



[意]尤金·布拉斯 绘

园丁集

[印]泰戈尔◎著

陕西师范大学出版社



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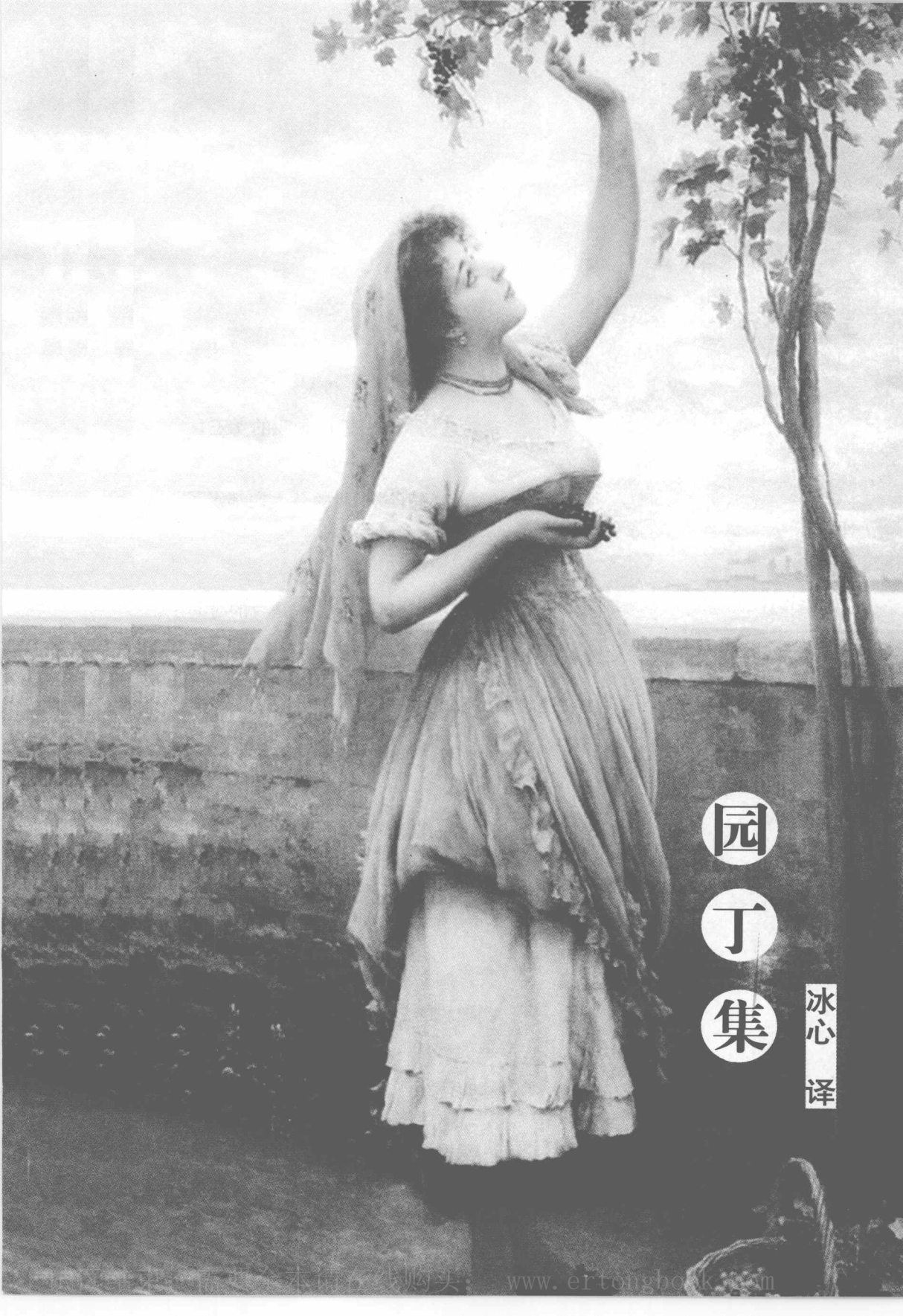


