedication</b>	Ernestine

**Notes**

Several MS variations. The last stanza refers to the morning light.

**11. Люблю глаза твои**

Люблю глаза твои, мой друг,	4a
С игрой их пламенно-чудесной,	4B
Когда их приподынешь вдруг	4a
И, словно молнией небесной,	4B
Окинешь бегло целый круг...	4a

Но есть сильней очарованья:	4C
Глаза, потупленные ниц	4d
В минуты страстного лобзанья,	4C
И сквозь опущенных ресниц	4d
Угрюмый, тусклый огонь желанья.	4C

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w322RzbinIg>  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0N-R\\_FIm4JI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0N-R_FIm4JI)  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pnUCKeikxA4>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/lyublyu-glaza-tvoi-moj-drug-tyutchev.html>  
<https://ostihe.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutcheva/segodnya-drug>

## 11. I Love those Feral Eyes

Love eyes of yours, my friend,  
 With sudden stare up you send,  
 When they lift suddenly  
 And, like lightning of heaven,  
 Eyed fluently all way round...

But there's stronger charm:  
 Eyes, downcast face-downward  
 In moments of passionate kissing,  
 And through lowered eyelashes  
 Sullen, dull fire of desire.

### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 123
John Dewey	Page 66

<b>Date</b>	
<b>Dedication</b>	Ernestine

### Notes

The poem was written for Ernestine, his second wife, who was his inspiration until Elena appeared

## REFLECTIONS ON LOVE

**12. Я помню время золотое**

Я помню время золотое,	4A
Я помню сердцу милый край.	4b
День вечерел; мы были двое;	4A
Внизу, в тени, шумел Дунай.	4b

И на холму, там, где, белая,	4C
Руина замка в дол глядит,	4d
Стояла ты, младая фея,	4C
На мшистый опершись гранит,	4d

Ногой младенческой касаясь	4E
Обломков груды вековой;	4F
И солнце медлило, прощаясь	4E
С холмом, и замком, и тобой.	4f

И ветер тихий мимолетом	4G
Твоей одеждою играл	4h
И с диких яблонь цвет за цветом	4G
На плечи юные свевал.	4h

Ты беззаботно вдаль глядела...	4I
Край неба дымно гас в лучах;	4j
День догорал; звучнее пела	4I
Рекá в помёркших берегах.	4j

И ты с веселостью беспечной	4K
Счастливым провожала день:	4I
И сладко жизни быстротечной	4K
Над нами пролетала тень.	4I

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W4CAKjjik5Q>

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5Q\\_DKRb2b1M](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5Q_DKRb2b1M)

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/ya-pomnyu-vremya-zolotoe-tyutchev.html>

<https://ostihe.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutcheva/ya-pomnyu-vremya-zolotoe>

## 12. A Golden Time I Have in Mind

I remember golden time,  
 I remember my heart sweet edge.  
 The evening was over; we were two;  
 Down in shadows, the Danube was rustling.

And on hill, where, whitewash,  
 The ruin of castle gazes at,  
 You stood, little fairy,  
 On mossy leaning granite,

Infant foot touching  
 wreckage of age old;  
 And sun hesitated, saying goodbye  
 With hill, and castle, and you.

And wind in passing ruffle  
 played with your clothes.  
 wild apple colour for colour  
 on young shoulders threw.

You looked carelessly into distance ...  
 Edge of sky smoky quenched in rays;  
 Day was burning down; river sang more loudly  
 in darkened shores.

And you with cheerfulness carefree  
 Happy saw off day:  
 And sweet life fleeting one  
 Above us flew shadow.

### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 98
John Dewey	Page 3

<b>Date</b>	1833
<b>Dedication</b>	Amalia Krudener
<b>Notes</b>	

Tyútchev is remembering a Rhineland holiday spent in the company of Baroness Amalia von Krudener (née Lerchenfeld), with whom he remained close throughout his life.

**13. Двум сестрам**

Обеих вас я видел вместе –	4A
И всю тебя узнал я в ней...	4b
Та ж взоров тихость, нежность гласа,	4C
Та ж свежесть утреннего часа,	4C
Что веяла с главы твоей!..	4b
И всё, как в зеркале волшебном,	4D
Всё обозначилось вновь:	4e
Минувших дней печаль и радость,	4F
Твоя утраченная младость,	4F
Моя погибшая любовь!..	4e

**Audio Recordings****Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/dvum-sestram-tyutchev.html>

<http://www.fedor-tutchev.ru/poezia133.html>

**13. To Two Sisters**

I saw you both together  
 I recognized you all in it...  
 Fine eyes, tenderness of voice,  
 The freshness of morning hour,  
 What emanated from head of yours!..

And all, as in mirror magic,  
 All denoted again:  
 Past days sadness and joy,  
 Your lost youth,  
 My dead love!..

**Other Translations**

F. Jude  
 John Dewey

No. 70  
 Page 8

**Date**  
**Dedication**

Possibly 1829  
 Eleonore & Clotilde

**Notes**

Tyútchev married Eleanor von Botimer, but was also drawn to her sister Clotilde, the equally beautiful but more stable woman. Here he is looking back on his first failed marriage.



**14. Лето 1854**

Какое лето, что за лето!	4A
Да это просто колдовство –	4b
И как, «с»прошу́, далось нам это	4A
Так ни с того́ и ни с сего́?..	4b

Гляжу́ тревожными́ глазами	4C
На этот блеск, на этот свет...	4d
Не издеваются ли над нами?	4C
Откуда нам такой привёт?..	4d

Увы́, не так ли молодая	4E
Улыбка женских уст и глаз,	4f
Не восхищая, не прельщая,	4E
Под старость лишь смущает нас...	4f

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=msxBVFrDIHE>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/leto-1854-tyutchev.html>

<https://sochinyalka.ru/2017/04/analiz-stihotvorenija-leto-tjutchev.html>

**14. Summer of 1854**

What summer, what summer!  
 Yes, it's just witchcraft. –  
 And how, please, we were given this  
 So out of blue?..

I look with anxious eyes  
 On this luster of, on this light...  
 Are we not being bullied?  
 Where did we get such greetings?..

Alas, is not it young  
 Smile of female lips and eyes,  
 Not admiring, not enticing,  
 Old age only confuses us...

**Other Translations**

F. Jude	No. 211
John Dewey	

<b>Date</b>	1854
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<b>Dedication</b>	Ernestine
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**Notes**

The poem was included in a letter to Ernestine, who was then legally married to someone else: hence perhaps the mixed feelings, confusion and uncertainty of the second and third stanzas.

**15. 1-е декабря 1837**

Так здесь-то суждено нам бы́ло	4A
Сказа́ть послед́нее прости́...	4b
Прости́ всему́, чем се́рдце жи́ло,	4A
Что, жизнь твою́ уб́ив, её испепели́ло	4A
В твоёй изму́ченной груди́!..	4b
Прости́... Через мно́го, мно́го лет	4c
Ты бу́дешь по́мнить с содрога́ньем	4D
Сей край, сей брег с его́ полу́денным сия́ньем,	4D
Где ве́чный блеск и до́лгий цвет,	4c
Где по́здних, блédных роз дыха́ньем	4D
Дека́брьский во́здух разогрéт.	4C

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NyEtIKq7bOw>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/1-e-dekabrya-1837-tyutchev.html>  
<https://ostihe.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutcheva/1-dekabrya-1837>

**15. 1<sup>st</sup> December 1837**

So here something destined us been  
 Say last forgive  
 Forgive everything, than heart desires  
 What, life your killed her incinerated  
 In yours exhausted breasts!

