

英汉对照版



先知

THE PROPHET

[黎巴嫩] 纪伯伦 / 著 爱达 / 译

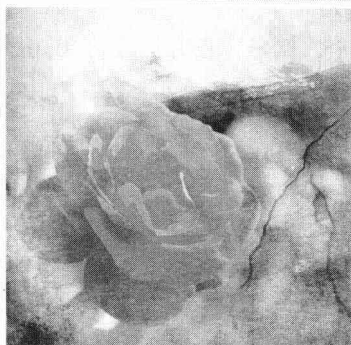
the chosen and the beloved,
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earth day of Ielool, the month of reaping,
the hill without the city walls and looked seaward:
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not summer's distillation left,
prisoner pent in walls of glass,
effect with beauty were bereft,
one remembrance what it was:
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ought in his heart.
I go in peace and without sorrow?
without a wound in the spirit shall I leave this city,
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献给伟大生命的不朽的百万情书

中学生必读
诗歌经典

黑龙江科学技术出版社

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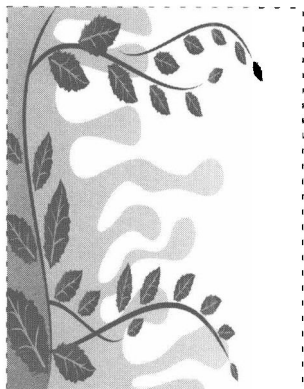
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译者的话

记得当年,青春心境满是缤纷的意绪;少年的心中,似乎到处是诗。无论在紧张的课时间歇,还是夜下苦读之后,都不会忘记吟诵一两句泰戈尔、纪伯伦或惠特曼等世界级大师的名篇,那无数璀璨如星的智慧火花在心灵底片上流光溢彩,令我陶醉在诗人营造的或唯美、或纯真、或深邃、或激昂的意境中;而被誉为“爱情圣经”的莎士比亚的《十四行诗》则让我对友谊的甘醇和爱情的甜蜜充满了遐思,对未来的岁月充满了憧憬。如今,当我每每伏案之时,常常会有美妙的诗句蓦然跳出尘封的记忆,如清新的和风将我疲惫甚至颓然的忧思无声地拂去,令我心重归纯朴,令我智重寻思考。

“我愿生命如夏花般美丽,死亡如秋叶般静美!”多么凝练的诗句,寥寥数语,却兼具情、景、意、理种种真味,隽永而深邃!这些萦绕于我心际、震撼我心灵的佳句便出自印度诗圣泰戈尔的代表作《飞鸟集》。初读《飞鸟集》,宛如置身于雨后初霁的夏日清晨,空灵、清透、心旌摇曳。尤其诗中别出心裁的人格化比喻,赋予世间种种鲜活的生命,极其亲切、自然、灵动!无独有偶,泰戈尔的《流萤集》也同样用清丽的词句为我们描绘出空逸、清幽的自然,并且韵律铿锵婉转,有如天籁之音。而在与《飞鸟集》齐名的《采果集》中,诗人富有理性地赞美着生命的存在,那幽深的意境和精妙的哲理,无不耐人寻味。

1913年,泰戈尔凭借哲理诗集《吉檀迦利》荣膺诺贝尔文学奖。在这部被称为神的颂歌的诗集中,泰戈尔歌颂的并非凌驾于万物之上的神,而是具有浓厚平民色彩的泛神,并以质朴的语言赞美了和平与真爱。可以说,诗人思想中超凡的理想主义

借由这部作品肃穆、优美的文学性得以完美展现。继《吉檀迦利》之后，泰戈尔创作了被誉为“生命之歌”的《园丁集》，近距离地回首青春往事，细腻委婉地将爱与幸福、烦恼与忧伤娓娓道来。而《新月集》则是睿智洁净的心灵唱出的童真之歌，是泰戈尔透过儿童般无邪的双眸，折射出的晶莹圣洁的童话世界，深邃明达的哲理蕴于童言稚语之间，智者的灵魂与纯真的童心如夏日的舞蝶，在娥眉新月下翩跹弄影。

月华如水，风波轻漾，在清凉的夜色中最适合吟读英国大诗人莎士比亚的《十四行诗》。友谊与爱情、青春和美丽——一株株人性的蓓蕾经由莎翁瑰丽的想象和华美语言的滋养，绽放成一朵朵生动而艳丽的奇葩。当微风轻拂，摇落那一层层浪漫、激情、乐观、狂放的花瓣，情感与理性、欲望与道德、痴情与背叛以及种种心灵的契合，在缤纷的落英中卓然傲立。

