



中英双语读本

The Crescent Moon  
新月集

The Fugitive  
游思集


Collected Poems of Rabindranath Tagore

# 泰戈尔 英文诗全集Ⅲ

[印] 泰戈尔 著 郑振铎 等译

全书118张泰戈尔知名画作

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全集

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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.

## 家 庭

我独自在横跨过田地的路上走着。夕阳像一个守财奴似的，正藏起它的最后的金子。

白昼更加深沉地投入黑暗之中，那已经收割了的孤寂的田地，默默地躺在那里。

天空里突然升起了一个男孩子的尖锐的歌声。他穿过看不见的黑暗，留下他歌声的辙痕跨过黄昏的静谧。

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 cocoa-nut 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.

他的乡村的家坐落在荒凉的边上，在甘蔗田的后面，躲藏在香蕉树、瘦长的槟榔树、椰子树和深绿色的贾克果树的阴影里。

我在星光下独自走着的路上停留了一会儿，我看见黑沉沉的大地展开在我的面前，用她的手臂拥抱着无数的家庭，在那些家庭里有着摇篮和床铺，母亲们的心和夜晚的灯，还有年轻的生命，他们满心欢乐，却浑然不知这样的欢乐对于世界的价值。

## 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 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.

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

## 孩童之道

只要孩子愿意，他此刻便可飞上天去。

他所以不离开我们，并不是没有缘故。

他爱把他的头倚在妈妈的胸间，他即使是一刻不见她，也是不行的。

孩子知道各式各样的聪明话，虽然世间的人很少懂得这些话的意义。

他所以永不想说，并不是没有缘故。

他所要做的一件事，就是要学习从妈妈的嘴里说出来的话。那就是他所以看来这样天真的缘故。

孩子有成堆的黄金与珠子，但他到这个世界上来，却像一个乞丐。

他所以这样假装了来，并不是没有缘故。

这个可爱的小小的裸着身体的乞丐，所以假装着完全无助的样子，便是想要乞求妈妈的爱的财富。

孩子在纤小的新月的世界里，是一切束缚都没有的。

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.

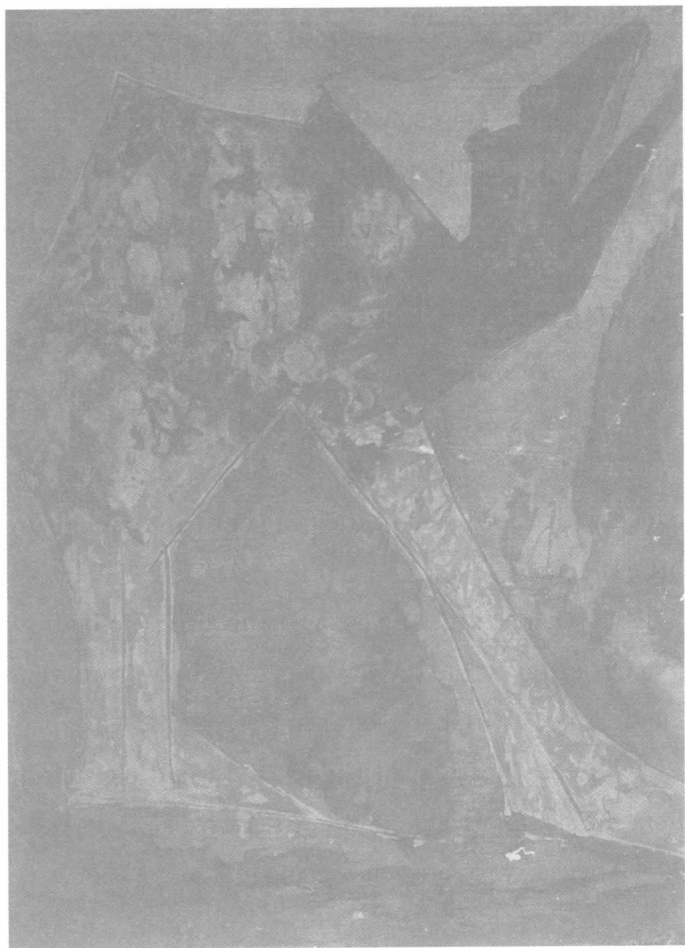
他所以放弃了他的自由，并不是没有缘故。

他知道有着在妈妈心的小小一隅里无穷的快乐，被妈妈亲爱的手臂拥抱着，其甜美远胜过自由。

孩子永不知道如何哭泣。他所住的是完全的乐土。

他所以要流泪，并不是没有缘故。

虽然他用了可爱的脸儿上的微笑，引逗得他妈妈的热切的心向着他，然而他的因为细故而发的小小的哭声，却编成了怜与爱的双重约束的带子。



这是一幅骆驼图像，泰戈尔以设计式手法画成。此画收藏于泰戈尔故居博物馆。

## The Unheeded Pageant

Ah, who was it coloured that little frock, my child,  
and covered your sweet limbs with that little red tunic?

You have come out in the morning to play in the  
courtyard, tottering and tumbling as you run.

But who was it coloured that little frock, my child?

What is it makes you laugh, my little life-bud?

