

带着绿叶和鲜花, 春天进入我的身体



亚洲第一个诺贝尔文学奖获得者 永远的东方诗圣 罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔 著

THE SPRING WITH ITS LEAVES AND FLOWERS HAS COME INTO MY BODY THE BEES HUM THERE THE MORNING LONG AND THE WINDS IDLY PLAY WITH THE SHADOWS A SWEET FOUNTAIN SPRINGS UP FROM THE HEART OF MY HEART



Fruit Gathering 来果集

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永远的泰戈尔

是他、为亚洲获得了第一个诺贝尔文学奖; 是他、为印度人民开放了一扇通往世界的门; 印度的诗哲、东方的智者、历久弥新的智慧, 因而、在崛起的新世纪, 对印度的认识不可少了泰戈尔! 纯粹、自然、诗意的生活、贯穿了泰戈尔的一生, 无论是在困难或者苦难里、 泰戈尔都为我们的精神领地树立了榜样。

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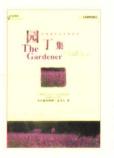
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罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔 (Rabindranath Tagore, 1861~1941),享誉世界的印度诗人、小说家、思想家。他生于孟加拉一个富有哲学和文学艺术修养的贵族家庭,8岁就学着写诗,并展露出非凡的天赋,13岁时就能创作长诗和颂歌体诗,1878年赴英国留学,1880年回国后专门从事文学写作。1912年,泰戈尔自译的英文版《吉檀迦利》出版,轰动了整个世界。1913年,他因该诗集荣获诺贝尔文学奖,从此跻身于世界文坛,其作品被译成多国文字,广为流传。

泰戈尔一生中共写了50多部诗集,其中最著名的有《吉檀迦利》《飞鸟集》《园丁集》《新月集》《采果集》等。另外他还创作了12部中长篇小说,100多篇短篇小说,20多部剧本以及大量的文学、哲学、政治论著,其作品博大精深,其为人具有慈善仁爱的胸怀和独特的人格魅力,赢得了无数人的景仰。

《采果集》是泰戈尔的又一部著名诗集,与《飞鸟集》《园丁集》《新月集》和《吉檀迦利》齐名。它以充满激情的语言赞颂生命,思索生命的本质。诗作韵味幽雅,哲理深妙,打动过无数中国读者。这些诗作充满了乐观的情绪和生机盎然的气息,表达了作者对理想追求的乐观和坚定的信心,让你在一串串爽润可口的文字中体味生命的真实感动,品尝人生的甘美果实。

精寒。其为人具有慈善仁定的即怀和祖特的人

特赖力、赢得了毛揽人的景仰



FRUIT-GATHERING 采果集



Bid me and I shall gather my fruits to bring them in full baskets into your courtyard, though some are lost and some not ripe.

For the season grows heavy with its fulness, and there is a plaintive shepherd's pipe in the shade.

Bid me and I shall set sail on the river.

The March wind is fretful, fretting the languid waves into murmurs.

The garden has yielded its all, and in the weary hour of evening the call comes from your house on the shore in the sunset.

吩咐一声,我就会把果子一筐筐的采满,送到你的院子里,尽管有的已凋落,有的尚未成熟。

由于丰收,季节也变得硕果累累;浓荫下不时传来牧 章凄婉的笛声。

吩咐一声,我就会在河上扬帆起航。

三月的风躁动不安, 惹得倦怠的波浪哗哗作响。

果园捧出了它全部的果实,在这个疲惫的傍晚时分, 夕阳下的岸边,从你的房子里传出了一声呼唤。



II

My life when young was like a flower—a flower that loosens a petal or two from her abundance and never feels the loss when the spring breeze comes to beg at her door.

Now at the end of youth my life is like a fruit, having nothing to spare, and waiting to offer herself completely with her full burden of sweetness.

Ш

Is summer's festival only for fresh blossoms and not also for withered leaves and faded flowers?

Is the song of the sea in tune only with the rising waves?

