Karl Friedrich Müchler,

Down deep within the cellar

tradukita de John Oxenford

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

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

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

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

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

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

Traduko de la Germana poemo "Im tiefen Keller sitz ich hier" de Karl Friedrich Müchler *(∗1763-09-02 – †1857-01-12) en la Anglan de John Oxenford.*

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Pri la tradukinto John Oxenford vidu la retejon `http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Oxenford`.