

SERBIA, valiant daughter of the Ages,
Happiness and light should be thy portion!
Yet thy day is dimmed, thine heart is heavy;
Long hast thou endured — a little longer
Bear thy burden, for a fair tomorrow
Soon will gleam upon thy flower-spread valleys,
Soon will brighten all thy shadowy mountains;
Soon will sparkle on thy foaming torrents
Rushing toward the world beyond thy rivers.
Bulgar, Turk and Magyar long assailed thee.
Now the Teuton's cruel band is on thee.
Though he break thy heart and rack thy body,
'Tis not his to crush thy lofty spirit.
Serbia cannot die. She lives immortal,
Serbia — all thy loyal men bring comfort
Fighting, fighting, and thy far-flung banner
Blazons to the world thy high endeavor,
— This thy strife for brotherhood and freedom —
Like an air-free bird unknowing bondage,
Soaring far from carnage, smoke and tumult,
Serbia — thy soul shall live forever!
Serbia, undaunted, is immortal!