

名家·译·丛

双语阅读

新月集

[印度] 泰戈尔/著
吴岩/译

*My song will be like a pair of wings to your dreams, it will transport your heart to the
verge of the unknown.*

我的歌将替你的梦添上一对翅膀，把你的心载运到未知世界的边缘。

*It will be like the faithful star overhead when dark night is over your road.
黑夜笼罩你的道路时，它将如忠实的明星在你头上照耀。*

长征出版社

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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 dark-ened 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.

家庭

我独自在穿过田野的大路上踽踽而行，夕阳正在把它最后的黄金收藏起来，像个怪吝人一般。

白昼愈来愈深地沉没到黑暗里去了；而孤苦无依的大地，地上的庄稼收割殆尽，默默无言地躺在那儿。

一个孩子的尖锐的声音突然响彻云霄。孩子穿过黑暗，无人看见，他歌声留下的踪迹，横越黄昏的寂静。

他那乡村的家，坐落在荒地尽头、甘蔗田外，藏在香蕉树和细长的槟榔树、椰子树和深绿色的木菠萝树的树影里。

我在星光下我那孤寂的路上小立片刻，看到面前伸展着黑沉沉的大地，大地正以她的双臂环抱着不计其数的家庭。家家户户都有着孩子的摇篮和大人的眠床，母亲的心和黄昏的灯，以及年轻的生命。这些生命欢欢乐乐，却全然不知其欢乐对于世界的价值。



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 world 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 deepsea. 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 scat them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

