readings from the works of TARAS SHEVCHENKO
read in Ukrainian by artists of the Ukraine
Natalia Uzhvy
TECHE' VODA
The Water Flows

Dmitri Antonovich
POSTAVLYU KHATU I KINMATU
I'll Build a House

Ivan Marianenko
MENI TRINADTSYATI MINALO
I Was Thirteen
YAKBI VI ZNALI PANICHI
If You But Knew

Victor Dobrovolsky
SVITE' YASNY
Bright World
I VERIS VA NA CHUZHYNI
And I Grew Up in a Strange Land
I ZOLOTOYI I DORHOYI
Golden and Dear
MINAYUT INI, MINAYUT NOCHI
The Days Go By
DUMI MOYI
Thoughts of Mine
MENI ODNAKOVO
It's All The Same To Me

Sokirko
MENI ZDAYETSYA
It Seems To Me

Entr'acte and Excerpt
from Act 3 of the Opera
KATERINA
music by ARKAS
Based on the poem by
TARAS SHEVCHENKO
Choir & Symphony Orchestra
of The Kiev Radio
KATERINA: Lilla Lobanova
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The river empties to the sea,
But out it never flows;
The Cossack lad his fortune seeks,
But never fortune knows.
The Cossack lad has left his home,
He's left his kith and kind;
The blue sea's waters splash and foam,
Sad thoughts disturb his mind:

"Why, heedless, did you go away?
For what did you forsake
Your father old, your mother grey,
Your sweetheart, to their fate?
In foreign lands live foreign folks,
Their ways are not your way:
There will be none to share your woes
Or pass the time of day."

Across the sea, the Cossack rests -
The choppy sea's distraught.
He thought with fortune to be blessed -
Misfortune is his lot.
In vee-formation, 'cross the waves
The cranes are off for home.
The Cossack weeps - his beaten paths
With weeds are overgrown.

I'll build myself a cozy home
And plant a lovely orchard 'round.
And in my little paradise
I'll rest or 'round my garden roam.
Thus by myself, alone, I'll rest
And in the orchard dream my dreams.
Gay children laughing at their play,
My mother's smiling face I'll see,
Scenes that have long forgotten been,
Sun-kissed, will people then my dreams...
And you too!... No, I'll never rest
For you'll invade my dreams as well.
You'll steal into my paradise
And work your evil...
My lonely haven turn to hell.

[С.-Петербург
1838]

SIDE I, Band 2: POSTAVLYU KHATU I KIMNATU, (I'll Build Myself A House).

I'll build myself a cozy home
And plant a lovely orchard 'round.
And in my little paradise
I'll rest or 'round my garden roam.
Thus by myself, alone, I'll rest
And in the orchard dream my dreams.
Gay children laughing at their play,
My mother's smiling face I'll see,
Scenes that have long forgotten been,
Sun-kissed, will people then my dreams...
And you too!... No, I'll never rest
For you'll invade my dreams as well.
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And work your evil...
My lonely haven turn to hell.

Л.1
Postavlyu hatu i kaminatu,
Sadok-ryadkov nasadku.
Posidaju i poходжу
SIDE 1, Band 3: MENI TRINADOYATI
MIRALO: (When I Was Thirteen)

My thirteenth birthday soon would come,
I heard lambskins on the lea,
Was it the magic of the sun,
Or what was it affected me?
I felt with joy all overcome
As though in heaven...
The time for lunch had long passed by,
And still among the weeds I lay,
And prayed to God I know not why
It was so pleasant then to pray
For me, an orphan peasant boy,
Or why such bliss so filled me there?
The sky seemed bright, the village fair,
The very lambs seemed to rejoice!
The sun's rays warmed but did not bear!
But not for long the sun stayed kind,
Not long in bliss I prayed back
It turned into a ball of fire
And set the world ablaze.
As though just wakened up, I gaze:
The lambs' drab and poor, come,
And God's blue heavens - even they
Are glorious no more.
I look upon the lambs I tend
Those lambs are not my own
I eye the hut wherein I dwell
I do not have a home!
God gave me nothing, nought at all!
I bowed my head and wept
Such bitter tears... And then a lass
Who had been sorting hemp
Not far from there, down by the path,
Heard my lament and came
Across the field to comfort me;
She spoke a soothing phrase
And gently dried my weeping eyes
And kissed my tear-wet face...

