



裝飾集

英國道生著
夏萊蒂譯



Ernest Christopher Dowson

Ernest Christopher Dowson 生於一千八百六十七年八月二日英國 Lee, Kent; 他的一生大半是消磨在法國的 Paris, Brittany, Normandy. 他死於一千九百年二月二十三日禮拜五的早晨, 26 Sandhurst Garbens, Catford. S. E. 他坟墓是在 The Roman Catholie Part of the Lewisham Cemetery.

目 錄

譯者序.....	
渺 茫	3
愛.....	5
死 兒	11
伽 多 僧.....	15
三 女 巫.....	21
詩 人 之 路	25
死 海 曲	27
聖-裘 曼-恩-雷 伊	29
譯 魏 爾 倫 詩 一	31
譯 魏 爾 倫 詩 二	33
譯 魏 爾 倫 詩 三	34
譯 魏 爾 倫 詩 四	36
贈 他 的 情 人.....	39
感 舊	43
在 勃 雷 頓 之 墓 地.....	45
致 穿 着 文 藝 復 興 時 外 套 的 慧 靈-西 渥 特-培 德 ...	47
海 變	51
殘 物	55
歌.....	57

勃雷頓之午後	59
息壤	63
過渡	65
交換	67
致一女士訊問	69
神祕	71
衰亡	73
釋放了我罷	77
致一失戀的愛人	81
智慧	83
春	85
最後一言	87

譯 者 序

百無聊賴時的歌聲：

一曲歡鳴，

一曲哀吟，

裝點了這百無聊賴的行程：

笑也欣欣，

淚也紛紛

如今是沉默的樂音：

也無歡鳴，

也無哀吟，

做成了這永遠沉默的樂音：

笑也無因，

淚也無憑。

如今是終結了行程：

愛也無情，

憎也無心，

叩着了這冰冷漆黑的墓門：

只是幽深，

只是悽清。

DECORATIONS
by
ERNEST DOWSON

BEYOND

LOVE'S aftermath! I think the time is now
That we must gather in, alone, apart
The saddest crop of all the crops that grow, Love's
 aftermath.

Ah, sweet,—sweet yesterday, the tears that start
Can not put back the dial; this is, I trow,
Our haresting! Thy kisses chill my heart,
Our lips are cold: averted eyes avow
The twilight of poor love: we can but part,
Dumbly and sadly, reaping as we sow,
 Love's aftermath.

渺 茫

愛情的孽草！我想這正是時候了，
你我須各自遙遙
收拾那一切收獲中最悲慘的收獲
愛情的孽草。

唉，甜蜜，一甜蜜呀往日，
滔滔的淚浪終不能打回那已過的日晷；
我信這便是我們的收獲了！
你的接吻令我心兒寒戰，我們的唇是冷了；
離去的眼睛宣示可憐的愛之暮光：我們是
默默地，淒切地，刈着如我們佈種，
愛情的孽草。

DE AMORE

SHALL one be sorrowful because of

Which hath no earthly crown,

Which lives and dies, unknown?

Because no words of his shall ever move

Her maiden heart to own

Him lord and destined master of her own;

Is Love so weak a thing as this,

Who can not lie awake,

Solely for his own sake,

For lack of the dear hands to hold, the lips to kiss,

A mere heart-ache?

Nay, though love's victories be great and sweet,

Nor vain and foolish toys,

His crowned, earthly joys,

Is there no comfort then in love's defeat?

Because he shall defer,

For some short span of years all part in her,

Submitting to forego

The certain peace which happier lovers know;

可是人爲了愛而悲哀，
愛沒有世界的花冠，
愛生滅於不知不覺之間？

爲了他的言辭沒有一句
常能打動她處女的芳心
認他做她的同命良人：

可是愛這般脆弱，
他不能覺醒，
只爲了他自己，
爲了缺乏一雙親切的白手握，一張甘蜜的紅，
便只是心痛？

即使愛的勝利是偉大而甘蜜，
不是空虛的癡戀的玩具，
他戴的是世界歡樂的花冠，
可是愛的失敗便沒有一點安慰？
爲了他將期待
和他同過一瞬快樂的年華，
呈請着先行
比較的幸福的情郎所都知的某種愉快；

DE MAORÉ

Because he shall be utterly disowne

Nor length of service bring

Her least awakening:

Foiled, frustrate and alone, misunderstand
ned,

Is Love less King?

Grows not the world to him a fairer pla

How far soever his days

Pass from his Lady's ways,

From mere encounter with her golden fa

Though all his sighing be vain,

Shall he be heavy-hearted and complain?

Is she not still a star,

Deeply to be desired, worshipped afar,

A beacon-light to aid

From bitter-sweet delights, Lovv's masquerade?

Though he lose many things,

Though much he miss:

The heart upon his heart, the hand that clings,

The memorable first kiss;

爲了他將完全被拒絕，
多年的用心
也不能得她一點兒領會，
卻只被踐踏，蹂躪，誤解，剝奪花冠，
可是愛不如王？

他的年華在他情婦身上
快得如同流水，
只和她的玉容打個照面，
世界可是便不能給他一更美的地位？
雖然他一切的咨嗟盡屬徒然，
可是他還要傷心而悲泣？

她豈非依然是天上的一座明星
使人深深地渴望，遠遠地崇敬，
一個烽火從苦中樂
去救助愛的假面劇文？

雖然他失落許多，
雖然他許多失落：
那顆他心上的芳心，那隻他手中的纖手，
那個可記念的第一次的蜜吻；

DE AMO

Love that is love at all,
Needs not an earthly coronal;
Love is himself his own exceeding great reward
A mighty lord!

Lord over life and all the ways of breath,
Mighty and strong to save
From the devouring grave;
Yea, whose dominion doth out-tyrant death,
Thou who art life and death in one,
The night, the sun;
Who art, when all things seem:
Foiled, frustrate and forlorn, rejected of to-day
Go with me all my way,
And let me not blaspheme.

愛

愛便傾心愛，
用不着什麼世界的花冠；
愛的自身便是愛自己的絕大的嘉獎，
一位萬能的主！

一切的生命之主，
萬能而強烈
營救垂死的人，
是啊，愛的權力是制服死，
你是生與死合而爲一，
你是黑夜也是太陽；

當一切都似：
被踐踏，蹂躪，誤解，剝奪花冠的今日，
你還長和我同在，
而令我不出褻瀆之言。

THE DEAD CHILD

SLEEP on, dear, now

The last sleep and the best,
And on thy brow,
And on thy quiet breast
Violets I throw.

