

## 24 Pjotr Iljitsch Tschaikowsky: Kuda, kuda (*Evgenij Onegin*)

Kuda, kuda, kuda vy udalilis',  
vesny moej zlatye dni?  
Čto den' grjaduščij mne gotovit?  
Ego moj vzor naprasno lovit;  
v glubokoj t'me taitsja on!  
Net nuždy; prav sud'by zakon!  
Padu li ja, streloj pronžennyj,  
iľ mimo proletit ona,  
vsě blago: bdenija i sna  
prichodit čas opredelennyj!  
Blagosloven i den' zabot,  
blagosloven i t'my prichod!  
Blesnět zautra luč dennicy  
i zaigraet jarkij den';  
a ja, byt' možet, ja grobnicy  
sojdu v tainstvennuju sen'!  
I pamjat' junogo poëta  
poglotit medlennaja Leta,  
zabudet mir menja;  
no ty! ty, Ol'ga ...  
Skaži, priděš, li, deva krasoty,  
slezu prolit' nad rannej urnoj  
i dumat': on menja ljubil!  
On mne edinoj posvjatil  
rassvet pečal'nyj žizni burnoj!

Ach, Ol'ga, ja tebja ljubil,  
Serdečnyj drug, želannyj drug,  
pridi, pridi, želannyj drug,  
pridi, ja tvoj suprug, pridi, pridi!  
Ja ždu tebja, želannyj drug.  
Kuda, kuda vy udalilis',  
zlatye dni, zlatye dni moej vesny?

Where, where, where have you gone,  
golden days of my spring?  
What will the coming day hold for me?  
My gaze searches for it in vain;  
in deep darkness it is hidden!  
Whatever may come; the truth of fate rules!  
Whether I fall, pierced by the arrow,  
or whether it passes me by,  
all is well, whether awake or asleep  
the appointed hour will come!  
Blessed be the sorrowful daily life,  
blessed be also the falling darkness!  
The glow of dawn glistens in the morning,  
and a bright day begins,  
but I, perhaps I disappear  
in the mysterious shadow of the grave!  
And the memory of the young poet  
sinks into the sluggishly flowing Lethe,  
the world forgetting about me,  
but you! you, Olga ...  
Tell me if you'll come, beautiful maiden,  
to shed a tear at the early urn  
and to think: He loved me!  
He dedicated only to me  
the sad dawn of the stormy life!

Oh, Olga, I loved you,  
my cherished friend, my longed-for friend,  
come, come, longed-for friend,  
come, I am your spouse, come, come!  
I'm waiting for you, longed-for friend.  
Where, where, where have you gone,  
golden, golden days of my spring?