The Sail

The lonely sail is showing white

Among the haze of the blue sea!..

What does it search in foreign part?

What left it in the native land?..

The waves are playing, wind is whistling,

And bending mast is creaking Ioud,

Alas, - It does not hunt for pleasure

And nor from pleasure does it run!

Below - a bright stream of azure,

Above - a golden beam of sun,

But it, rebellious asks for tempests

As if the tempests give a rest!

by Mikhail Lermontov,

translated by Dmitri Smirnov

A Sail

Afar sail shimmers, white and lonely,

Through the blue haze above the foam.

What does it seek in foreign harbours?

What has it left behind at home?

The billows romp, and the wind whistles.

The rigging swings, and the tall mast creaks-

AIas, it is not joy, he flees from,

Nor is it happiness he seeks.

Below, the seas like blue light flowing,

Above, the sun's gold streams increase,

But it is storm the rebel asks for,

As though in storms were peace.

Mikhail Lermontov

Translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahrn Yarmolinsky

The Sail

A lone white sail shows for an instant

Where gleams the Sea, an azure streak.

What left it in its homeland distant?

In alien parts what does it seek?

The billow play, the mast bends creaking,

The wind, impatient, moans and sighs…

It is not joy that it is seeking;

Nor is it happiness it flies.

The blue wave dance, they dance and tremble,

The sun's bright ray caresses the seas.

And yet for storm it begs, the rebel,

As if in storm lurked calm and peace!..

Mikhail Lermontov

Translated by lrina Zheleznova

Lone sail against blue sea-mist:

what is It seeking?

what forsaking?

Wind, waves, and bending mast:

not happiness"..

not happiness.

ln golden beams, on azure

the rebel flees

for stormy seas.

Anthony Wood