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

在海边

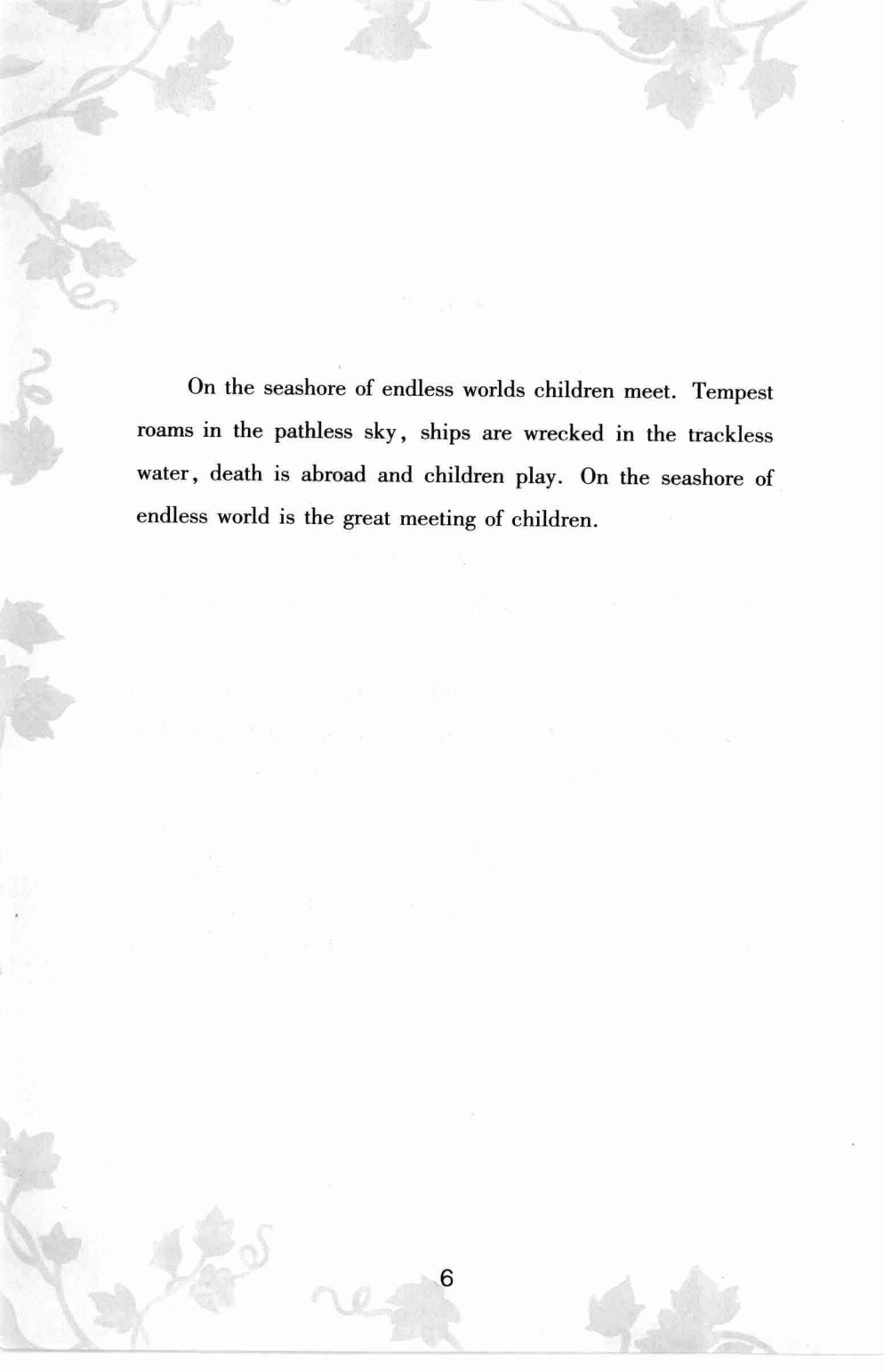
孩子们在大千世界的海滨集会。

头上无垠的天空是静止的，而无休止的海水奔腾澎湃。
集会在大千世界的海滨，孩子们欢呼跳跃。

他们用沙子建造房屋，他们用空贝壳游戏，他们用枯叶编成小船，微笑着把小船漂浮在茫茫大海上。孩子们游戏在大千世界的海滨。

他们不会游泳，他们不会撒网。采珠人潜水寻找珍珠，商人扬帆航行，而孩子们捡来了卵石，又重新把卵石撒掉了。他们不寻求隐藏的财宝，他们不知道如何撒网。

大海欢笑着涌起洪波，海滩上闪耀着苍白的微笑。致人死命的海浪，对孩子们唱着毫无意义的歌谣，竟像母亲摇晃婴儿的摇篮时一样。大海和孩子们游戏，海滩上闪耀着苍白的微笑。

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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 world is the great meeting of children.

孩子们在大千世界的海滨集会。风暴在无路的天空里激荡，船舶在无轨的水面上颠覆，死亡横行，而孩子们在游戏。在大千世界的海滨，孩子们正举行盛大的集会。



THE SOURCE

The sleep that flits on baby's eyes, does anybody know from where it comes? Yes, there is a rumor 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 rumor that a young soft 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.

源泉

在婴儿眼睛上掠过的睡眠——可有人知道它是从哪儿来的？是的，谣传说，它的寓所是在仙乡之中流萤朦胧地照亮的森林阴影里；那儿还挂着两个羞怯的令人陶醉的蓓蕾呢。它便是从那儿过来亲吻婴儿的眼睛的。

婴儿熟睡时在唇边闪现的微笑——可有人知道它是在哪儿诞生的？是的，谣传说，新月的一道初露的白色微光，触到了正在消散的秋云的边缘，微笑便在那儿第一次诞生于露水洗净的早晨的梦里——这便是婴儿熟睡时在唇边闪现的微笑。

从婴儿的四肢上像花香一样散发出来的温柔鲜嫩的气息——可有人知道它在哪儿藏了那么长久？是的，那母亲还是个少女的时候，它就在爱情柔嫩寂静的神秘里沁润着她的心了——这便是从婴儿四肢上像花香一样散发出来的温柔鲜嫩的气息。

BABY'S WAY

If only baby 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 onto 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

