

## **Facing the sea with spring blossoms**

By Hai Zi

From tomorrow on,  
I will be a happy man;  
Grooming, chopping,  
And traveling all over the world.  
From tomorrow on,  
I will care foodstuff and vegetable,  
Living in a house towards the sea,  
With spring blossoms.  
From tomorrow on,  
Write to each of my dear ones,  
Telling them of my happiness,  
What the lightening of happiness has told me,  
I will spread it to each of them.  
Give a warm name for every river and every mountain,  
Strangers, I will also wish you happy.  
May you have a brilliant future!  
May you lovers eventually become spouse!  
May you enjoy happiness in this earthly world!  
I only wish to face the sea, with spring flowers blossoming.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date,  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed.  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

### 3 □ 沙丘

海浪是绿色的潮湿的  
但在它们平息的处所，  
依然卷着更大的浪涛  
而且是褐色的干燥的。

那是变成沙丘的海洋  
涌进渔夫栖息的村镇，  
想用坚硬的沙子掩埋  
海水不能淹死的人们。

海或许了解自身远近  
但却藉由变化的规律，  
希望从自己的思想中  
将这里的人永远抹去。

人们留给它一条小船  
供它摇晃甚至去吞没；  
他们离开房屋将想着  
如同抛弃无用的贝壳。

#### Sand Dunes

Sea waves are green and wet,  
But up from where they die,  
Rise others vaster yet,  
And those are brown and dry.

They are the sea made land  
To come at the fisher town,  
And bury in solid sand

The men she could not drown.

She may know cove and cape,  
But she does not know mankind  
If by any change of shape,  
She hopes to cut off mind.

Men left her a ship to sink:  
They can leave her a hut as well;  
And be but more free to think  
For the one more cast-off shell.

[弗罗斯特 \(Robert Frost\) 诗译 by 徐淳刚 我见过的最...](#)

## 4. Ode to the West Wind



### 原诗欣赏

Ode to the West Wind

1、

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou  
Who charitest to their dark wintry bed  
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow  
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odors plain and hill:  
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

2、

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shedd,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,  
angels of rain and lightning:there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the Zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm.Thou dirge  
Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
Of vapoursr, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire , and hail will burst :oh, hear!  
3 、

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams  
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and fowers  
Quivering within the eave's intenser day,  
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know  
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
And tremble and esepoil themselves:oh, hear!  
4 、

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee:  
A wave to pant beneath thy power , and share  
The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
I were as im my boyhood, and could be  
The comrade of thy wanderigs over Heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh, lift me as a wave , a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!  
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.  
5 、  
Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leavers are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!  
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!  
And , by the incantation of this verse,  
Scatter, is from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth  
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
If Winter comes , can Spring be far behind?

### 译诗欣赏

译诗一

西风颂

[杨熙龄](#) 译

1

你是秋的呼吸，啊，奔放的西风；  
你无形地莅临时，残叶们逃亡，  
它们像回避巫师的成群鬼魂：  
黑的、惨红的、铅灰的，还有蜡黄，  
患瘟疫而死掉的一大群。啊，你，  
送飞翔的种籽到它们的冬床，  
它们躺在那儿，又暗、又冷、又低，  
一个个都像尸体埋葬于墓中，  
直到明春你青空的妹妹吹起  
她的号角，唤醒了大地的迷梦，  
驱羊群似地驱使蕾儿吐馨，  
使漫山遍野铺上了姹紫嫣红；  
你周流[上下四方](#)，奔放的精灵，

是破坏者，又是保护者；听呀听！

2

你在动乱的太空中掀起激流，  
那上面飘浮着落叶似的云块，  
掉落自天与海的错综的枝头：  
它们是传送雨和闪电的神差。  
你那气流之浪涛的碧蓝海面，  
从朦胧的地平线到天的顶盖，  
飘荡着快来的暴风雨的发辮，  
像美娜德头上金黄色的乱发  
随风飘动；你为这将逝的残年，  
唱起挽歌；待到夜的帷幕落下，  
将成为这一年的巨冢的圆顶，  
你用凝聚的云雾为它作支架，  
而从这浓云密雾中，将会涌进：  
电火、冰雹和黑的雨水；啊你听！

3

你也把青青的[地中海](#)水唤醒，  
他原在贝宜湾的一个[浮岛](#)边，  
沉醉于他夏日幻梦里的美景，  
被一圈圈晶莹的涟漪所催眠，  
他梦见了古老的宫殿和楼阁  
荡漾于更明朗皎洁的[水中天](#)，  
满披着翡翠似的苔藓和花朵，  
花朵多芬芳，那气息使人醉迷；  
浩瀚的[大西洋](#)本来平静无波，  
随着你的脚步而裂开；在海底，  
那些枝叶没有浆汁的湿树林，  
还有海花，听到你来临的声息，  
便突然地变色，它们大吃一惊，  
瑟瑟地发抖，纷纷调谢。啊你听！

4

如果我是任你吹的落叶一片；  
如果我是随着你飞翔的云块；  
如果是波浪，在你威力下急喘，  
享受你神力的推动，自由自在，  
几乎与你一样，啊，你难制的力！  
再不然，如果能回返童年时代，

常陪伴着你在太空任意飘飞，  
以为要比你更神速也非幻想；  
那我就不致处此窘迫境地，  
向你苦苦求告：啊，快使我**高扬**，  
像一片树叶、一朵云、一阵浪涛！  
我碰上人生的荆棘，鲜血直淌！  
时光的重负困着我，把我压倒，  
我太像你了：难驯、迅速而骄傲。

5

把我当作你的琴，当作那树丛，  
纵使我的叶子凋落又何妨？  
在你怒吼咆哮的雄浑交响中，  
将有树林和我的深沉的歌唱，  
我们将唱出秋声，婉转而忧愁。  
精灵呀，让我变成你，猛烈、刚强！  
把我僵死的思想驱散在宇宙，  
就像一片片枯叶，以鼓舞新生；  
请你听从我这诗篇中的符咒，  
把我的话传播给全世界的人，  
犹如从不灭的炉中吹出火花！  
请向未醒的大地，借我的嘴唇，  
像号角般吹出一声声预言吧！  
如果冬天来了，春天还会远吗？

## 5 Homesick

When I was a child, my homesickness was a small stamp

Linking Mum at the other end and me this.

When grown up, I remained homesick, but it became a ticket by which I  
sailed to and from my bride at the other end.

Then homesickness took the shape of a grave?

Mum inside of it and me outside.

Now I' m still homesick, but it is a narrow strait Separating me on this side and the mainland on the other.

## 6 Believe in the Future

2006 年春天，在杭州印象画廊举行的“诗画印刷”活动中，食指和罗伯特·贝洛尔德经由蔡天新介绍得以相识，之后，当得知食指的诗歌从未被翻译成英文时，罗伯特便有意将他的诗歌译成英文，《相信未来》由罗伯特、浙大教师王之光和《子鼠》编辑蓝天共同翻译，全文如下，

By Shi Zhi

When cobwebs relentlessly clog my stove  
When its dying smoke sighs for poverty  
I will stubbornly dig out the disappointing ash  
And write with beautiful snowflakes: Believe in the Future

When my overripe grapes melt into late autumn dew  
When my fresh flower lies in another's arms  
I will stubbornly write on the bleak earth  
With a dry frozen vine: Believe in the Future

I point to the waves billowing in the distance  
I want to be the sea that holds the sun in its palm  
Take hold of the beautiful warm pen of the dawn  
And write with a child-like hand: Believe in the Future

The reason why I believe so resolutely in the future is:  
I believe in the eyes of the people of the future  
Their eyelashes that can brush away the ash of history  
Their pupils that can see through the texts of time

It doesn't matter whether people shed contrite tears  
For our rotten flesh, or our hesitancy, or the bitterness of our failure  
Whether they view us with sneers or deep-felt sympathy  
Or scornful smiles or pungent satire

I firmly believe that people will judge our spines



And our endless explorations, losses, failures and successes  
With an enthusiastic, objective and fair evaluation  
Yes, I await their judgement anxiously

Friends, please let us believe in the future  
Believe in our unbending striving  
Believe in our youth that can conquer death  
Believe in the Future: believe in Life.

Beijing, 1968

#### 7. paradise lost

Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night [ 50 ]  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe  
Confounded though immortal: But his doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain [ 55 ]  
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes  
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay  
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
At once as far as Angels kenn he views  
The dismal Situation waste and wilde, [ 60 ]  
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd onely to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace [ 65 ]  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
That comes to all; but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed  
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:  
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd [ 70 ]  
For those rebellious, here thir Prison ordain'd  
In utter darkness, and thir portion set  
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n  
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.  
O how unlike the place from whence they fell! [ 75 ]  
There the companions of his fall, o'rewhelm'd  
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side  
One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd [ 80 ]  
Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,

And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

V1: 大约九天九夜，那是根据人间的计算，  
他和他那一伙可怕的徒众，  
虽属不死之身，却与死者无异，  
沉沦辗转在烈火的深渊中；  
这个刑罚却反激起他更深的愤怒，  
既失去了幸福，又饱受无尽痛苦的折磨。  
当他抬起忧虑的双眼，环顾四周，  
伴随他的是莫大的隐忧和烦恼，  
交织着顽固的傲气和难消的仇恨。  
霎时间，他竭尽天使的目力，  
望断天涯，但见悲风弥漫，缥纱无垠，  
可怕的地牢从四面八方围着他  
像一个洪炉的烈火四射，  
但那火焰只是朦朦胧胧的一片，并不发光，  
但能辨认出那儿的苦难情景，  
悲惨的境地和凄怆的暗影。  
和平和安息从不在此驻扎，  
希望无所不到，这里却是个例外。  
只有无穷无尽的苦难步步相跟  
永燃的硫磺不断地添注，  
不灭的火焰有如洪水向他们滚滚逼来。  
正义之神为那些叛逆者准备的，正是这个地方。  
这个在天外的冥荒中为他们设置的牢狱。  
那个地方远离天神和天界的亮光，  
相当于天极到中心的三倍那么远。  
啊，这里和他所从坠落的地方  
简直有天壤之别呀！  
和他一起坠落的伙伴们  
淹没在烈火的洪流和旋风之中，  
他依稀可辨，在他近旁挣扎的，  
论权力和罪行都仅次于他的神魔，  
后来在巴勒斯坦得知他名叫别西卜。  
这个在天上叫做撒旦的首要神敌，  
以豪壮的言语打破可怕的沉寂，  
这样向他的伙伴说道：

V2: 依照人间的计算，大约九天九夜，  
他和他那一伙可怕的徒众，  
沉沦辗转在烈火的深渊中。  
虽属不死之身，却象死者一样横陈，  
但这个刑罚反激起他更大的忿怒，  
既失去了幸福，又受无穷痛苦的煎熬。

他抬起忧虑的双眼，环视周遭，  
摆在眼前的是莫大的隐忧和烦恼，  
顽固的傲气和难消的憎恨交织着。  
霎时间，他竭尽天使的目力，望断  
际涯，但见悲风弥漫，浩渺无垠，  
四面八方围着他的是个可怕的地牢，  
象一个洪炉的烈火四射，但那火焰  
却不发光，只是灰蒙蒙的一片，  
可以辨认出那儿的苦难景况，  
悲惨的境地和凄怆的暗影。  
和平安息绝不在那儿停留，  
希望无所不到，唯独不到那里。  
只有无穷无尽的苦难紧紧跟着  
永燃的硫磺不断地添注，不灭的  
火焰，洪水般向他们滚滚逼来。  
这个地方，就是正义之神为那些  
叛逆者准备的，在天外的冥荒中  
为他们设置的牢狱，那个地方  
离开天神和天界的亮光，  
相当于天极到中心的三倍那么远。  
啊，这里和他所从坠落的地方  
比起来是何等的不同呀！  
和他一起坠落的伙伴们  
淹没在猛火的洪流和旋风之中，  
他辨认得出，在他近旁挣扎的，  
论权力和罪行都仅次于他的神魔，  
后来在巴勒斯坦知道他的名字叫  
别西卜。这个在天上叫做撒但的  
首要神敌，用豪言壮语打破可怕的  
沉寂，开始向他的伙伴这样说道，

If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd  
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light [ 85 ]  
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine  
Myriads though bright: If he Whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,  
Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd [ 90 ]  
In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest  
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd  
He with his Thunder: and till then who knew  
The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those,  
Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage [ 95 ]  
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,

Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind  
And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,  
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
And to the fierce contention brought along [ 100 ]  
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd  
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,  
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost? [ 105 ]  
All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield:  
And what is else not to be overcome?  
That Glory never shall his wrath or might [ 110 ]  
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power,  
Who from the terrour of this Arm so late  
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,  
That were an ignominy and shame beneath [ 115 ]  
This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods  
And this Empyreal substance cannot fail,  
Since through experience of this great event  
In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,  
We may with more successful hope resolve [ 120 ]  
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr  
Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,  
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

V1: “是你啊；这是何等的坠落！

何等的变化呀！

你原来住在光明的乐土，  
浑身披盖着无比的光辉，  
胜过群星的璀璨你曾和我结盟，  
同仇敌忾，搏击于光荣的大事业之中。  
现在，我们是从高高在上的天界上，  
沉沦到了不可测的深渊呀！  
他握有雷霆，确实强大，  
谁知道这凶恶的武器竟威力无比呢？  
可是，那强有力的威力，  
那胜利者的狂暴，都不能叫我沮丧，  
或者叫我改变初衷，  
虽然外表的光环消失了，  
但不移的信念和岸然的骄矜决不转变；  
武力的受损，激动了我，

决心率领无数天军投入剧烈的战斗，  
和强权一决高低，  
他们都厌恶天神的统治而来拥护我，  
拼尽全力同至高的权力抗衡  
在天界疆场上做一次冒险的战斗，  
震撼了他的宝座。我们损失了什么？  
并不是一无所剩：  
坚定的意志、热切的复仇心、不灭的憎恨，  
以及永不屈服、永不退让的勇气，  
难道还有比这些更难战胜的吗？  
我这份光荣绝不能被夺走，  
不管是他的暴怒，还是威力。  
经过这一次惨烈的战争，  
好容易才使他的政权动摇；  
若是这时还要卑躬屈膝，  
向他乞求哀怜，拜倒在他的权力之下，  
那才真正是卑鄙、可耻，  
比这次的沉沦还要卑贱。  
因为我们具有与生俱来的神力，  
赋有轻清的灵质，不能朽坏，  
还因这次事件的教训，  
我们要准备更优良的武器，  
更高明的远见，更有成功的希望，  
以暴力或智力向我们的大敌  
挑起不可调解的持久战争。  
他现在正沉湎于成功，得意忘形，  
独揽大权，在天上掌握虐政呢。”

