

37th



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Hong Kong
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瑞信新晉藝術家系列

SHENYANG
Lieder Recital

沈洋
獨唱會

鋼琴 佛拉德·依夫汀格
piano Vlad Iftinca

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17.2.2009

香港大會堂音樂廳
Concert Hall
Hong Kong City Hall

沈洋
SHENYANG 獨唱會
Lieder Recital

向漢斯·賀特致敬
A Tribute to Hans Hotter

演出長約1小時30分鐘，包括一節中場休息
Running time: approximately 1 hour and 30 minutes with one interval

為了讓大家對這次演出留下美好的印象，請切記在節目開始前關掉手錶、無綫電話及傳呼機的響鬧裝置。會場內請勿擅自攝影、錄音或錄影，亦不可飲食和吸煙，多謝合作。

To make this performance a pleasant experience for the artists and other members of the audience, PLEASE switch off your alarm watches, MOBILE PHONES and pagers. Eating and drinking, unauthorised photography and audio or video recording are forbidden in the auditorium. Thank you for your co-operation.

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向漢斯·賀特致敬
A Tribute to Hans Hotter

舒伯特 (1797-1828)

《歌者》
《豎琴手》第一至第三首, D 478-480
《流浪者之夜歌》第一首, D 224
《甘尼美》, D 544
《人之界限》, D 716
《普羅米修斯》, D 674

胡爾夫 (1860-1903)

《歌者》
《豎琴手》第一至第三首
《流浪者之夜歌》第一首
《人之界限》
《甘尼美》
《普羅米修斯》

鋼琴 佛拉德·依夫汀格

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Sänger, Op. 117, D 149
Harfenspieler I-III, D 478-480
Wanders Nachtlied I, D 224
Ganymed, D 544
Grenzen der Menschheit, D 716
Prometheus, D 674

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Der Sänger
Harfenspieler I-III
Wanderers Nachtlied I
Ganymed
Grenzen der Menschheit
Prometheus

piano Vlad Iftinca

悲憫、敬畏、榮耀 Pieta, rispetto, onore

文：沈洋

「悲憫、敬畏、榮耀」這三個詞，來自威爾第歌劇《馬克白》第四幕馬克白的詠嘆調開首部份，也正好表達我對這次香港藝術節獨唱會的特殊感情。2009年是著名德國低男中音漢斯·賀特誕辰百周年，也是偉大的德國詩人歌德誕辰260周年，而我也很榮幸獲邀參與2009年香港藝術節，舉辦獨唱會。在我那不算長的藝術學習生涯中，漢斯·賀特和歌德這兩人對我的影響很深，不但起了引導、啟發作用，而且助我塑造藝術上的獨特風格。

相比於世人皆知的歌德來說，這位1909年出生於德國美茵河畔的低男中音漢斯·賀特，並不是一個為人熟知的名字；相比於稍為主流的意大利歌劇而言，他所擅長的華格納和德國藝術歌曲，雖然東方仍未普及，未獲廣泛接受。但是，賀特在德語歌劇和藝術歌曲方面的貢獻是不可磨滅的，是完全可以與意大利歌劇相提並論的音樂傳統。可不幸的是，今天，這音樂傳統正不斷離我們遠去。

將一顆敬畏、悲憫的心完全投入藝術，也許就是這種傳統的榮耀所在。藝術與音樂的宗旨不應該只是討觀眾歡心，而是對藝術自身的結構和內容有更深遠、更廣博的追求。也許在一場演出結束之後，讓觀眾獲得真正的精神滿足，要比單純的感官享樂來得更有意義。在我們的生活中，我們需要文學，需要詩歌，也需要能觸摸到你我心靈的音樂。否則，喧囂過後，一切都變得索然無味。

Text: Shenyang

“Pieta, rispetto, onore” (Piety, respect, honour) come from the opening of the aria in the fourth act of Verdi's *Macbeth*. They also represent my special sentiment to this recital at the Hong Kong Arts Festival. 2009 is the 100th anniversary of the birth of the renowned German bass-baritone Hans Hotter; it is also the 260th anniversary of the great German poet Goethe. I am honoured to be invited to the Hong Kong Arts Festival of this same year for a recital performance. Both Hotter and Goethe influenced me deeply in my study of arts. They were my beacons and inspiration; they also shaped my own artistic style.

