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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor Zhang Guanghui

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Chief Editor

**Zhang Guangkui**

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# VERSE    VERSION

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



## English-Chinese Version

### I Asked a Thief<sup>1</sup>

William Blake<sup>2</sup>

I asked a thief to steal me a peach,  
He turned up his eyes;  
I ask'd a lithe lady to lie her down,  
Holy & meek she cries.

As soon as I went  
An angel came.  
He wink'd at the thief  
And smiled at the dame—

And without one word said  
Had a peach from the tree  
And still as a maid  
Enjoy'd the lady.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. The Norton Anthology of English Literature (Eighth Edition) (Vol. D). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 123.

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

Translation:

## 我请一个贼

威廉·布莱克

我请一个贼去给我偷个桃，  
他惊恐地睁大双眼；  
我请一个轻佻的女人同塌，  
她圣洁&温顺地痛哭。

当我刚刚离开，  
一位天使就进来了。  
他冲那个贼眨了眨眼  
冲那个女人微微一笑——

一个字都没说，  
桃就从树上偷了下来  
如女仆一般  
那妇人任他独享。

（赵嘏 译）

## Stanzas for Music<sup>1</sup>

George Gordon Byron<sup>2</sup>

There be none of Beauty's daughters

With a magic like thee;

And like music on the waters

Is thy sweet voice to me:

When, as if its sound were causing

The charmed ocean's pausing,

The waves lie still and gleaming,

And the lulled winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving

Her bright chain o'er the deep;

Whose breast is gently heaving,

As an infant's asleep.

So the spirit bows before thee,

To listen and adore thee;

With a full but soft emotion,

Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Eighth Edition) (Vol. D). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 614.

<sup>2</sup> George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824), an English poet and a leading figure in the Romantic Movement. Among Byron's best-known works are the lengthy narrative poems *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and the short lyric *She Walks in Beauty*.

Translation:

## 乐章

乔治·戈登·拜伦

美神之女集如云

然无汝妙曼；

宛若海上生天籁

汝音至于吾：

仿似此音憾天地

汪洋亦沉迷，

海波粼粼悄无息，

海风默默似入梦。

夜半钩月织银帘

丝丝网深海；

香波酥胸轻起伏，

仿如梦中婴。

精灵感此拜汝前，

倾怀爱汝美；

胸中爱浓情义柔，

犹似夏日之长浪。

（赵赓 译）

## **So, We'll Go no More A-Roving<sup>1</sup>**

George Gordon Byron

So, we'll go no more a roving

So late into the night,

Though the heart be still as loving,

And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,

And the soul wears out the breast,

And the heart must pause to breathe,

And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,

And the day returns too soon,

Yet we'll go no more a roving

By the light of the moon.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Eighth Edition) (Vol. D). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 616.

Translation:

## 如此，我们不再漫游

乔治·戈登·拜伦

如此，我们不再漫游，  
    黑夜深沉，  
纵然心中爱意汹涌，  
    月亮高悬。

因为剑磨损了剑鞘，  
    灵魂疲惫了胸膛，  
心脏停止了跳动，  
    爱已沉睡。

纵然夜色柔和，  
    白日即将来临，  
在月光下，  
    我们却不再漫游。

（刘旭丽 译）

## **I Am<sup>1</sup>**

John Clare<sup>2</sup>

I am—yet what I am, none cares or knows;  
My friends forsake me like a memory lost:—  
I am the self-consumer of my woes;—  
They rise and vanish in oblivion's host,  
Like shadows in love's frenzied stifled throes:—  
And yet I am, and live—like vapours tossed

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,—  
Into the living sea of waking dreams,  
Where there is neither sense of life or joys,  
But the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems;  
Even the dearest that I love the best  
Are strange—nay, rather, stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man hath never roved,  
A place where woman never smiled or wept,  
There to abide with my Creator, God,  
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,  
Untroubling and untroubled where I lie,  
The grass below—above, the vaulted sky.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Eighth Edition) (Vol. D). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 857.

<sup>2</sup> John Clare (1793-1864), an English poet. His poetry underwent a major re-evaluation in the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, and he is now often considered to be among the most important 19th-century poets.

Translation:

## 我存在

约翰·克莱尔

我存在——但我是什么，无人知道，无人在意；

我的朋友们弃我如一段遗失的记忆：——

我独饮悲伤，独自消化；——

悲伤在健忘的主人心中涌现又消散，

就像爱在窒息时狂乱挣扎的影子：——

可我还存在，还活着——蒸汽飘荡

飘进嘲讽和嘈杂的虚无，——

坠入白日梦的生命之海，

这里既没有生命的意义也没有一丝喜悦，

只有我生命尊严的巨骸；

即使是那些最亲爱的，我最爱的

也变得陌生——甚至，比其他人更生疏。

我渴望人类从未涉足的圣地，

没有女人的欢笑或哭泣

在那有我的造物者，上帝，

且有童年般舒坦甜美梦乡，

既不打扰也不被扰，我躺的地方，

以青草为席——以苍穹为被。

（刘曼玲 译）



## **The Peasant Poet<sup>1</sup>**

John Clare

He loved the brook's soft sound,  
The swallow swimming by;  
He loved the daisy-covered ground,  
The cloud-bedappled sky.  
To him the dismal storm appeared  
The very voice of God,  
And where the evening rack was reared  
Stood Moses with his rod.  
And everything his eyes surveyed,  
The insects i' the brake,  
Were creatures God Almighty made——  
He loved them for His sake:  
A silent man in life's affairs,  
A thinker from a boy,  
A peasant in his daily cares——  
The poet in his joy.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Eighth Edition) (Vol. D). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 860.

Translation:

## 农民诗人

约翰·克莱尔

他喜欢小溪柔和的声音，  
燕子正游过；  
他喜欢雏菊覆盖的大地，  
云儿在天上铺陈。  
对他来说，阴沉的暴风雨好似  
上帝发出的声音，  
当傍晚的支架竖起  
摩西正拿着杆子站立。  
他的眼睛所探查到的所有东西  
都是全能的上帝创造出来的，  
而“我”这种昆虫是阉——  
因上帝的缘故，他爱他们：  
一个生活琐事中的沉默的人，  
一个从男孩成长起来的思想家，  
一个日常生活中的农民——  
沉浸在喜悦中的诗人。

（雷艳妮 译）

## Loveliest of Trees<sup>1</sup>

A. E. Houseman<sup>2</sup>

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
And stands about the woodland ride  
Wearing white for Eastertide.  
Now, of my threescore years and ten,  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy springs a score,  
It only leaves me fifty more.  
And since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty springs are little room,  
About the woodlands I will go,  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Eighth Edition) (Vol. F). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 1948-1949.

<sup>2</sup> A. E. Houseman (1859-1936), an English classical scholar and poet, best known to the general public for his cycle of poems *A Shropshire Lad*.

