

Rabindranath Tagor,
Shubhokkan

Ogo maa, Raajaar dulaal jaabe aaji mor
gharer shomukhopathe,
aaji e probhaate grihokaaj loye
rohibo balo ki mate.
Bole de aamaae ki koribo shaaj,
ki chaaxde kabori bexdhe labo aaj,
poribo angge keamon bhangge kon baroner baash.
Maa go, ki holo tomaar, abaak nayone mukhopaane keano caash.
Aami daaxrxaabo jethaae baataayonkone
she caabe naa shethaa jaani taahaa mone –
phelite nimesh deakhaa habe shesh, jaabe she shudur pure,
shudhu shangger baaxshi kon maatxh hote baajibe beakul shure.
Tobu raajaar dulaal jaabe aaji mor gharer shomukhopathe,
shudhu nimesh laagi naa koriyaa besh rohibo balo ki mate.

Ogo maa, raajaar dulaal gealo coli mor gharer homukhopathe,
probhaater aalo jholilo taahaar sharnoshikhar rathe.
Ghomtxaa khashaaye baataayon theke
nimesher laagi niyechi maa dekhe,
chixxi monihaar phelechi taahaar pather dhulaar 'pare.
Maa go, ki holo tomaar, abaak nayone caahish kisher tare!
Mor haar-chexrxa mo ni neay ni kurxaaye,
rather caakaae geache she guxrxaaye
caakaar cinho gharer shomukhe porxe aache shudhu aaxkaa.
Aami ki dilem kaare jaane naa she keu – dhulaae rohilo dxhaakaa.
Tobu raajaar dulaal gealo coli mor gharer shomukhopathe–
mor bokkher moni naa pheliyaa diyaa rohibo balo ki mate.

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Rabindranath Tagor,
The young prince

tradukita de Rabindranath Tagor

O mother, the young Prince is to pass by our door, –
how can I attend to my work this morning?
Show me how to braid up my hair;
tell me what garment to put on.
Why do you look at me amazed, mother?
I know well he will not glance up once at my window;
I know he will pass out of my sight in the twinkling of an eye;
only the vanishing strain of the flute
will come sobbing to me from afar.
But the young Prince will pass by our door,
and I will put on my best for the moment.

O mother, the young Prince did pass by our door,
and the morning sun flashed from his chariot.
I swept aside the veil from my face,
I tore the ruby chain from my neck
and flung it in his path.
Why do you look at me amazed, mother?
I know well he did not pick up my chain;
I know it was crushed under his wheels
leaving a red stain upon the dust,
and no one knows what my gift was nor to whom.
But the young Prince did pass by our door,
and I flung the jewel from my breast before his path.

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*Verkinto de tiu ĉi bengala poemo estas RABINDRANATH TAGOR (*1861-05-07 – †1941-08-07).*

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Bengala-lingva teksto (en latina-skriba transskribo) verkita de la poeto Rabindranath Tagor / Robindronath Tagor, (07.05.1861 - 07.08.1941). Tiun ĉi tekston mi, Manfred Retzlaff, ricevis de s-ro Probal Dasgupta per ret-mesaĝo en 2011-02-14. Ĝi estas prenita el la plena verkaro de la poeto Robindronath Tagor eldonita de Visvabharati. Vidu ankaŭ la Esperantigon faritan de Kálmán Kalocsay, kiu aperis en 1950 en la Esperanta revuo "La Praktiko", kaj kiun enigis la dana samideano Lars Kromann en sian retan kolekton <http://www.literaturo.dk> sub <http://www.literaturo.dk/junaprinco.htm>.

*Traduko de la bengala poemo "Shubhokkan" de RABINDRANATH TAGOR (*1861-05-07 – †1941-08-07) en la Anglan de RABINDRANATH TAGOR (*1861-05-07 – †1941-08-07).*

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Tiu estas angligo, kiun la poeto verkis mem laŭ sia origine en la bengala lingvo verkita teksto. (Konfirmis tion al mi, Manfred Retzlaff, s-ro Probal Dasgupta.) Vidu ankaŭ la retejojn http://eo.wikipedia.org/wiki/Probal_Dasgupta kaj http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=18070.