Compared to Goethe, Hotter may not be as well-known. He was born in 1909 in Offenbach am Main in Germany. He was best known for singing Wagner's operas and German *lieder*; but these genres are not yet very popular in the Orient, especially when compared to the relatively mainstream Italian operas. Yet, Hotter made an outstanding contribution to German opera and *lieder*.

Immersing one's piety and respect fully into the arts is a way to honour this music. Arts and music do not limit themselves to pleasing the audience, there is also a deeper and wider pursuit of the internal structure and content. We all need literature, poetry and music that touch our soul. A performance should bring the listeners profound satisfaction rather than mere entertainment.

The programme of this recital imposes a real challenge to both me and pianist Vlad Ifitca. These are all pieces performed by Hotter. Incidentally, I chose the same Goethe poem both before and after the intermission, set by Schubert and Wolf respectively. Needless to say, this is a challenge to the performers, and perhaps also to the audience. I hope you will take this challenge with us. Let us pay homage to one distinguished poet, two distinguished composers, and one distinguished singer. A great Western legacy is being continued in the ancient Orient here and now, and we all take part in it.

Translated by Gabriella Wong

這次獨唱會的曲目對我和鋼琴家佛拉德·依夫汀格來說很富挑戰，這些都是漢斯·賀特所演唱過的曲目。巧合的是，我選擇了上下半場完全相同的歌德詩歌，分別為舒伯特和胡爾夫譜曲。毫無疑問，這對演出者是一個考驗，對於觀眾可能也是一個挑戰。如果大家願意，請和我們一起接受這挑戰，讓我們一起對一位偉大的詩人、兩位偉大的作曲家、一位偉大的歌唱家前輩表達我們的敬意；今天，在這裏，在古老的東方延續一個偉大的西方傳統，我們也應該為此感到光榮。

漢斯·賀特 Hans Hotter (1909 – 2003)

漢斯·賀特是二十世紀傑出歌唱家，20歲於捷克奧帕瓦一個小劇院演的歌劇《魔笛》中擔演講者，是他首踏台板。1938年應邀到慕尼黑，遇上作曲家理查·史特勞斯，他深受賀特的歌唱及演技感動，特意为賀特創作了三個角色。二次大戰結束後，賀特展開其國際歌唱事業，先於1947年到倫敦演出，1950年首次踏足紐約大都會歌劇院舞台。



賀特以歌劇演出聞名，演唱德國藝術歌曲方面也是表表者，30年內灌錄過多張唱片。他具有演活作品的天份，又擅於控制其廣闊的音域，演唱德國藝術歌曲超卓。

Hans Hotter was one of the twentieth century's greatest singing actors. He made his debut as the Speaker in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* at the age of 20 in the small theatre at Opava. Invited to Munich in 1938, he met composer Richard Strauss who, much impressed with Hotter's singing and acting, composed three roles specifically for him. With the cessation of World War II hostilities, Hotter's career took him abroad, first to London in 1947 and then for his debut at the New York Metropolitan Opera in 1950.

While better known as an operatic personality, Hotter was a magnificent interpreter of German *lieder* and made many recordings of the repertory over a three-decade span. His interpretive genius and ability to scale back his huge voice suited this kind of singing superbly.

沈洋

Shenyang

低男中音
Bass-baritone



現年24歲的沈洋，曾獲多個國際獎項，包括2008年波列蒂-布通尼藝術家獎、2007年英國廣播公司卡迪夫世界歌唱家大賽冠軍，兩度獲維

羅納舉行的國際歌劇大賽首獎，分別是2007年《奧菲歐》歌唱比賽及2005年《唐·喬望尼》歌唱比賽。沈洋灌錄的唱片舒伯特《冬之旅》，由風林唱片在中國首度推出。

沈洋生於中國天津，曾就讀上海音樂學院，師承顧平教授。目前是紐約大都會歌劇院林德曼青年藝術家發展計劃及茱莉亞音樂學院歌劇中心成員。曾接受多位音樂大師的大師班，如占士·利文、荷西·范丹姆、約翰·費沙、卡羅·貝貢齊、瑞娜塔·斯科圖、湯馬士·艾倫及蕾妮·弗雷明等。

