

DO NOT ASK THEM INTO THE HOUSE  
HE INTO MY INFINITE LIVENESS, MY LOVER  
A LITTLE FLOWER LIES IN THE DUST

[黎巴嫩] 加里·纪伯伦

林志豪 译

LEAVES OF GRASS

# 先知

有史以来第一部诗化哲学

IT GOES INTO THE FLYING BUTTERFLY

I AM IN THE WORLD OF THE ROADS

THE NIGHT COMES OPEN THE GATE

THOU WORLD OF THE HOME

I HAVE SUNG THE SONGS OF THE DAY

IN THE EVENING LET ME CARRY THEM

AMP THE WORLD OF THE PAT

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一本被誉为“小圣经”、翻译达四十多种语言的好书!

# THE PROPHET

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## 先知

[黎巴嫩]卡里·纪伯伦 著 林志豪 译



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DEDICATION

# 献词

谨以此书献给我最睿智的朋友

亲爱的\_\_\_\_\_：

在我心目中，你一直都很优秀，认识你是我今生一大幸事，与你为友让我受益匪浅。

我时常在想，用什么来表达对这份友情的珍惜，物欲享受皆过眼云烟，如何帮助你成为一个真正的强者，才是为友者的真诚意愿。

因此，我将这本我钟爱不已的书馈赠于你，希望我们共同从这先知先觉中领悟处世真理，用赤子之心当矛，用人生智慧为盾，去穿越这个丛林般的世界，实现心中的梦想！

挚友：\_\_\_\_\_



## 作品简介

《先知》是纪伯伦一生最高的成就，他从15岁时就开始酝酿，到1923年蜚声文坛，译文多达五十几种语言，跻身世界经典名著之列，书中的哲理是纪伯伦对人生思索的智慧结晶，使他足以堪称人类精神修养大师。他曾经说过：“我想，自我从黎巴嫩山构思《先知》一书开始，我就已和它寸步不离了，它仿佛是我身体的一部分……在我完成四年之后才将其付梓，因为我想要确定，非常地确定，书中的每一个字都必须是我的最佳贡献。”

《先知》之所以历久弥新，让一代又一代的读者受益匪浅，在于它超越了时空、国界的限制，体现了人类共同的情感，满足了不同心灵的不同需求；在于它富于音韵之美的文字，宛如天籁之音，传达出人生的真理，让所有困顿彷徨的人们，都能从纪伯伦睿智的人生哲理中，得到慰藉和鼓舞！



## 关于作者

卡里·纪伯伦(Kahlil Gibran 1883年—1931年)，生于黎巴嫩布雪里一个宗教气息浓厚的家庭中。童年时期，母亲教他阿拉伯文和法文，又请家庭教师教他英语。

1888年，纪伯伦随母亲移居美国波士顿，在那里奠定了扎实的英文基础。1897年纪伯伦返回黎巴嫩继续学习阿拉伯文和法文，选修了医学、国际法及宗教史和音乐等课程。暑期纪伯伦随父亲旅游中东各地，心灵豁然开朗。

15岁时，他以阿拉伯文写下《先知》的初稿，16岁时发表了第一篇散文诗，并开始热衷于绘画。大学毕业之后游历了希腊、意大利、西班牙等地。随后，纪伯伦进行了大量创作，开始了自己的写作生涯。1923年，英文散文诗集《先知》出版，奠定了他在文学史上的不朽地位。

