

## LETTER TO DEAREST ROSE

Taking my pen in my hand, when I sit down to write this letter today,  
To your “holy” Let Him Be Praised, – “Forever and ever”, I reply...  
My dearest friend, for Your sincere wishes...  
May the Lord God repay you! – That on my saint’s name-day  
You were so kind to send me greetings, with the words “thousands of flowers”...  
Which blossomed in my heart... watered by my warm tears...  
So I hasten, my dearest Rose, to send you my heartfelt thanks...  
May you also, good health and happiness... receive from God’s hands!  
I always believed faithfully, that you kept me in your memory,  
So let our sincere friendship... like a star shine brightly!  
Although the fate of life has separated us, – You are in the Motherland, while I am overseas, –  
You are loved among your own people... while foreign dawns shine for me.  
Here, my eyes are full of tears – here, my heart is full of sadness, –  
Only my thoughts, like winged birds fly... to visit my charming home country!  
Often I am filled with thought, – my heart wants to fly to our native land...  
Above other lands, mountains, rivers... the vast expanse of bottomless seas...  
With the eyes of my soul I look into the bosom of my dear Motherland,  
When She has torn off the fetters imposed by her enemies, how does She now heal the scars of  
her children?  
Oh, how my soul yearns for those cottages in my native village – I almost knock at the door,  
I yearn for those fields sown with grain... the wild flowers in the meadow...  
The river that murmurs quietly... when the sun shines its reflection on it,  
When it rises above the river at dawn, and looks down on our little village...  
I would like to see and to hear, when our “Johnny” rings at his scythe,  
As he mows down the fragrant clover... and to see the barefooted shepherdess!  
To see the church where I had my baptism... all of our good people,  
Sometimes when I dream it seems to me..., that the church bell in Borzęcin is waking me!  
How I miss the skylark, that sings to God in the highest...  
How I wish to hear the wondrous tales... Being hummed by those old trees...  
I wish to admire the butterfly in the garden next to our house  
When it whispers into the honey cup of the flower... tender words that no human knows.  
Oh, my dearest one! Everything you have is Polish and your own,  
While at such a distance overseas, I can only dream unreal dreams...

Oh, Thou small bright star that once guided me into the wide world, on the path of my life...  
That I might look for happiness on this earth, – Why can I not find it?  
Have you perhaps deserted me? – When the storm raged at sea...  
Because when I finally came to shore, I could no longer see you.  
And so, I spend all day working, the whole great big year long,  
But when the evening comes, and stars emerge like a painting in the sky...  
And the moon casts its radiance... and the noise of the city ceases,  
Then I sit down to write with my pen and I give my heart to people...  
And I speak to you, all my beloved! And I dream... I dream with longing,  
Until, in this distant foreign land, death will take me in its arms,  
It will hug me like my sweet mother did... and at that time I will be a shade among ghosts,  
And maybe I will visit my native land, I will go there to see you.  
First I will go to the cemetery, to visit my parents' graves,  
My ghost will be sad and in mourning, like a terrible deathly apparition...  
Then I will stand atop the tower of the church in Borzęcin,  
And I will look around... all around this, our beautiful little village...  
Then I will go to say farewell to my sister... And then I will drop in on You,  
I will stand ever so quietly outside your window, – I will say: we will see each other in heaven!  
Because even though I give my heart to people, and I empathize with those who cry...  
The poor receive nothing in return for their pain: because happiness is with the wealthy!

