Translations and Interpretations for English Poems

Grace Hui Chin Lin

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Poem Translation Strategies

Based on poetry translation and cross-cultural interpretation Strategies, this book has been completed to demonstrate poem interpretation from English to Mandarin. It briefly introduces various significant English poets and their well-known poetries. In fact, poetry translating is an attracting academic task that many English majors would like to engage. Because it not only practices Linguistics accumulations but also builds living paces with a romantic atmosphere.

When creating cross-cultural interpretations in poetry translations, to search for a perfect balance between accuracies of resourced texts and beauties of produced texts is a crucial task that a translator should pursuit. To achieve this, dictionaries in both languages with sufficient explanations are needed for realizing old English written and implied meanings in each word. Moreover, being aware of eliminated subjects or inversed sentences by re-writing sentences into modern English structures can be an unavoidable procedures that the interpreter should follow for high-quality understanding. If possible, interpreter can also investigate rhyming words in target-language texts to maintain the dedication and loveliness in sourced-language texts. Not only the semantic accuracies are needed, but also poems’ paces, pauses, beats, swirls of energy, rhythms and rhetorical beauties are all
significant elements that inter-cultural interpreters need to preserve purely and wholly.

To translate a poem in an effective and efficient way, after comprehending the semantic contents, faithful and artistic interpreted target-language texts need to be re-created for equally exquisiteness poem appreciation by the readers. The poem translator can recite the poems in English and Mandarin several times, and then interpret them till all the words sounds to be equally attractive and meaningful from perspectives of pronunciation and lexical item. Paying attention to the tempo and feeling the rhythm for re-creating and re-translating will also raise the literature quality of target-language translated texts. Cultural connotations and implications as well as exotic issues are what a cross-cultural translators need to further pursuit in their daily lives. This is for more formally and precisely following and neutrally expressing the source-language poets’ factual perceptions in their poems.
# Table of Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alfred Lord Tennyson</td>
<td>Cradle Song</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Deserted House</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A Farewell</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Lady of Shalott</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Tears, Idle Tears</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Eagle</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>In The Valley of Cauteretz</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anne Brontë</td>
<td>Farewell</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Appeal 上訴 46

My God！ O Let Me Call Thee Mine！
我的天神！哦，讓稱祢爲我的天主！ 48

Christina Rossetti 克莉絲蒂娜羅塞蒂 51

In the Bleak Midwinter 在這凜冽的寒冬 53

Echo 回音 56

Promises Like Pie-Crust 如派皮般的應承 59

David Herbert Richards Lawrence 大衛·赫伯特·勞倫斯 63

Beautiful Old Age 妍麗的暮年 66

Piano 鋼琴 69

Snake 蛇 71

The Ship of Death 幽靈船 83

A Baby Running Barefoot 赤腳跑著的孩子 100
Medlars and Sorb-apples 枇杷與山梨 102

Emily Bronte 艾米莉·勃朗特 111

My Lady's Grave 我夫人的墓 113

Remembrance 回憶 117

Emily E. Dickinson 艾米莉·伊麗莎白·狄金森 122

I Dwell in Possibility 我棲身於無窮可能 124

“Nature” Is What We See 「自然」如我們眼睛所見 126

The Brain- is Wider than the Sky 頭腦─比天空更廣闊 128

The Soul Selects Her Own Society

魂魄選擇自己的社區 130

George Gordon Byron 喬治·戈登·拜倫 132

She Walks in Beauty 她走在美中 135

Stanzas for Music 詩節·寫給音樂 138
John Betjeman  約翰·畢哲明  141

Guilt  罪  143

The Undertaking  約定  150

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen

威爾弗雷德·愛德華索爾特·歐文  155

Exposure  暴露  157

Greater Love  更偉大的愛  164

Strange Meeting  奇異的會戰  168

Apologia pro Poemate Meo  我的詩歌詮釋  174

Ted Hughes  泰德·休斯  180

Daffodils  水仙花  183

Theology  神學  192

The Harvest Moon  收穫的月亮  194
River 江河

The Hawk in the Rain 雨中老鷹

The Owl 貓頭鷹

Hawk Roosting 歇息的鷹

How to Paint a Water Lily 如何畫睡蓮

The Seven Sorrows 七種幽傷

The Thought-Fox 思考的狐狸

William Blake 威廉・布萊克

A Poison Tree 毒樹

The Lamb 小羊羔

William Shakespeare 威廉・莎士比亞

1:

Fairest Creatures We Desire Increase
天生美麗萬物我們盼望其繁盛

When Forty Winters Shall Besiege Thy Brow

當四十個嚴冬圍攻你的紅顏

2:

Look in Thy Glass, and Tell the Face Thou Viewest

攬鏡映照，可知鏡中的臉龐

3:

Unthifty Loveliness, Why Dost Thou Spend upon Thy Self Thy Beauty's Legacy？麗質天生者，

為何把你那份虛擲耗盡美的遺產於自戀？

4:

Thos e Hours, That with Gentle Work Did Frame, The Lovely Gaze Where Every Eye Doth Dwell

那些時間曾用溫和的細工，織就眾所駐目的美妙明眸
5: Then

Let not Winter’s Ragged Hand Deface in

Thee Thy Summer, Ere Thou Be Distill’d:

花精未經提煉之前：別讓冬天粗糙的手污損

你的夏天

249

6: Lo, in

the Orient When the Gracious Light,

Lifts up His Burning Head

我看見照耀萬物的太陽從東方昂起了炙熱的頭

252

7: Musi
c to Hear, Why Hear’st Thou Music Sadly?

我的音樂，為何並不悅耳？

255

8: Is It

for Fear to Wet a Widow’s Eye
9: For Shame Deny That Thou Bear'st Love to Any,
否認你並非不愛任何人是屬羞愧

147: My Love Is as a Fever Longing Still
我的愛是高燒，老是渴望

148: O Me! What Eyes Hath Love Put in My Head
我啊，愛藉眼睛將何裝我腦裡

149: Canst Thou, O Cruel! Say I Love Thee Not
你怎能，哦，喪盡天良地！說我不愛你

150: O! From What Power Hast Thou This Powerful Might
哦，從什麼潛力你贏得這氣力

151: Love Is Too Young to Know What Conscience Is
愛神太年輕，不懂得良心的真諦

152: In Loving Thee Thou Kow'st I am Forsworn
雖然愛你，你卻知道我放棄過承諾

153: Cupid Laid by His Brand and Fell Asleep

愛神擱著他的火把，呼呼大睡

154: The Little Love-God Lying Once Asleep

小小愛神—曾一次墜入夢鄉
He was an English Poet Laureate, during Queen Victoria's reign era and one of the most admired English poets. Great deals of his verses were based on traditional legendary themes, for example *Ulysses*. Furthermore, *In Memoriam A.H.H.* was composed for memorializing one of his best friends, Arthur Hallam, a fellow writer and fellow scholar at Trinity College of Cambridge University, who was engaged to his own sister, but died from a cerebral hemorrhage before getting married. Tennyson also wrote a number of distinguished blank verse, such as *Idylls of the King*, *Ulysses*, and *Tithonus*. During his career, Tennyson tried to write plays, but his plays attained limited achievement. Tennyson wrote several phrases that have turned out to be widespread places of the English language, including: “Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all”, “Nature, red in tooth and claw”…etc.
阿佛烈·丁尼生，（1809年8月6日至1892年10月6日）是維多利亞女王統治時期的桂冠詩人，至今仍然是英國最受歡迎的詩人之一。許多丁尼生的詩，是根據古典神話的主題而寫成的，如《尤利西斯》。此外《悼念》，是寫來紀念他最好的朋友，亞瑟·哈勒姆，一位他在劍橋大學三一學院的同儕詩人，亞瑟·哈勒姆曾經與丁尼生的親妹妹訂婚，但是後來因為腦溢血去世，而從未結婚。丁尼生也寫過一些著名的無韻詩，包括《王者之歌》、《尤利西斯》及《提瑟那斯》…等等。在其職業生涯當中，丁尼生曾經企圖跨足戲劇範疇，但是他的劇本，最後並未享有語詩作一樣優秀的盛名。丁尼生曾經寫了許多已成為老生常談的英語詩名言，包括：「自然界的爪牙以鮮血染紅」，「失戀總比從未愛過來的好」…等，重要著名詩句。

Reference Retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alfred_Tennyson
Cradle Song

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till thy little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till thy little limbs are stronger.

If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

小鳥該說些什麼呢？
在她巣中窺視的日子裡？

小鳥說：讓我飛，
媽，讓我飛走吧。

小鳥，蘇息一會兒，
直到你的小翅膀更強健。
於是，她休憩了一會兒，
然後，她飛走了。

嬰兒說些什麼呢，
她在床上窺視的韶光裡？
寶貝說，就像小鳥吧，
讓我起來飛去吧。

寶貝，再睡一會兒，
直到你的手腳再長硬一點。
如果她再多睡一會兒，
寶貝也應該飛去。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:

The Deserted House

空宅

Life and Thought have gone away

Side by side,

Leaving door and windows wide.

Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:

In the windows is no light;

And no murmur at the door,

So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door; the shutters close;

Or through the windows we shall see

The nakedness and vacancy

Of the dark deserted house.
Come away: no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious -
A great and distant city -have bought
A mansion incorruptible.

Would they could have stayed with us!

生涯和思維皆已一掃而空
戶牖並列
開著，如此懈怠的住戶！

在屋內的一切，皆如夜幕黝暗：

自窗戶瞧不見一線光；
在門口也聽不到雜音，
然而，以前卻不時開合奏響著。
掩閉大門；拉下百葉窗；
不然通過窗牖，我們將看到
黝暗空宅內一片，赤裸裸的空闊。

走吧：此處再不會有歡虞
或獻媚的笑聲。
這所屋宇用泥壤砌築，
應該會再度坍塌至地面。

走吧：生命與思考
不要再此糾纏；
只因城市的光榮-
一個壯偉遙遠的都邑，早已購置
宅第廉潔。他們向來就與我們一起！

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.online-literature.com/tennyson/714/

A Farewell
再會吧
Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
    For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
    A rivulet then a river;
No where by thee my steps shall be,
    For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
    And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
    For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
    A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
    For ever and for ever.
冷的溪水流了下来，进入海洋，
激起浪花片片：
我的漫步再也沒有你陪伴，
直到永遠。

水流，輕柔地流過青青草原，
經過江河，流過小溪；
我的足跡再也到不了有你之處，
直到永遠。

但在這裡，你楓木樹將仍讚嘆，
這裡，你的白楊繼續顫抖；
在你這裡，蜜官將嗡嗡作響，
直到永遠。

一千個太陽將輝映於你，
一千個月亮將震顫；
但我的步履不再有你陪伴，
Alfred Lord Tennyson | 10
The Lady of Shalott

夏洛特小姐

On either side the river lie;
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro’ the field the road runs by
   To many-tower’d Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
   Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.

Four grey walls, and four grey towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow veil’d,
Slide the heavy barges trail’d
By slow horses; and unhail’d
The shallop flitteth silken-sail’d
Skimming down to Camelot:

But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

The Lady of Shalott Looking at Lancelot by

John William Waterhouse.

Only reapers, reaping early,
In among the bearded barley
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly;
Down to tower’d Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, “Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.”

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,

The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,
Or long-hair’d page in crimson clad
Goes by to tower’d Camelot;
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two.
She hath no loyal Knight and true,

The Lady of Shalott.

The Lady of Shalott Reaches Camelot by Unknown Artist

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror’s magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the Moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed.
“I am half sick of shadows,” said

The Lady of Shalott.

I am half-sick of Shadows,
Said the Lady of Shalott,
by John William Waterhouse
A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro’ the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel’d
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter’d free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon’d baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell’d shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro’ the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, burning bright,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow’d;
On burnish’d hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow’d
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
“Tirra lirra,” by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look’d down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack’d from side to side;
“The curse is come upon me,” cried
The Lady of Shalott.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining.
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower’d Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And around about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river’s dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance --
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right --
The leaves upon her falling light --
Thro' the noises of the night,
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

The Lady of Shalott
by Holman-Hunt, William, and Hughes, Edward Robert
Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
    Turn’d to tower’d Camelot.
For ere she reach’d upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
    Singing in her song she died,
    The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
    By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
    Dead-pale between the houses high,
    Silent into Camelot.
    Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and Burgher, Lord and Dame,
    And around the prow they read her name,
    The Lady of Shalott.
Who is this? And what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the Knights at Camelot;
But Lancelot mused a little space
He said, “She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.”
泛白柳樹，顫悠楊樹，
微風吹拂，於向晚暮靄中觳觫
永不停地的水波，奔流過河中的島嶼
流淌下來卡米洛。
四面灰色的牆垣，四座灰塔，
俯瞰鮮花叢綻放處，
及寧靜沉默小島
夏洛特小姐。

在岸邊垂柳遮掩，
幾匹馬慢慢地拖曳著舶舟
絲綢之帆飛揚掠過
滑行至卡米洛：
但是，誰曾見伊人佇窗揮手致意？
衆人是否都瞭解她，
夏洛特小姐？

唯清晨收割者，

Alfred Lord Tennyson | 22
身在麥芒之中
聽見陶然歌聲回音繞樑
從迂迴河流清晰傳出；
至高塔林立的卡米洛；
疲憊的收割者在月亮下休憩，
麥束禾綑疊在高地之上，
聆聽，呢喃，「如天仙般
之夏洛特小姐。」

在那裡，她晝夜編織
神奇的針織品，色彩豔麗。
她聽到了傳言說，
詛咒將降至她，倘若她盤桓
俯看卡米洛。
她茫無頭緒這是什麼詛咒，
於是她仍沉穩編織，
不憂慮其他瑣事，
夏洛特小姐。
動態通過清澈明鏡
它終年懸掛於她面前，
世俗幻影呈現。
鏡中她目視鄰近公路
纏繞通往卡米洛；
鏡中有河流捲轉旋渦，
還出現莽漢村夫，
和市集身著紅色斗篷之女童
遞向夏洛特。
時而一群開心嘻戲的少女，
時而一位修道人騎馬慢行，
時而一有捲髻的牧羊少年，
或是蓄緋紅長髮的隨從
一路走向卡米洛；
有時，透過青鏡
騎士兩兩並肩馳馬前來。}
從未有忠誠騎士真誠相待她，
夏洛特小姐。

但她仍然喜好編織
織出鏡子具有魔力的景緻，
經常在沉默夜晚行走的道路
一個羽毛和燭火裝飾的祭禮
隨著音樂走向卡米洛；
或是明月當空，
一對青春愛侶前來。
她說「我已逐漸厭倦這投影，」
夏洛特小姐。

離她園亭屋簷一箭射程之距，
他馳騁於麥捆之間，
耀眼的太陽穿耀葉隙，
照耀他火鎔般黃銅盔甲之上
勇敢的蘭斯洛特爵士。
紅十字騎士，永遠屈膝於
他盾牌保護的仕女之前，
閃閃發光的黃色原野，
於遙遠的夏洛特邊。

鑲嵌珠寶的韃靼璀璨光亮，
如同眾多的自由恆星
懸掛在金色的銀河。
馬頸鈴聲歡快響起，
他一路騎向卡米洛；
而他那用紋章佩飾裝點的吊帶
懸著一支銀製軍號，
騎行走間盔甲鳴響，
於遙遠夏洛特邊。

青空萬里晴朗天氣，
似珠寶鑲嵌的馬鞍閃爍，
頭盔和盔甲的飾羽
如燃燒火焰一般，

Alfred Lord Tennyson | 26
當騎著馬南下卡米洛。
如尋常行經的紫色夜晚，
眾星群照耀明亮星空之下，
流星拖曳火亮長鬚，
掠過靜謐的夏洛特。
他寬闊乾淨的眉毛在陽光下發亮；
他戰馬踩踏電光馬蹄；
垂飄於頭盔之下；
他那漆黑捲髮，
當他騎馬南向卡米洛。
從堤岸上，從大河邊
他身影投射到水晶鏡面，
「踢啦哩啦」在河邊唱吟，
蘭斯洛特爵士。
她離開織網，擱下織機，
出閨房跨走三個腳步，
她瞧見綻放的睡蓮子，
瞧見羽毛頭盔，
她俯看卡米洛。
織網飛散滑落漂盪；
明鏡片破裂碎成兩邊；
啜泣著「該詛咒降落到我」，
夏洛特小姐。

東風猛烈，暴雨壓境，
淺黃色森林漸趨黯然，
寬闊的河流訴苦拍岸。
烏雲密佈天空下著雨
落於卡米洛城；
她下來岸邊尋著了一艘船，
留置柳樹下的小舟，
於船首邊緣她寫下
夏洛特小姐。
於寬廣朦朧的河岸，
如同大肆癡心預言的先知，
眼睜睜目睹自己的悲厄——
以暗澹的表情，
她凝視卡米洛。

