

新月集

英汉双语 · 诗歌经典

一部天使带给人间最浪漫的艺术诗篇

让落满尘埃的心灵重拾天真的纯美文字



[印] 罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔/著
孙达/译

《新月集》
完整版
珍藏本

The Crescent Moon

北方文艺出版社

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作者与作品

“他是我们圣人中的第一人：不拒绝生命，而能说出生命之本身的意义，这就是我们之所以爱他的原因了。”这位深受印度人民爱戴，并被尊为圣人的人，就是印度近代著名作家、诗人罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔。

泰戈尔在少年时代即开始文学创作，在诗歌、小说、戏剧等诸多领域均有所建树，而令他跻身世界文坛的是他的诗。泰戈尔的诗清新质朴，既没有晦涩难懂的语言，也不刻意制造宏伟的气势。但是，只要用心品读，就会感受到来自他精神和灵魂的无穷魅力。《园丁集》正是一部能充分体现其独特风格的诗集，它细腻地描写了初恋的娇羞、相思的忧苦、期待的焦灼、幽会的激情、新婚的快乐，以及离别的伤痛……由于它刻有诗人青年时代的印痕，被誉为作者的“青春恋



歌”。在这部诗集里，回首注事的诗人立足于青春之外歌颂着纯真的爱情，引导我们一同飞翔在理想的爱情国度。

泰戈尔不仅是一位“为爱情、为人生培植美丽繁花的园丁”，他还是“孩子的天使”，他认为儿童犹如新月般纯洁、美好。在《新月集》中，他通过生动地描写儿童的游戏，巧妙地表现儿童的种种心理和天真的想象，向读者展示了一个已被成年人忽略或遗忘的童真世界，他的诗将真实的孩子带入了我们的视野，使得读者也感同身受地与孩子们一起游戏、玩耍，对童年生活的美好回忆在阅读中不经意地涌上心头。

正如我国著名翻译家郑振铎先生所说：“《新月集》并不是一部写给儿童读的诗歌集，乃是一部叙述儿童心理、儿童生活的最好的诗歌集。”“总之，我们只要一翻开它，便立刻如得到两只有魔术的翅膀，可以使自己从现实的苦闷境地里飞翔到美静天真的儿童国里去。”

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?



人：我尊贵的女王，请宽恕您的奴仆。

女王：晚会结束，仆人尽散，你为何来得这样晚？

仆人：当您结束与他人的交谈，余下的皆为我的时间。我来问问，还有什么事将您最后的仆人差遣。

女王：时间这样晚，你还想做什么呢？

仆人：让我做您花园里的园丁吧。

女王：荒唐！

仆人：我会放下我其他的事情，我会把我的剑与矛扔进尘土中，别把我送到那遥远的宫廷，别命令我作新的远征，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。

清晨散步时，我会让您看到草径的新鲜清爽，您每走一步，都将有甘愿被践踏的鲜花冒死赞扬您的双足；

我会在七叶树的花枝间为您摇送秋千，初升的月亮挣扎着穿花拂叶，亲吻您的长裙。

我会给您床头燃着的灯盏里注满芳香的油脂，用檀香和藏红花将您的脚凳装饰出奇妙的图案。

女王：你希望得到什么样的酬劳？

仆人：请允许我捧着您柔荑般的小拳，像捧着娇美的睡莲；让我为您的

纤腕套上花之链环,用无忧花汁染红您的足心,吻去偶然沾在那里的灰尘。

女王:你的请求被准许了,我的仆人,你将是我的花园里的园丁。

2



h, 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.



诗人,夜晚姗姗而来,你的鬓发已被霜染。

“你可在孤寂的沉思中听到了来生的消息?”

“夜已降临。”诗人说,“夜虽已深,我依然凝神谛听,也许有人正唤我在那村中。

“我守望着,看是否有年轻的心在飘荡中相聚,是否有两对渴望的眼睛正殷切盼望那曼妙的音乐来打破沉寂,替他们诉出心曲。

“如果我坐在生命的岸边冥思死亡和来世,又有谁来编写他们滚烫的情诗?

“早现的晚星渐渐隐去。

“火葬灰的余烬在静寂的河边慢慢冷熄。

"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.

"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?"

“月残光暗，豺狼在废弃的宅院里长声嗥叫，仿佛在齐声合唱。

“假如有离家的游子们来此仰看夜色，俯听夜语呢喃，若我将门紧闭，妄图摆脱世俗的羁绊，那还有谁能把生命之奥秘低诉在他耳边？”

“我的鬓发染霜不足挂齿。

“我永远年轻如村里的少年，苍老如村中的老者。

“有的人笑得甜美纯净，有的人眼神诡诈狡黠。

“有的人在白昼涕泪交流，有的人在幽夜暗弹泪花。

“他们都需要我，我没有时间将来生思索。

“我和每个人都是同龄者，即使鬓发如霜又能如何？”



3. 



n 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."



