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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guangjun

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**Zhang Guangkui**

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# VERSE    VERSION

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

## English-Chinese Version

### The Understanding<sup>1</sup>

John Donne<sup>2</sup>

I have done one braver thing  
Than all the Worthies did,  
And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now t'impart  
The skill of specular stone,  
When her which can have learned the art  
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,  
Others (because no more  
Such stuff to work upon, there is)  
Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within  
Hath found, all outward loathes,  
For he who color loves, and skin,  
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do  
Virtue attired in woman see,  
And dare love that, and say so too,  
And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placed so,  
From profane men you hide,  
Which will no faith on this bestow,  
Or, if they do, deride;

Then you have done a braver thing  
Than all the Worthies did;  
And a braver thence will spring,  
Which is, to deep that hid.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature (Eighth Edition)* (Vol. A). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 605.

<sup>2</sup> John Donne (1572-1631), was an English poet and a cleric in the Church of England. He is considered the pre-eminent representative of the metaphysical poets.

Translation:

## 了悟

约翰·邓恩

我了结一桩孔武之事，  
比任何事情都有价值。  
然另一更勇之事显形，  
它一直潜隐自己行迹。

这些仅似是一种疯羈，  
现却传递云母的才力。  
当她找寻无所获之际，  
或已习得割舍的技艺。

为此若我可道出一切，  
爱人一如往昔般情深。  
因再无任何庞杂它物，  
或能羈绊于两两真心。

但是他内心中的真爱，  
全然化为外在的重誓。  
他挚爱的容颜和肌肤，  
犹如他们陈败的皮衣。

若一如我所拥有原初，  
你也同样有美善贞德。  
并大胆表达，大声道出，  
也会忘掉亚当和夏娃。

若这份爱只是存在于，  
你所潜隐的世俗人群，  
那将无可归依的信仰，  
或即使有也仅是嘲弄；

然后你了结一孔武之事，  
比任何事情都有价值。  
然而另一更勇之事显形，  
它一直潜隐自己行迹。

(赵嘏 译)

## Still to Be Neat<sup>1</sup>

Ben Jonson<sup>2</sup>

Still to be neat, still to be dressed  
As you were going to a feast,  
Still to be powdered, still perfumed;  
Lady, it is to be presumed,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give a face  
That makes a simplicity a grace;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free—  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all the adulteries of art.  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature (Eighth Edition)* (Vol. A). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 648.

<sup>2</sup> Ben Jonson (1572-1637), was an English playwright, poet, and literary critic of the seventeenth century, whose artistry exerted a lasting impact upon English poetry and stage comedy.

Translation:

## 总是楚楚衣冠

本·琼森

总是楚楚衣冠，总是华丽盛装，  
仿佛即赴宴会场  
总是浓妆艳抹，总是洒露喷香；  
女士，而我总在想，  
装扮的潜因虽不详，  
并非所有都迷人，都端庄。

一个眼神，一张素颜  
朴实无华仪万方；  
轻拂松衫，飘散秀发——  
迷人随意令心神往  
矫饰扮装只迷我眼，  
却难以叩开我心房。

（唐亚琪 译）

## Delight in Disorder<sup>1</sup>

Robert Herrick<sup>2</sup>

A sweet disorder in the dress  
Kindles in clothes a wantonness.  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction;  
An erring lace, which here and there  
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;  
A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
Ribbons to flow confusedly;  
A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat;  
A careless shoestring, in whose tie  
I see a wild civility:  
Do more bewitch me than when art  
Is too precise in every part.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Eighth Edition) (Vol. A). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 667.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Herrick (1591-1674), was a 17th-century English lyric poet and cleric. He is best known for his book of poems, *Hesperides*.

Translation:

## 无章之趣

罗伯特·赫里克

罗裳凌乱却生香  
衣袂飘摇心旌漾。  
香肩半掩透春光  
不由人连翩浮想；  
丝带错系恣意扬  
雪膩酥香翻红浪；  
无意轻解春衫袖  
丝绦垂落意彷徨；  
衣裙翻波惹相望，  
堪比那雨骤风狂；  
履丝闲结为哪桩  
端庄之中蕴奔放：  
精雕细琢何足论  
不及无章迷趣藏。

（傅霞 译）

## To Lucasta, Going to the Wars<sup>1</sup>

Richard Lovelace<sup>2</sup>

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Eighth Edition) (Vol. A). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 670.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Lovelace (1618-1657), was an English poet in the seventeenth century. His best known works are "To Althea, from Prison", and "To Lucasta, Going to the Wars".

Translation:

## 出征前致卢卡斯塔

理查德·洛夫莱斯

亲爱的，别怪我绝情不义，  
当我从你修道院般  
圣洁的胸怀和安宁的心境  
飞往战场和兵器。

是的，如今我追随的新情人  
是沙场首遇的第一敌；  
我以更坚定的信念去拥抱  
利剑、战马、盾甲。

然而我此刻的不忠  
应令你更为崇敬；  
如果我不更爱我的荣名，亲爱的，  
我也不配对你如此钟情。

（唐亚琪 译）

## On Shakespeare<sup>1</sup>

John Milton<sup>2</sup>

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones  
The labor of an age in piled stones?  
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid  
Under a stary-pointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.  
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavoring art  
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
And so sepulchered in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature (Eighth Edition)* (Vol. A). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 697.

<sup>2</sup> John Milton (1608–1674), was an English poet, polemicist, man of letters, and a civil servant for the Commonwealth of England under Oliver Cromwell. He is best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost*.

Translation:

## 莎士比亚

约翰·弥尔顿

我伟大的莎士比亚那荣耀的遗体  
何必长年累月来堆积如山的碑石，  
他神圣的遗物又何需所谓的高冢，  
筑成金字塔的模样尖顶高耸星空？  
记忆之宠儿，荣誉的伟大继承人，  
你万世英名何需这些脆弱的见证？  
带着我们的万分惊叹与百般钦佩，  
你早已为自己竖立了永恒的丰碑。  
你韵律滔滔不绝，文思行云流水，  
足以令愚笨拙劣的艺术自惭形秽，  
读你那无价的作品，神启的语句，  
每一个心灵都能收获深刻的感悟，  
因为有你，我们的幻想自行消失，  
你丰富的想象将我们塑成大理石；  
你安息的坟墓如此富丽堂皇，  
纵使帝王也宁死而为之向往。

（刘曼玲 译）

## To Sleep<sup>1</sup>

Charlotte Smith<sup>2</sup>

Come, balmy sleep! Tired nature's soft resort!

One these sad temples all thy poppies shed;

And bid gay dreams, from Morpheus airy court,

Float in light vision round my aching head!

Secure of all thy blessings, partial Power!

On his hard bed the peasant throws him down;

And the poor sea boy, in the rudest hour,

Enjoys thee more than he who wears a crown.

Clasp'd in her faithful shepherd's guardian arms,

Well may the village girl sweet slumbers prove

And they, O gentle Sleep! still taste thy charms,

Who wake to labor, liberty, and love.

But still thy opiate aid dost thou deny

To calm the anxious breast; to close the streaming eye.

---

1 Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature (Eighth Edition)* (Vol. A). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 40.

<sup>2</sup> Charlotte Smith (1749-1806), was an English Romantic poet and novelist. She initiated a revival of the English sonnet, helped establish the conventions of Gothic fiction, and wrote political novels of sensibility.

Translation:

## 睡眠

夏洛特·史密斯

来吧，惬意的睡眠！疲惫之人的温床！  
疼痛的太阳穴，逃离你的诱惑；  
拥抱热情的梦幻，睡梦之神空中法院，  
漂浮在我疼痛的头部！  
守护你所有的赐福，偏心的睡梦之神！  
农夫倒在硬床上；  
可怜的海员，在经历最艰难的时刻，  
享受睡眠，这喜悦胜似头戴王冠。  
紧紧抓住忠诚的牧羊人守卫者的手臂，  
期望乡村姑娘甜蜜的梦乡能证明  
哦，温柔的睡眠！还在品尝你的魅力的人，  
却要醒来劳作，解放，爱人  
但不能否认你的慰藉  
让忧虑的胸膛平静，让流泪的眼睛合上。

（刘旭丽 译）

## **The Sea View<sup>1</sup>**

Charlotte Smith

The upland shepherd, as reclined her lies  
    On the soft turf that clothes the mountain bow,  
Marks the bright sea-line mingling with the skies;  
    Or from his course celestial, sinking slow,  
    The summer-sun in purple radiance low,  
Blaze on the western waters; the wide scene  
    Magnificent, and tranquil, seems to spread  
Even o'er the rustic's breast a joy serene,  
    When, like dark plague-spots by the Demons shed,  
Charged deep with death, upon the waves, far seen,  
    Move the war-freighted ships; and fierce and red,  
    Flash their destructive fire. —The mangled dead  
And dying victims then pollute the flood.  
Ah! Thus man spoils Heaven's glorious works with blood!

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature (Eighth Edition)* (Vol. D). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 42.

Translation:

## 海景

夏洛特·史密斯

高原上的牧羊人，斜倚着

    柔软的草地装饰着蜿蜒的山脉，

明亮的海岸线与天空相接；

    或来自天边的航线，缓缓下沉，

    夏天的阳光散发出淡紫色的光辉，

照耀着西边的河流；广阔的场景

    壮丽，宁静，似乎在蔓延

环绕至乡村的怀抱，

    当，死神带来黑暗般的瘟疫，

死亡的气息紧紧环绕，一波又一波，远处可见

    运输的战船移动着；激烈而血腥，

    闪耀着毁灭的战火。一到处可见死尸

和将要死亡的伤者污染了河流。

啊！如此人类用血腥糟蹋了天堂般壮丽的艺术品！

（罗舒云 译）

## **Holy Thursday<sup>1</sup>**

William Blake<sup>2</sup>

Is this a holy thing to see,  
In a rich and fruitful land,  
Babes reduced to misery,  
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?  
Can it be a song of joy?  
And so many children poor?  
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,  
And their fields are bleak & bare,  
And their ways are fill'd with thorns;  
It is eternal winter there.