*By Bronisława Wolnik*  
*Translated by Joanna Radwańska-Williams*

## LIST DO RÓŻYCZKI

Biorąc pióro me do ręki, gdy do listu dziś zasiadam,  
Na to „święte” Pochwalony, – „Na wiek wieków” odpowiadam...  
Ma kochana przyjaciółko, za Twoje szczere życzenia...  
Niechaj Ci pan Bóg zapłaci! – Żeś w dzień mojego imienia  
Raczyła mi powieńszować, słowami „kwiatów tysiące”...  
Które w mem sercu zakwitły... tzy je skropiły gorące...  
Spieszę Ci Różyczko moja, złożyć me serdeczne dzięki...  
Obyś i Ty zdrowia szczęścia... doznała też z Bożej ręki!  
Wierzyłam ja zawsze święcie, że mię chowasz w swej pamięci,  
Niechże nasza szczerą przyjaźń... jako jasna gwiazda świeci!  
Choć los życia nas rozdzielił, – Tyś w Ojczyźnie, ja za morzem, –  
Tyś między swemi kochana... dla mnie świecą obce zorze.  
Tu mi oczy tąż zachodzą – tu mi smutek serce tłoczy, –  
Tylko myśl ma jak ptak lotny... odwiedza mój kraj uroczy!  
Często jestem zadumana, – serce rwie się w nasze strony...  
Ponad łądy, góry, rzeki... mórz bezdennych wód ogromy...  
Spoglądam oczami duszy w łono mej drogiej ojczyzny,  
Gdy zerwała wrogów pęta, jak koi swych dzieci blizny [blizmy]?  
Do tych wiejskich chat rodzinnych, tęskni ma dusza [dusza], – kołace,  
Do tych pól zbożem obsianych... do kwiatów polnych na łące...  
Do rzeki co cicho szemrze... gdy się w niej słońce przegląda,  
Gdy ponad nią rano wstaje, na naszą wioskę spogląda...  
Chciałabym widzieć i słyszeć, ~~kiedy~~ *gdy* nasz „Janek” dzwoni kosą,  
Siekąc wonną koniczynę... i pasterkę widzieć bosą!  
Widzieć kościół, gdzie chrzest ~~wzięta~~ *miała*... wszystkich naszych dobrych ludzi,  
Czasem zdaje mi się we śnie..., że mię dzwon borzęcki budzi!  
Jakże tęsknię za skowronkiem, ~~gdy~~ *co* w przestworzach Bogu śpiewa...  
Pragnę słuchać cudnych baśni..., Które szumią stare drzewa...  
Pragnę podziwiać motyla gdy w ogródku koło domu,  
W kwiatu miodny kielich szepce... ~~pieszczot~~ *pieszczoty* nie ~~znanych~~ *znane* nikomu.  
Oj Ty moja ukochana! Wszystko masz polskie i swoje,

Gdy ja zdala za morzami, marzę tylko i sny roję...  
Oj ty gwiazdko coś mię wiodła w świat szeroki, życia drogę...  
By szukać szczęścia na ziemi, – Czemuż go znaleźć [znaleźć] nie mogę?  
Czyś mię [Czyśmię] może porzuciła? – Gdy burza morska szalała...  
Bo gdym na brzegu stanęła, już cię więcej nie widziałam.  
~~Chociaż~~ / *tak* w pracy dzień mi schodzi, jak rok cały wielki, długi,  
Lecz gdy już wieczór nadejdzie, gwiazdy zajmą nieb sztalugi...  
Księżyc rzuci swą poświatę... i hałas miasta ustaje,  
Ja wtenczas do pióra siadam i ludziom serce oddaję...  
I mówię do was kochani! I marzę... marzę stęskniona [z tęskniona],  
Aż mię zdala na obczyźnie, śmierć weźmie [wezmie] w swoje ramiona,  
~~Te~~ *Jak* matula mię utuli... a wtenczas [wten czas] ja cień z duchami,  
Może zawitam w me strony, ~~może zobaczę~~ *pójdę zobaczyć* się z wami.  
Najpierw pójdę na cmentarze, odwiedzić rodziców groby,  
Jak mara śmierci okropna, ~~tak~~ *mój* duch smutny i żałobny...  
Potem stanę aż na wieży [wierzy], co przy borzęckim kościele,  
I rozejrzę się dokoła... po tym naszym pięknym siele...  
Potem pójdę żegnać siostrę... A potem zajrzę do Ciebie,  
Stanę cichutko za oknem, – powiem: zobaczmy się w niebie!  
Bo choć ludziom ~~miłość~~ *serce* daję, ~~placze sercem~~ i współczuję z ~~placzącymi~~ *placzącymi*...  
Biedni wzamian nic nie ~~dają~~ *mają*: a Bo szczęście jest z bogatemi!

