

THE FOREST OF ANYKŠČIAI

Hills stripped of timber, dales shorn of leaves,
In your old beauty who now believes?
Yesterday years grandeur how did you spend?
Where is that solemn murmur of wind,
When the white woodland's rustling leaves played,
And the tall pine trees in the wind swayed?
Where are the birds, that built their nests here,
Whose happy warbling was sweet to hear?
Where are the beasts and animals brave:
Where are their lairs – cavern and cave?
Lo, all has vanished! Look, on the plain
But a few stunted pine trees remain.
Covered with bracken, dry twigs, and sand,
The sun now scorches unfertile land,
Whose sorry aspect saddens the eye:
As a proud castle burnt by a spy,
As a large city ravished by war,
As a wide desert, seen from afar.
Viewing this wood the eye was appalled,
The heart and soul were gaily enthralled;
The mind, awakened, moved to surmise,
Is this a wold or a Paradise?
Here all is beauty, all fresh and green,
All smells so sweet, and all is serene.
Each time you listen, rustling you hear,
In your heart feeling enchantment dear.
Soft mossy bedding thickly bespread,
Draws to its bosom the weary head
Berry stalks, rue-like, grow everywhere,
Red, blue and purple berries they bear;
On the green, orange and gray background,
Mushrooms and toadstools stare all around:
Funnel-like yellow chanterelles sprout,
Through wide moss carpets stick their heads out.
Here trichaloma platters are spread,
There liepiota stretches its head;
Beneath a fir tree a loctar sits,
Amidst the pine roots beds of verdettes;
Here proud russules, dressed in bright hues,
Happy, contended, hear no sad news.

I anglų kalbą vertė Nadas Rastenis