

JESENI MOJA...

Jeseni moja, pozdravljam te!... Hodi,
I pođi sa mnom preko rodni strana,
Po lijepijem mjestima me vodi,
Gdje šume čežnje mojih davnih dana.

Onamo ima ruža zavičajnih,
Što nisu svele od studenainja,
I vrela živih i putanja sjajnih,
Gdje duša ljuta još rudi i tinja.

Milo cvijeće otuda mi maše,
Njegove čiste i svilene čaše
Slatkim napitkom prepunjene stoje.

Jedan vijenac od njega ću sviti,
I s molitvom ga na grob položiti
Svog mrtvog ljeta i mladosti svoje.

1918.

Aleksa Šantić

Autumn of mine...

Autumn of mine, I greet you .. Come,
and over birth pages go with me,
to beautiful places take me,
where the forests of longing of my long past days.

Overthere, where there are roses of my birth place,
that have not withered of the cold frost,
and springs of the living and the path of the great,
where the angry soul still burns and smolder.

Tender flowers waves to me from there,
their pure and silky cups
with sweetest potion overfilled they stand.

One wreath from them I shall make
and with prayer to the grave lay it down,
of the dead summer and my youth.

1918.
Aleksa Šantić