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我的生命有如一朵花

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001	飞鸟集 Stray Birds
097	新月集 The Crescent Moon
203	1913年诺贝尔文学奖颁奖辞 Presentation Speech, Nobel Prize In Literature 1913
222	宴会致辞 Banquet Speech
223	徐志摩1924年5月12日在北京真光剧场的演讲

Stray Birds

飞鸟集

1

Stray birds of summer come to my window to sing and fly away.

And yellow leaves of autumn, which have no songs, flutter and fall there with a sigh.

夏天的飞鸟，飞到我窗前唱歌，又飞去了。

秋天的黄叶，它们没有什么可唱，只叹息一声，飞落在那里。

2

O troupe of little vagrants of the world, leave your footprints in my words.

世界上的一队小小的漂泊者呀，请留下你们的足印在我的文字里。

3

The world puts off its mask of vastness to its lover.

It becomes small as one song, as one kiss of the eternal.

世界对着它的爱人，把它浩瀚的面具揭下了。

它变小了，小如一首歌，小如一回永恒的接吻。

4

It is the tears of the earth that keep her smiles in bloom.

是“地”的泪点，使她的微笑保持着青春不谢。

5

The mighty desert is burning for the love of a blade of grass
who shakes her head and laughs and flies away.

广漠无垠的沙漠热烈地追求着一叶绿草的爱，但她摇摇头，笑起来，飞了开去。

6

If you shed tears when you miss the sun, you also miss the
stars.

如果错过了太阳时你流了泪，那么你也要错过群星了。

7

The sands in your way beg for your song and your movement,
dancing water. Will you carry the burden of their lameness?

跳舞着的流水呀，在你途中的泥沙，要求你的歌声，你的流动呢。你肯挟跛足的泥沙而俱下么？

8

Her wistful face haunts my dreams like the rain at night.

她的热切的脸，如夜雨似的，搅扰着我的梦魂。

9

Once we dreamt that we were strangers.

We wake up to find that we were dear to each other.

有一次，我们梦见大家都不相识的。

我们醒了，却知道我们原是相亲爱的。

10

Sorrow is hushed into peace in my heart like the evening
among the silent trees.

忧思在我的心里平静下去，正如黄昏在寂静的林中。

11

Some unseen fingers, like an idle breeze, are playing upon my
heart the music of the ripples.

有些看不见的手指，如懒懒的微颺似的，正在我的心上，
奏着潺湲的乐声。

12

“What language is thine, O sea?”

“The language of eternal question.”

“What language is thy answer, O sky?”

“The language of eternal silence.”

“海水呀，你说的是什么？”

“是永恒的疑问。”

“天空呀，你回答的话是什么？”

“是永恒的沉默。”

13

Listen, my heart, to the whispers of the world with which it
makes love to you.

静静地听，我的心呀，听那“世界”的低语，这是他对
你的爱的表示呀。

14

The mystery of creation is like the darkness of night—it is
great. Delusions of knowledge are like the fog of the morning.

创造的神秘，有如夜间的黑暗，——是伟大的。而知识
的幻影，不过如晨间之雾。

15

Do not seat your love upon a precipice because it is high.

不要因为峭壁是高的，而让你的爱情坐在峭壁上。

16

I sit at my window this morning where the world like a passer-by stops for a moment, nods to me and goes.

我今晨坐在窗前，“世界”如一个过路的人似的，停留了一会，向我点点头又走过去了。

17

These little thoughts are the rustle of leaves; they have their whisper of joy in my mind.

这些微思，是绿叶的簌簌之声呀；他们在我的心里，愉悦地微语着。

18

What you are you do not see, what you see is your shadow.

你看不见你的真相，你所看见的，只是你的影子。

19

My wishes are fools, they shout across thy songs, my Master.

Let me but listen.

主呀，我的那些愿望真是愚傻呀，它们杂在你的歌声中喧叫着呢。

让我只是静听着吧。

20

I cannot choose the best.

The best chooses me.

我不能选择那最好的。

是那最好的选择我。

21

They throw their shadows before them who carry their lantern on their back.

那些把灯背在他们的背上的人，把他们的影子投到他们前面去。

22

That I exist is a perpetual surprise which is life.

我存在，乃是所谓生命的一个永久的奇迹。

23

“We, the rustling leaves, have a voice that answers the storms,
but who are you so silent?”

“I am a mere flower.”

“我们，萧萧的树叶，都有声响回答那暴风雨，但你是谁呢，那样地沉默着？”

“我不过是一朵花。”

24

Rest belongs to the work as the eyelids to the eyes.

休息之隶属于工作，正如眼睑之隶属于眼睛。

25

Man is a born child, his power is the power of growth.

人是一个初生的孩子，他的力量，就是生长的力量。

26

God expects answers for the flowers he sends us, not for the sun and the earth.

上帝希望我们酬答他的，在于他送给我们的花朵，而不在于太阳和土地。

27

The light that plays, like a naked child, among the green leaves happily knows not that man can lie.

光如一个裸体的孩子，快快活活地在绿叶当中游戏，他不知道人是会欺诈的。

28

O Beauty, find thyself in love, not in the flattery of thy mirror.

啊，美呀，在爱中找你自己吧，不要到你镜子的谄谀中去找呀。

29

My heart beats her waves at the shore of the world and writes
upon it her signature in tears with the words, "I love thee."

我的心冲激着她的波浪在“世界”的海岸上，蘸着眼泪
在上边写着她的题记：

“我爱你。”

30

"Moon, for what do you wait?"

"To salute the sun for whom I must make way."

“月儿呀，你在等候什么呢？”

“要致敬意于我必须给他让路的太阳。”

31

The trees come up to my window like the yearning of the
dumb earth.

绿树长到了我的窗前，仿佛是喑哑的大地发出的渴望的
声音。

32

His own mornings are new surprises to God.

上帝自己的清晨，在他自己看来也是新奇的。

33

Life finds its wealth by the claims of the world, and its worth
by the claims of love.

生命因了“世界”的要求，得到他的资产，因了爱的要求，得到他的价值。

34

The dry river-bed finds no thanks for its past.

干的河床，并不感谢他的过去。

35

The bird wishes it were a cloud.

The cloud wishes it were a bird.

鸟儿愿为一朵云。

云儿愿为一只鸟。

36

The waterfall sings, "I find my song, when I find my freedom."

瀑布歌道：“我得到自由时便有歌声了。”

37

I cannot tell why this heart languishes in silence.

It is for small needs it never asks, or knows or remembers.

我不能说出这心为什么那样默默地颓丧着。

那小小的需要，他是永不要求，永不知道，永不记着的。

38

Woman, when you move about in your household service
your limbs sing like a hill stream among its pebbles.

妇人，你在料理家事的时候，你的手足歌唱着，正如山间的溪水歌唱着在小石中流过。

39

The sun goes to cross the Western sea, leaving its last
salutation to the East.

太阳横过西方的海面时，对着东方，致他的最后的敬礼。

40

Do not blame your food because you have no appetite.

不要因为你自己没有胃口，而去责备你的食物。

41

The trees, like the longings of the earth, stand a-tiptoe to
peep at the heaven.

群树如表示大地的愿望似的，竖趾立着，向天空窥望。

42

You smiled and talked to me of nothing and I left that for this
I had been waiting long.

你微微地笑着，不同我说什么话，而我觉得，为了这个，
我已等待得久了。