

Illargi barria

SANTIAGO ONAINDIA

Zornotzan jaio zen 1909an. Karmeldarra. Idazle oparoa, argitaratzaile eta itzultzaile lanetan oso ezaguna, bizkaiera eta gipuzkera izan dira bere lan euskalkiak, prosaz nahiz bertsoz idatzi eta itzuli izan duelarik.

Egin dituen itzulpen ugarien artetik hauek aipa daitezke: Orati'ren odak (1955), R. Tagoreren *Iru poema* (1963), *Santa Teresaren On-bidea* (1963, Lino Akesolorekin batera), *Virgilio-ren Enearena* (1966), *Kolonbiar olerti-txorta* euskaraz (1968), Iztuetaren Gipuzkoako dantza gogoangarriak (1969), *Las cien mejores poesías amorias de la lengua vasca* (1975), etabar.

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1

Sukaldea

ASTIRO niñoian ni solo bidexka zear, eguzki jausiak zeken antzera, bere azken-urrea gordetzean, an zeru-ertz urdin urrutian. Unetik unera baltzago zan itzalean murgilduz joian argia, ta lur alarguna —labore batzea egiña zan— ixilik zetzan.

Bertatik, illuna ikusgaitz igaroten eban abots zolia entzun zan goietan, eresi-aria dingiliz itxirik ordu ixiltsu aretan. Alan be, sukaldea an egoan zain aurki, zelai legorraren amaian, kañabera sail ostean, albo ta areka bigunen zainpean, kokot-ondo ta aran eze baltzez inguraturta.

Oin-ixil geratu nintzan pixkaten, izarren argitara. Zabal egoan lur sakona nire begi-aurrean, konta ezin ala sukalde besarkaturik, seaska ta ogez, ama-biotzez ta argi irazekiz, bizi-indar gazte ta alaitsez gaiñezka, gizarterako zenbat dan ez dakigun alaitasunez noski.

2

Ondartzetan

MUNDU guztiko ondartzetan batzen dira umeak. Muga bako zeru zabala baretsu agiri da euren buru gain; ura, oster, pai-

The Crescent Moon

RABINDRANAT TAGORE

The Home

I PACED alone on the road across the field while the sunset was hiding its last gold like a miser.

The daylight sank deeper and deeper into the darkness, and the widowed land, whose harvest had been reaped, lay silent.

Suddenly a boy's shrill voice rose into the sky. He traversed the dark unseen, leaving the track of his song across the hush of the evening.

His village home lay there at the end of the waste land, beyond the sugar-cane field, hidden among the shadows of the banana and the slender areca palm, the coconut and the dark green jack-fruit trees.

I stopped for a moment in my lonely way under the starlight, and saw spread before me the darkened earth surrounding with her arms countless homes furnished with cradles and beds, mothers' hearts and evening lamps, and young lives glad with a gladness that knows nothing of its value for the world.

On The Seashore

ON the seashore of endless worlds children meet.

ru bageko ta urduri, inguruan dabil nasu samar. Lurralde guztietako ondartzetan batzen dira umeak, zarataka ta dantzari.

Ondarrezko etxetxoak egiten dabez batzuk, magurio-koskoz jolasketan dara-gioe beste batzuk. Arein ontzia orri legor bat, ta itxas zabal sakonera jaurtzen dabe, irribarretsu. Aurtxoak mundu guztiko ondartzetan jolastu oi dira.

Ez dakie igeri, ez sarea afondu ta edatzen. Txirla-arrantzalea urperatu oi da ta saleroslaria bere ontzian ur-gaiñez ibilli; umetxoak, bitartean, arri-koskorak billatu ta eskuratzen dabez, ta gero bota, oso urrutira. Ez dabe ondasun ezkuturik billatzen, ez dakie sarerik edatzen, zabalatzen.

Itxasoa kurkuillotu ba'dadi oi-u-algaraz, ondar irribartsua dizdizka jarten da, erdi-laru. Olatu eriozkiñak, zentzun bako leloak kanta oi dautsiez umeai, amak kuma kulunka-kuluna bai'lerabil. Itxasoa umeakaz jolaska, ta ondarraren ezpan-irri larua dizdizka.

Lurralde guztietako ondartzetan batzen dira umeak. Ekaitza ara ona dabil biderik ez dauan zeru zear, ontziak be zador bageko itxasoan ondatzen-dira, azke dabil eriotza, ta alan be umeak jolasean diardue.

Mundu guztiko ondartzetan batzen dira, jai andia egiñez, ume guztiak.

3 Iturria

Bai al daki iñok nundik datorren umearen begietan txiribiri antzera dabillen loa?—Bai, diñoenez, maitagarrien base-rrian bizi ei da: lore-baratz bateko itzal-pean, ipurtargiz erdizka bakarrik argituta, zoragarritzko lili-pinpin bi dagoz dingilizka: loa andik bide dator, aurtxoaren begietan mun gozoa ezartera.

Bai al daki iñok nun jαιο zan ume loak artuaren ezpanetan egazka dabillen irri-

The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand, and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl-fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships are wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

The Source

THE sleep that flits on baby's eyes—does anybody know from where it comes? Yes, there is a rumour that it has its dwelling where, in the fairy village among shadows of the forest dimly lit with glow-worms, there hang two shy buds of enchantment. From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.

The smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps—does anybody know where it was born? Yes, there is a rumour that a young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing

barre ezta? —Bai. Esan oi danez, udazken intzez garbiko goiz amesti batean, illargi barriaren erraiñu jantzirik, sor-erazo eban, nunbait, ume lokartuaren ezpatetan egazka dabillen irriño ezta.

Bai al daki norbaitek nun egon zan gordeta, orrenbeste urtez, umetxoaren aragitxoetan loratzen dan barri-samur gozo biguna? —Bai. Beraren amak, nes-kato zala, maitasunezko misteri leun ixillez igurtzi oi eban biotza, umetxoaren aragitxoetan loratu dan barri-samur gozo biguna, nunbait.

4

Orrela dozu umea

ORAINTXE berton, umeak nai ba'leu, egaz egingo leuke zerura. Baiña zer-edo-zer-gaitik ez doa egazka. Atsegin yako nunbait amatxoren bular gaiñean burua etzatea! Eta gero, adi-adi yagoko eten barik!

Itz zoragarri asko dakiz umeak; mundu onetan alan be, gitxi baiño eztira arek diñoana ulertzen dabenak. Baiña zerbait-gaitik ez dau berba egin nai. Bere amaren itzak ikasi, ez dau besterik gura. Or zergaitik jartzen dauan ain betarte ezta!

Urre-meta bat ta txirlarri asko ebazan umetxoak; alan eta guzti be, txiro ta ezeuki agertu zan mundu onetan. Baiña bae-ban zerbait era ortan agertzeko. Eskale billois antzera, oso aul agertu nai antza, amari aren leia ta ardura bizien diruzakua eskatzeko edo!

Txit jara ta korapilla bakoa zan umea itargi barriaren eskualdean. Baiña zer-edo-zer-gaitik itxi eban bere askatasuna. Bai, arek ba-daki ondo be amaren biotz-zokoan daukan poztasun muga-eza, ta askatasuna baiño bigunago da, daukan altzo samur eta besarte estu maitatia!

Poztasunezko aroan bizi zan, ta ez ekian negar egitea zer zanik. Baiña zer-edo-zer-gaitik aukeratu ebazan malkoak.

autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed morning—the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps.

The sweet, soft freshness that blooms on baby's limbs —does anybody know where it was hidden so long? Yes, when the mother was a young girl it lay pervading her heart in tender and silent mystery of love—the sweet, soft freshness that has bloomed on baby's limbs.

Baby's Way

IF baby only wanted to, he could fly up to heaven this moment.

It is not for nothing that he does not leave us.

He loves to rest his head on mother's bosom, and cannot ever bear to lose sight of her.

Baby knows all manner of wise words, though few on earth can understand their meaning.

It is not for nothing that he never wants to speak.

The one thing he wants is to learn mother's words from mother's lips. That is why he looks so innocent.

Baby had a heap of gold and pearls, yet he came like a beggar on to this earth.

It is not for nothing he came in such a disguise.

This dear little naked mendicant pretends to be utterly helpless, so that he may beg for mother's wealth of love.

Baby was so free from every tie in the land of the tiny crescent moon.

It was not for nothing he gave up his freedom.

He knows that there is room for endless joy in mother's little corner of a heart, and it is sweeter far than liberty to be caught and pressed in her dear arms.

Izan be, ama arduraz betearen biotza irri-barreka irabazten ba'eban, edozein kez-kagaitik ixurten dituan negar-tantak erruki ta maitez lotzen dabe aren izatea.

5 Erronda ikus-eziña

Ai!, nok jantzi dautzu, ene seme, soiñe-kotxoa margoz? Nok jarri dautsa zure gorpuztxoari jantzi gorritzka ori? Gaur goizean, ziburu-ziburuka larrifñera urten zara, jolasketara. Baiña, esan eidazu, nok jantzi dautzu soiñeko ori margoz, kolorez?

Esan, arren, ene biotz-lorea, zek dagigizu barre? Poz ez titan daukazu ama, atarian geldi. Eskuak ikutzen dautzuz, ta aren apaingarriak ots dagie bulunba antzera, ta zuk, ene artzaintxo, dantzan diarduzu banbu-zotza eskuan. Baiña zek dagigizu barre, ene biotz-lorea?

Eskale bai'zintzaz, zer nai dozu orrela dingilizka, esku biakaz amari lepotik oratuta? Oi biotz txiki artega!, zeruari mundua ebatsi, ostu nai ete dautsazu, sagar-ale bai'litzan, eta gero zeure esku barru larrosazkoan ipiñi? Ai, eskaletxo!, zer da, esan, eskatzen daustazuna?

Pozez gaiñezka, aizeak ba-daroz zure orkatil estunetako kanpai txikien txintxin-ots gozoak. Barrez daukazu eguzkia, zu orrela jantzirik ikusita. Zerua zaindari dozu amaren besoetan lo zagozan bitartean: eta goiza beatz gaiñean datorkizu kuma ondora, begi ertzetan mun eztia ezartera. Aize poz-argiak badaroz zure orkatil estunetako kanpai txikien txintxin-ots gozoak.

Ames sorgiñen amandrea be or dator egunsentian, zeru zear, zureganaiño egazka. Mundu amaren biotz min guztia zurekin dozu, zure amaren biotzean. Zure leio azpian txirula joten dau izarren kanpariak. Eta Ames sorgiñen amandrea or

Baby never knew how to cry. He dwelt in the land of perfect bliss.

It is not for nothing he has chosen to shed tears.

Though with the smile of his dear face he draws mother's yearning heart to him, yet his little cries over tiny troubles weave the double bond of pity and love.

The Unheeded Pageant

AH, who was it coloured that little frock, my child, and covered your sweet limbs with that little red tunic?

You have come out in the morning to play in the courtyard, tottering and tumbling as you run.

But who was it coloured that little frock, my child?

What is it makes you laugh, my little life-bud?

Mother smiles at you standing on the threshold.

She claps her hands and her bracelets jingle, and you dance with your bamboo stick in your hand like a tiny little shepherd.

But what is it makes you laugh, my little life-bud?

O beggar, what do you beg for, clinging to mother's neck with both your hands?

O greedy heart, shall I pluck the world like a fruit from the sky to place it on your little rosy palm?

O beggar, what are you begging for? The wind carries away in glee the tinkling of your anklet bells.

The sun smiles and watches your toilet.

The sky watches over you when you sleep in your mother's arms, and the morning comes tiptoe to your bed and kisses your eyes.

The wind carries away in glee the tinkling of your anklet bells.

The fairy mistress of dreams is coming towards you, flying through the twilight sky.

dator egun-sentian, zeru zear, zureganai-ño egazka.

6 Lo-lapurra

—Ia, nun da ori, umetxoari begietako loa ostu dautson ori? Neuk astinduko dot!

