

泰戈尔

~ 英汉双语诗集 ~

The Crescent Moon



新月集

[印度] 泰戈尔 著

郑振铎 译

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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.

家 庭

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，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。



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.



海 边

小孩子们会集在这无边际的世界的海边。

无限的天穹静止地临于头上，不息的海水在足下汹涌着。小孩子们会集在这无边无际的世界的海边，叫着跳着。

他们拿沙来建筑房屋，拿空贝壳来做游戏。他们把落叶编成了船，微笑地把他们放到广大的深海上。小孩子们在这世界的海边，做他们的游戏。

他们不知道怎样洒水，他们不知道怎样放网。采珠的人为了珠下水，商人在他们的船上航行，小孩子们却只把小圆石聚了又散。他们不搜求藏宝；他们不知道怎样放网。

海水带着笑掀起波浪，海边也淡淡地闪耀着微笑。致人死命的波涛，对着小孩子们唱无意义的歌曲，很像一个摇动她孩子的摇篮时的母亲，海水和小孩子们一同游戏，海边也淡淡地闪耀着微笑。

小孩子们会集在这无边无际的海边。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，死正在外面走着，小孩子们却在游戏。
在这无边无际的世界的海边上，小孩子们大会
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.

来 源

流泛在孩子两眼的睡眠——有谁知道他是从什么地方来的？是的，有个谣传，说他是住在萤火虫朦胧地照着的林影里的仙村里，在那个地方挂着两个迷人的懊怯的蓓蕾。他便是从那个地方来吻着孩子的两眼的。

当孩子睡时，微笑在他唇上浮动——有谁知道他是从什么地方生出来的？是的，有个谣传，说，一线新月的幼嫩的清光，触着将消未消的秋云边上，微笑便在那个地方初生在一个浴在清露里的早晨的梦中了。

甜蜜柔嫩的新鲜情景，在孩子的四肢上展放着——有谁知道他在什么地方藏得这样久？是的，当母亲是一个少女的时候，他已在爱的温柔而沉静的神秘中，潜伏在她的心里——甜蜜柔嫩的新鲜情景，在孩子的四肢上展放着。



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.

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.

孩 童 之 道

只要孩童是愿意，他此刻便可飞上天去。

他所以不离开我们，并不是没有原故*。

他爱把他的头倚在母亲的胸前，就是一刻不见她，也是不行的。

孩童知道所有各种的聪明话，虽然这些话世间的人很少懂得它们的意义。

他所以永不想说，并不是没有原故。

他所要的一件事，就是要去学从母亲的唇里说出来的话。那就是他所以看来这样天真的原故了。

孩童有了一堆黄金与珠子，但他到这个世界上来，却像一个乞丐。

他所以这样假装了来，并不是没有原故。

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，便是想要乞求母亲的爱的资产。

孩童在纤小的新月的世界里，是一切束缚都

* 现在规范词形写作“缘故”。

没有的。

他所以弃了他的自由，并不是没有原故。

他知道有无穷的快乐藏在母亲的心的一隅里，被母亲亲爱的手臂所捉所抱，其甜美远胜过自由。

孩童永不知道如何啼哭。他所住的是完全的乐土。

他所以要流泪，并不是没有原故。

虽然他用了可爱的脸儿上的微笑，引逗得他母亲的热望的心向着他，然而他的因为细故而啼的小哭声却编成了怜与爱的两股带子。

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?