

「静寂の谷」外訳詩 23 篇

川 津 孝 四

The Valley of Silence

By Fiona Macleod

In the secret Valley of Silence
No breath doth fall;
No wind stirs in the branches;
No bird doth call;
As on a white wall
A breathless lizard is still,
So silence lies on the valley
Breathlessly still.

In the dusk-grown heart of the valley
An altar rises white:
No rapt priest bends in awe
Before its silent light:
But sometimes a flight
Of breathless words of prayer
White-wing'd enclose the altar,
Eddies of prayer.

静寂の谷

ひそか しじま
秘なる静寂の谷に

き
小息もつかず、

木枝にそよぐ風もなく、

鳥はも啼かず、
白壁の上に
息なき蜥蜴^{とかげ}静けき如く、
この谷に息絶えて
静けき静寂^{しじま}。

たそがれし谷の真中^{まなか}に
浮び出る白き聖壇、
静かなる光の前に
ひれ伏して我を忘るる僧もなし、
されど時々
息なき一連^{つら}の祈の言葉
白き羽して聖壇を取巻く、
祈の渦巻。

The Dying Swan

By T. Sturge Moore

O silver-throated Swan
Struck, struck ! A golden dart
Clear through thy breast has gone
Home to thy heart.
Thrill, thrill, O silver throat !
O silver trumpet, pour
Love for defiance back
On him who smote !
And brim, brim o'er
With love; and ruby-dye thy thrack
Down thy last living reach
Of river, sail the golden light—
Enter the sun's heart—even teach

O wonderous-gifted Pain, teach Thou
The God of love, let him learn how !

瀕死の白鳥

ああ しろがねの ど スワン
噫、銀 咽喉の白鳥
打たれたり、打たれたり！ 金がね なげや
黄金の投箭
ずぶりと胸を貫きて
な
汝が心臓に徹したり。
震え、震え、噫、銀 の咽喉！
ああ しろがね トランペット
噫、銀 の喇叭、注ぎ返えせよ
仇に報ゆる愛をこそ
いまし
汝を打ちし人の上に！
斯くして愛を溢らせよ、溢らせよ、
いまわ いのち
臨終の命ある限り河をし下り、
いまし
一すじの汝が跡を血に染めて、
黄金の光流れゆき——
ひ わなうち
太陽の胸内に到れかし——尚も教えよや
ああ
噫、不可思議の天罰を、教えよや
愛の神をば、如何なるものか知らしめよ。

The Shell

By James Stephens

And then I pressed the shell
Close to my ear
And listened well,
And straightway like a bell
Came low and clear
The slow, sad murmur of the distant seas,
Whipped by an icy breeze

Upon a shore
 Wind-swept and desolate.
 It was a sunless strand that never bore
 The footprint of a man,
 Nor felt the weight
 Since time began
 Of any human quality or stir
 Save what the dreary winds and waves incur.
 And in the hush of waters was the sound
 Of pebbles rolling round,
 For ever rolling with a hollow sound.
 And bubbling seaweeds as the waters go
 Swish to and fro
 Their long, cold tentacles of slimy grey.
 There was no day,
 Nor ever came a night
 Setting the stars alight
 To wonder at the moon;
 Was twilight only and the frightened croon,
 Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary wind.
 And waves that journeyed blind——
 And then I loosed my ear..... O, it was sweet
 To hear a cart go jolting down the street.

貝殻

かくして吾はその貝殻を
 耳に押しあて
 聞き入りぬ、
 さらば忽ち鈴の如
 低く定かに聞え来ぬ
 冷たき風に打たれたる

遙けき海の鈍^{のろ}く悲しき囁^{つぶや}きが、
風吹き寂びし
岸の辺に。
其は太陽^ひの照らぬ岸にして、
人の足跡未だなく
時の始ゆ
何人の身の重さをも微動^{きうご}きも
未だ覚えしことはなく
唯淋しらに風ふきて
唯淋しらに波さわぐ。
かくて潮^{うしほ}の静寂^{しじま}には
さざれ石のまるべる音す
洞音^{うつろね}をしてとことわに、
かくて泡立つ海の藻は
その泥つきし灰色の長く冷たき触角を
潮ひくままにふり廻す。
あかねさす日は暮れつれど、
ぬばたまの、月に驚き
星々に黙火^{ひとも}しつくる、
夜は来ず、
ただ、薄明、物うくも盲旅^{めしい}する波風の、
打たるる時は墜り泣く、
もの怖じしたる低き歌声……
かくて吾耳をはなしぬ……
オー、かたことと街下る車の音の聞くも快かりし。

Blue Stars and Gold

By James Stephens

While walking through the trams and cars
I chanced to look up at the sky,
And saw that it was full of stars !

