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RT BURNS IN OTHER TONGUES

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Robt Burns

ROBERT BURNS

IN OTHER TONGUES

*A Critical Review of the Translations of the
Songs & Poems of Robert Burns*

BY

WILLIAM JACKS

AUTHOR OF A TRANSLATION OF "NATHAN THE WISE"
ETC.


Glasgow

James MacLehose and Sons

Publishers to the University

1896

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Jüngst pflückt' ich einen Wiesenstrauss,
Trug ihn gedankenvoll nach Haus ;
Da hatten, von der warmen Hand,
Die Kronen sich alle zur Erde gewandt.
Ich setzte sie in frisches Glas,
Und welch ein Wunder war mir das !
Die Köpfchen hoben sich empor,
Die Blätterstengel im grünen Flor,
Und allzusammen so gesund,
Als stünden sie noch auf Muttergrund.

So war mir's, als ich wundersam
Mein Lied in fremder Sprache vernahm.

GOETHE,

PR

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PREFACE.

d into the present task by seeing now and
newspapers, reviews of foreign translations
orks of Robert Burns, and by occasionally
with specimens of these translations in my
gs on the Continent.

remarks in these reviews, the great bulk
anslations seemed to be unknown or unre-
n this country, and I thought it might be
o students of languages, and gratifying to
of the poet, were the various translations,
they are known, dealt with in one volume,
brought more directly into notice.

e taken generally the same songs and poems
ut, with a view to making a comparison
ower of the different languages in expressing
rks. I found, however, that this would lead
eyond the bounds which I had set myself,
efore have left that interesting study for

It would be hypocritical pedantry to leave it to be assumed that I knew all the various languages which appear here, sufficiently well to enable me to criticize these translations as I have done; indeed some of them I do not know at all. In such cases I had each retranslated literally into a language which I did understand, and the retranslation was sent to a native of the particular country for confirmation and comment, and in this way I was able to make my remarks.

On one of my fishing expeditions I met a man who was anxious to do away with all pride of birth, "occasions of excess," and generally to "reform the world" as he termed it. He had a bee, or maybe two, in his bonnet, and I was rather taken with his odd ideas. One day this worthy came upon me as I was reading Angellier's work on our poet. "What's that?" he asked. "The works of Burns in French, with a very fine criticism," I replied. "Hum! what dae they ken aboot Burns, and what's the use of reading the works in a foreign langige when ye can read them in yer ain?" was the rejoinder. Precisely so; I felt this was a criticism very likely to be used by more cultured minds than his.

My task, however, is not very difficult to defend. It is interesting to show how widely the influence of Burns has spread, and surely it is gratifying to

know that in so many tongues the prayer is said or sung :—

“Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that ;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.”

Then it may be useful to students of foreign languages. In learning such myself I always committed to memory a good deal of prose and poetry in order to impress the spirit and idiom of the language on my mind. A piece from Burns well translated will be a great aid to the student in this respect.

Personally, the study has been to me, as I hope it will be to others, profitable as well as pleasant, for we are forced to acquire a clear insight into the thought and meaning of the poet in order to judge of the fidelity of the translation, and we gain much in this way. Let me give a single example. Take the line,

“Courts for cowards were erected.”

Four out of every five readers of Burns to whom I put the question, “Does this mean Royal Courts or Courts of Law?” replied “Royal Courts, of course.” An eminent German translator uses the word

“Gericht,” not “Hof.” This suggested the question to me; and I discovered he was right, as the context shows.

“A fig for those by *Law* protected!

Courts for cowards were erected, . . .

When I pointed this out, my friends admitted that they had not thought of it so closely.

There are other instances which appear in this work, but this one will show my meaning. With the substitution of the word *Dichter* for *Doctor*, I may faithfully use the words of Wagner to Faust and say—

“Mit Euch, Herr Dichter, zu spazieren
Ist Ehrevoll, und ist Gewinn.”¹

I thought it would be interesting to add photographs of the chief translators, and this I have done, so far as I was able to obtain them.

Two indices—one, of the translators, the other, of the poems and songs, are added at the end of the volume.

WILLIAM JACKS.

GLASGOW, *January*, 1896.

¹ Goethe's *Faust*, Act 1., Scene 11.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN estimating the power and excellencies, and, it is to be feared in many instances, the weaknesses and defects in the various translations of the works of our national Scottish poet, it is well to state the point of view from which they have been considered.

In this consideration full weight is given to the warning words of Dante, that "No work bound together by the muse can be transferred from its own language to another without losing its sweetness and euphony."¹ This is undoubtedly true to a large extent, but, like many of the sayings of great thinkers, it is not true absolutely. There are, of course, works which are the glory of their native language, and which it is impossible to convey through the imagery of another tongue without losing the charm which makes them what they are ;

"You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

But, on the other hand, there are some brilliant examples of an opposite result, such as Schlegel's Shakespeare, King John of Saxony's Dante, the Spanish translation of Gil Blas, Sir Theodore Martin's version of Horace, and a few others ; whilst Sotheby's translation of Wieland's Oberon

¹*Il Convito*, I. 7.

has the reputation of even surpassing the original itself.

Great minds are the common property of all nations, and it would bring an eclipse on literature did translations cease. The world of thought would lose its grandeur, and man become poorer in all his being.

Emerson almost exhausts this part of the subject in a few well-chosen lines in his *Essay on Books*: "I do not hesitate to read . . . all good books in translations. What is really best in any book is translatable—any real insight or broad humane sentiment. Nay, I observe that in our Bible and other books of lofty moral tone it seems easy and inevitable to render the rhyme and music of the original into phrases of equal melody. The Italians have a fling at translators, 'I traditori, traduttori,' but I thank them—I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian—sometimes not a French book—in the original, which I can procure in a good version. I like to be beholden to the great metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under heaven. I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston as of reading all my books in originals when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue."

These eloquent words form a strong plea in favour of such works as those of Burns being rendered into the languages of other nations, so that every one may enjoy in his own tongue the privilege which Emerson describes.

It has struck me during this study that there are two classes of translation—the strictly accurate and the artistic. It is like travelling in a new

country and giving descriptions. The accurate delineator will present things correctly in their natural character and vividness, but the true artist will clothe them with a grace and loveliness which only the eye trained to look into "the heart of things" can appreciate and portray. So with translators; the accurate one is honest and reliable. We learn the thoughts of the author put plainly—it may be bluntly, but nevertheless truthfully—whilst with the artistic one we are disposed to forgive some slight breaches of strict accuracy for the sake of the grace, the charm, and beauty of a melodious and pleasing rendering. Fortunately a combination of these gifts is not impossible—indeed is sometimes attained. I am aware it is rare: it requires a mind equally at home in both languages—a mind that can feel the spirit and full inspiration of the original. It requires a poetic instinct, with perfect insight and sympathy with the writer sought to be translated. Matthew Arnold, confirming Dante's words, says, "the verse of the Greek poets no translation can adequately reproduce"; and if the difficulty be great with the poets of antiquity, how much greater is it, with a poet like Burns, to give the foreigner a true idea of his peculiar humour, his tenderness, his wit, his pathos, his lyrical flow and varied creations—all being the rich development and true mirror of his life, throwing, and usually intended to throw, a light on the tumultuous emotions of his passionate soul; and the difficulty is further increased by so many of his masterpieces being written in a rough, though terse and expressive language—often in a local dialect, the use of which is confined to the peasantry of a small portion of the British Isles.

Into what language can such phrases as the following be adequately translated?

“We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet
For auld lang syne”;

“Even Satan glowr’d, and fidg’d fu’ fain,
And hotch’d and blew wi’ might and main”;

“She fuff’t her pipe wi’ sic a lunt”;

“Rob, stownlins, prie’d her bonnie mou’
Fu’ cozie in the neuk for’t.”

Hundreds of other examples could be given of the highest power and vigour in their original, but which seem absolutely impossible of translation.

It is therefore all the more creditable to those who have made these attempts, that some representative pieces at least, are rendered, with reasonable fidelity and poetic flow, into the various tongues reproduced in this volume. Whilst it is pleasing to find that the stalwart figure of Burns in these various costumes stands “colossal seen in every land,” and that his lofty genius, his force, his tenderness, his deep sympathetic nature, and the music of his verse are strongly felt, even through languages so essentially different from his own powerful and pathetic Doric.

GERMAN TRANSLATIONS.

FROM the numerous translations into German, the renderings by the following authors have been selected :---

OTTO BAISCH. Robert Burns' Werke, Lieder und Balladen, mit einer Einleitung und in neuer Uebersetzung, von Otto Baisch. Verlag von W. Spemann, Stuttgart.

K. BARTSCH. Lieder und Balladen von Robert Burns, aus dem Englischen, von K. Bartsch. Bibliographisches Institut, Leipzig und Wien.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. Gedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath. Verlag der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung Nachf., Stuttgart, 1890.

ADOLF LAUN. Lieder und Balladen von Robert Burns, Deutsch von Adolf Laun. Verlag von Robert Oppenheim, Berlin, 1869.

GUSTAV LEGERLOTZ. Robert Burns' Gedichte, in Auswahl, Deutsch von Gustav Legerlotz. Druck und Verlag von Otto Spamer, Leipzig, 1889.

EDMUND RUETE. Gedichte von Robert Burns, Uebersetzt von Edmund Ruete. Verlag von M. Heinsius Nachfolger, Bremen, 1890.

L. G. SILBERGLEIT. Robert Burns' Lieder und Balladen, für deutsche Leser, ausgewählt und frei bearbeitet von L. G. Silbergleit. Druck und Verlag von Philipp Reclam, Jr., Leipzig.

A. v. WINTERFELD. Lieder und Balladen von Robert Burns aus dem Englischen, Schottischer Mundart, von A. v. Winterfeld. Verlag von A. Hofmann & Comp., Berlin, 1860.

GERMAN.

POEMS.

I TAKE first the translations in the Teutonic and kindred tongues. As they bear such a close resemblance to the English, and especially to the Scottish language, one would expect these translations to be, more than any others, in unison with the spirit, rhythm, and melody of the original. More numerous these translators are, there being over twenty of them, and their number seems to be increasing daily, but the number of separate pieces translated is strikingly small, and in many cases even those selected are by no means representative.

Mr. Frederick Notter, the author of an excellent translation of Dante into German, complains of that language being raw and poor in rhyme "Rauhe und reimarme Sprache." Few will agree with him in this, as, owing to the diversified forms of expression, and the poetical license allowed in the use of words, there seem few languages which lend themselves more readily to rhyme, and especially to the rhyme and rhythm of Scottish poetry, than the German, and indeed all the translators give their rendering in verse, which is, as we will see, seldom even attempted by French writers.

Edmund Ruete, one of our translators, says: "Mein Ziel war Metrum, Ausdrucksweise—Ton und Stimmung des

Originals getreu wiederzugeben, doch so, dass die Uebersetzung sich wie ein deutsches Gedicht liest."¹

But in many of these points even the best of the translations fail. There are indeed, as will be seen, some very fine versions, but some of the authors may almost be dismissed in the words which Albert Trägers used towards Ph. Kaufmann's translation: "Eine entsprechende Fortsetzung der Misshandlungen mit denen der arme Burns bei Lebzeiten gepeinigt wurde."²

Let us look at one or two of the best translations of some of the most representative poems.

The Cottar's Saturday Night

seems only to have been attempted by two translators, Adolf Laun and L. G. Silbergleit, neither effort being very successful. In both cases leading sentiments are omitted; indeed, Silbergleit leaves out entirely the quotation from Gray's "Elegy" which is prefixed to the poem, as well as the first verse of the poem itself, containing the touching dedication to Robert Aiken.

Mr. Laun gives a complete translation, but he does not attempt to render the idiomatic phrases to which so much of the pathos and power of the original is due; as, for instance,

"November chill blaws loud wi' angry sough,"

is rendered not amiss by

"Kalt bläst November in den kahlen Wäldern";³

¹ My aim was to reproduce the metre, form of expression, euphony, and spirit of the original, but so that it might read like a German poem.

² A corresponding continuation of the ill-usage with which poor Burns was tormented during his lifetime.

³ Cold blows November in the bare forests.

but

“At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an agèd tree ;
Th’ expectant wee-things, toddlin’, stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi’ flichterin’ noise an’ glee,”

can scarcely be recognized in

“Durchschritten hat er schon den kleinen Garten
Und tritt in seine Hüttenwohnung ein,
Die Kinder, die schon lang des Vaters warten,
Empfangen ihn mit Jauchzen und mit Schrei’n.”¹

This is perhaps permissible, if not indeed necessary, for it is difficult to find equivalent expressions for the Scottish phrases; but there are cases in which, I think, the original might have been reproduced more literally and more powerfully, whilst the transposition of Burns’s nine-line verse into ten-line verse has led the translator into a wordy diffuseness, destroying the precision and beauty of the original.

“The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a’ his weary carking cares beguile,
An’ makes him quite forget his labour an’ his toil,”

is both weakly and with unnecessary diffuseness rendered in the following four straggling lines—

“Der kleinste Knabe, krauelnd ihm zu Füßen,
Der stammelnd sich um seine Kniee schlingt,
Das Alles füllt sein Herz mit mehr Behagen,
Als Arbeit, Müh und Last er Wochen lang getragen”;²

¹ He has already crossed the little garden,
And enters into his cottage-dwelling ;
The children, who have already long expected him,
Receive him with shouts and cries.

² The smallest boy, crawling at his feet
And lisping, clings about his knee—
All that fills his heart with more pleasure
Than the work, care, and trouble he has borne the week long.

whilst the next verse fails completely in bringing out the intention and meaning of the original—

“Es nahn sich nach und nach die ält'ren Kinder ;
 Der eine kommt vom Dienst im Pächtergut,
 Der andre rief vom Pflug herbei die Rinder,
 Ein dritter bringt sie in des Stalles Hut.”¹

These lines show not only a perhaps pardonable omission of the idioms, such as “Belyve . . . come drapping in,” “Some herd,” “Some tentie rin a cannie errand,” but convey an altogether different picture from that of Burns—

“Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun',
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town.”

Burns tells us that all “the elder bairns” are at service, the work they are engaged in indicating their ages; and he draws a familiar picture of humble country life, all of which is lost in Mr. Laun's rendering; whilst he shows his entire misconception of the natural and well-known expression of Burns, “Some ca' the pleugh,” which, as every Scotsman knows, and every student of Burns should know, means “Some drive or guide the plough,” by rendering

“Der andre rief vom Pflug herbei die Rinder.”²

“Ca'” he stumbles over, as he, and indeed others do in “Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.” The French, with some exceptions, render it “appeler,” as we will see in dealing with the French versions; the Germans “rufen,”

¹ Then arrive by and by the older children ;
 One comes from service in the farm,
 The other calls (*sic*) home the oxen from the plough,
 A third brings them to the shelter of the stable (or stall).

² The other called the oxen from the plough.

as if it meant *call* (summon), instead of *drive* or *guide*. A simple reference to Jamieson's Dictionary, however, would have put them right. Baillie, in his account of the General Assembly in Glasgow, 1638, says "The last day the nail was called (driven) to the head," whilst every Scots laddie looking after sheep, horses, or cattle of any kind, knows what the expression, "Ca' them on, ma man; ca' them on," means; indeed, the well-known Scotch proverb, "Ca' yer ain gurr," gives also the same current interpretation. Mr. Legerlotz renders it correctly in "Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes," "Treib zum Bühl dei Schofgewühl," which he puts with the former title, "Horch, die Droschel." This word will also be found correctly translated in Heintze's version of the same song, "Treib die Schafe nach dem Ried."

In the seventh verse Laun loses the naïve and true picture which Burns draws in the words,

"While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak,"

and dismisses it with

"Von Jenny zu vernehmen."¹

More grating still is it to hear the grand word-picture so true to life, so pathetic, and so solemn,

"And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air,"

transformed into the diffusive exhortation which takes two lines to express—

"Dann spricht er: 'Lasset Eure Stimm' erklingen,

Wir wollen Gott, dem Herrn, ein Dank- und Loblied, singen'"²

¹To learn from Jenny.

²Then says he, "Let your voices sound,

We will sing to God the Lord a song of thanks and praise."

—phraseology, I venture to say, never used in a cottager's family worship.

The eighteenth verse, and indeed a considerable part of the poem, are rendered with great force and on the whole with fidelity, and it is to be regretted that such imperfections as I have pointed out should have crept into it; whilst it seems as if the translator had scarcely attempted with any degree of seriousness to reproduce by

“Aus solchem Geist ist Schottlands Gröss' entsprungen,
Das ist's was Lieb und Ehrfurcht ihm gewann.
Die Grossen hat das Schicksal bald verschlungen,
Der Schöpfung Bestes ist ein braver Mann”!¹

the well-known lines of this famous poem—

“From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.”

“The breath of kings” has always seemed to me one of the most pregnant phrases in the whole range of poetry, yet it and the whole splendid imagery of the verse are entirely omitted.

The last instance I give is very ludicrous, and would “set the table in a roar” at any rustic meal to hear the “halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,” described as a partridge.

“Mit einem *Rebhuhn* wie's dem Schotten frommt.”²

As a facetious friend exclaimed on my reading this to

¹ From such a spirit is Scotland's greatness sprung;
It is that which has won love and reverence for her;
The Great are soon devoured by Fate,
Creation's best is an honest man.

² A partridge as is pleasing to the Scotch.

him, "Gracious goodness ! if they dae this wi' 'Parritch,' what'll they dae wi' 'a Haggis'?"

Mr. L. G. Silbergleit heads his translation by an incorrect title, which does not awaken the associations of the original, and, even to readers ignorant of the original, cannot have the same homely influence. He entitles it "Samstag Abend im Dorfe."¹

Mr. Silbergleit is less happy in some of his expressions than Mr. Laun, although in many others he is more faithful and more musical, whilst his adoption of the nine-line verse of the original protects him from the diffuseness which so often mars Mr. Laun's productions.

The opening of the poem, to which I referred in Mr. Laun's verse—

"November chill blaws loud wi' angry sough :
The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;"

Mr. Silbergleit renders even less faithfully than Mr. Laun—

"Es weht ein schneidend kalter Abendwind.
Wie bald zu End' ist ein Novembertag."²

Then

"The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;"

is made to read rather comically,

"Die Mutter schafft mit Scheer und Nadel schön
Macht *Alterthümer* scheinen schier wie neu."³

¹ Saturday evening in the village.

² A cutting, cold evening wind is blowing :
How soon a November day comes to an end.

³ The mother works with shears and needle pretty,
Makes *antiquities* look quite like new.

Mr. Laun, although naturally unable to reproduce the force of "Gars," is much happier with

"Die Mutter wirkt mit Nadel und mit Scheere,
Und macht das Alte neu, mit klugem Sinn."¹

The first part of the ninth verse is more faithful and happier than Laun's, but the last three lines read little better than a burlesque. How can

"'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale,"

be seriously rendered by

"Geschah es, wo ein glücklich liebend Paar
In wunderbar endlosen Plauderein
Sich sittsam freute an das Herdes traute Schein."²

This may be a very pleasant and desirable situation and experience, but it is a pity to see it represented to the German public as a reproduction of Burns's immortal picture.

Then the scene of the Family Worship, so beautiful in the original, and so accurate a reproduction of that pious custom which hallowed (I fear I must say, in *other* days) so many a humble Scottish hearth, is not very creditable to Mr. Silbergleit.

"How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head,"

is rendered

¹ The mother works with needle and with shears,
And makes the old like new with proper taste.

² It happened where a happy, loving pair,
In wondrous, endless chattings
Enjoyed itself with propriety at the dear glow of the hearth.



ADOLF LAHN



“Wie hier auf Erden, keine Stätte wo,
Sein Haupt zu bergen, hab' ein Menschenkind.”¹

The reference in the original to “the second name” is obscured, if indeed intended to be made, and the translation is as unsatisfactory to the poetical critic as to the orthodox Scottish Christian. Other lines in this noble picture are equally unworthy of it.

There are two lines—one at the end of the seventh, and the other at the end of the eighth verse—which have always seemed to me to draw two of the most touching pictures in this beautiful poem, and Mr. Laun fails utterly to appreciate either the pathetic solicitude of the maternal breast in the one or the mother's becoming pride in the other.

“Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake,”
he renders

“Man brauche, da er brav, sich seiner nicht zu schämen”;²
and the other—

“Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave,”
he renders diffusely again to fill up his ten lines—

“Und dann, wie thut's ihr wohl, dabei zu sehen,
Dass auch zu Jenny's Reiz der Männer Wunsche gehen.”³

Wae's me! this is poor, poor stuff indeed! Mr. Silbergleit is more fortunate in the first picture—

“Und freut sich, dass ihr Kind an keinem Wildling hang”!⁴

¹ How here on earth no places where
To hide his head, might have a child of man.

² One need not—as he is honest—be ashamed of him.

³ And then it does her good to learn thereby
That also to Jenny's charms men's desires go.

⁴ And rejoices 'tis to no rake that her child is attached.

In the second case, although, as usual, less diffuse, he is as little happy as Mr. Laun.

“Sie freut sich, dass er liebt und ehret auch ihr Kind.”¹
is poor indeed for Burns’s expressive line—

“Weel-pleas’d to think her bairn’s respected like the lave.”

The only other instance to which I will refer as seemingly carelessly given is the rendering of

“The youngling cottagers retire to rest:”

which is very obscure in Mr Silbergleit’s version—

“Bald schläft erfrischend tief das junge Blut,”²

and is much inferior to Mr. Laun’s faithful and pretty rendering—

“Zur Ruhe geht der jungen Kinder Schaar.”³

On the other hand, many of Mr. Silbergleit’s renderings are more faithful than those of Mr. Laun. The picture drawn in the fourth verse, beginning

“Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,”

is much more truly and pleasingly reproduced, and the picture in the nineteenth verse, especially the two lines

“Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
‘An honest man’s the noblest work of God,’”

is more effective and true in

“Ein Königswort nur ist ein Furst, ein Lord,
Des Schöpfers Meisterwerk ein Ehrenmann,”⁴

¹ She rejoices that he loves and respects her child also.

² Soon the young blood sleeps refreshingly deep.

³ The young children band go (now) to rest.

⁴ A king’s word only is a prince, a lord,
The Creator’s masterpiece—an honest man.

than in those lines we complained of above, and indeed are, like some of this translator's work, difficult to surpass. Many of the verses in both translations are very fine, and to enable the reader to compare them, they are both given here.

SAMSTAG ABEND IM DORFE.

L. G. SILBERGLEIT.

Es weht ein schneidend kalter Abendwind.
 Wie bald zu End' ist ein Novembertag.
 Vom Acker kommen müde Gaul und Rind.
 Der Krähen schwarzer Zug fliegt hin zum Haag.
 Der müde Dörfler heimwärts eilen mag.
 Auf seiner Schulter liegt des Werkzeugs Last
 Nach einer Woche Müh', nach manchem Schlag,
 Denn Morgen ist des Herren Tag, ist Rast,
 Drum heimwärts durch den Moor mit froh bedächt'ger Hast.

Bald ist er an der Hütte angelangt,
 Dort nah dem alten, schattenreichen Baum,
 Kleinvolk erwartungsvoll schon rennt und wankt
 Entgegen, kann ihn ja erwarten kaum,
 Bald zerret es an seines Rockes Saum.
 Das Haus so heimlich, lieber Frauenblick,
 Der Herd, hellröthend all' den kleinen Raum,
 Das ist sein Wochenlohn, das ist sein Glück.
 Kaum denkt er an die Müh', die Sorgen all' zuruck.

Einkehren auch die ält'ren Kinder bald
 Im Dienst auf andren Höfen noch zur Zeit,
 Am Pfluge, auf der Weide und im Wald,
 Zu einem Gange immer dienstbereit.
 Die älteste ist Jenny, eine Maid
 Zur holden Jungfrau aufgewachsen schon.
 Sie zeigt vielleicht ein nagelneues Kleid,
 Giebt gern den schwer verdienten Wochenlohn
 Für ihre Eltern her, wenn schlimme Tage drohn.

Man grüßet sich mit Bruder-Schwestergruss,
 Befragt sich freundlich nach dem Wohlergehn.

Die Zeit entweicht auf schnellem, frohem Fuss ;
 Denn man erzählt, was Neues ist geschehn.
 Der Eltern Aug' wähnt süss getäuscht zu sehn,
 Was wol den Kindern einst beschieden sei.
 Die Mutter schafft mit Scheer und Nadel schön,
 Macht Alterthümer scheinen schier wie neu.
 Der Vater mahnt. Man lauscht mit achtungsvoller Scheu.

Die jungen Burschen lehrt er alle Zeit :
 Dem Herrn, der Herrin folgt von Herzen gern.
 Mit Kopf und Hand frisch bei der Arbeit seid
 Und tändelt nie, ist auch der Meister fern.
 Denkt immer auch, ihr dient dem ew'gen Herrn
 Und achtet Tag und Nacht auf Ehr' und Pflicht,
 Dass der Versucher stets euch bleibe fern,
 Erflehet euch vom Himmel Gnad' und Licht.
 Wer Gott nur suchet recht, der sucht vergebens nicht.

Nun horch ein leises Klopfen an dem Thor.
 Wer's ist, hat Jenny schon voraus gewusst.
 Ein Nachbarbursch kam mit ihr durch den Moor,
 Begleitete auf einem Gang sie just.
 So spricht sie, und die Mutter sieht mit Lust
 Und Leid den Glanz in Jenny's Aug' und Wang ;
 Frägt, wie er heiss', mit sorgenvoller Brust,
 Hört Einen nennen dann, verschämt und bang,
 Und freut sich, dass ihr Kind an keinem Wildling hang'.

Mit liebem Willkomm lässt ihn Jenny ein,
 Der Mutter auch der schmucke Bursch gefällt.
 Willkommen scheint er Allen hier zu sein.
 Der Vater spricht mit ihm von Vieh und Feld.
 Das junge Herz vor Freude sich kaum hält,
 Von stiller Seligkeit schier überrinnt.
 Längst weiss die kluge Mutter, wem es gelt,
 Warum der Bursche zaget so und sinnt.
 Sie freut sich, dass er liebt und ehret auch ihr Kind.

O solche Liebe, seltner goldner Fund.
 O Herzenslust, Schatz unberechenbar,

Der schönste Segen auf dem Erdenrund
Erfahrung und Gewissen lehren klar :
Wenn je ein Himmelstrank gegönnt wo war,
Als Herzenslabe in der Erdenpein,
Geschah es, wo ein glücklich liebend Paar
In wunderbar endlosen Plauderein
Sich sittsam freute an des Herdes traurem Schein.

Wer, dessen Auge auch nach oben schaut,
Wer, der nicht bar ist aller Ehr' und Lieb',
Wer kann mit list'ger Lockung Schlangenlaut
Der Unschuld nahen wie ein nächt'ger Dieb.
Fluch über Eitelkeit und wüsten Trieb.
Fluch über jeden Gecken ohne Scham,
Den Gecken, dem Verstand genug nicht blieb,
Dass er sich jemals tief zu Herzen nahm
Der Jungfrau Untergang, der Eltern herben Gram.

Nun krönt den schlichten Tisch ein Abendmahl.
Man liebet hier heilsamen Haferbrei,
Und Milch dazu. Gering wol ist die Wahl,
Gesundheit, Frohsinn Würze sind dabei.
Die Hausfrau bringt herzu heut Mancherlei,
Auch langgesparten schönen Käse schau.
Der Bursch gedrängt rühmt oft, wie gut er sei.
Und es erzählt die wirthlich muntre Frau :
Ein Jahr alt war der Käs', als noch der Flachs war blau.

Der Landmann speist gemessen still und froh.
Der Kreis hat sich dem Herde zugekehrt.
Der Patriarch mit Würde öffnet wo
Die Bibel, die dem Vater schon gehört.
Zu preisen Gott, der seine Kinder nährt,
Die alte tiefgefurchte Stirn entblösst,
Mit Worten, die einst Zion hat gehört,
Mit einem Psalme, der da stärk' und tröst'.
Nun lobet Gott, ruft er, in Andacht aufgelöst.

Der priestergleiche Vater liest die Schrift,
Wie Abraham von Gott geliebet war,

Wie Moses Heldenschlachtruf ewig trifft
 Verworfener Amalekiter Schaar.
 Wie einst ein König Held und Sänger war,
 Der Gott geklaget reuevoll und bang ;
 Wie Hiob elend war und trostlos gar ;
 Jesajahs mahnenden Prophetensang,
 Und andre Seher viel mit hohem heil'gen Klang.

Er liest vielleicht der Christen Botschaft froh,
 Wie schuldlos Blut für schuld'ge Seelen rinnt ;
 Wie hier auf Erden keine Stätte wo,
 Sein Haupt zu bergen, hab' ein Menschenkind.
 Wie jene Jünger heldengleich gesinnt
 Die Botschaft tragen über See und Land ;
 Wie er, der sich gebannt auf Patmos find',
 Den Engel sah, der in der Sonne stand,
 Und Babels Spruch vernehm' von Gott herabgesandt.

Zum ew'gen Himmelskönig auf den Knie'n
 Der Priester, Vater und der Gatte fleht.
 Auf Schwingen froher Hoffnung trägt es ihn
 Zum Licht, das einst auf ewig ihm aufgeht,
 Wo er die Seinen finde früh und spät,
 Da wo kein Klagen ist, kein Kummer mehr,
 Wo aller Wahrheit selig Banner weht,
 Für immer fällt des Knechtes Kette schwer,
 Und ewig walten Fried' und Freiheit, Liebe hehr.

Wie arm dagegen ist der Kirchen Pracht,
 Wo man nach Kunst und Brauch den Schöpfer preist,
 Wo laut wird von der Menge dargebracht
 Der Andacht Angesicht und nicht ihr Geist.
 Solch Beten Gott erzürnet von sich weist,
 Trotz hellem Sang und langen Litanei'n.
 In Seelen schlicht, in niedre Hütten meist
 Kehrt wahre Andacht gottgefällig ein
 Und in des Lebens Buch schreibt Gott die Armen ein.

Dann heimwärts Jeder seines Weges geht.
 Bald schläft erfrischend tief das junge Blut.

Das Elternpaar zuvor noch einmal fleht,
Dass ihre Kinder glücklich sei'n und gut.
Dass Er, der gütig speist der Raben Brut,
Die Lilien hüllt in Pracht und Herrlichkeit,
Dass Er, wie es am Besten ihnen thut,
Die Kinder stets allgütig speis' und kleid',
Und ihnen Herz und Sinn erleuchte alle Zeit.

Solch niedres Dach birgt unsres Landes Hort,
Den Fleiss, die Sitte und den Heeresbann.
Ein Königswort nur ist ein Fürst, ein Lord ;
Des Schöpfers Meisterwerk ein Ehrenmann.
In dem, was Kraft und Tugend wirken kann,
Der Niedre manchen Sieg davon schon trug.
Wer sieht für Gold, was gleisset, heut noch an.
Manch Ehrenkleid hüllt Schande ein und Trug,
Stark für das Böse nur, in Höllenkünsten klug.

Mein Vaterland, mein theures Heimathsland,
Dir sei mein heissestes Gebet geweiht :
Dass deines Sämanns, deines Pflügers Hand
Erstark' in Frieden und Zufriedenheit,
Geschützt vor feiger, schwacher Ueppigkeit,
Dass deine Niedren, stark und edel all,
Wann Kron' und Krönlein enden ihre Zeit,
Lang schirmen noch nach jenem jähen Fall
Dies vielgeliebte Land wol wie ein Feuerwall.

Der du des Landes Streiter stählst mit Muth,
Wie Helden furchtlos, was auch stürmt und droht,
Zum frohen Siegen gegen Drängerwuth,
Zum frohen Sterben in dem Schlachtenroth.
Dich nennet seinen Gott der Patriot,
Begeistrer, Freund und Schirmherr für und für.
Schütz' unsre Heimath in Gefahr und Noth,
Gieb sel'ge Sängere, hohe Helden ihr,
Ein lichtiges Diadem, des Hauptes Hort und Zier.

DES HUTTENBEWOHNER'S SAMSTAG ABEND.

ADOLF LAUN.

Verehrter Freund, den Alles liebt und achtet,
 Ich bringe Dir kein feiles Loblied dar,
 Nach Gunst und Vortheil hab' ich nie getrachtet,
 Wenn nur mein Lohn des Freundes Achtung war ;
 Lass singen mich in einfach schott'schen Weisen
 Den niedren Pfad im engen Lebensthal,
 Auf dem das Landvolk wallt in ebenen Gleisen
 Mit festem Sinn und frei von Sünd' und Qual ;
 Wär Aiken unter'm Hüttendach geboren,
 Ihm wär', ob unberühmt, ein schöner Loos erkoren.—

Kalt bläst November in den kahlen Wäldern,
 Der kurze Wintertag geht früh zur Ruh,
 Das Vieh kommt langsam, blökend von den Feldern,
 Die schwarzen Krähen fliehn dem Holze zu,
 Der Landmann schnt sich nach des Heerdes Flammen,
 Er hat der Woche mühsam Werk vollbracht,
 Er stellet Harke, Schaufel, Karst zusammen,
 Gar froh, dass ihm der Samstag-Abend lacht.
 Dem Sonntag-Morgen sieht er gern entgegen
 And wandelt müde heim durch's Moor auf dunklen Wegen

Durchschritten hat er schon den kleinen Garten
 Und tritt in seine Hüttenwohnung ein,
 Die Kinder, die schon lang des Vaters warten,
 Empfangen ihn mit Jauchzen und mit Schrei'n,
 Der Hausfrau Lächeln und ihr trautes Grüssen,
 Das lust'ge Feuer, das vom Heerde blinkt,
 Der kleinste Knabe, krauelnd ihm zu Füßen,
 Der stammelnd sich um seine Kniee schlingt,
 Das Alles füllt sein Herz mit mehr Behagen,
 Als Arbeit, Müh' und Last er Wochen lang getragen.

Es nahn sich nach und nach die ält'ren Kinder,
 Der eine kommt vom Dienst im Pächtergut,
 Der andre rief vom Pflug herbei die Rinder,
 Ein dritter bringt sie in des Stalles Hut.

Auch Jenny kommt, der Eltern Augenweide,
 In ihrer Jugend voll erblühter Pracht ;
 Sie stellt sich dar in einem neuen Kleide,
 Das sie mit eig'ner, fleiss'ger Hand gemacht,
 And ist bereit, mit dem, was sie erspartet,
 Treu auszuhelfen, wo sie irgend Noth gewahret.

Wie froh sind die Geschwister, sich zu sehen,
 Wie fragt man nach des and'ren Wohl und Leid,
 Man spricht von dem und jenem, was geschehen,
 Und leichten Fluges rauscht dahin die Zeit.
 Die Eltern schau'n, als ob's schon heute wäre,
 Voll Hoffnung auf der Kinder Zukunft hin,
 Die Mutter wirkt mit Nadel und mit Scheere
 Und macht das Alte neu mit klugem Sinn,
 Der Vater horcht dem Plaudern voll Vergnügen
 Und weiss manch ernstes Wort der Lehre einzufügen.

Er mahnt die Kinder, treu das auszuführen,
 Was nach der Herrschaft Willen muss geschehn,
 Im Dienst behend zu sein und sich zu rühren,
 Und nicht zerstreut und müssig dazustehn :
 "Ihr Kinder, fürchtet Gott mitt frommem Sinne,
 Gedenket Eurer Pflichten Tag und Nacht,
 Damit Verführung nicht den Sieg gewinne,
 Die manchen schon vom rechten Pfad gebracht,
 Blickt hin auf ihn zu jeder Zeit des Lebens,
 Denn wer ihn redlich sucht, der sucht ihn nicht vergebens."

Doch horch ! ein leises Klopfen wird vernommen,
 Wer's ist, gar bald hat Jenny das gesehn :
 Ein Nachbarssohn, der über's Moor gekommen,
 Der zur Begleitung mit ihr heim will gehn,
 Die Mutter sieht die Gluth auf Jenny's Wangen,
 Der Liebe Funken, der im Auge brennt,
 Und fragt ihr Kind mit sorgenvollem Bangen,
 Woher der fremde Bursch, wie er sich nennt,
 Und lieb ist ihr's, von Jenny zu vernehmen,
 Man brauche, da er brav, sich seiner nicht zu schämen.

Die führt darauf ihn zu den andren allen,
 Ein Jüngling ist's mit frischem Angesicht,

Sie weiss gewiss, er werde nicht misfallen.—
 Dieweil von Pferd und Kuh der Vater spricht,
 Tritt schüchtern er heran, das Herz voll Bangen,
 Den Busen von der Liebe Gluth entfacht,
 Der Mutter Klugheit ist es nicht entgangen
 Was ihn so ängstlich und so schüchtern macht,
 Und dann, wie thut's ihr wohl, dabei zu sehen,
 Dass auch zu Jenny's Reiz der Männer Wünsche gehen.—

Glückseel'ge Liebe, süsSES Herzensbängen,
 O Wonne, welcher keine andre gleicht,
 Schon manchen Lebenspfad bin ich gegangen,
 Doch immer hat Erfahrung mir gezeigt :
 Wenn in des Himmels gnadenreicher Schaale
 Es einen Trank der reinsten Freude giebt,
 So beut er sie im dunklen Erdenthale
 Dem jungen Paar, das sich herzinnig liebt,
 Das ruhet unter'm blühnden Weissdornstrauche,
 Vom Abendwind umwallt mit leisem duft'gem Hauche.

Kann's einen Sterblichen hienieden geben,
 Der so verderbt und der so ruchlos ist,
 Um der Verführung künstlich Netz zu weben
 Für Jenny's reines Herz mit arger List?
 Fluch ihm, der voll von sündlichem Verlangen
 Den Eid der Lieb' und Treue brechen kann.
 Sind Ehr' und Tugend ganz dahin gegangen,
 Nimmt sich der Unschuld kein Erbarmer an,
 Weiss er der Eltern Blindheit nicht zu warnen,
 Vor schlimmen Künsten, die der Tochter Herz umgarnen?—

Schon lädt die Tafel ein zum kleinen Mahle
 Mit einem Rebhuhn, wie's dem Schotten frommt,
 Und süsSer Milch in einer irdnen Schaale,
 Die von der einz'gen Kuh im Stalle kommt.
 Die Mutter, die des Hauses Ehre wahret,
 Bringt, dass er ihrem Gast zur Labung sei,
 Den Käse, den sie sorgsam aufbewahret,
 Indem sie sich dabei verneigt, herbei,
 Er schmeckt ihm, weil sie so in ihn gedrunge,
 Und muss gestehn, ihr Werk sei trefflich ihr gelungen.

Wie nun das Mahl zu Ende, reiht im Kreise
Sich um den blanken Heerd die kleine Schaar,
Der Hausherr greift in Patriarchen Weise
Zur Bibel, die der Stolz des Vaters war.
Andächtig legt er seine Mütze nieder
Und beugt sein Haupt, vom Silberhaar umwallt,
Er wählet sorgsam aus die Sprüch' und Lieder,
Die einst durch Zions Tempel schon gehalten,
Dann spricht er: "Lasset Eure Stimm' erklingen,
Wir wollen Gott, dem Herrn, ein Dank- und Loblied singen."

Sie heben an mit kunstlosem Gesange,
Der aus des Herzens innerm Drang entsteht,
Vielleicht ist's Dundies Weis' in hellem Klange,
Der "Märtrer Lied" vielleicht, das klagt und fleht,
Vielleicht auch Elgins Sang, der ohne gleichen
Der schönste, den das fromme Schottland singt.
Italiens Triller werden nie erreichen,
Was hier so tief in unsre Seele dringt,
Mag auch das Herz dabei vor Lust erbeben,
Sie werden nimmer uns zum Ewigen erheben.

Der Vater liest der Bibel heil'ge Sagen,
Wie Abraham der Liebling Gottes war,
Wie Moses rief, den heil'gen Kampf zu wagen
Mit Amalecks gottlos verruchter Schaar,
Wie, als des Himmels Rachestrahl er fühlte,
Im Staub der königliche Sänger rang,
Wie Hiobs Brust ein wilder Schmerz durchwühlte
Und sein ergreifend Klagelied er sang.
Er liest Jesaias hoch prophet'sche Worte
Und andrer Seher Spruch und Psalm am heil'gen Orte.

Darauf im Testament des Christenthumes,
Wie Jesus dort für uns am Kreuze starb,
Wie der im Himmel thront voll ew'gen Ruhmes
Hienieden keine Ruhestatt erwarb,
Wie seine Jünger rings er ausgesendet,
Zu künden seine Lehre jedem Land,
Wie vor dem Engel lag im Staub, geblendet,
Er, der nach Patmos Küste war verbannt,

Und wie er dort des Himmels Spruch vernommen,
Dem grossen Babel sei der letzte Tag gekommen.

Dann knien sie vor dem ew'gen König nieder
Und flehn und beten zu ihm andachtsvoll,
Sie sehn—denn Hoffnung hebet ihr Gefieder—
Den Tag schon, der sie all' vereinen soll.
Einst werden sie im ew'gen Licht sich sonnen,
Wo man nicht weint, nicht seufzet schwer und bang,
Dort singen sie, durchbebt von ew'gen Wonnen,
Des Schöpfers heilig hohen Lobgesang,
In Liebe wird sich Alles dort verklären,
Dieweil der Zeiten Lauf durchrollt die ew'gen Sphären.

Wie arm dagegen ist das Schaugepränge,
Wo Religion beruht auf Kunst und Pracht,
Wohl tönen heil'ge Wort' in's Ohr der Menge,
Doch an das Herz wird nie dabei gedacht,
Der Priester Glanz und Macht ist bald geschwunden
Mit allem, was ihr hohes Ansehn leiht,
In armen Hütten nur wird noch gefunden
Des Herzens einfach wahre Frömmigkeit,
Und ihr Gebet wird unerhört nicht bleiben,
Denn in des Lebens Buch wird Gott die Armen schreiben.—

Dann lenken Alle heimwärts ihre Schritte,
Zur Ruhe geht der jungen Kinder Schaar,
Doch auf zu Gott mit Wunsch und stiller Bitte
Erhebt noch einmal sich das Elternpaar,
Dass, der die kleinen Raben nährt im Neste,
Und der die Lilien kleidet auf dem Feld,
In seiner Weisheit wählen mög' das Beste
Für ihre Kinder in dem Lauf der Welt,
Vor allem doch, dass ihr Gemüth er lenke
Und mit dem ew'gen Schatz der Gnade sie beschenke.—

Aus solchem Geist ist Schottlands Gröss' entsprungen
Das ist's was Lieb' und Ehrfurcht ihm gewann.
Die Grossen hat das Schicksal bald verschlungen,
Der Schöpfung Bestes ist ein braver Mann !

Oft auf der Tugend reinen, hohen Pfaden
 Bleibt vor der Hütte der Pallast zurück,
 Wie hat mit schwerer Last sich der beladen,
 Der in dem Glanz der Hoheit sucht sein Glück,
 Wie müht er sich umsonst, ein nichtig Leben
 Mit der Verfeinerung Kunst und Täuschung zu umweben.

O Schottland, theures Land, wo ich geboren,
 Zum Himmel geht für Dich mein heisses Flehn,
 Dein Volk, zur Arbeit auf dem Feld erkoren,
 O mög's noch lang' in Fried' und Glück bestehn,
 Es wolle Gott Dein einfach Leben schonen
 Und es bewahren vor der Ueppigkeit,
 Dann falle nur in Staub der Glanz der Kronen,
 Du bleibst doch fest und stark im Sturm der Zeit,
 Du wirst in Tugend immer Dich erheben
 Dein theures Inselland, ein Festungswall, umgeben.

O Gott, der Wallace Heldenherz entflamnte
 Zum Kampf für Freiheit und für's Vaterland,
 O Du, von dem der Todesmuth entstammte,
 Der jeder fremden Knechtschaft widerstand,
 Der Patrioten Gott, Begeistrung senken
 Woll' in ihr Herz, dass sie auf Dich stets baun,
 Woll' ihnen dort den Lohn der Tapfren schenken,
 Und nie und nie verlasse Schottlands Aun,
 Dann werden Säng'er, Krieger stets erscheinen,
 Die sich zu Schutz und Ruhm auf seinem Boden einen.

Man was Made to Mourn.

The second poem I propose to notice is "Man was Made to Mourn." This, again, has been attempted by three translators, A. Laun, Robert Bartsch, and L. G. Silbergleit. Whether it be that the tone and spirit of this sad and thoughtful poem are more in unison with the cast of thought current with the translators, or that they are

more at home with it than with a subject like "The Cottar's Saturday Night," or that it is written entirely in that pure English which Burns could command with such effect, or whether it perhaps be the result of all these, I cannot of course say, but these efforts seem the most successful of all the Poems. Indeed Bartsch seems to have attained Ruete's ideal: "Metrum, Ausdrucksweise—Ton und Stimmung des Originals getreu wiederzugeben, doch so, dass die Uebersetzung sich wie ein deutsches Gedicht liest."

Laun's translation, as a whole, is very good, but unfortunately he spoils the effect, as he frequently does, by a few weak lines. For instance, the vigorous lines of Burns,

"Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!"

rendered

"Schon in so früher Zeit
Und wanderst Du, und weinst wie ich
Schon um der Menschen Leid,"¹

are weakened, and indeed the consonance of the whole picture is spoiled by the introduction of the words, "And weepst," as it is felt the old man's pathos is truly one "too deep for tears"; whilst the two "schons" (alreadys) weaken the euphony.

Bartsch is much more faithful and striking—

"Beginnst du schon so früh
Gleich mir zu wandern, und beklagst

¹ Already in such early time
And wanderest thou and weepst like me
Already on account of man's sufferings.

Des Menschen Los voll Müh'.¹

Then

“Um Brod und Arbeit fleht”²

is weak compared with

“To give him leave to toil,”

which his brother translator renders with almost literal correctness—

“Arbeit zu geben fleht”;³

and the last two pathetic and powerful lines—

“But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!”

are very feebly rendered by Laun in

“Doch, segnet Dich, wer immer weint
Um unser Trauerloos,”⁴

and are inferior to Bartsch's reproduction—

“Doch, selige Hilfe bist du dem,
Der hier zum Leid bestimmt.”⁵

Bartsch's translation is almost perfect, although such lines as

“Und eines Abends wandernd, ich
Zog hin am Strand des Ayr,”⁶

¹ Already, too soon thou art begun
Like me to wander, and dost mourn
Man's fate full of misery.

² Begs for bread and work.

³ Begs to give him work.

⁴ But he blesses thee, who always weeps
On account of our lot of mourning.

⁵ But a blessed help art thou to him
Who here appointed is to suffering.

⁶ And one evening, wandering, I
Went along the banks of Ayr.

could have attained to the literal precision of the original by being rendered

“Und eines Abends wandert’ ich
Allein, am Strand des Ayr.”

Mr. Silbergleit’s version is more of an imitation than a translation.

“When chill November’s surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,”

he renders

“Einst ging ich an dem Bache hin
Am Abend trüb’ und kalt,
Im späten Herbst, wann öde ist
Die Wiese und der Wald.”¹

The following well-known verse is a fair example of the freedom of this author’s translation.

“Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood’s active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want—Oh ! ill-match’d pair !
Show Man was made to mourn,

is rendered

“Die Jugend hat wol frohen Sinn,
Die Mannheit ungeschwächt,
Sie freuet nützlich und geehrt
An Würde sich und Recht,

¹Once I went along the brook
On a dull, cold evening
In late Autumn, when barren is
The meadow and the forest.

Am Lebensabend aber hört'
 Ihr tönen ein Geläut
 Das hallet matt, das hallet bang
 Dies Erdenloos ist Leid."¹

This is poor enough, but, on the other hand, some verses are well rendered, such as the last—

“O Death! the poor man’s dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But, oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn.”

He gives

“O Tod, der Armen sichrer Freund,
 Der liebste, beste du,
 Willkommen, wenn dem müden Leib
 Du bringest ew’ge Ruh’.
 Dich fürchtet, wer durch’s Leben fliegt
 In Fülle und in Freud’,
 Ersehnet nahst du ihm, der müd’
 Erliegt dem Erdenleid.”²

Though this is somewhat better, the defects of the whole

¹ Youth has its joyful feeling, unweakened manhood
 Rejoices, being useful and honoured, in dignity and right.
 But in the evening of life you hear a peal sound
 That clangs languidly, that clangs anxiously—the fate of earth is
 suffering.

² O Death! the sure friend of the poor,
 The dearest, best, art thou;
 Welcome when to the weary body
 Thou bring’st eternal rest.
 He fears thee, who flies through life
 In fulness and in joy;
 Longed for, thou approachest him, who weary,
 Surrenders to life’s suffering.

are too numerous and serious to allow the version to be classed as a good translation.

The defects, however, of Bartsch's and Laun's translations are small, and the reader can compare their relative beauties.

TRAUERN IST DER MENSCHEN LOOS.

ADOLF LAUN.

Als des Novembers rauher Wind
Entblösste Flur und Hain,
Ging ich hinab des Air Strand
Am Abend ganz allein ;
Da ward ich einen müden Greis
Mit schwankem Schritt gewahr,
Vom Alter war die Stirn gefurcht,
Und weiss sein wallend Haar.

O Fremdling, wohin wanderst Du?
So klang des Greisen Wort,
Treibt Dich der Jugend heisser Drang,
Der Durst nach Gold Dich fort?
Vielleicht bedrückt Dich Sorg und Gram
Schon in so früher Zeit,
Und wanderst Du und weinst wie ich
Schon um der Menschen Leid.

Die Sonne, welche dort das Moor
Bestrahlt mit blässerem Schein,
Wo Tausende im Herrendienst
Sich harter Arbeit weihn,
Sie tauchte achtzig Mal für mich
Schon aus der Fluthen Schooss,
Und immer hat sie mir gezeigt,
Dass Trauer unser Loos.

So lang des Lebens Lenz Dir blüht
Vergeudest Du die Zeit,
Und nutzest nicht die frische Kraft,
Die Dir die Jugend leiht.

Wie ist in Dir der Thorheit Macht,
Der Leidenschaft so gross,
Und kündet als Naturgesetz,
Dass Trauer unser Loos.

Blick nicht nur auf die Jugend hin
Und auf des Mannes Kraft,
Er kann der Menschheit nützlich sein,
So lang er wirkt und schafft,
Blick auf den Greis am Lebensziel,
Der elend, arm und bloss,
Die Noth zeigt und das Alter Dir,
Dass Trauer unser Loos.

Zwar hier und dort durch Schicksals Gunst
Lebt einer sorgenfrei,
Doch glaube nicht, wie gross und reich,
Dass er auch glücklich sei.
In jedem Lande ist die Zahl
Der Schwerbedrängten gross,
Die Last des Lebens lehret Dich,
Dass Trauer unser Loos.

Schlimm sind die Uebel, die der Mensch
Von der Natur empfängt,
Doch schlimmer, die er selbst sich schafft,
Von Reu und Angst bedrängt.
Der Mensch, auf den der Himmel blickt,
So liebevoll und gross,
Verschuldet durch Unmenschlichkeit,
Dass Trauer unser Loos.

Sieh, wie der Arme dort in Noth
Und Kummer fast vergeht,
Und zu dem ird'schen Bruder heiss
Um Brod und Arbeit flicht,
Und wie ihn dieser, ist auch er
Doch nur ein Erdenkloss,
Mit Weib und Kind verstösst und zeigt,
Dass Trauer unser Loos.

Bin ich von der Natur bestimmt,
 Der Knecht des Herrn zu sein,
 Warum denn goss der Freiheit Trieb
 Sie in mein Herz hinein?
 Wo nicht, warum denn stellt sie mich
 Dem Hohn des Grossen bloss.
 Wie hat er Will' und Macht dazu,
 Dass Trauer unser Loos?

Doch lasse nicht Dein junges Herz
 Zu sehr dem Schmerz sich weihn,
 Denn dies wird nicht der letzte Spruch
 Des Menschenschicksals sein.
 Gott liesse nicht den braven Mann
 Hienieden arm und bloss,
 Wär ihm nicht ein Ersatz bestimmt
 Für dieses Trauerloos.

O Tod, des Armen letzter Trost,
 Sein bester Freund bist Du,
 Willkommne Stunde, wo Du mich,
 Den Alten, führst zur Ruh!
 Der Reiche sieht bestürzt Dich nahn
 Und bebt im Freudenschooss,
 Doch segnet Dich, wer immer weint
 Um unser Trauerloos.

WIR SIND ZUM LEID BESTIMMT.

ROBERT BARTSCH.

Als des Novembers kalter Wind
 Macht' Au'n und Wälder leer,
 Und eines Abends wandernd ich
 Zog hin am Strand des Ayr,
 Sah ich, von Sorgen tief gebeugt,
 Müd' schreitend einen Greis,
 Gefurcht von Jahren seine Stirn,
 Sein Haar wie Silber weiss.

“Wohin, o Jüngling, wanderst du?”
 Begann der würdige Mann,

“Lenkt deinen Schritt der Jugend Lust,
Treibt Durst nach Geld ihn an?
Wie, oder schmerz- und sorgenvoll
Beginnst du schon so früh
Gleich mir zu wandern, und beklagst
Des Menschen Los voll Müh’?”

“Die Sonne, die ob jenem Moor
So weit entstrahlt ihr Glühn,
Wo in dem Dienst des stolzen Herrn
Sich hundert Hände mühn,
Ich sah sie achtzig Jahre lang,
Wie sie die Höhn erklimmt,
Und jedes lehrte mich aufs neu’ :
Wir sind zum Leid bestimmt.

“O Mann, solange’ du jung, wie sehr
Vergeudest du das Heut’,
Missbrauchst kostbare Stunden, die
Der Lenz der Jugend beut.
Thorheiten lenken wechselnd dich,
Manch wilder Trieb entglimmt,
Bekräftigend das Naturgesetz :
Wir sind zum Leid bestimmt.

“Sieh nicht nur auf der Jugend Lenz,
Des Mannes thätige Kraft,
Die dem Geschlecht der Menschen nützt,
Indem sie tüchtig schafft :
Nein ! wenn er müd’ und sorgenschwer
Des Lebens Rand erklimmt,
Alter und Mangel lehren dich :
Wir sind zum Leid bestimmt.

“Zwar wenige Günstlinge des Glücks
Hegt in dem Schoss die Lust ;
Doch jeder Reiche, glaub’ es, trägt
Nicht Glück in seiner Brust.
Doch wieviel sind in jedem Land,
Von Sorg’ und Gram gekrümmt !

Das schwere Leben lehrt dich eins :
Wir sind zum Leid bestimmt.

“Zahllos in unsern Körper wob
Natur schon Stoff zum Gram,
Und tausend andern gibt uns Reu',
Gewissensbiss und Scham.
Den Menschen, des erhobnen Aug'
Im Glanz der Liebe schwimmt,
Hat, menschenquälend, Menschensinn
Endlosem Leid bestimmt.

“Sieh jenen abgehärmten Wicht,
Verstossen und verschmäht,
Der einen Erdenbruder ihm
Arbeit zu geben fleht,
Und seinen stolzen Mitwurm, der
Mit Hohn das Flehn vernimmt,
Nicht denkend, dass ihm Weib und Kind
Daheim in Thränen schwimmt.

“Hat mich zu seinem Knecht bestimmt
Natur, die alles lenkt,
Warum ward dann ein freier Will'
In meine Brust gesenkt ?
Wenn nicht, warum muss dulden ich,
Wenn er im Hohn ergrimmt ?
Dass Mensch den Menschen leiden macht,
Warum ward das bestimmt ?

“Doch grab' in deine junge Brust
Dies nicht zu tief sich ein ;
Denn dieser Blick aufs Menschenlos
Wird nicht der letzte sein.
Der arme, vielgequälte Mann
Wär' nicht zum Sein bestimmt,
Gäb's zum Ersatz nicht einen Trost,
Den auch sein Ohr vernimmt.

“O Tod ! des Armen bester Freund,
Sein treuster Tröster du,

Gegrüsst die Stunde, wo du mich
 Bejahrten führst zur Ruh' !
 Der Reiche fürchte deinen Schlag,
 Der Glück und Lust ihm nimmt ;
 Doch selige Hilfe bist du dem,
 Der hier zum Leid bestimmt !”

The Jolly Beggars.

This work shows most strongly the poet's versatility, power, and keenness of observation. We find ourselves indeed in a new atmosphere ; we have here the one dramatic production which Burns accomplished, and it is perhaps the only work which would justify one in venturing to compare him with Shakespeare. It is therefore a matter of regret that it seems to have been really attempted by only one German translator, E. Ruete, whose version upon the whole is a very faithful reproduction, although it is marred by a few weak renderings, and by some instances where the translator has clearly missed the *meaning*, as well as the naïveté and force of the poet ; for instance,

“ He ended ; and the kebars sheuk
 Aboon the chorus roar ;
 While frighted rattons backward leuk,
 And seek the benmost bore,”

is feebly interpreted by

“ Laut schrie der Chor, wie's Liedlein aus,
 Dass bebte jede Wand,
 'Ne Ratte hier und dort 'ne Maus
 Erschrocken flugs verschwand.”¹

¹Loud shouted the chorus, as the ditty ended,
 So that each wall shook ;
 And here a rat, and there a mouse,
 Frightened, vanished quickly.

Instances where he misses the point and meaning of Burns occur more frequently.

“Mein Alter, der war ein Husar seiner Zeit,”¹

fails to convey the naïve meaning of the original—

“*Some one of a troop of dragoons* was my daddie.”

Then in

“Mit Spässen möcht’ ein würd’ger Herr”²

he misses the sarcasm on the clergy which Burns conveys in

“Observed ye yon *reverend* lad
Mak’ faces to tickle the mob?”

whilst

“Und jeden Kniff und Pfiff verstand,”³

serves but as an admission by the translator that the original,

“And had in mony a well been douked,”

is beyond his power.

One can forgive him for translating

“With his philibeg an’ tartan plaid”

by

“Wenn er im Plaid, dem bunten, ging”;⁴

for making “A raucle carlin” “Ein strammes Weib,”⁵ and “lowan drouth” “Durstiger Schlund,”⁶ because German equivalents to the expressive Scottish words could not be found; but it is scarcely worthy of Mr. Ruete to render

¹ My father, who was an Hussar in his day.

² With jokes a worthy gentleman would like.

³ And understood every trick and knack.

⁴ When he went in checkered plaid.

⁵ A sturdy quean.

⁶ A thirsty throat.



Edmund Roste

“And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return ;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on my John Highlandman,”

by

“Nun traur' ich arme Wittwe sehr ;
Und kommt kein süsser Schatz daher,
Dann ist mir alle Freud' entflohn
Mit meinem schmucken Hochlandsohn.”¹

Mr. Ruete leaves this worthy widow without *any* comfort whatever ; according to Burns, she positively avers she has *one* at least. Then he gives an entirely incorrect translation of

“We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,”

by

“Am Tweed war unser Heimort.”²

This is the very reverse of what Burns says, and of what every one knows to be the habits of such wanderers. These, however, are matters which could easily be corrected in another edition, and I only refer to them as small defects of a really good translation, considering the enormous difficulty of reproducing such a piece, with its general versatility, changing metre, rapid transition of ideas, and powerful idiom smacking so strongly of the soil and of the time ; all of which Mr. Ruete has tried faithfully to follow.

¹ Now, a poor widow, I mourn sore,
And if there comes no sweet treasure (sweetheart),
Then all joy is fled from me
With my smart Highlandman.

² By Tweed was our home.

DIE LUSTIGEN BETTLER.

E. RUETE.

RECITATIV.

Wenn fahles Laub am Boden liegt,
 Das dunkelnd durch die Lüfte fliegt,
 So oft der Nordsturm pfeift
 Wenn dichter Hagel klatschend fällt,
 Im jungen Frost erstarrt die Welt,
 Weissglitzernd und bereift ;
 Dann fand zur Nacht mit lautem Schrei'n
 Ein fahrend Volk von Schächern
 In Poosie Nansies Krug sich ein,
 Den Bettel zu verbechern.
 Sie zechten und lachten,
 Kein Lärmen war verwehrt,
 Sie sprangen, dass klangen
 Die Pfannen auf dem Herd.

In roten Lumpen sass am Feuer
 Ein Kerl, dem war der Brotsack heuer
 Und Schnappsack wohlgespickt ;
 Von Branntwein und von Decken warm
 Lag seine Liebste ihm im Arm,
 Die ihrem Krieger nickt.
 Und immer gab er ihr zur Stund'
 'nen Kuss als Liebespfand,
 Sie hielt ihm hin den gier'gen Mund
 Just wie 'ne hohle Hand.
 Er schmatzte, als klatschte
 Ein Peitschenhieb herab,
 Dann stolpernd und polternd
 Schrie er dies Liedlein ab :

ARIE.

Ich bin halt ein Soldat, der manchen Kriegsdienst that
 Und viele Narben hat, so breit und so lang :
Die kriegt' ich für 'nen Kuss, vom Franzmann jenen Schuss
 Als lust'gen Willkommgruss, da die Trommel erklang.

Noch wusst' ich nicht gar viel vom blut'gen Würfelspiel,
 Als Wolfe, mein Feldherr, fiel und Quebeck errang ;
 Die Veste Moro dann als ausgedienter Mann
 Im Sturm ich mitgewann, da die Trommel erklang.

Bei Gibraltar zuletzt hab' die Spanier ich gehetzt,
 Da ward mein Bein zerfetzt, da verlor ich den Arm ;
 Doch braucht mein König mich und führt Elliot uns zum Sieg,
 Dann folg' als Stelzfuss ich der Trommel im Schwarm.

Ein Krüppel anzuseh'n muss ich jetzt betteln geh'n,
 Im Wind die Lumpen weh'n und wärmen nicht mehr ;
 Hab' doch zum Glück genug ; 'nen Sack, 'ne Dirn und 'nen Krug,
 Bin froh wie da ich schlug die Trommel im Heer.

Oft ward mein Harr zerzaust vom Sturm, der mich umbraust,
 Wenn einsam ich gehaust zwischen Felsen im Wald ;
 Ist hin auch aller Tand, den Becher in der Hand
 Halt' ich der Hölle stand, wenn die Trommel erschallt !

RECITATIV.

Laut schrie der Chor, wie's Liedlein aus,
 Dass bebte jede Wand,
 'ne Ratte hier und dort 'ne Maus
 Erschrocken flugs verschwand.

Ein kleiner Fiedler rief Hurra !
 Da capo ! immerzu ;
 Aufsprang des Kriegers Täubchen da
 Und schaffte wieder Ruh'.

ARIE.

Einst war ich 'ne Jungfer, doch weiss ich nicht wann,
 Und noch immer ergötzt mich ein artiger Mann ;
 Mein Alter, der war ein Husar seiner Zeit,
 Drum hab' ich am Krieger noch stets meine Freud'.

Mein Erster war einer, der prahlte nicht schlecht,
 Die Trommel, die schlug er mit Macht im Gefecht ;
 Sein Bein war so stramm, seine Backe so rot,
 Ich liebte den Krieger auf Leben und 'Tod.

Doch als dann der fromme Kaplan mich begehrt,
 Verliess ich aus Liebe zur Kirche das Schwert ;
 Er wagte die Seele und ich nur den Leib,
 Da verriet dich, mein Krieger, dein treuloses Weib.

Bald ward mir zuwider der heilige Mann,
 Das Heer insgesamt ich zum Eh'mann gewann ;
 Ob hoch oder niedrig, ich liess ihn herein,
 Doch ein Krieger, ein Krieger, das musst' er halt sein.

Doch der Friede, der zwang mich zu betteln um Brot,
 Da traf mich mein erster und half aus der Not ;
 Seine Lumpen, die bunten, die flatterten fröhlich,
 Mein Krieger, der machte mein Herz wieder selig.

Nun hab' ich gelebt, ich weiss nicht wie lang' ;
 Hab' immer noch Kräfte zum Trunk und zum Sang ;
 Doch solang' ich den Becher noch festhalten kann,
 Bring' dir ich ein Hoch, du mein Kriegsheld und Mann !

RECITATIV.

Hanswurst sass mit 'ner Klempnermaid
 Abseits vergnügt beim Zechen,
 Zum Singen hatten die nicht Zeit,
 So viel gab's da zu sprechen.

Zuletzt sprang taumelnd er vom Platz,
 Von Bier und Liebe trunken,
 Gab seinem Mäd'el noch 'nen Schmatz,
 Hat ernsthaft dann gesungen :

ARIE.

Herr Schlaukopf ist bezechet ein Narr,
 Herr Spitzbub' ein Narr vor Gericht ;
 Doch ich bin von Beruf ein Narr,
 Ein Pfuscher wie die bin ich nicht.

Grossmutter kaufte mir ein Buch,
 Da trollt' ich zur Schule mich hin ;
 Der Streich war wahrlich dumm genug,
 Ich war halt der Narr, der ich bin.

Mein Leben liess' ich für 'nen Trunk,
 Stets lauf' ich den Mägdelein nach ;
 Verdient das wohl Verwunderung,
 Da Klugheit von je mir gebrach ?

Einst band man mich wie 'nen wilden Stier,
 Weil ich mich beim Zechen erboste ;
 Einst wies man mir die Kirchentür,
 Nur weil ich ein Mädcl lieb koste.

Hanswurst, der spielt und springt für Geld,
 Der werde von niemand verlacht :
 Ein Spieler, hat man mir erzählt,
 Ward ja zum Minister gemacht.

Mit Spässen möcht' ein würd'ger Herr
 Den Beifall der Menge erwerben,
 Der zürnt uns lust'gen Gauklern schwer,
 Weil wir das Geschäft ihm verderben.

Und nun komm' ich zum Schluss fürwahr
 Ich hab' einen riesigen Durst :
 Der Kerl, der für sich selbst ein Narr,
 Ist närrischer noch als Hanswurst !

RECITATIV.

Dann kam ein strammes Weib zum Worte,
 Das schon manch Geldstück sich erschnorrte,
 Schon manche Börse schlau entwand
 Und jeden Kniff und Pfiff verstand.
 Ihr Liebster war ein Hochlandsohn,
 Doch baumelt' er am Galgen schon !
 Mit Seufzen, Schluchzen, Händeringen
 Begann sie so ihn zu besingen :

ARIE.

Vom Hochland kam mein Leibster her,
 Des Tieflands Satzung spottet' er,
 Treu seinem Clan als Knabe schon,
 Mein tapfrer, schmucker Hochlandsohn.

CHOR.

Singt : Hei mein schmucker Hochlandsohn !
 Singt : Ha mein schmucker Hochlandsohn !
 Jedwedem Burschen sprach er Hohn
 Und hielt er stand, mein Hochlandsohn.

Wenn er im Plaid, dem bunten, ging
 Und ihm sein Schwert zur Seite hing,
 Ward mancher Liebesblick zum Lohn
 Dem tapfern, schmucken Hochlandsohn.

Am Tweed war unser Heimatort,
 Wir lebten froh wie Fürsten dort ;
 Nie schreckte eines Feindes Droh'n
 Den tapfern, schmucken Hochlandsohn.

Sie bannten weit ihn übers Meer,
 Doch eh' der Baum von Knospen schwer,
 Vergoss ich Freudenthränen schon
 Und küsste meinen Hochlandsohn.

Doch ach ! er ward gefasst zuletzt
 Und in dem Kerker festgesetzt ;
 Fluch über sie und Schimpf und Hohn !
 Sie hängten meinen Hochlandsohn.

Nun traur' ich arme Witwe sehr ;
 Und kommt kein süsser Schatz daher,
 Dann ist mir alle Freud' entflo'h'n
 Mit meinem schmucken Hochlandsohn.

RECITATIV.

Da schaut' ein kleiner Fiedelmann,
 Der wandernd sich sein Brot gewann,
 Der Dame volle Hüfte an—
 Er war nicht höh'r—
 Zu hämmern ihm das Herz begann,
 Er seufzte schwer.

Er legt' aufs Herz die kleine Hand,
 Leis summend blickt er unverwandt

Empor, bis er ein Liedlein fand,
Der Zwergapollo,
Dann hub er an, von Lieb' entbrannt,
Sein Geigensolo :

ARIE.

Lass trocknen mich die Thräne dir
Und folge mir, du schönste Zier,
Und sing' trotz Leid und Not mit mir :
Nun freuet euch des Lebens !

CHOR.

Ich bin ein lust'ger Fiedelmann,
Der Mädchen Gunst ich stets gewann,
Hub ich einmal zu spielen an :
Nun freuet euch des Lebens !

Auf Märkten und beim Hochzeitsschmaus,
Da leben wir in Saus und Braus
Und lachen Not und Tod selbst aus
Und freuen uns des Lebens.

So selig woll'n wir beide sein
Und dehnen uns im Sonnenschein
Und singen, wann du willst, zu zwei'n :
Nun freuet euch des Lebens !

Wenn ich als dein glücksel'ger Mann
Auf meiner Geige kratzen kann,
Ficht Hunger mich und Frost nicht an,
Dann freu' ich mich des Lebens?

RECITATIV.

Von ihrem Reiz bezaubert ward
Ein Klempner, wie der Fiedler,
Der packt den Spielmann derb am Bart,
'nen rost'gen Degen zieht er
Und schwört mit einem grimmen Eid :
" Durchs Schwert sollst du verscheiden,

Bist du nicht alsogleich bereit,
 Auf ewig sie zu meiden !”
 Der arme Gauch, mit starrem Aug’,
 Fiel auf die Kniee nieder,
 Bereut die That und fleht um Gnad’—
 Da kehrt der Friede wieder.
 Doch schmerzt ihn auch sein kleines Herz,
 Als sie der Klempner küsste,
 So lacht’ er doch, als sei’s ein Scherz,
 Wie der sie so begrüßte :

ARIE.

Mein liebes Herz, ich klopfe Erz,
 Zerbroch’ne Kessel flick’ ich,
 Und weit und breit die Christenheit
 Kennt mich als sehr geschicklich.
 Für blankes Geld zog ich ins Feld
 Und suchte Ruhm und Ehre—
 Doch rief mich wer zum Flicker her,
 Entlief ich aus dem Heere.
 Dem Knirps und Wicht, dem folge nicht,
 Lass dudeln ihn und tanzen,
 Such’ einen aus im groben Flaus,
 Mit Schürze und mit Ranzen !
 Mein Bibelbuch ist dieser Krug,
 D’rauf schwör’ ich treu und bieder :
 Bist je in Not du ohne Brot,
 Trink’ ich kein Schlücklein weider !

RECITATIV.

Der Klempner siegt : die Schöne sank
 In seinen Arm zum Lohn,
 Aus Liebe theils, und theils auch trank
 Sie einen Rausch sich schon.
 Herr Violino zeigte sich
 Als ein gescheiter Mann,
 Wünscht’ ihnen Glück und neigte sich
 Und stieß mit ihnen an
 Auf ihr Wohl heut Nacht.

Doch Kobold Amor zielte jetzt
 'ner Dam' ins Herz hinein :
 Der Fiedler hat sich bass ergetzt
 Abseits mit ihr allein.
 Ihr Herr, vom Zipperlein geplagt,
 Ein fahrender Sängersmann,
 Kam humpelnd an, hat toll gelacht
 Und bot ein Liebesständchen an
 Dem Paar heut Nacht.

Der ward der Sorgen allzeit Herr,
 That manchen tiefen Trunk,
 Und drückt' ihn auch das Schicksal schwer,
 Sein Herz blieb immer jung.
 Er wünschte nichts als—froh zu sein,
 Ihn quälte nur—der Durst allein,
 Er hasste nichts als—traurig sein,
 Und so gab ihm die Muse ein
 Dies Lied heut Nacht :

ARIE.

Es hört mich nicht, es ehrt mich nicht
 Die feine Welt, trotz alledem,
 Das Volk jedoch, das hält mich hoch
 Und läuft mir nach, trotz alledem.

CHOR.

Trotz alledem und alledem
 Und noch einmal : trotz alledem ;
 Ist eine fort, steh'n zwei schon dort,
 Hab' Mädels genug trotz alledem.
 Nie war ich dort am Musenort,
 Am Helikon, trotz alledem :
 Hier strömt er hell, hier schäumt mein Quell,
 Hier trink' ich mit, trotz alledem.
 Mein Herz gehört den Frauen wert,
 Ich bin ihr Sklav, trotz alledem ;
 Doch folg' ich gern dem Wort des Herrn
 Und bin ihr Herr, trotz alledem.

In süßer Lust und Brust an Brust
 Ruh'n heut wir hier, trotz alledem ;
 Doch ward, wie's Brauch, die Glut zu Rauch,
 Dann heisst's Ade, trotz alledem.

Gar fein und schlau hat manche Frau
 Mich angeführt, trotz alledem
 Die Schönen hoch ! Ich lieb' sie doch,
 Die Mädels all' trotz alledem !

CHOR.

Trotz alledem und alledem
 Und noch einmal : trotz alledem,
 Mein bestes Blut mit frohem Mut
 Lass' ich für sie, trotz alledem !

RECITATIV.

So sang der Barde, und im Haus
 Erscholl ein donnernder Applaus
 Und ging von Mund zu Mund ;
 Sie gaben Geld und Lumpen her,
 Kaum blieb was für die Blösse mehr
 Und für den durst'gen Schlund.
 Dann wieder rief der lust'ge Chor,
 Und ward zu schrei'n nicht müd' :
 Zum Danke such' uns nun hervor
 Dein allerschönstes Lied !
 Und fröhlich und selig,
 Ein Weib in jedem Arme,
 Aufsprang er und sang er,
 Und still ward's rings im Schwarme.

ARIE.

Lustig im zerlumften Kreise
 Steigt des Punsches Dampf empor,
 Singet rings die tolle Weise
 Jubelnd alle mit im Chor !

CHOR.

Ich pfeife auf die Tugendwichte !
 Freiheit ist mein Feldgeschrei !
 Für Memmen schuf man die Gerichte,
 Kirchen für die Klerisei.

Was sind Titel? Was sind Schätze?
 Macht ein guter Ruf mich froh?
 Wenn ich leb' und mich ergetze,
 Frag' ich nimmer wie? und wo?

Keck erheucheln Leid und Schmerzen
 Wir am Tage sonder Scheu,
 Und zur Nacht in Scheunen Herzen
 Wir die Liebste auf dem Heu.

Fahren Reiche in Karossen
 Leichter wohl als wir durchs Land?
 Hat ein Eh'bett je umschlossen,
 Wonnen, die wir nicht gekannt?

Kunterbunt ist dieses Leben,
 Wie ihr's treibt, was liegt daran?
 Der mag zimpfern, zagen, beben,
 Der 'nen Ruf verlieren kann.

Hoch der Schnappsack ! Hoch der Bettel?
 Hoch der ganze Wandertross !
 Kind und Kegel, Dirn' und Vettel !
 Amen schreie Klein und Gross?

CHOR.

Ich pfeife auf die Tugendwichte !
 Freiheit ist mein Feldgeschrei !
 Für Memmen schuf man die Gerichte,
 Kirchen für die Klerisei !

Tam o' Shanter.

Let us turn to "Tam o' Shanter." This masterpiece shows Burns in one of his very finest veins. He has put into it so much of himself, so much of contemporary rustic life and feeling, such a happy hovering between the world of reality and the world of fancy, that we naturally look for the translator at his best, and expect him to put forth his highest efforts. The poem has only attracted three of our German translators: L. G. Silbergleit, A. V. Winterfeld, and E. Ruete—if indeed Silbergleit's can be called a translation. This writer preserves little of the meanings or characteristics of the piece; but prefers, instead of a translation, to offer what is really a weak imitation, although here and there it *appears* as if a translation were meant. I give a few verses as a fair example of the translation idea.

"Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!—
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light;
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;
 Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 At winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat Auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge:
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl!"

He offers—

“Heil Gerstensaft ! Heil dir Hans Gerstenkorn,
 Der Sättigung, der Kraft, des Muthes Born.
 So mächtig schäumt der Muth dem Tam im Kopfe,
 Dass er den Bösen packen könnt' am Schopfe.
 Doch sie, die Nichts getrunken hatte, Meg
 Ward scheu, als hätt' sie einen grossen Schreck,
 Bis sie von Tam ermahnt mit Faust und Fuss,
 Doch endlich hin zur hellen Kirche muss.
 Der Reiter stieg von seines Rosses Rücken,
 Um besser in die Kirche hin zu blicken.
 Da sah er einen Ball von grimmen Geistern,
 Von alten Hexen, und von Hexenmeistern.
 Es war kein Modetanz aus Frankreich, neu,
 Nur Springen, vaterländisch, mancherlei.
 Der Teufel sass auf einem Brett am Fenster
 Und machte die Musik für die Gespenster,
 Als Ziegenbock gekleidet und im Frack,
 So spielte er auf einem Dudelsack
 Viel Variationen und Etüden,
 Die muntersten der Hörer zu ermüden.”¹

¹ Hail, Barley juice ! Hail to thee, John Barleycorn !
 The fountain of satiety, of power, of courage !
 So mightily foamed the courage in Tam's head
 That he could have seized the Evil One by the nape of the neck ;
 But she—Meg—who had drunk nothing,
 Was timorous, as if she were greatly frightened,
 Until she was admonished by Tam with fist and foot,
 And forced at last forward to the church.
 The rider alighted from his horse's back
 In order to see better into the church.
 There he saw a Ball of grim ghosts,
 Of old witches and wizards.
 It was no fashionable dance new from France :
 Only leaps—fatherlandish, and of various kinds.
 The Devil sat on a board by the window
 And made music for the ghosts.
 As a he-goat clothed, and in a dress coat,
 He played upon the bagpipe
 Many variations and studies,
 To tire the most lively of the hearers.

This is the very acme of absurdity if meant in earnest for a translation of the actual poem, only exceeded perhaps by a number of outrages committed on some of the other verses ; but indeed it is evidently not intended as a serious attempt at translation. The author makes Tam ride *to* instead of *from* Ayr (although he has him sitting in Ayr before the ride). He makes Kate foretell that Tam would be fished out of a pond. The genial picture portrayed by Burns,

“The *landlord's* laugh was ready chorus,”

is omitted, and instead of *his* jovial laugh there is substituted the vulgar remark that “the *landlady* laughed herself nearly dead.” He makes Tam dismount to look into the church. He departs from the metre and distorts every picture so inimitably drawn in the original, and finally adds five doggerel verses at the end explaining that the foregoing poem was Tam’s tale, but that the real fact was, that, whilst Tam was lingering at his cups, a band of boys had pulled out Meg’s tail, hair by hair, which Tam never missed until he got home, and then invented the story to screen his own delinquencies. Well! he might have told Tam’s story properly ; or, if he wished to turn it into a weak, waggish burlesque, he ought to have indicated this in some way, and not have led those unacquainted with the poem in the original, or through other translations, to take his jocular production for a translation of this matchless piece.

Winterfeld attempts at least to treat his original seriously. He adheres to the metre, and in many cases reproduces the work with considerable fidelity, but the general result is completely spoiled by many weak lines, and by errors which the least care might have avoided. For instance,

“Und trinkt sich eine rothe Nase,”¹

¹ And drinks himself a red nose.

is a miserable rendering of

"An' getting fou and unco happy."

Then

"Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter ;
And aye the ale was growing better,"

is not only weakly, but quite incorrectly rendered. The last line has a totally wrong construction put upon it ; and, indeed, this remark might be applied to all the four lines.

"Tam liebte ihn mit glüh'den Flammen,
Acht Tage war'n sie schon beisammen,
Stets durstig wie zwei alte Fässer,
Und täglich ward das Ale noch besser."¹

Even worse, and not in good taste, does he render

"The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :
The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus,"

by

"Tam und die Wirthin wurden warm,
Er schlang um ihren Leib den Arm,
John Souter wurde immer witz'ger,
Tam und die Wirthin immer hitz'ger."²

¹Tam loved him with a glowing flame ;
They were already eight days together ;
Always thirsty like two old casks,
And *daily* the ale got better.

²Tam and the landlady grew warm,
Around her waist he threw his arm ;
John Souter became ever wittier ;
Tam and the landlady ever hotter.

The landlord is again banished from the picture, and his characteristic laugh is lost.

The pungent lines

“Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy,”

are not recognisable in

“Wohl selten war ein Mann so selig
Am Wirthshaustisch so froh und wöhlich.”¹

This shows both weakness and carelessness as compared with E. Ruete's literal rendering—

“Die Sorge sah's und rasend schier
Ersäufte sie sich flugs im Bier.”²

Then

“The deil had business on his hand,”

is wretchedly rendered by

“Dass Hexen auf den Beinen sind.”³

Whilst

“The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle”

can only by sheer carelessness be rendered

“Der Schweiz rann schon von Tammie's Stirn.”⁴

Equally careless and more absurd is

“And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!”

rendered by

“Und warfen ihre Hemden fort,—
Nun geht's daohne—auf mein Wort!”⁵

¹ A man was indeed seldom so happy
At the table of an Inn, so glad and jovial.

² Care saw it, and perfectly mad,
Drowned herself quickly in the beer.

³ That witches are on their legs.

⁴ The perspiration already ran from Tammie's brow.

⁵ And cast away their shifts,
And went on at it without them—upon my word!



Carl Gustafson

No! Mr. Winterfeld, we don't take your word! for it does not agree with that of Burns. He makes the witches show a little more decency, and you also contradict yourself in the following third line by telling the quality of that particular garment which they wore.

Mr. Ruete renders this quite literally, without difficulty,

“Da rissen sie vom Leib die Kleider
Und tanzten bloss im Hemde weiter”!¹

Mr. Winterfeld lays upon poor Nannie a crime which Burns does not add to her many delinquencies, nor even hint at, viz.,

“Macht Manchem untreu seine Frau”;²

but towards the end he seems to get helplessly mixed, and renders

“Ah, little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,”
by the inane line—

“Ah! Guten Morgen, Mutter Grannie”!³

and then mixes up Auld Nick, Nannie, and her Grannie in hopeless confusion. Instead of Tam's well-known exclamation, “Weel done, Cutty-sark!” which brought about the dénouement, Mr. Winterfeld makes him cry out, “Brav, alter Nick”! (Bravo! Auld Nick), carefully explaining by a foot note that “Auld Nick” means the Devil. It is, according to this translation, not Nannie but her dead old grandmother who pursues Tam, and pulls off Maggie's tail, which, even to those who do not know the original, cannot but seem ridiculous. I cannot on account of these grave defects and proofs of

¹Then tore off their clothes from their bodies
And danced on only in “their sarks.”

²Makes to many a one his wife unfaithful.

³Ah! good morning—Mother Grannie.

carelessness insert this version, especially as Mr. Ruete has succeeded in giving a really good rendering of this difficult poem. He fails somewhat in one or two places.

“Und nah beim Gotteshaus, am Sonntag
Lägst du im Wirthshaus bis zum Montag”¹

loses the activity of Burns’s picture—

“That at the Lord’s house, ev’n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi’ Kirkton Jean till Monday.”

It is remarkable that not one of the translators renders correctly the line

“Thou drank wi’ Kirkton Jean till Monday.”

Mr. Silbergleit gives it

“Auch mit dem Küster trinke bis zum Montag”;²

Mr. Winterfeld falls into the same error,

“Du tränkst mit Küster-Jamie bis zum Montag,”³

whilst Mr. Ruete throws overboard the whole of this aggravated offence, and, as we have seen, lays Tam drunk in the ale house. In the French translations the affair is even more ludicrously treated.

It is rather surprising to see an evidently keen observer like Ruete fall into the same error as Silbergleit and Winterfeld, and represent Tam as having dismounted at the Auld Kirk; indeed, the ending of one or two lines and other indications seem to show that Mr. Ruete must have read at least Mr. Silbergleit’s work before printing his own, and been misled accordingly. Then his line in the closing moral,

¹And near to God’s house on the Sunday
You lay in the beerhouse until Monday.

²Also with the sexton drinks till Monday.

³Thou drankest with Sexton Jamie till Monday.

“Dem rat' ich, wenn's ihn nicht verdriesst,”¹
is too weak for

“Ilk man and mother's son, take heed.”

However, these are small defects in a really good translation.

TAM O' SHANTER.

E. RUETE.

Wenn sich gemach die Läden schliessen
Und Nachbarn dürstig sich begrüßen—
Die Sonne sank, der Markt ist aus,
Die Menge wandert müd' nach Haus—
Dieweil wir um den Biertisch sitzen
Und seelenfroh uns sacht bespitzen,
Wer denkt da an die Meilenstrecken,
Die Moore, Brüche, Knicke, Hecken,
Durch die es heimzukommen gilt,
Wo uns're Alte sitzt und schilt,
Die Stirne zieht in finst're Falten
Und ihren Groll nicht lässt erkalten !

Das war's, was Tam o' Shanter dachte,
Als er von Ayr spät heimwärts jagte :
Alt-Ayr ! Es hat kein zweites Städtchen
So wack're Männer, schöne Mädchen !

O Tam ! Das war nicht wohlgethan !
Was nahmst du guten Rat nicht an ?
Oft sprach dein Weib, du seist zu locker,
Ein Schwätzer, Tagdieb, Kneipenhocker,
Hättst Scham für einen Heller nicht,
Hättst jeden Markttag dich bepicht,
Hättst du mal Korn zu Geld gemacht,
Vertränkest du's dieselbe Nacht,
Und wenn der Schmied dein Pferd beschlüge,
Gleich leertet ihr ein Dutzend Krüge,
Und nah beim Gotteshaus, am Sonntag,
Lägst du im Wirtshaus bis zum Montag !

¹ I advise him if he won't take it amiss.

Sie prophezeite, dass man bald
 Dich fänd' im Doon ganz steif und kalt,
 Auch holt' ein Spuk dich wohl bei Nacht
 Dort, wo die Geisterkirche ragt.

Ach, zarte Damen, 's ist ein Jammer,
 Wie an den Rat in stiller Kammer,
 Wie an die längsten weisen Lehren
 Der Frau'n die Männer sich nicht kehren !

Zurück zu Tam ! In einer Nacht
 Hat ihm sein Platz so recht behagt
 Dicht an dem Feu'r, das Funken sprühte,
 Bei schäum'gem Bier von selt'ner Güte
 Und ihm zur Seite Schuster Jan,
 Sein alter, durstiger Kumpan :
 Tam war er wie ein Bruder teuer,
 Seit Wochen zechten sie schon heuer.
 Die Nacht flog hin bei Sang und Toben,
 Das Bier war immer mehr zu loben :
 Die Wirtin thät an Tam sich schmiegen,
 Da gab es Wonnen, süß, verschwiegen.
 Jan tischte auf die tollsten Sachen,
 Laut scholl dazu des Wirtes Lachen,
 Wild liess der Sturm sich draussen hören,
 Doch Tam vermocht' er nicht zu stören.

Die Sorge sah's, und rasend schier
 Ersäuften sie sich flugs im Bier.
 Wie Bienen heim mit Schätzen fliegen,
 Floh'n die Minuten voll Vergnügen :
 Tam schlug als Sieger aus dem Feld
 Die Übel alle dieser Welt !

Doch ach ! Die Lust ist wie ein Mohn,
 Geflückt kaum, welkt die Blüte schon ;
 Und wie im Strom der weisse Schimmer
 Des Schnees: er fällt und schmilzt für immer ;
 Und wie der Nordlichtstrahlen Pracht,
 Die flammend zucken durch die Nacht ;

Wie Regenbogens Farbenglut,
 Hinschwindend vor der Stürme Wut.
 Wer bringt den Strom der Zeit zum Steh'n?
 Es naht die Stunde: Tam muss geh'n!
 Just um die finst're Mitternacht
 Ward ihm sein Gaul vors Thor gebracht,
 Und eine Nacht war's, wo zum Haus
 Sich keine Seele wagt hinaus.

Es blies der Wind wie toll vor Wut,
 Vom Himmel stürzte Flut auf Flut;
 Den flücht'gen Blitz die Nacht verschlang,
 Der Donner krachte laut und lang:
 In dieser Nacht, ein Kind sah's ein,
 Musst' unterwegs der Teufel sein.

Auf Grete, seiner grauen Mähr—
 'ne bess're find'st du nimmermehr—
 Hintrabte Tam durch Kot und Pfützen
 Und liess es regnen, weh'n und blitzen;
 Bald drückt' er fest die Mütz' aufs Ohr,
 Bald summt' er sich ein Liedlein vor,
 Bald späht' er um sich scharfen Blicks,
 Dass ihn kein Geist pack' hinterrücks.
 Die Kirche war nicht fern, wo Eulen
 Allnächtlich und Gespenster heulen.

Schon hatte Tam den Sumpf im Rücken,
 Darin der Krämer musst' ersticken,
 Den Steinblock auch im Birkenhag,
 Wo Peter Schnaps den Hals sich brach;
 Und durch das Dickicht ritt er mutig,
 Wo man das Kind fand tot und blutig;
 Am Baum ist er vorbeigesprengt,
 Dran Mungos Mutter sich erhängt.
 Dort vor sich hört den Doon er brausen
 Und durch den Wald den Sturmwind sausen.

Die Blitze zucken jählings, lohend,
 Die Donner grollen unheildrohend:

Da schimmert aus der Bäume Kranz
 Die Kirche her in hellem Glanz,
 Aus jeder Ritze drang der Schein,
 Der Schall von Tanzen, Jubeln, Schrei'n.

Wen du beseelst, o Gerstensaft,
 Der fühlt zu jedem Wagnis Kraft!
 Ein Gläschen Bier—weg sind die Zweifel;
 Ein echter Korn—du trotzst dem Teufel!
 Wild schäumt' in Tammies Kopf das Bier,
 Die Teufel all verlacht' er schier.
 Erstaunt war Grete steh'n geblieben,
 Bis sie, von Fuss und Hand getrieben,
 Dem Lichte nach sich setzt in Trab:
 Ei, was es da zu schauen gab!

Da tanzten Hexen sonder Scheu,
 Kein *welscher* Tanz war's, funkelneu,
 Nein Rutscher-, Ländler-, Walzerweise,
 So drehten sie sich froh im Kreise.
 Dort sass in Tiergestalt am Fenster
 Der Fürst der Geister und Gespenster,
 Ein grosser, zott'ger, schwarzer Köter
 Und spielte auf, der Schwerenöter:
 Es bebte bei dem schrillen Schalle
 Des Dudelsacks die Kirchenhalle.
 Rings sah man Sarg an Sarg gereiht
 Und Tote drin im Sterbekleid,
 In deren kalter Knochenhand
 Hat—Höllenspuk!—ein Licht gebrannt!

So kam's, dass Tam, den nichts erschreckte,
 Alsbald auf dem Altar entdeckte:
 'nen Mörder, schwer behängt mit Eisen,
 Nebst ungetauften kleinen Waisen,
 'nen Dieb, geschnitten frisch vom Strick,
 Mit off'nem Mund, verglastem Blick,
 Fünf Aexte auch, die Blut gekostet,
 Fünf Säbel, die vom Mord verrostet,
 Ein Strumpfband, das ein Kind erstickt,
 Ein Messer, das ein Sohn gezückt

Auf seines Vaters Haupt und Leben,
 Noch sah am Heft man Haare kleben—
 Und vieles andre, grässlich, greulich,
 Es nur zu nennen, wär' abscheulich !

Lang starrte Tam dies Schauspiel an,
 Als wilder noch der Tanz begann :
 Die Pfeifen kreischten hell und heller,
 Die Paare flogen schnell und schneller,
 Sie sprangen, jagten, drängten, stampften,
 Bis alle schier vor Hitze dampften :
 Da rissen sie vom Leib die Kleider
 Und tanzten bloss im Hemde weiter !

Ja, wären's Mäd'el, Tammie, niedlich
 Und frisch und drall und appetitlich,
 Die Hemden statt aus schmutz'gem grauen
 Sackleinen schneeweiss anzuschauen—
 Die Hosen hier, mein einz'ges Paar,
 Schön blau einst und von Sammet gar,
 Die gäb' ich flugs mit frohem Sinn
 Für einen Blick der Schönen hin !
 Doch spindeldürre alte Weiber,
 Verdammter Hexen ekle Leiber,
 Hinsausend auf dem Besenstiel :
 Ward's deinem Magen nicht zu viel ?

Doch Tam war keineswegs von Sinnen :
 Er sah ein hübsches Dirnlein drinnen,
 Heut Nacht erst war sie eingereiht,
 Bald kannte man sie weit und breit :
 Denn Küh' und Pferde schoss sie tot
 Und bohrt' in Grund gar manches Boot,
 Verdarb das Korn auf weite Strecken
 Und hielt das Land in Furcht und Schrecken.
 Ihr kurzes Hemd, ich muss es sagen,
 Das sie als kleines Kind getragen,
 Mit dessen Länge war's so so,
 Sie aber trug es keck und froh.
 Nicht träumt' es Hannchens Mütterlein,
 Als sie dies Hemdchen kaufte ein,

Dass auf dem Hexenball ihr Kind
 Drin tanzen würde wie der Wind !

Hier senkt mein Pegasus die Schwingen,
 Wie könnt' ihm solch ein Flug gelingen,
 Zu singen, wie schön Hannchen sprang,
 —Geschmeidig war sie, nicht zu lang—
 Wie Tam, versunken in Entzücken,
 Sie fast verschlang mit seinen Blicken !
 Auch Satan schielte gern nach ihr
 Und blies aus Leibeskräften schier.
 Ein Luftsprung jetzt, ein zweiter dann,
 Nun war's um Tam's Verstand gethan,
 Er schrie ihr : " Bravo Kurzhemd !" zu,
 Da—all der Glanz verlosch im Nu ;
 Kaum hat sich Tam aufs Pferd geschwungen.
 So kam das Höllenheer gesprungen.

Wie Bienen aus dem Stocke brechen,
 Den frechen Räuber zu zerstechen ;
 Und wie entflieht der bange Hase
 Den Jägern grade vor der Nase ;
 Und wie vom Markt die Menge rennt,
 Sobald der Ruf ertönt : es brennt !—
 So rennt die Grete, und mit Schrei'n
 Die Hexen alle hinterdrein.

O Tam, zum Lohn für deine Thaten
 Wirst bald du in der Hölle braten !
 Vergebens harret Käthe dein,
 Dein Weib wird bald 'ne Wittib sein !
 Nun, Grete, lauf, so schnell du kannst,
 Wenn du die Brücke nur gewannst,
 Dann hebe stolz den Schweif empor,
 Weil dort der Spuk die Macht verlor.
 Doch eh' die Brücke sie genommen,
 War sie um ihren Schweif gekommen.
 Denn Hannchen, die voraus der Schar
 Und hart auf Gretes Fersen war,
 Verfolgte Tam mit wilder Wut,
 Doch wilder noch war Gretes Mut :

Ein letzter Sprung—und Tam war frei ;
 Doch sie verlor den Schweif dabei :
 Die Hexe packt' ihn dicht am Rumpf
 Und liess der Grete kaum 'nen Stumpf.

Wer dieses wahre Märlein liest,
 Dem rat' ich, wenn's ihn nicht verdriesst :
 Zieht's dich einmal zum Biere hin,
 Fährt dir ein Kurzhemd durch den Sinn,
 Denk' : ist die Lust des Preises wert ?
 Vergiss nicht Tam o Shanters Pferd !

Death and Dr. Hornbook.

“Death and Dr. Hornbook” has only been attempted by Silbergleit, under the title of “Tod und Quacksalber” (Death and the Quack), and a poor performance it is. Of the thirty-one verses of which the poem consists, eleven of the most important are omitted, and the plot, meaning, and intention, indeed everything that characterizes Burns's work, are lost in the twenty verses which are supposed to be translated, but of which one may say to Silbergleit as Macpherson said to the old man who repeated Ossian, “D——n you, this is yersel, it's not Ossian.” For instance, the inimitable verse—

“The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I was na fou, but just had plenty ;
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent aye
 To free the ditches ;
 An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd aye
 Frae ghaists an' witches,

is transformed into the following phantasmagoria of the translator's own imagination—

“Einst hatt' im Krug ich einen Zwist
 Mit dem Magister Organist,

Der nebenbei ein Arzt auch ist,
 Dieweil der Lehrstand
 Ihm, sagt er, kaum das Leben frist',
 Ein schlechter Nährstand.

“Vom Krug ging ich nach Haus alleine
 Erfrischt, nicht allzusehr, ich meine,
 Ob wankend auch, doch meiner Beine
 Noch immer Meister.
 Ich hielt die Berge, Büsche, Steine
 Noch nicht für Geister.”¹

This is a sample of the manner in which the rest is treated, whilst the utter absurdity of the work is shown by the following two verses tacked on by the translator—

“Sein Trug ihn selbst zum Narren macht,
 Und—eben da schlug's Mitternacht.
 Ich, plötzlich aus dem Traum erwacht,
 Die Augen rieb.
 Dann ging ich meiner Wege sacht.
 Der Tod verblieb.

“Und was er mir gesagt im Traum
 Ist eitel Bosheit, Lügenschäum,
 Man spricht so viel. Ich glaub' es kaum.
 Die böse Mähr

¹ Once in the alehouse I had a quarrel
 With the Master Organist,
 Who besides was also Doctor,
 Because the teaching profession
 He said scarcely gave him a livelihood,
 A bad working-man's position.

From the alehouse I went home alone,
 Refreshed, not too much ; I think,
 If even reeling—yet of my legs
 Was still always master.
 I did not take the mountains, bushes, and stones
 As yet for ghosts.

Gewinnet leicht bei Menschen Raum,
Die gute schwer."¹

I daresay the reader also "Die Augen rieb" on reading such a rigmarole offered as a translation of Burns. Mr. Silbergleit had every right, of course, to publish such stuff if he chose, but it is not creditable to send it forth as a pretended translation of Burns. It is dishonouring alike to the poet and to the German public.

The Twa Dogs.

"The Twa Dogs" seems only to have tempted two of our authors, which is rather to be regretted, seeing it is so thoroughly representative of Burns in one of his best styles. Mr. Ruete's version, though, as will be seen, very good, is marred by the translator having missed some of the finest touches in the poem. 'Take, for instance,

"Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man."

The concentrated essence of contempt and dislike com-

¹ His imposture makes a fool of himself,
And—just then it struck midnight.
I suddenly awoke from my dream,
Rubbed my eyes.
I then went quietly my own way,
Death remained.

And what he told me in a dream
Is vain, lying foam of spite;
So much is said, I scarce believe it.
The wicked tale
Gains place easily with men,
The good one with difficulty.

prised in these first two lines—crowned by the “it” instead of “he”—is a miracle of weakness rendered by

“Der Hundejung; der Jammerwicht,
Kriegt täglich solch ein fein Gericht,”¹

and the picture of the relationship between the dogs and the Whipper-in is to this extent entirely lost. And for

“Love blinks, Wit slaps, an’ social Mirth
Forgets there’s care up’ the earth,”

he is not very happy in reproducing Burns’s terse description, nor does he give quite the idea by

“Man jubelt laut und lacht und liebt
Und weiss nicht, dass es Sorge giebt.”²

He leaves out “Thrang a-parliamentin’,” which destroys the clearness of Burns’s picture, and the following few lines as to the weak-kneedness of the M.P.s.

“Dem Wohl des Landes? Dem Verderben
Weiht er sich selbst und seine Erben!”³

are a feeble and quite incorrect rendering of

“For Britain’s guid!—for her destruction!
Wi’ dissipation, feud, and faction.”

Then in rendering

“Except for breaking o’ their timmer,
Or speaking lightly o’ their limmer,”

he entirely misses the poet’s meaning—

“So einer lässt wohl Bäume fällen,
Und schilt die Rüden, wenn sie bellen.”⁴

¹ The dog-boy, miserable wretch,
Gets daily such a splendid meal.

² They shout loudly, laugh, and love,
And know not there’s such a thing as care.

³ His country’s good? To destruction
He dedicates himself and his heirs.

⁴ If one may let trees be felled,
And scolds the bitches when they bark.

