

## Excerpt from Tatyana's Dream

From *Eugene Onegin* by Alexander Pushkin (translated)

11.

But wonders come to her in dreams:  
She wanders through a snowy vale  
Wrapped in mist and gloom, it seems  
Hidden from the world: while pale,  
Among the snowdrifts, roars  
A seething torrent, foaming, pours  
Into the shadows, still the same,  
A thing the winter cannot tame;  
Two slender boughs glued by ice,  
Stretched across to form a bridge,  
A delicate and trembling ridge,  
To make a passer-by think twice:  
And in deep perplexity,  
There she stands, helplessly.

12.

As if before some mournful parting,  
She sorrows at the dark divide;  
No one is there, beyond its seething,  
To lead her to the other side;  
A snowdrift shifts, a shaggy bear,  
Rises from his hidden lair,  
Tatyana screams! ...She hears a roar,  
He offers her a long curved claw,  
To help her cross, she gathers strength  
And putting out a trembling hand  
Lets him draw her to dry land,  
Along the fragile bridge's length.  
She stumbles on – and yet, beware,  
She's followed closely by the bear!

13.

She dare not stop, or look behind,  
She quickens her despairing pace,  
There's no escape, in her sad mind,  
From that dark forbidding face;  
She plunges on, he grunts and follows,  
Far into the silent hollows;  
Here's a wood: in beauty, pines  
Meet the sky in sombre lines,  
Their branches, as she stumbles on,  
Heaped with snow; glittering there  
Birch, and lime, and aspen bare,  
With starlit crowns; the track is gone;  
All the world seems lost in sleep,  
Drowned in snow, and buried deep.

14.

Through the wood she flees the bear;  
The soft snow reaches to her knee;  
A branch leans down to snag her hair,  
And scratch her neck, and stubbornly  
Pluck the gold earrings from her ears;  
And then one wet shoe disappears  
Covered by the powdery snow;  
Her handkerchief is next to go;  
No time to retrieve it, in her fright,  
The creature once again is near;  
She dare not, in her shame and fear,  
Lift her trailing hem, in flight;  
She runs, he follows, on and on,  
Until her strength is all but gone.