

ნესტანის წერილი საყვარლისადმი

„წიგნი ნესტან-დარეჯანისა საყვარელსა თანა“ ვეფხისტყაოსნის საუკეთესო პასაჟთაგან ერთი პირველთაგანია. სწორედ მასშია გამოკვეთილი უსაზღვრო და თავგანწირული, რომანტიკულ-სენტიმენტალური შეფერილობის სიყვარულით შთაგონებული და ამ სიყვარულის გადარჩენისთვის მებრძოლი გმირი ქალის ადამიანურ-რეალური წარმოსახვიდან მოაზრებული ჰიპერბოლურად არარეალური, იდეალური მხატვრული სახე. ჩემი კვლევა-ძიების თანახმად, სწორედ ამ მხატვრული პროტოტიპის საფუძველზეა შექმნილი შექსპირის შესანიშნავ ქალ-პერსონაჟთაგან ერთ-ერთი საუკეთესოს - იმოჯენის მხატვრული სახე, რომელსაც ინგლისური ლიტერატურული კრიტიკა ამგვარივე ნიშნებით ახასიათებს.

ნესტანის წერილი ყველაზე კომპაქტურად გამოავლენს რუსთველის მსოფლმხედველობითი კრედოს ერთ პრინციპულ თეზას: კეთილი და მფარველი ღმერთი, რომლისკენაც მიისწრაფის ნესტანი, და ცრუ და დაუნდობელი ამქვეყნიურობა, მრისხანე, გარდაუვალი ბედიტურთ, რომელსაც აბრალებს ნესტანი თავისი სატრფოს და საკუთარ უბედურებას.

რუსთველი აქვე მიაჩნის ამქვეყნიური მოღვაწეობის ერთ უმთავრეს პრინციპზე. - საკუთარი ქვეყნის სამსახურზე.

ამავე წერილში შეიძლება ამოვიკითხოთ კიდევ ერთი ფილოსოფიური თეზა: მიწიერი ცხოვრებიდან წასული ადამიანის ერთადერთი დანატოვარი - როგორც რაობა, რომელიც მანამდე არ არსებობდა - მისი არსებობა მოგონებაში.

ვეფხისტყაოსნის ტექსტი გადმობეჭდილია პოემის 1966 წლის ვარიანტებიანი გამოცემიდან (ა. შანიძისა და ა. ბარამიძის გამოცემა), სტროფების შესაბამისი ნუმერაციითურთ.

მარჯორი უორდროპის, ვენერა ურუშაძის, ქეთრინ ვივიანისა და რობერტ სტივენსონის ინგლისური თარგმანები იმავე გამოცემებიდან, რომლებზედაც იყო მითითებული „ქართველოლოგის“ 21-ე ნომერში გამოქვეყნებული ავთანდილის ანდერძის პუბლიკაციისას.

ელგუჯა ხინთიბიძე

The Letter by Nestan-Darejan to her Beloved

The letter by Nestan-Darejan to her beloved is one of the best passages of *The Man in the Panther Skin*. It reveals hyperbolically unreal, ideal and artistic image of the heroine Nestan, who is depicted as being far from the usual humanly imagination, fighting to save her romantic and sentimental, unlimited love. According to the results of my research, this artistic prototypic image of Nestan served as the basis for the artistic image of Imogen, one of the distinguished heroines of Shakespeare. Features, similar to Nestan, are attributed to Imogen by the English Literary critique.

The letter by Nestan reveals one principal thesis of Rustaveli's worldview: on the one hand, the kind and protective God to whom Nestan longs for and the deceitful and ruthless reality, with fatal fate, which Nestan blames for her own and her lover's ill fate, on the other.

At the same time, Rustaveli points to one of the primary principles of existence in this world, being a servant to one's own motherland.

The letter presents one more philosophical thesis: the only reminder of the person leaving the material world is their presence, in its newly acquired essence, in the memory of the people.

The text of *The Man in the Panther Skin* was published from the edition with variants, published in 1966 (edited by A. Shanidze and A. Baramidze), with the corresponding numbering of stanzas.

