

Forníslenska

00:00:00



Guth le Clive Tolley

Þrír munkar snerusk frá veraldarlífi.
Fara þeir í eyðimörk til þess at bæta syndir sínar.
Ekki mæltusk þeir um árit við.
Ok at ári sagði einn manna: "Vel gengr oss."
Ekki mæltusk þeir enn um hríð, ok at qðru ári sagði annarr manna:
"Rétt er þat."
Þeir váru þar um árit.
"Ek sver við kufl minn," sagði inn þriði maðr þá, "ef þit þegið eigi, skal ek eyða eyðimörkina."

Robert Nedoma

Scots

00:00:00



Guth le Alan Hutchinson

Thrie monks gie up the clarty wikkit weys o the world.
They ging up intae the dreich muirlauns tae spier God tae forgie them their sins.
For yin haill year, they dinna spikk.
Efter the first year, yin says, "We're daein fine."
A saicont year gaes by in total wheesht.
"Aye, ah ken," says the saicont yin.
A third year rowes roond.
"In the name o ma haly semmit," says the third yin, "gin yous twa canna keep yir mooths shut, ah'm gonnæ shoot the craw and ah'm leain yis on yir ain!"

Matthew Fitt

Englisc

00:00:00



Guth le Clive Tolley

Þrīe munucas forlētōn þā worulde.
Hī ēodon in wēsten tō hrēowsienne hira synna Gode beforan.
Ne spræcon hī þurh ān gēar. þā sægde ān hira tō oþre æt ende gēares,
"Wē sindon hāl," cwæp hē.
þus hit wæs þurh oþre gēar.
"Hit is hāl hūru," cwæð oðer mann.
Hī wæron ðær æfter þæt þurh oþre gēar.
"Ic swerie be mīnum munucscrūd," cwæð ðridda mann, "gīf gīt ne lætaþ mē sume stilnesse, ic will læfan ðæt wēsten eall tō inc!"

Anthony Appleyard, Freya Harrison, Candon McLean, Jim Sinclair

English (Mid-Ulster)

00:00:00



Guth le Ciarán Dunbar

These three monks give up on tha world.
An' they goes intae tha wilderness to make up for their sins before God.
They did not spake t'other for a year.
At the end of tha year, one of them spakes up and says, "We're doing well."
Ana'r year goes by tha same way.
"Yis w'are," says the next maun.
An' ana'r year goes by.
"I swear on my habit," says tha the thurd maun, "if yous two don't stay still I'm gonna lave yis here in tha wilderness!"

Ciarán Dunbar

Englisse

Thre monke diden the world forsake.
Thei goon in a wyldernesse in penance of her synnes byforn god.
Ful a yeer weren thei with outen speche.
Ones that a twelmonthe was agon oon of hem spak unto his felawe:
"Wel is us," quod he.
So kepte hemselve for a nothere yeer:
"Ful wel in dede," quod the nexte man.
Thei weren thennes yet a nothere yeer in that place.
"I swere by myn abytt," quod the thridde man, "if ye ne wolle yeven me noght quyete, I yow yive the hool wyldernesse."

Brian Boll

English

Three holy men forsook the world.
They went into the wilderness to atone for their sins before God.
They did not speak to one another for a year.
At the end of the year, one of them spoke up and said, "We're doing well."
Another year went by the same way.
"Yes we are," said the next man.
And so another year went by.
"I swear by my smock," said the third man, "if you two won't be still I'm going to leave you here in the wilderness!"

(This English translation was made using only words of Germanic origin.)

Tagann na focail uile san aistriúchán seo ó dhúchas Gearmánach an Bhéarla.)

Dennis King