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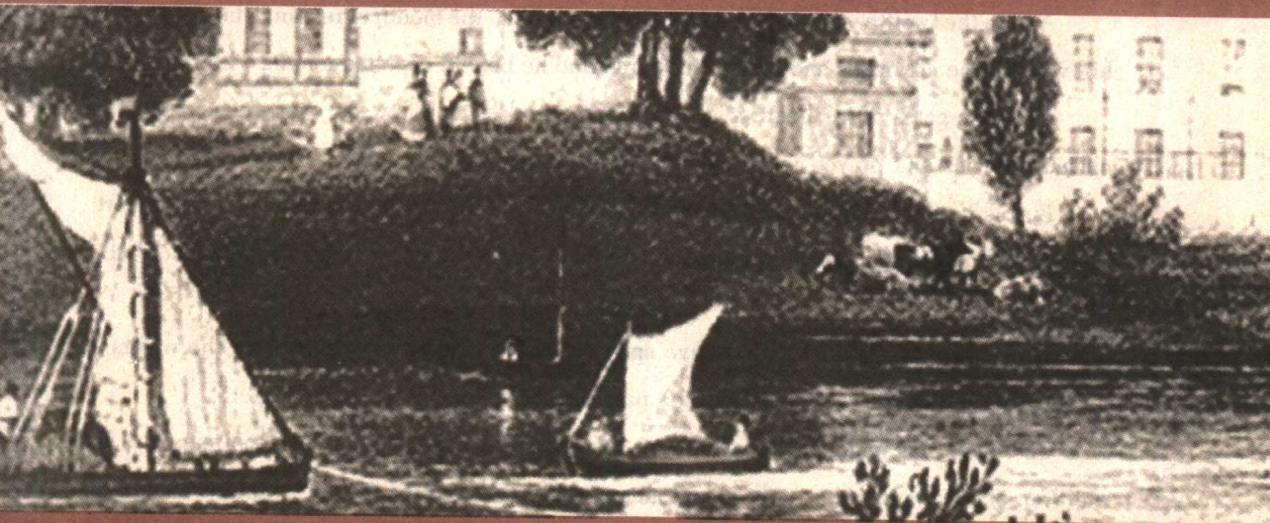
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## THE COMING OF THE SHIP



船来了



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

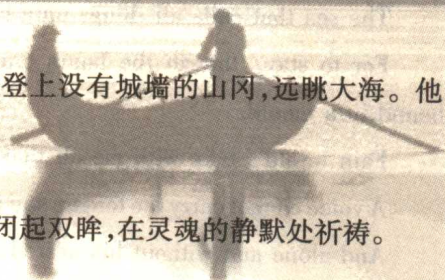
And in the twelfth year, on the seventh day of Ielool, the month of reaping, he climbed the hill without the city walls and looked seaward; and he beheld his ship coming with the mist.

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.

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 scattered 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.



在当代的曙光下，被选与被爱的艾玛达法，在奥菲里斯城等待来接他返回自己出生之岛的船只，已经十二年了。

在第十二年，也就是“收割月”的第七日，他登上没有城墙的山冈，远眺大海。他看到他的航船正从雾霭中驶来。

他的心胸豁然开朗，喜悦奔腾直达海面。他闭起双眸，在灵魂的静默处祈祷。

然而当他走下山冈时，却有一阵悲哀袭来。他默想：

我如何能平静地离去，而不带丝毫哀伤？不，我无法不带着精神上的伤痛离开这个城市。

在这个城市中，我度过了多少个漫长而痛苦的日子，又经历了多少个漫长而孤寂的夜晚；谁能够无牵无挂地摆脱他的痛苦和孤寂？

这里的大街小巷都撒满了我心灵的碎片，这里有许多充满朝气与希望的孩子赤足穿梭在山林间，我无法做到毫无负担与伤痛地从这些景物中悄然离去。

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?

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:

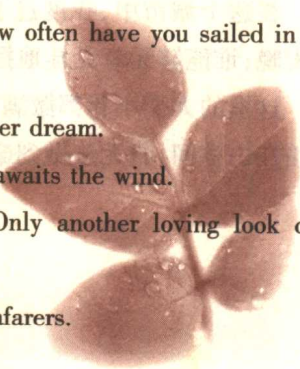
Sons of my ancient mother, you riders of the tides, How often have you sailed in my  
dreams.

