

英汉典藏05

灵魂深处的生命之歌·千锤百炼的文学瑰宝



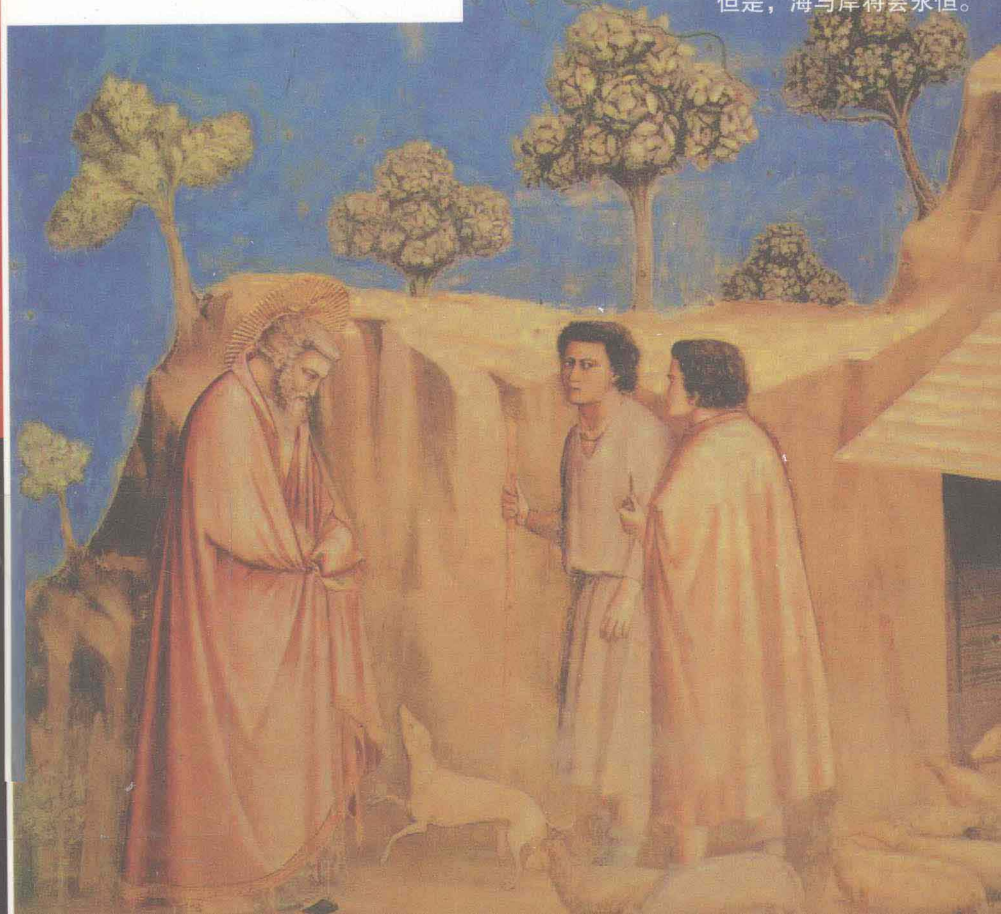
畅销译本 全新修订

[黎巴嫩] 纪伯伦 著
林志豪 译

沙与沫

Sand And Foam

我永远漫步在这海岸，
在细沙和泡沫之间。
高涨的潮水抹去我的足迹，
海风也将泡沫拂走，
但是，海与岸将会永恒。



出版社
JING HOUSE

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

沙与沫: 英汉对照/(黎巴嫩)纪伯伦(Gibran, K.) 著;
林志豪译. —2版. —哈尔滨: 哈尔滨出版社, 2008. 10
(先知双语经典)
ISBN 978-7-80699-326-2

I. 沙… II. ①纪…②林… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读
物 ②散文诗—作品集—黎巴嫩—现代 IV. H319. 4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2008)第079359号

