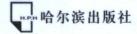
The collection of Jagore's Poems

泰戈尔的诗

[印度] 罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔 著 徐翰林 译



流诸笔端的天籁 无与伦比之杰作



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关于作者

他是我们圣人中的第一人: 不拒绝生命, 而且能 说出生命之本身, 这就是我们所以爱他的原因了。

罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔(1861-1941年),享誉世界的印度诗人、小说家、思想家,生于孟加拉一个富有哲学和文学艺术修养的贵族家庭。泰戈尔8岁就开始写诗,并展露出非凡的天赋,15岁时出版诗集《原野之花》,被称为"孟加拉的雪莱"。1878年赴英国留学,1880年回国后专门从事文学写作。在他的创作生涯中,涉足了诗歌、小说、戏剧等不同领域,均获得不凡的成就。

1910年,泰戈尔自译的英文版《吉檀迦利》出版,轰动了全世界。1913年,他因该诗集荣获诺贝尔文学奖,从此跻身世界文坛,其作品被译成多国文字,广为流传。

泰戈尔一生中共写了50多部作品,其中最著名的有散文诗集《飞鸟集》、《吉檀迦利》、《园丁集》、《新月集》、《采果集》等。 另外他还创作了12部中长篇小说,100多篇短小说,20多部剧本以及大量的文学、哲学、政治论著,其作品博大精深,充满了慈善仁爱的胸怀和独特的人格魅力,赢得了无数人的景仰。

1941年8月7日泰戈尔病逝。他的一生以火一般的热情为世人打开了一扇扇通往灵魂的窗口,引领人们进入他隽永不朽的哲思。不同的人生阶段,能品出不同的滋味;每字,每句,都值得细细咀嚼!





关于作品

"谁从婴儿的眼中窃去了睡眠?我必须知道……正午时分,孩童的戏耍时间已经结束;池塘里的鸭子沉默无声。牧童在榕树的树阴下睡去了,白鹤庄严而安静地立在芒果树旁的泥沼中。此刻,窃眠者进来,从婴儿的眼中偷走了睡眠,飞走了。"

还有比这更优美的文字吗?只有在泰戈尔的笔下,我们才能读到这种天真、稚嫩的情趣。一首首诗仿佛具有一种深不可测的魔力,能看到一切事物的意义,能将我们带到美丽而和平的世界。

《泰戈尔的诗》包括《飞鸟集》、《新月集》、《园丁集》、《吉檀迦利》、《采果集》、《流萤集》等作品,代表了泰戈尔不同时期、不同风格用英文所写的作品。

《飞鸟集》是泰戈尔的代表作之一,也是世界上最杰出的诗集之一,它包括 300 余首清丽的小诗。在作者笔下,白昼和黑夜、溪流和海洋、自由和背叛合二为一,短小的语句道出了深刻的人生哲理,引领世人探寻真理和智慧的源泉。初读这些小诗,如同在雨后的初夏清晨,推开窗户,看到一个淡泊清透的世界,一切都是那么清新、美好,可是其中的韵味却很悠长、耐人寻味。



给泰戈尔带来世界声誉的当属 1910 年自译的哲理诗集《吉檀迦利》,这本书的出版将其独特的风格展示给世界,并征服了世人。 1913 年,他因该诗集荣获诺贝尔文学奖,从此跻身于世界文坛,其作品被译成多国文字,广为流传。

继《吉檀迦利》之后的《园丁集》则是一部"生命之歌",更多 地融进了诗人青春时代的体验,细腻地描叙了爱情的幸福、烦恼与 忧伤,可以视为一部青春恋歌。诗人在回首往事时吟唱出这些恋歌, 在回味青春心灵的悸动时,又与自己的青春保有一定距离,并进行 了理性的审视与思考,使这部诗集不时闪烁出哲理的光彩。

《新月集》是诗人历经人世沧桑之后,从睿智而洁净的心灵唱出的儿歌。诗人熔铸儿时的经验,借助儿童的目光,营造了一个晶莹的童话世界。深达的哲理,时时从童稚的话语和天真的画面中流露出来,智者的心灵与纯真的童心在《新月集》里达到了最好的融合。

自 20 年代起,泰戈尔的作品便由冰心、郑振择等译成中文,受到众多读者的喜爱,至今仍传诵不息。他的作品之所以流行,能引起全世界人的兴趣,一半在于他思想中的高超的理想主义,一半在于他作品中的文学的庄严与美丽。

在这个飞速发展的时代,阅读泰戈尔,会使你的心灵变得纯净,会让你的精神寻到一片休憩的家园。要知道,这个头缠白布,身穿白袍,留长胡须的老头儿,早在百年前,就曾问道:

你是谁,读者,百年后读着我的诗?



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 sign.