沈洋在學時曾於維羅納、上海、特拉維夫及柏林等地演出《唐·喬望尼》的馬塞多，《塞維利亞的理髮師》的唐·巴西里歐及《奧菲歐》的卡朗特。2009年的演出包括於大都會歌劇院首演由路易斯·蘭格里指揮的《唐·喬望尼》的馬塞多、在卡迪夫英國廣播公司霍迪諾特音樂廳舉行獨唱會、在香港藝術節和上海大劇院演出，以及茱莉亞音樂學院贊助的紐約林肯中心演出。另外，沈洋將於法國Festival de la Musique et Vin au Clos Vougeot藝術節舉行多場演唱會。

24-year-old bass-baritone Shenyang was the winner of the 2007 BBC Cardiff Singer of the World competition and a 2008 winner of the Borletti-Buitoni Trust Award. He also has won First Prize at the International Opera Competition in Verona, the 2007 Verona Orfeo Singing Competition and the 2005 Verona Don Giovanni Singing Competition. Shenyang has recorded Schubert's *Winterreise* (Chinese Premiere recording), released by FengLin Records.

Born in Tianjin, China, Shenyang studied with Professor Gu Ping at the Shanghai Conservatory of Music. He currently is enrolled jointly at The Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artist Development Program and at The Juilliard School Opera Center. He has attended masterclasses with James Levine, José Van Dam, John Fisher, Carlo Bergonzi, Renata Scotto, Thomas Allen, Håkan Hagegård, Christa Ludwig, Barbara Bonney, Malcolm Martineau and Renée Fleming.

As a student, Shenyang's operatic roles have included Masetto (*Don Giovanni*), Don Alfonso (*Così fan tutte*), Don Basilio (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*) and Caronte (*L'Orfeo*) in Verona, Shanghai, Tel Aviv and Berlin. In the leading roles of Fleishman's *Rothschild's Violin* and Mussorgsky's *The Marriage* with James Conlon at the Juilliard Opera Center, the *New York Times* heralded his performances as "impressive" and praised his "husky voice and deadpan demeanor".

During 2007 Shenyang sang Rossini's *Stabat Mater* with Antonio Pappano and the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia Orchestra and was a featured soloist at the opening concert of the China National Grand Theatre in Beijing. Engagements in 2008 included performances of Haydn's *Die Jahreszeiten* with John Nelson at the National Centre for the Performing Arts in Beijing, *lieder* recitals at Lincoln Center and at New York's Goethe Institute, a Young Singers Concert with Ivor Bolton at the Salzburg Festival and Brahms' *Liebeslieder Walzer* with James Levine and Daniel Barenboim at Carnegie Hall. Highlights of his 2009 calendar include a Metropolitan Opera debut as Masetto in *Don Giovanni* under the baton of Louis Langrée, solo recitals at BBC Hoddinott Hall in Cardiff, the Hong Kong Arts Festival, the Shanghai Grand Theatre, and in New York at Lincoln Center under the auspices of The Juilliard School. Further appearances include concerts in France at the Festival de la Musique et Vin au Clos Vougeot.

佛拉德．依夫汀格

Vlad Ifinca

鋼琴

Piano

佛拉德．依夫汀格是紐約大都會歌劇院2008/09年度的助理指揮，並為劇院的林德曼青年藝術家發展計劃出任教練。依夫汀格生於羅馬尼亞一個音樂世家，2004年在紐約曼尼斯音樂學院獲演唱伴奏碩士學位，2006年於茱莉亞音樂學院完成研究生課程，師從布萊恩．賈格、馬歌．加瑞特及戴安娜．理察遜。依夫汀格曾與多位著名音樂家合作，包括演唱家湯馬士．漢普森、伊琳娜．米舒拉、依莎貝爾．倫納德，鋼琴家暨指揮里昂．弗萊雪，小提琴家嘉西亞．安塞西歐及中提琴家傑勒德．科西。

