

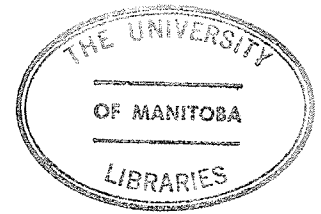
KARMANSKY'S NA MANDRIVTSI STOLIT  
(WANDERING THROUGH THE CENTURIES)

A STUDY OF AN HITHERTO UNKNOWN MANUSCRIPT

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## ABSTRACT

Peter Karmansky lived in Manitoba for only a very brief period of time at the beginning of this century, yet he has made an impression on the Canadian Ukrainian literature and cultural life here. Although today a number of Winnipeg's residents do recall their personal contacts with Karmansky and references to his contributions do exist in various sources that deal with the Ukrainian pioneer culture and literature, yet very little is known about this writer.

In the opinion of some of our contemporary authors, Peter Karmansky was a "first rate lecturer, poet and writer." In July of 1913 he arrived from Lviv to conduct the "summer courses of higher learning" in the Ukrainian language and literature in Winnipeg. In the fall of the same year he was engaged as a lecturer at the Ruthenian Training (Normal) School in Brandon. During this time he made literary contributions to the Ukrainian newspaper Kanada (Canada). Because his articles were satirical and uncompromising, he soon became a controversial figure. He became disenchanted with life in Canada and returned to Ukraine just before the outbreak of the First World War.

Subsequently he worked with the Ukrainian Government in Halychyna and then migrated to Brazil. He was keenly aware of the problems of those who sought their fortunes in foreign lands as pioneer immigrants. His book Za Chest' i Volju (For Honor and Freedom), written during his life in Brazil, deals partly with his life in Canada.

Karmansky's other literary output consists of over twenty published books and numerous other literary contributions. Both his writing style and his content, without a doubt, merit translation and a more intensive study.

It is hoped that this study of this hitherto unknown manuscript, and particularly the English translation of Na Mandrivtsi Stolit' (Wandering Through the Centuries) will add to the mosaic of our Canadian ethnic culture, and will kindle further interest in the work of Peter Karmansky. It is also hoped that the content of Karmansky's manuscript will add to the knowledge and concepts of the history of Ukraine.

## PREFACE

The main purpose of this thesis is to have the Ukrainian text and the translation into English of the hitherto unknown manuscript of Peter Karmansky, Na Mandrivtsi Stolit' (Wandering Through the Centuries). An attempt is also made to compile the existing fragments of information on the life and work of Peter Karmansky, and to provide a brief historical background for the content of this manuscript.

Some difficulty, encountered in the course of the work, was due to the unique characteristics of the author's handwriting, to his vocabulary of archaic and unusual words, and to the identification of some words, obscured by the thinned and yellowed newsprint paper on which this pencil-written work was composed about half a century ago. In the translation an attempt is made to preserve the original arrangement of verses and punctuation. In this respect clarity of thought necessitated, in some instances, a re-arrangement of some lines of the original. In the transliteration a slightly modified Library of Congress system is employed. The English system of capitalization of titles of the poems, as well as titles of the books is used.

The scarcity of information on the life and work of Karmansky presented a formidable task. Encyclopedias, prefaces, personal interviews, historical and literary accounts in books on Ukrainian pioneers and other materials were closely scrutinized. Karmansky's autobiographical account in his book Chomu? (Why?) was invaluable, for it served as a cross reference. In the analysis of the versified history it was necessary to include a substantial historical background in order to facilitate the understanding of the meaning of the extensive content contained in most of the poems.

Most of the study required the reading of the available material on or by Peter Karmansky in the Ukrainian language, since none of his work had as yet been translated into the English language.

The writer wishes to acknowledge with deep gratitude, the encouragement and guidance given by Dr. J. B. Rudnyckyj, who acquired this manuscript in 1973. It has been a great privilege to have studied, though intermittently, under Dr. Rudnyckyj since 1949 when, under his leadership, the Department of Slavic Studies was established in the University of Manitoba. It is a pleasant coincidence that this thesis is being written on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of this Department.

Sincere thanks are also extended to Mr. M. H. Hykawy for the use of his private library, and for the patient assistance in the translating, typing and compiling of this thesis.

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## BIOGRAPHY OF PETER KARMANSKY

Peter Karmansky was born on May 29, 1878, in a small town of Chesniv, in western Ukraine. After completing his studies in Peremyszl, he proceeded to the University of Lviv, and then to the Theological Seminary in Rome. He was a capable student for he received a silver medal from Pope Leo XIII. However, Karmansky did not follow his vocation as a priest, but returned to the University of Lviv to study in the faculty of philosophy. In 1911 he received his credentials as a high school teacher, and then taught at Zolochiv and Ternopil.

In July of 1913 Karmansky came to Canada to teach in Winnipeg the "Summer Courses for Higher Learning." In the fall he was appointed lecturer at the Ruthenian Training School (Normal) in Brandon. In 1914, just before the outbreak of the First World War, he returned to Halychyna, where he helped the Ukrainian patriots who were working with the people in Western Ukraine towards the realization of freedom and independence from the Austrian and Polish occupation. This independence was won in November, 1918.

In January of 1919 Peter Karmansky was named by the Directory of the Ukrainian National Republic in Kiev as a diplomatic representative in Rome, and later, in the same capacity, in Brazil. Ukraine had by that time proclaimed itself a free and an independent state.

In 1921 Karmansky served as a member of the Ukrainian Diplomatic Delegation in Vienna, Austria. From there he returned to Brazil, where he edited the journal Pratsia (Work) for the Basilian Fathers (OSBM). However, after some time, because of conflicts with the Basilian Fathers, he organized a competitive journal Khliborob (The Farmer). Because of this and other controversies, a very lively polemical action, known as Karmanschyna, developed against him throughout the entire Ukrainian settlements in Brazil. In his defence, in 1925, he wrote the book Chomu? (Why?), in which he tried to vindicate himself and justify his work in Brazil as a representative of the Ukrainian Government.

Penniles and disillusioned, he barely subsisted on whatever meagre means of livelihood he had. It was under these circumstances that this manuscript, Na Mandriytsi Stolit' (Wandering Through the Centuries), appears to have been written - in about 1930.

## LITERARY BACKGROUND

As early as 1899 Peter Karmansky had already begun to contribute to a number of periodicals and to publish some of his books. His first compositions were printed in that year in Ruslan. Later his works appeared in the daily newspaper Dilo (Deed), Bukovyna (Bukovina), Svit (World), Literaturno-Naukovyj Visnyk (Literary-Educational Journal), Akordy (Chords), Rozvaha (Leisure), Dosvitny Ohon' (Light Before Dawn), and others. In that same year, 1899, at the age of twenty-one, Karmansky published a collection of his poems under the title Z Teky Samovybytia (From the Files of a Suicide). In 1906 another collection appeared, entitled Oh, Liuli, Smutku (Oh, Hush, My Sorrow), and in 1907 another collection, Bludni Ohni (Will-o-the Wisp), was published. His critics in 1907, such famous writers as Ivan Franko, Mochulskyj and O. Luckyj, received these collections of poems favorably. They said:

"Karmansky's poetry is written in expressive language and shows a sincere and deep feeling." 1)

Another critic. M. Yevshan, in the 1907 Ukrainian monthly periodical for the youth, Na Rozsviti (At Dawn), characterized Karmansky as one of the most talented contemporaries of the young Ukrainian poets of Halychyna:

"Karmansky is one of the most talented contemporaries of the young Galician Ukrainian poets. Characteristic themes and motives of his poems reflect for the most part a dissonance which engulfs the poet's soul. Therefore in his poems often are found sad chords, filled with pitiful sadness which is at times climaxed with full distrust and despair...." 2)

It was in this same year, 1907, that Karmansky was called to serve his one and a half year term in the army. On his return he made his living by writing in various spheres. He took an active part in the

1) Kovalenko O.: Ukrainska Muza (Ukrainian Muse), Kiev, 1908, p. 948

2) Ibid: p. 949



editing of Svit (World) and Hajdanaky (Henchmen). Besides this Karmansky now wrote critical essays and translated the works of Italian writers, Leopardi, Macciono and others, as well as the American writers, Edgar Alan Poe and Ossian. In 1909 Plyvemo na Mori T'my (We sail on the Sea of Dusk) was published.

During his residence in Canada Karmansky contributed articles on the social aspects of the life of Ukrainian Community in Canada to the Ukrainian newspaper Kanada (Canada). In this same newspaper also appeared a satirical serial entitled Malpiache Zerkalo (The Monkey's Mirror). These articles, according to Karmansky, were based on actual happenings in the Ukrainian Community. In his own estimation they were "Letters from Canada about Canada and to Canada." He also wrote under the pseudonym "K" and "Nadislane" (Contributed).

After his return to Halychyna, just before the First World War, Karmansky wrote Kryvavym Shliakhom (On a Bloody Road), which consisted of satirical verses full of bitterness and indignation, particularly when they dealt with subjects based on the war. In 1917 Karmansky's Al Fresco was published. This was a subjective poem, marked by its reflective pessimism.

In 1922 Karmansky's book on the reflections of his life in Brazil, Mizh Ridnymi v Pivdennij Amerytsi (Amongst My Kin in South America) was published. In 1923, while in Brazil, Karmansky published his only drama, Buria (The Storm), and an anthology of verses Za Chest' i Volju (For Honor and Freedom). This volume deals with Karmansky's feelings about life in Canada. In 1925 he published a book of factual accounts, Chomu? (Why?), in which he tried to justify his actions to his Brazilian critics.

According to one Encyclopedia,<sup>3)</sup> in 1941 Karmansky published Do Sontsia (To the Sun), and in 1952 Po Yasnij Dorozh (Along a Bright Road). In 1955 came his Kriz' Temriavu (Through the Dusk), and also Vatykan (The Vatican).

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3) Encyklopedia Ukrainoznavstva (Encyclopedia of Ukrainian Knowledge), New York, 1949, Vol. 2

Although the latter period of Karmansky's work reflected his personal reactions, the influence of the literary group "Moloda Muza" (The Young Muse), to which he belonged, had a profound bearing on his literary development. The members of this group had a very interesting background in the Ukrainian literary field.

In the late 1890's and the first years of the twentieth century Ukrainian poetry characterized a compromise between the populist Realism and the new Modernistic approach. This poetry was marked by a subjective searching for the causes of personal disillusion. Some of the Modernists depicted, in versified form, the problems of the day. They satirized the idleness, hypocrisy, and cowardice of the contemporary society. In Halychyna, the adherents of Modernism gathered around the group "Moloda Muza" (The Young Muse). Karmansky's work, between 1899 and 1909 particularly, reflects the influence of this group:

".....(his work) was marked by its utter pessimism.... Later Karmansky produced satirical verses full of indignation and bitterness...." 4)

The Ukrainian poets who belonged to "Moloda Muza" (The Young Muse) had taken it upon themselves to promote a liberation of their people. This was their motto:

"The Ukrainian people and its muse has suffered for many centuries, at times having even been forbidden to speak its thought in free Ukrainian language. However, despite these obstacles, the Ukrainian muse survived and her strings loudly resound, awakening in many hearts a love for the unfortunate country and its people.

A time will come when loudly and wildly will roll the free Ukrainian word along the fields and steppes of Ukraine, and then the Ukrainian muse will happily smile together with all the free people of this blessed and free nation." 5)

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4) Ukraine, a Concise Encyclopedia: Edited by V. Kubiiovych, University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1963, Vol. I, p. 1037

5) Kovalenko O.: "Ukrainska Muza" (The Ukrainian Muse), Kiev, 1908, p. iv

The influence of "Moloda Muza"<sup>6)</sup> (The Young Muse) on Peterr Karmansky's writing is confirmed by the choice of his themes, by his critical and satirical treatment of these themes and by his predominant use of the versified form. It is this form that characterizes his portrayal of the Ukrainian History in the study of Na Mandrivtsi Stolit' (Wandering Through the Centuries). The sadness which prevails in Oj, Liuli, Smutku (Oh, Hush, My Sorrow) for instance, can definitely be traced to this same influence. The young Ukrainian poets of this group were moved to melancholy by the sad fate of their deprived nation. They vowed that they would smile only when fate would smile on their country, Ukraine, by bringing it freedom and a brighter future.

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6) Moloda Muza (The Young Muse) group consisted of such authors as:  
 V. Burchak, V. Pachovskyj, P. Karmansky, M. Yackiv, S.  
 Charechyj, O. Luckyj, O. Turianskyj, M. Rudnytskyj,  
 B. Lepkyj, and others.

## CANADIAN EXPERIENCES

Peter Karmansky, who lived in Manitoba for a short period of just over a year, left quite a definite impression on the Ukrainian Canadian Community here. Although today, in the opinion of some of his contemporaries, the assessment of his work is controversial, it must be admitted that Karmansky did add some unique individualistic, as well as some general contributions to the Ukrainian Canadian literature of the pioneer era.

In 1913, on the recommendation of the educational authorities in Lviv, Karmansky was engaged by the Winnipeg Central Committee to organize an advanced course in Ukrainian language, literature and history. These courses of higher learning were conducted in the Strathcona School, on McGregor and Burrows Avenue. Besides these courses Karmansky had also organized literary evening classes. In this free country he had hoped not only to broaden the scope of general knowledge, but also to aid his fellow-countrymen to adjust to the difficulties they encountered in their chosen land:

"The Ukrainians came to the new world with a desire to develop their culture, which for centuries had been suppressed by enemies in their native land. Thus, not long after their arrival, the Ukrainian institutions, similar to those in the old country, made their appearance, and many activities which in their native land were restricted or forbidden, thrived unmolested on Canadian soil." 7)

Peter Karmansky contributed substantially to the education of the Ukrainians in Manitoba, by training teachers for this pioneer era. In the years 1900-1915, when the Conservative government of Premier R. P. Roblin was faced with the gigantic problem of providing schools and teachers for the ever increasing number of Ukrainian settlements, the more aggressive Ukrainian leaders demanded that the Laurier-Greenway agreement of 1897, known as the Public Schools Act, Section 258, be applied.

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7) Yuzyk, Paul : The Ukrainians in Manitoba, University of Toronto Press, 1953, p. 144

According to this Act, school districts which were predominantly Ukrainian, could utilize Ukrainian as a language of instruction, and, in some instances, teachers could teach the English language through the medium of the Ukrainian language. In order to train students to fill the positions of teachers in those districts which demanded Ukrainian-speaking teachers, a special Normal School, known as the Ruthenian Training School, was established in Winnipeg in 1905. Peter Karmansky was a member of the teaching staff of this school in the fall of 1913, when the School was transferred to Brandon, Manitoba.

Karmansky was a devoted and a conscientious teacher, who conducted his lectures on a broad level:

"Peter Karmansky, by his excellent lectures and his personal temperament, imparted to his students a meaningful knowledge and interest." 8)

It was during this year that the newspaper Kanada (Canada) began to be published, and Peter Karmansky contributed his first article on the life of the Ukrainian community. In the third issue of this paper he began his satirical serial Malpiache Zerkalo (The Monkey's Mirror), a title which he qualified by Lysty z Kanady i Pro Kanadu do Kanady (Letters from Canada and About Canada to Canada). These articles, humorous in their content, were satirical depictions, based on actual happenings in Winnipeg at that time. Karmansky was dissatisfied with the fate of his fellowmen in Canada. His proud and sensitive nature could not be reconciled with what seemed to him to be subservient role to which his countrymen were subjected. He was greatly disappointed in the mediocre degradation evidenced in the mere struggle for a physical existence. His pride is revealed in these words:

"We came to Canada not for the purpose of being the dirt beneath the feet of other nations, or to be the slaves to the ruling nationality, and to be submerged in the English sea. We look

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8) Marunchak M.: Studies in the History of Ukrainians in Canada, UVAN, Winnipeg, 1968, Vol. 3, p. 183

for an opportunity to live like one of the many independent Canadian nations, united by the idea of a common 'All-Canada Welfare.' We can Canadianize ourselves only to that point. Beyond that, we will not move one step.... either we will be sincere Canadians and help to build the temple of an all-Canadian welfare, or we will proclaim war for the purpose of preserving our life. One or the other." 9)

Because of his uncompromising attitude and his direct and merciless criticism of one and all who did not conform to his idealism, Karmansky incurred a great deal of unfavorable reaction. Therefore he returned to his native Halychyna just before the First World War broke out.

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9) Liberal Handbook: Winnipeg, 1914, p. 26

## BRAZILIAN EPISODE

In 1919 Peter Karmansky went to Brazil as an emissary of the government of Halychyna for the purpose of collecting money for its maintenance. As in Canada, where he had left an imprint, so in Brazil he also made contributions to his people in promoting culture and education, particularly in the southern part of that country, the Estado of Parana. Dr. Oksana Boruszenko, a professor of history in the University of Parana, says of Karmansky:

"In 1922 a conference which pioneered the cultural and educational beginnings in Brazil was held in Prudentópolis. Chief contributors to this conference were the Metropolitan Sheptytskyj and a Ukrainian professor, Peter Karmansky. Karmansky prepared statutes for the organization of the Ukrainian community in Brazil, in which he stressed the organization of Ukrainian schools."<sup>11)</sup>

In his book Mizh Ridnymy v Pivdenni j Amerytsi (Amongst My Kin in South America) which is a handbook about Ukrainian settlements in southern Parana, Karmansky describes the Ukrainian community favorably.

Karmansky was successful in his educational endeavors here, for eventually a Ukrainian Brazilian College was established by his efforts.

In 1922 Karmansky returned to Vienna and deposited the money he had collected in Brazil for the Ukrainian Government, which was then exiled in that city in Austria, but unfortunately he ran into a conflict with some of the members of the Ukrainian Government. This made him bitter and he decided to return to Brazil. The Basilian Fathers in Brazil engaged him as the editor of their weekly newspaper Pratsia in Prudentópolis. Karmansky undertook this work in full harmony with the "Ordo Sancti Basilii Magni" (The Order of St. Basil the Great) - OSBM. However, it was not long before a conflict developed between the two parties. He began to criticize the work of this Order. As a result, he resigned his position as editor of Pratsia, and proceeded to establish another paper, named Kuliborob (The Farmer), an organ of the Ukrainian Farmers' Union in Brazil. In 1925 he published his book Chomu? in which he gives the

11) Boruszenko O. : Integratsia Ukraintsiv u Brazyliji (Integration of the Ukrainians in Brazil), Doctorate dissertation, Munich, 1972, pp. 51, 52

causes of the conflict, as follows:

".....The Basilians unmasked themselves sooner than I expected, and began an anti-national campaign, the purpose of which was to take away the interest shown by our Brazilian community in the affairs of our native land, and mainly - to destroy attempts of giving material aid to our country. They insinuate that the collection of this aid has fallen into untrustworthy hands. In view of this situation I was unable to keep silent." 12)

It appears that it was under this disenchanted state of affairs, and also because of his poverty and poor health that Karmansky wrote the poem Na Mandrivtsi Stolit'.

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12) Karmansky P.: Chomu?, Parana, 1925, pp. 3 & 4



UKRAINIAN ORIGINAL

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П. Карманський

## НА МАНДРІВЦІ СТОЛІТЬ

### Примітка

Океан пралісу.

Серед нього маленький острів - українська земля, яку я привів до життя. На ній лента мосі не мосі землі з хатиною, збитою з досок, покритою гонтами, з голубими віконницями. Хатина скрилася в зелені морвових дерев, що їх з прутя виплекала моя рука.

-----

Гудуть бурі над океаном лісу, торохтять громи, з ломотом падають пероби, седри, високі пальми та другі підтропікові дерева. Морвові дерева з одчасом бють гиллям об стіни хатини, бачиться, просять захисту перед негодою. Доски стін тріскотять, цвіркуни в хаті залякано вмовчають, наслухують - і згодом починають знову свою одноманітну пісню. У пнях і колодах стятої деревини вітер розмахує іскри - вогні роздуває. Виглянеш крізь одкриту віконницю, і здається, бачил у темноті кладбище в ніч задушних днів.

У хаті духота гей у парні - не тільки чоло, але й усе тіло, увесь твій одяг, залозяний від роботи, немов витягнуті з річки. Вислів "в поті чола" тут вже робиться євфемізмом, бо ніодної ниточки не найдеш на собі сулою.

-----

Ватри побіля сусідських хаток, розкинутих серед піль з кукурудзою, погасли. Все спить...

Щасливі мої сусіди! Вони вже сплять... Сплять, хоча навіть півночі мої півні на морвових деревах за стіною хати ще не звістили. До мене загостить сон аж тоді, коли моїх сусідів закликатимуть півні до вставання.

-----

Я сам у хаті. Не сам, бо поруч мене на долівці дримає мій старий песик Галер, мій вірний товариш, що не кине мене самотою ані на хвилю. Спить, але замічує кожне моє порушення. Здається, кожному мою думку знає.

Ми попоїли вареної молодої кукурудзи, я запиваю третьою чаркою чорної кави, а він вже спочиває. Мені ж не до спочинку; мізок працює. І що його робити о сій порі у безладді і в тиші жакливій? ....

-----

Друже!

Якщо Ти хочеш справді свою націю полюбити, від рідних тікай оскільки мога далеко. Тікай з ранами у серці, з жагучим жалем, тікай бідним і голим – на скитальство, на злидні.

Голодуючи та трусячись од холоду у Відні, ограбований "братами", я писав книжечку "За честь і волю." І сказали мені ситі "брати", що це найкраща моя книжечка.

Перебиваючи мотикою день у день землю на 40 ступнях жари і підтримуючи у собі вогник життя одним рижом, фасолею, кукурудзою та кавою, що виростають під моєю рукою, уцерьт пересолені моїм потом, я комобіную отсю книжечку і безсонніми ночами передумане та переболіле в час фізичної роботи, одягаю в рими – рукою, яку так і ломить біль нестерпний.

-----

Ми є нація, що своїй історії не любить і не знає. Тим то ми згубили нитку рідної історії та йдемо у хвості чужої.

Найбільші і найчільніші провідники і ідеологи нашого сучасного національного буття історії української не хотять знати. Бо історики цього нашого буття в минулому не нашли в ньому нічого цінного і поставилися до нього негативно.

Ато ж бо зорієнтується в хаосі нашої бувальщини? Ато в каламутньому морі нашого минулого виловить перли? А перли сі є і вони ясніють тисячно-

барвним огнецвітом, хоч і затьмареним та запорошеним нашою невмолимкою логікою руйнування.

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Не для старих духом і розточених ідеологією "практичного розуму" записую ці строфи, що виточуються в уяві в час праці в поті усього мого організму на 22<sup>о</sup> південної широти, в 54-тому році мого життя, маючи при собі єдиного товариша, старого песика дакля. Пишу для тих, що так, як я колись, сидячи на шкільній лавці, "достають неба" руками і вірять. Заковую у строфи наше минуле, щоб воно прийнялося та легше засвоїлося пам'яті, бо наша расова пам'ять приймає з трудом і неохоче епізоди нашого минулого з товстих томів істориків, що зневолені бути рабами реалізму!

Пишу цю книжечку в часі важких духових і фізичних злиднів тому, бо я певний, що все наше минуле і сучасне безголов'я склалось на мою сучасну Голгофту.

Писано в моїй "шакарі" Ейрене у мт. С. Павло під пору жовтневої бразилійської революції в 1930 р.

П. Карманський

## Заспів

Сонце сходить і заходить,  
 По безкраях ясність водить -  
 Веселить собою світ.  
 З голосінням леоединим,  
 Сірим стадом журавлиним  
 Лине ключ відлетних літ.

Відлітають рік за роком,  
 Наривають крок за кроком  
 Свіжі зморщини в землі.  
 10 Світові всипляють болю  
 І розмахують поволю  
 Все в нірвані, ув імлі.

Творча туга вічно родить,  
 А за нею смуток ходить -  
 Перемелює все в тлінь.  
 І гучні весільні співи  
 Й похоронні напиви  
 Творять вічну світлотінь.

Все, що є - було і буде;  
 20 Все нове - помана злуди,  
 Відблиск цього, що було.  
 Все на Ікаровім леті  
 Людський дух при самій меті  
 Втратить восчане крило.

Все вертиться колом - колом;  
 Раз верхом, то знову долом -  
 У космічному ладі.  
 І нема ні в кого змоги  
 Власним правом перемоги  
 30 Все стояти впереді.

Як той грач на шахівниці,  
 Править всім закон гей з криці -  
 Розсіває втіху й сум.  
 Він одного повисає,  
 Другого внизу лишає  
 На знуцання та на глум.

Одиниці і народи  
Мають певні періоди;  
Раз ростуть, то знов пануть.  
40 Деспоти, насильством п'яні,  
Взавтрі смирні та слухняні,  
Все з відсотком оддадуть.

Все іде і все минає  
І ніхто, ніхто не знає,  
що майбутнє принесе.  
І тебе, мій рідний краю,  
Ще колись позвуть до паю -  
Заплатять тобі за все.

Заплатять тобі, Народе,  
50 За твій біль, що в полі бродє  
І ридає на межі!  
Ще ми степ до споду зорем,  
Зацвітуть ще маки морем...  
Так нам, Боже, поможи!

## I. ПРОРОЦТВО СВ. АНДРІЯ

Тисячліття мов краплини  
В море вічності текли;  
Вихри мітлами ялини  
Замітали та ревли.

Дід Славута на порогах  
Гнівню бороду чесав;  
Перунів огонь в чертогах  
Ні на хвилю не згасав.

10      Спіли, золота жовтіші,  
Колосистії лани  
І богам що-найтовстіші  
Йшли на жертву барани.

