

## 生如夏花,

【印】泰戈尔—著 郑振铎—等译



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## ●生如夏花,死如秋叶:泰戈尔经典诗选

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## 编译手记

罗宾德拉纳特·泰戈尔是印度著名诗人、哲学家和印度民族主义者,印度和孟加拉国人民虔诚地称他为"诗祖"、"诗圣"。1913年他因诗集《吉檀迦利》成为第一位获得诺贝尔文学奖的亚洲人。

泰戈尔把他的孟加拉语诗歌译成英文,编成8个英文诗集,即《吉檀迦利》《新月集》《飞鸟集》《园丁集》《采果集》《情人的礼物》《渡口集》《游思集》。本书收录了《吉檀迦利》《新月集》《飞鸟集》《园丁集》《采果集》五部诗集。

秦戈尔获诺贝尔奖的作品英译诗集《吉檀迦利》,是1912~1913年间,秦戈尔本人用英文从孟加拉语诗作《吉檀迦利》《渡船》和《奉献集》里,选择部分诗作翻译而成。《吉檀迦利》的孟加拉语诗作是韵律诗,而翻译成英文之后变成自由诗。

《吉檀迦利》是泰戈尔中期诗歌创作的高峰,也是最能代表他思想观念和艺术风格的作品。这部宗教抒情诗集,是一份"奉献给神的祭品"。不少人以为"吉檀迦利"是奉献之意,其实是献诗之意。作者的另外一部诗集《奈维德雅》才具奉献之意。风格清新自然,带着泥土的芬芳。泰戈尔向神敬献的歌是"生命之歌",他以轻快、欢畅的笔调歌唱生命的枯荣、现实生活的欢乐和悲哀,表达了作者对祖国前途的关怀。

《飞鸟集》创作于1913年。这部思绪点点的散文诗集,乍眼看来,

其内容似乎包罗万象,涉及的面也比较广,然而,就是在这种对自然、对人生的点点思绪的抒发之中,诗人以抒情的彩笔,写下了他对自然、宇宙和人生的哲理思索,从而给人们以多方面的人生启示。让人有自由的感觉。

《园丁集》是泰戈尔的另一部重要的代表作之一,是一部"生命之歌",它更多地融入了诗人青春时代的体验,细腻地描叙了爱情的幸福,烦恼与忧伤,可以视为一部青春恋歌。诗人在回首往事时吟唱出这些恋歌,在回味青春心灵的悸动时,无疑又与自己的青春保有一定距离,并进行理性的审视与思考,使这部恋歌不时地闪烁出哲理的光彩。阅读这些诗篇,如同漫步在暴风雨过后的初夏里,有一股挡不住的清新与芬芳,仿佛可以看到一个亮丽而清透的世界,一切都是那样的纯净、美好,使人与不知不觉中体味爱与青春的味道。

泰戈尔在《采果集》中阐述了他的世界观、人生观、进化论、宗教观点、哲学思想和艺术观,表达了他的志向抱负, 抒发了他的喜怒哀乐。现实主义作品则对诚实淳朴的下层贫民表示真诚同情,表现出崇高的人道主义的精神, 歌颂坚守信仰不怕牺牲的精神, 反映在新思想影响下印度妇女的觉醒。

《新月集》是泰戈尔的代表作之一。诗人将自己的灵魂穿织于诗章词篇里,使诗句充满了灵性的芬芳。阅读这些诗篇,能陶冶性情,净化人格,美化心灵。

泰戈尔无疑是一位伟大哲人,他给人的哲理启示是具有多方面的人生涵义的。郑振铎曾说:"泰戈尔的歌声虽有时沉寂,但是只要有人类在世上,他的微妙幽宛之诗,仍将永远是由人的心中唱出来的。"

是的,泰戈尔的诗,是从他心底里流出来的,是他对人生深层领略的真诚感受,正如一位印度人所说:"他是我们中的第一人——不拒绝生命,而能说出生命之本身的,这就是我们所以爱他的原因了。"





采果集	园丁集	新月集	飞鸟集	吉檀迦利	
291	235	171	085	001	

附录 泰戈尔传

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古檀迦利



你已经使我永生,这样做是你的欢乐。这脆薄的杯儿,你不断地把 它倒空,又不断地以新生命来充满。

你携带着这小苇笛翻山越谷,从笛管里吹出永远新鲜的音乐。

在你双手的不朽的安抚下,我的小小的心,消融在无边快乐之中, 发出不可言说的词调。

你无穷的赐予只倾入我小小的手里。时代过去了,你还在倾注,却依然 没有注满。

Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life.