It was as though the sun had smiled,
As though all things on earth were mine,
My own... The orchards, fields and groves...
And, laughing merrily the while,
The master's lambs to drink we drove.
How nauseating! Yet, when I
Recall those days, my heart is sore
That there my brief life's span the Lord
Did not grant me to live and die
There, plowing, I'd have passed away.
With ignorance my life-long lot,
I'd not be cursing Man and God...

In that wee house, that Eden fair,
That I saw hell... There people slave
Without a let-up night and day,
Not even given time to pray.
In that same village to her grave
My gentle mother, young in years,
Was laid by toil and want and cares.
There father, weeping with his brood
(And we our tears, bitter tots),
Could not withstand his bitter lot
And died at work in servitude...
And we - we scattered where we could
Like little field mice. I to school -
To carry water for the class.
My brothers slaved on the estate
And then, conscripted, marched away!
And you, my sisters! Fortune has
Reserved for you the cruellest fate!
What is the purpose of your life?
Your youth in service alipped away,
Your looks in service will burn grey,
In service, sisters, you will die!

My blood runs cold when I recall
That cottage in the village fair!
Such deeds, O God, do we do there
Where pious rules over all
And in paradise should dwell?
Of heaven we have made a hell,
Yet for another heaven call.
We with our brothers live in peace,
We with our brothers plow the fields
And water them with brothers' tears.
And also, maybe... He, may, I fear,
But so it seems... perhaps, 0 God
(Because without Thy will divine
We'd not in nakedness repine
In paradise), perhaps You mock
Us also, Father, from the sky
And with the masters You conspire
On how to rule us here below.
For look: there smiles a verdant grove,
And from behind the grove a pool
Peeps shyly out, behind it stands
A row of willows washing hands,
Their branches, in the waters cool...
Is this not truly paradise?
Look once again until your eyes
See what has made, this heaven cruel!
You'll see rejoicing, songs of praise
To Him, our God above, alone
For all the marvels He has made
No, not a bit! There's praise for none!
Just blasphemy and blood and walls --
All things are cursed, all is blasphemed!
There's nothing sacred left on earth...
And even Thee, it seems to me,
The people have already cursed!

* * *

Яйця ви знайдали, папірці,
Де люди планувати нову житті.
Та він б скатий не пожертвув.
Та марне бога б не хвалити.
Наші слова смиряюся,
З моє, не знаю, кажеться.
Хатину в гаї тихим раем.
Я в ній кушаю колись,
Ми там стояли приживали.
Найшристи сьогодні. Я не знаю,
Чи є у бога моте жито.
Що б у ній ті мати не жито?
А кого раем називають?

Не називаю П рай,
Ті хутиючи у гаї
Над чистим ставом краї села.
We'll light our pipes from the censors,
We'll light the stove with miracle icons,
With priest's sprinklers, brother, we shall set
To sweep our new house free of dirt.

It is not only in that one village
But everywhere in our famous Ukraine
The crafty masters have yoked up
The people in harness... They are perishing!
The sons of knights are perishing
in yoke!
Meanwhile the despicable lords are selling
To their brethren, the Jewish entrepreneurs,
Their last pair of pants...

It's very bad, it's terrible
To perish in this wilderness!
But it's still worse in the Ukraine To see, toweep and to keep silent!
When you don't look and see that evil Everything appears so peaceful, fine And good in the Ukraine.
Our ancient Dnieper between steep banks
Like a child swimming in milk
Is rejoicing in beauty
And all Ukraine is proud.

Above the Dnieper large villages Are dressed in lush greens, And in those happy villages The people too are happy. Perhaps it would really so become If not a trace of the masters Were left in the Ukraine...

I cried on the margin.
I saw the lips of the earth:
To each one his own thing:
To the earth the nameless
To the earth the nameless.
To the earth who is not named.
To the earth who is not named.
To the earth who is not named.

