

幸福な羊飼いの歌

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[Translation]
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Selected Poems of W. B. Yeats

アルカディアの森は死に

古代の喜びは終わった

かつて世界は夢を口に育ち

今は「灰色の真理」を絵の具に遊ぶ

だがなお眠られぬ頭を返し続ける彼女

けれど病める子らよ

クロノスの歌う割れた調べに踊り

侘しく回り過ぎゆくものの中で

言葉だけが本当に善きものなのだ

戦える王たち、言葉を嘲笑う者たちは今どこに？

十字架にかけて問う

戦える王たちは今どこに？

口ごもる小学生が

もつれた物語を読みながら言う

虚ろな言葉が今や彼らの栄光だ

かつての王たちは死んだ

さまよえる地上そのものがきつと

突如燃えあがるひとつの言葉に過ぎないのだ

永遠の夢想を破る鐘の鳴り渡る場で

一瞬だけ聞こえるひとつの言葉に過ぎないのだ

The Song of the Happy Shepherd

The woods of Arcady are dead,
And over is their antique joy;
Of old the world on dreaming fed;
Grey Truth is now her painted toy;
Yet still she turns her restless head:
But O, sick children of the world,
Of all the many changing things
In dreary dancing past us whirled,
To the cracked tune that Chronos sings,
Words alone are certain good.
Where are now the warring kings,
Word be-mockers? –By the Rood,
Where are now the warring kings?
An idle word is now their glory,
By the stammering schoolboy said,
Reading some entangled story:
The kings of the old time are dead;
The wandering earth herself may be
Only a sudden flaming word,
In clanging space a moment heard,
Troubling the endless reverie.

だから塵の世の事実を崇めるな

真理を激しく餓え求めるな

これもまた真なのだから

お前の労苦が生み出すものは全て

新たな夢に新たな夢になりはしないか

真理はお前の心の内の他に無いのだ

だから天文学者から学ぶな

光学にて回り過ぎゆく星の軌道を追う

彼らの言葉を求めるな

これもまた真なのだから

冷たい星の禍いが彼らの心を真二つに引き裂き

死はすべて彼ら人間の真理を覆う

お前は波濤の歌う海に行き

こだまを秘めた巻貝をあつめ

その唇にお前の物語を語るのだ

お前の苛立つ言葉を美しき音色で歌い変え

ひとときお前を慰めよう

哀しみに歌い消え

死して真珠の同胞となりゆくまで

そうだから歌え

言葉だけが本当に善きものなのだから

これもまた真なのだから

Then nowise worship dusty deeds,
Nor seek, for this is also sooth,
To hunger fiercely after truth,
Lest all thy roiling only breeds
New dreams, new dreams; there is no truth
Saving in thine own heart. Seek, then,
No learning from the starry men,
Who follow with the optic glass
The whirling ways of stars that pass—
Seek, then, for this is also sooth,
No word of theirs—the cold star-bane
Has cloven and rent their hearts in twain,
And dead is all their human truth.
Go gather by the humming sea
Some twisted, echo-harboursing shell,
And to its lips thy story tell,
And they thy comforters will be,
Rerording in melodious guile
Thy fretful words a little while,
Till they shall singing fade in ruth
And die a pearly brotherhood;
For words alone are certain good:
Sing, then, for this is also sooth.

I must be gone: there is a grave
Where daffodil and lily wave,
And I would please the hapless faun,
Buried under the sleepy ground,
With mirthful songs before the dawn.
His shouting days with mirth were crowned;
And still I dream he treads the lawn,
Walking ghostly in the dew,
Pierced by my glad singing through,
My songs of old earth's dreamy youth:
But ah! she dreams not now; dream thou!
For fair are poppies on the brow:
Dream, dream, for this is also sooth.

