



Gibran
名家经典
双语诗歌

纪伯伦诗选

..... Gibran's poems >>>

东方献给西方的最好礼物
充满诗情和哲理的诗歌
与你的心灵直接对话



黑龙江人民出版社

Gibran's Poems

..... 纪伯伦诗选 ▶▶▶

[黎巴嫩] 纪伯伦



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名家
经典
双语
诗歌

MING
JIA
JINGDIAN
SHUANGYU
SHIGE



双语诗歌

简介：

莎士比亚(William Shakespeare, 1564-1616), 是英国文艺复兴时期一位伟大的戏剧家和诗人, 世界杰出大文豪,《十四行诗》被称为是奉献给世界诗坛的“不朽的绝唱”。它以吟咏缠绵悱恻、坚定执著的爱情为主, 被誉为“爱情圣经”, 在莎士比亚的著作中占有十分重要的地位。

卡里·纪伯伦(Kahlil Gibran 1883-1931), 黎巴嫩诗人、画家。《纪伯伦诗选》收录了纪伯伦诗作中的最为经典的, 同时也是广大读者朋友熟知的两部作品:《先知》和《沙与沫》。

本系列书英汉双语, 彩色印刷, 带您开始一段不同寻常的、有声有色的诗歌之旅。



纪伯伦诗选

..... Gibran's poems ▶▶▶



经典双语诗歌
JINGDIANSHUANGYUSHIGE

P 前言

REFACE

本系列书收录了莎士比亚和纪伯伦两位世界著名文学大师的经典作品,英汉双语,彩色印刷,带您开始一段不同寻常的、有声有色的诗歌之旅。

莎士比亚(William Shakespeare, 1564-1616),是英国文艺复兴时期一位伟大的戏剧家和诗人,世界杰出大文豪。他一生写下了许多家喻户晓的剧本和诗歌,被同时代的戏剧家称为“时代的灵魂”。

十四行诗(Sonnet),又称“商籁体”,发源于意大利,14-16世纪文艺复兴时期在欧洲大陆开始流行。十四行诗被称为是奉献给世界诗坛的“不朽的绝唱”。它以吟咏缠绵悱恻、坚定执著的爱情为主,被誉为“爱情圣经”,在莎士比亚的著作中占有十分重要的地位。在这些诗行里,莎士比亚热情地讴歌和赞美了生命、婚姻和爱情的伟大和永恒,提出了他所主张的生活最高准则:





PREFACE

真、善、美的完美结合。品读、聆听爱的语言，感悟、体验爱的伟大，探索、证悟生命的意义……这些正是这本“爱情圣经”所要传达的内容，希望广大读者朋友会在阅读的过程中有所体会。

卡里·纪伯伦(Kahil Gibran 1883-1931)，黎巴嫩诗人、画家，罗丹称他为“20 世纪的布雷克”，美国人称他为“像东方吹横扫西方的风暴”，并称他的作品为“东方赠给西方的最好礼物”。本系列书中收录了纪伯伦诗作中的最为经典的，同时也是为广大读者朋友熟知的两部作品：《先知》和《沙与沫》。

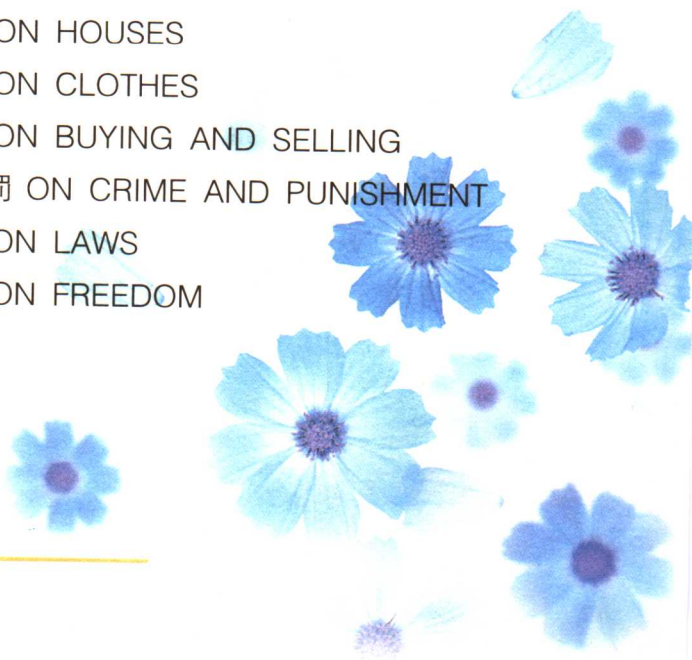
15 岁时，纪伯伦用阿拉伯文写下了《先知》的初稿。1923 年，他的这部英文散文诗集才出版，出版后就轰动了全世界，被译成五十多种语言，受到了读者的广泛喜爱。欧美评论家将它与泰戈尔的《吉檀迦利》相提并论，称它是“东方最美妙的声音”。这些诗体现了人类的共同情感，传达了深刻的人生哲理。

