The Sea and the Cliff

by Fyodor Tyutchev translated by Frank Jude

Raging, seething, lashing, whistling, roaring, leaping for the skies, the unassailable skies... Is it hell, some hellish force beneath the boiling cauldron churning up the deeps, some hellish fire turning the sea-world upside down?

Frenzied wave-onslaught...
Nothing stops it, nothing can...
Roars, whistles, screams, howls...
Smashing cliffs along the coast...
Peaceful, haughty,
unmoved by the clowning sea,
motionless, changeless,
born at creation, you stand, our titan!

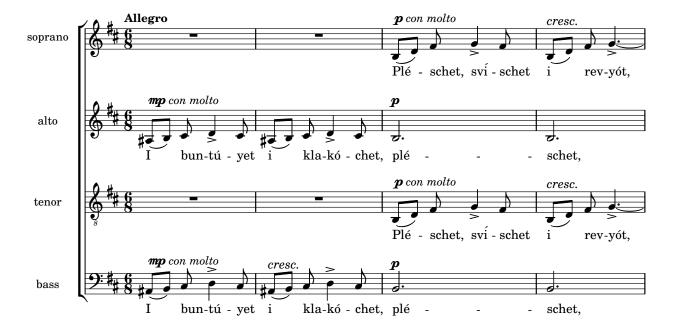
Battle-maddened, leaping into fateful struggle waves come howling back to beat against your granite face... The changeless stone dashes aside the noisy onslaught. Scattered waters fall apart.

Impotent gusts fall grumbling away. Stand, mighty cliff!
Just wait awhile.
The thundering waves will tire of warring with your foot.
Exhausted by its spiteful game the sea will be subdued.
Forget this howling affray.
Beneath the foot of the titan, the waves will slink away.

THE SEA AND THE CLIFF

words by Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev (1803 - 1873) phonetization by Yuly Vladimirovich Kopkin (1980 -)

music by Mikhail Vasilyevich Antsev (1865 – 1945)



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