Vlad Ifinca is currently part of the 2008-09 assistant conductors roster at the Metropolitan Opera in New York City where he also holds the position of staff coach in the Lindemann Young Artist Development Programme. Born into a family of artists in Romania, he graduated in 2004 with a Master's Degree in Vocal Accompanying from the Mannes College of Music, New York City. In 2006 he completed his graduate studies at The Juilliard School with Brian Zeger, Margo Garrett and Diane Richardson. He has collaborated with numerous distinguished singers including Thomas Hampson, Irina Mishura, Isabel Leonard, pianist-conductor Leon Fleisher, violinist Jose Luis Garcia Asensio and violist Gerard Causee.



歌德 (1749-1832)

十九世紀是德國歌曲的全盛時期。作曲家在詩歌中找到源源靈感，發展出「德國藝術歌曲」這種歐洲浪漫風格的歌曲體裁；其起源可以追溯到莫扎特和貝多芬的歌曲，而到了舒伯特和胡爾夫等作曲家手上，在聯篇歌曲中平衡了文字和音樂，訴說靈魂深處的情感跌宕，把藝術歌曲發揚光大。其中一位為藝術歌曲提供了大量文思的，就是大文豪約翰·沃爾夫岡·歌德。



歌德的作品題材廣泛，包括詩歌、戲劇、文學、神學、人文和自然科學，他是十八世紀末到十九世紀初魏瑪古典主義的代表人物，在德國哲學上的影響力亦難以估量。歌德是德國文學的重量級人物，他的二部劇作《浮士德》被推崇為世界文學登峰造極之作。歌德被公認為最優秀的德語作家，亦是西方文化最重要的思想家之一。

Der Sanger

“Was hor’ ich drauen vor dem Tor,
Was auf der Brucke schallen?
La den Gesang vor unserm Ohr
Im Saale widerhallen!”
Der Konig sprach’s, der Page lief;
Der Knabe kam, der Konig rief:
“Lat mir herein den Alten!”

“Gegruet seid mir, edle Herrn,
Gegrut ihr, schone Damen!
Welch reicher Himmel! Stern bei Stern!
Wer kennet ihre Namen?
Im Saal voll Pracht und Herrlichkeit
Schliet, Augen, euch; hier ist nicht Zeit,
Sich staunend zu ergetzen.”

Der Sanger druckt’ die Augen ein
Und schlug in vollen Tonen;
Die Ritter schauten mutig drein
Und in den Scho die Schonen.
Der Konig, dem das Lied gefiel,
Lie, ihn zu ehren fur sein Spiel,
Eine goldne Kette holen.

“Die goldne Kette gib mir nicht,
Die Kette gib den Rittern,
Vor deren kuhnem Angesicht
Der Feinde Lanzen splittern;
Gib sie dem Kanzler, den du hast,
Und la ihn noch die goldne Last
Zu andern Lasten tragen.

Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt,
Der in den Zweigen wohnt;
Das Lied, das aus der Kehle dringt,
Ist Lohn, der reichlich lohnet.
Doch darf ich bitten, bitt ich eins:
La mir den besten Becher Weins
In purem Golde reichen.”

Er setzt’ ihn an, er trank ihn aus:
“O Trank voll suer Labe!
O wohl dem hochbegluckten Haus,
Wo das ist kleine Gabe!
Ergeht’s euch wohl, so denkt an mich,
Und danket Gott so warm, als ich
Fur diesen Trunk euch danke.”