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

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

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

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

夏天的飞鸟,来到我的窗前,歌唱,又飞走了。 秋天的黄叶,

它们没有什么曲子可唱,一声叹息,飘落在地上。 世界上一队小小的流浪者啊,在我的字里行间留下你们的足迹吧! 世界对着它的爱人,扯下它那庞大的面具。 它变小了,小得宛如一首歌,小得宛如一个永恒的吻。 大地的泪珠,使她的微笑如鲜花般盛开。 夏天的飞鸟,来到我的窗前,歌唱,又飞走了。

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大地的泪珠, 使她的微笑如鲜花般盛开。

广袤的沙漠,狂热追求一叶绿草的爱,但她笑着摇摇头,飞走了。

如果你因错过太阳而哭泣, 那么你也会错过群星了。

舞动着的流水啊,在你途中的泥沙,正乞求你的歌声,你的舞蹈呢!你是否肯背负跛足的泥沙向前奔腾?

她热切的脸, 如夜晚的雨水, 萦绕在我的梦中。

有一次,我们梦见彼此竟是陌生人。

泰戈尔西语

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And yellow leaves of autumn,

which have no songs, flutter and fall there with a sign.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Once we dreamt that we were strangers.

醒来时,才发现我们本是亲密无间。 忧伤在我心中沉静下来,宛如降临在寂静山林中的夜色。 一些看不见的手指,如慵懒的微风,在我心上奏着潺潺的乐章。

- "大海啊,你说的是什么?"
- "是永恒的质疑。"
- "天空啊,你回答的是什么?"
- "是永恒的沉默。"

听,我的心啊,听那世界的呢喃,这是它对你爱的召唤! 创造的神秘,有如夜的黑暗——它是伟大的,而知识的幻影却如清晨之雾。 不要因为峭壁的高耸,而让你的爱情坐在上面。

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

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

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

"What language is thine, O sea?"

"The language of eternal question?

"What language is thy answer, O sky?"

"The language of eternal silence.

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

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

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

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今天早晨, **我坐在窗前, 世界就如**一个过客, 稍歇片刻, 向我点点头, 便 走了。

这些零碎的思想,**是树叶沙沙之声**;它们在我的心里,欢快地低语着。 你看不见自己,你所见到的只是自己的影子。

主啊,我的那些愿望真是傻透了,它们喧闹着穿越你的歌声。只让我聆 听吧。

我不能选择最好的。

是那最好的来选择我。

那些背着灯的人,他们的影子投到了前面。

我的存在,是一个永恒的惊奇,这就是人生。

"我们, 簌簌的树叶, 都应和着暴风雪。而你又是谁, 如此沉默着?" "我只是一朵花。"

泰戈尔

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

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

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

My wishes are fools, they shout across thy song, my master.

Let me but listen.

I cannot choose the best.

The best chooses me.

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

That I exist is a perpetual surprise which is life.

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

"I am a mere flower."

休憩之于工作,正如眼睑之于眼睛。

人是一个初生的孩子,成长是他的力量。

上帝企盼着我们的回答, 乃是因为他送给了我们花朵, 而不是阳光和大地。 光明游玩于绿叶丛中, 好似一个赤裸的孩子, 不知道人是可以撒谎的。 美啊, 在爱中寻找你自己吧, 别到你镜子的恭维里去寻觅。

在世界之岸,我的心随着她的涟漪**搏动,我用热泪写就了她的名字:"我**爱你。"

- "月儿啊,你在等候什么?"
- "等待向太阳致敬,因为我得给它让路。"

绿树长到了我的窗前,仿佛是无言的大地发出饥渴的声音。 上帝感到自己的清晨无比新奇。

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集

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

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

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

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

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

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."

"Moon, for what do you wait?"

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

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

His own mornings are new surprises to God.

世界的需求使生命富裕起来, 爱情的需求使之价值连城。

干涸的河床,并不感谢它的往昔。

鸟儿愿为一朵云;

云儿愿为一只鸟。

瀑布歌唱着:"我得到自由时,也就有了歌声。"

我不懂这心为何静默地忍受煎熬。

它是为了那不曾要求、不曾知晓、不曾记得的小小需求。

女人, 你在料理家务的时候, 你的手脚歌唱着, 宛如山涧溪流歌唱着从 卵石中流过。

当太阳横穿西海时, 在东方留下他最后的致意。

当你没胃口时,不要抱怨食物。

绿树仿佛在表示对大地的渴望, 踮起脚尖, 窥视天空。

泰戈尔奇



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

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

The bird wishes it were a cloud.

The cloud wishes it were a bird.

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

I cannot tell why this heart languishes in silence.

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

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

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

Do not blame your food because you have no appetite.

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

你对我微笑着,沉默不语。我觉得,为了这个,我已等候很久。 水里的鱼儿沉默着,陆上的野兽喧哗着,天上的鸟儿歌唱着。 然而,人类却兼有大海的沉默、大地的喧闹和天空的乐曲。 世界在缠绵的心弦上跑过,奏出忧伤的音乐。 他把自己的武器当做他的上帝。 当武器胜利之时,他自己却失败了。

上帝从创造中找到了自己。

影子蒙上她的面纱,悄悄地,温柔地,用她沉默的爱的脚步,跟 在"光"之后。

群星毫不畏惧自己看似萤火虫。

感谢上帝,我不是一个权力的车轮,而是被压在它下面的一个生灵。

で写集

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

The fish in the water is silent, the animal on the earth is noisy, the bird in the air is singing. But Man has in him the silence of the sea, the noise of the earth and the music of the air.

