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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor Zhang Guangkui

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**To our honourable
poets, readers and translators**

English-Chinese Version

Leave Me, O Love¹

Sir Philip Sidney²

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust,
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine and give us light to see.
O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heav'nly breath.
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

¹ M. H. Abrams, Meyer Howard, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fourth Edition). New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1979: 484.

² Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) was an English poet, courtier, scholar, and soldier, who is remembered as one of the most prominent figures of the Elizabethan age. His works include *Astrophel and Stella*, *The Defence of Poesy* (also known as *The Defence of Poetry* or *An Apology for Poetry*), and *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*.

Translation:

离开吧，我的爱

菲利普·西德尼爵士

离开吧，我的爱，你只归于尘土；
去吧，我的心灵，要有更高的追求；
在永不衰朽的一切里变得丰腴。
一切都将消散，但消散带来快乐。
收敛你的光芒，潜藏你的力量，
接受甜美的桎梏，那里自由长存。
它拨开云雾，展现光明，
它熠熠生辉，照亮视野。
啊，留住光辉；让它充当你的向导，
指引你走完由生到死的短暂历程，
要知道误入歧途者变得邪恶，
寻求天堂者天堂降临。
永别了，尘世；我看到你的极致：
永恒之爱啊，请在我心中永生。

（刘朝晖 译）

Sonnet • 146¹

William Shakespeare²

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
Lord of these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 269.

² William Shakespeare (1564-1616), an English poet, playwright, and actor, was widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist.

Translation:

十四行诗 • 146

威廉·莎士比亚

不幸的灵魂，吾罪过肉体中心，
你被围困之势所捕俘，
为何内神干瘪，饥饿枯槁，
却把外围粉饰地如此奢艳？
租赁期短，而把成本耗费
在这诸多的靡靡倾覆厦宇？
难不成这蛆虫将继承这铺设
让它们啃食殆尽？这竟是你肉身的寂灭？
所以，灵魂，是拿肉体磨灭了光阴，
让之枯瘦，给你供养；
用刹那的光阴换得长租，
丰盈内在，再别是徒有虚表：
如此你便能以吃人饱腹的死神为食，
这便以后，再不会有死亡了。

(邓宇萍 译)

To Blossoms¹

Robert Herrick²

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought you forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

¹ M. H. Abrams, Meyer Howard, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fourth Edition). New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1979: 1319.

² Robert Herrick (1591-1674), was a 17th-century English lyric poet and cleric. He is best known for *Hesperides*, a book of poems. This includes the carpe diem poem "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time", with the first line "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may".

Translation:

致盛开的花朵

罗伯特·赫里克

一颗盛开在硕果树上的鲜妍，
汝等为何早早凋零？
汝等花期还未结束
尚可逗留一段时日，然而
汝等娇颜泛红，徐徐莞尔，
最后离去。

莫不是，汝等生来
只为一时片刻之欢愉，
而后道声晚安？
大自然赋予汝等生命
仅为汝等之盛艳姿彩，
便很快让汝等消逝。

但是从汝等可爱的叶瓣，吾等
或许能得知事物的瞬息终止
也从未似汝等那般勇敢；
在他们像汝等那样
勇敢无惧，随后，他们
便躺进坟墓。

（邓宇萍 译）

The Tyger¹

William Blake²

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 743.

² William Blake (1757-1827), was an English composer, poet, and physician. He wrote over a hundred lute songs, masques for dancing, and an authoritative technical treatise on music.

Translation:

老虎

威廉·布莱克

老虎！老虎！光耀闪闪，
似黑夜丛林的熊熊火焰。
什么样的不朽之手和眼
造就你可怕的匀称曲线？

什么样的深渊或天堂
才能燃起你双眼的火光？
天神凭什么翅膀敢飞到九天？
什么样的手敢去擒获这火焰？

什么样的臂力，什么样的技艺
才能搓拧你心脏的腱肌？
当你的心脏开始弹跳，
令人生恐的是何等的手脚？

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Translation:

什么样的锤子？什么样的铁链？
在什么样的炉里把你的大脑锤炼？
什么样的铁砧？什么样的铁臂
胆敢捉住这致命的惧意？

当繁星投下晶莹的长矛，
用他们的泪水把苍穹浇灌，
他可在为自己的杰作微笑？
你和羊羔难道同为他造？

老虎！老虎！光耀闪闪，
似黑夜丛林的熊熊火焰，
什么样的不朽之手和眼
造就你可怕的匀称曲线？

（刘朝晖 译）

To Autumn • 2¹

John Keats²

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its twin'd flowers:

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook;

Or by a cider-press, with patient look,

Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 939.

² John Keats (1795-821), an English Romantic poet, was one of the main figures of the second generation of Romantic poets along with Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley, despite his work only having been in publication for four years before his death.

Translation:

秋颂 • 2

约翰 • 济慈

谁没常见你在粮仓？

有时亦可于田间将你寻到

随意坐在打麦场上，

让发丝随簸谷的风轻轻飞扬；

又或沉浸于罌粟花香，

酣睡在收割一半的谷垛

而你的镰刀歇在另一垄的花旁：

有时，像一个拾穗人背着谷筐

坚定昂首，跨过小溪；

或者在榨果机旁，时间滴落，

注视着最后渗出的果浆。

（邓宇萍 译）

Smoke¹

Henry David Thoreau²

Light-winged Smoke, Icarian bird,
Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight;
Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;
Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form
Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;
By night star-veiling, and by day
Darkening the light and blotting out the sun;
Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,
And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1046.

² Henry David Thoreau (1817–1862) was an American essayist, poet, philosopher, abolitionist, naturalist, tax resister, development critic, surveyor, and historian.

Translation:

烟雾

亨利·戴维·梭罗

轻翼之烟，似伊卡洛斯鸟，
烈日将融化你扑扇高飞的翅膀；
你似无歌的云雀，黎明的信使，
村庄似巢穴，你在上空盘旋；
或者你似逝去的梦，半夜里
游走的影，摆弄着你的裙边；
你在夜里遮蔽了星辰，在白日里
暗淡了光芒，太阳也不再耀眼；
我的烟雾啊，沿着壁炉升腾吧，
去祈求诸神原谅这澄亮的火苗。

（刘芸含 译）

Sympathy¹

Paul Laurence Dunbar²

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
 When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
 When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
 Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
 And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting—
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
 When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
 But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings—
I know why the caged bird sings!

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1224.

² Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872–1906) was an African-American poet, novelist, and playwright of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Much of his popular work in his lifetime used a Negro dialect, which helped him become one of the first nationally-accepted African-American writers.

