

Byron, George Gordon (Lord Byron), 1788-1824. 苏曼殊 (1884-1918) 译.

譯詩集第二十八頁

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung,
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.
The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."
The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.
A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nation;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

— 98 —

from Su Manshu quanji, Liu Yazhi, ed. (Beijing: Zhongguo shudian, 1985), vol. 1,

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譯詩集第二十九頁

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On the voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?
'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.
Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers' blood
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae!
What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

— 99 —

In vain—in vain: strike other chords:
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like these!
 It made Anacreon's song divine:
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
 That tyrant was Miltiades!
 Oh! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown;
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells:
 But Turkish force, Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the turning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breast must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

Byron.

TO A LADY.

Who presented the author with the veivet band
which bound her tresses.

This Band, which bound thy yellow hair,
Is mine, sweet girl! the pledge of love;
It claims my warmest, dearest care,
Like relics of saints above.

Oh! I will wear it next my heart;
'T will bind my soul in bonds to thee:
From me again 't will ne'er depart,
But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip
Is not so dear to me as this;
That I but for a moment sip,
And banquet on a transient bliss:

This will recall each youthful scene,
E'en when our lives are on the wane;
The leaves of love will still be green
When memory bids them bud again.

Oh! little lock of golden hue,
In gently waving ringlets curl'd,
By the dear head on which you grew,
I would not lose you for a world.

Not though a thousand more adorn
The polish'd brow where once you shone,
Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,
Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

Byron.

LIVE NOT THE STARS AND THE MOUNTAINS

Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves
Without a spirit? are the dropping caves
Without a feeling in their silent tears?
No, no;—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.

Byron.

譯詩集第八頁

悠悠倉浪天	舉世無與忤
世既莫吾知	吾豈歎離羣
路人飼吾犬	哀聲或信猶
久別如歸來	醫我腰間褫
帆檣女努力	橫趨幻泡縈
此行任所適	故鄉不可期
欣欣波濤起	波濤行盡時
欣欣荒野窟	故國從此辭

譯詩集第九頁

譯拜輪哀希臘

巍巍希臘都	生長蒼淨好
情文何斐麗	荼輻思靈保
征伐和親策	陵夷不自葆
長夏尙滔滔	積陽照空島
罕訶與緡訶	詞人之所生
壯士彈坎侯	靜女揄鳴箏
榮華不自惜	委棄如浮萍
宗國寂無聲	乃向西方鳴

譯詩集第十頁

山對摩羅東 海水在其下
希臘如可興 我從夢中觀
波斯京觀上 獨立向誰語
吾生豈爲奴 與此長終古

名王踞巖石 雄視逆瀝濱
船師列千艘 率士皆其民
晨朝大點兵 至暮無復存
一爲亡國哀 淚下何紛紛

故國不可求 荒涼問水濱
不聞烈士歌 勇氣散如雲
琴兮國所寶 仍世以爲珍
今我胡疲茶 拱手與他人

譯詩集第十一頁

威名盡墜地 舉族供奴畜
知爾愛國士 中心亦以慝
而我獨行謫 我猶無面目
我爲希人茶 我爲希臘哭

往者不可追 何事徒頻蹙
尙念我先人 因茲糜血肉
冥冥蒿里間 三百斯巴族
但令百餘一 堪造披麗谷

萬籟一以寂 仿佛聞鬼喧
鬼聲紛醜醜 幽響如流泉
生者一人起 導我赴行間
槁骨徒爲爾 生者墨無言

譯詩集第十二頁

徒勞復徒勞 我且調別曲
注滿杯中酒 我血勝鄴淥
不與突厥爭 此胡本遊牧
嗟爾俘虜餘 酌酒顏何慙

王迹已陵夷 尙存羽衣舞
鞞廬方陣法 知今在何許
此酒爾國故 散糜隨塵土
偉哉佉摩書 寧當詒牧圉

注滿杯中酒 勝事日以墮
阿拙有神歌 神歌今始知
曾事波利葛 力能絕天維
雄君雖云虛 與女同本支

譯詩集第十三頁

羯島有暴君 其名彌爾底
闊達有大度 勇敢爲世師
今茲丁未造 安得君如斯
東民如連鎖 豈患民崩離

注滿杯中酒 倏然懷故山
蛾峨修里巖 湯湯波家灣
繫彼陀離種 族姓何斑斑
儼念希羅曠 龍胤未凋殘

莫信法郎克 人實誑爾者
鋒刃藏禍心 其王如商賈
驕似突厥軍 歸如羅甸虜
爾盾雖彭亨 擊碎如破瓦

譯詩集第十四頁

注滿杯中酒	樾下舞婆娑
國恥棄如遺	靚妝猶娥娥
明眸復善睐	一顧光婁離
好乳乳奴子	使我涕滂沱
我立須寧峽	旁皇雲石梯
獨有海中潮	伴我聲悲嘶
願爲摩天鶴	至死鳴且飛
碎彼娑明杯	俘邑安足懷

譯詩集第十五頁

譯拜輪答美人贈束髮篋帶詩

何以結綢繆	文紕持作緝
曾用繫卷髮	貴與仙蛻倫
繫着羅衣裏	魂魄還相牽
共命到百歲	殉我歸重泉
朱唇一相就	汨液皆芬香
相就不幾時	何如此意長
以此俟偕老	見當念舊時
藝情如根莖	句萌無絕期

譯詩集第十六頁

參髮乃如鏡 波文映珍鬢
顧首一何俊 舉世無與易

錦帶約鬢髻 朗若炎精敷
赤道蕪無雲 光景何鮮暉

譯拜翰星耶峯耶俱無生

星耶峯耶俱無生 浪滅沙灘岩滴淚
圍籠茫茫寧有情 我將化泥溟海出

譯詩集第十七頁

譯彭斯頰頰赤牆靡

頰頰赤牆靡 首夏初發苞
惻惻清商曲 吵音何遠姚

予美諒天紹 幽情申自持
倉海會流枯 相愛無絕期

倉海會流枯 頑石爛炎熹
微命屬如縷 相愛無絕期

珍祛別予美 離隔在須臾
阿陽早日歸 萬里莫踟躕

据北新书局本影印

序 第一頁

蘇曼殊全集序

曼殊的著作，散逸的雖是極多，流傳的也尙不少。把這些流傳的加以整理，一方面又搜到些遺失的作品，這樣就成了我們編輯的曼殊全集。

從父親的曼殊作品表上看來，我們知道曼殊的散失作品，至少尙有十多種，我們所搜集到想刊印出的也僅祇有半個全字。我們真是不能滿足，爲什麼這些的作品，總究是闕而不現，至今還未能發現出。可是，從別方着想，有了此一部比較可滿意的集子，能獻呈于現今的出版界上；這一點，我們也覺得能稍稍安慰的了。曼殊的遺著，單行本不算外，有周瘦鵬搜印的燕子齋殘稿，段菴旋編印的燕子山僧集，盧翼野集印的曼殊說集；而末一本的曼殊說集已很少流行。周本

蘇曼殊全集

出版：北京市中國書店

發行：北京市新華書店

印刷：北京大中印刷廠

開本：787×1092 1/32 印張：68.5
1935年9月第1版 1935年9月第1次印刷

定價：15.50元

(I)

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蘇鳳殊全集

北京市中国书店