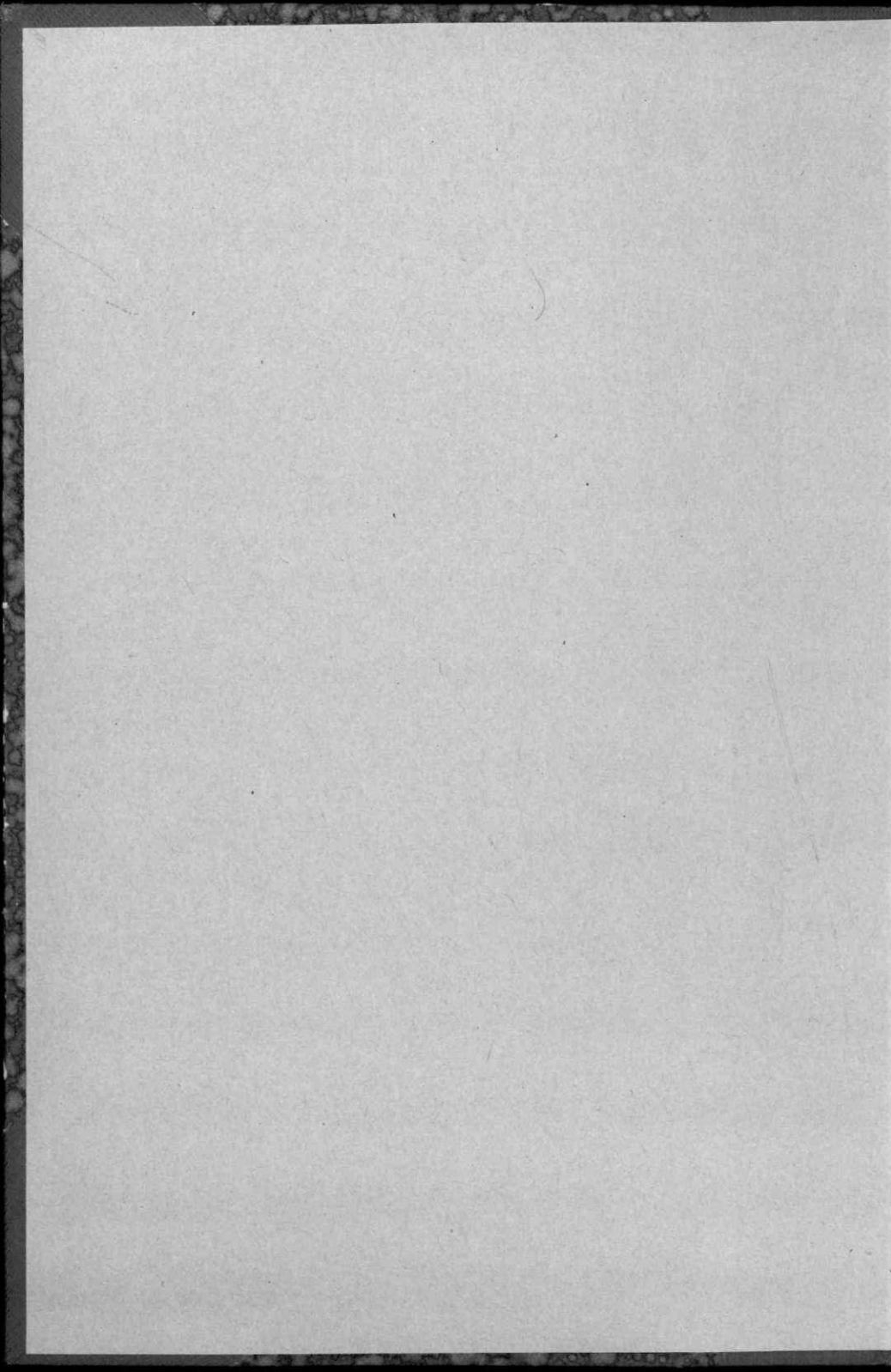


III

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2.



15. 10. 19.
Podaril J. W. Wiles.

Izgubljena vera.

Nebeško sijajo oči,
ko so sijale prejšnje dni.

Rudeča lica zorno še
cvetejo, ko so pred cvetlè.

Se usta smejejo ko *préd*.
sladkost ni manjša z njih besed.

Otèmnil ni ga časa beg,
nič manj ni bel prs tvojih sneg.

Život je tak, roké, nogé
so, kakoršne so pred bilé.

Lepota, ljubeznivost vsa
je, kakoršna je pred bilà.

Al ver'vat' v tebe moč mi ni,
kakor sem ver'val prejšnje dni.

Le sveta, čista glorijsa,
ki vera dá jo, je prešla.

En sam pogled je vzel jo preč,
nazaj ne bo je nikdar več.

Ak bi živela vekomej.
kar si mi b'la, ne boš naprej,

Sreé je moje biló oltar,
pred božtvo ti, zdaj — lepa stvar.

„S. H. S.“

English Renderings, No. 51.

France Prešeren (Slovene).

With Prešeren dawned the first clear day in Slovene literature. Born in Vrba, near Bled, 3rd Dec. 1800. Died in Kranj, 8. Feb, 1849.

Lost Faith.

Still shine those eyes with heaven's light,
As once they shone in days of yore.
Still freshly blooms that ruddy cheek
With bloom as fair as e'er before.
Still smile those lips as e'er they smiled,
While words as sweet from them do fall.
Nor doth quick Time dark shadow throw
Upon thy bosom's driven snow.
The same thy form and curve of limb
As once they were in days now dim.
Thy beauty, sweetness, still are yet
What once they were, when first we met.
But I can never trust thee more
With that same faith I had before.
The glory holy, that pure light,
Which faith had lit, are lost in night.
One only look, and all was gone!
All, all is gone, ne'er to return.
If thou shouldst live, shouldst live away,
As once, thou couldst not with me stay!
My heart, it was a living shrine
For thee — fair thing I dreamt divine!

J. W. Wiles