《沙与沫》是纪伯伦的一部格言诗，字数不多，长短不一，诗句中充满了丰富的诗情和哲理，阐明了作者对人生、爱情、艺术与生命等问题的思考和理解，读后耐人寻味。

本系列书均为四色印刷，图片精美，版式新颖，为您营造了一个有情有景的阅读空间，让您可以在阅读中品位诗境，感悟生活。

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The Prophet

先知



Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself.

Love possesses not nor would it be possessed;

For love is sufficient unto love.

When you love you should not say,

“God is in my heart,” but rather,

“I am in the heart of God. ”

除了自身,爱别无所给,

除了自身,爱别无所求;

爱,不占有也不被占有。

因为爱有爱就足够了。

当你付出爱时,

不要说“上帝在我心中”,而应说

“我在上帝心中”。

THE COMING OF THE SHIP

Almustafa, the chosen and the beloved, who was a dawn unto 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 held 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 can not withdraw from them without a burden and an ache.

It is not a garment I cast off this day, but a skin that I tear with my own hands.



船来了

在当代的曙光下,被选与被爱的艾玛达法,在奥菲里斯城等待着那只来接他回到出生之岛的船已经十二年了。

在第十二年,也就是“收割月”的第七日,他登上没有城墙的山冈,远望大海。他看到他的船正从雾霭中向他驶来。

他的心胸豁然开朗,喜悦之情比那波浪汹涌的大海还要浓烈。他闭起双眸,在灵魂的静默处祈祷。

然而,当他走下山时,却有一阵悲哀袭上心头。他默想:

我如何能平静地离去,而不带丝毫哀伤?不,我无法不带着伤痛离开这个城市。

在这个城市,我度过了多少个漫长而痛苦的日子,又经历了多少个漫长而孤寂的夜晚,谁能够无牵无挂地摆脱他的痛苦和孤寂?

这里的大街小巷都撒满了我心灵的碎片,这里有许多充满朝气与希望的孩子赤足穿梭在山林间。我无法做到毫无负担与伤痛地从这些景物中悄然离去。

今天,我不是脱去一件外衣,而是用自己的手撕下一层皮。

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 crystalize
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:

Sons of my ancient mother, you
riders of the tides, How often have you
sailed in my dreams.

And now you come in my awaken-
ing, which is my deeper dream.

Ready am I to go, and my eager-
ness with sails full set awaits the wind.

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 free-
dom 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.



