

# ИТОГИ КОНКУРСА МОЛОДЫХ ПЕРЕВОДЧИКОВ

УДК 821.1/.2

## ПЕРЕВОДЫ ПОБЕДИТЕЛЕЙ III КОНКУРСА МОЛОДЫХ ПЕРЕВОДЧИКОВ

### ПЕРЕВОД СТИХОТВОРЕНИЯ Ф. ГЛИНКИ «УРА!.. НА ТРЕХ УДАРИМ РАЗОМ!» НА АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК (ЯЗЫК ОРИГИНАЛА – РУССКИЙ)

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**HURRAY!**

1

*Hurray! Sing thrice again together!  
The bayonet's three sharpest edges!  
Hurray! The cries will tie with tether  
Europe to the Caucasus for many ages!..*

2

*We were attacked by twenty nations,  
But Russia conquered the invaders:  
The fields were white from bones of aliens;  
Their blood ran through the furrow layers.*

3

*Then we defended our land,  
Protected honour, saved the throne;  
And iron will of ranks were grand,  
That frightened fearsome Napoleon.*

4

*Now tremble, dear Mother-Earth!  
That was a nightmare that came true:  
Two nations celebrating Jesus' birth  
Blamed us for being pagans too!!*

5

*The twelfth year of horrors passed,  
And West saw in the broad daylight  
The helmets of twenty nations amassed  
After the bloody Borodino fight.*

6

*We suffered indeed, but came at a glance,  
With flying banners of mercy behind,  
To save the old and timid France,  
Led by the tsar, who is noble and kind.*

7

*Kalmyk here watered his skewbald horse  
From Seine flowing as fast as time,  
And guard at Louvre had tour de force –  
The Russian bayonet with no grime.*

8

*And splendid green Champs-Elysees  
Became one camp, where all are prized:  
Here Don Cossack, son of Yenisei,  
And no more fierce and bitter cries.*

9

*With grapeshot lying on the ground,  
The Russian lived in peace, as told,  
Gabbling French freely around  
And throwing countless Russian gold.*

10

*In Mother-Moscow, burned to ashes,  
Over Neva, left untouched and unfoamed,  
There were no more fierce battle flashes,  
But the French and English were quite at home.*

11

*But what's this? Betrayal of our friendship,  
Cruel neglect of the Holy Bible?  
The issue assumed a serious dimension!  
You've joined the Turks and got a new idol.*

12

*Thus, what ought the chronicler later to write  
Of that ungodly alliance of lurk,  
Of shameful deal of Mahomet with knight  
And of messieurs with Turk?!*

13

*But hopes are dying, don't you know it?  
How dare you try to overthrow?  
Both on land and sea we'll show it:  
Russian valor in the battle aglow...*

14

*That's written in legends, engraved on the fields:  
How sacred is honour and duty to our lot,  
How our prayers are like the strong shields,  
How generous is Russian Almighty God!!*

15

*Do you remember the gulf of Pont,  
Abysmal depth, in flames horizon?  
Do you remember or you don't  
The naval fierce Battle of Chesma?*

16

*You're proud of military strength,  
You're prizing pompous navy.  
Now wait! We'll go all lengths:  
The steamer cleaves the water bravely.*

17

*A sailor's wrestling, being curved,  
Taming raging furious sea,  
Late on succeeded by dint of nerve.  
Though we're outnumbered, you will flee...*

18

*You've got to know trails you went through,  
And interests reckoned are just a dream!  
They won't let you defeat us too,  
As we're with Christ for truth to gleam!..*

*(Перевод с русского  
Л. Н. Глухенькой, 1 место)*