日暮時刻，
她鬆開鍊條，躺臥下來；
寬闊的河流帶她到遠方，
夏洛特小姐。

躺臥著，穿著雪白長袍，
長袍左右搖曳——
夜間樹葉沙沙作響，
月光越過其間灑落伊人之上——
她漂到卡米洛：
船首彎曲緩緩向前行，
楊柳裊娜娉婷於山丘和田野丘陵間，
他們最後一次聽到她唱著最終哀歌，
夏洛特小姐。

聽見了一曲幽咽的聖潔頌歌，
時而高亢，時而低吟，
直到她的血緩慢凝固，
她的眼睛全然晦黯，
朝向卡米洛。

順著浪潮，她到達第一棟屋宇
於歌聲中她香消玉殞
夏洛特小姐。

在塔樓和陽台下，
園林圍牆和迴廊畔，
一個閃閃發光，她漂浮而過的形影，
死白蒼茫的造型，
在聳立的高樓間，
謐靜地進入卡米洛。

人群擁出，他們來到碼頭，
騎士、人民、爵士和夫人，
他們讀出寫於船頭邊緣的她的名字，
夏洛特小姐。

這是誰？發生了什麼事？
在附近皇宮點燃燈火
宮中歡鬧聲驟然消失；
胸口劃十，戰勝恐懼
所有在卡米洛的騎士們；
唯蘭斯洛特沉思片刻
他說：「她有張可愛的面容；
願神憐憫，授予恩典
夏洛特小姐。」
Tears, Idle Tears

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.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one.
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

淚水，無端地流，不知道意義為何，
源於神聖的絕望深處
悲崛起於心，凝聚眼裡，

33 | Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
回顧欣喜的秋季原野，
憶起一去不返的那段日子。

清新如閃爍的帆之第一縷光芒，
自幽冥空間，船裝載著老友而返，
我哀傷如最後一抹殘紅
帶著我們一切所愛，而沉沒天際；
過眼煙雲的日子竟仍如此清新，令人倍感心傷。

啊，朱夏幽暗的拂曉，感覺傷感、驚生
惺忪睡眼的早起鳥兒將初聲啼鳴
傳送到行將就木的耳朵，垂亡的眼中
映出窗格漸亮一方微光；
可悲，陌生，逝去的那些日子。

親暱如同死後仍懷念銘記之吻，
甜蜜如絕望戀情的幻想芳澤
香唇他人所屬、深愛，
深邃如初戀，狂野、令人悔恨遺憾；
啊，生命中的死亡，一去不回頭的光陰。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.online-literature.com/tennyson/729/
The Eagle

HE clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:

In the Valley of Cauteretz

Alfred Lord Tennyson | 36
於寇特瑞茲峽谷

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,

Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,

All along the valley, where thy waters flow,

I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.

All along the valley while I walk'd to-day,

The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;

For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed

Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,

And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,

The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

順著整座峽谷，溪澗翻流映現，

深沉了你的聲息，深沉了夜幕，

一直順著整座峽谷，你的流波奔湧，

三十二年前，與我的戀人漫遊。
順沿著整座丘壑，我今日步履其間，
這三十二年，如薄霧般翻逝；
因沿著整座山谷，循你岩床而下
你繞樑的聲音，於我如根源自死亡，
沿著整座山谷，岩石、洞穴和樹，
死者語音聲息，對我，卻栩栩欲活。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:

http://www.poetsgraves.co.uk/Classic%20Poems/Tennyson/in_the_valley_of_caunteretz.htm
Anne Brontë
1820 – 1849

The youngest of the Brontë literary family became one of the most admired British novelist. Her mother, Maria Branwell Brontë, died of tumor a year later after giving birth to her in 1821. At that time, the family moved to Haworth, where her father, Patrick Brontë, was appointed to be a permanent parish priest. In 1825, Anne’s two elder siblings, Maria and Elizabeth passed away, due to tuberculosis contracted at the Clergy Daughters' boarding school at Cowan Bridge, Lancashire and her creations have been greatly impacted by these deaths of her siblings. That is these events had possible influence on the later writings. Anne received her education at Miss Wooler's school of Roe Head, Huddersfield. From 1839 to 1845, she had worked as a governess. Meanwhile, in her spare time, Anne continued to write, that she had started to devote to, in early youth with her two surviving sisters, Charlotte and Emily. Their earliest publications edited into a volume of
poems. It had been released pseudonymously in 1846, a year after she began her primary novel. Anne’s first novel, Agnes Grey was pressed collectively in three volumes with her sister Emily’s Wuthering Heights, and Charlotte’s Jane Eyre. Her second as well as her last novel, The Tenant of Wildfell Hall appeared in 1848, shortly before the deaths of her brother Branwell and her sister Emily. Anne Brontë had been to a certain overshadowed by her more famous sisters.

安妮·勃朗特（1820年1月17日至1849年5月28日）是英国著名小说家兼诗人，於勃朗特文学家庭中，排行最年轻。安妮的母親：瑪利亞·布蘭韋爾·勃朗特，在於她出生一年後的1821年，因罹患癌症去世，當時全家搬到了霍沃斯，因爲她的父親，派翠克·勃朗特，被任命為當地的牧師。1825年，她的兩個姐姐，瑪麗亞和伊麗莎白在考恩橋，蘭開夏郡，神職人員女兒的寄宿學校，死於結核病，這些事情大大影響她後來的著作，安妮就讀於伍勒小姐學校，在1839年和1845年間，曾經擔任家庭教師，而在閒暇時間繼續寫作文章，從很早的童年時期，安妮和她的兩個倖存的姐妹，夏洛蒂·勃朗特與艾米莉·
勃朗特，都喜歡從事寫作活動。他們的處女作發表，為一本詩歌集，於1846年用無名式的方式出版，一年以後，她開始寫下她的第一部小說，《愛格尼斯格雷》。與姐姐愛蜜莉的《咆哮山莊》及夏洛蒂的《簡愛》合併出版，她的第二部也是最後一部小說，《懷德菲爾莊園的房客》於1848年出版，於她的哥哥與姐姐死前不久出版。安妮·勃朗特的傑出才藝聲名，多少被兩位卓越的姐姐遮掩。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.poetseers.org/the_great_poets/british_poets/anne_bronte/anne_bronte_poetry/
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anne_Brontë
Farewell

告別

Farewell to thee! but not farewell
To all my fondest thoughts of thee:
Within my heart they still shall dwell;
And they shall cheer and comfort me.

O, beautiful, and full of grace!
If thou hadst never met mine eye,
I had not dreamed a living face
Could fancied charms so far outvie.

If I may ne'er behold again
That form and face so dear to me,
Nor hear thy voice, still would I fain
Preserve, for aye, their memory.

Anne Brontë | 42
That voice, the magic of whose tone
Can wake an echo in my breast,
Creating feelings that, alone,
Can make my tranced spirit blest.

That laughing eye, whose sunny beam
My memory would not cherish less;
And oh, that smile! whose joyous gleam
Nor mortal language can express.

Adieu, but let me cherish, still,
The hope with which I cannot part.

Contempt may wound, and coldness chill,
But still it lingers in my heart.

And who can tell but Heaven, at last,
May answer all my thousand prayers,
And bid the future pay the past
With joy for anguish, smiles for tears?

與你再會了！但不是告別
所有關於鍾愛你的想法:
在我的心中，他們仍然常駐；
他們必為我加油、歡呼、寬慰我。
啊，如此妍麗，充滿優雅恩典！
若我的眼睛之前沒見到你，
我不會夢寐矚望這生動姿容
截至目前為止，無人能比的魔幻魅力。

即使我未曾再看見
那樣的形式和臉蛋，仍讓我鍾愛
即使不聽你的聲音，我仍愉悅
保存，為擁護，他們的回憶印象。

那聲響，其頴異的基調
在我胸膛迴響喚醒，
獨自一人創建出情感，
祝福我爲之振作的元氣。
粲然莞爾眼睛，陽光燦爛般的光束
我滿滿珍惜的記憶：-
呵，那歡顏！他們愉悅的光芒，
豈能以凡人俗士言語表達。

再見了，然而仍讓我珍惜愛護，
帶著與我不分開的祈望。
蔑視可能造成瘡傷，與凜冽寒冷，
但它仍然縈繞徘徊我心。

除上帝之外，誰又能在尾聲分辨，
回答我所有上千次祈禱，
投標未來並清償疇昔
伴隨歡樂的痛苦，笑中帶淚？

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.poetseers.org/the_great_poets/british_poets/anne_bronte/farewell/
Appeal

Oh, I am very weary,
Though tears no longer flow;
My eyes are tires of weeping,
My heart is sick of woe;
My life is very lonely,
My days pass heavily,
I'm wearing of repining,
Wilt thou not come to me?

Oh, didst thou know my longings
For thee, from day to day,
My hopes, so often blighted,
Thou wouldst not thus delay.
哦，我很疲憊，
雖然淚水不再流；
我的心，因悲郁而哀慟；

我孤獨伶仃的生涯，
每一天皆度日如年，
我厭倦悔恨，
為怨你未來尋我而乾枯？

哦，你可知道我繫念
為你，日復一日，
我的希望，常常被搗毀，
因此求你不再愆期。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.online-literature.com/brontea/poems-currer-ellis-acton/57/
My God! O let me call Thee mine!

Weak wretched sinner though I be,

My trembling soul would fain be Thine,

My feeble faith still clings to Thee,

My feeble faith still clings to Thee.

Not only for the past I grieve,

The future fills me with dismay;

Unless Thou hasten to relieve,

I know my heart will fall away,

I know my heart will fall away.

I cannot say my faith is strong,

I dare not hope my love is great;

But strength and love to Thee belong,
O, do not leave me desolate!
O, do not leave me desolate!

I know I owe my all to Thee,
O, take this heart I cannot give.

Do Thou my Strength my Saviour be;
And make me to Thy glory live!

And make me to Thy glory live!

我的天神！哦，讓稱祢為我的天主！
雖然我是可憐柔弱的罪人，
我顫抖的靈魂會欣然屬於祢，
我虛弱的信心還需依附祢，
我虛弱的信心仍要倚賴祢。

我不僅為逝去傷心，
我對未來萬念俱灰；
除非祢趕緊為我緩解，
我知道我的心終會消逝，
我知道我的心終將隕滅。
我不能說我的信仰剛毅堅決，
我不敢盼望我的愛宏大豪壯；
但對祢我的力和愛全然有力，
　　啊，不要離開使我淒涼！
　　啊，不要背離使我孤寂！
我知道我從頭到底，欠祢，
　　噢，藉此我不能給予之心。
祢成為我的力量，我的救主；
　　且讓我在祢的榮耀中安住！
　　讓我祢的榮耀中安居！
Christina Rossetti

1830 – 1894

She was born in a winter of London to Gabriele Rossetti and Frances Polidori. Christina became one of the most significant female English poets of the 19th century in England. Although her primarily religious temperament was closer to her mother's, this youngest member of an extraordinary family unit of poets, artists, and critics inherited numerous of artistic tendencies from her father’s side. Judging from to some extent idealized sketches made by her brother Dante, Christina as a young adult seems to have been quite eye-catching if not really very beautiful. In 1848 Christina Roseetti had engaged to James Collinson. At that time Christina was 18 years old as an adult. He was one of the minor Pre-Raphaelite Brethrens, but this couple’s engagement finally ended after he reverted to Roman Catholicism.

51 | Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
克莉絲蒂娜·羅塞蒂，為英國十九世紀，最性詩歌創作家之一。她出生於倫敦1830年12月5號，布裡埃萊和法蘭西斯（波里道利）·羅塞蒂夫婦家中。她是詩人的宗教氣質與母親相似，此外在這個在詩人，藝術家和評論家、了不起的家庭成員中，她是最年輕的一個，她從父親繼承了很多藝術傾向。由弟弟但丁有理想化的敘述看來，克莉絲蒂娜在十幾歲的少年時代，即使稱不上漂亮，卻似乎已相當具有魅力。1848年，克莉絲蒂娜·羅塞蒂十八歲，與一個拉斐爾前派弟兄：詹姆斯·柯林臣訂婚，但此婚約，於他歸入羅馬天主教之後告一段落。
In the Bleak Midwinter

在這凜冽的寒冬

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
in the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him, nor earth sustains;
Heaven and earth shall flee away when He comes to reign.

In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, Whom cherubim, worship night and day,
Breastful of milk, and a mangerful of hay;
Enough for him, whom angels fall before;
the ox and ass and camel which adore.
Angels and archangels may have gathered there,

Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;

but His mother only, in her maiden bliss,

Worshipped the beloved with a kiss.

What can I give Him, poor as I am?

If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;

If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part;

Yet what I can give Him: give my heart.

在這凜冽的寒冬，風霜做聲，
大地硬如鐵，水因結冰如石；
雪飄落地，一層又一層，
許久以前，於凜冽寒冬。

我們的主，天地再也不敷支撐他；
他再來的時候天堂與世俗都終將逃開。
在這凜冽的寒冬，穩定之地足以容納
我們的主，耶穌基督。
對祂來說已足夠，這位智天使日夜敬拜的神，
胸中奶汁與馬槽稻草；
對祂來說已充足，天使在祂的面前；
牛、驢子和駱駝都尊崇祂。
天使與眾天軍，早已經排列在上方，
智天使與熾天使，環繞在空中；
惟有祂母親，喜樂滿胸襟，
她用慈祥親吻，來崇拜聖嬰。
我能給予他什麼，像我這樣的窮措大？
如果我是牧羊人，我可以給他羊；
如果我是智者，我盡我所能
我又能給他什麼：給予我的心。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://poetry.about.com/library/weekly/blrossettichristmas.htm
Echo

Come to me in the silence of the night;

Come in the speaking silence of a dream;

Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright

as sunlight on a stream;

Come back in tears,

O memory, hope and love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter-sweet,

Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,

Where souls brim-full of love abide and meet;

Where thirsting longing eyes

Watch the slow door

That opening, letting in, lets out no more.
Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death;
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

請在夜深人靜時回到我身邊；
在低訴的夢中歸來；
來時帶著你那柔和的園臉頰和亮如
溪水上陽光暉映的眼睛；
帶著淚回来吧，
噢！那些逝去歲月中的記憶，希望，與愛情。
多麼甜蜜，也太甜蜜，悲喜交織的夢境，
應該已經歷了天堂於夢鄉醒來，
那兒，爲晤面，魂魄恪遵豐瞻的愛，
那兒，渴望的眼睛
瞧見門緩緩開啓
人進來，永不分離。

還是請你在夢境裡，歸來我身旁，
好讓死蔭裏冰冷的我還能再活一遍
於夢幻中歸來吧，好讓我能用
我的心跳換取你的心跳，呼吸換取呼吸
讓我們低聲呢喃細語，低低依偎
如許久之前，親愛的，多久以前了。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
Promises like Pie-Crust

如派皮般的應承

Promise me no promises,
so will I not promise you:

Keep we both our liberties,
Never false and never true:

Let us hold the die uncast,
Free to come as free to go:

For I cannot know your past,
and of mine what can you know?

You, so warm, may once have been
Warmer towards another one:

I, so cold, may once have seen
Sunlight, once have felt the sun:

Who shall show us if it was
thus indeed in time of old?

Fades the image from the glass,
and the fortune is not told.

If you promised, you might grieve
for lost liberty again:
If I promised, I believe
I should fret to break the chain.
Let us be the friends we were,
nothing more but nothing less:
Many thrive on frugal fare
Who would perish of excess.

不要給我任何的應允，
所以我，也將不許下任何承諾：
我們既維持最初的自由，
從未虛假也不需是真：

Christina Rossetti | 60
且讓我們暫留未擲出的骰子，
自由自在地來，無拘無束地走；
而我也不能瞭解你的過去，
對我，你又能懂得什麼？

你，如此溫暖，也許曾經
更溫暖地對待另一個人；
而我，如此冷漠，仍也曾見到
陽光，曾感受太陽；
誰能告訴我，它其實
僅存在古老的時間？
從如茵的草影間慢慢逝去，
而未來之卻遙不可知。

如果曾經允諾，可能您會悲慟
為再度失去自由：
如果我許下承諾，我相信
我會焦炙地截斷索鏈。
讓我們一如既往還是好朋友
友誼不減少也不增多：
眾多的幽情使人消鍊
簡約樸實的情誼點滴長留。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
David Herbert Richards Lawrence

1885—1930

The child of a coal miner, David H. R. Lawrence was born in Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, United Kingdom. His combination of blue collar and middle class parents and their frequently unpredictable relationship had in fact caused an enormous impact upon Lawrence’s literatures. In 1902, he contracted pneumonia while starting his career as a factory clerk, which had barely started, came to a closing stage. David Lawrence began training as an educator, first teaching the sons of miners in his home town. Following, he returned to formal academic area and was granted with a proper teaching certificate during 1908, from University College in Nottingham, England. During the period he taught as an instructor in Croydon, a quantity of his poetries caused much interest by Ford Madox Hueffer, who was the editor of The English Review. For Hueffer, Lawrence commissioned the tale ‘Odour of
Chrysanthemums' which, when published in that magazine it turned out to be successful. This work had provoked a London publisher to ask Lawrence for more works, and his career in literature successfully began. Shortly after his first novel was published, The White Peacock, in 1910, Lawrence's mother unfortunately died after a long illness. It is suggested by some that Lawrence may have allowed his mother to die by giving her an overdose to die more easily. Lawrence, the author of Sons and Lovers (1913), had a tremendously close relationship with his mother and her passing away was a foremost turning-point in his living. His mother’s death can be described to be the death of Mrs. Morel forms a major turning-point in his own novel.

