

### CD 3 - 7. DESTINY/ DOLJA/ ДОЛЯ

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Ти                    не                    лукавила                    зо                    мною,  
Ты                    ne                    lukavyla                    zo                    mnoju,  
You   were            not                    false                    with                    me,

Ти                    другом,                    братом                    і                    сестрою  
Ty                    druhom,                    bratom                    i                    sestroju  
You   a friend,                    brother                    and                    sister

Сіромі                    стала.                    Ти                    взяла  
S'ironi                    stala.                    Ty                    vzjala  
To a wretch                    became.                    You                    took

Мене,                    маленького,                    за                    руку  
Mene,                    malen'koho,                    za                    ruku  
Me,                    a little one,                    by                    the hand

I                    в                    школу                    хлопця                    одвела  
I                    v                    shkolu                    khloptsja                    odvela  
And   to                    school                    a boy                    led

До                    п'яного                    дяка                    в                    науку.  
Do                    pjanoho                    djaka                    v                    nauku.  
To                    a drunken                    friend                    for                    education.

“Учися,                    серденько,                    колись  
“Uchysja,                    serden'ko,                    kolys'  
“Study,                    O dear heart,                    someday

З нас                    будуть                    люди!”                    ти                    сказала.  
Z nas                    budut'                    ljudy!”                    ty                    skazala.  
We                    will become                    people!”                    you                    said.  
(Fine people)

A                    я й                    послухав,                    і                    учивсь,  
A                    ja j                    poslukhav,                    i                    uchyvs',  
And                    I                    listened,                    and                    studied,

I                    вивчився.                    A                    ти                    збрехала.  
I                    vyvchyvsja.                    A                    ty                    zbrekhala.  
And   became learned.                    But                    you                    lied.

Які з нас люди?  
Jaki z nas ljudy?  
What kind are we people?  
(What kind of people are we?)

Та дарма!  
Ta dharma!  
But what of it?

Ми не лукавили з тобою,  
My ne lukavyly z toboju,  
We were not false with each other,

Ми просто йшли; у нас нема  
My prosto jshly; u nas nema  
We honestly lived; we don't have

Зерна неправди за собою.  
Zerna nepravdy za soboju.  
A grain of falsehood behind us.

Ходімо ж, доленько моя!  
Khod'imo zh, dolen'ko moja!  
Come then, O destiny my!

Мій друге вбогий, нелукавий!  
Mij druzhe vbohyj, nelukavyj!  
My friend poor, unscrupulous!

Ходімо далше, далше слава,  
Khod'imo dal'she, dal'she slava,  
Let us go further, for further is glory,

A слава – заповідь моя.  
A slava – zapovid' moja.  
And glory is commandment my.