

词译哈代悼亡诗二首

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Lament

译文一：挽歌

How she would have loved
A party to-day! -
Bright-hatted and gloved,
With table and tray
And chairs on the lawn
Her smiles would have shone
With welcomings... But
She is shut, she is shut
From friendship's spell
In the jailing shell
Of her tiny cell.

她曾经多么地欢喜
今日的聚餐！——
戴着亮色的手套和帽子，
草坪上摆满
桌椅和杯盘
她的笑容泛着光
不断地说着欢迎……可是
她已被幽闭，被幽闭
那狭小的墓穴
有着监狱般的外壳
没有亲朋好友的欢乐。

Or she would have reigned
At a dinner tonight
With ardours unfeigned,
And a generous delight;
All in her abode
She'd have freely bestowed
On her guests... But alas,
She is shut under grass
Where no cups flow,
Powerless to know
That it might be so.

或者她会在今夜
用毫无矫饰的热情
和慷慨大方的喜悦
主导一场宴请；
全部在她的寓所里
她会尽情地尽情地
招待来宾……可是啊
她被幽闭在青草之下，
那里没有推杯换盏，
她也无力知晓
会是如此这般。

And she would have sought
With a child's eager glance
The shy snowdrops brought
By the new year's advance,

她像个孩子一般
用急切目光去寻觅，
那羞答答的雪花莲
盛开在新年到来之际，

And peered in the rime
Of Candlemas-time
For crocuses... chanced
It that she were not tranced
From sights she loved best;
Wholly possessed
By an infinite rest!

And we are here staying
Amid these stale things
Who care not for gaying,
And those junketings
That wed so to joy her,
And never to cloy her
As us they cloy!... But
She is shut, she is shut
From the cheer of them, dead
To all done and said
In a yew-arched bed.

Lament

How she would have loved
A party to-day! -
Bright-hatted and gloved,
With table and tray
And chairs on the lawn
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透过烛光节的寒霜
她还会凝望
番红花……碰巧看懂
她最爱的景象中
她不会迷惘；
可漫无边际的休眠
全部将她霸占。

在这些陈年往事之间
我们在这里暂停
谁也不关心获得欣欢，
那些交游宴请
总是让她喜上心头
决不会败她胃口
也让我们乐此不疲！……
可她被幽闭，被幽闭
于紫衫木的灵柩，
人间的欢乐抛却身后
从此万事皆休。

译文二、江城子·挽歌

曾经宴饮尽欢情，
杯在手，桌在坪。
锦戴冠衣，含笑说欢迎。
而今幽闭如在狱，
小墓间，冷若冰。

遥知今夜再宴请，
慷而喜，无饰情。
寓所畅欢，尽情礼嘉宾。
而今幽闭青草下，
已无力，杯已停。

娇羞雪莲新岁临，
童心满，急找寻。
霜照银缸，凝睇花莹莹。
而今休憩边无际，
不迷惘，却无凭。

陈年往岁诸事停，
谁在意，俱欢欣。

Where no cups flow,
Powerless to know
That it might be so.

宴饮犹在，总是喜于心，
而今幽闭在紫枢，
乐事抛，皆归零。

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With a child's eager glance
The shy snowdrops brought
By the new year's advance,
And peered in the rime
Of Candlemas-time
For crocuses... chanced
It that she were not tranced
From sights she loved best;
Wholly possessed
By an infinite rest!

And we are here staying
Amid these stale things
Who care not for gaying,
And those junketings
That wed so to joy her,
And never to cloy her
As us they cloy!... But
She is shut, she is shut
From the cheer of them, dead
To all done and said
In a yew-arched bed.

2. Voice

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you then,
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
Even to the original air-blue gown.

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,

译文一、呼唤

我思念的女子，你这般将我呼唤
将我呼唤，说如今再不像从前，
你曾经是我的一切，如今已作改变，
但还像当初，我们日子温馨美满。

我听见的果真是你么？让我来看看
站在那边，就如当初我走近城关
去到你等我的地方，像我当时熟知的你，
甚至穿着原先你穿过的天蓝色衣衫。

或者这不过是无精打采的清风
拂过湿润的草地吹到我身边，

You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness
heard no more again far or near?

或许你永远溶解于虚无之中，
无论远近，再不能听见。

Thus I faltering forward
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward
And the woman calling.

因此我独自蹒跚前行，
树叶在我的周围飘零，
风自北方穿过疏疏灌木林，
女人依旧在呼唤声声。

Voice

译文二、鹊桥仙·呼唤

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

终朝思恋，似听呼唤，
过往如今已变。
天涯各异遇变迁，
想当初，温情美满。

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you then,
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
Even to the original air-blue gown.

恰乎听见，佳人声唤，
还似从前那般。
依约俟我于城垣，
似曾识，身着蓝衫。

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness
heard no more again far or near?

清风萎萎，其声索索，
略草轻拂我面。
佳人消解虚无中，
近与远，皆无识辩。

Thus I faltering forward
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward
And the woman calling.

悲凄如我，蹒跚独旅，
树叶身边飞渡。
北风瑟瑟荆棘林，
又似闻，声声依旧。

哈代（Thomas Hardy, 1840—1928），英国小说家、诗人。他一生共发表了近 20 部长篇小说，代表作有《德伯家的苔丝》《无名的裘德》《还乡》和《卡斯特桥市长》等。哈代还以创作悼亡诗著称。1912 年，他发妻艾玛去世后，他为悼念亡妻先后创作了百余首挽诗，评论界称其为“艾玛组诗”。这里选择其中两首，分别译成现代自由体和词体。

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