Translation:

悯

保罗·劳伦斯·邓巴

吾解笼中鸟，呜呼！
尤当日耀高岛，
风缠春草，
河流如璃；
初雏鸣叫，花始绽苞，
香氛溢斛——
独解囚鸟！

何以翅奋搏，
血流红染。
欲归乡，与亲伴，
愉乃枝下秋千；
痴仍悸、
万寂愿剧——
独解翅颤！

吾解其歌，
翅折伤魄，——
翔待笼破；
颂非欢乐，
心底祷虔，
将祈掷天阔——
奈何囚鸟，吾解其歌！

（朱丽叶 译）

The Oven Bird¹

Robert Frost²

There is a singer everyone has heard,
Loud, a mid-summer and a mid-wood bird,
Who makes the solid tree trunks sound again.
He says that leaves are old and that for flowers
Mid-summer is to spring as one to ten.
He says the early petal-fall is past
When pear and cherry bloom went down in showers
On sunny days a moment overcast;
And comes that other fall we name the fall.
He says the highway dust is over all.
The bird would cease and be as other birds
But that he knows in singing not to sing.
The question that he frames in all but words
Is what to make of a diminished thing.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1233.

² Robert Frost (1874-1963) was an American poet and he was named Poet Laureate of Vermont.

Translation:

灶雀鸟

罗伯特·弗罗斯特

有这么一位歌者我们都知晓，
盛夏里喧闹的一只林木鸟，
能让坚实的树干再次开嗓。
它说对比娇花树叶过于沧桑
仲夏于春日也不过以一对十。
它说早开叶瓣的凋落已逝
在明媚的光日里，阴沉片刻
梨花和樱桃小花在阵雨零落；
而后的凋零我们称为秋天。
它说当道路灰霾弥漫。
这只灶雀鸟跟其它鸟儿一样停叫
但它知道此唱非所唱。
所提疑问不过只是词句
用来删减的词语。

（邓宇萍 译）

Rain¹

Edward Thomas²

Rain, midnight rain, nothing but the wild rain
On this bleak hut, and solitude, and me
Remembering again that I shall die
And neither hear the rain nor give it thanks
For washing me cleaner than I have been
Since I was born into this solitude.
Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon:
But here I pray that none whom once I loved
Is dying tonight or lying still awake
Solitary, listening to the rain,
Either in pain or thus in sympathy
Helpless among the living and the dead,
Like a cold water among broken reeds,
Myriads of broken reeds all still and stiff,
Like me who have no love which this wild rain
Has not dissolved except the love of death,
If love it be towards what is perfect and
Cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1255.

² Edward Thomas (1878-1917), an Anglo-Welsh poet, essayist, and novelist.

Translation:

雨

爱德华·托马斯

雨，夜半暴雨，万物寂寥，唯有暴雨如注，
敲打着陋屋，敲打着孤独以及我的郁郁寡欢。
又一次想起，我这将逝之人，
既听不见雨声，也不对其心生感激
雨虽为我清洗沐浴，
但是，我生来孤独。
暴雨带走逝者，
我不为爱过的人祈祷。
不管今夜将死，还是睁着眼
仰卧至天明，我都孤独听雨滴答，
在生死之间徘徊
是痛苦，或是怜悯。
像冷雨落入残败的在芦苇丛中，
无数被摧残的芦苇僵挺肃立，
像极了无情无爱的我，风雨也不能
带走无情的爱。
暴风雨告诉我，如果爱是完美的
它就不会绝情。

（刘芸含 译）

The Emperor of Ice-Cream¹

Wallace Stevens²

Call the roller of big cigars,
The muscular one, and bid him whip
In kitchen cups concupiscent curds.
Let the wenches dawdle in such dress
As they are used to wear, and let the boys
Bring flowers in last month's newspapers.
Let be be finale of seem.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

Take from the dresser of deal
Lacking the three glass knobs, that sheet
On which she embroidered fantails once
And spread it so as to cover her face.
If her horny feet protrude, they come
To show how cold she is, and dumb.
Let the lamp affix its beam.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1256.

² Wallace Stevens (1879–1955) was an American modernist poet.

Translation:

雪糕王

华莱士·斯蒂文斯

去叫卷大雪茄的卷烟工
长得健壮的那个，叫他搅拌
厨房杯中撩人的凝乳
让那闲逛的妇女
穿上她们家常的衣服
让男童带来用旧报纸包好的鲜花
让本质成为表象的终极
雪糕王就是唯一的王

从梳妆台里拿出
那缺少三个玻璃纽扣的绣花布
她曾在布上绣过美丽的扇尾鸽
把绣花布盖在她的脸上
倘若她布满老茧的双脚露出
那只是显示她的冰冷和沉默
让灯去约束它的光
雪糕王就是唯一的王

（刘朝晖 译）

Chinese-English Version

采莲曲（其二）¹

王昌龄

荷叶罗裙一色裁，
芙蓉向脸两边开。
乱入池中看不见，
闻歌始觉有人来。

¹ 萧涤非等著. 唐诗鉴赏辞典. 上海: 上海辞书出版社, 2004: 122.

Translation:

To Lotus • 2

Wang Changling¹

Wearing a lotus-like skirt,
And flowers smiling to lotus-picker.
Drowning into the lotus flowers,
Waken up by girls' songs.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Wang Changling (王昌龄, 698–756) was a major Tang Dynasty poet. He is best known for his poems describing battles in the frontier regions of western China.

菩萨蛮¹

辛弃疾

郁孤台下清江水，
中间多少行人泪。
西北望长安，
可怜无数山。

青山遮不住，
毕竟东流去。
江晚正愁余，
山深闻鹧鸪。

¹ 上疆村民重编. 宋词三百首. 四川: 四川出版集团巴蜀书社, 2006: 352.

Translation:

Buddhist Dancers

Xin Qiji¹

Beneath Yugu Pavilion flows Qingjiang water;
Too many tears have dropped into this river.
Overlooking the Northwest at Chang-an city ,
I could only see green hills, what a pity.

Green hills can't hold back the water,
Which flows east caring nothing whatsoever.
Feeling in the river sunset at a loss,
I heard francolins from hills far across.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

¹ Xin Qiji (辛弃疾, 1140-1207) was one of most famous Chinese poet of the South Song Dynasty, born in Licheng of Shandong Province.

苏苏¹

徐志摩

苏苏是一痴心的女子：
 像一朵野蔷薇，她的丰姿；
 像一朵野蔷薇，她的丰姿——
来一阵暴风雨，摧残了她的身世，

这荒草地里，有她的墓碑
 淹没在蔓草里，她的伤悲；
 淹没在蔓草里，她的伤悲——
啊，这荒土里化生了血染的蔷薇！

那蔷薇是痴心女的灵魂，
 在清早上受清露的滋润，
 到黄昏时有晚风来温存，
更有那长夜的慰安，看星斗纵横。

你说这应分是她的平安？
 但运命又叫无情的手来攀，
 攀，攀尽了青条上的灿烂，——
可怜呵，苏苏她又遭一度的摧残！

¹ 徐志摩. 徐志摩诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 84.

