

LOVE POEMS *of* SHELLEY

(雪萊的情詩)

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詩
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集

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雪萊的情詩

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序

這本雪萊的情詩 (Love Poems of Shelley) 是我這幾個月讀雪萊詩集 (Poems of Shelley) 的時候，一首一首抄出來的。我相信這幾首詩，是雪萊詩裏面的珠玉，在很短的幾句裏，包含了很長的幽情，很淺的字句裏，表現了很深的密意，讀了這樣的詩，可以知道雪萊，對於宇宙，人生，自然，都遮了一層愛的薄幕。在海邊，月下讀他的詩，尤可想出他當時做詩的情味。這些詩裏面，除了“Epipsychidion”一首以外，我都譯出來了，但因為譯筆太壞，不敢獻醜，同時我又相信，能夠讀英文詩的人，這樣容易了解的小詩，也用不着來看註釋。關於雪萊的生平和思想，在他的小傳裏面，讀者可以知道，此地不說了。後面附了華資華斯 (Wordsworth) 的抒情詩十餘首，這幾首在華氏的詩裏面，也是我最喜歡的而且容易了解的，所以我就把他附上了。華氏的生平，讀者想已知道。他是英十九世紀的詩人，湖畔社的強有力者，生於 1770 年，死於 1850 年，享壽八十歲。

海浴歸來的月夜，大杰。

雪 萊 小 傳

英國在十八世紀末期，十九世紀初年，總可說是他們詩壇最盛的時代。湖畔詩人華資華斯 (William Wordsworth, 1770-1850) 考爾立奇 (Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1772-1834) 他們勢力到了衰微的時候，接着雪萊 (Shelley) 擺倫 (Byron) 該疵 (Keats) 他們，又露出了頭面。不僅在英國文壇佔了詩人的重要位置，在世界詩人中，也有他們相當的地位了。在他們這幾個中間，雪萊最長於抒情詩，不僅在他們的中間，要首屈一指，就是在英國詩界，他也是第一位的抒情詩人了。

雪萊 (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 於一千七百九十二年生於薩塞克斯 (Sassex) 的貴族的家裏。他十六歲的時候，就進了牛津 (Oxford) 大學，在學校裏面，做了一篇 *The Necessity of Atheism* 的論文，學校的當局，以為他這篇論文，攻擊了學校，妨犯了校規，把他開除了。他在牛津大學出來以後，就住在倫敦，起初同一個咖啡店的十六歲的下女，名叫哈連脫 (Harriet) 戀愛，後來竟同他

結婚了。他的父親知道了這件事，非常生氣，不許他在家裏住，一年給他二百個金鎊。他只好流浪各處，過那種飄零生涯。因此他與哈連脫的愛情，一天一天的疏淡起來了。他在二十二歲的時候，(1814) 和當代的名士高德文 (W. Godwin) 的女兒瑪麗 (Mary) 發生了戀愛。他因為有了新交，就把他的舊友哈連脫拋棄了。同瑪麗逃往歐洲大陸。到了法蘭西，寫信回去，要和哈連脫離婚。一八一五年，他又回到英國一次，翌年，遊瑞士，到了日內瓦 (Geneva) 聽了哈連脫投水死了，他就和瑪麗正式結了婚。

他同瑪麗結了婚後，是他精神最愉快的時候，也是他在文學上活動最盛的時期。他帶起他的新婚的瑪麗，到了伊大利遊歷，在羅馬佛羅棱斯 (Florence)，拉文那 (Ravenna) 威尼斯 (Venice) 等處創作了不少的詩稿，差不多他的名詩，都是在這兒寫成的了。他在威尼斯認識了同時代的詩人擺倫，他們的脾氣，很相合的，所以就成了很相好的朋友。在一八二二年，雪萊在斯比齊亞灣 (Spexia) 內溺死了。從 1792 到 1822 只有三十年，他的詩

