



中英双语读本

The Gardener
园丁集

Fireflies
流萤集

Lover's Gift
爱者之贻

Collected Poems of Rabindranath Tagore

泰戈尔 英文诗全集 II

[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

Collected Poems of Rabindranath Tagore

泰戈尔 英文诗全集 II

[印] 泰戈尔 著 郑振铎 等译

中英双语读本

The Gardener
园丁集

Fireflies
流萤集

Lover's Gift
爱者之贻



目录

CONTENTS

Volume I	Stray Birds 飞鸟集	001
	Fruit-Gathering 采果集	073
	Gitanjali 吉檀迦利	229
Volume II	The Gardener 园丁集	387
	Fireflies 流萤集	583
	Lover's Gift 爱者之贻	639
Volume III	The Crescent Moon 新月集	751
	The Fugitive 游思集	871
Volume IV	Crossing 渡口集	1123
	Poems 诗选	1223

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 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 请对你的仆人开恩吧，我的女王！

女 王 集会已经开过并且我的仆人们都走了。为什么你来得这么晚呢？

仆 人 你与别人谈过后，就是我的时间了。

我来问问有什么剩余的工作，好让你的最后一个仆人去。

女 王 这么晚了你还期望做什么呢？

仆 人 让我做你花园里的园丁吧。

女 王 这是什么蠢想法呢？

仆 人 我要舍弃别的工作。

我把剑矛扔在尘土里。请不要派遣我去遥远的宫廷；不要命令我从事新的征讨。只求你让我做花园里的园丁吧。

女 王 你的职责是什么呢？

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 sandal 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 ask ok a 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 为你空闲的日子服务。

我将保持你早晨散步的草径清新舒爽，你每一移步将有甘于就死的繁花来欢迎你的双足以赞颂。

我将在七叶树的枝间摆动你的秋千，傍晚的月亮将挣扎着从叶隙里亲吻你的衣裙。

我将把你床边的灯盏添满香油，我将用檀香和番红花膏为你的脚凳装饰上奇妙的图样。

女 王 你要什么作为报酬呢？

仆 人 只要你允许我像握着柔嫩的菡萏一般握住你的小拳，把花串套在你的纤腕上；允许我用无忧花的红汁来轻染你的脚底，用亲吻来拂去那偶然间留在那里的尘埃就可以了。

女 王 你的祈祷被接受了，我的仆人，你将是我的花园里的园丁。

"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 some one 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?

“啊，诗人，夜晚临近；你的头发已变斑白。”

“在你孤寂的沉思中听到来生的消息了吗？”

“夜晚了，”诗人说，“虽夜已晚，我还在静听，因为也许有人会在村落中呼唤。”

“我静看着，是否有年轻的飘游的心会聚在一起，两对渴望的眼睛乞求有音乐来打破沉默，并为他们说话。”

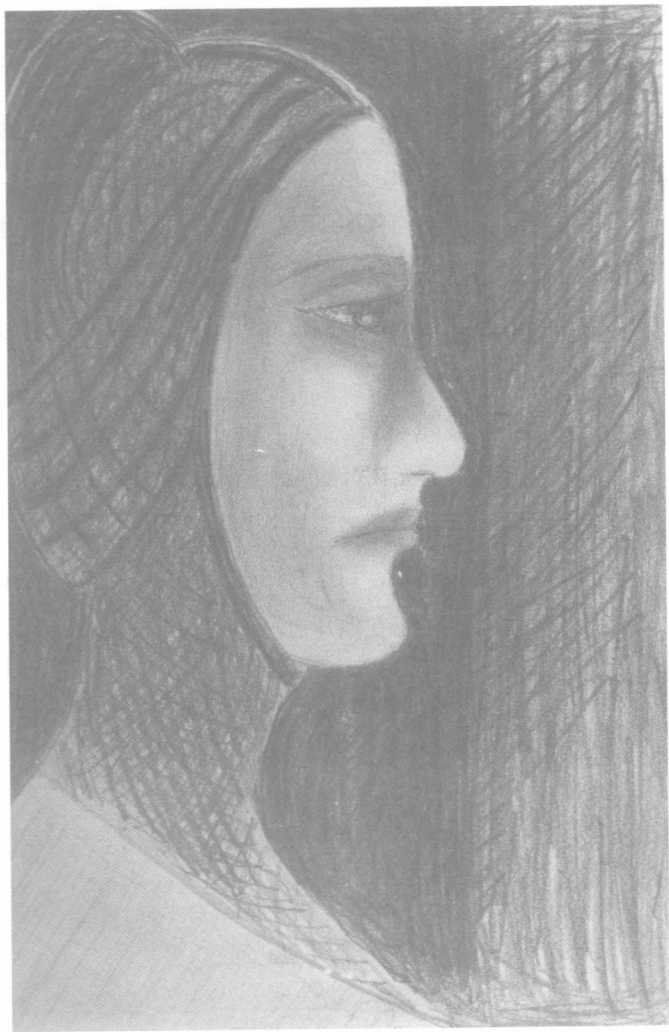
“如果我坐在生命的岸边默想死亡和来世，又有谁来为他们编织充满激情的诗歌呢？”

“早现的晚星隐匿了。”

“葬礼柴堆中的辉光在沉静的河边慢慢地熄灭。”

“残月的微光下，胡狼在荒废的房子的庭院里齐声哀号。”

“假如有游子离开家，到这来守夜，低头聆听黑暗的私语，有谁会生命的秘密在他耳边轻诉呢，如果我关上门，试图远离尘世的牵扰？”



这是一幅女子侧面头像的铅笔素描画，此画无签名，无创作日期。

"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.

