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Факультет іноземної філології, спеціальність 035
Філологія (Германські мови та література, переклад включно)

The ninth of January

BorysHrinchenko

They went full of hope and faith.

Rice-ploughing with hard work, toil-hardened workers' hand bore the emblems which their great-grandparents, grandparents and parents honored and which they honored themselves.

Those emblems were to protect them, to talk for them, to tell that they go obedient and meek; that they go broken with hard work, dull life, disenfranchisedmoils under the humiliations of violent and vexed; that they go to beseech – to beseech for a word which could unburden the weight from their excoriated shoulders and theirs backs crooked, which would bring the mirth and light to their dull and clouded homes.

Not for them, but for their children to grow mighty, free and happy people.

Just because the man who turns a wheel, who mallets, who digs the ground – needs light, faith and happiness – as the one who drinks from the golden goblet.

So it must be – without and disjuncture.

And they went there with a child's faith that a drop of those happiness would fall on them.

They went defenseless.

And the weapon met them.

And shoot through emblems of obedience fell, they fell for the purpose never to rise again... Never rise in their souls, their children souls and so in their grandchildren.

Shoot through they fell themselves – laid tumped, as they went tumped: mighty young workers, stonkered with hard work grandfathers, mothers and sons, small children – the flowers of every people hope.

And greatly-greatly painted the white snow with red blood...

And those who survived, they remained to never forget this day.

So that workers breasts would never be shoot with heavy bullets.

That women wouldn't go down their knees, wailing at their fathers', husbands', sons' bodies.

That alive – alive and happy small children could chirp – flowers of hope for every people.

That they would grow mighty, free and happy people.

That it would continue hard, firm and forever.

It would continue there, where the red blood painted the white snow.

Borys Grinchenko, 1906.