Does it not also sing with the waves that fall?

Jewels are woven into the carpet where stands my king, but there are patient clods waiting to be touched by his feet.

Few are the wise and the great who sit by my Master, but he has taken the foolish in his arms and made me his servant for ever. 年轻的时候,我的生命犹如一朵鲜花——当和煦的春 风来到她的门前乞讨之时,她便从那富丽繁华中摇落一两 片花瓣,丝毫也不觉有何损失。

如今青春已逝,我的生命如一枚果实,已无物可施,只 等待着把自己彻底奉献,连同她那甜蜜的重负。

难道夏日的盛宴,仅仅是为了盛开的鲜花,而非片片 枯叶和凋零的花瓣吗?

难道大海和谐的歌声,仅仅是为了潮涨的波涛吗? 难道她没有和着潮落一起歌唱吗?

珠宝被织入国王脚下的地毯,而泥土依然耐心等待着 他双足的触摸。

坐在我主身旁的智者与伟人寥寥无几,而他依然将愚 鲁的我拥入怀中,使我成为他永远的仆人。









IV

I woke and found his letter with the morning. I do not know what it says, for I cannot read.

I shall leave the wise man alone with his books, I shall not trouble him, for who knows if he can read what the letter says.

Let me hold it to my forehead and press it to my heart.

When the night grows still and stars come out one by one I will spread it on my lap and stay silent.

The rustling leaves will read it aloud to me, the rushing stream will chant it, and the seven wise stars will sing it to me from the sky.

I cannot find what I seek, I cannot understand what I would learn; but this unread letter has lightened my burdens and turned my thoughts into songs.

四

我醒来,发现他的信与清晨一道来临。 我不知道信中写了什么,因为我无法看懂。

让那智者和他的书在一起吧,我不会去打搅他,谁知 道他能否看懂那信里的内容。

让我把它举到额头,贴在心口。

夜阑人静,星星一颗颗闪现,我会把信摊在膝上,默 默等候。

树叶沙沙,会为我朗声诵读它,溪水淙淙,会为我轻轻吟咏它,七星睿智璀璨,在天边为我歌唱它。

我无法找到我所追寻的,也无法理解我所知的,而这 封未读的信减轻了我的负担,把我的思绪化为一首首歌。



V

A handful of dust could hide your signal when I did not know its meaning.

Now that I am wiser I read it in all that hid it before.

It is painted in petals of flowers; waves flash it from their foam; hills hold it high on their summits.

I had my face turned from you, therefore I read the letters awry and knew not their meaning.

VI

Where roads are made I lose my way.

In the wide water, in the blue sky there is no line of a track.

The pathway is hidden by the birds' wings, by the star-fires, by the flowers of the wayfaring seasons.

And I ask my heart if its blood carries the wisdom of the unseen way.

五

当我不知你信号的含义时,一缕灰尘可以把它遮掩。 既然我比以往聪慧,可从以前的重重帷幕中把它读懂。

花瓣上绘着它的倩影,波浪使它在泡沫中闪烁,群山 把它举至巅峰。

我曾转过脸避开你,因而误解了你的信,读不懂其含 义。



我在坦途迷失了方向。

在烟波浩淼的水面,碧蓝如洗的天空,没有一丝轨迹。

路被鸟的羽翼、璀璨的星光和四季流转的繁花遮掩了。 我叩问我的心,你的血液是否承载着发现未见之途的 智慧。



VII

Alas, I cannot stay in the house, and home has become no home to me, for the eternal Stranger calls, he is going along the road.

The sound of his footfall knocks at my breast; it pains me!

The wind is up, the sea is moaning. I leave all my cares and doubts to follow the homeless tide, for the Stranger calls me, he is going along the road.

VIII

Be ready to launch forth, my heart! And let those linger who must.

For your name has been called in the morning sky.

Wait for none!

The desire of the bud is for the night and dew, but the blown flower cries for the freedom of light.

Burst your sheath, my heart, and come forth!