

1799-1841

DOROTHEA TIECK

A PROMINENT LITERARY FIGURE IN 19TH CENTURY

Dorothea Tieck was a German translator, born in March 1799 in Berlin and died in February 1841. She was daughter of Ludwig Tieck and Amalie Alberti. She learned English, Italian, Spanish, French, Portuguese, Latin, and Ancient Greek. Her father was one of the founding fathers of the Romantic movement in the late 18th and early 19th centuries.

Therefore, she had an opportunity to collaborate with her father and his Romantic Literary circle, including his friends August Wilhelm Schlegel and Wolf Heinrich Graf von Baudissin. Dorothea and her father translated "*Don Quixote*", Spanish writer Cervantes's one of the most famous pieces, into a German. Additionally, she completed the translation of Shakespeare's works, which her father and Schlegel had begun.



HER *MACBETH* TRANSLATION

In the early 19th century, Dorothea Tieck emerged as a significant figure in German literature, particularly for her impactful translations of William Shakespeare's works. Despite recognition for her translation of *Macbeth*, Tieck's unique hermeneutic approach and its transformative influence on German theory often go unnoticed. Going beyond linguistic transfer, Tieck actively shapes the reception of Shakespeare in Germany by infusing her interpretations into the translations, acting as a mediator between English and German literary traditions.

Notably, Tieck's rendition of *Macbeth* showcases her interpretative prowess. Through subtle changes in language and nuanced tones, she revitalizes Shakespeare's classic tragedy, offering readers alternative ways to engage with the text. This transformative impact is emphasized by the frequent republication of her *Macbeth* translation in isolation, highlighting its enduring significance in shaping German literary culture.

*Tomorrow, and tomorrow,
and tomorrow,*

*Creeps in this petty pace
from day to day,*

*To the last syllable of
recorded time;*

*And all our yesterdays have
lighted fools*

*The way to dusty death.
Out, out, brief candle!*

*Morgen, und morgen, und
dann wieder morgen,*

*Kriecht so mit kleinem
Schritt von Tag zu Tag,*

*Zur letzten Silb auf unserm
Lebensblatt;*

*Und alle unsre Gestern
führten Narren*

*Den Pfad zum staubigen
Tod. Aus, kleines Licht!*

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