“阔别之日是否即重逢之时？我的夕阳是否即我的晨曦？”这在学生时代即熟稔于心的诗句，工作后，早已被“劳形之案牍”与“乱耳之丝竹”排挤得无法立足于方寸心田，然而多年来，每当送别之际、折柳之时，它便悄然叩击我心扉。纪伯伦，这位与泰戈尔同为东方文学巨匠的黎巴嫩诗人，在他的《先知》《沙与沫》等诸多诗集中，以“尖锐而非尖刻，讽喻而非嘲讽”的犀利语言，用对人类、祖国和民族的赤诚爱恋，对人类劣根性的含泪笑讽，对自然与美好的热切渴盼，悄悄燃亮了喧嚣都市人浮躁的心灯。

时光如白驹过隙，时代之潮裹挟着我们身不由己地向前奔走。当自己还惘然未觉地为蝇头微利而喋喋不休时，真我早已漠然逝远。是谁，是谁在百年前高声歌唱着自我？是他，是惠特曼——美国最具争议的诗人！在《草叶集》中高声吟咏着“我赞颂自我，歌唱自我……”以小草来赞颂平凡民众，大胆地歌颂“人类之爱”，将对自由和民主的向往表达得淋漓尽致。惠特曼的诗是无韵的，读他的诗不能苛求形式之美，而要着眼于直白语句所传达的思想与感情。诗人以不加修饰的语言，传递着热情奔放的思想，不矫情、不造作、豪野粗犷、奔放不羁，仿佛自由精神与沸腾的热血同在血管里激荡。

在这个所有人都奔波忙碌、行色匆匆的时代，浮躁的心灵多么需要汲取纯美而丰润的营养！缘于此，我们选出这些意境隽永、富含人类深邃情感的作品，采用中英文对译的形式，以原汁原味的英文语境和优美准确的汉语译文共同诠释原著厚重沉郁的文学内涵，奉送给所有渴望拥有平实心智、希望提高文学素养和英语水平的朋友们。



作者与作品

黎巴嫩诗人纪伯伦诞生于 1883 年，他的一生颠沛流离，经受了亲人早逝、祖国放逐的切肤之痛，饱尝债务缠身与疾病煎熬之苦，48 岁即英年早逝。这位孤独了一生的智者似乎从未获得上苍的青睐，然而他却视残酷现实为飞翔的天空，奉爱与美为生命的双翼，他的作品被誉为仅次于《一千零一夜》的阿拉伯文学第二大经典图书，深为各国读者所钟爱，先后被译成二十多种文字在世界各地出版。

被纪伯伦视为自己“第二次诞生，第一次洗礼”的哲理诗集《先知》出版于 1923 年。在这部诗集中，作者借圣人之口鞭挞丑恶，颂扬美善，严肃地思考人生。诗中无论是关于爱情、自然、伟人、死亡、友谊、时间的杰出篇章，还是谈及祖国、语言、人生的犀利论断，都极具预见与智慧，论述精辟，见解新颖，被誉为生命和真理的智慧箴言。欧美评论家将这部洋溢着浓厚的神秘主义和浪漫主义气息的诗作与泰戈尔的《吉檀迦利》相提并论，称它为东方最美妙的声音。著名的《芝加哥邮报》评论说：“如果一个男人或者女人读了它，不能安静地接受一位伟人的哲学，那么，这个男人或者女人，就生命和真理而言，确已死亡。”