*By Bronisława Wolnik*

## ANNOTATIONS

Biorąc **pióro me** do ręki, gdy **do listu dziś zasiadam**,  
**Na to „święte” Pochwalony**, – „**Na wiek wieków” odpowiadam...**  
**Ma kochana przyjaciółko**, za Twoje szczerze życzenia...  
Niechaj Ci pan Bóg zapłaci! – Żeś **w dzień mojego imienia**  
Raczyła mi powieńszować, słowami „kwiatów tysiące”...  
Które **w mem sercu** zakwitły... **ły je skropiły gorące...**  
**Spieszę Ci Różyczko moja**, złożyć me serdeczne dzięki...  
**Obyś i Ty zdrowia szczęścia... doznała też z Bożej ręki!**

**pióro me:** This neuter noun for ‘pen’ also literally means ‘feather’, reflecting the fact that in olden times people used to write with a quill. This was later replaced by a nib pen dipped in an inkwell, and then, with a fountain pen containing an ink reservoir within the pen’s mechanism. The name for ‘fountain pen’ in Polish is **wieczne pióro** (literally, ‘eternal pen’), while the name for a ballpoint pen is **długopis** (literally, ‘long writer’). Although the ballpoint pen that is widely used today was invented in the nineteenth century, it did not become widespread until after World War II. See [Ballpoint pen - Wikipedia](#) The poet would most likely either have used an inkwell or a fountain pen. The possessive pronoun **me** is an archaic/poetic contraction of **moje** ‘my (neuter singular)’.

**do listu dziś zasiadam:** Literally, ‘to the letter today I start sitting’.

**Na to „święte” Pochwalony**, – „**Na wiek wieków” odpowiadam:** In the olden days in the Polish countryside, it was a tradition to greet people with the words **Niech będzie pochwalony [Jezus Chrystus]** ‘Let him [Jesus Christ] be praised’, to which the reply was **Na wieki wieków [Amen]** ‘For ever and ever [Amen]’ (literally, ‘for centuries/ages of centuries/ages’). The poet here has used what might be a colloquial variation, **Na wiek wieków** (literally, ‘for a century/age of centuries/ages’). See [Laudetur Jesus Christus - Wikipedia](#), [Laudetur Iesus Christus – Wikipedia](#), [wolna encyklopedia](#), [Niech będzie pochwalony Jezus Chrystus - a religious greeting? \(polishforums.com\)](#) , ["Szczęść Boże" czy... "Niech będzie pochwalony Jezus Chrystus"? | Niedziela.pl](#)

**Ma kochana przyjaciółko:** ‘My dearest friend’. **Ma** is a poetic contraction of **moja** ‘my; feminine singular possessive pronoun’. The adjective **kochana** literally means ‘beloved’ (from the verb **kochać** ‘to love’) and is used for close friends and family members more often than **droga** ‘dear’ (the latter would be used for close friends and family members in the superlative form **najdroższa**

dearest). The feminine noun **przyjaciółko** (here in the vocative singular case, **przyjaciółko**) is the female form of **przyjaciel** 'close friend, best friend'.

**w dzień mojego imienia:** Literally, 'on the day of my name'. This refers to the Polish tradition of celebrating one's **imieniny** 'nameday' in addition to or instead of one's birthday. The nameday is celebrated on the feast day of one's patron saint. See [Name days in Poland - Wikipedia](#) , [Polish Name Days | Imieniny | Everything About Poland \(masterpage.com.pl\)](#)

**w mem sercu:** 'in my heart'. The neuter possessive pronoun **mem** is a poetic contraction of **mojem**, which is an archaic form of **moim** (locative singular of **moje**).