Ama, txanbilla eskuratu ta gerrian ezarririk, auzora joan zan uretan. Eguerdia ortxe-ortxe zan. Umeak nekatuta egozan jolasean, paitak barriz ixilik ur-zingirran. Artzaintxoia lo egoan pikoaren itzalpean. Men ta begi-zoli agiri zan zigoña, ii-sail ertzean, luze etsita antza... Eta lo-lapurra eldu zan, eta umetxoaren begietatik loa artu ta joan zan egazka. Ama itzuli zanean, lau-oinka aurkitu eban umea lo-gela erdian.

—Ia, nun da ori, nire umetxoaren begietako loa lapurtu dauan ori? Neuk astinduko dot!

Nun gorde da maltzur alako ori? Oratuko dautsot eta sokaz lotu. An leza illuntsu aretan, arrikote urduri artean, errekatxoak txipli-txapla dagian lekuan egon bear dau. Bakul-oianeko gerizpe lo-erazlean billatuko dot, bai, uso-kumeak urruma gozoz dagozan txokoan, sorgiñen zintzarriak txintxin dagien gau izartu bake sakonean. Begi-zizta bat jaurtiko dot, bein gaututakoan, banbu-ibarreko ixiltasun antsiz betera, ots, ipurtargiak argi-itxaso diran lekura. Ta bidean iñor aurkitzen baldin ba'dot, galde egingo dautsot: Bai al daki iñok lo-lapurra nun gordeten dan?

—Ia, nun da ori, umearen begietatik loa artzen dauan ori? Neuk astinduko dot!

Nun, nun dago? Aurkituko ba'neu aurkitu, erakutsiko neuskio nik zelangoa izan; bai orixe! Aren gordelekuko arria jasoko neuke, ta gero, an osturik daukan lo guztia artu ta etxera eroango neuke oso-osorik. Lapurra, ostera, txit gogor lotuko neuke ego bietatik, eta ondoren

The world-mother keeps her seat by you in your mother's heart.

He who plays his music to the stars is standing at your window with his flute.

And the fairy mistress of dreams is coming towards you, flying through the twilight sky.

Sleep-Stealer

WHO stole sleep from baby's eyes? I must know.

Clasping her pitcher to her waist mother went to fetch water from the village near by.

It was noon. The children's playtime was over; the ducks in the pond were silent.

The shepherd boy lay asleep under the shadow of the banyan tree.

The crane stood grave and still in the swamp near the mango grove.

In the meanwhile the Sleep-stealer came and, snatching sleep from baby's eyes, flew away.

When mother came back she found baby travelling the room over on all fours.

Who stole sleep from our baby's eyes? I must know. I must find her and chain her up.

I must look into that dark cave, where, through boulders and scowling stones, trickles a tiny stream.

I must search in the drowsy shade of the *bakula* grove, where pigeons coo in their corner, and fairies' anklets tinkle in the stillness of starry nights.

In the evening I will peep into the whispering silence of the bamboo forest, where fireflies squander their light, and will ask every creature I meet, "Can anybody tell me where the Sleep-stealer lives?"

Who stole sleep from baby's eyes? I must know.

Shouldn't I give her a good lesson if I could only catch her.

ibai ertzean laga: dabillega antxe kañabe-
raz arrainketan, lili, zume ta ii artean...

Ta gabaz, azoka itxi ta aurtxoak ama-
ren magalean legokezanean, gau-txoriak
ara joango litzakioz ta belarrietara burlaz
ulu: Tira, geldotzar, ia orain nori ostuten
dauskan loa!

7 Asiera

—NUNDIK nentorren ni, zuk aurkitu nin-
duzunean?—itandu eutsan umeak bere
amari.

Arek, barre-lorea ezpan-gain ta mal-
ko-ñirñirra begian, semea bularraren
kontra estuturik, onela erantzun eutsan:
—Neure biotzean zengozan zu, ene mai-
te, beronen leia bizia bai zara. Nire ume-
tako jostaillu ta andrakilla artean zengo-
zan; eta nik, goizero, Jainko-irudia egi-
torduan, irudi ortan zengozan zu be. Bai
ta opari-maian be, gure etzeko Jainkoare-
kin; eta agurtzean, zeu be agurtzen zin-
dudazan. Ots, nire itxarokizun eta maita-
sun guztietan zengozan. Bai, zu bizi izan
zara ene bizian, eta amaren bizian be bai.
Zu zentozan, gizaldirik gizaldi, gure
sukaldea gorde ta zuzentzen dauan gogo
ezin-illaren magalean. Ni neskakta nin-
tzanean eta biotza orri-zabaldu, zu nire
inguru zenbiltzan inarika, usain gozo.
Zuk darizun samurtasun ezta antxiña
loratu yatan aragi gaztean, eguzkia kolo-
re bizi sortaldean urten baiño len. Zer-
utiko len-maitasuna, egun-sentiko argiaren
anai bizkia, mundura jatxi ziñean bizi-
tzaren ibaian eta azkenez neure biotzean
geratu...

Lilluraz, seme, zoratzen naz zuri be-
giraka, neure egin bait-zara guztia zarea-
la; galduko ete zaitudan bildurrez nauka-
zu. Zagoz emen, neure bular gaiñean oso
estu! Ai!, zer sorgin-indarrek ipiñi daust
beso auletan munduko ondasuna?

I would raid her nest and see where
she hoards all her stolen sleep.

I would plunder it all, and carry it
home.

I would bind her two wings securely,
set her on the bank of the river, and then
let her play at fishing with a reed among
the rushes and water-lilies.

When the marketing is over in the
evening, and the village children sit in
their mothers' laps, then the night birds
will mockingly din her ears with:

"Whose sleep will you steal now?"

The Beginning

"WHERE have I come from, where did you
pick me up?" the baby asked its mother.

She answered, half crying, half laugh-
ing, and clasping the baby to her
breast,—

"You were hidden in my heart as its
desire, my darling.

You were in the dolls of my child-
hood's games, and when with clay I made
the image of my god every morning, I
made and unmade you then.

You were enshrined with our house-
hold deity, in his worship I worshipped
you.

In all my hopes and my loves, in my
life, in the life of my mother you have
lived.

In the lap of the deathless Spirit who
rules our home you have been nursed for
ages.

When in girlhood my heart was open-
ing its petals, you hovered as a fragrance
about it.

Your tender softness bloomed in my
youthful limbs, like a glow in the sky
before the sunrise.

Heaven's first darling, twin-born with
the morning light, you have floated down
the stream of the world's life, and at last
you have stranded on my heart.

As I gaze on your face, mystery over-
whelms me; you who belong to all have
become mine.

8

Umearen mundua

AURKITU al ba'neu nik zokotxo bare nasai bat ene umearen munduko biotz berberan! An daukazala ba-dakit itz dagioen izarrak, ta arpegiraiño jasten yakon zerua, bere odei ergel ta ostarku pello kamutsez jolasteko. Aregan iñoiz ezer ez diñoen eta sekula zirkiñik ez dagien guzti orreik, bere leioraiño datoz txirristaka ta tutu-muxu ipuiñak eralgi oi dautsoez; bai ta zur-azpilletan opatu be margo aberatsezko jostailuak.

Egin al ba'neu nik ene aurraren pentamenak zearkatzen dauan bide ori, bere muga guztietatik urtenda, mandatari ez-ezagunak kondaira bako erregeen aginterrietan zentzun bageko mezuak ekarri ta eroan dabiltzan lekuraiño joan; ots, errazoiak bere legeakaz upeltxoak egin ta aizetara jaurtzen dauzan lekuraiño; egiak egitadeai euren kateak kentzen dautsiezana tokiraiño!

9

Noiz eta zergaitik

KOLOREZKO jostailuak dakartzudazanean, ene seme, orduan konturatzen naz zergaitik dan ainbeste margo-joku odei-uretan, eta lorak zergaitik dagozan ain dizditsu jantzita... Kolorezko jostailuak dakartzudazanean, ene seme.

Kanta kantari diardudanean, ene maite, zuk dantzatzeko, orduan digart nik orriak zergaitik bizi diran eresi uts, eta olatuak zergaitik doazan kanta ta kanta lurraren biotz arrigarriraiño... Kanta kantari diardudanean, ene maite, zuk dantzatzeko.

Zure esku ase-eziñok, ene seme, nik gozokiz betetea, orduan bai dakidala zergaitik dagoan eztiz gañezka lore-muiña, eta igaliak zergaitik astuntzen diran, ixil-ixilik, gurin samur ezkotsuz... Zure esku ase-eziñok, ene seme, nik gozokiz betetea.

For fear of losing you I hold you tight to my breast. What magic has snared the world's treasure in these slender arms of mine?»

Baby's World

I WISH I could take a quiet corner in the heart of my baby's very own world.

I know it has stars that talk to him, and a sky that stoops down to his face to amuse him with its silly clouds and rainbows.

Those who make believe to be dumb, and look as if they never could move, come creeping to his window with their stories and with trays crowded with bright toys.

I wish I could travel by the road that crosses baby's mind, and out beyond all bounds;

Where messengers run errands for no cause between the kingdoms of kings of no history;

Where Reason makes kites of her laws and flies them, and Truth sets Fact free from its fetters.

When And Why

WHEN I bring you coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colours on clouds, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints—when I give coloured toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance, I truly know why there is music in leaves, and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth—when I sing to make you dance.

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands, I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower, and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice—when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands.

When I kiss your face to make you smile, my darling, I surely understand what pleasure streams from the sky in

Zure arpegia mosukatzen dodanean, ene maite, zure ezpanak irribarrez loratzeko, orduan dakit zein dan goiz-argian zerutik darion atsegiña, ta uda-aizeak nire gorputzari dakartsoen gozotasuna... Zure arpegia mosukatzen dodanean, ene maite, zure ezpanak irribarrez loratzeko.

10 Izen txarra

Ez egizu, ene seme, negarrik egin. Oker gaiztoak dira nunbait, beti, errazoi barik, agirika daukazuzanak! Zikiña deitzen dautzue, idazten zengozanean atzamarrak eta arpegia tintaz orbandu zenduzalako? Eta ez dira lotsa? Illargi barriari, arek bere arpegia tintaz baltzitu daualako, zikiña deitzen azartuko ete litzakez?

Ene seme, edozertxogaitik errudun egiten zaitue. Bai, zure edozer txarto deritxoe. Jantzitxo urratu dozula, jolaske-tan? Eta origaitik, urratzaille deituko dautzue? Eta ez dira lotsatzen? Udazkeneko goizagaitik, zer esango ete leukie, ba, a odei urratu ostetik irri-barreka daukagunean?

Baiña, ene seme, ez egiezu zuk jaramonik egin. Ondo bat-banatuta daukiez bai zure utsegiteak! Mundu guztiak daki zein gozo-zale zarean! Eta origaitik salobera deitzen dautzue? Eta ez dira lotsa? Zelan deituko leuskigue, orduan, guri, zu gureztat ain atsegin izanik, mosuka jango zindukeguzan ezkeror?

11 Epaillea

ESAN beragaitik nai dozun beste, baiña nik zuk eta edozeinek baiño obeto dakidaz ene umearen akatsak.

Nik ez dot maite ona dalako, seme dodalako baiño. Eta zuk zelan jakin zengike bera zelako altxor dan, zuk bere irabazi ta utsak azta bardiñez neurritu nai dozuzan orrek? Nik zigor-azo bear dodanean, iñoiz baiño neureago dot. Negar

morning light, and what delight the summer breeze brings to my body—when I kiss you to make you smile.

Defamation

WHY are those tears in your eyes, my child?

How horrid of them to be always scolding you for nothing!

You have stained your fingers and face with ink while writing—is that why they call you dirty?

O, fie! Would they dare to call the full moon dirty because it has smudged its face with ink?

For every little trifle they blame you, my child. They are ready to find fault for nothing.

You tore your clothes while playing—is that why they call you untidy?

O, fie! What would they call an autumn morning that smiles through its ragged clouds?