For where-e'er the sun does shine,  
And where-e'er the rain does fall,  
Babe can never hunger there,  
Nor poverty the mind appall.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 735.

<sup>2</sup> William Blake (1757-1827), was an English poet, painter, and printmaker.

Translation:

## 神圣的星期四

威廉·布莱克

莫非这样也算是慈悲，  
在一片沃壤多产之地，  
婴儿的境遇如此凄惨，  
被哺以冰冷掠夺之手？

难道颤抖的哭声是歌？  
它能是一支欢乐的歌？  
可怜的孩子如此多啊？  
这就是一片困苦之地！

他们的阳光从未普照，  
他们的土地荒凉贫瘠，  
他们的道路荆棘丛生；  
那里的冬天无尽无头。

而若何处有日光照耀，  
并且哪里有甘霖垂落，  
那里婴儿就不会受饥；  
贫穷亦不会威迫心灵。

（邓宇萍 译）

## **Infant Sorrow**<sup>1</sup>

William Blake

My mother groaned! my father wept.  
Into the dangerous world I leapt,  
Helpless, naked, piping loud;  
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,  
Striving against my swaddling bands;  
Bound and weary I thought best  
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature (Eighth Edition)* (Vol. A). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 40.

Translation:

## 婴儿之恼

威廉·布莱克

母亲低叹懊恼！父亲抽搐哭泣。  
这一险恶的人世，我一跃而至。  
无助地，赤裸地，大声地嘶吼；  
犹如藏身乌云后面的那般邪魔。

在父亲的手心里我极力地挣扎，  
抗争着那簇簇束约着我的绑带；  
我意识到一切都已徒劳与注定，  
然后我愤怒地冲向母亲的乳房。

（赵嘏 译）

## **Mutability**<sup>1</sup>

William Wordsworth<sup>2</sup>

From low to high doth dissolution climb,  
And sink from high to low, along a scale  
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;  
A musical but melancholy chime,  
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,  
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.  
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear  
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,  
That in the morning whitened hill and plain  
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime  
Of yesterday, which royally did wear  
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain  
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,  
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

---

1 Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature (Eighth Edition)* (Vol. A). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 320.

<sup>2</sup> William Wordsworth (1770-1850), was a major English Romantic poet who, with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, helped to launch the Romantic Age in English literature with their joint publication *Lyrical Ballads*.

Translation:

## 异变

威廉·华兹华斯

从低到高，解溶攀升；  
然后从高到低，消沉。  
跟谱奇符和谐不败；  
悦耳而忧郁啊！调声  
能听清，干涉非罪行，  
也非贪婪，或过分谨慎。  
真理怎不？却外形承载  
光阴渐混，似霜冻雾凇  
清晨刷白山丘和平原  
之后不存；滴落似塔尖  
的往昔，庄严地披挂着  
顶尖的草野，但不受忍  
点滴的喊声打破宁静天空，  
或那不易想象的些许时光。

（曹志希 译）

## Chinese-English Version

### 桃源忆故人·冬景<sup>1</sup>

秦观<sup>2</sup>

玉楼深锁多情种，  
清夜悠悠谁共。  
羞见枕衾鸳凤，  
闷则和衣拥。

无端画角严城动，  
惊破一番新梦。  
窗外月华霜重，  
听彻梅花弄。

---

<sup>1</sup> 丁如明，评订. 白香词谱. 上海: 上海古籍出版社, 2001: 42.

<sup>2</sup> Qin Guan (秦观, 1049-1100), was a Chinese writer and poet of the Song Dynasty. His courtesy name was Shaoyou (少游).

Translation:

## **Tune: Winter Landscape<sup>1</sup>**

Qin Guan

Crystal-clear building closely locks loving one,  
With whom to live in this refreshing night.  
Unwilling to see phoenixes on pillows and quilts,  
If tired, go to sleep with garments.

Abruptly horns' voice shakes the whole city,  
Startling a new dream.  
Out the window the moonlight like frost rimes on flowers,  
Accompanied with Plum Blossom Melody.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

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<sup>1</sup> “Tune: Winter Landscape” is one of the ancient Chinese tonal patterns with given cadence to which ci (a type of classical Chinese poetry) poems are composed accordingly.

## 眼儿媚<sup>1</sup>

刘基<sup>2</sup>

萋萋芳草小楼西，  
云压雁声低。  
两行疏柳，  
一丝残照，  
万点鸦栖。

春山碧树秋重绿，  
人在武陵溪。  
无情明月，  
有情归梦，  
同到幽闺。

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<sup>1</sup> 丁如明，评订。白香词谱。上海：上海古籍出版社，2001：43。

<sup>2</sup> Liu Ji (刘基, 1311-1375), courtesy name Bowen (伯温), better known as Liu Bowen, was a Chinese military strategist, statesman and poet who lived in the late Yuan and early Ming dynasties.

Translation:

## **Tune: Yan Er Mei<sup>1</sup>**

Liu Ji

On the west of small building grows luxuriant fragrant grass;

Befogged cloud and honked wild goose.

Two lines of sparse willow,

A ray of setting sun,

Million of dotted resting crows.

The spring mountain, green trees, the autumn green again,

The lover is in Wuling creek.

The ruthless moon,

The passionate returning dreams,

All gathered in secluded boudoir.

(Trans. Liu Xuli)

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<sup>1</sup> “Tune: Yan Er Mei” is one of the ancient Chinese tonal patterns with given cadence to which ci (a type of classical Chinese poetry) poems are composed accordingly.

## 我们准备<sup>1</sup>

冯至<sup>2</sup>

我们准备着深深地领受  
那些意想不到的奇迹，  
在漫长的岁月里忽然有  
彗星的出现，狂风乍起：

我们的生命在这一瞬间，  
仿佛在第一次的拥抱里  
过去的悲欢忽然在眼前  
凝结成屹然不动的形体。

我们赞颂那些小昆虫，  
它们经过了一次交媾  
或是抵御了一次危险，

便结束它们美妙的一生。  
我们整个的生命在承受  
狂风乍起，彗星的出现。

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<sup>1</sup> 吴晓东，主编。中国新诗总系(1937-1949)。北京：人民文学出版社，2000：1。

<sup>2</sup> Feng Zhi (冯至 1905-1993), formerly called Feng Chengzhi, was born in Zhuozhou of Heibei Province.

Translation:

## **Ready We Are**

Feng Zhi

We are ready to keenly accept  
Those miracles unexpected,  
In the time and tide, a comet  
Abruptly appears, with the blustering wind:

Our life at this moment,  
Suddenly presents the past before eyes  
Like being at the first time  
Which has turned to the stilled figure.

I eulogize those little insects:  
While they mate one time,  
They might resist a danger,

Then they end their wonderful life.  
We bear in our whole life  
The blustering wind, appearing comet.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

## 白蝴蝶<sup>1</sup>

戴望舒<sup>2</sup>

给什么智慧给我，  
小小的白蝴蝶，  
翻开了空白之页，  
合上了空白之页？

翻开的书页：  
寂寞：  
合上的书页：  
寂寞。

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<sup>1</sup> 吴晓东，主编。中国新诗总系(1937-1949)。北京：人民文学出版社，2000：18。

<sup>2</sup> Dai Wangshu (戴望舒, 1905-1950) was a Chinese poet, essayist and translator active from the late 1920s to the end of the 1940s. A native of Hangzhou, Zhejiang, he graduated from the Aurora University, Shanghai in 1926, majoring in French.

Translation:

## **White Butterflies**

Dai Wangshu

What wisdom has been brought to me,  
Little white butterflies,  
Opening the blank pages,  
Then closing?

On the opened pages:

Solitude;

Closed pages:

Solitude.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

## 纸烟<sup>1</sup>

林庚<sup>2</sup>

当纸烟的广告画过了图案  
红的吉士还是小盒的美丽  
平静的乡村上有远的行人  
而他走得远了留下了记忆  
吐出你蓝色的烟圈的倦意  
这里是新来的园地  
做季候适宜的海上的远梦  
做人生原野上自由的寻问

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<sup>1</sup> 吴晓东, 主编. 中国新诗总系(1937-1949). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2000: 31.

<sup>2</sup> Lin Geng (林庚, 1910-2006), was a modern poet, scholar of Chinese classical literature and literary historian.

Translation:

## **Cigarette**

Lin Geng

When the advertisement of cigarette extends the graphic pattern  
The red cheese is still the beauty of the little box  
In the quiet village, some pedestrian is moving far  
When he walks far, some memory is left there  
Blow out your tiresome of the blue smoke ring  
Here is the new coming garden plot  
Be a dream far away in a suitable season  
Be a free searcher in the life field

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

## 秋之色<sup>1</sup>

林庚

像海样地生出珊瑚树的枝  
像橄榄的明净吐出青的果  
秋天的熟人是门外的岁月  
当凝静的原上有灵星的为  
清蓝的风色里早上的冻叶  
高高的窗子前人忘了日夜  
你这时若打着口哨子去了  
无边的颜料里将化为蝴蝶

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<sup>1</sup> 吴晓东, 主编. 中国新诗总系 (1937-1949). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2000: 33.

Translation:

## **Autumn Color**

Lin Geng

Like twigs of coral tree sent forth from sea land  
Like green fruits given out from brightness of olive  
The mature man in autumn is like ages outside the door  
When staring at the fruits of stars on open country  
In the slightly blue wind is the frozen leaves of morn'  
Before the high window, man forgets his day and night  
If you whistle to go there at that time  
Rimless pigment will convert as a butterfly

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

## 冬天的池沼<sup>1</sup>

艾青<sup>2</sup>

冬天的池沼，  
寂寞得像老人的心——  
饱历了人世的辛酸的心；  
冬天的池沼，  
枯干得像老人的眼——  
被劳苦磨失了光辉的眼；  
冬天的池沼，  
荒芜得像老人的发——  
像霜草般稀疏而又灰白的发；  
冬天的池沼，  
阴郁得像一个悲哀的老人——  
佝偻在阴郁的天幕下的老人。

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<sup>1</sup> 吴晓东, 主编. 中国新诗总系(1937-1949). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2000: 43.

