Imkhuleko kaSathane

O wena, sazi esikhulu nomuhle kakhulu weziNgelosi,
Nkulunkulu owanikelwa indalelo futhi oswele umbongo,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

O Nkosi yezidingiswa, wena muntu owoniwa,
Futhi othi, anqotshwa, njalo nje uyalungisa ngokuqinile kakhulu,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Wena owazi konke, nkosi enkulu yezinto zomshoshaphansi,
Mlaphi owaziwayo wezinhlungu zesintu,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Wena othi, ngisho nakumalepha, nakwizilahlwa eziqalekisiwe,
Ufundise ngothando ukuthi bezwe iPharadayisi,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Les Litanies De Satan

Ô toi, le plus savant et le plus beau des Anges,
Dieu trahi par le sort et privé de louanges,

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

Ô Prince de l'exil, à qui l'on a fait tort,
Et qui, vaincu, toujours te redresses plus fort.

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

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Satan's Litanies

Aptest angel and the loveliest!
A God betrayed, to whom no anthems rise,

Satan, take pity on my sore distress!

Prince of exiles, exiled Prince who, wronged,
Yet rises ever stronger from defeat,

Satan, take pity on my sore distress!

Omniscient ruler of the hidden realm,
Patient healer of all human pain,

Satan, take pity on my sore distress!

Who even to lepers and such outcast scum
By love inculcates all we know of bliss,

Satan, take pity on my sore distress!

Toi qui sais tout, grand roi des choses souterraines,
Guérisseur familier des angoisses humaines,

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

Toi qui, même aux lépreux, aux parias maudits,
Enseignes par l'amour le goût du Paradis,

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

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O wena othi ngoKufa, esidala nesiqinile isithandwa sakho lesi,
Ufake iThemba,- ubuwula obuwungayo!

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Wena owenza isilahlwa sibe nombuko ozolile kanye nozithwele
Oqalekisa bonke abantu abazunguze isiphanyeko,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Wena owazi 'kuthi kumaphi amakhona omhlaba onomhobholo
UNkulunkulu onomona afihla khona amatshe aligugu,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Wena olihlo elicwebile lazi ukujula kwamathala
Lapho kungcwatshwe khona inqwaba yezintsimbi,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Wena osandla sakhe esikhulu sifihla isiwa
Kumlalisihambi odukela onqenqemeni lwezakhiwo,

Ô toi qui de la Mort, ta vieille et forte amante,
Engendras l'Espérance, - une folle charmante!

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

Toi qui fais au proscrit ce regard calme et haut
Qui damne tout un peuple autour d'un échafaud,

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

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Who gave to death, your oldest paramour,
A child both lunatic and lovely – Hope!

Satan, take pity on my poor distress!

Who grants the criminal's last look of pride
That damns the crowd beneath the guillotine,

Satan, take pity on my poor distress!

Who knows each cranny in the grudging earth
Where gems are hidden by a jealous God,

Satan, take pity on my poor distress!

Whose eye can pierce the deepest arsenal
Where buried metals slumber in the dark,

Satan, take pity on my poor distress!

Within whose mighty arm the sleepwalker
Avoids the rooftops yawning precipice,

Toi qui sais en quels coins des terres envieuses
Le Dieu jaloux cacha les pierres précieuses,

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

Toi dont l'oeil clair connaît les profonds arsenaux
Où dort enseveli le peuple des métaux,

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

Toi dont la large main cache les précipices
Au somnambule errant au bord des édifices,

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O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Wena othi, ngokusamlingo, uthambise amathambo amadala
Ezidakwa zakudala zigxovagxovwa amahhashi,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Wena othi, ze kududuzeke uluntu olubuthaka noluhluphekayo,
Wasifundisa ukulumbanisa usawotitshe kunye nesibabuli,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Wena owabeka umaka wakho, o msizigebengu ongungcweti,
Ebunzini likaKhrowesasi oyinhlongalufefe nongcolile,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Wena obeka emehlweni nasezinhliziyweni zamantombazane
Inkonzo yezilonda kunye nothando lwamagxaba,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

Toi qui, magiquement, assouplis les vieux os
De l'ivrogne attardé foulé par les chevaux,

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

Toi qui, pour consoler l'homme frêle qui souffre,
Nous appris à mêler le salpêtre et le soufre,

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

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Satan, take pity on my poor distress!

Who magically rescues the old bones
Of drunkards trampled by the horses hooves,

Satan, take pity on my poor distress!

Who to console our sufferings has taught
How readily shot and powder may be mixed,

Satan, take pity on my poor distress!

Who sets your sign, in sly complicity,
Upon the rich man's unrelenting brow,

Satan, take pity on my poor distress!

Who lights in women's greedy hearts and eyes
Worship of wounds, rapacity for rags,

Satan, take pity on my poor distress!

Toi qui poses ta marque, ô complice subtil,
Sur le front du Crésus impitoyable et vil,

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

Toi qui mets dans les yeux et dans le coeur des filles
Le culte de la plaie et l'amour des guenilles,

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

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Lunga labadingisiwe, sibani sabasunguli,
Mvumisi wabalahliwe nababophimacebo,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

Baba owatholwa yilabo okwathi kwelakhe elimnyama ulaka
UNkulunkulu uBaba wabaxosha epharadayisi yakwamhlaba,

O Sathane, yiba nesihawu kwinhlupheko yami ende!

UMthandazo
Udumo nokubonga akube kuwe, Sathane, phezulu
EmaZulwini, lapho owake wabusa, naphansi ekujuleni
KwesiHogo, lapho, unqotshiwe, uphupha usekuthuleni!
Yenza umphefumulo wami ngolunye usuku, phansi koMuthi woLwazi,
Maduzane nawe, uphumule, kulelohora lapho maphezu kwebunzi lakho,
Kuhle kweThempeli elisha, amagatsha awo elulekile!

Bâton des exilés, lampe des inventeurs,
Confesseur des pendus et des conspirateurs,

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

Père adoptif de ceux qu'en sa noire colère
Du Paradis terrestre a chassés Dieu le Père,

Ô Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!

Prière
Gloire et louange à toi, Satan, dans les hauteurs
Du Ciel, où tu régnas, et dans les profondeurs
De l'Enfer, où, vaincu, tu rêves en silence!
Fais que mon âme un jour, sous l'Arbre de Science,
Près de toi se repose, à l'heure où sur ton front
Comme un Temple nouveau ses rameaux s'épandront!

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The outlaw's staff and the inventor's lamp,
Confessor of the traitor, hanged man's priest,

Satan, take pity on my poor distress!

Adoptive father to those an angry God
The Father drove from His earthly paradise,

Satan, take pity on my poor distress!

Prayer

Satan be praised! Glory to you on High
Where once you reigned in Heaven, and in the Pit
Where now you dream in taciturn defeat!
Grant that my soul, one day, beneath the Tree
Of Knowledge, meet you when above your brow
Its branches, like a second Temple, spread!

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