责任编辑: 王 姝 李英文

装帧设计: 晨旭光华

沙与沫

[黎巴嫩]纪伯伦 著 林志豪 译

哈尔滨出版社出版发行

哈尔滨市香坊区泰山路82-9号

邮政编码: 150090 营销电话: 0451-87900345

E-mail: hrbcbbs@yeah.net

网址: www.hrbcbbs.com

全国新华书店经销

北京华戈印务有限公司印刷

开本 787×1092 毫米 1/16 印张 14 字数 300 千字

2008年10月第2版 2008年10月第1次印刷

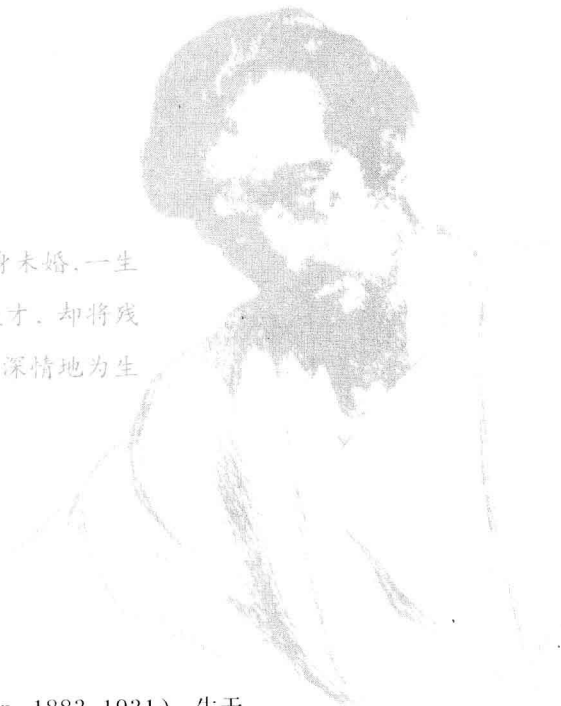
ISBN 978-7-80699-326-2

定价: 21.80 元

版权所有, 侵权必究。举报电话: 0451-87900272

本社常年法律顾问: 黑龙江大公律师事务所徐桂元 徐学滨

一生颠沛流离，贫病交迫，终身未婚，一生孤独，英年早逝。这样历经磨难的天才，却将残酷的现实当圣殿，把爱与美当信仰，深情地为生命献上一朵玫瑰。



卡里·纪伯伦 (Kahlil Gibran 1883-1931)，生于黎巴嫩北部临海的贝什里村(Besharri)一个宗教气息浓厚的家庭。童年时期，母亲教他阿拉伯文和法文，又专门请家庭教师教他英文。

1888年，纪伯伦随母亲和同母异父的哥哥及两个妹妹离开家乡，移居美国波士顿。全家在唐人街过着清贫的日子，纪伯伦则被送进美国公立学校学习英语，在那里奠定了他扎实的英文基础。

1897年，纪伯伦返回黎巴嫩继续学习阿拉伯文和法文，同时选修了医学、国际法、宗教史和音乐等课程。暑假期间，纪伯伦随父亲游历中东各地，心情豁然开朗，开始以丰富的思维和充沛的情感架构自己的生命。

关
于
作
者

关

于

作

品

在阿拉伯现代文学史上，纪伯伦是一页传奇；在世界文学史上，纪伯伦的艺术风格也是独树一帜。他的作品融合了东西方心灵精髓，超越时空，成为人类永恒的箴言。诗人说，它是诗化的哲学；哲人说，它是充满哲理的诗；恋人在这里看到了爱的定义；艺术家在这里看到了灵魂的颜色；年轻人在这里找到了火一般的热情；老年人在这里找到了生死之道……

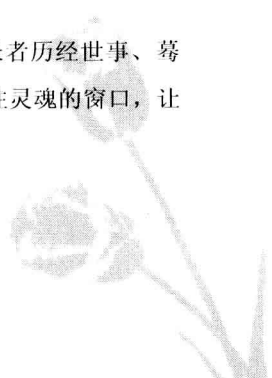
《沙与沫》包括《沙与沫》《流浪者》和《先知园》，代表了纪伯伦不同时期、不同风格，用英文所写的作品。

纪伯伦的作品受到如此欢迎，能给人留下深刻的印象，不仅因为他深沉的哲学思考与火一般的激情，更主要是人们从他那睿智的人生哲理中得到顿悟！这一点在《沙与沫》《疯人》和《流浪者》中体现得十分明显。