<sup>2</sup> Ai Qing (艾青, 1910-1996), is regarded as one of the great modern Chinese poets.

Translation:

## Wintry Pond

Ai Qing

The wintry pond,  
Is lonely as the heart of the old—  
The bitter heart been through all vicissitudes;  
The wintry pond,  
Is dry as the eye of the old—  
The eye being toiled without radiance;  
The wintry pond,  
Is bleak as the hair of the old—  
The hair sparse and grey as the frosted grass;  
The wintry pond,  
Is gloomy as a grieved old—  
The old under the gloomy sky stooped.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

## 旅居印度作<sup>1</sup>

金克木<sup>2</sup>

深夜，异国人的歌声，  
无心的男女才会歌唱  
声声有情的无情。  
愿我的耳不听说谎的嘴唇，  
但我的嘴唇愿亲无情的额。

叹惜家乡，空怀心曲，  
虽兵荒马乱，不忘嘉节，  
故国的影子像热带的疟蚊。  
恨不能化身千万亿，  
做尽无朋友人的朋友。

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<sup>1</sup> 吴晓东，主编。中国新诗总系(1937-1949)。北京：人民文学出版社，2000：98。

<sup>2</sup> Jin Kemu (金克木，1912-2000) is a Chinese poet, scholar, translator and essay writer, professor of Beijing University.

Translation:

## **Writing When Residing in India**

Jin Kemu

Late at night, singing from foreign people,  
Only men and women without hearts can sing  
Sentimental sounds are heartless.  
Wish my ears couldn't hear the lip telling lies,  
However my lip would like to kiss ruthless forehead.

Sigh of hometown, weigh on mind,  
Though turmoil and chaos of war, won't forget integrity,  
The shadow of motherland seems like tropical anopheles.  
Wouldn't hesitate to embody sounds and millions,  
Be friends with those who have no friends.

(Trans. Luo Shuyun)

## 音乐<sup>1</sup>

郑敏<sup>2</sup>

站在月光的阴影里，  
我的灵魂是清晨的流水，  
音乐从你的窗口流出，  
却不知你青春的生命  
可也是这样的奔向着我？  
但若我们闭上了眼睛，  
我们却早已在同一个国度，  
同一条河里的鱼儿。

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<sup>1</sup> 吴晓东，主编。中国新诗总系（1937-1949）。北京：人民文学出版社，2000：132。

<sup>2</sup> Zheng Min (郑敏, 1920- ), is one of the poets in the school of Jiu Ye, which is called Modern Brightness School in the academe.

Translation:

## **Music**

Zheng Min

In the shadow of the moonlight, I am standing,  
My soul is fresh running water in the morning.  
Music flowing from your window,  
Without knowing your youthful life  
Runs to me exactly the same?  
But once we close our eyes forever,  
We have already in one realm  
Been free fishes in the same river.

(Trans. Liu Manling)

## 一帘绿韭

雷艳妮

一帘绿韭  
浸透炙烤后的  
疲沓  
残留缕缕余香  
微微拂动在  
焦灼不安的  
晚风中

快步行走在  
空无一人的午夜长街上  
在寂静的深夜里  
肆虐的倾吐  
沉淀为隐隐的痛

很久了，  
又仿如昨日  
不觉间竟发现——  
绿韭早已  
生了根  
发了茬  
满心里都是  
蓬勃新鲜的绿

我——  
绿了，也  
醉了

Translation:

## **A Screen of Lemon Grass**

Lei Yanni

Soaked in languor after  
thorough grilling,  
An uprooted screen of  
green lemon grass  
Is waving gently in the  
scorchingly disturbing  
evening wind,  
(or the vibrant air?)  
bearing its occasional  
bursts of surviving fragrance

Silent walking  
along the empty long street at midnight.  
Footfalls echo in the memory  
of indulgent confiding  
and a distant ache.

A long time has passed since,  
yet it seems as yesterday  
one day I wake up to find that  
oh, my god—  
the screen  
of green lemon grass  
has set its root tightly  
and grown eagerly and staunchly  
from its repeatedly cut stubble—

Thus, the heart is full,  
full of green—  
fresh, fragrant and vigorous green.

(Trans. Lei Yanni)

## Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

### Thomas Campion

Thomas Campion is an Elizabethan poet and composer. He wrote over a hundred lute songs, masques for dancing, and an authoritative technical treatise on music. As a poet and composer, Thomas Campion is bent on experimenting on sounds and music, as he noted in the preface to one of his books, “I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together.” His experiments are successful. Thomas Campion is rightly considered to be the most flawless lyricist of the Elizabethan poets. No lutenist or madrigal choir is needed: his songs sing from the page. Campion does more than make music: he shows us nuanced, often painful, always convincing human emotions. His poetry is the lute on which “passion” plays.

Thomas Campion’s poetry collections include “Songs of Divers Noblemen and Gentlemen”, “Poemata, a collection of Latin panegyrics, elegies and epigrams”, “A Booke of Ayres”, “Two Bookes of Ayres”, “Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres”, and so on.

He was born in London in 1567, left Cambridge without a degree, briefly studied law, but ultimately graduated from the University of Caen with an MD. After practising medicine in London he later returned to the continent as a gentleman-soldier. He is believed to have died of the plague in London in 1620.

The following poems are selected from *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy. Ed. New York. London: W. W. Norton & Company, 1996.) and translated by Dr. Zhou Fang from Guangdong University of Foreign Studies.

## 托马斯·凯恩平

托马斯·凯恩平是英国伊丽莎白时代的诗人、作曲家。其创作包括一百多首歌词、假面舞剧和一篇关于音乐技巧的论文等。托马斯·凯恩平致力于声音的实验，他试图将音符与文字完美地结合起来，如他一本书的序言中所写：“我主要致力于文字和音符完美的结合。” 托马斯·凯恩平的实验是成功的，他被认为是伊丽莎白时代最完美的歌词作者。他创作的歌词甚至不需要乐器或声音伴奏，其音乐自然从字里行间流淌。托马斯·凯恩平的歌词不单单富含音乐还饱含着细致、真挚的感情。可以说，感情是拨弄其诗歌琴弦的手指。

托马斯·凯恩平的主要诗歌集包括《戴威尔斯贵族绅士之歌》、《诗歌——拉丁颂歌、挽歌和警句集》、《艺术歌曲集》、《两部艺术歌曲集》、《第三、第四部艺术歌曲集》等。

托马斯·凯恩平 1567 年出生于伦敦，曾就读于剑桥大学，但未拿到学位，后来又学过法律，医术。他行过医，在欧洲大陆当过兵。1620 年于伦敦死于黑死病。

此处诗歌选自《诺顿诗歌选集》(Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy. Ed. New York. London: W. W. Norton & Company, 1996.)，由广东外语外贸大学周芳博士翻译。

## **My Sweetest Lesbia**

Thomas Campion

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,  
And, though the sager sort our deeds reprove,  
Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive  
Into their west, and straight again revive,  
But soon as once set is our little light,  
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,  
Then bloody swords and armour should not be;  
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,  
Unless alarm came from the camp of love.  
But fools do live, and waste their little light,  
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,  
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends,  
But let all lovers, rich in triumph come  
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb;  
And Lesbia, close up thou my little light,  
And crown with love my ever-during night.

Translation:

## 我最甜的蕾西比亚

托马斯·凯恩平

我最甜的蕾西比亚，让我们相爱到老。

哲人的斥责

有什么重要。天空的巨灯

西坠，明日还将冉冉升起；

我们的微光一旦燃尽，

你我将在黑夜长眠不醒。

若大家都如我这般活在爱情里，

刀光剑影不会现，

战鼓不把甜梦扰，

惊魂只来自鸳鸯帐。

但愚人们终日营营

为营造自己的坟墓把痛苦找。

当大限降临

愿我的灵车不被哭声扰，

愿恋人们盛装前来，

用欢乐的嬉戏为我的坟墓增光添耀。

蕾西比亚，到时请熄掉我的微光，

用爱的金冠将我的长夜照亮。

## **I Care Not for These Ladies**

Thomas Campion

I care not for these ladies,  
That must be wooed and prayed:  
Give me kind Amaryllis,  
The wanton country maid.  
Nature Art disdaineth,  
Her beauty is her own.  
Her when we court and kiss,  
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"  
But when we come where comfort is,  
She never will say no.

If I love Amaryllis,  
She gives me fruit and flowers:  
But if we love these ladies,  
We must give golden showers.  
Give them gold, that sell love,  
Give me the nut-brown lass,  
    Who when we court and kiss,  
    She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"  
    But when we come where comfort is,  
    She never will say no.

These ladies must have pillows,  
And beds by strangers wrought;  
Give me a bower of willows,  
Of moss and leaves unbought,  
And fresh Amaryllis,  
With milk and honey fed;  
    Who when we court and kiss,  
    She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"  
    But when we come where comfort is,  
    She never will say no.

Translation:

## 我不爱这些小姐

托马斯·凯恩平

我不爱这些小姐，  
她们要人哄要人追。  
给我可人的艾玛莉莉丝吧，  
那个无拘无束的乡村妹。  
矫饰破坏自然，  
她的美貌天成。  
我们嬉戏亲吻时，  
她大叫：“不！别！”  
但一旦动了真格，  
她服服帖帖。  
选择艾玛莉莉丝，  
水果和鲜花将我伴随。  
选择这些小姐，  
你要将大把的金子在她们面前堆。  
给她们出卖爱情的金子吧，  
我只要棕栗色的乡村妹。  
    我们嬉戏亲吻时  
    她大叫：“不！别！”  
    但一旦动了真格，  
    她服服帖帖。  
这些小姐要柔软的枕头，  
和精心打制的床帏。  
给我柳条编的小屋，  
铺上随处可拾的地衣和树叶；  
给我清新可人的艾玛莉莉丝，  
那个喝牛奶饮蜂蜜的乡村妹。  
    我们嬉戏亲吻时，  
    她大叫：“不！别！”  
    但一旦动了真格，  
    她服服帖帖。

## Follow Thy Fair Sun

Thomas Campion

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow;  
Though thou be black as night,  
And she made all of light,  
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow.

