

先知双语经典
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[印度] 罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔 著

杜静斐 译

THE-GARDENER

园丁集

印度诗圣为爱而唱的赞歌

哈尔滨出版社

生命倾诉凝成的诗篇

灵魂碰撞酿成的箴言

The Gardener

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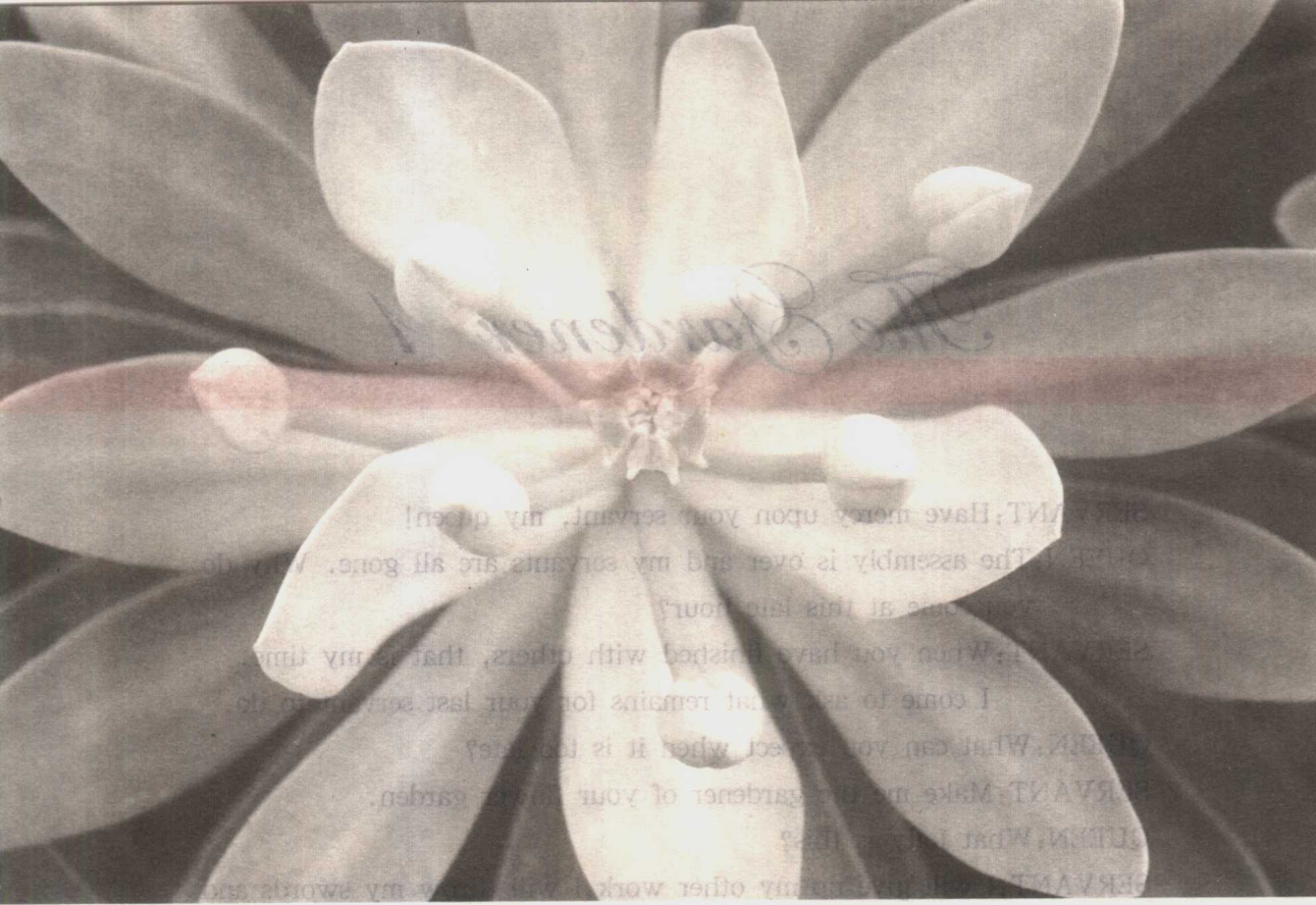


罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔 (Rabindranath Tagore, 1861—1941), 享誉世界的印度诗人、小说家、思想家。他生于孟加拉一个富有哲学和文学艺术修养的贵族家庭, 8岁就学着写诗, 并展露出非凡的天赋, 13岁时就能创作长诗和颂歌体诗, 1878年赴英国留学, 1880年回国后专门从事文学写作。1912年, 泰戈尔自译的英文版《吉檀迦利》出版, 轰动了整个世界。1913年, 他因该诗集荣获诺贝尔文学奖, 从此跻身于世界文坛, 其作品被译成多国文字, 广为流传。

泰戈尔一生中共写了50多部诗集, 其中最著名的有《园丁集》、《吉檀迦利》、《飞鸟集》、《新月集》、《采果集》等。另外他还创作了12部中篇小说, 100多篇短篇小说, 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。

关于作品

《园丁集》是泰戈尔的另一部重要的代表作之一，是一部“生命之歌”，它更多地融入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，无疑又与自己的青春保有一定距离，并进行理性的审视与思考，使这部恋歌不时地闪烁出哲理的光彩。阅读这些诗篇，如同漫步在暴风雨过后的初夏里，一股挡不住的清新与芬芳，仿佛看到一个亮丽而清透的世界，一切都是那样的纯净、美好，使人与不知不觉中体味爱与青春的味道。



园丁集

The Gardener 1

SERVANT: Have mercy upon your servant, my queen!

QUEEN: The assembly is over and my servants are all gone. Why do you come at this late hour?

SERVANT: When you have finished with others, that is my time.

I come to ask what remains for your last servant to do.

QUEEN: What can you expect when it is too late?

SERVANT: Make me the gardener of your flower garden.

QUEEN: What folly is this?

SERVANT: I will give up my other work. I will throw my swords and lances down in the dust. Do not send me to distant courts, do not bid me undertake new conquests. But make me the gardener of your flower garden.

QUEEN: What will your duties be?



仆人：女王啊，宽恕您的仆人吧！

女王：集会已经结束了，我的仆人都走了。这么晚了你来做什么？

仆人：您与别人的事情结束了，就该是我的时间了。我过来问问，还剩什么事要让您最后的仆人去做。

女王：这么晚了，你还期望着做什么呢？

仆人：让我做您花园的园丁吧。

女王：荒唐！

仆人：我会搁下我其他的事情。我会把我的剑与矛扔进尘土中。别把我送到那遥远的宫廷；别命令我作新的征讨。就让我做您花园中的园丁吧。

女王：你将履行什么职责呢？

SERVANT: The service of your idle days.

I will keep fresh the grassy path where you walk in the morning, where your feet will be greeted with praise at every step by the flowers eager for death.

I will swing you in a swing among the branches of the saptaparna, where the early evening moon will struggle to kiss your skirt through the leaves.

I will replenish with scented oil the lamp that burns by your bedside, and decorate your footstool with sandalwood and saffron paste in wondrous designs.

QUEEN: What will you have for your reward?

SERVANT: To be allowed to hold your little fists like tender lotus-buds and slip flower chains over your wrists; to tinge the soles of your feet with the red juice of ashoka petals and kiss away the speck of dust that may chance to linger there.

QUEEN: Your prayers are granted, my servant, you will be the gardener of my flower garden.

仆人：侍候您的闲暇时光。

我会让您在清晨散步时，时时看到小路上芳草鲜嫩，您的脚每挪动一步，将有鲜花甘愿冒死来问候，来赞扬您。

我会让您在七叶树花枝间的秋千上摇荡，初升的月亮挣扎着穿过枝叶，亲吻您的长裙。

我会给您床头燃着的灯盏里注满芳香的灯油，用檀香和藏红花膏涂成奇妙的图案，装饰您的脚凳。

女王：你想要什么样的回报？

仆人：允许我捧着您的小拳头，像捧着柔嫩的莲花花蕾，把花链滑到您腕上；用无忧的红花花汁染红您的脚底，亲吻掉偶然间洒落在那里的尘埃。

女王：你的请求被准许了，我的仆人，你将是我的花园的园丁。

"Ah, poet, the evening draws near, your hair is turning grey.

"Do you in your lonely musing hear the message of the hereafter?"

