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# 青檀迦利

### **GITANJALI:SONG OFFERINGS**

1912年



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# 译者的话



## 传奇

如果仅仅用"文学家、画家、教育家、社会活动家"等等世俗而平常的词语来评定罗宾德拉纳特·泰戈尔(Rabindranath Tagore,1861~1941),确实有些清浅普通。这位出身于富豪之家、哲人之家、艺术之家的大师,在他八十年的人生之旅中,成就的功业甚至超过了众生几世的努力。

泰戈尔先生从 14 岁立足诗坛,写下的诗作约两千首,出版五十余部诗集,又创作了百多部小说、数十部戏剧及大量其他论著。他的诗作深受东西方名家称颂,并深深影响了世界文坛。他精通孟加拉文和英文,1913 年获诺贝尔文学奖的《吉檀迦利》(gitanjali,孟加拉文原意为"献给神的赞歌")就是由他自己从孟加拉文译为英文的。本书因此特配了英文原作。

从青年时代起,泰戈尔先生就积极参与社会政治活动,为印度的独立而奋斗,其间虽然波折重重,但他终未气馁,并和圣雄甘地结成了可歌可泣的友谊。同时,泰戈尔先生又致力于发展民族教育事业,并为之付出极大辛

劳,取得了瞩目成就。

在步入老年后,泰戈尔先生又拿起画笔,无师自通 地创作了两千余幅作品。他的作品绝大多数都没有命名, 风格抽象,但意韵浓厚。为飨读者,特央请远赴蓬山之外 的姊彤帮忙寻找。彤在万里之外四处劳顿,终搜得百余幅 画作,使我们能够得以完成夙愿,献给读者。

另外, 泰戈尔先生还谱写出数量可观的歌曲。 因此, 泰戈尔先生一生的经历和功绩堪称传奇。

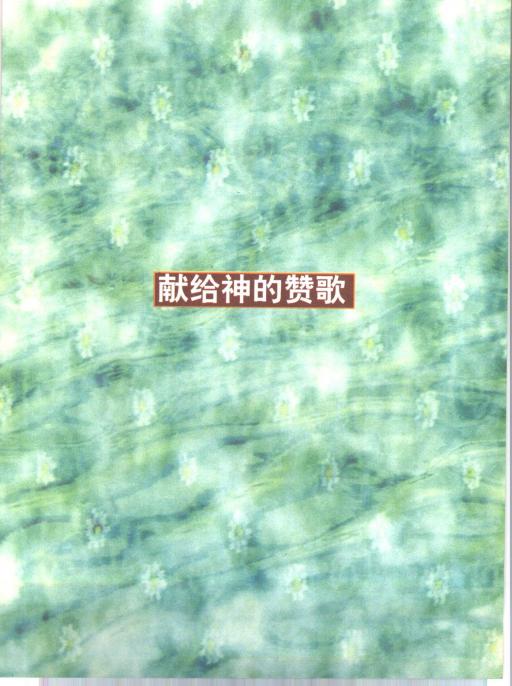
在他的生命中,始终洋溢着无尽的爱和正义。没有功利,没有私欲,永远是坦荡荡一颗赤子心。所以,虽然他伏拜在神的脚下,但是在民众眼中他却有着神的光耀。

当然也不能单单用"委婉、清丽、明澈"等等任何 词语来评定泰戈尔先生的诗作。不,绝不能!他的诗作分 明是流诸笔端的天籁,是激荡胸怀的梵音,是为世人诉说 心曲的神的垂怜。

就让我们在繁忙的现世里,驻足静立、屏息谛听,感受上苍的恩赐,让疲惫的心儿暂且安歇。

2004年夏初于子规书坊





मिल्या तेरामा कालेग्य-भारत तायंक एका भर यात्। निर्मित्र केष्ट्र नामाद्र कामित्र कृतिम भूगेगां क The der man prime are sur वहलाइ भिरू भीत The night has ended. Out out the light of the humps 6 mudged with 5% The great morning which is for : appears in the East Let its light reveal wi to each other who walkon the same the same heath of killyr Mabinon Baghdad may 24 1932

你已令我无尽,这是你的愿望。这易碎的器皿,被你一次次清空,又一次次地汲满新鲜的生命。

这细小的芦笛,你已带着它翻过山岭、涉过溪涧,拿着它吹出永远常新的曲调。

在你双手不朽的触抚中, 我卑微的心儿在欢乐里融化, 勃发出神圣的乐声。

你无穷的赠予仅放到我这双局促的手上。多少世代过去了,你仍在赠予,而我的手还有余地可以盛下。

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.

