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| <p>201. Lill-ħalliel għenet
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 lejh 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. Tgħanni, ja bilbla;
xi dnuh illi l-għaxija
daqshekk qasira.</p> | <p>205. <i>Thou singest, skylark;
what a pity that the evening
is so short!</i></p> |
| <p>206. Il-għodwa tmur
kull jum iċ-ċimiterju
bla taqta' jiesha.</p> | <p>206. <i>Dawn goes everyday
to the cemetery
without ever losing hope.</i></p> |
| <p>207. Hadd, hadd m'hu mejjet
gol-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;
għmiel kbir madwari u fuqi,
u għmiel 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-ħmieġ.

214. *The bottom of your heart
is like the sole of your shoe:
both are filthy.*

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

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

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| <p>238. Ta' Burmarrad
fil-wileg hemm għadira
ħadra 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-ħotba
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 ħodor
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 tgħix 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. Ħadd bħalek, 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,
tuffieħa, 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-wieċ ta' tfajla.

249. *Mint in my food
you are like attractiveness
on the face of a girl.*

250. Ix-xewka għandha
qalb bil-fjur ħiereġ minnha,
u stallett taħtha.

250. *The thistle has a heart
with a flower budding from it,
and a dagger under it.*