There are a few instances where the renderings, possibly for the sake of making the meaning more in accordance with German customs or clearer to Germans, are completely changed, such as

“An’ whyles twalpennie worth o’ nappy”

and

“The nappy reeks wi’ mantling ream,”

which lose their peculiar charm in

“Und giebt’s einmal ein Schöppchen Bier”¹

and

“Ein warmes Bier dampft auf dem Tisch”;²

whilst

“Haith, lad, ye little ken about it,”

is badly translated by

“Holla, mein Freund, was fällt dir ein?”³

and

“Hech man! dear sirs!”

by

“I, was Ihr sagt”?⁴

Weaknesses such as the above seem unavoidable, as these expressions, like so many, are untranslatable in meaning or power; and if in these cases the translator seems to have failed, there are other portions which are rendered with fidelity and beauty.

Mr. Silbergleit’s rendering displays the characteristics of his attempt at the “Holy Fair” and “Death and Dr. Hornbook.” A few verses are faithful and really very good; others are more like burlesques of the original, whilst every now and again he interpolates verses of his own, which completely change the meaning of the piece, and then again he omits important lines essential to the full

¹ And sometimes there is a small tankard of beer.

² Mulled beer steams on the table.

³ Hullo! my friend, what is the matter?

⁴ Aye, what are you saying?

and proper meaning of the poem. I give a few of his renderings to show these defects—

“Im Schottenlande, wo und wann,
Es kommt hier wenig darauf an.”¹

Perhaps it is of little consequence to *him*. Burns did not seem to think so, and it is abusing the license of a translator to give this forth as the German equivalent for

“’Twas in that place o’ Scotland’s isle
That bears the name o’ Auld King Coil,”

and which Ruete renders so correctly. Then

“Aus Neufundland, da stammte er,
Da wo der Stockfisch auch kommt her.”²

is really too tautological and weak for

“Whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.”

Whilst

“Und dann und wann geplaudert gern,
So von den Freunden und den Herren”³

completely destroys the idea and meaning of

“An’ *there* began a lang digression
About the lords o’ the creation.”

Indeed, the translator by these lines entirely ignores the particular incident he has already introduced and is about to describe. Then he utterly departs from Burns’s powerful picture—

“An’ whyles twalpenne worth o’ nappy
Can mak’ the bodies unco happy ;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs :

¹ In Scotland, where and when,
Is of little consequence here.

² From Newfoundland he is descended,
There, where codfish also come from.

³ And now and then gladly chatted
About their friends and masters.

They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
 Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
 Or tell what new taxation's comin,
 An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

"As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
 When rural life o' ev'ry station,
 Unite in common recreation ;
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth."

Or, if he does not entirely depart from Burns, he at least makes him utterly unrecognizable in

"Der Trank ist billig und erquicklich,
 Für Wenig wird man übergücklich.
 Dabei vergisst man seinen Harm,
 Man wird so weise, wird so warm.
 Man spricht von Kirche und von Staat,
 Von Schultheis, Alderman, und Rath.
 Warum wohl ist das Brod so theuer,
 Wozu wohl die, und jene Steuer.

"Und kommt es dann um Allerseelen,
 Dann darf der Ernteschmaus nicht fehlen,
 Dann ist das Landvolk jeder Art
 Zu Lustbarkeiten froh gepaart."¹

I have made the translation as literal and true as possible,

¹The drink is cheap, and so refreshing,
 For little one becomes extra happy,
 By it one forgets his ills :
 He becomes so wise, and so warm,
 He speaks of Church and of State,
 Of magistrates, aldermen, and councillors ;
 Why, indeed, bread is so dear ;
 The purpose of this and that tax.

And when it comes to Hallowmas,
 Then the harvest meal must not be wanting,
 Then the country folk of every kind
 Are paired for rejoicings.

and it seems more like a travesty than a translation of Burns's faithful picture of country life.

“Lässt man in Ruh nur ihren Stolz,
Ihr Feld, ihr Wild, ihr Gras, ihr Holz,
Verfehlt man nicht den Zins zu geben,
So lässt sich schon mit ihnen leben,”¹

is what is offered for a translation of

“Except for breaking o' their timmer,
Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.”

Whilst

“Dann sagten sie sich gute Nacht.”²

is the commonplace, puerile composition offered for

“An' each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.”

A few of his renderings are, however, good.

“Nach einem Hund im Hochlandsang
Gedichtet, vor, wer weiss wie lang,”

is a true reproduction of

“After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang”;

and one or two others are equally commendable, but they are few, and the grave errors, weaknesses, and carelessnesses referred to above make it “hardly worth the while” to print the professed translation. I insert, however, Mr. E. Ruete's version, so that the reader may have an enjoyable reproduction of this fine poem.

¹ If only one leaves in peace their pride,
Their field, their game, their grass, their wood;
If one does not fail to pay the rent,
Then it is indeed possible to live with them.

² Then they bade each other good-night.

DIE BEIDEN HUNDE.

E. RUETE.

An einem Platz im schott'schen Land—
 Nach König Coil ist er benannt—
 Da trafen, frei von Müh' und Plage,
 An einem schönen Junitage,
 Nicht lange nach der Mittagstunde,
 Sich auf der Strasse einst zwei Hunde.
 Als "Seiner Gnaden" Lieblingstier
 Nenn' ich zuerst den Cäsar hier,
 Der nach Statur und Schnauz' und Haar
 Klärlich nicht schott'schen Ursprungs war,
 Aus fernem Lande stammt' er her,
 Wo's Kabeljaue giebt im Meer.

Am Hals das schmucke Messingband
 Zeigt' ihn als Herrn von Rang und Stand;
 Doch ob er auch höchst vornehm war,
 So macht' er drum sich doch nicht rar
 Und schenkte gern ein Kosestündchen
 Selbst einem Kesselflickerhündchen.
 Ja, jeder noch so strupp'ge Hund
 War ihm ein hochwillkomm'ner Fund:
 Er lief mit ihm manch liebe Strecke
 Und machte Halt an jeder Ecke.

Den andern hatt' ein Bauersmann,
 Ein lust'ger Reimschmied, zum Kumpan.
 Luath, so nannt' ihn einst, man staune!
 Sein närr'scher Herr in Dichterlaune,
 Weil ihm aus altem Hochlandsang
 Der Name traut im Ohre klang.

An Treu' und Klugheit kam im Reich
 Dem Köter kaum ein zweiter gleich.
 Er sah gar froh und bieder drein
 Und hatte Freunde, gross und klein.
 Weiss war die Brust, der Rücken war
 Bedeckt mit glänzend schwarzem Haar;
 Um seine Lenden hing gar mächtig
 Ein Lockenschweif und ziert' ihn prächtig.

Die beiden liebten sich und waren
 Die dicksten Freunde schon seit Jahren.
 Sie fanden schnuppernd manchen Schmaus
 Und trieben Maus und Maulwurf aus.
 Auch zausten sie nach Hundeweise
 Sich manches Mal auf ihrer Reise,
 Bis ihnen, da sie müd' vom Spiel
 Im Sonnenschein zu ruh'n gefiel.
 Vom Herrn der Schöpfung hub alsdann
 Cäsar zu diskurieren an.

CÄSAR.

Ich hab' es, Luath, oft beklagt,
 Wie schwer ein Hund wie du sich plagt ;
 Und schau' ich mir den Adel an,
 Dann dauert mich der *arme* Mann.
 Mein Gutsherr streicht das Pachtgeld ein,
 Zinshühner, Steuern obendrein,
 Steht auf, wann es ihm just gefällt,
 Lakaien springen, wenn er schellt ;
 Er fährt zu Wagen, reitet aus,
 Hat eine Börse, ei der Daus !
 Lang wie mein Schweif, draus schaut hervor
 Manch gelber blanker Louisd'or.

Der Koch muss früh und spät sich placken
 Mit Schmoren, Braten, Sieden, Backen.
 Damit die Herrschaft bass sich mäste ;
 Die Dienerschaft verschlingt die Reste :
 Ragouts, Geflügel, Lachs, Salat—
 Verschwendung ist es in der That !
 Der Hundejung', der Jammerwicht,
 Kriegt täglich solch ein fein Gericht,
 Wie's nicht ein einz'ger Pächtersmann
 Im ganzen Land sich zähmen kann ;
 Und wie ein Häusler gar den Magen
 Sich stopft, das weiss ich nicht zu sagen.

LUATH.

Ja, so ein Häusler kennt die Not :
 Bald schaufelt er ums liebe Brot,

Bald hackt und gräbt und karret er fleissig,
 Bald klopft er Steine und—was weiss ich!
 So nährt sein Weib er und nicht minder
 'ne Stube voll zerlumppter Kinder,
 Und dankt doch alles, was er schafft
 Nur seiner beiden Hände Kraft.

Und trifft sie mal das Schicksal schwer,
 Giebt's Krankheit oder stirbt ihr Herr,
 Dann meint Ihr wohl, sie müssen sterben
 Vor Frost und Hunger und verderben:
 Ei, weit gefehlt! Sie sind hienieden
 Fast immer wunderbar zufrieden,
 Und in der Hütte wächst heran
 Manch fixe Maid, manch strammer Mann.

CÄSAR.

Ganz schön; doch hab' ich oft geseh'n,
 Man pußt und knufft und lässt euch stein'n;
 Der Adel schiert sich, Gott im Himmel!
 Um keinen Tagelöhnerlummel.
 Die Armen sind ihm solch ein Scheuel,
 Wie mir ein ekler Dachs ein Greuel.

Bei unserm Herrn sah ich's mit an—
 Mein Herz, das hat mir weh gethan--
 Wie jeden, dem's an Gelde fehlt,
 Um Zahltag der Verwalter schmählt.
 Und wie er flucht, vor Ingrim rot,
 Und stampft und gleich mit Pfändung droht.
 Demütig hören sie das an
 Und bleich und zitternd, Mann für Mann!

Wie Reiche leben seh' ich täglich,
 Den Armen geht's doch sicher kläglich?

LUATH.

So kläglich, wie Ihr meint, doch nicht.
 Sie schau'n ja stets ins Angesicht
 Der Armut und sind so vertraut
 Mit ihr, dass keinem davor graut.

Das Glück hat auch die Hand im Spiel
 Und wenig ist für sie schon viel.
 Da's Arbeit giebt im Ueberfluss,
 Ist kurze Rast ein Hochgenuss.
 Ihr schönstes Glück bleibt immerdar
 Ein liebes Weib, der Kleinen Schar,
 Die durch ihr Plappern, Spielen, Lachen
 Das Haus vergnügt und traulich machen.

Und giebt's einmal ein Schöppchen Bier,
 Dann ist man aus dem Häuschen schier,
 Hält über Kirch' und Staat Gericht
 Und denkt der eig'nen Sorgen nicht.
 Da reden hitzig sie und frei
 Von Patronat und Klerisei
 Und schelten auf das Parlament,
 Das nichts als neue Steuern kennt.

Am lieben Allerseelentag
 Giebt's Kirmeslust und Trinkgelag,
 Dann sind die Grossen wie die Kleinen
 In ganzen Kirchspiel auf den Beinen :
 Man jubelt laut und lacht und liebt
 Und weiss nicht, dass es Sorge giebt.

Und wenn das neue Jahr beginnt,
 Schliesst man die Thüre vor dem Wind,
 Ein warmes Bier dampft auf dem Tisch,
 Das macht die Herzen froh und frisch.
 Manch Prieschen nimmt man stillbedächtig,
 Die Pfeife schmeckt den Alten prächtig
 Und geht beim Plaudern nimmer aus,
 Die Jugend lärmt und tollt durchs Haus—
 Der Anblick hat mein Herz geschwellt :
 Vor Freude hab' ich mitgebellt.

Doch habt Ihr leider nur zu recht,
 Zu oft nur geht's den Leutchen schlecht :
 Manch wack'rer Stamm von guter Art,
 Ansehnlich, fest und wetterhart,
 Ward ausgerottet, Stumpf und Stiel,
 Weil's einem Buben so gefiel,

Der meint, dass er durch solche Kunst
Sich schleicht in seines Freiherrn Gunst,
Der doch die beste Kraft und Zeit
Dem Wohl des Vaterlandes weihet—

CÄSAR.

Holla, mein Freund, was fällt dir ein,
Dem Wohl des Vaterlandes? Nein!
Was der Minister will, das thut er,
Sagt Ja, sagt Nein auf Wunsch, mein Guter,
Besucht Theater und Parade
Und spielt und geht zur Maskerade.
Auch fährt er wohl im Handumdreh'n
Zum Kontinent, die Welt zu seh'n,
Auf dass Paris und Wien ihn lehrt
Bon ton und was dazu gehört.
Schnell werden dort bei Tag und Nacht
Des Vaters Güter durchgebracht.
Den Stierkampf und das Spiel der Zither
Lernt in Madrid der edle Ritter,
Und wo Italiens Himmel lacht,
Da geht er auf die Mädchenjagd.
Und ward von all dem schwach und blass er,
Dann schluckt er trübes deutsches Wasser
Und schwört, er wolle nie mehr minnen
Die schönen Italienerinnen.

Dem Wohl des Landes? Dem Verderben
Weiht er sich selbst und seine Erben!

LUATH.

I, was Ihr sagt! Und geht das an,
Wird so manch schönes Gut verthan?
Sind wir denn so um Geld verlegen,
Dass man uns trifft auf solchen Wegen?
O blieben sie von Höfen fort
Und freuten sich am heim'schen Sport!
Es stände sich dabei nicht schlechter
Der Herr, der Häusler und der Pächter.

Denn uns're lust'gen Junker sind
 Von Herzen frank und wohlgesinnt.
 So einer lässt wohl Bäume fallen
 Und schilt die Rüden, wenn sie bellen,
 Und schießt die Hasen weit und breit,
 Sonst thut er keinem was zu leid.

Darf ich, Herr Cäsar, eins noch fragen :
 Sind nicht die Grossen frei von Plagen?
 Ist *ein* Vergnügen nicht ihr Leben?
 Macht je sie Frost und Hunger beben?

CÄSAR.

Freund, könntest du, wie ich, sie seh'n,
 Dir würde bald der Neid vergeh'n !
 Vor Frost und Hunger bangen sie
 Zwar selbst im kält'sten Winter nie,
 Noch werden ihre Glieder schwach
 Durch Arbeit, Not und Ungemach.
 Doch Narren sind die Menschen meist,
 So hoch man ihre Weisheit preist ;
 Denn haben sie nicht Grund zu klagen,
 So schaffen sie sich selber Plagen,
 Und wem ein reines Glück beschieden.
 Der ist erst recht mit nichts zufrieden.

Der Bauer, der den Acker pflügt,
 Ist nach der Arbeit hellvergnügt ;
 Das Mädcl, das tagsüber spinnt,
 Ist abends ein gar lustig Kind.
 Doch Herr'n und Damen leiden, ach !
 An Arbeitsmangel Tag für Tag,
 Schlaff, müssig, träge lungern sie
 Und finden ihr Behagen nie.
 Der Tag wird fade hingbracht
 Und schlummerlos die lange Nacht.
 Und wenn sie auf die Bälle geh'n,
 Wettrennen und Komödien seh'n,
 Dann können sie vor Pomp und Schein
 Doch nicht von Herzen fröhlich sein.

Die Männer fröhnen sonder Scheu
 Der Sinnenlust und Völlerei :
 Nachts wird gekost und toll gezecht
 Und morgens—fühlt der Herr sich schlecht.

Die Damen geh'n in dichtem Schwarm
 Wie Schwestern traulich Arm in Arm ;
 Doch bösllich insgeheim verlästern
 Einander gern die holden Schwestern,
 Und schlürfen gierig ein beim Schälchen
 Thee so Skandale wie Skandalchen.
 Auch opfern sie der Nächte viele
 Dem höllentsprung'nen Kartenspiele
 Und prellen dabei unverfroren,
 Manch ein Gehöft geht so verloren.

Ausnahmen giebt's, doch so erscheinen
 Die Grossen mir im allgemeinen.

Inzwischen sank in roter Pracht
 Die Sonne, und es kam die Nacht ;
 Die Käfer summten leise nur,
 Die Kühe brüllten auf der Flur ;
 Da wünschten recht aus Herzensgrunde
 Sich Glück die beiden, dass sie Hunde,
 Nicht Menschen seien, sprangen auf,
 Und heimwärts ging's in schnellem Lauf.

To a Mouse.

This poem has attracted many translators, but the task has been too difficult. Some succeed with certain verses, some with others ; but even the best fail to preserve the delicate perfume of this, perhaps the most tender-hearted of all Burns's poems, in transposing it from its native to a foreign soil. Mr. Silbergleit begins so badly that the undoubtedly creditable lines which follow do not remove the unfavourable impression.

“Wee, sleekit, cow’rin, tim’rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic’s in thy breastie!”

can even scarcely be said to be reproduced at all by

“Du kleine Maus, du graue Maus du,
Was eilest so aus deinem Haus du,”¹

indeed, these are mere doggerel-verses, and there are too many of a similar character. On the other hand, the following is an example of his best, being his rendering of the well-known seventh verse—

“But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o’ mice an’ men
Gang aft a-gley,
An’ lea’e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.”

“Doch Maus, du zeigest nicht allein,
Wie Vorsicht kann vergeblich sein,
Der Mäus’ und Menschen Pläne fein,
So fein gesponnen,
Sie enden oft mit Noth und Pein
Anstatt mit Wonnen.”²

This, it will be seen, though he avoids “gang aft a-gley,” is as near the original as could be desired.

Mr. R. Bartsch is open to the same criticism; he is most unequal. He entirely misses the thoughtful observation in Burns’s lines—

¹ Thou small mouse, thou grey mouse thou,
Why hurriest so out of thy house thou.

² But mouse, thou showest not alone,
How foresight can be in vain;
The finest plans of mice and men
Aye finely spun,
They often end with want and pain
Instead of joy.

“ I’m truly sorry man’s dominion
Has broken nature’s social union,”

and makes the commonplace and self-evident observation—

“ Ich fürchte, menschliche Gewalt
Brach deinen Friedensaufenthalt.”¹

The gentle, kindly admission which Burns so apologetically makes,

“ I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve,”

loses its virtue completely in

“ Ich weiss es zwar, du bist ein Dieb ”!²

This misapprehension alone would spoil any translation.
At the same time the following—

“ Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An’ weary winter comin’ fast,
An’ cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
Out thro’ thy cell,”

is well and sympathetically given in

“ Du sahst der Felder wüst und leer,
Der böse Winter kam daher,
Du dachtest warm und ohn’ Beschwer
Zu wohnen hier ;
Da, krach ! zerbricht die Pflugschar schwer
Dein Häuschen dir.”³

¹ I fear human power
Broke thy abode of peace.

² I know, indeed, thou art a thief.

³ Thou sawest the fields bare and empty,
And cruel winter coming therefore ;
Thou thoughtest warm and without trouble
To dwell here.
Then, crash ! The heavy ploughshare breaks
Thy housie on thee.

E. Ruete.—That his translation should contain some good lines is only to say it is Mr. Ruete's, but still I fear the weak predominate. Take the famous seventh verse beginning

“But, mousie, thou art no thy lane.”

Here is what Ruete says—

“Doch, Mäuschen, du bist nicht allein ;
Nicht jede Mühe trägt was ein ;
Was wir erdacht so schlau und fein,
Trifft oft nicht zu
Und lässt uns eitel Gram und Pein
Statt Freud' und Ruh’.”¹

The sentiment in the above is good, but the verse is not that of Burns. All the verses, indeed, are good, but the same remark must apply. Mr. Ruete has in this instance allowed himself too much license, though, I repeat, the poem bristles with difficulty to a foreign reader.

Mr. Laun seems to have caught the inspiration or meaning of the piece. Allowing for such words as “cozie,” “bickering brattle,” etc., which are untranslatable, he makes scarcely a single slip, and gives a most excellent translation, the last two verses being peculiarly beautiful and faithful to the original.

AN EINE MAUS.

ADOLF LAUN.

Du schüchtern, kleines, schlankes Thier,
Mit welcher Angst fliehst Du von hier,

¹But, Mouse, thou art not alone,
Not every labour brings something in ;
What we've thought out so sly and smartly
Does not take place,
And leaves us merely grief and pain
Instead of joy and peace.

Du brauchst vor meiner Pflugschar Dich
 Ja nicht zu scheun.
 Thät' ich Dir weh, es würde mich
 Gar sehr gereun !

Wie oft zerreisst des Menschen Hand
 Der Schöpfung brüderliches Band ;
 Zur Flucht vor mir hast Du ein Recht,
 Mein kleines Thier ;
 Aus staubgeborenem Geschlecht
 Bin ich gleich Dir.

Ein kleiner Diebstahl ist Gebrauch
 Bei Euch, denn leben müsst Ihr auch ;
 Der Raub vom öden Stoppelfeld
 War ja nur klein,
 Wenn Gott das andre mir erhält,
 So mag's drum sein !

Zertrümmert liegt Dein Häuslein dort ;
 Was blieb, das treibt der Sturm nun fort,
 Du hast, um Dir es neu zu bau'n,
 Nicht Moos, noch Gras,
 Und Dein harrt des Decembers Graun,
 So kalt und nass.

Du sahst, wie öde das Gefild,
 Der Winter nahte rauh und wild,
 Du glaubtest, hier im Nest genug
 Geschützt zu sein.
 Da krach ! brach ich mit meinem Pflug
 Auf Dich herein.

Geknuspert hast Du Tag und Nacht
 Am Stroh, und Dir Dein Bett gemacht,
 Und dafür treib ich jetzt Dich fort
 Von Hof und Haus,
 In's öde Feld, durchstürmt vom Nord,
 Musst Du hinaus.

Doch, Mäuschen, Du zeigst nicht allein,
 Dass Vorsicht kann vergeblich sein,

Der beste Plan von Maus und Mann
 Gelingt oft nicht,
 Und Leid und Kummer bringt uns dann,
 Was Lust verspricht.

Nur bist Du glücklicher als ich,
 Das heut allein bekümmert Dich,
 Ich, wend' ich rückwärts mein Gesicht,
 Find, ach, nur Schmerz,
 Und seh ich auch die Zukunft nicht,
 Bangt doch mein Herz!

To a Daisy.

This, in so many respects like the Address "To a Mouse," has received the attention of several translators, and with similar results.

Mr. Silbergleit adopts the same methods as he did with the previous piece, and so renders his version almost absurd as a translation. I take the first two lines and the last verse but one.

 "Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour";
 he gives

 "O Blümlein, meine Augenweide,
 Es muss geschehn zu meinem Leide."¹

Then

 "Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink."

¹O flowret, the pride of my eye,
 It must be done to my sorrow.

This is a fine picture of a brave man struggling with adversity, "like some strong swimmer in his agony," but Mr. Silbergleit sketches for us a different character, and a different spirit pervades his verse—

"So duldet mancher Dulder brav,
Des Mangels und der Mühen Slav',
Den Trug und Stoltz ins Herze traf
Mit gift'gen Pfeilen,
Bis ihm in frühen ew'gen Schlaf
Die Wunden heilen."¹

These are by no means the least happy of his renderings, and although there are some good lines, such licenses and weaknesses spoil the translation as a whole.

Mr. E. Ruete offers again a pretty poem, but though containing many beautiful verses and many lines which are faithful translations, it shows too many instances where the beauty and power of the original are wanting. Thus for the first few lines,

"Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem,"

he gives

"Bescheid'nes weisses Blümelein,
Im Staub, geknickt, liegst du am Rain
Und wird gar bald zertreten sein,"²

¹ So endures many a brave sufferer,
The slave of want and care,
Which deceit and pride stuck into his heart
With poisoned arrows,
Until for him in early eternal sleep
The wounds heal.

² Modest, white flow'ret,
In dust, crushed, thou liest on the ridge,
And will'st all too soon be trodden under.

Then again for

“Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom,”

he gives

“Dein blühend Leben ist, wenn's tagt
Vielleicht nicht mehr.”¹

This is very weak, and not worthy of Mr. Ruete's power, and, notwithstanding the beauty of the piece he offers, such instances spoil it completely as a translation of Burns.

L. Legerlotz gives a very good and natural version, but rather mars it by some expressions and imagery which might have been avoided. “Crimson-tipped” he makes, against Burns and against Nature, “red-spotted.” The daisy is tipped with red, but not spotted. Then the simple and touching picture of the Lark—one of the most poetical references in the poem, is injured greatly when the words

“When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east,”

are rendered

“Wann s' mit eim Psalm aus Staub und Dust
Im Frührot steigt.”²

And in the last verse,

“Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom,”

Mr. Legerlotz has evidently not quite grasped the meaning here, and gives much too weak a rendering of this powerful verse—

¹ Thy blooming life is, when it dawns,
Perhaps no more.

² When with a psalm, from dust and clay,
He ascends into the dawn.

“Schon hebt’s die Pflugschar : schau, sie ragt,
 Schon ob deinem Haupt.
 Dei Blust begraben, rauh zernagt,
 Eh du’s geglaubt”!

Mr. R. Bartsch supplies a very fairly loyal translation ;
 “crimson-tipped” he makes “rotweiss”;¹

“Such is the fate of artless maid”

is rather roughly given

“So geht’s der unverdorbenen Maid”;²

and a few similar instances interfere with what is otherwise an excellent translation, the fifth, sixth, and eighth verses being especially well done.

Mr. Laun’s version ranks with that of Mr. Bartsch ; indeed, it is difficult to say which is the best. “Crimson-tipped” he has “Weiss und roth”³—a slight improvement on Mr. Bartsch’s “rotweiss.”

“Such is the fate of artless maid”

is rendered

“So geht es mancher jungen Maid.”⁴

The leaving out of the word “artless” interferes with the beauty of the line, but with such trifling exceptions the translation is one of Mr. Laun’s best efforts.

¹ Red-white.

² So happens it to the unspoiled maid.

³ White and red.

⁴ So it happens with many young maid.

AUF EIN MAASLIEBCHEN.

ADOLF LAUN.

Bescheidnes Blümchen, weiss und roth,
 Ein böser Tag bringt Dir den Tod,
 Bei meiner Pflugschar Stich zerbricht
 Dein Stiel so fein,
 Ach, Dich verschonen kann ich nicht,
 Du Edelstein !

Die Lerche, Deine Nachbarin,
 Die bei Dir weilt mit frohem Sinn,
 Nicht sie ist's, die Dich niederbiegt,
 Benetzt vom Thau,
 Wenn sie an Dir vorüberfliegt
 Zur Himmelsau.

Der Nordwind bläst oft bitter kalt
 In Deinen niedren Aufenthalt,
 Doch an der Erde Mutterbrust
 Keimst Du hervor,
 Und hebst mit ungetrübter Lust
 Dein Haupt empor.

Der Gartenblumen Pracht und Stolz
 Beschützt die Wand von Stein und Holz ;
 Du bist dem Zufall bloss gestellt
 In Erd und Stein,
 Und doch schmückst Du das Stoppelfeld
 Noch ganz allein.

Du hobst im Mantel knapp und klein
 Den Busen zu der Sonne Schein
 Und warst so hold und anspruchslos ;
 Ich, der's nicht sah,
 Riss fort Dich aus der Mutter Schooss,
 Nun liegst Du da !

So geht es mancher jungen Maid
 Voll Unschuld und Natürlichkeit,
 Die süsßer Liebe Wahn berückt,
 Bis sie besiegt
 Und so, wie Du, beschmutzt, zerpfückt
 Im Staube liegt !

So geht's dem Barden, den das Meer
 Des Lebens schleudert hin und her,
 Der steuerlos mit Wind und Fluth
 Vergeblich ringt,
 Bis ihn ergreift des Sturmes Wuth,
 Und er versinkt !

So geht es manchem braven Mann,
 Der unter schwerer Leiden Bann
 In Noth und Qual, bei Hohn und Spott
 Stets aufrecht steht.
 Bis voll Vertraun auf seinen Gott
 Er untergeht.—

Vielleicht fällt solch ein Loos auch Dir,
 Der Du beklagst das Blümchen hier ;
 Des Unglücks Pflugschar dringt herein
 Wuchtig und gross ;
 Zertreten und zermalmt zu sein
 Ist dann Dein Loos !

SONGS AND BALLADS.

IN coming to this class of the poet's work, there is a larger number of translators to select from ; for, whilst all but two or three have shrunk from the longer poems, all have tried some of the songs and ballads. I will give what to my mind appear the best, endeavouring at the same time to give examples from as many different authors as the "passableness" of their productions will allow.

A Man's a Man for a' that.

The first example I take is that "Marseillaise" of humanity, "A Man's a Man for a' that." This stirring

ode has attracted some half-dozen translators, but most of the results are poor and weak. Mr. Gustav Legerlotz, however, gives a fairly good version in colloquial German, whilst Mr. E. Ruete gives an almost perfect reproduction, catching much of the spirit and fire of the original.

TROTZ ALLEDDEM.

GUSTAV LEGERLOTZ.

Wer arm isch, aber richt und recht,
 Und hängt den Kopf trotz alldem,
 Kommt, lasst ihn stohn, den feile Knecht !
 Wagt arm ze sein trotz alldem !
 Trotz alldem und alldem,
 Trotz niederm Plack und alldem !
 Der Rang isch nur der Münz Gepräg,
 Der Mann isch's Gold trotz alldem.

Mag ärnli unsre Kost au sein
 Und grob der Flausch, trotz alldem !
 Gönnt Tropf und Schelmen Samt und Wein !
 E Mann isch Mann trotz alldem,
 Trotz alldem und alldem,
 Trotz Flitterprunk und alldem.
 Der allerärmste Biedermann
 Isch König doch, trotz alldem.

Do schaut den Gimpel—heisst e Lord—
 Er glotzt und protzt mit alldem,
 Doch förchte tausend au sei Wort,
 Er isch e Dalk trotz alldem,
 Trotz alldem und alldem,
 Trotz Stern und Band und alldem.
 Der Mann vo freiem, gradem Sinn,
 Er sieht's und lacht ob alldem.

Wohl Ritter, Grofe, Fürste schafft
 Des Königs Wort, samt alldem ;

Zum Ehremannt langt nit sei Kraft,
Er lāsst's biweg, trotz alldem.
Trotz alldem und alldem,
Trotz Stand und Wüird und alldem,
Vernunft und Geist, Verdienst und Stolz
Stohn hoch ob Rang und alldem.
Drum jeder fleh, uf dass gescheh,
—Und's wird geschehn, trotz alldem—
Dass in der Welt den Preis erhält
Vernunft und Wert, trotz alldem.
Trotz alldem und alldem,
Jo, einst geschieht's trotz alldem,
Dass rings uf Erden Mann und Mann
Sich Bruder heisst, trotz alldem.

TROTZ ALLEDEM.

EDMUND RUETE.

Ist einer arm, doch schlecht und recht,
Und hängt den Kopf samt alledem,
Wir geh'n vorbei dem feigen Knecht,
In Armut stolz trotz alledem.
Trotz alledem und alledem,
Trotz dunkler Not und alledem,
Der Rang ist das Gepräge nur,
Der Mann das Gold trotz alledem.
Ist unsre Kost auch schmal und schlicht,
Grob unser Flaus samt alledem,
Und prunkt ein Narr und schwelgt ein Wicht,
Der Mann bleibt Mann trotz alledem.
Trotz alledem und alledem,
Trotz Flitterpracht und alledem,
Ein bettelarmer Ehrenmann
Steht obenan trotz alledem.
Der Geck, der dort stolziert, heisst Lord,
Er starrt und schnarrt samt alledem,
Und schwören Hundert auf sein Wort,
Er ist ein Tropf trotz alledem.

Trotz alledem und alledem,
Trotz Band und Stern und alledem,
Der Mann von festem, freiem Sinn,
Der lacht nur laut bei alledem.

Ein Fürst zum Ritter schlagen kann,
Zum Grafen, Lord und alledem,
Doch nie zu einem Ehrenmann,
Dran scheidert er trotz alledem.
Trotz alledem und alledem,
Trotz Rang und Stand und alledem,
Der Mutterwitz und echter Wert
Sind höh'rer Rang trotz alledem.

Fleht, dass der Tag einst kommen mag—
Er kommt ! er kommt ! trotz alledem—
Da auf der Welt den Preis erhält
Verstand und Wert trotz alledem.
Trotz alledem und alledem,
Es kommt der Tag trotz alledem,
Da Mann und Mann allüberall
Nur Brüder sind trotz alledem.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

Our great National War Ode has been tried by several writers, and it is really difficult to conceive how any literary men can offer such productions as representing the original, as scarcely a single trait is reproduced. I give an example from three of these writers.

In Mr. Legerlotz's version we find

“Treff't die Schergen Mann für Mann!
Jedem Streich sinkt ein Tyrann!
Jeder Hieb schafft freie Clan!
Ruft der Tod—es sei!”¹

¹ Strike the crew, then, man for man,
A tyrant sinks at every blow ;
Every stroke creates a free clan ;
Death calls—he it so.

Mr. Legerlotz is evidently unacquainted with the odds at Bannockburn, otherwise he would hardly have put such nonsense into the mouth of King Robert. And this is seriously given as a translation of

“Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do or die !”

Mr. Otto Baisch gives

“Auf! ins Heldengrab geschritten
Oder in ein Morgenrot”!¹

for

“Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory”;

and even Mr. Laun renders these same lines,

“Komm zum Sieg mit Mann und Ross,
Komm zu Ruhm und Tod herbei !”²

and concludes the ode with the lines—

“Bei der Herrschaft Druck und Wuth,
Die auf unsern Söhnen ruht,
Opfert jeden Tropfen Blut.
Vorwärts, todt sein oder frei”!³

and these he offers as a translation of the magnificent and martial lines—

“By oppression's woes and pains !
By our sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !

¹ Up! stept into a hero's grave
Or into a morning dawn.

² Come to the victory with man and horse,
Hither come to Fame and Death.

³ By the oppression and rage of power,
Which rests upon our sons,
Sacrifice each drop of blood ;
Forward, to be dead or free !

“Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty’s in every blow!
 Let us do or die!”

It is really waesome that such noble lines should be presented to the world in the twaddle we have quoted above, and their perusal adds the more to our appreciation of Ruete’s comparatively faithful and stirring translation, the excellence of which is, however, marred by the weak rendering of four lines.

“Unser Herzblut macht sie frei,
 Enden soll die Not!

“Vorwärts, wem die Heimat lieb!
 Nieder mit dem Länderdieb!”¹

he gives as a rendering of Burns’s stirring lines—

“We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

“Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!”

The above, however, seem the only defects in this really good version.

ROBERT BRUCE’ ANSPRACHE

AN SEIN HEER BEI BANNOCKBURN.

EDMUND RUETE.

Schotten, Wallace’ tapfre Macht,
 Bruce getreu in mancher Schlacht,
 Heute winkt euch Grabesnacht
 Oder ew’ger Ruhm!

¹ Our heart’s blood makes them free,
 The misery shall be ended.

Forward, he to whom home is dear,
 Down with the Lands-robber.

Heute oder nimmermehr !
 Seht ihr blitzen Speer an Speer,
 Nah'n des stolzen Edward Heer,
 Schmach und Sklaventum ?

Wer hier, ein Verräter, schleicht,
 Wer vorm Tode feig erbleicht,
 Wer ins Joch den Nacken neigt,
 Lasst den Buben flieh'n !

Wer für König, Land und Herd
 Mutig zückt der Freiheit Schwert,
 Freiheit mehr als Leben ehrt,
 Der soll mit mir zieh'n !

Bei der Qual der Tyrannei !
 Bei der Söhne Sklaverei !
 Unser Herzblut macht sie frei,
 Enden soll die Not !

Vorwärts, wem die Heimat lieb !
 Nieder mit dem Länderdieb !
 Freiheit ist in jedem Hieb !
 Sieg gilt's oder Tod !

Auld Lang Syne,

which wakens so many memories in the Scottish heart, has been so attractive to our Teutonic brethren that many have tried it, but hardly in a single instance has a really good version been produced. The idioms are so telling, and so pregnant with pathos and meaning that the translators, one and all, have been unable to understand them, or, if they have, fail to give expression to them. The very title defies them. Otto Baisch renders it, "Die liebe alte Zeit"; K. Bartsch, "Auf gute alte Zeit"; L. G. Silbergleit, "'S ist lange her"; A. v. Winterfeld, "Gute alte Zeit"; Adolf Laun, "Die gute alte Zeit." Legerlotz

does not translate it, and E. Ruete confines himself for a title to the original "Auld Lang Syne," using for these expressive words of the poem the German "Lang', lang' ist's her."

It is not worth while going into an analysis, as the weak lines and those which do not at all convey the spirit and meaning of the original quite outnumber the few here and there which approach it. I give the two which seem to me the least far removed from the original.

AUF GUTE ALTE ZEIT.

K. BARTSCH.

Sollt' alte Freundschaft untergehn
 Ganz in Vergessenheit?
 Sollt' alte Freundschaft untergehn
 Und gute alte Zeit?

Auf gute alte Zeit, mein Freund,
 Auf gute alte Zeit!
 Ihr sei ein Becher noch gebracht—
 Auf gute alte Zeit!

Wir liefen über Berg und Thal
 Und pflückten Blumen beid',
 Und gingen manchen schweren Weg
 Seit jener alten Zeit.

Wir plätscherten von früh bis spät
 Im Bach voll Fröhlichkeit;
 Doch wilde Meere trennten uns
 Seit jener alten Zeit.

Gib mir die Hand, mein treuer Freund,
 Die mein' ist hier bereit;
 Wir bringen einen tüchtigen Schluck
 Der guten alten Zeit.

Du thust mir wohl mit vollem Krug,
 Und ich thu' dir Bescheid;

Hier dieser Becher sei gebracht
Der guten alten Zeit !

Auf gute alte Zeit, mein Freund,
Auf gute alte Zeit !
Ihr sei ein Becher noch gebracht—
Auf gute alte Zeit !

LANG', LANG' IST'S HER.

EDMUND RUETE.

Und sollten alter Freundschaft wir
Gedenken nimmermehr ?
Gedenken alter Freundschaft nicht ?
Lang', lang' ist's her.

Chor. Lang', lang' ist's her, mein Schatz,
Lang', lang' ist's her,
Drum trinken wir von Herzen eins,
Lang', lang' ist's her.

Dein Masskrug, der bleibt nimmer voll,
Und rasch wird meiner leer,
Wir trinken recht von Herzen eins,
Lang', lang' ist's her.

Einst rupften wir die Blumen ab
Und rannten kreuz und quer—
Nun sind die alten Füße müd',
Lang', lang' ist's her.

Einst patschten wir durch Pfütz' und Bach,
Hei, das gefiel uns sehr !
Dann brausten Meere zwischen uns—
Lang', lang' ist's her.

Reich' mir die Hand, mein alter Freund,
Nun lass' ich dich nicht mehr !
Wir trinken heute herzhaft eins,
Lang', lang' ist's her.

We will now look at some of his songs of social glee and boon companionship.

O, Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

"O, Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut" has attracted a goodly array of translators. Most of the results, it must be confessed, are weak. It is amusing to see the attempts made to render

"We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e."

The twinkle which comes into the eye of one indulging in the nappy is described here to perfection, "Na fou, but just a drappie in our e'e," a description which is undoubtedly one of Burns's happiest hits.

Otto Baisch, in a generally poor translation, "Das lustige Kleeblatt," a funny far-fetched title, gives it

"Wir sind nicht voll, noch lang nicht voll,
Nur eben aus der Sorgen Haft.¹

Winterfeld's effort is as unsuccessful as that of Baisch; the rendering of the above two lines not being even so good, and a specimen of the character of his translation of the song—

"Wir sind nicht schief, wir sind nicht schräg,
Der Kopf ist uns noch frisch und frei."

Laun and K. Bartsch are both a little better, though by no means good. The former renders the two lines in question,

¹We are not full, far from being full,
Only just out of the grip of care.

“Wir sind nicht voll, wir sind nicht voll,
Ein Tröpflein hat uns kaum bethaut.”¹

Bartsch reproduces them equally unsuccessfully

“Wir sind nicht voll, wir sind nicht voll ;
Ein Tröpfchen erst—das gibt uns Kraft.”²

It is difficult to choose between these two mediocre renderings, but I will give Bartsch's, along with that of E. Ruete, who seems to have better caught the spirit and felt the characteristics of this inimitable social song. The rendering even of the two lines already quoted shows the improvement—

“Wir sind nicht voll—ei, gar nicht voll ;
Im Auge nur ein Flammenschein.”³

Indeed the whole song is rendered with wonderful fidelity and spirit. One wonders why he renders

“A cuckold, coward loun is he,”

by

“Der muss 'ne rechte Memme sein,”⁴

when

“Muss ein Hahnrei und Memme sein”

would have given him this line also, almost literally.

O, WILLIE BRAUT' EIN FÄSSCHEN BIER.

K. BARTSCH.

O, Willie braut' ein Fässchen Bier,
Und Rob und Allan kam daher;

¹ We are not full, we are not full ;
A wee drap has scarcely bedewed us.

² We are not full, we are not full ;
Only a wee drap, it gives us strength.

³ We are not full—ay, far from full ;
But just a sparkle in our eye.

⁴ He must be a thorough coward.

Drei frohere Bursch', die lange Nacht,
Gibt's in der Christenheit nicht mehr.

Wir sind nicht voll, wir sind nicht voll,
Ein Tröpfchen erst—das gibt uns Kraft ;
Der Hahn mag krähn, die Nacht vergehn,
Probieren wir den Gerstensaft !

Drei lustige Burschen sind wir hier,
Drei lustige Burschen im Verein ;
Wir waren lustig manche Nacht
Und hoffen's manche noch zu sein.

Das ist der Mond, das ist sein Horn,
Das glitzert von des Himmels Bläu' ;
Nach Hause leuchten will er uns,
Doch der kann warten, meiner Treu' !

Der erste, der nach Hause will,
Der soll ein Lump und Schurke sein ;
Doch wer zuletzt vom Stuhle fällt,
Der sei der König von uns drei'n.

Wir sind nicht voll, wir sind nicht voll,
Ein Tröpfchen erst—das gibt uns Kraft ;
Der Hahn mag krähn, die Nacht vergehn,
Probieren wir den Gerstensaft !

DER WILLY BRAUT' 'NEN SCHEFFEL MALZ.

EDMUND RUETE.

Der Willy braut' 'nen Scheffel Malz,
Und Rob und Allan fand sich ein ;
Wer war wohl in der Christenheit
So selig je, wie die zu drei'n ?

Chor. Wir sind nicht voll, ei, gar nicht voll,
Im Auge nur ein Flammenschein !
Der Hahn mag kräh'n, die Nacht vergeh'n,
Wir kosten doch den Gerstenwein !

Drei lust'ge Burschen sind wir hier,
 Drei lust'ge Burschen, wie ich mein',
 Und waren lustig manche Nacht,
 Und hoffen's manche noch zu sein.

Der Mond, ich kenn' ihn an dem Horn,
 Blinkt hoch vom Himmel hier herein
 Er scheint so hell, er lockt uns heim,
 Doch, meiner Treu, er warte fein,

Wer sich zuerst zum Geh'n erhebt,
 Der muss 'ne rechte Memme sein,
 Doch wer zuletzt vom Stuhle sinkt,
 Der ist der König von uns drei'n !

Wir sind nicht voll, ei, gar nicht voll,
 Im Auge nur ein Flammenschein !
 Der Hahn mag kräh'n, die Nacht vergeh'n,
 Wir kosten doch den Gerstenwein !

John Barleycorn.

This well-known ballad has also found many translators, most of whom have accomplished their task with considerable success. O. Baisch, K. Bartsch, A. Laun, and Winterfeld have given fairly good translations, but in each case the work is marred by weak and too frequently by incorrect and unfaithful renderings. Silbergleit again prefers his own views to those of Burns, and opens the ballad thus—

“Drei Könige im Abendland,
 Hoch in dem durst'gen Norden,
 Die schworen einen grossen Eid
 Hans Gerstenkorn zu morden” ;

and we are asked to accept this for

“There were three kings into the East,
 Three kings both great and high,

And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die."¹

He places his kings in the *west*; Burns, and, of course, the other translators, have them in the *east*. Then he translates "in old Scotland" by "zu unserm Zecherlande" (in our drinking land)—not very complimentary to "puir auld Scotland!" These are, it will be seen, absolutely gratuitous departures from the original, the first verse, given above, being by no means the worst example. These, along with the insertion of so many droll notions of his own, make it uncertain whether he means his version to be taken seriously or as a mere parody. It would have been a delicate matter to decide which rendering of the four other writers should be given as the truest, but fortunately E. Ruete has again produced upon the whole such a true and faithful version, that I have no hesitation in giving it as the best of this famous ballad.

HANS GERSTENKORN.

EDMUND RUETE.

Drei Kön'ge aus dem Morgenland,
Drei Kön'ge hochgebor'n,
Die schwuren einen heil'gen Eid:
Es sterb' Hans Gerstenkorn!

Sie pflügten ihn wohl mit 'nem Pflug
Und streuten Erde drauf,
Und schwuren einen heil'gen Eid:
Aus sei sein Lebenslauf.

¹ Three kings in the west,
High in the thirsty north,
Swore a great oath
To murder John Barleycorn.

Doch als der liebe Frühling kam
Und Regen niederfloss,
Stand wieder auf Hans Gerstenkorn,
Da war das Staunen gross.

Die Sommersonne schien so heiss,
Da ward er stark und dick,
Von spitzen Speeren starrt sein Haupt,
Scheucht jedermann zurück.

Der ernste Herbst kam mild heran,
Wie bleich ward er, und ach !
Er beugt sein Knie, er senkt sein Haupt :
Der Starke wurde schwach !

Und immer kränker schaut' er aus
Und wurde welk und alt,
Da thaten ihm die Feinde an
Gar schreckliche Gewalt.

Mit einer Waffe, lang und scharf,
Das Knie man ihm zerhieb,
Man band ihn auf 'nem Karren fest
Wie einen Schelm und Dieb.

Man legt' ihn auf den Rücken hin
Und prügelt' ihn gar schwer,
Man hing ihn vor dem Winde auf
Und dreht' ihn hin und her.

Dann füllte man ein finstres Loch
Zum Rand mit Wasser an
Und warf hinein Hans Gerstenkorn :
Dort schwimm' er, wenn er kann !

Nun ward er auf die Diele hin
Zu neuer Pein gelegt,
Man warf ihn hin, man warf ihn her
So oft er nur sich regt.

An einer Flamme ward alsdann
Gedörrt sein Knochenmark,
Und mit zwei Steinen mahlte gar
Ein Müller ihn zu Quark.

Sein Herzblut selber nahmen sie
 Und tranken's aus in Ruh',
 Je mehr sie tranken, desto mehr
 Nahm ihre Freude zu.

Hans Gerstenkorn, der war ein Held
 Von edler Wagelust :
 Denn kostest du sein Blut nur, wächst
 Der Mut dir in der Brust.

Es macht, dass du dein Weh vergisst,
 Verdoppelt Freud' und Scherz,
 Macht jung, ob sie auch Thränen weint,
 Der armen Witwe Herz.

Drum lebe hoch Hans Gerstenkorn !—
 Die Gläser nehmt zur Hand—
 Und nie verschwinde sein Geschlecht
 Im alten Schottenland !

I will now examine the translations of some of these marvellous love songs, in which the great powers of Burns chiefly appear. He sang of love in all its aspects, phases, and conditions. It was his love of woman that first awoke his poetic genius and kindled the sweetest sensibilities of his nature, and it was this love which kept the flame of his genius at its brightest glow through life. To him "the lightening of her eye was the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon," and so we find his imperial fancy laid all nature under tribute, and collected riches from every field for imagery sufficiently expressive to portray the beauty and purity of her character, and the graces and charms of her person.

My Nannie, O.

I take first "the perfection of a rustic love song," "My Nannie, O." Otto Baisch has some very good lines faithfully rendered, but there are so many defects in his work that it cannot be regarded as successful. For instance,

"Wenn K uh und Schafe wohlgedeihn,
Das freut den Gutstyrrannen ;
Doch ich, der Pfluger, lache fein,
Ich sorge nur f ur Annen,"¹

is too unfaithful and pointless for

"Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O."

K. Bartsch is open to the same objection, and he spoils the character of the song by using the imagery of the rose instead of "My Nannie"—entitling his version, "Nanny, meine Rose" (Nanny, my rose). He in many lines entirely misses their meaning and charm. For example—

"Ihr Herz ist treu, ihr Auge blau,
So s uss ist ihr Gekose ;
Dem Masslieb gleich, genetzt vom Tau,
Ist Nanny meine Rose"²

¹ When cows and sheep are thriving
That pleases the Land Tyrant ;
But I, the ploughman, laugh finely,
I only care for Nannie.

² Her heart is true, her eye is blue,
So sweet is her caressing,
And like the Daisy, wet with dew,
Is Nanny, my rose.

is quite unworthy of

“ Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she’s bonnie, O ;
The op’ning gowan, wat wi’ dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.”

A. Laun gives a truer rendering than either of the above, his first verse being very good.

“ Am Hugel dort, wo Logan fließt,
In Sumpf und Moor die Rohre stehen,
Und Wintersonn ihr Auge schließt,
Will ich zu meiner Nanny gehen.
Der Westwind bläst mit kaltem Graus,
Die Nacht ist schaurig anzusehen.
Ich nehm mein Plaid und schleich hinaus,
Zu Nanny über’n Berg zu gehen.”¹

It is to be regretted that the other verses are spoiled by several incorrect renderings, whilst the effect is entirely destroyed by the total omission of the first half of the last verse, viz.,

“ Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an’ kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I’m as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An’ has nae care but Nannie, O.”

And then the familiar rhythm is lost in *all* the translations by the omissions of the O, which make the lines sound somewhat hard and abrupt. This is felt even in

¹ There at the hill, where Logan [*sic*] flows,
In marsh and moor the reeds stand ;
The winter sun closes his eye,
And I will go to my Nanny.
The west wind blows with cold shiver,
The night is dreadful to behold ;
I take my plaid, and out I slip,
To go over the hill to Nanny.

E. Ruete's version, which seems nearest to the original, though many lines are weak and incorrect—indeed, he does not appear to have caught the spirit and beauty of this song, as he has done with some others, and the general effect is diminished not only by the omission of the O, but by the frequent omission also of the proper name. For instance,

“Dort hinterm Berg im Lugarthal,
In Mooren und in Brüchen,
Versank der letzte Sonnenstrahl,
Da bin ich fortgeschlichen.”¹

From this it will be seen that though the meaning is given with reasonable correctness, the swing and rhythm of the original are destroyed by these two defects; besides he does not say why he is “fortgeschlichen.”

“Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O;
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.”

I add his full version of the song, but have supplied the O at the end of the second and fourth lines, which improves the melody of the piece, though it is only fair to add that such use of the O is not common in German.

DORT HINTERM BERG.

EDMUND RUETE.

Dort hinterm Berg im Lugarthal,
In Mooren und in Brüchen, O!

¹ There behind the Hill in Lugar-Vale,
In moors and in marshes,
The last ray of the sun is sunk,
And I have slipped away.

Versank der letzte Sonnenstrahl,
Da bin ich fortgeschlichen, O !

Die Nacht war regnicht, schwarz und kalt,
Mein Mantel flog im Winde, O !
Als ich mich stahl hin durch den Wald
Zu meinem Lieb geschwinde, O !

Mein Ännchen ist ein reizend Kind,
Ohn' Arg und sonder Tücken, O !
Gott strafe den, der falschgesinnt
Mein Ännchen will berücken, O !

Schmuck ist ihr Antlitz, ihr Gemüt
So treu, wie schön die Kleine, O !
Massliebchen, frisch im Tau erblüht,
Gleicht Ännchen mein an Reine, O !

Ein Bauernbursch, das ist mein Stand,
Wer hat von mir vernommen, O ?
Bin ich auch wenigen nur bekannt,
Ihr bin ich stets willkommen, O !

Mein Taglohn ist mein ganzes Gut,
Hab' wenig zu verschenken, O !
Doch nicht nach Schätzen steht mein Mut,
Mein Lieb' ist all mein Denken, O !

Mein alter Brotherr schmunzelt froh,
Weil Schaf' und Küh' gedeihen, O !
Ich hinterm Pflug mach's ebenso,
Weil Ännchen mich will freien, O !

Kommt Glück, kommt Leid, was kümmert's mich ?
Ich nehm', was Gott will geben, O !
Nur einen einz'gen Wunsch hab' ich :
Mit meinem Lieb zu leben, O !

Mary Morison.

This, one of the most exquisite songs of Burns, has several translators.

Mr. Silbergleit's version has many beautiful lines, but

he spoils the effect of his work as a translation by entirely omitting the name Mary Morison and using only "Marie"; and in some cases he changes the tender touches, as, for instance, in the last verse, where Burns causes the lover—even while despairing of her love, and only asking her sympathetic pity—still to believe in her gentleness and true womanly nobility

"A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison."

Mr. Silbergleit puts

"Wenn solch Erbarmen du nicht übst,
Dann bist du's nicht, bist nicht Marie."¹

which is pitched in a much lower key than the beautiful thought which the lines of Burns convey.

Mr. Laun's translation has also much to recommend it, but he now and again loses some of the most touching traits of the original, for instance—

"Manch' Mädchen schien der Schönheit Preis,
Wohl würdig für des Königs Thron;
Doch keine war im ganzen Kreis
So schön wie Mary Morison,"²

where it will be seen the whole point is lost.

A witty writer tells a story of a young officer who admitted that his sweetheart was not particularly beautiful, nor endowed with a perfectly graceful figure; "but take her all in all," said he, "and who is so winsome and winning?" Precisely! this is the feeling Burns expresses—

¹ If such pity thou dost not practice,
Then thou'rt not she, art not Mary.

² Many a maid seemed the prize of beauty,
Well worthy of the king's throne;
But none in the whole circle was
So beautiful as Mary Morison.

“Tho’ this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a’ the town,”

yet she “was na Mary Morison.”

It would be difficult to find the concentration of the whole thought upon one person, the absolute supremacy of true love, so perfectly expressed as in these four words, and it is in the rendering of such concentrated expressions, as well as of the naïve and pathetic traits, that so many of our translators fail.

Mr. Otto Baisch gives a pretty song, but it does not contain the charming characteristics of the original. I take, for brevity’s sake, the same verse as a test—

“Errang auch manche Wohlgefallen,
Hiess eine gar des Städtchens Sonn’,
Stillseufzend sagt’ ich doch bei allen :
Ihr gleicht nicht Mary Morison.”¹

It will be seen that the magic and tenderness of the original are absent from these lines.

Mr. Winterfeld produces a good song, and in some respects a fair translation, but it is also spoiled as a rendering of Burns by such lines as

“Flog doch zu dir die Phantasie,
Denn alles And’re schien mir schaal,”²

which fail entirely in conveying the original—

“To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw” ;

¹ Tho’ many succeeded in obtaining favour,
And one, indeed, was called the Sun of the town,
Gently sighing, I yet said about them all,
You do not equal Mary Morison.

² My fancy flew to thee,
For all else seemed insipid.

and

“O, kannst den Frieden rauben Du
Dem Manne, der Dich nie betrübt?”¹

is far, far from meaning

“O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake would gladly die?”

K. Bartsch gives a version, very faithfully rendered, and with fewer departures from the original. I therefore give it, as also that of G. Legerlotz, which is likewise fairly well translated, although it shows many of the defects of the four first named writers.

MARY MORISON.

K. BARTSCH.

O Mary, komm ans Fensterlein,
Es naht die langersehnte Stund',
Und lass mich sehn das Lächeln dein
Das kranke Herzen macht gesund.
Wie trüg' ich willig jedes Joch,
Ein müder Sklav' im Brand der Sonn',
Erwürb' ich dich am Ziele noch,
Du holde Mary Morison !

Als gestern durch den Saal der Tanz
Hinwogt im Glanz des Kerzenlichts,
Bei dir war meine Seele ganz,
Ich sass, doch sah und hört' ich nichts.
War diese schön und jene drall
Und die des ganzen Städtchens Kron',
Ich seufzt' und sprach : “Wer seid ihr all?
Ihr seid nicht Mary Morison.”

¹ O, canst thou rob the peace
Of the man who never saddened thee?

O warum schaffst du solchen Schmerz
 Ihm, dem du mehr als Leben bist?
 Kannst, Mary, brechen du ein Herz,
 Des einzige Schuld die Liebe ist?
 Kannst du nicht Lieb' um Liebe weihn,
 O so sei Mitleid doch mein Lohn ;
 Ein grausam Herz kann nimmer sein
 Das Herz von Mary Morison.

MARY MORISON.

GUSTAV LEGERLOTZ.

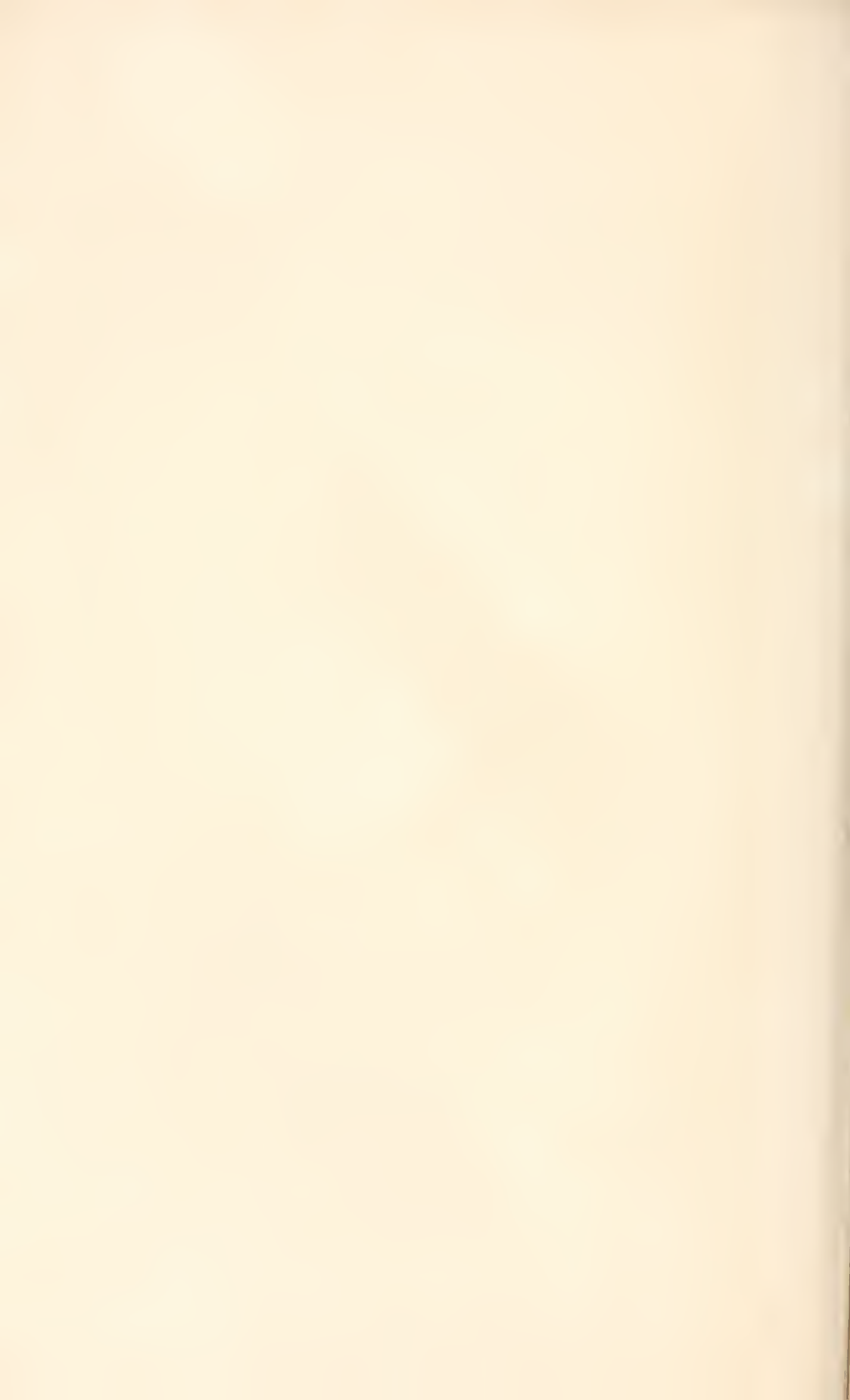
O Mary, komm ans Fenster nu !
 's isch die ersehnte Stund, du weisst.
 Dei sonnigs Lächeln neig mir zu,
 Das den Geiz sei Gold vergesse heisst.
 Froh trüg au's schwerste Joch mei Geist,
 E treuer Sklav, vo Sonn ze Sonn,
 Wann 's ihm e süsses Glück verheisst :
 Die holde Mary Morison.

Als heint beim Klang der Saiten dort
 Der Tanz gewogt durch's Hallenlicht,
 Do stahl mei Geist zu dir sich fort ;
 I sass, doch hört und sach i nicht.
 Do war meng hübsch, meng hold Gesicht,
 E dritts trug Lob uf Lob deryon.
 O geht ! Mei Herzli seufzt und spricht :
 " Keins isch kei Mary Morison ! "

Der gern sei Herzblut für di giebt,
 O Mary, hast für den nur Pein?
 Des Schuld nur isch, dass er di liebt,
 Kannst den der Todesmarter weihn?
 Und kann's denn Lieb um Lieb nit sein,
 Es labt au schon des Mitleids Bronn.
 O hart isch nimmermeh, o nein !
 Der Sinn vo Mary Morison.



A. J. Legere.



My Nannie's Awa.

Mr. Laun, although true in many beautiful lines, does not give a happy version; his metre wants a syllable in the second line, and this gives it a stilted character, and some lines are poor, such as

“Sie machen mich traurig und sind mir verdorrt,
Sie mahnen an Nanny—doch Nanny ist fort.”¹

These words have the very opposite meaning to the original, for Burns shows his pain by the contrast—

“They pain my sad bosom, sae *sweetly* they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie, and Nannie's awa.”

Otto Baisch spoils a very fair translation by inaccuracies which, with a little care, might have been avoided, for example,

“While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw,”
he renders

“Nun singt es und klingt es bald hier und bald dort.”²

K. Bartsch and Winterfeld give very similar renderings, indeed the first two lines are word for word. It is difficult to decide which to give here. As being nearer the original I give Bartsch's version, though possibly Winterfeld's may be preferred by some.

NANNY IST FORT.

K. BARTSCH.

Nun hüllt sich Natur in ihr grünes Gewand
Und lauschet den Lämmchen am blumigen Strand;
Es zwitschern die Vögel am schattigen Ort;
Mich kann es nicht freuen—denn Nanny ist fort.

¹ They make me sad and *are withered to me*;
They mind me of Nanny, but Nanny is away.

² Now there's singing and sounding, now here and now there.

Schneeglöckchen und Primel, sie schmücken die Au',
 Es baden die Veilchen sich morgens im Tau ;
 Sie machen mich traurig, mich mahnt immerfort
 Ihr Blühen an Nanny—und Nanny ist fort.

Du Lerche, die flatternd vom tauigen Plan
 Verkündet dem Schäfer des Morgenrots Nahn,
 Du Drossel, du abendbegrüssende, dort,
 O schweigt aus Erbarmen—denn Nanny ist fort.

Komm, sinnender Herbst, denn in Gelb und in Grau,
 Dass ich die Natur, die verwelkende, schau' ;
 Der eisige Winter, wenn alles verdorrt,
 Kann einzig mich freuen—denn Nanny ist fort.

The following, an arrangement from various writers,
 presents the piece, I think, more faithfully.

MEIN ÄNNCHEN IST FORT.

Nun schmückt sich Natur in ihr grünes Gewand ;
 Nun hüpfen die Lämmlein durch blühendes Land ;
 Willkommen singt's Vöglein am grünenden Ort :
 Ich aber bin freudlos, mein Ännchen ist fort.

Schneeglöckchen und Primeln verschönen die Au',
 Die Veilchen sich baden frühmorgens im Thau ;
 Es schmerzt meine Seele euer duftendes Wort,
 Ihr mahnet an Ännchen, und Ännchen ist fort.

Du Lerche, die aufspringt aus thauiger Saat
 Dem Schäfer zu melden : die Sonne, sie naht,
 Und du trunk'ne Drossel im Abendglanz dort,
 Verstumme aus Mitleid, mein Ännchen ist fort.

Komm Herbst denn schwermüthig in Gelb und in Grau,
 Und tröste mich mit dem Verwelken der Au' :
 Nur schwarz öder Winter und Schneesturm hinfort,
 Erfreuen mich fürder, mein Ännchen ist fort.

Flow gently, Sweet Afton.

“Flow gently, Sweet Afton,” one of the most melodious of the songs of Burns, might have been expected to have been rendered with fidelity, whilst preserving its original musical ring, especially as it is devoid of many of the idioms and strong Scotch expressions conveying thoughts and meanings which are so difficult to clothe in a foreign garb. It is therefore all the more disappointing to find that so few attain even a moderate measure of success.

Otto Baisch’s version, though pretty enough as a song, entirely loses the charm and meaning the original possesses, whilst the substitution of “mein Bächlein” (my streamlet) for “sweet Afton,” tends much to hush the music of the verse. These two words, “sweet Afton,” have a musical ring, the absence of which spoils any translation. Take Mr. Baisch’s first verse—

“Fließ’ leise, mein Bächlein am grünenden Rain,
Fließ’ leise, so will ich ein Liedchen dir weihn;
Hier schlummert Marie mein Leben, mein Licht;
Fließ’ leise, du Bächlein, and störe sie nicht!”¹

This is weak and unmusical compared with

“Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I’ll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary’s asleep by thy murmuring stream,—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.”

Mr. A. Laun’s version is spoiled by somewhat hard reading lines and feeble expressions, as, for instance, his rendering of the second four lines and others—

¹ Flow gently, my streamlet, through your green-growing bank,
Flow gently, I’ll dedicate a ditty to thee;
Here slumbers Mary, my life, my light,
Flow gently, thou streamlet, and disturb her not.

“Du Täubchen, das gurrend das Holz durchstreift,
 Du Amsel, die schrillend in Dornbusch pfeift,
 Grünköpfige Kiebitz', ich bitte Euch sehr,
 Die schlummernde Schöne, die stört mir nicht mehr.”¹

The first line creates quite a discord: “ich bitte Euch sehr,” is colloquial prose, and indeed the whole four lines are much too unmusical and strained for

“Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,—
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.”

Mr. L. G. Silbergleit writes a pretty song on the subject, but, as is so often the case with this erratic writer, he does not seem to trouble himself as to the original. According to his version the chief thing he desires of the streamlet (as he calls it) is, not to refrain from disturbing the dream, but to listen to the lullaby (*Wiegengesang*).

“Ström' leise, du Bächlein am grünenden Hang.
 Ström' leise *und lausche dem Wiegengesang*,”²

certainly conveys a different sound and meaning from

“Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.”

Some of the lines are almost comically weak as compared with the original, thus—

“Der Glückliche hat ja den Fuss ihr umspült,
 Der Glückliche hat ja den Leib ihr gekühlt.”³

¹ Thou little dove which, cooing, sweeps through the wood,
 Thou blackbird, which shrilly sings in the thornbush,
 Green-headed lapwing, I beg you much,
 The slumbering fair don't disturb for me more.

² Flow gently, thou streamlet, by the green-growing slope,
 Flow gently, and listen to the lullaby.

³ The happy one has indeed laved her foot,
 The happy one has cooled her body.

Doubtless the streamlet ought to be considered happy, but this sickly rhapsody is a poor exchange for the poetical picture of Burns—

“How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gath’ring sweet flow’rets she stems thy clear wave.”

Then he not only also omits the soft words, “Sweet Afton,” but the name of the “slumbering fair” as well, which removes the song further from the charm and musical flow of the original.

K. Bartsch and A. v. Winterfeld. The versions bear a strong resemblance to one another, and the use of the very same lines to which I have already referred occurs here in every verse, thus Bartsch has

1. “Es schläft meine Mary am murmelnden Saum—
Zieh’ leis’, holder Afton, nicht stör ihren Traum.”
2. “Grünbuschiger Kiebitz, dir mach’ ich’s zur Pflicht,
O störe den Schlummer der Liebsten mir nicht.”
3. “Dort wander’ ich täglich zu Mittag hinaus,
Den Blick auf die Herd’ und der Lieblichen Haus.”
4. “Oft, wenn auf die Wiese der Abendtau weint,
Beschattet die Birke uns beide vereint.”
5. “Wie kost deine Well’ ihr den schneeigen Fuss,
Wenn, Blumen sich pflückend, sie nahet dem Fluss!”

Winterfeld has

1. “Es schlummert Maria am duftigen Saum—
Zieh’ leis, holder Afton, stör’ nicht ihren Traum.”
2. “Grünbrustiger Kibitz, ich mach’ dir’s zur Pflicht!
O störe den Schlaf meines Liebchens mir nicht”—
3. “Dort wand’re ich jeglichen Mittag hinaus,
Den Blick auf die Heerd’ und der Lieblichen Haus.”
4. “So oft dort der Abend in Thautropfen weint,
Beschattet die Birke uns Beide vereint.”
5. “Wie kos’t deine Well’ um ihr schneeiges Bein,
Wenn Blumen sie suchet, zu nahe am Rain!”—

The sixth verse is of course merely a repetition of the first. It is not very easy to say which of the two in the remaining lines is nearer the original; personally I prefer K. Bartsch's, and therefore append his version.

E. Ruete, whose ear seems generally more ready to catch the music and rhythm of Burns's works, is not quite so successful here as I would have expected. He somewhat mars the melody by using the words, "Mein Afton," "Mein Strom." I give his version also.

ZIEH LEIS', HOLDER AFTON.

K. BARTSCH.

Zieh leis', holder Afton, am grünenden Ried,
Zieh leis', und zum Preis lass dir singen ein Lied;
Es schläft meine Mary am murmelnden Saum—
Zieh leis', holder Afton, nicht stör ihren Traum.

Du Täubchen, des Echo im Walde dort klingt,
Du Amsel, die fröhlich im Dornbusche singt,
Grünbuschiger Kiebitz, dir mach' ich's zur Pflicht,
O störe den Schlummer der Liebsten mir nicht.

Hoch ragen die Hügel am Afton empor,
Draus quillt manch geschlängelt Bächlein hervor;
Dort wander' ich täglich zu Mittag hinaus,
Den Blick auf die Herd' und der Lieblichen Haus.

Wie schön deine Ufer, die Thäler wie grün,
Wo wild in dem Walde die Primeln erblühn!
Oft, wenn auf die Wiese der Abendtau weint,
Beschattet die Birke uns beide vereint.

Dein helles Gewässer, wie lieblich es fließt,
Die Hütte von Mary geschlängelt umschliesst!
Wie kost deine Well' ihr den schneeigen Fuss,
Wenn, Blumen sich pflückend, sie nahet dem Fluss!

Zieh leis', holder Afton, am grünenden Ried!
Zieh leis', holdes Bächlein, dir sing' ich dies Lied!

Es schläft meine Mary am murmelnden Saum—
Zieh leis', holder Afton, nicht stör ihren Traum.

MEIN AFTON.

EDMUND RUETE.

Fliess' leise, mein Afton, das Waldthal entlang,
Fliess' leise, ich sing' dir zum Preis einen Sang,
Mein Mädchen hast murmelnd in Schlaf du gewiegt,
Fliess' leise, mein Strom, wo süß träumend sie liegt !

Holztaube, die girrend die Schluchten durchschweift,
Du Amsel, die hell in dem Dorngebüsch pfeift,
Schwarzhaubiger Kibitz, nun schweige geschwind !
Ich bitt' euch, o stört nicht mein schlummerndes Kind !

Hoch ragen, mein Strom, deine Höhen empor,
Es blitzt aus dem Dickicht manch Bächlein hervor,
Dort weid' ich die Herden und schau' nach dem Haus
Der Liebsten tagtäglich die Augen mir aus.

Wie lieblich die Ufer, die Thäler so grün,
Wo wild in den Wäldern die Primeln erblüh'n,
Wo oft, wenn der Abend sanftweinend sich senkt,
Uns schattend die duftende Birke umfängt !

Krystallhell, mein Strom, deine Welle enteilt,
Am Hüttchen vorbei, wo die Liebste mir weilt,
Wie badest du froh ihren schneeigen Fuss,
Pflückt hurtig sie Blumen im rauschenden Fluss !

Fliess' leise, mein Afton, das Waldthal entlang,
Fliess' leise, du Lieber, und lausche dem Sang !
Mein Mädchen hast murmelnd in Schlaf du gewiegt,
Fliess' leise, mein Strom, wo süß träumend sie liegt !

O, wert thou in the Cauld Blast,

though attempted by five translators, exists only in two versions which are good ; that by Mr. Freiligrath is really excellent—perhaps one of the best translations made into

German. The second one I give, which almost equals it, is by Otto Baisch.

O, SÄH ICH AUF DER HAIDE DORT.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

O, säh' ich auf der Haide dort
 Im Sturme dich, im Sturme dich,
 Mit meinem Mantel vor dem Sturm
 Beschützt' ich dich, beschützt' ich dich !
 O, wär' mit seinen Stürmen dir
 Das Unglück nah, das Unglück nah,
 Dann wär' dies Herz dein Zufluchtsort,
 Gern theilt' ich ja, gern theilt' ich ja !

O, wär' ich in der Wüste, die
 So braun und dürr, so braun und dürr,
 Zum Paradiese würde sie,
 Wärest du bei mir, wärest du bei mir !
 Und wär' ein König ich, und wär'
 Die Erde mein, die Erde mein,
 Du wärest an meiner Krone doch
 Der schönste Stein, der schönste Stein.

O WÄREST DU AUF DER HEIDE DORT.

OTTO BAISCH.

O wärest du auf der Heide dort,
 Im rauhen Wind, im rauhen Wind,
 Ich schlänge meinen Mantel warm
 Um dich, mein Kind, um dich, mein Kind ;
 Und brauste ungestüm auf dich
 Das Unglück ein, das Unglück ein,
 Dann sollte meine treue Brust
 Dir Zuflucht sein, dir Zuflucht sein.

Und säh' ich öde Wildnis nur,
 Wohl fern und nah, wohl fern und nah,
 Zum Paradiese würde sie,
 Wärest du nur da, wärest du nur da ;



FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

Und fiele mir der Herrscherthron
 Des Reiches zu, des Reiches zu,
 Der schönste Stein in meiner Kron',
 Der wärest du, der wärest du.

A Red, Red Rose.

Here, of several translations, those of K. Bartsch, Otto Baisch, G. Legerlotz, and F. Freiligrath are really so good that it is difficult to express a preference. There is one poetic touch which, however, they all miss, and that is the repetition of the word "red"; try the two expressions, "My love is like a red rose," and "My love is like a red, red rose," and the magic of this touch is felt. Freiligrath introduces it into the third line at the expense of fidelity; his first verse reads—

"Mein Lieb ist eine rothe Ros',
 Die frisch am Stocke glüht;
 Eine rothe, rothe Ros'! mein Lieb
 Ist wie ein süßes Lied!"¹

instead of

"O, my love is like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June;
 O, my love is like a melody
 That's sweetly played in tune."

I give the two following versions, without even hinting that those of Baisch and Legerlotz are not quite equal to them.

¹ My love is a red rose,
 That fresh blooms on the stem;
 A red, red rose! my love
 Is like a sweet song.

MEIN LIEB IST WIE DIE ROSE ROT.

K. BARTSCH.

Mein Lieb ist wie die Rose rot,
 Die neu im Mai entsprang ;
 Mein Lieb ist wie die Melodie,
 Die süß im Lied erklang.
 So schön du bist, du holde Maid,
 So tief bin ich besiegt ;
 Und lieben werd' ich dich, mein Lieb,
 Bis dass das Meer versiegt.
 Bis dass das Meer versiegt, mein Lieb,
 Den Fels die Sonn' erweicht :
 So lange lieb' ich dich, mein Lieb,
 So weit mein Leben reicht.
 Nun lebe wohl, mein einzig Lieb,
 Leb wohl auf kurze Zeit ;
 Ich komme wieder, wär' ich auch
 Zehntausend Meilen weit.

MEIN LIEB IST EINE ROTHE ROS'.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

Mein Lieb ist eine rothe Ros',
 Die frisch am Stocke glüht ;
 Eine rothe, rothe Ros' ! mein Lieb
 Ist wie ein süßes Lied !
 Mein Lieb, so schmuck und schön du bist,
 So sehr auch lieb' ich dich ;
 Bis dass die See verlaufen ist,
 Süsse Dirne, lieb' ich dich !
 Bis dass die See verlaufen ist,
 Und der Fels zerschmilzt, mein Kind,
 Und stets, mein Lieb, so lang mein Blut
 In meinen Adern rinnt !
 Leb' wohl, leb' wohl, mein einzig Lieb !
 Leb' wohl auf kurze Zeit !
 Leb' wohl ! ich keh'r', und wär' ich auch
 Zehntausend Meilen weit.

Gae fetch to me a Pint o' Wine.

(MY BONNIE MARY.)

There are some fairly good translations of this popular song, but Mr. Laun has so caught the spirit, metre, and tone of the original that I content myself with giving his, without dealing with the defects of the others.

GEH, HOL' MIR EINEN KRUG, Etc.

ADOLF LAUN.

Geh', hol' mir einen Krug voll Wein
 Und giess ihn in die Silbertasse ;
 Zum Abschied soll's getrunken sein,
 Eh' ich mein süs'ses Lieb' verlasse.
 Das Boot liegt an dem Pfahl von Leith,
 Der Wind streicht durch des Ufers Weiden,
 Bei Berwick sticht das Schiff in See,
 Und von Marieen muss ich scheiden.

Das Banner fliegt, man ruft zur Schlacht
 Und schwingt die Speere kühn und muthig.
 Horch ! wie es kracht mit Donners Macht,
 Der wilde Kampf wird heiss und blutig.
 Nicht Sturmgesaus, nicht Meergebraus
 Macht mir es schwer, von hier zu scheiden,
 Nicht lähmt den Muth des Kampfes Gluth.
 Nein, dass ich Dich, Marie, soll meiden.

Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw

has attracted few translators. Mr. K. Bartsch gives a fairly good version, and though not without defects, it conveys a good idea of the original. He gives the song in forty-eight lines. Whilst it is certain that only the first sixteen lines are really by the poet, the second sixteen lines in this version are said to have been written by

William Reid, of Brash & Reid, Booksellers, Glasgow, beginning by

“Upon the banks o’ flowing Clyde.”

I venture to insert them, although they seldom appear in any good edition of the poet’s works. The last sixteen I also give, though they are ascribed to John Hamilton, Music-seller, Edinburgh.

VON ALLEN WINDEN, DIE DA WEHN.

K. BARTSCH.

Von allen Winden, die da wehn,
 Lieb’ ich zumeist den West,
 Im Westen lebt die holde Maid,
 Von der mein Herz nicht lässt.
 Das Laub entspriesst, das Bächlein fließt,
 Von Hügeln rings umlacht ;
 Zu Jeannie hin fliegt all mein Sinn
 Und Träumen Tag und Nacht.

Sie seh’ ich in der Blumen Tau,
 Sie seh’ ich süß und schön,
 Sie hör’ ich in der Vöglein Sang
 Herab von lustigen Höhn.
 Kein holdes Blümchen, das entspringt,
 Am Quell, im Busch, im Thal,
 Kein holdes Vöglein, das da singt—
 An sie mahnt’s allzumal.

Die Mädchen an dem Strand der Clyde
 Sind schön geputzt und drall ;
 Doch tragen sie ihr bestes Zeug,
 Meine Jeannie schlägt sie all.
 Im schlichten Kleid besiegt sie weit
 Die Schönste von der Stadt ;
 So jung wie alt gesteht das bald,
 Wer sie gesehen hat.

Das Lamm voll Lust an Mutterbrust
 Kann nicht unschuldiger sein :
 Ihr einziger Fehl, bei meiner Seel',
 Wär' ihre Lieb' allein.
 Ihr Augenpaar, so hell und klar
 Wie Tau, an Glanze reich ;
 An Huldgestalt ist niemand halt
 Der süßen Jeannie gleich.
 O wehe, Westwind, wehe sanft
 Im schattenreichen Hain ;
 Im Abendstrahl bring aus dem Thal
 Das fleissige Bienchen heim,
 Und bring mein Mädchen mir zurück,
 Mein Mädchen schmuck und drall ;
 Ihr Lächeln weich bannt Sorge gleich,
 Ihr Zauber wirkt das all.
 Der Hügel dort manch Liebeswort
 Von mir und ihr vernahm !
 Wie that uns weh das letzt' Ade,
 Ach ! als der Abschied kam.
 Dem Herrn allein kann kundig sein,
 Der Höhn und Tiefen misst,
 Dass nichts so wert mir auf der Erd'
 Als meine Jeannie ist.

The Banks and Graes o' Bonnie Doon.

This song has attracted several translators, but they nearly all miss its minor musical note and pathetic charm. Without reviewing the various versions I give Mr. A. Laun's, as it seems to me the best.

AM UFER DES DOON.

ADOLF LAUN.

O Feld und Au am schönen Doon,
 Wie ihr so frisch und fröhlich blüht,
 Wie, Vögel, könnt Ihr singen jetzt,
 Da trüb' und traurig mein Gemüth?

Du brichst, o Vogel, mir das Herz,
 Der wirbelnd dort im Dornbusch singt.
 Du mahnst mich an vergang'ne Lust,
 Die Niemand, Niemand, wiederbringt !

Oft wallt' ich hier am schönen Doon,
 Wo Lilien stehn beim Rosenstrauch,
 Der Vogel sang von seiner Lieb',
 Und von der meinen sang ich auch.
 Mit frohem Herzen pflückt' ich da
 Vom Rosenstrauch die schönste Zier,
 Die Rose stahl der falsche Freund,
 Den Dorn, den Dorn, ach ! liess er mir.

John Anderson, my Jo.

The pictures drawn in the "Cottar's Saturday Night" are often quoted, and very properly quoted, as amongst the highest ideals of happy, well-lived, rustic married life and love, and there are few readers who will not readily join in the poet's words—

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"

It has always seemed to me to be the natural development of that charming picture of youthful love—a picture not surpassed, if indeed equalled, in the splendid gallery of Burns's creation—

"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale";

but in "John Anderson" I have often felt that he touches a still tenderer chord than those which are struck even

in the "Saturday Night." What can surpass the "flood of great remembrance" and memories that crowd around the words,

"We clamb the hill thegither ;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither."?

The closing lines are also unequalled in their deep pathos and unchanging and eternal love. The "shadow feared by man" has no terrors for this true wife's faith and feeling. She is ready to "totter doon" life's hill, whilst "hand in hand they go," and, beautiful in their lives, they will not in death be divided—

"And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

Now, though all the authors to whom we have hitherto referred—except Legerlotz—have been drawn to try and clothe this sweetest song with German drapery, the magic is not there. We are told that Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and examined it with a keen and careful, but favourable eye. "Capital composition, correct drawing, the colour, tone, chiaroscuro excellent; but, but, it wants—hang it, it wants 'That!'" snapping his fingers. So these translations want "That!" Some, indeed, want more.

Winterfeld, for instance, so changes the sentiments that the canty dame, who from the original, one feels is "born to be loved" and to cheer her guidman through life and even at its close, is transformed into a grumbling shadow, recalling not the "canty" but the cloudy days of the past.

"Wir gingen Beid' bergauf,
Und mancher trübe Tag, John,

Erschwerte unser'n Lauf.
 Jetzt stackeln, Hand in Hand, John,
 Wir müde neiderwärts,
 Und nicken zusammen ein dann."¹

Can anything be more unlike the spirit and feeling of the original—pleasant in past memories, and cheery and hopeful for the future?

"We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go ;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo."

A. Laun's version is rendered very fairly as to the literal meaning, but it is hard and unmusical. Try how the second verse sounds, and it is not the most offending—

"Jetzt ist so kahl. Dein Haupt, John,
 Jetzt sind die Locken weiss,
 Doch segne Gott Dich, Greis !
 John Anderson, mein Lieb, John,"

then try the music of the original—

"But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snow ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo."

K. Bartsch gives a somewhat kindlier rendering,

"Das Haar wie Schnee im Märs,"

¹ We both went up the hill,
 And many a *cloudy* day, John,
 Made our path more difficult ;
 Now we stagger, hand in hand, John,
Tired downwards,
 And fall asleep together then.

and other lines being again identical with Winterfeld's rendering. And in the second verse it wants the touching pathos of the word "thegither," which Burns uses with such effect in the second and seventh lines of the last verse—

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill *thegither* ;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go ;
 And sleep *thegither* at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo."

The charm is lost by the omission of this touch, in

"John Anderson, mein Herz, John,
 Wir klommen Hügel auf,
 Und manchen frohen Tag, John,
 Bracht' uns des Lebens Lauf ;
 Nun wackeln Hand in Hand, John,
 Wir beide niederwärts,
 Und schlafen an des Hügels Fuss,
 John Anderson, mein Herz."

Otto Baisch spoils a good rendering by a change in the second verse, and the last four lines are poorly done.

"But now your brow is beld"

he omits, and substitutes

"Dein Auge matt und trüb."¹

Now, Burns makes no such reference, knowing that such men at John's age usually retain one of the characteristics of the Jewish leader, "His eye is not dim." And the last four lines,

¹ Thine eye weary and dim.

“Und mag es nun hinabgehn,
 Wenn Hand in Hand nur blieb,
 Dann schlafen wir vereint am Fuss,
 John Anderson, mein Lieb,”¹

by such doubtings and vagueness never, never convey even an echo of the original—

“Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go ;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.”

Silbergleit also spoils a somewhat pretty rendering by repeated references to John's age. Now it is a loving touch that the references are made in the original simply to the marks of time upon his appearance ; such words as “my old John,” and “thy old head,” spoil the pathetic charm of the original. With this exception it is not without merit, though somewhat cold.

HANS ANDERSEN, MEIN HANS.

L. G. SILBERGLEIT.

Hans Andersen, mein alter Hans,
 Zuerst, als ich dich hatt',
 Da war dein Haar noch rabenschwarz
 Und deine Stirne glatt.

Die Stirn, die ist gerunzelt jetzt.
 Dein Haar ist schneeig ganz.
 Gesegnet sei dein alter Kopf,
 Hans Andersen, mein Hans.

¹ And may it be now to go down,
If hand in hand only remains ;
 Then we sleep united at the foot,
 John Anderson, my dear.

So gingen wir, mein alter Hans,
 Bergan, bergan selbänder.
 Wir lebten manchen Tag, mein Hans,
 Recht fröhlich mit einander.

Bergab nun geht's, mein alter Hans,
 Im Abendsonnenglanz.
 Zusammen schlafen unten wir,
 Hans Andersen, mein Hans.

E. Ruete catches, as is usual with this author, the spirit of the song, but takes greatly away from the beauty of the rendering, indeed, spoils it altogether, by weak and harsh lines.

“Die Stirn so glatt nicht blieb”¹

is much too weak for

“But now your brow is beld, John,”

and

“Selbänder ruh'n wir drunten”

is too unharmonious for such a melodious song.

F. Freiligrath. This accomplished writer gives an easy, flowing translation, though it is not without some of the defects noticed above. “Trüb dein Aug'” (dim thine eye) is an unwelcome addition, and

“Doch Hand in Hand! komm, gib'
 Sie mir! in einem Grab ruhn wir,”²

though passable in an ordinary writer, is hardly what one would have expected from Mr. Freiligrath as a rendering of

“But hand in hand we'll go
 And sleep thegither at the foot.”

The complete translation runs as follows:—

¹ The brow did not remain so smooth.

² But hand in hand, come, give
 It me! we rest in one grave.

JOHN ANDERSON, MEIN LIEB, JOHN.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

John Anderson, mein Lieb, John,
 Als ich zuerst dich sah,
 Wie dunkel war dein Haar, und
 Wie glatt dein Antlitz da !
 Doch jetzt ist kahl dein Haupt, John,
 Schneeweiss dein Haar, und trüb
 Dein Aug' ; doch Heil und Segen dir,
 John Anderson, mein Lieb !

John Anderson, mein Lieb, John,
 Bergauf stiegst du mit mir ;
 Und manchen lust'gen Tag, John,
 Zusammen hatten wir.
 Nun geht's den Berg hinab, John,
 Doch Hand in Hand ! komm, gib
 Sie mir ! in einem Grab ruhn wir,
 John Anderson, mein Lieb !

To Mary in Heaven.

Before leaving the pathetic love songs of Burns I would like to consider the translations of what may be called his song of 'Idealized Love,' entitled "To Mary in Heaven." It is astonishing that a language so rich in love lyrics has not been employed with more effect in reproducing this matchless song into German.

L. G. Silbergleit's version can only be read with pain if intended to be a serious effort at translation. The quotation of the first four lines is sufficient—

"Du Morgenstern, so spät, so bleich,
 So schienst du auch vor einem Jahr,
 Als, weh mir, noch in Todtenreich
 Marie nicht hingegangen war."¹

¹ Thou morning star, so late, so pale,
 So thou appearedest also, one year ago,

It is difficult to believe that this is meant to express the original in any sense, and one is tempted to wonder if the author has read

“Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov’st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher’st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.”

The remaining verses are generally only too true to this beginning.

A. v. Winterfeld’s rendering is very good, but is spoiled by the first four lines,

“Du Stern im müden Morgenstrahl,
Du flohst nicht mit der Finsterniss;
Du bliebst, zu schau’n des Tages Qual,
Der Mary mir vom Herzen riss.”¹

This is poor enough. It is, however, only fair to say that the remaining verses are much better, and, but for the above, would have formed a passable translation.

E. Ruete has not succeeded here; indeed he is below the average of excellence to an extent unusual in his generally commendable translations. There are too many weak lines; for instance,

“Du später Stern, der bleich und fahl,”²

is not rendered with his usual happiness, for

“Thou lingering star, with lessening ray”;

and he misses the true meaning of the marvellous picture

When, woe’s me, into the kingdom of the dead
Mary had not yet entered.

¹Thou star in the weary morning ray,
Thou fled’st not with the darkness;
Thou did’st remain to see the anguish of the day,
Which tore Mary from my heart.

²Thou late star, which pale and faint.

in the third verse—a picture which shows the all-absorbing strength of the love portrayed by Burns. The poet there shows not only that he feels that love with every throb of his own heart, but images every object in nature, by which he and his loved one are surrounded, as filled with the same ecstatic passion. Just look at the imagery in the original for a moment,—at this marvellous scene of love—

“Ayr, gurgling, *kissed* his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods' thick'ning green ;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene ;
 The flowers *sprang wanton to be prest*,
 The birds *sang love* on ev'ry spray.”

He changes in this magic picture all these objects of nature from their ordinary character, and transforms them, as it were, into ethereal beings, wafting love messages from their own tumultuous ecstasy. Now see how all this is overlooked and unfelt, or, if felt, unexpressed.

“Du küsstest, Ayr, den blum'gen Rain,
 Dicht über dir die Waldnacht hing,
 Von Birk und Hagedorn ein Hain'
 Zärtlich den sel'gen Ort umfing.
 Ein Lager winkte, weich und grün,
 Und Liebe sang der Vögel Lied,”¹

This is a very loving picture in itself, it would scarcely be Ruete's if it were not, but it misses that personification of the objects and the enjoyment of these

¹ Thou, Ayr, kissed the flowery bank,
 Thick over thee the forest night hung ;
 A grove of birch and hawthorn
 Tenderly encircled the happy place,
 A couch invited, soft and green,
 And the song of the birds was love.

feelings of love wherein the charm of the original consists.

Adolf Laun sins here to a much greater extent; for Ruete does sound a note of the music which fills this third verse, but Mr. Laun seems ignorant of its existence.

“Der Air rollte murmelnd bei uns nieder,
 Von Gras umsäumt, durch glatters Kiesgestein,
 Und Birkenreis, verwebt mit Dorn und Flieder,
 Schloss unsres Glückes stillen Schauplatz ein,
 Die Blumen hatten ihren Kelch erschlossen,
 Auf allen Zweigen froher Liederklang.”¹

This, it will be observed, can scarcely be called a translation of the original, and the same remark applies to the greater part of Laun’s version. It is a charming song in itself, but it is not Burns’s “To Mary in Heaven.” The metre of the original is departed from entirely, which also affects the work as a translation. A peculiarity of some of these translators is that they, with not the poetical precision of Burns, but with a kind of foot-rule would-be exactness, or in order to form a rhyme, state how long it was after “Mary from his soul was torn,” before Burns wrote this touching and pathetic melody. Imagine Burns guilty of such an inartistic touch! But Laun says it was the second year—

“Verkündest Du mir schon zum zweiten Male”;²

Silbergleit says it was within the year—

¹ Ayr rolled down murmuring by us,
 Hemmed in by grass, through smooth pebble stones,
 And birchen sprays, interwoven with thorn and elder,
 Enclosed the quiet scene of our happiness.
 The flowers had opened their cups,
 On all branches joyful sound of song.

² Thou dost announce to me already for the second time.

“So schient’s, du auch vor einem Jahr”;¹
 but Legerlotz takes a much greater latitude, like his
 “Weltgeschichte” in “Robin,” and makes it the third
 year—

“Du bringst den Tag zum drittenmal.”²

Legerlotz’s version fails also to echo the charm of
 this song, as may be inferred from this “drittenmal”
 indication. The third verse is as far from the original
 as is possible; he seems only to think that a pretty place
 is to be described, without even hinting at the features
 which give its charms to the original. He says

“Du kostest, Ayr, mit Kies und Grand
 In dichter Wälder grüner Schluft;
 Hold um die sel’ge Szene wand
 Sich Weissdornschnee und Birkenduft.
 O, Girren scholl aus Zweig und Nest,
 Zum Pfühl bot Blumenschmelz sich froh.”

One is forced to transcribe the original again to feel how
 the melody of its love-music is unechoed in this purely
 material description—

“Ayr, gurgling, *kissed* his pebbled shore,
 O’erhung with wild woods’ thick’ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am’rous round the raptured scene;
 The *flowers sprang wanton to be prest*,
 The birds *sang love* on ev’ry spray.”

Otto Baisch gives a beautiful rendering of this verse,
 which is refreshing to meet after the above disappoint-
 ments—

“Die Wellen küssten weich den Strand,
 Von grünen Zweigen überhangen,

¹ So appeared thou also one year ago.

² Thou bringest the day for the third time.



Chas Bausch

Die, wie von Leidenschaft entbrannt,
Sich zärtlich ineinander schlangen.
Die Knospen lechzten aufzublühn,
Die Vögel sangen liebestrunken,"¹

He fails in

"The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,"

as his

"Die Knospen lechzten aufzublühn"

conveys a weaker meaning and less impassioned feeling. Notwithstanding this and one or two weak renderings, it is a good translation, though I think it is excelled by K. Bartsch. This writer seems to have caught the inspiration of the song in a high degree—and the crucial third verse is given with essential fidelity. He makes one slip which might easily have been avoided.

"The birds sang love on every spray"

he renders by

"Der Vogel sang von Lieb' in Nest."²

Few birds, in Scotland at least, sing *in their nests*. Burns knew this, and, according to him, they sing on every *spray*.

AN MARY IN HIMMEL.

K. BARTSCH.

Noch säumst du, Stern, mit mattem Strahl,
Dem Morgenrot voranzuziehen,

¹ The waves softly kissed the strand,
Overhung by green sprays,
Which, as if aflame with passion,
Entwined themselves tenderly.
The buds panted to burst into blossom;
The birds sang, intoxicated with love.

² The bird sang of love in the nest.

Bringst wieder mir den Tag einmal,
 Der mir vom Herzen riss Marien.
 O teurer Schatten, o Marie,
 Wo weilst du jetzt in seliger Lust?
 Siehst du den Liebsten trauern hie?
 Hörst du die Seufzer seiner Brust?

Den Tag vergess' ich nimmermehr,
 Den heiligen Hain, ach! wie wir beiden
 Uns trafen am gewundnen Ayr,
 Ein Tag zu lieben—und zu scheiden.
 Nein! keine Ewigkeit erstickt
 Mir der Erinnerung Hochgenuss,
 Wie sie beim letzten Kuss geblickt—
 Wer dacht', es wär' ein letzter Kuss?

Der Fluss sein Ufer küsste leis',
 Den wilde Wälder dicht unblühen,
 Und Birk' und Hagdorn blütenweiss
 Umschlangen sich in Liebesglühen.
 Die Knospe schwoll vor Lieb' im Hag,
 Der Vogel sang von Lieb' im Nest,
 Bis, ach! zu bald den flüchtigen Tag
 Zum Schlummer rief der glühnde West!

Auf jenem Tag voll Lust und Leid
 Weilt stets mein Geist in trübem Sinnen.
 Nur tiefer macht den Gram die Zeit,
 Gleich wie der Strom die Wasserrinnen.
 O teurer Schatten, o Marie,
 Wo weilst du jetzt in seliger Lust?
 Siehst du den Liebsten trauern hie?
 Hörst du die Seufzer seiner Brust?

Duncan Gray.

I will now examine the translations of one or two of the humorous love songs which Burns has expressed with so much naïveté and real humour, and the first I take is "Duncan Gray."

L. G. Silbergleit. This writer commences his translation very well, but, as is too often the case with him, leaves the original for weak notions of his own. One of his superstitions seems to be that one can only be drowned in a pond. Thus in "Tam o' Shanter" he renders

"Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon"

by

"Man dich heraus werd' fischen aus dem Teich."¹

He must have his "Teich" even in "Auld Lang Syne," rendering

"We twa hae paid't in the burn,"

"Zusammen fuhren wir im Teich";

and here again Duncan "Spak' o' lowpin' o'er a linn" is similarly dealt with. The highest tragedy which lovelorn swains, portrayed by former poets, threatened to enact was to 'hang themselves with the apron-strings of their cruel mistresses.' Burns raised humour to the highest pitch by putting the threat of a more tragic end into Duncan's lips, and to have it suddenly reduced to

"In den Teich zu springen droht"²

is almost humiliating, and sufficient to ruin any translation. Then again

"Duncan was a lad o' grace,"

rendered by

"Dunkan, der war schmuck und schlank,"³

wae's me, is intolerable. Whatever has the fact of Duncan being "trim and slender" to do with the explanation of his kindly behaviour after Meg has come to her senses?

¹They would fish thee out of the pond.

²Threatens to leap into the pond.

³Duncan who was trim and slender.

Then

“Duncan es erbarmte, dass
Alte Lieb' erwarmte, dass
Sich als Paar umarmte,”¹

for

“Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
Now they're crouse and canty baith,”

is quite absurd.

“Croose and canty” is, of course, untranslatable, but the rendering of the above lines by “Sich als Paar umarmte,” exceeds all license, and such a departure from the graphic and expressive description of the *dénouement* in the original entirely robs this production of any claim to be considered a reasonably acceptable translation.

O. Baisch gives a fairly good version, but spoils it by a few weak lines, and especially by changing the features of some of the pictures. Thus he gives

“Denkt an Teich und Todesgraus,”²

which is much too weak for

“Spak' o' lowpin' o'er a linn,”

and then

“Aus der schweren Brust gemach
Löste sich manch leises Ach,
Aus dem Aug' ein Thränenbach ;”³

is unbearable.

There is no poet who refers so often to the effects of the eye in love scenes as does Burns. The “Blinks o' the

¹ Duncan took pity, that
Old love warmed, that
They as a pair embraced.

² Thinks of the pond and death-horror.

³ Gently from her sad breast
Escapes many a soft Ah !
From her eye a stream of tears.

bonnie black e'en," which occur ever and anon in his love songs, are as truthful as they are faithfully expressed, and here we have one of his happiest hits—

“And O, her e'en, they spak' sic things,”

which K. Bartsch renders so happily,

“Und, ach, was ihr Auge sprach,”

transformed into

“From her eyes a brook of tears,”

showing that the writer has missed not only the beauty of the original, but also Burns's unique power in his description of such love episodes.