Forgive . . through many, many years  
 You will remember with shudder  
 This end, this shore with its midday shining  
 Where eternal splendour and long colour  
 Where late, pale, roses' breathing  
 December air warms

**Other Translations**

F. Jude	No. 126
John Dewey	Page 70

**Date** 1837

**Dedication** Ernestine Pfeffel

**Notes**

The poem was written in Genoa, when Tyútchev had been posted to Italy, and was expecting to be parted forever from Ernestine. In fact, he married her two years later.

**16. Не раз ты слышала признание**

Не раз ты слышала признание:	4A
«Не стою я любви твоей».	4b
Пускай моё она создание –	4A
Но как я беден перед ней...	4b
Перед любовью твоёю	4C
Мне больно вспомнить о себе –	4d
Стою, молчу, благоговёю	4C
И поклоняюсь тебе...	4d
Когда порой так умиленно,	4E
С такою верой и мольбой	4f
Невольно клонишь ты колёно	4E
Пред колыбелью дорогой,	4f
Где спит она – твоё рождение –	4G
Твой безымянный херувим, –	4h
Пойми ж и ты моё смирение	4G
Пред сердцем любящим твоим.	4h

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AabQX9HiLkI>

<https://teatr.audio/tyutchev-fedor-ne-raz-ty-slyshala-priznane>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/ne-raz-ty-slyshala-priznane-tyutchev.html>

<https://goldsoch.info/analiz-stixotvoreniya-tyutcheva-ne-raz-ty-slyshala-priznane/>

## 16. Confessions You Have Heard Before

More than once you've heard confession.  
 "I'm not worth your love."  
 Let my creation be –  
 But as I'm poor in front of her...

Before thy love  
 It hurts me to think about myself –  
 Standing, silent, reverent  
 And worship you...

When sometimes so touched,  
 With such faith and supplication  
 Involuntarily you bend a knee  
 Before cradle road,

Where she sleeps is your birth –  
 Your nameless cherub, –  
 Understand and you are my humility  
 Before your loving heart.

### Other Translations

F. Jude  
 John Dewey

No. 187  
 Page 81

**Date**  
**Dedication**

Summer 1851  
 Elena Denísieva and her child

### Notes

Written a few months after Elena had given birth to Tyutchev's child: a notable scandal to befall someone from the Institute of Noble Ladies.

**17. Когда на то нет божьего согласия**

Когда на то нет божьего согласия,	4A
Как ни страдай она, любя, –	4b
Душа, увы, не выстрадает счастья,	4A
Но может выстрадать себя...	4b

Душа, душа, которая всецело	4C
Одной заветной отдалась любви	4d
И ей одной дышала и болела,	4C
Господь тебя благослови!	4d

Он, милосердный, всемогущий,	4E
Он, греющий своим лучом	4f
И пышный цвет, на воздухе цветущий,	4E
И чистый перл на дне морском.	4f

**Audio Recordings**

<https://lit.rosuchebnik.ru/chtenie-24968/>  
<https://lit.rosuchebnik.ru/chtenie-27932/>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/kogda-na-to-net-bozhego-soglasya-tyutchev.html>

## 17. When There is No God's Consent

When there no God's consent,  
 No matter how suffer she is loving, –  
 Soul, alas, does not suffer happiness,  
 But can suffer themselves...

Soul, soul that entirely  
 One cherished gave herself to love  
 And it one was breathing and symptoms,  
 God bless you!

He, the merciful, the Almighty,  
 He, warming with its rays  
 And lush color, in the air blooming,  
 And clean pearl on the bottom of the sea.

### Other Translations

F. Jude  
 John Dewey

No. 282

**Date**  
**Dedication**

Early 1865  
 Older Daughter

### Notes

In this poem Tyútchev addresses his grown-up daughter, Darya Fyodorovna, who served the empress Maria Alexandrovna at court. The admonition is saturated with with grief and loneliness for Elena Denisyeva, who had died shortly before.



## LOVE'S RECRIMINATIONS

**18. Весь день она лежала в забытьи**

Весь день она лежала в забытьи,	5a
И всю её уж тени покрывали.	5B
Лил тёплый летний дождь — его струи	5a
По листьям весело звучали.	5B
И медленно опомнилась она,	5c
И начала прислушиваться к шуму,	5D
И долго слушала — увлечена,	5c
Погружена в сознательную думу...	5D
И вот, как бы беседуя с собой,	5e
Сознательно она проговорила	5F
(Я был при ней, убитый, но живой):	5e
«О, как все это я любила!»	4F
.....	
Любила ты, и так, как ты, любить —	5g
Нет, никому ещё не удавалось!	5H
О господи!.. и это пережить...	5g
И сердце на клочки не разорвалось...	5H

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MYDWd7oVdTU>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CgcBAmvY9Q8>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/ves-den-ona-lezhala-v-zabyti-tyutchev.html>

<https://www.kritika24.ru/page.php?id=30434>

## 18. As OneThat's Lost in Sleep

All day she lay in oblivion,  
 And her all alone shadows cover.  
 Poured warm summer rain — its jet  
 On leaves sounded fun.

And slowly came to her senses she,  
 And began to listen to noise,  
 And listened for long time — fascinated,  
 Immersed in conscious thought..

And so, as if talking to herself,  
 Consciously, she spoke.  
 (I was under it, murdered, but living):  
 "Oh, how I loved all this!»

.....

Loved you, and so, as you, love —  
 No, no one has ever succeeded!  
 Oh my God!.. and to go through it..  
 And heart to shreds not broke

### Other Translations

F. Jude  
 John Dewey

No. 275  
 Page 89

**Date**  
**Dedication**

Autumn 1864  
 Elena Denísieva

### Notes

Commemorates the last day of Elena Denísieva, whose death from tuberculosis prematurely aged Tyútchev. The deaths of two of Elena's children followed, from the same disease.

It is not a self-indulgent but carefully crafted piece: note for example the alliteration in 'l' in the second stanza, and the hissing 's' in line 5, which emphasizes the noise of the rain.

### 19. **Сегодня, друг, пятнадцать лет минуло**

Сего́дня, друг, пятна́дцать лет минуло 5А  
 С тогó блаженно-рокового дня, 5b  
 Как душу всю свою она́ вдохну́ла, 5А  
 Как всю себя́ перелила́ в меня́. 5b

И вот уж год, без жа́лоб, без упреку, 5С  
 Утра́тив всё, привётствую судьбу́... 5d  
 Быть до конца́ так стра́шно одиноку, 5С  
 Как бу́ду одино́к в своём грóбу. 5d

#### **Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B0tTcx9Q2Ug>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pHxk2eKFiGM>

#### **Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<http://www.workchild.30nar-s2.edusite.ru/lubov/Tiutchev.htm>

**19. Fifteen Years Today**

Today, friend, fifteen years have passed  
Since that blissfully fateful day,  
As soul of all his she breathed,  
How she poured herself into me.

And that really year, without complaint, without reproach,  
Having lost everything, I welcome fate...  
To be so scared alone,  
I'll be alone in my coffin.

**Other Translations**

F. Jude  
John Dewey

No. 294

**Date**  
**Dedication**

1865  
Elena Denísieva

**Notes**

Addressed to Elena Denísieva, when Tyutchv was still married and emotionally attached to Ernestine.

