Tigran Mansurian
Canti Paralleli
translated by Vatsche Barsounian

Ode for the Lost Beloved
Baghdasar Dpir (1683-1768)

A fair maiden’s love is in my head,  
in my dreams by night, in my heart by day;  
I have lost my matchless beloved,  
Wherefore I wander in mountains and vales.

When she comes to mind I lose my head,  
My heart brings blood to my eyes.  
A stranger I am away from my land,  
Wherefore I wander in mountains and vales.

Because of Your Love
Baghdasar Dpir (1683-1768)

Because of your love, o graceful one,  
The winds churn me about.  
The slander of strangers grieve me withal,  
Burning and smarting me.  
No one can endure this yearning,  
Which continually calls my soul.

May the wind, the wind carry me  
To the land of my beloved.  
May the gales, the gales transport me  
To the garden of my graceful love.

***

Eghishe Charents (1897-1947)

On a blue lake, over the open void,  
Behold, a white swan glides along.  
As a sky below, the lake floats in peace,  
As a lake above, deep is the blue sky.

Here, there are no bounds, no sky, no land,  
Spread open your soul, embrace the wide world  
Live in the fire-ringed universe as a dream,  
As a song without return, as a white swan.

***

Eghishe Charents (1897-1947)

And one evening, in the song of the bells,  
I heard your sincere promises.  
As though your soul was quietly calling  
In the evening mist... Peaceful night.

And the pealing of the bells hovered  
Like butterflies in the infinite blue sky —  
While, in the distance, you passed by reverberating  
Like a chiming bell, like a glowing butterfly...

You passed by — brightly, distantly, softly,  
Like a ray of light at the fall of day.  
But my heart — sadly, wearily, winglessly,  
Drank the anguish of the falling darkness...

My Soul
Avetik Isahakian (1875-1957)

My soul is a wandering bird,  
Storm-stricken and desolate,
Fierce winds crash down upon my pitiful head,
And my path is endless, with no refuge.

You are a dream on a crystalline crest,
Light-bedecked, tender and gentle,
A hallowed and elusive dream,
A tiny star forever distant.

Ah! Just glance at me once
With your peaceful and deep eyes,
In the sea of your glance, for a moment,
Let me rest with my heart's fiery desires.

My soul, a bird with wounds,
Has no nest, no sleep, no rest,
Fierce winds crash down upon my pitiful head,
And my path is black, gloomy and vague.

Snow upon the Mountains
Avetik Isahakian (1875-1957)

Over the trees the pale autumn
Softly murmurs a pallid melody,
Lugubrious and sweet...

It has snowed lightly over the mountains,
As though the migrant white birds
Have shed their tender feathers there...

Why do you tarry, o my thirsting heart?
There is no return to your bygone loves;
Sit alone before your cup,
Caress your memories and weep in solitude...

Autumn Song
Vahan Terian (1885-1920)

Frost-bitten, storm-stricken,
Softly trembled
The yellow leaves
Covering my path.

My bright verdure
Fading away in autumn...
My bewildered thoughts,
Frost-bitten, storm-stricken.

My fires waned,
It is now cold and misty.
My ethereal reveries
Are now forever gone...

Now is the Eve of My Peace
Vahan Terian (1885-1920)

Now is the eve of my peace,
Soft-lighted, sad and sweet.
My heart shall never forget you,
My pure, my earliest rapture...

The days and years will go by,
And all my dreams will die away...
But I shall keep your image pure
Against uncertain and precarious days.

And suffering, crises and woes,
Gloomy days will still confront me,
May your name remain a beacon for me
Against deceptive life and bitter death.