

[英] 莎士比亚 著
艾梅 译

THE SONNETS
十四行诗

一本被誉为“爱情圣经”的传世之作

哈尔滨出版社

爱情诗歌不朽之绝唱

真善美最完美的结合

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哈尔滨出版社

哈尔滨市南岗区贵新街 170 号

邮政编码: 150006 电话: 0451-86225161

E-mail: hrbcbs@yeah.net

网址: www.hrbcbs.com

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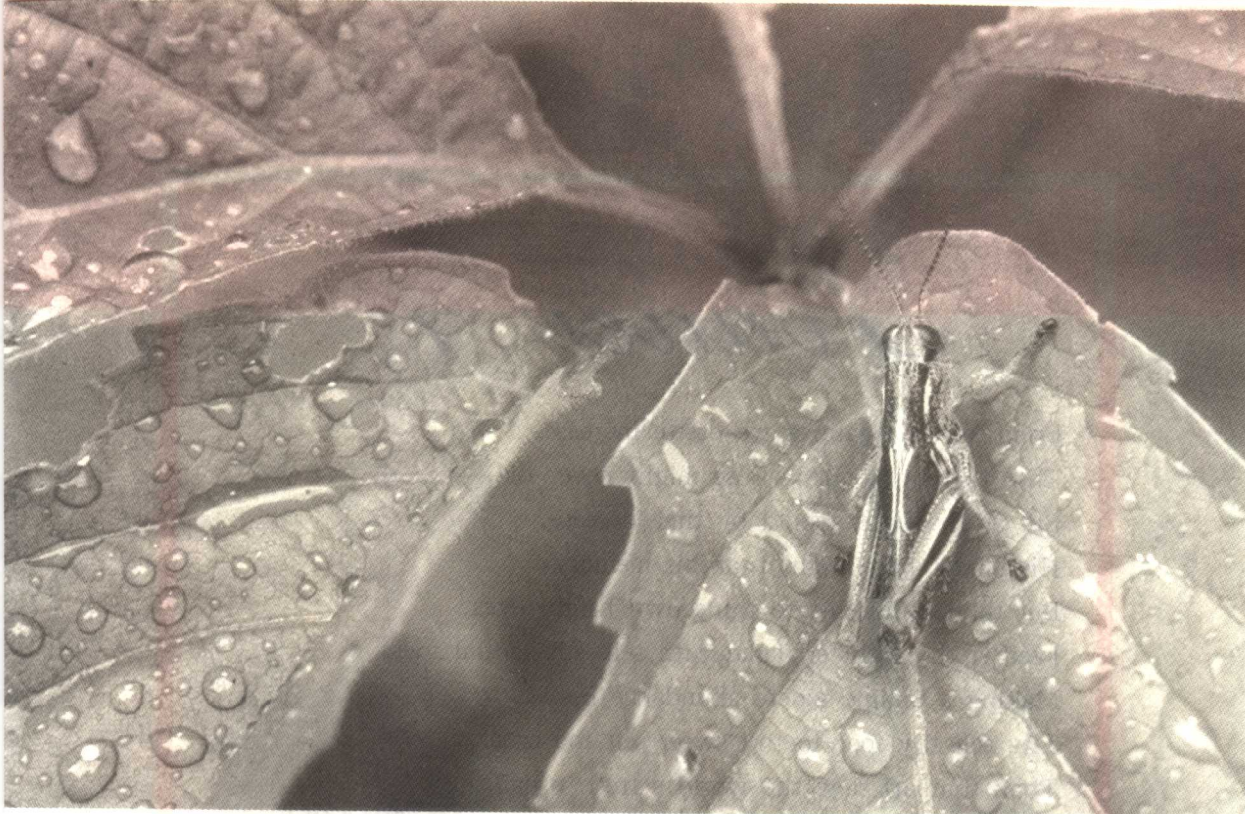
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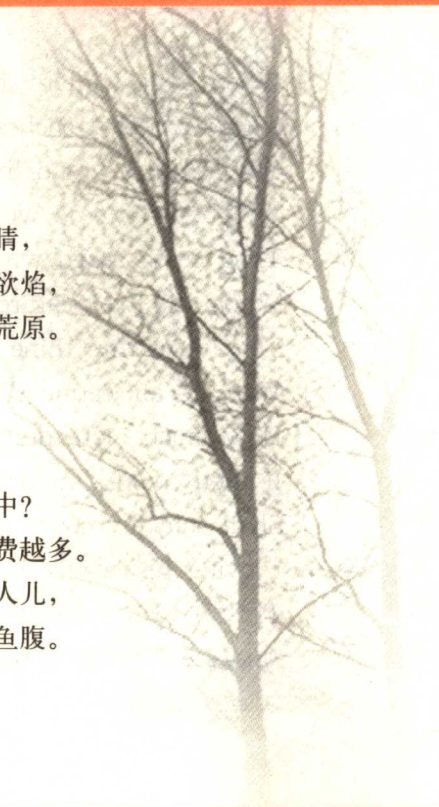


