

POEZIJE

Dóktorja

Francéta Prešérna.



Sim dólgo úpal in se bál,
Slovó sim úpu, stráhu dál;
Sercé je prázno, sréčno ní,
Nazáj si úp in stráh želi.

V LJUBLJANI.
Natisnil Józef Bláznik.

1847.

France Prešeren (1800–49)

The national poet, Prešeren was not appreciated in his own day. His present fame, which began to grow after his premature death, rests squarely on the rigorous construction of his verse, its seemingly effortless musicality, the sincerity and breadth of Prešeren's patriotism, and his role in introducing to Slovene many new poetic genres. Prešeren was the first Slovene poet of world stature, though he is still little known outside his homeland. The Slovene texts are from Prešeren's own edition of 1847. The translations are taken from Tom M.S. Priestly and Henry R. Cooper, Jr., trans., *Francè Prešeren: Poems/Pesmi* (Klagenfurt-Ljubljana-Vienna: Hermagoras, 1999).

Slovo od mladosti

Dni mojih lepši polovica kmalo,
 mladosti leta! kmalo ste minule;
 rodile vé ste meni cvetja malo,
 še tega rož'ce so se koj osule,
 le redko upa sonce je sijalo,
 viharjov jeze so pogosto rjule;
 mladost! vendèr po tvoji temni zarji
 srcé bridkó zdihuje, Bog te obvarji!

Okusil z godej sem tvoj sad, spoznanje!
 Veselja dókaj strup njegov je umoril:
 sem zvedel, de vest čisto, dobro djanje
 svet zaničvati se je zagovoril,
 ljubezen zvésto najti, kratke sanje!
 zbežale ste, ko se je dan zazóril.
 Modrost, pravičnost, učenost, device
 brez dot žalváti videl sem samice.

Sem videl, de svoj čoln po sapi sreče,
 komùr sovražna je, zastonj obrača,
 kak veter nje nasproti tému vleče,
 kogar v zibéli vid'la je berača,
 de le petica da ime sloveče,
 de človek toliko velja, kar plača.
 Sem videl čislati le to med nami,
 kar um slepí, z goljfijami, ležámi!

Te videt', grji videti napake,
 je srcu rane vsekalo krvave;
 mladosti jasnost vender misli take
 si kmalo iz srcá spodi in glave,
 gradove svitle zida si v oblake,
 zelene trate stavi si v pušave,
 povsod vesele lučice prižiga
 ji up goljfivi, k njim iz stisk ji miga.

odnesel to, kar misli so stvaríle,
 pozabi koj nesreč prestanih škode,
 in ran, ki so se komej zacelile,
 doklèr, de smo brez dna polníli sode,
 'zučé nas v starjih letih časov sile.
 Zato, mladost! po tvoji temni zarji
 srcé zdihválo bo mi, Bog te obvarji!

Farewell to Youth

Gone by the better half of all my days,
O years of youth, you have so quickly passed!
You bore for me so few of life's bouquets,
Whose blossoms, never much, still faded fast.
And seldom did hope's sun bestow its rays,
While all too oft erupted anger's blast.
Yet, youth, for your dark dawn in bitter quell
My heart forever sighs, God keep you well!

Awareness! Early on your fruit I sought,
Its poison drew the life from all my joy,
I realized that noble deed, pure thought,
The world has long conspired to destroy.
True love to find, such dreams are brief, mean nought,
By daybreak, dreams, you fleeting wings deploy.
And wisdom, justice, knowledge, virgins fine,
Undow' red become old maids whom I've seen pine.

I've seen him whom Dame Fortune hates direct
His ship into her breeze, but all in vain!
Dame Fortune's wind his steering will deflect,
For from the cradle, wretch, his course is plain.
I've seen how only money can protect
A name; man's worth is what his purse can gain.
I've seen at home how that alone we prize
Which blinds the mind with trickery and lies.

To see these things and even worse mistakes
Has etched upon my heart deep wounds which bled.
Of no such thoughts ebullient youth partakes!
It drives them quickly from its heart and head,
Grand castles in the clouds it undertakes,
Makes deserts drear into a grassy bed.
To youth a hundred lights are set aglow
By false hope feigning it will shield from woe.