Всього було під достатком,  
Для людей та для богів.  
Не ходив нікто украдкою  
До сусідових стогів.

20      Одягались ліпотою,  
Скупані в росі сади;  
Піною гей золотою  
В кущах гралися меди.

Щебетанням жайворонів  
Гомоніли веснянки,  
Вихрилися край вигонів  
Хороводи та танки.

Гимни хмари пробивали,  
Тонули у висоті  
І відзвонювали хвалу  
Дажьбоговій щедроті.

30      В осяйних своїх хоромах  
Радувався добрий бог  
І притуплював у громах  
Стріли жаху та тривоги.

Зрошував дощами ниви  
І ростив буйні хліба.  
Не жадний був кметь поживи,  
Не сушила серць журоа.



40 Множилися всюди статки -  
 В полі, в лузі й на гумні;  
 В пасіці роїлись матки,  
 Прибували свіжі пні.

Заливались темні бори  
 Гомоном ловецьких труб;  
 Дикий тур ламав запори  
 І кривавив в лісі зруб.

Не перечила нічого  
 Немежована земля  
 І не давила нікого  
 Рабства підлого петля.

50 Нескоримі гей соколи  
 Люди в селищах жили;  
 Мужні груди й частоколи  
 Їх і статків берегли.

Радість груди розривала,  
 Грала наче водограй  
 І співала, рокотала  
 Про країну, справжній рай.

І прийшов Пророк здалека,  
 Став на березі Дніпра.  
 Випрямився гей смерека  
 І вістив:  
 60 "Прийде пора -

"І на сих чудових горах  
 І на кручах Дніпрових  
 Щезне слід по вічних борах  
 І по нетрях лісових.

"Вмісто їх церкви скупають  
 В сонці бані золоті  
 І в ночі понасідають  
 Срібні зорі на хресті.

70 "І з кадильним злине димом  
 Богу Вічному хвала;  
 Щезне чадом невидимим  
 Вся поганська хула.

"І з низин, марних нікчемних,  
 Дух затужить до висот  
 І в красі пісень неземних  
 Розповстється Саваот.

80

"І зростить земля квітуча  
Непоборну, дужу рать,  
Що двигнеться наче туча  
Списами поля орать.

"Перебють сусідські межі  
Горді полки Русичів  
І розкрешуть скрізь пожежі  
Вістрями своїх мечів.

"Вражі полчища столочуть  
І посіють жах і страх  
І украють скільки схочуть,  
На сумежних пустирях."

## II. ЛИЦАРСЬКИМ ШЛЯХОМ

Ой, далеко сизокрилий  
 Стадо своє водить!  
 Степ безлюдний прикаспійський  
 Кігтями скородить.

Звідси лине Чорним Морем,  
 Не питає броду;  
 І кривавить, каламутить  
 Босфорову воду.

10 Не орел то сизокрилий  
 Стадо світом водить;  
 Віщий Олег з дружиною  
 Страх по світі родить.

Був на Волзі, на Кавказі  
 Й над Каспійським Морем,  
 Тай бундючих візантійців  
 Напоїв він горем.

20 Як ті Олегові човни  
 Вплили суходолом,  
 Як той город Константина  
 Обступили колом,

Повійнуло по столиці  
 Холодом тривоги  
 І поникли царські стяги  
 Олегу під ноги.

Покорилась грецька гордість  
 Руському мечеві;  
 Заплатили візантійці  
 Дружині й князеві...

30 Обібрали князь і вої  
 Царгород з мастків,  
 Щоб затямив він гостину  
 Запоріжських предків!

І пошивли з паволоки  
 До суден вітрила,  
 Понеслись на Україну,  
 Гей би мали крила.

40 Довго, довго будували  
Князь і рать хоробра,  
І до схочу набірали  
Чужоземні добра.

Врешті доля насміялась  
З лицаря-гуляки:  
Згинув марно від гадюки -  
З черепа коняки.

" " "

Ще травою не зашилась  
Олега могила,  
А вже з Києва двигнулась  
Ігорева сила.

50 Понеслися наче туча  
Олеговим шляхом  
І посіялись в народах  
Горестю і жахом.

Та ніхто не втік від долі,  
Всему край приходить;  
А насильство і овечку  
В тигра переродить.

60 Як вовки в овечім стаді,  
Знехтувавши межі,  
Деревлян напастували  
Ігореві стежі.

Ба й сам Ігор для підданих  
Не мав милосердя.  
І скипіло у народі  
Люте пересердя....

То не сивая зозуля  
В гаю закувала -  
То по милім своїм ладі  
Ольга заридала.

70 І пішла з хоробрим військом  
Мстити свого лада,  
А її пішли слідами  
Горе та заглада.

Лютувала, розливала  
Кров неначе воду;  
В дикій помсті находила  
Серцю насолоду.

80 І даремно деревляне  
Каялись, молили,  
Їнерозвага їхню волю  
Склала до могили.

Не найшло племя геройське  
В Ольги розуміння,  
Бо в досаді серце жінки  
Твердне на каміння.

Повернулась Ольга в Київ  
І відклавши зброю,  
Проживала дні жалоби  
В мирі та спокою.

90 І глуха на женихання  
Цісаря самого,  
Князювала й виростала  
Лицаря нового.

## III. "ДА НЕ ПОСРАМИМ ЗЕМЛІ РУСЬСКОЇ"...

Була Олегова слава,  
Грала Ігорева груди -  
Та згадки про Святослава,  
Поки світу не помруть.

То запала князю в душу  
Хіть прославити свій рід  
І гукнув до воїв: "Мушу  
В Царгороді до воріт

10 "Погострити меч дідівський  
І смирити ним царя,  
Щоб не перся сей чортівський  
Грецький рід в чужі моря!"

А за тим у Царгороді  
Сповіщас: "Йду на вас!  
Гарт розпалюйте в народі,  
Зброю куйте, поки час!"

20 Солові у верболозі  
Співом заливалися,  
На зеленім перелозі  
Вої шикувалися.

Вирівнялись і рухнули,  
Мов вонкий, лискучий змій;  
Заспівали та пірнули  
В луг безплідний і лячний....

Розбрехалися лисиці,  
Див страхіття розіслав -  
Та холодний, наче з криці,  
Їхав лицар Святослав.

30 Що для нього небезпеки?  
Не лячна йому гроза.  
Перед ним віки далекі,  
Краю рідного краса.

Він за славу України  
І за свій геройський рід  
Стане демоном руїни,  
Здивує собою світ!

40 Кровю серця він напише  
Поколінням заповіт:  
"Честь народу ставте вище  
Ніж себе, ніж цілий світ!"

То не туча розливає  
Проти сонця повинь хмар -  
Проти Русі висилає  
Збройну силу грецький цар.

Буде ж тому Святославу,  
Пострахови багатьох!  
Котить цар могутню лаву:  
На одного десятюх...

50 Сум і туга приклонили  
До землі хоробру рать:  
Не на їхні ворог сили!  
Доведеться умірати...

Святослав побачив грозу,  
Станув гордо і гукнув:  
"Гей, чого, мов вітер лозу,  
Страх додолу вас пригнув?"

60 "Не великі наші сили,  
Та немає вороття.  
Краща смерть і цвіль могили  
Ніж безславне життя!

"Не ганьбим святої Русі,  
Матери не соромім!  
Не тремтімо гей ті труси,  
Вгору прапор підіймим!

"Втікнем з поля, то неслава  
Нам постелиться на путь.  
А поляжем - честь і слава  
Нас у вічність поведуть.

70 "Я іду... Не втікну з бою,  
Доки вдержу меч в руці.  
Хто не трус, іде за мною.  
Чули, браві молодці?"

"Поки жив, за всіх подбаю,  
Наче батько за синів.  
А умру в чужому краю,  
Вернетесь якось домів."

80           Понялася ратним духом  
 Вся хороо́ра дружина  
 І війнулася легким пухом,  
 Натиснувши стремена.

І були криваві жнива:  
 Ратища ломилися,  
 В луках рвалися тятиви  
 І снопи валилися....

І охляли женці царські -  
 Труп при трупі лан устлав.  
 Повмірали по лицарськи,  
 Перемиг князь Святослав.

90           Цар, зтрівожений, князеви  
 Всякі дари переслав.  
 Князь зрадів лишень мечеви;  
 Другим крамом знехтував.

І побачив цар, що справа  
 З лицарем не будь яким.  
 Тим то військо Святослава  
 Вийшло з окупом важким.

100          Та нещиро грек мирився;  
 Хитрував лукавий цар...  
 В Дніпрових порогах крився  
 Ласий печеніг, дикар.

Ждав на золото, добу́те  
 Кровю славних лицарів,  
 І замкнувши в Київ пути,  
 В серці помстою горів.

Не вернувся князь додому,  
 Згинув від хижацьких рук...  
 Любувався, у чужому  
 І потішився ним крук.

110          Клекотіло жайвороння,  
 Кости князя клюючи,  
 Печеніги ж, край болоня  
 З черепа його пючи.



І понісся стогін туги  
З тихих берегів Дніпра;  
Заридали степ і луки:  
"Ой, не ждати нам добра!..."

I20 Згинув лицар з рук хижачьких,  
Сколихнувши цілий світ  
І врізьбив в серцях юнацьких  
Невмірущий заповіт:

"Прапор Рідної Країни  
Не поганьоленим несить!  
І вогня до України  
В серці вашім не гасить!"

## IV. ЯСНЕ СОНІЧКО УКРАЇНИ

Гей, нависли чорні хмари,  
 На країну присмерк впав;  
 Розгубили дур і чвари,  
 Що геройський труд надбав!

Полоскала Україну  
 не повинна братня кров;  
 Оберталося в руїну  
 Те, що лицар виборов.

10 І журба точила груди  
 Й порохнавила народ;  
 Кам'яніли з болю люди -  
 Сум дивився з загород.

Не чужий, а свій злочинно  
 Меч могили в полі рив:  
 Ярополк шалів, нестримно  
 У братерській крові брив.

20 Вже на Дажьбогові ниви  
 Жайворон пісень не лив.  
 І Дніпро приборкав гриви -  
 Бачилось, дрімав, не плив.

Все замліло, всю країну  
 Біль в мертвечий вкинув сон.  
 І на приспану руїну  
 Постелився плач сосон.

Вбив колишні дні щасливі,  
 Коромольний, підлий дух;  
 Ніч на селища дрімливі  
 Розгорнула свій рантух.

30 Враз продерлись чорні хмари,  
 "Ясне Сонічко" зійшло  
 Й розігнало злі примари -  
 Мов нічого й не було.

У залізную десницю  
 Володимир скиптр узяв  
 І під бурю-гromовицю  
 Дужим демоном стояв.

40           Всю українську землю  
              Позбирав своїм мечем  
              І підпер свою столицю  
              Крицевим своїм плечем.

              Затиснувши у десниці,  
              Наче перлу, край полян,  
              Розгорнув свої границі  
              Від Кавказу аж по Сян.

              Бо війна йому забава  
              І любиме ремесло.  
              І неслась про нього слава  
              Та й імя його росло.

50           Від усіх країн дороги,  
              Всі до Києва вели.  
              Та й найвищі пороги  
              За низькі йому були.

              В нього повная скарбниця  
              І хоробра дружина,  
              А на воях сяла криця;  
              В конів срібні стремена.

60           Криші у його столиці  
              Щирим золотом горять;  
              Шовки, парчі й багрянці  
              На помостах шелестять.

              В нього гості - від Європи  
              Володітелів послі;  
              А гостинців аж з Сінопи  
              Силу - силу нанесли.

              В нього грецька цесарівна  
              У хазяйстві творить лад;  
              Гарна краля, феям рівна,  
              І сокровище принад.

70           У теремі блеск, пишнота,  
              Гомін, співи боянів,  
              А на дворищі біднота  
              Бенкетує край столів.

А між нею він - могутній  
Всього Сходу володар.  
В нього гостем, хто присутній;  
Будь він дука, будь нуждар.

80 І сповнилося достату,  
Що Пророк наповістив:  
Тивунів, бояр, бідноту -  
Весь народ князь охрестив.

Ідоли Дніпром поплили  
Й після них загинув слід...  
Наростали нові сили,  
Двигуни прийдешніх літ.

Інший дух розповивався  
В городах і на полях;  
На Україну розкривався  
Для культури битий шлях.

90 Озивалися в народі  
Спільна мова чуттєва,  
Спільна ціль в його поході  
І дорога вікова.

І зарівнювались межі,  
Що різнили племена,  
Загартована в пожежі,  
Кріпла нація одна.

## У. ДЕМОН РУЇНИ

Гей, умів ти, Владиміре,  
Других воювати,  
Та не вмів ти власні чада  
В послуші тримати!

Не умів ти власним дітям  
Влити духа згоди,  
Що простус шлях до сили  
І сталить народи.

10 Не умів ти розпалити  
В їх серцях любови,  
Тим то і немало сплило  
Неповинно крові.

Не втішала Святополка  
Всіх земель корона.  
І дожила Україна  
Власного Нерона.

20 Ще не зовсім уляглися  
Кости батька в гробі,  
Як спяніло серце сина  
В Каїновій злобі.

Мало вдіяли отцівські  
Візантійські ліки;  
Слабість сина Україну  
Сплямила на віки.

Не на полчища ворожі,  
Ні на супостата -  
Підлий вирід не здригнувся  
Взяти ніж на брата.

30 Мало було ненажорі  
З нив полянських хліба:  
Людоїд напився крові  
Бориса і Гліба!

Ще бруднили честь країни  
Злочин і неслава,  
Й вирід знову сплямив руки  
Кровю Святослава.

40 І ще здумав підлотою  
Завершити міру  
Та й прикликав проти рідних  
Вражу людську віру.

І здрігнулось навіть пекло  
На нікчемну зраду!  
І зійшовся в Ярослав  
Нарід на нараду.

І гукнули новгородці:  
"Буде, князю, годі!  
Поведи нас проти гада:  
Змиймо ганьбу в роді!"

50 Не подіяли нічого  
Полки Болеслава;  
Знову світом залунала  
України слава.

І нестало між своїми  
Братогуба, гада,  
Божевільного в чужині  
Заклювала зрада.

60 Поруйнована країна  
Довго горювала  
І "Окаяного" довго  
З жахом споминала.

## УГ. ПЕРЕД ЗАХОДОМ СОНЦЯ

То не сонце після тучі  
Звеселило божий мір -  
Це розлив свій блеск сліпучий  
Ярослава гордий двір.

Прошуміла люта смута,  
Відшалілася війна;  
Розквіталась, з цут розкута,  
Прикарпатська сторона.

10 Польщу лакому та горду  
Дух безладдя розідав;  
Печеніжську дику орду  
Ворон степовий клявав.

Знову кметь безжурно плугом  
Краєв прадідний загін,  
І гуляв безпечно лугом  
З буйним вітром наздогін.

20 Чорна галич вже журбою  
Не затьмарувала піль.  
Всі об'єднані дружбою  
Забували сум і біль.

Танув спогад лихоліття,  
Наче крига на весні.  
Понад дерев верховіття  
Плили радісні пісні.

Висіли на стінах луки;  
Рук юнак на них не клав.  
Замість того, до науки  
Батько сина свого слав.

30 А на березі дніпровім,  
Зпоза лісових гірлянд,  
У промінню пурпуровім  
Київ грався гей брильянт.

Виростали на узгір'ях  
Криті золотом храми;  
У теремі й на подвір'ях  
День у день свати й куми.

Королі, царі, княжата -  
 Ярославіві рідня.  
 І гула його палата  
 40 Чужоземцями щодня.

А проте посеред шуму  
 Мудрий князь не дармував:  
 Він снував велику думу,  
 В книзі вічності читав.

Бачив нарід у поході  
 І його кривавий шлях;  
 Бачив луни ген на сході  
 І могили по полях.

Бачив, що в його особі  
 50 Гасла предків поломінь,  
 І носив гей камінь в собі  
 Біль прийдешніх поколінь.

І старечими руками  
 Край довкола городив,  
 Чуючи як байраками  
 Голосив по ночах див.

І вміраючи, до ложа  
 Поскликав своїх синів  
 І навчав їх:  
 60 "Воля Божа  
 Шле по мене вістунів.

"Я одходжу...Польшаю  
 Добре справлений загін!  
 Честь і слава мого краю  
 У великий дзвонить дзвін.

"Не подайте ж цієї слави  
 На наругу ворогам!  
 І викувайте батави  
 На загибіль хикакам.

"Не пора вам, діти, спати,  
 70 Бо гряде непевний час.  
 Заклюють вас супостати,  
 Як не буде сил у вас.



"Де є згода, там є сила,  
Там росте і кріпне дух;  
А незгода – це могила;  
В ній кохаєсь легкодух.

80

"Бачили ви мої труда,  
Поки подвиг мій дозрів?  
Засталіть же ваші груди  
На удари дикарів,

"Щоб державу Володимира  
Не розпорнав злий сусід.  
Як горить в народі віра,  
Ви огня в нім не гасіть!

"А розпалюйте, що змога  
Волю та геройський пал.  
Бо кажу вам: до порога  
Допливе ще вражий вал.

90

"Будуть бурі вами гнути,  
Гей безсилим стебельцем.  
І біди вам не минути,  
Як підете одинцем!"

## VII. СМУТА

Дармо засівати квіти  
 Де квітник вже зяловів.  
 Не послухали злі діти  
 Батькових пророчих слів.

Злобу й зависть мов трутизну  
 Влили у серця свої  
 І клявали дідовизну,  
 Покалічивши її.

10      Вмісто сили позбирати,  
 Дружно бити ворогів,  
 Призивали брат на брата  
 Половецьких конюхів.

І дикар брудним постолом  
 Плямував святий загін;  
 Гарцював під частоколом,  
 Стукав ратищем до стін,

20      За якими безборонний  
 Люд з тривоги кам'янів.  
 Нісся говір жайворонний  
 Червонілось від огнів.

Пісня голосна, весела,  
 Не пливла безкраєм піль.  
 Вийшли з городів на села  
 Голод, помир, сум і біль.

І вже Київ у теремах  
 Славою не гомонів;  
 І у княжих діядемах  
 Блеск колишній не яснів.

30      Не царівні з Царгороду  
 Були хотями князям,  
 А дівки з номадів роду  
 Служки справжнім лицарям.

Бунтувалася в народі  
 Втоптана в болото честь;  
 Гнів скипав на серця споді,  
 Назривала п'яна месть.

40 Наростало у громаді  
Пізнання вселюдських прав.  
Та чи думалось в досаді,  
Хто був правий, хто неправ?....

Не було похмілля краю,  
Ані стриму не було.  
Умірало від одчаю  
Поруйноване село.

Не було без рани тіла;  
Ріками спливала кров.  
А в повітрі лопотіла  
Поломінна хоругв.

50 Залишився серед крові  
Тільки спогад кращих хвиль.  
Вітер плакав у діброві,  
В полі вянула ковиль.

Довго, довго йшла руїна  
По містах і по степах.  
Сумувала Україна,  
Куняючи на гробах.

60 Аж відчув у серці сором  
Славний лицар Мономах.  
Огорнув руїну зором -  
І війнув на нього жак....

УІІІ. СЛІДАМИ СВЯТОСЛАВА

"Доки буде нас кловати  
Гайвороння степове?  
І чого нам більше ждати?  
Вже ніщо нам не нове....

"Ми вже притчою в народах  
І в нарузі конюхів;  
Вже на власних загородах  
Ми підніжки пастухів!

10 "Де поділась наша слава,  
Що несла світами жах?  
Ми, нащадки Святослава,  
Тремтимо по комишах,

"Мов ті зайці, що почують  
Лай собак і гомін труб!  
Дикарі, у нас кочують  
І клюють нас наче суп.

20 "Наші предки городили  
Ратищами Царгород  
І до Азії водили  
На бенкети свій народ.

"А тепер у власній хаті  
Нас ватага дика бє!  
На Дону прорвались гаті,  
Повінь рине, води лє -

"А ми вмісто Дін гатити,  
В річках стримуєм розгін!  
Годі, браття! Підем пити  
Золотим шоломом Дін!"

30 Мудре слово Мономаха  
Братні сили підвело.  
Злинули в поход гей птахи -  
Лиш степами загуло....

Як би слово Мономаха  
Відгомін найшло в синах,  
Не топтали б стопи ляха  
По українських ланах!....

40 І москвин не жакував би  
У коморі над Дніпром.  
Українець панував би  
Й досіль над своїм добром!

Та дарма... Забули діти,  
Як батьки йшли наздогін  
Нюхати євшану квіти  
І гатити трупом Дін!

Забувалися присяги  
Дружно бити ворогів;  
Половіли руські стяги  
Від світличних порохів....

50 Ой, немало вислав Доном  
Вражих трупів Мономах!  
Не один він Маратоном  
Прославився на степах!

Та даремно степ орали  
Руські лучники меткі  
І даремно засівали  
Половецькі кістки....

60 Випав меч з руки героя,  
Що життя не змарнував,  
І припала ржою зброя,  
Київ знов засумував.

Піднялися знову чвари;  
Кров поплила на ножах.  
Знову степові отари  
Понесли країні жах.

Знову клятий дух руїни  
Починав свої жнива.  
Меркло сонце України,  
Нарід вянув гей трава.

70 Дармо кликав зпід могили  
Мономахів дужий дух:  
"Обєднайте ваші сили,  
Бо розвіють вас гей пух!"

## IX. РІК 1169

Не щибече соловейко  
 В гаю-верболозі,  
 Тільки комаші журливо  
 Ржуть на оболозі.

А з далекої Суздалі  
 Лине гайвороння  
 І під Києвом габою  
 Криє оболоння.

10 То не стада жайвороння  
 Тугу напустили,  
 Це нащадки Мономаха  
 Дніпр заколотили.

Це нікчемні перевертні,  
 Що в чужій країні  
 В заздрім серці викохали  
 Горе Україні.

20 Знехтували, потоптали  
 Прадідну пораду  
 І доповнюють до краю  
 Батьківщині зраду.

Ой, нависли чорні хмари  
 На храми Аристові!  
 Гей, немало їхні стіни  
 Напилися крові!

Спопеліли у пожежі  
 Труди Ярослава,  
 І руїну спеленали  
 Туга та неслава.

30 Не ясніє ліпотою  
 Київ, перла Сходу;  
 Сумно, сумно Дід Славута  
 В море котить воду....

Кров героїв закрасила  
 лвилі у Дніпрові;  
 Біль і жалощі наклали  
 Пута лодській мові.

40

Оттаке то породили  
Кляті коромоли!  
Не залічить Україна  
Ран своїх ніколи.

І лукавій, злій сусіді  
Вже руки не стисне.  
Як той ворон над Москвою  
Помстою нависне.

## X. СЛАВА ГАЛІЧА

Вже Дніпро пісень гремучих  
Хвилями не колисав  
І дружинник невміручих  
Хронік списом не писав.

Паралітиком в руїнах  
Київ звільна умірав,  
А хижак на українрах  
Волості у нього крав.

10 Поруйновані стояли  
Ярослава ворота  
І вже золотом не сяли;  
Змеркла їхня ліпота.

І на нивах хлібодайних,  
Що з безкрасм обнялись,  
Не було ланів розмайних,  
Що пишались колись.

20 В кігтях демона заглади  
Загибав лицарський рід,  
І точив ідею влади  
Хробрі насильницьких свобод.

Шлях, яким ходила слава,  
В Київ носячи трофей,  
Вкрила зеленю мурава  
І топтав по ній пігмей.

З княжого чола розплився  
Ясний батька ореол  
І в народню спину впився  
Дикий деспота постол.

30 Та незломний дух народу  
Не корився, не вмів!  
Кріпнув велит у негоду  
І під ноги горе брав.

Де Бескид немов стовпами  
Синій небосхил підпер,  
Де ярами, між гороами,  
Вється лентою Дністер,



40 Ростиславичів столиця  
Гордо прапор підняла  
І ворожа вбивча криця  
Не лячною їй була!

Бо залізними полками  
Осмомисл Бескид підпер  
І Дунаю берегами  
Вхід до Галича запер.

Кровю сонце червонило  
Плеса сонного Дніпра;  
Тут же й парчею стелило  
Ленту бистрого Дністра.

50 Ріс і цвив підгірський город,  
Одягався в ліпоту.  
Дієвий могутній зворот  
Ніс епоху золоту.

Виростав у княжім роді  
Давній лицар - чародій;  
І пучнавіла в народі  
Туга до славетних дій.

" " "

60 Це не вихор вихрив бором -  
Це гуляли аркана  
І грімким веселим хором  
Зустрічали Романа:

"Світить сонце привітніше,  
Парчу хтось кругом простер;  
Котить хвилі могутніше  
Та рокоче наш Дністер.

"Пахне вся земля весною,  
Стелиться покійно лан....  
Їде, їде з дружиною  
Наш Господар, князь Роман.

70 "Їде, славою повитий,  
Із далеких, диких піль;  
А половець недобитий  
Шле за ним прокльони й біль.

"Наче рись він є сердитий,  
 Як у бій несеться львом.  
 Степ поганих, кровю вматий,  
 Червониться за вірлом." -

80       Налякались горді дуки  
 Княжих духа і руки.  
 Та зазнали ж туги, муки,  
 Повдовівши, їх жінки!....

Дихнулося свободніше  
 Жительови міст і сіл  
 І узявся він радніше  
 До плугів і ремесел.

І з хатини смерда нісся  
 Для князя похвальний спів.  
 Князь з народом наче зрісся;  
 З ним втішався, з ним терпів!

" " "

90       Хто ж це дудонить на мості  
 І прямує в княжий двір?  
 Це від папи їдуть гості -  
 Блідне блеск небесних зір....

