

ZAPJEVAJ DRUŽE

Zapjevaj pjesmu rodnoga kraja
Razgali dušu moju
Podsjeti me na djetinjstvo
Prelijepu zemlju moju

Zapjevaj družo, ne žali grlo
Zapjevaj bolje i jače
Srce me boli, duša se kida
I samo mi se plače

Sa pjesmom svojom liječiš mi dušu
Vратиš me pjesmom u selo moje
Kad pjesma stane prestaje mašta
I sve opet nestvarno je

Pjevaj družo, nemoj da staješ
Pjevaj o rodnom kraju
O majci, ocu, braći i seji
O rodnom zavičaju

SING MY FRIEND

Sing that song from the land where I was born
That song will touch my soul
Remind me of my childhood
And my beautiful home

Sing my friend, do not spare your voice
Sing better and louder
My soul is hurting, my heart breaks
And my eyes are filling with tears

With your song, you will heal my soul
And my thoughts will take me home
When the singing stops and imagination is gone
Everything feels unreal once more

Sing my friend, do not stop
Sing about my home
About my mother, father, brothers and sisters
About the place where I was born

ZAVIČAJ

Pjesmo moja u zavičaj me vrati
Ne mogu ti više tugovati
U mom mjestu sad su pusta sela
Pati Lika i regija cijela

Nema njenih ptica golubića
Otišli su po bijelom svijetu
Pa svi pate, liječe svoje rane
Za zavičajem moj mili jarane

Nekada sam tamo srećna bila
Svoju mladost tamo provodila
Na poljima čuvajući stada
Maštajući od grada do grada

Sad sam sama u dalekom svijetu
I ranjena ko ptica u letu
Brojim dane i godine duge
Kad ću opet sresti srećne ljude

Ali ta se želja ne ispuni
Ja ostadoh dosad u tuđini
Liječim tugu u dalekom svijetu
Sa pjesmama o miloj mi grudi
Lijepa moja ti prekrasna budi

HOME

My poems, take me back home
I cannot be sad any more
My place of birth and villages are empty now
Lika is suffering and all her towns

There are no birds or their young
They flew to some other lands
And they grieve and ache
Reminiscing of blue heavens

Long time ago, I was happy there
This is where I spent all my youth
Roaming green hills with white herds
And dreaming of cities all over the world

Now alone, in the world faraway
Like a bird with broken wings
I count how many days and years will pass
For happiness and I to meet

My wish still has not been fulfilled
I remain in this foreign world
Healing my sadness so far away
With poems I write about my home
Be beautiful, you always have been