《沙与沫》是纪伯伦的一部格言集，字数不多，长短不一，短的只有一句，长的有十几句，但句句都充满了诗情和哲理，阐明了他对人生、爱情、艺术与生死等重大问题的理解。

《流浪者》是纪伯伦的晚期作品，同样是通过一则则寓言故事，描述了形形色色的生活，犹如一位白发苍苍的长者在向年轻人倾诉自己的心声。

纪伯伦的作品是年轻人心灵的初恋，也是长者历经世事、蓦然回首的感悟，任何时候打开本书，就像打开通往灵魂的窗口，让你领略这位先知隽永不朽的哲思。



目 录

CONTENTS

沙与沫	Sand and Foam	(1~47)
流浪者	The Wanderer	(49~143)

流浪者	50	肉体 and 灵魂	71
The Wanderer	51	Body and Soul	71
美和丑	52	国王	72
Garments	53	The King	74
鹰和麻雀	54	沙滩上	77
The Eagle and The Skylark	55	Upon The Sand	77
情歌	56	三件礼物	78
The Love Song	57	The Three Gifts	79
泪与笑	58	和平与战争	80
Tears and Laughter	59	Peace and War	81
在集市上	60	舞女	82
At The Fair	61	The Dancer	83
两位王妃	62	两位守护神	84
The Two Princesses	63	The Two Guardian Angels	86
闪电	64	雕像	88
The Lightning Flash	65	The Statue	89
隐士和野兽	66	交易	90
The Hermit and The Beasts	67	The Exchange	90
先知和孩子	68	爱与恨	91
The Prophet and The Child	69	Love and Hate	91
珍珠	70	梦想	92
The Pearl	70	Dreams	92

疯人	93	The Curse	119
The Madman	93	石榴	120
青蛙	95	The Pomegranates	120
The Frogs	95	上帝和众神	121
法律和立法	98	God and Many Gods	121
Laws and Law-giving	99	女聋子	123
哲学家和补鞋匠	100	She Who Was Deaf	123
The Philosopher and The Cobbler	100	探索	126
造桥人	101	The Quest	127
Builders of Bridges	101	权杖	128
扎德原野	103	The Sceptre	128
The Field of Zaad	103	通道	129
金腰带	105	The Path	129
The Golden Belt	105	鲸鱼与蝴蝶	132
红色的土壤	107	The Whale and The Butterfly	132
The Red Earth	107	和平感染	133
满月	108	Peace Contagious	133
The Full Moon	108	影子	135
隐居的先知	109	The Shadow	135
The Hermit Prophet	109	年届七十	136
陈年老酒	111	Seventy	136
The Old, Old Wine	111	寻找上帝	137
两首诗	113	Finding God	137
The Two Poems	113	大河	138
露丝小姐	115	The River	139
Lady Ruth	115	两个猎人	140
老鼠与猫	117	The Two Hunters	141
The Mouse and The Cat	117	另一个流浪汉	142
诅咒	119	The Other Wanderer	143

先知园 The Garden of the Prophet…………(145~215)

沙与沫

Sand and Foam

记忆是一种相聚的方式。
忘却是一种自由的方式。
我从健谈者那里学会了静默，
从狭隘者那里学会了宽容，
从残忍者那里学会了仁爱。
但奇怪的是，我对这些老师并未存感激。



我永远漫步在这些海岸上，在细沙和泡沫之间。

高涨的潮水抹去我的足迹，海风也将泡沫拂走，

但是，海与岸将会永恒。

我的手中曾经握满薄雾。

然后，我伸开手掌，哦，薄雾变成了小虫。

我将手握了又展，手中却是一只小鸟。

我再次将手握紧又展开，掌心上伫立一人，满面愁容，昂首向天。

再一次，我握紧了手，张开却一无所有，除了一片薄雾。

然而，我听到了一首无比柔美的歌。

就在昨天，我还以为自己只是碎屑一片，在生命的苍穹之中毫无韵律地颤抖。

如今我却明白，我就是那片苍穹，整个生命是我怀中富有节奏而悸动的碎片。

I am forever walking upon these shores, betwixt the sand and the foam.
The high tide will erase my foot-prints, and the wind will blow away
the foam.

But the sea and the shore will remain forever.

Once I filled my hand with mist.

Then I opened it and looked, the mist was a worm.

And I closed and opened my hand again, and behold there was a bird.

And again I closed and opened my hand, and in its hollow stood a man
with a sad face, turned upward.

And again I closed my hand, and when I opened it there was naught
but mist.

But I heard a song of exceeding sweetness.

It was but yesterday I thought myself a fragment quivering without
rhythm in the sphere of life.