我置之身后的不是一种思绪，而是一颗用饥渴凝结起来的甘甜之心。

然而，我无法再停留了。

召唤万物的大海在召唤我，我必须启程了。

如果停留，只会使在黑夜中依然燃烧发热的生命逐渐冷却，结晶成形。

假若能带走这一切，我该有多高兴。然而，我怎么可能带走？

声音无法与唇齿同行，唇齿却赋予声音以飞翔的翅膀，声音只能独自在天空翱翔。

雁鸟必须离开窝巢，才能独自飞越太阳。

现在，他已行至山下，再次面向大海，

看见他的船已驶近港口，水手来

自他的故乡。

于是，他的心灵向他们呼唤道：

我先人的子孙们，你们这些弄潮儿，在我梦中，你们已航行多次。

如今，在我苏醒时，你们翩然而来，也就是我更深的梦境。

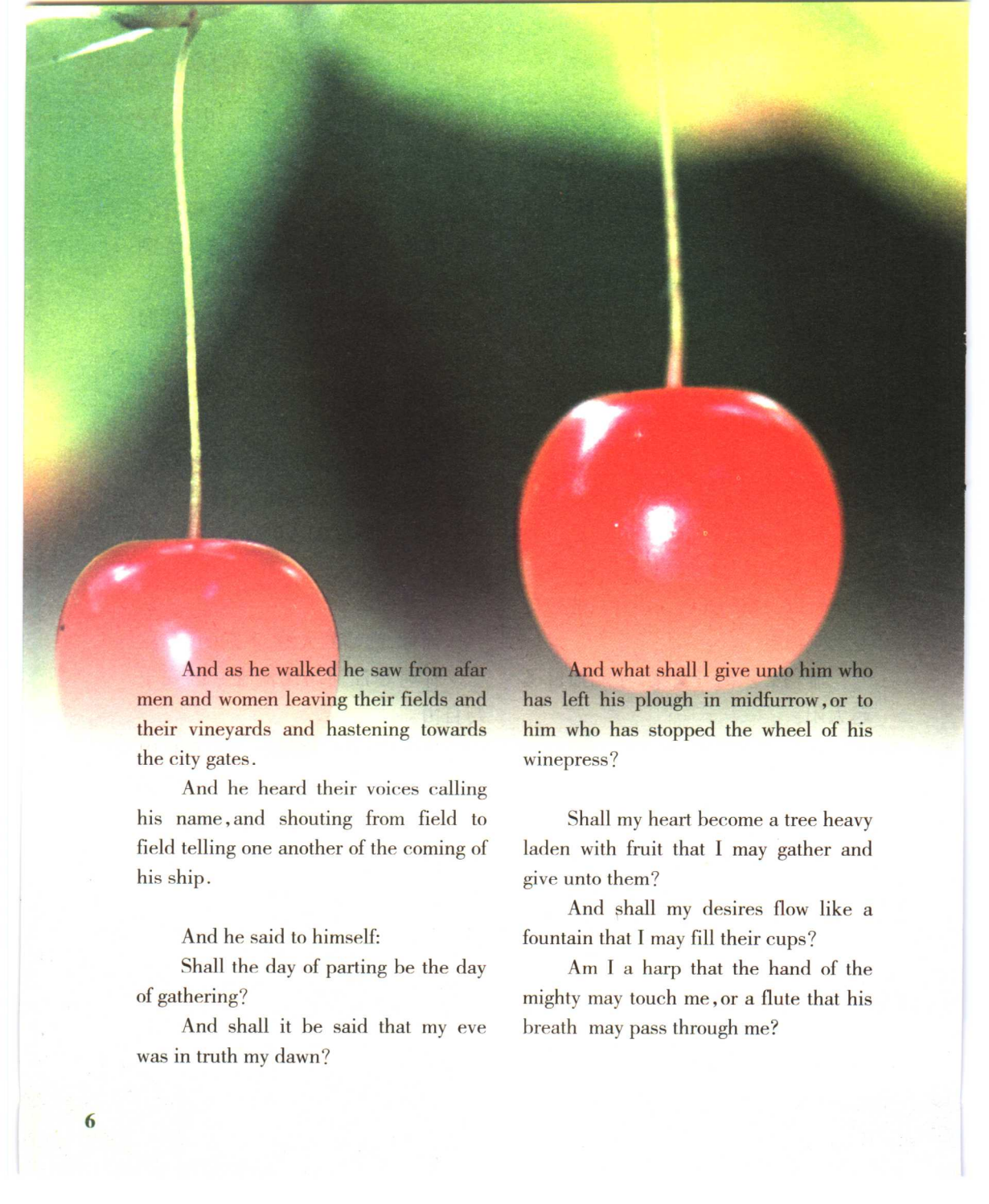
我已准备好启航，渴望的心早已扬起帆，等待着风起。

只想在这沉静的气氛中再吸一口气，再回首投下深情的一瞥。

然后，我就加入到你们中去，成为一名水手。

而你，浩瀚的大海，不眠的母亲，你将是江河与溪流唯一的安宁与自由。

这溪流只要再蜿蜒一回，在林中空地低吟一曲，我就会投入你的怀抱，犹如一滴自由的水滴，归入无穷的大海。



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
his ship.

