

莎士比亚十四行集

[英] 威廉·莎士比亚/著 高黎平/译







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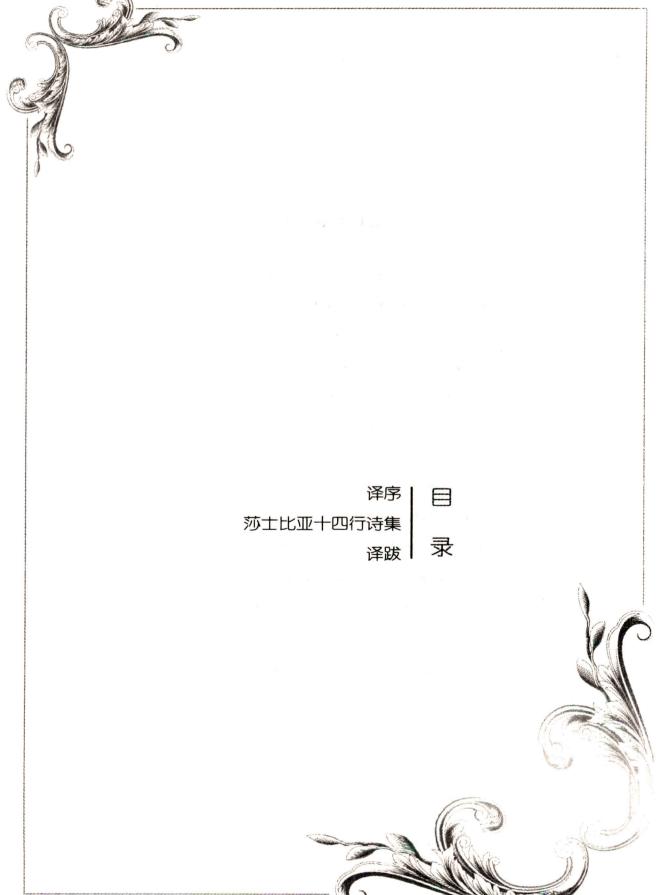
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译 序-

> 高黎平 2010年6月 于重邮樱花园





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- Sonnet 1

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,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thout that are 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.





第1首 🧸



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 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
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 cold.





第2首

匿藏贪耻和奉承。

君若称得美男子,

替君结账谅君老,

以君遗产证其丽,

用美之道堪称好!

此美暮年将更新,

当君冷时热血腾。





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 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.





第3首

照而君欺因拒哪甘君唤皱黄然独镜今若骗为夫方掘为回纹金若自告当莫世哪开复坟君青满时活逝中一新害活女人后一四年佳人作脸副颜母女地愚嗣面月窗绝忘伴的。,,,,,。,,,





Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself 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 thyself alone,
Thou of thyself 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 tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.





第4首

为美自慷为滥高为既无可君未已何丽然慨何用利何然异当具用用无遗财借亏厚贷贷与甜天何之之位产物予本礼者款己蜜道账美美之独贷大吝转钱日独将令能入履美品、了珍者鬼人费撑易骗君见墓嘱,?;;。,;;;



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 cheque'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
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 distill'd though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.





第5首

曾众终绝永带霜雪那凝美美提可归人将代恒至杀掩时成之之炼失时目就而光冬机景留露韵忆朵表看明暴美引夏叶白夏附随无虽无正辨君无严消落茫精瓶美人遇无豆筑眼殊夏亡下茫髓壁退提冬穷





In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:

Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.

That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
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,
Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.





第6首

在严君瓶此乐利十君必死依绝岂君冬之藏般意息倍若将奈旧美服精魔美香放付将利十快君活佳死捷莫自送非人再福酷上虽下莫虫掠夏消他禁幸生十似十长一偏为的戕前乡贷福来足君倍辞辈执裔,:,。,;,;,;,;,

