**Ode（颂词） to a Nightingale(夜莺)**

BY JOHN KEATS (1819)

I

My heart aches, and a drowsy （昏昏欲睡的） numbness （ 麻木的） pains

         My sense, as though of hemlock（毒鸩） I had drunk,

Or emptied （ 耗尽的 ） some dull （ 沉闷的 ） opiate （ 鸦片） to the drains （一饮而尽）

         One minute past （ 一分钟前 ）, and Lethe-wards （忘川） had sunk（下沉）:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,

         But being too happy in thine （ 你的 ） happiness,—

                That thou （你的）, light-winged( 光翼 ) Dryad （林中仙女---夜莺） of the trees

                        In some melodious plot （夜莺唱歌的地方）

         Of beechen （山毛榉） green, and shadows numberless,

                Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II

O, for a draught of vintage （但愿有一口酒）! that hath been

         Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved （深挖的） earth,

Tasting of Flora （花神，此处指花香） and the country green,

         Dance, and Provençal song （行吟诗人的爱情诗歌）, and sunburnt mirth（欢乐）!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,

         Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene, （红色的灵泉---美酒）

                With beaded bubbles （串珠般的泡沫） winking at the brim （边缘）,

                        And purple-stained mouth;

         That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,

                And with thee fade away into the forest dim （阴暗的树林）:

III

Fade far away, dissolve （消融）, and quite forget

         What thou among the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret （烦躁）

         Here, where men sit and hear each other groan （呻吟）;

Where palsy （麻痹） shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,

         Where youth grows pale （失色）, and spectre-thin （鬼影似的形销骨立）, and dies;

                Where but to think is to be full of sorrow

                        And leaden-eyed（目光呆滞无神的） despairs,

         Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous （有光泽的） eyes,

                Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow （新欢难持久）.

IV

Away! away! for I will fly to thee （you）,

         Not charioted（乘马车） by Bacchus （酒神的车子 ） and his pards （豹）,

But on the viewless wings of Poesy （诗神）,

         Though the dull brain perplexes （困惑） and retards （阻碍）:

Already with thee! Tender （温柔的） is the night,

         And haply （或许） the Queen-Moon is on her throne （王座）,

                Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays （仙女）;

                        But here there is no light,

         Save what from heaven is with the breezes （微风） blown

                Through verdurous （郁郁葱葱的） glooms and winding mossy （被苔覆盖的） ways.

V

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,

         Nor what soft incense （香气） hangs upon the boughs （大树枝）,

But, in embalmed （香气扑鼻的） darkness, guess each sweet

         Wherewith the seasonable month （may） endows （赠与）

The grass, the thicket （灌木丛）, and the fruit-tree wild;

         White hawthorn （山楂树）, and the pastoral （田园） eglantine （野蔷薇）;

                Fast fading violets （紫罗兰） cover'd up in leaves;

                        And mid-May's eldest child （花--musk-rose）,

         The coming musk-rose, full of dewy （露水） wine,

                The murmurous （絮语） haunt of flies on summer eves.

VI

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time

         I have been half in love with easeful Death,

Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme （苦苦思索出来的诗句）,

         To take into the air my quiet breath;

                Now more than ever seems it rich to die,

         To cease upon the midnight with no pain,

                While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad

                        In such an ecstasy （入迷）!

         Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—

                   To thy high requiem become a sod （草皮）.

VII

Thou wast （were） not born for death, immortal（不朽的） Bird!

         No hungry generations （devouring Time，吞噬一切的时间） tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

         In ancient days by emperor and clown （不分贵贱）:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

         Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

                She stood in tears amid the alien corn （异邦的谷田里）;

                        The same that oft-times （经常） hath （has）

         Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam （泡沫）

                Of perilous （险恶的） seas, in faery lands （仙国） forlorn （遥远偏僻的）.

VIII

Forlorn （遥远的过去，回到现实）! the very word is like a bell

         To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

Adieu （再见）! the fancy cannot cheat so well

         As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf （骗人的小精灵）.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem （哀歌） fades

         Past the near meadows （草甸）, over the still stream,

                Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep

                        In the next valley-glades （山谷林间）:

         Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

                Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?