Test 1:

O golden-tongued Romance with serene lute!

   Fair plumed Syren! Queen of far away!

   Leave melodizing on this wintry day,

Shut up thine olden pages, and be mute:

Adieu! for once again the fierce dispute,

   Betwixt damnation and impassion'd clay

   Must I burn through; once more humbly assay

The bitter-sweet of this Shakespearian fruit.

Chief Poet! and ye clouds of Albion,

   Begetters of our deep eternal theme,

When through the old oak forest I am gone,

   Let me not wander in a barren dream,

But when I am consumed in the fire,

Give me new Phoenix wings to fly at my desire.

Test 2:

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate.

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer’s lease hath all too short a date.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimmed;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance, or nature’s changing course, untrimmed;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st,

Nor shall death brag thou wand’rest in his shade,

When in eternal lines to Time thou grow’st.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

朱湘一定是有的

我来比你作夏天，好不好？

不，你比他更可爱、更温和：

暮春的娇花有暴风侵扰，

夏住在人间的时日不多：

有时天之目亮得太凌人，

他的金容常被云霾掩蔽，

有时因了意外，四季周行，

今天的美明天已不美丽：

你的永存之夏却不黄萎，

你的美丽也将长寿万年，

你不会死，死神无法夸嘴，

因为你的名字入了诗篇：

一天还有人活着，有眼睛，

你的名字便将与此常新。

印象中有孙大雨？

我可要将你比作初夏的清晖？

你却焕耀得更可爱，也更温婉；

狂风震撼五月天眷宠的嫩蕊，

孟夏的良时便会变得太短暂。

晴空里赤日有时光照得过亮，

它那赫奕的金容会转成阴晦；

被机运或被造化变迁所跌宕，

任何美妙的形象会显得不美。

但你这丰华的永夏不会衰颓，

你不会丧失你这无比的修好；

死亡不会夸，你在它影下低回，

有这些诗行将你的韶光永葆：

只要人们还活着，眼睛还能看，

这首诗便能栩栩赋与你霞丹。

印象中有丰华瞻？

可否把你比作明媚的夏天？

你比夏天更可爱、更温婉：

夏日会起狂风，把五月的苞蕾摧残；

好景能有几时，转眼花事阑珊。

有时天神的眼睛，照地炎热逼人；

他那金黄色的颜面也常蒙上层云。

纵然花卉鲜妍，终于落入泥尘，

不堪摧折凋残，无奈时序转运。

但是你的长夏，永远不会消亡；

你的神采风韵，必将恒久如常。

死神不敢夸说：你在他的阴影中徜徉；

因为我把你写入诗句，使你的丰姿永放光芒

只要人们能呼吸，眼睛能发光亮，

这首诗便能永存，使你的生命万古辉煌。

Test 3:

Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps  
Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm  
Thy looks, the Heav’n of mildness, with disdain,  
Displeas’d that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
Insatiate, I thus single; nor have feard  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir’d.  
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,  
Thee all living things gaze on, all things thine  
By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore  
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
Where universally admir’d; but here  
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,  
Beholders rude, and shallow to discerne  
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen  
A Goddess among Gods, ador’d and serv’d  
By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

So gloz’d the Tempter, and his Proem tun’d;  
Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,  
Though at the voice much marveling; at length  
Not unamaz’d she thus in answer spake.