**20. О, как убийственно мы любим,**

О, как убийственно мы любим,	4А
Как в буйной слепоте страстей	4b
Мы то всего вернее губим,	4А
Что сердцу нашему милей!	4b
Давно ль, гордясь своей победой,	4С
Ты говорил: она моя...	4d
Год не прошёл - спроси и сведай,	4С
Что уцелело от нея?	4d
Куда ланит девались розы,	4Е
Улыбка уст и блеск очей?	4f
Все опалили, выжгли слезы	4Е
Горючей влагою своей.	4f
Ты помнишь ли, при вашей встрече,	4G
При первой встрече роковой,	4h
Её волшебный взор, и речи,	4G
И смех младенчески живой?	4h
И что ж теперь? И где все это?	4I
И долговечен ли был сон?	4j
Увы, как северное лето,	4I
Был мимолетным гостем он!	4j
Судьбы ужасным приговором	4K
Твоя любовь для ней была,	4I
И незаслуженным позором	4K
На жизнь её она легла!	4I
Жизнь отречения, жизнь страданья!	4M
В её душевной глубине	4n
Ей оставались вспоминанья...	4M
Но изменили и оне.	4n
И на земле ей дико стало,	4O
Очарование ушло...	4p
Толпа, нахлынув, в грязь втоптала	4O
То, что в душе её цвело.	4p

## 20. It Is To Death Our Passions Run

Oh, how deadly we love,  
 As for the violent blindness of passions  
 We the just indeed do ruin,  
 What's dearer to our hearts?

Long ago, proud of his victory,  
 You said she was mine...  
 Year has not passed - ask and inform,  
 What survived her?

Where cheeks go rose,  
 The smile and sparkle of eyes?  
 All scorched, tears burned  
 Its combustible moisture.

Do you remember at your meeting,  
 At first meeting of fatal,  
 Her magical gaze, and speech,  
 And laughable infant living?

Now what? Where is it?  
 And durable was it dream?  
 Alas, as northern summer,  
 Was passing guest he is!

Fate of terrible sentence  
 Your love for her was,  
 And undeserved shame  
 For life of her she went!

Life of renunciation, life of suffering!  
 In her heart  
 She was left with memories...  
 But changed and one.

And on earth it wildly became,  
 Charm's gone...  
 Crowd surging, trampled in the mud  
 Something in her soul blossomed.

И что ж от дóлгого мученья	4Q
Как пепл, сберечь ей удалось?	4r
Боль, злúю боль ожесточенья,	4Q
Боль без отрады и без слез!	4r
О, как убíйственно мы любим,	4S
Как в бúйной слепотé страстéй	4t
Мы то всегó вернее губим,	4S
Что сёрдцу нáшему милей!	4t

### **Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a-neMmSO7TM>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=79qwfGOnocM>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vPP-zdOxbUA>

### **Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/o-kak-ubijstvenno-my-lyubim-tyutchev.html>

<https://goldlit.ru/tutchev/1080-o-kak-ubiistvenno-analiz>

And what of long suffering  
 As ashes, preserve it managed?  
 Pain, evil, pain of bitterness,  
 Pain without joy and without tears!

Oh, how deadly we love,  
 As for violent blindness of passions  
 We just indeed do ruin,  
 What dearer to our hearts?

### **Other Translations**

F. Jude	No. 183
John Dewey	Page 79

<b>Date</b>	1851
<b>Dedication</b>	Elena Denísieva

### **Notes**

Tyútchev's remorse was sharpened by his wife's forbearance: she even allowed Tyútchev to give his name to Elena's children.



**21. Есть и в моем страдальческом застое**

Есть и в моём страдальческом засто́е	5A
Часы́ и дни ужаснее други́х...	5b
Их тяжкий гнёт, их бремя роково́е	5A
Не выскажет, не вы́держит мой стих.	5b
Вдруг всё замрет. Слезам и умиленью	5C
Нет до́ступа, всё пу́сто и темно́,	5d
Мину́вшее не веет лёгкой те́нью,	5C
А под землёй, как труп, лежи́т оно́.	5d
Ах, и над ним в действительности ясной,	5E
Но без любви́, без солнечных луче́й,	5f
Тако́й же мир безду́шный и бесстра́стный,	5E
Не зна́ющий, не по́мнящий о ней.	5f
И я оди́н, с моёй тупо́й тоско́ю,	5G
Хочу́ созна́ть себя́ и не могу́ –	5h
Разби́тый че́лн, забро́шенный волно́ю,	5G
На безымя́нном ди́ком бе́регу́.	5h
О го́споди, дай жгуче́го страда́нья	5I
И ме́ртвенность ду́ши моёй рассей:	5j
Ты взял её, но му́ку воспомина́нья,	5I
Живу́ю му́ку мне оста́вь по ней, –	5j
По ней, по ней, свой по́двиг соверши́вшей	5K
Весь до конца́ в отча́янной борьбе́,	5I
Так пла́менно, так горячо́ люби́вшей	5K
Напереко́р и лю́дям и судьбе́, –	5I
По ней, по ней, судьбы́ не одоле́вшей,	5M
Но и себя́ не давшей победи́ть,	5n
По ней, по ней, так до конца́ уме́вшей	5M
Страда́ть, моли́ться, ве́рить и люби́ть.	5n

**Audio Recordings**

<https://teatr.audio/tyutchev-fedor-est-v-moem-stradalcheskom-zastoe>

<https://audiolitera.ru/inapp/content/6/646/> (inexpensive audiobook)

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://www.kritika24.ru/page.php?id=40752>

<https://otvet.mail.ru/question/70229608>

**21. It Seems My Very Sufferings Stagnate,**

There is also in my suffering stagnation  
 Hours and days are worse than others...  
 Their heavy oppression, their burden fatal  
 It won't speak, it won't stand my verse.

Suddenly all freezes. Tears and tenderness  
 No access, everything empty and dark,  
 The past does not emanate light shadow,  
 And under earth, like corpse, is it.

Oh, and I do in fact clear,  
 But without love, without sunlight,  
 Same world soulless and dispassionate,  
 Not knowing, not remembering her.

And I'm alone with my stupid yearning,  
 I want to know myself and can not –  
 Broken shuttle, abandoned by wave,  
 On nameless wild shore.

O Lord, give me burning suffering  
 And deadness of my soul:  
 You took it, but agony of remembering,  
 Living life I leave her, –

On it, on it, its feat committed  
 All to end in desperate struggle,  
 So ardently, so ardently loved  
 In spite of both people and fate, –

For her, for her destiny won't,  
 But not allowed to win,  
 Through it, through it, to end how  
 To suffer, to pray, to believe and to love.

**Other Translations**

F. Jude	No. 284
John Dewey	
<b>Date</b>	1852-4
<b>Dedication</b>	Elena Denísieva
<b>Notes</b>	A remorseful Tyútchev.

## 22. Последняя любовь

О, как на склоне наших лет	4a	
Нежней мы любим и суеверней...	4B	
Сияй, сияй, прощальный свет	4a	
Любви последней, зари вечерней!	4B	
Полнеба обхватила тень,	4c	
Лишь там, на западе, бродит сиянье,	4D	
Помедли, помедли, вечерний день,	4c	irregular
Продлись, продлись, очарованье.	4D	
Пускай скудеет в жилах кровь,	4e	
Но в сердце не скудеет нежность...	4F	
О ты, последняя любовь!	4e	
Ты и блаженство, и безнадежность	4F	

### Audio Recordings

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oJDXa99PoD4>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dshdfRGYLBQ>

### Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)

<https://obrazovaka.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutchev/poslednyaya-lyubov.html>  
<https://goldlit.ru/tutchev/203-poslednyaya-lubov-analiz>

**22. Last Love**

Oh how on slope of years  
 More gentle we love and superstitious...  
 Shine on, Shine on, parting light  
 Love last dusk of evening!

Half sky embraced shadow,  
 Only there, in west, wanders radiance,  
 Wait, wait, evening day,  
 Last, last, charm.

