

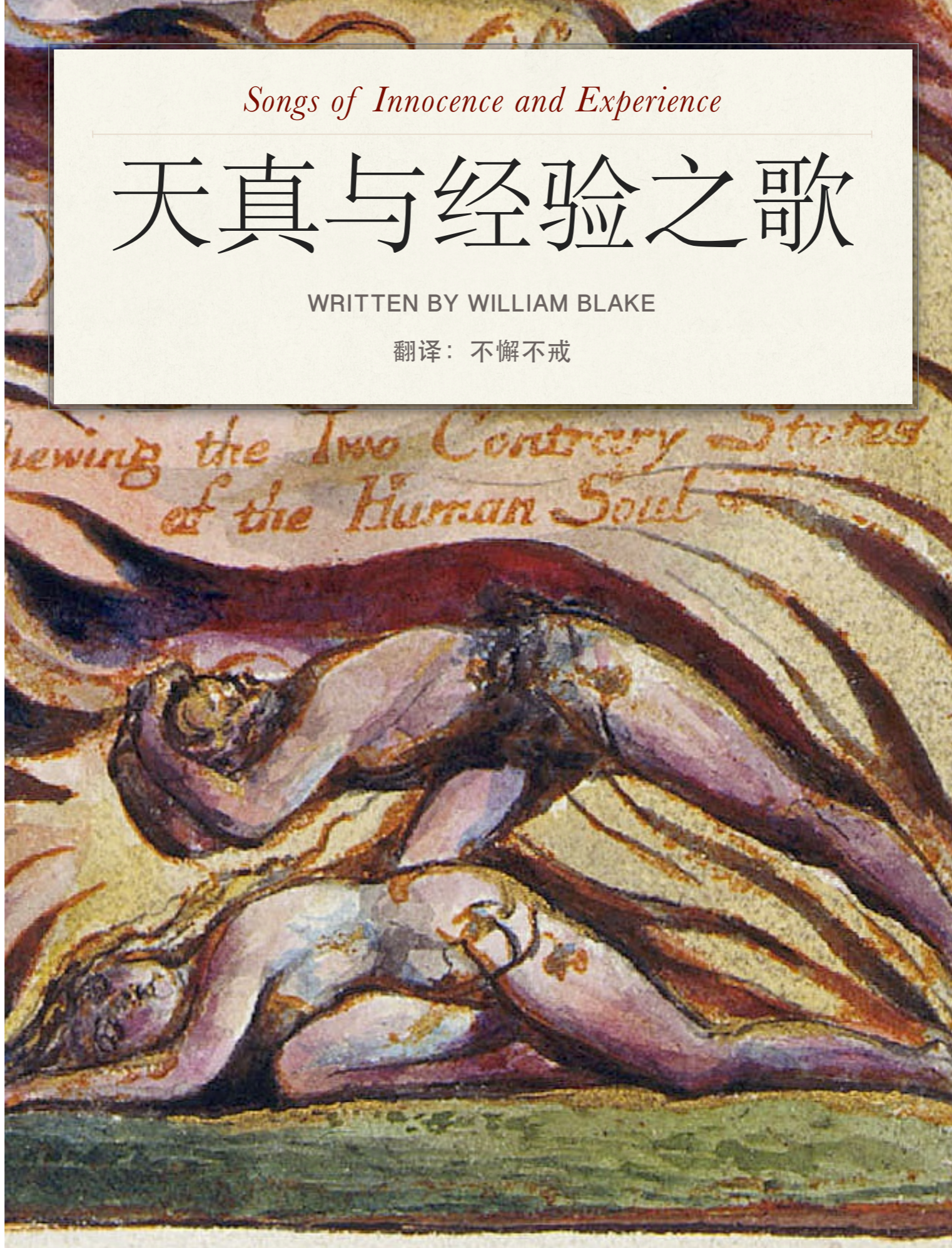
*Songs of Innocence and Experience*

# 天真与经验之歌

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BLAKE

翻译：不懈不戒

*Showing the Two Contrary States  
of the Human Soul*



章 1

天真之歌



The Author & Printer W Blake

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## INTRODUCTION



# 序

Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me:

“Pipe a song about a Lamb!”  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
“Piper, pipe that song again;”  
So I piped: he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!”  
So I sang the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

吹着笛子我漫步下山  
吹起欢乐歌谣  
看见一孩子站立云端  
对我展露微笑

“吹一首和羔羊有关的歌吧！”  
我吹起笛，愉快欢欣  
“笛手，把曲子再吹一遍吧！”  
我吹起笛，他流泪倾听

“放下它，这欢乐之笛  
唱起那首欢乐愉快的歌曲”  
于是我又唱起同一首歌  
他高兴地听着，喜极而泣

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“Piper, sit thee down and write  
In a book, that all may read.”  
So he vanish’d from my sight;  
And I pluck’d a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stain’d the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

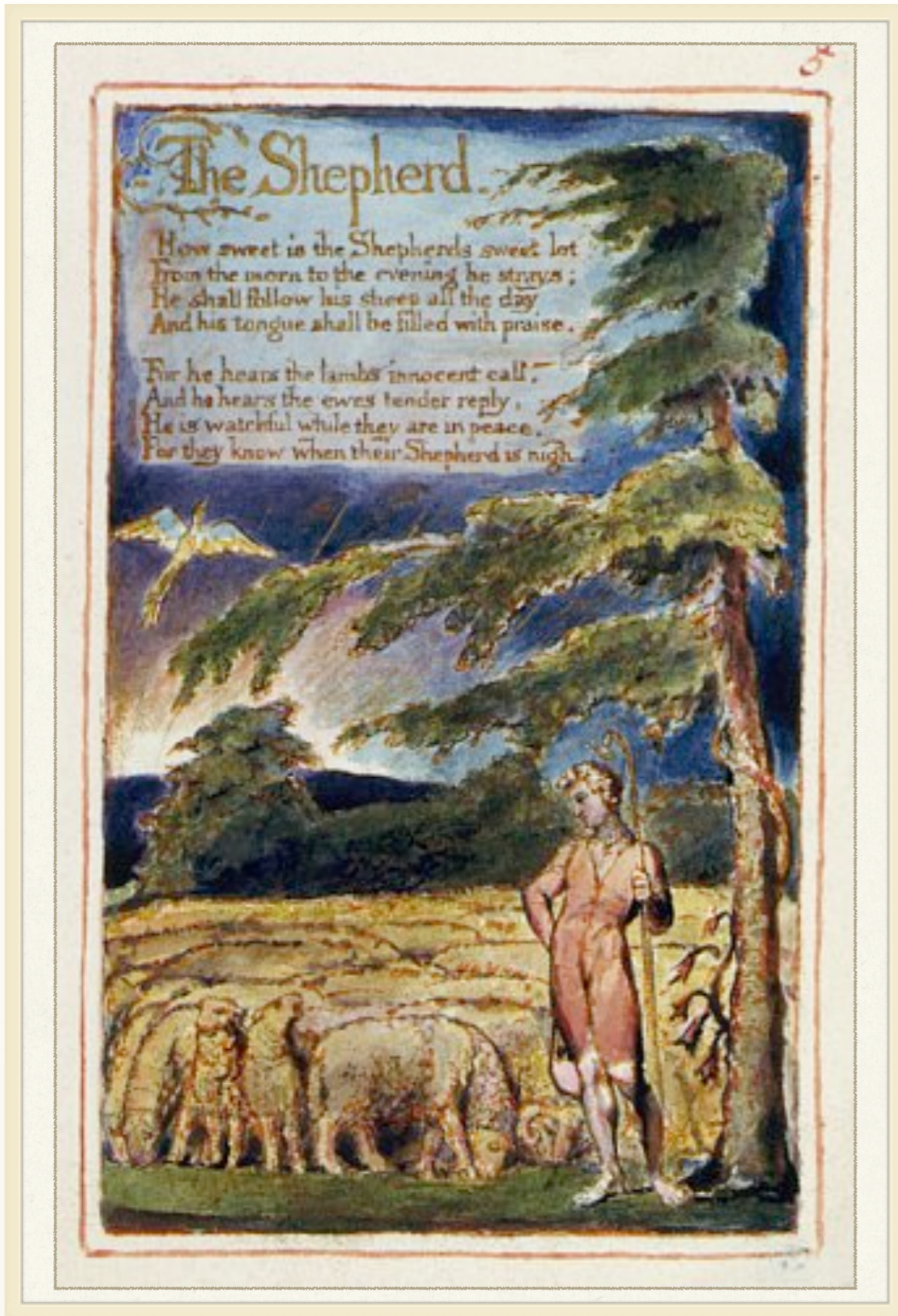
“笛手，坐下，把歌词写进  
一本书，使所有人都可阅读。”  
说完他从我眼前消失  
于是，我拔下一根芦苇

做成一支草笔  
蘸着清水  
写下我的欢乐之歌  
每个孩子都能高兴地听

第1首

# THE SHEPHERD

牧童



---

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!  
From the morn to the evening he stays;  
He shall follow his sheep all the day,  
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,  
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;  
He is watching while they are in peace,  
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

牧童的好运多甜美  
从早到晚守着  
整日与羊群相伴  
口中充满赞美

他听见羔羊纯真的咩叫  
也听见母羊温柔的回答  
他看护着它们，羊儿安宁  
因为它们知道牧童在附近

# THE ECHOING GREEN

## 回响的绿草原



The sun does arise,  
And make happy the skies;  
The merry bells ring  
To welcome the Spring;  
The skylark and thrush,  
The birds of the bush,  
Sing louder around  
To the bells' cheerful sound;  
While our sports shall be seen  
On the echoing Green.

Old John, with white hair,  
Does laugh away care,  
Sitting under the oak,  
Among the old folk.  
They laugh at our play,  
And soon they all say,  
“Such, such were the joys  
When we all — girls and boys —  
In our youth-time were seen  
On the echoing Green.”