Take no heed of what they say to you, my child.

They make a long list of your misdeeds.

Everybody knows how you love sweet things—is that why they call you greedy?

O, fie! What then would they call us who love you?

The Judge

SAY of him what you please, but I know my child's failings.

I do not love him because he is good, but because he is my little child.

How should you know how dear he can be when you try to weigh his merits against his faults?

When I must punish him he becomes all the more a part of my being.

ba'daragiot, nire biotzak be negar dagi arekin batera.

Neuk bakar-bakarrik dot eskubide osoa salatu nai nekarazteko, maite dauanak soilki zigortu dagike-ta.

12 Jostailuak

ZORI ontsua zu, auts artean etzunik, ordu luzeetan zotz orregaz jolasean zabiltzan mutiko ori! Barre egin bear nik, nai ta ez, zu goiz guztian, orrela jostari ikusita. Nik be ordu luzeetan, bat-banatu ta bat-banatu diardut, neure kontuak ondo atera nairik. Eta ba-leiteke zuk, niri begira, au pentsetea: «Ori bai jolasketa ergela! Goi-za alperrik galtzeko gogoa, nunbait!»

Ai, mutiko! Nik aitzua dot, aintxiñatik, zotz eta lupetz opillezko jolasketa! Jostailu garestiak baiño ez ditut opa, urre ta zidar-mordoak pillatu! Zu, aukeran dozun edozer gauzaz, pozarren jolas oi zara. Nik, ostera, aldia ta indarrak be bai, iñoiz euki ezingo dodazan gauzetan galdu daroadaz. Ene ontzitxo aulean igaro nai neuke neure gora-naiaren itxasoa; ta aitzu egiten yat, antza, neu be olgetan, jolasean nabillela!

13 Izarlarria

NEUK soilki esan neban: «Illuntzean, illargi bete biribilla kadabuaren adarretan nastuten danean, ezin ete geinkeo oratu?»

Baiña Dada'k, andiagoa da-ta, ixeka egin eustan, esanik: «Ezagutu yoadazan izakietatik geldoena az. Illargia oso urrin dago gugandik. Nok eskuz oratu?»

Nik erantzun neutson: «Dada, i bai azala kankaillu! Ama leiora urreratu ta guri jolasketan irribartsu begiratzan yauskukanean, ik uste dok ain urrin dagoa-la?»

When I cause his tears to come my heart weeps with him.

I alone have a right to blame and punish, for he only may chastise who loves.

Playthings

CHILD, how happy you are sitting in the dust, playing with a broken twig all the morning!

I smile at your play with that little bit of a broken twig.

I am busy with my accounts, adding up figures by the hour.

Perhaps you glance at me and think, "What a stupid game to spoil your morning with!"

Child, I have forgotten the art of being absorbed in sticks and mud-pies.

I seek out costly playthings, and gather lumps of gold and silver.

With whatever you find you create your glad games. I spend both my time and my strength over things I can never obtain.

In my frail canoe I struggle to cross the sea of desire, and forget that I too am playing a game.

The Astronomer

I ONLY said, "When in the evening the round full moon gets entangled among the branches of that *Kadam* tree, couldn't somebody catch it?"

But *dādā*¹ laughed at me and said, "Baby, you are the silliest child I have ever known. The moon is ever so far from us, how could anybody catch it?"

I said, "Dādā, how foolish you are! When mother looks out of her window and smiles down at us playing, would you call her far away?"

¹ Elder brother.

Dada'k esan eustan bigarrenez: «I bai ume inozo! Baiña, ikusi egik, nun aurkituko eunkek illargia bertan sartzeko aiña litzaken sare andi bat?»

Nik ari: «Eskuakaz be arrapatuko eunkek, ziur naiagok».

Baiña Dada'k, barre-purrustadaka, esan eustan: «Ez yoat neure bizi guztian be i lango izaki txaldanik ikusi! Illargia geiago urreratuko ba-litz, ikusiko eunkek zein andia dan!»

«Dada, zelako zentzun-bakokeriak erakusten dokazan eure eskolan!», esan neutson nik. Ama guri mosu emoteko makurtzen danean, ain andia iruditzen yak aren arpegia?

Baiña Dada'k oindiño be esaten daust: «I ergel az, i ergel az!»

14

Odeiak eta olatuak

AMA, an goian odeietan bizi diranak, deadar dagiste: «Entzun, olgetan diardugu egun-asieratik amairaiño; urrezko egunsentiaz jolaska ari gara, bai ta zidarrezko illargiaz be!» Nik galdegiten daustet: «Baiña, zelan igon nik zuek zagozen lekuraiño, orren goi?» Eta erantzuten daustie: «Erdi lurraren ertzeraiño, jaso eskuak zerura ta odeiakaz goratuko zaitugu!» «Ama begira daukat etxean», diñot nik, «zelan itxi nengike bakarrik eta igon?» Eta areik, irrikoi, igaroaz doaz iñarika. . .

Baiña nik ba-dakit, ama, ori baiño jolas-era politagoa. Begira: ni izango naz odei ta zu illargi. Neure esku biakin estalduko zaitut, eta sabaia izango da gure zeru oztin.

Olatuetan bizi diranak deadar dagiste: «Egun-abarretik gau illuneraño abeska daragoiogu; joan ta joan goaz beti arago ta ez dakigu nora goazan!» Nik itaun dagitset: «Baiña, zelan joango naz zuekaz ain urruti?» Jardesten daustie: «Zatoz itxasgalera, estutu ondo begiak, itxaron, eta

Still dādā-said, “You are a stupid child! But, baby, where could you find a net big enough to catch the moon with?”

I said, “Surely you could catch it with your hands.”

But dādā laughed and said, “You are the silliest child I have known. If it came nearer, you would see how big the moon is.”

I said, “Dādā, what nonsense they teach at your school! When mother bends her face down to kiss us, does her face look very big?”

But still dādā says, “You are a stupid child.”

Clouds And Waves

MOTHER, the folk who live up in the clouds call out to me—

“We play from the time we wake till the day ends.

We play with the golden dawn, we play with the silver moon.

I ask, “But how am I to get up to you?”

They answer, “Come to the edge of the earth, lift up your hands to the sky, and you will be taken up into the clouds.”

“My mother is waiting for me at home,” I say. “How can I leave her and come?”

Then they smile and float away.

But I know a nicer game than that, mother.

I shall be the cloud and you the moon.

I shall cover you with both my hands, and our house-top will be the blue sky.

The folk who live in the waves call out to me—

“We sing from morning till night; on and on we travel and know not where we pass.”

I ask, “But how am I to join you?”

olatuakaz narrastuko zaitugu!» Nik diñotset: «Nire amak ez dau iñoiz be gura gaututa ni kanpora joaterik. Zelan itxiko dot eta igesari emon?» Eta areik, barrezka zezindurik, aurrera doaz dantzari...

Baiña nik ba-dakit, ama, ori baiño jolas-joku obea. Ni izango naz olatu ta zu aretza ez-ezaguna. Pirilika ta pirilika nabilke, ta azkenez irrikoi zure bularrean ausiko naz. Eta ez dau munduan iñok jakingu gu biok nun gagozan!

15

Txanpaka-lorea

«ENTZUN, ama, —jolastearren bakarrik, gero— ni txanpaka-lore biurtuko ba'nintz, eta zugatz orren adartxo gorenengoan edegi, ta aizean barre-karkaraz kulunkatu, ta osto barri gaiñean dantzatu, ni nintzakenik jakingo ete zeunke, ama?» Zuk dei egingo zeuskit: «Ume, nun zagoz?» Eta nik barre egingo neuke neure kautan, eta geldi-geldi egon. Txit astiro zabalduko neukez neure orriak, eta zu ikusiko zindukedaz lanean.

«Bustialdia artu ondoren, ule ezkotua zeure sorbalda gaiñean zabal, txanpakaren gerizpean zear otoi egin oi dozun oxin txikiruntz joango ziñakezanean, somatuko zenduke, ama, lorearen usain gozoa, baiña nik jariona zanik ez zeunke jakingo. Bazkal ostein, zu leioan jarrita Ramayana irakurten zengokezanean, eta nire zugatzaren itzala ulean ta altzoan zuri emon, nik neure itzaltxo pitiña zure liburuaren orrian jaurtiko neuke, zu irakurten zengokezan lekuan atan be. Baiña, zuk igarriko zeuskio zure semearen itzaltxoa danik? Illuntzean, argontzia ixeturik, okullura ziñoakezanean, ni beingoan barriz jausiko nintzake lurrera ta barriro zure aur izan, eta ipuin bat esateko eskatuko neuskizu».

They tell me, “Come to the edge of the shore and stand with your eyes tight shut, and you will be carried out upon the waves.”

I say, “My mother always wants me at home in the evening—how can I leave her and go?”

Then they smile, dance and pass by.

But I know a better game than that.

I will be the waves and you will be a strange shore.

I shall roll on and on and on, and break upon your lap with laughter.

And no one in the world will know where we both are.

The *Champa* Flower

SUPPOSING I became a *champa* flower, just for fun, and grew on a branch high up that tree, and shook in the wind with laughter and danced upon the newly budded leaves, would you know me, mother?

You would call, “Baby, where are you?” and I should laugh to myself and keep quite quiet.

I should slyly open my petals and watch you at your work.

When after your bath, with wet hair spread on your shoulders, you walked through the shadow of the *champa* tree to the little court where you say your prayers, you would notice the scent of the flower, but not know that it came from me.

When after the midday meal you sat at the window reading *Ramayana*, and the tree's shadow fell over your hair and your lap, I should fling my wee little shadow on to the page of your book, just where you were reading.

But would you guess that it was the tiny shadow of your little child?

«Nun egon az i, gaizto ori?» «Ez dautzut esango, ama», alkarri esango geunskio.

16 Maitagarrien lurraldea

Инок ба'leki nun dagoan nire erregearen jauregia, aidean urtuko litzake jauregi ori. Zidar zuri dira aren ormak, urre zuri aren gainkia. Nire erregiña, zazpi barrube daukazan egoitzean bizi da; ta zazpi aginterriak balio eben aiña ordaindu bear izan zan arek daroan bitxia. Baiña itxi, arren, ama, ta ixil-ixilik esango dautzut nun dagoan nire erregearen jauregia. Begira: an, albaaka ontzia nun? Antxe, etxe-gaiñeko bazter aretan dago.

Errege-alaba lo datza, sekula inok ez ibilli ez ikusi bako zazpi itxasoan azken-ondartzan lilluratua. Ezin dau inok ludian, neronek ezik, idoro. Entzun: apainki dotorez estalita daukaz besoak, eta txirlarri-tantak belarrietan. Aren ule-mataza joria beeraiño eltzen yatzu. Nik neure makiltxo miresgarriz ikutzean, orduantxe itxartuko da; eta erribarre egitean, bitxiak jausiko yakoz ezpanetatik. Baiña itxi, arren, ama, ta ixilka esango dautzut: errege-alaba, an dago, albaaka ontzia aurkitzen dan etxe-gaiñeko bazter aretan.

Bustialdirako ordua dala-ta, ibaira zoazanean, ama, zatoz ona gora, etxe gaiñera. Ni jarrita nagoke, begira, an orma bien itzalak alkartzen diran lekutxoan. Katemeari izten dautsat bakar-bakarrik an egoten, neugaz batera, katemeak bai daki nun bizi dan ipuiñetako bizargillea. Baiña itxi egidazu, arren, ama, eta esango dautzut nun bizi dan ipuiñetako bizargillea: an bizi da, albaaka ontzia dagoan etxe-gaiñeko bazter aretan.

When in the evening you went to the cowshed with the lighted lamp in your hand, I should suddenly drop on to the earth again and be your own baby once more, and beg you to tell me a story.

“Where have you been, you naughty child?”

“I won't tell you, mother.” That's what you and I would say then.

Fairyland

If people came to know where my king's palace is, it would vanish into the air.

