

#17

What swift  
horse spurned  
there? #

French  
Russian (?)

150...00

13<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> 11

What swift horse spurned thee  
On the last hour of bloody battle?  
Who upon thee fell with glory?  
Whose prayers were heard by heaven;  
Why I ficht art thou silent  
And covered with the grasp of forgetfulness? ...  
Perhaps there may be a time  
When there will be no salvation  
I may be that on the hill of refuse  
Will stand the silent grave of the Christians  
And the loud strains of the Barains  
Will not speak of it."

But quickly our hero remembered  
That a good sword is necessary to a hero  
And likewise mail, and the hero  
Was unarm'd from his last combat.  
He goes around the field,  
And seeks armour for himself  
In the bushes, amongst the forgotten bones,

The coats of mail mouldering in heaps,  
And the broken swords and helmets,  
Muskets who and also the dumb strophe  
Clash and noise are heard in the field;  
He takes up a lance, without making a choice,  
He likewise finds a helm and a clear sounding horn,  
But he can hardly discover a sword.  
Going about the valley of slaughter  
He sees a quantity of swords,  
But they are all light, and too small,  
Had the prince war not a withered  
coppercomb  
Not like a knight of our days  
However that he might have something to  
play with and avoid unwar  
He takes a steel spear in his hand,  
He puts a coat of mail  
Upon his breast,

And proceeds further on his journey.

Already passes the remembrance  
Over the sleeping earth  
The grey mist rises  
And the yellow moon appears.  
The step becomes dusky. Along the dark path  
Borne in reflection over the Pygmalion,  
And see: through the nocturnal mist  
A huge hill blackening afar off  
From which seems to proceed an awful morning.  
He approaching nearer and nearer to the hill and listens  
The monster hill appears as if it breathes.  
Pygmalion lays his head and looks  
Without being terrified and with a tranquil soul,  
But agitated with affrighted ear  
The horse rears, shudders  
Trembles with obstinate head,  
And creeps his mane stiff.  
Suddenly the hill palely illuminated  
By the unclouded moon, becomes distinct,

The brave prince looks  
Red o'er, a wonder before him -  
Shall I find colour and words?  
Before him a living head.  
The huge eyes are embraced with sleep,  
As snow, mooring the plume below,  
And the feather in the dark height  
Like shades, pass with out wave  
In its horrible beauty  
Over, the dark steps it towers  
And dangles with sleep  
The purple jaws of the desert  
It stands before Babylon  
A temple and miter map.  
In doubt he wishes  
To break its mysterious sleep  
Nearly surveying the wonder,  
He sees round the head,  
As stops suddenly before the snout;  
Ticks the nostrils with his spear  
As wondrously dead the head yawns,  
Opens its eyes and sneezes -  
A whirlwind rises, the plume trembles,  
A cloud of dust is raised; from the eyelids, from the nose  
Takes

From the brows fly a flock of vultures,  
The silent rocks are awakened,  
Who sneezes - My furious horse  
Rings, springs, flies off,  
Scarcely could the knight maintain his seat  
And behind him resounds a thundering voice.  
"Whither are you going, mad knight?  
Come back  
Sometime I swallow an insolent fellow!"  
Nathan looked back with contempt,  
Disregarding his horse with the bridle,  
And laughed with proud men.  
"What is it you desire of me?  
Forgiving the head and out.  
Michael here has sent me a jest!  
Forsaken, pack yourself off!  
I wish to sleep, it is already night  
Farewell! but the illustrious knight,  
Hear me these rude words  
I clamour with angry sneezes:  
Silence unto my head!  
I have heard that you are a true saymer  
Brows brow and white foam!"

I will go, I will go, I will not wobble,  
No, no, I go, I will not descend!

Then ~~with~~ dumb faces with fury,  
Hanging with shut up mules,  
The head was swollen, like fire  
The bloodshot eyes began to sparkle,  
Out of the mouth, and ears of mud rose up,  
And ~~with~~ it with all its power,  
Began to blow against the prince;  
To rain the horse, shutting its eyes,  
Drooping its head; with streaming bosom,  
Through ~~whirlwinds~~; rain and the darkness of night  
Continues its frenzied journey;  
Surrounded with fears, blazes,  
The transport is unable  
For in the pits to repose.  
The knight wishes to return again  
From ~~repose~~, "There is no hope!"  
But the head helped him,  
Like a mad thing laughs,  
"Fingers!" "O hands!" "O, here  
Whether do you go - quiet, or no, stand?"