K. Bartsch has caught the spirit of the piece, and renders it with more than moderate fidelity.¹

G. Legerlotz. This writer's version is somewhat disappointing. It contains many of the lines of the other translators transposed into the dialect in which he writes. He rather interferes with the smoothness of the lines by adopting, like Otto Baisch and L. G. Silbergleit, Gretchen and Gret for Maggie and Meg.

I observe the following line from Silbergleit—

“Zeit und Glück sind Ebb und Flut”:

which Legerlotz gives unchanged.

From Otto Baisch,

“Denkt an Teich und Todesgraus”

is rendered

“Schwätzt von Unketeich und Tod,”

and

“Aus dem Aug' ein Thränenbach”

is rendered

“Und lug, ihr Aug rinnt wie e Bach.”

¹ See page 134.

From K. Bartsch,

“Von der stolzen Maid behext
Bleib du, wo der Pfeffer wächst,”

is rendered

“Von eim stolze Ding verhext
Geh sie, wo der Pfeffer wächst.”

This is poor for

“Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gae to—France for me.”

It almost looks as if Legerlotz had adopted the above from these writers, which opinion I am the more drawn to, as they are weaker and less faithful to the original than his other lines.

DUNCAN GRAY.

K. BARTSCH.

Duncan kam als Freier her,
Haha, die Freierei ;
Wir waren all betrunken schwer,
Haha, die Freierei !
Maggie warf den Kopf empor,
Sah ihn schief an übers Ohr,
Dass er ganz den Mut verlor ;
Haha, die Freierei !

Duncan bat und Duncan fleht',
Haha, die Freierei !
Sie that, als wenn sie nichts versteht,
Haha, die Freierei !
Duncan seufzte fürchterlich,
Weinte blind die Augen sich,
Sprach : ich stürz' ins Wasser mich—
Haha, die Freierei !

Doch die Zeit geht ihren Gang,
Haha, die Freierei ;

Verschmähte Liebe währt nicht lang' ;

Haha, die Freierei !

Bin ich, las er sich den Text,

Von der stolzen Maid behext ?

Bleib du, wo der Pfeffer wächst !

Haha, die Freierei !

Thu' der Arzt das Weitre kund,

Haha, die Freierei ;

Meg ward krank und er gesund,

Haha, die Freierei !

Liebe wird im Herzen wach,

Trost ersehnd seufzt sie ach !

Und, ach ! was ihr Auge sprach !

Haha, die Freierei !

Duncan hat ein gutes Herz,

Haha, die Freierei ;

Und ihn dauert Maggies Schmerz,

Haha, die Freierei !

Wollt' er ihren Tod? ei wo !

Mitleid siegt, der Zorn entfloh—

Nun sind beide frei und froh !

Haha, die Freierei !

DUNCAN.

GUSTAV LEGERLOTZ.

Der Duncan kamm zer Freit doher,

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

Wir ware grad vom Jultrank schwer.

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

Schau, der Greti schwoll der Kropf,

Sie blinz verquer und reckt den Kopf,

Trumpft ihn ab, den arme Tropf.

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

Duncan barmt und Duncan fleht ;

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

Taub wie Eichholz bleibt die Gret.

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

Duncan seufzt sei schwerste Not,
Greint sei Augen ritzerot,
Schwätzt von Unketeich und Tod.

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

Zeit und Glück sind Ebb und Flut :

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

Verschmähte Lieb schafft arge Mut.

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

“ Blix ! dös wär e neuer Text,
Von eim stolze Ding verhext !
Geh sie, wo der Pfeffer wächst ! ”

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

Gelt, dös isch e Doktersfrag :

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

Er wird heil, *sie* krank und zag.

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

Ihr Herzle druckt e böse Sach,

Lindrung sucht's in mengem Ach ;

Und lug, ihr Aug rinnt wie e Bach.

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

Duncan war kei Isegrimm,

—Haha, dös nenn i frein—

Und Gretis Fall isch gar ze schlimm.

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

“ Willst warte, bis der Tod sie hol ?

Herz, vergiss den alte Kohl ! ”—

Jetzt sind beid gar wieselswohl.

—Haha, dös nenn i frein !—

Fast May a Graw Wloocr.

It is disappointing that the very few translators who have tried this song do not seem to realize the perfection of its humour or the simplicity of the drama, and how true it is to country life. A. v. Winterfeld actually sends the maiden instead of the wooer to her “black cousin's” house, and he calls the rival her *Tante* Bessie (her *Aunt*

Bessie), whilst the naïve queries he represents the heroine as putting to the said aunt direct, instead of to her fickle wooer—

“Wie wurde mir bang, als er wirklich nun fort—
Ich musst' meine Tante 'mal sehen;
Ich fand meinen Freier natürlich noch dort.”¹

And again, the lines

“Ich fragte der Tante gar lieblich und süß,
Wie's wäre mit ihrem Schwerhören,”²

are intended to represent the well-known pictures

“But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!”

“I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recovered her hearin’.”

We are told by Mr. Winterfeld how the loon fell a-swearin'. From the manner in which he paints the scene one would have expected some forcible language to have come from other lips as well.

The above will show that this version cannot possibly be taken as a reproduction of the original song. It is to be regretted that the translator did not follow up the spirit and manner of the first three verses, which are very good. I do not give them, as the first two verses are, word for word, the same as K. Bartsch's version (another instance of the exact similarity of words so often used by these two writers). I give this version as it comes nearer to the original, so that the reader may judge of its

¹ How uneasy I was when he really was off.
I must really see my aunt.
I found my wooer, of course, still there.
² I asked my aunt quite kindly and sweet,
How her deafness was.

merit. In some lines it is inferior to Winterfeld's; for instance, Bartsch gives

“Eine Kiste voll Geld, und sich selbst als den Herrn,”¹
instead of

“A weel-stockèd mailin—himsel’ for the laird,”

which Winterfeld renders much more correctly and, indeed, almost literally,

“Ein freundliches Gut, und er selber der Herr.”

Such cases are rare, and Bartsch's last few verses are exceedingly good.

G. Legerlotz's reproduction is also fairly good throughout, though here and there it is marred by such a line as

“Do ging i ufs Amt in den Flecken,”

which does away with the movement of the song suggested by the words,

“I gaed to the Tryste o’ Dalgarnock,”

and by one or two others which I need not specially notice, as I give the version itself.

IM MAI KAM EIN FREIER.

K. BARTSCH.

Im Mai kam ein Freier herunter das Thal
Und wollte die Ruhe mir rauben,
Ich sagt’ ihm, ich hasste die Männer zumal,
Das möcht’ er, zum Teufel! mir glauben, mir glauben,
Das möcht’ er, zum Teufel! mir glauben!

Er sprach, dass mein Aug’ ihn genommen zum Ziel,
Er stürbe für mich mit Vergnügen;
Ich sprach, dass er’s thun sollte, wann’s ihm gefiel’;
O Himmel, verzeih mir das Lügen, das Lügen,
O Himmel, verzeih mir das Lügen!

¹ A chest full of money, and himself for the laird.

Eine Kiste voll Geld und sich selbst als den Herrn
 Bot er, seine Glut zu erhärten ;
 Ich that zwar, als hört' ich das alles nicht gern,
 Doch dacht' : es gibt schlimmere Offerten, Offerten,
 Doch dacht' : es gibt schlimmere Offerten.
 Was meint ihr ? zwei Wochen kaum waren noch um,
 Zum Teufel mit seinem Geschmacke !
 Scharwenzt' er um Bessy, mein Bäschen, herum,
 Ich könnt' ihr die Augen aushacken, aushacken,
 Ich könnt' ihr die Augen aushacken.
 Ich schleppt' eine Woche den Aerger wohl fort,
 Da muss nach Dalgarnock ich gehen :
 Wen sonst als den Treulosen fand ich wohl dort ?
 Ich guckt', als ob Spuk ich gesehen, gesehen,
 Ich guckt', als ob Spuk ich gesehen.
 Doch über die Schulter sah hold ich ihn an,
 Dass niemand es merkt' in dem Städtchen ;
 Mein Freier der hüpfte, als wär' er im Thran,
 Und schwur, ich sei wieder sein Mädchen, sein Mädchen,
 Und schwur, ich sei wieder sein Mädchen.
 Ich fragte die Base gar freundlich und süß,
 Wie's stände mit ihrem Schwerhören,
 Und ob ihr noch immer rheumatisch die Füß'—
 Herr Gott, fing er da an zu schwören, zu schwören,
 Herr Gott, fing er da an zu schwören !
 Er bat mich, beim Himmel, zu werden sein Weib,
 Sonst würden ihn töten die Sorgen ;
 Und, um zu erhalten den Armen bei Leib,
 Ich denke, so nehm' ich ihn morgen, ihn morgen,
 Ich denke, so nehm' ich ihn morgen.

DER FREIER.

GUSTAV LEGERLOTZ.

Im Mai kam e stattlicher Freier ze Thal,
 Sei Geplausch thät die Sinne mir raube ;
 Doch i sagt ihm, i hasste die Männer zermal.
 Zum Teuxel, wer hiess es ihn glaube, ihn glaube,
 Zum Teuxel, wer hiess es ihn glaube !

Er sprach vo mein Aug, vo mein süsse Gesicht,
 Und ohne mi könn er nit lebe.
 Doch i sagt im : So sterbt ! Bess kümmert das nicht.
 Gott mag mir mei Lüge vergebe, vergebe,
 Gott mag mir mei Lüge vergebe.

Sei Gebot war e Gütle mit reichlicher Sach,
 Und e Heirat ohne Verziehen ;
 I zuckte die Achseln, as frogt i nit nach,
 Doch i dacht : Es hat schlechtre Partieen, Partieen,
 Doch i dacht : Es hat schlechtre Partieen.

Was meint ihr ? Zwei Wochen nur mochten es sein,
 Do nimmt ihn der Teuxel beim Wickel !
 Er schwänzlet im Pferch um mei Bäsle Kathrein.
 Der sollt ich ihn gönne, dem Nickel, dem Nickel,
 Der sollt ich ihn gönne, dem Nickel ?

Am Samstig, zermartert vo mennigem Plan,
 Do ging i ufs Amt in den Flecken.
 Wen treff i ? Mein lustige, feine Kumpan.
 Wie e Spuk so thät's mi verschrecke, verschrecke,
 Wie e Spuk so thät's mi verschrecke.

Still blinz ich ihm uber die Schulter eins zu,
 Sust belfern die Weibsen im Plätzle.
 Als hätt er eins trunke, so stolpert mei Bu
 Und flüstert : Du bleibst do mei Schätzle, mei Schätzle,
 Und flüstert : Du bleibst do mei Schätzle !

I frogt ihn : Wie schaut's mit der gütige Bas ?
 Und kann sie vo neuem scho höre ?
 Und hupft nu das Storchbein so frisch wie der Has ?
 Doch Himmel, wie fiel er ufs Schwöre, ufs Schwöre,
 Doch Himmel, wie fiel er ufs Schwöre !

Er bettelt : Bi Gott, nu werde mei Weib,
 Sust muss i ze Tod mi no gräme !
 I mein, 's wär halter doch schad um sein Leib,
 Drum will ich ihn morge nur nehme, nur nehme,
 Drum will ich ihn morge nur nehme !

I hae a Wife o' my ain

is rendered pretty equally, and fairly well, by various translators. A. Laun docs not quite catch the measure, and rather spoils the rhythm, of the original by using the word "keiner" instead of "Niemand." G. Legerlotz gives the correct metre, and perhaps renders the poem most literally. Bartsch's and Winterfeld's are very similar, having again many lines identical. I give Bartsch's, merely saying that the line,

"Ich dank's auf Erden Niemand"

would be better rendered, I think, by

"Für Dieses dank' ich Niemand."

ICH HAB' EIN WEIB FÜR MICH ALLEIN.

K. BARTSCH.

Ich hab' ein Weib für mich allein
 Und teile das mit niemand,
 Ich will von niemand Hahnrei sein
 Und Hahnrei sein für niemand.
 Das bisschen Geld, das ich noch hab',
 Ich dank's auf Erden niemand ;
 Auf Borg ich niemals etwas gab,
 Doch borg' ich auch von niemand.
 Bin niemands Herr, zu keiner Zeit,
 Und bin ein Knecht von niemand ;
 Ich hab' ein Schwert, ist gut und breit,
 Drum darf mich schlagen niemand.
 Froh will ich sein und lustiglich
 Und traurig sein um niemand,
 Und kümmert niemand sich um mich,
 So kümmer' ich mich um niemand.

Whistle o'we the Labe o't

has only tempted Legerlotz and K. Bartsch. The former has so many lines unhappily rendered that it is

scarcely worth while to examine it or give it at length. Bartsch's version is a little better, but far from perfect, as the reader may see.

AUF DAS ANDRE PFEIF' ICH

K. BARTSCH.

Als nach Meg ich seufzte schwer,
 Schien sie mir ein Engel hehr ;
 Seit der Hochzeit—fragt nicht mehr—
 Auf das andre pfeif' ich.
 Meg war weich und sanft gesinnt,
 Meg war ein natürlich Kind ;
 Klügre schon betrogen sind—
 Auf das andre pfeif' ich.

Wie wir leben, Meg und ich,
 Wie wir lieben inniglich,
 Wenn man's weiss, was kümmert's mich ?
 Auf das andre pfeif' ich.
 Wünsch' den Maden ein Gericht,
 In Megs Leinen angericht't ;
 Schreiben könnt' ich's—säh' sie's nicht—
 Auf das andre pfeif' ich.

Willie Wastle.

This humorous piece is so full of "by ord'nar'" expressions that it would be the sheerest hypercriticism to deal with the defects which characterize the attempts of the "dauntless three" who have been bold enough to attempt its rendering into another tongue ; indeed, we wonder how anyone can muster courage to face some of the lines which to most English, and even some Scottish readers, are as hidden as if clothed with hieroglyphic obscurity. I will therefore point out rather the success than the failure with this song.

O. Baisch and G. Legerlotz get lost amongst the obscurities of

“She’s bow-houghed, she’s hein-shinned ;
 Ae limp’in’ leg a hand-breed shorter ;
 She’s twisted right, she’s twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter.”

They don’t attempt to translate this verse, and they substitute other images and ideas in much simpler lines. As a specimen of their work, I give the rendering by each, of the second verse, which in both cases is commendable, although Baisch leaves the facial portrait incomplete by omitting all reference to her “whiskin’ beard,” and Legerlotz evidently does not quite realize the power of the phrase “a clapper-tongue wad deave a miller.”

“She has an e’e—she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour ;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whiskin’ beard about her mou’,
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither—
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gi’e a button for her,”

Otto Baisch renders

“Sie hat ein einzig Aug’ das blickt
 Wie Katzen falsch und grimm wie Drachen ;
 Fünf schwarze Zäh’n und einen Stump ;
 Ein Mundstück, Müller taub zu machen.
 Die Nase und das spitze Kinn,
 Die drohn einander täglich greller.
 Für solch ein Weib, wie Willie hat
 Da geb ich keinen roten Heller.”¹

¹ She has a single eye, that looks
 Like cats’ false, and fierce as dragons’ ;
 Five black teeth and a stump,
 A mouth to make a miller deaf ;
 The nose and the pointed chin
 They threaten each other daily shriller—

and Legerlotz gives

“Sie hot en Aug, nur eines hot s’,
 Die Katz hot zwei vo gleichem Schiller ;
 Fünf schwarze Zäh, dozu en Stumpf,
 E Plappmaul, des ertrüg kei Miller ;
 E Bürstelbärtle ziert den Mund,
 Und Krieg hot’s Kinn der Nas geschwore.
 Solch e Weib, wie Willy hot,
 Des kauft i für kei Hoseknöpfe.”¹

“I wad na gi’e a button for her”

has certainly its best rendering in Legerlotz’s

“Des kauft i für kei Hoseknöpfe.”

K. Bartsch makes the boldest attempt to grapple with the peculiarities of this difficult piece, and though far from successful it is moderately good.

SOLCH EIN WEIB, WIE WILLIE HAT.

K. BARTSCH.

Willie Wastle wohnt’ am Tweed,
 Ja ! Linkumdoddie heisst die Stätte ;
 Willie war ein Weber gut,
 Der’s sonst so gut wie einer hätte.
 Allein er hatt’ ein böses Weib,
 Die Mutter Tinkler Maidgie hiess ;
 Solch ein Weib, wie Willie hat,
 Ich gäbe nicht ein Ei für dies.

For such a wife as Willie has
 I would not give a red farthing.

¹ She has an eye, but one has she,
 The cat has two of the same glitter ;
 Five black teeth, therewith a stump,
 A babble-jaw which no miller could endure ;
 A bristle-beard adorns the mouth,
 And the chin has sworn war against the nose,
 Such a wife as Willie has
 I would not buy her for a trouser-button.

Sie hat ein Aug'—sie hat nur eins,
 Die Katz' hat zwei von solchem Schiller ;
 Fünf gelbe Zähn und einen Stumpf,
 Ihr Klappermaul betäubt den Müller.
 Ein borstiger Bart um ihren Mund,
 Die Nase fast am Kinn sich stieß :
 Solch ein Weib, wie Willie hat,
 Ich gäbe nicht ein Ei für dies.

Kniekehl' und Schienbein hat sie krumm
 Und hinkt dazu auf einem Beine ;
 Sie wackelt rechts, sie wackelt links
 Und balanciert dabei wie eine.
 Sie hat 'nen Höcker auf der Brust,
 Ihr Rücken seinen Zwilling wies :
 Solch ein Weib, wie Willie hat,
 Ich gäbe nicht ein Ei für dies

Am Ofen sitzt und putzt sich stets
 Mit ihrem Pfötchen rein die Katze :
 So reinlich ist nicht Willies Weib,
 Sie wischt ihr Maul am schmutzigen Latze.
 Die grobe Faust dem Mistkorb gleich,
 Rührt' sie im Wasser, trübte sie's :
 Solch ein Weib, wie Willie hat,
 Ich gäbe nicht ein Ei für dies.

Green Grow the Rashes, O.

This rollicking song, which one can scarcely listen to without exclaiming, "O rare Rob Burns!" seems to offer greater difficulties to the translators than one would have expected. One and all of them increase the distance by which they fall short from the original, and greatly interfere with the rhythm by omitting the three Os in the chorus and the O in the second and fourth line of the verses, whilst A. Laun's rendering is all through very

rough and irregular in its metre, and closes with four lines almost like verse transposed, thus—

“Das schönste, was je geschaffen Natur,
Es sind und bleiben die Mädchen,
Sie schuf die Männer als Probestück nur,
Als Meisterstück schuf sie die Mädchen.”¹

In addition to the hardness and prosaic character of these four lines, the first two are intrinsically weak, and this remark applies to others in this version.

K. Bartsch spoils his reproduction by his chorus, which in this song has such a prominent position.

“Es grünt im Schilfe,
Es grünt im Schilfe!
Ich lebte manchen lieben Tag,
Mit junger Mädchen Hilfe!”²

scarcely conveys an echo of

“The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O.”

In many of the lines the rendering is fairly faithful, and in some instances very good indeed. His verse

“Gebt mir ein Stündchen Abendzeit,
Im Arm mein Liebchen munter (O),
Dann, weltlich Weh und weltlich Leid,
Geh drüber und geh drunter (O),”

¹The most beautiful which nature ever created
Are, and remain the lasses;
She created the men only as a trial-piece,
As masterpiece she created the lasses.

²It grows green on the rashes,
It grows green on the rashes;
I lived many a dear day
With the help of young lasses.

is perhaps the best of any efforts to reproduce

“ But gi’e me a canny hour at e’en,
My arms about my dearie, O ;
And warl’y cares, and warl’y men,
May a’ gae tapsalteerie, O.”

E. Ruete catches the spirit and lilt of the piece fairly well, but with a little care might have avoided some blemishes ; thus

“ Wer hierzu spöttisch blicken kann,
Dem mag ein Narr vertrauen (O) ;
Geliebt hat jeder weise Mann
Herzinniglich die Frauen (O),”¹

does not render Burns’s lines, and altogether misses the reference to Solomon—

“ For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye’re nought but senseless asses, O ;
The wisest man the warl’ e’er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.”

The following would have rendered the original better, and his version would then have been pretty faithful.

“ Ein Fromme der hier spotten kann
Soll blöde—Disteln kauen, O ;
In aller Welt, der weis’ste Mann
Hat sehr geliebt die Frauen, O.”

L. G. Silbergleit gives a very good rendering, but has one or two weak lines, thus

“ O bleibet mir vom Leibe,”²

is very poor for

“ May a’ gae tapsalteerie, O ;”

¹ Who sneeringly can look at this
A fool may trust him ;
Every wise man loves
Heartily the women.

² O remain far from me.

and

“Der weise König Salomon,
Der *liebte viele Frauen*,”¹

is too “narrow” for

“The wisest man the warl’ e’er saw,
He *dearly loved the lasses, O*.”

I give both these versions complete, but have taken the liberty to restore the neglected Os which will make the songs more congenial, at least to those who know them in the original.

GRÜN SIND DIE AUEN.

EDMUND RUETE.

Chor. Grün sind die Auen, O,
Grün sind die Auen, O!
Am frohsten bin ich immerdar
Bei euch, ihr holden Frauen, O!

Wer mag in diesem Sorgenthal
Noch heiter um sich schauen, O!
Traun! Dieses Leben wäre schal,
Gäb’s keine lieben Frauen, O!

Lasst jagen nur das Kind der Welt
Nach eitlen, flücht’gen Schätzen, O!
Es kann an allem Gut und Geld
Das Herz sich nimmer letzen, O!

Doch darf im trauten Dämmerlicht
Ich froh mein Liebchen herzen, O!
Dann lach’ ich hell ins Angesicht
Der Welt und ihren Schmerzen, O!

Wer hierzu spöttisch blicken kann,
Dem mag ein Narr vertrauen, O!
Geliebt hat jeder weise Mann
Herzinniglich die Frauen, O!

¹The wise King Solomon,
He loved many women.

Es lässt, was du vermagst, Natur,
Das Weib am schönsten schauen, O!
Die Männer schufst du tastend nur,
Mit Meisterhand die Frauen, O!

Grün sind die Auen, O,
Grün sind die Auen, O!
Am frohsten bin ich immerdar
Bei euch, ihr holden Frauen, O!

GRÜN SIND DIE AUEN.

L. G. SILBERGLEIT.

Grün sind die Auen, O,
Grün sind die Auen, O!
Die schönste Zeit, die je ich hatt',
Verlebt' ich mit den Frauen, O!

Nur Sorge giebt es überall;
Die Zukunft ist voll Grauen, O!
Das Leben wäre eine Qual
Wol ohne liebe Frauen, O!

Ihr klugen Leut' sucht Gold gescheidt,
Das stets vor euch wegfließet, O!
Und wenn am End' ihr's fasst behend,
Eu'r Herz es nicht geniesset, O!

Nur eine kos'ge Abendstund'
Bei dem geliebten Weibe, O!
Und schlaue Sorge, schlaue Leut',
O bleibet mir vom Leibe, O!

Ihr, die so stolz ihr mich verhöhnt,
Seid doch nur dumme Pfauen, O!
Der weise König Salomon
Der liebte viele Frauen, O!

Mein Bestes schwur einst Frau Natur,
Im Weibe mögt ihr's schauen, O!
Mit Lehrlingshand schuf ich den Mann,
Mit Meisterhand die Frauen, O!

Grün sind die Auen, O,
 Grün sind die Auen, O!
 Die schönste Zeit, die je ich hatt',
 Verlebt' ich mit den Frauen, O!

Any selection of representative pieces from the songs of Burns would be incomplete without one or two examples displaying his power of humour and fun, apart from those given amongst the love songs. The first we take is

There was a Lad was born in Kyle.

The first verse and the chorus seem too difficult for the translators, though by a little inquiry as to the meaning of the words "o' what'n a style," this difficulty would have been lightened. "Obscure writing means obscure thinking," says R. Waldo Emerson, and certainly, obscure understanding of an author means obscure translating. As is known by most readers of Burns, the old and new styles of date were in use in Scotland up to within a few years of the birth of Burns. I remember, when a boy, seeing some documents with the days inserted in both styles, as is done in Russia to this day; and, notwithstanding the contents of the second verse where the poet seems to have repented of the indifference expressed in the first, there can be little doubt that this is his meaning. This is a natural construction, and with a writer of such precision it can have no other, as Burns does not deal in obscure and implied meanings. But the manner in which it has been dealt with by translators is in some cases very amusing.

G. Legerlotz avoids the difficulty by giving it a very *universal* rendering,

"Doch welches Tags der Weltgeschichte,"¹

¹ But on what day of the world's history.

which is certainly wide enough to include year, style, and everything. This writer is not so successful with his translation of this song as with many others, whilst his chorus savours more of the rough and vulgar than of the naïveté and roguishness which characterize the original,

“Robin was a rovin’ boy,
Rantin’ rovin’, rantin’ rovin’;
Robin was a rovin’ boy,
Rantin’ rovin’ Robin.”

For this we cannot accept Legerlotz’s

“Robin war e loser Ruch,
Los und locker, los und locker;
Robin war e loser Ruch,
E lockrer Teufelshocker.”

As will be seen in Laun’s version, a much more faithful and at the same time more pleasing rendering is not surrounded with any great difficulties. Indeed, Legerlotz does not seem to have got a right grip of these humorous verses.

E. Ruete. In rendering the first verse this writer falls into the same error as do many translators in his own and other tongues.

“But what’n a day o’ what’n a style,”

he gives

“An welchem Tag? auf welche Art?”¹

as if there were a hundred ways by which a small specimen of humanity can be brought into the world. His version is, upon the whole, very good, and contains one or two really good verses, but is spoiled by a few incorrect

¹On what day, in what way or manner.

renderings, besides being rather cold. The chorus is very well done, though not quite so strong as the original—

“Robin war ein freier Bursch,
Frei und fröhlich, frei und fröhlich,
Robin war ein freier Bursch,
Froher, freier Robin.”

K. Bartsch's version has also some good verses,

“Manch Unglück bringt sein Lebenslauf,
Doch bleibt sein Mut stets obenauf,
Er macht uns Ehre noch vollauf,
Wir werden stolz auf Robin.”¹

being as good a rendering as could be wished for, of

“He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.”

But the piece is most unequal, and his chorus of

“Robin flunkert gern herum :
Wie ich froh bin, wie ich froh bin !
Robin flunkert gern herum,
Lust'ger Bursch, der Robin,”

is recognizable, but nothing more.

Otto Baisch's version, though also containing some well-rendered lines, is spoiled completely by the first verse and the chorus,

“Es war ein Knabe jung und zart ;—
Von welchem Stand? Von welcher Art?—
Die Mühe bleibt mit Fug erspart,
So einzugehn auf Robert.

¹ His career will bring many misfortunes,
But yet his courage will always be above them,
He'll be an honour to us,
We will be proud o' Robin.

Robert war ein Ruhedieb ;
Rasch erobert, rasch erobert !
Robert war ein Ruhedieb ;
Rasch erobert Robert.”¹

This is merely a burlesque when offered for

“There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But what’n a day o’ what’n a style,
I doubt it’s hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi’ Robin.

Robin was a rovin’ boy,
Rantin’ rovin’, rantin’ rovin’;
Robin’ was a rovin’ boy,
Rantin’ rovin’ Robin.”

Mr. A. Laun gives a very readable translation, though it also is marred by several lines, such as

“Und weiss ich auch das Datum nicht.”²

which he gives for the oft-quoted

“But what’n a day o’ what’n a style” ;

and in the last verse,

“Und das wird nicht Dein Schlimmstes sein,”³

are the words in which he expresses

“But twenty fau’ts ye may ha’e waur.”

Of course Mr. Laun has clearly misunderstood the original,

¹ There was a boy young and tender,
Of what position in life? of what manners?
The trouble is, with right spared,
To go so into details about Robert.

Robert was a thief of peace,
Quickly conquered, quickly conquered,
Robert was a thief of peace,
Quickly conquered, Robert.

² And I don’t even know the date.

³ And that will not be your worst.

and so conveys a totally different meaning. I give this version in full so that the reader can judge its merits.

ROBIN.

ADOLF LAUN.

In Kyle, da kam ein Bursch an's Licht,
Und weiss ich auch das Datum nicht,
So leist' ich gerne drauf Verzicht,
Genau zu sein bei Robin.

Robin war ein flotter Bursch,
Frisch und frei war Robin,
Robin war ein flotter Bursch,
Frisch und frei war Robin.

Als kaum ein Mond verflossen war
Von unsres Königs letztem Jahr,
Da blies der Wind im Januar
Schon auf den kleinen Robin.

Zur Hand guckt' ihm die Muhm' hinein
Und sprach: Ihr lieben Leut', ich mein',
Der Robin wird kein Dummkopf sein,
Ich denk, er heisse Robin.

Zwar Böses wird ihm viel geschehn,
Doch er wird immer drüber stehn,
Er bringt Euch Ehr', Ihr werdet's sehn,
Drum seid nur stolz auf Robin.

Gewiss, wie zweimal zwei sind vier,
In jeder Linie zeigt sich's mir:
Die Mädchen einst behagen Dir,
Dess freu ich mich, mein Robin.

Und meiner Treu, sprach sie, ich mein'
Du fängst manch holdes Kind Dir ein,
Und das wird nicht Dein Schlimmstes sein.
Gesegnet seist Du, Robin.

Robin war ein flotter Bursch,
Frisch und frei war Robin,
Robin war ein flotter Bursch,
Frisch und frei war Robin.

The Exciseman

is another indication that the Germans either do not appreciate or cannot express these humorous songs. There are four writers who have attempted this song, and that of only one of them, Mr. G. Legerlotz, is worth reproducing; the others are more like burlesques of the original.

TEUXEL UND ZOLLMANN.

GUSTAV LEGERLOTZ.

Der Teuxel fidelte durch die Stadt
 Und tanzte furt mit dem Zollmann.
 Des Weibsvolk schrie: "Herr Urian,
 Viel Glück zu dem feiste Knoll, Mann!"

Der Teuxel isch furt, der Teuxel isch furt,
 Der Teuxel isch furt mit dem Zollmann!
 Er isch furtgetantz, er isch furtgetantz,
 Er isch furtgetantz mit dem Zollmann!

Nu brenne wir Malz, nu braue wir Bier,
 Und singe und springe wie toll, Mann!
 Dem schwarze Bengel gar schmucke Dank,
 Der furtgetantz mit dem Zollmann!

Do isch Zweitritt, hopp! do isch Dreitritt, hopp!
 Do isch meng Geschleif und Geroll, Mann;
 Doch der feinste Tanz, den wir je gesehn,
 War des Teuxels Tanz mit dem Zollmann.

Der Teuxel isch furt, der Teuxel isch furt,
 Der Teuxel isch furt mit dem Zollmann!
 Er isch furtgetantz, er isch furtgetantz,
 Er isch furtgetantz mit dem Zollmann!

SWISS GERMAN.

I WILL now examine some of the foregoing songs translated into Swiss German (or Zurich dialect), which has been done, so far as I know, only by Mr. Corrodi.¹ It is claimed that this language or dialect bears a stronger resemblance to broad Scotch than almost any other foreign tongue. A Swiss friend, in dealing with this claim, writes me: "It was on my first tour in Scotland—from Loch Lomond, through Hell's Glen, Inveraray and Loch Awe to Oban—that I was for the first time struck with the sometimes very close resemblance between my own and the Scottish dialect, and it was interesting to find, on getting meals at the farmhouses, I had so much greater facilities in understanding the Scotch than had my friend, a professor of philosophy, who was with me, but was from the French part of Switzerland." My friend goes on to give instances of many words and sentences very similar in both languages, with which I need not trouble the reader; and Mr. Corrodi himself, in his interesting preface, repeats the claim, and maintains that even the English cannot read many things in Burns with the same pleasure as the Swiss; and, further, that very much can only be translated into Swiss German, or, as

¹ *Lieder von Robert Burns*, In das Schweizerdeutsche übertragen von August Corrodi. Winterthur, Bleuler-Hausheer & Co. 1870.



AUGUST CORRODI

he says, to be more precise, into Zurich German, whilst such pieces would lose their charm if attempted in the pure German tongue.¹ He also gives a list of words as instances. Without following his very interesting arguments, any one reading the following pieces will meet with lines which are almost identical in both tongues, but any *general* identity is more than questionable. I remember a "brither Scot" telling me that on visiting one of the great battlefields of the Franco-German War in Alsace, he wished to ask his driver where the fighting took place, but, as his Jehu did not understand English, he tried him with his best French, without a satisfactory result. Learning that the driver was a German, and having heard of the close resemblance between broad Scotch and the Teutonic dialects, he said, "Whar was the fecht?" "Ah, das Gefecht!" said the amused driver, "War dort"; but my friend soon found this medium of conversation extremely limited, an experience made by many others under similar circumstances. Even my Swiss friend quoted above, who knows Burns, writing me without the translation before him, says, "'Speir nae mair' is pronounced the same and written almost the same in our *Eastern* Cantons, 'Spiir nöd mehr.'" Very likely, but the translator writes, "Frag nid nah," which certainly does not *sound* like "speir nae mair"; so that we may conclude, whilst there is a resemblance in many words, this does not seem to exist to any much greater extent than in the

¹ "Ich behaupte Ihnen hier fröhlich in's Gesicht: sogar ihr Engländer könnt an vielen Sachen von ihm nicht diese rechte Freude haben wie wir Schweizer. Ferner, nicht das Meiste, aber Vieles bei ihm lässt sich nur in's Schweizerdeutsche, präciser, nur in's Zürcherdeutsche unbeschädigt übertragen, wird, in hochdeutscher Küche zubereitet, manchmal geradezu ungeniessbar."

other dialects of German or in those of the Scandinavian tongues.

None of the poems have been attempted in this interesting collection, the translator confining himself to thirty-four of the songs. Following the order I have already adopted, I take first

A Man's a Man for a' that.

This translation is almost perfect; the first line is rather stilted, and two lines seem weak.

“Die fine tüecher trinked wii”¹

is weak for

“Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine”;

and

“Trotz uhr und gschmeid und alldem”²

may be expressive enough to the Swiss with his simple tastes and habits, but to British minds it lacks the force of

“His riband, star, and a' that,”

These are but two very small defects in what is perhaps the best translation into any language of this magnificent ode; and it is but fair to point out some lines where the language seems even more expressive than in the original, which is a bold thing to say of any of Burns's masterpieces; but such as

“E figi chnechtseel lömer gah”³

is more contemptuous than

“The coward slave, we pass him by,”

¹The finer people drink wine.

²In spite of watch and trinket, and all that.

³The cowardly, slavish soul we pass by.

and

“Drum bätt, alltag dass 's so cho mag”¹

is more powerful than

“Then let us pray that come it may.”

It seems appropriate that what I have called this Marseillaise of humanity, the production of Scotland, should be so well clothed in the drapery of the language of that country which so much resembles her in efforts brave and bold for Liberty—social, political, and religious.

WAS, SOLL EN ARMEN EHREMA.

Was, soll en armen ehrema
 Sin chopf la hange wege dem?
 E fiigi chnechtseel lömer gah,
 Arm dörfmä sy, trotz alldem!
 Trotz alldem und alldem,
 Werchedmer unbrüehmt, trotz dem;
 De rang ist nu's gipräg vum geld,
 De ma ist's gold trotz alldem!

Mir essed chost, und trinked most
 Und gönd im zwilch und alldem.
 Die fiine tüecher trinked wii,
 En ma ist ma trotz alldem.
 Trotz alldem und alldem,
 Trotz ihrem gstaat und alldem,
 En ehrema, und na so arm,
 Dä staht vora, trotz alldem.

Dä purst, mä seitem “herr”, lueg a,
 Wott vornehm thue mit alldem;
 Mag hunderte z'bifelle ha,
 Ist doch en tropf trotz alldem.

¹Then daily pray that come it may.

Trotz alldem und alldem,
 Trotz uhr und gschmeid und alldem,
 En ma vo unabhängigem sinn,
 Lacheten us trotz alldem.

En künig cha zum ritter schla,
 Zum grafe machen und zu dem ;
 Er mach emal en ehrema,
 Da fehltem ebe's züüg zu dem !
 Trotz alldem und alldem,
 Trotz rang und stand und alldem,
 Chernhafti stolzi biderkeit
 Staht über rang und alldem.

Drum bätt alltag, dass 's so cho mag,
 Und 's wird so cho trotz alldem,
 Dass wiit und breit nu d'biderkeit,
 D'vernunft nu herrscht trotz alldem.
 Trotz alldem und alldem,
 Es wird so cho trotz alldem,
 Dass ma dem ma, wohi d'magst gah,
 Wird brüeder sy trotz alldem !

Auld Lang Syne

is a little more faithful than in the German, though this translation fails to render "auld acquaintance" any better than by "alte Fründschaft," as the best German translators do, or "Auld Lang Syne," than by "Vor alter Ziit." The words simply cannot be translated, but an amusing error is made in translating

"We twa ha'e paid't i' the burn,"

which is made

"Weischt, wiemer köthlet händ im bach."¹

The translator has evidently mistaken the word "paid't"

¹ Do you remember how we dabbled (literally *muddled*) in the burn.

for "puddled," and suggests "mud-pie making" rather than the refreshing equivalent for "paidling."

VOR ALTER ZIIT.

Soll alti fründscheft gstorbe sy
 Und alls verschwunde wiit?
 Soll alti fründscheft gstorbe sy
 Und d'tag us alter ziit?

Der alte ziit, min fründ,
 Der alte ziit!
 En guete brave treue schluck
 Der alte ziit!

Weischt, wiemer zämme klettered sind,
 In bergen umme wiit?
 Wol mängmal häts müed füess ggä, fründ,
 Sid alter ziit.

Weischt, wiemer köthlet händ im bach
 Bis spat zur suppeziit,
 Dänn hättis 's grusam weltmeer trennt
 Sid langer ziit.

Da häst mi hand, du alte fründ,
 Gib dini, her demit!
 Und iez en guete feste schluck
 Der alte ziit.

I glaub du magst din stifel na,
 Mir ister au nid z'wiit;
 So chumm, mer pütsched fröhli a:
 Der alte ziit!

Mr. Corrodi translates none of the songs of the pathos, as they may be called, of youthful love. "Mary Morison," "My Nannie O," "My Nannie's awa'," "Sweet Afton," and others are all absent. The only one of this class is the

Red, Red Rose.

He also misses entirely—even worse than the German—the poetic power of the repetition of the adjective in “red, red rose,” and merely says, “röseli,” which is poor.

MIN SCHATZ IST WIENES RÖSELI.

Min schatz ist wienes röseli,
 Wo frisch in summer blüecht,
 Min schatz ist wiene guets schöns lied,
 Won ein so recht durglüecht.

So herzig d'bist, herzliebste schatz,
 So herzli liebi di :
 Und lieb ha willi di, min schatz,
 Bis trochen ist de Rhi.

De Rhi mag trochne, de Rigi mag
 I heisser sunn vergah :
 Ich ha min schatz lieb bis emal
 Mi letzti stund wird schla.

Und bhüetdi Gott, min liebste schatz,
 Es wiili bhüetdi Gott !
 I chumme wieder wänni scho
 Zehetusig stund wiit sott.

Duncan Gray

he calls Stöffi Schwarz, Stöffi being the endearing diminutive of Stephen, sometimes a nick-name only ; but why Duncan is transformed to Stephen or Gray to Black is not clear, nor why Meg is rendered Grite like the German. The translation as a translation has no pretence to fidelity, though the first part of the story is told very well. Still it is to be regretted that a language which the translator

urges to be so similar to broad Scotch could not yield better imagery than the following.

“Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,”

is rendered by

“D’Griten ist chalt wie de ma im mo”;¹

by

“Spak’ o’ lowpin’ o’er a linn,”

and

“Dräut, er schüüss si dur de grind”;²

by

“Now they’re crouse and canty baith,”

“Gänd do gli druf’s hochsig a,”³

and so on. There are, on the other hand, some well rendered poetical lines, faithful to the original, as the reader may see.

STÖFFI SCHWARZ.

De Stöffi Schwarz hett d’Grite gern,

Losmer iez dä hüüret,

Er seitere’s a der Wienecht fern,

Losmer iez dä hüüret.

D’Grite luegten usöd a,

Seit : “I chadi nid verstah ;

Chönntist ehner wieder gah ;”

Losmer iez dä hüüret.

De Stöffi leit si uf’s bitte do,

Losmer iez dä hüüret,

D’Griten ist chalt wie de ma im mo,

Losmer iez dä hüüret.

Stöffi zännet wienes chind,

Griinet si na d’auge blind,

Dräut, er schüüss si dur de grind,

Losmer iez dä hüüret.

¹ Grite is cold as the man in the moon.

² Threatens to shoot himself thro’ the head.

³ Soon thereafter they announce a wedding.

Ziit und glück gönd ab und zue,
 Losmer iez dä hüüret,
 Verschmähti liebi lat kei rueh,
 Losmer iez dä hüüret.
 Endtli seiter : bin e chueh,
 Ase wegeme hudi z'thue,
 Lauf dä nar dem tüfel zue !
 Losmer iez dä hüüret.

Frag de dokter wie's na chunnt,
 Losmer iez dä hüüret,
 Do wird *sie* chrank, er wird gsund.
 Losmer iez dä hüüret.
 'S mottet inere, chunnt nid drus,
 'S zündtere zun augen us,
 Süfzger lat sie, 's ist en grus,
 Losmer iez dä hüüret.

'S Stöffis herz ist nid vu stei,
 Losmer iez dä hüüret,
 Der Grite gahts dur marg und bei,
 Losmer iez dä hüüret.
 Wott nid, dass sie sterbi dra,
 Denkt, er well verbärmket ha ;
 Gänd do gli druf's hochsig a,
 Gäll, das ist en hüüret !

Whistle o'er the Cane o't

is very faithfully and well rendered, though Mr. Corrodi evidently will have none of "Meg," and so again transcribes it d'Grite.

PFIFEN UF DIE GANZ GSGHICHT.

D'Grite hani welle ha,
 Ha ja gmeint in himmel z'cha ;
 Nachem hochsig—frag nid nah—
 Pfifen uf die ganz gschicht.

Ist so sanft und artig gsy,
 Wiens butichindeli ;
 'S hett na gschiider ggä as mi—
 Pfiifen uf die ganz gschicht.

Wieni mit der Grite läb,
 Ob im friden, ob im chläb,
 Mira magmä's wüsse säb ;
 Pfiifen uf die ganz gschicht.

Sie in todtehämpli ha
 Und de würne z'brösele la—
 Weuschi's—so erfiehr sie's na—
 Pfiifen uf die ganz gschicht.

Coming thro' the Rye.

He mistakes the rye, and transforms it into a streamlet
 (as the German translators have done), and renders

by “Coming thro' the rye, poor body,”

“Meiteli ist dur's bächli ggange.”¹

Mr. Corrodi scarcely attempts to make his translation
 literal; even in the verse which one would have thought
 easy enough he avoids doing so. Possibly the stream
 transformation made the correct rendering too ridiculous,
 for whilst “a body kissing a body coming through the rye,”
 is intelligible, probably common, the pleasant occupation
 could scarcely be so comfortably engaged in, “coming
 through the stream.” So he renders

by “Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye,”

“Nu, trifft öpper öpper a
 Öppen am bach bim mähe.”²

¹ A maiden is gone through the burn.

² Now, if somebody meet somebody
 Along the stream by mowing.

The song, however, apart from the departure from the original, is exceedingly pretty and harmonious in its Swiss dress.

MEITELI IST DUR'S BÄCHLI GGANGE.

Meiteli ist dur's bächli ggange,
 Bittedi deddoch ä—
 Lat de rock is wasser hange,
 Wird em nümme troche.
 Meiteli, meiteli, wie bist nass,
 Bittedi deddoch ä—
 'S underröckli tropfignass,
 Wird der nümme troche !

Nu, trifft öpper öpper a
 Öppen am bach bim mähe,
 Öpper wott es chüssli ha,
 Bruucht dänn öpper z'chrähe?

Öpper wott dur's thäli gah,
 Öpper öpper chüsse—
 Gaht das öpper öppis a,
 Bruucht das öpper z'wüsse?
 Meiteli, meiteli, wie bist nass,
 Bittedi deddoch ä !
 'S underröckli tropfignass—
 Wird der nümme troche !

John Anderson, my Jo

shows very few defects in a really excellent translation. "Mi freud" is very nearly the equivalent of "my jo," and therefore shows us this cozy loving scene better than is done in most of the translations, but

"Und gruehned z'letzt in eim grab,"¹

¹ And we'll rest at the last in one grave.

though the same as adopted by Mr. Freiligrath, is too weak and unpathetic for the compact line,

“And sleep thegither at the foot.”

HANS ANDERES, MIN SCHATZ.

Hans Anderes, min schatz, Hans,
 Weischt, i der ersti na,
 Da häst e schwarzes rollehaar,
 E fröhli gsichtli gha.
 Jez ist di stirne chahl, Hans,
 Und's haar wie schnee druf gstreit ;
 Doch sege Gottes uf dis haupt,
 Hans Anderes, mi freud.

Hans Anderes, min schatz, Hans,
 Sind mitenand berguf,
 Und mänge lustige tag, Hans,
 Hämer verlebt duruf.
 Jez hotteredmer durab, Hans,
 Doch gömmer hand in hand,
 Und gruehned z'letzt in eim grab,
 Hans Anderes, binenand.

To Mary in Heaven.

This, in its Swiss mould, is a simple and beautiful song, and the first two verses are rendered with tolerable fidelity ; but, like so many of the others, Corrodi misses the touching trait of the third verse.

“ Dur miesfüecht felse ruuscht de bach,
 Und d'bueche tauched d'bletter dri ;
 D'waldrose wölbt e heimeligs dach
 Und schlüsst is wienes hüttli i.
 Waldbluemen aller arte blüehnd
 Drinnee, säged : ‘gruehn wänn d'witt !’

Bis d'sunne meint : 'iez, chinde, müend
Er wäger hei, 's ist hochi ziit !'¹

It is really surprising that Mr. Corrodi, with such a language as the Swiss German, should pen the above lines, however simple and beautiful they may be, when he had before him the original song so full of the charm of absolute and all-absorbing love, and which he even prints alongside of his translation.

"Ayr, gurgling, *kiss'd* his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wildwoods' thick'ning green ;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene ;
The flowers *sprang wanton* to be prest,
The birds *sang love* on ev'ry spray—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day."

This is a grander strain, and of deeper music, though perhaps the homely Swiss enjoys Mr. Corrodi's simpler and less profound melody just as well.

A MIS MARY IM HIMMEL.

Du bleiche spate morgestern,
Ziehst wieder still dur's morgeroth
Und winkst dem tag, ach, grad wie fern,
Wo mir mis Mary nimmt de tod.--

¹ The rivulet rushes thro' moss-damp rocks,
The beech trees dip their leaves therein ;
The woodbine arches a homely roof
And locks us in as in a cot ;
Forest flowers of all sorts blossom therein
And say : Rest here if so you will
Until the sun calls ; now, children, I regret
You must go home—it is high time.

Du liebi seel im sternefeld,
 Wo wandlist iez i duft und glanz?
 Gsehst du mi da uf chalter welt
 Im herzeleid versunke ganz?
 Und denki nid mirlebtig dra?
 Am chlare bach, im chüehle thal
 Da hämer stillen abschied gnah,
 Und händis küsst zum letztemal.
 Das bliibtmer bis i ebikeit—
 I gshnedi na vormer stah,
 Du lieblis bild . . . wer hettis gseit,
 Es gält für's leben abschied da?
 Dur miesfüecht felse ruuscht de bach,
 Und d'bueche tauched d'bletter dri:
 D'waldrose wölbt e heimeligs dach
 Und schlüsst is wienes hüttli i.
 Waldbluemen aller arte blüehnd
 Drininne, säged: "gruehn wänn d'witt!"
 Bis d'sunne meint: "iez, chinde, müend
 Er wäger hei, 's ist hochi ziit!"
 I weiss na ieders blüemli, ach,
 Es istmer, 's sei erst gester gsy
 Wie allwiil tüüfer wüehlt de bach,
 Grabt si's dem herz au tüüfer i.
 Du liebi seel im sternefeld.
 Wo wandlist iez i duft und glanz?
 Gsehst du mi da uf chalter welt
 I herzeleid verlore ganz?

DANISH. NORWEGIAN.

So far as I know, there is no edition of translations of Burns published in a separate volume, but several appear in two volumes of translations from British and American poets, viz., *Poems and Songs from the English*, by Caralis, and *Hundred Poems from the English*, by Caralis.¹

In *Poems and Songs* the only poem taken from Burns is

To a Daisy.

This is the best of all Mr. Caralis's renderings. The piece is faithfully reproduced, only very few weaknesses appearing.

“Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,”

seems to puzzle him, as it did the other translators, so like some of them he renders it

“Du lille Blomst saa rod og rund.”²

Then

“Till billows rage and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er,”

¹ *Digte og Sange*, ved Caralis. *Hundrede Digte*, ved Caralis. Kjoebenhavn: Chr. Steen & Sons, Forlag, 1867.

² Thou little flower, so red and round.

is strangely rendered

“Og under gaaer hans raske Seiler
Med Mand og Muus.”¹

I give the piece at length—

TIL EN TUSINDFRYD.

Du lille Blomst saa rød og rund !
Vi mødtes en usalig Stund ;
Der ligger knust nu midt i Støvet
Din fine Stub—
Til Skaansel Evnen er mig røvet ;
Du faure Knop !

Du lille Stakkel troede vist,
Det Lærken var, din Nabo hist,
Han, som i Duggen tidt Dig bødied,
Med spættet Bryst,
Naar han mod Dagen opslog Øiet
Og sprang af Lyst.

Den bitterkolde Nordenvind
Alt vied Dig ved Fødslen ind ;
Dog stod Du glad, trods Storm og Kulde,
Og titted op,
Knap hævede sig over Mulde
Din Blomstertop.

Bag Skjærm af Muur og Buske groer
I Haven stolt en Blomsterflor,
Du voxer ubemærkt og ene,
I Ny og Næ,
Blandt Stubbe, hvor bag nøgne Stene
Du fandt lidt Læ.

Der, i din simple Dragt svøbt ind,
Med snechvidt Bryst i Solens Skin,

¹ And perishes his trim sailer,
With man and mouse.

Beskedent Du dit Hoved neied
 I Ydmyghed—
 Da Ploven, ak ! Dig rev fra Leiет
 Paa Jorden ned !

Saadan en Mø i Uskylds Vaar
 En yndig Blomst i Skyggen staaer,
 I skyldfri Lyst hun troer sig sikker,
 Indtil forraadt,
 Besudlet, knust som Du, hun ligger
 I Støvet traadt.

Saadan en Skjald, af Skjæbnens Harm
 Henslængt i Livets Bølgelarm,
 Uvant med Kløgt, af Cursen feiler
 I Vindens Suus,
 Og under gaaer hans raske Seiler
 Med Mand og Muus.

Saa kæmper tidt med Modgang her
 Den, der en bedre Lod var værd,
 Indtil, fra Sted til Sted fordreven
 Af List og Nag,
 Tilsidst kun Himlen tro er bleven
 Hans knuste Vrag.

Selv Du, som ynker Blomsten her,
 See Dig i Speil ! din Tid er nær ;
 Ulykkens Plov vil fage knække
 Din Blomst saa fiin—
 Da ligger under Muldens Dække
 Du knust som hiin.

Æ hae a Wliffe o' my ain (Naebody).

In this song Mr. Caralis gives the same rendering
 as some other translators, of the two lines—

“I hae a penny to spend,
 There—thanks to naebody,”

and makes them

“Et Par Skilling, om Du vil,
Kan Du faae, nien tak Ingen,”¹

although in the very next line Burns says,

“I hae naething to lend.”

With this exception the song is very well rendered.

INGEN.

Min er Konen, jeg har,
Og jeg deler med Ingen ;
Ingen har mig til Nar,
Selv fornærmer jeg Ingen ;
Et Par Skilling, om Du vil,
Kan Du faae, men tak Ingen ;
Ingen laaner jeg til,
Selv jeg laaner af Ingen.

Ingen lyder mit Bud,
Selv jeg lystre vil Ingen :
Mens mit Sværd holder ud.
Taer mod Knubs jeg af Ingen.
Fri og munter er jeg
Og bekymres for Ingen—
Bryder Ingen sig om mig,
Bryder jeg mig om Ingen !

Of a' the Airts (My Jean).

Here Mr. Caralis leaves Burns entirely; indeed, one scarcely recognizes the song at first. The name of the heroine who inspired it, and which so melodiously terminates the refrain in the original, “My Jean,” is

¹ A couple of shillings if thou will'st
Canst thou have, but thank nobody.

not once mentioned. It is a mere imitation, not a translation. Indeed it is only on internal evidence and from a few quotations, and the fact that it is given as by Robert Burns, that one sees it is meant for the poet's celebrated song. Mr. Caralis seems to have been conscious of that, and so he changes the title also, and calls it "Længsel" (Longing). I quote the first verse—

"I hvor jeg end, slaer Øiet hen,
 Det søger helst mod Vest :
 Der er det jo den Glut mon boe,
 Jeg lider allerbedst.
 Bag Hybenhæk den vilde Bæk
 Slaer der saamangen Bugt,
 Men Dag og Nat Ikkun min Skat
 Omsnoer min Længsels Flugt."¹

This has not the continuity of thought or the appropriateness of the imagery in the original. It is a pretty ditty; it is not the witching song of Burns, as a glance at this verse in the original shows—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best ;
 There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean."

¹ In whatever direction I cast my eyes,
 They like to seek the west ;
 It is there the little one dwells
 Whom I love best of all.
 Behind the hawthorn hedge, the wild brook
 Makes many a winding turn,
 But day and night my treasure alone
 Entwines (enslaves) my longing's flight.

The first is a fair specimen of the remaining verses, so I quote them without further analysis, and, as will be seen, they cannot be called a translation.

LÆNGSEL.

I hvor jeg end slaaer Øiet hen,
 Det søger helst mod Vest :
 Der er det jo den Glut mon boe,
 Jeg lider allerbedst.
 Bag Hybenhæk den vilde Bæk
 Slaaer der saamangen Bugt,
 Men Dag og Nat Ikkun min Skat
 Omsnoer min Længsels Flugt.

I Vindens Suk, I Blomstens Dug
 Hun for min Tanke staaer,
 I Fuglens Sang bag Buskens Hang
 Mig hendes Stemme naaer.
 Hver Dal saa grøn, hvor taus iløn
 Skovbækken lister sig,
 Hver Sky i Qvæld, hvert Kildevæld
 En Hilsen bringer mig.

Blandt Høi og Dal, I Skovens Sal,
 Bruus, milde Zeyhyr, frem !
 Blandt Foraarsløv, med Blomsterstøv
 Bring Bien til sit Hjem !
 Og bring mig sød og hvid og rød
 Herhid igjen min Brud !
 Mod hendes Smil er mat hver Piil,
 Som Skjæbnen sender ud.

Hvad Suk og Eed vi vexled, veed
 Kun Himlens Stjernehær ;
 Vi skiltes ad—ak ! mon vi glad
 Skal atter mødes meer ?
 Den høie Magt, som saae vor Pagt,
 Som Hjertets Løndom veed,
 Kan vidne kun, at ene hun
 Har al min Kjærlighed.

In "Hundred Poems" Mr. Caralis gives what may be considered the companion poem to the "Daisy," the address

To a Mouse.

This poem is also fairly well rendered, though certain weaknesses spoil the effect. The first line, for instance,

"Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,"

entirely loses its individuality when rendered

"Du lille Kræ, saa vims og snu;"¹

and the famous seventh verse,

"But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promised joy,"

is rendered

"Men saadan det i Verden gaaer,
Saa saare lidt vor Klogt formaaer.
Ak! Muus og Mænd de lægge Planer,
En stakket Lyst!
Hvor Glædens Frugter alt vi aner,
Er Sorg vor Host."²

This entirely fails to give the moral which Burns so tersely puts, and is feeble at the best. The other verses,

¹ Thou little mouse, so nimble and sharp.

² But so in the world it goes;
So very little does our sagacity help us.
Ah, mice and men, they lay plans,
A short-lived desire!
When the fruit of gladness already we anticipate,
Sorrow is our harvest.

as will be seen, are more vigorous and faithful to the meaning of the original.

TIL EN MUUS.

Du lille Kræ, saa vims og snu,
 Hvi banker saa dit Hjerte nu?
 Ei har Du nødig strax at sætte
 Afsted din Kaas,
 Frygt ei, at med dit Blod jeg plette
 Vil Plovens Aas!

Hvor tungt, at Mandens Herskermagt
 Har brudt Naturens Eenhedspagt,
 Og al den stygge Fordom styrket,
 Du nærer nu,
 Mod mig, der, født som Du i Mørket,
 Er Støv som Du.

Du stjæler sagtens lidt iblandt—
 Du skal jo leve, ikke sandt?
 Hvad er saa det!—af hele Kærven
 Et enkelt Ax—
 Jeg har jo nok, og Dig er Skjerven
 En Velstand strax.

Nu er din Hytte lagt i Gruus,
 Paa Muren holder Vinden Huus,
 Ei til en ny lidt Mos Du længer
 Har i Behold,
 Og frem Decembervinden trænger
 Saa barsk og kold.

Du Marken saae staae bar og tom,
 Du vidste, Vintren hastig kom,
 Her Du i Ly for Blæsten tænkte
 At finde Ro—
 Da, vee! det grumme Plovjern trængte
 Ned til din Bo.

Det lille Skjul af Løv og Straa
 Din hele Konst Du offred paa:

Fra Huus og Hjem for al din Møie
 Jeg jog Dig ud,
 Den kolde Riim og Rusk at døie
 Og Regn og Slud.

Men saadan det i Verden gaaer,
 Saa saare lidt vor Kløgt formaaer :
 Ak ! Muus og Mænd de lægge Planer,
 En stakket Lyst !
 Hvor Glædens Frugter alt vi aner,
 Er sorg vor Høst.

Dog, lykkelig er Du mod mig,
 Kun Øieblikket rører Dig ;
 Men kaster jeg mit Blik tilbage,
 I Mulm jeg staaer,
 Og Taagen over Fremtids Dage
 Det Værste spaaer.

John Barleycorn.

This ballad lends itself easily to translation, and Mr. Caralis also gives a good version. The substitution of "De stolteste under Ø"¹ for "Three kings both great and high," and similar changes, are variations for the sake of the metre which do not interfere with the meaning or swing of the piece, or even with the fidelity of its rendering.

JENS BYGKORN.

Det var tre Konger i Østerland,
 De stolteste under Ø,
 De havde svoret høit og dyrt,
 Jens Bygkorn skulde døe.
 De tog en Plov og pløied ned
 Ham dybt i Jordens Skjød,

¹ The proudest in the isle.

Saa svore de da høit og dyrt,
Nu var Jens Bygkorn død.
Men milde Foraarsbyger faldt,
Og Himlen blev saa blaa :
Da kom Jens Bygkorn op igjen—
De undred stort derpaa.
Og Sommersolen skinned varm,
Og han blev tyk og svær ;
Hans Hoved væbnet var med Spyd,
Kom Nogen ham for nær.
Sig Høsten nærmed alvorsfuld,
Da blev han tynd og bleg,
Han sank i Knæ, hans Hoved hang,
Og Ungdomskraften veg.
Og meer og meer han sygned nu,
Skjøndt i sin Manddom end :—
Da pønsed strax paa Hævn og Had
Hans fule Avindsmænd.
De tog et Vaaben, langt og skarpt,
Og vog ham i hans Knæ,
Og surred som en Erkeskjelm
Ham til en Kærres Træ.
Saa lagde de ham paa hans Bag
Og prygled ham ei blidt,
Og hang ham op i Vind og Veir
Og vendte ham saa tidt.
Og i en Grube dyb og mørk,
Til Randen fyldt med Vand,
De slyngede Jens Bygkorn ned,
At svømme om han kan.
Nu strakte de paa Tillie ham,
Til endnu større Spee,
Og kastede ham hid og did,
Naar Tegn til Liv de see.
En mægtig Ild fortære lod
De Marven i hans Been,

Men Mølleren var allerværst—
 Han knuste ham paa Steen.

Til sidst de drak hans Hjerterblod
 Ved Lystighed og Leg,
 Og see ! jo meer de drak deraf,
 Desmere Glæden steg.

Jens Bygkorn var en Helt saa bold,
 Han randt af ædel Rod,
 Og smager Du hans Blod engang,
 Da voxer strax dit Mod.

Da glemmer Manden al sin Vee,
 Hans Lyst blier dobbelt sød,
 Da kommer Sniil paa Enkens Kind,
 Hvor før kun Taarer flød.

Jens Bygkorn leve skal !—hans Skaal !
 Tag Alle Glas i Haand !—
 Gid altid trives i vort Land
 Hans Afkom og hans Aand !

Flow gently, Sweet Afton

Mr. Caralis renders very prettily upon the whole, and gives a very faithful translation ; but, like some of the German translators, he greatly lessens the effect of his work, at least to Scottish readers, by leaving out the name "Afton" and substituting, I think quite unnecessarily, "woodland brook." Of course, to a Danish reader the alteration is immaterial. The effect is further lessened by changing the adjective in the first two lines. Burns uses "gently" in both verses with much effect.

"Flyd sagtelig, Skovbæk, blandt Buskenes Riis !
 Flyd mildt, mens jeg synger en Sang til din Priis !" ¹

¹ Flow softly, woodland brook, amongst rows of bushes,
 Flow gently whilst I sing a song to thy praise.

has not from the above incidents the charm and music of

“Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.”

Then

“Skovduer, som kurre i eensomme Dal,
Du Solsort, som bygger i Hækken saa sval,”¹

is not a very happy rendering of

“Thou stockdove whose echo resounds through the glen ;
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den.”

These defects are, however, not very serious in an other-wise good translation.

SKOVBÆKKEN.

Flyd sagtelig, Skovbæk, blandt Buskenes Riis !
Flyd mildt, mens jeg synger en Sang til din Priis !
Min Mary Du lulled i Blund ved din Strøm,
Flyd sagte, forstyr ikke, Bæk, hendes Drøm !

Skovduer, som kurre i eensomme Dal,
Du Solsort, som bygger i Hækken saa sval,
Du skrigende Vibe med krusede Top—
O ! væk ei min Elskte af Slummeren op !

Hvor stolt, i det Fjerne, fra Høienes Ring
At see, hvordan Kilderne snoe sig i Sving ;
Der vandrer jeg daglig i Middagens Skjær,
Min Hjord og min Elskedes Hytte saa nær.

Blandt Bakker sig skjuler den grønklædte Dal,
Hvor Primuler blomstre paa Skovbunden sval ;
Der sad mangen Aften med Mary jeg glad,
Beskygget af Birkens sødtduftende Blad.

Krystalklare Bæk ! hvor Du yndigt Dig snoer
Om Hytten, hvor Mary, min Elskede boer !
Mens Blomster hun plukker, din sølverne Flod
Saa listelig væder den sneehvide Fod.

¹ Wood pigeons, who coo in the lonely dale,
Thou blackbird that buildest in the hedge so cool.

Flyd sagtelig, Bæk, under Grenenes Hang!
 Flyd sagte, Du yndige Maal for min Sang!
 Min Mary Du lulled i Blund ved din Strøm,
 Flyd sagte, forstyr ikke, Bæk, hendes Drøm!

O, wert thou in the Cauld Blast,

is also very well given, but

“Her i mit Bryst Du har et Hjem
 I Liv og Død,”¹

is neither so natural and simple, nor so in accord with the spirit of the song, as

“Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.”

Then Burns repeats with much beauty and effect the same sentiment and words in each alternate line—

“On yonder lea, on yonder lea”;
 “I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee,” etc.

This touch Mr. Caralis entirely ignores, using the sentence in each case only once, and so changes the metre,

“Paa Marken der,”
 “Det vilde Veir,” etc.

I have taken the liberty of following the composition of the original, and have repeated the words in the following copy:

O! VAR DU I DEN KOLDE BLÆST.

O! var Du i den kolde Blæst
 Paa Marken der, paa Marken der,
 Min Kappe slog jeg om Dig mod
 Det vilde Veir, det vilde Veir;

¹ Here in my breast thou hast a home
 In life and death.

Og dersom Skjæbnens Uveirsstorm
 Imod Dig brød, imod Dig brød,
 Her i mit Bryst Du har et Hjem
 I Liv og Død, i Liv og Død.

Og stod jeg i den vilde Ørk,
 Saa sort som Nat, saa sort som Nat,
 Dens Øde var et Paradis
 Med Dig, min Skat ! med Dig, min Skat !
 Og var jeg hele Verdens Drot,
 Og vi et Par, og vi et Par,
 Min Krones skjønneste Juvel
 Min Dronning var, min Dronning var.

John Anderson, my Jo.

With the warm appreciation I have of this most pathetic and matchless song, I may be over critical, but it seems to me that Mr. Caralis fails here, as he seems not to realize the peculiar love-charm which so pervades it.

“John Anderson, Du Kjære,”¹

is too common-place for

“John Anderson, *my jo*”;

and

“Din Kind af Solen brændt”²

is a feeble, feeble picture compared with

“Your bonnie brow was brent.”

Then

“Men vi vil følges ned”³

is also very poor and terseless for

“But hand in hand we'll go”;

¹ John Anderson, thou dear.

² Your cheek tanned by the sun.

³ But we will go down together (accompany each other down).

but "stolpre hjem" ("totter home") is a pretty alteration from "totter down," in the original—

"Na maae vi stolpre hjem, John."¹

JOHN ANDERSON.

John Anderson, Du Kjære !
 Da vi blev først bekjendt,
 Din Lok var sort som Ravnens,
 Din Kind af Solen brændt.
 Nu er din Pande bar, John !
 Om Issen Sneen staaer,
 Men Himlen være, gamle John !
 Med dine hvide Haar !

John Anderson ! ad Høien
 Vi klavred op til Randen,
 Og mangan lystig Dag, John !
 Vi havde med hinanden.
 Nu maae vi stolpre hjem, John !
 Men vi vil følges ned,
 Og sove sammen ved dens Fod,
 John Anderson ! i Fred.

I have given all the pieces included in the list selected ; indeed, there are only some nine more in Mr. Caralis's collections, and none of the humorous pieces have a place there.

¹ Now we must totter home, John.

SWEDISH.

THE only translations I have been able to find are in a collection of some forty songs, published anonymously at Stockholm in 1872.¹ The author does not attempt any of the poems.

For a' that and a' that.

This song has inspired the author with its spirit and ring, and it is very literally rendered.

“Låt narrar sturskt i siden gå,”²

instead of

“Gi'e fools their silks and knaves their wine,”

spoils the second verse, as the author seems to have missed the fine stroke which Burns makes in comparing the “hamely fare” and “hodden gray” with the “wine” and the “silks” respectively.

TROTS ALLT DET.

Ej höfs det redligt armod väl
Slå blicken ned—och allt det ;
Vi gå förbi en sådan träl,
Vi trotsa armod—allt det !
Och allt det och allt det.
Vårt stånd är lågt, och allt det ;

¹ *Några Dikter af Robert Burns.* Stockholm: Klemmings Antiquariat, 1872.

² Let fools haughtily go in silk.

Men rang är myntets prägel blott,
Och mannen guld, trots allt det.

Vår dräkt, den är af vadmal grå,
Och grof vår kost, och allt det ;
Låt narrar sturskt i siden gå,
En man är man, trots allt det !
Trots allt det och allt det,
Blott glitter är dock allt det ;
En redlig man, hur fattig än,
Är kung bland män, trots allt det !

Fast lord han kallas, sprätten der,
Som yfs så stolt, och allt det,
Hvars blotta vink ju lydas plär,
Ett nöt är han, trots allt det,
Trots allt det och allt det,
Hans stjernor, band och allt det—
Sjelfständig man, han ser derpå
Och ler deråt och allt det !

Monarken skapar riddersman,
Markis och hertig, allt det ;
En redlig man ej skapar han,
Ej i hans makt är allt det,
Och allt det och allt det.
Trots granna titlar, allt det,
Har kärnfullt vett, har manlig dygd
Dock högre rang, än allt det.

Så bedjom då, att komma må—
Hvad komma skall, trots allt det—
Att vett och dygd från bygd till bygd
Må segra dock, trots allt det,
Trots allt det och allt det.
Det blir en tid, trots allt det,
Då hvarje man i verlden vid
Vår broder nämns, trots allt det !

Scots, wha hae

lacks the precision and martial tread of the original, and is done rather loosely, as the first verse will show.

“Skottar, som med Wallace blödt
Som med Bruce ha faran mött,
Som för äran städse glödt,
Framåt, seger eller död!”¹

are unworthy, especially the last two lines, to do duty for the stirring words—

“Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled ;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory !”

This writer also adopts the second and less popular version of the original.

SKOTTAR, SOM MED WALLACE BLÖDT.

Skottar, som med Wallace blödt
Som med Bruce ha faran mött,
Som för äran städse glödt,
Framåt, seger eller död !

Nu är stridens timme när
Se, i slutna leder der
Nalkas stolte Edwards här—
Edward, slafveri och nöd !

Den, som bär förrädarns glaf,
Den, som fegt vill bli en slaf,
Är ej värd de tappres graf,
Gripe han till flykten snöd !

¹Scots, who with Wallace have bled ;
Who with Bruce have faced danger ;
Who for honour always have glowed :
Forward, victory or death !

Den för frihet, kung och lag
 Kämpa vill i blodigt slag,
 Fri är, föll han ock i dag.
 Hjeltar, framåt, Bruce det böd!

Se, hvad sorg förtryckarn bragt,
 Edra barn i bojor lagt,
 Att dem lösa ur hans makt
 Offre vi vår hjertblod röd!

Slån tyrannens skaror ner!
 Våldet skall ej råda mer,
 Frihet hvarje svärdshugg ger,
 Framåt, seger eller död!

Auld Lang Syne.

Though the touching and pathetic words of this song, the best known perhaps of all the songs of Burns, are so difficult, indeed are impossible to reproduce, still the heart-moving feeling is more or less preserved by all who have translated the words. In Swedish, as in other languages, "auld acquaintance" is "old friendship," "auld lang syne" is "for old glad days." The fourth line of the first verse is rather changed, with a somewhat weakening effect, from

"And days o' lang syne"

into

"Och glada barndomsdar,"¹

whilst the last verse of the poem, beginning

"And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine," etc.,

is entirely omitted; with these exceptions the piece is faithfully and prettily rendered.

¹ And glad childhood's days.

FÖR FORDNA DAR.

Skall gammal vänskap glömmas bort,
 Skall den ej dröja kvar?
 Skall gammal vänskap glömmas bort,
 Och glada barndomsdar?

För fordna glada dar, min vän,
 För fordna dar,
 En hågkomstskål vi dricka må
 För fordna dar!

Vi plockat blommor gladt, vi två,
 Kring höjd och dälld det bar;
 Men många trötta fjät vi gått
 Se'n fordna dar.

I bäcken plaskade vi två,
 Tills sent på qväll'n det var—
 Men vida haf ha skiljt oss åt
 Se'n fordna dar.

Räck mig din hand, min gamle vän,
 Se här min hand du har,
 Och hjertligt dricka vi derpå
 För fordna dar!

För fordna glada dar, min vän,
 För fordna dar,
 En hågkomstskål vi dricka må
 För fordna dar!

My Nannie's Awa.

This unknown author not only renders the songs with such a nicety of metre that they could be sung to their music, but shows in his version of this song how fully he catches the echo of the voice which Burns gives to nature. He puts the phrase, "My Nannie's Awa," rather oddly, though at the same time, when one feels its force,

very pathetically—"No Nanny is here." To the last two lines of the fourth verse he gives a different reading from that of the original—

"Du trast, som din hyllning åt qvällen hembär,
O, klagen med mig—ty ej Nanny är här,"¹

which, though not without pathos, lacks the simple beauty and naturalness of the original lines—

"And thou mellow mavis that hails the nightfa',
Give over for pity, my Nannie's awa'."

EJ NANNY ÄR HÄR.

Naturen sig iklädt sin grönskande drägt,
Små lammen, de bräka på ängen så täckt,
Och foglarne drilla i lunderna der ;
Mig gör det ej glädje—ej Nanny är här !

Snödroppen, gullvifvan, de smycka hvar dal,
Violen, den badar i morgondagg sval ;
De smärta mitt sinne, den fägring så skär
Erinrar om Nanny—ej Nanny är här !

Du lärka, som svingar från fältet så yr
Och bådard för herden, att morgonen gryr,
Du trast, som din hyllning åt qvällen hembär,
O, klagen med mig—ty ej Nanny är här !

Allvarliga höst, kom i vissnande skrud,
Om sommarens död gif mig tröstande bud ;
Blott vintern, den dystra, och snön är mig kär
Och glädja mig nu—då ej Nanny är här !

Flow gently, Sweet Afton.

This song is also rendered with much fidelity, though in the last two lines of the third verse,

¹ Thou thrush who pays thy homage to the evening,
O, grieve with me, for no Nanny is here.

“Här vallar jag hjorden från morgon till qväll,
Ty här kan jag skåda min älskades tjäll,”¹

is not quite happy for

“There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.”

One or two words might have been rendered a little more closely to the original, but the song reads very well—

FLYT SAKTA, O AFTON.

Flyt sakta, o Afton, längs grönskande stig,
Flyt sakta—en lofsång jag egnar åt dig ;
Der slumrar nu Mary vid sorlande ström :
Flyt sakta och stör ej min älskades dröm !

Du dufva, som kuttrar i skog och på fält,
Du koltrast, som piper i törnbusken gällt,
Gröntofsade vipa, o tystnen, jag ber,
Och stören den slumrande sköna ej mer !

Af höjder, o Afton, omgifves din strand,
Från dem gå små rännilars slingrande band ;
Här vallar jag hjorden från morgon till qväll,
Ty här kan jag skåda min älskades tjäll.

Här är det så skönt i hvar leende dal,
Här gullvifvor blomma i skogsdungen sval ;
Här ofta, när qvälldaggen giuter sitt regn,
Hos Mary jag sitter i björkarnes hägn.

Min Afton, din våg flyter klar som kristall
Förbi hennes hydda i lekande sval ;
När blommor att plocka hon går på din strand,
Skälmskt väter du snöhvita foten ibland.

Flyt sakta, o Afton, längs grönskande stig,
Flyt sakta—min lofsång den gäller ju dig !
Der slumrar nu Mary vid sorlande ström,
Flyt sakta och stör ej min älskades dröm !

¹ Here I watch the flock from morning till night,
For here I can see the cot of my beloved.

O, wert thou in the Cauld Blast.

Here our author fails to keep up the standard he has reached in the above translations.

“ På enslig stig ”¹

is not only feeble, but does not give the meaning of

“ On yonder lea.”

Then he follows Mr. Caralis's rendering of the close of the first verse.

“ Du fann en fristad i min famn
I lif och död,”²

is unworthy of this author when offered for

“ Thy bield should be my bosom
To share it a', to share it a'.”

Then

“ Och stod jag på den vildaste
Och största hed.”³

lacks the precision and simple power of

“ Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare.”

Like Mr. Caralis, this writer also overlooks the fine touch of Burns in repeating the alternate lines. I suppose the explanation is, the translators were unacquainted with the *tunes* and did not know that the melody demanded it, though they should have observed the touch was required by the full tone of Burns's rhythm. I have therefore taken the liberty of repeating them in the song, so that “ På enslig stig ” reads “ På enslig stig, på enslig stig,” etc.

¹ In lonely path.

² Thou found a shelter in my bosom,
In life and death.

³ And stood I on the wildest
And largest heath.

O STODE DU I KYLIG BLÅST.

O stode du i kylig blåst
På enslig stig, på enslig stig,
Så ömt jag skulle med min plaid
Då skydda dig, då skydda dig.
Om olycksödens bittra storm
Ikring dig ljöd, ikring dig ljöd,
Du fann en fristad i min famn
I lif och död, i lif och död.

Och stod jag på den vildaste
Och största hed, och största hed,
Den heden blef ett paradis,
Blott du var med, blott du var med.
Och vore jag all världens kung,
Och vi ett par, och vi ett par,
Min kronas skönaste juvel
Min drottning var, min drottning var.

A Friend, Red Rose.

The translator in this song catches the poetic touch, which so many miss, by repeating the word "red" in the first line; but strangely, in this and in other songs, he avoids the words "my love," "lover," etc., and uses that of "friend." So here we have

"O my luvè is like a red, red rose"

rendered

"Min vän är lik en röd, röd ros,"¹

and

"And fare thee weel, my only luvè"

rendered

"Och far nu väl, min enda vän,"²

¹ My friend is like a red, red rose.

² And fare now well, my only friend.

which considerably changes the spirit and character of the song.

EN RÖD, RÖD ROS.

Min vän är lik en röd, röd ros,
Som väckts af juni-dag;
Lik ljufva visors melodi
I innerligt behag.

Så huld som du min fagra mö,
Är varm den tro jag gaf;
Och jag skall älska dig, till dess
Ej droppe fins i haf.

Till dess ej droppe fins i haf,
Tills sol smält klippans håll;
Och jag skall älska dig, min vän,
Alit in i lifvets qväll.

Och far nu väl, min enda vän,
Farväl, farväl en tid!
Jag kommer åter snart, om än
Oss skiljde världen vid.

Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw.

Our author has taken a little more liberty with this song than with those we have hitherto considered.

“Fast långt jag är från henne skiljd,
Min tanke flyr dock hän,
Utöfver skog och berg och flod,
Beständigt till min Jane.”¹

¹ Tho' long from her I am separated,
My thoughts still fly away,
O'er wood, and mountain, and river,
Always to my Jane.

This is a wide latitude from

“There wild-woods grow and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.”

But even with a few departures from his usual fidelity to the original, he gives a very touching song.

AF ALLA VINDAR.

Af alla vindar vestanvind
Är den jag mest har kär ;
I vester bor den fagra mön,
Hon, som min älskling är.
Fast långt jag är från henne skiljd,
Min tanke flyr dock hän
Utöfver skog och berg och flod
Beständigt till min Jane.

Jag henne ser i daggstänkt ros,
Ser hennes sköna bild ;
Jag henne hör i fogelns sång,
Hör henne, ljuf och mild.
Vid källans rand, på äng, i dal
Hvarenda blomma vän,
Hvar fogel, som i lunden slår,
Erinrar om min Jane.

O flägta, vestan, flägta blid
Igenom löfrik lund,
De trägna bin från höjd och däld
För hem i qvällens stund !
Och för till mig den hulda mön,
Som är så fin och vän !
Vid hennes löje sorgen flyr,
Så älsklig är min Jane.

John Anderson.

Like so many translators this one also misses the meaning of the words "my jo," and renders it, like them, "my friend" (*min vän*), which sadly mars the homely loveliness of the song, but with this regrettable defect, it is rendered with fidelity, and possesses much of the pathos of the original.

JOHN ANDERSON.

John Anderson, min vän John,
Den gång jag först dig såg,
Ditt hår i svarta lockar
Kring vackra pannan låg.
Nu är din panna kal, John,
Din lock, som snö är den,
Men signe Gud din hjessas snö,
John Anderson, min vän.

John Anderson, min vän John,
Vi uppför kullen gått,
Och mången fröjdfull dag, John,
Vi med hvarandra fått.
Nu må vi stappla ned, John,
Men hand i hand dock än
Till kullens fot att slumra få,
John Anderson, min vän.

Nobody.

Without knowing anything about this writer one would almost believe he were an old disappointed bachelor who had forsworn the very use of such words, not only as "my love," "my jo," "my dearie," but even "wife," since he persists in putting all such under the list of friends, and so

"Jag har en vän, och hon är min"¹

¹ I have a friend, and she is mine.

is made to do duty for

“I hae a wife o’ my ain.”

This spoils the meaning of the first part of the song, which otherwise is rendered with the felicity and charm which this writer displays in so many of his efforts.

INGEN.

Jag har en vän, och hon är min—
 Dela vill jag med ingen ;
 I ingens älskog jag tränger in,
 Slikt jag tål ock af ingen.
 Jag har en fyrk, som sjelf jag vann—
 Derfor tackar jag ingen ;
 Väl jag åt ingen låna kan,
 Lånar heller af ingen.

Jag ingens herre vara vill—
 Träl jag blifver åt ingen ;
 Ett svärd jag har, som kan slå till,
 Vill ta stryk utaf ingen.
 Jag vill gå fri och glad min stig,
 Gräma mig öfver ingen—
 Och bryr så ingen sig om mig,
 Bryr ock jag mig om ingen.

As my collection is necessarily limited I cannot extend this portion of my task, and part with pleasant memories from our unknown friend, as he evidently has the poetic and musical gift indispensable to a translator of poetry, especially of lyrical poetry; and I much regret that he has given us no example of his power in the poems, and especially in some of the humorous pieces of Burns.

DUTCH. FLEMISH.

I TREAT the Dutch and Flemish languages as one, the base and construction being the same, and any differences in certain words and idioms not being of sufficient importance to justify a foreigner in treating them separately.

There is no complete translation of Burns in this language, nor indeed any great number of pieces translated by one writer, but different writers have published renderings of certain pieces. The first with which I deal are those by the Flemish poet, Frans de Cort.¹ His collection contains undoubtedly the best translations into the Dutch language, though it is to be regretted their number is so limited, there being only fifty pieces in all. One has no right to complain of this, as by the title the translator only professes to give the most beautiful songs, though we might differ as to the fifty given being the most beautiful.

I take the representative pieces already dealt with in other languages, so far as contained in this collection, and

¹De Schoonste Lieder van *Robert Burns*, uit het Schotsch vertaald, door Frans de Cort. Brussel, Drukkerij, Van L. Truyts. 1862.



FRANS DE CORT

fortunately there is in it an example of nearly every class, the first being

A Man's a Man for a' that.

F. de Cort's song can hardly be called a translation, and is rather a poor copy. Take a few examples; the first verse is a fair specimen.

“Wie eerlijk is, al is hij arm,
 Mag elk in de oogen kijken.
 Wij heffen 't hoofd, al zijn wij arm,
 Zoo hoog op als de rijken.
 In vorstenhuis en tempel
 Te schittren zij ons niet vergund...
 De rang is maar de stempel,
 De mensch, het goud der munt!”¹

The last two lines are quite right; indeed, they could hardly lend themselves to incorrect rendering, but the rest are poor for

“Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that;
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.”

¹Who honest is, though he be poor,
 May look anyone in the face;
 We lift our head, though we are poor,
 As high as do the rich.
 In princely house and temple
 To shine may not be granted us;
 The rank is but the stamp,
 Man the gold of the mint.

Similar liberties are taken with the other verses. The characteristic and suggestive "For a' that and a' that," which gives such force and swing to this stirring song, he ignores, and so is led into diffuseness both of matter and expression.

"For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that,"

he renders

"Al spoke in zijne woning
 De naakte ellende te allen kant,
 Een eerlijk man is koning,
 Is de eerste van zijn land!"¹

This escapes, though it barely escapes, being doggerel as compared with the noble original song. The last two lines are about the best rendered in this version,

"Dat alle menschen vrienden
 En broeders zullen zijn,"²

and, though weak, at all events convey the meaning,

"That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that";

but the beginning of the verse has little attempt at translation.

"Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,"

¹ Though naked poverty on all sides
 Haunts his dwelling,
 The honest man is king—
 Is the first in all his land.

² That all mankind friends
 And brothers may become.

is replaced by a philosophical reflection that a day of happiness and peace will come,

“Het denkbeeld trooste ons bij het wee,
Dat wij gelaten dragen.”¹

The above may be powerful enough to rouse the Flemish spirit. It would fall flat on the Scottish—the light beer of Flanders compared with the more exciting national beverage of the Scot.

WIE EERLIJK IS, AL IS HIJ ARM.

FRANS DE CORT.

Wie eerlijk is, al is hij arm,
Mag elk in de oogen kijken.
Wij heffen 't hoofd, al zijn wij arm,
Zoo hoog op als de rijken.
In vorstenhuis en tempel
Te schittren zij ons niet vergund...
De rang is maar de stempel,
De mensch, het goud der munt!

Zijn onze spijzen niet zoo fijn,
Zijn 't lompen, die ons dekken,
Ei! laat den dommerikken wijn
En zij' tot vreugde strekken!
Al spoke in zijne woning
De naakte ellende te allen kant,
Een eerlijk man is koning,
Is de eerste van zijn land!

Hoe statig stapt, van knechts omringd,
Daar ginds die fiere jonker...
't Is slechts zijn goud, dat helder blinkt,
Want in zijn hoofd is 't donker.
Als op zijne eermetalen
Des denkers oog onwillig stuit,

¹ May the thought comfort us in our sorrow,
That we resignedly endure.

Ziet hij den pronker pralen
En lacht hem hartlijk uit !

De vorst kan ridders maken, ja,
Dat ligt in zijn vermogen ;
Maar eerelijke lieden...ha !
Hij zou het vruchtloos pogen !
Het schoonst blazoën der aarde,
Al schittre 't niet het allermeest,
Is innerlijke waarde,
Een eedle, wakkre geest !

Het denkbeeld trooste ons bij het wee,
Dat wij gelaten dragen,
Dat eens een dag van heil en vreê
Voor allen op zal dagen ;
Dat rijken loon zal vinden
De ware deugd en niet haar schijn ;
Dat alle menschen vrienden
En broeders zullen zijn !

John Barleycorn

is the only drinking song in this collection. The rendering of this popular ballad is as perfect as "A Man's a Man for a' that" is faulty. It is not only given with rare verbal fidelity, but the lightsome trot of the verse and the rollicking humour are faithfully reproduced. Any slight departures from strict verbal accuracy are rather of the nature of improvements than otherwise,—such as "Like a rogue for forgerie," which Mr. de Cort gives "Gelijk eenen moordenaar";¹

"They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,"

¹ Like a murderer.

is given

“Met water vulden zij 'nen put,
Zoo duister als hun zin”;¹

which I think rather an improvement, as the old ballads always had moral hints interwoven in their narrations; but such departures are few, as the reader may see.

JAN GERSTEKOORN.

FRANS DE CORT.

Drie koningen waren er in den oost,
Drie koningen hoog en groot;
En ze hebben gezworen bij plechtigen eed
Jan Gerstekoorn den dood.

Ze vatt'en 'nen ploeg en ploegden hem
Diep in der aarde schoot;
En ze hebben gezworen bij plechtigen eed—
Jan Gerstekoorn was dood.

Maar vrolijk keerde de lente weêr,
En regen drenkte 't veld;
Jan Gerstekoorn verrees uit zijn graf,
En allen waren ontsteld.

Des zomers stond hij, dik en sterk,
Te pronken in de zon,
Zoo wel voorzien van speer en punt,
Dat niemand hem deren kon.

Doch als de herfst gekomen was,
Toen werd hij geel en bleek;
Zijn plooiend lijf en waggelend hoofd
Bewezen, dat hij bezweek.

En ach! zijne frissche gezonde kleur
Verschoot al meer en meer;
En nu ontvlamde de doodlijke haat
Der booze vijanden weêr.

¹ With water filled they a pit
As dark as their mind.

Ze namen een wapen lang en scherp—
 Zoo weerloos stond hij daar !...
 En hieuwen hem neêr, en bonden hem vast
 Gelijk eenen moordenaar.

Ze legden hem nu op den rug
 En sloegen hem scheef en krom,
 En hingen hem op in wind en storm,
 En draaiden hem om en om.

Met water vulden zij 'nen put,
 Zoo duister als hun zin,
 En wierpen, opdat hij zwoonme of zonk',
 Jan Gersteakoorn er in.

Dan smeten zij hem op den vloer
 Tot verdere marteling neêr,
 En rukten, daar hij nog levend was,
 Hem rusteloos heên en weêr.

Ze droogden over een vlamvend vuur
 Zijner beendren merg en vet ;
 Wreeddaardig heeft een mulder dan
 Hem tusschen twee steenen verplet.

En ze hebben genomen zijn hartebloed
 En gedronken in het rond ;
 En hoe meer ze dronken, hoe meer genot
 Er iedereen bij vond.

Jan Gersteakoorn was een stoute held,
 Verrichtend edel werk,
 Want drinkt ge van zijn hartebloed,
 Zoo wordt ge moedig en sterk.

Verdrijven kan het alle smart,
 Verhoogen alle geneugt,
 Het kan ja zelfs een weduwenhart
 Doen poppelen van vreugd.

Ter eere van Jan Gersteakoorn
 Neem ieder een glas in de hand,
 En bloeie steeds zijn nageslacht
 In 't lieve vaderland !

The love songs have naturally, and I would add, properly, attracted the most of Mr. de Cort's attention.

A Red, Red Rose

is naturally and gracefully reproduced, though two of the lines are departed from, I think with disadvantage to the song.

“As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I,”

is given

“Ik min u met mijn hart, schoon lief,
Zoo teër als met mijne oogen ;”¹

and he, like most of the other translators, as remarked elsewhere, does not observe the deep poetic touch in the “*red, red rose*,” and merely renders it “red rose.”

MIJN LIEF IS ALS DE ROODE ROOS.

FRANS DE CORT,

Mijn lief is als de roode roos
Den knoppe versch ontsprongen ;
Mijn lief is als de melodie
Bij snarenspeel gezongen.

Ik min u met mijn hart, schoon lief,
Zoo teër als met mijne oogen :
Ge blijft mij duur tot dat de zon
De zeeën zal verdroogen.

Tot dat de rotsen smelten in
Den gloed der zonnestrallen
Beminnen zal ik u zoo lang
Als ik zal ademhalen.

¹ I love you with my heart, dear love,
As tenderly as with my eyes.

Vaarwel, zoet lief, mijn eenig lief!
 Nu moet ik henen ijlen—
 Ik keere weêr, al scheidden ons
 Tien duizend lange mijlen!

Gonnie Mary

is fairly well rendered. The local names, Pier o' Leith and Berwick Law, compel him to alter the imagery somewhat, which he does very well. The first two lines of the second verse, rendered

“De Wimpel waait, de trommel dreunt,
 Ten kampe rust zich ieder moedig,”¹

are not quite so stirring as

“The trumpet sounds, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready,”

but the others are well and tersely rendered, and the song as a whole is excellent.

O REIK MIJ NU DEN ZILVREN KELK.

FRANS DE CORT.

O reik mij nu den zilvren kelle,
 Waarin het sap der druive blinke,
 Opdat ik, vóór ik henen ga,
 Ter eere mijner liefste drinke.
 Het onweêr zweept de broze boot,
 Waarin de makkers mij verbeiden;
 Het oorlogschip ligt klaar ter reê—
 Ik moet, o Mary, van u scheiden!

De wimpel waait, de trommel dreunt,
 Ten kampe rust zich ieder moedig;

¹The banner waves, the drum beats;
 For the fight all equip themselves courageously.

Men hoort van ver het krijgsgehuil,
 De strijd is hevig, heet en bloedig...
 Maar 't is het onweêr noch 't gevecht,
 Wat ramp ze mij ook voorbereiden—
 O Mary, wat mij aarzlen doet,
 Dat is, dat ik van u moet scheiden !

Of a' the Airts the Wind can blaw.

Mr. de Cort translates only the first two verses, which are said to be the only two actually composed by Burns. Here again the translation is almost perfect. There is a graceful touch in one departure which he makes from the original. He renders

“There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,”

by

“In ieder bloempjen, dat er spuit,
 Wil ik haar hulde biên.”¹

JEAN.

FRANS DE CORT.

Van alle vier de streken, waar
 De wind uit suist of bruischt,
 Min ik vooral het westen, daar
 Mijn meisje in 't westen huist.
 Ons scheiden bosschen, stroomen, ach !
 En bergen bovendien,
 Maar mijne ziel is nacht en dag
 Bij mijne lieve Jean !
 In 't dauwbepereid bloemekijn
 Zie ik ze zoet en schoon ;
 In 't lustig kwelend vogellijn
 Hoor ik haars liedjens toon.

¹ In every flow'ret that blooms
 I wish to offer her homage.

In ieder bloempjen, dat er spruit,
 Wil ik haar hulde biên,
 En ieder vooglijn, dat er fluit,
 Herinnert mij aan Jean !

John Anderson, my Jo.

The muse seems to have left Mr. de Cort as he took this pathetic song in hand, the charm with which he renders the love songs just mentioned, as well as the tender touches of Burns, being to a great extent absent. In such passages as the following—

he makes “Your bonnie brow was brent,”

and “Toen was uw aanzicht rozerood”;¹

he gives “But now your brow is beld,”

“Uw voorhoofd niet meer glad”—²

entirely spoiling the continuity of thought and feeling which Burns shows; and that finest touch of all,

“And sleep thegither at the foot,”
 he entirely misses, and gives

“En rusten dra aan 's heuvels voet.”³

JOHN ANDERSON, MIJN SCHAT.

FRANS DE CORT.

John Anderson, mijn schat, John !
 Als gij mijn vrijer waart,
 Toen was uw aanzicht rozerood
 En ravenzwart uw baard.

¹ Your face was rosy-red.”

² Your forehead no longer smooth.

³ And soon shall rest at the hill's foot.

Sneeuwblank is thans uw haar, John!
 Uw voorhoofd niet meer glad...
 God zegene uwen ouden dag,
 John Anderson, mijn schat!

John Anderson, mijn schat, John!
 Wij klommen blij te moed'
 Des levens steilen heuvel op,
 Trouw deelend zuur en zoet.
 Nu gaan wij hand aan hand, John!
 Al stromplend over 't pad,
 En rusten dra aan 's heuvels voet,
 John Anderson, mijn schat!

In the humorous love songs Mr. de Cort is evidently less at home than in the pathetic.

Duncan Gray.

Making every allowance for the difficulty in translation of this song, such errors as the following might surely have been avoided. Thus Mr. de Cort omits entirely the line,

“On blythe yule night when we were fou,”

and substitutes

“Schuchter sprak hij Maggie aan.”¹

Perhaps being “fou” is so unknown in Belgium that he does not wish to hint at such a thing for fear of contaminating his countrymen's morals, though his excellent translation of “John Barleycorn” makes this excuse more than doubtful. But there is no such excuse for the following. To see

“Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,”

¹ Timidly he spoke to Maggie.

rendered

“Maggie hief den trotschen kop,
 Net gelijk 'ne houten pop,
 Haalde fier de schouders op... ”¹

is to recognize that Mr. de Cort fails to catch this perfect picture of a country coquette; as unfortunate is he with Duncan—

“Duncan sighed baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
 Spak' o' lowpin' o'er a linn.”

What a picture!—one of the most thrilling humorous love scenes ever written—hardly falling behind the “fair scene at Dalgarnock”—Maggie, with her head in the air looking asklent and skeigh at poor Duncan, whom she unceremoniously puts out of her way, and the poor luckless wight, sighing out and in, his eyes bleert and blind with weeping, or rather greeting (it is more violent than weeping), and in his desperation speaking of “lowpin' o'er a linn”—the most heroic touch in humorous love song writing. To see this graphic description of poor Duncan rendered

“Duncan sidderde als een riet,
 Werd als zinloos van verdriet,
 Wilde springen in den vliet... ”²

makes one feel it is beyond criticism. A friend of mine, who is a keen observer of the character and habits of animals and men, tells of a carter he knew who was the

¹ Maggie tossed her haughty head,
 Just like a wooden doll:
 Proudly shrugged her shoulders.

² Duncan trembled as a reed,
 Went almost mad with grief,
 Wished to jump into the stream,

most inveterate and powerful user of profane language he ever met. The school-boys used to run to hear his outbursts when they saw anything go wrong with him. One day he was driving a cartload of sugar, when some of the bags got torn in turning past some wood, and the bulk of the sugar poured out amongst the mud. The boys rushed up to hear the explosion, but Jock looked at the results of the catastrophe with consternation for a few minutes, scratched his shock-head, and muttering "It's nae use," commenced saving as much of the sugar as he could. He confessed to my friend afterwards that he could not find language equal to the greatness of the occasion. Like this worthy carter I say as to any criticism of the above burlesque, "It's nae use."

The only other line I refer to is the last.

"Now they're crouse and canty baith,"

he simply does not attempt, but substitutes

"En--daarmeê is 't liedjen uit";¹

and

"Ha! ha! die liefde!"²

instead of

"Ha, ha, the wooing o't,"

interferes sadly also with the flow of the translation.

HA! HA! DIE LIEFDE!

FRANS DE CORT.

Duncan wilde uit vrijen gaan.

Ha! ha! die liefde!

Schuchter sprak hij Maggie aan.

Ha! ha! die liefde!

¹ With that my ditty is ended.

² Ha, ha, that love.

Maggie hief den trotschen kop
 Net gelijk 'ne houten pop,
 Haalde fier de schoulers op...
 Ha! ha! die liefde!

Duncan bad en smeekte voort.
 Ha! ha! die liefde!
 Maggie zei geen enkel woord.
 Ha! ha! die liefde!
 Duncan sidderde als een riet,
 Werd als zinloos van verdriet,
 Wilde springen in den vliet...
 Ha! ha! die liefde!

Snel verandren weêr en wind.
 Ha! ha! die liefde!
 Minnesmart vergaat gezwind.
 Ha! ha! die liefde!
 Duncan zei: te sterven waar'
 Al te dom en al te naar —
 Dat ze vrij naar... Frankrijk vaar'!
 Ha! ha! die liefde!

Hoe het kwam, wie zegt het mij?
 Ha! ha! die liefde!
 Hij genas, maar ziek werd zij.
 Ha! ha! die liefde!
 En ter stilling harer pijn
 Baatte er geene medecijn:
 Duncan moest haar doctor zijn...
 Ha! ha! die liefde!

Duncan was niet boos van aard.
 Ha! ha! die liefde!
 Maggie was meêlijdenswaard.
 Ha! ha! die liefde!
 Spoedig nam hij zijn besluit,
 Noemde Maggie zijne bruid,
 En — daarmêe is 't liedjen uit.
 Ha! ha! die liefde!

The Braw Wooer.

Here also F. de Cort to a great extent fails, as, apart altogether from his infidelity to the language and imagery of the original, he misses so many naïve points in this great drama of humour.

“He spak’ o’ the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vowed for my love he was dying,”

is entirely lost when rendered, indeed transposed, into

“Hij zeide, dat hij, van me geerne te zien,
Zou sterven eer ’t jaar was vervlogen.”¹

Then

“Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her,”

is even more absurdly changed into

“Ei ! nichtjen, dat zoudt ge bekoopen, bekoopen !”²

Indeed, F. de Cort’s translation goes on the very reverse scale to the spirit of the piece which, like some great play, rises to the very hilltops of humour—that deftest stroke of humour which Burns draws with such a master-hand in the gently sarcastic and sweetly spiteful inquiry—

“I spiered for my cousin, fu’ couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recovered her hearin’,
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl’t feet,”

or, as some versions give it,

“And how my auld shoon suited her shachl’t feet,
But, heavens ! how he fell a-swearin’, a-swearin’,”

and which he entirely spoils.

¹ He said that he for love of me
Would die ere the year was out.

² O cousin, I’ll make you repent it, repent it.

“Ik vroeg hem : ziet nichtjen nog immer zoo scheel?
 Hoe is 't met hare ooren en tanden?
 En lijdt zij, och heer ! aan de voeten nog veel?
 Hij sloot mij den mond met de handen, de handen !”¹

This is quite unworthy of Mr. de Cort ; it not only misses the naïve points but borders on the commonplace, indeed, on the vulgar. He misses the power Burns shows in his questions by making them such as the heroine could ask couthily and sweetly ; the deafness and the effect of the shoon on the feet might be temporary troubles, but squinting, false teeth, etc., are defects which this evidently talented young woman with all her proved tact could not possibly have inquired about couthily and sweetly. “He closed my mouth with his hand” is an action which others attribute to this fickle Lothario ; Burns’s view of the matter, though less polite, is more likely. These are the worst blots on this translation, some smaller blurs being counterbalanced by some very good lines.