当你命令我去歌唱,我这颗心骄傲得几近迸裂:我仰望着你的容颜,泪水盈满眼眶。

我生命中所有的粗陋和纷乱都融入那甜美的和声——我的颂歌像一只快乐的鸟儿舒展羽翅。翱翔在大海上。

我知道在我的歌声中你感到了愉悦。我知道我只有作为一名歌者,才能来到你的面前。

我用我颂歌那远飏的翅膀触抚你的双足,那本是我绝难达到的奢望。

痛饮颂歌的欢畅,我难以自己,称呼本是人主的你为我的朋友。

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.

我不知道你如何歌唱,我的主!我一直在寂静中惊奇地倾听。你乐音的光芒普照世界。你乐音的声韵回荡诸天。你乐音的圣洁之流冲决所有无情的屏障,奔腾向前。

我的心渴望汇入你的歌声,但哽咽着发不出一个音节。我 希望倾诉,凝噎的言辞却不成腔调,难以为继。啊,你已用音 乐的天网虏获了我的心,我的主!

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

我生命中的魂灵啊,我一定会保持身体的洁净,因为知晓你正触抚我的肢体。

我会从我的思想中清除所有的虚幻不实,因为明白你已在我胸怀里点燃智慧之光。

我会从我的心底驱除所有邪恶,保有我爱的花朵,因为知道你已在我心最深处放置了你的圣堂。

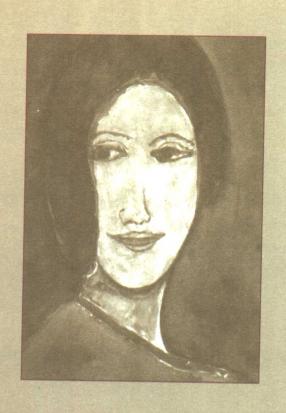
我会在行动中将你极尽地彰显,因为是你的神威赐予我行动的力量。

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 endeavor to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act.



请容我在你身边稍坐片刻。我手中的工作随后就会完成。

看不到你的面庞,我的心便难以体味安宁休憩,我的工作成了茫茫苦海里无尽的劳役。

今天,夏日已带着叹息嘟哝来到我的窗前:蜜蜂正在繁花的殿堂中欢吟。

现在恰是禅坐的时间,与你相对,在这宁静悠远中诵唱出生命的献词。

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.

To-day the summer has come at my window with its sighs and murmurs; and the bees are plying their minstrelsy at the court of the flowering grove.

Now it is time to sit quiet, face to face with thee, and to sing dedication of life in this silent and overflowing leisure.

折下这朵小花,拿走吧,不要犹豫!我唯恐它凋谢,零落成泥。

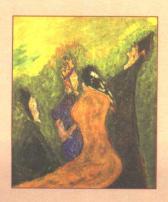
或许它配不上你的花环,但请以你的亲手采摘之劳赋予它荣耀。我唯恐在醒来之前,白日已尽,错过了献祭的时间。

虽然它的颜色并不浓艳,香气也不馥郁,但请仍用它来作 奉献,趁着时间还早把它采摘。

Pluck this little flower and take it, delay not! I fear lest it droop and drop into the dust.

It 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.



我的歌去掉她的饰品。她没有了霓裳和珠宝的傲气。修饰会玷污我们的友谊;它们会阻隔在你我之间;环佩叮当会湮灭你的低语。

在你的注视下,我这诗人的虚夸羞得无地自容。噢,诗人之父,我坐在你的脚下。只容我把自己的生命归作率真坦荡,像一支芦笛被你盈满乐音。

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.



那穿起王子的袍服、颈上缠绕着珠宝锁链的孩子,会在游戏中尽失欢乐。他的袍服让他每一步都磕磕绊绊。

担心袍服被弄坏,或者害怕泥污,他把自己隔在世界之外,以致不敢挪动脚步。

妈妈,如果一个人脱离大地生机勃勃的泥土,如果一个人堵住了与人世众生亲近的入口,那么这样做一无所获,只能成为华美衣饰的奴仆。

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 keep one shut off from the healthful dust of the earth, if it rob one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common human life. 噢, 傻子, 想把自己扛在自己的肩膀上! 噢, 叫化子, 跑到自己的门上行乞!

把你负担的都卸到他能承担一切的手中去,决不要在懊悔中回顾。

你欲望的气息会立刻熄灭灯盏的明焰。那是不圣洁的——不要从它不洁的手中接受赠品。只能接受圣爱所赠予的一切。

O fool, to try to carry thyself upon thy own shoulders! O beggar, to come to 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.