So starry-sown ! A man could not,
With any care, have stuck a pin
Through any single vacant spot.

And some were shining furiously;
And some were big and some were small;
But all were beautiful to see.

Blue stars and gold ! A sky of grey !
The air between a velvet pall !
I could not take any eyes away !

And there I sang this little psalm
Most awkwardly ! Because I was
Standing between a car and tram !

青星金星

電車と自動車の間を歩ける時
たまたま空を見上げて、
空一面の星を見ぬ！

かくも星を散りばめて、
さがせど見れど
針一つきのすぎ間なし。

あるは烈しくきらめき、

あるは大きく、あるは小さかりき、
されど皆見るに美しかりき。

青き星と金の星！ 灰色の空！
ピロードの帳とぼり あかいの間の空！
眼をそらすこと吾は得ざりし。

かくて、その場にこのささやかなる賛歌を唄いぬ
極めて拙く！ そは吾れ
自動車と電車の間まに立ち居しがため。

The Moon

By W.H. Davies

Thy beauty haunts me heart and soul,
Oh thou fair moon, so close and bright;
Thy beauty makes me like the child,
That cries aloud to own thy light:
The little child that lifts each arm,
To Press thee to her bosom warm.

Though there are birds that sing this night
With thy white beams across their throats,
Let my deep silence speak for me
More than for them their sweetest notes:
Who worships thee till music fails,
Is greater than thy nightingales.

月

そなたの美しさは私の心情こころにつき纏まとう、
オー、なんじ、麗しい月よ、かくも近く輝かしい、
そなたの美しさは私を幼児わがの様にする、

大声をあげてそなたの光を取ろうとする幼児の様に
各々の腕をあげてその暖い胸に
そなたを抱こうとする幼児の様に。

そなたの白い光を咽喉のどに受けて、
今夜唄う鳥はいるが、
それ等の鳥がいともうるわしい声でその心を唄う以上に、
私の深い沈黙で私の思を語らしめよ、
歌が唄えなくなる程そなたを礼讃するものは、
夜なき鶯よりもすぐれてるのだ。

Leisure

By W.H. Davies

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.
No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass,
No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet how they can dance.
No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.
A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

閑暇

この人生が何だろう、もし憂慮^{うれい}のみ多くて、
佇みみつめる暇なくば。

大枝の下に立って
羊や牛の様にゆっくり見つめる暇なくば。

森を通り過ぎる時、リスが草中に
そのくるみをかくすのを見る暇なくば。

白昼に、夜空の様に
星一ぱいの流を見る暇なくば。

美人のまなざしに振向いて、その足下を視て、
如何におどるかをおもう暇なくば。

女の眼にほころびそめる微笑が
その口もとにあふれる迄待つ暇なくば。

こはつまらぬ人生である、もし憂慮^{うれい}のみ多くて、
佇んでながめる暇なくば。

Truly Great

By W.H. Davies

My walls outside must have some flowers,
My walls within must have some books;
A house that's small; a garden large,
And in it leafy nooks:

A little gold that's sure each week;
That comes not from my living kind,

But from a dead man in his grave,
Who cannot change his mind:

A lovely wife, and gentle too;
Contented that no eyes but mine
Can see her many charms, nor voice
To call her beauty fine:

Where she would in that stone cage live,
A self-made prisoner with me;
While many a wild bird sang around,
On gate, on bush, on tree:

And she sometimes to answer them,
In her far sweeter voice than all;
Till birds, that loved to look on leaves,
Will dote on a stone wall.

With this small house, this garden large,
This little gold, this lovely mate,
With health in body, peace at heart—
Show me a man more Great.

