

**FOR THE LOVING MEMORY OF  
MS.VERA (FAITH ELIZABETH JOAN) RICH  
TO THE STUDENTS OF THE HRYHORIY KOCHUR  
TRANSLATION/INTERPRETING STUDIES AND CONTRASTIVE  
LINGUISTICS DEPARTMENT.**

To celebrate the 81<sup>st</sup> anniversary of the birthday of Ms.Vera Rich on April 24<sup>th</sup>, a competition among the students has been announced. There are two nominations for:

1/Artistic Translation (from English into Ukrainian);

2/Translation Studies Analysis (in English).

The task of Artistic Translation consists in translating into Ukrainian the verse *'Elizabeth The Wise-King's daughter'* by Vera Rich.

The task of Translation Studies Analysis consists in analyzing the translation done by Vera Rich of an excerpt (Chapter 18) from the poem *'Panski Zharty'* (*'The Lord's Jest'*) by I. Franko.

The deadline for submitting the translations and researches is April 17, 2017, by 6 p.m. The texts should be delivered to the officers of the Department. Electronic versions of the texts should be sent as WORD files to [a.flowers@kingston.ac.uk](mailto:a.flowers@kingston.ac.uk) and to the Department e-mail address. The conclusions of the jury will be announced by April 24, 2017. The awards will be granted to the winners at the Solemn Academy dedicated to the birthday anniversary of Vera Rich. The event will take place on April, 24, 2017 in the Mirror Hall. We shall start at 5 p.m.

The jury will include: Professor R.P. Zorivchak, Docent O.S. Hrabovetska, Docent O.V. Dzera, Docent V.R. Savchyn, Docent R.A. Sytar, Docent T.V. Shmiher, lecturer A. Yu. Kovalska.

For each nomination there are three prizes: 50EUR; 30EUR; 20EUR.

Dr. Alan Flowers,  
Executor of Vera Rich  
Member of Senate, Kingston University, the UK;  
Dr. Roksolana Zorivchak,  
the Ivan Franko National University of Lviv  
Chair

Lviv, February 9, 2017 (Edited April 7, 2017)

## I. A text for translation

Elizabeth the Wise-King's daughter,  
Walked by the green and purple water,  
Pale on the shores of Birsay bay,  
While the Islands glimmered in silver light,  
Like dreams that sail on the rim of sight,  
And the moon was a misted king by night,  
And the autumn sun was a queen by day.

Elizabeth the Wise-King's daughter,  
Gazed at the gleam of light on water,  
And dreamed the gold of her father's home;  
The sea lapped quiet amid the creeks,  
She dreamed the splendour of Norway's peaks,  
And her lord's swift navy set forth to seek  
The seven-fold kingdom to grace his own.

Elizabeth the Wise-King's daughter  
(Wedded with song beside Dnipro's water)  
Waited, pale as September, waning-skied,  
While her lord slept quiet in an English grave  
(The seven feet that his namesake gave)  
While, traceless vanishing as a wave,  
A daughter's life, with her father, died.

Vera's comments:

The Stones: skin-clad, their heads concealed by hair,  
With strong eyes questing distances, where crowd  
Mist-shapes like unknown beasts, half-hid in cloud...

Vera: The Orkneys, that little group of islands just off the northern coast of Scotland, have strangely enough some interesting ties with Ukraine...In 1031, an Orcadian nobleman, Rognvald Brusason fought in the army of Grand Prince Yaroslav the Wise in the campaign that recaptured the 'Cities of Cherven' for Rus-Ukraine...

Hilary: And twenty-five years later, Yaroslav's daughter Elizabeth visited Orkney.

Liz: How did that happen?

Hilary: She was married to Harald Hardrade - the Norwegian king who left her and their daughters there when he tried to take the throne of England in 1066...

## II. A text for analysis

Іван Франко. Панські жарти  
XVIII

Великдень! Боже мій великий!  
Ще як світ світом, не було  
Для нас великодня такого!  
Від досвіта шум, гамір, крики.  
Мов муравлисько, все село  
Людьми кишить. Всі до одного  
До церкви пруть. Як перший раз  
«Христос воскрес» заспівали,

