

先知双语经典
07

[黎巴嫩] 卡里·纪伯伦 著
廖欣 译

SAND AND FOAM

沙与沫

探讨生命奥秘的天才名作

哈尔滨出版社

灵魂深处的生命之歌

千锤百炼的文学瑰宝

Sand and foam

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关于作者



卡里·纪伯伦(Kahlil Gibran 1883 年—1931 年),生于黎巴嫩布雪里一个宗教气息浓厚的家庭中。童年时期,母亲教他阿拉伯文和法文,又请家庭教师教他英语。

1888 年,纪伯伦随母亲移居美国波士顿,在那里奠定了扎实的英文基础。1897 年纪伯伦返回黎巴嫩继续学习阿拉伯文和法文,选修了医学、国际法及宗教史和音乐等课程。暑期纪伯伦随父亲旅游中东各地,心灵豁然开朗。

15 岁时,他以阿拉伯文写下《先知》的初稿,16 岁时发表了第一篇散文诗,并开始热衷于绘画。大学毕业之后游历了希腊、意大利、西班牙等地。随后,纪伯伦进行了大量创作,开始了自己的写作生涯。1923 年,英文散文诗集《先知》出版,奠定了他在文学史上的不朽地位。

关于作品

《沙与沫》是纪伯伦最著名的作品之一，作者以自然景物“沙”、“泡沫”为比喻，寓意着人在社会之中如同沙之微小，事物如同泡沫一般的虚幻。

整部诗集内容富有哲理充满智慧，是一本关于生命、艺术、爱情、人性的格言书，值得反复品读。除了哲理以外，诗集还富于音韵之美，宛如天籁，传达出生命的爱和真谛，让那些困顿彷徨的人们，都能得到慰藉和鼓舞！

与其他的作品一样，纪伯伦的诗文超越了时空、国界的限制，字句中蕴含深刻的哲理，体现了人类共同的情感，满足了不同心灵的不同需求。

纪伯伦画展



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沙 与 沫



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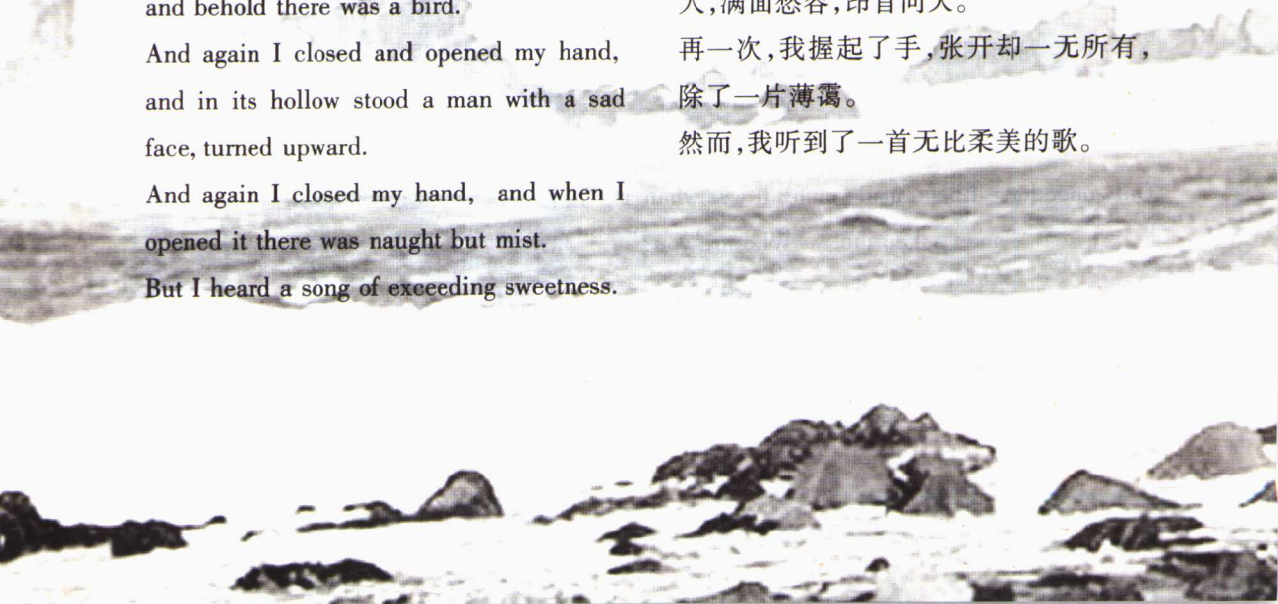


I am forever walking upon these shores,
Betwixt the sand and the foam.
The high tide will erase my foot-prints,
And the wind will blow away the foam.
But the sea and the shore will remain
Forever.

