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Snow Has Fallen

Stara sevdalinka

Snow has fallen on the springtime fruit trees,
Time to love whoever you may please.

If she won't hear, there's no way to push her,
Love is no use if she cannot choose.

If my bad luck could ever turn to good,
I would climb up to your chamber door,

So I could sit in the middle of your cushions,
Like a ruler surrounded by his court,

And I would kiss your honey sweet lips,
Honey sweet lips, blast them and confound them!

Translated by Wayles Browne – © 2010 Wayles Browne

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