

## **В. Ю. Коркішко,**

учитель англійської мови Черкаського навчально-виховного комплексу  
«Загальноосвітня школа I – III ступенів – ліцей спортивного профілю №34»  
Черкаської міської ради

# **ЗАЛУЧЕННЯ МОЛОДІ ДО НАЦІОНАЛЬНОЇ КУЛЬТУРИ НА ОСНОВІ АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ МОВИ**

У сучасних умовах дедалі зримишою стає необхідність залучення молоді до національної культури на основі англійської мови. Творчість великого українського поета і гуманіста Т.Г. Шевченка стає в нагоді якнайкращим чином для використання на уроках англійської мови у 8-10-х класах та в позакласній роботі.

## **INTRODUCTION**

### **THE GREAT HUMANIST**

Taras Shevchenko has become to be the Ukrainian people's Homer by virtue of the epic quality of his work so intensely in harmony with his people's thoughts, hopes and aspirations for freedom.

It seems next to impossible to try and portray the entire magnitude of this manyfaced personality. As a citizen, a poet, an artist, a fighter, Taras Shevchenko has no substitute in Ukrainian literature. A son of a serf and himself deprived of all rights, to the extent that he was almost a slave, he grew up into a summit visible to all tribes and nations the world over.

The American artist Rockwell Kent pointed out that outstanding critics compared Shevchenko's writings to the works of such great poets and writers as Goethe, Byron and Hugo....

Taras Shevchenko was not only a famous poet but also a great artist and revolutionary democrat whose works were permeated with the ideals of humanism.

Owing to his brilliant talent and although born a serf, Shevchenko overcame all obstacles in making his way into the world of literature and art.

Taras Shevchenko was born on March 9, 1814 in the village of Morintsy, near Kiev. Even as a boy, Shevchenko already showed that he was gifted in drawing.

When his master, Baron Engelgardt, took him to Petersburg with the other servants Shevchenko made the acquaintance of the outstanding Russian artist Karl Bryullov, the noted poet Zhukovsky and other representatives of literature and art. His friends could not help noticing the talent of young serf for whom painting was a true calling. Bryullov, the author of the famous picture *The Last Day of Pompeii*, painted Zhukovsky's portrait which was raffled off for 2,500 rubles, and with this they bought Shevchenko's freedom.

This took place on April 22, 1838.

Shevchenko received not only his freedom but the opportunity to study at the Petersburg Academy of Arts. He pained all his life wherever he went - in Petersburg, while travelling in his native Ukraine or when in exile. His album of etchings *Picturesque Ukraine* (1844) brought him fame as the founder of critical realism in Ukrainian pictorial art. A year before he died, Shevchenko was awarded the title of Academician of Engraving by the Academy.

While studying in Petersburg, Shevchenko began to write poetry, and to this new passion he devoted his whole life. In 1840 the young poet published his first collection of verse entitled *Kobzar* (The Bard). The

book opened with the poem *Oh Thoughts of Mine...* which contained the aesthetic programme of a people's poet. Ivan Franko, Shevchenko's follower, wrote: "This small book immediately opened a new world of poetry which was like a spring of clear, fresh water. It radiated a lucid, simple and "graceful style previously unknown in Ukrainian literature."

The first edition of *Kobzar* also included one of Shevchenko's best poems *Katerina*, a moving and tragic story of a peasant girl whose love was betrayed by an army officer. This theme appealed to Shevchenko so much that he later did an oil painting of *Katerina*. The suffering of women became one of the leading themes in his poetry (e.g. the poems *Marina*, *The Housemaid*, *Mary*, *The Princess*). In 1841 Shevchenko's longest historical poem *Haidamaki* was published. As a great humanist.

Shevchenko described the bloody events of the past with a heart full of pain. *Haidamaki* also showed the poet's internationalist feelings: "May the Slavic land, covered with rye and with wheat as though with gold, remain forever without borders from sea unto sea." The poet dreamed of the unity of all Slavic peoples, of all peoples of the Russian Empire, and towards the end of his life, of all working people of the world.

