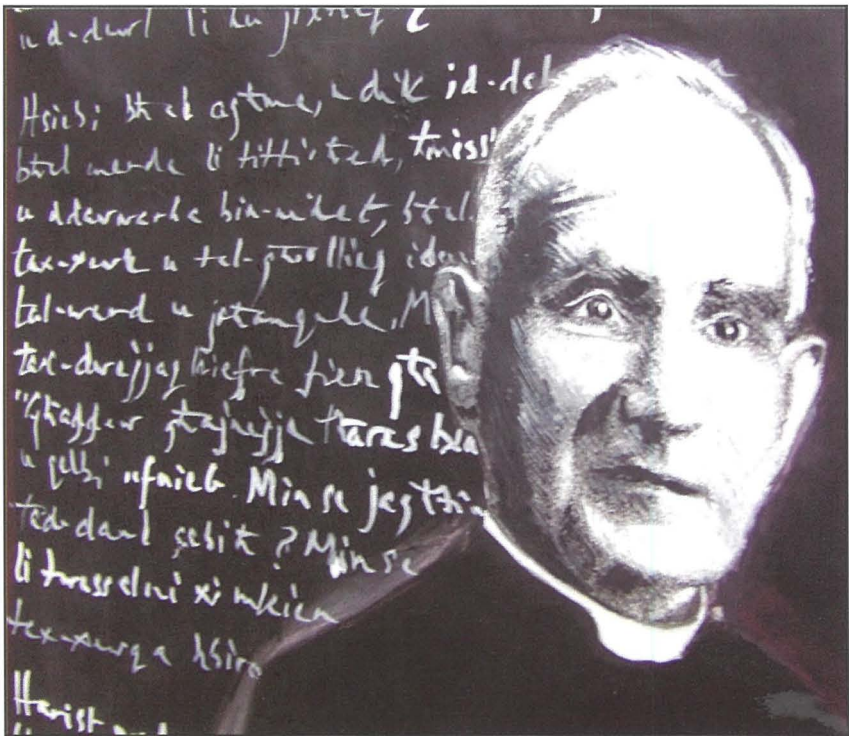


# Poeżiji oħra ta' Dun Karm

PROF. OLIVER FRIGGIERI

**D**AWN HUMA POEŻIJI OħRA TA' DUN KARM (1871-1961) LI jistgħu jingħaddu flimkien mal-poeżiji l-oħrajn miġburin fil-pubblikazzjonijiet tiegħi li ġejjin: *Dun Karm - il-Poeżiji Miġbura*, Klabb Kotba Maltin-Karmen Mikallem Buħaġar, Malta, 1980; *Dun Karm - Il-Bniedem fil-Poeta*, Klabb Kotba Maltin, Malta, 1980, pp. 111-119; "Erba' Poeżiji Mhux Magħrufa ta' Dun Karm," *Il-Malti*, 3-4, 1985, pp. 65-67; *Dun Karm - Le Poesie Italiane*, Malta University Press, Malta, 2007.



XEWQAT TAL-MILIED U  
TAS-SENA L-ĠDIDA

Habib, qalil u ikreh  
Iż-żmien li aħna fih,  
Taqtig ta' qalb, tbatija,  
Biza' wi ħrib qatigh:

Iżda fuq l-Għar ta' Betlem  
Hemm dawl safi, hanin  
Li jħabbar gieħ lil Alla  
U sliema lill-bnedmin.

Jien dan id-dawl nixtieqlek  
Li ma jfissrux il-kliem,  
F'daž-żmien u fl-għam li  
dieħel  
Mill-ewwel jum sat-tmiem.

Dicembru 1941

XEWQAT GĦAS-SENA  
1942

*Lil Ġużè Chetcuti*

Nixtieq nixtieqlek sena  
Mimlija riżq u sliem  
Mill-ewwel jum tal-bidu  
Sa l-aħħar jum tat-tmiem;

Iżda meta madwarna  
Għad haw' gwerra tal-ġenn,  
U f'nofs ta' lejl trid tinzel  
F'ħofra ġol-blat għall-kenn  
X'nista' nixtieq ħlif l-hena  
Li jinzel mis-smewwiet  
U jimla ruħ li temmen  
Fil-għaġeb tal-Milied?  
Għalhekk nixtieqlek jiena  
L-hena ta' ruħ sabiħa,  
Ta' qalb li f'baħar kiefer  
Iżzomm qawwija u shiħa.