And I grew up from home
And I'm turning grey in foreign parts:
In my alone-ness it seems to me --
There's nothing more beautiful than
the Dnieper
And our famous country entire...
But I see -- it's good only there
Where we are not.
At an evil hour
I recently got the opportunity
To visit Ukraine,
To visit that rest of all villages...
The one where my mother cradled me
When I was small and in the night
Went to work to earn enough
To buy candles to God;
Kneel and bowing in the church
She placed those candles before the Virgin,
Praying that good fortune should bless
Her child ... It is well, my mother, 'tis well you early went to sleep, Else you would have cursed God If you knew my fortune.
It is terribly bad
In that fine village:
The people roam about blacker Than the black soil. The green orchards
Have withered, the white cottages
Have rotted and have tumbled down. The fishponds with weeds are overgrown.
It's as though the village had burned down
And the people as though bereft of mind
Silently march to toil on the lord's estate
And even lead their children with them...
I dropped a bitter tear and then
Went back to foreign parts again.

SIDE I, Band 5: SVITNE VASYLY
(Bright World)

O world of sunshine! Peaceful world!
O world unhaunted, freedom world!
Why in your spacious, cheery home,
That's but to live in, brother-world
All-powerful you're yet enchanted
(all wise, yet you're duped),
By royal purple mantle covered
And finished by the crucifix!

You are not finished! Wake and rise
And shed your brilliant light on us,
Light up our lives!! From royal cloak
We'll yet make foot-cloths for ourselves,
SIDE I, Band 7: I ZOLOGOV I
DOROHNYI
(Golden and Dear)

I'd have you know, I don't regret
My golen, precious youthful fate;
Yet sometimes such sadness fills
My soul that I am forced to weep.
And what is more, whence'er I see
A little lad in a village.
Like a bolt torn from the bough,
All alone he sits beside a hedge,
Dressed in tatters, there he sits.
It seems to me that I'm that boy,
That it's my own childhood sitting
there.
It seems to me that lad will ne'er
Know what it's like to live free,
In sacred freedom. That just like
That his finest years will slip away
Without a purpose, without use,
That he won't know which way to
turn.
On this vast freedom world of ours,
He'll first go into service, then
In order that he should cease to
freed,
That he should have a place to lay
his head,
They'll conscript him into the army.

I zolotyi i dorogoi
Mne, sloboda vam v'ia, ne zgall
Mnej doh, molodejo.
A molod tak yechal
Otsuchtu, vam nizh, zpolu.
A te togo, jak pobyti
Malego zhlebinka v sel.
Mnej oharlale od radio,
Odnodishchne p tym
Slydite sobo v stariy malin
Mnej zatye, chto sse
Chto nej ta molodye moy
Mnej zatye, chto niko
Vono ne batechne voli,
Svoyi volenosti. Zho tak
Larinsenie, marine, proletar,
Nogo najviharli, liga,
Chto v'ia ne znami, de dity
Na sim shirkem volnym seli,
V pibe v naib, i kolys,
Chto v'ia ne plakaj, ne zhuriv,
Ob v'ia de-nebud przyhiraj,
To odladutu u moskali.

[Kos Arch
1849]

SIDE I, Band 8: MINAYIV INI,
MINAYIV NOCHI,
(The Days Gone
By)

The days go by, the nights go by,
The summer's passing; yellow leaves
Are rustling; light deserts the eye,
Thoughts fade away and feelings
sleep -
All falls asleep. And I don't know
If I'm alive or but so-so,
Just floundering about the earth,
For I know neither rue nor mirth...

Where art thou, Fate? Where art thou,
Fate?
No fate have I at all!
If you begrudge good fortune, Lord,
Let evil fate befall!
Don't let me walk around asleep,
A dead heart in my breast,
And roll about, a rotten log,
A hindrance to the rest.
Oh, let me live, live with my heart
And love the human race,
But if not that... then let me curse
And set the world ablaze!
It's terrible to lie in chains,
To rot in dungeon deep.
But it's still worse, when you are free
To sleep and sleep and sleep -
And then forever close your eyes.
And leave not even a trace,
So that the fact you lived or died
No whiff of difference makes!

Where art thou, Fate? Where art thou,
Fate?
No fate have I at all!
If you begrudge good fortune, Lord,
Let evil fate befall!