Already in his early works Shevchenko proved himself a brilliant, genuine people's poet not only because he wrote in simple words easily grasped by ordinary man, but also because he expressed the interests and aspirations of the broad masses of his people.

In 1843, after an absence of fourteen years, Shevchenko returned to Ukraine. The social and national oppression which he saw there shocked him. By that time Shevchenko's views had changed considerably. While in Petersburg, he knew democratically-minded people and got acquainted with the history of certain revolutionary movements (the Decembrists, the Polish national-liberation movement). This is why his outlook shifted towards revolutionary democracy.

As 1. Franko pointed out, his poetry assumed political tones. Whereas Shevchenko was a revolutionary romantic in his early works, now his method was that of critical realism, though elements of romanticism still remained in his writings.

*A Dream* (1844) was the first poem of a political character written by Shevchenko. The poem showed him to be an outspoken enemy of czarism and serfdom and of all the evils they brought the working people. The poet exposed not only the individual drawbacks of the unjust social order but the whole autocratic system, not excluding the emperor himself. Another poem of the same type was *The Caucasus* (1845), which Shevchenko wrote upon receiving news that his friend de Balmen had been killed during the war against the mountaineers of that region. As a matter of fact, it was a lyrical epic of invective aimed at the whole autocratic serf-ridden system and all its institutions. Hand-written copies of the poem were passed among the people and

phrases from it became slogans: "Keep fighting - you are sure to win."

"All silent are in all their tongues because such great contentment reigns" - these were quoted by outstanding Ukrainian revolutionary democrats. The Caucasus showed Shevchenko to be a great internationalist. He raised his voice not only for the liberation of the Ukrainian people but of all the peoples in czarist Russia. It was not by chance that Shevchenko sent a personal hand-written copy of *The Caucasus* to the outstanding Polish poet Adam Mickiewicz then in Paris.

Also belonging to political poetry is verse *When I Am Dead, Then Bury Me...*, which the people called *My Testament*. The verse testifies to a class character of Shevchenko's humanism. Unlike many great humanists of the world, the poet affirms a revolution as the only way for the oppressed to gain real freedom:

Oh bury me, then rise ye up  
And break your heavy chains  
And water with the tyrants' blood  
The freedom you have gained.

In the closing lines of *My Testament* he expressed the hope that after the revolution the people would unite into one big, free family and would remember the poet who struggled for the liberation of all peoples of the world:

And in the great new family,  
The family of the free,  
With softly spoken, kindly word  
Remember also me.

Now these words are engraved in golden letters on many monuments to the great poet, while *My Testament* has been translated into almost all languages of the world.

For a long time it was impossible to publish *My Testament*.

In his poem *The Heretic*, based on many historical sources, Shevchenko created an original image of the Czech patriot Jan Hus, portraying him not only as a religious reformer but also as a fighter for his people's freedom. Later on, the poet inserted an additional stanza and dedicated the poem to Safarik, the great Czech-Slovak Slavist, whose works he was familiar with. He sent Safarik a hand-written copy of the opening lines of the poem and new stanza, a strong appeal for Slavic unity on democratic principles.

Shevchenko did not limit himself to expressing revolutionary-democratic ideas later joined the secret anti-serfdom Society of Cyril and Mehodius. In 1847 the Society was exposed and all its members were arrested. Shevchenko's membership was never proved, but he was given the heaviest sentence because of his revolutionary poems (*A Dream, The Caucasus, The Heretic* and others) which contained sharp lines against the emperor and the empress. Shevchenko was exiled to serve as a soldier in distant Orenburg.

Approving the cruel verdict, Nicholas I added in his own hand: "Forbidden to write or to paint." Service in the army in those times was an obligatory twenty-five years. Physically, Shevchenko would have hardly lived through such a long exile. In this way czarism strove to get rid of a dangerous poet and artist.

From Orenburg Shevchenko was sent still farther, to one of the line battalions in Orsk. Today Orsk is a big industrial centre, but then it was a small fortress in the barren steppe.

