生如夏花

郑振铎 朱润 译

Fruit-Gathering 《采果集》

Stray Birds

《飞鸟集》



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FRUIT-GATHERING 采果集 001

STRAY BIRDS 飞鸟集

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FRUIT-GATHERING 采果集



假如你吩咐,我就把我的果实采摘满一篮又一篮, 送到你的院落,尽管有的已经掉落,有的还未成熟。

这个季节因为果实累累而丰盈,浓荫下不时传来牧 童凄婉的笛声。

假如你吩咐, 我就去河上扬帆启航。

三月的风烦躁动荡,把懒怠的波浪撩得满腹牢骚。

果园已结出全部果实,在这令人乏倦的黄昏时分, 从你岸边的小屋传来你在夕阳中的召唤。

Bid me and I shall gather my fruits to bring them in full baskets into your courtyard, though some are lost and some not ripe.

For the season grows heavy with its fulness, and there is a plaintive shepherd's pipe in the shade.

Bid me and I shall set sail on the river.

The March wind is fretful, fretting the languid waves into murmurs.

The garden has yielded its all, and in the weary hour of evening the call comes from your house on the shore in the sunset.

我年轻时的生命好似一朵鲜花,当煦暖的春风来到 她门前乞讨之时,她从丰盈的花瓣中大方地摇下一两 片,却从未感觉到失去。

如今青春已逝,我的生命好似一颗果实,已经无物可施,只等着全然地奉献自己,连同那甜蜜的负担。

My life when young was like a flower — a flower that loosens a petal or two from her abundance and never feels the loss when the spring breeze comes to beg at her door.

Now at the end of youth my life is like a fruit, having nothing to spare, and waiting to offer herself completely with her full burden of sweetness.



难道夏天的欢宴只是为了鲜艳的花朵,并不是为了 枯槁的树叶与凋谢的花儿?

难道大海之歌仅与高涨的浪潮曲调相和?

它不是也在随着落潮歌唱?

珠宝织进了国王脚下的地毯,然而,耐心的土块也 在等待着他双足的抚摸。

寥寥几位智者与伟人坐在国王的身边,但是,他却 把痴人拥在怀里,让我做他永久的奴仆。

Is summer's festival only for fresh blossoms and not also for withered leaves and faded flowers?

Is the song of the sea in tune only with the rising waves?

Does it not also sing with the waves that fall?

Jewels are woven into the carpet where stands my king, but there are patient clods waiting to be touched by his feet.

Few are the wise and the great who sit by my Master, but he has taken the foolish in his arms and made me his servant for ever.



我睡醒,发现他的信与黎明一道来临。 我不知道信中说了什么,因为我看不懂。

我不想烦扰正在读书的智者,何必麻烦他,因为谁 又知道他能否看懂信中的内容。

让我把信举过额头, 贴到心口。

当夜深人静、繁星闪现,我要把信摊在膝上,默然 守候。

簌簌的树叶将为我把它大声诵读,庞沛的流水将为 我把它吟咏,智慧七星也将从天空为我把它歌唱。

我无法找到我所寻求的一切,我不能理解我所学到 的全部;而这封未读的信却减轻了我的负担,把我的愁 绪化为颂歌。



I woke and found his letter with the morning.

I do not know what it says, for I cannot read.

I shall leave the wise man alone with his books, I shall not trouble him, for who knows if he can read what the letter says.

Let me hold it to my forehead and press it to my heart.

When the night grows still and stars come out one by one I will spread it on my lap and stay silent.

The rustling leaves will read it aloud to me, the rushing stream will chant it, and the seven wise stars will sing it to me from the sky.

I cannot find what I seek, I cannot understand what I would learn; but this unread letter has lightened my burdens and turned my thoughts into songs.

当我不理解你的暗号的含义时,一把尘土 也能把它掩盖。

既然现如今我比以往聪慧,穿过从前的障碍,顿悟了它的全部内涵。

它被描画在鲜花瓣上;海浪使它闪烁,群山将它捧上峰巅。

我曾把脸转过去,躲开你,因此曲解了你 的信件,不理解其中的意义。

A handful of dust could hide your signal when I did not know its meaning.

Now that I am wiser I read it in all that hid it before.

It is painted in petals of flowers; waves flash it from their foam; hills hold it high on their summits.

I had my face turned from you, therefore I read the letters awry and knew not their meaning.

在道路铺就的地方, 我迷失了方向。

广阔无垠的海面,雄伟蔚蓝的天空,没有道路的轨迹。

道路,被鸟儿的翅翼、闪亮的星光、四季 更迭的花卉掩盖了。

我问询自己的内心:血液能否领会那条看不见的道路?

Where roads are made I lose my way.

In the wide water, in the blue sky there is no line of a track.

The pathway is hidden by the birds' wings, by the star-fires, by the flowers of the wayfaring seasons.

And I ask my heart if its blood carries the wisdom of the unseen way.



唉,我不能再待在这个房间里,这个家已经不再是 我的家了,由于永远的异乡人沿着道路走来,对我发出 声声召唤。

他的脚步声敲叩着我的胸膛, 使我苦痛难忍。

风大了起来,海水在抱怨。

我抛下一切苦恼和忧虑,去追随那无家可归的浪潮,由于异乡人沿着道路走来,对我发出声声召唤。

Alas, I cannot stay in the house, and home has become no home to me, for the eternal Stranger calls, he is going along the road.

The sound of his footfall knocks at my breast; it pains me!

The wind is up, the sea is moaning.

I leave all my cares and doubts to follow the homeless tide, for the Stranger calls me, he is going along the road.

准备动身吧,我的心!让那些必须逗留的继续在此吧。

因为晨空中已经传来了对你名字的召唤。

不要再等待了!

花苞渴望的是夜晚和露水,而盛放的花朵企求的是 日光中的自由。

冲破你的皮囊, 我的心, 动身前进吧!

Be ready to launch forth, my heart! and let those linger who must.

For your name has been called in the morning sky. Wait for none!

The desire of the bud is for the night and dew, but the blown flower cries for the freedom of light.

Burst your sheath, my heart, and come forth!





每当我踌躇于囤积的珍宝之中,我就感觉自己像一 条蛀虫,在昏暗中啮噬着自己滋生的果实。

我撤离这座腐朽的监牢。

我不愿一直出没于这发霉的寂静之中,因为我要去 寻求那永恒的青春; 所有与我生命无关的、所有不像我 笑声一般轻盈的,我都要彻底地抛弃。

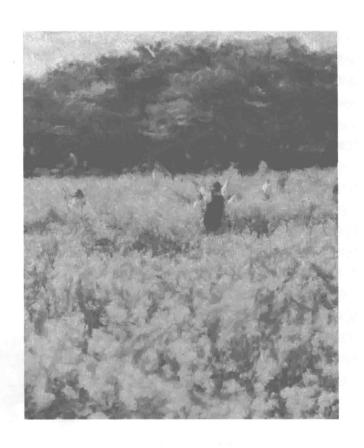
我奔跑着越过时间,哦,我的心啊,在你的战车 里,游吟诗人在轻舞。

When I lingered among my hoarded treasure I felt like a worm that feeds in the dark upon the fruit where it was born.

I leave this prison of decay.

I care not to haunt the mouldy stillness, for I go in search of everlasting youth; I throw away all that is not one with my life nor as light as my laughter.

I run through time and, O my heart, in your chariot dances the poet who sings while he wanders.



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