歌者

「門外傳來什麼聲音？
橋上傳來什麼聲音？
讓這歌為吾等高唱，
在大殿迴響！」
國王說罷，侍從得令，
轉眼回稟。國王高喊：
「傳老人！」

「尊貴的爵爺、優雅的夫人、小姐！
這天空多麼瑰麗！繁星相疊！
星星的名字有誰知？
這富麗堂皇的大殿，
閉上我的雙眼，沒時間
歡喜讚嘆。」

歌者合上眼，
聲如洪鐘。
武士們瞪眼觀看；
貴婦們垂目看着裙擺。
國王聽得滿心歡喜，
準備頒下重賞，
命人取來黃金鏈條。

「這黃金鏈條，我不敢當，
請賞給武士們，
他們無畏的神色
粉碎了敵人的長矛；
請賞給首相，
讓他承擔這金造的擔子，
以及其他重擔。」

「我像鳥兒一樣唱歌，
像那在枝頭棲息的鳥兒一樣唱歌；
口中唱出的歌
就是賞賜 是它自己的豐厚賞賜。
如果可以，我只有一個請求：
請用純金酒杯
賜我一杯這裏最醇美的酒。」

金杯美酒備好，歌者一飲而盡：
「啊，香醇提神的美酒！
啊，快樂就在這幢美麗的樓房，
此等美酒只算是薄禮！
諸位每逢狂歡盡興之時，就想想小人，
也請諸位衷心感謝上主，就像小人
衷心感激陛下所賜美酒一樣。」

The Singer

“What do I hear outside the gate —
what are those sounds on the bridge?
Let the song for our ears
echo in the hall!”
So the king said, and the page ran off.
The page soon returned and the king cried:
“Let in the old man!”

“Greetings, noble lords,
greetings fair ladies!
What a rich heaven! Star upon star!
Who knows their names?
In this hall full of splendor and magnificence,
close, my eyes; here there is no time
to marvel with astonishment.”

The singer closed his eyes
and played with full tones:
the knights watched bravely
and the ladies gazed down into their laps.
The king, whom the song well pleased,
decided to reward him for his song
and sent for a golden chain.

“This golden chain — give it not to me;
give this golden chain to your knights,
before whose bold faces
the enemy lances splinter.
Give it to the chancellor you have,
and let him then bear this golden burden
with all his other burdens.

“I sing as does the bird
that lives in the branches;
this song that bursts from my throat
is a reward — its own rich reward.
But if I may, I would ask one thing:
give me your best wine
in a goblet of pure gold.”

It was set before him and he drained the cup:
“O libation full of sweet refreshment!
O, happy is the well-favored house
in which this is considered a small gift!
If you enjoy yourselves well, think of me
and thank God as warmly as I
thank you for this drink.”

Goethe (1749-1832)

In Germany, the great age of song came in the 19th century. Composers found high inspiration in poetry that sparked the genre known as the *lied*, European romantic art songs. The beginnings of the tradition are seen in the songs of Mozart and Beethoven, but it is composers such as Schubert and Wolf who balanced the words and music into song cycles that tell the adventures of the soul. One of the greatest inspirations for *lieder* is Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.



Goethe's works span the fields of poetry, drama, literature, theology, humanism and science. He was a proponent of the central ideas in the movement of Weimar Classicism in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. His influence on German philosophy is immeasurable.

Goethe was one of the key figures of German literature; his two part drama, *Faust*, is lauded as one of the peaks of world literature. Goethe is considered by many to be the most important writer in the German language and one of the most important thinkers in Western culture.

Harfenspieler I

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt
Ach! der ist bald allein;
Ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt,
Und läßt ihn seiner Pein.
Ja! laßt mich meiner Qual!

Und kann ich nur einmal
Recht einsam sein,
Dann bin ich nicht allein.
Es schleicht ein Liebender lauschend sacht,
Ob seine Freundin allein?
So überschleicht bei Tag und Nacht

Mich Einsamen die Pein,
Mich Einsamen die Qual.
Ach werd' ich erst einmal
Einsam im Grabe sein,
Da läßt sie mich allein!

Harfenspieler II

An die Türen will ich schleichen,
Still und sittsam will ich stehn;
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung reichen,
Und ich werde weiter gehn.
Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm erscheint;
Eine Träne wird er weinen,
Und ich weiß nicht was er weint.

Harfenspieler III

An die Türen will ich schleichen,
Still und sittsam will ich stehn;
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung reichen,
Und ich werde weiter gehn.
Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm erscheint;
Eine Träne wird er weinen,
Und ich weiß nicht was er weint.

