

## Nation Of 1

### "Belarus Anthem Text"

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The free wind has sung free songs to thy name,  
Green woods caught them with friendly voices,  
The sun called with it's flame to a seed-time far-famed,  
The stars poured faith into broken forces.  
And in time of storms, troubles and mighty desires,  
Thou hast budded and bloomed, long-awaited,  
In a life-freshet, over the land of thy sires,  
Thou hast flooded and poured, unabated.  
Thou has flooded and poured, in a bright tale of life,  
Through field, woodland, hill and vale streaming...  
From thy native flower-copses thy crown is made  
bright,  
Like a swan' plumage, brilliant gleaming.  
Thou dost quiver and echo with songs of the bards,  
Long-past years thou dost raise up and nurture,  
Today's forward leap thou wouldst never retard,  
Boldly facing mysterious futures.  
In the sun thou goest bold, lovely flower of fire,  
Gently sowing forth dreams, gold-adorn'd;  
Thou fearest no neighbour, though great be his ire,  
Thou fearest no path briared and thorny.  
From end unto end, frontier mound unto mound,  
On the breezes renewal is borne now,  
And, embracing the soul, without limit or bound,  
Mother-joy for the better day born now.  
Now there are no axes among forests green,  
Felling young pine-trees in frosty winter,  
Now there are no reapers from dawn to dark seen  
In summer with scythes ringing, glinting.  
Strength is known in the hands, without tears songs are  
blithe,  
Desirous of glory, breasts quiver,  
In their books a new law, with pens of sun-scythes,  
New people are writing for ever.  
Blossom them, and raise, soaring upon eagle's wing,  
Souls, hearts and thoughts slumbering dully,  
Awaken and forth into great spaces, bring  
Strength by the witch-noose unsullied.  
Send messengers forth, send unto the world's bound,  
As falcon from falcon-nest winging.  
Let them fly, fly away unto warriors sound,

Set the thunder of good news far-ringing.  
Enough, dearest country, in field, wood and brake,  
Hapless orphan, thou spendst night's long glowering,  
Enough of thy heart's-blood wrong drank as a snake,  
And cold winds blew, through thy bare bones scouring.  
Arise from the depths, thou of falcon-born race,  
O'er sires crosses, their woes, degradation,  
O young Bielarus, come thou forth, take thy place  
Of honour and fame among nations.

1913

Sent by Carlos Andr? Pereira da Silva Branco

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