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中英对照

最·美·丽·的·英·语 最·经·典·的·译·本

先知

T h e P r o p h e t

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A large, intricate white floral and vine illustration is centered on the cover. It features a central flower with many petals, surrounded by swirling vines and smaller blossoms. The illustration is set against a dark green rectangular background that has some faint, illegible characters on it.

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先知

T h e P r o p h e t



The Coming of the Ship

Almustafa, the chosen and the beloved, who was a dawn onto 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 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:



船的到来

当代的曙光，被选而被爱戴的亚墨斯达法（Almustafa），在阿法利斯（Orphalesc）城中等候了十二年，等他的船到来，好载他归回他生长的岛上去。

在第十二年绮露（Ielool）收获之月的第七天，他出城登上山顶，向海凝望；他看见了他的船从烟雾中驶来。

他的心扉着然地开了，他的喜乐在海面飞翔。他合上眼，在灵魂的严静中祷告。

但当他下山的时候，忽然一阵悲哀袭来。他心里想：

我怎能这般宁静地走去而没有些悲哀？不，我要精神上不





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 scatterd 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 bruden and an ache.

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.





受创伤地离此城郭。


在这城围里，我度过了悠久的痛苦的日月和孤寂的深夜；
谁能撤下这痛苦与孤寂，而没有一些悼惜？

在这街市上，我曾撒下过多的零碎的精神，在这山中也有
过多的赤裸着行走的我所爱怜的孩子，离开他们，我不能不觉得
负担与痛心。

这不是今日我脱弃了一件衣裳，乃是我用自己的手撕下了
自己的一块皮肤。

也不是我遗弃了一种思想，乃是遗弃了一颗用饥和渴作成的
甜蜜的心。

然而我不能再迟留了。



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 the mariners, the men of his own land.

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



那召唤万物来归的大海，也在召唤我，我必须登舟了。

因为，若是停留下来，我的归思，在夜间虽仍灼热奋发，渐渐地却要冰冷变石了。


我若能在这里的一切带走了去，何等的快乐呵，但是我又怎能呢？

声音不能把付给他羽翼的舌头和嘴唇带走。他自己必须寻求“以太”。

鹰鸟也必须撇下窝巢，独自地飞过太阳。

现在他走到山脚，又转面向海，他看见他的船徐徐地驶入湾口，那些在船头的舟子，正是他的故乡人。

于是他的精魂向着他们呼唤，说：



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 sefarer among sefarers.

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,



弄潮者，我的老母的孩儿，有多少次你们在我的梦中浮泛。现在你们在我的更深的梦中，也就是我苏醒的时候驶来了。

我已准备好要去了，我的热望和帆篷一同扯满，等着风来。


我只要在这静止的空气中再呼吸一口气，我只要再向后抛掷热爱的一瞥，

那时我要站在你们中间，一个航海者群中的航海者。

还有你，这无边的大海，无眠的慈母，

只有你是江河和溪水的宁静与自由。

这溪流还有一次转折，一次林中的潺湲，



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 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 eye 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?



然后我要到你这里来，无量的涓滴归向这无量的海洋。

当他行走的时候，他看见从远处有许多男女离开田园，急速地赶到城边来。


他听见他们叫着他的名字，在阡陌中彼此呼唤，报告他的船的来临。

他对自己说：

别离的日子能成为会集的日子么？

我的薄暮实在可算是我的黎明么？

那些放下了耕田的犁耙，停止了榨酒的轮子的人们，我将给他们什么呢？



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.

我的心能成为一棵累累结实的树，可以采撷了分给他们么？

我的愿望能奔流如泉水，可以倾满他们的杯么？

我是一架全能者的手可以弹奏的琴，或是一管全能者可以吹弄的笛么？

我是一个寂静的寻求者，在寂静中，我发现了什么宝藏，可以放心地布施呢？

倘若这是我收获的日子，那么，在何时何地我曾撒下了种子呢？

倘若这确是我举起明灯的时候，那么，灯内燃烧着的火焰，不是我点燃的。



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



空虚黑暗的我将举起我的灯，

守夜的人将要添上油，也点上火。

这些是他口中说出的，还有许多没有说出的存在心头。因为他说不出自己心中更深的秘密。

他进城的时候，众人都来迎接，齐声地向他呼唤。

城中的长老走上前来说：

你不要再离开我们。

在我们的朦胧里，你是正午的潮音，你青春的气度，予我们以梦想。

你在我们中间不是一个异乡人，也不是一个客人，乃是我



our dearly beloved.

Suffer not yet our eyes to hunger for your face.

And the priests and the priestesses said unto him:

Let not the waves of the sea separate us now, and the years you have spent in our midst become a memory.

You have walked among us a spirit, and your shadow has been a light upon our faces.

Much have we loved you. But speechless was our love, and with veils has it been veiled.

Yet now it cries aloud unto you, and would stand revealed before you.