And he said to himself:

Shall the day of parting be the day
of gathering?

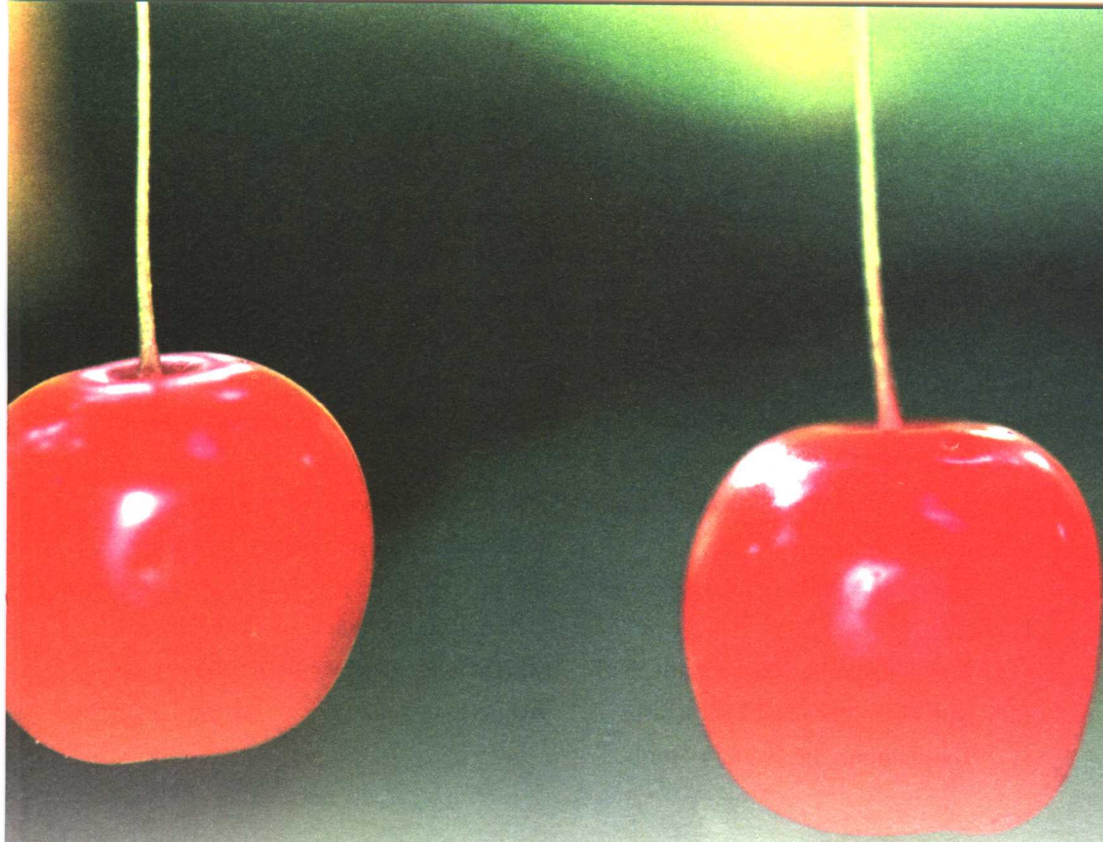
And shall it be said that my eve
was in truth my dawn?

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?

Am I a harp that the hand of the
mighty may touch me, or a flute that his
breath may pass through me?



他走着,看到远处的人们都离开
农田和果园,涌向城门。

他听到他们喊着自己的名字,
在田野间奔走相告他的船即将到达
的声音。

他对自己说:
难道分别之日就是相聚之时吗?
难道我的黄昏实际上是我的
黎明?

我能为那些放下耕田犁具、停下
酿酒转轮的人们奉献什么呢?

应该让我的心灵长出累累果实
与他们分享,还是把我的渴望化做涌
泉,倾满他们的杯盏?

我是做一只强大的可以弹拨的
竖琴,还是一管能让它的呼吸穿透我
的长笛?

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.

