

勃朗宁夫人爱情十四行诗 伊丽莎白·巴雷特·勃朗宁

勃朗宁夫妇情书选 伊丽莎白·巴雷特·勃朗宁 罗伯特·勃朗宁

> 红毛球 弗吉尼亚·吴尔夫



I thought once how theocritus had sung

Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,

Who each one in a gracious hand appears

To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:

And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,

I saw in gradual vision through my tears,

The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,

Those of my own life, who by turns had flung

A shadow across me. Straightway I was ware.

So weepingi£ How a mystic shape did move

Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;

And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,ia

"Guess now who holds thee!" "Death," I said. But, there,

The silver answer rang,ia"Not death, but love."

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## 天堂玫瑰

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### 译者的话

#### 阳光下,那一场爱情盛筵

人世间纵有千百万篇爱情故事,也没有哪一个曾像伊丽莎白·巴雷特的那么传奇而完美——伤残的肢体、哀婉的心灵都能在爱情的荣耀中焕然一新,然后排除万难远走阳光灿烂的南欧,休憩生子、相亲相顾,最后在爱人的怀抱中安然辞世。为了纪念她杰出的一生,在她辞世后,佛罗伦萨市民在她生前所住的圭迪公寓墙上安置了铜铸的纪念牌匾。伊丽莎白·巴雷特确实是在和罗伯特·勃朗宁的爱情中成全了一生。

大约在他们1846年订婚后到结婚前,巴雷特创作了堪称英国文学史上十四行诗代表作的一组情诗。1850年发表时因为不想暴露作者的真实身份,而采用《葡萄牙人的十四行诗》作为名称。

纵观诗组,诗人可说把女性微妙复杂的心思表达得淋漓尽致:从爱情 突至的惊惶失措,转到初尝滋味的犹疑不定,然后是放怀而纳的至深感 激,最终升华为对爱人的无私回报。这见证他们爱情经历的整段心情,充 分体现在跌宕连绵的诗句之中。正是对感情的真挚表达,奠定了这些诗歌 在文学史上不可动摇的地位,甚至超越其语言魅力更永驻人心。

我们同样被这深深切切的旷世爱情所打动——从最初吟诵方平先生的译本,到后来品味原文,萦绕心底的总是伟大的爱情。那些精辟的比喻和押韵的词汇仿佛倒成了配角——于是不禁渴望让它们在现世的言辞中再绽芬芳,这也是激励我们重译的主要原因。

如果用音乐来比喻诗歌,那么勃朗宁夫人的爱情十四行诗恰似施特劳斯的圆舞曲——华美、细腻,喜悦中又有些许忧伤,起伏跳动、扣人心弦。这些乐曲流转不断、延绵至今。虽然精心琢磨,又劳烦贾鹤鹏、张伟先生倾力协作,但仍耽心曲高难和、遗漏了女诗人的风采,故同时附上英文原作,以免因不慎让读者错失珠玉。

见证旷世爱情的不仅有"葡萄牙人的十四行诗",还有勃朗宁夫妇的百万字的情书。身为作家,他们以纸传情,往来稠密,有时一日内就有几次来回。我们摘译了与"十四行诗"所记录的时段相合的部分,从中不但可以领略到他们的语言风采,而且能更好地应证诗歌所述的内容,便于理解其间微妙变化的繁复感情。

不能忽略的还有勃朗宁夫人的爱犬"红毛球",它也见证了整个过程,还作为重要角色亲自参与。虽然它口不能言,但是上帝却做了妥善的安排——让同样在英国文学史甚至世界文学史上举足轻重的弗吉尼亚·吴尔夫写下了小说《红毛球》。文中所用语言生动活泼、完全不同于她惯常的阴郁灰暗的文风,凸显了吴尔夫的另一风格。小说翔实地记录了这个爱情故事,与其说是叙写红毛球的生平,倒不如说是勃朗宁夫妇别致的爱情传记。我们把它作为全书的第三部分奉献给大家。

诗歌,书信,小说,不同的发端指向同一个终结,融汇为完美的传世绝唱,重现了芬芳满溢的爱情玫瑰。让不败的玫瑰在天堂里绽放,凝结香露再次润洒人间,让悠扬的美乐在纸间回荡,聚成清音激荡心怀,让我们随着勃朗宁夫妇一同在爱情的圆舞曲中旋转,尽享阳光下那一场爱情的盛筵。

**译者** 2004年3月于子规书坊





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# 勃朗宁夫人爱情十四行诗

(原名: 葡萄牙人的十四行诗)

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

伊丽莎白·巴雷特·勃朗宁

STEW ABOVE THE STEP

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and a voice said in mastery, waile I shove, -

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he aliver as a rang, ... "Not dealis, but love.

