

XXXVII.

No! All too soon his heart grew chill.

The world's din wearied him. The grace  
Of woman, which once seemed to fill

His every thought, now found no place  
With him. Friends, comrades, rivals, all—  
Even loves, oft changed, began to pall  
On him, and when one day he found  
Digestion's pangs could not be drowned  
In bumpers of champagne; that splitting

Headaches would follow drink to bed,

The words Onégin, used were, so it's said,  
Not parliamentary, but fitting—

Nay; though a fiery feather head,

He even lost his taste for steel and lead.

XXXVIII.

Little by little that disease

Whose cause he should long since have  
seen—

Call it whatever name you please

(In Russian "handra," English "spleen")—

Mastered Onégin. He ne'er tried,

Nor thought, thank Heaven, of suicide,

But turned on life a cold regard,

And like Childe Harold, gloomy, hard,

Frowned on the world. Nor virtue's smile,

Nor gambler's greed, nor passion's sigh

That mocks at maiden modesty,

Nor even scandal, could beguile

His sullen mood. By nothing moved,

He nothing noticed, nothing loved.