

西方经典温情诗

我见过你哭

(英) 威廉·华兹华斯等 著 杨德豫等 译

*I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue*

我见过你哭——炯炯的蓝眼滴出晶莹的泪珠



MP3

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

双语诗歌彩绘典藏版

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京
BEIJING

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

我见过你哭：西方经典温情诗：汉英对照 / (英) 华兹华斯等著；杨德豫等译. — 北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2013.7
(双语诗歌彩绘典藏版)
ISBN 978-7-5135-3389-8

I. ①我… II. ①华… ②杨… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物②诗集—西方国家 IV. ①H319.4; I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2013)第162970号

出版人	蔡剑峰
项目策划	田娜
责任编辑	徐传斌
封面设计	覃一彪
出版发行	外语教学与研究出版社
社址	北京市西三环北路19号(100089)
网址	http://www.fltrp.com
印刷	北京利丰雅高长城印刷有限公司
开本	880×1230 1/32
印张	7
版次	2013年8月第1版 2013年8月第1次印刷
书号	ISBN 978-7-5135-3389-8
定价	27.90元(附赠1张MP3光盘)

购书咨询：(010)88819929 电子邮箱：club@fltrp.com
如有印刷、装订质量问题，请与出版社联系
联系电话：(010)61207896 电子邮箱：zhijian@fltrp.com
制售盗版必究 举报查实奖励
版权保护办公室举报电话：(010)88817519
物料号：233890001

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"Waken me early tomorrow"



我见过你哭
I Saw Thee Weep



给我的弟弟乔治

约翰·济慈

今天，我已经见到了许多奇迹：
初升的太阳用亲吻抹去了清晨
眼里的泪水；头戴桂冠的诗灵们
凭着轻柔的金黄色晚霞斜倚；

湛蓝的海洋，无边无际，负载起
船只、巉岩、洞穴、忧惧和憧憬，
发出神秘的海语，谁听见这声音
就想到悠悠的未来，滔滔的过去。

亲爱的乔治！现在，我给你写这些，
而月神正从丝幔里向外稍稍
窥视，仿佛恰逢她新婚的良夜，
她正在欢悦的半途，沉醉逍遥。

可是，若没有跟你的思想交流，
天空和海洋的奇迹于我何有？

屠岸 译

To My Brother George

By John Keats



Many the wonders I this day have seen:
The sun, when first he kist away the tears
That fill'd the eyes of morn; the laurell'd peers
Who from the feathery gold of evening lean;

The ocean with its vastness, its blue green,
Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,
Its voice mysterious, which whoso hears
Must think on what will be, and what has been.

E'en now, dear George, while this for you I write,
Cynthia is from her silken curtains peeping
So scantly that it seems her bridal night,
And she her half-discover'd revels keeping.

But what, without the social thought of thee,
Would be the wonders of the sky and sea?

蝈蝈和蟋蟀

约翰·济慈

大地的歌吟永远也不会消亡：
尽管烈日下小鸟们晒得发晕，
躲进了清凉的树阴，却有个噪音
越重重篱笆，沿新割的草场飞扬；

那是蝈蝈的噪音，他带头歌唱
盛夏的富丽豪华，他的欢欣
永无止境；他要是吟倦兴尽，
就到愉快的小草下休憩静躺。

大地的歌吟永远也不会终了：
在冬天落寞的傍晚，眼看严霜
把一切冻入静寂，忽然从炉边

扬起蟋蟀的高歌，而炉温渐高，
听的人慵倦欲睡，迷离惆怅，
仿佛听到蝈蝈吟唱在草山。

屠岸 译



On the Grasshopper and Cricket

By John Keats

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;

That is the grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury, — he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills

The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.



给G.A.W.

约翰·济慈

低眉微笑和斜送秋波的少女！
在一天之中哪个神妙的一瞬
你显得最为可爱？是当你身临
甜蜜交谈的忘我境界之时？

或是当你不由自主地神往于
宁静的思索之际？或是穿一身
睡袍奔出去迎接灿烂의早晨，
你一路欢跃，却不踩鲜花嫩枝？

或许你张着可爱的红色嘴唇
不闭拢，专心谛听时，最娇美可人。
但你被塑造得如此完美聪颖，

哪一种情态最好我实在说不清。
正如阿波罗面前美惠三女神
舞蹈时谁最灵巧我同样道不明。

屠岸 译

To Georgiana Augusta Wylie

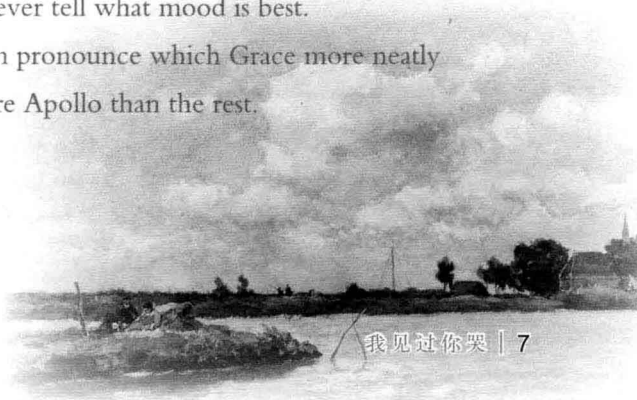
By John Keats

Nymph of the downward smile, and sidelong glance,
In what diviner moments of the day
Art thou most lovely? When gone far astray
Into the labyrinths of sweet utterance,

Or when serenely wand'ring in a trance
Of sober thought? Or, when starting away
With careless robe to meet the morning ray,
Thou sparest the flowers in thy mazy dance?

Haply 'tis when thy ruby lips part sweetly,
And so remain, because thou listenest —
But thou to please wert nurtured so completely

That I can never tell what mood is best.
I shall as soon pronounce which Grace more neatly
Trips it before Apollo than the rest.



“亮星！但愿我像你一样坚持”

约翰·济慈

亮星！但愿我像你一样坚持——
不是在夜空高挂着孤独的美光，
像那大自然的坚忍不眠的隐士，
睁开着一双眼睑永远在守望

动荡的海水如教士那样工作，
绕地球人类的涯岸作涤净的洗礼，
或者凝视着白雪初次降落，
面具般轻轻戴上高山和大地——

不是这样，——但依然坚持不变，
枕在我爱人的正在成熟的胸脯上
以便感到它柔和的起伏，永远，
永远清醒地感到那甜蜜的动荡，

永远倾听她温柔地呼吸不止，
就这样永远活下去——或昏醉而死。

屠岸 译



“Bright star! Would I were steadfast as thou art”

By John Keats

Bright star! Would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,

The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors —

No — yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever — or else swoon to death.