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/ 郑振铎 译 /

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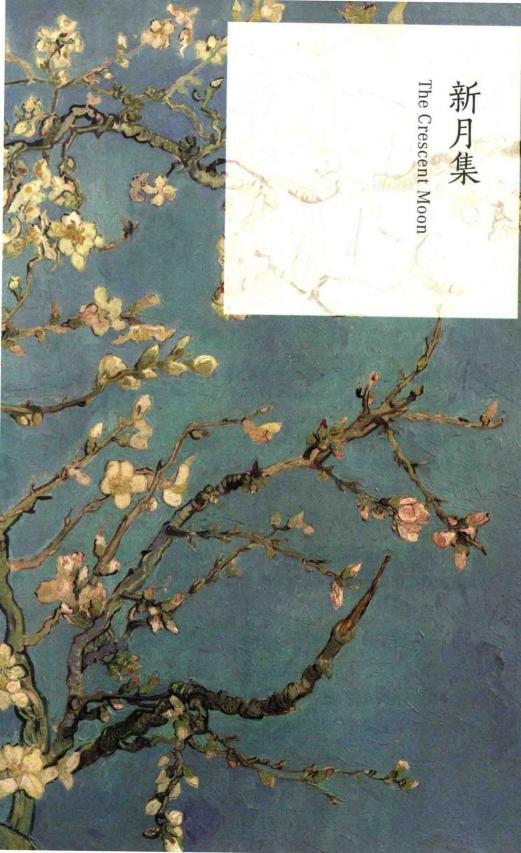
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我独自在横跨过田地的路上走着,夕阳像一个守财奴似的,正藏起它的最后的金子。

白昼更加深沉地没入黑暗之中, 那已经收割了的孤寂的田 地, 默默地躺在那里。

天空里突然升起了一个男孩子的尖锐的歌声。他穿过看 不见的黑暗,留下他的歌声的辙痕跨过黄昏的静谧。

他的乡村的家坐落在荒凉的土地的边上,在甘蔗田的后面,躲藏在香蕉树、瘦长的槟榔树、椰子树和深绿色的贾克果树的阴影里。

我在星光下独自走着的路上停留了一会,我看见黑沉沉的 大地展开在我的面前,用她的手臂拥抱着无量数的家庭,在那 些家庭里有着摇篮和床铺,母亲们的心和夜晚的灯,还有年轻 轻的生命,他们满心欢乐,却浑然不知这样的欢乐对于世界的 价值。



I paced alone on the road across the field while the sunset was hiding its last gold like a miser.

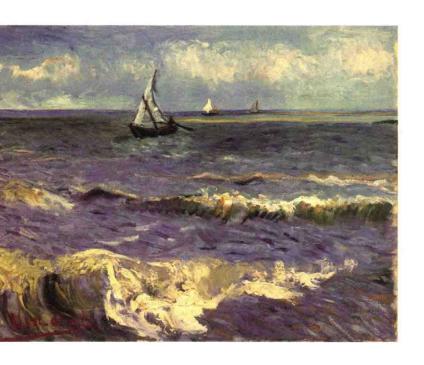
The daylight sank deeper and deeper into the darkness, and the widowed land, whose harvest had been reaped, lay silent.

Suddenly a boy's shrill voice rose into the sky. He traversed the dark unseen, leaving the track of his song across the hush of the evening.

His village home lay there at the end of the waste land, beyond the sugar-cane field, hidden among the shadows of the banana and the slender areca palm, the cocoa-nut and the dark green jack-fruit trees.

I stopped for a moment in my lonely way under the starlight, and saw spread before me the darkened earth surrounding with her arms countless homes furnished with cradles and beds, mothers's hearts and evening lamps, and young lives glad with a gladness that knows nothing of its value for the world. 孩子们会集在无边无际的世界的海边。

无垠的天穹静止地临于头上,不息的海水在足下汹涌。 孩子们会集在无边无际的世界的海边,叫着,跳着。



他们拿沙来建筑房屋,拿空贝壳来做游戏,他们把落叶 编成了船,笑嘻嘻地把它们放到大海上。孩子们在世界的海 边,做他们的游戏。

他们不知道怎样泅水,他们不知道怎样撒网。采珠的人 为了珠潜水,商人在他们的船上航行,孩子们却只把小圆石聚 了又散。他们不搜求宝藏;他们不知道怎样撒网。

大海哗笑着涌起波浪,而海滩的微笑荡漾着淡淡的光芒。 致人死命的波涛,对着孩子们唱无意义的歌曲,就像一个母亲 在摇动她孩子的摇篮时一样。大海和孩子们一同游戏,而海滩 的微笑荡漾着淡淡的光芒。

孩子们会集在无边无际的世界的海边。狂风暴雨飘游在无辙迹的天空,航船沉碎在无辙迹的海水里,死正在外面活动,孩子们却在游戏。在无边无际的世界的海边,是孩子们大会集着。



On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.

The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

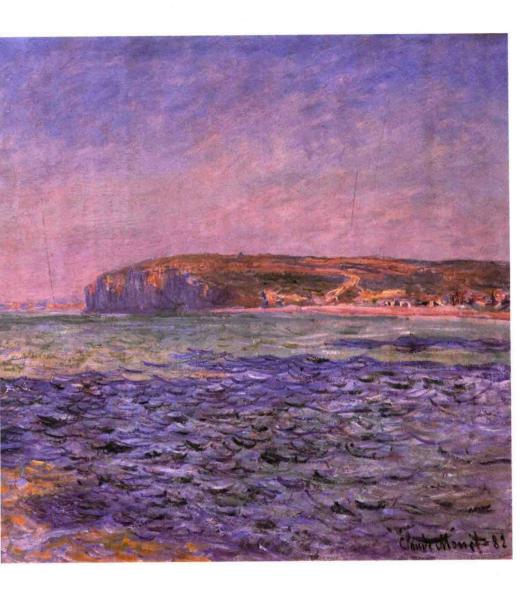
They build their houses with sand, and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl-fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships are wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.





流泛在孩子两眼的睡眠,——有谁知道它是从什么地方来的?是的,有个谣传,说它是住在萤火虫朦胧地照耀着林阴的仙村里,在那个地方,挂着两个迷人的羞怯的蓓蕾。它便是从那个地方来吻孩子的两眼的。

当孩子睡时,在他唇上浮动着的微笑——有谁知道它是从什么地方生出来的?是的,有个谣传,说新月的一线年轻的清光,触着将消未消的秋云边上,于是微笑便初生在一个浴在清露里的早晨的梦中了。——当孩子睡时,微笑便在他的唇上浮动着。

甜蜜柔嫩的新鲜生气,像花一般地在孩子的四肢上开放着——有谁知道它在什么地方藏得这样久?是的,当妈妈还是一个少女的时候,它已在爱的温柔而沉静的神秘中,潜伏在她的心里了。——甜蜜柔嫩的新鲜生气,像花一般地在孩子的四肢上开放着。



The sleep that flits on baby's eyes — does anybody know from where it comes? Yes, there is a rumour that it has its dwelling where, in the fairy village among shadows of the forest dimly lit with glow worms, there hang two shy buds of enchantment. From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.

The smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps — does anybody know where it was born? Yes, there is a rumour that a young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed morning — the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps.

The sweet, soft freshness that blooms on baby's limbs — does anybody know where it was hidden so long? Yes, when the mother was a young girl it lay pervading her heart in tender and silent mystery of love — the sweet, soft freshness that has bloomed on baby's limbs.