

Joseph Rudyard Kipling

1865-1936



My Father's Chair. Parliaments of Henry III, 1265.

THERE are four good legs to my Father's Chair--
Priest and People and Lords and Crown.
I sits on all of 'em fair and square,
And that is the reason it don't break down.

I won't trust one leg, nor two, nor three,
To carry my weight when I sets me down.
I wants all four of 'em under me--
Priest and People and Lords and Crown.

I sits on all four and I favours none--
Priest, nor People, nor Lords, nor Crown:
And I never tilts in my chair, my son,
And that is the reason it don't break down.

When your time comes to sit in my Chair,
Remember your Father's habits and rules.
Sit on all four legs, fair and square,
And never be tempted by one-legged stools!

THE LOVE SONG OF HAR DYAL

Alone upon the housetops to the North
I turn and watch the lightnings in the sky
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North.
Come back to me. Beloved, or I die.
Below my feet the still bazar is laid -
Far, far below the weary camels lie -
The camels and the captives of thy raid.
Come back to me. Beloved, or I die.
My father's wife is old and harsh with years,
And drudge of all my father's house am I -
My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears.
Come back to me. Beloved, or I die.

Перевод Э. Линецкой

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Одна на крыше, я гляжу на север,
Слежу зарниц вечернюю игру:
То отблески шагов твоих на север.
Вернись, любимый, или я умру.
Базар внизу безлюден и спокоен,
Устало спят верблюды на ветру,
И спят рабы — твоя добыча, воин.
Вернись, любимый, или я умру.
Жена отца сварливей год от году,
Гну спину днем, в ночи и поутру...
Слезами запиваю хлеб невзгоды.
Вернись, любимый, или я умру.

I have eaten your bread and salt.
I have drunk your water and wine.
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives ye led were mine.
Was there aught I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease, -
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas?
I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise - but ye are wise,
And ye know what jest is worth.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:
If you can dream -- and not make dreams your master;
If you can think -- and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings -- nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run –
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And -- which is more -- you'll be a Man, my son!

Перевод Ю.И.Манина

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
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Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

Коль ты хранить способен ясность духа,
Когда тебя в отчаянье клянут,
В себе – на миг не усомниться глухо,
Но и понять чужой неправый суд,
Ждать – не устав от вечных ожиданий,
Оболганный – не знать соблазна лжи,
И проклятый – проклятьям не дать дани
Мудрёным толком и лицом ханжи;
Коль можешь грезить – сны держа во власти,
Коль можешь мыслить – мозг держа в узде,
Встречать спокойно счастье и напасти,
Их ложь не ставя ни во грош нигде;
Услышав, что из выстраданных истин
Устроил лжец силки для дурака,
И жизнь разбита тем, кто ненавистен, –
Всё вновь начать, хотя дрожит рука;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing
In you Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"
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With sixty seconds' worth of distance run –
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Коль можешь ты поставить счастье на
кон,
Труд многих дней вложить в бросок
костей
И, проиграв, не выдать боли зна́ком,
И вновь работать и молчать о ней,
Коль можешь ты заставить сердце,
нервы
Служить, когда почти иссякла жизнь,
Держаться, когда нет ни сил, ни веры,
И только Воля говорит: «Держись!»;
Коль можешь ты в толпе не затеряться,
Не занестись в чести у королей,
Ни недруга, ни друга не бояться,
Быть чтимым всеми, никому – милей,
Коль каждой непрощающей минуты
Все шестьдесят секунд умчит твой бег,
–
Твои – Земля, её пути и путы,
И более, мой сын, ты – человек!

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it -- lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.
And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair.
They shall find real saints to draw from -- Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!
And only The Master shall praise us, and only The Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are!

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Когда будет дописан последний холст и
засохнет последний тюбик белил,
И последний художник закроет глаза, ибо
отдых он заслужил,
Нам всем, усталым мастеровым, Вечность
дадут поспать,
И Хозяин Честных Работников призовет нас к
труду опять.
И каждому даст золотой табурет, и кисть из
хвостов комет,
И туго натянутый холст шириной в сто
световых лет,
И Магдалина, Павел и Петр позировать
станут для нас,
И никогда, никогда, никогда не устанут рука и
глаз!
Ни денег, ни славы не будет вовек, а будут
работа и честь,
И каждый напишет каждую вещь, как видит, и
как она есть,
На каждой звезде, которыми полн ликующий
Млечный Путь,
Для Прекрасного Бога Сущих Вещей, Таких,
Как Они Суть

The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles
So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue;
There aren't a wave for miles an' miles
Excep' the jiggle from the screw.
The ship is swep', the day is done,
The bugle's gone for smoke and play;
An' black agin' the settin' sun
The Lascar sings, "~Hum deckty hai!~"

["I'm looking out."]

For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide --
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

I see the sergeants pitchin' quoits,
I 'ear the women laugh an' talk,
I spy upon the quarter-deck
The orficers an' lydies walk.
I thinks about the things that was,
An' leans an' looks acrost the sea,
Till spite of all the crowded ship
There's no one lef' alive but me.

The things that was which I 'ave seen,
In barrick, camp, an' action too,
I tells them over by myself,
An' sometimes wonders if they're true;
For they was odd -- most awful odd --
But all the same now they are o'er,
There must be 'eaps o' plenty such,
An' if I wait I'll see some more.

Oh, I 'ave come upon the books,
An' frequent broke a barrick rule,
An' stood beside an' watched myself
Be'avin' like a bloomin' fool.
I paid my price for findin' out,
Nor never grutched the price I paid,
But sat in Clink without my boots,
Admirin' 'ow the world was made.

Be'old a crowd upon the beam,
An' 'umped above the sea appears
Old Aden, like a barrick-stove
That no one's lit for years an' years!
I passed by that when I began,
An' I go 'ome the road I came,
A time-expired soldier-man
With six years' service to 'is name.

My girl she said, "Oh, stay with me!"
My mother 'eld me to 'er breast.
They've never written none, an' so
They must 'ave gone with all the rest --
With all the rest which I 'ave seen
An' found an' known an' met along.
I cannot say the things I feel,
And so I sing my evenin' song:

For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide --
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

The Appeal

Перевод В.В.

Иванова

If I have given you delight
By aught that I have done,
Let me lie quiet in that night
Which shall be yours anon:
And for the little, little, span
The dead are born in mind,
Seek not to question other than
The books I leave behind.

По вкусу если труд был мой
Кому-нибудь из вас,
Пусть буду скрыт я
темнотой,
Что к вам придет в свой час.
И память обо мне храня
Один короткий миг,
Расспрашивайте про меня
Лишь у моих же книг.