晨,我把网撒进海里。

我从黝黑之渊泽拖出一些东西,它们有着奇怪的形状、诡异的美丽——有些像含笑的照耀之光,有些像闪光的天使之泪,有些像晕红的新娘之颊。

当我携着这一天的担负回到家时,我的爱侣正坐在园里悠闲地扯着花叶。

我稍加沉吟,旋即将我捞得的一切置于她脚前,随后默立一边。

她只瞥了一眼,说:“这是些什么怪东西?我不知道能用它们做什么!”

我羞愧地低下头,暗忖:“它们并非我奋斗所得,也并非买自集市;它们不配送给她做礼物。”



*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.*

花费整夜的时间,我把这些东西逐件丢在了街路。
拂晓的旅人将它们拾起,带到远方那陌生的国度。

4



*h me, why did they build my house by the road to the mar-
ket 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."*

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

我 很烦，他们为何将我的房子盖在通向市镇的路边？
他们在我的树林附近停泊满载的航船。

他们任意地四处游玩。

我坐在那儿看着他们，将光阴虚掷。

我不能拒绝他们，我的时间如水般流逝。

日日夜夜，他们的足音在我门前响起。

我徒然地叫道：“我与你们素不相识。”

他们中有些是我手指的旧识，有些人是我的鼻子的旧识，我血管中的血液似乎也认识他们，有些人则是我魂梦的旧识。

我不能拒绝他们。我将他们呼唤：“只要愿意，到我房间里来吧。是的，来吧。”

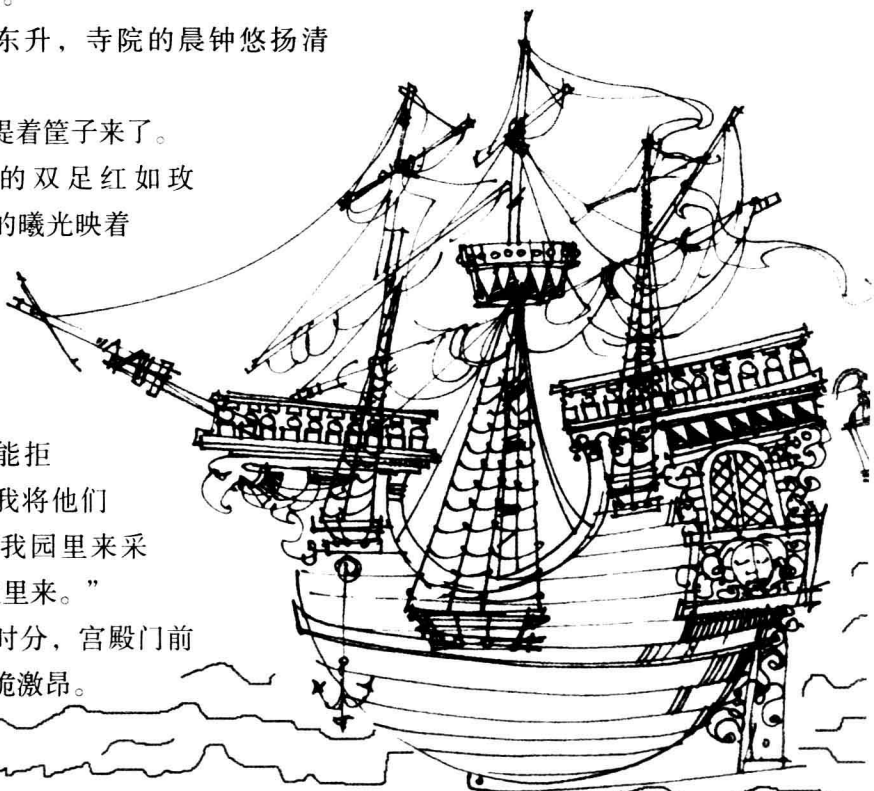
旭日东升，寺院的晨钟悠扬清越。

他们提着筐子来了。

他们的双足红如玫瑰，清晨的曦光映着他们的面庞。

我不能拒绝他们。我将他们呼唤：“到我园里来采花吧，到这里来。”

中午时分，宫殿门前锣鼓声清脆激昂。





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

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.

我不懂他们为何放下工作在我篱畔流连。

他们发上的花儿已经褪色枯萎，他们横笛吹奏的曲调也慵倦疲惫。

我不能拒绝他们。我将他们呼唤：
“我的树阴下凉爽宜人。来吧，朋友们。”

蟋蟀在夜的林中唧唧鸣叫。

是谁缓步来到我门前轻轻叩敲？

朦胧中我望着他的脸庞，他沉默不语，四围只有苍穹的静谧。

我不能回绝我这沉默的客人。幽暗中我注视着他的脸，时光如梦幻缓缓流逝。



5. 