Thy scanty years

Were mine a little while;
Life had no fears
To trouble thy brief smile
With toil or tears.

Lie still, and be

For evermore a child!
Not grudgingly,
Whom life has not defiled,
I render thee.

Slumber so deep,

No man would rashly wake;
I hardly weep,
Fain only, for thy sake,

死 兒

睡着罷，愛呀，
 今正是最後的好睡了，
我漫把紫羅蘭投擲
 在你蒼白的額上，
沉寂的心之窟。

你至短的幾年生涯，
 於我只一剎那；
人生還未有恐怖
 把辛勞或眼淚
蹂躪於至促的一笑。

長睡着罷，
 永做個孩子罷！
一片至誠心
 我來禱祝你清白之靈，
沒有沾半點人生的污濁。

幽深的長睡呀，
 無人能來驚醒，
爲了你呀，
 我無淚哭泣了，

THE DEAD CHILD

To share thy sleep.

Yes, to be dead,

Dead, here with thee to-day, —

When all is said

'Twere good by thee to lay

My weary head.

The very best!

Ah, child so tired of play,

I stand confessed:

I want to come thy way,

And share thy rest.

死 兒

但願共享你的安寢。

是的，死罷，

此時此地和你同死，一
當一切說道，

善哉，把我落寞的頭兒
躺在你的身旁。

唉，至善至美的，

厭棄遊戲的孩子呀
我為進一辭：

我欲來你道上，
共享你的安息。

CARTHUSIANS

THROUGH what long heaviness, assayed in what
strange fire,

Have these white monks been brought into the way
of peace,

Despising the world's wisdom and the world's desire,
Which from the body of this death bring no release!

Within their austere walls no voices penetrate;

A sacred silence only, as of death, obtains;

Nothing finds entry here of loud or passionate;

This quiet is the exceeding profit of their pains.

From many lands they came, in divers fiery ways;

Each knew at last the vanity of earthly joys;

And one was crowned with thorns, and one was
crowned with bays,

And each was tired at last of the world's foolish
noise.

It was not theirs with Dominic to preach Good's holy
wrath,

They were too stern to bear sweet Francis' gentle
sway;

伽 多 僧

經過多年陰沉的生活，多年的修鍊，

可是這些白衣的僧衆已經得道，

藐視着塵世的智慧和塵世的慾念，

從這不久便死的肉體得不到些兒救濟，

他們莊嚴的高牆之中沒些兒聲息傳入，

只是神聖的沉默如死一般；

凡是狂放熱情的一點都不能進入，

這般的甯靜便是他們苦行的無限的方便，

他們從各方來到，各經過熱情的世路；

各人終知道了塵世的歡娛只是一片空文；

他們有的戴着荊棘冕，有的戴着月桂冠；

各人終厭倦了塵世的痴愚的噪音；

他們不是沿門托鉢去傳佈上帝的福音。

法朗西司柔和的善化也非嚴束的他們所行；

CARTHUSIANS

Theirs was a higher calling and a steeper path,
To dwell alone with Christ, to meditate and pray.

A cloistered company, they are companionless,
None knoweth here the secret of his brother's heart:
They are but come together for more loneliness,
Whose bond is solitude and silence all their part.

O beatific life! Who is there shall gainsay,
Your great refusal's victory, your little loss,
Deserting vanity for the more perfect way,
The sweeter service of the most dolorous Cross.

Ye shall prevail at last! Surely ye shall prevail!
Your silence and austerity shall win at last:
Desire and mirth, the world's ephemeral lights shall
fail,
The sweet star of your queen is never overcast.

We fling up flowers and laugh, we laugh across the
wine;
With wine we dull our souls and careful strains
of art;

伽 多 僧

他們的更高的呼聲，更峭的路經，

便是只和基督同在，默想和祈禱天聽。

他們是一羣孤獨的遁世的人，

他們各人不知道各人的胸襟；

他們聚集到此不過是要更幽深的寂寞，

他們幽禁在孤獨之中，默默無聞。

啊，幸福的生涯！有誰說不佳，

你們得偉大的拋棄紅塵的勝利，損失是極微，
拋棄塵世的虛幻去上那完滿的道路，

甘心侍奉在最苦痛的十字架前，

你們是永垂不滅！你們確是永垂不滅！

你們的沉默和嚴束終得勝利：

塵世的慾念和歡娛，瞬間的光明終須消滅，

你們的聖母的明星却永不晦暗。

我們飛花歡笑，我們對酒高歌；

我們借酒來的涵養藝術的準律，優遊我們的
靈魂；

CARTHUSIANS

Our cups are polished skulls round which the roses
twine:

None dares to look at Death who leers and lurks
apart.

Move on white company, whom that has not suf-
ficed!

Our viols cease, our wine is death, our roses fail;
Pray for our heedlessness, O dwellers with the
Christ!

Though the world fall apart, surely ye shall
prevail.

伽 多 僧

我們的頭顱長埋在樽中，週遭圍繞着薔薇：
無人敢舉頭觀望遠遠地猶笑的死神。

白衣的僧衆呀，超渡一切沉淪慾海的人罷！
我們的琴弦斷，我們的芳樽空，我們的薔薇萎
請你們祈禱我們的輕率罷，啊，長伴基督的人呀！
縱使世界毀滅，你們確是永垂不滅。

註：聖法朗西司 Francis of Assisi
一二零九年創設一教團，凡團中
的教徒，都是熱心的，行乞的。

THE THREE WITCHES

ALL the moon-shed nights are over,
And the days of gray and dun;
There is neither may nor clover,
And the day and night are one.

Not an hamlet, not a city
Meets our strained and tearful eyes;
In the plain without a pity,
Where the wan grass droops and dies.

We shall wander through the meaning
Of a day and see no light,
For our lichen'd arms are leaning
On the ends of endless night.

We, the children of Astarte,
Dear abortions of the moon,
In a gay and silent party,
We are riding to you soon.

