[我的教育專欄\_(82)](javascript:parent.view_file('2017-01-06%2009:16:49.348;419429714');)我的高徒翻譯朱自清的文章

李家同

我有一位暨南大學畢業的學生，叫做吳柏宏，他從大二開始就每週翻譯一篇英文的文章。開始的時候文法錯誤百出，常常在校園裡面看到我的口頭語就是：「老師我以後不會犯錯了。」果真幾個月以後，他的文法就大有進步。畢業以後他仍然每週做中翻英由我改，現在算起來有16年了。最近他翻譯的文章是朱自清的白馬湖，以下是他的翻譯，應該算是不錯的，因為他畢竟只是學寫程式的人。他現在在一家相當厲害的公司做軟體工程師，大概是週末做翻譯的。

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白馬湖 朱自清

今天是個下雨的日子。這使我想起了白馬湖；因為我第一回到白馬湖，正是微風飄蕭(breezy)的春日。   
　　白馬湖在甬紹鐵道的驛亭站(railroad station)，是個极小极小的鄉下地方。在北方說起這個名字，管保一百個人一百個人不知道。但那卻是一個不坏的地方。這名字先就是一個不坏的名字。据說從前（宋時？）有個姓周的騎白馬入湖去，所以有這個名字。這個故事也是一個不坏的故事。假使你樂意搜集，或也可編成一本小書，交北新書局印去。   
 白馬湖并非圓圓的或方方的一個湖，如你所想到的，這是曲曲折折大大小小許多湖的總名。湖水清极了，如你所能想到的，一點儿不含糊像鏡子。沿鐵路的水，再沒有比這里清的，這是公論。遇到旱年的夏季，別處湖里都長了草，這里卻還是一清如故。白馬湖最大的，也是最好的一個，便是我們住過的屋的門前那一個。那個湖不算小，但湖口讓兩面的山包抄住了。外面只見微微的碧波而已，想不到有那么大的一片。湖的盡里頭，有一個三四十戶人家的村落，叫做西徐□，因為姓徐的多。這村落与外面本是不相通的，村里人要出來得撐船。后來春暉中學在湖邊造了房子，這才造了兩座玲瓏的小木橋，筑起一道煤屑路，直通到驛亭車站。那是窄窄的一條人行路，蜿蜒曲折的，路上雖常不見人，走起來卻不見寂寞——。尤其在微雨的春天，一個初到的來客，他左顧右盼，是只有覺得熱鬧的。

春暉中學在湖的最胜處，我們住過的屋也相去不遠，是半西式。湖光山色從門里從牆頭進來，到我們窗前、桌上。我們几家接連著；丏翁(Mr. Shia Mi Tseng, 夏丏尊)的家最講究。屋里有名人字畫，有古瓷，有銅佛，院子里滿种著花。屋子里的陳設又常常變換，給人新鮮的受用。他有這樣好的屋子，又是好客如命，我們便不時地上他家里喝老酒。丏翁夫人的烹調也极好，每回總是滿滿的盤碗拿出來，空空的收回去。

白馬湖最好的時候是黃昏。湖上的山籠著一層青色的薄霧，在水里映著參差的模糊的影子。水光微微地暗淡，像是一面古銅鏡。輕風吹來，有一兩縷波紋，但隨即平靜了。天上偶見几只歸鳥，我們看著它們越飛越遠，直到不見為止。這個時候便是我們喝酒的時候。我們說話很少；上了燈話才多些，但大家都已微有醉意。是該回家的時候了。若有月光也許還得徘徊一會；若是黑夜，便在暗里摸索醉著回去。

白馬湖的春日自然最好。山是青得要滴下來，水是滿滿的、軟軟的。小馬路的兩邊，一株間一株地种著小桃与楊柳。小桃上各綴著几朵重瓣的紅花，像夜空的疏星。楊柳在暖風里不住地搖曳。在這路上走著，時而听見銳而長的火車的笛聲是別有風味的。在春天，不論是晴是雨，是月夜是黑夜，白馬湖都好。——雨中田里菜花的顏色最早鮮艷；黑夜雖什么不見，但可靜靜地受用春天的力量。

夏夜也有好處，有月時可以在湖里划小船，四面滿是青靄。船上望別的村庄，像是蜃樓海市(mirage)，浮在水上，迷离徜恍的；有時听見人聲或犬吠，大有世外之感。若沒有月呢，便在田野里看螢火。那螢火不是一星半點的，如你們在城中所見；那是成千成百的螢火。一片飛出來，像金線网似的，又像耍著許多火繩似的。

离開白馬湖是三年前的一個冬日。前一晚“別筵”上，有丏翁，我不能忘記丏翁，那是一個真摯豪爽的朋友

吳柏宏譯

It is raining today. This makes me recall the White Horse Lake because it was a breezy spring day when I first went there.