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth;  
Though here thou liv'st disgraced,  
And she in heaven is placed,  
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth!

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,  
That so have scorched thee,  
As thou still black must be,  
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her while yet her glory shineth;  
There comes a luckless night,  
That will dim all her light;  
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still, since so thy Fates ordained;  
The sun must have his shade,  
Till both at once do fade;  
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.

Translation:

## 追随你美丽的太阳

托马斯·凯恩平

追随你美丽的太阳吧！苦闷的影子！  
尽管你漆黑如夜，  
她光亮无邪，  
你也要追随她，苦闷的影子！

那遮蔽了你光芒的太阳，追随她吧！  
尽管你灰头土脸，  
她闪耀在天，  
你仍要追随她。她的光辉让世界复苏！

追随那至纯之光吧！  
她的美将你灼伤，  
让你漆黑过往，  
那仁慈的光又让你由黑转亮！

追随她吧，趁她闪耀之时！  
在一个不幸之夜，  
她将黯淡下去——  
忧郁的黑影，你知道。

追随她，一如既往！这是你的宿命！  
影子离不开太阳，  
除非双双隐退。  
但太阳依旧荣耀，影子依旧卑微！

## **When to Her Lute Corinna Sings**

Thomas Campion

When to her lute Corinna sings,  
Her voice revives the leaden strings,  
And doth in highest notes appear  
As any challenged echo clear;  
But when she doth of mourning speak,  
Ev'n with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,  
Led by her passion, so must I:  
For when of pleasure she doth sing,  
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring,  
But if she doth of sorrow speak,  
Ev'n from my heart the strings do break.

Translation:

## 当卡丽娜拂弦而歌

托马斯·凯恩平

当卡丽娜拂弦而歌，  
枯寂的琴弦为她复活。  
它奏出最亮的音符，  
犹如最清澈的回声荡漾在山谷；  
而当她诉说心中的悲切，  
她的低叹亦让琴弦断裂。

我正如这琴弦，  
生死系于她歌声间：  
当她把欢乐轻吟，  
我顿感春天来临；  
当她诉说忧伤，  
我心弦断裂，黯然神伤。

## **When Thou Must Home**

Thomas Campion

When thou must home to shades of underground,  
And there arrived, a new admired guest,  
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,  
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,  
To hear the stories of thy finished love  
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move,

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,  
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,  
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,  
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake;  
When thou hast told these honors done to thee,  
Then tell, Oh tell, how thou didst murder me.

Translation:

## 当你身归冥府

托马斯·凯恩平

当你身归冥府，  
冥府又添贵客一位。  
洁白的依奥普、无忧无虑的海伦，还有其他美人  
团团将你围住。  
她们想听这让鬼哭神泣的歌喉，  
将刚刚结束的爱情故事追述。

你描述宴会的欢乐、  
年轻人的狂欢和假面舞、  
为你进行的种种冒险竞技、  
以及因你的美而赢得的诸多胜利；  
当你讲完了这些荣耀，  
可否再讲讲你，怎样将我击毙？

## Rose-cheeked Laura

Thomas Campion

Rose-cheeked Laura, come,  
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's  
Silent music, either other  
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow  
From concert divinely framed;  
Heav'n is music, and thy beauty's  
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing  
Discords need for helps to grace them;  
Only beauty purely loving  
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,  
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,  
Ever perfect, ever in them——  
Selves eternal.

Translation:

## 面如玫瑰的劳拉

托马斯·凯恩平

面如玫瑰的劳拉，过来吧，  
请和着你无声的音乐  
或其他妙处，  
婉转歌唱。

可爱的身体  
源自天造和谐；  
若天堂即音乐，  
天堂酝酿了你的美。

自我们口中唱出的音符，  
沉闷粗糙多欠缺；  
只有沁人心脾的美，  
才这般和谐。

它欢快地流淌，  
如溪水，  
在流动中永远清亮，  
永远完美。

## Now Winter Nights Enlarge

Thomas Campion

Now winter nights enlarge  
    The number of their hours;  
And clouds their storms discharge  
    Upon the airy towers.  
Let now the chimneys blaze  
    And cups o'er flow with wine,  
Let well-tuned words amaze  
    With harmony divine.  
Now yellow waxen lights  
    Shall wait on honey love  
While youthful revels, masques, and courtly sights  
    Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense  
    With lovers' long discourse;  
Much speech hath some defense,  
    Though beauty no remorse.  
All do not all things well;  
    Some measures comely tread,  
Some knotted riddles tell,  
    Some poems smoothly read.  
The summer hath his joys,  
    And winter his delights;  
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,  
    They shorten tedious nights.

Translation:

## 冬晚让时间变长

托马斯·凯恩平

冬晚让时间变长，  
    乌云将暴雨倾泻在  
雾蒙蒙的塔尖上。  
    让烟囱发光，  
让红酒流淌，  
    珠圆玉润的歌词  
和着天籁之音让人们心驰神往。  
    黄柔的灯光  
伴随着甜蜜的爱情，  
    年轻的狂欢、假面舞会和华贵的景象  
将夜的沉重脚步阻挡。

爱人的长谈  
    多能打发时间；  
言多难免冒犯，  
    尽管美人没有怨言。  
捡你擅长的事儿来做吧：  
    来个舞步轻踏，  
来个谜语闲猜，  
    来个读诗吟联。  
夏天有夏天的打发，  
    冬天有冬天的消遣；  
爱情的种种乐趣不过是游戏，  
    它们却能让枯燥的冬夜变短。

## **There is a Garden in Her Face**

Thomas Campion

There is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lilies grow,  
A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits doe flow.  
There cherries grow, which none may buy  
Till “Cherry ripe!” themselves doe cry.

Those cherries fairly doe enclose  
Of orient pearl a double row,  
Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rose-buds filled with snow.  
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,  
Till “Cherry ripe!” themselves doe cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;  
Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
All that attempt with eye or hand  
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,  
Till “Cherry ripe!” themselves doe cry.

Translation:

## 她的脸宛如花园

托马斯·凯恩平

她的脸宛如花园，  
玫瑰绽放百合盛开。  
那里是天国，  
上有百果流光溢彩。  
那里草莓红艳，你却不能买，  
除非它高声喊叫“我熟了！”

娇红的草莓掩映着  
白珠两排，  
当她娇笑绽开，  
宛如红玫瑰园里白雪皑皑。  
公爵王子们可不能买，  
除非它高声喊叫“我熟了！”

她的美目如天使静守候，  
眉毛宛如弯弓悬，  
眉头紧皱如利剑，  
若有人用目或手来冒犯。  
那神圣的草莓不能摘，  
除非它高声喊叫“我熟了！”

(周芳 译)

## Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

### Cao Cao

Cao Cao (155-220), with Mengde (孟德) as his style name, was a prominent politician, militarist, litterateur, and calligraphist of the Eastern Han Dynasty. During the period of the Three Kingdoms, Cao Cao went on numerous punitive expeditions throughout the country in the name of the then puppet emperor, and finally unified northern China under the Wei Administration. After his son Cao Pi claimed himself Emperor, he was given “Military Emperor” or “Wu” Emperor as the posthumous title.

Versed in the art of war, Cao Cao was also renowned for his achievement as a great poet. His verses and prose, which are stylistically vigorous, magnificent, vehement, and yet frequently dreary, convey his ambition in politics, and reveal the hard life of the people of the final stage of the Han Dynasty, starting and boosting the so-called Jianan Literature, which has been known as “the Jianan winds and bones”, or “the Jianan vigor and frames” in history.

Cao Cao was also a renowned calligrapher, and because of his achievements in this area, his calligraphic works were referred to as “excellent works of art” by Zhang Huaihan, a calligrapher of the Tang Dynasty, in his *On Calligraphy*.

The following 8 poems, translated by Dr Long Jingyao, are chosen out of *The Collected Works of Cao Cao* which was published by Chung Hwa Books Co. Ltd. in 1973.

# 曹操

曹操（155—220），字孟德，东汉末年杰出的政治家、军事家、文学家、书法家，三国中曹魏政权的缔造者。曹操以汉天子的名义征讨四方，统一了中国北方。其子曹丕称帝后，追尊为武皇帝。

曹操精于兵法，亦善诗歌，其诗抒发自己的政治抱负，并反映汉末人民的苦难生活，气魄雄伟，慷慨悲凉，开启并繁荣了建安文学，史称建安风骨。

曹操还擅长书法，唐朝张怀瓘在《书断》中评其为“妙品”。

选译的8首诗均出自中华书局1974年版的《曹操集》，由龙靖遥博士翻译。

## 薤露行

曹操

惟汉廿二世，所任诚不良。  
沐猴而冠带，知小而谋疆。  
犹豫不敢断，因狩执君王。  
白虹为贯日，己亦先受殃。  
贼臣持国柄，杀主灭宇京。  
荡覆帝基业，宗庙以燔丧。  
播越西迁移，号泣而且行。  
瞻彼洛城郭，微子为哀伤。

Translation:

## **A Lament**

Cao Cao

The Han crown has seen twenty-two monarchs,

And the late last chancellor was ill-hired.

A dim-wit, never tired of governance,

He was but a monkey humanly attired.

Hesitant, never timely decisive,

He abducted the crowned and had him mired.

With the white fogbow running through the sun,

By King of Hell he was also acquired.

The villain minister came into power,

Killed the Sire, then burned up the Royal Seat,

Rooted out the basis of Han Empire,

And turned the royal temples into peat.