**łzy je skropiły gorące:** Literally, 'hot tears sprinkled them'.

**Spieszę Ci Różyczko moja:** Literally, 'I hurry/hasten to You my Rose'. The name (or perhaps nickname) **Róża** 'Rose' is here used in the vocative case of the diminutive **Różyczka**. The connotation of the diminutive here is one of endearment.

**Obyś i Ty zdrowia szczęścia... doznała też z Bożej ręki:** Literally, 'May You also health happiness... experience from God's hand'. It is traditional in Poland, on birthdays, namedays and holidays, to wish each other **zdrowia, szczęścia, pomyślności** (genitive case; the nominative case is **zdrowie, szczęście, pomyślność**) 'health, happiness, prosperity/success'.

Wierzyłam ja zawsze **święcie**, że mię chowasz w swej pamięci,  
Niechże nasza szczerza przyjaźń... jako jasna gwiazda świeci!  
Choć los życia nas rozdzielił, – **Tyś w Ojczyźnie, ja za morzem**, –  
Tyś **między swemi** kochana... dla mnie świecą obce zorze.  
**Tu mi oczy łzą zachodzą – tu mi smutek serce tłoczy**, –  
Tylko **myśl ma** jak ptak lotny... odwiedza mój kraj uroczy!  
Często jestem zadumana, – **serce rwie się w nasze strony**...  
**Ponad łądy, góry, rzeki... mórz bezdennych wód ogromy**...

**święcie:** Literally, 'in a holy way'.

**Tyś w Ojczyźnie, ja za morzem:** Literally, 'You are in the Fatherland, I beyond the sea'. The pronoun **Tyś** consists of **Ty** 'Thou' plus the 2<sup>nd</sup> person singular ending **-ś**, a contraction of **jesteś**

‘you are’. The feminine noun **Ojczyzna** (here in the locative singular case **Ojczyźnie**), designating the motherland or homeland, literally means ‘fatherland’; it is derived from the masculine noun **ojciec** ‘father’.

**między swemi**: Literally, ‘among one’s own’, in this context, referring to Polish people. The possessive pronoun **swój** ‘one’s own’ is here used in an archaic form of the instrumental plural case; the contemporary form is **swymi**.

**Tu mi oczy łzą zachodzą – tu mi smutek serce tłoczy**: Literally, ‘Here to me eyes start filling with a tear – here to me sadness presses/squashes the heart’.

**myśl ma**: Literally, ‘my thought’. The possessive pronoun **ma** is a poetic/archaic contraction of **moja** ‘my [feminine, nominative singular]’.

**serce rwie się w nasze strony**: Literally, ‘the heart rears/tears to our parts’. The verb **rwąć się** (here in the 3<sup>rd</sup> person singular, present tense **rwie się**) in this context means to be very eager to go. It connotes the image of a horse tearing out of its hobbles to break free.

**Ponad łądy, góry, rzeki... mórz bezdennych wód ogromy**: Literally, ‘Above lands, mountains, rivers... the vastnesses of the waters of bottomless seas’.

Spoglądam oczami duszy w łono mej drogiej ojczyzny,  
**Gdy zerwała wrogów pęta, jak koi swych dzieci blizny [blizmy]?  
Do tych wiejskich chat rodzinnych, tęskni ma dusza [dusza], – kołace,**  
Do tych pól zbożem obsianych... do kwiatów polnych na łące...  
Do rzeki co cicho szemrze... **gdy się w niej słońce przegląda,**  
Gdy ponad nią rano wstaje, na naszą wioskę spogląda...  
Chciałabym widzieć i słyszeć, ~~kiedy~~ **gdy nasz „Janek” dzwoni kosą,**  
Siekąc wonną koniczynę... i pasterkę widzieć bosą!

