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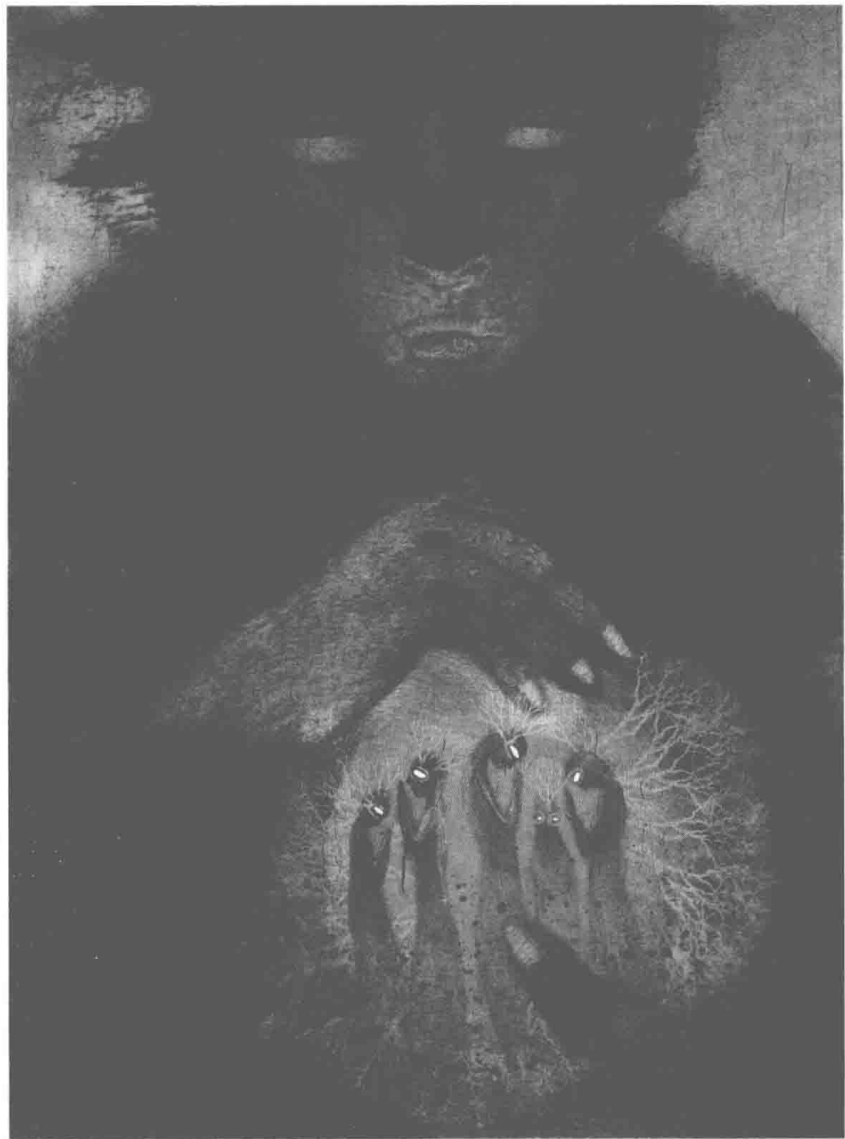
RABINDRANATH TAGORE

你令我生生不息，这是你的心愿。这脆弱的杯子，你反复倒空，又用新鲜的生命将其斟满。

这小小芦笛，你带它翻山越岭，用它吹出常新的旋律。

在你双手永恒的触摸下，我小小的心不羁于欢乐之中，生发出无法言喻的心曲。

你无穷的赐予只降临到我小小的手上。时代过去了，你还在倾注，那里还有空间需要填满。



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.

当你命令我歌唱，我的心仿佛要被骄傲胀破；我凝望着你的脸庞，热泪盈眶。

我生命中所有的严酷与矛盾全都融化成一个甜蜜的和谐——于是我的崇拜打开翅膀，像一只快乐的鸟儿飞越海洋。

我知道你在我的歌唱中拥抱快乐，我知道我只是作为一名歌手才来到你面前。

我通过我歌声远远伸展的翅膀边缘触及你那我从来不敢奢望抵达的脚面。

陶醉于歌唱的快乐中，我得意忘形，把你唤作朋友，你本是我的主。

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.

我不知道你怎样歌唱，我的大师！我永在沉默的惊奇中倾听。

你的音乐之光照亮世界。你音乐的生命气息奔跑在天际。你音乐的神圣溪流冲破所有岩石的阻碍，奔涌向前。

我的心渴望加入你的歌声，但怎么努力也发不出一丝声音。我想说话，但话不成歌，于是我困惑地喊了出来。啊，你使我的心成为你音乐的弥天大网中的俘虏，我的大师！

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 song, and I cry out baffled. Ah, thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of thy music, my master!