V2：“是你啊；这是何等的坠落！  
何等的变化呀！你原来住在  
光明的乐土，全身披覆着  
无比的光辉，胜过群星的灿烂，  
你曾和我结成同盟，同心同气，  
同一希望，在光荣的大事业中  
和我在一起。现在，我们是从  
何等高的高天上，沉沦到了  
何等深的深渊呀！他握有雷霆，  
确是强大，谁知道这凶恶的  
武器竟有那么大的威力呢？  
可是，那威力，那强有力的  
胜利者的狂暴，都不能  
叫我懊丧，或者叫我改变初衷，  
虽然外表的光彩改变了，  
但坚定的心志和岸然的骄矜

决不转变，由于真价值的受损，  
激动了我，决心和强权决一胜负，  
率领无数天军投入剧烈的战斗，  
他们都厌恶天神的统治而来拥护我，  
拿出全部力量跟至高的权力对抗，  
在天界疆场上做一次冒险的战斗，  
动摇了他的宝座。我们损失了什么了  
并非什么都丢光：不挠的意志、  
热切的复仇心、不灭的憎恨，  
以及永不屈服、永不退让的勇气，  
还有什么比这些更难战胜的呢？  
他的暴怒也罢，威力也罢，  
绝不能夺去我这份光荣。  
经过这一次战争的惨烈，  
好容易才使他的政权动摇，  
这时还要弯腰屈膝，向他  
哀求怜悯，拜倒在他的权力之下，  
那才真正是卑鄙、可耻，  
比这次的沉沦还要卑贱。  
因为我们生而具有神力，  
秉有轻清的灵质，不能朽坏，  
又因这次大事件的经验，  
我们要准备更好的武器，  
更远的预见，更有成功的希望，  
用暴力或智力向我们的大敌  
挑起不可调解的持久战争。  
他现在正自夸胜利，得意忘形，  
独揽大权，在天上掌握虐政呢。”

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain, [ 125 ]  
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despare:

## 08 The Chimney-Sweeper, 1789

by William Blake



### **The Chimney-Sweeper**

When my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue  
Could scarcely cry 'Weep! weep! weep! weep!'  
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,  
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,  
'Hush, Tom! never mind it, for, when your head's bare,  
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.'

And so he was quiet, and that very night,  
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight! -  
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,  
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,  
And he opened the coffins, and set them all free;  
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run  
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind:  
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

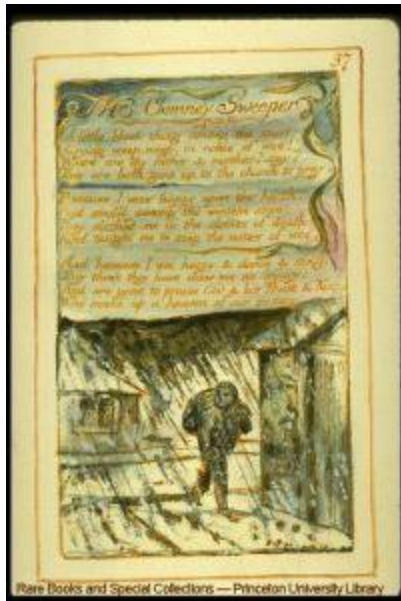
And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,  
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.

Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm:  
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

## 译诗欣赏[编辑本段回目录](#)

### 扫烟囱孩子

威廉·布莱克



The Chimney-Sweeper

我母亲死的时候，我还小得很，  
我父亲把我拿出来卖给了别人，  
我当时还不大喊得清“扫呀，扫，”  
我就扫你们烟囱，裹煤屑睡觉。

有个小托姆，头发卷得像小羊头，  
剃光的时候，哭得好伤心，好难受，  
我就说：“小托姆，不要紧，光了脑袋，  
大起来煤屑就不会糟蹋你白头发。”

他就安安静静了，当天夜里，  
托姆睡着了，事情就来得稀奇，  
他看见千千万万的扫烟囱小孩  
阿猫阿狗全都给锁进了黑棺材。

后来来了个天使，拿了把金钥匙，  
开棺材放出了孩子们（真是好天使！）  
他们就边跳，边笑，边跑过草坪，  
到河里洗了澡，太阳里晒得亮晶晶。



光光的，白白的，把袋子都抛个一地，  
他们就升上了云端，在风里游戏；  
“只要你做个好孩子，”天使对托姆说，  
“上帝会做你的父亲，你永远快乐。”

托姆就醒了；屋子里黑咕隆咚，  
我们就起来拿袋子、扫帚去做工。  
大清早尽管冷，托姆的心里可温暖；  
这叫做：各尽本分，就不怕灾难。

（卞之琳 译）

09

O Captain My Captain

O Captain my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weathered every rack (刑架), the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up--for you the flag is flung for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;  
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

10 I'm nobody!

— By Emily Dickinson

I'm nobody! Who are you?

Are you nobody, too?  
Then there's a pair of us--don't tell!  
They'd banish us, you know!

How dreary to be somebody!  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

我是无名之辈  
埃米莉·狄金森

我是无名之辈，你是谁？  
你也是无名之辈吗？  
那么，咋俩是一对——切莫声张！  
你懂吗，他们容不得咋俩！

做个名人多无聊！  
像只青蛙到处招摇  
向一洼仰慕的泥塘  
把自己的大名整天宣扬！

赏析

这首诗采用了戏剧性独白的形式，诗中叙述者以第一人称出现，与同是无名之辈的读者说悄悄话。谈话的主题是名声所带来的累赘。一旦声名鹊起，成为明星，你就会成为一个公众人物，那时也再无隐私可言。而且为了取悦那些盲目崇拜明星的乌合之众，你就得整天在外抛头露面，喋喋不休地吹嘘自己。叙述者庆幸自己仍然默默无闻，并要求读者不要暴露她身份，否则她俩就会遭到社会的唾弃。

贯穿整首诗的是一种自嘲和讥讽的语调。令人感兴趣的是诗人究竟是否看破了红尘，安心于自己默默无闻的隐居生活；或只是借题发挥，表达了一种对可望而不可即的社会生活的向往。

11

12. 1816 年发表处女作《哦，孤独》

by John Keats

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,  
Let it not be among the jumbled heap  
Of murky buildings; climb with me the steep,-  
Nature's observatory- whence the dell,  
Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,  
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep  
'Mongst boughs pavillion'd, where the deer's swift leap

Startles the wild bee from the fox-glove bell.  
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,  
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,  
Whose words are images of thoughts refin'd,  
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be  
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,  
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

哦，孤独

约翰·济慈 查良铮译

哦，孤独！假若我和你必需同住，  
可别在这层叠的一片  
灰色建筑里，让我们爬上山，  
到大自然的观测台去，从那里——  
山谷、晶亮的河，锦簇的草坡  
看来只是一掬；让我守着你  
在枝叶荫蔽下，看跳纵的鹿麋  
把指顶花盅里的蜜蜂惊吓。  
不过，虽然我喜欢和你赏玩  
这些景色，我的心灵更乐于  
和纯洁的心灵（她的言语  
是优美情思的表象）亲切会谈；  
因为我相信，人的至高的乐趣  
是一对心灵避入你的港湾。

13 I've been working on the railroad

I've been working on the railroad, all the live-long day.

I've been working on the railroad, just to pass the time away.

Can't you hear the whistle blowing? Rise up so early in the mom.

Can't you hear the captain shouting, "Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah, won't you blow? Dinah, won't you blow?

Dinah, won't you blow your horn? Dinah, won't you blow?

Dinah, won't you blow? Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dianh, someone's in the kitchen, I know

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strummin' on the old banjo

And he's singin'

"Fee-fi-fiddley-l-oh! Fee-fi-fiddley-l-oh! Fee-fi-fiddley-l-oh!"

Strummin' on the old banjo.oh Strummin' on the odl banjo.

I've been working on the railroad, all the live long day.

I've been working on the railroad, just to pass the time away.

Can't you hear the whistle blowing? Rise up so early in the mom.

Can't you hear the captain shouting, "Dinah, blow your horn!"

## 14 The Furthest Distance In The World Tagore 泰戈尔

[日期: 2006-05-18]

来源: [internet](#) 作者: Tagore

[字体: [大](#) [中](#) [小](#)]

By Tagore 泰戈尔

The furthest distance in the world

世界上最遥远的距离

Is not between life and death

不是生与死

But when I stand in front of you

而是 我就站在你面前

Yet you don't know that I love you

你却不知道我爱你

The furthest distance in the world

世界上最遥远的距离

Is not when I stand in front of you

不是 我就站在你面前

Yet you can't see my love

你却不知道我爱你

But when undoubtedly knowing the love from both

而是 明明知道彼此相爱

Yet cannot be together

却不能在一起

The furthest distance in the world

世界上最遥远的距离

Is not being apart while being in love

不是 明明知道彼此相爱 却不能在一起

But when pain can not resist the yearning

而是 明明无法抵挡这股思念

Yet pretending you have never been in my heart

却还得故意装作丝毫没有把你放在心里

The furthest distance in world

世界上最遥远的距离

Is not but using one's different heart

不是 明明无法抵挡这股思念 却还得故意装作丝毫没有把你放在心里

To dig an uncrossable river

而是 用自己冷漠的心对爱你的人

For the one who loves you

掘了一条无法跨越的沟渠

### Ode to the Oak

致橡树

我如果爱你

--- 决不象攀缘的凌霄花，借你的高枝炫耀自己；

我如果爱你

--- 绝不学痴情的鸟儿，为绿荫重复单调的歌曲；

也不止象泉源，常年送来清凉的慰藉；

也不止象险峰，增加你的高度，衬托你的威仪。

甚至日光。

甚至春雨。

不，这些都还不够！

我必须是你近旁的一株木棉，做为树的形象和你站在一起。

根，紧握在地下，叶，相触在云里。

每一阵风过，我们都互相致意，但没有人听懂我们的语言。

你有你的铜枝铁干，像刀，像剑，也像戟；我有我的红硕花朵，像沉重的叹息，又像英勇的火炬。

我们分担寒潮、风雷、霹雳；

我们共享雾霭、流岚、红霓，仿佛永远分离，却又终身相依。

这才是伟大的爱情，坚贞就在这里：不仅爱你伟岸的身躯，也爱你坚持的位置，脚下的土地。

### Ode to the Oak

If I love you

--- I will never be a trumpet creeper Clinging to your body to highlight my height;

If I love you

--- I will never be a spoony bird Repeating the monotonous song for a green shade;

Nor a spring That brings perennial cool solace;

Nor steep peak That increases your highness, reflect your eminence. Even the sunlight.

Even the spring rain. No, all these are not sufficient!

I must be a ceiba stand by your side, A tree With roots clinched underground, And leaves touched  
in the cloud.

We nod to each other, When each gust passes by,

But nobody Can understand our words.

You have your iron body, Like a knife, a sword, As well as a halberd;

I have my red flowers, Like a heavy sigh, And a valiant torch.

We share cold, storms and thunders; We enjoy brume, mist and neons, Seems we are part always,

But we are together forever.

Only this can be called a great love, The loyalty is this: Not only your manful body I love, But also  
the place you hold, and the land under you feet.

16 The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

written by Christopher Marlowe

Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,  
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.  
And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.  
And I will make thee beds of roses  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;  
A gown made of the finest wool  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold;  
A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me and be my love.  
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.



2007-06-20 19:00:15 来自: [郡子](#) (当日出越过山涧，我未老你依然。)

When We Two Parted

When we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted  
To serve for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss,  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this!  
The dew of the morning  
Suck chill on my brow  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy cows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame;  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.  
They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear;



A shudder comes o'er me  
Why wert thou so dear?  
Thy know not I knew thee  
who knew thee too well:  
Long, Long shall I rue thee  
Too deeply to tell.  
In secret we met—  
In silence I grieve  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee ?  
With silence and tears.

18

19

The River-Merchant's Wife: A Letter-----by Ezra  
[ 2009-11-5 20:16:00 | By: fairyechojose ]

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead  
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.  
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse,  
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.  
And we went on living in the village of Chokan;  
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

At fourteen I married My Lord you.

I never laughed, being bashful.

Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.

Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling,

I desired my dust to be mingled with yours

Forever and forever and forever.

Why should I climb the look out?

At sixteen you departed

You went into far Ku-to-yen, by the river of swirling eddies,

And you have been gone five months.

The ms make sorrowful noise overhead.

You dragged your feet when you went out.

By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,

Too deep to clear them away!

The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.

The paired butterflies are already yellow with August

Over the grass in the West garden;

They hurt me, I grow older.

If you are coming down through the narrows of the river Kiang,

Please let me know beforehand,

And I will come out to meet you

As far as Cho-fu-Sa

长干行

李白

妾发初覆额，折花门前剧；  
郎骑竹马来，绕床弄青梅。  
同居长千里，两小无嫌猜。  
十四为君妇，羞颜未尝开。  
低头向暗壁，千唤不一回。  
十五始展眉，愿同尘与灰。  
常存抱柱信，岂上望夫台。  
十六君远行，瞿塘滟滪堆。  
五月不可触，猿声天上哀。  
门前迟行迹，一一生绿苔。  
苔深不能扫，落叶秋风早。  
八月蝴蝶黄，双飞西园草。  
感此伤妾心，坐愁红颜老！  
早晚下三巴，预将书报家。  
相迎不道远，直至长风沙。

## 20 《When you are old》的九个版本译作



2008-07-04 14:40:43 来自: [breezecnlady](#) (徒有凌云志，空余济世心。)

Yeats,的诗歌《When You Are Old》，该诗有多种中文版本，几种译法都有不同的意境,令人感叹岁月流逝后的无奈。在冬天，坐在屋里，沏一壶香茶，看雪花无声地在窗外飘落，然后静静地读几首叶芝的诗。就在一生遥遥无爱的爱情中吟唱着这样一首坚定、寂寞的爱情诗歌。闲适、平和、带一点幽默或是淡淡的感伤，这样的一种状态下，我觉得人活起来是很轻松闲适的。

不幸的是，叶芝为了真爱，在痛苦的诗歌里，准备了一生，守望了一生。但愿我无如斯。

花了一些时间，收罗了目前较好的九种《When You Are Old》的中文翻译版本，以飨幽幽我心。如下：

★原文：

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.

