

HZ BOOKS
华章文化



泰 戈 尔

采果集

诗哲泰戈尔献给生命的诗篇



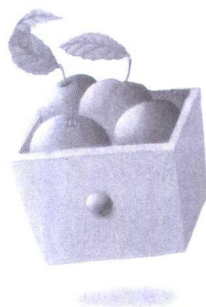
泰戈尔 著 吴岩 译 妮可丽塔 图



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采果集

Fruit Gathering



采果集(Fruit Gathering)

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泰戈尔 著

吴岩 译 妮可丽塔 图

机械工业出版社



I

吩咐我，我就采集果实，一筐筐装得满满的，送到你的院子里，
尽管有的失落了，有的尚未成熟。

由于丰收，季节不胜重负，而绿阴里有凄婉的牧笛声。

吩咐我，我就在河上启碇扬帆。

三月的风是暴躁的，把懒洋洋的水波激荡得潺潺有声。

花园已经献出它的一切果实，在黄昏倦怠的时刻里，从夕阳西下的岸边，
从你那所房子里，传来了呼唤的声音。



I

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.



II

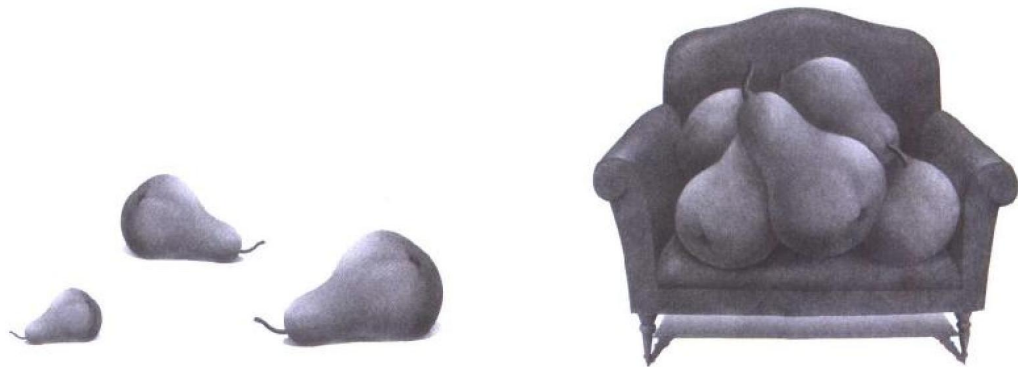
年轻的时候，我的生命像一朵花——在和煦春风来到她门口求乞时，
这朵花从她的丰盛里施舍一二片花瓣，也从不感到什么损失。

如今青春已逝，我的生命像一颗果实，已无他物可施可舍，
只等着把果实本身及其所负荷的丰足的甜蜜，完全贡献出来。

II

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.



III

难道夏天的节日只是为了鲜艳的花朵，并不是也为了枯叶和残花的吗？

难道大海的歌只是跟涨潮的波浪和谐协调的吗？

难道大海不是也跟落潮的波浪一起唱和的吗？

珠宝织进国王驻足的地毯，但还有泥土等待着国王
双足的接触哩。

坐在我主身边的是寥寥无几的智者和伟人，

但主把愚蠢的我抱在怀中，叫我永远做他的仆人。



III

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?

Dose 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.





IV

我醒来，发现他的信与清晨俱来。

我不知道信里说什么，因为我不识字。

就让聪明人径自去读他的书吧，我不想麻烦他，
因为谁知道他能否看懂信里的话。

让我把信举到额上，按在心头。

夜阑人静，繁星一颗颗出现时，我要把信摊在膝上，悄然独坐。

绿叶萧萧，会替我朗诵这信，流水汨汨，会替我吟咏这信，

而智慧的北斗七星会在天空里替我歌唱这信。

我找不到我寻觅的，我不理解我要知道的，可这封未读的信
减轻了我的负担，而且把我的思想转化成了歌曲。

IV

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.



V

一掬尘土便能掩盖你的信号，当我还不明白它的涵义的时候。
现在我比以前更聪明了，我从过去隐藏它的一切事物中读到了信号。

信号画在繁花的花瓣上；波涛从泡沫上闪烁出信号；
众山把信号高擎在峰巅上。
我曾经转脸不看你，于是我就误读你的信息，不明白它的意义了。

V

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.