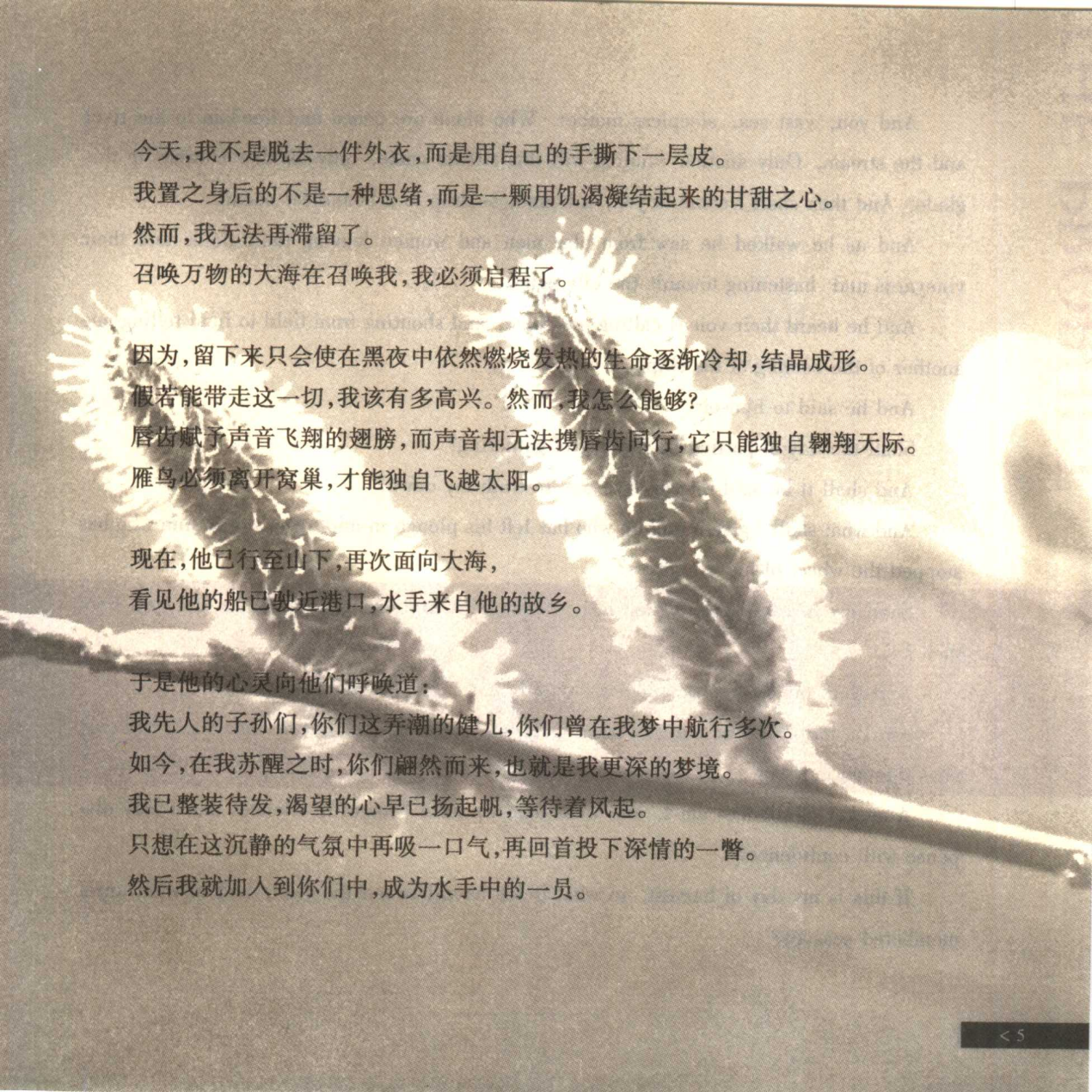
And now you come in my awakening, which is my deeper dream.

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.

And then I shall stand among you, a seafarer among seafarers.





