

图书基本信息

书名：<<我的心灵藏书馆 泰戈尔作品集 英文版>>

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内容概要

本诗选共有六个诗集：《飞鸟集》(Stray Birds, 1916)、《新月集》(The Crescent Moon, 1913)、《园丁集》(The Gardener, 1913)、《采果集》(Fruit—Gatherin9, 1916)、《吉檀迦利》(Gitanjdi, 1910)和《流萤集》(Fire-flies, 1928)。

《飞鸟集》和《新月集》是以儿童生活和情趣为主旨的散文诗集；《飞鸟集》是一部富于哲理的英文格言诗集，共收录325首诗，很多中国读者喜欢泰戈尔的诗都是从《飞鸟集》开始的，诗歌内容包罗万象，泰戈尔用清澈的文字描写大自然的激情，意象奇崛美妙，在字里行间表达出了对自然、宇宙和人生的哲理认识；《新月集》是诗人最重要的代表作之一，在诗歌里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，读起来沁人心脾。

《园丁集》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，被誉为是一部“生命之歌”。

《采果集》的语言充满激情，赞颂生命的伟大，语言清新，哲理隽永深沉，表达了诗人的世界观和人生观。

《吉檀迦利》是泰戈尔诗歌创作的巅峰之作，这部宗教和哲学抒情诗集由103首诗歌组成，是最能代表他思想观念和艺术风格的作品，孟加拉语的《吉檀迦利》是韵律诗，译成英文后成了自由体，在孟加拉语中“吉檀迦利”是“献诗”的意思，风格清新自然，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，表达了对祖国人民的热爱和对祖国前途的关怀，对20世纪世界文坛产生过深远而广泛的影响，已被译成40多种语言在世界各国流传。

《流萤集》歌颂那些如“萤火虫”一样微小而倔强勇敢的生命，语言清新自然，带给人们许多人生启示。

泰戈尔的诗在印度享有史诗的地位，而他本人被许多印度教徒看作是一位圣人。

书籍目录

飞鸟集
新月集
园丁集
采果集
吉檀迦利
流萤集

章节摘录

65 What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God, from this overflowing cup of my life? My poet, is it thy delight to see thy creation through my eyes and to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to thine own eternal harmony? Thy world is weaving words in my mind and thy joy is adding-music to them. Thou givest thyself to me in love and then feelest thine own entire sweetness in me. 66 She who ever had remained in the depth of my being, in the twilight of gleams and of glimpses; she who never opened her veils in the morning light, will be my last gift to thee, my God, folded in my final song. Words have wooed yet failed to win her; persuasion has stretched to her its eager arms in vain. I have roamed from country to country keeping her in the core of my heart, and around her have risen and fallen the growth and decay of my life. Over my thoughts and actions, my slumbers and dreams, she reigned yet dwelled alone and apart. Many a man knocked at my door and asked for her and turned away in despair. There was none in the world who ever saw her face to face, and she remained in her loneliness waiting for thy recognition. 67 Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well. O thou beautiful, there in the nest is thy love that encloses the soul with colours and sounds and odours. There comes the morning with the golden basket in her right hand bearing the wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth. And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pitcher from the western ocean of rest. But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance. There is no day nor night, nor form nor colour, and never, never a word. 68 Thy sunbeam comes upon this earth of mine with arms outstretched and stands at my door the livelong day to carry back to thy feet clouds made of my tears and sighs and songs. With fond delight thou wrappest about thy starry breast that mantle of misty cloud, turning it into numberless shapes and folds and colouring it with hues ever changing. It is so light and so fleeting, tender and tearful and dark, that is why thou lovest it, O thou spotless and serene. And that is why it may cover thy awful white light with its pathetic shadows. 69 The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow. I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment. 70 Is it beyond thee to be glad with the gladness of this rhythm? To be tossed and lost and broken in the whirl of this fearful joy? All things rush on, they stop not, they look not behind, no power can hold them back, they rush on. Keeping steps with that restless, rapid music, seasons come dancing and pass away-colours, tunes, and perfumes pour in endless cascades in the abounding joy that scatters and gives up and dies every moment.

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