

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863)



I am not disposed to say that Thackeray will hold a high place among English poets. He would have been the first to ridicule such an assumption made on his behalf. But I think that his verses will be more popular than those of many highly reputed poets, and that as years roll on they will gain rather than lose in public estimation.

Anthony Trollope

Die Leiden des jungen Werthers

**Johann Wolfgang
von Goethe**
1749-1832



Sorrows of young Werther

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

The Ballad of Bouillabaisse

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is -
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is, -
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew
Or hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.



Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly sure his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace;
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter,--nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder,--
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner;
So honest Terré's run his race."
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer,
"Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one."
"That I can, sir: The chambertin with yellow seal."
"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustom'd corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanish'd many a busy year is
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, cari luoghi,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty,
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty;
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the *Gazette*;
O'er James's head the grass is growing.
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

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Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place,--but not alone.
A fair young face was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me!
There's no one now to share my cup.

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I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse.

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Перевод В.К.Житомирского

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In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Есть улица в Париже, – верно,
Для нас к ней рифма нелегка,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs -
примерно
«Дорога Новая в Лужках».
Туда давно, весёлым малым,
В трактир приличный, впрочем без
Претензий, я ходил бывало
Чтоб съесть тарелку буйабесс.

Рецепт у блюда благородный, -
Ни суп, ни соус, ни рагу, -
Уха из рыбы разнородной ...
Ничто сравнить с ним не могу.
Бычки, чеснок, укроп, макрели,
Ракушки, перец, травок смесь, -
Всё это у Терре мы ели
В одной тарелке буйабесс.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
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"It is the lot of saint and sinner;
So honest Terré's run his race."
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

Да, это редкостное блюдо!
Философ истинный, по мне,
Обязан чтить природы чудо:
Знать вкус в еде и толк в вине.
Бенедектинец с братом бедным
Легко несли б свой тяжкий крест
И даже пост сочли б невинным
В который ели б буйабесс.

А цел ли дом? Я опасуюсь ...
Нет, вот и лампа, как тогда.
В дверях служанка, улыбаясь,
Вскрывает устриц, как всегда.
Но жив ли сам Терре? Признаться,
С забавной рожей старый бес
Бывало подходил справляться,
Как мы находим буйбесс.

Вхожу. Всё также, неизменно.
«Ну как мессье Терре сейчас?»
Лакей глядит недоуменно:
«Мессье давно уж нет средь нас».
«Что ж, зол и благ туда ж приедут,
Итак, Терре с лошадки слез».
«Что выберет мессье к обеду?»
«У вас готовят буйабесс?»

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer,
"Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one."
"That I can, sir: The chambertin with yellow seal."
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And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

«Oh, oui, Monsieur» – он отвечает
«Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?»
«Получше». – «Есть, в таком случае,
Вам Шамбертен не принести ль?»
«Терре уж нет», и у камина
Ищу любимое из мест.
«Оставил он пиры и вина,
Бургундское и буйабесс!»

Вот мой привычный угол зала,
В углу стоит, как прежде, стол.
Здесь стул, где я сидел бывало ...
Который год с тех пор пошел?
Впервые вас, cari luoghi,
Безусый увидал балбес.
Теперь старик седой и строгий
Сижу и жду я буйабесс.

Где ты теперь, круг дружбы пылкой,
В обед сбиравшийся давно.
Эй, малый сбегай за бутылкой, -
В честь дружбы – старое вино.
Припомню быстрой чередой
Звук голосов и вид повес:
За стол садятся, чтоб со мною
Делить вино и буйабесс.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
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Как счастлив Джек с женитьбой этой,
Весёлый Том смешит весь свет,
Огастус всё с своей каретой,
Бедняга Фред в своей *Gazette*.
Над Джеймсом мы цветы взрастили,
Мир вырос, волею небес,
С тех пор, как здесь кларет мы пили
И ели вместе буйабесс.

Увы, всё быстро миновало,
В одну, я помню, из годин
Я, как сейчас, сидел бывало
На этом месте, - не один.
Она со мной сидела рядом
С улыбкой милою, родной,
Меня подбадривала взглядом.
Сейчас, кто чокнется со мной?

* * * * *

Я пью, как суждено судьбою,
Кончай стихи, налей вина!
Налей, наедине с собою
Пей в память прошлого до дна.
Вино любое без изыска
Пей, и с смиренным сердцем без
Придинок к блюдам ешь: вот миска, -
Дымящаяся буйабесс!