



The Gardener 中英對照

園丁集

泰戈爾最經典的詩集！

羅賓德拉納德·泰戈爾 *Rabindranath Tagore* / 著
徐翰林 / 譯

愛情和生命，永遠是泰戈爾的浪漫追求！

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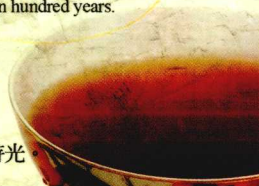
你是誰，讀者，百年之後，讀著我的詩？

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打開你的門，向四周看看。

從你的繁花盛開的花園中，採集百年之前消失的鮮花的芬芳記憶。

在你的內心的歡樂裡，願你感受吟唱春日清晨的鮮活喜悅，讓歡快的聲音穿越一百年的時光。





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作者 羅賓德拉納德·泰戈爾
譯者 徐翰林
美術構成 驟賴耙工作室
封面設計 斐類設計工作室
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電話 02-27273008
傳真 02-27270603
網址 www.seadove.com.tw
e-mail service@seadove.com.tw

總經銷 創智文化有限公司
住址 台北縣中和市建一路 136 號 5 樓
電話 02-22289828
傳真 02-22287858

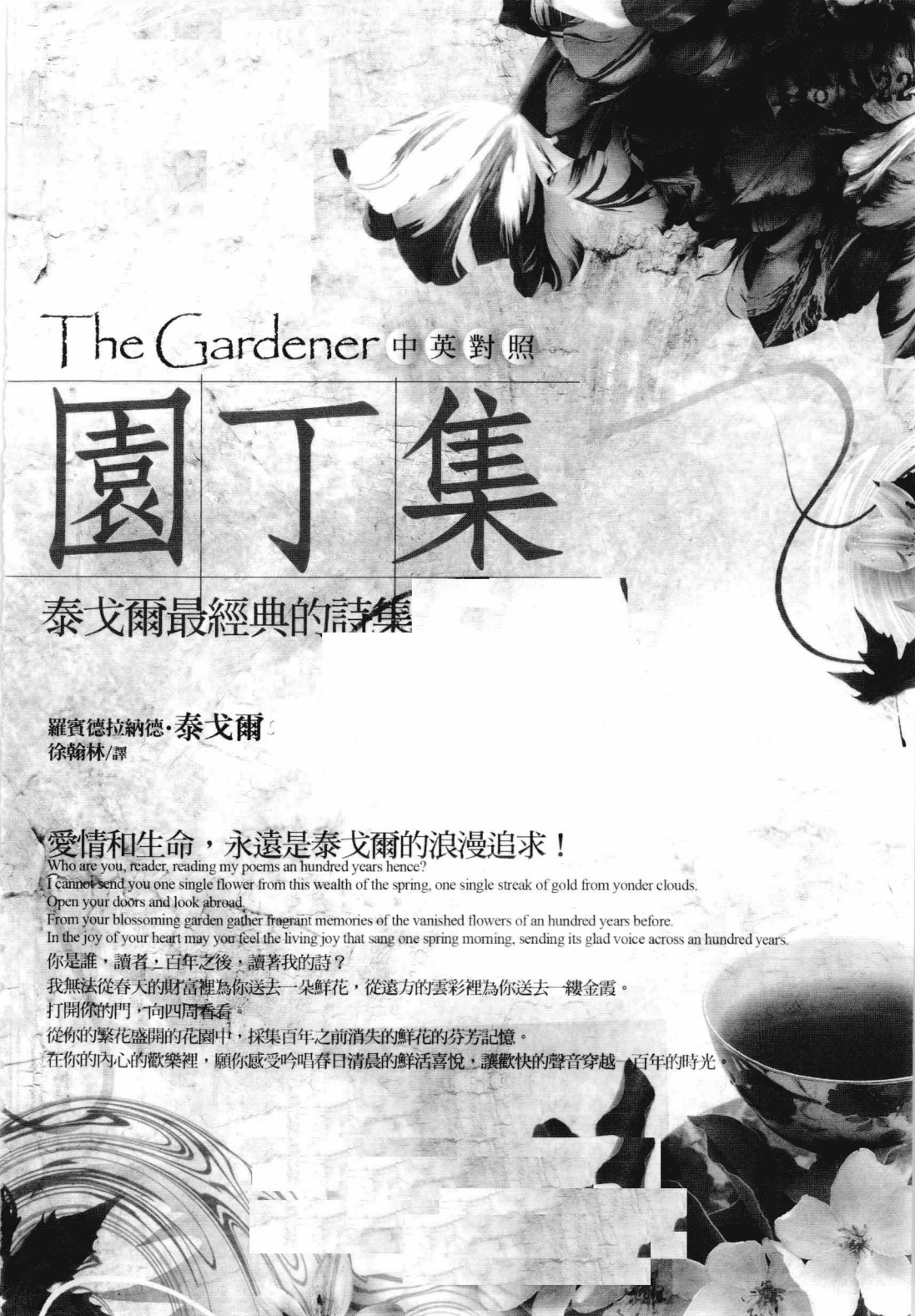
香港總經銷 時代文化有限公司
住址 香港九龍旺角塘尾道 64 號
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SECRET



