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<p style="text-align: center;">ДЕМЬЯНОВА УХА</p> <p>«Соседушка, мой свет! Пожалуйста, покушай».– «Соседушка, я сыт по горло». – «Нужды нет, Еще тарелочку; послушай: Ушица, ей-же-ей, на славу сварена!»– «Я три тарелки съел».– «И, полно, что за счеты: Лишь стало бы охоты, А то во здравье: ешь до дна! Что за уха! Да как жирна: Как будто янтарем подернулась она. Потешь же, миленький дружок! Вот лещик, потроха, вот стерляди кусочек! Еще хоть ложечку! Да кланяйся, жена!»– Так потчевал сосед Демьян соседа Фоку И не давал ему ни отдыха, ни сроку; А с Фоки уж давно катился градом пот. Однако же еще тарелку он берет: Сбирается с последней силой И – очищает всю. «Вот друга я люблю!– Вскричал Демьян.– Зато уж чванных не терплю. Ну, скушай же еще тарелочку, мой милой!» Тут бедный Фока мой, Как ни любил уху, но от беды такой, Схватя в охапку Кушак и шапку, Скорей без памяти домой –</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DEMYÁN'S FISH SOUP <i>Translated by C. Fillingham Coxwell</i></p> <p>“I beg you! Be so kind! Just favour me and taste it!” “Neighbour, I pray you, do not press me!” “Change your mind. Another spoonful; do not waste it; This fish-soup is the thing, ‘tis luscious, capital.” “I’ve swallowed now three portions.” “What of that? no matter, Come now, no foolish chatter, Think of your health, and eat it all; ‘Tis soup indeed, with many a ball As if fine amber beads had hither chanced to fall! Quick eat it, oh! my comrade dearest, Here’s bream, with giblets nice; here’s sturgeon where it’s clearest; Another little morsel? Wife, upon him call!” Warm-hearted friend Demyán thus urges Phóka keenly, Allows him never respite, smiles serenely. Sweat starts, on Phóka’s face, to gather as might rain, Nevertheless, he lets himself be helped again, Making an effort, though a drear one, Finishes all. “Ah, you’re the sort I love!” Remarks Demyán, “You’re not an appetite above!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DAMIAN'S FISHSOUP <i>Translated by I. H. Harrison</i></p> <p>“Well, neighbour, now you are a brick! Come, try some more.” “Neighbour, I’m bursting quite.” – “No humbug, quick – One plateful let me pour: Real fishsoup, see that soup, done to a t.”– “But that’s my third.”–“Hush! here we count nor plates nor glasses– With a good appetite all passes: Digestion’s good, ‘t is a very jelly; Look at the amber that its surface coats, Indulge, old chum, unto thy heart’s content! See there, ‘t is bream, here sterlet choice that floats! That liver there for thee was meant. Another spoonful!– Wife, thy reverence make!– One small one more, and for my sake!” Thus feasted Damian once his old friend Neddy; No time to breathe or talk, keep to it steady. Down Neddy’s face had long been trickling rain, But, yielding unto fate, his plate he hands again; And summoning his strength remaining, He swallows all.–“Now, that a friend I call,” Exulting Damian cries; “why on excuses fall To spare my cheer? Then once more show your training!”</p>

<p>И с той поры к Демьяну ни ногой. _____</p> <p>Писатель, счастлив ты, коль дар прямой име- ешь; Но если помолчать вовремя не умеешь И ближнего ушей ты не жалеешь, То ведай, что твои и проза и стихи Тошнее будут всем Демьяновой ухи.</p>	<p>Another little plateful? Come then, oh my dear one!” But Phóka, hot and red, Though liking fish-soup much, had grown a prey to dread, And, fur cap grasping, Painfully gasping, Uprose without delay and fled; And, since, to friend Demyán no word has said. Author! However blest, because true gifts pos- sessing, If you are prone to wander, many times digress- ing, And grow by prolix ways distressing, Know that your glorious prose, or transcendental verse Becomes a blight and is than too much fish-soup worse.</p>	<p>Then hapless Neddy, who Doted on fish, at this aggression new, Seizing his coat, Stick and capote, Ran straight and swiftly to his own street door, And ne'er set foot in Damian's parlour more.</p> <p>Good author, happy thou in gift beyond dispute; But, if thou has not learned yet to be mute, Boring unwilling ears to suit Nor time nor place, be sure – thy verse or prose More sickening e'en than Damian's fishsoup grows.</p>
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