The walls are of white silver and the roof of shining gold.

The queen lives in a palace with seven courtyards, and she wears a jewel that cost all the wealth of seven kingdoms.

But let me tell you, mother, in a whisper, where my king's palace is.

It is at the corner of our terrace where the pot of the *tulsi* plant stands.

The princess lies sleeping on the far-away shore of the seven impassable seas.

There is none in the world who can find her but myself.

She has bracelets on her arms and pearl drops in her ears; her hair sweeps down upon the floor.

She will wake when I touch her with my magic wand, and jewels will fall from her lips when she smiles.

But let me whisper in your ear, mother; she is there in the corner of our terrace where the pot of the *tulsi* plant stands.

When it is time for you to go to the river for your bath, step up to that terrace on the roof.

I sit in the corner where the shadows of the walls meet together.

Only puss is allowed to come with me, for she knows where the barber in the story lives.

But let me whisper, mother, in your ear where the barber in the story lives.

17

Erkatuaren aberria

AMA, begira, zein illun biurtu dan zerua! Eguneko ze ordu ete? Jolasez gogait egin-da nago, bai, ta zugana nator. Ez al daki-zu zapatu dala, eskola gabeko eguna? Itxi lanari, ama; erdu, tira, jesarri zaitez neugaz leioan, eta konta egidazu ipuin bat. Esan, ama, nun zan, ni ez naz gogoratzten, nun egoan Tepantar'ko basamortua.

Euriak goibel jarri dau arratsa, iparretik egoraño. Zelan txatxamurtzen dauan zerua, atzazkal gorritz, oiñaztu amorratuak! Odeiak durundu dagienean, ama, atsegin yat biotz-aul sentitzea, ta ni bai goxoro zure ondoan geldi! Eta euria ekin eta ekin ordu luzez, nekaturik, banburrietan ots bardintsu dabilenean, eta aizeak intziri-mintziri leioetan dardar, ni bai ezti-bitsetan, ama, zure etzanguan bakarrik, zuri Tepantar basamortuko ipuiña entzuten!

Esan, ama, nun dago? Zein itxasoko ondartzan, nungo mendiaren azpian, zein erregeren aginterian aurkitzen da Tepantar basamortua? An ez da egongo —ziur naz—, emen lez, solo ta landak zarratzen dabezan lango esirik, ezta illun-abarrean nekazariak etxera itzultzean eta oianean bizi dan emakume egurginak bere egur-sorta zeira ekarteko egin daroan bide-zidor onein langorik be. Bedar oriztaz laukiak ondarrean, eta txori zar jakintsu biak abia daukien zugatz bakarra, besterik ez da egongo Tepantar basamortuan.

Niri, ama, zoragarria iruditzen yat, gaur lakoxe egun lainotsu batez, errege-*seme* gaztea bakarrik basamortu zear bere zaldi zidar arrean lau-oinka, iñok ikusi ez dauan itxasoz andiko gazteluan erraldoiak gorderik daukan errege-alaba billa. Esan, ama: euriak bere zapiz zeru-azkena estaltzen dauanean, eta oiñaztuak eztenkada zorrotza iduri, saltu dagianean, errege-*semea* gogoratuko ete da erregek bertanbera itxi dauan ama gaixoaz? Oko-

It is at the corner of the terrace where the pot of the *tulsi* plant stands.

The Land Of The Exile

MOTHER, the light has grown grey in the sky; I do not know what the time is.

There is no fun in my play, so I have come to you. It is Saturday, our holiday.

Leave off your work, mother; sit here by the window and tell me where the desert of Tepantar in the fairy tale is.

The shadow of the rains has covered the day from end to end.

The fierce lightning is scratching the sky with its nails.

When the clouds rumble and it thunders, I love to be afraid in my heart and cling to you.

When the heavy rain patters for hours on the bamboo leaves, and our windows shake and rattle at the gusts of wind, I like to sit alone in the room, mother, with you, and hear you talk about the desert of Tepantar in the fairy tale.

Where is it, mother, on the shore of what sea, at the foot of what hills, in the kingdom of what king?

There are no hedges there to mark the fields, no footpath across it by which the villagers reach their village in the evening, or the woman who gathers dry sticks in the forest can bring her load to the market. With patches of yellow grass in the sand and only one tree where the pair of wise old birds have their nest, lies the desert of Tepantar.

I can imagine how, on just such a cloudy day, the young son of the king is riding alone on a grey horse through the desert, in search of the princess who lies imprisoned in the giant's palace across that unknown water.

When the haze of the rain comes down in the distant sky, and lightning starts up like a sudden fit of pain, does he remember his unhappy mother, abandoned by the king, sweeping the cow-

llua giñarrez garbitzen diardu onek eta begiak zapiz legortzen... Eta bere semea, Tepantar basamortuan barna lau-oinka, oroituko ete ama gaixoaz?

Ama, begira, oindiñok egunak dirau; baiña, gaua noiz jausiko. Ez dator iñor auzoko bide zear. Artzaintxoak itxiko zituan onezkero larre ta zelaiak, eta orain etxean dagoke. Soloetako gizonak be lanari itxi ta azpikietan etzan dira euren txaboletako itzalpean, odei itsusiei begira. Orain, ama, ez egidazu ikastekorik esan; itxi nasai liburuak, mai gaiñean. Neure aita lez andi naitenean, ikasi bear dan guztia ikasiko dot. Baiña gaur, gaur bakarrik, ama, esaidazu, ez naz ba gogorutzen, Tepantar'ko basamortua nun dagoan!

18

Euri-eguna

ODEI ixillak pillotuz doiaz arin-aringa, basoko goiertz baltzizkan. (Ez urten, ume!) Zingira-ezpana lerroz lerro ingurutzen daben palmondoak zabuka dagoz, lotan lez, zeru ituntxoari buruz. Muturik itxas-kaioak, ego loiak bilduta, tamarindoaren adarkimuetan. Itzal bat be, gero ta sakonago, ibaiaren sortalde-muturrean dabil errondari.

(Entzun, esiko erromaran lotuta dagon beiak orru dagi amorru bizitan! Seme, itxain emen, kortara eroatera noia-ta). Astrapaladan doiaz gizonak zelai, solo ta landa ureztatu zear, ur-maeketatik urtendako arraiñak artzera nunbait. Errekaztoak egiñik doia ura bidexkaetan; jolas antzo amagandik iges egin dauan ume irribarretsua dirudi.

(Ixillik; ontzidunari deiez dago norbait, ubidean! Egun-argia, barriz, joan doa, seme, ta ontzia itxita daukagu!) Itxurra danez, lau-oinka datorren euri zorroaren gaiñez dabilkigu zerua, zamari bai'litzan. Ibaia, eroapen bage, nastu ta iñarrosi yaku. Emakumeak iraduz, ariñe-

sull and wiping her eyes, while he rides through the desert of Tepantar in the fairy tale?

See, mother, it is almost dark before the day is over, and there are no travelers yonder on the village road.

The shepherd boy has gone home early from the pasture, and men have left their fields to sit on mats under the eaves of their huts, watching the scowling clouds.

Mother, I have left all my books on the shelf—do not ask me to do my lessons now.

When I grow up and am big like my father, I shall learn all that must be learnt.

But just for to-day, tell me, mother, where the desert of Tepantar in the fairy tale is.

The Rainy Day

SULLEN clouds are gathering fast over the black fringe of the forest.

O child, do not go out!

The palm trees in a row by the lake are smiting their heads against the dismal sky; the crows with their draggled wings are silent on the tamarind branches, and the eastern bank of the river is haunted by a deepening gloom.

Our cow is lowing loud, tied at the fence.

O child, wait here till I bring her into the stall.

Men have crowded into the flooded field to catch the fishes as they escape from the overflowing ponds; the rain-water is running in rills through the narrow lanes like a laughing boy who has run away from his mother to tease her.

Listen, someone is shouting for the boatman at the ford.

O child, the daylight is dim, and the crossing at the ferry is closed.

ketan datoz Ganges'tik, edarrak sorki gaiñetan.

(Argiak gertutzer a noia, gaur goizetik illuntzen dau-ta! Ez urten, seme!) Azokako bidetik ez dabil arimarik. Errekara jasten dan kalea irristakor dago ta errez labantzen. Orruz dauleazu aizea; sare artean arrapatu pizti bat dirudi bambu-ostotzan burrukari.

19 Ingizko ontziak

EGUNERO, neure ingizko ontzitxoak jaurtzen ditut, bata bestearen atzetik, ur-beera. Izki baltz andiz margotuta neure ize-na daroie, bai ta neure erriarena be. Eltzen diran ondartzaz ez-ezagunean norbaitek aurkitu ba'daiz, jakingo dau arek ni nor nazan. Ene etxeko baratzean azitako siuli-loraz beterik doiaz nire ontzitxoak; eta, ziur nago, goiz-urratzean batutako lore-pipil oneik, gabea, onez elduko dira lurrera.

Ur ibillian jaurtzen dodaz neure ingizko ontzitxoak, eta begiak zerurantzaz jasotzen dodazanean, arat-onat dabiltzan odeiak ikusten ditut, euren oial zuriak aizez beterik dabezala... Ez dakit nik zerutiko nire zein adiskidek botatzen dabezan aize-beera, nire ontziaz ibilli daitezana... Illunkeran neure esku artean arpegia gorderik, ames dagit, ames nire ingizko ontziak ur gaiñez doazala gero ta urriñago, gau erdiko izarpean. Ames-maitagarriak zuzendu daroez, lillurakorezko otzaratxoz gaiñezka.

20 Arrantzalea

MADU ontzidunaren txalupa geldit dago aspalditik Rangun'go kaian, yute-zama banandu barik. Madu'k akuran edo alo-gerez itxiko ba'leust bera, eun arraun eta bost edo sei aize-oial ipiñiko neuskioz, eta neuk eroango neunke oso eratsu. Ez

The sky seems to ride fast upon the madly rushing rain; the water in the river is loud and impatient; women have hastened home early from the Ganges with their filled pitchers.

The evening lamps must be made ready.

O child, do not go out!

The road to the market is desolate, the lane to the river is slippery. The wind is roaring and struggling among the bamboo branches like a wild beast tangled in a net.

Paper Boats

DAY by day I float my paper boats one by one down the running stream.

In big black letters I write my name on them and the name of the village where I live.

I hope that someone in some strange land will find them and know who I am.

I load my little boats with *shiuli* flowers from our garden, and hope that these blooms of the dawn will be carried safely to land in the night.

I launch my paper boats and look up into the sky and see the little clouds setting their white bulging sails.

I know not what playmate of mine in the sky sends them down the air to race with my boats!

When night comes I bury my face in my arms and dream that my paper boats float on and on under the midnight stars.

The fairies of sleep are sailing in them, and the lading is their baskets full of dreams.

The Sailor

THE boat of the boatman Madhu is moored at the wharf of Rajgunj.

It is uselessly laden with jute, and has been lying there idle for ever so long.

neunke, baiña, itxasegingo azoka txaldan orreitara, zazpi itxasoak eta maitagarrien eskualdeko amairu ibaiak zearkatu ta igaro baiño!

Alan be zuk, ama, ez dozu bazter orretan nigaitik negar egingo, ezta alan? Ez naz gero ni izango Ramatxandra lez; arek bada, basora joanda, amalau urte egin ebazan etxera itzultzen! Ni ipuiñetako erregegai izango naitzuz; atsegin yatazan gauzaz ontzia beteko dot, eta adiskide Asu be neugaz daroaket bertan! Eta kanta-kantari zearkatuko doguz zazpi itxasoak eta maitagarrien eskualdeko amairu ibaiak!

Goiz-goizetik, egun-sentian, itxasoratu-tuko gara. Eguerdirako, barriz, gu Errege ez-ezagunaren lurraldera elduak gara aurki. Gero, Tirpurni'ko itxas-adarrari ikutuz, Tepantar'ko basamortua atzean itxiko dogu. Gu etxera biurtu orduko illundua dagoke. Eta guk ikusia oro edestuko dautzut! Eta zazpi itxasoak eta maitagarrien eskualdeko amairu ibaiak zearkatuko ditut!

