



## 野草 Wild Grass

鲁 迅 著

杨宪益 戴乃迭 译

裘 沙 王伟君 插图

## 野草 Wild Grass

鲁 迅 著

杨宪益 戴乃迭 译

袁 沙 王伟君 插图

## 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

野草:汉英对照/鲁迅著;杨宪益,戴乃迭译

—北京:外文出版社,2010

(经典回声)

ISBN 978-7-119-06678-3


I. ①野… II. ①鲁… ②杨… ③戴…

III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物②鲁迅散文—选集 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2010)第176928号

策 划:胡开敏

责任编辑:杨春燕 杨 璐

装帧设计:  吾显设计工作室

印刷监制:冯 浩

## 经典回声 野草

鲁 迅 著

杨宪益 戴乃迭 译

袁 沙 王伟君 插图

©2010外文出版社

出 版 人:呼宝民

总 编 辑:李振国

出版发行:外文出版社

地 址:中国北京西城区百万庄大街24号

邮政编码:100037

网 址: <http://www.flp.com.cn>

电 话:(010) 68320579/68996067(总编室)

(010) 68995844/68995852(发行部)

(010) 68327750/68996164(版权部)

印 制:外文印刷厂

经 销:新华书店/外文书店

开 本:720mm×1020mm 1/16

印 张:12

字 数:40千字

装 别:平装

版 次:2010年10月第1版 2010年10月第1版第1次印刷

书 号:ISBN 978-7-119-06678-3

定 价:26.00 元

建议上架:双语学习

---

版权所有 侵权必究 有印装问题可随时调换

《野草》英文译本序	1
题辞	7
秋夜	13
影的告别	21
求乞者	27
我的失恋	33
——拟古的新打油诗	
复仇	39
复仇（其二）	45
希望	53
雪	61
风筝	67
好的故事	75
过客	83
死火	97
狗的驳诘	105

失掉的好地狱	111
墓碣文	119
颓败线的颤动	125
立论	133
死后	139
这样的战士	151
聪明人和傻子和奴才	157
腊叶	165
淡淡的血痕中	171
——纪念几个死者和生者和未生者	
一觉	177

1	Lu Xun's Preface, Written in 1931, for an English Edition of <i>Wild Grass</i>
7	Foreword
13	Autumn Night
21	The Shadow's Leave-Taking
27	The Beggars
33	My Lost Love
	— New Doggerel in the Classical Style
39	Revenge
45	Revenge (II)
53	Hope
61	Snow
67	The Kite
75	The Good Story
83	The Passer-by
97	Dead Fire
105	The Dog's Retort

111	The Good Hell That Was Lost
119	The Epitaph
125	Tremors of Degradation
133	On Expressing an Opinion
139	After Death
151	Such a Fighter
157	The Wise Man, the Fool and the Slave
165	The Blighted Leaf
171	Amid Pale Bloodstains
	— In Memory of Some Who Are Dead, Some Who Live, and Some Yet Unborn
177	The Awakening

《野草》英文译本序  
Lu Xun's Preface,  
Written in 1931,  
for an English Edition of *Wild Grass*



冯Y.S.先生由他的友人给我看《野草》的英文译本，并且要我说几句话。可惜我不懂英文，只能自己说几句。但我希望，译者将不嫌我只做了他所希望的一半的。

这二十多篇小品，如每篇末尾所注，是一九二四至二六年在北平所作，陆续发表于期刊《语丝》上的。大抵仅仅是随时的小感想。因为那时难于直说，所以有时措辞就很含糊了。

现在举几个例罢。因为讽刺当时盛行的失恋诗，作《我的失恋》，因为憎恶社会上旁观者之多，作《复仇》第一篇，又因为惊异于青年之消沉，作《希望》。《这样的战士》，是有感于文人学士们帮助军阀而作。《腊叶》，是为爱我者的想要保存我而作的。段祺瑞政府枪击徒手民众后，作《淡淡的血痕中》，其时我已避居别处；奉天派和直隶派军阀战争的时候，作《一觉》，此后我就不能住在北平了。

所以，这也可以说，大半是废弛的地狱边沿的惨白色小花，当然不会美丽。但这地狱也必须失掉。这是由几个有雄辩和辣手，而那时还未得志的英雄们的脸色和语气所告诉我的。我于是作《失掉的好地狱》。

后来，我不再作这样的东西了。日在变化的时代，已不许这样的文章，甚而至于这样的感想存在。我想，这也许倒是好的罢。为译本而作的序言，也应该在这里结束了。

十一月五日。

1. The translator of *Wild Grass* was Feng Yu-sheng, whose English translation never appeared in print. This preface was later published by the author in *Two Hearts*, a collection of essays written in 1930 and 1931.

Mr. Y. S. Feng has sent me through a friend his English translation of *Wild Grass*<sup>1</sup> and asked me to say a few words. Unfortunately, not knowing English, I can only say a few words of my own. However, I hope the translator will not mind my doing only half of what he expected.