MINAYIV DNI, MINAYIV NOCHI
Mneje lig? Slepelstite
Pokovile lizka, gashnute ochi.
Zasunuli dumy, serce shpyta.
I vse zasnuulo, i ne znako,
Ci j zvivu, ci dozhivato,
Ci tak po svitu volecho.
Bo v'ia ne plakau i ne smyso...

Dole, de ty, Dole, de ti?
Nema niko.
Koli dobrayu zhal, bohe,
Toda, dole, dol.
Ne daj spasti shochemu,
Serse zamirati,
I tikhym voslyu.
Po svitu valjativ.
A daj zhit, sersej zhit.
I ludei semyat,
A kolni ne to proklinat
I svit zapalivat.
Strashnoe volnoe u kainani,
Umirat v nevoli,
A te giren - spati, spati,
I spati na voli -
I zasvut na vik-vik,
I sildne ne chinut
Nikogo, sadykovo,
Ci ziva, ci zagivat.
Dole, de ty, dol, de ti?
Nema niko.
Koli dobrayu zhal, bohe,
Toda, dole, dol.

21 Dekhbra 1845
Bylogiya

SIDE I, Band 9: DUMI NOXI, (My
Thoughts)

My thorny thoughts, my thorny thoughts,
You bring me only woe!
Why do you on the paper stand
So sadly row on row?
Why did the winds not scatter
Like dust across the steps?
Why did ill-luck not cradle you
To sleep upon its breast?

My thoughts, my melancholy thoughts,
My children, tender shoots!
I nursed you, brought you up - and now
What shall I do with you?
Go to Ukraine, my homeless waifs!
Your way made to Ukraine
Along back roads like vagabonds,
But I'm dooned here to stay.

There you will find a heart that's true
And words of welcome kind,
There honesty, unvarnished truth
And, maybe, fame you'll find...
So welcome them, my Motherland,
Ukraine, into your home!
Accept my guileless, simple brood
And take them for your own!

Dumi moj, dumy moj.
Lihox men'i z vam!
Na kholu stari napere
Surninia riadnik.
Chom vas viter ne roviv
V stepe, jak pikuny.
Chom vos liho ne prispalo,
Jak svoj lihityu.

Bo vos liho ne svit na svit poroziko,
Povylivaly slavy... chom ne zatopyli,
Ne vinilis v moro, ne rozvalyli v poli?.
Ne pitali 6'audi - cho v me ne bolit?
Ne vtyrali 6, za sho prokliny doy.
Chho nudju spriam? 'Nizhgo robit'.'
Ne skazao 6 na sviti...
Kony moj, dtyu!
Na kholu vos kohav na, vam, doglava?
Ci zapalal serce odno na svit, vam, vam.
Ci rikh, i vlagal.
Moge, naydet' dinoche
Sere, karpi ochi,
Ci zapalalycho na svit dumy...
'Bo blyshe ne hvyu...
Odno sluzo z nizhgo karx...
I nizh nad pamama...
Dumi moj, dumy moj!
Dumi men'i z vam!

Dumi moj, dumy moj!
Kony moj, dtyu!
Vystol vos, doglava vos...
De v men?'i vos dtyu?..
V Ukrainu plit, dtyu!
V nashu Ukrainu,
Ponadmitny, sirylai,
A n' i tuz zagiv.
Tam naydet' shirla serce
I liso laskev.

Tam naydet' shirla pravyu,
A voz, puede, ij slavu...

Privitaye, moj neknyo!
Moja Ukraina!
Moja dtyok, neryvych,...
Jak svoj lihityu.

[S. Petersburg
1839]
It makes no difference to me
If in Ukraine I'll live or no.
If I'm remembered or I'm doomed
To be forgot in alien snows --
It makes no difference to me.
I grew up 'mid alien folk in bondage, And without tears from my own folk
I'll die in prison, sad of heart, And everything will pass with me --
Nor leave the very slightest trace
In our good and famous Ukraine, In our land -- which is not ours.
A father won't remind his son And say to him, "Oh, pray, my son, A long time ago they tortured him He died a martyr for Ukraine. --
It makes no difference to me
If that son prays or does not pray.
But it does make a difference to me
If evil cunning men lull to sleep Ukraine and rob her and she will wake To flames about her...
Oh, it makes a difference to me.

