

If I Could Save Time in a Bottle

Jim Croce

If I could save time in a bottle
The first thing that I'd like to do
Is to save every day till eternity passes away
Just to spend them with you

If I could make days last forever
If words could make wishes come true
I'd save every day like a treasure and then
Again, I would spend them with you

But there never seems to be enough time
To do the things you want to do, once you find them
I've looked around enough to know
That you're the one I want to go through time with

If I had a box just for wishes
And dreams that had never come true
The box would be empty, except for the memory of how
They were answered by you

瓶中時光

如果我可以把時光保存在瓶子裡
我想做的第一件事
就是保存每一天，直到永恆消逝
然後與你一同分享

如果我可以使時光停駐
如果言語可以使夢想成真
我會把每天像寶藏一樣保存下來
然後，再次與你分享

但是，時間似乎永遠不夠
讓你去做想做的事，一旦你已察覺
四處尋覓，而我明白
你就是我想要一起共度時光的人

如果我有一個盒子
收集了未曾實現的願望和夢想
盒子裡面可能是空的
除了你有所回應的回憶以外

Piano

D. H. Lawrence

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Take me back down the vista of years, till I see,
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings,
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song,
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside,
And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tingling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour,
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

鋼琴

輕輕地，在黃昏中，一個女人對我歌唱，
她的歌聲使我引起了童年的回想，
我彷彿看見一個小孩坐在琴下，在琴聲叮咚的隆隆中，
坐在母親那放平了的纖小的腳上，母親正笑着發出歌聲。

不管我怎樣，陰險的歌的魔力，
卻把我引到了昔往，以至我的心在哭泣，
為了要回到在家裡所過的那些古老的禮拜夜晚，外面是冬天，
而舒服的客廳裡卻唱着讚美詩，丁東的琴聲是我的指南。

現在已經徒然，即使那歌聲爆發成呼嘯，
伴着那多情的黑色大鋼琴的音調。
童年的魔力已使我迷惑，我的成年已漂盪
在記憶之流中，我像一個小孩似地哭泣為了那逝去的時光。

Only In Sleep

Sara Teasdale

Only in sleep I see their faces,
Children I played with when I was a child,
Louise comes back with her brown hair braided,
Annie with ringlets warm and wild.

Only in sleep Time is forgotten —
What may have come to them, who can know?
Yet we played last night as long ago,
And the doll-house stood at the turn of the stair.

The years had not sharpened their smooth round faces,
I met their eyes and found them mild —
Do they, too, dream of me, I wonder,
And for them am I too a child?

唯有在夢中

唯有在夢中 我才能謀見她們的臉龐
孩提時候 一同嬉鬧的玩伴
露易絲將棕髮辮了起來 回到我身邊
安妮則垂著長捲髮 依舊溫柔而熟悉

唯有在夢中 時間才能停下腳步
她們有著怎樣的際遇？誰會曉得呢？
一同嬉鬧的時光 彷彿昨日
而記憶中的娃娃屋 還孤獨地躺在樓梯的轉角處

這些年來 時間並未削去他們滑順圓潤的臉龐
她們的雙眸 仍流淌著溫純
我想知道 她們是否也在夢中與我相逢呢
對她們來說 我是否太戀舊了些呢

The Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And the rude bucket which hung in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
How quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-flowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

舊橡木桶

當甜蜜的回憶在眼前展現兒時的景象，

我心中感到那種親情蕩漾！

那果園，草地，參差交錯的野生林，

還有我兒時喜愛的每一地方，

那寬闊的池塘和池邊的磨坊，

在瀑布落下的地方，那橋，那石，

我父親的嬰兒床，附近的擠奶房，

甚至那粗製木桶垂在井旁。

古老的橡木桶，鐵製的水桶。

掛在井裡的那長滿青苔的桶。

那佈滿青苔的木桶，我那麼珍惜，

中午我從田裡歸來，

它常常給我帶來快樂無比，

帶來大自然生就的最純最甜的東西。

我用火辣辣的手熱烈地抓住它，

迅速將它放到白鵝卵石鋪的井底，

木桶很快就溢滿了水——真實的象徵，

它一邊從井裡升起一邊還流下清涼的水滴。

古老的橡木桶，鐵製的水桶。

覆蓋著青苔的水桶從井裡升起。

我從綠色佈滿青苔的井沿將它接住，

把它立在井邊傾向我雙唇，啊，真甜！

就是裝滿紅酒的高腳杯也無法誘我離開，

哪怕是朱比特飲的瓊漿將杯子裝滿。

現在我遠離可愛的故鄉，

當幻想又回到我父親的莊園，

爲那吊在井裡的木桶嘆息時，

我的眼裡禁不住湧出惋惜的淚水。

古老的橡木桶，鐵製的水桶。

掛在井裡的那長滿青苔的桶。

I Remember, I Remember

Thomas Hood

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The vi'lets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