Now I know that I am the sphere, and all life in rhythmic fragments
moves within me.

他们醒来时，对我说道：“你和你居住的世界，只是无涯之海和无边之岸的沙粒。”

在睡梦中，我对他们说道：“我正是那无涯之海，世界万物不过是我海岸上的颗颗沙粒。”

唯有一次，我被迫缄默无语。“你是谁？”那是有人这样问我时。

上帝的第一个念头是天使。

上帝的第一个词汇是人。

在海洋和森林中的风声赋予我们语言之前的千万年间，我们是漂泊、徘徊、孜孜不倦地追求着的一群生物。

而现在，我们怎能仅用我们那昨天的声音来描述心中的远古时光呢？

斯芬克司仅说过一次话。他说：“一粒沙子是一片沙漠，一片沙漠是一粒沙子。现在就让我们再次沉默吧。”

They say to me in their awakening, "You and the world you live in are but a grain of sand upon the infinite shore of an infinite sea."

And in my dream I say to them, "I am the infinite sea, and all worlds are but grains of sand upon my shore."

Only once have I been made mute. It was when a man asked me, "Who are you?"

The first thought of God was an angel.

The first word of God was a man.

We were fluttering, wandering, longing creatures a thousand thousand years before the sea and the wind in the forest gave us words.

Now how can we express the ancient of days in us with only the sounds of our yesterdays?

The Sphinx spoke only once, and the Sphinx said, "A grain of sand is a desert, and a desert is a grain of sand; and now let us all be silent again."

我听到了斯芬克司的话，却毫不理解。

我长久地躺在埃及的漫天沙尘里，沉默着，忘却了季节。

直到太阳赐予我生命，我站起身来，沿着尼罗河岸行走，

我与白昼一起唱歌，又与黑夜一起遐想。

而今，太阳又用千万只脚在我的身上践踏，让我再次躺在埃及的漫天沙尘里。

然而，请记住那个奇迹和谜语吧！

将我凝聚的太阳也无法将我驱散。

我依然伫立，依然踩着稳健的步子走在尼罗河岸上。

记忆是一种相聚的方式。

忘却是一种自由的方式。

我们依据无限的阳光的运动估测时间；他们则用口袋里小小的器具估测时间。

I heard the Sphinx, but I did not understand.

Long did I lie in the dust of Egypt, silent and unaware of the seasons.

Then the sun gave me birth, and I rose and walked upon the banks of the Nile,

Singing with the days and dreaming with the nights.

And now the sun threads upon me with a thousand feet that I may lie again in the dust of Egypt.

But behold a marvel and a riddle!

The very sun that gathered me cannot scatter me.

Still erect am I, and sure of foot do I walk upon the banks of the Nile.

Remembrance is a form of meeting.

Forgetfulness is a form of freedom.

We measure time according to the movement of countless suns; and they measure time by little machines in their little pockets.

请告诉我，我们如何能在同时同地相聚？

在一个从银河之窗俯瞰的人眼里，宇宙并不是地球与太阳之间的一方空间。

人性是一条光河，从永恒之前向永恒流淌。

居住在上界的精灵们，难道不羡慕人世间的痛苦吗？

在朝圣的旅途上，我遇到另一位朝圣者，于是问他：“这的确是去往圣城的道路吗？”

他说：“跟着我，再有一个昼夜就到达圣城了。”

我跟着他走了许多个昼夜，圣城依然不见踪影。

让我吃惊的是，他带我误入歧途反而迁怒于我。

神啊，让我做狮子的祭品吧，不然就让兔子成为我的俘食！

除了穿越黑暗之路，人不可能通向黎明。

Now tell me, how could we ever meet at the same place and the same time?

Space is not space between the earth and the sun to one who looks down from the windows of the Milky Way.

Humanity is a river of light running from the ex-eternity to eternity.

Do not the spirits who dwell in the ether envy man his pain?

On my way to the Holy City I met another pilgrim and I asked him, "Is this indeed the way to the Holy City?"

And he said, "Follow me, and you will reach the Holy City in a day and a night."

And I followed him. And we walked many days and many nights, yet we did not reach the Holy City.

And what was to my surprise he became angry with me because he had misled me.

Make me, oh, God, the prey of the lion, ere you make the rabbit my prey.

One may not reach the dawn save by the path of the night.