Diċ. 1941

INNU LILL-MADONNA TAL-GRAZZJA  
(*għall-mużika*)

Fuq id-dlam ta' l-ewwel htija  
Niżel dawl minn gos-smewwiet,  
Kif Omm-Xebba dehret tididi  
Fuq il-mewg taż-żminijiet.

U kont Inti, O Marija,  
Dik id-dehra ta' ħelsien;  
B'kelma waħda qridt il-ħsara,  
Bnejt il-hena mis-sisien.

Omm tal-grazzja, omm ħanina,  
Inti għibt is-sema fl-art;  
Issa talla' 'l dawk fis-sema  
Li b'uliedek inti ħtart.

Qallek kelma l-Iben tiegħek  
Meta, msammar fuq salib,  
Ħallas b'demmu l-fidwa tagħna  
Biex f'wirt Alla 'l ġensna jgħib.

Mara, qallek, Ġwanni ibnek,  
Fih int Omm minn tal-bnedmin.  
Riżq is-sema minnek jgħaddi  
Fuq il-ħżiena w it-tajbin.

15/3/43

## LIX-XBEJBA RITA CASSAR

Li għandha xejra għal soru wara talba ta' missierha

Jien staqsejt: Fejn tista' talbi  
 Issib l-hena? Issib is-sliem?  
 U heġġigt in-nar ta' talbi,  
 Xewqati tgħarrex kullimkien.

Xi gost ġdid fil-lbies, fiż-żina  
 Jien ngħallimhom lit-tfajliet,  
 Kif iżewqu l-kelma bnina,  
 Kif jilagħbu bid-dafriet ...

Ġiet twegiba ferrihija:  
 "Għax titgħabba b'dan il-hsieb?  
 Qum fuq tiegħek; kun għaqlija,  
 Idhak, igri ma' l-iħbieb.

Lehen ieħor kollu hlewwa  
 Wieġeb fis għall-mistoqsija:  
 Mhux minn barra, iżda minn  
 ġewwa  
 Tiġi l-paċi dejjimija.

Il-Pjaċir tas-Saltna tiegħi  
 Jiżfen, jgħanni lejl u nhar;  
 Il-Ferħ biss jitgħannaq miegħi,  
 L-ebda niket, l-ebda mrar.

Fit-tlellix tidhak il-Frugħa  
 Li titbiddel kull mument;  
 L-Għerf tad-dinja jisfa bluha,  
 Kull pjaċir jisfa turment.

Waħda biss it-Triq għall-Hena  
 Triq l-Imħabba ta' Ġesù:  
 Hemm tas-Sliem it-Tempju  
 nbena  
 Fejn igħix u jgħammar Hu.

## BANDIERA HAMRA!

Qumu qawma fuq tagħkom, ja zghazagh  
Li bil-għaraq taqilgħu l-għajxien,  
Fehma waħda, qalb waħda, driegħ wiehed,  
Għall-wens tiegħi ingabru flimkien:

U għidulhom lill-għonja jirtogħdu  
Tal-ħaddiema xebghana bid-demmm;  
Waslitolhom is-siegħa tal-qilla;  
Ta' hajjithom l-inbid isir semm.

Jiena, Bandiera Hamra,  
Bid-demmm tal-Kbar inhsilt,  
U biex inċarċar iżjed  
Mir-Russja harxa nżilt.

Għaliex wiehed jitbaħrad fix-xaba?  
L-iehor jibki fil-għera, fil-guħ?  
Dak imhejjem, imfissed, imxaħxaħ,  
Dak imkasbar, imzēblaħ, mibjugħ?

Mhux art waħda nisslitkom? Mhux wiehed  
Kien id-dnub li nezzagħkom mill-ġieħ?  
Għaliex fuqkom biss tagħfas is-saħta?  
Qumu zghazagh! M'hemmx ġid għall-bezziegh.

Jiena, Bandiera Hamra, eċċ

Temmnu 'l hadd li jkellemkom bil-ħlewwa  
Fuq it-tjieba, fuq sabar, fuq jedd,  
Biex il-Lib li jixxaħham minn fuqkom  
Mingħajr biza' fi friexu jimtedd.

Il-jedd tagħkom is-saħħa ta' driegħkom;  
 Liġi tagħkom, il-fidwa mill-hemm;  
 M'għandhiex sabar ir-rieda tal-Kotra,  
 Min jilqagħkom jitgħargħar fid-demmm.