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/D._H._Lawrence
大衛·赫伯特·勞倫斯出生於英國伊斯特伍德，諾丁漢郡，為礦工的兒子。他的父母兼具中產與藍領階級氣質，他們經常動盪不定的關係，這對文學的英國文學作家，產生了一定的影響。1902年，他才剛著手從事工廠營業員的職業生涯，卻速即得了肺炎，剛剛開始，卻立時宣告結束。在他的家鄉，他開始接受教學培訓，作礦工的兒子們的教師，爾後在1908年他返教育界，獲得英國諾丁漢大學教學證書。在克羅伊登作教師工作時，他的一些詩歌，吸引來文藝界關注。如《英文評論》編輯：福特·馬多克斯·胡佛的關心，他委託勞倫斯寫作短篇小說《菊花香》，在該雜誌發表，彼時引起了倫敦更多的出版商，要求勞倫斯創作更多文學工作，他的文學生涯於是成功啓航。1910年，他的第一部小說《白孔雀》發表不久後，勞倫斯的母親，因長期患病離世。謠傳勞倫斯可能曾經，以過量服藥的方法，幫忙他的母親謝世。勞倫斯與母親的關係極度密切，能用1913年所寫作，《兒子與情人》的故事中人物關係形容。此重要性，就如莫瑞爾太太的死，形成小說故事中一個的重大轉捩點。
Beautiful Old Age

妍麗的暮年

It ought to be lovely to be old
to be full of the peace that comes of experience
and wrinkled ripe fulfillment.

The wrinkled smile of completeness that follows a life
lived undaunted and unsoured with accepted lies
they would ripen like apples, and be scented like pippins
in their old age.

Soothing, old people should be, like apples
when one is tired of love.

Fragrant like yellowing leaves, and dim with the soft
stillness and satisfaction of autumn.
And a girl should say:
It must be wonderful to live and grow old.
Look at my mother, how rich and still she is!

And a young man should think: By Jove
my father has faced all weathers, but it's been a life!

年老了就應該要可愛
應以充足的人生歷練所獲之平靜而安身立命
履行實踐皺紋顯露之成熟完整性。

佈滿皺紋的微笑跟隨一個完整的生命
無所畏懼無所惡語堪以接受謊言
他們成熟如蘋果，香味似鮮果種子
在他們的暮年。

舒緩，老人們應該像蘋果
當一個人厭倦了愛情時。

67 | Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
香氣就像黃香樹葉，柔軟暗淡
如秋天的寂靜和滿足感。

女孩於是應該說：
生活和成長是美好的。
看我的母親，她多麼富裕，一直都是！

而年輕的漢子應該這樣想：噯呀
我父親曾面臨所有氣候風雲，但生命應如此！

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
Piano
鋼琴

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
And pressing the small,
poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

I So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past
微光暮色中，有個女人對我輕柔的歌唱，
引我回顧，直到眼前昔日情景浮現
有個孩子坐在鋼琴底下，在鋼弦隆隆作響間
壓著著母親小不點的纖足，聽她莞爾唱歌。

雖然只有自己一人，我被這歌聲馴服掌握
誘回過去，直到我的心啜泣著需要歸屬
往昔家中假日的傍晚，門窗把冬天擋在外，
舒適的廳內讚美詩歌迴繞，鋼琴清脆叮叮噹噹聲為我們導遊。

因而此刻哪怕歌手會突然爆響喧囂，
黑色大鋼琴也熱情奔瀉。童稚迷人神韻
已經把我迷住，我的鬚眉男子漢氣概已消退
進入記憶的洪流，我像稚童為過去涕泣。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://ghpoetryplace.blogspot.com/2011/02/piano.html
Snake

A snake came to my water-trough
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,
To drink there.

In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark carob-tree
I came down the steps with my pitcher
And must wait, must stand and wait,
for there he was at the trough before me.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down,
over the edge of the stone trough
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small
clearness,
He sipped with his straight mouth,
Softly drank through his straight gums,
into his slack long body, silently.

Someone was before me at my water-trough,
And I, like a second comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,
And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips,
and mused a moment,
And stooped and drank a little more,
Being earth-brown,
earth-golden from the burning bowels of the earth
On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.
The voice of my education said to me

He must be killed,

For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent,

the gold are venomous.

And voices in me said, If you were a man

You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him off.

But must I confess how I liked him,

How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet,

to drink at my water-trough

And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,

Into the burning bowels of this earth?

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him?

Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him?

Was it humility, to feel so honoured?
I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices:
If you were not afraid, you would kill him!

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid,
But even so, honoured still more
That he should seek my hospitality
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so black,
Seeming to lick his lips,
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders,
and entered farther,
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing
into that horrid black hole,
Deliberately going into the blackness,
and slowly drawing himself after,
overcome me now his back was turned.

I looked round, I put down my pitcher,
I picked up a clumsy log
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

I think it did not hit him,
But suddenly that part of him that was left behind convulsed in
undignified haste.

Writhed like lightning, and was gone

Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,

At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.

I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act!

I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human education.

And I thought of the albatross

And I wished he would come back, my snake.

For he seemed to me again like a king,

Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,

Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords

Of life.

And I have something to expiate: A pettiness.
在一個大熱天一條蛇爬向我的水槽，前去喝水
氣候炎熱，我穿著寢衣。

於大黑色角豆樹散發的特殊氣味的濃蔭深處，
我提著大水瓶走下臺階，
必須等待，必須站好守候，
因爲他處在我眼前的水槽邊。

從暗處他從土牆的裂縫中爬下
拖著棕褐色鬆弛的軟腹肚皮，
經過石頭水槽邊沿

蛇將喉嚨靠置石槽底部憩息,
那兒，水從水龍頭地一點一點清晰歷歷地滴下，
蛇用筆直的嘴啜飲，
輕輕喝下的水通過筆挺齒齦，
舒暢地流入的長長鬆弛懈怠身軀，
靜靜地流入。
有人超前到了我的水槽，
而我，卻像第二到的人，佇候著。

他喝水時抬起頭來，就像牲畜般，
眼光癡鈍，像喝水牲口般，
蛇從嘴唇間裡搖曳彈出雙叉舌，
覃思片刻
又俯身去多喝了一些，
如同土褐色，土黃金黃色般，
從大地焚燒的腸子，冒了出來。
正值西西里的七月韶光，艾特納火山冒煙之時，

受過的教誨對我說
務必將蛇處死，
因在西西里，黑蛇是無辜的，
而黃金是毒蛇。

但我身上的聲音說，若你是個鐵漢
你就應拿棍棒將他打斷，送他回家。

David Herbert Richards Lawrence | 78
然而我必須招供喜歡他，
多麼歡喜地見到他幽靜地來這造訪，
來我水槽裡喝水
又和藹地、煦煦地離去，不稱謝，
走進大地焚燒的腸。

是否怯懦，我竟無膽殺他？
是否反常，我渴望與他談談？
是否謙遜，我竟感覺如此榮幸？

我感覺榮譽。

又傳出了聲響：
“若你不畏怯，你應將他正法！”
我確實感覺膽寒，非常恐懼，
尽管如此，我仍更感覺光榮
他能從秘密大地幽暗門走出
來尋覓我的好客殷勤。

他喝個夠，
就朦朧地昂頭，猶如醉漢，
懸空搖晃他有如黑夜一樣黝暗的舌，
又如舔著脣，
爾後如視而不見的神，環繞空中，
緩緩轉動腦袋，
徐徐，慢慢地。如戀棧夢中，
開始拖著長長的，繞成圓曲線的身軀
重新攀爬上我牆面的龜裂處。

當他把頭部伸進那望而生畏的洞穴，
而當他慢慢地停住，放鬆他的頸肩，
然後更深入，
一種毛骨悚然的氣氛，抗議撤退進駭然黑洞的抗拒行為，
不急不徐地進入黑暗，慢慢地把身軀往後拖，
現在他克服我的存在，轉身向背後。

我環顧周圍，放下水罐，
撿起粗笨木頭
嘩啦一聲擲向水槽。

應該沒有砸到他，
他卻驟然將留在後面地擺動的部位匆遽地抽動。
翻騰如閃電，然後不見了
進黑洞牆面上的裂縫溝隙，
我帶著迷戀凝視，在這寧靜溽暑的正午。

我登時感覺懊悔莫及。
我想到我的行徑是多麼側微，莽撞，刻薄！
我惱恨鄙薄我自己詛咒人類教育的聲音。
接著我憶起了信天翁責任。
但願他能回來，我的蛇。

81 | Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
因為我又覺得他像君王，
一個皇帝，廢黜流亡於冥府，
如今，他又被嘉勉了。

於是乎，我失去了一次和貴族
世交的機會。
而我需要為一些事贖罪，為我自己的小器量。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.beyond-the-pale.co.uk/LawrenceSnake.htm
The Ship of Death

幽靈船

I

Now it is autumn and the falling fruit
and the long journey towards oblivion.

The apples falling like great drops of dew
to bruise themselves an exit from themselves.

And it is time to go, to bid farewell
to one's own self, and find an exit
from the fallen self.

II

Have you built your ship of death, O have you?

O build your ship of death, for you will need it.
The grim frost is at hand, when the apples will fall thick, almost thundrous, on the hardened earth.

And death is on the air like a smell of ashes!

Ah! can't you smell it?

And in the bruised body, the frightened soul finds itself shrinking, wincing from the cold that blows upon it through the orifices.

III

And can a man his own quietus make with a bare bodkin?

With daggers, bodkins, bullets, man can make a bruise or break of exit for his life; but is that a quietus, O tell me, is it quietus?
Surely not so! for how could murder, even self-murder ever a quietus make?

**IV**

O let us talk of quiet that we know, that we can know, the deep and lovely quiet of a strong heart at peace!

How can we this, our own quietus, make?

**V**

Build then the ship of death, for you must take the longest journey, to oblivion.

And die the death, the long and painful death that lies between the old self and the new.

Already our bodies are fallen, bruised, badly bruised,
already our souls are oozing through the exit
of the cruel bruise.

Already the dark and endless ocean of the end
is washing in through the breaches of our wounds,
already the flood is upon us.

Oh build your ship of death, your little ark
and furnish it with food, with little cakes, and wine
for the dark flight down oblivion.

VI

Piecemeal the body dies, and the timid soul
has her footing washed away, as the dark flood rises.

We are dying, we are dying, we are all of us dying
and nothing will stay the death-flood rising within us
and soon it will rise on the world, on the outside world.
We are dying, we are dying, piecemeal our bodies are dying
and our strength leaves us,
and our soul cowers naked in the dark rain over the flood,
cowering in the last branches of the tree of our life.

VII

We are dying, we are dying, so all we can do
is now to be willing to die, and to build the ship
of death to carry the soul on the longest journey.

A little ship, with oars and food
and little dishes, and all accoutrements
fitting and ready for the departing soul.

Now launch the small ship, now as the body dies
and life departs, launch out, the fragile soul
in the fragile ship of courage, the ark of faith
with its store of food and little cooking pans
and change of clothes,
upon the flood's black waste
upon the waters of the end
upon the sea of death, where still we sail
darkly, for we cannot steer, and have no port.

There is no port, there is nowhere to go
only the deepening black darkening still
blacker upon the soundless, ungurgling flood
darkness at one with darkness, up and down
and sideways utterly dark,
so there is no direction any more
and the little ship is there; yet she is gone.
She is not seen, for there is nothing to see her by.

She is gone! gone! and yet
somewhere she is there.

Nowhere!

David Herbert Richards Lawrence | 88
VIII

And everything is gone, the body is gone
completely under, gone, entirely gone.

The upper darkness is heavy as the lower,
between them the little ship
is gone
she is gone.

It is the end, it is oblivion.

IX

And yet out of eternity a thread
separates itself on the blackness,
a horizontal thread
that fumes a little with pallor upon the dark.

Is it illusion? or does the pallor fume
A little higher?
Ah wait, wait, for there's the dawn,
the cruel dawn of coming back to life
out of oblivion.

Wait, wait, the little ship
drifting, beneath the deathly ashy grey
of a flood-dawn.

Wait, wait! even so, a flush of yellow
and strangely, O chilled wan soul, a flush of rose.
A flush of rose, and the whole thing starts again.

X

The flood subsides, and the body, like a worn sea-shell
emerges strange and lovely.
And the little ship wings home, faltering and lapsing
on the pink flood,
and the frail soul steps out, into the house again
filling the heart with peace.

Swings the heart renewed with peace
even of oblivion.

Oh build your ship of death, oh build it!
for you will need it.
For the voyage of oblivion awaits you.

壹
現在是秋季，掉下的果實；
漫長的旅途航向遺忘。

蘋果如大顆的露珠般墜落
挫傷他們自己只為找到一個出口。

該走的時後了到來，這一聲再會，
自己尋覓一個出口，
為曾經跌落的自身。
是否你已經造好了自己的幽魂船，你建好了嗎？

啊，造艘你的船，因你需要。

繁霜很快就要降臨，蘋果群集地，
幾乎如雷鳴轟隆地，向變硬的大地墜落。

死滅像灰燼味般迷漫在當空！

啊！莫非你聞不到？

在挫傷累累的身軀內，受驚嚇的魂靈，
發覺自己蜷縮成一團，無力頑抗，
自巖星吹入而進的寒潮。

而一個人可使出他自己最後一擊，
徒以錐子？

用短劍，用錐子，用槍子兒，

人能將生命累累挫傷或敞開其道；
告訴我，這樣就能終結倥傯？

絕非這樣！誅戮，甚至於自戕，
何曾能了局其窘境？

肆

哦，讓我們聊聊我們所謂的靜謐，
夠觸及的深刻透徹恬靜
藏於和藹平靜時分剛毅的心！
這豈能使我們搏出最終一擊？

伍

那就為自己製隻幽靈船，你必須
得走完最長的行程，直達遺忘國度。

至於湮滅亡故，長又苦的死

橫亙於自身疇昔與嶄新之間。

吾儕身軀已凋零，被挫傷，體無完膚，
我們的魂靈正從殘忍恣睢傷處的洞孔，
瀝流出竅。

黑暗，無邊無際的仙遊之洋，
正在湧進決口侵蝕我們的瘡傷，
洚水早籠罩吾輩。

哦，造起你的靈船，造起你的玲瓏方舟，
裝上食物，裝上蛋糕和酒，
為了通往黝黑遺忘湮滅的航向。

陸
當黑暗的洪水氾起，軀體一點一點地死去，
荏弱靈魂安身處，也被攫掠一空。

我們正在歸天逝去，大家都將畢命歸天，
在我們身上升起的死亡，洪流不可阻隔，
很快，它就會湮滅世界，泯沒外界。

David Herbert Richards Lawrence  94
我們將入土就墓，
我們的軀體正在逐步歸西，
我們的力量背離了我們，
使魂魄在洪水之上的黑雨中，裸裎袒裼地觳觫。
在我們生命之樹的枝椏端上寒顫。

柒
吾等將死，行將就木，我們現在能做的一切，
就是心甘情願地面對作古，製作靈船，
帶上靈魂去進行最長的一次航行。
小小的船上，綢繆好木槳和食物，
還有小盤子，以及所以為告辭的靈魂
準備好的裝備用品。

這就起錨，隨著軀體的殞命
和生命啓航，解纜，
易碎的靈魂待在了忠誠信心的小舟，
貯有食物，小小羅鍋，

95 | Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
換洗的衣衫，
在一片黑色荒蕪之洪流上，
在一去不返之海上，
在消逝之洋，我們仍舊在漆黑中顛覆航行，
因爲不能掌舵，亦無港岸。

沒有海港，無處可去
只有在深黑幽靜
急流洪流中繼續
浮沈，上下前後，四面漆黑，
以是，再也不知東南西北。

固然小舟在那兒；但是她業已走遠。
她看不見了，鄰近一帶沒有任何人能看見她。
她已經走了！走了！然而，
她待在那邊某個地方。
不知名之境！
捌

所有一切都散去，軀體也走了，
齊備走下去，徹底地消逝。
在兩者之間上方的黑暗像低處一樣繁重，
小船已經走了，
她已經走了。
這是結束，這是湮滅遺忘。

玖

然而，在黑暗之上，
有一條細線從永遠中分離出來，
一條水準線
帶著蒼白而冒到幽黑處間。

這是幻象？或是蒼白煙霧
冒得高了一點？
啊！等待，等待，因爲黎明到來，
殘酷的侵曉出湮滅，
返回世面。

等候，等候，小船在
惨灰洪水的曙光下漂流。

等候，守候！縱然如此，暈黃、
異乎尋常的，啊，降溫的靈魂隨，玫瑰紅暈。
瑰麗曙光萌發，一切事物重新開始。

拾
洪水逐漸消退，而軀體，就像磨損的海貝殼
陌生可愛地湧現出來。

小船飛奔回家，步履蹣跚，
在粉紅色的洪水上，
易碎的心靈步出，她再次進入屋內
用寧靜填塞心房。

以忘卻及寧靜更新的心
擺動起來。

David Herbert Richards Lawrence 98
哦，建造的靈船。哦，建造它！

由於你將需要它。

且通往湮沒的航程等著你。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:

http://www.kalliope.org/digt.pl?longdid=lawrence2001061776

99 | Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
A Baby Running Barefoot

When the bare feet of the baby beat across the grass

The little white feet nod like white flowers in the wind,

They poise and run like ripples lapping across the water;

And the sight of their white play among the grass

Is like a little robin’s song, winsome,

Or as two white butterflies settle in the cup of one flower

For a moment, then away with a flutter of wings.