Mені однаково, чи будь Я живу в Україні, чи ні
Чи хто згадає, чи забуде Мене в сні від від чужинці — Однозначність мені.
В невідому віріє між чужими, І не опинлюю свій, В невідому сні, у теремі, Я все з собою заберу.
Малого сліду не потриму, На навіть славній Україні, На нашій — не своїй землі, І не помітно блика з снім, Не сказки снів — Мовляв, Мовляв, сну. в Україні Іого замучили колись — Мені однаково, чи будь Той сні молчишь, чи ні... Та не однаково мені, Як Україну злі люди Прийнята, лукаві, і в опіг Пі, окрашено, збудуй... Ох, не однаково мені.

II

I do not know, but it seems to me
That maybe some people in truth
Don't die
But still while living they crawl into
A hog or some such beast, and live, Wallowing about in mad
As formerly they wallowed in sin.
It's really so. I'm not perturbed
About the poor grey common folk --
They are forgot by God Himself!
So how can I abash them ought!
But where are those others...Can it be true
Some churl has strung them in the
smoke-house
For bacon? May it not be so?
They made
A lot of good upon the earth,
Spilled people's tears in rivers
And blood in seas. The people know
Who 'tis they feed and whom they tend.
And what d'y're think: Was it for fame
They spilled those seas of blood,
Or for themselves? No, 'twas
for us!
For we good folk they set the world afire!
Until they were hung up in the
smoke-house
I'm sure a wienie would have
pastured them in the pasture-land. Oh cursed ones!
Where is your fame? Only in words!
Where is your gold, where are your
palaces?
Where is your great power? In
vaults,
In vaults lime-painted by hangmen
Who are just as evil as you.
You lived as wicked beasts of prey
And turned to pigs....
Where are you
O sainted martyrs?
Divine prophet! You're among us,
You are eternal, always with us
Hovering o'er us like a saintly
angel.
Dear friend, you will speak to us
Gently, gently...about love,
About the ill-fated maiden, about
grief,
Or else about God, about the sea.
Or of the people's blood
Illustrous hangmen shed for nought.
You'll weep before us in great
sorrow
And we'll weep too... It is alive,
The poet's sainted spirit lives,
It lives in his sacred writings
And reading them we come alive
And get the feel of God on high.
Thank you, my poor friend!
I know that you shared your misfortunes,
Shared all you had before God
You've earned an awful lot, my
brother!
You sent to me in prison vile
Our poet's works... You opened up
The gates to me to freedom!
Thank you, my friend! I will read
(If but a little...) and revive...
I'll welcome hope back to my
heart,
I'll gently-gently sing a song,
And speak of God as God again.

Mені аддають, я не знаю.
А люди справді не вважають,
А передаєш ще живе
В сні, якщо, та й живе,
Купаєш собі в калохі,
Мов перш купаючись в гріках.
І справді так. Мені байдуже
За просічих сиріх смор.
Вони і гостом забути!
Так, що мені тут гризли-дути!
А де опу? Нежне в сні,
Рожу камін сповняю,
А може я так? Добра чимало
Вони тварили на землі,
Рисьми сім'ї родини,
А кров моррів. Люди знають,
Хочу голоду, долярять,
І що ж я схожий за славу
Люди вони моррі кроваві

Katerina

The owls hoot, the forest slumbers,
Stars twinkle in splendour,
Through amaranth, by the wayside,
Gophers play and wander.
Good folk have long gone to rest,
Each his own way wearied:
Some — from success, some — from tears,
All by darkness cherished.
Like a mother o'er her children,
Night has spread her cover;
How has she embraced Katruya:
In house, or in forest?
In a meadow, beneath the sheaves
With her small son playing,

Or in a grove beside a log
A lone wolf awaiting!
Better that these brows so dark,
Should be owned by none,
When because of such sorrow,
Such grief must be borne!
And what further still awaits?
More hardships, much more!
Yellow sands will bar the way
And folk that are foreign;
A harsh winter to endure...

