

泰戈尔  
精美诗选  
一下卷一

# 听万物 静默如诗

(印) 泰戈尔 | 著 冰心 石真 | 译



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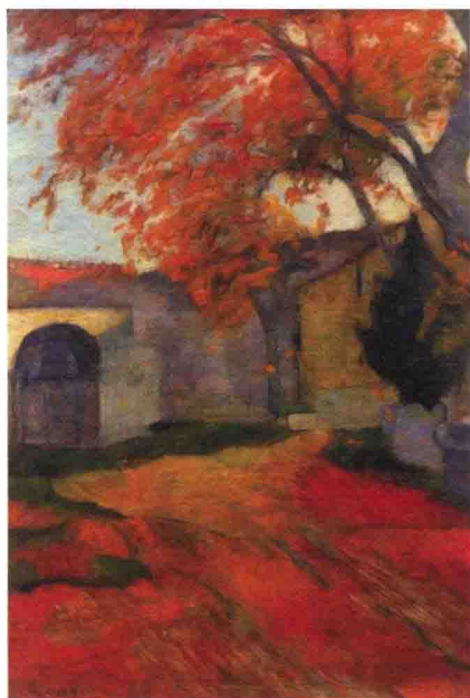
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“他们都需要我，我没有时间去冥想来生。

“我和每一个人都是同年的，我的头发变白了又该怎样呢？”



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年轻时，我的生命有如一朵花——当春天的轻风来到她的门前乞求时，从她的丰盛中飘落一两片花瓣，你从未感到这是损失。

现在，韶华已逝，我的生命有如一个果子，已经没有什么东西可以分让，只等待着将她和丰满甜美的全部负担一起奉献出去。

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摘下这朵花来，拿了去罢，不要迟延！我怕它会萎谢了，掉在尘土里。

它也许配不上你的花冠，但请你采摘它，以你手采摘的痛苦来给它光宠。我怕在我警觉之先，日光已逝，贡献的时间过了。

虽然它颜色不深，香气很淡，请仍用这花来礼拜，趁着还有时间，就采摘罢。

# 1

你已经使我永生，这样做是你的欢乐。这脆薄的杯儿，你不断地把它倒空，又不断地以新生命来充满。

这小小的苇笛，你携带着它逾山越谷，从笛管里吹出永新的音乐。

在你双手的不朽的安抚下，我的小小的心，消融在无边快乐之中，发出不可言说的词调。

你的无穷的赐予只倾入我小小的手里。时代过去了，你还在倾注，而我的手里还有余量待充满。

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

当你命令我歌唱的时候，我的心似乎要因着骄傲而炸裂，我仰望着你的脸，眼泪涌上我的眶里。

我生命中一切的凝涩与矛盾融化成一片甜柔的谐音——  
我的赞颂像一只欢乐的鸟，振翼飞越海洋。

我知道你欢喜我的歌唱。我知道只因为我是个歌者，才能走到你的面前。

我用我的歌曲的远伸的翅梢，触到了你的双脚，那是我从来不敢奢望触到的。

在歌唱中的陶醉，我忘了自己，你本是我的主人，我却称你为朋友。

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

摘下这朵花来，拿了去罢，不要迟延！我怕它会萎谢了，掉在尘土里。

它也许配不上你的花冠，但请你采摘它，以你手采摘的痛苦来给它光宠。我怕在我警觉之先，日光已逝，贡献的时间过了。

虽然它颜色不深，香气很淡，请仍用这花来礼拜，趁着还有时间，就采摘罢。

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.





## 4

我旅行的时间很长，旅途也是很长的。

天刚破晓，我就驱车起行，穿遍广漠的世界，在许多星球之上，留下辙痕。

离你最近的地方，路途最远，最简单的音调，需要最艰苦的练习。

旅客要在每个生人门口敲叩，才能敲到自己的家门，人要在外面到处漂流，最后才能走到最深的内殿。

我的眼睛向空阔处四望，最后才合上眼说：“你原来在这里！”

这句问话和呼唤“呵，在哪儿呢？”融化在千股的泪泉里，和你保证的回答“我在这里！”的洪流，一同泛滥了全世界。

The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it long.  
I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and  
pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds leaving  
my track on many a star and planet.

It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and  
that training is the most intricate which leads to the utter  
simplicity of a tune.

The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his  
own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach  
the innermost shrine at the end.

My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said  
'Here art thou!'

The question and the cry 'Oh, where?' melt into tears of a  
thousand streams and deluge the world with the flood of the  
assurance 'I am!'



## 5

我要唱的歌，直到今天还没有唱出。

每天我总在乐器上调理弦索。

时间还没有到来，歌词也未曾填好：只有愿望的痛苦在我心中。

花蕊还未开放；只有风从旁叹息走过。

我没有看见过他的脸，也没有听见过他的声音：我只听见他轻蹶的足音，从我房前路上走过。

悠长的一天消磨于为他在地上铺设座位；但是灯火还未点上，我不能请他进来。

我生活在和他相会的希望中，但这相会的日子还没有来到。



The song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day.

I have spent my days in stringing and in unstringing my instrument.