The White Horse Lake is located at a railroad station next to railway Yong-Shao Line. It is at a far away countryside. If you mention its name in the North, it will probably be strange to everyone. However, it is indeed a good place. First of all, its name is good. People said that a man whose surname was Chou once rode a white horse to the lake long ago (probably Song dynasty). The story is also a good one. If you are interested in collecting them, they can be grouped into a book and published by the Bei-Shin Publisher.

The White Horse Lake is not a single lake. It comprises several lakes as one can imagine. The lakes are crystal clear. They are like a mirror. It is unarguable that no lake along the railroad could compete with the White Horse Lake. During seasons of drought, all other lakes are dry and covered by weeds, but the White Horse Lake is still clear as usual. The biggest and best one of the White Horse Lake is the one in front of the house where we lived. The lake is big, but its exit is outflanked by mountains. From the outside, people would be confused to consider it as a small lake. There were 30 to 40 families living in the end of the lake called Village West Hsu. It is so called because the surnames of most people living there are Hsu. There is no direct way between the village and the outside world. To go out, one has to pole a punt. After the Spring Light High School built a house next to the lake, two sophisticated wooden bridges were built and a pathway to the station was paved. The pathway is quiet narrow and tortuous. People are rarely seen but one will not feel lonely at passing the route. Especially in rainy spring days, a new visitor would only consider the place hilarious after looking all around.

The Spring Light High School is at the end along the lake which is not far from the semi-west style house where we lived. The outside scenes come through our doors and walls to the front of our tables and windows. Several houses were adjacent. The house of Mr. ShiaMi Tseng was the most sophisticated one. There were all kinds of famous paintings and antiques in their house. Well-taken flowers were all over the yard. The decoration inside the house was changed constantly which refreshed people every time. With such a great house and the hospitality of Mr. ShiaMi Tseng, we of course would go to their house to drink very often. The cooking of Mrs. Shia was also marvelous. Every time she came out with plates and bowls full of food, they would be empty when they were returned.

The best scene of White Horse Lake appears at dawn. The mountain of the lake is surrounded by a thin blue fog. The shadow of the mountains is reflected vaguely on the surface of the lake. The light of the water is also reflected and the lake looks like an ancient bronze mirror. Wind gently brushes over the lake, causing minor waves which vanish quickly. Some birds returning home are often seen in the sky. I always kept watching them until they disappeared at the edge of sky. It was then time for us to drink. We usually wouldn’t talk much before the street lamps were burned. At this moment, everyone was a little drunk. It was about time to go home. We might hang around a little longer if we were gifted with some moonlight. If it was a dark night, we had to grope our way home.

Spring is the best time for the White Horse Lake. The mountains are so green and the lake is full of water which is gentle. Along the country roads, peach trees and willow are planted one by one. Red flowers on peach trees are like stars in the sky of night. The willow branches keep swinging. Walking on this road, you could once for a while hear long and sharp train whistles which are quiet interesting. In spring, no matter it is rainy and sunny, moon night or dark night, the White Horse Lake is always beautiful. The color of cauliflowers in the field is so vivid in the rain. One may see nothing in the night but the power of spring could be felt silently.

There are also advantages in summer nights. With moon light, one can go boating on the lake surrounded by green mist. The villages viewed from the boat are blurred and floating on the surface of the lake like a mirage. Sometimes, human voice or dog barking is heard. You may think that you are out of the world. Without moon light, one can enjoy watching fireflies in fields. In the cities, you can only watch small number of such fireflies. Here, they come in large numbers. They fly out like a golden net or many fire ropes crossing one another.

It was a winter day when we left the White Horse Lake three years ago. In the farewell party at the night before that day, old man Tseng was present. I could never forget him. He is so sincere and straightforward.