真に偉大

家壁の外にはいくばくの花,
家壁の内にはいくばくの本,
家は小さく、庭は広く,
庭には茂れる樹かげ,
毎通きまって這入る少しの金
それも生きたやからからではなく,
墓の中の死人から
死人は心を変えられぬ。

愛しき妻、それにやさしく、
自分のほか誰も彼女の美点をみず、
誰も彼女を美しいと云わなくても、
満足している妻。

その石の檻の中に妻は自から囚人となって、
喜んで私と住む、
と多くの野鳥はまわりに、
門にもやぶにも樹にも歌う。

妻は時折小鳥に答えて、
どんなものよりずっとよい声で歌う、
初め木葉を好んでながめた小鳥等も
遂には石の塀に愛着する。

この小さい家、この広い庭
この少しの金、この愛らしい配偶^{つれあい}、
それに身体は達者で、心は平和、
見せておくれ、これにまさる人あれば。

Early Spring

By W.H. Davies

How sweet this morning air in spring,
When tender is the grass and wet !
I see some little leaves have not
Outgrown their curly childhood yet !
And cows no longer hurry home,
However sweet a voice cries "Come".
Here, with green Nature all around,

While that fine bird the skylark sings;
Who now in such a passion is,
He flies by it, and not his wings;
And many a blackbird, thrush, and sparrow
Sing sweeter songs that I may borrow.

These watery swamps and thickets wild——
Called nature's slums——to me are more
Than any courts where fountains play,
And men-at-arms guard every door;
For I could sit down here alone,
And count the oak-trees one by one.

早春

心地よや春の朝風、
柔らけく草はしめれり！
小さき葉の未だ幼なく
ちぢれしままのものも見ゆ！
牛もはや家に急がず、
美しき声如何に呼ぶとも。

ここ、まわり緑の自然、
麗わしの鳥雲雀唄えり、
そは今や胸の情火燃えて、
翼ならで情火もて飛ぶ程、
黒鳥、つぐみ、雀などあまた、
唄えるより美しき歌、われも借らまし。

これ等の沼地、自然の茂み——

謂わば自然のスラム街——そはわれにとりて

噴水わき、衛士戸毎を守る、
如何なる宮廷にも勝りて見ゆ、
そは吾ここに一人坐して、
一本一本あの榿の木を数え得る故。

The Truth

By W.H. Davies

Since I have seen a bird one day,
His head pecked more than half away;
That hopped about, with but one eye,
Ready to fight again, and die.....
Oftimes since then their private lives
Have spoilt that joy their music gives.

So, when I see this robin now,
Like a red apple on the bough,
And question why he sings so strong,
For love, or for the love of song;
Or sings, maybe, for that sweet rill
Whose silver tongue is never still.....

Ah, now there comes this thought unkind,
Born of the knowledge in my mind:
He sings in triumph that last night
He killed his father in a fight;
And now he'll take his mother's blood.....
The last strong rival for his food.

真実

ある日小鳥を見てしより、
半ばを越えてその頭つつき去られ、

唯片眼もて、跳びまわり、
またも戦う構えにて、死にゆく鳥……
そを見てしより、かくれたる鳥の生活は^{くらし}
そのなく声の嬉しさを損うことしばしばなり。

かくて今枝の上に赤き林檎の如き
この駒鳥を見るとき、
何故かく強く歌うかの疑問あり、
そは恋のためか、はた、唄を好むためか、
また、恐らくは銀の舌にて
音をたやさぬ美しき小川のためか、

あー、さでも吾が心に知れるが故に生れくる、
この無情の思い、
そは昨夜その父鳥を戦い殺せし、
そのかちどきをあぐるなり、
かくて今その母鳥の血をとらん、
己が食事の最後の強きライバルの。

The Example

By W.H. Davies

Here's an example from
A Butterfly;
That on a rough, hard rock
Happy can lie;
Friendless and all alone
On this unsweetened stone.

Now let my bed be hard,
No care take I;

I'll make my joy like this
Small Butterfly;
Whose happy heart has power
To make a stone a flower.

例

ここに蝶々の
ためし
例あり、
荒く、堅き岩の上に
とまりて楽しき例あり。
友もなく唯独り
この甘からぬ岩の上に。
わが寝床よし固くとも
などか心にわれとめん、
この小さき蝶々の如く、
われよろこびを得ん、
その楽しき心には
石をも花となす力あり。

Sea-Fever

By John Masefield

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sails shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted
knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

海への熱情

また海へ行かねばならぬ、淋しい海へまた空へ、
欲しいものは唯高き船、それを導く星、
舵輪の急引、風の唄、白帆のはためき、
海の面おう灰色の霧、灰色の夜明、

また海へ行かねばならぬ、流れる潮の呼ぶ声は
荒き呼び声、はっきりした呼声にて、いなみがたければ、
欲しいものは唯、白雲とぶ風の日と、
飛沫と、吹かれた水泡、啼く鷗鳥、

