

isten to the prayer of the forest for its freedom in flowers.

听,森林祈祷开花自由的声音。



予日日日



目里的莲花

(印度) 泰戈尔

著

李家真

译

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

冬日里的莲花 : 泰戈尔经典诗选. 3 : 汉英对照 / (印) 泰戈尔 (Tagore, R.) 著 ; 李家真译. — 北京 : 外语教学与研究出版社, 2013.7

(双语诗歌彩绘典藏版) ISBN 978-7-5135-3387-4

I. ①冬… Ⅱ. ①泰… ②李… 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(2013)第162964号

出版人 蔡剑峰 项目策划 田娜

封面设计 覃一彪

出版发行 外语教学与研究出版社

社 址 北京市西三环北路19号(100089)

网 址 http://www.fltrp.com

印 刷 北京利丰雅高长城印刷有限公司

开 本 880×1230 1/32

印 张 9.5

版 次 2013年8月第1版 2013年8月第1次印刷

书 号 ISBN 978-7-5135-3387-4

定 价 31.90元 (附赠1张MP3光盘)

购书咨询: (010)88819929 电子邮箱: club@fltrp.com

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物料号: 233870001

许多批评家都说,诗人是"人类的儿童"。因为他们都是天真的,善良的。在现代的许多诗人中,泰戈尔(Rabindranath Tagore)更是一个"孩子天使"。他的诗正如这个天真烂漫的天使的脸;看着他,就"能够知道一切事物的意义",就感得和平,感得安慰,并且知道真相爱。著"泰戈尔的哲学"的S. Radhakrishnan 说:泰戈尔著作之流行,之能引起全世界人的兴趣,一半在于他思想中高超的理想主义,一半在于他作品中的文学的庄严与美丽。

泰戈尔是印度孟加拉(Bengal)地方的人。印度是一个"诗的国"。诗就是印度人日常生活的一部分,在这个"诗之国"里,产生了这个伟大的诗人泰戈尔自然是没有什么奇怪的。

泰戈尔的文学活动,开始得极早。他在十四岁的时候,即开始写剧本。他的著作,最初都是用孟加拉文写的;凡是说孟加拉文的地方,没有人不日日歌诵他的诗歌。后来他自己和他的朋友把许多作品陆续译成了英文,诗集有:"园丁集"、"新月集"、"采果集"、"飞鸟集"、"吉檀迦利"、"爱者之礼物"与"歧道";剧本有:"牺牲及其他"、"邮局"、"暗室之王"、"春之

循环"; 论文集有: "生之实现"、"人格"; 杂著有: "我的回忆"、"饿石及其他"、"家庭与世界"等。

在孟加拉文里,据印度人说:他的诗较英文写得更为美丽。

"他是我们圣人中的第一人:不拒绝生命,而能说出生命之本身的,这就是我们所以爱他的原因了。"

郑振铎 一九二二年六月二十六日



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盼咐我吧,我会采下自己的果实,一筐筐送到你的庭院, **哪怕有些果实已然失落**,还有些尚未长成。

因为季节丰盈,果实沉沉,树阴里响着牧人的哀婉笛声。

盼时我吧,我会在河上扬起风帆。

三月1的风儿躁动不安,撩得慵懒的水波也开始轻声呢喃。

果园已经收获了所有的果实,困乏无聊的黄昏里,落日余晖之中,你岸边的房屋里传来了你的呼唤。

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.

¹ 三月是印度收获季节最末的一个月。

我年轻时的生命如同一朵鲜花——当春天的微风登门求 恳,她会从繁盛的花瓣中随意抛下几片,浑不觉花容清减。

如今到了青春的终点,我的生命仿如一枚果实,再没有余物可以虚掷,只待将满怀甜美全数奉献。

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.



难道说,夏天的节日只属于初放鲜花,容不下枯叶残红?

难道说,海洋的歌声只合于涨潮的曲风?

它会不会, 也跟落潮合唱呢?

宝石有幸织进我王站立的地毯,许多土块却还在耐心等待他尊贵之足的触碰。

能在我主身边侍坐的智者贤人寥寥无几,我主却将愚者拥入怀中,还让我做祂永远的仆从。

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.



醒来的时候,他的信与清晨一道来临。

因为不识字,我无从知晓其中音讯。

让聪明人跟他那些书作伴吧,我不会去麻烦他,谁知道, 他能不能读懂信里的意思呢?

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.

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我会把信举到额头, 贴上胸口。

夜晚渐渐沉寂,星光次第亮起,我会把信摊在膝头,默默 等候。

沙沙的树叶会为我大声朗诵,潺潺的溪水会为我款款吟咏,天上那七颗聪明的星星,也会把信唱给我听。

我有所求却无所获,即有所学亦无所知,而这封未曾拆阅的信减轻了我的负荷,将我的思绪敷衍成歌。

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.

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以前我读不懂你的暗号,一捧尘土也能将它遮掩。

如今智慧增长,我便在所有那些从前的障眼之物中看到了它的容颜。

你把它描上一片片花瓣;水波让它在浮沤中闪现;群山将它 高高地擎上了峰巅。

以前我对你掉头不顾,因此不能正确解读你的文字,无法 领会其中深意。

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.

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在道路筑成的地方, 我却迷了路。

浩波干顷,碧空万里,都不见道路的痕迹。

鸟儿的翅膀,闪耀的星光,以及变换四时的花朵,掩盖了 道路的印记。

我问自己的心:你的血液里,可曾有辨认无形道路的眼力?

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 starfires, by the flowers of the wayfaring seasons.

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

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唉,我不能再在这屋里安居,家于我而言也不复为家,因 为那个永恒的陌生人发出了呼唤,他已经走在了路上。

他的足音敲打着我的胸膛,令我苦痛难当!

风紧了,大海低声呜咽。

我放下所有牵绊与迷惘,去追随那无家的潮浪,因为那个 陌生人在呼唤我,他已经走在了路上。

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.

准备启程吧,我的心!让那些走不了的人顾自逡巡。 因为晨间天空里传来了呼唤,唤着你的姓名。 谁也别等!

花蕾要的是夜晚和露水,盛开的花朵却渴望阳光的自由。 冲破你的茧壳,我的心,勇往直前吧!

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!

徘徊在自己积聚的宝货之间,我觉得自己像一只蠕虫,栖身黑暗之中,以孳生自己的果实为食。

我离开了这座腐朽的牢狱。

我不愿流连于霉变的静止,因为我企求永恒的青春;所有那些既非我生命本真、又不似我笑声般轻盈的东西,我都已舍弃。

我奔跑着穿过光阴,我的心啊,你的马车上舞动着一个且行且歌的诗人。

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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