Сестра моя Африка

Кто не слышал о Африке живой, о неге больной,
О чернокожей красоте и несчастье души?
Кто не знает об Африке — черной, далекой стране,
Что пылает в огне от ярких дорог в стороне?

Кто не помнит, как падают в печали сердца
За тени берегов, за сверкающие вдалеке земли?

Благодарную землю, что тною чернеет чёрножив,
В которой Африка дождала черною довою.

Предательский хищник мучит твои сос,
В черной Африке дождала черное дело своё.

Шли годы, шли века — под волшебным чужеземцем врага
Та память останется в памяти, в веках ещё,
И ясными слезами, алыми слезами лила
Там, где неплаканные, там, где дремлют волна...

О сестра, под луной ты мне виделась надалека,
В круг луны ореолом — рьяющие облака.
Против скал утесистых, против темных холмов.
Океан Атлантический, волной тихою, всплески.
Крик из темноты, крик, обращенный к своим и чужим,

My Sister, Africa!

Who has not heard of Africa, beautiful, noble and brave,
Of the brown-skinned beauty held fast in the chains of a
slave,
Of the sufferings borne by the victim of famine and
strife,
Turned and tortured, afar from the highways of life,
Of the ships that put off for the palm-circled harbours
in quest
Of live prey, from the shores of the cannibal West,
Of the fabulous land, of the body as black as the night
Red with blood at the hands of the villainous white.

Limb from limb she was rent by the pale-featured mob;
In the heart of black Africa's jungles they did their
black job.

Years and centuries passed, foreign beasts marking time
with their whip,
Turning Africa into a slave with a ring in her lip.
With hot tears, tears of wrath, tears like diamonds did
Africa weep
In the heart of the jungles, in diamond mines gloomy and
deep.

O my sister, how clearly I pictured you, far in the
South,
With an agonised death-cry distorting your sensitive
mouth,
With the horrified moon shrinking back in the clouds at
the sight
Of her chained-bound beloved tormented by day and by night.
Pitted with wrath at these murderous deeds, the sea
rolled its waves;

by Mirzo Tursun-Zade.
1969
O how often it drowned in its depths the despair of your enslaved!
Calling loudly for rescue, appealing to known and unknown,
From the heart of the burning Sahara came groan after groan.
Pining under their yoke, longed the Arabs to slake from the Nile
Their unbearable thirst—thirst for freedom from conquerors' yoke.
Iron walls shut the continent off from the rest of the world,
Iron walls of the jail into which her proud nations were hurled.
Yet we welcomed live Africans here in the Spring—
They were Africa's messengers—birds on the wing.
In the shade of our gardens through summer they nestled,
In the land of the free from oppression they rested.
When they started back home, feathered envoys, we asked them to tell
What we felt for the Africans groaning in day-to-day hell.

Years and centuries passed—till at last other days have arrived,
Now are Africa's hopes for delivery being revived!
Walls are falling that barred her before from the world,
Soon, aye, soon from her shoulders the yoke will be hurled!
For the glorious Spirit of Freedom is well on its way.
Better known to us all is the Africa of today.
For indeed, all the world has now entered upon a new life.
She arises—our sister, the land where oppression ran
Bound for freedom, for freedom she struggles and suffers,
And with her, and for her all the world's other nations rejoice.
... эти восклицают моря, города и поля —
Это Африке, как говорит мне, говорят на языке:

«Слышишь, Африка, слышишь тебя, дорогая сестра,
Мы с тобой находим путь дорогой любви и добра,
И, достигнув свободы, достигнув растекет бытия,
Священ к братьям-народам: «Друзья, это я, это я»

Cheers for Africa's freedom to-echo through nations and lands
To new Africa gladly extending in friendship their hands.

Translated by Dorian Rottenberg