Translation:

## 最可爱的树

A. E. 豪斯曼

最可爱的树，是樱桃，  
如今枝头繁花夭夭，  
立于林间道旁，  
为复活节身着银装。  
而今，若我能享古稀之寿，  
廿年亦已不返东流。  
七十阳春中取走二十，  
于我唯有五十留之。  
为看繁花烂漫，  
五十阳春何其短暂，  
我要走过林地层叠，  
看樱桃枝头花开如雪。

（刘朝晖 译）

## When I Was One-and-Twenty<sup>1</sup>

A. E. Houseman

When I was one-and-twenty

I heard a wise man say,

“Give crowns and pounds and guineas

But not your heart away;

Give pearls away and rubies

But keep your fancy free.”

But I was one-and-twenty,

No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty

I heard him say again,

“The heart out of the bosom

Was never given in vain;

‘Tis paid with sighs a plenty

And sold for endless rue.”

And I am two-and-twenty,

And oh, ‘tis true, ‘tis true.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. The Norton Anthology of English Literature (Eighth Edition) (Vol. F). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 1949.

Translation:

## 当我年曾二十一

A. E. 豪斯曼

当我年曾二十一，

听闻智者谆谆语：

“宁抛王冠与金币，

切勿背弃赤子心；

宁失珠宝之珍稀，

切勿折损幻想翼。”

而我曾年二十一，

不悟此言之深意。

当我曾年二十一，

又闻智者谆谆语：

“付诸楚楚之真心，

不会白白东流去；

偿以忧忧之叹息，

得以无尽之悔意。”

而今我年二十二，

哎，方悟真谛，真谛！

（唐亚琪 译）

## **The Soldier<sup>1</sup>**

Rupert Brooke<sup>2</sup>

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field

That is forever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,

Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,

A body of England's, breathing English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away.

A pulse in the Eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given,

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;

And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,

In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Eighth Edition) (Vol. F). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 1956.

<sup>2</sup> Rupert Brooke (1887-1915), an English poet known for his idealistic war sonnets written during the First World War, especially "The Soldier".

Translation:

## 士兵

鲁伯特·布鲁克

我死后，只需记得我：

心属某异域，

永远的英格兰，在那富有的土地上

遮埋着一颗更富有的尘粒；

尘粒在英格兰孕育，塑造，启蒙，

给他以爱的花朵，给他以漫步的小径，

属于英格兰的身躯，呼吸着英格兰的空气，

享受河流的洗礼，家乡暖阳的庇佑。

想想这颗心，撇去一切罪孽。

上苍大脑的一次脉动，不亚于

反馈给某处英格兰曾赐予的思想，

予她光明和声音；予她如白昼幸福的梦；

予她欢声笑语，予她亲密朋友；予她温馨；

在平和的心中，在英格兰的苍穹下。

（肖小军 译）



## Adlestrop<sup>1</sup>

Edward Thomas<sup>2</sup>

Yes, I remember Adlestrop—  
The name, because one afternoon  
Of heat the express-train drew up there  
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.  
No one left and no one came  
On the bare platform. What I saw  
Was Adlestrop—only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,  
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,  
No whit less still and lonely fair  
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang  
Close by, and round him, mistier,  
Farther and farther, all the birds  
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Eighth Edition) (Vol. F). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 1957.

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

Translation:

## 一个废弃的火车站

爱德华·托马斯

是的，我记得爱德乔普——  
六月底，炎热的下午，  
快车临时停车，靠在那里，  
一个废弃的车站，我记得她名字。

汽笛响了几下，有人清了下嗓子，  
没人走，没人来。  
空空的站台。我看到  
爱德乔普——只有这名字。

柳树，柳叶菜，荒草地，  
绣线菊，干草堆。  
和那天上的碎云一般  
孤寂、悠远、舒服。

一只黑鸟唱了起来，  
就在旁边，围着她，越来越像雾。  
越来越远的是——  
牛津郡的、光明堡的，所有的鸟。

（赵恺 译）

## To His Love<sup>1</sup>

Ivor Gurney<sup>2</sup>

He's gone, and all our plans  
Are useless indeed.  
We'll walk no more on Cotswold  
Where the sheep feed  
Quietly and take no heed.

His body that was so quick  
Is not as you  
Knew it, on Severn river  
Under the blue  
Driving our small boat through.

You would not know him now...  
But still he died  
Noddy, so cover him over  
With violets of pride  
Purple from Severn side.

Cover him, cover him soon!  
And with thick-set  
Masses of memoried flowers—  
Hide that red wet  
Thing I must somehow forget.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Eighth Edition) (Vol. F). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 1965-1966.

<sup>2</sup> Ivor Gurney (1890-1937), an English composer and poet.

Translation:

## 给恋人

艾弗·格尼

他去了，我们一切计划  
已毫无意义。  
我们将不再于科茨沃尔德一起漫步  
那里羊儿静静吃草  
心无旁骛

他过去身手敏捷  
不如你如今  
所熟悉，塞文河畔  
蓝天下  
我们驾着小船划过

你现在已无法了解他……  
但他已经逝去  
虔诚的，因而用骄傲的紫罗兰  
塞文河畔的紫色  
给他盖上

给他盖上，立刻盖上！  
盖得严严实实  
用一簇簇难忘的花——  
盖住那透红湿润的  
我必须设法忘却的东西。

（肖小军 译）

## **Futility**<sup>1</sup>

Wilfred Owen<sup>2</sup>

Move him into the sun—  
Gently its touch awoke him once,  
At home, whispering of fields half-sown.  
Always it woke him, even in France,  
Until this morning and this snow.  
If anything might rouse him now  
The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds—  
Woke once the clays of a cold star.  
Are limbs, so dear achieved, are sides  
Full-nerved, still warm, too hard to stir?  
Was it for this the clay grew tall?  
— O what made fatuous sunbeams toil  
To break earth's sleep at all?

---

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Greenblatt, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Eighth Edition) (Vol. F). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2006: 1976.

<sup>2</sup> Wilfred Owen (1893-1918), an English poet and soldier, one of the leading poets of the First World War.

Translation:

## 徒劳

威尔弗雷德·欧文

把他移到阳光底下去——  
它温柔的抚触曾唤醒他，  
在家乡，半播种的田地低语，  
总能叫醒他，即便是在法国，  
这个早晨，这片雪里。  
如果什么能在现在唤醒他  
和善的老太阳会知道的。

想想它是怎么唤醒种子的——  
它曾激起一颗寒星。  
这四肢、珍贵获得的、是枝蔓吗  
布满神经，还温热着，太难惊醒？  
就是为此身躯才长大变高？  
——哦究竟什么让愚顽的阳光辛劳  
打破泥土的沉睡？

（王璇 译）

## Chinese-English Version

### 杂诗<sup>1</sup>

王维<sup>2</sup>

君自故乡来，  
应知故乡事。  
来日绮窗前，  
寒梅著花未。

---

<sup>1</sup> 喻守真. 唐诗三百首详析. 北京:中华书局, 2005:325.

<sup>2</sup> Wang Wei (王维, 699-759), was a Tang dynasty Chinese poet, musician, painter, and statesman. Many of his poems are preserved, and twenty-nine were included in the highly influential 18th century anthology *Three Hundred Tang Poems*.

Translation:

## **A Poem**

Wang Wei

You come from the hometown;  
Of it you must more or less know.  
The day you depart, before the window  
Do the winter plums come to flower?

