

German Literature in Bessarabia 17—Erwin Kubi

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To have a better understanding of the following translation, it would serve you well if you were able to view German Literature in Bessarabia 01—Introduction.

[Note: Comments in square brackets in the document are those of the translator.]

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[Translation Begins]

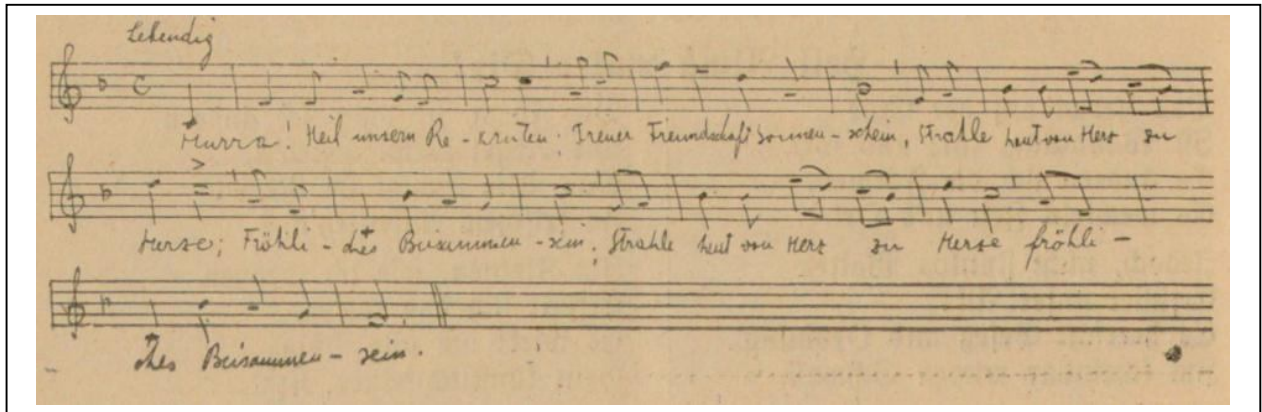
The New Ones

In the following, the *Kalender*-man allows himself to introduce to the readership now 3 completely new writers of our local poet forest, all of whom promise a lot, since they all have an excellent education in addition to talent.

Erwin Kubi from Paruschowka

a) “Our Recruits”

As far as the song is concerned, I would like to tell its story briefly. In the spring of 1933, we were 26 students in the 7th Class of the Werner School in Sarata, 10 of them recruits. These 10 recruits had to organize a “Recruit Festival,” which was celebrated in the most “solemn” manner. The rest of us wanted to sing a fitting song “in honor of our recruits”. Since we could not find one, we were forced to forge one ourselves. I wrote the lyrics and Hugo Schneider from Beresina did the melody. You should have seen the pride with which we sang our recruit song!



b) Erinnerung — Heimweh

*Trauernd irr' ich hin und her,
Weiß nicht, was beginnen.
Ach, wie ist mir heut' so schwer!
Zeit will nicht zerrinnen.*

*Die Gedanken weilen fern
Bei der lieben Schule,
Wo ich immer war so gern. —
"Liebe Wernerschule,"*

*Da gabst mir die schönste Zeit
Meiner ganzen Jugend,
Lehrt'st mich deutsche Ehrlichkeit,
Deutschen Fleiß und Tugend!*

c) Frühling

*Wenn alle Knospen erblühen,
Wenn Schnee und Frost entfliehen:
Ist's Frühling.
Wenn der Landmann ackert die Felder,
Wenn grünen die Wiesen und Wälder:
Ist's Frühling.*

*Wenn alle Vöglein singen,
Wenn die Lämmer hüpfen und springen:
Ist's Frühling.
Wenn die Kinder spielen im Freien,
Wenn ertönen der Schäfer Schalmeien:
Ist's Frühling.*

b) Recollection— Homesickness

*Grieving, I wander back and forth,
Do not know what to start.
Oh, how difficult it is for me today!
Time does not want to slip away.*

*The thoughts linger far off
At the dear school,
Where I always was so gladly. —
"Dear Werner School,"*

*You gave me the best time
Throughout all my youth,
Taught me German honesty,
German diligence and virtue!*

c) Spring

*When all buds bloom,
When snow and frost pass quickly:
It's spring.
When the farmer plows the fields,
When the meadows and forests are green:
It's spring.*

*When all birds sing,
When the lambs jump and leap:
It's spring.
When the children play outdoors,
When the shepherd little reed pipe sounds:
It's spring.*

*Doch wenn der Sommer beginnt,
Die Nacht am schnellsten zerrinnet —
War's Frühling.*

But when summer begins,
The night slips away the fastest —
It was spring.

[=====Epilogue to this Series of Poets and Authors=====]

Tomorrow

Outlook and Hope.

We have now met them all, our writers. Theirs is already a considerable number, which contribute to surround our steppe home with a mild glow of beauty. If we too will one day be as old as other ethnic groups and splinters of people, then the wreath of our literature will be correspondingly richer and magnificent. No one doubts the strength and talent of our people, so do not despair, keep on striving further. The pursuit of greater perfection will also allow us unfold a more beautiful “tomorrow”. Because, already the present has brought us poets and writers who deserve to be brought to light. After all, without much previous education, without any models, they have created for us the beginning of German literature in our confined homeland Bessarabia. They should never be forgotten.

Would it not be the duty of every German here in Bessarabia who has talent and the necessary education to continue to expand our literature? In accordance with our strength, it is imperative that we get to the point where not only the *Kalender* and the newspaper, but also the theater evenings would be filled, at least partially, with our own productions. This will raise our popular consciousness even more, if we take it in such a way that it is one day said: The German Bessarabian people have their own literature.

In this sense, a strong *Good Luck* to all our fellow champions! May they continue to work on the construction and expansion of our poets' grove in the future. German language and our own German literature, that is our watchword for the future!

Our life is rooted in it
And sustained through its existence,
Anyone who has given up on it
Has lost his fatherland.

[Translation Ends]

[End of Series]