また海へ行かねばならぬ、放浪のジブシイの生活へ、
鷗とび鯨泳ぐあたり、吹く風は鋭いナイフの様な所へと、
欲しいものは唯笑うさすらい仲間から聞く愉快な駄ばら、
長い舵手勤めの了えた時の静かな寝り、心よき夢。

Beauty

By John Masefield

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain;

I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,

And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships;
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

美

吾は見たり、黎明と日没を、荒野にまた風ふく丘に
ゆるやかなるスペインの古典の如く厳かなる美しさもて来る
をば、
吾は見たり、佐保姫が黄水仙を齋らすを
崩えざる草をまた柔らかく温かき四月の雨をもたらすを。

吾は聞けり、花の唄を古き海の歌を、
また吾見しことあり、風をはらみし白帆の下より見しらぬ国
を、
されど神の示し給いし最上の美こそは、
彼女の声、かの女の髪、あの眼、そして懐しの朱き唇の曲線
なり。

Twilight

By John Masefield

Twilight it is, and the far woods are dim, and the rooks cry and call.
Down in the valley, the lamps, and the mist, and a star over all,
There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone at an end,
Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear long ago in the past,
Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that death cannot last;
Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust has defiled,
Beautiful souls who were gentle when I was a child.

薄明

今はたそがれ、遙けき森は朧にて、白嘴鴉啼き且つ呼ぶ、
下つ谷間には、燈火と霧と、してすべての上に一つの星、
そこ積葉の側、人々打穀するところ、ぶんと云う機械の音も
と絶えたり、

今はたそがれ、吾わが友と共に路を行く。
われは憶う、逝きて今なき友どちを、遠く過ぎし日睦みし友を、
逝きて今なき、美しき友どちを、死は続かずとわれ知れど。
今は塵に汚れし、美しき眼持ちし友どちを、
われ幼かりし時、しとやかなりし、美しき魂を。

Truth

By John Masfield

Masn with his burning soul
Has but an hour of breath
To build a ship of truth
In which his soul may sail——
Sail on the sea of death,
For death takes toll
Of beauty, courage, youth,
Of all but truth.

Life's city ways are dark,
Men mutter by; the wells
Of the great waters moan.
O death! O sea! O tide!
The waters moan like bells;
No light, no mark
The soul goes out alone
On seas unknown.

Stripped of all purple robes,
Stripped of all golden lies;
I will not be afraid,
Truth will preserve through death.

Perhaps the stars will rise——
The stars like globes;
The ship my striving made
May see night fade.

真理

人その燃ゆる^{たま}霊をもち、
唯一^{とき}時の息ありて、
真理の船を造り上げ、
その霊乗りて帆走する——
死の海上を帆走する、
そは死が渡し銭として
美と勇と、青春をば
真理以外の全てをば取るがため。

生^{せい}の都市^{まち}の路^{みち}暗く
人びとつぶやき過ぎ
大海の源はうめく、
おゝ死よ！ おゝ海よ！ おゝ潮よ！
海は鐘の如くうめく、
光なく、標^{しるし}的なく、
霊^{たま}独り出で行くや
知りもせぬ海原へ。

ありとある紫の衣は剥がれ

ありとある黄金の虚偽剥がるとも
われなどか恐れむ、
真理は死によりて残らん、

恐らくは天つ星ぞ昇るらん
黄金の球の様なる天つ星、
われ骨折りて作りし船は
夜の明け行くを見るならむ。

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

By W.B. Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

湖島イニスフリー

いざ立ちて行かん、行かんイニスフリーへ、
そこに粘土と小枝もて小さき庵を結ばん、
そこに九畝豆を植え、一箱の蜜蜂を飼い、
独り住まわん、蜜蜂うなる森の空地に。

かくて、われ、そこにそこばくの^{やわらぎ}平和を得ん、平和はゆるや

けくしたたりくるが故に

朝のべールより蟋蟀なくところへとしたたりくるが故に。

そこは夜半つねに^{うすひかり}微光あり、真昼紫の輝ありて、

夕べには紅雀群がりて飛ぶ。

いざ立ちて、われ行かん。夜も昼も小止みなく、

湖の水低き音して岸のべに打よするをば聞くが故

われ車道に立つ時も、はた灰色の舗道に立つ時も、

奥深き心の内にそを聞くが故。

The Falling of the Leaves

By Yeats

I

Autumn is over the long leaves that loves us.