(Trans. Xiao Xiaojun)



## 宿建德江<sup>1</sup>

孟浩然<sup>2</sup>

移舟泊烟渚，  
日暮客愁新。  
野旷天低树，  
江清月近人。

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<sup>1</sup> 喻守真. 唐诗三百首详析. 北京:中华书局, 2005:334.

<sup>2</sup> Meng Haoran (孟浩然, 691–740), a major Tang Dynasty poet, and a major influence on other contemporary and subsequent poets of the High Tang era because of his focus on nature as a main topic for poetry.

Translation:

## **On Jiande River**

Meng Haoran

A boat roves  
    into a misty pier.  
Upon there,  
    stands mere a traveler.

Above the heaven,  
    trees stretch beyond the vast moor.  
Beside the man,  
    moons flirt with the crystal river.

(Trans. Zhao Kai)

## 采桑子<sup>1</sup>

欧阳修<sup>2</sup>

轻舟短棹西湖好，

绿水逶迤。

芳草长堤。

隐隐笙歌处处随。

无风水面琉璃滑，

不觉船移。

微动涟漪。

惊起沙禽掠岸飞。

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<sup>1</sup> 俞陛云. 唐五代两宋词选释. 上海: 上海古籍出版社, 2011: 130.

<sup>2</sup> Ouyang Xiu (欧阳修, 1007-1073) was one of most famous Chinese poet of the Song Dynasty, born in Lulin (now Ji'an, Jiangxi).

Translation:

## **Tune: Gathering Mulberry Leaves<sup>1</sup>**

Ouyang Xiu

With light boats, short oars, West Lake seems in grace.

Green water drifts along;

At bank, sweet weeds prolong.

Anywhere, a flute song does faintly diffuse.

Without wind, the water surface is smooth like jade.

The boat moves no more in sense.

The ripple behind slightly goes,

The startled wading-birds flew off sandy glade.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

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

## 鹧鸪天<sup>1</sup>

苏轼<sup>2</sup>

林断山明竹隐墙。  
乱蝉衰草小池塘。  
翻空白鸟时时见，  
照水红蕖细细香。

村舍外，古城旁。  
杖藜徐步转斜阳。  
殷勤昨夜三更雨，  
又得浮生一日凉。

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<sup>1</sup> 俞陛云. 唐五代两宋词选释. 上海：上海古籍出版社, 2011: 130.

<sup>2</sup> Su Shi (苏轼, 1037-1101), also known as Su Tungpo, was a Chinese writer, poet, painter, calligrapher, pharmacologist, gastronome, and a statesman of the Song dynasty.

Translation:

### **Tune: Zhe Gu Tian<sup>1</sup>**

Su Shi

At forests' end appears the hill; bamboos shade wall.  
Cicadas in the withered grass by the pond shrill.  
White birds are looping now and then in the air;  
Pink lotus o'er the water diffuses fragrant smell.

Outside the cottage, beside the town,  
I stroll with a cane to the slanting sun.  
Thanks to the last mid-night rain,  
I can rest my floating life in a cool day.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

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

## 墓碑<sup>1</sup>

袁可嘉<sup>2</sup>

愿这诗是我底墓碑，  
当生命熟透为尘埃：  
当名字收拾起全存在，  
独自看墓上花落花开；

说这人自远处走来，  
这儿他来过不只一回；  
刚才卷一包山水，  
去死底窗口望月！

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<sup>1</sup> 吴晓东. 中国新诗总系（1937-1949）. 北京：人民文学出版社, 2009: 154.

<sup>2</sup> Yuan Kejia (袁可嘉, 1921 – 2008), born in Zhejiang, was a famous poet, translator and a specialist in British and American literature.

Translation:

## **Tombstone**

Yuan Kejia

May this verse be my tombstone,  
When life maturely turns into dust:  
When the name collects everything,  
Alone watching the flowers bloom and wither on graves;

It is said that the man came from distance,  
And he came here more than once;  
Just now rolled up a pack of hill and river,  
To overlook the moon from the window of death!

(Trans. Deng Yuping)



## 梦去了<sup>1</sup>

俞明传<sup>2</sup>

梦去了，  
留下了一列特别快车  
深夜里蜿蜒于山谷中  
听自己的心脏跳动。

梦有香蕉的味，  
梦有文旦的味，  
梦有悲多汶的交响乐的味，  
有明矾的味，  
有什景的味。

一个细胞有一个旅客的心情：  
旅行者或以希望为餐，  
或以忧虑为饮。

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<sup>1</sup> 姜涛. 中国新诗总系（1917-1927）. 北京：人民文学出版社，2010：242.

<sup>2</sup> Yu Mingchuan (俞明传, 1903-1983) was a modern poet, translator and literary critic in China.

Translation:

## **A Dream Has Gone**

Yu Mingchuan

A dream has gone,  
Leaving an express train  
Winding its way into the valley deep into the night  
Listening to the beating of its own heart.

The dream has a savor of banana,  
The dream has a flavour of pomelo,  
The dream has the taste of Beethoven's symphony,  
And the sour of alums,  
And the color of Shi Jin.

Each cell experiences a mood of a traveler:  
The traveler seems either to eat hope,  
Or to drink anxiety.

(Trans. Liu Manling)

## 江岸<sup>1</sup>

蒋锡金<sup>2</sup>

江岸的清晨  
一抹淡雾吹散开了；  
成群结队的人走过，  
唱着义勇军进行曲。

我也随着唱，  
江风拂过我脸上；  
空中的汽笛好嘹亮，  
默默地，江水在涨。

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<sup>1</sup> 吴晓东. 中国新诗总系（1937-1949）. 北京：人民文学出版社, 2009: 293.

<sup>2</sup> Jiang Xijin (蒋锡金, 1915-2003), was a famous poet, writer and scholar in China. He is famous for Lu Xun literature studies.

Translation:

## **On the River Bank**

Jiang Xijin

In the morning, on the river bank,  
A wisp of fog has been blown away:  
Troops of people passing by,  
Singing The March of the Volunteers.

I also singing along,  
River breeze over my face blows:  
So resonant is the siren in the air,  
Silently, the river is rising.

(Trans. Liu Xuli)

# 火<sup>1</sup>

冯雪峰<sup>2</sup>

火！哦，如果是火！

你投掷在黑夜！

你燃烧在黑夜！

我心中有一团火，

我要投出到黑夜去！

让它在那里燃烧，

而它越燃越炽烈！

熊熊的火！

炽烈的火！

黑夜吞没着它，

黑夜燃烧着它！

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<sup>1</sup> 吴晓东. 中国新诗总系（1937-1949）. 北京：人民文学出版社，2009：301.

<sup>2</sup> Feng Xuefeng (冯雪峰, 1903-1976), born in Zhe Jiang, was a modern poet and literary critic in China.

Translation:

## **Fire**

Feng Xuefeng

Fire! Oh, if it is fire!

You throw it into the night!

You burn it into the night!

There is a fire in my heart,

I want to throw it into the night!

Let it burn there,

Burning much more fiercely!

Blazing fire!