Translation:

Susu

Xu Zhimo¹

Susu is a single-minded woman:

Like a wild rose, her fairness;

Like a wild rose, her fairness—

It was a storm, that destroyed her life.

This graveyard stands her tombstone,

Drowning in the vines, her sadness;

Drowning in the vines, her sadness—

Ah, this yard grows the blood-stained rose!

That's the soul of an infatuated woman,

Nourished by the morning dews,

Fondled by the gloam wind,

More comforted by long night, seeing the stars.

You said, this should be her peaceful life?

While ruthlessly crept by the fate hands,

Creeping, creeping all through the blossom vines—

So poor, Susu was destroyed once again!

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Xu Zhimo (徐志摩, 1897-1931), a noted Chinese poet in the 20th century. He wrote poems, essays and short stories. His most famous poems include "Farewell to Cambridge Again", "One Night in Florence" and so forth.

雨景¹

朱湘

我心爱的雨景也多着呀；
春夜春梦时窗前的淅沥；
急雨点打上蕉叶的声音；
雾一般拂着人脸的雨丝；
从电光中泼下来的雷雨；
但将雨时的天我最爱了。
它虽然是灰色的却透明；
它蕴着一种无声的期待。
并且从云气中，不知那里，
飘来了一声清脆的鸟啼。

¹ 陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 北京: 解放军文艺出版社, 2000: 49.

Translation:

Rain Scene

Zhu Xiang¹

My beloved rain scene is rather more;
Beyond the window spring dreaming with the pattering drops;
Rushing drops drumming the banana leaves hearing the sound;
Mistily caressing the face the gentle fog;
From the watering lightening the thunderstorm;
While I lose my heart to the rain before pouring.
It is overcast but euphotic though;
Implying the soundless hope.
And from the cloud, where unknown,
A sound of clear twitter forwarding.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Zhu Xiang (朱湘, 1904-1933), a famous Chinese poet and writer in the early 20th century.

神光¹

邵洵美

吃了太阳你吃了月亮，
又来了个吃不掉的神光；
她不镶在菩萨的眼中，
她不尽在耶稣的头上。

啊还有什么黄昏与黑夜，
地狱的铁索已被她卸下；
半死的鬼都变了上帝，
全死的鬼也登了仙界。

是悲泣是不知名的欢笑，
原是同一园中的花与鸟；
谢的谢了死的也死了，
不谢不死的今夜来到。

我不敢领受又不敢放弃，
我不敢把肉体来换肉体；
我有个灵魂早已飞去，
早非至找不到的洞里。

¹ 陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 北京: 解放军文艺出版社, 2000: 59.

Translation:

Divine Light

Shao Xunmei¹

You've eaten the sun and the moon as well;
Then comes the divine light that stays like a spell;
She's not inlaid in Buddha's eyes;
She shines in part on Jesus' head.

How dusk and night can survive,
As hell's iron chain she's untied;
Half dead ghosts have God become;
Fully dead ones have in heaven arrived.

It's both sad weep and happy laughter;
Of the same garden they are birds and flowers;
Some have faded, and some have died;
What doesn't die or fade comes tonight.

I dare neither to accept nor to betray;
I daren't exchange flesh for flesh;
I have a soul who has long flown away,
To a cave that no one can access.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

¹ Shao Xunmei (邵洵美, 1906-1968) was a wealthy and influential poet, writer, and publisher.

白马湖¹

陈梦家

白马湖告诉我：
老人星的忧伤，
飞过的水活鸽，
月亮的圆光。

我悄悄的走了；
沿着湖边的路，
留下一个心愿：
再来，白马湖！

¹ 陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 北京：解放军文艺出版社, 2000: 77.

Translation:

Baima Lake

Chen Mengjia¹

Baima Lake whispered in my ear:

The sorrow of the Canopus,

The wintering wagtails,

And the circular spots of the Moon.

I left there without any traces;

Down by the road beside the lake,

But I left a wish:

See you again, Baima Lake !

(Trans. Liu Yunhan)

¹ Chen Mengjia (陈梦家, 1911-1966) was a Chinese scholar, poet and archaeologist. He was considered the foremost authority on oracle bones and was Professor of Chinese at Tsinghua University in Beijing.

幽子¹

方玮德

每到夜晚我躺在床上，
一道天河在梦中流过，
河里有船，船上有灯光，

我向船夫呼唤：
“快摇幽子渡河。”

天亮我睁开两只眼睛，
太阳早爬起比树顶高，
老狄打开门催我起身，

我向自己发笑：
“幽子不来也好。”

¹ 陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 北京：解放军文艺出版社，2000：86.

Translation:

Recluse

Fang Weide¹

I lay in bed when nights were darkening,
And a heaven river flowed during dreaming.
With light on, a boat was floating on the river.
I shouted to the boatman,
“Hurry you! Help the recluse cross over.”

I opened my eyes when day had been coming.
Higher than the treetop, had been Sun raising.
Lao Geng urged me up after opened my door.
I smiled to myself,
“The recluse might not come over as well.”

(Trans. Zhu Liye)

¹ Fang Weide(方玮德, 1908-1935) was a famous Chinese Modern writer in the 20th century. He published a large amount of poems in different journals.

颂¹

沈从文

说是总有那么一天，
你的身体成了我极熟的地方，
那转湾抹角，那小阜平冈；
一草一木我全都知道清清楚楚，
虽在黑暗里我也不至于迷途。
如今这一天居然来了。

我嗅惯着了你身上的香味，
如同吃惯了樱桃的竹雀；
 辨得出樱桃香味。
樱桃与桑葚以及地莓味道的不同，
虽然竹雀并不曾吃过
 桑葚与地莓也明白的。

你是一枝柳，
有风时是动，无风时也是动：
但在大风摇你撼你一阵过后，
你再也不能动了。
我思量永远是风，是你的风。

¹陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 北京: 解放军文艺出版社, 2000: 113.

Translation:

Song

Shen Congwen¹

One day, thought I, would finally come by—
Thy body is the most familiar of mine:
The curve, hidden place and hummocks, not high,
Grasses and trees art all so clear and fine

That I can't go so far as to get lost
Even dark. Unexpectedly, it came.
I'd gotten used to thy smell so doth
Sparrow in bamboo to cherry the same

Which can be tasted by him. Not tried
Ever, the sparrow knew that other berries
Artn't like his cherry either. Thou would bide,
Like a willow, moveth with and without breeze.

