

Okungesanakulungiseka

Kungabe singakwazi ukuthulisa endala, okude ukuziSola,
Okuphiliyo, okuxakazisayo kuphinde kuziphothe,
Futhi okuzondla kuthina kuhle kwemsundu kwisidumbu,
Kuhle kwezibungu emfantwini?
Kungabe singakwazi ukuthulisa okudala, okude ukuziSola?

Sona siphi isiphuzo, lona liphi iwayini, lona liphi itiye,
Engasingcwabela lesitha esidala,
Umbhidlizi noklalayo kuhle kwanondindwa,
Unesineke kuhle kwentuthwane?
Sona siphi isiphuzo, lona liphi wayini? – lona liphi itiye?

Yisho, mbhuli omuhle, o yisho!, uma unolwazi,
Kulomphefumulo ogoqene ezinhlungwini
Futhi ofana nofaya umuntu ecindezelwe abalimeleyo,
Egxebwa izinsele zamahashi,
Yisho, mbhuli omuhle, o yisho!, uma unolwazi,

L'Irréparable

Pouvons-nous étouffer le vieux, le long Remords,
Qui vit, s'agite et se tortille,
Et se nourrit de nous comme le ver des morts,
Comme du chêne la chenille?
Pouvons-nous étouffer l'implacable Remords?

Dans quel philtre, dans quel vin, dans quelle tisane,
Noierons-nous ce vieil ennemi,
Destructeur et gourmand comme la courtisane,
Patient comme la fourmi?
Dans quel philtre? – dans quel vin? – dans quelle tisane?

The Irreparable

Are we able to choke the old, the long Remorse,
That lives, in writhing unease,
And feeds on us, like worms on a corpse,
Like caterpillars on oak leaves?
Are we able to choke the implacable Remorse?

In which philtre, which wine, which tea,
Can we drown this courtesan,
This gourmet of destruction, this old enemy,
Patient as an ant?
In which philtre, which wine, which tea?

Tell it, O tell, if you know how, beautiful sorcerer,
To a spirit filled with anguish
And just like someone dying, unable to recover,
That the hooves of horses crush,
Tell it, O tell, if you know how, beautiful sorcerer,

Dis-le, belle sorcière, oh! dis, si tu le sais,
À cet esprit comblé d'angoisse
Et pareil au mourant qu'écrasent les blessés,
Que le sabot du cheval froisse,
Dis-le, belle sorcière, oh! dis, si tu le sais,

À cet agonisant que le loup déjà flairé
Et que surveille le corbeau,
À ce soldat brisé! s'il faut qu'il désespère
D'avoir sa croix et son tombeau;
Ce pauvre agonisant que déjà le loup flairé!

**Kulesi sigulana impungushe ivele isiyasinuka
Ofuthi igwababa seliyamhlola,
Leli sosha eliyinkubela! ngabe kufanele avalelise
Yini ekutheni abe nesiphambano kanye nethuna;
Lesi sigulana esichakile impungushe ivele isiyasinuka!**

**Ngabe umuntu angalikhanyisa izulu elithukuthele nelimnyama?
Ngabe angadabula amathunzi
Ajiyile kakhulu kunesinyama, engenakusa nakuhlwa,
Engenazinkanyezi, engenakubaniza kokufa?
Ngabe umuntu angalikhanyisa izulu elithukuthele nelimnyama?**

**IThemba ebelikhanya emawindini eGumbi
Livantuliwe, selihlale lifile nomikanjani!
Ngaphandle kwanyezi nanamsebe, uzowathola engenise lapho
Amafelankolo endlela yobubi!
UDeveli usewavale wonke amawindi eGumbi!**

**Mbhuli othandekileyo, ngabe uyabathanda abaqalekisiweyo?
Isho, uyabazi wena abangayuxolelwa?
Uyakwazi wena ukuziSola, okunemcibisholo enobuthi,
Isimiselo sayo okuyinhliziyi zethu?
Mbhuli othandekileyo, ngabe uyabathanda abaqalekisiweyo?**