私は行かねばならない
水仙と百合のゆれる墓へ
眠る土の下に埋葬された哀れなフアウヌス
夜明け前に楽しき歌を聞かせ喜ばせよう
あの牧神が歓喜の声をあげた日々は果て
私はなお夢をみる
草を踏み露の間を歩む
ほの暗き彼の姿を
かつて夢のうちにあつた世界の若き日を歌う
私の喜びの歌に身を痛めて歩む姿を
だがああ彼女はもう夢をみないお前が夢をみるのだ！
額の罌粟の花は美しいのだから
夢をみよ、夢をこれもまた真なのだから

あなたが老いた時

あなたが老いて灰色の髪で眠りに満ちて

炬のもとで揺られる時この本を手にしてくれ

ゆっくりと読みながら夢みてくれ

在りし日あなたの目にとった優しいまなざしを

深い翳りを

どれほどの者があなたの嬉しげな微笑を愛し

愛の偽りや真であなたの美しさを愛したかを

だが一人の男はあなたの内の巡礼の魂を愛し

移ろいゆくあなたの顔の悲しみを愛した

あなたは燃える薪のそばで身を屈め

つぶやいてくれ小さく悲しげな声で

どのように「愛」が逃れ山の彼方へ歩み去り

その顔を星の群の中へ隠してしまったかを

When You are Old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim Soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;
And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

日本を模して

驚くべきことに

七十年私は生きています

(春の花だ)

春が来たのだまた

七十年私は生きています

ぼろぼろの乞食ではない

七十年私は生きています

七十年私は大人で子どもで

いちども喜びに踊ったことがない

Imitated From The Japanese

A most astonishing thing --
Seventy years have I lived;

(Hurrah for the flowers of Spring,
For Spring is here again.)

Seventy years have I lived
No ragged beggar-man,
Seventy years have I lived,
Seventy years man and boy,
And never have I danced for joy.

漁夫

私には今も見える

あの赤ら顔の男が暗い丘の上へ行くのを

暗いコネマラ織の服を着て

夜明けに釣り糸を投げるのを

初めて目に浮かべてから

長い時がたった

賢く簡明な男

かつて私は

目を賭して向き合った

我が種族とその現実に向けて書くことは

私が望む言葉と同じではないのだと

私の憎む生きる者たち

私の愛する死んだ男

議席についた臆病者

咎められぬ傲慢な男

泥酔した声援がまつりあげる俗物は

弁明を求められることもなく

賢しい男は大衆の耳に軽口を向け

知者は道化師の決まり文句を叫ぶ

知が打ち倒され

大いなる〈芸術〉が打ち倒される

十九世紀と後^{のち}

偉大な歌は還らないが

我々の持てるものの切なる喜び

引く波の下で

ちやらりちやらりと鳴る小石の音色

The Fisherman

Although I can see him still.
The freckled man who goes
To a grey place on a hill
In grey Connemara clothes
At dawn to cast his flies,
It's long since I began
To call up to the eyes
This wise and simple man.
All day I'd looked in the face
What I had hoped 'twould be
To write for my own race
And the reality:
The living men that I hate,
The dead man that I loved,
The craven man in his seat,
The insolent unreprieved,
And no knave brought to book
Who has won a drunken cheer,
The witty man and his joke
Aimed at the commonest ear,
The clever man who cries
The catch-cries of the clown,
The beating down of the wise
And great Art beaten down.

Maybe a twelvemonth since
Suddenly I began,
In scorn of this audience,
Imagining a man,
And his sun-freckled face,
And grey Connemara cloth,
Climbing up to a place
Where stone is dark under froth,
And the down-turn of his wrist
When the flies drop in the stream;
A man who does not exist,
A man who is but a dream;
And cried, 'Before I am old
I shall have written him one
poem maybe as cold
And passionate as the dawn.'

それからおそらく十二ヶ月も経って
突如私は聴衆を軽蔑し
ある男を思い浮かべた
陽に赤らんだ顔
暗いコネマラ織の服
泡ぶく暗い岩の上をのぼり
手首を返し
流れへ釣り糸を投げる
存在しない男
夢でしかない男
私は叫んだ老いる前に
私はあの男を詩にしよう
夜明けのように
冷たくともるあの情炎を

The Nineteenth Century And After

Though the great song return no more
There's keen delight in what we have:
The rattle of pebbles on the shore
Under the receding wave.