

English Translations of the Poetry of Taras Shevchenko



The Testament

Dig my grave and raise my barrow

By the Dnieper-side

In Ukraina, my own land,

A fair land and wide.

I will lie and watch the cornfields,

Listen through the years

To the river voices roaring,

Roaring in my ears.

When I hear the call

Of the racing flood,

Loud with hated blood,

I will leave them all,

Fields and hills; and force my way

Right up to the Throne

Where God sits alone;

Clasp His feet and pray...

But till that day

What is God to me?

Bury me, be done with me,

Rise and break your chain,

Water your new liberty

With blood for rain.

Then, in the mighty family

Of all men that are free,

May be sometimes, very softly You will speak of me?

Translated by E. L. Voynich London, 1911 (BWL03/04)