《豎琴手》第一首

陷入孤寂的他
不久就孑然一身；
人要活，人要愛
也任由別人受苦。
唉！讓我自己來承受這折磨吧！

能否讓我試一次
真正的孤單，
然後就不會形單影隻。
戀人躡手躡足走過來，聽着：
他的情人孤伶伶嗎？
不分晝夜，總是同樣的：
孤單中，痛苦偷偷來犯，
孤單中，折磨漸漸成形。
唉，到了最後，
我獨自在墓穴中，
痛苦與折磨才會放過我。

《豎琴手》第二首

從不哭着吃的人，
從不在發愁時
坐在床上整晚飲泣的人，
他不認識你啊，天賜的力量！
你引領我們走上生命的道路，
你讓惡人滿心內疚，
然後讓他飽受折磨：
因為內疚感會在人間反擊。

《豎琴手》第三首

我該爬上閘門，
安靜、謙卑地站着，
誠實的手會給我食物，
然後，就該上路了。
人人都顯得高興
在門前見到我。
他們會淌淚，
而我卻不知道為何。

The Harpist I

He who gives himself up to solitude –
Oh – he is soon alone;
Each man lives, each man loves
And leaves the other to his pain.
Aye! leave me to my torment!

Can I but once
Be truly lonely,
Then I shall not be alone.
A lover steals softly, harkening:
Is his beloved alone?
By day and night, in the same way
Agony creeps into my solitude,
Torment creeps into my solitude,
Oh, when at last I shall be
Alone within my grave,
Then they will let me alone.

The Harpist II

He who ne'er ate his bread with tears,
Who ne'er spent the worry-weary night
Sitting weeping upon his bed,
He knows you not, you heavenly powers!
You lead us onto life's path,
You let the wretch load himself with guilt,
Then leave him to his suffering:
For guilt always takes its revenge on earth.

The Harpist III

I shall creep up to their gates,
Quiet and modest I shall stand,
An honest hand will give me food,
And I shall go on my way.
Everyone will seem happier
On seeing me at their door,
A tear will fall from their eye
And I'll not know why they weep.

Wanderers Nachtlid I

Der du von dem Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,
Doppelt mit Erquickung füllest,
Ach! ich bin des Treibens müde!
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
Süßer Friede,
Komm, ach komm in meine Brust!

Grenzen der Menschheit

Wenn der uralte
Heilige Vater
Mit gelassener Hand
Aus rollenden Wolken
Segnende Blitze
Über die Erde sät,
Küß' ich den letzten
Saum seines Kleides,
Kindliche Schauer
Tief in der Brust.

Denn mit Göttern
Soll sich nicht messen
Irgendein Mensch.
Hebt er sich aufwärts
Und berührt
Mit dem Scheitel die Sterne,
Nirgends haften dann
Die unsichern Sohlen,
Und mit ihm spielen
Wolken und Winde.

Steht er mit festen
Markigen Knochen
Auf der wohlgegründeten
Dauerndem Erde,
Reicht er nicht auf,
Nur mit der Eiche
Oder der Rabe
Sich zu vergleichen.

Was unterscheidet
Götter von Menschen?
Daß viele Wellen
Vor jenen wandeln,
Ein ewiger Strom:
Uns hebt die Welle,

《流浪者之夜歌》第一首

來自天國的你，
 平息所有哀傷與痛苦；
 對那遭逢不幸的，
 你也加倍安慰。
 我厭倦了身不由己！
 苦苦樂樂，到底所為何事？
 甜美的安祥，
 來，來我心裏！

《人之界限》

當遠古的
 聖父
 那平靜的手
 自翻騰的雲海
 把蒙福的閃電
 送到大地，
 我親吻
 他斗篷的最後一道綑摺，
 懷着孩童般的敬畏
 在心中深處。

凡人
 永遠比不上
 神祇。
 他站起來，
 打擾了
 頭上的星宿，
 他猶疑的腳步
 無處停留
 嘲弄訕笑他的
 是浮雲清風。

要是
 他健壯有力的軀體
 穩穩地站在
 堅固的地面，
 那他的高度
 還不能跟橡樹
 或葡萄樹
 相比。

神與人
 有何區別？
 一個一個的浪湧來
 後面還有一個在徘徊
 周而復始：

Wanderer's Night Song I

You who are from heaven,
 you quiet all sorrow and pain;
 and he who is doubly wretched
 you fill with twice as much comfort.
 Ah! I am tired of being driven!
 For what is all this pain and joy?
 Sweet peace,
 Come, ah, come into my heart!


