

Belarus



He who loves not his country,
can love nothing.

George Byron



The Republic of Belarus



Total area - 206. 600 sq. km.

Population ~ 10 mln.

Belarusians –

78%

Russians – 13%

Poles – 4%

Ukrainians – 3%

Jews – 1%

The capital - Minsk

State languages - Belarusian & Russian

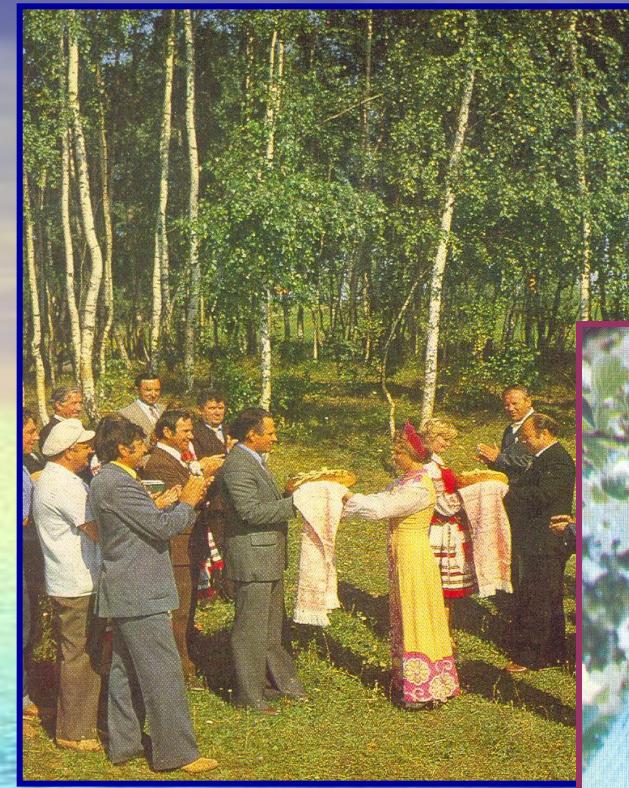
National

ГЕРБ, СЦЯГ і ГІМН,
ЯКІЯ АДЛЮСТРОЎВАЮЦЬ
ГІСТОРЫЮ КРАІНЫ,
ЯЕ ТРАДЫЦЫІ.