Flaming fire!

The night swallows it,

Also burns it.

(Trans. Luo Shuyun)

## 漂泊之歌<sup>1</sup>

刘岚山<sup>2</sup>

我似海中的鸟，  
宇宙是我的家；

我似流水里的落花，  
随波到海角天涯；

我似匹无缰之马，  
奔驰万里，到处为家；

我是个漂泊者——要走遍天下。

漂泊呵！

从花儿落了又开花！

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<sup>1</sup> 吴晓东. 中国新诗总系（1937-1949）. 北京：人民文学出版社, 2009: 498.

<sup>2</sup> Liu Lanshan(刘岚山, 1919-2004), born in An Hui, was a modern poet and writer in China.

Translation:

## **Song of Wandering**

Liu Lanshan

Like a bird over the sea,  
The whole dome is my home;

Like a falling flower in the water,  
I drift to the ends of every quarter;

Like a horse without rein,  
I gallop homeless miles, in sunshine or rain;

I am a wanderer— wanna wander throughout the world.

Go wandering!

Flowers withering and again blooming!

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)



## 风景<sup>1</sup>

曹葆华<sup>2</sup>

列车轧在中国的肋骨上  
一节接着一节社会问题  
比邻而居的是茅屋和田野间的坟  
生活距离终点这样近  
夏天的土地绿得丰饶自然  
兵士的新装绿得旧褪凄惨  
惯爱想一路走来行过的地方  
说不出生疏却是一般的黯淡  
瘦的耕牛和更瘦的人  
都是病，不是风景

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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: 116.

<sup>2</sup> Cao Baohua (曹葆华, 1906-1978), born in Leshan City, Sichuan province, was a modern poet and writer in China.

Translation:

## Scenery

Cao Baohua

The train is rolling on China's ribs,  
With sections and sections of social problems.  
Cottages neighbor tombs in the field,  
So close from life to the end.  
The land in summer is green as nature fecund;  
The uniform on soldiers is green as misery faded.  
Get used to recall the places all the way been through,  
Not strange, but rather dim.  
Thin bull and thinner man  
Are both sickness, not scenery.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

## Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

### John Donne

John Donne (1572-1631) was an English poet and a cleric in the Church of England, and was considered the outstanding representative of “Metaphysical Poets”. As a distinguished preacher, some 160 of his sermons survive and preach to different walks of life. He was born in London into a devout Roman Catholic household and buried in old St Paul’s Cathedral.

John Donne’s poems are rich in startling images, puns, paradoxes, and metaphors known as “conceits”. Among all his works, Donne’s Songs and Sonnets have gained him major reputation and are mainly talking about the relationship between lover’s private world and the wider public world.

Here the eight poems from *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Volume 1B: The Sixteenth Century/ The Early Seventeenth Century, 7th Edition, W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.,) are translated by Chen Liu.

## 约翰·多恩

约翰·多恩（1572-1631）是一位英国诗人，英国国教牧师，被公认为“玄学派诗人”的杰出代表。作为一名出色的牧师，多恩有约 160 篇布道辞流传下来并向社会各阶层人士宣讲。他出生于伦敦一个虔诚的罗马天主教家庭，死后被葬于圣保罗大教堂。

约翰·多恩的诗歌富于令人心惊的意象、双关、悖论、以及暗喻，即广为人知的“奇思妙喻”。在其所有的作品中，多恩的《歌与短诗》最为著名，这些诗歌主要讨论了情人的私密空间和更为广阔的外部空间之间的关系。

此处的 8 首诗歌选自 *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Volume 1B: The Sixteenth Century/The Early Seventeenth Century, 7th Edition, W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.), 由陈柳翻译。

## The Flea

John Donne

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,  
How little that which thou deniest me is;  
Me it sucked first, and now sucks thee,  
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be;  
Thou know'st that this cannot be said  
A sin, or shame, or loss of maidenhead,  
Yet this enjoys before it woo,  
And pampered swells with one blood made of two,  
And this, alas, is more than we would do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,  
Where we almost, nay more than married are.  
This flea is you and I, and this  
Our marriage bed and marriage temple is;  
Though parents grudge, and you, we are met,  
And cloistered in these living walls of jet.  
Though use make you apt to kill me,  
Let not to that, self – murder added be,  
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since  
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?  
Wherein could this flea guilty be,  
Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?  
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou  
Find'st not thy self nor me the weaker now;  
'Tis true; then learn how false fears be:  
Just so much honor, when thou yield'st to me,  
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

Translation:

## 跳蚤

约翰·多恩

看这只跳蚤，就会知道，  
你对我的拒绝是多么微不足道。  
它吸完我的血，接着又吸你，  
我俩的血液在它体内合二为一，  
这是不能说的秘密  
是罪过，是失贞，是羞耻，  
它只图享乐不管求爱，  
血液使它全身肿胀，沉溺着  
远比我俩逍遥。

啊！住手，一只跳蚤三条性命，  
它几乎是，啊，不，它就是我们的婚约所在。  
是你和我，是婚床，是婚姻的殿堂。  
父母怨责，你也不愿，我们终究相遇，  
这墨黑的吐着气的墙将我们遮掩。  
俗念指使你杀了我，  
断了那念头，断送我也断送你自己，罪加一等，  
杀害三条性命，那是亵渎神明，罪更加一等。

多么残酷，只在一瞬，  
你的指甲便被无辜的鲜血浸透成紫红。  
到底跳蚤罪过在何处？  
它真不该吸了你的那滴血，  
你以胜者之态宣告，我俩未伤分毫。  
此话不假，现在你该知道无需担惊受怕：  
你接受我，你的荣誉将受折损，  
但这就像被跳蚤咬了一口。

## **The Good-Morrow**

John Donne

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I  
Did, till we loved? Were we not weaned till then,  
But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?  
Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den?  
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.  
If ever any beauty I did see,  
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking souls,  
Which watch not one another out of fear;  
For love all love of other sights controls,  
And makes one little room an everywhere.  
Let sea – discoverers to new worlds have gone,  
Let maps to others, worlds on worlds have shown:  
Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,  
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;  
Where can we find two better hemispheres,  
Without sharp North, without declining West?  
Whatever dies was not mixed equally;  
If our two loves be one, or thou and I  
Love so alike that none do slacken, none can die.