Once I filled my hand with mist.
Then I opened it and look,
the mist was a worm.
And I closed and opened my hand again,
and behold there was a bird.
And again I closed and opened my hand,
and in its hollow stood a man with a sad
face, turned upward.
And again I closed my hand, and when I
opened it there was naught but mist.
But I heard a song of exceeding sweetness.

我永远漫步在这海岸，
在细沙和泡沫之间。
高涨的潮水抹去我的足迹，
海风也将泡沫拂走，
但是，海与岸
将会永恒。

我的手中曾经握满薄雾。
然后，我伸开手掌，哦，薄雾变成了小虫。
我将手握了又展，手中却是一只小鸟。
我再次将手握紧又展开，掌心上任立一
人，满面愁容，昂首向天。
再一次，我握起了手，张开却一无所有，
除了一片薄雾。
然而，我听到了一首无比柔美的歌。



It was but yesterday I thought myself a fragment
quivering without rhythm in the sphere of life.

Now I know that I am the sphere,
and all life in rhythmic fragments
moves within me.

They say to me in their awakening,
“You and the world you live in
are but a grain of sand upon the infinite
shore of an infinite sea.”

And in my dream I say to them,

“I am the infinite sea,
and all worlds are but grains of sand
upon my shore.”

Only once have I been made mute. It was when a
man asked me, “Who are you?”

就在昨天，我还以为自己只是碎屑
一片，在生命的苍穹之中毫无韵律
地颤抖。

如今我却明白，我就是那苍穹，整个生
命是我怀中富有节奏而悸动的碎片。

他们醒来时，对我说道：“你和你居住
的世界，只是无涯之海和无边之岸的
沙粒。”

在睡梦中，我对他们说道：“我正是那
无涯之海，世界万物不过是我海岸上
那颗颗沙粒。”

独有一次，我被迫缄默无语。

“你是谁？”那是有人这样问我时。

整个生命是我怀中富有节奏而悸动的碎片

all life in rhythmic fragments moves within me

The first thought of God was an angel.

The first word of God was a man.

We were fluttering, wandering, longing creatures a thousand thousand years before the sea and the wind in the forest gave us words.

Now how can we express the ancient of days in us with only the sounds of our yesterdays?

The Sphinx spoke only once, and the Sphinx said, "A grain of sand is a desert, and a desert is a grain of sand; and now let us all be silent again."

I heard the Sphinx, but I did not understand.

上帝的第一个念头是天使。

上帝的第一个词汇是人。

在海洋和森林中的风声赋予我们语言之前的千万年间,我们是在漂泊、徘徊、孜孜不倦地追求着的一群生物。

而现在,我们怎能仅用我们那昨天的声音来描述心中的远古时光呢?

斯芬克斯仅说过一次话。他说:“一粒沙子是一片沙漠,一片沙漠是一粒沙子。现在就让我们再次沉默吧。”

我听到了斯芬克斯的话,却毫不理解。

Long did I lie in the dust of Egypt,
silent and unaware of the seasons.

Then the sun gave me birth, and I rose and
walked upon the banks of the Nile,
Singing with the days and dreaming with
the nights.

And now the sun threads upon me with a
thousand feet that I may lie again in the
dust of Egypt.

But behold a marvel and a riddle!
The very sun that gathered me cannot
scatter me.

Still erect am I, and sure of foot do I walk
upon the banks of the Nile.

