## LAND N.I.Vaptsarov

This land

where now I stand,

this land

where the springs

each year shine,

this land

is not my land,

this land, excuse me,

is not mine.

In the morning

the factory road

is blue

with the workers

blue mass,

we are united by thought

but not

by the land, alas!

Upon my land

in springtime

there are rays,

waterfalls

of beauty

are spreading,

you keep

deep in your heart

her face

and to admire her

you are always ready.

In my country

Pirin scratches the sky

and pines

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are Ilinden songs singing,
in Ohrid -
the most sacred dreams there lie
and further
my look
in Aegean is sinking.
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This I remember.

Pictures with blood
are minted

and printed

in my whole person.

O, my land!

O, my land!

You are wounded and cut, suffering

in tears,

rebellions

and arson.
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(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)