Thou couldn't even move after a gale, however.
But my careness will be thy wind forever.

(Trans. Zhu Liye)

¹ Shen Congwen (沈从文, 1902-1988), was a famous Chinese writer and historical relic researcher.

知音¹

北岛

一只管风琴里的耗子

经历的风暴，停顿

白昼在延长

身体是大地的远景

绝对的辨音力

绝对的天空

一曲未终

作曲家的手稿飘

被风暴收回

¹ 北岛. 北岛诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 111.

Translation:

Bosom Friend

Bei Dao¹

Pause is what a mouse

Suffered in a pipe organ

Daytime was increasingly expanding

Bodies were the perspective of the Earth

That had the ability of distinguishing sound

And had the Sky definitely

When a song still didn't be finished

Writer's manuscripts were blew away

Due to the windstorm

(Trans. Liu Yunhan)

¹ Bei Dao (北岛, 1949-), formerly known as Zhao Zhenkai (赵振开), was born in Beijing. He is a Chinese contemporary poet and writer, one of the representative figures of poetry.

日记¹

海子

姐姐，今夜我在德令哈，夜色笼罩
姐姐，我今夜只有戈壁

草原尽头我两手空空
悲痛时握不住一颗泪滴
姐姐，今夜我在德令哈
这是雨水中一座荒凉的城

除了那些路过的和居住的
德令哈——今夜
这是唯一的，最后的，抒情。
这是唯一的，最后的，草原。

我把石头还给石头
让胜利的胜利
今夜青稞只属于她自己
一切都在生长
今夜我只有美丽的戈壁 空空
姐姐，今夜我不关心人类，我只想

¹ 海子. 海子诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 55.

Translation:

Dairy

Hai Zi¹

Dear sister, tonight I am in Delingha, shrouding fog.
Sister, tonight I only have Gobi.

To the end of the grassland, I am empty.
When sad, too grieved to hold a drop of tear.
Sister, tonight I am in Delingha,
Drowning in raining the city wearing the bleak.

All but those who pass by and reside
In Delingha—tonight,
This is the only, the last, lyrical sense.
This is the only, the last, grassland.

Rock to rock,
Victory to victory,
But barley belongs to her only.
All is growling.
Tonight I only have Gobi, nothing.
Sister, tonight I am not in mood for beings, but you only.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Hai Zi (海子, 1964–1989) is the pen name of the Chinese poet Zha Haisheng (查海生). He was one of the most famous poets in Mainland China after the Cultural Revolution. He committed suicide by lying on the rail in Shanhaiguan at the age of 25.

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Robert Browning

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Introduction

Robert Browning (1812–1889), born in Camberwell, England, was a remarkable English poet and playwright, whose pioneering experiments with the dramatic monologue made himself outstanding among his Victorian peers. Though attending the University of London for a short period, Browning preferred to be tutored at home learning foreign languages, music, drawing and horsemanship and reading omnivorously. All of these formed the background of his poems.

Browning's first poem, "Pauline: A Fragment of a Confession" (1833) proved to be a false start, which made him embarrassed and resolved to avoid exposing himself too explicitly. He began to write plays instead of personal narratives or lyrics, and started to explore the form of the dramatic monologue, which separates the speaker from the poet, thus enabling him through the mask of imaginary speakers to avoid explicit autobiography. His masterpieces of this type include *Dramatis Personae* (1864) and *The Ring and the Book* (1868-1869).

These poems (except "Memorabilia") are selected from *The Norton Anthology of English Literature. The Major Authors* (*The Norton Anthology of English Literature. The Major Authors*. Ed. M. H. Abrams. 6th ed. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 1990); "Memorabilia" is selected from *The Longman Anthology of British Literature* (*The Longman Anthology of British Literature*. Ed. David Damrosch. 2th ed. 2 vols. New York: Addison-Wesley Educational Publishers Inc. 2003). These eight poems are translated by Yu Shenglan.

Home-Thoughts, from the Sea

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
“Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?”—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rise yonder, silent over Africa.

1845

Translation:

海上乡思

圣文森特角向西北方崇伟庄严地渐渐远逝；
一轮辉煌的血日沉入加的斯湾蒸腾着水汽；
被似燃烧的海水映蓝的特拉法尔加角崭露于此；
在遥远的东北方隐约可见直布罗陀朦胧而壮丽；
“我受英国诸多好处，何以为报？”——自语思之，
同此情者亦如我今晚一般祈愿颂扬于上帝，
当木星在远方升起，默默凝照着非洲大地。

1845

Home-Thoughts, from Abroad

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed peartree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

1845

Translation:

海外乡思

啊，愿此刻身在英格兰
那里正值四月的春天，
无论谁一觉醒来总会在
某个清晨不经意看见
那低矮的枝丫和繁密的灌木丛
在榆树周围已渐草木葱茏，
而燕雀正吟唱于果树林枝头
就在英格兰的这个时候！

四月已逝，五月悄然而至，
白喉莺筑巢，同所有的燕子！
篱笆内我的那棵梨树正花开灿烂
枝干伸向田野，那里三叶草一大片
落满花瓣与露珠，听，在虬枝末端
那机灵的画眉，他每首歌总唱两遍，
生怕你以为他无法再现初唱时
那份随心所欲的狂喜！
尽管灰白的露珠让田野尽显苍凉，
当正午再次到来一切又变得明快鲜亮
那黄色小野花和孩子们的童真天赋
——比这俗丽的甜瓜花更为耀人眼目！

1845

Meeting at Night

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

1845

Translation:

夜会

灰色的大海，陆地漆黑绵长；
天边低垂的半月昏黄而硕大；
细碎的浪花忽从酣睡中惊觉
它们一卷又一卷暴怒地跳跃，
当我驾船急急向着海湾驶达，
直止息在泥泞松软的浅滩上。

再行一英里温暖沙滩，饮着海风；
穿过三块田地直见着一座农庄；
轻叩窗玻璃，一声疾迅的刮擦
火柴迸出一朵蓝色的焰花，
一声呼唤，透着欣喜与惊慌，
淹没于两颗心的律动，怦怦！

1845

Parting at Morning

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,

And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:

And straight was a path of gold for him,

And the need of a world of men for me.

1845

Translation:

晨别

绕过岬角，大海忽来迎接，

太阳从群山边缘将头探出：

笔直而行是它金灿的坦途，

我要的是一个男人的世界。

1845

Memorabilia

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that,
And also you are living after;
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter.

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
Well, I forget the rest.

