



БЕЛАРУСКАЯ ЛІТАРАТУРА ў АНГЛІЙСКІХ ПЕРАКЛАДАХ

## ANATOL ASTREIKA

### NIOMAN

O Nioman, my own father Nioman,  
Like the sun, like the day dear to me!  
With the bones and rank tatters of foemen  
Your banks are now strewn utterly.

Your warrior sons strove in their courses,  
With their last drop of strength you to save,  
So that the foe's murky forces  
Would not speed their boats on your waves.

Truth winged us forth into battle,  
Our mother gave us our swords,  
Look, on your slopes there lie scattered  
Nazi locusts, how mighty a horde.

We from your banks have withdrawn now.  
Ah, Nioman, it had to be done,  
I know well the drear bitter torment  
To leave one's own village, one's home.

We shall swiftly return from this parting,  
Stay evermore by your flood.  
The ill-doer shall pay for our heartache,  
Payment of his own Fascist blood.

Rage, then, my tumultuous Nioman,  
Rise and roar in revenge for your shame;  
To your bed, to a watery grave throw them,  
Those aliens who unbidden came.

*1941*

Translated by Vera Rich