21

Beste ur-ertza

O!, irrikan ta opa biziz nago ibaiaren bestaldera joan naita! Batel areik, lerroz lerro, banbu-taketetatik lotuta endu dagozan ur-ertzera joan nai neuke; goizero an, ur zear doiaz igeri, areak lepoan, urriñetako solo-lanetara, gizon beargiñak; abere-zaiñak be, talde orrutsuakaz, iñarika igarotzen dabe ura, ertzez-ertz larratzeko. Illuntzean gero, andik biurtzen dira etxera guzti-guztiak, ugarte suileko basbedar artean txakalak urubi ta arrama dagielarik.

Ama, bardin ba'dautzu, nik, andi egi-tean, enada orren ontzikari izan nai neuke.

If he would only lend me his boat, I should man her with a hundred oars, and hoist sails, five or six or seven.

I should never steer her to stupid markets.

I should sail the seven seas and the thirteen rivers of fairyland.

But, mother, you won't weep for me in a corner.

I am not going into the forest like Ramachandra to come back only after fourteen years.

I shall become the prince of the story, and fill my boat with whatever I like.

I shall take my friend Ashu with me. We shall sail merrily across the seven seas and the thirteen rivers of fairyland.

We shall set sail in the early morning light.

When at noontide you are bathing at the pond, we shall be in the land of a strange king.

We shall pass the ford of Tirpurni, and leave behind us the desert of Tepantar.

When we come back it will be getting dark, and I shall tell you of all that we have seen.

I shall cross the seven seas and the thirteen rivers of fairyland.

The Further Bank

I LONG to go over there to the further bank of the river,

Where those boats are tied to the bamboo poles in a line;

Where men cross over in their boats in the morning with ploughs on their shoulders to till their far-away fields;

Where the cowherds make their lowing cattle swim across to the riverside pasture;

Whence they all come back home in the evening, leaving the jackals to howl in the island overgrown with weeds.

Mother, if you don't mind, I should like to become the boatman of the ferry when I am grown up.

Diñoenez, zingira aparteko batzuk aurkitzen dira ur-ertz garaitu orren ostean; eta araxe doiaz antza, euriak amaitzean, aate basati saldoak; ur-txoriak be antxe erron oi dabez arrautzak, ertzeko utza zarratuan; bai ta buztan-zutak be, antxe, itxi daroetz euren oin-lorrazak basa garbi-bigunean; antxe, illun-abarrea, olatu gaiñez ibiltera dei dagio samur illargi-izpiari lore zurizko kukutsudun bedar jagiak...

Ama, bardin ba'dautzu, nik, andi egi-tean, enada orren ontzikari izan nai neuke.

Orduan, bai, milla bider gitxienez, igaroko naz ertz batetik bestera, ta uretan dabiltzan auzoko neska-mutikoak arrimen andiz begiratuco dausie. Eguzkia ortzean gorenengo gangan legoke-nean, eta goiza eguerdira eldu, zoli-zoli etorriko naiatzu pizkaten, eta au esan: «Ama, emoidazu zerbait jateko!» Arrastian, sartaldea itzali ondoan, gerizak zugatz-pean kukutzean, itzuliko naz ni illun-min. Eta ez naz geiago zugandik iñoiz alden-duko, ezta, nire aita lez, urira lanean joa-teko be.

Ama, bardin ba'dautzu, nik, andi egi-tean, enada orren ontzikari izan nai neuke.

22

Loraen ikastola

BAGILLEAN, euria zaparradaka ta odei balzak marru-otsez zeru zear dabiltzanean, eta sortaldeko aizea, basamortuan bustita, banbu-adar artean txirula jotera datorrenean, bertatiko iskanbillez agertzen dira lorak, nundik jakin ez; eta gero, dantzaka asten yatzuz, bedar gaiñean, pozdardar ta zoroza.

—Amatxo: lorak, nik uste, lurpeko ikastolaren batera joango dira, ezta alan? An, atea itxirik, ikasgaiak ikasiko dituez. Eta ordua baiño len jolasketara urten nai

They say there are strange pools hidden behind that high bank,

Where flocks of wild ducks come when the rains are over, and thick reeds grow round the margins where water-birds lay their eggs;

Where snipes with their dancing tails stamp their tiny footprints upon the clean soft mud;

Where in the evening the tall grasses crested with white flowers invite the moonbeam to float upon their waves.

Mother, if you don't mind, I should like to become the boatman of the ferry-boat when I am grown up.

I shall cross and cross back from bank to bank, and all the boys and girls of the village will wonder at me while they are bathing.

When the sun climbs the mid sky and morning wears on to noon, I shall come running to you, saying, "Mother, I am hungry!"

When the day is done and the shadows cower under the trees, I shall come back in the dusk.

I shall never go away from you into the town to work like father.

Mother, if you don't mind, I should like to become the boatman of the ferry-boat when I am grown up.

The Flower-School

WHEN storm clouds rumble in the sky and June showers come down,

The moist east wind comes marching over the heath to blow its bagpipes among the bamboos.

Then crowds of flowers come out of a sudden, from nobody knows where, and dance upon the grass in wild glee.

Mother, I really think the flowers go to school underground.

They do their lessons with doors shut, and if they want to come out to play be-

ba'leukie, euren irakasle andereñoak bazter baten ipiñiko ditu belauniko. Baiña, euriak datozanean, areik bai jai-egun ederra!

Ara, karrask-ots bizian dabiltz adarrak zugaztian; ostoa murmur dagie aize zoroak astinduta; trumoi-odeiak txaloka diardue euren esku zakarrak gora ta beerra... Lora neskatiak, barriz, landara doiaz arin, gorri ta ori ta zuri jantzirik...

—Entzuizu, ama: lorak zeruan eukiko dabe euren etxea, izarrakaz, ezta alan? Begira, bestela, arein gora-nai leiatsua! Eta zuk ezetz jakin, zergaitik doiazan ain bizkor! Nik bai, badakit! Besuak nori luzatzen dautsiez an be bai, ba-dakit nik. Lorak be ama bat daukie, nik zu zaukadan lez.

23 Merkataria

EGIZU, ama, ni errialde ez-ezagunetan zear noiala ta zu etxean geratzen zareala bakar-bakarrik. Irudiz baiño ezta be, koskondu egizu nire itxas-ontzia, goraiño gauzaz beteta, nasan (portuan) zain daukodana. Orain, gogoratu egizu ondo, ama: Onuzkoan, zer nai zeunke nik zuri ekarte?

Ama, esaidazu zer gura zeunken. Urre-meta ta pillo andiak? Ni noian lekuan, ba, urrezko ibaiak dabiltz ara ta ona, urrezko gariz gaiñezka dagozan solo ta zelai artean. Eta basorako bide illunean, lur guztia estaltzen dabe txanpaka lore beillegiak. Neure eun zimeretan batu ta zeuri ekarriko dautzudaz danak.

Nai dozuz, ama, bitxi andiak, udazkeneko euri-tanta baizen andiak? Ni, badakizu, bitxien ugarteraiño eldu bearra naz. An, goiz-goizetik, len-argia urratzerakoan, zelaiko loretan dardar-dantzan daukozuz bitxiak; bedar gaiñera jausten eurretarik eundaka; ta olatuak be, zoro-

fore it is time, their master makes them stand in a corner.

When the rains come they have their holidays.

Branches clash together in the forest, and the leaves rustle in the wild wind, the thunder-clouds clap their giant hands and the flower children rush out in dresses of pink and yellow and white.

Do you know, mother, their home is in the sky, where the stars are.

Haven't you seen how eager they are to get there? Don't you know why they are in such a hurry?

Of course, I can guess to whom they raise their arms: they have their mother as I have my own.

The Merchant

IMAGINE, mother, that you are to stay at home and I am to travel into strange lands.

Imagine that my boat is ready at the landing fully laden.

Now think well, mother, before you say what I shall bring for you when I come back.

Mother, do you want heaps and heaps of gold?

There, by the banks of golden streams, fields are full of golden harvest.

And in the shade of the forest path the golden *champa* flowers drop on the ground.

I will gather them all for you in many hundred baskets.

Mother, do you want pearls big as the raindrops of autumn?

I shall cross to the pearl island shore.

There in the early morning light pearls tremble on the meadow flowers, pearls drop on the grass, and pearls are scat-

karro, bitxiak ereiten dabez ondar gorrian, itxas-bitsagaz nastean.

Nire anaiari egodun zaldi-bikotea ekarriko dautsat, odei ta laiño gaiñetik egaztu daiten. Aitari, barriz, luma bat ekarriko dautsat, berak ez dakiala idazten dauan luma lilluratua. Baiña zuretzat, ama, zazpi erregeen aginterriak eroste-ko bear izan ziran diru-altxorra ta gorde-kutxa neuretuko ditut.

24 Ereguak

Ni, ama, zure seme izan bearrean, txakur mirriza baiño ez ba'nintz, zure aspilletik jan gura ba'neu, «ezetz» esango zeuskit? Mintzo, zeure ondotik jaurtiko nindukezu, au esanaz: «Oa bein, txakur madarikatu ori!» Bai? Bada zoaz zu, ama, zoaz zu. Gaurtik ez naiatzu etorriko geiago zuk dei egitean, ezta ez dautzut itxiko niri jaten emoten be!

Ni, zure seme ordez, loritu orlegi baiño ez ba'nintz, esan, ene ama, zuk loturik eukiko nindukezu egazka joan ez naiten? Atz-zut akar egingo zeuskit, onela esanik: «Txori gaizto doakabe! Gau ta egun osoan bere kateari pikoka!» Bai? Orduan zoaz zu, ene ama, zoaz zu. Ni landara joango naz egaz, ta ez dautzut geiago itxiko zeure beso artean ni eukiten!

25 Barne-deia

Goiz guztietan, ezkillak amar jo ta ni eskolara noanean, kalean topo dagit saltzaille bategaz; beti diño bardin: «Eskuturrekoak, zidarrezko ta leiarrezko eskuturrekoak!» Egundo ez dabil aringa, iraduz ta leiaz; ez doa nai dauan lekutik baiño; ez dau inõk toki batera eldu-erazten, ezta bere orduan etxera itzultzera beartu be...

tered on the sand in spray by the wild sea-waves.

My brother shall have a pair of horses with wings to fly among the clouds.

For father I shall bring a magic pen that, without his knowing, will write of itself.

For you, mother, I must have the casket and jewel that cost seven kings their kingdoms.

Sympathy

If I were only a little puppy, not your baby, mother dear, would you say "No" to me if I tried to eat from your dish?

Would you drive me off, saying to me, "Get away, you naughty little puppy"?

Then go, mother, go! I will never come to you when you call me, and never let you feed me any more.

If I were only a little green parrot, and not your baby, mother dear, would you keep me chained lest I should fly away?

Would you shake your finger at me and say, "What an ungrateful wretch of a bird! It is gnawing at its chain day and night"?

Then go, mother, go! I will run away into the woods; I will never let you take me in your arms again.

Vocation

WHEN the gong sounds ten in the morning and I walk to school by our lane.

Every day I meet the hawker crying, "Bangles, crystal bangles!"

There is nothing to hurry him on, there is no road he must take, no place he must go to, no time when he must come home.

I wish I were a hawker, spending my day in the road, crying, "Bangles, crystal bangles!"

Nor litzaken saltzaille, eguna kale zear emoteko, onelango oiuz: «Eskuturrekoak, zidarrezko ta leiarrezko eskuturrekoak!»

Lauretan, eskolatik biurtzean, arrastiror begiraten dot an dagoan etxe atako ate zulotik zear, eta ortulaua dakust (ikus-ten dot) baratzeko lurra atxurtzen. Berak nai dauana dagi atxurragaz, nai bestean autsez loitu daroa bere soñekoa, ta eguzkiak baltzitu egiten dauala esaten inor be ez yoako, ezta urak bustiten dauanik be...