漸行漸遠的童年天堂

我記得呀，我記得，
我出生的那間屋子，
早晨，陽光從小窗進來窺視
他從不早來片刻，
也不多留半晌，
但現在，我常願黑夜帶走我的呼吸！

我記得呀，我記得，
玫瑰花紅白相映，
還有紫羅蘭和百合，
全是由光織成的花朵！
有知更鳥築巢的紫丁香，
還有哥哥在他生日那天種植的金鍊花，——
它依然存活著！

我記得呀，我記得，
我從前常在那兒盪鞦韆，
想著拂面的風是如此清爽，
風中的飛燕肯定也感覺一樣；
昔日我那自在翱翔的心靈，
如今變得如此沉重，
即使夏日的池塘也無法冷卻
我額頭的熱狂！

我記得呀，我記得，
蒼鬱高聳的冷杉；
我從前常以為它們細長的樹梢
已經逼近天空；
雖然那只是孩子的幼稚無知，
但是現在卻少有那般快樂
我知道兒時離我那麼近的天堂，
如今已經越來越遠了。

Let life be beautiful like summer flowers

Rabindranath Tagore

Life, thin and light-off time and time again

Frivolous tireless

I heard the echo, from the valleys and the heart

Open to the lonely soul of sickle harvesting

Repeat outrightly, but also repeat the well-being of

Eventually swaying in the desert oasis

I believe I am

Born as the bright summer flowers

Do not withered undefeated fiery demon rule

Heart rate and breathing to bear the load of the cumbersome

Bored

I heard the music, from the moon and carcass

Auxiliary extreme aestheticism bait to capture misty

Filling the intense life, but also filling the pure

There are always memories throughout the earth

I believe I am

Died as the quiet beauty of autumn leaves

Sheng is not chaos, smoke gesture

Even wilt also retained bone proudly Qing Feng muscle

Occult

I hear love, I believe in love

Love is a pool of struggling blue-green algae

As desolate micro-burst of wind

Bleeding through my veins

Years stationed in the belief

I believe that all can hear

Even anticipate discrete, I met the other their own

Some can not grasp the moment

Left to the East to go West, the dead must not return to nowhere

See, I wear Zan Flowers on my head, in full bloom along the way all the way

Frequently missed some, but also deeply moved by wind, frost, snow or rain

Prajna Paramita, soon as soon as

life be beautiful like summer flowers and death like autumn leaves

Also care about what has

生如夏花

生命，一次又一次輕薄過
輕狂不知疲倦

我聽見回聲，來自山谷和心間
以寂寞的鐮刀收割空曠的靈魂
不斷地重復決絕，又重復幸福
終有綠洲搖曳在沙漠

我相信自己
生來如同璀璨的夏日之花
不凋不敗，妖冶如火
承受心跳的負荷和呼吸的累贅
樂此不疲

我聽見音樂，來自月光和胴體
輔極端的誘餌捕獲飄渺的唯美
一生充盈著激烈，又充盈著純然
總有回憶貫穿於世間

我相信自己
死時如同靜美的秋日落葉
不盛不亂，姿態如煙
即便枯萎也保留豐肌清骨的傲然
玄之又玄

我聽見愛情，我相信愛情
愛情是一潭掙扎的藍藻
如同一陣淒微的風
穿過我失血的靜脈
駐守歲月的信念

我相信一切能夠聽見
甚至預見離散，遇見另一個自己
而有些瞬間無法把握
任憑東走西顧，逝去的必然不返
請看我頭置簪花，一路走來一路盛開
頻頻遺漏一些，又深陷風霜雨雪的感動

般若波羅蜜，一聲一聲
生如夏花之絢爛，死如秋葉之靜美
還在乎擁有什麼