In this west-bound exodus how they cried,

Mourning the fate thrown to them by his feat.

Looking at the broken walls of Luoyang,

Weizi lamented in a field of wheat.

## 蒿里行

曹操

关东有义士，兴兵讨群凶。  
初期会盟津，乃心在咸阳。  
军合力不齐，踳踳而雁行。  
势利使人争，嗣还自相戕。  
淮南弟称号，刻玺於北方。  
铠甲生虮虱，万姓以死亡。  
白骨露於野，千里无鸡鸣。  
生民百遗一，念之断人肠。

Translation:

## **A Lament**

Cao Cao

East of the Hangu Pass rose a hero,  
Enlisting warriors to fight rebels bad.  
They first expected to meet at Mengjin,  
Wishing to help the Sire helpless and sad.  
As each team had its own goal to achieve,  
They crawled on, listless and carelessly clad.  
As powers and interests were their sole concerns,  
They then fought among themselves as if mad.  
Huainan's brother claimed himself emperor,  
And then he himself forged a royal seal.  
The armors were teeming with eggs of lice,  
And tens of millions succumbed to Death's peal.  
Men's bones were exposed white in the open;  
For a thousand miles no cocks lived to squeal.  
Only one among a hundred survived,  
And this left one with a wound none could heal!

## 龟虽寿

曹操

神龟虽寿，猷有竟时。  
腾蛇乘雾，终为土灰。  
老骥伏枥，志在千里；  
烈士暮年，壮心不已。  
盈缩之期，不但在天；  
养怡之福，可得永年。  
幸甚至哉，歌以咏志。

Translation:

## **The Tortoise**

Cao Cao

Long-living though the tortoise is,  
It also has its final date.  
The winged-snake flies on fog and clouds,  
And turns to dirt at any rate.  
Old steeds stand by in the stable,  
Ready for ventures new and great;  
Old though the warrior may have turned,  
His ambitions never abate.  
How old one can live in this world,  
Is not determined but by Fate;  
If one takes good care of oneself,  
A long, ripe life one can create.  
Inspired by these meditations,  
I thus sing and wishes relate.

## 观沧海

曹操

东临碣石，以观沧海。  
水何澹澹，山岛竦峙。  
树木丛生，百草丰茂。  
秋风萧瑟，洪波涌起。  
日月之行，若出其中；  
星汉灿烂，若出其里。  
幸甚至哉，歌以咏志。

Translation:

## **Watching the Blue Sea**

Cao Cao

Heading eastwards for the black reeves,  
I stand there and watch the blue see.  
How waves are roaring and rising,  
And how high the island stands free!  
How trees and bushes grow uncontrolled,  
And how all kinds of grass do spree!  
The autumn wind is souging bleak,  
And great waves are whirling agee.  
There the sun and moon come and go,  
As if the sea served as their quay.  
There stars of all kinds twinkle bright,  
Like petals streaming on the lea.  
Inspired by these observations,  
I thus sing and relate my glee.

## 冬十月

曹操

孟冬十月，北风徘徊，  
天气肃清，繁霜霏霏。  
鷓鸡晨鸣，鸿雁南飞，  
鸷鸟潜藏，熊罴窟栖。  
钱镈停置，农收积场。  
逆旅整设，以通贾商。  
幸甚至哉！歌以咏志。

Translation:

## **October, a Cold Winter Month**

Cao Cao

'Tis October, winter's first month,  
And the north wind lingers about.  
It is cold, fine, and refreshing,  
Frost sojourns thick and crisp without  
Swans fly high in their east-bound trip,  
And mornings witness water fowls shout.  
Huge bears retreat into their caves,  
And eagles stay calm in their hideout.  
Farming tools have been collected;  
Corns lie in barns ready for clout.  
Inns are being renovated,  
For merchants moving in and out.  
Inspired by these observations,  
I sing and my insights do tout.

## 土不同

曹操

乡土不同，河朔隆冬。  
流澌浮漂，舟船行难。  
锥不入地，藿藜深奥。  
水竭不流，冰坚可蹈。  
士隐者贫，勇侠轻非。  
心常叹怨，戚戚多悲。  
幸甚至哉！歌以咏志。

Translation:

## **Lands Differ**

Cao Cao

Climates differ from land to land;

Deep in winter Heshuo does stand.

With winter here, floating icebergs

Ships and boats in rivers do strand.

Awls fail to pierce the cold hard soil,

And dense and thick weeds and vines coil.

Rivers are so frozen and still,

One can trot on the thick ice foil.

Poor are those gentle recluses,

And villains take to abuses.

My heart never ceases to mourn,

As oft it suffers woe's ruses.

Saddened by these observations,

I show my heart to my Muses.

## 苦寒行

曹操

北上太行山，艰哉何巍巍！  
羊肠坂诘屈，车轮为之摧。  
树木何萧瑟！北风声正悲。  
熊罴对我蹲，虎豹夹路啼。  
溪谷少人民，雪落何霏霏！  
延颈长叹息，远行多所怀。  
我心何怫郁？思欲一东归。  
水深桥梁绝，中路正徘徊。  
迷惑失故路，薄暮无宿栖。  
行行日已远，人马同时饥。  
担囊行取薪，斧冰持作糜。  
悲彼东山诗，悠悠使我哀。

Translation:

## **Marching Hard and Cold**

Cao Cao

We climbed the northern side of Mount Taihang,  
And how hard this was as it towered high!  
How the uneven narrow paths did wind,  
And wheels broke as to crawl on they did try!  
How bleak the trees and bushes were souging,  
And the north wind was howling in the sky.  
Huge bears laid in ambush right on our way;  
How roadside tigers and leopards did cry!  
In the ravines people were rarely seen,  
And how thick and dense the snow-flakes did fly.  
In this long journey I had thought a lot,  
Oft I craned my neck and heaved a long sigh.  
How enraged and melancholy I was!  
I longed for the return to the east land of rye.  
But there was no bridge over deep waters,  
So we lingered about, short of supply.  
Lost in mind, we lost our way finally,  
And night found us sheltered but by the sky.  
Both soldiers and horses ran out of food,  
And days and months in this way had gone by.  
Packages on, we took fire-wood, sliced ice,  
And we cooked gruel on which lives did rely.  
Struck with “The East Mountain” in Books of Songs,  
My sad heart and eyes had never been dry.

## 短歌行

曹操

对酒当歌，人生几何？  
譬如朝露，去日苦多。  
慨当以慷，忧思难忘。  
何以解忧，唯有杜康。  
青青子衿，悠悠我心。  
但为君故，沉吟至今。  
呦呦鹿鸣，食野之苹。  
我有嘉宾，鼓瑟吹笙。

Translation:

## Songs

Cao Cao

Indulge yourselves in wine and song,  
Because one's life cannot be long.  
'Tis but the transient morning dew,  
With the spent days lumping wrong.  
In booze my songs are full of blood,  
But sorrows remain a looming brood.  
Will there be ways to end these pangs?  
Only wines can save one for good.  
In greenish green you talents appear,  
In my heart you are forever dear.  
It is only on account of you that I,  
I ponder and mutter to my own ear.  
"Yow! Yow!" The deer cry meek and mild,  
Grazing on the wormwoods in the wild.  
Honored guests gather around me,  
Playing zithers and flutes, all styled.

明明如月，何时可掇。  
忧从中来，不可断绝。  
越陌度阡，枉用相存。  
契阔谈宴，心念旧恩。  
月明星稀，乌鹊南飞。  
绕树三匝，何枝可依？  
山不厌高，海不厌深。  
周公吐哺，天下归心。

The moon rises to the sky, how bright,  
It travels on, forever shedding light.  
Looking at it I am unable to suppress  
The sorrows that from within do flight.  
Travelling on paths and roads, first to last,  
You've deigned to come, devoted and fast.  
Feasting and airing in the gathering,  
Everyone treasures the friendship in the past.  
Amid the scarce stars the moon is bright  
To the south the blackbird is on its flight,  
Turning around the tree for three times,  
Looking for a bough on which to alight.  
Rejecting no dusts, the mountain reaches sky;  
Rejecting no waters, the ocean goes not dry.  
The Duke of Chow spat his foods thrice a day,  
And the world was united with a single tie.

(Trans. Long Jinyao)

**To our  
honourable poetry scholars**

献给

所有的诗歌研究者

## The Display Stages for Poetry

Long Jingyao

A good poem is just like a beauty. A beautiful lady is not necessarily a beauty, and if such a lady wants to be a beauty, she must be publicly acknowledged first. It is, however, the common destiny for most of the beautiful ladies not to be publicly acknowledged, and the Lucy in Wordsworth's poems is a case in point. Although this Lucy is doubtlessly a beautiful lady, for she is "Fair as a star, when only one / Is shining in the sky," throughout her life she remains "A maid whom there were none to praise / And very few to love." Even one of the Four Ancient Beauties, Yang Yuhuan, or rather, Concubine Yang, narrowly missed being thrown into obscurity, as we can learn from Bai Juyi's "Song of Eternal Sorrow": "The Yangs had a girl who was barely grown, / And staying in the boudoir, was unknown." Likewise, another lady of the Four Ancient Beauties, Wang Zhaojun, once was also on the verge of being kept in obscurity. Zhaojun was unmatched in fair look, and was chosen for the imperial harem during the reign of Emperor Yuan of Han Dynasty (202BC-220AD). As there were too many women for His Majesty to bed in his harem, the emperor had to choose the refined ones, and therefore he asked his royal painters to draw portraits for his women in order that he could decide whom to bed according to their looks shown in the pictures. Consequently, the fair ladies kept in the imperial harem swarmed to bribe the painters in the hope that they could be rendered more beautiful in the portraits. Zhaojun did not bribe MaoYanshou, the painter, and Mao as a result added a tear mole, which was regarded as an omen that the one bearing it could bring bad luck to her husband, to her cheek in the portrait. Thus Zhaojun remained in obscurity in the royal harem and was barely known to others. After quite some years, Huhaanyeke the Hun khan came to pay respects to Emperor Yuan, and the emperor issued an edict that five girls, including Zhaojun, be given to the Khan as a gift. On the day Huhaanyeke took his leave, the emperor summoned the five girls to show them to the Khan. When Zhaojun appeared, "The Han palace became brightened with her fair look and graceful make-ups, and as she walked about, peeping at her own shadow, all those around her were struck and petrified." Emperor Yuan

meant to keep Zhaojun for himself, but as an emperor he had to keep his words to others. Therefore, with reluctance “he then gave Zhaojun to the Hun.” But this time the emperor could never let the by-gones be by-gones, indeed “he made a thorough investigation into the case, and Mao Yanshou and other painters were executed on the same day, with their bodies abandoned in the public market.” This dramatic episode has always been the source of inspirations for men of letters of all times. It is obvious that for a beautiful lady to be a beauty, the way she shows her face is of vital importance.