今天,我不是脱去一件外衣,而是用自己的手撕下一层皮。  
我置之身后的不是一种思绪,而是一颗用饥渴凝结起来的甘甜之心。  
然而,我无法再滞留了。  
召唤万物的大海在召唤我,我必须启程了。

因为,留下来只会使在黑夜中依然燃烧发热的生命逐渐冷却,结晶成形。  
假若能带走这一切,我该有多高兴。然而,我怎么能够?  
唇齿赋予声音飞翔的翅膀,而声音却无法携唇齿同行,它只能独自翱翔天际。  
雁鸟必须离开窝巢,才能独自飞越太阳。

现在,他已行至山下,再次面向大海,  
看见他的船已驶近港口,水手来自他的故乡。

于是他的心灵向他们呼唤道:  
我先人的子孙们,你们这弄潮的健儿,你们曾在我梦中航行多次。  
如今,在我苏醒之时,你们翩然而来,也就是我更深的梦境。  
我已整装待发,渴望的心早已扬起帆,等待着风起。  
只想在这沉静的气氛中再吸一口气,再回首投下深情的一瞥。  
然后我就加入到你们中,成为水手中的一员。

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.

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

而你，浩渺的大海，不眠的母亲，  
你将是江河与溪流惟一的安宁与自由。  
这溪流只要再蜿蜒一回，在林中空地低吟一曲，  
我就会投入你的怀抱，犹如一滴自由的水滴，融入无穷的大海。

他行走着，看到远处的男男女女都离开了农田与果园，纷纷拥向城门。

他听到他们喊着自己的名字，并在田野间奔走相告他的船即将到达的消息。

他对自己说：

莫非离别之时也是相聚之日？

难道我的黄昏实际是我的黎明？

我能为那些放下耕田犁具、停下酿酒转轮的人们奉献什么？



是以心灵为树，采摘累累果实与他们分享，

还是将渴望化做涌泉，倾满他们的杯盏？

是做一只万能之手可以弹拨的竖琴，还是一管能让他们的呼吸可以穿过我身躯的长笛？

我是个寂寞的追寻者，而在寂寞中究竟寻得了什么，使我得以自信地施与？

如果这是我的丰收日，那我又是在哪个被遗忘的季节和哪块土地上播撒下种子呢？

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.

These things he said in words. But much in his heart remained unsaid. For he himself could not speak his deeper secret.

And when he entered into the city all the people came to meet him, and they were crying out to him as with one voice.

And the elders of the city stood forth and said: Go not yet away from us.

A noontide have you been in our twilight, and your youth has given us dreams to dream.

No stranger are you among us, nor a guest, but our son and our dearly beloved.

Suffer not yet our eyes to hunger for your face.

And the priests and the priestesses said unto him: Let not the waves of the sea separate us now, and the years you have spent in our midst become a memory.

You have walked among us a spirit, and your shadow has been a light upon our faces. Much have we loved you. But speechless was our love, and with veils has it been veiled.

Yet now it cries aloud unto you, and would stand revealed before you.

And ever has it been that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation.

And others came also entreated him. But he answered them not, He only bent his head; and those who stood near saw his tears falling upon his breast.