Поклонилися князеви  
 І з посольства склали звіт:  
 -"Будь Святішому Отцеві  
 Другом і прийми привіт.

100       "Надвигаются мов хмари  
 Дикі полчища татар.  
 Та під захистом тіяри  
 Не лячний тобі удар.

"Визнай, князю, владу Риму  
 І наслідників Петра,  
 І гатімо гать для стриму  
 Кровожадного звіра.

"Пів Європи папське слово  
 На святу пошле війну.  
 І розвієм гей полову  
 Сю монгольську сарану....

110 "І якщо твоя завзятість  
Зробить татарві кінець,  
То за те тобі Їх Святість  
Королівський дасть вінець." -

Слухав лицар, морщив брови  
І чоло додолу гнув.  
Враз, відчувши клекіт крові,  
Вхопив меч і спалахнув:

120 -"Зайва папська оборона;  
В мене сили є свої!  
Тут в мечі, моя корона!  
Схочу й матиму її!" -

Бо не це йому на мисли,  
Щоб дрочити ще й татар.  
Думав князь іти над Вислу,  
Несучи кривавий дар.

Та геройська нерозвага  
Затемнила в нього ум  
І ворожа перевага  
Навела на Галич сум.

130 Згинув у нерівнім бою,  
Впав на шляху славних дій;  
Взяв в могилу зі собою  
Скарб розвіяних надій.

Звідусіль збирались хмари,  
Нісся звідусіль туман:  
Польща, угри та татари -  
Снився всім подільський лан....

## ХІ. ЧОРНИМ ШЛЯХОМ

Чи забудеться неслава  
І ганебний, лютий час,  
Як нащадок Святослава  
В татарина вівці пас?

Розтоптав постол монгола  
Пишну квітку над Дніпром....  
Кров в народі захолола,  
Смерть чаїлася кругом.

10 А степом в неділю зранку  
З курявою йшли пісні.  
Це ридала бідна бранка,  
Мов зозуля на весні:

- "Ніжки білі, мармурові,  
Бистрі зайчики в садках!  
Скільки вилете ви крові  
В жовті піски у слідах!

20 "Ви шовкові, чорні коси -  
Для кохання чар і рай!  
Степові вас білять роси  
І розчісує нагай.

"Шийо, пишная лелія  
Зі скарбницею приман!  
Кров на тобі червоніє -  
Обшмугляв тебе аркан.

"Буйний клонить трави й зела  
Та зарівнює слідки.  
Гей, далеко наші села  
І вишневі садки!....

30 "Дармо беш ти, рідна нене,  
Головою до стіни.  
Непомірний шлях до мене  
Вже зашили буряни.

"Вже не чути згуку дзвонів  
З християнського села;  
Тільки хмара гайворонів  
Сум здалека принесла..."

40 Плаче Оранка...Та не чує  
Татарин гірких ридань.  
В нього в серці звір кочус,  
Звір глухий на біль страждань.

Він коня і бідну оранку  
Підганяє нагаєм;  
Ще й кепкує: "Що? вже зранку  
На нічліг ми пристаєм?"

"Нуте, гадино хрещена,  
Не лілуйся, підбігай-  
А не здужаєш, пещена, -  
Виручить тебе нагай....

50 "Не лякайся: в нас доволі  
З України є дівчат....  
Будеш з ними в чистім полі  
Колисати татарчат." -

Горностаєм бранка скаче,  
Підбігає за конем;  
І гіркими нишком плаче:  
"Де й коли ми вже спічнем?"

60 Степ безлюдні оболоння  
У безкраї простира,  
А в безкраїх гайвороння  
Викрикає: кра! кра! кра!....

## XII. ТРАГЕДІЯ ДАНИЛА

Малолітка сиротою  
 Дур бояр погнав у світ  
 І змагався він з бідою  
 Як на бурі кволий квіт.

Не лишалось для Данила  
 Місця в рідній стороні;  
 Лють бояр його гонила  
 Ще й у гостях, в чужині.

10 Жив самотний між чужими,  
 Банував і сумував;  
 Давив тугу невтишиму  
 І про помсту гадкував.

-Мушу - думав - проломити  
 В Галич зайдів частокіл!  
 Мушу кровю ганьбу змити,  
 Що отцівський плямить стіл! -

20 А у Галичі неволя:  
 Там мадьяри і ляхи.  
 Скрізь насильство і самоволя  
 Й розпач вийшла на шляхи.

Ріс ізгой, жував свій сором  
 І досадою скипав.  
 І своїм тужливим зором  
 В Галич греблю засипав.

Та не з тих він, що лозкою  
 Гнуться в бурі життєвій.  
 Вигострив отцівську зброю  
 І війнував мов буревій.

30 Двічі батьківські пороги  
 Під геросем гнулися;  
 Але знов йому дороги  
 В чужину вернулися.

Так у впертому змаганню  
 Вріс йому в долоню меч,  
 Замість здатися ваганню,  
 Він з боярських колотнеч

40 Черпав віру в перемогу  
І в загибель ворогів.  
Вірив, що скорить під ноги  
І мадярів і ляхів.

І скорив. У блеску хвали  
Сів на батьківському столі.  
Знов безжурно працювали  
Чорнороби на рілі.

Та прийшов наказ від хана:  
-"Князю, приїзди сюди  
І будь гостем твого пана.  
Не приїдеш - жди біди!"

50 "Вишлю орду під Карпати,  
Мов потоку, і звелю  
Твій народ у пень рубати;  
А країну спопелю!" -

Похилився під журбою;  
Вагувавсь: йти, чи ні?  
Зруйнувати "край борбою,  
Чи скоритися мені?"

60 "Годі!... Помста... Жаль народу..."  
У досаді серце стис  
І допив пугар до споду:  
З диким хамом пив кумис...

Врізалась глибока рана  
В серце гордого борця.  
Він, вертаючись від хана,  
Був схожий на мерця.

Їхав дикими степами  
І від розначі холов.  
Чув безодню під стопами;  
Падав в неї стрімголов.

70 Їхав полем і лісами,  
Що дримали ув імлі,  
І ридав; змивав сльозами  
Рани рідної землі.

Бачилося, по країні  
 Гураган перелетів:  
 Все лежало у руїні,  
 Обрій сумом ваготів.

80

Плакав і з лиця гіркими  
 Сором, ганьбу випікав.  
 Сльози капали й під ними  
 Половів його рукав.

Примлівав у Гефсемані  
 Українських лихоліть  
 І губився у тумані  
 З марнотравлених століть.

Лицар, мрійник, що зусиллям  
 До надземного доріс,  
 Мусів гнутися бадиллям;  
 За сліпців покуту ніс!

90

Це не плакав князь Данило  
 Над могилою стремлінь;  
 Це покайні слъози лило  
 Серце многих поколінь.

Повернувся князь з дороги,  
 В грудях камінь несучи.  
 В сум повилися чертоги  
 У престольнім Галичі.

100

Та не верг Данила в прірву  
 Доли лютої обух.  
 - Цілий світ од сну одірву  
 І поверну орду в пух! -

Думав князь і став острити  
 Меч, що в бою затупів.  
 Знав же він, що ворог скритий,  
 Що жагою він кипів.

Забезпечував грониці,  
 Вколо міст окопи вів,  
 Будував нові столиці.  
 І зродився Холм і Львів.



- II0           Думав вивести до бою  
               Цілий світ і в боротьбі  
               Слід затерти за ордою;  
               Звести міст новій добі.
- Та Європі було шкода  
               Будуарів і перин.  
               - Перемелеться негода...  
               Що там холоп, татарин!....
- I20           Надаремно папа з Риму  
               Викликав святу війну;  
               Татарва не мала стриму,  
               Йшла гей повинь під весну.
- Загаїлась оборона  
               Й допомоги не було;  
               Тільки з папських рук корона  
               Вгризлася йому в чоло.
- Сам один перед ордою  
               Мов Самсон в борбі стояв  
               І охлялою рукою  
               Всю Европу заслоняв.
- I30           Спала Західня Европа  
               Поза греблею Карпат,  
               А під греблею потопа,  
               Мов бурхливий водопад,
- Підмивала й руйнувала  
               Плід зусиль цілих століть.  
               Лиш руїна записала  
               Повість лютих лихоліть.
- I40           Леде! Власними руками  
               Мусів кинути в розвал  
               Те, що довгими роками  
               Будував лицарський пал!
- Жаль палив його жагучий,  
               А у ранах біль щемів.  
               І зломився дуб могучий,  
               Бо зігнулись він не вмів.

Умираючи, він свого  
Сина Льва навчав ось так:  
"Не сподійся ні на кого,  
Лиш у власний вір кулак."

## XIII. БОЖИЙ БАТІГ

Оп'янів Данило горем,  
Із похмілля не вставав.  
А монгол нестримним морем  
Україну заливав.

Що весни від Перекопу,  
Мов караючий батіг,  
Слав дикар грізну потоцу  
Україні під поріг.

10 Розливалась по країні  
Повінь лютих дикарів,  
Що впивались на руїні  
Насолодою звірів.

Наливалися що ночі  
Хмари багрою луни;  
Кметь тікав у світ за очі,  
Покидаючи лани.

20 Наче з кладбища з пустелі  
Смуток нісся на вітрах;  
А покинуті оселі  
Навівали жах і страх.

Люд збігався в замки львівські  
І дружинник вже не спав....  
І тереми королівські  
Не греміли від забав.

Доля Україні пряла  
Пряку лютих лихоліть  
І повільно догаряла  
Жертва за гріхи століть.

30 Дармо гордий рід Данила  
Кров у полі проливав:  
Смерть країну полонила,  
Ворон очі їй клював.

Умірав останній з роду  
Романа і дотлівав  
Дух геройського народу,  
Що знемігся й умлівав.

40           Догаряла й дотлівала  
 Міць підстрелених орлів,  
 А від Кракова навала  
 Насувалася на Львів.

Кровю захід заливався,  
 Сохла лугами трава,  
 Як Казимір напивався  
 В королівськiм замку Льва.

До землі вросли пороги  
 І травою заросли;  
 Не вернулися з дороги  
 Лицарі, що в бій пішли.

50           На високій Чорногорі  
 Квилять жалібно сичі;  
 Сумно споглядають зорі  
 На могили уночі.

Доля лист перегортала  
 У таємній книзі дій  
 І злорадісно писала:  
 "Позбувайся всіх надій...."

60           "Втратиш квіт славетних родів,  
 Бо вквітчась ним сусід;  
 Станеш притчею в народів,  
 Глум піде тобі у слід.

"Заплюють тобі обличчя,  
 Втопчуть честь твою у ткани,  
 Щоб, як слухний час покличе,  
 Ти хирів без поривань.

"Як собака на припоні,  
 Тужачи все за їдлом,  
 На давнім своїм загоні  
 Панським зробишся тяглом.

70           "Згубиш віру в творчу силу  
 Твого духа й дужих рук,  
 І задивлений в могилу  
 Очадієш культом мук.

"Втратиш спільну з братом мову,  
Спільну тягу расову;  
Обертвієш, поки знову  
Скрешеш іскру життєву.

"Проваляться ще століття  
Поверх твій кривавий сміх,  
Аж страждання й лихоліття  
Вибілять тебе гей сніг."

## XIV. ПІСНЯ БОЛЮ

Заридай як та дитина,  
Сину прикарпатських піль!  
Вже ти більше не людина,  
Але пень, глухий на оіль.

Загноїли твого духа  
Підлим почуттям раба;  
Не орел ти, але муха,  
Безпорадна і слаба.

10 Засліпили в тебе очи  
Для краси і олаг землі  
І низький твій дух дрібоче,  
Спотикаючись в імлі.

Наложився ти до плуга,  
Мов низької раси мул.  
І одна твоя заслуга,  
Що життю даш намул.

20 Вкравши край, тебе зробили  
Безобличним байстрюком;  
Гордість раси в тобі вбили  
Кулаком і канчуком.

Душу вирвали у тебе  
Й загатили рідний шлях.  
І ідеш, непевний, де би  
Причепитись гей репях.

Мов бездомний пес без пана  
До всіх стрічних пристаєш  
І без болю зносиш рани,  
Що з їх рук їх дістаєш.

30 Взяли в тебе рідну віру  
І загарбали храми;  
Вбили в серце мов сокиру  
Цвях вагання "ми й не ми."

Збіглися низькі вандали  
І злобою серць своїх  
З домовин повякидали  
Кости лицарів твоїх.

40           Образи дідів подрали  
              На онучі для байстрят,  
              І дочок твоїх забрали  
              На кормительок щенят.

              Панциною обложили  
              В тебе спину, щоб в ярмі  
              Рвалися у тобі жили,  
              Щоб ізслиз ти у тюрмі.

              Мов худобою тобою  
              Торгували при вині.  
              Плач, мій брате, над собою,  
              Виплач муку! - Або ні! ...

50           Не ридай, а тільки сумно  
              Поза себе озирнись  
              І питай себе розумно:  
              - Чим я є? - Ким був колись?...

              - Мав я ключ всього Сходу  
              Й землю з медом, з молоком;  
              А тепер я хам без роду -  
              У ярмі, під канчуком!

## ХУ. ПІД МАЛИНОВИМ ПРАПОРОМ

Накипав в рабові звільна  
 Довго стримуваній оіль.  
 Находилась мова спільна,  
 Спільна думка, спільна ціль.

Хто не вмер нікчемним духом,  
 Хто ще зморений не вснув,  
 Той чутким впивався вухом  
 Вголос, що з безодні гув:

10 -"Не корись! Зневіри ржою  
 Твого духа не кріли!  
 І під хатою чужою  
 Мов колода не лежи!

"Не давай твоєї чести  
 На наругу ворогам!  
Краще муки перенести,  
Ніж чужим служити богам." -

20 Одкривалась в серці рана,  
 Камінь в ньому наростав;  
 Бралась ненависть до пана,  
 Що село гнітив, смоктав.

І нове життя бурхливе  
 На Дніпровому Низу  
 Рвало душу полохливу  
 В прірву лютого часу.

Невміруче Запороже,  
 Местник наболілих ран,  
 Вбїлося в полки ворожі  
 Мой розгойданий таран.

30 Підіймало малиновий  
 Прапор вікових страждань  
 Й вирушало на терновий  
 Шлях Самсонових змагань.

Давній храм князів і дуків  
 Розсипався порохом,  
 І під грім гарматніх згуків  
 Раб, неначе помелом,



40  
Вимітав дідівську хату  
Від намулу чужини.  
Розпанахали загату  
Простолюддя буруни....

Стало пахнути весною,  
Нарід спину простував  
І вже думою сумною  
Панських нив не засівав.

Гей, широко він простерся  
Цей козацький славний шлях!  
Слід по ньому не затерся  
Ще і досіль на полях...

50  
Йшли віки і кров героїв  
Час дощами перемив,  
Та могил з кістками воїв  
Супостат не перерив.

Серед піль вони сіріють,  
Вдивлені у майбуття,  
І в душі народу сіють  
Віру в краще життя.

## ХУТ. КРИВАВЕ НАВЕЧЕРЯ

Стяли голову Підкові,  
Славно згинув Лобода!  
Не минулась козакові  
Наливайкові біда....

Надаремно Сагайдачний  
За Варшаву вилив кров.  
В кожному подвизі удачний -  
Сам себе лиш поборов....

10 Що добув Тарас Трясило,  
Вбивши в Польщу гострий клин,  
Це повстанням не під силу  
Звів Павлюк і Острянин.

І почалось время люте:  
Дали волю гайдукам;  
Не давали одітхнути  
Простолюддю й козакам.

20 І грізна збиралась туча,  
Множилися козаки;  
Кріпла ненависть жагуча,  
Затискалися кулаки.....

Ждалось лицаря - героя,  
Океан щоб сколихнув,  
І острилась нишком зброя.  
Біль тятиву натягнув....

Лютували єзуїти  
Й унію несли мечем;  
Рідній церкві вірні діти  
Загибали під ключем.

30 Панщина зідала сили  
Чорнороба - кріпака;  
Злидні й голод люд косили,  
Не щадили й козака.

І чого ще хибувало,  
Щоб одчаю буревій  
Звіяв розшалілі вали  
В очайдушний, дикий бій?

40

Вдарив грім на Запоріжжю  
У розхитаний майдан;  
Вибухнув на роздоріжжю  
Двох епох грізний вулькан.

Це не буря сколихнула  
Український океан -  
Це хоробра Січ гукнула:  
"Хай живе гетьман Богдан!"

Покотився гомін грому  
По полях і по лугах;  
Молодому і старому  
Крила вирости в ногах....

Всіх манило сонце волі  
І геройський діядем.  
Скамянілі в грудях болі  
Кликали: "На Січ ідем!"

Хам відчув потугу бога  
В крицевому кулаці.  
Клекотіла в Січ дорога  
В гігантичному танці.

## XVII. ШЛЯКОМ ВЕЛЕТНІВ

Брате! Як з наруги й сором  
Вдарять в тебе тараном,  
Змір твоїм орлиним зором  
Шлях порослий буряном.

Глянь, як призивом могутнім  
Лицар зупиняє світ  
І накреслює майбутнім  
Поколінням заповіт.

10 Подивись на Жовті Води,  
Глянь на Корсунь, на Батіг;  
Глянь, як польські воєводи  
Стелють трупом передіг!

На Пилявці глянь, мій брате,  
І на Збараж і на Львів!  
Бач, як трусяться магнати,  
Як пече їх люду гнів!....

20 Глянь, як ті мужицькі лави,  
Мов нестримний гураган,  
Вуть вінок своєї слави,  
Косячи шляхетський лан!

Глянь, як стелиться покірно  
Пан, приборканий в буті,  
Перед тим, що гнувся вірно,  
Мов коняка в хомуті!

Глянь, як зморене до краю  
Йде зоружене село!  
Як відвага в ньому грає  
І горить його чоло!

30 Як схиляється корона  
До мужицьких босих ніг,  
Бо шляхетська оборона  
Зтанула гей в сонці сніг!

Подивіться у могили,  
Зграї княжих кістяків,  
Як ви дуром затупили  
Сталь мужицьких кулаків!

40 Скарб безцінний ви втопили  
В баговинню коромол  
І село ви осліпили  
 Й під чужий вергли постол!

Річку сперли ви насильно  
 Й повернули до джерел,  
 І хотіли, щоб безсильно  
 Повзав по землі орел!

Ви могли орла підняти  
 Вище піднебесних хмар;  
 Та ви вивели ягнята  
 Для сусідових кошар!

50 Бачите танок ягняти,  
 Що втікло із загород?  
 Бач, як вмів погуляти  
 З пут розкований народ!....

Бачите сермяги й свити,  
 Під якими спали льви?  
 Не уміли ви збудити  
 Тяги гордої крові!

60 І сама заклекотіла  
 Благородна кров села....  
 Потрясла мертвечі тіла,  
 До життя їх привела.

Шляхом велетнів могучих  
 Труп, оновлений, гряде  
 І з бажань своїх жагучих  
 Нитку вічності пряде.

Вяже нею традиційний  
 Тупоумства період;  
 Зве під стяг революційний  
 Битий злиднями народ.

70 Жах повзе до стін Варшави,  
 Україна гомонить....  
 Стяг мужицької держави  
 Мільйони серць п'янить.

В гомонах Софійських дзвонів  
 Розквітається весна;  
 І зі серця мільонів  
 Ллється пісня голосна:

"Заблизнилась наша рана,  
 Що пекла нас довгий час;  
 Вже немає жида й пана.  
 Де є краще як у нас?" -

80

Люд на радощах п'яніє  
 Крила вольному ростуть.  
 І щебечуть соловії  
 І садки цвітуть, цвітуть....

А таємний голос кличе:  
"Очі заспані протріть!  
Вмийте пізнанням обличчя!  
Розум добре нагостріть!"

## XVIII. ДО ПРАВОСЛАВНОГО ЦАРЯ

Будьте прокляті між нами,  
 Берестецькії поля!  
 Хай вам криється тернами  
 Окривавлена земля!

Ви на лицаря наслали  
 Підлу зраду дикаря  
 І злощасний міст поклали  
 З України до царя.

10 Не дружбу мав цар на мисли,  
 Не братерство з холопом....  
 Знову хмарою нависло  
 Гайвороння над степом.

Наче галич налетіли  
 На Україну хижаки  
 І клювали в неї тіло,  
 Розривали на шматки.

20 Похилив герой журливо  
 Смутком зоране чоло:  
 Стільки сіялось і жниво  
 Лиш бодачча принесло!

Вмісто вкупі з козаками  
 Зраду мстити на ляхах,  
 Цар хижацькими полками  
 По країні сіяв жах.

Горді царські восводи  
 Люд пекли вогнем зневаг  
 І топтали до вподоби  
 По козацьких головах.

30 І смоктали мов вампіри  
 Поруйноване село.  
 Не було насильству міра,  
 Ані стриму не було.

І точила нарід рана,  
Серце плакало сумне;  
"Най злощасного гетьмана  
Перша куля не мине!"

40 Біль обвив геройські груди,  
Давив серце обручем;  
Звав його в поход, на труди,  
На розправу з москвичем.

Слав посольства й зі собою  
Звав сусідів на війну.  
В безпощаднім думав бою  
Вигубити сарану.

Знав, що з Польщею й Москвою,  
Що хитрують гей вужі,  
Не вязатися дружбою,  
А боротись на ножі.

50 Хвилювався дух народу  
І пузирив гей розчин.  
Ждався призив до походу -  
Назрівав могутній чин.

Ось засурмлять в Запорожі  
І гукнуть що сил: В похід!  
Люд зірветься з оборожі,  
Кровю забagrиться схід....

60 І шаблі гострились ржаві,  
Мріявся великий плян:  
Велит хлопської держави  
Від Кавказу поза Сян.

Та не склалось так, як ждалось  
І розплився мрії чар.  
Вмер герой... Ярмо зосталось,  
Україну мучив цар.



## XIX. КОНОТОП

Українські ниви гожі,  
Квітом маєні садки!  
Забагнули вас вельможі  
І московські гайдуки!

Мелянхолія над вами  
Постелилась саваном,  
Ходять присмерки ланами,  
Що постмались буряном.

10 Серед них на роздоржі  
Дух народу скамянів.  
Біль зневаг у ньому гложе  
І клекоче в ньому гнів.

Є у нього два сусіди:  
Звідси лях, звідтіль москаль.  
І обидва повні їди:  
Цей гієна, той шакаль.

20 І з котрим дружби шукати,  
Щоб звільнитися з ярма;  
Щоб із прадідної хати  
Не зробилася тюрма?

- "На Москву підемо, браття!  
Будем бити москаля!  
Розведем таке багаття,  
Що здрігнеться вся земля!....

- "Розіллємо крові ріка,  
Пустимо Москву з вогнем;  
А з ляхом по вічні віки  
У союзі заживем.

30 "Змиєм з Києва наругу,  
Переяслав помстимо,  
Неньки Січи й Батька Лугу  
На поталу не дамо!"--

Так сказав Іван Виговський,  
А народ лиш притакнув.  
Налякався кат московський, -  
На Україну потягнув.

40 Підїзджас він до броду -  
Кінь погожу воду пе.....  
Ой, не знав хижак із роду,  
Як кулак козацький оє!

Край містечка Конотопу  
Була січа не мала:  
Кров розлилася в потопу  
І полями потекла.

Угостили, як пристало,  
Любих гостей козаки:  
Сотня тисяч їх упала  
З української руки....

50 Засвітило веселіше  
Ясне сонце зпоза хмар;  
Одітхнув народ вільніше  
Після горесних примар.

Та щоб лях дотримав слова,  
Щоб присягу він зберіг!.....  
Слово в нього це полова;  
Віроломство це не гріх.

60 Завелися тайні змови  
По захованих хатах;  
Налітали підлі сови,  
Гадь сичала по кутах.

Меркла слава Конотопу,  
Ореол героя блід;  
І брудні пігмея стопи  
Після них стирали слід.

Знову серце наливалось  
Ідо зависти й злоби;  
Небо кровю фароувалось,  
Гомоніли злі віщі.

70 Відчував герой облуду,  
Бачив засідку нову,  
Й знаючи безцільність труду,  
Склав гетьманську булаву.

Але лев, хоч він у клітці,  
Страх наводить на юроу.  
Мов павук, укритий в сітці,  
Лях тремтів, жував журу

І снував нікчемні мисли,  
Як звязати силу льва.  
І не дармо понад Вислу  
80 Нічо пугала сова....

Згинув лицар. Впав безстрашно  
Від злочинних лядських рук.  
І країну медопашну  
Став клювати знову крок.

Згинув лицар і в криваву  
Книгу дій вписав слова:  
Кожна стежка у Варшаву  
Є зрадлива та крива.

## XX. БРАТ НА БРАТА

Скрий лице в долоні, брате!  
В очі людям не дивись!  
Надійшла пора зібрати  
Те, що сіялось колись.

Бачиш плоди? - Глянь!...Роздерта  
Між сусідів двох жадних  
Жде, щоб рани їй отерти;  
Ласки жебрає од них.

10 Доборолася до краю  
Ся, що жах усім несла!  
Блудить чайкою безкраю,  
Ще й без керми, без весла.

Скривився і заламався  
Дівий народу шлях;  
Перевертнями постлався,  
Що бундючаться в шлях.

20 Ніж підносить брат на брата  
І невинна лдеться кров.  
І нікому всіх зібрати  
В гурт під матірний покров.

Розпанахали країну,  
Що купалася в медах,  
І оддали на руїну  
Скарб добутий по дідах.

Де ж герої, що лицарську  
Честь цинили зверх життя?  
Цей цілує руку царську,  
Той од Польщі жде пуття.

