



SCREAM

(Translated and adapted into lyrical English)

Give me back, oh give me back Ukraine —
Her fields, where cosmic silence reigns.
The cornflowers in endless seas of grain,
Return to me what we call Fate's domain.

Bring back her skies, so quietly serene,
The humble whitewashed village scenes.
The soaring soul — so pure, so high —
Which seekers find in Mahatma's eye.

Restore her songs, both sorrowed and deep,
The embroidered sunlit meadows I keep.
No siren's voice from foreign shore
Can lull me now — I ask no more.
Return my soul, torn and bereft.
Return myself — the me I left.