我的房子对我说：“不要舍弃我，这里珍藏着你的过去。”

道路对我说：“跟随我吧，我是你的未来。”

我对我的房子和道路说：“我既无过去，也无未来。如果我在此逗留，逗留中有我的形迹；如果我前行，路途上就有我的停留。唯有爱和死才能改变一切。”

那些沉睡于羽毛中的梦想，并不比席地而眠的梦想更美好，我又怎能对生命的公正丧失信心？

真奇怪！某些愉悦的企望却成为我伤痛的一部分。

曾有七次我鄙视自己的灵魂：

第一次，当我看到她可以升迁却有意谦让时。

第二次，当我看见她在腿残者眼前跛行而过时。

第三次，当她在难易之间选择了容易时。

My house says to me, "Do not leave me, for here dwells your past."

And the road says to me, "Come and follow me, for I am your future."

And I say to both my house and the road, "I have no past, nor have I a future. If I stay here, there is a going in my staying; and if I go there is a staying in my going. Only love and death will change all things."

How can I lose faith in the justice of life, when the dreams of those who sleep upon feathers are not more beautiful than the dreams of those who sleep upon the earth?

Strange, the desire for certain pleasures is a part of my pain.

Seven times have I despised my soul:

The first time when I saw her being meek that she might attain height.

The second time when I saw her limping before the crippled.

The third time when she was given to choose between the hard and the easy, and she chose the easy.

The fourth time when she committed a wrong, and comforted herself that others also commit wrong.

第四次，当她犯了错误，却用别人也会犯类似错误的理由来抚慰自己时。

第五次，当她因为脆弱而忍让，却说成是一种坚忍时。

第六次，当她鄙夷一张丑恶的面庞，却不知道那正是自己的一副面具时。

第七次，当她吟唱颂歌却自以为是一种美德时。

我不知何谓绝对的真理。但是，我对自己的无知进行谦逊的自省，这其中就有了我的荣光和犒赏。

有一段空隙穿插在幻想和成就之间，只有热情才能将它跨越。

天堂就在那里，在那扇门后，隔壁的房间里，但我却丢了钥匙。

或许，我只是将它放错了位置。

你是盲人，而我又聋又哑，那就让我们紧握双手，相知相识吧。

人的意义不在于他有何成就，而在于什么是他所渴望成就的。

The fifth time when she forbore for weakness, and attributed her patience to strength.

The sixth time when she despised the ugliness of a face, and knew not that it was one of her own masks.

And the seventh time when she sang a song of praise, and deemed it a virtue.

I am ignorant of absolute truth. But I am humble before my ignorance and therein lies my honor and my reward.

There is a space between man's imagination and man's attainment that may only be traversed by his longing.

Paradise is there, behind that door, in the next room; but I have lost the key.

Perhaps I have only mislaid it.

You are blind and I am deaf and dumb, so let us touch hands and understand.

The significance of man is not in what he attains, but rather in what he longs to attain.

我们中间有人如墨，有人如纸。

若非有人如同墨黑，他人就将成为哑巴。

若非有人如同纸白，他人就将成为盲人。

给我一只耳朵，我会给你一种声音。

我们的心绪是一块海绵，我们的胸怀是一条溪流。但我们大多宁肯吮吸却不愿奔流向前，这不奇怪吗？

当你企盼着无名的赐予，心怀无故的烦恼，你便真的与万物同生，升华为更崇高的自我。

当一个人沉湎于幻象中，他将把模糊虚幻的神情视为真实的美酒。

你畅饮是为了买醉。我喝酒是为了从另一种酒中清醒。

当我的酒杯见底时，我甘心让它空着；当酒杯半满时，我却心怀恨意。

Some of us are like ink and some are like paper.

And if it were not for the blackness of some of us, some of us would be dumb;

And if it were not for the whiteness of some of us, some of us would be blind.

Give me an ear and I will give you a voice.

Our mind is a sponge; our heart is a stream. Is it not strange that most of us choose sucking rather than running?

When you long for blessings that you may not name, and when you grieve knowing not the cause, then indeed you are growing with all things that grow, and rising toward your greater self.

When one is drunk with a vision, he deems his faint expression of it the very wine.

You drink wine that you may be intoxicated; and I drink that it may sober me from that other wine.

When my cup is empty I resign myself to its emptiness; but when it is half full I resent its half-fullness.

