

世界经典文学名著原版库

THE PILGRIM 'S PROGRESS

《天路历程》

北京师联教育科学研究所 编



学苑音像出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

世界经典文学名著原版库/北京师联教育科学研究所编. —北京 :学苑音像出版社, 2005. 3

ISBN 7 - 88050 - 270 - X

I. 世... II. 北... III. 世界文学—文学—名著 英文 IV. I299 - 3

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2005)第 187966 号

世界经典文学名著原版库
北京师联教育科学研究所 编

出 版 :学苑音像出版社

印 刷 :北京密云红光印刷厂

开 本 :850mmx1168mm 1/16

印 张 :2800

字 数 :43 000 千字

版 次 :2005 年 4 月第 1 版

印 数 :1 - 5 000

书 号 :ISBN 7 - 88050 - 270 - X

定 价 :5800.00 元(全 290 册)

DELIVERED UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM BY JOHN BUNYAN

The Author's Apology for his Book

{1}

When at the first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book
In such a mode; nay, I had undertook
To make another; which, when almost done,
Before I was aware, I this begun.

And thus it was: I, writing of the way
And race of saints, in this our gospel day,
Fell suddenly into an allegory
About their journey, and the way to glory,

In more than twenty things which I set down.

This done, I twenty more had in my crown;

And they again began to multiply,

Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.

Nay, then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,

I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last

Should prove ad infinitum, and eat out

The book that I already am about.

Well, so I did; but yet I did not think

To shew to all the world my pen and ink

In such a mode; I only thought to make

I knew not what; nor did I undertake

Thereby to please my neighbour: no, not I;

I did it my own self to gratify.

{2}

Neither did I but vacant seasons spend

In this my scribble; nor did I intend

But to divert myself in doing this
From worser thoughts which make me do amiss.

Thus, I set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white.
For, having now my method by the end,
Still as I pulled, it came; and so I penned
It down: until it came at last to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,
I shewed them others, that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justify:
And some said, Let them live; some, Let them die;
Some said, JOHN, print it; others said, Not so;
Some said, It might do good; others said, No.

Now was I in a strait, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me:
At last I thought, Since you are thus divided,
I print it will, and so the case decided.

{3}

For, thought I, some, I see, would have it done,
Though others in that channel do not run:
To prove, then, who advised for the best,
Thus I thought fit to put it to the test.

I further thought, if now I did deny
Those that would have it, thus to gratify.
I did not know but hinder them I might
Of that which would to them be great delight.

For those which were not for its coming forth,
I said to them, Offend you I am loth,
Yet, since your brethren pleased with it be,
Forbear to judge till you do further see.

If that thou wilt not read, let it alone;
Some love the meat, some love to pick the bone.
Yea, that I might them better palliate,

I did too with them thus expostulate:--

{4}

May I not write in such a style as this?

In such a method, too, and yet not miss

My end--thy good? Why may it not be done?

Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright bring none.

Yea, dark or bright, if they their silver drops

Cause to descend, the earth, by yielding crops,

Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either,

But treasures up the fruit they yield together;

Yea, so commixes both, that in her fruit

None can distinguish this from that: they suit

Her well when hungry; but, if she be full,

She spews out both, and makes their blessings null.

You see the ways the fisherman doth take

To catch the fish; what engines doth he make?

Behold how he engageth all his wits;

Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks, and nets;

Yet fish there be, that neither hook, nor line,

Nor snare, nor net, nor engine can make thine:

They must be groped for, and be tickled too,

Or they will not be catch'd, whate'er you do.

How does the fowler seek to catch his game

By divers means! all which one cannot name:

His guns, his nets, his lime-twigs, light, and bell:

He creeps, he goes, he stands; yea, who can tell

Of all his postures? Yet there's none of these

Will make him master of what fowls he please.

Yea, he must pipe and whistle to catch this,

Yet, if he does so, that bird he will miss.

If that a pearl may in a toad's head dwell,

And may be found too in an oyster-shell;

If things that promise nothing do contain

What better is than gold; who will disdain,

That have an inkling of it, there to look,

That they may find it? Now, my little book,

(Though void of all these paintings that may make

It with this or the other man to take)

Is not without those things that do excel

What do in brave but empty notions dwell.

{5}

`Well, yet I am not fully satisfied,

That this your book will stand, when soundly tried.'

Why, what's the matter? `It is dark.' What though?

`But it is feigned.' What of that? I trow?

Some men, by feigned words, as dark as mine,

Make truth to spangle and its rays to shine.

`But they want solidness.' Speak, man, thy mind.

`They drown the weak; metaphors make us blind.'

Solidity, indeed, becomes the pen

Of him that writeth things divine to men;

But must I needs want solidness, because

By metaphors I speak? Were not God's laws,

His gospel laws, in olden times held forth

By types, shadows, and metaphors? Yet loth
Will any sober man be to find fault
With them, lest he be found for to assault
The highest wisdom. No, he rather stoops,
And seeks to find out what by pins and loops,
By calves and sheep, by heifers and by rams,
By birds and herbs, and by the blood of lambs,
God speaketh to him; and happy is he
That finds the light and grace that in them be.

