

泰戈尔

— 诗 歌 集 —

新月集 飞鸟集

THE CRESCENT MOON
STRAY BIRDS

中英对照全译本

[印] 泰戈尔 著

Tagore

郑振铎 译



世界图书出版公司

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前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。

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The Crescent Moon

新月集

THE HOME

I paced alone on the road across the field while the sunset was
hiding its last gold like a miser.

The daylight sank deeper and deeper into the darkness, and the
widowed land, whose harvest had been reaped, lay silent.

Suddenly a boy's shrill voice rose into the sky. He traversed
the dark unseen, leaving the track of his song across the
hush of the evening.

His village home lay there at the end of the waste land, beyond
the sugar-cane field, hidden among the shadows of the banana
and the slender areca palm, the cocoanut and
the dark green jack-fruit trees.

I stopped for a moment in my lonely way under the starlight, and
saw spread before me the darkened earth surrounding with
her arms countless homes furnished with cradles and beds,
mothers' hearts and evening lamps, and young lives
glad with a gladness that knows nothing of
its value for the world.

我独自在横跨过田地的路上走着。夕阳像一个守财奴似的，正藏起它的最后的金子。

白昼更加深沉地投入黑暗之中。那已经收割了的孤寂的田地，默默地躺在那里。

天空里突然升起了一个男孩子的尖锐的歌声。他穿过看不见的黑暗，留下他的歌声的辙痕跨过黄昏的静谧。

他的乡村的家坐落在荒凉的土地的边上，在甘蔗田的后面，躲藏在香蕉树、瘦长的槟榔树、椰子树和深绿色的贾克果树的阴影里。

我在星光下独自走着的路上停留了一会儿。我看见黑沉沉的大地展开在我的面前，用她的手臂拥抱着无量数的家庭。在那些家庭里有着摇篮和床铺，母亲们的心和夜晚的灯，还有年轻轻的生命。他们满心欢乐，却浑然不知这样的欢乐对于世界的价值。

If baby only wanted to, he could fly up to heaven this moment.

It is not for nothing that he does not leave us.

He loves to rest his head on mother's bosom, and cannot ever bear
to lose sight of her.

Baby knows all manner of wise words, though few on earth can
understand their meaning.

It is not for nothing that he never wants to speak.

The one thing he wants is to learn mother's words from mother's
lips. That is why he looks so innocent.

Baby had a heap of gold and pearls, yet he came like a beggar on
to this earth.

It is not for nothing he came in such a disguise.

This dear little naked mendicant pretends to be utterly helpless,

so that he may beg for mother's wealth of love.

謝文選

Baby was so free from every tie in the land of the tiny crescent
moon.

It was not for nothing he gave up his freedom.

He knows that there is room for endless joy in mother's little
corner of a heart, and it is sweeter far than liberty to be
caught and pressed in her dear arms.

Baby never knew how to cry. He dwelt in the land of perfect
bliss.

It is not for nothing he has chosen to shed tears.

Though with the smile of his dear face he draws mother's yearning
heart to him, yet his little cries over tiny troubles weave the
double bond of pity and love.

只要孩子愿意，他此刻便可飞上天去。

他所以不离开我们，并不是没有缘故。

他爱把他的头倚在妈妈的胸前，他即使是一刻不见她，也是不行的。

孩子知道各式各样的聪明话，虽然世间的人很少懂得这些话的意义。

他所以永不想说，并不是没有缘故。

他所要做的一件事，就是要学习从妈妈的嘴唇里说出来的话。那就是他所以看来这样天真的缘故。

孩子有成堆的黄金与珠子，但他到这个世界上来，却像一个乞丐。

他所以这样假装了来，并不是没有缘故。

这个可爱的小小的裸着身体的乞丐，所以假装着完全无助的样子，便是想要乞求妈妈的爱的财富。

孩子在纤小的新月的世界里，是一切束缚都没有的。

他所以放弃了他的自由，并不是没有缘故。

他知道有无穷的快乐藏在妈妈的心小小一隅里，被妈妈亲爱的手臂拥抱着，其甜美远胜过自由。

孩子永不知道如何哭泣。他所住的是完全的乐土。

他所以要流泪，并不是没有缘故。

虽然他用了可爱的脸儿上的微笑，引逗得他妈妈的热切的心向着他，然而他的因为细故而发的小小的哭声，却编成了怜与爱的双重约束的带子。

THE UNHEEDED PAGEANT

Ah, who was it coloured that little frock, my child, and covered
your sweet limbs with that little red tunic?

You have come out in the morning to play in the courtyard,
tottering and tumbling as you run.

But who was it coloured that little frock, my child?

What is it makes you laugh, my little life-bud?

Mother smiles at you standing on the threshold.

She claps her hands and her bracelets jingle, and you dance with
your bamboo stick in your hand like a tiny little shepherd.

But what is it makes you laugh, my little life-bud?

O beggar, what do you beg for, clinging to your mother's neck
with both your hands?

O greedy heart, shall I pluck the world like a fruit from the sky
to place it on your little rosy palm?

O beggar, what are you begging for?

The wind carries away in glee the tinkling of your anklet bells.

The sun smiles and watches your toilet. The sky watches over you
when you sleep in your mother's arms, and the morning comes
tiptoe to your bed and kisses your eyes.

The wind carries away in glee the tinkling of your anklet bells.

The fairy mistress of dreams is coming towards you, flying
through the twilight sky.

The world-mother keeps her seat by you in your mother's heart.

He who plays his music to the stars is standing at your window
with his flute.

And the fairy mistress of dreams is coming towards you, flying
through the twilight sky.

啊，谁给那件小外衫染上颜色的，我的孩子？谁使你的温软的肢体穿上那件红色小外衫的？

你在早晨就跑出来到天井里玩儿，你，跑着就像摇摇欲跌似的。

但是谁给那件小外衫染上颜色的，我的孩子？

什么事叫你大笑起来的，我的小小的命芽儿？

妈妈站在门边，微笑地望着你。

她拍着双手，她的手镯叮当地响着；你手里拿着你的竹竿儿在跳舞，活像一个小小的牧童儿。

但是什么事叫你大笑起来的，我的小小的命芽儿？

喔，乞丐，你双手攀搂住妈妈的头颈，要乞讨些什么？

喔，贪得无厌的心，要我把整个世界从天上摘下来，像摘一个果子似的，把它放在你的一双小小的玫瑰色的手掌上么？

喔，乞丐，你要乞讨些什么？

风高兴地带走了你踝铃的叮当。

太阳微笑着，望着你的打扮。

当你睡在你妈妈的臂弯里时，天空在上面望着你，而早晨蹑手蹑脚

地走到你的床跟前，吻着你的双眼。

风高兴地带走了你踝铃的叮当。

仙乡里的梦婆飞过朦胧的天空，向你飞来。

在你妈妈的心头上，那世界母亲，正和你坐在一块儿。

他，向星星奏乐的人，正拿着他的横笛，站在你的窗边。

仙乡里的梦婆飞过朦胧的天空，向你飞来。

SLEEP-STEALER

Who stole sleep from baby's eyes? I must know.

Clasping her pitcher to her waist mother went to fetch water from
the village near by.

It was noon. The children's playtime was over; the ducks in the
pond were silent.

The shepherd boy lay asleep under the shadow of the *banyan*
tree.

The crane stood grave and still in the swamp near the mango
grove.

In the meanwhile the Sleep-stealer came and, snatching sleep from
baby's eyes, flew away.

When mother came back she found baby travelling the room over on
all fours.

Who stole sleep from our baby's eyes? I must know. I must find
her and chain her up.