

19 Pjotr Iljitsch Tschaikowsky
Ljubvi vse vozrasty pokorny (*Eugenij Onegin*)

Ljubvi vse vozrasty pokorny,
eë poryvy blagotvorny
i junošë v rascvete let,
edva uvidevšemu svet,
i zakalënnomu sud'boj
bojcu s sedoju golovoj!
Onegin, ja skryvat' ne stanu,
bezumno ja ljublju Tat'janu!
Tosklivo žizn' moja tekla,
ona javilas' i zažgla,
kak solnca luč sredi nenast'ja,
mne žizn' i molodost', da,
molodost' i sčast'e!

Sredi lukavyh, malodušnyh,
šal'nyh, balovannyh detej,
zlodeev i smešnyh, i skučnyh,
tupych, privjazčivych sudej;
sredi koketok bogomol'nyh,
sredi cholop'ev dobrovol'nyh,
sredi vsednevnyh modnyh scen,
učtivych, laskovyh izmen,
sredi cholodnyh prigovorov,
žestokoserdoj suety,
sredi dosadnoj pustoty,
rasčëtov, dum i razgovorov,
ona blistaet, kak zvezda
vo mrake noči, v nebe čistom
i mne javljaetsja vsegda
v sijan'e angela,
v sijan'e angela lučistom!

Love is not a matter of age,
its effect is soothing,
both for young men in the bloom of their youth,
who have barely stood in the light,
and for the gray-headed warriors
steeled by fate!
Onegin, I cannot disguise it,
I love Tatyana to distraction!
My life was sadly drifting away;
when she appeared and,
like a beam of sunlight in the midst of a tempest,
brought me back life and youth, yes,
youth and happiness!

Amidst deceitful, fainthearted,
wild, spoiled children,
villains and weird, boring,
dull and intrusive judges;
amid pious coquettes
and voluntary servants,
amid ordinary fashionable scenes,
courteous, flattering infidelity,
amid cold judgments,
merciless rush,
amid annoying emptiness
of calculations, thoughts and conversations,
she shines bright like a star
in the night's darkest hour, in the clear sky,
and to me she always appears
with the radiance of an angel,
with the radiant light of an angel!