Jiena, Bandiera Hamra eċċ.

### GHANA TAL-POPLU MALTI

1. Dawk għajnejk iħarsu lejja,  
 Dak fommok ma jkellimnix.  
 Donnok trid xi haġa minni  
 W għall-mistħija ma tgħidlix.

2. Taħseb xejn li jiena nħobbok  
 Għax tarani nħares lej, k,  
 Nħares lej, k għax vizzju tiegħi,  
 Mhux għax sraqtni b'dawl għajnejk.

3. Int ħamiema majjorkina  
 Tixrob l-ilma ta' l-għadajjar ...  
 Li kont naf kemm int fraxketta  
 Qatt għalik ma kont nithajjar.

4. Hekk kif tgħid is-'sissignore',  
 X'dawra fuqek jiena ndur!  
 Ngħidlek ħudha w għożżha tajjeb,  
 Għaliex magħha tgħammar żgur:

Nghidlek ħudha w għozzha tajjeb  
U 'l qalbha la tiksirhiex,  
Għax qalbha tajra ta' l-ajru ...  
Tfittixha u ma ssibhiex.

5. X'int paxxuta fuq il-għatba,  
Dik ommok titgħaxxaq bik!  
Donnok ħawħa ftit imħassra.  
Min jaqbdek u min jerħik.

6. Ġib sikkina w xoqqli 'l sidri,  
Tara 'l qalbi medd idejk  
U staqsiha, ara xi tgħidlek  
Hux lilek dejjem ħabbejt.

7. Min iħobbni għandi kejla,  
Min jobgħodni għandi siegħ;  
Għad li jiena tifla samra,  
Kemmm għandi għarus sabiħ.

8. Oħla, oħla, baħar oħla  
Bħalma ħlejt fil-lejl ta' Lapsi;  
Jekk iddur id-dinja kollha  
Ma ssibx min iħobbok daqsi.

9. Dik l-Arbanja f'nofs il-baħar  
Il-baħrin kollha mbikkija.  
Din ma hix xi ħaġa kbira  
Għax Inġliż jieħu Maltija.

N.B. Nifhem li dawn ma humiex strofi li kitibhom Dun Karm innifsu, iżda taqbiliet popolari li semagħhom u kitibhom biex ma jintesewx. (Oliver Friggieri)

(Manuskritt ta' Dun Karm, Kollezżjoni Peter Vassallo)

## THE HONEY-SUCKLE AND THE BEE

I am the honey-suckle,  
 Thou art my gentle bee;  
 Oh! Come sweet humming creature,  
 My honey's all for thee.

Let not an idle beetle  
 Approach its wings to me;  
 My leaves would soon be fading;  
 I only live for thee.

Try, try whichever flowers  
 Thou likest, gentle bee;  
 If honey makes thee happy  
 Thou shalt return to me.

(1904)

## FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM

Old Christmas is approaching, breezing mild,  
 And you prepare for happy days, my child.  
 Good hearts from far and near from East and West  
 Will send you greetings, love, and wishes best.  
 Before them all have mine, no doubt, sincere;  
 "Be always good as you have been, my dear."

(November 1912)



XMAS

From Zion's hills down came the Angel's voice:  
"Hail sweet December night!"  
A Child is born! Ye, poor, who weep, rejoice!  
No day was e'er so bright!

A Child is born! Your king, your mighty king;  
And love, love is his throne!  
All peace and hope to men he's come to bring;  
Ye, poor, will be his own.

Through centuries still sounds the echo clear,  
O'er lands and oceans wide;  
All hearts and lips repeat in accents dear:  
"Rejoice! It's Christmastide!"

(1910)

TO MY CANARY BIRD

A time-of-war poem

When all around is gloomy  
And bombs crash from the sky,  
And terror stricken mothers  
With homeless children fly

For safety to the country  
And crowd in hut and church,  
And pray, and groan and shudder,  
Though not left in the lurch,

What is that keeps you happy  
 My little golden thing?  
 By night you sleep quite soundly,  
 By day you chirp, you sing.

I see: there is more hatred  
 Than love in human hearts;  
 Men go to war; you flourish  
 Much wiser in your arts.

26.vi.1940

### BABY ELIZABETH

*As I saw her*  
*A poem dedicated to her parents*  
*Mr. & Mrs. Reg. Cassar Torregiani*

She was just like a fairy:  
 Her eyes light hazel brown,  
 Her cheeks two blooming roses,  
 Her locks a golden crown.

