

十四行诗集



我们,我们的 我们,我们的

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2014年7月第1版 2014年7月第1次印刷 900×1280毫米 32 开本 9.75 印张 字数: 180千字 定价: 35.00元 作为英国最伟大的剧作家、诗人,威廉·莎士比亚被誉为"时代的灵魂"、"人类最伟大的戏剧天才","不只属于一个时代而属于全世纪"。他的十四行诗在其全部作品中占有非常重要的地位。

《莎士比亚十四行诗》大约创作于1590年至1598年间,收录的154首诗中歌颂了爱情、友谊与真善美,是莎士比亚唯一一部诗集。在英国乃至世界十四行诗的创作中,莎士比亚十四行诗是一座不可逾越的高峰,当得起空前绝后的美称。

十四行诗是源于意大利民间的一种抒情短诗,文艺复兴初期时盛行于整个欧洲,其结构十分严谨,分为两部分,上段为八行,下段为六行,每行十一个音节,韵脚为:abba abba cdc ded。莎士比亚十四行诗的结构更严谨,他将十四个诗行分为两部分,第一部分为三个四行,第二部分为两行,每行十个音节,韵脚为:abab cdcd efef gg。莎士比亚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诗眼。这样的格式后来被称为"莎士比亚式"或"伊丽莎白式",在英语国家风行。

对诗人而言,诗的结构越严谨就越难抒情,而莎士比亚却以惊人的艺术表现力得心应手地运用了这种诗体,情感的丰富,语言的精炼,比喻的新鲜,结构的巧妙和音调的铿锵悦耳,都是异常突出的。莎士比亚十四行诗成为十四行诗已这种诗体的代名词,经年历久受到文学爱好者和英语学习者的追捧和崇拜。

歌德说"莎士比亚就是无限",为了匹配这种无限,本书特别选取著名 画家莫奈、梵高、雷诺阿、塞尚、高更、毕沙罗、德加等大师的稀世珍品作 为插画,以绝美的色彩诠释天才的诗情。

一个莎士比亚,就足以表明世纪辉煌,而一本十四行诗,已尽得莎翁 精华。

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From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory;
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
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.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.



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我们总是祈望天生的尤物生生不息, 那样,美丽的玫瑰就不会凋零, 但是开透的花朵定会随时光逝去, 娇嫩的后起之秀便要承载先辈的记忆; 但你和自己明亮的双眸定了情, 甘心以己身为燃料,去增饰眼中火般的光彩, 这使原本的耀眼显出贫瘠, 你跟自己作对,令自己受苦。 如今你是大地上最鲜的花蕊, 又是那妖娆繁春里唯一的先行者, 你却在那花蕾里葬送了自己, 柔弱的贪鄙者啊,因为吝啬造成浪费。 可怜这个世界吧,不然,这个贪食者会得逞, 因为,世界应得的东西,会被坟墓和你吞噬。

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,
Will be a tattered 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,
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',
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.

当四十个寒冬侵凌你的额角, 在那美丽的肌肤田园里划出深痕时, 你曾经令万人瞩目的灼灼青春, 将会被弃如衰草,不值一瞧。 人们定会问你,从前的美貌如今在何处, 那些少时珍藏的宝贝又在哪里, 你说:"在你这双深陷如水的眼睛里 只有贪求的羞耻,和浪费的谬赞。" 有多少赞赏能当得起你那美的用途, 如果你回答说,"我这精灵般的孩子 会还清我的账,会让我老得其所", 而延续你的风姿是他美的证明。 这使你在老时,再度年轻, 使你垂冷的血液,重新沸腾。

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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.

For where is she so fair whose uneared womb

Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?

Or who is he so fond will be the tomb

Of his self-love to stop posterity?

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.

But if thou live, rememb'red not to be,

Die single and thine image dies with thee.





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去照照镜子,告诉镜中的那张脸, 是时候旧貌换新颜了; 如果现在不着手整饬它的新居, 就是欺骗世界,剥夺某个母亲的幸福。 因为哪有如此淑贞的女子,她那未经开垦的处女地, 会拒绝由你来耕种? 哪有如此自恋的男子,宁愿自成坟墓, 也不让子孙繁衍? 你就是你母亲的镜子啊,她看着你, 仿佛就看着自己如四月天般明媚的青春; 所以,从你那暮年之窗望去,你将明白, 纵使皱纹横生,这也是黄金岁月。 如果你活着,不愿被人记起, 那就带着你的回忆,独自死去。

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Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thy self thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
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
So great a sum of sums yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thy self alone,
Thou of thy self thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee,
Which used lives th' executor to be.

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豪奢的可人,为什么你要挥霍自己身上那份得天独厚的美丽?造化的礼物从不给予,它只出赁,并且只免费借给直率之人,毫不吝惜。那么,美丽的小气鬼,你为什么滥用那托你转交的丰厚馈赠?败家的放债人,为什么你有如此慷慨的资本,却还是难以生存?因为你只和自己来往,用现在美好的自己欺骗以后的你。当大自然唤你回归的时候,你将交出怎样令人满意的答卷?你那未繁衍过的美丽将随你步入坟墓,繁衍过的,就活着去践行你的遗愿。



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;
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.
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.
But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

那一小时一小时的光阴, 精雕细琢造成这万众瞩目的明眸, 终有一天会以暴君之姿对待它们, 把那曾经的惊天容颜变得不再美丽; 从不停歇的时间携着盛夏 走向严冬,在那里将它击败。 凌霜裹冻住生机,茂密的枝叶一去不回, 美丽掩藏在白雪之下,到处一片荒芜。 如果夏天的青华未被提炼, 如果没有那凝在玻璃之墙中的液体, 那美和美的果实就将被断送, 遑论它,就连对它的记忆也丧失了。 但花儿提炼出了香精,纵使和冬天相遇, 也不过略褪些颜色,却芳香永恒。 Then let not winter's ragged hand deface,
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distilled.

Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
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 thy self to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one.

Ten times thy self were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
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.

既然你还未提炼出岁月的精华, 就别让严冬的粗手抹掉容颜上的盛夏。 你教玉瓶生香吧,用美丽的宝藏去馈泽地方吧, 趁它还没有香消玉殒前。 这样的利用并不是违法放高利贷, 它使那些愿意负债的人高兴; 这正是要你重生另一个你出来, 或者十倍高兴,就像一生十, 十人的快乐汇在一人身上一样。 如果你有十个儿女来重现你的容颜, 即使你将来去世,死亡又能把你怎么样呢, 既然你能在后代身上永远存活? 别任性,因为你太过美丽, 不要做死神的战利品,让蛆虫成为你的后代。

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;
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;
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:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlooked on diest unless thou get a son.