I am restless. I am athirst for far-away things.

My soul goes out in a longing to touch the skirt of the dim distance.

O Great Beyond, O the keen call of thy flute!

I forget, I ever forget, that I have no wings to fly, that I am bound in this spot evermore.

I am eager and wakeful, I am a stranger in a strange land.

Thy breath comes to me whispering an impossible hope.

Thy tongue is known to my heart as its very own.

O Far-to-see, O the keen call of thy flute!

I forget, I ever forget, that I know not the way, that I have not the winged horse.

我

心绪焦灼。我渴望着遥远的事物。

我的魂灵在渴盼中出走，要去触摸那遥远的黯淡之边缘。

啊，伟大的来生，啊，你笛声中殷切的呼唤！

我忘却了，我总是忘却，我没有矫健的翅膀，我始终被束缚在此处。

我期盼而又清醒，我是他乡的异客。

你的气息轻拂我耳际，向我低诉那不可能的希冀。

我的心懂得你的语言，一如懂得它自己。

啊，遥远的寻求，啊，你笛声中殷切的呼唤！

我忘却了，我总是忘却，我不认路，我的马未生双翼。



I am listless, I am a wanderer in my heart.

In the sunny haze of the languid hours, what vast vision of thine takes shape in the blue of the sky!

O Farthest end, O the keen call of thy flute!

I forget, I ever forget, that the gates are shut everywhere in the house where I dwell alone!

我心绪焦灼,我是自己心中的流浪者。

在疲倦时光的日霭中,蔚蓝的天空显现出你弘大的幻象!

啊,最远的尽头,啊,你笛声中殷切的呼唤!

我忘却了,我总是忘却,在我的幽居中,紧闭所有的门扉!



he tame bird was in a cage, the free bird was in the forest.

They met when the time came, it was a decree of fate.

The free bird cries, "O my love, let us fly to wood."

The cage bird whispers, "Come hither, let us both live in the cage."

Says the free bird, "Among bars, where is there room to spread one's wings?"

"Alas," cries the cage bird, "I should not know where to sit perched in the sky."

The free bird cries, "My darling, sing the songs of the woodlands."

The cage bird says, "Sit by my side, I'll teach you the speech of the learned."

The forest bird cries, "No, ah no! songs can never be taught."

The cage bird says, "Alas for me, I know not the songs of the wood-

lands.”

Their love is intense with longing, but they never can fly wing to wing.

Through the bars of the cage they look, and vain is their wish to know each other.

They flutter their wings in yearning, and sing, “Come closer, my love!”

The free bird cries, “It cannot be, I fear the closed doors of the cage.”

The cage bird whispers, “Alas, my wings are powerless and dead.”

驯

养的鸟儿歌在笼里，自由的鸟儿翔于林中。

到了那命中注定的时刻，他们不期而遇。

自由的鸟儿高声说：“啊，我的爱人，让我们到林中比翼双飞。”

笼中的鸟儿低语着：“到这里来吧，让我们同栖在笼里。”

自由的鸟儿说：“那栅栏的缝隙，哪有展翅的余地？”

“可怜呵，”笼中的鸟儿说，“在天空中我不知该去哪里栖息。”

自由的鸟儿喊道：“我的宝贝，唱起林野之歌吧。”

笼中的鸟儿说：“坐在我旁边吧，我要教你说学者的语言。”

自由的鸟儿喊道：“不，不！歌曲是无法传授的。”

笼中的鸟儿说：“我的上帝，我从不知道什么林野之歌。”

他们的爱情因渴望而更加炽烈，但是他们永不能在蓝天中比翼。

他们隔着笼子相互凝望，而他们相知的愿望只能流于虚空。

他们在依恋中振翼合鸣：“靠近些吧，我的爱人！”

自由的鸟儿痛苦地叫道：“这是做不到的，我惧怕笼子那紧闭的门。”

笼里的鸟儿低声呻吟：“我的羽翼如此倦疲，活力早已死去。”





7



mother, the young Prince is to pass by our door,— how can I attend to my work this morning?

Show me how to braid up my hair; tell me what garment to put on.

Why do you look at me amazed, mother?

I know well he will not glance up once at my window; I know he will

pass out of my sight in the twinkling of an eye; only the vanishing strain of the flute will come sobbing to me from afar.

But the young Prince will pass by our door, and I will put on my best for the moment.

O mother, the young Prince did pass by our door, and the morning sun flashed from his chariot.

I swept aside the veil from my face, I tore the ruby chain from my neck and flung it