太阳升起  
天空充满欢喜  
愉悦的钟声敲响  
迎接春日的来临  
云雀与画眉  
灌木丛中的鸟  
高声鸣唱  
与欢快的钟声应和  
我们的游戏开始  
在回响的绿草原上

白发老约翰  
展露慈祥的微笑  
坐在橡树下  
与老伙伴们一道  
笑看我们嬉戏  
继而喁喁私语  
“当我们年轻  
男孩女孩般年纪  
也曾这般快乐游戏  
在回响的绿草原上。”



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Till the little ones, weary,  
No more can be merry:  
The sun does descend,  
And our sports have an end.  
Round the laps of their mothers  
Many sisters and brothers,  
Like birds in their nest,  
Are ready for rest,  
And sport no more seen  
On the darkening green.

太阳西沉  
游戏终于收尾  
大伙儿欢乐个够本  
直到最小的也疲累  
围聚在各自妈妈膝旁  
许多兄弟姐妹  
像归巢的鸟儿  
准备栖息入睡  
此时已无人游戏  
在黯沉的绿草原上

第3首

# THE LAMB

羔羊



Little Lamb, who made thee  
Dost thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:  
He is called by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a Lamb  
He is meek, and He is mild,  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

小羔羊，谁创造你  
汝知否，谁创造你  
赐尔生命，予尔喂给  
跨溪水，越草地  
赐尔美好的衣  
最柔软的衣，毛绒又明丽  
赐尔一副温柔的嗓音  
让所有山岳鼓舞欢欣  
小羔羊，谁创造你  
汝知否，谁创造你

小羔羊，我告诉你  
小羔羊，我告诉你  
祂被呼作汝之名  
祂称自己为羔羊  
祂很温柔，也很和善  
也曾变作一个小孩  
我是小孩，你是羔羊  
我们与祂的名字一样  
小羔羊，上帝保佑你  
小羔羊，上帝保佑你



# THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

小黑孩

---

My mother bore me in the southern wild,  
And I am black, but oh my soul is white!  
White as an angel is the English child,  
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
And, sitting down before the heat of day,  
She took me on her lap and kissed me,  
And, pointed to the east, began to say:

“Look on the rising sun: there God does live,  
And gives His light, and gives His heat away,  
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

“And we are put on earth a little space,  
That we may learn to bear the beams of love  
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face  
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

妈妈生我于南野之地  
黑色皮肤，洁白的魂灵  
英国孩子白如天使  
而我长得漆黑，光彩丧失

妈妈曾在一棵树下教导我  
是晨光来临前夕，我们坐在一起  
她把我抱在膝头亲吻我  
手指东方，开始对我说

“看那上帝所居：升起的太阳  
挥洒光芒，散发热量  
花树虫豸人兽都受惠  
晨起舒适，午间快慰

“我们被置于地球一角  
学习承受这爱的光线  
黑色躯体，曝晒后的容貌  
仅是一片云，就像一片林阴

---

“For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,  
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,  
Saying, 'Come out from the grove, my love and care  
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice',”

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;  
And thus I say to little English boy.  
When I from black and he from white cloud free,  
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear  
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;  
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
And be like him, and he will then love me.

“当我们的灵魂学会承受那热照  
云将散去，上帝的声音被谛听  
说，‘从林阴走出，我的所爱与关照  
像欢乐羔羊围聚在我金色帐篷旁。’”

如是，我的妈妈说完，亲吻我  
如是，我把它说给英国小男孩听  
当我挣脱黑云，他自白云脱离  
我两高兴得像上帝帐篷旁的羔羊

我将为他遮挡热光直到他可以领受  
倚靠在天父膝上的快乐  
我站着，抚摸他银色的头发  
彼时他将爱我，而我变得像他



# THE BLOSSOM

花



---

Merry, merry sparrow!  
Under leaves so green  
A happy blossom  
Sees you, swift as arrow,  
Seek your cradle narrow,  
Near my bosom.  
Pretty, pretty robin!  
Under leaves so green  
A happy blossom  
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,  
Pretty, pretty robin,  
Near my bosom.

麻雀，快乐的麻雀  
绿叶下  
一朵幸福的花  
看见你，如箭般迅捷  
寻觅你的小窠  
徘徊在我胸旁  
欧鸽，漂亮的欧鸽  
绿叶下  
一朵幸福的花  
听见你，哭哭又啼啼  
欧鸽，漂亮的欧鸽  
徘徊在我胸旁





# THE CHIMNEY- SWEEPER

烟囱清扫工

When my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue  
Could scarcely cry “Weep! weep! weep! weep!”  
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There’s little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,  
That curled like a lamb’s back, was shaved; so I said,  
“Hush, Tom! never mind it, for, when your head’s bare,  
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.”

And so he was quiet, and that very night,  
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight! —  
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,  
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,  
And he opened the coffins, and let them all free;  
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,  
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

妈妈过世时我年幼无知  
爸爸把我卖掉当我的口齿  
还几乎嚷不出任何哭喊的话  
于是如今我清扫烟囱，烟灰里睡下

小汤姆·达科里，剪头时痛哭流涕  
——他的头发像羔羊背毛般卷曲——我说  
“汤姆，嘘！没关系，正因为你的头发被剃  
烟灰也就无法将你的白发染漆。”

于是他静下来，正是在那一夜  
汤姆在睡梦中，有了如下所见——  
千万名清扫工，迪克、乔伊、奈德和杰克  
所有人都被锁进黑色的棺材

飞来一位天使，拿着闪光的钥匙  
他把棺材打开，使他们重获自由  
降落在绿色平原，他们跳着、笑着、四处奔跑  
在河内洗澡，在阳光下闪耀

---

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind;  
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,  
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.  
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm:  
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

他们赤裸洁白，丢下清洁袋  
他们乘云而起，在风中游戏  
天使告诉汤姆，假如他是个好孩子  
上帝会做他父亲，那快乐无与伦比

就这样汤姆醒来，黑暗里我们都醒来  
就拿起刷子和清洁袋，我们开始工作  
清晨尽管寒冷，汤姆却温暖愉快  
因为：尽人事者，莫惧伤害

# THE LITTLE BOY LOST

## 走失的小男孩



---

“Father, father, where are you going?

Oh do not walk so fast!

Speak, father, speak to you little boy,

Or else I shall be lost.”

The night was dark, no father was there,

The child was wet with dew;

The mire was deep, and the child did weep,

And away the vapour flew.

爸爸，爸爸，你要去哪

别走那么快速

说话呀，爸爸，对我说话

否则我会迷路

夜漆黑一片，找不见爸爸

露水沾湿小孩

沼地泥泞深凹，孩子在啼哭

雾气阵阵飘散

# THE LITTLE BOY FOUND

## 寻获的小男孩



---

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,  
Led by the wandering light,  
Began to cry, but God, ever nigh,  
Appeared like his father, in white.

He kissed the child, and by the hand led,  
And to his mother brought,  
Who in sorrow pale, through the lonely dale,  
The little boy weeping sought.

小男孩走失在偏僻湿地  
边跟随沼光  
边开始哭泣，但上帝，常在身边  
一身白衣，如父亲般现身

祂亲吻孩子，牵着他的手引路  
领他来到母亲面前  
悲伤苍白的面孔，她曾穿过荒谷  
哭喊着把小孩寻遍

# LAUGHING SONG

## 笑之歌

15



### Laughing Song

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy  
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,  
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,  
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.

When the meadows laugh with lively green  
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,  
When Mary and Susan and Emily,  
With their sweet round mouths sing Ha Ha He.

When the painted birds laugh in the shade  
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread  
Come live & be merry and join with me,  
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha Ha He.





---

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,  
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;  
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,  
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,  
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,  
When Mary and Susan and Emily  
With their sweet round mouths sing “Ha, ha he!”

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,  
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:  
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,  
To sing the sweet chorus of “Ha, ha, he!”

当绿色树林充满欢声笑语  
当汨汨溪流笑弯了身体  
我们的风趣令天空发笑  
青山也随之笑皱了鼻子

当草原笑扭它鲜绿的腰肢  
蚂蚱在欢快地儿乐不可支  
玛丽、苏珊还有艾米丽  
她们张大嘴甜美地唱着：“哈哈嘻！”

当缤纷鸟儿在树阴里欢笑  
我们传递坚果，桌上摆满樱桃  
来吧，加入我们，一同欢乐  
合唱这首甜美的“哈哈嘻”曲子



# A CRADLE SONG

## 摇篮曲

Sweet dreams, form a shade  
O'er my lovely infant's head!  
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams  
By happy, silent, moony beams!

Sweet Sleep, with soft down  
Weave thy brows an infant crown  
Sweet Sleep, angel mild,  
Hover o'er my happy child!

Sweet smiles, in the night  
Hover over my delight!  
Sweet smiles, mother's smile,  
All the livelong night beguile.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,  
Chase not slumber from thine eyes!  
Sweet moan, sweeter smile,  
All the dovelike moans beguile.

甜蜜的梦，全化作一抹浓荫  
掠过我可爱小宝贝的头顶  
甜蜜的梦里，欢乐溪水哗哗  
映照在幸福宁静的月光下

甜蜜中入睡，头倚着软枕  
在你额际编织一顶小小的王冠  
甜蜜中入睡，温柔的天使  
飞旋在我快乐的孩子身边

甜蜜的微笑，就在今夜  
萦绕在我心肝宝贝身边  
甜蜜的微笑，母亲的微笑  
整整一个夜晚都使人迷恋

甜蜜的梦话，无邪的吐息  
从你的眼里难以捕捉梦境  
甜蜜的梦话，更甜的微笑  
一切纯真梦话都使人迷恋

Sleep, sleep, happy child!  
All creation slept and smiled.  
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,  
While o'er thee doth mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Holy image I can trace;  
Sweet babe, once like thee  
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me:

Wept for me, for thee, for all,  
When He was an infant small.  
Thou His image ever see,  
Heavenly face that smiles on thee!