Nor litzaken ortulaua, arratsalde guztian, iñok eragotzi бага, baratzean atxurru ta atxurru ekiteko!

Amak, illunduaz batera, ogera bialtzen nauanean, gau-zaiña dakust leiotik, gora ta bera, jagoten. Illun ta bakar dago kalea, eta argontzia (parola) zutik dago, kolorezko begi bakardun erraldoi antzera. Gau-zaiña ara ta ona dabil, bere argontzia kulunkatuz ondoko kerizpeaz, eta ez dau egundo be ogeratu bearrik.

Nor litzaken gau-zaiña, gau osoa kалан beera, kалан gora emoteko, neure argontziaz itzalak uxaturik!

26 Nagusitasuna

AMA, zure neskatoa alotza da. Ergel uts gaixoa! Ez daki oindiño kaleko argiak eta izarrek bereizten!

Arri koskorak jatera jolasten ba'gara, egjaz janari dirala uste dau, ta iruntsi gura dauz. Neure liburua aurean ta abeze ikasi bear dauala ba' dirautosot, orriak apurtzen dautsoz, eta gero, gauzarik oiezkoena egin ba'leu lez, orru dagi pozaren pozez. Asarre dagitsot orduan buruari eragiñik, eta gaizto-gaiztoa dala diñotsat... Eta arek barre ostera be, ta jolasketa alai baten diardugula iruditzen yako.

Mundu guztiak daki jakin aita ez da goala emen. Baiña nik, olgetan, ots ba'dagit: «Aita!», ingurumari begiraten

When at four in the afternoon I come back from the school,

I can see through the gate of that house the gardener digging the ground.

He doe's what he likes with his spade, he soils his clothes with dust, nobody takes him to task if he gets baked in the sun or gets wet.

I wish I were a gardener digging away at the garden with nobody to stop me from digging.

Just as it gets dark in the evening and my mother sends me to bed,

I can see through my open window the watchman walking up and down.

The lane is dark and lonely, and the street-lamp stands like a giant with one red eye in its head.

The watchman swings his lantern and walks with his shadow at his side, and never once goes to bed in his life.

I wish I were a watchman walking the streets all night, chasing the shadows with my lantern.

Superior

MOTHER, your baby is silly! She is so absurdly childish!

She does not know the difference between the lights in the streets and the stars.

When we play at eating with pebbles, she thinks they are real food, and tries to put them into her mouth.

When I open a book before her and ask her to learn her a, b, c, she tears the leaves with her hands and roars for joy at nothing; this is your baby's way of doing her lesson.

When I shake my head at her in anger and scold her and call her naughty, she laughs and thinks it great fun.

Everybody knows that father is away, but if in play I call aloud "Father," she

dau zaro antzean, eta aita alboan daukala siñisten dau. Nik erropatan datorren garbitzaillearen astotxoai ikasgaiak artzen diardudalako egin ta zure neskatoari neu nazala maixu diñotsodanean, geiagoko barik garrasika asten da, Dada! Dada! niri dei egiñik.

Ondoren, zure neskatoak illargia arrapau nai. Ganes'i Ganus deitzen dautso, eta gauza oso bitxia dala iruditzen yako. Ergel uts gaixoa! Ama, zure neskatoa alo-tza da.

27 Gizontxo

ТХИКИНА naz ni oraindik, ume nozu-ta. Baiña neure aitaren adiñera eltzean, andi izango naz. Nire maixuak, orduan, etorri ta esango daust: «Berandu da, ume! Zoaz arbel eta liburu-billa!» Eta nik erantzun: «Ez al dakusu aita lez andi nazala? Nik ez dot geiago ikasgai bearrik!» Eta nire irakasleak, arri ta zur, jardetsiko: «Bai, egia diñozu! Nai ba'dozu, itxi zeinkez liburuok, onezkero gizon egiña zaituguta».

Jantzi ta azokara joango naz egurastera; azoka ingurua, barriz, jentez gainezka aurkituko dot. Osaba etorriko yat ariñeketan, eta esan: «Galduko zara, ene seme. Itxi egidazu, otoi; besoetan eroango zaitut!» Eta nik erantzungo dautsat: «Baiña, osaba, ez al dakusu aita baizen andi nazala? Bakarrik etorri bear dot azokara». Eta osabak: «Bai, egia da. Zoaz noranai araxe, onezkero gizon egiña zaitugu-ta».

Amak, ezkotegitik birutzean, nik neure giltzez kutxa edegiten dakidan ezkerro, ugazabandrari dirua emoten aurkituko nau. Eta esango daust: «Zer egiten dozu, zoro orrek?» Nik erantzungo: «Baiña, ama, zuk ezal zenkian? Ni, aita lez, andi nozu dagoneko, eta neure ugazabandreaki ordaindu bear dautsat». Eta nire amak bere kolkorako: «Emon dagiola di-

looks about her in excitement and thinks that father is near.

When I hold my class with the donkeys that our washerman brings to carry away the clothes and I warn her that I am the schoolmaster, she will scream for no reason and call me *dādā*.¹

Your baby wants to catch the moon. She is so funny; she calls Ganesh² *Gānush*.

Mother, your baby is silly! She is so absurdly childish!

The Little Big Man

I AM small because I am a little child. I shall be big when I am as old as my father is.

My teacher will come and say, "It is late, bring your slate and your books."

I shall tell him, "Do you not know I am as big as father? And I must not have lessons any more."

My master will wonder and say, "He can leave his books if he likes, for he is grown up."

I shall dress myself and walk to the fair where the crowd is thick.

My uncle will come rushing up to me and say, "You will get lost, my boy; let me carry you."

I shall answer, "Can't you see, uncle, I am as big as father? I must go to the fair alone."

Uncle will say, "Yes, he can go wherever he likes, for he is grown up."

Mother will come from her bath when I am giving money to my nurse, for I shall know how to open the box with my key.

Mother will say, "What are you about, naughty child!"

I shall tell her, "Mother, don't you know, I am as big as father, and I must give silver to my nurse."

¹ Elder brother.

² Ganesh, a common name in India, also that of the god with the elephant's head.

rua nai duanari, onezkero gizon egiña baita».

Urrilleko opor-aldietarako, nire aita etxera itzuliko da, ta ni oindiñokarren ume nazala uste izanik, oski barri ta ziki-riozko jantzitxoak ekarriko daustaz. Eta nik esango dausat: «Dada'ri emoiozuz, aita, ni zu baizen andia nozu-ta». Eta aitak, bere baitan gogartuz: «Egia da. Errazoa dau. Berak erosi daike, onezkero, berari ederren yakon jantzia, gizon egiña da-ta».

28 Amabiak

AMA, nik ez dot geiago ikasi nai! Goiz guztian liburu onegaz!

Amabiak baiño ez dirala diñozu zuk. Bedi, baiña areago ez ba'litz be, begira: zuk ez al dakizu, eguerdira ezker, arrastia dana?

Niri oso errez yat eguzkia an arroz-sail aren atzanean dagoala iruditzea, bai ta arrantzale zarra urtegi ondoan dabil-ela be, aparitarako bedartzar billa.

Ara, nik begi biak itxi ta madarraren itzala gero ta baltzago begitantzen yat, idoi edo potzuko ura be baltz-dizditsu biurtu da.

Gabaz be amabiak izan ba'daitekez, zergaitik gau ez izan amabietan?

29 Idazlea

АИТАК, zuk diñozunez, liburu asko idazten ditu, baiña nik ez dot arek idazten dauan tutik be aituten. Gau osoa egin dot zuri gauzak irakurten. Esaidazu, ta zuk ulertzen zendun berak esan nai ebana? Zuk bai dozula, ama, ipuin-jario ederra! Zergaitik ez ete dauz, aitak be, orrela idazten? Bere amak ez ete eutson iñoiz be edestu erraldoi, maitagarri ta errege-

Mother will say to herself, "He can give money to whom he likes, for he is grown up."

In the holiday time in October father will come home and, thinking that I am still a baby, will bring for me from the town little shoes and small silken frocks.

I shall say, "Father, give them to my dâdâ, for I am as big as you are."

Father will think and say, "He can buy his own clothes if he likes, for he is grown up."

Twelve O'clock

MOTHER, I do want to leave off my lessons now. I have been at my book all the morning.

You say it is only twelve o'clock. Suppose it isn't any later; can't you ever think it is afternoon when it is only twelve o'clock?

I can easily imagine now that the sun has reached the edge of that rice-field, and the old fisher-woman is gathering herbs for her supper by the side of the pond.

I can just shut my eyes and think that the shadows are growing darker under the *madar* tree, and the water in the pond looks shiny black.

If twelve o'clock can come in the night, why can't the night come when it is twelve o'clock?

Authorship

YOU say that father writes a lot of books, but what he writes I don't understand.

He was reading to you all the evening, but could you really make out what he meant?

What nice stories, mother, you can tell us! Why can't father write like that, I wonder?

alabaen kondairarik? Edo aitzu egin ete yakoz guztiak?

Egunik askotan, eun bider gitxienez deiegin bear dautsazu ezkotegira baiñu artzen joan daiten. Eta jateko be zain zagozioz, eta barriro berotu bear izaten deutsazu janaria, eta berak idatzi ta idatzi oroz aitzurik. Beti jolas bardiñean, liburuak idazten! Baiña ni bein bertan ba'noakio, gelara jolas-zurrean, bertatik zoaz zu nire billa, garrasi baten esanik: «Bhurria zaitut, seme!» Zarata pizkat atara ordukoxe zuk diraustazu: «Ez ete dakuszu aita lanean dagoala? «Ai, ez dakit zer atsegin izan daikean beti idatzi ta idatzi!

Eta nik aitaren arkatza naiz lumea artu ta bere antzera a b e g i j k l m n ñ o p r idazten jarten nazanean, bere libururen batean batez be, zer dala-ta orrelan sumintzen zaiataz, ama? Ari ez dautsazu egundo be asarrerik egiten idazten daualako! Antza danez, ez dautzu ardurarik arek ainbat ingi, paper alperrik galdu arren. Nik, ostera, orritxu bat bera artzen ba-dot ontzi bat egiteko, or zaukadaz agiraka: «Zoratu bear nok, seme!» Eta aitari, ainbat orri alderdi bietatik izki baltzak egiñik ondatu arren, ez dautsazu ezer esaten.

30

Karteru txarra

AMA, esaidazu, zergaitik, zagoz ain ixil ta goibel, or zelaian jarrita? Ez dozu ikusten, euria leiotik sartzen yatzula, ta bustitien zagozala?

Entzun, totoa laurak joten dago ta anaiaik, onezkero, eskolatik etorri bear dau. Zer dozu, ama, esaidazu; zergaitik zagoz ain zera? Gaur ez ete dozu aitaren eskutizik izan?

Erri osoak euki dau gaur kartaren bat, neuk ikusi dot. Aitaren kartak, eskutizak, bakar-bakarrik gordeten ditu zorro baten, berak irakurteko.

Did he never hear from his own mother stories of giants and fairies and princesses?

Has he forgotten them all?

Often when he gets late for his bath you have to go and call him an hundred times.

You wait and keep his dishes warm for him, but he goes on writing and forgets.

Father always plays at making books.

If ever I go to play in father's room, you come and call me, "What a naughty child!"

If I make the slightest noise you say, "Don't you see that father's at his work?"

What's the fun of always writing and writing?

When I take up father's pen or pencil and write upon his book just as he does, —a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i,— why do you get cross with me then, mother?

You never say a word when father writes.

When my father wastes such heaps of paper, mother, you don't seem to mind at all.

But if I take only one sheet to make a boat with, you say, "Child, how troublesome you are!"

What do you think of father's spoiling sheets and sheets of paper with black marks all over on both sides?

The Wicked Postman

WHY do you sit there on the floor so quiet and silent, tell me, mother dear?