Don't think the first slight breeze will dissipate
All that which thinking took so long to wreak.
Forget the insults caused by time-worn fate,
Scarce knitted wounds' anealing do not seek,
Until, as bott'mless barrels' thirst is sate,
Time's might a lecture on our years shall speak.
So, youth, for your dark dawn my heart will swell
With never ending sighs, God keep you well!

Henry R. Cooper, Jr. and Tom Priestly

Sonetni venec

I

Poet tvoj nov Slovincam venec vije,
 'z petnájst sonetov ti takó ga spleta,
 de "magistrale", pesem trikrat péta,
 vseh drugih skupej veže harmonije.

Iz njega zviraj, vanjga se spet zlije
 po vrsti pesem vsacega soneta;
 prihodnja v prednje koncu je začeta;
 enak je pevec vencu poezije:

vse misli zvirajo 'z ljubezni ene,
 in kjer ponoči v spanji so zastale,
 zbudé se, ko spet zarja noč prežene.

Ti si življenja moj'ga *magistrale*,
 glasil se 'z njega, ko ne bo več mene,
 ran mojih bo spomin in tvoje hvale.

II

Ran mojih bo spomin in tvoje hvale
 glasil Slovincam se prihodnje čase,
 ko mi na zgodnjem gróbu mah porase,
 v njem zdanje bodo bolečine spale.

Prevzetne, kakor ti dekleta zale,
 ko bodo slišale teh pesem gláse;
 srcá železne djale preč opase,
 zvestó ljubezen bodo bolj spoštvále.

Vremena bodo Kranjcam se zjasnile,
 jim milši zvezde, kakor zdéj sijale,
 jim pesmi bolj sloveče se glasile;

vender té bódo morebit' ostale
 med njimi, ker njih poezije mile
 iz srca svoje so kali pognale.

A Wreath of Sonnets

I

For Slovenes I a poet's wreath devise:
I fifteen sonnets will together weave,
And so a thrice-sung "Master Theme" conceive
That it with all the rest will harmonize.

Within my Theme the sonnets' sources rise,
In turn therein their endings they retrieve,
Their first and last lines, braided, interweave;
This wreath your poet thus personifies;

The fount of all my thoughts one love supreme,
They wake as dark gives way to dawn's ascent,
When they have slept inert through nightly dream.

Of my whole life are you the ornament:
When I am gone will sound the Master Theme,
Of both my pain, your praise a monument.

II

Of both my pain, your praise a monument
In future times for Slovenes will resound
When moss upon my early grave is found
Wherein will present pain be somnolent.

Fair maids, like you so proud and confident,
When they shall hear how these my poems sound
Will loose the bands in which their hearts are bound
And for their one true love be reverent.

On Slovenes will the sun shine clear and strong,
Much gentler stars gleam from the firmament,
And songs of more repute will then be sung;

Perhaps these verses will be permanent
Among them, for of their sweet themes have sprung
Right from my heart these buds incipient.

III

Iz srca svoje so kali pognale,
 ki bolečin molčati delj ne more;
 enak sem pevcu, ki je Leonore
 pel Estijanke imenitne hvale.

Des' od ljubezni usta so molčale,
 ki mu mračila je mladosti zore,
 ki v upu nič imela ni podpore,
 skrivěj so pesmi jo razodevāle.

Željā se ogenj v meni ne poleže,
 des' upa tvoj pogled v srcé ne vlije,
 strah razžalíti te mi jezik veže.

Bridkost, k' od nje srcé več ne počije,
 odkrivajo njegove skrivne teže
 mokrócvetéče rož'ce poezije.

IV

Mokrócvetéče rož'ce poezije
 očitajo tó, kar se v prsih skriva.
 Srcé mi je postalo vrt in njiva,
 kjer seje zděj ljubezen elegije.

Njih sonce tí si. V oknu domačije,
 ne da te najti, luč ti ljubezniva!
 v gledišu, na sprehódih sreča kriva,
 ne v krajih, kjer plesavk vrstā se vije.

Kolikokratov me po mesti žene
 zagledat tebe želja; ne odkrije
 se men' obraz lepote zaželene.

