

泰戈尔

新月集

天堂送给大地的诗篇

译 李慧娜

汕头大学出版社

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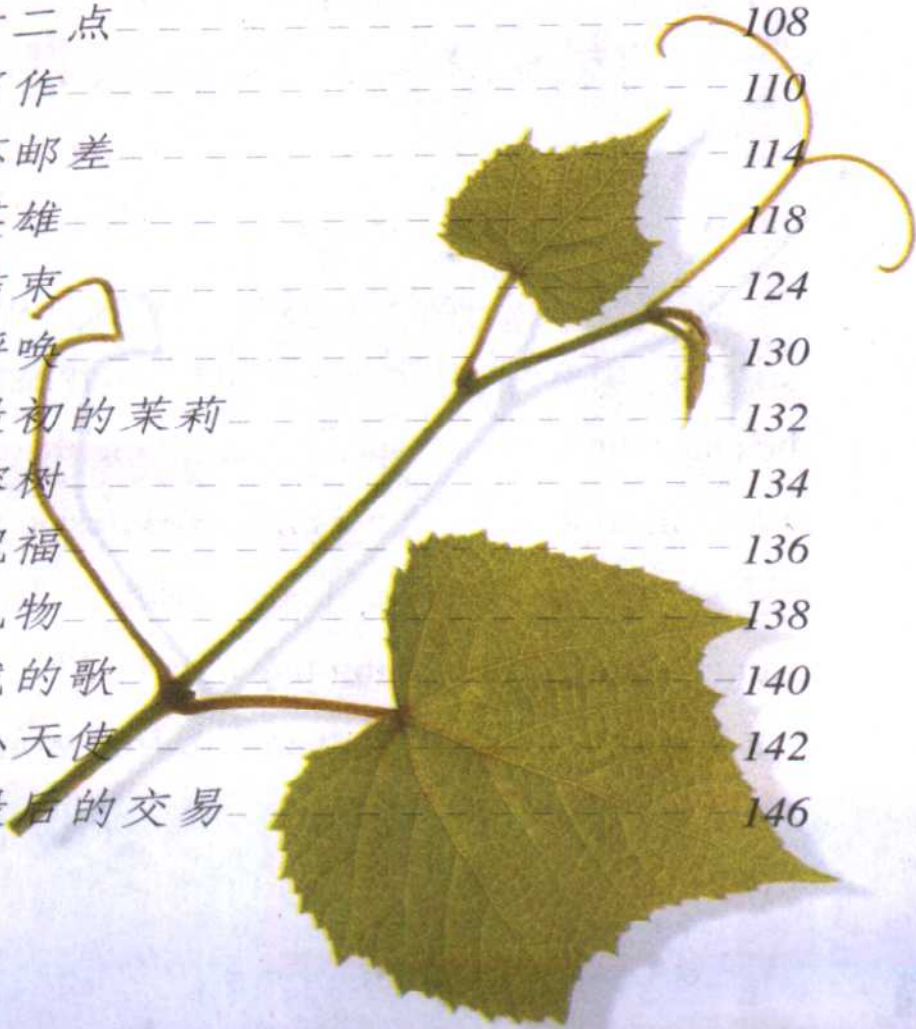
The Crescent Moon

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THE HOME

I PACED alone on the road across the field while the sunset was hiding its last gold like a miser.

The daylight sank deeper and deeper into the darkness, and the widowed land, whose harvest had been reaped, lay silent.

Suddenly a boy's shrill voice rose into the sky. He traversed the dark unseen, leaving the track of his song across the hush of the evening.

His village home lay there at the end of the waste land, beyond the sugar-cane field, hidden among the shadows of the banana and the slender areca palm, the coconut and the dark green jack-fruit trees.

I stopped for a moment in my lonely way under the starlight, and saw spread before me the darkened earth surrounding with her arms countless homes furnished with cradles and beds, mothers' hearts and evening lamps, and young lives glad with a gladness that knows nothing of its value for the world.

家

我独自漫步于田间小路，
夕阳如吝啬的财主，隐匿最后一点金黄。
日光渐渐沉入深深的黑暗，
孤寡的田地因农获收尽而荒置无言。
突然，男孩尖锐的歌声昂扬破空，
穿越了黑暗，余韵在静阒的夜晚袅袅。
他家就在荒地边缘的村落，
穿过蕉田，隐约在香蕉和修直的槟榔树，
以及椰子和墨绿榴梿的密荫中。
星光下我在独行的途中伫立片刻，
望着幽黑的大地在我眼前开展，
用双臂环拥着无数的家庭、
摇篮和眠床、母亲们的心和夜晚的灯光，
还有那年轻而自然愉悦的生命。
毫不自觉这样的欢愉对于世界的价值。



ON THE SEASHORE

ON the seashore of endless worlds children meet.

The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand, and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl-fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.



