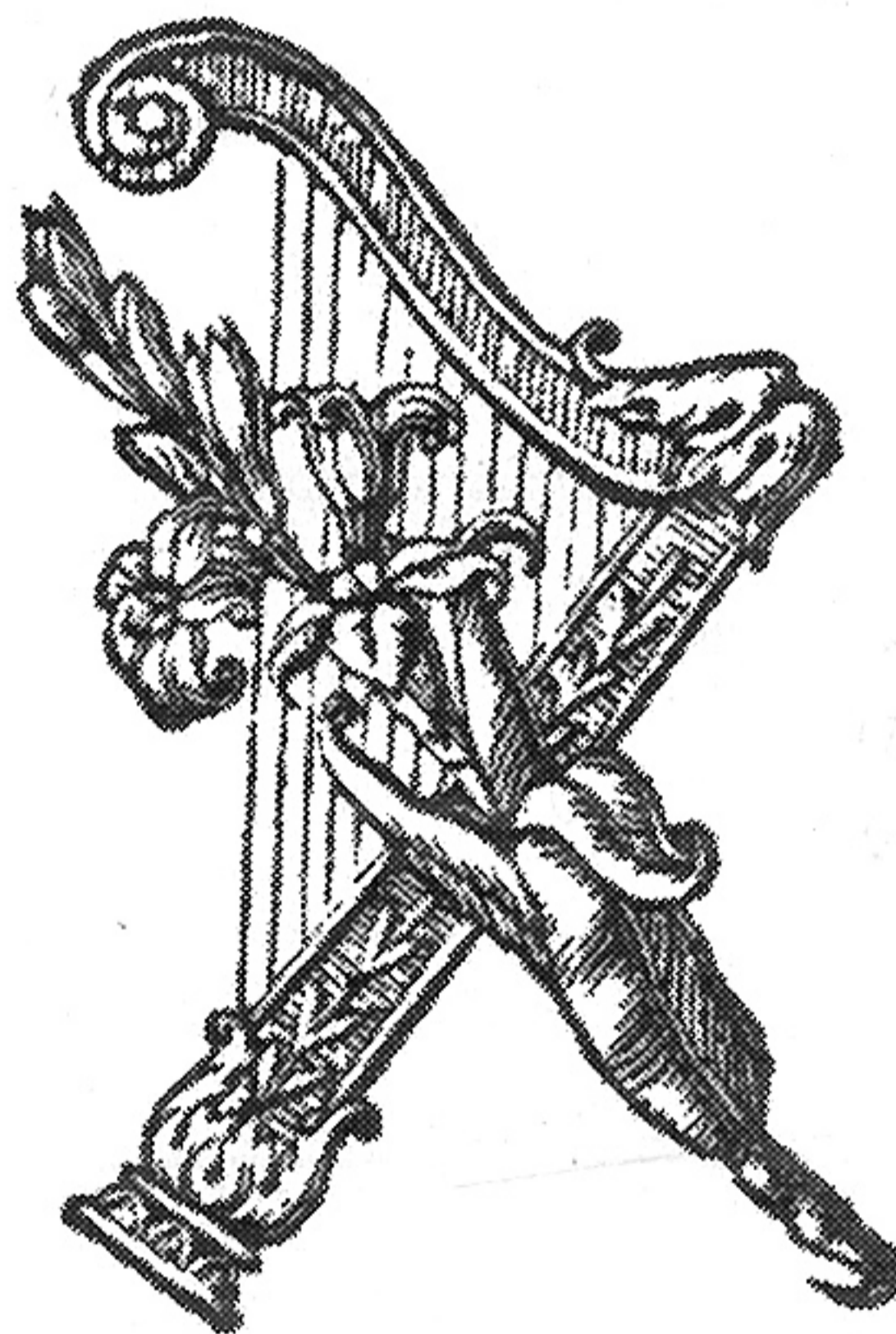


# PÉSMĚ

ALENTINA VODNIKA.



**V' Ljubljani.**  
Natisnil Jožef Blaznik.

**1840.**



**Valentin Vodnik (1758–1819)**

A Franciscan priest and probably also a Mason, Valentin Vodnik worked with Napoleon's occupation forces to promote "Illyrian" autonomy and Slovene national self-awareness. When the Austrians reclaimed the Slovene lands, Vodnik's career as an educator was terminated. Throughout his life he published numerous school texts, grammatical treatises and poems. The range of his interests and abilities makes him truly an Enlightenment man. Toward the end of his life he penned *Moj spominik* ("My Monument"), based on the Horatian model but with the rhythm of an Alpine hop-dance. The Slovene version is from *Pesme Valentina Vodnika* (Ljubljana: Jožef Blaznik, 1840). The translation is based on the text in Jože Pogačnik, ed., *Starejše slovensko slovstvo* (Maribor: Obzorja, 1980) 182–83.

## Moj spominik

Kdo rojen prihodnjih  
bo meni verjel,  
de v letih nerodnih  
okrogle sim pel.

Ne žvenka ne cvenka  
pa bati se nič,  
živi se brez plenka  
O petju ko tič.

Kar mat je učila,  
me mika zapet,  
kar starka zložila,  
jo lično posnet.

Redila me Sava,  
Ljubljansko polje,  
navdale Triglava  
Me snežne kope.

Vrsača Parnasa  
sgol svojiga znam,  
inakega glasa  
iz gosli ne dam.

Latinske, helenske,  
tevtonske učim  
za pevke slovenske  
živim in gorim.

Ne hčere ne sina  
po meni ne bo,  
dovolj je spomina:  
me pesmi pojo.



## My Monument

Who ever comes after  
    Will have to believe,  
In years of disaster  
    My rondeaus I'd sing.

No coins' clink or chinking,  
    And nothing to fear,  
Live free off your singing,  
    Like birds of the air.

What mother once taught me  
    Allures me anew,  
What the old lady made up  
    Is fit to redo.

"Twas Sava that bred me,  
    And the Ljubljana plain,  
Snow slopes on Mount Triglav  
    Impressed me no end.

One peak of Parnassus  
    I claim for my own,  
No other man's voice will  
    My lyre intone.

Latinic, Hellenic,  
    Germanic I learn,  
But only for Slovene  
    Do I live and burn.

No son and no daughter  
    Will I ever see.  
But my fame is assured:  
    My poems claim me.

*Henry R. Cooper, Jr. with Jana Kobav*