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园
丁
集

冰
心
译



仆人

请对您的仆人开恩吧，我的女王！

女王

集会已经开过，我的仆人们都走了。你为什么来得这么晚呢？

仆人

您同别人谈过以后，就是我的时间了。我来问有什么剩余的工作，好让您的最末一个仆人去做。

女王

在这么晚的时间你还想做什么呢？

仆人

让我做您花园里的园丁吧。

女王

这是什么傻想头呢？

仆人

我要搁下别的工作。

我把我的剑矛扔在尘土里。不要差遣我去遥远的宫廷；不要命令我做新的征讨。只求您让我做花园里的园丁。

女王

你的职责是什么呢？

仆人

为您闲散的日子服务。

我要保持您晨兴散步的草径清爽新鲜，您每一移步将有甘于就死的繁花以赞颂来欢迎您的双足。

我将在七叶树的枝间推送您的秋千；向晚的月亮将挣扎着从叶隙里吻您的衣裙。

我将在您床边的灯盏里添满香油，我将用檀香和番红花膏在您脚垫上涂画上美妙的花样。

女王

你要什么酬报呢？

仆人

只要您允许我像握着嫩柔的菡萏一般地握住您的小拳，把花串套上您的纤腕；允许我用无忧花的红汁来染您的脚底，以亲吻来拂去那偶然留在那里的尘埃。

女王

你的祈求被接受了，我的仆人，你将是我的花园里的园丁。

SERVANT

Have mercy upon your servant, my queen!

QUEEN

The assembly is over and my servants are all gone. Why do you come at this late hour?

SERVANT

When you have finished with others, that is my time.

I come to ask what remains for your last servant to do.

QUEEN

What can you expect when it is too late?

SERVANT

Make me the gardener of your flower garden.

QUEEN

What folly is this?

SERVANT

I will give up my other work.

I throw my swords and lances down in the dust. Do not send me to distant courts; do not bid me undertake new conquests. But make me the gardener of your flower garden.

QUEEN

What will your duties be?

SERVANT

The service of your idle days.

I will keep fresh the grassy path where you walk in the morning, where your feet will be greeted with praise at every step by the flowers eager for death. —

I will swing you in a swing among the branches of the saptaparna, where the early evening moon will struggle to kiss your skirt through the leaves.

I will replenish with scented oil the lamp that burns by your bedside, and decorate your footstool with sandal and saffron paste in wondrous designs.

QUEEN

What will you have for your reward?

SERVANT

To be allowed to hold your little fists like tender lotusbuds and slip flower-chains over your wrists; to tinge the soles of your feet with the red juice of ashoka petals and kiss away the speck of dust that may chance to linger there.

QUEEN

Your prayers are granted, my servant, you will be the gardener of my flower garden.

“啊，诗人，夜晚渐临；你的头发已经变白。

“在你孤寂的沉思中听到了来生的消息吗？”

“是夜晚了。”诗人说，“夜虽已晚，我还在静听，因为也许有人会
会从村中呼唤。

“我看守着，是否有年轻的飘游的心聚在一起，两对渴望的眼睛
切求有音乐来打破他们的沉默，并替他们说话。

“如果我坐在生命的岸边默想着死亡和来世，又有谁来编写他们的
热情的诗歌呢？”

“早现的晚星消隐了。

“火葬灰中的红光在沉静的河边慢慢地熄灭下去。

“残月的微光下，胡狼从空宅的庭院里齐声嗥叫。

“假如有游子们离了家，到这里来守夜，低头静听黑暗的微语，
有谁把生命的秘密向他耳边低诉呢，如果我关起门户，企图摆脱世俗
的牵缠？”

“我的头发变白是一件小事。

“我是永远和这村里最年轻的人一样年轻，最年老的人一样年老。

“有的人发出甜柔单纯的微笑，有的人眼里含着狡狴的闪光。

“有的人在白天流涌着眼泪，有的人的眼泪却隐藏在幽暗里。

“他们都需要我，我没有时间去冥想来生。

“我和每一个人都是同年的，我的头发变白了又该怎样呢？”

“Ah, poet, the evening draws near; your hair is turning grey.

“Do you in your lonely musing hear the message of the hereafter?”

“It is evening,” the poet said, “and I am listening because some one may call from the village, late though it be.

“I watch if young straying hearts meet together and two pairs of eager eyes beg for music to break their silence and speak for them.

“Who is there to weave their passionate songs, if I sit on the shore of life and contemplate death and the beyond?

“The early evening star disappears.

“The glow of a funeral pyre slowly dies by the silent river.

“Jackals cry in chorus from the courtyard of the deserted house in the light of the worn-out moon.

“If some wanderer leaving home, come here to watch the night and with bowed head listen to the murmur of the darkness, who is there to whisper the secrets of life into his ears if I shutting my doors, should try to free myself from mortal bonds?

“It is a trifle that my hair is turning grey.

“I am ever as young or as old as the youngest and the oldest of this village.

“Some have smiles, sweet and simple, and some a sly twinkle in their eyes.

“Some have tears that well up in the daylight, and others tears that are hidden in the gloom.

“They all have need for me and I have no time to brood over the after-life.

“I am of an age with each, what matter if my hair turns grey?”