**Gdy zerwała wrogów pęta, jak koi swych dzieci blizny [blizmy]**: Literally, ‘When she has torn of the tethers of enemies, how does she heal the scars of her own children’. The word **blizny** ‘scars’ (plural of **blizna**) is misspelled in the manuscript as **blizmy**. The reference is to the aftermath of World War I, when Poland regained independence in 1918.

**Do tych wiejskich chat rodzinnych, tęskni ma dusza [ducza], – kołace:** Literally, ‘To those rural family/native cottages, my soul longs – knocks’. The verb **kołatać** ‘to knock at something’ evokes both a beating (palpitating) heart and knocking at the door with a **kołatka** ‘door knock’. See [KOŁATAĆ - Translation in English - bab.la](#)

**gdy się w niej słońce przegląda:** Literally, ‘when the sun looks at itself (i.e., its reflection) in it (i.e., in the river)’.

**~~kiedy~~ gdy nasz „Janek” dzwoni kosą:** Both the crossed-out word **kiedy** and the chosen word **gdy** mean ‘when’. Literally, ‘**when our “Johnny” rings with the scythe**’ – this probably refers both to the noise the scythe makes when it is being sharpened, and the noise when it swooshes through the air during the motion of mowing a meadow. See [Scythe - Wikipedia](#) “Johnny” might be in quotation marks because it could be a prototypical name of a country boy, rather than a particular individual the poet is thinking of (or both).

Widzieć kościół, gdzie **chrzest wzięła miała**... wszystkich naszych dobrych ludzi,  
Czasem zdaje mi się we śnie..., **że mię dzwon borzęcki budzi!**  
Jakże tęsknię za skowronkiem, **gdy co w przestworzach Bogu śpiewa...**  
Pragnę słuchać cudnych baśni..., Które szumią stare drzewa...  
Pragnę podziwiać motyla **gdy w ogródku koło domu,**  
W kwiatu miodny kielich szepce... ~~pieszczot~~ **pieszczoty** nie ~~znanych~~ **znane** nikomu.  
Oj Ty moja ukochana! Wszystko masz polskie i swoje,  
Gdy ja zdala za morzami, **marzę tylko i sny roję...**

**chrzest wzięła miała:** The phrase ‘where I took my baptism’ was corrected by the poet to ‘where I had my baptism’.

**że mię dzwon borzęcki budzi:** Literally, ‘that the **Borzęcin** [adjective] bell is waking me’. The personal pronoun **mię** (accusative case) ‘me’ is a poetic/archaic contraction of **mnie** ‘me’ (accusative case of **ja** ‘I’). The adjective **borzęcki** is a reference to the poet’s home village of **Borzęcin**. See [Borzęcin, Lesser Poland Voivodeship - Wikipedia](#) , [Borzęcin \(województwo małopolskie\) – Wikipedia, wolna encyklopedia](#) There is a large historical church in Borzecin, originally founded in the 14<sup>th</sup> century; parts of the present church building date back to the 17<sup>th</sup> century. It was renovated in the 19<sup>th</sup> century after a fire, and expanded in 1912-1917 century, including the construction of the present tower. The church is consecrated to the birth of the Virgin Mary. At present the church has three bells: one dates back to 1661, while two were added in 1938. [Borzęcin kościół - Borzęcin \(województwo małopolskie\) –](#)

[Wikipedia, wolna encyklopedia](#) , [Kościół Narodzenia Najświętszej Maryi Panny w Borzęcinie – Wikipedia, wolna encyklopedia](#) , [Borzęcin, kościół Narodzenia NMP \(tarnowskiekoscioly.net\)](#)

**w przestworzach Bogu śpiewa:** Literally, ‘sings to God in high spaces’. The neuter noun **przestworze** (here in the locative plural case **przestworzach**) refers to wide, open space, as in the atmosphere (it can also be used of the open sea).