Translation:

## 早安

约翰·多恩

我很想知道，我俩相爱之前的生活是什么样？  
难不成还在吃奶？  
或如孩童般依恋乡野之趣？  
或在七眠子的山洞中打呼噜？  
的确是这样；但一切欢乐实则虚幻，  
如果我曾见过美，  
渴求过美，获得过美，那也只是一个关于你的梦。

现在，让我们向醒来的灵魂说声早安，  
两个灵魂互相瞧着，没有一丝戒备。  
爱，令万般风景失色，  
令此处皆是他处。  
让海洋探索者去新世界扬帆吧，  
让数不清的世界地图把他们蛊惑。  
独我俩成一个世界，只有我俩。

我俩只在彼此的眼波里徜徉，  
两颗真心只栖息在各自的脸庞，  
去哪儿找更称心的半球？  
没有酷寒的北，没有衰败的西？  
死亡皆因失衡，  
若我俩爱成一气，或惺惺相惜，  
没人会衰病或者死去。



## Song

John Donne

Go and catch a falling star,  
Get with child a mandrake root,  
Tell me where all past years are,  
Or who cleft the Devil's foot,  
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,  
Or to keep off envy's stinging,  
And find  
What wind  
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou beest born to strange sights,  
Things invisible to see,  
Ride ten thousand days and nights,  
Till age snow white hairs on thee,  
Thou, when thou return'st, will tell me  
All strange wonders that befall thee,  
And swear  
No where  
Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,  
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;  
Yet do not, I would not go,  
Though at next door we might meet;  
Though she were true when you met her,  
And last till you write your letter,  
Yet she  
Will be  
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

Translation:

## 歌

约翰·多恩

去抓一颗流星，  
去孕育一株曼德拉草，  
告诉我时光的去向，  
告诉我谁劈开了魔鬼的脚，  
教教我吧，  
如何听得见人鱼歌唱，  
如何躲得过忌妒刺伤，  
还要认得清哪一阵风儿令真心飞扬。

若你天赋异禀，  
能见人所不见，  
来骑马吧，骑一万个日与夜，  
直到霜雪攀上你的发际。  
但，当你归来，定会告诉我，  
这所有的奇闻轶事。  
定会与我赌咒，  
这世间，  
竟没有一个真心而美丽的女子

若你寻得一位，请告知我，  
这样的朝圣，将是甜蜜的。  
但，还是算了吧，我是不会去的，  
尽管，她可能就在我的隔壁。  
就算见面那一刻她是真心的，  
就在你写封信的工夫，我人还没到，  
她便欺骗了两个或三个了。

## **Break of Day**

John Donne

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?  
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?  
Why should we rise because 'tis light?  
Did we lie down because 'twas night?  
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,  
Should in despite of light keep us together.  
Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;  
If it could speak as well as spy,  
This were the worst that it could say,  
That being well, I fain would stay,  
And that I loved my heart and honor so  
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?  
O, that's the worst disease of love.  
The poor, the foul, the false, love can  
Admit, but not the busied man.  
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do  
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

Translation:

## 破晓

约翰·多恩

是的，天亮了。谁说不是呢？  
你就要离我而去了吗？  
为什么天亮就意味着起身？  
难不成一到夜晚我们就躺下了吗？  
爱，冲破黑暗，让我们走在一起，  
难道光明还不足以让我们相守吗？  
光线没有嘴，但全身是眼，  
如果它能像间谍一样，开口说话，  
这是它说过的最难听的话，  
那么好吧，我非常乐意留下，  
我爱我的心，并尊重它  
不会背弃于它，放它离去。

从此不要再说你有事在身，  
哦，那是爱情的杀手。  
爱情可以接受贫穷，肮脏，虚假，  
但绝不向忙碌之人妥协。  
让一个繁忙的人造爱，  
是大错特错，  
这就好比让一个已婚男士去求婚。

## Love's Alchemy

John Donne

Some that have deeper digged love's mine than I,  
Say where his centric happiness doth lie:  
I have loved, got, and told,  
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,  
I should not find that hidden mystery;  
O, 'tis imposture all:  
And as no chemic yet the elixir got,  
But glorifies his pregnant pot  
If by the way to him befall  
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal;  
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,  
But get a winter - seeming summer's night.  
Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day,  
Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay?  
Ends love in this, that my man  
Can be as happy as I can, if he can  
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play?  
That loving wretch that swears  
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,  
Which he in her angelic finds,  
Would swear as justly that he hears,  
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.  
Hope not for mind in women; at their best  
Sweetness and wit, they are but mummy, possessed.

Translation:

## 爱的炼金术

约翰·多恩

在爱的金矿挖地更深的人说  
那是他毕生快乐所在：  
我曾爱过，得到过，述说过，  
但即便如此，  
直到我老了，  
也寻不见那深藏的奥秘。  
哦，这全是骗人的把戏：  
没有一个术士炼得过仙丹，  
都只会吹捧那只耐人寻味的锅。  
其实他只是碰巧制出些芳香的药丸，  
于是情人们梦想着丰韵悠长的夜晚  
却只得到冷若冰霜的夏夜。  
我们的闲暇、资产、名声和光阴，  
难道都要付诸于这虚妄的泡影？  
如果爱情到最后都只是草草收场，  
岂不是我的仆人也能像我一样有幸？  
只要他能忍受那一点对新郎的戏谑。  
那只被爱迷惑的可怜虫信誓旦旦地说  
她有天使般的灵魂，  
他和她是心灵的结合，而非肉体，  
这就好像在说，  
他在粗鲁刺耳的游吟曲里听到了仙乐。  
别期望在女人身上看到心灵，  
最甜蜜、最聪慧的女人也不过是鬼魂附体的木乃伊。

## **The Apparition**

John Donne

When by thy scorn, O murderess, I am dead,  
And that thou thinkst thee free  
From all solicitation from me,  
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,  
And thee, feigned vestal, in worse arms shall see;  
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,  
And he whose thou art then, being tired before,  
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think  
Thou call'st for more,  
And in false sleep will from thee shrink,  
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou  
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie  
A verier ghost than I;  
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,  
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,  
I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,  
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

Translation:

## 幽灵

约翰·多恩

凶手，你的嘲笑致我于死地，  
你以为从此再听不见我苦苦恳求？  
我还有魂魄，  
你这假正经，会眼睁睁看着  
我的魂魄爬上你的床，  
你毫无招架之力。  
接着，连你那病怏怏的烛火也开始眨巴，  
你之前厌烦的，  
如今找上你的门，  
你敢挣扎试试，  
只会将他吵醒，  
再多给你几下，  
你在假眠中不断萎缩，  
在水银热疗中冷汗津津，  
懦弱的山杨树，  
才不理睬你，  
它会扮成比我更可怕的鬼魂。  
我的遗言不会叫你知道，  
那会成为你的护身符。  
既然我的爱已耗光，  
我宁愿你在忏悔中煎熬，  
以免我的恶言替你赎罪。



## **The Funeral**

John Donne

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm  
Nor question much  
That subtle wreath of hair which crowns my arm;  
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,  
For 'tis my outward soul,  
Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,  
Will leave this to control,  
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall  
Through every part  
Can tie those parts and make me one of all,  
These hairs which upward grew, and strength and art  
Have from a better brain,  
Can better do it; except she meant that I  
By this should know my pain,  
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemned to die.

What'er she meant by it, bury it with me,  
For since I am  
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,  
If into others' hands these relics came:  
As 'twas humility  
To afford to it all that a soul can do,  
So 'tis some bravery,  
That since you would save none of me, I bury some of you.