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僕人：女王啊，寬恕您的僕人吧！

女王：集會已經結束了，我的僕人都走了。這麼晚了，你來做什麼？

僕人：您與別人的事情結束了，就應該是我的時間。我過來問問，還剩下什麼事情要讓您最後的僕人去做。

女王：這麼晚了，你還期望做什麼呢？

僕人：讓我做您的花園的園丁吧！

女王：荒唐！

僕人：我會擱下我的其他事情。我會把我的劍與矛扔進塵土中。不要把我送到遙遠的宮廷；不要命令我作新的征討。就讓我做您的花園的園丁吧！

女王：你將會履行什麼職責呢？

僕人：侍候您的閒暇時光。我會讓您在清晨散步的時候，隨時看到小路上芳草鮮嫩，您的腳每挪動一步，將會有鮮花甘願冒死來問候與讚揚您。我會讓您在七葉樹花枝間的鞦韆上搖盪，初升的月亮掙扎著穿過枝葉，親吻您的長裙。我會給您的床前燃著的燈盞裡注滿芳香的燈油，用檀香和番紅花膏塗成奇妙的圖案，裝飾您的腳凳。

女王：你想要什麼回報？

僕人：允許我捧著您的小拳頭，像捧著柔嫩的蓮花花蕾，把花鏈滑到您的手腕上；用無憂花的紅色花汁染紅您的腳底，親吻掉偶然間灑落在那裡的塵埃。

女王：你的請求被准許了，我的僕人，你將是我的花園的園丁。

ONE

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?

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 askoka 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.

「啊，詩人，暮色就要降臨了，你的頭髮變白了。」

「在你的孤獨沉思中，是否聽到來世的消息？」

「是黑夜了，」詩人說，「我還在聆聽，因為可能有人在村子裡叫我，儘管很晚了。」

「我觀望著，是否有年輕漂泊的心相聚，是否有兩雙渴望的眼睛乞求著音樂來打破他們的沉靜，替他們道出心聲。」

「誰會在那裡編織他們火熱的情歌，如果我坐在生命的海岸，思索著死亡與來世？」

「夜初的星辰消隱了。」

「寂靜的河邊，殯葬堆中的火焰慢慢熄滅了。」

「疲憊的月光中，豺狼在廢棄的庭院中齊聲嚎叫。」

「如果某一個離家的流浪者，來這裡觀看夜色，垂首聆聽黑暗的低語，誰會在他的耳邊輕訴生命的意義，如果我關上門，試圖與世俗的羈絆隔絕？」

「我的頭髮變白了，只是一件小事。」

「我永遠像這個村子裡最年輕的人一樣年輕，最蒼老的人一樣蒼老。」

「有些人微笑了，甜蜜的，純真的；有些人的眼中，閃著狡黠的光。」

「有些人在白天揮灑著眼淚，有些人的眼淚隱藏在黑暗中。」

「他們都需要我，我沒有時間去思索來世。」

「我與每個人都同齡，我的頭髮變白了，又能怎麼樣？」

TWO

"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?"