Even before exile, in a Petersburg prison, Shevchenko continued writing poetry (the cycle *In Prison*). Among his lyrics of that time was the masterpiece *Beside the Cottage*. The exile did not break the poet's will: "I am tormented, I suffer, but I do not repent." Violating the czar's prohibition Shevchenko went on writing. He

made miniature note-books, wrote his poetry in them and kept them in the sides of his boots.

Shevchenko called his poetry of the exile period the "prisoner's muse".

In his poem *The Princess and The Outlaw* he condemned serfdom and created types of cruel landowners. New themes and characters appeared in his poetry. For instance, in *Marina* and *The Outlaw* he presented images of the peoples' avengers.

Shevchenko's cycle *Kings* is a sharp revolutionary criticism of monarchies of all time and nations. In this cycle the poet used as images the Biblical King David and the church-canonized Grand Prince Vladimir of Kiev. The general conclusion in the last part of the cycle is clearly political in character:

May they be hanged, the bloody butchers,  
And cursed...!

While in exile, Shevchenko was cut off from life, and lost touch with what was going on. This explains why he wrote many lyrical masterpieces at this time, including autobiographical verse: *I Was Thirteen, Young Masters, If You Only Knew...*, *The Lights Are Blazing...*, to mention a few. He also composed many songs in the folk-tradition.

In his native land, he became a legend and a champion of the people, whom even the tsar feared. Illiterate peasants knew almost the whole of his «*Kobzar*» by heart. Now the poet's birthday, March 9, is marked by the whole of the country. It has become a holiday for our friends in many countries throughout the world.

A slave, he grew up into a summit visible to all tribes and nations the world over.

This is not a mere figure of speech. Shevchenko's poems have been translated into almost a hundred languages in our country and abroad and nearly four hundred monuments have been put up by grateful people to this courageous champion of truth and a happy future.

### **Taras Shevchenko**

#### **THE MIGHTY DNIEPER**

*("Prychynna" / "Reve ta stohne Dnibr shyrokyi")*

*Translated by John Weir*

The mighty Dnieper roars and bellows,  
The wind in anger howls and raves,  
Down to the ground it bends the willows,  
And mountain-high lifts up the waves.

The pale-faced moon picked out this moment  
To peek out from behind a cloud,  
Like a canoe upon the ocean  
It first tips up, and then dips down.

The cocks don't crow to wake the morning,  
There's not as yet a sound of man,  
The owls in glades call out their warnings,  
And ash trees creak and creak again.

### **Тарас Шевченко**

#### **"Прийчинна" / "Рече та стогне Дніпр широкий"**

Рече та стогне Дніпр широкий  
Сердитий вітер завива,  
Додолу верби гне високі,  
Горами хвилю підійма.  
І блідий місяць на ту пору  
Із хмари де-де виглядав, –  
Неначе човен в синім морю,  
То виринав, то потопав.  
Ще треті півні не співали,  
Ніхто ніде не гомонів,  
Сичі в гаю переключались,  
Та ясень раз-у-раз скрипів.

**"Zapovit" / "Iak umru, to pokhovaite"**

**Translated by John Weir**

When I am dead, then bury me  
In my beloved Ukraine, My tomb upon a grave  
mound high

Amid the spreading plain,  
So that the fields, the boundless steppes,  
The Dnieper's plunging shore  
My eyes could see, my ears could hear  
The mighty river roar.

When from Ukraine the Dnieper bears  
Into the deep blue sea  
The blood of foes ... then will I leave  
These hills and fertile fields —  
I'll leave them all and fly away  
To the abode of God,  
And then I'll pray .... But till that day  
I nothing know of God.

Oh bury me, then rise ye up  
And break your heavy chains  
And water with the tyrants' blood  
The freedom you have gained.  
And in the great new family,  
The family of the free,  
With softly spoken, kindly word  
Remember also me.

