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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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