V samoti iz oči mi solza lije,
 zatorej pesmi tebi v čast zložene
 iz krajev niso, ki v njih sonce sije.

III

Right from my heart these buds incipient
Have sprung; I must confess those pains;
I am just like the singer whose refrains
To Leonora noble praise present.

Though love has made his lips too reticent,
The love which darkens all his youth's domains,
For which no hope, and no relief, remains,
Those songs in secret make it evident.

Desire's deep love in me will not abate,
Although my heart no hope finds in your eyes;
The fear you'll take offense bids my tongue wait.

The anguish that my heart fast occupies
Is now made plain as all its thoughts innate
Poetic flow'rs bedecked with tears, arise.

IV

Poetic flow'rs bedecked with tears arise
Revealing all within the breast unseen.
My heart is now a gardener's demesne
Where love its elegies now multiplies.

You are their sun. False fortune won't advise
Where you, O gentle ray, can e'er be seen—
At theatres, behind the casement screen,
On streets, at balls where dancing gratifies.

The wish to see your face so many a time
Impels me round the town; but yet the prize
Eludes my sight—your loveliness sublime.

In solitude a tear drops from my eyes;
As for the songs which I for you enrhyme,
Regions they come from with no sunny skies.

V

Iz krajev niso, ki v njih sonce sije,
 kjer tvoje milo se oko ozira,
 kjer vsa v poglédu tvojem skrb umira,
 vseh bolečin se pozabljivost pije;

kjer se veselje po obrazi zlije,
 kjer mine jeza notránj'ga prepira,
 kjer petje 'z polnega srcá izvira,
 zbudé se v srcu sladke harmonije;

kjer poroseno od ljubezni čiste,
 kalí, kar žlahtnega je, žêne zale,
 ko, ki budi dih pomladanski liste,

od tamkej niso pesmi tvoje hvale,
 pomladi srečne, blagodarne tiste
 cel čas so blagih sapic pogrešvále.

VI

Cel čas so blagih sapic pogrešvále,
 od tebe, drage deklice prevzetne,
 prinesle niso božicam prijetne,
 ki bi bila jih oživela, hvale.

Bile so v strahu, de boš tí, de zale
 Slovenke nemško govorít' umetne,
 jih boté, ker s Parnasa so očetne
 dežeze, morebiti zaničvále.

Kaméne naše zapušene bož'ce,
 samice so pozabljene žalvále,
 le tujke so častile Kranjcov množ'ce.

Cvetlice naše poezije stale
 do zdéj so vrh snežnikov redke rož'ce,
 obdajale so utrjene jih skale.

V

Regions they come from with no sunny skies,
And not from where your dear eye looks around,
Where in your glances every care is drowned,
Where memory of anguish stupefies;

Where ev'ry trace of inner conflict dies,
Where ev'ry face with happiness is crowned,
Where songs out from the brimful heart resound
And harmonies within the heart arise.

Where love's pure dew the fresh young buds invest
Is born that which is pure, magnificent,
While by the springtime breath are leaves caressed;

My songs for you, from somewhere different,
Have ever lacked that springtime fortune blest,
In want always of breezes provident.

VI

In want always of breezes provident,
That might have wafted hence from you, fair maid,
And to the Muses they had ne'er conveyed
A pleasant or inspiring compliment.

They feared to hear from you disparagement,
And scorn from Slovenes fair, who German made
Their daily speech; the home the Muses bade
Parnassus was pure Slovene of descent.

Our sad Camenae languish, poor their plight,
Forsaken; Carniolans are content
To honour alien maids; our own they slight.

Our poetry's own flowers, pale and bent,
Have grown ere now, each on its snowy height,
Midst circling mountain-cliffs malevolent.

VII

Obdajale so utrjene jih skale,
 ko nekdam Orfejovih strun glasove,
 ki so jim ljudstva Tracije surove
 krog Hema, Ródope bile se vdale.

De bi nebesa milost nam skazale!
 otajat' Kranja našega sinove,
 njih in Slovencov vseh okrog rodove,
 z domačmi pesmam' Orfeja poslale!

De bi nam srca vnel za čast dežele,
 med nami potolažil razprtije,
 in spet zedinil rod Slovenš'ne cele!

