

ULYSSES

By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breath were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this grey spirit yeaming in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees

ULISSE

traduzzjoni bil-Malti
ta' WALLACE PH. GULIA

Tassew ftit jaqbel li sultan għażżien
Hdejn magmar mejjet, qalb dal-blatiet mogħxa,
Xih ma' marti Xwejha, nagħmel u noħroġ
Ligijiet ebsin li ndaqs le jagħfsu
Fuq dan in-nisel żorr, bla qalb, selvagg,
Li jrekken, jorqod, jiekol, bla ma jafni.
Mill-giri ma nistax nistrieħ: jien nixrob
Hajti sa l-inqas qatra: fraħt f'kull waqt
Hafna u hafna batejt, kemm ma' min habbni
Kemm wahdi; fuq ix-xatt u meta l-bahar
Triegħex mill-witgħat tal-ilma mcaqalqin
Mix-xita mxajtna: Isem jien għamilt.
Għax dejjem jiena grejt b'qalbi miġwieha
Hafna jien rajt u għaraft: tan-nies l-ibliet,
L-imġieba, t-temp, kunsilli, gvernijiet,
Lili, mhux l-inqas, minn kulhadd meqjum
U xrobt il-ferħ tal-ġlieda ma' tampari
Bġħod mill-witgħat jidwu bl-irjeh ta' Trojja.
Jien nagħmel sehem minn dak li miegħu ltqajt.
'Mma kull ma ngarrbu qisu ark li tahtu
Tleqq dik id-dinja li minnha m'għaddejnieħ
Li x-xefaġ tagħha dejjem, dejjem jgħib
Kull meta niċcaqalqu 'l hawn u 'l hemm.
Xi dwejjaq kbar li tieqaf, tagħmel tmiem,
Issaddad, ma tiddix, ma tleqqx bix-xogħol!
Mhux biss li tieħu n-nifs il-hajja! Hajja
ma' hajja ftit wisq u minn hajti wahda
ftit baqagħli. Izda kull siegħa mirbuħa
Minn dak is-skiet dejjiem, xi haġa iktar,
Tal-ġdid habbara; u vili wisq ikun
L' għal xi tlett ijiem niekol daqs qurdiena
U dir-ruħ xwejha mitlufa fit-tixniq
Li tikseb l-għerf sa wara l-aħħar tarf
Ta' hsieb u mohħ il-bniedem, kien fejn kien
Bħal min ibahħar wara kewkba niezla.

Telemakus dan, l-iben maħbub tiegħi;
Il-gzira u x-xettru lilu jiena nħalli -

Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me –
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads – you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Minni wisq maħbub, għandu hila jwettaq
 Dax-xogħol li bil-ftit il-ftit jagħmel mieles
 Poplu bla qalb u moħħ, bil-ħlewwa kollha
 Jgħiegħlu jidhra t-tajjed u l-meħtieg.
 Bla dell ta' tebgħa, nista' noqgħod fuqu
 Li ma jonqosx mill-ħniena w jagħti qima
 Xierqa lill-Allat tiegħi u ta' dari
 Meta nkun tlaqt. Dmiru, kulhadd għal rasu.

Hemm il-port: fil-gifen minfuħ il-qluħ,
 Hemm l-ibħra kbar mudlama: Bahrin tiegħi,
 'Rwieħ li miegħi hdimtu, tħabattu, ħsibtu –
 Li dejjem b'daħka lqajtu w tajtu merħba
 Lir-ragħad u dawl ix-xemx – u li għgelidtu
 B'qalbkom u moħħkom ħieles – aħna xjeħna!
 Ix-Xjuhija baqagħlha l-qima u x-xogħol!
 Il-mewt tagħlaq il-bieb. Qabel it-tmiem
 Xi xogħol imfassal kbir għad jista' jsir,
 Jixraq l-irgħiel li ma' l-allat ħaduha!
 Jintfew-jixegħlu bdew id-dwal fil-blat;
 Il-jum twil wasal biex jistrieħ; bil-mod
 Tiela' l-qamar; l-ibħra minn kullimkien
 B'ħafna ilħna jgħannu – Hbieb tiegħi, ejjew,
 Għad baqa' zmien li dinja għdida nfittxu!
 Bil-qiegħda wieħed wara l-ieħor, aqdfu
 Fil-mewg għannej; għax fehmti għadha sħiħa
 Li nbaħħar 'l hemm m'n inzul ix-xemx u iktar
 Ukoll fejn sew jinħaslu l-kwiekeb kollha
 tal-punent bghod, sat-tmiem, sakemm immut.
 Jista' jkun li l-ibħra kbar jgħarrquna,
 Għandu mnejn naslu fil-Gzejjer Ferħanin
 Jol-kbir Akille, ħabib tagħna, jigi.
 Għad li tliġna ħafna, ħafna baqa'
 W għalkemm m'aħniex illum dik is-saħħa
 Li s-sema w l-art caqalqet, dak li aħna
 Aħna: Ġemgħa sħiħa ta' qlub eroj!
 Imsawta miż-zmien u x-xorti, imma zonqor:
 Niħabtu, nfittxu, nsibu, qart ma ncedu!