MIJN VRIJER.

FRANS DE CORT.

In meie verscheen er in 't dal een gezel,
 Die poogde mijn harte te rooven—
 De mannen ! zoo zei ik, niets haat ik zoo fel !...
 Verbeeld u, dat wou hij gelooven, gelooven !
 Verbeeld u, dat wou hij gelooven !
 Hij zeide, dat hij, van me geerne te zien,
 Zou sterven eer 't jaar was vervlogen —
 Ei ! riep ik, zoo sterf dan uit liefde voor... Jean !...
 De hemel vergeev' mij de logen, de logen !
 De hemel vergeev' mij de logen !

¹ I asked, does my cousin squint as much as ever?
 How are her ears and teeth?
 Do her feet trouble her as much as they did?
 He closed my mouth with his hand, with his hand.

Hij sprak van zijn goed, van het geld, dat hij won
 En zwoer, dat hij seffens zou trouwen —
 Ik hield mij, als of 't mij niet schelen en kon,
 Maar peinsde, het mochte mij rouwen, mij rouwen!
 Maar peinsde, het mochte mij rouwen!

Hij trok er van door, maar wat doet me de boef!
 Er was geene weke verloopē,
 Daar zag ik hem sluipen bij Bess, in de hoēv'...
 Ei! nichtjen, dat zoudt ge bekoopen, bekoopen!
 Ei! nichtjen, dat zoudt ge bekoopen!

Aldra was het kermis; ik ging naar het feest,
 Daar moest hij zich stellig bevinden.
 Ik zag hem en keek, voor de grap, zoo bedeesd,
 Als wou me de duivel verslinden, verslinden!
 Als wou me de duivel verslinden!

Maar tederlijk zag ik hem aan — van ter zij',
 Uit vrees, dat de buren het zagen —
 Toen kwam hij, als dronken, gewaggeld naar mij,
 En smeekte: laat af me te plagen, te plagen!
 En smeekte: laat af me te plagen!

Ik vroeg hem: ziet nichtjen nog immer zoo scheel?
 Hoe is 't met hare ooren en tanden?
 En lijdt zij, och heer! aan de voeten nog veel?...
 Hij sloot mij den mond met de handen, de handen!
 Hij sloot mij den mond met de handen!

Hij bad me zoo vurig: och, wordt mijne vrouw!
 'k Wil anders niet langer meer leven! —
 Opdat hij van kommer niet sterven en zou,
 Heb ik hem mijn woord maar gegeven, gegeven!
 Heb ik hem mijn woord maar gegeven!

I hae a @life o' my ain
 (NAEBODY)

is better. Mr. de Cort seems "from home" in dealing with the humorous feats of Burns. Even here, where that

humour is not so naïve as in the last two pieces, he is very unequal.

“ I hae a wife o’ my ain,
I’ll partake wi’ naebody;”

loses its simple power in

“ Mijn wijffe is kuisch en net,
Mij mint ze, en anders niemand !”¹

The other parts of the song are very well given, except that he evidently misunderstands

“ I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody ”;

when he renders it

“ Ofschoon mij de armoè kwelt,
Daar, beedlaar,... dank het niemand !”²

NIEMAND.

FRANS DE CORT.

Mijn wijffe is kuisch en net,
Mij mint ze, en anders niemand !
’k Onteere niemands bed,
Mijn bed bezoedelt niemand !
Ofschoon mij de armoè kwelt,
Daar, beedlaar,... dank het niemand !
’k Ontleen van niemand geld,
Maar leen er ook aan niemand !

En ben ik niemands heer,
Ik ben de knecht van niemand !
Ik heb een zwaard tot weer,
En laat me slaan door niemand !

¹ My wife is pretty and chaste,
She loves me and nobody else.

² Although I am troubled with poverty,
There, beggar...thank nobody for it.

'k Wil vrolijk zijn en vrij,
 Zal treurig zijn om niemand!
 'k Bekreun om niemand mij,
 Om mij bekreun' zich niemand!

To Mary in Heaven.

Here again, as we get back to the pathetic love song, F. de Cort is more fortunate in his efforts. Sometimes an unnecessary license is taken.

“Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?”
 is not improved in

“Ziet gij me vóór uw graf gebukt.”¹

Then the beautiful love-revelation of the third verse² is only partially appreciated and partly depicted in this version.

“Er steeg een lied uit ieder nest,
 Er bloeiden bloempjens vóór den voet,”³
 given as a rendering of

“The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,”

somewhat mar the unique beauty of this marvellous love scene.

AAN MARY IN DEN HEMEL.

FRANS DE CORT.

Nog toeft ge, al is uw glans vergaan,
 O star, die geern den morgen groet,

¹ Seest thou me kneeling at thy grave.

² See page 126.

³ There rose a song out of every nest,
 And flowers bloomed at our feet.

En kondigt Marys sterfdag aan,
 Die mijne wond weêr bloeden doet.
 O Mary, mijner ziele ontruikt,
 Waar, lieve schim, verwijlt ge nu?
 Ziet gij me vóór uw graf gebukt?
 Hoort gij mijn bang gezucht om u?

Kan ik wel ooit den heilgen stond,
 't Gewijde bosch vergeten, ach!
 Waar, hart aan hart en mond aan mond,
 We elkander liefden éénen dag?
 O neen! de tijd moog' wondren doen,
 't Herdenken bare nieuwe pijn,
 'k Vergeet toch nooit den laatsten zoen...
 Wie dacht, het zou de laatste zijn!

De Ayr kuste murmlend, keer op keer,
 De keien des beboschten zooms,
 Des dorens loof vermengde teêr
 Zich met het groen des berkenbooms;
 Er steeg een lied uit ieder nest,
 Er bloeiden bloempjens vóór den voet—
 Helaas! daar glom de zon in 't west,
 De schoone dag was heêngespoed.

O niets vergat ik, niets en week
 Uit mijn geheugen, sinds dien stond...
 Gelijk de bedding eener beek
 Wordt dieper steeds mijns harten wond
 O Mary, mijner ziele ontruikt,
 Waar, lieve schim, verwijlt ge nu?
 Ziet gij me vóór uw graf gebukt?
 Hoort gij mijn bang gezucht om u?

There are other pieces in his collection which are also excellently translated, and I regret that the limits of my work will not admit of my inserting a few more examples of the work of this accomplished writer. I

cannot refrain, however, from adding his version of

O Philly, happy be that Day,

as it is perhaps the very best translation in the whole collection.

WILLY EN PHILLY.

FRANS DE CORT.

HIJ.

Gezegend zij de schoone stond,
Toen ik bij 't geurig hooi u vond,
En, zoo als gij mijn harte wont,
Het uwe won, o Philly !

ZIJ.

Gezegend zij het plechtige uur,
Toen ik beleed, ge waart mij duur,
En gij mij zwoert, vol liefdevuur,
Aan mij te zijn, o Willy !

HIJ.

Zoo als mijn oor het lentackoord,
Der vooglen daaglijks liever hoort,
Wordt langs zoo meer mijn oog bekoord,
Als 't u beschouwt, o Philly !

ZIJ.

Zoo als de roze heller gloeit
En frisscher geurt hoe meer ze bloeit,
Ook in mijn hart de liefde groeit,
Die ik u wijdde, o Willy !

HIJ.

Verguldt de zon mijn rijpend graan,
Dan ben ik blijde en aangedaan ;
Maar u te zien, naast u te gaan,
Verrukt me meer, o Philly !

ZIJ.

De zwaluw voert van over zee
Met zich de lieve lente meê ;
Maar hartelust en zielevreê
 Brengt gij mij aan, o Willy !

HIJ.

De bij zuigt eedlen honing uit
De bloem, die haar den kelk ontsluit ;
Maar ambrozijn is wat ik buit
 Op uwen mond, o Philly !

ZIJ.

Zoet geurt, als de avond lavend daalt,
Het geitenblad van dauw bestraald ;
Maar welke geur, wat zoetheid haalt
 Bij uwen kus, o Willy !

HIJ.

Fortunas wieltjen draaie vrij !
Wat geeft het hoe mijn nummer zij !
Ik min u, liefde schenkt ge mij :
 Ik wensch niets meer, o Philly !

ZIJ.

Wat vreugden ook het goud bescheer',
Gelukkig ben ik, wie is 't meer :
Ik heb u lief, gij mint me weêr ?
 Meer wensch ik niet, o Willy !

I now take

The Cottar's Saturday Night,

by Pol de Mont.¹

Mr. Pol de Mont says it is "translated freely from Robert Burns"; and this frank description of his work naturally

¹ Zaterdagavond op het Land, door Pol de Mont.

not only disarms any criticism as to its fidelity, but would render any such criticism pedantic. The high tone and spirit, the deep pathos which characterize that noble poem in the original, are to a great extent preserved in its Netherland garb. What Burns in Holland might have done! Pol de Mont all through the poem applies it to his own country, though oddly enough the faces of the cottar, his wife, and children, and the breed of the dog in the illustrations with which the work is beautifully adorned, are all distinctly Scottish. The following examples show the manner in which the original is departed from—

“Na gansch een week van eerzaam veldwerk, treedt
de landman huiswaarts met verhaaste schreê,
en, staat hem nog op 't voorhoofd 't edel zweet,
—'t is morgen Zondag, tijd van troost en vreê;—
gereinigd hark en schop! Hij is ter rust gereed!”¹

“Quick” step is not happy, as the labourer is generally too tired to go otherwise than as Burns so aptly puts it—
“weary, o'er the moor.” The picture is, however, not an unworthy copy of

“The toil-worn cottar frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor his course does homeward bend.”

In the father's advice to the children we have the same

¹ After a whole week of honest field work,
The labourer homeward goes with quick step;
And the honest sweat still lies on his forehead,
To-morrow is Sunday, time of comfort and peace,
Let rake and spade be cleaned. He is ready for rest.

departure from the form, though the spirit is there—

“Zoo gaarne geeft hij hun den wijsten raad !
 ‘Een heil’ge wet weze u des meesters woord ;
 zorgt, dat gij steeds uw’ man bij d’arbeid staat ;
 wien gij ook dagdief weet, doet gij stil voort...
 Vergeet het nooit : gij dient den eeuw’gen Heer ;
 blijft dag en nacht getrouw aan recht en plicht ;
 drukt steeds vol moed het enge pad der eer,
 en smeekt den Hemel om zijn’ steun en licht...
 Wie Gode ootmoedig vraagt, vindt altijd hulp en weer !”¹

The translator does not attempt to reproduce in the sense of the original—

“An’ mind your duty duly, morn and night.”

This advice from a Scottish parent to his child needs no explanation, as referring to their evening and morning devotions ; but here again the whole picture is no mean copy of the original—

“Their masters’ and their mistresses’ command,
 The younkers a’ are warnèd to obey ;
 An’ mind their labours wi’ an eydent hand,
 An’ ne’er, though out o’ sight, to jauk or play :
 An’ O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 An’ mind your duty duly, morn and night !
 Lest in temptation’s path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might :
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.”

¹ So gladly he gives them his wisest counsel—

‘Let your master’s word be a sacred law to you ;
 Take care you be behind no one at your work...
 Whom you know to be an idler, do you persevere quietly,
 Never forget, you serve the eternal Lord.
 Continue day and night faithful to your duty.
 Tread always full of courage the narrow path of honour,
 And pray to Heaven for help and light ;
 Who humbly asks of God finds always help and protection.’

These are fair examples of this excellent translation or rather copy, and so I refrain from reviewing the other verses. Some expressions which give point and power to the original, for instance,

“A strappan youth, he tak's the mother's eye,”

rendered

“Een' flinken knaap,—zoo had zij hem gedroomd,
de moeder, voor hare oudste!”¹

lack the vigorous touch of Burns, but they are not numerous. The family worship scene is reproduced with great beauty and simplicity, though one important verse is unhappily omitted.

It is, however, much to be regretted that Mr. Pol de Mont does not attempt even the adaptation of another of the finest verses in the poem, viz.,

“Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.”

Instead of this he introduces what is a completely new verse,

“Snel vliedt de tijd . . . Het uur der ruste slaat.—
Het 'blakertje' in de linker, brengt de vrouw
naar 't net vertrekje, waar hun leger staat,
de beide kleinsten, dekt en kust ze trouw.

¹ A smart lad, such she had dreamt him—
The mother, for her eldest.

Dan, 'wijn de vader, bij de deur op wacht,
 den hond terugroeft, die naar buiten springt,
 verzelt blond Antje, fluist'rend, o zoo zacht,
 —zacht, als het vinkje, dat in 't haagje zingt,—
 den liev'ling tot de baan, blank kronk'lend door den
 nacht..."¹

The scene is a pretty one, but it is a poor substitute for the sublime picture of Burns.

The verse with which Burns concludes this poem,

"O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide,
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart,"

Mr. Pol de Mont entirely omits, perhaps owing to its strong Scottish flavour, but the preceding two verses with which he closes his version of the poem are, allowing for their transplanting to Dutch soil and associations, very creditably copied.

"Zoet Nederland,—mijn land, 't zij Zuid of Noord,
 aan 't need'rig lot des landmans hangt uw lot.
 Baronnen, prinsen schept—een koningswoord,
 een eerlijk man is 't edelst werk—van God!
 In stille dorpen, onder 't strooien 'dak
 des veldlings, wonen zede en eenvoud nog.
 In hellekunsten sterk, in deugden zwak,
 hult menig in fluweel schande en bedrog!
 Doch hecht en recht is 't hert, dat klopt in 't werkmanspak!

¹ The time flies rapidly . . . now sounds the hour of rest ;
 The brass candlestick in her left, the wife brings
 The two youngest to the neat little room, where stand their beds,
 Covers them up and kisses them fondly ;
 Then whilst the father, on guard at the door,
 Calls back the dog, which bounds outside,
 Fair Annie whispering—oh, so softly,
 Softly as the finch that sings on the hedge,
 Accompanies her sweetheart on to the road, winding white through
 the night.



Pol de Mont

“Mijn Vaderland, van allen dierbaarst pand,
 voor u zend ik tot God mijn' vuur'ge beê,
 dat lang nog, in des bouwman's kloeke hand,
 de spade blink' bij 't eenzaam werk der vreê!
 'van vreemde smetten 'blijf zijn volksaard rein,
 van wulpschheid en bederf zijn kuische haerd!
 Wat kroon of sceppter ook in rook verdwijn'!
 'vrees niets, zoo lang, fier op uw' grens geschaard,
 uw kloeke boerenstand uw schild, en zwaard mag zijn!”¹

To see

“From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad,”

so completely changed into

“Zoet Nederland,—mijn land, 't zij Zuid of Noord,
 aan 't need'rig lot des landman's hangt uw lot,”

is another departure which grates upon one's sensibilities on reading the poem. Pope's well-known line is rendered with literal fidelity, and one regrets that some of

¹ Sweet Netherland, my country, whether south or north,
 Upon the husbandman's humble fate depends your destiny.
 Barons and princes are created by a king's word,
 An honest man is the noblest work of God.
 In quiet villages under the thatched roof
 Of the peasant, still modesty and simplicity dwell ;
 Strong in hellish tricks, feeble in virtues,
 Many envelop in velvet shame and deceit ;
 But strong and right is the heart that beats under the workman's coat.

My Fatherland, dearest treasure of all,
 For you I send to God my fervent prayer,
 That long in the peasant's ready hand
 May the spade still shine at the lonely work of peace.
 From foreign taints may the national character continue pure,
 From voluptuousness and corruption his chaste hearth.
 Whatever crowns or sceptres may vanish in smoke,
 Fear nothing, so long as proudly ranged on your frontier,
 Your brave peasantry may be your shield and sword.

the strong lines of Burns, such as "Luxury's contagion, weak and vile," and "stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle," are not similarly dealt with, still, even with these and other drawbacks, the picture will compare favourably with others whose authors do not so frankly confess to a "free translation," though it also is naturally weaker than Burns's powerful drawing—

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad ;
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 'An honest man's the noblest work of God' :
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
 What is the lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

"O Scotia, my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle."

I now give the poem as rendered by this sympathetic translator.

ZATERDAGAVOND OP HET LAND.

POL DE MONT.

Hoe koud en snerpnd toch de herfstwind loeit !
 Hoe snel verzwonden een Novemberdag !
 Van de akkers keeren guil en os, vermoeid,
 de kraai scheert nestwaarts, traag, met loomen slag.

Na gansch een week van eerzaam veldwerk, treedt
 de landman huiswaarts met verhaaste schreê,
 en, staat hem nog op 't voorhoofd 't edel zweet,
 —'t is morgen Zondag, tijd van troost en vreê;—
 gereinigd hark en schop! Hij is ter rust gereed!

Daar krijgt hij dra, door d'ouden lindeboom
 gansch overschaduw'd, 't lieflijk huisje in 't zicht,
 waar 't kleine volkje, wachtend, dat hij koom',
 verlangende oogen op het veldpad richt.
 Zijn' warme haerdsteê, blinkend als niet een',
 de gulle lach op vrouwtjes lief gelaat,
 zijn' lieve blozaards, hupp'lend om hem heen :
 geen loon ter waereld, dat daarboven gaat!
 Aan zwoegen denkt hij niet, aan huislijk heil alleen!

Dan, 'wijl het jongste, op vaders knie te paerd,
 "naar Hoorn of Schagen of naar Marken" rijdt,
 zoo keeren, van des buurmans land of waard,
 ook de oudsten weer, om 't wederzien verblijd.
 Hun eerst'ling, maagdeken van twintig jaar,
 —een meisje als melk en bloed, Antje is haar naam,—
 licht kocht zij 't nieuwe jurkje thans, waarnaar
 zij lang verlangde, of—dat de nood soms praam',
 schenkt zij haar gansche loon, verheugd, aan 't oudrenpaar.

Hoe hart'lijk klinken groet en wedergroet!
 Was geen daar zick, die gansche lange week?
 En—opdat de avond sneller henenspoed',
 verhaalt m' elkander al het nieuws der streek.
 De moeder, naaiend, mazend, wat zij mag,
 maakt de oude spullen weer als nieuw zoo goed,
 en wensch't, in stilt', dat ze in een droombeeld zag,
 wat eens het lot haar' kind'ren brengen moet....
 Dan, Vader spreekt!—En allen luist'ren vol ontzag!

Zoo gaerne geeft hij hun den wijsten raad!
 "Een heil'ge wet weze u des meesters woord;
 zorgt, dat gij steeds uw' man bij d'arbeid staat;
 wien gij ook dagdief weet, doet gij stil voort....

Vergeet het nooit : gij dient den eeuw'gen Heer ;
 blijft dag en nacht getrouw aan recht en plicht ;
 drukt steeds vol moed het enge pad der eer,
 en smeekt den Hemel om zijn' steun en licht...
 Wie Gode ootmoedig vraagt, vindt altijd hulp en weer !”

Doch hoor, daar tikt men aan het deurtje, zacht—
 Wie dat mag wezen? Vraag het Antje maar...
 —Een jong'ling uit de buurt... Een toeval bracht
 straks, op den thuisweg, beiden tot elkaâr...
 Zoo spreekt zij, aarz'lend ! Doch, met lust en leed,
 ziet moeder 't vuur, dat uit hare oogen straalt,
 vraagt naar zijn ambacht, hoe zijn vader heet,
 en denkt met vreugd, 'wijl 't meisje 't al verhaalt,
 dat zij een' braven borst, Goddank, te kiezen weet !

Met fluist'rend “welkom” brengt hem Antje bin :
 een' flinken knaap,—zóo had zij hem gedroomd,
 de moeder, voor hare oudste ! En 't gansch gezin
 verneemt met vreugd, dat hij wat praten kooft.
 En Vader spreekt terstond van wind en weêr ;
 bang zwijgt de knaap, weet nauw'lijks, wat geschiedt...
 Hem loopt het langs het hert, zoo warm, zoo teer...
 Wat hem den mond sluit, moeder heelt hij 't niet...
 “Een' brave ziel,” denkt zij ; “dat gaat in deugd en eer !”

—O zoete liefde, zalig, wie u vond !
 Leert niet den mensch de hoogste wijsheid, dat
 geen zeeg'ning op het gansche waereldrond
 zulk heil kan schenken als deze éene schat !
 Ach, zoo daar ooit, in 's levens wrange pijn,
 een goede geest den sterv'ling laafnis bood,
 dan was zulks, waar, in eerbaar samenzijn,
 een lievend paar elkaar in de armen sloot,
 bij bloeiend meidoornloof en lentesonneschijn !

Is daar wel één, die in den boezem nog
 een herte kloppen voelt voor eer en trouw,
 die, listig als een' slang, met snood bedrog,
 't onschuldig maagdenhart bestoken zou ?

Vloek, wie aan deugd, geweten, eerbaarheid
 verzakend, laffe prooi der wulpsche lust,
 de onwetende, die hij naar d'afgrond leidt,
 als een verrader op de lippen kust,
 en met den val des kinds der oud'ren schand bereidt !

—Nu dampst volgeurig op den avonddich,
 waarrond zich elk genoeg'lijk nederzet,
 de warme gort. Geen koningsmaal, gewis !
 —maar goede luim en eétlust kruiden het.
 Dan brengt de vrouw—waar of zij 't haalde of vond?
 want heden dient ook 't beste niet gespaard !—
 den kaas, als honig smeltend in den mond,
 en noodt elkeen tot proeven, en verklaart :
 een jaar reeds was hij oud, als 't vlas in bloesem stond !

En, stil genoten, eindt het maal alas.

Dan scharen allen zich den haerd nabij ;
 in 't Bijbelboek, waaruit reeds Grootvaâr las,
 zoekt Vader, “waar men 't leest gebleven zij...”
 Het hoofd ontbloot, met ernstvol, kalm gelaat,
 leest hij, zeer traag en luid, het heilig Woord,
 hoe God het goede loont en straft het kwaad,
 of Psalmen, die eens Sion heeft gehoord....
 Luid klinkt het : “Vreest den Heer, en prijst Hem vroeg
 en laat !”

En, als een priester, plechtig leest de Vaâr,
 hoe Abraham genâ vond vóór den Heer,
 hoe Mozes' bede Jozua's zwakke schaar
 deed zegepralen op des vijands heir ;
 hoe Koning David, dichter beide en held,
 aan God in lied bij lied zijn' zonden kloeg ;
 hoe Job, door ramp bij rampen neergeveld,
 den schoot vervloekte, die als kind hem droeg ;
 hoe 't schrikk'lijk zienerswoord des tempels val voorspelt....

Soms leest hij, hoe, voor Adams schuld en zond',
 't onschuldig Offer bloed en leven schonk ;
 hoe 's Menschen Zoon geen naakten steenklomp vond,
 waarop zijn hoofd ter ruste nederzonk ;

hoe slechts een handvol jong'ren, zwak aan kracht
 maar groot aan heldenmoed, ter zee, te land,
 de Blijde Boodschap aan de menschheid bracht,
 hoe Gods Propheet, op Pathmos' heimvol strand,
 des Eeuw'gen vloek vernam, voortdond'rend door den nacht !

Daar knielt hij, priester, vader, echtgenoot,
 vóór d'Eeuw'gen Vorst, wiens troon de hemel schraagt,
 'wijl zoete hoop, ver boven 's waerelds nood,
 op zachte wiek zijn' ziel ten hemel draagt ;
 daar zien zij na den dood elkander weer,
 voor steeds vereend in 't ongeschapen licht ;
 daar vloeit geen traan, daar zucht geen boezem meer :
 volmaakt genot straalt van Gods aangezicht,
 en eind'loos, eind'loos kreitst de Tijd door de eeuw'ge spher.

—Hoe bleek, hierbij, der kerken majesteit !
 Kunst vindt men daar, en slenter nog wel 't meest,
 waar men, met luide plecht, vóór oogen spreidt
 der vroomheid schoonen schijn, maar niet haar' geest.
 Voor zulk een bidden blijft gij doof, o Heer !
 Doch waar, in 't stof geknield, in 't kleed der smert,
 U de armen smeeken, eenvoudvol en teer,
 genadig hoort gij naar de taal van 't hert,
 en in des Levens Boek schrijft gij hunn' namen neer.—

Snel vliedt de tijd... Het uur der ruste slaat.—
 Het "blakertje" in de linker, brengt de vrouw
 naar 't net vertrekje, waar hun leger staat,
 de beide kleinsten, dekt en kust ze trouw.
 Dan, 'wijl de vader, bij de deur op wacht,
 den hond terugroept, die naar buiten springt,
 verzelt blond Antje, fluist'rend, o zoo zacht,
 —zacht, als het vinkje, dat in 't haagje zingt,—
 den liev'ling tot de baan, blank kronk'lend door den nacht....

Zoet Nederland,—mijn land, 't zij Zuid of Noord
 aan 't need'rig lot des landmans hangt uw lot.
 Baroenen, prinsen schept—een koningswoord,
 een eerlijk man is 't edelst werk—van God !

In stille dorpen, onder 't strooien dak
 des veldlings, wonen zede en eenvoud nog.
 In hellekunsten sterk, in deugden zwak,
 hult menig in fluweel schande en bedrog !
 Doch hecht en recht is 't hert, dat klopt in 't werkmanspak !

Mijn Vaderland, van allen dierbaarst pand,
 voor u zend ik tot God mijn' vuur'ge beê,
 dat lang nog, in des bouwmans kloeke hand,
 de spade blink' bij 't eenzaam werk der vreê !
 'Van vreemde smetten' blijf zijn volksaard rein,
 van wulpschheid en bederf zijn kuische haerd !
 Wat kroon of sceppter ook in rook verdwijn' !
 vrees niets, zoo lang, fier op uw' grens geschaard,
 uw kloeke boerenstand uw schild, en zwaerd mag zijn !

E. J. Potgieter has translated only four pieces from Burns, on the whole very well done.¹ In

John Anderson, my Jo,

the spirit and tenderness of the original are faithfully preserved, though one or two lines are a little unhappy. For instance,

“Toen gij uw best deedt om mijn hart,”²

fails to reproduce the homely tenderness of

“When we were first acquent”;

and

“En slapen ginder niet alleen”³

misses entirely the deep pathos of

“And sleep thegither at the foot.”

I give this, upon the whole, excellent translation.

¹ *Poezie*, van E. J. Potgieter. Uitgave van Zimmermann, Haarlem. 1886.

² When you tried your best to gain my heart.

³ And yonder will not sleep alone.

CLAES HENDRIKSZEN.

E. J. POTGIETER.

Toen gij uw best deedt om mijn hart,
 Claes Hendrikszen, mijn schat !
 Toen was uw haar als gît zoo zwart,
 Uw voorhoofd spiegelglad ;
 Gerimpeld is dat voorhoofd nu ;
 Zoo wit als sneeuw dat haar,
 En toch de Hemel zegene u,
 Claes Hendriksz, beste vaêr !

Wij klommen zaâm den heuvel op,
 Claes Hendrikszen, mijn schat !
 En hebben op zijn groenen top
 Veel vreugde en heils gehad ;
 Wij stromp'len nu vast naar beneên,
 Maar helpen d'een den aêr,
 En slapen ginder niet alleen,
 Claes Hendriksz, beste vaêr !

The effort with

A Man's a Man for a' that

is not so successful. The translator has evidently not caught the spirit and swing of the poem. The first four lines are a fair specimen—

“Heet eerlijke armoê al geen schand,
 Toch beeft en bloost ze om wat niet ?
 Maar wien ze ook sla in slaafschen band,
 Wij schamen ze ons zie dat niet !”¹

The last verse is, however, very well done, and the work, though sadly inferior to the original in terseness and boldness, forms even in this garb a fine example of independent manliness.

¹Although honest poverty is not called shame,
 Still it trembles and blushes for what not ?
 But whoever it may put in slavish bonds,
 We feel ashamed for that not !

EERLIJKE ARMOË.

E. J. POTGIETER.

Heet eerlijke armoë al geen schand,
Toch beeft en bloost ze om wat niet?
Maar wien ze ook sla in slaafschen band,
Wij schamen ze ons zie dat niet!
Trots elk beklag, trots elk bezwaar
Om ons geloof, verbeeld je:
De rang, dat is de stempel maar,
De man is 't goud van 't geeltje!

Ons maal moog' slecht of sober zijn
En kaal ons buis en wat niet?
Geef dwazen fulp en dart'len wijn,
't Ontberen schaadt zie dat niet.
Spijt al 't verguld, spijt al 't vernis,
Waarmeê zij klaat'rend prijken,
Wie bij doodarm doodeerlijk is,
Schat vorsten maar 's gelijken!

Zie ginds dien dwaas uit oud geslacht,
Lid van 't bestuur van wat niet?
Zijn naam gelijke een tooverkracht,
Zijn brein begrijpt zie dat niet!
Schoon ster bij ster verdoolde en viel
Op 't borstpand van de botheid,
Zoo ge onafhank'lijk zijt van ziel,
Gij schatert om de zothed!

Een koning kan tot ridder slaan
En aad'len wien en wat niet?
Maar eerlijkheid waait niemand aan,
Gunst, voorspraak baat zie dat niet!
Trots al 't gezag, trots al 't gewigt,
Waar ampten meê bekleeden,
Een hart vol liefde, een hoofd vol licht
Zijn hooger waardigheden!

Zoo laat ons bidden om den tijd,
Die komen zal, trots wat niet?

Waarin zal gelden wijd en zijd
 Geboorte of goud? zie dat niet!
 Waarin verdienst, waarin verstand
 Gevierd worde en geprezen,
 En alle liên uit alle land
 Als broeders zullen wezen.

The only other specimen I give of Potgieter's work is

Mary Morison,

which is a very excellent rendering of this touching song.

MARIJ MORISON.

E. J. POTGIETER.

O! laat mij niet aan 't venster beijen,
 Daar sloeg het uur door u bepaald!—
 Laat me in die blikken mij vermeijen,
 Waarbij geen goud in luister haalt!
 'k Zou 't zand der woestenij niet vreezen,
 Noch 't hevig blaak'ren van de zon,
 Wanneer gij 't loon des togts woudt wezen,
 Beminde Marij Morison.

Wie gist'ren door 't geluid der snaren
 Zich ook ten dans verlokken liet,
 'k Zat dáár,—maar zag de blijde paren,
 Maar hoorde 't kozend fluiſt'ren niet!
 Schoon deze lief, die schoon mogt heeten,
 En gene 't nog van beide won,
 Mijn hart ſprak (zou 't u ooit vergeten?)
 “Ge zit geen Marij Morison!”

Kunt gij hem dan de zielrust rooven,
 Die gaarne voor u ſtierf, ſchoon kind!
 Den levenslust in 't harte dooven,
 Welks feil is, dat het u bemint?
 Wekt niet zijn liefde uw wederliefde
 Laaf hem voor 't minst uit meêlij's bron;
 Want ſcherts of blik, die kwetste of griefde,
 Viel nooit in Marij Morison.

J. Van Lennep,¹ who, like Sir Walter Scott, was both poet and novelist, and also, like him, gained most celebrity in the latter capacity, has translated some twenty pieces. They are very well done, though perhaps they do not attain the standard of Potgieter. Whilst presenting the meaning and tone, he does not always adopt the imagery of the original. They give the Dutch reader an enjoyable version of the songs and poems translated by this writer. I give the following three examples :

The Cottar's Saturday Night.

DE SATURDAG-AVOND IN DE HUT.

J. VAN LENNEP.

De najaarsstorm huilt snerpemd rond : reeds vroeg
Spreidt de avondstond zijn schaaûw de velden over :

Het runddier keert, bemodderd, van de ploeg :
Karkouw en kraai zoekt rust in 't dorrend lover.

De landman staakt zijn werk, en raapt in 't rond
Houweel en spade en gaffel van den grond.

Deze avond heeft het werk der week besloten
En morgen wordt de zoete rust genoten.

Hij neemt in 't end, langs welbekende paên
Met zware schreên de lange huisreis aan.

Hij ziet zijn stulp in't groene dal gelegen,

Beschaduwd door een olm, dien eeuwen heugt.

Daar wagg'len reeds de kleintjens vader tegen,

Met blij gejoel en kinderlijke vreugd.

Het knappend vuur, de haardsteen, glad gewreven,

De welkomstgroet, die 't wijfjen hem komt biên,

Het zoet gesnap van 't jongskên op zijn kniên,
't Heeft al zijn zorg en matheid ras verdreven.

Inmiddels, mê van 't wekelijksch werk gekeerd,
Treên, blij te moê, zijn ouder knapen binnen,

¹J. Van Lennep, *Mengelpoëzy*. Leiden : A. W. Sijthoff.

Die, vroeg reeds tot arbeidzaamheid geleerd,
 Bij herder, boer, of bouwman 't weekgeld winnen.
 Zijn oudste hoop, zijn Jansjen, frisch en schoon,
 In d' eersten bloei der beste levensjaren,
 Brengt mede in huis het zuur verworven loon,
 Al wat zij reeds voor de ouders wist te sparen,
 En toont meteen aan moeder 't nieuwe jak.
 Voor morgen, waar zij laatst haar over sprak.

Met luide vreugd, aan 't hart ontweld, begroeten
 Ze elkander bij het langgewenscht ontmoeten :
 Men snapt en schertst en lacht met blij geluid :
 Een iedert kraamt om 't hardst zijn nieuwtjens uit.
 De tijd snelt voort, op vluggen wiek vervlogen.
 Het oud'renpaar ziet, met partijdige oogen,
 De toekomst in, die 't lief gezin verbeidt,
 Wijl moeder 't goed der kind'ren zit te lappen,
 En 't oude, puur of 't nieuw waar', op te knappen,
 En vader soms een woord tot stichting zeit.

Hij leert hun dan, oplettend na te komen
 Al wat de baas of juffrouw hun gebiedt,
 Hun werk te doen, voor d'arbeid niet te schroomen.
 —“Wilt (regt hij) schoon geen sterveling u ziet,
 Den werkenstijd met beuz'len, nooit verkwisten.
 Eert God vooral! en zorgt dat gij uw plicht,
 Naar Zijn gebod, bij dag en nacht verricht.
 Bidt dat Zijn raad uw schreden moog' geleiden,
 Opdat gij in verzoeking niet verwart.
 Niet vruchteloos zult gij God's hulp verbeiden,
 Zoo gij die zoekt met recht geloovig hart.”

Maar hoor! men klopt, doch zachtjens. Wie mag 't wezen?
 Lief Jansjen, die 't bezoek wel heeft verwacht,
 Vertelt alsnu, en O! niet zonder vreezen :
 Het is de knaap, die haar heeft t' huis gebracht.
 De moeder ziet, hoe liefde, slecht verborgen,
 In 't vonk'lend oog van Jansjen, op 't inkarnaat,
 Dat elke wang ontgloeit, geschreven staat.
 Zij vraagt den naam des vrijers, 't hart vol zorgen,

En staamlend klinkt het antwoord; doch met vreugd
Hooft moeder, 't is geen lichtmis, die niets deugt.

En Jansjen doet den jong'ling binnenkomen :
Een fiksche borst, die moeder wel behaagt,—
En recht te vreên is nu de jonge maagd,
Dat 's minnaars komst niet slecht werd opgenomen.
De vader praat van vee en akkerbouw ;
De jong'ling zwijgt : want hoe zou hij vermogen
Te spreken, dus van blijdschap opgetogen !—
Zijn blooheid, zijn verwarring valt der vrouw
Weldra in 't oog en O ! zij scheidt behagen
In d' eerbied, dus haar dochter toegedragen.

Men spreidt den disch : de meelkoek lacht hun toe :
't Is Schotlands spijs : wie, dien zij niet zoû lusten ?
Ook melksoep, vrucht der bontgevekte koe,
Die in den hoek ligt achter 't schot te rusten.
En moeder heeft, ter eere van den gast,
Het huisgezin op oude kaas verrast,
Door haar gemaakt, nu Mei een jaar geleden :
En meer dan eens wordt voor den jongen bloed,
Uit vriend'lijkheid, een groote homp gesneden,
En meer dan eens zegt hij : "Wat smaakt dat goed."

Het blijde maal heeft uit. Met ernstig wezen,
Vormt heel 't gezin een wijden kring om 't vuur.
De vader rijst en slaat in 't plechtig uur
Den bijbel op, zijns vaders roem voordezen.
Hij licht de muts eerbiedig af en toont
't Eerwaardig hoofd met graauwend hair bekroond.
Nu kiest hij één van Davids psalmgezangen
Met oordeel uit om de eerdienst aan te vangen.
Hij zegt : "Aan God zij lof en dank gebracht !"
En 't heilig lied klinkt statig in de nacht.

Nu wordt op nieuw het zware boek doorbladerd.
Met eerbied en aartsvaderlijken klem
Leest de oude man, hoe, op des Heeren stem
In de ark 't gezin des vroomen werd vergaderd,

Hoe Abraham de vriend van God genoemd,
 Of Amalek ter straffe werd gedoemd,
 Hoe Jesses zoon, aan booze zonde schuldig,
 Door diep berouw die zonde heeft geboet,
 Of wel hoe Job, in tegenspoed geduldig,
 Den Heer verhief als immer wijs en goed;
 Of 't hemelsch lied van heil'gen Esaïas,
 Dien wraakheraut en bode des Messias.

Wellicht ook toont zijn text, in 't Nieuw Verbond,
 Hoe schuld'loos bloed de strafschuld moest verzoenen,
 Hoe de Opperheer van 's hemels legioenen
 Geen enk'le plek om 't hoofd te rusten vond.
 Hoe op deze aard Zijn jongeren verkeerden,
 En wijd en zijd de blijde boodschap leerden,
 Wat schouwspel 't oog van Patmos balling trof,
 Door 's Almachts wil ontheven aan dit stof,
 Of hoe de vloek hem vreeslijk dreunde in de ooren,
 Van 't droevig wee aan Babylon beschoren.

Nu knielen zij: en, tot den Hemelheer,
 Opdat Zijn hulp het huisgezin beveilige,
 Bidt de echtgenoot, de vader en de heilige,
 Van hoop vervuld, dat ze eens, in hooger sfeer,
 Op de eigen wijs elkander wedervinden,
 Waar de eigen band hen vaster zaam zal binden,
 En waar, vereend tot eindeloos genot,
 Zij 't heilig lied, tot lof van hunnen God,
 Met heel het koor der zaal'ge hemellingen,
 Eeuw uit, eeuw in, aanleidend zullen zingen.

En nu gaat elk zijn eigen weg in vreë:
 Men zoekt de rust: geen leed zal die verhind'ren;
 Maar 't oud'renpaar zendt nog een stille beê
 Ten hemel op voor 't welzijn van hun kind'ren:
 Gerust dat Hij, wiens zorg de raven spijs,
 Die 't blank gewaad der lelie heeft geweven,
 Die 't menschedom door beproeving onderwijst,
 Hun en hun kroost het daaglijksch brood zal geven,
 Hen hoeden in 't gevaar; maar bovenal
 Hen Zijn genaê deelachtig maken zal.

My Nannie, O.

DE SCHADUW DEKT DER HEUV'LEN KRUIN.

J. VAN LENNEP.

De schaduw dekt der heuv'len kruin,
 En zelfs den top der linde :
 De winterzon dook achter 't duin,
 En ik ga naar Selinde.

't Is duister en de wind blaast fel ;
 Doch ik weet in den blinde
 Den weg langs bosch en bergen wel,
 Den weg naar mijn Selinde.

Selinde is lieflijk, minzaam, jong,
 En vlug gelijk een hinde.
 Verstijf 's verleiders gladde tong,
 Die schertste met Selinde !

Bevallig, zonder erg of list,
 En trouw is mijn beminde :
 Geen boterbloem, van dauw verfrischt,
 Is reiner dan Selinde.

Een veldknaap ben ik en niet meer,
 Die geen beschermers vinde ;
 Maar 'k lach om gunst van Vorst of Heer ;
 'k Ben welkom bij Selinde.

Ik leef van 't geen mijn werk mij biedt :
 Nooit had ik volle spinde ;
 Maar ik ben even wel te vreê,
 Ik slaagde bij Selinde.

't Loop meê, 't loop tegen, heil of druk,
 Ik neem het als ik 't vinde ;
 Want 'k weet op aard slechts een geluk,
 Te leven met Selinde.

Naebody.

NIEMAND.

J. VAN LENNEP.

Mijn wijffe is mij trouw,
Ik deel haar met niemand :
Ik kus niemands vrouw
En mijn vrouw kust niemand.

'k Heb daaglijks mijn brood
En dank daarvoor niemand :
'k Vraag nooit iets uit nood,
En leen ook aan niemand.

Ik ben niemands heer
En dienstknecht van niemand :
'k Heb t' huis mijn geweer
En vrees ook voor niemand.

Ik stel mij noch blij
Noch droef aan voor iemand :
Geeft n emand om mij,
Ik geef ook om niemand.

Mr. H. Tollens has translated three or four of the smaller pieces, but they do not call for any special criticism. I give

Wandering Willie

as a specimen of his work, none of the pieces adopted in my task having been selected by him.

ZWERVENDE WIM.

H. TOLLENS.

Hier niet en daar niet ! Waar stiert gij den steven,
Zwervende Wim ! ik roep altoos om niet !
Kom aan mijn boezem, gij lust van mijn leven !
Keer zoo getrouw als gij laatst mij verliet.

κ Heb u met schrik door de baren zien stuiven :
Ruw blies de winter uw kiel naar de kim ;
'k Dacht met natuur nu het welkom te wuiven,
Zij aan den zomer en ik aan mijn Wim.

Huilende stormen ! ligt stil in de toomen ;
Kleurt mij den hemel niet treurig en zwart.
Lispelt, gij koeltjes ! en kabbelt, gij stroomen !
Rolt uit uw schoot weer mijn Wim aan mijn hart.

Maar had hij trouwloos zijn Nanni vergeten,
Houdt, holle zeeën ! hem ver van mij af :
'k Wil van zijn schuld en zijn meened niet weten ;
'k Neem mijn geloof aan zijn trouw meê in 't graf.

AFRICAN DUTCH.

IN a collection of fifty selected poems in African Dutch,¹ made by Mr. F. W. Reitz, President of the Orange Free State, published 1888, there are three pieces from Burns. As they do not profess to be complete or literal translations, it would serve no good purpose to examine them critically at any length, but I reproduce them here as a matter of interest and curiosity. The language is nearly similar to what was spoken by the peasants in Holland two centuries ago. The first is from

The Cottar's Saturday Night.

A number of the best verses are omitted, but the story is told pleasantly and simply.

SATERDAY-AANT IN 'N BOEREWONING.

Dis somer, en die oestijd die is daar,
Nog warmer dage kom nou skielik aan;
Die week sijn werk, die het hul eindlik klaar
En meer as een keer, met na huis toe gaan
Seg iedereen: "Nou kan ons môrre rus,
"Die sekels weg, en alles is op sij;
"Dan snij ons Maandag weer met nuwe lus,
"Die volk en Kleinbaas langs die selfde rij."

¹ *Vijftig Uitgesogte Afrikaanse Gedigte*, versameld deur F. W. Reitz, Hoofregter in d'Oranje Vrijstaat.

Soos vader tuis kom loop die kleintjies bij,
En maak lawaai totdat sijn ore dreun,
En moeder soen die ou nes hul nog vrij,
“Naant va’er, naant moeder,” seg die ondeste seun,
“Naant va’er, naant moeder,” met ’n fijner stem,
Volg oek die kleintjies. Op die ou sijn skoot
Daar leg en speel die jongste kind met hem,
En al sijn sorg verdwijn, en al sijn nood.

Die broers en susters sit rondom opsij,
Elk wil die ander met iets nuuts verstom ;
Die tijd die vlieg so ongemerk verbij,
Totdat op laas die *Voet-wasbalie* kom ;
Die ouwers sit, bekijk die kinders veel,
En wens dat alles goeds in hul mag blijk,
Die moeder lap en maak ou klere heel,
Dis wonderlik hoe nuut en mooi dit lijk.

Die honde blaf, daar klop een an die deur,
Elsie weet goed wie of dit is wat klop ;
Sij bloos met eens, en Maatjie siet haar kleur,
“Wie is die jonkman?” seg sij toen daarop,
Toen hij ver Oom, ver Tante en Niggie groot.
Moeder was blij ; hij was gèn wilde klant,
Mar reg geskik. Toen Elsie hom ontmoet
Was sij so skaam, knap geef sij hom die hant,
Verblijt dat hul haar vrijer goed ontvang.

Die Ou gesels oer perde, skaap’ en vee,
Die kereltjie is nou gen stuk meer bang ;
Die *Opsit* ’s maatjie oek tevrede mee.
Dis waar geluk, seg ek ; ja glo ver mij !
Ek het die wereld ver en wijd deurkruis,
Mar waar jij sulke reine vrijers krij,
Daar is nog seker balsem in *soo’n* huis.

Is daar ’n mens, ’n siel so diep verlaag,
Hij word vervloek die so sijn God vermei
En die met valse slinkse streke waag
Soo’n lieue kind as Elsie te verlei.

Die oordeel volg, en d 'ewig jammerpoel!
 Is Godsdiens, deug, en skaamte so op 'n ent?
 Het hij gen stuk gewete, gen gevoel
 Ver 'n ouwers hart en ver hul kinds ellend?

Sul dek nou tafel, daar word opgedis
 Rijs, kerrie, kluitjies, en wit brood
 En botter waar die vrou op trotsig is,
 'n Kom vol melk. "Help maar jouself, neef Koot."
 Wat gé Koot om al was dit koek of tert,
 Hij kijk meer na sijn Elsie as na KOS.
 Haar liewe oogies is hom meerder werd,
 Sij lijk so fraai, en tog nie uitgedos.

Die maaltijd 's klaar, sit iedereen nou aan
 Die vader nes 'n Patriarg—hij vat
 Die Bijbel waar die doopregisters staan,
 Die selfde Boek, wat al sijn voorouers had;
 Sijn breerand hoed eerbiedig afgehaal
 (Sijn baart die is al grijs, sijn hare ijl.)
 Hij lees 'n Sions lied in d' ouwe taal;
 "Laat ons God dienen—Hem sijn eeuwig heil."

Hul sing die lied eenvoudig maar met gees
 Met hart en stem—die beste reinste taal,
 En hoor andagtig as die ou man lees
 Hoe Abraham Gods vrind was heeltemaal,
 Hoe Moses oek ver Amelek het lat vlug
 En sijn geslag verniel het uit hul land.
 Of hoe die Koning-Digter het gesug
 Onder Gods toorn en kastijgend hand;

Die ramp van Job, sijn voorspoed en geduld,
 Of uit Jesaia, die beroemd profheet.
 Dan oek misskien van Hom wat mense skuld
 Gedra het an die Kruis met bloedrig sweet.
 Hoe Hij die hier gen rusplaas had op aard,
 Daar Bowe tog die tweede naam besit;
 So kniel hul voor Gods troon. Stil en bedaard
 Spreek toen die Gristen-vader, en hij bid:

“Dat Hij, wat selfs die vooltjies wil behoed
 “En wat met prag die lelies kan beklee,
 Sijn wijse raad, so nuttig en so goed
 An hulle nakroos altijd oek mag gee!
 Op segepralende vleuels rijs die wens
 Dat almal eens hiernamaals tog mag staan
 Voor God en voor Sijn Seun, die broedermens
 Om daar te ruste sonder sonde of traan.”

Hoe nietig is hierbij die Priester-praal
 Met siersels wat die Opperwese tart,
 Waar mense in groote skare menigmaal
 An God 'n diens betoon, nie uit die hart;
 Hij sal in toorn die huiglaars oek verjaa,
 Terwijl uit so 'n stille needrig hoek,
 Hoor hij die reine sieletaal met welbehaa
 En skrijf dit in Sijn ewig lewensboek.

The second is from

Tam o' Shanter.

He entitles it “Klaas geswint en sijn Pêrt.”¹ It is a mere outline of Burns's famous poem, and is the weakest of the three efforts. Here, for example,

“Die drank is tog 'n snaakse goed;
 Hij gé die bangste kêrel moed.
 Al is 'n Hotnot nog so olik,
 Een sopie maak hom net nou vrolik;
 Steek hij maar net 'n dop of dric,
 Dan stuit hij ver gên duiwel nie,”²

¹ The smart Nicholas and his Horse.

² Drink is really a droll stuff;
 It gives the greatest coward courage,
 A Hottentot may be ever so mischievous,
 A drink makes him jolly;
 If he has taken about three glasses,
 Then he never fears the devil.

is offered as the translation of

“Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi’ tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi’ usquebae, we’ll face the devil !”

KLAAS GESWINT EN SIJN PÊRT.

As jij miskien nog, met jou maat,
 Bô in die dorp sit lag en praat,
 Vergeet jij, jij moet huis toe gaan,
 Anders sal Elsie ver jou slaan ;
 Sij sit al bij die vuur en brom
 “Ek krij hom soo’s hij huis-toe kom.”

Jammer dat mans so selde hoor
 As hulle vrouens, ver hul’ knor ;
 Dit is maar so—hul’ kan maar praat,
 Ons luister tog nie na hul’ raad.
 Dat dit so is, het Klaas Geswint
 Een donker nag oek uitgevind ;
 Hij ’t leelik in die knijp geraak
 Toen hij terug rij van die Braak.

Had Klaas geluister na sijn vrou
 Dan had dit hom nog nooit berou,
 Gên dag gaat om of sijn vertel hem
 “Mar Klaas jij is tog alte skellem,
 “Nog nooit is jij van huis gewees
 “Of jij gedraâ jou nes ’n bees,
 “En loop Koos Tities met jou meê,
 “Dan gaat dit woës met julle twee.”

Eén aânt, in plaas van huis toe gaan,
 Blij Klaas nog in die dorp in staan.
 “Nou ! moet jul mij ’n slag trakteer :—
 Kom, kerels, gooi mar nog een keer.”
 Hul gé oom Klaas oek nog een dop,
 Toen was hij net mooi hoenderkop.

Nou skeel dit niks, al wort dit nag,
 Hij blij mar daar gesels en lag ;
 As Klaasie eers begin te slinger,
 Dan kan jij glo, hij sal mallinger

Plesier is nes 'n jong komkommer,
 As jij hom pluk, verlep hij sommer ;
 Of nes 'n skulpad in sijn dop in,
 Soos jij hom vat, dan trek hij kop in.

As Klaas van naânt sijn huis wil haal,
 Dan wort dit tijd om op te saal.
 So klim hij "Kol" mar saggies op,
 En druk sijn hoet vas op sijn kop.

('N flukse merrie was ou Kol,
 Al was haar rug 'n bietjie hol ;)
 Eers fluit die ou—want hij was bang—
 Die neen-en-neentigste gesang,
 Dan kijk hij weer 'n slaggie om
 Of daar miskien gën spook aankom.
 Voor hij van naânt sijn huis kan krij,
 Moet hij die kerkhof nog verbij.

Die drank is tog 'n snaakse goed ;
 Hij gé die bangste kêrel moed.
 Al is 'n Hotnot nog so olik,
 Een sopie maak hom net nou vrolik ;
 Steek hij maar net 'n dop of drie,
 Dan stuit hij ver gën duiwel nie.

Mar Klaas het daarom naar gelijk,
 Toen hij daar in die kerkhof kijk ;
 Sijn bloed het wonderlik gekook,
 Toen hij gewaar hoe dit daar spook.
 Daar speel die duiwel op 'n tromp,
 Ver veertig spoke in 'n klomp ;
 Hul dans daar rond, dat dit so gons,
 Gën ouderwetse cottiljons.
 Maar eers "Alexander Klip Salamander"
 Trap hulle algaar met malkander,

Toen was dit weer die "honde krap,"
Tot dat die sweet so van hul tap.

Die goed was bijna poedel kaal,
En kijk die vrouens was *te* skraal,
Mar een daarvan, 'n bietjie dikker,
Maak so 'n uitgehaalde flikker,
Dat Klaas plaas van sijn bek te hou,
Skré, "Arrie! dit was fluks van jou."

Soos hy dit sè, toe moet hij ja,
Die heel boel set hom agterna;
"Kol, loop nou dat die stof so staan,
Anders is Klaas vannaant gedaan;
Kom jij mar net die drif verbij,
Dan dalkies raak jou baas nog vrij;
Een spook is nes 'n bok-kapater,
Hij loop nie sommar in die water.

Toe, Kol, die duiwel snij jou spoor."
Hier leg die drif; "*hiert!*" sij's daaro'er.
Haar stêrt het hul glad uitgeruk;
Mar Klaas is los, dis één geluk.

Ver die wat lus het om te draai,
Wil ek mar net één woortjie raai:
Gedenk aan Klaas Geswint sijn pêrt,
En vraag jou selve: waar 's haar stêrt?

And the third is

Duncan Gray.

This is really a good and faithful rendering, and much the best of the three pieces.

DAANTJE GOUWS.

Daantjie kom hier om te vrij,
Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo;
Sondagsaants het hij vèr moet rij,
Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.

Martjie steek haar kop in die luch,
Kijk soo skeef en trek terug,
Sit ver Daantjie glat op vlug ;
Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.

Daantjie smeek en Daantjie bid,
Martjie's doof en blij maar sit ;
Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.
Daantjie such vir ure lang,
Vêe die trane van sijn wang,
Praat van hemselve op te hang ;
Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.

Die tijd versach maar ons gevoel
Verachte liefde word ook koel ;
Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.
"Sal ik," seg hij, "nets een gek,
"Om een laffe meisie vrek ?
"Sij kan naar die hoenders trek",
Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.

Hoe dit kom lat dokters vertel,
Martjie word siek en hij word wel ;
Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.
Daar 's iets wat an haar borsie knaa,
En hartjie-seer begin haar plaa,
Haar oogies glinster ook mar braa ;
Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.

Daantjie was een sachte man,
En Martjie trek haar dit soo an ;
Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.
Daantjie krij jammer in sijn hart,
De liefde groei weer an sijn part.
Nou leef sulle same sonder smart ;
Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.

FRISIAN.

THERE is no published translation of any of Burns's works in this old and expressive dialect, but Mr. M. Miedema, of Rauwerd, Province of Friesland, Holland, has very courteously translated two pieces specially for this book. Under such circumstances any severe criticism would be out of place, though this Frisian version of the first song can challenge it. Of this first piece,

John Anderson, my Jo,

one line, indeed,

“Do 't ik Jy joech myn hert,”¹

is the same rendering as given by Potgieter, and like it, also misses the coziness and expressiveness which the original,

“When we were first acquent,”

conveys; and in the line,

“Do wie Jy hier sa swart as roet,”²

¹ When I gave you my heart.

² Then was your hair as black as soot.

Mr. Miedema's muse has nodded in so rendering

“Your locks were like the raven,”

but the other lines are given with considerable fidelity and grace, the well-known line,

“But hand in hand we'll go,”

being rendered with peculiar pathos,

“Dochs klamm' w' ús oan en-oar.”¹

The song reads in Frisian—

SJOERD FRIEZEMA, MY LJEAF.

Sjoerd Friezema, ho ljeaf hie 'k Jo,
 Do 't ik Jy joech myn hert ;
 Do wie Jy hier sa swart as roet,
 Jy foarholle sa glêd ;
 Mar nou 't Jy troanje âldsk wirdt, Sjoerd,
 Jy hier sa wyt as snie ;
 Nou ljeavje ik Jo yette mear,
 Myn Sjoerd, myn ried-en die.

Sjoerd Friezema, sa djierber my,
 Do 't wy de berg bikleauw'n ;
 En man'ge blide en fleur'ge dei,
 Mei swiet-en sûr fordreauw'n ;
 Mar skien 't it nou berg del giet, Sjoerd,
 Dochs klamm' w' ús oan en-oar ;
 En slomje strak dêr oan de foet,
 Myn Sjoerd, swiet neist elkoar.

The second piece,

A Man's a Man for a' that,

compares most unfavourably with the first; indeed, it cannot be called a translation, but rather an imitation,

¹ Still we cling to each other.

and even as an imitation it is not very forcible. The first verse is sufficient to quote in order to show this:—

“Dyt earlik earm ‘in skande’ neamt,
 Dy handelt tige dom.
 Mar ’n slaef is Hy, dy ’t bûgt for goud,
 Priis stelt op wrâldske rom ;
 Wy achtsje heger, Him, de man,
 Mei ’n edel, gouden hert ;
 Hwant rang-en stimpel is mar foarm !
 Mar ’n earlik herte net.”¹

which is given for

“Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a’ that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a’ that,
 For a’ that, and a’ that,
 Our toils obscure, and a’ that ;
 The rank is but the guinea stamp ;
 The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

The last verse is perhaps a little better, and I give the whole song as a curiosity.

EARLIKE EARMOED.

Dyt earlik earm “in skande” neamt,
 Dy handelt tige dom.
 Mar ’n slaef is Hy, dy ’t bûgt for goud,
 Priis stelt op wrâldske rom ;

¹He who calls honest poverty a shame
 Acts very stupidly,
 But a slave is he who bows to gold,
 Appreciates worldly glory ;
 We more esteem, him, the man
 With a noble, golden heart ;
 The rank and stamp are but form,
 But not an honest heart.

Wy achtsje heger, Him, de man,
Mei 'n edel, gouden hert;
Hwant rang-en stimpel is mar foarm!
Mar 'n earlik herte net.

Al is ús miel ek noch sa skriel,
Us baitsje noch sa keal;
In earlik herte dat is ryk,
Is m' earm allyk in Sweal.
Klaei dwazen yn forwiel, en jow
Hjarr'n mar de fynste wyn,
En foerje hjarr'n mei swietekou,
Hjar rykdom is mar skyn.

Sjên dêr dy kwast út 'n âld geslacht,
Hy sit oeral mei yn,
Hy baeit Him yn syn rykdom, en
Hy slacht in hopen wyn;
Mar Och, syn harsens fetsje net,
Dat al dat swiid gejei
Net opweacht tsjin in edel hert,
Yn 'n bidder oan 'e wei.

In Kening jout rju ampten wei,
Biklaeit mei ear-en rom,
Slacht Ridder en skonk mannichien
It Hege adeldom.
Mar al dat oansjên, al dy macht,
Is oan in damp gelyk;
't Fordwynt as reek for 'n twirke, by
In hert oan deugden ryk.

Lit ús den hoopje op de tiid,
Dat alle skyn forfljûcht,
En dat it wiere Adeldom,
De ierde-en folken rjûcht';
Ja, mei de dei hast daegje, dat
Gjin rang noch stimpel bynt;
Mar alle folken, op de wrâld,
As broerr'n forien'ge fynt.

BOHEMIAN OR CZECH.

I NOW come to the translation into the Bohemian or Czech language by Mr. Jos. v. Sládek.¹

The short preface to his work is sufficient to show how thoroughly the translator appreciates the charm and spirit of the poems he translates. After giving a short sketch of the poet's life, he reviews the character of his poems in a masterly and loving spirit. The following extracts will serve the double purpose of showing how thoroughly he is at home with his subject, and of serving as a reason why I have not found it necessary or even justifiable to criticise his excellent renderings at any great length.

“ . . . In him his fatherland found the Singer of Freedom. In him Man revealed himself in the fullest power of Manhood, which felt responsible, and wished to be responsible, only to himself and to his Creator for his thoughts, his aspirations, and actions.”²

“ . . . Although he never set foot across the

¹ *Robert Burns: vybor z Písni a Ballad*, přeložil Jos. V. Sládek. Nakladatelství, J. Otto, Knihtiskárna, v Praze.

² “V něm našla jeho vlast pěvce svobody, v něm ozval se člověk v celé síle mužné povahy, zodpovědný ze svých myšlének, skutků a snah pouze sobě a svému Bohu.”



Jon. V. Hävel

border of his native land, he swept in spirit through the universe. He sang about and for those amongst whom he lived as one of them, but also as one who had seen deep into their hearts.

“With the penetrating power of a spiritual observation, of which they never dreamed, he gave expression to their aspirations, form to their dreams, and gave a language to their joys and also to their sorrows, which still to-day, after more than a hundred years, has lost nothing of its magic, of its freshness, or of its compelling power; for it is the echo and expression of the penetrating feeling of the human heart. And therefore is it that the songs of Burns, since their appearance, have resounded through all Scotland—on her fields, in her towns and villages, as well as in her cottages and palaces; they are sung by old and young, and the name of Burns is the key with which to open every Scottish heart.

“Like a mountain spring his poetry bubbles forth, refreshing every wayfarer in this age as it did in the times gone by. In Burns’s poems the love songs reveal themselves the most conspicuously at the first, but it is not through these erotic melodies that he became the darling of his people. His love of truth, his manliness, his love of freedom, are the foundation pillars upon which (being also native to the Scottish nation) is built by that nation a monument of love and veneration in every feeling heart. And, even if the whole inhabitants of Scotland disappeared from the earth, and only the works of Burns remained, this nation would for ever live; for every power of the soul, every special movement, every aspiration of theirs are interwoven in his poetry. . . .”¹

¹ “Zpíval o těch a za ty, mezi nimiž žil jako jeden z nich, ale

Mr. Sládek translates sixty poems in all, and has been most judicious in his selection.

The Cottar's Saturday Night.

Here the first verse is omitted; otherwise the poem is beautifully rendered. A few, but very few, liberties, are taken with the imagery, and these never important. "In youthful bloom" is rendered "A birch in May," and "This weary mortal round" reads "The blossom and dust of human ways."

SVATVEČER.

Dech listopadu mrazně zadul v luh,
den smráká se nad zoranými lány,
spřež ubrocena, odstaven je pluh,
a v hejnech na noc odlétají vrány.

také jako někdo, jenž dívá se do hlubin jejich srdcí s pronikavostí badatele a s výše, o níž nikdo z nich neměl tušení. Vyslovil touhy jejich, dal tvar jejich mlhovitým myšlénkám a srdcí jejich v smutku i jásotu řeč, která dnes, po stu roků neztratila ničeho na své horoucnosti, síle a svěžesti, neboť jest přirozeným hlasem srdce lidského. Po celé století ozývají se písně Burnsovy Skotskem. Na polích, na statcích, v chatrčích i zámcích zpívají je staří i mladí, a jméno Burnsovo jest klíč, kterým se otevře snad každé srdce škotské. Jako horský pramen proudí jeho poesie a osvěžuje stejně poutníka dnešního jako toho, jenž tudy šel před věkem.

"V básních Burnsových na první pohled ozývá se nejzvučněji poesie lásky, ale ne svými písněmi erotickými stal se miláčkem svého lidu. Opravdovost, mužnost a láska k svobodě jsou základními rysy povahy škotského národa, a Burns jest prototypem těchto vlastností. Kdyby celý škotský národ zmizel s povrchu země a zůstaly jen básně Burnsovy, žil by v nich jeho lid v celé síle duše své, v každém hnutí svého žití a bytí."

Jde oráč, údy prací uondány :
 dnes večer těžký týden ukončen ;
 rýč sbírá, motyky a skládá brány
 a v oddech doufá na zejťřejší den
 a domů slatinou se vrací unaven.

Tam konečně svou vidí chyžku stát
 od košatého stromu zastíněnou,
 maličké robč batolí se z vrat
 a jiná s jáсотem se vstříc mu ženou.
 Ten milý koutek s jizbou vybílenou,
 krb čistý, ženy úsměv rozmilý,
 to šveholící děcko na kolenou
 hned všecky jeho strasti rozptýlí ;
 a klopot zapomněl i trampot za chvíli.

Ted' starší dítky, jedno po druhém,
 se vrací domů ; po okolním kraji
 ten pase, druhý chodí za pluhem
 a jinde do města je posýlají.
 Jich, naděje, jich Jenny, břízka v máji,
 dorostlá panna,—lásku plápolat
 íí vidět v zraku,—nový v polotaji
 šat ukazuje, nebo týdne plat
 svým dává rodičům, pro chvíli nouze snad.

Jest nelíčená radost v lících všech
 a bratří, sestry laskavě se zdraví,
 ubíhá večer, co kde který slech'
 neb viděl, tím zas nyní druhé baví,
 a rodičů jen pohled usmívavý
 růst v každém vidí jinou nadějí.
 U krbu matka šije bez únavy,
 by starý šat zas koukal nověji,
 a v tváři otcově se všickni shlížejí.

On napomíná, aby pánů svých
 a paní rozkazů vždy poslouchali,
 a i když sami jsou, ni na polích,
 ni v jizbě, v stáji ruce neskládali ;

a především by Hospodina dbali
 a nejvýš kladli povinnost a čest,
 v zlé pokušení nikdy nepadali
 všech božích rad vždy dbajíce a cest,
 neb těm, kdo hledají, že Pán vždy blízkým jest.

Geď někdo klepá !—kdo by to být moh',
 ví Jenny hned a praví bez rozpaků,
 jda se vzkazem, že sousedův dnes hoch
 ji provodil až domů za soumraku.
 Cte matka v jejím zaplanuvším zraku
 a vše jí prozrazuje v líci nach,
 i úzkostlivě ptá se po junáku ;—
 dečť jméno řekne, s matky padá strach,
 že hlavu nepoplet' jí žádný větroplach.

Jej chvátá Jenny vlídně uvítat,
 hoch jako lípa, matčin zrak jej střeží,
 jest Jenny šťastna, že je viděn rád ;—
 o kravách mluví otec, pluhu, spřeží,
 hoch radost v srdci udržuje s těží,
 leč zaražen je, neví kam, ni jak,
 však matka,—žena,—hned ví, oč tu běží,
 proč vážný tak ten hoch a klopi zrak,
 a těší se, jich rod že všude vážen tak.

Ó štěstí lásky, jako zde, kde jest !
 ó blaženosti, jaké rovno není !
 já chodil květem, prachem lidských cest
 a ze všeho mi zbylo naučení :
 nebe-li dalo na té pouti denní
 sílící doušek v slzavý ten dol,
 tož pijou jej, když v lásky rozechvění
 dvě mladé duše radost svou i bol
 si sdílí pod hlohem, jímž večer voní kol.

V podobě lidské, kde je srdce, cit,—
 zdaž bídník lásce, pravdě odcizený,
 jenž moh' by lstí a nástrahami chtít
 nevinnou mladost zradit sličné Jenny ?

Bud' klet v svých léčkách svůdce zakuklený !
 Tak svědomí-li, cti a ctnosti prost,
 že soustrast nemá, kvítek pokosený
 když chřadne, rodičům jenž k těše rost'
 a dívka ubohá se vrhá v zoufalost.

Však nyní večerť se začíná ;—
 to živný porritch, první z škotské stravy ;
 a mléko dala kravka jediná,
 jež za přístěnkem vonné žvýká trávy ;
 pak hospodyně na hostovo zdraví
 přináší sýr, jenž dobře ušetřen ;
 pobízí hochu, on, že dobrý, praví,
 hovorná žena přikyvuje jen
 a dí, že sýr byl stár už rok, když kvetl len.

Pak u ohniště v kruhu usedli
 a každý vážně na otce se díval ;
 po listu list obracel zahnědlý,
 to v bibli, na niž děd tak pyšen býval ;
 i klobouk sjal a na skráně mu splýval
 juž prořídly a zšedivělý vlas,
 i volil žal, jenž na Zionu zníval,
 a pro sebe jej četl zas a zas,
 pak "Hospodina chval !" řek' vážný jeho hlas.

Jich prostý zpěv tak zbožně zaznívá,
 jich srdce k nejvyššímu naladěna,
 tu "Dundee," zazní píseň ohnivá,
 neb "Mučenníci," hodní toho jména,
 neb "Elgin," hymna velká, povznešená,
 ta nejsladší ze škotských hymen všech.
 Ty slyšíš-li, jak malá zdá se cena
 lahodných, prázdných jižních zpěvů těch,
 jež k Tvůrci nenesou se zbožných na křídlech.

Posvátné stránky kněžský otec čet',
 jak milován byl Abram velkým Bohem,
 jak Mojžíš válku s bezbožnými ved',
 i Amalecké srazil v boji mnohém ;

neb on, jenž královským pěl žalmy slohem,
 jak pro své hříchy málem upad' v zmar,
 neb o Jobovi četl přeubohém,—
 pak z Isaia, v němž jest nebes žár,
 a z věstců přemnohých, již zpěvu měli dar.

Snad Nový zákon čet', krev nevinná
 jak prolita za hříšné lidské davy,
 jak On, jež v nebi Bůh měl za syna,
 na zemi neměl, kam by složil hlavy,
 jak učenníci po něm obce správy
 se ujali a psali v mnohou zem,
 jak na Pathmu se anděl plný slávy
 objevil tomu, jenž byl miláčkem,
 i spatřil Babylon, jak padá v pychu svém.

Pak zbožně kleknuv, Nebes ku králi
 se modlí světec, otec, manžel vřele :
 jak naděj' vítěz, vzlétá do dáli,
 že po té žití pouti osamělé
 se opět sejdou v rajske záři skvělé,
 kde horkých slz už není, ani sten ;—
 tam chváliti že budou Stvořitele
 ve sboru těch, jimž slávy svitne den,
 a čas že půjde dál už jimi netušen.—

S tím porovnan, jak chudý věr je řád
 v své nádheře a umělostech, pýše,
 kde člověk zbožnost jme se vykládat
 a jenom srdce nepovznese výše !
 Bůh nechce chrám, jenž od kadidla dýše,
 ni kněžská roucha, ani skvostný ryt,
 však snad že někde z osamělé chýše
 rád uslyší hlas pravý z duše znít
 a v knihu života svůj chudý vpíše lid.

Pak obrací se každý k domovu,
 hned na lože se drobot' odehrává,
 však rodiče se modlí poznovu
 a vroucně prosí Pána všehomíra,

by On, jenž hladné ptáče nepřezírá
 a nádherně tak šatí polní květ,
 i na ně vzpomněl, když je nouze svírá,
 a sám jak ráčí, na jich dítky shled',
 však nejdřív milostí jim svatou srdce ved'.

Hle, tak Škot starých velkost počata,
 k nim láska doma, v světě čest se množí !
 jsout' jenom dechem králův knížata,
 muž poctivý je nejvyšší tvor boží !
 Ó jistě, ač jde k ctnostem drahou z hloží,
 chýž stojí výš než palác velmožný.—
 Co panská nádhera a sláva, zboží,
 když krášlí se jím bídák bezbožný,
 jenž peklu zaprodal svůj život mátožný .

Ó, Skotie ! má vlasti milená,
 za niž mé ruce nejrůcněj' jsou spjaty,
 kéž syn tvých brázd na věkův kolena
 má spokojenost, zdraví, poklid svatý !
 A nebesa kéž chrání prosté chaty
 od nákaz, přepychu a nástrah zlých !—
 Pak at' se láme korun vínek zlatý,
 lid zvedne se, jež neposkrnil hřích,
 jak hradba ohnivá kol drahých prahů svých !

Ó Ty, jenž krev jsi vlasti oddánu
 lil proudem žhavým ve Wallace žíly,
 jenž velíš mužům čelit tyranu,
 neb slavně umřít, osud poroučí-li,
 Ty, Bože věrných vlasti, Bože síly,
 Ty, vůdce, strážce, rádce, štíte náš !
 Ó neopust' své Skotsko v těžké chvíli,
 vždy bojovníku, pěvci vzejít kaž,
 by vlasti na věky byl ozdoba i stráž !

In

Tam o' Shanter

he is equally successful. He, indeed, also stumbles at

“Kirkton Jean,” making it “Kirktonským Johnym”; but the fact of

“But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,”

given

“Však babky jako zvadlý trs,
že nevzalo by hříbě prs,”¹

being the least faithful rendering, is abundant evidence of the excellency of the translation of this versatile and difficult poem.

TAM O' SHANTER.

Když z ulice se kramář zved'
a kmotr žízniv s kmotrem sed',
jak po trhu se pozdívá den
a domů jde už ten i ten ;
jak sedíme tu u korbele,
juž nasáklí a šťastní cele,
kdož dbává škotských mílí těch
a vod a bažin, srázů všech,
jež od domova dělí nás,
kde zlobná žena,—vem to d'as,—
líc vraští jako mrákava
a hněv svůj topí do žhava !
To Tam O' Shanter ctný znal věru,
když jednou v noci bral se z Ayru,
(to starý Ayr, nad město jiné
jenž mužů ctí, děv krásou slyne).

Ó Tame ! kéž byl's tentokrát
své ženy Káty poslech' rad !
Vždyť řekla ti, že's darmošlap
a blábolivý, zpitý chlap,

¹ But old witches, dry as the bark of trees,
At which a foal even would not suck.

jenž do října od listopadu
 dbal z mokré čtvrtě kamarádů ;
 co mletí, než by hleděl koše,
 pil s mlynářem, až neměl groše ;
 že kdykoliv jsi klisnu koval,
 s kovářem chmelil's povykoval,
 ba s neděle jste na pondělí
 s Kirktonským Johnym popíjeli ;
 i věštila, že pozděj', spíš'
 se někde v Doonu utopíš,
 neb tmou u chrámu v Alloway
 se v čarodějů vpleteš rej.

Ó dobré žínky ! jest mi žel,
 když pomyslím, co pravidel
 a moudrých rad a čeho více
 muž nedbá od své polovice !

Však ráděj' dale.—V onu noc
 Tam zasedl si pevně moc
 tož u krbu, jenž praskal milo,
 a pivo dnes tak božské bylo ;
 švec Johnny sed' po jeho boku,
 druh starý, věrný, pevný v loku ;
 jak bratra Tam jej rád měl vřele.
 neb spolu pili týdny celé...

I zpívalo se, pilo dále
 a pivo bylo lepší stále ;
 Tam s hospodskou se k sobě měli,
 —žert tajný byl a sladký, skvělý,—
 švec nejhezčí dnes pepřil klepy,
 smích šenkýřův byl velkolepý :
 at' bouře venku hučí plání,
 Tam ani za mák nedbal na ni.

Strast, závidíc jim, zoufanlivě
 se utápěla sama v pivě !
 Jak domů s medem letí včely,
 tak minuty dál v slasti spěly ;

král můž' být blažen, Tam byl slavný,
nad světa zly jak vítěz dávný !

Však slast je vlčích máků květ,
jen dotkni se, list sprchne hned ;
jak sníh, když padne do vln řeky,
mžik bílý,—taje na vše věky ;
zář na severu těkavá,
než ukážeš k ní, přestává ;
neb oblouk duhy překrásné,
jenž v prostřed bouře uhasne.—
Čas, příliv nelze udržet ;
jde hodina, Tam musí jet.
Noc černá byla jako smola
a příšerná, když koně volá ;
ba v takou noc, jak on ted' kluše,
nevyšla nikdy hříšná duše.

Dul vítr jako pekla měch,
déšť' tlouk' se větru na křídlech,
švih blesků hltán temna tůní,
hrom dlouze, dutě hřmí a duní :
v tu noc, to mohlo děcko znát,
že čert si bude práce dbát.

Na věrné klisně, šedé Meg,
—té lepší neměl žádný rek,—
přes kaluž, bláto klusal Tam,
at' déšť' a vítr, hrom a plám ;
svůj modrý širák přidržuje
a starou píseň pozpěvuje ;
však ostražit se ohlíží,
zda na ním co se neplízí,
neb k Allowayi blíže spěl,
kde sov je moc a strašidel.

Tím časem brod již pomínil,
kde kramář v sněhu zahynul,
a shrblé břízy, skalný sráz,
kde zpítý Charlie zlomil vaz,

a mohylu, v chrást ukryté,
 kde našli děcko zabité,
 a studnu, Mungova kde máť
 se pověsila na oprat'.
 Doon proudí před ním jeden val
 a v bouři hučí lesy v dál,
 blesk poltí nebe kříž a kříž
 a hrom se valí blíž a blíž,
 kdýž, hle, skrz kvílných stromů řad
 chrám Allowayský vidět plát ;
 co puklina, jen hořet zdá se
 a rej a checht z něj rozléhá se.

Ječmínku Jene, smělý reku !
 jak chrabrost budíš ve člověku !
 Tvou čackou krev kdy v žilách máme,
 ni z dábla si nic neděláme !
 Tak Tam, v němž hrá to všemi šídly,
 dnes byl by pral se se strašidly,
 však Meg tu stála hrůzou tknuta,
 až patou, rukou pobídnuta
 se k předu, k světlům hnula přec,
 a hle, Tam spatřil divncu věc !
 To čarodějek divý shon
 zde tančí, však ne cotillion,
 leč v krok a skok a hej a rej
 se s každou točí čaroděj ;
 na římse v okně chlupatý
 sám Ďábel seděl rohatý,
 pes černý, velký, v očích rud
 a z pekelných jim hraje dud ;
 z těch píská to a vříská v chrám,
 že otřásá se každý trám.—
 Kol rakve stály jako skříně,
 v nich mrtví v rubáších a hlíně,
 a každý, jak to d'ábel sved',
 měl svíci v ruce jako led.—
 Tam bohatýrský v této záři,
 hle, vidí ležet na oltáři

vrahovu kostru, v poutu hnát,
 jak píd' dvě malých nekřtěnat,
 pak zloděj tu je s provazem
 a s umírání výrazem,
 pět tomahawků zrezavělých,
 pět mečů vraždou zkrvavělých,
 dál podvazek, jenž děcko rdousil,
 a nůž, ježž syn na otce brousil,
 krk podřezav mu v samý vaz,
 na střence šedý visel vlas,
 ba hrůz tu ještě mnoho zří se,
 jež jmenovati nesluší se.—

Náš Tam jak hleděl, žasna, chtivý,
 hluk rost' a zmáhal smích se divý,
 vřesk dud zněl hlasněj' do těch vřav
 a rychlej', rychlej' křepčil dav :
 a točí se a bočí, bouří,
 až z každého se leje, kouří,
 a v posled cáry shodili
 a tančili jen v košili !

Ó Tame ! ted' to holky být
 tak buclaté a do let jít
 a místo šerky za košile
 mít plátýnko tak sněhobílé,—
 své spodky, ač jen jedny mám,
 a plyš kdys' chválil krejčíř sám,
 je s těla dat bych dost byl slabý
 za jeden pohled na ty žáby !

Však babky jako zvadlý trs,
 že nevzalo by hříbě prs,
 a s berlí, krokem skotačivým :—
 já žaludku se tvému divím.

Však přec měl Tam jen z pekla štěstí :
 Hle, hezoučká tam kůstka jesti,
 dnes ponejprv tu skotačíc,
 (ji pozděj' Carrick znával víc,

neb uhranula mnoho krav
 a potopila lodí dav
 a posnětila mnoho žit,
 tak že se bál jí všecken lid) ;
 košilka hrubá,—řekněm hned
 v ní chodila už z dětských let,
 sic krátká trochu, každý uzná,
 však lepší nemá a je nuzná.—
 Ach, málo dobrá máti znala,
 když Nannince ji kupovala
 za úspory své práce chudé,
 že s čaroději tančit bude !

Však zde má Musa couvá zpět,
 nad její moc je taký let ;
 má Nannie v patách oheň dud
 (ta sojka, mrštná jako prut) ;
 Tam stojí jako kouzlem jat,
 zrak hledí jako na poklad,
 sám Satan šilhá úkosem
 a s bouřlivým hrá pathosem
 až,—krůček v před a krůček stranou,
 Tam ztratil rozum jednou ranou
 a vzkřiknul : “ Sláva, Košilko ! ”—
 V mžik zhaslo každé světýlko,
 a sotva Meg moh' obrátiti,
 ven pekelná se smečka řítí !

Jak vyrazí roj hněvných včel,
 když k úlu vpadne nepřítel,
 jak za kočkou pes pádí s psem,
 když vyskočí jim před nosem,
 jak v trhu lid se rozběhne,
 když “ Chýťte ho ! ” se rozlehne,
 tak letí Meg a v patách za ní
 skřek čarodějek zní a lání !

Acú, Tame, Tame, ted' je chyba ;
 ted' pečen budeš jako ryba !
 Už marně čeká Káta bědná,
 at' vdovské šaty sobě jedná !

Ó Maggie, cválej, běž a leť,
 at' v prostřed mostu jsi už ted',
 tam zvednout můžeš na ně chvost—
 přes řeku nesmí pekel host.
 Však dřív než přešla čarů hráz,
 sám Dábel hrál jí o ocas ;
 neb Nannie, vedouc ryk a skřek,
 již v patách byla švarné Meg
 a po Tamu se vztekle hnala,
 však málo Megin oheň znala,
 jen skok a pán už spasen, sám,
 však její šedý chvost ten tam :
 svůj d'ablice si vzala díl
 a Maggie sotva pahýl zbyl.

Ted', pravdivý kdo čteš ten děj,
 syn otce, matky, pozor dej,
 at' na sklenku si na chvilku,
 neb krátkou myslíš košilku,
 jak drahý žert je takový,
 ber příklad s klisny Tamovy.

The

Address to a Mouse

and

A Mountain Daisy

are literal and effective, and need no comment though in the latter

“Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,”

is too difficult for Mr. Sládek, as it has been for all the other translators ; so he gives it—

“Ty něžný kvítku rudobílý.”¹

¹ Thou tender flowret, red and white.

POLNÍ MYŠCE,

když jí básník vyoral hnízdo.

Ty plachá, šedá myško malá,
 ó, jak jsi ty se polekala!
 Ne, netřeba, bys utíkala
 tak o své žití!
 Vždyť můž' jen otká neurvalá
 ti ublížiti.

Mně žel, že člověk vládou svojí
 rve pásku, která tvorstvo pojí
 a v přírodě se vše ho bojí,—
 a zmíráš v strachu
 ty, jež jsi rodem družkou mojí
 a sestrou v prachu!

Já vím, že kradeš někdy z žit,
 aj což, chuděrko—nutno žít!
 Z dvou mandelů si klásek vřít,—
 nu, buď' můj host:
 bych moh' si chleba umísit,
 mně zbylo dost!

I z tvého domku strh' jsem krovy
 a z vetkých stěn si vítr loví,
 a z čeho nyní stavět nový
 než z ostřice?—
 Je za dveřmi sníh prosincový
 a vichřice.

Když pustla pole a co kde,
 ty's viděla, jak zima jde
 a myslila, že budeš zde
 se hezky mít.—
 Tu třesk! pluh krutý projede
 tvůj teplý byt.

Ta malá hrstka trávy, stlaní,
 tě stála krušné namáhání.—

Ted' vypuzena ! za vše ani
 ti nezbyl kout,
 bys mohla přebýt sněhu vání
 a nezmrznout !

Však, myško, také my to známe,
 jak ostražitost často klame ;—
 plán nejlepší, jímž hlavu láme
 si člověk, myš—
 co z všeho zbude ?—strasti samé
 a boi a tíž.

A přec tvůj osud přeš't'asten !
 Ty pouze víš, čím zraní den :
 zrak můj však zpátky obrácen,
 ó, teskno tam !
 A přede mnou ?—já hádám jen
 a hrůzu mám !

HORSKÉ CHUDOBCĚ.

Ty něžný kvítku rudobílý,
 my potkali se ve zlou chvíli,
 můj pluh a hroudy rozkrušily
 tvé lístky prosté ;
 tě ušetřit jest nad mé síly,
 ty drobný skvoste !

Ó žel mi toho zaorání !
 To není skřivan, jenž tě sklání,
 —tvůj milý soused,—v rose ranní,
 svou pestrou hrudí,
 když vesel vzlétne za svítání
 a pole budí.

Bouř od severu ještě vyla
 v ten luh, kde jsí se narodila
 a smavá očka otvořila,
 ty malá snílko,
 ač nad zem sotva's povstýčila
 své útlé tílko.

Květ, zahrada jímž vyzdobena,
 bud' křoví chrání nebo stěna,
 však zpod hroudy neb zpod kamena,
 ty kvítko malé,
 nám pole zdobíš nechráněna
 a sama stále.

Zde, oděna v svém chudém šatu,
 hrud' sněžnou houpáš v slunce zlatu
 a z toho všeho žití chvatu
 tak málo žádáš !
 Však přišel pluh a na obratu
 ted' v brázdu padáš !

Tak osud čeká na dívčinu,
 jež jako kvítek rostla v stínu
 a v prosté lásce nezná ninu
 jsouc beze strachu,
 a v mžik, jak ty ted' padáš v hlínu,
 se octne v prachu !

To také osud pěvce bývá,
 když mořem žití loď mu splývá
 a nezná ruka nedbanlivá,
 co moudří káží,—
 až rázem vskočí vlna divá
 a v hloub jej sráží.

To také los je trpitele,
 jenž s nouzí válčil žití celé,
 až lest a pýcha nepřítelé
 jej v bídu sklály
 a nezbývá mu naděj děle,
 krom nebes—v dáli.

I k tobě, jenž tu nad tím květem
 se rmoutíš, osud chvátá letem ;
 pluh zmaru v poli neosetém
 v tvůj květ se blíží,
 až skrušen lehneš, zhrzen světem
 pod brázdy tíží.

The same success attends Mr. Sládek's treatment of the songs, with the exception of some of the social and humorous songs, where he does not maintain the same high standard.

For instance, in

O Willie Brew'd,

the chorus reads—

“Nám žízeň hrdlo potrhá
a proto třeba pivo ctít,
i at' si kohout kokrhá
a den se dní, my budem pít!”¹

I cannot understand how Mr. Sládek has given this for

“We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e :
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree,”

it is so unlike his faithful work, and below his rendering of the rest of the song.

VESELÁ TROJICE.

Ó Willie načal soudeček
a Rob i Allan byl tu hned,
v tu noc po celém křes'tanstvu
žet' lepších brachů nevidět.

Nám žízeň hrdlo potrhá
a proto třeba pivo ctít,
i at' si kohout kokrhá
a den se dní, my budem pít !

¹As thirst tears our throat
Therefore we must do honour to beer,
Let the cock crow
And the day break, we still shall drink.

My jsme tři hoši veselí,
tři statní hoši z Mokrovic,
my probili tak mnohou noc
a doufáme jich probít víc.

Hle, měsíček je vysoko,
já znám ten jeho bílý roh,
chce na mou čest nás domů vést,
to by si ještě počkat moh'.

Zván lotr bud' a dareba,
kdo od korbele první vstal ;
kdo poslední pad' pod židli,
ten trojice je naší král !

Nám žízeň hrdlo potrhá
a proto třeba pivo ctít,
i at' si kohout kokrhá
a den se dní, my budem pít !

He almost spoils his version of

The Graw Moor

by such a rendering as

for "Bohatý statek, bohatší strýc,"¹

"A weel-stockèd mailin, himsel' for the laird,"

which is very poor ; whilst

"Co d'ábel nechtěl, za dvanáct dní
došel k mé sestřence Bessy,
ta černá straka !—vodil se s ní ;
ó, potkat jen sama ji kdesi, ó, kdesi,
ó, potkat jen sama ji kdesi !" ²

¹ Himself, a rich estate, a richer uncle still.

² And the devil, if he didn't in twelve days

Go to my cousin Bessy—

That black magpie, and went about with her ;

Oh ! if I ever should meet her alone, oh, ever !

Oh ! if I ever should meet her alone.

is still worse as a substitute for

“ But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less—
 The deil tak' his taste to gae near her!
 He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess:
 Guess ye how, the jade! I could bear her, could
 bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jade! I could bear her.”

These are all the more tantalizing as they are so weak,
 and are the only defects in an otherwise excellent translation.

ŽENICH.

Minule v máji ženich šel k nám
 a velkou svou lásku na lokte měřil,
 já řekla, k mužům záští že mám,
 a d'as ho vem, on mi to věřil, on věřil,
 d'as ho vem, on mi to věřil!

On řek', že v očích na sta mám střel,
 že láska v rov by jej sklála;
 já řekla, aby si pro Jeany mřel,
 a pán Bůh mi odpust', já lhala, já lhala,
 pán Bůh mi odpust', já lhala.

Bohatý statek, bohatší strýc,
 hned svatba, kdyby se líbil,—
 já na vše jako bych nedbala nic,
 ač jiný méně mi slíbil, mi slíbil,
 ač jiný méně mi slíbil.

Co d'ábel nechtěl, za dvanáct dní
 došel k mé sestřence Bessy,
 ta černá straka!—vodil se s ní;
 ó, potkat jen sama ji kdesi, ó, kdesi,
 ó, potkat jen sama ji kdesi!

S neděle cestu do města mám,
 zármutkem slepá a hluchá,
 a kdože tam nebyl nežli on sám,
 mně zdálo se, že vidím ducha, ba ducha,
 zdálo se, že vidím ducha.

Já jenom pro lidi pohledla naň,
 —musíme vésti si skromně,—
 můj ženich klopýtnul, hoří mu skrání,
 a řekl, že blázen je do mě, je do mě,
 řekl, že blázen je do mě.

Já na svou sestřenku ptala se hned,
 sluch-li jí slouží v tom času,
 s její-li nožkou švec-li to sved'—
 klel, Bože, jako sto d'asů sto d'asů,
 klel, Bože, jako sto d'asů!

Bych si ho vzala, prosil, co moh',
 že vyrvu srdce mu z nitra;—
 tak aby neumřel, ubohý hoch,
 snad bude svatba už zítra, už zítra,
 snad bude svatba už zítra.

With

Muncie Gray

he succeeds better, though

“hej, to bylo smíchu,”¹

entirely misses the drollery of

“Ha, ha, the wooing o't”;

and

“Marta hluchá jako dub”²

seems an unhappy substitute for

“Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,”

and scatters to the wind all poetical associations with the
 “whispering oak” and “the spirit in the wood.” Other-
 wise the translation is most felicitous.

¹ Ha, then was great laughter.

² Meg was deaf as an oak.

DUNKAN.

Na námluvy Dunkan šel,
 hej, to bylo smíchu ;
 z nás už každý v hlavě měl,
 hej, to bylo smíchu ;
 Marta,—ach to lásky hrob,—
 zvedla nosejk v samý strop,
 Dunkan stál tu jako snop,
 hej, to bylo k smíchu !

Dunkan prosil, Dunkan cup',
 hej, to bylo smíchu ;
 Marta hluchá jako dub,
 hej, to bylo smíchu.
 Dunkan vzdychal zle a zle,
 oči měl jak promoklé,
 řek', že skočí do rokle,
 hej, to bylo k smíchu !

Ale přejdou den i noc,
 hej, to bylo smíchu,
 marná láska trápí moc,
 hej, to bylo smíchu.
 Řek' si Dunkan : Blázen jsem,
 abych uměl k smíchu všem ?
 Pyšná husa, d'as ji vem !
 hej, to bylo smíchu.

Jak se stalo,—doktor sprav ;
 hej, to bylo k smíchu :
 Marta stůně, Dunkan zdrav,
 hej, to bylo smíchu.
 Něco bodá ve ňadrech,
 za vzdechem se dere vzdech,
 a ty oči,—co je v těch !
 hej, to bylo smíchu.

Dunkan,—nu, byl měkký hoch,
 hej, to bylo k smíchu,
 jak by Martě nepomoh' ?
 hej, to bylo smíchu.

Nemoh' její smrti chtět;—
 tak se smířil raděj' hned,
 ted' je oba těšší svět,
 hej, to bylo smíchu !

One of the humorous songs, however, is rendered in the same faultless style as the pathetic songs, and that one is

The Exciseman.

ČERT PO VSI HRÁL.

Čert po vsi hrál a tancoval
 a odlít' s akcisákem,
 a ženy vzkřikly : " Rohatý,
 jen chytňi si ho hákem !

Ted' budem vařit, pivo pít
 a začnem se soumrakem,
 a všech nás dík měj pekelník,
 že odlít' s akcisákem !

Je dupák, strašák, obkročák
 a skočná s rejdovákem,
 však ze všech tanců nejlepší,
 d'as tančil s akcisákem.—

Čert po vsi hrál a tancoval
 a odlít' s akcisákem ;
 a ženy vzkřikly : " Rohatý,
 jen chytňi si ho hákem !"

But when we come to the pathetic songs, Mr. Sládek's efforts are so perfect that any criticism would be mere pedantry. They are almost matchless translations. I give some examples of the various classes of songs without further comment.

A Man's a Man for a' that.

A VŠEMU VZDOR—A PŘECI!

Že má se chudá poctivost
se svíslou hlavou vlěci?—
To sketa dí!—My smělí dost
být chudými jsme přeci!
Vzdor klopotě, jež dusí nás
a přes ty všechny věci:
je vznešenost jen mince ráz,
a muž je zlatem přeci.

At' stačí nám jen na chleba
a šerku a ty věci,—
kment bloud měj, víno dareba,
jen muž je člověk přeci.
Přes pozlátkové pavučí,
ty cetky a ty věci
muž poctivý, at' nejchudší.
jest králem lidí přeci.

Jak čepýří se hejsek ten!
má erb a tak ty věci:
sta kleká jich, když hlesne jen,
a on je hlupák přeci.
Přes všecken lesk, jímž oplývá,
ty řády, stuhy, věci
muž volný se naň podívá
a usměje se přeci.

Král knížecí můž' titul dát
a šerpu manské pleci,
však ctného muže udělat,
to nedokáže přeci!
Přes důstojenství každý druh,
a šlechtické ty věci:
tvář poctivá a silný duch
tím nejvyšším jsou přeci.

Tož modlem se, at' stane se
a stane se to přeci,—
by čest a duch si země kruh
své podmanily věci.
Ba všemu vzdor, žet' jedenkrát
po širém světě přeci
muž podle muže bude stát
jak bratr plecí k plecí !

To

Scots, wha hae

the publisher adds the patriotic prayer—

“And so may God always protect the cause of Freedom
as He did on that day ! Amen.”

PŘED BITVOU U BANNOCKBURNU.

Skóti, které Wallace ved',
Skóti, s nimiž Bruce šel v před,
vítejte mi naposled
v hrob, neb vítězství !
Teď je den a teď je mžik ;
vizte šerý vrahů šik,
hle, to Edward, násilník,—
pouta, otroctví !

Kdo že chce tu zradit vlast ?
Kdo jak sketa v hrob se klást ?
Kdo jak podlý rob se třást ?
couvni, prchni hned !
Za krále a skotský lid,
za volnost kdo chce se bít,
volný stát a volný mřít,
za mnou, za mnou, v před !

Při útisků bědách, zlech,
vašich synech v okovech !
vycedíme krev žil všech,—
volný však bud' syn !

S násilníky dolů dnes!
 V každém vrahu tyran kles'!
 Volnost značí každý tes!—
 k vítězství, neb v zhyn! ♣

A tak chraň Bůh věc pravdy a volnosti,
 jak učinil to v onen den! Aměn.

Pozn. básníkovo.

Auld Lang Syne.

DÁVNO JIŽ.

Jak,—staré lásky zapomnít,
 kde druhu druh stál blíž?—
 jak,—staré lásky zapomnít,
 snad, že to dávno již?

Tak dávno, brachu můj,
 tak dávno již,—
 však srdečně si připijem
 na "dávno již!"

My květy spolu trhali
 přes mnohý dol a výš;
 a šli jsme cestou trnitou
 tak dávno již.

My šplouchali se v potoce,
 zda ještě o tom víš?
 pak loučila nás mořská hloub
 tak dávno již.

Zde ruka, věrný příteli,
 a k mému srdci blíž!
 tak hlubý doušek nepili
 jsme dávno již!

Ty jistě do dna dopiješ
 a já svou do dna číš;
 bud' zdrávo vše, jak bývalo
 tak dávno již!

Tak dávno, brachu můj,
tak dávno již,—
však srdečně si připijem
na—“Dávno již!”

The excellence of Mr. Sládek's translation is most conspicuous in the love songs; indeed, they are generally faultless. He, like so many other translators, omits the O in

Ťly ťlannie, O.

MA' NANNIE.

Tam za horami, ze slatin
kde Lugar teče v lány,
den zimní zapad' v noci klín
a já jdu za svou Nannie.

Noc tmavá jest a déšť' a chlad
jdou od západní strany,
však vezmu plaid a podívat
se půjdu ke své Nannie.

Tak roztomilá, mladá jest
v té prosté kráse panny;
ten jazyk stihni boží trest,
jenž klamal by mou Nannie.

Tou krásou srdce prosvítá
bez poskvrny a hany,
jen chudobka ted' rozvítá
je čista jak má Nannie.

Já venkovský jsem, prostý hoch
a málo lidmi znany,
leč co mi všech je po lidech,
jsemť vítán vždy své Nannie.

Mé bohatství je moje mzda,—
sic neměřím se s pány,
však nikdo mi nic nepřídá,
můj poklad jest má Nannie.

Náš sedlák rád se dívá v luh
 na ovce, koně, lány,
 já rád mám v ruce jeho pluh
 a na srdci svou Nannie.

A v dobru, zlu mně dostačí
 los nebesy mi daný,
 mne žádná starost netlačí
 a žiju jen své Nannie.

Mary Morison.

MARY MORISON.

Ó, Mary, přístup, k oknu blíž,
 to čas, kdy vídám tě tam stát—
 at' spatřím úsměv, pohled již,
 mně dražší každý nad poklad.
 Jak pracoval bych v poli rád
 od úsvitu až v slunka sklon,
 když v odměnu bych svoji zvat
 moh' sličnou Mary Morison

Když včera hudba začla znět
 a tancem hlučel světlý sál,
 mé myšlénky šly k tobě v let,
 já neslyšel a nedýchal,
 ten kráskou tu, ten onu zval
 a po jiné byl všechněch shon.—
 “Ó, není,” já si zavzdychal,
 “z vás žádná Mary Morison!”

Ó, Mary, tolik strojíš muk,
 a já bych za tě umřel tich,
 a stavíš mého srdce tluk,
 v němž pouze láska k tobě hřích.
 Když lásky není v prsou tvých,
 přej soucitný mi aspoň ston,—
 neb myšlének mít nebud' zlých
 v své duši Mary Morison.

In

Afton Water

he again, like so many other translators, omits the adjective which renders the original so melodious, and says simply,

“Plyň zvolna, Aftone.”¹

In the Czech version, however, this omission does not interfere with the melody.

NA AFTONU.

Plyň zvolna, Aftone, přes luhy a vřes,
plyň zvolna, k tvé chvále já zazpívám dnes ;
má Mary tu dříme u ševelných pěn,
plyň zvolna, Aftone, a neruš jí sen.

Tam v dolu mi ustaň, ty hrdličko, již,
ty hvízdavý kose tam v trní se ztiš,
juž přestaň, ty čejko, mi volat a lkát,
mou dívku, vás žádám, ted' nechte mi spát.

Jak pnou se, Aftone, tvé pahorky kol,
jak čistě klikatí se bystřeně v dol,
tam každý den bloudím, když slunce jde výš,
mám před sebou stáda i Marynu chýž.

Jak milý tvých zelených dolin je vzhled,
kde v lesinách divokých petrklíč zkvět',
tam často, když vlahý už soumrak je dne,
břiz vonných kmen stíní mou Mary i mne.

Jak čistý, Aftone, tvých proudů je třpyt,
když vinou se kolem, kde Maryn je byt,
jak laškují vody kol nožek jak sníh,
když stavíc je trhá květ na březích tvých.

Plyň zvolna, Aftone, přes luhy a vřes,
plyň zvolna, má řeko, já zpívám ti dnes ;
má Mary tu dříme u ševelných pěn,
plyň zvolna, Aftone, a neruš jí sen.

¹ Flow gently, Afton.

The Cauld Blast.

O, *KDYBYS MRAZNOU VICHŘICÍ* . . .

Ó, kdybys mraznou vichřicí
šla po pláni, šla po pláni,
můj šat před divou vánicí
tě ochrání, tě ochrání.

A kdyby sudby krutý los
tě bouří stih', tě bouří stih',
má prsa tebe ukryjou
před každou z nich, před každou z nich.

A kdybych byl kdes v pustině
a světa kraj, a světa kraj,
když ty tam budeš, divá poušť'
mně bude ráj, mně bude ráj.

A kdybych s tebou, světa král,
byl na trůně, byl na trůně,
ty budeš skvostem nejdražším
v mé koruně, v mé koruně!

In

A Red, Red Rose

he omits the colour entirely, and simply says—

“Má milá jest jak růžička.”¹

This does not mar the music in the Czech as it does in the English language, but I think it would have been better had Mr. Sládek retained the O in this song,

“O my love's like a red, red rose,”

as he did with “O wert thou in the cauld blast.”