**gdy w ogródku koło domu:** Literally, ‘when in the small garden by the house/home’. The masculine noun **ogródek** (here in the genitive singular case **ogródku**) is the diminutive of **ogród** ‘garden’. The ‘house’ is probably a reference to the poet’s family home; otherwise, the poet could have used the feminine noun **chata** (genitive **chaty**) ‘wooden cottage’.

**pieszczoty:** Literally, ‘caresses’ (plural of the feminine noun **pieszczota** ‘caress’); from the verbal context of the butterfly ‘whispering’, it can be translated as ‘tender words’.

**marzę tylko i sny roję:** Literally, ‘I only daydream and dream [fantastical] dreams’. The verb **marzyć** (here in the 1<sup>st</sup> person singular **marzę**) means ‘to daydream, dream of something, wish for something’. The verb **roić** (here in the 1<sup>st</sup> person singular **roję**) means ‘to dream fantastical dreams, wish for something unrealistic’. The masculine noun **sen** (here in the accusative plural **sny**) means ‘dream’ (at night).

Oj **ty gwiazdko** coś mię wiodła w świat szeroki, **życia drogę**...

By szukać szczęścia na ziemi, – Czemuż go **znaleźć [znaleźć]** nie mogę?

**Czyś mię [Czyśmię] może porzuciła?** – Gdy **burza morska szalała**...

Bo **gdym na brzegu stanęła, już cię więcej nie widziałam**.

~~Chciał~~ **I tak w pracy dzień mi schodzi, jak rok cały wielki, długi,**

Lecz gdy już wieczór nadejdzie, **gwiazdy zajmą nieb sztalugi**...

Księżyc rzuci swą poświatę... i hałas miasta ustaje,

Ja wtenczas **do pióra siadam** i ludziom serce oddaję...

**ty gwiazdko:** Literally, ‘you (2nd person singular), oh little star (vocative case)’. The feminine noun **gwiazdka** is the diminutive of **gwiazda** ‘star’. The diminutive adds a connotation of both size and endearment. The noun **Gwiazdka** (with a capital G) is also the Polish name for the special dinner at Christmas Eve (commemorating the Star of Bethlehem at Jesus’ birth); it is traditional to sit down to eat when the first star appears, which in Poland in December is at around 4 p.m.

The Star of Bethlehem guided the three wise men ('Three Kings') to Jesus' cradle. In olden times, stars were used for navigation at sea. The poet came to America by ship. She evokes the image of the guiding star guiding the ship (and her on her life's voyage), then implies that somehow, she has lost her way (i.e., her life has not worked out the way she had hoped it would).

**życia drogę:** Literally, 'the path/way/road of life'. The feminine noun **droga** (here in the accusative singular case **drogę**) is used for a country road, and also often figuratively, for our life's journey.

**znaleźć [znaleźć]:** The verb **znaleźć** 'to find' has been misspelled in the manuscript as **znaleźć**.

**Czyś mię [Czyśmię] może porzuciła?** 'Have you perhaps deserted/abandoned me?' In contemporary Polish, the words written together in the manuscript, **Czyśmię**, would be written separately, **Czyś mię**. This phrase consists of the interrogative word **czy** (which opens a yes-no question in Polish), the 2<sup>nd</sup> person singular ending **-ś** which has been moved from the past tense **porzuciła** (2<sup>nd</sup> person past tense **porzuciłaś**), and the personal pronoun in the accusative case, **mię**, which is a poetic/archaic contraction of **mnie** (accusative case of **ja** 'I').

**burza morska szalała...** Literally, 'the sea storm was raging/was blowing crazily'. The feminine adjective **morska** is derived from the neuter noun **morze** 'sea'. The verb **szaleć** (here in the past tense, feminine singular) means 'to go crazy' – in this context to rage, blow violently.