I long for the baby to wander hither to me

Like a wind-shadow wandering over the water,

So that she can stand on my knee

With her little bare feet in my hands,
Cool like syringa buds,
Firm and silken like pink young peony flowers.

那孩子赤脚跑过青草地，
小白脚就像花朵在风中点头，
平衡运作如在水面上涟漪，
与他们那双白脚在草中玩耍之景，

如知更鸟歌声般动人，飘忽不定，
像两只蝴蝶在花杯上休憩，
时而双翅拍打轻轻离开。

我切盼这孩子漫步到我这里来，
像风的影子徊盪留连过水面，
她站在我膝腕上
我双手抚摸她的小赤脚，

风的影子酷像紫丁香花蕾凉爽乾净，
像新開粉紅牡丹的絲絨般柔滑與堅挺。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.online-literature.com/dh_lawrence/3401/

101 | Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
Medlars and Sorb-apples

枇杷與山梨

I LOVE you, rotten,

Delicious rottenness.

I love to suck you out from your skins

So brown and soft and coming suave,

So morbid, as the Italians say.

What a rare, powerful, reminiscent flavour

Comes out of your falling through the stages of decay:

Stream within stream.

Something of the same flavour as Syracusan muscat wine

Or vulgar Marsala.

Though even the word Marsala will smack of preciosity

Soon in the pussy-foot West.

David Herbert Richards Lawrence 102
What is it?
What is it, in the grape turning raisin,
In the medlar, in the sorb-apple.
Wineskins of brown morbidity,
Autumnal excrementa;
What is it that reminds us of white gods?
Gods nude as blanched nut-kernels.
Strangely, half-sinisterly flesh-fragrant
As if with sweat,
And drenched with mystery.
Sorb-apples, medlars with dead crowns.
I say, wonderful are the hellish experiences
Orphic, delicate
Dionysos of the Underworld.
A kiss, and a vivid spasm of farewell,

a moment’s orgasm of rupture.

Then along the damp road alone,

until the next turning.

And there, a new partner, a new parting,

a new unfusing into twain,

A new gasp of further isolation,

A new intoxication of loneliness,

among decaying, frost-cold leaves.

Going down the strange lanes of hell,

more and more intensely alone,

The fibres of the heart parting one after the other

And yet the soul continuing,

naked-footed, ever more vividly embodied

Like a flame blown whiter and whiter
In a deeper and deeper darkness
Ever more exquisite, distilled in separation.

So, in the strange retorts of medlars and sorb-apples
The distilled essence of hell.
The exquisite odour of leave-taking.
Jamque vale!

Orpheus, and the winding, leaf-clogged, silent lanes of hell.
Each soul departing with its own isolation.
Strangest of all strange companions,
And best.

Medlars, sorb-apples
More than sweet
Flux of autumn
Sucked out of your empty bladders
And sipped down, perhaps, with a sip of Marsala
So that the rambling, sky-dropped grape can add its

Orphic farewell, and farewell, and farewell

And the ego sum of Dionysos

The sono io of perfect drunkenness

Intoxication of final loneliness.

我愛你, 腐壞,
美味的腐敗珍饈。

我愛將你從果皮吸出
如此的棕色, 柔嫩、溫順,
如義大利人所說：這麼幽鬱。

真是稀罕、強烈、令人回味
自你陷入衰變階段而來：
如串串溪流。

味道酷似錫拉庫薩的葡萄酒，

David Herbert Richards Lawrence | 106
或普通的瑪絲粒酒。
儘管瑪絲粒酒一詞在不明示意思西方人眼裡
將被挑剔為矯揉做作。

這是什麼呢？
這是什麼呢？葡萄轉為葡萄乾，
枇杷、山梨之中。
棕色的致命病酒囊，
似秋葉釋出精緻氣味；
這是什麼呢，令人想到白色的神？

諸神裸裎如皮脫落的堅果仁。
怪異，半詭譎的果肉氛香
彷彿伴和了汗液，
且浸過玄妙。

身著枯冠之山梨與枇杷。

我說，如地獄般奇妙體味
如奧爾弗斯的神秘，嬌嫩的
冥界的狄奧尼索斯。

別離的親吻，痙攣顫慄，
滂沱悸動時分，
然後獨自走在濡濕路徑，
直到下個拐彎。

那裡，新的搭擋，新的拜辭，
嶄新的二分法，
進一步隔離的喘息，
一個新的沉醉與孤獨，
位居腐爛之霜雪寒葉間。

南下朝地獄般的車道行，寂寥密怖，
纖纖的心一一陸續崩潰，
然而靈魂卻延續，
裸著光腳生動地呈現，
如被吹得越來越白的火花

David Herbert Richards Lawrence | 108
處在更深沉的黝暗中，
淬鍊分隔後更精緻。
是以，枇杷與山梨的奇異淬鍊中
呈現出來地獄的香菁。
精湛離別的氛圍。
再會！

奧爾弗斯，蜿蜒被樹葉阻塞寂靜的地獄小徑。
每一個心靈帶著自己的落寞出發。
所有奇特同伴之中，
最棒的伴。

枇杷、山梨
秋天比甘更甜的流動
從你的空皮囊內吸出來
啜飲而下，或許，啜口瑪絲粒酒
可爲蔓延、從天而降的葡萄，更添風味
奧爾弗斯的告別，辭行，拜辭

狄奧尼索斯的自我總結

無瑕的完善陶醉

終點式的陶醉孤寂。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:

David Herbert Richards Lawrence | 110
Emily Bronte
1818–1848

In Thornton, Bradford, she was born in 1820. Soon after her sister's birth, the Bronte moved to Haworth, Yorkshire of England. Here Emily had spent most time of her life and writing career. Emily lived a shorter than most of people and fairly constrained days. Although Emily Bronte had not composed very much her novels and poems, most of them yet have turned to be classics of English literature of academic field, because of their emotional intensity and extraordinary power. Emily is famous due to her well-liked Romantic novel Wuthering Heights, being one of the English language's greatest romantic novels. Some literature scholars commented that Emily’s poems are remarkable, since they are able to speak clearly and realistically to her readers. Also, her works are uncluttered with unintelligible forms and languages.
在1820年，在桑頓，布拉德福德，艾米莉·勃朗特出生。妹妹出生不久后，全家搬到约克夏郡的霍沃斯，她在生命中大部分时间在此度过。尽管她不常写作，她的小说和诗歌成果，大部分已成为经典的英国文学，她的一生短暂并充满限制，因为她的感情较他人强烈，且拥有罕见的能力。艾米莉最著名的浪漫主义小说为《咆啸山莊》，有人曾说：「它是一部最伟大的英语浪漫主义小说」。她的诗非常优秀，令人赞赏，原因则是因为她能为读者讲清楚说明白，她的文字句意清晰，不会带有混淆形式的语言。
My Lady's Grave

我夫人的墓

THE linnet in the rocky dells,
The moor-lark in the air,
The bee among the heather bells
That hide my lady fair:

The wild deer browse above her breast;
The wild birds raise their brood;
And they, her smiles of love caress'd,
Have left her solitude!

I ween that when the grave's dark wall
Did first her form retain,
They thought their hearts could ne'er recall
The light of joy again.
They thought the tide of grief would flow
    Uncheck’d through future years;
But where is all their anguish now,
    And where are all their tears?

Well, let them fight for honour’s breath,
    Or pleasure’s shade pursue--
The dweller in the land of death
    Is changed and careless too.

And if their eyes should watch and weep
    Till sorrow’s source were dry,
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,
    Return a single sigh!

Blow, west wind, by the lonely mound:
    And murmur, summer streams!
There is no need of other sound

Emily Bronte  |  114
To soothe my lady’s dreams

紅雀在岩石峽穀間，
百靈雀在空中翱翔，
蜜蜂在石楠鈴花間飛舞
隱藏我的窕條淑女：

野生鹿在她的胸脯子吃草；
野禽鳥在那築窩育雛；
他們她以藏愛的微笑擁抱她，
卻又離開她使她伶仃！

我猜當墳墓的暗牆
剛開始將她的形體挽留時，
他們曾以爲他們的心不再憶起
喜悅光芒。

他們以爲悲哀的浪潮
將流至未來的年代；
然而如今隨處有他們的苦悶，
所有他們的眼淚又在何方？

算了吧，讓他們爭奪榮譽之氣息，
或去追尋歡樂的遮蔭--
死亡國土的居住者
人事移易，也已無所謂。

就算他們的雙眼照拂她，
啜泣直到淚泉乾枯，
她也靜靜寢息，不再答覆，
以一聲慨嘆！

吹吧，西風，吹這孤獨寂寞的墳：
夏天的溪流，小聲呢喃！
這兒不需求其餘聲息
來勸慰我的夫人的企盼。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.daypoems.net/poems/684.html
Remembrance

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,

   Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!

   Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,

   Severed at last by Time’s all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover

   Over the mountains, on that northern shore,

   Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover

   That noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth, and fifteen wild Decembers

From those brown hills have melted into spring:

   Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers

   After such years of change and suffering!

   Sweet Love of youth, forgive if I forget thee,
While the world’s tide is bearing me along:
Sterner desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

No later light has lightened up my heaven;
No second morn has ever shone for me:
All my life’s bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life’s bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy;

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.
And even yet I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in Memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

在地上可會冷—你身上覆蓋深厚的積雪，
遠遠離去，處於寒冷幽暗的墳塋！
唯一的愛，我怎能忘了愛你，
正值你終被斷絕在時間江流之外？

現在我孤寂一人，然而我的思念
不再盤旋在山崗和北岸，
歇息在石南蕨葉叢叢之羽翼
此地覆蓋你高尚的心，直到永遠？
你在地底已冷，在外經歷十五個寒冬
從棕褐色的山丘你融化成了春天；
相憶的靈魂實在稱得上忠實，
過許多年的變遷與折磨！

假使忘了少年時的甜愛，請原諒我，
世代潮水正不斷將我推進：
更堅定慾望和別的希望令我困擾，
期待遮掩了你，但不能虧欠錯待你！

從未有遲來的光芒照亮我的天堂；
不再有第二個清晨為我發光：
我今生的福佑皆是親愛的你生命賜予，
此生的幸福即為和你合葬此墳塋。

然而當金色夢境裡的韶華逝去，
連絕望愁悵也無摧毀之力，
爾後，我學習到存在的值得珍惜，
力量加強，生活不靠歡娛的助益；
於是我視察無益的激情引發的眼淚，
堵截我少年靈魂對你依戀；
嚴格否認對你墳強烈嚮往
對於那墓，比我的更屬於自我。

雖然如此，然而我卻不敢讓它憔悴，
無膽沉迷在回憶的銷魂痛楚；
如果深深飲下神聖的苦楚，
叫我何能於這空虛人世再追尋？

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://homepages.wmich.edu/~cooneys/poems/bronte.rememberance.html
Emily E. Dickinson

1830—1886

Emily Elizabeth Dickinson was an American prestigious poet, who was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, to a flourishing family unit with well-built society ties. This famous poet spent her days with a frequently introverted and isolated manner. After Emily Dickinson studied at the Amherst Academy for seven years in her youth. Also, she spent a while at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary before going back to her own family's house in Amherst. Due to Emily Dickinson’s thoughts and behaviors regarded to be an unconventional female by some of the traditional local folks, she became known for her penchant for white clothing and her reluctance to greet guests. Most of Emily Dickinson’s were therefore carried out merely by correspondence.

艾米莉・伊麗莎白・狄金森是美國著名詩人。出生在麻州的阿默斯特，她的家庭與社區關係相當成功，在此她過著內向隱
居的生活方式。之後，她曾在阿默斯特學院，渡過她七年的青春，然後在麻州女子學校短期就讀，再返回到她家在阿默斯特的房子。有些當地人認為她是一個古怪的人，她以獨鍾白衣服著稱，她不願意迎接外來的客人。多數人因此只好以信函，發展她的友誼。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Emily_Dickinson
I Dwell in Possibility

我棲身於無窮可能

A fairer House than Prose —

More numerous of Windows —

Superior--for Doors —

Of Chambers as the Cedars —

Impregnable of Eye —

And for an Everlasting Roof

The Gambrels of the Sky —

Of Visitors--the fairest —

For Occupation—This —

The spreading wide my narrow Hands

To gather Paradise —
比韻文更美的房舍，—

有比較多的窗牖 —

維妙維肖的門 —

西洋衫建造的房間 —

目擊完美堅不可摧 —

雋永屋頂 —

蓋住穹蒼的複折屋頂

到訪之客—是最美的 —

這是用來容身的 —

我伸展開來狹窄的手

去採集天堂 —

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:

http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/182904
“Nature” is what we see —

「自然」如我們眼睛所見——

"Nature" is what we see —

The Hill — the Afternoon —

Squirrel — Eclipse — the Bumble bee —

Nay — Nature is Heaven —

Nature is what we hear —

The Bobolink — the Sea —

Thunder — the Cricket —

Nay — Nature is Harmony —

Nature is what we know —

Yet have no art to say —

So impotent Our Wisdom is

To her Simplicity.
「自然」如我們眼睛之所見
丘陵 — 午後時刻 —
松鼠 — 日蝕 — 大黃蜂
不 — 自然尤如天堂 —
自然是我們耳所聽聞 —

鳥鳴 — 汪洋 —
雷擊 — 蟋蟀 —
不 — 自然是諧和 —
自然是我們的所知
無法造作多言 —
我們的智慧太弱，無法言喻展示

她的簡樸。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/nature-is-what-we-see/
The Brain — Is Wider than the Sky —

頭腦 — 比天空更廣闊 —

The Brain — is wider than the Sky —

For — put them side by side —

The one the other will contain

With ease — and You — beside —

The Brain is deeper than the sea —

For — hold them — Blue to Blue —

The one the other will absorb —

As Sponges — Buckets -- do —

The Brain is just the weight of God —

For — Heft them — Pound for Pound —

And they will differ — if they do —

As Syllable from Sound —

Emily E. Dickinson | 128
頭腦—比天空更廣闊—
原因是當把它們並列時—
前者涵蓋後者
輕輕地—而你—也在旁邊
頭腦—比天空更廣闊—
當捧著它們—藍色對藍色
前者將吸收後者
如同海綿與水桶的作用
頭腦與上帝一樣重
舉起它們—一磅對一磅
而它們若有所相異—
則是音節和聲音的差別—

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://42opus.com/v6n4/thebrainiswider/
The Soul Selects Her Own Society

魂魄選擇自己的社區

The soul selects her own society,

Then shuts the door;

On her divine majority

Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing

At her low gate;

Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling

Upon her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation

Choose one;

Then close the valves of her attention

Like stone.