Burning ramparts, ever burning!
To the flame which never dies

三 女 巫

月明的良夜已經晦暗，
陰沉的白晝已經逝去；
再沒有一些青春華貴，
黑夜和白晝爲一。

我們失神無淚的眼睛，
看不到一個村鎮，一個市廛；
廣漠之中找不到一些憐憫，
只有衰草在枯萎而死滅。

我們將看不見一些光亮，
終日在廣漠之中漫步浪遊
因爲我們滿生癬疥的兩臂
攔在那無窮長夜的兩頭。

我們，你阿斯太的女兒，
你月神墮胎的嬌女，
結了觀欣沉默的伴侶，
不久便御風而來拜汝。

輝煌的月宮，永遠輝煌呀！
我們歡欣無淚的眼睛，

THE THREE WITCHES

We are yearning, yearning, yearning,
With our gay and tearless eyes.

In the plain without a pity,
(Not an hamlet, not a city)
Where the wan grass droops and dies.

三 女 巫

渴望着，渴望着，渴望着，
你永不熄滅的光明。

廣漠之中沒有一點憐憫，
（沒有一個村鎮，沒有一個市廛。）
只有衰草看在枯萎而死滅。

註：阿斯太 Astarte 是腓尼基亞之女神 Phoenician Goddess，司生產及愛情；古希臘人與羅馬人擬爲月神 Moon Goddess

VILLANELLE OF THE POET'S ROAD

WINE and woman and song,
Three things garnish our way:
Yet is day over long.
Lest we do our youth wrong,
Gather them while we may:
Wine and woman and song.
Three things render us strong,
Vine leaves, kisses and bay;
Yet is day over long.
Unto us they belong,
Us the bitter and gay,
Wine and woman and song.
We, as we pass along,
Are sad that they will not stay;
Yet is day over long.
Fruits and flowers among,
What is better than they:
Wine and woman and song?
Yet is day over long.

詩 人 之 路

醇酒，美人和唱歌，

三事堪欣賞：

且慊度日長。

少年蹉跎老惆悵，

及時行樂莫後讓：

醇酒，美人和歌唱。

三事今人健，

葡萄葉，蜜吻和月桂；

且度慊日長。

日夜長相對，

苦味也甘蜜，

醇酒，美人和歌唱。

樂事易消歇，

傷心一去不復再；

且慊度日長。

花果之中誰勝此，

醇酒，美人和歌唱？

且慊度日長。

VILLANELLE OF ACHERON

BY the pale marge of Acheron,

Me thinks we shall pass restfully,
Beyond the scope of any sun.

There all men hie them one by one,

Far from the stress of earth and sea,
By the pale marge of Acheron.

'Tis well when life and love is done,

'Tis very well at last to be,
Beyond the scope of any sun.

No busy voices there shall stun

Our ears: the stream flows silently
By the pale marge of Acheron.

There is the crown of labour won,

The sleep of immortality,
Beyond the scope of any sun.

Life, of thy gifts I will have none,

My queen is that Persephone,
By the pale marge of Acheron,
Beyond the scope of any sun.

死 海 曲

在那蒼涼的死海邊上，
 我們將珊瑚地的來到，
任何太陽的光輪之外。

那兒人類一一追逐着，
 遠異於人間之厭迫，
在那蒼涼的死海邊上。

善哉，當生命與愛情終結，
 善哉，善哉，終至於彼，
任何太陽的光輪之外。

那兒再沒有噪音鬧人聽聞，
 川水長流寂寂無聲，
在那蒼涼的死海邊上。

那兒有人生辛勞的褒獎：
 永恆的長睡，
任何太陽的光輪之外。

人生呀，你的禮物我終須無有，
 我的女王是那冥王之后，
在那蒼涼的死海邊上，
任何太陽的光輪之外。

SAINT GERMAIN-EN-LAYE

(1887-1895)

THROUGH the green boughs I hardly saw thy face,
They twined so close: the sun was in mine eyes;
And now the sullen trees in sombre lace
Stand bare beneath the sinister, sad skies.

O sun and summer! Say in what far night,
The gold and green, the glory of thine head,
Of bough and branch have fallen? Oh, the white
Gaunt ghosts that flutter where thy feet have sped,

Across the terrace that is desolate,
And rang then with thy laughter, ghost of thee,
That holds its shroud up with most delicate,
Dead fingers, and behind the ghost of me,

Tripping fantastic with a mouth that jeers
At reseau flowers of youth the turbid streams
Toss in derision down the barren years
To death the host of all our golden dreams.

聖-斐-曼-恩-雷伊

(1887—1895)

綠蔭之中我模糊曾見你顏容，
綠蔭叢密：金陽照射我的兩眼；
如今呀，那些濃碧華觀的樹枝
都蕭蕭地立在那慘澹陰沉的天空之下。

啊。金陽和晴夏！說呀，
在那一個深夜，你頭上的榮華，
那些枝椏的金黃和濃碧銷汰？
唉，那白衣森嚴的鬼靈們浮動在你經過的路上。

橫過荒涼的平臺，
你的幽魂呀，帶着笑聲呼嘯，
最優美的疆冷的手指揭着死衾，
並且在我的靈魂的後面，

還有輕捷的怪物張開着嘴
譏笑青春的薔薇花
給那濁流嘲弄激蕩入落寞的年華
到死——我們一切黃金夢的歸宿。

AFTER PAUL VERLAINE

I

Il pleut doucement sur la ville.

RIMBAUD

TEARS fall within mine heart,
As rain upon the the town:
Whence does this languor start,
Possessing all mine heart?

O sweet fall of the rain
Upon the earth and roofs!
Unto an heart in pain,
O music of the rain!

Tears that have no reason
Fall in my sorry heart:
What! there was no treason?
This grief hath no reason.

Nay! the more desolate,
Pecause, I know not why,
(Neither for love nor hate)
Mine heart is desolate.

譯 PAUT VERLAINE

I

紛紛苦雨灑城頭

RIMBAUD

雨落城頭，
淚落心頭：
何來這段悲愁，
揉碎我心頭？

啊，雨落紛紛，
灑遍地上與高甌！
打來我慘痛的心，
啊，雨之樂音！

眼淚沒來由
淋落在我心頭：
唉，人間早無所求！
這愁苦好沒來由。

哦！更多的悲愁，
就爲了沒來由，
(並非爲愛爲憎)
我的心只是悲愁。

AFTER PAUL VERLAINE

II

COLLOQUE SENTIMENTAL

INTO the lonely park all frozen fast,
Awhile ago there were two forms who passed.

