

The Baptism
(an excerpt from the epic *The Baptism at the Savica*)

The warring clouds have vanished from the skies;
The war of men has ended with the night.
The morning sun gilds the tree heads that rise
Supreme above the Carniola's snowpeaks white.
The lake of Bohinj calm in stillness lies,
No sign of strife remains to outward sight;
Yet in the lake the fierce pike never sleep,
nor other fell marauders of the deep.

Is not this lake upon whose bank you stand,
Brave Črtomir, the image of your soul?
The clash of arms has ceased throughout the land,
Yet in your breast the storms of war still roll.
If aught of life's dire ills I understand
The eternal worm takes yet more deadly toll,
Battens on lifeblood in its inner lair
And reawakes the harpies of despair.

Alasdair Mackinnon, translator. *The Baptism at the Savica*. By France Prešeren, 1836.

Sonnet Dedicated to Matija Čop
(an excerpt from the epic *The Baptism at the Savica*)

To you, dear ashes of a friend who sleeps
In a too early grave, I give this song.
In parting from him it has been a balm,
A tonic for a bygone, wounded love.

Proclaim the passing of the world's sweet ties,
How small the number of our happy days,
That only he, like Bogomila, thrives,
Whose heart awaits its joy beyond the grave.

I've buried all my high-flying thoughts
And all the pains of unfulfilled desires,
Like Črtomir all hope of earthly joy;

Bright day, dull day, they both become our nights,
And riven hearts which suffer joy and pain
Will calm find in the deepness of the grave.

Henry R. Cooper Jr., translator. *The Baptism at the Savica*. By France Prešeren, 1836.