De b' od sladkote njega poezije
 potihnil ves prepír, bile vesele
 viharjov jeznih mrzle domačije!

VIII

Viharjov jeznih mrzle domačije
 bile pokrajne naše so, kar, Samo!
 tvoj duh je zginil, kar nad tvojo jamo
 pozabljeno od vnukov veter brije.

Oblóžile očetov razprtije
 s Pipínovim so jarmam sužno ramo
 od tod samó krvavi punt poznamo,
 boj Vitovca in ropanje Turčije.

Minuli sreče so in slave časi,
 ker vredne dela niso jih budile,
 omóknili so pesem sladki glási.

Kar niso jih zatrle časov sile,
 kar raste rož na mladem nam Parnasi,
 izdihljeji, solzé so jih redile.

VII

Midst circling mountain-cliffs malevolent,
As once amid the sounds of Orpheus' lyre,
To which round Haemus and Rhodope entire
Did yield the Thracian people violent.

O may the the iron will of heav'n relent!
And may, in order Slovenes to inspire,
And Carniolan hearts to melt with fire,
With native songs an Orpheus be sent!

That he enflame our love of fatherland
And comfort our dissension so unwise,
Anew unite the Slovenes, firm to stand!

That through his dulcet songs we realise
An end to strife; that joy may fill our land,
Inclement home where icy storms chastise!

VIII

Inclement home where icy storms chastise
Has been our land e'er since your spirit brave,
O Samo, vanished; your forgotten grave
Beswept by bitter winds since your demise.

From when our fathers, rent by conflicts' cries,
Knew how the yoke of Pippin did enslave,
The Turks' attacks, revolt with sword and stave,
Vitovec' battle—these our times comprise.

The joyful years of glory long ago
Through valiant labours never were regained,
And songs' sweet voices we no longer know.

Yet by the force of time still unconstrained
On young Parnassus for us flowers grow;
Commingled sighs and tears these blooms sustained.

IX

Izdíhljeji, solzé so jih redile
s Parnasa mojga rožice prič'joče:
solzé 'z ljubezni so do tebe vroče,
iz domovinske so ljubezni lile.

Skeleče misli, de Slovenec mile
ne ljubi matere, vanj upajoče,
de tebe zame vneti ni mogoče,
z bridkostjo so srcé mi napolnile.

Željé rodile so prehrepeneče,
de s tvojim moje bi ime slovelo,
domače pesmi milo se glaseče;

željé, de zbudil bi Slovenš'no célo,
de bi vrnili k nam se časi sreče,
jim moč so dale rasti nevesélo.

X

Jim moč so dale rasti nevesélo,
ko zgodnja roža raste zapeljana
od mlad'ga sonca kopnega svečána,
ak nékej dni se smeja ji veselo;

al nagne žalostno glavíco velo,
meglá k' od burje prileti prignana,
in pade iz nebes strupena slana,
pokrije sneg goré in pólje célo.

Sijalo sonce je podobe zale,
pogléda tvoj'ga pil sem žarke mile,
ljubezni so cvetlice kal pognale.

Nad žarki sonca so se té zmotile,
na mrazu zapušene so ostale,
ur témnih so zatirale jih sile.

IX

Commingled sighs and tears their blooms sustained,
These flowerlets from my Parnassus high;
From love for you the teardrops scald my eye,
From love for home they pour out unrestrained.

These burning thoughts within my mind have reigned:
That Slovenes now their mothers' trust defy,
And that the chance is bound to pass me by
To win your love; my heart is bitter, pained.

Deep wishes full of longing have been born:
That fame will make my name, through yours, so proud,
While our sweet native songs resound in turn;

These wishes, Slovene realms to be allowed
To waken, and that happy times return—
Joyless the strength with which they were endowed.

X

Joyless the strength with which they were endowed,
Just as a hasty flower grows, misled
As early springtime rays their warmth spread
As if the daylight hours were laughing loud;

But then a storm blows down a misty cloud;
The flower meekly lifts its feeble head
To meet the falling frost its poison spread,
And soon the snows all hills and fields enshroud.

The sun shone fairest images ablaze,
Your glance's tender rays I deeply drained,
And then a bud emerged from love's bouquets.