Let blood run low,  
 But my heart does not lack tenderness...  
 About you, latter love!  
 You and bliss, and hopelessness

**Other Translations**

F. Jude  
 John Dewey

No. 207  
 Page 86

**Date**  
**Dedication**

1851-4  
 Elena Denísieva

**Notes**

An elegy to the poet's love for Elena Denísieva, with slow, dragging rhythms. The view changes through the three stanzas, from towards the future love, through the darkening retrospect on love, and then the sad eternity of emotions.

**23. Накануне годовщины 4 августа 1864**

Вот бреду я вдоль большо́й доро́ги	5a irregular
В т́ихом свéте гáснущего дня...	5b
Тяжелó мне, замира́ют но́ги	5A
Друг мой мýлый, в́идишь ли меня́?	5b
Всё темне́й, темне́е над земле́ю –	5C
Улетéл послéдний óтблеск дня...	5b
Вот тот мир, где жи́ли мы с тобо́ю,	5C
А́нгел мой, ты в́идишь ли меня́?	5b
За́втра день моли́твы и печа́ли,	5D
За́втра па́мять роково́го дня...	5b
А́нгел мой, где б ду́ши ни витáли,	5D irregular
А́нгел мой, ты в́идишь ли меня́?	5b

**Audio Recordings**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c\\_FbkpaTwC4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c_FbkpaTwC4)  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uit1F9wwd8>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/nakanune-godovshiny-4-avgusta-1864-g-tyutchev.html>  
[https://classlit.ru/publ/literatura\\_19\\_veka/tjutchev\\_f\\_i/nakanune\\_g\\_odovshhiny\\_4\\_avgusta\\_1864\\_g\\_tjutchev\\_analiz\\_stikhotvorenija/112-1-0-2356](https://classlit.ru/publ/literatura_19_veka/tjutchev_f_i/nakanune_g_odovshhiny_4_avgusta_1864_g_tjutchev_analiz_stikhotvorenija/112-1-0-2356)  
<https://www.kritika24.ru/page.php?id=13938>

**23. On the Eve of the Anniversary of August 4, 1864**

Here I wander along high road  
 In quiet light of dying day...  
 Hard for me, freeze my feet...  
 My dear friend, do you see me?

Darker, darker above earth –  
 Last glimmer of day was gone...  
 Here that world, where lived we with you,  
 My angel, can you see me?

Tomorrow is day of prayer and sorrow,  
 Tomorrow is day of doom...  
 My angel, wherever souls go,  
 My angel, can you see me?

**Other Translations**

F. Jude	No. 296
John Dewey	Page 91

**Date** 1865

**Dedication** Elena Denísieva

**Notes**

A simple but celebrated piece written almost a year after Elena Denísieva's death: the repeated fourth line is unusual for Tyútchev.

## PHILOSOPHIC

**24. Эти бедные селенья**

Эти бѣдные селенья,	4A
Эта скѹдная природѹ —	3B
Край родно́й долготерпенья,	4A
Край ты ру́сского наро́да!	4B

Не поймѣт и не замѣтит	4C
Го́рдый взор иноплеме́нный,	4D
Что сквози́т и та́йно сви́тит	4C
В наготѣ твоѣ́й смиренной.	4D

Удруче́нный но́шей крѣстной,	4E
Всю тебѹ, земля́ родна́я,	4F
В ра́бском ви́де царь небе́сный	4E
Исходи́л, благословля́я	4F

**Audio Recordings**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pujc-ht\\_nhU](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pujc-ht_nhU)  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vhaKkRNI5QA>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<http://www.litra.ru/composition/download/coid/00701351314552069820/>  
<http://www.litra.ru/composition/download/coid/00019101184864237437/>  
[http://lit-helper.com/p\\_Analiz\\_stihotvoreniya\\_Eti\\_bednie\\_seleniya\\_Tyutcheva\\_F\\_I](http://lit-helper.com/p_Analiz_stihotvoreniya_Eti_bednie_seleniya_Tyutcheva_F_I)

## 24. These Villages that House the Poor

These poor villages,  
 this meager nature —  
 The edge of native long-suffering,  
 The brink you Russian people!

Will not understand and will not notice  
 the proud look strange,  
 what through and secretly shines  
 in nakedness of you humble.

Dejected by the burden of cross,  
 all you, native land,  
 as a slave, king of heaven  
 proceeded, blessing.

### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 218
John Dewey	Page 105

**Date** 1855

### Notes

An example of Tyútchev's vision, where Russia is illuminated by its deep Patriarchal beliefs.



**25. О вещая душа моя**

О вѣщая душá моя!	4a
О сѣрдце, пóльное тревóги	4B
О, как ты бьѣшься на порóге	4B
Как бы двойнóго бытия!..	4a
Так, ты — жили́ца двух мирóв,	4c
Твой день — болѣзненный и стра́стный,	4D
Твой сон — прорóчески-нея́сный,	4D
Как откровéние духóв...	4c
Пуска́й страда́льческую грудь	4e
Волну́ют стра́сти роковы́е —	4F
Душá гото́ва, как Мари́я,	4F
К ногáм Христа́ навѣк прильну́ть.	4e

**Audio Recordings**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KEU\\_8sFrU\\_E](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KEU_8sFrU_E)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GF-mfmdgXww>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AI0sEFY4hmQ>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/o-veshhaya-dusha-moya-tyutchev.html>

<https://ostihe.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutcheva/o-veshhaya-dusha-moya>

<http://shpargalkino.com/stixotvorenie-o-veshhaya-dusha-moya-f-i-tyutcheva-vo-priyatie-tolkovanie-ocenka/>

## 25. O My Prophetic Soul

O my prophetic soul!  
 About heart full of anxiety  
 Oh, you on threshold of  
 Like double being!..

So, you are dweller of two worlds,  
 Your day is painful and passionate,  
 Your dream — prophetic-unclear  
 As revelation of spirits...

Let suffering breast  
 Waves of passion rock —  
 Soul is ready, like Mary,  
 To feet of Christ forever cling.

### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 222
John Dewey	Page 99 (excellent)

**Date** 1855

### Notes

The poem, written in 1855 and published two years later, concerns the dual nature of man. As Tyútchev saw it, man must live divided between the passionate day and the prophetic night. That division extends to the soul, which in the third stanza is torn between earth and heaven.

**26. Как хорошо ты, о море ночное**

Как хорошó ты, о мóре ночнóе,-	4A
Здесь лучезáрно, там сýзо-темнó...	4b
В лúнном сиянии, слóвно живóе,	4A
Хóдит, и дýшит, и блéщет онó...	4b

На бесконéчном, на вóльном простóре	4C
Блеск и движéние, грóхот и гром...	4d
Тýсклым сияньем обли́тое мóре,	4C
Как хорошó, ты в безлýдые ночнóм!	4d

Зыбь ты вели́кая, зыбь ты морскáя,	4E
Чей éто прáздник так прáзднуешь ты?	4f
Вóлны Волнý несýтся, гремя́ и сверкáя,	4E
Чýткие звёзды глядýт с высóты высоты́.	4f

В éтом волнéнии, в éтом сиянье,	4G
Весь, как во сне, я потéрян стою́ —	4h
О, как охóтно бы в их обаянье	4G
Всю потопи́л бы я душú свою́...	4h

The poem is in ternary measure:

- u u - u u - u u - u	4A
- u u - u u - u u —	4b
u - u u - u u -u u -	4A
- u u -u u -u u —	4b

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mFGShYakfKU>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M5ldFIi-ehU>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/kak-horoshoty-o-more-nochnoe-tyutchev.html>

<http://shpargalkino.com/stixotvorenie-kak-xoroshoty-o-more-nochnoe-f-i-tyutcheva-vospriyatie-tolkovanie-ocenka/>

<https://ostihe.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutcheva/kak-horoshoty>

## 26. How Readily the Seas at Night Contrive

As well you, about sea nighttime,-  
 Here radiant, there jail-dark...  
 In moonlight, as if alive,  
 It walks and breathes and shines...

