

MUSIC CORNER

by Walter W. Kolar

ROŽIC NE BOM TRGALA

(I will not pick the flower)



Ro-žic ne bom tr ga la, da bi ven-co spletala,



mirno svo-bo-dno, ljubo, po planincah naj cveto.

Slovene

Rožic ne bom trgala,
da bi vence spletala,
mirno svobodno, ljubo,
po planincah naj cveto.

Ako bi jo utrgala,
rožica bi umirala,
glavico povešala,
sonca ne be čakala.

Tudi jaz sem rožica,
v božji vrtec vsajena,
skrivam se zdaj tu, zdaj tam,
vrgati se pa ne dam.

Rožic ne bom trgala,
srca so nedolžnega,
naj z menoj se uživajo
mir, ljubezen, svobodo.

English

I will not pick the flower,
In order to weave a wreath
peaceful and free, dear one,
keep blooming over the mountain.

If I would pick it,
the flower would die,
it would hang its head,
never to await the sun.

Now I am the flower,
planted in God's garden,
hiding myself now here, now there,
not allowing myself to be picked.

I will not pick the flower,
it is unbecoming to the heart,
let it enjoy life with me
peaceful, lovely, and free.