Emily E. Dickinson | 130
魂魄選擇好自己的社區
然後就闔門自守；
以無比神聖的決心
不容他人干涉。
就算馬車恭迎、也心如止水
在矮門邊；
即使帝王親屈攜迎接
於門塾之上
任憑佳麗、猶如三千弱水
但取一瓢飲之；
關閉門閥、心無旁念，
貞堅如磐石。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.eliteskills.com/analysis_poetry/The_Soul_selects_her_own_Society_by_Emily_Dickinson_analysis.php

131 | Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
George Gordon Byron

1788 – 1824

He was born on January 22nd 1788. Lord Byron was an English poet who was a pioneer character in the Romantic Movement. Lord Byron is best remembered for his poems, including the classic poetry collections Child's Harold's Pilgrimage and Don Juan. Don Juan was considered to be an epic of its age and was interpreted commonly by the Victorians, although to countless readers, it was considered to be fairly shocking. The literary works of Byron were frequently characterized by characters who had a rebellious, non-traditional personality. His hero roles in works usually exhibited awesome talents and enthusiasm, although they sometimes misused their talents. To a certain extent the heroes in Byron's poems reflect a degree of his autobiography. Moreover, poetries by Byron echo his interests in social or political issues in Parliament. Byron sometimes stood up for disadvantaged groups and minorities, so that he was also one of the few to support the
Luddites. The individual life of Byron was a chaotic event, attracting a great deal of conjecture. Byron had a profound love for animals; especially Byron himself devoted a lot of his time and money to his own dog, named Botswain. In Greece, Byron died in the year of 1824, while he was getting ready to participate in the war, on behalf of the Greeks for their self-government from the occupying Turks. Before he could devote himself into the battle, he died from a violent cold and aggravated infection.

George Gordon, Byron was born on January 22, 1788. Lord Byron was a leading figure in the Romantic Movement in late 18th-century British literature. His most famous poems include *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage* and *Don Juan*, which are considered a milestone in the history of English literature. Although his works were extensively read during the Victorian era, they were sometimes considered shocking, particularly to conservative readers. Byron’s literary works are characterized by the rebellious nature and the unconventional behavior of his characters. His heroines often display remarkable skill and enthusiasm, although they are sometimes prone to misuse their talents. Byron’s heroic poems often feature autobiographical elements. Byron showed considerable interest in political issues, and he frequently stood up in support of weaker groups, becoming a supporter of the Luddites. Byron’s personal life was somewhat turbulent, causing considerable public interest.

133 | Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
拜倫熱愛動物，尤其是他自己的狗。拜倫於 1824 年在希臘去世。當時他準備為希臘人，為維護國家的獨立性與佔領的土耳其宣戰。他還沒來得及進入戰鬥，就死於驟冷所引起的重病。

References from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lord_Byron
http://www.poetseers.org/the_romantics/george-gordon-byr
She Walks in Beauty

她走在美中

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

她走在美景中，彷彿夜暮
於萬裡無雲的季節和繁星滿天的夜；
是最佳的黑暗和光輝
照於外貌與眼眸；
轉化為如此柔和的光
上天否認俗麗的白晝。

更暗一點，少亮一些，
都可損及莫名的典雅

波動烏黑髮中

George Gordon Byron | 136
輕柔閃亮於臉孔，
思緒安閒甜蜜地顯明
其居住處多麼純潔令人珍惜。

那面頰和眉宇之間
溫和，平靜，而傳遞真情，
勝利的微笑，發光的色調，
憶及經歷過的美好時分，
身心平安，
一顆心其愛清純。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
Stanzas for Music

詩節・寫給音樂

There be none of Beauty's daughters
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:

George Gordon Byron | 138
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee,
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

妳的美無與倫比
具有如此魅力；
甜美的聲音飛泉鳴玉，
像是音樂在水面飄逸。
此魅力能使滄海和緩，
點點閃光浪濤靜臥；
輕輕地為風兒催眠入夢；

午夜的明月邊織起來
她的光明頸鍊，
海的胸脯微微起伏
如酣睡嬰兒徐徐呼吸；
因此靈魂屈膝向您，
傾聽欽慕您，
以溫柔的胸懷，
以夏日海漪。
He became the most admired English poet of his time. He was granted innumerable awards and so far poems critics have repeatedly tried to figure out his characteristics of poetry and to post commentaries on his poetry, stirring a variety of responses.

John Betjeman was taught and grew up at Highgate Junior School, located in London. He was ever briefly taught by T. S. Eliot. He then went on to study at Malborough and later Oxford University. During John’s youth he had evolved his psychology format by defensiveness. For example, in early days of John, he perceived negative impact from his German sounding name. This event made his youth hard to go through, particularly he felt difficult during 1914-1918, the war years. Finally, the King of England had changed his German name helpfully. Betjeman also had a complicated connection with his father. John’s father anticipated him to follow him like previous generations and continue to do family’s furniture making business. However,
Betjeman was never interested in a career in business striving to make a living though poetry and literature.

約翰．畢哲明是英國當代最受歡迎的詩人之一。他獲得了無數獎項，但也引來各樣的反應，評論家卻也嘗試了解他的風格和批評他的詩歌。

在倫敦海格特小學長大，他曾是艾略特的學生。後來他繼續在牛津大學就讀。在他的整個童年，他開發出了一定的防衛心。首先，他對自己的具德國氣習的名字非常敏感，尤其 1914-1918 年的戰爭年代生活特別困難。值得一提的是英國國王改掉了他的德國名字。畢哲明與他的父親的關係不佳，他的父親曾寄予厚望，他能跟隨家族進入傢俱製造企業。然而貝奇曼對於商人職業生涯從未有興趣，卻將心力置於詩歌和文學。

References from: http://www.poetseers.org/poets/john_betjeman/
Guilt

The clock is frozen in the tower,

The thickening fog with sooty smell

Has blanketed the motor power

Which turns the London streets to hell;

And footsteps with their lonely sound

Intensify the silence round.

I haven't hope. I haven't faith.

I live two lives and sometimes three.

The lives I live make life a death

For those who have to live with me.

Knowing the virtues that I lack,

I pat myself upon the back.
With breastplate of self-righteousness
And shoes of smugness on my feet,
Before the urge in me grows less
I hurry off to make retreat.
For somewhere, somewhere, burns a light
To lead me out into the night.
It glitters icy, thin and plain,
And leads me down to Waterloo-
Into a warm electric train
Which travels sorry Surrey through
And crystal-hung, the clumps of pine
Stand deadly still beside the line.

鐘被冰凍在塔內，
濃霧染上煤煙味
地毯式覆蓋了電機動力
轉化倫敦街頭成地獄；
腳步聲和寂寞聲調
全面強化沉默氛圍。

我沒有希望。我沒有信心。
我生活圈的人，三三兩兩。
我生活的方便活變死
而那些和我住在一起的。
知道我缺乏美德，
我拍自己的背。

罩著胸甲自以爲是
雙腳穿鞋自命不凡，
在我衝動減低之前
趕緊撤回。
到某地，點燈
引導我入夜。
燈如晶冰閃爍，輕薄平凡，

帶我南下滑鐵盧 —

進入溫暖電車

旅行橫越舒梨

垂吊水晶，松木叢林

靜靜不動地站在線邊。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.poetryconnection.net/poets/John_Betjeman/16964
John Donne
1572 – 1631

He was an English writer, satirist, poet, attorney, and pastor. He had been regarded as a well-known representative of the metaphysical poets in his time. John Donne’s writing are distinguished due to his mimetic and corporeal form in his sonnets, love poetry, spiritual poems, Latin translations, epigrams, elegies, lyrics, satires as well as sermons. His poems is famous and significant by their vibrancy of language and inventiveness of metaphor. Very importantly, he was particularly outstanding when being compared to that of his contemporaries. Donne’s mode of writing usually can be typified by abrupt openings, an assortment of paradoxes, ironies, and also dislocations. These patterns in mixture with his repeated theatrical or daily verbal communication rhythms, his tense syntax, and his tough eloquence were all reactions against the softness of conventional Elizabethan poetry and an adaptation into English of European Baroque and mannerist
techniques. His early works were commented by poems that provided enormous information about British society and he owned sufficient knowledge for spiky condemnation for current political and social issues. Another imperative topic in Donne’s verses was the thought of his true faith. Religion was what John Donne had spent a great deal of time to reflect on and imagine for. In fact, John Donne also composed numerous secular (erotic) poems. He is predominantly well-known for his being good at metaphysical conceits.

References from:
約翰·鄧恩是英國詩人、諷刺作家、律師與牧師，他被認為是突出的玄學派時期代表詩人。他的作品中，被模仿及值得注意的感性風格，包括十四行詩、愛情詩、宗教詩、拉丁語譯作、勵志格言、挽歌、歌曲、諷刺和誇敘講詞。他的詩歌以語言活力和比喻創造力著名，特別是與同時代人相比時顯得格外優秀。約翰·鄧恩的風格特點是突然開口，各種矛盾，諷刺及位錯。這些功能結合了他頻繁戲劇化或日常用語的節奏，他緊張的語法，和他的強硬的口才反應，與伊麗莎白時期的平順無奇之傳統詩歌及歐洲巴洛克矯飾技巧改編成英文的諸多特色相左。他早期職業生涯的特色是具入世風格的詩歌，當時他於英國各階層見識甚廣，以豐富知識提出尖銳之社會批評。另一個詩歌重要的主題，是他花很多時間考慮的有關宗教與真理方面的主題。事實上，鄧恩特別有名的是形上學與誇張的比喻。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.answers.com/topic/john-donne
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 to impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learn'd 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 in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placèd 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 keep that hid.

我完成一件勇敢的事
比菁英更有勇氣；
而從那裡衍生更勇敢的壯舉，
為了隱瞞前功。

倘使人相傳切割鏡石面的藝術技能，
當他卻找不到運用機會
此舉僅是無益。

因此，假設我如今坦然道出這一點，
其他人，因爲沒有更多的材料用以加工，
仍會喜愛一如曩昔。
然而可愛的心坎裡他發現，
厭惡外界所有一切，
因爲他愛好顏色、皮膚，
他們卻愛最舊的衣裳。

如果你像我也能具備
女人的美德，
勇敢愛了，就大聲說出，
而且忘記他和她的差異；

倘若這種愛，如是擺置，
你藏匿的世俗男人，
將無你賦予的信仰，
倘若他們能體會一分，
或者只以揶揄置之；
是以你做具勇氣的事

所有前賢無法比擬；

此舉衍生更勝一籌的壯舉，

為隱瞞前功。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:

E. K. Chambers, Ed.
London: Lawrence & Bullen, 1896. 6-7.
http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/donne/undertaking.php
Wilfred Edward Salter Owen

1983—1918

In Oswestry, Shropshire, England, he was born on March 18, 1893. He was on the Continent teaching stably, until Owen one day visited a hospital for the wounded. Afterward, he followingly decided, in September, 1915, to return to England and enlist. “I came out in order to help these boys directly by leading them as well as an officer can; indirectly, by watching their sufferings that I may speak of them as well as a pleader can.” (October, 1918).

Owen was injured in March 1917 and sent home; he was fit for duty in August, 1918, and returned to the front. On the 4th in November, just only 7seven days before the Armistice, Owen unfortunately was caught in a German machine gun attack and killed. He was only 25 when he died.

威爾弗雷德·愛德華索爾特·歐文出生於 1893 年 3 月 18 日。他在歐洲大陸教學，直到他參觀了病院的傷員，於時決定

155 | Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
在 1915 年 9 月返回英國，並入伍。「我出來，以幫助這些孩子們，作爲他們領導以及一名官員，通過觀察他們所受的痛苦，我可以當他們的發言人與申訴人。」歐文於 1917 年 3 月受傷並被送回家，1918 年他的職責是適合於八月某一任務，並返回到前線。11 月 4 日，就在停戰前七天，他於一個德國機槍襲擊事件中被殺害。他死的時候僅僅 25 歲。
Exposure

暴露

I

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knife us...

Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent...

Low drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient...

Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous,

But nothing happens.

Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire.

Like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.

Northward incessantly, the flickering gunnery rumbles,

Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war.

What are we doing here?

The poignant misery of dawn begins to grow...
We only know war lasts, rain soaks, and clouds sag stormy.

Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army
Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of gray,
But nothing happens.

Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.
Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,
With sidelong flowing flakes that flock, pause and renew,
We watch them wandering up and down the wind's nonchalance,
But nothing happens.

II

Pale flakes with lingering stealth come feeling for our faces -
We cringe in holes, back on forgotten dreams, and stare,
snow-dazed,

Deep into grassier ditches. So we drowse, sun-dozed,
Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird fusses.
Is it that we are dying?

Slowly our ghosts drag home: glimpsing the sunk fires glozed

With crusted dark-red jewels; crickets jingle there;

For hours the innocent mice rejoice: the house is theirs;
Shutters and doors all closed: on us the doors are closed -

We turn back to our dying.

Since we believe not otherwise can kind fires burn;

Now ever suns smile true on child, or field, or fruit.

For God's invincible spring our love is made afraid;
Therefore, not loath, we lie out here; therefore were born,

For love of God seems dying.

To-night, His frost will fasten on this mud and us,

Shrivelling many hands and puckering foreheads crisp.
The burying-party, picks and shovels in their shaking grasp,

Pause over half-known faces. All their eyes are ice,
But nothing happens.

壹

我們頭痛猛烈，軀幹被刀劍般的殘暴東風割劣...

疲憊卻意識清醒，僻靜的夜草木皆兵...

垂下的信號彈迷惑了往昔我們對它鮮明的記憶...

風聲鶴唳的夜，哨兵的低語，緊張中帶一點好奇，

結果卻什麼也沒有爆發。

留神，我們聽見拉動鐵絲的一陣突響。

宛若人行荆棘載途中發出痛楚的顫搐。

不斷的往北蔓藤延，槍炮射擊的隆隆聲，

聲音從遠處傳出恰似沉悶的謠言

我們為何在疆場上？

淒美苦難的黎明破曉...

我們僅知道戰役仍然持續。

全身被雨水浸漬，黑雲低沉風雨如磐。

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen | 160
晨曦在東邊的地平線散開
惆悵的部隊集合一塊
士氣低落哆嗦的隊伍再度襲擊，
還是沒有反應。

突襲連續飛行的槍彈掃射，打破沉默。

比不寒而慄飄灑雪的黑色天空，
隨豐沛雪片聚集，停頓一會兒又繼續飄揚，
我們看著雪花隨冷漠的風，上下流連，
仍然沒有反應。

貳

潛行纏綿白雪前來感受我們的面孔~
我們退縮在孔洞，回到遺忘的夢境，顧盼，令人昏沉的雪片，
深入綠草般的溝渠，我們好困 幻想在太陽下打瞌睡，
花瓣散落大地，黑鷺呾呾喳喳。
莫非我們已然垂死？
拖著我們的靈魂，慢慢地回家

瞥見沒落火災區，有些帶著紅色寶石的鏽；

蛐蛐兒在那叫；天真老鼠興奮許久，以爲屋宇屬於他們；

捲閘和門窗全封閉著：對著我們的大門被關閉～

我們只得回到我們的死寂。

既然我們再也不信有其他能實物燃燒；

太陽真實微笑映在孩子、田野與水果上。

因上帝創造無敵的春天，無法征服，

即使我們有愛，也會春天之前膽怯；

我們因此毫不勉強，躺在這，

由於上帝的愛似乎歸天。

今天夜裡，他的冰霜會緊緊覆蓋我們及這些泥漿，

於許多枯萎雙手，與起皺額頭之間。
葬禮在他們揮動的鍬和鐵鍬中舉辦，
停頓於眾所周知半陌生臉孔間，所有目光冰冷，
依然未發生何事。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:

http://poetry.poetryx.com/poems/1151/
Greater Love

更偉大的愛

Red lips are not so red
As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.

Kindness of wooed and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure.

O Love, your eyes lose lure
When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!

Your slender attitude
Trembles not exquisite like limbs knife-skewed,

Rolling and rolling there
Where God seems not to care;

Till the fierce love they bear
Cramps them in death's extreme decrepitude.
Your voice sings not so soft,-
Though even as wind murmuring through raftered loft,-
Your dear voice is not dear,
Gentle, and evening clear,
As theirs whom none now hear,
Now earth has stopped their piteous mouths that coughed.

Heart, you were never hot
Nor large, nor full like hearts made great with shot;
And though your hand be pale,
Paler are all which trail
Your cross through flame and hail:
Weep, you may weep, for you may touch them not.

朱紅的嘴唇不那麼紅
因爲彩色寶石遭到英倫亡魂親吻。
仁慈的求愛和示愛者
似乎因他們的純情感覺恥辱。
因愛，你的雙眼失去誘惑
當我看見，誰知我代之而起的眼睛仍蒙蔽無神！

你纖修的身軀
顫抖著，劇烈似刀斜刺著，
滾動、搖晃
而上帝好像也無所謂；
直到他們承擔如此激烈的愛
他們在死亡極度衰老中抽搐絞痛。

你歌唱的聲音不那麼柔軟，—
但依舊似清風浮遊於天花板與閣樓，—
你親密的聲音不再親愛，
溫柔，清晰，
似乎你未曾開口一樣，
現在地球已經停止哀淒，嘴不再咳嗽。

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen ∣ 166
心，你從來不懂熱忱
未曾寬大，完整而創造出巨大震撼；
雖然你的手蒼白，
都是蒼白的線索，
您穿越火焰和冰雹：
哭，你可以哭，因爲你接觸不到他們。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.poemtree.com/poems/GreaterLove.htm
Strange Meeting

奇異的會戰

It seemed that out of battle I escaped
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
Through granites which titanic wars had groined.

Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
Lifting distressful hands, as if to bless.
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall,
By his dead smile I knew we stood in Hell.

With a thousand pains that vision's face was grained;
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.

“Strange friend,” I said, “here is no cause to mourn.”

“None,” said that other, “save the undone years,

The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,

Was my life also, I went hunting wild

After the wildest beauty in the world,

Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,

But mocks the steady running of the hour,

And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.

For by my glee might many men have laughed,

And of my weeping something had been left,

Which must die now I mean the truth untold,

The pity of war, the pity war distilled.

Now men will go content with what we spoiled,

Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.

They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress.
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.

    Courage was mine, and I had mystery,

    Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery:

    To miss the march of this retreating world

    Into vain citadels that are not walled.

Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels,

    I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,

    Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.

    I would have poured my spirit without stint

    But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.

Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.

    I am the enemy you killed, my friend.

    I knew you in this dark: for so you frowned

Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.

I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.

    Let us sleep now…”

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen  |  170
逃離那場戰役之後
模糊記憶我途經一個淵深幽幽的通道，
很久以前遺留下的挖掘痕跡，
在花崗石上仍然可見
泰坦神族還在戰爭時就已經成爲的穹窿。

然而那裡一如既往支撐沉睡者的呻吟，
短暫的思想和漸逝無法自勉的靈魂。
於是，我尋求他們，有一個流竄並瞪眼
睽睽凝視的眼光中充滿了哀怨似的熟識，
舉起絕望的雙手好就像要賜福我。
藉由他的笑，我知道身處憂鬱大廳，
藉由他死前顫然一噱，我們站立廳堂。

因千瘡百孔，臉龐有了細紋；
前方的戰場上沒有哀號遍野、血流成河，
因無槍鳴，或者槍桿下的哀求
「好奇怪啊，朋友，」我說道：「這裡沒有理由哀號」
「沒有」他們附和著，「挽救那些破滅、絕望的歲月，
無希望，無論是什麼，
那都是我存在的動力，
在世界原始荒涼的好景裡，我獵尋狂野，
它無法沉靜躺在眼底，或者停留在髮辮上，
不屑一顧眼前穩定的流逝，
假如悲傷來襲，荒涼的悲傷還比這富饒許多，
我的那些或許蒙受人們嗤笑嘲弄的歡快，
那些早已被人們遺棄，我卻為之哭泣的人啊，
而今你們都死去了吧，
我想說的是那些仍然被掩蔽的事實，
兵戈中被蒸餾掉的軫恤，
現在人們也許會對我們的摧毀，
得志洋洋或怨言大發，
或是不滿，血水飛濺
他們敏捷有如母老虎，
沒有人會退步，即便整個國度緩慢進步，
勇氣付予我與天生的神秘感，
智慧付予我把握的能力：

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen 172
錯過退卻的行軍。
進入空虛的沒有圍牆的堡壘，
因此當一些血液，
阻塞了戰車車輪前進時刻，
我起來，用甜蜜的井水，洗滌謊言過深之玷污，
我會傾注我的心靈，毫不吝惜，
然而不經由傷疤則無法見證戰事。
額頭沒有瘡傷，血仍流出。
我是被你誅戮的仇敵，親愛的友人。
在漆黑中我識別出你：
昨天推刃於我時，你雙眉深鎖
我躲躲閃閃，但我的雙手因冷孱弱，
讓我們睡吧...」
Apologia pro Poemate Meo

我的詩歌詮釋

I, too, saw God through mud--
The mud that cracked on cheeks when wretches smiled.

War brought more glory to their eyes than blood,
And gave their laughs more glee than shakes a child.

Merry it was to laugh there--
Where death becomes absurd and life absurder.

For power was on us as we slashed bones bare
Not to feel sickness or remorse of murder.

I, too, have dropped off fear--

Behind the barrage, dead as my platoon,
And sailed my spirit surging, light and clear
Past the entanglement where hopes lay strewn;
And witnessed exultation--
Faces that used to curse me, scowl for scowl,
Shine and lift up with passion of oblation,
Seraphic for an hour; though they were foul.

I have made fellowships--
Untold of happy lovers in old song.
For love is not the binding of fair lips
With the soft silk of eyes that look and long,

By Joy, whose ribbon slips,--
But wound with war's hard wire whose stakes are strong;
Bound with the bandage of the arm that drips;
Knit in the welding of the rifle-thong.

I have perceived much beauty
In the hoarse oaths that kept our courage straight;
Heard music in the silentness of duty;
Found peace where shell-storms spouted reddest spate.

Nevertheless, except you share
With them in hell the sorrowful dark of hell,
Whose world is but the trembling of a flare,
And heaven but as the highway for a shell,

You shall not hear their mirth:
You shall not come to think them well content
By any jest of mine. These men are worth
Your tears: You are not worth their merriment.

我，與您一樣，從沼泥看見神─
可憐者萬一莞爾、扭曲
雙頰上泥漿崩裂掉下
觸目戰爭帶來的光彩比血腥更多，
得意的笑蓋過孩子的顫抖。

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen  |  176
當歡樂被貶等同嘲笑——
生比死更荒謬。
電流般的力量對著裸露的骨骼砍下
我們不再慚愧或者悔恨謀殺。

我，也有墜落的恐懼——
彈幕的背後，小隊無精打采，
搏擊風浪，精神航行光線清晰
希望散落處與過往足跡糾葛纏繞；

見證歡欣鼓舞——
曾經咒罵我，那皺眉的愁容，
閃耀在半空中，以奉獻的激情，
似天使圍繞片刻；雖然他們已腐爛。

我有過一段愛情——
老歌中的無盡歡喜冤家。
愛情不約束於公正的雙唇
隨著柔和絲綢光澤閃爍眼神，它看起來長久，

啊，他們的勳章綬帶滑落，一

然而傷口烙有戰爭的硬繩，標樁堅實無法隱瞞；

綁有繃帶打點滴的手臂上；

曾編於焊接過的皮帶步槍上。

我領受無數美好

從我們維持膽略的嘶啞立誓中；

無聲戰鬥中聽見的歌；

似炮彈轟炸，從血流成河中撿起的平靜。

然而，除非是你

在悲哀幽黑的陰間，

藉由抖動的火花，遠望天國，

和他們同享這所有，

你不會瞭解他們的歡樂：

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen | 178
更不會想到他們是因我的笑料而滿意
這些人值得你為他們掉淚
你卻不值得他們為你歡欣雀躍。
Ted Hughes
1930—1998

He was a poet, dramatist and short tale writer. He was brought up in Mexborough, which belongs to a coal-mining municipality in South Yorkshire of England. Ted’s being brought in Yorkshire afterward had to a certain degree of influence on his poems. After finishing high school education, Ted Hughes entered the prestigious Pembroke College of Cambridge University. Over there, he at first studied English language, then following he was interested in the fields of anthropology and archaeology. The backgrounds of his study in Cambridge University led him to develop his interests in researching for mythological systems, which grew into attraction with astrology, shamanism and moreover, hermeticism. Above themes obviously caused a great deal of impacts on his works and poem arts. Ted Hughes found his later spouse Sylvia Plath at Cambridge University. At that time, Plath was just a potential unknown poet. Ted Hughes had
supported his wife in publishing a lot of her poetries. However, these two poets’ couple relationship had lots of turbulent events. Unfortunately, Ted’s wife Sylvia committed suicide and died in 1963. According to a literature researcher, Elaine Feinstein’s study, Ted’s biography on the author appeared in 2001. He was beaten and never recovered from his wife’s tragedy. However one of his best known works was published in 1970 entitled The “Crow”. It contains a series of story poems, mentioning issues of death and overcoming death. What’s worthy for noting is Ted Hughes was appointed to be Poet Laureate in 1984.

泰德·休斯是一位詩人，劇作家和短篇小說家。他從小在南約克郡，煤炭開採的梅克斯伯勒鎮長大。他約克郡的點點滴滴對他後來的詩歌有很強的影響力。中學畢業後，他到劍橋大學的彭布羅克學院學習。在這裡，特德·休斯首先研究英語文學，然後研讀人類學和考古學。此外他發展對神話、占星術的興趣，這些主題於他的詩歌也產生了影響。在劍橋，他遇到了後來的妻子：普拉斯。當時她是一個未知的詩人。特德·休斯支持他妻子的許多詩歌刊物出版，但他們的關係中，存在有許
多混亂的事件，他的妻子不幸於1963年自殺身亡。據學者伊萊恩範士丹的研究報告，休斯的作者自傳出現在2001年，休斯從他妻子的死亡悲劇後，再也沒有振作過來。他的一個最有名的作品是在1970年發表題為《烏鴉》一系列的故事詩，討論克服死亡的議題。整體而言特德·休斯成就非凡，曾經於1984年被皇室任命為桂冠詩人。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
Remember how we picked the daffodils?
Nobody else remembers, but I remember.
Your daughter came with her armfuls, eager and happy,
Helping the harvest. She has forgotten.
She cannot even remember you. And we sold them.
It sounds like sacrilege, but we sold them.
Were we so poor? Old Stoneman, the grocer,
Boss-eyed, his blood-pressure purpling to beetroot
(It was his last chance,
He would die in the same great freeze as you),
He persuaded us. Every Spring
He always bought them, sevenpence a dozen,
‘A custom of the house’.
Besides, we still weren’t sure we wanted to own

Anything. Mainly we were hungry

To convert everything to profit.

Still nomads-still strangers

To our whole possession. The daffodils

Were incidental gilding of the deeds,

Treasure trove. They simply came,

And they kept on coming.

As if not from the sod but falling from heaven.

Our lives were still a raid on our own good luck.

We knew we’d live forever. We had not learned

What a fleeting glance of the everlasting

Daffodils are. Never identified

The nuptial flight of the rarest ephemera-

Our own days!
We thought they were a windfall.

Never guessed they were a last blessing.

So we sold them. We worked at selling them

As if employed on somebody else’s

Flower-farm. You bent at it

In the rain of that April—your last April.

We bent there together, among the soft shrieks

Of their jostled stems, the wet shocks shaken

Of their girlish dance-frocks—

Fresh-opened dragonflies, wet and flimsy,

Opened too early.

We piled their frailty lights on a carpenter’s bench,

Distributed leaves among the dozens—

Buckling blade-leaves, limber, groping for air, zinc-silvered—

Propped their raw butts in bucket water,

Their oval, meaty butts,
And sold them, sevenpence a bunch-

Wind-wounds, spasms from the dark earth,

With their odourless metals,

A flamy purification of the deep grave’s stony cold

As if ice had a breath-

We sold them, to wither.

The crop thickened faster than we could thin it.

Finally, we were overwhelmed

And we lost our wedding present scissors.

Every March since they have lifted again

Out of the same bulbs, the same

Baby cries from the thaw,

Ballerinas too early for music, shiverers

In the draughty wings of the year.

On that same groundswell of memory, fluttering
They return to forget you stooping there
Behind the rainy curtains of a dark April,
Snipping their stems.

But somewhere your scissors remember. Wherever they are.

Here somewhere, blades wide open,
April by April
Sinking deeper
Through the sod-an anchor, a cross of rust.

還記得我們如何去摘水仙花嗎？
沒有人記得，但我記得。
你女兒渴望而幸福地捧花跑來，
幫我們採摘。她已忘記了。
她甚而不記得你。然後我們賣了花兒。
聽起來像是冒瀆，但是我們售予了她們。
我們就這麼窮嗎？雜貨商老斯通曼，
老闆的眼神，因血壓像甘藍一樣紫
（這是他最後機會，
他將逝世，如您一般冷的寒冬中）。
每年春天他勸服我們。
他總是要買這些花，一打七便士。
「這屋子的老規矩。」

此外，我們依然不太明晰，我們想擁有
全部。主要是由於我們餓餓，
想轉換一切變成利潤。
我們依然是遊牧民，依然是陌生人，
對我們擁有的一切而言。水仙花
為偶然鍍金事蹟，
是一個寶藏。她們就這麼來了，
並且不斷地來臨。
仿佛不是來自故鄉，而是從天堂墜落。
我們的生活吞沒了我們自己的好運。

Ted Hughes | 188
我們知道將永遠活下去, 卻沒有發現
這些水仙卻僅是多麼短暫一瞥的永恆。

從來沒有認出
這最稀有蜉蝣婚禮飛行
我們自己的韶華！

我們以為那是意外收穫。
從來不去猜想她們是最後的祝福。
因此我們賣出它們。我們忙著出售它們，
猶如受聘別人
花朵農場。你一心一意埋頭苦幹
在四月的雨裡 — 你最後的四月。
我們一起彎腰工作，在它們密密的
輕聲柔軟尖叫的花莖之間，濕法的花叢推擠動搖
她們少女的舞衣裙 —
稚嫩的蜻蜓，潮濕而脆弱，
展翅為時尚早。

189  Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
我們將它們脆弱的身體堆在木匠的板凳，
為一打打花束分配葉片—
扭曲葉片，多麼柔軟，摸索空氣，顏色如鋅鍍銀—
撐起根浸泡桶中水，
橢圓形，多肉的根，
然後賣掉，一串七便士—
風的—傷口，從泥土暗處抽搐，
憑藉無臭金屬，
深層墳墓裡石頭的寒冷，熾烈火焰般純潔，
猶如冰塊呼氣—
我們賣了她們，直到凋謝。
作物越來越茂密，來不及把它們勻薄。
最後，我們應接不暇
我們失去那作爲結婚禮物的剪刀。
每年三月，它們從同一球莖裡長出，
傳出嬰兒 — 呼聲。音樂太早響起
芭蕾舞女者出場飛舞，
那年風聲大作，寒噤顫抖
在記憶的潮湧中飄揚，
回歸故地，忘記您俯身
在多雨窗簾後面黑色四月，
剪斷它們的莖幹。

而在某處，你的剪刀會記住。無論它們在哪裡。
這裡某處，刀面展開著，
一個又一個四月過去
不斷地沉沒
經過——一隻錨，與一隻生鏽的十字。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
Theology

神學

“No, the serpent did not
Seduce Eve to the apple.
All that’s simply
Corruption of the facts.

Adam ate the apple.
Eve ate Adam.
The serpent ate Eve.
This is the dark intestine.

The serpent, meanwhile,
Sleeps his meal off in Paradise -
Smiling to hear
God’s querulous calling.”
「不，那蛇沒有
引誘夏娃吃蘋果。
簡單地說，一切
僅是謠傳。

亞當吃蘋果。
夏娃吃亞當。
蛇吃夏娃。
這是黝暗的腸子。

同時，那蛇
在天堂睡一覺，消化食物—
微笑著聽見
神牢騷抱怨的召喚。」
The Harvest Moon

收穫的月亮

The flame-red moon, the harvest moon,
Rolls along the hills, gently bouncing,
A vast balloon,
Till it takes off, and sinks upward
To lie on the bottom of the sky, like a gold doubloon.

The harvest moon has come,
Booming softly through heaven, like a bassoon.
And the earth replies all night, like a deep drum.

So people can't sleep,
So they go out where elms and oak trees keep
A kneeling vigil, in a religious hush.

The harvest moon has come!
And all the moonlit cows and all the sheep
Stare up at her petrified, while she swells
Filling heaven, as if red hot, and sailing
Closer and closer like the end of the world.

Till the gold fields of stiff wheat
Cry ‘We are ripe, reap us!’ and the rivers
Sweat from the melting hills.

閃亮紅色火焰的新月，收穫的月亮，
在山丘滾動，輕盈地跳躍，
一個巨大的氣球，
直到它起飛，墜入夜空
趴在天空的底端，像一枚巴松管。
收穫的月亮來了，
輕輕悄悄地在天堂隆隆作響。
而大地整夜回應它，如敲響深處的鼓。
所以眾人無法入眠，
因此他們出戶外，來到榆樹橡樹處跪伏守夜
守望之地。一片神聖的寂靜。
收穫的月亮來了！

月光照耀所有的母牛和綿羊
抬頭凝視使她嚇呆，而她腫脹
充盈天堂，仿佛紅熟，
航行迫近，如世界的末日。

直待金黃田野，直挺挺的麥子
哭喊：「我們成熟了，割了收穫我們！」
而河流從融化的群山，似汗液淌下。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
River

江河

Fallen from heaven, lies across
The lap of his mother, broken by world.

But water will go on
Issuing from heaven
In dumbness uttering spirit brightness
Through its broken mouth.

Scattered in a million pieces and buried
Its dry tombs will split, at a sign in the sky,
At a rending of veils.