30 Відгукнувся Дорошенко:  
-"Де герої? - Ось вони!  
Ми за тебе, Рідна Ненько,  
Грянем в бій мов буруни!

-"Вкупі з турчином сполочем  
З нив твоїх чужий намул;  
Силу вражу залоскочем  
Кулями з гарматніх дул."-

40 Знов зачервонівся обрій  
І принишло на полях.  
Знову дружині хоробрій  
Аж у Львів розкрився шлях.

Йшли війська, а лод піснями  
Лицаря вітав, хвалив  
І втішався до бестями -  
Визволений і щаслив.

Опадали з рук кайдани,  
Пропадали гайдуки;  
Затишалися жупани  
І воскресли козаки.

50 Та прийшлося заплатити  
За турецькії шаблі...  
Довелося статки крити  
В нетрях лісу, у дуплі.

Знову бранка слід кривавий  
Врізала терновий шлях  
І новий постол на бравий  
Український люд наляг.

60 Навіть церкви не щадили  
Музулманські гайдуки.  
Люде зморою ходили;  
Затискались кулаки....

Ремствував народ нещасний,  
Дорошенка кленучи.  
Лицар двигав хрест злощасний,  
З чаші горести пючи.

Скрив пекучу в серці рану  
З рук незрячої юрби;  
Не звакав на крик - догану,  
Лаштувався до борби.

70 Та не дав москвин лукавий  
Аж козак припаше меч  
І піде в танок кривавий.  
В завірюсі колотнеч.

Меркло сонце України,  
Находила довга ніч.  
І точив червяк руїни  
Коромольну, п'яну Січ.

80

І зломився дух лицарський  
Під ударами нещастя....  
Поволікся вязень царський  
Визнажений наче снасть,

Щоб живцем себе покласти  
У могилу в чужині. -  
Деспот міг досхочу красти  
На загарбанім лані.....

## XXI. ПО ПОХИЛІЙ ПЛОЩИНІ

Перевівся гніт турецький;  
Слід по ньому вмив Дніпро.  
Вмер безславно Брюховецький;  
Засланий тужив Петро.

Многогрішний, серцю вірний,  
На Сибірі сумував;  
Самойлович, непокірний,  
Теж за ним помандрував.

10 Чергувалися гетьмани,  
Заселялася Сибір;  
Навівали сум кургани,  
На Карпатах плакав бір.

І ураз в душі народу  
Біль вульканом спалахнув!.....  
Дух Мазепи аж до споду  
Бездну горя сколихнув.

20 Та не в доброю годину  
Станув лицар до борби  
Й не вмів він в хуртовину  
Вплести демона юрби.

Під Полтавою безславно  
Стяг Мазепи обімлів  
І геройство стародавнє  
Меч московський одолів.

Вмер герой від ран і туги  
На далекій чужині.  
Розговілись царські слуги  
На скривавленім лані.....

30 Крадіж, драчі, грабування -  
Ось московський, братній дар!  
Люд кипів, та всі змагання  
Нагайками давив цар.

Степ залюднював військами,  
Що з Москви їх напустив,  
А козацькими кістками  
Вбивчі багнища мостив.

40 Клав з кісток тверді основи  
Під столицю різунів,  
Що готовили окупи  
Міліонам плазунів.

Кат шалів... Вменшив журбою  
Скоропадському життю  
І Полуботка тюрмою  
Він загнав у небуття.

І котився велит звільна  
По похилій площині.  
Замовкала піснь весільна,  
Що лунала в давнині.

50 З роду гордого лицарства  
Виростали плазуни,  
Що клювали смітник царства  
І плекали баштани.

Вмер тиран. І честь гетьманську  
Самоволя кулака  
Вклала в білі ручки панські  
Расового дворака.

60 Та не довго Розумовський  
Гетьманом парадував,  
Вовчий апетит московський  
Пождавав і ласував....

Зласував гетьманську владу,  
Запороже проковтнув,  
І на гарних слів принаду  
Слабодухів потягнув.

А на сірий люд нагайка  
Навела покори хміль.  
Заскигліла сумно чайка,  
Дивлячись на пустку піль....

70 Постелився, зажурився  
Незміримий синій Луг:  
Ой, чогось то забарився  
Козарлюга, давній друг.



А козак блукав світами,  
У чужих у наймах жив  
І під людськими плотами  
Нишком плачучи, тужив.

80 Снилися йому вишневі  
Сніжнопилені садки  
І усточка коралеві -  
Два рожеві пелюстки.

Сі усточка!...Кляті сняться  
Козакові в день і в ніч!  
Крила в них орлам смаляться;  
Через них пропала Січ.

Кожний взрив вони вляли  
Смертним подихом жарким;  
Врешті вщерть перепалили  
Духа мрійникам палким.

90 Як в пожарі зруб падучий  
Висипає іскор сніп,  
Так під царський гніт ростучий  
Люд, вміруючи, окріп -

Взяв до рук ножі свячені  
Й наче буря прошумів....  
І минувсь танок скажений,  
Велит вснув і обмертвів.

100 Кволий, недобитий горем,  
Давній яструб Січовий  
Повернувся із серцем хворим -  
Та не в луг свій степовий.

Ген далеко під Кавказом  
Став з раненими грудьми,  
Щоб під катовим наказом  
Берігти воріт тюрми.

Келіх долі був допитий  
До останніх лихоліть.-  
На порогах Дніпр сердитий  
Грав рапсодію століть.

110           І в дрімучій Черногорі  
Голосив з трембіти сум.  
В падаючій метеорі  
Зпоза сліз сміявся глум.

Насміхавсь над дураками,  
Що до неба доросли,  
Й немічними слимаками,  
Биті злиднями, повзли.

120           І село стогнало бідне  
Під кріпацьким канчуком.  
Умірало слово рідне  
Під жандармовим штиком.

## XXII. ВОСКРЕСНА СУРМА

"Світе тихий, краю милий,  
Що від зір береш красу!  
Чом поник ти край могили  
І вмираєш без часу?

"Чом тебе попліндували,  
До каліцтва привели?  
Чом з облича чари вкрали  
Й душу в тебе одняли?

10 "Ой, чого ти почорніло,  
Поле, купане в росі?  
Мало ж ти кістями біліло  
В незабутньому часі?

"Не чорній, зелене поле;  
Буйним рясом розгорнись!  
Вимре покоління кволе  
І цвистимеш, як колись.

20 "Встануть із могил гетьмани,  
Розкуються люди знов  
І червонії жупани  
Майорітимуть гей кров.

"Встане правда, встане воля  
І народ на божий суд,  
Винесе з вільного поля  
Лютий злочин, царський кнут.

"Накипіле в серці горе  
Пеклом лежня запече  
І сторіками у море  
Кров червона потече! - "

30 Так співав Пророк і тугу  
З порохнавих серць кресав.  
І забутий епос Лугу  
В мріях знову воскресав.

Паралітик гей би чудом  
Грозу смерти поборов;  
В нього в жили звільна, з трудом  
Напливала тепла кров.

40 Сором бив його в обличчя,  
Серце туга поняла;  
Чув, що в ньому щось мов кличе,  
Мов ридає біля села.

Чув у серці тайну мову,  
Зов курганів і степу -  
І кулак готовив знову  
На криваву боротьбу.

Шамотався в оборожі  
Всеруйнюючих вагань;  
Умлівав на роздорожі,  
Палений вогнем змагань.

50 Кат шалів...Пророк карався  
У сибірських пустирах,  
А рабови в душу крався  
Кнутом виплеканий страх.

Та Пророк пилив окуви  
І накликував: "Не спить!  
Україну, бідну вдову,  
Щирим серцем полюбить!

60 "Ждіть, коли заграють сурми,  
Сповістять грізний момент  
І у царські вникне тюрми  
Нівелючий фермент.

"Захуйте вашу тугу  
У душевних глибинах,  
Хай запліднить буйність Лугу  
В перероджених синах.

"Бо кажу вам: неминуче  
Навістить вас лютий день,  
Ще на крилах вихру й тучі  
Грім несе на дряхлий пеня.

70 "Викотиться мов лавіна  
Люд, що визволиться з пут;  
Кровю вмисться руїна -  
Буде кара! буде суд!....

"Горе тим, що викликають:  
Нарід рідний! рідний край!  
А у жменях затискають  
На незрячий люд нагай!" -

Так співав Пророк. Здавалось,  
Біль віків у нім ридав.  
В трупі серце озивалось -  
Він стиснув кулак і ждав....

## XLIII МОВА СЕЛА

І збудилась....

Кров поплила  
По оба боки Збруча.....  
Та підтяли в чайки крила  
Вістрям власного меча.

Сипнуло вогнем з пожару  
В очі спячого раба  
І змінився він в отару.  
Розгулялася юра! ....  
Розговівся хам в лівреї,  
10 Закаблукам волю дав!  
І прочунав у киреї  
Отаманщини .....

Ридав:

"Де ти, наша доле, бродиш,  
Обминаєш наш поріг?  
Чом могили все нам родиш  
Край скривавлених доріг?  
Чом надармо мусиш лити  
Дорогу козацьку кров  
І скитальчий хліб солити  
20 Слізеньками знов і знов?  
Чом насильству на наругу  
Наше серце оддаєш  
І чому лиш кволу тугу  
Нам за зброю подаєш?

"Ми останні могікане,  
Що вмлівають ще в ярмі,  
Ждем коли нам з неба скане  
Местник муки у тюрмі,  
Бо сами не маєм зваги  
30 Заплатити зуб за зуб.  
Нам налили в груди смаги,  
Розкльовав нам серце суп  
І страждасмо без міри  
Танталями від віків.

"І чому ми, маловіри,  
Ми, нащадки козаків,  
Навіть плакати не вмієм  
Так, щоб других запекло?"

40 "Гураганом, буревієм  
Тисячліття прогуло -  
І одну німі кургани  
Залишились для живих.  
Але тисячлітні рани  
З кістяків безчуттєвих  
Іскри бунту не розкреснуть,  
Щоб пожежу розвести.  
Лиш поети пахнуть, брешуть  
Про залізні мости,  
Що нас в'яжуть із живими  
У всесвітню дружину.

"Все брехня! Лише чужими  
Жилами в давнину  
Ми у дряхле наше тіло  
Уводили кров життя.  
А самих нас гризло, їло  
Коромольне безпуття,  
Поки нас чужим під ноги  
Не жбурнуло на погній.  
Поки правом перемоги  
60 Не змолв нас буревій..."

Так на згарищах руїни  
Побивався слабодух,  
Що з родючих нив країни  
Виссав зароди недуг.

І пішов у світ за очі,  
З рідних викинутий піль.

І чи час сю кров сполоче,  
Що розлила хамська хміль?...

70 Западаються могили  
І трухлявляють хрести;  
Наростають свіжі сили  
Що не зможуть пут нести.

80           Накипас гнів жагучий,  
 Виплеканий кровю ран;  
 Йде з села Самсон могутий  
 З кулаком немов таран.  
 І торощить храм, в якому  
 Кам'яні забобоон;  
 Пише світови новому  
 Ненарушимий свій закон:

          "Як ти людську природу  
 У шлю не запрягай,  
 Не скує дулі народу,  
 Ні митарство, ні нагай.

          "Як олива не затоне,  
 Тільки плава на воді,  
 Так народ крізь перепони  
 Все стремиться к свободі.

90           "Ще кати не збудували  
 Свому братови тюрми,  
 Щоб її не зруйнували  
 Вязні дружніми грудьми.

          "Не сумуй же, пане брате,  
 Не хились під тиск зневір!  
Розбивай тюремні ґрати  
І змаганням вічність мір!

100          "І всякай у твого духа  
 Дивний запах рідних піль,  
 Де від скиб вульканом буха  
 Невсипучий творчий біль.

          х  
 х       х



## XXIV

Народе, велите, що злиднями побитий,  
Живеш принизений крізь темряву століть!  
Що, кинутий на шлях сльозами вмитий,  
Повзеш і падаєш під тиском лихоліть!

Народе, батьку, старче край дороги,  
Що ще не жив, а взявся порошном!  
Що все вигоптуєш сусідові пороги,  
До ніг тиранам стелишся рядном!

Народе, лицаре, що вічно в крові бродиш,  
А враз тремтиш, як немічне дитя,  
І піснею журби історію скородиш,  
Шукаючи у ній для горя забуття!

Народе, демоне, що сам собі є катом  
І з насолодою вигублює свій рід,  
А враз для ворога є необлудним братом  
І ладен зайдає дати кров і піт!

Де ти не див за злих сусідів крові,  
Не гартував на власні руки пут!  
Ти наче губка всмоктував підмови;  
Собі був трутень, другому рекрут.

Розточений хробацтвом коромоли,  
Під власну хату клав ти все вогоць;  
І пропадали поколінь мозоли,  
Родився в хамі голод беззаконь.

Тепер насилу ти лише рачкуєш,  
Одчай у прірву майбуття шлючи;  
І в лихорадці блудиш, горячкуєш,  
Безцільно кров синів своїх ллючи.

Народе, Христе, що у Гетсемані  
В руках омлілих затиснув пугар  
І дармо друга глядає в тумані,  
Щоб з ним укупі хрестний ніс тягар!

Даремно ждеш ти пільги лютим мукам,  
В катів даремно молиш спочуття!.....  
Не жди нічого, тільки чистим рукам  
Вітхни незломну волю до життя.

Обмий із себе пил традицій давних,  
Що рахітизмом точать міць твою,  
І на могилах мучеників славних  
Будуй святиню - не чужу - свою.

Будуй святиню, де кадильним димом  
Жреці не курять біленим гробам;  
Де Вічна Правда гласом невидимим  
Вістить Свободу стомленим рабам.

" " " " " " " "

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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P. Karmansky

WANDERING THROUGH THE CENTURIES

Foreword

An Ocean of Primeval Forest.

In the midst of it a small island - Ukrainian soil which I brought to life. On it is a strip of my land, and yet not my land, with a cottage built of boards, covered with shingles, with sky-blue window shutters. The cottage is hidden in the greenery of mulberry trees, nurtured by my hand from saplings.

-----

Storms rage over the ocean of forest, thunders crash, the aspens fall with a shattering noise, as also fall cedars, palms and other sub-tropic trees. The mulberry trees hit their branches against the walls of the house in despair, as if begging for protection from the storm. The walls of the house creak, the crickets in the house become silent with fear and listen - and then again begin their monotonous song. In the stumps and trunks of the fallen trees the wind scatters sparks, spreads the fire. As you look through an open shutter, it seems that you see in the dark a graveyard at night during a hot spell.

In the house it is hot, as if in a steam bath - not only your forehead, but your whole body, your clothes, clammy with perspiration from work, are wet, as if taken out of a river. The expression "in the sweat of your brow" becomes a euphemism, because you cannot find one single thread that is dry.

-----

The bonfires near the neighboring cottages, scattered over the fields of corn, have died out. Everything is asleep.

How fortunate are my neighbors! ... They are sleeping.... sleeping although my roosters on the mulberry trees behind the wall of the house have not yet announced the midnight. To me sleep will come only when the roosters will awaken my neighbors.

-----

I am alone in the house. Yet not quite alone because beside me on the floor sleeps my old dog Haler, my faithful friend, that will not leave me alone, not even for a moment. He sleeps but he is aware of my every move. It seems that he knows every thought of mine.

We breakfasted on boiled young corn, I am drinking my third glass of black coffee, and he is already resting. I am not inclined to rest; my mind is working. And what does one do at this time all alone and in this frightening silence?....

-----

Friend!

If you really want to love your people, then run away from your own nation as far as possible. Run with wounds in your heart, with a painful sorrow, run as a poor and a naked man - to a refuge, to misery.

Hungry and shivering from cold in Vienna, robbed by my own "brothers", I was writing a booklet "For Honor and Freedom". And my fat "brothers" told me that this was my best booklet.

Hoing the soil day after day in a 40 degree heat and maintaining the spark of life within me on rice, beans, corn and coffee that grow under my hand, saturated with the salty perspiration of my body, I am writing this booklet, and during sleepless nights, that which I have meditated upon and suffered for at physical labor, I am dressing with rhymes, with a hand in excruciating pain.

-----

We are a people that does not like and does not know their history. For this reason we have lost the thread of our own history and are trailing behind in the tail of a foreign one.

The greatest and the best leaders and ideologists of our present life do not want to know the Ukrainian history. The historians of our life in the past have not found anything valuable in it and have a negative attitude towards it. Then who shall orient himself in the chaos of our life? Who shall bring out the pearls in the muddied waters of our past? These pearls do exist and they shine in thousands of colors, although they are dulled and covered with the dust of our stubborn logic of destruction.

-----

It is not for the old in spirit and the eroded by ideology of a "practical mind" that I write these verses which come out of my imagination during work in the sweat of my entire organism, on the 22 latitude south of the equator, at the age of 54, with only one good friend, my old dog. I am writing for those who, as I in the past, sitting in a school desk, "reach for the sky" with their hands and believe. I am locking into my verses our past, so that it will be accepted and more easily remembered, because our national memory retains things with difficulty, especially the episodes in our past recorded in large volumes written by our historians, who are forced to be the slaves of realism.

I am writing this booklet at a time of difficult mental and physical miseries, because I am sure that all our past and present tragedies caused my present Golgotha.

Written in my cabin Eyrene, in the state of S. Paulo, during the October Brazilian Revolution in 1930.

P. Karmansky

## Introduction

The sun rises and it sets  
 Throwing light over boundless lands -  
     Making happy the whole world.  
 With the singing of the swans,  
 The gray flock of cranes,  
     Goes the memory of past years.

10      Year after year fly by,  
         Step after step they plow  
         New furrows in the soil.  
     They ease the world's pains  
     And slowly blow apart  
         Into Nirwana, into mist.

Creative longing eternally creates  
 And sorrow follows it -  
     Grinds everything to ashes.  
 And boisterous wedding songs  
 And funeral dirges  
     Create eternal light and shadow.

20      All that is - was and will be,  
         All that is new - a beckoning to evil,  
         A reflection of what was.  
     All in Icar's flight  
     The human spirit in its very purpose  
         Will lose its waxen wing.

30      Everything turns round - round;  
         Once on top and then below -  
         In a cosmic order.  
     And no one has the ability  
     In his own right of victory  
         To be always in the lead.

As the player on the chessboard,  
 Dictates to all the law, like steel,  
     Spreads happiness and sorrow.  
 He elevates one person,  
 And another one leaves below  
     For persecution and ridicule.

40      Individuals and nations  
         Have their certain periods,  
         Once they grow and then they fall.  
     Despots, drunk with violence,  
     Tomorrow humble and obedient,  
         Will give back with interest.



All comes and all passes,  
And no one, but no one knows  
    What the future will bring.  
And you, my native land,  
Will some day be called to take your share -  
They will pay you for everything.

50      They will pay you, my People,  
For your pain that roams the field  
    And is weeping on the border.  
We will yet plow the steppe to its depth,  
And the poppies will yet bloom like a sea...  
    So help us, God!

## I THE PROPHECY OF ST. ANDREW

Milleniums, like droplets,  
 Into the sea of eternity flowed;  
 The winds with willow brooms  
 Swept and roared.

Grandfather Slavuta on the rapids  
 Gloomily stroked his beard;  
 Perun's lightning in his dens  
 Ceased not for a moment.

10 Fields were ripening,  
 Yellower than gold;  
 And to the gods the fattest rams  
 Were sacrificed.

There was an abundance of everything,  
 For the people and the gods.  
 No one went a-stealing  
 To the neighbor's stacks.

20 They were clothed in beauty,  
 The orchards were bathed in dew;  
 In foam like the gold  
 The honey played in the casks.

Like the chirping of the swallows  
 The spring songs were sung,  
 Beside the lea there swirled  
 Rounds and dances.

The hymns pierced the clouds,  
 Then drowned in the heavens,  
 And they rang out their praises  
 For Dazhdboh's generosity.

30 In his brightly lighted mansion  
 The good god was happy,  
 And he dilled in the thunder  
 The arrows of fright and alarm.

He watered the fields with rains,  
 And he grew abundant grains,  
 He did not crave any food,  
 Worry did not trouble his heart.

40 Everywhere the estates multiplied -  
 In the field, pasture and the yard;  
 In the apiary swarmed the queen bees,  
 New hives grew in number.

The dark forests were filled  
 With echoes of the hunters' horns,  
 The wild bison broke down barriers  
 And stained with blood the forest stump.

Unfenced lands caused no quarrels,  
 Land was undivided,  
 And the noose of lowly serfdom  
 Did not choke any one.

50 As free as the falcons  
 The people lived in villages;  
 Manly chests and fences  
 Protected them and their estates.

Happiness their breasts was bursting,  
 It played like a fountain  
 And sang and chuckled  
 About the land, a real paradise.

60 And there came a prophet from afar,  
 And stood on the Dnieper's shore,  
 He stood up straight as a fir tree  
 And spoke:  
 "There will come a time -

"And on these wonderful hills  
 And on the Dnieper's curves  
 Traces of eternal forests will disappear  
 And of the forest jungles.

"In their places churches will bathe  
 In the sun their golden domes,  
 And at night there will settle  
 Silver stars upon the crosses.

70 "And in the smoke of the incense  
 Will go praises to the Eternal God;  
 With the invisible smoke will go  
 All heathen worship.

"And from the lowlands, poor and ignoble,  
The spirit will rise to heavens  
And in the beauty of unearthly sounds  
Will rise the Savaoth.

"And the blossoming earth will grow  
An invincible, powerful brotherhood,  
That will arise like a storm  
To plow the fields with spears.

80

"The proud armies of the Rusychi  
Will break down the neighbor's borders,  
And will strike out fires everywhere  
With the blades of their swords.

"The enemy armies will trample  
And sow fear and terror,  
And will slice as much as they wish  
Of the adjacent wastelands."

## II THE PATH OF THE HEROES

Oh, far away the grey-winged  
 Is leading his herd!  
 He is harrowing the unpeopled steppes  
 Near the Caspian with his claws.

From here he comes over the Black Sea,  
 Regardless of its depth;  
 And he bloodies and he muddies  
 The water of the Bosphorus.

10 It is not the grey-winged eagle  
 That leads his herd over the world;  
 It is the brave Oleh with his warriors,  
 Bringing fear across the world.

He was on the Volga, in the Caucasus,  
 And by the Caspian Sea,  
 There the arrogant Byzantines  
 He filled with fear.

20 Like Oleh's boats  
 Sailed down the valley,  
 Like that city of Constantine  
 They surrounded,

Over the capital blew  
 Cool winds of fear,  
 And the tsar's banners disappeared  
 Under Oleh's feet.

The Greek pride surrendered  
 Before the sword of Rus';  
 The Byzantines paid  
 The warriors and the prince.

30 The prince and the warriors  
 Plundered Tsarhorod's wealth,  
 So that it remember  
 Zaporozhian forefathers.

And having sewn from silk  
 Sails for their boats,  
 They sailed to Ukraine  
 As if on wings.

40

For a long time they plundered,  
The prince and his brave brothers,  
And they took to their heart's content  
Of the wealth of the foreign land.

Finally the fate laughed  
At the hero-dancer -  
He died needlessly from a snake -  
From his horse's skull.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oleh's grave  
Was not yet sewn up with grass,  
When from Kiev emerged  
The power of Ihor.

50

It spread like a storm  
Along Oleh's way,  
And it came to the peoples  
With terror and fear.

But no one escaped his fate,  
Everything has its end;  
And violence even a sheep  
Will change into a tiger.

60

Like wolves in a herd of sheep,  
Having ignored the borders,  
The Derevlians were molested  
By Ihor's warriors.

Even Ihor had no mercy  
On his subjects.  
And to a boil in his people  
Came furious anger....

It is not the grey cuckoo  
That sang in the grove -  
It was for her loving husband  
That Olha did weep.

70

And she went with her courageous warriors  
To avenge the death of her husband,  
And in her footsteps followed  
Sorrow and destruction.

She was furious, she was spilling  
Blood as if it were water;  
In wild revenge she found  
Sweetness for her heart.

80 And in vain the Derevlieny  
Repented and prayed,  
Recklessness put their freedom  
Into the grave.

The heroic tribe did not find  
An understanding in Olha,  
Because in anger a woman's heart  
Hardens into a stone.

Olha returned to Kiev  
And put away her weapons,  
And lived the days of mourning  
In peace and quiet.

90 And she was deaf to the courting  
Of the Tsar himself,  
She ruled and nurtured  
A new hero.

III WE SHALL NOT DISHONOR THE LAND OF RUS'

There was Oleh's glory,  
It swelled Inor's chest -  
But the memories of Sviatoslav  
To the world will never die.

A desire grew in the prince's soul  
To bring glory for his people,  
And he called to his warriors: "I must  
To the gateway of Tsarhorod

10 "Sharpen the traditional sword  
And pacify with it the tsar,  
That this devilish Greek people does not  
Push itself into other people's seas!"

And after this in Tsarhorod  
He announces: "I am coming to attack you!  
Steel your people, make weapons  
While you still have time!"

20 Swallows in the willow grove  
Swelled with singing,  
On the green field  
The warriors were preparing.

They arrayed themselves and moved forward  
Like a winding sleek serpent;  
They sang and disappeared  
In a wild and frightening forest.

The vixen barked,  
Dyv sent out his frights -  
But cool as if of steel  
Rode the hero, Sviatoslav.

30 What is danger to him?  
Threats do not frighten him.  
Before him lie distant ages,  
And the beauty of his native land.

He, for Ukraine's glory  
And for his heroic people  
Will become a demon of ruin,  
And will awe the whole world!



40 With his heart's blood he will write  
 A testament for future generations:  
"The people's honor you hold higher  
 Than yourself, the whole world!"