一、傅浩译 <当你年老时>

当你年老，鬓斑，睡意昏沉，  
在炉旁打盹时，取下这本书，  
慢慢诵读，梦忆从前你双眸

神色柔和，眼波中倒影深深；

多少人爱你风韵妩媚的时光，

爱你的美丽出自假意或真情，

但唯有一人爱你灵魂的至诚，

爱你渐衰的脸上愁苦的风霜；

弯下身子，在炽红的壁炉边，

忧伤地低诉，爱神如何逃走，

在头顶上的群山巅漫步闲游，

把他的面孔隐没在繁星中间。

## 二、袁可嘉译<当你老了>

当你老了，头白了，睡意昏沉，

炉火旁打盹，请取下这部诗歌，

慢慢读，回想你过去眼神的柔和，

回想它们昔日浓重的阴影；

多少人爱你青春欢畅的时辰，

爱慕你的美丽，假意或真心，

只有一个人爱你那朝圣者的灵魂，

爱你衰老了的脸上痛苦的皱纹；

垂下头来，在红光闪耀的炉子旁，

凄然地轻轻诉说那爱情的消逝，

在头顶的山上它缓缓踱着步子，

在一群星星中间隐藏着脸庞。

### 三、LOVER 译<当年华已逝>

当年华已逝，你两鬓斑白，沉沉欲睡，

坐在炉边慢慢打盹，请取下我的这本诗集，

请缓缓读起，如梦一般，你会重温

你那脉脉眼波，她们是曾经那么的深情和柔美。

多少人曾爱过你容光焕发的楚楚魅力，

爱你的倾城容颜，或是真心，或是做戏，

但只有一个人！他爱的是你圣洁虔诚的心！

当你洗尽铅华，伤逝红颜的老去，他也依然深爱着你！

炉里的火焰温暖明亮，你轻轻低下头去，

带着淡淡的凄然，为了枯萎熄灭的爱情，喃喃低语，

此时他正在千山万壑之间独自游荡，

在那满天凝视你的繁星后面隐起了脸庞。

### 四、陳黎（台湾）译 <當你年老>

當你年老，花白，睡意正濃，

在火爐邊打盹，取下這本書，

慢慢閱讀，夢見你眼中一度

發出之柔光，以及深深暗影；

多少人愛你愉悅丰采的時光，

愛你的美，以或真或假之情，

祇一個人愛你朝聖者的心靈，

愛你變化的容顏蘊藏的憂傷；

並且俯身紅光閃閃的欄柵邊，

帶點哀傷，喃喃低語，愛怎樣

逃逸，逡巡於頭頂的高山上

且將他的臉隱匿於群星之間。

##### 五、裘小龙译 <当你老了>

当你老了，头发灰白，满是睡意，

在炉火旁打盹，取下这一册书本，

缓缓地读，梦到你的眼睛曾经

有的那种柔情，和它们的深深影子；

多少人爱你欢乐美好的时光，

爱你的美貌，用或真或假的爱情，

但有一个人爱你那朝圣者的灵魂，

也爱你那衰老了的脸上的哀伤；

在燃烧的火炉旁边俯下身，

凄然地喃喃说，爱怎样离去了，

在头上的山峦中间独步踟蹰，  
把他的脸埋藏在一群星星中。

#### 六、杨牧译<当你老了>

当你老了，灰黯，沉沉欲眠，  
在火炉边瞌睡，取下这本书，  
慢慢读，梦回你眼睛曾经  
有过的柔光，以及那深深波影；

多少人恋爱你喜悦雍容的时刻，  
恋爱你的美以真以假的爱情，  
有一个人爱你朝山的灵魂内心，  
爱你变化的面容有那些怔忡错愕。

并且俯身闪烁发光的铁栏杆边，  
喘息，带些许忧伤，爱如何竟已  
逸去了并且在头顶的高山蹒跚  
复将他的脸藏在一群星星中间。

#### 七、飞白译<当你老了>

当你老了，白发苍苍，睡意朦胧，  
在炉前打盹，请取下这本诗篇，  
慢慢吟诵，梦见你当年的双眼



那柔美的光芒与青幽的晕影；

多少人真情假意，爱过你的美丽，

爱过你欢乐而迷人的青春，

唯独一人爱你朝圣者的心，

爱你日益凋谢的脸上的衰威；

当你佝偻着，在灼热的炉栅边，

你将轻轻诉说，带着一丝伤感：

逝去的爱，如今已步上高山，

在密密星群里埋藏它的赧颜。

#### 八、冰心译 <当你老了>

当你老了，头发花白，睡意沉沉，

倦坐在炉边，取下这本书来，

慢慢读着，追梦当年的眼神

那柔美的神采与深幽的晕影。

多少人爱过你青春的片影，

爱过你的美貌，以虚伪或是真情，

惟独一人爱你那朝圣者的心，

爱你衰威的脸上岁月的留痕。

在炉栅边，你弯下了腰，

低语着，带着浅浅的伤感，

爱情是怎样逝去，又怎样步上群山，

怎样在繁星之间藏住了脸。

八、艾梅 译 <当你老了>

当你老了，两鬓斑白，睡意沉沉，  
倦坐在炉边时，取下这本书来，  
慢慢读起，追忆那当年的眼神，  
神色柔和，倒影深深。  
多少人曾爱慕你青春妩媚的身影，  
爱过你的美貌出自假意或者真情，  
而惟独一人爱你那朝圣者的心，  
爱你日渐衰老的满面风霜。

十、李立玮译<当你老了>

当你老了，头发花白，睡意沉沉，  
倦坐在炉边，取下这本书来，  
慢慢读着，追梦当你的眼神  
那柔美的神采与深幽的晕影。

多少人爱过你青春的片影，  
爱过你的美貌，以虚伪或是真情，  
唯独一人爱你那朝圣者的心，  
爱你衰戚的脸上岁月的留痕。

在炉栅边上，你弯下了腰，  
低语着，带着浅浅的伤感，  
爱情是怎样逝去，又怎样步上群山，  
怎样在繁星之间藏起了脸。

另附：无名氏 译

当你年老白了头，  
睡意稠，炉旁打盹；  
请记取诗一首。

漫回忆，你也曾眼神温柔，  
眼角里，几重阴影浓幽幽；  
多少人，爱慕你年轻漂亮的时候，  
真假爱，不过给你的美貌引诱。  
只一人，从内心深处爱你灵魂的圣洁，  
也爱你，衰老的脸上泛起痛苦的纹沟。

在烘红的炉旁，悄然回首，  
凄然地，诉说爱情怎样溜走，  
如何跑到上方的山峦，  
然后把脸庞藏在群星里头。

## 21 [《偶然》](#)

Fortuitousness

我是天空里的[一片云](#)，  
Being a cloud in the sky

偶尔投影在你的波心——  
On your heart lake I cast my figure.  
你不必讶异,  
You don't have to wonder,  
更无须欢喜——  
Nor should you cheer  
在转瞬间消灭了踪影。  
In an instant I will disappear.

你我相逢在黑夜的海上,  
On the dark sea we encounter  
你有你的, 我有我的, 方向;  
In different directions of our own we steer.  
你记得也好,  
It's nice of you to remember.  
最好你忘掉,  
But you'd better forget the luster  
在这交会时互放的光亮!  
That we've been devoted to each other.

## 22The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

### 全文及翻译



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来自百度

最后一句即为该片名出处

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

S'io credesse che mia risposta fosse

A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,

Questa fiamma stria senza piu scosse.

Ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo

Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,  
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.

Let us go then, you and I,  
When the evening is spread out against the sky  
Like a patient etherized upon a table;  
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  
The muttering retreats  
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  
Streets that follow like a tedious argument  
Of insidious intent  
To lead you to an overwhelming question ...  
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"  
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,  
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,  
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,  
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,  
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,  
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,  
And seeing that it was a soft October night,  
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time  
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,  
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;  
There will be time, there will be time  
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;  
There will be time to murder and create,  
And time for all the works and days of hands  
That lift and drop a question on your plate;  
Time for you and time for me,  
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,  
And for a hundred visions and revisions,  
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time  
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"  
Time to turn back and descend the stair,  
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair--  
(They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")  
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,  
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin--  
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")  
Do I dare  
Disturb the universe?

In a minute there is time

For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:

Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,

I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;

I know the voices dying with a dying fall

Beneath the music from a farther room.

So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all--

The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,

And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,

When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,

Then how should I begin

To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?

And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all--

Arms that are braceleted and white and bare

(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)

Is it perfume from a dress

That makes me so digress?

Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.

And should I then presume?

And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets

And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes

Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? ...

I should have been a pair of ragged claws

Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!

Smoothed by long fingers,

Asleep ... tired ... or it malingers,

Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.

Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,

Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?

But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,

Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,

I am no prophet--and here 扭 no great matter;

I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,

And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,

And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,

After the cups, the mamalade, the tea,

Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,

Would it have been worth while,

To have bitten off the matter with a smile,

To have squeezed the universe into a ball

To roll it toward some overwhelming question,

To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,

Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"--



If one, settling a pillow by her head,\*\*

Should say: "That is not what I meant at all;

That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,

Would it have been worth while,

After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,

After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor--

And this, and so much more?--

It is impossible to say just what I mean I

But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:

Would it have been worth while

If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,

And turning toward the window, should say:

"That is not it at all,

That is not what I meant, at all."

No I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;

Am an attendant lord, one that will do

To swell a progress, start a scene or two,

Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,

Deferential, glad to be of use,

Politic, cautious, and meticulous;

Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;

At times, indeed, almost ridiculous--

Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old ... I grow old ...

I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?

I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.

I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves

Combing the white hair of the waves blown back

When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea

By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown

Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

下面是查良铮的译文：

J·阿尔弗瑞德·普鲁弗洛克的情歌

假如我认为，我是回答

一个能转回阳世间的人，

那么，这火焰就不会再摇闪。

但既然，如我听到的果真

没有人能活着离开这深渊，

我回答你就不必害怕流言。

那么我们走吧，你我两个人，

正当朝天空慢慢铺展着黄昏  
好似病人麻醉在手术桌上；  
我们走吧，穿过一些半清冷的街，  
那儿休憩的场所正人声喋喋；  
有夜夜不宁的下等歇夜旅店  
和满地蚌壳的铺锯末的饭馆；  
街连着街，好象一场讨厌的争议  
带着阴险的意图  
要把你引向一个重大的问题……  
唉，不要问，“那是什么？”  
让我们快点去作客。

在客厅里女士们来回地走，  
谈着画家米开朗基罗。

黄色的雾在窗玻璃上擦着它的背，  
黄色的烟在窗玻璃上擦着它的嘴，  
把它的舌头舐进黄昏的角落，  
徘徊在快要干涸的水坑上；  
让跌下烟囱的烟灰落上它的背，  
它溜下台阶，忽地纵身跳跃，  
看到这是一个温柔的十月的夜，  
于是便在房子附近蜷伏起来安睡。

呵，确实地，总会有时间  
看黄色的烟沿着街滑行，  
在窗玻璃上擦着它的背；

总会有时间，总会有时间  
装一副面容去会见你去见的脸；  
总会有时间去暗杀和创新，  
总会有时间让举起问题又丢进你盘里的  
双手完成劳作与度过时日；  
有的是时间，无论你，无论我，  
还有的是时间犹豫一百遍，  
或看到一百种幻景再完全改过，  
在吃一片烤面包和饮茶以前。

在客厅里女士们来回地走，  
谈着画家米开朗基罗。

呵，确实地，总还有时间  
来疑问，“我可有勇气？”“我可有勇气？”  
总还有时间来转身走下楼梯，  
把一块秃顶暴露给人去注意——  
（她们会说：“他的头发变得多么稀！”）  
我的晨礼服，我的硬领在胯下笔挺，  
我的领带雅致而多彩，用一个简朴的别针固定——  
（她们会说：“可是他的胳膊腿多么细！”）  
我可有勇气  
搅乱这个宇宙？  
在一分钟里总还有时间  
决定和变卦，过一分钟再变回头。

因为我已经熟悉了她们的，熟悉了她们所有的人——

熟悉了那些黄昏，和上下午的情景，

我是用咖啡匙子量走了我的生命；

我熟悉每当隔壁响起了音乐

话声就逐渐低微而至停歇。

所以我怎么敢开口？

而且我已熟悉那些眼睛，熟悉了她们所有的眼睛——

那些眼睛能用一句成语的公式把你盯住，

当我被公式化了，在别针下趴伏，

那我怎么能开始吐出

我的生活和习惯的全部剩烟头？

我又怎么敢开口？

而且我已经熟悉了那些胳膊，熟悉了她们所有的胳膊——

那些胳膊带着镯子，又袒露又白净

（可是在灯光下，显得淡褐色毛茸茸！）

是否由于衣裙的香气

使得我这样话离本题？

那些胳膊或围着肩巾，或横在案头。

那时候我该开口吗？

可是我怎么开始？

是否我说，我在黄昏时走过窄小的街，

看到孤独的男子只穿着衬衫

倚在窗口，烟斗里冒着袅袅的烟？……

那我就会成为一对蟹螯

急急爬过沉默的海底。

啊，那下午，那黄昏，睡得多平静！

被纤长的手指轻轻抚爱，

睡了……倦慵的……或者它装病，

躺在地板上，就在你我脚边伸开。

是否我，在用过茶、糕点和冰食以后，

有魄力把这一刻推到紧要的关头？

然而，尽管我曾哭泣和斋戒，哭泣和祈祷，

尽管我看见我的头（有一点秃了）用盘子端了进来，

我不是先知——这也不值得大惊小怪；

我曾看到我伟大的时刻闪烁，

我曾看到那永恒的“侍者”拿着我的外衣暗笑，

一句话，我有点害怕。

而且，归根到底，是不是值得

当小吃、果子酱和红茶已用过，

在杯盘中间，当人们谈着你和我，

是不是值得以一个微笑

把这件事情一口啃掉，

把整个宇宙压缩成一个球，

使它滚向某个重大的问题，

说道：“我是拉撒路，从冥界

来报一个信，我要告诉你们一切。”——

万一她把枕垫放在头下一倚，

说道：“唉，我意思不是要谈这些；

不，我不是要谈这些。”

