

Itzultzailearen sukaldea I: Proposatutako lagintxoak eta Juan Garziaren itzulpenak

THESEUS

Thanks, good Egeo: what's the news with thee?

Eskerrik asko, Egeo. Zer berrirekin zatoz?

EGEUS

Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child;
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice verses of feigning love
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she; will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

Arrenkuraz eta kexuz beterik natorkizu,
neure haur, neure alaba Hermia salatzeraz.
—Zatoz hona, Demetrio. —Ene jaun noble hori,
gizon hau dut baimendua harekin ezkontzeko.
—Zatoz zu orain, Lisandro. —Bada, ene jaun ona,
gizon honek dit sorgindu alabaren bihotza.
—Zuk diozu, bai, Lisandro, eskaini mila neurtitz,
eta harekin trukatu hainbat maite-opari.
Leihopetik diozu zuk ilargitan kantatu
ahots faltsuz bertso berri maitasun faltsuzkorik,
haren irudimenaren sentipena zeuretu
zeure ilezko besokoz, eraztun, apaingarriz,
kutixiz, pitxiz, buketez, goxokiz, hala baita
noski erraz menderatzen gazte zaildu gabea.
Maltzurkeriaz duzu zuk liluratu gaixoa,
eta hark niri zor didan esanekotasuna

seta gaitz bihurrarazi. —Bada, ene jaun ona,
bego horretan harena: baldin ez badu hemen
zure aurrean onartzen senartzat Demetrio,
Atenasko antzinako legea dut eskatzen;
enea denez alaba, eskupean dut hura:
edo jaun zaldun honentzat izango da, edota
bertan hil bedi herioz, legearekin ados
horixe baitagokio honelako auzian.

DEMETRIUS[Awaking] O Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Oi zu, Helena, jainkosa, ninfa, perfekziozko serafin!
Zer nuke, maite, konparagarri zure begi laztanokin?
Kristal finena uherregi da. Oi, nolako tentagarri
diren ezpainok, musu-gerezi, sasoi jorira etorri!
Zuri mamitu hain garbi hori, Tauro goiaren elurra,
ekialdeko haizeoz aratz, bele da bihurtzen, horra,
zuk altxatzean zeure eskua. Oi, musukatzen uztazu
zuri garbiko printzesa hori, pozen giltza hor baituzu!

HELENA

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision? Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,--O, is it all forgot? All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grow together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem; So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,

Due but to one and crowned with one crest. And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Hara, hau ere elkartua da hauen arteko kidetzan!
Ikusten dut, bai, hiru-hirurak lotu direla batean
jolas ustel hau itxuratzeko, guztiz neronen kaltean.
Hermia gaizto laidoz betea! Esker txarreneko neska!
Azpijokoan elkartu zara, hauekin itundu, ezta?,
destaina satsu honekin ni gaur amuan harrapatzeko.
Bion arteko hainbeste kontu, isilka partekatuak,
ahizpatasun estuko zinak, elkarrekiko orduak,
zeinetan Aldi iheskorri kargu hartzen baikenion
gintuelako bereizarazten ... Oro ahantziak ote?
Ikasletako adiskidantza, gure haurtzaro xaloa?
Nola, Hermia, halako jainko mundu-egile trebe bik,
bion artean guk jostorratzez sortu genuen lore bat,
lagin beretik bi-biok, eta kuxin berean jarririk,
bi-biok txioz kantu berean, tonu berean bi-biok,
bion eskuek, bion saihetsek, ahotsek, buruek, biek
gorputz batenak ziruditela. Horra nola ginen hazi,
gerezi bikoitz baten antzera, itxuraz erdibiturik,
baina halere batasun garbiz erdibikuntza horretan;
bi fruitu horra polit-politak zurtoin beretik eratu;
bi gorputz, bada, ageri, baina guztira bihotz bakar bat;
alegia, bi osagai, nola heraldikan armariak,
bat bakarrari dagozkiola, bilduak goiburu batez.
Betidaniko maitasun hori erdibitzera al zatoz,
gizonekin bat eginik zure lagun gaixoaren burlan?
Ez duzu hori lagun-legea, ez du dontzeila batek duin.
Gure sexuak, nik bezalaxe, egingo dizu haserre,
nik neuk bakarrik nozitu arren irain latzaren zauria.