Mother smiles at you standing on the threshold.

She claps her hands and her bracelets jingle, and you  
dance with your bamboo stick in your hand like a tiny  
little shepherd.

But what is it makes you laugh, my little life-bud?

O beggar, what do you beg for, clinging to your  
mother's neck with both your hands?

O greedy heart, shall I pluck the world like a fruit  
from the sky to place it on your little rosy palm?

O beggar, what are you begging for?

## 不被注意的花饰

呵，谁给那件小外衫染上颜色的，我的孩子？谁使你的温软的肢体穿上那件红色小外衫的？

你在早晨就跑出来到天井里玩儿，你跑着，就像摇摇欲跌似的。

但是谁给那件小外衫染上颜色的，我的孩子？

什么事叫你大笑起来的，我的小小的命芽儿？

妈妈站在门边，微笑地望着你。

她拍着双手，她的手镯叮当地响着，你手里拿着你的竹竿儿在跳舞，活像一个小小的牧童儿。

但是什么事叫你大笑起来的，我的小小的命芽儿？

喔，乞丐，你双手攀搂住妈妈的头颈，要乞讨些什么？

喔，贪得无厌的心，要我把整个世界从天上摘下来，像摘一个果子似的，把它放在你的一双小小的玫瑰色的手掌上吗？

喔，乞丐，你要乞讨些什么？

The wind carries away in glee the tinkling of your  
anklet bells.

The sun smiles and watches your toilet.

The sky watches over you when you sleep in your  
mother's arms, and the morning comes tiptoe to your bed  
and kisses your eyes.

The wind carries away in glee the tinkling of your  
anklet bells.

The fairy mistress of dreams is coming towards you,  
flying through the twilight sky.

The world-mother keeps her seat by you in your  
mother's heart.

He who plays his music to the stars is standing at  
your window with his flute.

And the fairy mistress of dreams is coming towards  
you, flying through the twilight sky.

风高兴地带走了你踝铃的叮当。

太阳微笑着，望着你的打扮。

当你睡在你妈妈的臂弯里时，天空在上面望着你，而早晨蹑手蹑脚地走到你的床跟前，吻着你的双眼。

风高兴地带走了你踝铃的叮当。

仙乡里的梦婆飞过朦胧的天空，向你飞来。

在你妈妈的心头上，那世界母亲，正和你坐在一块儿。

他，向星星奏乐的人，正拿着他的横笛，站在你的窗边。

仙乡里的梦婆飞过朦胧的天空，向你飞来。

## Sleep-stealer

Who stole sleep from baby's eyes? I must know.

Clasping her pitcher to her waist mother went to  
fetch water from the village nearby.

It was noon. The children's playtime was over; the  
ducks in the pond were silent.

The shepherd boy lay asleep under the shadow of  
the banyan tree.

The crane stood grave and still in the swamp near  
the mango grove.

In the meanwhile the Sleep-stealer came and,  
snatching sleep from baby's eyes, flew away.

When mother came back she found baby travelling  
the room over on all fours.

Who stole sleep from our baby's eyes? I must know. I  
must find her and chain her up.

I must look into that dark cave, where, through  
boulders and scowling stones, trickles a tiny stream.

I must search in the drowsy shade of the bakula  
grove, where pigeons coo in their corner, and fairies'  
anklets tinkle in the stillness of starry nights.

## 偷睡眠者

谁从孩子的眼里把睡眠偷了去呢？我一定要知道。

妈妈把她的水罐挟在腰间，走到附近的村庄汲水去了。

这是正午的时候，孩子们游戏的时间已经过去了；池中的鸭子沉默无声。

牧童躺在榕树的荫下睡着了。

白鹤庄重而安静地伫立在芒果树边的泥泽里。

就在这个时候，偷睡眠者跑来从孩子的两眼里捉住睡眠，便飞去了。

当妈妈回来时，她看见孩子四肢着地地在屋里爬着。

谁从孩子的眼里把睡眠偷了去呢？我一定要知道。我一定要找到她，把她锁起来。

我一定要向那个黑洞里张望，在这个洞里，有一道小泉从圆的和有皱纹的石上滴下来。

我一定要到醉花<sup>①</sup>林中的沉寂的树影里搜寻，在这林中，鸽子在它们住的地方咕咕地叫着，仙女的脚环在繁星满天的静夜里叮当地响着。

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① 醉花（bakula），学名MimusopsElengi。印度传说中美女口中吐出香液，此花始开。

In the evening I will peep into the whispering  
silence of the bamboo forest, where fireflies squander  
their light, and will ask every creature I meet, "Can  
anybody tell me where the Sleep-stealer lives?"

Who stole sleep from baby's eyes? I must know.

Shouldn't I give her a good lesson if I could only  
catch her!

I would raid her nest and see where she hoards all  
her stolen sleep.

I would plunder it all, and carry it home.

I would bind her two wings securely, set her on the  
bank of the river, and then let her play at fishing with a  
reed among the rushes and water-lilies.

When the marketing is over in the evening, and the  
village children sit in their mothers' laps, then the night  
birds will mockingly din her ears with:

"Whose sleep will you steal now?"