{6}

Be not too forward, therefore, to conclude
That I want solidness--that I am rude;
All things solid in show not solid be;
All things in parables despise not we;
Lest things most hurtful lightly we receive,
And things that good are, of our souls bereave.

My dark and cloudy words, they do but hold
The truth, as cabinets enclose the gold.

The prophets used much by metaphors
To set forth truth; yea, who so considers
Christ, his apostles too, shall plainly see,
That truths to this day in such mantles be.

Am I afraid to say, that holy writ,
Which for its style and phrase puts down all wit,
Is everywhere so full of all these things--
Dark figures, allegories? Yet there springs
From that same book that lustre, and those rays
Of light, that turn our darkest nights to days.

{7}

Come, let my carper to his life now look,
And find there darker lines than in my book
He findeth any; yea, and let him know,
That in his best things there are worse lines too.

May we but stand before impartial men,
To his poor one I dare adventure ten,

That they will take my meaning in these lines

Far better than his lies in silver shrines.

Come, truth, although in swaddling clouts, I find,

Informs the judgement, rectifies the mind;

Pleases the understanding, makes the will

Submit; the memory too it doth fill

With what doth our imaginations please;

Likewise it tends our troubles to appease.

Sound words, I know, Timothy is to use,

And old wives' fables he is to refuse;

But yet grave Paul him nowhere did forbid

The use of parables; in which lay hid

That gold, those pearls, and precious stones that were

Worth digging for, and that with greatest care.

Let me add one word more. O man of God,

Art thou offended? Dost thou wish I had

Put forth my matter in another dress?

Or, that I had in things been more express?

Three things let me propound; then I submit

To those that are my betters, as is fit.

{8}

1. I find not that I am denied the use

Of this my method, so I no abuse

Put on the words, things, readers; or be rude

In handling figure or similitude,

In application; but, all that I may,

Seek the advance of truth this or that way

Denied, did I say? Nay, I have leave

(Example too, and that from them that have

God better pleased, by their words or ways,

Than any man that breatheth now-a-days)

Thus to express my mind, thus to declare

Things unto thee that excellentest are.

2. I find that men (as high as trees) will write

Dialogue-wise; yet no man doth them slight

For writing so: indeed, if they abuse

Truth, cursed be they, and the craft they use

To that intent; but yet let truth be free
To make her sallies upon thee and me,
Which way it pleases God; for who knows how,
Better than he that taught us first to plough,
To guide our mind and pens for his design?
And he makes base things usher in divine.

3. I find that holy writ in many places
Hath semblance with this method, where the cases
Do call for one thing, to set forth another;
Use it I may, then, and yet nothing smother
Truth's golden beams: nay, by this method may
Make it cast forth its rays as light as day.
And now before I do put up my pen,
I'll shew the profit of my book, and then
Commit both thee and it unto that Hand
That pulls the strong down, and makes weak ones stand.

This book it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting prize;

It shews you whence he comes, whither he goes;
What he leaves undone, also what he does;
It also shows you how he runs and runs,
Till he unto the gate of glory comes.

{9}

It shows, too, who set out for life amain,
As if the lasting crown they would obtain;
Here also you may see the reason why
They lose their labour, and like fools do die.

This book will make a traveller of thee,
If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its directions understand:
Yea, it will make the slothful active be;
The blind also delightful things to see.

Art thou for something rare and profitable?
Wouldest thou see a truth within a fable?
Art thou forgetful? Wouldest thou remember

From New-Year's day to the last of December?

Then read my fancies; they will stick like burs,

And may be, to the helpless, comforters.

This book is writ in such a dialect

As may the minds of listless men affect:

It seems a novelty, and yet contains

Nothing but sound and honest gospel strains.

Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy?

Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?

Wouldst thou read riddles, and their explanation?

Or else be drowned in thy contemplation?

Dost thou love picking meat? Or wouldst thou see

A man in the clouds, and hear him speak to thee?

Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?

Or wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep?

Wouldst thou lose thyself and catch no harm,

And find thyself again without a charm?

Wouldst read thyself, and read thou knowest not what,

And yet know whether thou art blest or not,

By reading the same lines? Oh, then come hither,
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

In the Similitude of a Dream

{10}

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on
a certain place where was a Den <The Jail/Gaol>, and I laid me down
in that place to sleep: and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags,
standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house,
a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. [Isa. 64:6;
Luke 14:33; Ps. 38:4; Hab. 2:2; Acts 16:30,31] I looked,
and saw him open the book, and read therein; and, as he read,
he wept, and trembled; and, not being able longer to contain,
<His Outcry> he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying,
"What shall I do?" [Acts 2:37]