On infinite, on free space  
 Shine and movement, rumble and thunder...  
 Dim lights bathed sea,  
 As well, you in solitude of night!

You are great swell, you swell sea,  
 Whose holiday are you celebrating?  
 The waves are rushing, thundering and sparkling,  
 Sensitive stars look down.

In this excitement, in this radiance,  
 All, as in dream, I stand lost —  
 Oh, how willingly in their charm  
 I would sink my whole soul...

### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 281
John Dewey	

<b>Dedication</b>	Elena Denísieva
<b>Date</b>	1865

### Notes

The poem was published in 1865, and again the same year with improvements. The poem was written in Nice, shortly after the death of Elena Denísieva, to whom the last stanza refers.

**27. Видение**

Есть некий час, в но́чи, всеми́рного молча́нья,	5A
И в о́ный час явле́ний и чуде́с	5b
Жива́я колесни́ца мирозда́нья	5A
Откры́то ка́тится в святи́лище небес.	5b
Тогда́ густе́ет ночь, как ха́ос на во́дах,	5C
Беспáмятство, как А́тлас, да́вит сушу́...	5d
Лишь му́зы де́вственную душú	5d
В проро́ческих трево́жат бо́ги снах!	5C

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fVBzZVR6FYI>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://sochinyalka.ru/2017/03/analiz-stihotvorenija-tjutcheva-videnie.html>

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/videnie-tyutchev.html>

<http://shpargalkino.com/stixotvorenie-kak-xorosho-ty-o-more-nochnoe-f-i-tyutcheva-voSPIriatie-tolkovanie-ocenka/>

**27. A Vision**

There is hour, in night, of universal silence,  
 And in this hour of phenomena and miracles  
 The living chariot of universe  
 Rolling openly into sanctuary of heaven.

Then, night thickens, like chaos upon waters,  
 Unconsciousness, like Atlas, crushes land...  
 Only muses virgin soul  
 In prophetic disturb gods of dreams!

**Other Translations**

F. Jude	No. 43
John Dewey	

<b>Date</b>	1829
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**Notes**

The chariot in the first stanza is the moon. Both 'unconsciousness' and 'muse's' in the second stanza refer to the poet, i.e. it is the poet's task to give these visions their form.

**28. О чем ты воешь, ветер ночной?**

О чём ты воешь, ветер ночной?	4a
О чём так сетуешь безумно?..	4B
Что значит странный голос твой,	4a
То глухо жалобный, то шумно?	4B
Понятным сердцу языком	4c
Твердишь о непонятной мучке –	4D
И роешь и взрываешь в нём	4c
Порой неистовые звуки!..	4D
О! страшных песен сих не пой!	4e
Про древний хаос, про родимый	4F
Как жадно мир души ночной	4e
Внимает повести любимой!	4e
Из смертной рвется он груди ,	4F
Он с беспредельным жаждет слиться!..	4G
О! бурь заснувших не буди –	4F
Под ними хаос шевелится!..	4G

**Audio Recordings**

<https://thiwomada.podfm.ru/tutchew/53/>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H4GTIMf8F1c>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/o-chem-ty-voesh-vetr-nochnoj-tyutchev.html>

<http://shpargalkino.com/stixotvorenie-o-chem-ty-voesh-vetr-nochnoj-vospriyatie-tolkovanie-ocenka/>





**29. Сон на море**

И мо́ре, и бу́ря кача́ли наш че́лн;	5A
Я, со́нный, был пре́дан все́й при́хоти волн.	5A
Две беспреде́льности бы́ли во мне,	5B
И мно́й своево́льно игра́ли оне.	5B
Вкруг меня́, как кимва́лы, звуча́ли скалы,	5c ternary rhythm
Оклика́лись ветры и пе́ли ва́лы.	5c
Я в ха́осе зву́ков лежа́л оглуше́н,	5D
Но над ха́осом зву́ков носи́лся мой сон.	5D
Болезненно-я́ркий, волшебнo-немой,	5E
Он ве́ял легко́ над гре́мящею тьмо́й.	5E
В луча́х огневи́цы разв́ил он свой мир —	5F ternary rhythm
Земля́ зеленела́, свети́лся эфи́р,	5F
Сады-лави́ринфы, черто́ги, столпы́,	5g
И со́нмы кипели́ безмо́лвной толпы́.	5g
Я мно́го узна́л мне неве́домых лиц,	5H ternary rhythm
Зрел тва́рей волшебных, та́инственных птиц,	5H
По в́ысям творенья́, как бог, я шага́л,	5i
И мир подо́ мно́ю недви́жный сия́л.	5i
Но все грезы́ наскво́зь, как волшебника́ вой,	5j ternary rhythm
Мне слы́шался гро́хот пучи́ны морско́й,	5j
И в ти́хую о́бласть видений и снов	5k
Врывалася́ пена́ реву́щих ва́лов.	5k

**Audio Recordings**

<https://vsestihi.ru/fedor-tjutchev-son-na-more>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/son-na-more-tyutchev.html>

<http://intoclassics.net/forum/3-1868-2>

## 29. Dream at Sea

And sea and storm rocked our boat;  
 I, sleepy, was devoted to whim of waves.  
 Two infinity were in me,  
 And me willfully played one.

Around me, like cymbals, rocks sounded,  
 Answered winds and sang shafts.  
 I'm in chaos of sounds lay stunned,  
 But over chaos of sounds was my dream.

Painfully bright, magically dumb,  
 Breathed easily over thundering darkness.

In rays of firefighters it developed his world —  
 The earth was green, the ether was shining,  
 Gardens-labirinty, palaces, pillars,  
 And hosts were seething with silent crowd.

I learned a lot of unknown persons,  
 Mature creatures of magical, mysterious birds,  
 On the heights of creation, as God, I walked,  
 And world beneath me shone motionless.

But all dreams through, as wizard howl,  
 I heard roar of deep sea,  
 And into quiet realm of visions and dreams  
 Foam of roaring shafts burst in.

### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 92
John Dewey	Page 56

**Date** 1829-30

### Notes

An unusual poem, in its themes, vivid imagery and the ternary rhythms in lines 5, 11, 15 and 19.

**30. Mala Aria**

Люблю сей божий гнев! Люблю сие незримо	6A
Во всем разлитое, таинственное Зло –	6b
В цветах, в источнике прозрачном, как стекло,	6b
И в радужных лучах, и в самом небе Рима!	6A
Всё та ж высокая, безоблачная твердь,	6c
Всё так же грудь твоё легко и сладко дышит,	6D
Всё тот же тёплый ветер верху деревьев колыхает,	6D
Всё тот же запах роз... и это всё есть Смерть!..	6c
Как ведать, может быть, и есть в природе звуки,	6E
Благоухания, цветы и голоса –	6f
Предвестники для нас последнего часа	6f
И усладители последней нашей муки, –	6E
И ими-то Судеб посланник роковой,	6g
Когда сынов Земли из жизни вызывает,	6H
Как тканью лёгкою, свой образ прикрывает...	6H
Да утайт от них приход ужасный свой!..	6g

**Audio Recordings****Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://ostihe.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutcheva/mala-aria>

**30 Mala Aria**

I love this wrath of God! Love it invisibly  
 All spilled, mysterious Evil –  
 In flowers, the source clear as glass,  
 And in rainbow rays, in sky of Rome!  
 All high, cloudless firmament,  
 All your breasts easily and sweetly breathes,  
 All same warm wind tops of trees swaying,  
 Same smell of roses... and this all death!..

