

为什么你眼里有了眼泪，我的孩子？

WHY are those tears in your eyes, my child?

他们真是可怕，常常无谓地责备你！

How horrid of them to be always scolding you for nothing?

你写字时，墨水沾污了你的手和脸——这就是他们所以骂你龌龊的缘故吗？

You have stained your fingers and face with ink while writing—is that why they call you dirty?

呵，呸！他们也敢因为圆圆的月儿用墨水涂了脸，便骂它龌龊吗？

O, fie! Would they dare to call the full moon dirty because it has smudged its face with ink?

他们总要为了每一件小事去责备你，我的孩子。他们总是无谓地寻人错处。

For every little trifle they blame you, my child, They are ready to find fault for nothing.

你游戏时扯破了你的衣服——这就是他们所以说你不整洁的缘故吗？

You tore your clothes while playing—is that why they call you untidy?

呵，呸！秋之晨从它破碎的云衣中露出微笑。那么，他们要叫它什么呢？

O, fie! What would they call an autumn morning that smiles through its ragged clouds?

他们对你说什么话，尽管可以不去理睬他，我的孩子。

Take no heed of what they say to you, my child.

他们把你做错的事儿长长地记了一笔账。

They make a long list of your misdeeds.

谁都知道你是十分喜欢糖果的——这就是他们所以称你做贪婪的缘故吗？

Everybody knows how you love sweet things—is that why they call you greedy?

呵，呸！我们是喜欢你的，那么，他们要叫我们什么呢？

O, fie! What then would they call us who love you?