



中英双语读本

Crossing  
渡口集

Poems  
诗选

Collected Poems of Rabindranath Tagore

# 泰戈尔 英文诗全集IV

[印] 泰戈尔 著 郑振铎 等译

全书118张泰戈尔知名画作

第一套完整版  
泰戈尔英文诗  
全集

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When the market is over and they return homewards  
through the dusk,

I sit at the wayside to watch thee plying thy boat,  
Crossing the dark water with the sunset gleam upon thy  
sail;

I see thy silent figure standing at the helm and  
suddenly catch thy eyes gazing upon me;

I leave my song; and cry to thee to take me across.

集市散了，人们在暮色中踏上了归途。

我坐在路边，观望着你荡着小舟，越过幽暗的水面，晚霞映耀在你的风帆上；

我看见舵旁伫立着你静默无声的身影，突然间，我捕捉到你那双凝视着我的眼睛；

我停止歌唱，并大声呼唤你，渡我过河。

### 3

The wind is up, I set my sail of songs, Steersman, sit  
at the helm.

For my boat is fretting to be free, to dance in the  
rhythm of the wind and water.

The day is spent, it is evening.

My friends of the shore have taken leave.

Loose the chain and heave the anchor, we sail by the  
starlight.

The wind is stirred into the murmur of music at this  
time of my departure.

Steersman, sit at the helm.

起风了，我扬起了诗歌的风帆，舵手啊，把稳了舵。

我的小船渴求得到自由，它要在风浪的韵律中起舞。

白昼已过去，现在是夜晚。

岸上的朋友们已然离去。

解缆起锚吧，我们要在星光下航行。

在我离别之际，风儿轻轻拂动成一首吟唱。

舵手啊，把稳了舵。

Accept me, my lord, accept me for this while.

Let those orphaned days that passed without thee  
be forgotten.

Only spread this little moment wide across thy lap,  
holding it under thy light.

I have wandered in pursuit of voices that drew me  
yet led me nowhere.

Now let me sit in peace and listen to thy words in  
the soul of my silence.

Do not turn away thy face from my heart's dark  
secrets, but burn them till they are alight with thy fire.

收留我吧，我的主人，就在此时此刻，将我收留吧。

让我忘掉那没有你的、孤零零的往昔。

但愿能将这伸展在你的怀抱中的短暂时刻，在你的光照  
下绵绵延长。

我曾随处漂泊，只为追求那召唤我，却又不知把我引向  
何方的声音。

现在，让我平静地坐下，倾听你那回响在我沉静的灵魂  
中的话语。

不要忽视我心底那黑暗的秘密，用你的火焰焚烧它们，  
直到它们迸发出光和热。

The scouts of a distant storm have pitched their cloud-tents in the sky; the light has paled; the air is damp with tears in the voiceless shadows or of the forest.

The peace of sadness is in my heart like the brooding silence upon the master's lute before the music begins.

My world is still with the expectation of the great pain of thy coming into my life.

远方的暴风雨派来的探子，已经在天空中搭起了云帐；  
阳光暗淡，悄然无息的林荫中，凝着泪珠般的水汽。

我的内心忧伤而平静，就像乐师拨动琵琶前那沉思的  
沉寂。

我的世界仍充满了期望的痛苦，期盼着你来到我的生  
活中。

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Thou hast done well, my lover, thou hast done well  
to send me thy fin of pain.

For my incense never yields its perfume till it burns,  
and my lamp is blind till it is lighted.

When my mind is numb its torpor must be stricken  
by thy love's lightning; and the very darkness that  
blots my world burns like a torch when set afire by thy  
thunder.

我的爱人，你干得好呵，好在你给我送来你痛苦的火焰。

因为我的香不点燃，就绝不会发出芬芳；灯烛不点亮，  
也不会放射光芒。

我那颗沉睡着的麻木的心，必须以你的爱的霹雳才能使  
它觉醒；而那玷污了我的世界的黑暗，只有被你的爱的雷霆  
击中时，才会像火炬般熊熊燃烧。



Deliver me from my own shadows, my lord, from the  
wrecks and confusion of my days.