"Some have smiles,sweet and simple,and some a sly twinkel 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?"

“我的头发变斑白是件小事。”

“我永远如村里最年轻的人一样年轻，如最年老的人一样年老。”

有些人眼中含笑，甜美纯净；有些人目光闪烁，狡黠善变。

“有些人在白天流眼泪，有些人在黑暗中隐藏眼泪。”

“他们都需要我，我没有时间去沉思来生。”

“我和每一个人都是同龄的，我的头发变斑白了又怎样呢？”

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, "I 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.

早晨我把网撒在海里。

我从黑暗的深渊里拉出奇形奇美的东西——有些像微笑般闪亮，有些像眼泪般闪光，有些像新娘的双颊般晕红。

当我带着一天的负担回到家的时候，我的爱人正坐在花园里悠闲地扯着花的叶子。

我迟疑了一会儿，就把我捞的一切放在了她的脚前，沉默地站着。

她瞥了一眼说：“这是些什么怪东西？不知道这些东西有什么用！”

我羞愧地低下头，心想：“我并没有为这些去奋斗，这些也不是从市场买来的；这不是送给她的礼物。”

整个晚上我把这些东西一件一件地丢到了街上。

早晨行路人过来，他们把这些捡起带到远方去了。

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 came with 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."

In the mid-day the gong sounds at the palace gate.

I know not why they leave their work and linger near
my hedge.

啊，为什么他们把我的房子建在通向市镇的路边呢？

他们把满载的船拴在我的树上。

他们任意地来回游逛。

我坐着看他们，我的光阴都浪费了。

我不能把他们打发走。于是我的日子就过去了。

日日夜夜他们的脚步声在我门前回荡。

我徒然地喊道：“我不认识你们。”

有些人是我的手指认识的，有些人是我的鼻孔认识的，
我脉管中的血液似乎认得他们，有些人是我的魂梦认识的。

我不能把他们打发走。我呼唤他们说：“谁愿意到我房
子里来就请来吧。对，来吧。”

清晨，庙里的钟声响起。

他们拿着篮子来了。

他们的脚是玫瑰红色。熹微的晨光照在他们脸上。

我不能把他们打发走。我呼唤他们说：“到我的花园里
采花吧。到这里来吧。”

中午，铎声在庙殿门前响起。

我不知道他们为什么放下工作在我篱畔流连。

The flowers in their hair are pale and faded; the
notes are languid in their flutes.

Turn them away I cannot. I call them and say, "The
shade is cool under my trees. Come, friends."

At night the crickets chirp in the woods.

Who is it that comes slowly to my door and gently
knocks?

I vaguely see the face, not a word is spoken, the
stillness of the sky is all around.

Turn away my silent guest I cannot. I look at the
face through the dark, and hours of dreams pass by.

他们发上的花已经褪色凋谢了，他们横笛里的音调也显
得疲倦。

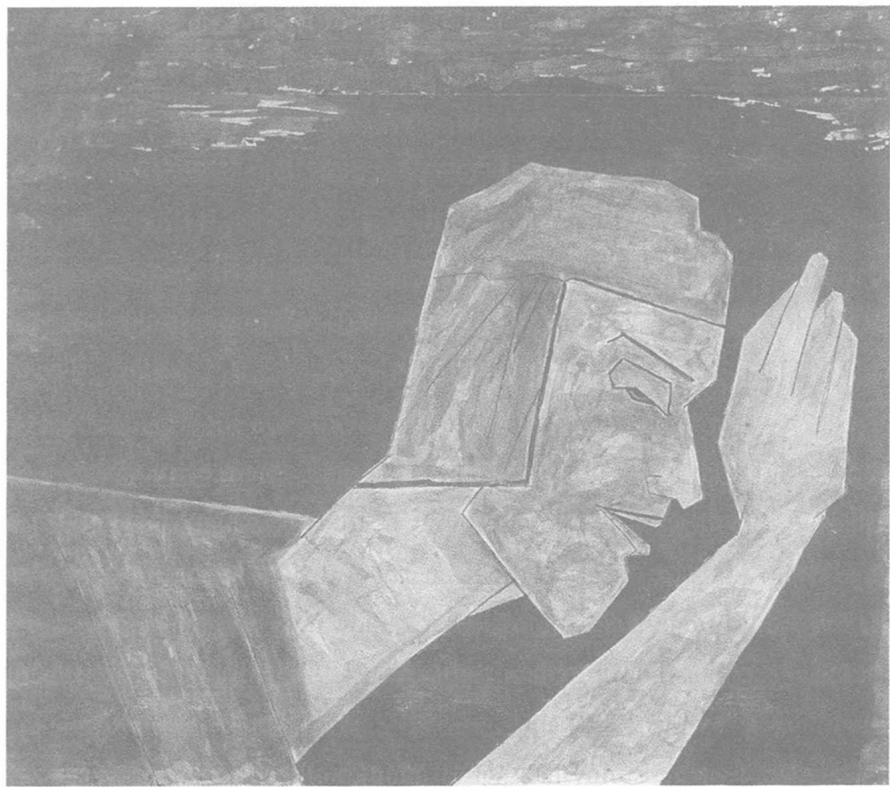
我不能把他们打发走。我呼唤他们说：“我的树荫下是
清凉的。来吧，朋友们。”

夜里蟋蟀在林中鸣叫。

是谁慢慢地来到我的门前轻轻地敲？

我模糊地看到他的脸，他一句话也没说，四围的天空是
静默的。

我不能打发走我沉默的客人。我在黑暗中望着他的脸，
梦想的时间过去了。



这是一幅大写意人头画像。泰戈尔采用直线画法，人物显得棱角分明。