十四行诗

Sonnet 1

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper 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.

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，
你是锦绣春色里惟一的使者，
却为何要把精华埋葬在自己的嫩蕊中？
娇柔的怪吝人啊，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。



Sonnet 2

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 treasure 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.

二

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.

二

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。
女人哪会如此淑静，
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。

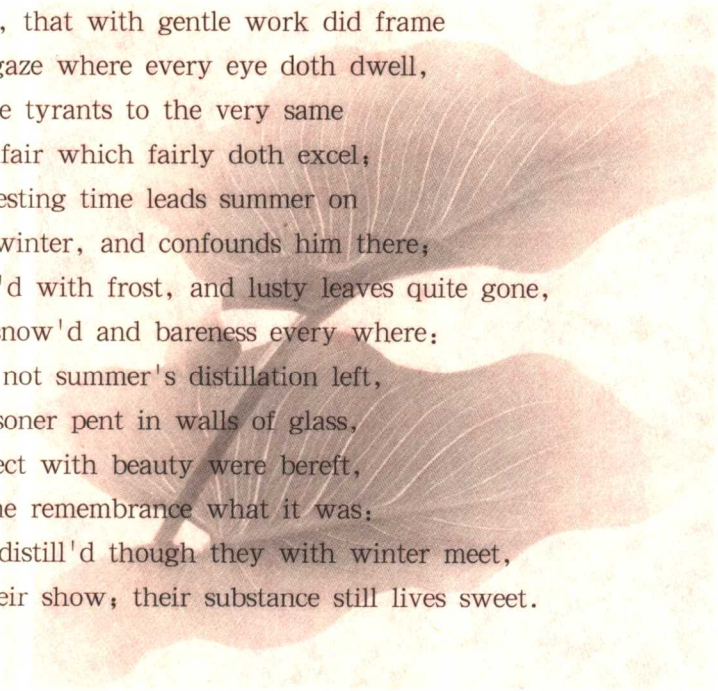
Sonnet 4

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

四

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。
美丽的吝啬人，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
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。

Sonnet 5



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 cheque'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.

五

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。

Sonnet 6

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd;
Make sweet some vial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee;
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface

六

别让寒冬粗暴的手去蹂躏
你的夏天，在你提炼之前。
熏香瓶子，趁你的珍宝尚未消散，
将你的美丽珍藏在一个地方。
既然能使甘愿付息的人得到幸福，
这种借贷就并非违禁取利。
也就是说，你应该生育一个自己，
或是以一生十，来获取十倍的幸福，
就是十倍于现在的幸福。
倘若十个孩子都与你相像：
你的生命延续在你的后代中，
纵使你与世长辞，死神又能拿你怎样？
别再固执己见，既然你如此美丽，
又何必让死神征服，让蛆虫做后裔。

别让寒冬粗暴的手去蹂躏

The background of the page is a close-up photograph of a leaf, likely a rose leaf, covered in numerous water droplets. The leaf's veins are clearly visible, and the droplets vary in size, some reflecting light. The overall tone is somewhat muted, with greens and browns.

Sonnet 7

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, before duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

七

看，那普照万物的朝阳从东方
仰起他那炽热的头，凡尘的视线
都景仰着这初生的景象，
用目光恭候着他神圣的车辇。
他登临巍巍苍穹的顶峰，
恰似青年风华正茂，雄姿英发，
芸芸众生依旧膜拜他的峥嵘，
紧紧追随他金光万丈的朝圣之行。
但当他从山巅拖着疲惫的车轮，
像虚弱的老叟，颤巍巍地离开白昼，
众人便随同他下沉的足迹，
移开了那原本恭顺的视线。
同样，你那光彩照人的韶华也会转瞬即逝，
你将孤寂地死去，除非你有一个孩子。