For the night is dark and thy pilgrim is blinded,  
Hold thou my hand.

Deliver me from despair.

Touch with thy flame the lightless lamp of my sorrow.  
Waken my tired strength from its sleep.

Do not let me linger behind counting my losses.

Let the road sing to me of the house at every Step.

For the night is dark, and thy pilgrim is blinded.

Hold thou my hand.

我的主呵，把我从我自己的阴影笼罩中，从过去的废墟  
与困惑中拯救出来吧。

因为夜是漆黑的，而你的追寻者又是盲目的，  
所以请拉住我的手。

把我从绝望中拯救出来吧。

我的忧伤像一盏不发光的烛火，用你的热情点亮它吧。

我的力量疲惫地沉睡了，请你将它唤醒吧。

不要让我独自徘徊，细数那些遗失的时光。

每一举步，都让道路向我唱出四海为家之歌吧。

因为夜是漆黑的，而你的追寻者又是盲目的，  
所以请拉住我的手吧。

The lantern which I carry in my hand makes enemy  
of the darkness of the farther road.

And this wayside becomes a terror to me, where  
even the flowering tree frowns like a spectre of scowling  
menace; and the sound of my own steps comes back to  
me in the echo of muffled suspicion.

Therefore I pray for thy own morning light, when  
the far and the near will kiss each other and death and  
life will be one in love.

我手中提着的灯笼，使远方黑暗的路途与我为敌。

路旁的景物使我恐惧。甚至花草树木也像妖魔鬼怪般，  
恶狠狠地向我蹙额恐吓。我自己的脚步声也引起闷闷的疑惑  
的回响。

因此，我祈祷你的曙光快来临，那时，远与近将互相亲  
吻，生与死也将在爱情中融为一体。

When thou savest me the steps are lighter in the  
march of thy worlds.

When stains are washed away from my heart it  
brightens the light of thy sun.

That the bud has not blossomed in beauty in my life  
spreads sadness in the heart of creation.

When the shroud of darkness will be lifted from my  
soul it will bring music to thy smile.

当我得到你的拯救时，我会越发步履轻盈地行进在你的  
世界之中。

当你涤净我心中的污浊时，它会使你的太阳熠熠生辉。

我生命的蓓蕾如不美丽地开放，造物主的心中就会遍布  
忧伤。

当那黑暗的帐幕从我的心灵上揭下的时候，它便会为你的  
笑容带来音乐。

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Thou hast given me thy love, filling the world with  
thy gifts.

They are showered upon me when I do not know  
them, for my heart is asleep and dark is the night.

Yet though lost in the cavern of my dreams I have  
been thrilled with fitful gladness;

And I know that in return for the treasure of thy  
great worlds thou wilt receive from me one little flower  
of love in the morning when my heart awakes.

你曾把你的爱赐予我，人世间到处充满你爱的赠礼。

你的爱像甘霖沐浴在我身上，我并未发觉，因为我的心  
沉睡着，而夜又是漆黑的。

虽说你的爱迷失在我睡梦的洞穴中，然而我仍感到一阵  
欣喜的战栗。

我深知，当黎明来临，我的心灵觉醒时，你会收到我的  
一朵爱的小花，它是对你那无价的伟大的世界的回报。

My eyes have lost their sleep, in watching; yet if I do  
not meet thee still it is sweet to watch.

My heart sits in the shadow of the rains waiting for  
thy love; if she is deprived still it is sweet to hope.

They walk away in their different paths leaving me  
behind; if I am alone still it is sweet to listen for thy  
footsteps.