THE COMING OF THE SHIP

船来了 / 1

ON LOVE

关于爱 / 16

ON MARRIAGE

关于婚姻 / 23

ON CHILDREN

关于孩子 / 27

ON GIVING

关于施舍 / 31

ON EATING AND DRINKING

关于饮食 / 39

ON WORK

关于工作 / 43

ON JOY AND SORROW

关于喜与悲 / 51

ON HOUSES

关于房屋 / 55

ON CLOTHES

关于衣服 / 63

ON BUYING AND SELLING

关于买卖 / 66

ON CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

关于罪与罚 / 70

ON LAWS

关于法律 / 80

ON FREEDOM

关于自由 / 86

ON REASON AND PASSION

关于理性与激情 / 93

ON PAIN

关于痛苦 / 98

ON SELF-KNOWLEDGE

关于自知 / 101

ON TEACHING

关于教育 / 103

ON FRIENDSHIP

关于友谊 / 106

ON TALKING

关于谈话 / 110

ON TIME

关于时间 / 114

ON GOOD AND EVIL

关于善与恶 / 117

ON PRAYER

关于祈祷 / 123

ON PLEASURE

关于欢乐 / 128

ON BEAUTY

关于美 / 136

ON RELIGION

关于宗教 / 143

ON DEATH

关于死亡 / 148

THE FAREWELL

辞别 / 153

THE COMING OF THE SHIP

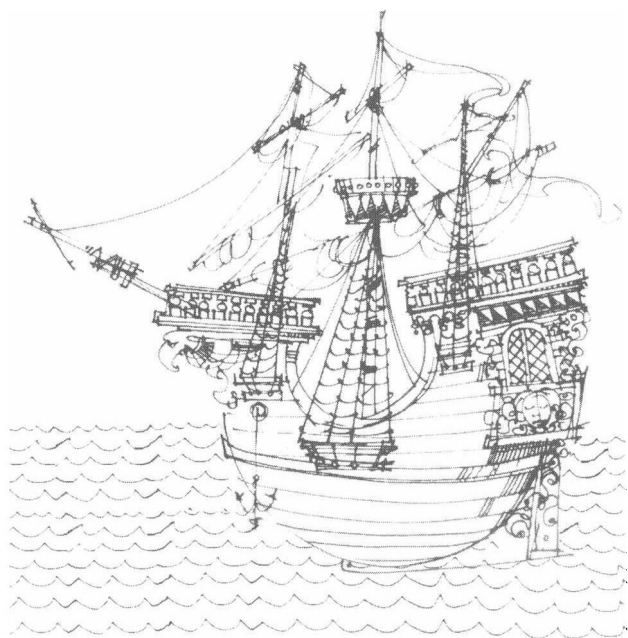
船来了

Almustafa, the chosen and the beloved, who was a dawn onto his own day, had waited twelve years in the city of Orphalese for his ship that was to return and bear him back to the isle of his birth.

And in the twelfth year, on the seventh day of Ielool, the month of reaping, he climbed the hill without the city walls and looked seaward; and he beheld the ship coming with the mist.

Then the gates of his heart were flung open, and his joy flew far over the sea. And he closed his eyes and prayed in the silences of his soul.

那当代的曙光,被推选与被敬爱的阿穆斯塔法,于奥菲里斯城守望了十二年,只为静候那艘能够将他载回诞生之



岛的航船。

十二个春秋倏忽
逝去，正值绮露“收获
之月”的第七天，他缓步出城攀上山巅，向远海瞭望；他看到
了正从氤氲薄雾中驶来的那艘船。

他的心扉豁然敞开，他的愉悦翩然翱翔于海上。他微合
双目，祈祷于灵魂之静谧深处。

*But as he descended the hill, a sadness came upon him,
and he thought in his heart:*

*How shall I go in peace and without sorrow? Nay, not
without a wound in the spirit shall I leave this city.*

Long were the days of pain I have spent within its walls,

*and long were the nights of aloneness; and who can depart
from his pain and his aloneness without regret?*

*Too many fragments of the spirit have I scatterd in these
streets, and too many are the children of my longing that
walk naked among these hills, and I cannot withdraw from
them without a burden and an ache.*

*It is not a garment I cast off this day, but a skin that I
tear with my own hands.*

*Nor is it a thought I leave behind me, but a heart made
sweet with hunger and with thirst.*

Yet I cannot tarry longer.

*The sea that calls all things unto her calls me, and I
must embark.*

*For to stay, though the hours burn in the night, is to
freeze and crystallize and be bound in a mould.*

*Fain would I take with me all that is here. But how
shall I?*

但是,当他举步走下山冈,漫上他心头的却是袭掠而至
的缕缕悲伤,他暗忖:

我如何能尽抛这别绪离愁,于祥和离开?不,我无法不携着灵魂的隐痛离开此城。

在这城垣之内,我尝尽了漫漫白昼的痛苦和无涯长夜的孤寂;然而,又有谁能了无牵挂地将这痛苦和孤寂抛弃?

我曾在这里的寻常巷陌遍撒心灵的断章,还有众多我所怜爱的稚童,他们裸足漫步于山野。我的心无法毫无重荷与伤痛地离开他们。

今日,我并非脱掉了一件外衣,而是将一层肌肤亲手剥去。

我弃诸身后的也并非一种思想,而是一颗由饥渴滋生的甜怡之心。

然而我却无法再流连此处。

我必须扬帆远行,那召唤众生的海洋正以波涛唤我。

虽然岁月仍在夜之黑暗里燃烧,若要留下,却意味着我的生命之火将冷却、凝结。

若能把这里的一切都带走,我该何等快活!然而又怎么能够?

A voice cannot carry the tongue and the lips that give it wings. Alone must it seek the ether.