It is not the storm that is pouring  
 A flood of clouds against the sun -  
 Against the Rus' the Greek tsar  
 Is sending his armed might.

Punishment will fall on Sviatoslav,  
 The fear of many!  
 The tsar is rolling a mighty army:  
 It is ten to one....

50 Grief and sorrow have bent down  
 To the earth the brave brothers:  
 The enemy outnumbered them!  
 We are facing death.....

Sviatoslav saw the threat,  
 Stood up proudly and proclaimed:  
 "Hey! why like the willow  
 Fear has bent you down?"

60 "Our forces are not great,  
 But there is no retreat.  
 Death and the grave are better  
 Than an ignoble life!

"Let us not dishonor the holy Rus',  
 Do not bring shame to our Mother!  
 Do not tremble like the cowards,  
 Lift our banners up on high!

"If we flee from the field, then shame  
 Will spread along our way.  
 If we fall - honor and glory  
 Will take us into eternity.

"I go...and will not flee from the battle,  
 As long as I hold a sword in my hand.  
 Who is not a coward, follows me.  
 Do you hear me, brave young men?"

"As long as I live, I care for every one,  
 As a father for his sons.  
 If I die in a foreign land,  
 You will somehow return home."

Inspired with a brotherly spirit  
 All the brave warriors,  
 And uplifted by a light spirit,  
 80 They pressed their stirrups.

And there was a bloody harvest:  
 Spears were being broken,  
 In the bows the bowstrings broke  
 And the sheaves were falling.

And the tsar's reapers weakened -  
 Corpse by corpse covered the field.  
 They died like heroes,  
 Prince Sviatoslav had won.

The tsar, in alarm, to the prince  
 90 Sent all sorts of gifts.  
 The prince was happy only with the sword,  
 The other gifts he laid aside.

And the tsar saw that he dealt  
 Not with an ordinary prince,  
 Therefore Sviatoslav's warriors  
 Returned with a heavy ransom.

But the Greek was insincere in peace;  
 The evil tsar was shrewd....  
 On the Dnieper's rapids was hiding  
 100 The crafty pechenih, the savage.

He was waiting for the gold, taken  
 For the blood of famous heroes,  
 And having hidden the chains in Kiev,  
 His heart burned with revenge.

The prince did not return home,  
 He died by the hand of a savage....  
 He loved the foreign  
 And satisfied the raven.

The ravens were clucking,  
 110 Clawing at the prince's bones,  
 The Pechenegs, beside the river  
 Were drinking from his skull.

And the groan of grief came  
 From the quiet Dnieper's shores;  
 Wept the steppe and the meadows:  
 "Oh, do not expect anything good!"

120

The prince died by the hand of a savage,  
Having shaken the whole world,  
And engraved in the hearts of the young  
An undying testament:

"The banner of your native land,  
Carry it unblemished!  
And the fire for Ukraine  
In your heart do not extinguish!"

## IV THE BRIGHT SUN OF UKRAINE

Oh, the black clouds were hanging,  
 Dusk descended upon Ukraine;  
 They destroyed the folly and feuds  
 Gained by heroic struggle.

Ukraine was being bathed  
 In innocent brotherly blood;  
 Into ruin turned all that,  
 Won by the heroes.

10 And worry depressed the chest  
 And disintegrated the people;  
 The people suffered pains -  
 Grief looked on from out the borders.

Not a foreigner, but our own  
 Evilly dug graves in the field;  
 Jaropolk went mad, violently  
 Waded in the blood of brothers.

20 On Dazhboh's fields  
 The lark did not pour out his songs.  
 And the Dnieper held down his mane -  
 It seemed he dozed and did not flow.

All died down, the whole country  
 Was cast by pain into a deathly sleep.  
 And over the stunned ruin  
 Spread the weeping of the spruce trees.

The past happy days were killed  
 By a humble and low spirit;  
 The night over the sleepy villages  
 Spread its shroud.

30 Suddenly the black clouds broke up,  
 The "Bright Sun" rose,  
 And drove away all curses -  
 As if nothing had happened.

Into an iron hand  
 Volodymyr took the sceptre  
 And in a thunderstorm  
 Stood like a mighty demon.

40 All of the Ukrainian lands  
He gathered with his sword,  
And supported his capital  
With his steel shoulder.

Tightened in his hand  
Like a pearl the land of the polians,  
He extended his borders  
From the Caucasus to San.

Since war to him is a game  
And a beloved occupation,  
His game spread far  
And his name grew in fame.

50 From all the lands the roads  
All led to Kiev,  
And the highest thresholds  
Were for him too low.

His treasury was full  
And his warriors brave,  
And on his men the steel shone brightly;  
The horses' stirrups were of silver.

60 The domes in his capital  
Burn like true gold;  
Silks, cloths and velvets  
Rustle on the floors.

He has guests - from Europe,  
Ambassadors from kings;  
And gifts all the way from Sinope  
They brought in large numbers.

He has a Greek emperor's daughter,  
She keeps order in the household;  
A beautiful woman, like a fairy,  
And a treasure of charms.

70 In the palace brightness, beauty,  
Humming and singing of minstrels,  
And out in the courtyard poor people  
Are banqueting near the tables too.

And among them he - the mighty,  
Ruler of the whole Byzantium.  
To him is a guest any one who comes;  
Be he duke or a tramp.

80

It was fulfilled completely  
What the Prophet had foretold:  
Aristocrats, nobles and the peasants -  
The prince baptized them all.

The idols floated down the Dnieper,  
And all traces of them vanished....  
New powers were growing up,  
The pillars of the future years.

A new spirit was growing  
In cities and the fields;  
In Ukraine there was opening up  
For culture a firm road.

90

There resounded amongst the people  
A common spirit in language,  
A common purpose in its progress  
And an eternal road.

And the borders were disappearing,  
That divided the tribes,  
Tempered in a fire,  
One nation was being formed.

## V THE DEMON OF RUIN

Oh, Volodymyr, you knew how  
 To fight with others,  
 But you knew not how to hold your own family  
 In odedience!

You did not teach your children  
 To live in harmony,  
 That leads the way to power  
 And hardens peoples.

10 You knew not how to kindle  
 Love in their hearts,  
 So much blood had flowed,  
 Innocent blood.

Sviatopolk was not happy  
 With the crown of all lands.  
 And Ukraine lived to see  
 Her own Nero.

20 Before his father's bones  
 Were settled in his grave,  
 His son's heart became drunk  
 With a Cain's evil.

Little effect had the fatherly  
 Byzantine cures;  
 The son's weakness stained  
 Ukraine forever.

Not to enemy forces,  
 Nor to the invader  
 The lowly freak hesitated not  
 To take a knife against his brother.

30 There was little bread for the gourmet  
 From the fields of the polians;  
 The cannibal drank blood  
 Of Borys and Hlib.

They soiled the honor of the land  
 With crime and infamy,  
 The freak again soiled the hands  
 With the blood of Sviatoslav.

40           And he even thought of filling  
              The measure with scum  
              So he called against his kin  
              Men of an enemy heathen faith.

              Even hell itself was shocked  
              At the lowly treason;  
              And the people gathered at Jaroslav's  
              For a council.

              And the Novhorodians shouted:  
              "It is enough, oh prince, enough!  
              Lead us against the serpent:  
              Let us cleanse dishonor in the family!"

50           Nothing was done  
              By Boleslav's troops;  
              Again the world echoed  
              Ukraine's glory.

              And there remained not in the family  
              A brother-killer, a serpent,  
              The insane one died from treason  
              In a foreign land.

60           The ruined land  
              Suffered a long time,  
              And the "Sinful One" for long  
              Remembered with fear.



## VI BEFORE THE SUNSET

It is not the sun after a rain  
That gladdened the God's world -  
It is the blinding brightness  
Of Jaroslav's proud court.

The deep grief has gone,  
The war has eased its fury;  
Blossomed out, freed from chains  
The sub-Carpathian region.

10 Poland, greedy and arrogant,  
Was eroded by disorder;  
The pechenig wild horde  
Was clawed at by the steppe raven.

Again the peasant with the plow  
Plowed freely the traditional field,  
And danced over the lea, in safety,  
With the wild wind after him.

20 The black sky no longer  
Clouded the fields with worry.  
All united with brotherhood  
Forgot their sorrow and the pain.

Memories of hardship thawed  
Like icebergs in the spring.  
Over the tops of the trees  
Flowed songs of joy.

The bows hung on the walls;  
The youth did not touch them.  
Instead, to schools of learning  
The father sent his son.

30 And on the Dnieper's bank,  
From out the forest garlands,  
In purple brightness  
Kiev basked like a diamond.

On the slopes of hills  
Grew golden-domed churches;  
In the homes and on the yards  
There were daily marriages.

40 Kings, tsars, Kievans -  
Relatives of Jaroslav;  
And his palace was alive  
With foreigners every day.

And yet, in this hubbub,  
The wise prince was not idle;  
He was pondering deep thoughts,  
And read the book of eternity.

He saw the people in a march,  
And his bloody paths;  
He saw fires far in the east  
And grave mounds on the fields.

50 He saw that in his person  
The flame of ancestors was dying,  
And he carried, like a stone within him,  
The pain of future generations.

And with his old hands  
He built barriers around his land,  
Hearing, in the deep glades,  
The voice of Dyv at night.

When dying, to his death-bed  
He called all his sons  
And taught them:

60 "God's will  
Is sending messengers for me.

"I am departing... I am leaving  
A well organized state!  
The honor and fame of my land  
Rings a large bell.

"Do not give away this fame  
To the enemy for contempt!  
And make weapons  
For the death of the pagans.

70 "It is not time, my children, to sleep,  
Because the future is so uncertain.  
The invaders will claw you to death  
If you are not strong.

"Where there is harmony, there is power,  
There grows a strong spirit;  
Whereas discord is a grave;  
Only weaklings live in it.

80

"You saw my struggles,  
Until my efforts were successful?  
Then steel your chests  
For the blows of the savages,

"So that the state of Vladymir  
Is not ruined by a bad neighbor.  
When faith is burning in a people,  
Do not extinguish its flame!

"But build as much as you can  
Freedom and a heroic spirit,  
Because I say to you: to its end  
Will yet come the enemy's invasion.

90

"Storms will be bending you,  
Like weak straws.  
And you will not evade a ruin  
If you will not be united!"

## VII GRIEF

It is useless to plant flowers  
Where the soil is stale.  
The bad children did not heed  
Father's prophetic words.

Evil and jealousy, like poison,  
They poured into their hearts,  
And were destroying their past glory,  
Having damaged it.

10 Instead of collecting forces,  
Fighting the enemies in unity,  
They called brother against brother  
The polovci horsemen.

And the savage, with a dirty boot,  
Was staining the sacred soil;  
Pranced by the palisade,  
Knocked his spear against the walls.

20 They terrified the defenseless people  
That were stunned by the alarm.  
There was a foreign dialect,  
And fires reddened the horizon.

No loud and joyous song  
Flowed over the boundless fields.  
From the cities to the villages  
Came starvation, death, grief and pain.

And Kiev in its palaces  
Did not resound in its fame;  
And in princely diadems  
The past glory did not shine.

30 Not the princesses from Tzarhorod  
Were the servants to the princes,  
But maids of nomad blood  
Were servants to the real heroes.

The honor trampled in the mud  
Rebelled amongst the people;  
Anger simmered at the bottom of the hearts,  
Drunken revenge was growing.

40 There grew within the people  
A knowledge of worldly rights.  
But did they think in anguish  
Who was right and who was wrong?

Intoxication had no limits,  
There was no restraint.  
The ruined village  
Was dying from despair.

There was no one without wounds;  
Blood flowed like rivers.  
And in the air there rustled  
A flaming banner.

50 There remained amidst the blood  
Only memories of better times.  
The wind wept in the forest,  
In the field the grass wilted.

For a long time ruin continued  
In cities and on the steppes.  
Ukraine was grieving,  
Nodding on the graves.

Then grief was felt in his heart  
By the great hero Monomakh.  
He surveyed the ruin with his eyes -  
And was stunned with fear.....

## VIII IN SVIATOSLAV'S FOOTSTEPS

How long will we be clawed  
 By the ravens of the steppes?  
 And why should we wait any longer?  
 There is nothing new for us....

We are a parable among nations  
 And are ridiculed by the horsemen;  
 On our own territories  
 We are serfs of the shepherds.

10 "Where is our glory,  
 That took fear throughout the world?  
 We, descendants of Sviatoslav,  
 Tremble in the water reeds.

"Like the rabbits that hear  
 Dogs barking and the hunters' horns;  
 Heathens are camping on our lands  
 And clawing us like a carcass.

20 "Our forefathers raked  
 Tsarhorod with their spears;  
 And to Asia they led  
 Their people for banquets.

"And now in our own home  
 The savage horde is fighting us!  
 On the Don the dams are broken,  
 The flood is rushing, pouring water -

"And we, instead of damming the Don,  
 Are holding back the hordes in creeks!  
 Enough, brothers! We shall go to drink the Don  
 With a golden helmet!"

30 The wise word of Monomakh  
 Uplifted the brotherly forces.  
 Forth they went like birds that fly off,  
 A-thudding on the steppes....

If only the word of Monomakh  
 Echoed in his sons,  
 The feet of the liakas would not trample  
 Over the Ukrainian fields!....

40 And the Muscovite would not be plundering  
The store room along the Dnieper,  
The Ukrainian would remain lord  
Of his own property!

But in vain... The children forgot  
How their fathers went hurriedly  
To smell the jevshan flowers  
And to dam the Don with corpses!

Oaths were being forgotten  
To fight the enemy together;  
The Rus' banners became faded  
By the rising dust....

50 Monomakh sent many corpses  
Of the enemy down the Don!  
Not in one Marathon  
Did he gain glory on the steppes!

But in vain the steppe was plowed  
By the Rus' agile bowmen,  
And in vain did they sow  
The bones of the polovci.

60 The sword fell out of the hero's hand,  
Who did not die in vain,  
And rust covered the weapons,  
Kiev again fell into grief.

Again burst out quarrels,  
The blood flowed on the knives,  
Again the hordes on the steppes  
Brought terror to the land.

Again the cursed spirit of ruin  
Began its harvest.  
The sun of Ukraine was setting,  
The people wilted like grass.

70 From his grave called in vain  
Monomakh's powerful spirit:  
"Unite your forces  
Or you will be blown away like dust!"

## IX THE YEAR 1169

The swallow does not sing  
 In the grove, in the willows,  
 Only the reeds in sorrow  
 Are rustling in the leas.

And from the far-off Suzdal  
 The ravens come flying,  
 And over Kiev, like a cloud,  
 They cover the fields.

10

It is not a flock of ravens  
 That has brought the sadness,  
 It is Monomakh's descendants  
 That muddied the Dnieper.

It is the worthless perverts  
 Who, in a foreign land,  
 In a greedy heart created  
 Grief for Ukraine.

20

They ignored and trampled  
 The traditional advice,  
 And fulfilled to the extreme  
 Treason to the fatherland.

Oh, black clouds are hanging  
 Over Christian churches!  
 Oh, how much blood  
 Their walls have drunk!

Burned to ashes in the fire  
 Are Jaroslav's labors,  
 And the ruin is shrouded  
 With grief and shame.

30

It does not shine in brilliance,  
 Kiev, the pearl of the East;  
 Sadly, sadly Grandfather Slavuta  
 Rolls the waters to the sea.

The blood of heroes has stained  
 The waves of the Dnieper;  
 Pain and grief have put  
 Chains on the people's language.



40

This is what they created,  
The cursed heathens!  
Ukraine shall never heal  
Her wounds.

And the evil neighbor's bad hand  
She will never grasp again.  
Like a raven over Moscow  
It will hover with revenge.

## X THE FAME OF HALYCH

The Dnieper did not rock  
 Loud songs on its waves,  
 And the friend of the undying  
 Wrote no chronicles with his spear.

Like a paralytic in his ruins  
 Kiev was slowly dying,  
 And the pagan on his borders  
 Was stealing his estates.

10 In ruins stood  
 The gates of Jaroslav;  
 And did not shine in gold,  
 Their brilliance was dulled.

And on the grain producing fields,  
 That embraced the boundless land  
 There were no wide territories,  
 Which once were beautiful.

20 In the claws of the demon of ruin  
 The heroic nation was dying,  
 And the principle of law was eaten  
 By the worm of violent freedoms.

The road on which walked glory,  
 Bringing a trophy to Kiev,  
 Was covered by a green sward  
 And was trampled by a pigmy.

From the prince's forehead flowed  
 Father's bright aureole,  
 And in the spine of the people  
 Sank the despot's boot.

30 But the people's sturdy spirit  
 Did not bend, did not die!  
 The giant grew from adversity  
 And trampled over grief.

Where the Rock, as if by pillars  
 Supported the blue sky,  
 Where through valleys, amidst hills,  
 Flows the Dnister like a ribbon,

40 The capital of the Rostyslavyches  
Proudly raised its banner,  
And the enemy's murderous steel  
Was not frightening.

Because with iron armies  
Osmomysl supported the Rock,  
And with the banks of the Danube  
Closed the entrance to Halych.

With blood the sun reddened  
The water of the dreamy Dnieper;  
Here it spread a brocade  
Over the ribbon of the rapid Dniester.

50 The sub-mountainous city grew and blossomed,  
And garbed itself in brilliance.  
An active powerful return  
Was bringing a golden epoch.

In the prince's family there grew  
An old hero-magician;  
And amongst the people there grew  
A yearning for heroic deeds.

\*

\* \*

60 It was not the whirlwind that blew from the woods,  
They were dancing the Arkan,  
And in a loud and joyous chorus  
They were welcoming Roman:

"The sun shines more pleasantly,  
Some one spread the brocade around;  
Our Dniester rolls his waves  
And rushes with great might.

"All the land is fragrant with the spring,  
Humbly stretches the field...  
Riding, riding with his warriors  
Comes our Leader, Prince Roman.

70 "He comes covered with glory,  
From the distant wild lands;  
And the half-dead Mongol  
Sends his curse and pain after him.

"He is furious as a lynx,  
When he goes to battle like a lion.  
The pagans' steppe, washed in blood,  
Becomes red behind the eagle."

80 The proud dukes are frightened  
 By the prince's spirit and hand,  
 And their wives suffer grief and pain,  
 Having become widows!....

He breathed more easily -  
 The dweller of town and village,  
 And he took more happily  
 To the plows and trades.

And from the peasant house there came  
 Songs of praise for the prince.  
 He almost grew up with his people;  
 With them he played and suffered.

\*

\* \*

90 Who is riding over the bridge  
 And coming to the prince's court?  
 Guests are coming from the Pope -  
 The brightness of stars in heaven paled...

They bowed to the prince  
 And spoke of their mission;  
 -"Be to the Holy Father  
 A friend and accept his greeting.

100 "The wild Tatar hordes  
 Are approaching like the clouds.  
 But under the protection of the tiara  
 You will not fear the onslaught.

"Recognize, Oh Prince, the rule of Rome  
 And the successors of Peter,  
 And let us build a dam to stop  
 The blood-thirsty beast.

"The Pope's word will send half of Europe  
 To fight the holy war.  
 We shall disperse like chaff  
 This Mongolian swarm....

110 "And if your courage  
 Will put an end to the Tatars,  
 For this His Holiness  
 Will give you a king's crown!....

The hero listened, knitted his brows,  
 And bowed his forehead down.  
 Suddenly, feeling a rush of blood,  
 Grasped his sword and burst out:

120 "The Pope's protection to me is useless,  
I have my own forces!  
Here, in this sword, is my crown!  
I shall have it if I want it!"

It was not upon his mind  
To tantalize the Tatars also.  
The prince thought of going to Vistula,  
Carrying the bloody gift.

But the hero's recklessness  
Beclouded his mind,  
And the enemy's victory  
Brought sorrow to Halych.

130 He died in an unequal battle,  
He fell on the path of great deeds;  
He took with him into his grave  
The treasure of unfulfilled hopes.

Clouds were gathering from all sides,  
Darkness came from all directions;  
Poland, Magyars and the Tatars -  
All dreamed of Podilia's fields....

## XI ALONG THE BLACK TRAIL

Will the infamy be forgotten  
 And a time of shame and fury,  
 When the descendant of Sviatoslav  
 Was a shepherd for a Tatar?

The Mongol's boot stepped on  
 The beautiful flower beside the Dnieper...  
 The blood of the people froze,  
 Death lurked all around.

10 Along the steppe on a Sunday morning  
 In a cloud of dust were songs.  
 Wailed a poor captive maiden  
 Like a cuckoo in the spring.

"Her white feet, as if of marble,  
 Like fast rabbits in the orchards!  
 How much blood will they shed  
 In the footprints of the yellow sand?

20 "You silky, black braids -  
 For loving a charm and paradise!  
 You are whitened by the steppe dews  
 And you are combed by a whip.

"The neck, a beautiful lily,  
 With a treasure of attractions!  
 The blood on you is red -  
 A rope is tied around your neck.

"The wind bends grass and flowers,  
 And erases the footsteps.  
 Oh, how far are our villages  
 And the cherry orchards! ....

30 "All in vain, my dear mother,  
 You hit your head against the wall.  
 The measureless path to me  
 Is sewn up by weeds.

"The peal of bells is not heard  
 From the Christian village;  
 Only a cloud of ravens  
 Grief has brought from afar..."

40 The captive weeps... but the Tatar  
Does not hear her weeping.  
In his heart a beast is hiding,  
He is deaf to pains of suffering.

He urges the horse and the poor maiden  
With his whip;  
And he derides her: "What? So early  
We are stopping for the night?"

"Here, you Christian serpent,  
Do not be lazy, go faster -  
But if you slow down, you spoiled one,  
My whip will save you...."

50 "Do not fear, we have many  
Girls from Ukraine....  
You will, with them, in the open fields  
Rock the Tatar children." -

Like a weasel the captive girl jumps,  
Running after the horse;  
Secretly she weeps in bitter tears:  
"Where and when will we rest?"

The steppe stretches desolate lands  
Into boundless plains,  
And in these open territories the raven  
Calls: Caw, caw, caw! .....

## XII THE TRAGEDY OF DANYLO

As an orphan and a minor  
 The nobles' folly drove him out,  
 And he struggled with adversities  
 Like a weak flower in a storm.

There remained for Danylo  
 No room in his native land;  
 The fury of the nobles pursued him  
 Even amidst hosts, in a foreign land.

10 He lived alone among strangers,  
 Longing and sorrowing;  
 He suppressed his loneliness  
 And thought of revenge.

I must - he thought - break down  
 The barrier of the intruders in Halych!  
 I must wash with blood the shame  
 That stains the parental throne!

20 And in Halych there was slavery:  
 There were Magyars and the Poles.  
 Everywhere - violence and licence,  
 And grief spread out.

There grew the lad that chewed his shame  
 And seethed with anger.  
 And with his longing eyes  
 Dug a dam in Halych.

But he was not one who, like a willow,  
 Bends in the storm of life.  
 He sharpened his father's weapons  
 And burst forth like a storm.

30 Twice his father's thresholds  
 Bent under the hero's foot;  
 But again the roads  
 Led him into foreign lands.

And thus in stubborn battle  
 His sword grew into his hand.  
 Instead of giving in to hesitation  
 He, from the nobles' feuds,



40 Gained confidence in victory  
 And in the death of the foe.  
 He believed that he will vanquish  
 Both the Magyars and the Poles.

And he did. In the brilliance of praise  
 He sat on his father's throne.  
 And again happily worked  
 The peasants in the fields.

There came an order from the Khan:  
 - O Prince, come here  
 And be a guest of your master.  
 If you do not - expect trouble!

50 "I shall send a horde to the Carpathians  
 Like a flood, and I shall ask  
 To have your people destroyed;  
 And the land shall be scorched!" -

He was bent in worry;  
 He hesitated: should I go or not?  
 Shall I ruin my country by war,  
 Or should I submit?

60 "No!... Revenge... Pity on the people..."  
 In anger he suppressed his heart  
 And drank from his chalice,  
 Drank goat's milk with the pagan....

A deep wound was cut  
 In the heart of the proud warrior.  
 He, returning from the Khan,  
 Looked like a dead man.

He rode over wild steppes  
 And was in despondence.  
 He felt an abyss under his feet;  
 And was falling headlong into it.

70 He rode over field and through forest,  
 That dozed in the mist,  
 And he sobbed; washed with tears  
 The wounds of the native land.

It seemed that over the land  
 A hurricane had thundered;  
 All was lying in ruins -  
 The horizon was heavy with gloom.

80 He wept and with bitter tears  
 He burnt in shame and sorrow.  
 Tears were falling and from them  
 His sleeve turned yellow.

He weakened in the Gethsemane  
 Of Ukraine's suffering,  
 And felt lost in the mist  
 Of wasted centuries.

A hero, a dreamer, who with effort  
 Grew to great heights,  
 Had to bend like a weed,  
 Had to suffer for his blind predecessors.

90 It was not Danylo who wept  
 Over the grave of struggles;  
 These tears of sorrow were shed  
 By the heart of many generations.

The prince returned from his journey,  
 Bearing a stone in his chest.  
 The homes turned into sadness  
 In the capital of Halych.

100 It was not the foe that pushed  
 Danylo into a chasm of a merciless fate.  
 - I shall awaken the whole world  
 And turn the horde into dust!

So thought the prince and began to sharpen  
 The sword, dulled in battle.  
 He knew that the enemy was sly,  
 That he seethed with a craving.

He secured his boundaries,  
 Around the cities he built trenches,  
 Built new capitals,  
 And founded Kholm and Lviv.