This little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills and dales, and hast breathed through its melodies eternally new.

At the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart loses its limits in joy and gives birth to utterance ineffable.

Thy infinite gifts come to me only on these very small hands of mine.

Ages pass, and still thou pourest, and still there is room to fill.



当你命我歌唱时,我的心骄傲欲裂,我凝望着的脸,不禁热泪盈眶。

我生命中一切的凝涩与矛盾融化成一片甜柔的谐音——我的爱慕像一只欢乐的鸟,展翅飞越海洋。

我知道你喜欢我的歌唱。我知道只因为我是个歌者,才能走到你的面前。

我用我歌儿的庞大翅膀的边缘,触到了你的双脚,那是我从来不敢想 望触到的。

在歌唱中的陶醉, 我忘了自己, 你本是我的主人, 我却称你为朋友。

When thou commandest me to sing it seems that my heart would break with pride; and I look to thy face, and tears come to my eyes.

All that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into one sweet harmony – and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird on its flight across the sea.

I know thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that only as a singer I come before thy presence.

I touch by the edge of the far - spreading wing of my song thy feet which I could never aspire to reach.

Drunk with the joy of singing I forget myself and call thee friend who art my lord.

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我不知道你怎样地唱, 我的主人! 我总在惊奇地静听。

你的音乐的光辉照亮了世界。你的音乐的气息透彻诸天。你的音乐的圣泉冲过一切阻挡的岩石,向前奔涌。

我的心渴望和你合唱,而挣扎不出一点声音。我想说话,但是言语不成曲调,我叫不出来。呵,我的心,被你的音乐的漫天大网俘虏,我的主人!

I know not how thou singest, my master! I ever listen in silent amazement.

The light of thy music illumines the world. The life breath of thy music runs from sky to sky. The holy stream of thy music breaks through all stony

obstacles and rushes on

My heart longs to join in thy song, but vainly struggles for a voice. I would speak, but speech breaks not into song, and I cry out baffled. Ah, thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of thy music, my master!



我生命的生命, 我要保持我的躯体永远纯洁, 因为我知道你的生命的触模, 抚遍着我的四肢。

我要永远从我的思想中屏除虚伪,因为我知道你就是那在我心中燃起理智之火的真理。

我要从我心中驱走一切的丑恶,使我的爱开花,因为我知道你在我 的心宫深处安设了座位。

我要努力在我的行动中展现你,因为我知道是你的威力,给我力量 来行动。

Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act.



请容我懈怠一会儿来坐在你的身旁。我手边的工作等一下子再去完成。 远离,我的心就不懂安逸和休息,我的工作变成了无边苦海中的无尽劳役。

今天,炎暑来到我的窗前,轻嘘微语;群蜂在花树的庭院中尽情吟唱。 这正是应该静坐的时光,和你相对,在这静寂和无边的闲暇里唱出生 命的献歌。

I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by thy side. The works that I have in hand I will finish afterwards.

Away from the sight of thy face my heart knows no rest nor respite, and my work becomes an endless toil in a shoreless sea of toil.

Today the summer has come at my window with its sighs and murmurs; and the bees are plying their minstrelsy at the court of the flowering grove.

Now it is time to sit quite, face to face with thee, and to sing dedication of live in this silent and overflowing leisure.



摘下这朵花来,拿去吧,不要迟延!我怕它会凋谢,掉在尘土里。 它也许配不上你的花冠,但请你采摘它,以你手采摘的痛苦来给它 荣耀。我怕在我警觉之先,日光已逝,供献的时间过了。

虽然它颜色不深,香气很淡,请仍用这花来礼拜,趁着还有时间, 就采摘吧。

Pluck this little flower and take it, delay not! I fear lest it droop and drop



into the dust.

I may not find a place in thy garland, but honour it with a touch of pain from thy hand and pluck it. I fear lest the day end before I am aware, and the time of offering go by.

Though its colour be not deep and its smell be faint, use this flower in thy service and pluck it while there is time.



