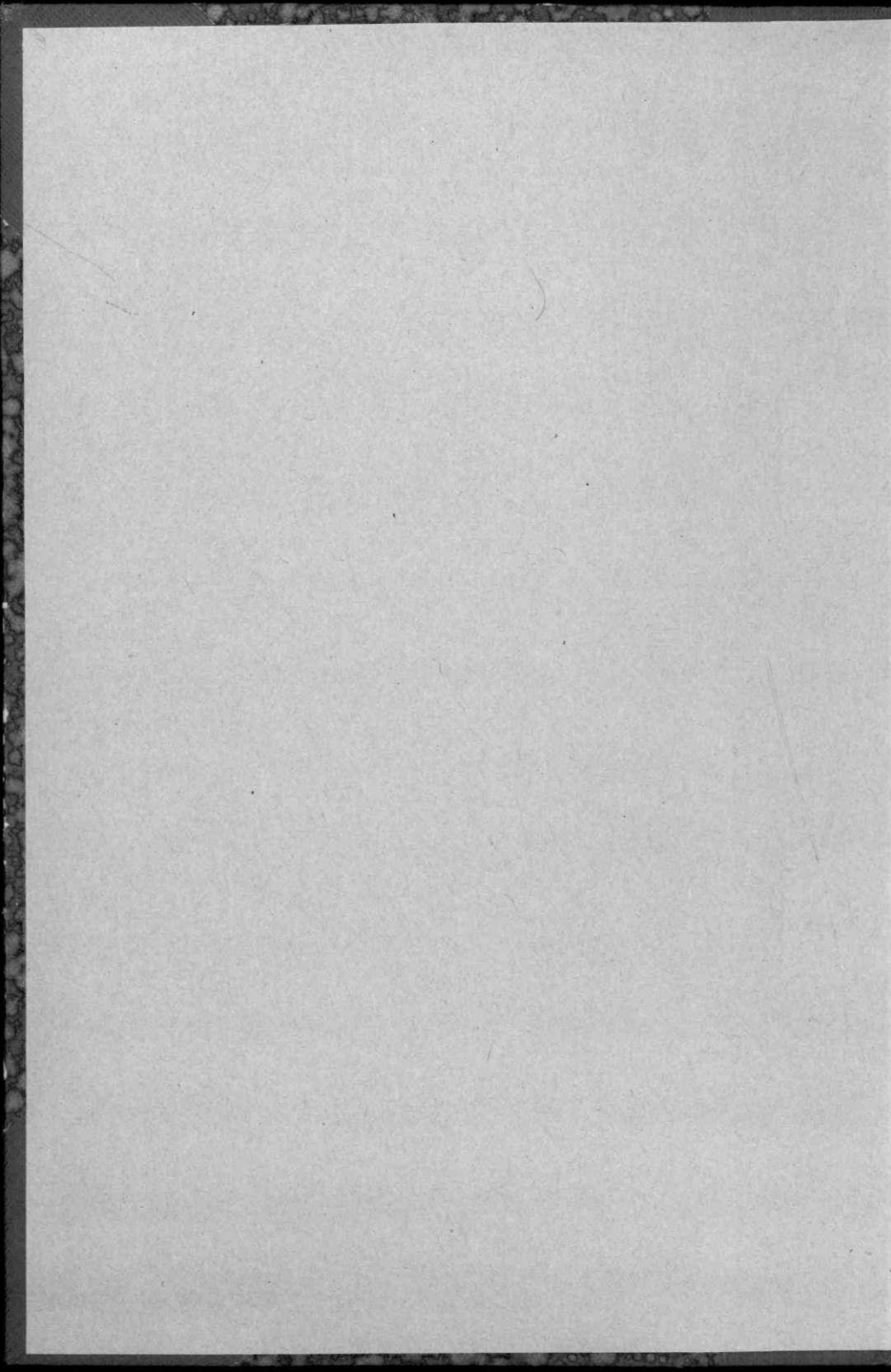


III

44.025

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15.10.19.

Robert J. W. Wiles.

03001099h

Nezakonska mati.

Kaj pa je tebe treba biló,
dete ljubó, dete lepó,
meni mladi deklici,
neporočeni materi?!

Oče so kleli, topli me,
mati nad mano jokali se;
moji se mene sram'vali so,
tuji za mano kazali so.

On, ki je sam bil ljubi moj,
on, ki je pravi oče tvoj,
šel je po svetu, Bog ve kam . .
Tebe in mene ga je sram!

Kaj pa je tebe treba biló,
dete ljubó, dete lepó!
Al te je treba biló, al ne,
vendar presrčno ljubim te.

Meni nebo odprto se zdi,
kadar se v tvoje ozrem oči;
kadar prijazno nasmeješ se,
kar sem prestala, pozabljeno je.

On, ki ptice pod nebom živi,
naj ti dá srečne, vesele dni!
Al te je treba biló, al ne,
vedno bom srčno ljubila te. —

„S. H. S.“

English Renderings, No. 50.

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.

The unwedded mother.

Oh! why must thou needs come my way!
Pretty darling, tell me, pray!
I who am still in maidenhood —
Unwedded, come to motherhood!

Father curses; father beats me;
Mother sheds her tears upon me;
My folk betray the blush of shame;
And others point—laugh at my name!

He who stole from me my heart;
He who played the father's part,
He went away—God knows where . . .
Ashamed of us, — escaped his share!

Oh! why must thou needs come my way!
Pretty darling, tell me, pray!
Whether there were need or no,
Sweet my babe, I love thee so!

Heaven to me is open nigh,
When I but glance into thine eye;
And if my look thy smile hath met,
All past suffering I forget!

He Who feeds the birds of heaven,
By Him to thee bright life be given!
Whether there were need or no,
Sweet my babe, I love thee so!

J. W. Wiles.

Ljubljana, 10th. October, 1919.

