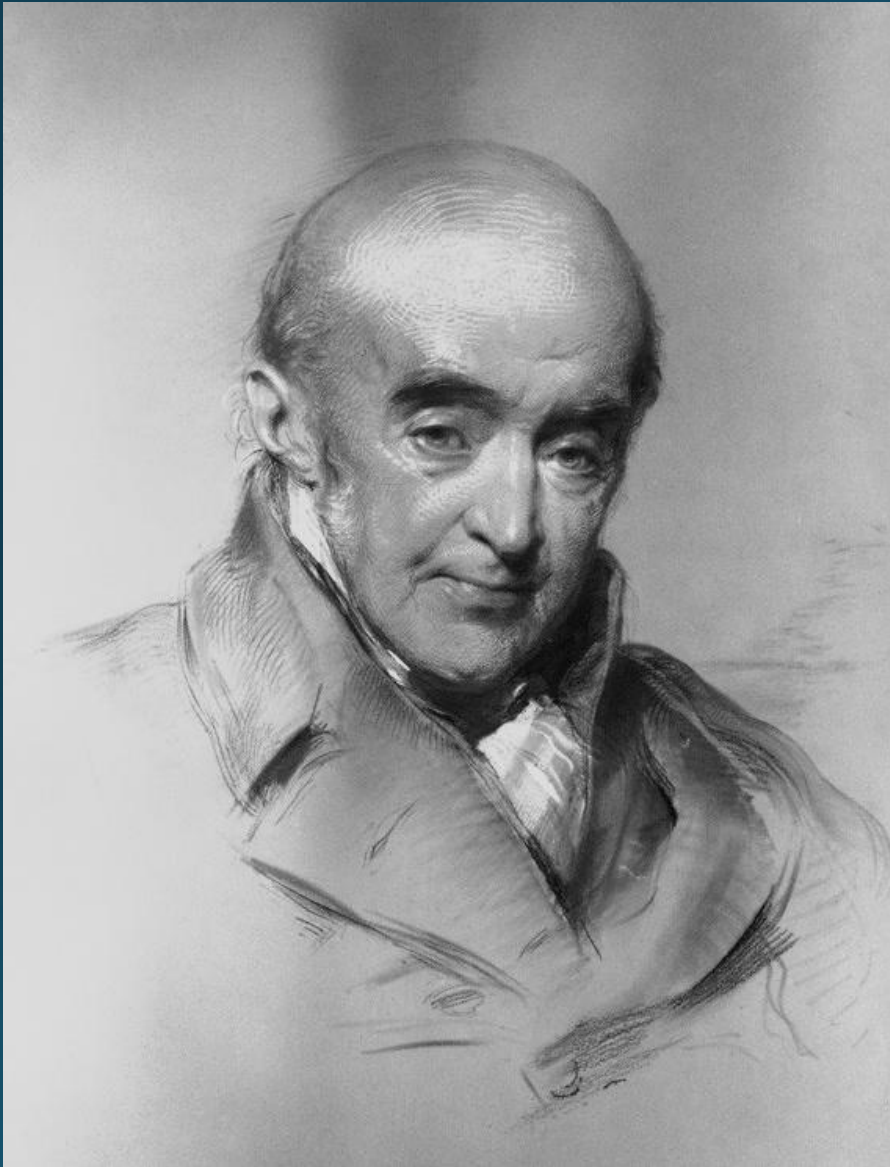


Venice by Samuel Rogers



Samuel Rogers (1763–1855)



English poet, best remembered as a witty conversationalist and as a friend of greater poets

Wordsworth, Coleridge and Byron. The amusing, though often unkind, conversations held at his breakfast and dinner parties were recorded by Alexander Dyce and published as *Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers* (1856). In spite of his sharp tongue, he performed many kind offices for his friends. His most famous works are an epic, *The Voyage of Columbus* (1810), a collection of verse tales, *Italy* (1822–28) and a miscellaneous collection titled *Poems* (1834).

Italy: Venice

There is a glorious City in the Sea.

The Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,

As to a floating City – steering in,

And gliding up her streets as in a dream,

So smoothly, silently – by many a dome,

Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,

The statues ranged along an azure sky;

By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,

Of old the residence of merchant-kings;

The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them,

Still glowing with the richest hues of art,

As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

<...>



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Великолепный город в мире есть.
Весь путь к нему проходит через море,
Где синяя вода морскою солью
Целует мраморные стены
Дворцов, которых в городе не счесть.

В широком море, в узких улочках его
Прилив сменяется отливом,
Невидим он необъяснимо,
Забывшись в древнем волшебстве
Ты не найдёшь у врат его своих шагов.

По улицам скользить мы будем как во сне,
Минуя купола в ажурном небе...
Фасады, фрески уж разрушившее время
Заставило сквозь мрамор проявиться
Богатство, скрытое в священной тишине.