He thought of bringing into battle  
 The whole world, and in the struggle  
 Wipe out all traces of the horde;  
 Build a bridge to a new era.

But Europe could not give up  
 Boudoirs and soft quilts.  
 - The wars will cease.....  
 What is the peasant and the Tatar!...

120 In vain the Pope in Rome  
 Called for a holy war;  
 The Tatars knew no bounds,  
 They came like floods in the spring.

The defense was delayed  
 And there were no reinforcements;  
 Only the crown from the Pope's hands  
 Was furrowed in his forehead.

He alone, before the horde,  
 Stood like Samson in the battle,  
 And with a weakened arm  
 Protected all of Europe.

130 Western Europe slept  
 Beyond the barrier of the Carpathians,  
 And along this barrier a flood,  
 Like a stormy waterfall,

Tore away and was ruining  
 The product of the work of centuries.  
 The ruin recorded only  
 The story of horrible terrors.

140 Woe is me! With his own hands  
 He had to cast to destruction  
 That which through many years  
 Was built by heroic efforts!

A painful sorrow burned within him,  
 And in his wounds was pain.  
 And the mighty oak was broken,  
 Because he knew not how to bend.

Dying, he thus taught

His son Lev:

"Do not depend on any one,  
Only upon your own fist!"

## XIII GOD'S LASH

Danylo was stunned by grief  
 And could not recover from it.  
 While the Mongols, like a relentless sea,  
 Flooded Ukraine.

Every spring, from Perekop,  
 Like a punitive lash,  
 The pagan sent a furious flood  
 To Ukraine's threshold.

10 Over the land poured out  
 The flood of savage pagans,  
 Intoxicating themselves on the ruin  
 With the sweetness of a beast.

Every night the clouds  
 Were lit up by the moon;  
 The peasant fled far away,  
 Abandoning the fields.

20 As from graves in the wasteland  
 Sadness came on the winds;  
 And deserted villages  
 Brought terror and fright.

People fled to Lviv's castles  
 And the guard could not sleep...  
 And the royal palaces  
 Did not resound with balls.

The fate was knitting for Ukraine  
 A fabric of terrible times,  
 And slowly turned to ashes  
 The sacrifice for sins of the centuries.

30 In vain did Danylo's people  
 Shed their blood in the field:  
 Death had captured the land,  
 The raven clawed at their eyes.

The last man of Roman's breed  
 Was dying, and turned to ashes  
 The spirit of a heroic people,  
 Exhausted and in a faint.

40 Burning out and dying  
Was the power of the wounded eagles,  
And from Krakow an invasion  
Was approaching Lviv.

In blood the west was flowing,  
The grass on the meadows drying,  
When Kazymir was drinking  
In the royal palace of Lev.

Into the ground the thresholds sank  
And were overgrown with grass;  
They did not return home -  
The heroes who went to battle.

50 On the high Chornokora  
Moan the owls sorrowfully;  
Sadly the stars look down  
On the grave mounds at night.

Fate was turning the pages  
In the secret book of events,  
And regretfully was writing:  
"Forget all the hopes...."

60 "You will lose the bloom of famous breeds  
Because the neighbor wears it;  
You shall be a parable to peoples,  
Ridicule will follow you.

"They will bespit your face,  
Trample down your honor into a fabric,  
So that when the proper time comes,  
You will weaken without passion.

"Like a dog on a leash,  
Always craving for some food,  
On your former field  
You shall be a lord's beast of burden.

70 "You shall lose faith in creativity  
Of your spirit and strong hands,  
And, looking at a grave mound,  
You shall be stupefied by a cult of suffering.

"You shall lose the common language of your brother,  
The common racial ties;  
You shall be dying until again  
You will strike a spark of life.

"Many centuries will pass  
Over your bloody laughter,  
Until suffering and terror  
Shall cleanse you white as snow."

## XIV SONG OF PAIN

Sob like a child,  
 You son of the sub-Carpathian fields!  
 You no longer are a human being  
 But a stump, devoid of pain.

They have dulled your spirit  
 With an ignoble feeling of a serf;  
 You are no eagle, but a fly,  
 Helpless and weak.

10 They blinded your eyes  
 To beauty and the treasures of the earth,  
 And your lowly spirit trembling,  
 Groping in the mist.

You have accustomed yourself to a plow,  
 Like a mule of a cheap breed.  
 And your only reward is -  
 That you produce life.

20 Having robbed you of your land, they made you  
 Into a timid bastard;  
 They killed your racial pride  
 With a fist and a lash.

They tore out your soul  
 And damned your native way.  
 And you are groping, uncertain as to where  
 To attach yourself to something, like a burr.

Like a homeless dog without a master  
 You join all those you meet.  
 And painlessly you suffer wounds  
 That you receive from them.

30 They took away your native faith,  
 Deprived you of your churches;  
 They drove into your heart, like an axe,  
 The nail of hesitation - "we or not we."

The ignoble vandals overran you  
 And with the evil in your hearts  
 Cast out of their graves  
 The bones of your heroes.



40 They tore the pictures of your sires  
For foot covers for their bastards,  
And took away your daughters  
To be nurses to their whelps.

They imposed serfdom  
On your back, so that in chains  
Your veins would break,  
That you rot in dungeons.

They traded you like cattle,  
Bartering with wine.  
Weep, my brother, for yourself;  
Weep out your suffering! Or not! ...

50 Do not wail, only sadly  
Look behind yourself,  
And wisely ask yourself:  
- Who am I? - Who was I once?....

I had the key to the whole East  
And land with honey and with milk;  
And now I am a churl without a name,  
In chains, under the lash!

## XV UNDER THE CRIMSON FLAG

Slowly, within the serf there seethed  
 A long, restrained pain.  
 There grew a common language,  
 Common thought, common purpose.

One who did not die with an ignoble spirit,  
 One who, weakened, but did not fall asleep,  
 With a sensitive ear he heard  
 A voice that spoke from an abyss:

10 "Do not submit! Do not erode your spirit  
 With the rust of faithlessness!  
 And do not lie like deadwood  
 Beside an alien house!

"Do not give up your honor  
 To the enemies for ridicule!  
Better to suffer tortures  
Than to serve foreign gods!"

20 A wound was opening in the heart,  
 A stone was growing in it;  
 An anger towards the lord was rising  
 That depressed and drained the village.

And a new and a stormy life  
 On the Dnieper's Lowland  
 Tore the timid soul  
 Into a chasm of violent times.

The invincible Zaporozhe,  
 An avenger of painful wounds,  
 Struck at enemy forces  
 Like a furious battering ram.

30 It raised the crimson flag  
 Of ages of struggle,  
 And set out on a thorny path,  
 The path of Samson's contests.

The old church of princes and dukes  
 Fell apart into the dust,  
 And under the thunder of cannons  
 The serf, as if with a broom

40 Was sweeping the ancestral house  
Of foreign elements.  
The dam was torn up  
By waves of common people.

Spring's aromas came wafting,  
The people straightened out their spines,  
And did not seed the lord's field  
With thoughts of sadness.

Oh, how widely it spread out,  
This famous Kozak road!  
Its traces are not erased  
Even now on the steppes....

50 Ages passed and the blood of heroes  
Time washed with rains,  
But the mounds with the bones of warriors  
The marauder did not dig up.

They stand grey out in the fields,  
Peering into the future,  
And in the soul of the people plant  
Faith in a better life.

## XVI ON A BLOODY EVE

They beheaded Pidkova,  
Loboda also died a hero's death;  
The Kozak Halyvajko  
Was not spared suffering also.

In vain did Sahajdachnyj  
Shed blood for Warsaw.  
Successful in every effort,  
But defeated only himself.

10      What Taras Triasylo accomplished  
Having split Poland into feuds,  
This rebellion, too great for them,  
Started Pavliuk and Ostriany.

And then terrible times began;  
The hajduks were released,  
They did not give time to breathe  
To the common people and the Kozaks.

20      And a furious storm was gathering,  
The number of Kozaks was increasing;  
A passionate hatred was brewing,  
And fists were being clenched.

A great hero was awaited  
To rock the ocean,  
Weapons were sharpened secretly.  
Pain tightened the bowstring...

The Jesuits were raging,  
The Unia they were bringing on the sword;  
Loyal children of the native church  
Were dying under the key.

30      Serfdom was eating up the strength  
Of the peasant - of the serf;  
Poverty and hunger were cutting down the people,  
Not sparing even the Kozak.

And what was lacking  
For the storm of despair  
To rouse the angry masses  
To a reckless wild struggle?

40 Thunder struck at Zaporozhe,  
In the restless grounds,  
A volcano erupted on the crossroad  
Of two epochs.

It is not a storm that rocked  
The Ukrainian ocean;  
It was the brave Sich that called out:  
"Long live Hetman Bohdan!"

Rolled the sound of thunder  
Over the fields and meadows.  
The young and the old  
Grew wings on their feet....

50 All were enchanted by the sun of freedom  
And the heroic diadem.  
The hardened pains in the chest  
Called out: "To the Sich we go!"

The savage felt the power of god  
In a steel fist;  
The road to Sich thundered  
In a gigantic dance.

## XVII ON THE PATH OF GIANTS

Brother! When insult and shame  
Strike you as a battering ram,  
Measure with your eagle eye  
The path, overgrown with weeds.

Look, how with a mighty call  
The hero stops the world  
And outlines for the coming generations  
His testament.

10        Look at Zhovti Vody,  
          Look at Korsun, at Batih;  
          Look how the Polish leaders  
          Cover the field with corpses.

          Look at Pyliavci, my brother,  
          And on Zbarazh, and on Lviv!  
          Look how the magnates tremble,  
          How the people's anger is burning them.

          See how those peasant masses,  
          Like an unleashed hurricane,  
          Weave the wreath of their glory,  
20        Mowing down the field of nobles.

          Look how the subdued lord  
          Bows humbly, defeated in the battle,  
          To the one who used to bend  
          Like a horse in harness.

          Look how, famished to the limit,  
          Goes the armed village!  
          How the courage in him plays,  
          And his forehead burns!

30        How the crown bows down  
          To the peasants' bare feet,  
          Because the nobles' protection  
          Melted like the snow in the sun!

          Look into the graves,  
          At the piles of bones of princes,  
          How you foolishly dulled  
          The steel of the peasants' fists!

40        The priceless treasure that you drowned  
           In the swamp of domestic feuds,  
           And the village that you blinded  
           You served it to a foreign boot.

          You stopped by force a creek  
           And turned it back to its source,  
           And you wanted to have the eagle  
           Slither weakly over the ground.

          You could have uplifted the eagle  
           Higher than the heavenly clouds;  
           But you led out the lambs  
           For the neighbor's flocks.

50        You see the dance of the lamb  
           That ran out of the corral?  
           See how people could dance  
           When freed from chains! .....

          You see the cloaks and coats  
           Under which the lions slept?  
           You knew not how to awaken  
           The flow of proud blood!

60        And the noble blood of the village  
           Started flowing by itself....  
           It shook the dying bodies,  
           It brought them back to life.

          On the path of great giants  
           A corpse, resurrected, is coming,  
           And from its thirsty desires  
           Spins the thread of eternity.

          It ties with it the traditional  
           Period of stupidity;  
           And calls to a banner of revolution  
           A people suffering from misery.

70        Fear creeps to the walls of Warsaw,  
           Ukraine is restless.....  
           The banner of a muzhyk state  
           Intoxicates millions of hearts.

In the chimes of Sophia's bells  
Blooms forth the spring;  
And from the heart of millions  
Flows a loud song:

80

"Our wound is healing  
That has burned for so long;  
No more of the Jew and the lord.  
Where is it better than in our land?"

The people are drunk with happiness,  
The free people are growing wings.  
And the swallows are singing,  
And the orchards are blooming, blooming....

And a mysterious voice calls:  
"Open your sleepy eyes!  
Wash your face with knowledge!  
Sharpen well your mind!



## XVIII TO THE ORTHODOX TSAR

Be you cursed amongst us,  
The fields of Berest!  
May your blood-soaked soil  
Be covered with thorns!

You sent upon your hero  
A lowly treason of a savage,  
You built an unfortunate bridge  
From Ukraine to the tsar.

10 Not of friendship did the tsar think,  
Not of brotherhood with a peasant...  
Again, like a cloud, there hang  
The ravens over the steppe.

Like a swarm the savages  
Overran Ukraine,  
And were clawing at her body,  
Tearing it to shreds.

20 The hero bent in sadness  
His furrowed forehead;  
So much was sown but the harvest  
Brought only weeds!

Instead of standing with the Kozaks,  
And taking revenge upon the Poles,  
The tsar, with savage warriors  
Sowed terror over the land.

Proud fighters of the tsar  
Burned people with fire of contempt  
And trampled, to their liking,  
Over the Kozaks' heads.

30 And they sucked like vampires  
The ruined villages.  
There was no limit to the violence,  
There was no restraint.

And the wound drained the people,  
The heart wept in sadness:  
"May the ill-fated Hetman  
Not be missed by the first bullet!"

40 Pain bound the heroic chest,  
Choked the heart with a ring;  
Called it to a march, to battle,  
To a reprisal with the Muscovite.

He sent delegates, and called  
Upon the neighbors to the war.  
He planned, in a merciless war,  
To destroy the swarm.

He knew that with Poland and Moscow,  
Which were cunning like the serpents,  
One must not be bound in friendship,  
But to fight with swords.

50 The spirit of the people wavered  
And was bubbling like the dough.  
A call to march was awaited -  
A momentous act was maturing.

Trumpets will be sounded in Zaporozhe,  
And a thunderous call will say: Forward!  
The people will arise from the boundaries,  
Blood will redden the East.....

60 And rusty swords were being sharpened,  
A great plan was being formed:  
A giant of a peasant state  
From the Caucasus beyond the San.

But what was expected did not happen,  
And the beauty of the dream vanished.  
The hero died...the chains remained.  
Ukraine was tortured by the tsar.

## XIX KONOTOP

Ukrainian fields are beautiful,  
The orchards are dressed in blossom!  
The nobles pelted them with mud,  
And the Muscovite hajduks!

Melancholy spread over you  
Like a savannah;  
Shadows are darkening the lands,  
That overgrew with weeds.

10           Amongst them, on the crossroads,  
The spirit of the people turned to stone.  
The pain of contempt is gnawing  
And within it seethes anger.

He has two neighbors:  
On one side the Pole, on the other the Muscovite.  
And both are full of hatred:  
This is a hyena, that - a jackal.

20           Which one should be befriended  
To gain freedom from the chains;  
So that the ancestral home  
Does not turn into a prison?

"On to Moscow we shall go, brothers!  
We shall fight the Muscovite!  
We shall kindle such a fire,  
That shall rock the whole Earth! ....

"We shall spill rivers of blood,  
We shall burn Moscow down;  
And with the Pole forever  
We shall live in an alliance.

30           "We shall wash dishonor off Kiev,  
We shall avenge Perejaslav,  
The Mother Sich and Father Luh  
We shall not give to be trampled over."

Thus spoke Ivan Vyhovskyj,  
And the people only nodded.  
The Moscow hangman was afraid,  
And to Ukraine he came.

40 Here he comes to the river -  
 The horse drinks good water....  
 The savage knew not ever,  
 How hard the Kozak fist strikes!

By the town of Konotop  
 There was no small battle:  
 Blood ran like a flood  
 And flowed down the fields.

The Kozaks hosted, as was the custom,  
 The loving guests:  
 A hundred thousand of them fell  
 At the hands of the Ukrainians...

50 The bright sun shone more brightly  
 From behind the clouds;  
 The people breathed more freely  
 After ill-boding phantoms.

But to make the Pole keep his word,  
 To make him keep his promise!  
 His word to him is chaff;  
 Breaking word to him is no sin.

60 Secret conspiracies were started  
 In hidden homes;  
 There came flying lowly owls,  
 The serpent hissed in corners.

The glory of Konotop was dying,  
 The aureole of heroism was fading;  
 The dirty feet of the pigmy  
 Were erasing its tracks.

Again the heart overflowed with poison  
 Of hatred and of evil;  
 The sky was dyed in blood,  
 Evil omens were heard.

70 The hero felt  
 He saw a new ambush;  
 And knowing the vanity of struggle,  
 Gave up the Hetman's sceptre.

But a lion, though in a cage,  
Casts fear upon the masses.  
Like a spider, hiding in a cobweb,  
The Pole trembled, chewed his worry.

80           And planned ignoble plots,  
              Of how to bind the lion's strength.  
              And not in vain over the Vistula  
              At night the owl hooted....

The hero died. He fell fearlessly  
At the hands of the Poles.  
And the honey filled land  
Was again clawed at by the raven.

The hero died and in the bloody  
Book of acts he wrote the words:  
Every path to Warsaw  
Is traitorous and crooked.

## XX BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER

Hide your face in your hands, brother!  
Do not look into people's eyes!  
Now came the time to reap  
That which was sown in the past.

Do you see the products? Look!  
Torn between two hungry neighbors,  
She waits to bind her wounds;  
Begging favors from them.

10 She has fought to exhaustion,  
She, who carried fear to all!  
Wandering like a sea-gull, homeless,  
Without a rudder, without an oar.

The people's road of action  
Has bent and broken down;  
Filled with perverts  
Who are arrogant in their harness.

20 The sword is raised by brother against brother,  
And innocent blood is spilled,  
And there is no one to gather all  
Under a motherly wing.

They tore up the land  
That bathed in honey,  
And gave up for ruin  
The treasure gained by forefathers.

Where are the heroes that the heroic  
Honor they treasured above life?  
One is kissing the tsar's hand,  
The other expects favors from the Poles.

30 Doroshenko replied:  
"Where are the heroes? Here they are!  
For you, our dear Mother,  
We shall go to battle like waves.

"Together with the Turk we shall rinse  
The foreign slime off your fields;  
We will tickle the enemy forces  
With shells from the cannon barrels!"

40 Again the horizon turned red  
And silence spread over the fields.  
Again before the courageous warriors  
The road led to Lviv.

The warriors marched, the people singing,  
Welcomed the hero, praised him,  
And cheered him endlessly -  
Freed and happy.

The chains fell off the arms,  
The hajduks were disappearing;  
The zhupany were flashing;  
And the Kozaks resurrected.

50 But there had to be a payment  
For the Turkish swords....  
Treasures had to be hidden  
In hollow trees in the deep forests.

Again the captives' bloody tracks  
Cut a thorny path.  
And a new boot stepped  
On the brave Ukrainian people.

60 Even churches were not spared  
By the Moslem hajduks.  
The people lived in despair;  
And fists were clenched.

The unfortunate people suffered,  
Cursing Doroshenko.  
The hero carried a heavy cross,  
Drinking from a bitter chalice.

He hid the burning wound in his heart,  
Caused by a blind mob;  
Paid no heed to the shout of scorn,  
Made ready for a battle.

70 But the evil Muscovite waited not  
For the Kozak to take his sword,  
And to go into a bloody dance.  
In the storm of confusion

Ukraine's sun was setting,  
A long night was approaching.  
And the worm of ruin bit into  
The broken in spirit, drunken Sich.

And the heroic spirit was broken  
Under the blows of ill luck....  
Limped the tsar's captive,  
Worn out like a rope,

80

To lay himself alive  
Into a grave in a foreign land -  
The despot could steal all he wanted  
On the occupied land.



## XXI ON A SLOPING GROUND

The Turkish oppression had passed;  
 Its traces were washed by the Dnieper.  
 Brukhoveckyj died infamously;  
 Petro grieved in exile.

Mnohohrishnyj, the very faithful,  
 Grieved in Siberia;  
 Samojlovich, the unsubmitive,  
 Also followed him.

10 The Hetmans took turns,  
 And Siberia was being populated;  
 The mounds brought sadness,  
 In the Carpathians the woods wept.

And suddenly, in the people's soul,  
 The pain burst out like a volcano...  
 Mazeppa's spirit to the bottom  
 Rocked the abyss of distress.

20 But not at the right hour  
 Did the hero go to war,  
 And he knew not, in a storm,  
 How to turn the masses into a demon.

At Poltava, infamously,  
 Mazeppa's banner fainted,  
 And the old heroism  
 The Muscovite sword struck down.

The hero died of wounds and grief  
 In a distant foreign land.  
 The tsar's servants went wild  
 On the bloody land.

30 Theft, quarrels, plundering -  
 This was the Muscovite brotherly gift.  
 The people seethed, but all efforts  
 The tsar suppressed with lashes.

The steppe he populated with soldiers,  
 Released from Moscow,  
 And with the Kozaks' bones  
 He filled the murderous swamps.

40 Of bones he built strong foundations  
Under the capital of cut-throats,  
Who were preparing chains  
For millions of traitors.

The hangman was mad...he shortened by worry  
Skoropadskyj's life  
And Polubotok he cast  
Into the dungeon of the past.

And the monster rolled slowly  
Along the sloping ground.  
The wedding song was being silenced  
That had echoed in the past.

50 Out of the proud breed of heroes  
Traitors were growing up,  
That clawed the tsar's garbage  
And were growing melons.

The tyrant died. And the Hetman's honor  
By the licence of the fist  
Put into the white hands of a noble  
A pure-bred courtier.

60 But not for long did Rozumovskyj  
Parade as a Hetman:  
The wolfish appetite of Moscow  
Craved and filled his sate...

He devoured the Hetman's rights,  
Swallowed the Zaporozhe,  
And by the charm of false words  
Gained to his side the weaklings.

And on the common masses the lash  
Drugged into submission.  
The sea-gull screeched in grief,  
Looking at the desolate fields....

70 The boundless blue Luh  
Spread out and worried:  
Oh, why is he lingering -  
The Kozak, a friend of the past?

And the Kozak wandered far,  
Lived as a servant to foreigners,  
And by other people's fences  
Wept secretly, and longed.

80 He dreamed of snow white  
Cherry orchards,  
And of coral lips -  
Two rosy petals.

Those lips!... The cursed lips  
The Kozak dreams of day and night!  
Their wings are scorched like the eagles;  
Because of them the Sich was lost.

Every look they wilted  
With a fiery deadly breath;  
Finally they burned through  
The spirit of passionate dreamers.

90 As in a fire a falling tree  
Scatters a sheaf of sparks,  
So under the tsar's growing oppression  
The people, dying, became stronger.

They took into their hands the sacred sword  
And raged like a storm.  
And the crazy dance ended,  
The monster fell asleep and seemed dead.

100 Weak, stunned by distress,  
The old Sich owl  
Returned with a sick heart -  
But not to his steppe land.

Far, far away by the Caucasus,  
He stood with a wounded chest,  
To guard the gate of the dungeon  
At the hangman's command.

The chalice was emptied  
To the last persecution.  
On his rapids the angry Dnieper  
Played his rhapsody of the centuries.

110

And in the dreary Chornohora  
Played a song of gloom on his horn.  
In a falling meteor  
From beyond the tears ridicule laughed.

He laughed at the fools,  
That grew up to heaven,  
And like weak snails  
Beat down by misery, were creeping.

And the poor village groaned  
Under the slave's whip,  
The native word was dying  
Under the gendarme's baton.

## XXII THE RESURRECTED TRUMPET

"You quiet world, you pleasant country,  
That take your beauty from the stars!  
Why did you droop beside the grave,  
And why are you dying prematurely?"

"Why have they ruined you,  
Brought you to a crippled state?  
Why have they stolen the magic from your face  
And took away your soul?"

10 "Oh, why have you turned black,  
You, field, that is bathed in the dew?  
Have you not been whitened by the bones  
In the unforgotten time?"

"Do not turn black, you green field;  
Open yourself with an abundant growth!  
The weak generation will die out,  
And you shall bloom as in the past.

20 "The Hetmans from the graves will come,  
The people will again unshackle themselves,  
And the red zhupany  
Will be brilliant like blood.

"Justice will arise, freedom will return,  
And the people to God's judgment  
Will bring from the free field  
The evil crime, the tsar's whip.

"The suffering, collected in the heart,  
Will burn the sluggard as in hell,  
And in many rivers into the sea  
The red blood will flow!"-

30 So sang the Prophet and grief  
He struck from the dust-laden hearts.  
And the forgotten epic of Luh  
Was returning again in hopes.

The paralytic, as if by magic,  
Defeated the threat of death;  
Into his veins slowly, with difficulty,  
Was flowing warm blood.

40 Shame was striking him in the face,  
Grief gripped his heart;  
He heard within him something call him  
As if the pain of the village.

He heard in his heart a mysterious language,  
The call of the mounds and the steppe -  
And his fist again he clenched  
For a bloody struggle.

He was entangled in his maze  
Of destructive hesitations;  
He was fainting at the crossroad,  
Scorched by the fire of struggles.

50 The hangman was raving... the Prophet suffered,  
In Siberia's tundras,  
And into the soul of the serf crept  
Fear created by the whip.

But the Prophet was cutting the chains  
And was calling: "Do not sleep!  
Love Ukraine, the poor widow,  
With a sincere heart!"

60 "Wait until the trumpets are sounded,  
And announce the tragic moment,  
And into the tsar's prisons  
Will enter the ferment of annihilation.

"Hide your griefs  
In the depths of your souls,  
Let them implant the abundance of Luh  
In the reborn sons.

"I say to you: certainly  
A terrible day will come to you,  
That on the wings of winds and torrents  
Thunder will hit the rotting stump.

70 "The people will roll out like lava -  
People freed from chains;  
The ruin will be washed with blood -  
There will be punishment, there will be judgment!...

"Woe to those who call out:  
My native people! My native land!  
And in their hands are holding  
A whip for the blind people!"-

So sang the Prophet. It seemed  
That a pain of the past ages within him wept.  
In the corpse the heart was awakening -  
He clenched his fist and waited....

