

国家彩票公益金资助

大字版

*The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.*

S. T. Coleridge

为你沉吟为你唱

英汉对照抒情诗选

孙建苹◎编

中国盲文出版社

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

为你沉吟为你唱：英汉对照抒情诗选：大字版：英汉对照/
孙建萍编。—北京：中国盲文出版社，2015.12

ISBN 978-7-5002-6801-7

I. ①为… II. ①孙… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物
②诗集—中国—当代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2015) 第 307333 号

为你沉吟为你唱：英汉对照抒情诗选（大字版）

编 者：孙建萍

社 址：北京市西城区太平街甲 6 号

邮政编码：100050

印 刷：北京汇林印务有限公司

经 销：新华书店

开 本：700×1000 1/16

字 数：100 千字

印 张：10.5

版 次：2015 年 12 月第 1 版 2015 年 12 月第 1 次印刷

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5002-6801-7/H·134

定 价：18.00 元

销售服务热线：(010) 83190289 83190292 83190297

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*If there were no poetry on any day in the world,
poetry would be invented that day. For there would
be an intolerable hunger.*

Muriel Rukeyser

World Poetry Day

Though nothing can bring back
the hour of splendor in the grass,
of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
strength in what remains behind,
in the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be..."

François de Chateaubriand - French Poet and Author

UN
2003

Though nothing can bring back the hour
of splendor in the grass,
of glory in the flower;
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WORLD POETRY DAY

William Wordsworth - English Poet and Author

UN
2003

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WORLD POETRY DAY

49

49

49

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Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be..."

WORLD POETRY DAY

Love

S.T. Coleridge

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

爱

〔英〕柯勒律治

思想，热情，快乐，
凡能激动这形骸，
都（无非）是恋爱的臣属，
增（助长）她神圣的火焰。

我往往于神魂惝恍
重新经过那甜美的时间，
时我偃卧在半山
一座败塔之边。

月光悄悄地照临，
已与黄昏的微芒相和，
她是在那边，我的希望，我的欢欣，
我最挚爱的琴妮薇嫣妩！

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed Knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sing an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

她倚住那戎装的人，
那戎装骑士的石型，
四围是暮霭沉沉，
她站着听我的吟。

她原来是无愁与怆，
我的希望，我的欢欣，我的琴妮薇嫣妩！
她最爱我当我唱
磨折她芳心的歌。

我现出幽柔的神情，
唱一支宛转动人的古曲，
那支曲虽然粗伧，
却适合那环境，荒凉而残缺。

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

她含羞地静听，
她眼儿低飏，她态儿娇柔，
因为她明知我的双睛
总是向她的粉脸庞儿瞧。

我弹唱那骑士的故事，
他盾上有火焰的印章，
他整费十年的情思
求爱于一绝世的女郎。

我唱他怎样的忧伤，呀！
这深沉，这幽咽，这声诉的音韵！
我虽是唱他人的情史，
恰说明了我自己的心。

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—