

泰戈尔英汉双语诗集

(印度) 泰戈尔 著
冰心 译

The Gardener

园丁集

外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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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，没有人不日日歌颂他的诗歌。后来他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

1 ✿ The Gardener
园丁集

214 ✿ Nobel Prize in Literature 1913
Presentation Speech
1913年诺贝尔文学奖颁奖辞

240 ✿ 徐志摩1924年5月12日在北京
真光剧场的演讲

园丁集
The Gardener





SERVANT

Have mercy upon your servant, my queen!

QUEEN

The assembly is over and my servants are all gone. Why do you come at this late hour?

SERVANT

When you have finished with others, that is my time.

I come to ask what remains for your last servant to do.

QUEEN

What can you expect when it is too late?

SERVANT

Make me the gardener of your flower garden.

QUEEN

What folly is this?

SERVANT

I will give up my other work.

I throw my swords and lances down in the dust. Do not send me to distant courts; do not bid me undertake new conquests. But make me the gardener of your flower garden.



仆人

请对您的仆人开恩吧，我的女王！

女王

集会已经开过，我的仆人们都走了。
你为什么来得这么晚呢？

仆人

您同别人谈过以后，就是我的时间了。
我来问有什么剩余的工作，好让您的
最末一个仆人去做。

女王

在这么晚的时间你还想做什么呢？

仆人

让我做您花园里的园丁吧。

女王

这是什么傻想头呢？

仆人

我要搁下别的工作。
我把我的剑矛扔在尘土里。不要差遣
我去遥远的宫廷；不要命令我做新的征
讨。只求您让我做花园里的园丁。



QUEEN

What will your duties be?

SERVANT

The service of your idle days.

I will keep fresh the grassy path where you walk in the morning, where your feet will be greeted with praise at every step by the flowers eager for death.

I will swing you in a swing among the branches of the saptaparna, where the early evening moon will struggle to kiss your skirt through the leaves.

I will replenish with scented oil the lamp that burns by your bedside, and decorate your footstool with sandal and saffron paste in wondrous designs.

QUEEN

What will you have for your reward?

SERVANT

To be allowed to hold your little fists like tender lotusbuds and slip flower-chains over your wrists; to tinge the soles of your feet with the red juice of ashoka petals and kiss away the speck of dust that may chance to linger there.

QUEEN

Your prayers are granted, my servant, you will be the gardener of my flower garden.

女王

你的职责是什么呢？

仆人

为您闲散的日子服务。

我要保持您晨兴散步的草径清爽新鲜，您每一移步将有甘于就死的繁花以赞颂来欢迎您的双足。

我将在七叶树的枝间推送您的秋千；向晚的月亮将挣扎着从叶隙里吻您的衣裙。

我将在您床边的灯盏里添满香油，我将用檀香和番红花膏在您脚垫上涂画上美妙的花样。

女王

你要什么酬报呢？

仆人

只要您允许我像握着嫩柔的菡萏一般地握住您的小拳，把花串套上您的纤腕；允许我用无忧花的红汁来染您的脚底，以亲吻来拂去那偶然留在那里的尘埃。

女王

你的祈求被接受了，我的仆人，你将是我的花园里的园丁。





“Ah, poet, the evening draws near; your hair is turning grey.

“Do you in your lonely musing hear the message of the hereafter?”

“It is evening,” the poet said, “and I am listening because some one may call from the village, late though it be.

“I watch if young straying hearts meet together and two pairs of eager eyes beg for music to break their silence and speak for them.

“Who is there to weave their passionate songs, if I sit on the shore of life and contemplate death and the beyond?

“The early evening star disappears.

“The glow of a funeral pyre slowly dies by the silent river.

“Jackals cry in chorus from the courtyard of the deserted house in the light of the worn-out moon.



“啊，诗人，夜晚渐临；你的头发已经变白。

“在你孤寂的沉思中听到了来生的消息吗？”

“是夜晚了。”诗人说，“夜虽已晚，我还在静听，因为也许有人会从村中呼唤。

“我看守着，是否有年轻的飘游的心聚在一起，两对渴望的眼睛切求有音乐来打破他们的沉默，并替他们说话。

“如果我坐在生命的岸边默想着死亡和来世，又有谁来编写他们的热情的诗歌呢？”

“早现的晚星消隐了。

“火葬灰中的红光在沉静的河边慢慢地熄灭下去。

“残月的微光下，胡狼从空宅的庭院里齐声嚎叫。



“If some wanderer leaving home, come here to watch the night and with bowed head listen to the murmur of the darkness, who is there to whisper the secrets of life into his ears if I, shutting my doors, should try to free myself from mortal bonds?”

“It is a trifle that my hair is turning grey.

“I am ever as young or as old as the youngest and the oldest of this village.

“Some have smiles, sweet and simple, and some a sly twinkle in their eyes.

“Some have tears that well up in the daylight, and others tears that are hidden in the gloom.

They all have need for me and I have no time to brood over the after-life.

“I am of an age with each, what matter if my hair turns grey?”

“假如有游子们离了家，到这里来守夜，低头静听黑暗的微语，有谁把生命的秘密向他耳边低诉呢，如果我关起门户，企图摆脱世俗的牵缠？”

“我的头发变白是一件小事。

“我是永远和这村里最年轻的人一样年轻，最年老的人一样年老。

“有的人发出甜柔单纯的微笑，有的人眼里含着狡狴的闪光。

“有的人在白天流涌着眼泪，有的人的眼泪却隐藏在幽暗里。

“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？”





In the morning I cast my net into the sea.

I dragged up from the dark abyss things of strange aspect and strange beauty—some shone like a smile, some glistened like tears, and some were flushed like the cheeks of a bride.

When with the day's burden I went home, my love was sitting in the garden idly tearing the leaves of a flower.

I hesitated for a moment, and then placed at her feet all that I had dragged up, and stood silent.

She glanced at them and said, "What strange things are these? I know not of what use they are!"

I bowed my head in shame and thought, "I have not fought for these, I did not buy them in the market; they are not fit gifts for her."

Then the whole night through I flung them one by one into the street.

In the morning travellers came; they picked them up and carried them into far countries.



早晨我把网撒在海里。

我从沉黑的深渊拉出奇形奇美的东西——有些微笑般地发亮，有些眼泪般地闪光，有的晕红得像新娘的双颊。

当我携带着这一天的担负回到家里的时候，我爱正坐在园里悠闲地扯着花叶。

我沉吟了一会，就把我捞得的一切放在她的脚前，沉默地站着。

她瞥了一眼说：“这是些什么怪东西？我不知道这些东西有什么用处！”

我羞愧得低了头，心想：“我并没有为这些东西去奋斗，也不是从市场里买来的；这不是一些配送给她的礼物。”

整夜的工夫我把这些东西一件一件地丢到街上。

早晨行路的人来了；他们把这些拾起带到远方去了。





Ah me, why did they build my house by the
road to the market town?

They moor their laden boats near my trees.

They come and go and wander at their will.

I sit and watch them; my time wears on.

Turn them away I cannot. And thus my days
pass by.

Night and day their steps sound by my door.

Vainly I cry, "I do not know you."

Some of them are known to my fingers, some
to my nostrils, the blood in my veins seems to
know them, and some are known to my dreams.

Turn them away I cannot. I call them and say,
"Come to my house whoever chooses. Yes, come."

In the morning the bell rings in the temple.

They come with their baskets in their hands.

Their feet are rosy-red. The early light of dawn
is on their faces.