How to know, maybe there are sounds in nature,  
 Fragrances, flowers and voices –  
 Harbingers of last hour for us  
 And sweeteners of our last meal, –  
 And they have something of fate of messenger fatal,  
 When sons of land of life causes,  
 Like light cloth, it covers its image...  
 Yes, hide from them coming your terrible!..

**Other Translations**

F. Jude	No. 80
John Dewey	Page 31

**Date** 1830

**Notes**

Possibly inspired by a novelist's description of the surroundings of Rome: the mysterious evil that exists in beauty anticipates Baudelaire's more numerous poems on the theme.

**31. Певучесть есть в морских волнах***Est in arundineis modulatio musica ripis*

Певúчесть есть в морскúх волна́х,	4a
Гармо́ния в стихíйных спóрах,	4B
И стрóйный мусики́йский шóрох	4B
Струи́тся в зы́бких камыша́х.	4a

Невозмути́мый строй во всём,	4c
Созвучье по́льное в приро́де, –	4D
Лишь в на́шей при́зрачной свобо́де	4D
Разла́д мы с не́ю сознаём.	4c

Отку́да, как разла́д возни́к?	4e
И отчего́ же в óбщем хóре	4F
Душа́ не то поёт, что, мо́ре,	4F
И ро́пщет мы́слящий тростни́к?	4e

И от земли́ до кра́йних звёзд	4g
Всё безотвётен и поны́не	4H
Глас вопи́ющего в пусты́не,	4H
Души́ отча́янной протéст?	4g

**Audio Recordings**<https://useraudio.net/><https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3IiREqB84SM><https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Lueq18H2tfk>**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**<https://rus-lit.com/analiz-stixotvoreniya-tyutcheva-pevuchest-est-v-morskix-volnax/>



**32. День и ночь**

На мир тайнственный духóв,	4a
Над éтой бéздной безымянной,	4B
Покрóв набрóшен златотканный	4B
Высóкой вóлею богóв.	4a
День — сей блистáтельный покрóв	4a
День, земнорóдных оживленье,	4C
Душ́и болящей исцеленье,	4C
Друг челóвéков и богóв!	4a
Но мёркнет день — настáла ночь;	4d
Пришлá — и с м́ира роковóго	4E
Ткань благодáтную покровá	4e
Сорвáв, отбрáсывает прочь...	4d
И бéздна нам обнаженá	4f
С свóими стрáхами и мглáми,	4G
И нет преград меж ей и нáми —	4G
Вот отчегó нам ночь страшнá!	4f

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=phXxVMb7oro>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/den-i-noch-tyutchev.html>

<http://shpargalkino.com/stixotvorenie-den-i-noch-f-i-tyutcheva-vostryatie-tolkovanie-ocenka/>

### 32. Day and Night

At world mysterious spirits  
 about this abyss unnamed  
 cover thrown gold-woven  
 high by will gods  
 day – this brilliant cover  
 day, earthly beings revival  
 souls aching healing  
 friend people and gods

But fades day – night has come  
 came – and with from world fatal  
 fabric gracious cover's  
 plucking discards away  
 and abyss us naked  
 with their fears and mist  
 and not obstacles between her and us  
 behold why us night fearsome

#### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 133
John Dewey	Page 45

**Date** 1839

#### Notes

The poem, typical of Tyútchev's Manichean vision, was written in 1839, and published in the same year, being republished in 1854 and 1868.



**33. Святая ночь на небосклон взошла**

Святáя ночь на небосклóн взошла́,	5a
И день отра́дный, день любéзный,	4B
Как золотóй покрóв, она́ свила́,	5a
Покрóв, накинóтый над бéздной.	4B
И, как видéнье, внéшний мир ушёл...	5c
И человек, как сиротá бездóмный,	5D
Стоит тепéрь и нéмощен и гол,	5c
Лицóм к лицу́ пред пропастию тёмной.	5D

На самогó себя поки́нут он –	5e
Упрáзднен ум, и мысль осиротéла –	5F
В душé своéй, как в бéздне, погружён,	5e
И нет извне́ опоры, ни предéла...	5F
И чýдится давнó минúвшим сном	5g
Ему́ тепéрь всё свéтлое, живóе...	5H
И в чýждем, неразгáданном ночнóм	5g
Он узнаёт наследье родовóе.	5H

**Audio Recordings**

<https://mp3cc.biz/m/4063262-tyutchev/>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fbx71QP29F4>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/svyataya-noch-na-nebosklon-vzoshla-tyutchev.html>  
<https://info-shkola.ru/analiz-stixotvoreniya-svyataya-noch-na-nebosklon-vzoshla/>  
<https://sochinyalka.ru/2017/04/analiz-svjataja-noch-na-nebosklon-vzoshla.html>

### 33. At Length a Holy Night has Dawned for Us

Holy night has risen,  
 And pleasant day, kind day,  
 Like golden veil, it made,  
 Cover thrown over abyss.  
 And like vision, outside world is gone...  
 And man like an orphan homeless,  
 Stands now and feeble and the goal,  
 Face to face before abyss dark.

Himself leave it –  
 Abolished mind, and thought of orphaned –  
 In my soul, as in abyss, submerged,  
 And there is no outside reliance, nor limit...  
 And it seems like long past dream  
 It now all bright, alive...  
 And in strange, unsolved night  
 It discovers legacy of generic.

#### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 150
John Dewey	

<b>Date</b>	1848-50
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#### Notes

Night for Tyútchev equates to chaos, and this poem exhibits the usual dichotomy between the threatening night and the kindly daylight of the earth. The mood is emphasized by the d-n-r-dn-d-n-sounds of day, and the sibilant st-sk-h-sh-ee-shl sounds of the 'holy night'.

**34. SILENTIUM!**

Молчи́, скрыва́йся и тай́	4a	
И чу́ства и мечты́ свой —	4a	
Пуска́й в душе́вной глубине́	4b	
Встаю́т и захо́дят оне	4B	irregular
Безмо́лвно, как звёзды в но́чи,-	4C	
Любу́йся ими́ — и молчи́.	4c	

Как се́рдцу вы́сказать себя́?	4d
Друго́му как понять тебя́?	4d
Пойме́т ли он, чем ты живёшь?	4e
Мысль изрече́нная есть ложь.	4e
Взрыва́я, возмути́шь ключи́,-	4f
Пита́йся ими́ — и молчи́.	4f

Лишь жить в себе́ само́м уме́й —	4g
Есть це́лый мир в душе́ твоёй	4g
Та́инственно-волше́бных дум;	4h
Их оглуши́т нару́жный шум,	4h
Дневные́ разго́нят лучи́,-	4i
Внима́й их пёню — и молчи́!..	4i

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IYtGun8DogU>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ObVasj0Ij5U>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X0TWyMvOO6w>

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aQxTbo4\\_G9Q](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aQxTbo4_G9Q)

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/silentium-tyutchev.html>

<https://ostihe.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutcheva/silentium>

<https://literaguru.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya-tyutcheva-silentium/>

<http://shpargalkino.com/stixotvorenie-silentium-f-i-tyutcheva-vospriyatie-tolkovanie-ocenka/>

**34. Silentium\***

Shut up, hide and hide  
 And your feelings and dreams —  
 Let it be in depths of soul  
 Get up and go one  
 Silently, like stars in night, —  
 Admire them — and be silent.

How can you express yourself to your heart?  
 How else can another understand you?  
 Will he understand what you are living?  
 Thought that is uttered is lie.  
 Blowing up, disturbing the keys, —  
 Eat them — and be quiet

Only live in yourself,  
 There is a whole world in your soul  
 Mysterious and magical doom;  
 They will be deafened by outside noise,  
 Daytime rays will disperse,  
 Listen to them in throat — and be silent! ..