那么，归根到底，是不是值得，  
是否值得在那许多次夕阳以后，  
在庭院的散步和水淋过街道以后，  
在读小说以后，在饮茶以后，在长裙拖过地板以后，——  
说这些，和许许多多事情？——  
要说出我想说的话绝不可能！  
仿佛有幻灯把神经的图样投到幕上：  
是否还值得如此难为情，  
假如她放一个枕垫或掷下披肩，  
把脸转向窗户，甩出一句：  
“那可不是我的本意，  
那可绝不是我的本意。”

不！我并非哈姆雷特王子，当也当不成；  
我只是个侍从爵士，为王家出行，  
铺排显赫的场面，或为王子出主意，  
就够好的了；无非是顺手的工具，  
服服帖帖，巴不得有点用途，  
细致，周详，处处小心翼翼；  
满口高谈阔论，但有点愚鲁；  
有时候，老实说，显得近乎可笑，  
有时候，几乎是个丑角。

呵，我变老了……我变老了……  
我将要卷起我的长裤的裤脚。

我将把头发往后分吗？我可敢吃桃子？

我将穿上白法兰绒裤在海滩上散步。

我听见了女水妖彼此对唱着歌。

我不认为她们会为我而唱歌。

我看过她们凌驾波浪驶向大海，

梳着打回来的波浪的白发，

当狂风把海水吹得又黑又白。

我们留连于大海的宫室，

被海妖以红的和棕的海草装饰，

一旦被人声唤醒，我们就淹死。

=====

下面是汤永宽的译文：

J.阿尔弗雷德·普罗弗洛克的情歌

如果我认为我是在回答

一个可能回到世间去的人的问题，

那么这火焰就将停止闪烁，

人说从未有谁能活着离开这里，

如果我听到的这话不假，

那我不怕遗臭万年来回答你。

那么就让咱们去吧，我和你，



趁黄昏正铺展在天际

像一个上了麻醉的病人躺在手术台上；

让咱们去吧，穿过几条行人稀少的大街小巷，

到那临时过夜的廉价小客店

到满地是锯屑和牡蛎壳的饭店

那夜夜纷扰

人声嘈杂的去处：

街巷接着街巷像一场用心诡诈冗长乏味的辩论

要把你引向一个令人困惑的问题……

“那是什么？”哦，你别问，

让咱们去作一次访问。

房间里的女人们来往穿梭

谈论着米凯朗琪罗。

黄色的雾在窗玻璃上蹭着它的背，

黄色的烟在窗玻璃上擦着鼻子和嘴，

把舌头舔进黄昏的各个角落，

在阴沟里的水塘上面流连，

让烟囱里飘落的烟窠跌个仰面朝天，

悄悄溜过平台，猛地一跳，

眼见这是个温柔的十月之夜，

围着房子绕了一圈便沉入了睡乡。

准会有足够的时间

让黄色的烟雾溜过大街

在窗玻璃上蹭它的背脊；

准会有时间，准会有时间

准备好一副面孔去会见你要会见的那些面孔；

会有时间去干谋杀和创造，

也会有时间去让那些在你的盘子里

拿起或放上一个疑问的庄稼汉干活和过节；

有你的时间，也有我的时间，

还有让你犹豫不决一百次的时间，

一百次想入非非又作出修正的时间，

在你吃一片烤面包和喝茶之前。

房间里的女人们来往穿梭

谈论着米凯朗琪罗

准会有时间

让你怀疑，“我敢吗？”“我敢吗？”

会有时间掉转身子走下楼去，

带着我头发中央那块秃斑——

（他们准会说：“瞧他的头发变得多稀！”）

我的大礼服，我的硬领紧紧地顶着我的下巴，

我的领带又贵重又朴素，但只凭一根简朴的别针表明它的存在----

（他们准会说：“可是他的胳膊和大腿多细！”）

我敢惊扰

这个世界吗？

一分钟里有足够的时间

作出一分钟就会变更的决定和修正。

因为我对它们这一切早已熟悉，熟悉它们这一切——

熟悉这些黄昏，晨朝和午后，  
我用咖啡勺把我的生命作了分配；  
我知道从远远的那个房间传来的音乐下面  
人语声随着那渐渐消沉的节奏正渐趋消寂。  
所以我还该怎样猜测？

我早已领教过那些眼睛，领教过所有那些眼睛——  
那些说一句客套话盯着你看的眼睛，  
等我被客套制住了，在墙上挣扎扭动，  
那我该怎样开始  
把我的日子和习惯的残余一古脑儿吐个干净？  
我还该怎样猜测？

我早已熟悉那些臂膀，熟悉它们一切——  
那戴着手镯的臂膀，赤裸而白皙  
（可是在灯光下，长满了层浅棕色的软毛！）  
是衣衫上飘来的芳香  
弄得我这样离题万里？  
那些搁在桌边，或者裹着围巾的臂膀。  
我还该怎样猜测？  
我又该怎样开始？

.....

要我说，在黄昏时分我已走遍了小街狭巷  
也观看了那些穿着衬衫在窗口探出身子的孤独的男人  
从他们的烟斗里冒出的烟？.....

我真该变成一副粗厉的爪子

急匆匆穿过静寂的海底。

.....

而且这午后，这黄昏，睡得多安静！

让修长的手指抚慰着，

睡熟了.....倦极了.....或者是在装病，

张开身子躺在地板上，在这儿，在你和我身边。

喝过茶，吃过糕点和冰淇淋，难道我就会

有力气把这瞬间推向一个转折点

尽管我哭过了也斋戒过了，哭过了也祈祷过了，

尽管我已经看见我的头颅（稍微有点秃了）给放在盘子里端了进来，

我可不是先知——这一点在这儿无关紧要；

我已经看到我的伟大的时刻在忽隐忽现地闪烁，

我也看到了那永恒的男仆拿着我的上衣在暗暗窃笑，

总之一句话，我害怕。

那么到底值不值得，

喝过了酒，吃过了果酱和茶以后，

在杯盘之间，在人们对你和我的闲聊之间，

值不值得带着微笑

把这件事就此一口啃掉，

把这世界捏成一个球

然后把它滚向一个使人窘困的问题，

说：“我是拉撒路，从死去的人们那儿来，

我回来告诉你们一切，我要告诉你们一切。”——

要是有人，她一面把枕头往头边一塞，

却说：“那压根儿不是我的意思。

不是那个意思，压根儿不是。”

到底值不值得这样，

值不值得为此破费功夫，

经过多少次日落，多少个庭园和多少微雨迷蒙的大街小巷，

经过多少部小说，多少只茶杯和多少条裙裾曳过地板以后——

还要来这一套，还有那么多吗？ ----

要说出我真想说的意思根本不可能！

可是仿佛有一盏幻灯把神经变成图案投射在屏幕上；

这值不值得破费功夫

如果有人，放上一只枕头或者甩下一条头巾，

一面向窗子转过身去，却说：

“那压根儿不是，

那压根儿不是我的意思。”

.....

不！我不是哈姆雷特王子，也不想成为王子；

我是侍从大臣，一个适合给帝王公侯出游

炫耀威风的人，发一两次脾气，

向王子提点忠告；毫无疑问，是个随和的爪牙，

恭顺谦虚，以对别人有用而感到高兴，

精明，细心而又慎微谨小；

满脑子高超的判断，只是稍微有些迟钝；

有时，的确，近乎荒唐可笑——

有时，差不多是个丑角。

我老啦……我老啦……

我要穿裤腿卷上翻边的裤子。

要不要把我的头发在后脑分开？我敢吃下一只桃子吗？

我要穿上白法兰绒的长裤，在海滨散步。

我听到美人鱼在歌唱，一个对着一个唱。

我可不想她们会对我歌唱。

我看见她们乘着波浪向大海驰去

一面梳理着风中向后纷披的波浪的白发

当大风乍起把海水吹成黑白相间的时候。

我们因海底的姑娘而逗留在大海的闺房

她们戴着红的和棕色的海草编成的花环

直到人类的声音把我们唤醒，我们便溺水而亡。

## 23 诗文简介

《I loved you》(Я вас любил А.С. Пушкин)是[普希金](#)的一首[爱情诗](#)，中文意思为：我曾经爱过你。普希金的这首著名爱情诗不但被译成中文受到中国读者的喜爱，也被谱成歌曲，经歌唱家的演唱而更是广



为流传，[俄罗斯](#)著名浪漫抒情歌曲歌唱家[奥列格·波古金](#)就曾演唱过普希金的这首诗。这首诗是献给安娜·阿列克谢耶夫娜·奥列尼娜（1808-1888）的。[奥列尼娜](#)（乳名安涅塔）是美术学院院长、彼得堡公共图书馆馆长、考古学家奥列宁的千金小姐。奥列尼娜生活在著名学者家中，受到文学艺术的熏陶，文化素质较高，同时又颇具魅力，相当活泼，惹人喜爱。奥列尼娜和普希金接触之后，她曾表白说：普希金是“当时她所见到的最有趣的人”，普希金对她也充满了情意。他们一起在沙龙见面，在郊外同游，在彼得堡[夏园](#)幽会。1828年夏天，普希金很想和奥列尼娜结为夫妻，但却遭到了她的父亲的拒绝。普希金遭到拒绝后，很快就离开了[彼得堡](#)。后来，普希金与奥列尼娜一家关系大大疏远了，其中很重要的原因是她的父亲越来越靠近[沙皇](#)，而且这位要人对社会上流传的普希金的讽刺短诗极为不满。据奥列尼娜的孙女说：1833年普希金在《我曾爱过你》这首原来写在她的祖母纪念册上的诗的下边，用法文加了一句话：“这是很久以前的事情了”。普希金1828年的爱情诗《[她的眼睛](#)》、《你和您》、《美人儿啊，不要在我面前唱起》、《豪华的京城，可怜的京城》、《唉，爱情的絮絮谈心》……都是由奥列尼娜引发出来的。

## [编辑本段](#)诗文内容

### 《I loved you》中文

我曾爱过你；即使现在我可以承认，  
我那爱情的火焰里余烬未熄；  
然而不要再让它给你造成痛苦，  
我不想再让你心伤。  
我因毫无希望而默默无语地深爱过你，  
忍受着那人尽皆知的嫉妒和怯懦所带来的痛；  
我爱过你，如此温柔，如此真挚，  
望上帝能再赐你一份如此的爱。

### 《I loved you》俄文

Я вас любил А.С. Пушкин  
Я вас любил: любовь еще, быть может,  
В душе моей угасла не совсем;

Но пусть она вас больше не тревожит;  
Я не хочу печалить вас ничем.  
Я вас любил безмолвно, безнадежно,  
То робостью, то ревностью томим;  
Я вас любил так искренно, так нежно,  
Как дай вам бог любимой быть другим

### 《I loved you》英文

I loved you; Even now I may confess  
Some embers of my love their fire retain  
But do not let it cause you more distress  
I do not want to sadden you again  
Hopeless and tongue-tied, yet I loved you dearly  
With pangs the jealous and the timid know  
So tenderly I loved you, so sincerely  
I pray god grant another love you so

### [编辑本段](#) 诗文赏析

这首美丽的诗，生动地描绘了一个青年人对一个姑娘至深的爱恋，他爱得如此温柔、真挚且专一，尽管姑娘有可能并不知道他在爱着她，也可能姑娘早已另有所爱。青年人只能“默默无语地，毫无指望地”爱着她，宁愿忍受羞怯和嫉妒的折磨，也不愿意去打扰她或者使她悲伤，他还祈求上帝保佑她，愿姑娘能得到另一个和他一样爱她的心上人。在诗中，诗人把青年人一往情深的爱情和男子汉的坚强自制刻画得淋漓尽致，充满了感人的艺术魅力。

## 24 If You Forget Me

By Pablo Neruda

作者: 帕布罗·聂鲁达

I want you to know one thing

希望你知道

You know how this is

这是我的想法

If I look at the crystal moon at the red branch of the slow autumn at my window

当我凭窗凝望姗姗而来的秋日红枝上的明月

If I touch near the fire the impalpable ash or the wrinkled body of the log

当我轻触火堆旁似有似无的尘烬或是褶皱层层の木柴



Everything carries me to you

我的心儿就会飞向你

As if everything that exists

似乎一切都有了

Aromas, light, medals,

芬芳，光明和荣誉

Or little boats that sail toward

就像小舟荡向岛屿

those isles of yours that wait for me

那里，你等候着我

Well now. If little by little

然而，假若

You stop loving me

你对我的爱情淡去

I shall stop loving you

我的爱火也会

Little by little.

渐渐熄灭。

If suddenly you forget me

如果瞬间你忘了我

Do not look for me

别来找我

For I shall already have forgotten you.

因为我早已把你忘怀。

If you think it long and mad

我生命中

the wind of banners that passes through my life

过往的猎猎疾风如果你嫌弃它过于悠长，疯狂

And you decide to leave me at the shore of the heart where I have roots

而决意离我而去在我爱情所深埋的心之岸

Remember, that on that day, at that hour,

记住，彼时彼刻，

I shall lift my arms And my roots will set off to seek another land.

我将举起双臂摇断爱的根脉憩于他方。

But, if each day, each hour,

但是，如果每时每刻

You feel that you are destined for me

如果你也感觉到你是我的真命天子

with implacable sweetness  
能共享奇妙的甜蜜  
If each day a flower climbs  
如果你迎向我的红唇  
up to your lips to seek me,  
每天绽若鲜花  
Ah my love, ah my own,  
啊，我的爱人，我心里  
in me all that fire is repeated,  
所有的爱火将再度燃起，  
In me nothing is extinguished or forgotten  
永不会消失，永不被忘记  
My love feeds on your love, beloved,  
我情因你爱而生，爱人啊  
And as long as you live,  
情长今生  
it will be in your arms without leaving mine.  
不离你我臂弯。

## 25 Song to Celia

----Ben Jonson

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's Nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee  
As giving it a hope, that thee,  
It could not withered be.  
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

26

26    **A Blooming Tree**

May Buddha let us meet  
in my most beautiful hours,  
I have prayed for it  
for five hundred years.

Buddha made me a tree  
by the path you may take,  
In full blossoms I'm waiting in the sun  
every flower carrying my previous hope.

As you are near, listen carefully  
the quivering leaves are my waiting zeal,  
As you pass by the tree  
without noticing me,  
My friend, upon the ground behind you  
is not the fallen petals but my withered heart.

