

Mill-Poezija ta' Lord Byron

"WHEN WE TWO PARTED"

Met' aġna nfridna,
 Hiemda mbikkija,
 Qalbna maqsuma
 Għax se'r nitbegħdu,
 Int sfart, fuq wiċċek
 U xofftejh xterdet
 Kesha li fissret
 Niket wisq kbir.

Tal-ghodwa n-nida
 Għaqdet fuq gbini,
 Donnha trid tħabbar
 Kemm kelli nħoss ;
 Għax kellmtek ksirtha,
 Inxtrajt miż-zina
 Wil-lum biss ismek
 Iġibli l-bard.

U x'hin tissemma,
 Bħal haġa mejta
 Titrighed qalbi :
 Għax, kont inħobbok ?
 Għalkemm le jafu
 Li bosta nafek :
 Nibkik għal dejjem,
 Le ngħid għal kemm.

Rajtek bil-moħbi :
 Wis-sgħioba nistor
 Li kellek tinsa
 U tqarraq bija.
 Jekk għad niltagħġu,
 Wara snin twal
 Kif nibda nsellem ?
 Bil-biki u l-hemm.

T. ANASTASI PACE

When we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted,
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss ;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this !

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow ;
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame :
 I hear thy name spoken
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear ;
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear ?
 They know not I knew thee
 Who knew thee too well :
 Long, long shall I rue thee
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met :
 In silence I grieve
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee ?—
 With silence and tears.

LORD BYRON