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双语美文阅读书系

品味现在

最经典的散文

The most classical prose

散文，可能不像诗歌那样文短意深，不像小说那样情节迭宕，也不像论文那样言辞精辟，但它却能够于行云流水般的字里行间触摸心灵，如一双清淡优雅的素手叩问灵魂之门，它也许不能让你激情四射，却可以像小溪般缓缓淌过你的梦田，给你贴心的安慰，引起最真实的共鸣。

主编：张德玉

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品味现在 最经典的散文

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论 爱 情

弗朗西斯·培根

舞台上的爱情往往要比生活中的爱情美好得多。因为在舞台上，爱情只是喜剧和悲剧的素材。但在人生中，爱情却常常招致不幸，它有时像那诱人的魔女，有时又像那复仇的女神。

你应该看到，一切真正伟大的人物（无论是古代的还是现代的，只要是其英名能永远铭记于人类记忆中的），没有一个是因爱情而发狂的，完成伟大事业的人中只有罗马的安东尼和克劳底亚是例外。虽然前者本性荒淫好色，但后者却足智多谋。这说明爱情不仅能占领开明宽广的胸怀，而且也能闯入壁垒森严的心灵——要是你抵御不严的话。

伊壁鸠鲁曾说过这样一句蠢话：“人生不过是一场戏。”似乎人类不应去努力追求高尚的事业，而只应像玩偶般地逢场作戏。虽然做爱情的奴隶与那些只顾吃喝的禽兽不同，但毕竟也只是做皮肉色相的奴隶，而上帝赐予人眼睛是有更高尚的用途的。

过度地追求爱情，必然会损害人本身的价值。例如，只有在爱情中，那种浮夸献媚的辞令才大行其道。而在其他场合，这样的辞令只能招人耻笑。古人有一句名言：人们总是把最大的奉承留给自己。——只有对情人的奉承要算例外。因为甚至那些最骄傲的人，也甘愿在情人面前自轻自贱。所以古人说得好，即使神在爱情中也难保持聪明。情人的这种弱点不仅在外人眼中是明显的，就是在被追求者的眼中也会很明显——除非她（他）也在追求他（她）。所以，爱情的代价就是如此，如果得不到回爱，就会得到深藏心底的轻蔑，这是永恒的真理。

由此可见，人们应当对这种感情十分警惕。因为它不但会使人丧失其他，而且可以使人迷失自我，甚至造成更重大的损失。古代诗人早就告诉过我们，那些海伦娜的追求者，舍弃了朱诺（天后，主神朱比特之妻，相当于希腊神话中的赫拉）和帕拉斯（即智慧女神雅典娜）的天赐，因为怀有炽烈恋情的人总是不惜放弃财富和智慧。

不知为什么，许多军人会更容易堕入情网，也许这正如他们嗜酒一样，危险的生活更需要欢乐的补偿。

人们心中可能普遍都有一种博爱的倾向，若不是集中于某个专一对象的身上，就必将施之于更广泛的大众，他将成为仁善的人，像有的僧侣那样。

夫妻的爱，可以使人类繁衍；朋友的爱，可以给人以帮助；而那使人荒淫纵欲的爱，只会使人堕落毁灭！

Of love

Francis Bacon

The stage is more beholding to love, than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth"" much mischief; sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury.

You may observe, that amongst all the great and worthy persons (where of the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent) there is not one, that hath been transported to the mad degree of love: which shows that great spirits, and great business, do keep out this weak passion. You must except, nevertheless, Marcus Antonius, the half partner of the empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius, the decemvir and lawgiver; whereof the former was indeed a voluptuous man, and inordinate; but the latter was an austere and wise man: and therefore it seems (though rarely) that love can find entrance, not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept.

It is a poor saying of Epicurus, "*Saris magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus*". As if man, made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself a subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye; which was given him for higher purposes.

It is a strange thing, to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature, and value of things, by this; that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole, is comely in nothing but in love. Neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas it hath been well said, that the arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self; certainly the lover is more. For there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself, as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said.

That it is impossible to love, and to be wise. Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved; but to the loved most of all,

except the love be reciproque. For it is a true rule, that love is ever rewarded, either with the reciproque, or with an inward and secret contempt.

