A haggard old woman, with a countenance of iron and a dull fixed stare, is striding steadily forward with ion-steps, driving before her with her withered arm a second female figure.

This second figure is of majestic stature and well nourished, with herculean muscles and massive head upon her strong neck. But, alas! she is blind. Before her she is driving a lovely maiden.

The maiden has bright and sparkling eyes. She resists, turns back, raises her delicate hands. Impatience and courage are marked upon her countenance. She hates to obey, hates to go whither the other is driving her; and nevertheless she is compelled to yield, and she goes onward.

Necessitas-Vis-Libertas.
Let him translate who cares to do so.
Translated from Ivan Tourgenieff Prose Poems.