

新课标双语文库

泰戈尔 著
郑振铎 译



新月集

The Crescent Moon

Rabindranath Tagore

双语插图本



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每天读一句泰戈尔的诗,可以让我
忘却世上一切苦痛。

——叶芝

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The Crescent Moon

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■ 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 cocoa-nut 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,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。

为保持译作原貌,对于与现在用法不同的字词,我们均尽力不加改动,特此说明。
——编者

■ On The Seashore

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.

The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand, and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl-fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships are wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

孩子们会集在无边无际的世界的海边。

无垠的天穹静止地临于头上，不息的海水在足下汹涌。孩子们会集在无边无际的世界海边，叫着，跳着。

他们拿沙来建筑房屋，拿空贝壳来做滑稽戏。他们把落叶编成了船，笑嘻嘻地把它们放到大海上。孩子们在世界的海边，做他们的游戏。

他们不知道怎样泅水，他们不知道怎样撒网。采珠的人为了珠潜水，商人在他们的船上航行，孩子们却只把小圆石聚了又散。他们不搜求宝藏；他们不知道怎样撒网。

大海哗笑着涌起波浪，而海滩的微笑荡漾着淡淡的光芒。致人死命的波涛，对着孩子们唱无意义的歌曲，就像一个母亲在摇动她孩子的摇篮时一样。大海和孩子们一同游戏，而海滩的微笑荡漾着淡淡的光芒。

孩子们会集在无边无际的世界的海边。狂风暴雨飘游在无辙迹的天空上，航船沉碎在无辙迹的海水里，死正在外面活动，孩子们却在游戏。在无边无际的世界的海边，孩子们大会集着。

■ The Source

The sleep that flits on baby's eyes—does anybody know from where it comes? Yes, there is a rumour that it has its dwelling where, in the fairy village among shadows of the forest dimly lit with glow-worms, there hang two shy buds of enchantment. From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.

The smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps—does anybody know where it was born? Yes, there is a rumour that a young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed morning—the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps.

The sweet, soft freshness that blooms on baby's limbs—does anybody know where it was hidden so long? Yes, when the mother was a young girl it lay pervading her heart in tender and silent mystery of love—the sweet, soft freshness that has bloomed on baby's limbs.

流泛在孩子两眼的睡眠——有谁知道它是从什么地方来的?是的,有个谣传,说它是住在萤火虫朦胧地照耀着林荫的仙村里,在那个地方,挂着两个迷人的腴怯的蓓蕾。它便是从那个地方来吻孩子的两眼的。

当孩子睡时,在他唇上浮动着的微笑——有谁知道它是从什么地方生出来的?是的有个谣传,说新月的一线年轻的清光,触着将未消的秋云边上,于是微笑便初生在一个浴在清露里的早晨的梦中了——当孩子睡时,微笑便在他的唇上浮动着。

甜蜜柔嫩的新鲜生气,像花一般地在孩子的四肢上开放着——有谁知道它在什么地方藏得这样久?是的,当妈妈还是一个少女的时候,它已在爱的温柔而沉静的神秘中,潜伏在她的心里了——甜蜜柔嫩的新鲜生气,像花一般地在孩子的四肢上开放着。

✿ Baby's Way

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.

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.

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间,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,被妈妈亲爱的手臂所拥抱,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。