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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,
Xiħ ma' marti Xwejħa, nagħmel u noħroġ
Liġijiet ebsin li ndaqs le jagħfsu
Fuq dan in-nisel zorr, bla qalb, selvaġġ,
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 waħdi; fuq ix-xatt u meta l-baħar
Trieġhex mill-witgħat tal-ilma mċaqalqin
Mix-xita mxajtna: Isem jien għamilt.
Għax dejjem jiena grejt b'qalbi miġwieħa
Hafna jien rajt u għaraft: tan-nies l-ibliet,
L-imġieba, t-temp, kunsilli, gvernijiet,
Lili, mhux l-inqas, minn kulħadd meqjum
U xrobt il-ferħ tal-glieda ma' tampari
Bġħod mill-witgħat jidwu bl-irjiegħ ta' Trojja.
Jien nagħmel sehem minn dak li miegħu ltqajt.
'Mma kull ma ngarrbu qisu ark li taħtu
Tleqq dik id-dinja li minnha m'għaddejnieħ
Li x-xefaq tagħħa dejjem, dejjem jgħib
Kull meta niċċaqalqu 'l hawn u 'l hemm.
Xi dwejjaq kbar li tieqaf, tagħmel tmiem,
Issaddad, ma tiddix, ma tleqqx bix-xoġħol!
Mhux biss li tieħu n-nifs il-ħajja! Hajja
ma' ħajja ftit wisq u minn ħajti waħda
ftit baqagħli. Izda kull siegħa mirbuħa
Minn dak is-skiet dejjiem, xi haġa iktar,
Tal-gdid ħabbara; u vili wisq ikun
L' għal xi tlett ijiem niekol daqs qurdienna
U dir-ruħ xwejħa mitlufa fit-tixniq
Li tikseb l-għerf sa wara l-aħħar tarf
Ta' ħsieb u moħħ 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-hlewwa kollha
Jgħiegħlu jidhra t-tajjed u l-meħtieġ.
Bla dell ta' tebgha, 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-ġifen minfuħ il-qluġh,
Hemm l-ibhra kbar mudlama: Bahrin tiegħi,
'Rwieh li miegħi ħdimtu, tħabattu, ħsibtu –
Li dejjem b'daħka lqajtu w tajtu merħba
Lir-ragħad u dawl ix-xemx – u li għgelidtu
B'qalbkom u moħħkom ħieles – ahna xjeħna!
Ix-Xjuħija baqagħlha l-qima u x-xogħol!
Il-mewt tagħlaq il-bieb. Qabel it-tmiem
Xi xogħol imfassal kbir għad jista' jsir,
Jixraq l-irġiel li ma' l-allat ħaduha!
Jintfew-jixegħlu bdew id-dwal fil-blat;
Il-jum twil wasal biex jistrieħ; bil-mod
Tiela' l-qamar; l-ibhra minn kullimkien
B'ħafna ilħna jgħannu – Hbieb tiegħi, ejjew,
Għad baqa' zmien li dinja għdida nfittxu!
Bil-qiegħda wieħed wara l-ieħor, aqdfu
Fil-mewġ 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-ibhra kbar jgħarrquna,
Għandu mnejn naslu fil-Gzejjer Ferħanin
Jol-kbir Akille, ħabib tagħna, jigi.
Għad li tliġna ħafna, ħafna baqa'
W għalkemm m'ahniex illum dik is-saħħa
Li s-sema w l-art ċaqalqet, dak li ahna
Ahna: Ġemgħa sħiħa ta' qlub eroj!
Imkawta miż-zmien u x-xorti, imma zonqor:
Nithabtu, nfittxu, nsibu, qatt ma ncedu!

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