Text was taken from the translations by Marjory Wardrop, Venera Urushadze, Katherine Vivien and Robert Stevenson as indicated in "Avtandil's Testament" published in the 21st issue of *The Kartvelologist*.

Elguja Khintibidze

წიგნი ნესტან-დარეჯანისა საყვარელსა თანა მიწერილი

THE LETTER WRITTEN BY NESTAN-DAREDJAN TO HER BELOVED

1292. „აჲ საყვარელსა მიწერს გულ-ამოსკვნილი, მტირალი,
მისმანვე ცრემლმან დაუვსის, ვის ედებოდის კირ-ალი!
დაწერა წიგნი, მსმენელთა გულისა გასაგმირალი,
ვარდი გააპის, გამოჩნდის მუნ ბროლი გამომჰვირალი.

Wardrop 1262. "Now will I, sobbing, weeping, write to my beloved; by the tear of that one who burns him is a man's fire quenched." She wrote a letter piercing the heart of the hearers. She splits the rose (opens her mouth); there appears the translucent crystal.

Urushadze 1279. Nestan, bitterly weeping, writes her beloved a letter. Surely her tears will soethe the fires consuming his Losoml
Surely the words she wrote must soften the heart of a stone!
Her teeth flashed whiter than crystal when the rose of her lips unfolded.

Vivian. In heartrending Phrases Nestan wrote this letter for Tariel, strewn with tears:

Stevenson. And now, sobbing and weeping, she penned her lover a letter: the tears that she shed quenched the fires that consumed her. The words that she wrote would pierce any heart through, like lances: her lips rose was opened to show her teeth, shining crystal.

1293. „ჰე ჩემო, ესე უსტარი არს ჩემგან მონადვანები,
ტანი კალმად მაქვს, კალამი - ნაველსა ამონაწები,
მე გული შენი ქაღალდად გულსავე ჩემსა ვაწები, -
გულო, შავ-გულო, დახმულხარ, ნუ აეხსნები, აწ ები!

Wardrop 1263. "O mine own! this letter is the work of my hands; for pen I have my form, a pen steeped in gall; for paper I glue thy heart even to my heart; O heart, black (sad) heart, thou art bound, loose not thyself, now be bound!

Urushadze 1280. "All my being", she wrote, "is here in my letter, beloved.

My pen is steeped in the gall ceaselessly rising within me.
My paper – my own sad heart, attached to the heart of my lover.
My heart pressed unto your heart, close as the rosebud's petals.

Vivian. 'My own one, I send you this letter that my own hand has written. Myself am the pen, dipped in gall, and for parchment I bind my heart to yours – may it never be loosed from that bond.

Stevenson. "See, O my beloved, here the work of my hand. My form serves for a pen, a pen steeped in gall: our two hearts, pressed together, are the paper I write on. – O heart, sad, captive heart, lie still where you are bound!

1294. „ჰხედავა, ჩემო, სოფელი რათა საქმეთა მქმნელია?
რაზომცა ნათობს სინათლე, ჩემთვის ეგრეცა ზნელია.
ზრძენნი იცნობენ, სწუნობენ, მით მათგან საწუნელია;
უშენოდ ჩემი სიცოცხლე, ვამძე, რა დიდი ძნელია!

Wardrop 1264. "Thou seest, O mine own! of what deeds the world is a doer. However much light shines, for me it is but darkness. The wise know it (the world), therefore they despise it, to them it is contemptible. My life without thee, woe is me! how exceeding hard it is!

Urushadze 1281. "You have beheld, my beloved, destiny's cruel compulsion,
The sun may shine in the heavens, but darkness envelops my being.
The wise man is versed in the world, and therefore despises and shuns it.
The world is a desert without you, I shrink from its hollow allurements.

Vivian. Now see what is the way of this world: for all the light that illuminates it, darkness is mine in equal measure. Do not the Wise, who know the world, disdain it? How hard is life for me without you!

Stevenson. "O my beloved, the workings of this word! No matter what light shines, there is for me only darkness. The world is disdained by the wise, for they know its true nature... Parted from you, how bitter is life to me!