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,  
Who became an infant small;  
Infant smiles are his own smiles;  
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

睡吧，睡吧，快乐的小孩  
万物都已微笑着沉睡  
睡吧，睡吧，快乐地入睡  
当母亲俯身对你流泪

甜蜜的宝贝，在你的脸上  
我可以看见神圣的面貌  
甜蜜的宝贝，我也曾像你  
造物主捧着，为我哭泣

为我，为你，为众生哭泣  
当他还是一个幼小的婴儿  
你可曾见过祂的尊容  
上帝圣颜正是你那微笑的脸

对你，对我，对众生微笑  
他变成了一个幼小的婴儿  
孩子的笑脸即主的笑面  
天堂人间的和谐使人迷恋

# DIVINE IMAGE

## 神圣的形象



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To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,  
All pray in their distress,  
And to these virtues of delight  
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,  
Is God our Father dear;  
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,  
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart  
Pity, a human face;  
And Love, the human form divine;  
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,  
That prays in his distress,  
Prays to the human form divine:  
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

所有受苦受难的人祈求  
仁慈，怜悯，爱与平静  
对于这些可喜的德行  
他们回报感恩之情

因为仁慈，怜悯，爱与平静  
是上帝，我们亲爱的父亲  
仁慈，怜悯，爱与平静  
也是人，上帝的子嗣和他的关心

因为仁慈有颗人的心  
怜悯长了副人的脸形  
而爱有着一具神圣的人形  
平静则披着人的外衣

来自人间的每个角落  
每个受苦受难的人都祈求  
向那具神圣的人形祈求  
爱，仁慈，怜悯与平静

---

And all must love the human form,  
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.  
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,  
There God is dwelling too.

所有人都一定爱那具人形  
不管是异教徒，回教徒或者犹太人  
哪儿有仁慈，爱与怜悯  
哪儿就也是上帝所居



# HOLY THURSDAY

圣周四（升天节）



---

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,  
Came children walking two and two, in red, and blue, and  
green:

Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as  
snow,

Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames waters  
flow.

Oh what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London  
town!

Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all their own.

The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,

Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent  
hands.

Now like a mighty wild they raise to heaven the voice of  
song,

Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among:

Beneath them sit the aged man, wise guardians of the poor.

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

在圣周四那天，洗净天真的脸

穿红戴绿的孩子们两两结伴走来

灰发的教区助理走在前面，拄着的拐杖洁白如雪

向着圣保罗教堂伟岸的穹顶，他们像泰晤士河一样流入

哦，看上去似乎密密匝匝，这些伦敦城里的鲜花

彼此坐在伙伴们身边，一个个显得容光焕发

啊，这大群羔羊在那里发出嗡嗡的声响

万千少男少女将他们纯洁的手儿高举

此时犹如一阵大风，吹起他们的歌声直至天庭

又仿佛是在天堂席间，和谐的震响隆隆雷鸣

台下坐着的年长老人，贤明的穷人守护者们

心怀怜悯，唯恐你将天使赶出家门

# NIGHT

夜

When wolves and tigers howl for prey  
They prying stand and weep,  
Seeking to drive their thirst away  
And keep them from the sheep.  
But if they rush, dreadful,  
The angels most headful  
Receive each mild spirit,  
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lions ruddy eyes  
Shall flow with tears of gold:  
And prying the tender cries  
And walking round the fold:  
Saying, "Woe by his meekness  
And by his health, sickness  
Is driven away,  
From our immortal day."

And now beside this bloating lamb  
I can lie down and sleep;  
Or think on him who bore thy name,  
Grazed after thee and weep  
For washed in life's river,  
My bright mane for ever  
Shall shine like the gold,  
As I guard over the fold.



The sun descending in the west,  
The evening star does shine;  
The birds are silent in their nest,  
And I must seek for mine.  
The moon, like a flower  
In heaven's high bower,  
With silent delight,  
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,  
Where flocks have ta'en delight.  
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move  
The feet of angels bright;  
Unseen they pour blessing,  
And joy without ceasing,  
On each bud and blossom,  
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest  
Where birds are covered warm;  
They visit caves of every beast,  
To keep them all from harm:

太阳西沉  
夜星闪烁  
归巢之鸟寂静  
我也要寻觅自己的归宿  
月亮像一朵花  
在天堂高远的凉亭中  
怀着静谧的欢喜  
坐着，笑着，在如斯夜里

再见了，绿色原野和快乐的树林  
在那儿，牛羊无比欢欣  
在那儿，羔羊把青草啃啮，明亮的天使  
静静地移行  
不曾看见他们倾洒祝福  
欢乐却一直没有停息  
在每朵含苞或盛开的鲜花中  
在每个沉睡的怀抱里

他们往每个简陋的窠里瞧  
鸟儿在那里温暖的睡觉  
他们探访每只野兽的洞穴  
使它们一律远离危险

If they see any weeping  
That should have been sleeping,  
They pour sleep on their head,  
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,  
They pitying stand and weep;  
Seeking to drive their thirst away,  
And keep them from the sheep.  
But, if they rush dreadful,  
The angels, most heedful,  
Receive each mild spirit,  
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes  
Shall flow with tears of gold:  
And pitying the tender cries,  
And walking round the fold:  
Saying: "Wrath by His meekness,  
And, by His health, sickness,  
Are driven away  
From our immortal day.

只要他们看见有谁哭泣  
因此还没有安然入睡  
他们就将睡粉倾洒其头顶  
然后在他们床边坐陪

当狼群虎豹为猎物嚎叫  
他们流着泪，怜悯地站着  
想法使它们摆脱饥渴  
同时令它们远离羊群  
但，如果它们可恶地偷袭  
天使们也会非常留心  
接引每个温柔的灵魂  
向新的世界迁徙

在那里，狮子鲜红的眼睛  
溢满黄金的泪水  
仁慈而温柔的哭泣  
在羊栏边来回逡巡  
说：“从我们不朽的岁月里  
他的温柔  
他的健康与痛苦  
已将愤怒驱逐。

---

“And now beside thee, bleating lamb,  
I can lie down and sleep,  
Or think on Him who bore thy name,  
Graze after thee, and weep.  
For, washed in life’s river,  
My bright mane for ever  
Shall shine like the gold,  
As I guard o’er the fold.”

“而如今在你们身边，咩叫的羔羊  
我可以躺下、入睡  
或想着祂——那与你们同名的人  
放养你们，流下眼泪  
因为，在生活的长河中洗涤  
我的鬃毛永远亮丽  
像金子一样闪耀  
当我把这羊栏守护。”

# SPRING

春



Sound the flute!  
Now it's mute!  
Bird's delight,  
Day and night,  
Nightingale,  
In the dale,  
Lark in sky,—  
Merrily,  
Merrily merrily, to welcome in the year.

Little boy,  
Full of joy;  
Little girl,  
Sweet and small;  
Cock does crow,  
So do you;  
Merry voice,  
Infant noise;  
Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year.

吹响长笛  
它现在很安静  
鸟儿欢欣  
从白天到黑夜  
山谷里的  
夜莺  
天空中的云雀——  
愉悦地  
高高兴兴迎接新年的来到

小男孩  
欢乐无边  
小女孩  
娇小可爱  
公鸡喔喔叫  
你也哈哈笑  
愉悦的声音  
婴儿的喧闹  
高高兴兴迎接新年的来到

---

Little lamb,  
Here I am;  
Come and lick  
My white neck;  
Let me pull  
Your soft wool;  
Let me kiss  
Your soft face;  
Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year.

小小羔羊  
我在这里  
过来舔舔  
我洁白的颈脖  
让我拉扯  
你柔软的羊毛  
让我亲吻  
你柔嫩的脸庞  
高高兴兴迎接新年的来到





# NURSE'S SONG

## 保姆之歌

When the voices of children are heard on the green,  
And laughing is heard on the hill,  
My heart is at rest within my breast,  
And everything else is still.  
“Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,  
And the dews of night arise;  
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,  
Till the morning appears in the skies.”  
“No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,  
And we cannot go to sleep;  
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,  
And the hills are all covered with sheep.”  
“Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,  
And then go home to bed.”  
The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed,  
And all the hills echoed.

当我听见绿草原上孩子的声音  
以及山头上他们的笑声  
我的心就很平静  
一切也一如往常  
“回家吧，我的孩子，太阳要下山啦  
夜露也快有了  
来，来，别再玩了，让我们离开  
直到空中呈现黎明的曙光。”  
“不嘛，不嘛，让我们玩吧，现在天还亮  
我们也睡不着觉  
况且，小鸟在天空飞  
羊群也满山遍野吃草。”  
“好吧，好吧，玩去吧直至天黑  
然后回家上床睡觉。”  
小家伙们跳着，喊着，大笑着  
山峦间回荡着他们的声音



# INFANT JOY

## 婴儿之乐

---

“I have no name;  
I am but two days old.”

What shall I call thee?

“I happy am,  
Joy is my name.”

Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!

Sweet joy, but two days old.

Sweet Joy I call thee:

Thou dost smile,

I sing the while;

Sweet joy befall thee!

“我没有名字  
我才两天大。”

我该叫你啥？

“我很快乐  
欢乐是我的名。”

愿甜蜜的欢乐降临你！

美好的欢乐！

可人的欢乐，只有两天大

我叫你欢乐甜心：

当我唱歌

你微笑应和

愿甜蜜的欢乐降临你！

# A DREAM

梦



Once a dream did weave a shade  
O'er my angel-guarded bed,  
That an emmet lost its way  
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wildered, and forlorn,  
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,  
Over many a tangle spray,  
All heart-broke, I heard her say:

“Oh my children! do they cry,  
Do they hear their father sigh?  
Now they look abroad to see,  
Now return and weep for me.”

Pitying, I dropped a tear:  
But I saw a glow-worm near,  
Who replied, “What wailing wight  
Calls the watchman of the night?”

曾有一个梦织作一片浓荫  
罩着我孩子的床铺，他受到天使保护  
梦里一只蚂蚁迷失了方向  
准是在我所躺的青草地上

焦虑，迷惘，孤立无助  
黑暗，昏沉，旅途劳顿  
爬过了许多交错的枝条  
悲伤欲绝下，我听见她诉说：

“哦，我的孩子！他们是否哭泣  
他们是否听见父亲的叹息？  
一会儿他们跑出门寻觅我的踪迹  
一会儿又跑回家为我痛哭流涕。”

我流下一滴同情的泪水：  
却看见附近飞来一只萤火虫  
它回应说，“是什么生灵在恸哭  
把守夜人呼唤？”

---

“I am set to light the ground,  
While the beetle goes his round:  
Follow now the beetle's hum;  
Little wanderer, hie thee home!”

