

Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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

Golgotha

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.

The preceding text is copyright of the author and/or translator and is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License.