"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 afterlife."

"I am of an age with each, what matter if my hair turns grey?"

清晨，我把漁網撒進大海。我從黑暗的深淵中，拖出一些東西：奇異的形狀，奇異的美麗——有一些照耀著，像微笑；有一些閃爍著，像眼淚；有一些紅暈著，像新娘的臉頰。

我帶著一天的負擔回到家的時候，我的愛人正坐在花園中，悠閒的扯動著片片花葉。

我猶豫片刻，然後把所有打撈起來的東西放在她的腳邊，默默的站在旁邊。她看了那些東西一眼，說：「這些怪東西是什麼？我不知道它們有什麼用！」

我低下頭，羞愧的想：「我不曾為這些東西奮鬥，也沒有到市場上購買它們；它們不是我獻給她的適合的禮物。」

整整一夜，我把它們一件一件的丟到大街上。

清晨，遊客來了，撿起那些東西，把它們帶到遙遠的國度。

THREE

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.

天啊，他們為什麼把我的房子建在通往城鎮的馬路邊？
他們把滿載的船隻停泊在我的樹林附近。
他們隨意的逛來逛去。

我坐下來看著他們，歲月蹉跎了。
我不能回絕他們。於是，我的時間流逝了。
日日夜夜，他們的腳步聲在我的門前響起。
我徒勞的大叫：「我不認識你們。」

有些人是我的手指所認識的，有些人是我的鼻孔所認識的，
我血管中的血液似乎認識他們，有些人是我的睡夢所認識的。

我不能回絕他們。我叫住他們，說：「誰如果願意的話，
就到我的房子來吧！是的，來吧！」

清晨，寺廟裡的鐘聲響起。

他們手中捧著籃子來了。

他們的腳像玫瑰般紅潤。清晨的微光，灑在他們的臉上。

我不能回絕他們。我叫住他們，說：「到我的花園採集鮮
花吧！到這裡來吧！」

FOUR

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!"

中午，鑼聲在宮殿門口響起。

我不知道他們為什麼放下手中的工作，在我的籬笆附近徘徊。

他們頭髮上的花朵已經褪色、枯萎了；他們長笛中的音符也顯得疲憊。

我不能回絕他們。我叫住他們，說：「我的樹蔭下是涼爽的。來吧，朋友們。」

夜晚，蟋蟀在樹林中鳴叫。

那是誰啊，緩緩的來到我的門前，輕輕的叩門？

朦朧間，我看到那張臉，他一言不發，四周是一片寂靜的天空。

我不能回絕我的沉靜的客人。透過黑暗，我看著這張臉，夢幻的時光流逝了。

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

我的心緒煩亂，渴望著遠方的事物。

我的靈魂在渴望中出走，要去觸摸黯淡的遙遠的裙沿。

啊，偉大的來生，啊，你笛聲的熱切的呼喚！

我忘記了，我總是忘記了，我沒有奮飛的翅膀，我始終被束縛在這個地方。

我渴望而清醒，我是一個在陌生土地上的陌生人。

你的呼吸向我低語出一個不可能的希望。

我的心瞭解你的語言，就像它瞭解自己的語言一樣。

啊，遙遠的追尋，啊，你笛聲的熱切的呼喚！

我忘記了，我總是忘記了，我不認得路，我沒有生翅的駿馬。

我的情緒低落，我是自己心中的流浪者。

在疲倦時光的日靄中，你的廣闊幻影在天空的蔚藍中呈現出來！

啊，最遙遠的盡頭，啊，你笛聲的熱切的呼喚！

我忘記了，我總是忘記了，在我獨居的房子裡，所有的門戶都是緊閉的！

FIVE

I am restless. I am athirst for faraway 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-seek, 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.

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!