在海滨

在无尽世界的海滨孩子们相聚。

头上无垠的天空静止，不息的海水狂暴。

在无尽世界的海滨，

孩子们相聚，叫着、跳着。



他们以沙筑屋，他们戏耍着空贝壳。

他们用凋萎的枯叶编织他们的船只，

然后微笑地让它们在深海中漂浮。

孩子们有自己的游戏，在世界的海滨。

他们不知如何游泳，他们不知如何撒网。

采珠者潜水寻觅珍珠，商人们乘船航行，

而孩子们将鹅卵石拾起又抛撒。

他们不寻找宝藏，他们不知如何撒网。

The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams
the smile of the sea-beach. Death-dealing waves sing
meaningless ballads to the children, even like a
mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays
with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-
beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.
Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships are wrecked
in the trackless water, death is abroad and children
play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great



海洋带着笑声涌起大浪，
苍白闪烁着的是海滩的笑容。
凶险波涛对着孩子们唱着无意义的歌，
竟似母亲推动婴儿摇篮时的哼唱。
大海与孩子们嬉耍，
苍白闪烁着的是海滩的笑容。

在无尽世界的海滨孩子们相聚。
暴风雨在无径的空中怒吼，
船只在无踪的水里崩解。
死神处处皆在而孩子们嬉耍。
在无尽世界的海滨是孩子们盛大的聚会。

THE SOURCE

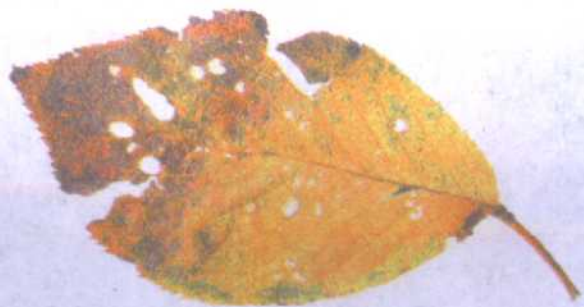
THE sleep that flits on baby's eyes—does anybody know from where it comes? Yes, there is a rumour that it has its dwelling where, in the fairy village among shadows of the forest dimly lit with glow-worms, there hang two shy buds of enchantment. From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.

The smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps—does anybody know where it was born? Yes, there is a rumour that a young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed morning—the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps.

The sweet, soft freshness that blooms on baby's limbs—does anybody know where it was hidden so long? Yes, when the mother was a young girl it lay pervading her heart in tender and silent mystery of love—the sweet, soft freshness that has bloomed on baby's limbs.



飞至婴儿眼睛停驻的睡眠，有谁知道
它从何而来？是的，传说它住在森林树影
深处，在萤火虫微光映照之下的精灵村，
那儿悬挂着两个迷人的娇羞花蕾。
从那儿，它飞来亲吻婴儿的眼睛。
婴儿酣睡时唇边闪烁的笑容，有谁知道
它从何而生？是的，传说新月那青春纤弱
的光束碰触了消逝中的秋云边缘，于是
在露珠涤净的清晨梦中，初生了这笑容——
在婴儿酣睡时唇边闪烁的笑容。
婴儿四肢盛放甜蜜而柔美的清新，有谁知道
它在何处久藏？是的，当母亲还是少女时，
它便饱藏于她心中，那心洋溢着
温柔恬静的爱之神秘——
那甜蜜而柔美的清新已在婴儿的四肢盛放。



BABY'S WAY

IF baby only wanted to, he could fly up to heaven
this moment.

It is not for nothing that he does not leave us.

He loves to rest his head on mother's bosom, and
cannot ever bear to lose sight of her.

Baby knows all manner of wise words, though few
on earth can understand their meaning.

It is not for nothing that he never wants to speak.

The one thing he wants is to learn mother's words
from mother's lips. That is why he looks so innocent.

Baby had a heap of gold and pearls, yet he came
like a beggar on to this earth.

It is not for nothing he came in such a disguise.

This dear little naked mendicant pretends to be
utterly helpless, so that he may beg for mother's
wealth of love.

婴儿之道

只要婴儿愿意，他可以在此刻飞往天堂。他不离开我们是有原故的。他喜爱把头憩息在母亲的胸怀，并且一刻也不能忍受她离开视线。

婴儿知道所有智慧之语，虽然世上少有人能领会个中真义。他从不说话是有原故的。他要的是从母亲的唇学习母亲的言语。因此他看来如此纯真。

婴儿原本拥有成堆的黄金和珍珠，但他却像个乞儿般来到这世上。他伪装成这样到来是有原故的。这可爱的赤裸的乞儿，假装全然无助，如此

Baby was so free from every tie in the land of the tiny crescent moon.

It was not for nothing he gave up his freedom.

He knows that there is room for endless joy in mother's little corner of a heart, and it is sweeter far than liberty to be caught and pressed in her dear arms.

Baby never knew how to cry. He dwelt in the land of perfect bliss.

It is not for nothing he has chosen to shed tears.

Though with the smile of his dear face he draws mother's yearning heart to him, yet his little cries over tiny troubles weave the double bond of pity and love.