Words are normally collected in dictionaries, and although dictionaries are comprehensive and nearly all-covering, there is hardly any person who studies words by directly reading the dictionaries. If one wants to learn and study words, he normally does so by means of certain specific display stages, such a display stage can be a poem, an article, or a painting, and for the learner, it is essential to the acquisition of the words.

After certain architecture is finished, the display stage plays a vital role in determining whether its aesthetic effect can live up to the original expectation. For example, the pyramids in Egypt must be looming against the setting sun, with the endless desolate desert lying behind them. Only in this way can people get a sense of eternity out of the pyramids. The Egyptians say, “Everything fears time, and time fears the pyramids.”

“Curating” is a buzzword in the present art circles. It studies the proper times and ways to put art works on show, the purpose is to increase the public’s awareness and acceptance of the works, and the ways to put them on show include display stages. So far as sculptures are concerned, what kind of display stages to choose requires delicate and painstaking speculations. The sculpture of David by Michelangelo is for people to appreciate with their eyes looking up, and the purpose is to highlight the mightiness, tallness and straightness of David. The sculpture itself is 2.5 meters high, but the display pedestal, or rather, display stage, is higher than the sculpture—it is 3 meters high. If the sculpture of David is put on another display stage so that viewers can appreciate it at eye level or even below eye level, the effect is totally, and of course sorely, different. The statue of Buddha also requires viewers to appreciate it with their heads high up. Generally speaking, famous Buddhist temples throughout the world are normally built on high mountains, and in order to have a look at the statue of Buddha, the pilgrims must climb the mountains step by step with their eyes looking up. Only in this way can the glory and grandiosity of Tathāgata, or to be more popular, Buddha, be highlighted and set off. In Jinzhou, a district in

Dalian City, there is a certain Buddhist temple, Chaoyang Temple in name, which stands, or huddles and crouches, in a valley. Pilgrims must climb down the stone steps to enter the temple, and below the eye level, the statues of Buddha and Bodhisattva appear to be improperly short and small. This is a typical example of failures. What aesthetic or artistic effects that a painting can produce is also closely related to the display stage the picture is put onto, as Edgar Wind, a renowned art critic pointed out in 1925:

It is impossible, therefore, to establish a relation between two aesthetic phenomena without changing the characteristics of both by transforming them into a new aesthetic object with entirely new characteristics. For example, when we first look closely at a picture and then contemplate it in connection with the room in which it hangs, the picture does not remain the same. By contributing to the total effect of the room it reveals new qualities which disappear the moment we return to our former standpoint.

This is also true of poetry. A well-written poem is not necessarily a good poem—in order to be such, it needs to be publically recognized and approved of first. But to get the approval from the readers, the poem is in need of a proper display stage. From the olden time to the present, scholars in the area of poetry have seemed to focus only on the contents, themes, rhythms, melodies, forms, styles, authors and historical backgrounds of poems, and they have appeared to neglect the display stages. A display stage for a poem refers to the physical backgrounds in which it appears, and these backgrounds include not only the layout of the printed poem, but also the context, such as a novel, a play, or a TV serial, where it shows its face. The display stage is of vital importance to the popularity and dissemination of a poem. The fact that we can memorize and recite a poem is normally not the result of reading it in a corpus or anthology of poems—these collections of poems are just like dictionaries, whose merits lie in their function as corpora, the collections of materials for people to carry out deep-reaching researches with, and their comprehensiveness. We normally come across these poems in our favorite novels, plays and TV serials, and as they produce very deep impressions upon us, we memorize them by heart. For a poem to gain popularity and approval from readers, the best display stages are such narrative works as novels, dramas, narrative poems (a romance, for example), and films.

Narrative literary works attract readers with enticing plots, and readers in their turn read on and on unwittingly as the situations progress and develop. For example, when one is reading *A Dream of Red Mansions*, amazed at and

intrigued by the dramatic events in the novel, he is inclined to submerge himself in the mysterious atmosphere of these remotely hidden courtyards, and subconsciously identify himself with the personae, and at last, bitterly, sadly, sorrowfully, and pathetically recite the sentences in “Verse on Flower Burying” on a late spring day when flower petals are flying in the sky:

Withering, blooms are flying in the sky;  
Luster lost, smell gone, for them who would cry?

.....

At the moment you are the sorrowing Daiyu, and these pathetic sentences are the authentic reflection of your innermost feelings. Smooth, natural, and calm, and by no means compulsive, such an act of reading is conducted mostly in unconscious.

The fact that we love a certain poem sometimes is simply a case of love-me-love-my-dog. Simply because we love a novel, or a film, in which a poem appears, we love the poem as a result. This is a case of empathy, something like what Niu Xiji, a poet of the Five Dynasties (907-960) implies in the two sentences, “Recalling the green silky skirt, / I care about the grass everywhere.” For example, as we like *The Lotus Lantern*, an animated cartoon, the doggerel which the single-eyed Taoist monk likes mouthing produces a very deep impression upon our mind:

Running around, going about,  
I’m worthless but gay, beyond doubt.  
Never show people your true self,  
But flirt with folks with your lithe snout.

Whether we can memorize the poem or not is not relevant to whether it is well-written or not, but relevant to whether we like the movie or not.

Some poems appear in certain long narrative works as the natural development of the plots. Their appearance is by no means incongruous, incondite and far-fetched, they sound unaffected, natural, intimate and familiar, quite like, in Keats’ words, “leaves” that “come naturally to a tree”, and we memorize them as the specific detail of the plot. For instance, the wicked queen in *Snow-White*, a fairy tale by the Grimm bothers, likes to stare at the magic mirror on the wall and asks:

Looking glass upon the wall,  
Who is the fairest of us all?

And the magic mirror answers:

Queen, you are full fair, 'tis true,

But Snow-White fairer is than you.

As these versified sentences are the natural extension of the plot, and as they are indeed very rhythmic and melodious, one can easily memorize them.

In *As You Like it*, a comedy by Shakespeare, Orlando falls in love with Rosalind, and when he learns that Rosalind has gone into the forest for some reason, he tries to follow her footsteps, but in this wild and uninhabited forest, where can he find his beloved Rosalind? The young fellow misses his girl and quite beyond himself, he composes a love song for Rosalind on a slip of paper and hangs it on a tree. Celia, the cousin and best friend of Rosalind, comes across the slip and brings it to Rosalind, and hence readers (or audience) read the poem together with the two bosom friends:

From the east to western Ind,

No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures, fairest lined,

Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind,

But the fair of Rosalind.

Thus the poem is known to all, becoming a true celebrity among countless fellow poems.

Occasionally, some poems appear time and again in certain long narrative works, facilitating the development of the works, and meantime exerting powerful aesthetic influence on readers. In *The Pillars of the Earth*, a popular novel by Ken Follet, the innocent jongleur is forced to go to the gallows and is hanged under the charge of felony simply because he has chanced to witness the death of Prince William, the potential successor to the position of Henry I. Before he is executed, he sings a heart-breaking song:

A lark, caught in a hunter's net

Sang sweeter then than ever,

As if the falling melody,

Might wing and net dissever.

At dusk the hunter took his prey,  
The lark his freedom never.  
All birds and men are sure to die  
But songs may live forever.

The jongleur compares the lark to himself, and sings about his own ill-starred fate. We can safely say that every word in the song is wet with tears and red with blood. The poem lives up to Nietzsche's expectation of literature, as he once claimed that among all the literary works, what he preferred are those written in blood. The poem also satisfies Allan Poe's literary principles—according to Poe, the most legitimate subject matter for poetry is melancholy, and death is the most melancholy material. Allen, his wife, witnesses the whole process, she cuts off the head of a cock, and curses all those involved in these heinous and wicked conspiracy. Many years later, when she is forced to leave the parish of Kingsbridge once again, she sees Bishop Waleran, the man who has masterminded the murder of her late husband. Waleran does not recognize her, he only thinks that she looks familiar, but Allen sings the song to his face, which sends Waleran trembling, and thus readers can easily remember the poems with its recurring, eerily beautiful melody.

The song in "The Fisherman and his Wife", a German fairy tale, is a similar case. A fisherman catches a flounder while fishing. The flounder tells him that he used to be a prince, and because he was cast under a spell, he was transformed into a flounder. Feeling sympathetic with the flounder, the fisherman sets it free. When the fisherman returns home, he tells his wife about this amazing episode, and his greedy wife again and again sends him away, ordering him to ask for boons from the flounder in return for his kindness to it. Quite expectedly, every time the fisherman goes to the seashore, he hums the same doggerel:

Flounder, flounder in the sea,  
Prithee, hearken unto me:  
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,  
And sends me to beg a boon of thee.

As the story is really intriguing, as the doggerel is really catchy, and as the fisherman repeats the doggerel again and again, it is quite natural for readers to memorize the song.