1295. „ჰხედავ, ჩემო, ვით გაგვეყარნა სოფელმან და ჟამმან
კრულმან!

ველარ გნახე საყვარელი მზიარული მზიარულმან,
ნეტარ, რა ქმნას უშენომან გულმან, შენგან დალახვრულმან!
გაგიცხადა დამალული გონება მან დაფარულმან.

Wardrop 1265. "Thou seest, mine own! how Fate and cursed time have parted us; no longer do I glad see thee, my glad loved one; what, indeed, can the heart rent by thee do without thee! Secret thought manifests to thee what is hidden.

Urushadze 1282. "You have beheld, my beloved, how time and the world have conspired
To hold us apart and to leave us deprived of the sight of each other.
How can my heart go on beating, far from the heart of my loved one?
How is the veil rent asunder that covered the things that were hidden?"

Vivian. See, my own, how the world and accursed Time have parted us – never again shall I rejoice in the sight of my beloved. What will become of my heart without you? Now my innermost thoughts are revealed to you.

Stevenson. "O my beloved, Fate and evil fortune have severed us; never again shall we have the rapture of looking into each other's eyes. What can avail the heart pierced by longing when you are denied to it? – But that must be made plain which until now has been hidden.

1296. „შენმან მზემან, აქანამდის შენ ცოცხალი არ მეგონე;
ჩემი მეთქვა: გარდასრულდა სიცოცხლე და ყოვლი ღონე;
აწ რა მესმა, შემოქმედი ვადიდე და ღმერთსა ვჰმონე,
ჩემი ყველა აქამდისი ჭირი ლხინსა შევაწონე.

Wardrop 1266. "By thy sun (life) until now I thought not thou wert alive; as for me, methought my life and all my resource had passed away. Now when I hear (news of thee), I magnify the Creator and humble myself before God. All mine erstwhile grief I weigh as joy.

Urushadze 1283. "I swear by the sun of your life, till now I thought you had perished.

I thought I had lost you for ever, the light of my soul was extinguished. Since I have heard you are living, I magnify God and His goodness, And the hours of unrelieved grief are reckoned as hours of rejoicing.

Vivian. By your sun, I swear that until now I did not believe that you were living. My own life and all my strength seemed to have passed away. When I heard news of you I glorified the Creator and praised God, and all the sorrow I had known was transformed to joy.

Stevenson. I had believed, upon my faith, that you were with dead life, I thought, had gone from me, with nothing remaining. This news has made me praise the Creator, humble myself before the throne of God; the sorrow that was mine is now changed into joy.

1297. „შენი სიცოცხლე მეყოფის ჩემად იმედად გულისად, გულისად ერთობ წელულისა და ასრე დადაგულისად! მომიგონებდი, გახსოვდი მე შენთვის დაკარგული სად; ეზი მზრდელად სიყვარულისა, მის ჩემგან დანერგულისად.

Wardrop 1267. “Thy life is sufficient for my heart to hope in, a heart all wounded and so consumed! Think of me, remember me as one lost to thee; I sit nursing the love I planted.

Urushadze 1284. “Hope has returned to my bosom, to my heart laid waste by affliction
Since it received the glad tidings, that you, my beloved, are living.
Remember me only as one irretrievably lost, but remember
I shall cherish the blossoms forever watered so long by my weeping.

Vivian. To know that you are alive – that is enough to give hope to my wounded heart. Remember me, keep me in your thoughts, as I who am lost to you tend the love implanted in me.

Stevenson. to woe it added further woes yet more grievous, for, not content with all the sorrows I was already possessed of, it gave me as a captive into the hands of the Kajes, terrible to meet as foes. – O my beloved, we are the sport of Fate!

1298. „სხვად, ჩემო, ჩემი აზბავი ჩემგან არ მოგეწერების: ენა დაშვრების, მოსმენით არვისგან დაიჯერების. ფატმან წამგვარა გრძნეულთა, ღმერთი-მცა მას ეტერების! აწ კვლა ქმნა იგი სოფელმან, რაცა მას შეეფერების.