Forsaken in the cold these flow'rs remained,
Mistaken in their trust in the sun's rays,
Unlit the hours whose force their pow'r restrained.

XI

Ur tèmnih so zatirale jih sile
vse pevca dni, ki té ti pesmi poje;
obup, življenja gnus, začela boje,
Erinje vse so se ga polastile.

Ko v veži je Orest Diane mile
zadóbil spet bil zdravje duše svoje,
tak bi bile se od ljubezni tvoje
vmirile prsi, lica se zjasnile.

Zbežale so te sanje krátko-časne,
bilo blisk nagel upanje je célo,
ki lé temnejši noč stori, ko ugasne.

Od tud ni več srcé bilo veselo;
kako bile bi poezije jasne!
Lej, torej je bledó njih cvetje velo!

XII

Lej! torej je bledó njih cvetje velo,
in redke so, in slabe, nebogljene,
v zidéh tak podrtije zapušene
rastejo včasih rože nevesélo,

ki jim kropív krdelo rejo vzelo,
in kar nežlahtnih zéliš kal tam žene;
al, ak v gredice vrta jih zelene
kdo presadí, cvetêjo koj veselo.

Tak blizo moj'ga bi srcá kraljice,
bi blizo tebe, sonca njih dobile
moč kviško rasti poezij cvetlice;

ak hočeš, de bi zaljši cvet rodile,
veselo véle vzdignile glavice,
jim iz oči tí pošlji žarke mile.

XI

Unlit the hours whose force their pow'r restrained,
Through all the days of him who sings you songs,
By heartache and despair, the cause of wrongs,
And by th' Eumenides is he enchained.

As old Orestes waited, health regained,
In dear Diana's hallway midst the throngs,
So by your love, for which my heart still longs,
Would I have peace and carefree brow attained.

But now these short-lived dreams once more disperse,
My hope was like a flash of lightning loud
Which, when it fades, makes night-time darkness worse.

Since then my heart has been forlorn and cowed,
Yet how serene would then have been my verse!
Lo, faded now these flow'rs, their stature bowed.

XII

Lo, faded now these flow'rs, their stature bowed,
And feeble are they, sparse, and hardly grown;
Thus in old ruins, midst the rocks and stone,
Are oftentimes seen growing flow'rs unproud,

Their growth reduced as nettles overcrowd,
And weeds ignoble flourish there unsown;
But them transplant, in garden bed enthrone,
And they to grow with joy will be allowed.

So close then to my heart's undoubted queen,
Yes, close to you, their sun, growth unrestrained
Would then obtain my poems' flow'rs serene.

Should you one day the wish have entertained
That they might lift their heads with joyful mien,
I beg: your eyes' soft rays be on them trained.

XIII

Jim iz oči tí pošlji žarke mile,
mi gledati daj lic svetlobo zorno!
Le nji temè kraljestvo je pokorno,
samó njo bógajo viharjov sile.

Skrbi verige bodo odstopile,
odpadlo bo železje njih okorno,
s preblago tvojo pomočjo podporno,
vse njih se rane bodo zacelile.

Zjasnilo se mi bo spet mračno lice,
spet upanje bo v srci zelenelo,
in ustam dalo sladke govorice;

na novo bo srcé spet oživelo,
v njem rastle jasnih poezij cvetlice,
in gnale bodo nov cvet bolj veselo.

XIV

In gnale bodo nov cvet bolj veselo,
ko rože, kádar mine zima huda,
in spet pomlad razklada svoje čuda,
razsipa po drevesih cvetje belo.

In toplo sonce vabi ven čebelo,
pastir rumene zarje ne zamúda,
v grmovji slavček poje spet brez truda,
veselje preleti naturo célo.

O vem, de niso vredne take sreče;
od straha, de nadležne poezije
bi ne bile ti, mi srcé trepeče.

Naj pesmi milost tvoja saj obsije,
ki 'z njih, hladiti rane si skeleče,
poet tvoj nov Slovencam venec vije.

XIII

I beg: your eyes' soft rays be on them trained,
And let me see the radiance of your face!
In light does darkness' kingdom know its place,
By light are all the pow'rs of storms constrained.