**Peut-on illuminer un ciel bourbeux et noir?
Peut-on déchirer des ténèbres
Plus denses que la poix, sans matin et sans soir,
Sans astres, sans éclairs funèbres?
Peut-on illuminer un ciel bourbeux et noir?**

**L'Espérance qui brille aux carreaux de l'Auberge
Est soufflée, est morte à jamais!
Sans lune et sans rayons, trouver où l'on héberge
Les martyrs d'un chemin mauvais!
Le Diable a tout éteint aux carreaux de l'Auberge!**

This agony the wolf already sniffs at
That rules the raven of doom,
And this broken soldier, necessarily desperate
To have his cross and his tomb;
This poor agony that already the wolf sniffs at.

Is one able to light the black and muddy skies?
Is one able to tear the darkness
Thicker than pitch, without twilight or sunrise,
Without stars, or lightning's mournfulness?
Is one able to light the black and muddy skies?

The hope that shines in the windows of the Inn
Has blown out, passed away!
Without moonlight, to find lodged within
The martyrs of a wicked way!
The Devil has extinguished all the windows of the Inn!

Adorable sorcerer, do you love the damned?
Do you know the irremissible?
Do you know Remorse, whose arrows venomed
Take our hearts as their goal?
Adorable sorcerer, do you love the damned?

Adorable sorcière, aimes-tu les damnés?
Dis, connais-tu l'irrémissible?
Connais-tu le Remords, aux traits empoisonnés,
À qui notre coeur sert de cible?
Adorable sorcière, aimes-tu les damnés?

L'Irréparable rouge avec sa dent maudite
Notre âme, piteux monument,
Et souvent il attaque, ainsi que le termite,
Par la base le bâtiment.
L'Irréparable rouge avec sa dent maudite!

OkuNgalungiseki kudla, ngamazinyo ako aqalekisiwe,
Imphefumulo yethu, isikhumbuzo esidabukisayo,
Njalo nje futhi kuyahlasela, kuhle kwemihlwa,
Ngaphansi nje impela kwesakhiwo.
OkuNgalungiseki kudla ngamazinyo ako aqalekisiwe!

– Sengikengabona ngesinye isikhathi, ezinzulwini zetiyetha eshazile,
Kukhehlegume lwenhlanganiso enongiwe,
Isilokazane sikhanyisa kwisibhakabhaka sasesihogweni
Umlingokazi wokusa.
Sengikengabona ngesinye isikhathi ezinzulwini zetiyetha eshazile

UMuntu, owenziwe ngokukhanya, igolide kanye nobumpunga,
Osabisayo nomkhulu uSathane lo;
Kodwa inhliziyo yami, engavakasheli neze nje isasasa,
Kwitiyetha lapho umuntu elindile
Njalo, njalo kepha ezeni, uMuntu wezimpiko ezimpunga!

– J'ai vu parfois, au fond d'un théâtre banal
Qu'enflamrait l'orchestre sonore,
Une fête allumer dans un ciel infernal
Une miraculeuse aurore;
J'ai vu parfois au fond d'un théâtre banal

Un être, qui n'était que lumière, or et gaze,
Terrasser l'énorme Satan;
Mais mon coeur, que jamais ne visite l'extase,
Est un théâtre où l'on attend
Toujours, toujours en vain, l'être aux ailes de gaze!

The Irreparable gnaws, with its blighted tooth
Our soul, that pitiful monument,
And often he attacks, like a termite, from the root,
Wearing down the building through the basement.
The Irreparable gnaws, with its blighted tooth.

I've seen, sometimes, in seedy theatres
What inflames the sonorous orchestra,
A fairy kindling in the sky's infernal mirrors
A miraculous aurora;
I've seen, sometimes, in seedy theatres

A being, that is nothing but light, gold and gauze,
Bury the enormous Satan;
But my heart, that never has visited ecstasy's awes,
Is a theatre where one is awaiting
Always, always in vain, the being with the wings of gauze!