名，已傳遍了世界，這位薄命的年輕的詩人，再留得幾年的時候，或許會給我們許多有價值的遺產。

雪萊是當時革命思潮的詩人，也可以設他是浪漫主義的抒情詩人。他在當時同擺倫，該疵他們，繼續浪漫詩人開端的華資華斯，考爾立奇的餘響。擺倫雖說是浪漫派詩人的代表，但雪萊也帶了很濃厚色彩。他懷疑社會上的制度和習慣，他說這些制度和習慣，是一切害惡的根源；他同時又懷疑宗教，他在宗教上，唱無神論，同時又反對當時的政治，他在政治上，帶了很厚的共和主義的思想。他這些思想，在他的詩中，都可看出。但他特長的，就是抒情詩。

雪萊的長詩，有“Queen Mab”—1813, “Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude, etc.”—1816, “The Revolt of Islam”—1815, “Rosalind and Helen”—1819 等等。他還有兩種詩劇：I. “The Cenci”—1819, II. “Prometheus Unbound”—1819. 還有一篇悼詩人該疵 (Keats) 的挽歌 (Adonais)—1891, 也是他的名作，可惜他在第二年也就死了。

雪萊的短詩，尤其是他的天才表現得深刻的東西，在很簡單的幾句裏面，包含了無限的情味，與我們中國的李後主的小令，王維，李太白他們的絕句一樣的含有神妙的情趣，這樣詩，是不能翻譯的，翻譯出來只存了一點詩糟粕，詩的生命和靈魂都失掉了。

他的短詩最有名的，我也寫出幾種，像“Ode to the Skylark,” “The Cloud,” “Witch of At’as,” “Ode to the West Wind,” 這幾種，都是膾炙人口的作品。

關於雪萊的話，還可寫許多，因為篇幅的關係，不得不在此告終，我相信關於他的作品和生涯，已作了一個簡單的介紹。

七月十日大杰於日本海濱。

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ARIETTE

AS the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To-night:
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of thy melody scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

TO —

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR

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
Has 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 die on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

O 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 close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

A BRIDAL SONG

THE golden gates of sleep unbar
Where strength and beauty met together,
Kindle their image like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.
Night, with all thy stars look down,—
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew,—
Never smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true.
Let eyes not see their own delight;
Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight
Oft renew.

Fairies, sprites, and angels keep her!
Holy stars, permit no wrong!
And return to wake the sleeper.
Dawn,—ere it be long,
Oh joy! oh fear! what will be done
In the absence of the sun!
Come along!

SONG, ON A FADED VIOLET

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!

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

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.

TO-MORROW

WHERE art thou, beloved To-morrow?

Whom young and old and strong and
weak,

Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,

Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—

In thy place—ah! well-a-day!

We find the thing we fled—To-day.

TO —

MINE eyes were dim with tears unshed;

Yes, I was firm—thus wert not thou;
My baffled looks did fear yet dread

To meet thy looks—I could not know
How anxiously they sought to shine
With soothing pity upon mine.

To sit and curb the soul's mute rage

Which preys upon itself alone;

To curse the life which is the cage

Of fettered grief that dares not groan,
Hiding from many a careless eye
The scorned load of agony.

Whilst thou alone, then not regarded,

The [] thou alone should be,

To spend years thus, and be rewarded,

As thou, sweet love, requited me
When none were near—Oh! I did wake
From torture for that moment's sake.

Upon my heart thy accents sweet

Of peace and pity, fell like dew

On flowers half dead;—thy lips did meet

Mine tremblingly; thy dark eyes threw
Thy soft persuasion on my brain,
Charming away its dream of pain.

e are not happy, sweet; our state
Is strange and full of doubt and fear;
More need of words that ills abate;
Reserve or censure come not near
Our sacred friendship, lest there be
No solace left for thou and me.

Gentle and good and mild thou art,
Nor I can live if thou appear
Aught but thyself, or turn thine heart
Away from me, or stoop to wear
The mask of scorn, although it be
To hide the love thou feel'st for me.

TO —

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.