It will rise, in a time after times,
After swallowing death and the pit
It will return stainless
For the delivery of this world.

So the river is a god
Knee-deep among reeds, watching men,
Or hung by the heels down the door of a dam

It is a god, and inviolable.
Immortal. And will wash itself of all deaths.

從天而降，橫亙躺臥
媽咪的膝頭，被天地衝破。

但水將會繼續
自天堂冒湧流出

以裂縫的嘴
在沉靜中發射靈魂的光輝。

它的乾燥墓穴將爆裂成百萬碎片

Ted Hughes | 198
分散並掩埋於天空徵象，

面紗撕裂。

它將上升，在一段時間後的某刻，

在吞下死亡和墓穴後

它將重新返回明淨透徹

為天地誕生。

所以河流是神

在蘆葦叢中，深度及膝的河注視著人，

而抓住腳跟，懸掛在大壩閘門

它是神，不容侵犯。

不死的神仙。將身上所有的仙遊痕跡洗滌一淨。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
http://www.ap.krakow.pl/nkja/Anthology/hughes.html
The Hawk in the Rain

Effortlessly at height hangs his still eye.

His wings hold all creation in a weightless quiet,

Steady as a hallucination in the streaming air.

While banging wind kills these stubborn hedges,

I drown in the drumming ploughland, I drag up

Heel after heel from the swallowing of the earth's mouth,

From clay that clutches my each step to the ankle

With the habit of the dogged grave, but the hawk

Thumbs my eyes, throws my breath, tackles my heart,

And rain hacks my head to the bone, the hawk hangs

The diamond point of will that polestars

The sea drowner's endurance: and I,
Bloodily grabbed dazed last-moment-counting
Morsel in the earth's mouth, strain towards the master-
Fulcrum of violence where the hawk hangs still.
That maybe in his own time meets the weather

Coming the wrong way, suffers the air, hurled upside down,
Fall from his eye, the ponderous shires crash on him,
The horizon traps him; the round angelic eye
Smashed, mix his heart's blood with the mire of the land.

於高空毫不費力地，垂下平靜的眼睛。
他的翅膀，將萬物包含於輕盈清靜中，
穩定如流動空氣中的幻覺。
砰砰響起的風，敲打著倔強綠籬，
我淹沒在雨中耕地，步步拖曳
從大地吞噬口中，拔出腳跟，
每一步，黏土皆淹沒到我踝關節
隨著頑固的墳墓氣息，

而老鷹又撥弄我的眼睛，攫我氣息，鏟斷我心，

雨點擊打著我頭與骨，老鷹高懸起

鑽石般的意志，如極星般指引

溺海者的耐力：而我，

血腥、茫然，最後關頭被大地嘴巴當作食物一口咬住，

費力奔向全能主－暴力隻點位於鷹靜懸之處。

那鷹或許在自己悠閒之際遭遇了

不測的風雲，慘遭氣流投擲，自高空被拋下，

從他的眼摔落，沉重的雲向他沖撞，

地平線綁住了他；渾圓天使眼睛

四分五裂，他心臟的血與地上泥濘攢雜一氣。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://unfire.blogspot.com/2008/03/hawk-in-rain.html
The Owl

I saw my world again through your eyes
As I would see it again through your children's eyes.

Through your eyes it was foreign.

Plain hedge hawthorns were peculiar aliens,
A mystery of peculiar lore and doings.

Anything wild, on legs, in your eyes

Emerged at a point of exclamation

As if it had appeared to dinner guests

In the middle of the table. Common mallards

Were artefacts of some unearthliness,

Their wooings were a hypnagogic film

Unreeled by the river. Impossible
To comprehend the comfort of their feet

In the freezing water. You were a camera

Recording reflections you could not fathom.

I made my world perform its utmost for you.

You took it all in with an incredulous joy

Like a mother handed her new baby

By the midwife.

Your frenzy made me giddy.

It woke up my dumb, ecstatic boyhood

Of fifteen years before. My masterpiece

Came that black night on the Grantchester road.

I sucked the throaty thin woe of a rabbit

Out of my wetted knuckle, by a copse

Where a tawny owl was enquiring.
Suddenly it swooped up, splaying its pinions
Into my face, taking me for a post.

透過你的眼我看到我的天地
從你孩子們的眼睛，我或許能再看到它。

透過你的眼，它像異域。

彷佛平原上山楂樹叢獨特的外邦人，
一個神秘的傳說具奇特的行爲。

湧現在你眼裡某一點，任何野生，
長腿的動物，都驚呼著

如晚宴嘉儐眼中

桌子中。常見的綠頭鴨

如怪異的文物選粹，

它們的求愛爲催眠影片

在河邊上演。無法了解
於冰涼流水，它們的雙腳
能領會安適。而你就如相機
錄置你無法參透的映射。
我把自己履行的世界極清晰地為你呈現。
你全然接受它不可思議之喜悅。
如媽媽從接生婆手裡
接到新生寶寶。
你的狂熱令我暈玄。
它喚醒了我糊塗、欣喜若狂的少年時代，
十五年前。我的代表作
在那葛蘭且斯特路上黑暗的夜晚。
我吮吸出一隻兔子氣息嘶啞而薄弱的疾苦，
在灌木叢間，它從我濕潤的指關節中逃脫。
一隻茶色貓頭鷹在林間叩問著。

Ted Hughes
206
頓時，它猛撲我臉，展開翅翼末端

將我認成柱子。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from

http://www.poetryconnection.net/poets/Ted_Hughes/18566
Hawk Roosting

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.

Inaction, no falsifying dream

Between my hooked head and hooked feet:

Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees!

The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray

Are of advantage to me;

And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark.

It took the whole of Creation

To produce my foot, my each feather:

Now I hold Creation in my foot
Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly -
I kill where I please because it is all mine.

There is no sophistry in my body:
My manners are tearing off heads -

The allotment of death.
For the one path of my flight is direct
Through the bones of the living.
No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me.
Nothing has changed since I began.
My eye has permitted no change.
I am going to keep things like this.

我坐在叢林頂端，雙眼緊閉。
無所作爲。鉤狀頭部與雙腳間，
了無臆造夢境：
睡眠中未彩排完善捕殺與吞食妙技。

這些高樹帶賜我便利！

空氣的浮力和陽光輻射
賜我優勢；
地球面孔朝上，待我檢驗。

我的雙爪鎖定毛糙樹皮。

老天全新的創作
生成我的爪子，我的每一根羽絨：
目前我將萬物握於爪掌中

或是騰空飛躍，將它緩慢轉旋－
依照下懷我隨處獵殺，因它屬於我。

我體內毫無狡辯：
撕毀諸頭顱以我的方式－

派遣歸天。

Ted Hughes | 210
我直航飛行坦途
貫穿生靈筋骨。
我的權益不容爭辯：
太陽在我身後。
自我出現，一切未曾改變。
我眼睛不允許任何轉變。
我欲所有事物皆維持原狀。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
How to Paint a Water Lily

To Paint a Water Lily

A green level of lily leaves
Roofs the pond's chamber and paves

The flies' furious arena: study
These, the two minds of this lady.

First observe the air's dragonfly
That eats meat, that bullets by
Or stands in space to take aim;
Others as dangerous comb the hum

Under the trees. There are battle-shouts
And death-cries everywhere hereabouts

But inaudible, so the eyes praise

Ted Hughes | 212
To see the colours of these flies
Rainbow their arcs, spark, or settle
Cooling like beads of molten metal
Through the spectrum. Think what worse
is the pond-bed’s matter of course;
Prehistoric bedragoned times
Crawl that darkness with Latin names,
Have evolved no improvements there,
Jaws for heads, the set stare,
Ignorant of age as of hour—
Now paint the long-necked lily-flower
Which, deep in both worlds, can be still
As a painting, trembling hardly at all
Though the dragonfly alight,
Whatever horror nudge her root.

描繪出一朵睡蓮
綠色階的蓮葉片
為池塘房間和道路的頂蓋

為果蠅的喧鬧舞臺：用來研究
這位仕女的兩顆心。

先觀測半空蜻蜓
它吃肉，如子彈穿梭過

或矗立空中瞄準目標；
別的蜻蜓嗡嗡作響，危急聯翩。

於樹下。到處佈滿戰鬥中
的死亡哭喊
但因無聲，只好用眼讚美
看這些蠅子的彩色
將圓弧變彩虹，火光閃耀，或穩固
冷卻時如熔化的金屬彈球
通過光譜，思索較糟糕的
池子底部的問題；
史前時代的恐龍，
以拉丁名於黑暗中匍匐，
進化無改善，
頭部的大顱，乾瞪眼凝視，
懵懂無知年代，無視時間長短－
如今立即繪製那長頸百合
位於兩個領域深處，如圖畫般
平靜，幾乎無任何顫抖

雖然蜻蜓飄落，
只因驚惶之物觸動她根部。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.poetryconnection.net/poets/Ted_Hughes/7975
The Seven Sorrows

The first sorrow of autumn

Is the slow goodbye

Of the garden who stands so long in the evening-

A brown poppy head,

The stalk of a lily,

And still cannot go.

The second sorrow

Is the empty feet

Of a pheasant who hangs from a hook with his brothers.

The woodland of gold

Is folded in feathers

With its head in a bag.

七種幽傷

The first sorrow of autumn

Is the slow goodbye

Of the garden who stands so long in the evening-

A brown poppy head,

The stalk of a lily,

And still cannot go.

The second sorrow

Is the empty feet

Of a pheasant who hangs from a hook with his brothers.

The woodland of gold

Is folded in feathers

With its head in a bag.
And the third sorrow
Is the slow goodbye
Of the sun who has gathered the birds and who gathers
The minutes of evening,
The golden and holy
Ground of the picture.

The fourth sorrow
Is the pond gone black
Ruined and sunken the city of water-
The beetle's palace,
The catacombs
Of the dragonfly.

And the fifth sorrow
Is the slow goodbye
Of the woodland that quietly breaks up its camp.
One day it's gone.
It has only left litter-
Firewood, tentpoles.

And the sixth sorrow
Is the fox's sorrow

The joy of the huntsman, the joy of the hounds,
The hooves that pound
Till earth closes her ear
To the fox's prayer.

And the seventh sorrow
Is the slow goodbye

Of the face with its wrinkles that looks through the window
As the year packs up
Like a tatty fairground
That came for the children.
秋天的第一個幽傷
是緩慢的告別
於傍晚常久站立花園－
褐色的罌粟頭，
睡蓮的莖梗，
仍舊無法離開。

第二個幽傷
是野雞懸空的爪子
與弟兄一塊被懸掛在鉤上。

金色森林中
隨著羽毛折疊起來
將它的頭也裝入獵袋。

第三個幽傷
是太陽緩慢的辭別
於傍晚時分它召集鳥兒
聚集一起，
神聖金黃色
是這幅圖畫的背景。

第四個幽傷
是變黑的池塘
它破壞淹沒水中城市—
甲蠅的皇宮，
蜻蜓的陵寢。

而第五個幽傷
為林地緩慢的告辭
它靜靜地拆解自己的陣營。
有一天，它消失了。
只留下枝葉廢墟—
柴薪，木樁。

而第六個幽傷
是狐狸的悲哀
獵人的歡愉，獵狗的喜悅，
狐狸蹄聲撲打
直到地球閉起耳朵
拒聽狐狸禱告。

而第七個幽傷
皺紋容顏透過窗
向外眺望、緩慢的道別
像年打包行囊整理記憶行裝
似簡陋的露天市場
専為蒞臨的孩子們開。

The Thought-Fox
思考的狐狸

I imagine this midnight moment’s forest:

Something else is alive

Beside the clock’s loneliness

And this blank page where my fingers move.

Through the window I see no star:

Something more near

Though deeper within darkness

Is entering the loneliness:

Cold, delicately as the dark snow

A fox's nose touches twig, leaf;

Two eyes serve a movement, that now

And again now, and now, and now
Sets neat prints into the snow
Between trees, and warily a lame
Shadow lags by stump and in hollow
Of a body that is bold to come

Across clearings, an eye,
A widening deepening greenness,
Brilliantly, concentratedly,
Coming about its own business

Till, with a sudden sharp hot stink of fox
It enters the dark hole of the head.
The window is starless still; the clock ticks,
The page is printed.

我遐想著夜半時刻的樹叢:
除了寂寞的鐘錶
與我指尖翻起的空白頁
還有別的東西在活躍。

透過窗牖，我望不見星辰：
在黑魆魆的更深處
有東西接近
正躋入此刻孤單：

黑暗之雪冰涼幽雅
狐狸鼻頭觸動柔嫩枝葉；
此刻兩隻眼睛同向轉動
一下又一下

整齊的足印嵌入林間雪地
拖著腳步，身影行跡於樹樁和洞穴
勇敢驅殼走了過來

穿過空地，一隻眼睛，
瞧見一抹漸寬漸深的綠，
耀眼奪目，它專心地，

經營著自身事務

直到，隨突來濃烈狐臊

它進入了頭顱黑洞。

窗子仍然無星光；鬧鐘滴答響，

此頁被打印了。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
William Blake

1757 – 1827

He was a poet, painter, visionary mystic, and engraver. During his life the prophetic message expressed in Blake’s writings were comprehended by a small number of people and misunderstood by many. However, William Blake is nowadays far and wide admired for his affecting inventiveness and superior imagination. The poems of William Blake are far reaching in its scope and range of deep understanding toward life. The poems of William Blake can offer an insightful symbolism and also a delightful childish purity. Whatever the inner connotation of Blake’s verse can make us straightforwardly realize the attractive language and inspired superiority of his poetic vision.

威廉·布萊克是一位詩人，畫家，雕刻家，與富有遠見的神秘主義者。理解他著作中預言訊息的人少，錯誤解釋的卻大有存在。至今學界普遍對布萊克，深情的原創性和崇高的想像力，
有崇高的讚譽。威廉・布萊克的詩歌涵蓋範圍深遠，展現豐富
人生體驗與對生命的理解。威廉・布萊克的詩歌有時提供深刻
的象徵語意，有時也傳達令人愉快的童真之情。解碼布萊克詩
歌的句意內在涵義，我們可以很容易地欣賞到他優美的語言和
詩意間所流露之抒情造詣。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011 from:
A Poison Tree

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.

I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears,
Night and morning with my tears;

And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright.

And my foe beheld it shine.
And he knew that it was mine,
And into my garden stole
When the night had veiled the pole;
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

我生朋友的氣：
傾訴宣洩，我怒氣消散。

我生仇敵的氣：
沉默不語，怨怒擴展。

日日夜夜，用淚水澆灌；
以微笑日曬，用溫柔欺瞞。

它一天天滋長，
直到結了個燦燦蘋果。
使敵人瞧見其閃爍，
明瞭它屬於我。
夜幕降臨大地，
夜悄然溜進我花園；
清晨我欣喜瞥見，
敵人的手伸出至樹下。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/a-poison-tree/
The Lamb

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb;

He is meek and he is mild,

He became a little child:

I a child, and thou a lamb,

We are called by his name.

Little lamb, God bless thee!

Little lamb, God bless thee!

小羊羔，誰創造了你？

你可知道誰創作了你？

賦予你性命，撫育著你

在溪旁，在草甸子上，

給你俏麗的衣服穿，

最軟、羊毛質料、閃亮多漂亮；

寄予你最嬌柔的聲音，

讓所有丘壑悠悠雀躍？
小羊羔，誰締造了你？
你可知道是誰締造了你？
小羊羔，我要向你吐露，
小羊羔，我要向你傾吐：
他以你的名字取名，
他以羊羔作為自己的名；
他既溫存又和睦，
他變成稚子：
我是稚子，你是羔子，
我們的名字跟他一樣。
我們都以祂的名起名羊羔。
小羊羔，上帝祝福你！
小羊羔，願天主賜福你！

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://quotations.about.com/cs/poemlyrics/a/The_Lamb.htm
William Shakespeare was born on was born in 1564, in Stratford-upon-Avon. He died on 23rd, April, 1616. He was the most prestigious English poet and playwright. William Shakespeare is frequently titled to be England's national poet. Moreover, based on his growing background at a riverside of Stratford-upon-Avon, he was also named as the “Bard of Avon”. His existing works are widely appreciated in academic fields, including 2 narrative poems, 38 plays, 154 sonnets, and numerous other poems. No wonder he has been till the 3rd millennium regarded as the greatest author in the English language poet and also the world’s most excellent dramatist. William Shakespeare’s great plays and poems have been interpreted into diverse languages of different areas and have been adapted as movie tales much more frequently than the other literature works.