Lo, are their lips fallen and their eyes dead,
Hardly shall a man hear the words they said.

Into the lonely park, all frozen fast,
There came two shadows who recall the past.

“Dost thou remember our old ecstasy?”—

“Wherefore should I possess that memory?”—

“Doth thine heart beat at my sole name alway?
Still dost thou see my soul in visions?” “Nay!”

“They were fair days of joy unspeakable,
Whereon our lips were joined?”—“I cannot tell.”

“Were not the heavens blue, was not hope high?”

“Hops has fled vanquished down the darkening sky.”

So through the barren oats they wandered,
And the night only heard the words they said.

譯 PAUL VERLAINE

II

傷感的幽談

冷落，荒蕪的公園裏，
剛纔有兩個人影進去。

看他們的唇紅褪了，他們的目光晦了，
他們的講話幽微得幾乎聽不出。

冷落，荒蕪的公園裏，
兩個幽魂來把舊事重訴起。

“你可還記得我們當年的歡娛？”——

“還要我記起牠做什么？”——

“你的心兒可還提起我的名字而跳動？”——

你可還在幻夢之中看見我的靈魂？”“不”。——

“可是那些良辰說不出的歡娛，

我們的紅唇常相密接？”——“唉，真是難言。”——

“那時豈非天宇是清和，希望是遠大？”——

“如今希望已經消落在晦黯的天空中了。”——

如是，他們便走入那荒蕪的麥田裏去，

只有寒夜聽聞他們的言語。

AFTER PAUL VERLAINE

III

SPLEEN

AROUND were all the roses red,
The ivy all around was black.

Dear, so thou only move thine head,
Shall all mine old despairs awake!

Too blue, too tender was the sky,
The air too soft, too green the sea.

Always I fear, I know not why,
Some lamentable flight from thee.

I am so tired of holly-sprays
And weary of the bright box-tree,
Of all the endless country ways;
Of everything alas! save thee.

譯 PAUL VERLAINE

III

憂 鬱

週遭薔薇曾都嫣紅，
長春藤條曾是姹紫。

愛呀。卿今只輕搖着頭兒，
我傷心往事全兜上心來。

想當時天宇何清和，
空氣何溫存，海色何濃碧。

沒來由我常自擔憂，
怕與卿悽切地分飛。

如今呀，我憎厭冬青，
輝耀的黃楊更非所好，

茫茫鄉村之路也一樣可憎；
唉！捨卿外，盡是令人憎。

AFTER PAUL VERLAINE

IV

THE sky is up above the roof

So blue, so soft!

A tree there, up above the roof,

Swayeth aloft.

A bell within that sky we see,

Chimes low and faint:

A bird upon that tree we see,

Maketh complaint.

Dear God! is not the life up there,

Simple and sweet?

How peacefully are borne up there

Sounds of the street!

What hast thou done, who comest here,

To weep alway?

Where hast thou laid, who comest here,

Thy youth away?

譯 PAUL VERLAINE

IV

瓊甃之上是天空，
蔚藍也柔和？
瓊甃之上有樹頂，
搖曳影婆娑：

天空之中有銀鈴，
歡響何幽微：
大樹之頂有孤鳥，
訴苦何清淒：

啊，上帝！天上的人生，
豈非甜蜜而單純？
啊，上帝！天上的街音，
應是何等的和平！

試問來此人，
何爲長哭泣？
試問來此人，
青春汝何任？

TO HIS MISTRESS

THERE comes an end to summer,
To spring showers and hoar rime;
His mumming to each mummer
Has somewhere end in time,
And since life ends and laughter,
And leaves fall and tears dry,
Who shall call love immortal,
When all that is must die?

Nay, sweet, let's leave unspoken
The vows the fates gainsay,
For all vows made are broken,
We love but while we may.
Let's kiss when kissing pleases,
And part when kisses pall,
Perchance, this time to-morrow,
We shall not love at all.

You ask my love completest,
As strong next year as now,
The devil take you, sweetest,
Ere I make aught such vow.

贈他的情人

夏季的末日來到，
風霜雨雪欲飄；
他扮演着各種假面的劇文，
也正是才暮之時了，
自從生氣和歡情消緊，
木葉落，眼淚枯，
誰還道戀愛不死，
當斯一切均須死時？
唉，愛人呀，我們休說
那反抗命運的盟誓，
一切的盟誓都須破裂，
我們只在可能之時相愛。
讓我們在歡樂之時親吻，
無味親吻之時分開，
唉，明日此時呀，
我們還有什麼戀愛。
你求我的愛情，
明年如今日之美滿。
唉，愛人呀，與其使你大錯，
毋甯我隨便誓說。

TO HIS MISTRESS

Life is a masque that changes,
A fig for constancy!
No love at all were better,
Than love which is not free.

贈他的情人

人生是一齣無常的假面劇，
一個永恆的無花果！
不自由的戀愛，
還是不如無愛。

JADIS

EREWHILE, before the world was old,
When violets grew and celandine,
In Cupid's train we were enrolled:

Erewhile!

Your little hands were clasped in mine,
Your head all ruddy and sun-gold
Lay on my breast which was your shrine,
And all the tale of love was told:
Ah, God, that sweet things should decline,
And fires fade out which were not cold,

Erewhile.

感 舊

只一剎那，過去的世界，
芝蘭與燕蕩爭榮，
你我的名字記在愛神的行律：

只一剎那！

你的小手緊握在我手裏，
你微紅金陽色的頭兒
投在我的懷裏——做了你的仙寵。
凡有戀愛的故事是都說遍了：
唉，上帝，這樣甜蜜的事情便銷滅了，
零落的星火還沒冷卻呢，

只一剎那！

IN A BRETON CEMETERY

THEY sleep well here,

These fisher-folk who passed their anxious days
In fierce Atlantic ways;

And found not there,

Beneath the long curled wave,
So quiet a grave.

And they sleep well

These peasant-folk, who toll their lives away,
From day to market-day,

As one should tell,

With patient industry,
Some sad old rosary.

And now night falls,

Me, tempest-tost, and driven from pillar to post
A poor worn ghost,

This quiet pasture calls;

And dear dead people with pale hands
Beckon me to their lands.