The rain is coming in through the open window, making you all wet, and you don't mind it.

Do you hear the gong striking four? It is time for my brother to come home from school.

What has happened to you that you look so strange?

Haven't you got a letter from father to-day?

I saw the postman bringing letters in his bag for almost everybody in the town.

Ama, karteru ori okerra, gaiztoa, txarra dozu, ziur nago!

...Baiña, origaitik, ama, etzaitez illun egon. Begira, biar or urreko errian azoka eguna da. Doala neskamea ta erosi dagizala luma ta papera. Neronek idatziko dautzudaz aitaren karta guztiak. Eta ikusiko dozu, zelan ez dozun aurkitzen uts bat bera be.

Zuzen-zuzen idatziko dautzut A'tik K'raiño. Zer dala-ta, barre zuk, ama? Zuk uste dozu nik ez dakidala aitag baizen ondo idazten? Ikusiko dozu, ba; ol-ertzez marratuko dot papera, ta arduratsu idatziko dot, izkiak (letrak) oso andi egiñik.

Eta amaitzen dodanean, aitaren antzeko arlote izango nazala uste dozu karteru motz orren zakura idazkia botatzeko? Nik neuk ekarriko dautzut bertatik, eta pizkaka-pizkaka irakurten lagunduko. Karta-zaiñari ez yako eder, bada-kit nik, kartarik onenak zuri emotea!

31 Gizurena

EGIZU zuk, ama, itzul-bira bat dagigula ta errialde ez-ezagun arriskutsu bat zearkatzen dogula. Zu jarrita zoziaz zeure aulkiagan eta ni zure alboan nabil taka-taka neure zaldi margodunean: Eguzkia jatziz doa, arratsa illunduaz. Gure aurrean, bakar ta arre, Yoradigui basamortua edatzen da. Ingurumari legor ta arriabar oro. Zuk pentsetan dozu izutua: «Seme, ez dakit nun sartu garean». Eta nik diñotzut: «Ez zaitez bildurtu, ama».

Zidorra estu ta bigurra da, ta sasiak oiñak urratzen dabez. Abelgorriak itzuli dira dagoneko lau zabaletatik euren auzo-okuilluetara. Gero ta illun nasiagoak dira zeru ta lurra, orrezkero ez dogu ikusten nundik goazan. Beingoan, zuk

Only, father's letters he keeps to read himself. I am sure the postman is a wicked man.

But don't be unhappy about that, mother dear.

To-morrow is market day in the next village. You ask your maid to buy some pens and papers.

I myself will write all father's letters; you will not find a single mistake.

I shall write from A right up to K.

But, mother, why do you smile?

You don't believe that I can write as nicely as father does!

But I shall rule my paper carefully, and write all the letters beautifully big.

When I finish my writing do you think I shall be so foolish as father and drop it into the horrid postman's bag?

I shall bring it to you myself without waiting, and letter by letter help you to read my writing.

I know the postman does not like to give you the really nice letters.

The Hero

MOTHER, let us imagine we are travelling, and passing through a strange and dangerous country.

You are riding in a palanquin and I am trotting by you on a red horse.

It is evening and the sun goes down. The waste of Joradighi lies wan and grey before us. The land is desolate and barren.

You are frightened and thinking—"I know not where we have come to."

I say to you, "Mother, do not be afraid."

The meadow is prickly with spiky grass, and through it runs a narrow broken path.

There are no cattle to be seen in the wide field; they have gone to their village stalls.

It grows dark and dim on the land and sky, and we cannot tell where we are going.

dei dagistazu, aopeko esanaz: «Zer argi ete da, seme, an ur-ertzean dagoan a?»

Alarao izugarri batek zart illun-sabelean, eta itzal amilkor batzuk datorkiguz gaiñera. Zu osoan kukurtzen zara zeure aulki-agan eta jainkoen izenak bir-esaten dozuz otoizka. Lepo-gain zaroezan morroiak elorri ostein gordetan dira izu-ikaraz. Nik oi u dagitzut: «Ama, ez ikaratu, ni emen naukazu-ta!»

Gizeraileak gero ta urrago dagoz, ulelatz, igun (lantz) luzez orniduta. Nik deadar: «Geldi or, gaizkiñok! Oinkada bat geiago ta illak zarie!» Beste garrasi lazgarri bat, eta bide-lapurrak gaiñean doguz. Zuk, zirgit egiña, eskutik oratuta diñostazu: «Ene seme! ene bizia! Jainkoarren, iges emetik». Nik erantzuten dautzut: «Ama, begira. Ikusiko doz!»

Orduan, aztalez, astintzen dot neure zaldia, ta onek jauzi, saltu dagi asarrekor. Zaratatsu alkar joten dabe nire ezpata ta beso-babeskiak. Burrukan diardut ikaragarri; zuk, ama, ikusiko ba'zendu zeure aulki orretatik, ikararen ikaraz izoztuko zintzakez. Batzuk iges doaz, beste batzuk zati eginda jausten dira. Zuk, bien bitartean, ba-dakit nik, usteko dozu zeure aulki ortan jarrita, bakar-bakarrik, zure semea illa dala. Ontan ni biurtzen naz, dana odoldua, ta diñotzut: «Ama, amaitu da burrukea». Zuk orduan, jarleku barrutik urten, zeure bular gaiñean estutu ta diraustazu mosukatzen nozula: «Onezke-ro, zer izango nintzakean, ene semeak zaindu ez ba'nindu?»

...Egunero jazoten dira onango gauzak. Zergaitik gerta ez bein onango zerbait? Liburuetakoa ipuin bat lez izango litzake. Nire anaiak esango leuke: «Baiña, al ete? Nik onen erkintxo uste nebana!» Eta erriko gizonak bein eta barriro: «Zorion andia izan zan, egiaz, umea bere amagaz egotea.

Suddenly you call me and ask me in a whisper, "What light is that near the bank?"

Just then there bursts out a fearful yell, and figures come running towards us.

You sit crouched in your palanquin and repeat the names of the gods in prayer.

The bearers, shaking in terror, hide themselves in the thorny bush.

I shout to you, "Don't be afraid, mother. I am here."

With long sticks in their hands and hair all wild about their heads, they come nearer and nearer.

I shout, "Have a care, you villains! One step more and you are dead men."

They give another terrible yell and rush forward.

You clutch my hand and say, "Dear boy, for heaven's sake, keep away from them."

I say, "Mother, just you watch me."

Then I spur my horse for a wild gallop, and my sword and buckler clash against each other.

The fight becomes so fearful, mother, that it would give you a cold shudder could you see it from your palanquin.

Many of them fly, and a great number are cut to pieces.

I know you are thinking, sitting all by yourself, that your boy must be dead by this time.

But I come to you all stained with blood, and say, "Mother, the fight is over now."

You come out and kiss me, pressing me to your heart, and you say to yourself,

"I don't know what I should do if I hadn't my boy to escort me."

A thousand useless things happen day after day, and why couldn't such a thing come true by chance?

It would be like a story in a book.

My brother would say, "Is it possible? I always thought he was so delicate!"

32 Atzena

AMA, ni ba-noa, ordua dot-eta... Zeure umearen billa, goiz bakarreko illuntasun kardenean, zuk zeure besuok oge-gaiñez luzatzean, nik esango dautzut: «Umerik ez daukazu or!»... Ama, ni banoa.

Aize bigun biurtuko naz, zu laztantzeko; zu baiñu artzera zoazanean, ni ur-balaka izango, zu mosukatuz inoiz be aspertu barik. Ekaitz-jasa gauetan, euriak orri artean murmur dagianean, zuk oetik entzungo dozu nire intziria, bai ta nire irribarreak tximistakin dirdir egin be zure leio edegian.

Zeure semea gogotan dozula, gau ordu luzeak lokartu barik emoten ba'dozuz, an izarretatik eresi joko dautzut nik: «Lo, ama, lo». Itargiaren izpian etorriko naitzuz: zure oera joan ixil-ixillik, eta, zu lo zagozala bular ondoan etzungo naitzuz. Gero ames biurtu ta zure betazal bitartetatik zear zeure atsedeneko ondarreraño murgilduko naz, eta zuk izuturik itxartu ta albora begiratzean, illuntasunera iges egingo mitxeleta antzo dardarikara leunez.

Puja'ren jai andian, auzokoaren umeak jolastu naita etxera etorriko yakuzanean, txirularen zarata oskidetsuan urturik ixuriko naitzuz ta egun osoz zure biotzean intzirika jardun. Izekoak, eskerakutsiak ekarriko ditu aiokatik, eta itandu: «Eta umea, aizta, nun dozu?» Ama, ta zuk esango dautsazu, gozo-gozo: «Neure begi-ninietan dago, neure gorputzean dago, neure ariman dago».

33 Deiez

NESKATXA joan zanean gau illun zan, eta lotan egozan danak. Orain be gau illun, ta dei dagitsot: «Itzul zaite, alaba, ene maitasun. Mundua lo dago ta inok be ez

Our village people would all say in amazement, "Was it not lucky that the boy was with his mother?"

The End

It is time for me to go, mother; I am going.

When in the paling darkness of the lonely dawn you stretch out your arms for your baby in the bed, I shall say, "Baby is not there"—mother, I am going.

I shall become a delicate draught of air and caress you; and I shall be ripples in the water when you bathe, and kiss you and kiss you again.

In the gusty night when the rain patters on the leaves you will hear my whisper in your bed, and my laughter will flash with the lightning through the open window into your room.

If you lie awake, thinking of your baby till late into the night, I shall sing to you from the stars, "Sleep, mother, sleep."

On the straying moonbeams I shall steal over your bed, and lie upon your bosom while you sleep.

I shall become a dream, and through the little opening of your eyelids I shall slip into the depths of your sleep; and when you wake up and look round startled, like a twinkling firefly I shall flit out into the darkness.

When, on the great festival of *puja*, the neighbours' children come and play about the house, I shall melt into the music of the flute and throb in your heart all day.

Dear auntie will come with *puja*-presents and will ask, "Where is our baby, sister?" Mother, you will tell her softly, "He is in the pupils of my eyes, he is in my body and in my soul."

The Recall

THE night was dark when she went away, and they slept.

The night is dark now, and I call for her, "Come back, my darling; the world

dau jakingo, unetxo baten, izarrak alkarri begira egozala, zu etorri ziñanik».

Zugatzak loraz jaztean joan zan, udabarria be oraindik neskatil zala. Lorak osoan zabaldu dira arrezkero, ta nik dei dagitsot: «Itzul, ene alaba. Aurak loraketan dabiltz, eta zorateraiñoan jolas egiten dabe, areik bota ta bota. Zu loratxo baten billa etorri ba'zatoz be, nok batxo orren utsunea igarriko?

Bizia bai ondatzaille! Orduan jolasten ziranak, gaur be orrela diardue. Neuk dantzut arein soiñu ta barre algara, eta deiez naukazu: «Itzul, ene alaba. Maitasunez gainezka dago zure amaren biotza, eta etorri ba'zentorkez, mosutxo batgaitik ez zaitu iñok begitan artuko».

34

Lenengo jazmiñak

JAZMIN oneik, jazmin zuri oneik!... Lenengo aldiz dirudi bete yatazala eskuak jazmiñakaz, jaz min zuri oneikaz.

Maite izan ditut gainera eguzkiaren argia, zerua ta lur muskerra. Ibaiaren leiar marmalaria entzun dot gau-erdiaren illunean. Bakartadeko bide-okere-uean, udazkeneko eguzki-sartzeak bidera urten daust, emaztegei batek baietz esateko bere buru-zapia edegiko ba-leust lez...

Baiña nire oroimenak gozo dirau oraindik neure aur-eskuetan euki nebazan len-jazmin zuri areikaz.

Zenbat egun alaikor nire bizian! Nik bai barre zori ontsuakaz, jai-gauetan! Zenbat kanta abestu dodan astiro, euritan, goiz arrez! Eta bakulazko illunabar sortak apaindu daust samea, maitezko eskuz eundua...

