

Adam Asnyk

**Reveille (Pobudka)**

For Maria Maciejowska (Sewerowa)

Away with doubting despair  
That shackles valour in its mesh!  
Let chains clapped to curb arms that dare  
Sink deep into undaunted flesh.

Away, all ye mean-hearted doubts,  
For doubt and despair must we not,  
But let our minds in defiance shout  
To heav'n's gates, though bolted and locked.

Let them like mighty legions charge,  
For truth's cause their banners unfold,  
And brandish their boldness at large,  
Hail and hurry to holy war.

Let not the failures deter us,  
Still let's the battle-cry raise:  
For freedom! – together we sharers  
In future fraternal days.

Though one by one the lights fade  
Of them that blaze the spirit's dawns;  
Though in their breast drive deep the blade  
Deceit, betrayal, and brute force;

Though bulwarks crumble into ruin,  
And fires consume the native nest,  
Stand firm, mettled in steel, eschewing  
Tears that flow at despair's behest.

Newly weaponed, arise and stand fast,  
Latter-day valiants, brave warrior-band!  
Stand firm and fight, fight to the last,  
Champions defending the rights of man!

Not forever the human spirit  
Shall sink in bloodthirsty drowse,  
Worshipping force, grovel and fear it,  
Disdain distant light, and darkness espouse.

Not for e'er reigns despotic pride  
In mindless powers aggrandised,  
But that one day to humbly subside  
And spit no more in bondmen's eyes.

Not fore'er its insatiable gorge  
Shall conspire, though cursed and contemned:  
One day the chains made in its forge  
Its own neck shall fetter and bend.

But slowly the light filters through,  
Expelling the darkness at last;  
Like Jericho, quaking subdued,  
Shook and fell at the trumpet-blast,

So in the bright gleam of daybreak  
The dungeons shall finally tumble,  
And mankind open its eyes, awake,  
Aroused from its dismal slumber.

Away from our blood-bathed vanguard!  
Begone, doubt and despair, begone!  
With man's felicity in concord,  
We'll carry the soul-strengthened sword.

Though enemy cohorts ensnare us,  
Still let's the battle-cry raise:  
For freedom! – you and we the bearers  
Of future fraternal days.

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