And over the mice in the barley sheaves;

Yellow the leaves of the rowan above us,

And yellow the wet wild-strawberry leaves.

II

The hour of the waning of love has beset us,

And weary and worn are our sad soul now;

Let us part, ere-the season of passion forget us,

With a kiss and a tear on thy drooping brow.

落葉

I

秋は来ぬ、吾等を愛でて、長き葉に、

麦束内の^{ねち}小鼠に、

頭上の^サロワン葉は黄色、

露の野イチゴ葉は黄色。

II

恋のさめ時迫り来て、
吾等が悲魂今倦みぬ、
いざ別れなむ、むねの火の消え果てぬ間に、
汝が垂るる額ぬかに接吻くちづけ涙して。

Requiescat

By Oscar Wilde

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast;
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace; she cannot hear
Lyric or sonnet;
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

鎮魂祈禱

雪の下近く彼女いませば
静かに歩を運び行け、
雛菊の育つも彼女の耳に入れば
やさしくものを語れかし。

つややけき黄金の髪は悉く
錆びて光を失いぬ、
うら若うして麗しき
彼女は塵となりはてぬ。

小百合にも似て、その白き雪さながらに、
彼女はも婦人^{おみな}なりしを
知らぬごと
さてもやさしく大人びし。

^{ひつぎ}柩の板と、重き石、
彼女の胸に横わる。
吾のみ心悩まして、
彼女は静けく休らえり。

安らげく、安らげし、彼女はも
立琴も小唄も聞かず、
全て吾が生命此処に埋まる。
積みよ土その上に。

The old Woman

By Joseph Campbell

As a white candle
 In a holy place,
So is the beauty,
 Of an aged face.

As the spent radiance
 Of the winter sun,
So is a woman
 With her travail done.

Her brood gone from her,
 And her thoughts as still
As the waters
 Under a ruined mill.

老いし女

神の御前の蠟燭の

白きが如く、

年老いし人の^{すがた}面貌の

美しや。

冬の日影の疲れたる

光の如く、

産の苦をなめつくしたる

^{おみな}婦人かな。

^{うみ}産の子供等離れゆき

^{や みずぐるま}破れ水車

下水の静けき如き

思いかな。

Time Passes

By De la Mare

There was nought in the Valley
But a Tower of Ivory,
Its base enwreathed with red
Flowers that at evening
Caught the sun's crimson
As to Ocean low he sped.

Lucent and lovely
It stood in the morning
Under a trackless hill;
With snows eternal
Muffling its summit,
And silence ineffable.

Sighing of solitude
Winds from the cold heights
Haunted its yellowing stone;
At noon its shadow
Stretched athwart cedars
Whence every bird was flown.

Its stair was broken,
Its starlit walls were
Fretted; its flowers shone
Wide at the portal,
Full-blown and fading,
Their last faint fragrance gone.

And on high in its lantern
A shape of the living
Watched o'er a shoreless sea,
From a Towder rotting

With age and weakness,
Once lovely as ivory.

鳥兎匆々

谷間には
象牙の塔が唯一つ、
その礎を^{とりま}纏繞きて
紅き草花、そは夕ぐれに
わだつみへ^ひ太陽の急ぐとき
陽よりとりたるクリムソン。

その塔は
晨輝き麗しく
山の麓に建ち居たり、
高嶺を^と永久の雪に包み
えも云えず静けく、
人未だ踏まざる山の麓に。

冷たき嶺ゆ
風は孤独を嘆きつゝ、
塔の黄ばみし石に通いぬ、
白日塔の影^{まひる}
鳥悉く飛びさりし
杉横切りて拵ごりぬ。

その階段^{きざはし}はうち壊れ、
その星光の
壁荒れて、
花塔門に処せく、

咲き満ちあせて、
いやはてのかそけき香失せにけり。

空高くその頂塔に
生ける一つの人影は
^{はてし}際涯もあらぬ海原を、
嘗ては象牙の如く美しく、
年と弱さに朽ちてゆく、
塔の上よりみまもりぬ。

Evening

By De la Mare

When twilight darkens, and one by one,
The sweet birds to their nests have gone;
When to green banks the glowworms bring
Pale lamps to brighten evening;
Then stirs in his thick sleep the owl
Through the dewy air to prowl.