William Shakespeare was born and raised in Stratford-
upon-Avon. At the age of 18, he married Anne Hathaway, with whom he had three children: Susanna, and twins Hamnet and Judith. During the period between 1585 and 1592. Shakespeare had begun a successful career in London as an actor, writer, and part owner of a playing company called the Lord Chamberlain’s Men. This theatre company was later known as the King’s Men. William Shakespeare finally retired and stayed in Stratford in 1613, where he died three years later after his moving. Although his career as a play writer turned out to be successful, yet limited records of William Shakespeare's personal life survive till current time, and there has been great conjecture about such characteristics of his physical appearance, habits, religious beliefs, and whether the works attributed to the name of William Shakespeare had been composed by other writers.
品，包括 38 齣劇目，154 首十四行詩，兩個長篇敘事詩，等等。莎翁的劇本已被翻譯成世界各地的語言，許多電影即運用其創作作為主電影題材，比其他任何劇作家，莎翁的文學作品最經常被改編上映。

莎士比亞出生並成長於斯特拉特福的雅芳河畔。年僅是 18 歲時，他娶安妮海瑟薇為妻室，他們生育有三個孩子：蘇珊娜，以及雙胞胎哈姆奈特和裘蒂。1585 年和 1592 年之間，他開始在倫敦一家劇院，展開成功的演員與劇作家職業生涯，宮內大臣劇團（Lord Chamberlain's Men）後來改名爲國王劇團，是他合夥投資與從事職業生涯主要工作的劇團。1613 年退休後，住在斯特拉福，三年之後，他在那裡去世。即使莎翁劇作的當代生涯非常成功，然而私人生活記錄與細節，卻很少被後人保存下來，是以，有關莎士比亞，除文學作品外的私人生活的記錄，很少被後人精確研究，關於莎翁的外貌，喜好、宗教信仰、以及他的作品是否出自他人之手的這些問題，在文學界都依然是個無解的謎。

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be.
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

天生美麗萬物我們盼望其永續繁衍，
使美豔玫瑰永留萬世，
可是成熟後既要按時凋萎，
就應把記憶交給柔嫩繼嗣；
而你以你自己雙瞳定情，
以熱忱燃料承現眼中閃爍火焰，
一片豐沃的土地變成荒田。

與自己作對，對待自己未免過於狠心，
你現在是天地的嶄新的綴飾，
預示著春天春的濃艷，

為什麼把來年春意埋葬在蕊嫩中，
溫柔的鄙夫應該要吝嗇卻浪費？
憐憫這個世界，否則，暴食者，
嚥下世界，使其隨你進墳塋。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/1.htm
2: When Forty Winters

Shall Besiege Thy Brow

當四十個嚴冬圍攻你的紅顏

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty’s field,
Thy youth’s proud livery, so gaz’d on now,
Will be a tatter’d weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask’d where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv’d thy beauty’s use,
If thou couldst answer, ‘This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,’

Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel’st it cold.

當四十個嚴冬圍勦你眉頭，
在華美面容領域深挖溝槽，
如斯青春驕傲華服被人稱羨，
鑲幓的雜草便渺小不値一顧：
屆時若有人問起你美在何方，
何處可珍惜你那冶艷青春，
如果說，在我這深陷雙眼窩裡，
為貪心的羞愧與無益的頌讚。你美的用途更值得頌揚，
倘若你說，「我這美好小童
將清算我過去，原諒我的年邁，」
證明他的美繼承自你的血統！
這使你在老去的垂暮更生，
你冰寒血液感覺溫暖。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/2.htm
3: Look in Thy Glass,  
and Tell the Face Thou Viewest  
攬鏡映照，可知鏡中的臉龐

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest  
Now is the time that face should form another;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother,  
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?  
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?  
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;  
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.  
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

攬鏡映照，可知鏡中的臉龐，
此刻應生產另造一張臉；
倘若你不想為它續修容顏，
無異隱瞞世人，奪取母親的幸福。

何來女性如斯純潔
拒絕耕作，保守之未犁之地
哪裡有男人那麼蠢，他竟悉心
掘自己墳塋，絕自己血脈？
你是母親鏡中映像，在你裡面
她憶念青春期可愛的四月：
從你暮年的窗你將眺見，
儘管有滿臉皺紋，你這黃金時期。
可是如果你長住，無願被人憶舊，
獨自逝去，你的意像會與你一同消失。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/3.htm
4: Unthrifty Loveliness, Why Dost Thou
Spend upon Thy Self Thy Beauty's Legacy?

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thy self thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free:
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?

Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thy self alone,
Thou of thy self thy sweet self dost deceive:
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

麗質天生者，為何把你那份
虛擲耗盡美的遺產於自戀？
自然的饋贈非賞賜，她只租借；
她闊達，單單借給豁略大度之有緣人。

而俊俏鄙夫，為何亂花
那交你轉交別人的寬裕重賞？
無利可圖高利貸者，為什麼用
那筆巨款，還不夠過日子？
因爲你既只和自己協商，
等於哄騙你嫵媚的自身。

如此你能拿何等帳目去交卸，
天意喚你，回她胸懷長臥？

你未使用的豔麗，將同你入墳塋一同埋葬；
意即，應生子繼續履行。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/4.htm
Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snowed and bareness every where:
Then were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:

But flowers distill’d, though they with winter meet,

Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

那些時間曾用溫和的細工
織成眾所駐目的美妙明眸，
有朝一日扮演與暴君相同氣息，
朝美夕醜不可測量
因爲匆促的歲月之流把仲夏
領至可怕的冬天而又困惑它；
生機因寒霜枯黃，綠葉又蒙上
霜雪，滿目赤裸虛無；
那時倘若夏天未經蒸餾，
使它凝成液態香露裝在玻璃罐，
美與美意會一同被剝奪，
美，和美的回憶至終遭棄：

247 | Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
可是提煉過的花精，儘管和冬天相遇，
失掉色澤，卻永遠吐出芬芳。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/5.htm

William Shakespears  |  248
6: Then Let not Winter’s Ragged Hand Deface
in Thee Thy Summer, Ere Thou Be Distill’d:

花精未經提煉之前：

別讓冬天粗糙的手污損你的夏天

Then let not winter’s ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill’d:

Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty’s treasure, ere it be self-kill’d.

That use is not forbidden usury;
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;

That’s for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigr’d thee;
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will’d, for thou art much too fair
To be death’s conquest and make worms thine heir.

花精未經提煉前應小心:
別讓冬天粗糙的手污損你的夏天，
應留香氣於小瓶；把你珍惜的瑰寶
存在寶庫，趁它仍未及消散。
如此借貸其實不是高利貸，
既然它願意支付利息；
這是說，你該為自己另孕育一個你，
或是，一個衍生十個，得著十倍喜樂；
你比你自己現在十倍快樂，
如果你有十位子嗣來重新展現你：
這樣，儘管你長逝又奈何，
既然你繼續活在子孫後裔裡？
就別任性，你那麼俊美，何需
做死亡的征伐，讓蠕蟲做繼承人。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/6.htm
Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

瞧，我看見照耀萬物的太陽自東邊
昂起了炙熱的頭而下方的眼眸
都尊敬膜拜他初升的景象，
用眼神敬候他降下的神聖威嚴；
然後他既登上了陡峭極峰，
外形酷似強勁壯年，
凡人眼眸依然膜拜愛戴他的俊逸，
參與眾為伴之黃金覲拜。
當他如叟朽拖著疲憊的車輪，
自絕巍巍頂峰離開了白天，
眾目便一同從他下沉足跡
移轉它們原來的視線。

同樣，你的燦爛的日中一消逝，

如果你沒有子嗣，便逝去無蹤。

8: Music to Hear,

Why Hear'st Thou Music Sadly?

我的音樂，為何並不悅耳？

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:

Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?

If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

By unions married, do offend thine ear,

They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds

In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,

 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;

Resembling sire and child and happy mother,

Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:

Whose speechless song being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

我的音樂，為甚麼黯然不悅耳？
糖果甜蜜不相戰爭，歡樂使歡樂喜悅。
為什麼愛你不樂意愛的，
或者為何樂於承受你的煩擾？
倘使動聽的聲音，完美和諧
和真正的和睦會惹起你煩擾，
它們不過甜甜婉約地責備，你不應
獨身承擔奏演肩上合弦。
試看這一根弦，另一丈夫，
融洽地互相呼應和振盪；
恰似父親、孩子和快樂的母親，
協力聯成了一片，同聲歡唱，賞心悅目。
它們的無言之歌都異口同聲
對你唱著：「孤芳自賞難一切皆空」。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
9: Is It for Fear to Wet a Widow’s Eye

Is it for fear to wet a widow’s eye
That thou consum’st thyself in single life?

Ah! If thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children’s eyes her husband’s shape in mind.

Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty’s waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus’d, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.
難道怕弄濕寡婦眼睛，
獨身一世消磨自己？

啊，倘使你無子嗣撒手人間，
世界為你哀號，如喪偶的妻。
世界將是你遺孀，她永遠落淚
你生前沒遺留下你容妍；
其他的遺孀，靠孩子們的眼睛，
反而能把丈夫的形影於心中永駐。

你看浪子在世上的種種浪費
只換了主人而世界仍然在享受；
但美的廢棄物消耗在人間將有終尾：
保持不用等於任由它腐朽銷毀。
這樣的暴殄對別人鮮少有愛，
竟腆臉忍心謀殺他自己。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
10: For Shame Deny That Thou Bear'st
Love to Any

否認你並非不愛任何人是屬羞愧

For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thy self art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident:
For thou art so possessed with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thy self thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O! change thy thought, that I may change my mind:
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

否認你並非不愛任何人是屬羞愧，
看待你自己卻那麼欠缺綢繆。

如果你枯萎，曾經有眾人對你一往情深，
儘管說你並不愛誰，他也只有點頭。

因爲交惡的殺機纏住了你，
你不惜多方串聯把自己戕害，
銳意摧殘你那座崢嶸的殿宇，
你唯一念頭卻該是把它重蓋。

啊，趕快回心吧，讓我也好轉意！

難道仇恨比溫柔的愛反得處優？
你貌美存在但願你一樣和藹心慈，
還是至少對你自己也善良溫柔。
倘若真心愛我，複製一個你吧，
讓美在你兒子或你身上永活。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/10.htm
147: My Love Is as a Fever Longing Still

我的愛是高燒，老是渴望

My love is as a fever longing still,

For that which longer nurseth the disease;

Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,

The uncertain sickly appetite to please.

My reason, the physician to my love,

Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,

Hath left me, and I desperate now approve

Desire is death, which physic did except.

Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,

And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;

My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,

At random from the truth vainly expressed;

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,

Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.
我的愛是高燒，老是渴望
所慾使治癒病症時間拉長，
服食的藥卻維繫病狀；
反覆無常的病態，胃口旺盛。
理性，那醫治我愛情的心理醫生，
憤怒我不恪守他的處方，
而拂袖使我絕望
無藥可醫就是死路一條。
我沒有救，現在歸往照顧，
整天都惶惑不安，煩躁、癲狂；
無論思想或談話，全然像瘋子，
脫離了真實，無目的且雜無章法；
因我曾誓言你美，覺得你璀璨，
你其實如地獄幽黑，恰似暗夜。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/147.htm
148: O Me ! What Eyes Hath Love
Put in My Head

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's 'No.'
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

啊，愛藉眼睛將何物裝我腦裡，
使有關真實景況朦朧？
錯判眼見實況？
倘若，我眼睛依戀的真是朱顏，
為何世人不承認？
若真不美呢，就可以坦率，
愛情的眼睛昏昧不清：
啊，愛眼怎能明辨
看得真呢？於斯守望煩惱氾著淚水？
除了奇蹟，我難以看清；
天晴才能見到太陽。
啊！狡黠愛神你用淚使我失明，
只怕我明眼查覺你的紕謬。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/148.htm
149: Canst Thou, O Cruel!
Say I Love Thee Not

你怎能，哦，喪盡天良地！說我不愛你

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou Lovest, and I am blind.

你怎能，哦，喪盡天良地，說我不愛你，
當我和你合力將我自己憎惡時？

為了顧你，我早忘為人君
我可能將恨你的人當朋友？
我可曾對你厭惡的人獻殷勤？

讓你皺眉的，我不對他哀歎、悔恨？
我能自傲什麼，
驕橫到藐視你而不為你奔命，
縱然對你瑕疵的崇拜，才使你眼出西施？

惟，愛啊，繼續惱恨下去，我已看穿你：
眼睛雪亮的看見愛，而我為瞽者。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/149.htm
150: O！From What Power Hast Thou
This Powerful Might

哦！從什麼潛力你贏得這氣力

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might

With insufficiency my heart to sway?

To make me give the lie to my true sight,

And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?

Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,

That in the very refuse of thy deeds

There is such strength and warrantize of skill

That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?

Who taught thee how to make me love thee more

The more I hear and see just cause of hate?

O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:

If thy unworthiness raised love in me,

More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

哦，從什麼潛力你贏得這氣力，
連瑕疵也能動搖我的心靈？
教我對瑣瑣的秋波撒謊，
並否定太陽使白天明亮？
問你何來神奇的能耐，
使你的種種醜陋的作為
都變成靈活強勁的保證，
它們在我眼裡，超越一切標準？
是誰教你使更愛你的方式，
當我越常聽到見到你可憎之際？
啊，儘管我愛戀著他人所嫌棄的，
你總不該嫌棄我的窘態：

William Shakespears  268
假如你越不可愛，越使你愛，
我應更值得你心愛。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/150.htm
151: Love Is too Young to Know What Conscience Is

愛神太年輕，不懂得良心的真諦

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?

Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no father reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her love for whose dear love I rise and fall.

愛神太年輕，不懂得良心的真諦：

但誰不曉得良心是母愛所產？

那麼，溫柔騙子，別專挑我的錯，

免得我把罪，也牽連至溫婉的你。

因爲，你叛賣我，我也會背叛你

我更高貴的部分，追隨卑劣背叛的肉體；

我靈魂叮囑我肉體，說它可以

勝過愛情；肉體從此再不作聲，

而聽見名字，你卻立即站立指出

認爲是其戰利；感覺驕傲，

甘心作鄙賤的家奴，

有時站立起來，或倒在你身旁。

我可問心無愧，愛她，稱呼她

我為她的愛。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from

http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/151.htm
152: In Loving Thee Thou Kow'st

I Am Forsworn

雖然愛你，你卻知道我放棄過承諾

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee
And all my honest faith in thee is lost,
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured eye,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

雖然愛你，你卻知道我放棄過承諾，
而你兩次不守誓言，卻又曾發誓愛我；
撕毀床頭誓盟，
在發誓後，又另結新歡使新恨軸承。
而我何處怪你兩次違背誓約，
我毀了二十次約！這才是最虛僞的；
我對你一切誓詞其實都只是為編織，
而對於你，我失盡信心。
我曾矢口宣誓，你對我的深切愛戀：
你的愛熱烈、忠誠、永遠堅貞，
為啟發你，我眼睛失明，
以眼睛起誓，將所見真實說成虛假-
我曾立誓讚頌你美！多僞證的眼，
抹煞真相而撒下汙穢謊言！

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/152.htm
153: Cupid Laid by His Brand

And Fell Asleep

愛神擱著他的火把，呼呼大睡

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian’s this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow’d from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.

But at my mistress’ eye Love’s brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper’d guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire--my mistress’ eyes.

愛神擱著他的火把，呼呼大睡：

月神的天女佔了這優勢

乘機煽動愛的火把

泡在幽谷坑的冷泉裡；

這神聖愛的火把遂賜予
無比的幟熱，燃燒源源不絕，

傳說入浴沸騰的靈泉，

可證明起死回生的療效。

然而這火把又在情人眼裡重新點燃，

愛神欲試，碰觸我胸，

我不舒服，欲求靈泉療治，

一刻不停跑向溫泉就診求救，

愛神新火靠愛眸

到處隱藏，對憂傷過客

275 | Translations and Interpretations of English Poems
不具療效：此讓我躺臥入浴的溫泉
此處丘比特靠情人的眼燃起愛火。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://shakespeare-online.com/sonnets/153.html
154 The Little Love-God Lying Once Asleep

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow’d chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm’d;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm’d.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love’s fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress’ thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love’s fire heats water, water cools not love.
小小愛神曾經一次墜入夢鄉，
且將點燃心焰的火把放在一邊，
一群誓言純潔的仙女恰巧
走過；其中最漂亮的一位
以她處女的手，偷偷拿走曾經溫暖
無數顆真心的火燄，
於是這熱情如火的將領
在那貞潔女的纖纖玉手旁睡覺。
她把火把往附近冷泉裡一浸，
水被愛神的火燄燒得沸騰，
變成了溫泉，能消除人間百病；
但我呢，被情婦崇信得頭疼，
來溫泉治療，為愛見證：
愛火為泉水加溫，冷水不代表愛情。

Reference retrieved in July, 2011, from
http://shakespeare-online.com/sonnets/154.html
Translations and Interpretations for English Poems

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