我毕生的生命，我会永葆我的身体纯洁，深知你那有血有肉的触摸正遍布我的四肢。

我会永远将我思想中所有的虚伪都剔除，深知你是在我精神中点燃理性明灯的真理。

我会永远将我心灵中所有的邪恶都祛除，让我的爱在鲜花中盛开，深知你在我心灵深处的神殿里拥有一席之地。

于是我要竭力在我的行动中揭示你，深知你的力量会赐我行动的动力。

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 from 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.

我请求放松一阵儿，能够坐在你身边，我手头的工作将延后做完。
离开你眼前的视线，我不懂得休息也不知道喘口气，于是我的工作变成了无涯无际苦海中没完没了的苦工。
今天，夏日来到我窗前，带着叹息和低语；群蜂在花树的宫廷上折断花枝。
此刻是宜于静坐的时光，与你面对面而坐，在这寂静和满溢的闲暇中歌唱生命的献身。

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.
To-day 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 quite, face to face with thee, and to sing dedication
of life in this silent and overflowing leisure.

摘下这小小的花朵，拿走它，别耽搁！我怕它凋谢，掉进泥土。
在你的花环中，我找不到它的位置，但以你之手痛苦的一触尊敬它
吧，然后摘下它。我怕在我觉悟之前，日子已尽，奉献的时光已过。
尽管它颜色不深，香气微弱，但在你的仪式上就用此花吧，还有时间
摘下它。

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.

我的诗歌扔掉了她的装饰品。她再无衣饰的骄奢。装饰品会毁坏我们的结合；它们会阻隔在你我之间。它们叮当作响的声音会淹没你的喃喃低语。

我诗人的虚荣心在你面前羞愧而死。哦，诗豪，我已拜倒在你脚下。就让我的生命单纯而正直，像一支芦笛，供你用音乐来充实。

My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union; they would come between thee and me; their jingling would drown thy whispers. My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.

那被王子的礼服加身珍珠项链环绕在脖子上的孩子，失去了全部玩耍的快乐；他的衣服牵绊着他的每一步。

害怕衣饰搞破或被尘土弄脏，他让自己远离尘世，甚至害怕移动。

母亲，如果它切断了健康的大地的泥土，如果它剥夺了一个人进入人类日常生活的盛大集会的权利，你由于被衣饰所束缚终将一无所获。

The child who is decked with prince's robes and who has jewelled chains round his neck loses all pleasure in his play; his dress hampers him at every step.

In fear that it may be frayed, or stained with dust he keeps himself from the world, and is afraid even to move.

Mother, it is no gain, thy bondage of finery, if it keeps one shut off from the healthful dust of the earth, if it rob one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common human life.

哦傻子，试图将你自己扛在肩头！哦乞丐，来到你自家门口乞讨。
把你全部的负担都留在他那双能够承受一切的手上吧，永远不在后悔
中回头。
你的欲望会立刻用它的气息吹灭所触及的灯火。它是邪恶的——休要
从它不洁的手中拿走你的礼物。只接受神圣之爱所奉献的一切。

O fool, to try to carry thyself upon thy own shoulders! O beggar, to
come to beg at thy own door!
Leave all thy burdens on his hands who can bear all, and never look
behind in regret.
Thy desire at once puts out the light from the lamp it touches with its
breath. It is unholy——take not thy gifts through its unclean hands.
Accept only what is offered by sacred love.

这儿有你的脚凳，于是你在最贫穷最低贱最流离失所最失魂落魄的人群中歇脚。

当我试图向你鞠躬，我的敬礼无法下达你在最贫穷最低贱最流离失所最失魂落魄的人群中歇脚的底层。

骄傲永远无法靠近这里——你衣衫褴褛地走在最贫穷最低贱最流离失所最失魂落魄的人群中间。

我的心永远无法找到一条路通向那里——你与最贫穷最低贱最流离失所最失魂落魄的无依无靠者相依为伴。

Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

放下咒念、唱诵和念珠吧！在门窗紧闭的神殿孤寂黑暗的一隅你拜谁？睁开你的双眼，瞧，你的神不在你面前！

他在那儿——农夫正在耕着坚硬的地面，筑路工人正在碎石的地方。不论艳阳天还是阴雨天他都与他们在一块，他的衣服蒙尘。脱下你神圣的斗篷，甚至像他那样落入凡尘！

解脱？这种解脱上哪里去找？我们的大师已经自得其乐地给自己戴上创造的镣铐；他永远和我们绑在一道。

走出你的冥想，把你的养花与进香丢在一边！即使你的衣服搞破弄脏了又有多大危害？去与他相遇，站在他身边，在辛苦的劳作中，在你眉毛滴落的汗珠里。