只要婴儿有这个愿望，他此时此刻就可以飞到天上去。

他所以不离开我们，并非无缘无故。

他爱把头枕在母亲的胸口；看不见母亲，他心里就受不了。

婴儿知道各式各样的聪明话，尽管世上没有什么人能懂得这些话的意义。

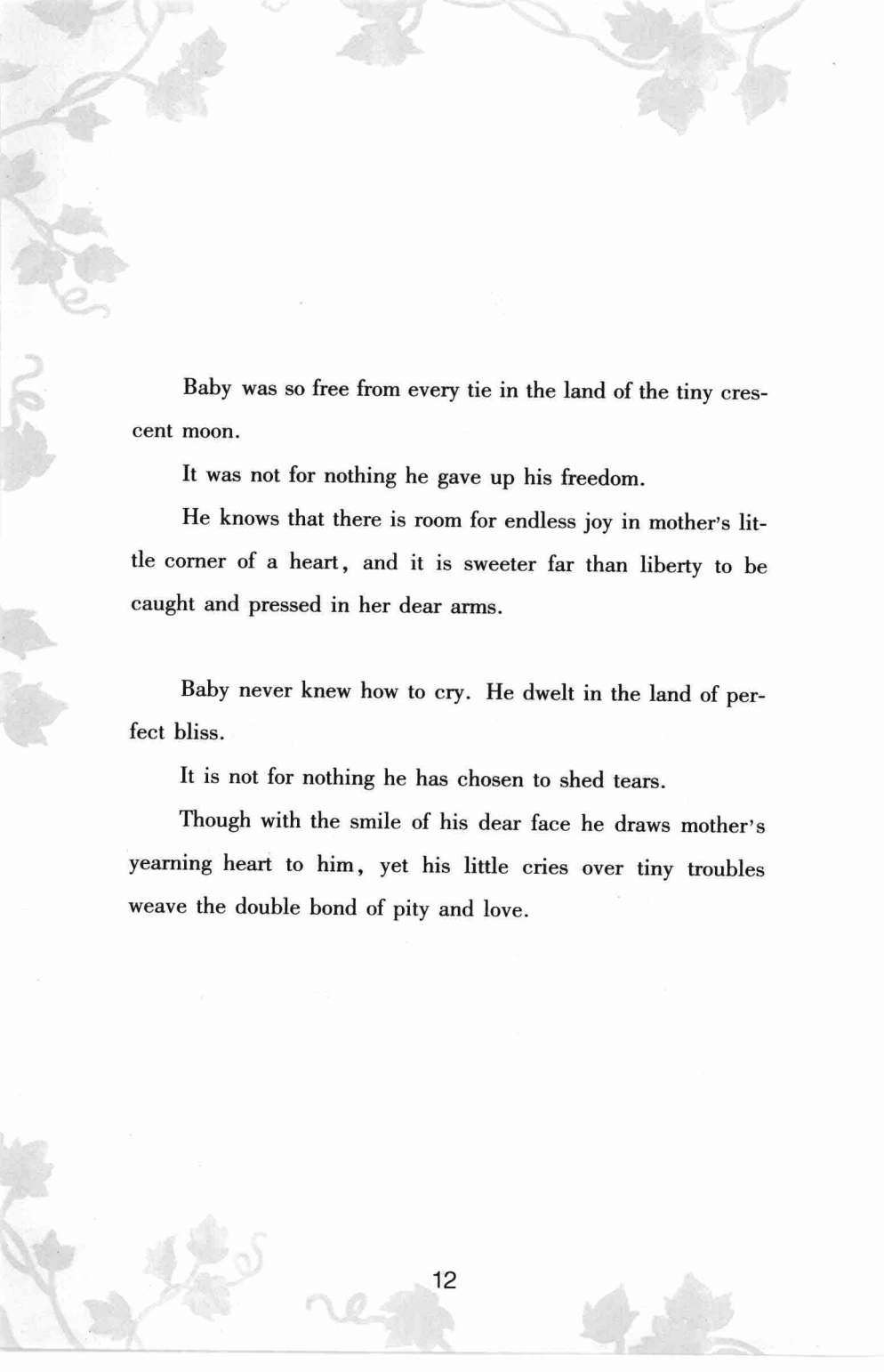
他所以从来不想讲话，并非无缘无故。

他想做的一件事，就是从母亲的嘴唇上学习母亲的话。这就是为什么他看上去那么天真无邪。

婴儿自有一堆金子和珍珠，然后他像个乞儿似的来到这个世界上。

他所以如此乔装改扮，并非无缘无故。

这可爱的赤身裸体的小乞儿，假装全然无依无靠，便是为了乞求母亲的慈爱之财。

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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.

婴儿在小巧玲珑的新月世界里,是什么束缚也没有的。

他所以放弃这种自由,并非无缘无故。

他知道慈母心中小小一角就可以容纳无穷的欢乐,被母亲逮住了,紧抱在她慈爱的双臂里,远比自由甜蜜。

婴儿从来不知道如何号哭。他住在完美的幸福国土里。

他所以要流泪,并非无缘无故。

尽管他可爱脸蛋上的微笑,已把母亲宠爱的心吸引到了他的身上,而他为了小小麻烦而稍稍哭几声,又编成了怜惜和慈爱的双重情结。