## XXLIII THE LANGUAGE OF THE VILLAGE

And she awakened...

    The blood flowed  
On both sides of the Zbruch.....  
But they clipped the sea-gull's wings  
With the blade of their own sword.

Flames flared from the conflagration  
Into the eyes of the sleeping serf,  
And he changed into a flock.  
The mob went into a dance!....  
The scoundrel changed into a servant,  
10 He gave freedom to the counters;  
And awakened in the anarchy  
Of Ottamanship....

    He wailed:

    "Where are you wandering, our fate,  
Bypassing our threshold?  
Why do you make only graves for us  
Beside the bloody roads?  
Why in vain we have to shed  
Precious Kozak blood  
20 And to salt the bread of a refugee  
With tears again and again?  
Why to violence and ridicule  
Our heart you give,  
And why only a weak longing  
You give us as our weapons?

    "We are the last Mohicans,  
That still faint in chains,  
We wait until from heaven a martyr  
Ends our suffering in the prison,  
Because alone we have no courage  
30 To pay tooth for a tooth.  
They poured dust into our chests,  
Feuds have clawed at our hearts  
And we are struggling endlessly  
Like Tantalus for ages past.

    "And why do we, of little faith,  
We, descendants of the Kozaks,  
Do not even know how to weep  
So that others would feel hurt?



40 "Like a hurricane, like a storm,  
 A millenium has passed -  
 And only the mute mounds  
 Have remained for the living.  
 But the wounds of a thousand years  
 From the dead skeletons  
 Will not strike a spark of resistance,  
 To spread a conflagration.  
 Only poets write and lie  
 About the iron bridges,  
 That bind us to the living  
 50 Into a universal brotherhood.

"All lies! Only with foreign  
 Veins in the past did we  
 Inject into our sickly body  
 The blood of life.  
 And we ourselves were worried, bitten,  
 By an aimless existence,  
 Until we were cast out as garbage  
 To be trampled over by the foreigners.  
 Until by the right of victory  
 60 A storm beat us down."....

So in the ashes of the ruin  
 Worried those of little faith,  
 Who, from the fertile fields of the land  
 Sucked out the sources of disease.

And so he went into the world  
 From the native fields - an outcast.  
 And will time rinse this blood,  
 That was spilled by the scoundrel's drunkenness?

70 The grave mounds are caving in  
 And the crosses are rotting;  
 There are new strengths growing  
 That cannot carry chains.

A passionate anger is seething,  
 Created by the blood of wounds;  
 From the village comes strong Samson  
 With a fist like a battering ram.  
 And is destroying the church, in which  
 Superstition had set in;  
 He writes for the new world  
 80 His unchangeable law:

"No matter how you harness  
Human nature,  
The people's soul will not be chained  
Neither by oppression, nor the lash.

"As the oil will not sink,  
But floats on the surface,  
So the people, through adversities,  
Always struggle for their freedom.

90 "The hangmen have not yet built  
A prison for their brother  
That prisoners with their united strength  
Could not destroy.

"Do not grieve, my dear brother,  
Do not bend under the weight of despair!  
Break down the prison bars  
And measure eternity with struggles!

100 "And instil into your spirit  
A wondrous scent of native fields,  
Where, from the furrows, like a volcano,  
Bursts forth a lively, creative pain.

"Where in a land that is soaked in blood,  
It is sprouting a wonderful flower,  
That will strengthen the sea-gull's wings  
For a journey into the native world."-

110 Like a thunder plays and rumbles  
The voice of the giant - the village.  
Woe to one who trips along  
A path that is overgrown!  
Who will not pull out with the roots  
The weeds of the past within his heart,  
And its new seeds  
Will not sow in the time of Spring.

\*

\* \*

## XXIV

Oh, people, giant, beaten by miseries  
 Oppressed through the dusk of centuries!  
 Cast out on the road, washed with tears,  
 You crawl and fall under the weight of persecutions!

Oh, people, father, an aged man beside the road,  
 Who has not yet lived, but came from the dust!  
 Who always treads the neighbors' thresholds,  
 At the feet of tyrants you bend like a floor mat!

Oh, people, hero, that always wades in blood,  
 And often trembles like a helpless child,  
 And with a song of sadness you harrow the history,  
 Seeking in it a forgetting of woes!

Oh, people, demon, who are your own hangman  
 And with joy destroys your breed,  
 And for the enemy are a loyal brother,  
 Prepared to give your blood and sweat to nomads!

Where have you not shed your blood for evil neighbors,  
 And have not tempered chains for your own hands!  
 You, like a sponge, absorbed conspiracies;  
 To yourself you were a drone, to others - a recruit.

Corroded by the worms of servility,  
 You set fire to your own house.  
 And blisters of past generations were being destroyed,  
 In the scoundrel there grew a hunger for lawlessness.

Now you hardly crawl,  
 Sending grief into the chasm of the future;  
 And in a fever you wander, you burn,  
 Shedding the blood of your sons in vain.

Oh, people, Christ, who in Gethsemane  
 Clutched the chalice in faint hands,  
 And in vain is searching for a friend in the mist,  
 To bear the weight with him together!

In vain you await an easing of your painful suffering,  
 In vain you plead for sympathy from the hangman!....  
 Await nothing, only with clean hands  
 Open an unbreakable will to life.

Wash off yourself the dust of old traditions,  
That drain your strength like rickets,  
And on the graves of famous martyrs  
Build a temple - not a foreign one - your own.

Build a temple where the monks  
Do not burn incense over the white graves;  
Where the Eternal Truth in an invisible sound  
Predicts Freedom for the tired serf.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ANALYSIS OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MANUSCRIPT

### Structure, Form and Style

The manuscript Na Mandrivtsi Stolit' consists of seventy-two pages in its verse form. It is written in the Ukrainian language and signed P. Karmansky. This work, composed in 1930 in the town of Eyrene, Estado Sao Paulo, in Brazil, was written on strips of newsprint paper, approximately five by eleven inches in size, in Karmansky's handwriting. As revealed on page 161 of the copy of the original Zaspiv (Introduction), there is a peculiar formation of some of the letters of the alphabet. The faded character of some lines also presented a challenge in deciphering. However, the systematic organization of each section, namely the Foreword, Introduction, and the Contents, as well as the numerical sequence of the title of each poem and the consistent numbering of each line of poetry in tens, facilitated this study. Outside of the Foreword which is written in prose, all the poems presented are written in a quatrain form. The Introduction is written in six-line stanzas. The Language of the Village is written in a free verse form.

The analysis of word usage reveals several interesting aspects. The use of idiomatic expressions and the archaic and unusual words required a great deal of research. Although an exhaustive attempt was made to translate these words adequately, it must be admitted that the true connotation of the original was not always possible to convey.

Although a detailed formal analysis of the poetic style of the manuscript is not within the scope of this paper, it must be acknowledged that the study of these poems reveals that Karmansky was an unusually talented poet. He presents a very rich and varied form of symbolism, many figures of speech, and an abundance of references to mythological and Biblical characters. The poems are also very rich in imagery, and have a lyrical quality. The original text contains throughout an almost perfect rhythm and rhyme scheme. Karmansky shows great versatility in the construction of his sentences. He is also very successful in the difficult task of presenting the history of Ukraine in verse form, although it is not consistently chronological in some instances.

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### Content

An analysis of the manuscript reveals specific divisions of its content. The Forework, which is biographical in nature, portrays Karmansky's physical deprivations at the time of writing, and his mental and emotional turmoil. The Introduction conveys his philosophy of life, stating that in the natural order of things there is a cycle which inadvertently affects all the animate as well as the inanimate objects, and governs not only the fate of individuals, but also the progress and life of a nation. Karmansky then proceeds to versify the history of Ukraine, dealing with important events and periods as background to his poems. He begins with the legendary prophesy of St. Andrew and follows through the medieval period and the successive eras of the history of Ukraine, leading up to the twentieth century.

Because of Karmansky's poetical style, whereby, in some instances, he condenses accounts of several generations into one poem, it was necessary to support this analysis by a somewhat detailed historical background.

The poet begins his versified history of Ukraine with the legendary account in "The Prophecy of St. Andrew." Here references are made to the prehistoric and the pre-Christian era of "Grandfather Slavuta", "Perun", and "Dazhdboh", when "to the gods the fattest rams were sacrificed."

The geographic area of the present land of Ukraine was blessed with an abundance of food and the beauty of nature, where the people "as free as the falcons" lived as if in "a real paradise."

Centuries elapse, and then a Christian prophet, St. Andrew, standing on the bank of the Dnieper, at the site of the present city of Kiev, and overlooking that bountiful and beautiful land, foretells its future, saying that some day this will be a great city and the centre of Christianity. "And in the smoke of the incense

Will go praises to the Eternal God."

Furthermore, he states that the future inhabitants of this site will band themselves into "an invisible and powerful brotherhood." Then, in order to present a consistent theme, Karmansky adds that "the proud legions of Rusychi" will conquer the surrounding area "with the blades of their swords."

In the following two poems, "The Path of the Heroes" and "We Shall Not Dishonor the Land of Rus'", Karmansky deals with the medieval period, also known as the Princely Era, which began at approximately the year 878 with the rule of Prince Oleh and ended in 972 with the death of Prince Sviatoslav. According to the historians of the Norman school, the foundation of the Kievan Rus', the fatherland of the present day Ukrainians was laid by "Oleh the Seer", the successor of Prince Ruryk.

In "The Path of the Heroes" Karmansky gives a vivid portrayal of the bravery of Oleh, the 'forefather' of the Zaporozhian Kozaks. The poet tells of Oleh's successful expeditions to the Caspian and Black Seas, and the Bosphorus. He says that the brave Oleh and his warriors are "Bringing fear across the world." Oleh almost succeeded in the conquest of Byzantium, and by the First Treaty of Rus' was accorded a preferential trade agreement. However, this good fortune came to an end. The "fate laughed at the hero-dancer," for, according to one of the legends of the Primary Chronicle, to which Karmansky refers, Oleh died from the bite of a snake which crawled out of a skull of his beloved dead horse. Oleh's manner of death had been predicted by a soothsayer.<sup>13)</sup>

Oleh's successor, Ihor (912-945), is known to have been a cruel ruler. Not only did he oppress the Derevlians, but he also "had no mercy on his own subjects." Ihor was eventually killed by the Derevlians. Ol'ha (945-964) ruled as a regent for her sons. She avenged the killers. "In wild revenge she found sweetness for her heart." Then she returned to Kiev and "lived in peace and quiet, and nurtured "A new hero" - Sviatoslav.

In the next poem, "We Shall Not Dishonor the Land of Rus' ", Karmansky continues with accounts of the rule of Ol'ha's son, sometimes referred to as Sviatoslav the Conqueror (964-972). He fought many battles with the Khazars, the Pechenegs, and also in alliance with the Byzantium against Bulgars. This was an important part in the life of Sviatoslav.

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13) Ukraine, a Concise Encyclopedia: edited by V. Kubijovyč, University of Toronto Press, 1963, Vol. 1, p. 584



Finally, in 971, with the change of leadership in the Byzantium, Sviatoslav's army was challenged by a combined force of the Byzantium and Bulgaria. This time Sviatoslav's fearful men thought it best to retreat, but, as Karmansky says, Sviatoslav encouraged them in a courageous and a fatherly manner, with the words "We Shall Not Dishonor the Land of Rus' ". The encouraged men fought courageously, and the Byzantine Emperor signed a treaty of peace with Sviatoslav. However, the deceitful Emperor collaborated with the Pechenegs who, in 972, ambushed and killed Prince Sviatoslav near the Dnieper rapids. "The Prince died by the hand of the savage", and as is related in the Chronicle, "The Pechenegs beside the river, were drinking from his skull."

Although the effects of the wars of Sviatoslav were devastating to the Realm of Rus', the exemplary bravery of Sviatoslav left for his people an undying testament:

"The banner of your native land,  
Carry it unblemished!  
And the fire for Ukraine  
In your heart do not extinguish!" (III, line 121)

Karmansky emphasizes this message in the above underlined words.

The rule of Sviatoslav ended the first period of the history of medieval Ukraine, the period of the expansion of Kievan Rus'. Sviatoslav's failure proved that the Realm of Rus' was not ready for any further expansion. Improved administration and an internal consolidation were needed. This, fortunately, was accomplished in the establishment of a common religion and a common culture, with the acceptance of Christianity by Prince Volodymyr the Great. This is the theme of the next poem, "The Bright Sun of Ukraine."

In this poem Karmansky begins to speak of the period known as "The Blossoming of the Kievan Realm." It was during the long rule of Volodymyr (980-1015) that the Kievan Rus' was consolidated into one nation.

Upon the death of Sviatoslav the Conqueror Kievan Rus' was divided among his three sons, Jaropolk, Oleh and Volodymyr. Internal strife followed, and, in Karmansky's words, "Ukraine was being bathed in innocent

brotherly blood." In 980 Volodymyr, the victor of the feuds, became the sole ruler of the entire state of Rus'. He ruled for thirty-five years and gained for himself the reputation of "The Bright Sun."

Volodymyr, by several campaigns, extended the territory of his state:

"All the Ukrainian lands  
He gathered with his sword."

and:

"He extended his borders

From the Caucasus to the San." (IV - line 40)

Having secured a safe trading route, Volodymyr enjoyed a successful trade with Kiev as the centre, so that "from all the lands the roads led to Kiev."

Having also secured political unity, Volodymyr undertook the task of cementing it with a single spiritual bond. He sent envoys to many lands to observe various church rites and forms of religion, and finally adopted the Christian religion of the Greek rite. In 988 he himself was baptized and married the sister of the Byzantine Emperor Basil II. In Karmansky's words - "He has a Greek Emperor's daughter

Who keeps order in his house."

In the same year, 988, he sent for Greek members of the hierarchy to come to Kiev and to baptize his people. This was done symbolically in the river Dnieper.

After the people were baptized into Christianity, Volodymyr undertook the task of converting the entire state. Here Karmansky returns to the theme of "The Prophecy of St. Andrew." He says: "It was fulfilled completely what the Prophet had foretold." The unity in culture and religion brought a new spirit to the country and "One nation" was formed.

The first crisis of the Kievan Realm was the fratricidal feud amongst his seven sons, each of whom acted as a vice-roy over the seven regions of the country. "Before the father's bones were settled in the grave, the sons' hearts became drunk with a Cain's evil." This is Karmansky's theme in his next poem, "The Demon of Ruin."

Sviatopolk of Turiv, known in the old Ukrainian literature as "Okajanyj" (The Damned) caused the murder of his brothers Borys of Rostov and Hlib of Murom. The honour of the land which Sviatoslav the Conqueror, so called in the poem "We Shall Not Dishonor the Land of Rus' ", was "stained by the hands of this' freak; Sviatopolk."

The people of the region of Novhorod asked Jaroslav to "lead us against the serpent, Let us cleanse dishonor in the family", but "nothing was done."

Finally, in 1019, a war was fought between Jaroslav and Sviatopolk, who got reinforcements from his father-in-law, King Boleslav, of Poland. The defeated Sviatopolk fled west and died somewhere in Silesia.

Karmansky condenses these events into the following:

"The insane one died from treason in a foreign land."

In the next poem, "Before the Sunset", Karmansky depicts briefly the brilliant reign of Jaroslav the Wise. It was during this time that the Kievan authority increased. Kievan Rus' achieved a political and an economic stability, and was recognized as a first-class power.

Jaroslav continued the work of Christianizing his people, started by his father. In 1024 he was obliged to suppress a revolt led by the pagan priests of Suzdal. He fought against Poland, which was weakened by the death of Boleslav, and in 1025 he captured the region of Cherven. In 1036 Jaroslav dealt a final blow to the Pechenegs. Karmansky speaks of these events in these words:

"Poland, greedy and arrogant,  
Was eroded by disorder;  
The Pecheneg wild horde  
Was clawed at by the steppe raven." (VI - line 9)

Kiev became an important cultural centre as Jaroslav devoted himself to raising the cultural level of the Realm of Kievan Rus'. At the Cathedral of St. Sophia which he built he initiated Ukraine's first institution of learning and research. Here the most valuable works of the Greek Christian literature were translated and other works from the Bulgarian Church were copied. Peace and progress prevailed. "The bows hung on the walls," and "to schools of learning the fathers sent their sons," while "on the slopes of hills grew golden-domed churches."

During the time of Jaroslav, Rus' was politically oriented towards western Europe. A number of Jaroslav's children were married to members of western royal and aristocratic families. Karmansky says: "Kings, Tsars, Kievans - relatives of Jaroslav....."

Eventually Jaroslav, sensing that his days were numbered, advised his children to live in harmony: "And you will evade a ruin, if you will be united."

Karmansky emphasizes this message by underlining it.

The theme of the next poem, "Grief", is based on the system of succession which was in effect after Jaroslav's death. Because the statute on the succession to the throne provided that Jaroslav's family was the joint sovereign of the whole state, the oldest male was to be the Grand Prince in Kiev, and the succeeding members were to rule over other principalities in successive places of importance. This meant a shift in case of a death in the family. This constant transferring of the princes from the lesser to the major principalities tended to keep the state in a continually unsettled condition.

In the poem "Grief" Karmansky depicts the deplorable condition in the state of Rus' under the heirs of Jaroslav the Wise (1054-1093).

In 1068 the Cumans from the Donets River began to attack the outlying regions of Perejaslav and Kiev. Karmansky refers to this by saying: "The savage with a dirty boot was staining the sacred soil." Because of Iziaslav's inability to organize a defense, Kiev's "viche" (Assembly) revolted against him. Iziaslav, with the help of Poland, "There was a foreign dialect", recovered his throne but he did not regain his popularity.

Other intrigues for possession followed, especially as the second generation of Jaroslav's dependents appeared and "for a long time ruin continued in the city and on the steppe." Finally, in 1097, on the proposal of Volodymyr Monomakh, the First Princely Sejm (Diet) met in Lubeck in an attempt to organize an effective force against the Cumans and to introduce a better system of dynastic succession: "The great hero Monomakh surveyed the ruin...."

According to this new system, the Realm of Rus' became a confederation of principalities and was governed by the Princely Diets with the prince in Kiev at its head. Thus, in 1113, on the death of Sviatopolk II, the city "viche" or Assembly invited Volodymyr Monomakh, the Prince of Perejaslav, to the throne of Kiev. The poem "In Sviatoslav's Footsteps" deals with this era when Volodymyr Monomakh proved to be another capable ruler. Karmansky compares the victories of Volodymyr Monomakh (1113-1125) to the victories of Sviatoslav (964-972). Monomakh, as his predecessor Sviatoslav, was successful in driving back the enemy and uniting the Realm.

However, according to this system of succession, before his death Volodymyr Monomakh divided his realm among his five sons. This again caused internal strife which eventually led to the disintegration of Rus'. Into this poem Karmansky also crowds the feuds among Monomakh's heirs which caused further disintegration. In the last line of this poem we see Monomakh's spirit in vain calling to his sons to "unite your forces or you will be blown away like dust."

"The Year 1169" is especially significant in the history of Ukraine, for it was in 1169 that the son of Jurij of Suzdal, Andrew Boholjubsky, attacked Kiev and completely devastated it. According to the Chronicle, there was no mercy anywhere, to anyone. Churches were burned, and Christians were slaughtered or taken into slavery. Karmansky depicts it as "... black clouds are hanging over the Christian churches" and "Jaroslav's labours are burnt to ashes."

In a very emotional and lyrical portrayal Karmansky characterizes the effects of the infamous act and states that "like a raven" Ukraine will hover over Moscow with its revenge."

The next poem, "The Fame of Halych" follows logically. This poem is divided into three sections. It depicts the destruction of Kiev in 1169, and deals with the rule of Prince Roman Mstyslavych.

After the sackings of 1169 and 1203 Kiev declined, and Volynia became the most important principality. Volynia was united to Halychyna in 1169 under the able Prince Roman. From his base in Volynia, Roman subdued the boyars in Halychyna and, according to the Halych-Volynia Chronicle, Prince Roman took part in the affairs of Kiev and fought successfully against the Cumans.

The middle section of this poem continues with accounts of Prince Roman's bravery from the distant land and his victories over the boyars in Halych. The poet says: "The proud dukes are frightened by the Prince's spirit and hand."

The final section of this long poem describes the Pope's delegates offering Roman "a king's crown if he would recognize the rule of Rome and if he would help to put an end to the Tatars." Roman refused the offer, saying: "...here in my sword is my crown." This proved to be a reckless decision for, because of his military weakness, Roman heroically died in a battle <sup>against</sup> with the Tatars. The boyars in Halychyna now repelled Roman's widow and her two sons. Quarrels between the boyars and their new chosen leader caused more troubles. "Darkness came from all directions" and "Magyars, Poland and the Tatars all dreamed of Podolia's fields...."

Because Karmansky follows the historical facts in a close chronological order, the above mentioned poem is easy to follow, despite its length. However, the following information must be added to make the next poem, "Along the Black Trail" meaningful.

In 1219, after the death of Roman, Mstyslav took the throne of Halychyna and put an end to previous tragic events of Prince Roman's days. In the meantime Roman's son Danylo married Mstyslav's daughter Anna, but he soon had to face internal jealousies. In 1237 Danylo triumphed over his numerous enemies and again united the Halychyna-Volynian territories. However, the dissatisfied Rostyslav, one of Danylo's rivals, in alliance with Hungary, waged war against Danylo. In 1245 Danylo won the war but by this time the whole of Ukraine had been devastated by the Tatars, who took advantage of this disorder. According to the Halychyna-Volynian Chronicle, the state was now reduced to that of a Tatar vassalage.

"Along the Black Trail" is a moving poem which describes the plight of a beautiful young girl, "the descendant of Sviatoslav", who had become a "shepherd to the Tatar."

"The captive weeps" but the Tatar is deaf to her pains and suffering, and urges the horse and the poor maiden on, with his whip, with:

"Here, you Christian serpent, my whip will save you." The poor girl weeps: "When and where will we rest?"

In the next poem, "The Tragedy of Danylo", Karmansky deals with Danylo's reign again, but gives a different background to this account.

The poet begins by recalling the childhood days of Danylo when, as an orphan and a minor, the follies of the nobles drove him out. With vivid description Karmansky describes the desire of Danylo to help his people overcome their enemies. Finally, in 1245, the Tatars invited Danylo saying, "Oh, Prince, come here, be a guest of your master." The Tatars confirmed Danylo as a ruler but requested him to pay homage to the Khan as "Danylo drank goat's milk with the pagans," but he was greatly humiliated and grieved, and he resolved to fight the Tatars, "to turn the horde into dust."

Danylo proceeded to fortify the cities so as to make it safer for them to develop their commerce and manufacturing. He also founded the cities of Lviv and Kholm. The strong urban population which emerged made Danylo independent of the boyars. Danylo developed diplomatic contacts with Hungary and Poland. He also established relations with Pope Innocent IV, according to Karmansky, but the Pope did not give Danylo any military support against the Tatars, as he had promised. Disappointed because of his failure to win full independence from the Mongolian Empire, he died in Kholm in 1264. To his son Lev, the dying Danylo said: "Do not depend on anyone, only on your own fist!" These underlined words stress the lesson that Danylo learned in his lifetime.

In the next two poems, "God's Lash" and "The Song of Pain", Karmansky describes the suffering of the people caused by the Tatar frequent raids on Ukrainian towns and villages. Fate was regretfully writing the words "Forget all your hopes" - "you will lose the bloom of famous breeds, and the faith in creativity as well as the common language." "Every spark of national feeling will be lost," says the poet, until "you will ask yourself - Who am I - Who was I once?"

Karmansky's next poem, "Under the Crimson Flag", brings into focus

the revival of the national spirit when the common people united themselves on the grounds of the Orthodox Faith, and the Zaporozhian crimson banner.

In his versified history of Ukraine Karmansky devotes a number of poems to the Kozak period, for it is in this period that Ukraine became a united, and a strong political state. The historical background of the poem "On a Bloody Eve" lies in the Treaty of Lublin of 1596 which deals with the Polish-Lithuanian union. According to this union, self-government was promised to the Ukrainian lands annexed by Poland, but the promise was not ratified. Instead, the Polish lords were given landed estates in Ukraine. There were many social changes. Polish customs and the Polish language were promoted everywhere, and the upper stratum of the Ukrainian population was being rapidly denationalized. Polonization was also imposed in the schools which were in the hands of the Catholic clergy, especially the Jesuits. Of this Karmansky says: "...the Jesuits were raging" and "the faith of the children of the native church was dying."

The life of the peasant was made even more unbearable as "serfdom was eating up the strength of the peasant." The people of Halychyna, Volynia and the northern areas of Kiev moved to the free settlements, the so called "Wild Field", the future of "Slobidska Ukraina" and to the south, beyond the Dnieper's rapids.

During this time the future of Ukraine was upheld by the few Ukrainian nobles, such as Basil Constantine Ostroky and the Orthodox Church Brotherhoods who undertook to defend the rights of their people and their customs and traditions. These efforts were reinforced when in the fifteenth century the Kozaks, who had appeared in the southern Ukraine, developed a separate social state. Here they were joined by those who wished to escape the influences of Polonization: "The number of Kozaks was increasing and a passionate hatred was brewing."

The Kozaks organized and waged their own wars. In 1577 they seized Moldavia and placed on its throne their leader, Ivan Pidkova. This is the incident with which Karmansky begins his poem, for Pidkova was beheaded in Lviv in 1578. This is the beginning of the "Bloody Eve."

History has recorded that both Loboda, who with his forces joined



Nalyvajko in a campaign against Moldavia in 1594, and in another one against the Poles under Zolkiewski, also perished, while Nalyvajko was executed in Warsaw in 1597. All these names are recorded in this poem.

