

**РОБЕРТ  
СТИВЕНСОН**

MORAL  
EMBLEMS

Роберт Льюис Стивенсон

**Moral Emblems**

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# Robert Louis Stevenson

## Moral Emblems

### NOT I, AND OTHER POEMS

#### Poem: NOT I

Some like drink  
In a pint pot,  
Some like to think;  
Some not.

Strong Dutch cheese,  
Old Kentucky rye,  
Some like these;  
Not I.

Some like Poe,  
And others like Scott,  
Some like Mrs. Stowe;  
Some not.

Some like to laugh,  
Some like to cry,  
Some like chaff;  
Not I.

#### Poem: II

Here, perfect to a wish,  
We offer, not a dish,  
But just the platter:  
A book that's not a book,  
A pamphlet in the look  
But not the matter.

I own in disarray:  
As to the flowers of May  
The frosts of Winter;  
To my poetic rage,  
The smallness of the page  
And of the printer.

### Poem: III

As seamen on the seas  
With song and dance descry  
Adown the morning breeze  
An islet in the sky:  
In Araby the dry,  
As o'er the sandy plain  
The panting camels cry  
To smell the coming rain:

So all things over earth  
A common law obey,  
And rarity and worth  
Pass, arm in arm, away;  
And even so, to-day,  
The printer and the bard,  
In pressless Davos, pray  
Their sixpenny reward.

### Poem: IV

The pamphlet here presented  
Was planned and printed by  
A printer unindented,  
A bard whom all decry.

The author and the printer,  
With various kinds of skill,  
Concocted it in Winter  
At Davos on the Hill.

They burned the nightly taper;  
But now the work is ripe -  
Observe the costly paper,  
Remark the perfect type!

## MORAL EMBLEMS I

### Poem: I

See how the children in the print  
Bound on the book to see what's in 't!  
O, like these pretty babes, may you  
Seize and *apply* this volume too!  
And while your eye upon the cuts  
With harmless ardour opes and shuts,  
Reader, may your immortal mind  
To their sage lessons not be blind.

### Poem: II

Reader, your soul upraise to see,  
In yon fair cut designed by me,  
The pauper by the highwyside  
Vainly soliciting from pride.  
Mark how the Beau with easy air  
Contemns the anxious rustic's prayer,  
And, casting a disdainful eye,  
Goes gaily gallivanting by.  
He from the poor averts his head.  
He will regret it when he's dead.

### Poem: III – A PEAK IN DARIEN

Broad-gazing on untrodden lands,  
See where adventurous Cortez stands;  
While in the heavens above his head  
The Eagle seeks its daily bread.  
How aptly fact to fact replies:  
Heroes and eagles, hills and skies.  
Ye who condemn the fatted slave  
Look on this emblem, and be brave.

### Poem: IV

See in the print how, moved by whim,  
Trumpeting Jumbo, great and grim,  
Adjusts his trunk, like a cravat,  
To noose that individual's hat.  
The sacred Ibis in the distance  
Joys to observe his bold resistance.

**Poem: V**

Mark, printed on the opposing page,  
The unfortunate effects of rage.  
A man (who might be you or me)  
Hurls another into the sea.  
Poor soul, his unreflecting act  
His future joys will much contract,  
And he will spoil his evening toddy  
By dwelling on that mangled body.

## MORAL EMBLEMS II

### Poem: I

With storms a-weather, rocks a-lee,  
The dancing skiff puts forth to sea.  
The lone dissenter in the blast  
Recoils before the sight aghast.  
But she, although the heavens be black,  
Holds on upon the starboard tack,  
For why? although to-day she sink,  
Still safe she sails in printer's ink,  
And though to-day the seamen drown,  
My cut shall hand their memory down.

### Poem: II

The careful angler chose his nook  
At morning by the liliated brook,  
And all the noon his rod he plied  
By that romantic riverside.  
Soon as the evening hours decline  
Tranquilly he'll return to dine,  
And, breathing forth a pious wish,  
Will cram his belly full of fish.

### Poem: III

The Abbot for a walk went out,  
A wealthy cleric, very stout,  
And Robin has that Abbot stuck  
As the red hunter spears the buck.  
The djavel or the javelin  
Has, you observe, gone bravely in,  
And you may hear that weapon whack  
Bang through the middle of his back.  
*Hence we may learn that Abbots should  
Never go walking in a wood.*

**Poem: IV**

The frozen peaks he once explored,  
But now he's dead and by the board.  
How better far at home to have stayed  
Attended by the parlour maid,  
And warmed his knees before the fire  
Until the hour when folks retire!  
*So, if you would be spared to friends,  
Do nothing but for business ends.*

**Poem: V**

Industrious pirate! see him sweep  
The lonely bosom of the deep,  
And daily the horizon scan  
From Hatteras or Matapan.  
Be sure, before that pirate's old,  
He will have made a pot of gold,  
And will retire from all his labours  
And be respected by his neighbours.  
*You also scan your life's horizon  
For all that you can clap your eyes on.*

## A MARTIAL ELEGY FOR SOME LEAD SOLDIERS

For certain soldiers lately dead  
Our reverent dirge shall here be said.  
Them, when their martial leader called,  
No dread preparative appalled;  
But leaden-hearted, leaden-heeled,  
I marked them steadfast in the field.  
Death grimly sided with the foe,  
And smote each leaden hero low.  
Proudly they perished one by one:  
The dread Pea-cannon's work was done!  
O not for them the tears we shed,  
Consigned to their congenial lead;  
But while unmoved their sleep they take,  
We mourn for their dear Captain's sake,  
For their dear Captain, who shall smart  
Both in his pocket and his heart,  
Who saw his heroes shed their gore,  
And lacked a shilling to buy more!

## **THE GRAVER THE PEN: OR, SCENES FROM NATURE, WITH APPROPRIATE VERSES**

### **Poem: I – PROEM**

Unlike the common run of men,  
I wield a double power to please,  
And use the GRAVER and the PEN  
With equal aptitude and ease.

I move with that illustrious crew,  
The ambidextrous Kings of Art;  
And every mortal thing I do  
Brings ringing money in the mart.

Hence, in the morning hour, the mead,

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