

Ububende I

UPluviyasi, edinwe idolobha lonkana,
Ngomgqomo uthela ezinkulu izikhukhula kubumnyama obubandayo
Phezu kwabashazekile abahlali baseduzane namathuna
Kanye nempelompilo kulezigceme ezixuxuvelayo.

Ikati lami phezu kwewindi libhekabhekana
Lithukile lingenampumulo umzimba walo wondile futhi unotwayi;
Umphefumulo wembongi endala uzulazula kwizitamkoko
Usho ngephimbo losizi lomungcw iogodoleyo.

Insimbikazi iyalila, futhi nezinkuni zishunqa
Ziphelezela ngephimboze iwashi elikhwehlelayo,
Khona manjalo kumanzi agcwele amakha abolile

Ifa lokufa lesidala isikhukhukhu,
Isilomo sezinhliziyo kanye nentombi yezindoni
Bahlebelana kambana ngezintando zabo esezafa.

Spleen I

Pluviôse, irrité contre la ville entière,
De son urne à grands flots verse un froid ténébreux
Aux pâles habitants du voisin cimetière
Et la mortalité sur les faubourgs brumeux.

Mon chat sur le carreau cherchant une litière
Agite sans repos son corps maigre et galeux;
L'âme d'un vieux poète erre dans la gouttière
Avec la triste voix d'un fantôme frileux.

Spleen I

Pluvius, irritated at the entire town,
From his urn pours torrents of a gloomy chill
Over the pale neighbours resting underground
And mortality over shrouded suburban hills.

My cat looks among the flagstones for a litter,
Turning his meager, mangy body without rest;
The soul of an old poet plays in the gutter,
His sad voice that of a shivering ghost.

The logs blacken with smoke, and the bumblebee laments
With the sniffing clock in falsetto accompaniment,
While from a dropsical old woman's bequeathed trove,

A deck full of dirty, dull, stalely perfumed cards,
The queen of spades and the dapper jack of hearts
Have a sinister chat about their defunct love.

Le bourdon se lamente, et la bûche enfumée
Accompagne en fausset la pendule enrhumée,
Cependant qu'en un jeu plein de sales parfums,

Héritage fatal d'une vieille hydropique,
Le beau valet de coeur et la dame de pique
Causent sinistrement de leurs amours défunts.