

<i>В.Я. БРЮСОВ</i> ГРЯДУЩИЕ ГУННЫ	<i>VALERY BRUSOV</i> THE COMING HUNS	<i>VALERI BRYUSOV</i> THE COMING HUNS
<p>Где вы, грядущие гунны, Что тучей нависли над миром! Слышу ваш топот чугунный По еще не открытым Памирам.</p>	<p>Where do you wait, coming Huns, Who weigh on the world like a cloud? Under the Pamirs' suns Your cast-iron tread is loud.</p>	<p>Oh, where are you, Huns, who are coming? As a cloud you swell over us here. I can hear iron footsteps a-drumming On the yet undiscovered Pamir.</p>
<p>На нас ордой опьянелой Рухните с темных становий — Оживить одряхлевшее тело Волной пылающей крови.</p>	<p>Swoop down in a drunken horde From your dark tents on the plains, Let a wave of blood be poured Into these empty veins.</p>	<p>From your camps in the mist let the gathered Hordes drunkenly fall in a flood; Give new life to our bodies withered With your free and fiery blood.</p>
<p>Поставьте, невольники воли, Шалаша у дворцов, как бывало, Всколите веселое поле На месте тронного зала.</p>	<p>O slaves of freedom, raise Your tents on the palace site; Where once the throne would blaze, Let your grainfields glow as bright.</p>	<p>Obeying your unfettered spirit, Set your tents as of old at our door, And let the glad ploughland inherit The hall where the throne stood before.</p>
<p>Сложите книги кострами, Пляшите в их радостном свете, Творите мерзость во храме,— Вы во всем неповинны, как дети!</p>	<p>Heap books to build a fire! Dance in the merry light. The holy place bemire: You are children in our sight.</p>	<p>Pile up books for a conflagration And dance in the gladdening light. In the church do abomination, — You are blameless as babes in men's sight.</p>
<p>А мы, мудрецы и поэты, Хранители тайны и веры, Унесем зажженные светы В катакомбы, в пустыни, в пещеры.</p>	<p>And we, the poets, the wise, Shall be true to the treasures we save. Hiding the torch you despise In catacomb, desert, and cave.</p>	<p>And we who are wise men and singers, Who protect hidden truth from the grave, Will carry a flame that still lingers In catacomb, desert and cave.</p>
<p>И что, под бурей летучей, Под этой грозой разрушений, Сохранит играющий Случай Из наших заветных творений?</p>	<p>Where angry lightnings glance, Where tempests raven and tear, What will the play of chance From our long labors spare?</p>	<p>And what, when the hurricane's raving In the murderous thunderstorm, Will the gamester Chance be saving From the secret shapes that we form?</p>
<p>Бесследно все сгибнет, быть может, Что ведомо было одним нам, Но вас, кто меня уничтожит, Встречаю приветственным гимном.</p>	<p>All that we alone knew May be blotted out by your whim. Yet you who destroy me, you I salute with hosanna and hymn.</p>	<p>Past tracking, may be, it will perish What alone of the living we knew; But the death that you bring me I cherish, And my hymns give a welcome to you!</p>