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Adam Mickiewicz – „The Nymph of Świteż Lake”

Who is the young and handsome boy?
Who is the girl next to him?
They walk in the moonlight
on the Lake Świteż shore.
She gives him some raspberries,
And he gives some flowers to her garland;
Surely, he is her lover,
Surely, she is his beloved.
Almost every night, at the same time,
They meet under the same **larch tree**.
The boy is a hunter in the wood,
Who is that girl? I do not know.
Where is she from? No one knows,
Where did she go? No one can answer.
Like a wet **buttercup** blooms on the swamp,
Like a glimmer of light disappears.
Tell me my beauty, my beloved girl,
Why are these secrets for?
Which pathway you arrived here?
Where is your home, where are the parents?
The summer passed, leaves turned yellow
The rainy days will come soon.
Shall I always wait for you
On the wild lake shore?
Like a timid deer, like a ghost
wandering around in the dark?
Better stay with me,
I am the one who loves,
Stay with me, my darling!
My house is just nearby
In the middle of the wood.
There is plenty of milk and fruit

There are many animals, too.
Hold on! Hold on! she says,
I remember what my old father said:
Charm is in the man's voice,
But in the heart tricky intentions are
Your hypocrisy scares me more
Than the trustful person I am,
Perhaps, I would accept your request:
But will you be with me forever?
The boy kneeled,
grabbed the sand in his hand
He called hellish powers
He swore in the moonlight
But will he be faithful and loyal?
“Keep your oath, my hunter, it is my advice,
Who breaks the oath,
Alive or dead will be cursed.
Even the soul will be lost forever.
With these words the girl goes away,
She puts the garland on her head,
And with the farewell words in the distance
She disappears in the meadows.
The hunter follows the girl but in vain,
He is beaten by girl's tricks.
She disappeared like a light puff of wind,
Staying alone in the wood,
He follows the wild path
The ground is swampy and sticky,
Silence surrounds him, only twigs
Can be heard under boots.
He walks with **vacant** steps,
His sight is blank and dull,
Suddenly the wind starts
The water **churns up** high,
Bloats wildly opening its depths

Oh unusual phenomenon!
From the silvery Świteż waters
The Virgin beauty appears.
Her face, like pale rose petals
With little eyedrops of the morning star,
The airy dress, like a mist,
Wrapped her body around
My boy, my handsome boy,

The virgin calls tenderly:
Why you walk around
the Świteż lake in the moonlight?
Why you regret that tricky girl,
Who plays a fool of you,
bothers you, leaves you alone,
perhaps even **mocks** you?
Let me help you with the finest words,
Leave your worries behind you
Come to me, come to me my boy,
Here, we will stay together
Dancing on the water
Don't you want to touch
The glassy surface like a swallow?
Or swim and play with me
as fit as a fiddle all day long,
At night lie in bed of silvery deep water
Under the tents of mirrors,
Fall asleep on the soft water lilies
among divine ghosts.
Suddenly the swans' breast flashes....
The Hunter looks modestly at the floor,
The Virgin comes closely shouting
To me! Come to me my boy!
With the wind he steps forward,
Like a rainbow he circles round
He cuts the waters easily.



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Silvery drops splash around
The Hunter runs ... and stops suddenly,
Both, he wants to jump, and doesn't want.
Suddenly the dark wave
splashes over the shore
and **tickles** his feet a bit,
Tickles and tickles and lures him much
And his heart melts at once,
When the shy girl secretly grabs his hand
The Hunter forgets his beloved.
He broke what he swore,
The Hunter forgot his oath.
He runs blindly into the depths,
Being tempted by a new trap.
He runs and stares,
The **abyss** takes him down,
He is far from the dry land,
He plays in the middle of the lake
He holds the white hand
His eyes are drowned in her cheeks
His lips chase her lips
And he makes circles with grace
Suddenly the breeze whirls,
the cloud, which was a shelter
for the girl, disappears,
The Hunter finds the truth
This is the girl from the wood
"Where is the oath? Where's my advice?
Who breaks the oath ,
Alive or dead will be cursed!
You're not the one who is allowed
To play by the silvery waters
Or dive into the depths,
Harsh land will soak your body
Eyes will be dampen with gravel
But the soul will be aware,
It will wait forever,

It will suffer from burning **embers**,
Hopelessly trying to put out the fire,
The Hunter hears the news
He walks with the **stagger**
His eyes are blank and dull.
The sudden wind blows with power
The water churns up high
Boiling from the very bottom,
The whirl keeps him tightly
The water opens widely
The Virgin and the boy die.
Since then the Lake of Świtez
Has been churning up,
Since then in the moonlight
The couple has been floating about,
They are the Virgin and the boy,
She dances on the lake surface
But he groans sitting under the larch tree
Who is that boy? He used to be the Hunter.
Who is that girl? I do not know.

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