“当甲虫四处飞行  
我负责将地面照明  
现在且跟着甲虫的嗡鸣  
小游荡者，回家去吧赶紧！”

# ON ANOTHER'S SORROW

## 关于他人的悲伤





Can I see another's woe,  
And not be in sorrow too?  
Can I see another's grief,  
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,  
And not feel my sorrow's share?  
Can a father see his child  
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear  
An infant groan, an infant fear?  
No, no! never can it be!  
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all  
Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
Hear the small bird's grief and care,  
Hear the woes that infants bear ——

我是否会眼看他人的哀愁  
却不感同身受?  
我是否会眼看他人的忧伤  
却不寻求某种解脱?

我是否会看着一滴流下的眼泪  
却不感到有人同我一样伤悲?  
父亲是否会眼看他的小孩  
哭泣, 却不被痛苦淹没?

母亲是否会坐着听  
婴儿的恐惧, 婴儿的呻吟?  
不, 不! 永远不会!  
永远, 永远也不会!

对万物微笑的祂是否会  
听鹪鹩倾吐小小苦恼  
听小鸟把忧虑鸣叫  
听婴儿承受种种煎熬——

And not sit beside the next,  
Pouring pity in their breast,  
And not sit the cradle near,  
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,  
Wiping all our tears away?  
Oh no! never can it be!  
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all:  
He becomes an infant small,  
He becomes a man of woe,  
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,  
And thy Maker is not by:  
Think not thou canst weep a tear,  
And thy Maker is not year.

却不倚着它们而坐  
将同情洒满它们的心窝  
却不坐在摇篮旁边  
为婴儿的啼哭流下眼泪?

也不日日夜夜坐着  
替我们把泪水擦拭?  
哦，不！永远不会！  
永远，永远也不会！

祂会把快乐分给众生  
祂会变作一个婴孩  
祂会变成一个哀愁的人  
祂也会感到这份伤悲

别以为你惟有叹息  
而造物主不在身边  
别以为你惟有哭泣  
而造物主不在附近

---

Oh He gives to us his joy,  
That our grief He may destroy:  
Till our grief is fled an gone  
He doth sit by us and moan.

哦，祂把快乐赐给了我们  
也替我们把忧伤摧毁  
一直坐在我们身旁呜咽  
直到我们的忧伤消退

章 2

经验之歌



---

## INTRODUCTION



# 序

Hear the voice of the Bard,  
Who present, past, and future, sees;  
Whose ears have heard  
The Holy Word  
That walked among the ancient tree;

Calling the lapsed soul,  
And weeping in the evening dew;  
That might control  
The starry pole,  
And fallen, fallen light renew!

“O Earth, O Earth, return!  
Arise from out the dewy grass!  
Night is worn,

听吟游诗人的话语  
他现在、过去和将来都看见  
他的双耳听说过  
圣言  
在古老的林中漫步

呼唤堕落的灵魂  
在滴露的夜里哭  
那曾掌控  
漫天星斗  
而坠落，坠落的光啊，重获新生！

“哦大地，哦大地，回来吧！  
从沾露的草地升起！  
夜已尽

---

And the morn  
Rises from the slumbrous mass.

“Turn away no more;  
Why wilt thou turn away?  
The starry floor,  
The watery shore,  
Are given thee till the break of day.”

而黎明  
自寢息的万物中升起

“别再转身  
为何你要转身?  
闪烁的平地  
潮湿的海岸  
将归你，在破晓时分。”

# EARTH'S Answer.

Earth rais'd up her head,  
 From the darkniel's dread & drear.  
 Her light fled:  
 Stung dread!  
 And her locks cover'd with grey despair.

Prison'd on watry shore  
 Sturvy Jealousy does keep my den  
 Cold and hoar  
 Weeping o'er  
 I hear the father of the ancient men

Selfish father of men  
 Cruel jealous selfish fear  
 Can delight  
 Chain'd in night  
 The virgins of youth and morning bear.

Does spring hide its joy  
 When buds and blossoms grow?  
 Does the sower  
 Sow by night?  
 Or the plowman in darkness plow?

Break this heavy chain,  
 That does freeze my bones around.  
 Selfish; vain;  
 Eternal bane!  
 That free Love with bondage bound.

# EARTH'S ANSWER

# 大地的答辯

Earth raised up her head  
From the darkness dread and drear,  
Her light fled,  
Stony, dread,  
And her locks covered with grey despair.

“Prisoned on watery shore,  
Starry jealousy does keep my den  
Cold and hoar;  
Weeping o’re,  
I hear the father of the ancient men.

“Selfish father of men!  
Cruel, jealous, selfish fear!  
Can delight,  
Chained in night,  
The virgins of youth and morning bear?

大地抬起头  
自恐怖、阴郁的黑暗中  
她的光芒散失  
静默如石，战栗心慌  
她的发绺覆盖灰色的绝望

“禁锢于潮湿的海岸  
星之嫉妒使我的囚牢  
冰冷灰暗  
哭泣中  
我听见古人之父

“自私的人之父！  
残忍，嫉妒，自利的惊惶！  
怎能欢愉，  
在夜晚被锁的  
青春处子和忍辱的清晨？



---

“Does spring hide its joy,  
When buds and blossoms grow?  
Does the sower  
Sow by night,  
Or the plowman in darkness plough?”

“Break this heavy chain,  
That does freeze my bones around!  
Selfish, vain,  
Eternal bane,  
That free love with bondage bound.”

“春是否藏起了它的快乐  
当种子发芽，鲜花盛开？  
播种者会在  
夜间撒播吗  
农夫会在黑暗里耕犁吗？”

“敲碎这沉重的锁链  
我周身骨骼为之冻结！  
自私、自负  
永恒的祸根  
那受缚的自由之爱。”

# THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE

## 土块和卵石



### The CLOD & the PEBBLE

Love seeketh not itself to please,  
Nor for itself hath any care;  
But for another gives, its ease,  
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.

So surly a little Clod of Clay,  
Trodde[n] with the cattle's feet;  
But a Pebble of the brook,  
Warbled out these metres meet.

Love seeketh only Self to please,  
To bind another to Its delight;  
Joys in another's loss of ease,  
And builds a Hell in Heavens despite.



---

“Love seeketh not itself to please,  
Nor for itself hath any care,  
But for another gives it ease,  
And builds a heaven in hell’s despair.”

So sang a little clod of clay,  
Trodden with the cattle’s feet,  
But a pebble of the brook  
Warbled out these metres meet:

“Love seeketh only Self to please,  
To bind another to its delight,  
Joys in another’s loss of ease,  
And builds a hell in heaven’s despite.”

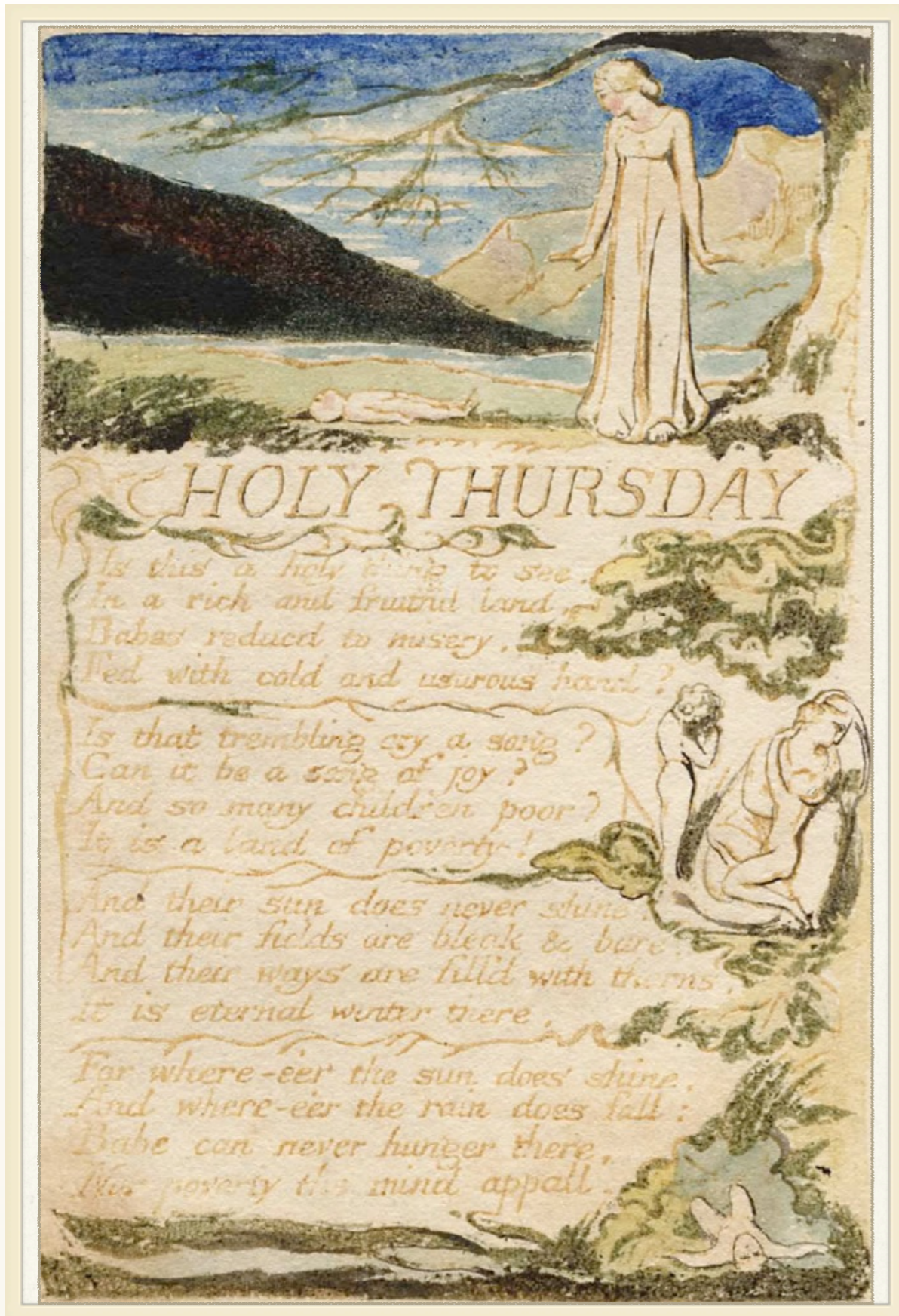
“爱所追求的不是自身的愉快  
也不是为了让自己备受关怀  
而是为了使他人感到舒畅  
在地狱绝望中造一个天堂。”

如是歌唱的泥地里的小土块  
被牛群践踏在蹄下  
而溪中的一枚卵石  
婉转唱出这些针锋相遇的格律：

“爱所追求的只是自我的愉快  
约束他人是为了自己的快乐  
在他人的不适里感到欢愉  
在天堂褻渎中造一所地狱。”

# HOLY THURSDAY

## 圣周四（升天节）



Is this a holy thing to see  
In a rich and fruitful land, —  
Babes reduced to misery,  
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?  
Can it be a song of joy?  
And so many children poor?  
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,  
And their fields are bleak and bare,  
And their ways are filled with thorns:  
It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,  
And where'er the rain does fall,  
Babes should never hunger there,  
Nor poverty the mind appall.