By how much the more, men ought to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things, but itself! As for the other losses, the poet's relation doth well figure them: that he that preferred Helena, quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas. For whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection, quitteth both riches and wisdom.

I know not how, but martial men are given to love: I think, it is but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures.

There is in man's nature, a secret inclination and motion, towards love of others, which if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable; as it is seen sometime in friars.

Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth, and embaseth it.

单纯如歌的爱

罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔

手牵着手，眼望着眼：就这样开始了我们的心路历程。

那是3月一个洒满月光的夜晚；空气中飘着散沫花香甜的气息；我的长笛孤零零地躺在泥土中，你的花环也没有编好。

你我之间的爱单纯得像一支歌。

橘黄色的面纱迷醉了我的双眼。

你编织的茉莉花环像一种荣耀，震撼了我的心。

这是一个给予与保留，忽隐忽现的游戏；有些微笑，有些娇羞，还有些甜蜜的无谓的挣扎。

你我之间的爱单纯得像一支歌。

没有视线之外的神秘；没有可能之外的强求；没有魅力背后的阴影；没有黑暗深处的探索。

你我之间的爱单纯得像一支歌。

我们没有偏离出语言的轨道，陷入永恒的沉默；我们没有举起手，向希望之外的空虚奢求。

我们给予的与得到的已经足够多了。

我们不曾把欢乐彻底碾碎，从中酿出苦酒。

你我之间的爱单纯得像一支歌。

Our love is simple as a song

Rabindranath Tagore

Hands cling to hands and eyes linger on eyes: thus begins the record of our hearts.

It is the moonlight night of March; the sweet smell of henna is in the air; my flute lies on the earth neglected and your garland of flowers is unfinished.

This love between you and me is simple as a song.

Your veil of the saffron colour makes my eyes drunk.

The jasmine wreath that you wove me thrills to my heart like praise.

It is a game of giving and withholding, revealing and screening again; some smiles and some little shyness, and some sweet useless struggles.

This love between you and me is simple as a song.

No mystery beyond the present; no striving for the impossible; no shadow behind the charm; no groping in the depth of the dark.

This love between you and me is simple as a song.

We do not stray out of all words into the ever silent; we do not raise our hands to the void for things beyond hope.

It is enough what we give and we get.

We have not crushed the joy to the utmost to wring from it the wine of pain.

This love between you and me is simple as a song.

童 年

夏洛特·勃朗特

我们第一次来到英格兰的时候，正是在最短的白昼即将来临前的严冬。当时我还是个孩子——可能是4岁，或者在4岁至5岁之间。那次航行我仍然记忆犹新；那乳白色的海浪，荡漾的泡沫，阴沉沉的12月的海景与天光的融合，一闪而过的海鸟和航行的船只，这一切依然历历在目——虽然历经岁月的打磨，但仍令人难以忘却。

我们从哪里来？我们曾住在什么地方？是什么事促成了这次旅行？记忆本身就模模糊糊，回答不了这些问题。她在人行道上低着头，用手指滑过唇边和眼角思索着。打开她的记事簿，在发黄的纸页中翻看那暗淡、简短而支离破碎的记录：她能读到的只有这些——我来自这样一个地方，那里高楼林立，雄伟壮观，白色的房屋前到处是挺拔如塔楼的树木。那里有条平坦的、走不到尽头的大道。在这条道路上，卷起两股潮流——一股是步行者的潮流，穿着艳丽的丝绸衣物，戴着插有羽毛和玫瑰花的帽子，披巾飘动着，小阳伞像郁金香一样赏心悦目；另一股是轻捷的、静悄悄的马车的潮流。实际上，在那条马路上一切都是静悄悄的——那是一个神奇的地方，到处都是人，但并不吵闹。

我们住在一个地板光滑、没铺地毯的房间里。这里有许多镜子和窗户。在这幢房子里，我清楚地知道有一个大厅，门上嵌着紫红色的玻璃，它那色彩斑斓的反光映照在门对面的阴影中。出了这条光线明亮的通道口，就可以

见到一个小巧的绿色花园，那里有草坪，许多鲜花和一棵大树。使花园变得葱绿而且到处挂满叶子的主要还是那些覆盖了高高围墙的葡萄藤——我明白那是葡萄藤，因为我对那一串串葡萄和弯弯曲曲的藤蔓印象深刻。

