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# 野草

鲁迅 著  
杨宪益 戴乃迭 英译

# WILD GRASS

CHINESE-ENGLISH

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## 出版前言

本社专事外文图书的编辑出版，几十年来用英、法、德、日等多种文字翻译出版了大量的中国文学作品和文化典籍，上自先秦，下迄现当代，力求全面而准确地反映中国文学及中国文化的基本面貌和灿烂成就。这些图书均取自名家名作，由国内外译界权威翻译。每本图书的编选、翻译过程审慎严肃，精雕细琢，中文作品及相应的翻译版本堪称经典。

我们意识到，这些翻译精品，不单有对外译介的意义，而且对国内外语学习者、爱好者及翻译工作者，也是极有价值的读本。为此，我们对这些翻译精品做了认真的遴选，编排成中外对照的形式，陆续推出，以飨读者。

外文出版社

## Publisher's Note

Foreign Languages Press is dedicated to the editing, translating and publishing of books in foreign languages. Over the past several decades it has published, in English, a great number of China's classics and records as well as literary works from the Qin down to modern times, in the aim to fully display the best part of the Chinese culture and its achievements. These books in the original are famous and authoritative in their respective fields, and their English translations are masterworks produced by notable translators both at home and abroad. Each book is carefully compiled and translated with minute precision. Consequently, the English versions as well as their Chinese originals may both be rated as classics.

It is generally considered that these English translations are not only significant for introducing China to the outside world but also useful reading materials for domestic English learners and translators. For this reason, we have carefully selected some of these books, and will publish them successively in Chinese-English bilingual form.

Foreign Languages Press

## 目 录

题辞	2
秋夜	6
影的告别	12
求乞者	16
我的失恋	
——拟古的新打油诗	20
复仇	24
复仇（其二）	28
希望	32
雪	38
风筝	42
好的故事	50
过客	56
死火	72
狗的驳诘	78
失掉的好地狱	80
墓碣文	86
颓败线的颤动	90
立论	98
死后	102
这样的战士	114
聪明人和傻子和奴才	118
腊叶	124
淡淡的血痕中	
——记念几个死者和生者和未生者	128
一觉	132

## CONTENTS

Foreword	3
Autumn Night	7
The Shadow's Leave-Taking	13
The Beggars	17
My Lost Love	
— New Doggerel in the Classical Style	21
Revenge	25
Revenge ( II )	29
Hope	33
Snow	39
The Kite	43
The Good Story	51
The Passer-By	57
Dead Fire	73
The Dog's Retort	79
The Good Hell That Was Lost	81
The Epitaph	87
Tremors of Degradation	91
On Expressing an Opinion	99
After Death	103
Such a Fighter	115
The Wise Man, the Fool and the Slave	119
The Blighted Leaf	125
Amid Pale Bloodstains	
— In Memory of Some Who Are Dead, Some Who Live, and Some Yet Unborn	129
The Awakening	133

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## 题 辞

当我沉默着的时候，我觉得充实；我将开口，同时感到空虚。

过去的生命已经死亡。我对于这死亡有大欢喜，因为我借此知道它曾经存活。死亡的生命已经朽腐。我对于这朽腐有大欢喜，因为我借此知道它还非空虚。

生命的泥委弃在地面上，不生乔木，只生野草，这是我的罪过。

野草，根本不深，花叶不美，然而吸取露，吸取水，吸取陈死人的血和肉，各各夺取它的生存。当生存时，还是将遭践踏，将遭删刈，直至于死亡而朽腐。

但我坦然，欣然。我将大笑，我将歌唱。

我自爱我的野草，但我憎恶这以野草作装饰的地面。

地火在地下运行，奔突；熔岩一旦喷出，将烧尽一切野草，以及乔木，于是并且无可朽腐。

## Foreword

When I am silent, I feel replete; as I open my mouth to speak, I am conscious of emptiness.

The past life has died. I exult over its death, because from this I know that it once existed. The dead life has decayed. I exult over its decay, because from this I know that, it has not been empty.

From the clay of life abandoned on the ground grow no lofty trees, only wild grass. For that I am to blame.

Wild grass strikes no deep roots, has no beautiful flowers and leaves, yet it imbibes dew, water and the blood and flesh of the dead, although all try to rob it of life. As long as it lives it is trampled upon and mown down, until it dies and decays.

But I am not worried. I am glad. I shall laugh aloud and sing.

I love my wild grass, but I detest the ground which decks itself with wild grass.

A subterranean fire is spreading, raging, underground. Once the molten lava breaks through the earth's crust, it will consume all the wild grass and lofty trees, leaving nothing to decay.

但我坦然，欣然。我将大笑，我将歌唱。

天地有如此静穆，我不能大笑而且歌唱。天地即不如此静穆，我或者也将不能。我以这一丛野草，在明与暗，生与死，过去与未来之际，献于友与仇，人与兽，爱者与不爱者之前作证。

为我自己，为友与仇，人与兽，爱者与不爱者，我希望这野草的死亡与朽腐，火速到来。要不然，我先就未曾生存，这实在比死亡与朽腐更其不幸。

去罢，野草，连着我的题辞！

一九二七年四月二十六日，  
鲁迅记于广州之白云楼上。

But I am not worried; I am glad. I shall laugh aloud and sing.

Heaven and earth are so serene that I cannot laugh aloud or sing. Even if they were not so serene, I probably could not either. Between light and darkness, life and death, past and future, I dedicate this tussock of wild grass as my pledge to friend and foe, man and beast, those whom I love and those whom I do not love.

For my own sake and for the sake of friend and foe, man and beast, those whom I love and those whom I do not love, I hope for the swift death and decay of this wild grass. Otherwise, it means I have not lived, and this would be truly more lamentable than death and decay.