一棵开花的树  
席慕容  
如何让你遇见我  
在我最美丽的时刻  
为这我已在佛前求了五百年  
求佛让我们结一段尘缘  
佛於是把我化做一棵树

长在你必经的路旁  
阳光下，慎重地开满了花  
朵朵都是我前世的盼望  
当你走近，请你细听，那颤抖的叶  
是我等待的热情  
而当你终于无视地走过  
在你身后落了一地的  
朋友啊，  
那不是花瓣  
那是我凋零的心

## 27 27 love at first sight

they're both convinced  
that a sudden passion joined them.  
such certainty is more beautiful,  
but uncertainty is more beautiful still.  
since they'd never met before, they're sure  
that there'd been nothing between them.  
but what's the word from the streets, staircases, hallways--  
perhaps they've passed by each other a million times?  
i want to ask them  
if they don't remember--  
a moment face to face  
in some revolving door?  
perhaps a "sorry" muttered in a crowd?  
a curt "wrong number" caught in the receiver?--  
but i know the answer.  
no, they don't remember.  
they'd be amazed to hear  
that chance has been toying with them  
now for years.  
not quite ready yet  
to become their destiny,  
it pushed them close, drove them apart,  
it barred their path,  
stifling a laugh,  
and then leaped aside.  
there were signs and signals,  
even if they couldn't read them yet.  
perhaps three years ago  
or just last tuesday  
a certain leaf fluttered  
from one shoulder to another?  
something was dropped and then picked up.

who knows, maybe the ball that vanished  
into childhood's thicket?  
there were doorknobs and doorbells  
where one touch had covered another  
beforehand.  
suitcases checked and standing side by side.  
one night. perhaps, the same dream,  
grown hazy by morning.  
every beginning  
is only a sequel, after all,  
and the book of events  
is always open halfway through.

一见钟情  
他们彼此深信  
是瞬间迸发的热情让他们相遇  
这样的确定是美丽的  
但变幻无常更为美丽

他们素未谋面  
所以他们确定彼此并无任何瓜葛  
但是自街道、楼梯、大堂  
传来的话语.....  
他们也许擦肩而过 100 万次了吧

我想问他们是否记得  
在旋转门面对面那一刹  
或是在人群中喃喃道出的对不起  
或是在电话的另一端道出的打错了  
但是我早知道答案  
是的  
他们并不记得

他们会很讶异  
原来缘分已经戏弄他们多年  
时机尚未成熟  
变成他们的命运  
缘分  
将他们推进  
距离  
阻挡他们的去路  
忍住笑声

然后闪到一旁

有一些迹象和信号存在  
即使他们尚无法解读  
也许在三年前  
或者就在上个星期二  
有某片叶子飘舞于  
肩与肩之间？

有东西掉了又捡了起来？  
天晓得，也许是那个  
消失于童年灌木丛中的球？  
还有事前已被触摸  
层层覆盖的  
门把和门铃

检查完毕后并排放置的手提箱  
有一晚，也许同样的梦，  
到了早晨变得模糊。

每个开始  
毕竟都只是续篇，  
而充满情节的书本  
总是从一半开始看起

28

Proud Maisie is in the wood,  
Walking so early;  
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
Singing so rarely.

“tell me ,thou bonny bird,  
when shall I marry me?”  
— “when six braw gentlemen  
kirkward shall carry ye.”

“who makes the bridal bed,  
birdie, say truly?”  
– “The gray-headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly.

“The glowworm o’ er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady;  
The owl from the steeple sing,  
Welcome, proud lady.”

### 青春的骄傲

骄傲的梅西漫步林间，  
踩着晨曦；  
伶俐的知更鸟栖息树丛，  
唱得甜蜜。

“告诉我，美丽的鸟儿，  
我哪年哪月穿嫁装？”——  
“等到六个殡葬人  
抬你上教堂。”

“谁为我铺新床？  
好鸟儿，莫撒谎。”——  
“白发司事，兼挖墓穴，  
误不了你的洞房。”

“萤火虫幽幽闪闪，  
把你的坟墓照亮，送葬，  
猫头鹰将在塔尖高唱：  
欢迎你，骄傲的姑娘。”

29. "ELEGY WRITTEN IN  
A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD"

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.



The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share,

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:-  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,

Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, --

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high.  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;  
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,-  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,  
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

By Thomas Gray (1716-71).

30 .Ode on a Grecian Urn 希腊古瓮颂(John Keats) 2007-04-15 15:16:31| 分类: 英美文学 | 标签: 文学研究 | 字号大中小 订阅 .

### Ode on a Grecian Urn

#### I.

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

#### II.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal - yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

#### III.

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
For ever panting, and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

#### IV.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or sea shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

#### V.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
?Beauty is truth, truth beauty,?- that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

## 译诗欣赏[编辑本段回目录](#)

### 希腊古瓮颂

查良铮 译

你委身“寂静”的、完美的处子，

受过了“沉默”和“悠久”的抚育，  
呵，田园的史家，你竟能铺叙  
一个如花的故事，比诗还瑰丽：  
在你的形体上，岂非缭绕着  
古老的传说，以绿叶为其边缘；  
讲着人，或神，敦陂或阿卡狄？  
呵，是怎样的人，或神！在舞乐前  
多热烈的追求！少女怎样地逃避！  
怎样的风笛和鼓谣！怎样的狂喜！  
听见的乐声虽好，但若听不见  
却更美；所以，吹吧，柔情的风笛；  
不是奏给耳朵听，而是更甜，  
它给灵魂奏出无声的乐曲；  
树下的美少年呵，你无法中断  
你的歌，那树木也落不了叶子；  
卤莽的恋人，你永远、永远吻不上，  
虽然够接近了--但不必心酸；  
她不会老，虽然你不能如愿以偿，  
你将永远爱下去，她也永远秀丽！  
呵，幸福的树木！你的枝叶  
不会剥落，从不曾离开春天；  
幸福的吹笛人也不会停歇，  
他的歌曲永远是那么新鲜；  
呵，更为幸福的、幸福的爱！  
永远热烈，正等待情人宴飧，  
永远热情地心跳，永远年轻；

幸福的是这一切超凡的情态：  
它不会使心灵餍足和悲伤，  
没有炽热的头脑，焦渴的嘴唇。  
这些人是谁呵，都去赶祭祀？  
这作牺牲的小牛，对天鸣叫，  
你要牵它到哪儿，神秘的祭司？  
花环缀满着它光滑的身腰。  
是从哪个傍河傍海的小镇，  
或哪个静静的堡寨山村，  
来了这些人，在这敬神的清早？  
呵，小镇，你的街道永远恬静；  
再也不可能回来一个灵魂  
告诉人你何以是这么寂寥。



哦，希腊的形状！唯美的观照！  
上面缀有石雕的男人和女人，  
还有林木，和践踏过的青草；  
沉默的形体呵，你象是“永恒”

使人超越思想：呵，冰冷的牧歌！

等暮年使这一世代都凋落，

只有你如旧；在另外的一些

忧伤中，你会抚慰后人说：

“美即是真，真即是美，”这就包括

你们所知道、和该知道的一切。

## 诗歌赏析[编辑本段回目录](#)

美是济慈的毕生追求，《希腊古瓮颂》是诗人对美的颂歌。诗歌通过诗人对古瓮观感以及与古瓮的对话，得出了“美即是真，真即是美”的结论。济慈的这句名言向来颇有争议，很值得我们思考。在这首诗中，古瓮之美不仅仅在于“优美”和“美妙”：三幅画面中既有人/神狂欢和少年求爱的美好画面，也有小镇倾城献祭的凄凉街景。诗中的美是艺术之美。作为艺术品，这首诗和古瓮是美的，这美源自有悲也有乐的生活，这便是真。生活的本真是艺术美的源泉，艺术之美则使生活的本真得以永存。这句话也可看作诗人一生的写照。济慈出生寒微，在创作过程中不断受到死亡的威胁，但他以短暂的生命创作出大批具有强烈美感的名篇佳作。他的艺术成就是他在生活之真中追求美的结果，他所创造出来的艺术美则使他的一生不朽于世。

31Kubla Khan

Samuel Taylor Coleridge  
OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.  
A FRAGMENT.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
驾临上都…忽必烈称大可汗  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
长乐穹宫…其堂皇溢于敕言：  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
宫畔漠漠…倾流圣阿尔浮之河  
Through caverns measureless to man  
潜入巨穴…其深深非人子所能觐  
Down to a sunless sea.  
坠彼晦海…无天日而阙照  
So twice five miles of fertile ground



五里复五里…溉绵延之息壤

With walls and towers were girdled round:

群塔列环…迂高墙而带疆:

And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills

此谓昶园…兼美曲水之幽长

Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;

报花有丛…树每盛其芬芳,

And here were forests ancient as the hills,

负郁广林…岁丘山之高古

Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

环拥青坪…处当阳而平坦

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted

诧彼诡穴…斜万年而不倾

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!

裂缺而下…开松云于长坡

A savage place! as holy and enchanted

地何洪荒! …既威且玄

As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted

照此无境…月优游而常残

By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

嫠妇孤泣…恨薄爱之情魔

And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,

于深穴之深, …喧无尽之扰攘

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,

如地息之将窒…于冗裹之厚重

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced;

子豪泉之强出…慑顷刻之不息

Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst

迭水嶂之层起…乱纷纷为兆亿

Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,

裂碎云之腾空…忽落雹以击石

Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:

似新壳之粟粒…着农枷之挞斥

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever

出没沉浮…舞乱石于万纪

It flung up momentarily the sacred river.

时时为刻…扬圣河之永续

Five miles meandering with a mazy motion

五里徘徊…波折流转

Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,

润谷滋林…圣河之巡

Then reached the caverns measureless to man,

趋彼巨罅…叵测于群

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:

轰然入寂…终归无生之深澜  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
处之喧嚣…忽必烈圣聪听远  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!  
太祖洪音…预言战端…!  
The shadow of the dome of pleasure,  
长乐此宫…其倩影何婆娑  
Floated midway on the waves:  
浮光掠影…映中游之涟漪  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
处静以听…摄混响之回波  
From the fountain and the caves.  
来诸泉啸…与洞鸣而音齐  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
更有奇思…堪称绝想  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!  
乐宫当阳…下有寒室冰藏  
A damsel with a dulcimer

青娥缦过…梨琴随将  
In a vision once I saw:  
吾曾一瞥…竟成存望  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
女来异域…遥曰阿比西尼亚  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
抚彼长琴…何曲为佳  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
伊言往事…乐登高之于阿博拉  
Could I revive within me  
比能重温…彼心曲出我怀  
Her symphony and song,  
为乐其雅…为歌其风  
To such a deep delight 't would win me  
陷此极乐…人岂能自胜  
That with music loud and long,  
和此天音…高逸而长飞  
I would build that dome in air,  
我将重建…此高穹于虚空之上……  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
彼当阳之穹顶!…彼寒室之冰霜  
And all who heard should see them there,  
夫聆乐之人…必皆得仰望  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
群来欢呼, …慎敬!慎敬!

His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
何比目之凌光，…散发而飘扬!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
众当拥戴…恭维三匝于周遭  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
闭目以听…诚恐诚惶  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
彼曾啜得…罍蜂之甘露  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.  
更饮仙醪…汲天河于滥觞!

## 32 After Apple-Picking [发表评论\(0\)](#) [编辑](#) [词条](#)

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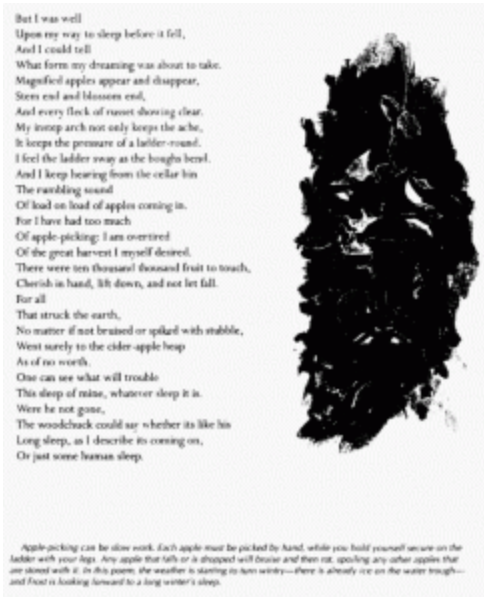
**After Apple-Picking**

**by Robert Frost**



My long two-pointed ladder' s sticking through a tree  
Toward heaven still,  
And there' s a barrel that I didn' t fill  
Beside it, and there may be two or three  
Apples I didn' t pick upon some bough.  
But I am done with apple-picking now.

Essence of winter sleep is on the night,  
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.  
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight  
I got from looking through a pane of glass  
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough  
And held against the world of hoary grass.  
It melted, and I let it fall and break.  
But I was well  
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,  
And I could tell  
What form my dreaming was about to take.  
Magnified apples appear and disappear,  
Stem end and blossom end,  
And every fleck of russet showing clear.  
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,  
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.  
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.  
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin  
The rumbling sound  
Of load on load of apples coming in.  
For I have had too much  
Of apple-picking: I am overtired  
Of the great harvest I myself desired.  
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,  
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.



For all  
That struck the earth,  
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,  
Went surely to the cider-apple heap  
As of no worth.  
One can see what will trouble  
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.  
Were he not gone,  
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his  
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,  
Or just some human sleep.

## 译诗欣赏[编辑本段回目录](#)

### 摘苹果之后

王道余 译

我那长长的双柱梯子穿过一棵树  
还在指向天堂，  
有一只桶就在一旁  
我还没有装满；而在树枝某处，  
也许还有没摘的两三个苹果。  
但摘苹果这活儿算告一段落。  
夜晚已经弥漫着冬眠的气息，  
苹果的香味：我正在昏昏欲睡。

我今天早上从饮水槽里捞起  
一大块的玻璃。透过这块东西  
我把这草枯霜冻的世界琢磨；  
我视线里是挥之不去的怪异。  
冰化了，我让它掉下、摔在地上。  
但我其实  
在它掉下之前就已渐有睡意，  
我也明知  
我的梦境会是什么样的形状。  
巨大苹果，这边浮现，那边淡出，  
有蒂的一端，有花的一端，  
每个红褐色的斑点都很清楚。  
我的脚弓不仅还残留着痛伤，  
它也残留着梯子横杠的挤压。  
树枝一弯，我能感到梯子一偏。  
我还不断听到地窖里有声音  
轰轰作响  
那是一筐一筐的苹果在送进。  
因为我摘苹果  
已经摘得太多：我已累得太过  
因自己曾经期望的巨大收获。  
有十万万只水果需要我去摸  
手里小心握，扯落，但不能松掉。



只要  
砸到地皮，  
不管是否碰伤，不管是否刺破，  
肯定要归到用来造酒的那堆，  
似乎一钱不值。  
谁都能看出这次睡眠，我

会有什么麻烦，无论它是哪种睡眠。

如果他还在，

土拨鼠能说出这会不会有点

像他的长眠，如上所述般袭来，

抑或只是人的安睡？

33

### **Death Be Not Proud**

**John Donne**

**Death be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for; thou art not soe,  
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.  
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures bee,  
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee do goe,  
Rest of their bones, and soul's deliverie.  
Thou art slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poyson, war, and sickness dwell,  
And poppie, or charms can make us sleep as well,  
And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.**

34 Old Black Joe 老黑奴

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;  
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;  
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,  
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".  
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low.  
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".  
Where are the hearts once so happy and so free.  
The children so dear that I held up on my knee?  
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go.  
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".  
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low.  
I hear those gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".