Karmansky says:

"They beheaded Pidkova,  
Loboda also died a hero's death;  
The Kozak Nalyvajko  
Was not spared suffering either." (XV, line 1)

In 1618 a leading Kozak, Hetman Petro Sahajdachnyj, with his 30,000 Kozaks aided Crown Prince Vladyslav of Poland in a battle against Moscow. Sahajdachnyj also won great glory with his Kozak sea-raiders in Crimea and Asia Minor. He moved the seat of the Hetmanate to Kiev, the old capital of Ukraine, and his name is connected with the cultural revival of Kiev. He gained many rights for the Kozaks. However, in 1622 he died while helping the Poles against the Turks in a battle in Khotyn. The Polish king, feeling his strength again, denied the Kozaks those privileges which he had previously granted. In Karmansky's words:

"In vain did Sahajdachnyj  
Shed blood for Warsaw.  
Successful in every effort,  
But defeated only himself." (XVI, line 4)

In the 1620's and 1630's there was a bitter struggle between Poland and the Kozaks. Karmansky mentions Hetman Paul Pavliuk and Jakiv Ostriany, both of whom perished at this time. The Kozaks now were declared outlaws and all attempts were made to destroy them as an organized military defense force.

The poet now versifies the dormant spirit of Ukraine, awaiting a leader, who brings about a revival of the national desire of freedom in the time of the great Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytskyj: "It was the brave Sich that called out 'Long live Hetman Bohdan!'"

In the following poem "On the Path of Giants" Karmansky continues his historical account of the events in Ukraine under the Hetmanate. It brought about the rebirth of the state. In this sense the Ukrainian leaders are again following the path of those, who in the previous period, contributed to the liberation of their country. This qualifies Karmansky's choice of a title for this poem - "On the Path of Giants."

During the period of 1638-1648 there were no significant changes in the Ukrainian-Polish relations and the anti-Ukrainian trend of the Poles continued. The petty Polish gentry and the stewards and landlords of the noblemen's properties who were often Jews, enraged the peasants. The middle stratum of society, the petty Ukrainian gentry, was also depressed. This period which is, in Ukrainian history, ironically referred to as the "golden peace", was only a lull; a revolt was imminent.

Its outbreak culminated with the appearance of a strong leader. Although Karmansky does not mention the name of Khmelnytskyj, he refers to his success in his battles against the Poles at Zhovti Vody, Zbarazh, and Lviv. In a number of verses he characterizes the reaction of the oppressed masses to the nobles:

"Look how the subdued lord  
Bows humbly, defeated in battle,  
To the one who used to bend  
Like a horse in harness." (XVII, line 21)

Maintaining a consistency with this title - "On the Path of Giants", Karmansky devotes a number of stanzas to remind his people that the early internal feuds are the cause of their dilemma: "The priceless treasure that you drowned in the swamp of domestic feuds." He <sup>again</sup> emphasizes this point by underlying these words.

Karmansky's poem continues with the background reference stating that Khmelnytskyj set up his Kozak administration in Chyhyryn, which was approximately in the centre of the Kozak Ukraine over which he was an independent ruler, but Kiev, with its Academy, continued to be the cultural and ecclesiastical capital. The people were happy in their independence:

"In the chimes of Sophia's bells  
Blooms forth the spring;  
And from the hearts of millions  
Flows a loud song."

.....  
"Our wound is healing  
That has burned for so long;  
No more of the Jew and the lord." (XVII, line 76)

Then the mysterious voice of the brave forefathers calls:

"Open your sleepy eyes!  
Wash your face with knowledge,  
Sharpen well your mind!" (XVII, line 85)

Karmansky believes that this independence will not last long unless the people are aroused to an awareness of their past by knowledge and education. This is but one of the many instances where Karmansky reveals his belief that only in knowledge and education lies the independence and dignity of every individual as well as a nation.

Continuing with the Kozak era in Ukrainian history, Karmansky entitles his next poem "To the Orthodox Tsar", and curses him for the lowly and treasonable way in which he, the Tsar, betrayed Khmelnytskyj.

It was the synod of Brest in 1596 that attempted to unite the Orthodox and the Catholic churches. It was because of the feeling that this union would undermine the religious and cultural bond of the people of Ukraine that Khmelnytskyj eventually turned to the Russian Tsar on the basis that both peoples were of the same religious faith - Orthodox. Karmansky says: "Be you cursed amongst us, the fields of Brest that built an unfortunate bridge from Ukraine to the Tsar."

After the Treaty of Zboriv in 1649 Bohdan Khmelnytskyj headed a Kozak army of 40,000 men which was to be stationed in the Ukrainian capital of Kiev and in Bratslav and Chernyhyv. Jews and Jesuits were forbidden to live in these areas and the administration was to consist only of Ukrainian gentry of the Orthodox faith.

Khmelnytskyj organized his government on his own system, and from Chyhyryn carried on a wide diplomatic activity. This position soon deteriorated, for by his defeat by the Poles in 1651 and by the Pact of the Bila Tserkva Khmelnytskyj was forced to allow the Polish nobles to return to their estates. The local population suffered and popular resentment against Khmelnytskyj grew. He planned a coalition with the Turks and the Tatars, but it did not work. The Poles again betrayed Khmelnytskyj in their peace treaty with the Tatar Khan without suspensions from Khmelnytskyj. The disillusioned Hetman turned to Russia, and in 1654 signed the Treaty of Perejaslav, by which Ukraine accepted the protection of the Muscovite Tsar but still remained a separate and independent state. Because of the vague terms of this treaty many misunderstandings between Ukraine and Muscovy followed. When the Tsar did not uphold the terms of the treaty, the oppressed people blamed Khmelnytskyj saying: "May the ill-fated Hetman not be missed by the first bullet!"

Khmelnyskyj again tried to develop an independent policy by trying to make an alliance with Sweden, since both Ukraine and Sweden were fighting against Poland. They had a common enemy. He also tried to make an alliance with Transylvania and Brandenburg, by which he hoped to get complete independence for all of the Ukrainian lands, but this plan was not realized. Khmelnytskyj's untimely death in 1657 left Ukraine in a precarious position. Says Karmansky: "The hero died, the chains remained, and Ukraine was tortured by the Tsar."

Historical developments continue and the background of Karmansky's next poem, "Konotop", deals with events that surrounded the battle of July 8, 1659, when the joint Ukrainian and Polish, and Tatar forces defeated Trubetskoj decisively, at Konotop.

Following a one month period of leadership of Juriy Khmelnytskyj, the son of the former great Hetman, the Kozaks chose as their leader Ivan Vyhovskyj (1657-1659), who had been the Secretary-General in Bohdan Khmelnytskyj's administration. Vyhovskyj tried to follow Khmelnytskyj's political line. He aimed at building an independent and a territorially united state without breaking with Muscovy. He also tried to win the Tatars away from their orientation toward Poland and sought a closer alliance with Sweden. The crafty Tsar, however, undermined Vyhovskyj's strength by supporting Martin Pushkarand and Jacob Barabash in their claims against Vyhovskyj. With the Tatar alliance Vyhovskyj defeated them at Poltava.

Vyhovskyj now came into a closer co-operation with Poland, and in 1658, by the Treaty of Hadiach, gained some concessions from Poland. The envious Moscow, with an army of 100,000 men, under the command of Prince Trubetskoj, invaded Ukraine. They met at Konotop. Karmansky says about this event in these brief words: "On to Moscow we shall go, brothers,... we shall avenge Perejaslav....." Thus spoke Ivan Vyhovskyj.

However, Vyhovskyj's success at Konotop did not improve the position of the rank and file of the Kozaks. Unrest followed and in 1659 Vyhovskyj was forced to flee, and Juriy Khmelnytskyj again took the leadership. But in 1663 he resigned again, and was succeeded by two leaders - Pavlo Teteria of the Right Bank, supported by the Poles, and Ivan Briukhovetskyj of the Left Bank, supported by Moscow. This disunity caused weakness, and the people lost confidence in their own government. "The Period of Ruin"

descended on the people. Of this period Karmanskyj says: "The glory of Konotop was dying and again the heart overflowed with poison of hatred and evil."

The struggle continued with Poland supporting one Hetman and Moscow another, so as to keep the people divided and weak.

In this poem, however, Karmansky makes a few illusions as to the historical circumstances of this period. He stresses the fact that the Poles again prove that they are not to be trusted, because he underlines the final words: "Every path to Warsaw is traitorous and crooked."

Karmansky continues to depict Ukraine during the period of "The Ruin". Instigated by Poland on one side and Russia on the other, the people of Ukraine were divided:

"Hide your face in your hands, brother!

.....

Do you see the products? Look!  
Torn between two hungry neighbors  
She waits to bind her wounds,  
Begging favours from them."

(XX, line 5)

On the Right Bank Ukraine the Polish appointee, Pavlo Teteria, was forced to retire in 1665 and his successor, Stepan Opara, was supported by the Tatars. He was replaced by Petro Doroshenko, who was Hetman of Ukraine for ten years (1666-1676). However, in 1667, by the Treaty of Andrusiv, Ukraine was divided - the Right Bank fell to Poland, and the Left Bank to Muscovy. Troubles between the rulers of the two parts of the country continued. Doroshenko tried to improve this situation. Karmansky says:

"Doroshenko replied:

'Together with the Turk we shall rinse  
The foreign slime of your fields."

(XX, line 29)

Doroshenko, allied with the Turks, defeated Poland and claimed the rule of the Right Bank Ukraine. However, again internal struggle between Doroshenko and Samojlovych continued until 1676, when the latter won. Then "The unfortunate people suffered, cursing Doroshenko."

Karmansky depicts "The Ruin" thus:

"Ukraine's sun was setting,  
A long night was approaching,  
And the worm of ruin bit into  
The broken in spirit, drunken Sich."

(XX, line 72)

In the next poem, "On a Sloping Ground", Karmansky covers approximately a period of one hundred years. He reviews the events of the Hetman rule in Ukraine and points out the gradual decline of the Hetmanate, and therefore the gradual subjugation of Ukraine by Russia.

Karmansky recalls the names of such Hetmans as Briukhovetskyj, Mnohohrshnyj and Samojlovych, who were exiled. He says: "The Hetmans took turns and Siberia was being populated." Then Hetman Mazeppa appeared, but he too suffered defeat in the battle of Poltava in 1709. He died in exile in Turkey.

In the meantime, under this regime these conditions prevailed:

"The people seethed, but all efforts  
The Tsar suppressed with lashes....  
The steppe he populated with soldiers  
Released from Moscow,  
And with the Kozaks' bones  
He filled the murderous swamp." (XXI, line 32)

After the catastrophe of Poltava, a change was brought about in the power of eastern Europe. Russia became a great European power and its pressure on Ukraine increased. Peter I was determined to eliminate the autonomous rights of the Hetman state. He ordered that Ivan Skoropadskyj be chosen Hetman (1708-1722), and Russia interfered in many aspects of the laws and rules of the Ukrainian governing body. In an underhand way Peter I inflamed the upper and lower classes against each other. By increasing the internal conflicts in Ukraine, he weakened her politically. Skoropadskyj protested against the economic and political abuses, but he was ignored. In 1722 he died and Pavlo Polubotok took his place. Eventually Polubotok was imprisoned and Ukraine fell under the rule of the Russian general Veliaminov, and the so-called governmental institution called the "Little Russian College", consisting of six staff officers of the Russian regiment.

Karmansky describes these events thus:

"The hangman was mad... he shortened by worry  
Skoropadskyj's life,  
And Polubotok he cast  
Into the dungeon of the past.  
And the monster rolled slowly  
Along the sloping ground." (XXI, line 41)

When, in 1741, "the tyrant died," Tsarina Elizabeth ascended the Russian throne. Because of her love for a Ukrainian Kozak, Oleksij Rozumovskij, she revived the Hetmanate in Ukraine in 1747 under Oleksij's brother Kyrylo. However, this respite was but shortlived, for in 1762 Tsarina Katherine II came to the throne and reverted to the policy of Peter I. This was the policy of centralization and Russification of all the lands acquired by Moscow, including Ukraine. Kyrylo Rozumovskij was replaced by Count Rumiantsev, who proceeded to eliminate the Ukrainian rights and liberties, and to gradually prepare Ukraine for accepting the Russian system.

In 1775, one year after the Russian victory over the Turks, Katherine II destroyed the Zaporozhian Sich, and in 1781 the same fate befell the Hetman state. In 1783, by the Russian system of serfdom, the peasants were bound to the land, while by way of an appeasement, the Ukrainian nobility was given the same privileges as the Russian nobility had. In 1786 the monastic estates were secularized, which meant that the church-endowed cultural and educational institutions were wiped out. Karmansky describes this period in the following words:

"They devoured the Hetman's rights,  
Swallowed the Zaporozhe,  
And by the charm of false words  
Gained to his side the weaklings." (XXI, line 61)

With the complete destruction of the Hetman state, Ukraine was incorporated into the Russian Empire:

"And the poor village groaned  
Under the slave's whip,  
And the native word was dying." (XXI, line 118)

The next poem, "The Resurrected Trumpet", speaks of a particular Prophet who, by his writing, rekindled the spark of Ukrainian identity:

"The Prophet was cutting the chains  
And was calling: 'Do not sleep!  
Love Ukraine, the poor widow,  
With a sincere heart!" (XXIII, line 54)

Although Karmansky does not name the Prophet, there is no doubt that he is speaking about Taras Shevchenko, as it is he who writes in that

style, and often refers to Ukraine as "the poor widow." He also gives the following clue:

"....the Prophet suffered,  
In Siberia's tundras,  
And into the soul of the serf crept  
Fear created by the whip." (XXIII, line 49)

All of the above statements were facts in Shevchenko's life.

This poem ends with the idea that the subjugated people are waiting and hoping for their fate to improve.

In the following poem, the "Language of the Village", Karmansky does not refer to any particular historical period or event, but informs through the words of one of the villagers, that "we are the last Mohicans that still faint in chains," Mohicans, according to general knowledge, are one of the Algonquin tribes which survive in Stockbridge, Massachusetts - whereas other elements have lost their identity amongst the Delaware Iroquois or other tribes.

According to Karmansky, the Ukrainians, like the Mohicans, in spite of their tragic past, have still managed to keep their distinct national identity.

The voice of the village wonders why the people, "descendants of the Kozaks," do not even know how to arouse empathy:

"Do not even know how to weep  
So that others would feel hurt?" (XXIII, line 36)

The people are losing faith; they cannot even believe the poets who remind them of their past:

"Only poets write and lie  
About the iron bridges  
That bind us to the living  
Into a universal brotherhood." (XXIII, line 47)

"All lies", the villagers say; "we could only accomplish with the help of others", and, according to Karmansky, the villagers have little self-respect. They say:

"And we ourselves were worried, bitten  
By an aimless existence  
Until we were cast out as garbage  
To be trampled over by the foreigner.  
Until by the right of victory  
A storm beat us down...." (XXIII, line 55)



To escape from this deprivation people have left their native land and have gone out into the world. This, no doubt, is the illusion to the migrations of Ukrainians into foreign lands. Karmansky here speaks not only of the millions of migrants from Ukraine, but also of his own personal fate. He says:

"And so he went into the world  
From the native fields - an outcast." (XXIII, line 65)

However, new strengths are growing. Superstitions are being overcome, for human nature, according to the poet, is such that the people's soul will not be chained "neither by oppression, nor by the lash." And he also says: "Do not grieve, my dear brother." One might add the words: do not give up, but continue your struggle, uproot the evils of the past and sow new seeds from which will sprout a brighter future. Karmansky again emphasizes this message by the following underlined words:

"Woe to one who trips along  
A path that is overgrown!  
Who will not pull out with the roots  
The weeds of the past within the heart,  
And its new seeds  
Will not sow in the time of Spring." (XXIII, line 107)

With this message the author closes his formal versification.

In his concluding poem which bears no title, Karmansky, in a style very similar to that of the Prologue in Ivan Franko's poem "Moses", addresses the various human characters as people with such names as "giant", "father", "hero", and "demon." All of these have been depressed through the centuries until now their spirit can "hardly crawl." Finally, he addresses the upright and the honourable people who, like Christ in Gethsemane, are searching for a friend "to bear the weight", and advises his people not to wait for some miraculous help, but to "wash off yourself the dust of old traditions", and with the knowledge of the past regain the dignity, and proceed to build a better future for the nation. He says:

"And on the graves of famous martyrs  
Build a temple - not a foreign one - your own  
.....  
Where the Eternal Truth in an invisible sound  
Predicts Freedom for the tired serf." (XXIV, line 38)

The final poem, which bears no title, Karmansky apparently meant to serve as a conclusion for his whole work. Using the poetic style of his contemporary writer, Ivan Franko, he gives his concluding message by directly addressing the different strata of his people. He recounts the difficulties of their past by stating that "corroded by the worms of servility", they "like a sponge have absorbed the conspiracies of their enemies." Then, in the following stanza, he gives their present condition:

"Now you hardly crawl,  
 Sending grief into the chasms of the future,  
 And in a fever you wander, you burn,  
 Shedding the blood of your own sons in vain." (XXIV, line 25)

His final message is that the Ukrainians should be encouraged by the knowledge that their history proves that they have a very great heritage. Now, he says, "Wash off yourself the dust of old traditions." In other words: Eradicate those negative traditions that cause disunity; unite and "Build a temple - not a foreign one - your own." No freedom, he emphasizes, can flourish if it is founded on "empty" words and insincere intentions: "Do not burn incense over white graves," he says, but build a solid freedom on the foundation of eternal truth. These are Karmansky's concluding lines:

"..... build a temple  
 Where Eternal Truth in an invisible sound  
 Predicts Freedom for the tired serfs." (XXIV, line 40)

In the final analysis of the content division of this manuscript, Na Mandrivtsi Stolit (Wandering Through the Centuries) it is evident that in 1930 Peter Karmansky, in his fifty-fourth year of life, had several reasons for writing this poem.

As indicated in the "Introduction," Karmansky was resigned to his fate. He had reached the conclusion that in the nature of things there is a "cosmic, cyclical order" that "dictates the law to all." His physical existence, as it is stated in the autobiographical "Foreword," was extremely meagre, but his keen intellectual mind "eternally creates." During his toiling on the Brazilian land, and during his restless nights, he was searching for the causes of his misery. In his loneliness and disenchantment he concluded that among his own people a lack of knowledge and a lack of understanding had contributed greatly to his present "Golgotha." Therefore he decided to promote knowledge and "to lock"

into his verses the trials and triumphs of his people's past. He stated that he was departing from the traditions of the historians that had recorded "the episodes of our past in large volumes" and was condensing the history into verses which, he hoped, would influence the younger generation. "I am writing", he says, "for those who, as I in the past, sitting in a school desk, 'reach for the sky.'" In the body of his manuscript Karmansky has achieved his purpose very effectively.

Beginning with the legendary "Prophesy of St. Andrew," he proceeded to the Medieval Period, depicting the Kievan Rus' before the time of Volodymyr the Great. In the next era he portrays the blossoming of the Kievan Realm under Volodymyr the Great and Jaroslav the Wise, which he followed with the period of internal feuds that weakened the Kievan Rus'. In several poems he shows his readers the devastating results of this domestic strife. Karmansky then gives an insight into the difficulties of Roman's and Danylo's reign and presented quite an intensive account of the rise and fall of the Hetman state. Finally he refers to the influence of the "Prophet", Taras Shevchenko, and concludes with the observation of the causes and results of the past historical events. Karmansky has definitely accomplished his objective of depicting the history of Ukraine in a versified form, and by his pedagogical method of continually pointing to the fact that unity of purpose and a knowledge based on "Eternal Truth", are necessary for the achievement of freedom, he has reinforced in his readers a very fundamental lesson.

CONCLUSION  
A General Analysis

After having briefly discussed the life and the literary contributions of Peter Karmansky, and after having typed the handwritten composition in the Ukrainian language, and translated it into the English language, and also after having given an account of the physical characteristics of the original, a brief analysis of the poetic style and structure, and a more detailed study of the biographical and historical content of the manuscript, the author of this thesis has come to the conclusion that this study is an important contribution for a number of reasons.

The research on the life and work of Peter Karmansky brings into focus a very interesting personality and a very talented writer. His character reflects the struggle of the Ukrainian people of his generation. He was an extremely capable and a sensitive scholar who, in his early life, became influenced by the group "The Young Muse". The members of this group decided that because of the sad conditions in Ukraine at that time, when every aspect of freedom was curtailed, they would reflect their unacceptance of this condition by shading all their creativity with sadness. Karmansky's work reflects this sadness and satire:

"The members of The Young Muse depicted in versified form the problems of the day. They satirized the idleness, hypocrisy and cowardice of the contemporary society." 14)

Karmansky's Canadian Episode proved to be another disappointment, for at the beginning of the twentieth century the Ukrainian pioneers in Canada were faced with many hardships of a new life. Because Karmansky was a very sensitive teacher, he could not tolerate the degradation to which some of his countrymen stooped. He got involved in personal criticisms and political intrigues, and decided to return to Ukraine. This is the account of this episode:

".....Peter Karmansky as a teacher in the Brandon Seminary would have fared exceedingly well had he

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14) Kovalenko, O.: Ukrainska Muza (The Ukrainian Muse), Kiev, 1908, p. iv

confined himself to the cultural-educational aspects of his work here." 15)

When Karmansky returned to Ukraine, he was engulfed in the difficulties of the First World War. The extremely short existence of an Independent Ukraine, in whose politics he took an active part, was another bitter disappointment. Then his life in Brazil was again filled with negative feelings and bitterness.

Despite these disillusionments, Karmansky has made a substantial literary contribution. Most of his work that is available reflects his extreme sensitivity to the beauty of nature and his great empathy to the plight of his fellowmen. This quality, as well as his patriotism, is revealed in the following:

"....all of you (Ukrainians) are mine - and only mine! Those who plough my black fields and those who are in America.... those who fashion their fate on the Canadian prairies and those who toil on the humid fields of Parana, and on the scorching steppes of Argentina.... The time will come when I will give you the treasures of all humanity: truth and freedom....." 16)

Another value derived from the study of the manuscript lies in its content, theme and style. The versified history shows that Ukraine too has had a glorious past. True, there have been feuds, internal strife and corruption, but this is true of the history of any nation. Furthermore, Karmansky's work reflects that, by comparison, the Ukrainians possess a very interesting, significant and individualistic heritage. Besides this, the poet continually brings out the lesson that in order to progress, we must always seek the uncorrupted truth and be united in the national purpose. Despite the fact that some poems cover a very large expanse in time, it must be remembered that the poetic licence allows the poet the privilege of expanding or condensing facts into the scheme of his artistic portrayal. In fact, in another aspect, some of the more lyrical poems, such as "Along the Black Trail" may prove, on closer analysis to be more emphatic than those of factual content, like "Konotop", for by its lesser degree of historical involvement, it connotes a broader conceptual realization.

Another important benefit from this study lies in the fact that since this manuscript was hitherto unknown, its discovery and study adds to

15) Woycenko, Ol'ha : The Annals of Ukrainian Life in Canada, Trident Press, Winnipeg, 1961, Vol. 1, p. 78

16) Karmansky, P.: Buria (The Storm), Brazilian Printers, Prudentopol, 1923, p.61

Karmansky's literary output. In addition, it contributes specifically to the Ukrainian literary content, and is especially valuable because of its translation into the English language. In this respect it may be of further pedagogical value, for some of these poems, perhaps with adapted illustrations, could undoubtedly present a most interesting and challenging classroom study.

Finally, it is hoped that this thesis will encourage a further study of Karmansky's works in general, and perhaps an intensive study of this same manuscript in regard to its literary form and style beyond that which has been explored here.

## ARCHAIC AND RARE WORDS

This list follows the chronological order in which the words  
appear in the original text

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Заспів

- |                               |   |
|-------------------------------|---|
| морвові - mulberry            | VIII суп - eagle                        |
| седри - cedars                | жакує - serving as a page               |
| доски - boards                |   |
| I чертоги - dens              | IX габа - covering                      |
| ліпота - beauty               | оболоння - meadows                      |
| кметь - peasant               | тур - bison                             |
| Саваот - God                  | хам - villain                           |
| рать - battle, fight          | ялиця - fir tree                        |
| II лада - husband             | X Бескид - edge of Carpathian Mountains |
| III Див - god of evil         | рокоче - is thundering                  |
| ратище - lance, spear         | пись - wild cat, lynx                   |
| дикар - savage                |   |
| IV коромольний - quarrelsome  | XII ізгой - exiled prince               |
| десниця - right arm or hand   | столі - throne                          |
| криші - roofs                 | половів - turned pale, faded            |
| парчі - brocade cloth         | верг - talked nonsense                  |
| багрянця - purple cloth       | Меле! - Woe is me!                      |
| поміст - floor                | багаття - bonfire, campfire             |
| Сіноп - Sinope (city in East) |   |
| феї - fairies                 | XIV ізслиз - died slow death            |
| сокровище - treasury          | XV намул - mud, slime                   |
| терем - palace                | буруни - waves, dams, walls             |
| тивун - prince's official     | XVI гайдук - henchman, whipping man     |
| VI галич - crows              | гайворон - rook                         |
| гірлянда - garland            | баговиння - swamp, mud                  |
| VII загін - territory, land   | сермяги - shirts                        |
| ковиль - grass on the steppe  | XVIII пузирив - bubbled                 |
|                               | XIX розговілись - prepared for Easter   |
|                               | баштана - melon-growing field, garden   |
|                               | XXII ліврей - livery servant            |
|                               | кирея - gown                            |
|                               | танталіями - suffering                  |

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