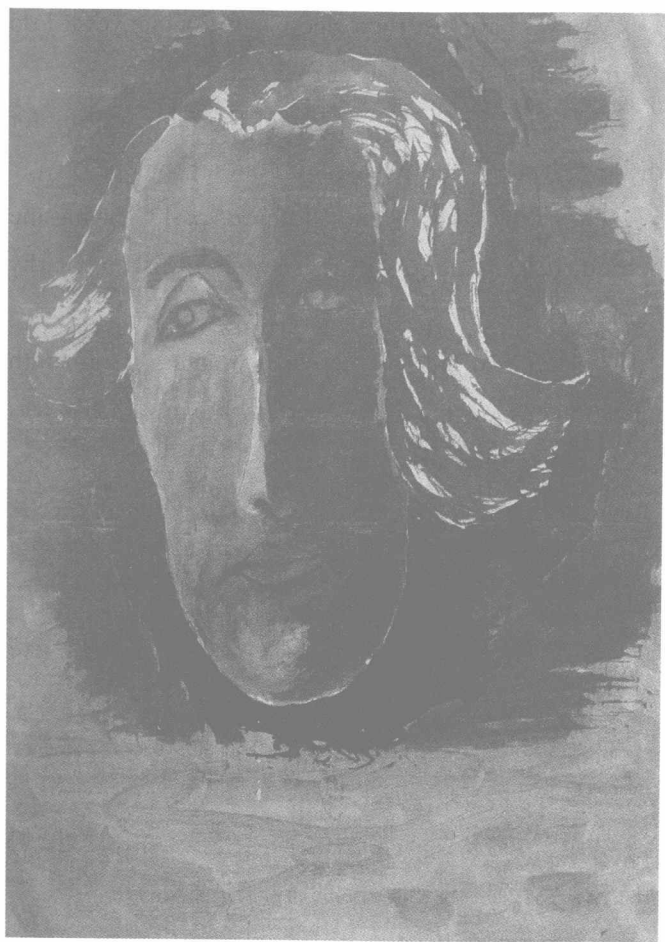
The wistful face of the earth weaving its autumn  
mists wakens longing in my heart; if it is in vain still it is  
sweet to feel the pain of longing.

我的眼睛不眠地守望着；哪怕我没有遇见你，而那守望  
仍是甜蜜的。

我的心躲在雨季的绿荫中，等待着你的爱情；哪怕爱情  
被夺去，而那希望仍是甜蜜的。

人们纷纷各走各的路，将我留在后面；哪怕我孤身一  
人，而倾听你的脚步声仍是甜蜜的。

大地编织着秋雾，它沉思的面容唤醒我心中的渴望；哪  
怕希望落空，而感受它所引起的痛苦仍是甜蜜的。



“我的眼睛不眠地守望着；哪怕我没有遇见你，而那守望仍是甜蜜的。”

Hold thy faith firm, my heart, the day will dawn.

The seed of promise is deep in the soil, it will sprout.

Sleep, like a bud, will open its heart to the light, and the silence will find its voice.

The day is near when thy burden will become thy gift, and thy sufferings will light up thy path.

心儿呀，坚守你的信念，天将破晓，黎明即将到来。

承诺的种子，深深扎根土壤，终将发芽，破土而出。

睡眠，像花蕾，就要向着光明敞开怀抱，沉默终将发出声响。

你的负担将成为你的礼物，你的苦难将照亮你的路程，这一天即将到来。



The wedding hour is in the twilight, when the birds  
have sung their last and the winds are at rest on the  
waters, when the sunset spreads the carpet in the bridal  
chamber and the lamp is made ready to burn through the  
night.

Behind the silent dark walks the Unseen Comer and  
my heart trembles.

All songs are hushed, for the service will be read  
under the evening star.

黄昏是结婚的吉时良辰。那时，鸟儿唱完最后一支歌，  
风儿也在海面上休息了，而此时，晚霞为洞房铺开地毯，那  
彻夜不熄的灯火也准备点燃。

沉静的夜幕后，那看不见的来者正一步步走来，我的心  
颤动着。

所有的歌声都静了下来，因为婚礼即将在星光下举行。