

Наталія Пищик, Сумський державний університет

Вірш про Т. Г. Шевченка — Людмила Яцура — ВІДРОДИСЯ, ТАРАСЕ!

BE REBIRTHED, TARAS!

Be rebirthed in the language, Taras,

Revelation be, speak to us.

Be rebirthed in the well, deep 'n old,

Where life flows. That gives back hundredfold —

All the best, of what land is so proud, —

In your name to world spoken aloud.

Be rebirthed in a white-walled hut,

In a wheat spike, a song from the heart

Somewhere painter paints homeland

Where's the heaven, where soul is flamed.

Dramatist's words won't fade or die,

And a poet writes poems that's why.

So, you see, with some steps, at strife,

Our nation lives by your heart,

With your steadfast spirit alive,

It will never kneel in a fight.

Holding cluster of guelder berries,

Lasting fire's in people's hearts.

For the sake of Country, I'm praying

Begging you, be rebirthed, Taras.