

Bedros Duryan

# Poems of Bedros Duryan



eMatenadaran.

**Duryan Bedros**  
**Poems of Bedros Duryan**  
Серия «Classic bestseller»

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*Poems of Bedros Duryan:*

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**Аннотация**

Spontaneous, eloquent and richly endowed with imagery and metaphors, his poems reveal natural artistic brilliance, and paved the way with innovation from the old style of writing. Critics have credited Tourian with originating the modern lyric tradition in verse. Knowing that he would die young, he rode the roller coaster of emotion, complaining to the Almighty in one poem and beseeching forgiveness in another. Unrealized dreams and an anxiety to live to contribute to his nation caused him deep pain and sorrow, which are reflected in his writing. The following poem, Little Lake, is an allusion to the fact that apparently Tourian who was in love with an actress, overheard her scornfully saying, “Oh him? He is trembling and so pale—he might even die one of those days!” (which, sadly, he did).

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### 1. LITTLE LAKE

WHY dost thou lie in hushed surprise,  
Thou little lonely mere ?  
Did some fair woman wistfully  
Gaze in thy mirror clear?

Or are thy waters calm and still  
Admiring the blue sky,  
Where shining cloudlets, like thy foam,  
Are drifting softly by ?

Sad little lake, let us be friends!  
I too am desolate ;  
I too would fain, beneath the sky,  
In silence meditate.

As many thoughts are in my mind  
As wavelets o'er thee roam ;  
As many wounds are in my heart  
As thou hast flakes of foam.

But if heaven's constellations all  
Should drop into thy breast,  
Thou still wouldst not be like my soul, —  
A flame-sea without rest.

There, when the air and thou are calm,  
The clouds let fall no showers ;  
The stars that rise there do not set,  
And fadeless are the flowers.

Thou art my queen, O little lake !  
For e'en when ripples thrill  
Thy surface, in thy quivering depths  
Thou hold'st me, trembling, still.

Full many have rejected me :  
“ What has he but his lyre? ”  
“ He trembles, and his face is pale ;  
His life must soon expire! ”

None said, “ Poor child, why pines he thus ?  
If he beloved should be,  
Haply he might not die, but live, —  
Live, and grow fair to see.”

None sought the boy's sad heart to read,  
Nor in its depths to look.  
They would have found it was a fire,  
And not a printed book !

Nay, ashes now! a memory !  
Grow stormy, little mere,  
For a despairing man has gazed  
Into thy waters clear !

## 2. WISHES FOR ARMENIA

WHEN bright dews fall on leaf and flower,  
And stars light up the skies,  
Then tears and sparks commingled  
Burst forth from my dim eyes.  
Forget thee, O Armenia!  
Nay, rather may I be  
Transformed into a cypress dark,  
And so give shade to thee !

The starry sky no comfort brings :  
To me it seems a veil  
Strewn with the tears that Ararat  
Sheds from his summit pale.  
O graves! O ruins! to my soul  
Your memory is as dear  
As to the lover's thirsting heart  
The maiden's first love-tear.  
And shall my spirit after death  
Oblivious be of you ?  
Nay, but become a flood of tears,  
And cover you with dew !

Not sword nor chains, abysses deep  
Nor precipices fell,

Not thunder's roll, nor lightning's flash,  
Nor funeral torch and knell —  
Not all of these, 'neath death's dark stone  
Can ever hide from me  
The glowing memories of the past,  
Our days of liberty.  
Forget you? Ne'er will I forget,  
O glorious days of yore !  
Rather may I be changed to fire  
And bring you back once more !

When twinkle pale the stars at dawn,  
When dewy buds unclose,  
And tenderly the nightingale  
Is singing to the rose,  
All Nature's harmonies, alas !  
Can ne'er give back to me  
The sighs that sound where cypress boughs  
Are moaning like the sea.  
Forget you, black and bitter days ?  
No, never! but instead  
Rather may I be turned to blood,  
And make your darkness red !

Armenia's mountains dark may smile,  
Siberia's ice may smoke,  
But stern, unbending spirits still  
Press on my neck the yoke.  
Inflexible and cold are they;

When feeling surges high,  
And I would speak, they stifle down  
My free soul's bitter cry.  
Forget thee, justice? Never!  
But ere my life departs,  
Rather may I become a sword,  
And make thee pierce men's hearts!

When e'en the rich man and the priest  
A patriot's ardor feel,  
And when Armenian hearts at length  
Are stirred with love and zeal —  
When free-souled sons Armenia bears,  
These days of coldness past,  
And fires of love and brotherhood  
Are lighted up at last —  
Shall I forget thee then, my lyre?  
Ah, no! but when I die  
Rather may I become thy voice,  
And o'er Armenia sigh !

### 3. TO LOVE

A GALAXY of glances bright,  
A sweet bouquet of smiles,  
A crucible of melting words  
Bewitched me with their wiles!

I wished to live retired, to love  
The flowers and bosky glades,  
The blue sky's lights, the dew of morn,  
The evening's mists and shades;

To scan my destiny's dark page,  
In thought my hours employ,  
And dwell in meditation deep  
And visionary joy.

Then near me stirred a breath that seemed  
A waft of Eden's air,  
The rustle of a maiden's robe,  
A tress of shining hair.

I sought to make a comrade dear  
Of the transparent brook.  
It holds no trace of memory ;  
When in its depths I look,

I find there floating, clear and pale,  
My face! Its waters hold  
No other secret in their breast  
Than wavelets manifold.

I heard a heart's ethereal throb;  
It whispered tenderly:  
“ Dost thou desire a heart? ” it said.  
“ Beloved, come to me! ”

I wished to love the zephyr soft  
That breathes o'er fields of bloom;  
It woundeth none, – a gentle soul  
Whose secret is perfume.

So sweet it is, it has the power  
To nurse a myriad dreams;  
To mournful spirits, like the scent  
Of paradise it seems.

Then from a sheaf of glowing flames  
To me a whisper stole :  
It murmured low, “ Dost thou desire  
To worship a pure soul? ”

I wished to make the lyre alone  
My heart's companion still,  
To know it as a loving friend,

And guide its chords at will.

But she drew near me, and I heard  
A whisper soft and low:  
“ Thy lyre is a cold heart,” she said,  
“ Thy love is only woe.”

My spirit recognized her then;  
She beauty was, and fire,  
Pure as the stream, kind as the breeze,  
And faithful as the lyre.

My soul, that from the path had erred,  
Spread wide its wings to soar,  
And bade the life of solitude  
Farewell forevermore.

A galaxy of glances bright,  
A sweet bouquet of smiles,  
A crucible of melting words  
Bewitched me with their wiles!

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