在勃雷頓之墓地

他們安睡在這裏。

這些漁夫們呀，曾在大西洋上
消磨了他們不甯的年華；

不曾尋得

在那巨浪之下，
一個寧靜的坟墓。

他們也安睡在這裏，

這些村夫們呀，曾度着些刻板的生涯，
葬送了他們的一生，

彷彿一個老僧，

孜孜不倦的
長談着些可悲的老朽經文。

如今夜幕來到，

唉，飽經風浪，歷盡滄桑的我呀，
可憐的零餘的靈魂呀，

這片甯靜的草地在向儂號召；

這些親熱的死者也都伸出白手
在向儂相招。

TO WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS ON
HIS RENAISSANCE CLOAK

THE cherry-coloured velvet of your cloak

Time hath not soiled: its fair embroideries

Gleam as when centuries ago they spoke

To what bright gallant of Her Daintiness,

Whose slender fingers, long since dust and dead,

For love or courtesy embroidered

The cherry-coloured velvet of this cloak.

Ah! cunning flowers of silk and silver thread,

That mock mortality? the broidering dame,

The page they decked, the kings and courts are dead:

Gone the age beautiful; Lorenzo's name,

The Borgia's pride are but an empty sound,

But lustrous still upon their velvet ground,

Time spares these flowers of silk and silver thread.

Gone is that age of pageant and of pride:

Yet don your cloak, and haply it shall see

致穿着文藝復興時外套的 慧靈西渥特培德

你的外套的櫻桃色的絲絨

“時間”沒有把牠腐朽：

牠上面美麗的錦繡鑲閃

好像幾世紀以前

牠們對什麼光榮的情郎述說她的秀美，

她的纖纖的手指，早已僵冷腐朽久了，

爲了愛情或爲了寵幸繡下

這件外套櫻桃色的絲絨。

唉！精緻的蠶絲和銀綫的花朵，

嘲笑死者嗎？那位刺繡的美人，

繡花裝飾的那個僮，那國王們和朝臣們都已死了：

美麗的時代過了；陸蘭茶的榮名，

鮑爾琪亞的尊貴都是不過一響空虛的聲音；

只有他們的絲絨依然鑲閃光輝，

“時間”不毀壞這些蠶絲和銀線的花朵。

尊榮華貴的時代已經過去：

還穿着你的外套，這許像：

**TO WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS ON
HIS RENAISSANCE CLOAK**

The curtain of old time is set aside;

As through the sadder coloured throng you gleam;

We see once more fair dame and gallant gay,

The glamour and the grace of yesterday:

The elder, brighter age of pomp and pride.

致穿着文藝復興時外套的
慧靈西渥特培德

舊時的幕落在旁邊；

你鑠閃在陰沉沉的人叢之中；

我們又看見一次絕世的美人和歡樂的情郎，

當年的豔麗和榮華：

那更舊的更光明的壯麗華貴的時代。

註一：鮑爾琪亞 Cesare Borgia

(1476, 1507) 是一位最尊貴的軍事領袖。

THE SEA-CHANGE

WHERE river and ocean meet in a great tempestu-
ous frown,

Beyond the bar, where on the dunes the white capped
rollers break;

Above, one windmill stands forlorn on the arid, grassy
down:

I will set my sail on a stormy day and cross the bar
and seek

That I have sought and never found, the exquisite
one crown,

Which crowns one day with all its calm the passionate
and the weak.

When the mad winds are unreined, wilt thou not
storm, my sea?

(I have ever love! thee so, I have ever done thee
wrong

In drear terrestrial ways.) When I trust myself to thee

With a last great hope, arise and sing thine ultimate,
great song

Sung to so many better men, O sing at last to me,

海 變

江河與海洋怒濤交流的地方，
海灘的對面，沙丘之上，雪白的浪花激撞；
上面，一所磨坊落寞地孤立在荒涼的沙阜上：
我要在狂風暴雨的一天揚帆過那沙灘，
尋我所追尋過而未尋得的那個美麗的花冠，
牠總會有一天溫存地加到熱情的弱者的頭上，

當狂風不羈的時候，你不興浪嗎，啊，我的海？
(我曾常萬般愛你，我也曾常萬般負你，
在乾枯的世路。) 當我抱着最後的宏願
信賴於你時，請興起唱你最後的高歌，
你會對許多更好的人唱過，啊，請最後唱給我聽，

THE SEA-CHANGE

That which when once a man has heard, he heeds not
over long.

I will bend my sail when the great day comes; thy
kisses on my face

Shall seal all things that are old, outworn; and anger
and regret

Shall fade as the dreams and days shall fade, and in
thy salt embrace,

When thy fierce caresses blind mine eyes and my
limbs grow stark and set,

All that I know in all my mind shall no more have a
place:

The weary ways of men and one woman I shall forget.

Point du Pouldu.

海 變

那曲誰聽了一回，死也甘休的歌。

那偉大的日子來時我要揚帆；你在我面上的親吻
將把一切的舊事掩蓋；忿怒和悔恨
也將似幻夢一般的消緊，而在你放浪的擁抱中，
你狂浪的寵愛把我的眼睛瞎了，把我的四肢漸漸僵
硬不動了時，
我全心中所知的一切也將不再有一個地位：
那許多男子及一個女子的落寞的生涯我都將忘卻。

DREGS

THE fire is out, and spent the warmth thereof
(This is the end of every song man sings!)
The golden wine is drunk, the dregs remain,
Bitter as wormwood and as salt as pain;
And hea'th and hope have gone the way of love
Into the drear oblivion of lost things.
Ghosts go along with us until the end;
This was a mistress, this, perhaps, a friend.
With pale, indifferent eyes, we sit and wait
For the dropt curtain and the closing gate:
This is the end of all the songs man sings.

殘 物

爐火滅，暖氣銷沉，
(這是人生演唱的尾聲!)
芳樽傾，狼藉殘物空存，
茵陳般苦，疾苦樣辛；
健康和希望自從歷劫情場，
都已成爲遺忘的往事陳文。
只有些鬼靈默默長伴着我們，
是一個情婦，也許是一位良朋。
睜着失神冷清的眼睛，
我們坐以待落幕閉門：
這是人生演唱的尾聲。

A SONG

ALL that a man may pray,
Have I not prayed to thee?
What were praise left to say,
Has not been said by me
O, ma mie?

Yet thine eyes and thine heart,
Always were dumb to me.
On'y to be my part,
Sorrow has come from thee,
O, ma mie?