Translation:

## 葬礼

约翰·多恩

无论谁来为我穿上尸衣，  
别弄坏，也别问太多关于  
环在我臂上的细柔发丝，  
她是象征，也是迷，  
决不可触碰，  
她是我灵魂的外衣，  
她总领一切，  
直到上了天堂，  
她还得管辖我的肢体，即她的领土，以防瓦解。

如果我脑中发达的神经能游走，  
将我的每一部分联成一个整体，  
向上生长的头发，力量，以及更智慧的头脑，  
那会成就一个更完美的我。  
因为也许她只是想给我个教训，  
让我知道听闻死讯的痛苦，  
就像囚犯被宣判死刑，带上手铐的那一刻。

不管她意图如何，请将花环与我埋葬，  
因为自此我便是爱的殉道者，这可能催生崇拜，  
如果我的遗物落入他人之手。  
这是一个灵魂可以承受的最大的羞辱，  
确实勇气可嘉，  
既然你连我的一个碎片都不愿留下，  
我将把一部分的你与我埋葬。

## **A Lecture upon the Shadow**

John Donne

Stand still, and I will read to thee  
A lecture, Love, in love's philosophy.  
These three hours that we have spent  
Walking here, two shadows went  
Along with us, which we ourselves produced;  
But, now the sun is just above our head,  
We do those shadows tread  
And to brave clearness all things are reduced.  
So, whilst our infant loves did grow,  
Disguises did and shadows flow  
From us and our care; but now, 'tis not so.

That love hath not attained the high'st degree  
Which is still diligent lest others see.

Except our loves at this noon stay,  
We shall new shadows make the other way.  
As the first were made to blind  
Others, these which come behind  
Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.  
If our loves faint and westwardly decline,  
To me thou falsely thine  
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.  
The morning shadows wear away,  
But these grow longer all the day,  
But, oh, love's day is short if love decay.

Love is a growing or full constant light,  
And his first minute after noon is night.

Translation:

## 关于影子的一课

约翰·多恩

停下来，听我给你讲一课，亲爱的，  
讲讲爱的哲理。  
这三小时，我俩在散步，  
影子随着，是我俩自己造出的影子。  
现在太阳已爬至头顶，  
我俩踩在影子上，  
周遭一切都缩成异常清晰的一团。  
我俩的爱情成长了不少，  
不再像起初那般遮掩，  
忧虑也像影子一样已从我俩身边溜走。  
但是如今，一切都变了样。

我俩的爱未达顶峰，  
它依然在费尽心机，以免他人知晓。

除非爱在正午，  
影子会和从前不一样。  
最初，它们蒙了他人的眼，  
现在，蒙了自己的眼。  
假如我俩的爱难逃厄运，西行渐远，  
我将视你为虚假之人，  
你将视我为伪饰之徒。  
清晨的影子消逝无踪，  
下午的影子一点点拉长，  
但是，哦，爱走的真快，若爱已腐坏。

爱是一道光线，它不停生长直至饱满。  
但正午一过，即是黑暗。

（陈柳 译）

## Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

### Lin Huiyin

Lin Huiyin (1904–1955), born in Hangzhou Zhejiang, was a noted 20th-century Chinese poet, writer and architect. She is known to be the first female architect in modern China and her husband the famed “Father of Modern Chinese Architecture” Liang Sicheng. Lin obtained her degrees both in England and the United States. She first studied in London where she attended St Mary’s College. It was there she became acquainted with the well-known Chinese poet Xu Zhimo. In America, Lin studied art at University of Pennsylvania as an undergraduate along with Liang Sicheng. Despite of her achievements in architecture, Lin is most famous as a poet and writer. Lin wrote free verse, novels and prose. Her most representative works are *You Are the World’s April Days* (《你是人间四月天》), *The Lotus Lantern* (《宝莲灯》), *Of Ninety-nine Degree* (《九十九度中》), among which *You Are the World’s April Days* is the best known, including Lin’s most excellent literary works as well as letters to relatives and friends, from which we may take a glimpse at the inner world of the talented female.

These poems from *Poetry of Lin Huiyin* (Lin Huiyin. Translated by Tang Yaqi. London: Leoman Publishing Co., Ltd, 2014) are translated by Tang Yaqi.

## 林徽因

林徽因 (1904 -1955)，出生于浙江杭州，二十世纪著名的诗人、作家、建筑师。她以现代中国第一女建筑师著称，丈夫梁思成被誉为“现代中国建筑之父”。林徽因在英国和美国都取得过学位。在伦敦期间以优异成绩考入圣玛莉学院学习，并与诗人徐志摩初次相遇。在美国期间，与梁思成一起在宾夕法尼亚大学学习。虽在建筑领域取得一定成就，林徽因最知名的还是作为一名诗人、作家，著有诗歌、小说和散文等。代表作有《你是人间四月天》、《宝莲灯》、《九十九度中》等。其中，《你是人间四月天》最为大众熟知，包含了林徽因最出色的文学作品，以及写给亲人和朋友的书信，从中也能看出一位才华横溢的女性的内心世界。

此处诗歌选自 *Poetry of Lin Huiyin* (Lin Huiyin. Translated by Tang Yaqi. London: Leoman Publishing Co., Ltd, 2014), 由唐亚琪翻译。

## “谁爱这不息的变幻”

林徽因

谁爱这不息的变幻，她的行径？

    催一阵急雨，抹一天云霞，月亮，

    星光，日影，在在都是她的花样，

更不容峰峦与江海偷一刻安定。

骄傲的，她奉着那荒唐的使命：

    看花放蕊树凋零，娇娃做了娘；

    叫河流凝成冰雪，天地变了相；

都市喧哗，再寂成广漠的夜静！

    虽说千万年在她掌握中操纵，

她不曾遗忘一丝毫发的卑微。

难怪她笑永恒是人们造的谎，

    来抚慰恋爱的消失，死亡的痛。

但谁又能参透这幻化的轮回，

谁又大胆的爱过这伟大的变幻？

Translation:

## **“Who Loves the Restless Change”**

Lin Huiyin

Who loves the restless change, her track?

Forcing a sudden shower, coloring a sky of rosy clouds, the moon,  
The starlight, the sun's shadow, are all her tricks,  
Hardly bearing a moment rest of mountains and seas.

Proudly, she undertakes the absurd mission:

Seeing flowers bloom and trees wither, Lolita being mother;  
Making rivers congeal into ice, heaven and earth change appearance;  
Bustling city, sedates again into vast silent night!

Though millions of years are under her control,  
She never loses a trace of humility.

No wonder she laughs that eternity is a man-made lie,

To soothe the disappearance of love, the pain of death.  
But who can fathom the changing circle,  
And who ever boldly loved the grand change?



## 中夜钟声

林徽因

钟声

敛住又敲散

一街的荒凉

听——

那圆的一颗颗声响

直沉下时间

静寂的

咽喉。

像哭泣，

像哀恸，

将这僵黑的

中夜

葬入

那永不见曙星的

空洞——

轻——重，……

——重——轻……

这摇曳的一声声，

又凭谁的主意

把那余剩的忧惶

随着风冷——

纷纷

掷给还不成梦的

人。

Translation:

## **The Mid-night Bell**

Lin Huiyin

The bell  
Held and dispersed  
An alley of desolation

Listen—  
The round round sounds  
Straight down to time's  
Mute  
Throat.