These twenty-odd short pieces, as the dates at the end of each show, were written between 1924 and 1926 in Peking and published successively in the periodical *Yu Ssu*. Most of them were simply occasional reflections. Because at the time it was difficult to speak outright I sometimes had to use rather ambiguous language.

To cite a few examples. "My Lost Love" was written to satirize the poems about lost loves which were then the vogue; "Revenge" was written out of revulsion at the number of bystanders in society; "Hope" out of astonishment at the passivity of young people. "Such a Fighter" was my reaction to those men of letters and scholars who abetted the warlords. "The Blighted Leaf" was written for my friends who wanted to preserve me. After the Tuan Chi-jui government fired on unarmed demonstrators, I wrote. "Amid Pale Bloodstains," at a time when I had left home and gone into hiding. "The Awakening" was written during the fighting between the warlords of the Fengtien and Chihli cliques, after which I was unable to remain in Peking.

So it may also be said that these were mostly small pale flowers on the edges of the neglected hell, which could not of course be beautiful. But this hell was bound to be lost. This was brought home to me by the expressions and tones of a handful of eloquent and ruthless "heroes" who had not at that time realized their ambitions. Thereupon I wrote. "The Good Hell That Was Lost."

Later on I wrote no more things of this kind. In an age when things were changing daily, such writing, and even such reflections, were no longer allowed to exist. To my mind, this was probably a good thing. And here my preface for these translations may well end.

November 5, 1931



我希望这野草的死亡和朽腐，火速到来。  
I hope for the swift death and decay of this wild grass.

题辞

Foreword

当我沉默着的时候，我觉得充实；我将开口，同时感到空虚。

过去的生命已经死亡。我对于这死亡有大欢喜，因为我借此知道它曾经存活。死亡的生命已经朽腐。我对于这朽腐有大欢喜，因为我借此知道它还非空虚。

生命的泥委弃在地面上，不生乔木，只生野草，这是我的罪过。

野草，根本不深，花叶不美，然而吸取露，吸取水，吸取陈死人的血和肉，各各夺取它的生存。当生存时，还是将遭践踏，将遭删刈，直至于死亡而朽腐。

但我坦然，欣然。我将大笑，我将歌唱。

我自爱我的野草，但我憎恶这以野草作装饰的地面。

地火在地下运行，奔突；熔岩一旦喷出，将烧尽一切野草，以及乔木，于是并且无可朽腐。

但我坦然，欣然。我将大笑，我将歌唱。

天地有如此静穆，我不能大笑而且歌唱。天地即不如此静穆，我或者也将不能。我以这一丛野草，在明与暗，生与死，过去与未来之际，献于友与仇，人与兽，爱者与不爱者之前作证。

为我自己，为友与仇，人与兽，爱者与不爱者，我希望这野草的死亡与朽腐，火速到来。要不然，我先就未曾生存，这实在比死亡与朽腐更其不幸。

去罢，野草，连着我的题辞！

一九二七年四月二十六日，  
鲁迅记于广州之白云楼上。

When I am silent, I feel replete; as I open my mouth to speak, I am conscious of emptiness.

The past life has died. I exult over its death, because from this I know that it once existed. The dead life has decayed. I exult over its decay, because from this I know that, it has not been empty.

From the clay of life abandoned on the ground grow no lofty trees, only wild grass. For that I am to blame.

Wild grass strikes no deep roots, has no beautiful flowers and leaves, yet it imbibes dew, water and the blood and flesh of the dead, although all try to rob it of life. As long as it lives it is trampled upon and mown down, until it dies and decays.

But I am not worried. I am glad. I shall laugh aloud and sing.

I love my wild grass, but I detest the ground which decks itself with wild grass.

A subterranean fire is spreading, raging, underground. Once the molten lava breaks through the earth's crust, it will consume all the wild grass and lofty trees, leaving nothing to decay.

But I am not worried; I am glad. I shall laugh aloud and sing.

Heaven and earth are so serene that I cannot laugh aloud or sing. Even if they were not so serene, I probably could not either. Between light and darkness, life and death, past and future, I dedicate this tussock of wild grass as my pledge to friend and foe, man and beast, those whom I love and those whom I do not love.

For my own sake and for the sake of friend and foe, man and beast, those whom I love and those whom I do not love, I hope for the swift death and decay of this wild grass. Otherwise, it means I have not lived, and this would be truly more lamentable than death and decay.

Go, then, wild grass, together with my foreword!

Lu Xun

Written in White Cloud Pavilion, Guangzhou

April 26, 1927





而最直最长的几枝，  
却已默默地铁似的直刺着奇怪而高的天空，  
使天空闪闪地鬼眨眼；

While, rigid as iron,  
the straightest and longest boughs silently pierce the strange,  
high sky, making it blink in dismay.