



双语阅读



吉檀迦利

[印度] 泰戈尔/著
冰 心/译

*On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was straying, and I
knew it not. My basket was empty and the flower remained unheeded.*

莲花开放的那天，唉，我不自觉地魂飘荡。
我的花篮空着，花儿我也没有去理睬。

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（泰戈尔著 冰心译 照以英美 以意德吉）

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*On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind
was straying, and I knew it not. My basket was
empty and the flower remained unheeded.*

莲花开放的那天，唉，我不自觉地心魂飘荡。

我的花篮空着，花儿我也没有去理睬。



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莲花开放的那天，唉，我不自觉地神魂飘荡。

我的花篮空着，花儿我也没有去理睬。



1

Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life.

This little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills and dales, and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new.

At the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart loses its limits in joy and gives birth to utterance ineffable.

Thy infinite gifts come to me only on these very small hands of mine. Ages pass, and still thou pourest, and still there is room to fill.

1

你已经使我永生,这样做是你的欢乐。这脆薄的杯儿,你不断地把它倒空,又不断地以新生命来充满。

这小小的苇笛,你携带着它逾山越谷,从笛管里吹出永新的音乐。

在你双手的不朽的安抚下,我的小小的心,消融在无边快乐之中,发出不可言说的词调。

你的无穷的赐予只倾入我小小的手里。时代过去了,你还在倾注,而我的手里还有余量待充满。

2

When thou commandest me to sing it seems that my heart
would break with pride; and I look to thy face, and tears come
to my eyes.

All that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into one
sweet harmony-and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird
on its flight across the sea.

I know thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that on-
ly as a singer I come before thy presence.

I touch by the edge of the far-spreading wing of my song
thy feet which I could never aspire to reach.

Drunk with the joy of singing I forget myself and call thee
friend who art my lord.

3

I know not how thou singest, my master! I ever listen in silent amazement.

The light of thy music illumines the world. The life breath of thy music runs from sky to sky. The holy stream of thy music breaks through all stony obstacles and rushes on.

My heart longs to join in thy song, but vainly struggles for a voice. I would speak, but speech breaks not into song, and I cry out baffled. Ah, thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of thy music, my master!

3

我不知道你怎样地唱,我的主人!我总在惊奇地静听。

你的音乐的光辉照亮了世界。你的音乐的气息透彻诸天。你的音乐的圣泉冲过一切阻碍的岩石,向前奔涌。

我的心渴望和你合唱,而挣扎不出一声声音。我想说话,但是言语不成歌曲,我叫不出来。啊,你使我的心变成了你的音乐的漫天大网中的俘虏,我的主人!

4

Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure,
knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts,
knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of
reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and
keep my love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the
inmost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions,
knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act.

4

我生命的生命,我要保持我的躯体永远纯洁,因为我知道你的生命的摩抚,接触着我的四肢。

我要永远从我的思想中屏除虚伪,因为我知道你就是那在我心中燃起理智之火的真理。

我要从我心中驱走一切的丑恶,使我的爱开花,因为我知道你在我心宫深处安设了座位。

我要努力在我的行为上表现你,因为我知道是你的威力,给我力量来行动。

5

I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by thy side. The works that I have in hand I will finish afterwards.

Away from the sight of thy face my heart knows no rest nor respite, and my work becomes an endless toil in a shoreless sea of toil.

Today the summer has come at my window with its sighs and murmurs; and the bees are plying their minstrelsy at the court of the flowering grove.

Now it is time to sit quite, face to face with thee, and to sing dedication of life in this silent and overflowing leisure.

5

请容我懈怠一会儿，来坐在你的身旁。我手边的工作等一下子再去完成。

不在你的面前，我的心就不知道什么是安逸和休息，我的工作变成了无边的劳役海中的无尽的劳役。

今天，炎暑来到我的窗前，轻嘘微语：群蜂在花树的宫廷中尽情弹唱。

这正是应该静坐的时光，和你相对，在这静寂和无边的闲暇里唱出生命的献歌。

6

Pluck this little flower and take it, delay not! I fear lest it droop and drop into the dust.

I may not find a place in thy garland, but honour it with a touch of pain from thy hand and pluck it. I fear lest the day end before I am aware, and the time of offering go by.

Though its colour be not deep and its smell be faint, use this flower in thy service and pluck it while there is time.

6

摘下这朵花来，拿了去吧，不要迟延！我怕它会萎谢了，掉在尘土里。

它也许配不上你的花冠，但请你采折它，以你手采折的痛苦来给它光宠。我怕在我警觉之先，日光已逝，供献的时间过了。

虽然它颜色不深，香气很淡，请仍用这花来礼拜，趁着还有时间，就采折吧。

7

My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union; they would come between thee and me; their jingling would drown thy whispers.

My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.

7

我的歌曲把她的妆饰卸掉。她没有了衣饰的骄奢。妆饰会成为我们合一之玷；它们会横阻在我们之间，它们叮当的声音会淹没了你的细语。

我的诗人的虚荣心，在你的容光中羞死。啊，诗圣，我已经拜倒在你的脚前。只让我的生命简单正直像一枝苇笛，让你来吹出音乐。

8

The child who is decked with prince's robes and who has jewelled chains round his neck loses all pleasure in his play; his dress hampers him at every step.

In fear that it may be frayed, or stained with dust he keeps himself from the world, and is afraid even to move.

Mother, it is no gain, thy bondage of finery, if it keeps one shut off from the healthful dust of the earth, if it rob one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common human life.

8

那穿起王子的衣袍和挂起珠宝项链的孩子，在游戏中他失去了一切的快乐；他的衣服绊着他的步履。

为怕衣饰的破裂和污损，他不敢走进世界，甚至于不敢挪动。

母亲，这是毫无好处的，如你的华美的约束，使人和大地健康的尘土隔断，把人进入日常生活的盛大集会的权力剥夺去了。

9

O Fool, try to carry thyself upon thy own shoulders! O beggar, to come beg at thy own door!

Leave all thy burdens on his hands who can bear all, and never look behind in regret.

Thy desire at once puts out the light from the lamp it touches with its breath. It is unholy—take not thy gifts through its unclean hands. Accept only what is offered by sacred love.

9

啊，傻子，想把自己背在肩上！啊，乞人，来到你自己门口求乞！

把你的负担卸在那双能担当一切的手中吧，永远不要惋惜地回顾。

你的欲望的气息，会立刻把它接触到的灯火吹灭。它是不圣洁的——不要从它不洁的手中接受礼物。只领受神圣的爱所付与的东西。

10

Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

10

这是你的脚凳，你在最贫最贱最失所的人群中歇足。

我想向你鞠躬，我的敬礼不能达到你歇足地方的深处——那最贫最贱最失所的人群中。

你穿着破敝的衣服，在最贫最贱最失所的人群中行走，骄傲永远不能走近这个地方。

你和那最没有朋友的最贫最贱最失所的人们作伴，我的心永远找不到那个地方。

11

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads!
Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple
with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not be-
fore thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and
where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun
and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put of thy
holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!

Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our
master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of crea-
tion; he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers
and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered
and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of
thy brow.