\* Latin for Silence

**Other Translations**

F. Jude	No. 83
John Dewey	Page 30

**Date** Second half of 1820s.

**Notes**

The famous 'Silentium' was one of the first poems to be published by Tyútchev (1833, and then again 1836, 1854 and 1868), and was written in the happiness of his first marriage. 'Silentium' was used to call students to order before a speech in Moldova, and also serves as an introduction here. As noted in the prosody section, there are small irregularities in the first stanza. The three stanzas develop the theme logically, from the emphatic call to inwardness, through argument and then the injunction to live inwardly.

**35. Не то, что мните вы, природа**

Не то, что мните вы, природа: 4A  
 Не слёпок, не бездушный лик — 4b  
 В ней есть душа, в ней есть свобода, 4A  
 В ней есть любовь, в ней есть язык... 4b

Вы зрите лист и цвет на древе: 4C  
 Иль их садовник приклеил? 4d  
 Иль зреет плод в родимом чреве 4C  
 Игрою внешних, чуждых сил?.. 4d

Они не видят и не слышат, 4E  
 Живут в сем мире, как впотьмах, 4f  
 Для них и солнца, зная, не дышат, 4E  
 И жизни нет в морских волнах. 4f

Лучи к ним в душу не сходили, 4G  
 Весна в груди их не цвела, 4h  
 При них леса не говорили 4G  
 И ночь в звёздах нема была! 4h

И языками неземными, 4I  
 Волнуя реки и леса, 4j  
 В ночи не совещалась с ними 4I  
 В беседе дружеской гроза! 4j

Не их вина: пойми, коль может, 4K  
 Органа жизнь глухонемой! 4l  
 Души его, ах! не встретит 4K  
 И голос матери самой!.. 4l

**Audio Recordings**

<https://thiwomada.podfm.ru/tutchew/54/>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VTqqvnrUos>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z4QDye1WMYI>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://obrazovaka.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutchev/ne-to-chno-mnite-vy-priroda.html>  
<https://pishi-stihi.ru/ne-to-chno-mnite-vy-priroda-tyutchev.html>

### 35. Nature's Not the Thing You See

Not what you think, nature:  
 Not a cast, not a soulless face —  
 It has a soul, it has freedom,  
 It has love, it has language...

You see the leaf and the color on the tree:  
 Or their gardener stuck?  
 It ripens fruit in the womb  
 A game of external, alien forces?..

They neither see nor hear,  
 Live in this world, as in the dark,  
 For them and the sun, to know not breathing,  
 And there is no life in the waves.

The rays to him in the soul did not descend,  
 Spring in breast their not bloomed,  
 In the forest they did not say  
 Night and the stars were dumb!

And languages unearthly,  
 Exciting rivers and forests,  
 In the night did not confer with them  
 In a conversation with a friendly storm!

Not their fault: I understand, since you can,  
 Organ life deaf and dumb!  
 His soul, Ah! don't worry  
 And the voice of the mother...

#### Other Translations

F. Jude	No. 121
John Dewey	Page 34

**Date** 1836

#### Notes

This was the first of Tyútchev's poems to be published in Pushkin's *Sovreménnik*, originally appearing as 8 stanzas. The poem falls into two parts: a reflection on the soul and then a comment on those who do not or will not understand the language of nature.

**36. бессонница**

Часóв однообразный бой,	4a
Томительная нóчи пóвесьть!	4B
Язы́к для всех равно́ чужо́й	4a
И вня́тный ка́ждому, как со́весьть!	4B
Кто без тоски́ внимáл из нас,	4c
Среди́ всеми́рного молча́нья,	4D
Глухи́е вре́мени стенанья,	4D
Проро́чески-проща́льный глас?	4c
Нам мни́тся: мир осироте́лый	4E
Неотрази́мый Рок настíг –	4f
И мы, в борьбе́, природо́й це́лой	4E
Поки́нуты на нас сами́х.	4f
И на́ша жизнь стои́т пред на́ми,	4G
Как при́зрак на краю́ земли́,	4h
И с на́шим ве́ком и друзья́ми	4G
Бледне́ет в сума́рочной да́ли...	4H
И но́вое, младо́е плéмя	4I
Меж тем на со́лнце расцвело́,	4j
А нас, друзья́, и на́ше вре́мя	4I
Давно́ забвёнем занесло́!	4j
Лишь изредка, обря́д печальный	4K
Сверша́я в полунóчный час,	4I
Мета́лла го́лос погребáльный	4K
Поро́й опла́кивает нас!	4I

**Audio Recordings**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OJIFM0LhIxM>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kRANFzSsm7A>

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://ostihe.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutcheva/bessonnica>  
<https://analiz-stihov.ru/tyutchev/bessonnicza>  
<https://pishi-stihi.ru/bessonnica-tyutchev.html>





CIVIC

**37. Memento**

Vevey 1859 – Genève 1860

Её послѣдние я помню взоры	5A
На этот край – на озеро и горы,	5A
В роскошной славе западных лучей, –	5b
Как сквозь туман болезни многотрудной,	5C
Она порой ловила призрак чудный,	5C
Весь этот мир был так сочувствен ей...	5b
Как эти горы, волны и светила	5D
И в смутных очерках она любила	5D
Своею чуткой, любящей душой –	5e
И под грозой, уж близкой, разрушенья	5F
Какие в ней бывали умиленья	5F
Пред этой жизнью вечно молодой...	5e
Светились Альпы, озеро дышало –	5G
И тут же нам, сквозь слез, понятно стало,	5G
Что чья душа так царственно светла,	5h
Кто до конца сберѣг её живую –	5I
И в страшную минуту роковую	5I
Всё той же будет, чем была...	5h

**Audio Recordings**

[https://uptime55.ru/video/Ek\\_LCBvyrn-w/](https://uptime55.ru/video/Ek_LCBvyrn-w/)

**Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/memento-tyutchev.html>

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/ya-lyuteran-lyublyu-bogosluzhene-tyutchev.html>

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/bessonnica-tyutchev.html>

<https://ostihe.ru/analiz-stihotvoreniya/tyutcheva/bessonnica>



**38. Неман**

Ты ль это, Неман величавый?	4A
Твоя ль струя пѣредо мной?	4B
Ты, столько лет, с такою славою,	4B
России вѣрный часово́й?..	4a
Оди́н лишь раз, по воле бо́га,	4C
Ты супоста́та к ней впусти́л –	4d
И це́лость ру́сского поро́га	4C
Ты тем наве́ки утверди́л...	4d
Ты по́мнишь ли было́е, Неман?	4E
Тот день годи́ны роково́й,	4f
Когда́ стоя́л он над тобо́й,	4f
Он сам – могу́чий ю́жный де́мон,	4E
И ты, как ны́не, протекáл,	4g
Шумя́ под вра́жьими моста́ми,	4H
И он струю́ твою́ ласка́л	4g
Свои́ми чудными очáми?	4H
Побѣ́дно шли его́ полки,	4i
Знамѣ́на вѣ́село шумѣ́ли,	4J
На со́лнце йскрились штыки́,	4i
Мосты́ под пушка́ми греме́ли –	4J
И с высоты, как не́кий бог,	4k
Казáлось, он парил над ни́ми,	4L
И двíгал всем, и всё стерѣ́г	4k
Очáми чудными свои́ми...	4L

**38. Neman**

You lie it, Neman majestic?  
Is your jet in front of me?  
You, so many years, with such glory,  
Russia correct time?..

Once, by God's will,  
You let the adversary in. –  
And the whole Russian threshold  
You've established that forever...