Here you break your neck in vain;  
Do not be a coward, corsair, and me  
Rejoice - although without flow  
Before you kill your horse.  
And in the meantime, it writhes  
The face with frightful tongue,  
Hystan hugging his rotation in his heart  
Threatens it silently with his spear,  
Shakes it with his free hand  
And trembles, the coat steel  
Points itself in the daring tongue.  
No blood out of the yawning throat.  
Runs in a moment like a stream.  
With wonder pain and rage  
Goes its dash in a moment,  
The head looks at the prince  
Bites the iron and turns pale!  
Marming on his quiet soul,  
By sometimes in our scene  
The stupid pupil of Melpomene,  
Spated by the unceasing hiss,  
Already he sees nothing  
Becomes pale and forgets his part  
Trembles, drops his head,

And hammering is silent  
Before the trumping crowd.  
Taking advantage of the favorable moment  
When the host was quiet with consternation,  
Like lightning the hero flings  
With abrupt terrible right hand,  
A sword in the cheek with heavy jumbled  
brandishes strikes the flag,  
And the step resumes with the blow;  
The sword flap around  
As unbroken with bloody foam,  
And following the heat  
Turns round, rolls, welters,  
And the mother's helm begins to knock  
Then on the abandoned spot  
A warrior sword begins to glitter.  
Our hero with delighted animation  
Seizes hold of it, and runs to the head  
On the bloody flap  
With the fierce intention  
Of cutting off its nose and ears;  
Already Mylon is ready to strike,  
Already he brandishes his broad sword.

Softly with astonishment he hears  
The hero uttering a poetical poem ...  
And softly he drops the sword,  
In him furious anger dies,  
And stormy revenge falls  
In his soul. Francis goes by the prayer:  
As in the valley thaws the ice,  
Struck by the midday sun's light.

"You had laugh'd me, hero,  
With a sigh said the king:  
Thy right hand has proved  
That I am right, towards thee;  
From henceforward I am obedient to you;  
But knight, be magnanimous!  
Worth of pity is my fate.  
I too was an upright warrior;  
In blood battles I never pass  
An adversary, who was equal to me.  
Noble had I been, if I had not had  
A rival in my youthful brother!  
The ~~great~~, wisest Tchoonmor,

Thou hast been the cause of all my misfortunes!  
The scorn of our family,  
A born dwarf, with a beard,  
He could not, without shame,  
Partake from his youthful days my wonderful stature  
But on that account could he  
Hate me in his soul.  
I was always rather simple,  
Although huge, and this wretch,  
Though possessor of the most ridiculous figure,  
Was as clever as ~~the~~ a devil, and horribly wicked.  
Besides this know that for my sake,  
In his wonderful regard  
Was concealed fatal strength,  
By all in the world despising -  
As long as his heart was whole -  
The deceiver feared no wit.  
I met the once with friendly face  
Said graciously to me: "I wish  
Do not refuse an important service:  
In dark books have discovered  
That behind the eastern mountains  
On the great shores of the sea,

In a deep vault under rocks  
There is kept a sword - and what do you think, O horror!  
I have discerned my vengeance might  
That by the will of hostile destiny  
This sword is destined  
To destroy both of us:  
That it will cut off my beard,  
And your head: judge yourself  
How necessary it is for us to get possession  
Of this the creation of evil spirits?  
Well, where is the difficulty,  
And I to the danger, I am ready;  
I will go, though to the end of the world.  
I cast a pine on one shoulder  
And on the other for counsel  
Placed my evil brother,  
I set out for the distant journey  
I strode, I strode, and, glory to God,  
Although the prophecies were for evil,  
All turned out prosperously at first.  
Behind the distant mountains  
We found the vault of destiny;

I remember it with my heart,  
The dagger, the concealed sword.  
But no! fate willed for that:  
The man in a dispute arose -  
And it was, I know on this account,  
The question: who should have the sword:  
The dispute, the dwarf became angry;  
The quarrel long, at last  
The cunning one ~~was~~ a rule,  
It appeared as if he was becoming tender.  
Let us have profit, dispute  
And to me earnestly, to whom?  
Say it we weaken our alliance;  
The man advises us to live in peace;  
Let us permit fate to decide  
To whom this sword shall belong.  
Let us bow both our ears to the ground  
(What wish could he not imagine!).  
And he who first hears a sound  
He shall possess the sword until his grave.  
He said and laid himself down on the earth  
I had ~~often~~ ~~heard~~ ~~of~~ ~~him~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~story~~

Upon the brow flew a flock of owls,  
I shall be wise, smiling, I shall hear nothing,  
And will deceive him;  
But deceives myself terribly.  
The watch with the greatest silence,  
Rising, came behind me on his feet,  
He grasped the sword,  
Like a whirling wind whistled the sharp blade  
And before I could look around me,  
Already my head flew from my shoulder -  
By supernatural force  
It rams in it the spirit of life.  
My skeleton is ~~covered~~ <sup>covered</sup> with thorns  
Lies in a country, forgotten by people,  
Corrupts my undying dust.  
But the wicked dwarf brought me  
Into this desolate country,  
Where it was my duty ever to be a guardian over  
The sword this day obtained by thee.  
Take it, and may God go with you!  
I may be that in your journey  
You will meet the dwarfish creature -  
Whom if you observe him



Take vengeance for his craft and wickedness!  
And on the spot I shall be happy,  
And shall quit quietly this life -  
And in my grave  
Will forgive the buffet thou didst give me.