

Spomenik

A. AŠKERC
IZABRANE PJESME

PIREDIO
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U ZAGREBU · 1913
IZDANJE MATICE HRVATSKE

Anton Aškerc (1856–1912)

The most outstanding representative of Slovene poetic realism, Aškerc preceeded and in many ways prepared the way for Slovene modernism; he even edited Kette's sole posthumous collection. Aškerc was something of an orientalist whose interest in other religions brought him into conflict with the Catholic church at home. His interest in the Protestant reformer Trubar only exacerbated that tension. He was also an avid traveler. The Slovene text is from Anton Aškerc, *Izbrane pesmi* (Maribor: Obzorja, 1969). The translation is from W.K. Matthews and A. Slodnjak, eds., *The Parnassus of a Small Nation* (London: John Calder, 1957) 60–62.

Pevčev grob

Tu torej gomila zdaj tvoja leži,
tu torej zdaj srce pokojno ti spi!
Glej, plošča še kaže kamnéna
njegovega črke imena!

Pač dolgo že, dolgo je tu pod zemljój!
In meni se zdi, kot bi bil pred menoj:
ves, kakor mi žije in diše,
ves, kakor pravljica ga riše...

Na kloštrskem vrtu sedi samotar,
sam s sabo ko v snu govori samotar;
čujó ga le rože cvetoče
in ptice po drevju pojoče.

“Mariji na slavo sem peval doslej,
a pesmi prepeval bom druge poslej!
Vam, ptice, sedaj bom prepeval,
vam, rože, srce razodeval.

Najlepše vas pesmi navaditi čem,
ki sam je pred brati zapeti ne smem.
In vendar jo moram zapeti—
ni moči je v srcu imeti!

Ah skoro, ah skoro me v grob položé,
ob njem se naselite, pticice vé,
iz srca, cvetice, mi klijte,
gomilo preprézite, krijte!

Stoletja pod zemljoj že spaval bom jaz,
nad mano pa pesem to boste tačas,
ve, pevke, mi vedno še pele,
ve, rože, sladko jo dehtele...”

Pa, ko je preminil v cvetočih še dneh,
zagrebli, ah, niso ga v vrtnih tam tleh;
sred cerkve so grob naredili,
nanj marmor težak položili.

The Poet's Grave

So here is the mound where your body is pent,
So here rests your heart in its sleep of content.
See, carvings there are, to proclaim
On the slab of the marble, his name.

It is long, long ago since to earth he was set,
But methinks that before me I gaze on him yet.
Yes, e'en as he lived in his day,
Yes, e'en as the legends portray.

'tis the yard of the cloister the anchorite seeks,
Alone, as if dreaming, the anchoring speaks.
By the blossoming rose he is heard,
From the trees by each wandering bird.

"In laud of the Virgin I sang until now,
But other the tunes I henceforward avow.
Ye, O birds shall give ear to my lays,
On my heart, all ye roses shall gaze.

"Twere best that my songs I began with the one
Which even to my brothers I ne'er have begun:
And yet it is not to be stilled,
So strongly my heart it has thrilled.

"Ah soon, 'twill be soon, in my grave I shall lie
O birds, ye will wander and settle hard try,
O flowers from my heart ye will leap.
My grave ye will cover and keep.

"And when I have slumbered full centuries long
Above me on high ye will warble my song,
Ye songsters, for aye, in your glee,
Ye roses shall waft it to me."

But when he had died in the bloom of his days,
"Tis not in the garden his tomb they upraise:
"Mid church he was laid to his rest,
With marble to burden his breast.

In pesem, ki pel jo je Stanko nekđj,
kako bo pri grobu njegovem sedaj
iz slavčevih grl mu kipela,
iz čašic cvetličnih puhtela?...

In tukaj gomila zdaj tvoja leži,
in tukaj zdaj srce pokojno ti spi!
Da, plošča na tleh mahovita—
na nji pa ime se ti čita!

Sred bujnega gaja, košatih dreves,
med pisanim cvetjem tvoj grob je tu vmes!
A v krogu sred gozdne temine
razsute stojijo zidine...

Mar vekov vihar je zato sem prihrul
in zid samostanski zato je razsul,
da tvoje le želje bi branil,
da tvojo bi pesem ohranil?

Čuj, v glasih stoterih odmeva sladkó—
menihovo pesem pač ptice pojó!
Uho mi poslušá, poslušá...
Umeje že moja jo duša.

Ah, pesem, ta pesem mi znana se zdi...
O sveti svobodi se li ne glasi?
O nadeji pač pokopani,
o zlati svobodi prodani!

And the song that he sang in the days long ago,
How might it be heard in his grave there below?
From the nightingale's throat could it swell?
From the fragrance of blossoms upwell,

So here is the mound where your body is pent,
So here your heart rests in its sleep of content:
Yes, the marble with moss is o'erspread,
But his name still thereon can be read.

Within the lush grove whence the forest is seen
Is your grave with the hues of the blossoms between.
Where the shade of the forest is spread
The hermitage ruins are shed.

O'er the tending of ages the tempest has passed,
And earthwards the wall of the cloister is cast,
Was it thus your desire to defend
And cherish your song to the end?

Hark, in hundreds of voices how sweetly 'tis heard,
'tis the song of the monk from the throat of the bird:
I hearken, I hearken intent,
That the song with my soul may be blent.

O methinks I now fathom the song and its strain:
Is it not holy freedom that fills its refrain,
And hope that is evermore lost,
And freedom that passes all cost?

Paul Selver