

Karl Friedrich Mùchler,  
Down deep within the cellar

*tradukita de John Oxenford*

Down deep within the cellar, here  
Against a butt I rest, Sir,  
My heart of ev'ry care I clear,  
And swear I'll have the best, Sir.

The cellar man taps any cask,  
I choose by nod or winking;  
He fills the glass, he loves his task  
As I love drinking, drinking!

The demon thirst I could withstand,  
Nay, if I could, would kill it;  
I therefor take my glass in hand  
And with good liquor fill it.

The world then wears a hue so gay,  
It nearly sets me blinking;  
All evil thoughts I scare away,  
While drinking, drinking, drinking!

Bu oh, at ev'ry glass I drain,  
That ragging thirst increases,  
To drown it, tiplers strive in vain,  
It never, never ceases.

Yet where's the odds if down I fall?  
E'en now I feel a sinking;  
I do not harm, wish well to all,  
While drinking, drinking, drinking!

*Traduko de la Germana poemo "Im tiefen Keller sitz ich hier" de KARL FRIEDRICH MÜCHLER (\*1763-09-02 - †1857-01-12) en la Anglan de John Oxenford.*

*Arg-944-1898 (2013-12-04 10:09:38)*

*Pri la tradukinto John Oxenford vidu la retejon [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John\\_Oxenford](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Oxenford).*