Like weeping,  
Like grieving,  
Bury the deadly dark  
Mid-night  
Into  
Never luminous  
Hollowness—

Soft—loud, ...  
—loud—soft...  
The flickering sounds,  
By whose idea  
Fling the remnant sorrow  
With the wind so cold—  
One by one  
To the yet to dream  
People.

## 你是人间的四月天

林徽因

我说你是人间的四月天；  
笑响点亮了四面风；轻灵  
在春的光艳中交舞着变。

你是四月早天里的云烟，  
黄昏吹着风的软，星子在  
无意中闪，细雨点洒在花前。

那轻，那娉婷，你是，鲜妍  
百花的冠冕你戴着，你是  
天真，庄严，你是夜夜的月圆。

雪化后那片鹅黄，你像；新鲜  
初放芽的绿，你是；柔嫩喜悦  
水光浮动着你梦中期待的白莲。

你是一树一树的花开，是燕  
在梁间呢喃，——你是爱，是暖，  
是希望，你是人间的四月天！

Translation:

## **You Are the World's April Days**

Lin Huiyin

I'll say you are the world's April days;  
Laughters light up the breeze of all ways; so ethereal  
Changing your dance steps in spring's glamorous rays.

You are the cloud of the early spring,  
Dusk blown by the soft wind, stars  
Flickering unaware, drizzle upon blooms spraying.

So gentle, so graceful, you are, fair  
Floral garland crowned on you; you are  
Innocent, sublime, you are the full moon of every night.

The light yellow after the snow melt, you're like;  
The green of fresh buds newly sprouted, you are; in the tender joy  
On shimmering water floats your dreamy white lotus.

You are blooms on trees all over, and swallow  
Under the roof whispering, ——you are love, heat,  
And hope; you are the days of the world's April!

## 雨后天

林徽因

我爱这雨后天，  
这平原的青草一片！  
我的心没底止的跟着风吹，  
风吹：  
吹远了香草，落叶，  
吹远了一缕云，像烟——  
像烟。

Translation:

## **The Day after Rain**

Lin Huiyin

I love the day after rain,  
And the verdant grasses sprawling the plain.  
My heart incessantly blown by the wind,  
Blows the wind:  
Blow away fragrant grass, fallen leaves,  
Blow away a wisp of cloud, like mist—  
Like mist.

## 给秋天

林徽因

正与生命力一切相同，  
我们爱得太是匆匆；  
好像只是昨天，  
你还在我的窗前。

笑脸向着晴空  
你的林叶笑声里染红  
你把黄光当金子般散开  
稚气，奢侈，你没有悲哀。

你的红叶是亲切的牵绊，那零乱  
每早必来缠住我的晨光。  
我也吻你，不顾你的背影隔过玻璃窗！  
你常淘气的闪过，却不对我忸怩。

可是我爱得多么疯狂，  
竟未觉察凄厉的夜晚  
已在你背后尾随，——  
等候着把你残忍的摧毁！

一夜呼号的风声，  
果然没有把我惊醒，  
等到太晚的那个早晨  
啊。天！你已经不见了踪影。

我苛刻的诅咒自己，  
但现在有谁走过这里，  
除却严冬铁样长脸，  
阴霾中，偶然一见。

Translation:

## **To the Fall**

Lin Huiyin

The same as all the lives,  
Our love's in too much haste;  
Feel like yesterday just,  
You still before my window stood.

Smiling face to the cloudless sky  
Your leaves in laughter are red-dyed  
You disperse the yellow light as gold alike  
Childish, luxury, you are not sad.

Your red leaves are intimate bind, and the mess  
Is sure to tangle my daily morning light.  
I kiss you too, regardless of your shadow to window's other side!  
You always naughtily dodge, but to me are never shy.

But my love is so mad,  
Unaware that the shrilling night  
has followed your back,—  
Waiting to brutally have you wrecked!

A night of howling wind,  
Not disturbed me awake.  
Not until that morning too late  
Ah, god! You've already gone without trace.

I harshly on myself curse,  
But now who will pass by here,  
Apart from chilly winter's iron long face,  
Can be seen by accident, in haze.



## 昼梦

林徽因

昼梦，  
垂着纱，  
无从追寻那开始的情绪  
还未曾开的花；  
柔韧得像一根  
乳白色的茎，缠住  
纱帐下；银光  
有时映亮，去了又来；  
盘盘丝路  
一半失落在梦外。

Translation:

## **Day Dream**

Lin Huiyin

Day dream,  
Drooped with veil,  
Can not track the original sentiment,  
The yet to bloom flower;  
Pliable like a  
Milky stem, entangle  
Under the silk curtain; silver light  
Sometimes shines, forth and back;  
Spiral Silk Road  
Is half lost outside the dream.

花竟开了，开了；  
零落的攒集，  
从容的舒展，  
一朵，那千百瓣！  
抖擞那不可言喻的  
刹那情绪，  
庄严峰顶——  
天上一颗星……  
        晕紫，深赤；  
天空外旷碧，  
是颜色同颜色浮溢，腾飞……  
深沉，  
又凝定——  
悄然香馥，  
袅娜一片静。

The flower should bloom, bloom;  
Scattered it gathers,  
Elegant it unfolds,  
One blossom, thousands of petals!  
Rouse the ineffable  
Momentary sentiment,  
Solemn summit—  
A star in the sky...  
        Dim purple, dark scarlet;  
Vast and blue outside the sky,  
Colors and colors flow, and soar...  
Dense,  
And sedate—  
Quiet aroma,  
Ethereally diffuses in the calmness.

昼梦

垂着纱，

无从追踪的情绪

开了花；

四下里香深，

低覆着禅寂，

间或游丝似的摇移，

悠忽一重影；

悲哀或不悲哀

全是无名，

一闪娉婷。

Day dream  
Drooped with veil,  
The untraceable sentiment  
Blooms;  
Profound fragrance around,  
With Zen meditation Permeated,  
Sporadic gossamer-alike waver,  
Idly shadows double;  
Sad or sad not  
Are all in vain,  
A flicker of grace.

(Trans. By Tang Yaqi)

**To our  
honourable poetry scholars**

献给  
所有的诗歌研究者



## Poetics

# William Wordsworth

Long Jingyao

Born in 1770 as a native of Cumberland, William Wordsworth is generally regarded as the leading figure, or rather, the founding father, of English Romantic poetry. He accepted the post of England's Poet Laureateship in 1843 and held it for 7 years until he died in 1850.

In the first 30 years of the 18th century, Classicist poetry was at its prime, and expounding reasons and repressing emotions in poetry became a mode, a fad, a fashion, and a trend. But in the last 20 years of that century, Sentimentalist poetry stood out of other schools of poetry, and people tended to indulge in far-fetched and rootless laments and moans. Being fed up with these trends, Wordsworth came up with his thundering definition of poetry, announcing that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings. Such an act is comparable to a reverent monk's consolidating his teachings by hitting his disciple right on his head with a stick. The endless and shameless haughty, wordy and bulky reasoning in Classicist poetry thus came to an end, and the paranoid and eccentric unfounded tearful sentimentalizing in Sentimentalist poetry in this regard did not go any further. So far as a poem is concerned, emotions and feelings are the essence, the germinating wind, and the core talent.

