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你从未见过的"甜蜜的莎士比亚" 时光流转中爱的不朽箴言 莎翁唯一诗集,"中国拜伦"梁宗岱经典译本

[英] 莎士比亚(Shakespeare,W.)◎著 梁宗岱◎译

The Sonnets

十四行状



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甜蜜的莎士比亚

1609年,四十五岁的莎士比亚,已经创作了很多令他声名鹊起的剧作。这一年,一本题为〈莎士比亚十四行诗〉的小书,出现在伦敦的书店里。詹姆士一世时代的伦敦人,走出教堂,花上几便士,就可买到这本含有154首十四行诗和一首题为〈爱人的怨诉〉的长诗的书。

显然,这本书的第一组即前126首诗,是写给一个俊美的年轻男士的。这些诗里面所关注的东西是多样的,有贵族气质、生育后代、性的背叛、诗歌、艺术、死亡以及时间的劫掠一切的力量等。从第127首到152首,诗中的重点,就从年轻男士转移到一位迷人却不忠的黑肤女人身上。里面写到了她的魅力、诗人对她的迷恋,以及后来当发现她的背叛后,诗人对她的厌憎和痛苦。大多数读者认为,这些十四行诗,跟写给那位年轻男士的诗,是互相关联的。

十四行诗是源于意大利民间的一种抒情短诗,文艺复兴初期曾盛行于整个欧洲。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"。对诗人而言,诗的结构越严谨就越难抒情,而莎士比亚的十四行诗却毫不拘谨,自由奔放,正如他的剧作天马行空,其诗歌的语言也富于想象,充满感情。

这是莎士比亚在世时唯一一部诗集,历来是文学爱好者们不得不看的文学名著。而对于那些狂热的莎士比亚崇拜者来说,"莎士比亚十四行诗"无疑也是接近诗人的最佳途径。英国19世纪"湖畔派"诗人华兹华斯说: "用这把钥匙,莎士比亚打开了自己的心扉。"

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's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself 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, mak'st waste in niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,

To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

① thou, thy, thee, thine: 在伊丽莎白时代,第二人称代词单数常用thou(主格,相当于you),其变格形式为thee(宾格,相当于you)、thy(所有格,相当于your)、thine (所有格,用于以元音或h开始的词前,相当于your;物主代词,相当于yours)、thyself(反身代词,相当于yourself)。

② feed'st, art, buriest, mak'st: 在早期现代英语中,几乎在thou后面的所有动词词尾形式都为-est, -st或-t. 在诗中feed'st-feed, art=are, buriest=bury, mak'st=make.

对天生的尤物我们要求蕃盛, 以便美的玫瑰永远不会枯死, 但开透的花朵既要及时凋零, 就应把记忆交给娇嫩的后嗣。

但你,只和你自己的明眸定情, 把自己当燃料喂养眼中的火焰, 和自己作对,待自己未免太狠, 把一片丰沃的土地变成荒田。

你现在是大地的清新的点缀, 又是锦绣阳春的唯一的前锋, 为什么把富源葬送在嫩蕊里, 温柔的鄙夫,要吝啬,反而浪用?

可怜这个世界吧,要不然,贪夫,就吞噬世界的份,由你和坟墓。



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 tattered 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.

当四十个冬天围攻你的朱颜, 在你美的园地挖下深的战壕, 你青春的华服,那么被人艳羡, 将成褴褛的败絮,谁也不要瞧。

那时人若问起你的美在何处,哪里是你那少壮年华的宝藏,你说,"在我这双深陷的眼眶里,是贪婪的羞耻,和无益的颂扬。"

你的美的用途会更值得赞美, 如果你能够说,"我这宁馨小童 将总结我的账,宽恕我的老迈", 证实他的美在继承你的血统!

这将使你在衰老的暮年更生, 并使你垂冷的血液感到重温。



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 uneared 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, remembered not to be,

Die single, and thine image dies with thee:

照照镜子,告诉你那镜中的脸庞, 说现在这庞儿应该另造一副; 如果你不赶快为它重修殿堂, 就欺骗世界,剥掉母亲的幸福。

因为哪里会有女人那么淑贞, 她那处女的胎不愿被你耕种? 哪里有男人那么蠢,他竟甘心 做自己的坟墓,绝自己的血统?

你是你母亲的镜子,在你里面 她唤回她的盛年的芳菲四月; 同样,从你暮年的窗你将眺见—— 纵皱纹满脸——你这黄金的岁月。

但是你活着若不愿被人惦记, 就独自死去,你的肖像和你一起。



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 th' executor to be.

① 〈古〉do的第三人称单数。

四

俊俏的浪子,为什么把你那份 美的遗产在你自己身上耗尽? 造化的馈赠非赐予,她只出赁; 她慷慨,只赁给宽宏大量的人。

那么,美丽的鄙夫,为什么滥用 那交给你转交给别人的厚礼? 赔本的高利贷者,为什么浪用 那么一笔大款,还不能过日子?

因为你既然只和自己做买卖, 就等于欺骗你那妩媚的自我。 这样,你将拿什么账目去交代, 当造化唤你回到她怀里长卧?

你未用过的美将同你进坟墓; 用呢,就活着去执行你的遗嘱。



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 checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snowed, and bareness everywhere.

Then were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was.

But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet, Lose but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

五

那些时辰曾经用轻盈的细工 织就这众目共注的可爱明眸, 终有天对它摆出魔王的面孔, 把绝代佳丽剁成龙钟的老丑。

因为不舍昼夜的时光把盛夏 带到狰狞的冬天去把它结果; 生机被严霜窒息,绿叶又全下, 白雪掩埋了美,满目是赤裸裸。

那时候如果夏天尚未经提炼, 让它凝成香露锁在玻璃瓶里, 美和美的流泽将一起被截断, 美,和美的记忆都无人再提起。

但提炼过的花,纵和冬天抗衡, 只失掉颜色,却永远吐着清芬。



Then let not winter's ragged hand deface,
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distilled:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure ere it be self-killed.

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-willed, for thou art much too fair

To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

六

那么,别让冬天嶙峋的手抹掉 你的夏天,在你未经提炼之前, 熏香一些瓶子; 把你美的财宝 藏在宝库里,趁它还未及消散。 这样的借贷并不是违禁取利, 既然它使那乐意纳息的高兴; 这是说你该为你另生一个你, 或者,一个生十,就十倍地幸运; 十倍你自己比你现在更快乐, 如果你有十个儿子来重现你。 这样,即使你长辞,死将奈你何, 既然你继续活在你的后裔里? 别任性: 你那么标致, 何必甘心 做死的胜利品, 让蛆虫做子孙。

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 climbed 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, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way.

So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon, Unlooked on diest, unless thou get a son.