人的本质，不在于他向你展示的一面，而在于他所藏匿的一面。

因而，如果你要了解一个人，不要去听他所吐露的，而要去听他未曾吐露的真言。

我所说的一半毫无意义，但我说出来，为的是你能领悟另一半。

幽默感是达到均衡的一种感觉。

当人们称赞我冗言的过错，责怪我沉默的美德时，我的孤独之感油然而升。

当生命无法找到一个歌者吟唱出自己的心绪时，她就会诞生一位哲人，来表达自己的心志。

真理总是被领会，有时才会被传述。

真实的自我沉默无言，后天的自我却喋喋不休。

我的生命之音不能达到你的生命之耳。但是，我们来交谈吧，以免彼此寂寞。

两个女人交谈，却什么也没说。一个女人独语时，却揭示了生命的全部。

The reality of the other person is not in what he reveals to you, but in what he cannot reveal to you.

Therefore, if you would understand him, listen not to what he says but rather to what he does not say.

Half of what I say is meaningless; but I say it so that the other half may reach you.

A sense of humour is a sense of proportion.

My loneliness was born when men praised my talkative faults and blamed my silent virtues.

When life does not find a singer to sing her heart, she produces a philosopher to speak her mind.

A truth is to be known always, to be uttered sometimes.

The real in us is silent; the acquired is talkative.

The voice of life in me cannot reach the ear of life in you; but let us talk that we may not feel lonely.

When two women talk they say nothing; when one woman speaks she reveals all of life.

青蛙的叫声也许比牛更嘹亮，但它们却不能拉动田中的犁铧，不能转动酒坊里的磨碾，你不能用它们的皮囊做成靴子。

唯有哑巴才妒忌健谈之人。

如果冬天说“春天在我心里”，谁会相信它的话？

每粒种子都是一个希望。

倘若你真的睁开眼睛去看，你会从所有影像中看到自己。倘若你竖起耳朵去听，你会从一切声音里听到自己。

真理需要我们两个人共同发现：一人叙述，一人领悟。

尽管语言的波浪永远围绕着我们，但我们的内心深处却永远沉默不语。

许多教条都如窗玻璃，透过它，我们看到真理，但它却把我们与真理隔离。

Frogs may bellow louder than bulls, but they cannot drag the plough in the field, not turn the wheel of the wine press, and of their skins you cannot make shoes.

Only the dumb envies the talkative.

If winter should say, "Spring is in my heart", who would believe winter?

Every seed is a longing.

Should you really open your eyes and see, you would behold your image in all images. And should you open your ears and listen, you would hear your own voice in all voices.

It takes two of us to discover truth: one to utter it and one to understand it.

Though the wave of words is forever upon us, yet our depth is forever silent.

Many a doctrine is like a window pane. We see truth through it but it divides us from truth.

我们来玩捉迷藏吧！如果躲藏到我心中，就不难寻到你。

但如果藏在自己的甲壳里，就没有人能寻到你。

一个女人可能用微笑将自己的脸遮盖起来。

多么高贵啊！一颗悲伤的心，却能与欢乐的心共同吟唱喜悦的曲调。

想了解女人，剖析天才，或者想解答沉默的人的奥秘，就是那个可以从美梦中醒来，并坐到早餐桌前的人。

我愿意与旅人同行。

我不愿站立着观望队伍从眼前闪过。

对于服侍你的人，你亏欠的不仅仅是金子。将自己的心奉献给他，或者去服侍他吧。

不，我们未曾荒废生命。他们不是已经筑造了我们的骨骼之塔吗？

不要斤斤计较。诗人之心、蝎子之尾，都是从同一块土地中荣耀地孕育

Now let us play hide and seek. Should you hide in my heart it would not be difficult to find you.

But should you hide behind your own shell, then it would be useless for anyone to seek you.

A woman may veil her face with a smile.

How noble is the sad heart who would sing a joyous song with joyous hearts.

He who would understand a woman, or dissect genius, or solve the mystery of silence is the very man who would wake from a beautiful dream to sit at a breakfast table.

I would walk with all those who walk.

I would not stand still to watch the procession passing by.

You owe more than gold to him who serves you. Give him of your heart or serve him.

Nay, we have not lived in vain. Have they not built towers of our bones?

Let us not be particular and sectional. The poet's mind and the scorpion's tail rise in glory from the same earth. Every dragon gives birth to a St.