The world rushes on over the strings of the lingering heart making the music of sadness.

He has made his weapons his gods.

When his weapons win he is defeated himself.

God finds himself by creating.

Shadow, with her veil drawn, follows Light in secret meekness, with her silent steps of love.

The stars are not afraid to appear like fireflies.

I thank thee that I am none of the wheels of power but I am one with the living creatures that are crushed by it. 这意念是犀利的,不是开阔的,它执著于每一点,却并不动弹。 你的偶像消散在尘埃中,这足以证明神的尘埃比你的偶像还伟大。 人类不能在他的历史中表现自我,只能在这中间挣扎着向前。

玻璃灯责备瓦灯叫他表兄。但月亮出来时,玻璃灯却温柔一笑,叫月亮: "我亲爱的,亲爱的姐姐。"

如海鸥与波涛相遇一般,我们邂逅了,靠近了。海鸥飞散,波涛滚滚而 逝,我们也分别了。

我的白昼已经完了,我就像一只停泊在海滩上的小船,聆听着晚潮奏起的舞曲。

生命是上天赋予的,我们惟有献出生命,才能真正得到它。 我们最谦卑时,才最接近伟大。

泰戈尔西诗

The mind, sharp but not broad, sticks at every point but does not move.

Your idol is shattered in the dust to prove that god's dust is greater than your idol.

Man does not reveal himself in his history, he struggles up through it.

While the glass lamp rebukes the earthen for calling it cousin, the moon rises, and the glass lamp, with a bland smile, calls her, "My dear, dear sister."

Like the meeting of the seagulls and the waves we meet and come near.

The seagulls fly off, the waves roll away and we depart.

My day is done, and I am like a boat drawn on the beach, listening to the dance music of the tide in the evening.

Life is given to us, we earn it by giving it.

We come nearest to the great when we are great in humility.

麻雀为孔雀担忧,因为它不得不负担着硕大的尾翎。 决不要害怕"刹那"——永恒之声如此歌唱着。 飓风在绝路中寻找捷径,又突然地在"无影之国"终止了它的寻觅。

快在我的杯中饮了我的酒吧,朋友。 若是倒入别人的杯里,这酒激荡的泡沫便要消失了。 "完美"为了对"不完美"示爱,把自己**装扮得美丽之极**。

上帝对人类说:"我治愈你,所以才伤害你,我爱你,所以才惩罚你。" 感谢火焰的光明,但是别忘了执灯人,他正坚忍地站在黑暗之中。 小草啊,你的足迹虽小,然而你却拥有脚下的土地。 小花绽放出蓓蕾,高喊着:"亲爱的世界啊,请不要凋零。"



7

鸟集

The sparrow is sorry for the peacock at the burden of its tail.

Never be afraid of the moments — thus sings the voice of the everlasting.

The hurricane seeks the shortest road by the no-road, and suddenly ends its search in the Nowhere.

Take my wine in my own cup, friend.

It loses its wreath of foam when poured into that of others.

The perfect decks itself in beauty for the love of the imperfect.

God says to man, "I heal you therefore I hurt, love you therefore punish."

Thank the flame for its light, but do not forget the lampholder standing in the shade with constancy of patience.

Tiny grass, your steps are small, but you possess the earth under your tread.

The infant flower opens its bud and cries, "Dear world, please do not fade."

上帝对于庞大的王国逐渐心生厌恶,但从不厌恶那小小的花朵。 谬误经不起失败,但真理却不怕失败。

瀑布歌唱道:"尽管口渴者只需要少量的水,我却愉快地献出了全部的水。" 把这些花朵抛掷上去的那种无尽的喜悦,其源泉在哪里? 樵夫用斧头向大树乞求斧柄。 大树给了他。

雾,如爱情,在山峰的心上嬉戏,绽放出种种美丽的惊喜。 我们看错了世界,反而说它欺骗了我们。 诗人的风,穿越海洋和森林,找寻它自己的歌声。

泰戈尔西



God grows weary of great kingdoms, but never of little flowers.

Wrong cannot afford defeat but Right can.

"I give my whole water in joy," sings the waterfall, "thought little of it is enough for the thirsty."

Where is the fountain that throws up these flowers in a ceaseless outbreak of ecstasy?

The woodcutter's axe begged for its handle from the tree.

The tree gave it.

In my solitude of heart I feel the sigh of this widowed evening veiled with mist and rain.

Chastity is a wealth that comes from abundance of love.

The mist, like love, plays upon the heart of the hills and bring out surprises of beauty.

We read the world wrong and say that it deceives us.

The poet wind is out over the sea and the forest to seek his own voice.