

中英雙語版

The Prophet

Kahlil Gibran 先知



星出版



ISBN 978-986-443-059-8

The Prophet 先知

引領人們迷途知返之書

卡里·紀伯倫 Kahlil Gibran — 著 曾惠昭 — 譯

晨星出版

愛藏本085

先知【中英雙語版】

The prophet

作 者 | 卡里·紀伯倫 (Kahlil Gibran)
譯 者 | 曾惠昭

責任編輯 | 郭玟君
校 對 | 劉思敏
插 畫 | 楊宛靜
封面設計 | 言忍巾貞工作室
美術編輯 | 黃寶慧

創 辦 人 | 陳銘民
發 行 所 | 晨星出版有限公司
台中市407工業區30路1號
TEL: 04-23595820 FAX: 04-23550581
E-mail: service@morningstar.com.tw
http://www.morningstar.com.tw
行政院新聞局局版台業字第2500號
法律顧問 | 陳思成律師
郵政劃撥 | 22326758 (晨星出版有限公司)
服務專線 | 04-23595819#230

印 刷 | 上好印刷股份有限公司

出版日期 | 2015年10月15日
定 價 | 新台幣199元
ISBN 978-986-443-059-8
Printed in Taiwan
All Right Reserved
版權所有，翻印必究
如有缺頁或破損，請寄回更換

國家圖書館出版品預行編目資料

先知 / 卡里·紀伯倫 (Kahlil Gibran) 著；曾惠昭譯
臺中市：晨星，2015.10
愛藏本：85
譯自：The prophet
ISBN 978-986-443-059-8 (平裝)
CIP 865.751 104017001

CONTENTS

01 / The Coming of the Ship	004
02 / On Love	015
03 / On Marriage	020
04 / On Children	023
05 / On Giving	026
06 / On Eating and Drinking	032
07 / On Work	035

08 / On Joy and Sorrow	041
09 / On Houses	044
10 / On Clothes	049
11 / On Buying and Selling	052
12 / On Crime and Punishment	055
13 / On Laws	063
14 / On Freedom	067

15 /	On Reason and Passion	072
16 /	On Pain	076
17 /	On Self-Knowledge	078
18 /	On Teaching	081
19 /	On Friendship	083
20 /	On Talking	086
21 /	On Time	089

22 /	On Good and Evil	092
23 /	On Prayer	097
24 /	On Pleasure	101
25 /	On Beauty	106
26 /	On Religion	110
27 /	On Death	114
28 /	The Farewell	117



07 ／ 工作	06 ／ 飲食	05 ／ 給予	04 ／ 孩子	03 ／ 婚姻	02 ／ 愛	01 ／ 船來了
.....
038	035	031	029	027	023	014

14 ／ 自由	13 ／ 法律	12 ／ 罪與罰	11 ／ 買賣	10 ／ 衣服	09 ／ 房屋	08 ／ 歡樂與悲傷
.....
063	060	054	051	049	045	043



21 ／ 時間	20 ／ 說話	19 ／ 友誼	18 ／ 教育	17 ／ 自知	16 ／ 痛苦	15 ／ 理性與熱情
.....
080	078	075	073	071	069	066



28 ／ 離別	27 ／ 死亡	26 ／ 宗教	25 ／ 美	24 ／ 歡樂	23 ／ 祈禱	22 ／ 善與惡
.....
104	101	098	094	089	086	082

The Prophet

中英雙語版

Kahlil Gibran 先知

晨星出版

CONTENTS

01 / The Coming of the Ship	004
02 / On Love	015
03 / On Marriage	020
04 / On Children	023
05 / On Giving	026
06 / On Eating and Drinking	032
07 / On Work	035

08 / On Joy and Sorrow	041
09 / On Houses	044
10 / On Clothes	049
11 / On Buying and Selling	052
12 / On Crime and Punishment	055
13 / On Laws	063
14 / On Freedom	067

15	/	On Reason and Passion	072
16	/	On Pain	076
17	/	On Self-Knowledge	078
18	/	On Teaching	081
19	/	On Friendship	083
20	/	On Talking	086
21	/	On Time	089

22	/	On Good and Evil	092
23	/	On Prayer	097
24	/	On Pleasure	101
25	/	On Beauty	106
26	/	On Religion	110
27	/	On Death	114
28	/	The Farewell	117

01 /

The Coming of the Ship

Almustafa, the chosen and the beloved, who was a dawn unto his own day, had waited twelve years in the city of Orphalese for his ship that was to return and bear him back to the isle of his birth.