我们跟谁生活在一起？对于这个问题，我的回答只能是——跟我的父亲。对于他的事，我能记起一二十件，但都是支离破碎的。我的父亲——我当时叫他爸爸——是我童年时代所受到的一切惩罚的缘故。我总不合情理地希望经常跟他待在一起。为了做到这一点，每当负责照看我的保姆转过身去时，我就会悄悄地溜出育儿室去找他的书房。然后我就会被逮住，身子被摇晃着，有时还会挨揍，那都是我应得的。

我的父亲是否了解我多么珍视与他在一起的机会，这我不敢断言。他整天忙忙碌碌，经常出门，即使在家里时也总有别的乡绅与他在一起。不过，黄昏时分他经常会突然走入育儿室，走到我坐的小椅子边，站上一会儿，眼睛看着我。当我兴高采烈地伸出手臂时，他会低头把我抱在他的胸口，说：“波莉，现在可以下楼做爸爸的小客人了。”

爸爸有一种灵活而有趣的谈话方式，很容易使我幼稚的头脑明了一切，让我天真的心灵感到兴奋。当教导我时，他显得非常有魅力。我觉得他的性情有点急躁，他对我确实很温柔，但他对别人并不总是这样。我记得他既性急又严厉，但对我却从来不是这样。我从来不惹他发怒，从来不担心他会生气。我多么想用我的小手拍拍他黝黑的面庞，站在他的身边，梳理他的头发，或者把头靠在他的怀里睡上一觉啊！

Childhood

Charlotte Brontë

It was in the cold weather, which follows the shortest day that we first came to England. I was a little child at the time——perhaps four years old, or between that and five. The sea voyage is well remembered by me; the milky greenness of the waves, the curl of the foam, the dark meeting of December sea and sky, the glinting sea-birds and passing ships, made each an imprint on my vision which I yet retain——worn but not obliterated.

Where did we come? Where had we lived? What occasioned this voyage? Memory puzzles herself to reply to these questions. She reflects with finger raised to her lips and eyes bent on the pavement. She turns to her chronicle and searches its faded pages where the records are so pale, brief, and broken: this is all she reads——we came from a place where the buildings were numerous and stately, where before white house-fronts there rose here and there trees straight as spires, where there was one walk broad and endlessly long, down which on certain days rolled two tides: one of people on foot, brightly clad with shining silks, delicate bonnets with feathers and roses, scarves fluttering, little parasols gay as tulips; and the other of carriages rolling along rapid and quiet. Indeed, all was quiet in this walk——it was a mysterious place, full of people but without noise.

We had lived in a house with slippery floors and no carpets; a house with many mirrors and many windows. In this house I know there was a hall with a door of red and violet glass, glowing brilliant in the shade of that end opposite the entrance. The bright portal opened into a garden, small but green, where there was turf, many flowers, and one tree. What chiefly made it green and filled it with leaf was the curtain of vines concealing the high walls——vines I know they were, because I remember both the grapes and the curled tendrils.

With whom did we live? To this question I can only reply——with my father; and of him I have twenty reminiscences, but they are all scant and fragmentary.

My father——papa, as I called him——was the origin of all the punishments I had in those early days. I had an unreasonable wish to be always with him; and to this end, whenever the nurse who had charge of me turned her back, I was apt to escape from the nursery and seek the study. Then I was caught, shaken, and sometimes whipped, which I well deserved.

Whether my father knew how much I prized his presence I cannot pronounce. He was much engaged all day, frequently out, and when at home other gentlemen were with him; but it often happened of an evening that he would suddenly enter the nursery, come up to me as I sat in my little chair, stand a moment looking down at me, and as I held up my arms, full of pleasure, he would stoop, lift me, take me to his heart and say, "Polly may come downstairs now and be papa's little visitress."

Papa had a wonderfully interesting style of conversation, intelligible to my childish brain, delightful to my childish heart. He charmed while he taught me. I think he had a quick, fiery temper: his brain was indeed gentle for me, but not always for others. I remember him both hasty and stern, but never with me. I never irritated him, never feared to do so. How I liked to stroke his dark face with my hands, to stand on his knees and comb his hair, to rest my head against his shoulder and thus fall asleep!