

## DUMA ABOUT MARUSIA FROM BOHUSLAV

On the Black Sea,  
On a white rock,  
There stood a dungeon of stone,  
In this dungeon there lived seven hundred Cossacks,  
Poor captives,

They had languished in captivity for thirty years,  
And they saw neither the Lord's daylight nor the righteous sun.

Then the slave-girl Marusia,  
Priest's daughter from Bohuslav,  
Came to them  
And spoke with words:  
"O Cossacks,  
You poor captives,

Do you know what day it is today in our Christian land?"  
And the poor captives heard that,  
They recognized the slave-girl Marusia,  
Priest's daughter from Bohuslav,  
By her speech.  
And they spoke with words:  
"O slave-girl Marusia,  
Priest's daughter from Bohuslav,  
How can we know what day it is today  
In our Christian land?

For it has already been thirty years since we were captured,  
And we do not see the Lord's daylight and the righteous sun.  
So we cannot know

What day it is today in our Christian land."  
Then the slave-girl Marusia,  
Priest's daughter from Bohuslav,  
Heard this,

And spoke to the Cossacks with words:  
"O Cossacks,  
You poor captives,  
Today is Holy Saturday in our Christian land,  
And tomorrow will be the holy day, the annual feast of Easter!"  
When the Cossacks heard that,

They fell with their white faces to the cold earth  
And with curses they cursed  
The slave-girl Marusia,  
Priest's daughter from Bohuslav.

"O slave-girl Marusia,  
Priest's daughter from Bohuslav,  
May you never have good fate and good fortune

Because you have told us about the holy day, the annual feast of Easter."

So when the slave-girl Marusia,  
Priest's daughter from Bohuslav,  
Heard this,  
She spoke with words:  
"O Cossacks,  
You poor captives,  
Do not scold me and do not curse me,  
For when the Turkish lord goes to the mosque,  
He will give me, the slave-girl Marusia,  
Priest's daughter from Bohuslav,  
His keys to hold in my keeping;  
Then I will come to the dungeon  
And I will open it,  
I will set all of you poor captives free!"  
So on the holy day, on the annual feast of Easter,  
The Turkish lord started out for the mosque  
And he gave to the slave-girl Marusia,  
Priest's daughter from Bohuslav,  
His keys to hold in her keeping.  
Then the slave-girl Marusia,  
Priest's daughter from Bohuslav,  
Took great care,  
She came to the dungeon,  
And opened it,  
She set all the Cossacks,  
The poor captives, free,  
She spoke with words:  
"O Cossacks,  
You poor captives,  
I tell you, take great care,  
Flee to the Christian cities.  
But I ask you, do not bypass the city of Bohuslav,  
Go there and give a message to my father and mother.  
Let my father be careful,  
Let him not sell his lands and his estates,  
Let him not amass great riches,  
Let him not ransom me from captivity,  
Me, the slave-girl Marusia,  
Priest's daughter from Bohuslav,  
Because I have turned Turkish and infidel  
For the sake of Turkish luxury,  
And because of miserable greed!"  
Liberate all of us poor captives, O Lord,  
From bitter captivity,  
From infidel faith.  
Let us reach the bright stars,  
The quiet waters,  
The merry land,  
The Christian people.  
Grant, O Lord, the earnest petitions,  
The miserable prayers,  
Of us, poor captives.