¹ My love is like a rose.

MÁ MILÁ JEST JAK RŮŽIČKA.

Má milá jest jak růžička,
 když v červnu vypučí,
 má milá jest jak písnička,
 když sladce zazvučí.

A jak jsi krásná, dívko má,
 tak z duše mám tě rád,
 spíš' moře vyschnou, než bych já
 tě přestal milovat.

Spíš' moře vyschnou, miláčku,
 a ze skal bude troud,—
 a k vroucímu tě, miláčku,
 chci srdci přivinout.

A s bohem bud', má milená,
 bud' zdráva, Bůh tě sil,—
 však přijdu zas, at' vzdalená
 jsi deset tisíc mil!

Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw.

Here, exceptionally, Mr. Sládek misses one of Burns's poetical touches, in which he gives, or at least indicates, the same individual character to the wind as is given in the "Dowie Dens o' Yarrow"—

"Oh, gentle wind that bloweth south
 From where my love repaireth,
 Convey a kiss from his dear mouth
 To tell me how he fareth."

This touch Mr. Sládek misses, and merely says,

"Všech úhlů světa nejraděj'
 ten západový mám,"¹

The remainder of the translation, however, maintains the uniform high standard.

¹ Of all the corners in the world
 The west I hold the dearest.

VŠECH ÚHLŮ SVĚTA.

Všech úhlů světa nejraděj
 ten západový mám,
 neb moje zlaté srdečko
 dlí za horami tam.
 Tam hvězdy jsou a řeky jdou
 a roste vřes a mech
 a v noc i den tam toužím jen
 k své nejmilejší z všech.

Ji vidím v každé květině
 tak milou, sličnou tak,
 ji slyším, v doubrav tíšíně
 když mílo zpívá pták.
 Ba tolik nemá květiněk,
 ni louka, les a břeh,
 ni ptáčat, já co vzpomínek
 na nejmilejší z všech.

Narobody.

NIKOMU.

Mám ženu svou a mám ji rád
 a neberu ji nikomu ;
 já parohy si nedám dát
 a nedávám je nikomu.

Já mám svůj groš a nechci víc,
 zde !—díky za nic nikomu ;
 já k půjčování nemám nic
 a nejsem dlužen nikomu.

Já nevedu si panskou řeč,
 však neukřivdím nikomu,
 já mám svůj dobrý, ploský meč
 a nevyhnu se nikomu.

Chci veselý a volný být
 a nežadoním nikomu,
 když nikdo nechce ke mně jít,
 však nepůjdu já k nikomu !

In

Coming thro' the Rye

Mr. Sládek avoids the "brook" error of so many translators, and renders it faithfully to the original.

JAK ŠLA ŽITEM.

Jak šla žitem Jenny malá,
jak šla přes tu mez,
sukničku si urousala
ubožátko dnes.

Ubožátko, Jenny malá,
často jako dnes
sukničku si urousala,
jak šla přes tu mez.

Někoho-li potká někdo,
jak jde žitem kděs,
někoho-li zhubičkuje,
nač by někdo hles'?

Někoho-li potká někdo,
jak jde skrze les,
někoho-li zhubičkuje,
má to zvědět ves?

Ubožátko, Jenny malá,
často jako dnes
sukničku si urousala,
jak šla přes tu mez.

John Anderson, my Jo.

JAN ANDERSEN.

Můj Jene Andersene,
kde jsou ty mladé časy!
měl's čelo jako mléko
a havraní měl's vlasy.

Ted' čelo máš tak lysé,
 a vlasy posněžené,
 však žehnej Bůh tu starou leb,
 můj Jene Andersene.

Můj Jene Andersene,
 my do vrchu šli spolu
 a prožili dem mnohý
 i v radosti i v bolu;—
 ted' vrávoráme dolů,
 však ruku v ruce, Jene,
 a dole budem spolu spát,
 můj Jene Andersene!

To Mary in Heaven.

MARII V NEBESÍCH.

Ty hvězdo, hasnoucí tak zvolna,
 vždy prvním jitem vítána,—
 zas den mi hlásáš, ach tak bolná,
 kdy Marie mi vyrvána.
 Ó Marie, ty drahý stíne,
 kde nyní v míru blaze dlíš?
 zda vidíš toho, jenž zde hyne,
 či krutý bol můj neslyšíš?

Jak zapomnit na chvíli něhu
 a na posvátný hájek ten,
 kde na klikatém Ayru břehu
 jsme žili krátký lásky den?
 Ó nevyhladí věčnost celá
 ty vzpomínky těch zašlých dní,
 tvůj obraz, jak's mi v loktech dlela,
 to objetí, ach poslední!

Ayr snivě bublal přes oblázky,
 les, hustý pažit splýval v niz;
 vše kolem jaly v náruč lásky,
 tu hloh, tam vonné větve bříz.

Květ pukal plný rosné vláhy,
na sněti láskou zpíval pták,
až zrudnul západ, ach tak záhy!
a den se chýlil ve soumrak.

Ty vzpomínky mi žijou dále
a duch se nemůž' odtrhnout!
čas vše, co bylo, hloubí stále,
jak řečiště si brázdí proud.
Ó Marie, ty zašlý stíne,
kde nyní v míru blaze dlíš?
zda vidíš toho, jenž zde hyne,
neb krutý bol můj neslyšíš?

HUNGARIAN.

IN the Hungarian there are, in a translation by Joseph Lévy, published in Budapest in 1892,¹ the same terse and faithful rendering, and the same sympathetic spirit displayed as in the Bohemian version. This volume is neat and chaste, and contains nearly 270 pieces, with a full and appreciative preface.

The Cottar's Saturday Night.

Mr. Lévy has evidently drunk in the spirit of this piece. He gives it complete, including the extract from Gray's "Elegy" and the "Dedication to Robert Aiken," and renders it with so much beauty and fidelity that it would only be captious to pick out any small defects; but, indeed, these are few, the chief one being that he represents the children as working with their father instead of being at service with neighbouring farmers, as was formerly so much the custom in Scotland. So he renders

" Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town,"

¹ *Burns Róbert Költeményei*, fordította Lévy József, kiadja a Kiszalud-Társaság. Budapest: Franklin-Társulat, Magyar Irod. Intézet és Könyvnyomda.



Joseph Evay

as follows—

“Később belépnek a korosb fiak.
 Segítői a gazdagságba' már,
 Ekénél ez, a nyájnál az forog,
 A harmadik meg' a városba jár.”¹

As well as being incorrect in meaning, this is the feeblest verse in the translation, though there are few verses which merit this adjective. Jenny does not seem to be a common name in Hungarian, as Mr. Lévy changes the daughter's name to Elizabeth (Erzsike=Erzsi). I give the whole piece.

SZOMBAT ESTVE A KUNYHÓBAN.

Igen tisztelt barátom, kedvesem!
 Ez a dal nem bérencz költő dala;
 Becsület vonz, nem a koncot lesem,
 Díjam egy jó barát tetsző szava.
 Éneklek egyszerű skót hangokon
 Az együgyü élet sorát neked,
 S ősz érzetét, mely bűnnel nem rokon...
 Oh, ha kunyhóban folyna életed,
 Tán névtelen volnál, de boldogabb, lehet!

Novemberi szél zúg az ugaron,
 A téli kurta nap végére jár,
 Megtér ekéből a csüggedt barom,
 Nyugodni száll a varjak serge már.
 Vége a gazda fáradalminak,
 Egy hét bajának véget vet az éj;
 Ásót, kapát, gereblyét össze rak,
 A holnaptól enyhet, nyugtot remél
 S a mezőről haza lankadtan mendegél.

¹ Later on the older sons come in,
 Who already assist him in the farm,
 This one at the plough, the other at the sheep,
 The third goes to the town.

Feltűn előtte magános laka,
 A mely fölött egy vén fa védve áll ;
 Csendül a váró kisdedek zaja,
 Apjok elé szalad mind, szinte száll
 Vidáman csillogó kis tűzhelye,
 Csevegő gyermek (térdén rengeti)
 Reá mosolygó szorgalmas neje,
 Nyomasztó gondjain könnyít neki,
 S törődését, baját mind elfeledteti.

Később belépnek a korosb fiak.
 Segítői a gazdagságba' mar,
 Ekénel ez, a nyájnál az forog,
 A harmadik meg' a városba jár.
 A legidősb reményök, Erzsike
 Szintén bejő, kit ifju tűz hevít,
 Talán egy új öltönyt mutatni be,
 Vagy megtakargatott filléreit,
 Melyekkel szülőin majd szükségben segít.

Lány és fitestvér ekként egybe gyűl,
 S egymás hogyan létét kérdezzeti ;
 A nyájas óra gyors szárnyon repül,
 Ki mit hallott s látott, beszélgeti.
 És rajtok úgy merengnek a szülők,
 Mintha reményök bételt volna már.
 Az anyjok tüvel, ollóval sűrög,
 Ócska ruhát foltoz s újjá csinál
 S mélnáznak az apjok intő szavainál.

Inti, hogy gazda, gazdasszony szavát
 A legényeknek teljesíteni kell ;
 Dolgozni kell serényen, igazán
 Ott is, hol rájok senki nem figyel.
 "S oh ! féljétek mindenha az urat,
 Éjjel-nappal hűn munkálkodjatok ;
 Megállni a kisértések alatt,
 Az ő segélyéhez fordúljatok :
 A ki őt keresi, csalódni sohse fog."

De csitt! az ajtón ime csendesen
 Kopognak: Erzsi már jól tudja ki:
 A szomszéd fia járt a réteken
 S haza kísérte őt, most vallja ki;
 A szűzi lángra, mely Erzsi szemét
 S arczát előnti, anyja fölfigyel,
 Töprengve kérdi a fiú nevet,—
 S félig szepegeve mondja Erzsi el,
 Örül az anyjok, hogy nem hitvány siheder.

Bátran vezet be Erzsi egy derék
 Ifjat, kit anyjok vizsgán nézeget;
 Örül Erzsi, hogy nem rosszul vevék...
 Apjok lovat, ekét mit emleget.
 Öröm gyúl a legény jámbor szivén,
 De oly szemérmes, úgy tartózkodik;
 Az anya-szem kikémlí könnyedén,
 Miért pirúl, miért komolykodik
 S örvend, hogy szülötte már nagyleánykodik.

Oh! boldog szerelem, ha ilyetén!
 Oh! édes ábránd! páratlan gyönyör!
 Sokat próbáltam, jártam-keltem én,
 S tapasztalásom ily szavakba tör:
 "Ha a menyország egy csepp üdve vár
 Jutalmául e föld keservinek,
 Ez az, ha egy szerelmes ifju pár
 Egymás karjába olvadtan piheg
 S bokrok közt illatos szellő legyinti meg."

Van-é ember, ki szívvél bír, van-é
 Oly hitvány, gaz, szeretni képtelen,
 Álutakon ki törbe ejtené
 Az ifju szep Erzsit könnyörtelen?
 Mézes szavát, bűnét elátkozom!...
 Erény, becsület, szív mind semmi hat?
 Nincs irgalom, nincs gyöngéd szájalom
 A gyermeket féltő szülék iránt?
 Képzeld bős kínjokat s a megrontott leányt!

De íme itt hozzák a vacsorát :
 Skótok fő étke, jó pudding kerül ;
 Tejet hozzá az az egy boczi ád,
 Mely farkcsóválva kérődzik kívül.
 A nő egy megkímélt sajtot teszen
 Kedveskedésül a legény elé ...
 Megízli az, dicséri is, hiszem,
 S a takarékos nő terél-ferél :
 Egy éves lesz a sajt lenvirágzás felé.

Hogy a vidám vacsora véget ér,
 Tág kört formálnak a tűzhely körül ;
 A gazda a nagy bibliára tér,
 Az, szolgált egykor apja díszeül.
 Áhítattal veszi le süvegét
 Fejéről, melyet ősz, gyér haj fedez,
 Kiválasztja egyik szép énekét,
 A szent Sionban hangzott régen ez ;
 S "dicsérjük az Urat !" ihletve zengedez.

Éneklik az együgyű éneket,
 Mely szívöket mélyében hatja át ;
 Tán a fellengző "Dundee"-verseket,
 Vagy hirneves "Martyrok" bús dalát ;
 Vagy ajkukon "Elgin" lángverse ég,
 A legszentebb, legszebb-dal Skócián :
 Olasz-trilla ezekhez semmiség,
 Fület csiklánd az, de meg nem hat ám,
 Istent dicsőíteni képes se volna tán.

A szent könyvből olvasgat az apa :
 Isten barátja mint lőn Ábrahám,
 Örök harczot Mózes mint folytata
 S mint győzött Amelek gonosz hadán.
 Vagy a királyi büszke dalnokot
 Az ég haragja miként verte le ;
 Jób mint kesergett, mint panaszkodott,
 Ezsaiást mint ragadta láng-heve,
 Vagy más szent próféta hogy lantján mit vere.

Az Ujszövetségben buvárkodik :
 A büntelen vér bűnért mint ömölt,
 S hogy annak, ki az égben második,
 Nyugvó helyet sem adhatott a föld !
 Tanitványi bolyongván sok határt,
 Tanát nagy messze hirdetgeték !
 S annak, ki Patmoszban száműzve járt,
 Fényben egy angyal mint jelentkezők,
 S Babilon vesztét mint jelenté ki az ég !

Letérdel s az örök király előtt
 Imádkozik a szent, a férj s apa ;
 És a remény győzelmi szárnyat ölt :
 Hogy így lesznek mind együtt valaha,
 Ott, hol örök fényárban fürdenek,
 Hol többé köny nem hull, sohaj se száll,
 Teremtőjöknek együtt zengenek
 Dicséneket, s ott egy kedves kör áll,
 Míg az idő örök sférákban folydogál.

A vallás fénye mily szegény ehhez !
 Művészetét, pompáját ime nézd :
 Elébe tárul a tömegnek ez ;
 Mit ér, ha a szív nem vesz benne részt !
 Külfényt az Úr nem is lát kedvesen,
 Sem czifra szót, sem papi díszruhát ;
 De egy rejtett kunyhóba' szívesen
 Hallja a lélek egyszerű szavát
 S helyt a szegénynek az élet könyvében ad.

Haza indulnak aztán utjokon ...
 Az ifjú népség nyugalomra tér ;
 A szüle-pár könyörg magánosan,
 S az égtől még kegyelmet esdve kér,
 Hogy az, ki táplál éh' holló fiat
 És liljomot öltöztet ékesen,
 Terjessze bölcsen a legjobbakat
 Rájok s kicsínyeikre szüntelen,
 De főkép szívöket óvja kegyelmesen.

Ily módokon lett nagygyá Skóczia,
 Így lőn tisztelve künn, szeretve bent ...
 Urrá tesz a királynak egy szava,
 Derék embert csupán isten teremt :
 S bizony az erény égi utain
 Palota a kunyhó mögött marad !
 Mi a nagyúri pompa? néha kin,
 Teher s nyomor fényes fődél alatt
 S pokolmesterséggel gonoszságban halad.

Oh ! Skóczia, édes szülő hazám !
 Kiért leghőbb imám az égre száll,
 Legyen földmives gyermekid nyomán
 Egészség s béke, mely szilárdan áll.
 A fényüzés ragályától az ég
 Őrizze egyszerű szép éltöket ;
 Bár a korona porba omlanék.
 Erényes nép nem veszt erőt, hitet,
 S tűzfalként áll körül, téged, kedves sziget !

Oh ! Te, kitől a honfi láng fakadt,
 Mely a Wallace bátor szívébe szállt,
 Hogy törni merjen zsarnok lánczokat,
 Avvagy ha nem : haljon dicső halált,—
 Te, honfiak külön védistene,
 Barátja, üdve oh mindannyinak :
 Soha ne hagyd el Skóczziát Te, ne !
 Hogy hodfidalnokok, hű honfiak,
 Diszeül, öreül folyvást támadjanak !

Tam o' Shauter

is also well translated, though owing, no doubt, to the peculiar nature of the poem the standard is not quite so high as in "The Cottar's Saturday Night." Mr. Lévay falls into the error into which so many other translators fall, with worthy "Kirkton Jean," changing the poor body's sex into "Kirkton Johnny" (Kirkton Jankóval).

He makes the conduct of Tam and his cronie more rational than in the original by describing them eating as well as drinking, and so he gives the expressive and suggestive lines—

“Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.”

by

“Tamás őt testvérként szerette,
Hét számra itatta, etette.”¹

He misses the point of comparison between “the kings being blest” and “Tam glorious.”

“Nagy a király ! hanem Tamás ám
Győzött a lét minden csapásán,”²

and thus fails to reproduce the jovial picture—

“Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.”

He gets confused as to that part of the poet's clothing which under certain circumstances he would have bartered, and renders

“Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,”

by “Mellényem.”³

These are, however, not grave defects in what upon the whole is a felicitous translation, and I therefore give it in full.

KÓBOR TAMÁS.

(ELBESZÉLÉS.)

Ha az utcák elcsendesülnek
S szomjas szomszédok összegyűlnek,
A mint vásári nap' szokás
S kapukban a találkozás ;

¹ Tam loved like a brother,
They ate and drank for weeks together.

² Great is the king, but Thomas
Was victorious over every ill of existence.

³ My waistcoat.

Mig mi sör mellett üldögélünk,
 S elázunk és kedvünkre élünk :
 Nem gondolunk hosszú mérföldre,
 Mocsárra, vizre, zord időre,
 Mely köztünk s házunk közt terül,
 Hol komor nők töprengve ül,
 S összehúzván szemöldökét,
 Szítja haragja nagy tüzét.
 Kóbor Tamás is ilyet ért el,
 A mint Ayrból lovagla éjjel ...
 (Vén város Ayr, de nincsen párja,
 Jó emberekre, szép leányra)

Oh Tamás! bár lett voln' eszed,
 S Katód tanácsát beveszed!
 Megmondta ő, hogy naplopó vagy,
 Szájas, részeges, még pedig nagy ;
 Hogy évenként tizenkét hóban
 Vásár napján sohse vagy józan,—
 S őrléskor a molnárral egyben
 Dözsölsz míg pénz akad zsebedben,—
 Hogy mindenik lóvasalással
 Részeg vagy együtt a kovácsnal ;
 És hogy Kirkton Jankóval is már
 Vasárnaptól hétfőig ittál.
 Megjósllá, hogy ha nem javulsz,
 Előbb-utóbb a Doonba fulsz,
 Vagy Alloway romja közt éjjel
 A boszorkányok tépnek széllyel.

Oh drága nők! röstellem én,
 Hogy annyi szép szó füstbe mén
 S bölcs tanácsit a nő ha adja,
 A férj megvetéssel fogadja.

De kezdjük! Egy vásári éjen
 Nyakalt Tamás kedvére mélyen.
 A lobogó kandalló mellett
 A habzó ser pompásan izlett ;
 Csiszlik Jankó várt ott reája,
 Régi hű, szomjas cimborája ;
 Tamás őt testvérként szerette,
 Hét számra itatta, etette.

Dal s fecsegés tölté az éjet,
 A ser mindjobbnak jobbnak érzett.
 Titkos, édes nyájaskodással
 Játszott a gazdasszony Tamással,
 Csiszlik meg' vad meséket monda
 S kaczagta lelkesen a gazda ;
 Künn zúghatott a vész riadva,
 Tamás fütytet hányt a viharra.

A gond is, látva, hogyan múlat
 E boldog ember : sörbe fúladt !—
 Mint a méhek kincsessel rakottan,
 Szálltak a vidám perczek ottan,
 Nagy a király ! hanem Tamás ám
 Győzött a lét minden csapásán !

De olyan a kéj, mint a mák :
 Érintsd meg,—s elhull a virág ;
 Vagy mint hó a patak vizébe
 Perczig fehér—s örökre vége ;
 Vagy mint szél, mely elszáll elébb,
 Mintsem helyét kikémlenéd,
 Vagy mint az a pompás szivárvány,
 Mely eltűnik a vihar szárnyán ...
 Az időt ki sem tartja fel :
 Tamás órája már közel ;
 A gyász éj zárköve ez óra,
 E zord órában hág ő lóra
 S *ily* éjszakán kel útra mindjárt,
 Minőn szegény bűnös sohsem járt.—
 Zúg a szél, mintha végsőt zúgna,
 Szakad a zápor törve, zúzva ;
 Gyors fény lövell át a sötétben,
 Dörög hosszan, harsányan, mélyen :
 A gyermek is megérthető,
 Hogy most ez éj az ördögé.

Ott áll szürke kanczája, *Meg*,
 Különbön még nem ültenek.
 Sáron, pocsolyán átiüget,
 Megvet esőt s villámtüzet
 Kék süvegét tartja szilárdan
 S egy vén skót dalt dudol magában ...

Óva néz szét, hogy el ne kapja
 Véletlen a manók csapatja ...
 Közel már Alloway-egyház
 Hol kísértet s bagoly tanyáz.

A gázlón már által vonult,
 Hol egy hajtsár a hóba fult ;
 Elhagyta a nyirfát s gödört,
 Hol a Károly nyaka kitört ;
 El a berket s sziklás helyet,
 Hol egy meggyilkolt gyermeket
 Lelt a vadász ; és elhaladt
 Az érnél a tüskék alatt
 Hol magát a bokrok közé,
 A Mungo anyja felköté.
 Ott látja a Doon folyamát ...
 Vihar zúg az erdőkön át,
 Az ég sarkán villám lövel,
 Búg a dörgés közel-közel ;
 S a fákon már átcsillana
 Alloway puszta temploma,
 Minden fülkéje fénybe lángol
 S vizhangzik táncz, öröm zajától.

Hős Árpa Jankó ! te segítsz,
 Vészszel daczolni lelkesítsz ;
 Ha két garaskánk van, helyt állunk
 S az ördöggel is szembe szállunk ...
 Így forrt a sör Tamás fejében
 S az ördög nem forgott eszében ...
 De *Meg* megállt s hőkkenve ámult,
 Míg sarkantyúzva neki száguld,
 A fény felé úgy vágatott ...
 S huh ! Tamás szörnyűt látta ott.
 Boszorkányok, bűv-szellemek
 Nem új frank tánczot lejtének,
 De ugróst, billegőt, bokázót,
 Éltök, szivök sarkokba szállott ...
 Fent ül egy ablak szögiben
 A vén Sátán eb képiben,
 Szőre kondor, sűrű, setét,
 Ő szolgáltatja a zenét.

Ugy sipol, dudál, hegedül,
 Hogy fal s tető majd összedül...
 Nyílt koporsók álltak sorjában
 S bennök holtak halottruhában,
 És némi bűvölet gyanánt
 Hideg kezökben gyertyaláng,
 Mely mellett hős Tam szabadon
 Láthatja a szent asztalon :
 Gyászban egy gyilkos tetemét ;
 Pogányul halt két csecsemőt ;
 Tolvajt a bitóról levágva,
 A szája úgy maradt kitéve ;
 Öt baltát, vérvörös rozsdával ;
 Öt görbe kardot gyilkos mázzal ;
 Térd-kötőt, mely gyermeket veszte ;
 Kést, mely egy apa torkát metszte,
 Kivégzé őt saját fia,
 A kés-nyelen van őszhaja ...
 S több szörnyű dolgot szerte szórva,
 Mit megneveznem is bűn volna.

Tamás ámult, bámult, leselgett ;

Kedv s tréfa mindig tüzesebb lett.
 A sipos hangosban dudált,
 A táncz gyorsabb, gyorsabbra vált ...
 Szállnak, lengnek, szökvén, ugorván
 Izzad, párolg minden boszorkány ;
 Ledobják a ruházatot
 S egy szál ingben hanczúznak ott !

Oh Tam ! oh Tam ! ha szép lányokk

Együtt ifjan, üdén járnák,
 Az ingök nem szennyes flanér,
 De finom vászon, hófehér :
 Itt a mellényem hamarjában,
 —Jó fajta kék plüs hajdanában—
 Od' adnám ez egyetlen kincsem,
 Hogy őket egyszer megtekintsem :

De ránczos képű agg-anyák,
 Csikót riasztó vén banyák,
 Szökdécselve boton ugrálva :
 Csudálom, a gyomrod hogy' állja !

Hej! tudta ám Tamás, mi a szép :
 "Volt ott egy szép süldő-leány-kép"

A czéhbe ez éjjel vevék,
 (Ismerte aztán a vidék :
 Mert sok jó barmot veszte el,
 Sok szép hajót sülyeszte el,
 És szétzilált vetést, mezőt,
 Egész vidék rettegte őt)

Az inge kurta, durva vászon
 Viselte már kicsi korában,
 Hosszában az nagyon hiányos,
 Annyija volt s abban ő bájos.

Ah! nem tudta jó nagymamája,
 Hogy az ing, mit kis Nannijára
 Végső pénzén akasztta hajdan,
 Boszorkatánczra szolgál majdan!

De itt műzsám szárnya pihen,
 Itt már repülni képtelen :
 Hogy Nanni mint lengett, hajolt!
 (Erős, hajlékony lányka volt)
 Mint álla bővölten Tamás!
 Mint izgatta a látomás!

A Sátán is melegedett
 S ugrándva fujta szerfelett...
 Még egy bakugrás s újra más :
 Aztán esztét veszté Tamás
 "Jól van, kurta ing!" felkiált...

S rögtön minden sötétre vált,
 Alig kaphatott *Meg* lovára,
 A bős csapat kiomla rája.

Mint a mérges darázs, midőn
 Fészkét rombolják a mezőn ;
 Mint eb, ha eskütt ellensége,
 Macska toppan orra elébe ;
 Mint vásári tömeg rohan,
 Ha "tolvaj! fogd meg!" szó harsan :
 Ugy rohant *Meg* s utána nyomba
 A boszorkányok csivajogva.
 Oh Tam! Tam! most nem menekülsz meg!
 Mint egy hering, pokolba' sülsz meg!

Katód hiába vár, hogy érkezz,
 Katód immár bús özvegygé lesz!
 Most iramodj', *Meg!* most gyi fel!
 A hid kőlábát érni el;
 Ott farkat csóválhatsz feléjek:
 Folyó vizen át ők nem érnek...
 De a hidlábígnem haladt,
 Egyik a farkába ragadt!
 Mert Nanni a többi elébe
 Oda nyomult *Meg* közelébe
 S Tamásra készült ontni mérgét,
 De *Meg* tüzét nem ismeré még:
 Nagyot szökött ura alatt,
 S hajh! szürke farka ott maradt,
 A boszor töben tépte ki,
 Egy csutakot hagyván neki.
 Ki e regét olvassa, hát
 Mindenki őrizze magát:
 Ha ösztönöd ivásra int
 S eszedbe jut a kurta ing,
 —Drága lehet az öröm ára,—
 Gondolj Tamás kancza lovára!

The Twa Dogs

is translated in Mr. Lévy's best style, and leaves little to be desired. Naturally one or two slips occur, such as

"Peczér-fiunk, egy törpe, lomha,
 Különb ebédet kap naponta,
 Mint egy bérlő érdemlene,
 Kinek otthon úr a neve . . ." ¹

This fails, as other translations to which I have referred fail, in giving the keen sarcastic touch of "wee blastit

¹ Our dog-keeper boy, a sluggish dwarf,
 Gets better food every day
 Than what a tenant would deserve,
 Who is a master at home.

wonner, *it* eats a dinner." It does not do justice to Cæsar's feelings, so tersely expressed in

"Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Conceited elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan."

He is completely beaten by "ferlie," and therefore

"Vagy említik az új adókat
S a Londonban vigadozókat."¹

is rather an amusing substitute for

"Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on."

But he succeeds with the

"Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,"
where we saw so many others fail, and says—

"Tyű! jó urak, hát ekképen."²

The translation well deserves reproducing in full.

A KÉT EB.

(ELBESZÉLES.)

Azon helyén a skót szigetnek,
Melyet Coil királyról neveznek,
Egy szép juniusi napon,
Úgy délután, már szabadon,
Nem levén otthon dolga több,
Egymással két eb összejött.

Egyiket Cæsarnak nevezték
Csak úgy mulatságul nevelték:
Szőr, termet, orr, fül a minő,
Mutatta, hogy nem skót eb ő,

¹ And speak of the new taxes
And the merrymakers in London.

² Ah, dear sirs, is that the way.

De messze tájét kölyke, hol
Halász zsákmánya tőke-hal.

Fényes, finom nyakló-lakatja,
Nemes, tanult voltát mutatja ;
De bár fő-fő eredete,
Nem nagy volt az önérzete ;
Óráit nyájasan tölté el
Egy üstfoldó cigány ebével ;
Utczán, kovács, molnár előtt,
Bármily kuvaszszal összejött,
Czirogatta, magával vitte,
S dombot, követ megnedvesíte.

A másik egy paraszt kutyája,
Ki nagy bolygó, s rimét csinálja ,
Ő azt társul s barátul birta
S egyszerűn csak Luathnak hitta,
Mint a Felföld regéjében,
Neveztek egy ebet régen.

Okos, hű eb volt szerfelett,
Nála különb már nem lehet.
Csinos, fehér-sávós feje,
Mindjárt mindenkit megnyere ;
Melle fehér, de egyebütt,
Fényes fekete szőr feküdt.
Szép bojtos farkát fölfelé
Görbült gyűrűben viselé. —

Már őket együvé fölötte
Szoros barátkozás kötötte.
Közös orral együtt szaglástak,
Egeret, vakandot együtt ástak,
Olykor messze futkározással
Versengve kötődtek egymással,
Míg bele fáradva nagyon,
Leültek egy domboldalon
S áradozva beszélgetének
Urainál a teremtésnek.

CÆSAR.

Gyakran csodáltam, Luath! szinte,
 Hogy' él az ily szegény eb, mint te;
 S hogy' él az úr? ha láttam azt:
 Kérdém: hát a szegény paraszt?
 A mi urunk könnyen beszéd
 Pénzt, apró marhát, köszönet;
 Fölkel, mikor tetszik neki,
 Cselédjeit becsöngeti.
 Rendel kocsit, rendel lovat,
 Szép selyem erszényt húzogat,
 Olyan hosszút, mint a farkam,
 Sárga arany csillog abban.

Reggeltől estig sütnék, főznek,
 Nincs vége, hossza füstnek, gőznek
 S bár étkit az úr előbb költi,
 De gyomrát a cseléd is tölti
 Mártás, vagdalék s ily egyébbel,
 Pazarlásig telvén az étel.
 Peczér-fiunk, egy törpe, lomha,
 Különb ebédet kap naponta,
 Mint egy bérlő érdemlene,
 Kinek otthon úr a neve ...
 S hogy a szegény mit rak gyomrába,
 Meg nem foghatom valójába'!

LUATH.

Bizony, Cæsar, tûr ám sokat!
 Kunyhót a földben ásogat,
 Sáros kőből gátat emel,
 Szirtet tör s más ilyest mivel;
 Igy tartja fen magát s nejét
 S egy sereg apró gyermekét,
 Erős munkán, kinnal vehet
 'Testi ruhát és egyebet.

S ha verni kezdi oszt' az isten:
 Se egészség, se munka nincsen;

Gondolhatod, minő ez inség,
 Elgyötri a hideg s az éhség ...
 És mégis, én nem érthetem meg,
 Hogy többnyire elégedettek
 S derék legény, csinos leányka
 Hogy' teremhet ilyen világba'!

CÆSAR.

Aztán lásd, mennyire becsmérlik,
 Megvetik, és gúnyolva sértik!
 Urainknak nincs semmi gondja,
 Kapás, kepés s más ily baromra!
 Undorral nézik a szegényt
 Mint egy rossz büzü férget én.
 Láttam én egy törvény-napon
 S a szívem is fájt mondhatom,
 A pénztelen szegény bérlőket
 A bérszedő mikép gyötré meg:
 Sajtolta, szidta, fenyegette.
 Testi ruháikat leszedte ...
 S ők szem-lesütve álltak ott,
 Mind félt s reszketve hallgatott ...
 Látom én, mint élnek a dúsak;
 Oh a szegény nép nyomorult csak.

LUATH.

Nem oly nyomorult, mint te hinnéd,
 Bár a nyomor szélén áll mindég,
 De oly szokott már az neki,
 Hogy ha látja, nem rettegi.
 A mint a sors változva forga,
 Hol jól, hol rosszul megy a dolga;
 Törődik bár, öröme várja
 A nyugalomnak egy sugára:
 Éltének drága vígasza:
 Hű neje, sok szép magzata,
 Büszkesége a fecsegő nép,
 Mely vele a tűzhely köré lép.

S míg egy pár fillér ára sertül.
 Bennök a vér üdülve serdül,
 Ön gondjokat félre teszik,
 Ország s templom dolgát üzik ;
 Szólnak patrónusról, papokról
 S szivökben egy-egy kis harag szól ;
 Vagy említik az új adókat
 S a Londonban vigadozókat.

Ha jó Mindszent, a dérlepett,
 Ülnek víg őszi ünnepet :
 A földmives minden felül
 Egy közös mulatságra gyül ...
 Vigadnak, tréfálnak, szeretnek,
 S minden földi gondot felednek

Érvén vidám új év napot,
 Hidegtől ajtót zárnak ott.
 Párolg a tál és átható
 Füstöt fúj a pipázgató,
 A burnót-szelenczét pedig
 Kézről-kézre kerengetik.
 A vénje nagy bátran cseveg,
 Az ifja lármázik, fecseg ...
 Ezt látva én is jól mulattam
 S örömömben velök ugattam.

De azt nagy igazán mondod,
 Hogy úgy nézik, mint bolondot.
 Sok ember van becsületes,
 Hűségés, jámbor, érdemes,
 A ki nélkülöz—semmiért,
 Egy alacsony gaz kedviért,
 Mert azt hiszi, hogy némi jót hoz,
 Csatlakozni egy olyas-úrhoz,
 Ki a parlamentben kíván
 Segíteni Britannián.

CÆSAR.

Pajtás ! nem ismered te a bajt ;
 Britannián segít ? ... no majd ! majd !

Mondd inkább : megy a miniszterrel
 Szavazni nemmel vagy igennel ;
 Várja színháza, fényes bálja,
 Kártyázik s a kölcsönt csinálja ;
 Avvagy ha kedve tartja ép : hát
 Calaisba, vagy Haágába lép át,
 Körutat tesz s tovább vonúl,
 Világot lát, *bon tout* tanúl.

Majd Bécsbe, vagy Versaillesba mén,
 S túltesz az apja örökén,—
 Vagy Madridba veszi az útát,
 Guitárt játszik, bikákon múlat.
 Leszáll Italiába onnan,
 Kéjt vadászva myrtus bokorban.
 Majd germán vizet inni mégyen,
 Hogy kissé szebb s kövérebb légyen,
 S karneval kisasszony okozta
 Bajait így tisztába hozza ...
 Britannián segít? veszélylyel!
 Fülíg adós pazar szeszélylyel.

LUATH.

Tyű! jó urak, hát ekképen
 Adtok ti túl sok érteken! ?
 Minket azért szíttok, szoptok,
 Hogy legyen mit pusztitnotok ?

Oh! bár az udvart abba' hagynák
 S magokat itt falun mulatnák ;
 Az ur, a bérlő és a szolgál,
 Meglátná, hogy jobb lenne dolga !
 Sok itt a nyers, heves, vagy érdes,
 De egy sincs rossz szívű, veszélyes ;
 A ki fáját nem tördeli
 S kedvesét nem becsméreli
 S nyulát, foglyát kimélve látja,
 A szegény nép azt sohse bántja.
 De Cæsar mester, monddsza, kérlek,
 Csakugyan oly gyönyörben élnek ?

Nem kinozza hideg, vagy éhség
S nálok annak félelme sincs még?

CÆSAR.

Volnál csak ott, hé! hol magam la!
Nem irigyelkednél az urakra.
Éhvel, hővel nem gyötri meg
Nyári meleg, téli hideg,—
Nem is törődnek zord munkával
És a vénkor aggódalmával:
De hát az ember oly bolond,
Bölcsessége akármit mond,
Hogy ha bajok reá nem hágnak,
Maga csinál ő bajt magának
S ha valami csekélység éri,
Már azt mindjárt kettőzve méri.

Paraszt fiu, eke mellett,
Földjét szántva, elégedett;
Paraszt leány, rokkájánál
Bizony boldog órát számlál:
Ámde az úr s az úri nő
Kinja heverve egyre nő.
Lézengenek, fáradtan, csüggve,
Mintha szárnyok a földre függne.
Nappalok únott, rest, izetlen,
Éjjelök hosszú, zord, kietlen...
Játék, bál és verseny-lovaglás,
Fény, pompa, kincs semmit sem ér:
Öröm szivökhöz alig ér.

A férfiak ki-kirándúlva
Tobzódnak szörnyen, szinte dúlva,
Éjente isznak, kéjelegnek,
Másnap pedig fetrengve nyögnek.

A hölgyek meg' karöltve járnak,
Mintha mind testvérek volnának:
De halld csak, külön mit beszélget,
Oket akár sátánnak vélhedd.

Mikor nyelvök megeredt már jól,
 Isznak a botrány poharából,
 Vagy éjjel mind merőn néz be
 Az ördög festett könyvébe,
 Koczkára nagy értéket raknak
 S fel nem kötött gonoszként csálnak.

Van kivétel nő, férfi egy-egy,
 De az urak élete így megy.

Akkor már a nap is leszállt,
 S az éj mindig barnábbra vált.
 Lassan zümmögött a bogár,
 Tehén az ólban böge már...
 Fül'rázva keltek az ebek,
 Örülvén, hogy nem emberek.
 Mindenik azzal ment utjára,
 Találkoznak majd nem sokára!

The

Address to a Mouse.

is very well done, and requires no criticism. The verse beginning "But, mousie, thou art no thy lane," which so many translators spoil, is rendered with singular terseness and fidelity.

EGY EGÉRHEZ,

melyet fészkeből az ekevas kifordított, november 1785.

Félénk, rejtező kis bohó,
 Szivecskéd most mint retteg! óh
 Ne riadj meg ily könnyedén,
 Ne fuss még el,
 Nem üzlek, meg nem öllek én
 Űsztökémmel.

A természet kötélékit
 Az emberek széttépték itt:
 Ezért kerülsz te engemet,
 Csak e miatt,

Szegény földi testvéredet,
Por-társadat.

Tolvajka vagy, tudom, mivel
Tenéked is csak élni kell :
Egy-két kalász a kéréből
Nem nagy hiány,
Elég marad nekem még föl
Annak hián !

Kis hajlékod romban hever,
Szétdúlt falát szél söpri el.
S hogy újat építs, már ahoz
Nincs zöld fűszál :
Fagyot Deczember napja hoz,
Viharja száll.

Láttad, hogy pusztá a mező
S a tél is gyorsan érkező ;
Itt reméltél biztos helyet,
Hol megnyughass ;
S recscs ! összezúzta fészkedet
Az ekevas.

Gazból készült kis rejteked
Sok rágcsálásba van neked :
Most vége már ! dult fedelét
Ím' elhagyád,
Hogy törd a tél havas szelét,
Rideg fagyát.

Nem csak magad vagy, jó egér !
Kinél eszély, gond mit sem ér :
Ember s egér legszebb terve
Gyakran csaló
S öröm helyett bút, keservet
Nyujt a való.

S jobb enyimnél a te véged ;
Csak a jelen gyötör téged :

De oh! szemem a multakon
 Gyászt szemlél itt
 S a jövő, bár nem láthatom,
 Aggaszt, rémit.

Mr. Lévy is equally successful with the songs and ballads, though he does not adhere so faithfully to the original as in the poems.

A Man's a Man for a' that.

All through, this translation creates an unfavourable impression, caused by the very faulty rendering of

“Our toils obscure and a' that ;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that,”

which is made to read—

“Bár sorsunk átka terhel ...
 Rang a pénznek cifrája csak,
 De ezüstje az ember.”¹

There are other lines showing that Mr. Lévy has been far from being in his best mood when translating this piece. We can only hope that the spirit which is fairly retained may in its new embodiment make itself felt among his countrymen.

CSAK AZÉRTIS ...

Hát a szegény már, mert szegény,
 Azért görnyedve járjon?
 Hagyjuk az ily hitvány legényt
 S legyünk szegények bátran ...

¹ Although the curse of our fate oppresses us,
 The rank is only the gold's embellishment,
 But the silver is the man.

Ám azért is, csak azért is!
 Bár sorsunk átka terhel ...
 Rang a pénznek cífrája csak,
 De ezüstje az ember.

Habár az asztalunk kopár
 S ruhánk sok foltot ismer ...
 Tartsa meg más selymét, borát,
 Az ember mégis ember.
 Ám azért is, csak azért is!
 Mindhasztalan csillámlasz,
 A ki derék, ha szegény is,
 Csak azért is király az.

Im nézd! az a fényes nagy ur
 Mi büszkén, gőgösen lép;
 Hajlong előtte a tömeg,
 Pedig bangó, üres kép.
 Ám azért is, csak azért is,
 Rendjelei daczára,
 A független derék ember
 Kaczagva néz reája.

Hitvány szolgát a fejdelem,
 Herczeggé is emelhet:
 De embert ám, becsületest,
 Hatalma sem teremthet.
 Ám azért is, csak azért is,
 Fény, méltóság daczára,
 Előbb való a szív, az ész,
 Nagyobb annak az ára.

Imádkozzunk, hogy jöjjön el,
 El is jön még a jobb kor...
 Jólét s kitüntetésre majd
 Szív és érdem jut akkor.
 Ám azért is, csak azért is,
 Az isten még megadja,
 Hogy embertársát az ember
 Testver gyanánt fogadja!

Scots, wha hae.

He alters the first two lines,

“Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,”

into

“Skótok, kiknek vére már
Bruce- s Wallace-szal ömle bár”;¹

thereby somewhat weakening their strength. And the last verse is not equal to the others, and departs too far from the original :

“Vesszen a gögös bitor
S a zsarnok, ki ránk tipor ;
A szabadság árja forr
S él, vagy hal velem !”²

lacks altogether the precision and vigour of

“Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty’s in every blow !
Let us do or die.”

BRUCE SZÓZATA.

Skótok, kiknek vére már
Bruce- s Wallace-szal ömle bár ;
Föl ! föl ! a vér ágya vár,
Vagy a győzelem.

Itt az óra, itt a nap...
Csatarend áll ott alatt,

¹ Scots, whose blood already
With Bruce and Wallace has freely flowed.

² Annihilate the vain usurper
And the tyrant who treads upon us ;
The stream of freedom is scattering (*or* spreading),
And live or die with me.

Göggös Edvárd jó, halad—
Rabláncz s gyötrelem.

Ki lenne gaz áruló?
Ki lenne gyáván haló?
Hítvány rab s alávaló?
Az el innen! el.

A ki hon- s királyra ad
S érettök kardot ragad,
Áll vagy, elhull mint szabad:
Az jőjjön velem!

Gyász rabiga kinjai,
Fiaitok lánczai
Hivnak itt vért ontani—
Int a győzelem!

Vessen a göggös bitor
S a zsarnok, ki ránk tipor;
A szabadság árja forr
S él, vagy hal velem!

Auld Lang Syne.

This title is too much for Mr. Lévay, as for the other translators, and so he renders it "The Long Past Time." However, with the exception of "We twa hae paidl't i' the burn," and "Surely ye'll be your pint stoup," and one or two other instances of a strong Scottish flavour, the translation is very creditable.

A RÉGI MÚLT IDŐ...

Feledjük-é a régi jót
S ne emlegessük őt!
Feledjük-é a régi jót,
A régi múlt időt?
A múlt időre, kedvesem,
A régi múlt időre,
Emeljünk vidám poharat
A régi múlt időre!

Együtt bolyongtunk a mezőn,
Virágait szedők ;
De terhes utunk is vala ...
Elmultak az idők !

Együtt locsolt ránk a patak,
Az estig hűsítő ;
Majd egy tenger nyomult közénk...
Rég elmúlt az idő !

Itt a kezem, adsza te is,
Együtt álljunk elő...
Egy koczcantást megérdemel
A régi múlt idő.

Te sem riadsz meg, én sem ám,
A telt kancsó előtt,
Vidám pohárral éltessük
A régi múlt időt.

A múlt időre, kedvesem,
A régi múlt időre,
Emeljünk vidám poharat,
A régi múlt időre !

My Nannie's awa'.

This is a fine translation, being given "My Nannie is not with me."

NINCS NANNI VELEM...

A természet imé már zöld mezét ölt,
S báránysereg éli vigan a mezőt...
Madarak idvezlő dalát figyelem ;
Engem nem üdít az—nincs Nanni velem !

Száz tarka virág nyílt erdőnk pagonyán,
Reggeli harmat reng a friss ibolyán ;
Ah ! illatokon csak vérzik kebelem,
Nannim jut eszembe—nincs Nanni velem.

Pacsirta, ki földről felszállva korán,
Zenged a juhásznak, hogy itt a korány,—
S barna rigó, kivel az estve jelen,
Ah! hallgassatok el—nincs Nanni velem.

Jer, bús-komoly ősz, te! jer sárga level!
S enyhíts az enyészet bús képeivel;
Zord, néma, havas tél—most azt kegyelem,
Most már az üdit csak—nincs Nanni velem.

Mary Morison

is exquisitely rendered. The fine touch in the second verse, so often missed by translators, is felt by Mr. Lévay,

“ I sigh'd, and said among them a',
‘ Ye are na Mary Morison.’ ”

being given—

“ Sohajtva szóltam : nem, nem ! ez
Egyik se Morison Mari ! ”¹

MORISON MARI.

Jer ablakodhoz, oh Mari,
Im' a bizalmas óra kér ;
Mosolygva rád pillantani
A dús kincsenél többet ér.
Örömmel túrnék bármi bajt,
Nehéz rabságot hő napon,
Ha tudnám, hogy díjába majd
Szép Morison Marit kapom.

Minap, hogy zendült a zene
S táncztól rengettek a falak,
Lelkem csak hozzád röppone,
Csak téged, téged láttalak ...

¹ Sighing, I said, No, no ; none
Of these is Mary Morison.

Bár szép ez, az meg kellemes,
Ezt egész város ismeri,
Sohajtvá szóltam: nem, nem! ez
Egyik se Morison Mari!

Oh! Mari, mért gyötörni hát
Ez érted halni kész szivet,
Melyben nem láthatsz más hibát,
Csak azt: hogy tégedet szeret?
Szerelmemért szerelmedet,
Ha meg nem oszthatod velem:
Szánj legalább! hisz nem lehet
Morison Mari szivtelen!

Flow gently, Sweet Afton

is rendered with equal beauty and fidelity, though slightly marred by "sweet" being omitted and "Afton" only used.

FOLYJ CSENDESEN, AFTON.

Folyj csendesen, Afton, zöld partok ölén,
Folyj csendesen; e dalt zengem neked én.
Lásd, Marim itt szendereg: míg szendere tart,
Folyj csendesen, Afton!... álmát ne zavard.

Vad gerle, ne bújjon a völgybe' szavad;
Fütyös barna rigó a bokrok alatt
S bóbás bibicz, a mely visít, felesel:
Míg kedvesem alszik, hallgassatok el.

Melletted, oh Afton, halmot halom ér,
S távolra kitetszőn lejt rajta az ér...
Itt délben a tájat nyakamba veszem,
Nyájam', s Mari házát bámulja szemem.

Melléked oly ékes, a völgy üde zöld,
Erdőn kikiricstől tarkállik a föld;
Gyakran ha a langy est a tért földi már,
Engem s Marit itt a nyír illata vár.

Kristály habod, Afton, kedvtelve körül
 S kigyózva Marimnak kis háza körül:
 Hólábát mi kéjjel fürösztí vized,
 Míg tarka virágot bájos keze szed.

Folyj csendesén, Afton, zöld partok öléen,
 Folyj csendesén ; e dalt zengem neked én ;
 Lásd Marim itt szenderg : míg szendere tart :
 Folyj csendesén, Afton s álmát ne zavard !

Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.

In some lines the translator has here allowed himself a little more licence, and is accordingly not quite so felicitous in his rendering.

“ My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.”

is rather prosaically given—

“ Betakarnálak én téli
 Nagy kendőmmel, nagy kendőmmel.”¹

Then “sae black and bare,” referring to the “wildest waste,” he renders “elhagyottan” (forsaken), referring not to the “waste,” but to the individual. With these exceptions, it is very well given.

OH HA JÁRNÁL OTT A PUSZTÁN...

Oh ha járnál ott a pusztán,
 Zord idővel, zord idővel,
 Betakarnálak én téli
 Nagy kendőmmel, nagy kendőmmel.
 Vegy ha balsors bőszi viharja
 Érne téged, érne téged,
 Méрге ellen keblem adna
 Menedéket, menedéket.

¹ I would cover thee
 With my large winter cloak, with my large winter cloak.

Volnék bár vad kietlenben
Elhagyottan, elhagyottan,
Ha ott volnál, paradicsom
Lenne ottan, lenne ottan ;
Vagy ha veled ura volnék
A világnak, a világnak,
Legszebb gyöngye csak te lennél
Koronámnak, koronámnak.

A Red, Red Rose.

Like so many others, Mr. Lévy misses the poetic touch of the repetition of the adjective "red." Otherwise the translation is fairly good.

SZERELMEM, MINT PIROS RÓZSA ...

Szerelmem mint piros rózsa,
Mely májusban fakad ;
Szerelmem, mint egy zengemény,
Mely édes hangot ad.
A mily szép vagy, szép kedvesem,
Oly hön szeretlek én,
Szeretlek, míg ki nem szárad
A tenger, fenekén.
Míg a tenger ki nem szárad
S a bércz nem olvad el ;
Szeretlek, míg csak életem
Utolsót nem lehel.
Isten hozzád, egyetlenem,
Élj boldogul, remélj !
Száz mérföldről is megjövök
Hozzád, kedves, ne félj !

John Anderson

is rendered with much fidelity and pathos, but he also will drag in the "eye," and thereby almost spoils the

character of the song : as I have already pointed out, such references are quite incorrect, and not in the original. Thus we have

“Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,”

entirely left out, and the following undesirable lines substituted—

“Szép szemed csupa láng.
Most bágyadt a szemed, John.”¹

JOHN ANDERSON.

John Anderson, szivem John,
Midőn találkozánk,
Hajad hollószinű volt,
Szép szemed csupa láng.
Most bágyadt a szemed, John,
Hajad meg' hófehér :
De áldás ősz fejedre,
John Anderson, azér' !

Együtt jövének, szivem John,
A hegytetőre fel,
S vig napjainkat is, John,
Együtt töltöttük el.
Most lefelé megyünk, John,
De kézfogvást, hiven ;
S ott lent együtt is alszunk,
John Anderson, szivem !

To Mary in Heaven.

Mr. Lévay, as is to be expected, produces a very readable ballad, but in several instances he greatly lacks in it fidelity to the original.

¹ Thy beautiful eye all aflame,
Now thine eye is dim, John.

“Thou lingering star, with less’ning ray,
That lov’st to greet the early morn,”

is very feebly rendered by

“Halvány csillag, mely reszkető
Sugárt vetsz a hajnalra, ím’”¹

whilst

“Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear’st thou the groans that rend his breast?”

rendered

“Merengsz-e híved bánatán?
Hallod-e érted mint eped?”²

is rather absurd, and *hearing* one pining or longing is a mixed figure of speech quite beneath Mr. Lévay’s usual correctness.

MARIHOZ AZ ÉGBEN.

Halvány csillag, mely reszkető
Sugárt vetsz a hajnalra, ím’
Veled megint az a nap jó,
Mely tőlem elrablá Marim.
Oh Mari! eltűnt kedves árny,
Hol van dicsőült lakhelyed?
Merengsz-e híved bánatán?
Hallod-e érted mint eped?

Miként, miként feledhetném
Ama szentelt órát s mezőt,
Hol a csavargó Ayr mentén
Szerelmünk búcsú-napja tölt?
Az öröklét ahhoz kevés ...
Emlékben él a régi láng,
Képed s a vég-ölelkezés—
Ah! hogy végső, nem gondolánk!

¹ Thou pale star, that throws a trembling ray
Upon the dawn of day.

² Dost thou muse upon thy lover’s sorrow?
Hearest thou how he pines (or longs) for thee?

Az Ayr csörögve csókolá
 Kavicspartját zöld fák ölén,
 Szerelmesen csüggött alá
 Illatos nyír s fehér kökény.
 Kéjtől virult ki a virág,
 Madár szerelmet énekelt,
 Míg piros alkony inte ránk,
 Hogy a rövid szép nap letelt.

Lelkem viraszt e képeken,
 S a bú-gond szüntelen gyötör,
 Mint a folyó, mely medriben
 Idővel mind mélyebbre tör.
 Oh Mari, eltünt kedves árny,
 Hol van dicsőült lakhelyed?
 Merengsz-e híved bánatán?
 Hallod-e, érted mint eped?

I close the examination of Mr. Lévy's work with an example of a humorous piece :

Duncan Gray.

This is exceedingly well done. Any slips are trifling.

“Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,”

he oddly renders—

“Szegény Duncan, jaj neki...”¹

which greatly interferes with the complete picture of Meg's behaviour on that occasion; and to read

“Margit süket, mint a rög,”²

for

“Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,”

is rather comical to those who know what Ailsa Craig is.

The above defects, it will be seen, are seldom serious,

¹ Poor Duncan, alas for him!

² Margaret is deaf as a clod of earth.

and I only point them out as slight blemishes in an excellent version of Burns. Mr. Lévay has evidently a strong poetic nature, and deserves well of his countrymen for having added such a contribution to their literature. I part from him with regret. I should like to have added a larger number of pieces, but space prevents me, especially having regard to the necessarily limited number of Englishmen and Scotsmen acquainted with the Hungarian language.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray lánykérni mén,
 Kérőben, ha, ha!
 Vig karácsony éjjelén,
 Kérőben, ha, ha!
 Margit fejét fölveti,
 Fél vállról nézegeti,
 Szegény Duncan, jaj neki...
 Kérőben, ha, ha!

Duncan kér és könyörög,
 Kérőben, ha, ha!
 Margit süket, mint a rög,
 Kérőben, ha, ha!
 Duncan sohajt, mint a szél,
 Két szemében könyje kél;
 Vizbe ugrik, úgy beszél,
 Kérőben, ha, ha!

Sors, idő csak ár-apály...
 Kérőben, ha, ha!
 Megvetett szív fájva fáj,
 Kérőben, ha, ha!
 Majd, úgymond, bolond leszek,
 S egy gögösért elveszek!
 Hadd szaladjon—mást veszek,
 Kérőben, ha, ha!

Azt az orvos fejtse meg :
Kérőben, ha, ha !
Duncan ép, Margit beteg,
Kérőben, ha, ha !
Belől érez némi bajt,
Oly megbánólag sohajt,
Szeme már olyan kihalt ...
Kérőben, ha, ha !

Duncan jó szívű fiú ;
Kérőben, ha, ha !
Margit sorsa szomorú,
Kérőben, ha, ha !
Hogy ne légyen halni ok,
Duncan szíve feldobog
S most mindketten boldogok,
Kérőben, ha, ha !

RUSSIAN.

THERE is no separate volume of the works of Burns published in this language, but with the aid of Russian friends I have discovered no fewer than nine magazines and books in which appear snatches of translations of songs and poems, translations of criticisms and sketches, including one by Thomas Carlyle. The best and greatest number of pieces is in a volume entitled "English Poets in Biographies and Examples," collected by Nk. V. Gerbel, published in St. Petersburg, 1875.¹

This work contains a short notice of the poet's life, and eleven translations of some by no means representative pieces. Amongst them, however, is

*The Cottar's Saturday Night,*²

by V. Kostomaroff. He omits five out of the twenty-one verses, and though he works out a pretty picture, it is rather a work inspired by Burns than a version of his

¹ Англійскіе Поэты въ Біографіяхъ и Образцахъ. Составилъ Ник. Вас. Гербель. Санктпетербургъ, Типографія А. М. Котоміна, 1875.

² Субботній Вечеръ Поселянина.

poem. I take two of the verses which are rendered most literally--

Велѣдъ за отцомъ, полчаса въ позднѣе,
 И сыновья приходятъ изъ села:
 Одинъ пахаль; другой, посмышленнѣе,
 На ярмаркѣ улаживаль дѣла.
 Потомъ и Дженъ изъ города пришла:
 Какъ не придти, когда на ней обновы!
 Но если бѣ Дженъ семью въ нуждѣ пансла,
 Повѣрите мнѣ, что, не сказавши слова,
 Трудомъ добытое сейчасъ отдать готова.¹

and the eighteenth verse, with which he closes the poem—

Тогда съ дѣтми старикъ-отецъ прощался,
 И на покой ихъ всехъ благословлялъ;
 Когда-жъ одинъ съ женою оставался,
 Онъ снова въ прахъ главу свою склонялъ
 Предъ Тѣмъ, кто птицъ согрѣлъ и напиталъ
 И въ блескъ одѣлъ цвѣты весеннихъ лѣтій.
 Чтوبъ Онъ имъ всемъ насущный хлѣбъ посылалъ
 Чтобъ все Его боялись и любили
 И все Его завѣтъ въ сердцахъ своихъ хранили.²

¹ Behind the father, scarcely half-an-hour later,
 The sons come from the village:
 The one has been at the plough, the other cleverly
 Did his business at the fair.
 Then Jean from the town came in,
 Why should she not come, when she has a new dress.
 But if Jean had found the family in need,
 Believe me, that not saying a word,
 She would have been ready to give that which she had acquired
 with labour.

² Then the father to the children said good-night,
 And blessed them all for their nightly rest;
 And when alone with his wife
 He again in prayer bent his head

These are given for

“ Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, among the farmers roun’;
 Some ca’ the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
 In youthfu’ bloom, love sparkling in her e’e,
 Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.”

“ Then homeward all take off their sev’ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to heaven the warm request,
 That He who stills the raven’s clam’rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow’ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide,
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.”

and will convey to the reader an idea of what the less literal renderings are like.

In one or two instances Russian ideas are introduced for Scottish. It is the father, not the mother, who is anxious about Jenny. And it is the mother, not the father, who conducts their family worship. In these respects this reproduction is unfaithful to the great picture of Burns.

Before Him who warms and feeds the birds
 And clothes the spring lilies with glory,
 That He would send them all their daily bread,
 That all might love and fear Him,
 And that they all might keep His law in their hearts.

...“ И вдругъ

Вся вспыхнула... Любви румянецъ алый
 Отца встревожилъ; но его испугъ
 Прощоль сейчасъ же: гость ихъ запоздалый
 (Онъ знать его давно) быть скромный, честный малый.¹

does duty for

“The wily *mother* sees the conscious flame

Wi' heart-struck, anxious care inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak.
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.”

and

А мать „помолмся!“ торжественно сказала.²

is how

“‘And let us worship God,’ *he* says with solemn air.”

is given as more congenial to Russian custom.

The Jolly Beggars,

by P. Weinberg. This piece resembles the original much more than does the “Cottar’s Saturday Night,” but no attempt is made to get the exact equivalent for the Scottish expressions. The songs are well rendered, though there are one or two odd exceptions. In telling of the soldier’s

¹ All transpires, the purple ray of love
 Made her *father* restless, but his fear
 Passed away immediately—their recent guest
 (He has known him some time) is a modest, honest man.

² And the *mother* solemnly says, “Let us pray.”

“scars” he indicates that wives or women (the words will bear either interpretation) can hold their own in Russia as elsewhere, and wilfully or unwittingly misinterprets

“This here was for a wench,”

Шрамъ врубилъ баба мнѣ,¹

The Merry Andrew’s song is very well done, but the translator is rather unhappy with the last two lines—

“The chiel that’s a fool for himsel’,
Gude Lord, is far dafter than I.”

which he renders

Глупый для себя лишь лично,
Во сто разъ меня глупѣй.²

These being the least faithful parts of the translation, however, indicate the fidelity with which the rest of the song is given.

The song “Whistle owre the Lave o’t” he alters most absurdly, by the reference to an Eastern habit indicative of contempt,

„Плевать на воѣ.“³

Then the well-known chorus—

“A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty’s a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.”

¹The scar I got from my wife (*or* a woman).

²A blockhead who is stupid only for himself,
Is a hundred times more stupid than I.

³*Spit* on all.

he gives in true Russian imagery and phraseology—

„Прочь всё, кому законъ по вкусу!
Свобода—свѣтлый праздникъ намъ!
Суды пріятны только трусу.
Монастыри—однимъ ханикамъ!“¹

There are several other small defects: the above are the most prominent, and will show their character.

ВЕСЕЛЫЕ НИЩІЕ.

Ужъ листья жолтыя съ вѣтвей
Летить на землю и Борей
Деревья голыя качаетъ,
Луга одѣть покровъ сѣдой
И ужъ морозецъ молодой
Порядочно кусаетъ.

Вотъ въ эту пору, вечеркомъ,
Кружокъ весёлой братыи нищей
Собрался къ Пузи Нанси въ домъ
Поширвать за скудной нищей
И весело пропить своё
Послѣднее тряпье.

Хохочуть они и горлачить,
И пѣсни поютъ, и свистать,
И такъ по столамъ барабанитъ,
Что стѣны харчевни дрожатъ.

У печки въ лохмотьяхъ багроваго цвѣта
Соддаты помѣстился; на нёмъ
Котомка, набитая хлѣбомъ, надѣта . . .
Сидитъ онъ, обнявшись, вдвоёмъ
Съ своею любезной красоткой.
Согрѣтая платьемъ и водкой,

¹ Away with all who have a taste for law,
Freedom is for us a bright feast,
Courts are only pleasant to the coward,
Monasteries only to the hypocrites (*or* bigots).

Съ вонтеля глазъ не спускаетъ она.
 И, жадно оскаливши зубы,
 Безъ устали грязныя губы
 Дружку подставляетъ, какъ чарку вина.
 И въ щѣки, и въ губы дружокъ
 Безъ устали барышню—чмокъ!
 И звучны, какъ хлопанье плети,
 Весѣлыя чмоканья эти.

И вотъ они милоются,
 Горланить и целуются,
 И пѣню, наконецъ,
 Орётъ нашъ молодецъ:

„Марсъ меня на свѣтъ родиль; я въ сраженяхъ многихъ былъ;
 Вотъ, смотрите, шрамъ большой, вотъ царапина и рана!
 Шрамъ врубилъ баба мпѣ, рану добылъ въ той рѣзигѣ,
 Гдѣ солдатъ французскихъ я встрѣтилъ звукомъ барабана.

„Въ первый разъ я подъ ружьёмъ былъ въ кровавомъ дѣлѣ томъ,
 Гдѣ упалъ мой генераль у Абрамскаго кургана.
 Кончилъ службу я свою въ томъ чудеснѣйшемъ бою,
 Гдѣ Моро снесли совсѣмъ мы при звукахъ барабана

„Былъ я съ Куртисомъ, ей-ей, у пловучихъ батарей!
 Безъ руки и безъ ноги вышелъ я изъ вражья стана;
 Но опять страна зовётъ—и повѣлъ насъ Эллиотъ,
 И опять заковывалъ я подъ звуки барабана.

„Нынче шляюсь по землѣ, безъ руки, на костылѣ,
 Весь въ лохмотьяхъ и грязи: но съ пустымъ своимъ карманомъ,
 Въ чаркой, съ дѣвочкой моей, также счастливъ я, ей-ей,
 Какъ въ тѣ дни, когда ходилъ, весь въ шитѣ, за барабаномъ!

„Хоть митель и вѣтеръ злой хлещутъ бѣлый волосъ мой,
 Хоть приютъ мой часто—лѣсъ иль широкая поляна,
 Но когда, продавъ тряпичи, выпью добрый штофикъ я,
 Не боюсь, хоть цѣлый адъ встанъ при звукахъ барабана!“

Онъ кончилъ—и стѣны трясутся:
 Такъ востъ неустово хорь—
 И прячутся крысы въ испугѣ
 Въ углы потаённые норъ.

„Encore!“ изъ угла восклицаетъ
Скрипачь-молочница—и вотъ
Подруга воителя живо
Векочила—и пѣсно поётъ :

„Я была когда-то дѣвой, а когда—ужь и сама
Позабыла; отъ красавцевъ и теперь схожу съума.
Родилась я въ батальонѣ, быть драгуномъ мой отецъ,
Что жь за диво, если дорогъ мнѣ солдатникъ-молодець ?

„Первый мой дружокъ сердечный весельчакъ-мужчина быть,
Онъ тогда въ полку драгунекомъ барабанщикомъ служилъ ;
Щѣки красныя такія, ножка стройная . . . Въ конецъ
Свѣтъ меня съ ума мой милый, мой солдатникъ-молодець.

„Но смѣнилъ солдата скоро добрый пасторъ-старичёкъ,
И на рясу промѣняла я военный тесачёкъ ;
Тѣломъ я рискнула, душу въ ходъ пустить святой отецъ—
И обманутымъ остался мой солдатникъ-молодець.

„Долго, впрочемъ, быть со мною не пришлось и старикъ ;
Надоѣлъ онъ—и пошла я въ жоны къ цѣлому полку.
Барабанщикъ-ли, трубачъ-ли, старый воинъ или птенець—
Всѣмъ служила, лишь бы только быть солдатникъ-молодець !

„Но война смѣнилась миромъ—туть я по міру пошла
И на рынокъ, побираясь, парня этого нашла.
Въ полковыхъ своихъ лохмотьяхъ красовался удалецъ . . .
Ахъ, какъ по сердцу пришолся мнѣ солдатникъ-молодець !

„Пожила я—много-ль, мало-ль, и сама не знаю я ;
Для меня отрада—пѣсня или чарочка моя,
И пока держать ту чарку силу мнѣ даётъ Творецъ,
Шлю изъ ней твоё здоровье, мой солдатникъ-молодець !”

Съ дѣвчонкой шутъ Андрю сидѣть
Въ углу; пхъ мало занимало
Всё то, что хоръ пѣвцовъ ревлѣтъ ;
У нихъ и своего не мало.
Но, наконецъ, онъ ить устать,
Устать точить съ красоткой лясы ;
И вотъ онъ съ мѣта быстро встать
И, скорчивъ двѣ смѣшныя гримасы,

Дѣвчонку чмокнуть, подтолкнуть
И съ важной рожей затынуть :

„Мудрость въ пьяномъ видѣ—дура,
Плутъ—дуракъ передъ судомъ.
А меня сама натура
Сотворила дуракомъ.

„Бабка мнѣ купила книжку;
Но ученіе никакъ
Не могло развить мальчишку :
По природѣ я дуракъ.

„За вино рискну я шей,
Съ бабой жизнь моя легка...
Да чего и ждать умнѣ
Отъ такого дурака ?

„За кутѣжъ, какъ поросёнокъ,
Я однажды связанъ былъ,
А священникъ за дѣвчонку
Покаянье наложить.

„Надо мной не смѣйтесь строго :
Ради шутки я таковъ ;
А у насъ въ палатѣ много
И серьёзныхъ дураковъ.

„А насторъ нашъ ? поучаетъ
Съ важной рожею такой ;
Насъ, шутовъ, корить, ругаетъ--
Всё изъ зависти одной

„Ну, чтобъ кончить всё прилично —
Выпить хочется скорѣй,
Глупый для себя лишь лично,
Вѣ сто разъ меня глупѣй.“

Велѣдъ за шутомъ старуха встала.
Она отлично понимала,
Какъ очищаютъ кошельки ;
Узнала въ дѣлѣ всё пріёмы
И были ей въ лѣсахъ знакомы
Дорожки всё и уголки.

Ея дружокъ былъ горець бравый;
 Но онъ нашолъ конецъ кровавый:
 Палачъ—увы—казнилъ его!
 И вотъ, въ слезахъ, вздыхая глухо,
 Запла плащенку старуха
 Про Джона, горца своего:

„Мой милый былъ горець и горцемъ рождёнъ;
 Смотрѣлъ на законы съ презрѣніемъ онъ,
 Но клану родному былъ преданъ душой,
 Мой Джонъ ненаглядный, мой горець лихой!

Х о г ѣ

Пойте про храбраго Джона!
 Пойте про храбраго Джона!
 Нѣтъ на землѣ чловѣка,
 Доблестнѣй храбраго Джона!

„Въ тартановомъ пледѣ, съ стальнымъ кушакомъ,
 Всегда опоясанный добрымъ мечомъ,
 Всѣхъ женщинъ на свѣтѣ плѣнялъ онъ собой,
 Мой Джонъ ненаглядный, мой горець лихой!

„Мы жили, кочуя отъ Твида до Спей,
 Какъ лордамъ и лэди не жить веселѣй;
 Съ врагамъ боязни не зналъ никакой
 Мой Джонъ ненаглядный, мой горець лихой.

„Изгнали его изъ родимой земли;
 Но прежде, чѣмъ снова цвѣты зацвѣли,
 Я плакала сладко: былъ снова со мной
 Мой Джонъ ненаглядный, мой горець лихой!

„Но, горе! недолго гулялось ему:
 Связали его; посадили въ тюрьму...
 Будь прокляты, чьею повѣнень рукой
 Мой Джонъ ненаглядный, мой горець лихой!

„Теперь я вдовою должна горевать,
 Что радостей прежнихъ ужъ мнѣ не видать—
 И грусть разгоняю я чаркой одной,
 Мой Джонъ ненаглядный, мой горець лихой!“

ХОРЪ.

Пойте про храбраго Джона!
 Пойте про храбраго Джона!
 Нѣтъ на землѣ человѣка,
 Доблестнѣй храбраго Джона!

За ней встаётъ скрипачъ-мозглясъ—
 Утѣха пьяницъ и гулякъ.
 Высокій ростъ подруги Джона
 (Онъ ей чуть-чуть не до колѣнъ)
 И толщина забрали въ плѣчъ
 Сердчишко карлы-Аполлона.
 Ужъ очень кровью былъ горячь
 Скрипачъ.

Схвативши скрипку молодцомъ
 И браво оглядаясь кругомъ,
 Сначала взять аккордъ бравурный,
 Продёрнуть ловко гамму онъ
 И, перейдя въ минорный тонъ,
 Нашъ Аполлонъ миниатюрный
 Запѣлъ со скрипочкой въ кадансъ
 Романсъ:

„Позволь мнѣ слѣзы всѣ стереть съ твоихъ очей,
 Нойди за мной во слѣдъ, будь милою моею;
 Тогда не будешь знать ни страха, ни скорбей—
 И плюй-себѣ на всё!

ХОРЪ.

Скрипачъ—профессія моя;
 Играю много пѣсень я—
 И всѣхъ пріятнѣй для бабья
 Романсъ: „Плевать на всё.“

„По свадьбамъ будемъ мы ходить съ тобой вдвоёмъ,
 И ухъ! какъ весело, какъ славно заживёмъ!
 Забота-мачиха стучись, пожалуй, въ домъ—
 Намъ наплевать на всё!

„Безъ горя, безъ нужды, довольные судьбой,
 Всѣ будемъ грѣться мы на солнышкѣ съ тобой:

Съ пустымъ карманомъ ли, съ набитою ль сумой —
 Намъ наплевать на всё!

„Ты только красотой небесною своей
 Меня благослови—и тысячи чертей,
 И голодь, и морозъ не страшны мнѣ, ей-ей!
 Наплюю я на всё!“

Хоръ.

Скрипачъ—профессія моя;
 Играю много пѣсень я—
 И всёхъ пріятнѣй для бабья
 Романсъ: „Плевать на всё!“

Онъ окончилъ, но старухи красотой
 Вдругъ кузнецъ плѣнился дюжій и лихой;
 Налетѣлъ съ своей рапирой сгоряча
 И за бороду схватилъ онъ скрипача.

И ругается и клятвы онъ даѣтъ,
 Что рапирою насквозь его проткнѣтъ,
 Если онъ отъ ней, оставя всякій споръ,
 Не откажется навѣки съ-этихъ-поръ.

Помертвѣлъ совсѣмъ отъ страха Арлолонъ
 И трясѣтся весь, какъ въ лихорадкѣ онъ,
 И пощады проситъ съ жалобнымъ лицомъ...
 Такъ вся ссора ихъ и кончилась на томъ.

Но, хотя въ сердчишкѣ виртуозъ страдалъ,
 Глядя, какъ кузнецъ красоту обнималъ—
 Сдѣлалъ видъ, однако, что повеселѣлъ,
 Слушая, какъ пѣсню ей кузнецъ запѣлъ:

„Красавица моя, кую желѣзо я,
 По ремеслу—кузнецъ;
 И въ зтомъ ремеслѣ прополъ по всей землѣ
 Я изъ конца въ конецъ.
 Я часто деньги брать и въ полкъ за нихъ вступалъ;
 Но черезъ два, три дня,
 Какъ деньги получу, сейчасъ же укачу:
 Ищи потомъ меня!“

(Хоръ повторяетъ послѣдніе четыре стиха.)

„О, дѣва-красота! брось этого шута
 Съ кривляньями его!
 Желѣзо кто куётъ, пусть другомъ станеть тотъ
 Для сердца твоего!
 Вотъ этой кружкой я клянусь, душа моя,
 Коли хоть разъ со мной
 Ты будешь голодна, иль водки лишена,
 Языкъ изсохни мой!“

(Хоръ повторяетъ послѣдніе четыре стиха.)

Кузнецъ побѣдиль—и упала
 Въ объятія старуха-красотка:
 Отчасти любовь въ ней играла,
 Отчасти распарила водка.
 Скрипачъ, подмигнувъ остроумно,
 Согласья и мира желаетъ
 Обнявшейся парѣ, и шумно
 Онъ кружку свою осушаетъ
 Во здравье ихъ на ночь!

Тутъ крошка-Амуръ разыгрался:
 Метнулъ онъ стрѣлою своею—
 Къ замужней скрипачъ подобрался
 И началъ амурничать съ нею.
 Супругъ, собесѣдникъ Гомера,
 Замѣтилъ—и грозною длащью
 Жену и ея кавалера
 Развёлъ онъ и крупною бранью
 Ихъ выругать на ночь!

Онъ—парень изъ самыхъ весѣлыхъ,
 Какіе встрѣтались едва-ли
 И Вакху; въ несчастяхъ тяжелыхъ
 Не знаетъ онъ малѣйшей печали.
 Желать одного—веселиться,
 Томился—лишь жакдою вѣчной,
 Одно ненавидѣть—крушиться...
 И вотъ, вдохновенный, безнечю
 Запѣлъ онъ здѣсь на ночь:

„Пѣвецъ не хитрый я, и пѣсенка моя
 Въ презрѣнны у вельможъ и прочаго такого;
 Но пчѣлы вездѣ за мной вездѣ летять толпой,
 Какъ мчалсь по слѣдамъ Гомера дорогого.“

Хоръ.

Изъ-за этого, того,
 Ну, и прочаго всего,
 Потерялъ одну я,
 Двухъ успѣлъ я сохранить—
 Недостатка, стало-быть,
 Въ бабахъ не найду я
 Для того и для сего
 И для прочаго всего.

„Не зналъ я никогда, что значить Музы вода,
 Капальскіе ключи и прочее такое;
 Но мой источникъ весь, кипя, струится здѣсь:
 Парнаса моего здѣсь мѣсто дорогое.“

„Къ красавицамъ я слабъ; какъ неизмѣнный рабъ,
 Я чту ихъ прелести и прочее такое.
 Но долгъ священный мой—и Богу быть слугой;
 Ослушаться Его—и грѣхъ, и зло большое.“

„Свиданья сладкій часъ! какъ ты чаруешь насъ
 Восторгами любви и прочаго такого!
 Но сколько дней любовь взаимно грѣбетъ кровь—
 Рѣшаютъ склонности того или другого.“

„Ахъ, часто, часто какъ вводили насъ въ просакъ
 Ихъ штуки ловкія и прочее такое!
 Но дайте лишь вина—и баба ноймана!
 Люблю я ихъ за-то, за всё и за другое!“

Хоръ.

Изъ-за этого, того,
 Ну, и прочаго всего,
 Потерялъ одну я,
 Двухъ успѣлъ я сохранить—
 Недостатка, стало-быть,
 Въ бабахъ не найду я

Для того, и для сего,
И для прочаго всего.

Такъ пѣлъ пѣвецъ—и стѣны дома
Тряслись отъ бѣшенаго грома
Аплодисментовъ сотни рукъ;
Ненстово имъ вторять глотки—
И, чтобъ добыть побольше водки,
Одинъ снимаетъ свой сюртукъ,
Тотъ очищаетъ все карманы,
Другой раздѣлся до чиста...
Сквозить повсюду нагота,
Но все за-то мертвецки пьяны.
И вотъ они къ пѣвцу опять
Все стали шумно приставать,
Чтобъ угостилъ онъ ихъ скорѣй,
Отборной пѣсенкой своей.
Онъ сталъ межъ двухъ свсихъ Деборъ,
Обвѣлъ кругомъ весѣлый взоръ,
Кудрями весело тряхнулъ
И затянулъ:

„Кипятъ, шумятъ предъ нами чаши,
У нищей братьи пиръ горой;
Раскройте-жь дружно глотки ваши
И пойте весело за мной:

„Прочь все, кому законъ по вкусу!
Свобода—свѣтлый праздникъ намъ!
Суды пріятны только трусу,
Монастыри—однимъ ханжамъ!

„Богатство, почести, титулы—
Для насъ все это пустяки,
Намъ лишь-бы дружные загулы—
И все забудутъ голки!

Весь день мы по свѣту шныряемъ,
И надуваемъ, и хитримъ,
А ночь на сѣнѣ, подъ сараемъ
Нлъ въ стойлахъ съ мыльными лежимъ.

„Конями быстрыми вельможѣ
 Въ каретѣ насъ не обогнать!
 На благонравномъ брачномъ ложѣ
 Восторговъ намъ не занимать!

„Пусть жизнь бѣжитъ водоворотомъ—
 Мы чужды этой суеты;
 Пусть тотъ стремится за почотомъ,
 Кто можетъ рухнуть съ высоты.

„Кричите-жь всё, поднявши кружки:
 Вивать—котомки, кошельки,
 Тряпьё, лохмотья, наши души
 И мы, бродяги-голяки!

„Прочь всё, кому законъ по вкусу!
 Свобода—свѣтлый праздникъ намъ!
 Суды пріятны только трусу,
 Монастыри—однимъ ханжамъ!“

Там о' Shanter.

Mr. Kostomaroff is much less successful with this poem than his brother translator is with the “Jolly Beggars,” and often departs from the original even to a greater extent than he does in the “Cottar's Saturday Night.” In rendering

“Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
 To think how mony counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!”

he is more gallant than Burns, and gives it—
 Министрисъ! мнѣ кажется, что, право,
 Всё жоны судить очень здраво,
 И что ума въ томъ капли нѣтъ,
 Кто презираетъ ихъ совѣтъ!¹

¹ Ladies, it seems to me that indeed
 All wives have a fair judgment,
 And that there is no sense in the fool
 Who despises their advice.

but that is nothing to

Однако, къ дѣду: въ эту ночь
Нашъ Тэмъ конечно былъ не прочь,
Продавши выгодно скотину,
Подѣбеть къ весёлому камину,¹

This is rather circumstantially put for

“But to our tale: Ae market night
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely.”

Burns in no way suggests that the attachment between the two heroes was not reciprocal, but it is difficult to understand why

“Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.”

should be changed into

А Тэма Джонъ любить, какъ братъ,
И всякій день съ нимъ пить былъ радъ.²

This is little better than a commonplace travesty, and

Тэмъ осѣдлать кривую Мэгъ,
(На ней онъ ѣздить весь свой вѣкъ)
И, несмотря на мракъ и гризь,
Пустился въ путь благословясь.
Дорогой онъ то распѣвать,
То шапку на лобъ надвигать,³

¹ But to the subject: On this night
Our Tam naturally was not averse,
Having sold his cattle with profit,
To sit down at the merry fireside.

² But John loved Tam like a brother,
And was glad every day to drink with him.

³ Tam saddled the awkward Meg;
He rode on her all his lifetime,

is still worse, for besides containing a libel upon Maggie, than whom "a better never lifted leg," it is a poor production, and is clearly the effect of Russian associations, and not a translation of

"Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet ;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet."

The above are absurd enough, and there are too many instances in similar strains; but towards the end Mr. Kostomaroff becomes more reckless, he throws Burns overboard, and indulges in his own fancy and ill-informed notions. The "twa pund Scots" he puts down at a shilling. He tells us the linen was bought at Welborough; accuses poor Nannie of "shamelessly throwing out her leg," whereas Burns only says she "lap and flang," a vigorous style of dancing much in vogue before dancing masters were so plentiful in country districts; and finally describes "Mister" Satan as jumping and turning over and over, and Tam crying out, "Well done, old Nick," instead of the classic "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"

Не знала то старушка Гренни,
Когда она для крошки Ненни
За шиллингъ—всё ся добро—
Холста купила въ Вильборд.

And notwithstanding the darkness and the dirt
Got on the way blessing himself.
On the road he was singing out slowly ;
Drew his cap over his brow.

Здѣсь, Муза, мы должны разстаться:
Тебѣ вѣдь вѣрно не удастся
Воспѣть, какъ нагло стала Ненни
Теперь вывѣртывать колѣни.

Нашъ Тэмъ стоялъ, какъ бы прикованъ,
Бѣсовской пляской очарованъ,
Какъ вдругъ самъ мистеръ Сатана
Спрыгнувъ съ высокаго окна,
Такъ сталъ кувыркаться, пострѣль,
Что Тэмми мой не утерпѣлъ
И крикнулъ: „Славно, старый Никъ!“¹

This is really a ridiculous travesty on the powerful lines of the original—

“ Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !
But here my muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very e'en enrich'd ;

¹ The old granny-wife did not know this
When she for little Nannie,
For a shilling—her all—
The linen bought in Welborough.

Here, my muse, we must part ;
Thou wilt surely not succeed
To sing how shamelessly Nannie
Began to throw out her leg.
Our Tam stood like one rivetted to the ground,
Enchanted by the fiendish dance ;
When all of a sudden, Mister Satan,
Jumping down from the high window,
Began to cut capers, turning heels over head, the scamp !
That Tam could not stand it any longer.
And cried out, “ Well done, Old Nick ! ”

Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'"

I give the piece in full. I am told the poem is popular with the Russians: what would it be if they had it rendered as it has been done for the Bohemians and the Hungarians?

ТЭМЪ О'ШЭНТЕРЪ.

Кушцовъ давно ужь нѣтъ и слѣду,
 Давно зашолъ сосѣдъ къ сосѣду,
 Народъ къ заставѣ потянулъ—
 И стихъ базара шумъ и гулъ.
 И вотъ—довольны и счастливы—
 Усѣлись мы за кружкой шва,
 Забывъ длину шотландскихъ миль,
 Ручьи, и мохъ болотъ, и пыль
 Дорогъ, что насъ домой ведутъ,
 Гдѣ жоны насъ давно, чай, ждуть,
 Гдѣ гнѣвно блещутъ ихъ глаза,
 На лбу сбирается гроза...

Тэмъ служить намъ живымъ примѣромъ,
 Что нужно днѣмъ прощаться съ Эрромъ.
 (Старинный Эръ нашъ всѣмъ извѣстенъ:
 „Эръ, гдѣ народъ красивъ и честенъ“).

Ты, Тэмъ, глупѣе всѣхъ на свѣтѣ:
 Ты пренебрѣгъ совѣтомъ Кэтти!
 Не говорила-ли она,
 Что ты—пивной котѣль безъ дна,
 Что ты—негодникъ, пустомеля,
 Пьянъ вилоть отъ мая до апрѣли!
 Везѣшь-ли къ мельнику зерно,
 Попроѣшь и куль съ нимъ за одно!
 Пойдѣшь-ли въ кузню за подковой,
 Отъ кузнеца придѣшь съ обновой.

И даже—просто грѣхъ и срамъ—
 Пойдѣшь въ субботу въ Божій храмъ—
 Съ дьячкомъ напѣешься накануне
 Святого дня... Утонешь въ Душѣ,
 Пль—будутъ ночи потемнѣй—
 Утащишь вѣдьма въ Элловой.

Мистриссъ! мнѣ кажется, что, право,
 Всѣ жоны судить очень здраво,
 И что ума въ томъ капли нѣтъ,
 Кто презираетъ ихъ совѣтъ!

Однако, къ дѣлу: въ эту ночь
 Нашъ Тэмъ конечно быть не прочь,
 Продавши выгодно скотину,
 Подѣсть къ весѣлому камину,
 Гдѣ старый другъ нашъ Джонн Сортеръ
 Давно ужъ пѣнилъ добрый портеръ.
 А Тэма Джонъ любилъ, какъ братъ,
 И всякій день съ нимъ пить былъ радъ.
 Темненько стало. До двора
 Оно давно бы ужъ пора,
 Да эль такъ хмѣлень становился,
 Что Тэмъ въ хозяйку вдругъ влюбился.
 А Джонъ молоть имъ разный вздоръ
 И хохотать, какъ цѣлый хоръ.
 Вотъ дождь пошолъ, гроза бунуетъ;
 А Тэмъ и въ усь себѣ не дуетъ.

Забота съ зависти взбѣслаась
 И въ кружкѣ съ элемъ утошлася.
 Но какъ пчела съ липъ носить мѣдъ,
 Такъ время радость унесётъ!
 Какъ царь, нашъ Шэнтеръ счастливъ былъ,
 Что злое горе побѣдилъ.

Но радость—макъ: цвѣтѣтъ—блестить;
 Сорвѣшь—и вѣщичкѣ облетить;
 Падѣтъ-ли снѣгъ на зыбь пруда—
 Блеснѣтъ—и тастъ навсегда;
 Такъ въ небѣ гаснутъ метеоры,
 На мигъ прельщая наши взоры;

Такъ неба ясную лазурь
 Мрачить дыханье зимнихъ бурь.
 Но время мчится: между-тѣмъ,
 Пока домой собрался Тэмъ,
 Пробило полночь. Въ этотъ часъ,
 Когда послѣдній свѣтъ погасъ,
 Не дай Господь когда-нибудь
 Намъ, грѣшникамъ, пускаться въ путь!

А вѣтеръ свищетъ, востъ, стонеть
 И облака по небу гонить.
 Такъ ярко молнія блеститъ,
 Протяжно глухо громъ гремитъ,
 Дитя—и тотъ бы догадался,
 Что вѣрно дьяволъ разыгрался.

Тэмъ осѣдлалъ кривую Мэгъ,
 (На ней онъ ѣздилъ весь свой вѣкъ)
 И, несмотря на мракъ и грязь,
 Пустился въ путь благословясь.
 Дорогой онъ то распѣвалъ,
 То шапку на лобъ надвигалъ,
 Не то смотрѣлъ по сторонамъ,
 Чтобъ не попасться колдунамъ:
 Ужъ скоро будетъ Элловей,
 Жилище совъ, притонъ чертей.

Но вотъ ужъ онъ и бродъ минулъ,
 Гдѣ бѣдный чепманъ утонуть.
 А вотъ и двѣ сухія ели,
 Гдѣ растянулся пьяный Черли;
 А здѣсь, недѣли двѣ спустя,
 Нашли убитое дитя;
 А тутъ—недавно ужъ случилось—
 У Мѣнга тѣтка утопилась;
 А тамъ и Дунъ ужъ засверкать...
 Вдругъ громче грохотъ бури еталь.
 Раскаты грома чаще, ближе,
 И змѣи молній вьются ниже:
 То сквозь берѣзовыхъ вѣтвей
 Явился страшный Элловей,

Сверкнувъ лучомъ изъ каждой щели...
Внутри скакали, выли, шѣли.
О, Джонъ Ячменное-Зерно,
Какъ ты отважно и сильно!
Мы съ водки такъ-то храбры станемъ,
Что чорту прямо въ харю взглянемъ!
А такъ-какъ Тэмъ всё эль тянулъ,
То чорта вѣрно-бъ не струхнулъ.
Вдругъ Мэгъ, какъ вкопанная стала:
Тэмъ ей кулакъ—она заржала
И мчится прямо на огни.
Что-жь тамъ увидѣли они?
При блескѣ свѣчекъ и луны
Плясали черти, колдуны—
Да не французскія кадрили,
А просто—джигъ, горшайшъ да рили.
На подоконникѣ въ прихожей
Сидѣлъ Ольдъ-Никъ съ зифриной рожей—
Косматый пѣсъ—и съ ревомъ, свистомъ
(Онъ у чертей былъ бацдуристомъ)
Давилъ волюнку, что есть силы:
Тряслась подишшіе стропилы.
У стѣгъ стояли тамъ два гроба,
Окружены чертями оба;
А самъ мертвецъ, въ одеждѣ бѣлой,
Въ рукѣ холодно-посинѣлой
Держалъ свѣчу... Но еще то-ли
Увидѣлъ Тэмъ нашъ на престолѣ?
Тамъ, межъ престушниковъ казнѣнныхъ,
И двухъ младенцевъ некрещѣнныхъ,
Злодѣй зарѣзанный лежалъ
И, ротъ разинувъ, издыхалъ.
Потомъ лежалъ палашъ кровавый,
Томагаукъ и ножикъ ржавый,
Которымъ—даже грѣхъ сказать—
Зарѣзаль сынъ родную мать...
И видно, какъ къ кровавой стали
Сѣдые волосы пристали.
А тамъ—три труша адвокатовъ,
Какъ платья ницаго, въ заплаткахъ,

И столько разныхъ харь и рожь,
 Что пмъ и рпомъ-то не найдёшь.
 Нашъ Тэмъ стоитъ полуживой,
 А тамъ всё громче свистъ и вой;
 Ревётъ, трубить владыка Ада,
 И черти пляшутъ до упада,
 А съ ними старыя яги,
 Кто безъ руки, кто безъ ноги,
 Швырнувъ засаленныя шали,
 Въ однихъ рубашкахъ танцовали.

Ну, Тэмъ, скажи мнѣ безъ издѣвки,
 Что еслп-бъ тамъ всё были дѣвки,
 Да не въ фланелевомъ тряпѣ,
 А въ чистомъ тоненькомъ бѣльѣ?
 Я прозакладывать готовъ
 Всё, что ты хочешь, что штановъ
 Не пожалѣть стащить бы съ лянчекъ,
 Чтобъ хоть взглянуть на этихъ пташекъ

Но и яги и колдуны
 Такъ были дряблы и смѣшны
 И такъ вертѣлись на клюкахъ,
 Что хоть кого бы пронять страхъ.
 Но Тэмъ хитёръ: межъ гадкихъ рожей
 Сейчасъ одну нашолъ моложе.
 (Она была здѣсь въ первый разъ,
 Хоть много сдѣлала проказъ
 На взморьѣ Кэррика. Глядишь,
 То подгрызётъ ямень, какъ мышъ,
 То со двора бычка сведётъ.
 То лодку въ щепки разобьётъ.)
 Ея худая рубашонка,
 Какъ у трехлѣтняго ребѣнка,
 Была и куца и толста—
 Ну, изъ пайселейскаго холста.

Не знала то старушка Гренинъ,
 Когда она для крошки Ненинъ
 За шиллингъ—всё ея добро—
 Холста купила въ Вильборѣ.

Здѣсь, Муза, мы должны разстаться:
Тебѣ вѣдь вѣрно не удастся
Воспѣть, какъ нагло стала Ненни
Теперь вывѣртывать колѣни.

Нашъ Тэмъ стоять, какъ бы приковавъ,
Бѣсовскою пляскою очаровавъ,
Какъ вдругъ самъ мистеръ Сатана
Спрыгнувъ съ высокаго окна,
Такъ стать кувыркаться, пострѣль,
Что Тэмми мой не утерпѣль
И крикнулъ: „Славно, старый Никъ!“
Тутъ всё потухло въ тотъ же мигъ,
И Мэгъ не сдѣлала и шага,
Какъ вся бѣсовская ватага
За ней пустилась. Какъ порой
Летить, жуужка, пчелиный рой,
Какъ мышку котъ подстергаетъ,
И—цапъ-царапъ: за носъ хватаетъ,
Или толпа бѣжить, какъ скоро
Заслышитъ крикъ: „держите вора!“
Такъ Мэгъ пустилась, а за ней
Ватага лѣшихъ и чертей.

Ахъ, Тэмъ! ахъ, Тэмъ! попасть въ бѣду—
Подкаришь чортъ тебя въ аду!
И Кэтъ тебя ужь не дождётся—
Кэтъ вдовій чепчикъ шить придётся.
Мчись, Мэгъ, пока не упадёшь—
Ты счастье Шэнтера несёшь!
Скорѣй на мостъ, не то такъ къ броду:
Чортъ не летаетъ черезъ воду.
Или тебѣ твой хвостъ не милъ?
Но, ахъ! хвоста и слѣдъ простылъ.
Опередивъ всю чертовщину,
Ей Ненни прыгнула на спину,
И ужь у самого моста—
У Мэгги не было хвоста.
Нашъ Тэмъ, отъ страха чуть живой,
Пріѣхаль къ утру ужь домой.
Но Мэгги . . . ахъ, восплачемъ, Муза!
На вѣки сдѣлалась кургуза.

Ну, а теперь-то не пора-ли
 Намъ приступить ужъ и къ морали?
 Кто любитъ лишнее хлебнуть,
 Да къ кудымъ юбкамъ заглянуть—
 Смотри, чтобъ съ нимъ того-жь не было,
 Что съ тѣмъ о'шентровой кобылой.

Address to a Mouse.

It is a pleasure to turn to this poem, which is very well rendered indeed, by an anonymous writer. The

“Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,”
 is scantily described by

Трусливый сѣренькой звѣрёкъ!¹
 and the well-known verse—

“But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
 For promis'd joy.”

is not at all equal to the rest, for the translator misses its meaning and moral.

Но не съ тобой однимъ, звѣрёкъ,
 Такія шутки шутить рокъ!
 Не вѣрень здѣсь ни чей расчётъ;
 Спокойно ждѣмъ
 Мы счастья, а судьба несѣтъ
 Невзгону въ домъ.²

¹ Timid grey beastie.

² But not only with thee, little beast,
 Fate plays such pranks,
 No one's calculations are here correct.
 Quietly we wait
 For happiness, but fate brings misfortune
 To the house.

КЪ ПОЛЕВОЙ МЫШИ, РАЗОРЕННОЙ МОИМЪ
ПЛУГОМЪ.

Трусливый сѣренькой звѣрёкъ!
Великъ же твой испугъ: ты ногъ
Не слышишь, бѣдный, подь собой.

Поменьше трусь!

Вѣдь я не золь—и за тобой
Не погонюсь.

Увы! съ природой наша связь
Давно на вѣкъ разорвалась...
Вѣги, звѣрёкъ! Хоть я, какъ ты,
Жилецъ земли

Убогій: самъ терплю бѣды,
Умру въ пыли.

Воришка ты; но какъ же быть?
Чѣмъ сталь бы ты, бѣдняжка, жить?
Неужто колоса не взять

Тебѣ въ запасъ,

Когда такая благодать
Въ поляхъ у насъ?

Твой бѣдный домикъ разорѣшь;
Почти съ землёй сравнялся онъ...

И не найдёшь ты въ полѣ мховъ
На новый домъ;

А вѣтеръ—грозеиъ и суровъ—
Шумить кругомъ.

Ты видѣлъ—блѣкнули поля
И зимнихъ дней ждала земля;
Ты думаль: „будетъ мнѣ тепло,
Привольно тутъ!“

И что-же?—плугъ мой напесло
На твой пріютъ.

А сколькоиъ стоило хлопотъ
Сложить изъ дѣрна этотъ сводъ!
Пропало всё—и трудъ, и кровь;
Ни гдѣ вокругъ.

Пріюта нѣтъ отъ холодовъ,
Отъ бѣлыхъ вьюгъ.

Но не съ тобой однимъ, звѣрѣкъ,
 Такія шутки шутить рокъ!
 Не вѣренъ здѣсь ни чей расчѣтъ;
 Спокойно ждѣмъ
 Мы счастья, а судьба несѣтъ
 Невзгоду въ домъ.

И доля горестнѣй моя:
 Вся въ настоящемъ жизнь твоя;
 А мнѣ и въ прошломъ вспоминать
 Рядъ тѣмныхъ лѣтъ
 И съ содроганьемъ ожидать
 Грядущихъ бѣдъ.

То a Daisy.

This is very beautifully translated (also anonymously), preserving the grace and pathetic melody of the original, and although

“Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow’r,”

beats the writer, as it does nearly all the other translators, and is rendered

Цвѣтокъ смиренный, полевой!¹

the substitution is not unpoetical, and scarcely interferes with the charm of the translation.

КЪ СРЪЗАННОЙ ПЛУГОМЪ МАРГАРИТКѢ.

Цвѣтокъ смиренный, полевой!
 Не въ добрый часъ ты встрѣченъ мной:
 Какъ вѣлъ я плугъ, твой стебелѣкъ
 Быть на пути.
 Краса долины, я не могъ
 Тебя спасти.

¹ Peaceful flower of the field.

Не будешь пташки ты живой,
 Своей сосѣдки молодой,
 Но утру, только дрогнетъ тѣнь,
 Въ росѣ качать,
 Когда она румяный день
 Летить встрѣчать.

Быль вѣтеръ сѣверный жестокъ,
 Когда впервые твой ростокъ
 Родную почву пробивалъ;
 Въ налѣтъ грозъ
 Ты почку раннюю склонялъ,
 Подъ бурей взросъ.

Отъ непогодъ цвѣтамъ садовъ
 Защитой стѣны, тѣнь дерѣвъ.
 Случайной кочкой быть хранимъ
 Твой стебелѣкъ;
 Въ нагихъ поляхъ ты цвѣль незримъ
 И одинокъ.

Ты скромно въ зелени мелькаль
 Головкой снѣжною; ты ждаль
 Привѣта солнышка—и вдругъ,
 Во цвѣтъ силь,
 Тебя настигъ мой острый плугъ—
 И погубилъ.

Таковъ удѣлъ цвѣтка села—
 Невинной дѣвушки: свѣтла
 Душой доверчивой, живѣтъ
 Не чуя бѣды;
 Но злоба сѣбжетъ и сомнѣтъ
 Прекрасный цвѣтъ.

Таковъ удѣлъ пѣвца полей:
 Среди обманчивыхъ зыбей
 По морю жизни онъ ведѣтъ
 Свой хрупкій чолгъ,
 Пока подъ бурей не падѣтъ
 Добычей волнь.

Таковъ удѣлъ въ борьбѣ съ нуждой
 Всѣхъ добрыхъ: гордостью людской
 И зломъ на смерть осуждены,
 Они несутъ—
 Однихъ небесъ не лишены—
 Кровавый трудъ.

Надъ маргариткой плачу я...
 Но это доля и моя!
 Плугъ смерти надо мной пройдесть
 И въ цвѣтъ лѣтъ
 Меня подрѣжетъ — и замрѣтъ
 Мой слабый слѣдъ.

John Barleycorn.

Only in Russian is the original not adhered to with this piece. I fancy this is due more to the translator than to the peculiarities of the language. In the first verse he leaves out the dwelling-place of the kings "into the East" and

"They filled up a darksome pit
 With water to the brim,
 They heaved in John Barleycorn,
 There let him sink or swim."

he somewhat absurdly renders

Туть въ яму онъ попалъ съ водой
 И угодилъ на дно...
 „Попробуй, выплыви-ка, Джонъ
 Ячменное-Зерно!“¹

¹Then he fell into a pit full of water
 And went to the bottom.
 Try to get out of it
 John Barleycorn.

This is opposed to the meaning and movement of the ballad, whilst

Гласите жь хоромъ: „Пусть во вѣкъ
 Не сохнетъ въ кружкахъ дно,
 И вѣкъ поитъ насъ кровью Джонъ
 Ячменное-Зерно!“¹

besides being unfaithful to the original, very strongly, shall I say selfishly, desires the pleasure of Barleycorn's blood for the translator and his friends and countrymen, and passes over in utter silence the wish which the poet expresses in favour of his native Scotland—

“Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
 Each man a glass in hand;
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland!”