1855

Translation:

记一段回忆

啊，雪莱本人你曾见过，
他停下并与你说话聊天
你不止一次同他交谈过？
这听起来多奇怪新鲜！

此前你无关痛痒地存在，
之后你在我记忆中永生；
那段回忆被激活了起来——
那时我一惊，引你笑出声。

我穿过一片荒野，它有着名字
以及存世的价值，这是无疑的，
但它仅有巴掌大的地闪着绮丽
周围几英里莽荒环绕着：

因为在那里我从石楠上拾起
并偷藏进我怀里，一根
掉落的翎羽，它来自鹰翼！
哦，其余记忆已消逝无痕。

1855

A Woman's Last Word

Let's contend no more, Love,
 Strive nor weep:
All be as before, Love,
 —Only sleep!

What so wild as words are?
 I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
 Hawk on bough!

See the creature stalking
 While we speak!
Hush and hide the talking,
 Cheek on cheek!

Translation:

一个女人最后的言语

咱们别再争辩，亲爱的，
别哭或斗嘴相较：
一切回复从前，亲爱的，
——只是睡觉！

什么如这言辞一般激烈？
你我的情谊
在争论中，如群鸟受胁，
鹰栖枝虎视！

看那家伙正偷偷潜近
当我们言语！
嘘，我们得放轻话音，
脸贴脸低语！

What so false as truth is,
False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is
Shun the tree—

Where the apple reddens
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I.

Be a god and hold me
With a charm!
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm!

Teach me, only teach, Love!
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought—

Translation:

什么竟错得貌似真理，
你信的谬误？
在毒蛇显露尖牙之地
避开那棵树——

在苹果成熟变红之处
决不要探查——
以免我们失去那乐土，
同我与夏娃。

像个天神一样抱住我
以无边魅力！
像个男人一样拥紧我
用你的手臂！

教我，只教我，亲爱的！
我所应知晓
我会说你所言，亲爱的，
如你般思考——

Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands.

That shall be to-morrow
Not to-night:
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight:

—Must a little weep, Love,
(Foolish me!)
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee.

1855

Translation:

满足，若你要求此，
双方面期望，
将我的灵魂与身体
置于你掌上。

但那得等明天到来
而非在今晚：
我必须将悲伤掩埋
待它们消散：

——我得哭一会，亲爱的，
（我可真傻哩！）
然后才能入睡，亲爱的，
沉眠你爱里。

1855

Prospice

Fear death? —to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.

Translation:

向前看

惧怕死亡？——感觉一团烟雾在喉，
一片迷雾罩脸，
当雪簌簌而下，我看那狂风势头
知晓已近那地点，
暗夜深沉慑人，风暴气势压身，
仇敌的岗哨；
他站在那里，最大恐惧的化身，
但强者必走这一遭：
因旅途已到尽头，巅峰已然登上，
一切障碍尽倒，
但须经一场战役，才能获得奖赏，
赢得所有酬报。
我从来是个斗士，何妨——再战一次，
最值得最后的战斗！
我厌恶让死亡蒙住双眼，令我屈膝，
匍匐向它认输低头。

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

1864

Translation:

不！让我尝尽全部，如在我之前
古来的英雄们，
承死神重击，瞬间还尽幸福人生所欠
那些痛苦、绝望与苦闷。
勇者在忽然间转祸为福、夜尽破晓，
尽头最后的黑暗时刻，
狂风暴雪的盛怒，恶魔之音的咆哮，
将减弱，将融和，
将变化，将先化作苦痛生出的平静，
而后一道光和你的胸怀，
啊，我要再次拥紧你，我灵魂的魂灵！
此后你我与神同在！

1864

Epilogue to *Asolando*

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivell
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
“Strive and thrive!” cry “Speed, —fight on, fare ever
There as here!”

1889

Translation:

“阿索兰多”的跋诗

在午夜沉眠时刻的一片寂然无声，
当你任幻想自由驰骋，
它们可会来到那——愚人以为死亡禁锢他的地方——
那曾深爱着你，也曾被你深爱的他深躺于地下，
——怜我此生？

哦，如此深爱与被爱，却被如此误解！
我到底同那些个人
那帮懒惰、可厌、怯懦的家伙有什么关系？
我何曾像他们漫无目的、无力无望、满口蠢话
——那是——怎样的人？

我是这样的人：从不转身后退，只知坚定前行，
从不怀疑阴云终会散开，
从不梦见不义会取得胜利，尽管正义会暂时失利，
坚信倒下是为着崛起，挫败是为更好地战斗，
睡着为了醒来。

别可怜我，在正午人们工作的忙碌喧嚣中
愉快地向我这看不见的魂灵致意！
叫他前进，胸朝前背向后，正如它们本该那样，
“奋进！成功！”高呼“祝好，——继续战斗，即便在
彼世亦如此世！”

1889

(余盛蓝 译)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Selected Poems of Sui Dynasty

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Introduction

The culture of Sui Dynasty represents a transition from the preceding ages of ancient China, and many cultural developments which can be seen to be incipient during the Sui Dynasty later were expanded and consolidated during the ensuing Tang Dynasty and later ages. This includes not only the major public works initiated, such as the Great Wall and the Great Canal, but also the political system developed by Sui, which was adopted by Tang with little initial change other than at the top of the political hierarchy. Other cultural developments of the Sui Dynasty included religion and literature, especially Buddhism and poetry.

Certain poets rose in prominence in the brief Sui Dynasty. In terms of the development of Chinese poetry, it lacks distinction, though it nonetheless represents a continuity between the Six Dynasties and the poetry of Tang. Sui Dynasty poets include Yang Guang (杨广, 580–618), who was the last Sui emperor (and a sort of poetry critic); and also, the Lady Hou (侯夫人), one of his consorts.

The following selections are selected from *Poetry Appreciation Dictionary—Pre-Qin, Two Hans and the Southern and Northern Dynasties* (Wei Gengyuan, etc. ed. The Commercial Press, 2012) and translated by Professor Zhang Guangkui.

送别诗

佚名

杨柳青青著地垂，

杨花漫漫搅天飞。

柳条折尽花飞尽，

借问行人归不归？

Translation:

Farewell Poem

Anonymity

Green poplars and willows have their hairs down to the ground bending,
Catkins stir and twist in the air flying.
Twigs all plucked when off seeing,
Catkins all drift away when spring ending,
Are sightseers finally back going?

鸡鸣篇

岑德润

钟响应繁霜，
晨鸡锦臆张。
帘迥犹侵露，
枝高已映光。
排空下朝揭，
奋翼上花场。
雨晦思君子，
并开脱蒙尝。
既得依云外，
安用集陈仓。

Translation:

Cock Crow

Cen Derun

The morning bell rings while the frost is still heavy.
Cocks stretch fancy chests and crow.
Dew still comes up curtains,
Sunshine already spreads on the tree branches,
And overwhelms everywhere to break the dawn.
Cocks flicker and fly to the farms.
Crow as well as dark rainy days the husband on excursion recalls.
A fake crow opened the gate and Meng Chang escaped.
Lying cozily upon the clouds,
Who cares for the battlefield in Chencang?