**Заповіт" / "Як умру, то поховайте"**

Як умру, то поховайте  
Мене на могилі  
Серед степу широкого  
На Вкраїні милій,  
Щоб лани широкополі,  
І Дніпро, і кручі  
Було видно, було чути,  
Як реве ревучий.  
Як понесе з України  
У синєє море  
Кров ворожу... отойді я  
І лани і гори —  
Все покину, і полину  
До самого Бога  
Молитися... а до того  
Я не знаю Бога.  
Поховайте та вставайте,  
Кайдани порвіте  
І вражою злою кров'ю  
Волю окропіте.  
І мене в сем'ї великій,  
В сем'ї вольній, новій,  
Не забудьте пом'янути  
Незлим тихим словом.

**Taras Shevchenko**

**BESIDE THE HUT THE CHERRIES ARE IN BLOOM**

**("Sadok vyshnevyj kolo khaty")**

**Translated by Irina Zhelezнова.**

Beside the hut the cherries are in bloom,  
And May bugs over them dance.... The peasants  
from

The fields return with weary step.... This late....  
The young maids as they go sing songs.... At  
home

The tables have been laid, and supper waits.  
A family at table sit without....  
Dusk slowly comes, the evening stars are out.  
The daughter serves, but seems to take too long;  
The mother is impatient and about  
To scold, when lo! — a bird bursts into song.  
The darkness cloaks the heavens overhead...

Beside the hut her little ones to bed  
The mother puts, and then, afraid that they'll  
Not sleep, lies down nearby....  
The world seems dead;  
All's still save for the maids and nightingale.

**«Садок вишневий коло хати»**

Садок вишневий коло хати,  
Хрущі над вишнями гудуть,  
Плугатарі з плугами йдуть,  
Співають ідучи дівчата,  
А матері вечерять ждуть.  
Сім'я вечерея коло хати,  
Вечірня зіронька встає.  
Дочка вечереять подає,  
А мати хоче научати,  
Так соловейко не дає.  
Поклала мати коло хати  
Маленьких діточок своїх;  
Сама заснула коло їх.  
Затихло все, тільки дівчата  
Та соловейко не затих.

**Taras Shevchenko**

**THOUGHTS OF MINE,  
O THOUGHTS OF MINE**

**("Dumy moji, dumy moji,**

**Lykho meni z vamy!")**

**Translated by Irina Zhelezнова**

Thoughts of mine, O thoughts of mine,  
You plague and torment me!  
On paper you throng, thoughts,  
By dark anguish sent me.  
Why did wind not disperse you?  
Why were you not smothered  
While still in the cradle  
By sorrow, your mother?...  
For the world to mock at born were you, upon  
you  
Tears rained down in torrents — why did they  
not drown you  
In the sea or merge you with the steppeland  
waters?...  
None would then have wondered why I suffer,  
none  
Would have asked why curse I destiny or  
sought to  
Lecture me and mutter: "Nothing to be done!"  
Jestingly....  
Come, tell me, children mine, my cherished  
Blooms - is there a heart, dears, anywhere like  
this  
Aching heart of mine, dears, one on salt tears  
nourished,  
That will weep like mine does.... Let us hope  
there is!

It a maid's heart and a pair of  
Brown eyes over you  
Weep, my thoughts, I'll ask for nothing  
More: a tear or two  
From those eyes, and I am king of  
Kings upon this earth!  
Thoughts of mine, O thoughts of mine,  
'Tis sorrow gave you birth.  
Ah, those eyes so brown and sparkling,  
And those brows so dark!...  
It is they my heart awaken,  
Make it pound, and — hark!

**Translated by Gladys Evans**

Thoughts of mine, thoughts of mine,  
My one and only stay,  
You at least do not abandon  
Me these bitter days.

From the broad and distant Dnieper  
Fly to me, my homing  
Pigeons, on your blue-grey pinions,  
Through the steppe go roaming  
With the poor forsaken Kirghiz.  
Long have they gone naked,  
Long been paupers... yet still free to  
Worship God as sacred.  
Come then, dearest thoughts of mine,  
I shall greet you ever  
As my children, with soft words, and  
We shall weep together.