Symbols

The Belarusians

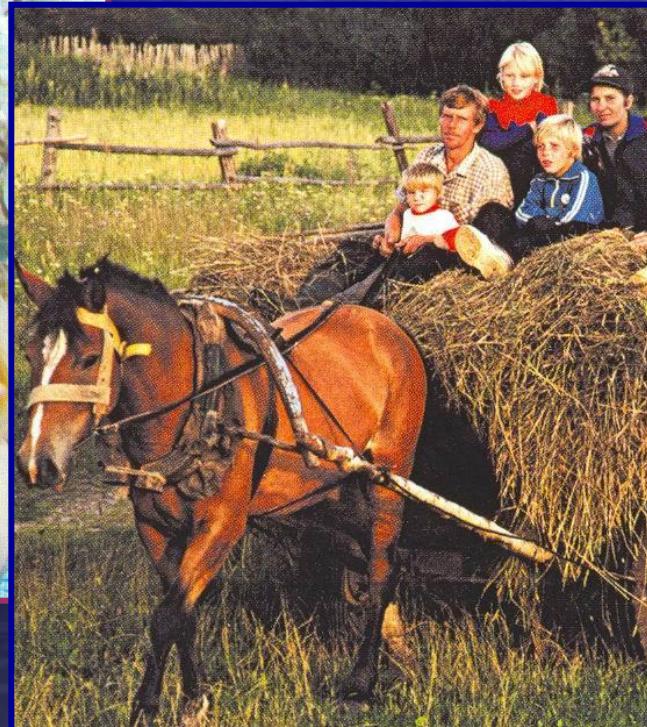


Гостеприимный
Миролюбивый



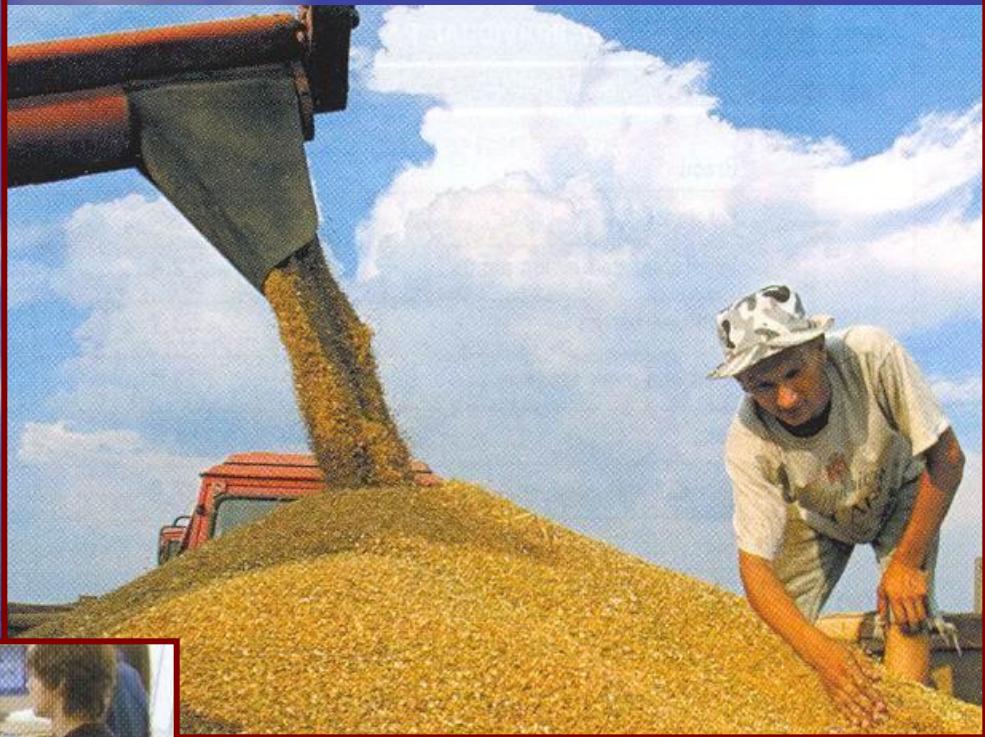
Добросердечный
Весёлый

Трудолюбивый
Благодарный





Уважать обычай
предков



Счастливое
детство

Беларуская народная культура



Ручной труд,
солома,
изделия из
соломки,
керамические
изделия,
тканые
льняные
полотенца,
вышитая
одежда.



Our Holidays



- January 1 – New Year's Day**
January 7 – Orthodox Christmas
February 23 – Country Defender's Day
March 8 – The Women's Day
March 15 – The Constitution Day
May 1 – The Day of Spring and Labour
May 9 – The Victory Day
July 3 – The Independence Day
September 1 – The Day of Knowledge
October 14 – The Mother's Day
November 7 – The Day of October Revolution
December 25 – Catholic Christmas





FAMOUS PEOPLE

The Radzivils





Barbara Radzivill



Barbara, Zygmunt II



Nickolay(The Black)