这可神圣？ 当触目所及  
这片富饶丰产的土地上——  
婴儿遭受不幸  
被冰凉放债之手喂养

那颤抖的哭泣可算首歌？  
它怎会是一首快乐之歌？  
还有这么多穷苦的孩子  
这是一片贫瘠的土地！

他们的太阳从不照耀  
他们的田野光秃荒凉  
他们的道路满布荆棘  
那里是永恒的冬季

因为阳光照耀在哪里  
雨水滴落在哪里  
哪里的婴儿就永不饥饿  
贫瘠也无法使心灵惊骇

# THE LITTLE GIRL LOST

## 走失的小女孩



---

In futurity  
I prophetic see  
That the earth from sleep  
(Grave the sentence deep)

Shall arise, and seek  
for her Maker meek;  
And the desert wild  
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,  
Where the summer's prime  
Never fades away,  
Lovely Lyca lay.

Seven summers old  
Lovely Lyca told.  
She had wandered long,  
Hearing wild birds' song.

未来  
我预见  
大地从沉睡中  
(铭记这句话)

起身, 寻找  
她温柔的造物主  
而荒野沙漠  
变成一座温和的花园

南方地区  
夏日正当其时  
永不消失  
可爱的莉卡躺卧着

芳龄七个盛夏  
可爱的莉卡诉说  
她已游荡了很久  
听着野生鸟儿的歌

---

“Sweet sleep, come to me  
Underneath this tree;  
Do father, mother, weep?  
Where can Lyca sleep?”

“Lost in desert wild  
Is your little child.  
How can Lyca sleep  
If her mother weep?”

“If her heart does ache,  
Then let Lyca wake;  
If my mother sleep,  
Lyca shall not weep.”

“Frowning, frowning night,  
O'er this desert bright  
Let thy moon arise,  
While I close my eyes.”

“甜蜜睡意，向我袭来  
在这棵树下  
爸爸，妈妈，在哭吗？  
莉卡能在哪里睡呀？”

“走失在荒野沙漠的  
是你的小孩  
莉卡怎能入睡  
若她的母亲流泪？”

“若她确实心疼  
就让莉卡醒着  
若我的妈妈睡了  
莉卡也不再哭了”

“皱眉，皱眉的夜晚  
照亮这片沙漠  
让你的月亮升起  
当我闭上眼睛。”



Sleeping Lyca lay  
While the beasts of prey,  
Come from caverns deep,  
Viewed the maid asleep.

The kingly lion stood,  
And the virgin viewed:  
Then he gambolled round  
O'er the hallowed ground.

Leopards, tigers, play  
Round her as she lay;  
While the lion old  
Bowed his mane of gold,

And her breast did lick  
And upon her neck,  
From his eyes of flame,  
Ruby tears there came;

睡着的莉卡躺卧  
当掠食的猛兽们  
从幽深的洞穴走来  
看见了熟睡的少女

国王般的狮子站立  
看着眼前的处女：  
然后他四处跳跃  
跑过神圣的土地

豹子，老虎，嬉戏  
于她周遭在她躺卧之时  
而年迈的狮子  
垂下他金色的鬃毛

舔舐她的胸膛  
和她脖子的上方  
从他如焰的眼内  
沁出深红的泪珠

---

While the lioness  
Loosed her slender dress,  
And naked they conveyed  
To caves the sleeping maid.

而母狮子  
松解她修长的衣裙  
他们将赤裸的  
睡着的少女运往洞穴

# THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND

## 寻获的小女孩

36

Towards weeping weak  
With hollow piteous shriek  
Rising from market,  
The trembling woman prest  
With feet of weary woe;  
She could no further go

In his arms he bore  
Her arm'd with sorrow sore  
Till before their way  
A couching lion lay

Turning back was vain  
Soon his heavy mane  
Drove them to the ground;  
Then he stalk'd around.

Snuffing to his prey  
But still fears ally  
When he licks their hands  
And silent by them stands

They look upon his eyes  
Fild with deep surprise  
And wondering behold,  
A Spirit arm'd in gold

On his head a crown  
On his shoulders down,  
Flow'd his golden hair,  
Gone was all their care

Follow me he said,  
Weep not for the maid  
In my palace deep,  
Lynx lies asleep.

Then they followed,  
Where the vision led;  
And saw their sleeping child  
Among tigers wild.

To this day they dwell  
In a lonely dell  
Nor fear the wily hound,  
Nor the lions' frowl



All the night in woe  
Lyca's parents go  
Over valleys deep,  
While the deserts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,  
Hoarse with making moan,  
Arm in arm, seven days  
They traced the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep  
Among shadows deep,  
And dream they see their child  
Starved in desert wild.

Pale through pathless ways  
The fancied image strays,  
Famished, weeping, weak,  
With hollow piteous shriek.

所有凄切的夜  
莉卡的父母奔走  
穿过深谷  
和哭泣的荒野

疲惫又颓丧  
嘶哑地呜咽  
臂挽着臂，七日里  
他们在荒野追寻踪迹

七夜里他们睡  
在深影中  
梦里看见他们的小孩  
在荒野中挨饿

苍白地穿越人迹难至的路  
他们幻见走失小孩的身影  
哭泣、虚弱、忍饥挨饿  
发出虚弱、使人怜悯的尖叫

---

Rising from unrest,  
The trembling woman presse  
With feet of weary woe;  
She could no further go.

In his arms he bore  
Her, armed with sorrow sore;  
Till before their way  
A couching lion lay.

Turning back was vain:  
Soon his heavy mane  
Bore them to the ground,  
Then he stalked around,

Smelling to his prey;  
But their fears allay  
When he licks their hands,  
And silent by them stands.

不安中起身  
颤抖的女人拖着  
疲倦悲伤的脚步  
她无法继续行走

以他的双臂搀扶  
她，怀抱剧烈的悲伤；  
直到他们道路的前方  
横躺一头蹲伏的狮子

往回走已是徒然：  
不久他厚重的鬃毛  
把他们卷至地面  
而他在四周踱步

嗅闻着他的猎物；  
但他们的恐惧减轻  
当他舔舐他们的手  
安静立在他们身旁

---

They look upon his eyes,  
Filled with deep surprise;  
And wondering behold  
A spirit armed in gold.

On his head a crown,  
On his shoulders down  
Flowed his golden hair.  
Gone was all their care.

“Follow me,” he said;  
“Weep not for the maid;  
In my palace deep,  
Lyca lies asleep.”

Then they followed  
Where the vision led,  
And saw their sleeping child  
Among tigers wild.

他们抬头看他的双眼  
眼里充满深深的惊讶  
他们满怀好奇地看着  
一个黄金武装的灵魂

他头戴一顶王冠  
双肩垂下  
拂动的金色毛发  
他们所有的担心一扫而光

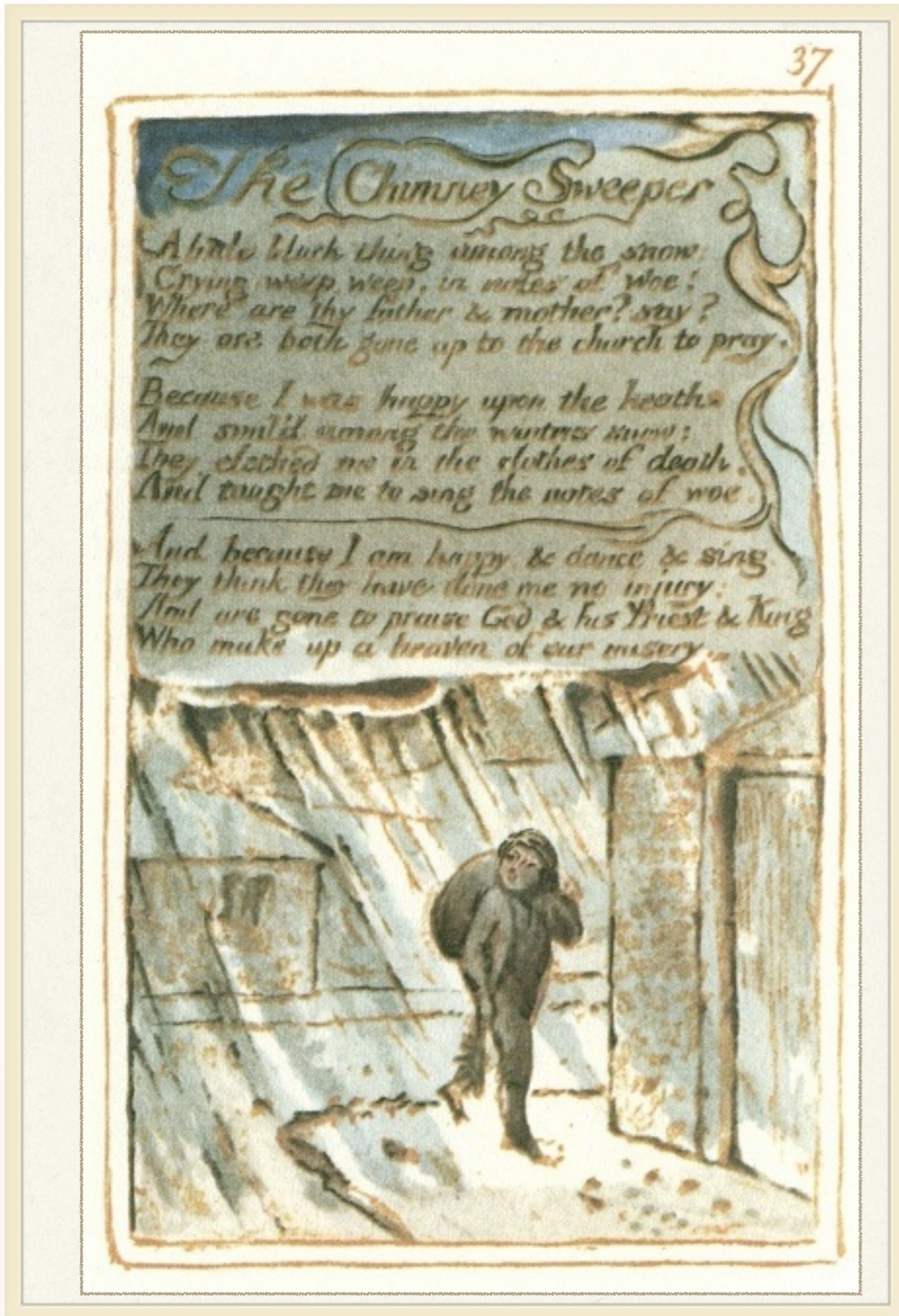
“跟着我”，他说  
“不要为少女哭泣  
在我的深穴里  
莉卡躺着熟睡。”