То всі мов діти, заридали,  
Аж плач той церквою потряс...  
Так бачилось, що вік ми ждали,  
Аж дотерпілись, достраждали,  
Що він воскрес — посеред нас.  
І якось так зробилось нам  
У душах легко, ясно, тихо,  
Що, бачилось, готов був всякий  
Цілій землі і небесам  
Кричать, співать: минуло лихо!  
Найзліші вороги прощались,  
Всі обнімались, цілувались,  
А дзвони дзвонять, не стають!  
А молодь бігає, мов п'яна,  
Кричить щосили в кожний кут:  
«Нема вже панщини ні пана!  
Ми вольні, вольні, вольні всі!»  
Ба й дівора, що в старших баче,  
Й собі вигукує, неначе Перепелята по вівсі.  
А як скінчилась божа хвала,  
На цвинтар вийшов весь народ,  
І як було нас стільки сот,—  
Відразу ниць на землю впала  
Ціла громада й заспівала  
Величний той, хвалебний гімн:  
«Тебе, о господи, хвалім!»  
Мов грім, зарокотіли зрання  
Слова високі, звуки втішні,—  
Але кінець святої пісні  
Покрили голосні ридання  
Дарма б і силуваться, діти,  
Щоб розказать хоч щось-не-щось,  
Що в той день славний довелось  
Мені на власні очі здріти.  
Народ мов безумів з утіх:  
Старі скакали, мов хлоп'ята...  
Той пару коників своїх  
Цілує кожного, мов брата,  
Та приговорює, пестить.  
А там гуртом сільські дівчата  
Всі скиндячки з голов знімають,  
І б'ють поклони, І складають  
Перед іконою. Кричить  
Усякий на вітання друга: «Христос воскрес, а панщину  
Чорт взяв!» А там старий дідуга,  
В селі найстарший чоловік,  
На давню, ледве помітну,  
Могилку аж грудьми приник,  
І обнімає дернину,  
кричить щосили: «Тату, тату!  
Ми вольні! Тату, озовись!  
Таж ти цілих сто літ ту кляту  
Неволю двигав і вмирати

Не хтів, а волі ждав! Дивись,  
Ми вольні! Бідний, ти дождати  
Не міг,— аж нам той промінь блис!  
Вже моїх внуків пан в палату  
Так, як мене, не забере!  
Візьміть мене до себе, тату!  
Ваш син свобідним вже умре!...»

Translation by Vera Rich

Come Easter Day, Dear God Almighty.  
There had not been since we were born  
Such Easter morning for us ever!  
From daybreak, chatter, noise; excited,  
The village like an anthill swarmed  
And seethed with people. All together  
Rushed to the church. And when the first  
Time 'Christ is risen' rang out, throbbing,  
Then all, like children wept, the sobbing  
Shook the church in a mighty burst.  
For so it seemed that we had languished  
An age, had suffered long-drawn anguish,  
Till He had risen here with us.  
Then, somehow, we all felt the birth  
Within our souls of light and cherished  
Peace, and it seemed that all were ready  
To cry aloud to heaven and earth  
And shout and sing: "All evil's perished!"  
The worst of enemies, effacing  
Their feuds, kissed, joyfully embracing,  
And still the bells pealed far and wide!  
And the young folk ran, hardly sober  
With joy, and shouted on all sides:  
"No lord! No serfdom! It's all over!  
We're free! We're free! All, all are free!"  
And even the small children, seeing  
Their elders, also cry out, seeming  
Like quails that run the field about.  
When the church service was all over,  
Out to the churchyard we all poured,  
Some hundreds strong; with one accord  
All knelt upon the earth, and raising  
Their voice, the whole folk hymned God, praising  
Him in that glorious hymn of yore:  
"We praise Thee, God, forever more!"  
Like thunder, first, the sounds came throbbing,  
Those mighty words with joy were ringing,  
But at the end the holy singing  
Covered the sound of deep, deep sobbing.  
It is in vain I try, my children,  
To tell you, even in the least,  
What happened on that glorious feast,  
The things which mine own eyes beheld then.  
The people seemed to have gone mad!

Like boys, old men danced round each other,  
And, by his horses, one old dad  
Stands kissing them, just like a brother,  
And talks and pats them quietly.  
And there the girls stand, grouped together,  
And each of them takes off her head-dress,  
And makes a bow, and humbly spreads it  
Before the icons. Each man said  
Loud to his neighbour, as a greeting,  
"Christ is risen! Serfdom's dead,  
Gone to hell!" And one grand-dad, weeping  
Older he is than all the rest,  
Kneels on a grave-hump, half-effaced,  
As if he'd gather to his breast  
And would the very sod embrace,  
And cries with all his might: "Dad, Dad!  
We're free! O Dad, d'you hear, we're free!  
And you a hundred years were trying  
To live out serfdom, fought against dying,  
Waiting for freedom. Dad d'you see,  
We're free! Poor Dad! You couldn't manage  
To live it out, but dawn has come!  
And now no master in his palace  
Can take my grandsons, unlike me!  
O Dad, now call me, call me home!  
Your son can die a man, and free!"