When Wordsworth was composing his poems, the yardstick for diction is vernaculars, and the personae in his poems had to be the lowly, humble, and unprivileged grassroots folks, which has helped to broaden the subject matters for poetry. As a result country roundelays and ballads found their way into the temple of arts, and they even aspired to occupy the position of orthodox and standard poetry. However, these country lyrics are just like the folk songs in The Book of Songs, which are helpful to entertain people, but are not good enough to enchant and transfix people. Or, to use other comparisons, they are just like country brews and wild fruit, which are good enough to serve as appetizers, but not good enough to support one's physical needs. As we know, these jittering and muttering country lyrics are normally superficial, frivolous and flippant, and they are short of the energizing wind, that is, powerful,

overwhelming emotions.

Prelude is normally regarded as the crowning work of Wordsworth. The completed version of the poem consists of 7881 lines, and all its tens of thousands of words are conveyed within the framework of blank verse. The diction therein is known for its beautiful clarity, the spine or structure is healthily stable, and as a result the poem looks both effulgent and sublime. If, nonetheless, we are to evaluate the poem in terms of emotions and feelings, which are the spawning and germinating wind of a poem, we then can say that it has crossed the frontline of humility and modesty and yet has not reached the bottom-line of effusion and suffusion. As we know, it took Wordsworth around 50 years to compose this poem, and if a poem is to be evaluated according to the extent, or quantity, of emotions and feelings, then what emotions and feelings can be so powerful and continuous that they can powerfully and continuously overflow out of the chest of a poet into a poem for a long 50 years? This poem tends to be speculative and philosophical, which is good for a prose, but as a verse it is a bit too wordy, verbose and over-elaborate. If we are to accept Allan Poe's statement that a poem should be written within certain length so that one can finish reading it within one sitting, then the poem is good as the material for researches, but not good for one to read, recite, and enjoy.

K. J. Stephen used to compose a parodistic sonnet to ridicule Wordsworth, in which the sentences still pass on to our time:

Two voices are there: one is of the deep;  
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,  
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,  
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep:  
And one is of an old half-witted sheep  
Which bleats articulate monotony.....

Apparently Stephen was not quite satisfied with the fact that in many poems by Wordsworth powerful and strong emotions, though powerful and strongly advocated by Wordsworth, are simply a rarity.

As a man, Wordsworth was kind, tender, obedient, courteous, elegant, prudent, humble, and self-disciplined, which distinguished him from others as a gentleman. When he was in his teen, he used to be sent to his uncle's house and take refuge there, but he was not in very good terms with his uncle. Being humiliated, he was contemplating suicide. Shortly after he was over 20, the French Revolution broke out, and with a bold and heroic heart he went to France, trying to support the revolution with his poems. But he soon found that

the revolutionaries were perversely paranoid. A disappointed man, he fell out of the former cohorts and returned to England. In marital affairs or love affairs, Wordsworth was also respectfully modest and considerate. Once he was in love with Vallon, a French girl, with whom he begot a daughter, and with whom he was about to negotiate a marriage, but quite unexpectedly a war broke out between England and French. As in this case one cannot be faithful to both his country his love, he chose to be faithful to his country while overcoming and burying his love for Vallon. Back in the Lake District, England, he got involved with Mary Hutchinson, a country girl, but he agreed to marry Mary under the condition that he should first get the approval from Vallon. This shows his understanding and promise of faith. Rumors went that he used to harbor certain incestuous affections for his sister Dorothy, and this is absolutely unfounded. As we know, so far as Wordsworth was concerned, Dorothy was either the Holy Dame or Holy Virgin. Dorothy remained single throughout her life, which was comparable to the fact that Mary conceived the Holy Son while unsoiled, and perhaps she planned to show her chastity in this peculiar way. Wordsworth used to write a poem for Dorothy, claiming her to be the light of his life, the source of his inspirations, and the cause of his actions. In contrast with Byron, who committed an immoral love affair with his half sister, Augusta in name, Wordsworth could be regarded as a saint, or a sage. Charged with incestuous love, Byron scornfully retorted, saying, “When the children of Adam and Eve wanted to marry, whose hand did they ask for?”

## 华兹华斯

龙靖遥

华兹华斯，坎伯兰人，不列颠浪漫诗宗魁首，乾隆四十四年生。道光二十二年以古稀之年任桂冠诗人，历时七载。道光二十九年卒。

乾隆初，英伦古典诗宗方兴未艾，尚理抑情，蔚为一时诗风。晚期，言情诗异军突起，无病哀恸，亦为世人所趋也。华氏病之，乃疾呼道，诗歌者，强烈情绪之自发流露也，其势若高僧之当头棒喝。古典诗喋喋不休而说理之孤高而乏味因之而止步，言情诗啼哭煽情之偏执而乖张由是而知返。情绪之于诗，本也，风也，才也。

华氏之为诗也，言辞必以闾里俚俗为度，人物必择引车卖浆者流，此举于诗路之开拓，功莫大焉。乡间小唱遂得以登堂入室，乃至觊觎诗学正统。然则俚俗村言，犹诗三百之国风也，或可助兴，无足摇荡性情。譬如村醪野果，可以开胃，不足养体。盖低酌漫唱，情浮于浅，风气不足也。

世人常以《序曲》为华氏封顶之作。全诗凡七千八百八十一行，洋洋数万言，皆以无韵诗写就，辞采清丽，骨构健硕，蔚为壮观。若以气韵论，则沉郁有余，盈沛有所不足。盖华氏以五十年经营一诗，如以其诗乃强烈情绪之自发流露论，则何等情绪可强力持续五十载，且自发流露纸上？此诗偏哲思，于文甚宜，于诗则嫌沓宕。若以坡之所谓诗当以一坐之间可毕阅论，则此诗可资研究，不宜诵读也。

昔斯蒂芬尝戏作商籁，以讥华氏，曰：“诗中有二音，一似风暴侵。或如大海啸，或如鸟倾心。二若老羊叫，旦夜且昏吟。”病其气力之不足也。

华氏之为人也，温良恭顺，审慎谦恭，中庸自律，贤者之相也。幼，尝寄人篱下，叔父辱之，羞愤几欲死。及弱冠，会法兰西革命，乃慨然赴法，以诗声威。后，华氏深病起事者之偏执乖张，返英，与故时同道形同陌路。华氏于婚恋亦恭让守礼。尝与法兰斯女郎珐珑相恋，育一女，方谋嫁娶之时，不期英法交战，忠痴不能尽美，华氏乃忠君自守。后与村姑赫琴森相恋，必先得珐珑首肯方缔秦晋。其信如此。世传华氏对其胞妹多萝丝怀不伦之恋，谬也。夫多萝丝之于华兹华斯，若非圣母，亦如圣女。多萝丝终身未嫁，势如玛利亚之处女怀胎，表其贞也。华氏尝有诗，称多萝丝为其生命之光、灵感之源及行动之因，较诸拜伦与其同父异母之姐奥古斯塔之畸恋，则俨然圣者也。或以不伦恋让拜伦，拜伦斥之曰：“昔亚当夏娃之子女欲婚，何人堪任也？”

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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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