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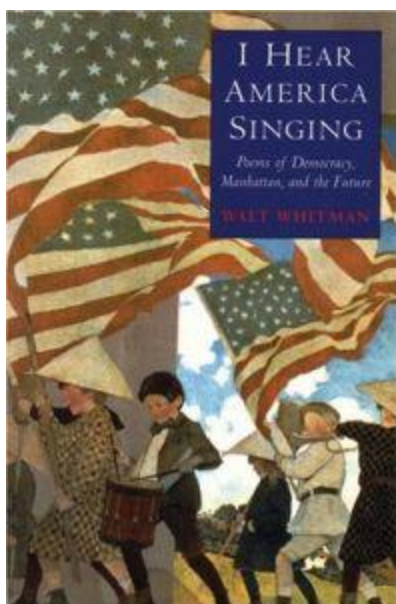
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**I Hear America singing**

**by Walt Whitman**



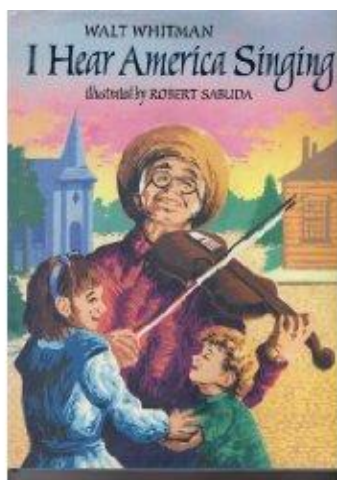


I Hear America singing, the varied carols I hear;  
Those of mechanics--each one singing his, as it should be, blithe and strong;  
The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank or beam,  
The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work;  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat--the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck;  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench--the hatter singing as he stands;  
The wood-cutter's song--the ploughboy's, on his way in the morning, or at the noon intermission, or at sundown;  
The delicious singing of the mother--or of the young wife at work--or of the girl sewing or washing--Each singing what belongs to her, and to none else;  
The day what belongs to the day--At night, the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing, with open mouths, their strong melodious songs.

## 译诗欣赏[回目录](#)

我听见美洲在歌唱

李野光 译



我听见美洲在歌唱，我听见各种不同的颂歌，  
机器匠在歌唱着，他们每人歌唱着他的愉快而强健的歌，  
木匠在歌唱着，一边比量着他的木板或梁木，  
泥瓦匠在歌唱着，当他准备工作或停止工作的时候，  
船家歌唱着他船里所有的一切，水手在汽艇的甲板上歌唱着，  
鞋匠坐在他的工作凳上歌唱，帽匠歌唱着，站在那里工作，  
伐木者、犁田青年们歌唱着，当他们每天早晨走在路上，或者午间歇息，  
或到了日落的时候，  
我更听到母亲的美妙的歌，正在操作的年轻的妻子们的或缝衣或洗衣的  
女孩子们的歌，  
每人歌唱属于他或她而不是属于任何别人的一切，  
白昼歌唱白昼所有的，晚间，强壮而友爱的青年们的集会，  
张嘴唱着他们的强健而和谐的歌。

### 36 Sadness of August

In a yellow pond there are white ducks swimming.  
Only a little taller than people, sorghums are still green.  
Where should I put, in this pounding heart,  
A narrow path in the field, this sadness in August.

Rain washed the sky clean last night, sun shines  
On hills and leaves some shadows,  
Sheep follow the shepherd into the village,  
And shading a well, a big tree looks like a heart.

No one ever spoke of August, summer is over  
And fall isn't here. I look onto a farmland

And then at the squashes over the earth wall,  
I just don't understand how life and dream connect.  
八月的忧愁

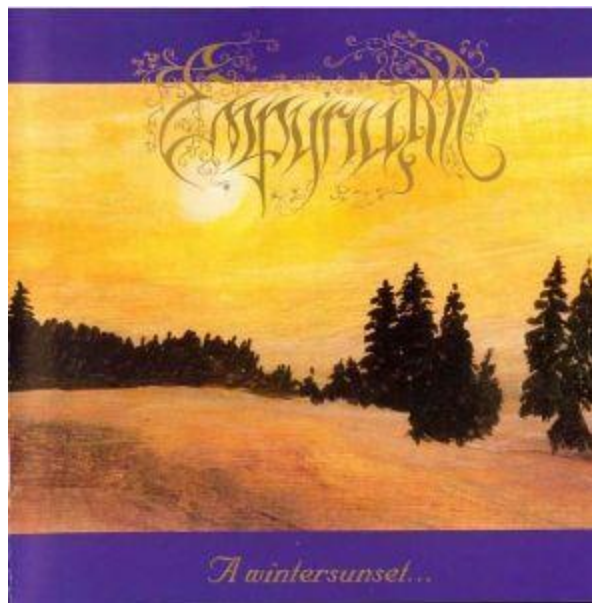
黄水塘里游着白鸭，  
高粱梗油青的刚高过头，  
这跳动的心怎样安插，  
田里一窄条路，八月里这忧愁？

天是昨夜雨洗过的，山岗  
照着太阳又留一片影；  
羊跟着放羊的转进村庄，  
一大棵树荫下罩着井，又像是心！

从没有人说过八月什么话，  
夏天过去了，也不到秋天。  
但我望着田垄，土墙上的瓜，  
仍不明白生活同梦怎样的连牵。

### 37 Sun of the Sleepless

by George Gordon Byron



Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!  
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,  
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,  
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!

So gleams the past, the light of other days,  
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;

Anight-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,  
Distinct but distant -- clear -- but, oh how cold!

译诗欣赏[编辑本段回目录](#)

失眠人的太阳

乔治·戈登·拜伦



呵，失眠人的太阳！忧郁的星！

有如泪珠，你射来颤抖的光明

只不过显现你逐不开的幽暗，

你多么象欢乐追忆在心坎！

“过去”，那往日的明辉也在闪烁，

但它微弱的光却没有一丝热；

“忧伤”尽在了望黑夜的一线光明，

它清晰，却遥远；灿烂，但多么寒冷！

38 wu

39 wu

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## Hope [发表评论\(0\)](#) [编辑词条](#)

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原诗欣赏[编辑本段回目录](#)

## Hope

by Emily Bronte



Hope was but a timid friend;  
She sat without the grated den,  
Watching how my fate would tend,  
Even as selfish-hearted men.

She was cruel in her fear;  
Through the bars one weary day,  
I looked out to see her there,  
And she turned her face away!

Like a false guard, false watch keeping,  
Still in strife, she whispered peace;  
She would sing while I was weeping,  
If I listened, she would cease.

False she was, and unrelenting;  
When my last joys strewed the ground,  
Even Sorrow saw, repenting,  
Those sad relics scattered round;

Hope, whose whisper would have given  
Balm to all my frenzied pain,  
Stretched her wings, and soared to heaven,  
Went, and ne'er returned again!

## 译诗欣赏[编辑本段回目录](#)

### 希望

艾米莉·勃朗特



希望只是个羞怯的友伴——  
她坐在我的囚牢之外，  
以自私者的冷眼旁观  
观察我的命运的好歹。

她因胆怯而如此冷酷。  
郁闷的一天，我透过铁栏，  
想看到我的希望的面目，  
却见她立即背转了脸！

像一个假看守在假意监视，  
一面敌对一面又暗示和平；  
当我哀泣时她吟唱歌词，  
当我静听她却噤口无声。

她心如铁石而且虚假。  
当我最后的欢乐落英遍地，  
见此悲惨的遗物四处抛撒  
就连“哀愁”也遗憾不已；

而希望，她本来能悄悄耳语  
为痛苦欲狂者搽膏止痛，——

却伸展双翼向天堂飞去，  
一去不回，从此不见影踪。

41 Down by the salley gardens

by William Butler Yeats

走进莎莉花园

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;

在莎莉花园深处，吾爱与我曾经相遇。

She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.

她穿越莎莉花园，以雪白的小脚。

She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;

她嘱咐我要爱得轻松，当新叶在枝桠萌芽。

But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

但我当年年幼无知，不予轻率苟同。

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,

在河边的田野，吾爱与我曾经驻足。

And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.

她依靠在我的肩膀，以雪白的小手。

She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;

她嘱咐我要活得轻松，当青草在堤岸滋长。

But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

但我当年年幼无知，而今热泪盈眶。

## [编辑本段回目录](#)

Down by the Salley Garden，是叶芝早年的诗作。他的早年诗歌韵律优美，感情细腻，辞藻华丽，象征意味浓郁，明显受到英国浪漫主义和法国象征主义诗歌的影响。叶芝曾为此诗作过下列注解：“这首诗是根据斯莱戈县巴利索戴尔村里一个经常独自吟唱的老农妇记不完整的三行旧歌词改写而成的”。这首诗有以下几个特点。






首先，这首诗象民歌那样语言质朴，可咏性强。从整个诗来看，诗人使用的词全部是单音节和双音节的常用词。只有“salley”也许不那么常见，但是，这个词却又对诗在感情的表达有着重要意义。柳树从原型意义来讲与悲伤的情绪有联系，在风雨中纤细的柳枝摇摆不定，这恰恰与人们在悲伤的风雨中无助的境况相似。另外，诗中使用重复的手法来烘托的主题：失落的爱。这种重复不仅是词语的重复（如 young and foolish），而且是句式的重复。第二节与第一节的句法大致相同。明显不同的地方，则出现在每节的结尾，以此来表现自己未能接受情人的劝告而悔恨万分。

其次，这首诗在时态的运用上也有独特之处。全诗除了最后半行用现在时态以外都是过去时态。这说明过去对人们的现在具有十分重要的意义。在诗的最后，诗人用一般现在时是意味深长的。虽然对现在情况的描述只有五个词便嘎然而止，但是，由于诗人把这几个词放在全诗最突出的位置，所以给人以意犹未尽的感觉，读者可以通过几个词来感受“我”的广阔的心灵世界。

再次，这首诗貌似简单，但却向人们揭示了生活的哲理：对待爱情和生活，人们应当顺其自然，就象“绿叶长在树枝上”，“青草长在河堰上”。不然，会因为一时的“愚蠢”而遗憾终生。

此诗后经人谱曲成为一首同名歌曲。


## 42 Goodbye Again, Cambridge!

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做人的九大底线：可以忍受贫穷，不能背叛人格；可以追求财富，不能挥霍无度；可以发表歧见，不.....

09月01日 14:22 来自腾讯微博

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Goodbye Again, Cambridge!

I leave softly, gently,

Exactly as I came.

I wave to the western sky,

Telling it goodbye softly, gently.

The golden willow at the river edge

Is the setting sun's bride.

Her quivering reflection

Stays fixed in my mind.

Green grass on the bank

Dances on a watery floor

In bright reflection.

I wish myself a bit of waterweed

Vibrating to the ripple.

Of the River Cam.

That creek in the shade of the great elms

Is not a creek but a shattered rainbow,

Printed on the water

And inlaid with duckweed,

It is my lost dream.

Hunting a dream?

Wielding a long punting pole

I get my boat into green water,

Into still greener grass.

In a flood of starlight

On a river of silver and diamond

I sing to my heart's content.

But now, no, I cannot sing

With farewell in my heart.

Farewells must be quiet, mute,

Even the summer insects are silent,

Knowing I am leaving.

The Cambridge night is soundless.

I leave quietly

As I came quietly.

I am leaving

Without taking so much

As a piece of cloud.

But with a quick jerk of my sleeve

I wave goodbye.

44 诗歌:I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

时间:2008-9-24 22:04:30 来源:本站原创 编辑:maggie 免费每日英语课堂 | 测测英语水平如何 [网页划词已启用]

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Wordsworth was a defining member of the English Romantic Movement.  
华兹华斯是英国浪漫主义诗歌的代表人物之一。

Like other Romantics, Wordsworth's personality and poetry were deeply influenced by his love of nature, especially by the sights and scenes of the Lake Country, in which he spent most of his mature life.

对自然的热爱以及他大部分人生所度过的地方--湖区--的风光景色都对他的性格和作品有着深远的影响。

A profoundly earnest and sincere thinker, he displayed a high seriousness tempered with tenderness and a love of simplicity.  
他是一位真挚深刻的思想者，作品在严谨中充满纯真质朴与敏感。

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud  
我孤独地漫游，像一朵云

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
我孤独地漫游，像一朵云

That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
在山丘和谷地上飘荡，

When all at once I saw a crowd,  
忽然间我看见一群

A host, of golden daffodils;  
金色的水仙花迎春开放，

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
在树荫下，在湖水边，

Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  
迎着微风起舞翩翩。

Continuous as the stars that shine  
连绵不绝，如繁星灿烂，

And twinkle on the milky way,  
在银河里闪闪发光，

They stretched in never-ending line  
它们沿着湖湾的边缘

Along the margin of a bay:  
延伸成无穷无尽的一行；

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
我一眼看见了一万朵，

Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.  
在欢舞之中起伏颠簸。

The waves beside them danced;but they  
粼粼波光也在跳着舞，

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
水仙的欢欣却胜过水波；

A poet could not but be gay,  
与这样快活的伴侣为伍，

In such a jocund company:  
诗人怎能不满心欢乐！

I gazed--and gazed--but little thought  
我久久凝望，却想象不到

What wealth the show to me had brought:  
这奇景赋予我多少财宝，——

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
每当我躺在床上不眠，

In vacant or in pensive mood,  
或心神空茫，或默默沉思，

They flash upon that inward eye  
它们常在心灵中闪现，

Which is the bliss of solitude;  
那是孤独之中的福祉；

And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
于是我的心便涨满幸福，

And dances with the daffodils.  
和水仙一同翩翩起舞。

## 45 诗歌 Song of Nature

育龙网 WWW.CHINA-B.COM 2009 年 05 月 25 日 来源: 互联网

**育龙网核心提示:** by Ralph Waldo Emerson Mine are the night and morning,  
The pits of air, the gulf of space, The sportive sun, the gibbous

 by Ralph Waldo Emerson

Mine are the night and morning,

The pits of air, the gulf of space,

The sportive sun, the gibbous moon,

The innumerable days.