And in the twelfth year, on the seventh day of Ielool, the month of reaping, he climbed the hill without the city walls and looked seaward; and he beheld the ship coming with the mist.

Then the gates of his heart were flung open, and his joy flew far over the sea. And he closed

beloved [bilʌvid] **n** 心愛的

flung [flʌŋ] **v** 猛烈地（開關門窗）（fling 過去式）

his eyes and prayed in the silences of his soul.

But as he descended the hill, a sadness came upon him, and he thought in his heart: How shall I go in peace and without sorrow? Nay, not without a wound in the spirit shall I leave this city.

Long were the days of pain I have spent within its walls, and long were the nights of aloneness; and who can depart from his pain and his aloneness without regret?

Too many fragments of the spirit have I scattered in these streets, and too many are the children of my longing that walk naked among these hills, and I cannot withdraw from them without a burden and an ache.



descend [disɛnd] *v* 沿著……走下

sorrow ['sɒrə] *n* 悲傷

scattered ['skæɪə-d] *adj* 散亂的



It is not a garment I cast off this day, but a skin that I tear with my own hands. Nor is it a thought I leave behind me, but a heart made sweet with hunger and with thirst.

Yet I cannot tarry longer. The sea that calls all things unto her calls me, and I must embark. For to stay, though the hours burn in the night, is to freeze and crystallize and be bound in a mould.

Fain would I take with me all that is here. But how shall I?

A voice cannot carry the tongue and the lips that give it wings. Alone must it seek the ether.

And alone and without his nest shall the eagle fly across the sun.

Now when he reached the foot of the hill, he turned again towards the sea, and he saw his ship approaching the harbour, and upon her prow



harbour ['hɑbə] *n* 港口



the mariners, the men of his own land.

And his soul cried out to them, and he said:

Sons of my ancient mother, you riders of
the tides,

How often have you sailed in my dreams.
And now you come in my awakening, which is
my deeper dream.

Ready am I to go, and my eagerness with
sails full set awaits the wind.

Only another breath will I breathe in this
still air, only another loving look cast backward,

Then I shall stand among you, a seafarer
among seafarers.

And you, vast sea, sleepless mother, Who
alone are peace and freedom to the river and the
stream,

Only another winding will this stream make,



eagerness ['igə-nɪs] *n.* 渴望



only another murmur in this glade, And then I
shall come to you, a boundless drop to a
boundless ocean.

And as he walked he saw from afar men and
women leaving their fields and their vineyards
and hastening towards the city gates.

And he heard their voices calling his name,
and shouting from the field to field telling one
another of the coming of the ship.

And he said to himself:

Shall the day of parting be the day of
gathering?

And shall it be said that my eve was in truth
my dawn?

And what shall I give unto him who has left



murmur ['mɜ:mə] **n** 低語聲

glade [gled] **n** 【文】林間空地



his plough in midfurrow, or to him who has stopped the wheel of his winepress?

Shall my heart become a tree heavy-laden with fruit that I may gather and give unto them?

And shall my desires flow like a fountain that I may fill their cups?

Am I a harp that the hand of the mighty may touch me, or a flute that his breath may pass through me?

A seeker of silences am I, and what treasure have I found in silences that I may dispense with confidence?

If this is my day of harvest, in what fields have I sowed the seed, and in what unremembered seasons?

If this indeed be the our in which I lift up my lantern, it is not my flame that shall burn therein.



plough [plaʊ] 耕作

gather [ˈɡæðə] 收集



Empty and dark shall I raise my lantern,
And the guardian of the night shall fill it
with oil and he shall light it also.

These things he said in words. But much in
his heart remained unsaid. For he himself could
not speak his deeper secret.

And when he entered into the city all the
people came to meet him, and they were crying
out to him as with one voice.

And the elders of the city stood forth and
said:

Go not yet away from us.

A noontide have you been in our twilight,
and your youth has given us dreams to dream.

No stranger are you among us, nor a guest,

unsaid [ʌnˈseɪd] *adj.* 未說出口的