***"An excerpt from the poem" by Yevhen Malaniuk***

Grandson of a stocky chumak,

Sichovik pale great-grandson,

I fell in love with the noisy ages,

I fell in love with the state.

And through the papers, through the pen,

Through the days of the mundane — godly

Zaporozhian blood roars

Bogdan's strong henchmen —

Those chieftains of the hut,

What under the guns of revolutions

Knew how to throw a drunken laugh

In a bloody face — torment.

Whose iron head

And from under the Kativ axe

I threw such words into the mob,

That the frost was going on for her skin.

Who is in the wild whirlwind of hopak

He embodied life towards the steppe,

And whose confident hand

She strengthened the gray-haired Mazepa.

When in the Baturin fire

The state moved, then something

They took a consecrated knife,

Iron ore future children!

Let it perish, let it spree —

They stayed like a shout!

And greedy coercion, greedy evil

They were not forced to obey

Kherson prairies — like Sich,

And kobzarem — Kherson wind,

And his family was immediately called:

— Get up! The shackles will break!

After all, the Cossack Bug flows there

And — more than once red — Sinyukha,

And I'm there spring willow fluff

And the spirit of the earth — from childhood sniffed.

No matter how crippled Moscow,

He didn't tempt her to disperse —

But at once he stood up, and lit up,

And Gaunt shouted from his heart with blood.

... In vain, hostile, radium —

Not a paralytic or a lyricist

My people are in the guran of events

Thou shalt be thrust yet, unfaithful!

You will still be exiled, unfortunately,

To Kyiv ambassadors of Moscow —

And on the parquet of our halls

Foot paw will slip.

***1924***