The time has not come true, the words have not been rightly

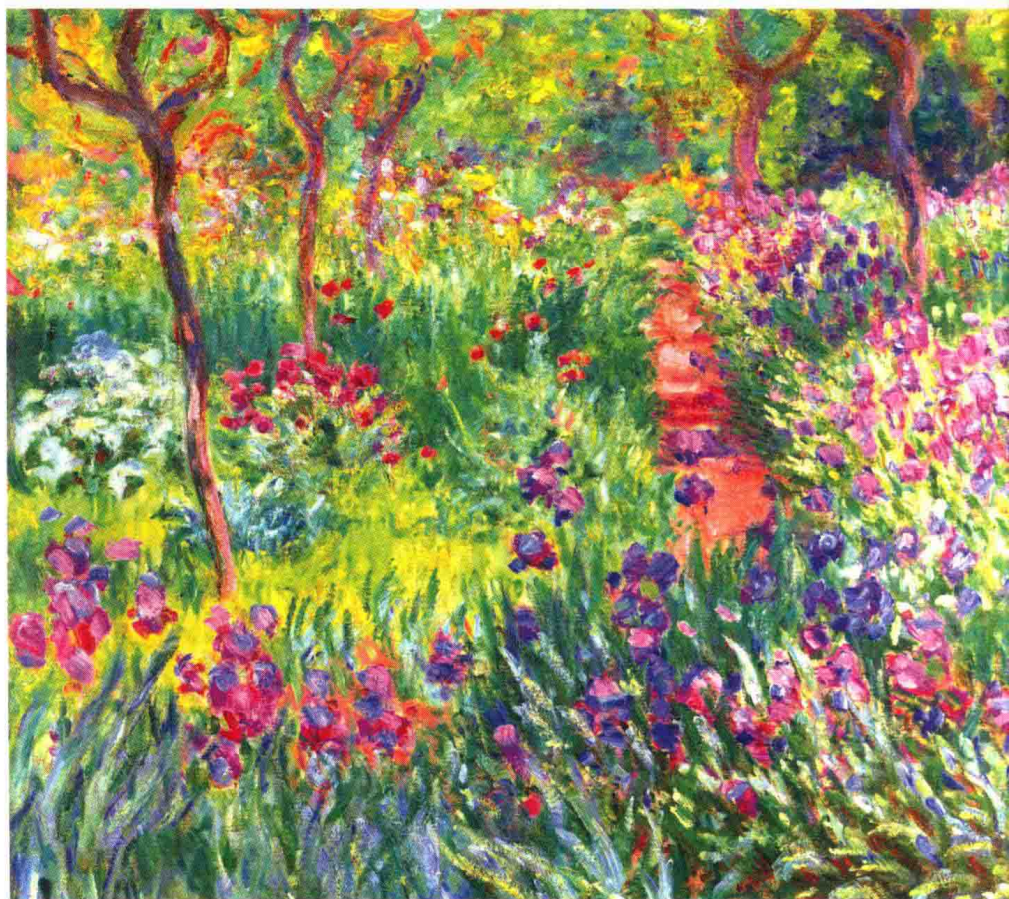
set; only there is the agony of wishing in my heart.

The blossom has not opened; only the wind is sighing by.

I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice;  
only I have heard his gentle footsteps from the road before my  
house.

The livelong day has passed in spreading his seat on the  
floor; but the lamp has not been lit and I cannot ask him into my  
house.

I live in the hope of meeting with him; but this meeting is not  
yet.





## 6

若是不说话，我就含忍着，以你的沉默来填满我的心。  
我要沉静地等候，像黑夜在星光中无眠，忍耐地低首。  
清晨一定会来，黑暗也要消隐，你的声音将划破天空从金泉中  
下注。

那时你的话语，要在我的每一鸟巢中生翼发声，你的音乐，要  
在我林丛繁花中盛开怒放。

If thou speakest not I will fill my heart with thy silence and  
endure it. I will keep still and wait like the night with starry vigil  
and its head bent low with patience.

The morning will surely come, the darkness will vanish, and  
thy voice pour down in golden streams breaking through the sky.

Then thy words will take wing in songs from every one of my  
birds' nests, and thy melodies will break forth in flowers in all  
my forest groves.



## 7

莲花开放的那天，唉，我不自觉地在心魂飘荡。我的花篮空着，花儿我也没有去理睬。

不时地有一段的幽愁来袭击我，我从梦中惊起，觉得南风里有一阵奇香的芳踪。

这迷茫的温馨，使我想望得心痛，我觉得这仿佛是夏天渴望的气息，寻求圆满。

我那时不晓得它离我是那么近，而且是我的，这完美的温馨，还是在我自己心灵的深处开放。

On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was straying, and I knew it not. My basket was empty and the flower remained unheeded.

Only now and again a sadness fell upon me, and I started up from my dream and felt a sweet trace of a strange fragrance in the south wind.

That vague sweetness made my heart ache with longing and it seemed to me that it was the eager breath of the summer seeking for its completion.

I knew not then that it was so near, that it was mine, and that this perfect sweetness had blossomed in the depth of my own heart.





我必须撑出我的船去。时光都在岸边挨延消磨了——不堪的我呵！

春天把花开过就告别了。如今落红遍地，我却等待而又留连。  
潮声渐喧，河岸的荫滩上黄叶飘落。

你凝望着的是何等的空虚！你不觉得有一阵惊喜和对岸遥远的歌声从天空中一同飘来吗？

I must launch out my boat. The languid hours pass by on the shore—Alas for me!

The spring has done its flowering and taken leave. And now with the burden of faded futile flowers I wait and linger.

The waves have become clamorous, and upon the bank in the shady lane the yellow leaves flutter and fall.

What emptiness do you gaze upon! Do you not feel a thrill passing through the air with the notes of the far-away song floating from the other shore?

