

ZEKIJA TURKEŠ  
TEŠANJ

Third prize in the contest of "Bošnjaci" Fund, Sarajevo.

Where do you go my people,  
What's happening to you,  
Isn't Bosnia country enough to you,  
And it is so cute and beautiful?

Isn't the beauty of gorgeous Neretva.  
And deepness of its greenness,  
Real pleasure for your eyes  
And a cure for your soul?

Aren't Una's waterfalls  
Music for your ears,  
And crystal Source of Bosnia  
Which gurgle and landscape melt my heart?

Aren't Sarajevo, Mostar, Zenica, Tešanj  
And other cities throughout of the our beautiful country,  
Wide enough,  
To find your peace and happiness, to live pasha's life?

Where do you go my people?  
You leave your mother Bosnia!  
You leave Srebrenica – grief - mine, and yours!  
Where do you go my people?

What I can do and friends of mine,  
Youth and hope of our Bosnia?  
Bosnia gave us so many benefits  
And what we can give to Bosnia?

There is a dilemma, my people,  
When I see how you go,  
I do not go, no and no!  
I stay here, and perhaps you will stay.

The Bosnian Sun warms the best,  
Bosnian sky often makes me laughing,  
Bosnian forests, planes and hills,  
Watching them are pleasant moments

I stay here my people,  
So you stay, don't go,  
Bosnia is large for all of us and  
Without Bosnia we won't get anywhere!

Don't go my people,  
To yearn for your mother,  
For Bosnia, its beauty and joy,  
For Bosnia, my homeland and yours!

The Bosnian Sun warms us well,  
And again you look for warmth somewhere there.  
The Bosnian sky is large enough  
And because of that stay, come back here!