我的歌曲把她的妆饰卸掉。她没有了衣饰的骄奢。妆饰会妨碍我们融合;它会横阻在我们之间,叮当声会淹没了你的细语。

我诗人的虚荣心,在你的容光中羞死。呵,诗圣,我已经拜倒在你的脚前。只愿我的生命简单、正直、像一枝苇笛,让你来吹出音乐。

My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union; they would come between thee and me; their jingling would drown thy whispers.

My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.



那穿起王子的衣袍和挂起珠宝项链的孩子,在游戏中他失去了一切 的快乐;他的衣服绊着他的步履。

为怕衣饰磨破和污损, 他不敢走进世界, 甚至于不敢挪动。

母亲,这是毫无好处的,如你的华美的约束,使人和大地健康的尘土隔断,把人进入日常生活的盛大集会的权利剥夺去了。

The child who is decked with prince's robes and who has jewelled chains round his neck loses all pleasure in his play; his dress hampers him at every step.

In fear that it may be frayed, or stained with dust he keeps himself from the world, and is afraid even to move.

Mother, it is no gain, thy bondage of finery, if it keeps one shut off from the healthful dust of the earth, if it robs one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common human life.



呵,傻子,想把自己背在肩上!呵,乞人,来到你自己门口求乞! 把你的负担卸在那双能担当一切的手中吧,永远不要惋惜地回顾。 你的欲望的气息,会立刻把它接触到的灯火吹灭。它是不圣洁的——不要从它不洁的手中接受礼物。只领受神圣的爱所赋予的东西。

O fool, try to carry thyself upon thy own shoulders! O beggar, to come beg at thy own door!

Leave all thy burdens on his hands who can bear all, and never look behind in regret.

Thy desire at once puts out the light from the lamp it touches with its breath. It is unholy - take not thy gifts through its unclean hands. Accept only what is offered by sacred love.

这是你的脚凳, 你在最贫最贱最失所的人群中歇足。

我想向你鞠躬,我的敬礼不能达到你歇足地方的深处——那最贫最 贱最失所的人群中。

你穿着破敝的衣服,在最贫最贱最失所的人群中行走,骄傲永远不 能走近这个地方。

你和那最没有朋友的最贫最贱最失所的人们作伴,我的心永远找不到 那个地方。

Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.



把礼赞和数珠撇在一边吧!你在门窗紧闭幽暗孤寂的殿角里,向谁礼拜呢?睁开眼你看,上帝不在你的面前!

他是在锄着枯地的农夫那里,在敲石的造路工人那里。太阳下,阴 雨里,他和他们同在,衣袍上蒙着尘土。脱掉你的圣袍,甚至像他一样 地下到泥土里去吧! 超脱吗?从哪里找超脱呢?我们的主已经高高兴兴地把创造的锁链戴起;他和我们大家永远连系在一起。

从静坐里走出来吧,丢开供养的香花!你的衣服污损了又何妨呢? 去迎接他,在劳动里,流汗里,和他站在一起吧。

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!

Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense!

What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.



我旅行的时间很长, 旅途也是很长的。

天刚破晓,我就驱车起行,穿遍广漠的世界。在许多星球之上,留 下辙痕。

离你最近的地方,路途最远,最简单的音调,需要最艰苦的练习。

旅客要在每个生人门口敲叩,才能敲到自己的家门,人要在外面到 处漂流,最后才能走到最深的内殿。

我四处张望后, 闭上眼说:"你原来住在这里!"

这句问话和呼唤"呵,在哪儿呢?"融化在千股泪泉里,和你保证的回答"我在这里!"的洪流,一同淹没了全世界。

The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it long.

I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds leaving my track on many a star and planet.

It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said "Here art thou!"

The question and the cry "Oh, where?" melt into tears of a thousand streams and deluge the world with the flood of the assurance "I am!"



我要唱的歌,直到今天还没有唱出。

每天我总在乐器上调理弦索。时间还没有到来,歌词也未曾填好; 只有愿望的痛苦在我心中。

花蕊还未开放; 只有风从旁叹息走过。

我没有看见过他的脸,也没有听见过他的声音;我只听见他轻蹑的 足音,从我房前路上走过。

他消磨了一整天,在地上铺设座位;但是灯火还未点上,我不能请 他进来。我生活在和他相会的希望中,但这相会的日子还没有来到。