

PREŠEREN—WILES:

„LEPA VIDA“ V ANGLEŠKEM PREVODU.*

PRETTY VIDA.

Fair Vida standing by the sea
Was plashing linen in the water.
When sailor black from far-off land
His barque did stay and wave his hand
To pretty Vida, calling thus:
«Why Vida, not so bonnie now?
Why no longer blooming thou?
Why no more the maid of yore?»

Pretty Vida answered then:
«How can I blooming be and bonnie
When weary days have fallen on me!
Oh! my child lies sick at home:
I have followed foolish counsel,
And now am wive to husband old!
Oh! luckless me! I'm rarely gay,
My sick babe cries the livelong day,
The whole nights trough the old man coughs!»

The seaman dark then made reply:
«As the cranes who find times bad,
Spread their wings and fly o'er sea,
So fly thou away with me.
Come thou! heal thy wounds of heart!

* G. James W. Wiles, bivši lektor angleščine na vseučilišču v Beogradu, se je oktobra 1. 1919. mudil tudi med nami in ob tej priliki prevedel in natisnil (v svoji zbirki: »S. H. S. — English Renderings») eno Gregorčičevo in dvoje Prešernovih pesmi. Njegov prevod »Lepe Vide« pa je, kolikor nam je znano, ostal nenatisnjen. Ker je po sodbu takega veščaka, kakor je g. Leonard C. Wharton, assistant keeper oddelka tiskanih knjig v biblioteki Britanskega

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Fair Vida — news! I've message for thee:
 For thee the Queen of Spain hath sent,
 That thou mayest tend her son, the prince,
 Be nurse to tiny emperor!
 Rock his cradle, note his choice,
 Guard him well, prepare his bed,
 Sing him songs in sweet low voice,
 That he may into sleep be led —
 No harder task awaits thee there!»

Herself into his hands she gave,
 But when they drew away from shore,
 And their frail craft tossed on the wave,
 Then Vida spoke amid her tears:
 «Alas, my child! What have I done!
 Who will at home care for my son,
 My babe, my boy, my weakly child,
 My husband tooborne down with years!»

Se'nnights three had passed away;
 The black man brought her to the Queen.
 Fair Vida early leaves her bed,
 And from her casement waits the sun,
 That she may ease her gnawing grief,
 Speaks to him thus to find relief:
 «Sun, radiant Sun! oh, tell me thou,
 How fares my babe, my ailing child?»
 — «What thinkest thou, the poor babe — say!
 They lit his death light yesterday;
 The old man, too, has gone from home,
 Far on the sea he seeks for thee,
 And weeps for thee without relief,
 His heart, it breaketh with his grief!»

muzeja, jako lep, ga tukaj natisnemo, v nadi, da s tem ustrezemo marsikomu in da nam g. Wiles, če mu bodo te strani kdaj prišle pred oči, te naše samostalnosti ne bo zameril.

And when at eve the pale moon rose,
 Fair Vida at the casement stood,
 To cool hot tears — if so she could!
 The silver moon she spoke to thus:
 «Oh, say; bright moon, thou silver moon,
 How fareth he, my poor, sick child?»
 — «How should he fare?» the pale moon smiled,
 «To-day, poor babe, they buried him.
 Thy father, he hath gone from home,
 Far on the sea he seeketh thee,
 And weeps for the without relief,
 His heart, it breaketh with his grief.» — — —

More bitter pretty Vida cries;
 With kindly questions comes the Queen:
 «What ails thee, Vida? What befalls?
 Why all these sobs, these heartwrung tears?»

Pretty Vida tells the Queen:
 «Oh, woe is me! I can but cry:
 I held at window golden vase,
 As I did wash it, down it fell,
 From casement high lo! it did fall —
 That vase of gold to bottom of the sea!»

With comfort much, the Queen she said:
 «Oh, weep no more with reddened eye;
 Another golden vase I'll buy,
 And I'll excuse thee to the King;
 Go now to nurse the prince, my boy,
 In place of tears, thou shalt find joy.»

In truth the Queen the new Vase bought,
 And made excuse unto the King;
 Yet still at window Vida stood,
 From day to day she stood and thought,
 And mourn'd for father, husband, son.