Go, then, wild grass, together with my foreword!

Lu Xun

Written in White Cloud Pavilion, Guangzhou

April 26, 1927

## 秋 夜

在我的后园，可以看见墙外有两株树，一株是枣树，还有一株也是枣树。

这上面的夜的天空，奇怪而高，我生平没有见过这样的奇怪而高的天空。他仿佛要离开人间而去，使人们仰面不再看见。然而现在却非常之蓝，闪闪地映着几十个星星的眼，冷眼。他的口角上现出微笑，似乎自以为大有深意，而将繁霜洒在我的园里的野花草上。

我不知道那些花草真叫什么名字，人们叫他们什么名字。我记得有一种开过极细小的粉红花，现在还开着，但是更极细小了，她在冷的夜气中，瑟缩地做梦，梦见春的到来，梦见秋的到来，梦见瘦的诗人将眼泪擦在她最末的花瓣上，告诉她秋虽然来，冬虽然来，而此后接着还是春，胡蝶乱飞，蜜蜂都唱起春词来了。她于是一笑，虽然颜色冻得红惨惨地，仍然瑟缩着。

## Autumn Night

Behind the wall of my backyard you can see two trees: one is a date tree, the other is also a date tree.

The night sky above them is strange and high. I have never seen such a strange, high sky. It seems to want to leave this world of men, so that when folk look up they won't be able to see it. For the moment, though, it is singularly blue; and its scores of starry eyes are blinking coldly. A faint smile plays round its lips, a smile which it seems to think highly significant; and it dusts the wild plants in my courtyard with heavy frost.

I have no idea what these plants are called, what names they are commonly known by. One of them, I remember, has minute pink flowers, and its flowers are still lingering on, although more minute than ever. Shivering in the cold night air they dream of the coming of spring, of the coming of autumn, of the lean poet wiping his tears upon their last petals, who tells them autumn will come and winter will come, yet spring will follow when butterflies flit to and fro, and all the bees start humming songs of spring. Then the little pink flowers smile, though they have turned a mournful crimson with cold and are shivering still.

枣树，他们简直落尽了叶子。先前，还有两个小孩子来打他们别人打剩的枣子，现在是一个也不剩了，连叶子也落尽了。他知道小粉红花的梦，秋后要有春；他也知道落叶的梦，春后还是秋。他简直落尽叶子，单剩干子，然而脱了当初满树是果实和叶子时候的弧形，欠伸得很舒服。但是，有几枝还低亚着，护定他从打枣的竿梢所得的皮伤，而最直最长的几枝，却已默默地铁似的直刺着奇怪而高的天空，使天空闪闪地鬼眨眼；直刺着天空中圆满的月亮，使月亮窘得发白。

鬼眨眼的天空越加非常之蓝，不安了，仿佛想离去人间，避开枣树，只将月亮剩下。然而月亮也暗暗地躲到东边去了。而一无所有的干子，却仍然默默地铁似的直刺着奇怪而高的天空，一意要制他的死命，不管他各式各样地眯着许多蛊惑的眼睛。

哇的一声，夜游的恶鸟飞过了。

我忽而听到夜半的笑声，吃吃地，似乎不愿意惊动睡着的人，然而四围的空气都应和着笑。夜半，没有别的人，我即刻听出这声音就在我嘴里，我也即刻被这笑声所驱逐，回进自己的房。

As for the date trees, they have lost absolutely all their leaves. Before, one or two boys still came to beat down the dates other people had missed. But now not one date is left, and the trees have lost all their leaves as well. They know the little pink flowers' dream of spring after autumn; and they know the dream of the fallen leaves of autumn after spring. They may have lost all their leaves and have only their branches left; but these, no longer weighed down with fruit and foliage, are stretching themselves luxuriously. A few boughs, though, are still drooping, nursing the wounds made in their bark by the sticks which beat down the dates: while, rigid as iron, the straightest and longest boughs silently pierce the strange, high sky, making it blink in dismay. They pierce even the full moon in the sky, making it pale and ill at ease.

Blinking in dismay, the sky becomes bluer and bluer, more and more uneasy, as if eager to escape from the world of men and avoid the date trees, leaving the moon behind. But the moon, too, is hiding itself in the east; while, silent still and as rigid as iron, the bare boughs pierce the strange, high sky, resolved to inflict on it a mortal wound, no matter in how many ways it winks all its bewitching eyes.

With a shriek, a fierce night bird passes.

All of a sudden, I hear midnight laughter. The sound is muffled, as if not to wake those who sleep; yet all around the air resounds to this laughter. Midnight, and no one else is by. At once I realize it is I who am laughing, and at once I am driven by this laughter back to my room. At once I turn up



灯火的带子也即刻被我旋高了。

后窗的玻璃上丁丁地响，还有许多小飞虫乱撞。不多久，几个进来了，许是从窗纸的破孔进来的。他们一进来，又在玻璃的灯罩上撞得丁丁地响。一个从上面撞进去了，他于是遇到火，而且我以为这火是真的。两三个却休息在灯的纸罩上喘气。那罩是昨晚新换的罩，雪白的纸，折出波浪纹的迭痕，一角还画出一枝猩红色的栀子。

猩红的栀子开花时，枣树又要做小粉红花的梦，青葱地弯成弧形了……我又听到夜半的笑声；我赶紧砍断我的心绪，看那老在白纸罩上的小青虫，头大尾小，向日葵似的，只有半粒小麦那么大，遍身的颜色苍翠得可爱，可怜。

我打一个呵欠，点起一支纸烟，喷出烟来，对着灯默默地敬奠这些苍翠精致的英雄们。

一九二四年九月十五日。