WITH MY FATHERLAND
Hovhannes Toumanian

Though for long my gaze has been on the unknown and the distant,
And my heart, along with my mind, traipses the infinite,
Yet, every time I turn to you with longing,
My heart is torn over your distressing wall,
Over the silent rows of your exhausted sons in exile,
Over your sad, vacant and dark villages and towns.
Oppressed homeland of mine,
Bereaved homeland of mine.

The cluster of countless armies pile up before my mind,
Which trampled your face and your flower-filled fields,
And murderous crowds with ferocious shout,
With plunder, with carnage, with feasts of blood,
That made you an eternal valley of darkness and sorrow,
With your wretched songs, your sullen gaze.
Homeland of laments,
Homeland of orphans.

Yet you stand alive with your wounds ancient and new,
You stand pensive at the cryptic crossroads of old and new,
You speak to God with sighs from the depths of your heart,
And think profound thoughts in times of rueful woe,
You ponder the great discourse you wish to deliver the world,
To become the land to which our souls aspire.
Homeland of hope,
Homeland of light.

But the ardently clad daybreak of habitual life will arrive,
Gleaming with thousands of radiant souls,
And upon your skyward summit, on the holy slopes of Ararat,
Its quickening early rays will radiate;
And poets, who have not defiled their lips with curse,
Will praise your life with new song and new word.
Revived homeland of mine,
All-mighty homeland of mine!

(Translated by Vatsche Barsoumian)