Limits of Mankind

When the ancient
 Holy Father
 With calm hand
 From the rolling clouds
 Sends blessed lightning
 Over the earth,
 I kiss the last
 Seam of his cloak
 With a childlike awe
 Deep in my breast.

For with God
 Shall never compete
 Mortal Man.
 If he lifts himself up
 And disturbs
 The stars with his head,
 Then nowhere are anchored
 His uncertain feet,
 And with him sport
 The clouds and the wind.

If instead he stands with firm,
 Vigorous bones,
 Upon the well-founded
 and enduring earth,
 He does not reach up
 Even to the oak tree,
 Or the vine
 To compare.

What distinguishes
 God from Man?
 That many a wave broke
 Before the one came wandering —
 An eternal stream:
 The wave lifts us;



Verschlingt die Welle,
Und wir versinken.

Ein kleiner Ring
Begrenzt unser Leben,
Und viele Geschlechter
Reihen sich dauernd
An ihres Daseins
Unendliche Kette.

Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!

Daß ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich und schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.

Ich komm', ich komme!
Wohin? Ach, wohin?

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In eurem Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!

海浪讓我們升起；
海水吞噬我們，
我們就會溺死。

小小的圈子
局限了我們的生活，
世世代代
串連起來，
就成了
延綿無盡的鏈。

《甘尼美》

晨光中
我身旁的你多麼明亮
親愛的春天！
帶着愛的千般祝福，
緊緊摟着我的
是那永恆的溫暖
是那神聖的感覺
還有無盡的美麗！

多希望可以把你
緊緊抱在臂彎！

在你胸前
我軟軟的躺着，
你的花你的草
緊緊摟着我。
我心中如火的渴望，
是你使它冷靜下來
可愛的晨風！
夜鶯深情的呼喚
自那霧氣氤氳的溪谷傳來。
我來了，我來了！
但，到底何去何從？

努力向上，向上！
浮雲越飄越低，
在懇切的愛面前，
浮雲也要俯身低頭。
來我這裏！來我這裏！
自你的山坳
往上升！
伸手環抱 抱着了！
往上升，直到你胸前
全愛的天父！

Yet gulp in the water,
And we drown.

A small ring
Limits our life,
And many generations
String past constantly,
Their existences forming
An endless chain.

Ganymed

How in the morning light
you glow around me,
beloved Spring!
With love's thousand-fold bliss,
to my heart presses
the eternal warmth
of sacred feelings
and endless beauty!

Would that I could clasp
you in these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie and languish,
and your flowers and your grass
press themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
lovely morning wind!
The nightingale calls
lovingly to me from the misty vale.
I am coming, I am coming!
but whither? To where?

Upwards I strive, upwards!
The clouds float
downwards, the clouds
bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap
upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!

Prometheus

Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,
Mit Wolkendunst
Und übe, dem Knaben gleich,
Der Disteln köpft,
An Eichen dich und Bergeshöh'n;
Mußt mir meine Erde
Doch lassen stehn
Und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut,
Und meines Herd,
Um dessen Glut
Du mich beneidest.

Ich kenne nichts Ärmeres
Unter der Sonn', als euch, Götter!
Ihr nähret kümmerlich
Von Opfersteuern
Und Gebetshauch
Eure Majestät
Und darbtet, wären
Nicht Kinder und Bettler
Hoffnungsvolle Toren.

Da ich ein Kind war
Nicht wußte, wo aus noch ein,
Kehrt' ich mein verirrtes Auge
Zur Sonne, als wenn drüber wär'
Ein Ohr, zu hören meine Klage,
Ein Herz wie meins,
Sich des Bedrängten zu erbarmen.