Do you remember the past, Neman?  
The day of the fateful hour,  
When he stood over you,  
He himself mighty southern demon,

And you, as now, flowed,  
Noise under enemy bridges,  
And he caressed spurting your  
His marvelous eyes?

His regiments were victorious,  
Banners are a fun noise,  
Bayonets sparkled in the sun,  
Bridges under the guns rattled –

And with heights, as some God,  
He seemed to be hovering over them.,  
And moved all, and all kept watch  
His own marvelous eyes...

Лишь одногó он не видáл...	4m
Не víдел он, воíteль дíвный,	4N
Что там, на сторонé протívной,	4N
Стоял Другóй – стоял и ждал...	4m
И мíмо проходíла рать –	4o
Всё грозно-боевые лица,	4P
И неизбежная Десни́ца	4P
Клáла на них свою́ печáть...	4o
И так побéдно шли полки,	4q
Знамёна гóрдо развева́лись,	4R
Струи́лись мóлнией штыки́,	4q
И бараба́ны залива́лись...	4R
Несméтно было их числó –	4s
И в э́том бесконéчном стрóе	4T
Едвá ль деся́тое челó	4s
Клеймо́ минуло роковóе...	4T

### **Audio Recordings**

### **Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/neman-tyutchev.html>

<http://www.fedor-tutchev.ru/poezia264.html>



### 39. По случаю приезда австрийского эрцгерцога на похороны императора Николая

Нет, мера есть долготерпению,	4A
Бесстыдству также мера есть!..	4b
Клянусь его священной тенью,	4A
Не всё же можно перенести!	4b

И как не грянет отовсюду	4C
Один всеобщий вопль тоски:	4d
Прочь, прочь австрийского Иуду	4C
От гробовой его доски!	4d

Прочь с их предательским лобзаньем,	4E
И весь апостольский их род	4f
Будь клеймён одним прозванием:	4E
Искариот, Искариот!	4f

#### Audio Recordings

#### Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)

<http://ftutchev.ru/stihi0216.html>

### **39. On the Occasion of the Arrival of the Austrian Archduke at the Funeral of the Emperor Nicholas**

No, measure is patience,  
Shamelessness also a measure!..  
By his sacred shadow,  
Not everything transferable!

And how not burst from everywhere  
One universal cry of anguish:  
Away, away from Austrian Judas  
From coffin boards!

Away with their treacherous kissing,  
And all their Apostolic kin  
Be branded with one nickname:  
Iscariot, Iscariot!

#### **Other Translations**

F. Jude	No. 215
John Dewey	

<b>Date</b>	1855
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#### **Notes**

The Russian court was indignant at Austria's policy during the Crimea War, given that Nicholas I had intervened to save Austria from the Hungarian uprising in 1849, and had favoured Austria over Prussia a year later. Tyútchev's poem ruffled some diplomatic feathers, and Austria was in fact much more favourably regarded after Tyútchev's death. The poet adopted a moral position where governments, as always, had to be more long-headed and flexible.



**40. Черное море**

Пятна́дцать лет с тех пор ми́нуло,	4A
Проше́л собы́тий це́лый ряд,	4b
Но ве́ра нас не обма́нула –	4A
И севастопо́льского гу́ла	4A
После́дний слы́шим мы раска́т.	4b
Уда́р после́дний и громо́вый,	4C
Он грянул вдруг, животворя́;	4d
После́днее в борьбе́ суро́вой	4C
Тепе́рь лишь вы́сказано сло́во;	4C
То сло́во – ру́сского царя́.	4d
И всё, что бы́ло так неда́вно	4E
Враждо́й воздви́гнуто слепо́й,	4f
Так на́гло, так самоупра́вно,	4E
Пред че́стностью его́ держа́вной	4E
Все́ ру́шилось само́ собо́й.	4f
И вот: свобо́дная стихия́, –	4G
Сказа́л бы наш поэ́т родно́й, –	4h
Шуми́шь ты, как во дни былые́,	4G
И ка́тишь во́лны голу́бые,	4G
И блеще́шь го́рдою красо́й!..	4h
Пятна́дцать лет тебя́ держало́	4I
Насилье́ в за́падном плену́;	4j
Ты не сдава́лась и ропта́ла,	4I
Но час проби́л – насилье́ па́ло:	4I
Оно́ пошло́ как ключ ко дну́.	4j
Опять зовет и к де́лу ну́дит	4K
Родну́ю Русь тво́я волна́,	4I
И к ра́спре той, что бог рассу́дит,	4K
Вели́кий Севасто́поль бу́дит	4k
От заколдо́ванного сна.	4I

#### 40. The Black Sea

Fifteen years have passed since then,  
 A number of events have passed,  
 But faith has not deceived us —  
 And the rumble of Sevastopol  
 We hear last.

The last blow and thunderous,  
 He suddenly struck, life-giving;  
 Last in the fight is harsh  
 Now only word said;  
 That word Russian Tsar.

And all that was so recently  
 Enmity erected blind,  
 So arrogantly, so arbitrarily,  
 Before his sovereign honesty  
 Everything collapsed by itself.

And here: free element —  
 Would have said our poet native —  
 You make noise, as in old days,"  
 And roll the waves of blue,  
 Shine and proud beauty!..

Fifteen years, you kept  
 Violence in captivity of West;  
 You did not give up and grumbled,  
 But hour struck — violence fell:  
 It went like a key to the bottom.

Again, calling, and the case compels  
 Native Russia your wave,  
 And to distribution of one that God will judge,  
 Great Sevastopol awakens  
 From enchanted sleep.

И то, что ты во время оно	4М
От бранных скрыла непогод	4п
В своё сочувственное лоно,	4М
Отдашь ты нам – и без урона –	4М
Бессмертный черноморский флот.	4п

Да, в сердце русского народа	4О
Святиться будет этот день, –	4р
Он – наша внешняя свобода,	4О
Он Петропавловского свода	4О
Осветит гробовую сень...	4р

### **Audio Recordings**

<https://lit.rosuchebnik.ru/proizvedenie-chyornoe-more-pyatnadsat-let-s-teh-por-minulo/>

<https://lit.rosuchebnik.ru/chitatel-92064/>

### **Critical /Literary Articles (in Russian)**

<https://pishi-stihi.ru/chernoe-more-tyutchev.html>



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I have given popular and introductory accounts where possible. Philosophy in particular is a technical subject, and readers will have to make their own intellectual journeys if the notions touched upon in the Appendix are to come alive.

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## RESOURCES

### A. General

Tyucheviana: Vast amount of material on all aspects of Tyútchev and his work. (In Russian).

<http://www.ruthenia.ru/tiutcheviana/index.html>

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## B. Poem Text Sources

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<https://www.kostyor.ru/poetry/Tyútchev/>

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## D. Tyútchev's Russian Usage

Своеобразие отбора лексики при изображении осени в лирике Ф.И. Тютчева. Интегрированный урок (русский язык + литература), 1-й курс колледжа на базе 11-х классов (The peculiarity of the selection of vocabulary in the image of autumn in the lyrics of F. I. Tyútcheva.

Integrated lesson (Russian language + literature), 1st

year college based on 11th grade)

<https://urok.1sept.ru/%D1%81%D1%82%D0%B0%D1%82%D1%8C%D0%B8/510013/>

исследовательский проект по русскому языку Особенности функционирования устаревшей лексики в лирике Ф. И. Тютчева Работу выполнил: Бучин Александр Валерьевич (Russian language research project Features of the functioning of obsolete vocabulary in the lyrics I. Tyútcheva Work performed: Buchin Alexander Valerievich) <https://docplayer.ru/30087773-Osobennosti-funkcionirovaniya-ustarevshey-leksiki-v-lirike-f-i-tyutcheva.html>

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