落叶

孔绍安

早秋惊落叶，
飘零似客心。
翻飞未肯下，
犹言惜故林。

Translation:

Falling Leaves

Kong Shaoan

Autumn approaches early and falling leaves shock me.

They wither and float like my heart from hometown far away.

Fluttering up rather than down,

They murmur the attachment to woods.

人日思归

薛道衡

入春才七日，
离家已二年。
人归落雁后，
思发在花前。

Translation:

Homesick on the 7th Day of New Year

Xue Daoheng

In spite of the 7th day of spring,

It counts the second year from home.

Should've set out for home before blossom,

But fall behind the northward wild geese.

送别

陈子良

落叶聚还散，
征禽去不归。
以我穷途泣，
沾君出塞衣。

Translation:

Farewell

Chen Ziliang

Fallen leaves gather and disperse,
Birds depart but never return after long travel.
I also experienced frustrations,
May tears on your tabard bid you farewell.

春江花月夜

杨广

暮江平不动，

春花满正开。

流波将月去，

潮水带星来。

Translation:

A Night of Flowers and Moonlight by the Spring River

Yang Guang

River surface stays still and flat in dusk peace,

Spring flowers are in full blossom and flourish.

Suddenly waves take the moon away,

But tides bring back the stars.

叹疆场

佚名

闻道行人至，
妆梳对镜台。
泪痕犹尚在，
笑靥自然开。

Translation:

A Plaint of Battlefield

Anonymity

It sounds like the husband back home,

She rushes to the mirror to make up.

Tears still linger on her face,

A smile spontaneously takes the place.

入关

虞世基

陇云低不散，

黄河咽复流。

关山多道里，

相接几重愁？

Translation:

Enter the Pass

Yu Shiji

Low clouds around Long Mountain linger about,

The Yellow River whimpers to roil.

Guanshan Mountain intervenes so many roads,

Which bring about so many melancholies.

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

**To our
honourable poetry scholars**

献给
所有的诗歌研究者

A Three-Dimension Approach to the Narrative of Lyric

Poetry: Sound, Form and Meaning

Tang Yaqi¹

Abstract: With the springing of the postclassical narratology in the recent two decades, studies of “transgeneric narrative” have been brought on stage, and more attention has been drawn to the narratological studies on poetry. This article aims not only to break away the stereotypes upon the narratological studies on lyric poetry, but to originally build a three-dimension analytical framework for lyric narratological analysis, which is exclusive to lyric poetry, based on poetry’s unique stylistic features of “sound”, “form” and “meaning”.

Key words: lyric poetry, narrative, three-dimension approach

Lyric poetry has been excluded from traditional narratological studies since ancient times for its lack of “narrativity”. As an indispensable element of narrativity, “sequentiality”, or temporal succession, has been considered absent from Lyrics. Rimmon-Kenan indicates the atemporality of lyrics in her *Narrative Fiction*, “narrative fiction differs from other literary texts, such as lyrical poetry or expository prose. Unlike the latter, narrative fiction represents a succession of events”. (Rimmon-Kenan 2) Susan Stanford Friedman even explicitly argues that, “As a discourse of subjectivity, the lyric is said to ‘resist’ narrative. A narrative may stand implicitly behind the lyric moment, but the lyric itself exists in a timeless present, outside history.” (Friedman) While with the springing of the postclassical narratology in the recent two decades, studies of “transgeneric narrative”

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have been brought on stage, and more attention has been drawn to the narratological studies on poetry. This article aims not only to break away the stereotypes upon the narratological studies on lyric poetry, but to originally build a Three-Dimension analytical framework for lyric narratological analysis, which is exclusive to lyric poetry, based on poetry's unique stylistic features of "sound", "form" and "meaning". For more convincing illustration, the examples listed below are all extracted from poems of romantic poets, which are the most typical lyrics.

1.The Dimension of "Sound" in Lyric Poetry and Narratology

The peculiarity of the sound in lyric poetry lies in its "rhyme" and "meter": rhyme means the correspondence of sound between words or the endings of words to create harmonious sound effects; meter is the rhythm of a piece of poetry, determined by the number and length of feet in a line. According to Western classical narrative theorists, narrative texts are comprised of two levels: "story" and "discourse", with the former referring to "what to tell", including events, character, background, etc., and the latter referring to "how to tell", including narrative forms and techniques. (Shen 13) The author deems that, as "discourse" indicates the narrative mode and technique to present the "story", the "sound" of poetry can be regarded as its unique narrative "discourse". With ingenious arrangement of the rhyme and meter, the poet represents the "story" from the dimension of "sound", or makes the "sound" correspond to the "story" to certain extent. Let us take Keats' poem of "On the Sea" to illustrate the relation between "sound" and "narrative".

It keeps eternal whisperings around	1
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell	
Gluts twice ten thousand Caverns, till the spell	
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.	
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,	5
That scarcely will the very smallest shell	
Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,	
When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.	
Oh, ye! who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,	
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;	10

Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,
 Or fed too much with cloying melody—
 Sit ye near some old Cavern's Mouth and brood,
 Until ye start, as if the sea nymphs quired!

15

(Jack 59)

In this poem, Keats eulogizes the sea of its mighty power as well as its soft melody. From the first to third lines, the poet personifies the sea and vividly contrasts two divergent states of it: on one hand “it keeps eternal whisperings”, while on the other “its mighty swell gluts twice ten thousand caverns”. With its states alternating from peaceful to forceful, the sound effect changes from light to heavy accordingly. In the first poetic sentence, keep (/i:/), eternal (/i:z:/), whisperings (/i/ə/i/), desolate (/e/ə/ə/), shore (/ɔ:/), in order to imitate the peaceful state of the sea, most words the poet chooses are formed by monophthongs, and the vowels are basically close or mid vowels which are to be pronounced with half open mouth. With the pronunciation featuring “calm” and “gentle”, these vowels perfectly mimic the unceasing whispering of the sea. While in the second sentence, the poet uses the words of mighty (/ai/), Gluts (/ʌ/), twice (/ai/), thousand (/aʊ/ə/), caverns (/æ/ə/). In contrast to the calm acoustic effect of the first sentence, these words are primarily formed by diphthongs which sound “rounded” and “full” like /ai/ and /aʊ/, or by open vowels which are pronounced “loud” and “powerful” like /ʌ/ and /æ/. When articulating these vowels, one must make the lips wide open to give way to the air inside flowing out freely, which just exactly impersonates the roaring and turbulent state of the sea. In this way with the characteristic pronunciation of different vowels, the poet creates corresponding acoustic effects so as to represent the “story” from the dimension of “sound”.

