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| <p>201. Lill-halliel ghenet
is-sigra li saqqajt
jitla' mit-tieqa.</p> | <p>201. <i>The tree I watered
helped the thief to
climb to my window.</i></p> |
| <p>202. Laring u vjoli-
lil żewġ ilwien isimhom
tat il-qawsalla.</p> | <p>202. <i>Oranges and violets –
the rainbow gave their name
to two of its colours.</i></p> |
| <p>203. Ix-xita ttektek;
il-borma tbaqbaq hdejha
fuq in-nar bati.</p> | <p>203. <i>The rain is pattering;
the pot is bubbling
on a slow fire.</i></p> |
| <p>204. Baħar imqalleb;
is-sajjied lejħ iħares
jaħseb elf ħaġa.</p> | <p>204. <i>The sea is rough;
the fisherman looking at it
is thinking of a thousand things.</i></p> |
| <p>205. Tghanni, ja bilbla;
xi dnuħ illi l-ġħaxija
daqshekk qasira.</p> | <p>205. <i>Thou singest, skylark;
what a pity that the evening
is so short!</i></p> |
| <p>206. Il-ġħodwa tmur
kull jum iħ-ċimiterju
bla taqta' jiesħa.</p> | <p>206. <i>Dawn goes everyday
to the cemetery
without ever losing hope.</i></p> |
| <p>207. Hadd, hadd m'ħu mejjet
ġol-univers; il-Mulej Alla
biss tal-ħajjin.</p> | <p>207. <i>No one, no one is dead
in the universe; the Lord is God
only of the living.</i></p> |
| <p>208. Festa tal-blu,
ta' ferħ tal-mewġ, ta' serħ
tal-moħħ u l-qalb.</p> | <p>208. <i>A feast of blue,
of joy of the waves, of rest
of mind and heart.</i></p> |
| <p>209. Miexi fil-baħar;
ġmiel kbir madwari u fuqi,
u ġmiel kbir taħti.</p> | <p>209. <i>Cruising on the sea,
a great beauty around me and high up,
a great beauty under me.</i></p> |
| <p>210. Fdal ta' Sagunto;</p> | <p>210. <i>The ruins of Sagunto;</i></p> |

- ghadira tal-laring,
l-iżraq tal-baħar.
- a green lake of orange trees,
the azure of the sea.*
- 211.** Li kieku trid,
ja baħar, fis-sliem tista’
tghix dejjem – imma! ...
- 211.** *If you wish to,
sea, you could live
in peace for ever – but!...*
- 212.** Il-wizża riedet
kollana; qallha żewġha:
“m’ghandekx fejn tqieghdha!”
- 212.** *The swan wanted
a necklace: said her husband
“you have nowhere to hang it!”*
- 213.** Meta nitbissem,
aktar in-nies jaraw
it-tikmix f’wiċċi.
- 213.** *When I smile,
people can better see
the wrinles on my face.*
- 214.** Il-qiegh ta’ qalbek
qisu l-qiegh taż-żarbun:
it-tnejn bil-hmieg.
- 214.** *The bottom of your heart
is like the sole of your shoe:
both are filthy.*
- 215.** X’bittieha din
quddiemi! Mulej ghinni
nekolha kollha!
- 215.** *What a big melon
in front of me! Help me,
O God, to eat it all.*
- 216.** Prosit, ja xita!
Sibt ix-xaqq tal-bejt
eżatt fuq wiċċi.
- 216.** *Well done, rain,
you found the crack in the roof
exactly over my face!*
- 217.** Hadd ma jrid jaħdem;
qed jorqdu fuq ix-xogħol
anki l-pinnuri.
- 217.** *Nobody wants to work;
even the weather-cocks sleep
during their work.*
- 218.** Hareġ il-mejjet,
daħal il-faraġ, wara
nutar biex jaqsam.
- 218.** *The corpse left the house;
consolation entered, and later
the notary to divide the estate.*
- 219.** Halliel iż-żmien,
ir-ras ta’ San Ġużepp
- 219.** *Time is a thief;
it stole the head of St. Joseph*

- seraq min-niċċa. *from the niche.*
220. Glorja tal-ghabex;
ix-xwejjah fuq il-ghatba
jobzoq u jpejjep. 220. *The glory of sunset;
the old man is sitting on the treshold
smoking and spitting.*
221. Il-grillu dahal
qisu halliel go dari,
seraqli s-skiet. 221. *The cricket broke
into my house like a thief
and stole its silence.*
222. Sigar gharwiena
fit-triq qed jieħdu d-doċċa
kiesha tax-xita. 222. *Trees naked
in the street taking the cold
shower of rain.*
223. Il-Maltin bidlu
l-art sbejha ta' nanniethom
ma' hafna karti. 223. *The Maltese have changed
the beautiful land of their fathers
for poundnotes.*
224. Qolla ħdejn qolla
bl-aħdar miżbugħa u bl-aħmar –
il-gholjiet t'Għawdex. 224. *Water-jars close to each other
painted in green and red,
the hills of Gozo.*
225. Il-festi f'Malta,
bħat-tin li jibda jsir,
wahda ħdejn l-oħra. 225. *Thes festas in Malta
like ripening figs
one close to the other.*
226. Lura mill-festa,
in-nisa qed iżommu
iż-żarbun f'idhom. 226. *Back from the festa
the women carry
their shoes in their hands.*
227. Festa tar-raħal;
anku l-ilsien tal-qniepen
zejnu bil-fjuri. 227. *The village festa;
they have adorned with flowers
even the tongues of the bells.*
228. Tela' l-murtal,
ftuħ aħmar, abjad, aħdar,
bum, bum, bum, BUM! 228. *The petard is up,
it opens red, white, green,
boom, boom, boom, Boom!*