Wardrop 1268. “Now, O mine own, my story is not to be written to thee by me; the tongue will tire, none that hear will believe! P’hatman

took me from sorcerers; may God protect her! Now again Fate hath done what befits it.

Urushadze 1285. "My story, beloved, can never be told or be written in letters.

None would believe the recital though the tongue be tired in the telling.

Once I was saved from the Kajis, may God reward my deliverer!
But the world has spells of its own to ensnare the feet of the heedless.

Vivian. 'I will write no more about myself. The tongue grows weary and the listener too. Phatman - whom God preserve - saved me from one captivity.

Stevenson. "I sit in a castle with walls so high that the clouds shroud the battlements: guards stand at their posts by the passage of entry, and neither by day nor by night does their watch ever cease. Any host that attacks them must meet with destruction; they will bring it to ruin like the flames of devouring fire.

1299. არ სოფელმან უარესი ჭირი ჭირსა დამისართა,
არ დასჯერდა ზედი ჩემი მათ პატიჟთა მრავალ-გვართა,
კვლავა მიმცა შესაპყრობლად ქაჯთა, ძნელად საომართა;
ზედმან გვიყო ყველაკაი, ჩემო, რაცა დაგვემართა!

Wardrop 1269. "Fate hath now added worse woe to my woe, my ill luck was not appeased by these manifold afflictions; and again it delivered me into the hands of the Kadjis, hard to combat; Fate hath done to us, mine own, all that hath befallen us.

Urushadze 1286. "Fate was not appeased nor content with my many afflictions,

And added more woe to my woes; misfortune followed misfortune.

It delivered me once again into the hands of the Kajis.

And all we have suffered, beloved, is due to the working of fate.

Vivian. Now the world, as is its nature, has piled woe upon woe and my fate, not satisfied with my many afflictions, has made me a prisoner of the Kadjis who are hard to defeat. It is Fate that has brought about all that has befallen us.

Stevenson. to woe it added further woes yet more grievous, for, not content with all the sorrows I was already possessed of, it gave me as a captive into the hands of the Kajes, terrible to meet as foes. – O my beloved, we are the sport of Fate!

1300. „ციხეს ვზი ეგზომ მაღალსა, თვალნი ძლივ გარდასწვდებიან, გზა გვირაბითა შემოვა, მცველნი მუნ ზედა-დგებიან, დღისით და ღამით მოყმენი ნობათსა არ დასცდებიან, მათთა შემზმელთა დაჰხოცენ, მართ ცეცხლად მოედებიან.

Wardrop 1270. “I am sitting in a castle so lofty that eyes can scarce see the ground; the road enters by a passage, over it stand guards; day and night knights miss not their turn as sentries, they will kill those that engage them, like fire will they envelop them.

Urushadze 1287. “I sit in a tower so lofty that eyes can scarce see the ground.

The path to its gates is guarded by vigilant sentries, the Kajis.
Each is a valiant swordsman, pledged to destroy the intruder,
Watchful by day and by night, lest any should come to my rescue.

Vivian. I am kept in a stronghold so high that it towers up almost out of sight. The only entrance to it is by an underground tunnel which is guarded day and night, and any who attack will be slain as swiftly as if they were swallowed up in flames.

Stevenson. “I sit in a castle with walls so high that the clouds shroud the battlements: guards stand at their posts by the passage of entry, and neither by day nor by night does their watch ever cease. Any host that attacks them must meet with destruction; they will bring it to ruin like the flames of devouring fire.

1301. „წუთუ ესენი გეგონნენ სხვათა მეზრძოლთა წესითა!
წუცა მე მომკლავ ჭირითა, ამისგან უარესითა;
შენ მკვდარსა გნახავ, დავიწვი, ვითა ახელი კვესითა;
მოგშორდი, დამთმე გულითა, კლდისაგა უმაგრესითა!

Wardrop 1271. “Surely thou thinkest not that these are of the same kind as other warriors? Slay me not with woes worse than the present! I shall see thee dead, I shall be burnt up like tinder by steel. (Since) I am sundered from thee, renounce me with a heart harder than rock itself.

Urushadze 1288. "Think not to challenge their anger, they are invincible warriors.