Sometimes certain lyrical poems are simply something dubbed in a long narrative work as ornaments or embellishments, and they are not closely relevant with the theme and plot of the narrative work in which they appear, but the sudden pause and change of a certain writing style and pattern can give a surprise to readers and refresh them, and as a result readers may have a very deep impression of these poems, which suddenly appear in the long literary work. For the readers, their state of mind changes as the reading time changes. According to Allan Poe, the length of a literary work should be within the psychological and physical limit of common readers, and if a work surpasses such a limit, it is very likely that readers may get bored and tired, and once this happens, a certain phenomenon called aesthetic fatigue arises. Nevertheless, stylistic variations can help to appease the aesthetic fatigue, and that is why it is necessary for long operas and plays to take recourse to interludes. Lord Tennyson wrote many long narrative poems, and he was inclined to put in some short lyrical poems as decorations, which serve to refresh the aesthetically fatigued readers. “Tears, Idle Tears” in *The Princess* is one of many examples:

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.....

Chances are that this lyrical poem is too touching, and *The Princess*, which to it is like a pampering kanga, is too lengthy, and the latter is overshadowed by the former. Many readers can easily recite “Tears, Idle Tears”, and as for what is *The Princess*, they do not have any faintest idea.

Narrative works can provide readers with the necessary life experiences and emotional accumulation and foreshadowing, which they lack in their daily life, to appreciate a certain poem. Aesthetic feelings arise when the emotions and feelings contained in a poem meet those cherished by a reader, and therefore whether it comes or not depends on the individual life experiences and emotional storage of a reader. For a common reader, if he is not a Christian, it is very hard for him to have any strong aesthetic feelings when he reads Dante’s *The Divine Comedy*, and a young man without much life experiences is not very likely to be amazed and petrified at Chen Ziyou’s “Thinking of the eternal universe, / In despair I am shedding tears alone.” However, Li Bai’s “Thoughts on a Silent Night” can arouse echoes and resonance in the hearts of

countless people throughout the world. Why? Because homesickness or nostalgia is something many people have experienced. With its plot developing, the aesthetic mentality piling up, and a sentimental atmosphere playing up, a narrative work can help readers enter the innermost conscious of the characters, and readers, in their turn, come into the possession of the necessary storage of experience and accumulation of emotions to personally appreciate a certain poem, which appears in this narrative work, by means of identification with characters as well as imagination. Poems can become increasingly popular and attractive with the approval from more and more readers.

It is through a German film, namely, *Heintje*, that many Chinese get to know “The Last Rose of Summer” by Thomas Moore, an Irish poet, and come to love it. For the common people, how many have suffered from the experience of losing an affectionate mother untimely, a beloved wife untimely, and a lovely daughter untimely, just as Heintje, Carl, and William have in the film? With the plot progressing, the viewers unconsciously submerge themselves in the feelings and emotions of Heintje, Carl and William, and begin to miss and long for the deceased angel as a son, a husband, and a father. Being thrown into such a state of mind, the audience set themselves free, completely indulging themselves in the sorrow of bereavement, and giving themselves up to the sad, melancholy, pathetic, and eerily beautiful rhythms and notes:

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone.  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone.  
No flow'r of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes  
Or give sigh for sigh.  
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one  
To pine on the stem,  
Since the lovely are sleeping  
Go sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter

Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.  
So soon may I follow  
When friendships decay,  
And from loves' shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie withered  
And fond ones are flown  
Oh! Who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

Perhaps the most pathetically intriguing poem in Jinyong's *The Legend of the Condor Heroes* is "Four Looms Light", which can be regarded as the record as well as the symbol of Yinggu's decades of unchanged love, bitter and miserable as it is, for Zhou Botong, the Old Urchin. But in this human society, just how many people have experienced in person such a suffocating life-and-death waiting? As readers open the book and turn the pages, step by step they are following Yinggu, who is pining with her nostalgia and longing for her lover in loneliness and despair day after day, year after year. And internalizing her experience, they have seen rounds and rounds of seasons passing by, and as a result black, lustrous hair turns grey, and young, fair faces become old and haggard. Thus, when "Four Looms Light" appears in the novel, readers can readily understand how every word, and every sentence is wet with tears and red with blood:

Four looms light,  
The woven love-ducks are ready for flight.  
Oh that these young heads turn untimely white.  
Among the green spring waves and grass,  
Amid the early morning cold,  
They are bathing their red plumes in twilight.

This poem was composed by a poet of the Song Dynasty (860-1279), and as it was not very popular in its days, we are not clear about the name of its author now, and as a result we have to make do with the term "anon". After the publication of *The Legend of the Condor Heroes*, this poem is widely known

by its readers, and it has travelled far and wide, being on its to greater reputation and renown.

Of course, if we want a poem to be popular and to reach and touch people's hearts, no other ways are better than wedding it with music, that is, setting music to it and turning it into a song. For example, after Heine, the German Romantic poet, finished his "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges", Mendelssohn the German musician set music to it and hence it became a song, which has been popularly sung throughout the world. Similarly, in 1805 Thomas Moore wrote "The Last Rose of Summer" to the music of "A Young Man's Dream", and after it took its appearance, people kept composing music for it, but the most popular piece was composed by Flotow, a German musician. In 1847, Flotow was preparing for his opera Martha, and he set music to the German version of "The Last Rose in Summer", which was meant to be sung by certain Lady Harriet, a character in Martha. Quite unexpectedly, the song became extremely popular, and it has been passed on from one continent to another, and from one people to another. Songs, nonetheless, fall within the scope of poetry, which we have been speculating over in this essay, and as music is the conveyor for poetry, not the display stage, we are not going to elaborate on the relationship between music and poetry herein.

## 诗歌展望

龙靖遥

一首好诗就如一位美人。人生得美不一定就是美人，要成为美人，美的人必先得到大众的公认，而得不到大众的公认是大多数美的人的命运，华兹华斯笔下的露西便是其中之一。这位露西，尽管长相好，“美如天边的艳阳”，然而终其一生，“既无人赞，也无人爱。”就连杨玉环当年也差点当不成美人。“杨家有女初长成，养在深闺人未识。”差点当不成美人的还有王昭君。昭君容貌出众，元帝时入选汉宫。因后宫佳丽太多，天子嘱咐画师给她们画像，然后以画为凭，择貌美者垂而幸之。佳丽们因而纷纷贿赂画师，让他们把自己画得美一些。昭君没贿赂画师毛延寿，延寿遂在其脸颊画了颗克夫的泪痣。昭君从此深藏后宫，罕为人知。后匈奴单于呼韩邪来朝，元帝敕令赐之以五女，其中就包括王昭君。呼韩邪辞别之日，元帝召五女以示之，昭君“丰容靓饰，光明汉宫，顾影徘徊，竦动左右。”元帝本想把昭君留下来，但一国之君不能失信于人，“遂与匈奴”，然而他却一直耿耿于怀，“乃穷案其事，画工毛延寿等皆同日弃市。”这段公案成了历代骚客们灵感的源泉。可见美的人要成为美人，出场的方式至为关键。

字、词基本上都被收录在词典里，尽管很全，然而几乎没什么人会通过直接读词典来识字。识字一般要通过具体的展境，这展境可能是一首诗，一篇文章，或一幅画，它对于这个字的识得而言意义重大。

建筑物建好了能否达到预期效果，其展境同样重要。金字塔必得是矗立在夕阳里，其背景是广袤无垠的大沙漠，唯有如此，人们才会产生永恒

的感受。埃及人说，一切怕时间，而时间怕金字塔。

当下艺术界有个热门词，叫“策展”，策展研究的是艺术品展出的时机和方式，目的在于提高艺术品受认可的程度，而展出的方式就包括展境。就雕塑而言，展境是大有学问的。米开朗琪罗的大卫像是供人仰视的，目的是要显示出大卫的挺拔威武。雕像自身高 2.5 米，基座却高达 3 米，比塑像还高。若置大卫像于和人平视或让人俯视的展台上，展出的效果定会逊色不少。佛像也需仰观。世上的名刹往往建在山上，要看到佛像，观瞻者必得一步步拾级而上，唯有如此方显出如来的庄严宏伟。大连金州有座朝阳寺，建在一个山沟里，香客进庙时须下行，俯瞰之下，佛像和观音像异常矮小。这叫败笔。一幅画产生的艺术感染力与其展出背景也是息息相关的。艺术批评家埃德加·温德指出：

所以，若不改变两者各自的特征而使之都转变为一种具有全新特征的新审美客体的话，在两个审美现象之间建立关联是绝对可能的。比如，我们先仔细观看一幅画，然后将它和它所置放的房间联系起来去思考，这幅画作就会变得不同。通过融入房间的整体效果，它揭示了新的特质，而当我们退回到此前的视角，这些特质就会马上消失。（王艳华译文）

揆诸诗歌亦然。好的诗不一定就是好诗，它先得得到读者圈的认可方能成为好诗，而要得到读者的认可，这首诗展出的舞台就很有讲究。自古及今，研究诗歌的人们似乎只关注诗歌的内容、韵律、格式、创作者以及创作背景，对诗歌的展境却不以为然。诗歌的展境指的是诗歌出现的背景，不光包含诗集的排版，还包含诗歌出现的语境，譬如一本小说，一部电影。一首诗能否流传，展境尤为重要。我们之所以能诵记一首诗，很少和直接翻阅诗集有关——诗集像词典，其意义只在于材料的齐全——我们往往是在我们喜欢的小说、戏剧或电视剧中接触到它，因为它给我们的印象深刻，

我们就把它记住了。对于诗歌而言，最好的展境是叙事性文学作品，比如一篇或一本小说，一折戏，一首叙事诗，或一部电影。

叙述性文学以其引人入胜的情节吸引读者，让人不由自主地随着事态的发展向前阅读。比如读《红楼梦》。当你被书中情节吸引，全身心沉浸在深深庭院的氛围中，你就会不知不觉地与书中人物进行身份认同，在暮春时节纷飞的花瓣雨里凄凄惨惨戚戚地吟着《葬花词》：

