

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

An International, Interdisciplinary, Bilingual, Online Journal  
Međunarodni, interdisciplinarni, dvojezični, online časopis

## Golgotha

Silvije Strahimir Kranjčević

The times are terrible, dark, and heavy,  
Like a damned soul in disgrace;  
On Golgotha is hanging the victim  
From Nazareth, that wretched place!

In His nest is expiring now  
That wounded white dove.  
Eli! Eli! Lama sabachthani? -  
His last breath is heard from above.

O, Lord, to You I am bringing now,  
In front of Your tree of torment,  
O, all those, all those  
Whose heart is with despair rent:

The deceived ones and the victimized,  
Those without faith and in a hopeless state:  
Miserere! Miserere!  
This is my prayer for their fate.

And seeing the red blood drop  
Dripping from Your very heart,  
O, Lord, the words of forgiveness I hear  
That, whisperingly, Your lips impart.

And I can feel what is saying  
That ardent tear from Your eye:  
That we should never, never expect  
Without Golgotha Resurrection to glorify!

*Translated by Ivo Šoljan - © 2009 Ivo Šoljan*

Note: The Croatian poet Silvije Strahimir Kranjčević (1865-1908) spent the last years of his life in Bosnia, where he died.

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