1. "The socio-cultural knowledge is considered to be very important for a literary translator". Why? Explain.

Comment on the verse translation and analyze the problems that a verse translator may come across.

2. The socio-cultural knowledge is considered to be very important for a literary translator. Why? Explain.

A Sinhala poem and its English translation are given below. Compare them and explain how the translator attempts to reproduce the content of the original.
December Has Come

Close to the stile in the upper chena
At the edge of our little well
The mango trees are in bloom
Like a yellow cloth spread over
Flowering December has come to rouse our limbs
Moon face, can't you see it's time
For the new earth to flower?

The feet felt the green grass beneath
As if the earth has awakened suddenly
From a deep, long slumber,
The Erabadu leaves, full fleshed and tender
Reminded me of the cheeks
All these are sent to us to rouse our limbs.
Like a bee-dwelling flower
My lips and cheeks are restless,
Impatient to feel the perennial taste,
Before flowering December leaves
To die in the 'Duruthu' chill
Let the new earth burst forth into life.

In the moon lit night
The fallen leaves watch
As if intoxicated
By the moon light
In the moon light my body is aching,
Impatient I'm to feel the taste.

An English text and its Sinhala translation are given below. Compare them and explain how the translator attempts to reproduce the content of the original

There are people who will tell you that they have no fear of the jungle, that they know it as well as the streets of the Maha Nuwara or their own compounds. Such people are either liars and boasters, or they are fools, without understanding or feeling for things as they really are. I know such a man once, a hunter and tracker of game, a little man with hunched up shoulders and peering, cunning little eyes, and a small dark face all pinched and lined, for he spent his life crouching, slinking, and peering through the undergrowth and the trees. He was more silent than the leopard and more cunning than the jackal; he knew the tracks better than doe who leads the herd. He would boast that he could see a buck down wind before it could scent him, and a leopard through the thick undergrowth before it could see him.
Victor was a little baby,
Into this world he came;
His father took him on his knee and said:
'Don't dishonor the family name.'

Victor looked up at his father
Looked up with big round eyes;
His father said: 'Victor my only son,
Don't you ever ever tell lies'

Victor and his father went riding
Out in a little dog-cart;
His father took a Bible from his pocket and
read:
'Blessed are the pure in heart'.

It was a frosty December,
It wasn't the season for fruits;
His father fell dead of heart disease
While lacing up his boots.

(Translation into English)

Translate the following into English.
6. (c) පොහොමද නියෝජනය කරන්නේ සිංහල/ඁ්‍රීලා විසින්ව පදනම් කරන්න.

Translate the following into Sinhala/Tamil.

I saw her again a few days later
Alone at a concert. And I was alone
I've always gone to concerts alone---
At first, because I knew no one to go with,
And later, I found I preferred to go alone.
But a girl like Celia, it seemed very strange,
Because I had thought of her merely as a name
In a society column, to find her there alone.
Anyway, we got into conversation
And I found that she went to concerts alone
And to look at pictures. So we often met
In the same way, and sometimes went together.
And to be with Celia, that was something different
From company or solitude. And we sometimes had tea
And once or twice dined together.

Translate the following into English.

I saw her again a few days later
Alone at a concert. And I was alone
I've always gone to concerts alone---
At first, because I knew no one to go with,
And later, I found I preferred to go alone.
But a girl like Celia, it seemed very strange,
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In the same way, and sometimes went together.
And to be with Celia, that was something different
From company or solitude. And we sometimes had tea
And once or twice dined together.