Where shall I seek and hide
My grief away with me?
Lest my bitter tears should chide
Bring brief dismay to thee,
O, ma mie?

More than a man may pray,
Have I not prayed to thee?
What were praise left to say,
Has not been said by me,
O, ma mie?

歌

凡人所能的祈禱，
不是我都向你祈禱過了！
還有什麼該讚美的言辭，
我不會向你說了，
唉，我的心肝！

你的眼睛和胸懷，
終對我長此緊閉：
從你傳來的悲哀，
只把我全身擊汰，
唉，我的心肝！

那兒有荒土一坯，
容我飲恨長埋，
恐我滔滔的酸淚，
驚攪你的安息，
唉，我的心肝！

比人更多的祈禱，
不是我向你祈禱過了！
還有什麼該讚美的言辭，
我不會向你說了，
唉，我的心肝！

BRETON AFTERNOON

HERE, where the breath of the scented-gorse floats
through the sun-stained air,

On a steep hill-side, on a grassy ledge, I have lain
hours long and heard

Only the faint breeze pass in a whisper like a prayer,
And the river ripple by and the distant call of a bird.

On the lone hill-side, in the gold sunshine, I will hush
me and repose,

And the world fades into a dream and a spell is cast
on me;

*And what was all the strife about, for the myrtle or
the rose,*

*And why have I wept for a white girl's paleness
passing ivory!*

Out of the tumult of angry tongues, in a land alone,
apart,

In a perfumed dream-land set betwixt the bounds of
life and death,

勃雷頓之午後

金雀花香在晴空之中氤氳，
峭壁之上，斷崖之巔，我偃然高枕，
和風陣陣慢唱低吟，
近有流水琤琮，遠有好鳥和鳴。

淒寂的山巔，金陽之中，我駐足小憩，
全盤的世界落入一個夢裏，我也突然迷疑，
人間的紛爭究竟有什麼意義，爲了番榴，爲了薔薇
而我也爲何爲了個白女郎的勝似象牙的蒼白色面淚
雨霏霏！

脫離了人類的噪音，來到這幽寂之境，
在這濃香的夢鄉飄然若仙，

BRETON AFTERNOON

Here will I lie while the clouds fly by and delve an
hole where my heart

May sleep deep down with the gorse above and red,
red earth beneath.

Sleep and be quiet for an afternoon, till the rose-white
angelus

Softly steals my way from the village under the hill:

*Mother of God, O Mercy, look down in pity
on us,*

*The weak and blind who stand in our light and
wreak ourselves such ill.*

勃雷頓之午後

行雲在身畔飛起，我要掘一深穴把我的心兒長埋，
上有金雀花般紅，下有赤土緋緋。

靜睡一長晝罷，等到禮拜堂晚祈的鐘聲，
從山下的村莊裏傳來把我喚醒：
啊，救主聖母呀，垂憐我們罷，
軟弱和盲目使我們自暴自棄了而使我們受苦呀。

VENITE DESCENDAMUS

LET be at last; give over words and sighing,
Vainly were all things said;
Better at last to find a place for lying,
Only dead.

Silence were best, with songs and sighing over;
Now be the music mute;
Now let the dead, red leaves of autumn cover
A vain lute.

Silence is best: for ever and for ever,
We will go down and sleep,
Somewhere beyond her ken, where she need never
Come to weep.

Let be at last: colder she grows and colder;
Sleep and the night were best;
Lying at last where we cannot behold her,
We may rest.

息 壤

最後呀，也莫開言，也莫咨嗟
一切的言說盡是空文：
最後呀，好尋一抔偃息之荒土，
只有長眠。

沉默是善呀，也無歌聲也無咨嗟；
如今讓那音樂沉默，
如今讓那暮秋的紅葉，
長埋着一隻無用的琵琶。

沉默是至善呀，永默無窮期，
我們都須入土而長眠，
在她不能見我們之處，
她永不須再來綴泣。

最後呀：她也漸漸冷卻；
睡眠和黑夜都是至善；
最後呀，她也躺在我們不能見她之處，
大家永息。

TRANSITION

A LITTLE while to walk with thee, dear child;
To lean on thee my weak and weary head;
Then evening comes: the winter sky is wild,
The leafless trees are black, the leaves long dead.

A little while to hold thee and to stand,
By harvest-fields of bending golden corn;
Then the predestined silence, and thine hand,
Lost in the night, long and weary and forlorn.

A little while to love thee, scarcely time
To love thee well enough; then time to part,
To fare through wintry fields alone and climb
The frozen hills, not knowing where thou art.

Short summer-time and then, my heart's desire,
The winter and the darkness: one by one
The roses fall, the pale roses expire
Beneath the slow decadence of the sun.

過 渡

只這一剎那了，愛呀，我還可以和你同行；

還可以把我的頭兒偎在你的胸襟；

一剎那後便是黃昏來到：

凍雲漠漠，枯枝蕭蕭，落葉層層。

只這一剎那了，我還可以有你，

還可以和你倚立在捆着金粟的田邊；

一剎那後便是不可避免的沉默，

再不能握着你的白手在漫漫寒夜之間。

只這一剎那了，我還可以愛你，

一剎那後你我便要分開，

獨去經行荒野，攀登雪嶺，

不再知道你在那裏。

只一剎那清和的仲夏，我愛，

仲夏之後便是寒冬和黑暗：

薔薇都一一失色而枯萎，

都在慘澹的寒日之下死滅。

EXCHANGES

ALL that I had I rought,
Little enough I h now;
A poor rhyme roughlŷ wrought,
A rose to match thy snow:
All that I had I broug't.

Little enough I sought:
But a word compassionate,
A passing glance, or thought,
For me outside the gate:
Little enough I sought.

Little enough I found:
All that you ha'ŷ, perchance!
With th' dead leaves on the ground,
I dance the d'vil's dance.
All that You had I found.

交 換

我所有的一切我都呈獻了，

 只一點兒滿足；

一卷粗製的清詩，

 一朵配你白雪的薔薇；

我所有的一切我都呈獻了。

一點兒滿足我尋過了：

 只一點可憐的言辭，

偶然的一念，或者是一思，

 當我生時：

一點兒滿足我尋過了。

一點兒滿足我得過了：

 是你所有的一切，只一剎那！

如今我和地上的死葉，

 共舞着惡魔的舞蹈。

你所有的一切我得過了。

TO A LADY ASKING FOOLISH QUESTIONS

WHY am I sorry, Chloe? Because the moon is far:
And who am I to be straitened in a little earthly star?

