

You tell us what to do

When

In the stream run with pain,
We entered with the barque of life,
How strong were our arms!
How crimson was the blood!
If felt as if with a stroke or two,
The boat should reach its port.

It wasn't so:

In every current
Were also hidden some undercurrents;
The rowers were rather naïve,
The oars were also untried.

Now

Try to analyse as much you like,
And blame as much you feel,
The stream is the same, as is the boat;
Tell us what is to be done,
How can we, now, land across?

When

In our breast,
We had observed the wounds of this land,
A lot of trust was put in the Curers,

A lot of prescriptions were also at hand.
It felt as if in a day or two,
All the ailments would disappear,
And, then, all the wounds should heal.

It didn't happen so:
The sicknesses we had were so old,
The Curers failed to make the diagnosis;
Thus, all their efforts went in vain.

Now
Try to analyse as much you like,
And blame as much you feel,
The breast is the same, as it the wound;
Tell us what is to be done,
How can we, now, heal the wound.

Translated by Sain Sucha