John Anderson.

This song is exquisitely translated, and gives the Russian public a true and beautiful version of one of the most touching of Burns's songs; this is also translated anonymously—indeed the best translations are all given in this way.

ДЖОНУ АНДЕРСОНУ.

Джонъ Андерсонъ, сердечный другъ!
 Какъ мы сошлись съ тобой,
 Быть гладокъ лобъ твой и какъ смоль
 Быть чорешъ волосъ твой.

¹ Sing out in chorus, let the bottom
 Of our tankards never be dry for ages,
 And let us for ever drink the blood of
 John Barleycorn.

Теперь морщины по лицу
И снѣгъ житейскихъ вьюгъ
Въ твоихъ кудряхъ; но—Богъ храни
Тебя, сердечный другъ!
Джонъ Андерсонъ, сердечный другъ!
Мы вмѣстѣ въ гору шли,
И сколько мы счастливыхъ дней
Другъ съ другомъ провели!
Теперь намъ подъ гору плестись;
Но мы, рука съ рукой,
Пойдёмъ—и вмѣстѣ подъ горой
Заснёмъ, сердечный мой!

FRENCH.

IN coming to the French versions, we find a different mode of translation. Most of those I have already noticed are cast, or are attempted to be cast, in the metre which Burns adopted, and a departure from it, as will be seen in the French and Italian translations, shows how much the beauty of the original is lost by the want of the original mould. Nor is this to be wondered at, for Burns himself shows how much the music to which he generally wrote his songs moulded the words and versification. "Until I am complete master," he says, "of a tune in my own singing (such as it is), I can never compose for it"; and this sentiment was evidently in Carlyle's mind when, writing of Mr. Heintze's translation, he said, "Perhaps the one counsel I would venture to give Herr Heintze were this, in all cases to learn the tune first." Naturally, more than this is wanted—the appreciation of the force of the words, the spirit of the piece; but the "not having learned the tune" is painfully apparent in the French and Italian versions.

There are several translations and imitations of Burns in French—" *Morceaux Choisis de Robert Burns*, traduction par MM. J. Aytoun et J. B. Mesnard, edition Ferras du Paris, 1826"; another by Léon de Wailly, published in two editions simultaneously in 1843 by A. Delahays (Paris) and

Charpentier (Paris); and a prose version by Richard de la Madelaine, printed by Cagniard at Rouen, in 1874. M. Léon Valadi has published a few translations and imitations, some, such as "John Anderson," being not without merit; and Leconte de Lisle's imitations are well known. They are all more imitations than translations. I give as an example the

Rigs o' Barley.

ANNIE.

LECONTE DE LISLE.

La lune n'était pas ternie,
 Le ciel était tout étoilé,
 Et moi, j'allai trouver Annie
 Dans les sillons d'orge et de blé,
 Oh ! les sillons d'orge et de blé !

Le cœur de ma chère maîtresse
 Était étrangement troublé,
 Je baisai le bout de sa tresse,
 Dans les sillons d'orge et de blé,
 Oh ! les sillons d'orge et de blé.

Que sa chevelure était fine !
 Qu'un baiser est vite envolé !
 Je la pressai sur ma poitrine,
 Dans les sillons d'orge et de blé,
 Oh ! les sillons d'orge et de blé !

Notre ivresse était infinie,
 Et nul de nous n'avait parlé,
 Oh ! la douce nuit, chère Annie,
 Dans les sillons d'orge et de blé
 Oh ! les sillons d'orge et de blé.

This piece is perhaps nearer to the original than any of this writer's other efforts. They lack the suppleness and precision of Burns; the freshness and charm of life which

are so characteristic of Burns's songs seem to have escaped M. Leconte de Lisle, and their absence is not compensated for by the beautiful literary mosaics of coloured adjectives with which his pieces are adorned. In addition to these, M. Louis Demonceaux published at Paris, in 1865, *Poésies imitées de Robert Burns*, but as they neither are, nor pretend to be, translations, I do not further notice them.

Another work appeared in 1893 from the pen of the well-known Professor Auguste Angellier of Lille, on the life and works of Robert Burns,¹ but it would be almost a slander to call this splendid masterpiece of literary workmanship merely a translation.

Of the above translations the best—as it is the most complete—is that of de Wailly. It is now over half a century since this work appeared, and it would therefore be out of place at this time of day to criticise it too closely. Indeed, M. de Wailly disarms criticism by the frank remark with which he closes his most interesting preface :—²

“ Le malheur est que ces poésies sont de nature à perdre beaucoup dans une traduction. D'une part, elles offrent peu d'intérêt dramatique, et, de l'autre, les grâces naïves du patois écossais n'ont pas d'équivalent dans notre langue. On peut dire d'elles ce que Burns dit des plaisirs :

“ Mais les plaisirs sont des pavots qu'on cueille :
Vous saisissez la fleur, elle s'effeuille.”

“ Mécontent de la prose, j'ai voulu essayer des vers, et en voici quelques-uns que je soumets au lecteur. Mais, vers ou prose,

¹ *Robert Burns, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*, par Auguste Angellier, 2 tomes. Paris : Hachette, 1893.

² See de Wailly, p. xxxiii.

s'il n'est point satisfait, je l'engage, sans la moindre hypocrisie, à ne point s'en prendre au poète, mais à l'insuffisance du traducteur ou de la traduction."¹

The two pieces he gives in verse are

John Barleycorn

and "Tam o' Shanter." The former is very happily rendered thus—

JEAN GRAIN-D'ORGE.

LÉON DE WAILLY.

Il était une fois trois rois
A l'Orient, puissants tous trois :
Ils avaient juré par la gorge
Qu'ils feraient mourir Jean Grain-d'Orge.

Dans un sillon bien labouré,
Tout vivant, ils l'ont enterré ;
Puis ils ont juré par la gorge
Qu'ils avaient tué Jean Grain-d'Orge.

Mais le printemps revient joyeux,
La pluie à flots tombe des cieux :

¹ "The misfortune is that these poems are of a kind that lose much in a translation; on the one hand they offer little dramatic interest, and on the other the naïve graces of the Scottish tongue have not their equivalent in our language. One may say of them what Burns said of pleasure—

"But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed."

"Dissatisfied with prose, I wished to try verse, and here are some specimens which I submit to the reader. But, verse or prose, if he is not satisfied, I beg of him, without the least hypocrisy, on no account to ascribe it to the poet, but to the insufficiency of the translator or the translation."

Jean Grain-d'Orge alors se relève ;
C'est bien lui ! ce n'est point un rêve !

Les soleils étouffants d'été
Lui rendent vigueur et santé :
Sa tête de dards se couronne :
Grain-d'Orge ne craint plus personne.

Le grave Automne succédant,
Grain-d'Orge pâlit cependant ;
Son corps se courbe vers la terre,
Sa tête penche ; il dégénère.

Ses couleurs se fanent ; hélas !
C'est l'âge qui vient à grands pas !
Ses ennemis prennent courage,
Ils vont donc assouvir leur rage.

Aiguissant un long coutelas,
D'un seul coup ils l'ont mis à bas,
Et lié sur une charrette
Comme un faussaire qu'on arrête.

Sur le dos il est renversé,
Il est bâtonné, fracassé ;
Puis à tous les vents on l'expose,
Tournant, tournant sans nulle pause.

Pauvre Grain-d'Orge ! il faut les voir
Remplir d'eau froide un grand trou noir,
Et, sans nul respect de son âge,
L'y jeter—enfonce ou surnage !

Voilà qu'on l'a tiré de l'eau
Pour le torturer de nouveau.
Il donne encor signe de vie !
On le secoue avec furie !

Sur la flamme alors ses bourreaux
Brûlent la moelle de ses os ;
Puis un meunier en fait sa proie,
Entre deux pierres il le broie.

Ils ont pris le sang de son cœur,
 Ils l'ont bu, chantant tous en chœur !
 Et plus ils boivent à la ronde,
 Plus dans leurs yeux la joie abonde.

Jean Grain-d'Orge avait, il le faut,
 Un sang bien généreux, bien chaud ;
 Car, prenez-en la moindre goutte,
 Son ardeur en vous passe toute.

L'homme oublie alors son chagrin,
 Son bonheur même est plus serein ;
 La larme aux yeux encor brillante,
 La veuve entend son cœur qui chante.

A Jean Grain-d'Orge une santé !
 Buvons à sa postérité !
 Qu'elle soit féconde et précoce
 A jamais dans la vieille Ecosse !

With

Tam o' Shanter

he is not quite so successful. He changes the metre, and the rhyme and rhythm are sometimes not at all musical. Like so many other translators, he entirely misunderstands the line,

“Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday,”
 and renders it—

“Jusqu'au lundi tu bois avec Kirkton,”
 and he loses the point of the line—

“Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,”
 rendering it rather weakly—

“Sans être roi, Tam était glorieux.”
 He mistakes the instrument in translating,

“He screwed his *pipes*,”
 by
 “De ses *tuyaux* chassant des voix captives.”

These and one or two similar defects are, however, small matters in a translation in which many of the scenes are rendered with great power and fidelity.

TAM O' SHANTER.

LÉON DE WAILLY.

Quand les chalands abandonnent la rue,
 Que le voisin offre à boire au voisin,
 Que du marché le jour tire à sa fin,
 Que part la foule à la ville accourue ;
 Tout en sablant l'ale des cabarets
 A pleine panse, heureux comme à la noce,
 Qui de nous songe aux longs milles d'Ecosse,
 Que de fossés, barrières et marais
 Sont entre nous et notre humble demeure,
 Où la bourgeoise est sombre, et compte l'heure,
 Ses noirs sourcils amassant un courroux
 Qu'elle mitonne et maintient chaud pour nous.

Tam O'Shanter en fit l'expérience,
 Lorsque la nuit il revint une fois
 D'Ayr, la vieille Ayr, ville par excellence
 Des braves gens et des jolis minois.
 O brave Tam, Cathos, ta femme, est sage :
 Pourquoi ne pas l'écouter davantage ?
 Elle t'a dit que tu n'es qu'un bavard,
 Un fainéant, un vaurien, un soûlard ;
 Qu'au grand jamais, de novembre en octobre,
 Jour de marché ne t'a vu rester sobre ;
 Qu'à chaque grain que te moud le meunier,
 Vous y buvez tant qu'il reste un denier ;
 Que pour un fer si tu vas à la forge,
 Ce sont des cris d'ivrogne à pleine gorge ;
 Et qu'au saint lieu, les dimanches, dit-on,
 Jusqu'au lundi tu bois avec Kirkton.
 Elle a prédit qu'au fond de la rivière,
 Un jour ou l'autre, on te saurait noyé ;
 Ou, vers minuit, pris par quelque sorcière
 Hantant la vieille église d'Alloway.

Ah ! malgré moi je pleure, chères dames,
 A réfléchir que de conseils si bons,
 De doux avis et suffisamment longs
 Nous méprisons nous venant de nos femmes.

Mais à mon conte : un soir, son marché fait,
 Tam se carrait comme vous pouvez croire,
 Au coin d'un feu flambant clair, et humait
 Maints pots mousseux, et qui se laissaient boire
 Divinement ; à son coude, un ami,
 Son altéré, son fidèle Johnny
 Le cordonnier (souvent comme deux frères
 Ils se grisaient des semaines entières).

La nuit passait en babil, chants joyeux ;
 Les cruches d'ale étaient plus savoureuses ;
 L'hôtesse et Tam devenaient gracieux :
 Faveurs suivaient secrètes, précieuses ;
 Johnny contait ses plus plaisants rébus ;
 L'hôte en riant à tout faisait chorus :
 Qu'autour le vent mugisse et se démène,
 C'est un sifflet que Tam écoute à peine.

Le Souci, fou de voir des gens heureux,
 Au fond des pots se noyait avec eux ;
 Et s'envolaient, comme un essaim d'abeilles
 Lourd de trésors, les minutes vermeilles :
 Sans être roi, Tam était glorieux,
 Et de tous maux enfin victorieux.

Mais les plaisirs sont des pavots qu'on cueille,
 Vous saisissez la fleur, elle s'effeuille ;
 Ou bien encor flocons de neige au flot,
 Un instant blanche—et fondant aussitôt ;
 Ou bien aussi l'aurore boréale
 Qu'on veut montrer et qui s'enfuit avant ;
 Ou l'arc-en-ciel à l'orage rendant
 Sa forme aimable, et qui dans l'air s'exhale.—
 Nul bras mortel ne saurait retenir
 Temps ni marée : il faut s'en revenir.
 C'est l'heure, ô nuit, clef de ta sombre voûte,
 Heure d'effroi ! Tam trotte sur la route,
 Et par un temps tel que pécheur jamais
 Ne fut dehors sous un ciel si mauvais.

Le vent soufflait à tout briser sur terre ;
 La pluie à flots en sifflant fouettait l'air ;
 L'ombre avalait chaque rapide éclair ;
 Haut, creux et long, mugissait le tonnerre :
 Un enfant même eût compris que sous main
 Le Diable avait quelque besogne en train.

Tam bien monté sur Meg, sa jument grise
 (Jambe meilleure, il ne s'en lève pas),
 Bronche, s'embourbe, et glisse à chaque pas,
 A travers vent, pluie et feux qu'il méprise ;
 Tantôt tenant son bleu, son beau bonnet,
 Et fredonnant quelque bon vieux sonnet,
 Tantôt guettant s'il ne voit point paraître
 Un noir esprit pour le happer en traître.
 Kirk-Alloway s'approche, où, chaque nuit,
 Spectres, hiboux s'assemblent à grand bruit.—

Il traversait le gué (Dieu le protège !)
 Où le chaland s'engloutit sous la neige ;
 Passé le tremble et la grosse pierre, où
 Charlie un jour, ivre, rompit son cou ;
 Entre les houx et le mur en ruine
 Où les chasseurs virent étendu là
 Un enfant mort ; près le puits et l'épine
 Où de Mungo la mère s'étrangla :—
 Devant ses pas le Doon répand son onde ;
 L'orage double et dans la forêt gronde ;
 D'un pôle à l'autre éclatent les éclairs ;
 La foudre approche ; et voilà qu'au travers
 Du bois plaintif, Kirk-Alloway brillante
 Frappe sa vue : elle semblait en feux ;
 Des rayons d'or sortaient de chaque fente,
 Et résonnaient gaité, danses et jeux.—

O Jean Grain-d'Orge, inspireur d'audace,
 Comme aux dangers tu nous excites tous !
 De l'ale à quatre, et quels maux craignons-nous ?
 De l'usquebaugh vienne le Diable en face !—

Tam, son cerveau fume tant de boisson
 Qu'à chance égale il battrait un démon !
 Mais tout court Meg s'arrête épouvantée ;—
 Enfin des pieds, des mains admonestée,

Elle ose aller jusqu'au point lumineux ;
 Et que voit Tam ? en croira-t-il ses yeux ?
 Magiciens et sorcières en danse ;
 Non ces pas froids, nouveaux venus de France,
 Mais strathspeys, reels, au lieu des cotillons,
 Mettant la vie et la flamme aux talons.
 A l'Orient, sur un bord de fenêtre,
 Nick, le vieux Nick, sous la forme d'un chien,
 Un grand chien noir, velu, hargneux, l'air traître,
 Se tenait là comme musicien.
 De ses tuyaux chassant des voix captives,
 Faisant crier la voûte et les solives.—
 Comme une armoire ouverte, tout autour
 De la muraille et debout, mainte bière,
 Montrait un mort dans son dernier atour,
 A sa main froide ayant une lumière.—
 A la clarté, Tammy, notre héros,
 Put, sur l'autel, apercevoir les os
 D'un assassin, tout chargés de leur chaîne ;
 Deux nouveau-nés, morts sans un sacrement ;
 Un malfaiteur décroché récemment,
 Bâillant encor comme en perdant haleine ;
 Cinq tomahawks, au fer rouge et rouillé ;
 Cinq sabres turcs, épais de sang caillé ;
 Un cou d'enfant dans une jarretière ;
 Un coutelas qui dans la main du fils
 A déchiré la gorge d'un vieux père,
 Où sont encor collés des cheveux gris ;
 L'envers dehors, de mensonges cousues
 Comme un haillon, trois langues d'avocats ;
 Et tout pourris, de vils cœurs de prélats
 Puants et noirs, comme ordure des rues :
 Et mille objets horribles à nommer,
 Et que citer c'est déjà blasphémer.

Tandis que Tam regardait, l'œil stupide,
 La fête allait furibonde et rapide ;
 Le vieux flûteur à plus grand bruit soufflait ;
 D'un pied plus prompt la danse s'envolait ;
 Chaque commère à l'entour de l'église
 Si bien tournait, passait et repassait,

Que, de sueur fumante, elle lançait
Tous ses haillons, et restait en chemise !

Oh ! si c'étaient des filles de quinze ans,
Tam, mon cher Tam, grasses, grandes et belles,
Portant, au lieu de crasseuses flanelles,
Linge de neige, aux fils fins et bien blancs !
Cette culotte, en panne jadis forte
Et de poil bleu, c'est ma seule ; n'importe :
Vite, elle irait bien loin de mes talons
Pour un regard de ces beaux oisillons !

Mais de vieux corps, secs, plissés, dont la vue
Sévrerait seule un poulain plein d'ardeur
Sautant autour d'une vache cornue,
Comment peux-tu les voir sans mal de cœur ?

Tam avait fait certaine découverte,
Le connaisseur ! fille avenante, alerte,
Que cette nuit enrôlait le vieux Nick
(Longtemps depuis trop connue à Carrick !
Car sous ses coups tomba plus d'une bête,
Maint beau bateau périt dans la tempête,
Et, renversant beaucoup d'orge et de blé,
Tout ce côté par elle fut troublé).
A sa chemise en toile de Paisley,
Qu'elle portait quand elle était fillette,
Quoiqu'en longueur il manque au moins un lé,
C'est sa meilleure, elle en est satisfaite.—
Ta grand'maman n'eût guère pu prévoir,
Nanny, le jour qu'elle en fit la dépense
Pour deux écus (c'était tout son avoir),
Que des sorciers elle ornerait la danse !

Ma muse ici doit suspendre son vol ;
Un tel essor n'est point fait pour son aile ;
Comment chanter Nanny battant le sol
(Elle était souple et forte, la donzelle),
Tam restant droit et comme ensorcelé ;
Jamais ses yeux n'avaient vu telle fête ;
Satan lui-même admirait essoufflé.
Cabriolant et soufflant à tue-tête.
De saut en saut, et de culbute en bond,
Tam acheva de perdre la raison,

Et s'écria : " Bravo, courte chemise !"
 Et tout fut noir à l'instant dans l'église ;
 Et Tam sur Meg s'était à peine enfui,
 Que le sabbat s'élançait après lui.
 Comme l'abeille en bourdonnant s'envole
 De sa maison qu'un pâtre attaque et vole ;
 Comme les chiens, du lièvre ennemis nés,
 Jappent après, crac ! s'il leur part au nez ;
 Comme la foule avec ardeur se rue,
 Quand, " au voleur ! " retentit dans la rue ;
 Ainsi Maggie ventre à terre s'enfuit,
 Et tout l'enfer en hurlant la poursuit.

Tam, mon cher Tam ! ah ! quel cadeau de foire !
 Au feu d'enfer griller comme un hareng !
 C'est bien en vain que ta Cathos attend !
 La pauvre femme ! avant peu quel déboire !
 Va de ton mieux, Maggie, avance donc !
 Quand tu seras plus d'à moitié du pont,
 Remue alors la queue : une sorcière
 N'a pas le droit de passer la rivière !
 Mais à son but avant qu'elle atteignît,
 Ce fut le diable à mouvoir que sa queue !
 Car sur le reste en avant d'une lieue.
 De ses dix doigts Manny vous l'étreignit,
 Et jusqu'à Tam s'allongeait avec rage !—
 Mais de Maggie que ne peut le courage ?
 Un élan met son maître et sûreté !
 Oui, mais sa queue est laissée en arrière,
 Et du croupion que tenait la sorcière
 Le tronc à peine à Maggie est resté.

Vous qui lirez cette sincère histoire,
 Enfants de père et mère, il faut me croire :
 Si vous sentez quelque penchant à boire,
 Chemise courte en tête vous trotter,
 Songez qu'on paye un plaisir souvent cher,
 Rappelez-vous Meg de Tam O'Shanter.

These are the only two attempts of Wailly makes at rhyme ; the other poems and songs he renders in literal

blank verse. He also adopts the same method with a second rendering of "Tam o' Shanter," which naturally is the much closer translation. This makes the work of the translator much easier, but it completely does away with the musical metre of the original in which so much of the charm of Burns's poetry consists. For this, and the reasons already given, it is unnecessary to examine each piece separately; it will be sufficient to give a few examples of misunderstandings and defects, and then to quote his versions of representative poems and songs without special comment on each.

The first is a mistranslation, to which I have already referred, of the word "Ca'." De Wailly falls into the general error in

"Ca' the yowes to the knowes,"

and renders it—

"Appelle les brebis sur les hauteurs,"

which is the more remarkable, seeing that in the "Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie" he renders

"But ca' them out to park or hill,"

quite accurately—

"Mais de les mener au parc ou à la montagne";

and in "The Cottar's Saturday Night"

"Some ca' the pleugh,"

is rendered with equal accuracy—

"Les uns mènent la charrue."

A seemingly very absurd rendering of a compound of "ca'" is found in "The Second Epistle to Lapraik."

"While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,"

is given—

"Tandis que les vaches qui viennent de vòler mugissent au poteau."¹

¹ Whilst the cows which have just calved low at the stake.

I remember, indeed, seeing this interpretation in one glossary, but it is clearly wrong. Those who have resided with the country people in the south of Scotland know that it is the tendency to harden the pronunciation of "calf," indeed so much so that "calves" is often pronounced "caffs," and "the coo has caffed" is the expression used for "the cow has calved," so that had Burns meant "new-calved" he could, and no doubt would, have done so, by using the rustic expression "new-caffed," as it would still have retained the metre. The meaning is therefore clearly "cows newly driven to the byre,"—a feature in one of those scenes of evening and morning, in this case of evening, which Burns so perfectly drew. Here he takes the "hour on e'enin's edge" to write to "honest-hearted auld Lapraik," when the kye newly driven home "rowte at the stake," and "pownies reek in plough or braik"—all having performed their daily work. The calving of the cows is clearly not in the picture.

In "Scotch Drink," "Thou kitchens fine" takes quite a formidable shape in—

"Tu lui tiens lieu de toute une cuisine."¹

Of course it should be rendered something like—

"Avec toi a vraiment bon goût."

In the same piece, "chartered boast" rendered "le bateau frêté" is pure carelessness.

In "Death and Dr. Hornbook,"

"To stap or scaur me,"

he mistakes the meaning of "scaur" (to frighten), and renders it—

"Pour m'arrêter ou m'estropier."²

It should, of course, be "ou m'effrayer."

¹ Thou takest for him the place of a whole kitchen.

² To stop or wound me.

Then "Qu'il attrappe son affaire" is not the meaning of "He gets his fairin'," which should be more like "Il aura sa récompense" (or "son dû").

In the "Holy Fair," referring to "Racer Jess," he says "le coureur Jess," mistaking the sex, and thus has evidently not seized the meaning. Then "Se present en faisant l'œil aux filles," does not translate "*Thrang* winkin' on the lasses." He confounds "*thrang*" (busy) with *to thrang*.

In "Mary Morison" he translates "bide the stour" "endurerai la *poussière*," which of course conveys no meaning. And "Surely ye'll be your pint stoup" in "Auld Lang Syne," is unhappily given by "Et à coup sûr vous tiendrez votre pinte."

And again, in "The Cottar's Saturday Night,"

"The soupe their only hawkie does afford"

is misunderstood by de Wailly, who renders it

"La soupe que fournit leur seule vache."

Of course, the meaning of Burns's word is well known to those who have so often used the expression "bite and soupe"—a moment's reference to Jamieson's Dictionary would have kept him right; whilst occasionally one meets with very careless misprints. In "Tam o' Shanter," "Manny" stands for "Nanny," and in "Willie Wastle," "Une femme comme celle de Madgie," instead of "de Willie."

The above are the most serious errors which I have detected. There are naturally others which I did not think it necessary to notice; and upon the whole the translation, assisted by the literal, unrhymed verse, however undesirable it may be, is fairly accurate. When reading

this version, I am reminded of an incident that I noticed some time ago. I was in an old German church, when the "Te Deum" was sung in the course of the service. It felt strange and unhomely to hear a well-known tune sung to other than the accustomed words, and as I was musing on the sympathy and association of words with music, the choir burst forth with F. Hiller's well-known hymn, "Singet Gott, denn Gott ist Liebe," to one of the old German melodies in a strain which kindled the deepest emotions. So with de Wailly; he has moulded the music of Burns's poetry into a form which displays neither its grace nor charm, however faithfully its meaning may be preserved; but if we turn to some of his native poetry, our discontent will disappear.

I now give a few representative pieces from each of the classifications I have adopted in the other translations.

The Cottar's Saturday Night.

LE SAMEDI SOIR DANS LA CHAUMIÈRE.

LÉON DE WAILLY.

Vous que je chéris, que j'honore et que je respecte, ô mon ami !
 Ce n'est point un barde mercenaire qui vous fait son hommage !
 Avec un honnête orgueil, je méprise toute vue égoïste :
 Ma plus chère récompense, c'est l'estime et la louange d'un ami.
 Pour vous je chante en simples lais écossais,
 L'humble classe isolée de la scène du monde ;
 Les sentiments naturels dans leur force, les voies innocentes ;
 Ce qu'aurait été Aiken dans une chaumière ;
 Ah ! quoique son mérite eût été inconnu, il y eût été bien plus
 heureux, je crois !
 Le froid Novembre souffle à grand bruit et avec colère ;
 La courte journée d'hiver touche à son terme,
 Les bêtes fangeuses sont retirées de la charrue,
 Les noires troupes de corbeaux songent au repos.

Le paysan excédé de fatigue quitte son travail :
Ce soir sa semaine de labeur est finie ;
Il rassemble ses bèches, ses hoyaux et ses houes,
Espérant goûter à l'aise le repos du matin,
Et fatigué, sur la bruyère, il dirige sa course vers son logis.

Enfin sa chaumière isolée apparaît à sa vue,
Abritée sous un vieil arbre ;
Ses petits enfants qui l'attendent accourent en trébuchant
Au-devant de leur père avec un trémoussement et des cris de
joie.
Son tout petit feu à la mine riante,
La propreté de son foyer, le sourire de sa femme économe,
Le babil de l'enfant qui balbutie sur son genou,
Trompent tous ses soucis et son anxiété cuisante,
Et lui font oublier entièrement sa fatigue et sa peine.

Bientôt entrent les fils aînés,
En service au dehors, chez les fermiers d'alentour :
Les uns mènent la charrue, d'autres les troupeaux, d'autres pru-
dents vont faire
Une affaire avantageuse à la ville voisine.
Leur première espérance, leur Jenny, devenue une femme,
Dans la fleur de la jeunesse, l'œil étincelant d'amour,
Arrive, peut-être pour montrer une belle robe neuve,
Ou pour déposer ses gages péniblement gagnés,
Afin d'aider ses chers parents, s'ils sont dans la gêne.

Frères et sœurs vont au-devant avec une joie franche
Et se demandent réciproquement avec bienveillance s'ils pros-
pèrent.
Ainsi réunis, les heures fuient d'une aile rapide sans qu'on s'en
aperçoive ;
Chacun raconte les nouvelles qu'il voit ou entend ;
Les parents contemplent d'un œil partial leurs années pleines
d'espoir ;
L'anticipation guide au loin la vue.
La mère, avec son aiguille et ses ciseaux,
Fait paraître les vieux habits presque comme neufs ;—
Le père entremêle le tout d'admonitions convenables.

Tous les enfants sont avertis d'obéir
 Aux ordres de leur maître et maîtresse,
 Et de s'occuper de leurs travaux d'une main diligente,
 Et de ne jamais, quoique hors de vue, s'amuser ni jouer :
 " Et surtout, ne manquez pas de craindre toujours le Seigneur !
 Et rendez-lui vos devoirs, comme il convient, matin et soir !
 De peur de vous égarer dans la voie de la tentation,
 Implorez son conseil et sa puissante assistance :
 Ils n'ont jamais cherché en vain, ceux qui ont bien cherché le
 Seigneur ! "

Mais, chut ! on frappe doucement à la porte ;
 Jenny, qui sait ce que pareil coup veut dire,
 Raconte comme quoi un jeune garçon voisin a traversé la bruyère,
 Pour faire des commissions, et l'escorter jusqu'au logis.
 La mère rusée voit la conscience allumer une flamme
 Dans l'œil de Jenny et rougir sa joue ;
 La cœur pénétré de sollicitude inquiète, elle s'informe du nom,
 Tandis que Jenny est à demi effrayée de parler ;
 La mère est bien contente d'apprendre que ce n'est point un
 mauvais sujet, un libertin.

Avec une obligeante bienvenue, Jenny l'introduit.
 Un grand et beau garçon ; il donne dans l'œil à la mère ;
 Jenny voit avec bonheur que la visite n'est pas mal prise ;
 Le père cause chevaux, charrues et vaches.
 Le cœur candide de jeune homme déborde de joie,
 Mais, embarrassé et honteux, il a peine à faire bonne contenance.
 La mère, avec une ruse de femme, sait découvrir
 Ce qui rend le garçon si timide et si sérieux ;
 Bien contente de penser que sa fille est respectée comme une
 autre.

O heureux amour ! quand un tel amour se trouve !
 O ravissements du cœur ! — bonheur sans égal !
 J'ai fait bien du chemin sur ce pénible globe mortel,
 Et une sage expérience m'ordonne de déclarer ceci —
 " Si le ciel nous garde une coupe de plaisir céleste,
 Un cordial dans cette triste vallée,
 C'est quand un couple jeune, amoureux et modeste,

Les bras entrelacés exhale son tendre secret,
Sous la blanche aubépine qui parfume la brise du soir."

Est-il sous forme humaine et portant un cœur—

Un misérable ! un scélérat ! mort à l'amour et à la vérité !

Qui puisse, avec un art étudié, perfide et insidieux,

Trahir la confiante jeunesse de la charmante Jenny !

Malédiction sur ses parjures artificieux ! sur ses flatteries menteuses !

L'honneur, la vertu, la conscience, sont-ils tous exilés ?

N'est-il ni pitié, ni tendre commisération

Qui lui montre les parents idolâtres de leur enfant ?

Puis lui peigne la fille perdue, et l'égarement de leur désespoir ?

Mais voici le souper qui couronne leur simple table,

Le salubre parritch, la principale nourriture de l'Ecosse,

La soupe que fournit leur seule vache

Qui, derrière la cloison, rumine commodément.

La maîtresse apporte, dans une intention civile,

En faveur du jeune homme, son fromage conservé avec soin,
et piquant,

Et elle lui en offre souvent, et souvent il le déclare bon.

La bonne ménagère, qui aime à jaser, raconte

Comme quoi il était vieux de douze mois quand le lin était dans
la clochette.

Le joyeux souper fini, d'un air sérieux

Ils forment un grand cercle autour du foyer ;

Le père feuillète avec la grâce d'un patriarche

La grosse Bible de famille, jadis l'orgueil de son père ;

Sa toque, respectueusement mise à l'écart,

Montre ses tempes grises qui se dégarnissent et se dépouillent ;

Ces chants qui jadis se répandaient si doux dans Sion,

Il en choisit une partie avec un soin judicieux,

Et " Adorons Dieu ! " dit-il d'un air solennel.

Ils chantent leurs notes sans art d'une manière simple ;

Ils accordent leurs cœurs, but bien autrement noble.

Peut-être les mélodies agrestes de Dundee se font entendre,

Ou les Martyrs plaintifs, dignes de ce nom ;

Ou le noble Elgin attise la flamme qui monte au ciel,
 Le plus doux, et de beaucoup, des chants sacrés de l'Ecosse.
 Comparés à ceux-là, les fredons italiens sont sans âme ;
 L'oreille chatouillée n'éveille au cœur aucun transport,
 Ils ne sont pas à l'unisson de la louange de notre Créateur.

Le père, semblable à un prêtre, lit la sainte page,
 Comment Abraham était l'ami de Dieu, qui est là-haut,
 Ou comment Moïse ordonna de faire une guerre éternelle
 A la race perverse d'Amalec ;
 Ou comment le barde royal tomba en gémissant
 Sous le coup de l'ire vengeresse du ciel ;
 Ou la plainte pathétique de Job, et son cri lamentable ;
 Ou l'ardent feu séraphique d'Isaïe enlevé ;
 Ou les autres saints voyants qui touchaient la lyre sacrée.

Peut-être le volume chrétien sert de thème,
 Comment le sang innocent fut versé pour l'homme coupable ;
 Comment celui qui portait dans le ciel le second nom
 N'eut pas sur la terre de quoi reposer sa tête :
 Comment ses premiers sectateurs et serviteurs prospérèrent,
 Les sages préceptes qu'ils écrivirent pour maint pays ;
 Comment celui qui solitaire était banni dans Pathmos
 Vit un ange puissant debout dans le soleil,
 Et entendit l'arrêt de la grande Babylone prononcé par l'ordre
 du ciel.

Puis, s'agenouillant devant l'ÉTERNEL ROI DU CIEL,
 Le saint, le père et le mari prie :
 " L'Espoir s'élançe ravi sur une aile triomphante "
 A l'idée de se retrouver tous ainsi aux jours à venir ;
 De se baigner à jamais dans des rayons incréés ;
 De ne plus soupirer ni verser de larme amère,
 Chantant ensemble des hymnes à la louange de leur créateur,
 En pareille société, mais encore plus chère,
 Tandis que le Temps décrira un cercle dans une sphère éternelle.

Comparé à ceci, combien pauvre est l'orgueil de la religion
 Dans toute la pompe de la méthode et de l'art,
 Quand les hommes déploient dans de vastes assemblées
 Toutes les grâces de la dévotion, excepté le cœur !

La Puissance suprême, irritée, désertera le spectacle,
 Le chant pompeux, l'étoile sacerdotale ;
 Mais peut-être, bien loin dans quelque chaumière à part,
 Elle pourra entendre avec plaisir le langage de l'âme,
 Et en inscrire les pauvres habitants dans son livre de vie.

Alors chacun s'en retourne chez soi ;
 Les petits paysans vont se reposer ;
 Les deux époux rendent leur secret hommage,
 Et adressent au ciel la fervente prière
 Que Celui qui apaise le nid bruyant du corbeau,
 Et pare le beau lis d'un éclat fastueux,
 Veuille, de la manière que sa sagesse juge la meilleure,
 Pourvoir à leur existence et à celle de leurs petits enfants,
 Mais surtout régner sur leurs cœurs par la grâce divine.

La grandeur de la vieille Ecosse prend sa source dans des scènes
 comme celles-ci,

Qui la font aimer au dedans et respecter au dehors :
 Les princes et les lords ne sont que l'émanation des rois,
 " Un honnête homme est l'œuvre la plus noble de Dieu " ;
 Et certes, sur la route céleste de la belle vertu,
 La chaumière laisse le palais bien loin derrière.
 Qu'est-ce que la pompe d'un chétif lord ? un fardeau incommode,
 Déguisant souvent la bassesse de l'espèce humaine,
 Versée dans les arts de l'enfer, et raffinée en perversité.

O Ecosse ! mon cher sol natal,
 Pour qui mon vœu le plus fervent est adressé au ciel !
 Puissent longtemps tes robustes enfants, adonnés aux travaux
 rustiques,

Jouer de la santé, de la paix et du doux contentement !
 Puisse le ciel préserver leur simple vie
 De la contagion du luxe, faible et vil !

Alors, quoique les couronnes et les fleurons soient brisés,
 Une vertueuse populace peut s'élever cependant,
 Et dresser un mur de feu autour de son île bien-aimée.

O toi, qui verses le torrent patriotique
 Qui coulait dans le cœur indompté de Wallace,
 Lequel osa noblement tenir tête à l'orgueil tyrannique,
 Ou noblement mourir, second rôle glorieux

(Tu es particulièrement le dieu du patriote,
 Son ami, son inspirateur, son tuteur et sa récompense !)
 Oh ! jamais, jamais n'abandonne le royaume d'Ecosse ;
 Mais que toujours les patriotes ou les bardes patriotes
 Se succèdent avec éclat pour son ornement et sa défense !

The Jolly Beggars.

LES JOYEUX MENDIANTS.

LÉON DE WAILLY.

CANTATE.

Quand les feuilles grisonnantes jonchent la cour,
 Ou, voltigeant comme la chauve-souris,
 Obscurcissent le souffle du froid Borée ;
 Quand la grêle fouette avec une violence cruelle,
 Et que les gelées naissantes commencent à pincer
 Encore vêtues de blanc ;
 Un soir, à la brune, une bande joyeuse
 De gens errants et vagabonds
 Tinrent leur fête chez Poosie Nancy
 Pour boir le superflu de leurs nippes :
 A trinquer et à rire
 Ils s'amusaient et ils chantaient ;
 A force de sauter et de se donner des coups de poing,
 Ils faisaient vibrer l'assiette aux rôties.

Le premier près du feu, en vieux haillons rouges,
 Un d'eux était assis, bien garni de besaces pleines de provisions,
 Et son havresac en ordre ;
 Sa catin couchée sur son bras,
 Echauffée par l'usquebaugh et des couvertures—
 Elle regardait en clignotant son soldat ;
 Et toujours il répondait aux baisers de la rude mediante
 Par un gros baiser,
 Tandis qu'elle levait sa bouche goulue
 Juste comme une écuelle à aumône.
 Chaque baiser claquait toujours
 Juste comme le fouet d'un charretier.
 Puis, chancelant et faisant le rodomont,
 Il hurla cette chanson.

AIR.

Je suis un fils de Mars, j'ai été à bien des guerres,
 Et je montre mes blessures et cicatrices partout où j'arrive ;
 Celle-ci, je l'ai eue pour une fille, et cette autre dans une tranchée,
 En allant recevoir les Français au son du tambour.

Lal de daudle, etc.

Je fis mon apprentissage où mon général rendit le dernier soupir,
 Quand le dé sanglant fut jeté sur les hauteurs d'Abram ;
 J'ai quitté le service quand la vaillante partie eut été jouée,
 Et le Moro abattu au son du tambour.

Lal de daudle, etc.

Enfin j'étais avec Curtis, au milieu des batteries flottantes ;
 Et, pour preuve, j'y laissai un bras et une jambe ;
 Mais, si mon pays avait besoin de moi, et qu'Elliot me commandât,
 Je marquerais le pas, de mes moignons, au son du tambour.

Lal de daudle, etc.

Et maintenant, quoique je doive mendier avec un bras et une
 jambe de bois,

Et bien des haillons pendant sur mes fesses,
 Je suis aussi heureux avec ma besace, ma bouteille et ma catin,
 Que lorsqu'en écarlate je suivais un tambour.

Lal de daudle, etc.

Quoique je doive en cheveux blancs soutenir les chocs de l'hiver,
 N'ayant pour logis souvent que les bois et les rochers,
 Quand je vends mon second sac et que j'en suis à ma seconde
 bouteille,

Je pourrais affronter un escadron de l'enfer au son du tambour.

Lal de daudle, etc.

RÉCITATIF.

Il cessa, et les poutres tremblèrent

Au-dessus du chœur rugissant,

Tandis que les rats épouvantés regardaient en arrière

Et gagnaient le fin-fond de leurs trous ;

Un divin joueur de violon, de son coin,

Cria bis !

Mais la belliqueuse poulette se leva,

Et apaisa le bruyant tumulte.

AIR.

Je fus jadis pucelle, quoique je ne puisse dire quand,
 Et toujours je me plais avec les jeunes gens bien faits.
 Mon père faisait partie d'un régiment de dragons,
 Il n'est pas étonnant que je sois éprise d'un soldat.

Chantez, lal de lal, etc.

Le premier de mes amants était un franc tapageur ;
 Batta le tambour retentissant était son métier ;
 Son jarret était si ferme et sa joue si rubiconde,
 Que j'étais ravie de mon soldat.

Chantez, lal de lal, etc.

Mais le digne vieux aumônier lui joua un mauvais tour,
 Et j'abandonnai l'épée pour l'amour de l'Eglise ;
 Il aventura l'âme et je risquai le corps :
 Ce fut alors que je devins infidèle à mon soldat.

Chantez, lal de lal, etc.

Je me dégoûtai bientôt de mon sot sanctifié,
 Je pris pour moi le régiment en masse ;
 Depuis l'esponçon doré jusqu'au fifre, j'étais prête ;
 Tout ce que je demandais, c'était qu'on fût soldat.

Chantez, lal de lal, etc.

Mais la paix m'a réduite à mendier de désespoir,
 Jusqu'à ce que j'aie rencontré mon vieux garçon à la foire de
 Cunningham ;
 Ses lambeaux d'uniforme voltigeaient si splendides !
 Mon cœur se réjouit de voir un soldat.

Chantez, lal de lal, etc.

Et maintenant j'ai vécu—je ne sais pas combien de temps,
 Et je puis toujours prendre ma part d'un pot ou d'une chanson ;
 Mais tant que des deux mains je pourrai tenir ferme mon verre,
 A ta santé, mon héros, mon soldat !

Chantez, lal de lal, etc.

RÉCITATIF.

Le pauvre paillasse dans un coin
 Était assis goinfrant avec une chaudronnière ;

Peu lui importait qui entonnait le chœur,
Tant ils étaient occupés entre eux.

Enfin, étourdi de boire et de faire l'amour,
Il chancela et fit une grimace ;
Ensuite il se tourna, et donna un gros baiser à Grizzie,
Puis prépara sa cornemuse avec une gravité grotesque.

AIR.

Sir Jugement est une bête quand il est ivre,
Sir Coquin est une bête aux assises ;
Il n'est là qu'un apprenti, je pense ;
Mais, moi, je suis une bête de profession.

Ma grand'maman m'a acheté un livre
Et j'ai été à l'école ;
Je crains d'avoir méconnu mon talent,
Mais que pouvez-vous espérer d'une bête ?

Pour la boisson je risquerais mon cou,
Une fille est la moitié de mon occupation ;
Mais quelle autre chose pouvez-vous attendre
D'un homme qui est avéré stupide ?

Une fois je fus attaché comme un jeune taureau
Pour avoir bu et juré civilement !
Une fois je fus censuré dans l'église
Pour avoir houspillé une fille dans ma gaieté.

Le pauvre paillasse qui saute pour amuser,
Que personne ne le nomme en se moquant ;
Il y a à la cour même, m'a-t-on dit,
Un sauteur appelé le Premier ministre.

Voyez-vous ce jeune révérend
Faire des grimaces pour émoustiller la populace ?
Il rit de notre bande de charlatans—
C'est une rivalité de métier.

Et maintenant je vais tirer ma conclusion,
Car, ma foi ! j'ai le gosier diablement sec ;
Celui qui est bête pour lui-même,
Bon Dieu ! celui-là est bien plus stupide que moi.

RÉCITATIF.

Ensuite prit la parole une vigoureuse matrone
 Qui savait très-bien attraper l'argent,
 Car elle avait accroché plus d'une bourse,
 Et avait été plongée dans plus d'un cachot.
 Son tourtereau avait été un homme des Hautes-Terres ;
 Mais que de gens ont pour lot la corde fatale !
 Avec des soupirs et des sanglots elle commença ainsi
 A pleurer son beau John le montagnard.

AIR.

Mon amant était né dans les Hautes-Terres,
 Il tenait en mépris les lois des Basses-Terres ;
 Mais toujours il fut fidèle à son clan,
 Mon brave et beau John le montagnard.

CHŒUR.

Chantez, oh ! mon John le montagnard !
 Chantez, oh ! mon John le montagnard !
 Il n'y a pas un garçon dans tout le pays
 Egal à mon John le montagnard.

Avec sa jupe courte et son plaid de tartan,
 Et sa bonne claymore à son côté,
 Il attrapait le cœur des dames,
 Mon brave et beau John le montagnard.

Chantez, etc.

Nous battions tous le pays de la Tweed à la Spey,
 Et nous vivions gaiement comme des lords et des ladies ;
 Car il ne craignait pas une figure des Basses-Terres,
 Mon brave et beau John le montagnard.

Chantez, etc.

Ils le bannirent au delà des mers ;
 Mais, avant que le bourgeon fût sur l'arbre,
 Le long de mes joues couraient des perles
 En embrassant mon John le montagnard.

Chantez, etc.

Mais, hélas ! ils ont fini par le prendre,
 Et l'ont attaché ferme dans un cachot ;

Malédiction sur eux tous !
 Ils ont pendu mon beau John le montagnard.
 Chantez, etc.

Et, veuve maintenant, il me faut pleurer
 Les plaisirs qui ne reviendront plus ;
 Rien ne me console qu'un grand pot à boire
 Quand je pense à John le montagnard.
 Chantez, etc.

RÉCITATIF.

Un pygmée de racleur, qui avec son violon
 Avait coutume de sa dandiner aux marchés et aux foires,
 Cette jambe vigoureuse et cette épaisse taille
 (Il n'atteignait pas plus haut)
 Avaient percé son cœur comme un crible,
 Et l'avaient mis en feu.

La main sur la hanche, et l'œil en l'air,
 Il fredonna sa gamme, une, deux, trois,
 Puis sur un ton arioso.

Le petit Apollon
 Orna d'un joyeux allegretto
 Son solo.

AIR.

Laissez-moi me lever pour essayer cette larme,
 Et venez avec moi et soyez ma chérie,
 Et alors tous vos soucis et vos craintes
 Pourront siffler sur le reste.

CHŒUR.

Je suis violon de mon métier ;
 Et, de tous les airs que j'ai jamais joués,
 Le plus agréable à femme ou fille,
 Fut toujours, sifflez sur le reste.

Nous serons aux soupers de la moisson et aux noces,
 Et comme nous nous y régalerons bien !
 Nous trinquerons jusqu'à ce que Papa Souci
 Chante, sifflez sur le reste.
 Je suis, etc.

Nous rongerons si gaiement les os,
 Et nous nous chaufferons contre le mur,
 Et, à notre loisir, quand nous voudrons,
 Nous sifflerons sur le reste.

Je suis, etc.

Mais ouvre-moi le ciel de tes charmes,
 Et, tant que je chatouillerai le crin sur les cordes à boyau,
 La faim, le froid et tous les maux semblables
 Pourront siffler sur le reste.

Je suis, etc.

RÉCITATIF.

Ses charmes avaient frappé un vigoureux drouineur
 En même temps que le pauvre racleur de cordes ;
 Il prend le violon par la barbe,
 Et tire une rapière rouillée—

Il jura par tout ce qui était digne d'un jurement
 De l'expédier comme un pluvier,
 A moins qu'il ne voulût, à dater de ce jour,
 Renoncer à elle pour jamais.

L'œil effaré, le pauvre crin-crin
 Se mit à deux genoux
 Et demanda grâce d'un air piteux ;
 Et ainsi finit la querelle.

Mais, quoique son petit cœur souffrît
 Quand le chaudronnier la serra contre lui,
 Il feignit de rire dans sa manche
 Quand le drouineur s'adressa à elle ainsi :

AIR.

Ma belle fille, je travaille dans le cuivre :
 Chaudronnier, voilà ma condition ;
 J'ai voyagé par toute la chrétienté
 En exerçant ce métier.
 J'ai pris l'argent, j'ai été enrôlé
 Dans maint noble escadron ;
 Mais ils cherchèrent en vain, quand je décampai
 Pour aller rapiécer le chaudron.
 J'ai pris l'or, etc.

Dédaignez cet avorton, ce magot fané,
 Avec tout son bruit et ses cabrioles,
 Et associez-vous à ceux qui portent
 La bougette et le sac de cuir.
 Et par cette tasse, ma foi et mon espérance,
 Et par ce cher Kilbagie,
 Si jamais vous manquez, ou que vous ayez peu,
 Puissé-je ne jamais humecter mon gosier.
 Et par cette tasse, etc.

RÉCITATIF.

Le drouineur l'emporta—la belle sans rougir
 Tomba dans ses bras,
 Complètement vaincue, moitié par l'amour,
 Moitié par l'ivresse.
 Sir Violino, d'un air
 Qui montrait un homme d'esprit,
 Souhaita au couple un bon accord,
 Et fit sonner creux la bouteille
 A leur santé cette nuit.

Mais ce garnement de Cupidon décocha une flèche
 Qui joua un mauvais tour à une dame ;
 Le violon l'attaqua de l'avant à l'arrière
 Derrière la cage à poulets.
 Son maître et seigneur, qui suivait la profession d'Homère,
 Quoique boitant des éparvins,
 Se leva cahin caha, et sauta comme en délire
 Et les menaça du charmant Davie,
 Cette nuit.

C'était un gaillard narguant le chagrin,
 Si jamais Bacchus en a enrôlé ;
 Quoique la Fortune pesât cruellement sur lui,
 Elle n'atteignait jamais son cœur.
 Il n'avait d'autre vœu que—d'être gai,
 D'autre besoin que—la soif ;
 Il ne haïssait que—d'être triste,
 Et la muse lui inspira
 La chanson suivante cette nuit.

AIR.

Je suis un barde sans considération
 Aux yeux des gens comme il faut, et tout cela ;
 Mais, comme Homère, l'essaim émerveillé
 De ville en ville me suit çà et là.

CHŒUR.

Après tout cela, après tout cela,
 Et deux fois autant que cela ;
 Je n'en ai perdu qu'une, il m'en reste deux :
 J'ai assez de femmes après tout cela.

Je n'ai jamais bu à l'étang des muses.
 Au ruisseau de Castalie, et tout cela ;
 Mais voyez ceci qui ruisselle et qui écume abondamment,
 C'est mon Hélicon, à moi, cela.
 Après tout cela, etc.

J'ai un grand amour pour toutes les belles,
 Je suis leur humble esclave, et tout cela ;
 Mais la volonté du maître, je n'en regarde pas moins
 Comme un péché mortel d'enfreindre cela.
 Après tout cela, etc.

Dans de doux transports nous échangeons à cette heure
 Un amour mutuel, et tout cela ;
 Mais combien de temps la puce pourra piquer,
 Que l'inclination règle cela.
 Après tout cela, etc.

Leurs tours et leur ruse m'ont rendu fou,
 Elles m'ont mis dedans, et tout cela.
 Mais évacuez le pont, et voici—le sexe !
 J'aime les coquines, après tout cela.

CHŒUR.

Après tout cela, après tout cela,
 Et deux fois autant que cela,
 Mon sang le plus précieux, pour leur bien,
 Est à leur service, après tout cela.

RÉCITATIF.

Ainsi chanta le barde—et les murs de Nansie
 Furent ébranlés par un tonnerre d'applaudissements
 Répétés par chaque bouche ;
 Ils vidèrent leurs bissacs, et mirent leurs nippes en gage,
 Ils gardèrent à peine de quoi couvrir leurs derrières,
 Pour étancher leur soif brûlante.
 Alors de nouveau le joviale assemblée
 Demanda au poète
 De défaire son ballot et de choisir une chanson,
 Une ballade des meilleures ;
 Lui, se levant, joyeux,
 Entre ses deux Débora,
 Regarda autour de lui, et les vit
 Impatients d'entonner le cœur.

AIR.

Voyez ! le pot fumant devant nous,
 Observez notre cercle jovial en guenilles !
 Reprenez le cœur à la ronde,
 Et chantons avec transport.

CHŒUR.

Foin de ceux que la loi protège !
 La liberté est un splendide festin !
 Les cours furent érigées pour les lâches,
 Les églises bâties pour plaire aux prêtres.

Qu'est-ce qu'un titre ? qu'est-ce qu'un trésor ?
 Qu'est-ce que le soin de la réputation ?
 Si nous menons une vie de plaisir,
 Qu'importe où et comment !
 Foin, etc.

Un tour et un conte toujours prêts,
 Nous errons toute la journée ;
 Et la nuit, dans la grange ou l'étable,
 Nous caressons nos catins sur le foin.
 Foin, etc.

Le carrosse suivi d'une escorte
 Parcourt-il plus léger la campagne ?
 Le sage lit du mariage
 Voit-il de plus brillantes scènes d'amour ?
 Foin, etc.

La vie n'est que bigarrures,
 Nous ne nous inquiétons pas comment elle va ;
 Qu'ils fassent de l'hypocrisie sur le décorum,
 Ceux qui ont des réputations à perdre.
 Foin, etc.

Je bois aux bougettes, aux bissacs et aux besaces !
 Je bois à toute la bande vagabonde !
 Je bois à nos catins et à nos babouins en guenilles '
 D'une seule et même voix criez—Amen !
 Foin de ceux que la loi protège !
 La liberté est un splendide festin !
 Les cours furent érigées pour les lâches,
 Les églises bâties pour plaire aux prêtres.

Scots, wha hae.

B.ANNOCKBURN. LÉON DE WAILLY.

Ecossais, qui avez saigné sous Wallace,
 Ecossais, que Bruce a souvent conduits,
 Soyez les bienvenus à votre lit sanglant
 Ou à la victoire glorieuse.

Voici le jour et voici l'heure,
 Voyez le front de la bataille se rembrunir ;
 Voyez approcher les forces de l'orgueilleux Edouard—
 Edouard ! les chaînes et l'esclavage !

Qui sera un infâme traître ?
 Qui peut remplir sa tombe d'un lâche ?
 Qui assez bas pour être esclave ?
 Traître ! lâche ! tourne et fuis !

Qui pour le roi et la loi de l'Ecosse
 Veut tirer avec vigueur l'épée de la liberté,
 Vivre homme libre, ou périr homme libre ?
 Calédonien, allons, avec moi !

Par les maux et les peines de l'oppression !
 Par vos fils aux chaînes de l'esclave !
 Nous tarirons nos plus précieuses veines,
 Mais ils seront—ils seront libres !
 Jetons à bas ces fiers usurpateurs !
 Un tyran tombe dans chaque ennemi !
 La liberté est dans chaque coup !
 En avant ! vaincre ou mourir !

Auld Lang Syne.

LE BON VIEUX TEMPS. LEON DE WAILLY.

Est-ce que notre ancienne liaison s'oublierait,
 Et ne nous reviendrait plus à l'esprit ?
 Est-ce que notre ancienne liaison s'oublierait,
 Et aussi les jours du bon vieux temps ?

CHŒUR.

Pour le bon vieux temps, mon cher,
 Pour le bon vieux temps
 Nous boirons encore un coup de bonne amitié.
 Pour le bon vieux temps.

Nous avons tous deux couru sur les coteaux
 Et cueilli les belles marguerites ;
 Mais nous avons plus d'une fois traîné nos pieds fatigués ;
 Depuis le bon vieux temps.
 Pour le bon vieux temps, etc.

Nous avons tous deux pataugé dans le ruisseau,
 Depuis le lever du soleil jusqu'au dîner ;
 Mais les vastes mers ont rugi entre nous,
 Depuis le bon vieux temps.
 Pour le bon vieux temps, etc.

Et voici ma main, mon fidèle ami,
 Et donne-moi la tienne,
 Et nous boirons un coup de tout cœur
 Pour le bon vieux temps.
 Pour le bon vieux temps, etc.

Et à coup sûr vous tiendrez votre pinte,
 Et à coup sûr je tiendrai la mienne,
 Et nous boirons un coup de bonne amitié
 Pour le bon vieux temps.
 Pour le bon vieux temps, etc.

Mary Morison.

MARY MORISON. LÉON DE WAILLY.

O Mary, sois à ta fenêtre,
 C'est l'heure souhaitée, l'heure convenue !
 Laisse-moi voir ces sourires et ces regards
 Qui rendent pauvre le trésor de l'avare :
 Avec quelle joie j'endurerais la poussière,
 Esclave fatigué, de soleil en soleil,
 Si je pouvais m'assurer cette riche récompense,
 La charmante Mary Morison !
 Hier, lorsqu'au son de la corde tremblante
 La danse traversait la salle illuminée,
 Ma pensée prit son vol vers toi,
 J'étais assis mais je n'entendais ni ne voyais ;
 Quoique celle-ci fût jolie, et que celle-là fût belle,
 Et celle là-bas la coqueluche de toute la ville,
 Je soupirai, et dis au milieu d'elles toutes :
 "Vous n'êtes pas Mary Morison."
 O Mary, peux-tu détruire la paix de celui
 Qui serait heureux de mourir pour toi ?
 Ou peux-tu briser le cœur de celui
 Dont la seule faute est de t'aimer ?
 Si tu ne veux pas donner amour pour amour,
 Au moins montre moi de la pitié !
 Une dure pensée ne peut être
 La pensée de Mary Morison.

My Nannie's Awa'.

MA NANNIE EST PARTIE. LÉON DE WAILLY.

Voici que la Nature joyeuse se pare de son vert manteau
 Et écoute les agneaux qui bêlent sur les collines,

Tandis que les oiseaux la saluent de leur gazouillement dans
chaque bois vert ;

Mais pour moi tout cela est sans charme—ma Nannie est partie.

Le perce-neige et la primevère ornent nos bois,
Et les violettes se baignent dans l'humidité du matin :
Elles font mal à mon triste cœur, de fleurir si charmantes,
Elles me rappellent Nannie—ma Nannie qui est partie.

Alouette qui t'élançes de la rosée de la prairie
Pour avertir le berger des grises lueurs de l'aube,
Et toi, mélodieux mauvis, qui salues le tomber de la nuit,
Cessez par pitié—ma Nannie est partie.

Viens, Automne, si pensive, vêtue de jaune et de gris,
Et calme-moi avec les nouvelles de la nature en décadence,
Le sombre et lugubre hiver, la neige qui fond avec violence
Seuls peuvent me plaire—maintenant que Nannie est partie.

Cast May a Braw Woocr.

BALLADE ÉCOSSAISE. LÉON DE WAILLY.

En mai dernier un beau galant descendit la longue vallée,
Et m'assourdit cruellement de son amour :
Je dis qu'il n'y avait rien que je détestasse autant que les hommes,
Le diable l'emporte de m'avoir cru, de m'avoir cru,
Le diable l'emporte de m'avoir cru !

Il parla de dards dans mes beaux yeux noirs,
Et jura qu'il mourait d'amour pour moi ;
Je dis qu'il pouvait mourir tant qu'il voudrait pour Jeanne,
Dieu me pardonne d'avoir menti, d'avoir menti,
Dieu me pardonne d'avoir menti !

Une ferme bien montée, dont lui-même était le laird,
Et le mariage sur-le-champ, étaient ses propositions ;
Je ne laissai pas voir que je le savais, ou m'en souciais,
Mais je pensais que je pouvais avoir des offres pires, des
offres pires,
Mais je pensais que je pouvais avoir des offres pires.

Mais, que croyez-vous ! au bout de quinze jours, ou moins,
Le diable lui donna l'envie d'aller près d'elle,

Il monta par Gateslack chez ma cousine Bessy !
 Jugez si, cette pécore, je pus la souffrir, la souffrir,
 Jugez si, cette pécore, je pus la souffrir !

Mais, toute la semaine suivante étant dévorée de soucis,
 J'allai à la foire de Dalgarnock,
 Et ne voilà-t-il pas que mon beau volage était là !
 J'ouvris de grands yeux comme si j'avais vu un sorcier, un
 sorcier,
 J'ouvris de grands yeux comme si j'avais vu un sorcier.

Mais par-dessus mon épaule gauche je lui lançai une œillade,
 De peur que les voisins ne pussent dire que j'étais effrontée ;
 Mon galant cabriola comme s'il était pris de boisson,
 Et jura que j'étais sa bien-aimée, sa bien-aimée,
 Et jura que j'étais sa bien-aimée.

Je demandai des nouvelles de ma cousine, d'un ton doux et
 affectueux,
 Si elle avait recouvré l'ouïe,
 Et comment ses souliers neufs allaient à ses vieux pieds contre-
 faits—
 Mais, ô ciel ! comme il se mit à jurer, à jurer,
 Mais, ô ciel ! comme il se mit à jurer !

Il me conjura, pour l'amour de Dieu, de vouloir bien être sa femme,
 Sans quoi le chagrin le tuerait :
 Si bien que, pour conserver la vie au pauvre hère,
 Je pense que je dois l'épouser demain, demain,
 Je pense que je dois l'épouser demain.

Duncan Gray.

DUNCAN GRAY. LÉON DE WAILLY.

Duncan Gray vint ici faire sa cour,
 Ah ! ah ! quelle cour !
 Le joyeux soir de Noël que nous étions gris
 Ah ! ah ! quelle cour !
 Maggie leva bien haut la tête,
 Regarda de travers et très-fièrement,
 Et força le pauvre Duncan de se tenir à distance.
 Ah ! ah ! quelle cour !

Duncan supplia, et Duncan pria,

Ah ! ah ! etc.

Meg fut aussi sourde qu'Ailsa Craig,

Ah ! ah ! etc.

Duncan soupira en dehors et en dedans,
Pleura à se troubler et à se perdre la vue,

Parla de sauter dans une chute d'eau ;

Ah ! ah ! etc.

Le temps et la chance ne sont qu'une marée,

Ah ! ah ! etc.

L'amour dédaigné est dur à supporter,

Ah ! ah ! etc.

Irai-je, comme un sot, dit-il,

Mourir pour une pécore hautaine ?

Elle peut aller—en France pour moi !

Ah ! ah ! etc.

Comment cela se fait, que les docteurs le disent,

Ah ! ah ! etc.

Meg devint malade—à mesure qu'il devint bien portant,

Ah ! ah ! etc.

Quelque chose la blesse au cœur,

Pour se soulager elle pousse un soupir,

Et, Dieu ! ses yeux, ils disaient tant de choses !

Ah ! ah ! etc.

Duncan était un garçon compatissant ;

Ah ! ah ! etc.

L'état de Maggie était piteux,

Ah ! ah ! etc.

Duncan ne pouvait pas la tuer,

La pitié grandissant étouffa sa rancune ;

Maintenant ils sont contents et joyeux tous les deux.

Ah ! ah ! quelle cour !

Of a' the Airts.

J'AI ME MA JEANNE. LÉON DE WAILLY.

Entre tous les points d'où le vent souffle,

Je préfère beaucoup l'ouest ;

Car là demeure la jolie fille,
 La fille que j'aime le mieux :
 Là croissent des bois sauvages, et roulent des rivières,
 Et plus d'une montagne est entre nous ;
 Mais jour et nuit le vol de ma pensée
 Me ramène auprès de ma Jeanne.
 Je la vois dans les fleurs couvertes de rosée,
 Je la vois belle et suave ;
 Je l'entends dans les oiseaux mélodieux,
 Je l'entends charmer l'air :
 Il n'est pas une jolie fleur qui pousse
 Près d'une source, dans un bois ou un pré ;
 Il n'est pas un bel oiseau qui chante
 Qui ne me rappelle ma Jeanne.

To a Mouse.

À UNE SOURIS,

DONT J'AVAIS DÉTRUIT LE NID AVEC MA CHARRUE
 EN NOVEMBRE 1785.

LÉON DE WAILLY.

Petite bête lisse, farouche et craintive,
 Oh, quelle panique dans ton sein !
 Tu n'as pas besoin de te sauver si vite
 Et d'un pas si précipité !
 Il me répugnerait de courir après toi
 Avec le curoir meurtrier !
 Je suis vraiment fâché que la domination de l'homme
 Ait rompu le pacte social de la nature,
 Et qu'elle justifie cette mauvaise opinion
 Qui te fait fuir
 Devant moi, ton pauvre compagnon sur la terre,
 Et mortel comme toi !
 Je sais bien que parfois tu voles !
 Mais quoi ? Pauvre petite bête, il faut que tu vives !
 De temps à autre un épi de blé sur deux douzaines
 Est une faible requête :
 Cela portera bonheur au reste
 Et ne me fera jamais faute !

Ta toute petite maisonnette aussi, en ruines !
 Les vents en éparpillent les misérables murs !
 Et rien, à présent, pour en bâtir une nouvelle
 De mousse verte !

Et les vents du froid décembre qui arrivent,
 Apres et mordants !

Tu voyais les champs nus et dépouillés,
 Et l'hiver rigoureux accourir,
 Et chaudement ici, à l'abri de son haleine,
 Tu croyais demeurer,
 Lorsque, crac ! le soc cruel a passé
 A travers ta cellule !

Ce tout petit tas de feuilles et de chaume
 T'a coûté bien des grignotements !
 Maintenant tu es expulsée, pour fruit de toute ta peine,
 Sans maison ni logis,
 Pour supporter les neiges fondues de l'hiver,
 Et les froides gelées blanches.

Mais, petite souris, tu n'es pas la seule
 A éprouver que la prévoyance peut être vaine :
 Les plans les mieux combinés des souris et des hommes
 Tournent souvent de travers,
 Et ne nous laissent que chagrin et peine
 Au lieu de la joie promise.

Tu es encore heureuse, comparée à moi !
 Le présent seul te touche ;
 Mais, hélas ! je jette l'œil en arrière
 Sur de lugubres perspectives,
 Et ce qui est devant, quoique je ne puisse pas le voir,
 Je le devine et le crains !

To a Mountain Daisy.

À UNE MARGUERITE.

TOMBÉE SOUS MA CHARRUE EN AVRIL 1786.

LÉON DE WAILLY.

Modeste petite fleur bordée de rouge,
 Tu m'as rencontré dans une heure fatale ;

Car il faut que j'écrase dans la poussière
Ta mince tige ;

T'épargner à présent dépasse mon pouvoir,
Joli joyau des champs.

Hélas ! ce n'est pas ta douce voisine,
La gentille alouette, compagne convenable,
Qui te courbe dans l'humide rosée,

La gorge tachetée,
Lorsqu'elle s'élance dans les airs, joyeuse de saluer
L'orient qui s'empourpre.

Le nord, à l'âpre morsure, souffla froid
Sur ta naissance humble et précoce ;

Pourtant tu perças gaiement le sol
Au milieu de la tempête,
Elevant à peine au-dessus de la terre maternelle
Ta forme délicate.

Les fleurs éclatantes que nos jardins produisent,
Il faut qu'un haut rempart d'arbres et de murs les protège ;
Mais toi, sous l'accidentel abri

D'une motte ou d'une pierre,
Tu ornes l'aride champ d'éteule,
Inaperçue, solitaire.

Là, enveloppée de ton étroit manteau,
Ton sein de neige étalé au soleil,
Tu lèves ta tête sans prétention

D'une humble manière ;
Mais maintenant le soc détruit ton lit,
Et tu gis à terre !

Tel est le sort de la fille naïve,
Douce fleurette du champêtre ombrage,
Trahie par la simplicité de l'amour

Et par son innocente confiance,
Jusqu'à ce que, comme toi, toute souillée, elle soit gisante
A terre dans la poudre.

Tel est le sort du simple Barde,
Lancé sous une mauvaise étoile dans la mer agitée de la vie !
Inhabile qu'il est à observer la carte

De l'habile prudence,

Jusqu'à ce que les vagues se courroucent, et que les vents
soufflent violemment

Et le fassent succomber !

Tel est le sort réservé au mérite malheureux,
Qui longtemps a lutté contre les besoins et les peines,
Poussé par l'orgueil ou l'astuce des hommes

Au bord de la misère,

Jusqu'à ce que, dépossédé de tout autre appui que le ciel,
Il s'affaisse, ruiné !

Toi-même, qui pleins le sort de cette marguerite,
Ce sort est le tien ;—à une époque peu éloignée
Le soc de la cruelle Destruction passe fièrement

En plein sur ta fleur,

Jusqu'à ce que d'être écrasé sous le poids du guéret
Soit ta destinée :

A Red, Red Rose.

LA ROSE ROUGE, ROUGE.

LÉON DE WAILLY

Oh ! mon amour est comme la rose rouge, rouge,

Qui est nouvellement éclos en juin.

Oh ! mon amour est comme la mélodie

Qui est harmonieusement chantée en parties.

Autant tu es jolie, ma toute belle,

Autant je suis amoureux ;

Et je continuerai de t'aimer, ma chère,

Jusqu'à ce que les mers soient à sec.

Jusqu'à ce que les mers soient à sec, ma chère,

Et que les rochers fondent au soleil :

Je continuerai de t'aimer, ma chère,

Tant que coulera le sable de la vie.

Et adieu, mon seul amour !

Et adieu pour quelque temps !

Et je reviendrai, mon amour,

Quand je serais à dix mille lieues.

O wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.

À UNE DAME. LÉON DE WAILLY.

Oh ! si tu étais en butte au froid ouragan,
 Sur la prairie là-bas, sur la prairie là-bas,
 Opposant mon plaid à son courroux,
 Je t'abriterais, je t'abriterais ;
 Ou si les cruelles tempêtes de l'infortune
 Soufflaient autour de toi, soufflaient autour de toi,
 Mon sein serait ton asile,
 Et pour toi seule, et pour toi seule.

Ou si j'étais dans le lieu le plus sauvage,
 Le plus sombre et le plus nu, le plus sombre et le plus nu,
 Ce désert serait un paradis
 Si tu y étais, si tu y étais ;
 Ou si j'étais monarque de ce globe,
 Régnant avec toi, régnant avec toi,
 Le plus brillant joyau de ma couronne
 Ce serait ma reine, ce serait ma reine.

BURNS: Traduit de l'Écossais avec Préface
 par Richard de la Madelaine.¹

This little volume looks so chaste and classical that the disappointment is all the greater when one comes to examine its contents. The preface is enthusiastic, but superficial ; for instance, "Glamis" is mentioned as the manor where *Lady Macbeth* stabbed King Malcolm,² Shakespeare's account being that it was Macbeth who murdered King Duncan.

"Scots, *who* hae *with* Wallace bled,"
 instead of

"Scots, *wha* hae *wi'* Wallace bled,"

¹ Burns, translated from the Scotch, with Preface, by Richard de la Madelaine.

² Glamis où Lady Macbeth poignarda le roi Malcolm.

is another of the specimens of superficiality, indeed of carelessness, that are to be found in it. There is more imagination than accuracy in saying that the cabmen in Edinburgh have all an edition of Burns in their pockets.¹

Examples of careless renderings are so abundant, and de Wailly's version is so much more accurate that one wonders why M. de la Madelaine did not select some pieces from this older collection; for, indeed, in many cases he gives verses word for word from de Wailly, and it is a pity he did not do this with all. I give a few specimens which call forth the above criticism.

The Cottar's Saturday Night.

"The saint, the father, and the husband prays,"
he gives

"Le père et l'époux prient avec ferveur."²

This is sheer carelessness in substituting the plural for the singular, and the rendering is miserably weak, and all the more unpardonable with de Wailly's correct version before him—

"Le saint, le père, et l'époux prie."

Then,

"Le villageois, accablé de fatigue,
Vient ce soir de terminer sa semaine de travail,
Il rassemble ses bûches, ses hoyaux,
Et se dirige vers sa demeure à travers les bruyères
En se promettant de goûter le lendemain les douceurs du
repos,"

with no rhyme or rhythm to observe, is offered as a literal translation of

¹ Dont les cochers de fiacre d'Edimbourg eux-mêmes ont tous une édition dans leur poche.

² The father and the husband *pray* with fervour.

“The toil-worn Cottar frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end ;
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And, weary, o’er the moor, his course does homeward bend.”

“Villageois” should be “paysan.” The fine touch, “weary,
 o’er the moor,” is entirely lost in the bald “à travers les
 bruyères.” Two lines are needlessly transposed, and again
 one asks why such an abortive attempt, with de Wailly
 before him where these various errors are absent?

“Le paysan excédé de fatigue quitte son travail,
 Ce soir sa semaine de labeur est finie ;
 Il rassemble ses bêches, ses hoyaux et ses houes,
 Espérant goûter à l’aise le repos du matin,
 Et fatigué, sur la bruyère, il dirige sa course vers son logis.”

This, with the exception of rendering “the morn” by
 “matin” instead of “lendemain,” is a fair translation,
 and a pleasing contrast to de la Madelaine’s medley ;
 and the same may be said of nearly all the other portions
 where de la Madelaine does not adopt de Wailly’s
 version word for word, a practice to which, fortunately,
 he very frequently resorts.

Tam o’ Shanter.

Here he follows de Wailly’s metrical version, rather
 than the more literal one, translating

“While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An’ getting fou and unco happy,”

by

“Tout en sablant l’ale de cabarets
 A pleins verres, heureux comme à la noce.”

It is a pity he did not adopt the almost perfect rendering
 of de Wailly’s second version,

“ Tandis que nous sommes à sabler l'ale
Devenant gris et tout heureux.”

There are unfortunately too many such instances. “ Kirkton Jean ” he, like de Wailly, entirely misunderstands, and makes “ Jean Kirkton,” changing the sex and turning the name of a place into that of a man; but such minor slips pale before the graver errors which are so plentiful.

The Twa Dogs.

“ Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.”

These two lines are transformed into

“ Deux chiens, fatigués du logis, se donnèrent
Rendez-vous pour passer leur après-midi,¹

changing, of course, the whole meaning. This piece is full of such misrenderings. In

Death and Doctor Hornbook.

“ That e'er he nearer comes oursel
's a muckle pity,”

he renders precisely in the reverse sense, and says,

“ Il est à regretter qu'il *ne* vienne *pas* plus
Souvent près de nous.”²

This is a matter of taste and opinion. M. de la Madelaine ought to have spoken for himself; perhaps, indeed, he did not translate Burns's remark. But enough of this

¹ Two dogs, tired with home, gave themselves

A rendezvous in order to pass the afternoon.

² It is to be regretted that he does not come oftener near us.

weary work; I could have given only too many similar specimens, but the above will show the manner in which this author has translated the poems, and with the songs he is equally unsuccessful.

Scots, wha hae.

Let us take the first and last verses. Both de la Madelaine and de Wailly use the second version.

“Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to glorious victory.”

M. de la Madelaine renders—

“Ecoissais qui avez combattu sous Wallace,
Ecoissais que Bruce a souvent conduits,
Soyez les bienvenus à votre lit sanglant
Ou aux trophées de la victoire.”

It will be seen that “combattu sous Wallace” is substituted for “wi’ Wallace bled,” and “trophées de la victoire” for “glorious victory”; both conceptions as weak as they are needless, and which de Wailly renders quite literally—

“Ecoissais, qui avez saigné sous Wallace,
Ecoissais, que Bruce a souvent conduits
Soyez les bienvenus à votre lit sanglant
Ou à la victoire glorieuse.”

And the last verse,

“Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty’s in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!”

de la Madelaine goes out of his way to corrupt, changing not only the language, but with it the power and vigour of the great ode—

“ Renversons ces fiers usurpateurs,
 Que la mort de chaque ennemi soit la mort d'un tyran,
 La liberté est dans chacun de nos coups,
 En avant, il faut vaincre ou mourir.”

Not one single line is faithfully translated, and why

“ Tyrants fall in every foe ”

should be made to read in such lumbering length—

“ Que la mort de chaque ennemi soit la mort d'un tyran,”

or

“ Let us do or die ”

feebly transformed into

“ Il faut vaincre ou mourir,”

is quite incomprehensible, especially with de Wailly before him,

“ Jetons à bas ces fiers usurpateurs,
 Un tyran tombe dans chaque ennemi,
 La liberté est dans chaque coup,
 En avant ! vaincre ou mourir.”

This is not quite literal, but much nearer the original, and terser than the former inexact version.

Flow gently, Sweet Afton.

In this song I prefer de la Madelaine's rendering of the words “sweet Afton” to that of M. de Wailly, the former being “gentil Afton,” the latter “bel Afton,” though I see no reason why, like Angellier, they did not translate it literally—“doux Afton.” Compare the first verses. De la Madelaine's reads—

“ Coule doucement, gentil Afton, entre les rives vertes,
 Coule doucement, je vais chanter à ta louange une chanson,
 Ma Marie est endormie près de ton eau murmurante,
 Coule doucement, gentil Afton, ne trouble pas son rêve.”

and de Wailly's version, as will be remembered, reads—

“ Coule doucement, bel Afton, entre les vertes rives,
 Coule doucement, je te chanterai une chanson à ta louange,
 Ma Mary est endormie près de ton eau murmurante,
 Coule doucement, bel Afton, ne trouble pas son rêve.”

I give no further verses, as in the others the newer author falls behind the older, and both show how much the want of rhyme interferes with the music of the original.

“ Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.”

The translation of the word “gate” (meaning, of course, “way,” or “manner,”) leads both these French authors into trouble; they generally, not always, translate the word by “porte.” Thus de Wailly gives, and de la Madelaine accepts his version in “Death and Doctor Hornbook,”—

“ Ces temps-ci, vous avez frappé à la porte
 De bien des maisons.”¹

for

“ This while ye hae been mony a gate,
 At mony a house.”

The same occurs in “The Twa Dogs.”

“ . . . Is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate,”

is given by de Wailly, not without unintentional suggestiveness—

“ . . . Est-ce par cette porte
 Que passent tant de beaux domaines.”

¹ These times you have (de la Madelaine says, *must* have) knocked at the door of many houses.

But de la Madelaine gets into a helpless muddle with this word in

“I gaed a waefu’ gate yestreen.”

and sends the poor fellow stumbling in at the door, and then commences to philosophize—

“J’ai passé hier par une porte,
Dont je n’aurais, je crois, jamais dû connaître l’entrée.”¹

Shade of Burns! this is keeping up the ill-usage of thy earthly life upon thee with a vengeance, when such can be offered for

“I gaed a waefu’ gate yestreen,
A gate I fear I’ll dearly rue.”

De Wailly is better—

“J’ai pris hier une route malencontreuse,
Une route dont je me repentirai cruellement, j’ai peur.”²

The French language, more than the author, is to blame for any want of precision here. Both authors give the translation of

“A daimen icker in a thraive,”

by

“Un epi de blé sur douze,”

(de Wailly says, “deux douzaines”). As is known, “a daimen icker” is the smaller of the two grains in a husk of oats, the larger one being the daimen. This error is, however, quite excusable, as I dare say few English-

¹ I have passed last night by a door,
Of which I ought never, I believe, to have known the entrance.

² I took yesterday a regrettable road,
A road of which I shall cruelly repent, I fear.

men, and not many Scotsmen, could exactly tell its meaning. Not so excusable is de la Madelaine in

“Nous avons couru le long du ruisseau,”¹

as meaning

“We twa hae paid’ d in the burn,”

and which, we have seen, de Wailly renders pretty accurately.

M. de la Madelaine has only twenty-six pieces in his work; those in it belonging to the selection I have made are all found in the examples of de Wailly’s translations; and from the comparisons made above, the reader will feel he loses nothing by my refraining from reproducing any of them here.

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER.

I have some hesitation in dealing with the production of this distinguished author, as my work is merely to put before English and Scottish readers a review and examples of translations of Robert Burns. Now with Angellier the translations are of mere secondary importance, and seem chiefly employed to illustrate his exhaustive examination and criticism of the life and works of the poet. The first volume of about 600 pages deals with the life, and this is naturally beyond the scope of my task. I may be permitted to remark, however, that the volume is written in a strictly impartial yet also in a human and sympathetic manner, and “nothing is extenuated or aught set down in malice.”

The second volume of over 400 pages is devoted to

¹ We have run along the burn.



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the poet's works. Whether one agrees or not with the author's views or conclusions, one cannot but admire the enormous preparation and extraordinary abundance of material with which he has equipped himself for his undertaking. The entire field of English and Scottish literature is laid before the reader in almost bewildering immensity. Nearly every English and Scottish writer, obscure and eminent, as well as many foreign authors, are brought into evidence, and quoted with an appropriateness and precision which show that they have not been superficially glanced at, but carefully studied. His visits to the various parts of the country where Burns lived, sojourned, or even only visited have been made, not after the manner of the proverbial American or Cook's tourist, but with the open eye and penetrating intelligence which have enabled the author to absorb to a marvellous extent the local colour of the places, the spirit of the scenes, and the lives of the inhabitants. He divides this volume into four chapters, each dealing with a separate development of the poet's works, in which his astute arguments, and the extremely minute and intelligent analyses of the pieces he takes as illustrations, indicate a knowledge of the manners and customs of the country and of the spirit and character of the time in which they were written, such as is not too widely possessed by Scotsmen themselves.

In Chapter I. he reviews with great thoroughness the old ballads and songs, bringing his disquisition up to the time of the poet, showing the influence which, in his opinion, was exercised upon Burns by Ramsay, Ferguson, and their predecessors. The poetic current having gathered and accumulated from age to age, and from poet to poet, "one sees then," he says, "that the work

of Burns is a continuation, and, as it were, the prolongation of the popular poetry of Scotland.”¹

In Chapter II. he deals with human life in Burns.²

Here, amongst other points, he discusses the humour of Burns, his tendency to dramatic writing, the influence of the French Revolution upon him, Burns as the poet of Liberty and Equality, the poet of the humble, etc. One is not quite disposed to agree, perhaps, with all our author says, but here, as elsewhere, the various pieces he cites as illustrations are described with such a minute and graphic pen that it is sometimes to be regretted the author did not content himself with his analysis without adding a translation. It would lead too far to quote many of these studies. I cannot refrain from giving one or two in the course of this brief examination.

His dissections of “Death and Dr. Hornbook,” “The Jolly Beggars,” “Tam o’ Shanter,” and the other important pieces are too long to quote. Here is how he introduces “The Cottar’s Saturday Night” :—

“Ce relèvement de la vie des pauvres a trouvé son expression la plus grande et la plus émouvante dans le célèbre morceau du *Samedi soir du Villageois*. Elle y est ennoblie, touchée de beauté, car elle prend une telle élévation que, tout en gardant ses traits fatigués, elle s’embellit d’une lumière supérieure. Jamais on n’avait répandu tant de dignité sur l’existence des indigents. C’est une consécration de ce qu’il y a de piété naturelle, d’amour familial, de résignation, et d’honnêteté, sous des toits misérables ; un hommage solennel aux vertus humbles. Et ce qu’il y a d’admirable dans ce tableau, c’est que cette noblesse sort peu à peu de la réalité, la surmonte, la conquiert et finit par la vaincre, par l’entraîner dans son triomphe. La

¹ On voit donc que l’œuvre de Burns est une continuation et comme le prolongement de la poésie populaire de l’Ecosse (p. 80.)

² La vie humaine dans Burns.

pièce, qui s'ouvre par une peinture presque sombre de travail exténué, aboutit à une idée glorieuse. Les misères, le labeur, les sueurs, la rudesse des détails disparaissent. Elle atteint les sommets de la dignité humaine, là où toutes les distinctions sociales sont tombées, où l'âme seule paraît, où ce qu'il y a d'absolu dans la vertu éclate et rayonne, en faisant fondre autour de soi, comme de vaines cires, le rang, la richesse et la naissance.

"C'est un morceau qu'il faut connaître, car il marque, dans une direction, un des points extrêmes du génie de Burns."¹

Then follows an analysis and explanation of the piece, with illustration and amplification, which prove how thoroughly the author has drunk in its spirit.

In Chapter III. he deals with Burns as the poet of love,² dividing his theme into the Poetry of Love, the Comedy of Love, concluding with a *résumé* of his views. Again the same minuteness and care, again the thorough criticism

¹This account of the life of the poor has found its grandest and most moving expression in the famous piece, "The Cottar's Saturday Night." It is therein ennobled, touched with beauty, for it takes such a lofty tone, that, while conserving its weary features, it makes them lovely with a higher light. Never has so much dignity been shed on the life of the poor. It is a consecration of all there is of natural piety, family love, resignation, and honesty under miserable roofs; a solemn homage to humble virtues. And what there is admirable in this picture is that this nobility emerges gradually from the reality, surmounts it, conquers it, and finally subdues it by bearing it along in its triumph. The piece, which opens with an almost sombre picture of wearied toil, ends in a glorious idea. The misery, labour, sweats, the harshness of the details disappear. It reaches the heights of human dignity there, where all social distinctions are levelled, where the soul alone appears, where what there is absolute in virtue bursts forth and beams, causing rank, riches, and birth to melt round it like useless wax.

It is a piece that must be known, for it marks in one direction one of the extreme points of Burns's genius.

²Burns comme poète de l'amour.

and apt illustration, taken from the poet's most popular and appropriate songs, and in the *résumé* he says:—

“Aussi, le trait qui le distingue par-dessus tous, c'est qu'il est l'amour le plus franc, le plus impersonnel, le plus général qui ait jamais existé. Il est fait d'émotion pure, de passion sans mélange. C'est par la pensée qu'ils contiennent que les amours sont particuliers et portent l'empreinte de tel ou tel esprit. Ici, la pensée n'apparaît pas. C'est l'amour simple, l'amour en soi, l'amour élémentaire, débarrassé de tout ; c'est le fonds commun de désir, ce qu'il y a de primordial, de primitif, d'essentiel dans tous les amours ; c'est de la pure passion, sans idée, sans nuage, nue comme un baiser. Jamais l'amour ne s'est manifesté sous une forme aussi dépouillée. C'est de l'amour terrestre sans doute, peu languoureux, mais fort, et substantiel. C'est l'amour de tout le monde, accessible à tous, et le plus universel qu'un poète ait encore exprimé.

“Cela suffit pour faire de Burns un poète d'amour original et unique.”¹

In the fourth chapter he treats of the sentiment of Nature in Burns,² discusses what Burns has seen in Nature, his tenderness for animals, and concludes by showing how the sentiment of Nature in Burns is far removed from the

¹ The trait, also, which distinguishes it above all, is that it is the frankest, the most impersonal, the most general love that has ever existed. It is made up of pure emotion, of unmixed passion. It is by the thought which they contain that loves are peculiar and bear the impress of such or such a mind. Here, thought does not appear. It is simple love, love in itself, elementary love, disencumbered of everything ; it is the common foundation of desire, what there is that is primordial, primitive, essential in all loves ; it is pure passion, without idea, without cloud, naked as a kiss. Never has love shown itself in so bare a form. It is earthly love, without doubt, little languorous, but strong and substantial. It is the love of everybody, accessible to all, and the most universal that a poet has ever yet expressed.

This is sufficient to make Burns an original and unique poet of love.

² Le sentiment de la Nature.

sentiment of Nature in modern poetry. All these points are discussed with much nicety and acumen, and are not the least interesting part of the book, comparisons being made with the poems of Theocritus and Aristophanes, and many intervening poets, down to those of Shelley and Wordsworth. I refrain from giving extracts from this chapter, as no single passage would indicate the wideness of the field of research or the closeness with which the author pursues his subject.

In Chapter V. (Conclusion) he draws together the threads of his preceding study, and also briefly refers to the place of Burns in literature and the influence he exercises, closing with the following suggestive and withal modest words:—

“En arrivant à son terme, cette étude, quelque longue et minutieuse qu'elle ait été, a la conscience de n'avoir point tout dit. Nous n'épuisons jamais une œuvre d'art ; nous en prenons ce que nous pouvons pour notre consommation, pour notre nourriture personnelle, et nous en assimilons des parties différentes selon nos tempéraments et nos besoins. C'est pourquoi la critique varie et se renouvelle avec les individus, avec les époques ; elle n'est jamais achevée, jamais fermée. Une œuvre d'art est comme une source éternelle ; des hommes de siècles et de siècles divers y viennent en longs pèlerinages. Chacun y puise avec le vase qu'il y apporte, l'un avec un gobelet d'argent, l'autre avec une coupe de cristal, l'autre avec une jarre de grès, l'autre avec un riche calice d'émail, l'autre avec une pauvre écuelle d'argile. Chacun en boit une quantité différente et la goûte diversement ; mais elle les rafraîchit tous et met sa douceur sur leurs lèvres. A travers les temps, par milliers, ils se succèdent ; et jamais deux d'entre eux n'en prendront la même quantité et n'y trouveront la même saveur. Cette pensée donne à tout travail de critique une amertume, la connaissance qu'il est incomplet, provisoire, éphémère. Même à cette petite fontaine retirée, qui a été pour nous un lieu de prédilection, dont nous avons goûté la fraîcheur longuement,

trop longuement peut-être, et dont nous avons essayé de dire le charme, d'autres hommes viendront à qui notre façon de sentir paraîtra insuffisante, qui trouveront que nous l'avons mal comprise. Mais, après tout, nous y aurons bu une eau saine et claire ; et peut-être aussi en aurons-nous montré le sentier à ceux dont les pas recouvriront les nôtres."¹

And now I come to what is the chief object of this work, viz., to examine the translations themselves. And here again although M. Angellier seems to have had no difficulty in rendering the sentiments of the poet, even his careful unmetrical stanzas rob them of their charm and hush their music. Few of the poems are given at length, certain verses only being used to illustrate his criticism or afford the text for some argument or remark. The

¹ In reaching its close, this study, however long and painstaking it may have been, is conscious of not having said all. We never exhaust a work of art ; we take of it what we can for our use, for our personal nourishment, and we assimilate different parts of it according to our temperaments and our needs. This is why criticism varies and is renewed with individuals, with epochs ; it is never completed, never closed. A work of art is like an eternal spring, men of different skies and different centuries make long pilgrimages to it. Each one draws from it with the vessel he brings, one with a silver goblet, another with a crystal cup, another with a jar of stoneware, another with a rich enamelled chalice, another with a poor dish of clay. Each drinks a different quantity, and with a different relish, but it refreshes them all, and leaves its sweetness on every lip. Through the ages they succeed one another in thousands, and never two of them will drink the same measure nor find in it the same savour. This thought gives a bitterness to all criticism, the knowledge that it is incomplete, provisional, ephemeral. Even at this little sequestered fountain, which has been for us a chosen place, whose freshness we have long, perhaps too long, tasted, and whose charm we have tried to describe, other men will come, to whom our way of feeling will seem insufficient, who will find that we have badly understood it. But, after all, we shall have drunk there of clear and wholesome water, and perhaps we shall also have shown the pathway to those whose steps will cover ours.

second verse of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" he gives thus :—

"Ailleurs, le paysage prend plus de grandeur, de réalisme et de tristesse. On est en face de la véritable vie des champs, avec ses fatigues et la poésie qui, malgré tout, flotte autour d'elle. Un bel exemple est le retour du laboureur, le samedi soir, après la semaine de dur acharnement contre le sol, avec la perspective du repos du lendemain.

"Lorsque novembre souffle bruyamment avec un sifflement irrité,
 Le jour d'hiver décroissant est près de sa fin ;
 Les bêtes boueuses reviennent de la charrue ;
 Les bandes noircissantes de corneilles vont à leur repos ;
 Le laboureur, usé de fatigue, s'en va de son travail ;
 Ce soir, son labeur de la semaine est terminé ;
 Il rassemble ses bûches, ses pioches et ses houes,
 Espérant passer le lendemain dans l'aise et le repos,
 Et las, à travers le moor, il dirige ses pas vers la maison."¹

And then from this he cuts out in a few words one of those cameos which add so much to the charm and interest of his book.

¹ Elsewhere the landscape assumes more grandeur, realism, and sadness. One is face to face with the true life of the fields, with its fatigues, and with the poetry which, in spite of all, floats around it. A fine example is the return of the cottar on the Saturday evening, after the week of hard struggle with the soil, having before him the prospect of the morrow's rest.

When November blows angrily with irritated blast ;
 The dying winter day is near its end ;
 The miry beasts return from the plough ;
 The blackening bands of crows go to their rest ;
 The labourer, worn with fatigue, goes away from his work ;
 This evening his labour of the week is finished ;
 He collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping to pass the morrow in ease and repose,
 And tired, across the moor he directs his steps towards the house.

“On dirait un de ces poignants dessins de Millet, où des formes de paysans, anoblies par le crépuscule et toutefois traînant le poids du labeur, reviennent dans la mélancolie des soirs.”¹

Death and Dr. Hornbook.

Here is another example of his criticism and translation—

“Il y a une description qui est bien jolie ; les strophes sont toutes trébuchantes de verbes qui indiquent des mouvements vacillants, et le tableau de l'ivrogne qui s'applique à compter les cornes de la lune, sans y réussir, est charmant. Il hésite avec bonhomie entre trois et quatre.

“L'ale du village m'avait mis de belle humeur,
 Je n'étais pas gris, mais j'en avais juste assez ;
 Je chancelais par instants, mais j'avais encore soin
 De passer au large des fossés ;
 Et les monts, les pierres et les buissons, je les distinguais
 Des spectres et des sorciers. [encore

“La lune montante commença à regarder,
 Par-dessus les distantes collines de Cumnock ;
 A compter ses cornes, de toutes mes forces,
 Je m'appliquai ;
 Mais, si elle en avait trois ou quatre,
 Je ne pourrais pas le dire.

“J'avais tourné près de la colline,
 Et je descendais vers le moulin de Willie,
 Plaçant mon bâton très habilement
 Pour me tenir ferme ;
 Mais, parfois, au large, malgré mon vouloir
 Je tirais une bordée.”²

¹One would say it was one of those striking drawings of Millet, where the peasant forms, touched with dignity by the twilight, and all the time dragging the burden of labour, are returning in the melancholy of the evening.

²There is a description which is very fine ; the lines stagger with verbs descriptive of vacillating motions, and the picture of the

Setting my staff, wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker ;
 Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker."

Some of the other verses are unequal, and not successful, and indeed the line

“We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat”

is more than tamely rendered by

“Nous allons nous reposer et nous asseoir”;

and with

“Ye hae been mony a gate”

M. Angellier very strangely falls into the same misinterpretation as others—

“Tu as été à plus d'une porte”

but, as might be expected from him, he avoids the mistranslation of “He gets *his fairin*,” and properly refers to it as “son dû.” I do not give the other verses he translates; he omits several, and supplies their places by clear and comprehensive explanations, so that it would be unfair to the author's most creditable reproduction to give merely his verses without his other matter, which the limits of this book prevent.

Equally felicitous is his disquisition on

The Twa Dogs,

and it would almost seem as if the French language lent itself better to the humorous and satirical in Burns than to the pathetic—but he strangely misunderstands the lines—

“Better than ony tenant man
 His Honour has in a' the lan'.”

and conveys the entirely wrong meaning, that as the laird

possesses everything in the land, Cæsar cannot understand what the poor folk can get to eat—

“Son Honneur possède tout dans le pays :
Ce que les pauvres gens des cottages peuvent se mettre
dans le ventre,
J'avoue que cela passe ma compréhension.”

Here again in the line,

“Ce que les pauvres gens des cottages peuvent se mettre
dans le ventre,”

we see the impossibility of rendering Burns's diction into French. How unlike is this long, cumbersome, indeed vulgar line to the original,

“An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in”;
then, “quatre sous de bonne bière” is a feeble conveyance of “twalpennie worth o' nappy.”

“An' worried ither in diversion”

is another instance of cumbrousness and misconception. M. Angellier renders it

“Et s'exténuaient à tour de rôle pour se distraire.”

This is fearful! and “s'exténuaient” does not mean “worried” as applied to the habit of dogs at play; perhaps “se mordaient” would have expressed the meaning better. The verses are scattered over the book from pages 210 to 345, and again it is the keen criticism they are used to illustrate, and not the character of the translation, in which their interest centres. The same remarks apply to

Tam o' Shanter,

which extends from page 129 to page 333. Angellier greatly appreciates this piece, the different parts of which he describes so graphically and eloquently that one almost

regrets he gives a translation at all; I give the following as an instance. Thus he describes the opening scene:—

“La scène qui suit est vivante. C’est une scène de cabaret. Tam a trouvé un bon coin, près d’un bon feu, et s’y est installé. Il a rencontré un vieux compagnon d’ivrognerie. Une amitié attendrie les lie; ils ont eu si souvent soif ensemble. La nuit s’avance. On devient bruyant, on chante, on frappe les verres sur la table. Il y a dans Tam un grain de galanterie et de gaillardise. Le voici qui devient aimable avec la cabaretière. Elle s’y prête; alors l’intérieur est complet; le savetier raconte ses histoires drôles; le cabaretier, qui ne voit rien ou feint de ne rien voir, est tout oreilles. Tout cela vivement indiqué.

“Mais à notre histoire! Un soir de marché,
 Tam s’était planté bien ferme,
 Au coin d’un bon feu qui flambait joliment,
 Avec de l’ale mousseuse qui se buvait divinement;
 A son coude, le savetier Johnny,
 Son camarade ancien, fidèle, et toujours altéré;
 Tam l’aimait comme un vrai frère!
 Ils s’étaient grisés ensemble pendant des semaines!
 La nuit s’avançait dans les chansons et le bruit;
 Et toujours l’ale devenait meilleure;
 L’hôtesse et Tam se faisaient des gracieusetés,
 Avec des faveurs secrètes, douces, et précieuses;
 Le savetier disait ses plus drôles histoires,
 Le rire de l’hôte était un chœur tout prêt.
 Dehors, l’orage pouvait rugir et bruire,
 Tam se moquait de l’orage comme d’un sifflet.

“Le Souci, furieux de voir un homme si heureux,
 S’était noyé dans la bière!
 Comme les abeilles s’envolent chargées de trésors,
 Les minutes passaient chargées de plaisir.
 Les Rois peuvent être heureux, mais Tam était glorieux.
 De tous les maux de la vie il était victorieux.”¹

¹The scene which follows is living. It is a tavern scene. Tam has found a good corner by a good fire, and has installed himself there. He has met an old drinking companion. A tender friendship

The same remark applies to the other descriptions, and to the illustrating translations. He is rather too severe on poor Soutar Johnny—Burns calls him Tam's "ancient, trusty, *drouthy* crony," but Angellier translates it, "son camarade, ancien, fidèle, et *toujours altéré*"; "*toujours altéré*"!! no, no, not so bad as that, only "fou for weeks thegither." In his faithful rendering of the description of pleasure he seems to fall into a slight misconception; "or like the borealis race," he translates, "ou comme les

unites them; they have been so often thirsty together. The night is advancing. They become noisy, they sing, they strike the glasses on the table. There is in Tam a vein of gallantry and merriness. Here he is becoming friendly with the landlady. She is not unwilling; then the interior is complete; the cobbler tells droll stories; the landlord who sees nothing, or pretends to see nothing, is all ears. All that is strikingly indicated.

But to our story: One market evening
 Tam was very firmly planted
 At the corner of a good fire which flamed finely,
 With foamy ale which tasted divinely;
 At his elbow, the cobbler Johnny,
 His comrade, ancient, faithful, and always thirsty;
 Tam loved him like a true brother;
 They had been drunk together for weeks.
 The night went on with songs and noise;
 The ale always became better:
 The landlady and Tam were gracious to each other
 With secret favours, sweet, and precious:
 The cobbler told his funniest stories;
 The landlord's laughter was an ever-ready chorus:
 Outside, the storm might roar and rage,
 Tam laughed at the storm as at a whistle.
 Care, furious at seeing a man so happy,
 Had drowned himself in the beer:
 As bees fly off laden with treasures,
 The pleasure-laden moments passed;
 Kings may be happy, but Tam was glorious,
 Over all the ills of life he was victorious!

éphémères des régions boréales." This evidently refers to the ephemerides of the North, creatures of a day; whereas Burns refers to the aurora borealis or Northern lights.

In his prettily rendered address

To a Faisy,

there is a slip, "*Telle est le sort de la jeune fille*," this should of course be *Tel*. This is undoubtedly only a printer's error. The misconceptions are few with such a keen and accurate observer as Angellier, who is such a master of his subject, and I have noticed most of them above. A very droll one occurs in the

Death and Dying Words of poor Mailie,

where the poor ewe sends her dying message to her "pcor toop lamb," to warn him not to "rin an' wear his cloots" on certain reprehensible errands. Angellier has misunderstood the word "cloots," and translates it—

"Et de ne pas courir et porter partout son tablier."¹

Of course "cloots" here means "hoofs," which M. Angellier should have seen from the meaning of the line, and which he recognizes in

The Address to the Deil,

"O, thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,"

where "auld Hornie" refers to the horns, and "Clootie" to the hoofs, which according to all conceptions of the

¹ And not to run and wear everywhere his apron.

