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SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

(UNABRIDGED)

莎士比亚十四行诗

■ William Shakespeare

莎士比亚的十四行诗，审美价值独特，思想博大精深，说理清晰透彻，感情节制适度，形象生动丰富，语言运用巧妙，韵律节奏优美。在最后两行中，莎翁常常以神来之笔，概括诗意，点明主题，使这一对偶句成为传世警句。莎士比亚的十四行诗不仅在英国的十四行诗中是巅峰，而且在世界的十四行诗中也是空前绝后的。

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中译经典文库·世界文学名著(英语原著版)

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出版前言

一部文学史是人类从童真走向成熟的发展史，是一个个文学大师用如椽巨笔记载的人类的心灵史，也是承载人类良知与情感反思的思想史。阅读这些传世的文学名著就是在阅读最鲜活生动的历史，就是在与大师们做跨越时空的思想交流与情感交流，它会使一代代的读者获得心灵的滋养与巨大的审美满足。

中国对外翻译出版有限公司以中外语言学习和中外文化交流为自己的出版方向，向广大读者提供既能提升语言能力，又能滋养心灵的精神大餐是我们的一贯宗旨。尽管随着网络技术和数字出版的发展，读者获得这些作品的途径更加便捷，但是，一本本装帧精美、墨香四溢的图书仍是读书人的最爱。

“熟读唐诗三百首，不会做诗也会吟”，汉语学习如此，外语学习尤其如此。要想彻底学好一种语言，必须有大量的阅读。这不仅可以熟能生巧地掌握其语言技能，也可了解一种语言所承载的独特文化。“中译经典文库·世界文学名著（英语原著版）”便是这样一套必将使读者受益终生的读物。

PREFACE

A history of literature is a phylogeny of human beings growing from childhood to adulthood, a spiritual history of masters in literature portraying human spirit with great touch, as well as a thinking history reflecting human conscience and emotional introspection. Reading these immortal classics is like browsing through our history, while communicating across time and space with great writers into thinking and feelings. It bestows spiritual nutrition as well as aesthetic relish upon readers from generation to generation.

China Translation and Publishing Corporation (CTPC), with a publishing mission oriented toward readings of Chinese and foreign languages learning as well as cultural exchange, has been dedicated to providing spiritual feasts which not only optimize language aptitude but also nourish heart and soul. Along with the development of Internet and digital publication, readers have easier access to reading classic works. Nevertheless, well-designed printed books remain favorite readings for most readers.

“After perusing three hundred Tang poems, a learner can at least utter some verses, if cannot proficiently write a poem.” That is true for learning Chinese, more so for learning a foreign language. To master a language, we must read comprehensively, not only for taking in lingual competence, but also for catching the unique cultural essence implied in the language. “World Literary Classics (English originals)” can surely serve as a series of readings with everlasting edifying significance.

作家与作品

莎士比亚 (1564—1616), 是英国文艺复兴时期伟大的戏剧家和诗人。一生共创作 37 部戏剧, 154 首十四行诗, 两部长诗和其他诗歌。他的作品是人文主义文学的杰出代表, 对后代作家影响深远, 在世界文学史上有极其重要的地位。

莎士比亚出生在英格兰沃里克郡埃文河畔斯特拉特福镇一个富裕市民家庭, 曾在当地文法学校学习。13 岁时家道中落辍学经商, 18 岁结婚, 几年以后去伦敦谋生。当过剧院的打杂工、演员和编剧等。1597 年在家乡购置了房产, 1616 年在家乡病逝。

莎士比亚文学创作的主要成就是戏剧, 按时代、思想和艺术风格的发展, 可分为三个时期:

第一时期 (1590—1600 年), 是莎士比亚人文主义世界观和创作风格形成时期, 共写了 9 部历史剧和 2 部长诗。其中最为人所熟知的有《理查三世》(1592)、《罗密欧与朱丽叶》(1595) 和《威尼斯商人》(1597)。

第二时期 (1601—1607 年), 是莎士比亚文艺思想成熟、艺术上达到高峰的阶段。这一时期创作了不朽的四大悲剧: 《哈姆雷特》(1601)、《奥赛罗》(1604)、《李尔王》(1606)、《麦克白》(1606)。

第三时期 (1608—1612 年), 是莎士比亚的创作晚期, 作品由悲剧转向传奇剧, 带有明显的乌托邦式的空想主义色彩。反映

了他的人文主义理想与客观现实之间的尖锐矛盾，以及他力求两者和谐的心态。主要作品有《辛白林》(1609)、《冬天的故事》(1610)和《暴风雨》(1611)。

莎士比亚戏剧的最大艺术特色是题材典型、情节生动、语言丰富、人物个性鲜明。他从民间和古典作品中汲取营养，融入自己独特的见解，把作品锤炼得炉火纯青。马克思称莎士比亚为“人类最伟大的天才之一”。恩格斯盛赞其作品的现实主义精神与情节的生动性、丰富性。莎士比亚的作品几乎被翻译成世界各种文字。1919年后被介绍到中国，现已有中文的《莎士比亚全集》。

《莎士比亚十四行诗》收入莎士比亚全部的154首十四行诗。这些诗篇在大约六年间陆续写成，表现的主题是友谊、爱情、艺术、时间。1至126首写诗人同一青年的友谊的升沉变化；127至152首写诗人对一“黑肤女郎”的爱恋；最后两首结束。这些诗篇蕴含着丰富的思想内容，体现了诗人对真、善、美的看法和理想，对光明和未来的希望，也表现出诗人对人与人之间不和谐的失望和焦虑。这些诗不仅仅抒发了个人的情感，也表达了一个时代，反映了现实社会。莎士比亚的十四行诗几乎每首诗都有独立的审美价值，有思想深度，有说理分析，感情有节制，形象生动丰富，语言运用巧妙，诗句节奏感强；诗人尤其善于在最后两行中概括诗意，点明主题，因而这一对偶句往往成为全诗的警句。莎士比亚的十四行诗不仅在英国的十四行诗中是巅峰，而且在世界的十四行诗中也是空前绝后的。



From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decrease,
His tender heir might bear his memory: 4
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel. 8
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding. 12
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

2

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
4 Will be a tottered weed of small worth held:
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes
8 Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"
12 Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

3

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another,
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother. 4
For where is she so fair whose unearned womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love to stop posterity? 8
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time. 12
But if thou live rememb' red not to be,
Die single and thine image dies with thee.

4



Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
4 And being frank she lends to those are free.
Then, Beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
8 So great a sum of sums yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thy self alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how when Nature calls thee to be gone,
12 What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

5



Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel; 4
For never-resting Time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there,
Sap checked with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnowed and bareness everywhere. 8
Then, were not summer's distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was. 12
But flowers distilled though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

6



Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer ere thou be distilled.
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
4 With beauty's treasure ere it be self-killed.
That use is not forbidden usury
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
8 Or ten times happier be it ten for one.
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
12 Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-willed, for thou art much too fair,
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

7



Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty; 4
And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage; 8
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way: 12
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
 Unlooked on diest unless thou get a son.

8



- M**usic to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
4 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tunèd sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
8 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother,
12 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing;
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "Thou single wilt prove none".

9



Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah, if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee like a makeless wife; 4
The world will be thy widow and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind. 8
Look what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it: 12
 No love toward others in that bosom sits
 That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

10

- F**or shame, deny that thou bear'st love to any
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
4 But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possessed with murd'rous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
8 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind.
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
12 Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove.
Make thee another self for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.