Now let's discuss how the end rhyme acts on the narratives. From the first to the eighth poetic lines, the ending words are “around”, “swell”, “spell”, “sound”, “found”, “shell”, “fell” and “unbound”, which strictly rhyme with /aʊd/ and /el/. /aʊd/ starts with a rounded diphthong /aʊ/, and ends with a dreary consonant /d/, which forms a sound effect of lifting upward and then falling downward; while /el/ is constituted with a leveled /e/ followed by a rising /l/, creating an effect of rising from the flat ground. Then we may draw the acoustic graph with arrows: ↘ ↗ ↗ ↘ ↘ ↗ ↗ ↘. Thus we can easily recognize that the end rhymes of the eight lines

graphically represent the up-and-down state of the sea, and we may reasonably deem that the poet is telling the “story” with end rhymes.

The sound of poetry also associates with the narrative voice. From the first to the eighth poetic lines, the poet employs the third-person narration to depict the sea, while from the ninth line the voice has changed. In the lines of the ninth and the eleventh, the poet twice starts the line with “Oh, ye!” The double apostrophes with exclamation mark successfully invite the “reader” into the narrative context. And from the ninth line on, the narrative voice switches from the third-person narration to the second-person narration, thus the poet is conducting a direct conversation with his reader. The second-person narration is rarely seen in fiction. Even if being employed occasionally, it is only the author’s temporary attempts to interfere with the text to communicate with the reader forcibly. We may hardly see second-person narration throughout the fictional text, but it is prevalent in lyric poetry. The reason lies in the essence of lyrics which aims to vent emotions and express aspirations, and second-person narration by drawing the reader close to the narrator to the maximum extent is just in the right place to fulfill the purpose. In the lyrics, one important hallmark of second-person narration is the use of apostrophe like “Oh”, “O” or “Ah” (though not exclusive to second-person narration). With single and stressed syllable to create a brief pause, it pulls the emotion up to the highest point, so as to arouse the attention of “you”, cry for “your” sympathy, and invite “you” to feel the poet and his fervent affection imbued in the poem.

Thus, it can be inferred that the “sound” of poetry is also a vital “discourse” that cannot be neglected to present the “story”. If we leave out “sound” to analyze the narrative in poetry, we will miss multiple ingenious narrative designs of sound by the poet. Indeed, the techniques of sound narrative employed by different poets cannot be exhausted, and it is not every poet that particularly concerns this aspect, but if we discard the narrative studies on sound in poetry for this reason, one of the most distinctive traits of poetry will be buried, and the framework for narratological analysis on poetry cannot be fulfilled.

2.The Dimension of “Form” in Lyric Poetry and Narratology

The most characteristic feature in the form of poetry resides in its “segmentation”. For the rule of metrics or poet’s special purposes, a poem

is to be segmented into several stanzas, which are also split into a number of poetic lines. Therefore, the coherence in the progression of narration has been interrupted consequently, leaving with quantities of pauses and blanks, which just contribute to the idiosyncratic narrative “discourse” that is exclusive to poetry.

The concept of “Segmentivity” of poetry was ever proposed by Duplessis. She argues that, “all the meaning poetry makes are constructed by segmented units of a variety of sizes”, and “it is the creation of meaningful sequence by the negotiation of gap (line break, stanza break, page space).” “The negotiation of gap” is the unique device of the poet to tell the “story”. (Duplessis) We can illustrate with Byron’s poem “On This Day I Complete My Thirty-sixth Year” of the first stanza.

’Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love! (Margaret 862)

Byron wrote this poem on his 36-year birthday, which is also the last poem in his life. Few months later, he died in military camp, sacrificing his young life to the war. This poem seems to be a retrospection and conclusion to his short but uncommon life, pouring out his regrets, courage and ambition. There are ten stanzas in the poem, each of which is formed by four poetic lines. It is intriguing that the poet elaborately designs the form of the four-line stanza. In every stanza, the first three lines are iambic tetrameter with 8 syllables, 4 feet; but the fourth line of each stanza only contains four to five syllables, and the space left before the last line is much larger than the other three. If we read closer, we may discover the intention of poet’s particular arrangement. In the first two lines of the extracted stanza, the poet sighs that his heart “hath ceased to move” others, and it “should be unmoved”, which tells the poet’s depression. While in the third line, it starts with “yet”, which indicates an apparent turning point: “though I cannot be beloved”. It sets a suspension here to arouse us to speculate: what would it be hereafter the turn? In the fourth line, it firstly appears a length of space, and then it comes the four-word answer: “Still let me love!” With the brief four words plus an exclamation mark, we seem to hear the innermost yell of the poet. Though being shattered by love, he is still not

willing to forgo loving others, and by no means yields to the fate. By the largest space and shortest sentence, the poet realizes the purpose of foregrounding the fourth line: with unusual long blank to create short suspension, it highlights the late-coming three or four words, which seems to inform the reader that the last is the foremost ever. (The following nine stanzas of the poem follow the same pattern, further analysis of which would be saved.)

In Byron's another poem of "When We Two Parted", we may also see the "form" of the poem perfectly corresponding with the "story".

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broked-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this. (Margaret 738)

In this poem, Byron depicts his miserable romance with his lover. Grievous mood permeates the whole poem from the beginning to the last: firstly the two lovers departed unwillingly, and then he was heartbroken by lover's betrayal, and to the last he imagines their reunion and laments their lost love. The form of the poem is just right to carry the poet's melancholy. There are four stanzas in the poem, each of which is comprised by eight lines. While within the total 32 poetic lines, most are formed by three or five words, and only two of them are six, which is rare in poetry. Why does the poet condense the lines in so few words? We have just mentioned that, the poet was in great grief when he wrote the poem; and when people are sad enough, they won't be willing to express too much, and the words they say won't be too long consequently. This explains why the poet narrates with such limited words throughout the poem. Broken words just symbolize the broken heart of the poet. The poet also deliberately leaves two-letter space in every other line, to create a sense of interlacement, which also heightens the shattered and broken feeling. In this way, the form perfectly corresponds with the story of the poem, and intensifies the presentation of the story.

From above discussion, we may reasonably conclude that, just like the “sound”, the “form” is also the unique “discourse” of poetry, and is another powerful device to present the “story”. This narrative feature can never be shared by any other style of texts. What’s more, in the “concrete poem”, the poet breaks the traditional rule of form, to arrange the letters, punctuation, and signs to form certain patterns or figures. In this case, the form of a concrete poem in itself is narrative, and the significance of the form is even greater than the meaning of the words.