Fairy

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk eta sometimes labour in the quern
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Mattin,
You do their work eta they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Edo itxuraz naiz ni tronpatu eta nahasi erabat,
edo zu zara iratxo maltzur eta gaizto hori zeinak

Mattin Onpuska baitu izena; ez al zara menturaz zu
herrietako neskei diena eragiten hainbat izu,
esnea gainez gabetzen eta eiherak urritsu uzten,
eta apetaz etxeko andre estua larriagotzen,
baita inoizka aparrik gabe motel uzten edaria,
gau-bidaztiak galbideratzen, haien kaltez zuk irria?
Galtxagorri zein Iratxo maite deritzutenei diezu
zuk zeuk egiten behar den lana, eta haiek bai zortetsu:
Ez ote zara diodan hori?

ROBIN

Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries eta falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Zuzen zabiltza, egia;
Ni naiz harako gau iluneko ibiltari jostaria.
Olgetaz diot nik Oberoni irria eginarazten,
zaldi indabez gizen-gizen bat dudalarik engainatzen
behoka gazte baten itxuran irrintzika ezkututik;
edo zelatan egoten nauzu atso baten katilutik,
txermen erre bat banintz bezala, halakoaren gustura,
eta, hark dzanga edan orduko, hor naiz plaust jauzten kanpora,
utzirik haren papar zimela garagardotan igeri.
Amona xahar zuhur bat nola, kontu triste bat kontari,
hiru hankako aulkitzat noski nauen tronpaturik hartzen,
popa azpitik kentzen natzaio, eta hantxe da abailtzen,
“kontxo!” eginez espantu handiz, eta han hasten eztulez;
lehertzen baita lagunartea eskuak gerrian barrez.
Bozkariotan iji-ajaka, bihotz-zinez dute esan
jostagarri bat ederragorik inoiz ez dela han izan.
Aire, ordea, maitagarri fin, hor non datorren Oberon.

DEMETRIO

These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turnèd into clouds.

Kontu hauek dirudite motel eta lausoak,
nola mendi bihurtuak lainoen itxurako.

HERMIA

Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Nik, berriz, dena dakusat begia erdizkatuz;
nola gauza oro soan bikoizturik.

HELENA

So methinks:
And I have found Demetrio like a jewel,
Mine own eta not mine own.

Nik berdin.
Eta Demetrio dut nik aurkitu bitxi gisa,
neure eta ez neurea.

DEMETRIO

Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The duke was here eta bid us follow him?

Ziur al zaude, baina,
esna ote gauden orain? Irudipena baitut
ametsetan lo gaudela. Ez al duzu hor entzun
dukeak esan digula berari jarraitzeko?

HERMIA

Yea; and my father.

Bai, eta aitak ere bai.

HELENA

And Hipolita.

Bai Hipolitak ere.

LISANDRO

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Esan baitigu berari jarraitzeko tenplura.

DEMETRIO

Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him
And by the way let us recount our dreams.

Orduan, esna gaude, bai. Goazkion atzetik,
eta bidean kontatu gure amets horiek.

PUCK

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
if you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call;
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

MATTIN

Itzalok gaur inor badugu mindu,
egin kontu –hala zama arindu–
kuluxkatxo bat egin duzuela
ikuskariok antzezten zirela.
Eta egitasmo erkin, maskal hau
–amets huts bat fruitu, garauak garau–,
jaun-andreok, ez gogorki astindu;
onbera izan, ondu gaitezen gu.
Sinetsi, iratxo zintzo naizenez:
zorte badugu –ezen meritu ez–
suge-txistuei egiteko itzur,
gerora gara hobetuko ziur.
Bestela, iratxo gezurti jo ni.
Gau on, bada, honatu den orori.
Txaloz luzatu eskuok, lagunak:
ematen daki Mattinek ordainak.