花谢花飞飞满天，

红消香断有谁怜？

……

此刻你就是黛玉，这些凄美的诗句是你自己的心扉的真实流露。这样的阅读基本上是在下意识里进行，自然而从容，没有丝毫的强迫性，因而很容易把书中的这些诗词记住。

我们有时之所以喜欢某一首诗，完全是爱屋及乌。因为喜欢某部包含这首诗的小说，或电影，我们也就喜欢上这首诗了，这是一种移情，就如牛希济说的“记得绿罗裙，处处怜芳草。”比如，我们喜欢动画片《宝莲灯》，影片里独眼道士嘴里反复念叨的那首歪诗也就印在了我们的脑海里：

走走走，游游游，

不学无术不发愁。

逢人不说真心话，

全凭三寸烂舌头……

我们记住它跟这首诗写得好不好完全没关系，只跟我们对这部电影的好恶有关。

有些诗作为情节的自然延展出现在叙事性作品中，它们的出现没有丝毫突兀、生硬乃至矫揉造作之感，读起来质朴、自然而亲切，颇像济慈说的“像树叶一般生长”，我们因而将它们作为情节的具体细节而把它们记

住。比如在童话《白雪公主》里，邪恶的王后喜欢盯着魔镜问：

墙上的镜子请张嘴，

所有的人里谁最美？

魔镜回答道：

王后王后你确实美，

但白雪比你美百倍。

这几句韵文因为是情节的延伸，又因为它们朗朗上口，我们轻易就将它们记住了。

在莎士比亚的名剧《皆大欢喜》中，奥兰多迷恋罗萨兰，他听说姑娘到了森林里，就尾随她而去，但茫茫林莽中哪里可以找到罗萨兰的影子？小伙子思念爱人，不能自己，便写下了一首情诗，不料诗让罗萨兰的好友西莉娅捡到了，于是读者（或观众）也就自然而然地跟着两位好朋友诵读起这首诗：

从东印到西印都寻遍，

没有珍珠能像罗萨兰。

她的美名有风来播散，

全世无人不知罗萨兰。

极美的图画显得暗，

若是比起罗萨兰。

心里不留别人的容颜，

只有美貌的罗萨兰。

（梁实秋译文）

这首诗因而家喻户晓，成了一首名副其实的名诗。

有时因为情节需要，有些诗句反复出现在长篇叙事作品中，既推动了情节的发展，也加深了读者的印象。在小说《圣殿春秋》里，无辜的游吟诗人

因为无意中看到威廉王子死去而被教会阴谋以盗窃罪绞死，临死前唱了一首悲伤的歌：

那云雀堕入猎人的网中，  
它的歌喉比以前更甜美，  
仿佛那渐渐变弱的旋律，  
长了翅膀，要把网撕碎。  
黄昏时猎人收网抓猎物，  
云雀再无法把自由追回，  
所有的鸟和人都会死去，  
但歌声长存，永不凋萎。

游吟诗人以云雀自喻，唱的是自己悲惨的命运，端的是字字泣血，声声是泪。这首诗符合尼采的审美标准——一切文学，吾独爱以血书者，也符合爱伦·坡的理论——诗歌最好的题材是忧郁，而最令人忧郁的莫过于死亡。他的妻子爱伦目睹了整个过程，她割下一只公鸡的头，当场诅咒了阴谋策划这件事儿的人。多年之后，爱伦被迫再次离开教区，她看到了当年处死丈夫的主谋之一华乐伦主教，主教已经认不出她了，只依稀觉得有些面熟，爱伦当着他的面唱起了这首歌，这让华乐伦赧然不已，而读者在反复回荡的旋律中记住了这首诗。

类似的情况还有德国童话《渔夫和他的妻子》里的那首歌谣。渔夫打鱼时捞上了一只比目鱼，比目鱼告诉他，它原来是王子，因为被魔术师施了魔法，所以变成了鱼。渔夫怜悯它，就把它放了。渔夫回家告诉妻子，妻子贪心，让他一次又一次去找比目鱼要东西。我们可以预计的是，渔夫每一次去找比目鱼嘴里都叨念着同一首歌谣：

比目鱼儿游向前，  
请你仔细听我言。

伊瑟比尔愿未了，

求你开恩遂她愿。

因为故事确实引人入胜，因为歌谣朗朗上口，因为渔夫一遍又一遍地重复，读者就记住了这首歌谣。

有时一些抒情小诗只是长篇叙事作品的点缀，和该部作品的主旨、情节没太大关系，但是文风的突变会给读者眼前一亮的的新鲜感，从而加深对这些诗歌的印象。读者的阅读心理是随着具体的阅读时间的变化而变化的。爱伦·坡认为作品的长度应该在读者的心理和生理承受范围之内，超出了该范围读者便容易产生厌倦感，而厌烦心理一旦产生，审美疲劳也就出现了。文风和文体的突变会消除这种疲劳，这就是歌剧为什么有时需要间奏曲以及戏剧为什么需要插入剧的缘故。丁尼生的长篇叙事诗里经常会出现一些脍炙人口的抒情诗，如《公主》里的《眼泪，无端的眼泪》：

无端的眼泪，不知为何淌，

它们来自深邃圣洁的绝望，

一看到秋天里欢快的农田，

一想到那一去不回的时光，

泪水涌出心头，流出双眼……

或许因为这首小诗太动人，或许因为《公主》委实有些冗长，很多人可能不知道《公主》，但他们能够背出这首诗。

叙事性作品能给读者提供欣赏某一首诗歌必要的人生阅历和情感铺垫。诗歌的美感产生于作品蕴含的情感和趣味与读者的情感与趣味析合之际，美感能否产生在很大程度上取决于读者自身的人生阅历和情感储备。就一般读者而言，《神曲》很难在非基督徒的心里引起强烈的美感，而涉世不深的青年人也不会惊叹于陈子昂的“念天地之悠悠，独怆然而涕下”。李白的《静夜思》却广泛引起人们的共鸣。为什么？因为乡愁是很多人都

体验过的。一部叙事作品通过情节的展开、心理的铺陈以及情感的渲染，使得读者能够藉以进入人物内心，通过身份认同和想象的方式，拥有了切身体会这部作品中出现的某一首诗的阅历储备和情感积淀。诗歌会因为读者的欣赏变得日益隽永起来。

不少中国人是通过德国电影《英俊少年》知道爱尔兰诗人托马斯·穆尔的《夏天最后一朵玫瑰》并喜欢上它的。对于普通人来说，又有多少人像海因切、卡尔以及威廉那样经历慈爱的母亲早逝、挚爱的妻子过早散手人寰以及疼爱的女儿以风华正茂之年先自己而去的经历呢？随着情节的推进，观众进入海因切的内心，和他一起泪流满面，心里默念着这首母亲生前喜爱的歌谣；进入卡尔的内心，和他一起在夜深人静的时候倾听着耳畔响起的这首亡妻生前痴迷的歌曲；进入威廉的内心，和他一起沉浸在这首歌谣里不能自拔。受到这种情绪的安装，观众亦情到深处，彻底放纵自己，让自己久久地徘徊在哀婉凄美的字句和旋律中：

夏天最后一朵玫瑰，  
还在孤独地开放。  
所有他可爱的伴侣，  
都已凋谢死亡。  
再也没有一朵鲜花，  
陪伴在他的身旁。  
映照他绯红的脸庞，  
和他一同叹息悲伤。  
我不愿看你继续痛苦，  
孤独地留在枝头上。  
愿你能跟随你的同伴，  
一起安然长眠。

我把你那芬芳的花瓣，  
轻轻撒播在花坛上。  
让你和亲爱的同伴，  
在那黄土中埋葬。  
当那爱人的金色指环，  
失去宝石的光芒。  
当那珍贵的友情枯萎，  
我也愿和你同往。  
当那忠实的心儿憔悴，  
当那亲爱的人儿死亡。  
谁还愿孤独地生存，  
在这凄凉的世界里。

（薛范译文）

《四张机》是《射雕英雄传》里最为凄美的一首词，它是瑛姑对老顽童几十年泣血苦恋的写照。可是人世间又有多少人经历过这般窒息人的生死枯等呢。当读者翻着书页，日复一日年复一年地随着瑛姑在孤独、绝望和刻骨铭心的思念中走过一轮又一轮的寒暑，直至青丝转灰，红颜变老。这样，当《四张机》在文中出现时，读者就能切身体会到词里的每句话、每个字都泣着泪、滴着血：

四张机，  
鸳鸯织就欲双飞。  
可怜未老头先白。  
春波碧草，  
晓寒深处，  
相对浴红衣。

这首词本为宋朝某位词人所作，因为不甚流传，到现在我们已经不知道词作者的名字了，只好冠以“无名氏”。金庸的《射雕英雄传》出版后，这首词广为传播，成了许多人耳熟能详的名作。

当然，如果我们想让一首诗流行，使之它直指人心，最好的办法莫过于将它和音乐相结合，让它变成歌或曲。比如德国诗人海涅把《乘着歌声的翅膀》写好了，德国音乐家门德尔松给它谱上曲，从此它广为传唱。《夏日最后的玫瑰》情况颇为相似。1805年穆尔根据爱尔兰民谣《年轻人的梦》的曲子写下这首诗，此后不断有人给它谱曲，最有名的莫过于德国音乐家佛罗陀1847年给它的德文版谱的曲。《夏日最后的玫瑰》的德文版歌曲出现在佛罗陀的歌剧《玛尔塔》中，由剧中人哈利特夫人演唱。此后这首歌传遍了五湖四海。然而歌曲本在我们所说的诗歌的范畴之内，而且音乐属于载体，不属于展境，是以不在本文讨论范畴之内。

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*Verse Version*, a professional platform for worldwide communication of English and Chinese poetry, founded by Zhang Guangkui who is a scholar and poet, is a nonprofit quarterly journal publishing English and Chinese poetry with corresponding translations. As a comprehensive journal composed of both literary and academic elements, it pursues appropriate introduction and translation of English and Chinese poetry and aims to encourage studies relevant to poetry and poetics. The journal is registered with ISSN 2051-526X in the United Kingdom, published by LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

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