

# The day is coming 번역 중

커트코베인

윌리엄 모리스라는 영국의 공상적 사회주의자가 쓴 시인데, 은근 맘에 들어서 개인적으로 번역해보고 있음.

이리로 오너라 아이들아, 들려줄 이야기가 있노니  
위대한 나날이 다가오고 있으니, 모든 것은 순탄하고도 더욱 나아지리라  
그 이야기는 바다 가운데 있는 한 땅에 관한 것일지며  
그 땅은 사람들에게 미래의 영국이라 불려지리라  
천일 중 다가오지 않은 하루가 남아있으니  
내일을 향한 희망과, 옛 고향의 기쁨을 누리자꾸나  
그런 다음, 비웃지 말고 나의 괴팍한 이야기를 들어보거라  
영국의 그 어느 사람도 돼지보다 비참한 삶을 살지 않게 될지니  
사람이 고통스러운 노동과 숙고 끝에, 자신의 일을 모두 마친 후에야  
서 있기도 힘들 정도로 지친 채 집으로 돌아오는 일은 더는 없으리라  
사람이 힘겹게 땀흘리고 열심히 하루를 살아내는 한  
내일의 가난과 굶주림을 겁내는 일은 더는 없으리라  
나는 기쁨을 담아 너에게 말하노니, 더 이상 그 누구도  
동료의 실패와 실책을 보고 기뻐하는 일은 결코 없을지니

일단 여기까지 했고

For that which the worker winneth  
shall then be his indeed,  
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing  
by him that sowed no seed.

O strange new wonderful justice!  
But for whom shall we gather the gain?  
For ourselves and for each of our fellows,  
and no hand shall labour in vain.

Then all Mine and all Thine shall be Ours,  
and no more shall any man crave  
For riches that serve for nothing  
but to fetter a friend for a slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us  
when none shall gather gold  
To buy his friend in the market,  
and pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city,  
and the little house on the hill,  
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,  
and the happy fields we till;

And the homes of ancient stories,  
the tombs of the mighty dead;  
And the wise men seeking out marvels,  
and the poet's teeming head;

And the painter's hand of wonder;  
and the marvellous fiddle-bow,  
And the banded choirs of music:  
all those that do and know.

For all these shall be ours and all men's  
nor shall any lack a share  
Of the toil and the gain of living  
in the days when the world grows fair.

Ah! such are the days that shall be!  
But what are the deeds of to-day,

In the days of the years we dwell in,  
that wear our lives away?  
Why, then, and for what are we waiting?  
There are three words to speak;

WE WILL IT, and what is the foeman  
but the dream-strong wakened and weak?

O why and for what are we waiting?  
while our brothers droop and die,  
And on every wind of the heavens  
a wasted life goes by.

How long shall they reproach us  
where crowd on crowd they dwell,  
Poor ghosts of the wicked city,  
the gold-crushed hungry hell?

Through squalid life they laboured,  
in sordid grief they died,  
Those sons of a mighty mother,  
those props of England's pride.

They are gone; there is none can undo it,  
nor save our souls from the curse;  
But many a million cometh,  
and shall they be better or worse?

It is we must answer and hasten,  
and open wide the door  
For the rich man's hurrying terror,  
and the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched,  
and their unlearned discontent,  
We must give it voice and wisdom  
till the waiting-tide be spent.

Come, then, since all things call us,  
the living and the dead,  
And o'er the weltering tangle  
a glimmering light is shed.

Come, then, let us cast off fooling,  
and put by ease and rest,  
For the Cause alone is worthy  
till the good days bring the best.

Come, join in the only battle  
wherein no man can fail,  
Where whoso fadeth and dieth,  
yet his deed shall still prevail.

Ah! come, cast off all fooling,  
for this, at least, we know:  
That the Dawn and the Day is coming,  
and forth the Banners go.

이 만큼 더 해야하는데 결론은 도와달라 이거야

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