

《丁尼生诗选》

图书基本信息

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作者：[英] 丁尼生

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译者：黄杲炘

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内容概要

本书收录了英国桂冠诗人丁尼生的最著名诗篇，为英语诗歌史上不可或缺的经典之作，由翻译家黄杲炘译成汉语。本书以英汉对照形式呈现。译文注重诗歌的形式美与音韵美，力求达到以诗译诗的境界，为难以复制的双重经典，是《英诗经典名家名译》系列的又一力作。

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作者简介

丁尼生（1809—1892），英国维多利亚时代的最杰出诗人，有写抒情诗的天赋和精细的韵律感，作品开阔庄严，音韵和谐优美。生前在英语世界拥有最广泛的读者，曾受封桂冠诗人并有“人民诗人”之称，留下的不朽之作至今仍有不少读者。

黄杲炘（1936— ），诗歌译者，也从事译诗研究，主要著作有《英语诗汉译研究》、《英诗汉译学》等，译作有《柔巴依集》、《华兹华斯抒情诗选》、《坎特伯雷故事》等。

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书籍目录

《丁尼生诗选》

精彩短评

- 1、19世纪的英国诗歌，前半期属于华兹华斯，后半期属于丁尼生。我想写首诗，一首关于诗人的诗，在这首诗里，每个诗人都是天真的孩子，但是每个孩子都是独一无二。可是我知道，怎么可能写得完？
- 2、翻译真心赞啊
- 3、我怎么觉得桂冠诗人和影评人一样是贬义词了。
- 4、觉得自己挺喜欢他的诗 摘抄了好几首
- 5、看到了一篇尤利西斯，才想来找他的诗集读一下
- 6、黄杲炘是以诗译诗的理论支持者和实践者，修订版的《丁尼生诗选》是他的代表作，细读还是有很多惊喜
- 7、“他是唱未来世界的景象,而多少年已付流水”
- 8、诗技无可挑剔...

章节试读

1、《丁尼生诗选》的笔记-第158页

Release me, and restore me to the ground.
Thou sees all things, thou wilt see my grave;
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn,
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,/我化为尘土，将忘却这空荡天宫
And thee returning on thy silver wheels./也忘却驾银灰色轻车回程的你

2、《丁尼生诗选》的笔记-第264页

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

3、《丁尼生诗选》的笔记-《尤利西斯》

这样毫无益处：当个闲散国王，
深居山岩中，坐在静静的炉旁，
由老妻陪伴，向一个野蛮民族
发布各种奖惩法令，他们只知
贮藏，吃睡，却不知我是谁。

我不能居安而不出；我要喝干
人生这杯酒。我享受过莫大欢乐，
也吃过大苦头，和爱我的人一起，
或独自一个；在岸上，或在海里，
在阵阵暴雨中，穿过波涛滚滚的
茫茫大海。如今我只是虚名一个。
因为我总是如饥如渴地四处漫游，
见得多，知道的也多——各类城市，
人物风情和气候，各国议员和政府，
至少我自己还是受到大家尊重，——
我和同僚们共饮战斗的欢欣，
在那风起云涌遥远的特洛伊旷野，
我所经历的只是我人生的一部分；
一切经历只是一座拱门，拱门之外
还有未游历的世界在闪光，它的边界
随着我们向前移动永远退向前方。
停止不前，就此终结，不磨砺任其生锈，
不使用也不发光，这是何等枯燥乏味！
仿佛生命只是呼吸！几次生命相加
还嫌太少，我的生命只有一次
而且所剩无几；但从那静寂的永恒中
省下的每一个小时都会为我们增加
一些新东西，带来一些新事物；三年来
我可耻地把自己封存和储藏起来，

《丁尼生诗选》

可这班白的心灵却迫切地向往
去追随知识，像那西沉的星星，
到那人类思想极限以外的地方。

这是我儿子，我的忒勒玛科斯，
我要把这君权和岛国留给他掌管——
我很爱他，他也有眼力，能够完成
这项费力的任务，会慢慢而谨慎地
把这粗野民族驯化，用温和的方法
征服他们，使他们成为良民百姓。
他专心于公众事务，无可指责，
我离开以后，他会尽心尽职地
处理好那些需要谨慎应付的事务，
也会对祖宗表示恰如其分的敬奉，
他从事他的事业，我走我的道路。

海港就在前方；船帆正在飘扬；
大海沉沉，朦胧一片。我的水手们，
曾经和我同劳、同作、同思想，——
他们总是高高兴兴去迎接雷霆和阳光，
用自由的心、自由的头脑去与之抗争——
你们和我现在都年老了；但是老年人
也还有他的荣誉感，还有他的用场。
死亡将终止一切；但是，在结束之前，
还可以有所作为，可以做点高尚事情，
我辈与神抗争也并非是不适宜。
那礁石上的灯光已经开始闪亮；
长昼快要结束，月亮爬上了天边；
海洋的呻吟和各种声音在四周回荡。
来吧，朋友们，去发现新世界为时不晚。
开船出发吧，大家坐好坐稳当，
让我们破浪前进；我们要驶向
落日的彼岸，驶向群星沐浴的
西方世界，直到我死后方休。
也许，大海会把我们吞没，
也许，我们会抵达“幸福岛”，
会见伟大的阿喀琉斯，熟悉的朋友。

生命虽被夺走了很多，剩下也不少；
虽然我们已经没有从前那样的精力
去战天斗地，但我们还和以前一样——
还有同样的勇气，还有同样的雄心，
虽被时光和命运摧弱，仍有坚强意志
去斗争，去求索，去发现，不屈服。

《Ulysses》 Alfred Tennyson

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,

《丁尼生诗选》

Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known——cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all——
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy,
I am a part of all that I have met,
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move,
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle——
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdued them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me——
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed

Free hearts, free foreheads——You and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars , until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are——
One equal temper of heroic hearts ,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.

4、《丁尼生诗选》的笔记-第284页

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.

5、《丁尼生诗选》的笔记-第228页

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

6、《丁尼生诗选》的笔记-第258页

Come; not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
Come, beauteous in thine after form,
And like a finer light in light.

7、《丁尼生诗选》的笔记-第320页

And the band will be scatter'd now their gallant captain is dead,
For I with this dagger of his-- do you doubt me? Here is his head!

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