如果此刻是该高举我的明灯之时，那灯中燃烧的火焰并不是我点燃的。

我举起的灯空虚而黑暗，夜的守护者将为它注满油，点起火。

他开口讲述这些，但还有许多未说出的话藏在心间。因为他是一个无法表达自己更深层秘密的人。

他一进城，人们纷纷迎了上来。万人齐声地呼喊着他。

城中的长者跨步上前说道：

请不要离开我们。

你一直是我们的正午，你的青春赋予我们美妙的梦。

在我们里面，你并不是陌生人，也不是过客，而是我们的儿子，我们挚爱的人。

请不要让我们的眼睛因渴望见到你的面容而酸痛。

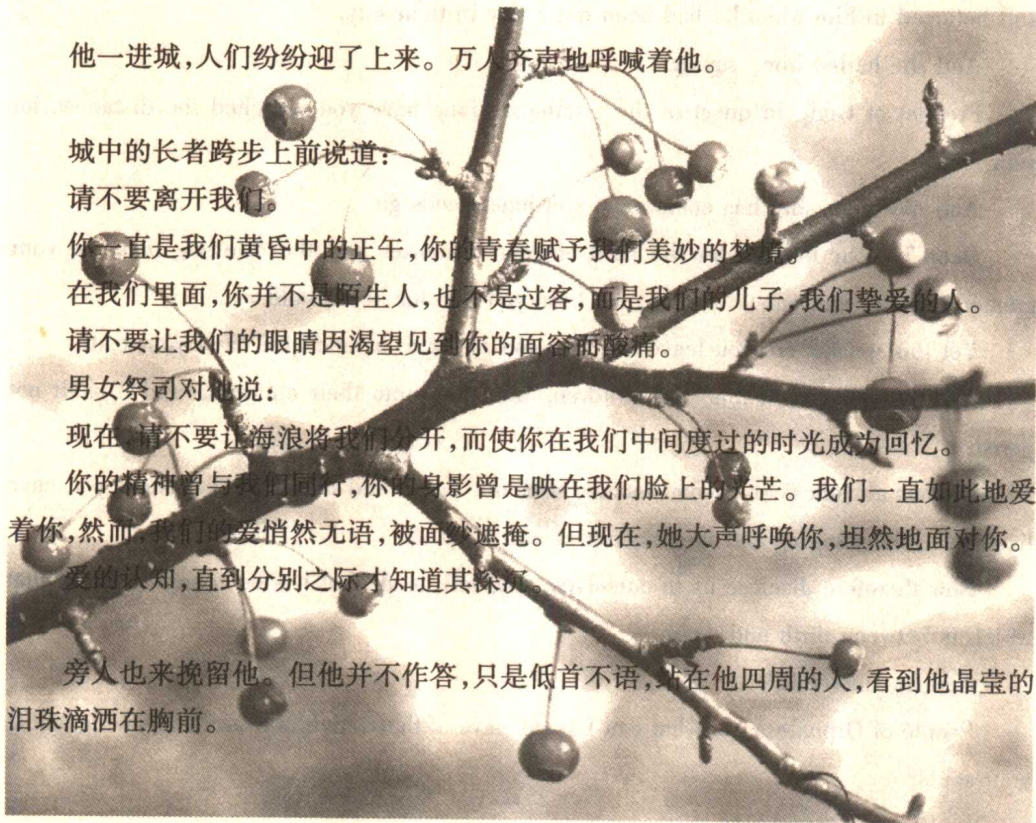
男女祭司对他说：

现在，请不要让海浪将我们分开，而使你在我们中间度过的时光成为回忆。

你的精神曾与我们同行，你的身影曾是映在我们脸上的光芒。我们一直如此地爱着你，然而，我们的爱悄然无语，被面纱遮掩。但现在，她大声呼唤你，坦然地面对你。

爱的认知，直到分别之际才知道其深浅。

旁人也来挽留他。但他并不作答，只是低首不语，站在他四周的人，看到他晶莹的泪珠滴洒在胸前。





And he and the people proceeded towards the great square before the temple.

And there came out of the sanctuary a woman whose name was Almitra. And she was a seeress.

And he looked upon her with exceeding tenderness, for it was she who had first sought and believed in him when he had been but a day in their city.

And she hailed him, saying:

Prophet of God, in quest of the uttermost, long have you searched the distances for your ship.

And now your ship has come, and you must needs go.

Deep is your longing for the land of your memories and the dwelling place of your greater desires; and our love would not bind you nor our needs hold you.

Yet this we ask ere you leave us, that you speak to us and give us of your truth.

And we will give it unto our children, and they unto their children, and it shall not perish.

In your aloneness you have watched with our days, and in your wakefulness you have listened to the weeping and the laughter of our sleep.

Now therefore disclose us to ourselves, and tell us all that has been shown you of that which is between birth and death.

And he answered,

People of Orphalesa, of what can I speak save of that which is even now moving within your souls?