

Divici Mariji

Zdrava si, Marije, zdrav džilju pribili,
ki u prsi krije tvoj sinak premili;
na grišne se smili, puna si milosti,
duša k tebi cvili, čuvaj nas žalosti.
Da nam tvoj sin prosti, moli ga, kraljice
sunčene svitlosti, prisvitla Danice,
božja nevistice u trojstvu božjemu,
dobra odvitnice pri sinku tvojemu.
Uzdahu mojemu priklon' uši tvoje,
u grihu mojemu gdi cvilim, gospoje;
neka srce moje vazda želi k tebi,
gdi no sveti stoje, da najdem stan sebi.¹

To the Virgin Mary

Oh Mary, hail to thee, hail lily, thou most white,
which thy belovèd son does shelter at his breast;
to sinners mercy show, for you abound in grace;
our souls cry out to you, from grief deliver us.
That us your son may spare, do pray to him, our queen,
oh splendor of the sun, most radiant morning star,
sweet spouse of the Divine within the Triune God,
oh gracious advocate with your belovèd son.
To these deep sighs of mine do lend a gentle ear
in my transgressions grave when I lament, my Lady;
oh may this heart of mine fore'er desire of you
in saintly company my true abode to find.¹