

纪 / 伯 / 伦 / 英 / 汉 / 双 / 语 / 诗 / 集

她不是藏在皱褶树皮之下的浆液，
也不是附在禽鸟身上的羽翼，
她是一座花开不断的园子，
是一群飞翔不息的天使。

It is not the sap within the furrowed bark,
nor a wing attached to a claw,
But rather a garden for ever in bloom
and a flock of angels for ever in flight.

先知
The Prophet

(黎巴嫩) 纪伯伦 著 李家真 译

外语教学与研究出版社

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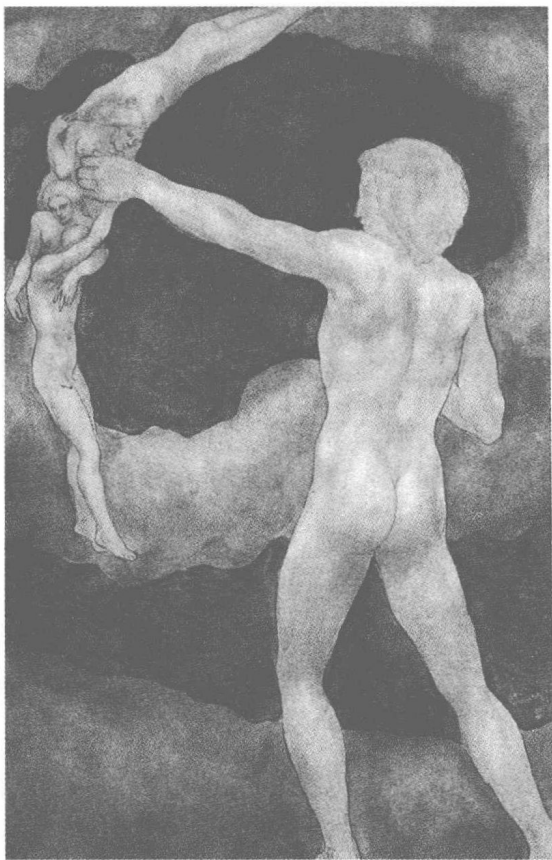
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译 序

一八八三年一月六日，纪伯伦（Khalil Gibran）诞生在今日黎巴嫩北部的卜舍里。十二岁的时候，他跟随母亲移居美国的波士顿。到了美国之后，他开始接受正规教育，艺术与文学才华逐渐显露。一八九八至一九〇二年间，他在家乡黎巴嫩学习本族文化，一九〇八至一九一〇年间则在巴黎学习艺术，除去这两段时间之外，他成年时期一直生活在美国，直至一九三一年在纽约英年早逝。出于眷眷的故国之思，纪伯伦始终没有加入美国籍。他去世之后，亲友遵照他生前的愿望，将他的遗骨归葬卜舍里。

天资卓异的纪伯伦是一位颇具水准的画家，更为世人所知的身份则是诗人兼哲人。他毕生著有十七部作品，其中八部为英文作品，九部以阿拉伯文写就。英文作品除《大地众神》（*The Earth Gods*, 1931）为诗剧外，其余均为散文诗。据《纽约客》杂志所言，纪伯伦是世界历史上作品销量第三大的诗人，仅次于英国的莎士比亚和中国的老子（《道德经》绝对可以算是韵律优美的散文诗）。这样的流行主要归功于他最负盛名的作品《先知》（*The Prophet*, 1923），这部英文诗集自初版以来从未停印，迄今已被译成四十多种语言。流行不一定能证明作品的文学价值，但无疑可以证明全世界读者对他的爱戴和欢迎。



本系列收录了纪伯伦较有代表性的三部英文诗集，依次是《先知》、《沙与沫》（*Sand and Foam*, 1926）和《流浪者》（*The Wanderer*, 1932）。这三部诗集以各自不同却同样可喜的方式体现了纪伯伦凝练精美的文笔和深邃纯净的哲思。《先知》是纪伯伦最负盛名的巅峰之作，可称是一部指引人生路途的经书，然而字字珠玑，诗意盎然，绝无经卷的干涩与刻板，宛如一道甘泉，潺潺滋润读者的心田，兼收醍醐灌顶的妙用。《沙与沫》由一篇篇韵味悠长的短章组成，好比一颗颗晶莹剔透的珍珠，折射着作者的深刻思想和瑰奇想象。《流浪者》则包含着一个个自出机杼的短篇故事，以最为平易的方式呈现了作者的哲人心智，既可以成为作者其他诗作的注脚，本身也是赏心悦目的美文。

与时代大致相同的泰戈尔（Rabindranath Tagore, 1861 - 1941）一样，纪伯伦也是蜚声世界的东方诗哲。不过，纪伯伦在我国读者当中的声望似乎远远不如泰翁。以我愚见，其中的原因可能包括纪伯伦远不像泰翁那么高寿，没有来过中国，没有得过诺贝尔奖，我国对纪伯伦作品的译介不像泰翁作品那么充分，如此等等。除此之外，相较于春光明媚的泰翁作品，纪伯伦的风格略显冷峻肃杀，兴许也让部分读者产生了或多或少的距离感。