*And alone and without his nest shall the eagle fly across
the sun.*

Now when he reached the foot of the hill, he turned again towards the sea, and he saw his ship approaching the harbour, and upon her prow the mariners, the men of his own land.

And his soul cried out to them, and he said:

Sons of my ancient mother, you riders of the tides,

How often have you sailed in my dreams. And now you come in my awakening, which is my deeper dream.

Ready am I to go, and my eagerness with sails full set awaits the wind.

Only another breath will I breathe in this still air, only another loving look cast backward,

Then I shall stand among you, a seafarer among seafarers.

And you, vast sea, sleepless mother,

Who alone are peace and freedom to the river and the stream,

Only another winding will this stream make, only another murmur in this glade,

And then shall I come to you, a boundless drop to a boundless ocean.

And as he walked he saw from afar men and women leaving their fields and their vineyards and hastening towards the city gates.

唇齿赐予声音高飞的羽翼，而声音却无法携唇齿翱翔，它唯有孤独地搏击长空。

雄鹰必须远离巢穴，才能独自拥抱阳光。

当他行至山麓，再次眺望海洋，他看见船已靠港，站在船头的水手，正来自他的家乡。

他的灵魂向他们大声疾呼，他说道：

我祖先的子孙们啊，你们这些弄潮的勇士，

你们曾无数次航行在我的梦里！而今，你们于我清醒之时到来，驶入我更深的梦境。

我已整装待发，我心中那渴望的风帆已经张满，只待乘风起航。

我只想再呼吸一次这样和的气息，只想回首再投下深情的瞥视。

然后我就会站在你们中间，做水手中的一员。

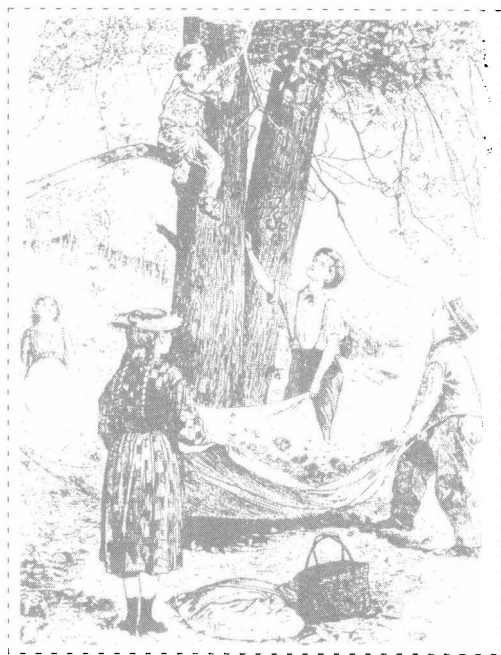
而你，苍茫的大海，无眠的母亲，

唯有你才能使江河湖泊归于平静和自由。

只要这溪流再次迂回流转，再次于林野低唱浅吟，

我就会奔向你，如同无拘无束的水滴融入无边无际的海洋。

他一路走着，看见从遥远农田和葡萄园中涌出的人流
蜂拥而至城门。



And he heard their voices calling his name, and shouting from the field to field telling one another of the coming of the ship.

And he said to himself:

Shall the day of parting be the day of gathering?

And shall it be said that my eve was in truth my dawn?

And what shall I give unto him who has left his plough in midfurrow, or to him who has stopped the wheel of his winepress?

Shall my heart become a tree heavy-laden with fruit that I may gather and give unto them?

And shall my desires flow like a fountain that I may fill their cups?

Am I a harp that the hand of the mighty may touch me, or a flute that his breath may pass through me?

A seeker of silences am I, and what treasure have I found in silences that I may dispense with confidence?

If this is my day of harvest, in what fields have I sowed the seed, and in what unremembered seasons?

*If this indeed be the hour in which I lift up my lantern,
it is not my flame that shall burn therein.*

*Empty and dark shall I raise my lantern,
And the guardian of the night shall fill it with oil and
he shall light it also.*

他听见他们将他的名字千呼万唤，并奔走于纵横的阡陌间，互传着他的船即将到来的消息。

他自言自语道：

阔别之日是否即重逢之时？

我的夕阳是否即我的晨曦？

那将田犁与酿具抛置一边的人们，我能为你们做些什么？

我是否应化心魂为挺拔碧树，馈赠他们以累累果实？

我是否应该化殷望为涓涓泉涌，以便注满他们的杯盏？

是做强者手中拨弄的竖琴，还是做那任众人的气息穿越我身体的笛管？

我始终追寻那静谧，可在静谧中究竟获得了怎样的宝藏，使我能自信地向他们布施呢？