Hawking the meadows swiftly he flits,
While the small mouse atrembling sits
With tiny eye of fear upcast
Until his brooding shape be past,
Hiding her where the moonbeans beat,
Casting black shadows in the wheat;

Now all is still: the field-man is
Lapped deep in slumbering silentness.
Not a leaf stirs, but clouds on high
Pass in dim flocks across the sky,
Puffed by a breeze too light to move
Aught but these wakeful sheep above.

O what an arch of light now spans
These fields by night no longer Man's !
Their ancient Master is abroad,
Walking beneath the moonlight cold:
His presence is the stillness, He
Fills earth with wonder and mystery.

夕べ

^{うすあかり}
薄明暗みゆき、一羽また一羽、
ねぐらへ鳥の帰る時、
夜を明らめに青白き^{ともしび}灯もちて
土螢緑の土手へ来る時、
露けき空を徘徊^{さまよ}いに
熟睡^{うまい}の梟起き出づる。

鷹の如^と梟牧を疾く飛べば、
小二十日風震えつゝ、
恐怖の小さき眼上げ
静かに下りる梟の影過ぐるまで、
小麦に黒き影なげて
月照る所身を隠す。

もの皆は今や静けく、野の人は
睡れる^{しじま}静寂に深く包まる。
木の葉そよとも動かねど、天上の雲
朧ろに群れて空をゆく
眼覚め勝なる天上の羊の外は何ものも
動かしも得ぬ微風にふかれて雲は空をゆく。

夜の内はもはや人のものならぬこれ等野に
今や架かれる光のアーチ！
それ等野のふるき「主」はあまねく、
冷き月光の下を歩めり、
そのましますや静かにて、
驚異と神秘もて地を満したもう。

The Stranger

By De le Mare

In the woods as I did walk,
 Dappled with the moon's beam,
I did with a Stranger talk,
 And his name was Dream.
Spurred his heel, dark his cloak,
 Shady-wide his bonnet's brim;
His horse beneath a silvery oak
 Grazed as I talked with him,
Softly his breast-brooch burned and shone;
 Hill and deep were in his eyes;
One of his hands held mine, and one
 The fruit that makes men wise.
Wondrously strange was earth to see,
 Flowers white as milk did gleam;
Spread to Heaven the Assyrian Tree,
 Over my head with Dream.
Dews were still betwixt us twain;
 Stars a trembling beauty shed;
Yet—not a whisper comes again
 Of the words he said.

見知らぬ人

月の光でまだらになった
森の中を歩いてた時、
私はある見知らぬ人と話をした、
してその男の名は夢であった。
拍車をつけて、外套は黒で、
帽子の縁は幅広だった。
彼と話をしていた時
彼の馬は銀色の檜の木の下で食んでいた。
柔かにその胸飾は燃え輝き、
彼の眼には丘と谷があった、
彼は片手で私の手を取り、片手には
智慧の果実を持っていた。
地は見るも不思議に、
ミルクの如く白い草花が輝き、
アッシリアの木は、私の頭上に、
「夢」と共に、天まで拡がっていた。
吾々二人の間にはまだ露があり、
星は美しく震えていた。
然し、彼の云った言葉の一ささやきも
またと聞えて来ない。

The Horseman

By De la Mare

I heard a horseman
Ride over the hill;

The moon shone clear,
The night was still;
His helm was silver,
And pale was he;
And the horse he rode
was of ivory.

騎士

お山を越える
騎士の音,
月は照る照る,
夜は静か,
騎士の兜は白銀で,
騎士のすがたは青白く,
象牙の馬に
乗っていた。

Some One

By De la Mare

Some one came knocking
At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
I'm sure-sure-sure;
I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right
But nought there was a-stirring
In the still dark night;
Only the busy beetle
Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
The screech-owl's call,

Only the cricket whistling
While the dewdrops fall.
So I know not who came knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

誰か

誰^だか来てたたいてる、
小ぢゃな小ぢゃな^{あた}い私の戸口
誰か来てたたいてる、
きときときと、
聴耳たてて、戸を開けて、
右と左を見たけれど、
静かな暗夜にや何一つ
動く影とて見えなんだ、
唯せわしない^{かぶとむし}甲蟲や
扉でコツコツコツ、
森からは
このはづく奴の声ばかり
唯蟋蟀が啼くばかり、
露の雫がぼつぼつと、
だから私は誰が来て叩いていたか知りやしない。
一寸とも一寸ともちっとも。