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早晨我把网撒在海里。

我从沉黑的深渊拉出奇形奇美的东西——有些微笑般地发亮，有些眼泪般地闪光，有的晕红得像新娘的双颊。

当我携带着这一天的担负回到家里的时候，我爱正坐在园里悠闲地扯着花叶。

我沉吟了一会，就把我捞得的一切放在她的脚前，沉默地站着。

她瞥了一眼说：“这是些什么怪东西？我不知道这些东西有什么用处！”

我羞愧得低了头，心想：“我并没有为这些东西去奋斗，也不是从市场里买来的；这不是一些配送给她的礼物。”

整夜的工夫我把这些东西一件一件地丢到街上。

早晨行路的人来了；他们把这些拾起带到远方去了。



In the morning I cast my net into the sea.

I dragged up from the dark abyss things of strange aspect and strange beauty—some shone like a smile, some glistened like tears, and some were flushed like the cheeks of a bride.

When with the day's burden I went home, my love was sitting in the garden idly tearing the leaves of a flower.

I hesitated for a moment, and then placed at her feet all that I had dragged up, and stood silent.

She glanced at them and said, “What strange things are these? I know not of what use they are!”

I bowed my head in shame and thought, “I have not fought for these, I did not buy them in the market; they are not fit gifts for her.”

Then the whole night through I flung them one by one into the street.

In the morning travellers came; they picked them up and carried them into far countries.

我真烦，为什么他们把我的房子盖在通向市镇的路边呢？

他们把满载的船只拴在我的树上。

他们任意地来去游逛。

我坐着看着他们；光阴都消磨了。

我不能回绝他们。这样我的日子便过去了。

日日夜夜他们的足音在我门前震荡。

我徒然地叫道：“我不认识你们。”

有些人是我的手指所认识的，有些人是我的鼻官所认识的，我脉管中的血液似乎认得他们，有些人是我的魂梦所认识的。

我不能回绝他们。我呼唤他们说：“谁愿意到我房子里来就请来
吧。对了，来吧。”

清晨，庙里的钟声敲起。

他们提着筐子来了。

他们的脚像玫瑰般红。熹微的晨光照在他们的脸上。

我不能回绝他们。我呼唤他们说：“到我园里来采花吧。到这里
来吧。”

中午，锣声在庙殿门前敲起。

我不知道他们为什么放下工作在我篱畔流连。

他们发上的花朵已经褪色枯萎了；他们横笛里的音调也显得乏倦。

我不能回绝他们。我呼唤他们说：“我的树荫下是凉爽的。来吧，

朋友们。”

夜里蟋蟀在林中唧唧地叫。

是谁慢慢地来到我的门前轻轻地敲叩？

我模糊地看到他的脸，他一句话也没说，四围是天空的静默。

我不能回绝我的沉默的客人。我从黑暗中望着他的脸。梦幻的时间过去了。



Ah me, why did they build my house by the road to the market town?

They moor their laden boats near my trees.

They come and go and wander at their will.

I sit and watch them; my time wears on.

Turn them away I cannot. And thus my days pass by.

Night and day their steps sound by my door.

Vainly I cry, "I do not know you."

Some of them are known to my fingers, some to my nostrils, the blood in my veins seems to know them, and some are known to my dreams.