3.The Dimension of “Meaning” in Lyric Poetry and Narratology

Poetry as the most condensed literary form, the “meaning” of it differs from other style of texts in its conciseness and profundity. Just due to this feature, the narrativity of poetry has been under questioning. Because narrative emphasizes the process of “narration”, studying how the “story” to be presented by the “discourse”, once the “discourse” has been simplified, the text would be less analyzable, and the narrativity would be weakened correspondingly. The author contends that, it is unfair to exclude poetry out of narrative just because of its conciseness. Though its “discourse” differs from other style of texts, the “story” presented is similar. Byron’s poem of “When we two parted” is a good example.

As we have mentioned above, the poem of “When we two parted” tells the poet’s miserable romance with his lover, from departure to betrayal and to reunion (imagined), which is the “story” of the poem. First-person narration is employed throughout the poem. The stanza extracted above is the first scene — departure. From the first to the sixth lines, it depicts the lovers’ reluctance to separate with each other. Thinking of about to “sever for years”, they felt the hearts half broke, and couldn’t help shedding tears in silence. In this part, the poet traces back to the past, which is reminiscent “analepsis” in past tense narrative. And with the poet as the narrator to tell the past story of himself, it is the “first-person retrospective narration”. When telling the story, the poet stands out of the past, so it is also the “vision from without”. In the seventh and eighth lines of the first stanza, the poet implies that the heartbreaking hour of that time foretold the sorrow of the present. Here comes the “prolepsis” which is based on “analepsis”, so it is “analeptic prolepsis”.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame. (Margaret 738)

In the first to second lines of the second stanza, it still goes on analepsis, to tell the chilly weather of that morning. To the third and fourth lines, the first half was narrated in past tense, while it transits to present tense in the second. It indicates that the poet shifts from the past space to the present, and switches the narration from “analepsis” to the present narrative “now”. At this moment, the vows she ever told “are all broken”, and her fame is stained. When the poet hears her name, he feels to “share in its shame”.

In secret we met—
 In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
 After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
 With silence and tears. (Margaret 738)

In the fourth stanza, it is analepsis in the first line, followed by a dash to create a short pause, and the narration goes back to the present in the second line. The poet recalls their secret meeting in the past, and can't help grieving now. From the fourth line to the eighth, the narrative space shifts again. The poet narrates in prolepsis to prospect the scene that when they meet “after long years”, how will the poet greet her? Probably just like their departing moment, he can only greet “with silence and tears”. Though the scenes strikingly resemble, and the “silence and tears” correspond before and after, it's no more the same, both the tears and the person.

From the narrative analysis from Byron's “When We Two Parted”, we may see that, though there are only 32 lines with 3-6 words of each, its

narrative scenes, levels and techniques are not in the least inferior to any fictional texts. Someone may still hold doubts that if a poem has less narrative scenes like “When We Two Parted”, can we conduct narrative analysis? The answer is definitely yes.

Hühn when referring to “the dimension of sequentiality in poetry” points out that, “Plots in poetry are typically constituted by mental or psychological incidents such as perceptions, imaginations, desires, anxieties, recollections or emotions and their emergence and development.” (Hühn) Hühn’s statement indicates that, the sequentiality are no longer restricted to the temporal arrangement of traditional “events”, but also can be constituted by “mental or psychological incidents”, which are subtle and instantaneous cognitive or psychological states. His redefinition of narrative sequentiality tremendously expands the vision of narrative studies, which legitimizes the special sequentiality of lyric poetry. The following would take Shelley’s “On A Faded Violet” as an example to illuminate.

The odour from the flower is gone
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee and only thee!

A shriveled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep,—my tears revive it not!
I sigh,—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

(Shelley 78)

This poem seems to be a one-act play with the poet facing a faded violet. From the traditional narrative perspective, there is no temporal succession of events at all, which would be deemed without narrativity in the past. But if we take Hühn’s view of sequentiality, we may discovery a brand new narrative world reserved in this lyric.

In the first line, the poet depicts that, “The odour from the flower is gone”, which is the objective description of the current state of the flower. To the second line, the tense changes from the present to the past, and the narration comes analepsis. The poet associates the flower with the past “thy”, and compares the odour of the flower to “thy kisses”, both of which are missing now. The third and the fourth lines follow the same case: “the colour from the flower is flown” now, stirring up the poet’s memory that the flower ever only glowed for “thee”. In the short four-line stanza, it occurs twice analepses. The poet with twice associations and analepses relates the “flower” to “thee”, which indicates that the flower is no longer mere a physical form, but becomes the symbolic metaphor of “thee”. And this poem is no more the poet’s lament to the death of flower, but his lament to the irretrievable “thee”. Therefore, in the seemingly single and simple descriptive scene, it lurks two narrative lines, with one narrating the faded violet at the moment, and the other the withered “thee” in the past.

In the first to second lines of the second stanza, it narrates that “A shriveled, lifeless, vacant form, /It lies on my abandoned breast”. Why does the poet feel his breast “abandoned”? Would he usually cuddle the flower on his breast? Obviously not. It is the poet’s association of the left “thee” again. It is “thee” that the poet ever embraced in his breast, and it is “thee” that abandons his breast at the present. In the third to fourth lines, the “cold” and “silent” flower symbolizes the death of “thee”, which forms a strident contrast to the poet’s yet “warm” heart.

In the last stanza, the poet “weep” and “sigh” trying to call the violet back, but can never succeed, as well as past “thee” and their lost love. However the poet struggles, eventually, he has to yield to the fate. In the last two lines, the poet associates the flower to his own fate, and the “flower” symbolizes no more the past “thee” here, but the fate of “death”. In face of “death”, the violet can only choose to be “mute and uncomplaining”; it awakens him that in front of his dead love, he probably can only follow the flower’s suit, to accept the lot mutely and uncomplainingly.

In this poem, two narrative lines proceed simultaneously. The flower’s past and present, and “thy” past and present, interweave with and correspond to each other, collaboratively contributing to the relative complexity of the narration. Viewing from the psychological process of the poet, he has experienced three mental periods: grief—resistance—reception,

not only to the faded violet, but also to his ever beloved “thee”. Thus, we can see that, in such short poem it contains such well-built narrative structure, which disproves the claim on poetry’s lack of narrativity.

4. Summary

With the enriching of post-classical narratology, the narrative analysis on lyric poetry can no longer be neglected. From the discussion of this article, it can be concluded that, “narrativity” is not only inherent in lyric poetry, but glows with distinctive features exclusive to lyrics in three dimensions of sound, form and meaning. In other words, only with the three-dimension approach to narrative in lyric poetry, can we conduct the analysis more systematically and comprehensively.

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