I fancy she was only  
 One year, or little less:  
 True picture of Hygeia;  
 Her name was 'Little Bess'.

Soft was her voice and mellow,  
 Her smile a flash of light ...  
 Oh! Never have I witnessed  
 A thing as fair and bright.

If she grows up to twenty  
On friendly terms with Duty,  
I think she may with justice  
Be styled 'A Queen of Beauty'.

St. Elizabeth's Day, 19 November 1940

TO THE REVD. MICHAEL BALZAN

*A poetical address in the name of the Legion of Mary  
On the happy occasion of his silver jubilee  
1916-1941*

Dear Friend, I bring you love, I wish you joy  
On this of happy days the happiest one:  
Not for the twenty-five long years that passed,  
But for the good in these best years you've done.

For Time is swift and years soon fleet away,  
And silent darkness brood on what is past;  
Good deeds alone, like twinkling stars above,  
Defy the night, and shine on to the last.

Although sad war marked out your early priesthood  
And war marks out your Silver Jubilee,  
You always tread the road that leads to God's peace,  
And, man of God, your God in man, you see.

Oh! Tell me, Friend, how often did you hear  
The sad confession of one dead in sin!  
And often you brought down the joy of Grace  
From God to man that made him pure within!

With ardent love you taught the little children  
 How to behave in church, in school, at home;  
 And angel-like you called them to the altar  
 And saved them from the fiends that round us  
 roam.

Oh! Let the Legion of the Blessed Virgin  
 Tell what your heart has done for rich and poor,  
 For they have gone in twos within your parish  
 To take the word of life from door to door.

Dear Friend, I bring you Love, I wish you joy  
 On this of happy days the happiest one;  
 Not for the twenty-five long years that passed,  
 But for the lasting Good that you have done.

25.ix.1941

TO THE SONS OF MALTA

1943

Let us go forward together. (Churchill)  
 Let us go forward together  
 Towards the top of Honour's hill;  
 We have stood many a fierce battle,  
 But stern Duty is calling still.

Never boast, brave sons of Malta,  
 Empty pride impairs the story;  
 Let us go forward together,  
 Till we reach immortal glory

PENSO PRINTEMPA<sup>1</sup>

(Esperanto)

Kantas la birdoj  
La suno hela  
Brilas en l'alto  
Bluege bela:

Kai per flugiloj  
De l'aer klara  
Venas la bruo  
De l'ondo mara.  
Odriganta  
Rugige gaja  
Jam malfermigas  
La roso maja.

Estas printempe:  
Kia plezuro!  
June ridetas  
Tuta Naturo

Renaskiginta.  
Cu vi komprenas  
Flo ...? En la mondon  
L'amo revenas.

April 1912

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1 Skond Dr Carmel Mallia, din hija l-unika poezija bl-Esperanto miktuba minn Dun Karm u l-ewwel dokument bl-Esperanto f'Malta. Dr Carmel Mallia ppubblikaha f'għeluq il-mitt sena tagħha f'*The Sunday Times* ta' 1-14 ta' Ottubru 2001, paġna 38, flimkien mat-traduzzjoni tagħha, *A Thought for Spring*. Ara wkoll Ninu Cremona, 'Dun Karm Kif Nafu Jien', *Leĥen il-Malti*, Sena XXXI, għadd 4, 1962, 11-12.

GOD<sup>1</sup>

(From my juvenile book of songs

High are the snowy mountains  
Swept by the eagle's wing;  
Aloft the azure deserts  
Where shines the sun of spring:  
Remote the stars whose splendours  
The furthest heavens fill;  
Sublime the milky circle ...  
But God is higher still.

Mighty the roaring ocean  
That rolls big foaming waves,  
Mighty the fiery torrents  
That burst from granite caves;  
And the long hidden power  
Ruling the stars above  
Is potent - yet far mightier  
Is God's eternal love.

How sweet the hues of flowers  
Kissed by the dawn of day!  
And quiv'ring in the darkness  
How sweet the harper's lay!  
More so the links of friendship  
More so maternal style ...  
But far, oh far surpassing  
Is God's benignant smile.

(*Pro Memoria* – *Ħsebijiet Żgħar*, manuskritt ta' Dun Karm,  
Kollezjoni Dun Ġużepp Mangion)

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1 *God* dehret l-ewwel darba fit-*Times of Malta* tat-28 ta' Ottubru 1945.