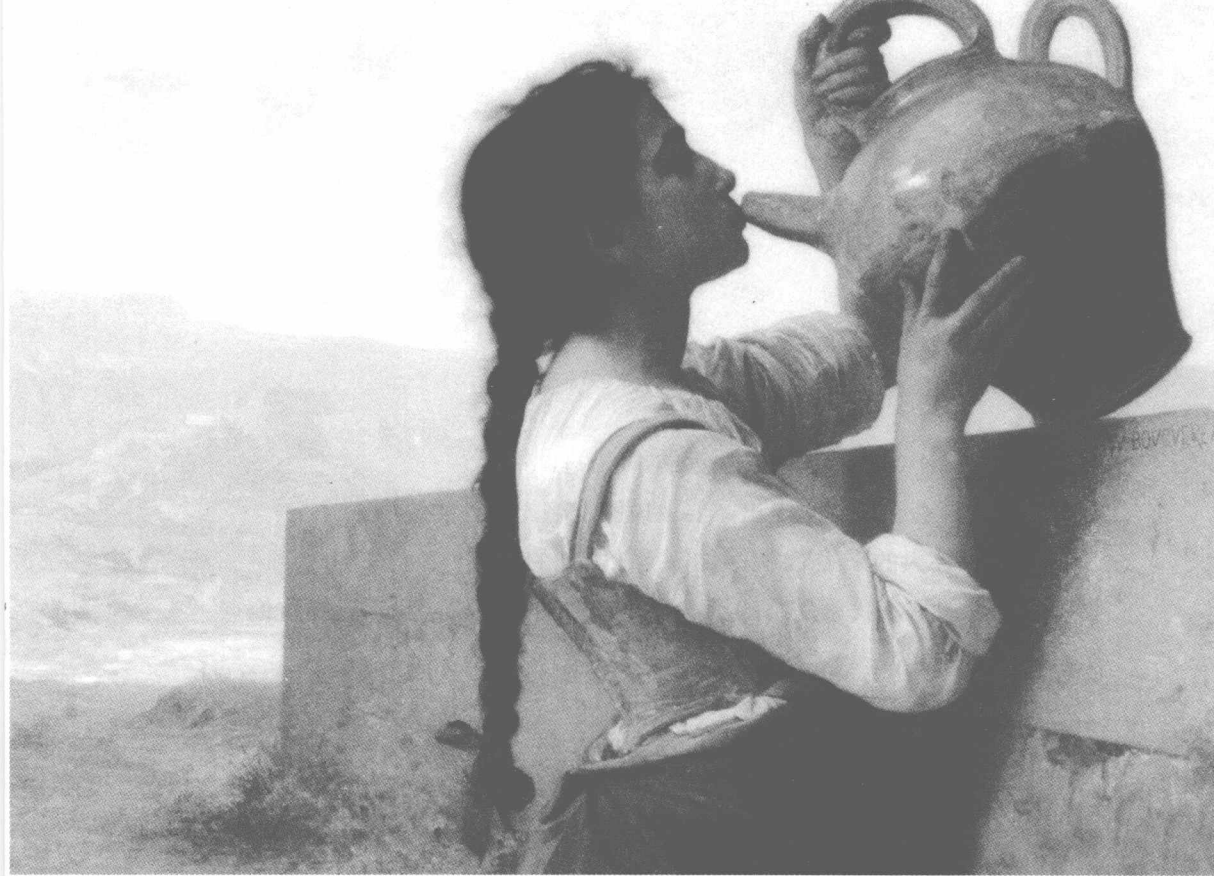
Turn them away I cannot. I call them and say, "Come to my house whoever chooses. Yes, come."

In the morning the bell rings in the temple.

They come with their baskets in their hands.

Their feet are rosy-red. The early light of dawn is on their faces.

Turn them away I cannot. I call them and I say, "Come to my garden to gather flowers. Come hither."



In the midday the gong sounds at the palace gate.

I know not why they leave their work and linger near my hedge.

The flowers in their hair are pale and faded; the notes are languid in their flutes.

Turn them away I cannot. I call them and say, "The shade is cool under my trees. Come, friends."

At night the crickets chirp in the woods.

Who is it that comes slowly to my door and gently knocks?

I vaguely see the face, not a word is spoken, the stillness of the sky is all around.

Turn away my silent guest I cannot. I look at the face through the dark, and hours of dreams pass by.

我心绪不宁。我渴望着遥远的事物。

我的灵魂在极想中走出，要去摸触幽暗的远处的边缘。

啊，“伟大的来生”，啊，你笛声的高亢的呼唤！

我忘却了，我总是忘却了，我没有奋飞的羽翼，我永远在这地点系住。

我切望而又清醒，我是一个异乡的异客。

你的气息向我低语出一个不可能的希望。

我的心懂得你的语言，就像它懂得自己的语言一样。

啊，“遥远的寻求”，啊，你笛声的高亢的呼唤！

我忘却了，我总是忘却了，我不认得路，我也没有生翼的马。

我心绪不宁，我是自己心中的流浪者。

在疲倦时光的日霭中，你广大的幻象在天空的蔚蓝中显现！

啊，“最远的尽头”，啊，你笛声的高亢的呼唤！

我忘却了，我总是忘却了，在我独居的房子里，所有的门户都是紧闭的！

I am restless. I am athirst for far-away things.
My soul goes out in a longing to touch the skirt of the dim distance.
O Great Beyond, O the keen call of thy flute!
I forget, I ever forget, that I have no wings to fly, that I am bound in
this spot evermore.

I am eager and wakeful, I am a stranger in a strange land.
Thy breath comes to me whispering an impossible hope.
Thy tongue is known to my heart as its very own.
O Far-to-see, O the keen call of thy flute!
I forget, I ever forget, that I know not the way, that I have not the
winged horse.

I am listless, I am a wanderer in my heart.
In the sunny haze of the languid hours, what vast vision of thine takes
shape in the blue of the sky!
O Farthest End, O the keen call of thy flute!
I forget, I ever forget, that the gates are shut everywhere in the house
where I dwell alone!