"It is evening," the poet said, "and I am listening because someone may call from the village, late though it be.

"I watch if young straying hearts meet together, and two pairs of eager eyes beg for music to break their silence and speak for them.

"Who is there to weave their passionate songs, if I sit on the shore of life and contemplate death and the beyond?

"The early evening star disappears.

"The glow of a funeral pyre slowly dies by the silent river.

"Jackals cry in chorus from the courtyard of the deserted house in the light of the worn-out moon.

"If some wanderer, leaving home, come here to watch the night and with bowed head listen to the murmur of the darkness, who is there to whisper the secrets of life into his ears if I, shutting my doors, should try to free myself from mortal bonds?

"It is a trifle that my hair is turning grey.

"I am ever as young or as old as the youngest and the oldest of this village.

—
—

“啊，诗人，暮色就要降临了，你的头发变白了。

“在你孤独的沉思中，是否听到了来世的消息？”

“是黑夜了，”诗人说，“我还在聆听，因为可能有人在村子里叫我，尽管很晚了。

“我观望着，看是否有年轻漂泊的心相聚，是否有两双渴望的眼睛乞求着音乐来打破他们的沉静，替他们道出心声。

“谁会在那里编织他们火热的情歌，如果我坐在生命的海岸，思索着死亡与来世？

“那夜初的星辰消隐了。

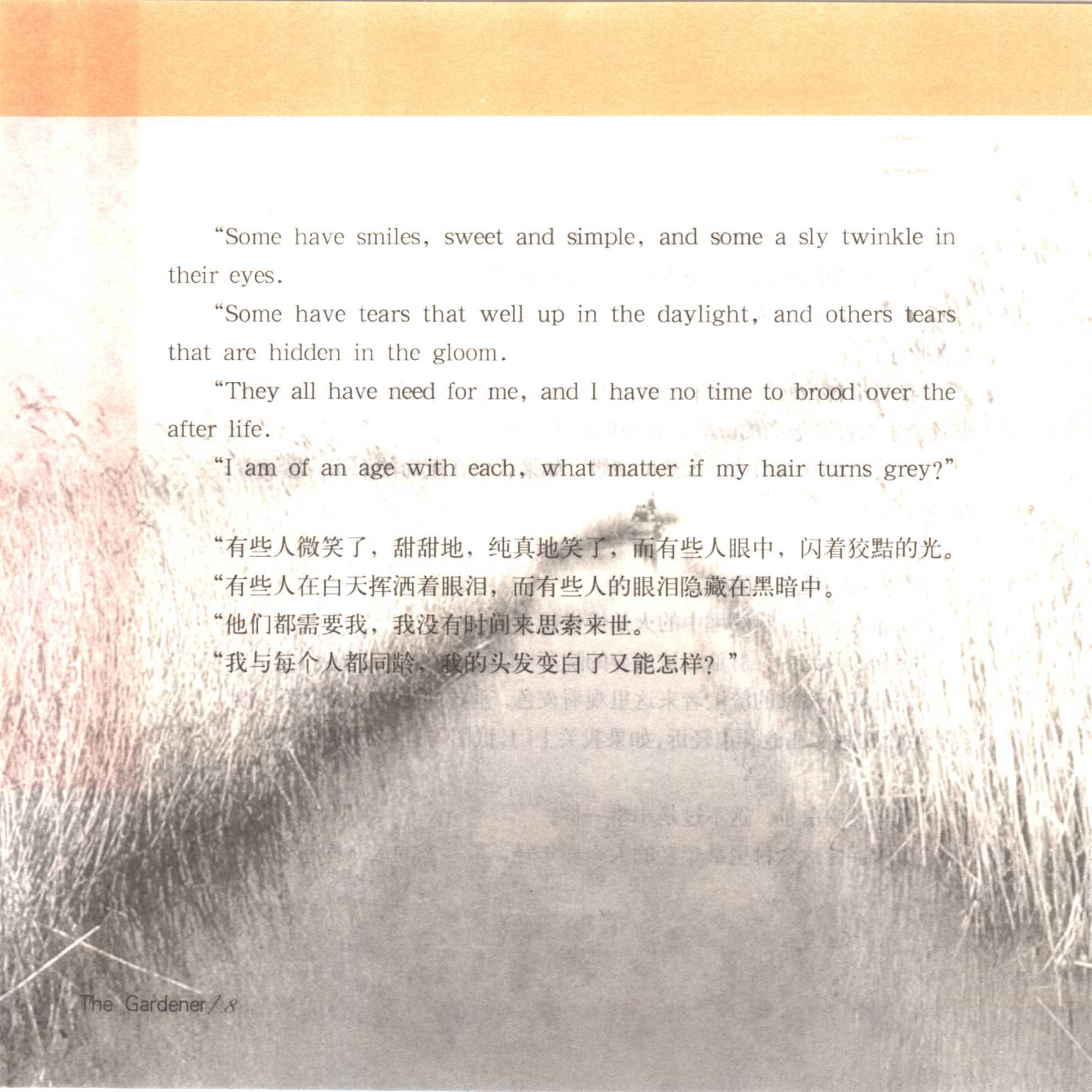
“寂静的河边，殡葬堆中的火焰慢慢熄灭了。

“疲惫的月光中，豺狼在被废弃的院落中齐声嚎叫。

“如果某个离家的流浪者来这里观看夜色，垂首聆听黑暗的低语，谁会把生命的意义在他耳边轻诉，如果我关上门，试图与世俗的羁绊隔绝？

“我头发变白了，这不过是小事一桩。

“我永远像这个村里最年轻的人一样年轻，最苍老的人一样苍老。



“Some have smiles, sweet and simple, and some a sly twinkle in their eyes.

“Some have tears that well up in the daylight, and others tears that are hidden in the gloom.

“They all have need for me, and I have no time to brood over the after life.

“I am of an age with each, what matter if my hair turns grey?”

“有些人微笑了，甜甜地，纯真地笑了，而有些人眼中，闪着狡黠的光。

“有些人在白天挥洒着眼泪，而有些人的眼泪隐藏在黑暗中。

“他们都需要我，我没有时间来思索来世。

“我与每个人都同龄，我的头发变白了又能怎样？”



The Gardener 3

In the morning I cast my net into the sea.