“Scotch deil” this personage possesses, and which Angellier renders

“O toi, quelque sort de titre, qui te convient,
Vieux Cornu, Satan, Nick, ou Fourchu.”¹

In this Address to the Deil there is another exceedingly comical rendering which will remind readers of translations of Sir Walter Scott’s novels, of the comicalities of “*Monsieur Flibbertigibbet*” and “*Madame Meg Merrilees*,” and which equal the effort of the translator of Shakespeare who rendered the Witches’ salutation to Macbeth, “All hail! Macbeth” by “Bonjour, Monsieur Macbeth!” In the last verse of this one of the masterpieces of Burns, where even in his happiest humorous vein, his deep sympathy bursts in, and, like the good old Scottish divine who used to shock the more high and dry orthodox of his hearers by including in his prayer, “and Lord, if it please Thee, hae mercy on the puir deil,” so Burns closes his piece on this august personage with the well-known words—

“*But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!*
O wad ye tak a thought an’ men’!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a stake—
I’m wae to think upo’ yon den,
 Ev’n for your sake!”

Here it is, even in Angellier’s French—

“ . . . *Allons, bonsoir vieux Nick!*²
Je désire que tu réfléchisses et que tu t’amendes!

¹O thou, whatever title suit thee,
Old Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloven.

²This is somewhat better rendered by de Wailly, who says:—
“Mais, adieu, cher vieux Nickie.”

Tu pourrais peut-être—Je n'en sais rien—
 Avoir encore une chance—
 Cela me fait chagrin de penser à ce trou,
 Même pour toi !”

Criticism of such lines fails entirely. It will be felt, however, that these “comicalities” of translation are due to the language, not to the author, for he seldom fails to reach the high standard of criticism and dissection of the pieces which his marvellous knowledge, research, and penetration have enabled him to set up.

The other principal poems are treated in the same masterly manner, and the songs are reviewed in a way to leave little to be desired. Some of these translations are complete, and read fairly well.

Flow gently, Sweet Afton.

COULE, DOUCEMENT, DOUX AFTON.

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER.

Coule, doucement, doux Afton, entre tes rives vertes,
 Coule doucement, je vais chanter une chanson à ta louange ;
 Ma Mary est endormie près de ton flot murmurant,
 Coule doucement, doux Afton, ne trouble pas son rêve.

Toi, ramier, dont l'écho résonne dans le vallon,
 Vous, merles, qui sifflez follement, dans cette gorge pleine
 d'épines,

Toi, vanneau à la crête verte, retiens ton cri perçant,
 Je vous en conjure, ne troublez pas ma bien-aimée qui dort.

Qu'elles sont hautes, doux Afton, les collines voisines,
 Marquées au loin par le cours des clairs ruisseaux sinueux ;
 C'est là que, tous les jours, j'erre quand midi monte au ciel,
 Contemplant mes troupeaux et la douce chaumière de ma Mary.

Qu'ils sont agréables tes bords, et les vertes vallées qui son
 plus bas,

Où les primevères sauvages éclosent dans les bois ;

Là souvent, quand le doux crépuscule pleure sur la pelouse,
Les bouleaux parfumés nous ombragent, ma Mary et moi.

Qu'elle glisse amoureusement, Afton, ton onde de cristal,
Quand tu contournes la chaumière où ma Mary demeure ;
Que joyeusement tes eaux baignent ses pieds neigeux,
Quand cueillant de douces fleurs, elle suit tes flots clairs !

Coule doucement, doux Afton, entre tes rives vertes,
Coule doucement, douce rivière, sujet de ma chanson,
Ma Mary est endormie près de ton flot murmurant,
Coule doucement, doux Afton, ne trouble pas son rêve.

Of this bewitching song he feelingly remarks—

“ Il est impossible de rendre, dans une traduction, la strophe caressante et fluide, qui coule avec la douceur et presque avec la musique d'une eau pure. C'est une de ses plus chastes, et de ses plus poétiques inspirations.”¹

Of

John Anderson, my Jo,

he says,

“ Il fallait que son imagination eût vraiment exploré toutes les situations de l'amour pour l'avoir conduit jusqu'à celle qu'il était le plus incapable de connaître par lui-même.”²

JOHN ANDERSON, MON AMOUREUX.

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER.

John Anderson, mon amoureux, John,
Quand nous nous connûmes d'abord,
Vos cheveux étaient noirs comme le corbeau,
Et votre beau front était poli ;

¹ It is impossible to render in a translation the caressing and fluid strophe, which runs with the sweetness and almost with the music of a pure stream. This is one of his most chaste and most poetic inspirations.

² His imagination must truly have explored every situation of love to have conducted him to that with which he was of himself the most incapable to be acquainted.

Mais maintenant votre front est chauve, John,
 Vos cheveux sont pareils à la neige ;
 Mais bénie soit votre tête blanche,
 John Anderson, mon amoureux.

John Anderson, mon amoureux, John,
 Nous avons gravi la colline ensemble ;
 Et maint jour de bonheur, John,
 Nous avons eu l'un avec l'autre ;
 Maintenant il nous faut redescendre, John,
 Nous nous en irons la main dans la main,
 Et nous dormirons ensemble au pied de la colline,
 John Anderson, mon amoureux.

Here will be seen one of those grave defects, however, which is sufficient to mar any translation—

“John Anderson, mon amoureux, John,”

is intolerable for “John Anderson, my jo.” Angellier calls this “une petite chanson exquise d’émotion vraie et simple,” and indeed it merits even higher praise, but it will be felt that the telling, touching language of the original is lost here. In truth, one is often tempted to ask if it be not useless even to attempt to translate Burns—or at least his more characteristic pieces—into French. One feels this in reading his work when quotations from French and British writers are given together; and with Burns there is this further difficulty that they were all written to airs which he had already mastered with a completeness which his true and keen ear for music assured, indeed no one feels this more than our author, who says (page 104)—

“ . . . mais il avait aussi cette invention de langage nécessaire pour donner le trait essentiel, dominant, qui groupe tous les autres et en est comme la clef de la voûte. Tout essai pour transporter cette marque de maîtrise est inutile. Dès qu’on y touche, elle échappe. Il est aussi impossible à

une traduction de rendre ces vigneurs qu'à une gravure de rendre les touches de couleur. Il faut, dans les deux cas, avoir recours à l'original."¹

His remarks on the genesis of the songs, pages 38 and onwards (which are too long to quote), confirm his consciousness of this difficulty. One can find only too many quotations to bear this out. Take his rendering of "Robin"—

There was a Lad.

ROBIN.

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER.

Il y eut un garçon qui naquit en Kyle,
Mais en quel jour et de quelle façon,
Je me demande si cela vaut la peine
D'être si minutieux pour Robin.

Robin fut un vagabond,
Un joyeux gars, un vagabond, un joyeux gars,
un vagabond ;
Robin fut un vagabond,
Un joyeux gars, un vagabond, Robin !

L'avant-dernière année de notre monarque
Était de vingt-cinq jours commencée,
Ce fut alors qu'une rafale du vent de janvier
Entra et commença à souffler sur Robin.

La commère regarda dans sa main,
Elle dit : " Qui vivra, verra la preuve

¹ . . . but he had also that invention of language necessary to give the essential, dominating trait which groups all the others, and is as the key-stone of the arch. All attempt at conveying this mark of dominance is useless. As soon as one touches it, it escapes. It is as impossible for a translation to render these forcible touches as for an engraving to reproduce colour. We must in both cases have recourse to the original.

Que ce gros garçon ne sera pas un sot,
Je crois que nous l'appellerons Robin.

“ Il aura des malheurs, grands et petits,
Mais toujours un cœur au dessus d'eux,
Il nous fera honneur à nous tous,
Nous serons fiers de Robin.

“ Mais aussi sûr que trois fois trois font neuf,
Je vois par toutes les marques et toutes les lignes
Que le vaurien aimera chèrement notre sexe,
Aussi sois notre chéri, Robin.”

The above chorus is really cruel for

“ Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.”

and to see

“ Blew hansel in on Robin,”

rendered by such a master as Angellier—

“ Entra et commença à souffler sur Robin,”

shows the difficulty to be absolute, especially when accompanied by so many others.

In “ Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad,”

“ And come na unless the back yett be ajee,”

rendered

“ Et ne vient pas à moi à moins que la porte de derrière
ne soit entr'ouverte,”

is simply excruciating. Song after song proves how Angellier is handicapped by the intractability of his native tongue. Try

Willie brew'd a Peck o' Ault.

O! WILIE A BRASSÉ.

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER.

O! Wilie a brassé un demi boisseau de malt,
Et Rob et Allan vinrent le goûter :

Pendant toute cette nuit, trois cœurs plus joyeux
 Vous ne les auriez pas trouvés dans la chrétienté.

Nous n'étions pas gris, nous n'étions pas très gris,
 Nous avons juste une petite goutte dans l'œil ;
 Le coq peut chanter, le jour peut se montrer,
 Toujours nous goûtons la liqueur d'orge.

Nous voici réunis, trois joyeux gars,
 Trois joyeux gars sommes-nous ;
 Et mainte nuit nous avons été gais,
 Et mainte encore nous espérons l'être.

C'est la lune, je reconnais sa corne,
 Qui luit là-haut dans le ciel ;
 Elle brille si clair pour nous conduire chez nous ;
 Mais, ma parole, elle attendra un peu !

Celui qui se lève le premier pour s'en aller,
 C'est un cocu, un lâche, un maroufle !
 Celui qui le premier tombera près de sa chaise
 Celui-là est le roi de nous trois !

Nous n'étions pas gris, nous n'étions pas très gris,
 Nous avons juste une petite goutte dans l'œil ;
 Le coq peut chanter, le jour peut se montrer,
 Toujours nous goûtons la liqueur d'orge.

Several of Burns's fine touches, amongst them the "drappie in oor e'e," noticed at length elsewhere, are lost, and "to wyle us hame" given "pour nous *conduire* chez nous" is uncontrollably funny. Such instances of cumbrousness and unmusical diction might be added to almost indefinitely, and if this can be compensated for, which I greatly doubt, it is only by the extreme accuracy with which the *meaning* is given in almost every case. Of course Angellier makes some slips, but they are few. Most of these we have noticed in the other French versions.

"How blythely would I bide the stoure,"

in Mary Morison—"stoure" meaning stress or turmoil, and not dust—is vulgarized by the misconception—

"Avec quelle joie je supporterai la poussière."

Ca' the Howes to the Knowes

rendered "Appelle les moutons sur la colline"; "gate" rendered "porte" are misconceptions with which I have already dealt. Angellier falls into a strange error in

Door Mailie's Elegy,

where he renders

"Better fleesh ne'er crossed the clips,"

by

"Meilleure chair ne passa jamais sous les ciseaux,"¹

Of course "fleece" not "flesh" is meant, and it should have been rendered by some such word as "toison." Sometimes a slip spoils a song, such as in

Coming through the Rye,

where "poor body" is rendered "pauvre quelqu'un," which bears a different meaning altogether. "Pauvre petite" or "pauvre fille" would have better conveyed the meaning of the original.

EN REVENANT PAR LES ORGES.

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER.

En revenant par les orges, pauvre quelqu'un,
 En revenant par les orges,
 Elle a sali tout son jupon,
 En revenant par les orges.

¹ Better *flesh* never passed under the scissors.

Oh ! Jenny est toute mouillée, pauvre quelqu'un,
 Jenny est rarement à sec ;
 Elle a sali tout son jupon,
 En revenant par les orges.

Si quelqu'un rencontre quelqu'un,
 En revenant par les orges ;
 Si quelqu'un embrasse quelqu'un,
 Faut-il que quelqu'un crie ?

Si quelqu'un rencontre quelqu'un,
 En revenant par le vallon,
 Si quelqu'un embrasse quelqu'un,
 Faut-il qu'on le sache ?

Many of his songs, if one could dismiss the memory and music of the original from one's mind, read very well.

A Man's a Man for a' that.

MALGRÉ TOUT ÇA.

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER.

Faut-il que l'honnête pauvreté
 Courbe la tête, et tout ça ?
 Le lâche esclave, nous le méprisons,
 Nous osons être pauvres, malgré tout ça !
 Malgré tout ça, malgré tout ça,
 Nos labeurs obscurs, et tout ça,
 Le rang n'est que l'empreinte de la guinée,
 C'est l'homme qui est l'or, malgré tout ça.

Qu'importe que nous dinions de mets grossiers,
 Que nous portions de la bure grise, et tout ça ;
 Donnez aux sots leur soie, aux gredins leur vin,
 Un homme est un homme, malgré tout ça !
 Malgré tout ça, malgré tout ça,
 Malgré leur clinquant, et tout ça,
 L'honnête homme, si pauvre soit-il,
 Est le roi des hommes, malgré tout ça !

Voyez ce bellâtre qu'on nomme un lord,
 Qui se pavane, se rengorge, et tout ça ?
 Bien que des centaines d'êtres s'inclinent à sa voix,
 Ce n'est qu'un bélître malgré tout ça ;
 Malgré tout ça, malgré tout ça,
 Son cordon, sa croix et tout ça,
 L'homme d'esprit indépendant
 Regarde et se rit de tout ça !

Le roi peut faire un chevalier,
 Un marquis, un duc et tout ça ;
 Mais un honnête homme est plus qu'il ne peut,
 Par ma foi qu'il n'essaye pas ça !
 Malgré tout ça, malgré tout ça,
 Leur dignité et tout ça,
 La sève du bon sens, la fierté de la vertu
 Sont de plus hauts rangs que tout ça !

Prions donc qu'il puisse advenir,
 Comme il adviendra malgré tout ça !
 Que le bon sens et la vertu, sur toute la terre,
 L'emportent un jour sur tout ça.
 Malgré tout ça, malgré tout ça,
 Il adviendra malgré tout ça
 Que l'homme et l'homme, par tout le monde,
 Seront frères, malgré tout ça !

Mary in Heaven

almost preserves the beauty of the original, though lacking the music of its verse.

À MARY DANS LE CIEL.

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER.

O étoile tardive, qui d'un rayon diminué
 Aimes à saluer la première aube,
 Voici que tu ramènes le jour
 Où ma Mary fut arrachée à mon âme

O Mary, chère ombre disparue !
 Où est ta place de repos bienheureux ?
 Vois-tu ton amant ici-bas prosterné ?
 Entends-tu les gémissements qui déchirent sa poitrine ?

Puis-je oublier cette heure sacrée,
 Puis-je oublier ce bosquet sanctifié,
 Où, sur les bords de l'Ayr sinueux, nous nous rencontrâmes,
 Pour vivre un jour d'adieux et d'amour !
 L'éternité n'effacera pas
 La chère souvenance des transports passés,
 Ni ton image dans notre dernière étreinte,
 Ah ! nous pensions peu que c'était la dernière !

L'Ayr, murmurant, baisait sa rive caillouteuse,
 Sur lui se penchaient des bois sauvages, des verdure
 épaisses ;
 Le bouleau parfumé et l'aubépine blanche
 S'enlaçaient amoureusement autour de cette scène de
 ravissement.
 Les fleurs jaillissaient désireuses d'être pressées,
 Les oiseaux chantaient l'amour sur chaque rameau,
 Jusqu'à ce que trop, trop tôt, l'ouest en feu
 Proclama la fuite du jour ailé.

Sur ces scènes ma mémoire reste éveillée,
 Et les chérit tendrement avec un soin avare ;
 Le Temps n'en rend que plus forte l'empreinte,
 Comme les ruisseaux creusent plus profond leur lit.
 Mary, chère ombre disparue !
 Où est ta place de repos bienheureux ?
 Vois-tu ton amant ici-bas prosterné ?
 Entends-tu les gémissements qui déchirent sa poitrine ?

In spite of the difficulties which I have so fully noted, this work is a monument alike to poet and translator. It shows that Burns's works, even although deprived of the music of their lyrical flow, in which so much of their charm consists, are sufficiently powerful and penetrating

to make their tenderness, sympathy, and human nature felt, even when clothed in a language so little suitable to their reproduction. And M. Angellier has laid all students of British literature, and especially all lovers of the works of Burns, under a deep obligation to him for his two scholarly volumes, which are, so far as I know, the best and most complete treatise on our national poet that has appeared in any language.

ITALIAN.

FROM the French versions one naturally turns to the other families of the Latin race—Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian. I have been unable, either by direct research, or by the painstaking searching of Spanish and Portuguese friends, to find a single translation of any piece of Burns in these two languages, even in the pages of a magazine. It is therefore a source of the greater gratification to find a translation into the “courtly language” of Italy, and this task has been performed by Ulisse Ortensi, published 1893, in Modena.¹ This feeling of gratification draws one to it in a sympathetic and somewhat partial spirit; but a glance over the notice of the poet’s life which precedes the translation changes the feeling of gratification into a feeling “akin to pain.” The carelessness—if not worse—as to facts, in meaning, in ordinary spelling even, indicates only too clearly what may be expected in the book itself. It would take up too much space to give anything like a full list of the defects; I will offer therefore only one or two specimens. Ortensi’s very first sentence is a revelation, and, had his statement only been true, additional lustre would have been added to the many glories of the city of St. Mungo. He

¹ Poesie di Roberto Burns, Ulisse Ortensi: Modena, E. Sarasino, 1893.

tells us Burns was born under the severe sky of Glasgow, in the miserable hut of a poor farmer of the county of Ayr.¹

“Farewel, false friends! false lover, farewel!
I’ll nae mair trouble then nor thee O!”

contains *three* misspellings in *two* lines.

“A man is a man for a’ that,”

and

“Begg a brother of the earth
To give *himself* leave to toil,”

are two further specimens.

“Churches built to please the priest”

is here given :

“Le chiese erette per *servire* ai preti.”²

Of course they were built to serve the priests. Burns says it was to *please* them, and Ortensi renders it correctly in the poem itself, “piacere ai preti,” which shows this slip at least is due to carelessness rather than to ignorance. In turning to the translations, these undesirable features, I fear, increase somewhat in number. The first characteristic that suggests itself to a student of the translations of Burns is, that this version has not been taken direct from any edition of the poet himself, but has been interpreted chiefly from de Wailly’s French rendering, for it contains nearly every error and slip made by de Wailly, and many by Ortensi himself besides.

¹ Quando alla fine del XVIII. secolo, sotto il rigido cielo di Glasgow, nella misera capanna d’un povero fittaiuolo della Contea d’Ayr, venne alla luce Roberto Burns.

²The churches erected to *serve* the priests.

The Cottar's Saturday Night

is one of his most acceptable renderings. "His clean hearth-stane" is given "La sua casetta polita (printed *pulita*).¹ Like de Wailly, he stumbles over "a cannie errand," and makes it "delle commissioni difficili,"² giving in this case the opposite meaning from de Wailly, who renders it "une affaire avantageuse."³ The "halesome parritch" he half italianizes and half anglicizes into "il sano porridge"; "the soupe" supplied by their only cow, meaning, of course, "milk," he translates literally into "the soup," which gives a quality to Scottish cows hitherto unknown, though in this he slavishly follows de Wailly:

"Le salubre parritch, la principale nourriture de l'Écosse ;
La soupe qui fournit leur seule vache,"

except that Ortensi anglifies parritch into porridge, and de Wailly gives a foot-note to say that parritch is "pudding de gruau."⁴ In describing the cheese, which Burns tells us "'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell," Ortensi leaves de Wailly, but falls into a sad mistake in his independent course, for he says:

"È un anno che fu messo sotto la campana,"⁵

which shows both that he misunderstands Burns, and is unacquainted with the process of cheese-making. In the pathetic line,

"The saint, the father, and the husband prays,"

he again, like de la Madelaine in French, leaves de

¹ His clean little house (*or* cottage).

² Difficult business (*or* commissions).

³ A profitable business.

⁴ Pudding of oatmeal.

⁵ It is a year since it was put under the bell.

Wailly, and like de la Madelaine, falls into the strange error of transforming one into three persons, and says :

“Il santo, il padre ed il marito pregano,”¹

and the last line in the tenth verse,

“Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild,”

unlike de Wailly, he, for some unaccountable reason, entirely omits. These are defects which a little thoroughness would have easily avoided, and which greatly mar an otherwise creditable version.

IL SABATO SERA NELLA CAPANNA.

Mio amato, mio onorato, molto rispettato amico !
 Non un mercenario bardo rende questo omaggio ;
 con onesto orgoglio io sprezzo ogni fine personale :
 il mio più caro onore è lo stimare e l'elogiare un amico :
 per voi io canto, in semplice accento scozzese,
 l'umile classe della società in un canto solitario della terra ;
 i rudi naturali sentimenti, le maniere franche ;
 ciò che sarebbe stato Aiken in una capanna ;
 ah ! il suo valore ignorato ; ma molto più felice là, io credo !

Il freddo vento di Novembre soffia forte e con furioso umore ;
 la giornata d'inverno raccorciantesi è vicina alla fine ;
 i buoi fangosi tornano dagli arati campi ;
 le lunghe nere file di corvi tornano al loro nido ;
 il campagnuolo stracco lascia il suo lavoro.
 Questa sera la sua settimana è compiuta ;
 raduna la sua vanga, la sua zappa, la sua marra,
 sperando di passare il mattino a bell'agio e riposo,
 e stanco per la pianura riprende il suo cammino verso casa.

Al fine appare alla sua vista la sua solitaria casetta,
 sotto l'ombra di un albero antico ;

¹The saint, the father, and the husband *pray*.

I piccini che l'aspettano mal fermi nel piede accorrono
a incontrare il loro babbo con gridio allegro e interrotto.
Il suo piccolo focolare, che brilla gaiamente,
la sua casetta pulita, il sorriso della sua donna economica,
il suo ultimo nato arrampicantesi alle sue ginocchia
allontanano tutte le sue divoranti cure
e gli fanno dimenticare tutto il suo lavoro e le sue pene.

Più tardi, gli adulti cominciano a rientrare ;
essi sono al servizio delle fattorie circostanti ;
alcuni guidano la carretta, alcuni il gregge ed altri
fanno delle commissioni difficili alla vicina città.
La loro più grande speranza, la loro Jenny, già donna,
in fiorente gioventù, con l'amore vivo nei suoi occhi
torna a casa, forse, per mostrare la sua veste nuova
o per lasciare il suo poco salario guadagnato a stento
per aiutare i suoi cari, se essi sono nel bisogno.

Con sincera gioia fratelli e sorelle s'incontrano,
e ciascuno s'interessa amabilmente delle sorti dell'altro ;
le ore di compagnia, dalle ali leggiere, inosservate volano :
ciascuno dice ciò che ha visto ed inteso di nuovo ;
i genitori contenti guardano le loro giovanili speranze
anticipandone col pensiero l'avvenire.

La madre, con l'ago e con le forbici,
dà agli abiti vecchi l'apparenza dei nuovi ;
il padre mischia a tutto i suoi avvertimenti.

Agli ordini dei loro padroni e delle loro padrone
i giovani sono esortati di ubbidire :
e fare il loro lavoro con diligente mano
e mai, benchè fuori di vista, giocare od oziare.
" E soprattutto abbiate sempre timore di Dio !
e soddisfatte il vostro dovere vostro di lui convenevolmente
giorno e notte :
guardandovi di perdervi in tentazione,
implorando il suo consiglio e la sua assistenza :
che mai pregarono in vano il Signore quelli che lo fecero
rettamente ! "

Ma, silenzio ! Un leggiere colpo s'ode alla porta ;
Jenny, che conosce il significato di esso,

dice come un vicino è venuto per la brughiera,
 per fare alcuni commissioni ed accompagnarla a casa
 L'esperta madre vede la consapevol fiamma
 brillare nell'occhio di Jenny e la sua gota arrossire ;
 con carezzevole toccante cura domanda il suo nome
 mentre Jenny osa appena articolarlo ;
 con piacere la madre apprende che non è un cattivo giovane.

Con amabile benvenuto, Jenny lo fa entrare ;
 un bel giovanotto ; egli conquista l'occhio della mamma ;
 Jenny allegra vede che la visita non è disprezzata :
 il padre parla di cavalli, aratri e bestiame.
 Il cuore sincero del giovane strabocca di gioia,
 ma timido e vergognoso sa appena contenersi :
 la madre, con l'arte d'una donna, scopre
 ciò che rende il giovane così timido e così grave ;
 ella è contenta di vedere sua figlia stimata come le altre.

O fortunato amore ! quando si trova un simile amore !
 O estasi profonde pel cuore ! felicità senza l'uguale !
 Io ho molto viaggiato in questa triste rotonda mortale macchina
 e saggia esperienza mi fa dichiarare questo :
 “ Se il Cielo lascia sfuggire una goccia di celeste felicità
 e dà un cordoglio in questa melanconica valle,
 egli è quando una giovane coppia amorosa, modesta,
 l'uno nelle braccia dell'altro, sospira tenere parole
 sotto il latteo biancospino che profuma la brezza della sera.

V'è sotto forma umana e dotato d'un cuore,
 un miserabile, uno scellerato sordo ad amore e verità,
 che possa, studiatamente, perfido ed insidioso,
 tradire la confidente giovinezza della bella Jenny ?
 Maledizione ai suoi falsi spergiuri ! alle sue tristi menzogne !
 L'onore, la virtù, la coscienza son tutti banditi ?
 Non v'ha pietà, nè tenera commiserazione
 che gli mostrino i genitori idolatri della loro fanciulla ?

Ma ecco che il pranzo orna la loro parca tavola,
 il sano *porridge*, primo piatto della Scozia :
 la zuppa che loro dà l'unica loro vacca
 che dall'altra parte dell'assito rumina tranquillamente.

La madre porto, con maniere complimentose,
per fare onore al giovane, il suo formaggio ben tenuto.
Lo premurano di prenderne ; egli lo trova squisito ;
la frugale padrona, ciarlona, racconta
come è un anno che fu messo sotto la campana.

L'allegra tavola finita, con aria seria
essi fanno un gran circolo intorno al fuoco ;
il padre sfoglia, con gesto patriarcale,
la grossa Bibbia, già orgoglio del padre suo ;
egli si leva rispettosamente il berretto
mostrando i suoi capelli grigi e rari :
di quei canti, che dolcemente un tempo risuonarono in Sion,
egli sceglie un brano con diligente cura ;
e " Preghiamo Iddio " egli dice con solenne voce.

Essi cantano le loro note senz'arte, semplicemente :
accordano i loro cuori ; fine molto nobile.
Forse le melodie agresti di Dundee si fan sentire,
o i Martiri piangenti degni di questo nome :
o il nobile Elgin attizza la fiamma che monta al cielo,
il più dolce, e di molto, dei canti sacri della Scozia.
Paragonati a questi i gorgheggi italiani sono senz'anima ;
l'orecchio accarezzato non sveglia in cuore alcun sentimento
essi non sono fatti per le laudi del nostro Creatore.

Il padre come un sacerdote legge il sacro testo,
come Abram era l'amico del Dio celeste
o come Mosè dichiarò una guerra eterna
alla ingrata progenie di Amalek
o come il real bardo cadde gemendo
sotto il colpo della irata vendetta del cielo,
o il patetico pianto di Giobbe e il suo grido doloroso,
o l'ardente ispirazione e il serafico fuoco d'Isaia,
e gli altri profeti che cantarono sulla sacra lira.

Forse il volume cristiano serve di tema :
come il sangue innocente fu versato pel colpevole ;
come Egli, che porta il secondo nome nel Cielo,
non trovò sulla terra dove riposare il suo capo :
come prosperarono i suoi primi seguaci e i servitori,

i precetti saggi ch'essi dettero a molti paesi :
 come colui, che solitario fu relegato in Patmos,
 vide apparire nel sole un angelo potente ;
 e udì pronunciare per decreto del cielo la caduta della grande
 Babilonia.

Poi s'inginocchia innanzi all'Eterno Re del Cielo :
 il santo, il padre ed il marito pregano.
 S'invola esultante sulla trionfante ala la speranza
 che essi tutti si ritroveranno così nel futuro,
 per bagnarsi là nella luce soprannaturale
 senza più sospirare o versare lacrime crudeli,
 inneggiando insieme alla gloria del Creatore,
 in tale comunione ma ancora più dolce :
 mentre il tempo gira in una eterna sfera.

Comparato a tutto questo, quanto misero è l'orgoglio della
 Religione,
 in tutta la pompa del metodo e dell'arte,
 quando gli uomini aprono nelle congregazioni
 tutte le grazie della devozione, meno il cuore !
 L'onnipotente, irritato, lascerà la processione,
 i canti pomposi, le stole sacerdotali :
 ma, forse, in qualche solitaria capanna,
 udrà, soddisfatto, il linguaggio dell'anima :
 e nel suo libro della vita ne iscriverà i poveri abitatori.

Alla fine ciascuno torna al suo posto ;
 i piccoli si ritirano per dormire,
 i genitori rendono il loro segreto omaggio
 ed inviano al Cielo una ardente preghiera,
 perchè Egli che calma il nido chiassoso del corvo
 e para il giglio puro di fastoso orgoglio,
 dia, nel miglior modo che il Suo potere può,
 ad essi ed ai loro bimbi la provvidenza ;
 ma soprattutto presieda nei loro cuori con la grazia divina.

Da scene come questa scaturisce la grandezza dell'antica Scozia,
 che la fa amata dentro e rispettata al di fuori.
 I principi ed i signori non sono che l'emanazione de're.
 " Un uomo onesto è la più nobile opera di Dio ! "

e certo nel sentiero celeste della bella Virtù,
 la capanna è molto più avanti del palazzo.
 Che cosa è la pompa d'un signore? Un lordo fardello
 celando spesso l'infamia della razza umana,
 lo studio nelle arti infernali, e i vizii raffinati!

O Scozia, mio caro, mio nativo suolo!
 per cui s'alza la mia più ardente preghiera al Cielo!
 Possano lungamente i bravi figli delle rustiche fatiche
 essere benedetti con salute, pace e dolce contentezza!
 Ed oh! possa il Cielo guardare la loro vita semplice
 dal contagio del lusso debole e vile!
 Allora comunque si frangano corone e titoli
 un virtuoso popolo può sempre prosperare
 e alzare come una muraglia di fuoco intorno alla sua isola
 amata.

O tu, che versasti l'onda di patriottismo
 che scorreva nell'indomito cuore di Wallace,
 il quale osò opporsi all'orgoglio dei tiranni
 o morire nobilmente — cosa non men gloriosa,
 (Dio del patriota — tu sei particolarmente
 ed il suo amico, l'ispiratore, il guardiano e la sua ricompensa)
 o mai, mai non abbandonare il reame di Scozia;
 e che i patrioti ed i poeti patrioti
 si succedano con lustro a suo ornamento e difesa!

Man was Made to Mourn

seems to accord with Ortensi's cast of thought, as it is
 rendered with a fidelity and appreciation of meaning
 which—all things considered—leave little to be desired.

L'UOMO È NATO PER GEMERE.

Quando il triste soffio del freddo Novembre
 spogliava i campi e le foreste,
 una sera, mentre errava lungo
 le rive dell'Ayr,

io vidi un uomo dal piè invecchiato
 stanco, usato dagli affanni :
 la sua faccia era solcata dagli anni,
 i suoi capelli erano bianchi.

O Giovane straniero ove vai tu?
 (mi disse il vecchio venerando)
 È la sete della ricchezza che spinge il tuo piè,
 o i piaceri dell'età giovanile?
 O forse, vinto da cure e dolori,
 tu hai cominciato anzi tempo
 ad errare, come io fo, per gemere
 sulle miserie degli uomini?

Quel sole alto sulla brughiera laggiù,
 che spande i suoi raggi dappertutto
 dove centinaia di braccia lavorano per nutrire
 l'orgoglio di qualche alto *lord* ;
 io ho visto questo fiacco sole
 ritornare due volte quaranta inverni,
 e volta per volta m'ha dato nuove prove
 che l'uomo è nato per gemere.

O uomo, nei tuoi anni giovanili
 come tu sei prodigo del tempo !
 Scialacquando le tue ore preziose,
 il brillante fiore della tua giovinezza !
 Le follie regnano volta a volta in te,
 le passioni licenziose ti bruciano ;
 ciò dà una forza decupla a questa legge di natura
 che l'uomo è nato per gemere.

Non considerare solo il fiorir dell'età
 o l'attiva potenza della virilità ;
 l'uomo allora è utile alla sua specie,
 il suo dritto trova un appoggio ;
 ma guardalo sul confine della vita,
 usato dai dolori e dagli affanni.
 Allora la vecchiaia ed il bisogno — oh ! coppia funesta !
 mostrano che l'uomo è nato per gemere.

Alcuni sembrano i favoriti del Destino,
carezzati nelle braccia del Piacere ;
però non pensate che tutti i ricchi ed i grandi
siano veramente felici.

Ma, ah !, quanti uomini in ogni terra
sono miserabili e sventurati
nella penosa vita apprendete questa lezione,
che l'uomo è nato per gemere.

Numerosi ed acuti sono i mali
intessuti nella vostra trama !
Noi stessi ci rendiamo più infelici
col rimpianto, col rimorso e l'onta
E l'uomo, che levato il viso al cielo
l'abbellisce del sorriso dell'amore,
l'uomo, per la sua inumanità verso l'uomo,
condanna miriadi d'essi a gemere.

Guarda laggiù quel pover'uomo prostrato,
così abietto, infimo e basso,
che domanda a un altro figlio della terra
di dargli il permesso di lavorare :
e vedi, vedi l'altiero verme, il suo fratello,
rigettare l'umile supplica,
indifferente ad una donna che piange
ed ai figli sventurati che gemono !

Se io sono destinato ad essere lo schiavo di questo *lord*
destinato per la legge della natura
perchè un desiderio d'indipendenza
è stato sempre radicato nel mio cuore ?
S'io nol sono, perchè vedermi preda
della sua crudeltà e del suo odio ?
O perchè l'uomo à la volontà e il potere
di far gemere il suo simile ?

Pure figliuol mio tutto questo non turbi
troppo il tuo giovane cuore :
questa *veduta* particolare della specie umana
non è certamente l'ultima !

L'onesto uomo, povero ed oppresso
 non sarebbe certo mai nato
 se non vi fosse qualche ricompensa
 per consolare quelli che gemono.

O Morte ! la più cara amica dell'uomo povero
 La più tenera, la migliore !
 Benvenuta sia l'ora quando le mie vecchie membra
 si stenderanno con te nel riposo !
 I grandi, i ricchi temono i tuoi colpi
 che li strappano alla pompa ed ai piaceri ;
 ma, ah !, qual supremo conforto per quelli
 che, vinti dal disgusto della vita, gemono !

The Jolly Beggars.

For reasons already given, one cannot criticize too keenly this versatile piece, but surely such errors as the following ought not to have occurred. "Kebars sheuk" is not "l'assito tremò;"¹ it should be "le trave."

"I once was a *maid*, tho' I cannot tell when"
 loses its naïveté, and indeed its entire meaning, when rendered

"Io una volta era una ragazza, benchè non possa dirvi
 quando;"²

it ought of course to have been "vergine."

"My grannie she bought me a beuk,
 And I held awa' to the school."

Ortensi gives precisely the reverse meaning from that of the original:

¹The partition shook.

²I once was a *girl*, though I cannot tell you when.

“Mia nonna mi comprò un libro,
ma io mi tenni lontano dalla scuola.”¹

“And had in mony a well been dooked,”
he gives, without the slightest regard to the meaning of
the original,

“Ed era stata gettata in più d'un carcere.”²

Such defects are absolutely inexcusable, as a very moderate exercise of care would have prevented them.

GLI ALLEGRI PEZZENTI.

CANTATA.

Recitativo.

Quando le foglie grigie coprono la terra,
o fluttuando come i pipistrelli
annebbiano il soffio del freddo Borea ;
quando la grandine precipita con crudele violenza
e le prime brinate cominciano a pizzicare,
abbigliate di bianco gelo ;
una notte, sul tardi, un'allegra compagnia
di gente errante e vagabonda
faceva baccano da Poosie Nansie,
per bere il superfluo dei loro cenci :
e bevendo e ridendo
essi declamavano stravagantemente e cantavano ;
e saltando ed urtandosi
facevano risuonare il piatto dell'arrosto.

In primo posto accanto al focolare, in vecchi stracci rossi
sedeva uno ben fornito di bisacce piene di tozzi
ed il suo zaino tutto in ordine :
la sua amica giaceva tra le sue braccia
riscaldata dall'*usquebaugh* e da coperte—
ella ammiccava il suo soldato,

¹ My grannie bought me a book,
But I kept *far from* the school.

² And had been thrown into more than one jail.

che con sonori baci rispondeva ai baci della giovane mendicante ;
 mentre questa appressava a lui la sua avida bocca,
 proprio come una scodella da elemosina.
 Ciascun bacio sempre suonava
 proprio come la frusta d'un carrettiere ;
 finchè dimenandosi ed agitandosi come un rodomonte,
 ruggì questa canzone :

Aria.

Io sono un figlio di Marte ; sono stato a molte guerre
 e mostro le mie ferite e le cicatrici dovunque arrivo ;
 questa qui l'ebbi per una ragazza e quest'altra in una trincea,
 quando andai a ricevere i Francesi a suono di tamburo.

Lal de daudle, ecc.

Il mio periodo da coscritto io lo feci dove il mio maestro
 esalò il suo ultimo respiro,
 quando il dado sanguinante fu gettato sulle colline d'Abram ;
 e terminai il mio servizio quando la galante partita fu finita
 ed il Moro battuto fu messo a suono di tamburo.

Lal de daudle, ecc.

Ultimamente fui con Curtis, in mezzo alle batterie galeg
 gianti
 e ci lasciai per prova un braccio ed una gamba ;
 ma se il mio paese avesse bisogno di me, con Elliot alla mia
 testa,
 io mi trascinerei sulla mia grucciona al suono di un tamburo.

Lal de daudle, ecc.

Ed ora sebbene io debba mendicare con un braccio ed una
 gamba di legno,
 e con molti cenci pendenti dalle mie natiche ;
 io sono così felice con la mia bisaccia, la mia bottiglia e la
 mia ganza,
 come quando io era solito, vestito in scarlatto, seguire il
 tamburo.

Lal de daudle, ecc.

E quantunque coi capelli bianchi, io debba sopportare i colpi
dell'inverno,
avendo i boschi e le rupi spesse volte per casa,
pure quando io vendo il mio secondo sacco e bevo la mia
seconda bottiglia,
io potrei affrontare uno squadrone dell'Inferno al suono del
tamburo.

Recitativo.

Egli finì e l'assito tremò
sopra il ruggito del coro;
mentre i topi spaventati guardavano indietro,
cercando i buchi più profondi;
un valente suonatore di violino dal suo cantuccio
gridò "bis!"
Ma si alzò la marziale donna
e fece cessare il gran fracasso.

Aria.

Io una volta era una ragazza, benchè non possa dirvi quando,
e tuttora il mio piacere è nei giovanotti belli;
mio padre d'uno squadrone di dragoni faceva parte;
nessuna meraviglia ch'io sia presa d'un soldato.

Cantate, Lal de lal, ecc.

Il primo dei miei amanti era un famoso fanfarone;
battere il rullante tamburo era il suo mestiere:
il suo garetto era così fermo e la sua gota così purpurea,
che io era innamorata pazza del mio soldato.

Cantate, Lal de lal, ecc.

Ma il vecchio degno cappellano gli fece un brutto tiro;
e abbandonai la spada per la chiesa:
egli avventurò l'anima ed io misi a rischio il mio corpo;
e fu allora che io detti prova della mia infedeltà al mio
soldato.

Cantate, Lal de lal, ecc.

Mi disgustai presto del mio stupido santificato,
il reggimento in massa io presi per marito,

dal dorato sperone al piffero io era pronta ;
 altro non domandava fuorchè fosse un soldato.

Cantate, Lal de lal, ecc.

La Pace però mi ridusse a domandare l'elemosina per disperazione,
 finchè non ritrovai il mio vecchio garzone alla fiera di Cunningham ;
 i suoi stracci del reggimento penzolavano così allegri,
 che il mio cuore si rallegrò alla vista di un soldato.

Cantate, Lal de lal, ecc.

E così io son vissuta—io non so quanto tempo,
 e posso ancora far baccano col bicchiere e con la canzone ;
 ma finchè con ambo le mani potrò stringere un bicchiere,
 alla tua salute, io berrò, o mio eroe e mio soldato !

Cantate, Lal de lal, ecc.

Recitativo.

Un povero pagliaccio in un canto
 sedeva crapulando con una calderaia ;
 essi non curavano affatto chi conducesse il coro,
 tanto essi erano occupati tra loro ;
 infine stordito dal bere e dal fare l'amore,
 si levò vacillando e fece una smorfia ;
 poi si voltò e posò un bacio sulla Grizzie ;
 poscia accordò le canne della sua cornamusa con grave smorfia.

Aria.

La signora Saggezza è una pazza quando è ubbriaca ;
 il signor Briccone è una bestia in una sessione della corte ;
 ei non è là che un allievo io credo ;
 ma io sono una bestia di professione.

Mia nonna mi comprò un libro,
 ma io mi tenni lontano dalla scuola ;
 io temo di aver tradito il mio talento,
 ma che cosa v'aspettereste da una bestia ?

Per bere io rischierei il mio collo ;
 una donna è la metà della mia occupazione ;

ma che cosa altro vi potete voi aspettare
da uno che apertamente è stupido?

Io una volta fui legato come un vitello
per aver bevuto copiosamente e giurato civilmente;
un'altra volta fui rimproverato in chiesa
per avere maltrattato una fanciulla nella mia allegrezza.

Povero Pagliaccio che salti per far ridere,
che nessuno ti chiami con ironia:
vi è anche, mi dicono, in Corte
un Pagliaccio chiamato Primo Ministro.

Osservate voi quel giovane reverendo
che fa delle smorfie per solleticare la folla?
Egli beffeggia la nostra squadra di ciarlatani—
è una rivalità di mestiere.

E ora io dirò la mia conclusione,
perchè veramente io sono furiosamente sitibondo:
colui che è bestia per sè stesso,
buon Dio, egli è assai più stupido di me!

Recitativo.

Poscia parlò una intrepida matrona
che conosceva bene l'arte di trappolare la sterlina;
ella aveva uncinato più d'una borsa
ed era stata gettata in più d'un carcere.
Il suo colombo era stato un giovane delle Terre-Alte,
ma la corda del boia toccò a lui in sorte!
Con sospiri e singhiozzi ella così cominciò
a piangere il suo bravo Giovanni il Montanaro.

Aria.

Nelle Alte-Terre era nato il mio amore;
le leggi delle Terre-Basse egli teneva in dispregio;
ma egli sempre fu fedele alla sua tribù,
il mio valente e bravo Giovanni il Montanaro.

Coro.

Cantate, oh! il mio bravo Giovanni il Montanaro!
Cantate, oh! il mio bravo Giovanni il Montanaro!

Non vi è un giovane in tutto il paese,
simile al mio Giovanni il Montanaro.

Aria (contin.).

Col suo giuppone ed il suo *plaid* di tartan
e la buona spada al suo fianco,
egli feriva il cuore delle donne,
il mio valente e bravo Giovanni il Montanaro.

Cantate, oh ! ecc.

Noi battevamo tutta la contrada da Tweed a Spey,
e vivevamo allegri come signori e signore :
perchè egli non temeva nessuno delle Terre-Basse,
il mio valente e bravo Giovanni il Montanaro.

Cantate, oh ! ecc.

Fu bandito al di là del mare ;
ma, prima che la gemma fosse sull'albero,
lungo le mie gote scorrevano le perle,
abbracciando il mio Giovanni il Montanaro.

Cantate, oh ! ecc.

Ma, ah ! essi finirono col prenderlo
e lo relegarono in una prigione :
maledizione a tutti coloro
che hanno impiccato il mio bravo Giovanni il Montanaro.

Cantate, oh ! ecc.

Ed ora vedova io devo piangere
i piaceri che non torneranno mai più ;
nessun conforto fuori d'una sincera fiaschetta,
quando io penso a Giovanni il Montanaro.

Cantate, oh ! ecc.

Recitativo.

Un pigmeo di strimpellatore, che, col suo violino,
era costumato di suonare nei mercati e nelle fiere,
quella gamba vigorosa e quella grossa taglia (egli non toc-
cava più alto)
avevano forato il suo cuore come un crivello

e gettato nel fuoco.

Con la mano sull'anca e l'occhio in alto
trasse la sua gamma come un gemito, uno, due, tre,
poi in un tuono arioso,
il piccolo Apollo
ornò con un gaio allegretto
il suo *A solo*.

Aria.

Lasciatemi levare per tergere questa lacrima
e venite con me e siate la mia cara,
ed allora i vostri affanni ed i vostri timori
potranno fischiare al resto.

Coro.

Io sono per mio mestiere un suonatore di violino
e di tutte le arie, che io ho sempre suonato
a donna od a fanciulla, la più dolce
fu sempre "*Fischiate sul resto.*"

Noi saremo alle feste della mietitura ed alle nozze,
ed oh ! come noi vivremo piacevolmente ;
noi beberemo tanto fino a che papà Affanno
canterà "*Fischiate sul resto.*"

Io sono, ecc.

Noi tanto allegramente rosicchieremo le ossa
e ci scaldereмо contro il muro
ed a nostro bell'agio, quando ci piacerà,
noi fischieremo sul resto.

Io sono, ecc.

Ma schiudetemi il cielo dei vostri incanti
e finchè io solleticherò il crine sulle corde di budello,
la fame, il freddo e simili mali
potranno fischiare sul resto.

Io sono, ecc.

Recitativo.

Le sue lagrime avevano colpito un vigoroso calderaio,
nel tempo stesso che il povero strimpellatore di corde ;

egli prese il suonatore di violino per la barba
e tirò fuori uno spadone arrugginito.

Giurò, per tutto ciò che è degno di giuramento,
di trafiggerlo come un piviere;
a meno che egli avesse voluto fin da quel momento
abbandonargliela per sempre.

Con l'occhio spaventato il povero diavolo
cadde in ginocchio
ed implorò grazia con faccia pietosa
e così la querela finì.

Ma sebbene il suo piccolo cuore soffrisse
quando il calderaio se la stringeva al petto,
egli fingeva di ridere distrattamente,
quando il calderaio così a lei si volse :

Aria.

Mia bella fanciulla, io lavoro in rame ;
calderaio è il mio mestiere :
io ho viaggiato per tutte le terre cristiane
con questo mio mestiere.
Io ho guadagnato dell'oro ; sono stato arruolato
in molti nobili squadroni ;
ma invano essi mi ricercarono, quando io disertai
per andare a rappezzare la caldaia.

Io ho guadagnato, ecc.

Disprezzate questo nanetto, questo avvizzito mostricciattolo
ed associatevi a questi che portano
la valigia ed il sacco di cuoio
e per questo bicchiere, mia fede e mia speranza,
e per questo caro Kilbagie,
se mai voi aveste bisogno o v'incontraste con poco,
che io non possa mai più bagnare la mia gola.

E per questo bicchiere, ecc.

Recitativo.

Il calderaio prevalse—la bella senza arrossire
cadde nelle sue braccia

vinta completamente, parte per amore,
 parte perchè ella era ubbriaca.
 Sir Violino, con una aria
 che mostrava un uomo di spirito,
 fece voti al buon accordo con i compagni
 e fece gorgogliare la bottiglia
 alla loro salute quella notte.

Ma Cupido bisbetico lanciò una freccia
 che fece cattivo gioco ad una dama ;
 il suonatore di violino l'attaccò dall'avanti all'indietro
 dietro la gabbia dei polli.
 Il suo signore, un individuo del campo d'Omero,
 sebbene zoppicante per malattia
 si levò alla meglio e saltò sù come un pazzo
 e li minacciò del profitto del bel Davide quella notte.
 Egli era un giovane sprezzante ogni cura
 come mai Bacco arruolò,
 sebbene la Fortuna crudele pesò su lui,
 il suo cuore ella mai conquistò.
 Egli non aveva altro desiderio—che di essere allegro ;
 nè altro bisogno—che la sete ;
 egli non odiava altro che l'essere triste,
 e così la musa gli suggerì
 questo canto quella notte.

Aria.

Io sono un bardo di nessun conto
 innanzi a gente di alta condizione e questo è tutto :
 ma come Omero la moltitudine meravigliata
 da città a città io attiro.

Coro.

Dopo tutto questo e dopo tutto questo
 e due volte quanto è tutto questo ;
 io ne ho perduto una, me ne restano due :
 io ho donne abbastanza dopo tutto ciò.

Io mai bevetti allo stagno delle Muse,
 al ruscello di Castalia e questo è tutto :

ma questo che scorre, che riccamente spumeggia,
io chiamo il mio Elicona.

Dopo tutto questo, ecc.

Grande amore io nutro per le belle,
io sono il loro umile schiavo e questo è tutto ;
ma la volontà del signore io la riguardo ancora
un peccato mortale l'infrangerla.

Dopo tutto questo, ecc.

In dolce estasi questa ora noi passiamo
nel mutuo amore e questo è tutto ;
ma quanto lungamente la pulce possa mordere,
l'inclinazione regoli questo.

Dopo tutto questo, ecc.

I loro giri e le loro astuzie mi hanno reso pazzo,
esse mi hanno scacciato e questo è tutto ;
ma sbarazzate il ponte ed ecco—il Sesso !
Io amo le pettegole dopo tutto.

Dopo tutto questo, ecc.

Recitativo.

Così cantò il Bardo e le mura di Nansie
tremarono sotto un tuono di applausi,
da ciascuna bocca echeggiati ;
essi vuotarono le loro tasche ed impegnarono i loro cenci,
appena lasciandosene di che coprirsi il di dietro,
per calmare la loro ardente sete.
Allora per la seconda volta l'allegra compagnia
richiese il poeta
di aprire la sua balletta e di sceglierli una canzone,
una ballata delle migliori.
Ei si levò e rallegrandosi
fra i suoi due Debora
guardossi intorno e vide tutti
impazienti d'intuonare il Coro.

Aria.

Ecco ! il vaso fumante innanzi a noi,
osservate il nostro circolo gioviale in cenci !

Riprendete il coro al ritornello
e con trasporto cantiamo.

Coro.

Al diavolo quelli protetti dalla legge !
La libertà è uno splendido festino !
Le corti furono erette per i codardi,
le chiese fabbricate per piacere ai preti !

Che cosa è un titolo? che cosa è un tesoro?
Che cosa è la cura della riputazione?
Purchè noi passiamo una vita di piacere,
ch'importa come e dove?

Al diavolo, ecc.

Un giuoco ed una favola sempre pronti
noi vagabondi erriamo tutto il giorno
e la notte ; nelle capanne o nelle stalle
accarezziamo le nostre femmine sul fieno.

Al diavolo, ecc.

La carrozza seguita dalla scorta
viaggia più leggiera per la campagna?
Il saggio letto da matrimonio
assiste alle più brillanti scene d'amore?

Al diavolo, ecc.

La vita è tutta una babilonia,
non ci curiamo affatto di saper come va
facciano della ipocrisia circa il decoro
quelli che hanno reputazioni da perdere.

Al diavolo, ecc.

Bevo alle valigie, alle bisacce ed ai sacchi ;
Bevo a tutta la compagnia vagabonda !
Bevo alle nostre femmine ed ai nostri marmocchi !
Tutti unanimi gridate—Amen !

Coro.

Al diavolo quelli che la legge protegge !
La libertà è una festa gloriosa !
Le corti furono erette per i codardi,
le chiese fabbricate per piacere al prete !

Tam o' Shanter.

In this poem there are a great many departures from the original. "To tak' the gate" is again absurdly rendered "a prendere le porte della città;"¹ "gettin' fou" he leaves out, it may be in the interest of propriety, but not to the improvement of Burns's unique picture. Kirkton Jean, as with de Wailly, gets her sex changed, and is transformed into "Giovanni il sacrestano."²

"Thou sat as lang as thou had siller"

is rendered at such length that one almost loses one's breath in reading it—

"Tu restavi lungamente a bere fino a che ti restavano soldi in tasca."³

This is terrible!—as a translation of the poet's concise line. "Mungo's mither" is rendered "Madre Mungo" instead of "madre di Mungo." Then "guid blue bonnet" is rendered "bel barretto blù"; "blù" belongs to no language with which I am acquainted, perhaps it is intended for the *French* word "bleu," as he uses this word in describing the immortal Tam's breeks "That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair," as "Che una volta erano pelose, di un bel pelo *bleu*." Why he goes out of his way for these words, and despises the "azzurro" of his own language I cannot tell; it certainly cannot be on account of interfering with the rhythm, for the instances we have before us show that any rule upon which this is made must be of a most elastic character. There are other defects which I do not cite; the above are fair examples.

¹To take the gates of the city.

²John the sacristan.

³Thou remained as long drinking as there remained with thee pence in thy purse.

TAM O' SHANTER.

RACCONTO.

Quando i merciaiuoli incominciano a sgombrare le vie
e i vicini assetati s'incontrano all'osteria ;
quando i giorni di mercato volgono alla tarda ora
e la gente comincia a prendere le porte della città ;
mentre noi sediamo innanzi ai bicchieri di birra,
e ci sentiamo veramente molto felici ;
noi non pensiamo alle lunghe miglia della Scozia,
alle paludi, alle acque, alle barriere ed alle siepi
che si frappongono tra noi e la nostra casa,
dove sta la nostra burbera e torva Signora,
che aggrotta le sue ciglia, come per imminente tempesta
carezzando la sua collera per tenerla ben calda.
Questa verità provò l'onesto Tam o' Shanter
una sera che egli uscì galoppando da Ayr,
(antica Ayr che mai città sorpasserà
per onesti uomini e belle femmine).

O Tam ! tu fossi stato così saggio
da seguire il consiglio della tua moglie Caterina ;
essa ti aveva ben detto che tu eri un buono a niente,
uno scervellato, un ciarlone, un ubbriacone ;
che dal Novembre fino all'Ottobre
non un sol giorno di mercato tu fosti sobrio ;
che ad ogni sacco di grano da macinare col mugnaio
tu restavi lungamente a bere fino a che ti restavano soldi in tasca ;
che ogni volta che fu messo un ferro di cavallo,
il maniscalco e tu andaste gridando ubbriaichi ;
che in chiesa ancora la domenica.
tu restavi a bere con Giovanni il sacrestano fino al Lunedì.
Ella profetizzò, che presto o tardi,
tu saresti stato trovato annegato in fondo al Doon !
O preso di notte dagli stregoni
presso l'antica chiesa di Alloway abitata dagli spiriti.
Ah ! gentili signore ! m'addolora
il pensare quanti teneri consigli,
quanti saggi avvertimenti lungamente ripetuti,
il marito dispregia, quando essi vengono dalla sua donna !

Ma al nostro racconto:—Una notte di mercato,
 Tam aveva trovato proprio un bel cantuccio ;
 presso un focolare che brillava allegramente,
 con una magnifica birra, che ubbriacava divinamente ;
 ed al suo fianco, Giovanni il calzolaio,
 suo antico, fedele, assetato compagno.
 Tam lo amava proprio come un fratello ;
 essi s'erano ubbriacati insieme per delle settimane intere !
 S'inoltrava la notte tra i canti ed i baccani ;
 e la birra loro sembrava diventasse migliore.
 Tam e l'ostessa facevano i graziosi :
 con favori segreti, dolci, e preziosi ;
 il calzolaio raccontava le sue storie le più curiose ;
 faceva coro ad esse il pronto riso dell'oste :
 fuori la tempesta poteva urlare e fischiare a suo comodo
 che Tam si curava tanto della tempesta quanto d'un fischio.

La Cura, irata di vedere un uomo così felice,
 si annegava essa stessa tra i bicchieri di birra !
 Come farfalle volanti verso l'alveare cariche di tesoro,
 così i minuti alati fuggivano nel piacere :
 i re possono essere felici, ma Tam era più glorioso,
 vincitore di tutte le miserie della vita !

Ma i piaceri sono come i papaveri aperti :
 voi ne cogliete il fiore, le sue foglie si perdono !
 O come la neve cadente sul fiume,
 bianca un momento—poi liquefatta per sempre ;
 o come l'aurora boreale
 che scompare prima che voi possiate fissarne il luogo ;
 o come l'amabile forma dell'arcobaleno,
 che scompare in mezzo alla tempesta.
 Nessun uomo può fermare nè il tempo, nè il mare ;
 s'approssima l'ora che Tam deve montare a cavallo ;
 questa ora è la pietra angolare della fabbrica nera della Notte :
 in questa critica ora egli montò sulla sua bestia ;
 e fu nella via con una notte tale,
 che mai povero pescatore affrontò l'uguale.
 Il vento soffiava come se avesse voluto dare l'ultimo respiro ;
 risuonavano le ondate di pioggia sbattute quà e là dalla
 tempesta ;

la tenebra ignhiottiva i rapidi baleni :
alto, profondo, prolungato muggiva il tuono :
in quella notte anche un fanciullo avrebbe capito
che il diavolo aveva qualche affare per le mani.

Ben montato sulla sua giumenta grigia, Meg,
che una migliore mai fu vista per trottare,
Tam se ne andava a traverso il fango e la grandine,
incurante della pioggia, del vento e dei lampi ;
ora tenendo fermo il suo bel berretto blù,
ora canticchiando qualche vecchia canzone di Scozia,
ora guardandosi attorno con prudente cura
per timore d'essere assalito all'impensata dagli spiriti ;
si avvicinava intanto alla chiesa d'Alloway,
dove tutta la notte gridano i fantasmi e le civette.
In questo momento aveva traversato il guado,
dove il procaccio era perito nella neve ;
ed aveva oltrepassato gli alberi e la grossa pietra
dove quell'ubbriacone di Charlie si rompe l'osso del collo ;
ed aveva traversato i cespugli spinosi ed il mucchio di pietre
dove i cacciatori trovarono il fanciullo assassinato,
e lungi dai cespugli spinosi, il pozzo
dove la madre Mungo s'era impiccata.
Innanzi a lui il Doon precipitava le sue onde ;
la bufera muggiva con più violenza attraverso i boschi ;
i baleni fiammeggiavano da polo a polo ;
vicino, sempre più vicino i tuoni rumoreggiavano ;
quando, luccicante fra gli alberi muggenti,
tutta in fiamme apparve la chiesa d'Alloway ;
da ogni apertura uscivano bagliori di luce,
e di lontano s'udivano allegria e danze.

O bravo ispiratore Giovanni Grano d'Orzo,
quali danni tu ci puoi fare disprezzare !
Con la birra nello stomaco, noi non temiamo alcun male ;
ingoiato l'usquebaug noi terremmo testa al Diavolo !
Entrambi fermentavano tanto nella zucca di Tam,
che in verità egli non avrebbe apprezzato i diavoli un baiocco.
A un tratto Maggie s'arrestò tanto spaventata
che solo per la chiamata delle redini e degli sproni

ella s'avventurò verso la luce ;
ed allora ! Tam vide uno strano spettacolo !
Stregoni e spettri in una danza ;
non *cotillon* di recente venuto dalla Francia,
ma vivaci e strane danze Scozzesi
davano loro vita e l'argento vivo ai piedi :
sul davanzale d'un finestrone verso l'est
stava seduto il vecchio Nick nella forma d'una bestia,
di un canaccio orribile, nero, peloso ed enorme ;
far della musica era il suo mestiere ;
egli soffiava nella cornamusa e la faceva urlare
tanto che il tetto e le mura tutti ne tremavano.
Bare stavano intorno come armadii aperti
che mostravano i morti nelle loro ultime vesti :
e per qualche forza magica e diabolica
ciascuno nella sua fredda mano teneva una candela ;
per essa l'eroico Tam
potè vedere sull'altare consacrato
le ossa di un assassino nei ferri del suo supplizio ;
due fanciulli non battezzati, lunghi due palmi ;
un ladro la corda del quale da poco era stata tagliata,
con la bocca che dava ancora l'ultimo rantolo ;
cinque tomahawks dal sangue arruginiti,
cinque scimitarre insozzate dall'assassinio ;
un cappio che aveva strangolato un neonato ;
un coltello che aveva aperto la gola di un padre
che il figliuolo aveva privato della vita,
i capelli grigi del quale erano ancora appiccicati al manico ;
tre lingue di avvocati contorte
cucite di menzogne come il pastrano d'un pezzente
e cuori di preti, putrefatti, neri come il camino
giacevano pestiferi, orribili in ogni luogo
con altre cose atroci e spaventevoli,
che il nominarle soltanto sarebbe delitto.

Mentre Tam guardava stupito e curioso,
l'allegrezza e la gioia crescevano in enormità ed in furore ;
il pifferaio soffiava sempre con più forza
e quelli che danzavano raddoppiavano di rapidità ;
saltavano, s'abbassavano, s'attraversavano, s'incrociavano,

finchè ciascuna strega sudata e fumicante,
gettò via le vesti e rientrò
nella danza con la sola camicia !

Ora Tam ! O Tam ! se fossero esse state delle fanciulle
rotonde e ben tagliate, con tutte le loro attrattive ;
e le loro camicie, invece di flanella sporca,
fossero state di lino più candido della neve !
Queste mie brache, unico paio,
che una volta erano pelose, di un bel pelo bleu ;
io me le avrei tolte dalle mie anche
per darle loro, per uno sguardo di quelle belle fanciulle !
Ma delle vecchie rugose, muffite e grottesche ;
delle streghe senza polpe, che avrebbero slattato una puledra
saltanti e capriolanti sopra una vacca cornuta,
mi meraviglio che non t'abbiano mosso lo stomaco.
Ma Tam sapeva perfettamente quello che faceva.
Vera una bella fanciulla ed allegra,
aggregata quella notte nel coro delle streghe ;
molto nota sulle sponde di Carrick ;
per molte bestie cui dette la morte,
e perchè fece affondare molti belli battelli,
e danneggiò molti grani e molto orzo
e tenne in spavento tutta la contrada.
La sua corta camicia, di tela di Paisley,
che ella aveva usato quando era piccolina,
sebbene in lunghezza molto scarsa,
era la migliore ch'ella avesse e n'andava altera.
Ah ! che poteva sapere la tua reverenda Nonna,
che quella camicia comperata per la sua piccola Nannie
per due lire scozzesi (esse erano tutte le sue economie)
avrebbe ornato una danza di stregoni ?

Ma qui la mia Musa deve abbassare la sua ala ;
tal volo è troppo alto per le sue forze ;
cantare come Nannie saltava e volava
(la civettuola agile essa era e robusta),
e come Tam rimase, come uno stregato,
pensando d'aver arricchito la sua vista ;
Satana stesso se ne gloriava e si dimenava per piacere,

e saltava e suonava con tutta la sua possa :
 finchè dopo un primo salto, ed un secondo,
 Tam finì con lo smarrire la ragione
 e gridò : “ Benissimo la Camicia-corta ! ”
 Allora in un istante tutto si fece oscuro :
 ed appena era ripartita Maggie,
 che tutta la legione infernale si slanciò dietro i suoi passi.
 Come api stizzate ronzanti
 quando i pastori per predarle assaliscono il loro alveare ;
 come nemici mortali della lepre, inseguenti essa
 quando, pop ! ella sbuca sotto il loro naso ;
 come folla precipitantesi nei mercati,
 quando “ Aì ladro, al ladro ” risuonano le voci ;
 così Maggie corre, e le streghe la inseguono
 con molte grida spaventevoli e demoniache.

Ah, Tam ! Ah, Tam ! Tu avrai il tuo regalo !
 Nell'Inferno esse ti arrostitranno come una aringa !
 In vano la tua Caterina attenderà il tuo ritorno !
 Caterina sarà presto una povera vedova !
 Ora, corri il più che puoi, Meg,
 e guadagna la pietra del centro del ponte
 là potrai dimenare la tua coda,
 esse non potranno traversare la corrente del fiume.
 Ma prima che ella riuscisse a toccare il centro del ponte
 essa dovette lasciare le sua coda al diavolo,
 perchè Nannie, molto più innanzi delle altre,
 stava sulla brava Maggie
 e s'afferrò a Tam con un furioso sforzo ;
 ma essa poco conosceva il valore di Maggie—
 con un slancio ella mise in salvo il padrone,
 ma si lasciò dietro la sua coda grigia :
 la strega l'avea presa per i crini
 e aveva lasciato alla povera Maggie un moncherino.

Ora chiunque di voi leggerà questo racconto verissimo,
 figli d'uomo e di femmina, fate attenzione :
 tutte le volte che vi sentite trasportato a bere,
 o che le camicie corte ronzeranno nel vostro capo,
 pensate ! che voi potete pagarne la gioia troppo caramente
 ricordatevi della giumenta di Tam o' Shanter.

Death and Dr. Hornbook.

The errors of de Wailly are again copied by Ortensi. "To stap or scaur me" is given "Per fermarmi o storpiarmi."¹ Here, like de Wailly, he misunderstands "scaur," as meaning to "wound" instead of "scare"; and in "pouk my hips" he again follows de Wailly, giving "e mi lardellano i fianchi"² instead of "mi strappiano"³; "self-conceited sot" he renders "saccente *scozzese*"⁴; "he gets his fairin'" he renders "ch' egli si buscherà il suo affare!"⁵ These two latter are translations of de Wailly's corruptions, "suffisant Ecosais" and "qu'il attrape son affaire" respectively, and are, as nearly as may be, the reverse of Burns's meaning, showing further, however, that it is a translation of de Wailly's version which Ortensi gives, and not an original translation of Burns. Enough of these proofs of carelessness or ignorance, or both. The reader will no doubt detect the others for himself.

LA MORTE ED IL DOTTOR HORNBOOK.

STORIA VERA.

Certi libri non sono che menzogne da capo a fondo,
 e certe grandi menzogne non furono mai scritte:
 anche i ministri, essi sono stati riconosciuti
 in santa estasi
 spacciare una enorme menzogna
 ed appoggiarla alla Scrittura.

Ma questo che io sono per dire,
 che ultimamente avvenne di notte,
 è così vero come il diavolo nell'inferno
 o nella città di Dublino;
 che mai più vicino ci viene a noi
 è una grande misericordia

¹ To stop or maim me. ² To lard (*or* stuff with bacon) my hips.

³ Pouk me. ⁴ Sapient *Scot.* ⁵ He will seek after his business.

Egli parlò profondamente : “ Il mio nome è Morte,
ma non aver paura.” Io dissi : “ Per la mia fè,
voi siete venuta forse per troncare la mia vita
ma ascoltatevi, cara mia,
io vi consiglio bene ; guardatevi dal farvi male,
vedete, ecco un coltello !”

“ Buon uomo ” ella disse, “ chiudete il vostro coltello,
o non ho voglia di provare il suo valore ;
ma se così fosse, io sarei pronta
ne la circostanza,
e non me ne curerei più di questo sputacchio
che mando al di là della mia barba.”

“ Bene, bene ” diss’io “ vada ;
venite, datemi la vostra mano, e così siamo d’accordo ;
noi riposeremo le nostre gambe e ci sederemo ;
venite, datemi le vostre notizie ;
durante questo tempo voi avete bussato alla porta
di molte case ?”

“ Sì, sì ” diss’ella, e scosse il suo capo,
“ è da gran tempo, da gran tempo infatti
che ho cominciato a tagliare il filo,
ed a troncare il respiro :
gli uomini devono fare qualche cosa per buscare il pane
e così fa la Morte.

“ Sei mila anni sono quasi passati
da che fo il mio mestiere di scannatore,
ed invano furono studiati molti piani
per fermarmi o storpiarmi ;
finchè un certo Hornbook à preso la cosa a sè
e pel vero egli mi vincerà.

“ Voi conoscete Iack Hornbook nel casale,
il diavolo cangi la sua pancia in un sacco di tabacco :
egli ha così ben fatto conoscenza con Buchan
ed altri colleghi,
che i fanciulli mi fanno le fica ridendo
e mi lardellano i fianchi.

“Calce di fossili, di terre e di piante;
vero sal marino dei mari;
farina di fave e di piselli;
 e tutto in quantità;
acquaforte, qualunque cosa volete,
 egli può contentarvi.

“Dippiù, nuovi e non comuni strumenti;
spiritus-urinus di capponi;
raschiature, limature, tritature di corna di bachi
 distillati *per sè*;
sale alcalino di ritagli di code di zanzare,
 e molte altre cose.”

“Tanto peggio ora per le fosse del becchino Johnie Ged”
diss'io: “se queste notizie sono vere!
Il suo bel recinto dove crescevano le margherite
 bianche e belle,
nessun dubbio che saranno solcate dall'aratro;
 Johnie sarà rovinato!”

La creatura gettò un grido feroce,
e disse: “Voi non avrete bisogno dell'aratro,
i cimiteri saranno presto abbastanza lavorati,
 non abbiate timore:
essi saranno presto rotti da molte fosse
 in due o tre anni.

“Per un uomo che ho ucciso di natural morte,
per perdita di sangue o mancanza di respiro,
questa notte io sono libera di prendere il mio giuramento
 che la sapienza di Hornbook
ne ha vestiti una ventina dell'ultima loro veste
 con le sue gocce e le sue pillole.

“Un onesto tessitore di suo mestiere,
la moglie del quale non aveva le mani atte al bisogno,
comprò quattro soldi d'una mistura per guarirle la testa
 che era maiata:
la donna si pose dolcemente nel suo letto
 e più non parlò.

“Un proprietario di compagna s’era buscato dei vermi
o dei borborigmi nel suo intestino ;
il suo unico figlio andò pel dottor Hornbook
e lo pagò bene.

Il giovane, per due buone giovani agnella
divenne egli stesso proprietario.

“Una bella ragazza (voi conoscete il suo nome)
s’era gonfiato il ventre con una bevanda mal fabbricata ;
essa s’affidò per nascondere il disonore,
alle cure di Hornbook ;
Horn la spedì alla sua ultima dimora,
per nascondarlo là.

“Ecco un saggio della condotta di Hornbook ;
così egli va avanti di giorno in giorno ;
così egli avvelena, uccide e sgozza
e ben pagato per questo ;
ma egli mi priva della mia preda legale
con la sua dannata viltà.

“Ma, ascoltate ! Io vi dirò d’un progetto,
però a nessuno voi dovete palesarlo ;
io inchiederò morto il saccente scozzese
come una aringa ;
appena ci incontreremo io scommetto un groat
che egli si buscherà il suo affare !”

Ma proprio allora cominciava a raccontarlo,
quando il vecchio martello della chiesa battè sulle campane
una ora piccola dopo la mezzanotte :
ci levammo entrambi :
io presi la via che meglio mi piacque,
e così fece la Morte.

To a Mouse.

De Wailly’s rendering is here again slavishly followed,
even in its most palpable errors. “Cow’rin” is “sei-

vaggia," and "silly wa's" are "misere mura," being respectively renderings of the "farouche" and "misérables murs" of de Wailly, without reference to the meaning of Burns. The same remark applies all through the poem.

AD UN TOPO

AL QUALE IO AVEVA DISTRUTTO IL NIDO COL MIO ARATRO
NEL NOVEMBRE DEL 1785.

Bestiolina liscia, selvaggia, timorosa,
oh! qual panico nel tuo seno!
Non hai bisogno di fuggire così prestamente
e d'un passo così precipitato!
Mi ripugnerebbe di correre dietro a te
col micidiale nettatoio!

Io sono veramente dolente che la dominazione dell'uomo
ha rotto il patto sociale della natura,
e ch'essa giustifica questa cattiva opinione
che ti fa fuggire
innanzi a me, tuo povero compagno sulla terra
e mortal come te!

So bene che talvolta tu rubi!
Ma che cosa? Povera bestiolina, tu devi vivere!
Di tanto in tanto una spica di grano sù due dozzine
è una debole domanda:
ciò porterà felicità al resto
e non mi farà mai difetto!

Tutta la tua piccola casetta in rovina!
I venti ne disperdono le misere mura!
E nulla, al presente, per fabbricarne un'altra
di muschio verde!
Ed i venti del freddo dicembre che arrivano
aspri e mordenti!

Tu vedevi i campi nudi e spogliati
e il rigoroso inverno venire,

e ben caldo qui, al riparo del suo soffio,
 tu credevi di dimorare,
 quando, crac ! il vomero crudele è passato
 attraverso la tua cella !

Questo piccolo ammasso di foglie e di canapa
 chi sa quanti rosicchiamenti t'è costato !
 Ora tu sei stato espulso, in premio dei tuoi lavori ;
 senza casa nè rifugio
 per sopportare le nevi liquefatte dell'inverno
 e le fredde bianche brinate.

Ma tu, o topolino, non sei il solo
 a provare che la preveggenza soventi può riuscir vana :
 i piani meglio combinati dei topi e degli uomini
 spesso riescono alla rovescia
 e non ci lasciano che dolore e pena
 in luogo della promessa gioia.

Tu sei ancora felice comparato a me !
 il solo presente ti riguarda ;
 ma ahimè, io getto l'occhio indietro
 sopra lugubri prospettive
 e ciò che è innanzi, benchè io non possa vederci,
 io l'indovino o lo temo !

The remarks made above on the poems apply equally
 to the songs.

Scots, wha hae.

is translated literally from de Wailly, not from Burns.

BANNOCH BURN.

ARRINGA DI ROBERTO BRUCE ALLA SUA ARMATA.

Scozzesi che avete sanguinato sotto Wallace,
 Scozzesi che Bruce à sovente condotti,
 siate i benvenuti nel vostro letto sanguinolento
 o nella vittoria gloriosa !

Ecco il giorno ed ecco l'ora,
vedete la fronte della battaglia oscurarsi,
vedete appressarsi le forze dell'orgoglioso Edoardo —
Edoardo! le catene e la schiavitù!

Chi sarà un infame traditore?
Chi riempirà la sua tomba d'una vigliaccheria?
Chi è così basso da essere schiavo?
Traditore! Vile! Volgi le spalle e fuggi!

Chi pel Re e pel Diritto della Scozia
vuol menare con ardore la spada della libertà,
vivere libero o morire libero?
Caledoniano, avanti, con me!

Per i mali e le pene della oppressione!
Per voi figli incatenati in schiavitù!
Noi seccheremo le nostre più preziose vene.
Ma essi saranno — essi saranno liberi!

Rovesciamo questi fieri usurpatori!
Cada un tiranno in ciascun nemico!
La Libertà è in ogni colpo?
Avanti! Vincere o morire!

Auld Lang Syne.

So painfully closely is de Wailly copied, and not Burns,
that even

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot,”

where there was an opportunity of showing some small shred
of independent following of the original by using the word
“friendship” or such, is neglected, and de Wailly's

“Est-ce que notre ancienne *liaison* s'oublierait?”

is slavishly reproduced by Ortensi,

“La nostra antica *relazione* è obliata?”

Indeed, he follows de Wailly so slavishly that he even

John Barleycorn.

This piece lends itself so easily to translation that an error is not easy. Ortensi makes a mistake however in the line—

“And sore surpris'd them all,”

which he renders—

“E sorprese tutti con dispiacere.”¹

He misreads “sore,” which has the meaning here of the German “sehr,” and would, I think, have been more correctly rendered by “smisuratamente.”

GIOVANNI GRAN D'ORZO.

BALLATA.

Vi erano in Oriente tre re,
tre re grandi ed orgogliosi ;
ed essi avevano solennemente giurato
che Giovanni Grand'orzo morirebbe.

Essi presero un aratro e fatto un solco e gettatovelo
ricoprirono di zolle il suo capo ;
ed essi han giurato solennemente
che Giovanni Grand'orzo è morto.

Ma la gaia primavera tornò amabilmente,
e le piogge caddero ;
Giovanni Grand'orzo ricomparve
e sorprese tutti con dispiacere.

Venne l'ardente sole d'estate
ed egli divenne grande e forte ;
il suo capo ben armato di puntute spiche
che nessuno poteva lederlo.

Il grigio autunno arrivò dolcemente
ed egli si fece scialbo e pallido ;
i suoi tremanti nodi, il suo capo abbattuto
mostravano prossimo a cadere.

¹And surprised all with displeasure.

Il suo colore impallidiva sempre più,
egli cadde per maturità ;
e allora i suoi nemici cominciarono
a dimostrargli la loro furiosa rabbia.

Essi prendono un'arma lunga e tagliente
e lo tagliano al ginocchio :
poi lo legano sopra una carretta
come un malfattore falsario.

Lo stendono a terra e sul dorso
lo caricano di bastonate :
lo levano innanzi alla tempesta
e lo girano e rigirano.

Riempiono una nera fossa
di acqua fino agli orli :
ci affogano Giovanni Grand'orzo ;
vi affondi o vi galleggi.

Poi lo stendono sul suolo,
per dargli maggior dolore.
E finchè dà un segno di vita
essi lo sbalzano avanti e indietro.

Essi consumano su devorante fiamma
il midollo delle sue ossa ;
ma il mugnaio lo tratta peggio di tutti —
egli lo schiaccia fra due pietre.

Ed essi prendon il sangue del suo cuore,
e lo bevono girando la coppa :
e finchè più e più ne bevono
la loro gioia sempre più cresce.

Giovanni Grand'orzo era un coraggioso eroe
di nobile impresa ;
e se voi non fate che saggiare il suo sangue
esso rinfrancherà il vostro coraggio.

Esso fa che l'uomo dimentica il suo dolore ;
innalza tutte le sue gioie ;
esso fa cantare il cuore della vedova
sebbene la lacrima stagni nel suo occhio.

Dunque inneggiamo a Giovanni Grand'orzo
 ciascuno il bicchiere nella mano
 e che la sua grande posterità
 mai venga meno nell'antica Scozia!

Mary Morison.

With "bide the stour" he follows de Wailly with
 "tollererei la polvere," and again generally copies the
 French rendering instead of the original.

MARY MORISON.

O Mary, vieni alla finestra,
 è l'ora desiata, l'ora convenuta!
 Lasciami vedere quel sorriso e quello sguardo
 che rendono povero il tesoro dell'avaro:
 con qual gioia io tollererei la polvere,
 povero schiavo, di sole in sole,
 se io potessi assicurarmi questa ricca ricompensa,
 la bella Mary Morison!

Ieri quando al suon de la tremante corda
 la danza traversava la sala illuminata,
 il mio pensiero volò a te;
 io sedeva, ma senza intendere nè vedere:
 abbenchè questa fosse graziosa, e quella bella,
 e quella laggiù la simpatica di tutta la città,
 io sospirai e dissi innanzi a tutte:
 "Voi non siete però Mary Morison."

O Mary puoi tu fuggare la nace
 di colui che sarebbe felice di morire per te?
 O puoi tu spezzare il cuore di colui
 che ha una sola colpa, quella d'amarti?
 Se tu non vuoi rendere amore per amore,
 abbi per lo meno pietà di me!
 Un pensiero crudele non può essere
 pensiero di Mary Morison.

Ye Banks and Braes.

is rendered fairly as to the meaning, but the song is difficult to recognize in its Italian drapery.

“How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair”

dressed up into

“Come potete voi fiorire così freschi e incantevoli,”¹

seems to show by its lumbering length, though giving the meaning, that the songs of Burns cannot be presented to the Italian world in a form even approaching the beauty and charm of the original.

LE RIVE DEL DOON.

O colline e poggi del bel Doon
 come potete voi fiorire così freschi e incantevoli?
 Come potete voi cantare, o uccelletti,
 quando io sono così affranto, così carco di pene?
 Tu spezzerai il mio cuore, o uccello saltellante
 e folleggiante sul biancospino fiorito:
 tu mi ricordi le finite gioie,
 le gioie partite che non tornan più.

Sovente ho errato presso il bel Doon
 per vedere le rose e i caprifogli intrecciati;
 ed ogni uccello cantava il suo amore
 ed io stesso cantavo il mio:
 col cuore leggiero, io colsi una rosa
 tanto bella sopra un albero spinoso:
 e il mio perfido amante mi rubò la rosa,
 ma, ahimè!, ei mi lasciò la spina.

To Mary in Heaven.

Ortensi makes a pretty poem of it, with some occasional liberties, one of them a very strange one—

“Vedi tu il tuo amante errante sulla terra”²

¹How can you bloom so fresh and enchantingly?

²See'st thou thy lover wandering upon the earth.

is given for

“See'st thou thy lover lowly laid.”

This rendering is rather inexplicable, and “amante errante” is not very melodious. The piece is not unenjoyable, if we could forget the musical flow of the original.

A MARIA IN CIELO.

O mattutina stella, dal raggio pallido,
che ami salutare l'alba mattinatale,
tu annunci di nuovo il giorno
nel quale Maria fu strappata dal mio cuore

O Maria! cara ombra fuggita!
Dov'è il luogo del tuo felice ripose?
Vedi tu il tuo amante errante sulla terra?
Ne ascolti tu gli strazianti sospiri?

Dimenticherò io quest'ora sacrosanta?
Dimenticherò io il bosco santificato
presso il sinuoso Ayr dove noi c'incontrammo,
per vivere un giorno d'amore caduco?

L'eternità non potrà cancellare
questi cari ricordi dell'estasi passate,
e la tua immagine nel nostro ultimo amplesso:
Ah! noi non sognavamo ch'era l'ultimo!

Baciava l'Ayr mormorante i sassi delle sue rive
ombrese di boschi selvaggi e verdi;
le betullé odoranti ed il pallido biancospino
s'allacciavano amorosamente in questa scena incantevole.

I fiori germogliavano lascivi per essere còlti,
gli uccelli cantavano l'amore sulle piante,
finchè anzi tempo il sole in un tramonto di fuoco
proclamò la fuga del giorno alato.

Sempre questi ricordi vegliano nella mia mente,
che li custodisce con tenera ed avara cura:
il tempo non fa che renderne l'impressione più profonda,
come i ruscelli che si scavano sempre più profondo il
loro letto.

O Maria, cara ombra fuggita!
 Dov'è il luogo del tuo felice riposo?
 Vedi di là tu il tuo amante errante ancora in terra?
 Ascolti tu i miei disperati sospiri?

In his humorous pieces Ortensi still follows de Wailly. The renderings are creditable in so far as de Wailly's are, though, as always, the garb makes the piece look strange.

Duncan Gray.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray venne qui per corteggiare
 ah! ah! qual corte!
 l'allegria notte del Natale quando noi siamo ebbri
 ah! ah! qual corte!

Maggie levò ben alta la testa
 lo guardò di sbieco e sdegnosamente
 e tenne il povero Duncan a rispettosa distanza.
 ah! ah! qual corte!

Duncan supplicò e Duncan pregò,
 ah! ah! qual corte!
 Meg fu sorda come Ailsa Craig
 ah! ah! qual corte!

Duncan sospirò dentro e fuori,
 pianse da impazzire e da perdere gli occhi,
 parlò di gettarsi in una cascata;
 ah! ah! qual corte!

Tempo e caso non sono che una marea,
 ah! ah! qual corte!
 L'amor spregiato è duro a supportarsi
 ah! ah! qual corte!

Morirò io come un pazzo
 diss'egli, per una suberba donna?
 Ella può andare in Francia per me!
 ah! ah! qual corte!

Come ciò arrivò, dite o dottori,
 ah! ah! qual corte!
 Meg cadde malata—mentre egli guariva
 ah! ah! qual corte!

Qualche cosa la torturava nel cuore;
 per sollevarsi elle dette un sospiro,
 ed, ah!, i suoi occhi dicevano tante cose!
 ah! ah! qual corte!

Duncan era un fanciullo di grazia
 ah! ah! qual corte!
 Lo stato di Maggie era pietoso
 ah! ah! qual corte!

Duncan non poteva esser la sua morte;
 la pietà trionfante soffocò la sua collera:
 ora essi sono allegri e felici
 ah! ah! qual corte!

Robin.

The chorus of this song baffles Ortensi, as indeed it has baffled many others. He stumbles also over "O' what'n a style," which he renders "od in qual' anno"¹ instead of "de qual stile,"² and he makes sad havoc with the line

"This chap will dearly like our kin',"
 which he renders in such a way as to make one wonder

¹ Or in what year.

² See page 150.

what meaning he attaches to the song, and if he attaches any definite meaning to the line in question, as he gives it

“Che questo giovane sarà caramente come nostro re,”¹
a fearful and wonderful concoction for the pithy line of Burns.

ROBIN.

Vi era un garzone ch'era nato a Kyle,
ma in qual giorno od in qual' anno?
Io penso che non val la pena
d'essere così precisi con Robin.

Robin era un corridore
corridore buontempone, corridore buontempone;
Robin era un corridore
corridore buontempone, corridore buontempone.

Il penultimo anno del nostro monarca
era cominciato da venticinque giorni:
fu allora che un colpo di vento di Gennaio
mandò la sua stenna a Robin.

La commare gli guardò nel palmo della mano;
chi vivrà vedrà, dess'ella,
questo fanciullone non sarà uno sciocco,
io penso che noi lo chiameremo Robin.

Egli avrà grandi e piccoli infortunii
ma sempre un cuore al disopra d'essi:
egli sarà sempre un cuore per noi,
noi saremo orgogliosi di Robin.

Ma sicuro come tre volte tre fan nove,
io vedo in ogni tratto e linea
che questo giovane sarà caramente come nostro re,
ed io mi rallegro con te, Robin.

¹ That this youth will be dearly as our king.

Buona fede, diss' ella, ed io dubito
 che voi metterete discordia tra le fanciulle ;
 ma voi potete avere venti difetti, peggiori.
 così la Benedizione è su voi, Robin.

Robin era un corridore
 corridore buontempone, corridore buontempone :
 Robin era un corridore
 corridore buontempone, corridore buontempone.

Some of the errors in the other pieces are too ridiculous.

"The auld guidwife's weel hoardit nits"

becomes

"Il bel mucchio de noci della *vecchia megera*";¹

this should of course be "massaja." In "Auld Rob
 Morris,"

"His darling and mine,"

he goes out of his way to corrupt, in an incomprehensible
 way, into

"la sua cara e *beniamina*,"

beniamina being the feminine for Benjamin, whatever he
 means by that. "Riding graith" in "Holy Fair" is "atto
 da cavalcare"² instead of "abito"³: and finally, in the
 "Poem of Life" occurs an instance of carelessness, which
 makes his rendering exceedingly funny. Referring to
 "auld Satan" Burns says

"Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on."

This de Wailly translates with almost verbal accuracy—

"Et, courez sus! vous ne lui mettez jamais de sel sur la queue."

¹ The fine heap of nuts of the *old shrew*.

² Act (*or* way) of riding.

³ Dress.

Ortensi seems carelessly to have read "sel" (salt) as "selle" (saddle) and so we have the comical reading

"e correte sù! voi non gli metterete ma la sella sulla coda."¹

One would have thought that the ludicrous picture of "auld Satan" careering about with "a saddle" on his tail might have warned him that there was something wrong in his "uptak'."

Perhaps it is only fair to say that possibly some of the blunders may be due to misprints, for the book so abounds in printer's errors as to show that any correction of proofs that may have taken place must have been of the most superficial nature. Superficiality, unfortunately, is only too painfully characteristic of the translations themselves.

The writer of an English preface to this work says he advised the author "to throw his translation of Burns into a metrical form," and adds, "it is not enough that a translator reproduces his author's meaning, he must also strive to convey to the reader of the translation, as near as possible, the same impression as the original conveys to those conversant with it. This is what Signor Ortensi has aimed at." The characteristics of a good translation are exceedingly well stated in these words, but whilst fully appreciating the time and labour spent, and no doubt the kindly intention, no one will consider for a moment that Signor Ortensi has achieved his purpose, whatever he may have aimed at. I see the present volume is called "Parte Prima," and so infer that further translations will appear. If so, Signor Ortensi must become better acquainted with the original; avoid

¹ And, quick! you will never put *the saddle* on his tail.

the abject, slavish following of other translators; avoid the long, lumbering lines which are so abundant; try to write the songs so that they can be sung to the music to which the original songs are set; then he may accomplish the desirable achievement so fittingly described by the amiable writer of this English preface.

SCOTTISH GAELIC.

IN coming to the ancient languages of our own country I have had more difficulty in discovering translations than I had even with the Russian version; neither in Scottish Gaelic, Irish Gaelic, nor Welsh has any volume of Burns's translations been published. I have succeeded in getting a few from magazines, and otherwise, rendered into each of these tongues, which I now place before the reader.

Scottish Gaelic.—Not knowing Gaelic, at least to an extent to be of the slightest use in this task, and being unable to carry out the plan indicated in the preface, I had recourse to a valued friend of high intellectual endowments and scholarly attainments, equally at home in deep thought and lofty expression in both the English and Gaelic languages, to assist me in my dilemma. With that kindness which an old and valued friendship alone can inspire, he writes me:—

“To translate Lowland Scotch into the ancient Celtic tongue of the Highlander is quite as difficult as to turn Burns's poetry into Greek or Latin. The languages are fundamentally distinct. Highland poets and scholars have made repeated attempts, but with no such success as to justify us in saying that any of his songs or poems are sung or recited in any of their social gatherings. The translations, though interesting as scholarly exercises, have

not melted into the Celtic mind and mixed with their native poetry. Burns in Gaelic is a David in armour. His movements lack freedom, grace, and vivacity. The mental atmosphere in which the Highland poet lives, makes him into another type of man. Nature, for her own sake, is passionately loved by him and minutely described; here are no vague and languid descriptions like Thomson's 'Seasons,' but vivid and glowing sketches of nature seen face to face, and her magic felt in intense emotions of awe and rapture by the poet. There is little humour in Celtic poetry, and very little of the typical varieties of men and women, and scarcely a trace of that mental and moral anatomy of the soul so common in modern poetry. Love songs abound—form and features described in full—but of the inner and true woman, next to nothing. In Burns, nature, which he loves with such boundless love, is yet subordinate to the human interest. Every type of man and woman he sees: the reckless and rollicking crew at Poosie Nansie's is sculptured out into individual forms by an art and power of character-reading altogether foreign to the Celtic Muse. Burns's unseen world—of ghosts and witches (including poor old Nicky Ben himself, whom he makes us love rather than fear) all belong to another mode of conception, vitally distinct from that of the Celts. In Burns it is humour, fancy, fun; the Celtic poet would represent them as awful powers that rule in the Spirit world. 'Tam o' Shanter' could hardly have been written in the Highlands.

“The heroic element in Burns—his life-long devotion and enthusiasm for Bruce and Wallace and all things Scottish—would touch a kindred chord in the Highland nature: loyalty, devotion, (and courage) to a cause or a chief is the essence of the Celtic nature. This Celtic strain Burns undoubtedly possessed. In

Scots, wha hae,

this feeling has found its expression—fierce, abrupt, condensed, every line an appeal to the heroic in man, or infamy to the coward, traitor, and slave.”

The Rev. Angus MacIntyre’s translation is about as faithful as it well could be. It is ingenious and energetic, but one cannot help feeling that the loud beat of Burns’s war-drum, and the marvellous “Ca prosneach”¹ fire that fills every line in its original Scottish verse, are largely lost by being turned into a smoother language.

BROSNAHADH BHRUCE.

[Translated by the late Rev. Angus MacIntyre, Kinlochspelve, Mull.
Extracted from *Filidh nam Beann* (“The Mountain Songster”).
Glasgow, Archibald Sinclair.]

’Threun’, le *Wallace*, dh’ fhuiling creuchd !
’S le *Bruce* chaidh dàn’ gu àr nan èuchd !
Nis iarraibh bàs am blàr nam beum,
No buaidh gu treun ’san strìth !

So latha ’chruais—an uair tha làth’ir !
Feuch feuchd fo’n cruaidh air cluan an àir !
A teachd le’n uaill gu buaireas blàir !
A dheanamh tràilleam dhìbh !

Có ’thig do’n strìth neo-dhìleas, claon ?
Có ’dh’ ianadh uaigh ach cluan an raoin ?
Có ’striocadh sìos gu dìblidh faoin
Air cùl nan claon-fhear clìth ?

Có ’n càs an rìgh, a rìogh’chd ’sa reachd,
Bheir beum nan geur-lann treun an gleachd,
Gu buaidh a’m blàr, no bàs ’na bheachd,
An gaisgeach leanadh mi.

¹ War incitement.

Ar truaighe 's teinn, ar n-ainneirt chruaidh,
 'Sar sliochd an sàs na'n traillibh truagh' ;
 O'r cuislibh tràight' air sgàth ar sluaigh,
 Thig saorsa bhuan le sìth !

Biodh uaibhrich sleucht' fo'r beuma bàis ;
 Fear ainneirt dh'eug 'nuair ghéilleas nàmh,
 Tha saorsa fhéin a'm beum 'ur làmh
 'Nis buaidh no bàs 'san strìth !

Mr. Mackechnie has attempted two very different pieces—

Willie brew'd a Heck o' Haut,

and “Mary in Heaven.” The first at least fails in one of the most characteristic lines to be found in all Burns's jovial songs: “We're nae that fou, *But just a drappie in our e'e.*” It is surely a taming down to the lowest, to translate these words thus: “There is nothing in our head that a living man need be ashamed of”!

ORAN OIL.

[Translated by Mr. Angus Mackechnie, reprinted in *Celtic Monthly* for October, 1894.]

Chuir Uilleam briuthas beag air dòigh
 'S chaidh tòir air Ailcin 's Rob gun dàil,
 Cha robh ri fhaotuinn 'san Roinn-Eòrp',
 Triùir cho ceòlmhor ris na sàir.

Cha 'n 'eil na'r ceann de fhear mo ghràidh.
 Na chuireadh nàir' air duine beò,
 'S ged ghoireas coileach 's 'bhristeas là,
 Bidh sinn a ghnàth a' traoghadh stòp !

Tha sinn a' so a nìs na'r triùir—
 An triùir is sunndaiche 'san tìr,
 'S ged 's tric bha sinn an caidreamh dlùth,
 Cho tric tha sùil againn 'bhi ris.

O ! chì mi 'n ré le h-adhairc liath
 Gu sèimh a' triall air feadh a' cheò ;
 Ar tàladh dhachaidh 's e a miann
 Ach éirigh grian mu 'n sgaoil na seòid !
 A cheud fhear 'chuireas cùl ri 'chuaich,
 Bidh esan suarach leinn ri 'bheò ;
 Am fear is luaithe 'bhios gun tuar,
 Is esan uaill na tha mu 'n bhòrd !

Mary in Heaven.

Mr. Mackechnie has succeeded in giving a translation of one of Burns's most passionate wails, in language almost as tender as that of the original.

MAIRI AM PARRAS.

ANGUS MACKECHNIE.

O ! thusa reul le d' dhealradh ciùin,
 Le 'n rùn bhi fàilteachadh nan tràth ;
 Tha thus' a ris a' luaidh às ùr,
 An sgeul a dh' fhàg mi tùirseach cràit' ;
 O ! Mhàiri, 'm faileas gràidh chaidh 'dhèith !
 C' àit' a nis bheil t' ionad tàimh ?
 Am faic thu 'n tràth 's t' fhear-gràidh gun chliath ?
 An cluinn thu osna 'chridhe sgàinnt' ?
 Am fàg an uair ud m' aigne 'chaoidh,
 A chòmhlach sinn 's an doire chiùin ?
 A mhealtuinn aon là 'n gaol nach pill,
 Aig taobh sruth binn nan ioma lùb ;
 Aon nì cha sgar gu bràth o'm chridh',
 Na sòlais fhìor bha 'n là ud saor ;
 O ! t' iomhaigh gràidh, le d' laimh dhomh sinnt',
 Cha dìch'nich mì gu crìch mo shaogh'l.
 Le bhorbhan binn an sruth dol seach',
 'Sa ghorm-choill dhosrach cùr' ar sgài!,
 Am beithe àrd 'san droighionn glas,
 Ag iadh gu pailt mu 'n t-sealladh àigh ;

Na flùrain mhaoth a' fàs gach taobh—
 Am bàrr gach craoibh na h-eòin air ghleus,
 Gus,—tuillidh 's tràth,—na ciar-neòil dh'aom,
 'San latha aobhach thriall air sgéith.

Ach m' aigne dùisgidh suas gach tràth
 Na seallaidh àghmhor fhuair ar suil,
 'Us mar tha m' aois a' teachd gach là,
 Is ann is làidir' dhoibh mo rùn ;
 Mo Mhàiri, 'm faileas gràidh chaidh dhìth,
 C' àit' a nis bheil t' ionad tàimh ?
 Am faic thu 'n trath 's t' fhear-gràidh gun chlioth ?
 An cluinn thu osna 'chridhe sgàinnt' ?

Abrach's¹ rendering of

Highland Mary

is felicitous in expression, and retains much of the real pathos of Burns's own favourite song.

MAIRI ALUINN BHOIDHEACH.

[From a collection of Gaelic songs and translations, compiled by the late James Munro (author of a Gaelic Grammar and other works), called *Am Filidh*, and published by Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh, 1840.]

A bhruachan, uild 's a thulaichean,
 Mu chaistéal Ionar-lòchaidh !
 Gur taitneach leam ur sruthanan,
 'S ur bruthaichean fo neòinean !
 Mu 'r cuairt biodh samhradh luiseanach
 A' tuineachadh 'an conaigh !
 Oir 's ann a ghabh mi cead gu bràth
 De m' Mhàiri àluinn bhòidhich !

Bu dosrach ciabh a' bharraich ghuirm,
 Bu chùbhraidh 'n sgitheach blàth'or,

¹ "Abrach" is a *nom de plume* of the late Rev. Dr. MacIntyre of Kilmonevaig.

Is mi f' ä fhasgadh boltrach ùr,
 'S mo rùn ruim dlùth 'g a càradh.
 Na h-uairean òir, air aingeal sgéith
 Grad, tharainn chaidh 'nar sòlas ;
 Oir b'annsa leam na beatha gràdh
 Mo Mhàiri àluinn bhòidhich !

Le ioma bóid 'us mànràn blàth
 Mo ghràdh do rinn mi phògadh ;
 'Sa gealltainn tric a còmhachadh
 Ar dealachadh bha brònach ;
 Ach O! mo chreach, an reothadh-bàis
 A mheath mo ghràdh na h-ògan !
 Gur fuar an uaigh, an t-àite-tainh
 Tha nis aig Màiri bhòidhich !

Ge fuar 's a' bhàs am beulan gràidh
 A's tric a bha mi 'pògadh,
 Ge dùint' gu bràth a' mhìog-shuil bhlàth
 Bha daonnan càirdeil dhòmhsa ;
 'S an ùir ged tha an crìdh' a' cràmh
 A thug dhomh gràdh le deòthas ;
 O! 'n crìdh' mo chuim b'ìdh Bith gu bràth
 Aig Màiri àluinn bhòidhich !

Burns's humour may be incapable of translation into Gaelic, but some of the love-songs seem naturally to have been cast in a Celtic mould.

Afton Water,

by Dugald Macphail, has the music and tender feeling of a Gaelic love-song, and nature too in her varied forms is here summoned to silence, lest the dream of the beloved be disturbed. This song is almost perfectly rendered, and an enthusiastic Celt might be excused for preferring to sing it in Gaelic rather than in Burns's best English.

UISGE AFTOIN.

[Translated by the late Dugald MacPhail, a native of Mull. Appeared originally in the *Gael*.]

Siubhail sèimh feadh do ghlacan, a chaoin Aftoin nan lùb,
 Agus seinneam dhuit duanag gu bhith luaidh air do chliù ;
 Rì do thaobh tha mo Mhàiri an cadal tlàth-fhoisneach, ciùin ;
 Siubhail sèimh 's ás a brудар na gluais i 's na dùisg.

Thusa, smùdain, d' am freagair ath-fhuaim chreag nan gleann fàs
 'S thusa, londuibh 's glan feadag anns na preasan fo sgàil, —
 'Adharcain chlis a chinn uaine, cum do chruaidh-sgread 'n a tàmh,
 Na cuiribh buaireas no bruillean air suain-fhois mo ghràidh.

'Aftoin chùbhraidh, cia àillidh na beanntaibh àrd 'tha dhuit dlùth,
 Le an caochanaibh meara, glan, fallain, gun ghrùid ;
 Far am bì mi gach là 'n uair tha ghrian aig àird' a buan-chùrs',
 Bothag bhòidheach mo Mhàiri 's mo thréud-àlaich fo m' shùil.