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And turned to pigs....
Where are you
O sainted martyrs?
Divine prophet! You're among us,
You are eternal, always with us
Hovering o'er us like a saintly
angel.
Dear friend, you will speak to us
Gently, gently...about love,
About the ill-fated maiden, about
grief,
Or else about God, about the sea.
Or of the people's blood
Illustrous hangmen shed for nought.
You'll weep before us in great
sorrow
And we'll weep too... It is alive,
The poet's sainted spirit lives,
It lives in his sacred writings
And reading them we come alive
And get the feel of God on high.
Thank you, my poor friend!
I know that you shared your misfortunes,
Shared all you had before God
You've earned an awful lot, my
brother!
You sent to me in prison vile
Our poet's works... You opened up
The gates to me to freedom!
Thank you, my friend! I will read
(If but a little...) and revive...
I'll welcome hope back to my
heart,
I'll gently-gently sing a song,
And speak of God as God again.

Men'adadat'sya, ja ne znayu.
A ljud' sproshhie ne vvmiachat',
A preslia she zhivye
V sni, abosto, ta' i zhivye,
Kupayut sob' v kalokhi,
Myv per'sh kupalis'sya v grikhah.
I sprawd'i tak. Men' biaduzhe
Za proschikh sirikh smor.
Vony i gostom zabuit';
Tak sho' ja men'i tig'rit'li!-
A de' opu? Nежne v sni,
Rozh' kamin spovnay,'-
A mozh' ya tak? Dobra chimalo
Vony tvorili na zemli,
Ris'mi semy' rodin'i,
A krov' mory'm. Ljud'i znayut',
Kholo gol'dut', do'lapnyat',
I sho' ja sхожe' za slavu
Ljudi vony mory' krovavi

Katerina

The owls hoot, the forest slumbers,
Stars twinkle in splendour,
Through amaranth, by the wayside,
Gophers play and wander.
Good folk have long gone to rest,
Each his own way wearied:
Some — from success, some — from tears,
All by darkness cherished.
Like a mother o'er her children,
Night has spread her cover;
How has she embraced Katruya:
In house, or in forest?
In a meadow, beneath the sheaves
With her small son playing,

Or in a grove beside a log
A lone wolf awaiting!
Better that these brows so dark,
Should be owned by none,
When because of such sorrow,
Such grief must be borne!
And what further still awaits?
More hardships, much more!
Yellow sands will bar the way
And folk that are foreign;
A harsh winter to endure...
And he — should they meet,
Will he welcome Katerina,
Will his son he greet?
With him all would be forgotten,
Hardships, sands, and misfortune,
Like a mother, he'd receive her,
Like a brother, welcome.

We shall see, and we will hear,
Presently — I'll rest,
And the road to Moskovschnina!
In the meantime ask.
A long distance, gentlemen,
I know, realize!
Fairly makes the blood run cold
When it comes to mind.
Once I measured it myself —
As if one could measure!
I'd describe that tale of woe,
But who'd pay attention?
— Lying, they'd say, the so-and-so!
(But not to my face),
Just abusing our fair language,
Being irritating.
Yours the truth, good folk, all yours,
What's the use of knowing,
That which I would lay before you
With eyes overflowing?
What's the use? All of us have
Enough of our own . . .
Begone with you! In the meantime
A flint let us hone.
Have a smoke, so that you know,
Worry is dispelled,
For its wrong to talk of things
That nightmares compel!
Devil take the wretched mess!
Better to return
To where Katerina wanders
With Ivas, her son.

Beyond Kiev and the Dnieper,
Beside forest dark,
A Chumak! group wends its way
Singing of Puhach!
A young woman comes towards them,
A pilgrim, they guess,
But why the eyes red with weeping,
Obvious distress!
A patched overcoat she wears,
A sack hangs behind,
In one hand a staff, the other
Bears a sleeping child.
Encountering the Chumaks
She covers the babe,
Then turns to them with: — Good people,
Does this highway lead
To Moscow's lands? Yes, it does,
Going far, young friend?
Right to Moscow; for Christ's sake,
Give a little help! —
She takes the coin, shamed to take
Bounty from another.

Well then, what for? . . . The child, of course,
She's the baby's mother!
Once more in tears she journeys on,
In Brovaryshka rests,
There, for her son, she spends the coins
On some ginger-bread.
A long time, the wretched maid
Walked, and asked her way;
And times there were when 'neath a fence
She slept with her babe . . .

