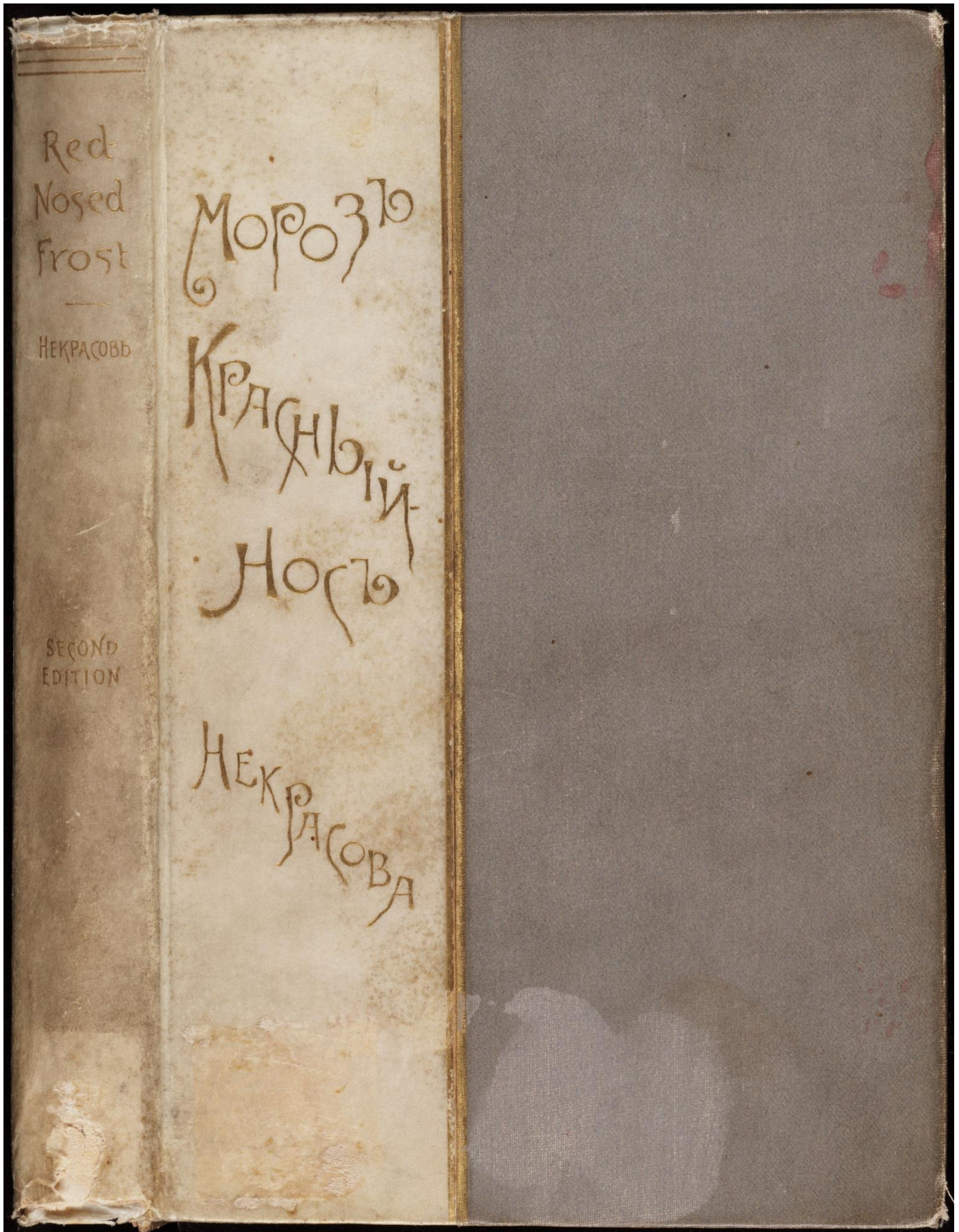


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Front cover, spine



МОРОЗЪ КРАСНЫЙ-НОСЪ

RED-NOSED FROST

СОСТАВИЛЪ

НИКОЛАИ АЛЕКСѢВИЧЪ НЕКРАСОВЪ

TRANSLATED IN THE ORIGINAL METERS FROM
THE RUSSIAN OF

N. A. NEKRASOV

SECOND EDITION EMENDED

WITH THREE ILLUSTRATIONS

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON, N.A.

And with an Appendix



BOSTON

TICKNOR AND COMPANY

1887

PART FIRST.¹



I.

A ROAN NAG sticks fast, by a snow-drift arrested;
Two pair of bast shoes, frozen hard,
And part of a coffin, with matting invested,
Project from a sledge, old and scarred.

To start up the roan has alighted 5
A grandam; her mittens immense,
With ice-fringe her eyelashes whited —
The cold is, forsooth, so intense! ²

II.

The poet, on thought's deft wings flying,
Speeds past her, and gains, in the vill, 10
A cabin: upon it is lying
The snow like a shroud, white and chill;

Въ избушкѣ — теленокъ въ подвѣдѣти,
 Мертвецъ на скамьѣ у окна; 15
 Шумягъ его глушиа дѣти,
 Тихонько рыдаеть жена.

Сшивая проворной иглой
 На саванѣ куски полотна,
 Какъ дождь зарядившій на-долго,
 Не громко рыдаеть она. 20

III.

Три тяжкіа доли имѣла судьба,
 И первая доля: съ рабомъ повѣнчаться,
 Вторая — быть матерью сына раба,
 А третья — до гроба рабу покоряться,
 И всѣ эти грозныа доли легли 25
 На женщину русской земли.

Вѣча протекали — все къ счастью стремилось,
 Все въ мирѣ по нѣсколькы разъ измѣнилось,
 Одну только Богъ измѣнить забывалъ
 Суровую долю крестьянки. 30
 И всѣ мы согласны, что типъ измельчалъ
 Красной и мощной славянки.

Within, — in the cellar a calf;
 A man by the window lies dead;
 His children, unheeding, loud laugh; 15
 His wife softly sobs with bowed head.

While sewing with needle swift-flying
 The linen cut out for a shroud,
 As rain drops from clouds long low-lying,
 She bitterly sobs, yet not loud. 20

III.

Three grievous allotments had Fortune decreed: —
 Allotment the first, — with a slave man to marry;
 The second, — a mother to be of his seed;
 The third, — until death his hard yoke e'er to carry.
 And all these allotments so grievous did lie 25
 On woman 'neath Russia's broad sky.

The ages have passed: all for pleasure has striven;
 To manifold change all on earth has been given.²
 The poor peasant woman alone is forgot:
 No change in her lot has God made. 30
 Of feminine beauty and strength, we all wot,
 The type, 'mong the Slavs, has decayed.