于是他们跟随  
这形象的指引  
看见他们沉睡的孩子  
被野生老虎包围

---

To this day they dwell  
In a lonely dell,  
Nor fear the wolvish howl  
Nor the lion's growl.

至今他们住在  
一座孤独的山谷  
不怕野狼的哀嚎  
无惧狮子的低吼



# THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER

烟囱清扫工



---

A little black thing in the snow,  
Crying “weep! weep!” in notes of woe!  
“Where are thy father and mother? Say!”—  
“They are both gone up to the church to pray.

“Because I was happy upon the heath,  
And smiled among the winter’s snow,  
They clothed me in the clothes of death,  
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

“And because I am happy and dance and sing,  
They think they have done me no injury,  
And are gone to praise God and his priest and king,  
Who make up a heaven of our misery.”

一个小黑东西站在雪地  
用悲伤的调子哇哇哭泣  
“你的父母在哪里？说吧！”——  
“他们两都前往教堂祈祷

“因为我在荒地感到高兴  
还微笑着站在冬日的雪里  
他们就给我穿上死亡的衣裳  
教我唱这些悲伤的调子

“也因为我高兴而且又跳又唱  
他们就以为并没有伤害到我  
于是前去赞美上帝和他的神甫以及国王  
他们建起一座我们苦痛的天堂。”



# NURSE'S SONG

## 保姆之歌

---

When voices of children are heard on the green,  
And whisperings are in the dale,  
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,  
My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,  
And the dews of night arise;  
Your spring and your day are wasted in play,  
And your winter and night in disguise.

当我听见绿草原上孩子的声音  
以及山谷里的窃窃私语  
我年轻的日子就在脑海里清晰浮现  
我的脸色也变得惨绿又苍白

回家吧，我的孩子，太阳已经落山  
夜露也有了  
你把春与日虚掷于游戏  
你把冬与夜耗费于伪装

# THE SICK ROSE

## 病玫瑰



---

O rose, thou art sick!  
The invisible worm,  
That flies in the night,  
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed  
Of crimson joy,  
And his dark secret love  
Does thy life destroy.

哦玫瑰，你病了！  
无形的虫子  
乘夜飞来  
在咆哮的风暴中

发现了你的温床  
深红的快乐  
他黑暗而隐秘的爱  
令你的生命毁坏

# THE FLY

## 苍蝇



# THE FLY

Little Fly  
Thy summers play,  
My thoughtless hand  
Has brush'd away.

If thought is life  
And strength & breath,  
And the want  
Of thought is death;

Am not I  
A fly like thee?  
Or art not thou  
A man like me?

Then am I  
A happy fly,  
If I live,  
Or if I die.

For I dance  
And drink & sing;  
Till some blind hand  
Shall brush my wing.

Little Fly,  
Thy summer's play  
My thoughtless hand  
Has brushed away.

Am not I  
A fly like thee?  
Or art not thou  
A man like me?

For I dance  
And drink, and sing,  
Till some blind hand  
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life  
And strength and breath  
And the want  
Of thought is death;

小小苍蝇  
你夏日的游戏  
被我不经意的手  
轻易扇灭

我莫不是  
一只苍蝇如你?  
你莫不是  
一个人类如我?

因为我也跳舞  
饮啜和歌唱  
直到某只盲目的手  
扇去我的羽翼

如果思即是生命  
是力与呼吸  
那么思的  
缺失就是死亡

---

Then am I  
A happy fly,  
If I live,  
Or if I die.

所以我是  
一只快乐的苍蝇  
无论活着  
还是死亡



# THE ANGEL

## 天使

41



### The Angel

I Dreamt a Dream, what can it mean,  
And that I was a maiden Queen:  
Guarded by an Angel mild:  
Widow's woe, was near beguild!  
And I wept both night and day,  
And he wip'd my tears away,  
And I wept both day and night,  
And had from him my heart's delight.  
So he took his wings and fled:  
Then the morn blusht' rosy red,  
I dried my tears to arm'd my fears,  
With ten thousand shields and spears.  
Soon my Angel came again,  
I was arm'd, he came in vain:  
For the time of youth was fled,  
And grey hairs were on my head.

I dreamt a dream! What can it mean?  
And that I was a maiden Queen  
Guarded by an Angel mild:  
Witless woe was ne'er beguiled!

And I wept both night and day,  
And he wiped my tears away;  
And I wept both day and night,  
And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings, and fled;  
Then the morn blushed rosy red.  
I dried my tears, and armed my fears  
With ten-thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again;  
I was armed, he came in vain;  
For the time of youth was fled,  
And grey hairs were on my head.

我做了一个梦！它有什么含义？  
梦里我是位年轻的女王  
受一个温柔的天使保卫：  
愚蠢的悲伤从未将我诱惑！

我整日整夜地哭泣  
他替我拭去眼泪  
我整日整夜地哭泣  
向他隐藏内心的欢愉

于是他张开翅膀，飞去  
晨曦显露玫瑰红的羞愧  
我擦干了眼泪，武装我的恐惧  
以万面盾牌、万把长矛

不久我的天使又飞了回来  
我全副武装，他来之无益  
因为年轻的时光已经飞逝  
我鬓边也现出灰色的发丝

# THE TIGER

虎



---

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forest of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could Frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And, when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

虎，虎，明亮燃烧  
在黑夜的森林  
怎样不朽的手或眼  
能镶出你堂堂的威严？

在怎样遥远的天空或渊薮  
燃烧着你那双眼的火种？  
凭怎样的翅膀他升至云天？  
凭怎样的手掌来攫取火焰？

还有怎样的肩胛和技艺  
能拧成你心脏的肌腱？  
当你的心脏开始搏跳  
多么惊人的后足与前爪？

怎样的榔头？怎样的链条？  
怎样的熔炉里烧炼你的脑？  
怎样的铁砧？凭怎样的猛抓  
才能攫住它致命的凶煞？

---

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

当星辰投下长矛  
以眼泪冲洗苍穹  
他是否笑看他的作品?  
创造羊羔的他是否也创造你?

虎，虎，明亮燃烧  
在黑夜的森林  
怎样不朽的手或眼  
敢镶出你堂堂的威严?



MY PRETTY ROSE  
TREE  
AH SUNFLOWER  
THE LILY

我漂亮的玫瑰树  
啊向日葵  
百合

---

A flower was offered to me,  
Such a flower as May never bore;  
But I said "I've a pretty rose tree,"  
And I passed the sweet flower o'er.

Then I went to my pretty rose tree,  
To tend her by day and by night;  
But my rose turned away with jealousy,  
And her thorns were my only delight.

有人送给我一朵花  
一朵五月从未开过的花  
但我说“我有一棵漂亮的玫瑰树”  
于是对那朵可爱的花置之不顾

我前去看望漂亮的玫瑰树  
整日整夜照料着她  
但我的玫瑰因妒忌而拒绝  
她的棘刺成为我仅有的愉悦

---

Ah Sunflower, weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the sun;  
Seeking after that sweet golden clime  
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire,  
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,  
Arise from their graves, and aspire  
Where my Sunflower wishes to go!

啊向日葵，时光荏苒  
你与太阳的步履竞争  
追寻美好的黄金国度  
行者在那里完结了旅程

满怀欲望的青春憔悴的场所  
苍白的处子在那里以雪裹尸  
自他们的坟墓站起，升往  
我的向日葵希冀向往的地方！



---

The modest Rose puts forth a thorn,  
The humble sheep a threat'ning horn:  
While the Lily white shall in love delight,  
Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright.

羞怯的玫瑰身前有刺  
温顺的绵羊有角威胁  
而百合沐浴在爱的喜悦  
无刺也不靠威胁玷污她美的圣洁

# THE GARDEN OF LOVE

## 爱的花园

44



### The GARDEN of LOVE

I went to the Garden of Love,  
And saw what I never had seen:  
A Chapel was built in the midst,  
Where I used to play on the green.  
And the gates of this Chapel were shut,  
And Thou shalt not, writ over the door:  
So I turned to the Garden of Love,  
That so many sweet flowers bore.  
And I saw it was filled with graves,  
And tomb-stones where flowers should be,  
And Priests in black gowns, were walking their  
rounds,  
And binding with briars, my joys & desires.

---

I laid me down upon a bank,  
Where Love lay sleeping;  
I heard among the rushes dank  
Weeping, weeping.

Then I went to the heath and the wild,  
To the thistles and thorns of the waste;  
And they told me how they were beguiled,  
Driven out, and compelled to the chaste.

