



БЕЛАРУСКАЯ ЛІТАРАТУРА ў АНГЛІЙСКІХ ПЕРАКЛАДАХ

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THE SOLDIER'S TEAR

Many a friend of his death's scythe had taken
Among burned homes and ruins of their kin,
But he, broad-shouldered champion unshaken
Of Belarus, strove on towards Berlin.

Many a mile his boots already trekked now,
Till to the foreign border he had won,
Where first his cheeks - no more with bitter sweat now
Glittered with a tear-drop in the sun.

He leapt into the battle. Without resting
Across the muddied osiers he crawled
And there trembled in his tear, incessant,
Images of trees and brickwork walls.

1945

Translated by V. Rich