**gdym na brzegu stanęła, już cię więcej nie widziałam:** Literally, 'when I stood [came to stand, started standing] on the shore, I no longer saw you'. The word **gdym** consists of **gdy** 'when' plus the 1<sup>st</sup> person singular ending **-m** which has been moved from the past tense **stanęłam** 'I stood/started standing'.

**Chociaż I tak w pracy dzień mi schodzi, jak rok cały wielki, długi:** Literally, 'And in this way at work the day passes for me, like the whole great, long year'. The poet has crossed out the word **Chociaż** 'Although' and substituted **I tak** 'And so/in this way'. The poet means that she is working all the time in the daytime; the day is tedious, as if it were a whole year; also, the implication is that she is working the whole year long.

**gwiazdy zajmą nieb sztalugi:** Literally, 'the stars start to occupy the easels of the skies'. The feminine noun **sztaluga** (here in the accusative plural case **sztalugi**) means a painter's easel, the

upright supporting stand for a painting, especially used by a painter while painting. The image is that as stars appear, they are being painted on the sky by the night.

**do pióra siadam:** Literally, 'I sit down to the pen'. The Polish neuter noun **pióro** (here in the genitive singular case **pióra**) 'pen' also literally means 'feather', reflecting the fact that in olden times people used to write with a quill. The poet was probably writing with a steel nib and an inkwell, or a fountain pen; the corrections in the manuscript are handwritten. However, the entire manuscript is typewritten, so she also had a typewriter.

I mówię **do was kochani!** I marzę... marzę **stęskniona [z tęskniona]**,  
**Aż mię zdala na obczyźnie**, śmierć weźmie [wezmie] w swoje ramiona,  
~~To~~ **Jak matula mię utuli**... a wtenczas [wten czas] ja cień z duchami,  
Może zawitam **w me strony**, ~~może zobaczę~~ **pójdę zobaczyć się z wami**.  
Najpierw pójdę **na cmentarze**, odwiedzić rodziców groby,  
**Jak mara śmierci okropna**, ~~tak~~ **mój duch smutny i żałobny...**  
Potem stanę aż **na wieży [wierzy]**, **co przy borzęckim kościele**,  
I rozejrzę się dokoła... **po tym naszym pięknym siele...**

**do was kochani:** Literally, 'to you (2nd person plural) beloved'.

**stęskniona [z tęskniona]:** The feminine adjective **stęskniona** 'filled with longing' has been spelled by the poet as **z tęskniona**.

**Aż mię zdala na obczyźnie:** Literally, 'Until me [accusative singular] far off in a foreign land'. The personal pronoun in the accusative case, **mię**, which is a poetic/archaic contraction of **mnie** (accusative case of **ja** 'I'). The feminine noun **obczyzna** 'foreign land' (here in the locative singular case **obczyźnie**), derived from the adjective (which can also be used as a noun) **obcy** 'strange, foreign, other/stranger' is juxtaposed to the feminine noun **Ojczyzna** 'fatherland, homeland, motherland' derived from **ojciec** 'father'.

~~To~~ **Jak matula mię utuli:** Literally, 'Like dear mother will hug me'. The poet has crossed out the word **To** 'This; (And) then' and substituted **Jak** 'Like'. The feminine noun **matula** is a diminutive of **matka** 'mother'; the diminutive adds endearment. It also echoes the verb **tulić** 'to hug,

comfort' (here used in the perfective variant **utulić**, which is often used in the context of a mother hugging/comforting a crying baby; future tense, 3<sup>rd</sup> person singular **utuli**).

**w me strony**: Literally, 'to my parts'. The possessive pronoun **me** is a poetic/archaic contraction of **moje** (plural of **moja** 'my, feminine singular').

**na cmentarze**: Literally, 'to cemeteries'.

**Jak mara śmierci okropna, ~~tak~~ mój duch smutny i żałobny**: Literally, 'As/Like a terrible apparition of death, my ghost sad and mourning'. The poet has crossed out the word **tak** 'so is', strengthening the image to a more direct comparison.