I went to the Garden of Love,  
And saw what I never had seen;  
A Chapel was built in the midst,  
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut  
And “Thou shalt not,” writ over the door;  
So I turned to the Garden of Love  
That so many sweet flowers bore.

我在一片河岸上躺下  
爱正在那里躺卧睡眠  
我听见阴湿的灯芯草间  
传来阵阵哭泣的声音

之后我走向荒郊野地  
见到废墟的蓟草棘刺  
他们告诉我自己如何被引诱  
放逐，强逼着他们固守贞洁

我走向那座爱的花园  
眼前之景我从所未见  
一座教堂在当中建起  
那里曾是我嬉戏的绿地

这座教堂的大门关闭  
门上写着“尔等不可”  
于是我折返爱的花园  
那里有许多鲜花盛开

---

And I saw it was filled with graves,  
And tombstones where flowers should be;  
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,  
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

我看见它已遍布坟茔  
鲜花开放之所也竖满了墓碑  
穿黑袍的教士在四周踱步  
将我的快乐和欲望用荆棘捆绑

# THE LITTLE VAGABOND

## 小流浪汉



Dear mother, dear mother, the Church is cold;  
But the Alehouse is healthy, and pleasant, and warm.  
Besides, I can tell where I am used well;  
The poor parsons with wind like a blown bladder swell.

But, if at the Church they would give us some ale,  
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,  
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,  
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and sing,  
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring;  
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at church,  
Would not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see  
His children as pleasant and happy as he,  
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the barrel,  
But kiss him, and give him both drink and apparel.

亲爱的妈妈，亲爱的妈妈，教堂冰凉  
但酒馆温暖、欢快且有利身心  
况且，可以说在那里我尽展所长  
风中的穷牧师像一只吹胀的皮囊

但是，如果在教堂他们可以给我们一些啤酒  
并有一个宜人的火堆供我们的灵魂取暖  
我们就会整日整夜地歌唱、祈祷  
不会想要离开教堂去过流浪生涯

牧师也就可以布道、饮酒、歌唱  
而我们则像春天的鸟儿一样雀跃  
慈祥的、总在教堂里的朗兹夫人  
不该令罗圈腿的孩子禁食，也不要杖笞

而上帝，像一位父亲，欣喜地看着  
他的孩子同他一样快乐幸福  
不与魔鬼争吵，也不受他的摆布  
而是吻他，同时赐他美酒与华服



# LONDON

## 伦敦



## LONDON

I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.  
In every cry of every Man,  
In every Infants cry of fear,  
In every voice: in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear  
How the Chimney-sweepers cry  
Every blackning Church appalls,  
And the hapless Soldiers sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls  
But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlots curse  
Blasts the new-born Infants tear  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse



I wandered through each chartered street,  
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,  
And mark in every face I meet,  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,  
In every infant's cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every blackening church appals,  
And the hapless soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the marriage-hearse.

我徜徉在每一条特许的街道  
附近特许的泰晤士河水奔流  
我遇见的每张脸上都有道标记  
虚弱的标记，忧伤的标记

在每一个人的每句哭喊声中  
在每一个婴儿的惊泣声中  
在每一个声音，每道禁令之中  
我听见了思想锻造的镣铐声响：

烟囱清扫工的哭喊如何  
使每一座熏黑的教堂惊骇  
还有那不幸士兵的叹息  
回荡在宫墙下的血泊之中

但穿过午夜街道，我听见最多的是  
年轻妓女的诅咒如何  
吓住了新生婴儿的眼泪  
还有那婚姻灵车因瘟疫而支离破碎

# THE HUMAN ABSTRACT

## 人的概括

48

### The Human Abstract.

Pity would be no more,  
If we did not make somebody Poor;  
And Mercy no more could be,  
If all were as happy as we;  
And mutual fear brings peace;  
Till the selfish loves increase.  
Then Cruelty snags a snare,  
And spreads his bats with care.  
He sits down with holy fears,  
And waters the ground with tears;  
Then Humidity takes its root  
Underneath his foot.  
Soon spreads the dismal shade  
Of Mystery over his head;  
And the Catterpillar and Fly,  
Feed on the Mystery.  
And it bears the fruit of Deceit,  
Ruddy and sweet to eat;  
And the Raven his nest has made  
In its thickest shade.  
The Gods of the earth and sea,  
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree  
But their search was all in vain:  
There grows one in the Human Brain.



Pity would be no more  
If we did not make somebody poor,  
And Mercy no more could be  
If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings Peace,  
Till the selfish loves increase  
Then Cruelty knits a snare,  
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with his holy fears,  
And waters the ground with tears;  
Then Humility takes its root  
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade  
Of Mystery over his head,  
And the caterpillar and fly  
Feed on the Mystery.

无需怜悯  
若我们不使他人变穷  
也无需仁慈  
若所有人同我们一般快乐

共同的恐惧会带来和平  
直到私爱之物渐渐累积  
接着残忍编织一张罗网  
小心地摆设下他的诱饵

他怀着神圣的恐惧坐下  
以泪水浇灌地面  
谦卑即扎根  
在他的脚下

不久在他头上，神秘  
蔓延出浓郁的树阴  
而毛虫和苍蝇  
以神秘为食

---

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,  
Ruddy and sweet to eat,  
And the raven his nest has made  
In its thickest shade.

The gods of the earth and sea  
Sought through nature to find this tree,  
But their search was all in vain:  
There grows one in the human Brain.

它结着欺诈的果实  
红润香甜宜于食用  
渡鸦已搭好他的巢窠  
在它最深的阴影之处

陆地与海洋的领主们  
穿行于自然界寻找这棵树  
但他们的搜寻都是徒劳  
那棵树生长于人类的大脑

# INFANT SORROW

## 婴儿之忧



---

My mother groaned, my father wept:  
Into the dangerous world I leapt,  
Helpless, naked, piping loud,  
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,  
Striving against my swaddling-bands,  
Bound and weary, I thought best  
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

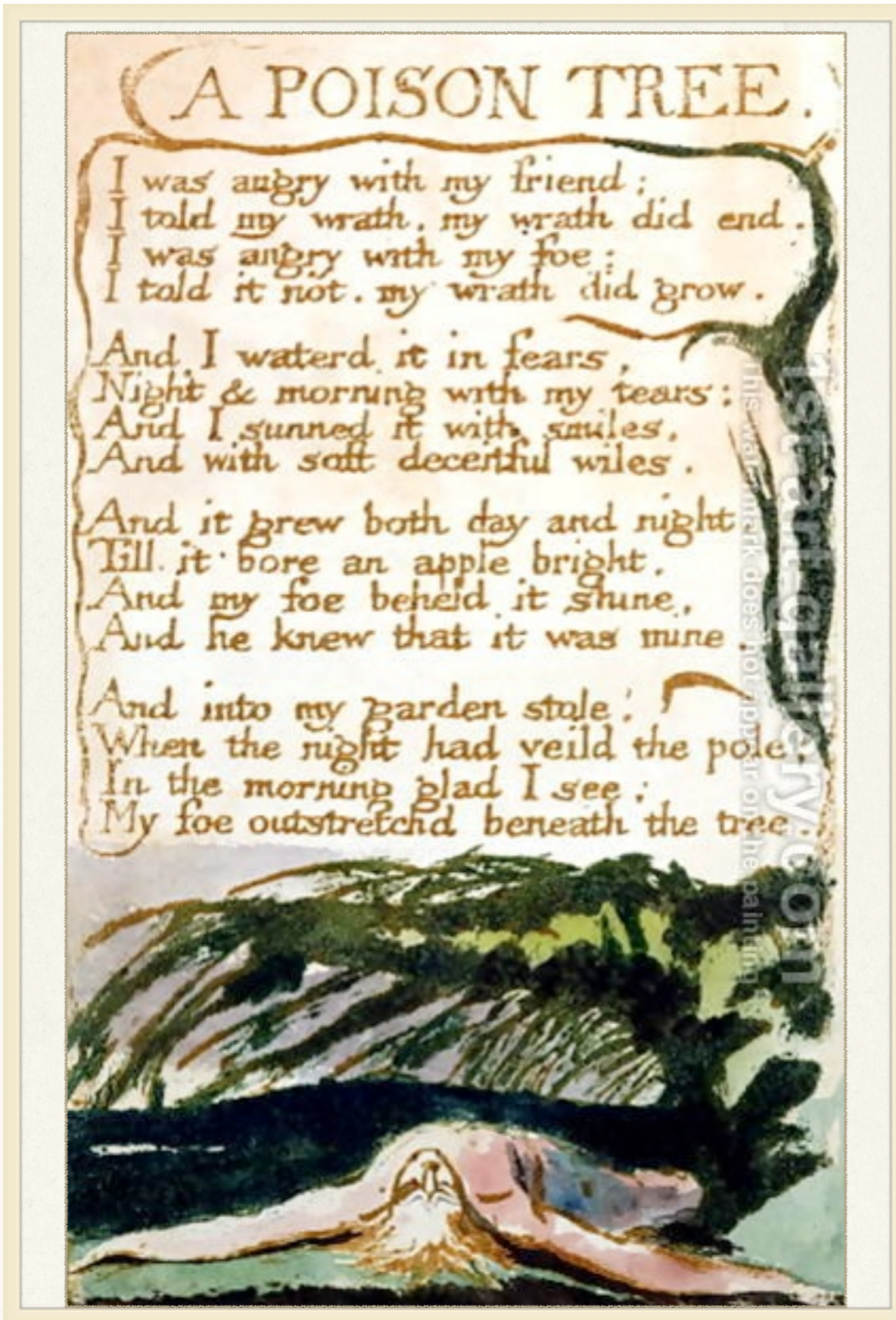
我的妈妈呻吟，我的爸爸哭泣：  
我一跃而入这个危险的世界  
无助、尖叫、赤身裸体  
像个躲在云中的小淘气

挣扎在父亲的臂弯  
反抗我的襁褓束带  
拘束又疲倦，我最想  
去吮吸我母亲的乳房



# A POISON TREE

## 有毒的树



I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.