Wer half mir
Wider der Titanen Übermut?
Wer rettete vom Tode mich,
Von Sklaverei?
Hast du nicht alles selbst vollendet
Heilig glühend Herz?
Und glühtest jung und gut,
Betrogen, Rettungsdank
Dem Schlafenden da droben?

Ich dich ehren? Wofür?
Hast du die Schmerzen gelindert
Je des Beladenen?
Hast du die Tränen gestillet
Je des Geängsteten?
Hat nicht mich zum Manne geschmiedet
Die allmächtige Zeit
Und das ewige Schicksal,
Meine Herrn und deine?

《普羅米修斯》

宙斯，用薄紗似的雲朵
掩飾手下諸神，
讓他們繼續像小伙子
砍掉薊草一樣
砍掉橡樹和山峰吧；
但你必須
讓我的世界維持原狀；
還有我的小屋，那不是你建造的；
還有我的壁爐
那發光發熱的壁爐
你好生妒忌。

普天之下，我沒見過
比你們諸神更下流的了！
你們卑鄙地
依靠奉獻
還有禱告的氣息來滋養，
陛下；
你們會餓死的
假如孩童和乞丐不是
對你們滿懷希望的傻瓜。

我小時候，
不知就裏，
張着疑惑的雙眼
看着太陽，彷彿比太陽更高的地方
會有耳朵聽見我的悲嘆
會有顆心像我一樣
憐憫受壓迫的人。

誰來幫我
對抗泰坦神族的傲慢？
誰來救我一命
擺脫苦役？
還不是全憑一己之力，
憑我那神聖的、發亮的心？
我的心，不是你的美德發着熱切、
充滿朝氣的光芒，
被騙，尚且
對昏睡的諸神滿懷感激？

尊敬你？為什麼？
你有減輕過
受壓者的苦楚嗎？
你有抹乾過
失意者的淚痕嗎？
把我雕琢成人的

Prometheus

Cover your heavens, Zeus,
with gauzy clouds,
and practice, like a boy
who beheads thistles,
on the oaks and peaks of mountains;
but you must allow
my world to stand,
and my hut, which you did not build,
and my hearth,
whose glow
you envy me.

I know nothing more shabby
under the sun, than you gods!
You wretchedly nourish,
from offerings
and the breath of prayers,
your majesty;
And you would starve, were
children and beggars not
such hopeful fools.

When I was a child
I did not know in from out;
I turned my confused eyes
to the sun, as if above it there were
an ear to hear my laments —
a heart like mine
that would pity the oppressed.

Who helped me
against the pride of the titans?
Who rescued me from death —
from slavery?
Did you not accomplish it all yourself,
my sacred, glowing heart?
Yet did you not glow with ardent
and youthful goodness,
deceived, and full of gratitude
to the sleepers above?

I, honour you? Why?
Have you ever alleviated the pain
of one who is oppressed?
Have you ever quieted the tears
of one who is distressed?
Was I not forged into a man
by all-mighty Time
and eternal Fate,
my masters and yours?



Wähntest du etwa,
Ich sollte das Leben hassen,
In Wüsten fliehen,
Weil nicht alle
Blütenräume reifen?

Hier sitz' ich, forme Menschen
Nach meinem Bilde.
Ein Geschlecht, das mir gleich sei,
Zu leiden, zu weinen,
Zu genießen und zu freuen sich
Und dein nicht zu achten,
Wie ich!



還不是全能的時間
和永恆的命運
你我的主人？

你以為
我應該憎恨生命、
應該逃往荒野
因為我萌芽中的夢
沒有開花結果？

我會坐在這裏
按自己的形象造人。
那會是個像我一樣的民族
一樣受苦、一樣哭泣
一樣享受、一樣歡欣。
而不會理會你
就像我！

歌詞為歌德詩句
中譯：鄭曉彤

You were deluded if you thought
I should hate life
and fly into the wilderness
because not all of my
budding dreams blossomed.

Here I will sit, forming men
after my own image.
It will be a race like me,
to suffer, to weep,
to enjoy and to rejoice,
and to pay no attention to you,
as I do!

Poems by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
Translation from German by Emily Ezust