

# 先知

阐释生命真谛的赞歌

## The Prophet

睡前为你心中的挚爱祈祷，  
唇间吟诵着赞美诗



20世纪阿拉伯新文学的开拓者  
世界文坛骄子  
[黎巴嫩] 卡里·纪伯伦 著

PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE BEAUTY IS LIFE WHEN LIFE UNVEILS HER HOLY FACE  
BUT YOU ARE LIFE AND YOU ARE THE VEIL  
BEAUTY IS ETERNITY GAZING AT ITSELF IN A MIRROR  
BUT YOU ARE ETERNITY AND YOU ARE THE MIRROR



*The Prophet*

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〔黎巴嫩〕 卡里·纪伯伦 著

林志豪 译



天津教育出版社  
TIANJIN EDUCATION PRESS

## 图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

先知 / (黎巴嫩) 纪伯伦 著; 林志豪 译. —天津:  
天津教育出版社, 2005.12

ISBN 7-5309-4620-X

I. 先... II. ①纪...②林... III. 散文诗—作品集  
—黎巴嫩—现代 IV. I378.25

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2005) 第 133211 号

## 先知

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责任编辑 田 昕

特约编辑 刘 萍

装帧策划 引文馆

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作 者 (黎巴嫩) 纪伯伦

出版发行 天津教育出版社  
天津市和平区西康路 35 号  
邮政编码 300051

经 销 全国新华书店  
印 刷 北京宏伟双华印刷有限公司

版 次 2006 年 1 月第 1 版

印 次 2006 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

规 格 32 开 (787 × 1092 毫米)

字 数 120 千字

印 张 6.25

书 号 ISBN 7-5309-4620-X/I · 182

定 价 16.80 元

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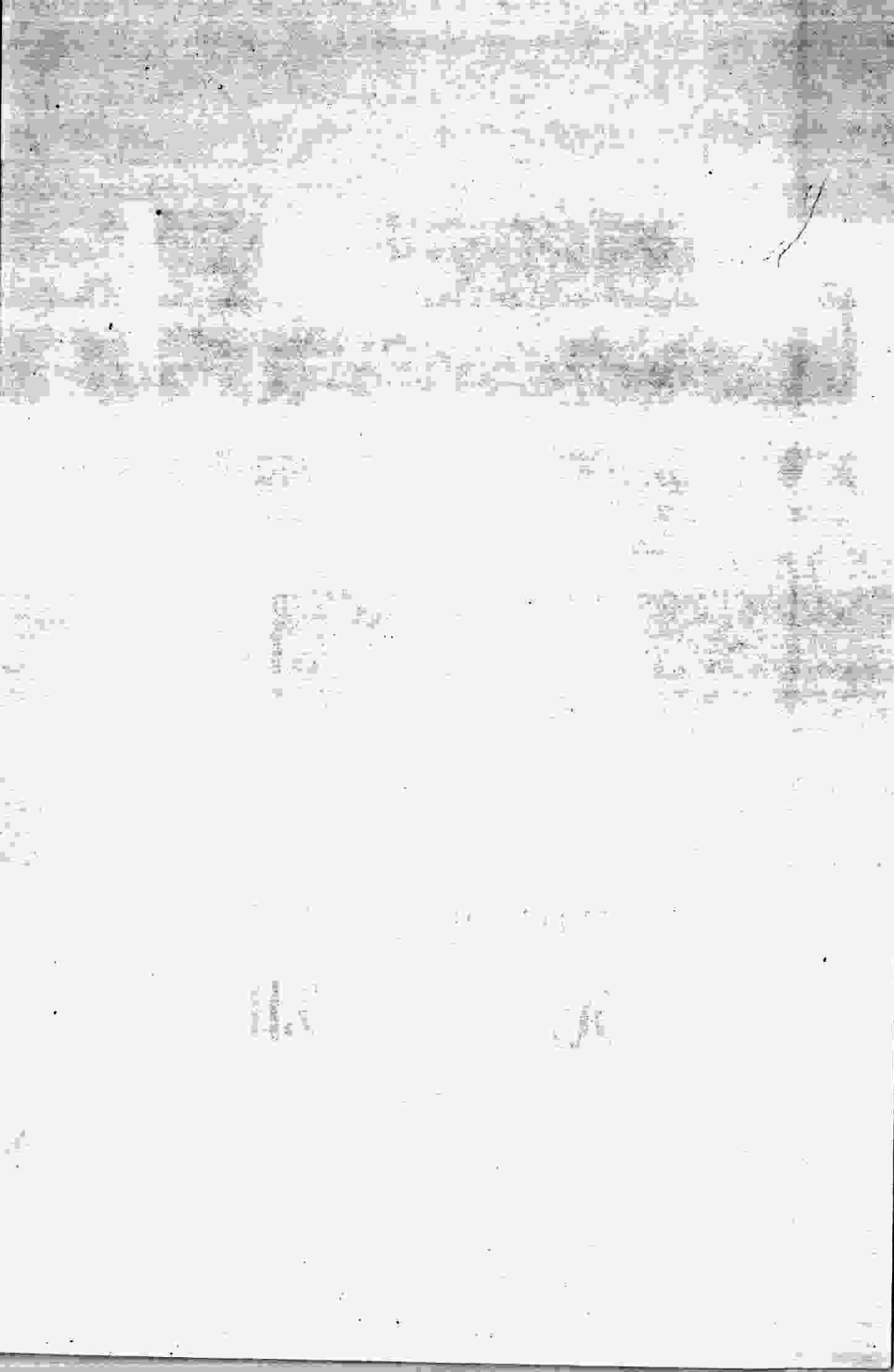
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THE PROPHET  
先知





船来了

# THE COMING OF THE SHIP



Almustafa, the chosen and the beloved, who was a dawn unto 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 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 can not withdraw from them without a burden and an ache.

THE CC  
OF THE

# MING SHIP



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。

雁儿必须离开窝巢，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?

THE  
OF

# COMING THE SHIP

而你，浩渺的大海，不眠的母亲，你将是江河与溪流唯一的安宁与自由。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，犹如一滴自由的水珠，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.

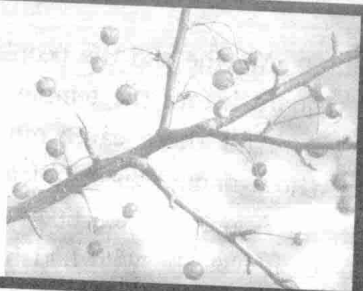
And others came also entreated him.

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。



T H E C O M I N G O F T H E S H I P

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。

你一直是我们的黄昏中的正午，你的青春赋予我们美妙的梦境。

跟我们在一起，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沉。

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。