Baiña nire biotza usaintsu dago oin-diño, nire aur-eskuak bete ebezan len-jazmin eze areikaz.

Jazmin oneik, ai, jazmin zuri oneik!

is asleep; and no one would know, if you came for a moment while stars are gazing at stars."

She went away when the trees were in bud and the spring was young.

Now the flowers are in high bloom and I call, "Come back, my darling. The children gather and scatter flowers in reckless sport. And if you come and take one little blossom no one will miss it."

Those that used to play are playing still, so spend-thrift is life.

I listen to their chatter and call, "Come back, my darling, for mother's heart is full to the brim with love, and if you come to snatch only one little kiss from her no one will grudge it."

The First Jasmines

AH, these jasmines, these white jasmines!

I seem to remember the first day when I filled my hands with these jasmines, these white jasmines.

I have loved the sunlight, the sky and the green earth;

I have heard the liquid murmur of the river through the darkness of midnight;

Autumn sunsets have come to me at the bend of a road in the lonely waste, like a bride raising her veil to accept her lover.

Yet my memory is still sweet with the first white jasmines that I held in my hands when I was a child.

Many a glad day has come in my life, and I have laughed with merry-makers on festival nights.

On grey mornings of rain I have crooned many an idle song.

I have worn round my neck the evening wreath of *bakulas* woven by the hand of love.

Yet my heart is sweet with the memory of the first fresh jasmines that filled my hands when I was a child.

35 Pikondoa

ESAIIDAZU, urmael ondoan zutik dirauzun pikondo soil-uldua, zure adarretan abi egin eben txoriak itxi ta aztu zaituen lez, zu be umeagaz aztu ete zara onezkero? Gaur ez zara gogoratzen, bear bada, zelan jarten zan leioan, lurrari oratzen dau-tsoen zure suster orreïn naspillak sor ta lor eukalarik?

Emakumak urmaelera etozan euren usulak, erradak urez betetera, ta zure geriza luze baltza uretan biurtzen zan, loak itxartu nairik burruka dagian lez. Olatu pitiñetan dantzatzan zan eguzkia-ren argia, anezka txiki urduriakaz urrezko miesa bat euntzen ba'liardue. Ertzez-ertz, bedar zut artean, aate bik uger egien euren itzal gain...

Eta umea jarrita egoan, geldi ta gogoz galdua... Aize izan nai eban, zure adar ulukarien artetik ibilteko; zure geriza izan nai eban, eta egunaz ur gainean luzatu; eta ibilli ara ta ona, aaten antzera, bedar ta itzal artean.

36 Onespen

ONETS egizu gorpuztxo au, zeru-mosua lurrari irabazi dautson gogo zuri au; eguzki-argia maite izanik, bere amaren arpe-giko zorapenez lilluratzan dana; autsa ezetsi ta urrea nai izaten oindiño ikasi ez dauana. Ar egizu biotz ondora, ta onetsi!

Eun bide-kurutze ditun mundu onetara etorri zan, eta ez dakit zelan aukeratu zinduzan zu ainbat lagunen artean, zergaitik dei egin eban zure atean, zuri eskutik oraturik bideaz itauntzeko. Irri-barreka ondoren doakizu, ta bere biotzean itz dagiala ezeren ezpai bage. Jagon aren fedea zeuregan, artez zuzendu ta onets egizu.

The Banyan Tree

O YOU shaggy-headed banyan tree standing on the bank of the pond, have you forgotten the little child, like the birds that have nested in your branches and left you?

Do you not remember how he sat at the window and wondered at the tangle of your roots that plunged underground?

The women would come to fill their jars in the pond, and your huge black shadow would wriggle on the water like sleep struggling to wake up.

Sunlight danced on the ripples like restless tiny shuttles weaving golden tapestry.

Two ducks swam by the weedy margin above their shadows, and the child would sit still and think.

He longed to be the wind and blow through your rustling branches, to be your shadow and lengthen with the day on the water, to be a bird and perch on your topmost twig, and to float like those ducks among the weeds and shadows.

Benediction

BLESS this little heart, this white soul that has won the kiss of heaven for our earth.

He loves the light of the sun, he loves the sight of his mother's face.

He has not learned to despise the dust, and to hanker after gold.

Clasp him to your heart and bless him.

He has come into this land of an hundred cross-roads.

I know not how he chose you from the crowd, came to your door, and grasped your hand to ask his way.

He will follow you, laughing and talking, and not a doubt in his heart.

Keep his trust, lead him straight and bless him.

Jarri zure eskua aren buru gain, eta eskatu, aren oiñetan olatuak asarrekor orru eginda be, zeru-aize biguna datorrela aren oialak puztutera, ta sakatu dagioela bakezko porturantz. Ez egizu aztu zeure arin eta estu-aldietan, itxi egiozu biotzeraiño urreratzen eta onetsi egizu.

37 Bezuza

ENE seme, ibaian beera goiaz bizitzan. Gure bizitzak banandu bearko, ta gure maitasuna galduko da. Zerbait emon nai dautzut... Zer emongo neuskizu nik? Ai!, baiña onen memela izango ni bezuzaz, erregaluz zure biotza erosi gura izateko?

Zure bizia asten dago oraintxe, luzer dozu bidea. Txurrutada batez garbitzen dozu damotzugun maitasuna, ta barriro zoaz ariñeketan gure ondotik. Zeure lagunak eta jokoak dozuz, eta berezkoa da, gugaz gogoratu barik, zuri aldia igarotea.

Gure zartzaroa, ostera, ain da baldan! Ordurik asko daukaguz joan ziran egunak zenbatu ta gure eskuak betiko galdu ebena geure biotzean laztantzeko!

Ibaia, pozez gainezka, luban guztiak apurturik, kanta kantari joan doa. Mendia geldi geratzen da, eta arekin gogoraturik, maitasunez jarrai doakio.

38 Nire leloa

NIRE kanta-leloak, ene seme, bere musikaz batuko zaitu, maitasunaren beso erraikorrek lez. Bekokia ikutuko dautzu, onespenezko pa batek lez. Zu bakarrik zagozala, ondoan jarriko yatzu ta belarriira itz egingo; gizartean zagozala be, andik baztertzeko inguratuko zaitu.

Ego lez izango da nire abestia zure amesarentzat, eta ez-ezagunaren amairaiño eroango dau zure biotza. Gau baltza zure bidean etzun daitenean, nire abes-

Lay your hand on his head, and pray that though the waves underneath grow threatening, yet the breath from above may come and fill his sails and waft him to the haven of peace.

Forget him not in your hurry, let him come to your heart and bless him.

The Gift

I WANT to give you something, my child, for we are drifting in the stream of the world.

Our lives will be carried apart, and our love forgotten.

But I am not so foolish as to hope that I could buy your heart with my gifts.

Young is your life, your path long, and you drink the love we bring you at one draught and turn and run away from us.

You have your play and your playmates. What harm is there if you have no time or thought for us!

We, indeed, have leisure enough in old age to count the days that are past, to cherish in our hearts what our hands have lost for ever.

The river runs swift with a song, breaking through all barriers. But the mountain stays and remembers, and follows her with his love.

My Song

THIS song of mine will wind its music around you, my child, like the fond arms of love.

This song of mine will touch your forehead like a kiss of blessing.

When you are alone it will sit by your side and whisper in your ear, when you are in the crowd it will fence you about with aloofness.

My song will be like a pair of wings to your dreams, it will transport your heart to the verge of the unknown.

tia izar zintzo izango yatzu zeure bekoki gaiñean. Zure begien ninietan jarriko da, ta gauzaen arimaraiño zuzenduko dau zure begiratua.

Eriotzaz abotsa ixil daidanean, nire kanta-leloa jarraika doaketzu, zure biotz bizian iztimizti.

39 Ume aingerua

ZELAKO eztabaida ta garrasiak! Ango zalanlanta ta ezespén! Ez da sekulan amaitzen aren burruka!

Zure bizia, ene seme, bego arein artean, ikarage ta argiaren miiña baizen garbi, ta ixillera bekarz areik bere ederraren dirdiraz.

Zikozkeri ta bekaitzak, areik bai dagiezala anker ta temati! Aitzo ezkutu odolgarbera lez dira arein itzak.

Jarri zaitetz zu, ene seme, arein biotz suminduen erdian, eta jausi daitezala arein gaiñera zure begi onbera orreik, illuntzeko bake errukibera egunaren burruka gain legez.

Egizu, arren, ene seme, begira dagie-la zure arpegia, ta orrela ulertu begie gauza guztien zentzuna. Maite zagiezzala, ta eurak be orrela alkar maite izan begie.

Erdu zu, ene seme, betikoaren altzoan zeure lekua artzera. Edegi ta jaso biotz ori eguzkia agertzorduan, lore barria iduri. Eta eguzkia etzatean, makur egizu bekokia ta atzendu, ixil-ixillik, arratseko otoitza.

eta 40 Azkenengo egiunea

Goiz batean, bide arritsu zear niñoian; eta, ezpatea eskuan, errege eldu zan bere burdi itzalean. «Salgei nago!», nik oiú. Erregek eskutik artu ta au esan eustan: «Altsu naz, erosi zaikedaz». Baiña ez eu-

It will be like the faithful star overhead when dark night is over your road.

My song will sit in the pupils of your eyes, and will carry your sight into the heart of things.

And when my voice is silent in death, my song will speak in your living heart.

The Child-Angel

THEY clamour and fight, they doubt and despair, they know no end to their wranglings.

Let your life come amongst them like a flame of light, my child, unflickering and pure, and delight them into silence.

They are cruel in their greed and their envy, their words are like hidden knives thirsting for blood.

Go and stand amidst their scowling hearts, my child, and let your gentle eyes fall upon them like the forgiving peace of the evening over the strife of the day.

Let them see your face, my child, and thus know the meaning of all things; let them love you and thus love each other.

Come and take your seat in the bosom of the limitless, my child. At sunrise open and raise your heart like a blossoming flower, and at sunset bend your head and in silence complete the worship of the day.

The Last Bargain

“COME and hire me,” I cried, while in the morning I was walking on the stone-paved road.

Sword in hand, the King came in his chariot.

He held my hand and said, “I will hire you with my power.”

But his power counted for naught, and he went away in his chariot.

tsan ezer balio izan bere almenak, eta ni bage itzuli zan bere burdian.

Itxita egozan etxeak eguerdiko eguzkitan eta ni alderrai nenbillen etxarte biurrian; ontan, agure bat, urrez beteriko zakua eroiana, bidera urten yatan. Une bateko zalantza ondoren, esan eustan: «Aberats nozu, erosi zaikedaz». Banan-banan aztatu ebazan bere diru-txanponak. Baiña nik bizkarra emon neutsan, eta andik alde.

Arrats-beera zan, eta baratzeko esia loraz egoan oso. Neskatx panpoxa batek, aurreraturik, esan eustan: «Neure irribarrez erosiko zaitut». Baiña aren irribarrea zurbildu ta malko artean ezeztu zan. Eta bakarrik biurtu zan barrero be gerizera.

Eguzkiak dirdir ondartzan eta itxas-olatuak alkar joka zoragarrero. Ume bat jarrita egoan arean, maskorraz olgetan. Burua jaso eban eta, ezagun ba'nindu lez, esan eustan: «Ezerezez erosi zaikedaz». Jolaska egiune au egin nebanetik, azke naz.

Azkena

In the heat of the midday the houses stood with shut doors.

I wandered along the crooked lane.

An old man came out with his bag of gold.

He pondered and said, "I will hire you with my money."

He weighed his coins one by one, but I turned away.

It was evening. The garden hedge was all aflower.

The fair maid came out and said, "I will hire you with a smile."

Her smile paled and melted into tears, and she went back alone into the dark.

The sun glistened on the sand, and the sea waves broke waywardly.

A child sat playing with shells.

He raised his head and seemed to know me, and said, "I hire you with nothing."

From thenceforward that bargain struck in child's play made me a free man.