VI

在铺设道路的地方，我迷了路。

在浩淼大水上，在瓦蓝天空里，没有一丝儿路径的迹象。

路径被众鸟的翅膀、天上的星火、四季流转的繁花遮掩了。

于是我问我的心：它的血液里可有智慧能发现那看不见的道路。

VI

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.



VII

唉，我在家里待不住，家已变得不是我的家了，因为永恒的陌生人在呼唤，
他正沿着这条路走来。

他的脚步声叩着我的胸膛；真叫我痛苦！

风起了，海在呜咽。

我丢下我的一切忧虑与疑惑，追逐那无家的海潮，因为陌生人呼唤我，
他正沿着这条路走来。



VII

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.



VIII

我的心啊，作好准备，启碇出海吧！让那些必须逗留的，
去留连好了。

因为早晨的天空里已经在呼唤你的名字。

不用等待谁了！

蓓蕾企盼的是黑夜和露珠，而盛开的花朵呐喊着要光的自由。

我的心啊，突破你的剑鞘，出来吧！

VIII

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!



IX

我在我收藏的珍宝中浏览把玩时，我觉得自己仿佛是一条出生在果实里的蛀虫，
在黑暗中啃着果实喂养自身。

我离开了这腐朽的牢狱。

我不想出没于发霉的静止里，因为我要去寻找永久长存的青春；

凡是不同我的生命合而为一的，凡是不像我的欢笑那么轻松的，我全部扔掉了。

我在时间的进程里奔驰。啊，我的心，行吟诗人在你的战车里手舞足蹈哩。

IX

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.





X

你搀着我的手，把我拉到你的身边，叫我坐在众人面前的高位上；
我终于变得战战兢兢，无从动弹，不能随意行走；我步步都要疑虑踌躇，
深怕踩在众人不满的荆棘上。

我终于得到解脱了！

打击已经临头，侮辱的战鼓敲响了，我的座位被贬到尘土之中。
我的道路倒敞开在我的面前了。



我的翅膀充满了对天空的憧憬。

我要和子夜的流星结伴同行，投入深邃的阴影。

我像被风暴驱赶的夏云，抛掉金黄的王冠，在一连串闪电上挂个雷霆，
仿佛佩上一把利剑。

我在大喜若狂中奔上被鄙视者的尘土飞扬的小路；我离你最后的欢迎倒
更近了。

婴儿离开子宫时便找到他的母亲。

我被迫与你分离，被撵出你的家门时，便可自由地见到你的脸。





X

YOU took my hand and drew me to your side, made me sit on the high seat
before all men, till I became timid, unable to stir and walk my own way;
doubting and debating at every step lest I should tread upon any thorn
of their disfavour.

I am freed at last!

The blow has come, the drum of insult sounded, my seat is laid low in the dust.
My paths are open before me.

My wings are full of the desire of the sky.

I go to join the shooting stars of midnight, to plunge into the profound shadow.

I am like the storm-driven cloud of summer that, having cast off its crown of gold,
hangs as a sword the thunderbolt upon a chain of lightning.

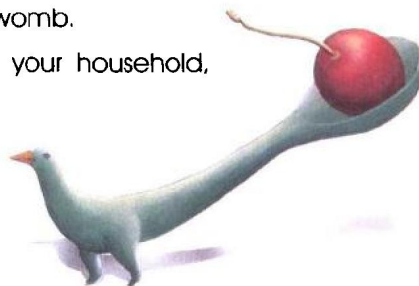
In desperate joy I run upon the dusty path of the despised;

I draw near to your final welcome.

The child finds its mother when it leaves her womb.

When I am parted from you, thrown out from your household,

I am free to see your face.



XI

我这珠宝项链，它装饰我只是为了嘲弄我。
戴在颈子上时，它擦破我的皮肤；我竭力把它扯下来时，
它又勒得紧紧的。
它掐住我的喉咙，堵住我的歌唱。



只要我能把它献到你的手里，我的主啊，我就会得到拯救。
把它取走吧，作为交换，用一个花环把我系在你的身边，
因为颈子上戴着这珠宝项链站在你的面前，我真感到不好意思。



XI

It decks me only to mock me, this jewelled chain of mine.
It bruises me when on my neck, it strangles me when I struggle to tear it off.
It grips my throat, it chokes my singing.

Could I but offer it to your hand, my Lord, I would be saved.
Take it from me, and in exchange bind me to you with a garland,
for I am ashamed to stand before you with this jewelled chain on my neck.