I dragged up from the dark abyss things of strange aspect and strange beauty—some shone like a smile, some glistened like tears, and some were flushed like the cheeks of a bride.

When with the day's burden I went home, my love was sitting in the garden idly tearing the leaves of a flower.

I hesitated for a moment, and then placed at her feet all that I had dragged up, and stood silent.

She glanced at them and said, "What strange things are these? I know not of what use they are!"

I bowed my head in shame and thought, "have not fought for these, I did not buy them in the market; they are not fit gifts for her."

Then the whole night through I flung them one by one into the street.

In the morning travellers came; they picked them up and carried them into far countries.



清晨，我把渔网撒进了大海。

我从黑暗的深渊拖出一些东西：奇异的形状，奇异的美丽——有些照耀着，像微笑；有些闪烁着，像眼泪；有些一片红晕，像新娘的脸颊。

我带着一天的负担回到家时，我的爱人正坐在花园中，悠闲地扯动着片片花叶。我犹豫片刻，然后把所有打捞到的东西放在她脚边，默默地站在一边。她扫了那些东西一眼说：“这些怪东西是什么？我不知道它们有什么用！”

我低下头，羞愧地想：“我不曾为这些东西奋斗，也没到市场上去购买它们；它们不是我献给她的合适的礼物。”

整整一夜，我把它们一件一件地丢到了大街上。

清晨，游人们来了，捡起那些东西，把它们带到了遥远的国度。

The Gardener 4

Ah me, why did they build my house by the road to the market town?
They moor their laden boats near my trees.
They come and go and wander at their will.
I sit and watch them; my time wears on.
Turn them away I cannot. And thus my days pass by.
Night and day their steps sound by my door.
Vainly I cry, "I do not know you."

Some of them are known to my fingers, some to my nostrils, the blood
in my veins seems to know them, and some are known to my dreams.

Turn them away I cannot. I call them and say, "Come to my house
whoever chooses. Yes, come."

In the morning the bell rings in the temple.

They come with their baskets in their hands.

Their feet are rosy red. The early light of dawn is on their faces.

Turn them away I cannot. I call them and I say, "Come to my garden
to gather flowers. Come hither."