

## Comparison of Translations of Taras Shevchenko's "Zapovit"

1

Original.

Як умру, то поховайте  
Мене на могилі,  
Серед степу широкого,  
На Вкраїні милій,  
Щоб лани широкополі,  
І Дніпро, і кручі  
Було видно, було чути,  
Як реве ревучий.

Як понесе з України  
У синєє море  
Кров ворожу... отойді я  
І лани, і гори —  
Все покину і полину  
До самого бога  
Молитися... а до того  
Я не знаю бога.

Поховайте та вставайте,  
Кайдани порвіте  
І вражою злою кров'ю  
Волю окропіте.  
І мене в сем'ї великій,  
В сем'ї вольній, новій,  
Не забудьте пом'янути  
Незлим тихим словом.  
25 декабря 1845,  
в Переяславі

Paul Selver Translation.

When I'm dead then let me slumber  
Underneath a mound,  
'Mid the rolling steppe, with precious  
Ukraine earth around ;  
That the mighty girth of acres,  
Dnieper's craggy shores,  
I may gaze on, and may hearken  
How the blusterer roars.

When it bears away from Ukraine  
To the azure sea  
Foemen's blood, — then I'll depart from  
Mountain-side and lea :  
These unheeding, I'll be speeding  
Even unto God,  
There to pray, but till that happen,  
I'll know naught of God.

Grant me burial, then uprising,  
Shatter every gyve ;  
Drench with evil blood of foemen  
Freedom that it thrive.  
And my name in your great kindred,  
Kindred free and new,  
Ye shall cherish, lest it perish, —  
Speak me fair and true.

Translated by Paul Selver

Ethel Voynich Translation.

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

## Comparison of Translations of Taras Shevchenko's "Zapovit"

2

John Weir Translation 1.

When I am dead, then bury me  
In my beloved Ukraine,  
My tomb upon a grave mound high  
Amid the spreading plain,  
So that the fields, the boundless steppes,  
The Dnieper's plunging shore  
My eyes could see, my ears could hear  
The mighty river roar.

When from Ukraine the Dnieper bears  
Into the deep blue sea  
The blood of foes... then will I leave  
These hills and fertile fields —  
I'll leave them all and fly away  
To the abode of God,  
And then I'll pray... But till that day  
I nothing know of God.

Oh bury me, then rise ye up  
And break your heavy chains  
And water with the tyrants' blood  
The freedom you have gained.  
And in the great new family,  
The family of the free,  
With softly spoken, kindly word  
Remember also me.

Translated by John Weir

A. J. Hunter Translation

WHEN I die, remember, lay me  
Lowly in the silent tomb,  
Where the prairie stretches free,  
Sweet Ukraine, my cherished home.  
There, 'mid meadows' grassy sward.  
Dnieper's waters pouring  
May be seen and may be heard.  
Mighty in their roaring.

When from Ukraine waters bear  
Rolling to the sea so far  
Foeman's blood, no longer there  
Stay I where my ashes are.  
Grass and hills I'll leave and fly.  
Unto throne of God I'll go,  
There in heaven to pray on high,  
But, till then, no God I know.

Standing then about my grave,  
Make ye haste, your fetters tear!  
Sprinkled with the foeman's blood  
Then shall rise your freedom fair.  
Then shall spring a kinship great.  
This a family new and free.  
Sometimes in your glorious state.  
Gently, kindly, speak of me.

Translated by Alexander Jardine Hunter

Vera Rich Translation.

When I die, then make my grave  
High on an ancient mound,  
In my own beloved Ukraine,  
In steppeland without bound:  
Whence one may see wide-skirted wheatland,  
Dnipro's steep-cliffed shore,  
There whence one may hear the blustering  
River wildly roar.

Till from Ukraine to the blue sea  
It bears in fierce endeavour  
The blood of foemen - then I'll leave  
Wheatland and hills forever:  
Leave all behind, soar up until  
Before the throne of God  
I'll make my prayer. For, till that hour  
I shall know naught of God.

Make my grave there - and arise,  
Sundering your chains,  
Bless your freedom with the blood  
Of foemen's evil veins!  
Then in that great family,  
A family new and free,  
Do not forget, with good intent  
Speak quietly of me.

Translated by Vera Rich

## Comparison of Translations of Taras Shevchenko's "Zapovit"

3

Clarence Manning Translation.

When I die, O lay my body  
In a lofty tomb  
Out upon the steppes unbounded  
In my own dear Ukraine;  
So that I can see before me  
The wide stretching meadows  
And Dnipro, its banks so lofty,  
And can hear it roaring,

As it carries far from Ukraine  
Unto the blue sea  
All our foemen's blood - and then  
I will leave the meadows  
And the hills and fly away  
Unto God Himself...  
For a prayer... But till that moment  
I will know no God.

Bury me and then rise boldly,  
Break in twain your fetters  
And with the foul blood of foemen  
Sprinkle well your freedom.  
And of me in your great family,  
When it's freed and new,  
Do not fail to make a mention  
With a soft, kind word.

Translated by Clarence A. Manning

Anna Revchoun Translation.

I desire to be buried  
Where the Dnipro's running by.  
On this land of steppes and cherries  
Bury me when I die.  
Bury me that I could hear  
Mighty river setting free;  
Endless fields and hill-sides near,  
Splendid scapes I'd like to see.

And when blood will run away  
To the depth of water blue,  
So then I'll find the way  
To God to pray for you.  
I will leave the life I led  
When the pains be swept by blood,  
I will plead with Lord... before that  
I don't know any God.

Bury me and then through pains  
Get together on my grave,  
Free yourself and break the chains  
Lest no one of you be slave!  
And in future, that you'll gain  
Just recall me, don't forget,  
Mention me in free Ukraine  
With a quiet, kind word.

Translated by Anna Revchoun

Andrusyshen & Kirkconnell Translation.

When I shall die, pray let my bones  
High on a mound remain  
Amid the steppeland's vast expanse  
In my belov'd Ukraine;  
That I may gaze on mighty fields,  
On Dnieper and his shore,  
And echoed by his craggy banks  
May hear the Great One roar!

When from Ukraine that stream will bear  
Over the sea's blue sills  
Our foemen's blood, at last shall I  
Forsake the fields and hills  
And soar up to commune with God  
In His eternal hall.  
But till that day of Liberty-  
I know no God at all!

Bury me thus-and then arise!  
From fetters set you free!  
And with your foes' unholy blood  
Baptize your liberty!  
And when in freedom, 'mid your kin,  
From battle you ungird,  
Forget not to remember me  
With a warm, gentle word!

Translated by Andrusyshen & Kirkconnell