

頌歌集

泰戈爾 著 / 涂為 譯
古 譯 精 選



ERINGS

英 漢 對 照

頌歌集古譯精選

**SELECTED POEMS FROM
SONG OFFERINGS (GITANJALI)**

泰戈爾著·涂為譯

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Selected Poems from Song Offerings

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譯 者 序

翻譯泰戈爾的詩源起於大二。美國聖地牙哥那年的酷暑難耐，我把其英譯本拿來做消暑的工具，讀讀停停，沁我心脾。其時我已對古典詩創作頗有心得，覺得泰翁的詩具靈性，醇美而具音樂感，遺憾的是沒有嚴謹的格律。

我在百無聊賴的情況下，嘗試將一首翻譯成古體，發現五言、七絕均難以對其掌握，於是便先將它譯成白話文，再花巧思統整格律，篩選字句；過程十分費時、麻煩，卻饒有趣味，第一首譯詩便如此誕生了。我以遊戲的心情對它們陸續地作古典的挑戰，九二年那年便完成了選自〈園丁〉、〈採果〉、〈頌歌〉及〈橫渡集〉約三十首。

〈頌歌集〉一直是我推崇倍至的，後來才得知那即是一九一三年諾貝爾文學獎得獎之力作。我驚嘆於泰翁與上帝「通靈」的神妙方式與過程，自忖這集印度哲學與宗教之精神的不朽作品必須配以一種高度完美的詩體方能相互輝映，熠熠生光。我了解坊間已有一些版本以白話散文詩的方式譯出〈泰戈爾詩集〉，而我這幾年來斷斷續續的努力方向即是將泰翁的詩更精緻化，進而推向詩藝術的頂峰。

頌歌集共一百零三篇，我沒有全部譯完，有些因為無法「成形」古典而作罷。本譯詩集精選了六十首（六十，有輪迴之意），全是嘔心之作，相信

能勾勒出泰戈爾博大精神的輪廓。

我在翻譯上，但求神似，貌合就要靠機緣了。通常在「信達雅」的準則取捨下，我會取「雅」而捨「信」或者「達」，然而讀者可以藉由英語對照來審核譯者的功力，或許不同的看法會油然而生。

最後我要特別提出一點個人對詩的看法：各國語言有其獨特的屬性，但丁、歌德、李白的詩作之所以被推崇為圭臬，乃因他們掌握了本國語言的靈魂，即音律，使得詩作流傳百世；當然，他們詩中所闡釋出的高超思想及胸懷，也是恆久不衰的原故。譯者以為泰翁的詩篇有流傳及廣為人誦的必要（一廂情願！），而此譯本的價值，懇請有眼光的讀者予以評判。開始閱讀時必然感到吃力，但不妨如譯者一般多次諛讀出聲（發神精嗎？），意想不到的結果可能隨音而至……

A stylized handwritten signature in black ink, likely belonging to the translator Xu Yu. The characters are fluid and expressive, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

一九九九年六月於台北

~ SONG OFFERINGS ~



*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.*





汝喜使我成無極。

此脆薄東西，
掏空數度汝使其，
並常添生機。

短小此蘆笛，
踏遍山谷汝曾攜，
且隨意用其，
吹出曲調新巧奇。

為汝聖手撫觸及，
吾心融歡產辭璣。

所賜無窮計，
只於我手裏。
年代轉移，
星辰落起，
汝仍傾注不已，
我仍有待充濟。



~ SONG OFFERINGS ~



*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 flights 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.*





命唱時，
心得意欲撕。
瞻汝顏，
淚已含我眼。

生中刺耳不協音，
均化為樂錦一
如渡洋之鳥樂極，
崇拜展雙翼。

知汝自我歌得樂，
惟成歌者汝見得。

唯用歌展翼，
撫汝足難冀。

醉歌心遊走，
竟喚汝為友。



~ SONG OFFERINGS ~



I know not how thou singest, my master!

I ever listen in silent amazement.

The light of thy music illumines the world.

The life breath of thy music runs from sky to sky.

*The holy stream of thy music
breaks through all stony obstacles and rushes on.*

My heart longs to join in thy song,

but vainly struggles for a voice.

*I would speak, but speech breaks not into a song,
and I cry out baffled.*

*Ah, thou hast made my heart captive
in the endless meshes of thy music, my master!*





主！不知汝怎運嗓？
兀自靜聽，靜訝釀。

照世汝樂光。
汝音息弛空。
前奔劈巖障，
音樂之聖洪。
吾心渴參唱，
然聲不得縱。

欲語不得喊亦枉，
心已俘於巨音網。



~ SONG OFFERINGS ~



*Life of my life,
I shall ever try to keep my body pure,
knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.*

*I shall ever try to keep all untruths
out of my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth
which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.*

*I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart
and keep my love in flower,
knowing that thou hast thy seat
in the inmost shrine of my heart.*

*And it shall be my endeavour
to reveal thee in my actions,
knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act.*





吾生之生，
將力保體純，
明汝生撫，
我四肢正觸。

將持思無妄，
明汝為理，
點我心智光。

將除邪離心，
愛花持蘊，
明於吾心廟，
汝已供高。

圖以行示汝，
明汝感召，
予我力行乎！



~ SONG OFFERINGS ~



I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by thy side.

The works that I have in hand

I will finish afterwards.

Away from the sight of thy face

my heart knows no rest nor respite,

and my work becomes an endless toil

in a shoreless sea of toil.

Today the summer has come at my window

with its sighs and murmurs;

and the bees are plying their minstrelsy

at the court of the flowering grove.

Now it is time to sit quiet, face to face with thee,

and to sing dedication of life

in this silent and overflowing leisure.





求瞬容，
以坐汝旁。
手邊工，
片刻再想。

不面對，
赤心不知息與寧。
工變為一
無邊役海無底勤。

窗前夏噓語，
蜂於樹庭慙唱曲。

靜坐時已至，
寂暢閒中獻歌摯。



~ SONG OFFERINGS ~



Pluck this little flower and take it, delay not!

I fear lest it droop and drop into the dust.

*It 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.*





折此花延勿，
恐凋落塵土。

花環或不值編入，
請你禮遇以痛觸。

恐警覺前夜幕落，
奉獻時溜過。

色雖不深香不濃，
及時禮拜用。

