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且听风吟・采果集

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只要你吩咐,我便在河上扬帆启程。 三月的风烦躁不安,撩逗着倦怠的水波,发出了轻声的抱怨。

067 / 恋恋絮语·爱者之贻

如果我占有了天空和满天的繁星, 如果我占有了世界和它无量的财富,我仍有更多的要求。 但是,只要我有了她,即使在这个世界上我只有一块立锥之地, 我也会心满意足。

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行者的国度・渡口

风起了,我的诗歌的小船要起航。 舵手啊,把稳了舵。 我的小船渴望得到自由,要随着风浪的韵律起舞。

197 / 当时光已逝・诗选

我时常觉得,我离开的时间临近了,以宁静的落日的霞光来遮 隔这别离的日子。 让这时间是安宁的,让它是沉默的,不要让任何盛大的纪念会 来做出悲伤的情态。

采果集

FRUIT GATHERING



《采果集》与《飞鸟集》、《新月集》、 《吉檀迦利》、《园丁集》齐名,是泰戈尔的 又一部著名诗集。它以激情的语言赞颂生命, 思索生命的本质,充满乐观的情绪和生机盎然 的气息,让人在一串串爽润可口的文字中体味 生命的真实感动。本版中译本为著名东方文学 家、翻译家石真根据孟加拉原文翻译,这些意 境深远、含义丰富、优美宁静的孟加拉文诗 歌,是泰戈尔原意的最佳体现。英文部分为泰 戈尔本人亲译。泰戈尔的英文翻译与原孟加拉 文出入较大,是文学再创造和再体验,现一并 收录其中,供读者玩味和参考。

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只要你吩咐,我便采满一篮篮硕果带到 你的庭院里,虽然有的果子失落了,有的还 未成熟。

因为季节由于丰收变得负担沉重,树阴 下响起牧童哀婉的笛声。

只要你吩咐,我便在河上扬帆启程。

三月的风烦躁不安, 撩逗着倦怠的水波, 发出了轻声的抱怨。

果园已结出累累硕果,夕阳西下,在这 黄昏倦人的时刻,从你岸边的房屋里传来了 让我放下负担的召唤。

Bid me and I shall gather my fruits to bring them in full baskets into your courtyard, though some are lost and some not ripe.

For the season grows heavy with its fulness, and there is a plaintive shepherd's pipe in the shade.

Bid me and I shall set sail on the river.

The March wind is fretful, fretting the languid waves into murmurs.

The garden has yielded its all, and in the weary hour of evening the call comes from your house on the shore in the sunset.

年轻时,我的生命有如一朵花——当春 天的轻风来到她的门前乞求时,从她的丰盛 中飘落一两片花瓣,她从未感到这是损失。

现在, 韶华已逝, 我的生命有如一个 果子, 已经没有什么东西可以分让, 只等待 着将她和她丰满甜美的全部负担一起奉献 出去。

My life when young was like a flower—a flower that loosens a petal or two from her abundance and never feels the loss when the spring breeze comes to beg at her door.

Now at the end of youth my life is like a fruit, having nothing to spare, and waiting to offer herself completely with her full burden of sweetness.



难道夏天的欢庆只是为了娇艳的鲜花, 并不为枯萎的树叶与凋零的花朵?

难道大海之歌仅与飞涨的潮水曲调 相合?

它不是也在伴着落潮唱歌?

珠宝织进了我王脚下的地毯,但是,耐 心的泥土也在等待着他双足的触抚。

寥寥几位智者与伟人坐在我王的身旁, 可是,他却把愚人拥在怀里,让我做他终身 的奴仆。

Is summer's festival only for fresh blossoms and not also for withered leaves and faded flowers? Is the song of the sea in tune only with the rising waves?

Does it not also sing with the waves that fall?

Jewels are woven into the carpet where stands my king, but there are patient clods waiting to be touched by his feet.

Few are the wise and the great who sit by my Master, but he has taken the foolish in his arms and made me his servant for ever.

我醒来了,发现他的与清晨一同到来 的信。

我不知道信里写些什么,因为我看 不懂。

让聪明人独自去读他的书吧,我不会 打扰他,因为,谁知道他能否读出信里说些 什么。

让我把它擎在前额,让我把它贴在 心上。

当夜深人静,繁星一个个出现时,我要 把它展放膝头,默默静坐。

沙沙的林叶会为我大声朗读它,潺潺的 河水会为我吟诵它,七颗智慧星也会在空中 为我歌唱它。

我得不到我所寻觅的,我不理解我将 学到的;可这封未读的信,却减轻了我的负 担,将我的思想化成了歌曲。



Woke and found his letter with the morning. I do not know what it says, for I cannot read.

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I shall leave the wise man alone with his books, I shall not trouble him, for who knows if he can read what the letter says.

Let me hold it to my forehead and press it to my heart.

When the night grows still and stars come out one by one I will spread it on my lap and stay silent.

The rustling leaves will read it aloud to me, the rushing stream will chant it, and the seven wise stars will sing it to me from the sky.

I cannot find what I seek, I cannot understand what I would learn; but this unread letter has lightened my burdens and turned my thoughts into songs.

一掬尘土就能掩盖你的信号,当我不明白 它深意的时候。

现在,我变得比较聪明了,我从以往掩 藏它的一切事物中看到了它。

它画在百花的花瓣上,海浪银色的泡沫 闪亮了它,群山将它高举在峰巅。

我曾经转过脸去,不去看你,因此曲解 了你的信息,不知其间的含义。

A handful of dust could hide your signal when 1 did not know its meaning.

Now that I am wiser I read it in all that hid it before.

It is painted in petals of flowers; waves flash it from their foam; hills hold it high on their summits.

I had my face turned from you, therefore I read the letters awry and knew not their meaning.



在铺就的道路上, 我迷路了。

浩淼的水面上,蔚蓝的天空中,找不到 道路的轨迹。

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路被鸟儿的双翼、空中的星火、四季更替 的繁花遮盖住了。

心儿呵,我问你,你的血液里可具有那 发现看不见的路的智慧吗?

Where roads are made I lose my way. In the wide water, in the blue sky there is no line of a track.

The pathway is hidden by the birds' wings, by the star-fires, by the flowers of the wayfaring seasons.

And I ask my heart if its blood carries the wisdom of the unseen way.

啊!我不能留在家里,它已不再是我的 家。因为那永恒的异乡人在召唤,他正沿着 这条路走来。

他的脚步声敲击着我的胸膛,让我 痛苦!

风起了,海在呻吟。

我抛弃了所有的忧伤与疑虑,去追逐 那无家的潮水,因为那永恒的异乡人在召唤 我,他正沿着这条路走来。

* 选自《歌曲集》第 21 首, 写于 1914 年 8 月, 苏鲁尔。

A las, I cannot stay in the house, and home has become no home to me, for the eternal Stranger calls, he is going along the road.

The sound of his footfall knocks at my breast; it pains me!

The wind is up, the sea is moaning.

I leave all my cares and doubts to follow the homeless tide, for the stranger calls me, he is going along the road. 准备好动身吧,我的心啊!让那些踌躇 的去留恋徘徊吧。

因为清晨的天空里,鸟儿正唤着你的 名字。

不要等待了!

蓓蕾盼望凉夜与朝露,盛开的鲜花却呼 唤自由的阳光。

冲破你的罗网吧,我的心啊,动身吧!

B^e ready to launch forth, my heart! And let those lingers who must.

For your name has been called in the morning sky. Wait for none! The desire of the bud is for the night and dew, but

the blown flower cries for the freedom of light. Burst your sheath, my heart, and come forth!