

## JŪRATĖ AND KASTYTIS

The sun is sinking in the west,  
Turn back, Kastytis, in a hurry!  
Your dear old mother finds no rest,  
She will be wearing down with worry  
Until she sees your flapping sails  
Approaching on the foaming waves.

But Kastytis  
Will not listen!  
He's astounded by sea treasures.  
Though the blushing sun is setting,  
Playful fish he keeps on netting,  
Musing over youthful pleasures.

The stars on high serenely shine.  
The waters slowly surge and splatter.  
But ♠ lo! ♠ emerging from the brine  
Appears the beautiful Jūratė:  
As white as foam, lit up with gleam,  
Below her waist all clad in green.

"Hey, Kastytis,  
Fellow sweetest,  
Don't you think you are immodest?  
Why do you at night again  
Cast your nets in my domain?  
I'm Jūratė, a sea-goddess."

Yet for the goddess to admire  
The lad was far from turning coward:  
His beaming eyes kept flashing fire,  
His figure radiated power;  
He caught his breath, then took an oar  
And steered his small boat straight to her.

When she took  
A better look  
At this giant, young and smart,  
She forgot her innocence  
And divine magnificence,  
Fell in love with all her heart.

A wrecking wind began to blow.  
The heavens rose in indignation  
And burst upon the sea below,  
When conquered by the sweet temptation  
Jūratė rushed to his embrace  
And softly touched Kastytis' face.

He's excited  
And delighted  
Living in the world of wonder  
With Jūratė by his side  
Sweetly kissing his blue eyes  
In the palace of bright amber.

On seeing this from high above  
The mighty Thunder was offended:  
How dare a mortal fall in love  
And touch the goddess, pure and tender!  
The amber palace in a flash  
Was by a streak of lightning smashed.

And Kastytis,  
Fellow sweetest,  
While the thunderstorm was dying,  
Kissed and fondled by the wave  
Lifeless came to land again ♠  
To the beach where pines were sighing.

Just listen sometimes late at night  
When restless waves grow sad and sombre  
And from the seabed out of sight  
They strew the shore with bits of amber;  
Deep in the heavy mist and foam  
You're sure to hear a sobbing moan.

All this moaning,  
All this groaning  
Is Jūratė's lamentation  
For Kastytis, her sweet lover,  
And her palace lost forever,  
Ruined by the god's damnation.

The Lithuanian girl today  
Wishing her boy to stare with wonder  
Likes sometimes in her charming way  
To deck herself with beads of amber.  
But when a song of love she sings,  
As sad as a lament it rings.

When concealing  
Her sweet feeling  
She can find no word to utter,  
Yet she loves with deep emotion,  
Sometimes stormy as an ocean,  
Like the legendized Jūratė.

*Translated by Lionginas Pažūsis*