Because thy face is fair? And what if it had not been,
The fairest face of all is the face I have not seen.

Because the land is cold, and however I scheme and
plot,

I cannot find a ferry to the land where I am not.

Because thy lips are red and thy breasts upbraid the
snow?

(There is neither white nor red in the pleasance where
I go.)

Because thy lips grow pale and thy breasts grow dim
and fall?

I go where the wind blows, Chloe, and am not sorry
at all.

致一女士訊愚問

詹綠綺，卿可知我爲什麼悲愁？可是爲了皓月遼遠：
我終是永困守在一渺小的地球了？

可是爲了卿顏秀美？那麼，若是算不得秀美呢，
若是那世界上最美的顏容我還沒有看見呢。

可是爲了世界冷酷？那麼，我百計尋思，
我也終不能渡登彼岸。

可是爲了卿唇紅如荼，卿顏白如雪？
(當我所去的樂河之中，也無白也無紅。)

可是爲了卿唇紅漸褪，卿乳漸涸而垂萎？

那麼，詹綠綺，我循行在狂風之中，又全無半點兒
愁。

RONDEAU

AH, Manon, say, why is it we
Are one and all so fain of thee?
Thy rich red beauty debonnaire
In very truth is not more fair,
Than the shy grace and pu ity
That clothe the maiden maidenly;
Her gray eyes shine more tenderly
And not less bright than thine her hair,

Ah, Manon, say!

Expound, I pray, the mystery
Why wine-stained lip and languid eye,
And most unsaintly Maenad air,
Should move us more than all the rare
White roses of virginity?

Ah, Manon, say!

神 祕

啊，美儂，說呀，
爲什麼我們大家都喜悅你？
你嫵稚的紅粧的壯美，
比較那婷婷少女的
害羞的美和純潔，
實在是並不更美呢；
她灰色的眼睛是比你更濶存，
她的頭髮也不見得比你不亮，

啊，美儂，說呀！

我請你解說罷，這神祕，
爲什麼沾酒的紅唇和斜睨的倦眼
和最叛道的媚男的情調，
比較那珍貴的處女的白薔薇
是更容易使我們感動？

啊，美儂，說呀！

註一：原詩名 Roundeau，是一種
抒情詩體之名。

註二：媚男 Maenad 是侍奉古希臘
酒神笛奈沙司 Dionysus 之仙女。

MORITURA

A SONG of the setting sun!
The sky in the west is red,
And the day is all but done:
While yonder up overhead,
All too soon,
There rises, so cold, the cynic moon.

A song of a winter day!
The wind of the north blow,
From a sky that's chill and gray,
On fields where no crops now grow,
Fields long shorn
Of bearded barley and golden corn.

A song of an old, old man!
His hairs are white and his gaze,
Long bleared in his visage wan,
With its weight of yesterdays,
Joylessly
He stands and mumbles and looks at me.

衰 亡

一支落日之哀調！

西天殷紅，

白晝消暝：

東方頂上，

剎那間，

昇上一輪皓月。

一支冬日之哀調！

朔風蕭蕭，

來自灰暗之天空，

吹去落寞的荒野，

長久前，

曾滿綴麥穗金粟的田野，

一支老人之哀調！

眉髮皆白，

青蒼臉上，

深印着時間的重負，

凄切地，

欲說不說地注視着我。

A song of a faded flower!

'Twas plucked in the tender bud,
And fair and fresh for an hour,

In a lady's hair it stood.

Now, ah, now,
Faded it lies in the dust and low.

一支落花之哀調！
出自滋土，
在一女郎髮上，
鮮美一時。
如今呀，
枯萎在塵埃中了。

LIBERA ME

GODDESS the laughter-loving, Aphrodite, befriend!
Long have I served thine altars, serve me now at the
end,

Let me have peace of thee, truce of thee, golden one,
send.

Heart of my heart have I offered thee, pain of my
pain,

Yielding my life for the love of thee into thy chain;
Lady and goddess be merciful, loose me again.

All things I had that were fairest my dearest and best,
Fed the fierce flames on thine altar: ah, surely, my
breast

Strained thee alone among goddesses, spurning the
rest.

Blossom of youth thou hast plucked of me, flower of
my days;

Stinted I nought in thine honouring, walked in thy
ways,

Song of my soul pouring out to thee, all in thy praise.

釋放了 我罷

賣弄春情的女神呀，亞福緣締，憐惜我罷！
我侍奉你的祭壇已久了，如今你照拂我一點罷，
給我一點和平，一點憩息，至尊呀，給我罷。

我把心裏的祕密，一切的苦痛都獻給了你，
爲你的愛情我把我生投在你的鐵鍊之中；
女神呀，慈悲些罷，釋放了 我罷。

我的至愛至美的神呀，我生所有一切至美的東西，
都燃燒起一把猛火在你祭壇之邊：是的，
我的胸中只長住着你，別的女神都把來屏棄。

你摘了我青春之花，我生之花你全摘去了；
在你寵愛之中我毫不節制，只傾心向你，
我靈魂裏流出歌兒都是讚美你。

Fierce was the flame while it lasted, and strong was
thy wine,
Meet for immortals that die not, for throats such as
thine,
Too fierce for bodies of mortals, too potent for mine,
Blossom and bloom hast thou taken, now render to me
Ashes of life that remain to me, few though they be,
Truce of the love of thee, Cyprian, let me go free.
Goddess the laughter-loving, Aphrodite, restore
Life to the limbs of me, liberty, hold me no more
Having the first-fruits and flower of me, cast me to the
core.

情焰在將滅之時猛燒，你的旨酒也更強烈，
但這樣的情焰是只有不死之神能當，這樣的醇酒也
只有像你的咽喉能飲，
在凡夫俗子是太高熱，在我的咽喉也太凶猛。

我的春青之花你都摘去了，
如今給還我生命的灰燼，雖然殘生是無多了，
西比羅的女神呀，給我戀愛的憩息，給我自由罷。

賣弄春情的女神呀，亞福綠締，
給我一點生命罷，釋放了我罷，
我生之花果是你早摘完了，如今把殘核丟還了我罷

註一：亞福綠締 Aphrodite 是古希臘司愛情與
美麗的女神。即羅馬之 Venus

註二：亞福綠締之出世處為西比羅島
Cyprus 所以詩中有西比羅的女神句。

TO A LOST LOVE

I SEEK no more to bridge the gulf that lies

Betwixt our separate ways;

For vainly my heart prays,

Hope droops her head and dies;

I see the sad, tired answer in your eyes.