佛家说“与乐曰慈，拔苦曰悲”，所有的伟大诗人都拥有真正慈悲的心地，坚贞不渝地奉行着仁爱的教义。从这个方面来看，泰翁和纪伯伦都是当之无愧的典范。要说两位诗哲的区别，我的感觉是泰翁的气质偏重于“慈”，纪伯伦则偏重于“悲”。昔人曾以“春风和气”和“烈日秋霜”来分别比拟大程夫子和小程夫子带给学生的感受，这两个比喻大体可以分别移用于泰翁和纪伯伦的作品。不过，两位诗哲的作品都可以擦亮我们发现美好的眼睛，都可以启发我们体认人生的慧根，都可以燃点我们求索真知的热情，因为他们的作品，都出于深沉博大、敏于创造的心灵。

李家真

二〇一四年五月十四日



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The Coming of the Ship

2

Almustafa, the chosen and the beloved, who was a dawn unto his own day, had waited twelve years in the city of Orphalsee 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 his 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 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.



船来

穆斯塔法，众人爱戴的真神选民，照耀自身时代的曙光。十二年当中，他在奥法里斯城等待，等待他的航船归来，载他返回他出生的岛屿。

第十二年，收获之月“饴露”^①的第七天，他出城登山，眺望大海，看到他的航船破雾而来。

他心里的道道门扉豁然敞开，喜悦之情远远飞上海面。他闭上双眼，在灵魂的静默之中祈祷。

然而，下山之时，他突然满心怅惘，暗自思量：

我如何能安然离去，不觉哀伤？不，作别此城，我心灵必有伤创。

在它的垣墙之内，我度过了如此漫长的痛苦白昼，如此漫长的孤独夜晚。谁能够轻轻撒下自己的痛苦与孤独，心中不存恨憾？

我太多的心灵碎片，被我抛撒在了这里的街道，我太多的渴望之子，赤身徜徉在这里的山丘。作别此城，我不能没有负担，不能没有苦痛。

① “饴露”的原文是“lelool”，这个词是黎巴嫩等地使用的阿拉伯语月份名称“لولي”（九月）的英文音译。



先知

The Prophet

4

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 gave 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 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.



今日的我，丢弃的岂是一件衣服，今日的我，是在亲手揭去自己的皮肤。

今日的我，撇下的岂是一抹思绪，今日的我，撇下的是一颗饥渴酿就的醇美之心。

可惜我不能再作停留。

召唤万物的大海向我发出了召唤，我必须启航。

停留便会冻结，便会凝固，便会承受模具的桎梏，纵然时辰在夜中熊熊燃烧。

我巴不得带上这里的一切。可是，怎样带呢？

声音带不走赋予它翅膀的唇舌，只能够独自探索穹苍。

雄鹰也带不走自己的巢窠，只能够独自飞越太阳。

走到山脚的时候，他再一次眺望大海，看到他的航船正要进港，还看到船头的水手，水手来自他的故乡。

他的灵魂向水手大声呼号，他开口说道：

我古老母亲的子嗣啊，乘潮逐浪的你们，

多少次，你们的帆影进入我的梦境。如今你们，在我醒觉之时来临，醒觉却是我更深的梦境。

我已做好准备，准备登程，我的渴望张满风帆，只待风生。



先知

The

Prophet

6

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

And 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, only another murmur in this glade,

And then shall I 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 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 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?



再呼吸一口这里的静止空气，再回头做一次深情凝睇，
我就会加入你们的队伍，做一名海上旅人，与海上旅人同行。
还有你，浩瀚的大海啊，不眠的母亲，
只有你，能让河川与溪涧，找到自由与安宁，
再转一个弯，再在这片林地呢喃一声，
我这条溪涧就会奔赴你的怀抱，做一滴无垠的水珠，在无垠的
大洋安身。

走着走着，他忽然看见，远处的男男女女纷纷走出各自的田地和葡萄园，匆匆奔向城门。

他听见他们呼唤自己的名字，听见他们的喊声从一片田地传到另一片田地，听见他们奔走相告，他的航船已经来临。

于是他自言自语：

离别之日，可否成为欢聚之时？

可否如此声言，我的黄昏，其实是我的黎明？

耕田的人抛下了地里的犁，榨酒的人停住了碾子，我该拿什么来馈赠他们？

我的心能否变成一株果树，好让我采下累累果实，奉赠他们？

我的欲求能否流泻如泉，好让我斟满他们的杯盏？



先知

The Prophet

8

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 hour in which I lift up my lantern, it is not my flame that shall burn therein.

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, but our son and our dearly beloved.