I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears  
Night and morning with my tears,  
And I sunned it with smiles  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright,  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
and he knew that it was mine, —

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veiled the pole;  
In the morning, glad, I see  
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

我生朋友的气：  
说出我的愤怒，我的愤怒偃息  
我生敌人的气：  
没有把它说出，我的愤怒累积

恐惧中我浇灌它  
夜以继日以我的泪滴  
用微笑我照晒它  
也用温软欺骗的诡计

于是它日日夜夜地茁长  
直到长出一只鲜艳的苹果  
而我的敌人盯着它的光泽  
他知道它属于我——

于是溜进我的花园偷摘  
当夜幕笼罩了树杆  
早晨，高兴地，我看见  
我的敌人四仰八叉倒在树下





# A LITTLE BOY LOST

## 迷失的小男孩

“Nought loves another as itself,  
Nor venerates another so,  
Nor is it possible to thought  
A greater than itself to know.

“And, father, how can I love you  
Or any of my brothers more?  
I love you like the little bird  
That picks up crumbs around the door.”

The Priest sat by and heard the child;  
In trembling zeal he seized his hair,  
He led him by his little coat,  
And all admired the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,  
“Lo, what a fiend is here! said he:  
“One who sets reason up for judge  
Of our most holy mystery.”

“没人像爱自己般爱别人  
也不会这样尊敬他人  
对于思想来说也不可能  
认为有比自己更重要的存在

“啊，爸爸，我该怎么才能  
更多地爱你或者我的兄弟？  
我爱你们就像爱那  
在门边啄食碎屑的小鸟。”

教士坐在孩子的身边倾听  
激动发抖中猛抓起他的头发  
扯着他的小外套把他带领  
所有人赞美这教士般的关心

站在高处的祭台  
他说，“瞧，这恶魔！  
“此人理应接受审判  
以我们最神圣的教义。”

---

The weeping child could not be heard,  
The weeping parents wept in vain:  
They stripped him to his little shirt,  
And bound him in an iron chain,

And burned him in a holy place  
Where many had been burned before;  
The weeping parents wept in vain.  
Are such thing done on Albion's shore?

哭泣的孩子听不见  
哭泣的父母空流眼泪  
他们把他脱得只剩小衬衣  
并用一根铁链将他绑住

然后在一块圣地将他焚烧  
那里许多人也都曾被焚烧  
哭泣的父母空流眼泪  
这样的事可曾发生在阿尔比恩海岸?

# A Little GIRL Lost

Children of the future Age,  
Reading this indignant page;  
Know that in a former time,  
Love! sweet Love! was thought a crime.

In the Age of Gold,  
Free from winters cold;  
Youth and maiden bright,  
To the holy light,  
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair  
Filled with sweetest care,  
Met in garden bright,  
Where the holy light,  
Had just removed the curtains of the night.

There in rising day,  
On the grass they play;  
Parents were afar;  
Strangers came not near;  
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.

Tired with kisses sweet  
They agree to meet,  
When the silent sleep  
Waves o'er heavens deep;  
And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white  
Came the maiden bright;  
But his loving look,  
Like the holy book,  
All her tender limbs with terror shock.

O! pale and weak!  
To thy father speak;  
O the trembling fear!  
O the dismal care!  
That shakes the blubbers of my hoary

# A LITTLE GIRL LOST

## 迷失的小女孩

Children of the future age,  
Reading this indignant page,  
Know that in a former time  
Love, sweet love, was thought a crime.

In the age of gold,  
Free from winter's cold,  
Youth and maiden bright,  
To the holy light,  
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair,  
Filled with softest care,  
Met in garden bright  
Where the holy light  
Had just removed the curtains of the night.

Then, in rising day,  
On the grass they play;  
Parents were afar,  
Strangers came not near,  
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.

未来时代的孩子们  
阅读这令人愤懑的书页  
了解到从前有段时间  
爱，甜蜜的爱，被视为一种罪愆

在黄金时代  
脱离了冬日的酷寒  
光彩照人的少男少女  
面向圣光  
赤裸在太阳光线下兴高采烈

曾有一对青年  
心怀最温柔的关切  
相遇在明媚的花园  
那里圣光  
已将夜的帷幕移开

于是，在成长的岁月  
他们在草地上嬉戏  
父母在很远的地方  
附近也没有陌生人  
少女不久就忘了她的恐惧

Tired with kisses sweet,  
They agree to meet  
When the silent sleep  
Waves o'er heaven's deep,  
And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white  
Came the maiden bright;  
But his loving look,  
Like the holy book  
All her tender limbs with terror shook.

“Ona, pale and weak,  
To thy father speak!  
Oh the trembling fear!  
Oh the dismal care  
That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair!”

倦于甜蜜的吻  
他们相约再见  
当安静的睡神  
飘过天空深处  
筋疲力尽的流浪者在哭

朝她一身白衣的父亲  
走来光彩照人的少女  
但是他爱的面容  
像一本神圣的书  
她温柔的四肢恐惧地发抖

“奥娜，你苍白憔悴  
有话就对你的父亲说！  
哦这颤抖的惊惶！  
哦这忧郁的谨慎！  
使我丛丛的灰发震颤！”

## THE SCHOOLBOY

学子



I love to rise on a summer morn,  
When birds are singing on every tree;  
The distant huntsman winds his horn,  
And the skylark sings with me:  
Oh what sweet company!

But to go to school in a summer morn, —  
Oh it drives all joy away!  
Under a cruel eye outworn,  
The little ones spend the day  
In sighing and dismay.

Ah then at times I drooping sit,  
And spend many an anxious hour;  
Nor in my book can I take delight,  
Nor sit in learning's bower,  
Worn through with the dreary shower.

我爱在夏日的清晨起床  
当鸟儿在每棵树上鸣唱  
远方的猎人吹起了号角  
云雀就与我一同高歌：  
哦多可爱的伙伴！

可是在夏日的清晨要去上学，——  
哦这事儿驱散了所有的愉悦！  
在老顽固严酷的注视下面  
小家伙们熬过了一天  
叹息中沮丧着脸

唉那些日子我一直枯坐  
耗去了许多难耐的时光  
既不能从书本里得到快乐  
也不能安坐在学问的凉亭  
在沉闷的雨季把时间磨穿



How can the bird that is born for joy  
Sit in a cage and sing?

How can a child, when fears annoy,  
But droop his tender wing,  
And forget his youthful spring?

Oh father and mother, if buds are nipped,  
And blossoms blown away;  
And if the tender plants are stripped  
Of their joy in the springing day,  
By sorrow and care's dismay, —

How shall the summer arise in joy,  
Or the summer fruits appear?  
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,  
Or bless the mellowing year,  
When the blasts of winter appear?

怎能让那为快乐而生的鸟儿  
困坐在笼中鸣唱?

怎能让受恐惧侵扰时的小孩  
只是垂下他稚嫩的羽翼  
却忘了他充满活力的春天?

哦爸爸妈妈，假如蓓蕾被摘  
鲜花也被扫落  
假如用悲伤和忧心的沮丧  
剥夺了柔弱的植物  
在初绽时的快乐——

那夏天该如何自喜悦里呈现  
夏天的水果又该如何长出?  
我们又该如何收集被忧伤破坏的一切  
并当冬日强风吹起的时候  
祈求那丰收的岁月?

# TO TIRZAH

致得撒

42

*To Tirzah*  
Whatever is Born of Mortal Birth,  
Must be consumed with the Earth  
To rise from Generation free;  
Then what have I to do with thee?  
The Sexes sprung from Shame & Pride  
Elow'd in the morn; in evening dyed,  
But Mercy chang'd Death into Sleep;  
The Sexes rose to work & weep.  
Thou Mother of my Mortal part,  
With cruelty didst mould my Heart,  
And with false self-deceiving tears,  
Didst bind my Nostrils Eyes & Ears,  
Didst close my Tongue in senseless clay  
And me to Mortal Life betray:  
The Death of Jesus set me free,  
Then what have I to do with thee?



Whate'er is born of mortal birth  
Must be consumed with the earth,  
To rise from generation free:  
Then what have I to do with thee?

The sexes sprang from shame and pride,  
Blown in the morn, in evening died;  
But mercy changed death into sleep;  
The sexes rose to work and weep.

Thou, mother of my mortal part,  
With cruelty didst mould my heart,  
And with false self-deceiving tears  
Didst bind my nostrils, eyes, and ears,

Didst close my tongue in senseless clay,  
And me to mortal life betray.  
The death of Jesus set me free:  
Then what have I to do with thee?

易朽的万物  
终归于尘土  
自代代相传里解脱：  
那我和你又有什么关系？

两性源于羞耻和骄傲  
于清晨绽放，于夜间凋亡  
但仁慈将死亡转变为睡眠  
两性起身工作并痛哭流涕

你，与我血脉相连的母亲  
用残酷铸造我的心  
用虚假自欺的眼泪  
黏住我的鼻子、耳朵和眼睛

用无知觉的粘土堵住我的口舌  
将我出卖给那终有一死的生命  
是耶稣之死使我重获新生：  
那我和你又有什么关系？

*The Voice of the  
Ancient Bard.*

*Youth of delight come hither.  
And see the opening morn,  
Image of truth new born,  
Doubt is fled & clouds of reason,  
Dark disputes & artful teasing,  
Folly is an endless maze,  
Tangled roots perplex her ways,  
How many have fallen there!  
They stumble all night over bones of the dead,  
And feel they know not what but care;  
And wish to lead others when they should be led.*



# THE VOICE OF THE ANCIENT BARD

古代吟游诗人的话语

---

Youth of delight! come hither  
And see the opening morn,  
Image of Truth new-born.  
Doubt is fled, and clouds of reason,  
Dark disputes and artful teasing.  
Folly is an endless maze;  
Tangled roots perplex her ways;  
How many have fallen there!  
They stumble all night over bones of the dead;  
And feel — they know not what but care;  
And wish to lead others, when they should be led.

快乐的年轻人！来这里  
看那开启的清晨  
真理之貌又重生  
怀疑已经消散，还有理智的浓云  
无知的争辩以及狡猾的戏弄  
愚蠢是座无尽的迷宫  
交错的根使路途分叉  
多少人在那里倒下！  
他们整晚在尸骨上绊倒  
凭感觉——除了小心他们一无所知  
在应被指引之时还希望给他人带路