I hid in the solar glory,

I am dumb in the pealing song,

I rest on the pitch of the torrent,

In slumber I am strong.

No numbers have counted my tallies,

No tribes my house can fill,

I sit by the shining Fount of Life,  
  
And pour the deluge still;  
  
And ever by delicate powers  
  
Gathering along the centuries  
  
From race on race the rarest flowers,  
  
My wreath shall nothing miss.  
  
And many a thousand summers  
  
My apples ripened well,  
  
And light from meliorating stars  
  
With firmer glory fell.  
  
I wrote the past in characters  
  
Of rock and fire the scroll,  
  
The building in the coral sea,  
  
The planting of the coal.  
  
And thefts from satellites and rings  
  
And broken stars I drew,  
  
And out of spent and aged things  
  
I formed the world anew;  
  
What time the gods kept carnival,



Tricked out in star and flower,  
  
And in cramp elf and saurian forms  
  
They swathed their too much power.  
  
Time and Thought were my surveyors,  
  
They laid their courses well,  
  
They boiled the sea, and baked the layers  
  
Or granite, marl, and shell.  
  
But he, the man—child glorious, ——  
  
Where tarries he the while?  
  
The rainbow shines his harbinger,  
  
The sunset gleams his smile.  
  
My boreal lights leap upward,  
  
Forthright my planets roll,  
  
And still the man—child is not born,  
  
The summit of the whole.  
  
Must time and tide forever run?  
  
Will never my winds go sleep in the west?  
  
Will never my wheels which whirl the sun  
  
And satellites have rest?

Too much of donning and doffing,  
  
Too slow the rainbow fades,  
  
I weary of my robe of snow,  
  
My leaves and my cascades;  
  
I tire of globes and races,  
  
Too long the game is played;  
  
What without him is summer 's pomp,  
  
Or winter 's frozen shade?  
  
I travail in pain for him,  
  
My creatures travail and wait;  
  
His couriers come by squadrons,  
  
He comes not to the gate.  
  
Twice I have moulded an image,  
  
And thrice outstretched my hand,  
  
Made one of day, and one of night,  
  
And one of the salt sea—sand.  
  
One in a Judaeian manger,  
  
And one by Avon stream,  
  
One over against the mouths of Nile,

And one in the Academe.

I moulded kings and saviours,

And bards o'er kings to rule; —

But fell the starry influence short,

The cup was never full.

Yet whirl the glowing wheels once more,

And mix the bowl again;

Seethe, fate! the ancient elements,

Heat, cold, wet, dry, and peace, and pain.

Let war and trade and creeds and song

Blend, ripen race on race,

The sunburnt world a man shall breed

Of all the zones, and countless days.

No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,

My oldest force is good as new,

And the fresh rose on yonder thorn

Gives back the bending heavens in dew.



## 46 Night on the Prairies

NIGHT on the prairies,

The supper is over, the fire on the ground burns low,

The wearied emigrants sleep, wrapt in their blankets;

I walk by myself—I stand and look at the stars, which I think now never realized before.

Now I absorb immortality and peace,  
I admire death and test propositions.

How plenteous! how spiritual! how resume!

The same old man and soul—the same old aspirations, and the same content.

I was thinking the day most splendid till I saw what the not-day exhibited,

I was thinking this globe enough till there sprang out so noiseless around me myriads of other globes.

Now while the great thoughts of space and eternity fill me I will measure myself by them,

And now touch'd with the lives of other globes arrived as far along as those of the earth,

Or waiting to arrive, or pass'd on farther than those of the earth, I henceforth no more ignore them than I ignore my own life,

Or the lives of the earth arrived as far as mine, or waiting to arrive.

O I see now that life cannot exhibit all to me, as the day cannot, I see that I am to wait for what will be exhibited by death

## 47 A Lane in the Rain 雨巷

Alone holding an oil-paper umbrella,

I wander along a long

Solitary lane in the rain,

Hoping to encounter

A girl like a bouquet of lilacs

Gnawed by anxiety and resentment.

撑着油纸伞，独自

彷徨在悠长，悠长

又寂寥的雨巷，  
我希望逢着  
一个丁香一样的  
结着愁怨的姑娘。

A girl  
The color of lilacs,  
The fragrance of lilacs,  
The worries of lilacs,  
Feeling melancholy in the rain,  
Plaintive and hesitating.  
丁香一样的颜色，  
丁香一样的芬芳，  
丁香一样的忧愁，  
在雨中哀怨，  
哀怨又彷徨

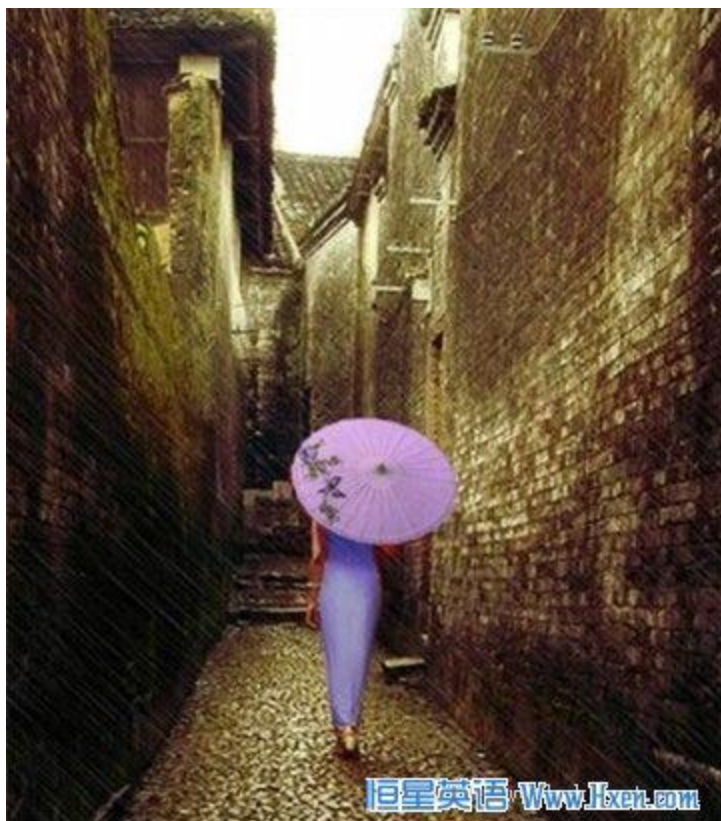
Silently she comes closer,  
Closer, giving me  
A glance like a sigh;  
Then she floats past  
Like a dream,  
Dreary and blank like a dream.  
她彷徨在这寂寥的雨巷，  
撑着油纸伞  
象我一样  
象我一样地  
默默行着，  
冷漠，凄凉，又惆怅。  
她默默地走进  
走进，又投出，  
太息一样的眼光，  
她飘过  
象梦一般地  
象梦一般地凄婉迷茫。

Like a lilac  
Floating past in a dream,  
the girl floats past me;  
Silently she goes further and further,  
To the crumbling wall,  
Out of the lane in the rain.  
象梦中飘过

一支丁香地，  
我身旁飘过这女郎；  
她静默地远了，远了，  
到了颓圮的篱墙，  
走尽这雨巷。

In the mournful melody of the rain,  
Her color has faded,  
Her fragrance has disappeared,  
Vanished into the void;  
Even her glance like a sigh,  
Melancholy like lilacs.  
在雨的哀曲中，  
消了她的颜色，  
散了她的芬芳，  
消散了，甚至她的  
太息般的眼光，  
丁香般的惆怅

Alone holding an oil-paper umbrella,  
I wander along a long  
Solitary lane in the rain,  
Hoping to pass  
A girl like a bouquet of lilacs  
Gnawed by anxiety and resentment.  
撑着油纸伞，独自  
彷徨在悠长，悠长  
又寂寥的雨巷，  
我希望飘过  
一个丁香一样的  
结着愁怨的姑娘



## 48 SPRING BEAUTIES

发布日期: 11-05-30 08:48 文章来源: 互联网

Ruth Stone

The abandoned campus,  
empty brick buildings and early june,  
when you came to visit me;  
crossing the states midway;  
the straggled belts of little roads,  
hitchhiking with your portable type writer.  
the campus, an academy of trees,

under which some hand, the wind's I guess  
han scattered/散播/ the pale light  
of thousands of **spring** **beauties**  
petals stained with pink veins;  
secret blooming for themselves  
we sat among them  
your long fingers , thin body  
and long bones of improbable genius  
some scattered gene as kafka must have had  
you deep voice , this passing dust of miracles/奇迹/  
That simple that was myself half conscious  
as though each moment was a page.  
where words appeared, the bent hammer of the type  
struck against the moving bibbon.  
The light air, the restless leaves.  
the ripple/涟漪/ of time warped by our longing.  
there, as if we were painted,  
by some unknow impressionist/印象主义/.

49 wu

50 wu

51 Snow adopted after the tune of Chin Yuan Chun

North country scene:

A hundred leagues locked in ice,

A thousand leagues of whirling snow.

Both side of the Great Wall

One single white immensity.



The Yellow River's swift current  
Is stilled from end to end.  
The mountains dance silver snakes  
And the highland charge like wax-hued elephants.  
Vying with heaven in stature.  
On a fine day, the land,  
Clad in white, adorned in red,  
Crows more enchanting.

This land so rich in beauty  
Has made countless heroes bow in homage.  
But the monarches,such as Qin Shihuang and Han Wudi,  
Were lacking in literary grace,  
The emperors ,likeTang Taizong and Song Taizu,  
Had little poetry in their souls;  
That proud son of Heaven,  
Genghis Khan,  
Knew only shooting eagles with bow outstretched.  
All those are past and gone!  
For truly great men  
Look to this age alone.

by Mao Zedong in February 1936.

52 I never saw a moor

I never saw a Moor--  
I never saw the Sea--  
Yet know I how the Heather looks  
And what a Billow be.

I never spoke with God  
Nor visited in Heaven--  
Yet certain am I of the spot  
As if the Checks were given--

我从未看过荒原

我从未看过荒原--  
我从未看过海洋--  
可我知道石楠的容貌

和狂涛巨浪。

我从未与上帝交谈  
也不曾拜访过天堂--  
可我好像已通过检查  
一定会到那个地方

52 The Beautiful Lady Yu —— 虞美人 (英文版)

2008 年 03 月 20 日 上午 00:10



**The Beautiful Lady Yu**

When will there be no more moon and spring flowers  
For me who had so many memorable hours ?  
My attic which last night in vernal wind did stand

Reminds cruelly of the lost moonlit land.  
Carved balustrades and marble steps must still be there,  
But rosy faces cannot be as fair.  
If you ask me how much my sorrow has increased,  
Just see the overbrimming river flowing east!

Lee Yu

54 wu

55 无

56 **The Second Coming**

第二次圣臨

TURNING and turning in the widening gyre

在不斷擴大的循環中旋轉，旋轉

The falcon cannot hear the falconer;

獵鷹已聽不到馴鷹者的呼喚;

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;

萬物都已解體，中心難再維系；

Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,

世界呈現出一片混亂，

The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere

血染的潮流橫溢，到處

The ceremony of innocence is drowned;

都有純潔的禮儀被淹沒；

The best lack all conviction, while the worst

好人缺乏信念，而壞人

Are full of passionate intensity.

則狂熱到極點

Surely some revelation is at hand;

無疑，某種啟示即將來臨，

Surely the Second Coming is at hand.

無疑，第二次聖臨就要來臨，

The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out 第二

次聖臨！這些話語尚未出口

When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi

從宇宙之靈中出來一個巨大的影像

Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert

干擾了我的視線：沙漠中某個地方

A shape with lion body and the head of a man, 出現了一

個獅身人面像，

A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,

目光宛如太陽一般空洞無情，

Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it

祂正移動著巨腿前進，而四周

Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.

盤旋著憤怒的沙漠之鳥的陰影。

The darkness drops again; but now I know

黑暗又一次降臨；但我現在已知道

That twenty centuries of stony sleep

兩千年的沉睡被搖籃邊的夢魘驚醒

Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,

祂的時刻終又來臨，

And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,

什麼樣的野獸緩緩地

Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

走向伯利恒去投胎？

### 57 Song of Wisdom

I have reached illusion's end

In this grove of falling leaves ,

Each leaf a signal of past joy ,

Drifting serene within my heart.

Some were loves of youthful days????

Blazing meteors in a distant sky ,

Extinguished , vanished without trace ,

Or dropped before me , stiff and cold as ice .

Some were boisterous friendships ,  
Fullblown blossoms , innocent of coming fall .  
Society dammed the pulsing blood ,  
Life cast molten passion in reality's shell .

Another joy , the spell of high ideals ,  
Drew me through many a twisting mile of thorn .  
To suffer for ideals is no pain ;  
But oh ,to see them mocked and scorned !

Now nothing remains but remorse????  
Daily punishment for past pride .  
When the glory of the sky stands condemned,  
In this wasteland, what colour survive ?

There is one tree that stands alone intact ,  
It thrives , I know , on my suffering's lifeblood .  
Its greenshade mocks me ruthlessly !  
O wisdom tree ! I curse your every growing bud .

