

HOVHANNES TOUMANIAN MUSEUM  
EAST-WEST  
SERIES

HOVHANNES TOUMANIAN  
QUATRAINS

YEREVAN 2019

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This small book presents Hovhannes Toumanian's quatrains written during the last years of his life. In many ways they became the sum of the paths taken by the poet, condensing in a few lines the entire course of human life, which has no beginning and no end.

The book is intended for a wide audience.

*The quatrains are the product of a mature period, wisdom, sublimity...  
The quatrain is a gem and must necessarily be polished.*



*The quatrains are delicate, noble, profound and beautiful things.  
I was under the influence of Pushkin and Lermontov before, now I am coming  
towards the East - I am coming to our own.*

*The quatrains are bold strokes,  
they are the biography of my soul.*

*Why I Began To Write Quatrains...*

*My brother Rostom was killed in September 1915. Rostom was a natural poet. He knew well the Eastern songs - the poems in Turkish - Asli Kerem, Ashik Kerib and others, and he knew many bayatis, and always played and sang.*

*His voice, surprisingly alive, stayed with me after his death, and I kept hearing him sing. Inspired by those songs, I began to write bayatis - quatrains - and I began from them - Artash - (in addition to the longing for the homeland, cricket, etc).*

*At the beginning of 1918 I assumed the commission of national council and the writing was interrupted for a while.*

*Then everything got turned upside down.*

*And in December of that same year we were struck by the news of Artik's death,  
and I went silent once again, and later both the mood and the form changed.*

*Korhannes Toumanian*

*All are gone...*

*My days flew by, all are gone,*

*Pain and fear, troubles*

*Ate my heart out, all are gone!*



*All* are gone...  
My days flew by, all are gone,  
Pain and fear, troubles  
Ate my heart out, all are gone!

*1890*

*Finished...*

*My life is exhausted, finished!*

*Whatever hope I had - turned empty,*

*Whatever joy I had - only pain remained.*



*Finished...*

My life is exhausted, finished!  
Whatever hope I had – turned empty,  
Whatever joy I had – only pain remained.

*1890*

My invisible singers  
Are giving such a performance now!

Oh my native crickets,  
Who is listening to you now?



*M*y invisible singers  
Are giving such a performance now!  
Oh my native crickets,  
Who is listening to you now?

*June, 1916*