我长久地躺在埃及的漫天沙尘里，沉默
着，忘却了季节。

直到太阳赐予我生命，我站起身来，沿着
尼罗河岸行走。

我与白昼一起唱歌，又与黑夜一起遐想。
而今，太阳又用千万只脚在我身上践踏，
让我再次躺在埃及的漫天沙尘里。

然而，请记住那个奇迹和谜语吧！
将我凝聚的太阳也无法将我驱散。

我依然伫立，依然踩着稳健的步子走在
尼罗河岸上。

忘却是一种自由的方式

7 >

Remembrance is a form of meeting.

Forgetfulness is a form of freedom.

We measure time according to the movement of countless suns; and they measure time by little machines in their little pockets.

Now tell me, how could we ever meet at the same place and the same time?

Space is not space between the earth and the sun to one who looks down from the windows of the Milky Way.

Humanity is a river of light running from the ex-eternity to eternity.

记忆是一种相聚的方式。

忘却是一种自由的方式。

我们依据无限的阳光的运动估测时间，他们则用口袋里小小的器具估测时间。

请告诉我，我们如何能同时同地相聚？

在一个从银河之窗俯瞰的人眼里，宇宙不只是地球与太阳之间的一方空间。

人性是一条光河，从永恒之前向永恒流淌。

Do not the spirits who dwell in the ether envy
man his pain?

On my way to the Holy City I met another
pilgrim and I asked him, "Is this indeed the
way to the Holy City?"

And he said, "Follow me, and you will reach
the Holy City in a day and a night."

And I followed him. And we walked many
days and many nights, yet we did not reach
the Holy City.

And what was to my surprise he became angry
with me because he had misled me.

Make me, oh, God, the prey of the lion, ere
you make the rabbit my prey.

居住在上界的精灵们,难道不羡慕人世
间的痛苦吗?

朝圣的旅途上,我遇到另一位朝圣者,于
是问他:"这的确是去往圣城的道路吗?"

他说:"跟着我,再有一个昼夜就到达圣
城了。"

我尾随他走了几个昼夜,圣城却依然不
见踪影。

让我吃惊的是,他带我误入歧途反而迁
怒于我。

神啊,让我做狮子的祭品吧,不然就让兔
子成为我的俘食吧!



One may not reach the dawn save by the path of the night.

My house says to me, "Do not leave me, for here dwells your past."

And the road says to me, "Come and follow me, for I am your future."

And I say to both my house and the road, "I have no past, nor have I a future. If I stay here, there is a going in my staying; and if I go there is a staying in my going. Only love and death will change all things."

How can I lose faith in the justice of life, when the dreams of those who sleep upon feathers are not more beautiful than the dreams of those who sleep upon the earth? Strange, the desire for certain pleasures is a part of my pain.

除了穿越黑暗之路,人不可能通向黎明。

我的房子对我说:“不要舍弃我,这里珍藏着你的过去。”

道路对我说:“跟随我吧,我是你的未来。”

我对我的房子和道路说:“我既无过去,也无未来。如果我在此逗留,逗留中有我的形迹。如果我前行,路途上就有我的停留。惟有爱和死才能改变一切。”

那些沉睡于羽毛中的梦想,并不比席地而眠的梦想更美好,我又怎能对生命的公正丧失信心?

真奇怪!某些愉悦的企望却成为我伤痛的一部分。

Seven times have I despised my soul:

The first time when I saw her being meek that she might attain height.

The second time when I saw her limping before the crippled.

The third time when she was given to choose between the hard and the easy, and she chose the easy.

The fourth time when she committed a wrong, and comforted herself that others also commit wrong.

The fifth time when she forbore for weakness, and attributed her patience to strength.

The sixth time when she despised the ugliness of a face, and knew not that it was one of her own masks.

And the seventh time when she sang a song of praise, and deemed it a virtue.

曾有七次我对自己的灵魂充满鄙视：

第一次，当我看到她可以升迁却有意谦让时。

第二次，当我看见她在腿残者眼前跛行而过时。

第三次，当她在难易之间选择了容易时。

第四次，当她犯了错误，却用别人也会犯类似错误的理由来抚慰自己时。

第五次，当她因为脆弱而忍让，却说成是一种坚忍时。

第六次，当她鄙夷一张丑恶的面庞，却不知道那正是自己的一副面具时。

第七次，当她吟唱颂歌却自以为是一种美德时。