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| 229. | Sparar tal-festa,
il-hamiem daqqa fl-art,
daqqa fis-sema. | 229. | <i>Firing during the festa;
one moment the pigeons are
in the sky, one moment on the ground.</i> |
| 230. | Ġewwa vażett
il-fjuri flimkien jgħannu
qishom l-Imnarja. | 230. | <i>In the vase
the flowers sing together
like the Imnarja singers.</i> |
| 231. | Bdietha l-bizzilla;
lill-għanja; kienu ċ-ċombini
l-ewwel kitarra. | 231. | <i>The first song
was sung by the lace-maker; the
bobbins were the first guitar.</i> |
| 232. | Shab tal-bizzilla;
bizzilla fuq l-imħadda;
iċ-ċinerarja. | 232. | <i>Lacelike clouds;
women make lace;
the cineraria.</i> |
| 233. | Il-qara l-aħmar
tar minn ġol-għalqa u mar
fiċ-ċint tal-bejt. | 233. | <i>The pumpkins
flew from the field to rest
on the wall surrounding the roof.</i> |
| 234. | Minn ġens għal hens
il-kappar dejjem haddar
id-dahar tas-swar. | 234. | <i>From generation to generation
the capers have always tinged with
green the grey facades of the bastions.</i> |
| 235. | F'jum ir-rebbiegħa
il-għolja l-libsa libset
ħamra tas-silla. | 235. | <i>On a spring day
the hill put on the red
frock of the clover.</i> |
| 236. | Fis-sajf il-għolja
libset il-libsa skura
tal-ħaxix niexef. | 236. | <i>In summer the hill
put on the brown frock
of the fried grass.</i> |
| 237. | Mis-sema l-beraq
jaqsam id-dlam tal-lejl
u lir-rummien. | 237. | <i>The lightning flashes cut
the darkness of the night
and the pomegranates.</i> |

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| <p>238. Ta' Burmarrad
fil-wileg hemm għadira
hadra tad-dwieli.</p> | <p>238. <i>In the plain of
Burmarrad there is a green
lake of vines.</i></p> |
| <p>239. Sabiħa l-għalqa;
'mma kemm hi kerha l-hotba
fuq dahar il-bidwi.</p> | <p>239. <i>Beautiful is the field;
but how ugly is the hunch
on the farmer's back!</i></p> |
| <p>240. Tiġieġ b'munqarhom
jitnaqqru u ta' xulxin
jikxfu l-warrani.</p> | <p>240. <i>The hens peck
each other and expose
each other's back.</i></p> |
| <p>241. Xejn isbaħ minnek,
qawsalla, u xejn aktar
ma jmut malajr.</p> | <p>241. <i>Nothing more beautiful
than you, rainbow!
nothing dies sooner.</i></p> |
| <p>242. Muntanji mqita;
izda bejnithom hodor
gmiel ta' widien.</p> | <p>242. <i>Rugged mountains;
between them
beautiful green valleys.</i></p> |
| <p>243. Kullimkien aħdar;
ja ċawla minn fejn ġibtu
dak il-lewn iswed?</p> | <p>243. <i>Everywhere is green;
crow from where did you get
that black colour?</i></p> |
| <p>244. L-għadira telqet
mill-baħar biex tghix kwieta,
u mtliet bl-intiena.</p> | <p>244. <i>The pool left
the sea to lead a quite life,
and became full of stench.</i></p> |
| <p>245. Il-mewġ iħobbok
ja gawwi, u tak ta' rasu
ir-rix bajdani.</p> | <p>245. <i>The waves like you,
sea-gull, and gave you
the white feathers from their crest.</i></p> |
| <p>246. Hadd bhalek, gawwi!
is-sema, l-art u l-baħar
it-tlieta tiegħek!</p> | <p>246. <i>Nobody like you, sea-gull!
the sky, the sea and the land
are all yours!</i></p> |

247. Ċpar kullimkien...
’mma l-ward tax-xemx jaf tajjeb
ix-xemx fejn hi.
247. *Fog is covering everything;
but the sun flowers know exactly
where the sun is.*
248. X’hin nara ġmielek,
tuffieha, u nduq lil benntek,
nagħder lil Eva.
248. *When I see your beauty,
apple, and taste your savour,
I sympathise with Eve.*
249. Nagħnigh ġol-ikel
qisek is-simpatija
fil-wiċċ ta’ tfajla.
249. *Mint in my food
you are like attractiveness
on the face of a girl.*
250. Ix-xewka ghandha
qalb bil-fjur hiereġ minnha,
u stallett taħtha.
250. *The thistle has a heart
with a flower budding from it,
and a dagger under it.*