

生如夏花

泰戈尔经典诗选 ③

「印」泰戈尔 著

郑振铎 沈言 译

Gitanjali

《吉檀迦利》

The Crescent Moon

《新月集》



新世界出版社
NEW WORLD PRESS



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图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

生如夏花: 泰戈尔经典诗选. ③: 汉英对照 /
(印) 泰戈尔著; 郑振铎, 沈言译. — 北京: 新世界出
版社, 2016.12
ISBN 978-7-5104-6054-8

I. ①生… II. ①泰… ②郑… ③沈… III. ①英语—
汉语—对照读物②诗集—印度—现代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2016) 第 283810 号

生如夏花: 泰戈尔经典诗选③

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责任编辑: 丁 鼎

责任印制: 李一鸣 高 金

出版发行: 新世界出版社

社 址: 北京西城区百万庄大街 24 号 (100037)

发行部: (010) 6899 5968 (010) 6899 8705 (传真)

总编室: (010) 6899 5424 (010) 6832 6679 (传真)

<http://www.nwp.cn>

<http://www.nwp.com.cn>

版权部: +8610 6899 6306

版权部电子信箱: nwpcd@sina.com

印 刷: 北京旭丰源印刷技术有限公司

经 销: 新华书店

开 本: 880mm × 1230mm 1/32

字 数: 200 千字 印张: 9

版 次: 2016 年 12 月第 1 版 2016 年 12 月第 1 次印刷

书 号: ISBN 978-7-5104-6054-8

定 价: 39.80 元

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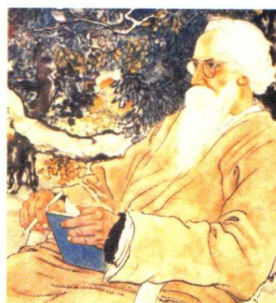
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THE CRESCENT MOON
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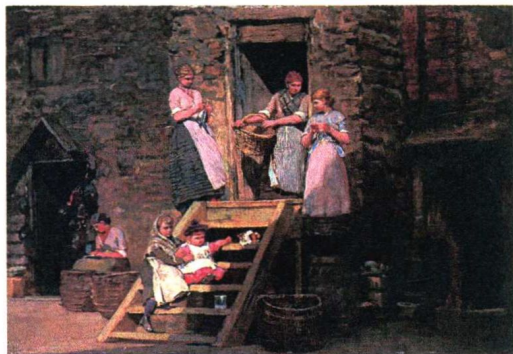
1

你已经使我得以永生，这样做便是你的快乐。这脆薄的杯儿，你一次一次地将它倒空，又用新生命来填满它。

这小小的苇笛，你携着它穿山越岭，笛管里流淌出永恒的新的音乐，悦耳动听。

我的小小的心，在你轻柔的双手不朽的安抚下，消融在无限的喜悦当中，生出不可言说的词调。

你的无尽的馈赠只倾入我小小的手里。悠悠时光流转，你还在倾注，而我的手里，还依然等待着你的恩赐。



*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.*



2

当你命令我唱歌的时候，我的心几乎要因为满溢着骄傲而破裂，我深情地仰望你的脸，眼泪弥漫了我的眼眶。

我生命中的一切艰涩和矛盾融合成一片甜美的谐音——我的赞颂像一只喜悦的鸟儿，轻拍羽翼飞越海洋。

我知道我的歌唱让你愉悦。我也知道我只有作为一名歌者，才能来到你的面前。

我用我的歌声的远伸的翅梢，轻抚到你的双脚，那是我从来都不敢有的奢望。

在歌唱中陶醉，我忘乎所以，你本是我的主，我却把你称作朋友。



*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 only 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

我不知道你如何唱，我的主人！我总是在沉默的惊奇中聆听。

你的音乐的光辉使世界闪亮。你的音乐的气息透彻整个天空。你的音乐的圣泉向前奔涌，冲破一切阻挡的石障。

我的心渴望和你合唱，却挣扎着发不出一点声音。我想说话，但是言语不成歌声，我叫不出来。啊，你让我的心变成了你的音乐的无边大网中的俘虏，我的主人！

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!

4

我生命中的生命，我将永葆躯体的纯净，因为知道你生命的抚摸，遍布我的身体。

我将屏除我思想中的一切谎言，因为我知道你是真理，在我心中燃起理智的火焰。

我将驱除我心中的一切罪恶，使我的爱开出花来，因为我知道你在我心房深处安设了座位。

我将竭力在行动上表现你，因为是你的力量给予我行动的动力。

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.

5

请让我放纵一会儿，来坐在你的身边。等一下再去完成我手边的工作吧。

看不到你的容颜，我的心便不知道什么是安逸和休息，我的工作也变成无边苦海中无休止的劳役。

夏天在今天来到我的窗边，对我轻声呢喃，群蜂在花树的宫室里尽情吟唱。

在应该静坐的时光里，和你相对，在寂静和无边的闲暇里，唱出给生命的献歌。

*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 playing 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 live in this silent and
overflowing leisure.*

6

摘下这朵小花来，带走它吧，不要迟延！我怕它会
萎谢了，掉落在尘埃里。

它也许配不上你的花冠，但请你采摘它，以你亲手
采折的痛苦来给它荣宠。我怕在我觉醒之前，白昼消
逝，错过了供奉的时间。

虽然它颜色不深，香气浅淡，请仍用这花来礼拜，
趁着还有时间，摘下它吧。

*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.*



7

我的歌曲卸掉了她的装饰。她没有了衣饰的骄矜。装饰会妨碍你我合一；它们会横阻在我们之间，它们叮当的声音会淹没你的低语。

我的诗人的虚荣心，在你的容光中消逝。呵，诗神，我已经倾倒在你的脚下。让我的生命简单而正直，像一枝苇笛，让你来吹奏乐音。

*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.*



8

那穿起王子的衣袍和挂起珍珠项链的孩童，在游戏中失掉了一切的欢乐，他的衣服绊着他的脚步。

为怕衣饰沾染尘埃，他不敢走进世界，甚至于不敢挪动一步。

母亲，这是毫无益处的，如同你的华美的束缚，使人和大地健康的尘土隔绝，剥夺了一个人进入日常生活的盛大集会的权利。

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 robs one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common human life.

9

呵，傻瓜，想把自己背在肩上！呵，乞人，竟到你
自己门前行乞！

把你的负担卸在那双能担当一切的人的手中吧，永
远不要遗憾地回首。

你的欲望的气息，会立刻扑灭它触及的灯火。它是
不圣洁的——不要从它不洁的手中接受礼物。只收下神
圣的爱所赐予的东西。

*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.*



10

这是你的脚凳，你在最贫穷最低贱最迷途的人群中歇息。

我尝试向你鞠躬，我的敬礼达不到你歇息地方的深处——那最贫穷最低贱最迷途的人群中。

你穿着破旧的衣衫，在最贫穷最低贱最迷途的人群中行走，骄傲永远不能接近这个地方。

你和那最没有朋友的最贫穷最低贱最迷途的人们为伴，我的心永远找不到去那里的路。

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.