For then will care and worry be unchained,
And all their awkward fetters fall apace,
And with your gentle and supporting grace
Will their good health be fully then regained.

And my dark face will its own radiance know,
My heart anew with hope will be endowed,
Which hope will sweetest words on me bestow;

My heart will live again, no longer cowed,
In it will flow'rs of sweetest poetry grow,
And they will blossom then with pleasure proud.

XIV

And they will blossom then with pleasure proud,
As flowers bid farewell to winter gales,
Anew the springtime miracle prevails
And scatters o'er the trees a floral crowd.

Of bees the warming sun calls forth a cloud,
The herdsman sees pink dawn rise o'er the dales,
While in the bushes sing the nightingales,—
With joyfulness all nature is endowed.

Such fortune is by them, I do confess,
Unearned; a single notion terrifies:
My poetry for you will cause distress.

But let your grace these poems recognize,
From which, while aching for my wounds' redress,
For Slovenes I a poet's wreath devise.

Magistrale

Poet tvoj nov Slovincam venec vije,
 Ran mojih bo spomin in tvoje hvale,
 Iz srca svoje so kalí pognale
 Mokrócvetéče rož'ce poezije.

Iz krajev niso, ki v njih sonce sije;
 Cel čas so blagih sápic pogrešvále,
 Obdajale so utrjene jih skale,
 Viharjov jeznih mrzle domačije.

Izdíhljeji, solzé so jih redile,
 Jim moč so dale rasti nevesélo,
 Ur témnih so zatirale jih sile.

Lej! torej je bledó njih cvetje velo,
 Jim iz oči tí pošlji žarke mile,
 In gnale bodo nov cvet bolj veselo.

Master Theme

For Slovenes I a poet's wreath devise,
Of both my pain, your praise a monument;
Right from my heart these buds incipient,
Poetic flow'rs bedewed with tears arise.

Regions they come from with no sunny skies,
In want alway of breezes provident,
Midst circling mountain-cliffs malevolent,
Inclement home where icy storms chastise.

Commingled sighs and tears these blooms sustained,
Joyless the strength with which they were endowed,
Unlit the hours whose force their pow'r restrained.

Lo, faded now these flow'rs, their stature bowed;
I beg: your eyes' soft rays be on them trained,
And they will blossom then with pleasure proud.

Tom Priestly and Henry R. Cooper, Jr.

Sonetje nesreče

I.

O Vrba! srečna, draga vas domača,
 kjer hiša mojega stoji očeta;
 de b' uka žeja me iz tvoj'ga svéta
 speljala ne bila, goljfiva kača!

Ne vedel bi, kako se v strup prebrača
 vse, kar srcé si sladkega obeta;
 mi ne bila bi vera v sebe vzeta,
 ne bil viharjev nótranjih b' igrača!

Zvestó srcé in delavno ročico
 za doto, ki je nima milijonarka,
 bi bil dobil z izvoljeno devico;

mi mirno plavala bi moja barka,
 pred ognjam dom, pred točo mi pšenico
 bi bližnji sosed vároval—svet Marka.

V.

Življenje ječa, čas v nji rabelj hudi,
 skrb vsak dan mu pomlájena nevesta,
 trpljenje in obup mu hlapca zvesta,
 in kes čuvaj, ki se níkdar ne utruđi.

Prijazna smrt! predolgo se ne múdi:
 ti ključ, ti vrata, ti si srečna cesta,
 ki pelje nas iz bolečine mesta,
 tje, kjer trohljivost vse verige zgrudi;

tje, kamor moč pregánjovcov ne seže,
 tje, kamor njih krivic ne bo za nami,
 tje, kjer znebi se človek vsake teže,

tje v posteljo postlano v črni jami,
 v kateri spi, kdor vanjo spat se vleže,
 de glasni hrup nadlog ga ne predrami.

Sonnets of Unhappiness

I.

Oh, Vrba, happy native village dear,
 Wherein my father's house forever stands;
 The thirst for knowing drove me from your lands:
 That wiley serpent! Why'd I give him ear?

I never would have known how heartfelt cheer
 Turns all its promises to pois'nous bans:
 My faith in self would not have fled my hands,
 Nor I become the toy of storm-tossed fear!