**«Думи мої, думи мої...»**

Думи мої, думи мої,  
Лихо мені з вами!  
Нащо стали на папері  
Сумними рядами?..  
Чом вас вітер не розвіяв  
В степу, як пилину?  
Чом вас лихо не приспало,  
Як свою дитину?..  
Бо вас лихо на світ на сміх породило,  
Поливали сльози... Чом не затопили,  
Не винесли в море, не розмили в полі?  
Не питали б люди, що в мене болять,  
Не питали б, за що проклинаю долю,  
Чого пишу світом? «Нічого робить», —  
Не сказали б на сміх...  
Квіти мої, діти!  
Нащо вас кохав я, нащо доглядав?  
Чи заплаче серце одно на всім світі,  
Як я з вами плакав?.. Може, і вгадав...  
Може, найдеться дівоче  
Серце, карі очі,  
Що заплачуть на сі думи —  
Я більше не хочу...  
Одну сльозу з очей карих —  
І... пан над панами!..  
Думи мої, думи мої!  
Лихо мені з вами!  
За карії оченята,  
За чорнії брови  
Серце рвалося, сміялось,  
Виливало мову,  
Виливало, як уміло,  
За темні ночі,  
За вишневий сад зелений,  
За ласки дівочі...

Думи мої, думи мої  
Ви мої єдині,  
Не кидайте хоч ви мене  
При лихій годині.  
Прилітайте, сизокрилі  
Мої голуб'ята,  
Із-за Дніпра широкого,  
У степ погуляти  
З киргизами убогими.  
Вони вже убогі,  
Уже голі... Та на волі  
Ще моляться богу.  
Прилітайте ж, мої любі,  
Тихими речами  
Привітаю вас, як діток,  
І заплачу з вами.

**Taras Shevchenko**

**Young masters, if you only knew**

("Yakby vy znaly, panychi" -

"Якби ви знали, паничі")

Translated by John Weir

Young masters, if you only knew  
How people weep there all life through,

You'd not compose your rhapsodies,  
And God for nothing you'd not praise,  
Nor mock our tears by twisting truth.  
That tranquil cottage in the grove  
You call a paradise - I know.  
In such a cottage once I dwelt,  
It was there my first hot tears were spilt,  
My early tears! I know no vice,  
No wrong or ill, however rare,  
That's not found in that cottage fair....  
And yet they call it paradise!  
I do not call that little house  
In a small village, by a copse,  
A very paradise on earth....

**«Як би ви знали паничі....»**

Якби ви знали, паничі,  
Де люде плачуть живучи,  
То ви б елегій не творили  
Та марне Бога б не хвалили,  
На наші сльози сміючись.  
За що, не знаю, називають  
Хатину в гаї тихим раєм.  
Я в хаті мучився колись,  
Мої там сльози пролились,  
Найперші сльози; я не знаю,  
Чи єсть у Бога люте зло!  
Що б у тій хаті не жило?  
А хату раєм називають!  
Не називаю її раєм,  
Тії хатиночки у гаї  
Над чистим ставом край села.  
Мене там мати повила  
І, повиваючи, співала,  
Свою нудьгу переливала  
В свою дитину... В тім гаю,  
У тій хатині, у раю...

**ASSIGNMENTS**

Imagine you're self responsible for a party at school to celebrate Taras Shevchenko's birthday.

What would you suggest that your schoolmates should do?

Write a programme.

Find the song from on the Internet. Listen to it and sing. Write answers.

1. Who sings this song? \_\_\_\_\_

2. What does its title mean? \_\_\_\_\_

3. What is the music type of this song? \_\_\_\_\_

4. Do you like this song? What can you say about it? \_\_\_\_\_

5. What is your favorite song? \_\_\_\_\_

6. Who sings it? \_\_\_\_\_

7. Make a list of your favourite song and singer or bands. \_\_\_\_\_

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