Do not increase my afflictions by falling prey to their lances!
Since you have lost me, beloved, learn to forget my existence.
Harden your heart, I beseech you, banish my image for ever.

Vivian. Do not imagine that the Kadjis are fighters like ordinary men – do not, I entreat you, attempt my release or increase my sorrow with grief for your death.

Stevenson. Do you think these are warriors who fight in the common way? – Do not kill me with a grief worse than that I already bear! If I must look down on your corpse I shall be consumed like sparked tinder. I am lost – but must endure, with a spirit stronger than hardest rock.

1302. „შენ, საყვარელო, ნუ სჭმუნავ კმუნვითა ამისთანითა,
ჩემი სოქვა: სხვათა მიჰხედების იგი ალვისა ტანითა.
არამ სიცოცხლე უშენოდ! ვარ აქამდისცა ნანითა;
ან თავსა კლდეთა ჩავიქცევ; ანუ მოვიკლავ დანითა.

Wardrop 1271a. "Beloved, sorrow not with such grief! Tell me, can there be for me another with the form of an aloe-tree! Life without thee is nought for me, henceforth I should be full regret; either I would cast myself down from the rock or slay myself with a knife.

Urushadze 1289."Grieve not so sorely, beloved! O my cypress planted in Eden!

Know, if I thought you were dead I would hurl myself from this tower,
Or plunge a knife into bosom, my life would be nothing without you,
Therefore take heed how you venture, shed not your life-blood in vain.

Vivian. Harden your heart to accept that I am beyond your reach and do not grieve, my beloved. None but you shall ever possess me – without you, life holds nothing for me but sorrow. Rather would I hurl myself down from height of this tower, or slay myself with a knife.

Stevenson. "Temper, beloved, the madness of your grief: do you believe that I, the cypress-formed, would yield myself to another? I can have no life without you, can have nothing but sorrow: I would throw myself down on to the rocks below rather, or make an end with a knife.

1303. „შენმან მზემან, უშენოსა ვერვის მიჰხვდეს მთვარე შენი,
შენმან მზემან, ვერვის მიჰხვდეს, მო-ცა-ვიდენ სამნი მზენი
აქათ თავსა გარდავიქევე, ახლოს მახლვან დიდნი კლდენი,
სული ჩემი შეივედრე, ზეცით მომხვდენ ნუთუ ფრთენი.

Wardrop 1272. “By thy sun (life)! thy moon will fall to the lot of none
save thee! By thy sun! to none shall she fall though triple suns shone
forth! Here would I dash myself down; the great rocks are very nigh to
me. To thee would I commit my soul; perchance wings would be given
to me by Heaven.

Urushadze 1290. “Believe me, my sun, your moon will give herself to
none other!

Not though a threefold sun should offer himself as a bridegroom!
Rather than yield myself up I would cast myself from this casement,
Trusting for wings from on high to carry me upwards to heaven.

Vivian. By your sun, I swear I will belong to none but you, even though
three suns should appear before me! I would cast myself down from
these great rocks and entrust my soul to you – may Heaven give me
wings.

Stevenson. No man, I swear it, shall ever be possessed of your moon-fair
one – no, not through he were three times as fair as the orb of day! I
would leap forth from here, to fall on the great crags... Pray that
heaven might grant then the gift of wings to my soul!

1304. „ღმერთსა შემვედრე, ნუთუ კვლა დამხსნას სოფლისა
შრომასა,
ცეცხლსა, წყალსა და მიწასა, ჰერთა თანა ბრომასა;
მომცნეს ფრთენი და ავფრინდე, მივხვდე მას ჩემსა ნდომასა,
დღისით და ღამით ვჰხედვიდე მზისა ელვათა კრომასა.

Wardrop 1273. “Entreat God for me; it may be He will deliver me from
the travail of the world and from union with fire, water, earth and air.
Let Him give me wings and I shall fly up, I shall attain my desire – day
and night I shall gaze on the sun's rays flashing in splendour.

Urushadze 1291. “Pray that the Lord will deliver my soul from the
world and its sorrows,
My body from union with earth, fire, air and water.

