

Two Rusin Songs

Prayer

The prayer of man is like smoke.
Circling above the village like a white swan,
Meandering across the crystal sky,
Like a golden, curling tree.

The prayer of man is like a high tower,
Aiming straight up into the blue,
Adorned in white, delightful to its master,
Silent above the clamour of the throng.

The prayer of man is like a poplar tree,
Watching the sky above the fields of rye,
Fine and slender, alone amid the country,
Swaying and trembling in the wind.

The prayer of man is like an eagle,
Flying from the earth's edge above the clouds,
Trembling like a quail,
On seeing the fire before the face of God.

(Freely translated from the words of Bogdan-Igor Antonich)

I Yearn For Thee

I yearn for thee,
My Lemko home.
I would fly across the sea,
Drowning our sorrow,
But I have no wings with me.

I yearn for you deep,
Hill and forest,
Your image with me I keep,
Day and night,
Not giving me sleep.

For thee I yearn and yearn,
Like a bird in a cage.
Give me the grass that is mown
From the Lemko forest,
And the scent of fir-trees sown.

(Freely translated as sung by Julia Doszna, to a folk melody similar to Stenka Razin)

(Translations by Fr Andrew)