

Baruyr Sevag

(1924-1971)

We are few but we are called Armenians



We are few but we are called Armenians
We do not put ourselves above anyone
Simply we also admit that we, only we have Mount Ararat
And that it is right here on the clear Sevan
that the sky could make its exact duplicate
Simply David has indeed fought right here
Simply the Narek was written right here
Simply we know how to build from the rock, a monastery
How to make fish from stone, how to make man from clay
To learn to become the student of the beautiful,
the kind, the noble, and the good

We are few, but we are called Armenians
We do not put ourselves above anyone
Simply our fortune has just been so different
Simply we have just shed too much blood
Simply in our lives of centuries long
When we were many and when we were strong
Even then we did not oppress any nation
See, centuries have come and centuries have passed
Yet over no one have we become tyrants
If we have enslaved, only with our eyes
And if we have ruled, only with our books
If we have prevailed, only with our talent
And if we have ever oppressed,
it has only been with our wounds

Simply with us death had fallen in love
Yet we willingly did not give ourselves
And when we were forced to leave our own land
Wherever we reached, wherever we went
Everywhere we left indelible trace
We have joined efforts for everyone, always
We plowed everywhere, we built bridges, we tied arches
We plowed everywhere and we brought forth crops
We gave everyone mind, proverbs, and songs
In other words we defended them from spiritual coldness
Everywhere we left our eyes' reflection
A peace of our soul and a sacrament from the heart itself

We are few, truly, but we are Armenians
And by being few we do not succumb
Because it is better to be few in life, then to control life by being many
Because it is better rather to be few, then to be masters by being many
Because it is better to be few, then to be swindlers
We are few, yes, but we are Armenians
And we know how to sigh from yet unhealed wounds
But with a new juice we rejoice and we cheer
We know how to thrust into the foe's side
And how to lend a helping hand to our friend
How to repay goodness which was done to us
by compensating for each one by ten
And the benefit of it just in the sun
We vote with our lives, not only with our hands
Yet if they desire to rule us with force
We know how to smoke and how to quench their fire
And if it is needed to disperse darkness
we can turn into ashes like burning candles
And we know as well how to make love with lust
And we do this always by respecting others
See we do not put ourselves above anyone,
but we know ourselves, we are called Armenians
And why should we not feel pride about that
We are, we shall be, and become many