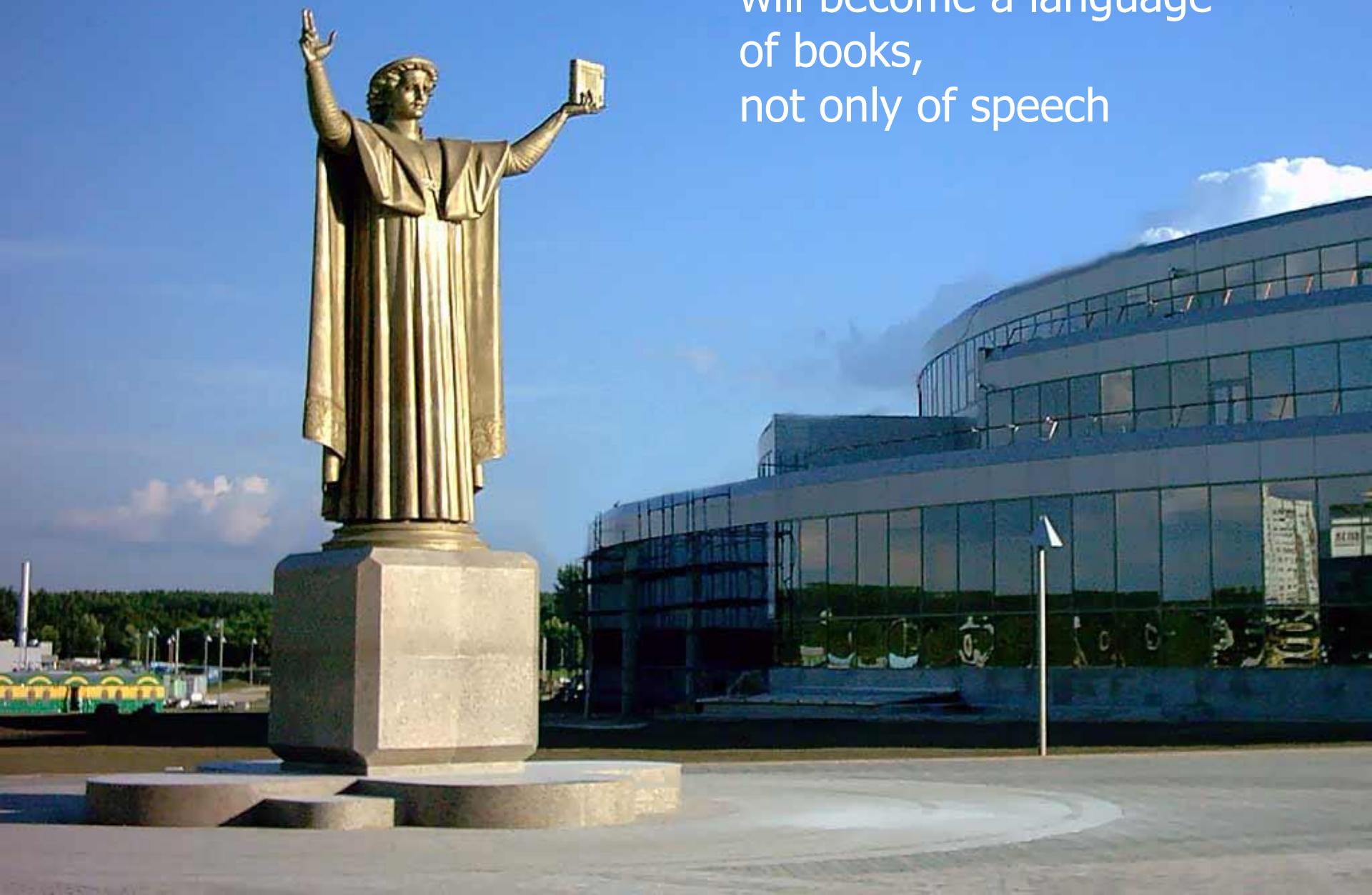
Sirotka

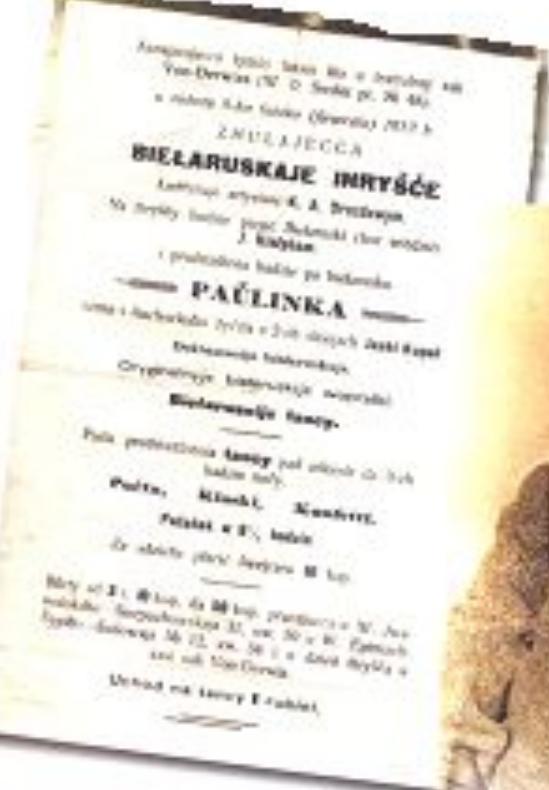
Ephrasinia Polotskaya (real name Pradslava) (1104-1173 years)





I vow the Belarusian language
will become a language
of books,
not only of speech





**Yanka
Kupala**
(1882-1942)



**Yakub
Kolas**
(1882-1956)



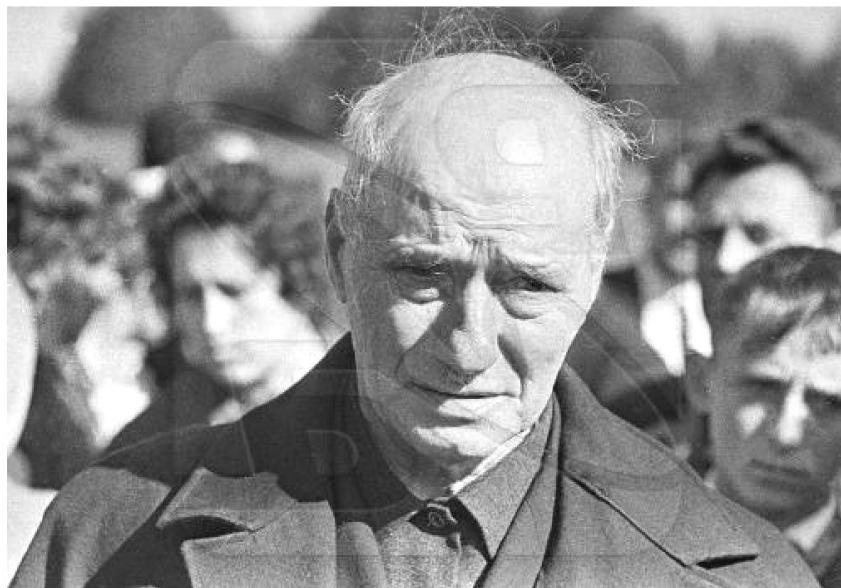
General Dmitry Karbyshev

(17.01.1901-18.02.1945)