See what hazel eyes can lead to, when yearning:
So that by strange fences their tears can be shed.
Then beware, young maidens, repent while it's early,
So that you, as well, to search won't be led,
So that you won't seek, as Katerina is seeking . . .
That you need not ask why people, ill-treating,
Won't offer a pillow for a weary head.

Do not ask, O dark-browed maidens,
For people won't tell;
Whom God punishes on earth,
They punish as well . . .
People act just like those branches
Bending in the breeze.
The sun shines on the poor orphan
(Shines, but gives no heat) —
People will cut off, the sunlight,
Had they but the power,
So its rays won't reach the orphan,
Lighten the dark hour.
But whatever for, good Lord!
Why on earth to languish?
What has she done to the people,
What are they demanding?
That she should weep! O my heart!
Don't weep Katerina,
Don't show the world your bitter tears,
Endure, don't surrender!
But so your sweet face won't fade,
So dark-browed and fair,
In the forest, just at sunrise,
Bathe it with your tears.
Bathing thus — you won't be seen,
Won't be cause for glee;
And the heart will find release,
When tears can flow free.

Such is grief, misfortune, observe well, young maidens,
Jesting, the Moscal, left Katerina behind.
Trouble doesn't see, with whom it is jesting,
And people, though seeing, will not sympathize.
— Let her go to ruin, they say, the loose creature,
If she couldn't keep her heart pure!
So keep your good name, loves, that some evil hour
Won't lead you to searching a Moscal who left.

Where does Katerina wander?
Her nights she spent under fences,
Rising in the early dawn,
Hastening to Moskovschnina,
When suddenly! . . . Winter comes.
The storm whistles through the meadows,
But Katerina plods on,
Bast-shoes on her feet — what grief —
A thin coat for warmth.
Limping now, Katsurya walks;
Staring — in a daydream . . .
Obviously — they're Moscals . . .
Oh grief! Her heart fails her . . .
She flew forward, to encounter,
To ask — Is he here,
My Ivan, my dark-browed one!
— We don't know — they sneer.
And as usual for Moscals,
They clowned, laughed and jeered,
— Oh you woman! Oh our lads!
Who won't they mislead? —
Katerina stood and gasped:
— You're people, I see,
Don't cry, my son, my disaster!
What will be, will be.
I'll go on — I will continue,
And we may meet yet.
Then, my dove, I'll hold you over,
As for me, there's death. —

The blizzard howls, roars and thunders,
Through the meadows sweeping;
Katsuya, standing in its centre,
Can't control her weeping.
The storm, finally exhausted,
Breathes in deeper sighs;
Katerina would weep further,
But her tears have dried.
She looked down upon her child,
Showered by her woe,
Bloomed like a rosy flower
In the morning dew.
Katerina looks and smiles,
A smile painful, torn,
With bitterness — which by the heart
Treacheryously coils.
Silently, she scans the scene;
Ah — a grove looms black,
And beside it, by the roadside,
Perchance there's a shed.
— Come, my son, the darkness falls,
Maybe this homestead
Will welcome us; And if not,
Then outdoors we'll bed.
Under its walls we will sleep.
Ah Ivan, my son!
Where will you be sleeping then,
When your mother's gone?
Outdoors, with the dogs, my son,
Their affection seek!
Dogs are vicious, they may bite,
But they will not speak,
Will not gossip, will not laugh . . .
Sleep and share their food . . .
Oh my poor, my aching head!
What am I to do? —

A young orphan dog has his own cross to bear,
Good words do exist for the orphan on earth;
But he's sworn at, beaten, to bondage compelled,
To ask of the mother, none will, e'en in mirth.
But Ivas will be asked, very early indeed,
Before the poor lad even learns how to talk.
On whom do the dogs vent their spleen on the street?
Who by the picket sits ragged and starved?
And who leads the beggar? The dark bastard child . . .
His only good fortune — his handsome dark eyes,
But even with those jealous people find fault.