Let Him bestow on me wings, that I may attain my desire,
Gaze in eternal delight on the rays of the sun in its splendour.

Vivian. 'Pray to God for me, that He deliver me from the travail of this world, from the bonds of fire and water, earth and air. May I have wings to fly into the heavens where I shall attain my desire, day and night to behold the radiance of the sun's majesty.

Stevenson. "Pray to God, that he may deliver me from this world and its travail, release me from the bondage of water, earth, fire and air. May he give me wings to fly up to attain my desire; to gaze, day and night, on the sun's flashing splendor.

1305. „მზე უშენოდ ვერ იქნებოდა, რათგან შენ ხარ მისი წილი,
განაღამდა მას ეახელ მისი ეტლი, არ თუ წბილი!
მუნა განაბო, მადვე გასაბო, გამინათლო გული ჩრდილი,
თუ სიცოცხლე მწარე მქონდა, სიკვდილი-მცა მქონდა ტკბილი!

Wardrop 1274. "The sun cannot be without thee, for thou art an atom of it; of a surety thou shalt adhere to it as its zodiac (Leo), and not as one rejected. There shall I see thee; I shall liken thee to it, thou shalt enlighten my darkened heart. If my life was bitter, let my death be sweet!

Urushadze 1292. "Without you the sun has no lustre, for you are bound up in its radiance,

Your place is within its orbit, and not as an alien body.

There I will seek till I find you, and bask in the rays of your presence.

My life has been all tribulation; may not my death be the sweeter?

Vivian. How can the sun exist without you, who are a particle of its substance? Surely its satellite will not be repulsed: in the realm of the sun I shall behold you, who will flood the darkness of my heart with light. Then, however bitter life has been to me, death will be a sweet.

Stevenson. Without you the orb cannot shine – you furnish too much of its radiance; and you will attend upon it in all glory and honor. I shall see you, and you will dispel then the darkness about my heart: my life was bitter, but death will be sweet.

1306. „მე სიკვდილი აღარ მიმძიმს, შემოგვედრებ რათგან სულსა,
მაგრა შენი სიყვარული ჩავიტანე, ჩამრჩა გულსა;
მომეგონოს მოშორება, მემატების წყლული წყლულსა;
ნუცამტირ და ნუცა მიგლოვ, ჩემო, ჩემსა სიყვარულსა!

Wardrop 1275. "Death is no longer grievous to me, since it is to thee I
commit my soul; but I have laid thy love in my heart, and there it rests.
When I think of parting from thee, for me wound is added to wound.
Weep not and mourn not for me, O mine own, for love of me!

Urushadze 1293. "Death holds no terrors to frighten me since to you I
yield up my spirit.

Your love in my bosom is hidden, and there will it repose for ever.
Only to think of our parting is a fresh wound added to old wounds.
But I would not have you lament me, or suffer because you have loved
me.

Vivian. 'Now since I have given my spirit into your keeping, death has
no terrors for me. I keep my love for you in my heart and it rests there.
The thought of parting from you adds to my pain. Do not grieve for me,
my own.

Stevenson. "Death cannot grieve me now; I have sent you my soul; I
have laid your love within my heart, and there does it lie at rest.
Wound is added to wound when I think how distance divides us; but do
not weep, do not mourn, my beloved, for your lost one.

1307. „წადი, ინდოეთს მიჰმართე, არგე რა ჩემსა მშობელსა,
მტერთაგან შეიწრებულსა, ყოვლგნით ხელ-აუპყრობელსა,
გულსა აღბინე ჩემისა მოშორებისა მთმობელსა,
მომიგონებდი მტირალსა, შენთვის ცრემლ-შეუშრობელსა!

Wardrop 1276. "Go, betake thyself to India, be of some help to my
father, who is straitened by foes, helpless on all sides; comfort the heart
of him who suffers separation from me. Think of me weeping for thy
sake with undrying tears.

Urushadze 1294. "Go to the land of the Indies; be a son to my father.

He is alone and defenseless, his enemies press him sorely.

He is parted from me, his daughter – share his woes and console him!