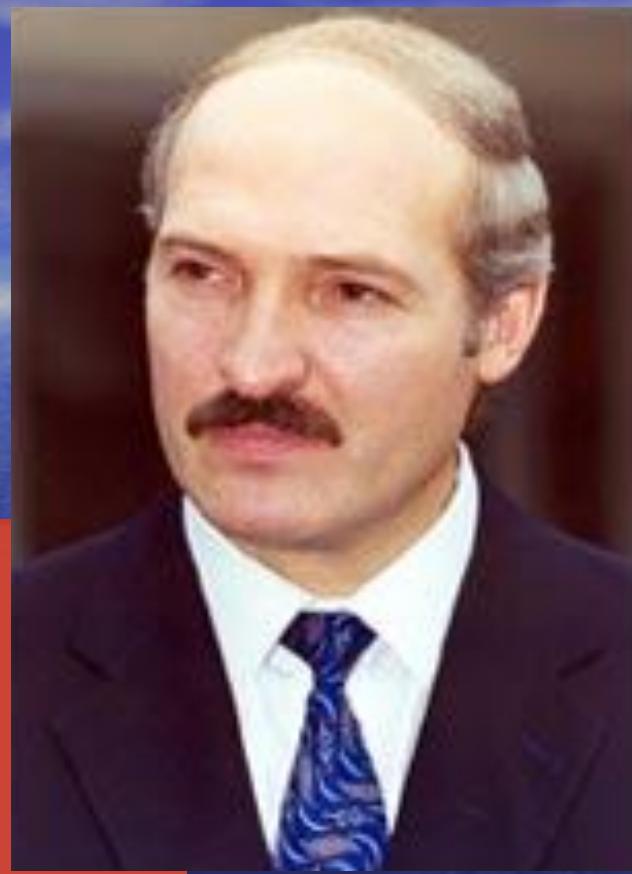


Joseph Kaminsky





Khatyn





Belavezhskaya Puscha

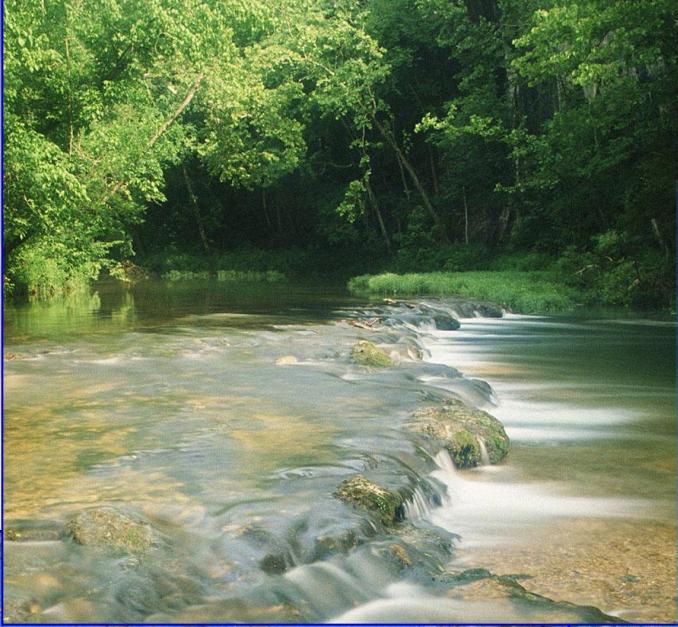
A photograph of a large, ancient tree trunk on the left side of the frame, its bark rough and textured. To the right, a calm body of water reflects the surrounding dense forest and the clear blue sky above. The forest line is visible across the water, showing a variety of green tones from different tree species.



The aurochs is the pride of Belavezhskaya Puscha







Люблю вясну, калі
дыміща
Пратапна, бушуе сок,
І першы гром, і
навальнцу,
І чарамховы халадок.
Люблю я лета, сенакосы,
Стагіі у росах каласы,
Каліна травах чэрвень
босы
Бяжыць ад вострае касы.
Люблю я восень,
журауліны
Шнурок у небе нада мной.
Крыўёй налітая каліны,
Духмян жывіцы, баравіны,
Змяшаны з прэснасцю
грыбной.
Люблю зіму, яе парошу,
Яе адлігу і мароз;
Каунер пушысты і хароши
На шыях белых у бяроз,
І гэта уся краса на нівах,
Лугах духмяных, у гаях –
Не цуда нейкае, не дзіва,-
Старонка родная мая!

А. Бялевіч