III

Краваць сваю, спить діброву,
Зрвоньси сіпть,
Повад шліхом, шіришою,
Хворили гулялика.
Слюють добрі люди;
Що кого втимлює:
Кого — щастя, кого — сьозин,
Все пічка покрила.
Всіх покриває темнісюка,
Як дітей мата;
Де ж Катрусю пригорнула.
Чи в лісі, чи в полі?
Чи на полі під комою
Сіна забавляє,
Чи в діброві з-під копали
Вовка виглядає?
Бодай же вас, чорні брови,
Ні комусь не мати,
Коли за вас тако лихо
Тріба сховатися!
А що далі спілкуються?
Буде лихо, буде, —
Згримурятися ніжки після
І чужі люди;
Згримурятися зімна лютва...
А той чи зовіт, 
Що пізнав Катерину, 
Привтю веди, 
З ним забулла б чорнобрина. 
Шляхи, пісні, горе: 
В ім, як мати, привтю, 
Як брат, заговорити...

Побачию, почнемо... 
А поки — спочину 
Та тимчасом розпитає 
Шлях на Московщину. 
Дальній шлях, пані-брати, 
Знаю його, знаю! 
Аж на серці похолоде, 
Як його загадою. 
Попомірив і я колись —
Щоб його не міртвий... 
Розкажови би про те лихо, 
Та чи то ж повівти!

Бреше, кажуть, синій-такий!
(Звичайно, не в очі), 
А так тільки пускую
Та людей морочить...

Правда ваша, правда, люди!
Та й нашо те мати, 
Що сіллюмами перед вами
Буду виправляти?
Нашо воно? У всього 
І свого чимало...

Цур же ные!
А тимчасом 
Кетег лиць кресило 
Та тютюну, щоб, знаєте, 
Дома не журілсь.
А то лише розказувати, 
Щоб більше присягла!
Нечия його личний визьме!
Лучше ж помірятись,
Де то моя Катерина 
З івасем мандрує.

За Князом, та за Дніпром, 
Попід темним гаем, 
Щоб шляхом смученчень, 
П'яччача співають.
Іде шляхом молодізя, 
Мусіть бути, з прошлі, 
Чого ж смітна, ненесела, 
Заплакани оци!
У латанях синюччи.
На плечах торбина, 
В руці шапка, а на другій 
Засипала дитина.

Зостерігай з чумаками, 
Закрита дитина, 
Питаються: «Люді дорогі, 
Де шлях в Московщину? 
В Московщину? оцин самий. 
Далеко, небого?»

В саму Москву, Христия ради, 
Дайте на дорогу!

Бере шта, ах трусицись: 
Тожо його брати...
Та й налицьо?... Дитина! 
Вона ж його мати!
Заплакана, пішла шляхом, 
В Броварах спочила 
Та синові за гіркого 
Медикану купила.
Довго, довго, середня, 
Все влітка та підляла; 
Було й таке, що під тином 
З синовом пухавала...

Всі, на що залося карі очі: 
Щоб біля яким тином сіллюм виправлятись!
Отож-то діється та кайсьте, діється. 
Щоб не довелись москаля шукати, 
Щоб не довелось, як Катра шукате... 
Тої не питаєте, за що люди лають, 
Що не пускайте в хату пухавати. 
Не питаєте, чорнобриї, 
Бо люди не знають: 
Кого бог кара на світі, 
Та й воїн карають...
Люди гулять, як ті люди, 

Будем неучаївати. 
Під хатою зацимчим, 
Сину мій Іване! 
Де ж ти будеш пухавати, 
Я мене не чекає? 
З собаками, мій снюкучу, 
Кохайся надворі! 
Собаки злі, покусають, 
Та не заговорять, 
Не розкаже, сіллюмі 
З паски й кути й під... 
Відана моя головонько! 
Що мені робити?

Сирота-собака має свою долю, 
Має добре стою в світі сирота; 
Щого б'ють і лають, закувають в вельмі, 
Та його про матері на сміх не снита, 
А ле сняться, зарада снятись, 
Не дала до своєї дитині дожить. 
На кого собаки на улиці лають? 
Хто гнідь, головний під тином сіллюм? 
Хто любить водить? Чорнів байстрята...
Оця його зола — чорні бровенята. 
Та й тих люди згадає — не мають воли.