I

I thought once how theocritus had sung Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years, Who each one in a gracious hand appears To bear a gift for mortals, old or young: And, as I mused it in his antique tongue, I saw, in gradual vision through my tears, The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years, Those of my own life, who by turns had flung A shadow across me. Straightway I was ware. So weeping. How a mystic shape did move Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair, And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,-"Guess now who holds thee!" "Death," I said. But, there, The silver answer rang,—"Not death, but love."

我想起,一位古希腊歌者曾那样吟唱:

动人的时光,温馨的时光,还有企盼的时光,

每一个都带着丰厚的馈赠降临,

为世人分送礼物,无论年老与年少。

当我低声浅和这古老的歌韵,

在迷蒙中我看到了自己的日子,

甜美的,哀伤的,凄凉的。

那些我生命的岁月依次拽起一片光影。

掠过我心际,如此凄悲,让我恐慌。

神秘的暗影在我身后游弋,

挽住发辫将我向后拖去。

我挣扎着,一个声音在空中响起:

"猜猜这次是谁抓住了你?" ——"死亡吧。"

"不是死亡,却是爱情!"银铃般的答声回荡在耳旁。

Π

But only three in all God's universe Have heard this word thou hast said,— Himself, beside Thee speaking, and me listening! and replied One of us ...that was God, ...and laid the curse So darkly on my eyelids, as to amerce My sight from seeing thee,—that if I had died, The death-weights, placed there, would have signified Less absolute exclusion. "Nay" is worse From God than from all others, O my friend! Men could not part us with their worldly jars, Nor the seas change us, nor the tempests bend; Our hands would touch for all the mountain-bars: And, heaven being rolled between us at the end, We should but vow the faster for the stars.

其实在上帝的世界里只有三个

听到了你曾说的这个字——他自己,还有

说话的你, 倾听的我!

我们中的一个在作答——那是上帝——并且丢下诅咒:

让我的眼睛黯淡无光,惩罚我无法望到你

——即便我离开人世,压上了死亡的重负,

也不会让我们如此绝隔。

上帝说的"不行"要超过所有天堑!

噢,我的朋友,

人们无法用世俗的喧嚣将我们分开.

大海也不能把我们相隔, 更别说暴风雨;

我们的双手会越过高山相牵。

最后, 当天庭滚落在我们之间,

我们只有向群星起誓要更加紧密相连。

Ш

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely heart! Unlike our uses and our destinies. Our ministering two angels look surprise On one another, as they strike athwart Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art A guest for queens to social pageantries, With gages from a hundred brighter eyes Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part Of chief musician. What hast thou to do With looking from the lattice-lights at me, A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree? The chrism is on thine head,—on mine, the dew,— And Death must dig the level where these agree.

不一样,我们的确不一样!噢,尊贵的人呀!

不一样的是我们的职司和命运!

我们的两个守护天使,

在交臂间翅羽相撞时,

诧异地看着对方。

你,想想你,

是女皇盛筵的贵宾,

千百双比我的泪眼更晶亮的眸子,

带着惊羡,看你成为她们的首席乐师。

是什么让你从那花格窗里望着我

——这穷困疲惫的流浪歌者,

只在黑夜里依着柏树吟唱。

圣油涂抹在你的前额,而我的头上却只有露珠。

也许唯有死亡来临,才能最终把我们扯平。

ΙV

Thou hast thy calling to some palace-floor, Most gracious singer of high poems! Where The dancers will break footing, from the care Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more. And dost thou lift this house's latch too poor For hand of thine? And canst thou think and bear To let thy music drop here unaware In folds of golden fulness at my door? Look up and see the casement broken in, The bats and owlets builders in the roof! My cricket chirps against thy mandolin. Hush, call no echo up in further proof Of desolation! there's a voice within That weeps...as thou must sing...alone, aloof.

你曾被召进王宫豪门,

作为会写佳作的最优雅的诗人。

那里的舞者驻足观望,

期待你那曼妙的双唇再吐清音。

而你真要拉开这于你手太过寒酸的门闩?

甘愿让你的乐音寂然跌落,

辉煌地堆积在我的门前?

抬头瞧瞧那破落的窗棂.

蝙蝠和夜枭在屋梁上做巢。

只有我的蟋蟀会啾啾地应和你的曼陀铃!

嘘!不要激荡这寂寥的愁声!

那伴随着低泣的悲吟.

注定要孤独清冷。

就像你注定要放歌高唱。

I lift my heavy heart up solemnly, As once Electra her sepulchral urn, And, looking in thine eyes, I overturn The ashes at thy feet. Behold and see What a great heap of grief lay hid in me, And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn Through the ashen greyness. If thy foot in scorn Could tread them out to darkness utterly, It might be well perhaps. But if instead Thou wait beside me for the wind to blow The grey dust up,... those laurels on thine head, O my Beloved, will not shield thee so, That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred The hair beneath. Stand further off then! go!