### 智慧之歌

穆旦 Mu Dan

我已走到了幻想底尽头，  
  
这是一片落叶飘零的树林，  
  
每一片叶子标记着一种欢喜，  
  
现在都枯黄地堆积在内心。

有一种欢喜是青春的爱情，  
那是遥远天边的灿烂的流星，  
有的不知去向，永远消逝了，  
有的落在脚前，冰冷而僵硬。

另一种欢喜是喧腾的友谊，  
茂盛的花不知道还有秋季，  
社会的格局代替了血的沸腾，  
生活的冷风把热情铸为实际。

另一种欢喜是迷人的理想，  
它使我在荆棘之途走得够远，  
为理想而痛苦并不可怕，  
可怕的是看它终于成笑谈。

只有痛苦还在，它是日常生活  
每天在惩罚自己过去的傲慢，  
那绚烂的天空都受到谴责，  
还有什么彩色留在这片荒原？



但惟有一棵智慧之树不凋，  
我知道它以我的苦汁为营养，  
它的碧绿是对我无情的嘲弄，  
我诅咒它每一片叶的滋长。

**穆旦（1918—1977）**，诗人、翻译家。原名查良铮，曾用笔名梁真。浙江海宁人。**1918**年出生于天津，少年在南开中学读书时便对文学有浓厚兴趣，开始写诗。**1935**年考入北平清华大学外文系，抗日战争爆发后，随学校辗转于长沙、昆明等地，并在香港《大公报》副刊和昆明《文聚》上发表大量诗作，成为有名的青年诗人。**1940**年在西南联大毕业后留校任教。**1949**年赴美国留学，入芝加哥大学英国文学系学习。**1952**年获文学硕士学位。**1953**年回国后，任南开大学外文系副教授。**1958**年受到不公正对待，调图书馆工作。**1977**年因心脏病突发去世。

穆旦于 40 年代出版了《探险者》、《穆旦诗集（1939～1945）》、《旗》三部诗集，将西欧现代主义和中国诗歌传统结合起来，诗风富于象征寓意和心灵思辨，是“九叶诗派”的代表性诗人。

50 年代起，穆旦开始从事外国诗歌的翻译，主要译作有俄国普希金的作品《波尔塔瓦》、《青铜骑士》、《普希金抒情诗集》、《普希金抒情诗二集》、《欧根·奥涅金》、《高加索的俘虏》、《加甫利颂》，英国雪莱的《云雀》、《雪莱抒情诗选》，英国拜伦的《唐璜》、《拜伦抒情诗选》、《拜伦诗选》，英国《布莱克诗选》、《济慈诗选》。所译的文艺理论著作有苏联季摩菲耶夫的《文学概论》（《文学原理》第一部）、《文学原理（文学的科学基础）》、《文学发展过程》、《怎样分析文学作品》和《别林斯基论文学》，这些译本均有较大的影响。

## 58 The Convergence of the Twain-Thomas Hardy

(2010-05-21 12:59:57)

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I

In a solitude of the sea  
Deep from human vanity,  
And the Pride of Life that planned her, stilly couches she.

II

Steel chambers, late the pyres  
Of her salamandrine fires,  
Cold currents thrid, and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

III

Over the mirrors meant  
To glass the opulent  
The sea-worm crawls-grotesque, slimed, dumb, indifferent.

IV

Jewels in joy designed  
To ravish the sensuous mind  
Lie lightless, all their sparkles bleared and black and blind.

V

Dim moon-eyed fishes near  
Gaze at the gilded gear  
And query: "What does this vaingloriousness down here?"...

VI

Well: while was fashioning  
This creature of cleaving wing,  
The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything

VII

Prepared a sinister mate  
For her - so gaily great -  
A Shape of Ice, for the time far and dissociate.

VIII

And as the smart ship grew  
In stature, grace, and hue,  
In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.

IX

Alien they seemed to be:  
No mortal eye could see  
The intimate welding of their later history,

X

Or sign that they were bent  
by paths coincident  
On being anon twin halves of one august event,

XI

Till the Spinner of the Years  
Said "Now!" And each one hears,  
And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres.

59 59 if

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with triumph and disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothin in you  
Except the Will which says to them:"Hold on!";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings -nor lose the common touch;  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty second' worth of distance run -  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And - which is more - you'll be a Man my son!

中文翻译版本 2:

如果所有人都失去理智，咒骂你，  
你仍能保持头脑情形；  
如果所有人都怀疑你，  
你仍能坚信自己，让所有的怀疑动摇；  
如果你要等待，不要因此厌烦，  
为人所骗，不要因此骗人，  
为人所恨，不要因此抱恨，  
不要太乐观，不要自以为是；

如果你是个追梦人——不要被梦主宰；  
如果你是个爱思考的人——光想会达不到目标；  
如果你遇到骄傲和挫折  
把两者当骗子看待；  
如果你能忍受，你曾讲过的事实  
被恶棍扭曲，用于蒙骗傻子；  
看着你用毕生去看护的东西被破坏，  
然后俯身，用破烂的工具把它修补；

如果你赢得无数桂冠之后 ‘  
突遇颠峰下跌之险，  
失败过后，东山再起，  
不要抱怨你的失败；  
如果你能迫使自己，  
在别人走后，长久坚守阵地，  
在你心中已空荡荡无一物’  
只有意志告诉你“坚持！”；

如果你与人交谈，能保持风度，  
伴王行走，能保持距离；  
如果仇敌和好友都不害你；

如果所有人都指望你，却无人全心全意；  
如果你花六十秒进行短程跑，  
填满那不可饶恕的一分钟——  
你就可以拥有一个世界，  
这个世界的一切都是你的，  
更重要的是，孩子，你是个顶天立地的人。  
60 我爱这土地

艾青

假如我是一只鸟，  
我也应该用嘶哑的喉咙歌唱：  
这被暴风雨所打击着的土地，  
这永远汹涌着我们的悲愤的河流，  
这无止息地吹刮着的激怒的风，  
和那来自林间的无比温柔的黎明……  
——然后我死了，  
连羽毛也腐烂在土地里面。

为什么我的眼里常含泪水？  
因为我对这土地爱得深沉……

I love this land .

the author: Qing .AI

If blue I am a bird,

I should also use the hoarse throat to sing:

the wind which this is being attacked by the storm the land,

this is forever turbulent our grief and indignation rivers

this not is stopping blew is blowing enrages,

and that incomparably gentle daybreak .....

from forest between --

then I has died, the feather also corrupted continually inside the land.

why does in the my eye often contain the tears?because I love deep .....

to this land

## 61 但是我感到惊奇

我不怀疑上帝的仁慈、善良和好意，  
但若是他使用遁词便能解释，  
为何地下的鼯鼠仍然瞎眼，  
为何反映他形象的肉体总有一天要死去，  
说明坦塔罗斯受折磨的原因，  
是他被变化不定的果子吸引，  
阐明是否仅仅因蛮横的任性，  
西西弗斯就注定得攀登无限高的阶梯。  
上帝之道深奥莫测，  
对人们的诘问置之不理，  
他们的头脑塞满鸡毛蒜皮  
无法理解操纵他巨手的智慧的威力。  
但我对这件怪事感到惊奇：  
造出黑肤色诗人，令他唱吟！

Yet Do I Marvel

康蒂·卡伦  
(COUNTEE CULLEN)

但是我感到惊奇

Yet Do I Marvel

康蒂·卡伦(1903—1946)生于纽约市，并且在那里成为诗人，获得很多荣誉。早在中学时期他便在全市诗歌比赛中获奖；在纽约大学他获得一项重要的诗歌创作奖，被选入美国大学优秀生全国性荣誉组织 PBK 联谊会。1925 年卡伦出版第一部诗集《肤色》，蜚声美国诗坛，并成为二十年代哈莱姆文艺复兴的风云人物之一。除了几本诗集，他还写了一部题为《通往天堂的一条路》的小说和几本供儿童阅读的书。1934 年以后卡伦在纽约市初级中学任教。

I doubt not God is good, well-meaning, kind,  
And did He stoop to quibble could tell why  
The little buried mole continues blind,  
Why flesh that mirrors Him must some day die,  
Make plain the reason tortured Tantalus  
Is bailed by the fickle fruit, declare  
If merely brute caprice dooms Sisyphus  
To struggle up a never-ending stair.  
Inscrutable His ways are, and immune  
To catechism by a mind too strewn  
With petty cares to slightly understand  
What awful brain compels His awful hand  
Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:  
To make a poet black, and bid him sing!

62 A Man and a Woman Sit Near Each Other

Robert Bly

A man and a woman sit near each other, and they do not long

at this moment to be older, or younger, nor born

in any other nation, or time, or place.

They are content to be where they are, talking or not-talking.

Their breaths together feed someone whom we do not know.

The man sees the way his fingers move;

he sees her hands close around a book she hands to him.

They obey a third body that they share in common.

They have made a promise to love the body.

Age may come, parting may come, death will come.

A man and a woman sit near each other;

as they breathe they feed someone we do not know,

someone we know of, whom we have never seen.

### 一男一女促膝而坐

罗伯特·勃莱

一男一女促膝而坐，这样的时刻

他们不会渴求更老或更加年轻，抑或

生在另一个国度、另一个时间或地点。

他们心满意足于此情此景，无论交谈或者沉默。

他俩的呼吸共同为某个我们所不识的人提供养分。

那个男人看着他手指动弹的样子；

他看到她的双手围拢着一本递过来的书。

他们服从着他们共享的另一个身体。

他们早就作出承诺：爱这身体。

年龄不会去，分离会到来，死亡终会降临。

一男一女这样促膝而坐：

他们呼吸时，为我们所不识的人提供养分，

某个我们知道但却从未见面的人。

63 Victor Hugo 雨果

于中旻 译

What matter it though life uncertain be



To all? What though its goal  
Be never reached? What though it fall and flee —  
Have we not each a soul?  
Be like the bird that on a bough too frail  
To bear him gaily swings;  
**He** carols though the slender branches fail —  
**He knows he has wings!**

何必去管它，人生总是无定？  
有甚么关系壮志难成？  
又何必计较你蹉跎并败奔 --  
我们岂不是各自有灵魂？  
要像那鸟儿在柔弱的枝梢，  
经不起它欢乐的跳跃；  
虽然那细枝断折了它仍歌唱 --  
因为它知道自己有翅膀！

64 A Farewel to Worldly Joyes 永别了，尘世的欢乐  
Anne Killigrew 安妮·基丽格鲁

Farewel to Unsubstantial Joyes,  
Ye Gilded Nothings, Gaudy Toyes,  
Too long ye have my Soul misled,  
Too long with Aiery Diet fed:  
But now my Heart ye shall no more  
Deceive, as you have heretofore:  
for when I hear such Sirens sing,  
Like Ithica's fore-warned King,  
With prudent Resolution I  
Will so my Will and Fancy tye,  
That stronger to the Mast not he,  
Than I to Reason bound will be:  
And though your Witchcrafts strike my Ear,  
Unhurt, like him, your Charms I'll hear.  
永别了，空洞的欢乐，你是  
涂金的虚无，华丽的玩具，  
太久，你使我的灵魂迷途，  
太久，给它空气般的米黍：  
但是我的心不会再被你迷惑，  
虽然以前你曾经迷惑过我：  
当我听到这样的塞壬歌唱，  
像伊斯卡受到警告的国王，  
以谨慎克制的决心，我将

坚决缚住我的意志和想像，  
比他把自己缚于桅杆更紧，  
我将使自己钳制于理性：  
虽然你的巫术撞击我的耳鼓，  
无动于衷，像他，我倾听你的法术

## 65 The Road Not Taken 《未选择的路》

罗伯特·弗罗斯特（Robert Frost）生于 1874 年，卒于 1963 年，可能要算是 20 世纪美国最受欢迎和爱戴的一位诗人了。1912 年，他弃农从文，从此成为了一名专业诗人。他曾在 1961 年时受邀在约翰·F·肯尼迪总统的就职典礼上朗诵他的诗歌——《The Gift Outright》。而本次我为大家推荐的《The Road Not Taken》则是他最著名的一首诗歌。

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood 黄色的树林里分出两条路  
And sorry I could not travel both 可惜我不能同时去涉足  
And be one traveler, long I stood 我在那路口久久伫立  
And looked down one as far as I could 我向着一路极目望去  
To where it bent in the undergrowth 直到它消失在丛林深处  
Then took the other, as just as fair 但我却选了另外一条路  
And having perhaps the better claim 它荒草萋萋，十分幽寂  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear; 显得更诱人、更美丽  
Though as for that the passing there 虽然在这两条小路上  
Had worn them really about the same 都很少留下旅人的足迹  
And both that morning equally lay 虽然那天清晨落叶满地  
In leaves no step had trodden black 两条路都未经脚印污染  
Oh, I kept the first for another day! 呵，留下一路等改日再见！  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way, 但我知道路延伸绵无尽头  
I doubted if I should even come back. 恐怕我难以再回返  
I shall be telling this with a sigh 也许多少年后在某个地方  
Somewhere ages and ages hence: 我将轻声叹息把往事回顾  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I--- 一片树林里分出两条路  
I took the one less traveled by, 而我选了人迹更少的一路  
And that has made all the difference 从此决定了我一生的路

#### 66 The Gardener 16 单纯如歌的爱

写于 2008-08-03 23:20:59

Hands cling to hands and eyes lingers to eyes: thus begins the record of our hearts.

手牵着手，眼望着眼；这样就开始了我们的心路历程。

It is the moonlit night of March; the sweet smell of henna is in the air; my flute lies on the earth neglected and your garland of flowers is unfinished.

那是三月一个洒满月光的夜晚；空气中飘着散沫花香甜的气息；我的长笛孤零零地躺在泥土中，你的花串也没有编好。

This love between you and me is simple as a song.

你我之间的爱单纯得像一支歌。

Your veil of the saffron colour makes my eyes drunk.

你橘黄色的面纱迷醉了我的双眼。

The jasmine wreath that you wove me thrills to my heart like praise.

你给我编的茉莉花环像一种荣耀，震颤了我的心。

It is a game of giving and withholding, revealing and screening again; some smiles and some little shyness, and some sweet useless struggles.

这是一个欲予欲留、忽隐忽现的游戏；有些微笑，有些娇羞，还有些甜蜜的无谓的挣扎。

This love between you and me is simple as a song.

你我之间的爱单纯得像一支歌。

No mystery beyond the present; no striving for the impossible; no shadow behind the charm; no groping in the depth of the dark.

没有视线以外的神秘；没有可能之外的强求；没有魅力背后的阴影；没有黑暗深处的探索。

This love between you and me is simple as a song.  
你我之间的爱单纯得像一支歌。

We do not stray out of all words into the ever silent; we do not raise our hands to the void for things beyond hope.

我们没有偏离出语言的轨道，陷入永远的沉默；我们没有举起手，向希望以外的空虚奢求。

It is enough what we give and we get.  
我们给予的与得到的已经足够多了。

We have not crushed the joy to the utmost to wring from it the wine of pain.  
我们不曾把欢乐彻底碾碎，从中榨出痛苦之酒。

This love between you and me is simple as a song.  
你我之间的爱单纯得像一支歌。