A faithful heart, strong hands not used to bide—
 The dowery no rich man's girl ever showed—
 I would have found in my elected bride;

Its sails all set, my ship in peace would go,
 My house from fire, my grain from hail he'd hide,
 St. Mark, that is, my neighbor up the road.

Henry R. Cooper, Jr. and Tom Priestly

V.

Life is a jail, and time the hangman dire,
 Life's ever-youthful bride is endless care,
 Its faithful guards are anguish and despair,
 Its warder—rue, whose forces never tire.

Don't tarry overlong, death, my desire!
 You are the key, the door, the highway fair
 That leads us out of misery's dank lair
 To places where we moulder and expire.

To places where pursuers cannot reach,
 Where their misdeeds will vanish from our sight,
 Where mankind's every burden finds its breach,

Where on a bed in caves devoid of light,
 A place awaits, accommodating each,
 And noisy cares will not disturb the night.

Tom Priestly and Henry R. Cooper, Jr.

Zdravljica

Prijatljji! odrodile
so trte vince nam sladkó,
ki nam oživlja žile,
srcé razjásni in oko,
ki utopi
vse skrbi,
v potrlih prsih up budi!

Komú narpred veselo
zdravljico, bratje! čmo zapét’!
Bog našo nam deželo,
Bog živi ves slovenski svet,
brate vse,
kar nas je
sinóv sloveče matere!

V sovražnike ‘z oblakov
rodú naj naš’ga treši gróm;
prost, ko je bil očakov,
naprej naj bo Slovincov dom;
naj zdrobé
njih roké
si spone, ki jih še težé!

Edinost, sreča, sprava
k nam naj nazaj se vrnejo;
otrók, kar ima Slava,
vsi naj si v róke sežejo,
de oblast
in z njo čast,
ko préd, spet naša boste last!

A Toast

Anew the vines have fruited
and borne us, my good friends, sweet wine
to charge our blood diluted,
to clear our heart, our eye define,
to suppress
all distress
and waken hope in saddened breast.

Now whom for our first tippie
shall we, glad brothers, toast in song?
Our land, us Slovene people
May God endow with lifetime long,
where'er found,
brothers, bound
as sons to mother much renowned!

May our home skies wage warfare,
with thunder strike the enemy!
Henceforth, as were our forebears',
may Slovenes' homes be truly free;
let their hands
iron bands
constrict, who still oppress our lands!

May unity, joy, blessing
return, may we be reconciled!
And, brotherhood professing,
close linked be Slava's every child,
that again
we may reign
and honor, riches now regain!

Bog žívi vas Slovenke,
prelepe, žlahtne rožice;
ni take je mladenke,
ko naše je krvi dekle;
 naj sinóv
 zarod nov
iz vas bo strah sovražnikov!

Mladenči, zdaj se pije
zdravljica vaša, vi naš up;
ljubezni domačije
noben naj vam ne usmrti strup;
 ker zdaj vas
 kakor nas,
jo srčno bránit' kliče čas!

Živé naj vsi naródi,
ki hrepené dočakat' dan,
ko, koder sonce hodi,
prepir iz svéta bo pregnan,
 ko rojak
 prost bo vsak,
ne vrag, le sosed bo mejak!

Nazadnje še, prijatli,
kozarce zase vzdignimo,
ki smo zato se zbrat'li,
ker dobro v srcu mislimo;
 dókaj dni
 naj živí
vsak, kar nas dobrih je ljudi!

God grant you, Slovene women,
long life, O noblest flowers fair!
To our own kindred maiden
the like is not found anywhere;
 from you be
 progeny
to terrify the enemy!

Young men, our future's promise,
our hope, we raise a toast to you!
Your love for home and birthplace
may no-one poison, none undo!
 In the end
 you will tend
the hour to boldly it defend!

Let's drink that every nation
will live to see that bright day's birth
when 'neath the sun's rotation
dissent is banished from the earth,
 all will be
 kinfolk free
with neighbours none in enmity.

And last, my friends, come hither,
let's raise unto ourselves a toast!
For we have come together,
the common good we cherish most.
 God, we praise,
 grant us days
in plenty, for our virtuous ways!

Tom Priestly and Henry R. Cooper, Jr.