Think of me ever weeping, for the sake of the love that I bear you.

Vivian. But go your way to India and bring aid to my father. He is beset by hostile forces, with none to support him. He has suffered greatly at loosing me: go to him and give him comfort. Remember me, who weep for you quenchless tears.

Stevenson. – Set out, ride to India and bring aid to my father; he is beset by his enemies and has no one to help him. Comfort his heart for what he has lost in me... Think of me, and of the tears that flow for your sake without ceasing.

1308. „რაც ვიჩიულე ზედისა ჩემისა, კმა საჩივარად;
ცან, სამართალი მართალი გულისა გულსა მივა რად;
შენთვის მოგვედები, გავხდები ყორანთა დასახივარად,
ვირე ცოცხალ ვარ, გეყოფი სატირლად და სატკივარად.

Wardrop 1277. “Whatever complaint I have made against my Fate is sufficient complaint. Know this, that true justice goeth from heart to heart; for thy sake will I die, I shall become the prey of ravens! But as long as I live I shall weep and suffer enough for thee, too.

Urushadze 1295. “Whatever complaint I have made against fate is sufficient complaint.

True and righteous justice goes from heart to heart.

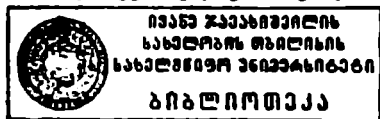
I will become the prey of ravens, I will die for your sake!

But as long as I live I shall weep and suffer enough for us both.

Vivian. Enough of protesting against Fate. By the path of true uprightness, heart can meet with heart. For your sake I will die and become food for ravens; for as long as I am living I can cause you nothing but sorrow.

Stevenson. “A just cause must make its way from heart to heart; I have railed against Fate enough. For your sake I will die, the ravens’ calls will sound over me... While I live you can know only sorrow and suffering.

1309. „ჰა, ინიშნე ნიშანი შენეულისა რიდისა!
გარდნიკვეთია ალამი, ჩემო, ერთისა კიდისა,
ესედა დაგრჩეს სანაცვლოდ მის იმედისა დიდისა.
რისხვით მოზრუნდა ზორბალი ჩვენ ზედა ცისა შეიდისა”.



Wardrop 1278. "Lo, mark the token from the veil that was thine; from one end I have cut off a strip, O mine own; this (the veil) is all that is left to me in place of that great hope; in wrath the wheel of the seven heavens has turned upon us".

Urushadze 1296. "Receive with this letter a token – a strip from the veil that you sent me.

The fragile tissue is all that is left of the hopes we once cherished;

Let it be a reminder that we were not ever apart.

The wheel of the seven heavens has turned upon us in wrath".

Vivian. I send you as a token this piece of the veil that you gave me: let it remain a symbol of that great hope of ours. The wheel of the seven heavens has turned in wrath against us.'

Stevenson. "Here as a token, beloved, is a piece cut from an end of the veil that you gave me: this is all that is left of the great hope that was once ours: the seven wheeling heavens have turned their anger upon us."

1310. ესე წიგნი, საყვარელსა მისსა თანა მინაწერი,
რა დაწერა, გარდაკვეთა მათ რიდეთა ერთი წვერი.
თავ-მოხდილსა დაუმვენდა სისხო, სიგრძე, თმათა ფერი,
ალვისაგან სული მოქრის, ყორნის ფრთათა მონაბერი.

Wardrop 1279. When she had finished this letter written to her beloved, she cut off a fringe from those veils; bareheaded, the thick, long locks of her hair became her well, the scent blows from the aloe, breathing through the raven's wings.

Urushadze 1297. When she had finished her letter, Nestan cut the fringe

From an end of her lover's mantle, and placed it between the pages.

Now, with her head uncovered, her beauty shone the brighter,

And the scented breeze from the cypress blew through her raven tresses.

Vivian. Nestan uncovered her head to cut a piece from the border of her veil, revealing the richness of her hair that was black as a raven's wing.

Stevenson. She cut off a piece from her veil when she had written her lover this letter: fair were the long, thick tresses to see when her head was bared; black as the raven's wing, and fragrant with perfume.