无论哪个星辰引我前行, 都会对我露出和悦的笑容, 给我寒微的爱穿上华服, 使我配得上你甜蜜的恩宠: 那时我才敢夸耀我的爱恋;



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564.4.23-1616.4.23)



十四行诗 THE SONNETS

[英]威廉・莎士比亚-著 艾梅-译

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导读

十四行诗(sonnet),又称"商籁体",发源于意大利,流行于14~16世纪文艺复兴时代的欧洲大陆。其语句整齐、短小精悍、格律严谨、富于音乐效果,内容多以歌颂爱情为主。16世纪中叶传入英国,不久便风行于英国诗坛。

莎士比亚是英国十四行诗的代表人物,他的诗打破原有诗体的惯例,独树一帜,被称为"莎体"。《十四行诗》以吟咏缠绵悱恻、坚定执著的爱情为主,被誉为"爱情圣经",在莎士比亚的著作中占有重要的地位,和他的戏剧一样,都是世界文学宝库中的永恒爱藏。在这里,爱情的魔力于诗人瑰丽的想象中发酵,他时而欢愉,时而忧伤,时而嫉妒,时而开朗,时而沉思,时而失望。诗人的感情凝聚在对一系列事物的歌颂、咏叹和抨击之中。通过对友谊和爱情的歌颂,诗人提出了他所主张的生活的最高准则,真、善、美,和这三者的结合。并向世人宣称,他将永远歌颂真善美,永远歌颂这三者的结合!

|十四行诗 莎士比亚

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'st flame with self—substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

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天生之尤物应多多繁衍, 以使美丽的玫瑰永不凋残。 盛开的花终有凋零的日子, 而他的后嗣可以将其记忆延续: 可是你啊,只专注于自己明亮的眼睛, 宁肯用自己做燃料也要喂饱眼中的欲焰, 与自己为敌,你把丰饶的田野变成荒原。 对待娇弱的自己,你是那么残忍。 你是天地间一朵清丽的奇葩, 你是锦绣春色里唯一的使者, 却为何要把精华埋葬在自己的嫩蕊中? 娇柔的悭吝人啊,越是算计,则浪费越多。 怜惜这个世界吧!要不然,贪婪的人儿, 你和墓冢,将成为吞噬世间报偿的鱼腹。

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 tatter'd weed of small worth held:
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treature 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 it cold.

四十个严冬威逼你的容颜,将你明媚的园圃刻上深深的沟坎。你青春骄人的华装,此刻吸引着多少人的目光,有朝一日,它飘零为败絮,又有谁肯来观看:到时若有人问起,你的美貌去了何方,青春韶华的瑰宝又在何处?你说,在我深陷的眼眶里,是贪婪的羞耻和对挥霍的颂扬。善用你的美,你会配得上更多的赞赏,假若你的回答能够这样:"我这美丽的孩子,他将是我一生的总结,请宽恕我的老迈。"证实他的美貌,也证实你的美貌在同一个血统里流传!这就如同垂老的暮年获得了新生,又好似冷却了的血液回复了温暖。

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 not renewest, Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother. For where is she so fair whose unear'd 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, remember'd not to be, Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

照照镜子,告诉那里面的脸庞,现在是该把你复制的时刻。你如果不重新把她修复,就是欺骗世界,剥夺母亲的幸福。女人哪会如此娴静,去拒绝你开垦她的处女之身?男人哪有这么愚笨,断绝血脉甘做自己的坟墓?你是母亲的镜子,从你身上,唤回她那青春四月的芳菲。当你皱纹布满额头,从暮年的窗子向外眺望,便能看到自己的金色华年。你若活着,却不愿被人记起,那就独自死去,同你的肖像一起。

|十四行诗 莎士比亚

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy? Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend, And being fank she lends to those are free. Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse The bounteous largess given thee to give? Profitless usuer, why dost thou use

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华艳的人儿,为何你要把那份 美的遗产,在自己身上消耗殆尽? 除了生命,造化不会赐予任何东西, 他的慷慨也只是针对那些宽宏大量之人。 美丽的悭吝人,为何你要滥用 那份让你转交给别人的厚礼? 蹩脚的高利贷者,为何你使用

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十四行诗 莎士比亚



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 tombed with thee, Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

高额的款项,仍旧不能好好生活? 因为你只跟自己做生意, 也只能去欺骗娇柔的自己。 有朝一日,造物主把你召回, 你该如何交代你的那笔账目? 不曾用过的美貌将随你共进坟墓, 但若善加利用,新的生命就会替你执行遗嘱。



|十四行诗 莎士比亚

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 checque' 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 no one remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

时光啊,你曾用精巧的工艺造就 众人瞩目的可爱容颜,对同一张脸庞, 你终将露出狰狞的面孔。 让天姿国色沦为残花败絮。 永不停息的时光把夏季带到 凄厉的寒冬,并将他摧毁。 鲜活的树液被冻结,繁茂的绿叶被摧落, 美貌被冰雪所掩埋,满目一片荒凉: 倘若当时未曾提炼夏之精华, 把它凝成香露锁进玻璃瓶, 美与美的芬芳就会一起消逝, 再不会有人将它们忆起。 提炼过的鲜花,纵然经历寒冬, 流失的只是颜色,那馨香仍永留人间。