**na wieży [wierzy], co przy borzęckim kościele**: Literally, 'on the tower, which [is] next to the Borzęcin church'. The poet has misspelled the word **wieży** (the locative singular case of the feminine noun **wieża** 'tower') as the homonym **wierzy** (the 3<sup>rd</sup> person singular present tense of **wierzyć** 'to believe'). While it was possible to climb inside the tower of the church (e.g., to access the bell), as a ghost/apparition, the image evokes standing atop the tower.

**po tym naszym pięknym siele**: Literally, 'around this our beautiful village'. The neuter noun used here for 'village' is **sioło** (in the locative singular case **siele**), which means a small rural settlement, hamlet. The contemporary word more often used is **wieś** 'village, countryside' or its diminutive **wioska** 'little village'. The adjective **sielski** 'idyllic, pastoral' is derived from **sioło**.

Potem pójde **żegnać siostrę**... A potem **zajrzę do Ciebie**,  
**Stanę cichutko za oknem**, – powiem: **zobaczym się w niebie**!  
Bo choć **ludziom miłość serce daję, płaczę sercem i współczuję z płaczącymi**  
**płaczącymi**...  
**Biedni wzamian nic nie ~~dają~~ mają: a Bo szczęście jest z bogatemi!**

**żegnać siostrę**: Literally, 'to say farewell to sister'.

**zajrzę do Ciebie**: Literally, 'I will look in on You'. The verb **zajrzeć** 'to look inside' (**zajrzeć** is perfective; the corresponding imperfective verb is **zaglądać** 'to look inside'), when used in the context of visiting, means a short visit, dropping in on someone.

**Stanę cichutko za oknem:** Literally, 'I will [start to] stand very quietly behind the window'. The image is of the poet's ghost standing on the outside, looking in on her friend inside the house. The use of the perfective verb **stanę** (infinitive **stanąć**) 'I will stand' rather than the imperfective **będę stać** 'I will stand, I will be standing' implies the action of starting to stand and also standing for a short while. The adverb **cichutko** is a diminutive of **cicho** 'quietly', which adds the connotation of being ever so careful to be quiet.

**zobaczym się w niebie:** 'we will see each other in heaven'. The verb **zobaczym się** is a poetic/dialectal contraction of **zobaczymy się** (infinitive **zobaczyć się**). The Polish word for 'heaven', the neuter noun **niebo** (here in the locative singular case **niebie**) also means 'sky'.

**ludziom miłość serce daję, ~~placę sercem~~ i współczuję z ~~placzącymi~~ **placzącymi**:** Literally, 'I give heart to people and I empathize (feel for) the crying (those who cry)'. The poet has substituted **serce** 'heart' for (crossed out) **miłość** 'love'; **i współczuję** 'I empathize' for (crossed out) **placę sercem** 'I cry/weep with (my) heart'; and the contemporary form of the adjective/participle **placzącymi** 'those who cry' (instrumental plural case) for the archaic/dialectal form **placzącymi**.

**Biedni wzamian nic nie ~~dają~~ mają: a Bo szczęście jest z bogatemi:** Literally, 'The poor have nothing in return: Because happiness is with the rich'. The poet has substituted (nie) **mają** 'they (do not) have' for crossed out (nie) **dają** 'they (do not) give'; **Bo** 'Because' for (crossed out) **a** 'and, on the other hand, but'. The adjective **bogaty** (here in an archaic form **bogatemi** of the instrumental plural case **bogatymi**), which can be also used as a noun, means 'rich, wealthy'. The neuter noun **szczęście** 'happiness' in Polish can also mean 'luck, good fortune'. When the poet says, earlier in the poem, that she had hoped for her guiding star to bring her happiness, she may also have aspired for luck and good fortune, and to be rich in America; instead, she was a member of the working class, working all the time to make ends meet. This last line of the poem is not so much an expression of resentment as of dashed hopes and of the reality that the wealthy are more fortunate in life.