Cia taitneach do bhruachan 's do chluanagan caoin ;
 Ann do fhrith-choill cha 'n ainmig an t-sóbhrach gheal-bhuil'
 ghlan, mhaoth ;

'N uair bhios braon-dhrùchd an fheasgair a' dealtradh nan raon,
 Bidh mise 's Màiri rì sùgradh fo bharrach cùbhraidh nan craobh.

A chaoin Aftoin, cia soilleir do shruithean criostail, gun ruaim.
 'Ruith 'n an lùban mu 'n àiridh 'm bheil mo Mhàiri 'cur suas ;
 Cia mear iad rì failceadh casan sneachd-geal mo luaidh,
 'N uair bhios i 'luidrich feadh d' àthaibh 'tional bhlàthan mu d'
 bhruaich.

Siubhail sèimh feadh do ghlacan, a chaoin Aftoin nan lùb,
 'Abhainn chùbhraidh gun fhòtas, cuspair m' òrain 's mo chiùil ;
 Rì do thaobh tha mo Mhàiri an cadal tlàth-fhoisneach, ciùin,
 Siubhail sèimh, 's ás a brудар na gluais i 's na dùisg.

Of a' the Airts,

by William Livingston, is well rendered, especially the second stanza—"I see her in the dewy flowers" has the flow and sentiment of Burns himself.

SINE BHÒIDHEACH.

[Translated by the late William Livingston, the Islay Bard, 1808-1870. Extracted from a collection of his Gaelic songs and poems, edited by Rev. R. Blair, D.D., and published by Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow, 1882.]

Ged 'shéideas soirbheas ás gach àird,
 'Si 's feàrr leam fhéin an iar,
 Tha'n rìbhinn mhaiseach an sud beò,
 An òigh do mò mo mhinn,
 Tha coilltean fiadhain ann a' fàs,
 Uillt 's iomadh màin 'ga 'n roinn,
 Tha m' ùidh le Sìne a dh'oidhch' 'sa là,
 'S bhì làmh rìthe gun mhoill.

'S na lusan drùchdach chi mi 'cruth,
 'Snuadh àillidh 's ùrail sgèimh
 Tha guth mar cheileir eòin an àird,
 An deòthan blath nan speur,
 Cha 'n 'eil flùr a dh'fhàsas ás an fhonn
 Aig fuaran, tom, no raon,
 Na eun a ghleusas pongan ciùil,
 Nach ùraich dhomh a gaol.

Séid thusa Iar-ghaath—tlàthmhor séid
 Air duilleach geugan chrann
 Thoir leat am beach' le d' anail chiùin,
 Le lòd thar stùc is gleann,
 Thoir dhòmhs' an ainnir air a h-ais,
 Is cuimir glan gach uair,
 Aon aiteal eile dhi mar bha,
 A sgànradh m' fhadail bhuam.

Le comb-bhòidean naisg sinne gaol,
 Air taobh nan cnoc ud thall,
 Far 'm b'ait leinn tachairt air a chéil',
 'S b'i ar n-éigin sgaradh ann ;
 'S ann Duits amhàin da'n eòl gach ni
 'S da'n léir an crìdh' gach àin,
 Gur h-ann air Sìne 's mò mo rùn,
 'S gur dùrachd fìor a th' ann.

John Barleycorn,

which as usual lends itself to a faithful translation and proves a humorous song in any language.

IAIN EÒRNA.

[Translated by William Livingston, the Islay Bard. Extracted from his works, published by Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow, 1882.]

Bha trì Rìghrean anns an ear
 Trì Rìghrean, mòrail àrd,
 Is thug iad mionnan gu'm bu chòir,
 Iain Eòrna 'chur gu bàs.

Ghabh iad crann is threabh iad sìos e
 Fo na sgrìoban garbh,
 Is bhóidich iad le mionnan mòr
 Gu'n robh Iain Eòrna marbh.

Thàinig an t-earrach beò a steach,
 Thuit frasan air o'n àird
 'S ghabh iad iongantas gu mòr,
 Gu'n robh Iain Eòrn' a' fàs.

Thàinig grianaibh teith an t-samhraidh bhlàith
 Is chinn e làidir garbh,
 Bha cheann fo arm le sleaghaibh geur,
 'S có dh'fheudadh beud dha thairgs'.

Thàinig am foghar àigh a steach
 Is chinn e torach glas,
 Thug altaibh seacht' air giorra shaogh'il,
 Is chaochail e gu grad.

Bha dhreach ro choltach ris an aog,
 'N uair thug an aois air searg,
 A naimhdean 'thòisich 'n sin gu léir,
 Rì cur an céill am fearg.

Ghabh iad arm bha fada geur
 A gheàrr mu'n ghlùn e sìos
 Is cheangail iad e air feun gu dlùth,
 Mar shamhlar cùineadh Rìgh.

'Sin leag iad e air a dhruim gu luath,
 Is bhuail iad e gu goirt,
 Is croch iad e 'san doinionn gharbh,
 Ga thionndadh thall 'sa bhos.

An sin lìon iad sloc bha ògluidh dorch'
 Le h-uisc' gu ruig am beul,
 'S chuir iad Iain Eòrna 'sios gun dàil,
 'Se shnàmh ann na dol eug.

Leag iad e air ùrlar cruaidh
 'S b'e sud an truaigh bu mhò,
 'S luaisg iad e a sìos 'sa suas,
 Oir b'fhuath leò e bhi beò.

Le laisir loisgich smior a chnàmh
 Air uachdar àith gu'n d' loisg,
 'S bha muillear an-ìochdmhor thar chàich,
 Rinn smal dheth le dà chloich.

Fior fhuil a chridhe ghabh na seòid,
 'Ga h-òl m'an cuairt's m'an cuairt,
 Is mar bu mhò a rinn iad òl
 Chaidh cainnt am beòil an cruadh's.

Iain Eòrna tha na laoch ro dhàn',
 Neo-sgàthach làn do dh'uails',
 Ma dh'fheuchas tu ach fhuil le d' bhlas,
 Cha ghealtair thu 'san uair.

Bheir e air duine truagh gun sgoinn,
 A bhi gu h-aoibhneach gasd',
 'S bheir e air bantrach a' bhròin,
 'Bhi seinn gu ceòlmhor ait.

Bithidh sliochd an Alba shean gu buan,
 Aig Iain Eòrna nan cruaidh ghleachd,
 Is olaidh sinn mu'n cuairt a shlàint',
 Is cuach an laimh gach neach.

Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad.

DEAN FEAD 'US THIG MISE.

[Translated by "Fionn," in his *Celtic Garland*.]

Dean fead 'us thig mise ga d' ionnsaidh a luaidh,
 Dean fead 'us thig mise ga d' ionnsaidh a luaidh,
 Biodh m' athair 's mo mhàthair 's na càirdean an gruaim,
 Dean fead 'us thig mise ga d' ionnsaidh a luaidh.

A'tarruing ga m' fhaicinn bi faicilleach ciùin,
 'S na tig 'n uair a chi thu a chachleith dùint',
 Gabh nìos am frith-rath'd, 'us ceil air gach sùil
 Gu bheil thu a' tighinn ga m' fhaicinn-se 'rùin.

Aig féill, no 's a' chlachan ged 'chi thu mi ann,—
 Na seas ruim a bhruidhinn, 's na crom rium do cheann,
 Thoir sùil thar do ghualainn 's rach seachad le deann
 'S na gabh ort gu'n d'aithnich thu idir co bh'ann.

Gu'r dòcha leat mise, sìor àicheadh gu dlùth
 'S ma's fheudar e, labhair gu tàireil mu m' ghnùis,
 Ach feuch ri té eile nach tog thu do shùil,—
 Air eagal 's gu'n tàlaidh i thusa a rùin.

Auld Lang Syne

of course has been put into Gaelic, and though ably and honestly done, it is doubtful if any Highlander would like to sing it in his native tongue. The genial good-fellowship and far-off memories of youth do not come to us with the warm flow of the original "Auld Lang Syne."

NA LAITHEAN A THREIG.

[Translated by "Fionn" (Henry Whyte, Glasgow), and extracted from his *Celtic Garland*, published by Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow, 1881. (Second edition, 1885).]

'N còir seann luchd-eòlais 'chur air chùl,
 'S gun sùil a thoirt na'n déigh,

Air dhi-chuimhn' am bi cuspair gràidh
Na glòir nan làith'n a thréig?

SEISD.

Air sgàth nan làith'n a dh'aom, a ghràidh,
Air sgàth nan làith'n a dh'aom;
Le bàigh gu'n òl sinn cuach fo stràc
Air sgàth nan làith'n a dh'aom.

Le chéile ruith sinn feadh nam bruach,
'Us bhuaibh sinn blàth nan raon,
Air allaban thriall sinn ceum no dhà,
'O àm nan làith'n a dh'aom.

Le chéil' o mhaduinn mhoich gu oidhch'
'S na h-uillt ri plubairt fhaoin,
Ach sgarradh sinn le tonnan àrd
'O àm nan làith'n a dh'aom.

So dhuit mo làmh a charaid àigh,
'Us sin do làmh gu faoil,
'S le bàigh gu'n òl sinn cuach fo stràc,
Air sgàth nan làith'n a dh'aom.

IRISH GAELIC.

I HAVE succeeded in discovering only two songs translated into this romantic old tongue, the first being

Scots, wha hae.

The stirring music and martial ring of this song are not impaired by the change of language, whilst some expressions show the power and the reflection of nature which characterize this ancient tongue.

“ Féach air dhhúchan aghaidh an chath ”¹

is the almost Ossianic rendering of

“ See the front of battle lour ” ;

and

“ Luain Alban liom go luath ”²

give, in the same strain,

“ Caledonians, on wi' me ! ”

These Celtic touches appear all through the piece, and add much to its charm.

SCOIT A CHATH.

Scoit a chath faoi Uallas treun,
Scoit a threor' an Bhrúsaí déan,
Fáilte romhaibh chum casgairt fein,
No chum lannair' bhuaidh' !

¹ See the black face of battle.

² Champions of Scotland, swiftly with me.

Nois an uair 's anois an lá !
 Féach air dhúbhchan aghaidh an chath' !
 Feuch chúmhaehd Eadbhaird ann san bh-faith—
 Slabhraidhe 's daoirse chruadh !

Cia a bheidhear 'nn a bhrath' doir táir ?
 Cia ann uaimh fann-chladhair air lár ?
 Cia 'nn a sglábhaidh fhuar gan náir' ?
 Bhrath' doir uainn le uadh !

Cia 'r son Alban thairneoghas lann
 Na saoirse dil' go lúthmhór teann ?
 Le saoirse seas' no luidhe 'sa n-dreann
 Luain Alban liom go luath !

Dar dubh-amhghair ann-bhriog trom !
 Dar do chlann faoi géar-chuing crom !
 Beidh ar bh-féitheach' falamh, lom,
 No beidhid saor gan bhréag.

Fúibh air lár an sladthóir sín' !
 'S tóran shíor gach námhad faon !
 Ta saoirse ann gach buille dian !
 Libh ! chun buaidh no éag' !

The second song is

Auld Lang Syne.

In some lines the translator is less happy than with his rendering of "Scots, wha hae," such as

" Bhiodh mise a 's tu 'baint nóininidh
 'S aig imirt d' oidhch' 's dhe to " ¹

which is rather poor for

" We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine."

Such lines are exceptional, for, as a whole, the song is reproduced with much feeling and pathos.

¹ You and I were accustomed to plucking daisies
 And playing from morning till night.

AN T-AN FAD Ó.

Ar choir sean-cháirde 'leigean uainn
 Gan cuimhniughadh 'rra go deo ?
 Ar choir sean-cháirde 'leigean uainn,
 'S an t-am bhé ann fad ó ?

Air son an am' fad ó, a ghrádh,
 Air son an am' fad ó ;
 A' s olfamiud deoch mhuinteardha
 Air son an am' fad ó.

Bhiodh mise a' s tu 'baint nóininidh
 'S aig imirt d' oidhch' 's dhe ló,
 Acht is iomdha cos a shiubhlamar
 Ó d' imthigh an t-am fad ó.

Air son an am' fad ó, a ghrádh, etc.

Ó d' éirigheadh grian bhidhmir araon
 Ag rith san sruth le gleo,
 Acht bhé tonna treuna eadrainn
 Ó d' imthigh 'n t-am fad ó.

Air son, etc.

A 's so mo lámh dhuit, chara dhil,
 A 's tabhair dham lámh go beo,
 A 's ólamuir aon ghloine mhaith
 Air son an am' fad ó.

Air son, etc.

WELSH.

IT cannot be pleasing to Scottish sensibilities, nor is it very creditable to the intellectual activity of Wales, that I experienced so much difficulty in procuring any translations of Burns in the Welsh language. The best Welsh booksellers were under the impression such existed, but could not obtain them. Private friends were long equally unsuccessful, but at last I obtained a version of "The Cottar's Saturday Night" in the periodical, *Cymru'r Plant*.¹ I also got "A Man's a Man for a' that," "Scots, wha hae," "To a Mountain Daisy," "Highland Mary" and an adaptation of "Tam o' Shanter," from a small volume entitled *Tlysau Barddoniaeth Seisnig wedi eu Cyfieithu i'r Gymraeg*,² published by William Spurrell, Carmarthen, 1853. The editor introduces

The Cottar's Saturday Night

by the following information: "Burns is the chief poet of Scotland, and this is one of his best pieces. It was translated by Robert Owen, a poet who died in the flower of his days, but he did not die before writing

¹ The Children's Wales.

² Gems of English verse with translations into Welsh.

some immortal songs. I am very grateful to the kind sister who sent this poem from among Robert Owen's papers to *Cymru'r Plant*." ¹

I can well believe that Robert Owen was a poet, for it would require not only a true poet, but one possessing a perfect insight into and sympathy with the spirit and meaning of this great work of Burns to succeed with a translation as he has done. There is scarcely a defect to weaken this production; there is scarcely a beauty or pathetic touch that is not reproduced. It is rendered with almost literal fidelity, though here and there Mr. Owen has slightly altered the details in some of the pictures, but only when the Scottish expressions are almost untranslatable. The departure is in the well-known description of the cottar's home-coming—

“At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.”

He renders this—

“Ond dacw'i fwth unigaidd draw, dan gysgod
 Hen goeden frigog; yno'i blantog glân
 Ymlwybrant am y cyntaf i'w gyfarfod,
 Yn llon eu dwndwr megys adar mân.”

¹ Prif fardd yr Alban yw Burns, a dyma un o'i ddarnau goreu. Robert Owen a'i cyfieithodd; bardd fu farw ym mlodau ei ddyddiau oedd ef, ond ni fu farw cyn canu rhai darnau anfarwol. Yr wyf yn ddiolchgar iawn i'r chwaer garedig anfonodd hwn o fysg papurau Robert Owen i *Cymru'r Plant*.

Yr aelwyd ddel, ei gadair ger y tân,
 Y baban ar ei lin, a darf yn lân
 Ei flin ofalon ymaith, nes y gad
 Dros gof ei ludded oll, yn llawnder ei fwynhad.”¹

It is no disparagement to Mr. Owen to say that this picture, pleasingly drawn as it is, is far inferior to that in the original; but the other pictures in the poem, especially those of the father’s admonition, the introduction of Jenny’s sweetheart, and, above all, the scene of the family worship, are given with a fidelity, a power, and a beauty which leave nothing to be desired. In one line Mr. Owen shows his nationality rather curiously. As is known, it is the custom in Wales to count the “year current” in giving the age of a man or the date of an incident. A man between twenty-five and twenty-six is said to be twenty-six. And so,

“How ’twas a *towmond* auld, *sin’ lint was i’* the bell,”
 is rendered in Welsh phraseology,

“Dwy flwydd pan y bo’r llin yn ei lawn flodau eto.”²
 I now give it in full.

NOS SADWRN Y GWEITHIWR.

ROBERT OWEN.

Aiken, fy nghyfaill anwyl a pharchedig,
 Nid un bardd cyflog sy’n dy warog di ;

¹ But yonder is his lonely cot under the shade
 Of an old branching tree ; there his lovely little children
 Make their way to meet him for the first,
 With joyful chirpings, just like little birds.
 The clean, bright hearth, his chair near the fire,
 The baby on his lap, drives quite away
 His anxious cares, till he forgets
 All his fatigue in the fulness of his joy.

² *Two* years when the flax will again be in full bloom.

Elwa ar gân, ni fyn fy ngonest ddirmyg,
 A chlod fy nghâr yw'm hoffaf wobr i.
 Mewn syml gred y canai'n awr i ti
 Am feib dinodedd yn eu hisel ryw,
 Am arwedd bur, a grym teimladau cu—
 Am beth fai'm cyfaill pe mewn bwth yn byw,
 Mwy dedwydd yno er o barch y byd a'i glyw.

Tachwedd a'i oerwynt yn brochrudffan sydd,
 A'r dydd byrhaus sydd bellach ar ddibennu,
 Y wedd o'r cwysau lleidiog adre drydd,
 A'r brain yn heidiau duol ânt i'w gwely,
 Y llesg fythynwr ddychwel at ei deulu—
 Ei ludded wythnos heno gwblha—
 Cynnull ei gaib, a'i raw, a'i gribyn chwynnu,
 A thros y rhos tua'i gartre'n flin yr a
 Gan feddwl am y saib a'r llongydd yno ga.

Ond dacw'i fwth unigaidd draw, dan gysgod
 Hen goeden frigog ; yno'i blantos glân
 Ymlwybrant am y cyntaf i'w gyfarfod,
 Yn llon eu dwndwr megys adar mân.
 Yr aelwyd ddel, ei gadair ger y tân,
 Y baban ar ei lin, a darf yn lân
 Ei flin ofalon ymaith, nes y gad
 Dros gof ei ludded oll, yn llawnder ei fwynhad.

Toc daw'r plant hyna'i mewn, sy'n awr ar gyflog
 Mewn ffermydd ogyrch—un yn hwsmon sydd,
 Arall yn fugail, arall, ffel a bywiog,
 Red ar negesau'n chwyryn i'r dre bob dydd,
 A'u hynaf anwes Jenny deg ei grudd,
 Yn mlodau'i bri, a'i threm gan serch yn fyw,
 Ddwg ei gown Sul i'w ddangos, neu a rydd
 I'w mam ei dygn ennill mis, os yw
 Ei rhiaint anwyl trwy galedi'n methu byw.

Yn frawd a chwaer llongalon y cydgwrddir,
 A mawr yr holi am eu ffawd bob un ;
 Dont bawb a'u newydd allan, ac mor ddifyr,
 Nad ystyr neb ehedfa'r awr ddihun,

Hoff sylla'u rhiaint arnynt, ac ar lun
 Eu byw obeithion yn eu llygaid dedwydd ;
 Y fam a'i siswrn chwim a'i nodwydd, sy'n
 Gwneyd i hen ddillad edrych bron fel newydd ;
 Y tad eneinia'r oll, â chynagor dwys neu rybydd.

Rhybuddia hwynt i wneyd beth bynnag bair
 Meistr neu feistres iddynt, ac heb duchan ;
 Ac edrych at eu gorchwyl yn ddiwair,
 Ac, er o'r golwg, beidio byth ystelcian,—
 "Ac O ! gofalwch ofni Duw ym mhobman,
 A gwnewch yn iawn eich dyled nos a dydd,
 Rhag cyfeiliorni'ch traed yn llwybrau Satan ;
 Ond deisyf ganddo, pwyll a nodded rydd—
 Ni ddychwel neb yn wag a'i ceisia Ef trwy ffydd."

Ond ust ! mae rhywun wrth y drws—da gŵyr
 Jenny pwy yw—llanc o gymydog iddi
 Ddaeth tros y waen ar neges braidd yn hwyr,
 Ac o gymwynas eilw'n awr i'w chyrchu.
 Y fam gyfrwysgall wel yn llygaid Jenny
 Dán serch yn perlio, ac yn twymo'i grudd.
 Gofynna'i enw, a chalon ddwys a difri—
 Ofna'r fun ateb, ond anadla'n rhydd
 Pan glywa'i mham nad yw lanc ofer a difudd.

Dwg Jenny ef i mewn, â chroesaw mwyngu ;
 Llathraidd y llanc, dén fryd y fam heb air.
 (Mor lon yw'r eneth nad oes neb yn gwgu !)
 Ymgomia'r tad am wartheg, meirch, a gwair ;
 Gorfifa gan lawenydd galon aur
 Y bachgen, fel nas gŵyr i ble y try,
 Ond gwêl y fam o'r goreu beth a bair
 Ei fod mor swil a sobr ; boddllawn hi
 Wrth feddwl fod ei merch fel eraill yn cael bri.

O ddedwydd serch, man caffer serch fel hwn !
 O wynfyd calon ! mwyniant heb ei ail !
 'Nol troedio'n hir gylch einioes dan fy mhwn,
 Mŷn Profiad imi ddatgan—"Os oes cael

Un dracht o fwynder Gwynfa is yr haul,
 Un llymaid byw, yn nhrystyd anial dir,
 Ceir hyn pan fo pâr ieuanc, ael wrth ael,
 Yn gwylaidd sibrwd nerth eu cariad gwir,
 Is blodau'r ddraenen wen, wna'n bêr yr hwyr-wynt i'r.'

A oes ar ddelw dyn, â chalon dyn,
 Adyn ddyhiryn, mor ddi-wir, mor greulon
 All â'i ddichellion hudoledig cas, i'w wŷn,
 Fradychu diniweidrwydd Jenny dirion?
 Melldith byth ar ei stryw a'i anwir lwon!
 Ai nid oes rhinwedd na chydwybod mwy?
 Na dim tosturi, bwyntia'r ferch yng nghalon
 Ei mham a'i thad—ddynoetha wedyn glwy
 Y fûn ddifwynwyd, a'u dyryswh enaid hwy?

Ond wele'r swper ar y bwrdd yn gweited,—
 Yr iachus uwd, pen ymborth Alban in,
 A llaeth y frithen sydd tuhwnt i'r pared
 Yn diddos gnoi ei chil; y rhian fŷn
 Ddwyn allan heno'i darn o gosyn prin
 O barch i'r llanc; a mawr ei chymell arno,
 A mawr ei ganmol yntau; nes, ar hyn,
 Nas gall hi dewi oed y cosyn wrtho,—
 'Dwy flwydd pan y bo'r llin yn ei lawn flodau eto.'

Eu swper llon ar ben, yn ddwys eu gweddau
 Eisteddant oll yn gylch oddeutu'r tân;
 Y tad, âg urddas patriarch, dry ddalennau
 Y Beibl mawr, hoff lyfr ei dad o'i flaen;
 Yn wylaidd dod o'r neilltu'i fonet wlân;
 Llwm gwallt ei arlais mwy, a llwyd i gyd;
 O'r odlau genid gynt yn Seion lân,
 Dewisa ran yn bwylllog, ac, a'i fryd
 Yn llawn difrifwch, medd,—“Addolwn Dduw ynghyd.”

Eu syml fawl a gathlant, dad a phlant,
 A'u calon gweiriant uwch y byd a'i ferw;
 Gall mai Dundee ymddyrycha'n wyllt ei thant,
 Neu'r ddwys gwynfannus Martyrs, gwerth yr enw,

Neu Elgin bortha fflam y nefol ulw,—
 Y fwynaf o fawl-odlau Alban dir,
 Ger hon, chwibganau'r Eidal ynt ond salw,
 Ond goglais clust, nid llesmair calon wir,—
 Ni chynghaneddant hwy â chlod ein Crewr pur.

Y tad-offeiriad draetha'r Gair dilyth,—
 Fel ydoedd Abram gâr ei Arglwydd rhad ;
 Neu'r archodd Moses ryfel brwd dros byth
 Yn erbyn Amalec a'i greulawn had ;
 Neu fel bu'r bardd brenhinol, am ei frad,
 Yn ochain is dyrnodiau dial Duw ;
 Neu gwyn deimladwy Job, a'i waew-nâd ;
 Neu dân seraffaidd Esay derch, neu ryw
 Lân broffwyd arall dantia'r sanctaidd delyn wiw.

Ef all mai cyfrol Crist yw'r testun mawr,—
 Fel collwyd, tros yr euog, waed y gwirion ;
 Fel nad oedd yma le i roi' ben i lawr,
 Gan Un fawrygid Ail gan lu'r nefolion ;
 Ffyniant ei weision gynt, a'r doeth hyfforddion
 Yrasant hwy i lawer gwlad a thref ;
 Neu fel y gwelodd alltud Patmos aflon
 Gryf angel yn yr haul, a chlywodd lef
 Uwch bryntni Babilon fawr, yn datgan barn y nef.

O flaen yr orsedd wen ar ddeulin, yna
 Y sant, y gŵr, a'r tad mewn gweddi ddaw ;
 Gobaith, ar orfoleddus edyn, wela
 Ddydd pan gânt oll gydgwrddyd eto draw,
 Yn llewyrch gwyneb Duw, heb mwyach fraw,
 Nac ochain mwy, na cholli'r chwerw ddeigrin ;
 Ond yno'n gwinni, hoffach fyth rhagllaw,
 I'w Crewr mawr gydganu eu moliant dillyn,
 Tra Amser yn ei rod yn troelli mwy heb derfyn.

Wrth ochor hyn, mor salw balchder cred,
 A'i chelfydd rwysg i gyd, lle dengys dynion
 I'r lliaws cynulleidfa, ar lawn led,
 Bob cain ddyhewyd ond dyhewyd calon ;

Duw yn ei lid a edy eu rhith ddefodion,
 Eu canu coeg, a'u gwisgoedd hyd y llawr ;
 Ond odid fawr y clyw—a'i fryd mor foddlon!—
 Mewn bwthyn iaith yr enaid lawer awr,
 A'u henwau gwael yn Llyfr y Bywyd ddod i lawr.

Pawb yna'u llwybr adref a gymerant,
 A'r bwthiaid bychain ânt i'w gorffwys le ;
 Y rhiant-bâr eu dirgel warog dalant,
 A chynnes iawn eu cais am iddo E',
 Sy'n gosteg beunydd nyth y gigfran gre';
 Sy'n harddu eirian wisg y lili wen,—
 Yn ol fel gwêl E'n oreu, ddarbod lle
 A lluniaeth iddynt hwy a'u plant disèn,
 Ac yn eu mynwes byth trwy ras deyrnasu'n ben.

Mawredd hen Alban dardda o'r ffynhonnau hyn,
 A serch ei phlant, a pharch yr estron ati,—
 "Dyn gonest yw gorchestwaith Duw ei hun ;"
 Ond brenin all â chwythiad greu arglwyddi.
 Yn llwybr Rhinwedd dlos diau y gedy
 Y Bwthyn draw o'i ol y Palas gwiw,
 Rhwysg pwt o arglwydd—beth ond baich i'w boeni ?
 Baich gél yn aml warthyn dynolryw,
 Ystig a llwyr ei ddysg ymhob uffernawl 'stryw.

O Alban anwyl, bro fy ngenedigaeth,
 Fy nhaeraf gais i Dduw sydd erot ti ;
 Bendithier fyth dy lewion feibion amaeth
 Ag iechyd, heddwch, a boddlondeb cu ;
 A'u syml fuchedd, O gwarchoder hi
 Rhag haint andwyo! gloddest,—yna aed
 Yn deilchion mân bob coron, urdd, a bri ;
 Ymgyfyd uniawn werin eto'n gâd,
 A saif fel mur o dân o gylch eu hynys fâd.

Tydi arllwysaist gynt y gwladgar lif
 Trwy eon galon Wallace, pan gyhyd
 Y baidd yn deg wrth ymladd gormes hyf,
 Neu fario'n deg ei nesaf gyfran ddrud

(Duw agos y gwladgarwr Di bob pryd,—
 Ei ffrynd, ei nawdd, ei annog, ei foddhâd),
 Rhag Alban byth, O, byth na chilia'th fryd,
 Ond cyfod fwy y gwladgar ŵr diwâd,
 A'r gwladgar fardd i fod,—addurn a grym eu gwlad.

Tam o' Shanter

has not been translated, but has been "adapted" by Talhaiarn, in his day one of the chief literary men in Wales. It is to be regretted that it appears as a translation, as no Welsh reader unacquainted with the Scottish text can realize from it the spirit and power of Burns's work. This adaptation is entitled—

"CONCERNING GHOSTS ;

Or, Hugh the Big Weaver, and Little John Evan."

The "freeness" of the title indicates the style of the work. Tam is the big weaver Hugh. Kate is changed to Jane, Ayr to Denbigh in North Wales, and numerous Welsh towns and places are introduced instead of the environs of Ayr. A long, diffuse production, spun out into eighteen lines, takes the place of the first twelve lines of the original. There is not the least attempt at translation, as may be seen by the following two examples :

"When chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate";

for this we have

"Pan fydd cymhedrol, ddoniol ddynion,
 Yn teithio tuag adre'n hylon ;

A'r rhai a hoffant felus dwrw,
Yn troi i'r dafarn i gael cwrw."¹

Still worse is the following—

“This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses),”

when wearily drawn out into

“Câdd Huw hyl brawf o'r gwir a ddywedais,
Wrth deithio adre' yn ddifalais
O farchnad Dinbych, yn bur feddw,
'Rol gwario'i arian am hen gwrw :
Nodedig yw hen Ddinbych dirion,
Am ferched heirdd, a dynion dewrion.”²

These two examples are sufficient to show the treatment to which poor “Tam o' Shanter” has been subjected by this translator—with change of name, stale beer, etc. : neither Nannie nor Kate used him half so ill ; and I add the piece not as a translation, but as a curiosity, and as an instance of the way in which even an able man may be tempted to make “heaven's gate a lock to his own key.”

¹ When temperate and jovial men
Travel homeward in high glee,
And those who are fond of pleasant fuss
Turn to the tavern to get ale.

² Hugh had an ugly proof of the truth I told
Whilst journeying home without malice
From Denbigh market, rather drunken,
After spending his money for stale beer :
Noted is kind old Denbigh
For beautiful daughters and brave men.

SON AM YSBRYDION;

NEU HUW'R GWEHYDD MAWR, A SION IFAN BACH

"TALHAIARN."

Pan fydd cymhedrol, ddoniol ddyinion,
 Yn teithio tuag adre'n hylon ;
 A'r rhai a hoffant felus dwrw,
 Yn troi i'r dafarn i gael cwrw,
 Ar ol bod yn y ffair neu farchnad,
 Yn gwerthu ŷd, neu farch, neu ddafad ;
 Y byddwn hefo'r pot a'r bibell,
 Os bydd arian yn y llogell,
 Yn yfed, rafio, ac yn canu,
 Mewn da fwriad yn difyru ;
 Heb feddwl fawr am gychwyn adre',
 Heb hidio syrthio, rholio'n rhywle ;
 Heb feddwl am ein gwragedd druain,
 Y rhai a faent yn uchel ochain
 Neu 'fallai'n sori, drwynau surion,
 Gan ddwfn-fyfyrio gwers i'r dynion ;
 Neu 'fallai'n cuchio yn anghynes,
 Wrth borthi llid i'w gadw'n gynhes.

Câdd Huw hyll brawf o'r gwir a ddywedais
 Wrth deithio adre' yn ddifalais
 O farchnad Dinbych, yn bur feddw,
 'Rol gwario'i arian am hen gwrw :
 Nodedig yw hen Ddinbych dirion,
 Am ferched heirdd, a dynion dewrion.

O Huw, ped fuasit mor synhwyrol,
 A chym'ryd cynghor doeth, rhagorol,
 Gan Siân dy wraig, yr hon fai'n arfer
 Dy alw'n rafiwr, yfwr ofer,
 Na fedrit pe caet bunt yn wobr,
 Ddim dyfod adre o'r ffair yn sobr ;
 Na fedrit fyn'd i felin Dafydd,
 Heb feddwi gyda'r hen felinydd ;
 Na fedrit fyn'd a'r march i'r efel,
 A phrin ei rwymo o dan yr hofel,

Na byddai'r gof a thithau'n meddwi
 Yn chwils, heb feddwl am bedoli ;
 Ac y'ngghwmpeini yfwyr llawen,
 O Lanelwy i Lyn Alwen,
 Hefo pob lelo y byddi'n lolian,
 Tra pery'r pres, yr aur, a'r arian.

Prophwydai Siân mewn ysbryd blin,
 "Os yfi gwrw, *gin*, a gwin,
 Ti gei dy losgi, neu dy lusgo,
 Gan dylwyth teg ; cei dy chwirllo,
 Drwy'r drain, a'r drysni, a'r miëri,
 Drwy'r ffosydd, gwrychoedd, llynoedd, llwyni :
 Er iti gropian, cei dy gripio,
 A'th wneud yn wylltgi ac yn wallgo' ;
 Neu boddi wnei mewn llif rhyferthwy,
 Yn Aled neu yn afon Elwy."

O ferched mwynion, tirion, taer,
 Cynghorion mam, neu wraig, neu chwaer,
 Ni chânt wrandawriad gan y dynion ;
 A gresyn fod y gwÿr mor groesion
 A myn'd i feddwi yn anynad,
 Yn lle mud-wrando cerydd cariad.

Dechreuwn :—Ar rhyw noswaith marchnad,
 Pan oedd y nos heb ser na lleuad,
 'Roedd Huw yn yfed yn ei afaeth,
 Ac yn dilyn gwag hudoliaeth,
 Ac yn potio ar y pentan,
 A llon'd ei bwrs o aur ac arian ;
 Ac wrth ei glun yr oedd Siôn Ifan,
 Yn pyncio, clwcio, ac yn clecian.
 'Roedd Huw yn caru Siôn yn frawdol,
 A meddwi byddynt yn wythnosol.
 Y chwart yn llawn o gwrw goreu,
 A'r tân yn rhuo yn y simneu ;
 I'a beth mor hyfryd dan y wybren,
 A thÿ, a thân, a theulu llawen ?
 'Roedd Huw a Siôn yn nofio'n ofer,
 Yn y blasus felus bleser ;
 Yn dawnsio, canu, ac yn rafio—

“ Ni hidiwn, de'wch ag un chwart eto ”—
 'Roedd Siôn yn traethu chwedlau digri',
 Yn fedrus, gampus i'r cwmpeini ;
 A gŵr y tŷ yn heini' hynod,
 Yn chwerthin nes ysgwyd bol a gwasgod.
 Y storm chwibiana o'r tu allan,
 A'r gwyntoedd gwylltion yn goröian :
 Ond Huw a Siôn ni hidiant lychyn,
 Am stormydd certh, nac chwaith am gychwyn.

Gofalon dylion byd helbulus,
 Wrth wel'd y ddeuddyn hyn mor hapus,
 Ymfoddynt yn y cwrw a'r gwirod,
 Ar ol ymwylltio wrth eu malldod.
 Yr oriau hedynt gyda phleser,

Fel y gwenyn gyda'u trysor :
 Mêl yw maswedd am yr amser,

Fel y gwiria gwŷr pob goror.
 Geill brenin fod yn anrhydeddus,
 Ond yr oedd Huw yn orfoleddus ;
 Yn llawn o afiaeth am yr enyd—
 Tu hwnt i holl ofidion bywyd.

Pleserau ŷnt fel blodau ceinber,
 Mwynhewch hwynt—gwywo wnant ar fyrder—
 Neu fel yr eira ar yr afon,

Am fynyd yn wyn—
 Yna ciliant fel cysgodion,
 Cymylau ar fryn—
 Fel y gogleddawl oleuadon,

Y gwibiant :
 Cyn ichwi braidd droi eich golygon,
 Diflanant ;

Neu fel llon liwiau'r enfys loew-lin,
 Yn ymddiflanu y'nghanol dryghin.

Er hyn nid dyn a lywodraetha
 Ymdreigliad amser yn ei yrfa,
 Na llanw'r mor, na gwynt y mynydd,
 Na'r awel yn y tawel dywydd.
 Pan ddaeth yr awr i gychwyn adre,
 Yr awr sy'n rhanu'r nos a'r bore',

Y drymaf awr o dramwyf oriau,
 I ymlwybro hyd hyll lwybrau,
 Rhoed Huw ar gefn ei gaseg wineu,
 Och ! gwell oedd cornel glyd y simneu,
 Na myn'd ar gefn ei farch yn fforchog,
 Ar nos mor dywell a dryghinog.

Corwyntoedd ruant yn yr awyr,
 Gwlawogydd gleciant hyd y gwydr,
 A chyflym folltau mellt ymwylltiant,
 Taranau trymion a dramwyant ;
 Milain y rhwygant y cymylau,
 Yn weis cethrin eu ysgythrau :
 Gallasai blentyn wybod heno,
 Fod dieifl yn gweithio yn ddiflino.

Ond Huw ar gefn ei gaseg goeswen,
 Ni bu ei gwell o Gaer i Gorwen,
 Oedd yn gwyllt yru, a charlamu,
 Yn cicio, chwipio, a spardynu,
 Heb hidio'r gwlaw, na'r baw, na'r rhwbal,
 Yn hyf heb ofn—mewn nwyf, heb ofal ;
 Yn canu " Marged mwyn ferch Ifan,"
 " Ar hyd y nos," a " Hyd y wlithan ;"
 Ac weithiau'n edrych odd ei ddeutu,
 Rhag ofn i 'sbrydion ei ferthyru :
 Fel hyn carlamai drwy lan Henllan,
 Ac oddiyno i gefn Beran ;
 Ac heibio gallt y Boli lol,
 Lle tafloodd Ned yr Eli'r drol ;
 Croesodd y nant lle boddodd Sierlyn,
 Y meddw mawr—y meddwaf feddwyn ;
 Ac heibio'r ceubren ellyll, erch,
 Lle treisiwyd tirion, dyner ferch ;
 A thros yr rhos, lle caid, O resyn !
 Gwynwridog gorff mwrddedig blentyn ;
 A thrwy Lanefydd yn ei nwyfiant,
 Ac at Blas Hari, heb un soriant ;
 I lawr i'r allt yr âi yn walltgo'.
 A Darby liwus yn chwirllo,
 A lluchio'r ceryg i bob cyrau—
 Taniant yn chwyrn o dan ei charnau :

Wel, bravo Darby bach ! buaned
 Ar hynt yr êl dros bont yr Aled.
 Ac afon Alen oedd yn llifo,
 Yn wyn-bost allan dan bistyllio ;
 Ac yn dyrwygo dros y creigiau,
 Nes siglo'r bont a'i dwfn bentanau.
 Y stormydd 'sgrechiant yn y coedydd,
 A milain fellt yn llamu'r moelydd,
 A chanwaith uwch oedd twrw'r daran,
 Na'r corwyntoedd yn gorchwiban.
 A Huw yn gyru nerth y carnau,
 Nes myn'd i'r man lle gynt bum inau ,
 Rhyw erchyll nant anynad anial,
 Lle bydd tylwythi sosi'n sisial ;
 A'r ladi wen,
 Heb yr un pen,
 Yn neidio fel wiwair o bren i bren .
 A chores o wrach,
 Yn nyddu tröell bach,
 A'r edaif cyn ffyrfed a llinyn sach :
 Un arall fel cath,
 Ni welid ei bath
 Am neidio, hi neidiai driugain llath :
 Ar noswaith ddu,
 Y byddynt yn hy',
 Yn ddychryn i bawb ddaent allan o dŷ :
 Mi glywais gan fil,
 Rhyw hanes am hil
 Tylwythion a 'sbrydion sy'n Nant-y-chwil.
 Beth welai Huw dan ledu ei geg,
 Ond haid o fân dylwythion teg ;
 A *witches* fil yn dawnsio *reel*,
 Hefo ysbrydion Nant-y-chwil ;
 O dan eu capiau, tân yn gwibio,
 A Jack y Lentyrn yn helyntio ;
 A dieifl yn chwerthin rhwng y coedydd,
 A'r coed yn dadsain eu llawenydd,
 A thanbaid dân yn llenwi'r llwyni,
 A'r gwrych yn enyn a gwreichioni.

Ond dewr yw Siôn yr Heidden fwyn,
 Nid hidia ruad llew y llwyn :
 Ni hidia gloncwy am ddu baf
 Y gelyn, na chwerthinad diafl.

'Roedd Huw, â'r cwrw yn ei goryn,
 Yn gryf fel cawr, yn hyf fel coryn ;
 Am chwarae teg i bob dyhiryn—
 Nis bradai ddiafl nac un ysbrydyn.

Ond Darby grychai mwng fel gwrychyn,
 Dechreuai gilio'n ol mewn dychryn ;
 A Huw yn chwipio a sparduno,
 A ffwydd â Darby'n mlaen ag efo ;
 Gan fentru'n agos i'r goleuni—
 O gwared ni rhag fath gwnpeini.
 Ysbrydion hyllion, gwylltion gwallgo',
 Yn dawnsio, jiggio, a chwirlïo—
 Tylwythion teg yn ysgafn droedio,
 Is y banciau dan ysboncio ;
 Pob math o hyll ysgymun luniau,
 Yn gwau drwy'u gilydd hyd yr ochrau :
 Dewinod—gwrachod, croenau crychion,
 A lloffion diafl, a llyffaint duon ;
 Rhai hyllion, mawrion yn ymwrio,
 Yn neidio, crecian, ac yn crowcio ;
 Draenogod, chwilod, llygod llogach,
 Ffwlbartiaid aflan—baban bwbach ;
 Gwiberod—nadroedd llysnafeddawl,
 A llawer ffyrnig gyw uffernawl,
 Pob gwrthun ac ysgymun gaid,
 Yn dawnsio 'mhlith y ddielfig haid.

Belphegor oedd yn canu'r sturmant,
 Mewn ceubren ellyll yn y ddunant ;
 A'i gyrn yn fforchi uwch ei ben,
 Ac ar bob un ddylluan wen ;
 A tw-hw-hw y dylluanod,
 Oedd *chorus* certh y pwell diwaelod.
 A Bel oedd nerth ei geg a'i ddwylaw,
 Yn chwarae—a'r nentydd yn dadseiniaw ;
 A'i lygaid tanllyd yn gwreichioni,

A'i garnau'n cydio yn y gwerni ;
 A'i gynffon oedd yn droion draw,
 Y'mhlith y ceryg, pridd a baw ;
 Oddeutu hon 'roedd seirff plethiedig,
 Yn gwau yn hynod a gwenwynig ;
 Yn gwylio'n unol â'u colynau—
 Rhag i rhyw gaswyr drin ei goesau.

'Roedd eirch, a chyrrff yn farwol ynddynt,
 Mewn amdo—a phob un o honynt,
 Yn dal hir ganwyll, dan oer-gwynaw,
 Ar y ddu-elawr rhwng ei ddwyllaw—
 A gwelai Huw tu hwnt i'r ceubren,
 Ysgerbwd mwrdrwr ar y crogbren,
 A chyllyll hirion, llymion, hyll-ddu,
 A gwaed llofruddion yn ei rhydu ;
 A gwaedlyd ddarn o lilyn sach,
 A hwn y tagwyd baban bach ;
 A darn o dwca mab y frad,
 A hwn y lladdodd mab ei dad ;
 'Roedd gwaed yr henddyn hyd y darn,
 A'r gwallt yn glynu wrth y carn—
 A llawer o wrthrychau hyllion,
 Eu henwi fyddai'n anghyfreithlon.

A thra 'roedd Huw yn llygadrythu,
 Mewn syndod ac yn pensyfrdanu,
 Gwylltach a gwylltach y digrifwch,
 Llawnach a llonach y llawenwch :
 Chwareuai'r diafl hyd eitha'i allu,
 A hwythau'n dawnsio odd ei ddeutu ;
 Yn chwynn a bywiog—a chorn neu bawen
 Yn nwyllaw pawb, a phawb yn llawen ;
 Chwynnach a chwynnach, wrth edrych arnynt,
 Y dawnsiant—llamant fel y llym-wynt ;
 Yn picio, reelio, ac yn rholiaw,
 Nes chwysu eu cyrrff, eu traed, a'u dwylaw ;
 Nes colli eu peisiau yn eu brys,
 A dawnsio'n noethion—ond y crys.

O Huw, Huw ! ped fuasai'r rhai'n
 Yn lân lodesi cynhes cain ;

Genethod heirdd dan ugain oed,
 Pob un yn wisgi ar ei throed ;
 A gwisg o liain main lliw mân-od,
 Mewn urdd yn hilio pob hardd aelod :
 Rhoddaswn lon'd fy mhwsr o arian
 Am im' gael gweled lluniau gwiwlan,
 Aelodau heirdd pob siriol seren
 Yn dawnsio wrth eu bodd yn llawen—
 Ond gwyrachod hyllion, crychion, crachog !
 Digon i'th yru yn gynddeiriog,
 A pheisiau gwlanen am eu cluniau,
 Yn neidio, sponcio îs y banciau—
 'Rwy'n synu yn fawr na wnaethant iti,
 Glwyfo o iasau a glafoesi.

Er hyn 'roedd Huw a bendith iddo,
 Y rholyn praff, yn graff ac effro :
 'Roedd un yn mhlith y gwyrachod crychion,
 Sef merch i *witch* o Sir Gaernarfon,
 Wedi ymlistio'r noswaith hono,
 Gan dylwyth teg hi gâdd ei hudo—
 Bu son am Cadi drwy'r holl gwmwd,
 Hi gurai pob rhyw *witch* yn siwrwd :
 Pan fyddai morwyn lon neu lances,
 Yn codi'n foreu i odro'r fuches,
 Mi fyddai Cadi â'i draenogod
 Wedi godro'r boreu'n barod :
 Hi fyddai'n rhwystro'r llaeth i gorddi,
 Er i'r llancesi gorddi o ddifri',
 Ni chaed ddim 'menyn yn y pum-awr,
 A hyn a berai boenau dirfawr :
 Hi fyddai weithiau'n suro'r cwrw,
 Ac weithiau'n witsio y llaeth cadw :
 Waith arall y byddai'n newid plantos,
 Er poen a gofid i'r gwyrageddos ;
 A'u ffeirio am blant tylwythion teg,
 Pob un o'r rhai'n fai'n lledu ei geg,
 I grïo ddydd a nos heb beidio—
 Och ! och ! fel byddai'n wichi-wachio.
 Hi fedrai droi ei hun yn ddraenog,

Ac weithiau ereill yn 'sgyfarnog ;
 A llawer gwaith y câdd ei hela,
 Ond curai'r cŵn bob tro yn dipia' :
 Pan heliwyd hi i'w bwthyn bach,
 Mi fyddai wedi troi yn wrach ;
 A phawb yn ofni mentro yno,
 Rhag byddai iddynt gael eu witsio.

Ond pan oedd Cadi'n dawnsio *reel*,
 Hefo ysbrydion Nant-y-chwil ;
 Yr oedd fel geneth ddeunaw oed,
 Yn hardd, ac ysgafn ar ei throed,
 Yn lodes hoew, loew o lun,
 Yn ddigon i ffoli diafl a dyn :
 A'i phais o wlanen gwta prin
 Yn cyrhaedd i lawr at ben ei glin :
 'Roedd Huw yn ffoli ac yn synu,
 A Satan ei hun yn llygadrythu ;
 Gan chwarae nerth ei geg a'i ddwyllaw,
 A Chadi'n dinskyth yno'n dawnsiaw ;
 Heb stopio funud yn ei stepiau,
 Ond dawnsiai nerth ei thraed a'i choesau .
 Nes darfu i Huw wirioni'n hollol,
 Gan floeddio nerth ei geg yn wrol ;

“ *Well done* y bais gwta ! ”—

Ar winciad llygad y diffoddwyd
 Y tân—a Huw mewn perygl bywyd ;
 A phrin mewn dychryn cychwyn gaid,
 Nes oedd y felldigedig haid,
 Yn rhedeg ar ei ol yn brysur
 “ O gyra Huw ! neu byddi'n rhywyr.”

Os dygwydd ini ddigio gwenyn,
 Colynant bawb ddaw'n agos atyn' ;
 Pan floeddir “ *Lleidr* ” yn y farchnad,
 Ac yntau'n rhedeg hefo'i ladrad ;
 Bydd pawb yn rhedeg i ddal lleidr,
 Fel ag y byddynt i ladd neidr.
 Fel milgwn chwyrn ar ol 'sgyfarnog,
 Y rhedai'r 'sbrydion yn gynddeiriog ;
 Yn chwim a llym—a Huw yn gyru,

A Darby hithau yn carlamu.

'Roedd Huw yn chwipio ac yn clecian,

A hwythau'n 'sgythru ac yn 'sgrechian.

O Huw! yn uffern byddi heno,

Fel penog coch y gwnant dy rostio ;

Ac er fod Siân yn gweitio arnad,

Ni chaiff ond gwranddo ar dy farwnad.

Hwi! Hwi! Huw bach ; Hwi! Darby anwyl,

Y mae'r ysbrydion yn dy ymyl ;

Carlama'n fuan fel y gwynt—

Hwi! Darby bach! y'nghynt, y'nghynt—

Nes cyrhaedd maen-clo Pont yr Aled,

Mae pawb yn gwybod am y dynged ;

Nad eill na *witches* nac ysbrydion,

Na thylwyth teg ddim croesi afon.

Cyrhaeddodd Darby glo y bont ;

Ond wele Cadi, fenyw front,

Yr hon a redai'n fuan, fuan,

Y'nghynt na'r lleill—yrwan! 'rwan!

Mae Cadi'n neidio at ei chynffon,

Gan ei gwasgaru yn ysgyrion ;

Ond safiwyd Huw o'i 'winedd creulon,

A Darby hefyd—ond ei chynffon.

I ffordd a Huw dros Bont y Gwyddy, l,

Dan sisial, "Darby, Darby anwyl,

Os cawn ni unwaith gyrhaedd Llanfair,

Ni fyddwn ddiwyd ac yn ddiwair :

Nid awn i byth i blith ysbrydion,

Nac chwaith i faeddu hefo meddwon."

Ac erbyn hyn ar ol y dychryn,

A chael ymddianc o baf y gelyn ;

'Roedd Huw yn sobr, lwydion fochau,

A chwys fel perlau hyd ei ruddiau :

A Darby'n crynu bob yn fodfedd,

A ffoam a baw, chwys a llysnafedd,

I'w hilio o'i phen, i'r lle bu'r gynffon.

A'i llygaid yn melltenu'n wylltion.

O ddeutu pump o'r gloch y bore',

Cyrhaeddodd Huw a Darby adre' ;

Aeth Huw i'w wely'n sâl am wythnos,
 A rhai a ddywedant am bymthengnos :
 A'i holl gym'dogion ddaethant yno,
 I edrych ac i holi am dano ;
 Er mwyn cael clywed son am 'sbrydion,
 Dan wir ryfeddu mewn amryw foddion ;
 Roedd rhai yn credu'r chwedl oll,
 Am bob rhyw ellyll, hyllig, coll ;
 Ac ereill haerent, amryw oriau,
 Mai meddw fawr oedd Huw, yn ddiau ;
 Ac iddo gysgu, a breuddwydio
 Yr hyn a draethais ichi heno.

Ond pa fodd bynag, gwir yw hyn,
 Mae cyfnewidiad yn y dyn :
 Y mae ef eilwaith wrth ei alwad,
 Yn myn'd i'r dref i ffair a marchnad :
 Ond byth ar ol yr helynt hwnw,
 Ni welodd neb mo Huw yn feddw.

The beautiful examples of alliteration to which, by its fluidity and flow, the Welsh language lends itself, and which are so numerous in this piece, produce a most agreeable effect ; but it is to be regretted that Talhaiarn did not employ his own language throughout, as the introduction of the words "witches," "reel," "chorus," "Well done," etc., which I have put in italics, must grate upon the ear of a Welsh reader—indeed, the sound represented by "tch," as in "witch," does not exist in the Welsh tongue.

To a Mountain Daisy.

This, in marked contrast to the foregoing piece, is an excellent translation, by J. C. Davies. Exception might be taken to the first two lines, as

“Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow’r,
Thou’s met me in an evil hour”;

are evidently too difficult for Mr. Davies. Indeed, it is curious that “crimson-tippèd” has not been rendered in a single instance in any language. Here we have

“Bachigyn wylaidd freilw mwyn-gu,
Drwg yw dy gwrdd pan wyf yn aru.”¹

The rest of the poem is well rendered, the verse beginning,

“Such is the fate of artless maid,”
“Mal hyn yw tyngød didwyll feinir,”

being especially beautiful; but indeed the verses are all exceedingly good.

LLYGAD Y DYDD,

WRTH EI DROI I LAWR DAN GWYS YR ARADR.

J. C. DAVIES.

Bachigyn wylaidd freilw mwyn-gu,
Drwg yw dy gwrdd pan wyf yn aru;
O dan y briddell y rhaid baeddu
Dy baladr main;
Dy arbed sydd uwch law fy ngallu,
Flodeuyn cain!

Och! nid dy gymmydog dedwydd,
Dy fwyn gydymaith, yr ehedydd,
A’th blyga gyda gwllith boreuddydd,
A’i ddwyfron flydd,
Pan esgyn i groesawu’n ufydd
Wawr y dydd.

¹ Wee, modest daisy, gentle, lovable,
Evil it is to meet thee while I am ploughing.

Yn oer y chwythai gwynt gorllewin,
 Pan darddaist yn y gauaf gerwin ;
 Ond codaist yn dy wylltedd iesin
 I oddef hin ;
 A phrin ymddangos cyn i'r ddryghin
 Fod yn flin.

O fewn ein gerddi y cawn flodau,
 Ac i'w cysgodi goed a muriau :
 I ti nid oes ond antur gaerau
 O bridd neu faen,
 Tra yr addurni ein mynyddau,
 A'th ddail ar daen.

Ac yn dy fantell brin ymdrws
 Dy wenfron dyner a ledaeni,
 Dy wylaidd egwan ben ddyrchefi
 Mewn symledd glwys ;
 Ond gan yr aradr y suddi
 O dan y gwys.

Mal hyn yw tynged didwyll feinir,
 Mewn gwledig fwth a dyner fegir,
 Gan symledd cariad a fradychir,
 A hudol wedd,
 Ac yna'n ddifwynedig gleddir
 Yn y bedd.

Mal hyn yw tynged syml brydydd,
 Ar eigion bywyd yn anhylwydd !
 I droion amser yn anghelfydd,
 Heb ddysg na dawn ;
 Ac i'r dygyfor cwypm yn ebrwydd,
 Cyn gwel ei nawn !

Mal hyn y teilwng a ddyoddefa,
 Mewn gwae ac eisiau yr ymdrecha,
 Tra dichell balchder a'i herlyna
 I ofyd dwys ;
 Heb obaith ond y Nef, ymsudda
 O dan ei bwys !

A thi, sy'n cwyno uwch y breilw,
 Dy dynged tithau fydd y cyfryw ;
 Hen aradr Adfall fydd dy ddystryw
 Yn eiddil wan ;
 A dy falurio yn y rhelyw
 Fydd dy ran !

The songs are unequal, being by different translators.
 The two first are anonymous.

A Man's a Man for a' that

is very well given, but it is rather spoiled by the well-known lines,

“The rank is but the guinea stamp ;
 The man's the gowd for a' that,”

being rendered

“Nid ydyw urdd ond argraff aur,
 Y dyn yw'r pwnc er hyn oll.”¹

This is a slight defect, and, on the other hand, many of the lines are given with terseness and vigour, so that the Welsh reader can realize the power of this “immortal manifesto of the superiority of manhood.”

MAE DYN YN DDYN, ER HYN OLL.

O'R “WAWR.”

A oes, am dlodi gonest bwn,
 Yn gwyro'i ben, a hyn oll ?
 Y caethwas llwfr, awn heibio hwn,
 A meiddiwn fyw er hyn oll !

¹ The rank is but the gold's impression,
 The man is the point, for all this.

Er hyn oll, a hyn oll,
 Ein lludded cudd, a hyn oll,
 Nid ydyw urdd ond argraff aur,
 Y dyn yw'r pwnc er hyn oll.

Pa waeth os cinio prin, yn flin,
 A siaced lwyd, a hyn oll ;
 Caed ffol ei sidan, cnaf ei win,
 Mae dyn yn ddyn er hyn oll ;
 Er hyn oll, a hyn oll,
 Eu heurwe ffug, a hyn oll ;
 Y gonest ddyn, er pa mor dlawd,
 Yw brenin pawb er hyn oll.

Chwi welwch draw'r ysgogyn balch,
 Yn syth ei drem, a hyn oll ;
 Er cryma rhai wrth air y gwalch,
 Nid yw ond coeg, er hyn oll :
 Er hyn holl, a hyn oll,
 Ysnoden, aur, a hyn oll,
 Y dyn ag annibynol fryd,
 A syll a chwardd ar hyn oll.

Geill brenin wneuthur marchog llawn,
 Ardalydd, Dug, a hyn oll ;
 Ond gonest ddyn, â chalon iawn,
 Sy fwy nas gall, er hyn oll !
 Er hyn oll, a hyn oll,
 Eu hurddas gwych, a hyn oll
 Y synwyr cryf, a'r meddwl teg,
 Sy raddau uwch na hyn oll.

Rho'wn lef y'nghyd, am ddod y pryd—
 A dod a wna, er hyn oll—
 Bydd synwyr clyd, tros wyneb byd,
 Yn dwyn y parch, a hyn oll ;
 Er hyn oll, a hyn oll,
 Yn dod y mae, er hyn oll,
 Pan dros y byd, bydd dyn a dyn,
 Yn frawdol un, er hyn oll.

Scots, wha hae

is not so well done. The first line,

“Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,”

loses its distinctive charm by the omission of any reference to the nationality—

“Chwi, fu’n gwaedu ag Wallace fad,”¹

and the last verse,

“Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty’s in every blow!—
Forward! let us do or die!”

is too narrow and feeble in

“Rhowch dan draed y balch a’i drais!
Gormes syrth pan syrthio Sais!
Rhyddid, clywch, sydd yn mhob clais!—
Gwnawn yn lew, neu farw’n llu!”²

The line

“Gormes syrth pan syrthio Sais!”³

is more indicative of the intense patriotism of the translator than flattering to the English reputation. It is only fair to say, however, that the other verses are more worthy of the original.

¹ You who have bled with heroic Wallace.

² Put under feet the proud and his oppression;
Tyranny falls when the Englishman falls,
Liberty! hark! is in every blow—

Let us do bravely, or die in troops.

³ Tyranny falls when the Englishman falls!

ANERCH BRUCE

I'W FYDDIN, Y'MRWYDR BANNOCKBURN

D. L. P.

Chwi, fu'n gwaedu ag Wallace fad,
 Aml arweiniodd Bruce i'r gad ;
 Croesaw, 'ngwŷr, i'ch gwely gwa'd,
 Neu i fuddugoliaeth gu !

Hwn yw'r dydd, a hon yw'r awr ;
 Blaen y gad gymyla'i gwawr ;
 A'r balch Edwart nesa 'nawr--
 Edwart, tidau, caethder du !

Pwy'n ddyhiryn bradus f'ai ?
 Pwy i fedd y llwfryn âi ?
 Pwy yn gaethwas sâl a sa'i ?
 Cilied—cilied, ffoed i'w dŷ !

Pwy dros deyrn a deddf ei dir
 Rymus dyn gledd rhyddid pur,
 Saif neu syrth yn rhyddwr gwir,
 Deued, a dilyned fi !

Myn gruddfanau—poenau prudd
 Myn eich plant yn gaethion sydd !
 Gwag ein gwythi hoffaf fydd,
 Ond cânt fod yn rhyddion hy' !

Rhowch dan draed y balch a'i drais !
 Gormes syrth pan syrthio Sais !
 Rhyddid, clywch, sydd yn mhob clais !—
 Gwnawn yn lew, neu farw'n llu !

Highland Mary.

This song, though not in the selection of representative pieces I have chosen, is so exquisitely translated by Mr. Daniel Ddu that its insertion requires no apology.

MARY.

DANIEL DDU.

Chwi fryniau glwys a choed o gylch
 Hoff gastell glân Montgom'ri,
 Yn hardd bo'ch gwawr, yn wyrdd bo'ch dail,
 Mewn glendid yn rhagori ;
 Byth yno 'nghynta' gweler haf,
 Ac yno'n ola'n gwenu,
 Can's yno'r ymadewais i
 A'm hanwyl, anwyl Fari.

Mor hardd oedd clôg y fedwen las,
 A blodau'r drain mor wynion,
 Pan dan eu cudd y gwasgwn i
 F' angyles at fy nghalon !
 Yr oriau'n bêr aent dros y bardd,
 A'r un ag oedd e'n hoffi ;
 Can's hoff i mi fel bywyd oedd
 Fy anwyl, anwyl Fari.

Trwy lawer llw, a'n breichiau 'nghlo,
 Bu dyner ein gwahaniad ;
 Gan addunedu mynych gwrdd,
 Torasom ein cofleidiad ;
 Ond O ! rhew angau deifio wnaeth
 Fy rhosyn hardd—fy lili ;
 Gwyrdd yw'r dywarchen, oer yw'r clai,
 Sy'n cloi fy anwyl Fari.

O ! gwelw yw'r gwefusau pêr,
 Mor swynol gawn gusanu ;
 A chwedi caead arnynt byth
 Mae'r llygaid oedd mor llon-gu :
 Mae'n llwch a lludw'r galon lân
 Mor dyner fu'n fy ngharu !
 Ond yn fy nghof a'm serch caiff fyw
 Fy anwyl, anwyl Fari.

It is really a matter of wonder and disappointment that a language which the author of *Gems of English Verse*

claims—and no doubt properly so—to possess so much “strength and flexibility,” and so many other characteristics which make it eminently suitable for a poetical expression of thought, should not possess a complete version of the poems of Burns. It is to be hoped that some of the men of poetical instinct, of which Wales seems to be the rich possessor, may render this service to their country.

LATIN.

I now leave the "living" languages, and conclude my work by looking at these poems in the dead tongues, though, indeed, so far as I have been able to learn, the specimens are confined to the most generally known of these languages—the Latin. I have found several renderings, but have dealt only with two: one by Mr. Alex. Leighton, published in Edinburgh, 1862,¹ and the other, some translations in a collection of Scottish songs, by Mr. Alex. Whamond, published in Hamilton, 1892.²

It can hardly be considered a reproach to either of these gentlemen to say that their attempts to render Burns into intelligible, smooth Latin have not been thoroughly successful. We have found some of the difficulties, and have seen examples of failure in translating these poems even into living languages—when the authors transpose a language which they understand into what is their own, and a part of their very nature. How much greater must these difficulties be when the attempt is made to translate into

¹ *The Principal Songs of Robert Burns*, translated into Mediæval Latin verse by Alex. Leighton. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo. 1862.

² *Cantica Scotica e vulgari sermone in Latinum conversa*. Interprete Alexandro Whamond. Hamiltoni: Excudebat Gulielmus Naismith. 1892.

a language acquired—not used in the moulding form of conversation, and therefore mechanical, artificial, and somewhat rigid! These difficulties are still more intensified when the metre employed is one which has no parallel in that language, and to which the words do not naturally lend themselves. Notwithstanding these difficulties, both writers have in many cases overcome them to a remarkable degree. Mr. Leighton's work should be examined in the light of mediæval rules and models. This would lead me much too far. I rather consider how the spirit and meaning of the original are given in these renderings. A Latin scholar in Glasgow, whose assistance has been kindly given me, writes somewhat severely:—“Mediæval Latin poetry in the hands of Adam of St. Victor has a lightness, an airy grace, a melodic variety worthy of Burns. Mr. Leighton has not made good use of his models in this regard. His sense of rhythm is poor. Again and again do we find lines utterly destitute of melody. They cannot be made, even with forcing, to read smoothly. Nor can he always keep to the metrical system with which he starts a given piece”—the rendering of “I am a Son of Mars” being given as an instance, together with the “*et omne quid*” and the strange refrain of “*Nihilominus, Nihilominus,*” etc., in “A Man's a Man,” and other instances which the Latin scholar will easily perceive.

In addition to the above, the first line in

For a' that

is not happy, and “*Notatum aurum Ordo est*” too forced for “*Signatum aurum signitas.*” Still the piece with a little trimming reads not amiss. Of course the task is made easier by the departure from the original version.

PER OMNE QUID.

ALEX. LEIGHTON.

Estne pro pauperiem
 Qui langueat—et omne quid !
 Te timide ! dimittimus
 Egeni nos—et omne quid.
 Nihilominus, nihilominus,
 Angustiæ—et omne quid.
 Notatum aurum Ordo est,
 Aurum vir—per omne quid.

Licet nobis olera,
 Pannique, aqua—omne quid ;
 Da stultis vinum, sericas,
 Vir est vir—per omne quid.
 Nihilominus, nihilominus,
 Pompæ, nugæ—omne quid ;
 Honestus licet pauper vir
 Rex hominum—per omne quid.

Homuncio ecce dominus !
 Qui turgeat—et omne quid ;
 Adorent licet sexcenti
 Stultus est—per omne quid.
 Nihilominus, nihilominus,
 Stellæ, vittæ—omne quid ;
 En vir subjectus nemini
 Arridet ille—omne quid.

Rex facere posset equitem,
 Marchionem, ducem—omne quid ;
 Sed vir honestus superat :
 Mehercle ! non consummet id.
 Nihilominus, nihilominus,
 Et Ordines—et omne quid ;
 Mens sana recti conscia
 Excelsior est quam omne quid.

Oremus ergo accidat,
 Et accidet per omne quid ;

Ut probitasque bonitas
 Sint principes—per omne quid.
 Nihilominus, nihilominus,
 Venturum est—per omne quid,
 Ut homines hominibus
 Fratres sint—per omne quid.

Scots, wha hae

compares somewhat unfavourably with Whamond's stirring and expressive translation. "Erimus liberi"—the rhythm adopted would require the impossible "erimus." Other unhappineses in rhythm are apparent, but I attach more importance to the rendering of the meaning.

"We will drain our dearest veins"

—What a power there is in these half-dozen words, what resistless action! Teeth set fast, hands clenched, every nerve strained, are all vividly suggested by Burns; and how vapidly are they reproduced by

"Expertes simus sanguinis";¹

and

"Forward! let us do or die!"

is unworthily rendered by

"Est Scotis vincere!"

which, I fear, would be called claptrap in ordinary writing.

COMMILITES WALLACIO.

ALEX. LEIGHTON.

Commilites Wallacio;
 Scoti ducti Brucio;
 Cruento grati lectulo!
 Mors aut victoria!

¹ May we be devoid of blood.

Nunc hora est nunc dies,
 En ! prima prœlii acies !
 Nunc accedunt Saxones
 Edwardus, vincula !
 Quisne erit perfidus ?
 Quis morietur pavidus ?
 Servus quis ignobilis ?
 Ignave ! fugito !
 Legem et qui regem amat,
 Et pro iis ensem trahat
 Liber vivat, liber cadat :
 Instetis vos cum me.
 Pœnas per tyrannidis,
 Per filios in vinculis,
 Expertes simus sanguinis,
 Erimus liberi !
 Sternite tyrannos hos
 Pernumeratos ictibus ;
 In omni plaga libertas !
 Est Scotis vincere !

Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

Here Mr. Leighton fails somewhat in several lines.

"Gulielmus potum coxit,
 Robert' ergo et Allani,"¹

is rather ambiguous for

"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam' to pree."

In worse taste is

"Joviales tres sedemus
 Tres sedemus ebrii,"²

¹ William cooked a draught,
 Robert therefore and Allan.

² We three merry ones sit down,
 We sit down three tipsy ones.

which should never have been offered for

“Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we.”

Mr. Leighton's rendering is opposed to Burns, who causes his heroes to say expressly that they were “na fou.” Surely Mr. Leighton does not wish to suggest that because they were merry they must therefore have been “tipsy,” and tipsy even before they sat down; but this is really his version. There are, however, some good lines, as the reader will see.

GULIELMUS POTUM COXIT.

ALEX. LEIGHTON.

Gulielmus potum coxit,
Robert' ergo et Allani :
Noctu tres hilariores,
Fuerunt non in Christandie.
Non inebriamur nos,
Scintilla tantum oculo :
Canat gallus—luceat :
Lætabimur in poculo.

Joviales tres sedemus
Tres sedemus ebrii,
Beatas noctes vidimus,
Speramus pluribus frui.
Nos inebriamur, etc.

Ecce cornua lunellæ,
Nitentis illuc quantum !
Tentat trahere ad domum,
Pol ! restabit tantulum.
Nos inebriamur, etc.

Ille primus qui exsurget,
Cucurra timidissime !
Qui sub sella primus cadet,
Trium nostrum rex ille.
Nos inebriamur, etc.

Green Grow the Rashies

jingles very well in its Latin trappings, if you forget that it is Latin, but when one remembers that a final "O" as given in this song is in that language absolutely meaningless, it makes the rendering rather absurd.

CRESCANT JUNCILLI, O.

ALEX. LEIGHTON.

Crescant juncilli, O ;
 Crescant juncilli, O ;
 Nulla vita dulcior
 Quam vita cum puellis, O.
 Est nil ni cura undique,
 In unaquaque hora, O :
 Quid pretii ! vita hominis
 Absente dulci corcul-O.
 Crescant, etc.
 Avari rem venati sint,
 Divitiæ effugiunt, O ;
 Et forte si arreptæ sint,
 Corda non delectant, O.
 Crescant, etc.
 Da mihi horam vesperam,
 Cum meo desiderio-O ;
 Mundanæ curæ, homines,
 Vadant in tapsalteeie, O.
 Crescant, etc.
 Prudentes irridētis vos,
 Exanimi aselli ! O ;
 Salomo sapientior
 Has amavit belle ! O.
 Crescant, etc.
 Natura jurat "femina !
 Supremo anticellis, O !"
 Tironis manus hominem
 Formavit tunc puellas, O.
 Crescant, etc.

Duncan Gray.

“Duncanus Canus venit nobis”
 is hardly
 “Duncan Gray cam’ here to woo”;
 and
 “Et moriturum prædicabat”¹
 is a really painful rendering of the dramatic sketch of
 Burns—
 “Spak’ o’ lowpin’ o’er a linn.”
 This is tragedy compared with the “moriturum prædi-
 cabat” platitude.

DUNCANUS CANUS.

ALEX. LEIGHTON.

Duncanus Canus venit nobis,
 Ha ! ha ! amores hi !
 Festu quum inebriabamus,
 Ha ! ha ! amores hi !
 Caput Maggea jactabat,
 Oculos et obliquabat,
 Duncanum fastu pertractabat,
 Ha ! ha ! amores hi !
 Duncanus videns et orabat,
 Ha ! ha ! amores hi !
 Maggea surdula fiebat,
 Ha ! ha ! amores hi !
 Duncanus miser suspirabat,
 In cæcitatem lacrymabat,
 Et moriturum prædicabat,
 Ha ! ha ! amores hi !
 Fluit tempus, fluit casus,
 Ha ! ha ! amores hi !
 Æstuat contemptus amor,
 Ha ! ha ! amores hi !

¹ Declared he was about to die.

“Moriar?” dicit sibi,
 “Partem ludens fatui
 “Galliam abeat—pro me!”
 Ha! ha! amores hi!

Qua evenit—dum valebat,
 Ha! ha! amores hi!
 Maggea sequens ægrotabat,
 Ha! ha! amores hi!

Aliquid in corde radit,
 Lenis gemitus evadit,
 Lacryma per genas cadit,
 Ha! ha! amores hi!

Duncanus vir est lepidus,
 Ha! ha! amores hi!
 Maggeæ erant male res,
 Ha! ha! amores hi!

Ille non occideret,
 Ejus illum miseret,
 Nuptias quisque dixerit,
 Ha! ha! amores hi!

Mary in Heaven.

This is the last song in Mr. Leighton's version to which I will refer from a critical standpoint, and I must confess I am disappointed that a writer of his reputation misses so many of the beautiful touches of the original.

“Quo mea obiit Mariã”¹

is the baldest and most commonplace rendering possible for

“My Mary from my soul was torn”;

and he does not seem to grasp the perfection of that marvellous love scene, where all nature is on fire with passion.

¹ On which my Mary died.

“Cantillant aves lepidè”¹

fails to render

“The birds *sang love* on every spray,”

and completely spoils the charm of the great love picture of Burns. There are not wanting, however, some beautiful lines, though in his choice of verse one regrets the absence of a rhythm more approaching to the melody of the original.

MARIA IN CÆLO.

ALEX. LEIGHTON.

Tu stella tarda cujus radius,
 Salutem indicat Auroræ,
 Iterum introducis diem
 Quo mea obiit Mariâ.
 Oh Mari! umbra lapsa cara!
 Ubi beatæ locus pacis?
 An vides amatorem tuum?
 An audis ejus gemitus?
 An sanctæ horæ obliviscar,
 An obliviscar sylvulæ
 Ad rivum ubi convenimus,
 Amoris diem ducere!
 Nunquam æternitas delebit
 Vestigia hæc impetuum
 Quàm minimum heu! censui
 Amplexum illum ultimum.
 Ayr strepens osculavit ripas,
 Pendente dum sub sylvula,
 Et spinula et betula
 Ramos intertexuerunt.
 Flores compremi exsultant,
 Cantillant aves lepidè,
 Donec cito nimium sol
 Dedit locum vesperi.

¹ Birds warble sweetly.

Has scenas supervigilo,
 Et curæ incubo meæ :
 Vestigia tempus excăvat
 Æque ac ripas rivuli.
 Oh Mari! umbra lapsa cara !
 Ubi beatæ locus pacis ?
 An vides amatorem tuum ?
 An audis ejus gemitus ?

E am a Son of Mars,

from "The Jolly Beggars."

ENYALII FILIUS IN MULTIS FUI PRÆLIIS.

ALEX. LEIGHTON.

Enyalii filius in multis fui præliis,
 Ostendo mea vulnera quocunque veniam
 Hoc fero pro ancilla, et illud ex fossula
 Cum Gallos gratularer—ad tonans tympanum.

Duxi tirocinium cum ductor meus obiit
 Et jactæ essent aleæ per colles de Abram,
 Ejus agmina sequebar cum ludus luderetur
 Et Moro sterneretur—ad tonans tympanum.

Ultimo cum Curti, inter nantia pugnacula,
 Reliqui qua pro testibus et crus et brachium ;
 Si oporteat armare, et sub Elliot pugnare,
 Super truncos strepitabo—ad tonans tympanum.

Licet me mendicare cum tibia lignari,
 Pendentibus panniculis super dorsum ;
 Beatus crumenella et utre et puella,
 Ut solet in coccineo sectari tympanum.

Etiamsi sit mi ferre procellas super terra
 Per scopulos et sylvulas tanquam domum ;
 Cum vendam meum sacculum et alterum utriculum,
 Diabolis obstarem—ad tonans tympanum.

My Lannic, O.

The final "O" comes under the remarks on "Green Grow the Rashes, O."

ANNA.

ALEX. LEIGHTON.

Post colles ubi interfluit,
 Lugar paludes multas, O,
 Brumalis sol fert vesperum,
 Et ibo ad me' Annam, O.
 Canorus ventus perstrepat,
 Nox ater pluvialis, O,
 Mi sumam meum gausape,
 Et ibo ad me' Annam, O.
 Me' Anna pulchra juvenis,
 In illa nullus dolus, O ;
 Infelix ille ! lingua qui
 Deciperet me' Annam, O.
 Facies suavis, verum cor,
 Quam pura ac est bella, O ;
 Dispendens rosa roscida,
 Non pulchrior est quam Anna, O.
 Sum puer pauper rusticus,
 Et pauci noscitant me, O ;
 Quid mea refert quam pauci,
 Si gratus apud Annam, O.
 Merces denarii res me' est,
 Oportet sim perparcus, O ;
 Mundanæ res non angunt me,
 Me' cura est me' Anna, O.
 Seni nostro libeat
 Videre oves multas, O ;
 Beatior Ego qui aro,
 Nil cura nisi Anna, O.
 Adsit bonum adsit malum,
 Accipi' quæ dant cœli, O ;
 In vita nulla cura mi,
 Ni vivere cum Anna, O.

Last May a Braw Wooer.

MAIO, AMATOR VENIT.

ALEX. LEIGHTON.

Maio, amator venit per vallem,
 Et amore me multo pertusit,
 Hominibus, dixi, odisse nil pejus !
 Sed malum ! ut ille mi crederet crederet
 Sed malum ! ut ille mi crederet.

De telis, et dixit, oculorum meorum
 Et amore se tunc moriturum.
 Moreretur, respondi, si placet pro me,
 Absolvite, dii ! mendacem mendacem
 Absolvite, dii ! mendacem.

Prædium instructum, ipse dominus,
 Et nuptiæ conditiones !
 Non ei impertivi ut curaverim,
 Sed censui essent pejores pejores
 Sed censui essent pejores.

Quid sentias nunc ? ille paulo post hæc,
 Sensum mal' ! ut appropinquaret,
 Inconstans ad Betham direct' abiit,
 Conjice ! quàm illam paterer paterer
 Conjice ! quàm illam paterer.

Hebdomada, anxî me ex animo,
 Trinundini ludos adibam ;
 Et quis ni amator obstaret mihi ?
 Vidit ! ac si viderit magiam magiam
 Vidit ! ac si viderit magiam.

Sed lente recedens connixi illi,
 Ne quis me putaret protervam :
 Exsultat amator, ac si ebrius,
 Et vovit me suam puellam puellam
 Et vovit me suam puellam.

De Betha rogavi adeo suaviter,
 Si auditus recuperaretur,

Quam aptarint me' soleæ loripedi.
 Dii ! quàm ille imprecaretur-caretur
 Dii ! quàm ille imprecaretur.

Oravit, per Deum, ut essem uxor
 Enecarem vel eum dolore ;
 Et tantum tenere in illo vitam
 Mane proximo nubi me volo me volo
 Mane proximo nubi me volo.

Æ hæc a Wliffe o' my ain.

EST MULIER UNICO MI.

ALEX. LEIGHTON.

Est mulier unico mi,
 Participo cum nemine,
 Currucam nemini sumam,
 Dabo currucam nemini.

Mihi denarius est ;
 Ecce ! gratias nemini ;
 Ad fœnus habeo nil,
 Sumam nihilum alicui.

Dominus neminis sum,
 Servus ero nemini,
 Gladius longus mi,
 Patiar plagas neminis.

Liber et ero hilãris,
 Tristis propter neminem,
 Si nemo curet me,
 Ego curabo neminem.

Mr. Alex. Whamond's work is not so ambitious, and he has had the advantage of thirty years' "progress in literature" since Mr. Leighton's book appeared. It is to be regretted that in his collection of Scotch songs only some half-a-dozen are from Burns.



Alexander Hammond.

Scots, wha hae.

He opens with a really excellent and stirring version of this song, which seems to be in better Latin and to render itself more perfectly to the music than Mr. Leighton's corresponding rendering.

"Nunc dies, nunc hora est,"

is more literal and freer for

"Now's the day, and now's the hour,"

than Mr. Leighton's

"Nunc hora est, nunc dies."

The same applies to other lines, such as—

"Freedom's sword will strongly draw,"

which is more powerful in

"Ut gladium pro his *stringat*,"

than in

"Et pro iis ensem trahat."

CUM VALLA, SCOTI.

ALEX. WHAMOND.

Cum Valla, Scoti, qui vicistis,
Et sub Brussio pugnastis,
Macti, ad mortem venistis,
Aut victoriam.

Nunc dies, nunc hora est,
Minax acies adest,
Edwardi vis haud longe abest,
Vincla et servitus.

Siquis patriam prodat,
Siquis mortem timeat,
Et tyranno serviat,
Hinc aufugito.

Qui regem, legem ita amat,
 Ut gladium pro his stringat,
 Ut liber vivat aut cadat,
 Is sequatur me.

Ob oppressos filios,
 Servituti traditos,
 Sanguinem fundemus nos,
 Ut sint liberi.

Superbus facite ut cadat,
 Tyrannus humum mordeat,
 Libertas omnes impellat,
 Vincere aut mori.

A Highland Lad.

Like Mr. Leighton, whilst not attempting the "Jolly Beggars," he goes there for this song, which is one of his happiest efforts.

MONTANUS VIR.

ALEX. WHAMOND.

Montanus vir, amans mei
 Cui lex erat contemptui,
 Sed genti erat fidissimus
 Montanus Johaniculus.

Montanus Johaniculus,
 Montanus Johaniculus,
 In omni terrâ par nemo,
 Montano Johaniculo.

Versicolori tunicâ,
 Aptâque lateri sicâ,
 Puellis carus omnibus,
 Formosus Johaniculus.
 Montanus Johaniculus, etc.

A Tweed vagati ad Speium,
 Sumus modo nobilium,

Nemo unquam fecit timidum,
Montanum Johanniculum.

Montanus Johanniculus, etc.

Eum fecerunt exulem ;
Sed ante aestatem florentem,
Flevi ego, gaudiis amens,
Johannem meum complectens.

Montanus Johanniculus, etc.

Ceperunt eum, et, captum
Jecerunt in ergastulum ;
Sit mala crux nunc omnibus,
Suspensus Johanniculus.

Montanus Johanniculus, etc.

Lugendae mihi, nunc orbae,
Voluptates praeteritae,
Nil mi praebet solatium
Ni Bacchi plenum poculum.

Montanus Johanniculus, etc.

Duncan Gray.

Mr. Whamond is not quite so pleasing in this song ; the half-Latin, half-English of "Duncanus Gray" is highly comical ; then

"Spak' o' loupin' o'er a linn"

beats him almost as completely as it does Mr. Leighton, for

"Mortem sibi intentabat"

is little more than a weak apology for the original.

"Grat his e'en baith bleer't and blin'"

loses its power in

"Flensque oculos foedabat."¹

Still, these are not unpardonable defects in this really good rendering.

¹ And weeping he disfigured his eyes.

DUNCANUS GRAY.

ALEX. WHAMOND.

Huc, Duncanus Gray, procus
 O amores lepidi !
 Venit Saturnalibus,
 O amores lepidi !
 Alte caput Meg tollebat
 Limis oculis ridebat,
 Et Duncanum repellebat,
 O amores lepidi !

Duncanus blandiens petebat,
 O amores lepidi !
 Ut Ailsa, surda Meg fiebat,
 O amores lepidi !
 Duncanus valde suspirabat
 Flensque oculos foedabat,
 Mortem sibi intentabat,
 O amores lepidi !

Tempus, casus, absorbendus,
 O amores lepidi !
 Amor spretus, vix ferendus,
 O amores lepidi !
 "Mene fatuum mori
 Pro illâ cui sum risui !
 In Galliam eat ; Quidni ?"
 O amores lepidi !

Docti dicant, quí fiat,
 O amores lepidi !
 Is valet, Meg aegrotat,
 O amores lepidi !
 Dolor angit animum,
 Flet illa ut levet malum,
 Ocelli angoris dant signum,
 O amores lepidi !

Mens Duncani, bona, blanda,
 O amores lepidi !
 Meg puella miseranda,
 O amores lepidi !
 Ei sit morti noluit
 Clementem sese praebuit,
 Hymenque laetos reddidit,
 O amores lepidi !

Mr. Whamond gives the rhythm, upon the whole, in a very flowing and pleasing manner, though now and again an unmanageable word like "modistissima" checks the flow; and he utilizes sufficiently the license claimed in the preface, of eliding the letter *m* before a vowel, though by no means does he do so to an undue extent, as will be seen on reading the remaining pieces.

John Anderson, my Jo.

JOANNES ANDERSONE MI.

ALEX. WHAMOND.

Joannes Andersone mi,
 Quum primum cognitus,
 Crines nigro colore erant
 Vultusque nitidus ;
 Sed nunc Joannes calvus es
 Crines sunt nivei,
 Beatum sit canum caput,
 Joannes care mi.

Joannes Andersone mi,
 Montem unâ scandimus,
 Et felices multos dies
 Simul nos egimus.
 Per pronum titubandum est,
 Sed manibus junctis ;
 Ad montis infimam partem
 Quies erit nobis.

De Banks and Graes o' Bonnie Doon.

RIPAE CLIVIQUE PULCHRI DOON.

ALEX. WHAMOND.

Ripae clivique pulchri Doon,
 Cur vos floretis hoc modo?
 Et cur, aves, potestis vos
 Cantare quum tam doleo?
 Angetis me, aviculae,
 Volantes sponte in silvis;
 De gaudiis monetis me
 De gaudiis praeteritis.

Ad pulchrum Doon vagata sum
 Ut rosas clymeno mixtas
 Viderem; mecum volucres
 Cantarunt tum delicias
 E senticeto, hilaris
 .Decerpsi rosam sed, hei!
 Amator falsus abstulit
 Rosam et spina est mihi.

I also add, as his collection is so small,

O, Whistle and F'll come to you, my Lad,

though it is not in the list of pieces selected for comparison in this work.

SIBILO SIGNUM DA.

ALEX. WHAMOND.

Sibilo signum da, care puer mi;
 Sibilo signum da, adveniam te;
 Omnes furant, et mater paterque,
 Sibilo signum da, adveniam te.

Cave quum ad me petendam ades,
 Ni fores aperti, domum ne in tres;
 Per portam posticam huc veni ad me
 Et cave ne videat aliquis te,
 Et cave ne videat aliquis te.
 Sibilo signum da, etc.

Ad templum, mercatum, si convenis me,
Praetereas quasi sim nihil ad te ;
Sed furtive fac ut micent oculi,
Et adspice quasi non videas me,
Et adspice quasi non videas me.
Sibilo signum da, etc.

Nega semper me esse caram tibi,
Et formam meam te habere flocci ;
Ne alteram pete ; nam timeo ne
Amorem per dolum avertat a me,
Amorem per dolum avertat a me.
Sibilo signum da, etc.

Of the other versions, "Willie brew'd," by Lindsay Alexander ; "John Anderson," by Father Prout and by Benj. Hall Kennedy ; and "Scots, wha hae," by Francis W. Newman, are all very interesting productions ; but as they are rather classical imitations than actual translations, I do not think it necessary to reproduce them here. Indeed, the utility, or even the very *raison d'être*, of these Latin translations may be questioned. Mr. Whamond seems to hope they may be sung in this classic tongue. Doubtless this might be useful to students, and the songs would rank higher than many which are popular at their gatherings. Mr. Leighton, in an interesting preface, points out how they may be useful in many ways. Be all that as it may, the versions which these two gentlemen have given, in spite of the slight defects I have made free to suggest, are creditable to their learning and to their patriotic feeling, and must prove gratifying alike to the lover of Burns and to the classical student.

POST SCRIPTUM.

I CANNOT conclude my work without most sincerely thanking the numerous friends, both at home and abroad, for the kind and enthusiastic manner in which they have afforded me their valuable assistance.

Without their aid in securing translations which were difficult to obtain, in assisting me with the translations of tongues with which I am not sufficiently conversant, and in unwearied revisions of proofs, the book could not have appeared in so complete a form. I can sincerely employ the words which Wordsworth used in one of his most popular pieces—

“ . . . Half of it was *theirs*, and one half of it was mine.”

This aid having been given me by friends from St. Petersburg and Moscow in the east to Glasgow and Edinburgh in the west, and from Christiania and Stockholm in the north to Rome and Barcelona in the south, their number is too great to permit me expressing my thanks to each by name; I can only assure one and all of my deep appreciation of their kindness, and that should any occasion arise it will gratify me exceedingly to be allowed the opportunity of reciprocating their courtesy.

WILLIAM JACKS.

GLASGOW, *January*, 1896.



Your truly
William Jackson

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Note.—Pages 21, 28, 72, 79, for "Robert Bartsch" read "K. Bartsch."
 Page 78, for "L. Legerlotz" read "G. Legerlotz."

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WORK BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Lessing's Nathan the Wise. Translated by William Jacks. With an Introduction by Archdeacon Farrar, and Eight Etchings by William Strang. Fcap. 8vo. Price 5s. net.

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Farrar, who contributes a biographical and critical introduction, remarks that 'if, as some have said, there is a marked affinity between the Scots and the German intellect, perhaps it may reveal itself in Mr. Jacks' version.' The reader of this translation of Lessing's famous work may therefore rest pretty well assured that he is getting the mind of the author, not that of the translator. It is rather interesting to find that we owe Mr. Jacks' work, partly at least, to one of the weaknesses—some would say follies—of our Parliamentary system. Mr. Jacks had formed the intention of translating the book, but it was only after re-entering Parliament that he found time to tackle the work. Like many other business men in the House, he suffered from the *ennui* of listening to the repetition of arguments in debates already practically concluded, and he found relief in pursuing his literary scheme. From this it may be inferred that the 'bores' in the House of Commons are not entirely unprofitable. Of course Mr. Jacks did not carry on the process of translation in Parliament, but the windbags deserve a vote of thanks for enabling him to give us so striking a piece of literary work, which is more valuable than many Acts of Parliament. It is more than a hundred years since *Nathan the Wise* was first published; there have been several English versions; so that among those who care for the higher drama its plot and moral purpose must be pretty well known in this country. Anything, therefore, like a sketch is really unnecessary. But if it were possible to condense the spirit of a drama into a single sentence, it would be that expressed by an appreciative modern critic to the effect that *Nathan the Wise* is 'one of the noblest pleas for tolerant humanity ever penned.' That is a true saying; and those who may have the privilege of making a careful study of Mr. Jacks' translation will understand how true it is. One of the passages in which Mr. Jacks has been most successful is Nathan's Apologue of the Rings. Nothing could be finer. The work is adorned with a portrait of Lessing, and by a series of characteristic illustrations by William Strang. Apart from its literary value the volume is a handsome one."

North British Daily Mail--"Mr. William Jacks, M.P., has given us in this volume a fine translation of Lessing's noble drama. A Parliamentary career has often made men lay aside literary work they would otherwise have accomplished. It is pleasant to find that for once the duty of attending the House of Commons has actually assisted at least in the production of a good book. The member for Stirlingshire tells us that some years ago he formed the intention of translating this work of Lessing's whenever he had sufficient leisure. 'After re-entering Parliament, and experiencing what so many business men do experience—the *ennui* of listening to the repetition of arguments in debates already practically concluded—I found relief in

employing some of that time and other spare moments in carrying out my purpose.' We have the result in this volume, for which Mr. William Strang has designed a number of etchings, and Archdeacon Farrar has written an essay on Lessing and his work. This, it may be said, is an admirable introduction, giving in brief compass a highly appreciative notice of the man and of this dramatic poem of his old age. It is hardly necessary to say that *Nathan the Wise* is a powerful plea for religious toleration, and that time has proved that its high qualities as a work of art, as well as 'the solemn and quiet beauty' which marks it, will continue to secure to it the position it holds as one of the masterpieces of German literature. Of Nathan himself Archdeacon Farrar happily remarks that he is a 'Marcus Aurelius without the overwhelming sadness of a saintly Emperor.' The translation which Mr. Jacks has executed, not the first by any means, is certainly one of the most spirited and most pleasant to read. After all, the best test in such a case will be found in the power of any version to sustain the reader's interest as if he were reading an original poem, and not a rendering into another language. It is not too much to say that this version has that power in a high degree. No one who reads it, and thus for the first time makes acquaintance with Lessing's work, will fail to carry away with him an abiding impression of its fine tone and artistic beauty. . . . A comparison of this with other versions (we have taken as the first to hand those of Taylor and Willis) would show that this latest one is not the least vigorous. Mr. Jacks deserves to have the thanks of many readers for the pleasure to be had from his pages."

Evening Times—"Many excellent books have been written by non-professional litterateurs, and one other has now to be added to the list. This is a new translation of Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*, by William Jacks, M.P. The announcement will come as a surprise to the general public; and probably only a few of Mr. Jacks' more intimate acquaintances were aware of the character of the work with which he was relieving the monotony of a most trying session of Parliament. Of course, while Mr. Jacks is not a professional maker of books, he has not been a fruitless student of literature in its larger areas; and this fine translation of Lessing's masterpiece is an example of literary industry which might well be taken as an example by a few other members of Parliament with profit to themselves, if not to their special constituencies, and the whole country. Mr. Jacks is to be congratulated on the completion of his labour, which is altogether creditable to his judgment and scholarly taste."

North-Eastern Daily Gazette—"Mr. Jacks' achievement is a

telling protest against the wasteful and shameful obstruction and waste of public time that prevail at Westminster, where we need more men of the Nehemiah-like temperament, with one hand grasping the sword, and with the other building the wall. It is, however, entitled to commendation on literary as well as on political grounds. To a practical man, accustomed to do his daily work honestly and with all his might, yet in love with literature, such as the member for Stirlingshire is known to be, the translation of *Nathan the Wise* in the circumstances described, must have been a most pleasing task :

'Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.'

And in translating the poem for English readers he must have experienced the double satisfaction that comes from the employment of leisure spent in a way agreeable to one's own tastes, yet productive of pleasure to others. For *Nathan the Wise* is a noble literary work, and its beautiful impressive plea for religious toleration has not yet lost either its power or its need. . . . Mr. Jacks has been attracted by an inspiring and an elevating theme, and the presentation of that theme in its English dress is worthy of the pen of a master of letters. Archdeacon Farrar, in an introductory essay, remarks that 'if, as some have said, there is a marked affinity between the Scots and the German intellect, perhaps it may reveal itself in Mr. Jacks' version.' Mr. Jacks' translation exhibits a higher quality than that suggested by Dr. Farrar. It tells of a remarkable command of English as well as of German. It combines a graceful effectiveness with accuracy, and is well fitted to assist the great German poet and critic to a sympathetic and appreciative hearing in England."

Glasgow Weekly Citizen—"The book is remarkable in many ways, . . . above all it is a faithful and honest translation of a remarkable work which created no small stir in the world somewhere about a century ago. . . . Lessing's subtle thoughts flit rapidly; they are expressed in terse and epigrammatic terms, as when he makes the Dervish talk of men who play the rich man's rôle :

'Or were as quickly to be changed
From richest beggar to a poor rich man.'

A still better example of the author and the style adopted by the translator is found in the lines, again of an epigrammatic turn :

'The case is bad indeed
When princes are like vultures amongst carcases,
But when they're carcases amongst the vultures
The case is ten times worse.'

As a formulation of pure theology, freed from dogmatism, the teaching of Lessing is invaluable, and while it might impair the digestions of the theologians who existed in Germany while its author lived, it will be cherished in the wider sphere of thought which prevails amongst those who are now addressed by Mr. Jacks."

The Kilmarnock Herald—"It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Jacks that he devoted great and loving industry to the work of interpreting *Nathan the Wise*. He says in a preface that 'after re-entering Parliament, and experiencing what so many business men do experience, the *ennui* of listening to the repetition of arguments in debates already practically concluded, I found relief in employing some of that time and other spare moments in carrying out my purpose.' All who are unable to read the original will find much pleasure in a perusal of this translation. A faithful reflex of Lessing's meaning has been given, and the translator has wisely freed himself from the rigid rules of dramatic versification. We should advise all to secure a copy of the work. The letterpress and general get-up of the volume are excellent, and it contains a number of clever illustrations."

The Stirling Sentinel—"No small meed of praise is due to Mr. Jacks' performance. It is an admirable effort, a work, as Archdeacon Farrar in his introduction justly says, of loving and faithful industry. Close criticism of the merits of the version would be misplaced, considering the circumstances under which it was written; but although the translation is often rugged, and no attempt is made to imitate the elegant five-footed Iambics of the original, it must be pronounced a laudable and successful reproduction of a great piece."

Liverpool Mercury—"Nathan the Wise, a dramatic poem in five acts, by G. E. Lessing. Translated by William Jacks. Introduction by Archdeacon Farrar. Etchings by William Strang. Published for the translator by James MacLehose & Sons, Publishers to the University. Glasgow, 1894. To render into classic English this German classic is a distinct gain to our literature, and all praise is due to Mr. William Jacks, who has so skilfully done this work. The introduction, while giving an interesting sketch of the life of the illustrious Lessing, also materially assists the reader in more perfectly understanding the deep theological discussion which is the central idea of the drama. Of the theology there will of course be different opinions, but the principal character is undoubtedly almost perfectly conceived, and represents a supremely noble Jew. The beauty of the construction and the literary merit of the play are too well known to need further comment. Etchings of a very artistic order are scattered throughout the volume."

Berwickshire News—"Talk as people may, the really busy man *is* the man who can find time for anything—perhaps the busy Border Man more than any other. Take for instance Mr. William Jacks, M.P. for Stirlingshire. Mr. Jacks is a typical Border Man, he has been included in the *Berwickshire News* series of Border Men, and the readers of the recent sketch of the gentleman in the county newspaper know well what a really busy man he is. From his earliest days he kept a strict eye on Time, and he has certainly made the most of that fickle old party. Mr. Jacks, thanks to his unwearied industry and patient study, has developed such intellectual power as has put him in the forefront of Britain's men of business, and which now bids fair to place him on an exalted rung on the dangerous ladder of literature. Only literary men know what a strange taskmaster literature is, and it is vastly to the credit of Mr. Jacks that he has come out of the fray so grandly. As we have said he is among the leading merchants of Great Britain, he is also a worthy commoner of the land, and many men could be spared from St. Stephens before William Jacks. Merchant and commoner, he is now a man of letters. Some time ago we announced to the public that Mr. Jacks was busy on a translation of *Nathan the Wise*, the famous German work of G. E. Lessing. This pure and elevating dramatic poem, in five acts, finds in Mr. Jacks the first Border Man, indeed the first Scotsman, who has rendered into English what is justly described as 'one of the noblest pleas for tolerant humanity ever penned.' It will repay our readers to make a careful study of Mr. Jacks' labours; few Border people will fail to do so."

Daily Free Press—"After re-entering Parliament,' says the author, 'and experiencing what so many business men do experience—the *ennui* of listening to the repetition of arguments in debates already practically concluded—I found relief in employing some of that time, and other spare moments, in carrying out this work.' Such is the genesis of this latest version of Lessing's great poem. The translation is in verse, and the member for Stirlingshire is to be congratulated on having used so well the odd hours that are so easily frittered away. The drama itself is a mighty plea for religious toleration. Nathan, a noble Jew; Saladin, a noble Mahomedan; and the Templar, a faulty Christian, are the chief characters. By their several actions the dramatist aims at showing that goodness is not the monopoly of any religious body. The key-note of the whole play is, 'Religion is a good heart and a good life.' Mr. Jacks has aimed at giving a faithful reflex of the author's meaning rather than at binding himself by the rigid rules of dramatic versification. In this the 'business man' is again apparent. The test of a good translation is its readableness in its new

dress. Mr. Jacks finds little difficulty in passing his test. His lines are sometimes rough, sometimes bald, and sometimes barely poetry, but other parts again arrest us by their terse vigour and happy expression. The book, in short, is a piece of honest work, and forms a pleasant rendering of a poem which is literature, and intrinsically valuable. Archdeacon Farrar writes a lucid and valuable introduction. The general get-up of the volume is a credit to a Scots publishing house."

Greenock Herald—"In his translation Mr. Jacks has not wandered from the original, and, in the words of Archdeacon Farrar, he will be found a pleasant and faithful interpreter."

The following from Professor Ruete is chosen from various foreign criticisms:

"Welch ein stattlicher und vornehm ausgestatteter Band ist Ihr *Nathan der Weise!* Und wie getreu haben Sie das Original wiedergegeben!

"Man merkt bei der Lecture durchaus nicht, dass man eine Uebersetzung vor sich hat. Ueberall zeigt sich die liebevollste Vertiefung in die deutsche Dichtung.

"Hätten Sie Gewicht darauf gelegt den iambischen Vers, der Ihnen manchmal vortrefflich gelungen ist, überall wiederzugeben, so würde man nach meinem Urtheil Ihr Werk den höchsten Anforderungen gerecht werden. Vielleicht aber würden sich dann Worte and Gedanken nicht ganz so getreu haben wiedergeben lassen. Es ist in der That ein ganz eigener Genuss eine deutsche Dichtung, die einem lieb und vertraut ist, einmal in einem trefflich sitzenden fremden Gewande kennen zu lernen."

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