I did not heed, and yet the stars were clear;

Dreaming that love could mate

Lives grown so separate;—

But at the best, my dear,

I see we should not have been very near.

I knew the end before the end was nigh:

The stars have grown so plain;

va'nly I sigh, in vain

For things that come to some,

But unto you and me will never come.

致一失戀的愛人

我不再想架一橋梁，
在我們分離的港上：
我心的祈求盡屬徒然，
‘希望’垂落牠的頭而死了；
我只在你的眼睛裏看見那可悲的酬報。

雖然那時的命運已經分明，
我卻毫不關心，
我只夢着愛情能締結遠離的人生；
但是終究呀；我的愛人，
我看清你我是不再相近。

末日未到之前我早知道末日相近：
那命運已經顯得萬般分明；
我徒自咨嗟，徒自咨嗟，
那甜蜜的事情都屬於他人，
只是你和我呀，永不發生。

WISDOM

LOVE wine and beauty and the spring,

While wine is red and spring is here,
And through the almond blossoms ring

The dove-like voices of thy I ear.

Love wine and spring and beauty while

The wine hath flavour and spring masks
Her treachery in so soft a smile

That none may think of toil and tasks.

But when spring goes on hurrying feet,

Look not thy sorrow in the eyes,
And bless thy freedom from thy sweet:

This is the wisdom of the wise.

智 慧

愛酒愛美并愛春，
當酒色殷紅，春光美滿，
而你愛人如鳩的姣音，
繚繞在檸檬花枝之間。

愛酒愛春并愛美，
當酒氣芳冽，春光正在
賣弄牠至溫柔的一笑，
無人還想到人生的辛勞；

但當春是匆匆地去了，
莫把你的悲哀看在眼裏，
只在你的甜蜜之中優遊自在：
這便是至聰明人的智慧。

IN SPRING

SEE how the trees and the osiers lithe

Are green bedecked and th woods are blithe,
The meadows have donned their cape of flowers,
The air is soft with the sweet May showers,

And the birds make melody:

But the spring of the soul, the spring of the soul,
Cometh no more for you or for me.

The lazy hum of the busy bees

Murmureth through the almond trees;
The jonquil flaunth a gay, blonde head,
The primrose peeps from a mossy bed,
And the violets scent the lane.

But the flowers of the soul, the flowers of the soul,
For you and for me bloom never again.

春

看那樹頭和柳梢又打扮起嬌綠的新粧，
森林何等欣榮青蒼，
牧場穿着萬般璀璨的花裳，
空中充溢甜蜜的山檀花香，
鳥雀奏着鈞天的韻律：
但是那靈魂的春呀，那靈魂的春呀，
永不爲你我再來。

碌碌的蜜蜂的懶懶地呻吟，
嗡嗡在檸檬花枝之間，
長壽花在自誇一個華美黃色的頭顱，
蓮馨花都從綠苔之中探起，
芝蘭在靜靜地用幽香把小徑薰染。
但是那靈魂的花呀，那靈魂的花呀，
永不爲你我再開。

A LAST WORD

LET us go hence: the night is now at hand;
The day is overworn, the birds all flown;
And we have reaped the crops the gods have sown;
Despair and death; deep darkness o'er the land,
Broods like an owl; we cannot understand
Laughter or tears, for we have only known
Surpassing vanity: vain things alone
Have driven our perverse and aimless band.

Let us go hence, somewhither strange and cold,
To Hollow Lands where just men and unjust
Find end of labour, where's rest for the old,
Freedom to all from love and fear and lust.
Twine our torn hands! O pray the earth enfold
Our life-sick hearts and turn them into dust.

最後一言

從此讓我們去罷：長夜已經來到；

白晝消暝，飛鳥歸林；

神所佈種的田我們亦已收獲盡；

絕望和死亡呀；幽深的黑暗籠罩着大地，

解伏着像隻夜鷹；我們不能再懂

哭與笑了，我們只知道的是

迷離的空虛：空虛的事物寂寂地

牽引着我們飄渺迷離的腰帶。

從此讓我們去罷，去那寒酷的異方，

‘烏有之鄉’，那兒無分善惡者

都得勤勞之終結，那兒老者息兮，

沉溺於愁城，愛何，慾海者都得救兮。

唉，合起我們的兩手來！祈求大地

收拾起我們生命病的心兒化歸塵土罷。

勘

頁數	行數	誤
5	18	呈請着先行
5	19	愉快
11	1	睡
11	10	於
13	4	道
15	4	救濟
16	18	aud
17	1	呼聲
17	1	路經
17	16	借酒來的涵養
17	16	優遊我們
19	3	沉淪
19	7	Francis
21	14	嬌女
21	15	觀欣
<u>25</u>	1	<u>唱歌</u>

誤

正
甘心着放棄
甯靜
睡
你
了
解脫
and
使命
路徑
借酒來應酬
和我們
沉淪
St. Francis
嬌女
歡欣
<u>歌壇</u>

30	2	Upon the the town	Upon the town
38	6	and	and
39	4	才暮之時了	閉幕之時了
39	15	唉	或者
39	16	還有什麼	沒有什麼
39	19	與其使你大錯	惡魔便要取你
39	20	毋甯我隨便誓說	在我立誓之前
43	10	零落的星火還沒冷卻呢	未冷的星火便熄了
45	12	長談着些可悲的老朽經文	長數着腐朽的念珠一行
61	6	使我們自暴自棄了而使我們受苦呀	的我們自暴自棄了而自己受苦呀
65	6	捆着金粟	成熟金粟
70	13	Shonld	Shouid
75	2	出自滋土	摘自嫩枝
79	1	將滅	不滅
85	4	空中充溢甜蜜的山楂花香	空氣因如霽的春雨而滋潤
87	7	空虛的事物寂寂地	只有空虛的事物
87	8	牽引着我們飄渺迷離的腰帶	驅策我們這羣狂浪無目的的人們

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