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 untravel'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 yearning 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

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ULISSE

traduzzjoni bil-Malti
ta' WALLACE PH. GULIA

Tassew ftit jaqbel li sultan ghażiien
Hdejn ma'għmir mejjet, qalb dal-blatiet nogħxa,
Xih ma' marti Xwejba, naghmel u noħrog
Ligijiet ebsin li ndaq s le jagħfsu
Fuq dan in-nilzel żor, bla qalb, selvagg,
Li jrekken, jordq, jiekol, bla ma jaämni.
Mill-giri ma nistax nistrieh; jien nixrob
Ħajti sa l-ingqas qatra: fraht f'kull waqt
Ħafna u ħafna baretj, kemm ma' min ħabbni
Kemm waħdi; fuq ix-xatt u meta l-bahar
Triegħex mill-witgħat tal-ilma meqaqlaqla
Mix-kita mxajtna: Isem jien ghamilt.

Għax dejjem jiena grejt b'qalbi migwieha
Ħafna jien rajt u għaraft: tan-nies l-ibliet,
L-imgieba, t-temp, kunzilli, gvernijiet,
Lili, mhux l-ingqas, minn kulħadd meqjum
U xeħbi l-fetħ tal-glieda ma' tampari
Bghod mill-witgħat jidwu bl-irjiex ta' Trojja.
Jien naghmel sehem minn dak li meghu lintqajt.
'Mma kull ma ngarbu qisu ark li taħtu
Tleqq dik id-dinja li minnhha m'għaddejnies
Li x-xefaq tagħha dejjem, dejjem ighib
Kull meta niċċqaqla 'l hawn u 'l hemm.
Xi dwejjaq kbar li tieqaf, tagħmel mniem,
Issaddad, ma tidid, ma tleqqx bix-xoghol!
Mhux biss li tiehu n-nifs il-hajjat Hajja
Ma' ħajja ftit wisq u minn ħajti waħda
ftit baqaghli. Iżda kull siegha mibruta
Minn dak is-skiet dejjem, xi ħaġa iktar,
Tal-gdid ħabbara, u vili wisq ikun
L' għal xi tlett ijiem niekol daqs qurdiexa
U dir-ruh xwejba mitlula fit-tixniq
Li tikseb l-gerfr sa wara l-ahhar tarf
Ta' hsieb u mohħ il-bniedem, kien fejn kien
Bhal min ibahhar wara kewkba nieżla.

Telemakus dan, l-iben maħbub tieghi;
Il-gżira u x-zettru lilu jiena nħallli —
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 siting 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 mahubb, ghandu hila jwettaq
Dax-xoghol li bil-ftit il-ftit jaghmel mieles
Poplu bla qalb u mohl, bil-hlewwa kollha
Jgieghlu jidhra t-tajjeb u l-mehtieg.
Bla dell ta' tebgha, nista' noqghod fuqu
Li ma jonqosx mill-hniena w jajhti qima
Xierqa lill-Allat tieghi u ta' dari
Meta nkun tlaqt. Dmiru, kulhadd ghul rasu.

Hemm il-port: fil-gifen minfuq il-qlugh,
Hemm l-ibhra kbar mudlama: Bahrin tieghi,
'Rwieh li mieghi hdinttu, thabattu, hasbhu -
Li dejjem b'dahka lqajtu w tajtu merhba
Lir-raghad u dawl ix-xemx - u li ggeliidku
B'qalbkom u mohlkom hielies - ahna xjehna!
Ix-Xjuhija baqaghilha l-qima u x-xoghol!
Il-mewt taghlaq il-bieb. Qabel ic-tmiem
Xi xoghol imfassal kbir ghad jista' jsir,
Jixraq il-tigiel li ma' l-allat haduha!
Jinfew-jixeighlu bdew id-dwal fil-blat;
Il-jum twil wasal biex jistrieh; bil-mod
Tiela' l-qamar; l-ibhra mina kullimkien
B'hafna ilhna jghannu - Hbieb tieghi, ejjew,
Ghad baqa' zmien li dinja gdida nfittxu!
Bil-qieghda wiehed wara l-iehor, agdfu
Fil-mewg ghannej; ghax fehmti ghadha shiha
Li nbahhar 'l hemm m'n inzul ix-xemx u ikktar
Ukoll fejn sew jinhasl l-kwiekeb kollha
tal-punent bhod, sar-tmiem, sakrem immut.
Jista' jkun li l-ibhra kbar jgharrquna,
Ghandu mnejn naslu fil-Gzejjjer Ferhanin
Jol-kbir Akille, habib taghna, jigi.
Ghad li tlfna hafna, hafna baqa' 
W ghalkemm m'ahniex illum dik is-sahha
Li s-sema w l-art caqlaqet, dak li ahna
Ahna: Gemgha shiha ta' qlub ero!
Imsawa miż-zmien u x-xorti, imma żonqor:
Nithabtu, nfittxu, nsibu, qatt ma needu!

24. vii. '68