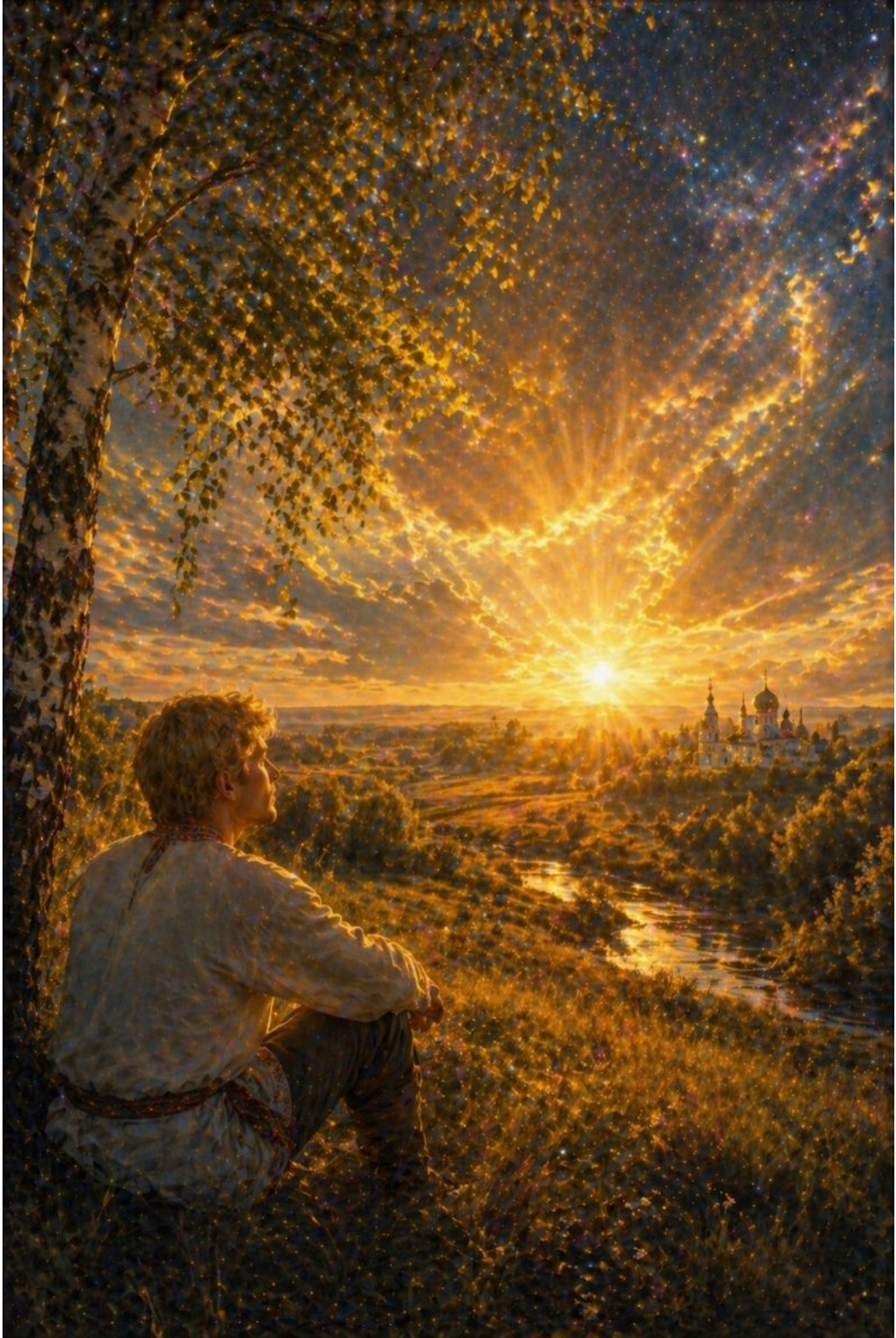

Holy Rus

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

pancratius.ru

Holy Rus, you boundless country,
field and forest, brook's bright ring.
Heaven's bell-shaped dome above you
lights the poplars whispering.

Down the gullies howls the wind, wild,
herding storm clouds past the leas,
and the swaying, thickset forest
murmurs ageless reveries.

Temple gold draws the soul toward God,
evening gives the bells their call,
and along the quiet hillside
dawnlight comes down to us.

Holy Rus, you simple country,
where the soul holds light and ache.
You stand, never fading,
'neath the blue of heaven's lake.

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус) · pancratius.ru
CC0 1.0 Universal — public domain
No rights reserved. Copy, translate, distribute, perform, build upon.